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NATIONAL LAMPPOON

June 1990

The Bimonthly Humor Magazine

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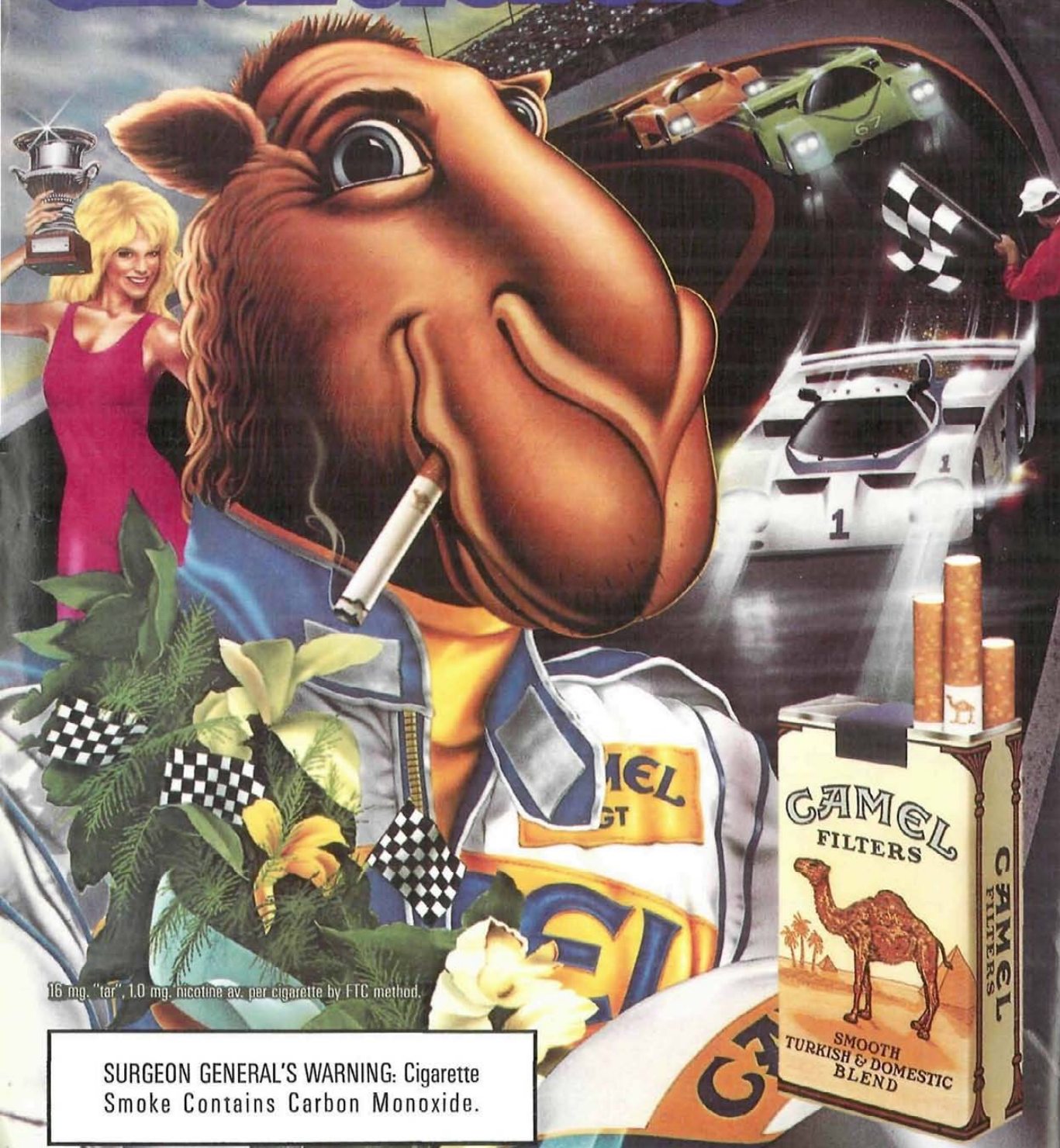
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FLOTSAM & THEN SOME

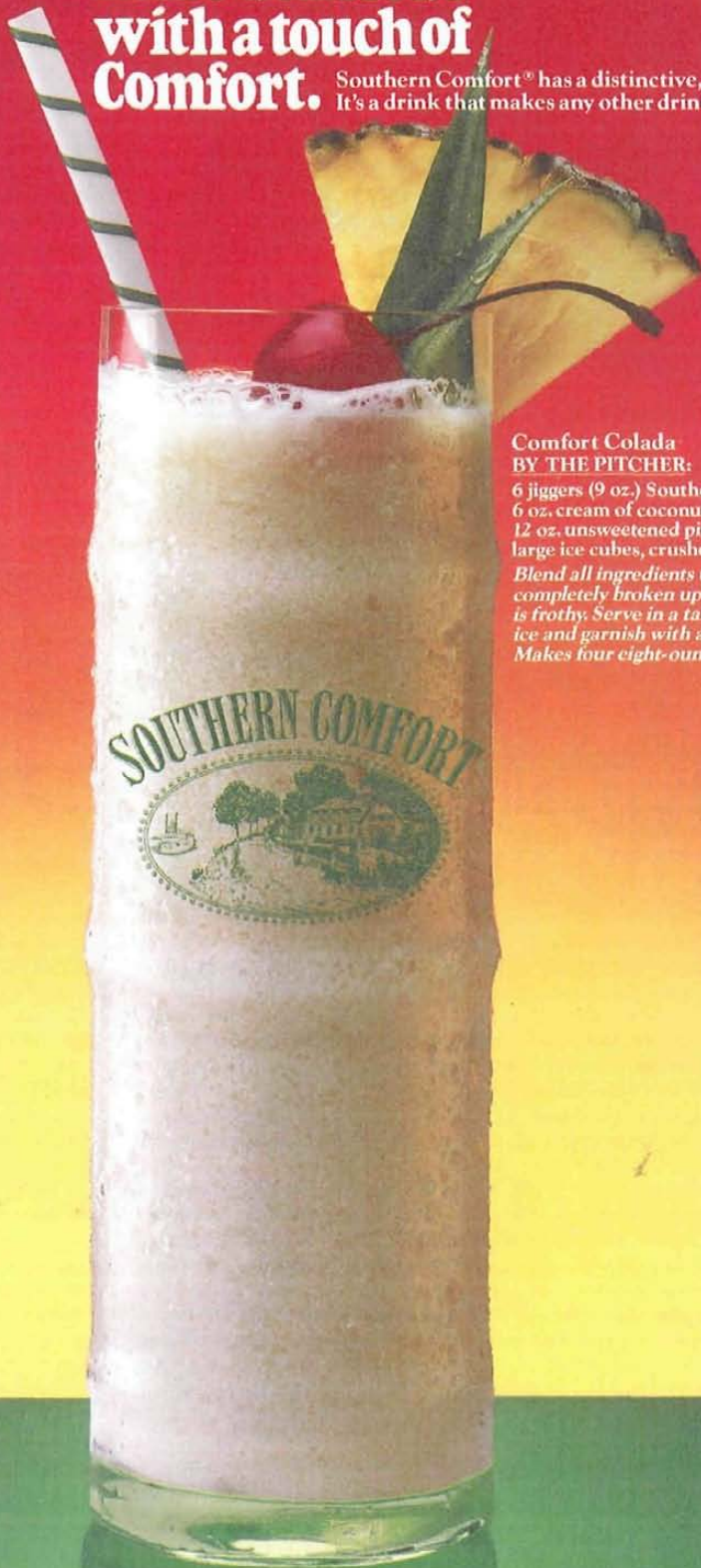
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According to comic Fred Stoller, the big time is just a shtick away.

Catching rays is more delicious with a touch of Comfort.

Southern Comfort® has a distinctive, appealing flavor.
It's a drink that makes any other drink taste that much better.



Comfort Colada BY THE PITCHER:

6 jiggers (9 oz.) Southern Comfort
6 oz. cream of coconut
12 oz. unsweetened pineapple juice
large ice cubes, crushed

Blend all ingredients until ice is completely broken up and liquid is frothy. Serve in a tall glass over ice and garnish with a cherry. Makes four eight-ounce drinks.



EDITORIAL

GERRY SUSSMAN (1933–1989)

BY SEAN KELLY

GERRY SUSSMAN WAS, BY most standards, a pretty unusual guy. But around the offices of the *National Lampoon* in its early days, he was the closest thing to normal that we had. For example, he was neither a drug abuser nor a beer-swilling alcoholic-in-training. He liked (and appreciated) wine at meals, and drank the occasional martini. (When he had two, he was transformed into the dreaded Two-Martini Zen Master, but that's another story.) Unlike the rest of us editors, Gerry had actually held a job in the real world, as an advertising copywriter. What I'm trying to say, I guess, is that he was our first grown-up.

He was also our first professional humor writer—he'd already been published in other, *real* magazines, like *Playboy*, and even written a book, *The Official Sex Manual*. (It was reprinted not long ago, and is still screamingly funny.) In it, Gerry isolated and described, among other things, the human "Erroneous Zones," which concept some swine later ripped off to use as the title of a bestseller: amusingly, a bogus self-help book of the type Gerry specialized in taking the piss out of.

The original *NatLamp* editors were from out of town—either from foreign countries like Harvard, England, and Canada, or, in at least two cases, from distant planets. Gerry was our first natural-born New Yorker. He was thus inherently obsessed with the state of his health, Yiddish terms of abuse, sports—stickball as a participant, the Knicks, Mets, and Giants as a fan—and Chinese food. He quickly became our resident expert on these essential humor subjects.

Gerry's first freelance piece for the magazine, "The Young Adorables," appeared in March 1973. It was a hatchet job on yuppies, ten years ahead of its time. Since it was apparent to the editors that he was the only person of our acquaintance who a) knew anything about sports, Yiddish, Chinese food, etc., and b) made us laugh, he joined the staff. As somebody back then observed, "The thing about Gerry is, even when he's not funny, he's funny."

By 1989, Gerry had written *more*—more words, more pieces, more captions, more jokes—than anyone ever associated with the *National Lampoon*. There is a reason for this, beyond Gerry's remarkable natural

industriousness and fecundity.

Sometime in the late seventies, Sussman found himself in need of funds with which to procure food, shelter, and other such luxuries. He approached the (then) owner of this publication and requested a small, short-term loan—which, much to his astonishment, was readily proffered: "Sure thing, Ger, consider it done, come to me anytime, what are friends for?... Oh, and if you'll just sign here, no reason to read the fine print, a mere formality, ahem ahem."

Too late did Gerry realize that the loan, with interest compounding by the nanosecond, was to be deducted from his salary, and could only be repaid *in jokes*, at the rate of a dime a gag. In practice, this meant that if Gerry wrote an entire issue by himself—which he did, some months—he would find himself only another couple of bucks less behind in his debt to *NatLampCo*.

Throughout the era of Reaganomics, Gerry was the one-man proletariats of the magazine. He survived two big-bucks-buy-out changes in management and three editorial putsches, increased his productivity, and got a little further behind in his payments.

To support his wife and daughter (whom he loved more than Chinese food, the Giants, and Yiddish profanity *put together*) he worked nights: he wrote advertising copy, film and television scripts, and books: a university handbook parody, a scandal-tabloid parody, a parody of *TV Guide*. There were rumors that Gerry had developed the ability to write in his sleep. And still, even when he wasn't funny, he was funny.

One thing he could certainly write in his sleep was "Bernie X", the over-the-shoulder monologues of a foulmouthed know-it-all sex-crazed New York cabdriver. Bernie—narrator and protagonist of a dozen feature pieces and countless columns over the years—became the most popular fictitious character to appear in the *NatLamp's* pages since Michael O'Donoghue.

Gerry was not only a terrific solo act. He was a pleasure to work *with*—generous, patient, enthusiastic. When you shared a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 83)

Starting on p. 61, we present a sampling of Gerry Sussman's voluminous NatLamp work. Enjoy!

Cover: According to medieval theologians, pride was the deadliest of the seven deadly sins. But according to contemporary magazine-circulation mavens like our own Howard Jurofsky, "sex sells." That is why rising young comedic star (and *National Lampoon* contributor) Fred Stoller is warding off a rather attractive young person of the female persuasion rather than wrestling with his hubris on our June cover.

So we do lust. What better embodiment of that dangerous passion than the lovely, lusty Amy Barker. Amy was the reigning queen of Fort Lauderdale beauty contests before she headed west and was spotted by our crack, experienced potential-cover-girl scouts. Add Fred as the nineties version of the Coppertone baby and we're talking high concept here. So we hire a transplanted New Yorker, Tracy Frankel, who fills up a Hollywood photo studio with kiddie-sandbox sand, puts out a nice spread of fruit and cheese, snorts some powdered algae (a vegetarian speedball), and snaps off some wonderful slides.

I'd tell you what happened right after Amy started chewing on Fred's swimming trunks, but as Fred loves to say, it's just too sensitive a topic. —L. S.

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

CHAIRMEN AND CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICERS
TIM MATHESON, DANIEL GRODNIK

PUBLISHER: MICHAEL T. CARR

EXECUTIVE EDITOR: LARRY "RATSO" SLOMAN

EXECUTIVE ART DIRECTOR: ADRIANE BARONE

EDITORS: DAVE HANSON, NED WARD

MANAGING EDITOR: DIANE GIDDIS

CARTOON EDITOR: SAM GROSS

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: HOWARD JUROFSKY

ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR: JOHN FIGURSKI

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: DEBRA RABAS

SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER: PAT HAYWARD

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT: GINGER ERNANO

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

NICK BAKAY, GEORGE BARKIN,

JOHN BENDEL, ED BLUESTONE,

LANCE CONTRUCCI, MICHAEL CORCORAN,

WILL DURST, JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN,

GILBERT GOTTFRIED, SAM JOHNSON, GERARD JONES,

TONY KISCH, PAUL KRASSNER, CHRIS MARCIL,

CHRIS MILLER, LOUIS PHILLIPS, ED SUBITZKY,

JOHN WATERS, JOHN WEIDMAN, DAVE WIELGUS

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

RON BARRETT, JAMES BENNETT, PETER BENNETT,

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

DREW FRIEDMAN, RICK GEARY, SAM GROSS,

BUDDY HICKERSON, RANDY JONES,

JOHN "DUKE" KISCH, MARK MAREK,

RICK MEYEROWITZ, BOB RAKITA,

CHARLES RODRIGUES, FRANK SPRINGER,

B. K. TAYLOR, GAHAN WILSON, JEFF WONG

VICE PRESIDENT,

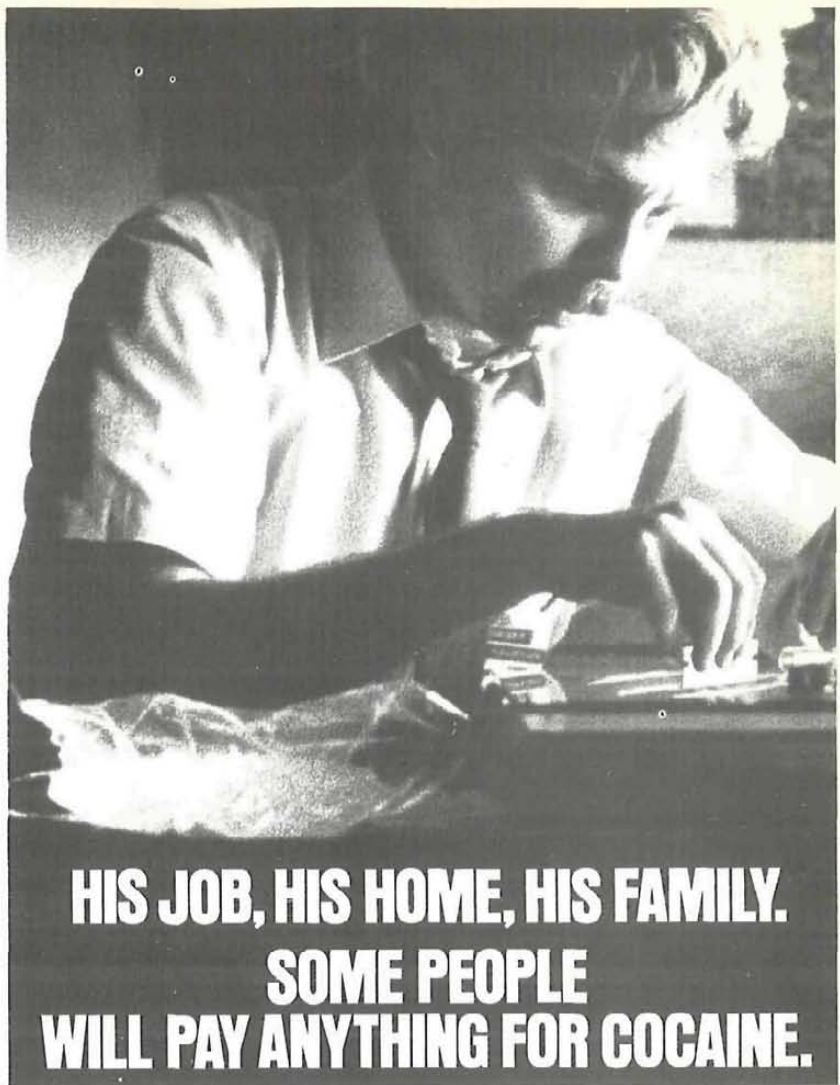
PRODUCTION AND MANUFACTURING

HOWARD JUROFSKY

VICE PRESIDENT / CONTROLLER

WALTER GARIBALDI

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

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

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

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

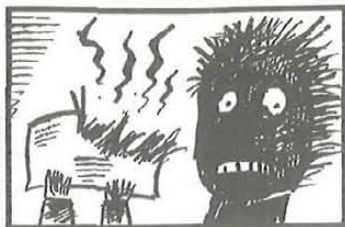
Or, in this case, rehabilitation for a cocaine abuser. A man who, without your help, could very well have ended up paying the ultimate price.



United Way

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

LETTERS



Sirs:
What can I say? You see a shopping mall.
I see Outward Bound for agoraphobics.
Dr. Buck Price
Toughlove therapist

Sirs:
I was leading by example.
Marion Barry
Crack Capital, U.S.A.

Sirs:
Hold it! Let's get this straight: we over-
threw the Communist party, got rid of the
Russians, and embraced democracy, but we
still have long food lines?
What the fuck is going on here? You
don't suppose we're still Polish, do you?
Poles
Poland

Sirs:
*I just tried to call
To say I love you.*
Stevie Wonder
Using SPRINT long-distance

Sirs:
The mass of men lead lives of quiet des-
peration. But this Richard Lewis... sheesh
... *give me a break...*
Henry David Thoreau
Goin' fishin'

Sirs:
African-Americans in porn movies? Uh
... blacks may not have some of the neces-
sities....
Al Campanis
*Really getting it
wrong this time*


Sirs:
Alms for da lubba Allah, motherfucker!
Homeless Muslim
Tompkins Square Park, N.Y.

Sirs:
Then we have a shot of a bedful of worn-
out babes and a blonde turns to the camera,
licks her lips, and says, "Bo knows sex."
Whaddya think?
*The Folks at Nike
Running out of clever ideas*

Sirs:
Hey, Manuel, we'll leave the light on
for ya.
Nicolae Ceausescu
Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini
Ferdinand Marcos
Motel 666, Hell



"Looks like Oprah's off her diet."

Sirs:

Leonard Cohen
Cheering up

Sirs:
We're looking for one good man. Tops.
The Strong, the Proud, the Marines
Facing budget cutbacks

Sirs:
You mean I wasted *thirty years* worrying
about the bomb for *nothing*?
Jules Feiffer
Tuned to CNN

Sirs:
See that cutie with the blond halo? I'm
gonna come all over her face.
Babe Ruth
Still calling his shots

Sirs:
Let's go back to my place and I'll show
you my haystacks.
Claude Monet
*Trying to make a good impression
France*

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Just Aim ...

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Don't be fooled by "hearing devices" that look like ordinary radio units. Sonic Super Ear is the only high technological unit of its kind with truly multi-directional capability that is used by surveillance experts around the world. Buy the best!

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Sirs:
After further review by the instant-replay official, the assassination stands as called.

The Warren Commission
Dallas, Tex.

Sirs:
Put a tiger in your tank... and while you're at it, toss in a few dead otters.

Exxon
So slick

Sirs:
Since we're both wild and crazy gals... and since we promised to share everything... including our feelings... well, I thought, since Warren Beatty is just a big pass-around pack anyway, that maybe we could... Hello?... Hello? Operator... I think we've been cut off...

Sandra Bernhard
Madonna's former best friend

Sirs:
Let's see... Peter wanted Premium Peach. Premium Tropical for James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother. And for Judas... Premium Blush.

Jesus Christ
Turning water into wine coolers

Sirs:
Hello? (*buzz crackle*) Who is this? (*zzzzp crackle*) I said, *who is this?*

Dial M for Murder
On a cellular phone

Sirs:
Every year it's the same old shit. He wants to go to Japan. I want to go to Antarctica.

Mothra
Married to the Blob

Sirs:
In my new sequel, *The Godfather, Chapter 11*, the Mafia lists assets of \$1.3 billion, and liabilities of \$3.7 billion!

Francis Coppola
Italy

Sirs:
Buy!
Sell!

The One-Second Manager

Sirs:
Sunday, February 22, 1987:
Died, went to heaven (cab
\$1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000).
Andy Warhol
Heaven

Sirs:
There's a certain ambience to the sound of your fly being unzipped by a heavily titted prostitute at a dark and lonely all-night truck stop. You can almost feel the majesty of it in the air.

Charles Kuralt
On the road

Sirs:
Woodstock? Ah, let's see, ain't he that liddow bird in the cummics? Wot, it's a place as well? And Oi've been there? When was that, mate?

Joe Cocker
Coming out of the haze

Sirs:
Teacher says every time you abuse a child, a prosecutor earns a pair of wings.
McMartin Preschool
It's a wonderful witch hunt

Sirs:
If I were you, I'd start thinking recession. Yesterday I heard Alan Greenspan humming "Two Coins in the Fountain."

Louis Rukeyser
Wall Street Week

Sirs:
And *Eddie Murphy Raw* was based on my original treatment, *Slappy White Medium-Rare*.

Art Buchwald
King of comedy

Sirs:
Roger Smith? Go ahead—make fun of him. But he picked me up out of the gutter. He gave me a second chance. He recognized my potential. Roger and me, and hundreds of guys *just like us*, are working to make GM even better than ever!

Herb, Former Burger King Nerd
GM Corporate HQ
Flint, Mich.

Sirs:
So, I'm the new "Piano Man"? So where's the new Christie Brinkley?
Harry Connick, Jr.
Where was I?

Sirs:
The young people really like it, and may I say it energizes the services for everyone. And it would surprise you how few lyric changes are necessary.

Bernie Wailer
Reggae cantor

All You Need Is a Hook

That's right. Rodney Dangerfield came up with "I tell you, I get no respect," and from that one famous catch phrase, eight high-budget feature films are in various stages of development.

- Rodney Dangerfield as a New York City homicide detective.
"I tell you, I get no suspects!"
 - Rodney Dangerfield as a drugstore clerk.
"I tell you, I get no Secrets!"
 - Rodney Dangerfield as an usher at Radio City Music Hall.
"I tell you, I get no Rockettes!"
 - Rodney Dangerfield as a clerk in a record store.
"I tell you, I get no soundtracks to the musical *No, No, Nanette!*"
 - Rodney Dangerfield as the manager of a furniture store.
"I tell you, I get no cabinets!"
 - Rodney Dangerfield as a psychiatrist.
"I tell you, I get no patients with Tourette's!"
 - Rodney Dangerfield as a used-car dealer.
"I tell you, I get no Chevy Chevettes!"
 - Rodney Dangerfield as a worker in a toy store.
"I tell you, I get no puppets!"
- Fred Stoller**



Make your next date a two bagger.

Totally natural SMARTFOOD®. Air-popped popcorn smothered in white cheddar cheese.



"Boy, talk about adding insult to injury."

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Sirs:

Well, I thought my poetry was pretty darn good, but this Dice gentleman, now I've never shaken his hand, but he makes me look like a Sarah Lawrence dropout! Absolutely top-drawer!

Jimmy Stewart
K mart poet laureate

Sirs:

How you say... Jerry Lewis? Phhtuuui! Zut! Le monarch est deceased—long live the Dice! C'est wonderful, le Dice... c'est marvelous...

The French
Passing the torch

Sirs:

Boy, if they ever need a *third* screen version of *Henry V*, don't forget the Diceman! Sir Laurence Olivier
Kenneth Branagh

Sirs:

Uh, we've decided to switch from women's studies to a business major. . . .

Coeds
University of Montreal

Sirs:

And his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.

Fooled ya! I was just *faking* my soliloquy!

Molly Bloom
When Ulysses Met Sally

Sirs:

I'm going to Dharmaland!

The Dalai Lama
Immediately after winning the Nobel prize

Sirs:

Barbie does girls' field hockey. . . . Barbie does cheerleading. . . . Barbie does puberty. . . .

Cross-Training Bra

Sirs:

YO_'RE
C_NCELED

Pat Sajak
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

They're gigantic. They look frantic. They're as big as the Atlantic. She always looks like she's been surprised. She's got Barbara Bush's eyes.

Kim Carnes
Comeback City

Sirs:

You want to know where Oprah's sixty-two pounds went? Yup. Like a goddamn voodoo curse.

Delta Burke
Culver City, Calif.

Sirs:

Okay, here, I support a woman's right to an abortion as long as the fetus is a convicted drug dealer.

Jack Kemp
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

That last letter is godless and offensive. Every human soul deserves a chance, no matter how hopeless, twisted, and deformed it may be. After all, look at me.

Randall Terry
Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

Looking back, I guess I really went fukihn nowhere.

Greg Kihn
Workihn at Burger Kihn

Sirs:

So my next film is called *Pissed-off Black People Get Rich off Liberal Guilt*. God, if I was white I'd never get away with this.

Spike Lee
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

Sure you would.

Oliver Stone
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Okay, it's been three years, you've made your point. SO LET ME DOWN FROM HERE!

The Crazy Glue Man
Paramus, N.J.

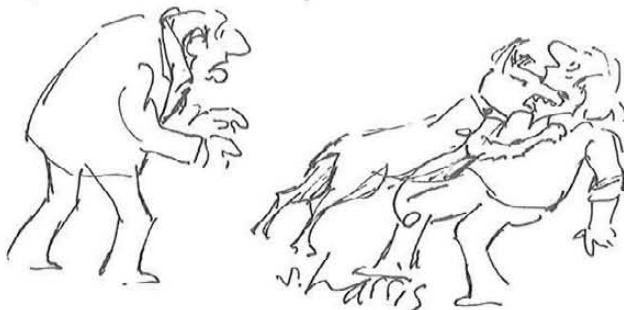
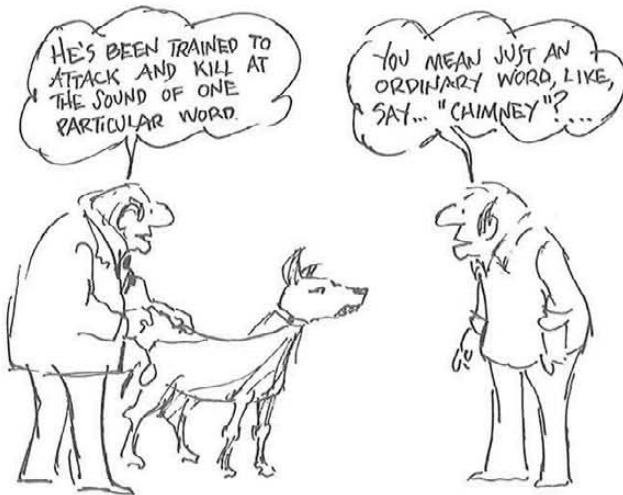
Sirs:

All right. All right. We'll shut the hell up.
All the People in the World
with an "Infectious Laugh"
Cocktail Party, U.S.A.

Sirs:

Sorry! Nobody is home right now. A nation of millions is holding us back—mostly Jews. Please leave your message at the Tone-Löc. (*beep*)

Professor Griff's
Answering Machine



Sirs:
Hey, Doc—is that a jagged forceps, or are you just glad to see me? Wait a min... Now just hold on there...

The Aborted Voice of Bruce Willis
Look Who's Not Talking

Sirs:
Gaze into my forehead... You are getting sleepy... sleepy...

Phil Collins
The story of my success

Sirs:
Eat me—raw!
Fuck you!
Yo mama!

Bartlett's Really
Familiar Quotations

Sirs:
Hey, isn't that the combined might of the Allied forces? Ha-ha—made you look!

Pee-wee Goebbels
Pee-wee's Bunker

Sirs:
Battered women? I prefer extra-crispy. C'mon... it's only a joke. Oh, like you've never killed a child before...

Joel Steinberg
*Shouting down
the Letterman audience*

Sirs:
Look, it's simple. You find some old lady that needs help getting across the street and you help her, *capisce*? Then you say, "Lady, I do this favor for you because I am showing my respect. One day, and this day may never come, but one day I may come to you and ask you to do something for me, and to show your respect, you will not be able to deny me this thing I ask you to do." Then ba-bing, ba-boom, she's hooked!

Vinnie "The Lip" Parnucci
Sicilian Boy Scout leader

Sirs:
Look, if it will eliminate having a tag stapled in my ear, a transmitter stuck up my ass, and an ID number tattooed on my tongue, I'll tell you what my fucking migratory habits are, okay?

An Elk
Alaska

Sirs:
You know, some of these smaller kids can also be used as a lovely centerpiece for floral arrangements, so you got that going for you too.

Sally Struthers
Heartfelt, Calif.

Sirs:
Okay, let's see. That'll be two dollars for

the gas, eighty cents for the oil, and a dollar fifty for the blowjob.

Gomer Pyle
Wally's Filling Station

Sirs:
Now, let's assume, for the sake of argument, that Adam and Eve and Kickme were on a raft. If Adam and Eve fell off, who would be left?

Some Really Smart Guy
PBS

Sirs:
Are we ever gonna get laid without having to pay for it?

A Shriner
In the hotel lobby

Sirs:
Of course someone drove me to drink. It's not like I have my license yet.

Drew Barrymore
Dryout, Calif.

Sirs:
Jesus Christ! Did you see that Foreman/Cooney fight? If wrinkles must be written upon our brows, let them not be written upon the heart. Bright youth passes swiftly as a thought. *Shit!* What a fight!

Joyce Carol Oates
Beside herself

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?

YES!! Simple insert the MEPHISTO SUBLIMINAL CASSETTE (car, home, portable). She will only notice music but inaudible, commands penetrate her subconscious mind BECOME HER OBSESSION!!!

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!"

NOT JUST AROUSED, BUT AROUSED BY YOU!

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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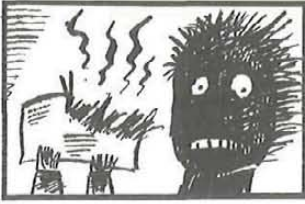
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LETTERS



Sirs:
I just got in. Anybody seen Beckett?
Godot
Paris

Sirs:
Rim a martini glass with Vaseline. Fill with eight parts rubbing alcohol to one part witch hazel (medicine-cabinet temperature). Stir briskly with rectal thermometer. Garnish with cotton ball.

Recipe for a First Lady
From The Kitty Dukakis Book of Cocktails
Published by In the Tank Press
First printing (recalled)

Sirs:
I dreamed I accidentally composed some music with a discernible melody that left the listener in a state of rapture instead of free-floating anxiety.
Philip Glass
Shaking off a nightmare

Sirs:
Buon giorno! I'm da extra virgin you alla time read about onna da oliva oil cans. They keepta me around for whenna tings getta too pressing. 'Atsa ginzo joke, hah! Well, fungoo you, too!

Maria Hymenanotucci
Naples, Italy

Sirs:
I'm worried about Joanie. During that show on eczema in the black community, I could tell her heart wasn't really in her work. As soon as she gets down here I'm gonna make her BIG again, so help me!

Edgar
Hell

Sirs:
Okay, how about something like this? "The first blade approaches the whisker and indiscriminately clubs it over the head while arresting it for subversion. Then the second and third blades lift the whisker up so that a death squad comprised of blades four, five, and six can slice it from the face as closely as possible. Then it's buried in a mass grave with the other dead whiskers at the base of the shaver's handle." I mean, gentlemen, are we talking about relating to the customer here, or what?

An Advertising Executive
El Salvador

Sirs:
Having a wonderful time.
Stay the fuck away.

Thomas Pynchon
J. D. Salinger
Salman Rushdie

Sirs:
Barbie's thirtieth anniversary? Check the driver's license in her gold lamé accessory kit—she's thirty-six if she's a day. Ken's got her Cabbage Patch Embryos tied up in court. And Cricket's at Betty Ford, I hear. . . .

Chatty Cathy
Dishing the dirt

Sirs:
Corporate sponsorship isn't necessarily exploitative—you've gotta take it on a case-by-case basis.

Julian Lennon
Smith & Wesson Tour '90

Sirs:
Whew! We were *that close* to having to get a life.

Beauty and the Beast Fans
Saved by cable

Sirs:
The name's Bond . . . *Junk Bond*.
Agent 000
No longer a view to a killing



"He was a nice dog. I just thought he'd make a better hamburger."

Sirs:

I've got about three or four hundred left-over medfly jokes that even Brooke Shields wouldn't touch with a ten-foot eyebrow, ha-ha. I'd let you have 'em for a song... so hit it... Thanks... for the Malathion...

Bob Hope

Getting to leave the Letters column early

Sirs:

It's the strangest damn thing, but before I put my makeup on in the morning I look like the little sister on *The Partridge Family*.

Morgan Fairchild

*In step with the modern era
and its candid chic*

Sirs:

Not to worry, we're just waiting patiently. That's right, we're just taking it easy, relaxing in the dark recesses of your closet, secure in the knowledge that someday, when you least expect it, WE WILL RULE AGAIN!

Yes, It's Those Big, Wide
Neckties You Haven't Thrown Out
Yet for Some Strange Reason

A closet

Sirs:

When E.F. Hutton talks...
Kill your parents!

Jerry Rubin

Wall Street

Sirs:

Courage, dudes!

Dan Rather, Jr.

Chip off the old wooden delivery

Sirs:

Frozen Embryo Crunch? Whoa... we've been working too hard.

Ben & Jerry
All-Natural, Vi.

Sirs:

I must admit that throughout these turbulent times, my role models have been those spunky gals on *Designing Women*.

Lech Walesa
Please pass the pirog

Sirs:

Oops... lied again!
Oh, the disgrace!

Ben Johnson
Coming in her mouth

Sirs:

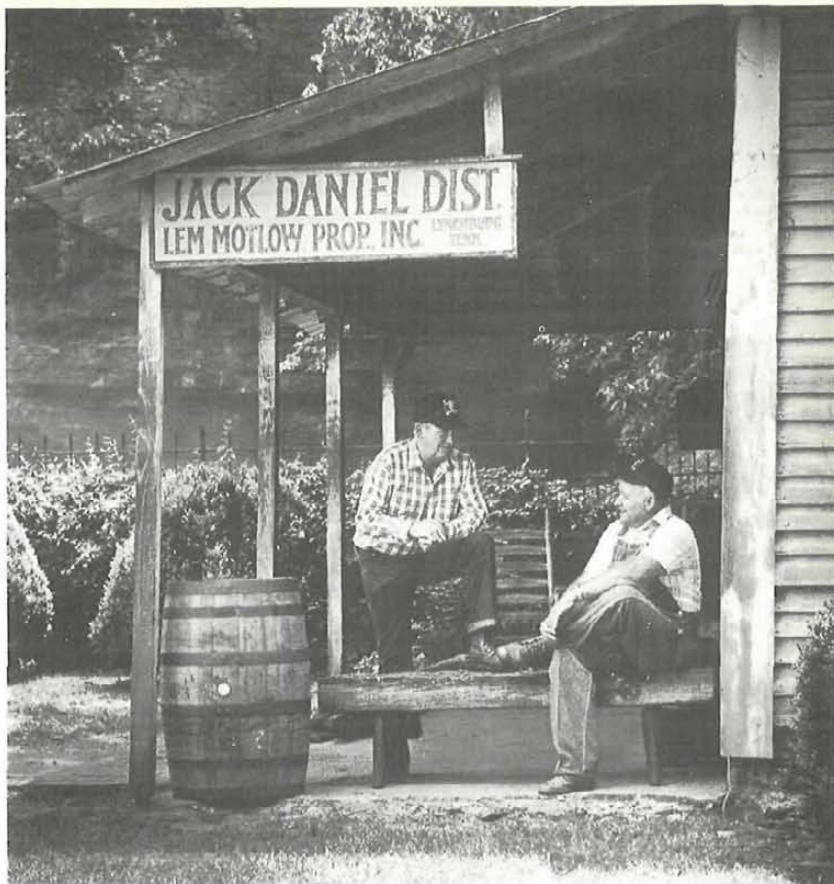
For \$550,000 plus, you bet I'm a coffee achiever!

Linda Ellerbee
c/o Maxwell House

Sirs:

It's not nice to fool Mother Nature. But it sure is easy.

Exxon



We hope you'll visit us one of these days here at Jack Daniel's Distillery.

ONE OF OUR FAVORITE SITTING PLACES is under the sign Jack Daniel and Lem Motlow put up over a century ago.

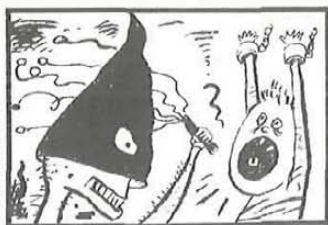
Jack Daniel settled on this very spot in 1866, for here's where he found ironfree water perfect for his needs. The spring still flows at our distillery today, not ten yards from where these gentlemen are chatting. And we still make whiskey the way Jack and Lem once made it, charcoal mellowed drop by drop. Keeping their sign in place keeps us faithful to their old methods. A sip, we believe, will keep you faithful to them too.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

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



Robert Neubecker



TRUE FACTS

EDITED BY JOHN BENDEL

FROM THE LOCAL NEWS pages of the *Argonaut* of Marina del Rey, California:

"At 2:45 P.M., a fifty-six-year-old man at a Panay Way apartment injured his neck while masturbating. The man went by ambulance to Daniel Freeman Marina Hospital." (contributed by Bill Chapman)

THOMAS WADDELL OF Baltimore, Maryland, was charged with stealing forty homing pigeons from William Allen and later thirty more from John Styron, a neighbor.

"Officer Ronald Pettie reported that while driving Mr. Allen around the neighborhood he spotted Mr. Waddell in the 2100 block of Pennsylvania Avenue, walking oddly with bulging pants. As the officer approached, Mr. Waddell was stuffing a pigeon down them, police said.

"After placing the suspect under arrest, Officer Pettie said the man then began shaking and pulling pigeons from inside his pants. In all, he pulled out twenty-one live pigeons and five dead ones, a police spokes-

man said." *Baltimore Sun* (contributed by Stephanie Vardavas)

ACCORDING TO THE *NEW England Journal of Medicine*, Communion wafers used in Catholic and Anglican church services can cause diarrhea, abdominal pain, gas, and cancer. (contributed by S. Bouman)

FROM THE POLICE REPORTS column of the *News-Dispatch* of Michigan City, Indiana:

"Dunes Plaza Cinema, 100 Dunes Plaza, battery; a fifty-two-year-old Valparaiso woman said she and her husband were watching *Lethal Weapon II* when a fifty-one-year-old Chicago man put his hand down her pants. The man told police his arm fell asleep and dropped off his chair but not into her pants. The woman said she didn't immediately notice his hand because she had recently been in an accident that left that side of her body numb." (contributed by Slug Signorino)

IN PLANTATION, FLOR-

ida, police arrested Ray Williams and charged him with stealing five hundred dollars from a car salesman at gunpoint. "Detective Ken Kilbride found the suspect by checking through the arrest records of people named Ray, police spokesperson Ed Plaisted said."

Kilbride was put on the trail by the victim, who couldn't help noticing "Ray" tattooed on the robber's forehead. *Fort Lauderdale News* (contributed by Keith Briggs)

AUTHORITIES IN PITTSBURGH, Pennsylvania, cited a popular restaurant for "outside garbage storage problems" after rats were discovered in the air-conditioning ducts.

The *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* reported that "Dr. Bruce Dixon of the Allegheny County Health Department had just finished addressing a dinner meeting of children's dentists at Poli's Restaurant Wednesday when a rat fell onto the floor."

The rat, which had fallen from a ceiling duct, scampered off in front of diners. (contributed by Charles Kicey)

IN TRAVERSE CITY, MICHIGAN, some Halloween trick-or-treaters came home from the Cherryland Mall with sex lubricant in their candy bags.

According to the *Traverse City Record-Eagle*, the gel was traced to Ravissant, a lingerie store, where a lone clerk apparently placed the store's candy basket next to another display containing "small, colorful packets of sexual lubricating gel." (contributed by Nancy Peacock)

THE *WASHINGTON TIMES* reported that four ventriloquist's dummies were stolen from the vehicle of Sam Lamerson, a Baptist pastor and entertainer in West Palm Beach, Florida. "Gone," said the paper, "were hand-carved wooden Studley; Ebenezer the Geezer; Al, the Faithful Hunting Dog; and Roscoe the Rabbit.

"Mr. Lamerson, who performs as a juggler, magician, and ventriloquist at nightclubs, trade shows, and birthday parties about thirty times a month as one of the Zucchini Brothers, said he's heartbroken.

"It's almost like having your child kidnapped," he said.

"Police speculated that the thief or thieves could be children or a vagrant hoping to pawn the dummies.

"One of them, Ebenezer, hates children, Mr. Lamerson said. 'He's probably really mad right now.'" (contributed by S. J. Silverstein)

RESCUERS TRIED BUT failed to save the life of thirty-nine-year-old Kenneth Thorne, who suffered a heart attack at his home in Quincy, Massachusetts. Thorne weighed between 700 and 750 pounds.

The *Patriot Ledger* of Quincy reported that paramed-

Next Time, Take a Taxi



contributed by Michael Riemer

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57 STORIES...

60 CARTOONISTS...

248 PAGES...

THE

VERY BEST

FROM

1980-1990

As assembled by the editors of *The Comics Journal*, this superb two-volume set captures most of the highlights from the exciting 80s. They're all here: young turks (Bagge, Boswell, Brown, Kuper, Kim), syndicated strip and panel cartoonists (Barry, Dougan, Feiffer, Stamaty), underground masters (Jackson, Pekar, Shelton, Spain), the RAW gang (Burns, Panter, Spiegelman), the new wave of women cartoonists (Gebbie, Lay, Seda)—all this plus Alan Moore, represented with the 13-page, full-color "Pictopia," his and Donald Simpson's little-seen eulogy to the golden age of comic strips and comic books. New full-color covers by Crumb, Groening, Griffith, and Los Bros. Hernandez (who are all represented inside) as well. Special bonus: No Batcrap whatsoever.

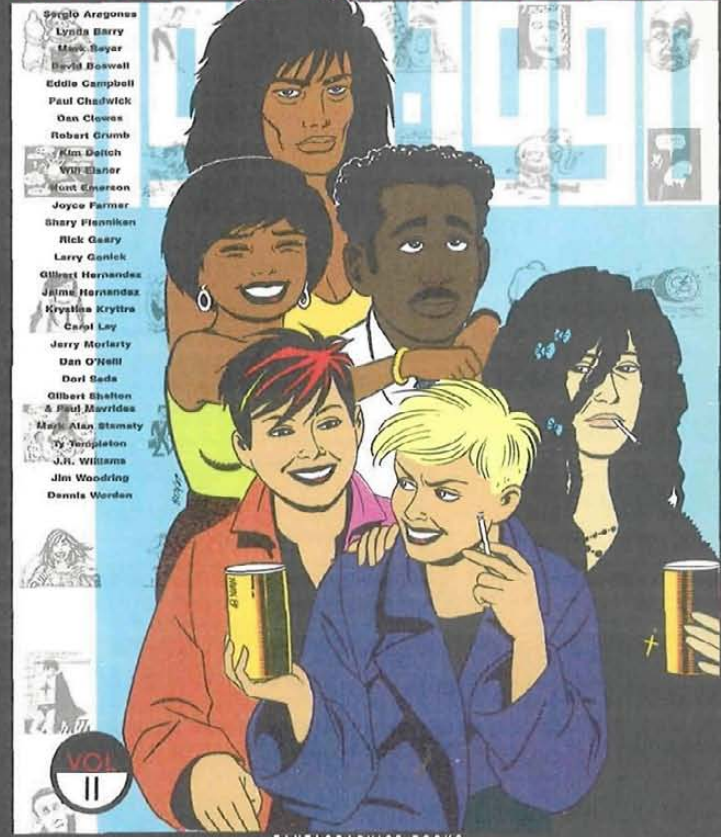
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- Dennis Eichhorn
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- Peter Kuper
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THE BEST COMICS OF THE DECADE



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Chris Gutscher



James A. Nollet



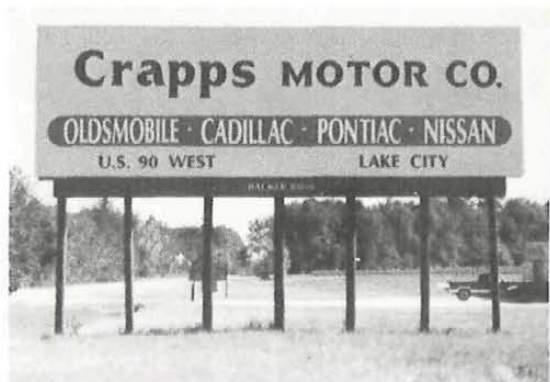
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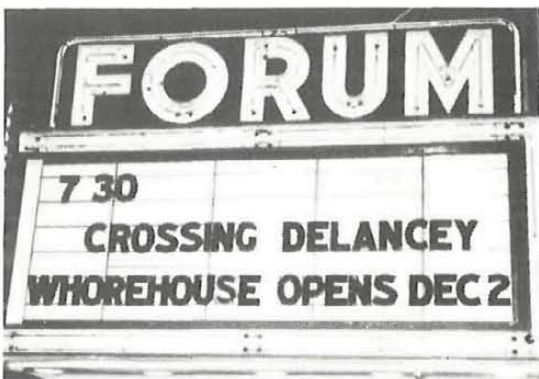
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F.

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G.

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ics "found Thorne wedged inside a small bathroom, unconscious and not breathing." When Thorne wouldn't fit in the ambulance, police called Tino's Gulf for a flatbed-style tow truck. Thorne rode to the hospital strapped to the bed of the tow truck, but arrived too late.

"He was a very large man," said Tino Vitali, owner of Tino's Gulf. (contributed by Michael A. Tribuna, Jr.)

THIS CLASSIFIED AD APPEARED in *Starlog* magazine under the heading "organizations":

"The first Star Trek Community will form for mature Trekkers. Structured community life expressing core values of ST on realistic level. Responsible, self-supporting individuals send legal SASE and autobiog. letter of interest to Star Trek Community, Box 4389, Cary, NC 27511." (contributed by James J. Petrassi)

WORKING AS A STOCK clerk in a Newport Beach, California, supermarket, Derrick Johnson invented the sport of turkey bowling. To alleviate the boredom, Johnson and his friends at the supermarket "started playing stickball with old oranges, running pallet-jack races, and bowling tin cans at neatly arranged rolls of paper towels.

"One night," reported the *Chicago Tribune*, "Johnson looked on in fascination as one guy in the meat department slid turkeys across the linoleum to another guy who was stacking them in the freezer. Inspired, he set out ten two-liter bottles in a bowling-pin array, grabbed a fourteen-pound Butterball® by its convenient Turkey Lifter® handle, and let fly."

Since then, Johnson has been the leading light of turkey bowling, a sport he has promoted on TV shows such as *Sports Fantasy*, *Sunday Morning*, and *The Arsenio Hall*

Show.

However, the turkey people have struck back.

"Your unauthorized references to our Butterball turkeys as the brand of turkeys you use in your turkey bowling has caused, and is continuing to cause, serious injury to their quality image," wrote Dennis Gott, vice president and general legal counsel for Swift/Eckrich, distributors of Butterball turkeys. "Unless you immediately cease this unauthorized use, we will take immediate action to enjoin you from these activities and will seek damages for all the injury you have caused to our high-quality image." (contributed by Wes Pollard)

ALDERMAN KEN BENNETT of Hervey Bay in Queensland, Australia, announced a Princess of Whales competition in which "large ladies will be asked to beach themselves as part of Hervey Bay's first Festival of Whales." Spectators, said Bennett, would be asked to guess the weight of the "whale look-alikes."

"It is the most barbaric and inhumane thing that could happen to women who are unfortunately overweight," said Vilma Ward, a local women's-affairs activist.

Animal-rights advocates also objected, describing the proposed event as "demeaning to the whales." *The Age* (contributed by Louis-robert Stomm)

THE NEWS JOURNAL OF Wilmington, Delaware, detailed earthquake relief being provided for the Bay Area by fellow Californians:

"Nancy's Quiches of Menlo Park donated 20,000 quiches to the relief effort. Someone else gave hibachis for cooking. The national Holistic Institute sent two hundred massage therapists to knead the aching, stressed muscles of rescue workers.

"A city porn shop offered an 'earthquake special' of vibrating sex toys.

"Meanwhile, the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, a band of gay men who dress in miniskirted nun's habits and fishnet stockings, will aid earthquake victims by holding benefit dances.

"We're sort of icons. We're as much a symbol of San Francisco as earthquakes," said Kenneth Bunch, also known as Sister Vicious." (contributed by Russell Shumaker)

A SCHOOL-BUS DRIVER IN Torrance, California, lost control of his bus "while trying to quiet one or more rambunctious passengers." The bus crashed, slightly injuring seven hearing-impaired students.

"He was trying to advise them to sit down in sign language, which required the use of both hands," explained a Los Angeles County sheriff's officer. *San Jose Mercury News* (contributed by Arlen L. Grossman)

THIS PERSONAL AD APPEARED in the "Courtship Corner" column of the North Valley, Illinois, *Bonni Buy'r'r*:

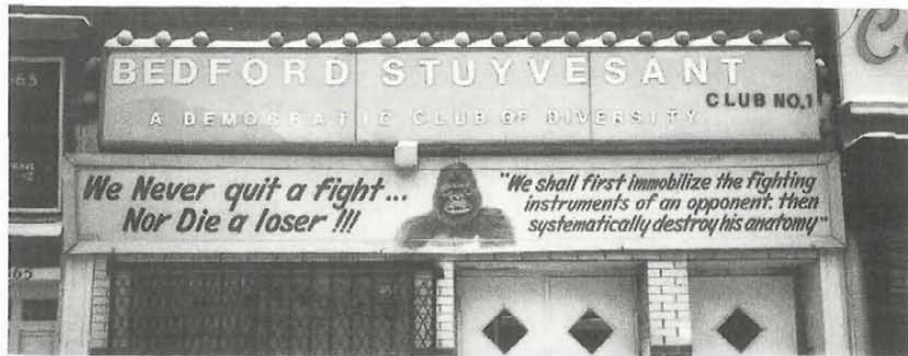
"D/W/M, 30, 5'10". Chronically unemployed, short, bald, sweaty fat man with bladder control problems. Morally bankrupt—if you want loyalty, get a dog. Future brother-in-law from Hell. Seeking homely (everyone wants ugly kids), flat-chested, porcine, inconsiderate, smoking woman who's as bright as a planarian." (contributed by Kevin Fluharty)

THE PROPOSED MERGER of three Australian technical schools ran into problems, according to a report in *The Age*. The merger involved the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology (RMIT), the Footscray Institute of Technology (FIT), and the Western Institute (WI).

RMIT agreed to the merger only if its name were kept and if it were the dominant partner, while FIT believed its name should also be retained. "If the WI insists on the same," speculated *The Age*, "the anagrammatic university of technology could variously be known as RMITWIFITUT, WIRMITFITUT, or UTRMITWIFIT (which would presumably be pronounced 'you trim it, we fit it')." (contributed by Louis-robert Stomm)

WHEN OTHER METHODS of controlling the burgeoning pigeon population of McAlester, Oklahoma, failed, city officials sent sixteen firefighters

Republicans Beware



According to contributor James A. Nollet, these signs belong to separate organizations, one a martial arts center and the other a political club. Which group is tougher, however, we can't be sure.

armed with shotguns into the streets to take care of the problem.

Blasting away for an hour and forty-five minutes, the firemen reportedly dispatched about four hundred to five hundred birds. In the process, however, they expended at least 1,600 shotgun rounds.

"I wish we could have gotten a lot more pigeons," said a fire department spokesman. *Oklahoman & Times* (contributed by Shawn Brennan)

SOME 50,000 PEOPLE turned out for the Fourteenth Occasional Pasadena Doo Dah Parade, a living parody of the Rose Bowl parade. According to the *Des Moines Register*, the parade included the "Great Zsa Zsa Drill Team, in which several women and one burly man, all dressed as Zsa Zsa Gabor, re-created Gabor's infamous policeman-slapping incident with men dressed as Beverly Hills motorcycle officers."

Also in the parade were the "Texas Chainsaw Massacre Drool Team of the Living Dead

Dishonor Guard, featuring marchers who scared the crowd by toting running chain saws, and several *Exxon Valdez* floats." (contributed by Rick Mattix)

TWO ITEMS ON ONE PAGE of the *Montana Standard* turned out to be related. The first was an item from the "Police Court" column that read: "Michael Belli, twenty-four, 14 N. Clark, was sentenced to 180 days in the Butte-Silver Bow Jail, fined five hundred dollars, and ordered to attend the Batterers Program for misdemeanor domestic abuse. Belli pointed a gun at Cindy Nelson's head and held a knife to her throat early Sunday morning at 14 N. Clark."

The second item was a paid advertisement that announced in bold letters: "The wedding between Cindy Nelson & Mike Belli, Jr. has been canceled." (contributed by Gregory C. Black)

TWO BROTHERS, GALEN and Charles Schmuck, returned

to the block in Reading, Pennsylvania, where one of them had been ripped off by a street drug dealer.

"The Schmucks spotted the man, left their car, and became involved in a confrontation with the dealer and several of his friends," reported the *Reading Eagle*. "While the brothers fought with the group of men, other individuals slashed the rear tires of their car and smashed a window.

"The brothers got back in their car and tried to flee, but the car would not move because of the slashed tires.

"At this point, one of the assailants reached in the car and took the keys from the ignition and a wallet containing thirty dollars belonging to one of the brothers."

The police arrived and had the car towed. Despite their cuts and bruises, "the Schmucks declined hospital treatment." (contributed by Al Walentis)

ACCORDING TO THE *SAN Francisco Chronicle*, residents

of Schriever, Louisiana, were angered to learn that a sixty-three-car train of human waste from Baltimore, Maryland, was sitting on a railroad siding in their town. The train, which was eventually run out of town to a location in Mississippi, was dubbed the "poo-poo choo-choo." (contributed by David Sherman)

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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MISSING LETTERS



D. Bragg



Bob Savage



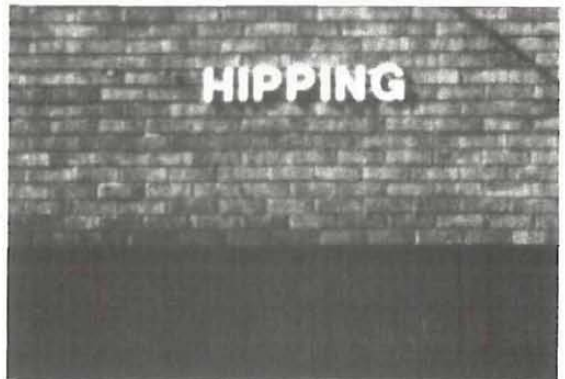
Caroline Arbuckle



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Darren Roskam



Mitch Giannunzio



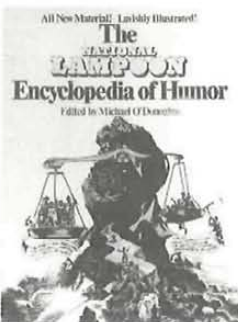
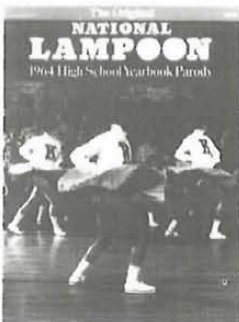
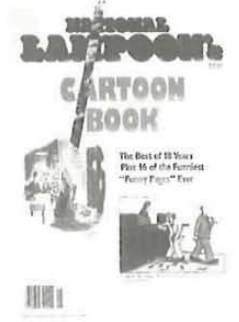
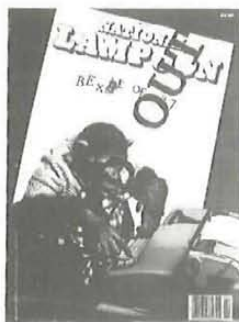
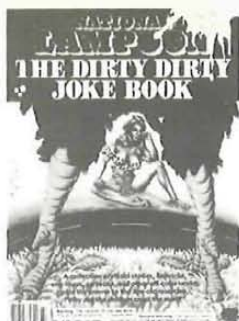
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Robert Naubecker



TRUE FACTS REPORTER

BY JOHN BENDEL

FINAL ARRANGEMENTS EDITION

Grave Observations

Your True Facts Reporter recently interviewed a suburban funeral director named Frank, who complained about taxes and government regulation, among other things. "If you were a homosexual," he explained, "you'd enjoy what the government is doing to you." Frank's observations on the funeral business follow.

I decided to become a funeral director when I was an altar boy. I used to serve at all the funeral Masses and I'd see these funeral directors all dressed up. I liked to dress up in those days. Now I hate it, but then I liked it. Besides, they didn't look like they were working hard.

They call it mortuary science. It takes two years of college, a year of mortuary school, and two years of training for a license, but that doesn't mean you'll have enough money to open your own place.

To get started, I used to do what's called "trade embalming." See, there are some guys in this business who just don't want to do it, or recognize that they're incompetent. They'd hire someone like me to come in, do the embalming, dressing, cosmetics, and casketing for a fee.

This one Italian funeral director, Tony, who I worked for didn't have a big business, but it was strictly Italian. When he got anybody who wasn't Italian he'd ask me to make the arrangements. "I don't know how to talk to these people," he'd say.

Anyhow, one day Tony had two Italian funerals going out on the same day, both to the same church and cemetery. One was at nine A.M. in the church and the other was for ten. He took the nine-o'clock one because it was a friend of the family. He asked me to take the ten.

They were both bronze-casket funerals, and you have to understand that bronze caskets are the most expensive. Tony'd get in a panic whenever he had a bronze-casket funeral.

Anyhow, I get to the cemetery with the second funeral and there's Tony, waiting for me. He watched our graveside service

and when it was over, I dismissed the people.

Now, the deceased's sister is still sitting there in one of the graveside folding chairs. She's not moving, so I go over to her and say, "Come on. It's time to go back to the car." She gets up and walks to the car.

So Tony and I are riding back to the funeral home and Tony asks, "What happened with you and the sister?"

I said, "What do you mean? Nothing. Why?"

He says, "Something had to have happened, because I saw you tell her to go back to the car, and she actually gets up and goes. She's been all over me for three days. She just wouldn't cooperate, ever."

So I say, "I'll tell you what your problem is, Tony. You're an Italian, and you're the kind of Italian people tell jokes about. You're a dumb Italian. You don't know how to deal with people."

We finally get back to the funeral home and Tony asks, "Are you sure nothing happened?"

So I tell him the truth.

We were in the funeral home getting ready to leave for Mass at ten, and I'm call-

ing off names of people who have to get in the limos. So I call off the name of the sister and she goes up to the casket with her husband and another brother. She's carrying on something awful and she won't leave. So I go over and say, "Excuse me, ma'am, but you don't want your brother to be late for church, do you? Kindly go to the car now."

But instead of going to the car, this lady breaks away from the two guys, spins around, and takes a good poke at me. I duck.

Now I've got to think fast, so as I come up, I take two fingers and put 'em in her nose and I hold her head up and I say, "Lady? Get your ass out to the car or I'm gonna knock you on it. Now move!"

So when I asked her to move at the cemetery, she moved. You should have seen the look on her husband's face. He was really relieved that somebody could make her move. She must walk all over him.

I'll tell you, dealing with ethnic people in ethnic areas is tough, and I don't care which background it is. If you're Irish, Polish, or whatever, and that's what you're dealing with as a funeral director, they just



Who Said This Frog Didn't Have Legs?



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

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

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

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

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

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your chops and bust your chops and bust your chops.

They figure you're one of their own so they can twist you and make demands. Here people can't get away with that because it's such a mixed bag, a real mixed bag. We even have black funerals now. Years ago we never had black funerals, and the funny part is, they always pay fast. They're usually paid up by the day of the funeral.

You know why? A black funeral director with a black funeral, well, he has the funeral, but he doesn't do the burial until the bill is paid. The body goes in the garage for a couple of weeks or whatever, and when he finally gets paid, the body gets buried.

My favorite ethnic group? I'd have to say the Italians are the funniest, because they think they have to scream. All the women. They hit the front door and they start to scream. They haven't even seen the deceased yet, and they start to scream.

Every Italian family seems to know a funeral director, whether he's licensed or not, especially in the old neighborhoods. There was this Italian family that had moved here and they came to me for a funeral. I gave them my price and the guy

looks at me and says, "Back where we used to live, the funeral director gave a hundred dollars off on the price."

So I said, "Well, I don't do that. I give you a fair price up front."

So we get to the casket room and he keeps looking at this one casket. He finally says, "This looks like the same casket we used two years ago for Mom, but it can't be. This one is only \$950. Mom's was \$1,650."

So I put my arm around him and I said, "Look, you give me \$1,650 for this casket and I'll give you two hundred dollars off the price of the funeral."

I even had a guy once who pulled up in a Rolls-Royce. His topcoat must have been worth seven, eight hundred bucks, and this was back in the fifties. But he's telling me how they don't have any money to spend on the funeral.

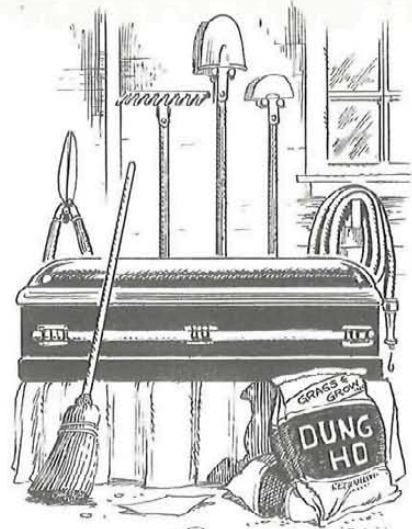
So I said to him, "Well, so that we both don't go hungry, I suggest you go out and sell the Rolls. Buy a Chevy, pay me, and put the balance in a bank account and earn some interest."

He looks at me and says, "I guess you didn't buy my story."

I said, "Hey, even if you're paying off your car and you're paying off your clothes, you are making the payments. Don't come in here and try to get something for nothing."

You know what he told me? He told me rich people don't like to pay retail. The balls of the guy.

But let me tell you about retail. In retailing, 10 percent of the people come into your place of business with only one thing in mind, and that's not to buy but to bust your chops and bust your chops and bust your



chops.

That's why I prefer this business. It's kind of a controlled environment in which they really come to you for help. You're in charge. They think they're in charge, but you're really in charge. People just don't know what to do and what not to do. And they're very emotional.

Take the Joe who had a heart attack while he was in a motel room with this babe. The babe calls the police and waits, so the police get the whole story.

So here's Joe in the casket and his wife is, "Oh, Joe! Why did you leave! *You son of a bitch!* Oh, Joe, I miss you! *You rotten bastard!*"

And then there was the guy who felt he had carried the load while his mother was dying, and he got real upset when his sisters insisted on crying during the funeral service. Like they had no right, know what I mean?

But they're crying and he's had it. So right in the middle of the minister's sermon, he picks up a folding chair and hollers, "I'm gonna hit 'em! Look at 'em cryin'! Where were they when she needed 'em! I'm gonna take their heads off!"

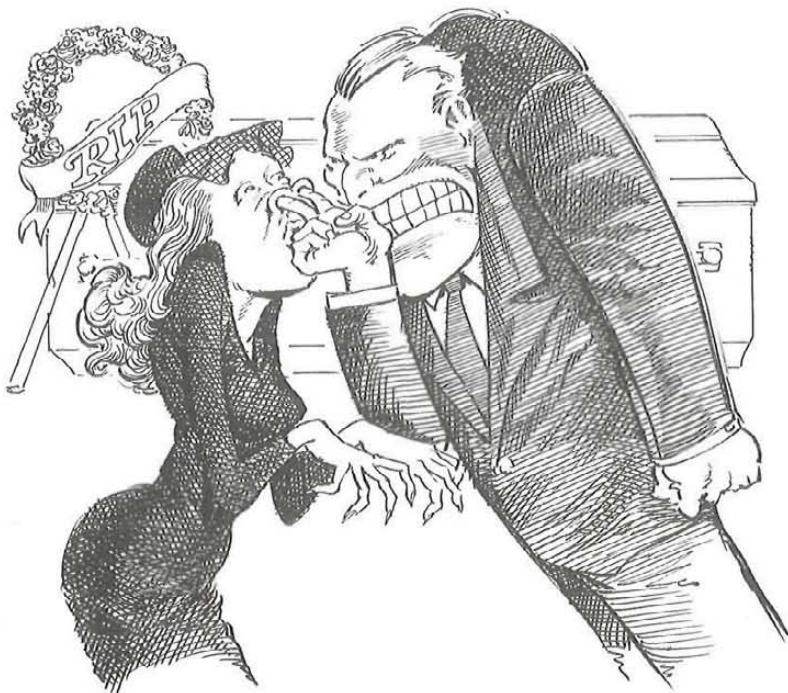
So what do I do? I've got to think fast, so I step out and holler, "Wait! Wait!" and I get the guy's attention.

And when he's paused there for a second with my chair over his head, I say, "You might break that chair, sir, and I'm not about to pay for a broken chair. We can't have chair breaking in here."

So he calmed down.

There's a lot of psychology involved, like our bereavement counseling. One of the things we do today is get people to talk. You sit them down and say something like "So, John, what about your gay boyfriend? What happened?"

But if a guy committed suicide, you don't ask the wife what happened, because you know what happened. So you might ask, "Was he upset about something?"



She wouldn't tell you the truth, but if she did, it would probably be "Yeah, he was upset. You know why? Because I busted his chops and busted his chops and busted his chops."



The Last Letter

Before becoming a freelance cameraman, electronics maven, and writer, Bob Grossblatt was the only welfare case-worker who cruised the Bronx in a 1966 Jaguar XKE. He still has the car, but not the job.

"There was this one old woman," said Grossblatt of the welfare case that spelled the end of his government career. "She was chronically ill and she desperately needed hospital attention. She couldn't take care of herself, but it was hell trying to get her admitted to a proper facility."

Grossblatt worked for months to have her admitted to a chronic-care hospital, encountering, and fulfilling, one fussy, bureaucratic requirement after another until, finally, the arrangements had been made—or so he thought.

"On the morning that an ambulance was supposed to pick up this woman," recalled Grossblatt, "I get this call from the hospital. They said they wouldn't take her until the welfare department committed themselves in writing to funeral arrangements for this poor old woman who was still alive."

One last bureaucratic obstacle. One last straw on the back of the camel. One last tweak to the nose of Hulk Hogan. Grossblatt was at the end of his rope, with the hospital, with his job, with everything.

"I wrote a letter to the hospital," he said, "spelling out the arrangements, just as they had asked."

The letter, on official City of New York Department of Social Services stationery, was dated June 8, 1967, addressed to the hospital. It read:

Gentlemen:

I understand that there is some confusion as to the manner in which the Department of Social Services handles funerals of welfare recipients.

Until July of 1967, the Department would advance \$250.00 toward the expenses, providing the total amount did not exceed \$500.00.

This has been changed.

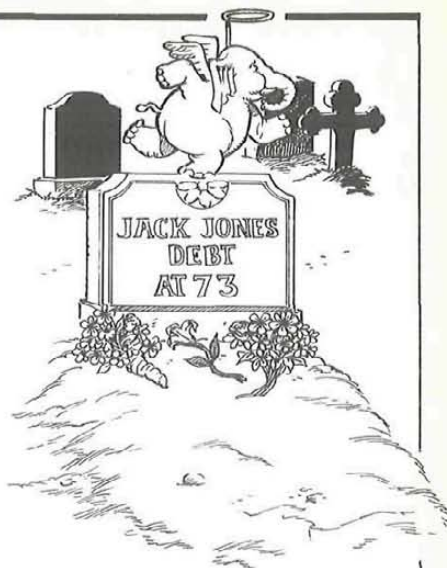
In keeping with the cutbacks in the funding of various HEW and related areas, the Department of Social Services has been advised by the federal government that in the event of a client's death, the body is to be removed to a city hospital, where it is to be washed and sterilized.

Once this is done, the body is to be sent to the offices of the Federal Surplus Foods Program, where it is to be butchered and given, at no expense whatsoever, to the poor.

Should there be any further questions, please contact me at the above number.

Arrangements can be made if you wish a choice cut for yourself.

Very truly yours, R. Grossblatt, Senior Case-worker.



Death in the Newsroom

Your True Facts Reporter recently asked news executives at a hard-hitting North-eastern daily about their experiences with obituaries. Their replies seem to indicate that newspapering is a tough business, and the higher up you go, the tougher you've got to be.

"The day Kelso, the Thoroughbred, died, there wasn't any room on the sports pages. There wasn't any room anywhere, so we ran the story as an obit. We ran a horse death on the obit page. We never heard a word about it. Nobody noticed, not even the editor."—Features editor.

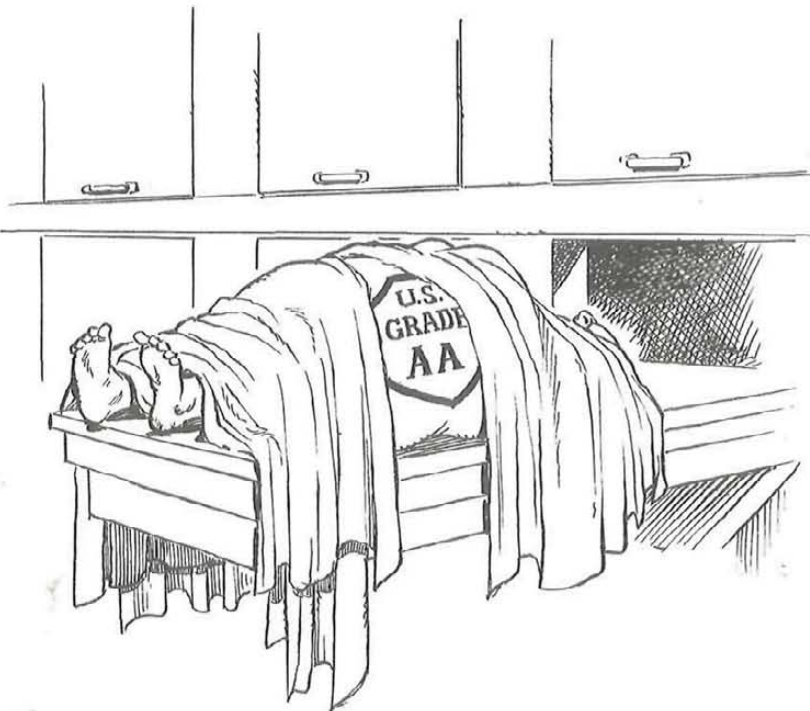
"At my old paper, in Trenton, we had this funeral director who turned a funeral procession around when he found out the check had bounced. That was funny."—City editor.

"Once down in Delaware, I was on the copy desk on a Friday night at deadline when the Republican chairman died. Nobody was around but me, so, real quick, I redid the front page, and the next morning the paper came out with a five-column headline, above the fold, that said, 'Jack Jones Debt at 73.' The Republicans were pretty upset."—Managing editor.

"Funny? One of my reporters on the obit desk took her own mother's obit."—Editor.

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

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





Ariane Gottfried

GILBERT GOTTFRIED'S PAGE

(GIVE OR TAKE A PAGE)

THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT IS QUICKLY AND CONSTANTLY CHANGING. YESTERDAY'S SCIENCE FICTION IS TODAY'S SCIENCE FACT!

HUMANS ARE VISITING OTHER PLANETS. BUT COULD OTHER PLANETS BE VISITING US? EVERY DAY THERE ARE MORE AND MORE UNSETTLING REPORTS OF STRANGE LIGHTS IN THE SKY, MISSING PERSONS, CATTLE MUTILATIONS, PEOPLE WHO MAKE DISGUSTING NOISES WHEN THEY EAT, FINDING A NOSE HAIR ON YOUR PILLOW WHEN YOU WAKE UP, DISCOLORATION OF THE LEG BANDS OF YOUR SHORTS NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES YOU WASH THEM!

WATCH OUT, BECAUSE:

ALIENS WALK AMONG US! (WHO JUST HAPPEN TO BE FEMALE AND HAVE NICE BREASTS)

AS OUR STORY BEGINS, BELOVED COMEDIAN GILBERT GOTTFRIED LIES IN BED READING A FEW OF THE MANY FAN LETTERS HE RECEIVES FROM THE PEOPLE WHO ADORE AND WORSHIP HIM.

"DEAR GILBERT, YOU SUCK. WHO THE FUCK TOLD YOU THAT YOU HAVE ANY TALENT...."



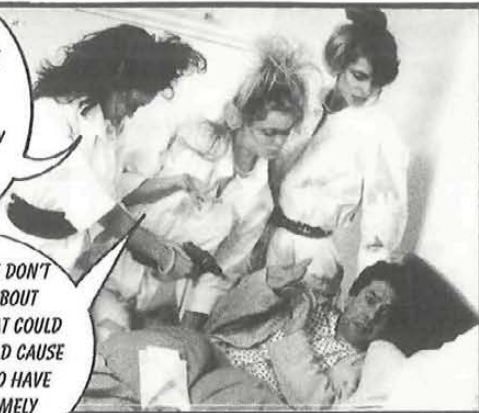
ALL OF A SUDDEN A STRANGE, BLINDING LIGHT FILLS THE ROOM!



WHEN THE LIGHT FINALLY DIES DOWN, THEY APPEAR!

WE ARE SPACE WOMEN. WE HAVE COME HERE TO TORTURE, MAIM, AND KILL YOU PUNY EARTHLINGS.... BUT HOW?

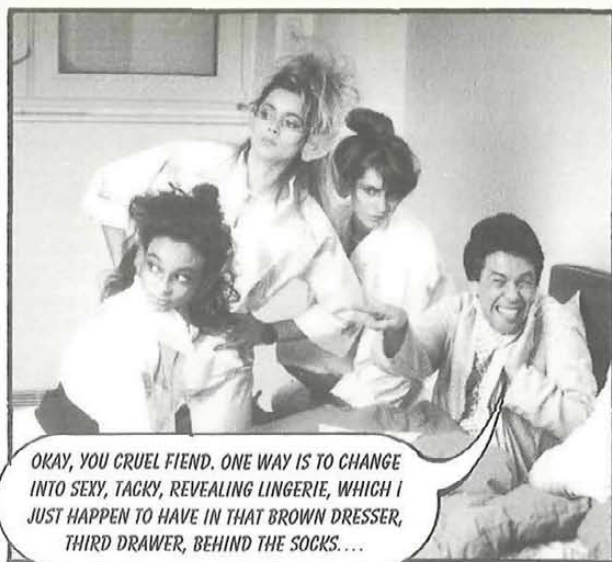
UH, YOU SEE, WE DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT EARTHLINGS. WHAT COULD WE DO THAT WOULD CAUSE AN EARTHLING TO HAVE A SLOW, EXTREMELY PAINFUL DEATH?



TELL US, YOU DESPICABLE EARTHLING!

Y'MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT EARTHLINGS?! GEE, THIS TERRIF... I MEAN TERRIFY! I DO KNOW ONE FORM OF ENSURING AN EARTHLING SLOW, PAINFUL DEATH. B. OH, NO—IT WOULD BE TOO HORRIBLE!!!

George Bogart



OKAY, YOU CRUEL FIEND. ONE WAY IS TO CHANGE INTO SEXY, TACKY, REVEALING LINGERIE, WHICH I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE IN THAT BROWN DRESSER, THIRD DRAWER, BEHIND THE SOCKS....



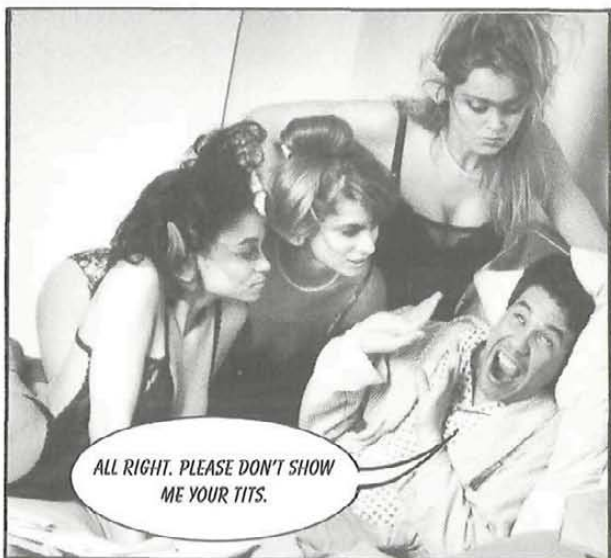
COME ON, GIRLS, LET US BEGIN THE HORRIBLE TORTURE THIS EARTHLING SO FEARS!



DEATH TO THE SNIVELING EARTH CREATURE!

OH, HOW PAINFUL AND CRUEL. PLEASE DON'T... I WON'T EVEN SAY IT.

ANOTHER FORM OF TORTURE? TELL US HOW.



ALL RIGHT. PLEASE DON'T SHOW ME YOUR TITS.

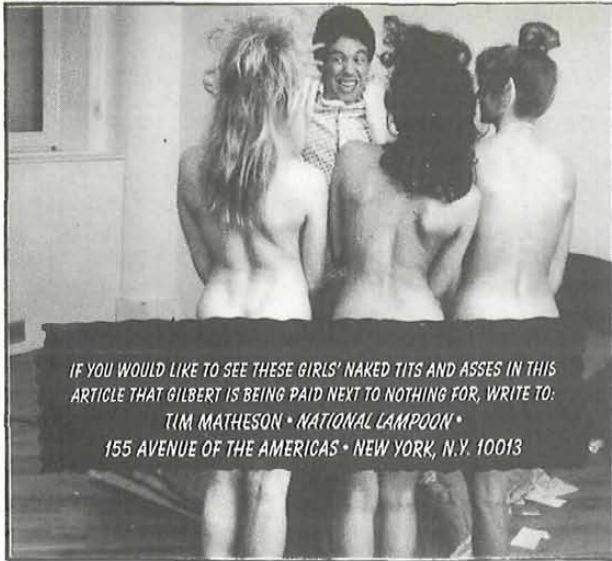


EGADS! HOW HORRIBLE! NOW PLEASE DON'T SHOW ME YOUR ROUND, FIRM ASSES!



EKK, HOW TERRIFYING!

TERRIFYING, BUT TRUE!



IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE THESE GIRLS' NAKED TITS AND ASSES IN THIS ARTICLE THAT GILBERT IS BEING PAID NEXT TO NOTHING FOR, WRITE TO:
TIM MATHESON • NATIONAL LAMPOON •
155 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10013

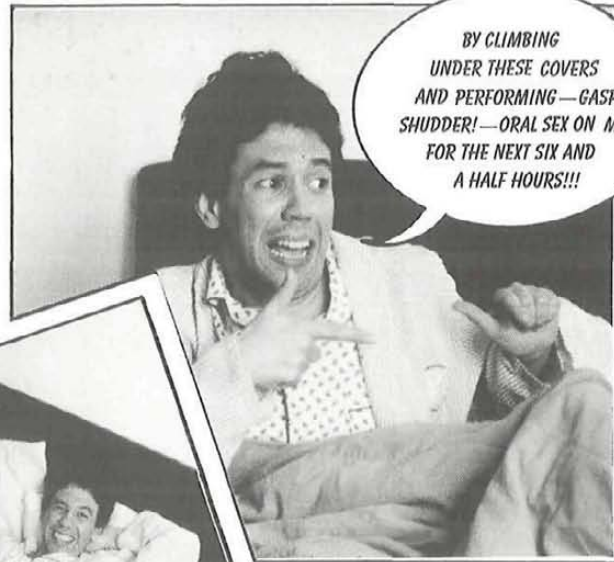


YES, BUT I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE TORTURE. PLEASE FINISH ME OFF.

DRATS, THE EARTH CREATURE STILL LIVES.



BUT HOW?



BY CLIMBING UNDER THESE COVERS AND PERFORMING —GASP! SHUDDER!— ORAL SEX ON ME FOR THE NEXT SIX AND A HALF HOURS!!!

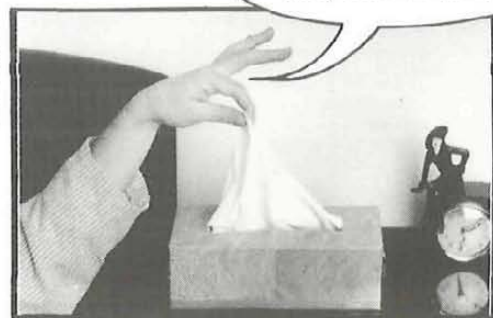


SLURP!

GULP!

GAG!

DEATH TO EARTHLINGS!

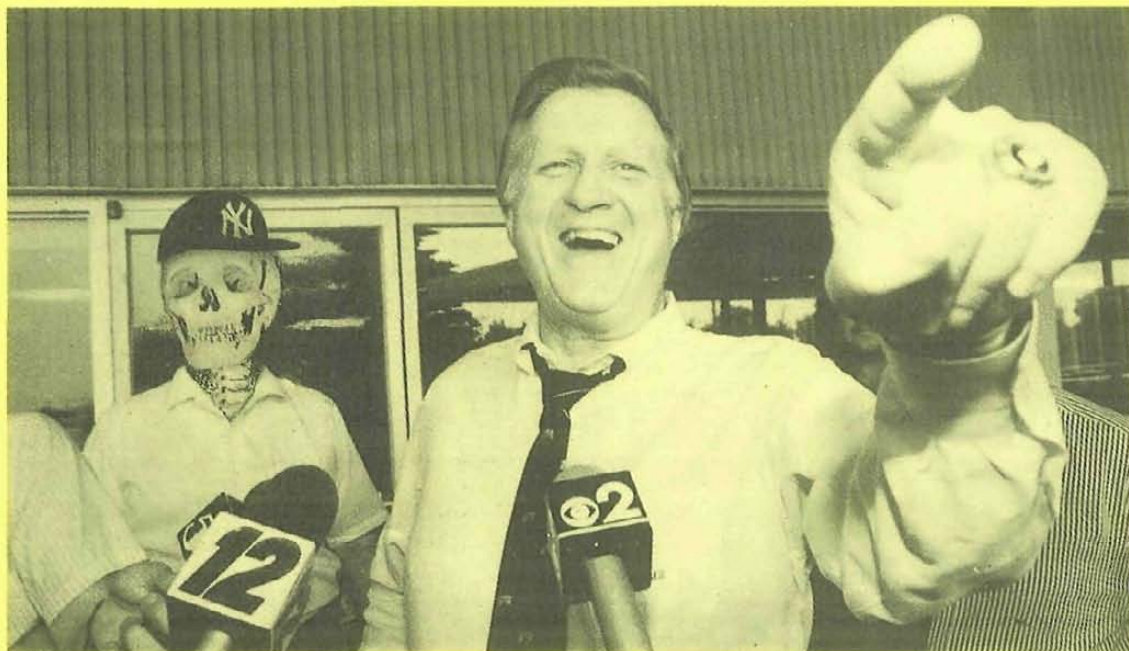


WOW, WHAT A DREAM!

YELLOW JOURNAL

National Lampoon Editor Dave Hanson Was Twenty-seven Years Old When He Lost His Virginity

Martin to Manage Yankees from Beyond the Grave



Billy ball's back. Yankee owner George Steinbrenner immediately after announcing plans to rehire the former, deceased ex-manager. Said Steinbrenner, "Six months dead and he can still outmanage anybody in baseball."

Clods of rancid, crawling flesh fell from its bones as it shambled to the microphone. It moved forward with a stumbling gait, its gangrenous legs lurching unsteadily. It stank of grave mud.

Welcome home, Billy!

In a press conference that caught most of the sports world unawares, George Steinbrenner announced that Billy Martin would once again manage the New York Yankees—this time from beyond the grave.

"Scrappy,' feisty,' 'unyielding'—all these words apply to Billy's corpse. You can't keep a good man down," declared Steinbrenner, hiring Martin for an unprecedented sixth time.

As the thing that was once Martin moved from the shadows into the light, reporters' questions came as fast and furious as bits of dead flesh falling from an eyeless face:

"What if you don't make the playoffs? Will Steinbrenner fire you again—or have you cremated?"

"If your arm falls off, could it coach third base by itself?"

"Is it true you were cold-cocked by three zombies in a

netherworld urinal?"

A clap of thunder was the only reply.

According to sources deep within the Yankee organization, Steinbrenner's love/hate relationship with Martin reaches into infinity itself. His human punching bag seemingly lost forever, Steinbrenner kept a lonely graveside vigil, promising to feed Billy's neuroses by hiring, firing, rehiring, and re-firing him into eternity. Bullying, badgering, and desecrating the grave, Steinbrenner haggled relentlessly, attempting to lure Martin back to the realm of the Fleshly Ones. And if you and I had been there, we'd have sworn that the wind sounded like whispering—as if complicated deferred-salary plans were being negotiated, and home phone numbers of topless dancers exchanged long into the gathering twilight.

"Billy won't be rushing from the dugout to argue with umpires," Steinbrenner cautioned reporters. "Let's face it—he's sixty-one years old. And one of the undead.

"We all die too young," continued Steinbrenner. "There are so many goals to be realized. So many tickets left to sell."

D.W.

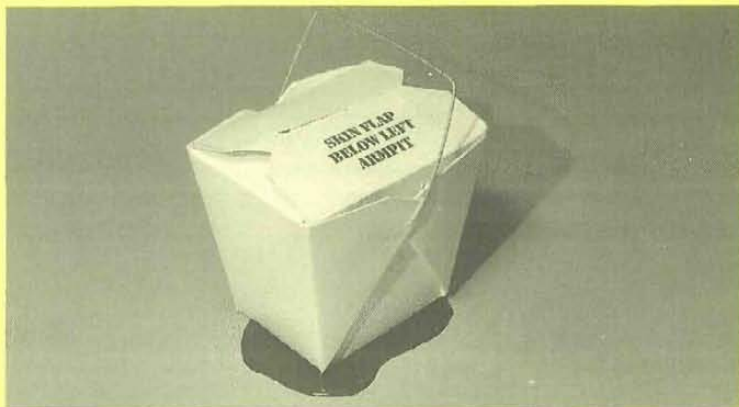
President for Sale

Chunks of former president Ronald Reagan, numbered and individually boxed, will soon be available to customers nationwide. The announcement was made by the product's wife, Nancy, from the kitchen of their home in Beverly Hills.

"I've always said that Ronnie belonged to the people, that he was the people's president," the former First Shrew explained. "Well, we still don't have really enough money to live decently," she went on, hacking off a small bit of her husband's forearm. "and when I saw the wonderful things they're doing with the Berlin Wall. I just thought it was a natural."

Each piece of the president comes in its own sealed container, along with a certificate of authenticity, a diagram of the chunk's original location in the president, and a handy travel pouch.

"No, no, I don't mind," replied Mr. Reagan when asked about any incon-



Harry Heleotis

Individually packaged pieces of former president Reagan can go for as high as \$220 per ounce.

venience the packaging might have caused. "I'm sorry. What was the question again?"

According to Mrs. Reagan, bits from every part of the presidential body will

be available, with two exceptions: his hair, which cannot be separated into pieces and will be auctioned in Japan; and his heart and brain, which will be ground up into dog food.

B.H.

Disneyland to Grant Political Asylum to Noriega



General Manuel Noriega (left) at a rally in front of the Magic Kingdom announcing new haircut-policy guidelines.

In a move that has caused apprehension among world leaders, Michael Eisner, chairman and CEO of the Walt Disney Company, announced that General Manuel Antonio Noriega, formerly of Panama, would be granted political asylum in Disneyland.

"Since the pope did not live up to his promise in granting asylum to one of America's most important CIA operatives," said one top-level Disneyland official, who wished to remain anonymous, "we here at Disneyland have decided to take up

the slack."

General Noriega's stay inside the Magic Kingdom, however, will be no free ride. He will be given the responsibility of administering Disneyland's strict haircut policy. Employees at the Magic Kingdom are not allowed to wear their hair long, nor are they permitted mustaches and beards. Disney officials are confident that Noriega will at last bring order to a policy that has heretofore been extremely chaotic.

L.P.

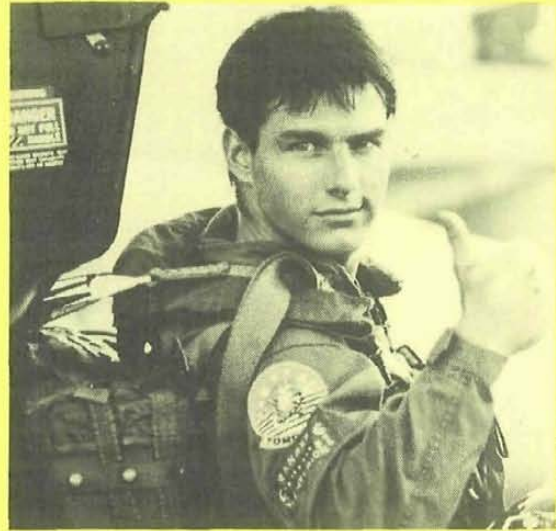
Movie Industry Consortium Announces Plans to Fund War with Sri Lanka

At a recent Hollywood press conference, a motion picture consortium made up of representatives from Paramount Pictures, Columbia, Tri-Star Pictures, Warner Brothers, Universal, and United Artists announced plans to back full-scale U.S. military intervention in Sri Lanka. "We see it as an investment," said acting consortium spokesman Tom Cruise. "It's an investment that will yield democracy, of course, but also economic stability and growth. In terms of the motion picture and entertainment industries, we think the war will pay for itself in less than five years. And returns like that can only be good for our country's economy and morale."

According to the plan, the consortium has agreed to grant the United States government unlimited funding in its war with Sri Lanka, a small country to the southeast of India, which has previously enjoyed good relations with the U.S. In return, the consortium retains exclusive rights to all news and entertainment aspects of the war, including nightly news footage; novels and memoirs by servicemen; popular music of the proposed "Sri Lankan War Era"; documentaries; television dramas, situation comedies, and miniseries; and feature movies. In addition, consortium representatives will be in charge of military-uniform styles, weaponry design, battle locations, and postwar memorials.

Cruise said Sri Lanka was chosen from about six hundred potential war candidates because "we have no real political interest in the country itself, or even a clear understanding of Sri Lankan beliefs and customs. But we do know the political climate there is volatile, the natives are well-armed and tenacious fighters, and it's extremely far away from the U.S. Those ingredients add up to a long and difficult engagement. And though one hates to compare it to Vietnam before the fighting has even begun, there are hopes within the consortium that the Sri Lankan Conflict™ will be every bit as profitable and entertaining as Vietnam."

When asked what impact the war would have on the United States in general, Cruise said, "We are absolutely confident that this will be the bloodiest, most unpopular, morally ambiguous conflict the United States has ever known, touching on a wide range of plots that will include the futility of war, the sanctity of human life, the internal conflicts of men at war, and the triumph of the human spirit, to name a few. Subplots might include racism, drugs, class differences, and even politics. And while many hundreds of thousands of young



Movie Star News

Baby-faced warrior Tom Cruise will spearhead a Hollywood-financed military intervention of Sri Lanka later this summer.

men and women will be killed and wounded—on both sides, I might add—we'd like to focus on the consortium itself: six industry giants and longtime competitors uniting in a common pursuit. A pursuit that will ultimately raise the consciousness of untold millions, and generate a whole new genre of entertainment possibilities. And if you can't read between the lines, that means more jobs for Americans—actors, technical people, stunt people, you name it. And let's not forget all those Sri Lankan extras."

Meanwhile, President Bush responded enthusiastically to the consortium's announcement. "I'm tickled pink by this and have been, somebody told me that is, that, we've terminated all diplomatic interaction with Sri Lanka who, so far as, I mean, for all I know, we haven't... haven't a clue as to what's going on. All the better, as far as we're concerned, you know, for that surprise thing. I can't tell you how... what a... how... happy day for Americans everywhere. Bombing begins in fifteen minutes."

S.J.

Feds Take Steps to Stem Comic Glut

In the face of a growing oversupply of stand-up comedians, the United States Department of Agriculture has begun offering cash incentives to farmers willing to plow under the excess funnymen.

"It's just like crop surpluses," explained Agriculture spokesman Luke

McPinetar. "If you don't destroy 'em they'll just rot in the silos. 'Course, with comics, they go bad on *Comic Strip Live* or on HBO comedy specials, which is more embarrassing. Plowin' 'em under's the most humane thing."

The move was applauded by most environmental groups, which have

pointed out that, if current trends continue, disastrous consequences could result from "unsound levels of New York-versus-L.A. jokes alone."

One comic about to be plowed under said, "But hey, it's okay. Hey, I'm getting better reaction with this than with my blind-man-at-a-salad-bar routine."

C.M.

Contributors: Bob Harris • Sam Johnson • Tony Kisch • Chris Marcil • Louis Phillips • Dave Wielgus

HORRORSCOPE

★ ★ GEMINI (5/21-6/21) ★ ★



John Duke Kisch

FAMOUS GEMINI: Sir Lance-
lot, Dred Scott, Erich von dem
Bach-Zelewski, Sheeny Mike
Kurtz, Darla Hood, Havelock
Ellis, Ida and Minna Everleigh,
Peter Sotos, Gisela Trowe, and
Miss Serpentina

Your Birthday: While you're
celebrating your big day in
grand style in a famous boîte in
New York's charming Little
Italy, underworld gunmen will
make a slight miscalculation.
According to latest Orb report,
members of a warring crime
family will mistake your uncle
Dave for Salvatore "Sally Pukes"
Pucacci. Your entire party will
be raked with Uzi fire, resulting
in the death of Uncle Dave and
two of your favorite cousins.
Eat somewhere else, *capisce?*

GEMINI (5/21-6/21): For
you Twins, trouble always
comes in twos. Frinstance,
around June 5 you will bump
into your loan shark at the
cashier's window of the local
track, whereupon he will relieve
you of \$1,860 in miraculous,
once-in-a-lifetime 16-to-1 win-
nings, plus all the other cash on
your person. *Then*, after you
have hoofed it all the way to
the nearest cash-card machine,
a gang of eight Hispanic youths
will beat your secret cash-code
number out of you, cleaning out
all of your active accounts on
the spot! 'At's life, ya big lug....

CANCER (6/22-7/22): Col-
lagen implants meant to give
you sexy, pouty lips wreak
havoc with your kisser, until by

mid-month you look like a bee-
stung Zulu.

LEO (7/23-8/22): Boy, you
Lions can be bone-headed at
times. Remember a while back
when you put your foot down
and forbade your son's rock/
noise band, Blue Vomit, to prac-
tice anymore in the garage? Re-
member tongue-lashing said
progeny over his grades, caus-
ing him and the band to bitterly
thumb it to L.A.? Well, don't
look now, Pops, but the very
same day this month when you
get shit-canned, Blue Vomit is
signed to a multimillion-dollar
deal with a major record label.
Your erstwhile son, now known
to millions of adoring fans as
Throb Dachau, will receive
writer's royalties on all tunes
on the album, which will be
shipped platinum. Hey, Dad...
hey...uh-oh, Uncle Coronary's
here.... Orb, begone!

VIRGO (8/23-9/22): Local
gendarmes somehow get it
fixed in their minds that you are
the long-sought kiddie-porn
king of the Pacific Northwest,
Pat Heinie. Loss of wife, kids,
job, standing in the community,
etc., all in the blink of an Orb.
Thirty-seven years in jail will
follow, after which you are at
last vindicated. Hope you like
sodomy, death threats, baleful
stares, mopping, folding laun-
dry at forty-seven cents per
hour, and so much more. See
ya in 2027, champ!

LIBRA (9/23-10/23): Pancre-
atic cancer pops up about mid-
month, followed by useless but
agonizing chemotherapy and
radiation sessions. Particularly
painful road to final checkout
paved by junkie-nurse who
shoots all your morphine, sub-
stituting sterile water for your
shots. Contact editors for
phone number of the Hemlock
Society. This job gets to be a
drag sometimes. Ah well, better
thee than me.

SCORPIO (10/24-11/21):
Howdy, Scorp-o-vooty! Your

new barber turns out to be epi-
leptic. While trimming your
nose hairs he will throw a fit,
slitting open your throat down
to the Adam's apple with his
straight razor. Emergency tra-
cheotomy and massive transfu-
sions will put you back on your
feet within the year. You will,
however, speak through a com-
puterized "voice box" wired
through a hole in your neck.
Yup, your handle will be "Ol'
Froggy" for the duration...
which won't be too long, seeing
as how the transfused blood
was AIDS-ridden. Hey, I told
you to clip your own snozz
many moons ago.

**SAGITTARIUS (11/22-
12/21):** While strolling
through the Romanian section
of a great American metropolis,
you will be mistakenly recog-
nized as Kiepi, the sadistic
nephew of executed despot
Nicolae Ceausescu. Before the
error is noticed the mob will
have rendered you brain-dead
and bloody at curbside. The
courts will not allow your rela-
tives to pull the old plugaroo,
so keeping your carcass alive
will drain all the family assets.
You will go down in medical
textbooks as "World's Most
Expensive Rutabaga." What
price glory?

CAPRICORN (12/22-1/19):
You will be trapped for two and
a half days in an elevator with
eighteen patients from the
methadone-maintenance clinic
one floor below your office. By
the second day the addicts will
start to experience involuntary
withdrawal, and what with the
vomiting, diarrhea, shakes,
attempted suicides, attempted
murders, etc., things should be
less than pleasant. Orb advises
use of stairs for at least one
month, just to be on the safe
side. Yeah, I know you're on
the twenty-third floor (I'm
all-seeing and all-knowing,
y'know!), but puffing up those
flights will either get you in
shape or cripple you. One way
or t'other, better than being

smothered by jonesing junkies,
I calls it!

AQUARIUS (1/20-2/18):
While hurriedly zipping up
after emptying your bladder in
some smelly alley, one of you
male flower children out there
will nearly sever your member,
causing much pain, many
stitches, and a hell of a morato-
rium on sex. Any and all hard-
ons will repeatedly split the
stitches, and your doctor will
make out like a bandit. That'll
teach ya to "void where prohib-
ited." Tee-hee.

PISCES (2/19-3/20):
You Fish are too friendly with
rodents! You will be bitten by a
rabid chipmunk while hand-
feeding it choice morsels of
some trail mix. A long and
unbelievably painful series of
injections in the belly will be
the inevitable result of this
attempt at kindness. Lay off the
Nature Bob routine and do your
bird-watching at peep shows,
y'heah me, Pisces?

ARIES (3/21-4/19): Venus
and Pluto passing over the mid-
heaven part of your solar chart
spell humiliation when your
rubber soul mate spontaneously
self-inflates just as the postman
is handing the package to you.
C.O.D. If you find *that* embar-
rassing, wait until you shame-
facedly shuffle into the nearest
emergency ward with "her" aft-
er orifice clamped viselike on your
wee-wee. If surgery be the cure
of love, cut on!

TAURUS (4/20-5/20): Holy
hormones! Residual paraquat-
laced pot in some male Taure-
an's system will commence
mischief-making by having you
grow four large breasts... on
your back! This is one Taurean
bull who's gonna end up a
rather strange cow—and I don't
mean Laughing Cow, neither!
Expect more news on extra
teats in my next column... but
that's a whole udder subject. In
the meantime, moo and bear it.

T.K.

CLOWN
COMICS

5
JUNE

CLOWN
COMICS
5



EVIL CLOWN COMICS

HYAH!
HYAH!
BIDDYUP!

AND NOW
THE CLOWN
IS GOING TO DO
SOME MAGIC
FOR US!

...LIKE
BUCKING
THIS COWPOKE
UP YOUR
VAGINA!
(DEAR LORD,
GIVE ME
STRENGTH!)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

ALAN KUPPERBERG 1987

THESE PARTIES AREN'T GETTING ANY EASIER. CHRIST! IT'S GOING TO TAKE A GEYSER OF JIM BEAM TO GET THE KINKS OUT OF MY BACK! AND JUST TO SALT MY WOUNDS, THERE'S THAT GODDAMN LOBO MAKING THE SERIOUS DINERO, AND NO HORSE RIDES!



IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY LOBO AND ME WERE STARTING OUT, HAPPY TO GET CAB FARE FOR A SEVEN-HOUR SHRINERS PICNIC. WHAT A NO-TALENT! HIS ONLY GIFT WAS KISSING ASS. NOT ME. HEY, IF THEIR BREATH SMELLED LIKE A FRY COOK'S SCRAPE TROUGH... I TOLD 'EM SO!

AND LOOK WHERE IT GOT ME! THRILLING RICH KIDS WITH THE HUMAN DONKEY ACT AND PRAYING THEY DON'T RAISE THE CIGARETTE TAX!!!

THE MORE I GORSED ON DOUGH-NUTS 'N' FUNK, THE LESS I STARED DOWN THE DOUBLE BARREL OF OBSCURITY.

UNTIL THE SANDMAN ROLLED ME LIKE A BUM ON A PARK BENCH...

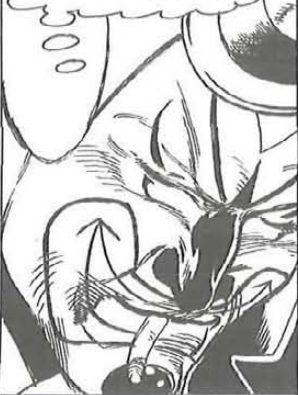
A NOBODY, A SCKMO, A SIDESHOW OF A SIDESHOW! JUST ONCE I WANT SOME...

WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT, CINDERELLA?

EXPRESS LINE
10 ITEMS OR LESS

SHAKE YOUR ARM AND LOSE YOUR FARM!

DAVE & ANSIL COLLINS



RECOGNITION!!!

ARE YOU THE ONE THEY CALL FRENCHY?

YES! WH-WH-WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!!?

THAT WILL BECOME CLEAR LATER. YOU ARE COMMANDED TO PUT ON A TUXEDO AND WAFT AWAY WITH US!



AFTER TWELVE YEARS IN CARNY TOWN, THIS SIDESHOW SCARAMOUCHE THOUGHT HE'D SEEN IT ALL-- BUT THAT TOP HEAD HAD ME PEEING BACKWARDS INTO MY BLADDER!

EVIL CLOWN COMICS
Written by NICK BAKAY
Illustrated by ALAN KUPPERBERG
MAN OF THE YEAR

FOR ONCE I KEPT MY PADDLE DRY AND LISTENED. IT SEEMS THESE WEIRD HEADS WERE PART OF SOME FRATERNAL ORGANIZATION, AND I WAS INVITED TO THEIR ANNUAL CELEBRITY ROAST!

HMMMM... MAYBE I CAN USE SOME OF MY ELKS MATERIAL....

IT TURNS OUT THESE CATS ARE THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS, AND THEY'RE HAVING THEIR ANNUAL CELEBRITY ROAST TO HONOR THE MAN OF THE YEAR

WHAT A THRILL! I WONDER WHO THEY'RE HONORING?

...I KNOW I SPEAK FOR ALL MY COLLEAGUES WHEN I SAY THAT TONIGHT'S HONOREE EMBODIES EACH OF THE SEVEN SINS WITH A BOVISH FERVOR HERETOFORE UNSEEN!

AND SO IT IS WITH ANGER, ENVY, LUST, SLOTH, GREED, GLUTTONY, AND GREAT PRIDE THAT I GIVE YOU OUR MAN OF THE YEAR...

FRENCHY T. CLOWN!!!

COULD IT BE THAT I WAS TO HAVE MY MOMENT IN THE SUN?

GREED? WOULD YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO BEGIN THE TESTIMONIAL?

I THINK ONE VISION CAPTURES THE GREED THIS YOUNG CLOWN BROUGHT TO EACH DAY THIS PAST YEAR...



I CAN STILL SEE FRENCHY BRUSHING OFF SISTER INFANTINA...

...IN HIS RUSH TO APPLY ANOTHER SEVENTY-DOLLAR DOSE OF MINOXIDIL TO HIS RIDICULOUS CLOWN HAIR!

A FEW COINS FOR THE ORPHANAGE, MY SON?

YOU MUST THINK I'M MADE OF MOOLA!

WELL, QUIVER MY PADDLE... I THINK IT'S WORKING!



TOO LAZY TO WORK AND GET OFF THE DOLE, FRENCHY NEVERTHELESS HAD TOO MUCH PRIDE TO WAIT IN LINE WITH THE RABBLE HE HAD SUCH SCORN FOR!

NEW YORK STATE DEPARTMENT UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE

CAN'T YOU DOUCHE-NOZZLES SEE I'M IN PAIN? LET'S GO! LET'S GO! OTB CLOSES IN FIVE MINUTES!



LUST? THIS IS A MAN WHO SPENT HIS ENTIRE TAX REFUND ON ONE NIGHT AT A CATHOUSE, AND STILL FOUND TIME TO OGLE PEDESTRIANS!

HEY, DOLL! HOW 'BOUT A RIDE ON THE TILT-A-WHIRL?



WITH A GRANITE CHIP ON YOUR SHOULDER, YOU ARE PRONE TO SUCH AMAZING, RAGING ANGER THAT IT BLINDS YOU...

...TO THE IDEAL MOMENT TO SHUT UP AND RUN AWAY.

OKAY, WHICH ONE OF YOU FAGS HAS A PROBLEM WITH MY CHAPEAU?

WHERE YOU GOING? TOO MUCH FOR YA? ...FAGG...



YOU REALLY ENVIED BOBBY'S SPECIAL SHIRT, DIDN'T YOU? YOU ENVIED IT SO MUCH YOU JUST COULDN'T HELP YOURSELF, COULD YOU?

SAY, BOB-OLA, SINCE YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THIS SHIRT ANYMORE, DO YOU THINK I COULD HAVE IT?

DEAR LORD, IT HAS BEEN A GOOD YEAR, HASN'T IT?

WH-WH-WHAT... WHAT DO YOU MEAN, I WON'T BE NEEDING IT?



FOR SHEER **GLUTTONY**, THIS RAVENOUS CLOWN BRINGS WORLD-CLASS SKILLS TO THE TABLE. A GLEEFUL FLUSH REDDENS MY FLESH AS I HARK BACK TO HIS UNIQUE METHODS FOR INSTANT GRATIFICATION ON ALL LEVELS



BABY, YOU KNOW I DID YOU, BUT IF YOU DON'T STOP WIGGLING YOUR BACK, IT'S THE PADDLE

HELLO, I'M **SLOTH**, AND I'M HERE TO TELL YOU ABOUT AN INDIVIDUAL WHO IS SO CRIPPLED BY MY PARTICULAR CHARMS THAT HE WATCHED EVERY SINGLE MINUTE OF LAST YEAR'S TELETHON, FEATURING OUR 1976 MAN OF THE YEAR, **JERRY LEWIS**. A CARING MEMBER OF THE LOVE NETWORK? NO. HE WAS TOO GODDAMN LAZY TO GET UP AND CHANGE THE CHANNEL !!!



FUCK IT.



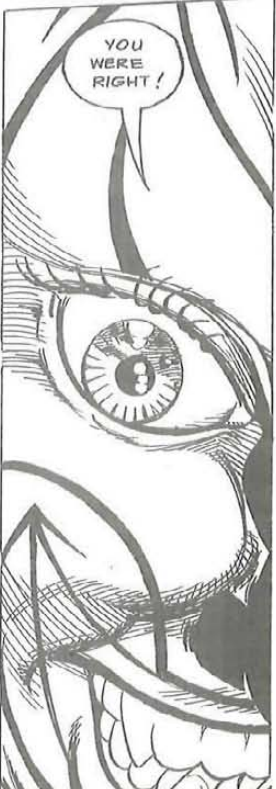
OUR MAN OF THE YEAR 1990... **FRENCHY THE CLOWN!!!!**



THANK YOU... THANK YOU SO MUCH. YOU KNOW, I GOT INTO THIS CRAZY RACKET FOR THE PURE LOVE OF MAYHEM. AND THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN ENOUGH. I NEVER DREAMED OF GETTING THIS KIND OF RECOGNITION. I ALWAYS FIGURED WHEN IT CAME TO THE KUDOS, THERE'D BE SOME ASSHOLE AHEAD OF ME IN LINE. SO... I'D JUST LIKE TO SAY TO ALL THE PEOPLE WHO SAID I'D NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING...



... TO EVERY SNIVELING BASTARD WHO SAID I WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A SELFISH, CRUEL, INSIGNIFICANT FLECK OF SHIT DANGLING FROM A HAIR ON A RAT'S ASSHOLE ... TO EVERYONE WHO SOLD ME SHORT... I'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SAY ...



YOU WERE RIGHT!



AT LAST! RECOGNITION!
I AM SOMEBODY!

WAA!
HURRAH!
HURRAH!

I AM SOMEBODY!
I AM SOMEBODY!
I AM ...

BUT LIKE THEY SAY ABOUT MORNINGS ON
THE MIDWAY - CHRIST, MY HEAD HURTS.

HUH? WHA...? OH JEEZ, IT
WAS JUST A DOUGHNUT
DREAM.

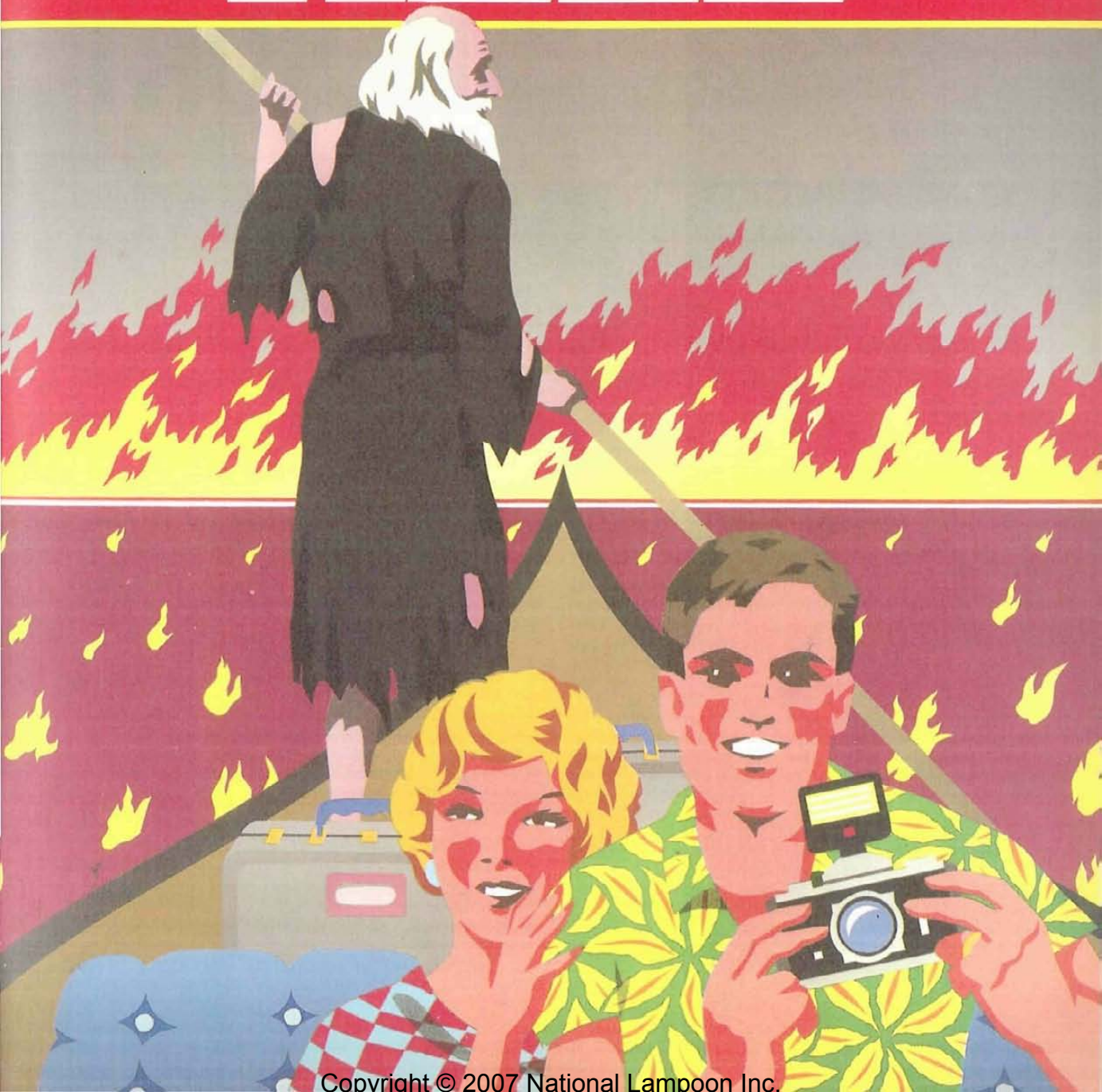
BUT WHY PADDLE MYSELF?
AT LEAST I HAD IT GREAT
SOMEWHERE, SOMETIME,
IF ONLY FOR A MOMENT.
I'LL TAKE IT ...

... EVEN IF IT WAS
JUST A DREAM!



THE
END

FROMMMER'S™
DOLLARWISE
GUIDE™ TO
HELL



YOUR LAST RESORT

CONGRATULATIONS! It's taken a lifetime of planning, scheming, swindling, lying, backstabbing, and voting Republican, but you've finally made it—you're going to Hell!

In the following pages the *Dollarwise Guide to Hell* will give you specific, practical details on how to best enjoy all the hotels, restaurants, and sightseeing attractions the infernal regions of the eternally damned have to offer.

GETTING THERE

"The road to Hell is paved with good intentions." Maybe so, but it's certainly not the most direct route. There are literally hundreds of ways to get into Hell, but the surest, fastest way is to do bad. Getting into Hell is what this section is all about, and to that end we herewith offer the following suggestions:

Kill Somebody: This is not as easy as it sounds. Over two thousand years of hair-splitting and back-pedaling have left the original injunction, "Thou shalt not kill," with more loopholes than Roy Cohn has anal warts. (That's right, he's down here, too!) Consequently, almost anyone you choose to kill will, in the eyes of some people, *deserve* to die, and your murderous act may be construed as a *good deed!* A good idea may be to forget about killing people altogether. **Best Bet:** Try twisting the ears off the family pooch.

Make Graven Images: Take a lump of whatever, make it look like something, then worship it. It drives Him crazy.

Never Pick Up a Check: Most convenient if you're Jewish, or just a natural tightwad. Hell's full of misers, come on down!

Commit Incest: Not with just anybody, mind you. Sisters, brothers, mothers, fathers, sons, and daughters are out—boorring! **Best Bet:** Try coming on to Grandma.

Stink Up the Bathroom and Call a Family Member In: Little-known, but very effective.

GEOGRAPHY

No one is sure where Hell is. Some say it is located deep within the earth, while others claim it lies in an isolated corner of the universe. Let the controversy rage; all you need to know is where to find an inexpensive room, and how to walk with a pitchfork up your butt.

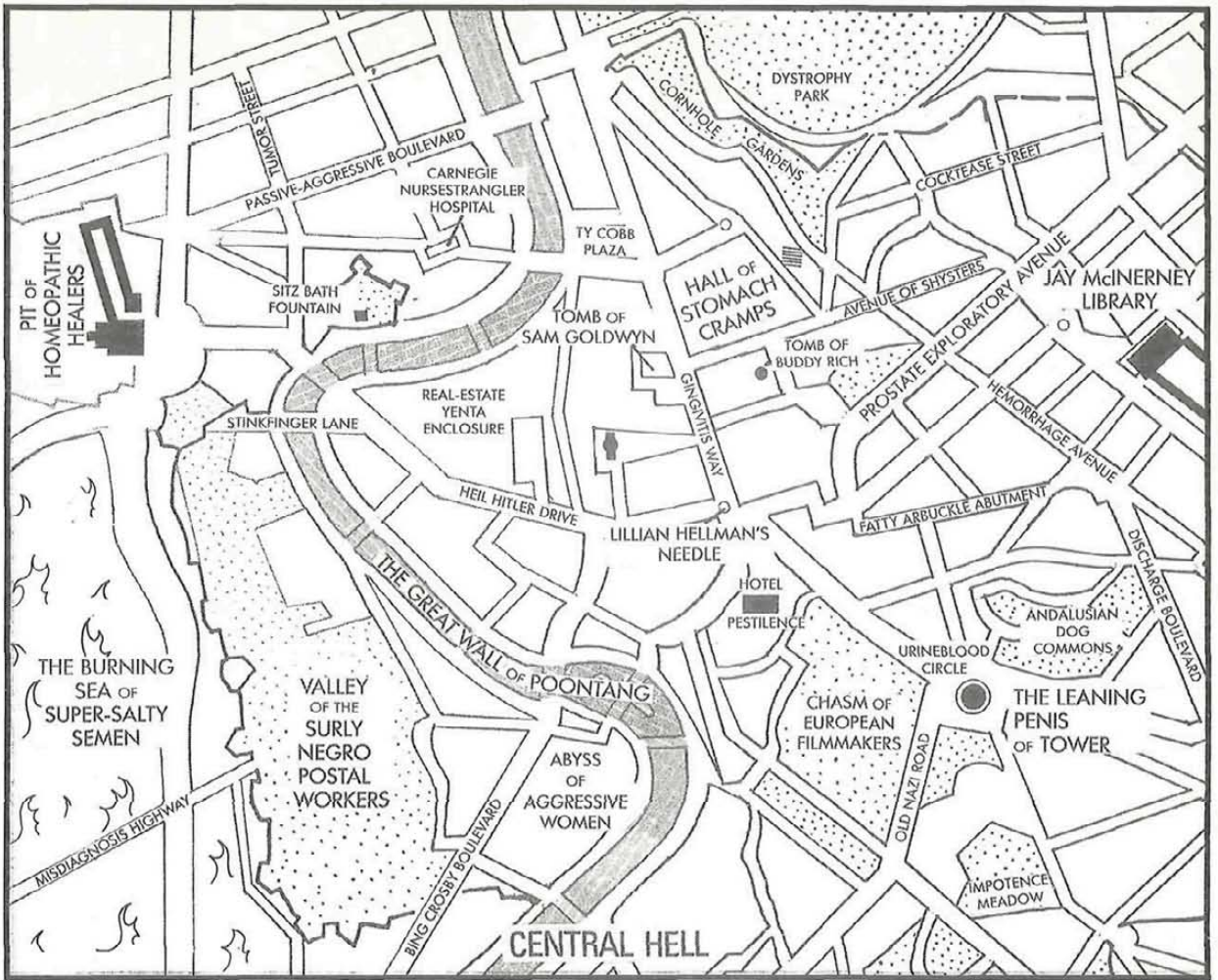
CLIMATE

It's not that hot! Forget what you've heard about fire and brimstone and scorching year-round temperatures. Though it is warm throughout the year, Hell has no sun, so *sunburn* is never a problem! **You can leave the umbrellas at home.** Another good thing is that it never rains in Hell. Regardless of how it feels, the feculent, mucoid-like slime that drips incessantly from the sky and covers everybody and everything is not precipitation. *That's just the way Hell is!*

THE FACTS OF LIFE

For the first-time visitor the experience of plunging into Hell can be a maddening whirlwind of howling torment and agony without end. However, by arming yourself with some "facts of life" about how to cope, you can make the olamic realm of Stygian night a fun place to be.

American Express: The "pipeline" back to the world of the



living for many visitors to Hell, the American Express office, located at 38 Ty Cobb Plaza (tel. 555-7500), offers no financial, mail, or travel services of any kind. There is, however, a very long line, and all travelers are invited to come in and wait on it for however long they like.

Babysitters: Whenever you decide it's time to kiss off the kids, most hotel desks in Hell will help you secure a babysitter. If your hotel doesn't help in this regard, get in touch with "Honey, I've Hacked Up the Kids," 221 Fatty Arbuckle Road (tel. 555-2343).

Banks: The banks in Hell smell so bad that it is impossible to set foot inside one without having to throw up.

Clothing Sizes: It's a rule that everybody in Hell must go around naked except for a large brown belt that is pulled tightly around the waist. However, F.Y.I., the clothing sizes in Hell are the same as they are on earth.

Crime: Abundant opportunities available to conceive, commit, and enjoy a variety of offenses against man and God.

Doctors: Hell is full of doctors.

Shopping: An inferno of bargains await you in Hell, all you need to know is where to find them.

Etiquette: Manners are essential in Hell. Whenever feces is smeared on your face be sure to smile and say, "Thank you."

Food: Hell is famous for its fine Italian food.

Libraries: The Jay McInerney Library is open weekdays from 10 a.m. to 6:30 p.m.

Public Rest Rooms: Festival seating only. First come, first served.

Tipping: Remember, if you want anything in Hell, you have to bend over for it.

HOTELS

Finding suitable accommodations in Hell can be tricky. Here's an all too familiar example of what can go wrong: A grandfatherly concierge shows you a luxurious suite with air conditioning and fine views of the Via de Lucille Ball. When you ask him the cost he smiles and says, "Bend over, big boy." After he's finished he pees on your wife; then he calls in a three-headed dog who pees on your wife again. He then disappears in a cloud of blue smoke, and your luxurious suite turns into a cheesy cardboard box with holes punched in at the sides for windows.

We recommend that you confine yourselves to the establishments listed below.

DELUXE HOTELS: **Hotel Pestilence**, 24 Don Corleone Drive (tel. 555-1221). One of the grand old hotels of Hell. 550 rooms,

FROMMER'S™ DOLLARWISE GUIDE™ TO HELL

each infested with a different species of vermin. A favorite of politicians and members of the clergy.

The Aristocrat, 1150 Avenue of Shysters (tel. 555-1100), is the embodiment of class, offering old-world elegance without ostentation. The ornately decorated sputum bath is Hell's largest, taking up the entire fifth floor.



Trump's Hotel, Casino, and Colostomy Center, 144 Tumor Street (tel. 555-3713). Hell's newest luxury hotel. All the glitz and glamour you'd expect, plus a little something extra.

THE MEDIUM-PRICED RANGE: **The Thalidomide Arms**, 1850 Bing Crosby Boulevard (tel. 555-3025), offers the discriminating guest excellent accommodations at an affordable price. Be prepared to carry your own bags.

Contamination House, 760 Ezra Pound Place (tel. 555-4664). Well-appointed public rooms featuring bisque-colored tapestries and effluvia-coated furnishings. Very reasonable and very popular; reservations should be made well in advance.



THE BUDGET RANGE: **Arthur Godfrey's Jew Baiters Inn**, 17 Old Nazi Road (tel. 555-6729). Clean, if a bit on the Spartan side. Caters basically to older persons. No kids, pets, and you-know-whos allowed. On Wednesday evenings ukelele music from 8 to 10 p.m. Solidly booked through spring and summer, so make your reservations well in advance.

Bundy's, 111 Aneurysm Lane (tel. 555-7766). A no-frills pension nestled smack-dab in the middle of nowhere; so let 'em scream their pretty little heads off—*there's no one to hear!* Young women can book in advance for special "old enough to bleed, old enough to butcher" rates. Proprietor Ted Bundy guarantees us that the small glitches we found on our last visit have all been taken care of. Even so, be sure to ask for extra towels.



RESTAURANTS

To compile a list of all the fine eateries in Hell is a daunting task. Every soul has his favorite. What follows then is *not* a list of the best restaurants in Hell, but a commentary on a number of personal preferences.

La Carcinoma, 187 Heil Hitler Drive (tel. 555-9900). Serves up some of the best *linguine alla vongole* this side of the Via Veneto. Be sure to walk back to the kitchen and say *ciao* to chef Benito Mussolini—it's usually good for a free *spumoni*. Reservations necessary. Closed Sundays.

The Shit and Piss, 3781 South Stalin Street (tel. 555-8653). Who says English food can't be tasty. Hearty pub fare served in a warm, friendly atmosphere. For dessert, be sure to ask for the "diarrhea bonnet." No reservations necessary. Closed Sundays.

Uncle Ho's Noodle and Poodle Factory, 1890 Torquemada Boulevard (tel. 555-2121). Guess who's doing amazing things with dog meat and lo mein. No reservations necessary. Open seven days a week.

La Migraine, 121 Caligula Way (tel. 555-5964). Nouvelle cuisine with a hellish slant. Catamites with soup spoons are continuously banging you in the head throughout the meal. No reservations necessary. Closed Mondays.

Sphincter's by the Bay, 91 Hemorrhage View (tel. 555-4626). A wide-ranging menu featuring a variety of cuisines, all served in suppository form. **Best Bet:** Try the baby-mushroom caps. They're not so good, but at least they're small. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. Reservations necessary.



Ceausescu's, 143 Diphtheria Street (tel. 555-5346). Romanian steak is the favorite here. Mrs. Ceausescu stays in the kitchen and spits in the soup while husband Nicolae masturbates quietly in a corner. No reservations necessary. Closed Tuesdays.

EXPLORING HELL

Hell is very big. (After wandering blindly through its abysmal depths and stench-filled caverns for thousands upon thousands of years, you'll realize this too!) And even though you have the rest of eternity to explore, we thought it a good idea to simplify your sight-seeing by listing a few of the "must see" attractions.

The Burning Sea of Super-Salty Semen: One of the true marvels of Hell. Scientists have yet to discover how this large, viscous, ropy body of fluid was formed. Be sure you haven't any fresh cuts before plunging in.

Valley of the Surly Negro Postal Workers: A hellish sight indeed. At last count there were over three and a half million of these hostile and incompetent denizens of the deep, barking and snapping at *any who dare approach*.



The Leaning Penis of Tower: John Tower, that is. Amazingly lifelike in its veiny detail, this edifice is still under construction and awaiting its namesake's arrival.

Hall of Stomach Cramps: Its mirrored walls and ceilings reflect an unending procession of those afflicted with spastic colon and irritable bowel syndrome. Watch them as they stagger past, grabbing and clutching at their midsections, ready to sell their souls for a single Lomotil.

The Great Wall of Poontang: Stretching across approximately seventy thousand miles of forlorn and desolate landscape, the Great Wall is comprised of the pudenda of over fifty-five million women. To many in Hell the Great Wall of Poontang is a holy site; braving the pungent aroma, they stand beneath it and offer up prayers of thanksgiving for themselves and their families.

The preceding pages contain but a small sampling of the multifarious sights, sounds, and tastes of the netherworld. We've presented them in the hope of whetting your appetite, of enticing you to get out and discover Hell on your own. Whether you're a tax-cheating multimillionaire, a teenage tease complaining about her breasts being too big, a Jew for Jesus, a Salvadoran death-squad commander, a litterbug, a preachy rehab puppet, an Oriental guy who puts gel in his hair, a homeopathic healer, an independent filmmaker, an environmentalist, or just an everyday son of a bitch, Hell is for you, and Hell is forever. ■

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

★ ★ FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON ★ ★

MAGAZINES \$5.00 EACH

- JUNE 1972 / Science Fiction
- JULY 1972 / Surprise
- AUGUST 1972 / Democracy
- SEPTEMBER 1972 / Boredom
- NOVEMBER 1972 / Decadence
- DECEMBER 1972 / Easter Issue
- MAY 1973 / Fraud
- JUNE 1973 / Violence
- JULY 1973 / Modern Times
- SEPTEMBER 1973 / Life Parody
- OCTOBER 1973 / Banana Issue
- NOVEMBER 1973 / Sports
- DECEMBER 1973 / Self-indulgence
- MAY 1974 / Fiftieth Anniversary
- JULY 1974 / Dessert
- AUGUST 1974 / Isolationism & Tooth Care
- SEPTEMBER 1974 / Old Age
- NOVEMBER 1974 / Civics
- OCTOBER 1975 / Collector's Issue
- JANUARY 1976 / Secret Issue
- FEBRUARY 1976 / Artists and Models
- MARCH 1976 / In Like a Lion
- APRIL 1976 / Olympic Sports
- MAY 1976 / Unwanted Foreigners
- AUGUST 1976 / Summer Sex
- SEPTEMBER 1976 / The Latest Issue
- OCTOBER 1976 / The Funny Pages
- NOVEMBER 1976 / Is Democracy Fixed?
- DECEMBER 1976 / Selling Out
- JANUARY 1977 / Surefire Issue
- FEBRUARY 1977 / JFK Reinaugural
- MARCH 1977 / Science and Technology
- APRIL 1977 / Ripping the Lid off TV
- JUNE 1977 / Careers
- JULY 1977 / Nasty Sex
- AUGUST 1977 / Cheap Thrills
- SEPTEMBER 1977 / Grow Up!
- OCTOBER 1977 / All Beatles
- NOVEMBER 1977 / Lifestyles
- DECEMBER 1977 / Christmas in December
- JANUARY 1978 / The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978 / Spring Fascism in Preview
- MARCH 1978 / Crime and Punishment
- APRIL 1978 / Spring Cleaning
- MAY 1978 / Families
- JUNE 1978 / The Wild West
- JULY 1978 / 100th Anniversary
- AUGUST 1978 / Today's Teens
- SEPTEMBER 1978 / Style
- OCTOBER 1978 / Entertainment

\$4.00 EACH

- APRIL 1979 / April Fool
- MAY 1979 / International Terrorism
- AUGUST 1979 / Summer Vacation
- OCTOBER 1979 / Comedy
- DECEMBER 1979 / Success
- FEBRUARY 1980 / Tenth Anniversary
- MARCH 1980 / March Miscellany
- APRIL 1980 / Vengeance
- MAY 1980 / Sex Roles
- JUNE 1980 / Fresh Air
- JULY 1980 / Slime, Swill, and Politics
- AUGUST 1980 / Anxiety
- SEPTEMBER 1980 / The Past
- OCTOBER 1980 / Aggression
- NOVEMBER 1980 / Potpourri

- DECEMBER 1980 / Fun Takes a Holiday
- FEBRUARY 1981 / Sin
- MARCH 1981 / Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981 / Chaos
- MAY 1981 / Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981 / Romance
- JULY 1981 / Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981 / Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981 / Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981 / Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981 / TV and Why It Sucks
- DECEMBER 1981 / What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982 / Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982 / The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982 / Food Fight
- APRIL 1982 / Failure
- MAY 1982 / Crime
- JUNE 1982 / Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982 / Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982 / The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982 / Hot Sex!
- OCTOBER 1982 / O.C. and Stiggs
- NOVEMBER 1982 / Economic Recovery
- DECEMBER 1982 / E. T. Issue
- JANUARY 1983 / The Top Stories of 1983
- FEBRUARY 1983 / Raging Controversy
- MARCH 1983 / Tamper-Proof Issue
- APRIL 1983 / Swimsuit
- MAY 1983 / The South Seas
- JUNE 1983 / Adults Only
- JULY 1983 / Vacation!
- AUGUST 1983 / Science and Bad Manners
- SEPTEMBER 1983 / Big Anniversary Issue
- OCTOBER 1983 / Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983 / No Score
- DECEMBER 1983 / Holiday Jeers

\$3.00 EACH

- JANUARY 1984 / Time Parody Issue
- FEBRUARY 1984 / All-Comics Issue
- MARCH 1984 / The Sixties' Greatest Hits
- APRIL 1984 / You Can Parody Anything
- MAY 1984 / Baseball Preview
- JUNE 1984 / This Summer's Movies
- JULY 1984 / Special Summer Fun
- AUGUST 1984 / Unofficial Olympics Guide
- SEPTEMBER 1984 / Fall Fashions
- OCTOBER 1984 / Just Good Stuff
- NOVEMBER 1984 / The Accidental Issue
- DECEMBER 1984 / The Last of the old N.I.
- JANUARY 1985 / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1985 / A Misguided Tour of N.Y.

- MARCH 1985 / The Best of Fifteen Years
- MAY 1985 / Celebrity Roast
- JUNE 1985 / The Doug Kenney Collection
- JULY 1985 / Youth at Play
- AUGUST 1985 / All-New True Facts
- SEPTEMBER 1985 / Lust Issue
- OCTOBER 1985 / Music Issue
- NOVEMBER 1985 / Mad As Hell
- DECEMBER 1985 / Reagan and Revenge
- JANUARY 1986 / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1986 / Money
- MARCH 1986 / All About Women
- APRIL 1986 / Doctors and Lawyers
- MAY 1986 / Sports
- JUNE 1986 / Horror and Fantasy
- JULY 1986 / Hot Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1986 / Show Biz
- SEPTEMBER 1986 / Sleaze
- OCTOBER 1986 / Back to School

\$5.00 EACH

- DECEMBER 1986 / 200th Anniversary
- FEBRUARY 1987 / Things You Can't Do
- APRIL 1987 / Crime Pays
- JUNE 1987 / Sex and Unusual Practices
- AUGUST 1987 / All-New True Facts
- OCTOBER 1987 / Back to School
- DECEMBER 1987 / Woman of the Year
- FEBRUARY 1988 / Winter Inventory
- APRIL 1988 / Television
- JUNE 1988 / Subliminal Sex
- AUGUST 1988 / Even More True Facts
- OCTOBER 1988 / Sports
- DECEMBER 1988 / Potpourri
- FEBRUARY 1989 / Tyson
- APRIL 1989 / Mediocrity
- JUNE 1989 / Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1989 / Music
- OCTOBER 1989 / Back to College
- DECEMBER 1989 / Gala Party
- FEBRUARY 1990 / Conspiracy
- National Lampon Binders Vinyl binders with tough metal "rods." \$7.50 each. _____ Quantity
- National Lampon Case Binder Fits many types of magazines. \$9.95 each. _____ Quantity
- National Lampon Binder With all twelve issues from a given year. Well, not exactly given. \$27.00 each
 — 1976 — 1980 — 1984 — 1988 — 1989
 — 1977 — 1981 — 1985 — Vinyl binder
 — 1978 — 1982 — 1986 — Case binder
 — 1979 — 1983 — 1987

If issues in any given year are not listed above, please select replacements for missing issues.

It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my home humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$2.00 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$10.00, and \$4.00 for said charges if the order totals more than \$10.00, small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. If I'm a New York State resident I'm adding 8 1/4 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

Name (please print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed _____

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

NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. 5/90, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.

If you don't want to cut up this publication, print or type all necessary information on a separate piece of paper and send it along with your check or money order.

Credit card orders: Only on orders of \$20.00 or more.

MasterCard # _____ Exp. Date _____

Visa # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

THE SEVEN DEADLY S.I.N.S

BY
Gahan Wilson



Hi, there!
Say, I'm sure glad
you could make it to
our basic course on
television advertising
and the scientific use
of the seven Surefire
Ingredients for Nailing
Sales (otherwise known
as S.I.N.S.)!

Here's a typical
TV viewer as we see him
(which is, of course, with total
contempt verging on disgust).
Needless to say, he can't wait to be
pushed around by S.I.N.S.!

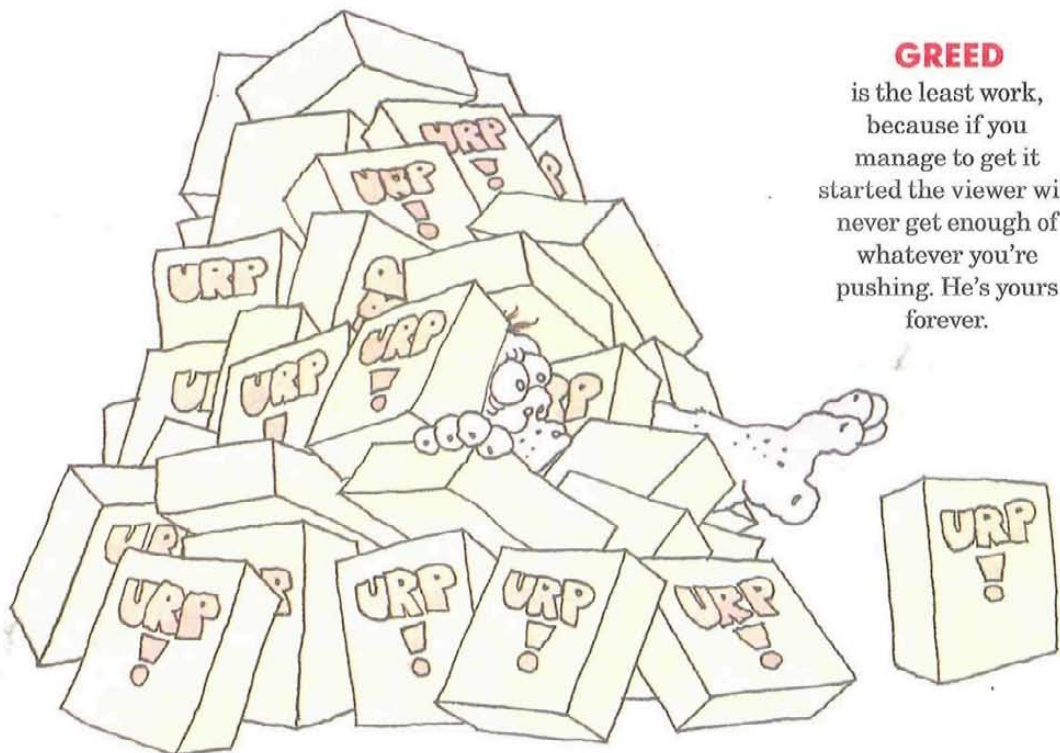


BY GAHAN WILSON



PRIDE

is the first of the S.I.N.S. If you can convince the viewer he'll look like a president sitting in your car, the sucker will ride it all the way to the poorhouse.

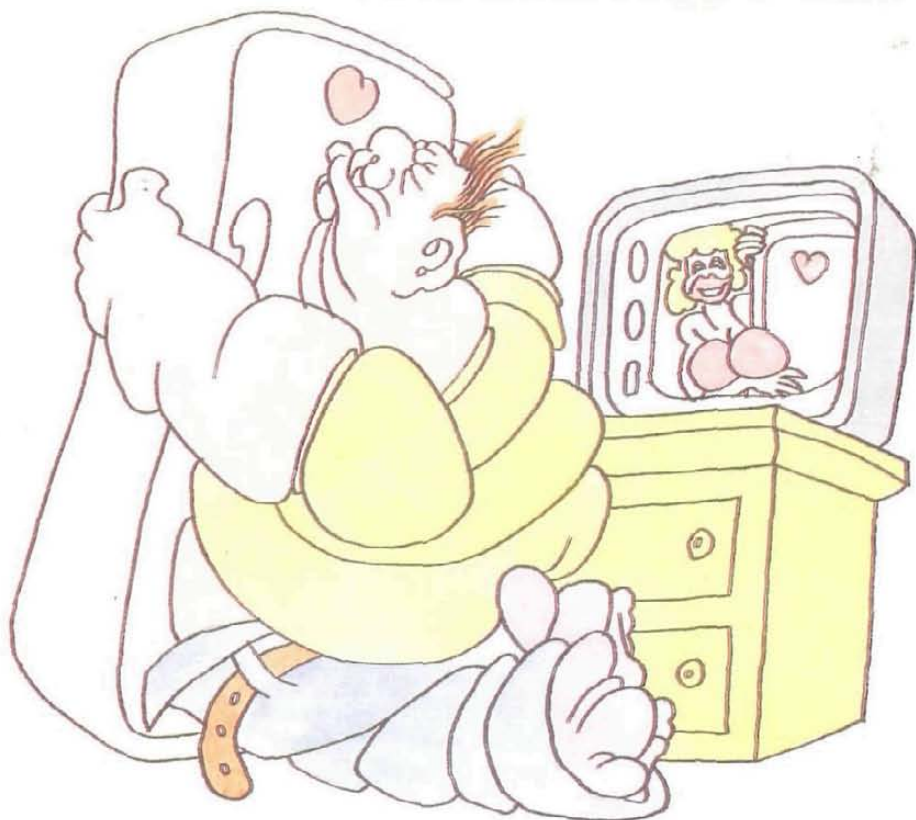


GREED

is the least work, because if you manage to get it started the viewer will never get enough of whatever you're pushing. He's yours forever.

LUST

is mainly
misdirection.
Get the
viewer to
confuse your
product with
some broad's
tits and you've
made a sale.



ANGER

is the basic
S.I.N.S. Once
they see red they
can't read the
small print.



GLUTTONY
enslaves viewers even
better when you can tie
it in with addiction.

ENVY
makes even
the dummies
want things
they don't want.



SLOTH

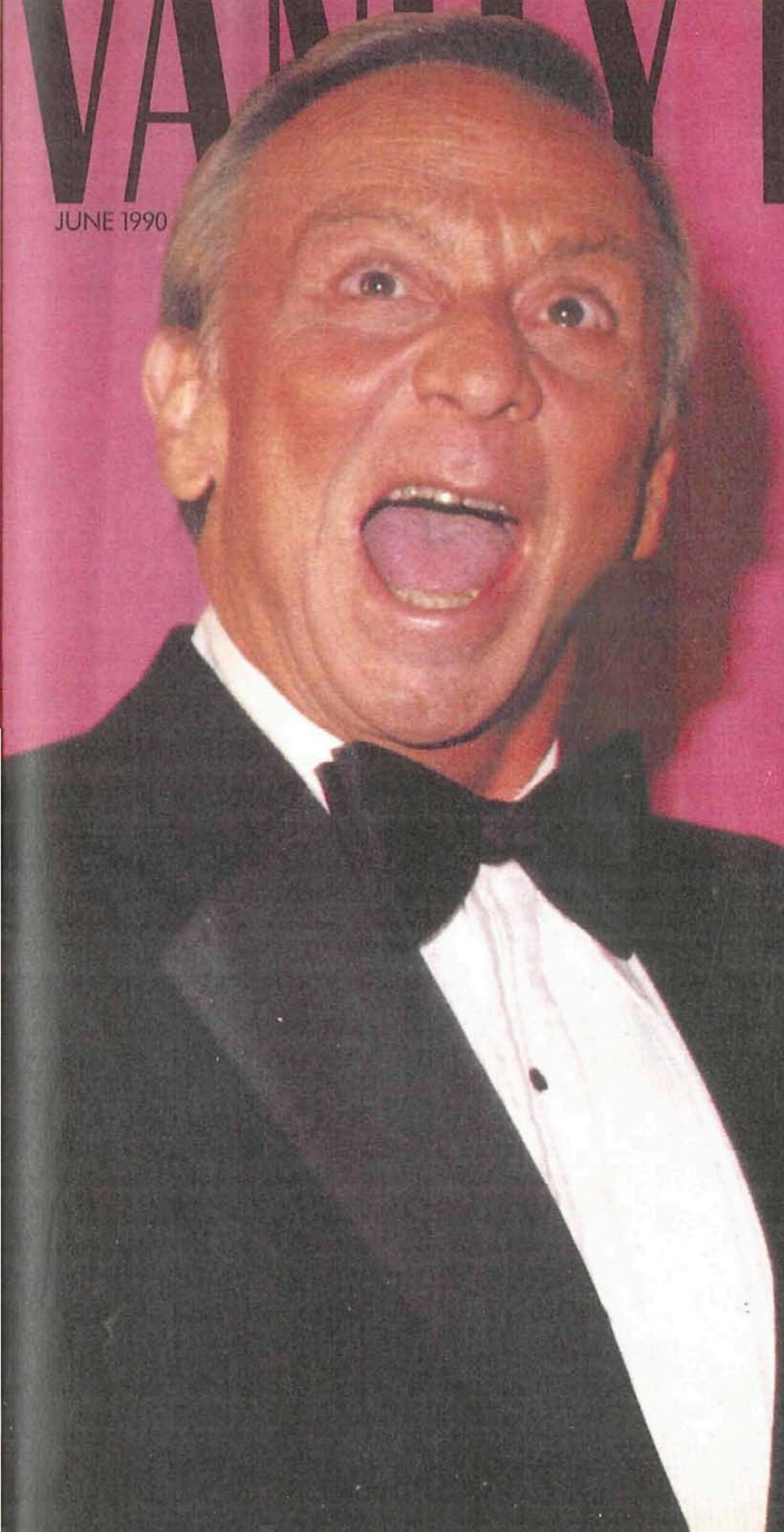
is the beautiful result of all the other S.I.N.S., because it cooks my favorite dish—the couch potato!



VANITY FAIR

JUNE 1990

\$2.50



Fell's Rise

**Max Kincaid on
Stormin' Norman**

NICHOLAS BLACKSTONE
Robber Baron of Darkness?
by Jeremy Rosenthal

PRINCE CHARLES
Fifth Consecutive Issue
by Melanie Cruller

**QUEEN OF
THE SHOPLIFTERS**
by Dominick Dunne

VANITY FAIR



COVER: Norman Fell wears clothes bought in a strip mall in Westwood. Grooming by Marty for Glen's Hair Too. Styled by Tania Bulimia. Photographed exclusively for *Vanity Fair* by Bob's Famous Wire Service.

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Credits: all photographs by Paul Colliton except where otherwise indicated.

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Vanity Fair is published monthly by the Condé Nast Publications Inc., Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017. This old guy is sitting on a bench and he says to this woman, "Guess how old I am," and the woman says, "Well, you'll have to take off your pants." So he's a little embarrassed but he does and he asks her again to guess how old he is and she says, "Take off your underwear." He's a little taken aback but heck, he took off his pants, so sure enough he takes off his underwear and the woman says, "You're ninety-four years old." The guy is amazed and asks the woman how she knew this just from looking at him stripped, and the woman says, "Simple. You told me this morning." *Vanity Fair* is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, transparencies, or mime), but if you're not a media superstar forget it; we'll just sit around at the Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017, and laugh at you.

Editor's Letter

Stupefying Brilliance

With this issue, *Vanity Fair* marks another parody. We find it a significant tribute to our noteworthy editorial mix of beautiful people, overstuffed profiles, and pop psychologizing of the powerful—with a dash of true crime thrown in for pulp. It adds up to some of the most important journalism to be found in our Media Age, journalism that has truly earned the self-congratulations it has received. Not many magazines possess the resources, or the commitment to substance, to run 600,000-word profiles of rich people. We do. Every month the finest-paid writers in magazine journalism demonstrate their talent for tackling even the most complex issues through sympathetic personalizing, as when we revealed the Common Market through Margaret Thatcher's hemlines. Joyriding with Arafat equals the Middle East. A sexy Argentine equals the South American problem. And so on: it's the kind of writing our readers have come to expect.

But when it comes to the superficial, *V.F.* digs deeper. The success we've enjoyed demonstrates that we deliver what our readers really want. What that is exactly will come as a surprise to those media pundits who proclaim that today's magazine readers only like articles with pretty pictures, not lots of words. In truth, today's magazine readers like ads. Whether it's casual clothing that just looks lower-class, bleached-white resorts for bleached-white vacationers, or



fabulously priced sports cars, our readers demand the latest and newsiest escapes from the four corners of the earth. In *V.F.* they get them. For our part, this knowledge only sharpens our mission: to deliver a magazine that our advertisers can be proud of.

We were fortunate that the creative challenge of parodying *V.F.* fell to *National Lampoon*. Writers Sam Johnson and Chris Marcil consumed over 6,500 cups of coffee apiece just to take notes for the preparation of the first draft, and withstood over 3,000 complaints from Art Director Adriane Barone over their unreasonable specifications. The editorial team of Larry "Ratso" Sloman, Dave Hanson, and Ned Ward coordinated it all from their lavish bunker in Manhattan's fashionable Greenwich Village.

For them it was worth it. "Marinating yourself in the world of *Vanity Fair* is like eating gourmet pet food," says Ward. "You feel expensive, pampered, and thoroughly domesticated. It's an unbelievable experience—an unbelievable taste."

It's the taste of our age, and *Vanity Fair* serves it up richly.

Trina Brown

Editor in chief

Contributors

Dorrit Clemson was previously at *The New York Times*, where she reported on the weather and deaths for several years.



Melanie Cruller on Prince Charles's rack of tragedy, page 543.

Melanie Cruller's novelizations include *Over the Top* and *Staying Alive*. She also wrote the nonfiction work *Michael Caine!*

Dominick Dunne, a stone *V.F.* superstar, has recently become the proud father of another miniseries.

Max Kincaid is the author of *Shiver Me Breakfast: The Cap'n Crunch Story*.

William Mincing, a *V.F.* contributing word processor, once rode a wheelee for ten blocks.

Wilson Pierre's book of photographs, *Evocative Black-and-White Pictures of Shitty Apartments*, will be published in August.

Herb Ritts has photographed identical poses of the world's most beautiful women for dozens of months.

Jeremy Rosenthal's collection of fawning profiles, *No, You're the Greatest*, has recently paid for the orthodontia of his oldest daughter, Clarissa.

Charlotte Ruse is the entertainment editor of *Xerox Repair Quarterly*.

Mark Stevens has written thirty-eight novels, of which there are seventeen million copies in print. He is the creator of the popular *Nam Is Hell* series for the Martial Press.



Elie Wiesel on his long day's journey into Dune, page 188.

Stephanie Jamison Thimble currently is having an extension built onto her name.

Elie Wiesel's Saturday-morning cartoon show will debut this fall on CBS.

James Wolcott is heating a sandwich in the microwave.

BLATHER UP

The frivolous
fate
of being into
nothingness.

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

From Post-Minimalism to Post Toasties, these days we demand only the most rigid cools on every front of media. "Neither shaken *nor* stirred" might be our motto as we float along like bits of unzapped static from the cable company of greatness. Where are the snow jobs of yesteryear? We see ourselves peering through pop, the shiny reflection of our own transparency winking back to cement our complicity with *The Man in the Mirror*. (The motto for a new Jacksonian Age.) Then too, faith's a flimsy strainer for the overcooked pasta of overloaded metaphor, certainly so in an era when the al dente-fed masses bray nightly for something worth dining on. And if they've sold their souls for trinkets and baubles, why should a critic peddle pearls of wisdom? It's as though the marketplace of ideas has just concluded its "Going Out of Business" sale. Better to stay home with something British.

Home is where the art is, after all. We can cozy up to the bric-a-brac that becomes our subject matter. The marginalia of unavailable books or unknown movies can be elevated to glimmering Grails if you set phrases on stun—and boogie to the McKael's Navy rhythm. Vivid verbiage burnishes the bubbles of a mayfly culture—there's gold in them thar trills. The sell is all sizzle: star turns performed around the books you were going to read anyway. The existential danger is what happens to the hot air after the balloons are pricked. What can we talk about when the "reductio ad absurdum" exit was three miles back? Says

the chorus, "Nothing."

Then nothing ho! But we're hardly alone out here. There haven't been this many bundles against the Big Chill in a cocoon's age, and every scrubbed face of them's looking for diversionary tactics to quell the quotidian's ticktock. Audible in the well-oiled drone of these worker bees in search of a buzz is the mission for any hip-hopping cultural critic: Let me infotain you. Prattle on a platter is but a time-step away. Call it Culture Lite—good to the last succulent sound bite, but everything that sticks to the mind's ribs could be written on a Post-it pad. Hence the glossy mags, a fleet of upscale limousines each and all waiting to drive you to distraction. (Plenty of scenic overlooks along the way, but No Exits.)

But when you've got all this *space* to fill around the perfume ads, is the scent of... hyperstyle really so bad? Detractors of the least of critics abound:

Foiled you! This isn't a column-chewing excerpt from somebody else's piece at all! It's just me, burbling between the lines, a regular sentence extruder—no matter what the spacing, a cadet of the jazzy oomph.

Come off it, these grumps grouse, tiring of the over-and-overkill. To them, the record of today's writers is nothing more than a needle stuck in a repeating groove of exposition, digression, and (forced) conclusion. Even worse, the tune is all too familiar. Where there was once an ear to the ground, it's claimed, now there's only Easy Listening. Not that these critical masses' preeny altar is so god-awful, they argue: it's just that, within the cranial pressure cooker, the kernels that pop are so damn fey. Such a

**Dazzling purity, or
purely dazzle?**

tight-assed insistence on meaning! They need to lighten up on those heavy tomes. *Of course* it's a charade of ideas—they just haven't been invited to the party.

They're missing the pleasures of irrelevance—and its safety. You can't kill the messenger if he brings no news at all. So what if it's cream-puff crit—*anything* said with enough confection becomes palatable. Besides, those meanies throwing stones have just never gotten their rocks off on writing about nothing. They don't know why it's the puff creams are made of. A step beyond the superficial lies the unfathomable—and who knows what could happen there? The smart set is on a surfing safari, hanging ten on tsunamis of mere sensibility. The idea is to go with the flow, and watch as the eddies of art-directed sentences carefully form a shimmering surface. For we all know what figure is best contemplated there. □

**Vivid verbiage
burnishes
the bubbles
of a mayfly culture.**



Performers: Sebastian and Caffini.

The Hand Mimes' Tale

Hand in glove with the New York art scene these days is Deep Acting Planet, a two-man, four-handed performance art troupe specializing in... "Well, it doesn't really have a specific name," says Sebastian with an affected British accent. "Some people say hand mime, some white-glove puppet theater. Basically, we dress all in black, put white gloves on our hands, and poke our hands through a black curtain." Whatever the name, it's sweeping through the downtown performance scene like tentative applause. But it will be a long time before any other hands match the feats of Deep Acting Planet, which just completed a six-month run of *Mother Courage* at the Burned-Down Tenement Performance Center.

And the fingers keep walking. "We'd like to do a movie," says Maurizio Caffini from an expensive airplane phone during a New York-to-Newark flight. "But it really has to be just right. Last summer we were days away from filming when someone pointed out that a movie about T. E. Lawrence had already been made. Oh well, we also feel ripe for a Gap ad. Or Hamburger Helper."
—BIRGITTE VON FONDLE

Psycho Jeweler, Qu'est-ce Que C'est?

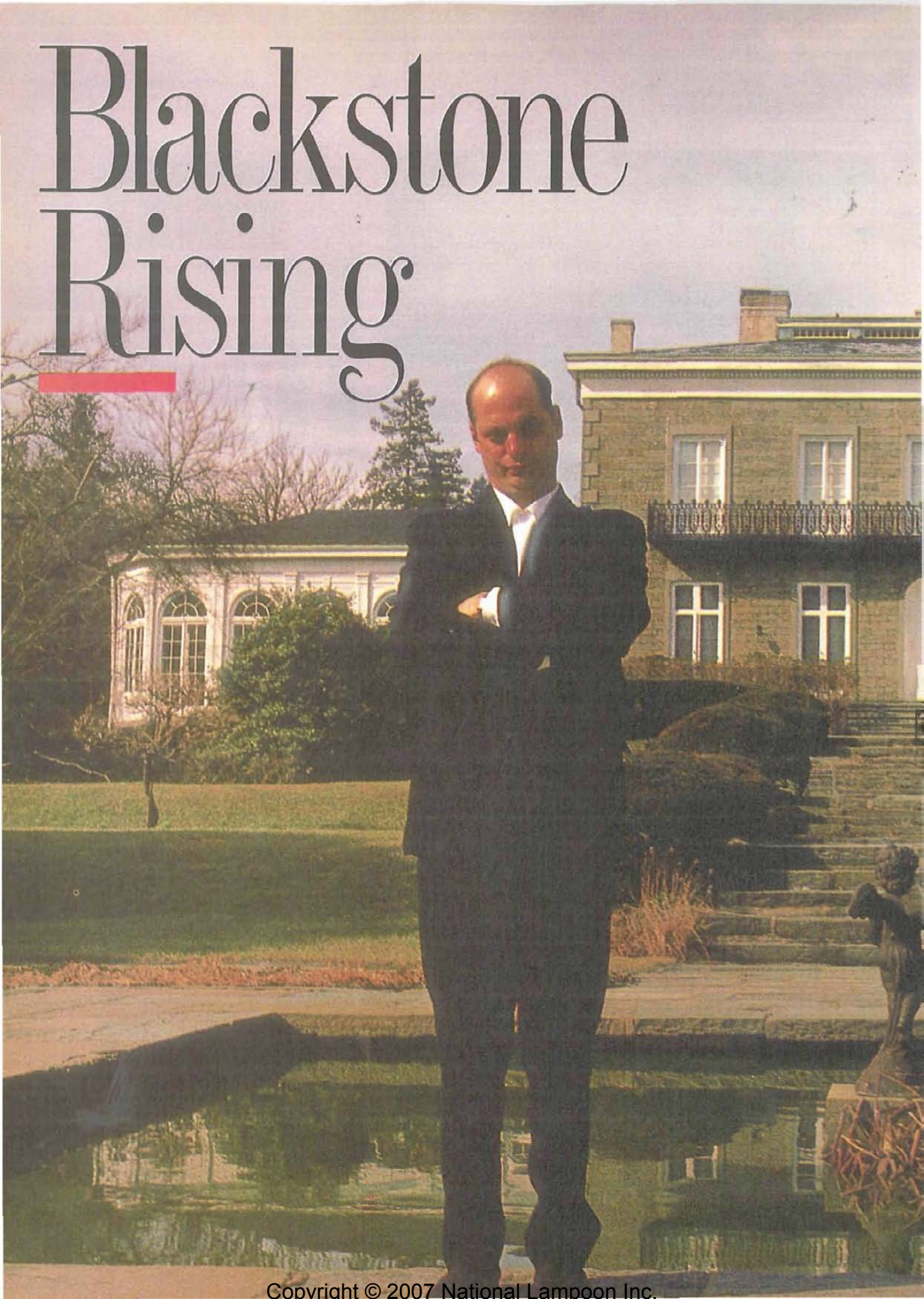
For Kristin Lung, designing jewelry is more alchemy than artistry. From lumps of lead she creates bright, shining accessories for hands, throats, and ears—and sells them for lots of gold. Lung, a former Manhattan debutante who killed her husband, novelist Roger Pell, in 1985, turned to jewelry and large doses of a lithium-phenobarbital compound on the advice of her Park Avenue psychiatrist. And with a fervor unique to the chemically dependent insane, she has created some of the most evocative, haunting, and even whimsical pieces ever to grace the ivory wrists and necks of the social menagerie. "Creating jewelry is a way for me to turn ugliness into beauty. And it offers me the chance to re-create myself—to turn my own inner ugliness into beauty," says Lung. "Of course, what I'd really like to do is kill some more people and become the golf pro at the Round Hill Country Club in Greenwich, Connecticut. Or maybe get into some kind of beer distributorship situation and then kill some more people."

Whatever the case, Kristin Lung seems to be on the right track: her jewelry is to die for.
—STEPHEN TURDISH



Designer/murderess: Kristin Lung.

Blackstone Rising

A man in a dark suit stands with his arms crossed in front of a large, multi-story stone building. The building has several windows and a balcony. In the foreground, there is a fountain with water spraying upwards. The scene is set outdoors with trees and a clear sky.

Blackstone and
par: his new
ject, Ghetto
(right), and
lasing at his
vacation villa
below).



AP/WIDE WORLD

Nicholas Blackstone,
the latest incarnation
of Satan, has used
toughness and a
magic touch to
become Prince of the
Megamoguls. His
reward has been scorn
from activists—but
his friends speak only
of his seductiveness.
JEREMY ROSENTHAL
examines the man behind
the mask.

The eyes. Everyone is struck by the fire that blazes in Nicholas Blackstone's dark eyes. Businessmen see in them a beacon guiding them to wealth and glamour. Politicians see a torch that illuminates their own names. And others see a flame that burned their houses down and left them out on the street.

Right now, those eyes are looking out toward the ocean from Blackstone's Pacific Palisades home, and they do not like what they see. A young family of four have made themselves comfortable on his private beach: the children toss a Frisbee while the husband prepares to swim. "I can't believe this," says Blackstone. "Don't these people read signs? Well, they'll get what's coming to them." This proves true almost immediately when, seemingly out of nowhere, a shark appears and bites the man clean through. Blood fills the water, screams fill the air, and Blackstone smiles grimly as he sips his Bordeaux. "It's a tough world," he says.

And Nicholas Blackstone may be the toughest denizen of that world. For he is—or claims to be—Satan, "the embodiment of evil, that whole trip," in his words. As such, he has compiled an enviable record as the ultimate hard-charging, behind-the-scenes operator, a man always present at today's biggest deals and most fashionable parties. Indeed, many among the wealthy, powerful, and famous count him as the most valuable friend they have, a seductive man in tune with the times to an uncanny degree.

But, like many accomplished people, Blackstone is dogged by critics who accuse him, with varying degrees of substantiation, of letting loose violence, famine, and hopelessness around the globe, and find him insensitive to the pain he causes.

One such person is Hector Rodriguez, a homeless man who defaulted on his rent after being stricken with leukemia. Huddled in the doorway of an abandoned building on New York's unattractive Lower East Side, his purplish mouth contorting with unreasoning hate, Rodriguez curses Blackstone, who admits to having arranged Rodriguez's fate as part of a wager. "Why, man? That's all I got to ask. Why?" (Blackstone's reply has been unchanged since his role in the affair was first revealed: "Why did they climb Everest? Because it was there.")

Blackstone's work on larger canvases has also come under attack—whether the charges can withstand closer examination or not. For

Photographed by PAUL COLLITON

example, some liberal activists have accused him of receiving a profit on every nuclear weapon made: in truth, the profit kicks in only if they are used. He has also been linked to the greenhouse effect, without much hard evidence. "That's a ridiculous charge," counters Blackstone. "I don't even own a car. Although I will say that, in my opinion, the 'concern-for-nature' faction has gotten out of hand—I can do business no matter what color the air is, and I know a lot of people who feel the same." It is the characteristic response of a blunt man who professes to be indifferent to his reputation.

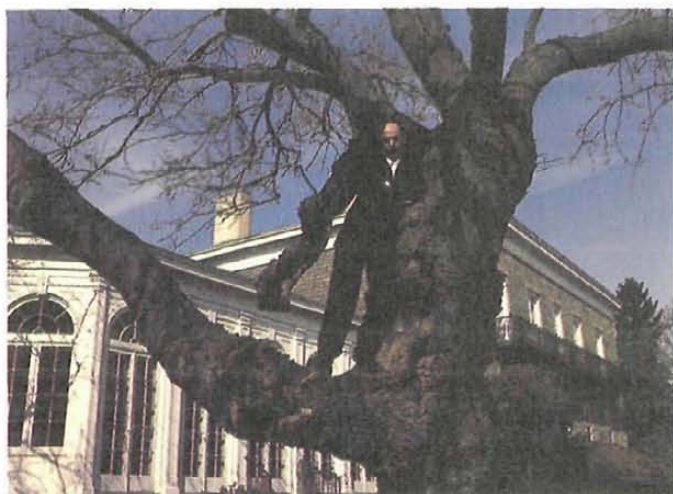
"Hey, I invented Social Darwinism," says a confident, serene Blackstone as he opens another bottle of Bordeaux. "I never promised there wouldn't be a downside. If I'm such a bad guy, why do people keep calling on me?" Yet as he continues defending himself, one gets the unmistakable impression that, behind the bluster, Blackstone may not be the unfeeling monster his opponents—their skillful use of the "Satan" tag—have made him out to be. "Okay, so an innocent bystander gets hit in the head with a ricocheting bullet and is cut down in his youth. I know that's sad. I mean, how do they think I feel? That guy's dead—but I have to live with the knowledge of his senseless extinction forever. I only wish it could be otherwise."

When questioned further, even people like Hector Rodriguez are forced to agree. "Maybe I deserve all this," says the homeless man as a passerby spits at him. "I remember that I did some dancing on Sunday once. When you think about it, he's just doing what he's gotta do."

But it is a Blackstone who is sensitive to the needs and concerns of others that his friends and supporters talk about warmly. Again and again, they refer to the many people he has lifted out of obscurity to the highest positions in their fields, always noting that he asks for nothing material in return. These include everyone from political figures—on the right and left—religious leaders, and an enviable string of the world's most beautiful women. (In fact, his latest lady love, British cabinet minister and Anglican bishop Rachel Anne Simpson, is all three.) For these movers and shakers, Blackstone's identity as Satan is not enough of a reason to abandon a man

who has done so much for them. While they admit that he has been guilty of "overzealousness" and that he may have "a cruel streak," they claim that, on the whole, he has been inaccurately portrayed in the media.

"We understand that, as a purely malign presence, he makes good copy," says his current publicist, Mark Bergman. "You know, witches being burned on his account,



Tree spirit: Blackstone is ready to branch out.

"All you
have to do
is call on him,
and he's there.
That's what
happened to me."

the Holocaust, and so forth. But what reporters don't see is that these stories really hurt him personally. We think it's time to tell our side of the story."

Hence a new campaign to court the press. Reporters who were once brushed aside, or afflicted with boils, are now welcomed and told of Blackstone's extensive one-on-one philanthropy. "All you have to

do is call on him, and he's there," says Simpson. "That's what happened to me." Simpson was working at a London topless bar when she wrote Blackstone a letter detailing her plight. "Just a few phone calls later"—in his words—she received simultaneous invitations to enter the Episcopalian priesthood and the Conservative party, and now, two years later, she sits happily by his side in custom-designed Geoffrey Beene vestments. And what does she think about Blackstone's habit of discarding intimates by causing them to kill themselves? "I think this time it'll be different. He's assured me, privately, that he's really changed after all these centuries. He realizes that the smile on a kid's face after his first Black Mass is just as precious as a million-dollar deal," says the woman insiders think will be the next archbishop of Canterbury.

Blackstone seems uncomfortable hearing statements like these. After a pause, he says, "I feel I've always been a people person. Helping someone attain his or her goals—if they truly want them—I like to think that's what Nicholas Blackstone's all about." But with characteristic reticence, he declines to go further. "Talk of motivation makes me uneasy. I'd rather be judged on what I do."

Indeed, for all his outward pride in his thick skin, Blackstone is a man driven by a fundamental need for respect. "For a long time, my treatment at the hands of the media was a record of distortion, but I put up with it," he says, those dark eyes flashing. "Now, though, the time seems right for a change. I'm tired of people blaming me for their misfortunes. They should take responsibility for their own lives! It doesn't matter if you're poor or crippled or starving—if you can't overcome your fear of success, you deserve what you get."

Blackstone has never had any such fear. And, as you spend more time in his hypnotic presence, the source of his impressive can-do achievements becomes obvious. For Nicholas Blackstone, alias Satan, life begins with a simple belief: have faith in yourself. He has lived out this belief and gained access to the halls of wealth and power—without being slowed down by accusations from petty-minded detractors who call him "the Author of Evil." According to his friends, the greatest evil is that he is misunderstood. □

HEIL, GROSSTOD!

A deposed dictator takes the wheel of Germany's latest and largest luxury car

BY MARK GINSBURG

I have been in many type vehicle of my lifetime, but now is one special car!" swoons Generalissimo Dubwini Napoleon Batista Nugambi, the recently resettled ex-dictator of the People's Republic of Zwinobi, formerly Nugambia, formerly French Darkyland, formerly Dutch Darkyland, formerly British Darkyland, formerly New Portugal. The car, of course, is the Prussian Judenwerke new issue, the Grosstod, an overscale, single-terrain, all-luxury sedan. Exclaims the generalissimo, "I grasp most sophisticated driving skills in this tremendous good car!"

Indeed, one need not know how to drive at all, as the generalissimo has so aptly demonstrated in five previous outings, to fully appreciate the elegant fun of this \$2.8-million, forty-seven-foot machine. Though too wide and heavy for the open road, the Grosstod is ideal for the private driveway or estate lane, which is exactly where Nugambi has chosen to test this, his sixth Grosstod. "I am been given this lands by your peoples," he says of his 27,400-acre Cos Cob, Connecticut, estate, provided by the U.S. government as a temporary relocation site after a violent coup attempt in 1975. "Is it not most lovely locality for motor cars and automatic weapons?"

It certainly serves our purpose. There is tennis and golf to enjoy while the Grosstod completes its four-hour systems check. And the wide-open space is ideal for this in-demand and demanding car, which will not climb grades of over four degrees and has a turning radius of over half a mile. It is the zenith of Prussian Judenwerke technology.

Prussian Judenwerke has long been associated with demanding craftsmanship and billowing smokestacks: the unique "work for your life" program first initiated by founder Hans Uber Weissmann has helped revolutionize the European luxury-car

The Grosstod delivers thrills for ex-big wheels like Nugambi.

industry since World War II. Thus it was no surprise that only Prussian Judenwerke dared dream of a luxury sedan so massive it could not be driven on any road. Says chief design engineer Sargent Schultz, "Certainly the undrivable automobile is not a new concept—the Italian disaster La Sedentaria comes quickly to mind—but we wanted a car that could be driven only on special roads and causeways, thereby making exclusivity a built-in feature."

Despite the enormous bulk of the Grosstod, first-time drivers may be surprised to find it seats only four. "This is not a bus," sniffs engineer Schultz. "We created the finest driving environment for a limited number of people: computer-

controlled climate adjustment, crystal chandeliers, oak-paneled walls, gold-plated fixtures with rare tusk inlay, and seats upholstered in Prussian leather, painstakingly softened with human saliva—all of this affixed to one of your U.S. Postal Service Jeep chassis on reinforced solid-rubber tires."

With luxury such as this, however, there are always trade-offs. "Trunk space most very bad," the generalissimo noted. "This trunk fit one persons but in big-boy politic arena, many many spaces of room needed for usurpers of myself. And tool. Got many kind shovel for shallow bury place." Add to that the problems inherent in the slightly modified V-6 rocket engine needed to power the Grosstod. Though able to reach speeds of forty miles per hour, the car gets only .06 miles per gallon, thus requiring an additional 300-gallon fuel tank mounted on the rear for trips of up to twenty miles. But, as Schultz points out, "If you want economy, buy a Cadillac."

Generalissimo Dubwini Napoleon Batista Nugambi could not agree more. "I have deep loving for drive now. No more different kind car for Life Emperor Nugambi, so tremendous good this kind car! Get out now of this kind car, reporter-man, I joyriding all times in driveway." And, as the magnificent Grosstod crushes deep ruts into the pavement while the little king screams his pleasure from the driver's seat, one cannot help wanting one for one's self. □

MANUFACTURER'S SPECIFICATIONS

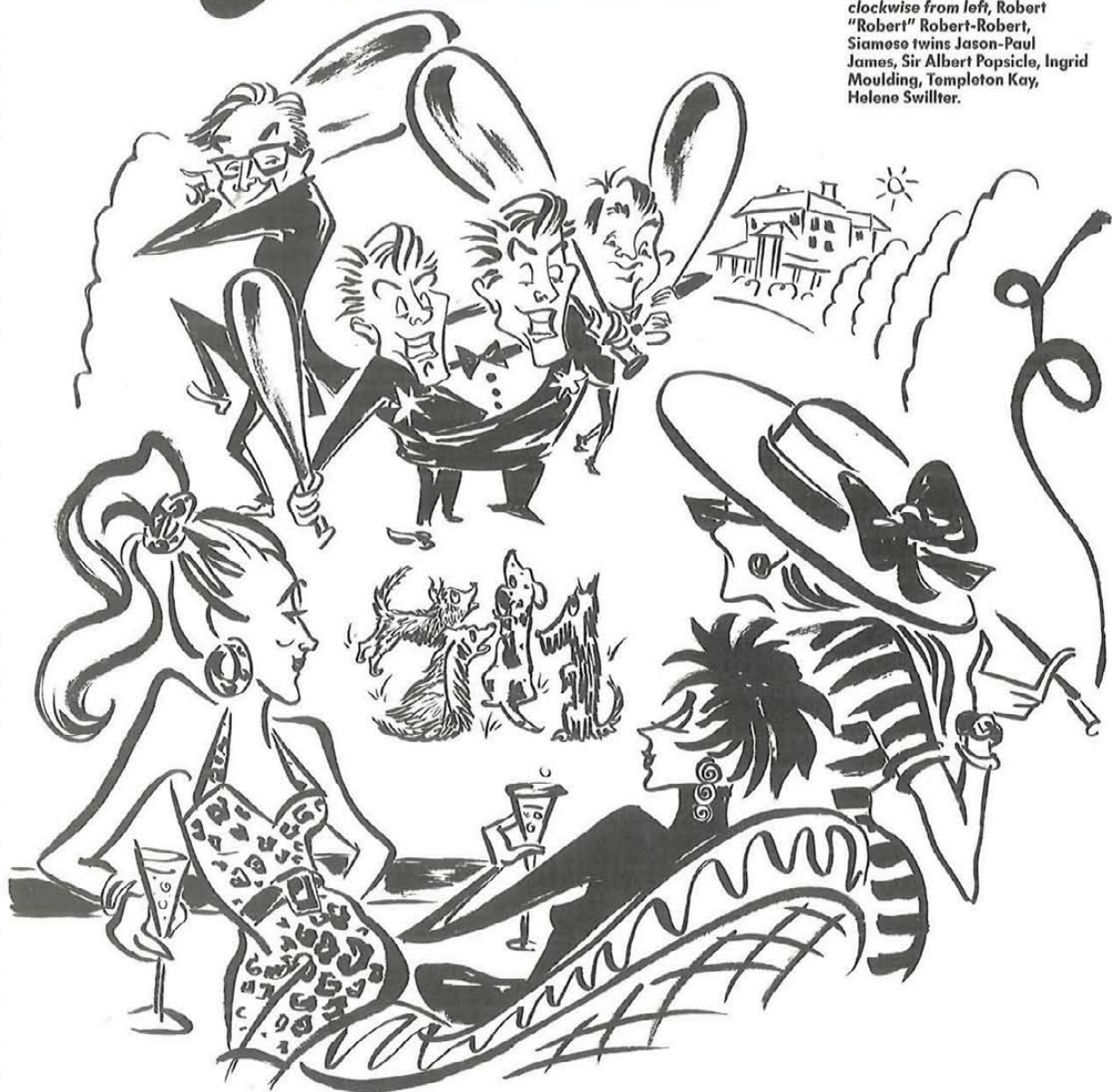
1990 Grosstod

- **Vehicle type:** four-passenger, front-engine, single-terrain, all-luxury sedan.
- **List price:** \$2,800,000 (comes fully equipped).
- **Engine type:** 32.4-liter, modified V-6 rocket engine.
- **Transmission:** single-speed automatic; reverse optional.
- **Estimated E.P.A. fuel economy:** .0612 m.p.g., driveway; .0614 m.p.g., estate lane.



Vanities

A dog day afternoon for, clockwise from left, Robert "Robert" Robert-Robert, Siamese twins Jason-Paul James, Sir Albert Popsicle, Ingrid Moulding, Tompleton Kay, Helene Swillter.



BULLDOG, BULLDOG, BOW-WOW-OW

● Club swingers become... well, club swingers, for the yearly rite of spring charity events—namely, Whitney Courtney Ashby's annual Dog Kill, held at her Croton estate. For the fifth year in a row, over 750,000 heavily drugged strays were beaten to death so that next year's Harvard eleven won't be. Each kill represents a five-thousand-dollar donation to Ashby's pet cause: the Ivy League Athletic Recruitment Fund. "I'd kill my own dog if I thought it would get us the Ivy title," quipped former Princeton tight end turned pharmaceutical magnate Kent Pettibone, who had the most kills of the afternoon: 17,000.

SPORTS COMEBACK OF THE YEAR

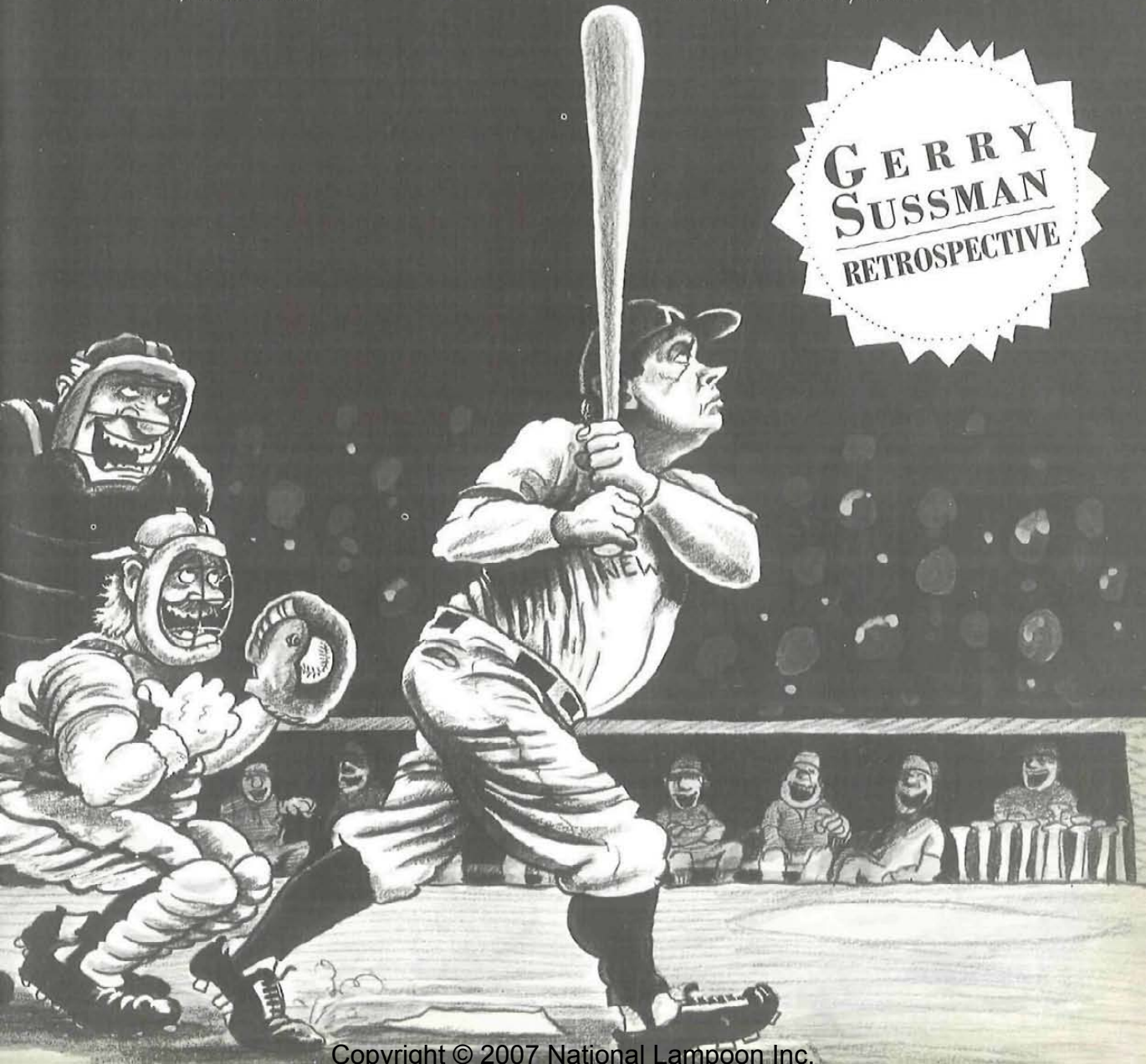
**Babe Ruth Comes Back from the Dead to
Lead the Yankees to a Second Place Finish**

by Gerald Sussman

From the April 1976 issue.

illustrated by Rick Meyerowitz

**GERRY
SUSSMAN**
RETROSPECTIVE



The Pointless Moment: The Called Shot Grounder

On September 14, 1976, in a crucial game with the Orioles, did the Babe actually point to the ground and hit a ball precisely to that spot? Eyewitness reports differ. Oriole catcher Earl Williams said that Ruth pointed to the ground because he saw a mouse on the infield. (Oddly enough, the mighty Bambino was terrified of mice.) Teammate Catfish Hunter kidded him afterward. "What would have happened if you swung and missed? You would have looked like a bum," said Hunter. "I am a bum," said Babe. "We're all a bunch of bums."



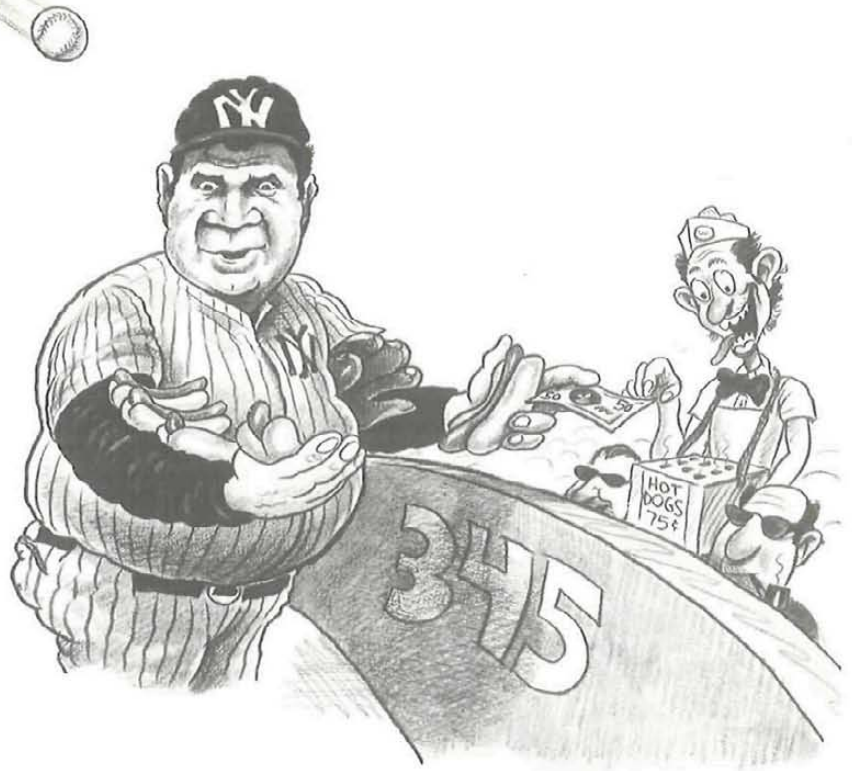
An Inspiration on the Field

The Babe's incredible batting exploits always overshadowed his substantial gifts on the field. Today, some of the old speed is gone, but the desire and moxie are stronger than ever. "He can't remember any of our signals, so he gets picked off easy," said third base coach Dick Howser. "But how can you be mad at a guy like that? Just the idea of a man his age running the bases is enough to really spark up the team."



The Babe Tries to Live Up to His Legendary Appetite

With two out and the bases loaded in the top of the ninth, Fred Lynn of the Boston Red Sox hit a long fly to right field. The Babe was playing it perfectly, but at the last second he got that famous urge for hot dogs. "What can I say?" cried manager Billy Martin in semi-mock exasperation. "He can't even eat two wieners anymore, but he keeps trying. Then he complains of a bellyache. Eighty-one years old and he's still just a big, crazy kid."



The Big Confrontation

It was inevitable for the Babe to meet the man who broke his all-time home run record. Everyone wondered what he would say to Henry Aaron in this momentous meeting. The Babe was always used to hogging the limelight. Would he be jealous? Would he sulk or erupt into a childlike temper tantrum? No. Everything went just fine. The Babe said something about "records were meant to be broken" and hammed it up for the photographers, just like the old days.

WHO'D A EVER THINK IT... A NIGGER, IN THE BIG LEAGUES!



An Inspiration to the Sick

Off the field, the Babe still gives of himself unsparingly, visiting hospitals, autographing baseballs, and cheering the ill and infirm. "That's not his stomach. That big wonderful paunch is his heart," said the father of young Johnny Sylvester, a dying boy who almost recovered, thanks to the Babe's visit.



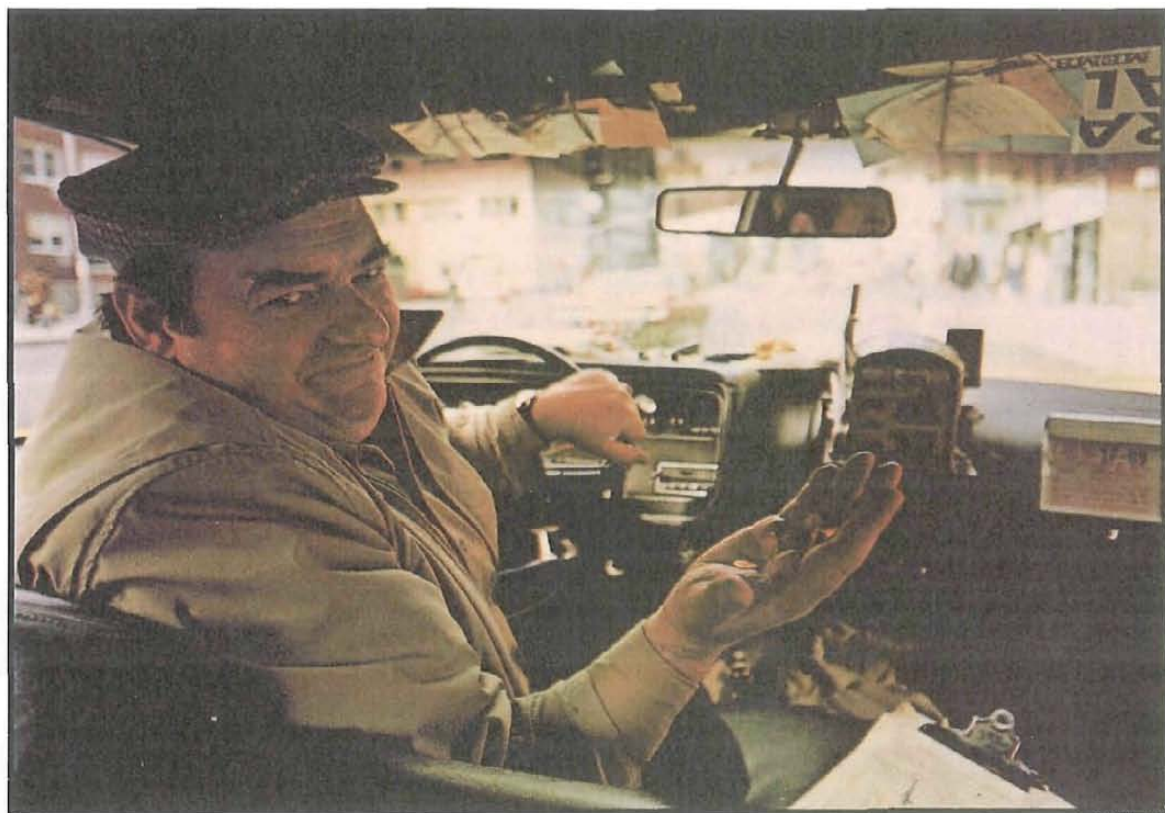
For the Jock Groupies the Babe was a Brand New Trip

The Bambino was no bambino in the sex department. Oh, no! Here is where myth and legend were one and the same. No sex story was too apocryphal when it concerned the Babe. Today's liberated females are more curious than ever to try out his legendary "Louisville slugger." And as far as the Babe is concerned, the nights are still made for booze and bimbos. □

WHADDAYA MEAN WE PLAY BASEBALL AT NIGHT? THAT'S CRAZY!



THE SELECTED *Wit & Wisdom* OF BERNIE X



Jack Wallach

When he left us, Gerry Sussman took with him the secret formula for the potion he had invented—a noxious chemical concoction that could transform a gentle, soft-spoken family man into a criminally insane, foul-mouthed, sex-crazed New York cabdriver.

Gerry never let anyone see the process. We never actually met Bernie X. Preparatory to writing a column or story, Gerry would make us promise to lock his office from the outside and ignore the hideous cries, the demands for freedom, broads, weapons, and deli food

(in a coarse Brooklyn accent) that were sure to come from behind the door. When the sounds of cursing and belching and typing had died down—the process usually lasted several hours—we would open the door and find Gerry asleep on the floor of his ruined office, smiling like a baby. A completed Bernie monologue would be beside the stained and battered typewriter.

Was it all worthwhile? Here is a brief anthology, selected almost at random, from the Complete Works. Judge for yourself.

Sean Kelly

**From "The New York Cabbie's
Guide to New York"
(April '74)**

... I'm always taking 'em down to the Village, those people. I had what's-his-name in my cab yesterday... Clint Eastwood. He's a fag. I had to take him down to a gay bar. You know how they all get away with it? They all got doubles. They got guys to look just like them. So I take Clint Eastwood and his spade fairy boyfriend to the Village and meanwhile his double is uptown talking to the reporters and fucking twenty-nine broads in his hotel room. They're all like that. Elvis Presley, John Wayne... Wayne is a dyke. I had 'im in my cab once. A lot of those big, tough guys are actually bull dykes, y'know.

Those fucking politicians go down to the Village for a good time, too, don't worry. They got to have doubles working for them all the time. Y'know why, don'tcha? They're liable to get assassinated any minute. Like Hitler, he should drop dead. He had maybe fifteen, twenty doubles. I had a big judge in my cab last week. He told me that the president is really a double. He said that the real one was shot six months ago and they're covering it up. Y'know why, don'tcha? You know what would happen if everyone knew that the president is really dead. It would be a panic. The market would go crazy. I flushed plenty of money down the toilet on the fucking stock market, believe me.

**From "My Meter Is Running"
(December '75)**

... You want to know what Cher really looks like? First of all, she's a Negro. That's why she always looks so tan. Second of all, she's only four and a half feet tall. Third of all, she wears a wig. Right. All that long black hair is what we call an "elevator wig" ... builds up the height. She wears the wig and her specially built-up shoes and she's five-seven. Then you add the makeup, the eyes, the lips, etc., and the way the camera and the lighting work, and bingo, you got what we call a "package." It's no big deal. Most of the big stars are put together like that. That's why they look so perfect. Raquel Welch... Mary Tyler Moore... Did you know Mary Tyler Moore has artificial legs? You'd never know it by looking at her. And Carol Burnett is actually a fantastically beautiful broad that they have to make up to look ugly.

**From "My Meter Is Running"
(January '76)**

... I open a closet and who do I see in there but Sonny. Sonny Bono. He's walking around in this big fucking closet smelling all the jackets. Y'know... lifting up the arms, the whole thing. I look around and I see he's got a little pot of coffee going on a hot plate and there's a cot, and a TV set in there, too. The son of a bitch lives there. That's what he really likes—to live in a

closet. And not just him. He's living there with Geraldo Rivera. Because all of a sudden, Geraldo comes out from behind a big fur coat and puts his arms around Sonny and they start kissing each other's mustaches. They're really getting hot rubbing each other's mustaches. They tell me to fuck off, I'm disturbing their privacy. What the hell, it's no skin off my ass. They can have a blue baby for all I care.

**I open a closet
and who do I see
but Sonny Bono,
walking around
smelling all
the jackets.**

**From "My Meter Is Running"
(October '76)**

... She was being chased by a gang of priests who discovered that she was a double agent. A double agent of what, I asked. What the fuck is going on? Of cocaine, she said. The priests are on one side, the Chinese on the other. She told me that these priests from one of the biggest churches, the one that Nixon goes to, are also running one of the biggest cocaine rings in the country. In fact, they still supply Nixon with the stuff.

Evidently, they got into the South American cocaine market a long time ago, and what they do is get the stuff shipped to Hong Kong. In Hong Kong, the Chinks manufacture fake Bibles with a section cut out for the cocaine. The Bibles get shipped right to Arizona. That's how the cocaine is smuggled in. Fake Bibles. One of the oldest tricks in the book. No one suspects the priests because they're so fucking religious and clean-looking. The Bibles are distributed to all the churches, and every Sunday during the services, the priests give them out to the big dealers. The dealers drop their payments into the regular Sunday collection box when it's passed around. That's how fucking simple it is. Where the Chink fits in is that she was the go-between, the agent for the priests and the Chinks in Hong Kong who make the fake Bibles.

What happened was that the priests found out that the new shipments were not kosher. They were getting salt and sugar and flour mixed in with the cocaine and they were very, very mad at the Chink broad for allowing this to happen. So the priests twisted her pretty arms and tortured

her a little and she confessed that she was really working for the Hong Kong Chinks. Seems that the Hong Kong people wanted a bigger piece of the action, and the diluted cocaine was their way of telling the priests to shape up and cut them in for more. Somehow she escaped from the priests and ran out to the street and spotted my cab. And that's how I got involved with a gorgeous Chink drug dealer who is making me crazy and getting me hot.

At the same time she's telling me all this, she's also telling me that she's not really interested in drugs. What she really wants to do is become a country-and-western singer—the first Chink to do it. She wants to go to Austin, Texas, and become a superstar. That's where a lot of those singers hang out, I'm told. And all those big singers are crazy about coke, so she was saving a big batch for them. This would help her break into the business, she said.

**From "My Meter Is Running"
(September '78)**

... So there we were in Casa Hemingway—Papa, his wife, and their other guests, Gary Cooper, Jean Harlow, and Duke Ellington. Cooper, or "Coop," as everyone called him, was a regular chatterbox—talk, talk, talk, night and day. I hate to say it, but he was a fairy, a cowboy fairy. He liked to gossip with Papa about Hollywood and all the sex scandals going on. Papa loved it. He wanted a piece of every ass in Hollywood. "Tell me again about the broads," he would say to Cooper. And Cooper would tell him that Joan Crawford liked to put goldfish up her twat. That Norma Shearer was still a virgin, that Katharine Hepburn was really a man—a very strange-looking man, but a man. A lot of stuff like that.

**From "My Meter Is Running"
(November '78)**

... It is a documented fact that Bormann had the worst case of flatulence in Germany, worse than Hitler's, which was very bad. No matter how hard Bormann tried to control it, it always got the best of him. It used to drive his associates crazy. Some of them wanted to sue him for giving them permanent lung damage. He was a terror, that Bormann. Only Hitler could take him in stride. They used to have contests, trying to outgas each other. It was their idea of a good time. German decadence can be puzzling at times, but you know how anal they are.

**From "Back to School for Real"
(October '86)**

... The fraternity parties have been getting nuttier since the days of *Animal House*. The big thing at this school was human sacrifice. The guys would choose a girl to be sacrificed to the God of Sex. It wasn't really a sacrifice, but they made it look very realistic, like in those Steven Spielberg movies. The girl was drugged a little, but she was a

willing victim. There was a lot of ritual and chanting. First the girl was dipped into a big cauldron of oil. It wasn't hot. It was just to get her all wet and lubricated. Then they tied her to a cot. She was naked, of course. A bunch of the bigger guys picked her up, cot and all, and began this chant that went on all night: "Epar, epar, epar," which is "rape" spelled backwards.

After all this, the girl was ready to be sacrificed to Dorkus, the God of Sex. Dorkus was this guy sitting on a throne, wearing a goat mask and not much else. You got to be chosen as Dorkus by picking a lucky number. Dorkus was supposed to perform the ancient ritual of *coitus penetratus* on the human sacrifice in front of all his followers, a hundred screaming, sweaty maniacs chanting and waving flaming torches. It was really just an excuse for a gangbang, but the mood was catching.

The background music switched to the soundtrack from a Spielberg movie. It was very loud. But the kids still kept chanting, "Epar, epar." Dorkus was fondled by a bunch of nearly naked girls and then carried to the human sacrifice, who was now awake and ready. But Dorkus was having problems. He couldn't get it up. He was too self-conscious. And he kept sliding off the girl. It was like those farmers who try to wrestle a greased pig.

The kids were getting impatient and cried out for a new Dorkus. Somebody had to come forward and do it or there would be a curse on the fraternity forever. I had to help them. I didn't want them to be cursed. I volunteered for the job.

They cheered and carried me to the human sacrifice. I had no problem getting it up. The girl was fantastic-looking. But like her other Dorkus I kept slipping off her body. Her hands and feet were tied, so she couldn't hold onto me. My solution was simple—do it standing up. This can only be accomplished if you have a very big one, which I happen to have. I threw myself into the ceremony and brought the house down. In fact, the kids got so carried away by my performance that a few of them dropped their torches and the whole fucking frat house burnt to the ground. Luckily, we all got out and no one was hurt. But the kids were really embarrassed to be caught in their underwear and their wolf masks.

From "My First Time" (July '86)

... I guess Havana was to fucking what Vegas is to gambling. You could get laid anywhere in Havana. I mean *anywhere*. You went into a grocery store for milk and you got laid in the back room. Clothing stores had extra dressing, or rather undressing, rooms, as they called them. Taxi drivers had spare girls in the front seat or in the trunk. The hospitals were mainly used for fucking instead of caring for the sick. They told me that at baseball games the guys would take a seventh-inning fuck, a

quickie, instead of a seventh-inning stretch. Everywhere we went some kid was trying to sell us a piece of his sister, his aunt, even his mother.

In Havana you could get a shoeshine and a blowjob right on the street, at the same place. Or you could get a blowjob without the shoeshine. One kid would shine them up while his sister was licking your log as neat as a kitten. They gave you these Span-

I had to go through with my Marcos act all the way. I had to sleep with Imelda.

ish newspapers to read to hide the girl while she was doing you. A lot of guys knew how to read Spanish upside down.

From "My Friend, Marvelous Marv" (April '86)

... I had to go through with my Marcos act all the way. I had to sleep with Imelda. The woman was a bundle. She hadn't been laid in years. Her husband liked to watch dirty movies but he couldn't get it up. He had a diggle about the size of a button mushroom. But she couldn't cheat on him because if he ever found out he would kill her very slowly. That's how they are down there. But while he was having amnesia and I was posing as him, why couldn't I perform my normal duties as a husband and lover? Jesus! I couldn't believe what I was getting into! Why couldn't I fuck her? Why couldn't I fuck a crocodile or suck a female gorilla? Why did I always have to end up fucking some strange person in a strange place? Why?

From "Bernie X and Bruce X" (September '85)

... That was the night the president fell in love with Bruce and took him back to the White House. He's seventy-four years old and has finally come out of the closet. Bruce told me what he likes to do. He likes to kiss a lot. He always has a minty mouth because he's always sucking on those breath mints because he's always in the public eye. Sometimes he shows Bruce how Wallace Beery taught him to kiss on the neck. Light and feathery, the president says. No wet stuff and no biting. And no tickling either. It has to be just right. Some-

times he has those jellybeans in his mouth when he kisses and he makes Bruce swallow them whole. He also likes to get his lips bitten, his tummy rubbed, and have his pubic hair shaved so it tickles and has to be scratched.

One day he asked Bruce to give him a shower, to soap him up real thick and scrub him with a brush. When Bruce asked him if the showers were turning him on and if he'd like to get laid the president went blank. "What do you mean, get laid?" he asked. Bruce was taken aback for a second, but caught on. The president didn't know how homos do it. He tried to explain it to Reagan in a nice tasteful way. The president got all red in the face. He was embarrassed. He wouldn't accept it. Impossible. That kind of thing is just not done, he said. Bruce assured him that it was done and how pleasurable it could be, especially when he did it gently and with great finesse. The president reacted like Bruce was going to stick some knitting needles down his throat.

He just wouldn't hear any more about it.

Anyway, Bruce becomes the president's behind-the-scenes companion, his adviser on how to dress, what kind of makeup and hair dye to use—image building, as Bruce calls it. The president was using too much pancake and rouge, a leftover from his acting days. Bruce got him to emphasize his cheekbones more with some gloss—to give him a more rugged, manly look, with more character to his face.

He got him to wear shirts with higher collars so his neck wouldn't be exposed and he wouldn't need neck makeup. He toned down the orange in his hair and gave him more salt and pepper.

Where's Nancy all this time? Doing what she always does—looking at her husband with those big, moist eyes popping out of her head. She ignores Bruce. Doesn't even know he's there, or doesn't want to know about him. Once they had to share the same bathroom when hers wasn't working. Bruce says she takes forever to move her bowels. And she wears a hooded mask every morning, like the hangmen. No one sees her face until ten o'clock.

And then the shit hit the fan. George Bush showed up one day and fell in love with Bruce at first sight.

From "Mango" (January '85)

... So they finish my training as a Russian explosives expert and I get to be pretty fucking good at it. Pretty soon I can blow up an office building with some chicken wire and Silly Putty. I get my ID papers, a course in Russian, and a briefing on Nicaragua—its people and culture. What the fuck do I need that for? I live in New York and I see more spics every day than these pieces of white bread see all their lives.

You got to understand how the mind of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 83)

THE SHAVING DISTRICT

by Gerry Sussman

From "A Misguided Tour of New York," February 1985.

Milton's Shave-Mart

New stores come and go, but the real shaving buffs still hang out at Milton's Shave-Mart. Nothing fancy here, but just about anything you'll ever want for shaving is in this chaotic mess of a place. You want an English brushless lather in a tube made with avocado? Mexican after-shave lotion from Veracruz? An early version of Gillette Foamy? Milton's has them all—and Milton Weisenheimer, the seventy-six-year-old owner of Milton's, is the only man who knows where to find them. Milton now leaves most of the managing to his son-in-law, Abe, but he still takes an active role, scolding and harassing his son-in-law for any real or imaginary misdeed. In fact, one of the big attractions of Milton's is watching Milton and Abe argue.

The other major attraction of Milton's is its famous "patch shave"—a long counter that holds about fifty different shaving creams which can be sampled and actually used for shaving—with one of the store's razors. This is a great way to try out different brands, except Milton won't allow you to shave your entire face, just a small patch. No schnorrers, no freeloaders here. You like the patch, you buy the whole item.

Shaving buffs try to outwit Milton and Abe by using a lot of samples for "comparison testing" until they finish their faces completely. Sometimes it works, but don't do it too often or Milton will surely catch you and try to kick you out bodily—a major embarrassment for a true shaving buff. 1753 W 27th Street

Electrics and Batteries

They're scorned by the regular shaving buffs, but they enjoy a certain popularity. The regulars like to drop into the electric-shaver stores and challenge the customers to a "face pat test"—regulars' faces vs. electric shavers' faces—as to which is the smoothest. Of course, it's no contest. "They're not shavers, they're gadget collectors," mutters a regular.

Estelle's—Smoothie's

The women have their own specialty shaving shops, and the loyalties are equally divided between Estelle's and Smoothie's. Estelle's is the Milton's of female shaving, except it has to carry all the electric and cordless models as well as the regular stuff (it has been rumored that Estelle was once Milton's mistress and used to shave him every morning).

Estelle's is also very hospitable



to serious transvestites and transsexuals. The saleswomen are older and a bit cranky, but they really know their stuff. Smoothie's is a chain-store operation with a high-fashion boutique approach. Lots of black walls and black decor to give women's legs a high contrast. The salesgirls are early punk, extremely laid back, and, underneath it all, quite dumb. Estelle's: 1899 W 27th Street; Smoothie's: 1910 W 27th Street



Street Vendors

You'd expect street vendors in the shaving district and their prices are right. The problem is: How do you know you're not buying used aerosol cans of shaving cream or "reconditioned" blades? You don't.

The Shaving Salon

A different kind of place. Strictly for state-of-the-art equipment and experi-

mental stuff that's not even on the market. If money is no object, this is the place you'll find the perfect shave.

This is where you can get a demonstration of the Baumgartner 1000, a gas-powered shaver that gets over 500 shaves per gallon in the city and 750 in the country. They've got the vacuum-cleaner shaver by Dozak, the laser-beam model by Shavetronics, and the controversial sound-wave shaver by

Sonar Quest II.

It's all demonstrated to you in private salons by courteous, knowledgeable salesmen (they'd rather be called "shaving analysts"). The prices are staggering, but remember—you only have one face. If you want to treat it to the best, say a Takarnichi Molecular Dispersion shaver with built-in FM radio and cassette, then this is the place for you.
1820 W. 27th Street



A L C O H O L I C S

MY NAME IS ED and I'm an alcoholic. I can't drink anymore because I have cirrhosis, but I just want to take this opportunity to say a few words on behalf of alcohol because of something that happened to me many years ago.

We had a Christmas party at my house, and I'd had at least ten or twelve eggnogs, with a double shot of dark rum in each. I was *plastered!* After everyone left, my wife and I were in the kitchen, trying to clean up, when suddenly the Christmas tree burst into flames. It was the most terrifying moment of my life.

If I hadn't been so drunk I would have been frozen with fear—but thanks to that eggnog, I had the courage to run upstairs through a wall of flame and rescue

my three-year-old daughter.

Now my daughter is a sophomore in college—but without a l c o h o l, she'd just be a forgotten statistic.



MY NAME IS JERRY and I'm a grateful alcoholic. Until I allowed God to deliver alcohol into my life, I don't think I knew why I was alive. I was like a hamster on a wheel, going through the motions, lying to myself that I was living like a human being. Like some kind of maggot, I went to work and I came home, I lay on the couch and watched TV, sober as a judge, bored and boring, my spirit gray with the rituals and consciences imposed by this society. It was like life was this huge, beautiful symphony, and I'd left the record shrink-wrapped in its jacket.

I was at the end of my rope, no reason to carry on, but then God brought His gracious nectar. I was at a party, and I was just parched with thirst, and the only thing to drink was beer. I drank one, slowly at first, and then another. It was sometime that night that my revelation came: my long



nights of suffering were over.

I've been drunk for ninety days now, and I want to say that my worst day in here is like my best day out there. It's like my head is in a soft, giant pillow. Looking back, I couldn't believe I was twenty-eight years old and I hadn't even given a thought to alcohol. The difference it's made! It used to be all I could do to get out of bed in the morning—but now I rise like a shot, knowing there's an ice-cold six-pack in the refrigerator, and thousands more at the distributor. With a belly full of booze, I see the beauty in nature, and the energized joy of friendship. I smell the flowers and I feel the warmth of women. I meditate and it makes me smile: why does beer look like piss, but the more beer you drink, the less your piss looks like beer? I read the graffiti in bathrooms and I laugh. I've started writing poetry. I enjoy the gregariousness of bartenders, the companionship of happy drunks young and old. I can't believe I used to sit at home *watching sitcoms!* Now I'm living my life like every night is the best episode of *Cheers*.

Let's face it: without alcohol, this can be a pretty dull, cruel, harsh world. But with it—well, let's just say that whoever wrote that movie *It's a Wonderful Life* must have been drunk. Because when I'm drunk, it is a wonderful life.

MY NAME IS JIM and I'm an alcoholic. I just want to take this time to say "thank you" to alcohol for making my life wonderful and shining and full of love. Until I started drinking, I was too shy to meet women—I'd go to parties and see girls I was interested in, but I never had the confi-

dence to actually go up and start a conversation or even to smile at them.

I'd been raised Baptist, a religion in which they brainwash you that alcohol is unconditionally evil. I believed it, and my ignorance left me a shy, lonely, bitter man. A lot of my friends had told me they were worried about me, that I was so shy and boring, and they thought alcohol could help. I didn't listen. But finally, one night, I decided to give it a whirl, and the rest, as they say, is history.

I was at a restaurant, and from across the room I saw the most beautiful girl in the world. I know now that if I hadn't been loaded, I'd never have had the nerve to approach her. But in my exalted state, all I could think was: she's beautiful, and she belongs in my arms! Those gin and tonics had smashed down the borders, and I was brave enough to go over to her table. As it turned out, the attraction was mutual. The chemistry between us was incredible, and our drunkenness served to make our bond even stronger.

We had a few more drinks—each one delicious—and got so caught up in the moment we started making out on the jukebox. Eventually we wound up back at her apartment, and it was the perfect night for a consummation, since my intoxicated state prevented me from getting too excited too quickly, and I was able to make love to her for an hour and ten minutes.

Today Jill and I are married, with two children, and I'd be lying if I didn't say I owe everything to alcohol.



MY NAME IS BEATRICE and I'm an alcoholic. I just want to say that I don't know where I'd be if it weren't for alcohol. Three years ago I was stone-cold sober, working in a dead-end job for \$11,000



UNANIMOUS

COMPILED BY DAVE HANSON
ILLUSTRATED BY ROH BARRETT

a year for a mean, nasty boss. But my self-esteem was zero, and I was too timid to do anything to change my situation.

Then one day at lunch I went out with a couple of coworkers, and I got drunk—drunk enough to tell my boss to “dictate *THIS!!!*” He fired me on the spot, and I was despondent—but within a week I’d landed a job for almost twice the money, with a kind and appreciative boss.

Best of all, with the help of my sponsor—Dreamland Bar & Grill—I also got up the courage to call the state board and report my old boss’s sexual advances. Initially I was too scared, but Eddy, the Dreamland bartender, saw that I was dried out and brought over a fifth of Scotch and two six-packs, and before long I was on that phone. The state board suggested that I sue; to make a long story short, I settled out of court with the bastard for \$145,000, which I used to purchase a beautiful bungalow in Sag Harbor.

And life, in every way, has taken on new luster: I’m just taking my drunkenness one day at a time, which is all you can do, but goddamn if each new day isn’t the best yet.

Each day I wake and say a prayer that never again will I slip back into the living hell of sobriety. Never. Life is so good when you’re up this high that I never want to fall down again.



MY NAME IS LIZ and I’m a grateful alcoholic. I’ve been drunk for almost two years, and I can honestly say that alcohol has truly changed my life for the better. I was overweight in my teens, and as a result I was very shy, even after I’d finished college and taken off the weight. I wasn’t *painfully* shy or anything, I had friends and boy-friends, but I was definitely too shy to pursue my true dream: to sing onstage. I sang at home for hours every day, occasionally even for my sister, who always encouraged

me. But I wouldn’t—*couldn’t*—get up the courage to grit my teeth and go up onstage. In retrospect, I realize my life had become such a web of rationalizations and lies that I



Hil Rubiner

actually believed I didn’t have a problem, and I had myself convinced that this was the way everyone lived, suffering in sober silence. But that was all

to change.

On my twenty-fourth birthday, my sister took me out to a local comedy club, and it happened to be Open-Mike Night. Until that night, I never even dared to *dream* of actually climbing up on a stage and singing. But we ran into some friends from my office, and they found out it was my birthday, and whoo!—before I knew it I’d had about half a pitcher of kamikazes. Was I drunk-a-roni! Next thing I remember I was up onstage, belting it out, and I felt like the world was mine! As it turned out, the man who’s now my agent—as well as my husband and my best friend—was in the audience, and he was so excited when he heard me sing. In the coming weeks, he worked with me to overcome my shyness, using a technique he developed in which I got very drunk and sang, and he videotaped me and played it back. He even came up with my stage name—“The Tippling Chanteuse.” Before long, me and my “whiskey voice” had gigs lined up all over the county, at clubs, colleges, and auditoriums.

Now, with my new life and my Twelve-Sip Program, I think of two sayings—well, actually three, if you include “High Power”: “Don’t hide your light under a bushel,” and “If a tree falls in the woods, nobody hears it.”

My next goal is to sing in a Broadway musical, and as long as I have alcohol on my side, nothing’s gonna stop me.

God bless alcohol for lifting my burden of bashfulness, and allowing me to go for the brass ring.

MY NAME IS LENNY and I’m an alcoholic. I just want to share my story with all of you, because I know I can turn to each of you and you’ll understand because you know how important alcohol is to each and every one of us.

Until two years ago, I never had any success at all with women. But one night—a night that could have been just another long, sober, lonely night—I decided to tie one on, and I started working on a bottle of tequila. About two-thirds of the way down, I was feeling immensely better, so much so that I started dancing around the living room. In my jubilation, I slipped and hit my head on the coffee table, twisting my back as I fell.

As God arranged it, my physical therapist was a brunette named Janet, and the sweetest woman I’d ever met. We fell in



love and got married, and now both of us can stay home and watch TV on what government disability and my homeowner’s insurance pay me.

Everyone knows that alcohol can lift you out of the doldrums, can make good times better and bad times bearable, can make even the most stultifying people exciting and vibrant and ugly people attractive and sexy, can melt away the tensions of a miserable day. But I’m here to say that alcohol also deserves credit for the indirect way it has invested my life with joy and love. Even though my wife and I aren’t heavy drinkers now, we are eternally grateful to alcohol for the fact that we enjoy every day on this earth, and we never forget to say a prayer for all the sober and lonely souls out there.



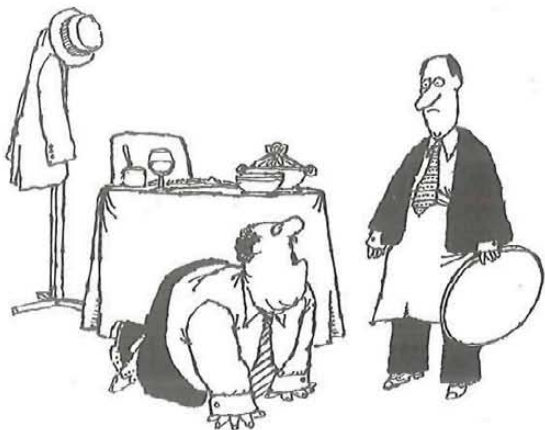
THE SEVEN DEADLY & OTHER SINS!

BY *rodri g ues*
WITH AN AFTERWORD

PRIDE

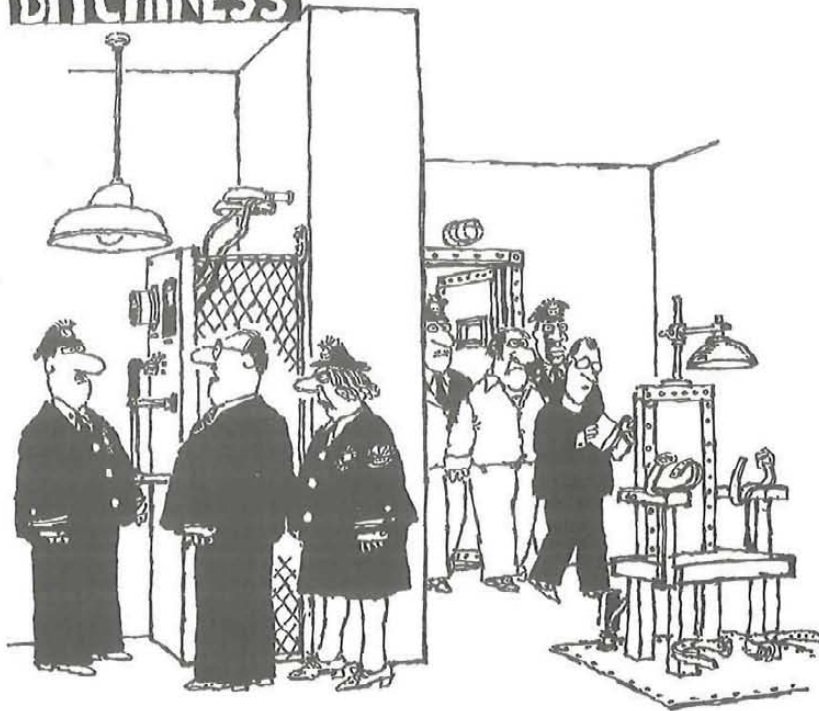


GLUTTONY



"Good heavens, man, where did it go? I was choking on a piece of steak, you administered the Heimlich maneuver, and it popped out—you must have seen where it went!!!"

BITCHINESS

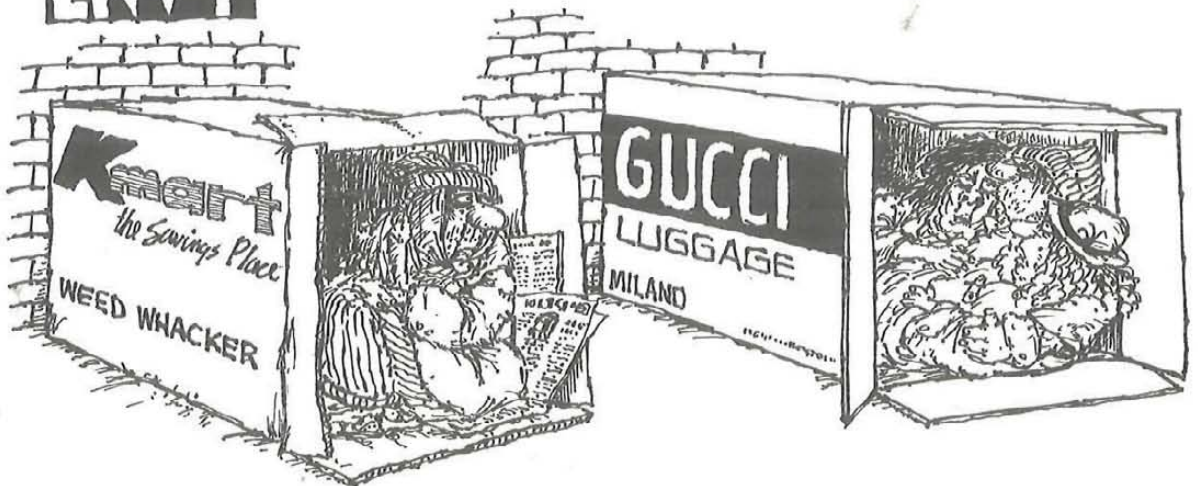


"Tom, Doris is having her period and she's been testy all day, so I think it's best that *she* throw the switch."

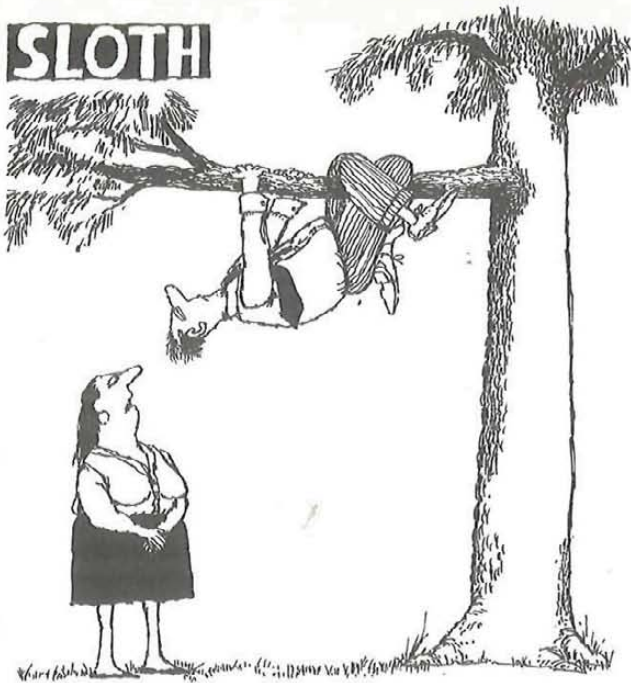
CONFORMITY



ENVY



SLOTH



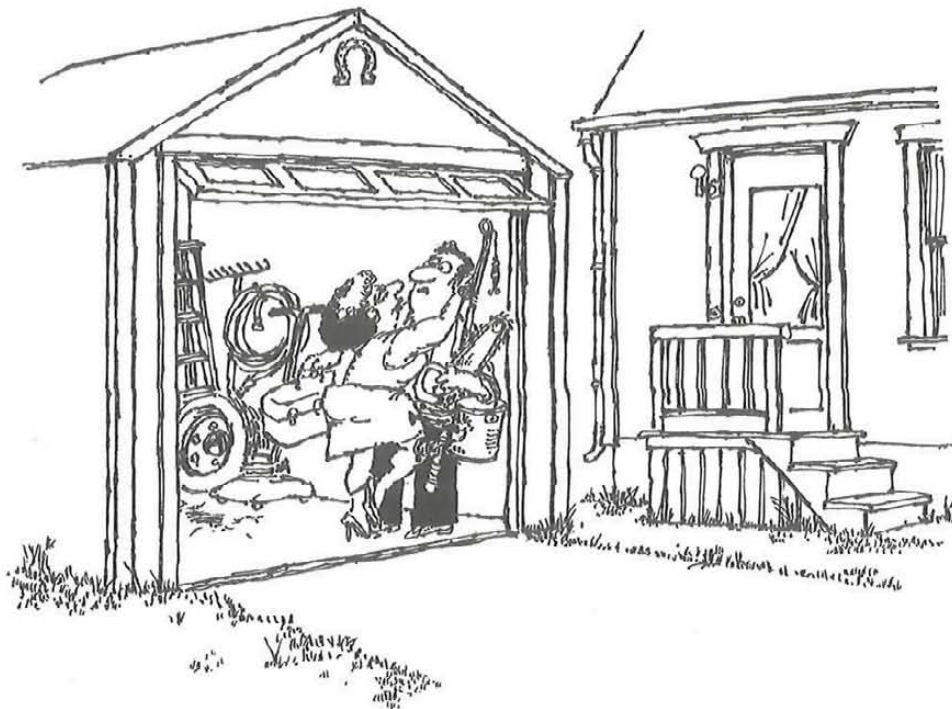
"Can't you be a sloth on the maple tree in the front yard, Warren? You're leaving that awfully sticky pine resin all over the furniture, the bed linen, the towels..."

LUST



"Take one of these once a day for whoremongering, two of these twice a day for your priapism, one of these every four hours for concupiscence, one of these once a day for debauchery, and one teaspoon of this every day for general profligacy."

COVETOUSNESS

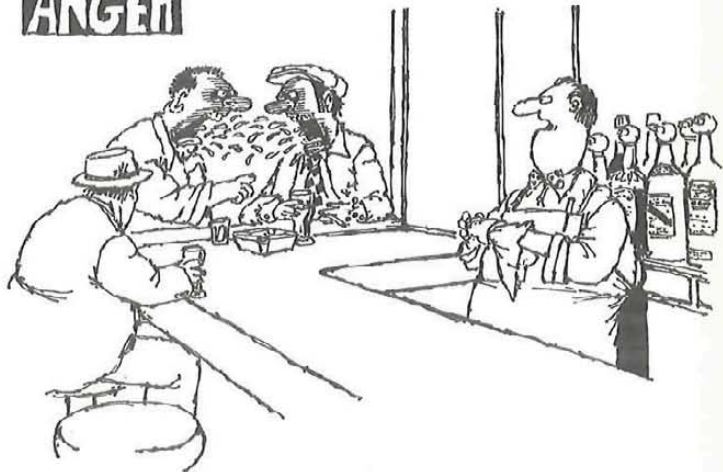


"Just your husband's goods, Mrs. Swope, I'm only interested in coveting your husband's goods!"

DALMATIANPY



ANGER



"Knock it off, you guys, you're exchanging body fluids!"

ANTI-COLOSTOMYISM



SO YOU WANNA BE A SINNER?

We guarantee that while reading these four pages, you'll actually commit every one of the seven deadly sins and assure your soul of eternal damnation!

by Larry Roman and Ed Subitzky

It isn't easy, we know. If you're a typical *National Lampoon* reader, sinning just doesn't come naturally to you.

When it comes to indulging in excessive food and drink, let's face it, you really can't be a Falstaff at the nearest McDonald's or Pizza Hut.

And as far as sinning with women goes, well, we don't have to tell you about your failings in that area.

The upshot of it all could be this: if you got hit by a car tonight, you'd go to heaven, acknowledged to be the most boring, uneventful place in the universe (unless you like the idea of spending eternity floating around trading songs with the Singing Nun).

No, if you're going to get into the good place, you're going to need a little help. Which the *National*

Lampoon offers herewith.

Simply read these four pages closely. In the very act of reading them you'll be committing every one of the seven deadly sins. That'll give you seven great chances to change not only your relentlessly uninteresting lifestyle but your afterlifestyle as well.

On the small chance that you do have some practice in sinning, we've provided three different difficulty levels for you to indulge in.

And if you should change your mind and want to repent at the end, you can even do that too—right in these same pages.

So go ahead and jump in. Taste the seven deadly sins for the first time in your life. And get set for an eternity of great company and pure pleasure!

LUST

BEGINNER



This is Cindy Johnson. Age twenty-nine. A housewife with two kids from Des Plaines, Illinois. Every morning at about 8:15, she takes the garbage out. Beneath her J.C. Penney housecoat, she's wearing nothing.

INTERMEDIATE



Gina DiAngelo. Twenty-two-year-old legal secretary from Brooklyn. In her spare time she does volunteer work at a local children's hospital. Great kid, but she just can't seem to find a comfortable position on her subway ride to work in the morning. Oh, and she's a virgin.

ADVANCED



Sister Mary Teresa Rose. Twenty-four years old. She's also a virgin.

Harry Helicottis

GLUTTONY

BEGINNER



Hot Fudge Sundae

2 scoops of premium ice cream
Hot fudge syrup
Whipped cream
Chopped nuts
Maraschino cherries

Put scoops of ice cream in tall dish. Pour syrup liberally over ice cream. Top off with whipped cream. Sprinkle a generous portion of nuts. Add three cherries.

INTERMEDIATE



Roast Suckling Pig

Preheat oven to 450 degrees.
Dress, by drawing, scraping, and cleaning:

A suckling pig

Remove eyeballs and lower the lids. The dressed pig should weigh about 12 pounds. Fill it with forcemeat, about 2½ quarts. Sew up the pig. Put a block of wood in its mouth to hold it open. Skewer the legs into position, pulling the forelegs forward and bending the hindlegs into a crouching stance. Rub the pig with:

Oil or soft butter

A cut clove of garlic

Dredge it with:

Flour

Cover the ears and the tail with aluminum foil. Place the pig, in an uncovered pan, in the oven for 15 minutes.

Reduce the heat to 325 degrees and roast until tender, allowing 30 minutes to the pound. Baste every 15 minutes with:

About 2 cups boiling stock and the pan drippings

Remove the foil from ears and tail before serving. Place the pig on a platter. Remove the wood from the mouth. Replace it with a small:

Apple, lemon, or carrot

Place in the eyes:

Raisins or cranberries

Drape around the neck a wreath of:

Small green leaves

Or garnish the platter or board with:

Watercress

The pig may be surrounded with:

Cinnamon apples, apples stuffed with sweet potatoes, apples stuffed with mincemeat, etc.

To carve, place head to left of carver. Remove forelegs and hams. Divide meat down center of the back. Separate the ribs. Serve a section of crackling skin to each person.

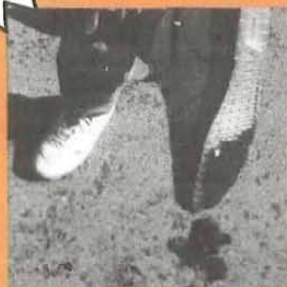
ADVANCED



Rich Jewish person's wedding buffet.

ANGER

BEGINNER



Harry Heloelis

Some idiot didn't curb his golden retriever and last night's seventy-nine-cent can of Alpo is all over your seventy-five-dollar Reeboks.

INTERMEDIATE



AP / Wice World

Rocks through windows. The peal of broken glass. Appropriation of businesses. Knocks at the front door in the middle of the night. Whole families disappearing. Weird medical experimentation. Cyanide gas seeping into the showers. Soap and lampshades made from human remains. Over six million burned, gassed, or mutilated.

ADVANCED



AP / Wice World

Your parents. Those two wonderful people who raised you from birth. Who sheltered you and nurtured you and passed on to you a strong set of values. And a crippling fear of intimacy. And latent homosexual tendencies. And a neurotic drive to advance in meaningless jobs that stultify the senses and make you crave the release that comes from a large daily dose of alcohol. The bastards!

ENVY

BEGINNER



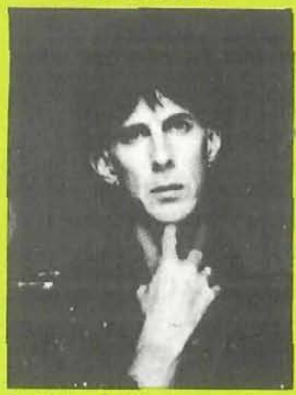
Net worth two billion dollars. Assets include the Plaza Hotel, Trump Tower, the Trump Castle Casino, the Trump Shuttle, and the Trump Princess.

INTERMEDIATE



Makes millions from his syndicated talk show. Pulls in big bucks for his costarring roles in Eddie Murphy movies.

ADVANCED



Fucks Paulina Porizkova.

AP/Wide World

PRIDE

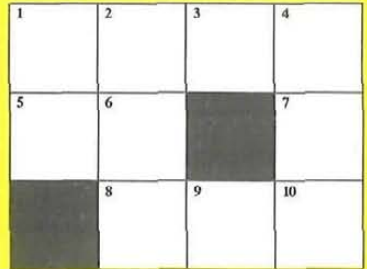
BEGINNER

If you can, connect the dots.



INTERMEDIATE

If you can figure it out, solve this crossword puzzle.

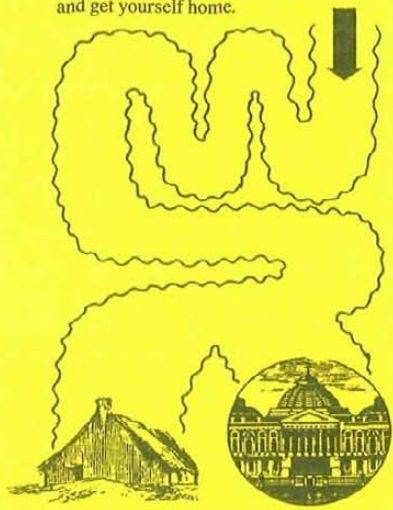


Across
 1 You're _____ in your field.
 5 You're _____ the money.
 7 You're _____ real prince.
 8 You're the b_____.

Down
 1 I'll leave it up _____ you.
 2 You're number _____.
 4 College board test you'd score 1600 on.

ADVANCED

If it's possible for you, navigate the maze and get yourself home.



SLUM

MANSSION

GREED

BEGINNER



Your watch?

Harry Helicoidis

INTERMEDIATE



Your wheels?

ADVANCED



Your chump change?

AP/Wide World

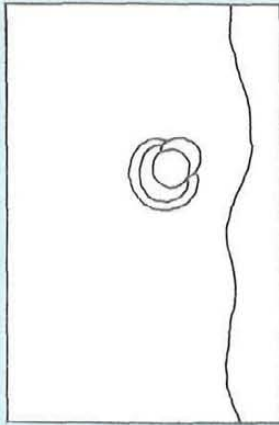


BEGINNER



Look at this.

INTERMEDIATE



Look at this.

ADVANCED



Look at this.

Congratulations! You've just committed every one of the seven deadly sins. Feel different? What's your appetite? Remember, as the gluttons say, the world is your oyster. See you in hell!

SPECIAL PUNISHMENT SECTION

For those few of you who have some pangs of remorse over having indulged in these exercises in doing the wrong thing, we offer a chance at redemption. Again, there are three levels so that the punishment fits the crime.

BEGINNER'S PUNISHMENT

Read this.

(This joke, which has never appeared in print before, was recently voted "The Funniest Off-Color Joke Told in the Twentieth Century" by a panel of top comedians and humorists. Please read it carefully.)

A traveling salesman happens to run out of gas near a farmhouse. It's getting dark out, so he knocks on the door of the farmhouse and says to the farmer, "Do you mind if I spend the night?" The farmer answers, "Okay, you can sleep in the spare room upstairs. But listen carefully, fella. If you get horny in the middle of the night, and you go into the room on your left, that's where my unbelievably beautiful daughter sleeps in her woolen pajamas, and if you touch her or even look at her, I'll shoot you in the balls. But if you go into the room on the right, you'll find my prize sheep, and she's been a mite lonely lately, so it's okay." Sure enough, the salesman wakes up in the middle of the night and he's horny. But he gets mixed up and doesn't remember who's in what room. It's pitch-black, he fucks something, and then in the morning when he goes downstairs he finds the farmer standing there with a shotgun. "You dad-blamed idiot," the farmer says, "don't you know your

INTERMEDIATE PUNISHMENT

Stare at this image for two hours without lifting your eyes.



ADVANCED PUNISHMENT

Read this.

**THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS
CHAPTER XXIV**

Indian Summer (1898-1899)

The summer of the Spanish War began the Indian summer of life to one who had reached sixty years of age, and cared only to reap in peace such harvest as these sixty years had yielded. He had reason to be more than content with it. Since 1864 he had felt no such sense of power and momentum, and had seen no such number of personal friends wielding it. The sense of solidarity counts for much in one's contentment, but the sense of winning one's game counts for more; and in London, in 1898, the scene was singularly interesting to the last survivor of the Legation of 1861. He thought himself perhaps the only person living who could get full enjoyment of the drama. He carried every scene of it, in a century and a half since the Stamp Act, quite alive in his mind—all the interminable disputes of his disputatious ancestors as far back as the year 1750—as well as his own insignificance in the Civil War, every step in which had the object of bringing England into an American system. For this they had written libraries of argument and remonstrance, and had piled war on war, losing their tempers for life, and sowing the gentle and patient Puritan nature of their descendants, until even their private secretaries at times used language almost intemperate; and suddenly, by pure chance, the blessing fell on Hay. After two hundred years of stupid and greedy blundering, which no argument and no violence affected, the people of England learned their lesson just at the moment when Hay would otherwise have faced a flood of the old anarchy. Hay himself scarcely knew how grateful he should be for to him the change came almost of course. He saw only the necessary stages that had led to it, and to him they seemed natural; but to Adams, still living in the atmosphere of Palmerston and John Russell, the sudden appearance of Germany as the grizzly terror which in twenty years effected what Adames had tried for two hundred in vain—frightened England into America's arms—seemed as melodramatic as any plot of Napoleon the Great. He could feel only the sense of satisfaction at seeing the diplomatic triumph of all his family, since the breed existed, at last realized under his own eyes for the advantage of his oldest and closest ally.

This was history, not education, yet it taught something exceedingly serious, if not ultimate, could one trust the lesson. For the first time in his life, he felt a sense of possible purpose working itself out in history. Probably no one else on this earth but him—not even Hay—could have come out on precisely such extreme personal satisfaction, but as he sat at Hay's table, listening to any member of the British Cabinet, for all were alike now, discuss the Philippines as a question of balance of power in the East, he could see that the family work of a hundred and fifty years fell at once into the grand perspective of true empire-building, which Hay's work set off with artistic skill. The roughness of the archaic foundation looked stronger and larger in scale for the refinement and certainty of the arcade. In the long list of famous American Ministers in London, none could have given the work quite the completeness, the harmony, the perfect ease of Hay.

JACOBI FOR THE ABSOLUTION

BY DAVID FEUER



I TELL YA, VITO, IT'S A *SIN* THE WAY I BEEN STUFFIN' MY FACE LATELY. I GOTTA GET SOME O' THIS EXCESS GUILT OFF MY CONSCIENCE... I GOTTA GO TO CONFESSION.

I'LL BE STRAIGHT WITH YOU, FATS. WE'RE LOOKING AT MORE THAN SIMPLE OVEREATING HERE. WE'RE LOOKING AT PREMEDITATED GLUTTONY... MINIMUM. THAT'S HARD TIME IN THE BIG "P." AND WITH FATHER FLANAGAN IN THE BOX IT COULD EVEN MEAN ETERNITY IN THE FIERY PIT.

HEY, THEY DON'T CALL HIM "TRAP DOOR" FLANAGAN FOR NOTHING. ONCE HE HITS THE BUTTON - WHOOSH - IT'S PITCHFORK CITY.

I WOULDN'T GO IN THERE WITHOUT RELIGIOUS COUNSEL IF I WAS YOU, FATS.

WHY DON'T WE GO WITH A "FREE WILL" DEFENSE. DRAG ST. THOMAS AQUINAS IN HERE IF WE HAVE TO.

HELL?!

MR. JACOBI, I FORGOT - STEVE GARVEY CALLED. HE WANTS TO THANK YOU FOR GETTING HIM OFF THAT INSATIABLE LUST RAP.

RIGHT. AND LISTEN TO THIS... "AND THE LORD SAID: 'GO FORTH, MY CHILDREN, INTO THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY'"... HE DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT SKIM MILK OR ARTIFICIAL SWEETENER.

I AGREE... IT'S A CLEAR-CUT CASE OF ENTRAPMENT. GOD SET OUR CLIENT UP BY GIVING HIM THE CHOICE TO OVEREAT.

ANYTHING ELSE I OUGHTA KNOW ABOUT, MR. DUPA? I DON'T WANT ANY SURPRISES IN THAT BOOTH TOMORROW.

JUST SOME DREAMS... YOU KNOW, ME AND OREL HERSHISER... WE'RE BOTH NAKED AND WE'RE...

HEY. WE ALL HAVE THOSE. DON'T SWEAT IT. BY THIS TIME TOMORROW I'LL HAVE YOU BOWLING WITH THE POPE.

FORGET THE THEOLOGY, BOYS. WE'LL HANDLE THIS CASE THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY... MISS LABIOTTI, SEE WHAT KIND OF DIRT YOU CAN DIG UP ON THIS FATHER FLANAGAN.

FORGIVE ME, FATHER, FOR I HAVE... I HAVE ALLEGEDLY SINNED.

AT THIS POINT IN TIME, I AM UNABLE TO RECALL THE SPECIFIC DETAILS OF MANY OF THE ALLEGED TRANSGRESSIONS.

FATHER, MY CLIENT REQUESTS THAT HE BE ALLOWED TO READ A PREPARED STATEMENT.

WHAT IS THE NATURE OF YOUR SIN, MY SON?

REQUEST DENIED. WHAT IS THE NATURE OF YOUR SIN, MY SON?

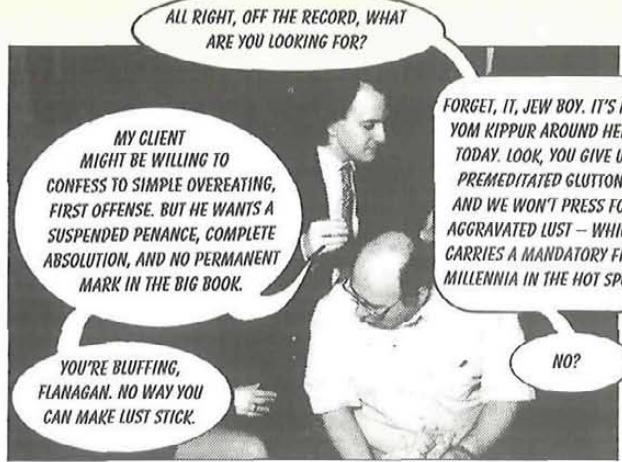
Martin Gardlin



I'VE ADVISED MY CLIENT NOT TO COOPERATE UNLESS HE'S GRANTED TOTAL IMMUNITY FROM ANY AND ALL ETERNAL JUDGMENTS THAT MIGHT ARISE FROM HIS CONFESSION.

PERHAPS A FRANKINCENSE SUPPOSITORY MIGHT HELP REFRESH YOUR MEMORY, TUBS.

NO WAY, COUNSELOR. YOUR CLIENT HAS ALREADY CONFESSED.



ALL RIGHT, OFF THE RECORD, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?

MY CLIENT MIGHT BE WILLING TO CONFESS TO SIMPLE OVEAREATING, FIRST OFFENSE. BUT HE WANTS A SUSPENDED PENANCE, COMPLETE ABSOLUTION, AND NO PERMANENT MARK IN THE BIG BOOK.

FORGET IT, JEW BOY. IT'S NOT YOM KIPPUR AROUND HERE TODAY. LOOK, YOU GIVE US PREMEDITATED GLUTTONY AND WE WON'T PRESS FOR AGGRAVATED LUST - WHICH CARRIES A MANDATORY FIVE MILLENNIA IN THE HOT SPOT.

YOU'RE BLUFFING, FLANAGAN. NO WAY YOU CAN MAKE LUST STICK.

NO?



YOU SAID YOU SHREDDING THESE!

I THOUGHT I DID....

YOUR PRINTS ARE ALL OVER THEM, BELUGA BOY! YOUR MOTHER FOUND THEM WHEN SHE WAS CLEANING YOUR ROOM. SHE'S WILLING TO TESTIFY IF WE NEED HER.



MOMMA! YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

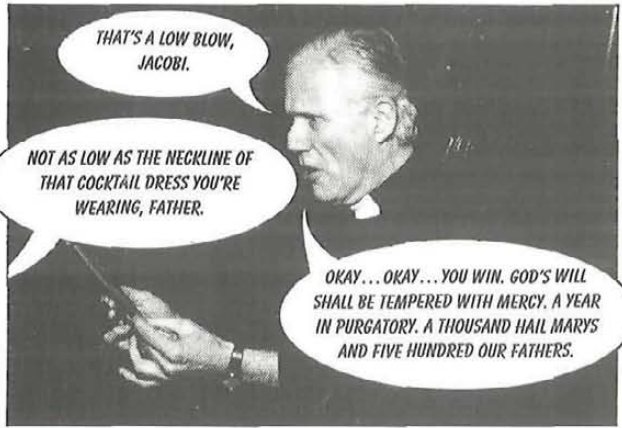
IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, SONNY.

WE ALSO HAVE A SWORN AFFIDAVIT FROM THE CLERK AT YOUR VIDEO STORE, MR. PORN HOUND.... NOW, WHY NOT MAKE THINGS EASY ON YOURSELF AND CONFESS?



OKAY, I CONFESS. I RENTED THOSE VIDEOS BECAUSE -

NOT SO FAST.... TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, FLANAGAN.



THAT'S A LOW BLOW, JACOBI.

NOT AS LOW AS THE NECKLINE OF THAT COCKTAIL DRESS YOU'RE WEARING, FATHER.

OKAY... OKAY... YOU WIN. GOD'S WILL SHALL BE TEMPERED WITH MERCY. A YEAR IN PURGATORY. A THOUSAND HAIL MARYS AND FIVE HUNDRED OUR FATHERS.



NO PURGATORY TIME. TWENTY-FIVE HAIL MARYS. TEN OUR FATHERS.

SIX MONTHS IN PURGATORY... WITH CREDIT FOR THE TIME YOUR CLIENT'S ALREADY LIVED IN NEW YORK.

DONE!



THANKS A LOT, MR. JACOBI. ... AND THAT CERTIFIED CHECK WILL BE IN THE MAIL TOMORROW.

GO, AND SIN NO MORE. BUT IF YOU MUST, REMEMBER JACOBI & MYERS. WE'RE THERE WHEN YOU NEED US.

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EDITORIAL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

byline with Gerry, you discovered that you, too, could be funny even when you weren't.

(I could name four hotshot young Emmy winners who learned to write comedy working for Gerry. The fact that they did not attend his memorial service proves that TV is where they belong.)

After that memorial service, quite a few of us, who hadn't seen each other for a while, went out for Chinese food. Some of us brought our kids. Wine and a few martinis were consumed, in moderation. We talked about the state of our health, and the Giants, Knicks, and Mets, applying to their performances suitable Yiddish terms of abuse. Grown-ups.

At the service itself (Kaddish recited in an Episcopal church; Gerry would have grinned until his ears wiggled), some of his friends had the good taste to read aloud from his work. The assembled mourners laughed so hard, they cried. Even when he wasn't funny, he was funny. ■

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BERNIE X

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67)

the fucking CIA works. They'll try anything to beat the Commies. If they could put cornflakes in Castro's bed, they'd do it. They're like those college fraternity kids doing jokes. "What about the Jew boy with the educated cock?" they asked. "Maybe he can fuck the entire female Sardine army. And if he doesn't, he'll die in a jungle swamp somewhere and we'll have one less Jew in the world to worry about."

I know those guys. Just because they can't fuck their way out of a paper bag they got to take it out on us Jews. They're jealous. While they're figuring out how to put tacks on the Commies' chairs, the Jews are fucking their wives' brains out every day. Why do you think the shikshas have a headache every time their husbands want to fuck them? Because they've already been fucked so many times that day they feel their heads are on backward.

From "The Goyspiel According to Bernie" (December '74)

... But let's face it... the main reason the Gentiles are so fucking dumb is they were born that way. I once had a very big rabbi in my cab, a very learned man. He told me the real story of the Jews and the Gentiles. First of all, he said, you can always tell the difference between a Jew and a Gentile because the Jew has the Holy Crystals in his blood. The Holy Crystals are like kosher salt. When a Jew is born these Crystals appear in his blood. They're supposed to be very beautiful, like snowflake designs, only they're invisible. The Crystals stay in the blood until the Jew dies. Then they fly out of his body and go back to heaven, where God can use them again in another Jew's blood. God put these Holy Crystals into a Jew's blood to make him smarter than anyone else. That's how He made us the Chosen People. But since He was a just God, He had to do something for the rest of the people, the Gentiles. So He made them the *sharkers*, the strong ones, like animals they were, with thick heads they could use like helmets. The Gentiles were allowed to eat anything, even pigs.

But when God made us His Chosen People we became too smart for our own good. We strayed from Him. He always wanted us to be perfect and it was very hard. Finally He lost patience with us and had us kicked out of Palestine and scattered all over the world. His parting words were something like "You're smart enough to fend for yourselves. I'm not going to fight your battles for you anymore. Your punishment is you must live with the Gentiles for all time, or until I send a Messiah for you. They hate you like poison because you're much smarter, so they will make your lives miserable or kill you all." ■

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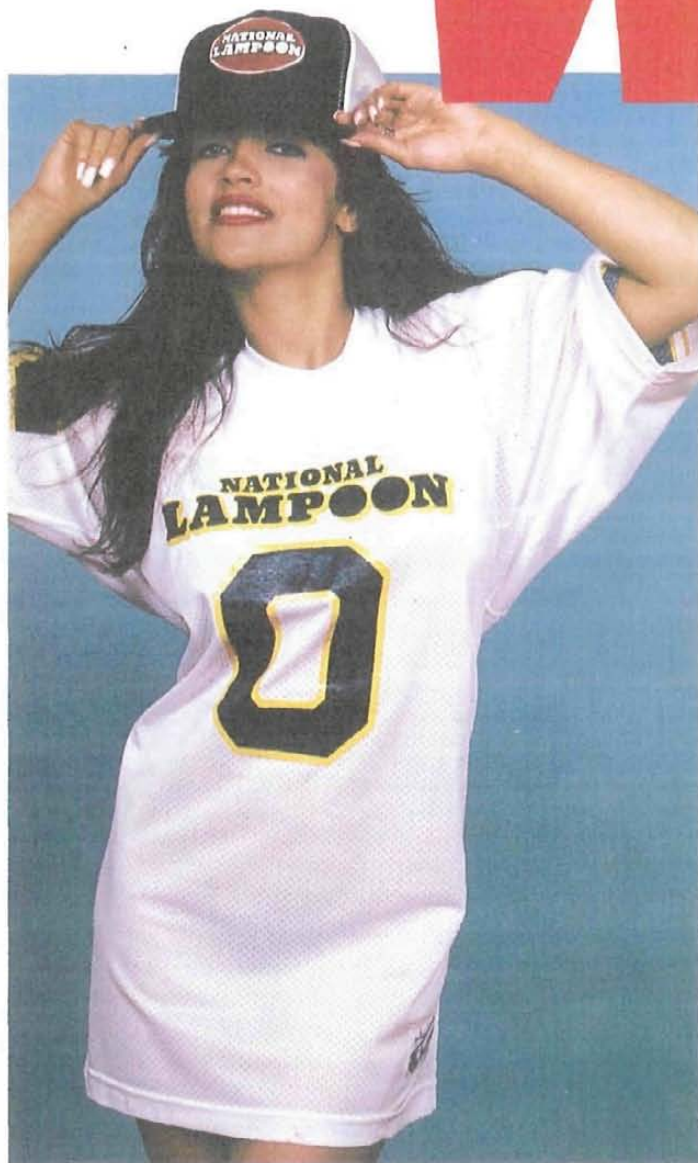
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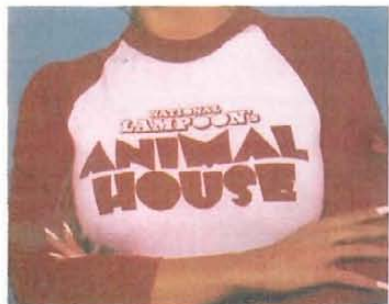
Take a look
at these shirts. Most of the
models don't even have



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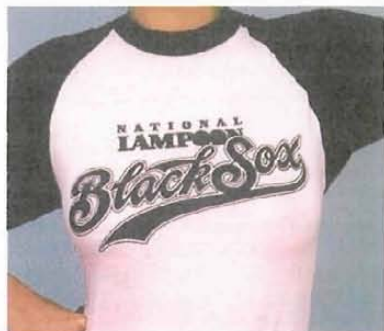
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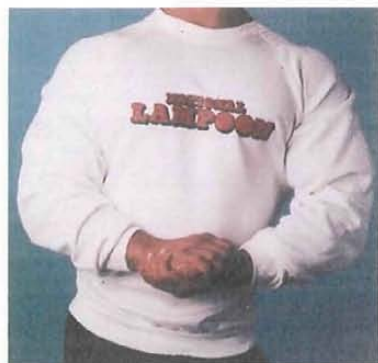
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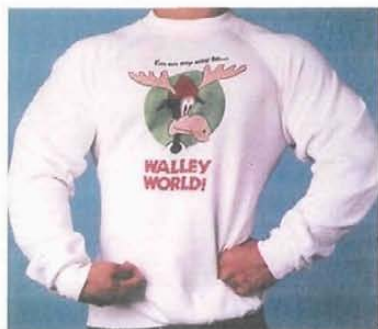
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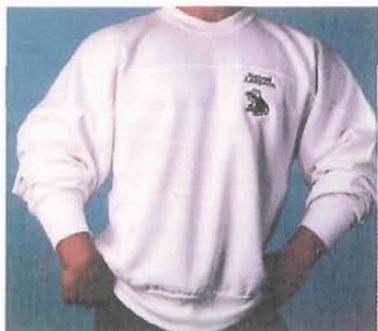
heads, and they *still* look great! Never before has anything so hot been so comfortable.



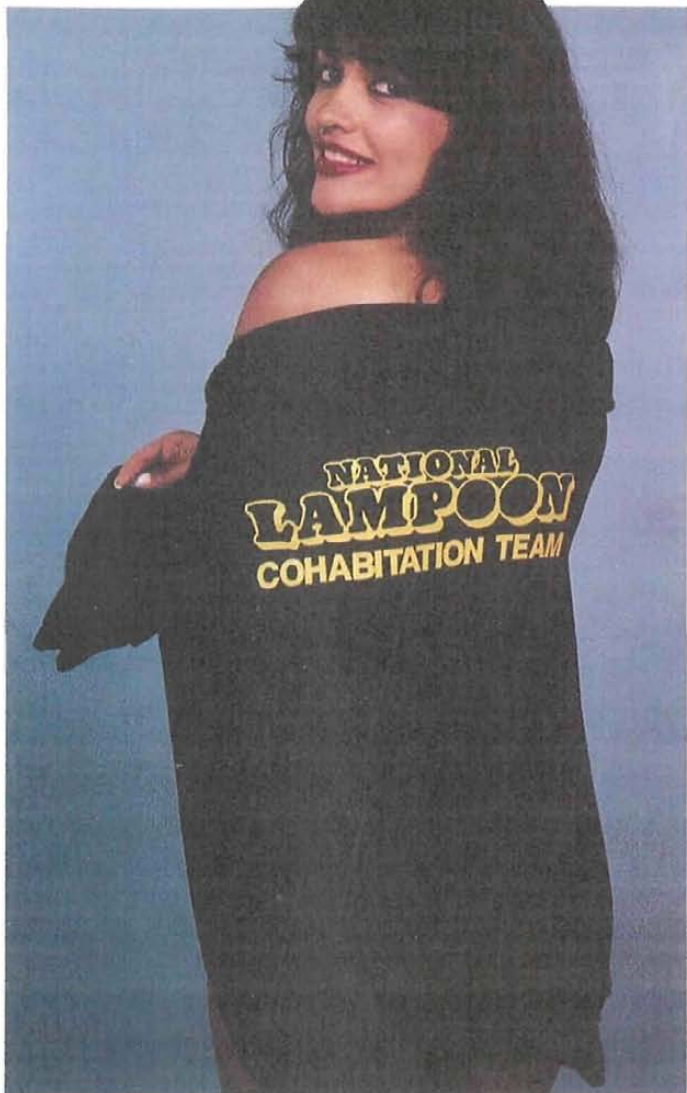
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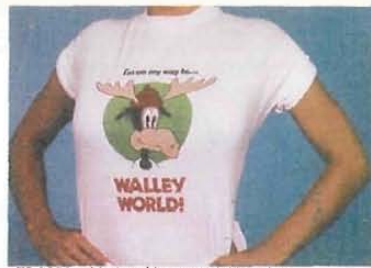
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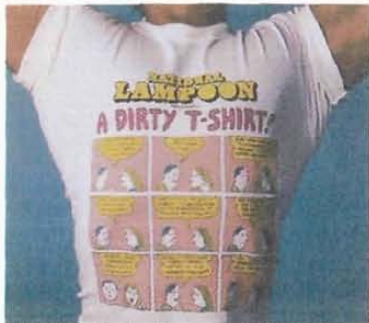
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(A) WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA — Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister. — *San Francisco Chronicle*

(B) MANCHESTER, IOWA — To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck. — *Washington Post*

(C) After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks. — *UMKC University News*

(D) A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slow dressing at the local supermarket. — *Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter*



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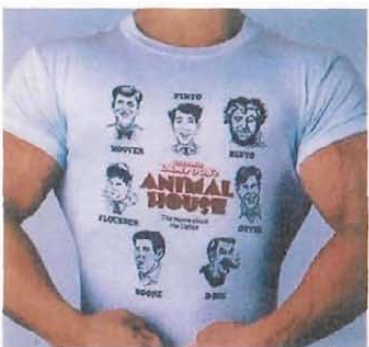
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Sins Foisted on Us by Cretinous Toads

by Will Durst

Okay, okay, so all the big-time staff guys got to flesh out the really good sins and I'm stuck here in random-contributor land babysitting the mere flotsam and jetsam of petty irritations. No mock-religious overtones to give my piece the feel of "Really Important Satire," no, I'm just the chronicler of the broken zippers of existence, the poodle toenails on the linoleum of life. More on the order of the flimsy ineffectual motel shower curtain that clings sickeningly to your thighs during your daily nozzle immersion, the double-A ball of fate, the pre-prom pimples of predestination. What we're saying is, no Pulitzer submission this month. Okay, so what?

Perhaps (he said to himself, rationalizing his lugubrious task) these are the larger motivators of individual behavior. Maybe psychologists have for too long given short shrift to the fingernail blackboard screechings of everyday exasperations when determining why the industrial-strength flippo unit picks up an automatic weapon and reduces a schoolkids' recess to a playground platter of coarsely chopped meat prewrapped in torn, brightly colored "Winnie the Pooh" collection remnants. Because you know the camel-back-breaking straw on this guy's road to a miniseries was not the result of some lofty notion like pride or avarice, but rather the snotty way the slut cashier who would rather sneeze on her food than look at him chewed her gum at work. Or maybe his voyage down the prison-chapel aisle with some premium piece of beef named Lurd began when his seventy-nine-cent can opener froze and wouldn't open the can that held the food his cat wouldn't eat anyhow for the third time in a week, and he got pissed and whirled and whipped the whole metal mess thirty feet in a tight arc right into the picture tube of a fifteen-year-old seventeen-inch black-and-white Zenith which imploded and leaked glass shards all over the aluminum folding chair that acted as its stand.

Thus, in keeping with this brilliant and original premise I have set up, and utilizing it as a means to get rid of a lot of topical stuff I've come up with sharing no central theme, allow me to delineate a few of these offenses to common sense. Just a little thing I like to call: Sins Against Society, Part II: The Final Chapter.

JOGGERS Running is good exercise, okay. An oxymoron, too. But guys, get real here. Things have gotten way out of hand. Now they got running shoes with little computers built into them. Three hundred bucks a pair. Just what we need. Joggers with shoes smarter than they are. "Honey, how far you going to run today?" "Gosh, I don't know, I'd better ask my shoes." I belong to AA—Athletics Anonymous. Every time I get the urge to jog, I call up two friends; they rush over with a six-pack and talk me out of it. I ascribe to the Henry Fonda Workout Plan: Lie down; be quiet. And what is the supposed deal with these wristbands? Are you telling me their sole function is to soak up sweat? Are you serious? You mean to say the rivers of sweat running down

your arms need a terry-cloth dam to keep the moisture from interfering with the intricate motions of your fingers? Finger this.

SPROUTHEADS Speaking of health Nazis... Don't get me wrong, I respect vegetarians. It's the severe vegetarians I attempt to mock. The kind of people who see auras—"Oh wow." I think people who see auras are experiencing the first stages of glaucoma. "Oh wow." "Fiber in your diet." Yeah pal, I get enough fiber in my diet gnawing on the twine I'm tied to the bedpost with. And tofu, no, I've tried it. Four inches from my mouth. I go, "No, I'm sorry, this stuff should come out of my body, not go into it." It's the missing expectorant. Should come from the crease inside your elbow. Besides, its name sounds like a foot fungus.

CAMPING Don't start. I'm sorry, my idea of a good time does not include sleeping on flat rocks and going potty behind thick trees. To me, the outdoors is where the car is. Roughing it is TV without remote control. I'm a city boy, dammit: you say "wilderness," I think "K mart... hey, what's that weird blue light over there?"

CONGRESS Well, they finally got their pay raise (in order to attract a better class of people), so now they can get back to the important work of finding loopholes in their ethics guidelines.

TINY SHRUNKEN GNARLED-UP PEOPLE WHO DRIVE BIG CARS Everyone knows the weird sensation of looking over and not seeing a head in a higher position than the hands holding the steering wheel, but can someone tell me what the damn deal with the blinkers is? Is the use of them while changing lanes prohibited, perhaps in fear that one tiny miscue might cause the horizontal pole to put an eye out? But why, when zipping down the interstate at a fate-taunting thirty-five in the fast lane, is the left blinker constantly on? Blinker pixies? Is the hypnotic metronomic clicking beckoning them like a primal heartbeat, triggering a yearn to return to an embryonic state? Nah, they're just old, a condition not unworthy of our aspirations.

PANAMANIA Oh boy, aren't we the tough guys. We can annoy bantamweight dictators whose faces were once on fire and put out with golf shoes by playing bad rock music real loud. (Should have used the drum solo from "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" on a continuous loop, he would've been out in a matter of minutes.) The one good thing to come out of this whole mess for Noriega is that now his bank in Miami will only put a five-day out-of-state hold on his CIA checks instead of the twenty-one-day international hold he's been used to. What worries me is the effect this episode might have on young Dan.

Reagan takes out Grenada. Bush invades Panama. Might J. Danforth mimic his elders and launch his own first-team surgical strike to liberate Martha's Vineyard from the leftist regime holding it hostage? Detain Carly Simon for questioning? I still am surprised Manuel has not eaten lunch at the Jack Ruby Bar & Grill. The man is destined to assume a pretrial temperature of room.

THE NEW PHONE TECHNOLOGY Now, I'm not a Retro Man here, advocating we all go back to the funky black hand-crank party lines of yore, but can we cool the call-waiting gig? Trust me, I don't need to be continuously reminded of my lack of throw weight in the familial pecking order by being put on hold while my ma listens to some bad encyclopaedia pitch. And lose the car phone, Chuck, nobody's that busy. I'll get a car phone when they put your phone number on your back bumper so I can call these dweebs and tell them to get a life.

WESTERN SELF-CONGRATULATIONS ON THE COLLAPSE OF COMMUNISM It's great to see all these emerging opposition parties in the Eastern bloc, too bad that wouldn't work over here. You gotta remember, though, these people didn't overthrow their government in a blood lust for democracy as much as they were seeking soap without rocks in it, and other assorted luxuries like toast and meat. Can you believe Czechoslovakia voted in a playwright as president? What's next, some washed-up third-rate actor with a skull as hollow as his platitudes? I can imagine Harold Pinter as prime minister and President David Mamet at a joint summit. Mamet would have to be restrained by aides from climbing over the conference table and screaming, "Fuck me? FUCK YOU!" to the press corps, while Pinter sat off on the side just staring into space. Meanwhile, everyone's excited about a reunified Germany, especially the French... who are already planting trees along their boulevards so the next invading German army can march in the shade. "Roll over! That's a good Pierre, have a sauce."

PRO-LIFERS These narrow-minded inbred religious runts have got to be stopped. Now, they won a ruling that says life begins at conception, meaning that the legal drinking age should be changed to twenty and a half. But why stop there, let's go them one further. No, life does not start at conception, it starts at intention. That means you go up to any member of the opposite sex, say to her, "Okay, let's do it," and if she refuses, it's a felony. You pull out a badge and bust her for murder one. "Baby Squad—assume the position. You have the right to moan and thrash and drool..." Then Bush kills a bill that would have guaranteed federally funded abortions to victims of rape and incest. Nothing like a baby to bring a girl and her father closer together, huh, George. What I want to know is, when the convicted rapist gets out of jail, can he sue for visitation rights? ■



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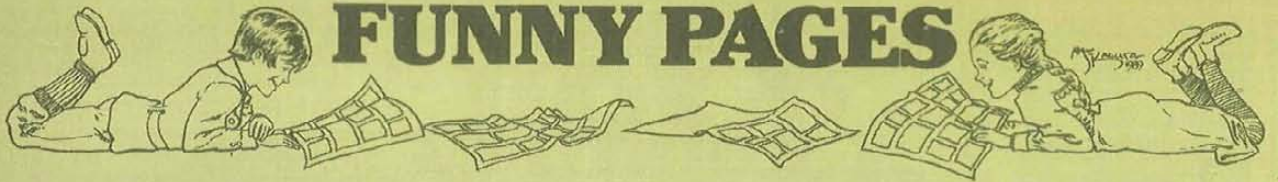
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WHO WAS IT, de GROOT?!!



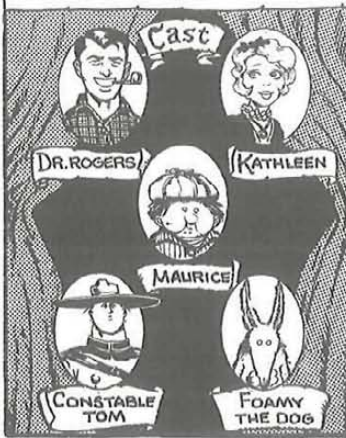
SIR, YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT MR. de GROOT'S ENEMA TUBE TO YOUR EAR IN ORDER TO HEAR HIM...



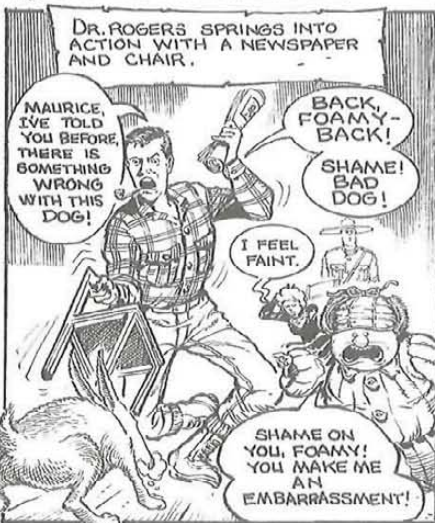
TIMBERLAND TALES

by
B.K. Taylor

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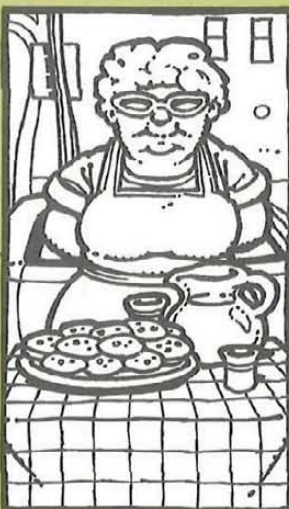
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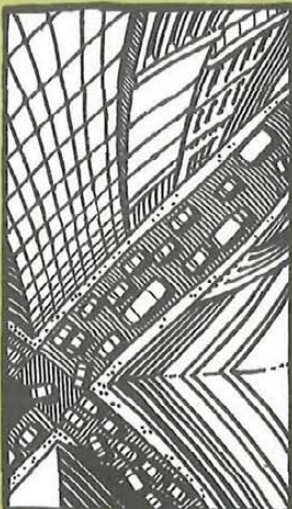
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SITUATION WANTED: I want to be situated between a blonde and a brunette, the blonde with a golden bush as wide and scratchy as Farmer Brown's bramble patch, the brunette with nipples as purple and chunky as boysenberries and an oasis cataract of groin jelly, but first I crave to chew through the lace of your bosom-bloated brasieres, to rip at the gossamer latticework with my teeth until the fabric is gone and your breasts plump into position before me, then hopefully I can maintain my erection while I stop to pick the underwire out from between my teeth, and then I want to gnaw on the softness of your stomach upholstery and bury my face between your butt cheeks and wallow in the wet greasy feast of your sphincter until there's a slick sheet of peckersnake anticipation-oil lining my Jockeys like the membrane of smooth translucent slime that encases a newborn mammal, and then—hey, wait a minute, no girl in her right mind will answer this. Make that **SITUATION WANTED:** Successful, handsome, engaging SWM seeks woman for beautiful candlelit, violin-warmed champagne-and-lobster dinner, and because I don't want you to be shy or at all uncomfortable with me, feel free to bring a sister or a girlfriend. Box 774N.

LET'S FUCK: I mean, let's fuck, let's just fuck, like, let's just fucking fuck, like, let's fucking fuck until we fucking bleed out of our fucking ears. Fuck, yeah. Box 876 fucking V.

SWF, 32, SLENDER AND FAIRLY ATTRACTIVE, seeks a man six feet tall and 170 pounds, 11 inches and 18 pounds of which is tongue, to take me out to dinner, feast on my snatch, and then leave me alone. The meal should be French or Northern Italian, the entrées in the 20-dollar range, and we will share a bottle of dry red wine. With me lying down, you will eat me the way a big thirsty dog drinks out of his water bowl; with me standing, you will position yourself so you cup the huge weight of my piss-flaps on the wharf-like muscularity of your tongue; with me apoplectic with pleasure, you will make my perineal crawlspace inflate like a heat-swollen puff pastry; and then you will go home. Box 739H.

READY FOR A COMEBACK YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD IN YOU? Necrophiliac movie director seeks former snuff-film stars for comeback roles. Box 674E.

SUPPORT GROUPS NOW FORMING for women 18-27 whose lives are miserable because their bodies are so awesome. Write Ed at Box 263A. Send photo. Reasonable rates.

AT-LONG-LAST-HORNY FRUSTRATED FEMINIST POET IS READY FOR A MAN: Oh God, it's ugly rearing up like that, but it's so much more powerful-looking than Judith's finger, I remember my father's the first time I saw it, he didn't know I was home and he pissed with the door open, loud and splashy like bailing out a rowboat, the horror of the loose prawn protruding from his pants flooding my mouth with the raw red meat-taste of my esophagus, the brothy smell when my face is pressed into your armpit, oh God free me, fuck me until the carnal origami that comprises my twat is folded in like an old man's face with his dentures out, I want to feel the hot mucus of your love pumping against my uterus in jabs, like a waterpick's pulse-setting playing a drum, and as we lie smoking afterward, reassembling reality, your hideous inadequate ego-asshole pecker shriveling into a nothing little shit-squib, I hate you and I crush your male shit beast

guts with the Army boot of my despise. Box 540N. Photo, please.

REGULAR GUY, IN GOOD SHAPE, FAIRLY HANDSOME, WANTS TO KNOW: How come Ric Ocasek got Paulina to marry him and Billy Joel got Christie, and I can't even get the pudgy fry girl at Hardee's to give me a handjob? If you've got an answer—or if you'll give me a handjob—please write me at Box 431G.

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I'VE GOT EMPHYSEMIC CLUBBING and it makes me the Uncle Miltie of finger-fucking. Box 976V.

GAY '90s BARE-KNUCKLE FANTASY: GWM seeks Mike Tyson fist-alkie for colon punches, jabs to the prostate. Box 297Y.

CONFIDENTIAL TO THE BLONDE I SAW ON 4/18 IN PENN STATION, AND WHOM I WOULD LOVE TO SEE AGAIN: I was at Track 16 waiting for the 6:40 to Speonk, and I was wearing jeans and a mustache and you had a blue turtleneck and rheumy eyes, and you said you'd blow me for ten bucks, and I pray that the offer's still good. Box 487V.

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