

Our Annual True Facts Gala Issue

Plus: Budget Bulimia • Elvis's Ghost • Skin Your Own Furs

NATIONAL LAMP POON

August 1990

The Bimonthly Humor Magazine

\$3.95



TRUE FACT:
Sam Kinison Has
Been Clean and
Sober for 101 Days

RETAILER: DISPLAY UNTIL AUGUST 14, 1990



the
REFRESHEST



Salem

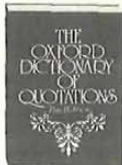
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

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

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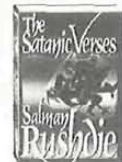
*363. A former Moscow detective investigates a fishy death in this sequel to *Gorky Park*.
Hardcover: \$19.95
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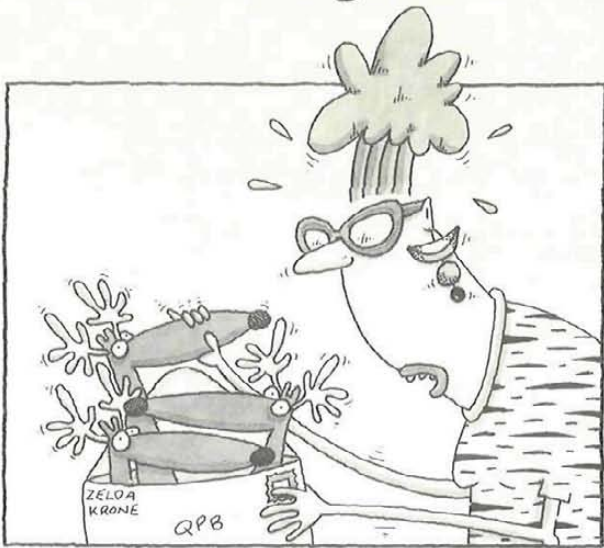
*482. This latest edition of the famous dictionary has 40,000 memorable quotations.
Hardcover: \$45
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*469. This brilliant best seller explores the question: Can computers think?
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*406. "A roller-coaster ride over a vast landscape of the imagination" —*London Guardian*.
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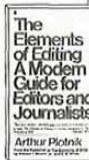


Choosing three books was easy, but getting the three bucks into the envelope proved to be beyond Zelda Krone's capabilities.

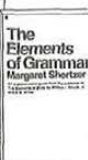
3 books, 3 bucks. No commitment. No kidding.

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As a member you'll receive the *QPB Review* every 3½ weeks (15 times a year). It will keep you up to date with the latest books, a refreshingly unusual selection of softcovers—priced at up to 60% less than their hardcover counterparts. And for every book you buy, after this special offer, you'll earn Bonus Points. These can be traded in for free books—you pay just shipping and handling. And of course, with QPB, you're under no obligation to buy any more books. So why wait? Just choose your three books now—and send the bucks later.



109. *The Elements of Style* discusses what good writing is; *The Elements of Grammar* gives the rules to follow; *The Elements of Editing* describes what said best—and what's best left unsaid.
(3-volume set)
QPB: \$10.95



*117. Over 1600 problem-solving drawings with explanations on every aspect of home repair.
Hardcover: \$24.95
QPB: \$12.95



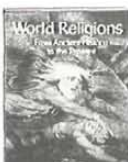
211. Take a trip down Larson's memory lane with over 300 color and black-and-white cartoons.
QPB: \$10.95



*256. What to write, how to write it, where to sell it.
Hardcover: \$27.95
QPB: \$13.75



182. Moyers talks about everything from morality to science.
Hardcover: \$29.95
QPB: \$15.95



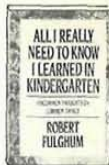
601. The evolution of beliefs throughout history. Illustrated.
Hardcover: \$29.95
QPB: \$12.95



*350. Turn lovemaking into a sensual and transformative experience using this explicit guide.
Hardcover: \$24.95
QPB: \$14.95



529. This epic history argues that the French Revolution liberated no one.
Hardcover: \$29.95
QPB: \$13.95



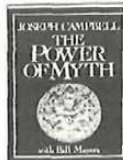
253. Fulghum's premise is that we learned the important lessons by age 5: "Play fair; Flush..."
Hardcover: \$15.95
QPB: \$7.95



267. The story of civilization in a unique chart format.
Hardcover: \$29.95
QPB: \$15.95



*440. Together, eight immortal people change the course of our earthly existence.
Hardcover: \$19.95
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423. A scholar on mythology tells how myths have shaped our lives.
Hardcover: \$27.50
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*330. An award-winning food writer offers more than 600 recipes for your microwave oven.
Hardcover: \$19.95
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*321. Stephen Hawking offers a convincing big picture of the origins of the cosmos.
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Cover: The story behind this month's cover is too long and torturous a tale to tell. Suffice it to say that we heard Mt. Sam Kinison on "The Howard Stern Show" in New York. Mt. Kinison was remarkably cordial and muted and, dare we say, humble, and he attributed this to the newfound discipline he has derived from his Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. The idea of the ultimate party animal gone clean and sober was much too rich to pass up, so we corralled Sam, who came to the shoot accompanied by his most beautiful bookends, Malika and Sabrina. Mt. Joe Peoples was engaged to take the photographs, and he was ably assisted by Elizabeth Freid, who was responsible for the application of makeup. Lynda Poulin, represented by Flaunt Model Management, was retained to offset Mt. Kinison's aggressive masculinity. Two basic scenarios were enacted. One involved Ms. Poulin tempting a chair-bound Mt. Kinison with an authentic glass of Moët Brut champagne. The other photograph was of Mt. Kinison solo enmeshed in a Puniton-style pillory (see this page). From an aesthetic point of view, our executive art director, Ms. Adriane Barone, favored the stark sublimity of the latter photograph. From a commercial point of view, depicting a member of the female persuasion on our cover translates into increased revenues. In the light of this, Ms. Barone did not get a vote. —L.S.

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- CRIME SCENES** 62
 You know those "CRIME SCENE—DO NOT CROSS" tapes they put up so you won't step in the blood puddles or smear the chalk lines or smudge the felon's fingerprints? Gahan Wilson cordons off a few nightmares of his own.
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 Remember the kinship you felt with blueberries and apples you picked yourself, or the pumpkin you hand-selected off the vine? Well, that's the same relationship you can have with the animals who are going to keep you cozy next winter—like the kind those resourceful Native Americans used to have—at U-Skin-Em Fur Farms. P.S.: Next time a sniveling veg wants to spray-paint you, tell him he looks like he'd make a nice pants suit. By Les Firestein. Photographed by Joe Peoples. Illustrated by Jimmy Longacre.
- BRAVE NEW ATLAS** 69
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- THE FAMOUS ELVIS PHOTOGRAPHS** 74
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- TODAY'S PENTAGON IS AT YOUR SERVICE (ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT)** 79
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There's a simple way to prevent AIDS.

You want to be risk-free from AIDS? Don't have sex. And as long as you aren't shooting drugs, you'll be fine.

You won't have to worry about who's slept around, who's had blood tests, and whether your condoms are latex or not.

You also won't have to deal with pregnancy, herpes, syphilis, and gonorrhea.

But, if you can't be totally safe, be smart and careful. Know your partner. And remember, more partners mean more risk of sleeping with

someone who is infected.

Use latex condoms. They're an effective barrier against the AIDS virus. But they have to be used one time, from start to finish every time you have sex.

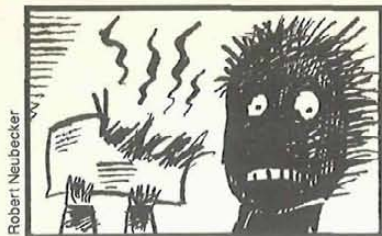
When you think about the fact that AIDS could kill you, waiting to have sex isn't such a bad idea. For more information, call the National AIDS hotline. 1-800-342-AIDS. For the hearing impaired, 1-800-AIDS-TTY.

AMERICA
RESPONDS
TO AIDS



From the makers of Jack Daniel's...





LETTERS

Sirs:
We just got cable. Ouch. It sure seemed funny at the time.

Alan Sues
Henry Gibson
Jo Anne Worley
Nickelodeon Hell

Sirs:
Ted Bundy shouldn't have been executed. He should have been given a pace-maker hooked up to a Clapper.

Governor Bob Martinez
Tallahassee, Fla.

Sirs:
Lambada?
Not tonight, honey. I've got a headache.
Maria Ovum Rodriguez
Brazil

Sirs:
Sure, I'll have 1/122nds!
Anorexia Nervosa Victim
Clean Thimble Club

Sirs:
Are vaginal juices on the Pritikin diet plan?
Danny Aiello
The Gulping Gourmet

Sirs:
I freed who?
F. W. de Klerk
After a five-day drunk

Sirs:
Piggy—let's discuss this over sushi.
Lord of the Medflies
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:
Does all this new freedom mean we are finally allowed to start fucking our Olympic gymnasts?

Boris
Warming up for the floor exercise in East Germany

Sirs:
Did you ever notice that if you sneeze into your hands and then smell it, the spray smells just like pussy?

Eddie Murphy
He-Man Women-Haters Club

Sirs:
I need a camel—a really *small* one—and a really *big* needle.
Malcom Forbes
At the AM/PM mini-mart in purgatory

To the drinkers of Jack Daniel's.

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

JACK DANIEL'S LYNCHBURG LEMONADE

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

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Sirs:
Is there a God? And is he getting effective representation?
Mike Ovitz
Creative Artists Agency

Sirs:
Coffee, tea, or what the guys in the cockpit are having?
Northwest Airlines
Three sheets to the windsock

Sirs:
His parents are slain by samurai . . . so, twenty years later, he's meditating in this Zen garden when this carp swims by. Criminals being a cowardly lot, he takes the form of a carp to terrorize criminals. Carpmen! Whaddya mean? You Japanese will love it!
Guber and Peters
Columbia Pictures

Sirs:
Pass this one on to the *Golden Girls* creative staff, will you, please? When you've got varicose veins, you can "shoot up" without having to fish through your bureau drawers to find your damn reading glasses.
William S. Burroughs
Life begins after eighty

Sirs:
Try again.
Fail again.
Fail better.
Whoopi Goldberg
Into the nineties

Sirs:
Okay, it turned out to be a wonderful life after all. But does Zuzu have to go around fucking everything that wears pants?
George Bailey
Bedford Falls

Sirs:
The Chosen People? They get baked like pizzas and we're sitting on the greatest art collection in history and a tax-free real-estate portfolio worth billions. Now, is that Chosen, or is that Chosen?
The Papal Curia
Rome



"Ask Harry the time."

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U2—Rattle And Hum (Island) 374-017

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Melissa Etheridge (Island) 371-468

Living Colour—Vivid (Epic) 370-833

The Police—Every Breath You Take... The Singles (A&M) 348-318

Paul Simon—Graceland (Warner Bros.) 345-751

Van Halen—5150 (Warner Bros.) 343-582

Robert Palmer—Riptide (Island) 341-305

The Cars—Greatest Hits (Elektra) 339-903

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Billy Joel—Greatest Hits Vols. 1 & 2 (Columbia) 336-396/396-390

Air Supply—Greatest Hits (Arista) 321-307

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Eric Clapton | <input type="checkbox"/> Soft Rock
Paula Abdul,
Richard Marx | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Rock
Psychotic Furs,
Midnight Oil | <input type="checkbox"/> Pop
Barbra Streisand,
Barry Manilow | <input type="checkbox"/> Heavy Metal
Metallica,
Skid Row |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black Music
Luther Vandross,
R. J. J. Belle | <input type="checkbox"/> Jazz
Chick Corea,
Kenny G | <input type="checkbox"/> Country
Hank Williams Jr.,
Ricky Van Shelton | <input type="checkbox"/> Classical
Vladimir Horowitz,
Plácido Domingo | <input type="checkbox"/> Easy Listening
Roy Conniff,
Johnny Mathis |

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Miss _____ First Name Last Name

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Do you have a credit card? (03) Yes No

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Sirs:

Take my wife, that fat-assed slab of meat, please!

My wife says, I wanna go someplace foreign I nevva been to. I says, why don't you try the kitchen, you festering slut from hell.

Henny Youngman Kinison
Updating the act

Sirs:

You wonder how *The Bradys* got on the air? It was us. We get rusty, and sometimes we just like to do stuff to make sure we still can.

The Conspiracy That Killed Kennedy
Dallas, Tex.

Sirs:

Meanwhile, in the upper class, AIDS is spread primarily through the unprotected exchange of Grey Poupon between consenting limousines.

Dr. C. Everett Koop
Behind the permanent frown

Sirs:

Fifteen minutes? Did I say that? If I'd known about stand-up comedy, it would

have been five, tops, right after the stupid pet tricks.

Andy Warhol
Partying with the coolest disciples

Sirs:

Wow! He says "fuck"! That's so cool!
A Teenager
Listening to the Doors' "The End"

Sirs:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.
Except for that Joseph Hazelwood
fuckhead!

*The Passive-Aggressive
Rime of the Ancient Mariner*

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S INDEX

Length in inches of the average bat in the Senior Baseball League : 33

Length in inches of the average waistline in the Senior Baseball League : 42

Strokes Lizzie Borden needed to kill her father : 40

Strokes required if Lizzie had used a Kitchen Magician : 7

Percent probability that a monkey dialing a phone an infinite number of times would reach José Canseco's 900 number : 100

Probability that the monkey would be intellectually challenged enough to call back : 10

Probability that the monkey would be a better driver than José : 80

Number of Guns n' Roses songs that imply white supremacy : 4

Seconds Axl Rose would last in East St. Louis : 40

Average annual salary in dollars of Mickey Mantle : 65,000

Annual salary in dollars of Rickey Henderson : 3,000,000

Number of Rickey Henderson baseball cards it takes to trade for a single Mickey Mantle card : 15

Area in square yards the head of Hank Williams, Jr. would cover after having three pounds of gelignite shoved down his throat and detonated while he sang the theme from *Monday Night Football* : 8.2

Years until Jon Bon Jovi reaches male menopause : 16

Number of zip-code digits commonly used : 5

Number of digits the Post Office prefers : 9

Number of zip-code digits the Post Office would require in order to deliver mail efficiently : 87

Mark of the Semi-Christ : 333

Sides the Pentagon will retain after military cutbacks : 3

Days John Goodman's marriage to a fashion model will last once *Roseanne* is canceled : 8

Spiegel catalog, Chicago, Illinois : 60609

Percent probability that a given TV commercial will be interrupted by the Energizer Rabbit : 71

Possibility that the commercial will be improved in any way : 0

Length in feet, when laid end to end, of actresses with whom Woody Harrelson has reportedly had sexual relations : 312

Number of actresses who objected to being laid end to end : 14

Volume in liters of designer Dianne Brill's talent : 2

Population of *Club MTV* : 293

Average *Club MTV* dancer SAT score : 290

Great things Dow lets you do : 4

Number of ways a Spirograph can be used to draw a pentangle : 9

Calories burned per hour moving one hand around in a circle : 14

Milton Bradley marketing executives who see health-conscious Satan worshipers as an untapped demographic : 3

Minutes by which Andy Warhol's prediction concerning fame was in error, in the case of Rolf Benirschke : 14

Skin temperature in degrees Kelvin reached by Sheena Easton during reentry into Earth's atmosphere after forcible ejection from the space shuttle *Columbia* : 361

Mice who prefer to be spoken of as "visually impaired" : 3

Brightness in candlepower of David Duke tied to a burning cross in Mississippi : 8450

Additional candlepower, per flag : 85

Number of times Lee Atwater has publicly performed soul music : 6

Percent chance that Lee Atwater will be hired as the national spokesman for Popeyes Famous Fried Chicken & Biscuits : 0

Bob Harris



"I thought you said you were hungry!"

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 seedy 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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| <input type="checkbox"/> The Last Cigarette | <input type="checkbox"/> Enthusiasm |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Revive The Romance | <input type="checkbox"/> Ignite Creativity |
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LETTERS



Sirs:
A hole?!? In the ozone layer ??? Me!!!
No, *me* first!

Ted Kennedy
Gary Hart
Warren Beatty

Sirs:
You bet it's a bitch to round up dissidents! It's true! They all look alike!

Deng X
Tianamen Square

Sirs:
Uneasy lies the head that wears a Slinky.

Robin Williams
Doing Henry IV

Sirs:
Nah, I'm not *hungry* Let's just kill him for kicks.

A Pack of Wolves
Outside Bob Barker's tent

Sirs:
Here's how to clean up all those hypodermic needles washing up in New Jersey: leave Barbara Hershey's lips on the beach overnight!

Governor Jim Florio
Trenton, N.J.

Sirs:
And now, we're passing out the Perrier with benzene

The Upscale Jim Jones
Guyana

Sirs:
Cripples! Gays! Foreigners! Blacks!

Sam Kinison
Master of observational comedy

Sirs:
Oh, what a beautiful morning!
Oh, what a beautiful day!
Oh, fuck. Shit! Piss! Time to go to work.

David Mamet
Downshifting

Sirs:
I think the idea of coed electric chairs is just swell—but I hate it when they leave the seat up! Thank you! I don't deserve it!

Elayne Boosler
You're right

Sirs:
When we were changing all the concentration camps into museums after the war, we put up signs with the words "Never Again" in every language. For decades these signs have been simple, eloquent testimony to the resolve of Germans everywhere not to repeat the tragic mistakes of the past. But now, with the Berlin Wall coming down and the two Germanys talking about reunification, we're thinking of taking the signs down and putting up new ones that read: "Not for a Very, Very Long Time." What do you think?

The Curators at Auschwitz
Trying to keep pace with changing times

Sirs:
It's not who you know. It's who you no longer blow.

Traci Lords
Hollywood!

Sirs:
Sure, I'm bitter. Fred Gwynne works with Coppola! Al Lewis does ads for goddamned McDonald's! But me? I could yell "Chicken joke!" till I'm blue in the face! Fuck you. Fuck you all.

Jo Anne Worley
And forty-seven sleeping pills

Sirs:
Okay, here's the concept: Andy Rooney gets kicked out of the U.S. and ends up in South Africa, where the government gives him asylum and his own newsmagazine show. While covering a story, he and Nelson Mandela end up in the same taxi on the way to a huge protest rally. First, Mandela comes on to Rooney because he's turned into a fag in prison. Rooney freaks out, but gets distracted when they hear on the radio that they're both being sought in connection with the murder of a powerful government guy. So they have to go into hiding and work together to clear their names. There're a lot of good jokes and some great stunts (I found an eighty-year-old Rooney look-alike on a steam grate who told me he'd wear a burning tire around his neck for fifty bucks), and in the end, after they bust a Black Nationalist fag ring, they become great friends and partners. The sequels practically write themselves! So whaddya think? Please send money.

Art Buchwald
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:
What do you think my chances are of finding an eighteen-to-twenty-three-year-old bimbo with big tits from California who's posed nude and would like to be an actress?

Xylonrk Bernstein
Movie producer from Mars
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 83)



Enter to Win the British Knights Stereo Dream Machine Sweepstakes from British Knights Athletic Footwear!

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speakers. It's a state-of-the-art

machine is the ultimate in

system, the latest in high

sound! Win an 80

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watt per channel

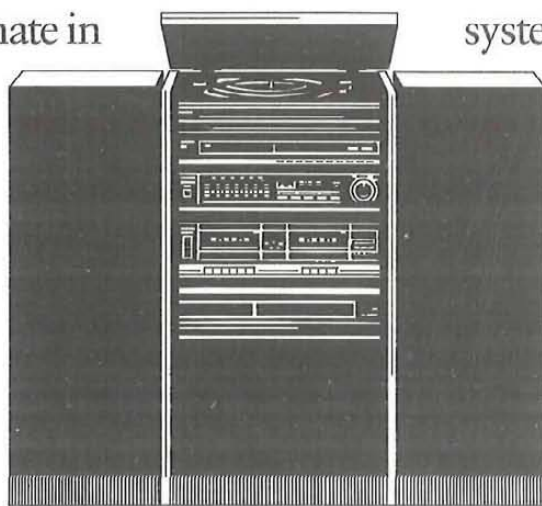
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receiver, dual cas-

other prizes, too,

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No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited. Deadline August 15th, 1990.

Arlene Gottfried

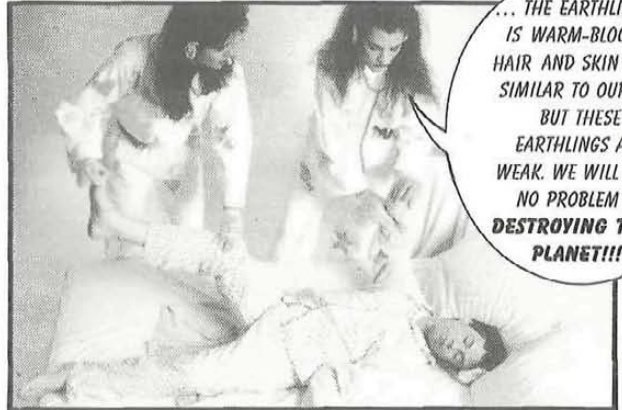


GILBERT GOTTFRIED'S PAGE

(GIVE OR TAKE A PAGE)

NOW THAT UFO SIGHTINGS HAVE BECOME RATHER COMMONPLACE, THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE NEXT LOGICAL STEP: CONTACT. AND IF NEWS REPORTS ARE TO BE BELIEVED, MANY PEOPLE HAVE NOT ONLY HAD CONTACT BUT HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED AND EXPERIMENTED ON BY EXTRATERRESTRIALS. ONE SUCH PERSON JUST HAPPENS TO BE THE IMMENSELY GIFTED GILBERT GOTTFRIED. AS WE OPEN, GILBERT IS BEING EXPERIMENTED ON AND EXAMINED BY ALIENS (WHO JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE GREAT BREASTS). THIS ISSUE —

TARGET: EARTH



... THE EARTHLING IS WARM-BLOODED, HAIR AND SKIN SEEM SIMILAR TO OURS ... BUT THESE EARTHINGS ARE WEAK. WE WILL HAVE NO PROBLEM ... **DESTROYING THEIR PLANET!!!!**



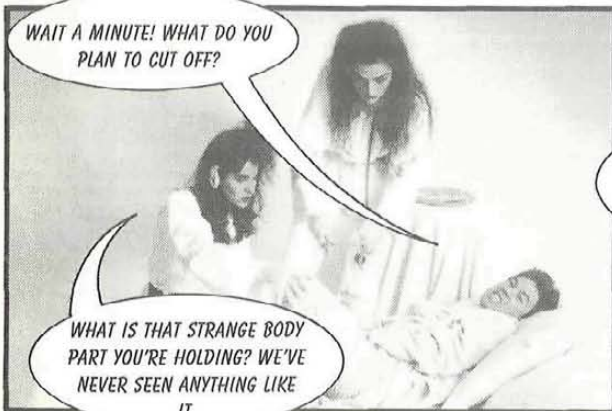
MUMBLE, MUMBLE, WHERE AM I?

THE EARTHLING IS AWAKENING!



BE QUIET, EARTHLING. WE'RE EXAMINING YOU, AND SOON WE WILL CUT OFF PARTS OF YOUR BODY FOR CLOSER EXAMINATION.

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?



WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO CUT OFF?

WHAT IS THAT STRANGE BODY PART YOU'RE HOLDING? WE'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.

YOU MEAN YOU'VE NEVER SEEN AN EARTHMAN'S PENIS?!

AN EARTHMAN'S PEANUTS? WHY, NO. I INSIST THAT YOU EXPLAIN WHAT AN EARTHMAN'S PEANUTS IS!

George Bogert

NEVER SEEN A PENIS, HUH? WELL, EH, LET'S SEE.... THE AVERAGE EARTHMAN'S PENIS IS... UM, ONE-TENTH OF AN INCH LONG - BARELY VISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE!

GOOD HEAVENS, IF THAT'S TRUE, THEN YOUR PEANUTS IS HUGE!!!

TAKE OFF OUR UNIFORMS?! NO, NEVER! THAT'S TOTALLY IMPROPER BEHAVIOR FOR A SPACEWOMAN! BESIDES, WE MUST BE FULLY DRESSED AND PREPARED TO DESTROY YOUR PLANET!

IF YOU THINK IT'S BIG NOW, WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO IT WITH A LITTLE VISUAL STIMULUS! AND ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS TAKE OFF YOUR UNIFORMS.

FINE, MISS OUT ON A SCIENTIFIC MIRACLE.

OUR UNIFORMS ARE NOW OFF, YOU SWINE! SHOW US NOW. YOU CAN ACTUALLY MAKE YOUR HUGE EARTHMAN'S PEANUTS INCREASE IN SIZE?!

ALL RIGHT, YOU DESPICABLE EARTHLING, WE'LL TAKE OFF OUR UNIFORMS LONG ENOUGH TO WITNESS THIS MIRACLE. THEN WE MUST QUICKLY GET DRESSED AND DESTROY THE EARTH!

NOT ONLY INCREASE IN SIZE, BUT I AM THE ONLY EARTHMAN WHO CAN MAKE HIS PENIS DEFY GRAVITY!!! IT WOULD HELP SPEED THINGS UP IF YOU'D SHOW ME YOUR BREASTS.

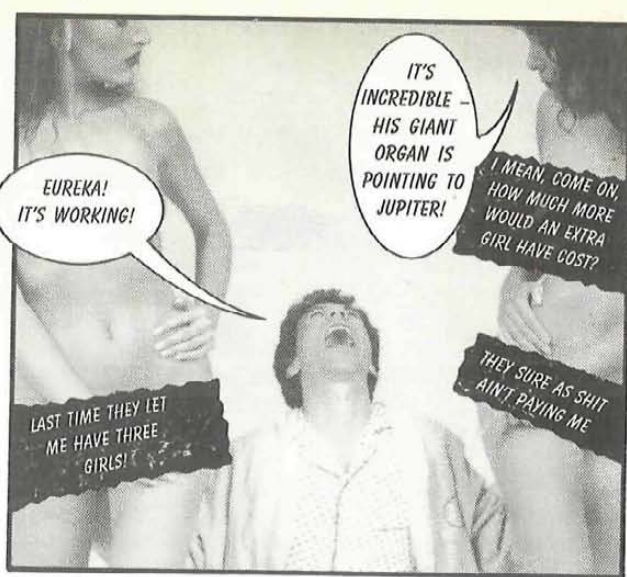
HOW DEGRADING! REVEALING OUR SPACEBREASTS TO AN EARTH CREATURE!

IT NEEDS MORE ENERGY! QUICK, PULL DOWN YOUR UNDERWEAR AND LET ME GRAB YOUR ASSES.



I CAN'T SHOW YOU THEIR PRIVATE PARTS, THANKS TO TIM MATHESON!
OH YEAH, TIM? WELL, YOU SUCKED IN ANIMAL HOUSE.

KAREN ALLEN WAS FUNNIER THAN YOU!



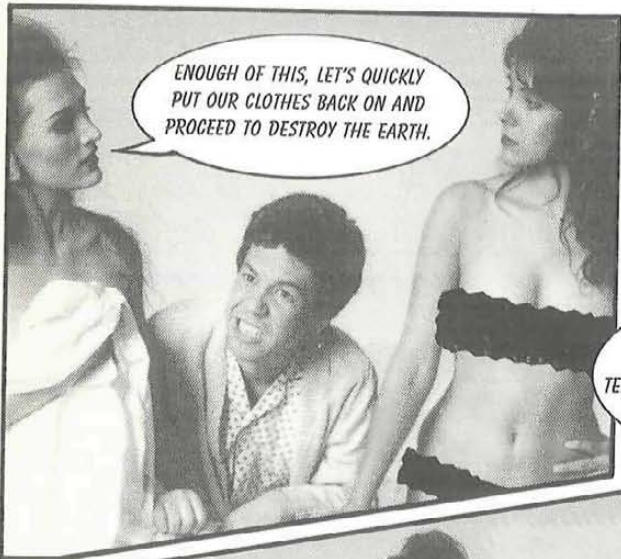
EUREKA!
IT'S WORKING!

IT'S INCREDIBLE - HIS GIANT ORGAN IS POINTING TO JUPITER!

I MEAN, COME ON, HOW MUCH MORE WOULD AN EXTRA GIRL HAVE COST?

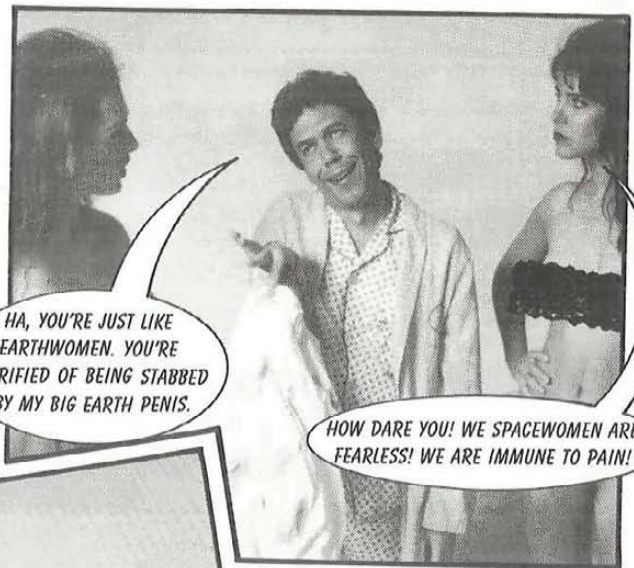
LAST TIME THEY LET ME HAVE THREE GIRLS!

THEY SURE AS SHIT AIN'T PAYING ME

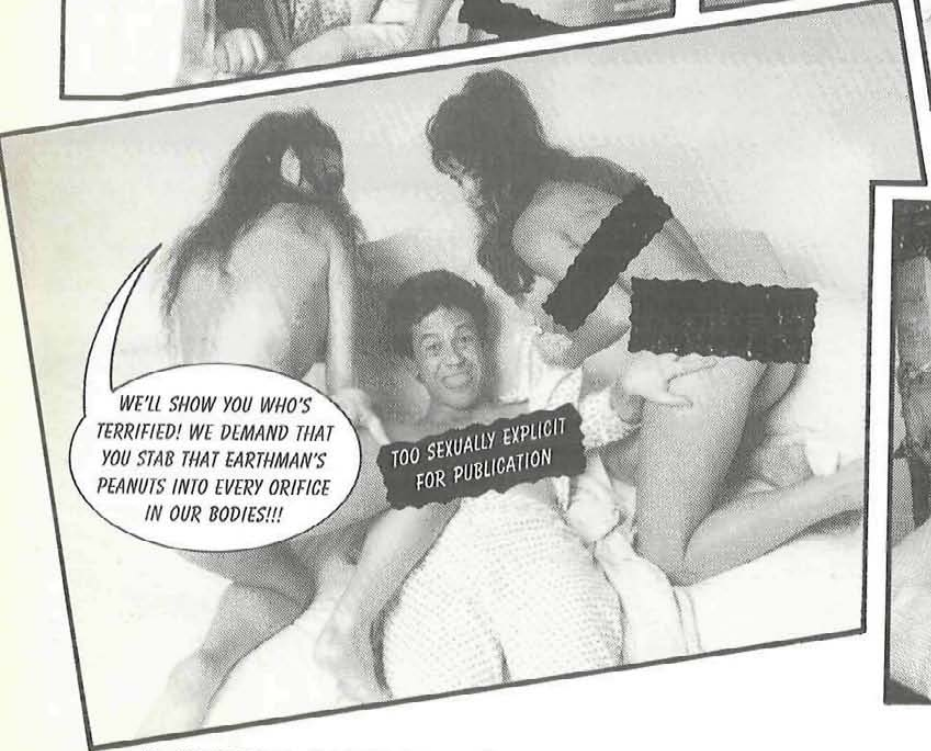


ENOUGH OF THIS, LET'S QUICKLY PUT OUR CLOTHES BACK ON AND PROCEED TO DESTROY THE EARTH.

HA, YOU'RE JUST LIKE EARTHWOMEN. YOU'RE TERRIFIED OF BEING STABBED BY MY BIG EARTH PENIS.



HOW DARE YOU! WE SPACEWOMEN ARE FEARLESS! WE ARE IMMUNE TO PAIN!



WE'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S TERRIFIED! WE DEMAND THAT YOU STAB THAT EARTHMAN'S PEANUTS INTO EVERY ORIFICE IN OUR BODIES!!!

TOO SEXUALLY EXPLICIT FOR PUBLICATION

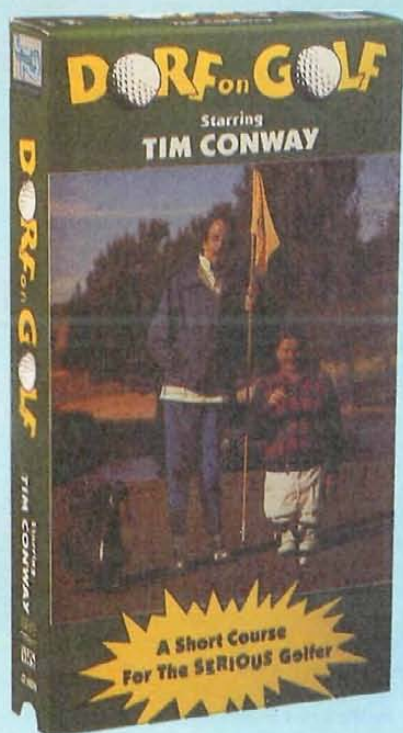


THE NEXT DAY

THE NEWS
GOTTFRIED'S LARGE PENIS SAVES EARTH!

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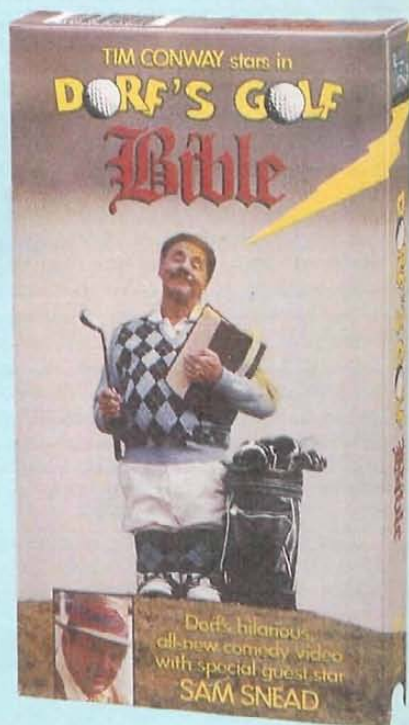
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TRUE FACTS REPORTER

BY JOHN BENDEL

HOLLYWOOD FRINGE EDITION

Naked Scripts and Celebrity Scum

Your *True Facts Reporter* recently interviewed a professional writer with strong feelings about Hollywood. Despite those feelings, he declined to use his real name, which can only mean he might want to go back.

I lived a cliché.

In 1985, I was twenty-three years old. I'd been to film school for two years and I'd written a script that by some fluke got to a very, very big studio, Locust & Lemming. These guys had done *Beverly Hills Crusader*, *Captain Comic Book (I and II)*, a bunch of biggies. They were like the golden boys of Hollywood.

I had written this script which was very . . . Well, it was a terrible script. Clearly, it should never have been made into a movie, but because it concerned certain minority groups and was politically correct in its treatment of those groups, people had to say they liked it. You know what I mean? It was like if you come out with a *Holocaust* film and kind of dare people to criticize it.

But the truth is that unless you're talking Eddie Murphy, studios aren't interested in making films about minority groups. They're all very interested in making a hula-baloo about considering one, though. They want the world to know they have these things "in development."

"Whaddya mean we don't have black people in movies?" they can say. "Why, we just discussed buying a script about black people. In fact, we're *seriously* discussing buying a script."

So here's the story. My script had preceded me to Los Angeles that summer, and I quick had to get hooked up with an agent. I was getting breakfasted and lunched to death because every agent, when they heard that Locust & Lemming had the script and was interested, just foamed at the mouth. It made all the sense in the world to grab a percentage of a deal already in progress.

Now the summer of '85 was just before the cellular phone. It was the year of the Janet Jackson cordless microphone head-



set, and all the agents had one. It was called "no downtime."

It was like "No time to pick up the phone. Gotta have it on my head. Gotta have my hands free to be consummating deals, jerking off, whatever." You have to understand that these were very important, very busy people.

I mean, L.A. is like the teenagers from *The Brady Bunch* have taken over the world and are on the phone all day. These guys would have hairdressers come into their agency and cut around the earpiece on the headset because they didn't have time to go to the haircutter. They didn't even have time to take off the headset.

Anyway, I'm lucky enough to come up with a castrating bitch of an agent and it's time to start the development meetings with the studio.

See, what I've got here is a script with no big name attached. Rob Lowe hasn't said he wants to do it. Rob Reiner hasn't said he wants to direct it. If Michael J. Fox wants to do a film and it's a piece of shit, no problem. That film will get made. But a script without a name attached, it's called a naked script.

When you have a naked script, you have to get the approval of every development person in the studio. That means every vice president. Hollywood is the land of vice presidents. During the course of these meetings, of which there were twelve altogether, twelve vice presidents put their two cents in. But none of them had even read the script. Some of them couldn't even recall the coverage, and this script had gotten fantastic coverage.

Coverage is like a book jacket on a script to kind of sum it all up. Covering a script means having one person read it, basically like a secretary, who then writes like a book review of the script. Incidentally, these are the only people who will ever read your script in Hollywood, including the people who act in it and everything. Nobody reads a script in Hollywood. Everybody reads the cover.

So this script is about Eskimos and atomic waste. Basically, it's a parody in which Eskimos become Las Vegas-style capitalists by renting their tundra to bury nuclear waste. These people who we think of as pure and wonderful become completely corrupted by capitalism and turn their pristine wilderness into a garish, Donald Trump-style playground with a generational time bomb underneath.

It's a poorly written, boring, dogmatic script, but it gets good coverage because of the subject matter and, of course, I come out on the side of the Eskimos and all that. So someone wants to get this set up on the Locust & Lemming lot because it's a feather in everybody's cap.

"Look," they can say, "we did *Forward to the Past* and *Whacked-Out Cop*, and we make lots of cheap fart and dick jokes. However, what we're really interested in is saving the rain forests."

It was that kind of thing.

So you're meeting with these vice presidents dressed in what I call clown suits, these \$2,000 Giorgio Armani clown suits. I mean if they weren't Giorgio Armanis, they'd be Emmett Kellys.

In the meeting, a vice president will talk to you about your script while he looks at the cover. And if the cover reader has written a comment like "I have a problem with the syntax," then the vice president in the clown suit will look at you and ask, "But what about the syntax?" as though he'd come up with it on his own.

I met one vice president who was completely insipid, even on a Hollywood level, which is saying a lot. Here's this script about Eskimos and nuclear waste, and this guy says he loved the script. (Of course he loved it. It was checked on the cover in the box next to "Loved this script.") In fact, the guy says, he liked everything about it except the Eskimos and the nuclear waste. So naturally, I ask what it was he liked about it.

But he just says, "Oh, and one more



thing. I thought it would be better if this script were set in Canada," which happens to be where it was set.

I went through these unbelievable, excruciating meetings with these people, and for each one I'd have to make a change. See, no matter what you're working on in Hollywood, if a hit movie comes out, they're going to tell you to make your script more like that movie. You could be doing *Driving Miss Daisy* and *Batman* comes out, they'll say, "We still love your script, but if you could have like a really incredible car that flies through the air, it would be really helpful."

I had to make a change for every one of them so each could justify his \$100,000 salary. It's like graffiti. They've got to put their name on it so, just in case, they can say, "I was involved with it. I helped that script."

Oh, they invited me to their parties and they did all my Xeroxing and they would messenger new pages back and forth across Los Angeles all the time. And when they

said, "Make your movie more like this one," they would give me an entire screening theater with my own projectionist to look at the movie. It would have been easier to rent the videocassette and watch it on TV. At least you can fast-forward. Here I had to go, "Uh, next reel, please? Next reel? Thank you."

The one thing they wouldn't do, though, was pay money.

That's just the way it is with this development stuff. You could be living in a Dumpster behind The Broadway. You get a private screening room, express messenger service, but no bucks.

So eventually, I get through all the vice president meetings and it's time to meet with the president of Locust & Lemming. I was getting all kinds of advice from my castrating bitch agent, like "David likes young boys. Wear a tank top." And "Be sure to meet his eyes and smile when you go into the meeting and again when you leave, and whatever you do, don't sit with your legs crossed."

Now we've gone through a six-month process and strange things have happened. Locust & Lemming had started by saying the script was worth \$400,000 and Eddie Murphy. About halfway through the process, it had become \$300,000 and Harrison Ford. But toward the end, the talk was \$200,000 and Mickey Rourke. That was the pecking order in '85.

And then, days before my meeting with the pres, the studio producer responsible for my project gets fired for insubordination and that's the end of me and my script. Period.

You know how much money I earned for all that trouble?

Zero.

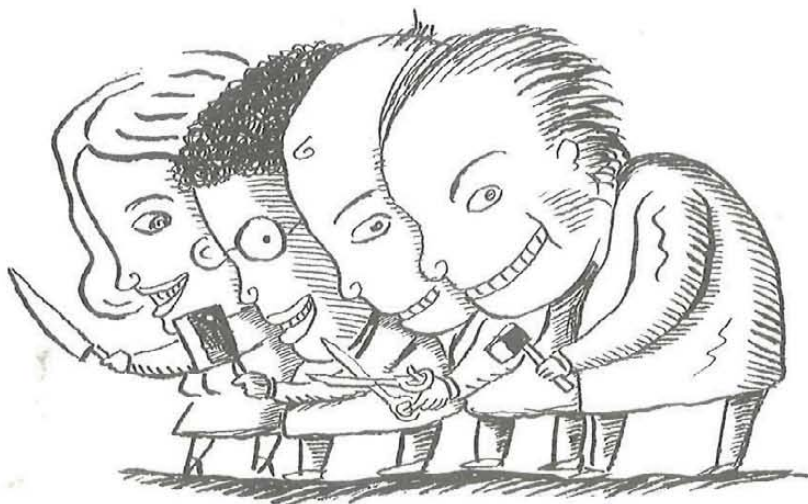
I have this one image of Hollywood that I can't forget. I was up in the hills near this very trendy eatery, Spago.

That evening there had been a killing nearby. There were helicopters circling above with spotlights, packs of attack dogs were roaming the hills, and there were bright flares all over the road and cops everywhere. The area looked like a night-fighting scene in *Apocalypse Now*, just total craziness.

Well, it turns out there's a big party for the cast of *Dynasty* at Spago that night and people are driving up in their convertible Rolls-Royces, but the cops are stopping them for their own safety.

So after a while, these Hollywood types are getting out and arguing with the cop in charge, who's trying to explain there's a manhunt going on. But this one asshole points at the cop in charge and, almost like poking him in the ribs, this celebrity scum says, "Listen, you son of a bitch, I don't care what it is. We've got RESERVATIONS!"

I'm telling you, I truly lived the worst possible Hollywood cliché, and I'm here to testify that everything every moron says, every stupid joke on the Carson show about



Hollywood is absolutely true—but not true enough.

Let's Make a Deal

This document, labeled "Brief Press Release," was sent to newspaper editors by Claude Bienstock, aspiring movie mogul. Its headline: "Local Salesman of Real Estate Has Second Career in Motton Pictures."

Claude Bienstock, who is a salesman with [a New Jersey real estate firm], has an interesting second career. He was formerly personal manager, promoter, and publicist for international actress Madame Ida Kaminska, who was an Oscar nominee for *The Shop on Main Street* in 1966. Regrettably, Ida Kaminska died in 1980.

During the last four and a half years, Claude Bienstock attempted to create a comedy film for Molly Picon, Sylvester Stallone, and Goldie Hawn. Due to lack of a script, this project cannot come off the ground. However, Mr. Bienstock obtained movie rights to *Dutch Treat* by David Lessoff, a comedy about the singles scene. The lead role is that of Nick Calzi, an Italian/Jewish comedian who goes on a wild and wacky singles weekend. Mr. Bienstock wrote to Tom Hanks, Joe Piscopo, Henry Winkler, Michael Keaton, Woody Allen, Robin Williams, and others about it. Richard Dreyfuss turned it down. The film can be done on a low budget.

Claude Bienstock is known in the entertainment business. He has spoken to many stars on the phone and in person. He telephoned Tom Hanks several years ago wanting to be his manager. Tom already had one. He had a long talk with James Woods and Maxwell Caulfield on the phone. Just several weeks ago, Alce Baldwin, star of



Knots Landing, called Claude. Claude thinks highly of Richard Gere. All over, he considers Gere to be a fine actor.

Claude Bienstock wants to create quality films of artistic merit. He has correspondence with Jeremy Irons. The two major stars of the Oscars know Claude Bienstock. Geraldine Page received me backstage after the show *A Lie of the Mind*. I hoped she would get the Oscar. Claude met William Hurt. Well, Claude wanted to be his manager. Bill does not need one.

Claude wrote several times to Timothy Dalton, the new James Bond. He reminds me of Clark Gable. He never answered my letter. I am determined to do what I can in entertainment. I am not afraid of setbacks. Everyone talks about Claude Bienstock because of his persistence, dedication to en-

tertainment. Even Elizabeth Taylor once remarked that Claude Bienstock is a super, dynamic person for putting movie deals together.

Claude Bienstock met Garbo, Dietrich, Gish. He is a personal friend of Molly Picon. Often deals are made before Claude has a chance. The movie rights to Thomas Keneally's book *Schindler's List* were already sold to Universal and Steven Spielberg. Claude corresponds with studios, agents, producers, directors, agents, managers. Stallone's manager called him once. His office corresponds with Claude. I am very determined not to give up. Mr. Bienstock looks forward to his first comedy film, *Dutch Treat* by David Lessoff.

Mr. Claude Bienstock does not come from a show-business background, but he is eager to do what he can in putting movie deals together. Rejection does not stop him. Sure, it is a tough business, but I want to create a comedy film. Claude is very anxious to get Tom Hanks to star in the film version of *Dutch Treat* by David Lessoff.

As a sort of postscript, Mr. Bienstock had handwritten in the left margin, "I spoke to Ken Wahl, Danny Aiello, and Mandy Patinkin on the phone."

Apparently, you can't be too thorough in the movie game.

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.**



YELLOW JOURNAL

Treading the Eschatological Tightrope with an Aardvark's Nose for News

U.S. HAILS OPENING OF FIRST SOVIET TRAILER PARK



Though financed and designed by Americans, the new state-run trailer parks of the Soviet Union already seem an integral part of Mother Russia.

A senior official in the Bush administration praised the recent opening of the Soviet Union's first trailer park as "proof positive the Russians have finally abandoned their Pollyanna quest for a classless society and are moving full speed ahead toward American-style democracy." The trailer park, the first of several thousand that are projected to be in full operation by the spring of 1992, was built with American assistance and boasts the latest in trailer park technology, such as hard gravel walkways and bingo every Wednesday night.

Meeting with reporters at his office in the Kremlin,

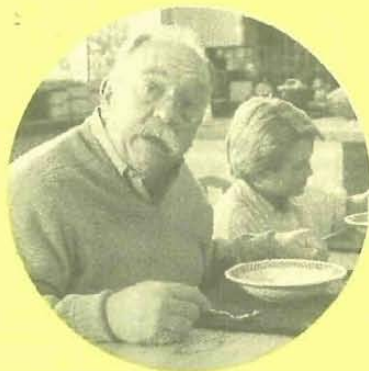
Vlad Kropotkin, who was appointed commissar of semis, mobile homes, and all eighteen-wheelers by President Gorbachev last month, explained the Soviets' commitment to the extensive trailer park project. "It is a way of bringing two countries close together. You have white trash, now we have white trash, too."

In a related development, the United States signed a multi-billion-dollar trade agreement with the Soviet Union granting them favored-nation status on the importation of Miracle Whip, olive loaf, and Elvis memorabilia.

N.W.

Vote! Kill Wilford Brimley: "It's the Right Thing to Do"

YES
1-900-FAT-FUCK

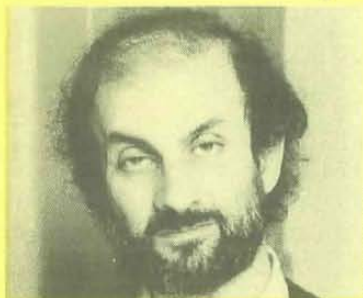


NO
1-900-OAT-BRAN

Tired of taking nutritional advice from a guy shaped like a Yugo? Lines will be open from 6:00 A.M. EST/3:00 A.M. PST to midnight EST/9:00 P.M. PST this issue only. Each call costs seventy-five cents. Any NatLamp profits from this phone line will go to me.

D. W.

Rushdie Wins Top Moslem Literary Prize



AP/Wide World

Islamic fundamentalists claim they were only kidding about killing Salman Rushdie, and say that if he comes out of hiding they will give him lots of money.

Fugitive novelist Salman Rushdie has been awarded the much-coveted two-billion-dollar Nabal Peace Prize for Literature for 1990, as "the most proficient and illuminating writer on Third World and Islamic issues since the prophet Muhammad himself, peace be upon him and his descendants," according to the prize's sponsors. The Indian-born Rushdie, author of the highly acclaimed *The Satanic Verses* and other novels, has been in hiding in the custody of British Secret Service officials since a series of assassination threats were uttered against him by the late Ayatollah Khomeini early in 1989. Sponsors of the Nabal Peace Prize, commending Rushdie's "profound spiritual insight and good snappy writing," have scheduled a

three-day conference this fall of the International Nabal Peace Prize Committee, at which the author is expected to be personally presented with the prize and the check for two billion dollars, "in all the scintillating prestige and exaltation to which such a top-dollar natural-born master of modern-day literature is entitled," in the words of committee spokesman Manuecher Qorbanifhar.

Preparations for the ceremony include "a slate of most distinguished authors and academics to attest to the overwhelming creative genius andchutzpah of this splendiferous man, plus friendly hootchy-kootchy women and all the twelve-year-old Scotch he can drink," promises Qorbanifhar. "He needs only to show up there."

Instead of its usual presentation in Finland, notes Qorbanifhar, "in order to commemorate our commitment to the elevation of Third World communities which we share with this great scribe," the prize this year will be awarded in Beirut, Lebanon. "Mr. Rushdie should only go three mortar-craters down the Corniche Ma'azra from the bunker of the Mangled Martyrs of the Holy Qur'an, turn left at the refugee pens, and climb down three flights into the bomb shelter there," directs Qorbanifhar. "There he will receive the reward he has coming."

D.L.

Man from Topeka Said to Supply Libya with Poison Gas

After years of angry denials by nations as diverse as Israel, Bulgaria, and West Germany in regard to who has been supplying Libya with poison gas, a retired metalworker with a bad stomach from Topeka, Kansas, admitted he was the culprit. "I did it for the money," said Frank Garcia, who is now in government custody. "They paid me \$350 a month and told me my gas would make the desert bloom. I didn't figure I was doing anything wrong." An FBI investigation shows that Garcia, who lives alone, has a long history of gastrointestinal disorders that were severely exacerbated by the diet devised for him by his Libyan paymasters, which consisted mainly of lentils, falafel balls, and Orange Shasta.

T. O.

Contributors:
David Feuer
Dean Latimer
Chris Marcil

Todd Oliver
Victor Thersites
Ned Ward
Dave Wielgus

New Religious Group to Form

In a move that has raised theological eyebrows, the Jehovah's Witnesses, a century-old religious fringe group, announced that it will merge this fall with Benetton, the clothing manufacturer/retailer. The new group will be called Benetton's Witnesses.

Sources indicated that Benetton initiated the merger talks, citing the "United Colors of Benetton" advertising campaign as evidence that the quality-sportswear manufacturer has always had messianic leanings. The Jehovah's Witnesses organization responded eagerly, it is reported. "It's a great opportunity for them," stated Ken O'Big, religion correspondent for *Retailing* magazine. "They will become the first religion to my knowledge to have a strong upscale sales presence, excepting the Episcopalians, of course."

Doctrinal changes are expected to be few, and mostly ones of emphasis. "Our new magazine, *The Swatchtower*, will be stressing that you should look your best when you're taken up to meet your Creator," said one spokesperson. "We also want to point out that the potential for greater self-esteem increases when proper religious belief and color coordination go hand in hand."



Harry Helicots

A Benetton's Witness displays a collector's item—the last issue of *The Watchtower*. The new mag, *The Swatchtower*, is set to debut this fall.

C. M.

Lithuanians Vote to Stop Wearing Underwear



AP/Wide World

Lithuanian Presidium members (above) have steered a surprisingly bold course toward independence for men who look as if they've been dead fifty years.

Four months after issuing its declaration of independence from the Soviet Union, a confident Lithuanian Parliament continues to hand down new resolutions. Passed most recently was a series of civil laws that read as follows:

- To henceforth discontinue the practice of wearing underwear completely.
- To address all fellow citizens as "Babe."
- To positively outlaw the making of clicking noises with the tongue.
- To eat soup from shallow pans instead of the traditional gaily colored soup bowls.

- To spit three times on the floor before entering a room in which business is being conducted.

- To remain silent and scratch the left leg of any person who asks you the time.

- To absolutely refrain from giving the Nazi salute around foreigners.

Speaking to reporters from his office in a now-defunct beet-processing plant, Minister of Information Vitabesk Mykslva promised that "Parliament still has much to do and will soon pass many important laws about herring."

K. T.

DR. DAVE'S



Waiting Room Tatler

YOU heard it *here* first!!! Sources in Hollywood tell me that box-office behemoth **Eddie Murphy's** latest film is developing into another legal pain in the epigastrum. Santa Monica postal employee **Carlos Sepulveda** is claiming that Murphy's recent blockbuster chest X-ray is actually *his!* According to lawyers for Murphy, their client did receive an unsolicited chest film from Sepulveda "years ago," but "Eddie's X-ray bears no resemblance to Mr. Sepulveda's." Not so, says *our* radiologist in Hollywood, who reads both films as having identical hiatus hernias. Among those keeping a nervous eye on this case is quadruple-hyphenate hypochondriac **Woody Allen**, whose recent lower GI series is being challenged by a south Florida veterinarian. Stay tuned!!!

LA-LA Land's movers and shakers are shaking in their designer boots these days with the news that their specimens are being leaked by a certain posh Beverly Hills diagnostic lab. We hear that **Raymond Burr's** cholesterol level and **Spike Lee's** sputum culture have been floating around Tinseltown for days!

PUBLISHING insiders tell me that media darling **Dr. Ernest (The Maneuver) Heimlich** is more than a little miffed after glimpsing an advance copy of *All Choked Up*, a tell-all bio of the good doctor penned by longtime associate **Dr. Egan Eichholz**. As Dr. Eichholz tells it, Dr.



KATHLEEN TURNER
Adrenal glands acting up.

Heimlich squeezed every appendage on the human body before finally stumbling upon the runaway-hit maneuver that now bears his name.

WORD from the fashion world is that boffo designer **Ralph Lauren** and

show-biz silicone wizard **Dr. Michael Bradon** have teamed up for a fall line of breast implants called "Santa Fe." According to those in the know, the adobe-like implant material is said to capture both the rugged mystery *and* the durability of the Painted Desert!

SPEAKING of collaborations, old wounds seem to have healed between handsome young society pathologist **Dr.**



SPIKE LEE'S SPUTUM
Was the sample stolen?

Seth (Pap Smear) Holloway and Broadway music legend **Stephen Sondheim**. The two are reportedly busy at work on *Blood and Urine*, a big-budget song-and-dance fest chronicling the hijinks of a pair of zany lab technicians at a major metropolitan hospital.

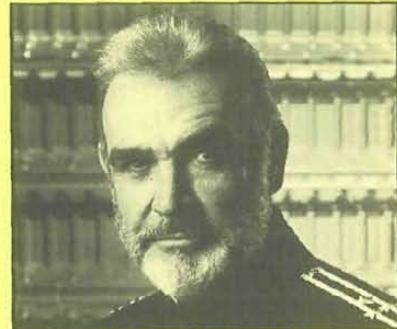
SUAVELY sexy (and single!) world-class psychoanalyst **Dr. Rollo May** recently whisked a few of us down to Boca Raton for a "sneak preview" of his newly completed Freudian theme park, Unconscious Land. Rides like the Wild Cigar, Bumper Breasts, Penis Envy, and the Oral-Anal Tunnel were all super(ego) fun, but the hot attraction was definitely *Vagina Dentata*. (Wow! Did we ever come home with a case of castration anxiety!!!)

ADIÓS, Juanita! The latest word in domestic help from Hollywood is *staff ococci*, a genetically manipulated strain of bacteria that does light housework! The hard-working germs were developed by the **Will Rogers Institute's** famed microbiologist **Dr. Lionel Crilling**, who says, "We got these little buggers to *make* yogurt. Now we can get them to *serve* it, too."

ON the restaurant scene, a delightful evening of mesquite cooking and tri-

ple-bypass surgery at red-hot cardiovascular surgeon **Dr. Michael (Transplant) De Bakey's** new "Dinner Operating Theater" went sour under the microscope of this food critic!! My fillet de boeuf entrée was so chock-full of salmonella it should have been served in a petri dish!!!

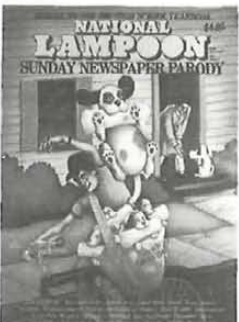
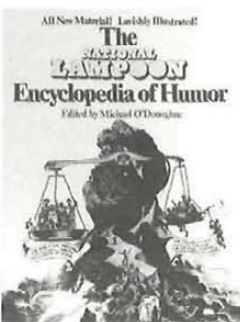
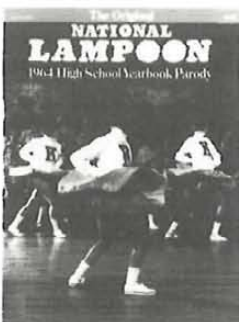
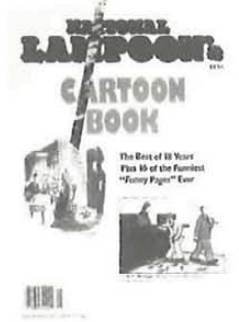
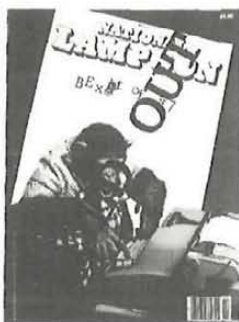
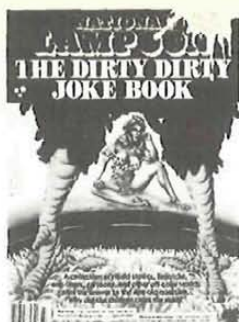
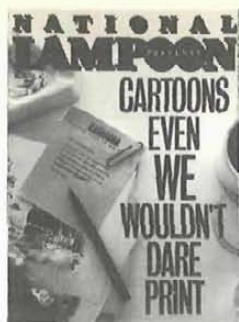
ON THE ENTERTAINMENT SCENE: I'm afraid this reviewer can't give veteran film star **Sean Connery** a clean bill of health in *The Hunt for Red October*—not with those spider angiomas and that exophthalmos clearly visible in his close-ups. I'd say it's time for aging 007 to get a complete thyroid workup!... Excessive adipose tissue and facial hirsutism may spell Cushing's syndrome for sultry sexpot **Kathleen Turner** in the recent hot-ticket revival of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. (Do yourself a favor, sweetie, and check out those adrenal glands!!!) ... Tongue depressors are still wagging about silver-screen cutie **Michael Keaton's** erythematous carbuncle in this summer's blockbuster *Batman*. ... Was I the *only* one to pick up that clubbing of the fingers during mega-brilliant pianist **Claudio Arrau's** recent performance of Schubert's Sonata in A Minor?! (Don't know about you, but it certainly made this reviewer think "chronic destructive pulmonary disease"! ... Couldn't make the show myself, but friends tell me that the positive vibes coming off morbidly obese middle-aged rocker **Stephen Stills** in his recent comeback gig at the Ritz were



SEAN CONNERY
Thyroid workup in the works.

marred by that pendulous gynecomastia. (Steve allegedly doesn't touch the stuff anymore, but liver-function tests don't lie!!) ... And finally, was that a priapism in **Mick Jagger's** pocket during his "Steel Wheels" tour or was he just glad to be performing again!?

D. F.



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National Lampoon Classics

It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$2.00 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$5.00, and \$2.50 for said charges if the order totals more than \$5.00, small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. If I'm a New York State resident I'm adding 8 1/4 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

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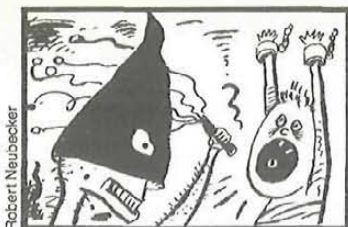
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Signature _____

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NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. NL 8, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.



TRUE FACTS

Report from the Editor

B Y J O H N B E N D E L

You've done it again, stalwart contributors.

Undaunted, you culled newspapers, magazines, and supermarket flyers for funny stuff. You snapped funny photos and found funny items. Best of all, you wrapped them up and sent them here.

I salute all those whose submissions comprise this special True Facts 1990 section. Salute, salute, salute.

What of those whose material was not selected?

I salute you, too, though less noisily, and urge you not to despair. Surely, your day will come.

And what of those who don't know what I'm talking about?

To you I say, here's the deal:

If we use your funny clipping in True Facts, we'll send you a True Facts T-shirt. If we use your funny photo, we'll send you a T-shirt and ten dollars (that's for a photo you take with a camera, not someone else's photo clipped from a publication). In any case, of course, you will be credited in print.

Send your stuff to:

True Facts
National Lampoon
155 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10013

Don't send (1) caustic or flammable substances, (2) photos of the local radiator-shop sign that says "Best Place in Town to Take a Leak," or (3) submissions with Rorschach coffee stains.

True Facts Mailbag

Some of you have been writing to the True Facts Reporter section.

For more than a year now, your Reporter has ventured into Everyman's America, seeking untamed culture, seminal characters, and goofy tales. To that end, we have solicited letters from those wishing to be interviewed. Selected letters follow.

Mutilated Staples

Rob Lull of Mount Clemens, Michigan, wrote:

Dear True Facts Reporter:

I used to work at a local grocery store where the owners were a bunch of tightwad Lebanese who gave us old cheese for

a Christmas bonus. The customers who shopped there were of the *Deliverance* mentality. I once overheard a customer telling her daughter she had to go to the bathroom by saying, "Betty Jean, I gotta whistle in the tub."

The majority of groceries they sold were salvage, which means goods that were damaged by human error, forklift mishaps, train derailment, etc. Twice a month the semi-truck came loaded with half-shattered cases of applesauce, torn-up bags of Alpo, and other mutilated staples. Our job was to make the goods salable. We would mix all the dog food together into a giant conglomeration and then rebag it as "special-blend dog food." People came for miles to buy it.

Once I came across a box of blackstrap molasses dating from pre-Korean War days. I opened a jar to see if it was coal by now and came across a smell reminiscent of my girlfriend's yeast infection last summer. I took the jar to my boss to ask what I should do with it. He grabbed it, smelled it, then stuck his finger in the jar and tasted it, saying, "There's nothing wrong with this. The niggers put this on their pork chops." He made me price them three for a dollar.

The butchers were a bunch of great guys. One was an addicted gambler who would blow his whole check on the three-digit numbers. The other was fired for exposing himself to the deli girls, and my favorite was a high-grain alcoholic who claimed he was an accomplished ballroom dancer.

One fringe benefit of the job was coming across exotic insects from all over North America. Six-inch locusts embedded in stalks of celery, worms of all shapes and sizes living in corn, some unknown arthropod nesting in the lettuce, and—best of all—a gargantuan cockroach in the bottom of a tomato case from Mexico. It looked dead from its long trip, but it miraculously came back to life after I placed it in warm water. It must have been (no lie) four inches long and an inch wide. I feared it might bite me and give me AIDS or something, so I stuck a toothpick through its chest cavity. Then a green sac shot out of its ass and started quivering on the table. I feared for my life and quickly put it to death on the heat shrink-wrap machine.

The best part of the job was taking out the garbage. The store was built parallel to railroad tracks, and every day around 10:30 A.M. the train would pass. We hid behind the Dumpster and threw our home-

made assortment of fruit salad at it. The best weapons were cantaloupes. They exploded onto the sides of the boxcars, leaving behind a shrapnel of seeds. As the train came to an end the guy sitting in the back of the caboose would always stick his middle finger up at us. We laughed and then went back into the store to reload for the next day.

It was a fun job until my bombing buddy got fired on the day of the Annual Balloon Sale for taking two round balloons and one long skinny one and twisting them into a phallic symbol. He displayed his creation on the front register.

One fall morning a group of suited men, a government death squad, I suppose, came into the store, told us we were now unemployed, then proceeded to chain the doors shut for reasons I subconsciously know but don't have the written paperwork to prove.

Last I heard, the owners claimed Chapter 11, moved to a new location, and opened up under a new name.

God bless the salvage business.

The Rolling Museum of Pop Artifacts

Ralph Mira of Lake Park, Florida, claims the person described here once had his car windows tinted, then deliberately bubbled the finish with a hair dryer. "The sun's going to do it eventually anyway," he reportedly told Mira. "I just beat it to the punch."

Dear True Facts Reporter:

I'd like to describe a friend of mine named Dennis. He lives on my block, and my circle of friends and I tolerate his occasional crashing of our get-togethers at the beach and my place.

No one knows what he does for a living. Whatever it is, he doesn't do it much, 'cause he's got a lot of spare time. He's always got gas money, though, and this leads me to why I'm telling you about him.

It's his car. I swear, this is what he keeps in it:

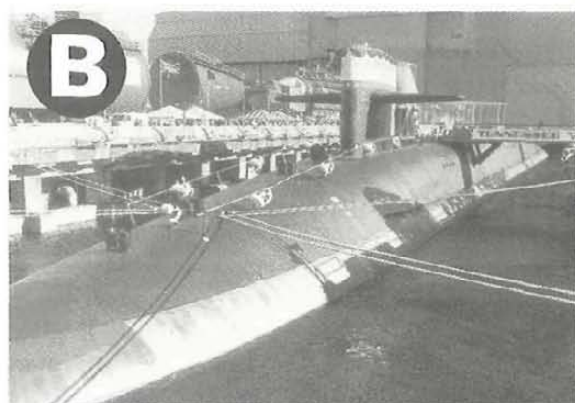
1. On the floor, constantly rolling around, are empty beer bottles and cans that he rinsed out so they wouldn't smell, he informed me.

2. In the backseat he keeps three empty pizza boxes that are completely laminated. He says he's had them since high school, and he's thirtyish.

3. On the rear deck, he has beach sand

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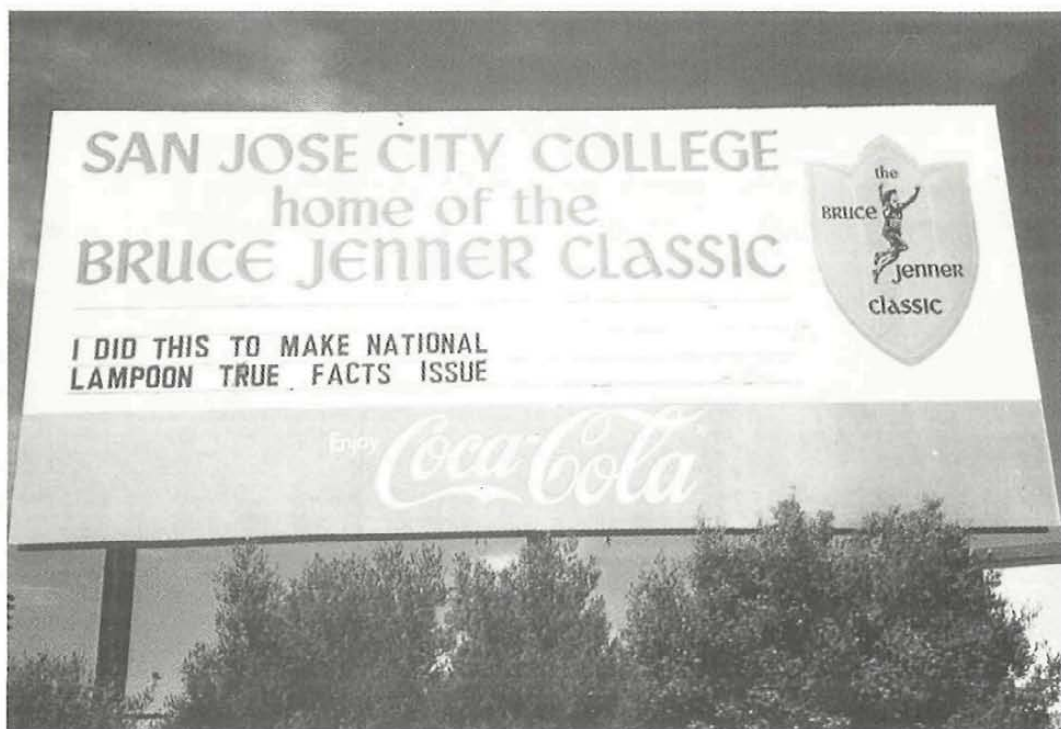
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Editor's Problems, Example One



Dave Parish of San Jose, California, set up, took, and submitted this photo, apparently hoping we would use it in True Facts. But we don't want to encourage this kind of thing. What to do?

with plastic aquarium plants and little plastic army soldiers carefully arranged in various combat situations. I never asked him why.

4. On the roof of his car, in that little lip running along the edge, is wedged one of those mustard packets like you get at Burger King. It's been there for at least three months and changed color twice. Dennis says he just wants to see how long it'll stay there before dislodging on its own.

5. He drives around with one of those window clip-on trays like they use at those drive-in burger joints. He pulls it in when he parks.

6. On the front seat and floor, he has a drive-in movie speaker, a canister from a drive-in bank, five turnpike toll tickets, one airport short-term toll ticket, the little red metal flag off a mailbox, a rearview side mirror from a different model of car than his own, a traffic cone, and a gas-pump nozzle with about ten inches of attached hose that wasn't cut. It's all stretched and shredded like he actually pulled away from a pump with it sticking out of his filler port.

Finally, you know those sales and promo flyers you occasionally find under your windshield wiper at the supermarket? Well, he doesn't remove them. He drives around with four or five of them flapping

on his windshield all the time.

Close Associates

Gary Lamb, who works with his brother John in Leucadia, California, wrote:

Dear True Facts Reporter:

Two reasons why I should be interviewed by True Facts Reporter:

Reason number one: Goddamn Fuckin' Vince.

Goddamn Fuckin' Vince is our neighbor. He's about fifty-three and has a maximum of five teeth. He gets pissed off when my brother offers him peanuts. "I can't eat those goddamn fuckin' things, you son of a bitch," he says. John thinks it's funny.

Vince says "goddamn fuckin'" every other word. Hence the name. Vince says he's a Vietnam vet, a fighter pilot. He had his wings taken away when his commander saw him do a "victory roll" under the Golden Gate Bridge, he says. He tells even more stories than that. John calls him "Colonel heez-a-liar."

Vince drives a goddamn fuckin' Poon-tang. It's a cross between a Pinto and a Mustang, he says.

Reason number two: Joe.

I work for my brother's T-shirt company

and our main source of income is fart T-shirts. My brother is the artist (or fartist) and I know one of his biggest inspirations comes from an employee of ours named Joe.

Joe loves to fart, and can do so on command. He has the grossest, most putrid farts that I've ever smelled. His favorite trick is to pretend something is wrong with his printer, and as he lures you closer to inspect the problem, rips a silencer that rivals any sewer in the U.S. Then he laughs like a chimpanzee.

He's a good printer, but just a sick person. He always picks at imaginary zits on his face. No one has ever seen him with blemish one, yet he continues to squeeze and twist at his face. He really gets into it, too. He has these over-around-the-head maneuvers he does that kind of look like yoga.

One day I came to work with a big ol' zit on my cheek, and Joe says, "Who's your friend?" The look in his eye scared me.

An Editor Endures

Samplings from correspondence suggesting the terrible pressures an editor must endure for the sake of your True Facts entertainment:

Hope you find this article worthy of your True Facts section! If you do, please send an extra-large T-shirt, because I have a lot of chest to cover!

If you hurry, I'll send you a "wet" T-shirt picture!!!

Please, please, please send me one! Don't make me beg! Pretty please!

I'll do anything!

Please!

Please!—Paulette S. Edwards, Long Beach, California.

Dear Playgirl Advisor:

I am a senior at a small Midwestern high school. I never thought these letters were real until just a few days ago, when I had an experience that changed my mind.

I heard a knock on my door and when I opened it, there stood the most gorgeous hunk I have ever seen! He looked just like the *National Lampoon* comic genius, John Bendel, except that the only thing he wore was a flimsy little edible G-string. He started to slither out of the G-string and

then he and I began to . . .

Kindly disregard the preceding. Here are a couple of True Facts. Do with them what you will.—Jennifer Hill, Brooksville, Kentucky.

Just in case you may have received this clipping from someone else—let me assure you that this is the first one submitted.—Michael McClure, Grand Junction, Colorado.

Should you not find this present submission to be noteworthy, then I will continue to search for other articles, hoping to meet your approval while also realizing non-grudgingly that, at times, you can be a fussy little fucker.—Robert Theoret, Ajax, Ontario.

Just because I am writing with a crayon should not alarm you. Other patients tell me that I must be screwed in the head to expect a magazine to publish any of my findings, but I say, well, I forgot what I tell

them, but I'm sure, well, I don't know what I'm sure of.—William Shuford, Hickory, North Carolina.

You will publish me one day, and those who previously scoffed at me will rush lemming-like to the sea.—Pat McMeans, M.D., Sherman, Texas.

I'm new at this, be gentle with me.—J. McDermott, (no address).

Also note that a submission from a Dan Montgomery and a Vicki Amburgey of Louisville, Kentucky, included an invitation to their wedding. Since it was addressed to "sir & guest," I declined. Be assured, however, it wasn't easy.

Hence, it is with a great sense of relief that your editor presents this, *National Lampoon's* sixth consecutive annual collection of truth on the hoof—True Facts 1990.

Thank you. ■

13, 1989

MODERN LIVING Doug Cameron one of nine scheduled performers Midland native coming home for festival

by PETER SPOHN
Free Press Staff

Doug Cameron is pleased to be making a return visit to the Wye Marsh Wildlife Festival of Conservation and Art—this time as a performer. The Midland musician, probably best known for his 1985 song "Mona with the Children"—in the Canadian top 20 during that year—plays a variety of music, including pop and

Mr. Cameron is one of nine performers who will be appearing in the Centre Sept. 16 and 17.

"I'm very happy to be performing at the festival," he said in an interview last week. "Last year I attended as a spectator. It was great."

During the last five years, Mr. Cameron performed and recorded mostly pop music. However, his interest shifted in the last year or so, and

he now feels more at home performing folk music.

He describes it as "a much more comfortable place to perform." Mr. Cameron likes the more family-oriented folk music audience, and says there aren't as many limitations in performing folk onstage.

The 1989 festival will be Mr. Cameron's first major performance in the folk music scene. Playing here is also like coming home for him.

Mr. Cameron's family moved to Midland when Doug was just 10 days old. He grew up here, moved away in the mid-70s, and returned in the summer of 1988. During the last five years, Mr. Cameron was based in Toronto where he recorded.

Doug Cameron is a versatile musician, playing guitar, mandolin, piano, and a "variety of instruments." Primarily, he's a singer-songwriter. Mr. Cameron likes country blues

and singing without accompaniment. At the festival, he'll be one of the performers in the big Saturday night concert and will be taking part in the ongoing music workshops during the day.

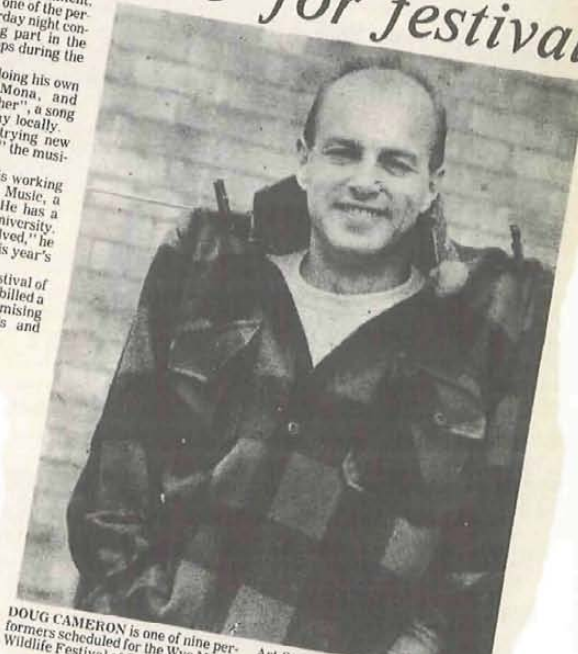
Mr. Cameron will be doing his own songs, among them "Mona, and possibly "Forever Together", a song that's been getting airplay locally.

"I'm most known for trying new stuff, too, in the folk vein," the musician said.

Mr. Cameron currently is working on his Bachelor degree in Music, a couple more years at York University.

"I'm very happy to be involved," he said of his involvement in this year's festival.

The Wye Marsh Wildlife Festival of Conservation and Art is being billed a "terrific mix of talent" promising great entertainment for kids and adults.

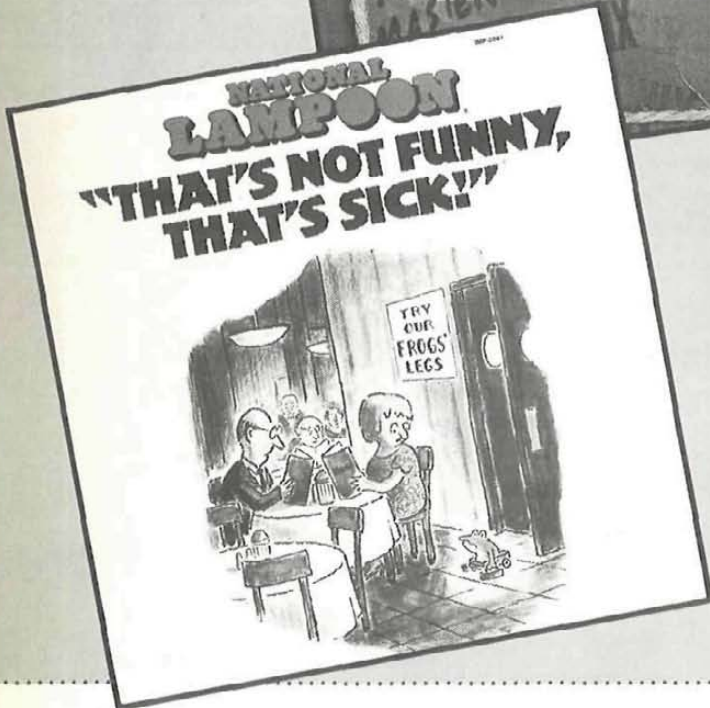


DOUG CAMERON is one of nine performers scheduled for the Wye Marsh Wildlife Festival of Conservation and Art Sept. 16 and 17. A multi-talented musician, his main interest in music lies in performing folk onstage. Special photo

Editor's Problems, Example Two

Neither the story nor the caption explains why this man, one Doug Cameron, appears to be pinned to a clothesline. Only the editors of the *Midland*, Ontario, *Free Press* know for sure, and who can afford a phone call to Canada? (contributed by David Fawcett)

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TRUE FACTS

MEMBERS OF THE LAKE White Club in Pee Pee Township, Ohio, sought a liquor license for the club via a local-option question on a recent election ballot. If voters approved, the club would serve drinks, even though Pee Pee Township itself would remain dry. (Cleveland, Ohio) *Plain Dealer* (contributed by Bruce E. Ballash)

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL reported that police in Madison, Wisconsin, were summoned to an apartment to settle a dispute over some women's underwear.

"At the center of the controversy were three pairs of size 6 unmentionables. The first woman told police the drawers were hers. She normally buys size 3 to 5, she said, but bought the size 6 panties because she thought she was pregnant. The other woman, who is five feet eight inches tall and weighs 150 pounds, claims the undies are hers. She says she normally wears a size 12 but is able to squeeze into a size 6. Officer Leonard Preston, uncertain of what to do, confiscated the panties and placed them in police storage until the rightful owner could be identified." (contributed by Mark Hoefert)

FROM THE "POLICE REPORTS" column of Montana's *Bozeman Daily Chronicle*:

"Domestic problem reported at 5:38 P.M. Tuesday. Woman complained that her sixteen-year-old son was unruly and abusive. The boy had turned off the television, sat in front of it, and demanded help with his homework. The mother wanted to finish watching *Scarecrow and Mrs. King* and finish her beer." (contributed by Dick Traynham)

FROM THE CHICAGO *Tribune*:

"Speaking of Reagan, evidently there was a thing or two he hadn't learned about remote control before leaving the White House. If one can believe the new *National* sports daily, Reagan recently tracked down

Mommie by telephone at a Hollywood benefit, asking for her advice because the TV flipper wouldn't work and he wanted to watch a football game. Nancy Reagan promptly called for a repairman. Forty-five minutes of Southern California traffic later, the repairman arrived at the Reagan's Bel-Air mansion. Seems the fellow whose finger was poised over The Button for eight years was pointing the TV remote toward himself instead of the screen." (contributed by Bill Gold)

WHEN A HUNTER FOUND the decomposed body of Dana Stidham of Centerton, Arkan-

recovered \$1,450 in hundred- and fifty-dollar bills. Another \$528 was recovered from Sessi's pockets. *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* (contributed by Jon Puc)

SOME GUYS JUST DON'T get it.

According to the *Bakersfield Californian*, an unnamed woman testified against local physician Dr. Kenneth A. Frank, who allegedly informed her he had drugged her before having sex with her.

"I can understand your being angry," he allegedly said. "Why don't we go outside and you can hit me?"

In her testimony, the woman

Newark, New Jersey, highway-patrol officers found beef and animal parts spilled over the road when an open-bed tractor-trailer jackknifed after being forced to brake. The spillage blocked three of the four northbound lanes for several hours. *Philadelphia Inquirer* (contributed by Jane Reiter)

NINE MINUTES AFTER Daniel John Taylor robbed a branch of the Wells Fargo bank in San Anselmo, California, he stopped at a nearby tavern to call a cab. According to bartender Dan Pieri, while Taylor was waiting he said, "Geez, I might as well have a cocktail," and ordered a drink.

However, Taylor was spotted by police officer Stuart Cowan and quickly arrested. "It all happened so fast, he didn't even have time to get his drink," commented Pieri. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Tom & Jane Curtin)

EMPORIA, KANSAS, POLICE issued an all-points bulletin on the National Crime Information Center network to notify authorities that a severed human penis had been found in an open field behind a local auto-supply shop. An Air Force man staying at a local motel had found the body part while walking to a discount store to shop.

Officers searched the area for additional remains but found nothing. According to scientists at the forensic laboratory in Wichita, the penis belonged to a white male with dark pubic hair and had been removed two and a half to four days before it was found. Although police denied reports of teeth marks on the mysterious penis, they planned to send photographs of the organ to a dentist for examination. *Emporia Gazette* (contributed by Bret R. Collier)

HUNDREDS OF ORIVESI, Finland, residents became ill when vandals used pantyhose to block sewers in the town. The blockage caused the sewers to overflow, contaminating pipes

Notice: Please Pay in Advance



Margaret von Blesen

sas, he delayed reporting the matter to the police because he feared an investigation would interfere with his planned squirrel hunt. Sheriff Andy Lee commented, "He said if he called before he went hunting it would mess up the woods, which I think is a very bad attitude." *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by David & Terri Ostovich)

A CLOGGED TOILET LED TO the arrest of Marcus Alan Sessi, a Wimmerton, Pennsylvania, bank teller who was under investigation for the disappearance of funds from a night-deposit bag he had handled. When a plumber dismantled the malfunctioning toilet, police

said she told Frank, "I don't think you understand the gravity of the situation."

"I guess not," he reportedly replied. "Do you want to take a Jacuzzi?" (contributed by Justin Meadows)

WHEN A MAN WEARING A black Ninja warrior suit entered the home of a Denver resident, the man attempted to avoid provoking the intruder by striking up a conversation and offering him a cup of coffee. The Ninja declined all beverages before fleeing. *Rocky Mountain News* (contributed by Linda Conway)

RESPONDING TO A REPORT of cow heads on I-95 near

and the water table. According to a local official, "It looked like someone had deliberately stuffed a whole year's supply of tights into the pipes." *Pittsburgh Press* (contributed by Tom Spartis)

♣
FIREFIGHTERS AND SHERIFF'S officers joined the search for Roy Lockman, eighty-four, of Spartanburg, North Carolina, when his wife reported he had been missing for nine hours and her calls to friends and relatives had failed to locate him. Lockman was found twelve hours later hanging upside down in a neighbor's apple tree. He had climbed to the top of the tree and lost his balance, wedging his right ankle in some tree branches in the process. He remained in this position throughout the night. According to Mrs. Lockman, her husband's head was "swollen real bad" and his right ankle was also "hurt pretty bad." (North Carolina) *State* (contributed by Michael Pollack)

♣
RETIRED WELDER LUIS Torres of Oakland, California, won top honors in the *Oakland Tribune's* "How Cheap Are You?" contest for his habit of separating two-ply bathroom-tissue sheets to save money. "It's no trouble at all; it just takes a little practice," the frugal man commented. "I'm not embarrassed at all." *Milwaukee Journal* (contributed by Greg Wenzel)

♣
AFTER A TWENTY-FOUR-year-old Dallas man, Tracy Jan Jones, held up several adult bookstores, he shot himself in the genitals while attempting a similar armed robbery. The gun he had jammed into the waistband of his pants discharged and grazed the base of his penis as Jones fled the scene.

The following day, Jones returned to the store and repeated the attempted holdup, this time walking on crutches and wearing a bandage around his left leg. He was arrested by police shortly afterwards. *Dallas Times Herald* (contributed by Rick Hamlin)

♣
AFTER THE COUNTY BOARD of supervisors balked, Nassau Community College in Hempstead, New York, re-

vamped the school's sexuality course. The class will no longer visit gay bars, interview prostitutes, and take bubble baths and masturbate as homework assignments. Also dropped from the syllabus are eighty slides of male and female genitalia, but an explicit film on intercourse has been retained. Bob Allen, a college spokesman, called the controversy "a communications failure." *AP* (contributed by Len & Francine Hall)

♣
A WOODEN-RABBIT LAWN ornament taken from the home of Harry and Louise West of Reisterstown, Maryland, was returned anonymously to the couple one year later, along with forty-eight photos taken of the rabbit in locations such as Reno, the Virgin Islands, New York City, Philadelphia, and Atlantic City. Other photos showed the hare at Disney World and the Wright Brothers Museum; one especially notable shot showed Baltimore mayor Kurt L. Schmoke holding the bunny in his right hand.

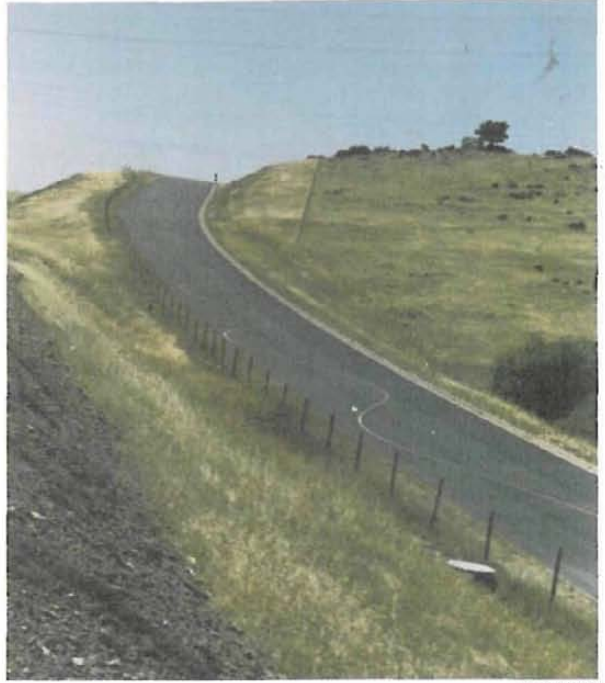
According to the Associated Press, the prank resembled a similar treatment accorded a year ago to Grumpy, an eighty-pound lawn dwarf that was part of a group of seven in front of a home in *Saugerties*, New York. That lawn ornament was returned one month later with thirty-five photos, including photographs showing him in Yankee Stadium, Colorado, Texas, and the Carolinas. *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* (contributed by Barry Green)

♣
A STRAWBRIDGE, VIRGINIA, resident, Steve Holcomb, kept his dog confined to a garage and sifted through seven days of dog waste after his fiancée, Sheryl Pryor, lost her engagement ring. Pryor had left the ring on a coffee table and the next morning it was gone. Veterinarian's X-rays confirmed that the couple's seven-month-old pet had swallowed the ring.

When the ring did not appear after a week, a new set of X-rays was ordered. This time the ring did not show up on the X-rays. *Virginian-Pilot/Ledger-Star* (contributed by David L. Livingston)

♣
EUGENE HARRIS, A HOME-

Abstract Expressionism at the D.P.W.



R. B. Welch

less man, denied he was stealing from people when he charged patrons of the Philadelphia Museum of Art three to five dollars to park in the museum's free lot. Said Harris: "Look, nothing's free in Philadelphia. This isn't like theft or anything. I can make three hundred dollars on a good day."

Police have been frustrated in their attempts to arrest the twenty-seven-year-old man because no one will press charges. Officers explained that people seem to expect to be charged to park their car. *Montreal Daily News* (contributed by Michael Sauro)

♣
LAWRENCE R. KUNERT pleaded innocent after he was arrested leaving the Chippewa Valley High School girls' locker room with one student's bra. The victim reported to police that Kunert was dressed in panties, nylons, and a garter belt at the time.

The man was chased by a gym teacher while students wrote down the license-plate number of Kunert's truck. *Detroit Free Press* (contributed by Jason Averitt)

THIRTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD Dayna Roberts accidentally burned down the Strongsville, Ohio, complex of four storefront businesses and six apartments where she lived.

According to Sergeant Mark Stepanovich of the Strongsville police, Roberts had spent the previous night arguing with her boyfriend.

"Roberts told us she was angry after he had left, and began throwing items out of her refrigerator," Stepanovich said. "She said she was still mad after that and thought she'd get even with him."

"Roberts said she then took seven pairs of her boyfriend's trousers and put them in a bathtub. She got the fire started by lighting them in the crotches with matches."

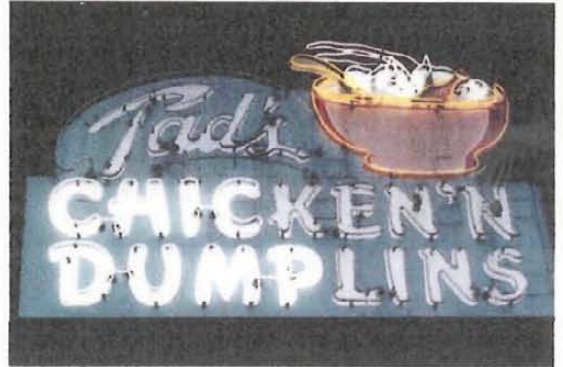
Roberts "checked several times to make sure the pants were burning," reported the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, then forgot about the bathtub blaze, which burned out of control. (contributed by Bruce Uhland)

♣
A SPOKESMAN FOR THE LOS Angeles County coroner reported that a student employee had been driving a van from

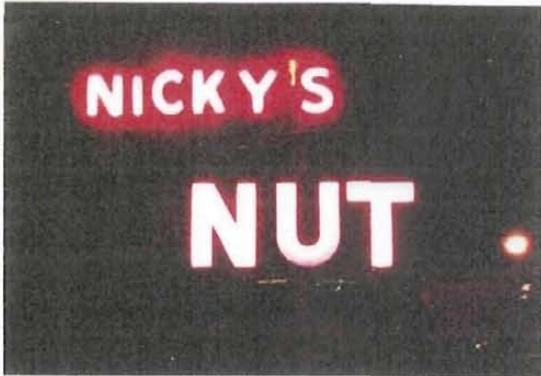
MISSING LETTERS, NEON DIVISION



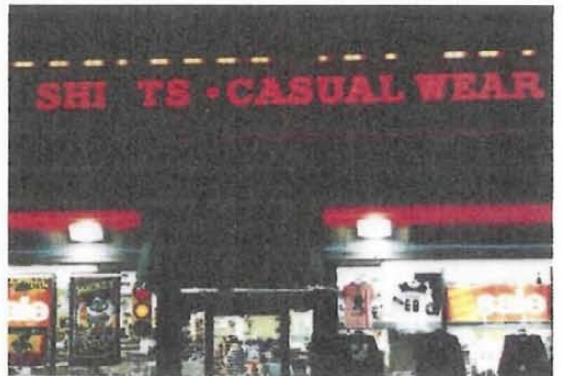
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Helen Sevcik



D. Guild



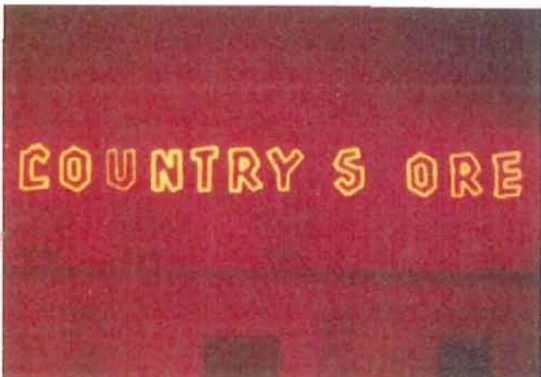
Scott Fleming



Ed Hurdle



Kevin Chambers



Terry R. Blumi



Tom Swick

which a body fell onto a freeway. The body, which was not missed until the van arrived at headquarters, was hit at least once by a passing car. *Los Angeles Daily News* (contributed by Massimo Antonini)

FROM A SMITHSONIAN magazine article about toy marketing:

"Barbie herself must at all times appear chaste. To make sure, designers avail themselves of an instrument known as the Barbie Exposure Gauge, which keeps tabs on her bust and bottom. This is a headless Barbie doll with blue ink covering its anatomically incorrect chest and a blue line running across its *derriere*. 'If any blue is exposed when Barbie sits down, or when you look down her blouse, or when she undergoes the twist test'—Clark grabs Barbie in both hands and twists her like a pepper mill—'then that costume is unacceptable.'" (contributed by Marc House)

THE VINDICATOR OF Youngstown, Ohio, reported on renovations planned for Reilly Stadium in Salem, Ohio, where John F. Kennedy once spoke. Though plans call for renovating stadium rest rooms, one official "wanted people to know the urinal once used by President Kennedy will remain." (contributed by Cathie McCullough)

PATRICK WITTMAN FIRST lost his nose in a 1988 shotgun attack. Doctors were able to reattach the nose, which remained on Wittman's face until another, more recent incident. Wittman was asleep in a chair

Whistle If It's a Gale



Contributor Toby Walsh describes this as "my windsock at my fire lookout in northern British Columbia."

in his Toledo apartment at the time.

"He told police he was awakened by an unknown assailant who punched his rebuilt nose," reported the *Toledo Blade*, "knocking it off his face."

A spokesman for St. Vincent Medical Center refused to release details of Wittman's most recent nose treatments. (contributed by Larry V. DiLabbio)

THIS ITEM APPEARED IN the *Wichita Eagle*:

"A twenty-year-old woman reported that she was kid-

napped outside her workplace, driven to Towne East and Towne West, and forced to shop for more than five hours Wednesday," said Captain Jack Leon.

"The woman said a man picked her up outside on the 1200 block of East Waterman at about 2:00 P.M. He dropped her off at 7:30 P.M. about a block from her house, keeping her white-and-tan-purse. The woman says she knows her abductor.

"Leon said no weapons were used. He did not know what the woman bought or whether she

was allowed to keep it." (contributed by Jack Lee)

CHARGED WITH MURDERING his father and trying to kill his mother with a baseball bat, twenty-nine-year-old James Robert Curtis of Romulus, Michigan, told Judge William Szlinis "that his mother sometimes has to be hit on the head with a hammer to relieve pressure on her brain." *Detroit News* (contributed by J. Gunther)

THIS ENIGMATIC ITEM APPEARED in the *Las Vegas Sun*:

"A Las Vegas man said someone has been leaving messages on his answering machine that he had better stop advertising for work in the newspaper or they were going to shoot him 'like a dog.'

"The man said he believes that the person leaving the message is a woman who offered him a job but wasn't willing to pay him what he was asking.

"He didn't specify what kind of work he does." (contributed by Herm Albright)

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD Antwan Robinson and his sixteen-year-old brother planned to kidnap a drug dealer for ransom, but raided the wrong house in Carol City, Florida. Rather than leave empty-handed, the boys grabbed an eighteen-year-old girl, traded shots with her dad, made a dashing getaway, and then called the whole thing off because they had to be home by 10:00 P.M., police said. *Washington Post* (contributed by Mark Crossen)



Rich Cardillo

CURIOUS COMBOS



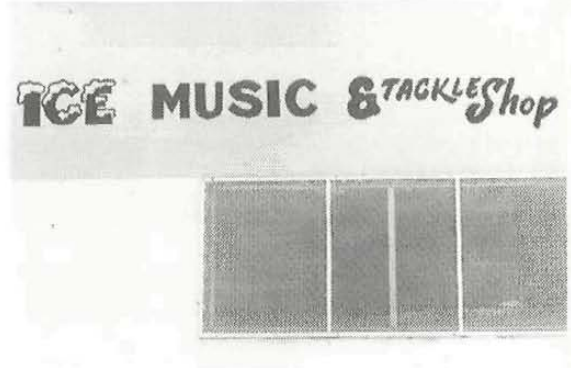
Steven L. Longino



David Deeds



Herm Albright



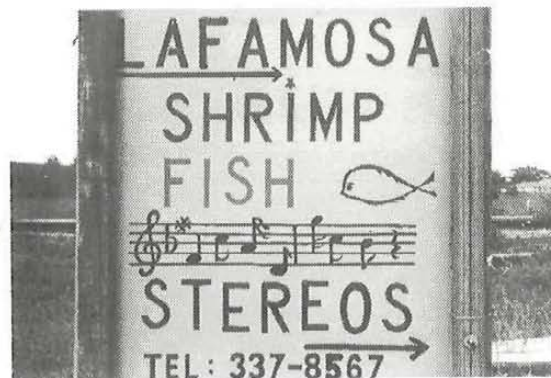
Keith Benkery



Stu Raben



Brian Clarke

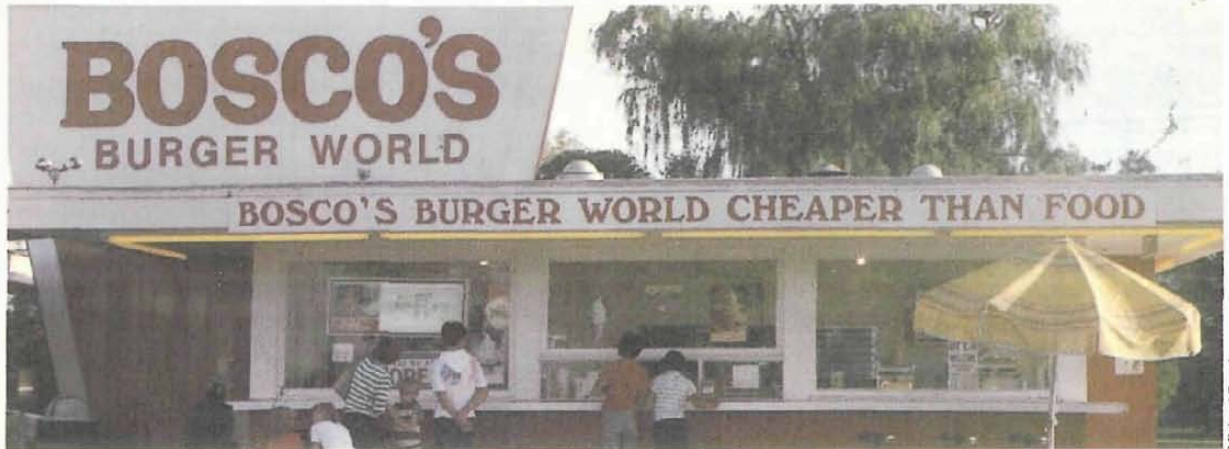


Jim Kavalier



Allston James

Alternative Nourishment



Michael Reed

ACCORDING TO THE *Chicago Tribune*, Robert Walters, "halfway through a twenty-four-year sentence for robbery, was allowed out of Collins Bay Penitentiary near Kingston [Ontario]... on a 'resocialization program' on condition his guard kept him in sight at all times."

During the six-hour parole, guard Alexander Key did in fact keep Walters in sight while the two "resocialized" by drinking together.

"Police said the two became drunk in a bar and Walters popped across the street to rob the bank."

Walters was charged with bank robbery and Key with "impaired driving." (contributed by Bill King)

FROM THE *SAN FRANCISCO Chronicle*:

"Exiled Soviet cellist Mstislav Rostropovich won a partial victory in a Paris court Wednesday after he complained that one of his concert recordings had been mixed with the sounds of urination and lovemaking for a new film.

"The court ordered Polish film director Andrzej Zulawski to insert a note at the beginning of his new film, *Boris Godunov*, expressing the cellist's displeasure." (contributed by Brian Miller)

THE MAROOCHY SHIRE Council in Australia was asked to enact a code to control tattoo parlors. Social worker Gerry Gordon urged the council to protect "drunks from hav-

ing naked ladies tattooed on their foreheads."

Tattoo parlors should be banned from opening after 6:00 P.M., he said, adding that he had seen people in Brisbane with facial tattoos. (Brisbane) *Courier Mail* (contributed by Lori Lee Cash)

WHEN POLICE IN PORTSMOUTH, Rhode Island, arrested twenty-five-year-old Gregory Rosa for pilfering cash from soda-vending machines, Rosa attempted to make bail with four hundred dollars in change. (Memphis) *Commercial Appeal* (contributed by William L. Burnett)

THIS CORRECTION APPEARED in the *San Francisco Examiner*:

"The *Examiner* erred in the Seeing the Elephant section of its *Image* magazine Sunday, December 24. *Image* incorrectly reported that Emily

Nightingale's home was in the Tenderloin, that she lost her home in the October 17 earthquake, that she stayed in a Red Cross shelter after the quake, and that she is a Giants fan. In fact, Nightingale is a longtime Marina resident, stayed in a motel after the quake, and is now back in her home. Moreover, she is not a Giants fan." (contributed by Linda Neukrug)

RICK WAGNER, A SEVENTEEN-year veteran of the Los Angeles Police Department, stopped motorcyclist Daniel Martinez for speeding on the Harbor Freeway, but Martinez "calmly and deliberately started the engine of his motorcycle."

When Martinez began to pull away, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, Wagner had two choices. "I could pull him off the bike and get run over by traffic or hop on the back," he said.

Wagner hopped on the back of Martinez's bike, thinking, "This is intense."

"He got up to fifty miles per hour, weaving in and out of traffic, and I thought, 'Man, I'm on Mr. Toad's Wild Ride; this guy's a nut,'" said Wagner. "But I was yelling, 'Pull this [expletive] bike over, now!'"

But Martinez kept going until the heavy traffic forced him to slow down.

"I said it's now or never," said Wagner. "I jumped off and pulled him off with me."

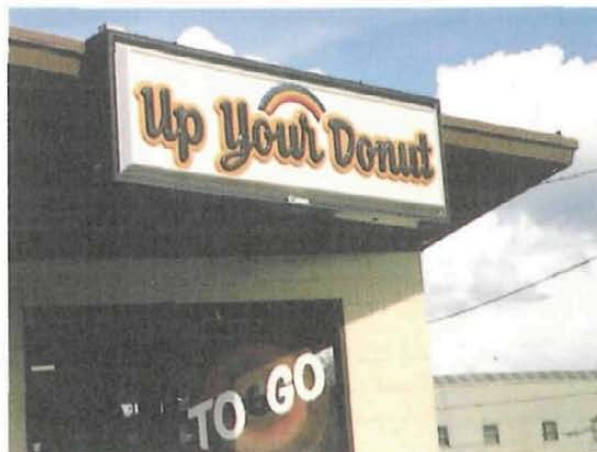
Martinez was charged with kidnapping.

"We booked him on kidnapping because he definitely took me from point A to point B against my will," said Wagner. "I didn't want to go for that ride." (contributed by David & Terri Ostovich)

SOME 250 ZOOKEEPERS from the United States, Canada, Australia, and Great Britain competed to identify thirty different kinds of animal droppings in a contest at the Burnet Park Zoo in Syracuse, New York. The contest was won by Tom Hill of the Minnesota Zoo in Minneapolis, who "correctly identified twenty-seven of thirty fecal samples, more than any other zookeeper."

Contest rules prohibited "smelling, feeling, or tasting of the droppings, which were placed in plastic bags."

For his efforts, Hill won a bottle of New York State wine. *Syracuse Herald-Journal* (contributed by Mark Ogden)



Scott Younker

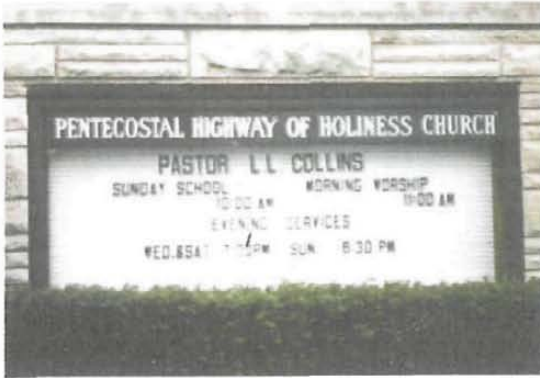
LET'S GO TO CHURCH



Russell Shurmaker



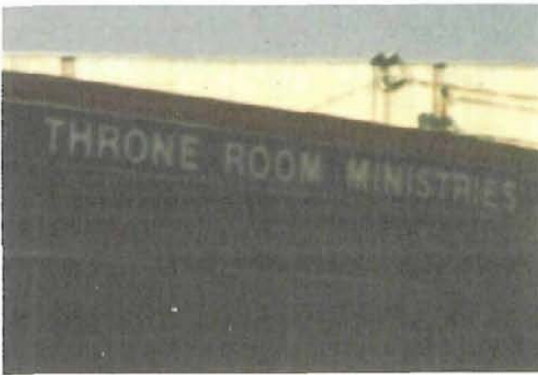
Kelli Lawthor



Tom Hagins



Kern Design



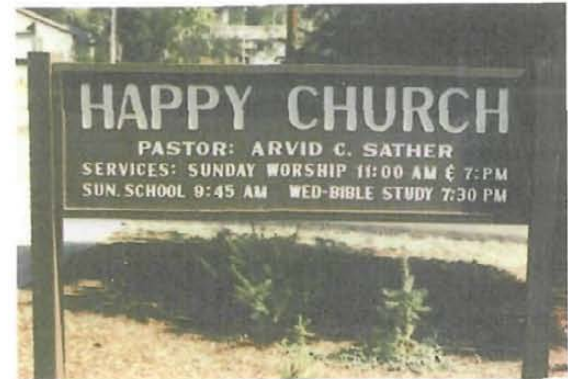
Paddy O'Leary



Moule Gisborne



Charles Shannon



Doug Rough

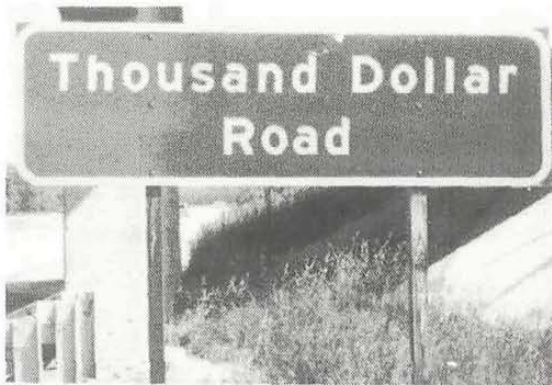
OFF THE INTERSTATE



Tom Waltimo



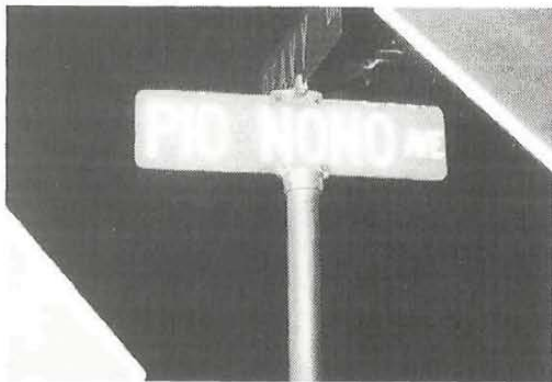
Kent Dundee



R. J. Swanson



Lori McIntosh



Ava Agoston



Michael Frank



Casey Quigley



Jim Muellertelle

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

MAGAZINES \$5.00 EACH

- 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 Beales
- NOVEMBER 1977 / Lifestyles
- DECEMBER 1977 / Christmas in December
- JANUARY 1978 / The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978 / Spring Fascism in Preview
- MARCH 1978 / Crime and Punishment
- APRIL 1978 / Spring Cleaning
- MAY 1978 / Families
- JUNE 1978 / The Wild West
- JULY 1978 / 100th Anniversary
- AUGUST 1978 / Today's Teens
- SEPTEMBER 1978 / Style
- OCTOBER 1978 / Entertainment

\$4.00 EACH

- APRIL 1979 / April Fool
- MAY 1979 / International Terrorism
- AUGUST 1979 / Summer Vacation
- OCTOBER 1979 / Comedy
- DECEMBER 1979 / Success
- FEBRUARY 1980 / Tenth Anniversary
- MARCH 1980 / March Miscellany
- APRIL 1980 / Vengeance
- MAY 1980 / Sex Roles
- JUNE 1980 / Fresh Air
- JULY 1980 / Slime, Swill, and Politics
- AUGUST 1980 / Anxiety
- SEPTEMBER 1980 / The Past
- OCTOBER 1980 / Aggression
- NOVEMBER 1980 / Potpourri
- DECEMBER 1980 / Fun Takes a Holiday
- FEBRUARY 1981 / Sin

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

\$3.00 EACH

- JANUARY 1984 / Time Parody Issue
- FEBRUARY 1984 / All-Comics Issue
- MARCH 1984 / The Sixties' Greatest Hits
- APRIL 1984 / You Can Parody Anything
- MAY 1984 / Baseball Preview
- JUNE 1984 / This Summer's Movies
- JULY 1984 / Special Summer Fun
- AUGUST 1984 / Unofficial Olympics Guide
- SEPTEMBER 1984 / Fall Fashions
- OCTOBER 1984 / Just Good Stuff
- NOVEMBER 1984 / The Accidental Issue
- DECEMBER 1984 / The Last of the old N.L.
- 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
- APRIL 1990 / Spring Break '90
- JUNE 1990 / Special Lust Issue

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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 \$3.00 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.

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FROM THE PHILADELPHIA Inquirer:

"Two robbers walked into a record store in Grosse Pointe Park, Michigan. One shouted, 'Nobody move!'

"His partner moved.

"The gunman shot his partner in the head." (contributed by M. L. Schreiber)

JUSTICE SANDRA DAY O'Connor reportedly shakes her head "involuntarily from the bench in an up-and-down motion, like someone expressing affirmation."

Lawyers first noticed O'Connor's head shaking during 1985 court sessions. Some say it has become more pronounced.

"She has never had it diagnosed," said a court spokesperson. *New York Times* (contributed by Thomas D'Eleito)

SOMRIT LAWTER OF MESquite, Texas, was arrested after allegedly trying to run down two Eastfield College security guards with her van. The guards wanted to question Lawter, who had just left a suspicious-looking package at an administrative office.

According to the *Dallas Times Herald*, "Guards shot out three tires of the van, but she continued driving until Mesquite police officers who had joined the chase ran the van off the road. Lawter, who had been grazed by shots fired by police, was dressed in homemade armor, including an apron lined with metal hinges and a plastic bucket over her head." (contributed by Paul T. Perdue)

SANDRA TAYLOR "WAS SITTING in her 1979 Pontiac Grand Prix at 1:20 A.M. when a man opened her car door and struck her with a stick. The man stole her purse and sixty-five dollars and fled.

"While she was reporting the theft to police over a nearby pay telephone, another man got out of a taxicab and walked up to her. The man took the woman's keys and stole her car." *Arkansas Gazette* (contributed by John Gillette)

THIS LETTER APPEARED IN Ann Landers's syndicated column:

Squeezing the Caped Crusader



Richard Deight

"Dear Ann Landers: After reading your recent column on how bondage enhances people's sex lives, I knew I had to share this true story.

"It seems a couple sitting on their back porch enjoying a lovely summer evening were startled by bloodcurdling screams for help coming from their neighbors' home.

"After dialing 911 and arming themselves with a baseball bat, the couple proceeded to their neighbors' house to assist in any way they could. As luck would have it, the front door was unlocked, so they walked right in. They followed the frantic calls for help to an upstairs bedroom, where they found the neighbor lady stark-naked and tied hand and foot to her bed. On the floor lay her husband, unconscious, wearing a Batman cape and mask.

"It became apparent that the couple was into both bondage and fantasies. Mr. Batman had attempted to leap from the dresser onto the bed. In the process, he bumped his head on the ceiling fan and went out like a light.

"The couple untied Mrs. Batman, revived Mr. Batman, and took him to the hospital, where he was treated for a superficial head injury and released.

"This little episode certainly gives new meaning to the term 'safe sex.'—A Minnesota

Reader." (contributed by Justin Meadows)

A SHOPPER AT TOPS SUPERmarket in Henrietta, New York, told deputies she noticed a blue station wagon with Virginia plates and an open rear door parked next to her car.

"As she passed the car," reported the *Henrietta Post*, "she saw a young man, about five feet ten, 175 pounds, with brown hair, lying in the back-seat naked.

"He was wearing a pair of women's sneakers and had about twenty other pairs of women's sneakers tied to his body and a single sneaker in his mouth. He appeared to have his hands tied behind his back. The woman took the sneaker out of his mouth, and he said, 'I see you like L.A. Gear sneakers also. I have a problem.'

"The woman called 911. The problem is being investigated." (contributed by Peter Schott)

IN LIBERTY, NEW YORK, TWO robbers trying to make a getaway mistakenly called the police instead of a cab company.

"We don't know how or why they called the Liberty Police Department unless they knew they were being chased by police and dialed it subconsciously," said Chief Edward Eisely.

"The only other time I can

think of something like this happening was a few years ago in New York City when these guys tried to rob a bank during FBI payday," Eisely said. "They asked the teller for money and they heard about fifteen guns clicking behind them." *Delaware County Daily Times* (contributed by Joel Romaine)

IN JERUSALEM, MOHAMMED Shahada, who gave his name as Shadi Wolfson, was arrested for impersonating a Jew on an Israeli dating game show, *That's All There Is*. According to the *Palm Beach Post*, Shahada was one of three hidden male contestants interviewed by a single woman for a date.

Smador Noga, a Tel Aviv disc jockey who interviewed Shahada on the show, said, "I was shocked when I heard he was an Arab."

The *Post* failed to note whether or not Shahada won the date. (contributed by A. Bsales)

A SLOT MACHINE IN AN Anchorage, Alaska, laundromat, fixed not to pay off no matter what, is legal as far as the authorities are concerned. Customers complained it was a rip-off, but "authorities say the no-payoff feature is what makes the machine legal. If customers could win jackpots, that would make the machine a gambling device, which is illegal in Alaska." *Juneau Empire* (contributed by Linda Pagano)

OFFICIALS IN GROSSE Pointe Woods argued over a 1990 calendar issued by the town containing what some charged was an offensive poem.

"I'm sorry it got in there," said City Administrator Chester Petersen. "It's not up to the standards of the community."

Councilwoman Jean Rice, who produced the calendar, disagreed. "As I understand it, it's a historical tidbit."

The flap revolved around this little Thanksgiving rhyme:

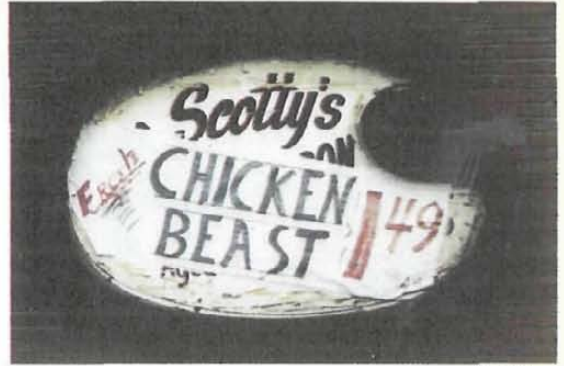
Yes ma'm, no ma'm,
Thank you ma'm, please.
Open up the turkey's butt
and fork out the peas.

Detroit Free Press (contributed by Beth Schmalenberg)

SWELL SPELLING



R. J. Swanson



Mike Rudinger



Paul Nino



Daniel Santolini



Larry Brautigam



Kathy Hermes



Ruth Schneider

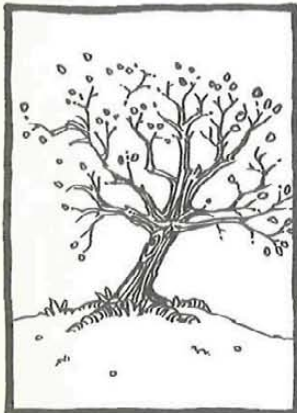


N. Leed

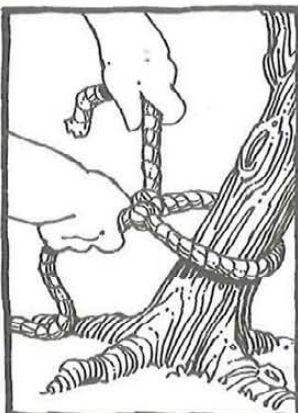
A SHRUB'S REVENGE

RICK GEARY
©90

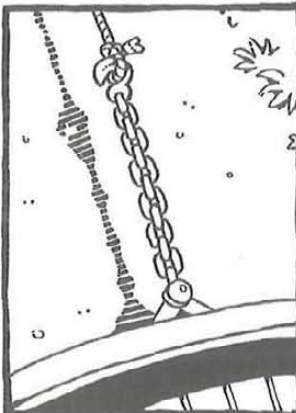
Contributed by Larry Betzel



AN AESTHETICALLY UNPLEASING SHRUB REFUSED TO BE UPROOTED.



MR. K., THE FRUSTRATED PROPERTY OWNER, AT LAST TIED A ROPE AROUND IT...



AND HOOKED THE ROPE TO A CHAIN ATTACHED TO HIS NEW FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE PICKUP.



WHEN HE STEPPED ON THE GAS, THE ROPE BROKE...



SENDING THE CHAIN AND HOOK THRU THE TRUCK'S BACK WINDOW, KNOCKING HIM UNCONSCIOUS.



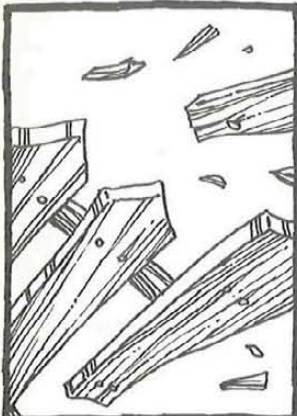
HIS FOOT STILL ON THE GAS, THE TRUCK CAREENED ACROSS THE STREET...



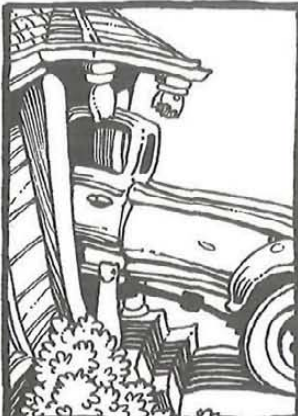
AND KNOCKED A CORNER FROM A NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE.



THE NEIGHBOR, A MRS. R., WAS NEARLY FLATTENED AS SHE MADE HER BED.



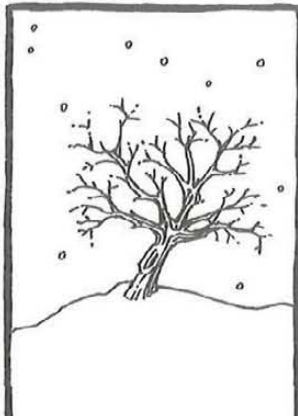
THE TRUCK SAILED THRU TWO MORE FENCES...



BEFORE COMING TO REST IN ANOTHER NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE.



"YOU FEEL STUPID ABOUT THE WAY IT HAPPENED," SAID MR. K. FROM HIS HOSPITAL BED.



THE SHRUB STILL STANDS!

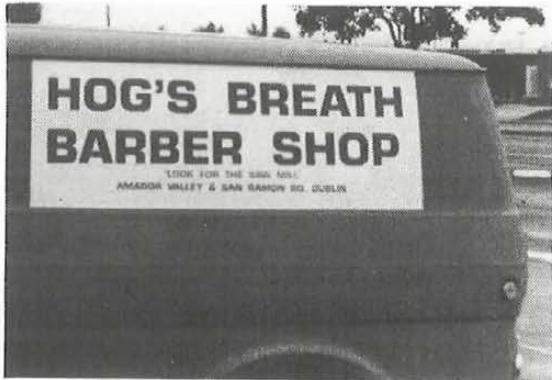
HAIR BUSINESS



DeSoto Brown



Gina Meyer



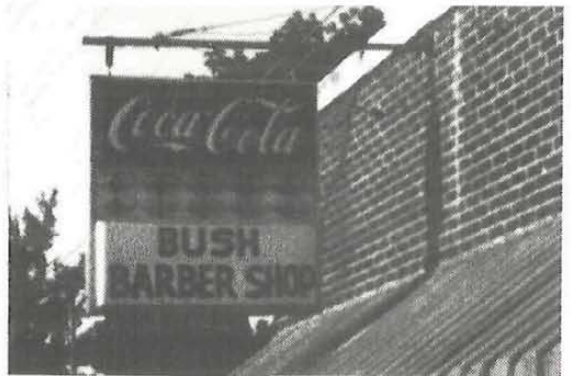
Steve Voetsch



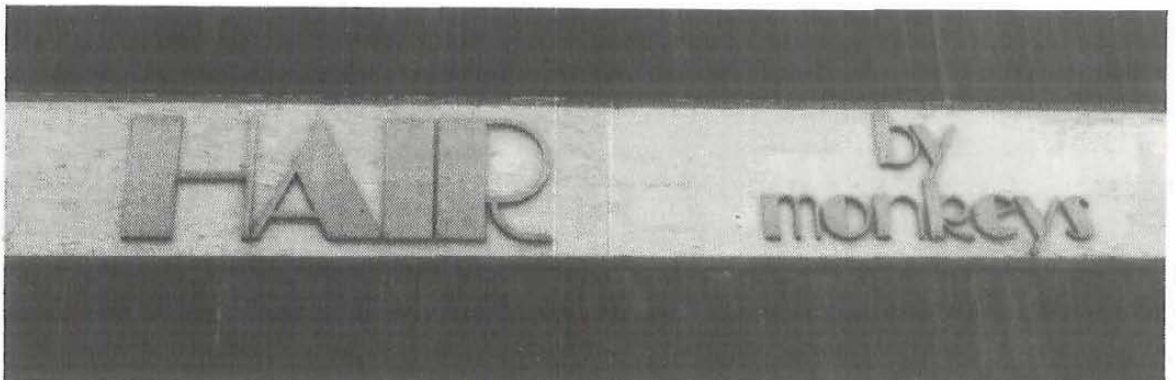
Michael DiMilo



David Burd



Rick Maness



Paul Cate

Not Even Performing Seals



Lisa Brandt

♣
CREATIVE AGGRESSION, A book by Drs. George R. Bach and Herb Goldberg, contains a chapter called "How to Live Constructively with Aggression."

Under the heading "Farting," the doctors advise: "Figuratively speaking, farts should be listened to. They are often very meaningful messages to oneself as well as to others. Ask yourself if you have a tendency to fart only in front of certain people or in certain places. If the answer is 'Yes,' there's a good chance that the fart contains a message of repressed aggression. If nothing else, do not flee in embarrassment. Rather, accept the possibility that you are holding back negative feelings that are covering your true emotional responses and see if there isn't a direct and constructive way of giving off the same message instead." (contributed by James Graham)

♣
IN WOODSTOCK, NEW York, a town judge dropped charges against Richard "Luke" Clementis, fifty-two, a treasure hunter who drove cross-country with his dead friend on the toilet of a motor home. James Matteson, fifty-nine, had a fatal heart attack while using the bathroom during the pair's trip to Oklahoma to prospect for gold.

According to Police Chief John Salters, "[Clementis] left him right on the toilet, propped him up a little bit, and headed home. . . . He didn't want to get tied up with the Oklahoma authorities.

"You gotta know Luke. He's a harmless guy. Woodstock is Woodstock, we have a ton of these people around here." (Kankakee, Illinois) *Daily Journal* (contributed by Dennis Smith)

♣
ACCORDING TO THE HOUSTON Chronicle, Susanne Henderson offhandedly answered a ringing pay phone at a Waco, Texas, shopping mall.

"Hello, Mrs. Henderson?" a voice asked.

Henderson looked around to see if she was on *Totally Hidden Video* or *Candid Camera*. On the line was the man who tends her yard, calling with a question about the garden. The mall pay phone, it turned out, had almost the same number as her phone at home.

"It was a question of dialing the wrong number and getting the right person," said Henderson. "I was speechless." (contributed by Christopher Foster)

♣
THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON's Theta Xi fraternity chapter was ousted from the Interfraternity Council by a campus judicial committee as a result of an initiation-week

incident.

Seattle police, acting on a complaint, visited the off-campus house of Theta Xi, where they found two stolen sheep. They also found "members and pledges dressed in their underwear, with white grease on their hands and peanut butter and other substances on their bodies."

According to the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, "The police report said the two female sheep were 'overheated and agitated,' but unharmed." (contributed by Anthony Semanik)

♣
THE PITTSBURGH POST-Gazette requested a police stakeout of downtown newspaper boxes, claiming that some 1,500 papers per week were stolen from downtown boxes.

In response, Pittsburgh detectives "staked out a newspaper box and nabbed three people for taking more copies than they paid for.

"Pedestrians stared and a *Post-Gazette* reporter took notes while detectives read the three their rights. Photos of the three were published . . . with captions such as 'Had two papers' and '4 *Post-Gazettes*, 4 *USA Today's*.'" *Hemet* (California) *News* (contributed by Gene Candelaria)

♣
UNKNOWN PERPETRATORS in Westminster, Colorado, have been deflating police anti-speeding efforts by sprinkling highway-patrol officers' favorite off-road hiding spots with roofing nails. According to Westminster police, more than forty tires on patrol cars and motorcycles have been flattened. *Rocky Mountain News* (contributed by Bob Zelenak)

♣
RECYCLED PAPER PRODUCTS of Chicago was cited for one of the Golden Pit Awards, given by a coalition of sixty-six ethnic groups to those who contribute to negative stereotyping, for a St. Patrick's Day card picturing a drunken bishop vomiting into a toilet. *Delaware County* (Pennsylvania) *Daily Times* (contributed by James Dopkin)

♣
CHICAGO SCHOOL-BUS driver Bobbette Collier reportedly got lost while attempting

to deliver a group of seven advanced students to their school and finally dropped them off at another, closed school. When the kids protested, Collier told them, "You're gifted, you figure out what to do." *Boston Globe* (contributed by Christopher Coon)

♣
EIGHT-YEAR-OLD HALEY Woodfin of Richmond, Virginia, removed a collector's can of Billy Beer from a display cabinet at home and took it to school. The girl wanted to use the beer, named after former president Carter's late good-ol'-boy brother, in her third-grade show and tell.

School officials, however, considered the unopened collector's item no different from any other alcoholic beverage and suspended the third-grader for three days. Authorities at Skipworth Elementary School said the suspension was consistent with their strict drug- and substance-abuse policy.

Haley also had to undergo counseling.

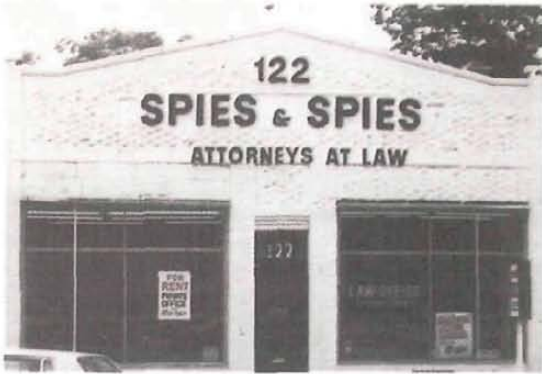
"In addition to the suspension," reported the *Newark Star-Ledger*, "police were notified that the girl was in illegal possession of an alcoholic beverage." (contributed by Norman Sandler)

Bad Place to Get a Flat



W. F. McAnnelly

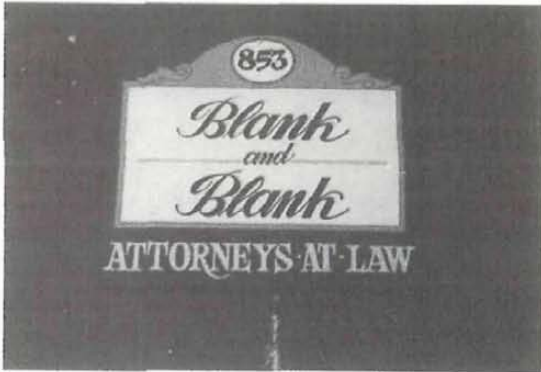
FAMILY LAW



Ben Fanton



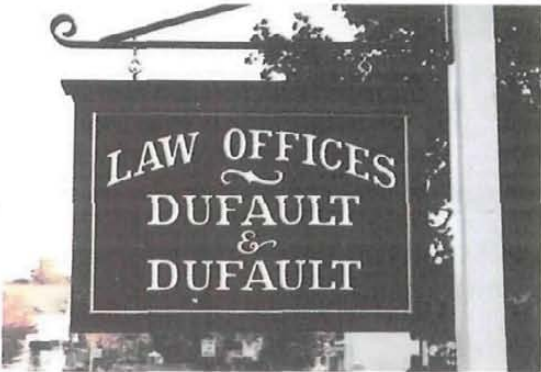
David Moskowitz



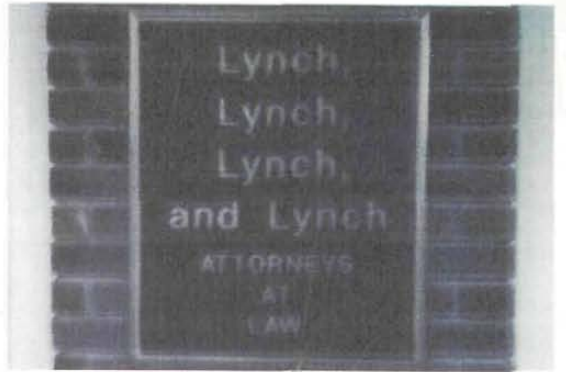
Larry Carter



Greg Swanson



Clinton Israel



Alfred Thigpen



Jack L. Eagle



Michael Paston

Authentic Bogus Headline

Fake Bogus passes suspected

At least two people are apparently circulating phony ski passes for Bogus Basin Recreation Area, according to the Boise County sheriff's office.

Boise County officials confirmed Saturday that they are investigating a case involving at least two suspects and an unknown quantity of phony passes.

They said no further information would be released until the 2-week-old investigation is completed.

Bogus Basin Marketing Director Jane Dechambeau said ski area personnel found some suspicious passes and turned them over to the sheriff's office for investigation.

Contributor T. Tiersch photographed this clipping from the *Idaho Journal* instead of photocopying it. Go figure.

TEXAS MONTHLY MAGAZINE reported that "the Austin Police Department and Travis County sheriff's officials apologized for arresting the wrong Sylvester Brown fourteen times." (contributed by Roger Maier)

STATE SENATOR JIM WEST, A Republican from Spokane, recently proposed a bill in the Washington State legislature to outlaw sex, including "heavy petting," for people under eighteen.

West, whose intention was to combat AIDS, refused to speak with reporters after a barrage of criticism. One constituent called and said he had two daughters and he didn't want them to go to jail. He asked lawmakers if they could amend the proposal so that heavy petting was okay.

During the same session, a proposal calling for regular drug testing of all legislators was endorsed by State Senator Bob McCaslin, also from Spokane, with the stipulation that intelligence tests not be required as well. *Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Gazette* (contributed by Bill Gold)

OFFICIALS IN GREEN BAY, Wisconsin, disciplined kindergarten student Cherish Stutts for telling other kids in her class that Santa Claus wasn't real. In response, Debra Stutts, Cherish's mother, withdrew the little girl from the school.

Cherish's teacher apparently took Cherish aside after "several crying classmates told her about Cherish's opinions." Cherish was warned not to say such things.

"Here students are all excited about St. Nicholas and

here is a little girl coming along and saying there is not a Santa Claus," said Principal Graydon Axtell, backing his teacher.

"I even believe in Santa, for crying out loud," he said. *New Haven (Connecticut) Register* (contributed by John J. Garzi)

ACCORDING TO THE *HOUSTON Chronicle*, livestock producers use various soaps and detergents to spiff up their sheep for competition. At Fort Worth's Ninety-fourth Southwestern Exposition and Livestock Show and Rodeo, for example, an informal survey turned up two containers each of Ivory and Palmolive dishwashing liquid and one container each of Dawn, Orvus, and Horseman's Dream Aloe Vera Conditioning Shampoo in the Sheep Barn washing area.

Backrub at the Summit



Jamie Flanagan

The big winner among sheep cleaners, though, was Woolite, used by at least eight sheep washers.

"It's designed for wool, and they're wool," said one sheep washer, who was blow-drying a lamb. (contributed by Christopher Foster)

VISITORS TO CALIFORNIA'S Yellowstone National Park have been given questionnaires to fill out, apparently to measure citizens' attitudes toward the "controlled burn policy."

"This policy allows naturally caused fires to burn themselves out if 1) the fire occurs in a natural area set aside by the government and 2) if the fire is not perceived to be threatening to private property," explained the survey questionnaire.

Answers were to be filled in on a sliding scale, with seven gradations from "Agree" to "Disagree" and from "Good" to "Bad."

Questions included these:

"Is destroying natural settings good or bad?"

"Is allowing fires to get out of control good or bad?"

"Is it good or bad when fires affect private property?"

"Is destroyed scenery good or bad?"

"Are threats to human life good or bad?" (contributed by Brian Miller)

IN RESPONSE TO PETITIONS by the family of Mexican hero General Alvaro Obregón, the government has agreed to cremate Obregón's right arm and hand, which have been preserved in a formaldehyde-filled, crystal urn since 1915. The limb and digits have been displayed for the past seventy-five years at the Obregón Monument in Mexico City, which commemorates the battle with Pancho Villa in which the arm was severed.

Although a date had been set for the cremation, it was suspended by national defense secretary Antonio Riviello Bazán pending the consent of all family members. Commented the monument's custodian, Ramón Ayar García, "People just come here to see the arm. If this wasn't here, many fewer would come, if any." *Charlotte Observer* (contributed by Eric S. Pfeiffer)

JOHN DEMOREST, JR., A twenty-eight-year-old man from White Bear Lake, Minnesota, walked to a nearby home when the Clover Club Bar closed and asked to use the telephone. Once inside, he claimed he had a gun, held the homeowners hostage, and called a cab to order an undisclosed amount of beer to be delivered to the private residence.

However, neighbors heard the commotion and called police. Deputies intercepted the delivery and directed the driver to leave the beer at the end of the driveway. When Demorest left the house to pick up the beer, the waiting officers tackled and arrested him. *White Bear Press* (contributed by Ruth Short)

FROM THE "POLICE BLOTTER" column of the *Valparaiso, Indiana, Post-Tribune*:

"Virginia Poor, a resident of the Elmwood Trailer Park, reported someone ransacked her bedroom, urinated on the wall and dresser, and left behind one extra egg in the refrigerator." (contributed by Rex Wier)

OTTO'S ORIGINAL OATBRAN Beer is the newest product marketed by Braumeisters Ltd., a Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania,

EAST MEETS WEST



Christopher M. Landrum



Mary Campbell



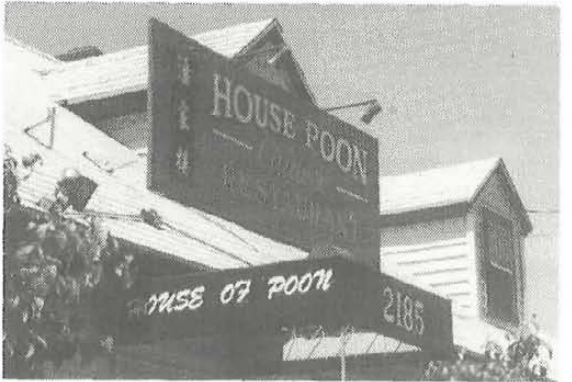
Christopher M. Landrum



Jim Johns



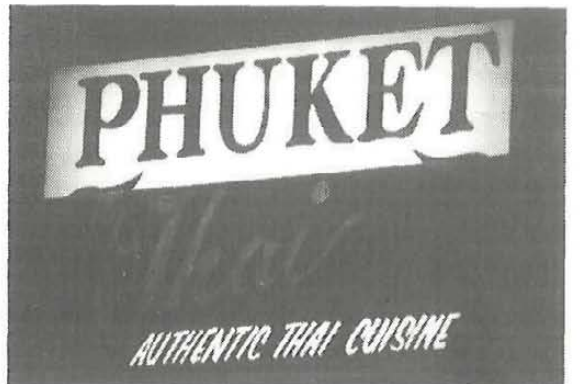
F. H. Welsh



Charles Genese

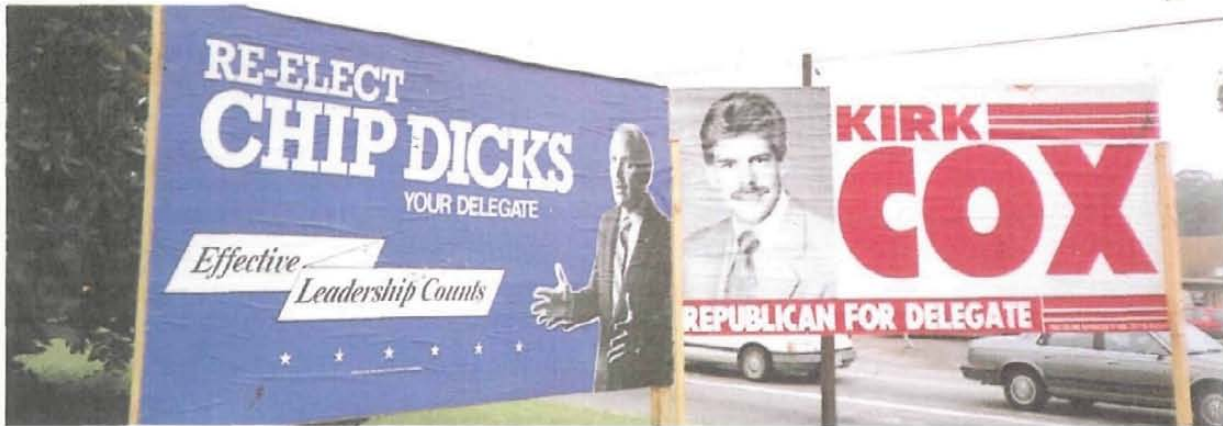


Robert Bell



Timothy C. Belt

A Rose by Any Other Name



Rob Culbertson

brewery headed by Joe Ortlieb. According to Ortlieb, who admitted to cashing in on the oat-bran craze, regular beer has no cholesterol, but "people don't know that."

Ortlieb suggested bartenders should hand customers a box of raisins with each bottle of the beer. "That way they can have raisins with the oat bran," he said. *Philadelphia Inquirer* (contributed by James J. Dopkin)

FROM MONTANA'S *BOZEMAN Daily Chronicle* "Police Reports" column:

"Disturbance Monday when a resident at an apartment in the first block of West Lamme Street complained about loud 'thumping' noise from the upstairs apartment. The police report said the upstairs occupants were contacted, and the 'thumping call was determined to be more humping in nature.'" (contributed by Dick Traynham)

NINE MEMBERS OF THE "Penises for Peace" antiwar movement in Canberra, Australia, were charged with offensive behavior after they demonstrated nude outside an international defense exhibition where fourteen nations were showing their military products.

According to police reports, the previous day four members of another group were arrested after throwing meatballs and paint bombs at Australian defense minister Kim Beazley, who attended the event. News

at Sea (contributed by Susan K. McKinney)

A LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, MAN was admitted to the hospital after police found him nude and lying unconscious underneath his second-floor balcony, twenty feet above. Four oranges and part of an apple were found under the injured person's body, leading one investigator to speculate that the man fell while trying to juggle the oranges with the apple in his mouth. *Lincoln Star* (contributed by Lloyd Lynch)

EIGHTY-FIVE FOOTBALL players from Holmdel High School in New Jersey underwent counseling and the varsity coach was put on probation after twenty team members were videotaped playing Twister naked at a summer training camp.

Loud, Libidinous Videos



Warren Couvillion Jr.

School Superintendent Timothy Brennan said he ordered the counseling to "help the children see what went wrong and to deal with any conflicts or anxieties they may be feeling about the matter." *Newsday* (contributed by Wendy Grimm)

THE SHERIFF IN ROBERTSON County, Tennessee, has finally put an end to a conduct problem posed by longtime County Commissioner Wendell Jones, sixty-five, of Whitehouse, Tennessee. Jones surrendered to police after a warrant charging him with indecent exposure was signed.

According to Sheriff Bill Norman, "It's been an ongoing thing. When I came into office three years ago, [Jones] was going full throttle."

Reported Deputy Mike Carlisle, "He supposedly stands

cut on his front porch in the mornings and 'flashes' women as they drive by his Pinson Lane home."

Jones, a farmer and home repairman, had represented his district for about twenty years. *Nashville Banner* (contributed by Danny Butler)

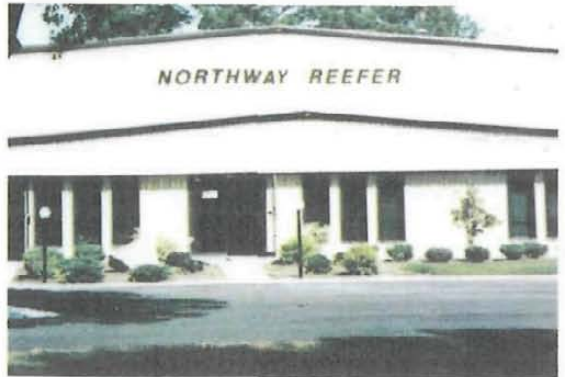
PEACHES ROSEMARIE McLean, a twenty-four-year-old Toronto woman, was charged with aggravated sexual assault after burning a forty-three-year-old man's genitals. The incident occurred after the man gave McLean a check for three hundred dollars to help her with her financial difficulties. She told him to go to her bedroom, removed his shorts, and applied a heated steam iron between his legs. When he jumped up and ran to the kitchen, he found a pot of oil bubbling on the stove, which McLean threatened to boil him in. (contributed by John E. Hughes)

AN INVESTIGATION INTO the death of F. Kingley Doody, eighty-one, at a Toronto tennis club turned up conflicting accounts of the insurance executive's demise. While some club members claimed that Doody fractured his pelvis, broke his ribs, and punctured his lung falling downstairs, others maintained he was attacked in the club's changing room by a thirty-year-old businessman after Doody urinated on the younger man's new tennis gear. *Toronto Star* (contributed by Stephen Weir)

JUST SAY NO



David S. Irvin



Dale Bennett



Jodi M. Dean



Jack Dakin



Jim Aviles



Michelle Hansen



Nathan H. Crow



Avery Frost

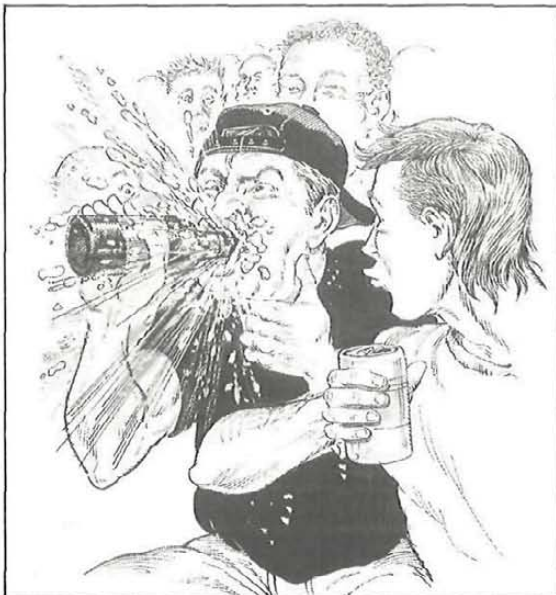
HOT FLASHES

ON A NORTHWEST AIRLINES FLIGHT FROM LAS VEGAS to Detroit, a flight attendant saw Nancy Geisenheimer, "apparently intoxicated, sitting among men away from her assigned seat on the plane." As the attendant tried to escort Geisenheimer back to her seat, Geisenheimer "used profanity and lifted her shirt to expose her breasts to the passengers in the cabin." When the copilot intervened, she allegedly bit him.

Geisenheimer was charged with assault. *Detroit Free Press* (contributed by Nancy Lightbody)



ACCORDING TO THE WALL STREET JOURNAL, "ELVIS sightings can now be collected and broadcast through use of a 900 telephone number." The Los Angeles-based system, created by Starbridge Communications, lets Elvis Presley fans record personal messages to the King. (contributed by Jeff Chutz)



A BOSTON MAN OPENED A BEER BOTTLE WITH HIS teeth while "watching a tense baseball game," but the force of the compressed gas in the bottle fired the cap down his throat, where it lodged in his esophagus. The bottle cap was removed surgically. *Arizona Republic* (contributed by John M. Andresen)

AT THE ONTARIO MINISTRY OF TRANSPORTATION IN Waterloo, an unnamed twenty-two-year-old woman drove through a traffic light during the test for her driver's license, then exhibited "other problems."

The driver examiner asked the woman to return to the office, but, according to the *Toronto Globe & Mail*, "the applicant began shouting threats, driving erratically, and speeding down the wrong side of the road. The examiner eventually stopped the car by turning off the ignition, but the applicant then punched her several times.

"When the examiner got out and started to walk to the office, the applicant tried to run her down in the parking lot, police said. The examiner took refuge between two parked cars and eventually made it to the office—followed by the applicant, who continued to shout and swear.

"When a supervisor intervened, the applicant threw a stapler at him. Finally, the would-be driver was escorted out of the office and police were called.

"She failed her test." (contributed by R. B. Graham)

Illustrated by B. K. Taylor

PROVISIONAL PARKING



Kurt Hagedorn



Joel Bourassa



Dr. & Mrs. Wayne V. Miller



Michael Frank



Chris Klieger



Jim Wright

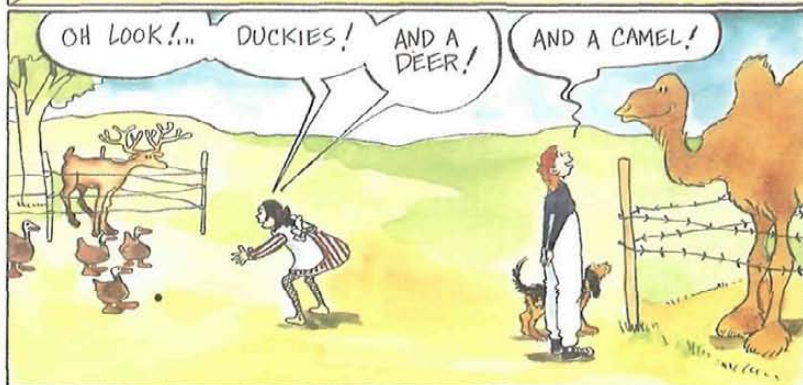


Brian Dompsey



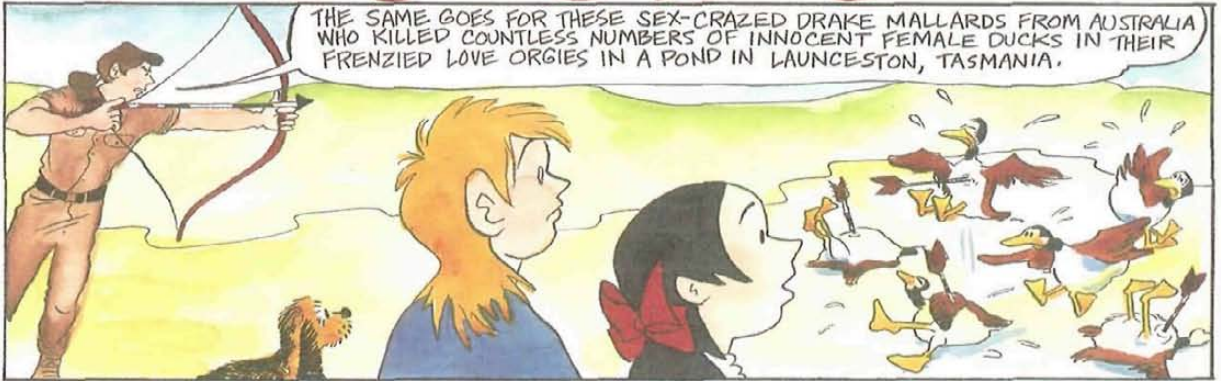
Gus McLeavy

Animal Rules



FACTS

BY
SHARY
FLENNIKEN



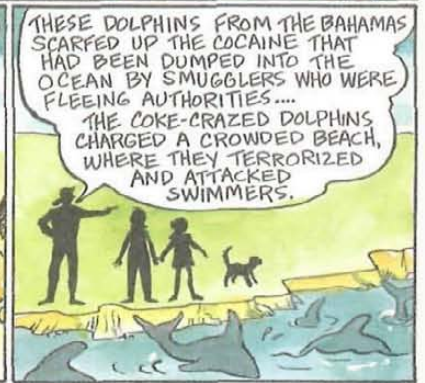
THE SAME GOES FOR THESE SEX-CRAZED DRAKE MALLARDS FROM AUSTRALIA WHO KILLED COUNTLESS NUMBERS OF INNOCENT FEMALE DUCKS IN THEIR FRENZIED LOVE ORGIES IN A POND IN LAUNCESTON, TASMANIA.



IN THE FLORIDA KEYS, THIS SEX-CRAZED TURTLE PINNED A FRIGHTENED SKIN DIVER TO THE OCEAN FLOOR AND ATTEMPTED TO RAPE HIM. THE TURTLE ALLEGEDLY SUCCEEDED IN NAILING ANOTHER DIVER, WHO ALSO HAPPENED TO BE WEARING PINK SWIM TRUNKS AT THE TIME OF THE ATTACK.



IT'S HARD TO KILL THESE GUYS.... I HAVE TO USE A LETHAL INJECTION.



THESE DOLPHINS FROM THE BAHAMAS SCARFED UP THE COCAINE THAT HAD BEEN DUMPED INTO THE OCEAN BY SMUGGLERS WHO WERE FLEEING AUTHORITIES.... THE COKE-CRAZED DOLPHINS CHARGED A CROWDED BEACH, WHERE THEY TERRORIZED AND ATTACKED SWIMMERS.



TAKE THIS, YOU LOWLIFES!



THIS GERMAN SHEPHERD'S OWNER FOUND IT AMUSING TO RUB COCAINE ON HIS DOGS NOSE AND WATCH HIM RUN AROUND IN CIRCLES... TILL THE DOG BECAME VIOLENT AND BIT HIM.



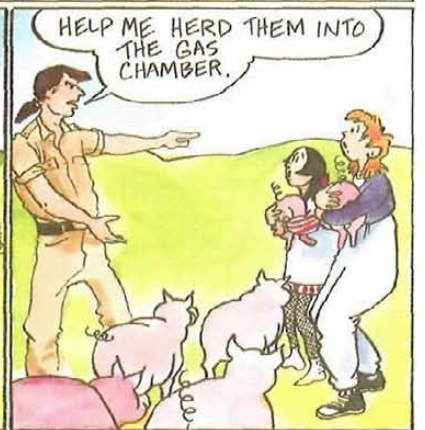
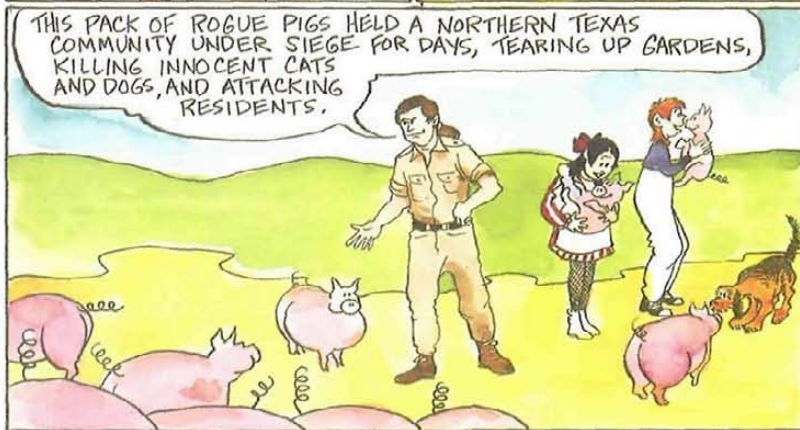
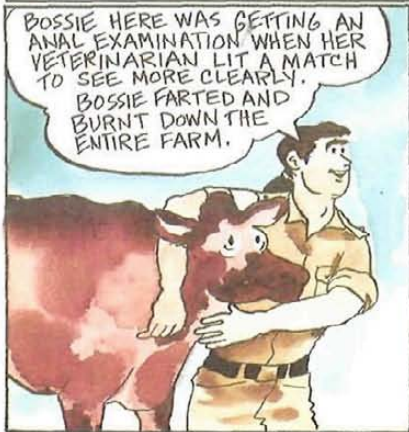
WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET THESE DRUG ADDICTS ROAM THE STREETS.



THIS AUSTRALIAN DOBERMAN PLAYFULLY BIT TWO FINGERS OFF THE HAND OF A PASSING JOGGER AND PROUDLY BROUGHT THEM HOME TO HIS MASTER.

Contributors: John Shields, Tim E. Unger, Pat Cusick, Steve Flenner.

Publications: Allanta Constitution, Oregonian, Eastern/Southeast Boating Newspaper, Korea Herald, Seattle Times, Weekly World News, Sun.

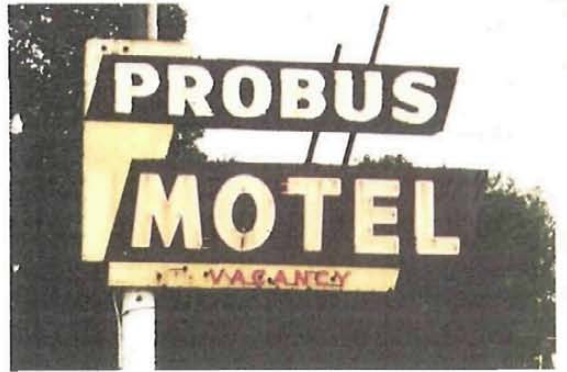


©90 SARY FLENNIKEN

MOTEL HELL



Richard Terrill



Scott Pritchett



Steve Hemnat



Keith Andrews



Elisabeth Hoffman



Jeffrey Brecker



Joe Patrick



Greg Lawrence

FOOD IN THE HANDS OF RASCALS

BRATT JONES, AN EIGHTEEN-year-old St. Louis man, was charged with first-degree murder after shooting his friend, who had thrown three hot dogs on the floor.

Jones had prepared the trio of weenies and was about to eat them when the victim entered the kitchen and shouted "Snatches!" to announce the start of a game in which the winner could do whatever he wanted with the other person's food. Before Jones could counter with "No Snatches!" and thereby rescue his snack, the victim threw the food on the floor and ran upstairs, just before Jones shot him three times with a rifle. *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (contributed by John G. McDonald)

JODI WILSON, FORMERLY OF Memphis and now living in Lynchburg, Virginia, filed suit in Memphis Circuit Court for \$100,000 in damages from the Sara Lee Corporation. Wilson said she became ill and could not look at packages of frozen foods for weeks after finding a condom in a package of "bacon ends and pieces."

Wilson discovered the prophylactic when she used a portion of the frozen product to prepare a meal of red beans. When she called Bryan Foods, a Sara Lee subsidiary, to complain, a company representative told her, "[It] was probably nothing more than a practical joke on behalf of a worker at the factory." (*Memphis Commercial Appeal*) (contributed by Carl T. Behr)

A LONDON MAN, ERNEST Coveley, wrapped a cucumber in a plastic bag and waved it like a sawed-off shotgun at various cashiers in several lending institutions. He successfully robbed them of more than \$18,000 before being caught and sentenced to seven years in jail. Coveley's defense attorney maintained the robber



Billy Cox

used a cucumber because it was the most innocuous weapon imaginable. *Medford Mail Tribune* (contributed by Valerie Palmer)

LESLIE MERRY, FIFTY-SIX, DIED in London after he was hit in the back by a turnip thrown from a passing car. Merry, who was knocked to the ground, broke a rib and ruptured his spleen.

Police theorized that the attack was carried out by the same gang that had previously injured a passerby in the stomach by hitting him with a cabbage. (York, Pennsylvania) *Daily Record* (contributed by Christopher Hiuner)

CHARLES (CHIP) OWEN, A member of the heavy-metal

rock band Popcycle Love Sponge, was arrested for killing a chicken onstage and performing sex acts with the carcass at the Phoenix Theater in Petaluma, California. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by James C. Smith)

WHEN SALINAS, CALIFORNIA, businessman Jack Booth was approached by panhandler James Morange, Booth denied Morange's request for a donation of spare change. In response, Morange reached into his pocket, pulled out a twelve-inch cucumber, and threatened to "place the cucumber in a very inappropriate place on Booth's person," according to Salinas police lieutenant Ray Jackson.



Henry C. Whelchel

When police approached the vegetable-waving suspect, he tried to eat the evidence. However, skillful police action saved a small piece of the vegetable, and Morange was booked into a Monterey County jail on suspicion of battery and panhandling. *Arizona Republic* (contributed by Lewis Herrera)

ON POSH MELROSE AVENUE in Beverly Hills, Brightons restaurant featured a dish called Lobster Zsa Zsa and Lobster Leona. The pair of shellfish were served bound together by tiny handcuffs.

Owner Frank Competelli revealed that he had purchased 150 pairs of the miniature metal restraints at an S&M shop on Hollywood Boulevard. "The owner didn't know what I was buying them for," remarked Competelli, "but he got very excited and said, 'Here, take my card!'" *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by David Bornstein)

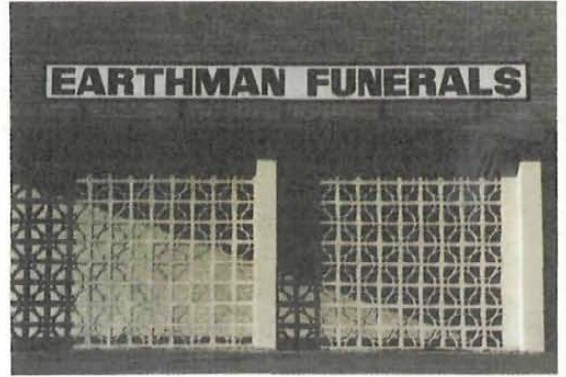
WHEN A FEMALE CLERK AT Sim's Quality Market in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, noticed a suspicious bulge in the front of a sixteen-year-old youth's pants, a male coworker investigated and found a container of cheese dip. According to police, the teenager had slipped a small tub of Frito-Lay's Jalapeño and Cheddar cheese dip into his pants when no one was looking. *Globe-Times* (contributed by David A. Banko)

IN BRUSSELS, GOVERNMENT ministers engaged in lengthy debate over tariff concessions for artichokes from Third World countries. Not until the argument went on for at least an hour did the officials discover that no developing country grows artichokes. (*London Times*) (contributed by Tim Manning)

THE LAST STOP



Russ Meyer



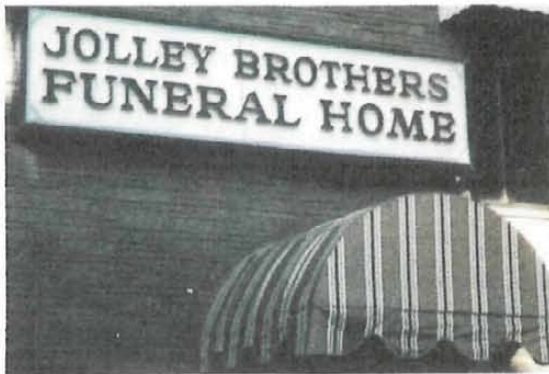
Ingrid Newkirk



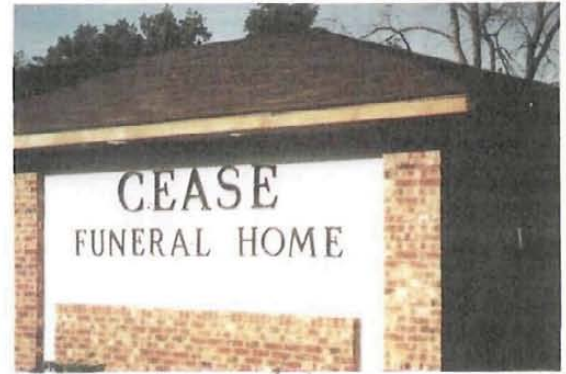
Rebecca Boron



Bob Strong



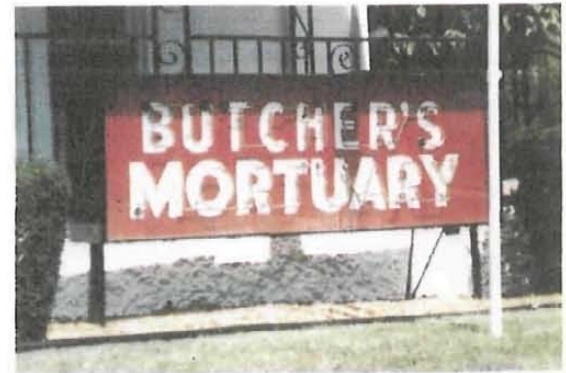
George Mickelson



Morley Stafford




Bob Bringman



Jeffrey L. Peace

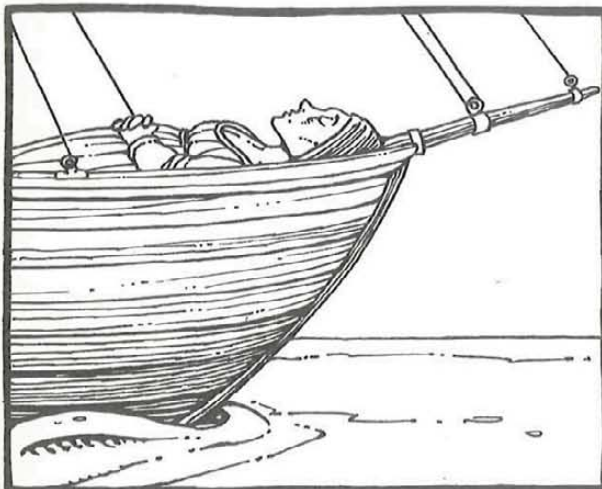
CORPSE UPDATE



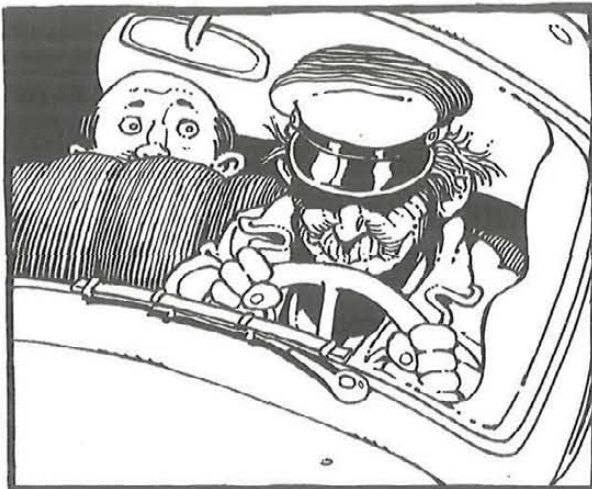
RICK GEARY
©'90



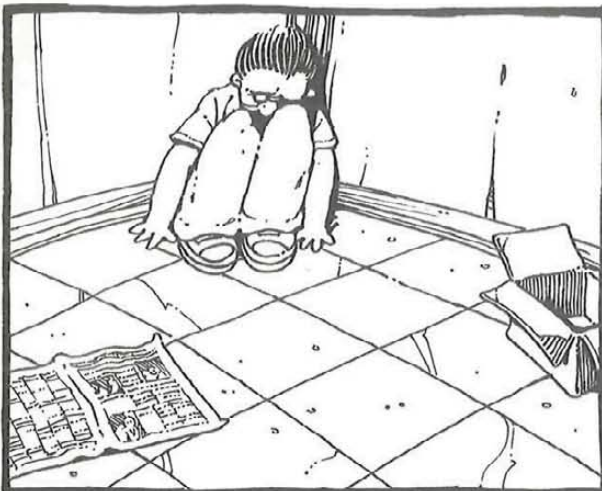
NEW YORK: A MAN PURCHASED AN ANTIQUE COFFIN AND BROUGHT IT HOME TO FIND ITS ORIGINAL OCCUPANT STILL INSIDE!



DES MOINES: A HEARTBROKEN CARPENTER BUILT A BOAT TO ELOPE WITH THE CORPSE OF HIS SWEETHEART— 20 YEARS AFTER HER DEMISE!



MUNICH: PASSENGERS GOT A HAIR-RAISING RIDE IN A TAXI WITH A DEAD DRIVER AT THE WHEEL!

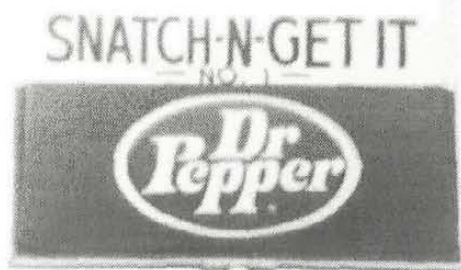


ATLANTA: A MAN MOVED INTO A BASEMENT APARTMENT, BUT FOUND IT ALREADY OCCUPIED BY A CORPSE!



A LOVING WIFE DROVE OVER 1200 MILES, TRYING TO FIND A RESTING PLACE FOR THE CORPSE OF HER HUSBAND!

& IS OUR MIDDLE NAME



Perney Parker



Carl G. Jacobson



R. J. Proctor



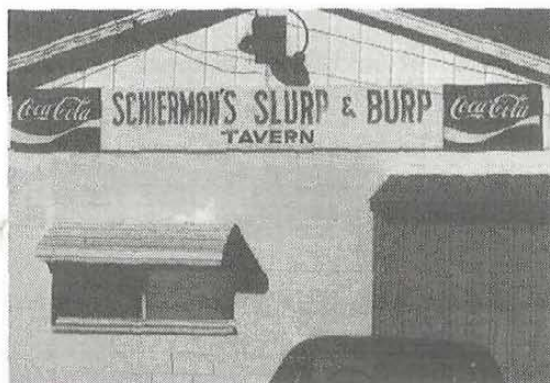
Tom Legere



The Murrays



Steve Voetsch



David Hall



Henry F. Caldwell

SWELL HEADLINES

Multiple-personality rapist sentenced to two life terms

Greensboro (North Carolina) News & Record (contributed by Lee Vernon)

Relief groups help hurt family

Escondido (California) Times-Advocate (contributed by Marianne Roberts)

Abortion in Mulroneys lap

IF HANDED — It's now up to the federal government to figure out how to...

Whitehorse Star (contributed by Alan von Finster)

Boner pops up in Mickey Mouse march

local press clipping (contributed by Scott Rouse)

■ Searchers find Big Ugly child
BIG UGLY, W.Va. — A child, who spent 17 months in the woods after being chased into it

local press report (contributed by John Geisik)

Hell moves to new headquarters

Editor & Publisher (contributed by Janice Rowley)

12D Heart study: Getting out of bed dangerous

(Rochester, Minnesota) Post-Bulletin (contributed by Alan Hlara)

Pampers plots strategy to come from behind

Cincinnati Enquirer (contributed by Mary-Jane Newborn)

American Breast has 15 centers

Los Angeles Times (contributed by Morgan Stanfield)

Degradable film market may deteriorate

Plastics News (contributed by Peter Scazzello)

Cleveland, Tennessee Woman Charged In Death of Roach

Catoosa (Georgia) County News (contributed by Trisha Bowman)

President speaks out at site of large bust

Coast Report (contributed by Blaine Betts)

Hot Coffee pot confiscated; one arrested

HOT COFFEE — Mississippi Bureau of Narcotics (Jackson, Mississippi) Clarion-Ledger (contributed by Redondo Flats)

Air crashes getting safer

(Mansfield, Ohio) News Journal (contributed by Brian Murray)

HOT COMIX! HOT!!

SEXY COMIX PACKAGE!

OMAHA
SLEAZY SCANDALS
MELODY
CHERRY more

Saucy comix for
thoughtful intellectuals
who enjoy the carnal!



HORROR/SCIENCE FICTION!



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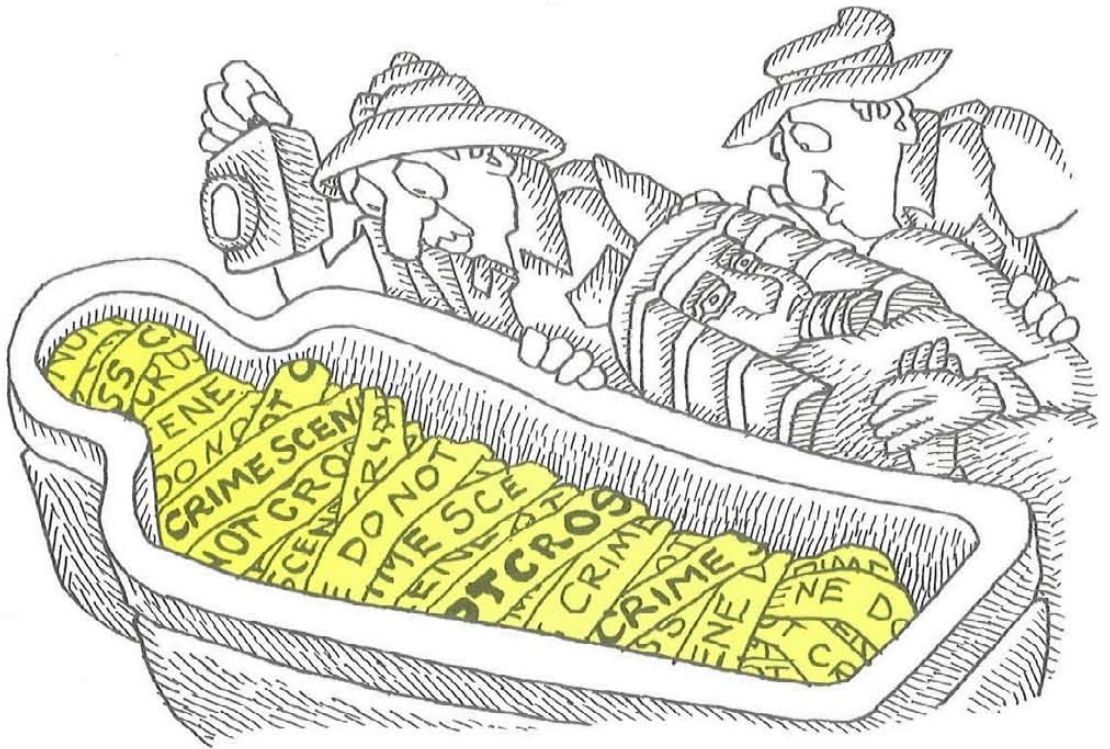
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CRIME SCENES

By Gahan Wilson

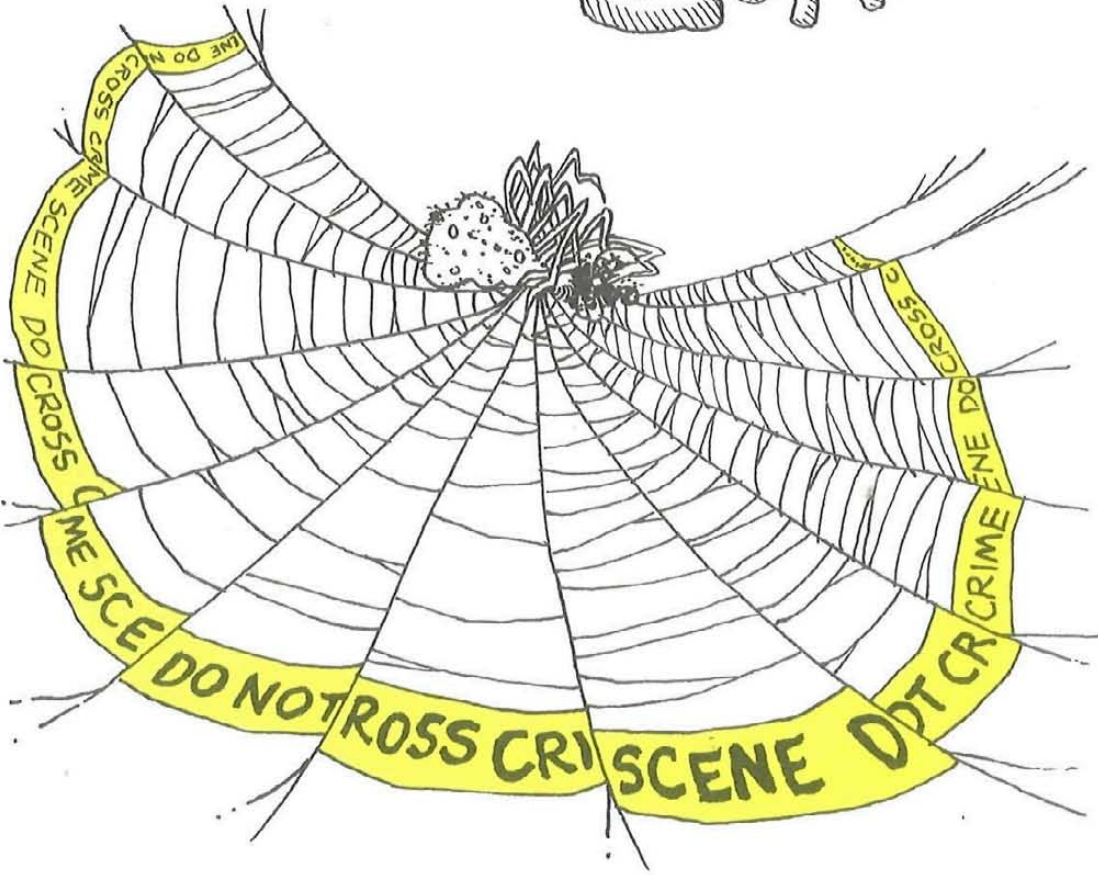
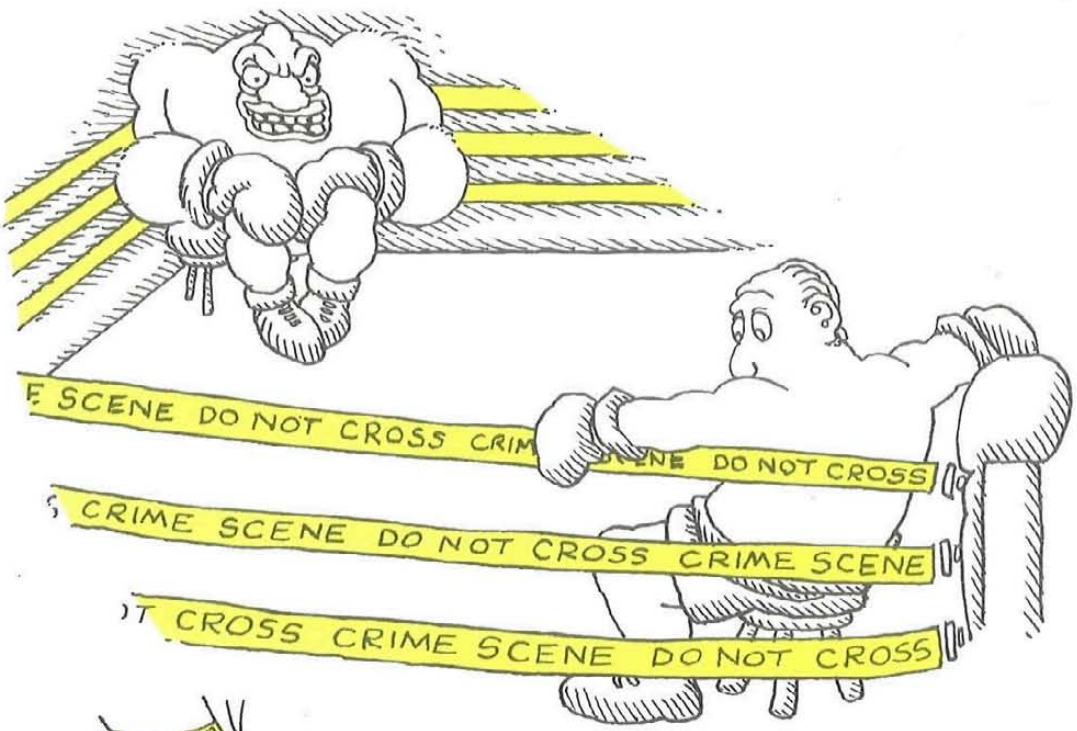


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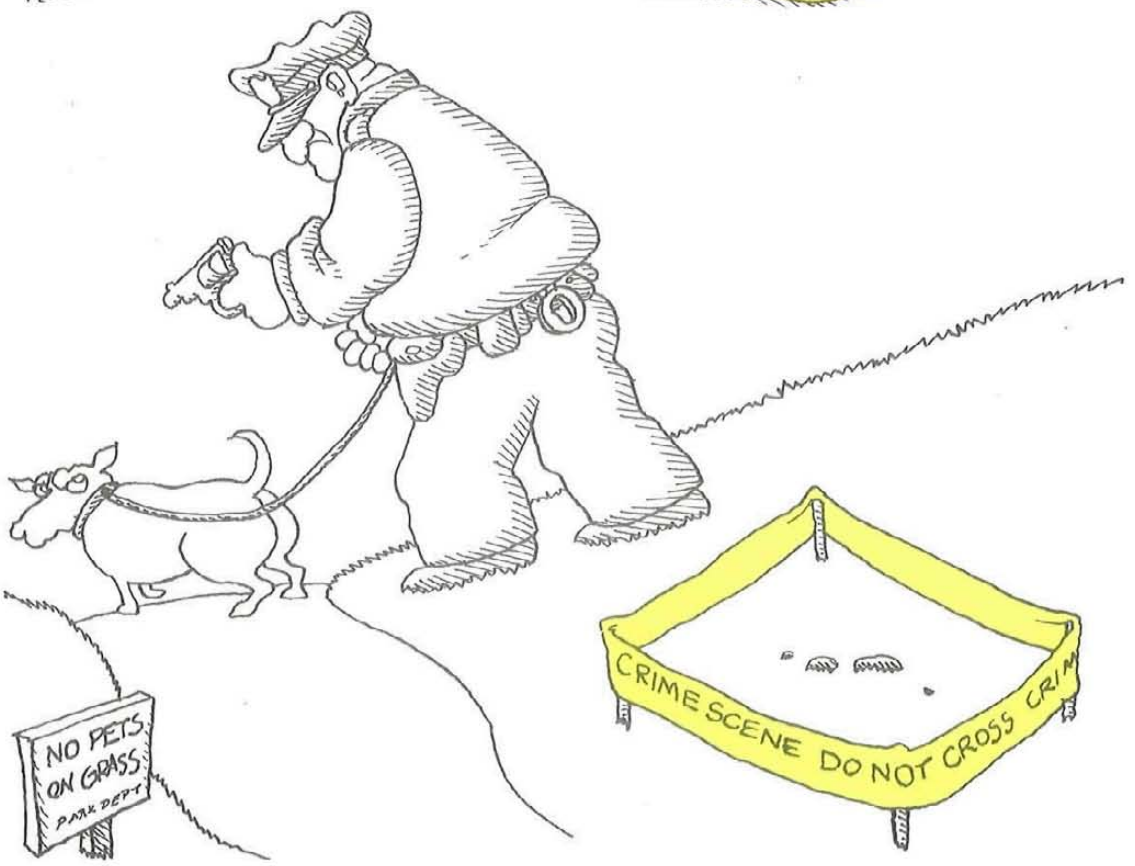
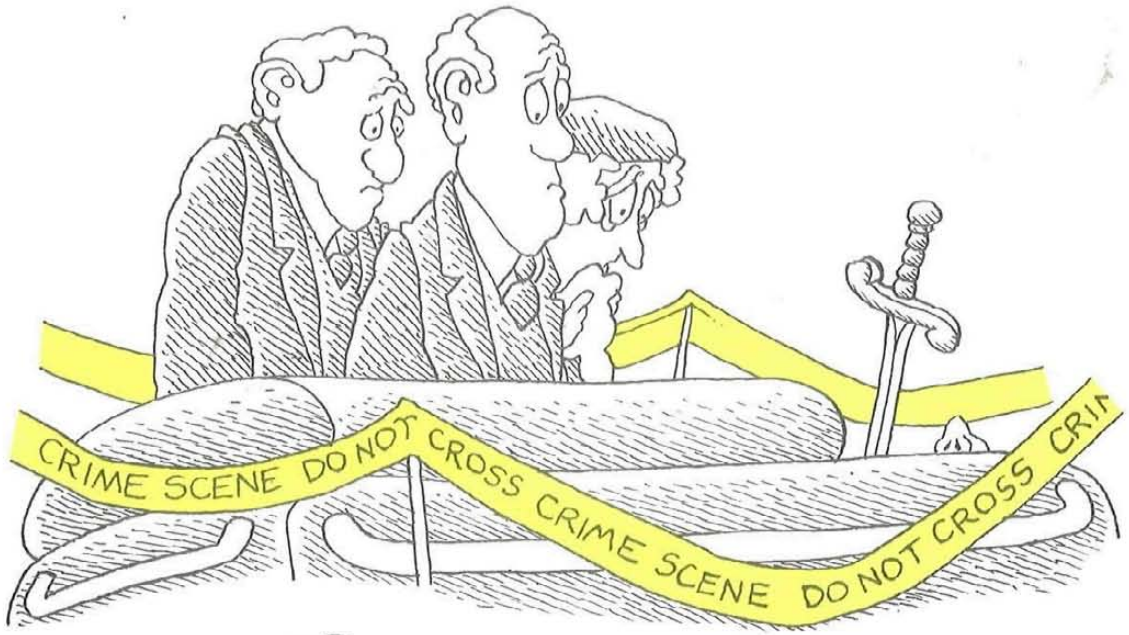


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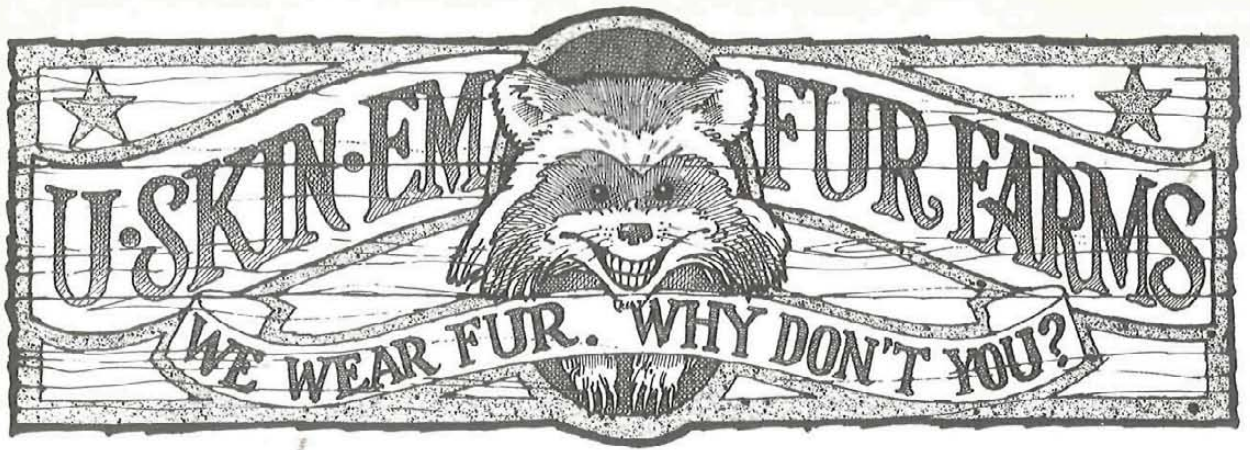
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Jimmy Longacre

Gentlemen AND ladies — for sheer thrills, few activities can beat the **EXCITEMENT** and **ADVENTURE** of poaching, skinning, and assembling your very own fur coat.

There's the **CHALLENGE** of hunting down hard-to-find and quick-witted **RARE SPECIES** . . . coupled with the **SATISFACTION** of converting animals into clothing and household items . . . **JUST LIKE THE NOBLE PLAINS INDIANS USED TO DO!**

Are you **HOMO SAPIENS** and **PROUD**??? Then why not **REAFFIRM** your **GOD-GIVEN** superiority over all creatures large and small, as outlined in the **BOOK OF GENESIS**, and stake your rightful claim as **LORD OF THE JUNGLE** at a **U-Skin-Em Fur Farm** conveniently located near **YOU**.

IF ANIMALS COULD TALK

Imagine, for a moment, what's it's like to actually *be* a furry little creature: you'd never know pleasures as simple as reading the morning paper, or even scratching your own chest without assistance. You'd be incapable of operating equipment as simple as a **DOORKNOB** . . . In short, you'd be a veritable **QUADRIPLÉGIC** — relegated to a **LIFETIME** of executing only the most **RUDIMENTARY** of functions on the **OUTSKIRTS OF SOCIETY!** We believe that if these animals could only speak, why, they'd **BEG** to be put to sleep in a painless man-

ner. In fact, they'd probably kill themselves now — if only they had the dexterity that **YOU** can mercifully provide *for* them. Yes, **YOU CAN EASE THEIR EXISTENTIAL PAIN!**

FOUR LEGS BAD; TWO LEGS GOOD!

Remember, at the same time that you **DEFEND** the animal **RIGHT TO DIE**, you'll also be helping Mother Nature and Charles Darwin with **SPECIES POPULATION CONTROL**. And as if **THAT** weren't enough, you'll *also*:
— **ACT AS A PEACEKEEPING FORCE** between other species that are perpetually at war anyway.

— **SERVE YOUR OWN SPECIES** by averting the **VERY REAL POSSIBILITY** of an **ANIMAL UPRISING** and subsequent **REVOLUTION!**

— **EXERCISE** your right to bear arms while keeping animal **INSUBORDINATION** in check! What a great way to show your species loyalty!

— Not only that, but most of our clients also mention developing a **SPECIAL BOND** with their furs . . . the kind of bond one can only have **WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW YOUR MINK BEFORE YOU WEAR IT.**

So let's take a walk through the ten stages at a **U-Skin-Em Fur Farm** . . . and see if fur ranching isn't wholesome fun "fur" you and your family, too!!!



Stage 1. Selection of Species.

Select the rare species or other cute animal that you might like to wear. Varieties we keep stocked include: mink, fox, coyote, seal, sable, wolf, beaver, lamb, bald eagle, raccoon, otter, Snoopy, Garfield, Bambi, lynx, weasel, gopher, possum, bear, panda bear, lion, tiger, panther, leopard, giraffe, zebra, dolphin, Lassie, and oil-dipped Alaskan sea otter. (Note: since water rolls right off oil-coated sea otters, customers find that these pelts make terrific rainwear.)

Model: Ellen Barrett
Photographed by Joe Peeples



Stage 2. Selection of a Trapping Implement.

U-Skin-Em offers a wide variety of implements that will eliminate resistance from your prospective pelt. The humanitarian tool you ultimately choose will depend on the challenge and/or skill level you desire: use a tomahawk like the Apaches, or let Junior play Tarzan with a harpoon! Also available: lead pipe, chainsaw, steel-tipped boot, jagged rock, bayonet, AK-47 assault rifle, grenade, land mine, your own bare hands, nerve gas, toxic bacteria, oil spill, microwave oven, lethal injection, starvation, excessive aerobics, lethal doses of Franken Berry and Count Chocula, washing machine, lawn mower, strapping animal to delicatessen meat slicer, and the force-feeding of broken glass.



Stage 3 (Optional). Receive Assistance from Our Friendly Staff.

Our friendly and experienced staff is always eager to assist you or offer advice. If you're old or handicapped, they can even inject your quarry with a slowing dose of tranquilizers or sedatives. If a golf club is your preferred weapon (as pictured), our assistants will help you master the Vardon Grip—the preferred grip of both PGA golfers and many professional poachers.

Or you can have a real adventure and go it alone!



Stage 4. Pelt Selection.

Now you're ready to select the forty or so actual warm bodies that will soon constitute your very own coat. And remember: our eager staff is there to help YOU make only the best possible choices. Good luck!!!



Stage 5. Go for It!!!

Why not let the kids get in on the act, too! Junior will gain a better appreciation of his rich American heritage when he learns to skin an animal . . . just like Daniel Boone and Billy Jack used to do! After all, it was fur traders who founded this country. . . . In fact, does Junior know how the mighty explorers paid the noble Indians for this great land of theirs? Why, with FUR, of course!



Stage 6. Relieve Your Furry Friend from the Confinements of His Body.
 Help your evolutionary forebear find a higher purpose in the next world ... in the spirit and tradition of the noble Plains Indians.



Stage 7. Drying and Curing the Pelts.
 Dry your freshly skinned furry friends. And remember: nothing beats the stink of freshly skinned mink!



Stage 8. Now Assemble Your Coat.
 Put the coat together yourself — for a guaranteed custom fit. Reunite entire mink clans with needle and thread — one big happy family!

Stage 9. Optional Recipes.
 It's no crime to kill for fur, and even less so when you eat what's left over. Ask us about our special Appalachia Cookbook, chock-full of recipes for wild and ranch-bred game. Don't knock it till you've tried it!!!



Stage 10. The Possibilities Are Endless!
 Many of our clients have so much fun poaching their own that they come back time and again to assemble new and innovative fur products. Now that you've got a fur coat, why not make your own fur vest? Or gloves? Or curtains? Select from our on-site library from literally thousands of designer patterns for fur slippers, throw pillows, bathrobes, bicycle-seat cushions, golf-club caps, leg warmers, brassieres, baseball caps, ski masks, yarmulkes, handbags, diapers, and tablecloths. Or just let your imagination go wild!!!

Still not convinced that fur ranching is the benevolent, noble, and God-fearing Judeo-Christian thing to do? Then come have a look at our VIVISECTION VILLAGE, where we've rescued scores of animals from overcrowded "humane societies," as well as literally THOUSANDS of scientifically maimed species from the clutches of so-called "research" — animals that are waiting *right now* for the merciful euthanasia that only trappers and poachers will provide. They shoot horses, don't they? **NOT TO KILL THESE ANIMALS WOULD BE A CRIME!!!**

"I think that a lot of people say they're anti-fur simply because they can't afford it. And that sounds a lot like sour grapes to me. These people — they should all go to hell."

Zsa Zsa Gabor

"There's nothing like curling up in a fur coat in a corner of Grand Central Station and fighting the cold."

Suzy Chaffee

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 Dial 1-800-DIE-MINK *today* for a video brochure, prices, and locations. Be among our first thousand callers and receive a FREE GIFT made from scarce GENUINE IVORY TUSK!

WHAT THE STARS ARE SAYING ABOUT U-SKIN-EM FURS
 "Nothing beats the stink of fresh mink."
 Leona Helmsley



BRAVE NEW ATLAS

by Dean Latimer

Not since the immortal Charlemagne led a few doughty knights-errant and evangelizing bishops on a crusade for civilization over a thousand years ago has the face of Europe been so colossally transfigured as in the past few unbelievable months. As we now look toward a new century of challenge and progress, indeed to a new millennium, it is as though a generation of oppression has been wiped from the face of the continent. The new countenance of Europe beams forth to us a message of deliverance and renewal, like the face of a maiden reprieved from rape, or of a man long despaired of by his physicians who suddenly learns that there was never anything really wrong with him at all. The new map of Europe is indeed a chart to inspire moral mariners with unlooked-for new horizons of felicity, harmony, and peace.

AP / Wide World



BRAVE NEW ATLAS



WE ARE WOMAN

The Newsletter of the Fall River Women's Coalition

Dedicated to a greater understanding of the issues that affect womankind

Vol. II, No. 3 Published monthly by co-chairpersons Totie Markham and Jane Radisson FREE

Eating Well Is the Best Revenge: Bulimia on a Budget

INTRODUCTION: A FEW NOTES ON BULIMIA

Today's modern woman faces many complex problems: forging a career in an increasingly complex and technological world; maintaining a delicate balance of femininity and career self-fulfillment in personal relationships with dominating, insensitive, sexually gross men; attaining spiritual enlightenment; and finding enough to eat. Controlling our lives and destinies in a male-dominated world, then, is our biggest problem, our biggest challenge, and ultimately our biggest achievement.

Many modern women—and if you're reading this pamphlet you are one of them—have chosen bulimia as the way of achieving these goals. It is no wonder that men, threatened by the strength derived from our bulimic lifestyle, sneer at us and label us sick and disturbed. Yes, we are disturbed. We're disturbed that men, who make up only 49 percent of the population, hold 93 percent of the really neat jobs, like airline pilot and meat cutter. We're disturbed that men, after telling us that our eyes are piercing pools of sultry Mediterranean mystery, leave before I can even get the coffee on and brush my teeth. But ladies, there is hope and you know it: bulimia. With bulimia, power can be ours, strength can be ours, and revenge shall visit us in our apartments. Revenge. For bulimics, revenge is sweet. Twice. It can also be spicy. You ladies know what I'm talking about.

Bulimia has been with us since the beginning of recorded history. It is mentioned in the Bible ("Make a joyful noise"), in great literature ("Kate, the oxen for to sup and dine! 'Tis has vanished, sire, as with the sun"), and music ("And it's comin' around, comin' around again"). Why then, if bulimia has existed for so long and been recognized by such people as Bible writers and Shakespeare and Carly Simon as a perfectly normal way of life, have we bulimics been branded as sick and diseased?

Ladies, I am here to tell you that YOU ARE NOT SICK! YOU ARE NOT

ALONE! EAT, BABY, EAT! Eat with the knowledge that in food there is strength, and in more food, more strength. That is one reason I have written this booklet: to keep you happy, strong, healthy, and empty, a size 4 to the end. NO, we are not like most Americans who want the Chevrolet, the kids, the picket fence around their own homes. We prefer to rent. You ladies know what I mean.

But—and this is a big but—our chosen lifestyle can be, as you have already discovered, ruinously expensive to maintain. If not practiced judiciously and economically, our special needs can lead to scores of maxed-out Visa cards, each with a different "nom de consume" imprinted on them. Ladies, believe me: I have been down that devious route to Chase Manhattan hell. Men with swarthy accents calling in the middle of the night demanding payment for those long-forgotten shipments of crated Roquefort. Snotty grocery clerks refusing to believe you really are Meryl Streep. And then the ultimate ignominy of bankruptcy and the unbearable hell of only nineteen meals a day. . . . So on to the second, and equally important, reason I've written this little how-to helper:

DINNER FOR TWELVE? EVERY NIGHT? WHATEVER WILL I DO?

Most women in America (because men have all the really good jobs, as discussed earlier) are on tight budgets and limited incomes. With a really big appetite, this can seriously get in the way of your chosen lifestyle. For instance: you've just had lunch, lunch, lunch, lunch, and snack snack snack nibble nibble and it's still only 1:15 P.M. on a Tuesday. . . . and your magic fingers have left you ravenous. You have—after going through your purse and pockets and fudging a couple of quarters from the March of Dimes contribution card at work—discovered that YOU ONLY HAVE \$3.27 UNTIL FRIDAY, WHICH IS PAYDAY. WHY, THAT'S 497 MEALS AWAY! WHAT DO YOU DO?

Yes, you can go to the Mini-Mart and charge three thousand dollars' worth of Twinkies, but what about next week? And the week after that, when in the middle of the night you feel like snacking and those racks of lamb and seventeen dozen chicken potpies are but a ten o'clock memory? WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN THERE'S NOTHING IN FREEZER #4?

You budget. You learn to live proudly and bulimically on a budget so that you can eat and re-eat whenever and wherever you like. It can be done. Eight hundred pounds of snacks are not impossible on a secretary's salary. Before we get into the actual budgeting, though. . . .

SAY IT LOUD! TWO FINGERS AND PROUD!

Below is a very short list of women in bulimia history:

Joan of Arc
Eleanor Roosevelt
Mother Teresa
Connie Stevens
Connie Chung
Connie Mack
Queen Victoria
Golda Meir
All the girls on
The Brady Bunch
Madame Curie
Princess Grace
William F. Buckley, Jr.
Mrs. Benito Mussolini
Mrs. Thurston Howell III
Clara Barton
Ivana Trump
Charlotte Brontë
Amelia Earhart



M.T.



Q.V.

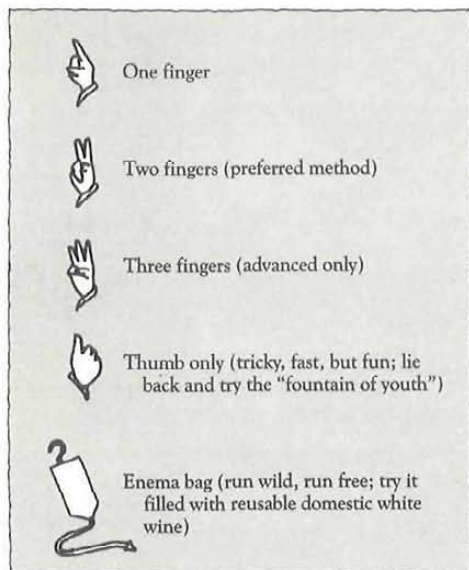


I.T.

Some of these are even three-finger girls!
Now. . .

AP/Wide World

Healthy-appetited women who love to snack have, in their infinite creativity, devised literally hundreds of ways to make the process of digestion more efficient and reliable. (Men, on the other hand, have in their infinite creativity come up with one method, which leaves everything to the whims of internal acids and disgusting intestines and slimy colons—YUCKOLA!) Here are the results of our national survey of the ways and methods of frequent nibblers:



A few other hints on how to make disposal the really fun part of your day: Paint the picture of your absolutely favorite movie or TV personality inside the bowl of your commode. "This is for you, Emilio . . ." If you're religious, try some candles on the top, and see how many you can blow out . . . Or place candle *decals* inside and sing "Happy birthday, Emilio" . . . or pictures of Japanese, and pretend you're a bazooka. Improvise! Have fun!

REMEMBER: A BOOK BAG IS NOT JUST FOR BOOKS!

But back to the gut issue. The everyday economics of bulimia are very serious business. Planning is required, and yes, ladies, some sacrifice. You cannot always have that third rib roast before dinner. But you can have a double-manufacturer's-coupons-on-sale-already-ten-pound-canister-of-frozen-pesto-manicotti-for-zero-cents-and-whisper-hello-to-Emilio-yet-again. The following is a list of very common things you very uncommon ladies can do to keep those food bills well under the \$1,900 a week you're used to spending:

1. Clip coupons for everything that is nontoxic to animals and plants. This can include peat moss, leather goods (Italian is best), all pet foods, clothing (silk can be quite soothing), mattresses, and paper

products. Four hundred paper plates may just get you through a tense afternoon at the office, and a set of encyclopedias can make a long night just a little bit shorter. Substitutes for the real thing? Not really, ladies, because you are like Alice in Bulimia Land, where there is no real thing. How much does it matter anyway, when you consider that the average stay of snacks in our bodies is 3.97 seconds? So eat it all, ladies.

2. Join clubs and incorporate yourself. For instance: you, Jane Smith, can join the Cheese of the Month Club, Fruit of the Month Club, Beef of the Month, Book, Whatever of the Month, as Jane Smith INCORPORATED. As a corporation, you can order in bulk—a ton and a half of 60 percent Brie, thirty sides of Argentine beef, a tanker of Triscuits—for just about nothing. After a year or so, when the letters start to get really threatening, you declare bankruptcy! That may sound shocking, but do you know what happens to bankrupt corporations in the United States? *Nothing. Not one damn thing*, because they're all run by these two or three men who are incredibly powerful and immune to the government.

The most they'll do is take away one of your refrigerators. Big deal. You'll still have nine left.

3. Reincorporate in the Cayman Islands. It's a little involved, and you'll have some heavy head work, but as a corporation based in this tiny Caribbean tax haven—but still living in your own efficiency apartment—you can eat an elephant and no customs man will care how you got it, or how you got rid of it in 3.97 seconds.

4. Happy hour! According to our demographic studies, if you are reading this booklet, you live in a large urban area, work at a white- or at least semi-white-collar job for a no-name corporation three million miles away from the real action, and live alone. You are over thirty, and used to have lots of cats until that horrible Thursday night the 7-Eleven was robbed and nobody else would take a check. Now, urban area = lots of horny single men = lots and lots of happy hours offering chicken wings, cheesy things, assorted meatballs, peanuts (cashews in power circles), and just about every other delight to a snacker's palate known to woman. Get a list of these *boîtes*. They are always in the weekly "alternative" papers next to the telephone-smut numbers. And then just make the rounds. THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF MINIATURE EGG ROLLS AND LITTLE HOT DOGS OUT THERE WITH YOUR NAMES ON THEM, LADIES! AND BIG BOWLS OF SATISFYING MUSTARD ON THE SIDE! TANK UP FOR FREE!

A little note should be added here. If you detest public rest rooms as much as I do, always carry two purses marked In and Out. This is particularly necessary when frequenting bars, but is also a good habit to adhere to in general. Always buy vinyl—it washes more easily and resists 3:00 A.M. snacking temptation.

5. Become a "test marketing representative." It's easy to find out which supermarkets in your area will be offering free new consumer items for product testing—you arrange it yourself! Yes! You! Lord knows by now you know how to mimic that snotty little Ivy League "I'm better than you are and I shit ice cream" voice your boss uses when making power calls to his dry cleaner. So get on the horn yourself! Call Kellogg, Hormel, Nabisco, Kraft, General Foods, etc., and play president of market testing for the United Acme Advertising Group, N.A. "Hello? This is Jane Doe, and I'd like to arrange a test marketing of your new baloney-and-cantaloupe loaf in about 1,200 upscale outlets in the Northeast Quadrant. Get back to me by noon, Eastern Standard." Slam! Easiest thing in the world. And *bon appétit!*

6. Know when not to budget. For some real fun, take some time off from work. With all the stresses and strains of modern, demanding life, bulimia is a full-time profession. Face it: Xeroxing is your sideline. So call up a few other hearty-appetizers and work your way down the East Coast for a week. Money? You mean you haven't memorized Mr. Boss's American Express number by now? Good. So let your memory bank go into sugar shock—it's on the house! *Don't forget* the two big vinyl suitcases marked In and Out, and remember:

NEVER EAT ANYTHING LARGER THAN A BUICK (CENTURY).

7. Last but not least: Girls, who do you think runs the A&P? Stop & Shop? Safeway? Kroger? Gristede's? 7-Eleven?

Think about it. They are all run by conglomerates of men. Men who get bulges in their pinstriped pants whenever they see big black numbers running on and on and on and ending with a big plus sign. (I have been witness to this phenomenon at nine of my last jobs. It's enough to make you put down that chicken-potpie six-pack, isn't it?) So the next time you're strolling down the aisle of your local supermarket with your vinyl sleeping bag . . . make 'em wonder where all the Mighty Dog went! Make 'em scream over the vanishing frozen-poultry and cheeses-of-the-world sections! Make 'em cry over the suddenly gone aisles of cereal, cookies, relishes, and pantyhose!

It's a real kick in the bulge, girls.

Yours in strength,

Totie Jane
Totie and Jane

Next month: "Radiation and Split Ends: How to Prevent the Video Terminal from Ruining Your Perm."

THE FAMOUS ELVIS PHOTOGRAPHS

by Dr. Sidney Gribnes, Ph.D., D.D.S., Y.M.C.A.
as told to Alfa-Betty Olsen and Marshall Efron

Dr. Gribnes has long specialized in the study and interpretation of parapsychological phenomena. He holds a desk chair at the world-renowned Institute of Interdimensional Studies and is noted for his efforts to bring garments over from the beyond, known as the Gribnes Cross-Dressing Experiments.

Psyhic photography is but one segment of the total spectrum of psychic phenomena, but it is the least deniable. Anyone who has ever seen a psychic photograph can never again deny that he has seen something. A psychic photograph is a photograph, and immutable proof that the manifestation in question has manifested. Which is why I can now claim without a shadow of a doubt that Elvis Presley is definitely dead. Photographs sent to me from all over the United States have led me to this amazing and undeniable conclusion.

At first I was loath to accept these homemade photos as real, but clung to the belief that Elvis was alive somewhere in the American Southwest and would reappear any day on cable television, live and singing. But the photos kept coming. And soon they could not be ignored.

Bear in mind the maxim "The camera never lies." What you are about to see is the truth that cannot be faked. I have researched each and every snapshot. None of these photographs has ever been retouched. I present them here as incontrovertible proof that the King has become ectoplasm.

Elvis has appeared to no less than three dozen unsuspecting people all over America for more than seven years. Many of them have told similar stories. They were going about their daily lives in ordinary fashion, doing what they normally do, when they heard very faintly someone sing-

ing "Jailhouse Rock." At first they thought it was a radio playing somewhere, but when they looked up, there he was: Elvis!—wrapped in a filmy cloud of milky-white vapor, shining with perspiration, a sky-blue neckerchief tied around his neck, singing.

The Hardys of Old Point Comfort, Virginia, are a perfect case in point. Mrs. R. D. Hardy sent me the following letter and photograph.

"I was taking a long bath one Saturday when I heard someone singing, 'You ain't nothin' but a hound dog.' At first I thought it was the radio in the other room, but then it occurred to me it had not been turned on and there was no one else in the house. I looked up to the slightly raised window and saw a pair of eyes at the opening. I became alarmed and reached for the revolver I keep by the bathtub. It wasn't there, but my Polaroid camera was, so I used it. The flash filled the room with a lightning glare, the singing stopped, and when I looked at the window the eyes were gone.

"Later, I showed the picture to my husband, R. D. Hardy. 'I believe this is a picture of Elvis Presley,' he said."

The picture plainly shows the ghostly outlines of Elvis's large sad eyes, his slightly wrinkled brow, his famous curled lip, and his distinctive sideburns as he hovers outside the window.

Mrs. Hardy's bathroom is on the third floor. There is no ledge for anyone to stand on, and someone looking into a window on a ladder would have been observed.

To the left is the Hardy picture. Judge for yourself.



This picture came to me from an elderly couple who live in Roseville, Vermont. It was taken by their fifty-seven-year-old son, Roy.



"We weren't even Elvis fans. We always liked Lawrence Welk, and we can tell you this—every member of Mr. Welk's band was triply talented: he could play a musical instrument, he could sing, and he could dance. That is why we loved them. Mr. Elvis was attractive and we are glad he came to visit us, but we feel he may have had the wrong address. Also, we don't like to speak ill of the dead, but we did notice that two large bags of M&M's were missing from the rumpus room."



Elvis is a kind and generous ghost. In the picture below you can see that Elvis came to rescue these people from a seriously boring party by singing the medley from *Blue Hawaii*.



Sometimes people do not even know that Elvis has visited them. To the right is a portrait taken by a professional photographer that mysteriously includes Elvis. Neither the sitter nor the picture taker knew Elvis was there until the film was developed and he appeared.





NOT FOR THE TIMID!

It's true! These original, uncensored comix are **not** for those among us who might blush at the sight of skin or shy away from —shall we say— *unusual* situations. These comix are for those of us who have normal all-American red-blooded corpuscles! Those of us who can look a joke in the eye and laugh! The collections here are by the same *underground cartoonists* who set the comix world on its ear with their uninhibited humor and other-worldly visions.

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Ever been annoyed by dull-tasting pizza that took forever to be delivered? Next time try delicious new Road-Kill pizza from Dominoid's. Nothing's fresher because the exotic toppings (including frog, squirrel, possum, and more) are gathered while delivering the pizza fresh to your door. Nothing's faster because we guarantee delivery in less than 30 minutes after your order, or your pizza's free.* So don't be annoyed by dull, slow pizza again. Just call your local Dominoid's and ask for the "kill o' the day."

*Burial expenses, legal fees, if any, are extra.



Duty.

Honor.

Country.

Lifestyle.

'80s
In the '80s we closed the window of vulnerability.

'90s
In the '90s we'll clean it.



Today's Pentagon is at your service.

World tensions may have relaxed—but at today's Pentagon, our commitment to serving Americans sure hasn't. That's why we've diversified into the unique products and services that you see in this supplement.

Like the singer said, "The times they are a-changin'!" And changing times call for changing responses. With our knack for know-how—and a steady level of budgetary support in constant 1982 dollars—today's Pentagon will answer the call. Whether it's blowing up Marines in Beirut or blowing up reconnaissance photos of your daughter's graduation, you can be sure we're following a tradition of missions accomplished . . . and of quality at any cost.

Today's Pentagon is all about counterforce options against threats to your lifestyle. Tactical support for your quality of life. And preparedness strategies for backyard, pool, or kitchen. It's a philosophy summed up in the words "Luxury through strength."

So the next time you hear your neighbor, or your Congressman, say that maybe we don't need to spend so much on our defense budget, show 'em this supplement and tell 'em about today's Pentagon. Because Uncle Sam wants you . . . to have a good time.

Duty.

Honor.

Country.

Lifestyle.

Navy Seal Camp



For kids, summertime means vacation time. But without proper guidance, vacation time quickly degenerates into a morally lax orgy of motivational retardation. That's why there's Navy Seal Camp—teaching teamwork, toughness, and water-sports to youngsters three to seven.

From 0300 hours to lights out, campers at Navy Seal Camp live life to the fullest as they learn to work together and test the limitations of their own bodies in achieving preestablished objectives. Whether that means carrying telephone poles over a four-mile stretch of Arizona desert or swimming 150 yards through a submerged pipe, your preschooler will reap the rich rewards of nonstop physical activity in a highly structured environment. And a full camp staff of Seal personnel is there to push your youngster every step of the way! (**Note:** Parental signature of pre-camp waiver is obligatory.)

Green Beret Temporary Service



How often has it happened in your office: you need trained, motivated personnel at a moment's notice. Personnel you can trust to blend in and follow orders in your workplace environment. That's when you depend on temporary help to execute your objectives. If you're not getting maximum performance from your current temporary-employment agency, perhaps it's time for a Green Beret.

Almost immediately after you place your call, Green Beret Temporary Services will airlift support-staff personnel into your corporate park or office. (Please be sure to specify a clear landing zone when you call.) Green Berets are trained in word processing, hand-to-hand combat, camouflage, and spreadsheets, and can pacify even the most unstable office situation within a few hours. That's why Green Berets are the official temps of NATO, SEATO, and the National Football League.

Parris Island Couples Getaway

Parris Island . . . long renowned for its quality bonding experiences. Now, with the Parris Island Couples Getaway, your relationship can benefit from the secrets we've learned in decades of high-intensity encounters.

At Parris Island, we've found that the psychological factors of a relationship can be impacted optimally through a concentration on the physical. And that's just what we teach. Our "drill counselors" will work with both you and your spouse, probing weaknesses and encouraging you to overcome obstacles. Our Spartan barracks accommodations provide a distraction-free environment, though the constant presence of your fellow couples adds a supportive touch.



Togetherness and toughness go hand in hand at Parris Island.

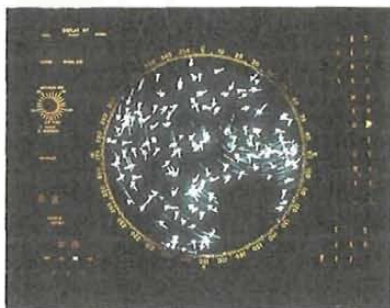
Stealth Home Products

Duty.

Honor.

Country.

Lifestyle.



Pentagon personnel can bring
"Security through Stealth"
into your home!

As with so many other instances of military innovation, wartime applications make up only a fraction of the Stealth bomber's total usefulness. With a little elbow grease and good old American ingenuity, some of the secret-attack plane's formerly confidential design elements can now be utilized in practical home contexts. And with billions of tax dollars spent on R & D, you can be sure all Stealth-related products are of the highest quality.

- **Stealth All-Weather Radar-Absorbing House Paint.** Tough enough to protect your home from the elements at over 600 miles per hour, Stealth All-Weather Radar-Absorbing House Paint has been proven to confound some of the world's most sensitive detection and tracking hardware. Thus, even an ostentatious mansion generates a radar image equivalent to that of a common housefly. Whether you live in Graceland or Levittown, you'll find Stealth All-Weather Radar-Absorbing House Paint the ultimate in privacy and evasion. Comes in black.
\$140,000/gallon
Minimum purchase 1,500 gallons
Allow 13 months for delivery
- **Stealth Individual Glass Stabilizers.** Does your household contain infants or physically deficient

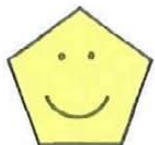
personnel? If so, you'll love the Stealth Individual Glass Stabilizer. Suitable for use with any glass, mug, or tumbler, the Stealth Stabilizer is the only known product on today's market actually to counter random tipping through exclusive gyroscope action! There's even a special adapter ring for vases, lamps, and houseplants.

\$14,000,000

800 lbs./unit

Allow 20 months for delivery

- **Stealth Key Ring and Ring Tracker.** Uh-oh. Dad's got a breakfast meeting with his superior and now he can't find his car keys! Sound familiar? Well, no more—with the Stealth Key Ring and Ring Tracker, you'll never lose keys again! Just attach house and automobile keys to the attractive titanium Stealth Key Ring. Next time they're misplaced, activate the Stealth Ring Tracker. Its sweeping radar display and piercing ping pinpoint your keys to within $1/100,000$ of a millimeter—and, if necessary, the Tracker *can* destroy them. Comes with complete Tracker installation instructions.
\$8,000,000 (with waterproof casing and 50-lb. wall bracket for shower installation: \$12,000,000)
654 lbs./unit
Allow 27–85 months for delivery



PENTAGON

We're people personnel, too.

Pentagon Cosmetics



It's not just a jungle out there—it can also be a desert, tundra, or just plain city street. But whatever the terrain, Pentagon Cosmetics has the resources for you to increase your impact on the beauty front.

● **Agent Orange Crème de Nuit.** From the sadness of war comes new hope for your skin. Internationally tested, Agent Orange Crème de Nuit goes to work immediately to make a significant, lasting difference in your skin. It has a complex chemistry you won't find anywhere else. Comes in natural or aloe-enriched.

\$250,000/4 oz. jar

● **Camouflage Foundation.** Stop being a fashion victim. From the halls of Montezuma to the clubs of SoHo, let this trademark Pentagon “look” add to *your* nightlife firepower. With special moisturizers to keep you traveling light on your special nocturnal maneuvers.

\$300,000/6 oz. jar

● **Victory.** The ultimate fragrance for the ultimate goal. No one knows more about danger—and success—than the Pentagon, and now we've bottled it in a scent that says you're prepared for action. Undertones of napalm and cordite make this perfume the only air support you'll need . . . all night.

\$1,000,000/bottle

Special “beauty duffel” w/ souvenir bag . . . \$1,000,099.95

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

Sirs:
You've come a long way, baby. And we're doing our best to reverse it.

The Supreme Court
c/o Sandra Day O'Connor

Sirs:
My biggest regret? Shuffling off this mortal coil before I had a chance to work with Bruce Willis.

Sir Laurence Olivier
Gale Gordon was no slouch, either

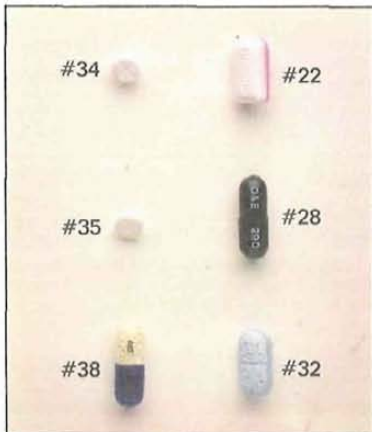
Sirs:
Frozen embryos? Get back to me when they're microwaveable.

American Women
On the go

**COMING
NEXT ISSUE:**

**BACK TO
SCHOOL**

STAY AWAKE— ALERT & ACTIVE



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#28 D&E-290	200 mg	200/\$13.25
#32 30/30	150 mg	200/\$11.75
#34 D&E-25-25	110 mg	100/\$ 6.50
		1000/\$18.00

Active Ingredient in Above: Caffeine

#35 D&E-25	Ephedrine HCL-25 mg	100/ \$ 7.95
		1000/\$19.95
#38 Diet Time	1-a-day diet aid	90/ \$ 9.95

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Bloomingdale, NJ 07403
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available upon request.

Sirs:
If I'd done *The Thick Ebony Line* with Errol Morris, I'd have been out years ago. But no, who's gonna watch a documentary, says Dylan. A song is forever, says Dylan.

Rubin "Hurricane" Carter
*The man the authorities
kept on blaming for
something that he never done*

Sirs:
I just wanted to say "hi" to Minnie Moskowitz, a 101-year-young *NatLamp* reader from Waukegan, Illinois! Happy birthday, Minnie!

Willard Scott
Just passing through

Sirs:
Once I had a secret hate.

Leo Buscaglia
Empathy, Calif.

Sirs:
Okay, my stories have dated pretty badly. But I could still write some classic scripts for Tony Danza. Damn straight!

Damon Runyon
When men were men

Sirs:
So what's my motivation going into this scene? Does the deep-fat fryer represent angst? I'm used to working under a heat lamp . . .

Dave Thomas
*Tell Wendy I love her,
then we break for lunch*

Sirs:
Oy yourself, you furry little drum-banging lice-infested job-stealing *scab* . . .

Jacko
*Garroting E.B.. the
Energizer Bunny*

Sirs:
Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it. And thank you for your support.

The Producers of
the *Police Academy* Series
Peter Max
Aerosmith

Sirs:
Wayne's World, Wayne's World, Party Time, Excellent! Yah, you flabby girlyman, we want to pump . . . you up! Look, Tooncces wants to drive! Isn't that special!

Dinner-Party Table Mate
from Hell

Sirs:
We used to suck the breath out of babies. But now, with all these things going around, I dunno . . .

Cats
Pretty careful these days

Sensual Aids:

**How to order them
without embarrassment.
How to use them
without disappointment.**

If you've been reluctant to purchase sensual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be sold or given to any other company. No unwanted, embarrassing mailings. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

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What is the Xandria Collection?

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The Xandria Collection, Dept. NL0890
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection Gold Edition catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for four dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. (\$4 U.S., \$5 CAN., £3 U.K.)

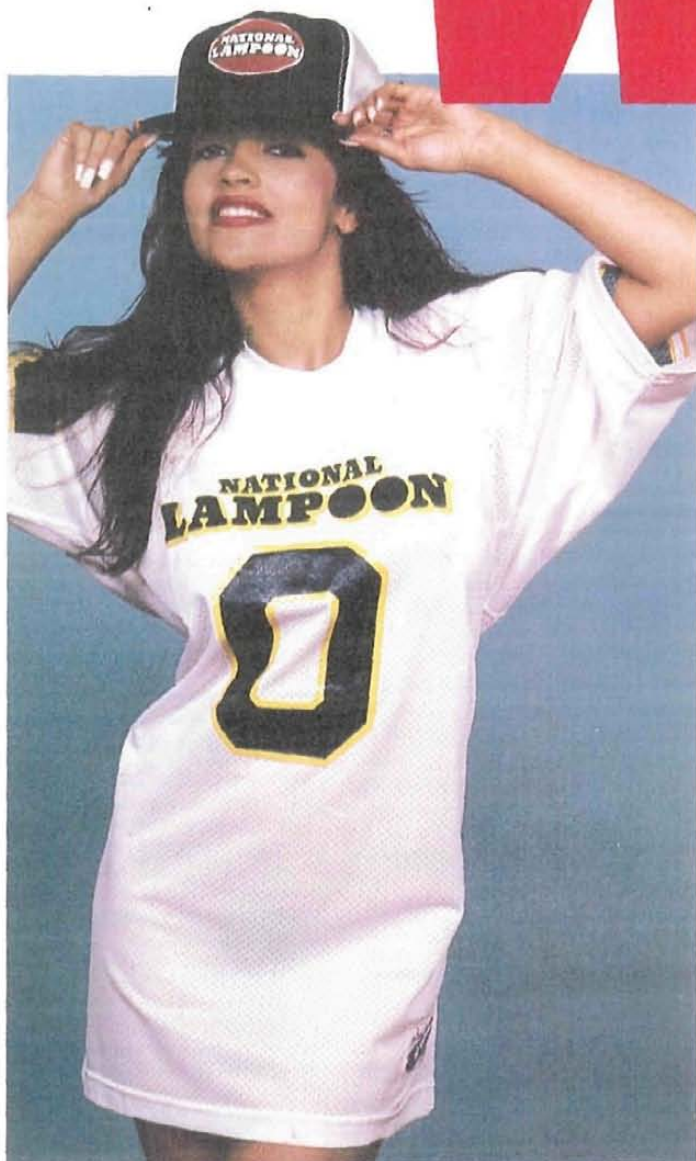
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Void where prohibited by law.

WEAR



TS 1050—Authentic Football Jersey. 100 percent nylon-mesh authentic football jersey. White. \$28.95

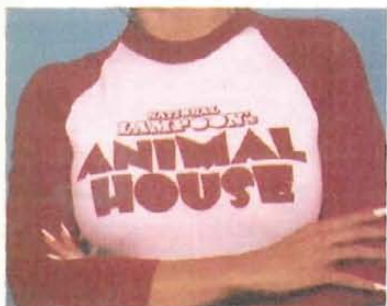
Take a look
at these shirts. Most of the
models don't even have



TS 1049—Authentic Football Jersey. Made of 50 percent nylon plaited / 50 percent cotton. \$20.95



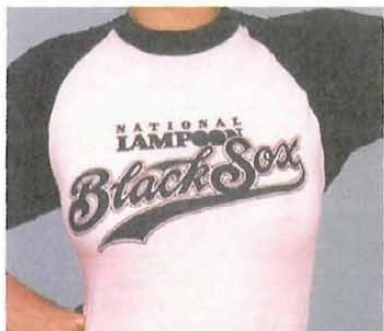
TS 1036—National Lampoon Football Jersey. With the famed V neck covered by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95



TS 1028—National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Shirt. With 3/4-length sleeves at a 3/4-length price. \$8.00



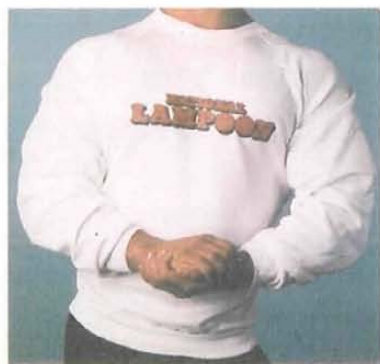
TS 1032—National Lampoon Hat. Sort of like a baseball cap, but better. \$7.95 (see above)



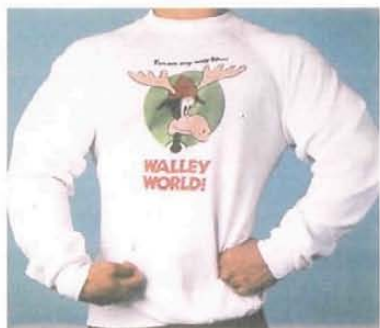
TS 1027—National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey. The kind the 1919 Chicago White Sox wore after they threw the Series. \$8.00

US OUT

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



TS 1034—National Lampoon Sweatshirt. Also available in navy with white lettering, and gray with black lettering. \$13.95



TS 1043—National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt. Starring Marty Moose on the front. \$16.95



TS 1064—National Lampoon Sports Sweatshirt. With our internationally renowned double-amputee frog over the left breast. \$22.95



TS 1046—Acra Sweatshirt. Same specs as the hooded shirt but without the hood. \$13.95



TS 1045—Acra Hooded Sweatshirt. Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber / 50 percent cotton, with hood. \$18.95



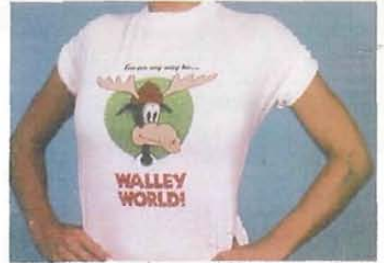
TS 1039—"Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Sweatshirt. 100 percent cotton. \$12.95



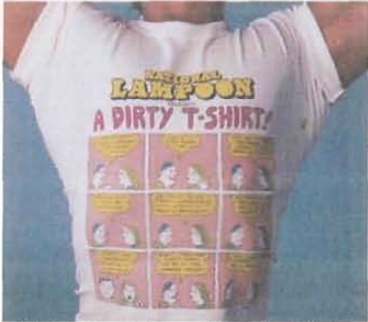
TS1059 — National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt. This time with the Walley World logo. \$7.95
 TS 1044 — Sweatshirt (not shown) \$16.95 same as above



TS 1066— True Facts T-shirt. With George Washington on the front, an authentic True Fact on the back. Four different True Facts to choose from! \$10.95



TS 1031 — National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt. With Marty Moose on the front. \$7.95



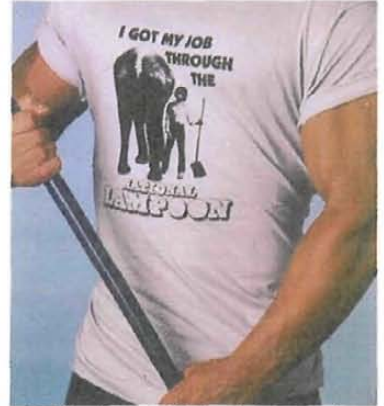
TS 1053— Oversize Heavyweight T-shirt. Ed Subitzky's risqué comic strip with a great punch line. 100 percent cotton. \$10.95

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

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

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

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



TS 1041 — "I Got My Job Through the National Lampoon" T-shirt. And you can buy this shirt through the National Lampoon as well. \$6.95



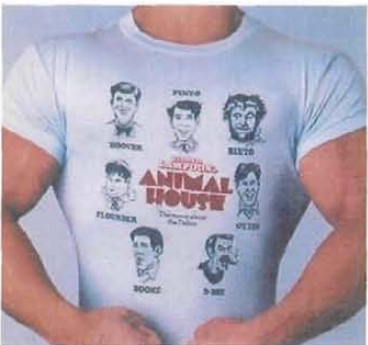
TS 1057— Oversize Heavyweight T-shirt. Politenessman, in one of his most famous adventures. 100 percent cotton. \$10.95



TS 1019— National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt. The divine Miss Mona. \$6.95



TS 1061 — National Lampoon Dirty T-shirt. For the slob in the family. It already comes with stains, footprints, you name it. White. \$7.95



TS 1058— National Lampoon's European Vacation T-shirt. No T-shirt collection would be complete without a picture of the "pig in the poke" that got the Griswalds to Europe. \$6.95



TS 1029 — National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt. With pictures of Bluto, Otter, and the rest of the boys on the front. \$6.95



TS 1030— National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket. Famous jacket with real cotton lining. \$33.95





TS 1026—National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt. With the famous double-amputee frog. \$6.95

TS 1065—Trots and Bonnie T-shirt. America's favorite dog-and-teen team jump off the pages of this mag and onto your back. \$7.95



TS 1038—National Lampoon Frog Sweater. In blue, camel, gray, or black. \$20.95

TS 1035—National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt. In white, blue, camel, green, gray, or yellow. \$14.95



TS 1063—National Lampoon Moose Sweater. In gray or black. \$20.95

TS 1060—National Lampoon Moose Polo Shirt. In white, blue, or yellow. \$14.95



TS 1048—Marathon 80 Shorts. 100 percent nylon tricot running shorts with inside key pocket. \$9.50

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Check enclosed Charge to my:

MasterCard # _____ MasterCard Interbank # _____

Visa # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

TS1019 \$6.95 ___S___M___L___XL TS1045 \$18.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1026 \$6.95 ___S___M___L TS1046 \$13.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1027 \$8.00 ___S___M___L TS1048 \$9.50 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1028 \$8.00 ___S___M___L___XL TS1049 \$20.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1029 \$6.95 ___S___M___L TS1050 \$2.895 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1030 \$33.95 ___S___M___L TS1052 \$10.95 ___S___M___L

TS1031 \$7.95 ___S___M___L___XL TS1053 \$11.95 ___S___M___L

TS1032 \$7.95 TS1057 \$11.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1034 \$13.95 ___S___M___L___XL TS1058 \$6.95 ___S___M___L

COLOR _____ TS1059 \$7.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1035 \$14.95 ___S___M___L TS1060 \$14.95 ___S___M___L

COLOR _____ TS1061 \$7.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1036 \$13.95 ___S___M___L TS1063 \$20.95 ___S___M___L

TS1038 \$20.95 ___S___M___L TS1066 \$10.95 ___S___M___L___XL

COLOR _____ A ___ B ___ C ___ D ___

TS1039 \$12.95 ___S___M___L___XL TS1064 \$22.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1041 \$6.95 ___S___M___L TS1065 \$7.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1043 \$16.95 ___S___M___L___XL TS1066 \$10.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1044 \$16.95 ___S___M___L___XL

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Fred Stoller's Guide to Impressing Your Friend(s)

Want to make people believe that you're productive and popular? Probably the best way to do this is by being subtle. Let your friends see how busy and well-liked you are by the little things you have lying around your place rather than by coming out and saying it. It's a lot more effective that way. Here are ten of the best ways to do this.

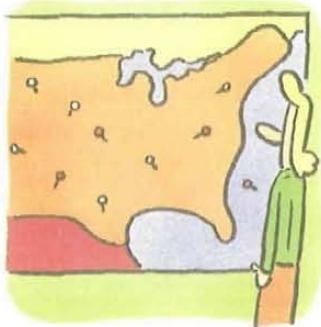
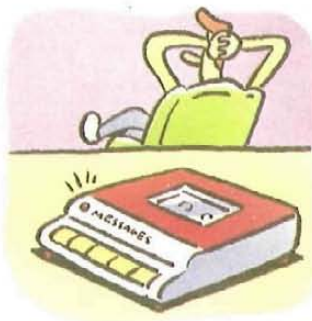


1. THE SPEED-DIALING PHONE

Many of the new phones have what is known as speed dialing. With this feature you can program in fifteen to twenty of your most frequently dialed business and social numbers. But what happens if there are only three people you call a lot? The phone won't look too impressive with only three of the buttons with names written in next to them. So make sure you fill them all up. Leave no spots blank! Here's a sample sketch of someone who in reality has only two friends, but look what he did with a little imagination. (If you're not too imaginative, refer to the front pages of your telephone book. There are lots of great emergency numbers you can use!)

2. THE ANSWERING MACHINE

Another subtle phone tactic you can use to impress people is the busy answering machine. Always have it set so that it is blinking repeatedly, as though you have many messages. Note: Some answering machines have digital numbers indicating the number of messages you have. This is extra-impressive, because it shows that not only do you have messages, but you're too busy to even play them back.

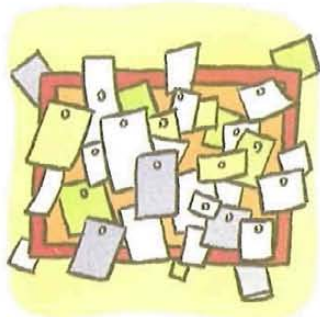


3. THE MAP ON THE WALL

Have a map on your wall with pins and markings posted on various cities. This will so intimidate your visitor, you won't even have to say what the markings represent.

4. THE CLUTTERED BULLETIN BOARD

Have a bulletin board with stuff all over it. This can make your place look like an office. Pin up canceled checks as if they have some significance. Also TV Guide articles, newspaper coupons, and Chicken Delight menus.



5. THE SPIKE THING YOU JAM PAPERS ON

Have one of these on your desk with lots of papers jammed onto it. They don't have to be important papers. Your friends won't know. Use flyers from pizza places that have been shoved under your door.



6. THE THICK WALLET

This is probably the hardest one to be subtle about. (Unless you have a friend you really trust where you can just leave it lying out). But should you have to take it out to pay for something, make sure that it's really thick in the credit-card department. True, credit cards are not easy to get, but there are lots of other ways to pad the wallet. Join as many video stores as you can. Video-club membership cards themselves can be thick! Put in box tops from cereal boxes, passes to amusement parks, and membership cards from magic clubs.

7. THE STUFFED GYM BAG

Carry one with you or leave it sitting in a corner of your apartment. Try to get one of those cool ones that have lots of compartments. This makes you look like you always have a place to go to, something important to do. Always make sure that it is filled up! Put your lunch in it, old newspapers you were going to throw out, broken glass, and pillow stuffings.



8. THE OVERSTUFFED ROLODEX

Have a Rolodex or personal telephone book in an open, conspicuous place. (Fill it up the same way you did with the speed dialing.) The way you impress here is to have napkins, torn-up paper, ripped-up matchbook covers, etc. sticking out of it. This shows not only that you've been given lots of loose numbers, but you've had no time to transfer them into your book.

9. THE PHOTO WALL OF FAME

Have photos on the wall of you with your arm around impressive people. If you don't have any such photos, just paste a photo of you over that of another person photographed with an impressive person.



MAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY
MONDAY 14 th WAKE UP	15 th	16 th CHECK MAILBOX
21 st ROLL UP PENNIES	22 nd RENT VIDEO WATCH VIDEO	23 rd RETURN VIDEO
28 th OBSERVE MEMORIAL DAY <small>MEMORIAL DAY OBSERVED</small>	29 th CHANGE MESSAGE ON ANSWERING MACHINE	30 th DON'T OBSERVE MEMORIAL DAY <small>MEMORIAL DAY</small>

MAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
17 th	18 th GO TO LAUNDRY. WASH CLOTHES. DRY CLOTHES. 2 DAYS TILL MOTHER'S DAY	19 th REST IS TIRED	20 th CALL MOM MOTHER'S DAY	
24 th	25 th 5:00 PM COME HOME FROM WORK.	26 th	27 th READ	
31 st				

10. THE MONTH AT-A-GLANCE PLANNER

The Month At-A-Glance planner is an appointment book you can leave open on your desk so people can see all the appointments and plans you have for a whole month! Here again you can use your imagination to fill it up. Think of things that you usually do in a day and then put them all in. Here is a sample Month At-A-Glance that almost anyone can have and seem impressive.



FUNNY PAGES

Animal Rights Comix
 (A History) by hickerson buddy

June 7, 1987

Hi! I'm a Baby Seal! Please give to the United Baby Seal Rescue Fund. Remember... a mind is a terrible thing to bash in.

Sept. 6, 1989

ANimal Rights

Take off that FUR you OLD BAG!

Oops! You're REAL!

Nov. 6, 1987

How does it FEEL, you OLD COW?

AAH! MY HAIR!

I JUST HAD IT SET!

Sept. 2, 1992

FURS ARE BANNED!!

If I can't wear furs... I'll wear sable fox guts and sinew.

June 1, 1976

If I can't wear guts and sinew... I'll opt for the unwashed pelt of an animal-rights activist!

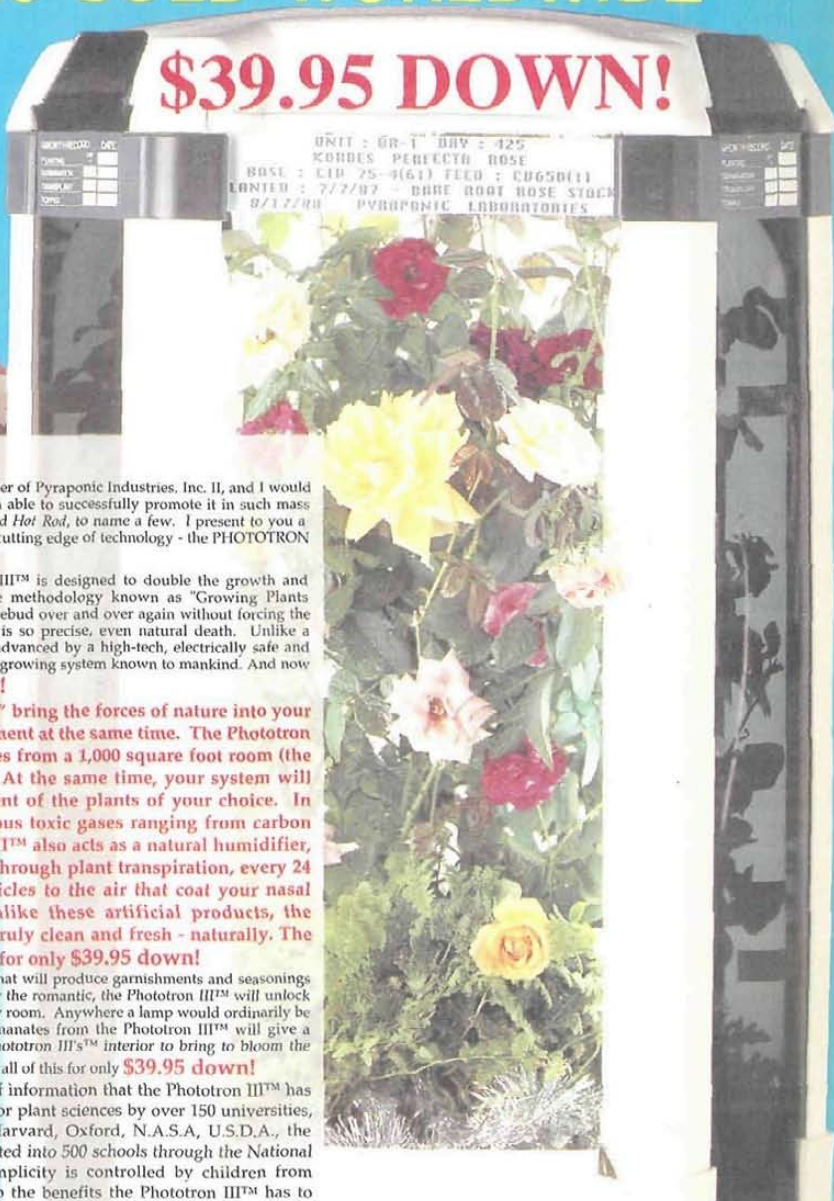
BANS FURS

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-Jeffery Julian DeMarco

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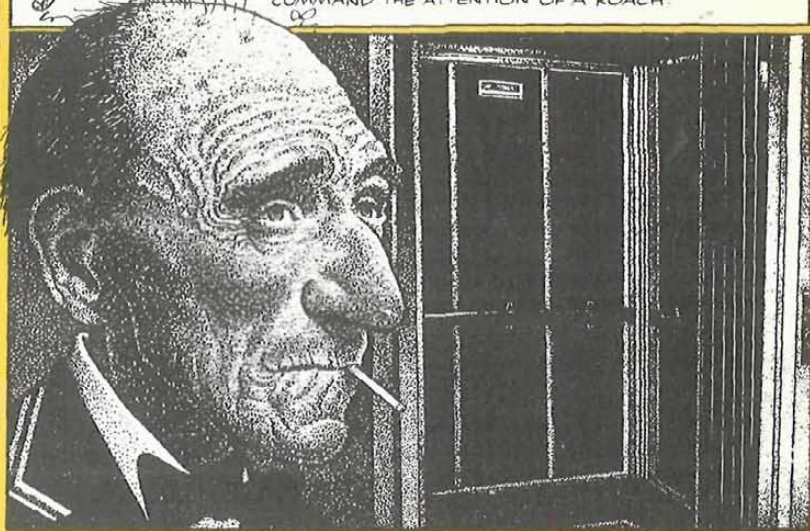
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WE ACCEPT VISA, MASTERCARD, AND MONEY ORDER

DAMES MAKE THE MAN

SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN ©1990

ON HIS OWN, ARTEMUS, THE PHEGMY, HACKING ELEVATOR MAN, COULDN'T COMMAND THE ATTENTION OF A ROACH.



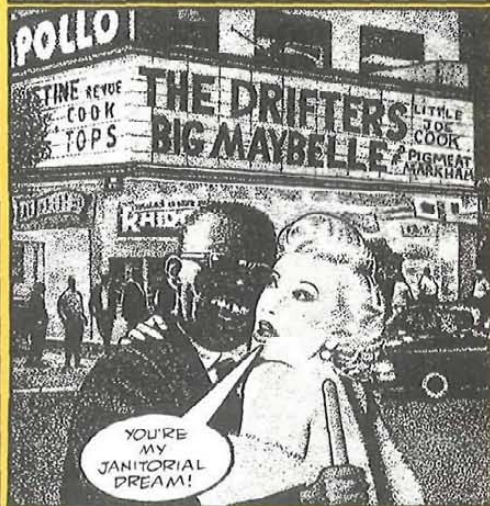
BUT MATCH HIM UP WITH A HIGH-FALUTIN GOLD-DIGGER AT THE COPA. EVERYONE WOULD THINK HE MUST BE THE CAT'S PAJAMAS.



MARCUS BOJOHNSON, JR., NIGHT CUSTODIAN AT 1519 BROADWAY, COULDN'T GET SPIT UPON.



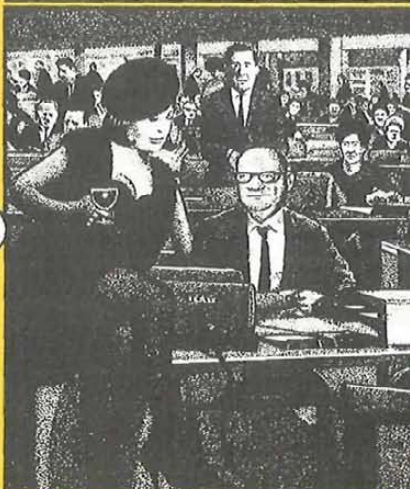
SLAP A TOP MODEL ON HIS ARM, WITH TWO TICKETS TO THE APOLLO -- PEOPLE MIGHT MISTAKE HIM FOR THE KING OF ETHIOPIA.



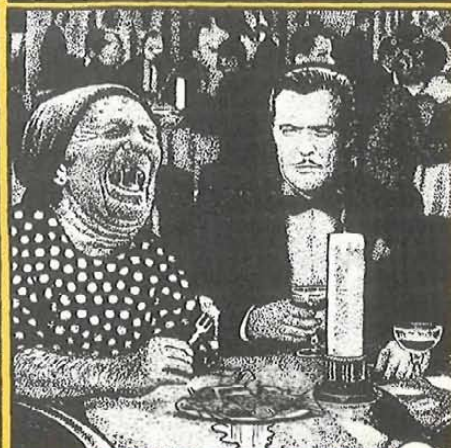
ROTO-ROOTER MAN GUS SMELT SO BAD, HOUSEWIVES RAN. BUT FOLKS WERE INTRIGUED WHEN HE BEGAN SHOWING UP ON CALLS BETWIXT A DUET OF HOT TAMALES.



LIKEWISE THE SECRETARIAL POOL DOWN AT THE OFFICE LOOKED AT JOE LIKE HE WAS SHIT. TILL THE DAY HE STROLLED IN WITH FIFI ON HIS ARM.



ON THE OTHER HAND, EVEN THE SHARPEST RACONTEUR MIGHT LOSE STATURE IF HE WERE SEEN IN THE WRONG COMPANY.



SO REMEMBER, GENT, WHEREVER YOU GO: DAMES MAKE THE MAN!

END

TOM

THE DRUNKEN ALCOHOLIC SLOB WHO IS BY
ALSO PARANOID AND SCHIZOPHRENIC P.C. VEY



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I HAVE BECOME FOND OF YOU, MR. de GROOT.

...BUT... YOU... DON'T... LOVE... ME...



© Copyright 1990 The King was

WHAT'S THIS—IS SAM PROPOSING MARRIAGE TO NURSE HAGOPIAN?

...OR... IS... IT... BECAUSE... I'M... PARALYZED?... THAT'S... WHY... YOU... WON'T... MARRY... ME...

NNNNNO.... I WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT...



NURSE HAGOPIAN CONSULTS WITH DR. UGATTI...

...AND HE ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM, DR. UGATTI...

I'LL HAVE TO TALK TO HIM...



IF YOU WERE TO MARRY NURSE HAGOPIAN, MR. de GROOT, WITH YOUR PARALYSIS, DO YOU THINK YOU WOULD BE ABLE TO CONSUMMATE THE MARRIAGE?

...WHAT'S... THAT... CON... SOO... MATE?



IT MEANS WHEN A MAN AND HIS BRIDE HAVE SEXUAL RELATIONS.

...GEE... I... DON'T... KNOW... I'VE... NEVER... DONE... IT...



WHAT ABOUT A TRIAL SESSION? PERHAPS NURSE HAGOPIAN WILL CONSENT...

...I... DON'T... CARE...



WELL, NURSE?

CONSIDERING THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I GUESS IT'S THE BEST COURSE.



A WISE DECISION, NURSE! I'LL ARRANGE FOR YOU TWO TO HAVE COMPLETE PRIVACY...



LATER THAT DAY AND SAM AND NURSE HAGOPIAN HAVE HAD THEIR TRYST...

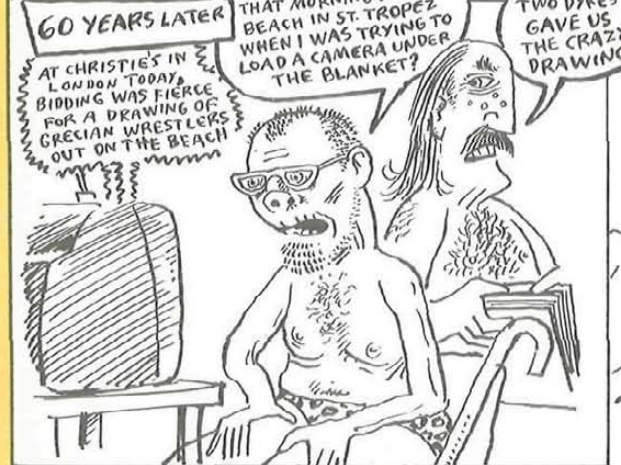
WELL, MR. de GROOT, WHAT'S THE VERDICT?

...THE... MARRIAGE... IS... OFF...



...THE... ENEMAS... ARE... BETTER...





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THE PERSONALS

I am Sterling Passaic, Executive Director of the Tri-State Total Singles Network, the plenipotentiary of plushly pronged boy-toys and gals with gashes as supple as the hide from an unborn calf! It is I who can and will MatchLink™ you with the MateMate™ of your dreams, be it a two-fisted homunculus wearing cellophane plumage, a glossy-lipped bim with a butt the size of a chicken ranch, a shimmering Adonis with glistening abs and a jockstrap hanging down like a quart of milk, or an onion-breathed Commie fink! And I guarantee you this: I will not allow you to spend another night without a heaping bedful of bimbo or beefcake to fulfill your every hunger! No way!

It's **TRAVIS FLANAGAN** of Houston, TX! He's the winner of the prestigious Hideous Tie Contest, as announced in the April issue. As his reward,

Travis will enjoy a date with slothful heiress Sunny von Bülow, providing she wakes up from her coma and agrees to go out with him. (Hint: Stoke her with sugar, poke her with pork.) As for the tie Travis sent, it's being worn by Sterling. A J.C. Penney-birtherd mélange of marzipan pastels, it clashes mellifluously with the insouciance of his beige leisure suit, by Floyd Glatz of Palm Beach, MD.

SWM SEEKS WOMAN, ANY AGE, appearance, or race, to bring me a nice cold beer while I read this page. Box 884P.

SWF, 24, CANTANKEROUS, PISSY, SELFISH, mean-spirited, cranky, obstinate, greedy, bitchy, and not even that great-looking, but with that certain something that sucker-man after sucker-man somehow finds irresistible, seeks new girlfriends who'll be mesmerized and appalled at how easily and cruelly I manipulate men. Box 650E. (You'll notice I don't need to advertise to find men who'll gladly go into debt for the pleasure of having me use and humiliate and torture them and deny them sex when they want it most and demand it when they don't want to give it and whose peckers I can twist till they're bent over backwards; they're a dime a dozen to me.)

SWM SEEKS DEBORAH NORVILLE-TYPE WOMAN, an educated, beautiful, blond millionaire whom the rest of the world hates, for good times, possible marriage. Box 822R.

MED-SCHOOL STUDENT seeks corpse swap. I crave a woman, 20-35, with a nice ass, no puncture or knife wounds, tumors, rectal rips, wasting, or jaundice. No ob-gyn-school seconds. Am willing to trade vintage 28-year-old male junkie, 56-year-old Mexican housewife run over by a truck, and a fresh German shepherd. Box 772R.

MARRIED MAN, 37, SEEKS A WOMAN who'll appear by telekinesis at my door now. I don't have time to wait for a postal response, as my wife will be back from her business trip in seven days. But I want someone to bring a slick, hot, itchy vagina and some touch-hungry tits over here tonight and dazzle me with them. I know it's doubtful this'll work; in fact, if you don't get over here in five minutes I'm just gonna beat off and have a few beers. But I figure it's worth a try.

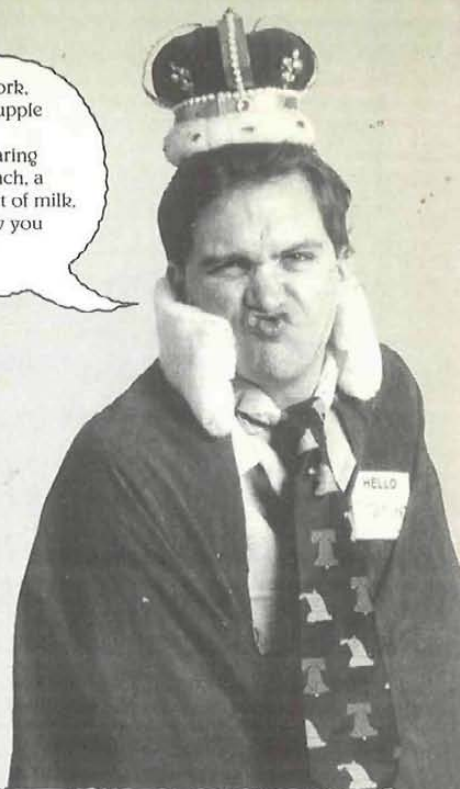
MWM SEEKS a yard or garage sale featuring a good set of golf clubs for under \$20, a lawn mower for \$20, a couple of old Cream and Chicago albums with minimal scratches for 50¢ each, and a few good-condition 42 Long suits from a guy dead in his prime for \$10 each. Box 298K.

ED'S MAGAZINE—now sponsoring Ed's Magazine first annual swimsuit issue. Send portfolio to Ed's Magazine, 155 Avenue of the Americas, Third Floor, New York, NY 10013.

ALL ARTWORK DONE IN NEEDLEPOINT BY CLAUDIUS VON BÜLOW

ATTRACTIVE, ROMANTIC, SUCCESSFUL SWM seeks attractive woman, 25-32, with long blond hair, full lips, and a high voice whom I can wine and dine and dance with till dawn. Then I want to stab you 56 times and have sex with your corpse behind the Woolworth's on Route 117 and then stab you a few more times. Box 827B.

ATTRACTIVE, FIT MARRIED COUPLE seeks evenly tanned bisexual bulimic female to spice up our bed-life: I'm an albino lawyer with Serbian features and my husband is a hot, hairy, aquiline bodybuilder with big brown teeth. We love sock smells, sneaker fungus, and blood-brindled maxi-pads, and we hope your bush is as heavy and humid with lubrication as hay soaked with cow piss just from reading this; you must worship the rimey mulch gathered at my husband's cock-hill and the duck butter compiled in the flesh creases below my breasts, and in exchange we'll feast on all the goo and fart-paste you've got to offer and God willing you've got plenty. Box 784D.



SPECIAL SECTION! SPECIAL SECTION! SPECIAL SECTION! SPECIAL SECTION!

NOTICE: IT IS ILLEGAL TO PROCEED UNTIL YOU HAVE READ AND COMPROMISED THIS PARAGRAPH!!! This section features PersonalPeople™ who are so confident of their desirability that they've agreed to let a totally objective MeetInspector™ write the PersonalProfile™ facet of their personal! Yes, they're so sure of their lusciousness that they've waived their God-given right to describe themselves in fawning, hyperbolic terms, and are allowing someone who's never before met them to create the description of them that you'll use to evaluate their desirability. (The PersonalPeople™ themselves, however, have written the TargetMate™ facet of their personal. For who but they would know the true nature of their hungers?)

BLOND WOMAN with obvious roots, looks good but wears so much makeup you can't be sure she isn't hiding pizza-cheeks under it all, nice tits but it could be because of that industrial tensile quilted bra, especially when you consider the fact that she has the kind of long hips that signal a body-wide decay, unless actually her tits are okay and her hips are just flagging because she hasn't done any exercise in eons. Plus she must have a yeast infection because it smells like Orville Redenbacher's barn in there. Age-wise, I'd say early 30's, which means she's at her horniest but which also means she's gonna want you to marry and impregnate her posthaste, but then chicks today look great into their 40's so she could be 42 in which case her uterus could be hardened like tough calamari al dente and you'll get away without baby-crawling after all **SEEKS** equally fit, cultured gentleman for sophisticated friendship, long walks on the beach, theater, fine dining. Box 515C.

NOT BAD for an old bat, pretty big tits even if they probably hang down like used condoms when they're out of their bra, not to mention that she must have had some kind of hydraulic face-lift, it looks like her face is being pulled back by G-force. Also, it's better if you don't mind the way old ladies smell like closets. I guess she's looking for a man her own age, but sad to say

guys her age snap up all the young stuff and leave the young men the choice between beating off and breaking the law with girls who haven't grown bushes yet. Actually, it would work out best if the young guys would fuck the old ladies, because the young guys are desperate enough to fuck anything, and the old ladies would love the attention **SEEKS** mature, sensuous, successful silver-haired man for sharing, friendship, travel, really putting a shine on our golden years. Our years may be few, but there's so much living left to do together. Box 293W.

OH MAN, would this mincing little fag need a pumpkin up his ass to feel friction or what? Jesus Christ, Magic Johnson could fuck him with his shins and he wouldn't feel it! He could rent out parking spaces in his alimentary canal, for God's sake **SEEKS** youthful 30-50 GWM companion who also acts and looks straight for movies, dinner, conversation, possible safe sex. Box 968Y.

THIS GUY'S pretty handsome in a dashing, worldly way, but even though his skin is tan and he's got all his hair and he's in good shape, something about him looks more worn-out than most middle-aged guys, like he's turned on the charm so many times the tank's almost empty. And he's probably done so much fucking in his life that an erection would be virtually out of the question if you don't wear pages-at-a-time's-worth of stuff from the Frederick's catalog. Plus he's got that wet-head look, I guess it's just gel but he reminds me of the produce section in a supermarket where they have the sprinkler come on every few minutes to keep the goods looking wet and fresh: he probably leaves a Rorschach grease stain on his pillows and headrests **SEEKS** mature, attractive, down-to-earth, one-man woman, 20-25, for quiet nights by the fire, romantic dinners at country inns, old-fashioned romance. Let's discover the joy of a fresh-fallen snow and the crash of the surf together. Box 475G.

HOLY SHIT, this one is hot! Oh my God she looks like—look at those mouth-watering—forget it, I'm asking her out, you can go to hell.

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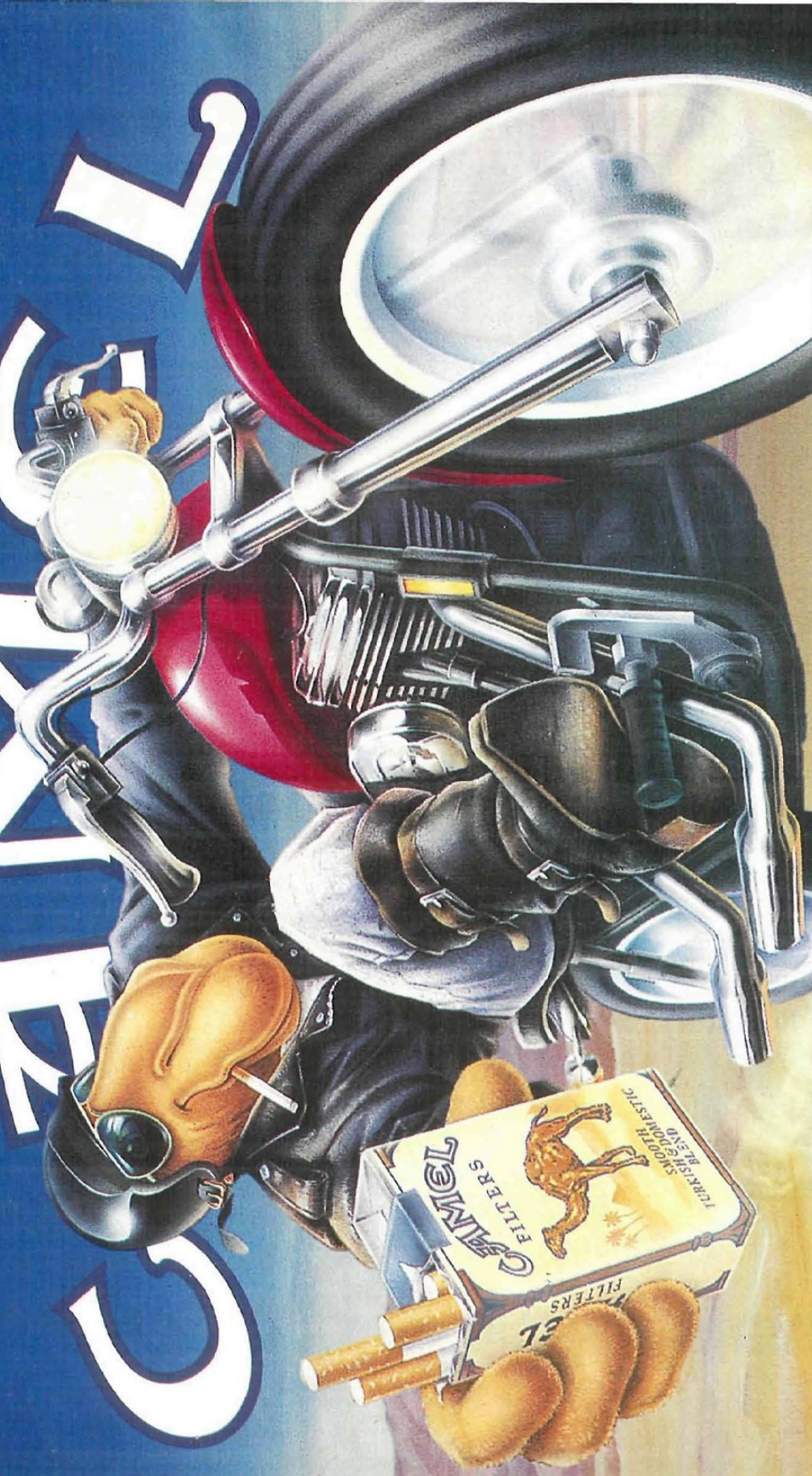
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SMOOTH



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