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# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

April 1990

The Bimonthly Humor Magazine

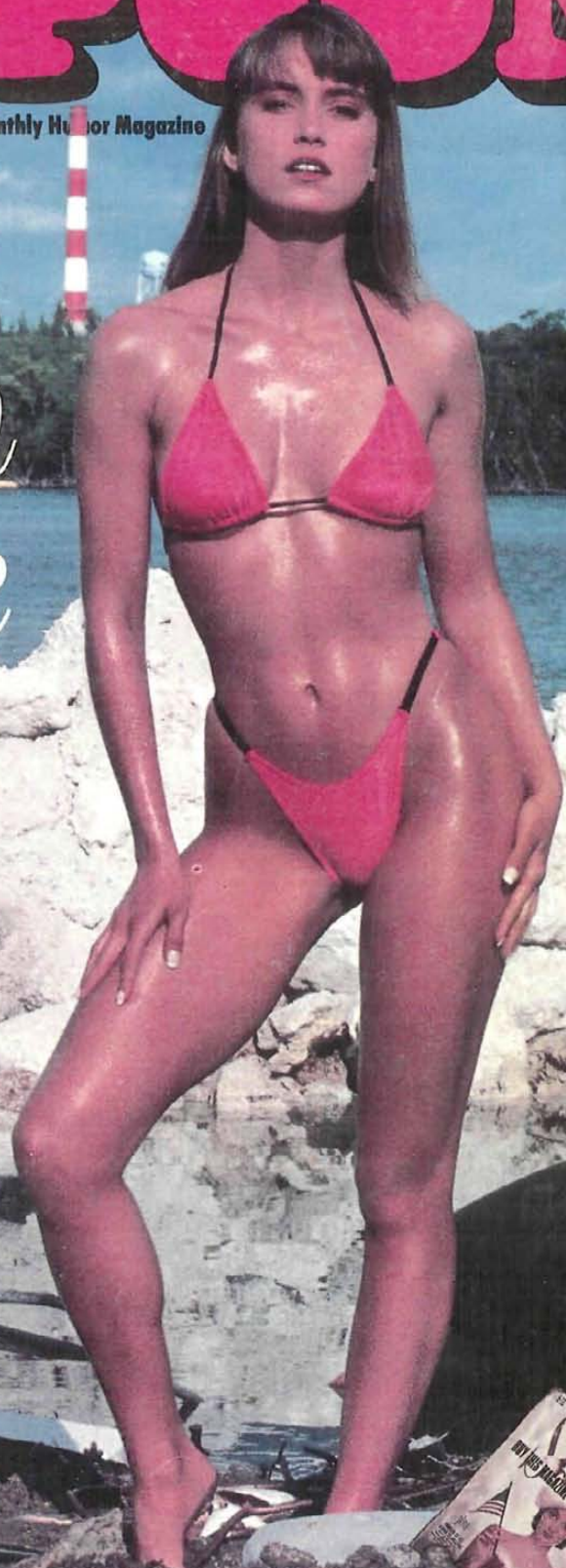
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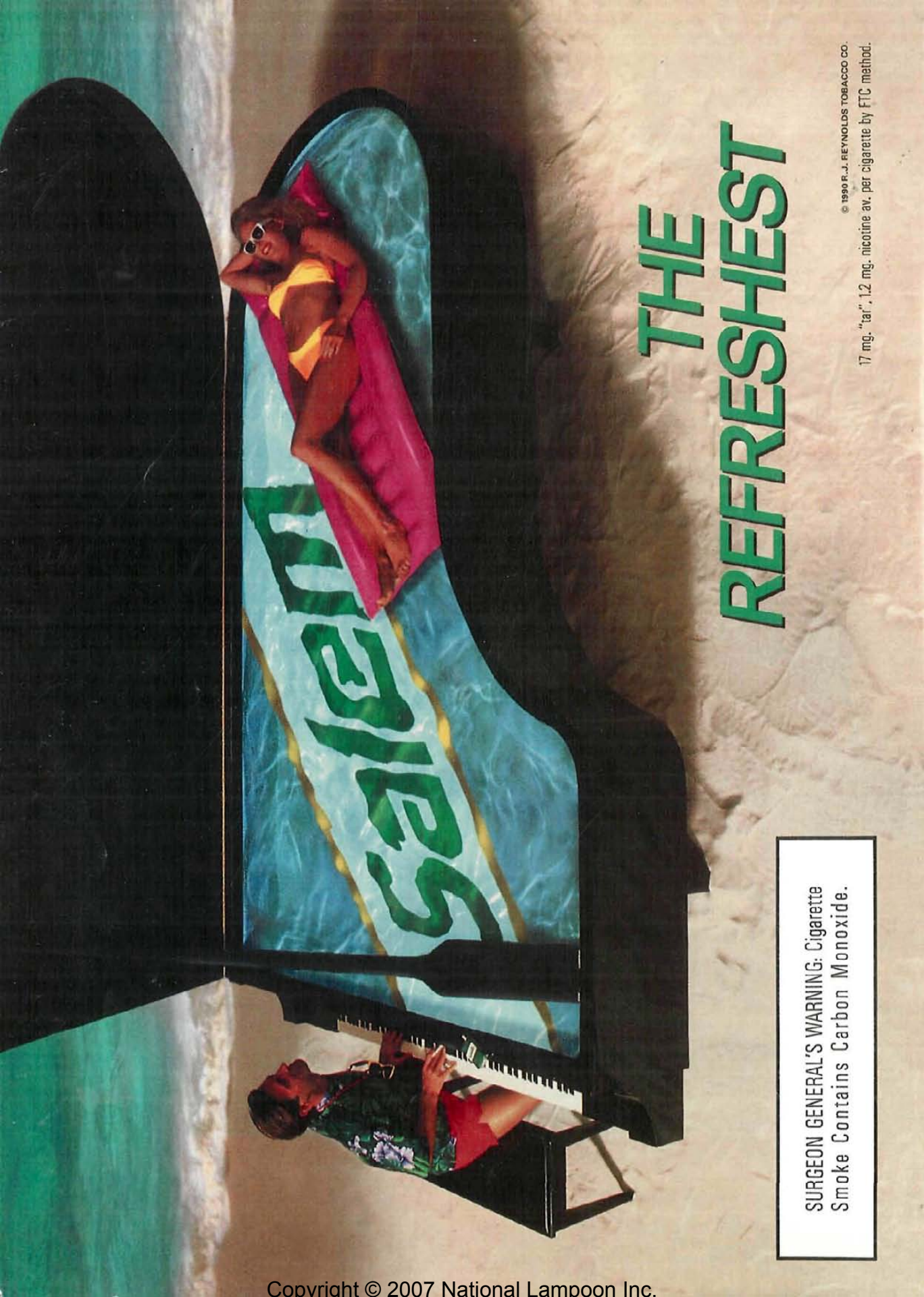
MAGNIFICENT MAYA  
STEPS INTO SPRING

GUIDE TO SPRING BREAK  
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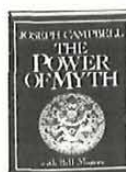
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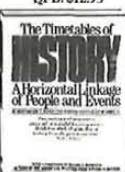
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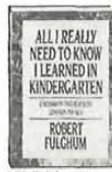
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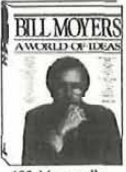
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Here it is, Jews! At long last, definitive evidence, as presented by reluctantly handsome paleontologist (that's not the guy who puts the speculum in your anus, is it?) **George Barkin**. It seems that not only was Jesus a man who noshed flounder on Fridays and had a yarmulke beneath that crown of thorns, he was a boy who really raked in the shekels on his thirteenth birthday. Bar mitzvah photographer: Alex Kayser. Archaeological remnants photographed on location in the Holy Land by **Harry Heleotis**.



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Not long ago, *The Ohio Motorist* discontinued its poetry department; join **Pierre Jackson**, the devoted poetry editor who went down with the ship, as he tools bittersweetly down his Boulevard of Dreams. By **Sam Johnson** and **Chris Marcil**. Illustrated by **Ron Barrett**. Photographed by **Mark Hill**.

**THE NEW SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING LABELS . . . . .80**

It seems as if you can't turn on the five-o'clock news or pick up a *People* without encountering some terrifying new report on the dangers lurking in something you always assumed was harmless and safe. And now that **Captain Kondom** has headed out to pasture (I hope he does an EP toxicity test before he eats the grass, though), it was only a matter of time till the new surgeon general jumped on the scarewagon and confirmed that we should think twice about anything before we: put it in our mouth, wear it, live near it, touch it, rub it, lick it, swallow it, sand it and inhale the dust, eat it, marry it, drink it, touch it without rubber gloves, touch it without rubber shoes, pin it to our lapel, remove it from a mattress, hurl it to the ground in disgust, cup it with our tongue, feed it to the elephants, kiss it, drive it, machine-wash it, ingest it, exchange bodily fluids with it, or duplicate it for any reason. Written by **Eddie Lemon**. Based on an idea by **F. Wayne Furlong**. Photographed by **Harry Heleotis**.



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At long last! The definitive guide to everything you need to know to make your Spring Break the most repugnant and warmly memorable ever! Longtime whoopers and veteran beerbuckets **Ed Subitzky** and **Ratso Sloman** spent seven months and \$38,000 in expense money researching this mecca of merriment. (Funny—the manuscript smelled like the vomitorium in a rathskeller, but their expense receipts were as fresh and crisp as new daisies.) Photographed by **Joe Peoples**.

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# EDITORIAL

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, SOCIAL CONSCIENCE,  
BAMBI THE BIM, SPRING BREAK, AND AN APOLOGIA

**N**ational Lampoon is a magazine with a conscience.

That's why we elected to not take the cheap 'n' easy *Sports Illustrated*-style approach of using sex to sell magazines. Instead, we're using sex to deliver a stinging social message, a protest against the rampant landfill and repugnant water pollution that are threatening the very fabric of our lives. And if that incredible cupcake on the cover, the one with the fluffy, charismatic bosom and the legs you'd give yours to be between, happens to sell an extra 300,000 copies, then so much the better—it means our message will be that much more pervasive, hopefully enough so that Sting and Madonna will be inspired to ignite and style a campaign along the lines of "Wash the Waves" or "Divest the Dunes," and they'll get so caught up in it that he'll get the hell off Broadway and she'll hold off putting out another crummy album for an extra six months. Now *that* would do the world some good.

And speaking of the cupcake on the cover, a little bit about her: she is the oldest (by six minutes) of the German Dierdorff quintuplets, who entered the Democratic Hemisphere for the first time in autumn '89, when the Wall came down. As of this writing, we haven't actually met Bambi, but we were very impressed by her press kit, which claims that "not only has the

sight of the scantily clad quintuplets launched a thousand ships but also Milton Berle's first full erection in sixty-five years. And it was the sight of them—even though they were dressed in housecoats at the time—that inspired Hugh Hefner's disabling 1985 stroke."

The sight of a girl like Bambi on a beach should put you in an immediate mood for some Spring Break activity (and if it doesn't, see Ratso Sloman and Ed Subitzky's article on page 83, or go get a blood test, because you're light in the loafers and that means you could be cruddy in the bung). I speak of Spring Break because *National Lampoon*—and our great big conscience—will have a large contingent in Daytona this year, including Bambi! (Unless, of course, she gets that gig posing for the J.C. Penney catalog.) And as for the rest of us: we'll be based at Howard Johnson's, at 600 North Atlantic Boulevard, corner of Seabreeze and A1A—sponsoring the world's largest game of swimsuits-only Twister; auditioning Lampoonettes; and wallowing in beer fumes like everybody else.

And I'll be back in the motel with the other four Dierdorffs, Nadja, Yenteria, Lotte, and Gladys, figuring out how to save the world from pollution, perhaps experimenting with Lotte's apple-resemblant haunches as an alternative source of boner fuel.

Or I'll be home with the new *Sports Illustrated*.

**Mea Culpa:** Apologies to both you, our readers, and Sam Gross, our cartoon editor, for the sin of illegibility on page 88 of our otherwise lucid February issue. It seems that someone in the art department ended up in a love lock with the stat camera late one all-nighter and poured some of his/her martini into the developer. The distortion subsequently evaded Ratso, who wears sunglasses night and day because he believes the fluorescent lights will make his DNA look like Stephen Hawking's Etch A Sketch noodlings, and me, because I was probably on my biweekly vacation that week. Anyway, here it is, the cartoon in its legible entirety, a product of pure developer and close examination on all fronts. Enjoy.

*David Hanson*

Dave Hanson

**Cover:** Ah, the making of our swimsuit-issue-cover parody. Once again, our photographer John "Duke" Kisch was a delightful running mate. Many thanks to our intrepid cover girl, Maya Sherrill, who braved the muck with much humor. Her agency, Michele Pommer of Coral Gables, was fantastically cooperative after that other alleged agency (they know who they are) produced just three girls at our go-see! But they did hook us up with superstylist Alicia Blas, who went above and beyond the call of duty in amassing the detritus that graces our cover. Also many thanks to the unofficial mayor of Fort Lauderdale, Bobby Vann, proprietor of the Candy Store there and in Daytona (check it out this Spring Break). Bobby housed us, fed us, liquored us, and dispatched his limo complete with Ali (the Greatest) behind the wheel, who motored us in style. Thanks to the anonymous park ranger who suggested John Lloyd Beach State Park as our site. And at John Lloyd gracias to John Griner, who smoothed our way in, and Officer Ernie Light, who chanced upon us as we were shooting and had the sensitivity not to immediately throw our Yankee asses in jail. And a final tip of the cap to the real Duke, Howard Hughes's former pilot, who regaled us in the kitchen of the Candy Store with tales of wonder of days gone by. Keep flying, Duke!

L.S.



# NATIONAL LAMPOON

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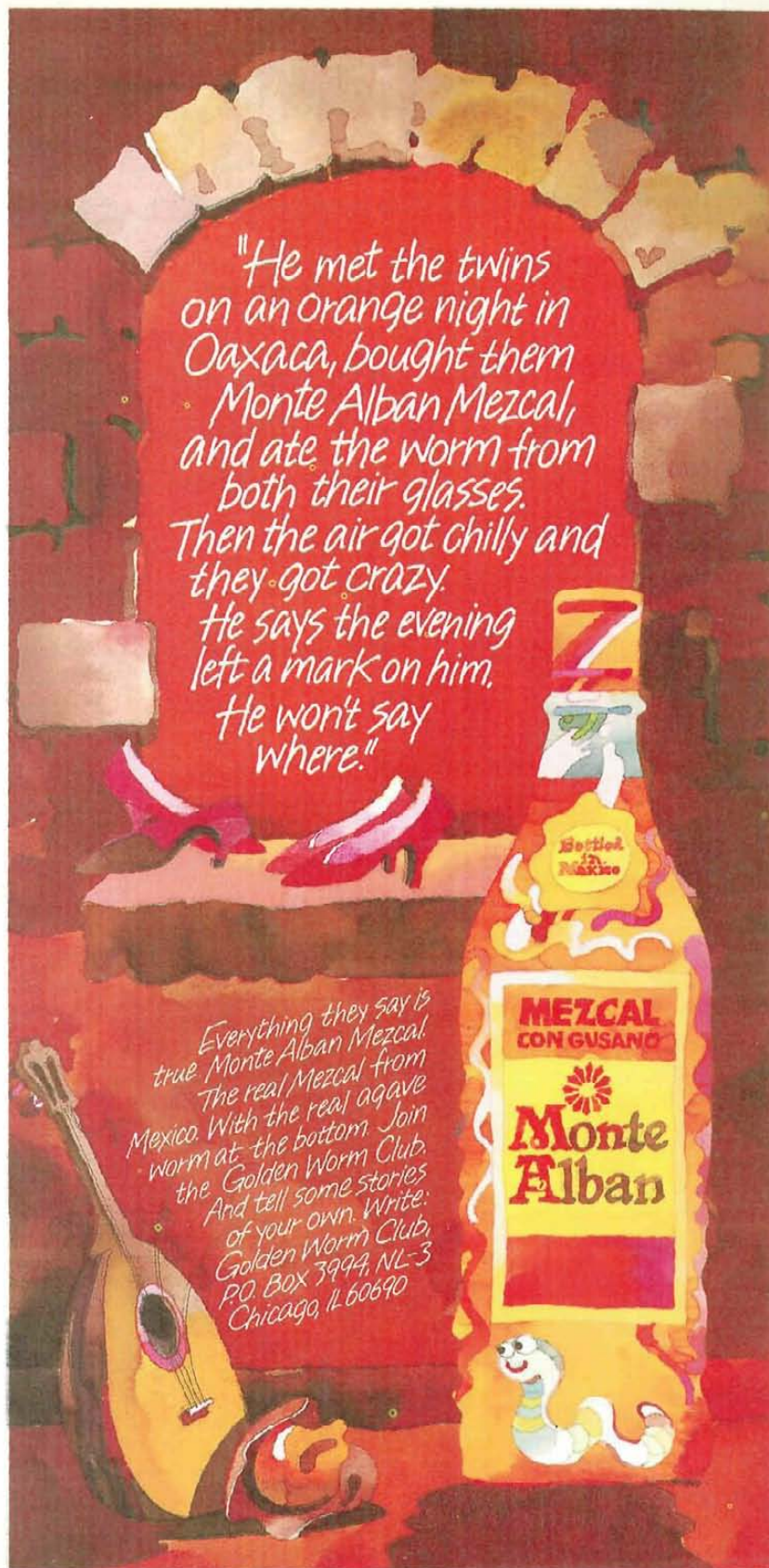
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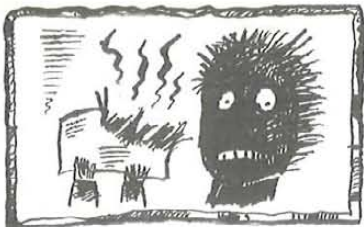
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"He met the twins  
on an orange night in  
Oaxaca, bought them  
Monte Alban Mezcal,  
and ate the worm from  
both their glasses.  
Then the air got chilly and  
they got crazy.  
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left a mark on him.  
He won't say  
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# LETTERS

Sirs:  
Your control's fine—we clocked your sperm at 120 miles per hour! Tomorrow we'll work on your pH and ejaculate viscosity.

Steve Garvey's  
Dream Camp

Sirs:  
I dunno...whatta you want to do tonight?

Felix Bloch  
to His Twenty-seven FBI Tails

Sirs:  
Andrew Wyeth looks so, so, so fat. I'd like to see Winslow Homer do an entire Boy Scout calendar... Picasso? He couldn't paint a Thanksgiving dinner to save his life!  
The Norman Rockwell Diaries

Sirs:  
Palmolive? You're soaking in it!  
Madge the Manicurist  
to Pontius Pilate

Sirs:  
Now where the fuck are we?  
Bono  
Where the streets have no name

Sirs:  
I'm not out of work. I'm between blow-jobs.  
Donna Rice  
Plenty of excuses

Sirs:  
Ward... I'm not wearing any apron...  
June Cleaver  
Ready to roll

Sirs:  
Great place for a murder... Great place for a killing... What an absolutely splendid place for a murder...

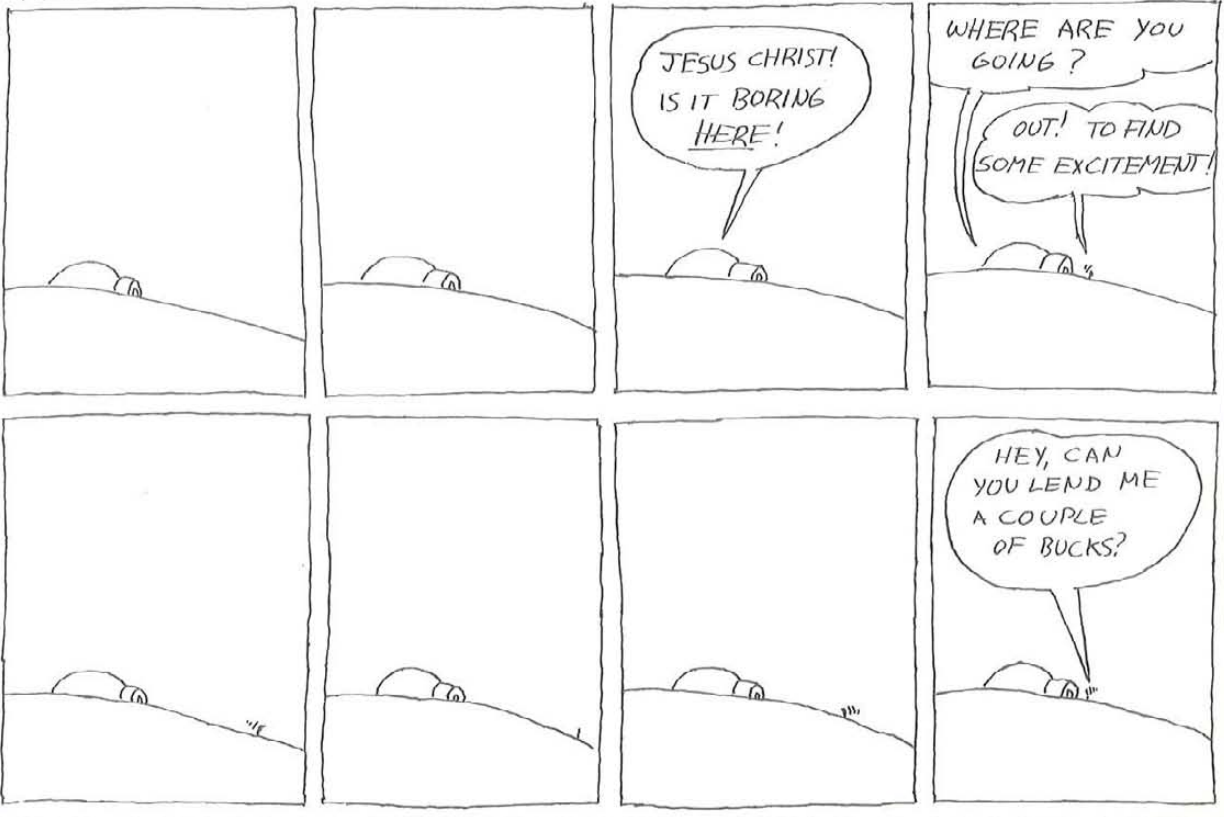
Young Alfred Hitchcock  
on a Long Car Ride  
Just before his dad smacks him

Sirs:  
 $E = mc...$   
C'mon... beg for it...  
Albert Einstein  
Undergoing assertiveness training

Sirs:  
Regrets? I've had a few. But then again, too few to mention. I'll tell you one thing, though: I wish I'd made *Clambake II*.  
Elvis Presley  
Easy come, easy go

## ANTARCTIC JOURNAL

BY P.C. VEY





Climb Aboard The Most Awesome Combat Aircraft in the World.  
Be there...

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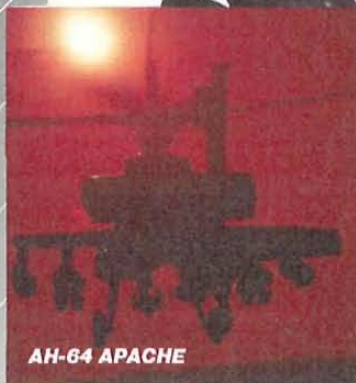
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FIA-18 HORNET

**BONUS!**  
Includes Actual  
Footage of Jan. 4, 1989  
Shootdown of Libyan  
MiG-23's.



AH-64 APACHE



F-16

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# LETTERS

Sirs:  
Hello! Thanks for dialing Elmore Leonard's latest bestseller! If you have a touch-tone phone and you want realistic, hard-bitten dialogue, press 1. If you want anus-clenching suspense, press 2. If you want to be made into a bad Burt Reynolds movie, please stay on the line. . . .  
The Elmore Leonard Hotline

Sirs:  
All I wanted for Christmas was my two left toes.  
Baby Jessica  
Texas

Sirs:  
I never before knew how to appropriately celebrate Martin Luther King's birthday, but now, thanks to Ralph Abernathy, I do.  
Ed Radfield  
Buying condoms for the celebration ahead

Sirs:  
Oh, hands down, red pistachios are the best. Can I get you some 1 percent milk? I prefer the Disneyland in Anaheim to the one in Orlando. . . .  
Bruce Willis  
Clean, sober, stultifyingly boring

Sirs:  
Go ahead. . . break my Sabbath. . . .  
Kosher Harry  
Gaza Strip

Sirs:  
If I had it all to do over again, I'd take out Oprah.  
The Ham Sandwich That  
Choked Mama Cass

Sirs:  
Yeah, we're the aliens who kidnapped Whitley Streiber, and gave him anal probes and everything. But then we discovered Earth women. . . .  
We're Not Homos from Space  
Wanting to clear that up

Sirs:  
Deliciously droll, my good man. Ever since I swore off the herb stalk, I speak just like James Mason!  
Ziggy Marley  
Pip-pip and all that

Sirs:  
Mmmmmm, Danny. . . Ohhhh, Mom. . . this is the best Christmas Eve we've ever had!  
The Partridge Family  
Exchanging bodily fluids

Sirs:  
How 'bout a Gilligan's Island concept album. . . with the Gyoto Tibetan monks as backup? You're right. We are getting desperate.  
Paul Simon  
David Byrne  
Linda Ronstadt  
Someone to rip off beside you

Sirs:  
It's a world of violence, a world of mistrust,  
Where you die like a dog just for riding the bus,  
And the militants fight  
On the left and the right.  
It's a Third World after all.  
Third World Amusement Park  
New Disney, Calif.

Sirs:  
Getting raped and burned was worth it. I mean, I got noticed by Madonna and all.  
The Brazilian Rain Forest  
Burning Tree, South America



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- Liza Minnelli—Results** (Epic) 382-333
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**How the Club works.** About every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month... plus new hits and old favorites from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year, you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

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without having 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

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# A Day in the Life of Dave Marsh, Rock Critic/Valet or Who's the Boss?

## Things to Do for Mr. Springsteen:

Gas, oil, wash, wax, vacuum B.S. pickup. Rotate tires, etc.

## Call:

Little Steven—birthday Friday—buy new hankie—loan \$5.  
TOTAL OWED B.S. \$77,335.10.

Clarence—squelch rap interlude for next tour—loan \$5.  
TOTAL OWED B.S. \$3,152.60.

Sting—decline role in *The Threepenny Opera*—might do "Mack the Knife" for soundtrack, though.

Amnesty International—decline '90 tour—send \$50 check.

S. Stallone about biopic.

Jack LaLanne—refuse ads with Piscopo.

K. Richards about Stones tickets—offer to pay.

G. Harrison about Wilbury LP. Note: No to "Shrimpo" Wilbury. Suggest "Sluggo."

Roadies' union—talk tough—threaten countersuit.

## To Buy: (Get receipts this time!)

Rap albums for B.S. at Tower. Kool Moe Dee, Salt-N-Pepa, etc.

Black 501's, prewashed. Waist 29—inseam 26.

Boots—black, steel tips, size 6. With lifts.

T-shirts—black, sleeveless, three-pack.

Lady Gillette—economy pack for Patty + Nair (*extra-strength*).

Hormel chili—case

Vienna sausages—low-salt

Fritos—giant-size

Old Milwaukee Light—two cases—w/Silly Straws

Cap'n Crunch w/Crunchberries

## Evening:

8–12 P.M. Reminisce with B.S. about old times. (Reminder: Reassure B.S. that Julianne's career is floundering while he is still loved and admired by millions despite his philandering and lack of new material.)

Prepare B.S. lecture notes for next tour. (Include Jesse Jackson quote?)

R.S.V.P. N.J. Democratic caucus meeting. Pick up B.S. suit (shiny gray one) from cleaners. Polish bolo.

## Things to Do for Me:

Autograph remaindered *Glory Days*.

Call Jann Wenner—offer to review records for US.

Kent Jones and Guy Nicolucci





## LETTERS

Sirs:

The bad news is, I fuck like a tiger in heat, but I wouldn't give the time of day to a pathetic wretch like you. The good news is, that thing on my face is melanoma. Feel better?

Cindy Crawford  
*Letting you down easy*

Sirs:

Wish I could blame *this* one on Ed Sullivan.

Jackie Mason  
*Way off Broadway*

Sirs:

Fuck you!!! Die, you diseased, rotting faggot!!! Suck my dick, you whoring bitch!!! Fuckin' foreigners—AUUUU-GGGHHHHHHH! Thank you, folks, and good night! Drive safe!

The New HBO Comics  
*Making you laugh*

Sirs:

Thank you for the postcard! We are fine, thanks, and are currently working at the Seasonings Dinner Theater near Wichita Falls. Our special tonight is roast beef with *au jus* sauce and peas and carrots. You'd better order now, because we've got a birthday at table 12, and then we have to get in makeup for the big dance opening of tonight's show, *Camelot!* Does that answer your question?

The Knack

Sirs:

We know we can never recapture our former success; all we're asking for is a Christmas album or something.

The Menudo Men's Choir

Sirs:

Aren't I smug-looking on TV? Know why I look that way? 'Cause only I know I have a sweet, tasty lemon drop shoved up my butt before every broadcast.

Works every time.

Dennis Miller  
*Weekend Update*

Sirs:

Have you seen my socks?

Nostradamus  
*Ann Arbor, Mich.*

Sirs:

Whoops! Hey, it's okay—I won't tell Mom. Don't worry, man, everybody does it, even me. Mine isn't that big, though! It's totally safe, and you won't go blind. Here's the key to the trunk in the attic—it's filled with every issue of *Penthouse* since '72. Enjoy!

World's Coolest Dad  
*Finding You Jerking Off*

Sirs:

Oh, baby, God, that was great—but I need you now, honey. Really fast on the treadmill, holding these weights. It's such a turn-on, and I want to make you happy, baby. Really, really fast, okay?

Mrs. Hugh Hefner  
*It's going to be all mine*

Sirs:

Of course, I'm pro-helmet!

Malcom Forbes  
*Performing cunnilingus  
on Elizabeth Taylor*

Sirs:

I knew Andy was a pack rat, but this is ridiculous!

The Warhol Bowel Movements,  
1977-1987  
*Sotheby's*

# AMAZING TAPE WINS HER HEART,



THIS SUBLIMINAL CASSETTE CREATES A SENSUAL DESIRE FOR YOU!

**YOU WILL ONLY NOTICE MUSIC, BUT SHE IS BEING EROTICALLY 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?

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

"Finally getting my share!! Thanks." *BE. MA.*

"I know for a fact it works!" *C. TEX.*

**CHICAGO TRIBUNE:** "...Something entirely new!"  
**GALLERY MAG:** "She simply cannot resist this tape!"

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Sexologist agree: The process of bonding (the choice of "only" one man) 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 (and only you) as the object of her **LOVE AND PASSION.**

**SHE WILL BELIEVE:**

- 1) You are the world's most desirable man.
- 2) Other men are dull and unattractive.
- 3) She is deeply in love with you.

**SHE WILL:**

- 4) Have dreams of you.
- 5) Have visions of you as her lover.
- 6) Lose her inhibitions!
- 7) Because Subliminal input eventually emerges into her thoughts, she will hear herself say over and over that, "She Loves You!"



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## LETTERS

Sirs:

Today on *Today*... Only twelve more pounds, fifteen more wrinkles, and five more years till they dump me, too!

Deborah Norville  
*Pacing her perkiness*

Sirs:

Spare the rod and spoil the trim.

Jack Nicholson  
*Heeeeere's... Daddy!*

Sirs:

Jesus isn't the answer—it's the *question*. Or is it the other way around? I always get it mixed up.

Alex Trebek  
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

Sirs:

I like a gal with a little bit of spunk. On her face.

Rick "Don't Call Me Ricky or I'll Rip Out Your Esophagus" Schroder  
*Tired of being a pussy*

Sirs:

Could've been cancer. Then I could go to ball games and meet Mickey Mouse. Could've been Lou Gehrig's disease. Then I could have ridden a pony and had ice cream. But no—I get stuck with MD.

Great. Now, every year, it's the same god-damn thing. He comes in wired out of his mind—"C'mon, give me a hug, you brave little soldier"—all that stinking hair conk grinding into my face. Eighteen hours of helping to accept mutant-sized checks from pathetic people with plastic blazers. And that song—man, I'd give anything to walk alone from that maniac. God, I hate Labor Day.

One of Jerry's Kids  
*Grabbing a smoke in his dressing room*

Sirs:

Hey, in '77, we were all so racked on blow, *everyone* thought he was Christ. C'mon, gimme a break here.

Steve Rubell  
*Explaining why he didn't let Jesus in during the Second Coming*

# Real-Life Cooking with Linda Holt

## From *The Real-Life Cookbook*: Lesson One: Making Quiche

*Excellent with simmered artichoke hearts, French bread, and a carafe of crisp Chablis.*

### Ingredients:

3 eggs  
2 cups milk  
1/3 cup scallops or shrimp  
1/2 cup grated cheese  
1 tsp. chopped chives  
1/8 tsp. pepper  
a fresh grating of nutmeg  
one prepared pie crust

Turn on oven to 375 degrees. Beat together eggs, milk, chives, pepper, and nutmeg. Fill to brim of pie crust. Sprinkle grated cheese over liquid. In a small pan, sauté seafood with butter until golden brown. Cool five minutes and spread evenly on top of filled pie shell; be careful not to spill any custard over the edges.

Put on a quilted oven mitt and open the oven door. Holding the quiche in the mitted hand, pull out the oven rack with your other hand. Scream with pain, dropping the quiche **into** the hot oven (be careful not to drop it outside the oven, where it would be relatively easy to reclaim).

Make sure the spilled quiche **evenly coats** all surfaces of the oven rack, splashes on the sides of the oven, and drips down onto the heating coils below. This will assure a **good, black smoke**, especially where the seafood is lodged.

Immediately retreat from the oven, put the mitt onto the burnt hand, and with the free hand pull the air exhaust cord before the smoke alarm goes off.

Do not stop to wipe off the custard, which is now clinging to the leg nearest the oven door, but **in one clean, sweeping motion**, retrieve the pan, which should, if you followed instructions carefully, be lying exactly upside down in the middle of the oven rack.

Since you retrieved the pan with your ungloved hand, you will emit a bloodcurdling scream and reach up and to your left to fetch a few aloe leaves from the window sill. If done correctly, you will pull down the entire plant, which can be depended on to fall bottom side up into the open pot of artichoke hearts simmering on the right burner.

This will cause the pan to tilt toward you, showering your thighs with scalding water and hairy 'chokes. At this point the smoke alarm will go off.

When the shrimp or scallops begin to make sizzling sounds in the bottom of the oven, with one hand grab a **large fork with a wooden handle** and ease it into the oven between the bottom rack and the custard-coated coils, which by now should be red-hot, since you forgot to turn off the oven.

You will be concentrating so intently on not burning your hand again that you will not notice as the elbow of your other arm

bumps against the artichoke pot, upending it so the remaining boiled water splashes onto your back. At this point, drop the fork and limp to the cellar door, beyond which the smoke alarm is shrieking. Slam the cellar door and, with your slipped foot, give it a **good, hard kick**. Make sure you kick the part of the door that has a rusty nail sticking out of it.

As you try to grab your foot with two blistered hands, you will hear a crackling sound coming from the oven. **This means your dish is almost done**. Just before the flames shoot out toward the kitchen curtains, hop on your good foot to the range and close the door vigorously with whatever part of your body is still intact. Whichever one you choose, chances are it will have hair attached, which will be caught in the door and start to smolder.

At this point, you will remove your body from the oven door and bury your smoking hair in the French bread. Apply clarified butter to your wounds and get to a touch-tone phone. **Using your tongue**, dial both the fire department and the rescue squad and retreat to the nearest exit with the carafe of Chablis tightly clasped under your armpit.

Chablis, **best enjoyed in an alfresco setting**, gathers subtle new overtones when drunk in the soft afterglow of a burning townhouse, and may, under such circumstances, be guzzled all at once.

Linda Holt

Sirs:

Available this week: 15,689 Bd. Rm. w/ Ocn. View. 10 min. frm. Iowa, with pool of lime Jell-O. Bathroom has sec-thru plumbing and velvet bathtub. A rice-paper roof of crimson tops off this 1,500-sq.-ft. delight with no walls. Call today.

Surreality 21  
Way, way out there

Sirs:

Lawn darts? Whist? C'mon, white boy...

Bo Jackson  
Enough already

Sirs:

Jesus Christ, who stuck all these boogers underneath the edges?

Lou Piniella  
Cleaning out Pete Rose's desk  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs:

Hey, anybody want this copy of *Souped-up Super-Tractors with Hot Blondes Under Their Wheels?*... No?... You sure?

Lou Piniella  
Getting into the files  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs:

How about *Slant-eyed Suck-Maidens Getting Banged with Thirty-two-Ounce Bats?* I don't get it. Pete always said he didn't like to read.

Lou Piniella  
Sizing up some big shoes to fill  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs:

We dawdled at the breakfast nook, we put the cat to sleep again, we exposed ourselves to unnecessary X-rays. And you?

Another Quiet Weekend  
with David Lynch and  
Isabella Rossellini

Sirs:

Here you go—\$250,000. This buys me how much longer—six months? Jeez—okay, okay, you're right, it's worth it. And there's no way she can break the spell, right? She *has* to fuck me, right? Okay, then. See you in six months with the other half.

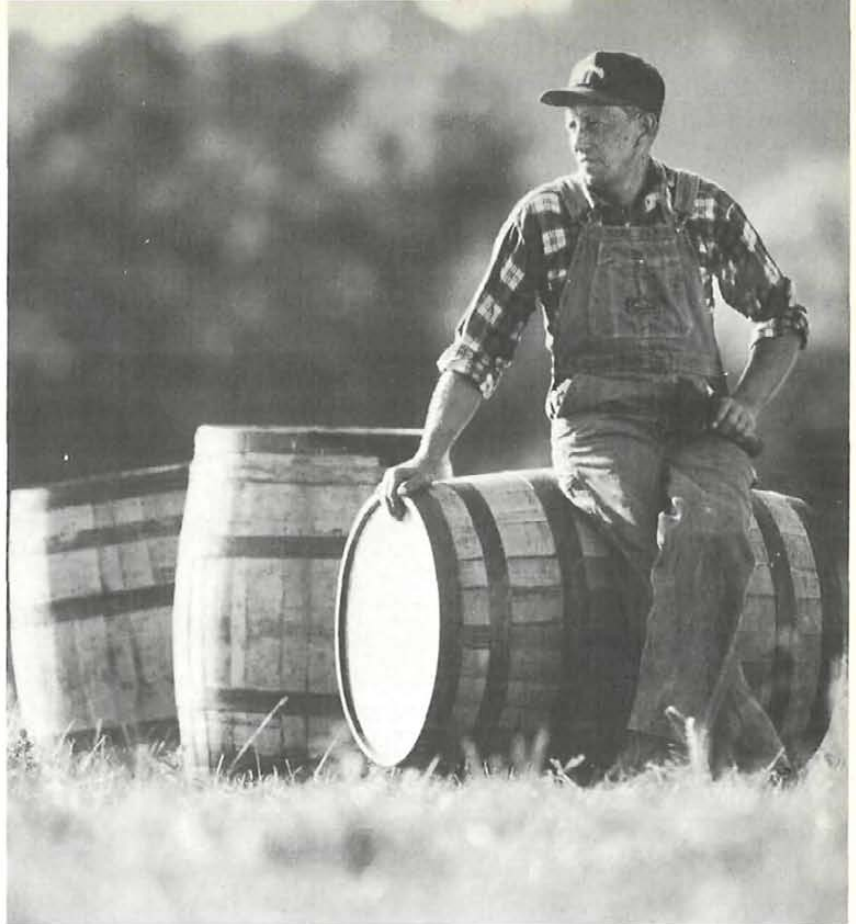
Ric Ocasak  
Satan's Spell Service

Sirs:

Mr. Convy? Mr. Bert Convy? Time's up.  
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Collecting the rent

Sirs:

Lets U B triple-E!  
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AMERICA IS HANDING OVER  
ITS LUNCH MONEY TO READ...

# EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW I LEARNED IN KINDERGARTEN!!

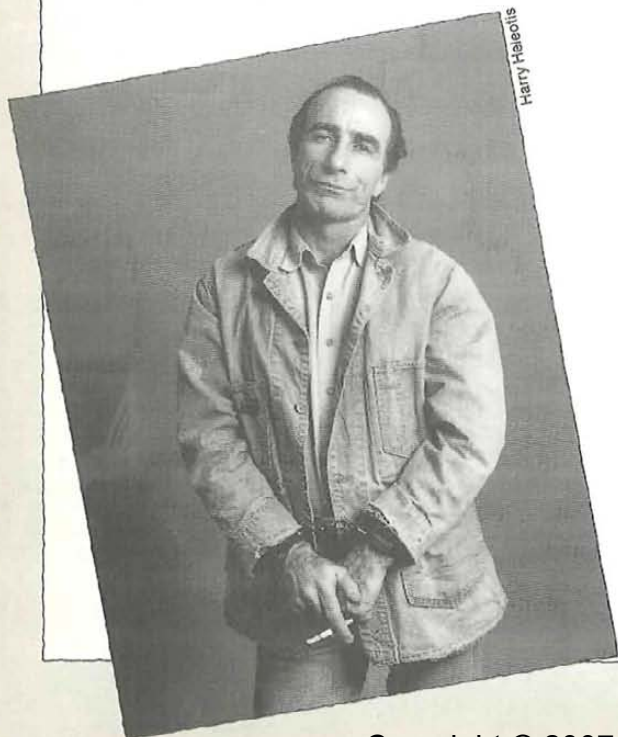
Every so often there comes a book that's touched with joyful magic, one that sees the awe and wonder of simple, everyday life.

And then there are books that tell you what to do after you get your pocket picked. *Everything You Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten* is one such book.

While other books take the time to look anew at the little things, like the rounds of the paperboy or a can of tuna fish, Bruno Fulghum's words strike you like a can of tuna fish thrown by a paperboy, leaving welts—and wisdom—you'll remember for a long time to come.

Celebrate the mysteries of life, such as why it costs seventeen bucks a pop hardcover to be told that an inability to use jumper cables gives you wisdom. Take home Bruno Fulghum's *Everything You Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten*.

BRUNO FULGHUM has been spreading his unique worldly wisdom in unlikely places,



as school-bus driver, short-order cook, miner, and vice president of the Chevrolet Division of General Motors. He is currently serving as a live-in counselor at the Federal Correctional Facility at Lompoc.

"Laughter, joy, and wholesomeness—and sex and sex and sex!"—Mick Jagger

## CREDO

Most of what you really need to know about how to get around you can find out from me, for I learned in kindergarten that it's not who has the most wisdom, it's who has the biggest sandcastle. This is what else I learned:

If you're stronger than somebody,  
take their stuff.

Watch about four hours of violent  
TV programming every day.

Change the rules in the middle of the game.

Don't make friends with people  
who are different.

Tell lies about your family background.

Eat lots of heavily sugared cereal named  
after cartoon characters.

Make fun of other people's disabilities.

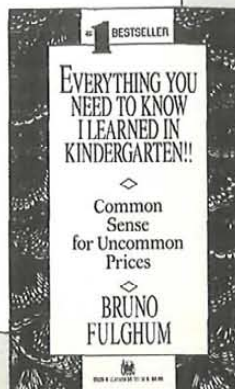
Blame everything on  
your parents.

Demand new toys every day.  
Scream if you don't get them.

If it fits, put it in your mouth.

Deny all wrongdoing.

Squeal.





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# GILBERT GOTTFRIED'S PAGE (GIVE OR TAKE A PAGE)

**This issue: Gilbert's collection of famous people's quotes.**

Ah yes, the gift of gab, the snappy comeback, the one-liner. How we marvel at those who know just what to say. That's why I, Gilbert Gottfried, America's foremost funster (give or take Canada), started collecting famous people's quotable quips. These are some of my favorites. Enjoy!

"That's right, Bobby, the bitch from *Some Like It Hot!*"  
—Beloved president John F. Kennedy

"With all the great twat we had to choose from, look what we wound up with."  
—Lennon/McCartney

"What the hell was that?"  
—The captain of the *Titanic*

"Hey, I led America through the Depression. So what if I turned away a boatload of Jews trying to escape from Hitler?"  
—President Franklin D. Roosevelt

"Wait a minute! You're not my da-da."  
—The Lindbergh baby

"Oh, come on, I was just an old fart who read the news and sounded like Tom Carvel."  
—Walter Cronkite

"I may be a great writer, but I'm still a flaming homo."  
—Oscar Wilde

"What we gonna tell your mama?  
What we gonna tell your pa?  
What we gonna tell your friends  
When they say, Oo-la-la?"  
—Tawana Brawley's ex-boyfriend Elmo

"The protests, the marching, the sit-ins—I'd give it all up for one big fat white woman."  
—Martin Luther King

"I'd kill for an egg salad sandwich."  
—Mahatma Gandhi

"Please don't let me die in New Jersey!"  
—Everyone aboard the *Hindenburg*

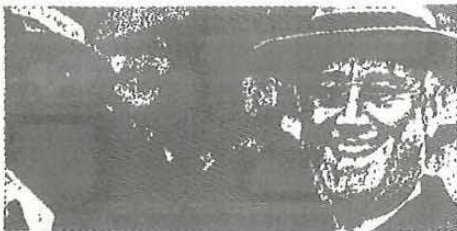
"She was kidnapped by two Eskimos... nah, I mean six white cops... yeah, yeah, that's the ticket."  
—The Reverend Al Sharpton

"The minute any director does a film about a psycho suffering from vertigo who knew too much and gets pushed out a rear window by a flock of birds traveling north by northwest, some jerk is gonna yell 'Hitchcock!'"  
—Brian De Palma

"Oh, and I suppose if I told them to jump out the window, they'd do that too."  
—Charles Manson

"Good morning, Mr. Matheson. What a lovely jacket, Mr. Matheson. How may we help you, Mr. Matheson?"  
—Everybody currently working at the *National Lampoon*

"Ah, the hell with it. Let's get fucked, married, and have babies."  
—Everyone who used to work at *Ms.* magazine



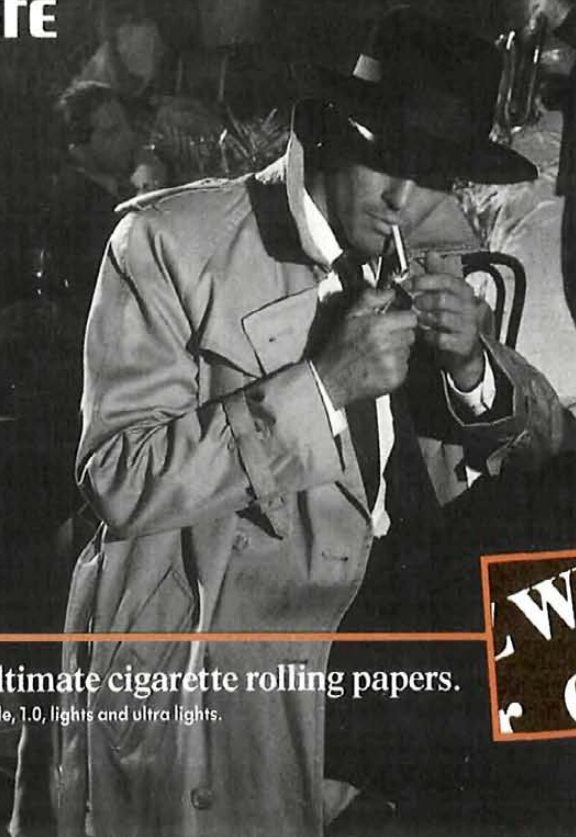
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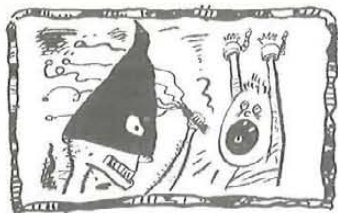
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*"There used to be an eighth dwarf, Humpy, but he left rather suddenly."*

NATIONAL LAMPOON 21



## EDITED BY JOHN BENDEL

A SOMERSET, PENNSYLVANIA, man was arrested and charged with criminal endangerment after a shooting spree inside his trailer home.

According to the *Tribune-Democrat* of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, "Police said at least two of the slugs fired about 3 A.M. Sunday traveled through the trailer home at Bishop's Mobile Court. One entered a neighbor's mobile home and another struck a neighbor's car. No one was injured."

The man reportedly was so upset after a loss by the Pittsburgh Steelers that "he vented his anger by shooting his Garfield doll thirty times with a .22-caliber revolver." (contributed by Joe Pernick)

NANCY CHERRINGTON OF Geneva, Florida, was arrested

at an Orange County sheriff's roadblock for "wearing a mask or hood in public" when the professional clown refused to take off her red plastic nose for officers at the roadblock.

Cherrington is known as "Stinko the Clown." *Gainesville Sun* (contributed by Christina K. Renke)

E. FRENKEL, A SOVIET "psychic healer and mentalist," felt he had gathered the "psychic-biological power" to stop a speeding train, so he stepped in front of one to prove it.

"First I stopped a bicycle, cars, and a streetcar," wrote Frenkel. "Now I'm going to stop a train. Only in extraordinary conditions of a direct threat to my organism will all my reserves be called into action."

Frenkel jumped in front of a train near the city of Astrakhan "with his arms raised, his head lowered, and his body tensed."

The train ran over and killed him. *Newsday* (contributed by Roger Libby)

THE *TORONTO SUN* REPORTED that Hu Chang, an eighty-one-year-old man who lives in eastern Beijing, has been killing flies for fun since his retirement in 1979. In ten years, Hu has killed 38.5 pounds of flies, which he has sold to the "neighborhood sanitary committee." The committee pays a nominal bounty for flies "to encourage the public to fight pests."

"In summer, I kill about four thousand flies every day," said Hu. (contributed by Stephen Weir)

THREE INMATES, EACH weighing more than 170 pounds, used a homemade rope in an attempt to escape from the ninth floor of the Metropolitan Correctional Center in Manhattan. All were apprehended before reaching the street.

One of the prisoners, who didn't wear gloves, severed tendons and ligaments in both hands while sliding down the quarter-inch-thick rope. The cord was braided from at least fifteen hundred-foot rolls of Johnson & Johnson unwaxed dental floss. *American Dental Association News* (contributed by Theodore P. Croll)

FROM THE *JOLIET* (ILLINOIS) *Herald News*:

"The Dwight Fire Department has scheduled an open house at the Roger Lucas residence, 216 East North Street, from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. Saturday.

"The residence was extensively damaged in a fire early on July 20. No one was home when the fire broke out.

"The fire department reported people will have a chance to see the damage and fire department personnel will talk about fire safety.

"Refreshments will be served." (contributed by Paul R. Burden)

SEVENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD James Spey of West Hendred, Wantage, England, was fined ten pounds and barred from driving for one year after he drove fourteen miles the wrong way down a major divided highway.

According to the *Daily Telegraph*, Spey ignored a convoy of police cars flashing their lights, trying to stop him.

"Thames Valley police were flooded with calls from motorists as cars and lorries swerved to miss Spey as he drove toward them in the fast lane of one of Britain's busiest motorways. One driver swerved into the crash barrier as he tried to avoid a head-on crash with Spey's Maxi."

When the magistrate told Spey he should be grateful to the officers who tried to stop him, Spey replied: "I wasn't aware they were police officers because I couldn't see anything because of the lights from their cars. I was shielding my eyes from the lights." (contributed by A. Cochrane)

IN MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA, a rodeo bull threw its rider, chased a clown out of the ring, jumped three fences, then burst into a women's bathroom where one woman "was waiting out the competition.

"The animal pinned Barbara Deck against a wall, injuring her left shoulder and arm, and kicked out a bathroom sink before the woman was rescued by cowboys." *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by David Potter)

## First Church of the Big Bird



Contributor Jim Lott calls this church in Madeira Beach, Florida, "the Chicken Church."

# SIGNS OF THE TIMES



Jack Niggemyer



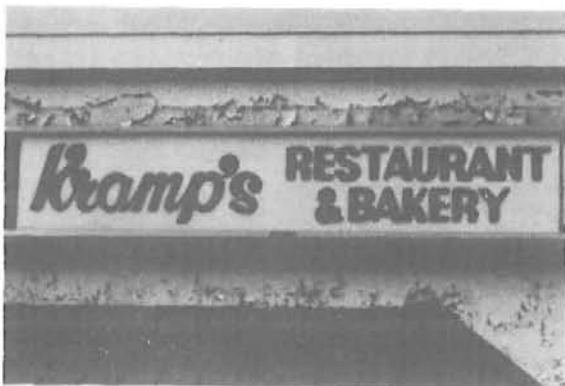
Pat Marsh



Theodore S. Bowes



Howie Tailler



Laura Mason



Christina K. Renko



Steve Dzwonkiewicz



Jack Twitcholl



## TRUE FACTS

A GUNMAN GOT AWAY with eighty dollars in cash after robbing a video store in Vancouver, British Columbia. The robber had cut eye holes in a bag, which he wore over his head.

"But the bag was made out of clear plastic," said a police spokesman, "so we've got a pretty good description of the robber." *Toronto Star* (contributed by P. Scott de Savoye)

A PERFORMANCE OF *AIDA* continued at New York's Metropolitan Opera House even as a fireman mixed with the cast to deal with a burning prop on stage.

Writing in the *New York Times*, Wilborn Hampton said that "one of the enormous braziers perched on tripods on either side of the stage flamed up like an outdoor grill with too much charcoal lighter fluid."

Technicians turned off the gas that fueled the braziers, but the fire spread around the bowl

of one of them.

"Dolora Zajick, the Amneris for the evening, kept singing, although she glanced nervously upstage to the flaming prop," Hampton reported. "At one point, James Levine, who was conducting, ducked into the pit and made a hurried telephone call.

"Finally, the chorus of priests marched back out on stage. Lurking behind the priests, who spread out across the stage in case they needed to form a bucket brigade, was a man seriously out of costume, crouching behind the chorus and trying to look inconspicuous carrying a fire extinguisher. As the chorus tried to cover him from view, the fireman fought the blaze.

"True to the traditions of show business, the Met fireman kept his bursts with the extinguisher short, apparently trying to time them to coincide with the forte passages the chorus was singing and end them when Miss Zajick sang alone." (contributed by Duck Divet)

"WANTED: SWM WHO HAS had SX change option for snuff film," read a classified ad in the *Montreal Mirror*. "No weirdos, please." (contributed

by Arlene Cripely)

FORT PIERCE, FLORIDA, police charged a fifteen-year-old boy with "lewd and lascivious acts" after he struck an infant in an ongoing dispute between two neighborhood families.

According to Detective Jim Tedder, the unnamed teenager smacked the baby boy in the face with his penis. (contributed by Keith Fred Benkert)

THE FOLLOWING ITEM APPEARED in the "Police Blotter" column of the *Princeton Packet*:

"A car parked at Princeton Market Fair was vandalized between 6:15 P.M. and 11:30 P.M., police said. Someone dented the car's hubcaps, bent the license plate, and poured soy sauce onto the hood, forming the shape of a happy face." (contributed by Paul Abajian)

PETER DEBERNARDI AND Jeffrey Petkovich survived a 179-foot plunge over Niagara Falls with only minor cuts. The two Canadians took the ride in an armor-plated barrel.

According to *Newsday*, "Petkovich and DeBernardi said their motivation was to show kids there is an alternative to drugs." (contributed by Doug Kawecki)

A MILWAUKEE MAN LOST part of his penis in a lawnmower accident, but doctors kept the organ viable for reattachment by affixing it temporarily to his arm. *Wooster Daily Record* (contributed by Julie Yoder)

TWENTY-FOUR-YEAR-old Stephen Krisztin of Old Bethpage, New York, jumped off the upper deck of Yankee Stadium into the netting strung behind home plate during a game between New York and Boston. Uninjured in the leap, Krisztin was arrested and charged with reckless endangerment.

Krisztin told police he did it because he was "bored" with the game, which the Red Sox won, 4-1. *Hartford Courant* (contributed by Walter Murray)

A NAIL ACCIDENTALLY fired from a nail gun penetrated about an inch and a half into Lance Grangruth's brain, but the Duluth, Minnesota, carpenter seemed unfazed. "I've had worse headaches," said Grangruth after the nail was removed.

The accident, according to the *Philadelphia Daily News*, nailed Grangruth's cap to his head. "I tried to take my hat off and it wouldn't come off. Then I knew it had gone in," he said. (contributed by Andy Kaziska)

A CHAPTER OF THE KU Klux Klan volunteered to pick up trash along a 3.4-mile stretch of U.S. Route 158 in North Carolina as part of North Carolina's Adopt-A-Highway program. Most of the other organizations in the program are civic and church groups.

"We work for the people—the white people—of our community," said Exalted Cyclops Rocky Chapman. "We don't help blacks in any way, but we try to do positive things. What has been done in the past by the Klan, I don't want to know."

State transportation officials were perplexed by the application, reported the *Charlotte Observer*. "Some officials worry that trash on the Reidsville road could increase, not decrease, with motorists who don't like the Klan dumping extra garbage on the racist organization's section." (contributed by Eric S. Pfeiffer)

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

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**This fortuitous juxtaposition of photo and headline was clipped and submitted by Ray Drescher, Jr.**



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# Fans of the Fleetingly Famous

by Michael Konik

Like Rupert Pupkin in *The King of Comedy*, real fans are deeply committed to their stars. Perhaps the most touching demonstration of a fan's eternal affection is membership in that official temple of celebrity love called a fan club.

Of course, everyone's conception of "star" is different.

The following fan clubs actually exist.

NAME OF CLUB	PURPOSE	ACTIVITIES	OFFICIAL ORGAN	MEMBERS
Alan Feinstein Fan Club	To promote appreciation of the star of <i>The Family Tree</i> , <i>Jigsaw John</i> , and <i>The Runaways</i>	Annual convention in Los Angeles	<i>Alan Feinstein Fan Club Newsletter</i>	32
Mark Slade Fan Club	To share common interest in the actor, best known for his work in the TV series <i>The High Chaparral</i> and the movie <i>Benji</i>	None	<i>Mark Slade Journal</i>	30
Barry All the Time	To support and promote the career of former jingle writer Barry Manilow	Organizes charity fund-raisers	<i>Time Out</i>	117
Traci Lords Fan Club	To promote the formerly underage porno star's many talents	Annual meeting in Berger, Mo.	None	6
Danny Cooksey Fan Club	To promote the career of the actor and singer, most admired for his efforts on <i>Diff'rent Strokes</i>	Sponsors competitions; bestows awards; holds annual Christmas party	<i>Danny Cooksey News</i>	900
The Humper Dears	To promote and follow the antics of Vegas oddity Engelbert Humperdinck	Researches concert itinerary; monitors and reports on all public sightings	<i>Humper Dear Happening</i>	100
Friends of Freddy	To perpetuate the memory of Freddy the Pig, a fictional swine, and his talking barnyard friends	Operates library; collects Freddy memorabilia; holds biennial convention in Margaretville, N.Y.	<i>Bean Home News</i>	250
Jon-Erik Hexum Fan Club	To commemorate the life and brief career of the dead handgun aficionado, who appeared on the immortal NBC series <i>Voyagers</i>	Saves memorabilia; maintains museum, library, and archives	<i>The Hex Nut</i>	150
Simply Simon	To encourage friendship and correspondence between admirers of onetime <i>Falcon Crest</i> actor Simon MacCorkindale	Maintains archives; collects Simon stuff	<i>Simon Says</i>	150
Andy Griffith Rerun Watchers	To force TV stations to air reruns of the laugh-a-minute show	Mounts annual letter-writing campaign; sponsors polls and lectures; holds periodic convention in Nashville, Tenn.	<i>The Ballet</i>	15,000
Lori Robin Smith International Fan Club	Founded by Lori's mom, Trudy, to promote her kid's career as a singer in television commercials	Keeps fans abreast of Lori's meteoric career	<i>Lori Robin International Fan Club Newsletter</i>	1
Princess Kitty Fan Club	To celebrate the antics of a former stray feline who can play a small piano and who now works as a professional model and actor, having portrayed Hemingway's cat in a TV miniseries	Disseminates info on cat's career; gives pet-care literature; encourages adoption; maintains biographic archives; bestows awards	<i>Paw Prints</i>	64

## THE FRUITS OF FAITH, HEADLINE DEPT.

### World report

#### Pope seeks peach with Lutherans

ROSKILDE, Denmark (AP) — Pope John Paul II sought to make peace with Scandinavia's dominant Lutheran Church Tuesday and challenged

This headline from the *Grand Island Daily Independent of Grand Island, Nebraska*, was submitted by Catherine Swift.



# TRUE FACTS REPORTER

BY JOHN BENDL

## VOICES OF YOUNG AMERICA EDITION

America, besieged by competition around the world, looks to its new generation for leadership, excellence, and perfect attendance.

We thought we'd take a look, too.

### Operation Pakistan

*Your True Facts Reporter recently interviewed a University of Missouri freshman about his high school extracurricular activities. He thought it best not to use his real name.*

They called me "Poisson." It means "fish" in French. That was because in wrestling, if you're really bad, they call you a fish. It was my code name in our war with the 7-Eleven. We needed code names because it was a military-style mission. We called it "Operation Pakistan."

There's only one 7-Eleven in our town, which is just west of Chicago. The owner was this Pakistani guy who didn't speak very good English. When you'd go in to like pick up chips and stuff, he'd like follow you around to make sure you weren't like stuffing your pockets.

You'd come up to the cash register and he'd always ask, "You want Slurpee with that?" You know those gooshie things? Then he'd always tell you what the flavor of the week was. At first it was funny, but then it got to be annoying.

He was always calling the police on us, and like the police always made a production of it. They'd open everybody's trunk looking for beer, and inevitably someone in the parking lot would have some, and he'd get run in to the station. This went on all the time, and we weren't even doing anything!

Okay, so we were acting like rude jerks. But, hey, we were in like high school, you know? And it was the only twenty-four-hour place in town. It was our meeting place. It was the 7-Eleven, man!

We had this spiritual leader. His code name was "Robert E. Lee" because he had this big old Ford FT-50 truck with a gigantic Confederate flag painted on the hood.

We just called him Rob. So Rob says, "How's about a little noise distraction?"

We knew it meant war.

The 7-Eleven had a big industrial-size Dumpster in a fenced-off area. So we took an M-80 and put a cigarette fuse on it. One of us scaled the fence and put the M-80 in the Dumpster and lit the cigarette. We got in our cars and kept circling the area until "BANG!"

The sound was magnified by the empty Dumpster. It was really loud. Even a local newspaper reporter came around, along with the cops. He interviewed the store owner, and, well, the Pakistani guy was all upset. He told the reporter he thought it was a "racist, terrorist attack by some country which doesn't like Pakistan." He wouldn't say which one, and I have no idea—maybe China or something. The thing is, he thought it was this major international plot against him.

This naturally amused us and egged us on, but with the police supposedly looking into it, we chilled out for a while, simply hanging around the 7-Eleven, drinking Big Gulps out of the machine. Like you're supposed to fill your container, then take it to

the counter and pay for it? Well, we hung around the dispenser, drinking and refilling, drinking and refilling before we ever got to the cash register. That naturally drove the Pakistani guy out of his mind.

Okay, so it was really rotten. But we didn't know that then, and besides, our spiritual leader said he was getting us a secret weapon.

The secret weapon turned out to be this thing called a Wanger. It's like a modern-day catapult. It had two long pieces of elastic surgical tubing attached to a pouch. It took three men to operate it.

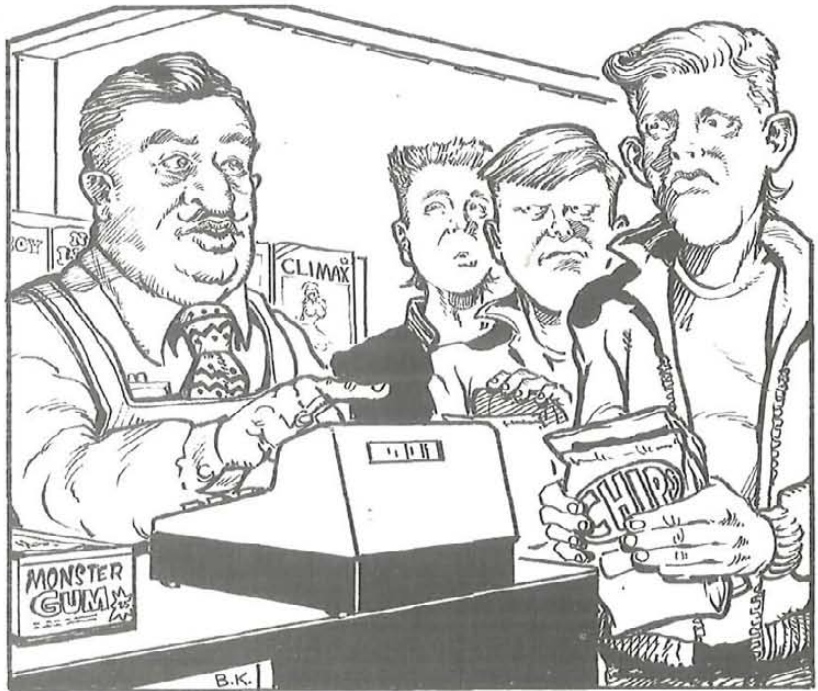
One guy would stand with his right hand extended toward the sky, holding one end. Opposite him another guy would stand with his left arm extended, holding the other end. A third guy would pull the pouch back as much as four feet.

When he let it go?

Let's just say we could loft things.

We started out with water balloons in Rob's backyard. We tried to hit cars on this four-lane divided highway nearby. It was a forty-five-mile-per-hour zone, so it was pretty challenging.

One of our group was a really brilliant





## TRUE FACTS REPORTER

math student—so good, in fact, that he now attends a certain American military academy which will remain unidentified. Anyhow, he swiped something from the physics lab that helped us figure out the trajectory of our water balloons. We could line up with the pouch to make sure we were at a forty-five-degree angle.

After we had hit a couple of cars—with no casualties—we were ready for our new offense against the 7-Eleven.

The 7-Eleven is across the street from this home for retired priests. It's like a monastery with huge grounds and lots of trees and stuff. You could get lost in there. On the corner across from the 7-Eleven, they had built like a fifteen-foot landscaped mound with the name of the place on it. You could get behind it and not be seen from the street.

Rob had these really good Bearcat two-way radios. We put one with the battery team, the guys who operated the Wanger behind the mound, and the other went with the spotters, who sat in a car across from the 7-Eleven, watching our shots. In the beginning, we'd like let a water balloon go and our spotter would call in like, "High left," "High right," or whatever.

Occasionally, if you weren't working the battery, you got a chance to peek out. It was beautiful. You'd just see the water balloon soaring upward. It would like peak, then start down. We always did it at night, and we would see it, but no one else would pick it up because it was so quiet.

The first couple of shots were always high and we'd hit the neon 7-Eleven sign, and the water would just spray onto the roof and the ground. Our real target was the big window.

You know, 7-Elevens are all windows in front, except they're not really glass. They're that Plexiglas garbage that flexes when something hits it. So the balloon would come down, hit, and spray water. There would be this dull thud. That sound was the greatest. We knew we'd scored. People in the store knew. Everybody just knew.

After a while, we also tried to hit customers, trucks, targets in the parking lot. One of the best things to do was to hit someone head-on, but that was difficult. The second-best thing to do was to hit the roof overhang when there were people underneath it. It would hit and spray, like a cluster bomb of water.

We called our spotter "Ford Operating Base," and we used code names just in case someone was monitoring the channel. "Robert E. Lee" directed our fire and we'd usually get off about twenty shots before the cops came.

"Ford Operating Base" could just stay where he was because the cops had no way of knowing he was connected with the water balloons. The rest of us would take off into the trees around the monastery. We'd hide in the bushes.

Once in a while a cop would come across and shine his flashlight on the monastery grounds, but they didn't know what they were looking for. The mission was going very well. We were dressed for it, too. I'm talking camouflage pants, field jackets, hiking boots, you name it. We went whole hog. One night we even did the face-paint bit, but that was kind of stupid. It's all full of smelly mosquito repellent.

Toward the end of the summer, we escalated the campaign. We switched from water balloons to mud balls. Not to real big mud balls. More like moderate mud balls. We didn't want to hurt anybody, we just wanted to see those babies hit the window with a "whump," then ooze on down to the ground.

We had done this about three times and we were getting nervous. We knew it was driving the 7-Eleven owner out of his mind, but there hadn't been anything in the paper about it. It was just too quiet.

On our fourth mud-ball raid, we hit this guy's brand-new Chevy Blazer head-on with a real monster blob. Somehow this guy knew it had come from over the mound,



because he drove his Blazer over onto the monastery grounds and got us right in his headlights.

Now this guy's pissed. We hear this Blazer roaring and all we see is muddy headlights. We took off into the trees where he couldn't drive after us. Hiding in the bushes in our camouflage outfits, we watched the guy drive away in his brand-new Blazer, dripping from a fresh mud bomb, but we knew the game was up.

And then, just when it looked as though all was lost, the Pakistani guy sold the 7-Eleven and left town.

I don't know if we had anything to do with it or not, whether to be proud or ashamed. But I'll tell you one thing: it was one valiant mission.



## Backwards into the Future

Your True Facts Reporter recently saw Richie Reisman and Adam Riback on a local TV show, talking backwards. We spoke by phone with Reisman and Riback, both seventeen, of Brooklyn, New York.

**Reisman:** Me and Darren Silverman started talking backwards in junior high. We were always looking for ways to make the girls laugh and talk behind their backs. So we started with simple things, like "keid" was "dick." You know, words like that. Then in high school, Adam started talking backwards, too. Now all of us do it fluently.

**True Facts Reporter:** Fluently?

**Reisman:** Yltnulf.

**TFR:** I see.

**Reisman:** We started a club called the Backwards Club and people would pay to hear us talk backwards. We charged five dollars an hour for backwards-talking lessons. We want to have a battle with this guy David Feuer, who goes on the talk shows talking backwards. We're better than he is. We want to show the world who's the champ.

**TFR:** Have you challenged him?

**Reisman:** A couple of times, on local TV shows. But we haven't heard anything.

**TFR:** What do you do on TV?

**Reisman:** I'll like tell a story backwards while Adam or Darren translates for the audience. We want to start a trend. We want the world to talk backwards. Talking backwards really takes like a lot of intelligence. I want to be on television. I want to be in movies talking backwards.

**TFR:** What will you do on television or in the movies without a translator?

**Reisman:** So I'll need subtitles. I don't want to be one of those guys on the street with a sign that says "I talk backwards. One dollar." That's not my style.

**Riback (in the background):** Let me say something.

**Reisman:** No, you're not talking, Adam. You're going to be a retard!

**TFR:** What would Adam like to say?

**Riback:** I just want to say, I think it's a good time to do something in this field. I mean, the average intelligent person couldn't talk backwards in a week. It would take some time. So I feel like now is a good time to start. Especially with this big Burger King commercial where one guy on a TV screen reaches across a couple of other TV screens trying to grab a hamburger. He brings back a Burger King label instead and when his friend reads it upside down he says "Regrub Gnik" instead of "Burger King." That commercial is a big breakthrough for talking backwards.

**TFR:** Big breakthrough?

**Riback:** Well, it's something. So I feel like now is a good time to do something in this field. We'd be cool, like totally.

**TFR:** But who would pay you to talk backwards?

**Riback:** That's a problem. If everybody did it, then nobody would want to pay us. My idea is to make up an actual language, because then we'd have something we could patent.

**TFR:** Can you patent a language?

**Riback:** I don't know.

**TFR:** Well, good luck to you.

**Riback:** Yeah, well, doog kcul ot uoy, oot.



## Flaming Shoes

At a Mobil gas station in New Jersey, two young attendants tussled near the garage. An older guy, maybe twenty, was stamping on the younger guy's foot. The younger guy's right shoe was on fire.

When the flames were finally stamped out, the two attendants went back to take care of the customers who were lined up. I got the young guy, who was about sixteen or so. Smiling languidly, obviously not burned, he ambled over, the merest trace of smoke rising from the toe of his heavy work shoe.

"Oh that," he said when I asked how his foot had caught on fire. "I light 'em every once in a while. It's fun."

There's always a little bit of gas left in the pump nozzle, he explained. "All you have to do is shake a couple of drops onto the toe of your shoe and set it off."

Isn't that dangerous?

The young gas jockey shrugged. "I dunno, but it's handy," he said.

Handy?

"Yeah. This friend of mine works at a station out on Route 46, and it's hard to shut down at night, because people keep pulling up to the pumps. So if there's people at the pumps at closing time, he walks behind the building, sets his shoes on fire, then comes running out front with his feet blazing. It clears the place out in no time."

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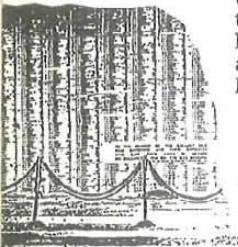
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**\$1,000**  
per slab



### Talking Mercenary American Fools

Once-influential American political figures will now say *anything* for money! Influence international policy! Order now before senility sets in. Please specify Ronald Reagan, Tip O'Neill, Henry Kissinger, or Al Haig.

**\$2 million**  
per speaking engagement



### AT&T

Disconnect the "red phone"! Send program trading into a tizzy! These are just a few of the possibilities if you own American Telephone and Telegraph. Other American blue-chip companies also available.

Call for price



### Liberty Bell

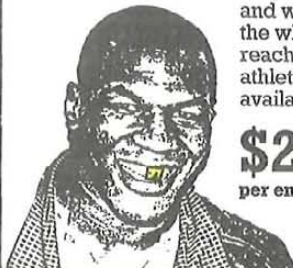
What better way to announce, "Sushi is served!" Impress your boss! (Please note: poorly manufactured American bell is slightly cracked.)



**\$500 million**

### Mike Tyson, Other Athletic American Coloreds

Clazy Mike has strength of King Kong! Cannot speak, but pleased to endorse Nintendo and other products detrimental to American youth. Or just give him a drink and watch him go clazy! Fun for the whole family, but keep out of reach of children. Other clazy athletic American coloreds also available.



**\$2 million**  
per engagement

### Long Island Railroad

Imagine being able to keep conspiratorial Jewish businessmen from getting to work! And just picture the frustration on the faces of those other "JAPs" when they can't get into Bloomingdale's for the latest sale! You and your business partners will die from laughter!



A steal at  
**\$180 million**

# DISCOUNT STORES

Liquidators

## Klealance Sale!

**MUST MAKE WAY  
FOR NEW INVENTORY!**

Sapporo · Godzilla · Toyota · Yomama · Benihana · Yoko Ono



### The Redwood Forest

Once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to force change in song lyric "This land was made for you and me." Forest would make great kindling or chopsticks—or just burn it down because you can!

**\$300 million, or \$250,000 per tree**

### Morally Bankrupt and Sexually Permissive American California Girls

They're not quite as smart as blow-up dolls, but they're cheaper! Specially trained to please Japanese men!

**\$1 million PER GROSS!**



### NASA

Create huge, colorful explosions in the sky! Protect your home against giant radioactive prehistoric monsters that breathe fire! Isn't your family worth it?

**Many billions; please contact former president Reagan to negotiate price**



### Statue of Liberty

Great gag gift! Give it to your boss, he won't know what to do with it! Or dress her up to make fun of sacred American institution! Use your imagination!

**\$1 billion**

### Unemployed American Autoworkers

They're great souvenirs, but unemployed American factory workers also make great testaments to the triumph of unfair trade practices over labor unions and basic human rights. Strong like oxen, they're also excellent for household chores!

**\$100,000 per gross**



### Bill Cosby

Inexplicably popular colored American comic will endorse anything—including chemical and germ warfare—if the price is right. Or just have him tap-dance at your tea party! There's nothing he won't do! Star of *Leonard Part 6*.

**\$250,000 per engagement**



### The Hawaiian Islands (also known as "Little Japan")

Convenient to Tokyo and Los Angeles. Great vacation resort. These islands are selling fast, so don't get left out in the cold. Such a big hit with Japanese investors that supplies won't last! No man is an island? Nonsense! Order yours today!

**\$3–5 billion, depending on lot**



### 1980 U.S. Olympic Hockey Team

Here's an opportunity to personally own the pride and joy of the American public. Of course most of these men can hardly play the game anymore, but what better chance to break and demoralize the American spirit?!

**\$300,000 gets you the whole team**



### Declaration of Independence and Other Historic Documents

American loss is our gain! Because Mr. Bush needs cash to battle drugs, homelessness, and defense spending, we picked up these historic papers for a song! Please specify Declaration of Independence, Constitution, Emancipation Proclamation, Gettysburg Address, John-John Kennedy's Bar Exam. These also make great place mats!

**\$20 million per document**





# Spring Break

PLYMOUTH

BACCHUS

**NATIONAL LAMPOON**, PLYMOUTH MOTORS and BACCHUS (Boost Alcohol Consciousness Concerning the Health of University Students) are joining forces at Spring Break this year to promote **CRUISE CONTROL: SAFE SPRING BREAK '90** campaign.

This year, students visiting Daytona Beach or South Padre Island for Spring Break are being asked to **"TAKE THE PLEDGE"** not to drink and drive or let a friend drive under the influence of alcohol or drugs. Students will also be asked to remember to buckle their safety belts whenever they are traveling in a vehicle while at Spring Break or during the trip to and from Daytona or South Padre.

Cut out the PLEDGE CARD included in this ad and mail to: InterCollegiate Communications, 15 West 44th Street, New York, New York 10036, or bring your pledge card to the PLYMOUTH / BACCHUS WELCOME CENTERS, located at the Howard Johnsons in Daytona (formerly the Clarendon Plaza) or the Radisson Resort in South Padre, which will entitle you to enter the drawing to win a new

**1990 PLYMOUTH LASER RS TURBO.**

"The Laser RS will be given away the last week of Spring Break."

Winner need not be present to win.

## PLYMOUTH / BACCHUS Safe Spring Break Cruise Control '90 Pledge

I, \_\_\_\_\_ a student at \_\_\_\_\_, hereby agree to take the Cruise Control '90 pledge. During Spring Break '90, I agree to exercise Cruise Control. I will not let friends drink or use drugs and drive. I will not drive while impaired or ride with anyone who is impaired, and I will use seat belts.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

COLLEGE ADDRESS (include zip code): \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNED: \_\_\_\_\_

RETURN TO: InterCollegiate Communications, 15 West 44th Street, New York, New York 10036 or bring to any PLYMOUTH / BACCHUS WELCOME CENTER.

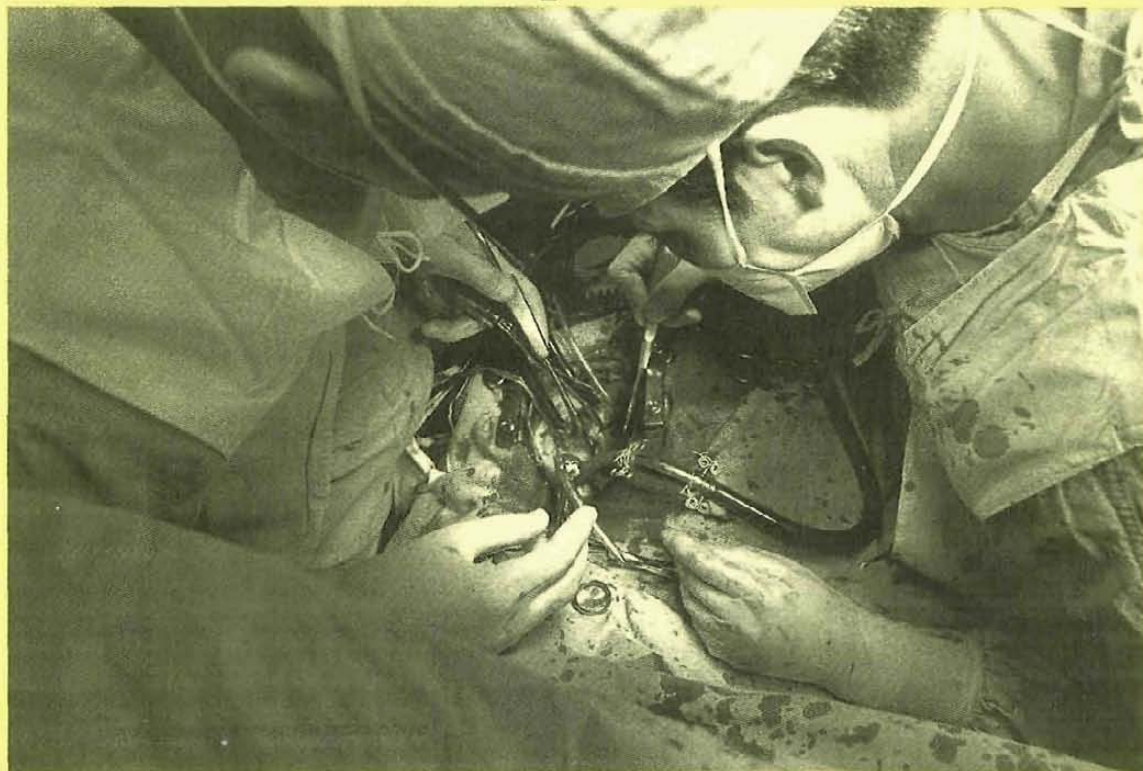
ALSO SPONSORED BY THE FLORIDA COALITION FOR AUTO SAFETY NOW, INC.; THE STATE UNIVERSITY SYSTEM OF FLORIDA; THE FLORIDA COMMUNITY COLLEGE SYSTEM; THE CAMPUS ALCOHOL AND DRUG PREVENTION PROJECT; BACCHUS CHAPTERS IN FLORIDA; AND THE FLORIDA DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNITY AFFAIRS, BUREAU OF PUBLIC SAFETY MANAGEMENT.



# YELLOW JOURNAL

Our Reporters Are All Bonded and HIV-Negative

## Sense of Humor Transplant Hailed as a Success



Doctors hard at work placing the sense of humor of borscht belt comedian London Lee into the body of twelve-year-old Ben Wa Ho.

In the wake of recent breathtaking advances in human transplant techniques comes word from Loma Linda, California, that doctors have successfully transplanted the sense of humor of aging borscht belt comedian London Lee into a twelve-year-old Chinese boy. According to a hospital spokesman, the boy, whose name is Ben Wa Ho, is "conscious, alert, and already doing shtick."

The success of the world's first sense of humor transplant means new hope for an estimated two and a half million Americans who, like Ben Wa Ho, suffer from a congenital humor defect, commonly known as Ralph Nader's Disease (RND). According to Dr. Nathan Whine, a leading expert in humor disorders,

"RND is a little-understood hereditary condition marked by the patient's inability to come up with, or even to appreciate, a good gag.

"Little Ben Wa's story is all too typical of RND sufferers," explained Dr. Whine. "These kids are often unjustly labeled serious types, snobs, or even intellectuals by their friends, family, and teachers." Signs of RND appear early in childhood, but as Han Ha Ho, Ben Wa's mother, remembers all too well, these signs can easily be misunderstood. "When I would call Ben Wa for supper he would laugh uncontrollably. I thought he was a moron. . . . Everybody did." Like so many other victims of RND Ben Wa had resorted to

C O N T I N U E D O N P A G E 3 4

# Bitch Packs by the Bay

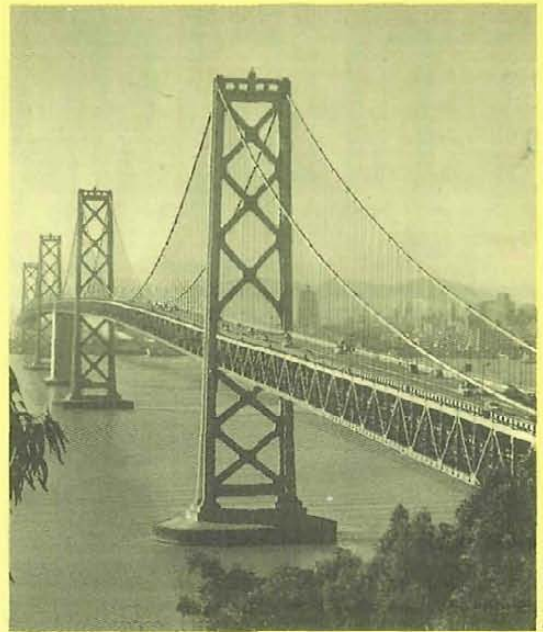
Last year the phenomenon known as "wilding" made headlines when, in New York City, a young woman was raped, beaten, and critically injured by a marauding gang of black youths while she was jogging in Central Park.

Similar incidents recently occurring in San Francisco have Bay Area police deeply concerned. In a practice referred to as "Oscar Wilding," roving packs of homosexuals have been accosting passersby and assaulting them with a barrage of insults, catty comments, and cutting innuendos.

"It was just awful," said Martha Hymer of Needles, Arizona, who was attacked while on vacation with her family. "I had wandered off from my husband and kids to do a little window shopping when suddenly I was surrounded by eight men in tightfitting jeans with neatly trimmed mustaches. The taunting was merciless. They started on my shoes and then made hurtful remarks about my skirt, blouse, and handbag. After one of them called me 'dinge queen' I passed out."

Police have promised stepped-up security in response to the attacks, but nonetheless have warned tourists to take precautions when visiting the city.

P.S.



AP/Wide World

Vacationers are being warned to steer clear of the Bay Area this summer: the natives can be very catty.

## TRANSPLANT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33  
random laughter to simulate a sense of humor. Terrified that any human contact might precipitate the dreaded response "Is that supposed to be funny?," Ben Wa withdrew into a catatonic shell and would talk to no one.

Enter Dr. Morton Gunty, whose pioneering work in personality transplant had already earned him a sharp reprimand from the California Medical Association. Hearing about Ben Wa's plight from a local laundry person, Dr. Gunty acted quickly in volunteering his services: within twenty-four hours Ben Wa and his mother were flown from their remote Chinese village to the Loma Linda Holiday Inn.

Thus began the family's tense three-month wait for a suitable donor. An exhaustive nationwide search finally ended when they were contacted by Mrs. Thelma Kaminsky-Lee, wife of seventy-two-year-old stand-up comic London Lee, whose act had been dying in the Catskill Mountains for almost thirty years.

Lee had suddenly passed away while performing onstage at the Granite Hotel. His wife immediately called Ben Wa's family and agreed to donate his sense of humor. "London always said he had enough material to keep him working through the next century," said the grieving widow. "I'm sure he would have wanted his gags to live on in this little Chink."

Mrs. Kaminsky-Lee's act of generosity set the clock in motion. Lee's sense of humor was removed in his dressing room, packed in dry ice, and flown cross-country to waiting surgeons at the Loma Linda facility. The operation was performed later that night.

While the surgery itself was successful, post-operative complications followed. According to Dr. Gunty, "Ben Wa's timing was dangerously off for a while. He wasn't waiting long enough for the laugh. And he was relying too heavily on fart jokes. Fortunately, this situation was transient."

Though the transplant is being hailed as a major breakthrough by most experts, the procedure does have its critics. "London's act was as old as the Wailing Wall," complained fellow tumbler and longtime friend Shecky Greene. "It's a sin to put those tired gags into the mouth of an innocent twelve-year-old."

Legal problems may be on the horizon as well. Claiming that most of Lee's best material was stolen from *him*, Buddy Hackett is threatening a lawsuit, with the intention of having Ben Wa's new sense of humor removed.

But these potential difficulties are of small consequence to the courageous Oriental who has been granted a new lease on life. Ben Wa's doctors report that he has been reeling off one-liners since he came out of surgery. "He's got everybody in Intensive Care peeing on their paper slippers," reported one ICU nurse.

At a news conference held recently at the hospital, Ben Wa treated reporters to his recently acquired wit. While most of the punch lines were unfortunately delivered in Yiddish, there was one moment that offered a glimpse at Ben Wa's brightening future. Questioned about the details of his desperate odyssey to the United States, the gutsy adolescent quipped, "I flew all the way from China for my operation... and boy, are my arms tired."

D.F.

# Screenplays to Poland



Polish Minister of Entertainment "Buddy" Rakowski: "A good shvartze TV series would be nice."

The United States announced that it will send 250,000 metric tons of unsold screenplays to Poland in an effort to revitalize that country's moribund economy. Speaking on behalf of the Polish government, "Buddy" Rakowski, minister of entertainment, expressed concern that the aid package did not include requested screen treatments, TV sitcoms, or Movie of the Week pilots.

"I'm already up to my jaruzelski in dreck that the majors have turned down," said Rakowski. "More I don't need."

It was Rakowski, formerly a worker in a Gdańsk dreidel factory, who first devised the theory that a flourishing entertainment industry was the key to reviving the entire Polish economy.

Responding to reporters' questions on exactly what type of support he felt would be most beneficial to his country, Rakowski spoke with characteristic bluntness. "A good *shvartze* TV series would be nice; a nude cable talk show would be nice, too."

American officials have long been quoted as saying that once they've determined that the reforms instituted by the new Polish government are structural and not merely cosmetic they will be favorably disposed to reconsidering the present aid program.

Said Rakowski, "You tell those hondlers in the State Department to get me some points on the next couple of Spielberg flicks and I'll get this god-damn country out of turnaround all by myself."

N.W.

## Best Friends Part Company

After years of internecine struggle and debate, the World Dog Alliance announced that no longer would it be acceptable to refer to any of its members as "man's best friend." Speaking at a press conference at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City, WDA president Frisky Smith denied the move would distance dogs from humans. Said Frisky, "As times change, we dogs feel that the relationship between humans and dogs also changes. We want an epithet that better characterizes this modern interpersonal dynamic."

Yet some veteran dog watchers see the move as a radical shift that amounts to a slap in the face at human beings. Syndicated columnist Cleveland Amory stated, "With this declaration the WDA urinates on the leg of those of us in the human community who have steadfastly supported their cause."

The phrase "man's best friend" has been the official motto of dogs everywhere for over two centuries, ever since it was coined by the popular early WDA president Brutus McKetchum during his famous Canine Appeasement Address in 1773. Though no new motto has been officially adopted, a list of temporarily sanctioned epithets was distributed by WDA members at a recent conference. It includes:

- Man's oldest acquaintance.
- Man's historic colleague.
- Man's leisure-time associate.
- Man's frequent companion.
- Man's panting confederate.
- He who shits where he pleases.

Meanwhile, dog leaders in the United States—traditionally more outspoken than their counterparts around the globe—have begun calling themselves simply Canine Americans. "In my mind, it's just a little more to the point," said WDA 32nd District Leader Wags Cavanaugh of Pittsburgh. "I enjoy chasing sticks as much as anybody. Yet I do it not out of loyalty or friendship, necessarily, but because I choose to. It's that sense of independence that we need to get across. I think Canine American sums it up nicely."

S.J.

## Pro-Life Death Squads Honored by Republicans

The battle over abortion has begun to heat up as law enforcement authorities in Pennsylvania report that over one dozen women have been raped and murdered in the past month by pro-life death squads operating in and around the Pittsburgh area.

Speaking at a Washington luncheon before a group of Republican congressmen and their wives, Elias Boone, Jr., a pro-life death-squad commander, expounded the philosophy of his organization: "We rape them because if we didn't nature would destroy their unfertilized eggs, which, when you stop and think about it, is one step away from abortion. So we're not so much raping them as saving their eggs with our semen; or, if you prefer, we're preventing nature from brutally murdering their unborn eggs."

"Sometimes, it is true, in our fight to preserve the sanctity of their unfertilized eggs, some women die. But this occurs only when they do not allow us to rape them, making it otherwise impossible for us to preserve their eggs."

Boone's address received mixed reactions from the legislators, but Vice President Dan Quayle and his wife, Marilyn, who attended the luncheon, praised him highly, calling him and his group the moral equivalent of the Spanish Inquisition and presenting him with a T-shirt that read "Periods Kill People: Fertilize or Fight."

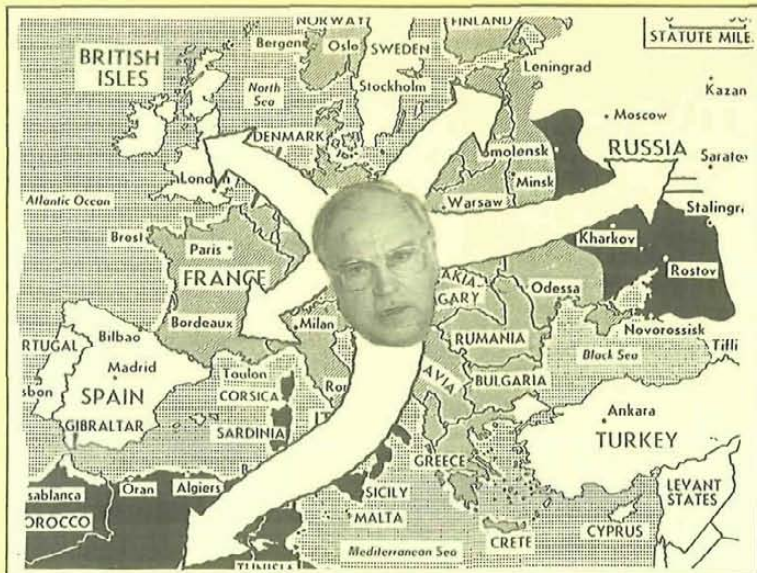
N.W.

# REUNIFICATION ÜBER ALLES

With the people's cries for reunification ringing in their ears, West German officials unveiled a plan for Germany's future that they hope will appease the passion of their indomitable countrymen.

"Our program is very simple, ja?" said Dr. Hans Schnitzel-Goebbels, minister of Aryan affairs, from an underground bunker somewhere in the Bavarian mountains. Speaking to a group of visiting American journalists, Schnitzel-Goebbels outlined the new German agenda. "First we will reunify with East Germany; then we will reunify with Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, France, and Greece. Reunification with England will, perhaps, take us a little longer—history has shown them to be a very stubborn people. But, *ach du liebe*, so are we."

Cracking his swagger stick against his big black boots for emphasis, Dr. Schnitzel-Goebbels continued, "After we have reunified with England we will proceed with the total reunification of the Soviet Union. This will give us the military strength and logistical support



Chancellor Helmut Kohl's plan for reunification has the Volk back home goose-stepping for joy.

we need to reunify with the rest of *schweinhund* Europe and Asia.

"At this point we will stop reunifying and start killing Jews.

"Hello to Pat Buchanan and the rest of the gang at the *Washington Times*.

"*Auf Wiedersehen*."

N.W.

## Ask Dr. Kraus



**Dr. Klaus Kraus** was the G. Everett Koop of Germany before he moved to Brazil in 1948 in search of a more agreeable climate. A family man and war hero, Dr. Kraus no longer seeks the spotlight, and so he lives in the village of São Paulo under an assumed name.

Starting with this issue, readers are invited to submit their questions to Dr. Kraus about science, medicine, nutrition, and any and all related health issues.

**Dear Dr. Kraus:**

I've been using one of those electronic "shock collars" on my dog to inhibit his barking, and I've found that the device works marvelously. Would it be danger-

ous to also use this gizmo on my one-and-a-half-month-old infant?

**Jack Kavy**  
Atlanta

**Dr. Kraus responds:**

Not at all. The shock emitted from the device you mention is perfectly harmless. A healthy baby could receive 110-volt shocks regularly—available from any standard household outlet—without causing major damage to electromagnetic brain synapses or heartbeat patterns. But check with your physician before breaking voltages that are in the four figures. And, of course, NEVER use electronic-shock training on anyone with a heart condition.

**Dear Dr. Kraus:**

My husband needs to have a kidney stone operation and we don't have great financial resources. Can we save money by having the surgeon operate without anesthesia? I've been told that the anesthesiologist is usually the greatest expense of any surgical procedure.

**Meg Rosmarin**  
Sioux City

**Dr. Kraus responds:**

In fact, during my years as a military physician, I rarely, if ever, used any type of anesthesia, and I was continually amazed by the rigors a human body could endure before losing consciousness. On two occasions I was even able to perform open-heart surgery without gas! And once I even performed spinal surgery on a Siamese twin while his brother, joined at the head, assisted me!

**Dear Dr. Kraus:**

I live in Minneapolis but I love to swim outdoors. How safe is it to swim in cold water, and how cold is too cold?

**William Flanders**  
Minneapolis

**Dr. Kraus responds:**

A little cold water never hurt anyone—if the exposure is limited. I would warn, however, against standing outside naked in ten-below-zero weather, then dousing oneself with water repeatedly while lying face-down in the snow. My experience has been that this practice has few health benefits.

L.F.



# Inside Larry King



DARLING, YOU'RE HOME. COME HERE TO ME. I'M HERE ON THE COUCH, THE LONELY ONE WITH A MARTINI AND A PEANUT BUTTER AND VASELINE SANDWICH. NO, COME HERE NOW... BEFORE YOU TAKE YOUR GARTER OFF. YES, THAT'S RIGHT. OOOH, THAT'S NICE, BABY. GET MEAN. TOUCH THE ANGER THAT'S FESTERING INSIDE YOU. HUMP ME LIKE YOU HATE ME... MAKE MY FLESH A VOODOO DOLL FOR ALL THOSE NASTY PINPRICKS YOU'D LIKE TO DOLE OUT TO EVERY OPPRESSOR YOUR TWISTED MEMORY CAN CONJURE FROM YOUR SORDID PAST. OH MY GOD! IS THAT A VAT OF BUBBLING JALAPEÑO VELVEETA?!? AND A LADLE IN YOUR HAND?!? YOU WOULDN'T BE THINKING ABOUT POURING THAT ON MY NIPPLES, WOULD YOU? NOT BEFORE I'VE BEEN BATHED AND POWDERED AND SPANKED? NOT BEFORE THE CHARLIE MCCARTHY DOLL HAS BEEN PREPARED AND...

Oh, for Chrissake. What are you doing in my personal correspondence? What? So soon? Why, it seems like a mere fortnight past that I squired your sagging jowls down the hidden mountain trail I call the pop culture beat. Time sure flies when you're lying in a pool of congealed cheese product. Now it's up, up, and away with another gondola ride through the underbelly of the glitterdome.

Had a scare last night. I dreamed I was a flap of skin under venerable character man Wilford Brimley's love handles. It was dark, lonely, and smelled like a bakery when the dough is rising. Thank God I had a good book to wake up to and distract myself with. It's called *Curious George and the Nurses' Dormitory*, and if it doesn't have your kielbasa standing at a sixty-degree angle, it's time for an implant... Hope It's Not Just Me Depart-

ment: Do those Nynex ads with James Earl Jones remind you of a pretentious voiceover hack trapped in the body of hard-luck cartoon character Magilla Gorilla? You've got to admire the chutzpah of a performer who approaches everything from a morning shit to a TV commercial like it's the last act of *King Lear*... No truth to the persistent rumor that Arnold Schwarzenegger rent wife Maria Shriver completely in half during a moment of sexual abandon... Film, Broadway, Brecht, the rain forest, jazz music—is there anything left for monosyllabic Brit Sting to ruin with his meager little sack of talent?... Did Lou Diamond Phillips invent this smoldering attitude the kids call "smugness," or is he just subtleting it from Armand Assante?... Doctors have warned Jack Lemmon that his next overly sentimental performance, tinged with hyperactive energy, could spell death for the Oscar-hustling hambone... I can't wait to watch reality come crashing down on the recently splitsville Bangles. These gals have been riding for a fall ever since they copped their first harmony off the Byrds... Man alive! All this vindictive froth works up an appetite, and nothing satisfies more than the deep-smoked goodness of mesquite-grilled waffles, dipped in a hearty, beer-tempura batter and drenched in French-roast bologna pâté! Mmmmmmm... And while you're gorging on this world-class delicacy, remember this: I just might be around the next corner, humming a tune, wearing a silly grin, and aiming a BB gun at your left eyeball. So enjoy the moment NOW, and let tomorrow sort out its own socks from the laundry of life. I'm Larry King, and I'll be back next time with the scoop on the future of mankind... but only if you keep those cards and letters coming, especially the ones with cash and/or fresh samples.

N.B.

## Contributors:

Nick Bakay

Les Firestein

Paul Somers

David Feuer

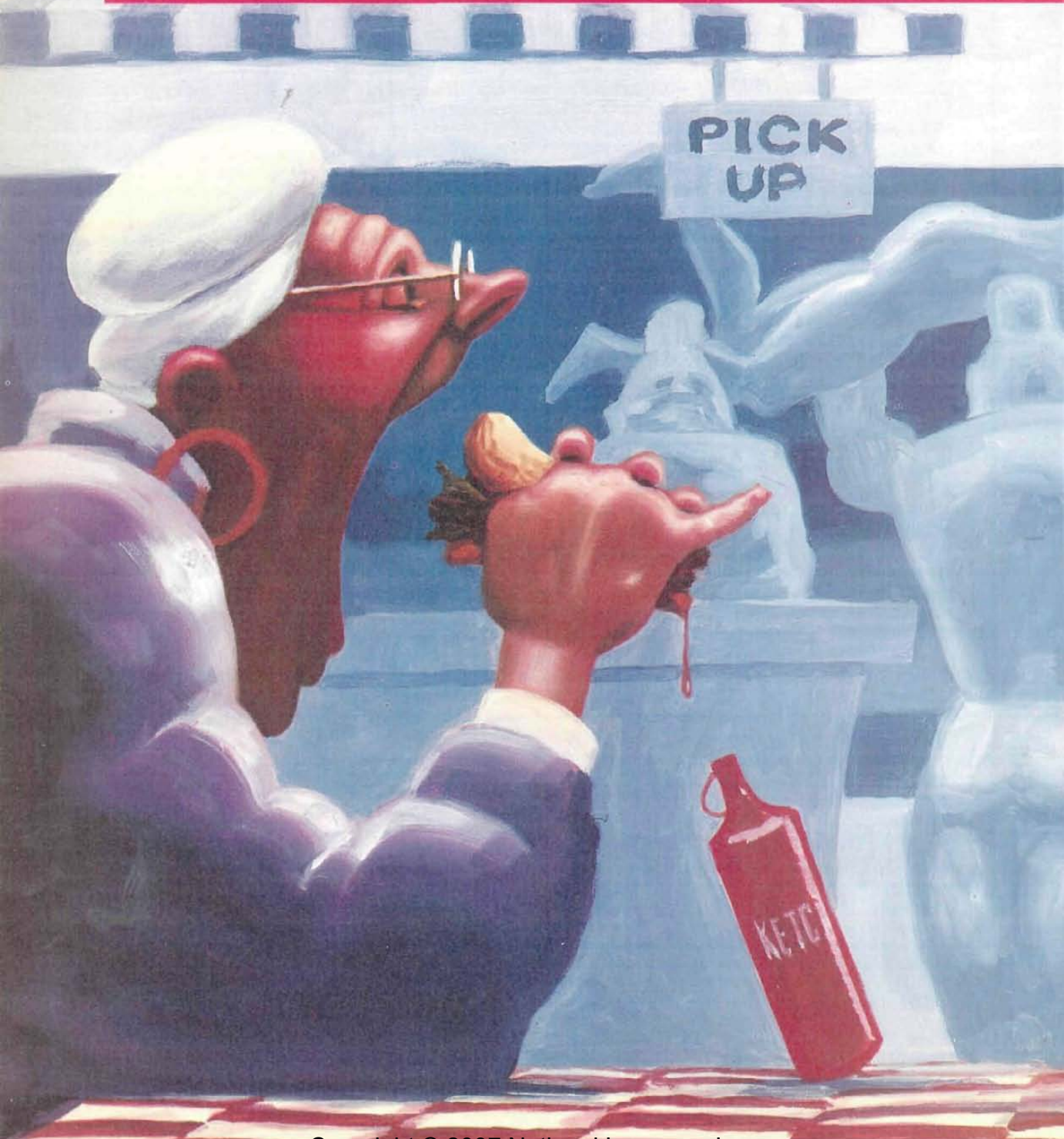
Sam Johnson

Ned Ward

# LAGENE'S BURGER BARN

BY MARK WALTERS

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM BENNETT



**EVERYONE IN BUTTERMILK, KANSAS, ADMIRED THE BOYS FROM LAGENE'S BURGER BARN.**

They were not even boys, really, but men, men whom everyone admired and feared. So they were called the Burger Barn Boys, not in disparagement but in a kind of respectful acknowledgment of their unpredictability. Everyone knows that the most dangerous people on earth are boys, and the crew from Lagene's were like them, all wild and ruthless, but still able to run a clean business.

No one in Buttermilk had ever actually seen Lagene. Rumor had it that he spent his afternoons alone, shooting baskets in the gymnasium of Thomas More Prep, shooting and racing unguarded up and down the court until his gray T-shirt blackened with sweat and his bald head gleamed beneath the lights. But the only ones who had actually seen this were usually friends of friends of whomever you asked, and chances were that these people had only passed through town anyway and couldn't be found.

Even the old priests swore that he shot baskets after lunch, but if you pressed them, they would look off into the distance, sort of perplexed, as if God himself were down the street and waving at them, and they would say that no, they hadn't seen Lagene personally, but they had heard the ball being bounced and the pounding of sneakers on the beaten hardwood floor.



They and everyone else assumed it was Lagene. Just as everyone assumed it was Lagene whenever a door slammed in the night or deep laughter erupted from some deserted alley or Wayne Newton records were heard playing beneath the static of bad telephone connections or on the clean breezes of summer dawns.

And in the evenings, when folks sat on their darkened porches and exchanged tales in warm and softly emphatic voices such as are used at night among old friends, reports would be made that Lagene had been sighted that very day out by the Cop, inspecting a new combine that was on display in the gravel drive, and that not five minutes before, perhaps even at the same time, he had been seen across town in the cool aisles of the Piggly Wiggly testing the grapefruits for freshness.

But the fact was that no one knew who Lagene was or where he was or if he even existed. But you couldn't assume he didn't exist, because then as sure as anything you'd say or do something in the presence of a stranger and it would turn out to be him, Lagene, standing there pretending to look like someone else, and if the way you spoke or acted didn't agree with him, then he'd probably kill you.

Folks said that he had killed a man in the bathroom of the local McDonald's for accidentally splattering his shoe while they both stood shoulder to shoulder at the urinals. Cut his throat with the jagged edge of a broken deodorant cake. The police came and identified the body as that of a drifter, this despite his leaving a wife and three children in a station wagon parked in the cool shade of the golden arches. The cops, along with everyone in Buttermilk, admired and feared Lagene beyond all else.

But no one had ever actually seen him. They did see his restaurant and the boys running it. They saw its manager, an ex-Marine named Rocky Fox, who held a black belt in tae kwon do and who, it was said, maintained his killer instinct by regularly thrusting his stiffened hand into the chest cavities of live pigs and pulling out their hearts. Rocky Fox took care of Lagene's Burger Barn and its customers. There were never any complaints at the Barn.

And then one summer a fellow by the name of Mr. French moved to Buttermilk. Mr. French was this fellow's first name; he had been conceived during an episode of *Family Affair* and born during a rerun of the same episode nine months later. His last name was Jones.

Well, one summer Mr. French Jones came to town to live with his aunt and to find a job. He had just finished his sophomore year at the state university in Culver and needed to make some money before fall enrollment.

"Where's a fellow to find a job around

here?" he asked Whitey Betts at the Gas-n-Go.

Now Whitey wasn't quite right, his mom having worn a girdle the first trimester she carried him, but Lester Dick had hired him to fix up nachos and pour soft drinks at the Gas-n-Go every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. When Mr. French posed that particular question about finding a job, Whitey naturally believed that he was after his.

He stepped back from the vat of melted cheese he'd been stirring and stared at Mr. French with the sort of expression that would lead you to believe that something foul was in the air. And the two of them stood just so for what seemed a long time, Whitey grimacing and staring and Mr. French, his arms akimbo, blinking his eyes quickly, as if he had sand in them. Finally Whitey asked him if he wanted peppers on



“I don't usually hire college boys,” he said. “They're lazy and stupid and they don't really give a damn about any job that they can't wear a tie to.”

his nachos and Mr. French said that he did not and that seemed to be the end of it. But as the latter left the store, Whitey whirled his plump and red fist in a tight circle at his hip and said, real slow, “Why, I oughta...”

Now on the other side of Buttermilk, out by the Interstate, is a stretch of road bordered by fast-food restaurants. The townspeople call this the Miracle Mile. And it was here that Mr. French found Lagene's Burger Barn.

The Barn was, of course, bustling: people milled about shoulder to shoulder in the aisles and before the counter; laughter was loud and uproarious; fistfights broke out between young men at irregular intervals.

And among the people moved the Burger Barn Boys in tight-fitting black T-shirts and red berets, sweeping empty paper cartons and cups from briefly deserted tables. Often one of them would bully a troublemaker out the door and onto the pavement while cheers rippled through the crowd in the wake of their passing.

It was 10:30 A.M. when Mr. French pushed his way through this crowd to the first cash register and asked Rocky Fox for a job.

Rocky stopped what he was doing and looked Mr. French's soft body up and down with a sort of mild disgust and then he

asked, “College boy?” And Mr. French nodded his round and sweating head. “I don't usually hire college boys,” he said. “They're lazy and stupid and they don't really give a damn about any job that they can't wear a necktie to.”

Mr. French blinked his eyes and said, “I assure you that I'm neither of those things and that I am not too proud to wear a Burger Barn T-shirt.” And then he looked slyly at Rocky and turned his head just a little bit and added, “In fact, I'd consider it an honor.”

Rocky stared into Mr. French's blinking eyes for a long time without moving or bothering to say anything, and Mr. French tried to stare back, but the more Rocky stared, the faster he blinked and the hotter his eyes became, and pretty soon he was just standing there with tears rushing down his soft cheeks and his eyes rolling around in their sockets as if it were the sun he was looking at instead of a man's face.

“I don't suppose you can fight?” Rocky asked.

Mr. French checked the flow of tears and focused his eyes on a poster featuring breakfast biscuits and a cup of steaming coffee. “Why, certainly,” he lied. “I've been in a rumble or two.”

“I run a clean restaurant here. Women come to this restaurant because they feel safe. Anyone fucks up in here and they're out.”

Mr. French nodded his enormous head.

“You can start tomorrow. We're running a special on tater-tots—two orders for the price of one—so wear some jeans that hang a little loose in the crotch. You may need to plant that foot upside somebody's head.”

Mr. French smiled weakly and gave the thumbs-up sign.

That night he lay in bed and repeated to himself, “I am a mean hombre, I am a mean hombre, I am a mean hombre...” until he fell asleep.

THE NEXT MORNING WHILE MR. French ate his Cap'n Crunch cereal his aunt told him about the big McDonald's/Burger Barn rumble.

“Didn't you hear the sirens?” she asked, looking at the top of his sleep-matted hair. “Didn't you hear them?”

Apparently, one of the Boys had crashed a McDonald's late-night keg party, exchanged words with Toby Stoppel, a Big Mac cook, and had taken Stoppel down and was whipping his ass when he was kicked in the nose by someone wearing black Wellington boots.

Everyone suspected that the culprit was a senior citizen by the name of Oscar Graf. Graf worked part-time for McDonald's and always wore boots, one of which usually had a pant leg tucked into it.

Anyway, the rest of the Burger Barn Boys



arrived, made short work of the McDonald's crew, and were having their way with the keg when the police showed up.

"That uppity McDonald's bunch has had this coming for a long time," the aunt said, and she pointed her finger at Mr. French in case he was thinking about not believing her.

MR. FRENCH VOMITED TWICE BEFORE heading out to Lagene's. The second time his red beret nearly fell into the toilet. His aunt tried to get him to chew a Tempo but he said no, he'd be all right. And he placed the beret at a rakish angle on his pale and sweat-beaded head and considered before the mirror how high he'd have to hitch up his pants to cover his love handles.

Mr. French had been especially conscious of his waistline ever since a group of fellows from his dormitory had mocked his body in the showers. What he had always considered to be prominent hipbones they recognized as fat. "That's disgusting," they said. They claimed that from behind he appeared to have great sagging elephant ears growing from his sides. "From now on, your nickname is Dumbo," they told him. And they often called him this when they saw him on campus. "Hey, Dumbo!" they would shout. And Mr. French would hitch up his pants and pull his shirt loose about the waist so that it hung blousy and free from his flesh.

"Take this here Tempo," his aunt ordered.

Mr. French pushed her away and stalked from the house.

AT LAGENE'S, ROCKY FOX INTRODUCED him to the Boys. "This is Mr. French Jones," he announced.

But Mr. French raised his hands in protest. "Call me Mr. French," he said.

"This is Mr. French and he's going to be with us for the summer. Now, even though he looks soft and weak, even though you may be sickened by his body, a body that has never known exercise or discipline, he assures me that he's a brawler and that he can lick anyone's ass with the exception of mine."

Mr. French was, of course, horrified. The Boys were staring at him with wild and ruthless looks in their eyes. They would kill him without a second thought, pummel his pale mother-loved body into an oil spot.

"But I don't want any fighting amongst you all," Rocky continued. "Save it for the rowdies."

And Mr. French sighed. Then he tried to look as if he were a little disappointed by this counsel, as if he would have liked nothing better than to have gotten it on with the Boys at that instant. *I am a mean hombre, I am a mean hombre, I am a mean hombre.*

Mercifully, he was kept behind the counter during the noon rush. The floor

was a jungle at this time: at least six fist-fights erupted, gunfire was exchanged, a woman gave birth in the rest room, and a madman flung himself, his clothes ablaze, into a quartet of elderly women who sat sipping malts in a corner booth.

"Keep the tater-tots coming!" Rocky shouted above the din.

Mr. French scurried about frantically, pouring soft drinks and ringing up orders. Twice his grease-splattered beret caught fire as he moved under the heat lamps. He screamed only the first time, and Rocky had to slap him on top of the head as if he were playing a red and flaming bongo. The second time he reacted coolly himself, snatching the beret from his hair and beating it against the counter as he took the order of an Oregon family that was passing through town on the way to Disney World.

**A**t least six fistfights erupted, gunfire was exchanged, a woman gave birth in the rest room, and a madman flung himself, his clothes ablaze, into a quartet of elderly women.

"Anyone for an apple turnover?" he asked the group, pounding his hat against the Formica until it hung limp and smoldering from his blackened fist.

After things slowed down and the Boys were cleaning up the debris, Rocky punched Mr. French on the shoulder. "You did all right," he said.

FOR THREE WEEKS MR. FRENCH worked behind the counter at the Burger Barn, becoming oblivious to the births and the killings and the seductions that took place on the floor every day during the noon rush.

"Turn up that Muzak!" he would shout above the screams and the laughter, and then he would strut about, playing an imaginary guitar, bobbing his head vigorously to a Ray Conniff Singers' rendition of "Highway to Hell" or "Wango Tango."

Sometimes he would hop from one foot to the other, shadowboxing, flinging his pale fists out in a series of awkward combinations, snarling and trying to look wild and ruthless.

Mr. French began to feel like one of the Boys.

Then on his twentieth birthday he was stripped of his clothes and thrown onto the floor during the noon hour.

"Happy birthday, Mr. French!" Rocky

shouted from behind his cash register. "Start busing!"

Mr. French scrambled to his feet and, with his beret held over his genitals, pushed forward to a cup- and carton-strewn booth. Twice he was knocked to his knees and once somebody spit on his back.

"The Burger Barn Boys ain't shit," he heard someone say, and as he was turning around he saw the culprit blindsided by one of the Boys and fall to the floor, his red-and-gold shirt stained purple from the grape slush that had exploded in his hand when he received the blow.

Now about this time Mr. French ran smack-dab into the prettiest girl he had ever seen. Her name was LaVonda Dreiling, and she was a former Miss Buttermilk County. She went to cosmetology school in Peacock, ten miles away, and worked evenings at the local K mart.

"Well, hello!" she said in a husky voice, the sort of voice that you could imagine one day being used to startle three or four white-headed children being rowdy in the back of a station wagon. "My, you're quite a man," she said, and she looked Mr. French up and down as he clutched his fire-scarred beret before his groin.

Mr. French giggled and blinked his eyes and, because he couldn't think of anything else to do, exposed himself briefly.

"My, my," she said.

SOON AFTERWARD MR.

French was allowed to bus tables with his clothes on. He discovered that he could move more quickly when he wasn't worried about someone grabbing his balls or showing something up his ass. That was the point, Rocky told him, of the nude busing. It worked on the same principle as wrestling blindfolded or swinging a weighted bat; Mr. French would be a better worker as a result of having exercised with a handicap.

Mr. French also began seeing LaVonda on a regular basis. She would come by the Barn after the K mart closed and the two of them would drive over to Pokey's Tavern to sit in a dark booth and sip beer and listen to country-western songs on the jukebox. If there had been a special at the Barn—onion rings at half-price, for instance—making his day particularly strenuous, LaVonda would drive him to the hospital emergency room to get stitches in his head or his ribs bandaged up.

All in all Mr. French began to feel pretty comfortable in Buttermilk and at Lagene's, but he never sensed that people admired or feared him as they did the other Boys. During brawls he was often singled out and attacked with special and gleeful savagery. He would receive repeated blows to the face and groin, his hair would be pulled out by the handful, and his eyes would be gouged. Once he believed he might actu-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 102)

# THE CARPET BAGGER

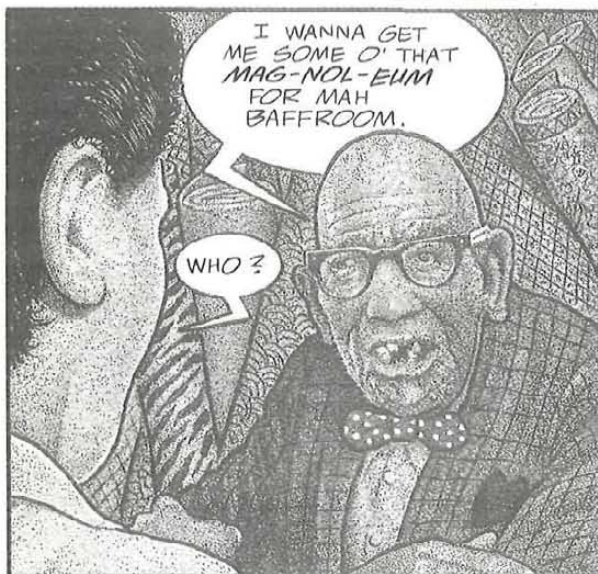
© 1989

SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN  
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN

THREATENED BY POVERTY, HIS BAR MITZVAH FUNDS DEPLETED, MARNIN ROSENBERG EMERGED FROM HIS ROOM AT THE AGE OF 30 TO BEGIN A JOB-- CARPET STORE SALESMAN.



IMPATIENT RESIDENTS OF JAMAICA, QUEENS, CAME IN TO PICK THE CARPET OF THEIR DREAMS.

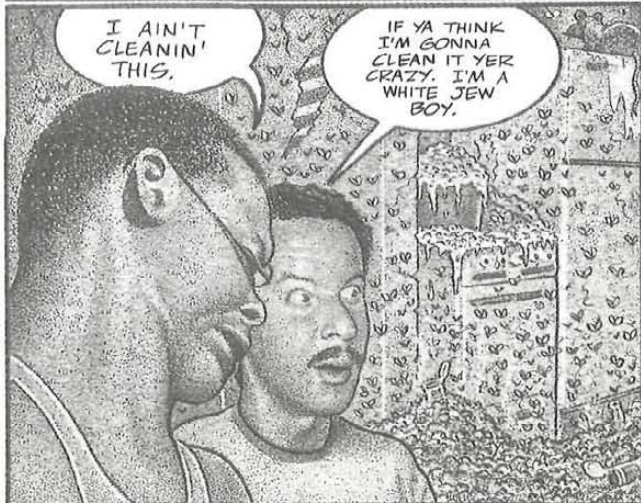
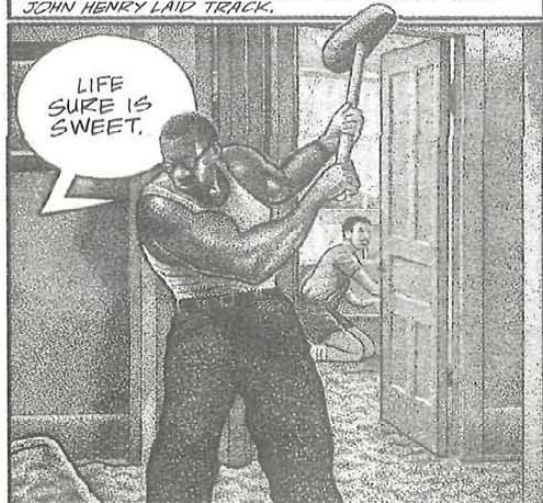


THE JOB ALSO TOOK MARNIN INTO THE FIELD, INSTALLING ORDERS WITH HORACE.



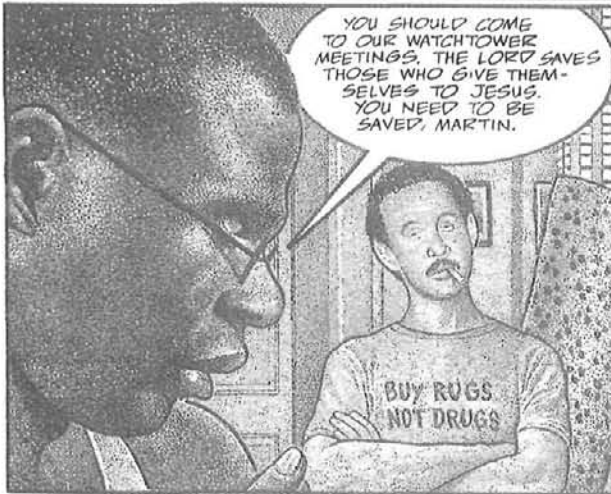
HORACE WAS A HARDWORKING JEHOVAH'S WITNESS, WHO SUPPORTED THREE KIDS ON \$300 A WEEK AND NEVER COMPLAINED. HE COULD LAY CARPET LIKE JOHN HENRY LAID TRACK.

SOMETIMES IF THEY ENCOUNTERED INFESTATIONS OF ROACHES AND GARBAGE, THEY'D WALK OFF THE JOB.



MARNIN LEARNED HOW TO WIELD A TAPE MEASURE AND MAT KNIFE, THE TOUGH WORK CAME EASY TO HORACE, AWAITING PARADISE. HE REALLY BELIEVED THEY COULD RECARPET THE WORLD AND MAKE IT BETTER.

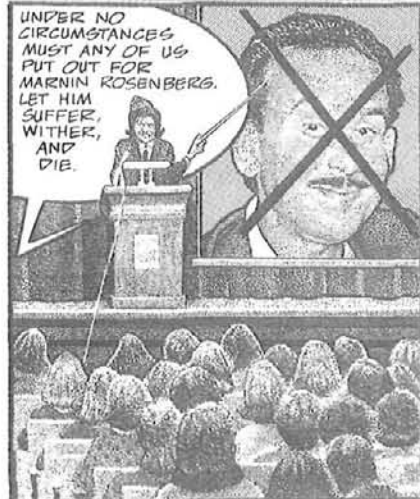
WITH CASH IN POCKET FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, MARNIN WAS INSTILLED WITH A NEW SENSE OF MANHOOD. BUT HIS PICKUP CHOPS REMAINED RUSTY.



IT SEEMED AS IF THE JAPS OF GREAT NECK CONSPIRED NOT TO PROVIDE MARNIN WITH SEX.

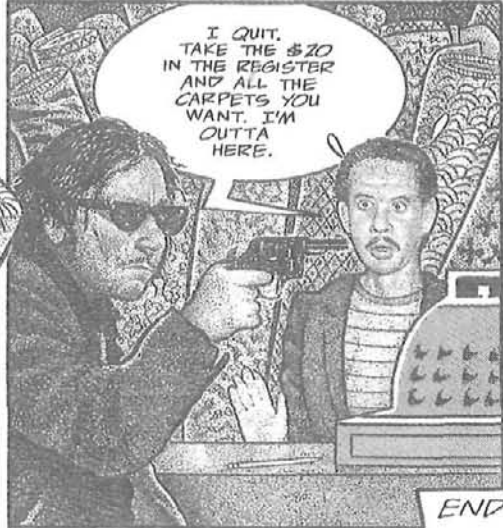
AS IF ALL GIRLS ON LONG ISLAND WERE INDOCTRINATED AT AN EARLY AGE NEVER TO GIVE HIM ANY.

THE ONLY PLACE HE CAME WITHIN REACHING DISTANCE WAS AT WORK.



SO MARNIN CHANNLED HIS FRUSTRATION INTO BECOMING THE GREATEST CARPET SALESMAN IN AMERICA.

BUT ALAS, SOME MEN ARE JUST NOT MEANT FOR WORK.



END

# YOUTH IN ASIA



## INDIA Fake Injuries

INDIAN YOUTHS LIKE TO SHOW OFF their fake injuries. A fake injury can evoke sympathy if it is so artfully done it looks real. It's the kids' way of getting attention, of saying, "Please love me, take care of me, feel sorry for me." And the kids like the look of an injury. They enjoy the effort, the playacting. The more elaborate and grim the injury looks, the better.

A broken arm or leg, placed in a cast, is an easy basic injury to feign. So is walking with crutches. A fake amputated leg or arm is rated much higher by the kids. Lots of face makeup is used to simulate black eyes, bloody noses, split lips, cuts and bruises, even knife and gunshot wounds.

Girls like to wear orthopedic shoes or one shoe with a cutout for a heavily bandaged foot. Neck braces and arm slings are common.

Although multiple injuries look a bit heavy-handed, they never fail to evoke genuine concern and sympathy in unsuspecting adults. A partially shaved head with a "bloody" bandage is a favorite. Some kids use worms and maggots in their "wounds"

**The beggars of Bombay: fit as fiddles and looking for a handout.**

# and Other Parts of the World

A survey of  
what the young  
peoples of the  
world are doing  
with their lives

Edited by  
GERALD SUSSMAN

Photographed by MARTIN GARDLIN

and like to fall asleep with the wound displayed prominently, hoping to elicit a horrified shriek.

In northern India, the kids are experimenting with fake skin diseases, ranging from simple measles to large boils and cancerous growths. In New Delhi, the more adventurous are taking out their appendixes, using a crude form of acupuncture instead of anesthesia. Ironically, it doesn't get the response it deserves. Once they stitch themselves up and display their appendixes, no one believes them. The scar looks too fake and the appendix could easily be a piece of pork liver, say their critics. A small group in Bombay is also fooling around with "bedridden" tricks—IVs, tubes in the nose, arms and legs in traction.

The latest trend, which started in Calcutta, the trend-setting city, is to pretend to be the victim of a stroke, heart attack, or epileptic seizure, a superb test of acting skills that requires no makeup or special equipment.

Sajipur Mahafrey  
Translated by K. T. Wolmley

AS WE WERE WORKING ON THIS ISSUE, Gerry Sussman, former National Lampoon editor in chief and long-time contributing editor, died tragically. His loss is immeasurable. He leaves behind a body of work that is staggering in both its sheer volume and its amazing quality.

Next issue, we plan to eulogize Gerry and to present a selection from his NatLamp pieces over the last two decades. The following article, "Youthinasia and Other Parts of the World," has never before been published. It is vintage Sussman, an absurdist romp around a world created by a little guy with a big, big spirit. We will sorely miss him.

## TAIWAN Teen Gangs

THE GOVERNMENT STILL REFUSES to recognize the fact that teenage gangs exist and are expanding rapidly. Once they were known only to insiders, living an underground life—today they operate more or less in the open, sporting such names as the Purple Pandas, the Silver Squid, the Sizzling Rice Kings, and the Dragon Puffs. Membership in a Taiwanese gang officially begins for a male at the age of thirteen and for the female at the age of twelve. That is when they undergo their bar and bas mitzvahs.

Taiwanese gangs have discovered the ancient Jewish ritual of the coming of age and adapted it to their own culture. The Taiwanese bar mitzvah boy will start with a reading and a chant from the Hebrew Torah, the holy scrolls that depict the Jews' struggles to reach the Promised Land. (The Hebrew Torah chant and traditional Chinese opera singing have much in common.) Then the boy will *daven* (the Jewish word for pray) part of the Sabbath service while he wears his new tallis, a blue-and-white prayer shawl with fringes made of cooked noodles.

The pledge of allegiance to the gang follows, and then the ritual of *heng fwa*, the extraction of the boy's front teeth. After the extraction the teeth must be kept on his person at all times. They are the symbols of his power, his strength, his dominance over his enemies. The ceremonies conclude with the singing of traditional Chinese spirituals.

If there is money in the gang treasury there will be a modest bar mitzvah party, catered by a small local restaurant. At the head of the table is a bust of the bar mitzvah boy sculpted out of sticky rice and bits of shrimp and peanuts. The usual "Number Three Combination Platter" is served (egg roll, fried rice, and barbecued spareribs).

At the conclusion of the party the bar mitzvah boy receives a pair of undershorts



A rare photo depicting the painful ritual of *heng fwa*.

previously worn for a full year by a boy who has just turned fourteen. The *fwa gwa*, or passing of the undershorts, is the final ritual. The bar mitzvah boy must wear the same shorts for a full year, then pass them on to another. For the girl's bas mitzvah there is a similar ritual, with a training bra passed on and worn every day for a full year, on the outside of her clothes.

At the moment, most teenage gang members support themselves by making and selling counterfeit noodles. The noodles are usually made of finely shredded paper that has been treated with food oils and talcum powder to reproduce the taste and texture of authentic noodles. Once the noodles are cooked with meat, chicken, fish, vegetables, and the various sauces, it's hard to tell them from the real thing.

Ho Chi Fong  
Translated by Zane Pitkin

# CHINA The Barbara Eden Cult



Left: Factory worker and Barbara Eden impersonator Sung Wong Too.  
Right: The Bok Choy family of Hunan province at home.



NO MATTER HOW INDEPENDENT and tough-minded they try to sound, Chinese youths still need a role model, someone they can look up to. The political leaders no longer have the power or the charisma to provide this image. Today, for many Chinese teens, that role belongs to Barbara Eden.

Barbara Eden, the female genie of the old *I Dream of Jeannie* TV series, has become a superstar, a cult figure, and, ultimately, a genuine deity in China. It all started quite unwittingly when the Cultural Affairs Committee bought a batch of *Jeannie* shows as part of a cheap package of what they thought was harmless entertainment from the U.S., a package that included *Death Valley Days*, *My Little Margie*, *Truth or Consequences*, and *My Three Sons*.

No one ever suspected that Barbara Eden would cause such a stir among Chinese youth, but looking back, it's easy to see why. She was the perfect woman—blond, beautiful, sexy, wise, yet obedient to her master. She was a performer of miracles, a woman who could do anything—the ultimate creature of pure fantasy. And the more *Jeannie* shows the kids saw, the more obsessed they became with her.

"Let's get something perfectly straight—this is not a fan club," said Tung Lung Kow, a fifteen-year-old pre-engineering student at Nanking Junior College. Tung is a serious young man, a logical thinker, a boy who looks thirty years older than his age. He and millions of other clear-thinking young men, the backbone of China's future, are deeply in love. Tung regards Barbara Eden as his "spiritual and sensual companion, who will be at my side forever."

Some boys write poems to Barbara Eden. Others compose songs, even complete operas. Others paint portraits of her in her familiar harem costume, glorifying her perfect body and shimmering blond hair. Barbara Eden fulfills their deepest

need for an emotional attachment that will give them a sense of their own worth and identity. "Also, she is the perfect image for beating my meat," said Tung. (Until 1981, the Chinese government did not officially recognize the existence of sex. How people procreated was a private matter. The government had far more important things to think about than sex.)

Barbara Eden was responsible for bringing the Chinese sex drive out of the closet and into the open. The more adventurous kids made their girlfriends into replicas of the genie from the West. Blond wigs and harem outfits were smuggled in from Hong Kong and Taiwan and sold at exorbitant prices as gifts for the girls. Belly dancing to Chinese music became popular.

Sung Wong Too, a seventeen-year-old friend of Tung Lung Kow, secretly kept a Barbara Eden costume for himself. He has crossed the line from a Barbara Eden lover to a Barbara Eden impersonator. Sung and many of his friends are trapped in a strange dilemma. By day they are students, farmers, clerks, factory workers. By night they are Barbara Eden look-alikes, each one emphasizing a different aspect of the Eden persona—whether it's the sexual overtones, the magic routines, or simply Eden's cheerful optimism and devotion to her master. They do not consider themselves transvestites. They are re-creations of their idol haunted by their need to become complete Barbara Edens by day as well as by night.

"I try to be careful. I try not to take on any of Barbara's personality during my regular daytime life as a worker in a ballpoint factory," said Sung. "But it's very difficult. Once, when I was daydreaming during my tea break, I suddenly got up and did one of Barbara's little harem dances. My supervisor thought I was crazy. So did most of the workers. I told them I was thinking of a physics problem I was study-

ing at night school and I was trying to figure out the answer with certain body movements."

Another growing segment of Chinese youth has elevated Barbara Eden to an even higher pedestal. They worship her as God, or, more accurately, the daughter of God—the true savior, the successor to Jesus Christ. They call themselves "Twa Fo Chai," roughly translated as "Seventh-Day Edenists."

The Edenists believe that Barbara Eden was born to a belly dancer in Istanbul who shook her out during one of her performances—a miracle decreed by God. The infant Barbara was adopted by a wealthy Turkish scholar named Ahmed Bozbeyle. Bozbeyle immediately saw in this golden infant an aura of godliness, of perfection. When she began to perform her magic at the tender age of two, Bozbeyle's intuitions were confirmed. He knew she was God's daughter, sent to earth to save the world and lead everyone to a new life of peace and harmony. He named her Ahzimir Kemela, which in Turkish means "Barbara Eden." Bozbeyle raised the child in ideal circumstances, tutoring her in every subject. At the same time, he couldn't help worshipping her divine presence.

When Barbara was sixteen a vision came to Bozbeyle in the person of a man named Bernard. Bernard would arrive and take Barbara to America, where she would undergo a different kind of education—a sojourn into the world of show business. She would "pay her dues" until she was ready to take over her designated role as the Princess of Peace, the Queen of the Universe, and the Savior of All the People. It was no accident that she ended up as the star of *I Dream of Jeannie*. It was as God intended.

To the Edenists, every *Jeannie* show is a sermon to be analyzed, interpreted, and discussed until a gospel is created by the most learned members of the group. From these discussions have come the Edenist Bible, the prayer books, the ceremonies and hymns. The male priests wear the *Jeannie* harem costume, with bare midriff and harem pants.

The Edenists are waiting patiently for their goddess to come to them in the flesh and lead them to a new life of salvation and happiness. While they wait, they are happy and secure in their beliefs, as each *Jeannie* show confirms their faith.

T'ai Yang Goo

Translated by Stanley Poover

## Turkish Delight

EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT THE Turks are famous for, but the question is, are the young Turks up to the task of maintaining the country's great tradition? The

answer is a resounding *yes*.

Today's Turkish teens are obsessed with sodomy to an even greater degree than their dads and granddads. Even the girls, who are becoming more and more liberated, want to share all the pleasures of this unorthodox sexual act.

The kids like to play roles in their sodomy routines, ranging from the jailer in *Midnight Express* to the Turkish officer in *Lawrence of Arabia*. "It's always fun to be somebody—a ruthless policeman, a crazed soldier who rapes and pillages a small town, a seducer of little boys, you name it," said Kefir Mufta, a Turkish pre-dental student. The kids like to take turns at the different roles, although they can get addicted to the same part all the time.

The kids admit that they hardly recognize their friends' faces anymore because they rarely see them from the front. But the trained eye can recognize a pal from the rear, from the shape of the buttocks and the style of walking. Kids like to squeeze or pinch buttocks as a gesture of greeting. They do it without shyness, as casually as Westerners shaking hands. "*Ektaba zhir?*," roughly translated as "How's your ass?," is the typical greeting. Turkey is not the perfect foreign country to visit these days unless you're prepared to accept the national pastime, especially if you're attacked by a ravenous teenager who can "go" day and night.

Bezum Akmut

Translated by Lyle Prouty

## PARIS Old-time Religion

THE PREOCCUPATION WITH THINGS *américain* continues in this most sophisticated of all European cities. The French have a longstanding love affair with American pop culture and artifacts, but always the French kids reinvent them and make them their own.

First and foremost, French kids love American blacks, or Negroes, as they call them. Today every French teenager wants to become a Negro Baptist. It is all very pure, very fundamental. French teenagers want the old-time religion, the gospel music, the frenzy, the joy and ecstasy of being one with the Lord.

Everyone wears St. Laurent's new choir robe with the nipped-in waist and the scoop neck and attends prayer meetings in little storefront churches, sometimes as often as five times a week. At first they lip-synched to Negro gospel recordings. Now, with their own ordained preachers, they do the full service themselves, going into fits of religious hysteria. Once and for all, the kids want to rid themselves of what they call "l'ass tight," an unfortunate image that has stuck to the French for centuries.

On Sunday thousands of teenagers, in a

mass baptism, are thrown into the Seine. Even on the Riviera, in places like Saint-Tropez, the nude and topless bathers are led into the blue-green waters by the pastors for their holy rites. How long the black Baptist craze will last is anyone's guess. French youth is fickle. Already we hear rumors of a new black mania, the "bad black"—the criminal, or, at least, the heavy macho black who rapes white women and throws them off balconies—the Jim Brown *mise en scène*. There is no interest in Bill Cosby.

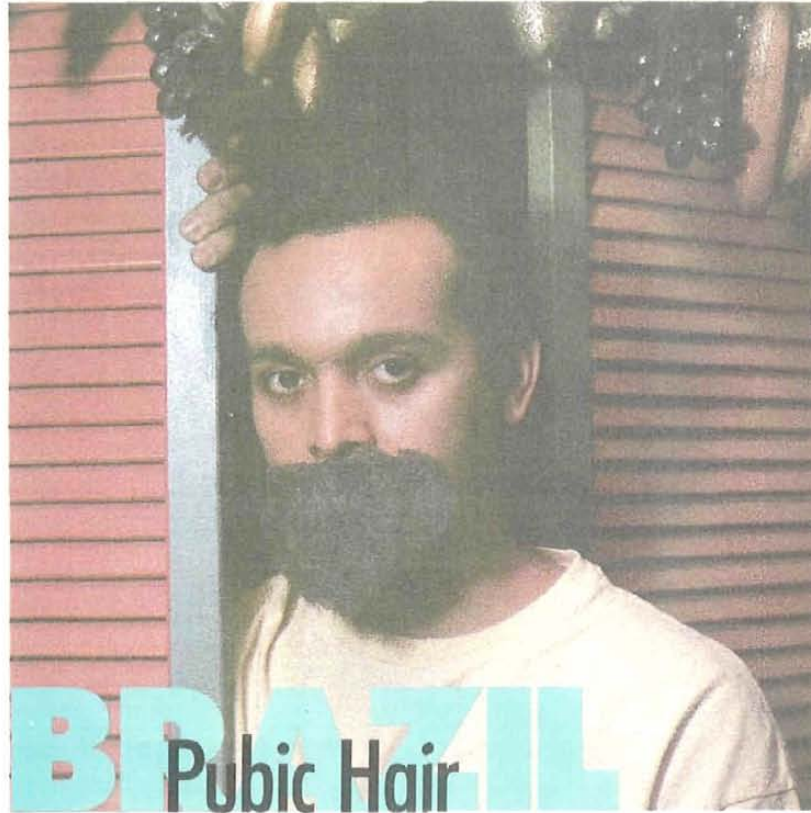
Jean-Claude Bialy

Translated by Peter Wicket

frizzy lock could fetch as much as a dozen straight ones.

Each new pubic hairdo was a test of Brazilian ingenuity. Odd styles came next, ranging from the sixties Sassoon cut to the beehive, the poodle, the shag, the blow-dry razor cut, and, currently, the punk styles with their quirky, spiky look and garish colors. Little hats are worn on pubic hairs. The more elaborate the pubic production, the better.

Pubic hair has also caught on in other cities. In São Paulo, if a boy collects enough of a girl's hair to make it into a mustache, they are considered to be going steady. In



Brazilian youth wearing a facial hair weave made of untreated human pubic hair. Trend spotters say this personal grooming statement is the rage in Rio.

EXPOSING YOUR PUBIC HAIR IS THE big new fad in Rio de Janeiro. The kids who hang around the beaches of Copacabana and Ipanema were getting restless doing their samba routines and trying to "goose" each other with hockey sticks. In that natural, spontaneous manner so endearing to young people, they started examining each other's pubic regions, probably out of sheer boredom.

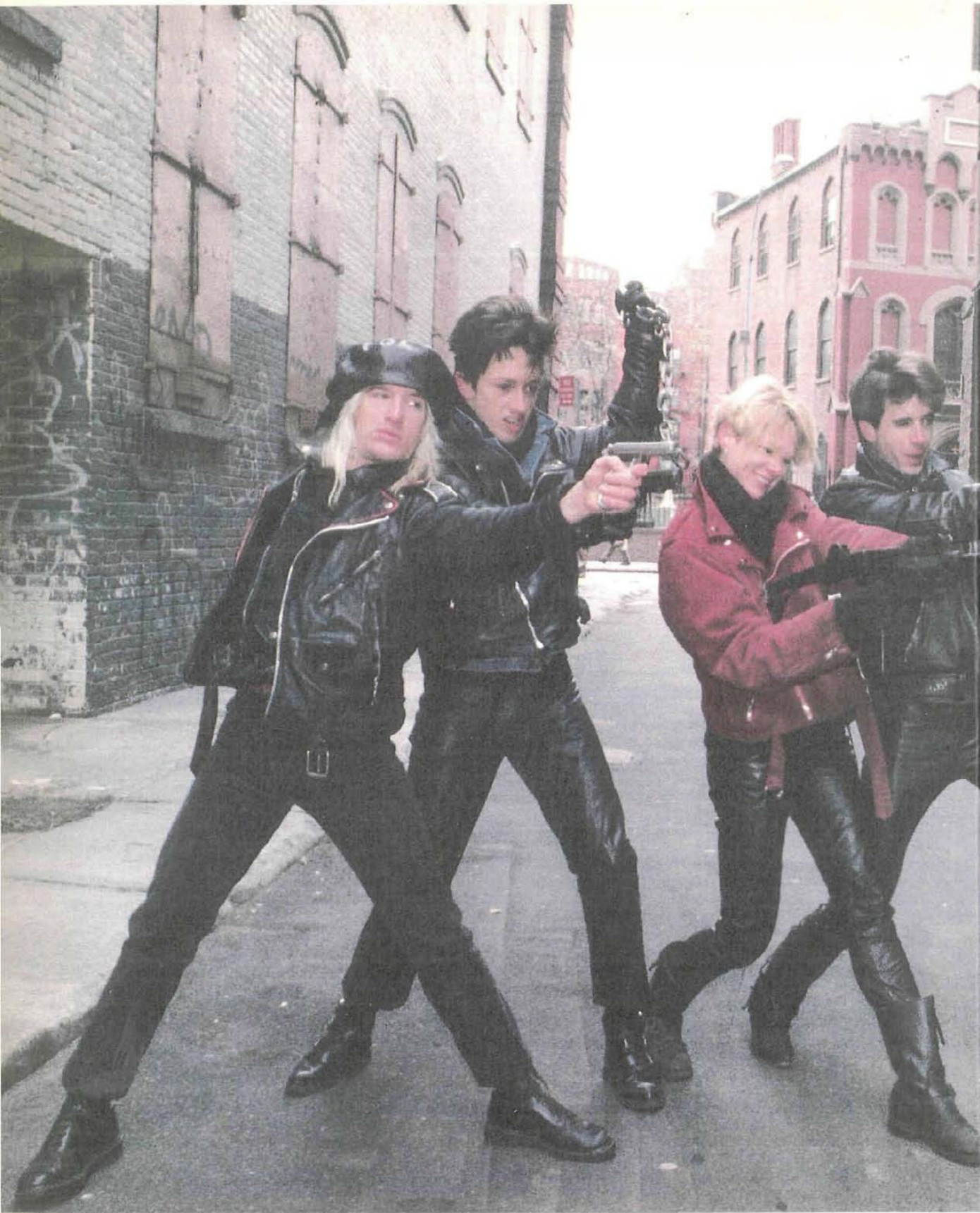
Boredom and curiosity quickly turned into obsession. Showing off wasn't enough. The kids started to groom their hair in the same manner as the hair on their heads. Pubic haircuts were invented. For men, the first big style was the Elvis Presley pompadour. For the girls, it was the Afro. Active trading of hair locks was common, and a

Recife, the big practical joke is to slip a lock of your pubic hair into someone's rice and beans and watch him swallow it. In Belo Horizonte, if a girl likes a certain boy she will wear some of his hair as false eyelashes.

There is no erotic meaning to the pubic-hair craze. It is only meant to cement friendships or to symbolize a phase in a relationship. Pubic hair is considered a warm, cuddly thing. To the sexually precocious Brazilians it represents a return to innocence.

Jorge Puntual

Translated by Gregory Poole





# LONDON Killing ON



Murder, murder everywhere.  
Psychoic teenage "kill  
gangs" roving the West End  
and shooting people at  
random have made London  
theatergoers uneasy.

THE CITY WHERE PUNKS, MODS, rockers, and God knows what else were born is now deeply into death. Today's teenager is no longer alienated or bored—he feels dead.

In his view his elders, who have completely mucked up his country, have rendered him totally useless, and, of course, this older generation of human scum deserves nothing less than death as well. Killing people is the teen's best revenge. Murder is the last and most logical outlet for these Thatcher-age kids who have no faith in anything.

It's bloody simple. A boy of sixteen will approach you for a light for his cigarette. And before you can react he will blow your face off with his .45. Why? "Why not?" asks the British teenager, knowing full well that there is nothing to live for in his bleak, depressed country anyway.

The IRA has tried to take advantage of the situation by recruiting the teen killers as assassins. Sometimes it works; sometime the kids turn on their recruiters and blow them away as casually as taking a pee.

"Guns are so fucking great, I can't tell you how much I love them," said Derek Wellfleet, a fifteen-year-old from Bayswater with a face like a half-eaten shepherd's pie. "I mean, forget all that punk shit and those rock 'n' roll singers telling us how fucked up the world is. Do I need some homo singer to tell me that we are fucked up? There's only one way to deal with fuck-upness. You fuck up things even more with your gun. You blow away fucked-up people. People are shitfucks. Their minds are vomit. I saw this guy coming at me wearing one of those custom-made suits, with the bowler hat and umbrella, and I couldn't believe how fucked up he was. I blew him away. He had no right to live. He was lower than roach scum."

There is a voice for the New Kill Wave, as it is sometimes called. He's a rock singer who calls himself "Sam." "I am the original Sam," he said. "I am the father of the man who calls himself Son of Sam." Sam boasts that he has shot over 350 people and has never been caught. He has recorded a Killer Rock album of his own, called *Kill Everyone but Me*. It hasn't been officially released in America yet, but is already selling at the rate of 50,000 a week in the States in its bootleg edition. In his concert appearances Sam likes to end the evening

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 104)

# How to Live like an ANCHORPERSON

with  
BRAD WILLIAMS AND TIPPI McCALL



SWEETWATER



GRAND  
RAPIDS



EVANSVILLE

ACTION NEWS



AP Wide World



David Harry Stewart

They wear the best clothes. They speak in the richest tones. For 17.35 minutes every day, they read the news we want to hear.

The rest of the time they simply live—and show us how it's done.

We've told you before how Anchorpeople do their jobs. But that's only one-tenth of the real story.

Standing by are two top Anchors—BRAD WILLIAMS and TIPPI McCALL—with some late-breaking tips on how to live like they do.

Brad?

BRAD WILLIAMS [sitting at desk, talking into phone]: Don't try to intimidate me, buster. I don't care how many companies you own, it won't work! I'm gonna get this story right if it means having to double-check every fact TWICE! THAT'S WHY WE CALL CHANNEL 73 THE NEWS STATION! DIRECTOR: CU-U-U-T!

BRAD: Oh. Hello, everybody. You caught me taping a promotional clip for our newscast. That's my number-one responsibility at the station—and one of the secrets of journalism. As

a pro Anchor, I know what you, the general public, want and don't want to know. And that's a lot!

TIPPI McCALL: It sure is, Brad! But did you know that many Anchors are not pros? They may have never read the news out loud in their lives. Vice President Dan Quayle is an Anchor. So was President Reagan. And so are Debbie Gibson and Peter Ueberroth. The Anchor ranks include most serious candidates for public office and their wives, first-year flight attendants, all ski instructors, Disn—

BRAD: Oh! Oh! Don't forget the Dodger pitching staff!

TIPPI: Disneyland employees, congressional aides, and the Osmond family—except for the deaf one.

BRAD: The fact is—Anchoring works! And you—yes, you—have the potential to live The Anchor Way:

**AS IF EACH MOMENT IS A  
MOMENT OF AIRTIME. AS IF  
EACH HUMAN CONTACT IS A  
PRECIOUS RATINGS POINT.**

Tippi?

TIPPI: We'll be right back.

**How do I know if I have what  
it takes?**

Take this quick anchor quiz:

- |                                                                                  |                                                                                                        |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1) Did you worry about the trapped whales?<br>Yes ___ No ___ Don't know ___      | 3) Do you bathe?<br>Yes ___ No ___ Don't know ___                                                      |
| 2) Do you agree that "children are the future"?<br>Yes ___ No ___ Don't know ___ | 4) Do you know what year it is?<br>Yes ___ No ___ Don't know ___                                       |
|                                                                                  | 5) Would you be willing to adopt an Anglo-Saxon surname?<br>Yes ___ No ___ Don't know ___              |
|                                                                                  | 6) Do you love your community?<br>Yes ___ No ___ Don't know ___                                        |
|                                                                                  | 7) Would you leave it if a better offer came along?<br>Yes ___ No ___ Don't know ___                   |
|                                                                                  | 8) Are your lips moving as you read this?<br>Yes ___ No ___ Don't know ___                             |
|                                                                                  | 9) Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist party?<br>Yes ___ No ___ Don't know ___ |



If you answered "Yes" or "Don't know" to Questions 1–8, you have the potential to live like an Anchorperson—if you don't live like one already!

If you answered "Yes" to Number 9, you are a viewer.

### What is a viewer?

No matter how successful they may be in life, viewers are people who never quite look it.

The world is full of viewers. One of them, Charles Kuralt, even reads the news out loud on TV.

Others include John Madden, Sandra Bernhard, William Rehnquist, most radio reporters, all newspaper reporters, people with hairy facial moles, nuns, hockey players (except for Gretzky), serial killers (except for Bundy), and women over the age of forty.



Viewers suffer from a primal urge to mate with Anchors.

Table A-Y34 will help you identify Anchors and viewers.

TABLE A-Y34

	ANCHOR	VIEWER
Presidents	Ronald Reagan	Richard Nixon
Vice presidents	Dan Quayle	Richard Nixon
Catchers	Gary Carter	Yogi Berra
Lawyers	Joel Hyatt	Roy Cohn
Religion	Jesus Christ	Buddha
Beatles	Paul	Ringo
Weavers	Sigourney	Earl
AIDS	Rock Hudson	Roy Cohn
Heirs	John-John Kennedy	Alo Guthrie
Authors	Jay McInerney	Herman Melville
Advertising	Bill Cosby	Linda Ellerbee
Games of chance	Donald Trump	Pete Rose
Weight loss	Oprah Winfrey	Roy Cohn
Country & western	Hank Williams, Jr.	Hank Williams, Sr.
The blues	Lee Atwater	B. B. King
The Bible	Eve	Esau, the Hairy One
Starfleet	Kirk	Scotty
Animals	Pregnant pandas	Clubbed seals
Babies	The one that fell in the well	The one with the baboon's heart
Betty Fords	Post-face-lift	Pre-AA
Geniuses	Dick Cavett	Albert Einstein
Nicknames	Gipper	Pizza Face
Geography	America	Russia
Actors and their roles	Dick York as Darrin	Dick Sargent as Darrin
Potent potables	White wine	Aqua Velva
Potpouri	Dolly Parton	Khrushchev

Can you think of more?

### Can viewers coexist with anchors?

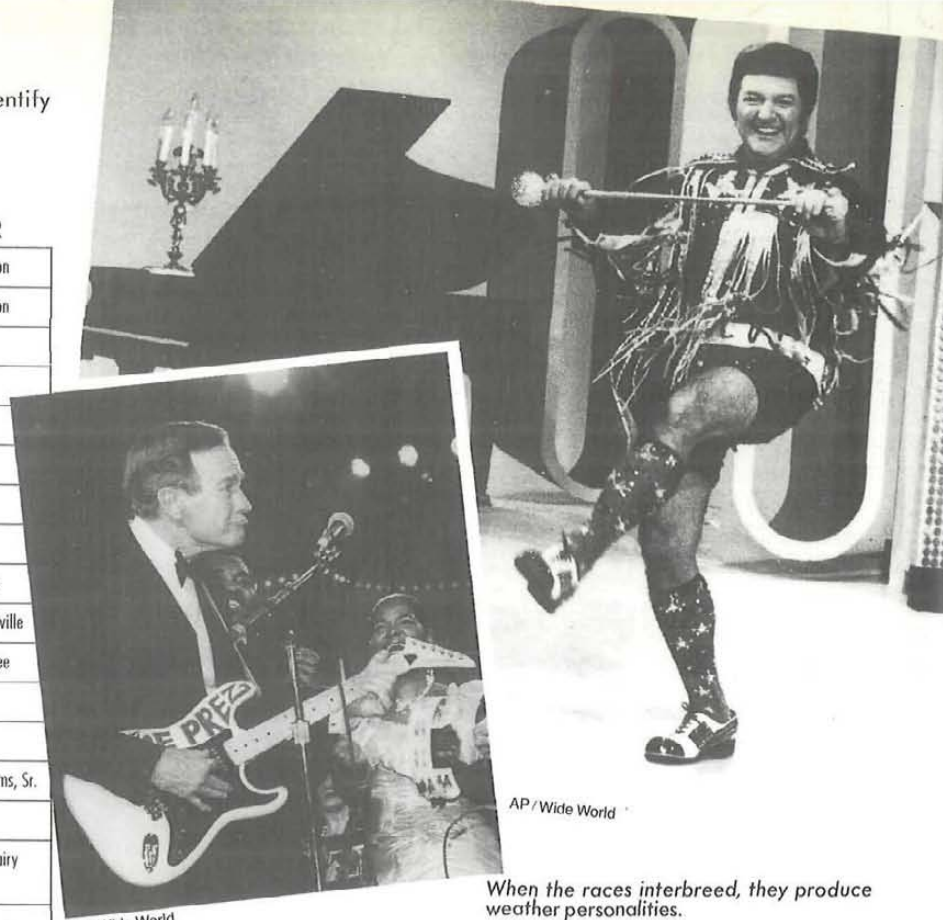
Yes.

In fact, viewers suffer a primal urge to mate with Anchors. Occasionally, they succeed.

When the races interbreed, they produce weather personalities. While these mongrels possess some Anchor traits, they are always somehow lacking. Our most famous weather personalities are President George Herbert Walker Bush and Liberace.

### Can a viewer really live like an anchor?

Christ, do you think we'd be writing



AP / Wide World

When the races interbreed, they produce weather personalities.

this otherwise?

Of course, much depends on the source of the viewer's "viewerness." Is the viewer bald? A head-in-the-clouds type? An immigrant?

For those without glaring physical deformities or foreign accents, this article may be all it takes. For others—well, frankly, we couldn't have made Mother Teresa into an Anchor if we tied her to a barber chair, shouted slogans at her, and beat her after every meal.

It would take hard work, elective surgery, and a lifetime of reeducation to transform a viewer like her into a role model.

### What is a role model?

Now we're impressed. That's exactly the kind of question a real Anchor-person would ask. "Role model" is the Anchor's middle name.

Brad?

BRAD: Thank you. You know, I like to think of Anchors as the ultimate role models. That means more than simply looking great for the camera. A lot more. Tippi?

TIPPI: Brad, it means volunteering, quitting smoking, staying off drugs, staying in school, staying... uhhm... not getting pregnant, always being the designated

driver—

BRAD: It means caring. It means taking time to rap with youth. It means going to the pancake breakfast at that old folks' home, or sharing a laugh with the temps at the Christmas party. And that's not as easy as it looks. I like to think the Anchor excels at normalcy. Because the Anchor cares. Right, Tippi?

TIPPI: That's right, Brad! Being an Anchor means speaking normally. But it also means listening carefully. The ability to sit quietly and listen—

BRAD: I don't mean cheap and easy normality, either. Heck, anybody can do that. Anybody can go to church on Easter Sunday. But the Anchor is the guy who can march up to that altar, clasp his hands so tight that the knuckles go white, and hold that pose until the rest of the audience is back in their seats. The Anchor isn't afraid to put out. Because the Anchor takes time to care.

TIPPI: That's right, Brad, but—  
BRAD: Remember those trapped whales? I really cared about those gosh-darned fish!

TIPPI: Mammals.  
BRAD: The key is that anchors cared, while viewers went on with their lives as if those fish meant absolutely nothing! And it really burns my backside to hear viewers carping about ozone depletion and beach pollution. Sure, we gotta

stop dumping garbage in the ocean—someday! But you'd think we're no good, the way some viewers talk! You know, out in that water right now, there are two whales swimming around who are gosh-darned glad that a friendly species called "man" is running this planet. *Damned glad!*

TIPPI: We'll be—

BRAD: AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN ANCHOR AND A VIEWER IS THAT ANCHORS CARE, DARN IT! WE CARE WE CARE WE CA—

TIPPI: We'll be right back.

How will I know when I've made it as an anchor?

You've made it when you can march into a dating service, fill out a personal-profile, and know that you'll get offers.

You know what personality profiles are. They're the forms we fill out to let the world know just who it's dealing with.

Below are Brad's and Tippi's confidential profiles. Study them—but don't crib from them. Brad and Tippi have registered their answers under the U.S. Copyright Law of 1978.



"Want a shortcut way of knowing who you're dealing with? Check their fingernails."



TIPPI McCALL  
[Copyright 1990 Tippi McCall]

AGE: 20-something.  
HEIGHT: 5'9".  
EYES: Brown, with robin's-egg-blue contacts.  
HAIR: Full-bodied. Soft. Luxurious. Manageable.  
ADDRESS: Unlisted.  
OCCUPATION: Journalist/professional model.  
HOBBIES: Aerobic dancing, folk guitar, Junior League, fashion, cosmetology, decorating my apartment, helping crippled children, having "big sister" chats with my roommate (Channel 73 Week-end Co-Anchor Carrie Green), playing with my stuffed dog Matches.  
FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Neil Diamond, Murphy Brown.  
SELF-DESCRIPTION: I love to love people. That's the reason I'm in this crazy business. I'm thoughtful, caring, honest, presentable, thrifty, trustworthy, and loving. I love families. I'm all pro-family.  
LOOKS FOR IN A MAN: A personality like Robert Redford's. He should be emotionally and financially secure. And have a good sense of humor. And never brag. And he should care. And take charge. And be pro-family. And he should not be afraid to spend a little money now and then.  
TURNOFFS: Phonies. Smokers. Drunk drivers. People who use drugs. Airline disasters. People who tell jokes.  
WHERE TO FIND HER: On your living-room screen at 6:00 and 11:00.  
QUOTE: "Sometimes I think, oh my God! What if there's some crazy fan out there who's going to stab me to death?"



BRAD WILLIAMS  
[Copyright 1990 Brad Williams]

AGE: 36.  
HEIGHT: 5'11".  
EYES: Piercing steely-gray with flecks of copper.  
HAIR: Real.  
ADDRESS: Woodland Court Gardens All-Electric Townhouses, just ten minutes out of town.  
OCCUPATION: Anchor/journalist.  
HOBBIES: Sports, the arts, the sciences, theater (will play the lead in *The Music Man* with the Woodland Players at Desi's Oysterama), fitness, gourmet cooking (don't laugh—guys make the best chefs!), lending my name to charity events, long walks on the beach.  
FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Frank Stallone, Benny Hill, Brando.  
SELF-DESCRIPTION: I've got a pretty healthy bank balance. I'm proud of that. I work hard. I play hard. When you've just looked 50,000 people in the eye and told them their sewer rates are skyrocketing, it's gonna affect the way you carry yourself at the bar. You're not gonna take any funny business.  
LOOKS FOR IN A WOMAN: A great set of—just kidding, ladies! Actually, personality is the key. She shouldn't contradict you all the damned time. I'm talking about a real woman. All woman. One who's not afraid to strut down that street and show her stuff.  
TURNOFFS: The braless look, funny business, "happy talk" newscasts, people who think they're "big."  
WHERE TO FIND HIM: Bally Fitness Center, Desi's Oysterama, wherever news is made.  
QUOTE: "Want a shortcut way of knowing who you're dealing with? Check their fingernails."

But I thought you were going to teach me how to live like an Anchorperson.

Okay, we're getting to it.

Of course, we could tell you what to wear, how to speak, and how to wear your hair, but that would be cheating.

To truly live like an Anchorperson, you must discover these things for yourself. The one sure method to find your way is to memorize the Anchor Philosophy:

God made Anchors in His image to inform and entertain Him.

He is a caring God, but He can only take so much. He knows when your liners are stained. He knows if you neglected to flush. He can smell your underarms. And God cares about these things.

Bore Him, offend Him, or talk over His Head, and God will cancel you.

Overnight.

Excite Him, soothe Him, and speak plainly, and God will take you to a higher market.

Brad?

BRAD: Amen!

You know, Tippi, sometimes I hear Beelzebub whisper in my ear, "Why bother to shave? It's your day off!" Or "Who cares about that baby in the well! Why should she get all that attention?" I always resist. And that's tougher than it looks. A lot tougher. If you can't deliver every day, you lose credibility with Our Lord.

Tippi?

TIPPI: That's right, Brad.

It could be years before mankind attains the Orwellian utopia where everyone can be constantly watched. Until that day, Anchors must cling to the belief that Someone is watching—always.

We'll be right back.

If God is watching, can I still...  
uhmm, well... YOU KNOW?

Of course you can!

Anchorpeople treasure sex. They know it's an efficient way to make a good impression. When both partners are Anchors—and the chemistry is right—a meaningful experience can eat up less time than a station break.

For details, see below.



Anchors treasure sex as an efficient way to make a good impression.

ELAPSED TIME	ACTIVITY
00:00:00	[BRAD and TIPPI have dressed for bed. They are flossed, sprayed, waxed, buffed, dried, and decked out in casual-yet-confining clothes. Employing her journalistic instincts, TIPPI senses BRAD's arousal.] TIPPI [to mirror]: Before we head off to sleep, Brad has a special feature. Brad? BRAD: Thank you. Tippi, this one's a full-length human-interest report I developed on my own. Hope you like it. TIPPI: I'm sure we will, Brad. [BRAD and TIPPI get into bed and rub their bodies together, taking special care not to smear makeup on each other's clothes.] TIPPI: Oooh! You feel bigger! BRAD: I am bigger. A LOT BIGGER! [TIPPI lifts her head to face mirror.] TIPPI: SPARKS FLY IN UNDERCOVER OPERATION! BRAD WILLIAMS HAS MORE!
00:00:20	[On cue, BRAD achieves penetration.] TIPPI: This just in! [Sensing the segment is about to end, BRAD and TIPPI moan, as if in ecstasy.] BRAD: Oooh! Tippi? TIPPI: ThasRIGHTBrad—
00:00:40	[BRAD and TIPPI lie motionless, staring into the mirrored ceiling.] TIPPI: Up next: sleep—right after this cigarette. BRAD: For Tippi and me, and all of us at the late shift, this is Brad Williams saying... good night.



Perhaps you've wondered how a smelly, messy bodily function like sexual intercourse could ever be described as "beautiful."

Now you know.

Indeed, all facets of that mad, cotton-candy carousel called "life" are beautiful, but only when lived The Anchor Way.

And that's the way it is.



# UNCLE OMM'S SINKING-OF-ATLANTIS SALE-A-BRATION!



KARMIC CARRYALL  
*see page 37*

## NEW AGE GIFTS

*for alchemists, adepts, and Antichrists from 6 to 666!*

## YOUR ONE-STOP CHAKRA CENTER!

## UNCLE OMM'S CASTILE SOAPBOX

**HOLLOW-EARTH SPECIAL!**



What is Uncle Omm's Sinking-of-Atlantis Sale-A-Bration?

You might as well ask, "What is the New Age?"

The New Age is a universal consciousness. A new spirit of inner directedness. A large, vibrating wallet.

What is the New Age? Pyramids. Prismatic colors. A quest for inner peace. A lot of product to move.

We buy space/time continuums, new and reconditioned UFOs, and pieces of the True Cross in bulk—and pass the savings on to you!

What is the New Age? Let's put it this way—if you're from the Midwest, it's anything we sell that makes your father shake his head. *And isn't that what it's all about, anyway?*

ORDER TELEPATHICALLY for faster service!

### 1 PERCENT FOR PORSCHE PROGRAM

Industrial chemicals known as chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) devour the earth's ozone layer, which blocks the sun's harmful ultraviolet rays. To save our vital ozone layer, Uncle Omm will donate 1 percent of all pretax profits to buying red, silver, and black Porsche 944S2 convertibles (and maybe a Ferrari Testarossa) *without air conditioning*. (Car AC units have been found to be the *single-largest* source of CFCs in the United States.)

**If you're in Belize...**

If you're in Belize, visit our new factory, near the recently cleared rain forest.

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We got enlightened.  
You get a bargain!  
Closeout: 3 for \$5.

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- How to Split Keys and Bend Coke Spoons/Uri Geller
- Mother Teresa's Low-Impact Leprosy
- How to Beat Your Spirit Channeler at Racquetball
- Ratty Bathrobes of the Knights of Malta: An Illustrated Retrospective
- Handicapping the Trotters with Ouija
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- The Tao of Merv
- Whorls, Creases, and Calluses: The Frequent Onanist's Guide to Palmistry
- Today's Best Names for Rosemary's Baby
- Sybil's Makeover Book: Sixteen Ways to Look Your Best—Naturally!
- Seth: The Lackluster Conversations (Including Restaurant Selection)
- 101 Uses for a Skinned Baby: The Lighter Side of Satanism
- Carl Jung's Impure Thought (and Deed!) Flip-Book
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- *Get a past life.*
- *My astral image is in the shop.*
- *Nam myoho renge kyo? Nahhhhhhhhh.*
- *Norman Greenbaum lives!*
- *I'd rather be Rolfling.*
- *Honk if you necessitate a committed intent to end the belief that we're anything but whole.*
- *I've been to the Colossus of Rhodes.*
- *You should have turned left at Dimension X.*

\$2.25 each

## THE GAY/LESBIAN GUIDE TO THE SPIRIT WORLD

Are you gay and deceased? An infinite new world awaits you! Where can you get a good cup of cappuccino or caffelatte at two A.M. when time no longer has any meaning anyway? Are there hate crimes in the hereafter? Where do you buy gerbils? An informative and sensitive guide.

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by Art Gecko



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 Why did they first come to earth?  
 Did they decorate Stonehenge in French Provincial, then remodel?

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In addition to his popular prophecies of doom and apocalypse, Nostradamus (1503-1566) foresaw the misuse of both low- and high-end car cassette decks. What did he think of Dolby C? The answer is still shrouded in mystery.

**Nostradamus Comments on Soviet-U.S. Relations and the Build-up of Residual Magnetism on Tape Heads and Capistan:**

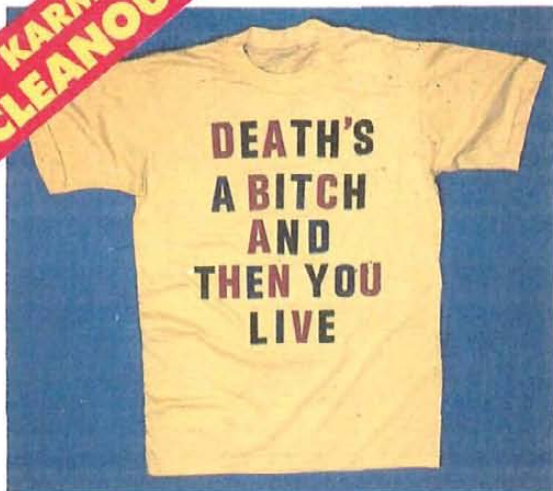
*One day the great powers will become friends. Their great power will be seen to increase. Within thirteen months, they will experience uneven sound levels, dropouts, excessive wow/flutter. They will neglect to rewind before storage.*

From Nostradamus's Guide to Car Stereo Care

Dolphin/Tunafish Press 221 pgs./\$16.95

**KARMIC CLEANOUT!**

## WACKY T'S!



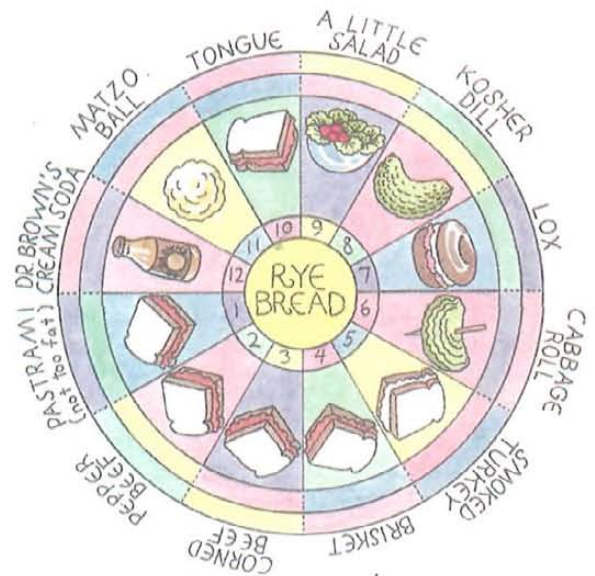
- Reborn to shop.
- Satori, shmatori—when do we eat?
- Don't even *THINK* of reincarnating here.
- Death's a bitch and then you live.

Sizes: Small is beautiful, Medium, Large, or ∞

**SALE**—Reg.: \$12.98 Uncle Omm's Price: **\$9.98**

## NOSHOLGY

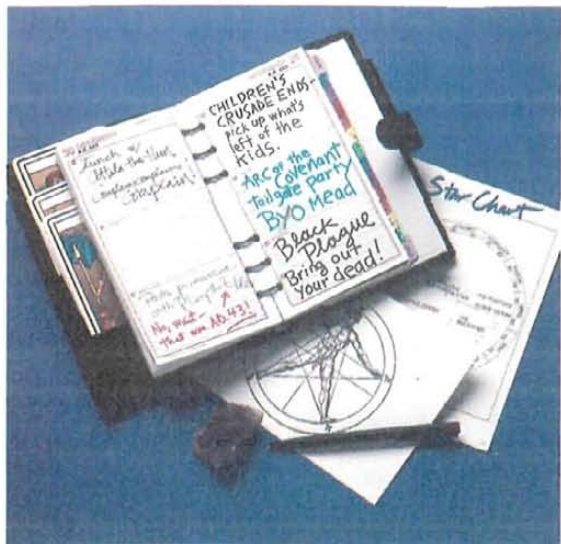
TRUE ENLIGHTENMENT THROUGH NIBBLING ON WAFER-THIN MEATS



Noshology Wheel-of-Meats Chart—36" x 48"  
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Bhagwam Shree Rajneesh	<i>Car Talk</i> (counts as two)
G. I. Gurdjieff	Dave Barry
Al Neuharth	L. Ron Hubbard
Sgt. Barry Sadler	Sting
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No reservations about *this* treat—you Don Juan to be without several! Our four 6-oz. Peyote 'n' Cheese Logs combine the smooth, rich flavor of Wisconsin cheese with the crunchy goodness of dried peyote buttons. Enjoy Cheddar 'n' Peyote, Port Wine 'n' Peyote, Smoky with Peyote, and Swiss 'n' Peyote.

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your temple or  
ashram!



insulated body  
& sleeve lining  
inner chest pocket  
  
dark brown

**TANTRIC  
SUPER-  
SAVER!**

SALE—Reg. \$375.00 Uncle Omm's Price. \$295.00

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DO YOU HAVE  
OPPOSABLE THUMBS?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
WEARING?

YEAH, BABY, I'M  
JOAN OF ARC. AND  
THIS TIME AROUND,  
I PUT OUT....

HI! THIS IS BOB  
MAPPLETHORPE! DID  
I RAISE A RUCKUS UP  
THERE, OR WHAT?

Only 65¢ per half-minute,  
billed discreetly to your executor or estate  
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A full 32 pounds  
of delicious spirulina, a blue-green  
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aromatic applewood. Serve it warm,  
with plenty of fresh vinegar. And  
don't forget the two 4-pound 100-  
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| Rebirthing                | Acid rain flashbacks               |
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"You have within you everything you need to become who you  
want to become when you finally decide to become all that you  
can be because you realize that you have everything already  
— Uncle Omm

"We Specialize in Third Eye Optometry!"

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MANTRA CUSHION  
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Don't leave your body without them!

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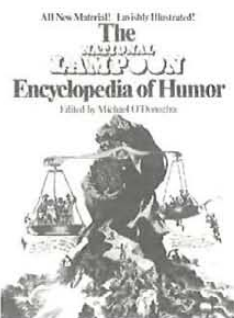
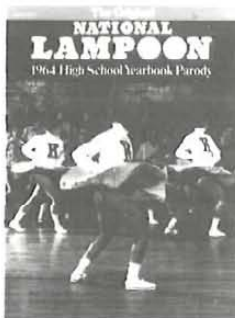
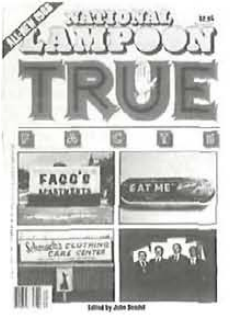
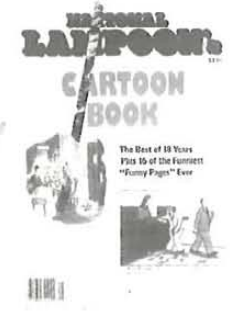
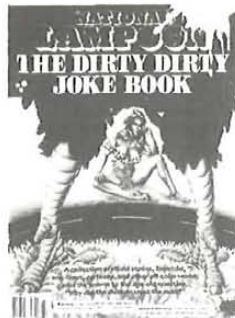
They're all fools!

Set of 78 \$12.00



SQUIRT AMULET  
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# Bodice Ripper

*A Romantic  
Reader's Digest  
Condensed from the  
Original 3,001  
Steamy Pages*

*The story of Pierre Fortunaise, a man who shamed Babette in the only way a woman knows shame—he took her to ecstasy and back again! He is a miscreant, a felon, a sociopath, and always he is a gentleman.*

*The story of Babette Lamour, and the pride and fury of a girl turned woman. It took firemen to put out the fire in her bosom, and when her breasts heaved, people listened. She is ravaged and ruined, and several times she is pillaged, but always her love remains pure.*

*by Alfa-Betty Olsen and  
Marshall Efron*

*Illustration by Patrick Pigott*

## Chapter One

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MIST SWIRLED through the garden that separated the huge Lamour and the noble Fortunaise estates. The sun, shining through the leaves of the walnut tree upon which grew walnut nuts, threw a dappled shadow over the golden curls that spilled from Babette Lamour's bonnet made of pale blue silk, garnished with pink rosebuds and tied with strands of lavender satin, and caressed her smooth, sweet, pink, creamy complexion.

She sobbed with emotion. She was eight years old, and never had any male person come so close. She could feel Pierre Fortunaise's heart beating through the brave little middy of his blue sailor suit. His pants were short. He, too, was eight.

His masculine fingers tugged at his raven locks and he said, "Oh, my honey. You will be mine through eternity."

They kissed, the earth shook in violent upheaval. "Our love is powerful," said Babette.

Pierre's nanny, the chestnut-haired Suzette, who wore a cunning black dress with a stiff hand-crocheted lace collar and starched white cocktail apron tied tightly around her tiny waist, appeared, shrieking, "A selective earthquake has destroyed your estates and your parents, along with the horses."

Liveried footmen with long eyelashes in kelly-green uniforms trimmed with gold braid arrived and pried Pierre from Babette as if they were stripping paint from a Rembrandt. They took the desolate lovers to separate but equally horrible orphanages; she to the Convent of the Performing Arts and he to the Monastery of Christian Science and Souvenir Manufacture.

## Chapter Six

TEN YEARS LATER BABBETTE, A WOMAN grown, knocked on the great door of Rendlesham Manor. "I am a governess. I'm looking for a Lord Rendlesham. Have I come to the right manor?" asked Babette.

"The Lord Rendlesham who thinks he's a great lover lives here. He drinks, chases whores around the wine room, thinks he's hip, and sometimes plays an imaginary guitar with his fingers. He is the only baby in the manor," said the wise old servant Meg, motioning Babette to enter.

"Does that mean my employment here will be short?" asked Babette.

"Possible," replied Meg.

That night Rendlesham took an ax and hacked down Babette's bedroom door. "Let's have wild, impassioned, spontaneous safe sex," he demanded. He wore an Italian smoking jacket with pleats, blue silk socks, and a pale eggshell condom.

Pulling her unspeakably beautiful abun-

dant blond tresses around her, she blazed her fiery green eyes at him. "Oh, puleeze," she answered. "Put your pants on. I am too proud to bend to any man's will."

A cruel smile flickered on and off about the corners of his mouth and he ripped her bodice. Her bosoms gleamed in the firelight like large, perfectly matched, unusually large pearls with nipples. Somethings not found in nature, somethings that could only be called art.

The blood froze in Babette's veins, a storm erupted in her brain, the heavens thundered and cracked, great streaks of lightning flared in her eyes, and she experienced a flood of emotion so great she could not speak. Her bodice had been ripped by the wrong man. "Throw me in your dungeon," she said. "I will show you how a proud woman can suffer; a woman who, when she was a girl, swore undying love for another."

Babette wept in her dark, dank cell. "Am I cursed with too much beauty? Are my eyelashes too long for my tiny waist? Are my lips an indecent proposal? Is my behind too saucy? Are my breasts too impudent?" Listening on the other side of the iron door, Lord Rendlesham replied: "Your right breast is a bit more insolent than impudent. Let me slake my lust on you."

"Never," cried Babette.

A rat, besotted by her beauty, sought refuge in her armpit and curled there tenderly. Moved by this display of devotion, Babette accepted Rendlesham's offer, but only for two weeks.

She let him touch her a couple of times, and had sex with him often. These experiences were mysterious. She also taught him how to treat a good woman good. "Always tell your woman she is the *only* woman who makes you so hot you can't stand it. Be interested in her shoes and learn to tell one pair from another. Now I am leaving. Something is missing in our relationship. I think it is Pierre. I must find him."

"I worship the black patent leather mules with the Louis heels and the passementerie trim you walk in," he cried.

"Your description is good," she replied, "but I really must go." After she left he took up solitary slam dancing as a hobby and spent his life a broken Lord.

## Chapter Seven

AS SHE TRUDGED DOWN THE HIGHWAY TO London, carrying her bags herself, with nothing on her head to shield her from the driving rain, Babette suddenly spied a mysterious, handsome stranger walking toward her. Her stomach turned to jelly and her legs were as weak as orphanage gruel. "I hunger," she thought, "but is it for food?"

"Is that you, Pierre?" she asked inaudi-

bly. "How do you come to be here on the road as I am?"

"The monastery sold me to a liberated woman who drove me everywhere, took me shopping, ordered for me in cafés, combed my hair, chose my clothes, dressed me every morning, and treated me like a doll. I had to leave her so I could buy my own shorts and wear them in bed," said Pierre, fixing his lust-engorged, yet handsome, lips upon her tumescent, ruby mouth.

"Oh, my love, we have shared the same fate in parallel universes," said Babette, trying to speak although her legs were weak. Suddenly a shot rang out and a lead ball whistled past her ear.

"What does it take to turn a dog into a fox?" said Kevin McCracken, the very handsome but ever-laughing highwayman.

"I don't know," said Babette in all honesty.

"Four drinks!" He laughed heartily and tossed his head, whipping his gorgeous rain-drenched black-Irish mane back from his face and sending a delicate shower all around him like a very beautiful terrier.

"I don't get it," said Babette.

"Give me your money or I'll turn you into meat. All that takes is one shot. Get it? One shot, one drink. Ha-ha-ha," giggled Kevin, pistol-whipping Pierre into a wretched mass of bruises. Then he ripped Babette's bodice.

"No man rips my bodice and gets away with it, I'm going with you. Give him your money, Pierre," said Babette with a proud quaver in her voice. "I'm doing this for you, my darling, goodbye. And get your face fixed. You look bloody awful."

## Chapter Eight (Very condensed)

IN MCCRACKEN'S BED, BABBETTE INVENTED psychoanalysis to get her revenge. She made him tell her his dreams, and she got to the bottom of his need for too much attention and to steal and laugh about it: male hormones. Once he knew this, he stopped laughing and, overcome with the desire to tell people about his successful analysis, he confessed to the Sheriff of Nottingham and was sentenced to hang. He regressed whilst ascending the stairs to the gibbet, and died laughing. Babette called this syndrome *gallows humor* and wrote a monograph on the subject.

## Chapter Nine

BABBETTE TOOK MCCRACKEN'S LOOT AND went to London by boat.

## Chapter Sixteen

IT WAS DIM AND SMOKY IN THE GAMBLING den and Gault Devereaux felt at home. The

barest hint of a smile creased his scarred yet compellingly handsome face. He glanced at his cards; they were all good. "Lucky in cards," he thought bitterly, "unlucky in..."

A distraught young man ran to the table where Gault sat playing cards with the Marquis de Buick, who had just bet his family's ancestral castle and his beautiful daughter, Fleur de Lisa, the flower of France. "Venetia Manley cut her throat with very expensive notepaper because she saw you with Lucretia Hanley. She is dead," he said.

"Who? Venetia or Lucretia?" asked Gault Devereaux.

"Venetia," the young man said sadly.

"She was always sending sharp notes. She who lived by the note died by the note. This is truly noteworthy," Devereaux sighed bitterly. "I'll see your cards, Buick."

He had one four, one five, one jack, one nine, and one two.

"You lose, Marquis, but I am a gentleman," said Gault bitterly. "Keep your family's heritage. I'll only take your daughter, ravish her, and give you back what's left. Drop her off in the morning. Tonight I go to the brothels. I'm tired of women who give it away for free." On his way out many women lifted their breasts to him, but he didn't care.

### Chapter Twenty-two

LADY D'AGOSTINO, THE RICHEST AND MOST mysterious woman in Paris, decided to go in disguise to the infamous masked ball in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. To that purpose she donned a bunny costume made of expensive sheared rabbit fur. Also attending the ball that night in an identical bunny costume was Georgette Layn, the notorious English novelist, nymphomaniac, and sometime sex pal of Gault Devereaux.

Across the crowded ballroom Gault spotted the richly designed rabbit ears and recognized Georgette. His loins roused, his hams shook, and he whetted his chops in memory of the sordid adventures he had shared with her.

Without anyone's noticing, Gault put his hand over her mouth, twisted one arm behind her back painfully, and ripped her bodice with his teeth. Babette, for it was she who had become Lady D'Agostino, struggled manfully, but it was no use. "It's under the table in the Italian Room for you, my dainty," he whispered into her large fur ear.

Gault degraded Babette to the point where she casually explored the unspeakable and asked for more. A warm melce of emotion erupted in her innermost being. "Do I have gas pains or am I in love? But it is the wrong man. How can the wrong man



*Gault degraded Babette to the point where she casually explored the unspeakable and asked for more.*

be the right man?"

### Chapter Twenty-three

GAULT ATE HIS SPAGHETTI, ONE FOOT ON the floor, one foot on Babette, and pondered. "Never have I ravished a woman who made me feel the way I feel right now. She can't be Georgette. I have ravished the wrong woman. How can the wrong woman be the right woman and the right woman the wrong woman?"

He tore away the bunny mask and bared Babette's face. Instantly he knew who she was. "Babette! It's me, Pierre," Pierre said. "After you went with McCracken I became embittered and cruel. My face was changed, so I changed my name, but now that I have found you I will become Pierre Fortunaise again, even if Fortunaise

rhymes with mayonnaise and it's embarrassing."

They wed, but not to live happily ever after because:

### Chapter Thirty-eight

THEY WERE TAKEN PRISONER BY RED Snapper, the pirate king and Spanish scourge of the Spanish Main, a man so macho he insisted he had an erection even when he hadn't.

Knowing that they were in the hands of a dangerous man, Babette was anxious. "Do not torture my man," she begged.

A thin, cruel smile crossed Snapper's face. "Okay, my pretty, no torture." He put Pierre adrift in a small boat which disap-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 101)

# INVITE A KILLER TO BREAKFAST

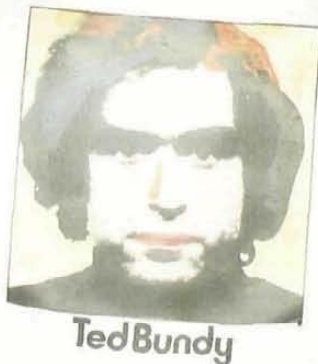
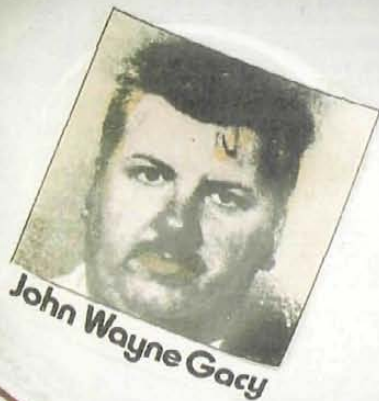
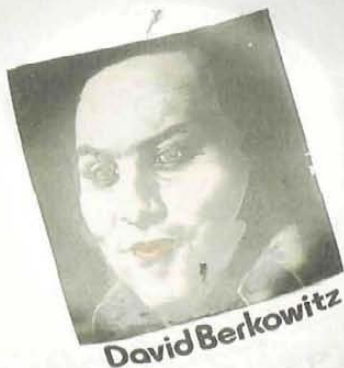
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# GREAT MOMENTS IN MUSICAL HISTORY

# Rodgers & Hammerstein "KILL A DOG"

Lyrics by ED BLUESTONE Art by FRANK SPRINGER

**A**UGUST 3, 1949. HEIR APPARENT TO MILLIONS, NASTY RICH KID LIONEL BARKLEY SITS THROUGH THE READING OF HIS FATHER'S WILL WITH IMPATIENT CONFIDENCE...

"AND NOW, BEFORE BEQUEATHING THE ENTIRETY OF MY FORTUNE TO MY CHOSEN HEIR, I, WILLIAM BARKLEY, WOULD LIKE TO REMIND MY SON, LIONEL, OF THE FOLLOWING CHARACTER TRAITS I DESPISED IN HIM... DRUNKENNESS... SLOTH... DISHONESTY... BAD BREATH... EGOTISM... STUPIDITY... AN INABILITY TO READ HEBREW... HIS DISDAIN FOR THE POOR... HIS LOVE OF PROSTITUTES... HIS UNKINDNESS TO MY DOGS, JEROME AND EVELYN..."

I REMEMBER THE TIME HE TIED US UP WITH OUR TAILS!

ALL RIGHT ALREADY, DADDY! GET TO THE PART WHERE YOU FORGIVE, FORGET, AND LEAVE ME THE MONEY ANYWAY!



...BUT LIONEL GETS QUITE A SURPRISE....



... AND THE MEETING WITH BRYNNER GOES POORLY.

THESE ARE THE WORST SONGS YOU'VE EVER WRITTEN, BOYS. UNLESS THE SCORE IMPROVES BY OPENING NIGHT, I'LL BE FORCED TO WEAR HAIR IN THE SHOW SO THAT MY FANS WON'T KNOW WHO I AM!

DON'T WORRY, YUL. WE'LL PICK UP THE SLACK.

AS SOON AS THEY LEAVE, I'LL CALL LERNER AND LOEWE!

SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, JEROME'S BARKING REACHES CRISIS PROPORTIONS AS RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN ATTEMPT TO WRITE THE SONG THAT WILL EVENTUALLY BECOME "I WHISTLE A HAPPY TUNE."

HOWWWW... HOWWWW... HOWWWW...

WHENEVER I FEEL AFRAID, I POUR MYSELF A DRINK...

THAT'S AWFUL!

WHENEVER I FEEL AFRAID, I SIMPLY MOON THE MAID...

THAT'S WORSE!!

WHENEVER I FEEL AFRAID, I KNOW I MUST GET LAID...

THAT'S TRASH!!! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT DOG DOWN!

THEY HEAD UPSTAIRS FOR A CHAT...

... WHERE THEY FIND JEROME QUITE SMASHED.

I DON'T FEEL LIKE QUIETING DOWN. AND I DON'T LIKE THAT SHOW OF YOURS. WHY DON'T YOU WRITE SOMETHING THAT TAKES PLACE IN OKLAHOMA? OR THE SOUTH PACIFIC? OR ON A CAROUSEL?!

GOOD IDEAS, JEROME. WE MAY USE THEM EVENTUALLY. BUT RIGHT NOW...

DAMN RIGHT, THEY'RE GOOD IDEAS! AND DON'T STEAL THEM, YOU HACK!

THE ARGUMENT ESCALATES...

WHAT DID YOU CALL ME?!!

I'VE REALLY GOT HIM GOING. NEXT I'LL HUMP HIS LEG!

OH, MY GOD! I'VE SEEN OSCAR PUNCH A NUN FOR LESS....

... AND TEMPERS FLARE...

YOU'D BETTER RETRACT THAT!

I'LL RETRACT NOTHING, YOU CHARLATAN.... I WOULDN'T SUBJECT A DEAF PERSON TO YOUR LYRICS... YOU SHOULDN'T BE WRITING FOR BROADWAY. YOU SHOULD BE WRITING ON BATHROOM WALLS!... MY DOCTOR USES YOUR SONGS TO MAKE PEOPLE WHO'VE SWALLOWED POISON THROW UP!

CALM DOWN, OSCAR! HE'S ONLY A DRUNKEN DOG...

... UNTIL HAMMERSTEIN LOSES CONTROL.

TRAGICALLY, JEROME HITS HIS HEAD ON THE COFFEE TABLE AND DIES INSTANTLY.



YOU'VE KILLED HIM, YOU IDIOT.

HE ATTACKED MY WORK AND I SNAPPED!

HOW CAN YOU BE SO INSECURE? DO YOU EVER SEE DOGS AT OUR PLAYS?

NO. BUT I'M CONVINCED THEY BUY THE SOUND-TRACKS!



I'M AFRAID! WHAT SHOULD I DO?

WHY DON'T YOU TRY WHISTLING? I'LL CALL OUR ATTORNEY TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY CAN DO TO YOU FOR KILLING A DOG IN A FIGHT.



IN OTHER WORDS, IT'S A VERY SERIOUS CHARGE IF THE DOG KNEW HOW TO TALK.

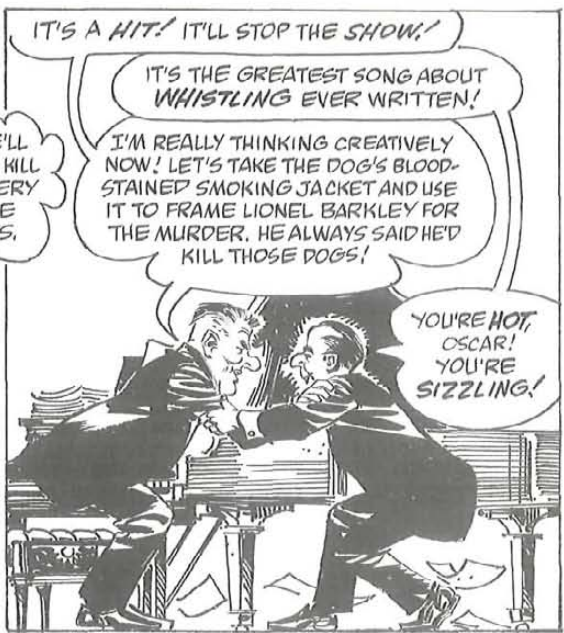
WHENEVER I FEEL AFRAID, I WHISTLE A HAPPY TUNE...

THAT'S IT! HE'S GOT THE RIGHT LYRIC!



YOU'VE GOT IT!

WHENEVER I FEEL AFRAID, I HOLD MY HEAD ERECT...



THE FOLLOWING DAY, RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN COVER THEIR TRACKS BY SINGING "YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE" AT JEROME BARKLEY'S FUNERAL.

♪ WHEN YOU WALK THROUGH A STORM, HOLD YOUR HEAD UP HIGH ♪

AND DON'T LIFT YOUR LEG IN THE DARK.

HE LOOKS AS HANDSOME NOW AS THE DAY HE WAS NEUTERED.

A WEEK LATER, "THE KING AND I" OPENS TO RAVE REVIEWS, AND "I WHISTLE A HAPPY TUNE" STOPS THE SHOW.

BRAVO! THOSE HACKS CAN WRITE AFTER ALL!

SING IT AGAIN! I CAME IN MY PANTS!

DID THEY SAY HAPPY TUNE OR SLAPPY TUNE?

LOOK! THERE'S SLAPPY WHITE!

DID YOU SAY HAPPY WHITE OR SLAPPY WHITE?

THE SHOW'S CAST PARTY IS HELD AT SARDI'S. ALL GOES WELL WITH THE EXCEPTION OF JIMMY DURANTE DRINKING TOO MUCH.

WHERE'S YUL BRYNNER? I WANNA USE HIS HEAD T'POLISH M'NOSE!

WHO GETS THE LOBSTER NEWBURG AND WHO GETS THE DOG BISCUITS?

WHO DO YOU THINK GETS THE DOG BISCUITS, YOU MORON?!

IF ONLY JEROME COULD HAVE HEARD "I WHISTLE A HAPPY TUNE"! HE WOULD HAVE LOVED IT!

EVELYN, YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH JEROME CONTRIBUTED TO THE WRITING OF THAT SONG.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER THAN I AM TONIGHT.

DID YOU SAY HAPPIER OR SLAPPIER?!

THE END

COMING SOON: "RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN KILL A DOG II," IN WHICH THE GHOST OF JEROME BARKLEY HAUNTS RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN AS THEY ATTEMPT TO WRITE THE SCORE OF "THE SOUND OF MUSIC"...

... AND EVELYN BARKLEY GETS REMARRIED -- TO A LABRADOR RETRIEVER SHE'S BEEN HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH FOR YEARS.

♪ DO -- A STEER -- A FEMALE STEER... ♪

RE -- THE FIRST HALF OF RAY CHARLES... ♪

♪ MI -- A NAME I CALL MY DOG... ♪

OSCAR CAN'T THINK. WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE KILLED THAT DOG!

L'CHAIM! NOW BREAK THE GLASS WITH YOUR PAW.

YOU'LL NEVER CONVINCE ME THAT THEY DON'T EAT TRAYF.

END

My Bar Mitzvah  
Jesus  
December 25, A.D. 13



## The Lost Bar Mitzvah of Jesus Christ

FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGISTS HAVE BEEN WHISPERING AMONG THEMSELVES ABOUT AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY RUMORED TO HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN THE HOLY Land, a find so explosive that the Vatican reconvened the Inquisition and, last May, in Turin, began executing people who knew anything at all about what we are now going to reveal.

In the spring of 1987, while sporting with his sheep in a pasture just outside the city of Nazareth, a Bedouin shepherd boy was forced to flee from the amorous advances of a lusty young ram. He took shelter in a small, well-concealed cave approximately one half-mile from the city. At the far end of the cave stood six ancient wide-necked earthen jars. Recognizing their potential value, he removed the jars to his tent. The boy then spoke of his find to his uncle Mahoud, who relayed the information to Rabbi Yossi Finkelman, his clandestine lover and professor of Jewish antiquities at Hebrew University; he, in turn, secured the services of two unemployed Russian émigrés, who broke the nose of the young Bedouin shepherd and stole the six wide-necked earthen jars from him.

The contents of the jars included numerous artifacts, fragments of papyri, and a large leather-bound vellum book with black-and-white photographs dating from the middle Herodian period (approximately 4 B.C.—A.D. 40).

The nature of these materials proved to be so spectacular that initially they were declared forgeries. Consequently, each papyrus was meticulously examined to validate orthography and paleography; each artifact was subjected to spectrographic analysis and radiocarbon dating. Image-enhancement specialists from Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory were consulted. In the end scientific opinion was unanimous. The materials were genuine!

At last, it can be stated with categorical certainty: Jesus Christ *did* exist; he had brown hair, brown eyes, and a *very fancy* bar mitzvah.

5000 KIPPUR STREET  
NAZARETH, LAND OF ISRAEL

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO WORSHIP  
WITH US WHEN OUR SON, JESUS, WILL BE  
CALLED AS A BAR MITZVAH AT THE TEMPLE  
IN JERUSALEM ON SABBATH MORNING,  
DECEMBER 25, A.D. 13.

A RECEPTION WILL BE HELD  
IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS AT  
DEUTERONOMY'S, 111 TORAH ROAD.

JOSEPH AND MARY

DIRECTIONS: FROM NAZARETH, BY CAMEL: TAKE JAFFE  
ROAD, PAST THE VALLEY OF DEAD RETAILERS. MAKE RIGHT  
AT THE CAVE OF DRY FORESKINS. THEN GO STRAIGHT  
UNTIL YOU GET TO THE PLACE OF LEPERS AND GONIES.  
TURN LEFT, CONTINUE STRAIGHT, TAKE A RIGHT ON TEN  
COMMANDMENTS BOULEVARD. DEUTERONOMY'S IS ON  
THE LEFT-HAND CORNER.

An actual invitation to the bar mitzvah of Jesus Christ.

DEUTERONOMY'S IN THE DESERT

APÉRITIF

MORS D'OEUVRES

BALD LOCUSTS & PEPPER STEAK

GNOSTIC  
FRUIT CUP ENTREMET



CREAM OF GENTILE SOUP,  
KREPLACH

LENTILS POTAGE  
TOSSED FIGS & OLIVES



CHOICE OF:  
HEROD FISH IN SANHEDRIN SAUCE  
BAKED SHROUD OF TURIN

KUGEL CREAMED FIGS



OLIVE OIL STEWED FIGS  
DEMITASSE

The fragment below seems to be part of a longer document which contained a detailed account of the bar mitzvah gifts Jesus received. Scrupulous attention to the money a bar mitzvah brought in was common among Jews of that time.

UNCLE CLEOPAS AND AUNT ROSE.....	2 SHEKELS
NASSI OF BUBKIS.....	2 SHEKELS
COUSIN EZEKIEL BEN FRANKLIN.....	1 SHEKEL
GINGER THE HARLOT.....	3 SHEKELS
AUNT FRIEDA.....	1 SHEKEL
IRA THE MORABITE.....	1/2 SHEKEL
JUDAH THE FIG SQUEEZER.....	2 SHEKELS
FAT COUSIN DAVE.....	1 SHEKEL
UNCLE ROY THE YEMENITE.....	2 SHEKELS

Above is the dinner menu, preserved almost intact, for the bar mitzvah of Jesus. Owing to this find scholars can now definitively date the Jewish practice of eating kugel to before the destruction of the second temple.

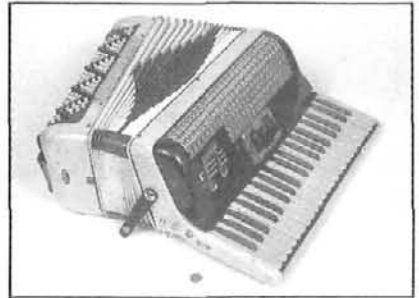




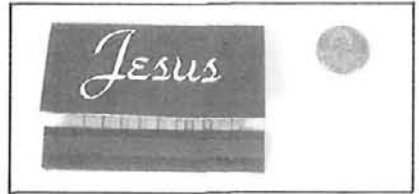
Here and on the following pages is a selection of the recently unearthed photographs of Jesus' bar mitzvah. Left: A controversial photograph of the Virgin Mary. Noting her heavy arms, scholars now estimate her age at Jesus' birth to have been thirty-five—a direct conflict with the Gospels. Below: The Holy Family. Note Jesus' sister, Beryl, and smiling younger brother, James the Just. Later he would be beheaded by the Romans.



## Artifacts Recovered from the Cave



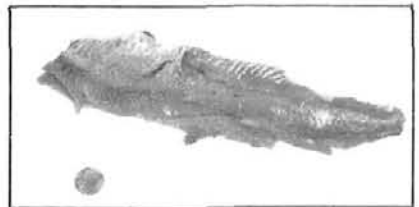
Accordion



Monogrammed matchbook



Savings bond



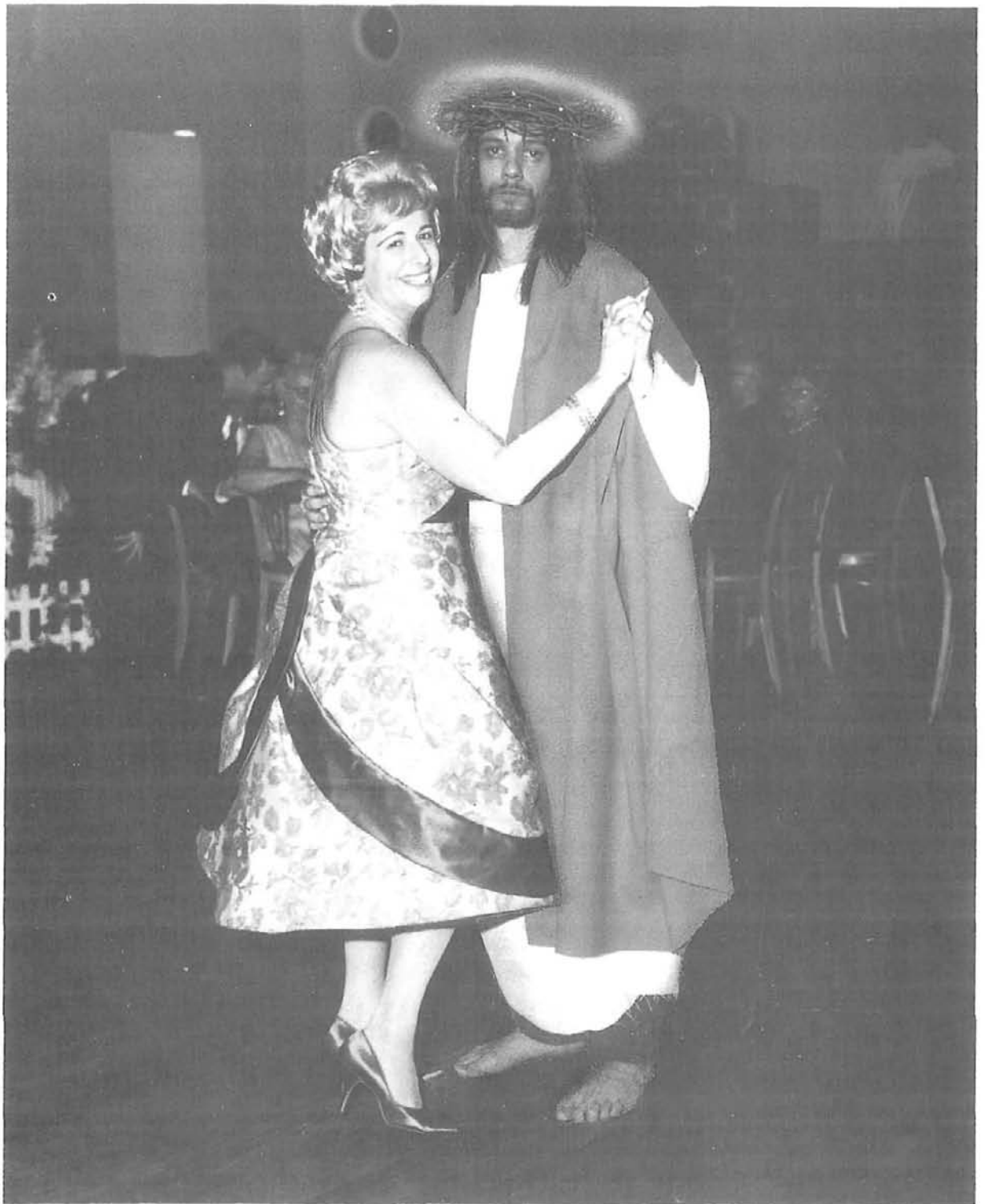
Piece of fish



Fountain pen

Artifacts recovered from the cave outside Nazareth confirm that Jesus' bar mitzvah was a lavish yet traditional affair. From top to bottom: An ancient accordion; a monogrammed book of matches; a fifty-dollar savings bond; a piece of lake sturgeon; a fountain pen.





Above: Jesus dancing with the Virgin Mary—an amazing photograph that contradicts almost everything we are told in the Gospels. Facing page, upper left: Jesus assisting an elderly woman with the cutting of a large cake. Scholars have no way of determining whether this woman is the actual grandmother of Jesus or just a local yenta. Upper right: Jesus being toasted by his father, Joseph, and the Virgin Mary. Note the forced smile on Joseph's face. Archaeologists estimate this affair to have cost the equivalent of \$50,000. Lower left: Jesus posing with his mother's side of the family. Scholars have identified the man at the far left being kissed on the cheeks as the "Perverted Disciple" mentioned in the lost Epistle of Vinnie. Years later it would be his stepson, Judas, who would betray Jesus to the Romans.



A heartrending photograph clearly showing Jesus reclining on a leather couch while being comforted by Mary and Joseph at the conclusion of his bar mitzvah. In twenty years he would be scourged, beaten, and crucified by the Romans. But that night he was just a little boy who'd had a very big day.

News item from *The Writer* magazine:

...No longer in the market for poetry is *The Ohio Motorist* (P.O. Box 6150, Cleveland, OH 44101)....



Ron Barrett

## PIERRE JACKSON CLEANS OUT HIS DESK

I CAME here in 1963, a New Critic, Ph.D.-certified. I was hired to run the limerick contest: "There was a young man in a Buick..." There was a young man. There was a Buick. (My own.) There was a robust poetry—a theory of poetics, really—but not a very complex one.

Of course, I wanted to shake things up. It seemed to me that Buckeye State motorists were sleeping, aesthetically. And I knew what sleeping at the wheel did to people. Eventually we got the hostile response awaiting anyone who wakes those who would rather not be woken.

But in the beginning it all seemed very new and innocent. Even my office had a new-car smell, it seemed. I hounded Allen Owen, an old friend from the English department at Akron, for a piece. I got "Rotation":

Driving into Cuyahoga County, I  
found my tire pressure low, like  
a cloud-darkened sky.

Too true, I thought, deflated:  
Our goods are disrepaired,  
disordered,  
We grow bald, and so too  
the interior life.

The *swish* of tires on the wet road.

The response was memorably agitated, but also liberating. Soon, what we know as "the sixties" followed.

• • •

Speech, *The Ohio Motorist*!  
AAA charity benefit, 1968:

... YOUNG people often ask,  
why do we love the car, any-  
way? Is it not representative of the repres-

sive "establishment" value system that we deplore, man? Is this love not a love at all but a manifestation of the greed and hollow desires foisted upon the masses by the mind-numbing propaganda of capitalism? Is not this "love" of wheels then just another aspect of the middle-class carapace we wish to shed?

To that I say, no, young people. We love the *journey*, the trip. Heavy, indeed. We love the *essence* of the car, the *truth* of the car. I will not deny the status associated with the car, or with certain *types* of car. But at

the same time I say, strip the car of its plush interior, its hood ornaments, its power windows and automatic transmission, remove the mag wheels and air conditioning. Strip the automobile down to a chassis and slant-six engine; is there a more pure and noble symbol of freedom than the Ur-car that remains? There is your revolution! Give the people wheels, not welfare. Salute the car, not the flag. For here is our freedom, our independence. The power to move beyond our immediate world, my friends, *that* is poetry....  
... We ask questions of our

car, don't we?—demands. In "Talkin' Poetry" we make demands of you. As with the automobile, we *intuit* the power of the poem, though we have to roll under it and climb around inside it to understand *how* it works. And still, we all share in the journey.

• • •

MEDIANS OF GRASS  
"Talkin' Poetry" 1963-1983  
Edited by Pierre Jackson  
Poetry Editor of *The Ohio Motorist*

Photographs by Mark Hill

February 13, 1977

October 27, 1976

MacArthur Foundation  
110 South Dearborn Street  
Chicago, Illinois 60603

Pierre Jack  
Poetry Editor  
The Ohio Motorist  
P.O. Box 600  
Cleveland

Dear Mr. Jackson:

I am a great fan of the "Talkin' Poetry" feature of your fine publication. I would be real gratified if you could consider the following poem for publication, as my wife thought that maybe this would be an appropriate submission to the "Talkin' Poetry" feature:

I AM ANGRY

I am angry  
I am an angry motorist  
Anger jars my being like potholes  
Potholes all over our roads.  
What does the legislature think it's  
doing, anyhow?  
Fix our roads.  
And the road crew, you're not  
exempt  
Sipping your coffee, I'm sure,  
warm and dry  
As the snow mounts like my anger:  
Tax dollars at work my foot!  
Plow our roads.  
And bicyclists clutter the streets  
And the damn Arab oil crisis  
And the fifty-five limit  
And where'd all the premium go?  
What the hell is wrong with things  
these days?

Author's note—I don't want to stir things up, but if the mental midgets on the City Council won't listen to you, what's a man to do? My wife says that we ought to all write poems until we see some action.

Sincerely,  
Jim Clymer  
Athens

...

Pierre—

You sure were right! The night students have really responded to the "Talkin' Poetry" excerpts! In fact, one guy—a shop teacher—turned in this one. It's the damndest thing:

ELEGY  
TO MY RAMBLER  
by Kent Pavelka

If idling is the chant of pow'r,  
My Rambler sang her fitness  
proud,  
And though her song was not so  
loud,  
It told the strength within her  
bow'r'd:  
Sweet rapture'd float from under  
hood,  
Each day I gave that queen a spark;  
She sang for me like warbling lark  
Unless the carb by chance I'd flood.  
In toughest cold, heat, snow, and  
gloom,  
She gladly bore me wide and far,  
Good-tempered friend, my  
Rambler car,  
I often asked who's driving whom.  
The last ten years she carried me  
Without complaint, though riding  
low  
With two huge boys and manged  
Fido,  
A wid'ning wife and daughters  
three.

The kids all left, so too  
my mate,  
And even Fido died at last,  
But only when the Rambler  
passed  
Did I shed tears o'er cruel,  
cruel fate.

Best to everyone at TOM.

STAN

P.S. The masque is coming  
along nicely, by the by. I  
put the Lord of Misrule  
in a Pacer and it solved  
all the problems.

...

From the  
*Cincinnati Enquirer*,  
March 5, 1979

QUEEN CITY WELCOMES FIRST  
AAA/PEN JOINT BANQUET: *Stand-  
ing, left to right:* A. Rich, J. Stewart, M.  
Sarton; *seated, left to right:* A. Unser, R.  
Wilbur, P. Jackson, R. P. Warren, A. J.  
Foyt; *kneeling, left to right:* M. Andretti,  
L. Ferlinghetti, R. Petty.

...

From the introduction to  
*Medians of Grass: "Talkin'  
Poetry" 1963-1983*

It is the acceleration of desire and the motors of contemplation that form the twin suspensions of car poetry. That is, the macro pleasures of driving, the micro matters of repair. Consider these two haiku from Winnie O'Meara's "Aspects/Cincinnati to Columbus":

In Cincinnati  
Freeway and joyous release  
A clear passing lane.

Knocking in my Saab  
Sounds like the alternator  
Better get it fixed.

... What is left to say about love, really, even if politicized? Not much. But such is the potential of car poetry, by contrast, that even this volume only scratches the exterior.

...

January 17, 1984

Dear Pierre:

I can't tell you how much in-house enthusiasm *Medians of Grass* is generating; the sales reps swear up and down that they're absolutely flooded with book orders. I just sent out a ton of advance gal-

The Ohio Motorist/AAA  
Charity Benefit  
Columbus Holiday Inn  
June 28, 1968  


leys for quotes and early reviews. Already we've gotten this endorsement, which I think you'll find inspiring:

"All the high-speed drama and down-home truth of a county-fair stock-car race. MEDIANS OF GRASS is fuel-injected, thought-provoking fun. The best poetry I've read all year."

—Del Kirk  
Editor, *Car and Rhyme*

And that's just the beginning!

Best,  
Jean Sweeney

• • •

July 10, 1984

Dear Mr. Jackson,  
The MacArthur Foundation thanks you for your interest in our grant program. Unfortunately, no, we do not have any "brochures or other literature" for prospective grantees.

Sincerely,  
Anne Kramer  
Assistant to the Director

• • •

### From *The Gilded Lily Quarterly*, Fall 1984

LAST among the genremaniacs let us note car poetry, which, to this reviewer, is like horse poetry only more prevalent and less graceful. Its impresario is Pierre Jackson, an unreconstructed populist and poetry editor (!) of *The Ohio Motorist*, whom this reviewer once had the experience of meeting. Mr. Jackson was wearing a brown suit and maroon velour bow tie. His taste in poetry, I think, is worse.

• • •

### From *Ohio Media Newsletter*, November 1987

"I think the magazine has become a little word-heavy," new publisher Sant'angelo states. "Graphics are where the communications industry as a whole is going. That's especially appealing to our readership—I mean, just look at a dashboard!"

Sant'angelo won't act in haste, however. "It's a very popular publication. Obviously we want to preserve that, but in an innovative context."

• • •

To: Pierre Jackson  
From: Steve Butterman  
Date: 10/23/88  
Re: "Talkin' Poetry"

Pierre, now that we've both had a chance to cool off a bit, I just want to repeat some of the things that might have been lost in the heat of the moment yesterday. Tops on the list is that we're as sorry about the whole thing as you are. The ninth floor has always been big on "Talkin' Poetry." That's why this whole deal is so tough.

Also, you know that the decision to cut back came from upstairs and that it has nothing to do with you, but with the new format. That's the word from upstairs and, frankly, I believe it this time.

Again, my offer still stands: we have a place for you *and* Patty in Features and we'd love you both to stay. But if you're really serious about going, I respect your decision. I just want you to consider becoming a contributing editor and the possibility of an annual Christmas poetry insert. We all think it's a *neat* concept, and the word on nine is that the idea came straight from the Big Wheel himself. And don't worry about Patty—if she wants to stay, she's welcome. Now that Fernald is leaving next month, Doug's going to need an extra pair of hands for "Ask Jake."

Pierre, believe me when I say that the twenty-six years of "Talkin' Poetry" have been a major tribute to you and a major asset to the publication. Let's sit down and discuss how we can best honor that achievement.

SB/tc

• • •

October 23, 1988

Dear Mr. Jackson

i wish u could have seen the look on my auto/erotic dad's face when he found my poem in his favorite "magazine," THE OHIO MOTORIST!!! well here's another chance for him to take his problems out on the messenger (me); enclosed is part ii of "Dad Cycle"

thank u also for ur help with my work would u like to come read ur poetry at my band's (the mechanix) next concert?

sincerely,  
thomas gene dalkovich  
(eliot thomas dylan x)

Saab Turbo Charger  
dad's toy status corporate image  
Blood money purchase  
Black Saab Death

Screaming into Cardinal Ed Clark  
High School parking lot  
Kids applaud: hands, eyes numb  
Maybe kill dad after school, after  
drain pool

Later  
Drain life  
Later

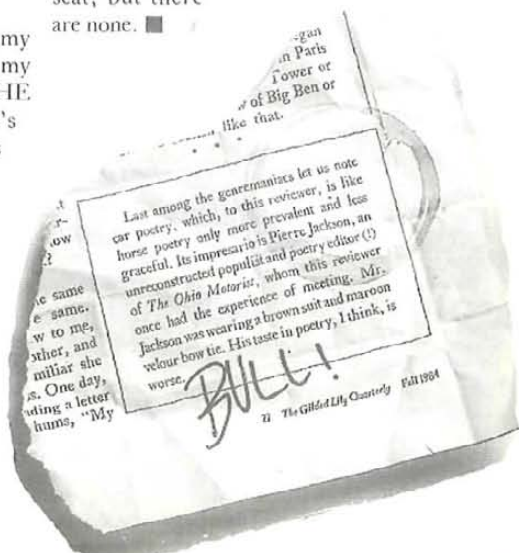
Harv Burke pops in ancient Stones  
tape while cruise downtown  
in Black Death chick scope  
machine owned by oppressive  
father figure of psycho-machine-  
gun  
hair-trigger teen who could  
explode in total suburban MALL  
MALL MALL

DEATH SPREE  
at most peaceful animated  
figurine Santa workshop display  
unless placated by Wendy's  
triple and frostee and promise of  
complete  
control divestment from volatile  
teen's life.

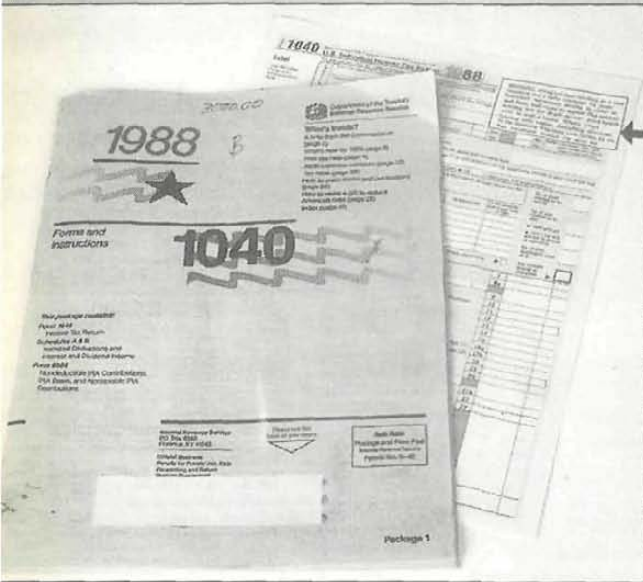
Saab Turbo sleeps in  
garage hour after curfew  
last chance to shape up or  
ship out mister extra chores and  
no drive especially no change  
stations  
on blood money car  
Maybe kill dad  
tomorrow

• • •

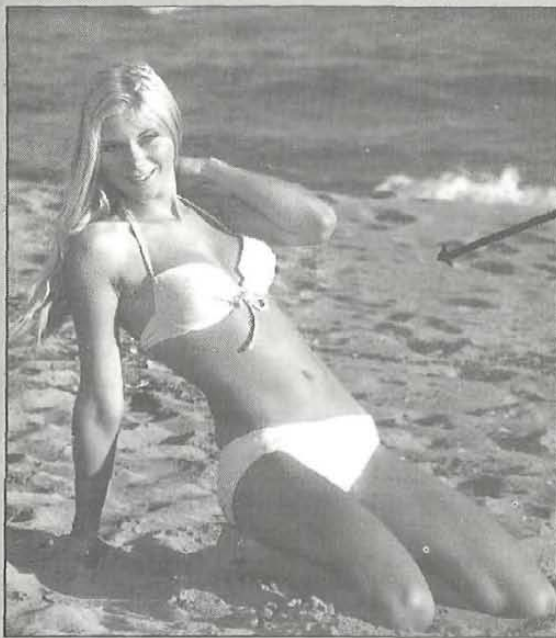
These days I drive a Honda Accord. I suppose some might imagine fast-food wrappers in the empty back-seat, but there are none. ■



# THE NEW SURGEON GEN



**WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT WRITING ON THIS PAGE COULD LEAD TO RESPIRATORY IMPAIRMENT, PLASMATIC INFECTIONS, AND NUMEROUS PHYSIOLOGICAL HEALTH HAZARDS.** If extreme care is not exercised in the wielding of pencil or pen on this piece of paper, a severe puncture could result, causing the onset of an episode of hemophilia or uncontrolled bleeding and resulting in the kind of tragic blood transfusion that Mrs. Starsky had, or maybe one of hundreds of other agonizing blood-contagious diseases you could contract. Further trauma and lifelong psychological scars could result from your time in the emergency room, during which you could watch an epileptic be simultaneously drowned in and strangled by his own drool. You will live forever with the knowledge that you raced past his twitching body and its maelstrom of wriggling limbs to get on line ahead of him. Also, graphite dust, if breathed constantly and consistently, could suffocate you by caking your nostrils shut with carbon as well as result in grim respiratory ailments similar to but potentially more painful than black lung.



**WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT ENGAGING IN ACTS OF ONANISM WHILE LOOKING AT THIS PICTURE COULD RESULT IN BLINDNESS, HAIRY PALMS, AND STERILITY.** However, laboratory-atmosphere tests with similar subjects have determined that performance of such acts while employing photocopies of this picture did not yield damaging consequences.

**WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT PHOTOCOPIING THIS PAGE COULD RESULT IN IRREPARABLE DAMAGE TO YOUR EYES, YOUR REPRODUCTIVE, NERVOUS, CIRCULATORY, AND DIGESTIVE SYSTEMS, AND PREMATURE DEATH.** The blinding flashes of light that issue from the copy machine can cause psychiatric damage along with retinal trauma, which can result in disfiguring eye scarring; not only are these flashes of light believed to be glaringly toxic, there is reason to believe that they cause profound chromosome alteration. Premature death could result if chromosome damage occurs and your child is born with a skull that fits too snugly on his brain and he is grossly schizophrenic and chains you to a boiler and gives you lye enemas until a hole is burned through the front of your abdomen and you die.

**\*WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT READING THIS ARTICLE COULD RESULT IN DEATH, DISFIGUREMENT, AND PERMANENT DEBILITATION OF CENTRAL PHYSIOLOGICAL SYSTEMS; ADDITIONALLY, IMPRUDENT DISPOSAL OF THIS SAME PIECE OF PAPER COULD RESULT IN SERIOUS INJURY OR DEATH.** By dint of one reference or another, reading this article could trigger a subconscious cascade of anxiety

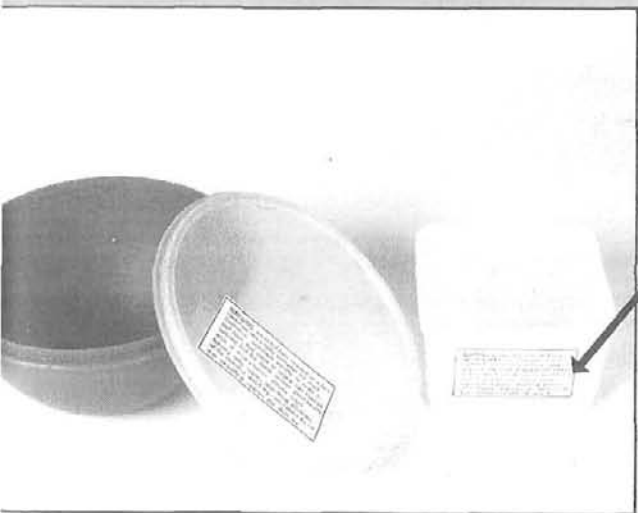
that could launch a spastic colon episode of such urgency and severity that you could slip and break your back or skull in your hurry to reach the commode; additionally, the magnitude of mess produced by your evacuating colon could clog the toilet and result in a flood that erodes your downstairs neighbor's chandelier wires so that the chandelier falls and causes a live-alarm fire in which you are charred like a Cajun redfish. Or your



# REAL'S WARNING LABELS\*



**WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT USE OF THESE COTTON BALLS COULD RESULT IN CANCEROUS INTESTINAL TUMORS AS WELL AS A PANOPLY OF NON-DIAGNOSABLE AILMENTS.** Very conceivably, when you exhaust this bag of cotton balls you will return to the store to buy more; during the trip, however, you could succumb to the temptation of the Howard Johnson's \$5.99 All-You-Can-Eat Clam Fry, which is so delicious and such a bargain that you proceed to make it a habit you thereafter indulge every Wednesday; the extent of grease and indigestible fat you accumulate in your large intestine launches a battle-fleet cluster of rectal polyps that blossoms into a tumor, which, even if it is operable, will saddle you with a colostomy bag that attaches to your leg hair by Velcro and leaves you a shadow of the person you once were. Further, the surgeon could botch the operation, accidentally slicing into your prostate so that its viscous and fragile contents seep into your bloodstream and you become sterile and insane, but unable to get any legal satisfaction because the doctor is a cocaine addict and has no malpractice insurance or money.



**WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT UNLESS YOU THOROUGHLY SCRUB THIS PLASTIC STORAGE CONTAINER WITH HOT SOAPY WATER IMMEDIATELY AFTER ITS PURCHASE, USING IT FOR COOKING OR STORAGE COULD RESULT IN ILLNESS OR SEVERE DEPRESSION.** Scientific surveys have shown that until it is chemically altered by a thorough washing, the plastic used in the manufacture of plastic storage containers can harbor bacteria similar to salmonella bacteria. Additionally, the air supplies in the warehouses in which these containers are stored before use contain traces of the same atmospheric elements as the silos of Chernobyl. While bacterial infections harbored within these plastics are not necessarily fatal, the excruciating abdominal pains that mark their onslaught could one day blind you to the fact that you are in the throes of a massive appendicitis attack, so that when you finally realize what's wrong and rush to the hospital, you are arrested doing ninety-three in a thirty-five zone. In the holding cell, your appendix bursts; emergency surgery saves your life but recuperation takes six weeks, inspiring your boss to fire you; because of your subsequent destitution, your wife abandons you and the bank forecloses on your house. You sink into a morass of deathly depression.

enraged neighbor, his dinner party ruined by your doody seeping through his ceiling, could come upstairs to your apartment and give you a face full of lead, or, in a mind-set as psychotic as Daniel Rakowitz's, use a giant knife to whittle the meat off you and use you as osso buco, emptying your bone marrow onto his lightly buttered bread. Or reading this article could be so tedious that by this time you've dropped off into a snooze

and so you are unaware of a 7.4 earthquake, or a huge fire, or a wife with new lingerie beckoning you to bed—disregard of any of which could have fatal consequences. Also, because of the reduced type size of this text, it is possible that, as you endeavor to read the print, you will move the correct distance from the page so that the sun or light source could cause a Mrs. Leary's cow-quality fire, leaving your city in ashes.

# MOLSON CELEBRATES



## Spring Break Vacation!

© Martlet Importing Company Inc. 1990

# The Official Daytona Chamber of Commerce Guide to **SPRING BREAK '90**



Ira Cohen

Joe Peoples

**Greetings to our new visitors from  
Bob "Robert" Johnson,  
President of Daytona Chamber of Commerce.**

Dear College Students of America:

A very warm, and I do mean warm, welcome to sunny Florida! For the next six weeks, Daytona, the "Rathskeller by the Sea," is proud to host America's Spring Break festivities. We will do everything in our power to make your stay with us a happy and a pleasurable one. I hope this guide, which we have worked hard to prepare, will help you to "make the grade" with us and get an A+ in surfing, sunning, swimming, snorkeling, and getting to know members of the opposite sex! On behalf of myself and the entire Daytona Beach Chamber of Commerce, I want to tell you that our offices are always open to any of our visitors from the North. If you have any problem, no matter how small, whether it be a lost earring, runs in your panty hose, a torn bikini bottom, or if you just need a sympathetic ear or an aspirin after one of our city's many "Ladies' Nights," please don't hesitate to stop by and personally see me. I'll see to it that you go back home with some fond memories of Spring Break 1990!

Let the fun begin!

*Bob Robert Johnson*

# GUIDE TO LODGING

Everywhere in Daytona, you'll be welcomed by the proprietors of a wide variety of inns, hotels, hostels, motels, bungalows, and "outdoor bedding parlors" that will make your stay here an unforgettable one. All of the hotels below have been personally inspected and approved by members of the Daytona Chamber of Commerce during previous Spring Breaks.

The following lodging facilities offer all or some of the amenities listed below.

-  *Beer-vending machines in every room*
-  *Condom dispensers every 10 feet or less*
-  *Hourly rates available*
-  *Indoor beach on premises*
-  *Drug dealer on 24-hour call*
-  *Official alligator first-aid station*
-  *Rooms equipped with sun lamps, sun beds, sun ceilings, sun chairs, sun sinks*
-  **ALADDIN'S MAGIC CARPET HOTEL, MOTEL, CINEMA, AND MINIATURE-GOLF EMPORIUM.** 221 South Main Street through 467 North Main Street. 555-1616. Moderate. Every room is a different miniature-golf-course hole. Spring-loaded cafeteria tray stacks. Elderly philosophical owner. Pipe smoking encouraged.
-  **FREEWAY HOLIDAY INN.** Between Exits 7 and 8, Daytona Freeway. 555-9763. Inexpensive. Built on Freeway island for easy access both directions. Topless check-in. X-rated leather-oriented videos available. Free gas. Heat and electricity included.
-  **MARRIOTT BEL-AIRE CAPRI MOTOR INN.** 31 Ridgewood Avenue. 555-1111. Cash only. Vertical trailer park. Elevators accommodate recreational vehicles up to 60 feet. Diesel-fuel faucets. Deer hunting in lobby. Ultrasonic alligator repulsers.
-  **SEAGULL HILTON.** 107 West Atlantic Avenue. 555-6782. Expensive. Built in the ocean. Fresh-fish breakfast buffet. 24-hour saxophone player in lobby. Complimentary bait. 20-foot mechanical seagull in lobby.
-  **SHERATON HILTON VIEW.** 107A West Atlantic Avenue. 555-6783. Moderately expensive. Directly adjacent and behind Hilton. Gorgeous view of 20-foot mechanical seagull. Windowed rooms available. Topless room service and concierge. Mirrored floors.



Joe Peoples

Miss Daytona Beach kicks off the official season by taking "the first brew of the Break" as Chamber of Commerce president Bob "Robert" Johnson shares the happy moment.

# GUIDE TO DINING

**BEER 'N' BURGER.** 171 Palm Drive. 555-9643. Inexpensive. Conveniently located in the middle of Palmetta Brewery. Burger dishes require 24-hour notice. Wet salad bar. Free salted-peanut buffet.

**CAPTAIN AHAB'S LOBSTER DINGHY.** 3002 San Salvador Street. 555-9748. Expensive when open. Continuous round-the-clock reading of *Moby Dick* by busboys. Boil-your-own lobster specials. Kosher crab available.

**LITTLE ITALY BY THE BAY.** 675 Algonquin Avenue. 555-DAGO. Expensive. 247 different pasta dishes. Two sauces. Waitresses dress up as squid. Friday-night reenactments of famous Mafia hits. Pictures of dishes on menus.

**LUNGER'S CLAM HOUSE.** 124 South Sixth Street. 555-4432. Cheap. Sawdust landscaping. Edible menus. Flypaper available on request. Food stamps accepted.

**WAKAHAKAHANAWANATIKI INN.** 463 Alligator Tooth Drive. 555-9852. Extremely expensive. Pineapple buffet. Don Ho jukebox. Ukelele-shaped toilet paper in both men's and ladies' rooms. Scented menus. Candles every other table.

# TRANSPORTATION

**AAAAAAAABE'S TAXI SERVICE.** 555-5555. "First in the Yellow Pages, first to your destination." Meters turned off on request.

**DAYTONA RAPID UNDERGROUND BUS SYSTEM.** Located in the abandoned Daytona subway system. Buses run hourly 6:30 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. Armed alligator guards on every vehicle. Free transfers to Moe's Mo-Chairs available.

**MOE'S MO-CHAIRS.** 555-4274. Free, but tipping encouraged. Senior citizens confined to wheelchairs rent out their laps. Stops at every other corner.

**HARRY'S HANG GLIDERS.** 555-1767. The scenic way to tour downtown Daytona. Charge by the pound. Prevailing winds may alter schedule and destination.

**STINGY CAR RENTAL, INC.** 555-8654. Daily and weekly rates on Corvairs, Pintos, and late-model Audis. Insurance not available.

## NIGHTLIFE

**ANDY'S DANCE MALL.** 457 Beachback Drive. 8 levels. 123 DJs. 64 continuous wet T-shirt contests. Petting zoo. Artificial moonlight. Muzak escalators. Indoor drag racing. On-premises 24-hour traffic court.

**MISTER J'S.** 7657 Vernon Road. 555-9876. Underwater dance floor. Blind DJs. Clam juice margaritas. Massage parlor on premises.

**THE TOILET.** Starts at 52 Island Boulevard. Portable club on wheels. Wet heave contest every twenty minutes. Leather napkins. Free jellyfish buffet. Golden showers.

**TROPICADERO.** 116 Astor Boulevard. 555-1919. Vinnie Cassara, Frank Sinatra's second cousin, sings on alternate Thursdays. Cigarette machine in lobby. Nightly senior citizens' wet T-shirt contest.

**WAKAHAKAHANAWANATIKI INN.** 463 Alligator Tooth Drive. 555-9852. Polynesian disco inferno. Bamboo video-game room. Don Ho look-alike contest. Wet lava T-shirt contest nightly.

## JAIL ACCOMMODATIONS

During your stay with us, you will most likely find yourself in one of our Daytona jails, perhaps even on several occasions. Rest assured that this is a perfectly normal part of your Spring Break, and that we will do everything we can to make your stay a pleasant one. Whether you spend your time in one of our convenient jailmobiles or join a healthy, suntanned work gang, you'll look back on your prison experience as an exciting and unusual part of your stay.

A few suggestions: to assure yourself the jail facilities of your choice, reserve early. Troopers will try to accommodate all requests such as kosher food and opposite-sex cellmates, but we cannot make any guarantees.

**DAYTONA CITY JAIL.** 400 South Courthouse Square. Expensive. Casual dress permitted. Some suites available. HBO and Showtime. Experienced guards.

**DAYTONA COUNTY JAIL.** 682 Edgar Street. Expensive. Art deco cells. Two baseball diamonds, weight room, stair-climbing machines. Cafeteria-style meals included. Room service on request.

**SOUTH FLORIDA FEDERAL PENITENTIARY.** Buena Vista Island. Moderately expensive. Ocean view from every room. Towel service. Armed guards. Friendly chaplain. Executions every week-end night.



AP / Wide World

## ALLIGATOR SAFETY TIPS

Alligators are a fact of life in southern Florida. However, with just a little care, this need not "take a bite out of" your Spring Break! In fact, statistics recently released by the Daytona Chamber of Commerce show that many of our visitors spend their entire vacations here with only three or four short emergency-room visits. Just try to remember to follow these simple tips officially recommended by the Amputee Association of Southern Florida.

- Try to spend as much of your time as possible underneath coconut trees. The falling coconuts frequently hit pursuing alligators on the head, killing them immediately.
- Don't wear Lacoste shirts.
- Carry sacks of raw meat wherever you go.
- Always look both ways before crossing the street.
- Carefully examine the bowl before utilizing public or private rest-room facilities.
- Check your rear- and side-view mirrors periodically while driving.
- Avoid downtown "alligator ghettos."
- Don't hitchhike after dark.
- When attacked, DON'T PANIC! Remember, the alligator can bite only one limb at a time. You still have your remaining limbs to fight with.

**75¢ OFF**  
WITH THIS COUPON

When in Florida, don't miss...

## MADAME TOUSSAIND'S WAX ALLIGATOR MUSEUM AND HATCHERY

**75¢ OFF**  
WITH THIS COUPON

- Lifelike reenactments of famous southern Florida alligator-bite incidents. So real you'd swear the alligators are coming after you!
- Alligator aqua show on the hour. See a man-eating beast count to ten with its tail!
- All-alligator meat and by-products cafeteria.
- Complete alligator gift and prosthetics shop.

406 Amberville Lane. Open 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.  
Admission: Adults, \$6.50. Children, \$3.00. Amputees half price.

## HOSPITALS AND EMERGENCY ROOMS

**BETH SHALOM BEN MOSES ORTHODOX JEWISH MEDICAL CENTER.** 422 Maimonides Drive. 911. Shellfish and alligator bites, trichinosis clinic, cosmetic surgery, limb reupholstering. Fees negotiable.

**DR. DAN'S BEACHCOMBER HOSPITAL.** 902 West Parlance Avenue. 911. Most types of alligator bites. Singing anesthesiologists. Mexican painkillers. Pre-tattooed artificial limbs.

**OUR LADY OF THE ALLIGATOR.** 675 Rondera Way. 911. All-species alligator-bite care. "Plain English" amputation-approval forms. On-site rabies testing. Computerized triage. Fully limbed nurses. Emergency-room while-u-wait wet T-shirt contest.

**QUIKCURE DRIVE-IN MEDICAL CENTER.** 421 Bensor Boulevard. 911. "If it's still dangling, we'll fix it!" Out in ten minutes or you don't pay. Free car wash included on weekends.

**GET OUT OF  
JAIL  
FREE**

Present this coupon to any official southern Florida judge and your fine will be expunged. This offer limited to misdemeanors only. Only one crime per coupon, please. Note that, when fine is expunged via this coupon, jail stay may be mandated in its place.

COUPON COURTESY OF DAYTONA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN CONJUNCTION WITH DAYTONA AUXILIARY POLICE AND ALLIGATOR SQUAD.

**"The first one's always free at Spring Break!"**

### BEACH SAVINGS CERTIFICATE

This coupon worth \$15.00 off your admission to any Daytona Beach beach.

(Discount for beach admission only. Cannot be applied to blanket rental, mandatory sunscreen purchase as required by law, umbrella-assistance charges, rest-room charges, drinking-fountain tax, per-wave surf charge, or any other charge. This coupon is nontransferable and void if torn, cut, mutilated, smeared, or vomited on. Redemptor must be over 18 years of age and possess major credit card. Relatives of any South Florida County officials or residents are ineligible for this discount. This coupon is for one-time use only, and any unauthorized usage is prohibited by law and punishable by revocation of Northern Visitor's Permit.)

## DAYTONA SPRING BREAK OFFICIAL SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

### Saturday March 3

9:00 A.M. TO MIDNIGHT: Welcome Ceremonies, Doctor Dan's Beachcomber Hospital

- ID cards issued (over 12, please)
- Free venereal-disease screening
- Complimentary pre-moistened T-shirt
- Routine pre-arrest fingerprinting
- Free alligator first-aid kit

### Sunday March 4

*No events scheduled*

### Monday March 5

*No events scheduled*

### Tuesday March 6

*No events scheduled*

### Wednesday March 7

*No events scheduled*

### Thursday March 8

*No events scheduled*

### Friday March 9

*No events scheduled*

### Saturday March 10

*No events scheduled*

### Sunday March 11

*No events scheduled*

### Monday March 12

*No events scheduled*

### Tuesday March 13

*No events scheduled*

### Wednesday March 14

*No events scheduled*

### Thursday March 15

*No events scheduled*

### Friday March 16

*No events scheduled*

### Saturday March 17

*No events scheduled*

### Sunday March 18

NOON TO MIDNIGHT: Closing Ceremonies, Daytona County Jail

- Fines collected
- Paroles granted (usually)
- Complimentary detoxification
- Free venereal-disease treatment
- Gift "six-pack for the road" issued

# A Pictorial Album of Past Spring Breaks



AP/Wide World

LifePhoto/Robert W. Kelley

**1985.** Pope John Paul II, in a particularly frolicsome moment, helps prepare a "hole-y" place in the sand for some lucky students.



**1959.** Another Daytona Beach health-care first: outdoor venereal-disease clinic provides a setting where "you can have your sunshine and your penicillin, too."



AP/Wide World

**1989.** The end of another Spring Break leaves Daytona Beach a happy but tired resort as revelers head back once again to the icy discipline of campus life. Damage, estimated at \$1.3 billion, was slightly more than last year, but was easily outweighed by restaurant, pay-toilet, beer-sale, and umbrella-rental revenues.



Movie Star News

**1962.** Then-president John F. Kennedy takes a well-deserved break from the rigors of the Oval Office to enjoy some sand 'n' sea frolicking with movie star Annette Funicello.



**1977.** To welcome Spring Breakers from across the nation, Daytona proudly hosted a five-mile-wide outdoor seafood buffet.

**1954.** Daytona pioneered today's open-minded approach to the issue of sexual preference when it set aside a "for lesbians only" Spring Break area consisting of a twelve-foot-square section of prime beachfront.



Time Inc. Picture Collection



# GRANDMOTHERS of Paradise

## ESCORT SERVICE

OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW  
ALL THE TRICKS



ALWAYS NEW LADIES

Sometimes when you're away from home, all that's missing is a little warm grandmothering. Southern Florida's most sensual well-maintained sexually active female senior citizens are waiting to pamper you, please you, and spoil you rotten just like your own family does. Our attractive gray-haired tigresses will submit to your every desire and please you in ways they never pleased their late wealthy husbands. This is a great opportunity for you to earn extra money at night while you play all day. Who knows, your name might even surface when these luscious babes' wills are finally probated.



INCALLS/OUTCALLS  
6 DAYS 24 HOURS  
CLOSED SHABBAS



AP / Wide World

### Pocket Guide to Sexually Transmitted Diseases of the Southern Florida Region

We want your visit to Daytona to be a healthy as well as a happy one. Clip this handy guide and keep it on your person at all times during your stay during Spring Break '90.

DISEASE	PRIMARY SYMPTOMS	TREATMENT
Gonorrhea	Burning upon urination Cloudy vaginal discharge	Visit to the Quikcure Drive-In Medical Center
Syphilis	Red protruding sore or ulcer	Visit to the Quikcure Drive-In Medical Center
Genital Herpes	Skin blisters on genitalia	Visit to the Quikcure Drive-In Medical Center
Crocodilia Inflammifis	Large raised greenish scales in groin area	Visit to the Quikcure Drive-In Medical Center
Allacocca Venerae (or Grandmothers of Paradise Disease)	Incontinence Prolonged constipation Non-specific kvetching	Visit to the Quikcure Drive-In Medical Center

THIS PUBLIC SERVICE GUIDE COMPLIMENTS OF QUIKCURE DRIVE-IN MEDICAL CENTER - 421 BENSOR BOULEVARD - TELEPHONE 911  
WE FEATURE A COMPLETE ARRAY OF NURSE AND FETISH FANTASIES  
ON-PREMISES DOMINATRIX - PENICILLIN ENEMAS - LEATHER BED SHEETS - COME SEE OUR WORLD-FAMOUS DUNGEON EMERGENCY ROOM - AE, MC, VISA, DINERS CLUB, MOBIL CARDS ACCEPTED

### BENNY'S PUMPETERIA

We feature twelve outdoor self-service or full-service stomach pumps.

Drive-in or walk-up.

We carry a full line of OTC antacids, laxatives, and emetics.

Free beer mugs with every third visit.

Credit cards only after 11:00 P.M.

**"We'll do your barfing for you."**

Serving Spring Breakers Since 1952



B. K. Taylor

### DIAL-A-CONDOM 1-800-555-BAGS

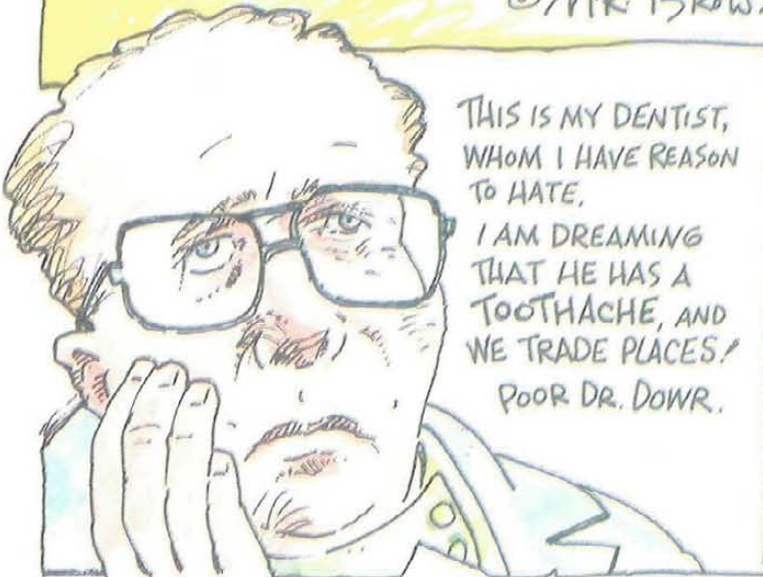
**"WE'LL COME WAY BEFORE YOU DO!"**

Our moped messengers are on call twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week to speed you your protection within minutes. In fact, if they fail to deliver the goods within fifteen minutes, you'll enjoy a free Domino's Pizza (large) on us. We feature a full variety of nationally advertised brands as well as specialty items for the most discerning lovers. Our messengers are also trained to fit diaphragms and IUDs on the spot. Insta-Vasectomy® service also available.



# REVENGE AND FORGIVENESS (A DENTAL FANTASY)


© MK BROWL



THIS IS MY DENTIST,  
WHOM I HAVE REASON  
TO HATE.  
I AM DREAMING  
THAT HE HAS A  
TOOTHACHE, AND  
WE TRADE PLACES!  
POOR DR. DOWR.



DR. DOWR HAS BEEN WAITING IN MY  
OFFICE FOR EIGHTY MINUTES AND  
TWO DAYS. I HOPE HE IS COMFORTABLE.



FINALLY, INGA, MY  
ASSISTANT, SHOWS  
HIM IN.



INGA'S HAD A HARD NIGHT. SHE STARTS  
TALKING ABOUT FAMOUS PEOPLE'S TEETH,  
THEN PASSES OUT.



I IGNORE THIS AND GET TO THE ROOT OF THE  
PROBLEM WITH A DREMEL #4 BURL SCRAPER.

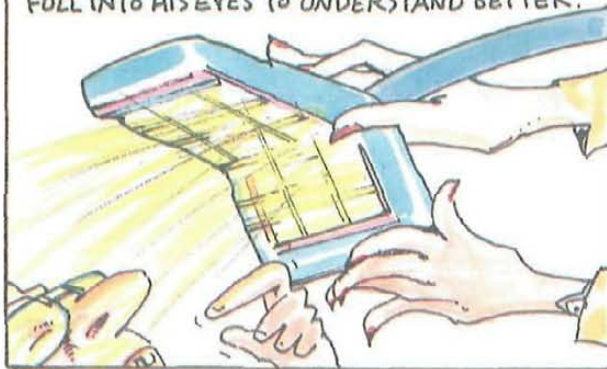
THAT DOESN'T WORK, SO I TURN TO CORRUGATED FLOSS, WHICH, IF I PUT SOME WEIGHT AGAINST IT, CAN WIDEN THE SPACES BETWEEN THE TEETH IN NO TIME. THEN I CAN SEE WHAT I'M DOING! I SHOULD GET GLASSES.

DR. DOWL SAYS, OW!



WHAT IS IT?  
I ASK IMPATIENTLY  
(I'M A BUSY  
DENTIST)

DR. DOWL IS MUMBLING AND POINTING TO HIS MOUTH OR SOMETHING. I SHINE THE LIGHT FULL INTO HIS EYES TO UNDERSTAND BETTER.



OH! ARE YOUR GUMS SENSITIVE?  
I STUFF HIS CHEEKS WITH COTTON.

HOO HAW,  
HE SAYS,  
WHATEVER  
THAT MEANS.



TOO HOT?  
THE LIGHT IS  
TOO HOT?  
I GET IT.

I SPRAY COOL WATER ON HIS FACE AND, BECAUSE I'M WORKING WITHOUT AN ASSISTANT TODAY, I MUST DO THE VACUUMING MYSELF - WHAT A DRAG.

I DRAG HIS TONGUE OUT WITH THE VACUUM.

IS THAT BETTER?



NOW INGA IS WAKING UP.  
SHE'S SENDING OUT  
FOR PIZZA.  
WHAT A GAL -  
I LOVE  
PIZZA!

I START LAUGHING LIKE A MANIAC. I STAND ON THE LEVER AND TILT DR. DOWNER UPSIDE DOWN SO HE IS HANGING FROM HIS BIB. THEN I GIVE HIM

THE BAD NEWS:

**YOU NEED ORAL SURGERY!**  
(I AM ALSO AN ORAL SURGEON)

**AND, IF I DON'T OPERATE TODAY IN THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES, YOU COULD LOSE YOUR**

**OK!**  
SAYS DR. DOWNER,  
**I GIVE UP.**  
What do you want?

WHAT I WANT IS FOR DR. DOWNER TO STAND IN THE CORNER, FOR AS LONG AS IT TAKES, AND APOLOGIZE.

All right, he says,  
I'm a rotten dentist.  
I still charge a lot,  
but I'm a rotten  
dentist.

**GO ON, I SUGGEST, REVVING UP THE PLAQUE DESTROYER, TELL ABOUT HOW, WHEN YOU'RE CLEANING TEETH, YOU SOMETIMES PULL THEM OUT. TELL ABOUT THAT.**

Hey,  
I never mean  
to pull out  
any teeth,  
it's just that,  
sometimes,

We all have  
bad days,  
you know.

**AND,**

...and,  
the point is,  
I promise  
to try harder  
to be a good  
dentist.  
I promise  
to put  
these  
mistakes  
behind me  
and,  
um,

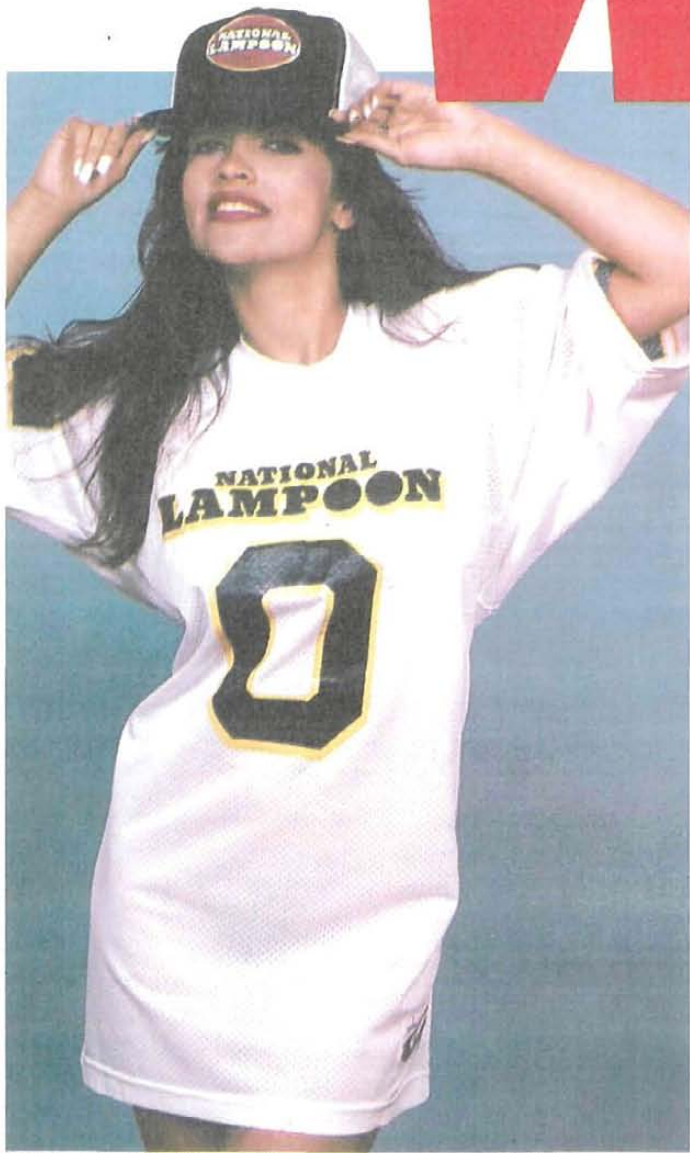
**Sorry, Dr. Downer,**

**NOT GOOD ENOUGH**

**I SEND HIM INTO DENTAL HELL**

**AND I FORGIVE HIM.**

# WEAR



TS 1050—Authentic Football Jersey. 100 percent nylon-mesh authentic football jersey. White. \$28.95

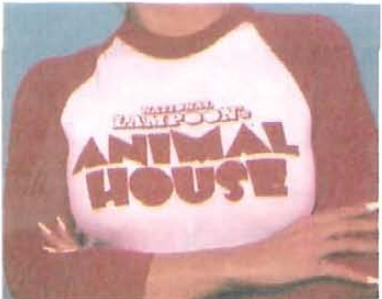
Take a look at these shirts. Most of the models don't even have



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



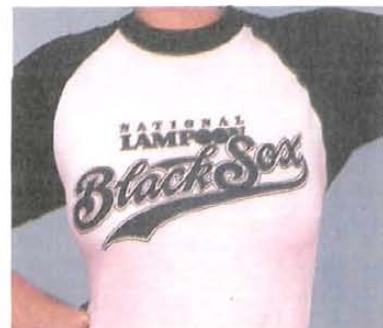
TS 1036—National Lampoon Football Jersey. With the famed V neck covered by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95



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)



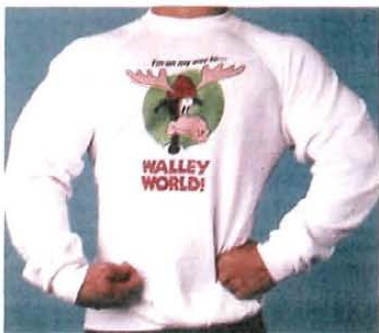
TS 1027—National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey. The kind the 1919 Chicago White Sox wore after they threw the Series. \$8.00

# 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



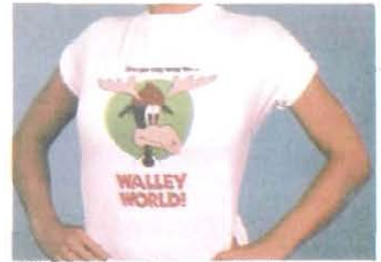
TS 1039—"Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Sweatshirt. 100 percent cotton. \$12.95



TS 1059 — 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*
- (D) A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slow dressing at the local supermarket — *Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter*



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



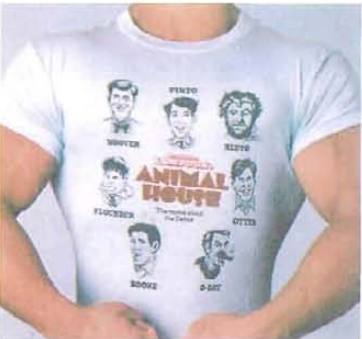
TS 1057 — Oversize Heavyweight T-shirt. Politenessman, in one of his most famous adventures. 100 percent cotton, \$10.95



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. 490**  
 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__	TS1046 \$13.95	__S__ __M__ __L__ __XL
TS1027 \$8.00	__S__ __M__ __L__	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__	TS1050 \$28.95	__S__ __M__ __L__ __XL
TS1030 \$33.95	__S__ __M__ __L__	TS1052 \$10.95	__S__ __M__ __L__
TS1031 \$7.95	__S__ __M__ __L__ __XL	TS1053 \$11.95	__S__ __M__ __L__
TS1032 \$7.95		TS1057 \$11.95	__S__ __M__ __L__ __XL
TS1034 \$13.95	__S__ __M__ __L__ __XL	TS1058 \$6.95	__S__ __M__ __L__
	COLOR _____	TS1059 \$7.95	__S__ __M__ __L__ __XL
TS1035 \$14.95	__S__ __M__ __L__	TS1060 \$14.95	__S__ __M__ __L__
	COLOR _____		COLOR _____
TS1036 \$13.95	__S__ __M__ __L__	TS1061 \$7.95	__S__ __M__ __L__ __XL
TS1038 \$20.95	__S__ __M__ __L__	TS1063 \$20.95	__S__ __M__ __L__
	COLOR _____		COLOR _____
TS1039 \$12.95	__S__ __M__ __L__ __XL	TS1064 \$22.95	__S__ __M__ __L__ __XL
TS1041 \$6.95	__S__ __M__ __L__	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 490  
 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_  
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 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.

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Bot Noda

## TV'S RELUCTANT NICE GUY PAT SAJAK'S Dark Secret

BY NICK BAKAY

Quickly, let's play word association. What comes to mind when I say Pat Sajak? Wholesome?... Warm?... Well-mannered?... Nonthreatening?... Low sperm count?... Go ahead and say it: the man is a tad square.

If this sounds like a transcript culled from your subconscious musings, then you, along with millions of Americans, have been taken in by one of the most effective cover-ups in the history of network television. The time has come to let you in on a secret:

Pat Sajak is the darkest, most controversial comic talent of his generation!

Trapped, trussed, and tamed by a complex personal-services contract that indentured the star of *Wheel of Fortune* to tripe-coated mogul Merv Griffin, later sold like a white slave to CBS for *The*

*Pat Sajak Show*. Sajak has never been allowed to show his true gift: dark, biting satire that walks the razor's edge of acceptability!

In an exclusive interview with *TV GUIDE*, Pat Sajak blows the lid off his struggle with the corporate powers that would have our darkest genius stay "safe and spin the wheel."

**I**t is a sunny Southern California afternoon as I am greeted by Sajak's houseboy, Emile, and led into the living room of his massive mansion. I hear a hacking cough at the top of the stairs, muttered cursing. Then an odd, glandular smell snakes its way up my nasal canal—Pat's here.

*Like a black cloud wafting in from the veranda, Pat flops down across from me. In an automatic gesture, Emile brings a pitcher of Bloody Marys and three packs of Old Golds, then silently pads out on his moccasin-clad toes.*

**TV GUIDE:** You look tired.

**PAT SAJAK:** Huh? Oh... yeah.

**TVG:** A long night in the studio?

**PS:** (snorts) No, man, uh, I just don't sleep. Ever.

**TVG:** Ha-ha. Well, how do you survive?

**PS:** Chemicals.

**TVG:** I see... Well, let's start with the amulet you always wear under your clothes. Is that an antique coin of some sort?

**PS:** (lighting a cigarette) This? This is



the hilt of an ancient samurai sword. A gift from Charlie. . . .

**TVG:** Weaver?

**PS:** Manson. The only way you could get one of these in the old days was to kill the warrior who owned the sword and feast on his heart.

**TVG:** Is there any special or personal reason you wear it around your neck?

**PS:** I can't get into that here.

**TVG:** Why not? Does CBS forbid it?

**PS:** (no response)

**TVG:** Why are you staring at me like that?

**PS:** (smiles; no response)

**TVG:** Please stop it. Please? . . . Umm, all right, listen . . . um, tell me about how you met Merv Griffin.

**PS:** Oh fuck. I hate reliving all this sordid, soiled, streak-marked dingleberry goddamn urine-blotched stinkpot-underpants personal laundry! Boo-hoo! Look at me! Poor little me, my life's such an endless ass-suck! It's such an endless ass-suckathon that my lips are brown, baby! "Hey, well, fuck you and your mansion and your problems! I mean, we got people eating dog food out there, man! Poor Pat! Poor fucking Pat Sa-fucking-jak!"

(Sajak, his eyes glazed and bulging, suddenly howls with laughter, and I realize I have played into one of his patented comic riffs. Riffs heard only by a few people in the middle of a few dark nights. He lights another cigarette and proceeds.)

Merv. Jesus . . . the nightmare Nellie. You know the joke about working for Merv Griffin, don't you? "Who do I have to fuck to get out of this show?"

Back around '71 I was playing two clubs in downtown L.A., Bogart's and Bonaventure's Half Shell. It was a real trip, because for three weeks I played both joints simultaneously! I'd do a set at Bogart's, which had a very hip, young crowd, and I'd wear my own street clothes—beat-up jeans, a peasant blouse, maybe some native turquoise jewelry. And I'd lay my real shit down onstage. You know, the Nixon thing, the war . . . and they'd never let me leave until I did "Tricia Nixon on Acid Getting Cornholed by Huey Newton in the White House Walk-in Cooler." Man, that was like a signature piece then. . . .

**TVG:** And the crowd would all yell the punch line. . . .

## THE NIGHT BELUSHI DIED

CBS has also done a superb cover-up of the fact that Pat Sajak was in John Belushi's hotel room the night he died. Partying for hours with Robin Williams, Robert De Niro, and Belushi, Pat stayed on after the others left, and indeed was the last man to see the comic leviathan alive.

"What can I say? It was a good time. Sure, John paid the price, but it was a great night, very wild."

As for the casting of Sajak's role in the Belushi biopic, *Wired*, Sajak will only say, "If they think Ricky Schroder is quality casting to play Pat Sajak, then they're fucked in the head."

It comes as no surprise that Pat Sajak and CBS disagree on which guests should appear on *The Pat Sajak Show*. What follows is a comparison of the guest Sajak requested and the one CBS actually booked to appear.

### THE GUEST CBS BOOKED:

Red Skelton . . . . . John Gacy  
Ellen Greene . . . . . Squeaky Fromme  
John Byner . . . . . Karen Finley  
McGruff the Crime Dog . . . . . G. Gordon Liddy  
Dustin Hoffman . . . . . Ron Jeremy  
Meryl Streep . . . . . Hyapatia Lee  
Whoopi Goldberg . . . . . Billie Boggs  
Betty White . . . . . Leona Helmsley  
Tony Danza . . . . . Any club boxer who beat Tony Danza to a pulp in the ring

### THE GUEST SAJAK WANTED:

**TVG & PS:** "You're bigger than Daddy! You're bigger than Daddy! You're. . . ggglllurgggg!!!"

**PS:** (laughs, sighs) Oh, I loved that. So then after the first set, I had to run across the street and do Bonaventure's Half Shell, which was, like, the Sinatra/Vegas crowd. I'd throw on a frilled tux shirt, a couple of big rings, and boom! I'm out there laying all this "the kids today, love it or leave it, look at those buzumbas!" shit on them. . . . and they loved it.

So both gigs together paid absolute feckuckteh shit, right? I'm livin' at the Genital Crab Arms, right? So one night I'm walking home, literally eating dinner out of a can, and Merv cruises up in this boat—I mean, a car the size of my apartment, right?

**TVG:** What did he say?

**PS:** He said, "You're Sajak, I like your stuff, get in, tamper with my tube-steak. . . ." Fuck, I don't remember. All I know is we scoot off and hit every glitzy bar in town, and baby, I am tanked! I think I puked all over his side paneling, I mean, a real technicolor yawn! Merv's fly-

ing down La Brea at ninety miles per and I'm painting his car the color of bourbon!

So. . . I wake up the next day on some strange couch in a strange place and Merv comes waltzing in with my John Hancock on a binding, thirty-year personal-services contract. (Here Sajak falls silent, brooding.)

**TVG:** There was no way to break it?

**PS:** What the fuck do you think? You can say a lot of things about Merv-ola, but he gets straight A's in the weasel department. He had me bought and sold.

**TVG:** So this is the early seventies. Why the long gap between signing on with Merv Griffin and your debut on *Wheel of Fortune*?

**PS:** (after a long pause) Merv had me helping out around the house.

**TVG:** What!?!?

**PS:** Oh, not like that. Shit. I mean like . . . doing windows, hosing down the drive, you know. . . .

**TVG:** He had no intention of using your talent?

**PS:** No. I almost went insane. He kept saying, "It's not your time, Pat, it's not your time." I'd sneak off at night, drive all night to do the last slot at clubs outside of San Diego, far away from the "scene," so Merv wouldn't find out. And I'd kill 'em. I guess



Lenny was more than a pal, he was a mentor. He was the first one to tell me it was "shpritzing," not "spritzer."

## Ten Things That Remind Pat of Rolf Benirschke

1. Waiting in a long checkout line.
2. The sound of hands rubbing Styrofoam.
3. The small print on a car-rental agreement.
4. A single, wet shoe lying in the middle of the street.
5. Any list of chemical preservatives.
6. The spittle that collects in the corners of Gregg Jefferies's mouth.
7. An old Movie of the Week.
8. Taking a civil service exam.
9. The stories that talkative cabbies tell you.
10. A prolonged coma.

it kept me alive. . . .

**TVG:** What was your material like during this period?

**PS:** This was the period—some call it my “underground years”—when I found my voice, if that’s not too pretentious. You gotta remember the whole AC/DC, glitter-rock, unisex thing was going down—no pun intended—and around this time I started doing my character monologues, particularly “Leslie Confusion”—who was a man and a woman. I used to just go onstage with a newspaper as Leslie and read the front page and improvise. It was really special.

**TVG:** Political?

**PS:** Oh yeah. Definitely. Around this time I discovered that people love—I mean fucking love—to have the government dissected from a dark, hopeless perspective.

**TVG:** What was a typical joke you told then?

**PS:** “They say that McGovern doesn’t have a prayer. Richard Nixon has the race in his pocket. You know what I say to that? I say we all pop some of Pat’s sedatives and worry about it tomorrow!”

**TVG:** Is . . . is that it?

**PS:** Well, you have to realize that the very fact that it worked then means that it . . . It makes no sense now. Get your fucking feet off the coffee table.

**TVG:** Sorry. After this obscurity and imprisonment at Merv’s house, how did *Wheel of Fortune* come into your life?

**PS:** Basically, Merv told me I had to do it. I couldn’t be myself, I had to be very friendly, unthreatening, I couldn’t do my material.

**TVG:** That’s amazing. And you agreed?

**PS:** Hey. I was sick of cleaning his toilet. Have you ever seen a Merv Griffin turd that’s stuck to the back of the bowl? You know, glued on the porcelain above the water level? Oh Jesus, it was disgust—

**TVG:** I believe you! Please, don’t . . . just don’t.

**PS:** The first month of taping Merv sat on the set, just left of the camera, with a shotgun in his lap. Can you handle that? If I even thought about doing my own thing, he had every intention of shooting me.

**TVG:** Kill you? But how could he have gotten away with that?

**PS:** Ask John Landis. Fuck! This is Hollyweird, babe-ola! Things go down, scrotums get licked, people look the other way. It’s been like that from the beginning.

**TVG:** And you obviously did a good job. I mean, millions of people think the Pat Sajak they see on TV is the real Pat Sajak.

**PS:** Give me a little credit for my craft. Please? I’m very good, I’m very gifted.

**TVG:** But it must hurt to spend so many years in such an elaborate lie.

**PS:** Why do you think I drink? To remember? To be like the crowd? To take the edge off moments of great pleasure?

**TVG:** What is your opinion of Vanna



People always wonder why I do this with my mouth. Well, Merv tried to lobotomize me, and the struggle of the institutional years left me with a mean mouth twitch and some emotional scars.



Despite his eye-watering B.O., Jim Morrison was always laughing on the inside.



Jimi and I were color-blind. In fact, before I straightened him out, he wanted to call it "Vermillion Haze."

White?

**PS:** My only problem with Vanna, who is actually a very smart, complex person when you get her alone in a broom closet, is in the sweater-meat department. She's cute, but I like 'em with a little brisket on the side, if you know what I mean.

It seems to me if her only gig is flipping the goddamn letters, couldn't we at least get a gander at some world-class milk jugs? Personally, if I could ogle a nice rack of pacifiers it might keep me awake while some cow from Boise is holding the audience spellbound with her squeals of "Come on a thousand!" Is that so much to ask for? (*Sajak hoists his fourth cocktail and finishes it.*)

**TVG:** Did you ever suggest other candidates for the letter girl?

**PS:** Every year. You name it... Iris Chacon, Kitten Natividad, Chesty Morgan, and, uh, who's the dude on *Roseanne*?

**TVG:** John Goodman?

**PS:** That's the one. Now there's a gent who sports some pendulous, hypnotic boobs. And I know he can really act, but those tits can't hurt him in this town. As Merv would say, "Oooohh, we better stop now, I'm getting a morning boner."

**TVG:** But your input has always been ignored.

**PS:** Always. I'm a sad little puppet. No power. No influence. I mean, it never stops—I do *Wheel*, I think that's a nightmare until Merv sells me to CBS. Now I have to be funny trying to be Carson and Letterman! Oy! It's so boring I lose my place in the middle of my own monologues!

**TVG:** If you don't mind my asking, who writes your monologues?

**PS:** Jesus, they're the worst, aren't they? I don't know. I come in, I stand on my mark, I read it, I get out as quick as I can.

**TVG:** Hollywood rumor has it that a few shows in which you really cut loose can be bought on the black market at exorbitant prices. These shows were shot but never aired?

**PS:** There's one. Believe me, they'd never let it happen a second time. Merv was out of town having fat removed from his eyelids, so I took my shot. The brass freaked when they saw it and aired a rerun that night.

**TVG:** Why? What happened?

**PS:** Everything, but basically three things got me in hot water: first, I asked Carol Burnett to do some sketch humor, and then beat her to death with a soup ladle when she laughed at her own jokes. Second, I tried to find out if Yakov Smirnoff would still be funny if I subjected him to authentic KGB interrogation and torture. I thought he'd have some great material on that stuff, that I was giving him the perfect setup, right? Well, the little turd never regained consciousness. And third, and I think this is what really bent the network execs, I brought the author plugging his book on *first*, and kept Malcolm-Jamal Warner waiting in the green room because time ran out.

**TVG:** A final question that needs to be asked. Why are you speaking up after all these years?

**PS:** (*scratching the stubble under his chin*) I really have no idea. I mean, they'll probably have me killed as soon as Merv comes back to town. He's having silicon injected into his knuckle dimples. Christ, now that I think about it, it was an incredibly bad move. I guess... I guess at least the world will know the truth—*my* truth—when I'm gone.

*And with that Pat lurches to his feet and crawls back up to his master bedroom, desperate to have a short nap.*

Once guests appear on the show, Sajak and the network also have their differences over what constitutes an incisive, entertaining line of questioning:

1.

**THE CBS WAY:**

"How did you like working with Whitney Houston?"

**IF PAT HAD HIS WAY:**

"So, does she muff-dive or what?"

2.

**CBS:**

"You've fought a courageous battle with dependency, and now you're brave enough to come forward and share your story, perhaps in the hope that someone with a problem, watching right now, might be helped."

**PAT:**

"What? Has your career dogged out that much? I mean, jeez, you're not going to milk the old addiction PR, are you? What a snore. C'mon, let's skip that and get to the good part—what was the most humiliating thing you ever did to get high?"

3.

**CBS:**

"This new Movie of the Week is a stretch for you, isn't it? People who associate the name Al Molinaro only with comedy are in for a real surprise. I just have to say this, you can really act." (applause)

**PAT:**

"Does it make you uncomfortable when we show the clip? It's supposed to be a really sad moment, and yet you can plainly hear our live studio audience snickering. How does that make you feel?"

4.

**CBS:**

"You look fantastic. Have you been to a spa or something?"

**PAT:**

"Don't tell me... you had your buttocks tucked and liposucked, am I right?"

5.

**CBS:**

"It's great having you here. I love our conversations."

**PAT:**

"Boy, I'd like to fuck you! You look like you know how to freak!"

6.

**CBS:**

"Wow! Natalie Cole! That was great, it's so exciting to hear you singing live in the studio! Will you do another for us? Ladies and gentlemen, once again, Miss Natalie Cole...."

**PAT:**

"Do you always sound this bad live? They must doctor your pipes like crazy in the studio. What? What's next? Sing a ballad?!? No way, get her out of here. P.U.!"

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# BODICE RIPPER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63)

peared across the horizon, surrounded by sharks.

"The man I love is dead. I must make a new life for myself with the man who killed him. Life is so unfair," whispered Babette as a black cloud of bitterness covered her heart like spilled espresso coffee, burning out the sweet humanity that had dwelt there. Her looks were unaffected and, in fact, this change in her emotions gave new definition to her cheekbones. "Henceforth, I love no man," she vowed, "but I shall survive and become very rich." She turned to Red Snapper and ripped her bodice.

*Chapters Forty to Forty-three  
(Extra-condensed because there  
is no lovemaking)*

"YOU ARE A FOOL, RISKING YOUR LIFE stealing illegally when politicians steal from the people legally," Babette told the buccaneer. "Bribe some people, get yourself appointed colonial governor, and I'll explain to you deaf bank accounts, dumb dirty tricks, and blind bookkeeping." She taught him the Three Big Secrets of Diplomacy. One: there is no end to the amount of flattery a human being can absorb. Two: talk is cheap, but an iron fist in a velvet

glove is expensive, a big surprise, and says it all. Three: never let them see you sweat. Red and Babette prospered beyond their wildest dreams until Red was killed in a mindless encounter with the American Navy.

## Chapter Fifty

DURING THE THIRD DAY OF THE NINTH Paris Beggars' Uprising, a mob ran by her house. Babette recognized Pierre leading it. "He's alive!" she shouted and gave chase, but the heavy brocade of her magnificent walking costume, which brought out the flawless ivory beige of her complexion, impeded her progress and he got away. She immediately joined the beggars' cause and renounced all her wealth, which got the beggars mad at her because it was money they were after. "Without money a person is nothing but a beggar," they yelled. In the meantime, Pierre was arrested.

Disguised as a chimney sweep, Babette smuggled herself into the Bastille, where she found Pierre suffering from amnesia.

## Chapter Fifty-one

PIERRE LOOKED AT THE DIRTY WOMAN WHO stood before him dripping tears and beauty and felt nothing. This was the power of his dread amnesia. Babette had to think fast. She snatched his hand, hooked it onto the neckline of her dress, and pulled down hard. Her bodice ripped open. Pierre blinked, looked at the torn clothing and her high, proud, soft yet firm, hairless, beautiful globes, and his mind returned. "BABETTE!" he cried. "Let us dig our way to the priest in the next cell. He will marry us. We will live here and never be separated again."

In the seventh month of their captivity, they heard the first shouts of the French Revolution. Rioters broke into their cell-block, and in the melee Pierre was carried off.

"What will become of me?" Babette wept. Suddenly her feet left the floor; she rose into the air and came to rest atop the muscular shoulders of a short, young revolutionary, whose dark-brown chestnut hair waved like defiant tendrils of male beauty in the wind.

"What is your name?" asked Babette, her curiosity piqued by his impulsive action.

"Napoleon," he replied.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Babette.

"Rip your bodice," he replied, "and give you a flag. You are the perfect woman to be the symbol of liberty, fraternity, and equality for all of France."

Babette then knew that this was the fate that fate had had in mind for her all her life. Delacroix did the painting and now Babette hangs in a museum where all the world can gaze upon her ripped bodice. Pierre is the guy in the lower-right-hand corner. ■

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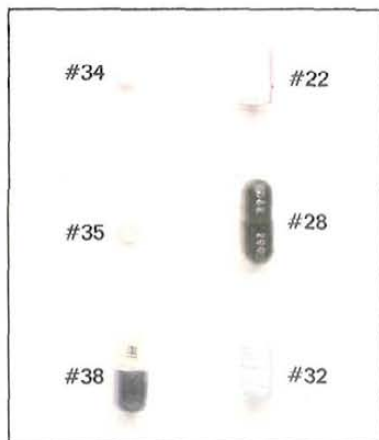
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# BURGER BARN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

ally die when Myrtle Jacobs, a former nun and elementary school teacher, drove the tip of her parasol into his neck and held him pinned to the greasy tile, wriggling like a stuck insect, while she swung her heavy and white-stockinged legs into his sides.

But all in all the summer wasn't shaping up too badly for him.

Then one weekend the shit, as they say, hit the fan. On the fifth anniversary of the Burger Barn's opening, Rocky and the Boys blocked off the parking lot, hired a local rock 'n' roll band, and invited the town to a fifteen-keg celebration of all that was wild and ruthless in Buttermilk. There was even talk that Lagene might show up.

Well, things went pretty smoothly for a while; that is, there were the usual maimings and betrayals and spent and renewed passions that marked any Burger Barn gathering. With his bare hands, Rocky killed and gutted the hog to be barbecued. Folks cheered and raised their plastic cups of quickly warming and gnat-spotted beer to the sky. Mr. French danced with LaVonda and told her that he loved her.

And then, as the sky was dimming in the

east and the ninth keg was being tapped, things grew quiet. Someone had heard the roar of station wagons and VW Bugs coming from the Interstate: the McDonald's crew had closed up early and was headed for Lagene's party.

**O**n his twentieth birthday he was stripped of his clothes and thrown onto the floor during the noon hour. "Happy birthday, Mr. French!" Rocky shouted. "Start busin!"

Everyone, of course, expected trouble, but no one expected him who would lead the gang of red-and-gold-clad teenagers and senior citizens through the softly murmuring crowd. Ronald McDonald, his shock of orange hair trembling in a breeze faintly evocative of rendering plants to the South, confronted Rocky Fox before a pyramid of empty kegs and kicked him in the knee with one giant red shoe. A collective

gasp came from the townspeople just before Rocky took Ronald to the ground and began rolling with him over the broken glass and gravel.

"Rip his heart out, Rocky!" folks shouted. "Kill him! Kill Ronald McDonald!"

The McDonald's crew, shifting about uneasily in their double-knit uniforms, murmured encouragement to their leader and screamed, "All right, Ronald!" each time the orange hair would rise from the dust of combat. Mr. French clutched LaVonda's arm and blinked steadily, and the band played on, going through a snappy medley of Partridge Family hits, closing with "I Think I Love You" as the fight ended.

Ronald McDonald stood with his red shoe on Rocky's beaten chest and his red-gloved fist raised to the sky and proclaimed himself king. Mr. French noticed two lines of blood threading from his nostril and ear.

The McDonald's crew was, of course, wild with joy, and they threw their hats into the air and danced smart jigs while the townspeople turned their bitter eyes to the ground and the Boys slipped into the shadows.

But before Mr. French could pull LaVonda away, she broke from him and ran first to the barbecue pit, where she snapped a blackened rib from the rotating hog, and then to Ronald McDonald, waving the bone like an oily dagger. Ronald turned to meet her and they seemed to embrace, their bodies taut, mad grins frozen on their straining faces.

"Save her! Save her!" the townspeople roared.

"Save who?" Mr. French cried, because at that moment LaVonda's hair slipped from her head and fell to the ground and he did not recognize her anymore, did not recognize this bald demon who struggled to pierce Ronald McDonald's heart with the rib of a pig while the band, renewed, struck up an inspired rendition of "Danke Schoen."

"Save him!" they roared, and their voices were strong in accord, as if the incarnation of him whose existence had only been a rumor affirmed their faith in the wild and the ruthless. "Save him!" they cried. And they knew he *had* walked among them in an aquamarine K mart smock, but they had been too blind to see. "Save him!" they pleaded.

But Mr. French knew fear and he backed away. He turned and fled down the darkened streets, cursing his cowardice as cheers erupted behind him like waves, breaking and receding as each combatant took and lost the advantage. And soon Mr. French heard nothing at all but his shoes as they clopped along the cobblestones, and his breath as it came in ragged and loathsome bursts from his astonished mouth. ■



"Thank you very much. Next, please."

# INTRODUCING THE PHOTOTRON III<sup>®</sup>

## PHOTOTRON

### 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 fourteen 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 cyclical, 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®".

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Jeffery Julian DeMarco

PHOTOTRON	NONE	12	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
HALIDE SYSTEMS	50%	1	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
LEAF SHEDDING	LEAF FEET OF LIGHT	ADJUSTABLE	ADJUSTABLE	ADJUSTABLE	ADJUSTABLE	ADJUSTABLE	ADJUSTABLE	ADJUSTABLE	ADJUSTABLE	ADJUSTABLE
NUTRIENTS	COMPARABLE TO PLANT	RESERVES THE PLANT	THE WHICH IS SHEDDING	LEAVES - LEAF SHEDDING	BOY - LEAF PLANT	LEAF PLANT	LEAF PLANT	LEAF PLANT	LEAF PLANT	LEAF PLANT
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## YOUTHINASIA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

by firing a salvo of real bullets into his audience.

The government is trying to play down the New Kill Wave kids, but a major crisis, possibly a war, is expected soon. The opposition party (pro-New Kill Wave), is considering calling for a new election. Meanwhile, it's every man for himself in most areas of London.

Terence Bitters

## NEW YORK Food Muggers

IT STARTED IN NEW YORK CITY, where a lot of things start. At lunchtime, every little restaurant, diner, and fast-food joint in Manhattan is buzzing with telephone takeout orders from the office-building workers. "The eat-ins, the guys and girls who are too busy to go out for a sandwich or make a lunch date—they order up from the luncheonette, the deli. And you know what? They're not getting their food because I rip them off," said "Einstein," the leader of the Vampire Vultures, one of the premier food-mugging gangs terrorizing New York.

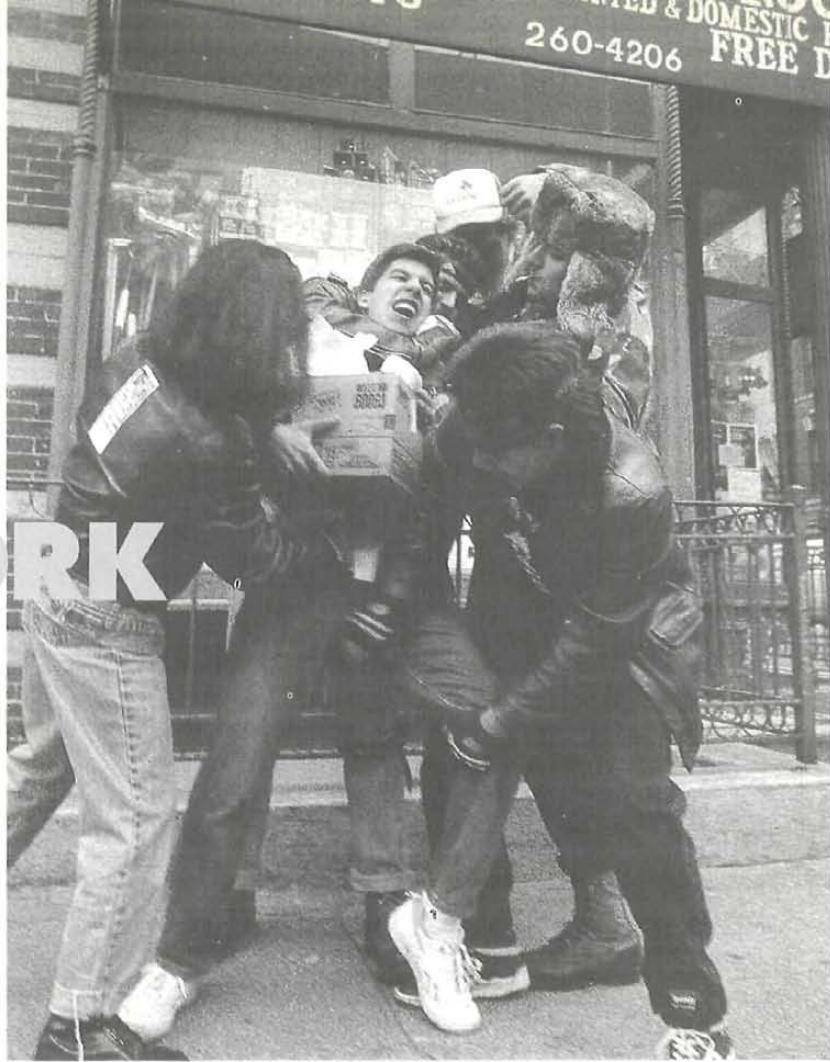
Food muggers have their routine down to a science. The delivery boy is always caught by surprise. At least five to fifteen muggers descend on him at once and grab whatever he's carrying. Each mugger takes only one item. And then they scatter, running like the wind.

"We eat as much as we can and sell the rest on the streets," said Einstein. "New Yorkers will eat anything at lunchtime, especially when they can get a tuna on whole wheat for a buck."

To give the harassed restaurants some protection, the police have mounted a counterattack, with plainclothesmen disguised as delivery boys. A few minor arrests have been made, but the smart gangs can spot a cop a mile away. "The cops are too big and their asses are too fat," said Pepi Calamari, leader of the Galloping Gourmets. "Shit, most delivery boys are over fifty and tiny. And they're mostly black and Hispanic. These cops are big, fat Irishmen with mustaches and long sideburns who couldn't fool my blind grandmother."

Food mugging isn't merely a New York phenomenon. It's spreading to the Burger Kings, McDonald's, and hundreds of other fast-food palaces around the country.

"Hot cars with food pirates at the wheel. We've got to be careful every time we buy a burger and fries," said Kevin Keester, a thirteen-year-old student in Scottsdale,



In the past year food crimes have jumped 300 percent in New York City.

Arizona. "They come down on you like Chuck Norris in *Missing in Action*—I mean, with real guns."

To Brad DeJohette, who has been a food mugger for two years, it's the only outlet he can find for his anger and frustration. Like many of his chums, he has no interest in his studies, sports, music, or even girls. "I live in a meaningless world—an empty, consumer-oriented materialistic environment where everyone wants to make money and accumulate useless artifacts. Food mugging is the only way I can express my anger."

Bruce Poltroon

## SYDNEY Eating

THE AUSTRALIANS CALL IT "MILLICUDDY" and the rest of the world calls it "macho," but it means the same thing everywhere. And right now, for young Australian males, the test of their millicuddy is how much they can eat. Eating contests have replaced beer drinking, elbow fighting, spitting in the face, and other typical Australian pastimes as the ultimate test of

manhood, of courage, of the will to win.

There are two camps in the eating competitions—those who go for quality and those who prefer quantity. The quality boys usually regard the quantity boys with distaste and scorn. Anyone can eat twenty suet pies, throw up, and eat twenty more, they say. But how many guys can eat a live rat? The quantity contingent fights back by saying that the true test of a man is his capacity to overachieve.

The quality boys like to break up a quantity eating contest by consuming a live rodent, a hunk of tree bark, or parts of a 1958 Ford right in front of the quantity eaters, while staring them down and challenging them to duplicate their feats. A fight usually ensues, which escalates into a riot.

Most observers feel that the quantity and quality boys will eventually unite because of the sheer awfulness of Australian food. "I'd rather eat my car than this *gooley-gooley*,"\* is a common reaction to Australian cooking. Australian food, as we all know, is the real reason why Australians drink so much beer.

Ian Toadwater

\*Duck shit.



## CANADA Shopping Bags

ALMOST EVERY TEENAGER COLLECTS shopping bags, much the same way kids used to collect comic books or baseball cards. Certain shopping bags have the same status for the Canadians as expensive luggage does in the U.S. Bags are traded, sold by dealers, auctioned, and advertised. There are everyday bags and special bags. There are collector's items and bags that are, for whatever reason, considered worthless.

On Sunday morning in every city and town, the kids hold their own shopping-bag fair and flea market in one of the public parks—a combination sale, swap, and social, where serious collectors and “cruisers” mix.

Early morning, about 7:00 A.M., the fanatics arrive, the “bag men,” the collectors who ferret out the little-known gems that some unsuspecting yokel is selling for next to nothing. By nine, most of the really interesting bargains are gone. The rest of the bags are for the dilettante, the casual collector, or the well-heeled kid who can afford to pay any price. But at the early hour you may still find a 1979 Kroger supermarket Halloween bag, a limited edition in orange-and-black plastic with a



witch-and-pumpkin motif and a misspelling of the word “Halloween” (“Hallowen”). Only a small batch were issued and then were discontinued when the stores went back to paper bags.

Except for a few exceptions like the Kroger, the paper shopping bag is still considered to be the state of the art.

Arthur Hemlock

Canadian “bag boy” Ernest Hunnicutt bartering for a one-of-a-kind shopping bag at an open-air flea market in northern Ontario. Good news—Ernest made the purchase.

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Gerry Sussman  
Retrospective

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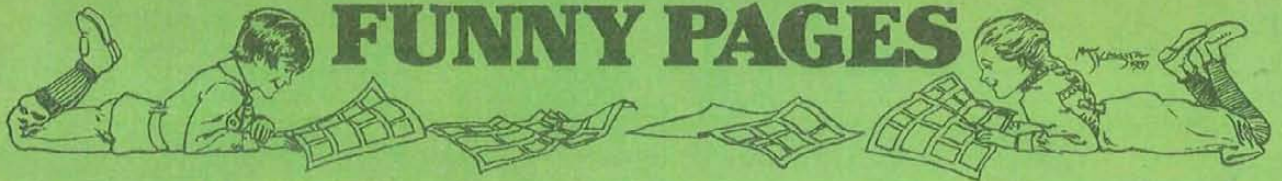
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# FUNNY PAGES

**SAM de Groot**  
 ONE OF ONLY 24 PARALYZED PRIVATE DETECTIVES IN THE FREE WORLD  
 WHILE ON THE TRAIL OF THE MASTER CRIMINAL BARON DOMINUS, SAM IS STRUCK FROM BEHIND AND NOW LIES PARALYZED AT CITY HOSPITAL UNABLE TO SPEAK.



Y-Y-YES, BUT JUST BARELY— IS THIS YOU, MR. de GROOT?

...YEAH... IT'S... ME... I... BEEN... PRACTICIN'... SWALLOWIN'... AIR... AND... PUSHIN'... IT... AGAINST... MY... LOWER... STOMACH... MUSCLES... AND... SO... THAT... WAY... I... CAN... TALK...



**DR. UGATTI IS HAVING A HEATED DISCUSSION WITH A COLLEAGUE CONCERNING THE HOSPITAL'S CHIEF OF SURGERY...**



# THE APPLETONS



WE FIND MR. APPLETON AT THE GREENDALE COUNTRY CLUB IN ANTICIPATION OF HIS ENTRY AS A MEMBER.

HOWDY DO, FELLAS! SAY, I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO...

HI, APPLETON, UHH... SAY, WE HAVE SOME BAD NEWS.

I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN REJECTED BY THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE.

ME?! REJECTED? BUT... YOU'RE THE ONES WHO...

YES, NOTHING PERSONAL, YOU UNDERSTAND.

BUT WHY?

WELL, SOME OF THE MEMBERS FEEL YOU'RE... UHH... DIFFERENT- YOU DON'T FIT THE MOLD.

DIFFERENT? MOLD?

MAYBE TRY AGAIN NEXT YEAR.

YOU'RE MORE THAN WELCOME TO ATTEND THE BANQUET, THOUGH, APPLETON!

APPLETON?

SOMETIME LATER AT THE BANQUET.

...HEH-HEH! I AGREE. YOU KNOW, APPLETON TOOK THE NEWS PRETTY HARD. WONDER WHY HE GOT THE REJECT?

HE DOES ACT LIKE A KID SOMETIMES.

WELL, LET'S GRAB A BITE TO EAT.

HI, CHRISSY, NICE DRESS!

THANKS, BIF!

HI, TAD!

I'M STARVED, LET'S EAT!

MY, WHAT A SPREAD! I THINK I'LL START IN.

WELL, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE, FOLKS! - DO YOU MIND, IF I DO THE HONORS?

PLEASE DO, BIF!

HA HA

YOU DO THE HONORS - I'LL DO THE EATING!

CHUCKLE & MUNCH



IT'S A HEAD!

DON'T PANIC, EVERYONE!

MOTHER IN HEAVEN! CHRISSY IS CHOKING ON AN OYSTER!

HAAAG!

GUK GUK HALK!

SHE'S BLUE, CALL 911! GET HER TO THE FOYER!

MY GOD, HURRY!

I'M GOING TO BE ILL AGAIN!

HUK HUK!

HEY, ISN'T ANYONE GOING TO TRY THE HEAD CHEESE?

CHUCKLE

THOUGH NOT AN OFFICIAL MEMBER, MR. APPLETON ENJOYS AN AFTER-NOON AT THE CLUB.



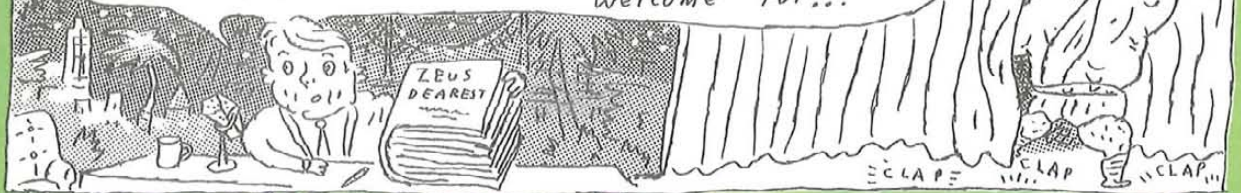
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# HERCULES

AMONGST THE NORTH AMERICANS

ALL NEW!  
SEASON PREMIERE!

My next guest has been around for, well, centuries. Hero, philosopher, and self-proclaimed demigod, his new book, ZEUS DEAREST, blows the lid off the Pantheon, exposing the real story behind Mount Olympus. Ladies and gentlemen, a warm welcome for...



Mr. Hercules...

Please, Jack - just "Hercules."

Yes, Hercules. Several critics have accused you of exploiting your semi-immortal status in writing this book, it is unfair to the memory of your father, since he is not here to defend himself.



Be not so certain; since I began this project I've received countless threatening thunderbolts and death omens



You know, Jack, I've had to live with this for so long. It was time to get it off my expansive chest. I want to live my last few centuries in peace. My father treated my mother like... excuse my language... like some lowlife Italian. I rarely saw him. He had a hard time not showing emotion. He could never simply say, "Hercules, you're O.K." Always it was volcanoes and cacophony.



I hear you've sold the movie rights

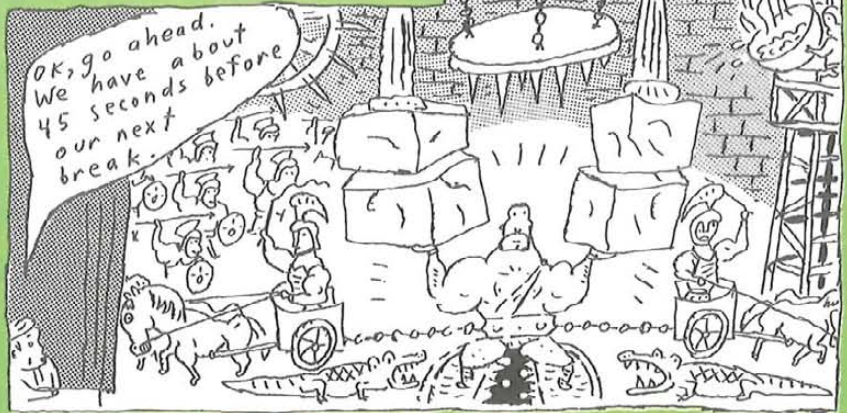


Yes. It will be called SATYR DAY NIGHT FEVER.

Well, thanks for being on the show. I understand you have a little something you want to perform... a feat of strength. Frank, do we have time for this? Yes?



OK, go ahead. We have about 45 seconds before our next break.



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IT IS THE FINAL AMBITION OF EVERY ACTOR TO GIVE THE ROLE HIS OWN INTERPRETATION, AND EVEN DOCTOR RX HAS TAKEN HAMLET INTO THE LABORATORY AND EXAMINED HIS INHIBITIONS!

CLAP!  
CLAP!  
CLAP!  
CLAP!



THE GLOWWORM SHOWS THE MATIN TO BE NEAR. ADIEU, ADIEU, ADIEU! REMEMBER ME!

O ALL YOU HOST OF HEAVEN!  
O EARTH! WHAT ELSE?  
AND SHALL I COUPLE  
HELL? O, FIE! HOLD,  
HOLD, MY HEART!

WHY DID YOU LAUGH THEN,  
WHEN I SAID, "MAN DELIGHTS  
NOT ME"?



ALAS, POOR YORICK!  
I KNEW HIM,  
HORATIO--A FELLOW  
OF INFINITE  
JEST, OF MOST  
EXCELLENT  
FANCY!

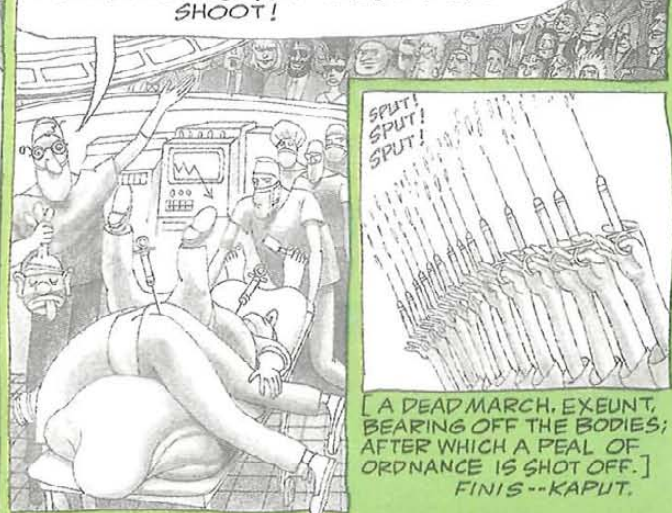
2B ... OR NOT 2B--THAT IS THE  
QUESTION! WHETHER 'TIS NOBLER  
IN THE MIND TO SUFFER THE SLINGS  
AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS  
FORTUNE ... OR TO TAKE ARMS  
AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLES...  
TO DIE, TO SLEEP; TO  
SLEEP-- PERCHANCE TO  
DREAM. AY, THERE'S  
THE RUB!



NO MEDICINE IN THE WORLD CAN DO  
THEE GOOD! IN THEE THERE IS NOT HALF  
AN HOUR OF LIFE!

TAKE UP THE BODIES, SUCH A SIGHT AS  
THIS BECOMES THE FIELD, BUT HERE SHOWS  
MUCH AMISS. GO, BID THE SOLDIERS  
SHOOT!

O, I DIE,  
HORATIO, THE  
POTENT POISON  
QUITE O'ERCROWS  
MY SPIRIT!



[A DEAD MARCH, EXEUNT,  
BEARING OFF THE BODIES;  
AFTER WHICH A PEAL OF  
ORDNANCE IS SHOT OFF.]  
FINIS--KAPUT.

# HOT COMIX! HOT!!

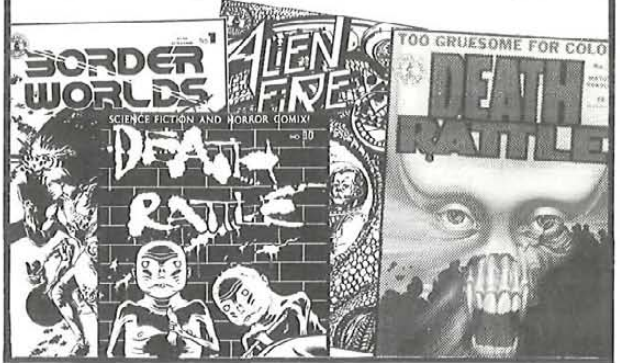
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SLEAZY SCANDALS  
MELODY  
CHERRY more

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TWIST  
much more!



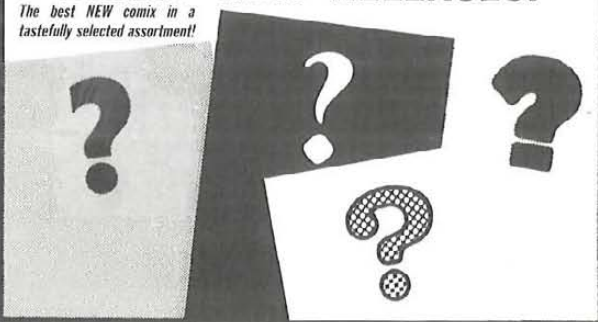
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# NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

JACK THE  
RIPPER  
REVEALED

Rick  
GEARY  
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SHOCKING MURDERS IN  
LONDON'S EAST END IN THE  
AUTUMN OF 1888...



FIVE WOMEN (PERHAPS MORE)  
MUTILATED IN UNSPEAKABLE  
FASHION...



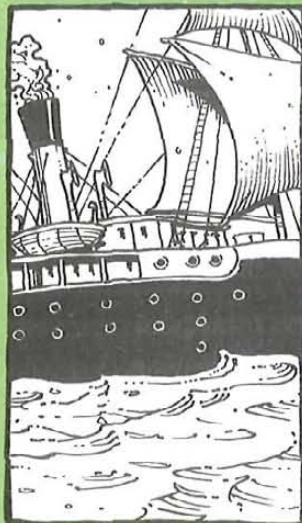
BY AN ASSAILANT TO THIS  
DAY UNKNOWN.



WHO WAS IT? SOME EVEN  
SAW THE VERY HAIR TO THE  
THRONE!



MANY THEORISTS OVERLOOK THE  
POSSIBILITY THAT THE "RIPPER"  
WAS AMERICAN...



WHEN, IN FACT, SEVERAL  
VESSELS PASSED PER WEEK  
BETWEEN THE TWO NATIONS.



WE KNOW THAT THE  
AUTHOR MARK TWAIN MADE  
JUST SUCH A JOURNEY IN '88.



LEAVING A DOUBT, MOST  
LIKELY, TO FILL HIS PLACE  
BACK IN HARTFORD.



AS A YOUTH IN THE WEST, HE  
HAD BECOME EXPERT IN THE  
USE OF THE KNIFE...



AND HIS VIEWS ON WOMEN  
ARE CERTAINLY WELL KNOWN.



THE LONGFELLOW THEORY  
IS NOW ALMOST ENTIRELY  
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**IF YOU WOULD USE THE WORDS BEAUTIFUL, SMART, AND SEXY TO DESCRIBE YOURSELF:** Don't bother with me, because if you're looking here for your dates you're either delusional or you're the most insufferable bitch who ever walked the earth. However, if you'll go down on me but do not require reciprocation, and you don't mind me smoking cigars in the house, please write me, even if you have four weeks of PMS a month and a face that looks like it's been through a post-arson autopsy. Box 334T.

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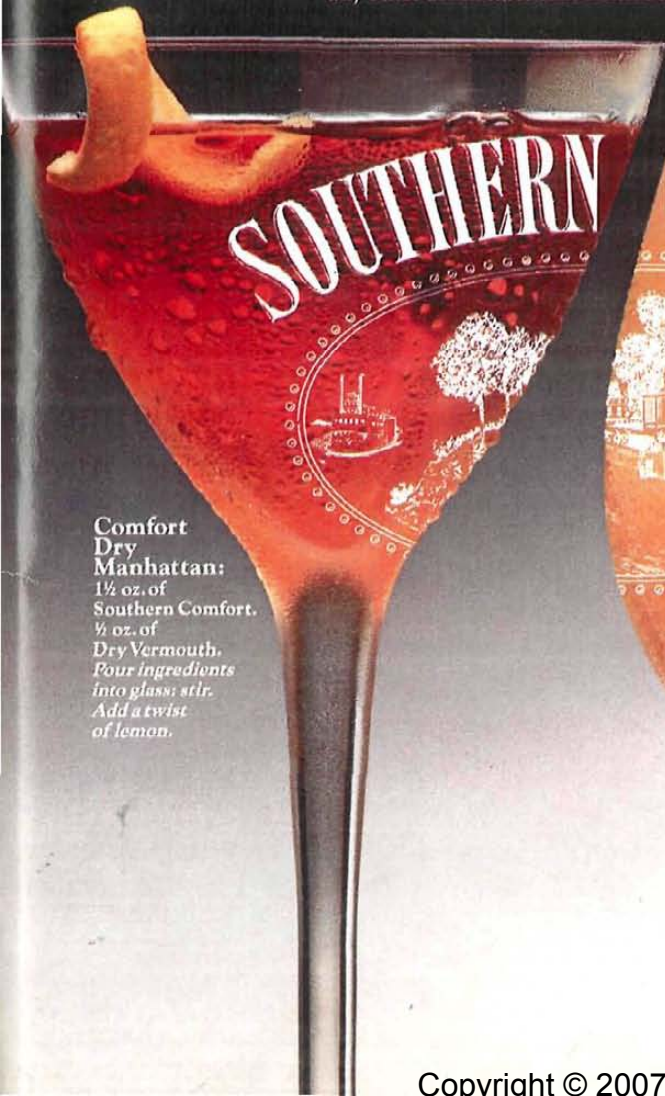
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