

FREE ISSUE •
DETAILS INSIDE

HARD TIMES ISSUE: MONEY-HIDING TIPS •
BORROWING: YOUR KEY TO \$\$\$ • SUPER-RICH
ROLE-PLAYING GAME • PLUS FREE SPENDING MONEY

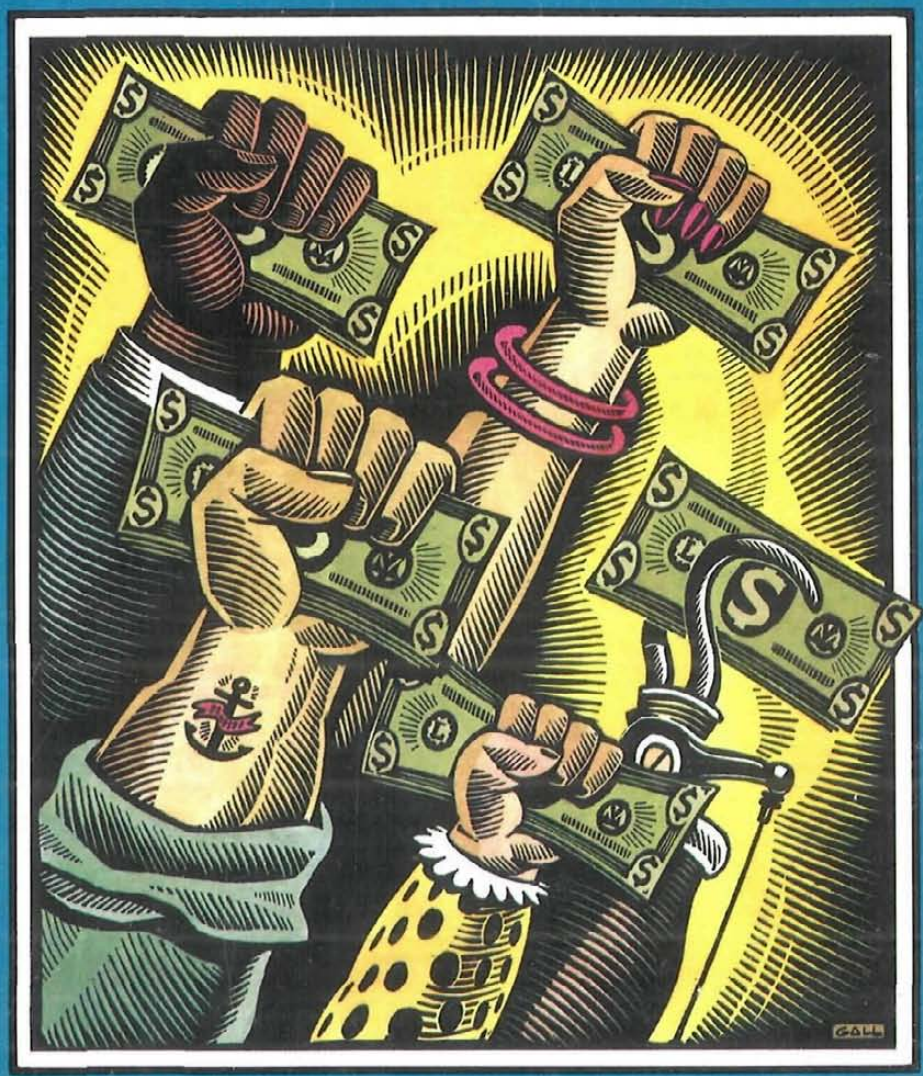
MAY 1991

\$3.95 \$2.95 CAN \$3.50

NATIONAL LAMPOON

How to Beat the Depression?

**SPEND
MORE
MONEY!**



YOU'RE ON

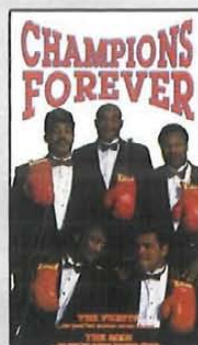
An exclusive offer to NATI
All-time classic videos at a special



BUD AND LOU
98 mins. J2-0045
The funny and tragic story of the unforgettable comedy team of Abbott and Costello, played by Harvey Korman and Buddy Hackett.

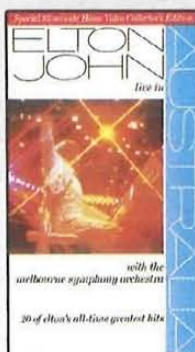


RETURN OF THE PINK PANTHER
113 mins. J2-0064
Critically acclaimed as one of the finest and funniest of the "Pink Panther" movies! Starring Peter Sellers in his classic role as the bungling Inspector Clouseau.

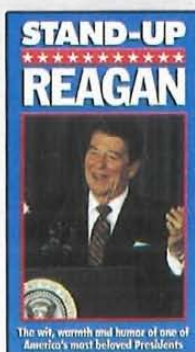


CHAMPIONS FOREVER
87 mins. J2-0047
ALI, FOREMAN, FRAZIER, HOLMES and NORTON come together for the first time to re-live their phenomenal careers! Includes incredible vintage fight footage.

BUY TWO, GET



ELTON JOHN
Live In Australia
95 mins. J2-0012
The definitive Elton John video! Features 20 of his greatest hits, including extended versions of "Rocket Man" and "Benny and the Jets!"



STAND-UP REAGAN
40 mins. J2-0043
A unique collection of the master story-teller's most humorous tales and amusing anecdotes! His Gorbachev jokes alone are worth the price!



Carol Burnett's MY PERSONAL BEST
Vol. 1, "Went with the Wind" J2-0016
Vol. 2, "Little Miss Show Biz" J2-0015
60 mins. each
Carol's personal favorites from the classic CAROL BURNETT SHOW! Includes wonderful sketches with Sammy Davis Jr., Tim Conway, Harvey Korman, and more!

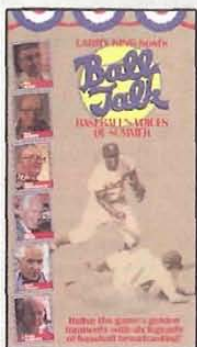
Toll free. To order by phone, please have your credit card ready. Or use the coupon on the following page.

CALL 1-800-441-1313



OUR HIT LIST!

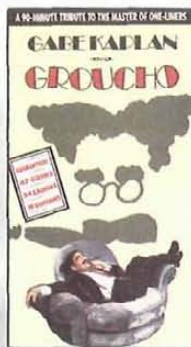
AL LAMPOON readers!
price of only \$19.95 per title! Or...



BALL TALK:
Baseball's Voices of Summer
 50 mins. J2-0041
 Baseball's golden years, re-lived by six legendary announcers, including Mel Allen, Red Barber, Jack Brickhouse, Jack Buck, Curt Gowdy and Ernie Harwell. Hosted by Larry King, and loaded with rare footage!

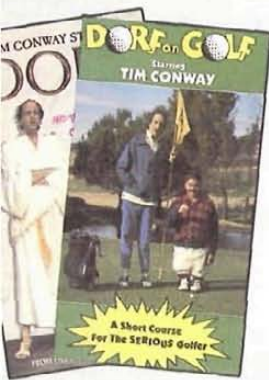


JERRY LEE LEWIS:
I Am What I Am
 60 mins. J2-0046
 The thrilling, tragic, and real roller-coaster life of the rock and roll legend!



GABE KAPLAN AS GROUCHO
 90 mins. J2-0011
 Starring Gabe Kaplan of "Welcome Back Kotter" in a 90-minute tribute to the master of one-liners! Including at least 150 laughs!

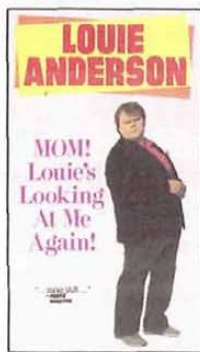
GET ONE FREE!



DORF ON GOLF
 30 mins. J2-0009
 The most popular original comedy video ever, with Tim Conway as the legendary Derk Dorf!
DORF AND THE FIRST GAMES OF MT. OLYMPUS
 35 mins. J2-0020
 Derk Dorf in ancient Greece, showing us how the Summer Games really began!



GREENPEACE
 60 mins. J2-0044
 A wild ride with the world's most daring activists as they risk their lives to protect our environment!



LOUIE ANDERSON:
Mom! Louie's Looking At Me Again!
 60 mins. J2-0048
 One of America's hottest young comedy stars in his laugh-packed video debut!

YES! I want my FREE video(s)! Please send me the video(s) I've marked below—for only \$19.95 each! I understand that I am entitled to one (1) FREE video with every two (2) videos I purchase. That's up to four FREE videos!

- | | | | | |
|--|--|---|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Elton John J2-0012 | <input type="checkbox"/> Carol Burnett Vol. 1, J2-0016 | <input type="checkbox"/> Dorf on Golf J2-0009 | <input type="checkbox"/> Greenpeace J2-0044 | <input type="checkbox"/> Ball Talk J2-0041 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bud & Lou J2-0045 | <input type="checkbox"/> Carol Burnett Vol. 2, J2-0015 | <input type="checkbox"/> Louie Anderson J2-0048 | <input type="checkbox"/> Jerry Lee Lewis J2-0046 | <input type="checkbox"/> Gabe as Groucho J2-0011 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stand-up Reagan J2-0043 | <input type="checkbox"/> Champions Forever J2-0047 | <input type="checkbox"/> Rtn. of P. Panther J2-0064 | <input type="checkbox"/> Dorf & Mt. Olympus J2-0020 | |

Please include \$5.00 for shipping and handling. Total Enclosed: \$ _____ (California residents please include 6.75% sales tax.)

and check or money order (payable to J2 Communications) along with this coupon to: Hit List, P.O. Box 7169, Burbank, CA 91505

C/VISA # _____ EXP _____ / _____ SIGNATURE _____

our Name _____ Address _____

ity _____ State _____ Zip _____

ideos available in VHS only. Check/money order must be drawn on a U.S. bank in U.S. funds. Sorry, no C.O.D.s. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

CONTENTS

Vol. 2, No. 127

May 1991

FEATURES

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S CONSUMER GUIDE 25

FEATURING: Evaluating Your Personal Economic Indicators (Robert Leighton); How to Handle Your Money (Larry Doyle); Where Your Money Goes; Street Fraud (Robert Leighton); Will 'n' Wallet; How Product Testing Costs You Money, and More (Daniel O'Keefe); You Will Be Rich! (Ian Maxtone-Graham); Spend \$100 of the National Lampoon's Money! (Larry Doyle); Have You Considered Franchising? (Chris Kelly); When...: One Day at the Beverly Hills Tennis, Polo, and Yacht Club (Ian Maxtone-Graham); with additional material by Lynn Geller, Richard Lavenstein, and The Editors.

THE CHEAP PAGES 38

FEATURING: Why Pay for Goods and Services? (Robert Leighton); The Most Livable Automobiles of 1991 (Chris Kelly); Cheap Dates: Romance with Real Value, and Personal Borrowing: Acquisition Without Investment (Sam Johnson and Chris Marcil); Homeworking: Low Overhead, Convenient Location (Lynn Geller); Five Great Walks to Take Around Your Block (Daniel O'Keefe).

Our Place Mat Page: Vanishing America 42

By Ron Barrett

Memoirs of a Greek Chorus Girl 44

By Chris Marcil and Sam Johnson

How I Touched God with My Power Glove 47

By John Derevlany

An Open Letter to My Mother 51

By Chris Marcil

The Land of Amour 52

By Ian Maxtone-Graham

Young Alex in Nevada 54

By David Samuels

FRONT

Editor's Mother 6

By Deborah O'Keefe

Letters from the Editors 8

Frontage 10

Feuilleton 10

By Henry Gross, David Samuels, Sam Johnson, Chris Marcil, and Robert Strickland.

The Potato 20

Floor Plan 22

By Richard Lavenstein

Show Trial 23

BACK

True Facts 58

Edited by John Bendel

True Travels: Metropolis, Illinois, Home of Superman 60

By Beth Austin

True Sounds 63

By Eric Yost

True Trades 64

By John Derevlany

True Books 65

By Neil Steinberg

True Eats 66

By Kimberly Taylor

Funny Pages 70

By Drew Friedman, Mark Newgarden, Justin Green, Kaz, Daniel Clowes, and Doug Allen.

More Great Stuff to Buy 82

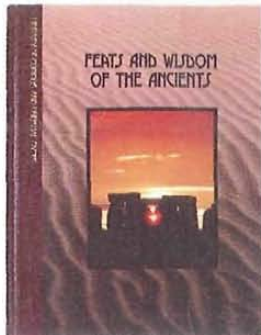
COVER ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS GALL



STATUESQUE 32 ft. long and 80 tons. How was an ancient civilization able to build something this awesome?



WILD



IMPOSSIBLE



ROAD TO NOWHERE Ancient Anasazi Indians built a 500-mile network of roads—yet they had never seen a wheel or a horse.



A VISION OF THE FUTURE Ancient Hindu surgeons performed successful cataract surgery thousands of years ago.

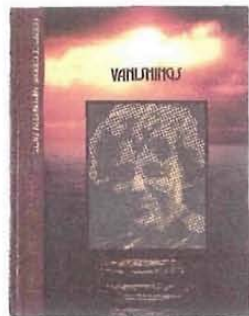


DOUBLE TROUBLE One Siamese twin gave birth, but the baby's father couldn't marry her—it would have been bigamy!



SOFT AS A ROCK This unusual form of sandstone actually sags under its own weight.

ILLOGICAL



UNBELIEVABLE

CATCHING SOME RAYS Sun worshippers might envy the hippopotamus. It secretes its own natural suntan lotion.



A REAL SIZZLER In its path, lightning can generate temperatures as high as 50,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

DEATH DEFYING LEAP Skydiver Mark Mongillo fell 2,500 feet, hit solid ground, bounced twice—and lived to tell the tale.

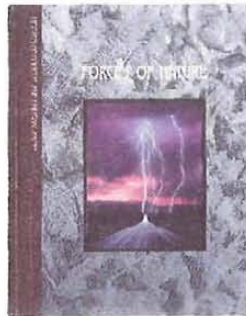


FASCINATING

COMPACT DISK 4,000 year-old Minoan disk may have been first "Farmer's Almanac"—with detailed records of heavens and seasons.



WHO'S JUDGING JUDGE CRATER? Famous jurist of 20's vanished without a trace, and no one has figured out why.



ICED FURY 250 in. of snow a year and winds clocked at 231 mph. The North Pole? No. Mt. Washington, NH.

UNINVENTING THE WHEEL Did you think the wheel was invented for transportation? No, the ancients only used it for toys.



ZANY

AND ALL TRUE.

The world is incredible if you know where to look. Introducing The Library Of Curious And Unusual Facts.

It can't be true. *But it is true.* That's impossible. Oh, but it happened. No way! Yes, definitely. Here's proof.

There's nothing quite like the thrill of hearing about "impossible" things that are absolutely real. Of having your horizons not just widened, but blown away. Of discovering that there's more to people and nature and the world than you ever dreamed!

And that's the kind of excitement that's about to come your way. On every page of the new LIBRARY OF CURIOUS AND UNUSUAL FACTS. Where you'll find so many unexpected facts that you'll be left breathless.

Read about people who broke every rule and then some. Discover sides of nature you never knew existed. Delve into the exotic worlds of lost treasures. See if you can solve the mysteries of

famous disappearances — individuals and whole civilizations. Visit a "zoo" of animals whose abilities are so incredible you'd think they came from an animated cartoon and not the real world. Once you get into the LIBRARY OF CURIOUS AND UNUSUAL FACTS, you'll never say "impossible" again—and you'll love every mind-boggling minute of it!

Examine your first volume for 10 days free. Mail the card and we'll send you *Feats And Wisdom of the Ancients* to enjoy for 10 days free. If you decide to keep it, pay just \$12.99 plus shipping and handling. Then other books will follow, about one every other month, including *Mysteries of the Human Body*, *Forces of Nature* and *Vanishings*, all on the same free-trial basis. Keep only those you want. Cancel at any time.

YES, I want to examine *Feats and Wisdom of the Ancients* FREE for 10 days. Also send me future volumes under the terms described in this ad. Mail this coupon to: TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Box C-32006, Richmond, VA 23261-2066.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____

New From

AMERICA'S GETTING CURIOUS

TIME LIFE BOOKS

All orders subject to approval. Prices subject to change.

ELA665

© 1991 Time-Life Books Inc.

EDITOR'S MOTHER

by Deborah O'Keefe

From the beginning I wondered what would become of him—he was such a sensitive boy. But I'm so proud and relieved now that he's been made an editor of the *National Lampoon* and he's in with the right kind of people. Of course, I hear that some of the men in the office wear earrings and I suspect they swear and talk about things like condoms. But their hearts are in the right place and they're giving him a paycheck, which is more than some college graduates in our town are getting, who aren't even trying to pull their own weight and are embarrassing their parents a lot.

As a baby he didn't sleep much, and he had a terrible accusing stare. After a while he started to roll over; he'd roll from one end of the living room to the other with this terrible accusing stare on his face. I had been reading Arthur C. Clarke's *Childhood's End* just as I went into labor, though maybe that's not really relevant. He just seemed to think a lot, and he'd laugh to himself in a sweet kind of way, though I must admit it gave me the creeps. Later, he liked puzzles, but would take a misshapen puzzle piece and insist on forcing it into a space that even an inattentive toddler should have known wasn't right. Once he arranged a heap of clothes and blankets and chairs and lamps and sharp objects on top of his brother in the crib. He had a creative soul, I think.

"Mother," he asked once, "when you die..." His tiny voice faltered.

"Yes, dear?"

"When you die, what happens to your magazine subscriptions?" Oh God, I thought, what does the future hold for one so sensitive? Only gradually did I come to realize that he was fascinated not by death but by magazine subscriptions.

I remembered then that he had eaten a whole copy of *New York* magazine when he was three, including the movie listings. At eleven, precociously interested in the editorial process, he hid under his mattress a pile of magazines full of colorful pictures of women. He would sit in the kitchen hunched over a dog-eared notebook, oblivious to the jelly leaking out of his sandwich; he was writing little childish editorials. He would make small booklets of riddles and jokes, and sign his name in huge letters at the bottom. It was very cute.

He was happy enough at first, but by junior high he was having problems. His teachers ganged up on him, calling me in for conferences to discuss his bad language and disruptive behavior. (That meant he asked too many questions.) In high school things got a little better; they left him alone now. He wrote things, like weird articles for the school paper about the CPR dummies.

Finally, in college, he met some others of his kind. I had mixed feelings about this because I always felt that people like him should be kept in the mainstream as much as possible. But they had good times together in the big clubhouse that belonged to the humor-magazine gang—a great bunch of very special people.

The morning after graduation—though actually, as a matter of fact, it was six

months—I saw the shining résumé in his hand and my faith was strong. His father, on the other hand, feared that he was not seriously planning to get a job: he would stay home for forty years watching *21 Jump Street* and eating Muesli all day with his socks smelling. His father suspected that *this stressful job search was a hoax*, that in reality he was going to New York to meet former classmates so they could smoke marijuana and laugh at their parents, who were unaware that they would be supporting them for forty more years.

And then he succeeded beyond my wildest expectations: I knew about the *National Lampoon* because it was one of the magazines I'd find under his mattress when he was just getting interested in journalism. I'm told now it contains a better class of humor, and he can show in his articles all the great things he knows, like how to spell Nietzsche. So it's really working out very well.

On the third day, he called me from his new office—just picked up his own phone and dialed. He says his office is slightly marred by plaster walls somebody has clawed at, but it has a door and a light fixture. He sits there and writes and thinks and writes some more. He goes to important meetings, just like anybody. The people say funny things all day and they tell him he's funny, too. He gets to send out for milkshakes to go with the tuna fish sandwiches I make him in the morning. He even has a medical plan, which Mrs. Bossert's son doesn't have at his job until the end of a six-month waiting period, although I have to say it would certainly be nice if it included dental.

Deborah O'Keefe



Editor in Chief: George Barkin

Executive Art Director: Ron Barrett **Editors:** Larry Doyle, Sam Johnson, Chris Marcil

Managing Editor: Diane Giddis **Associate Editor:** Daniel O'Keefe

Assistant Art Director: John Figurski **Assistant Editor:** Debra Babas **Art Associate:** Myra Mniewski

Cartoon Editor: Drew Friedman **Special Projects Consultant:** Larry Sloman

Publisher: Michael Druckman **Vice President/General Manager:** Howard Jurofsky

Vice President/Controller: Walter Garibaldi **Circulation Director:** Michael Cvrlje

Subscription Manager: Pat Hayward **Assistant to the Publisher:** Kenneth Byron Scarlett

Advertising Offices, New York: 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013, (212) 645-5040, Fax (212) 645-9219. Mail Order Advertising: Marvin Labiner, c/o Karaban and Labiner Associates, Inc., 130 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036, (212) 940-0660. National Lampoon (ISSN 0027-9587): Printed in the U.S.A. Published monthly except for January and July by NL Communications, Inc. "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of NL Communications, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with the permission of The Harvard Lampoon, Inc. Copyright © 1991, NL Communications, Inc., 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher NL Communications, Inc. is a subsidiary of National Lampoon, Inc., a J2 Communications Company. Subscriptions: \$13.95 paid annual subscription, \$22.95 paid two-year subscription, and \$34.95 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$10.00 outside territorial U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. Copies of National Lampoon are available on 16-millimeter microfilm, 35-millimeter microfilm, and 105-millimeter microfiche through University Microfilms International, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

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



The Kids In The Hall

Even We Had To Put Them On After Midnight.

No subject is too sensitive. No one is safe. Not when "The Kids In The Hall" take aim with their own wickedly sharp outlook on life. New episodes premiere every Friday at midnight EST.

HBO[®]
SIMPLY THE BEST

©1991 Home Box Office, Inc. All Rights reserved. ©HBO is a registered service mark and trademark of Home Box Office, Inc.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



JESSE HARTLAND

LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

Sirs:

I am ten years old, and recently my parents informed me that this spring they were taking me to Disney World for a week. Does this mean I'm dying?

Jim Greenwood
Lexington, Ky.

Sirs:

I would really enjoy seeing more stories of actual rescues of people who have phoned 911. The bravery of the...

Please ignore the previous paragraph. My parents were in the room.

What I really want to see is more pictures of naked babes with big tits, you faggots.

Philippe
Weltschmerz, N.Y.

To all:

This letter is a palindrome.

Emord Nilap
Asiret Telsihtl, Laot

Sirs:

That guy Jesse Helms really sucks, but personally I'm not convinced our taxes should fund the arts at all. I mean, we can't afford to buy any of it, right? All we can afford are prints, and almost anyone can tell the difference between prints and the real thing, right? Like, I really loved that picture of the guy sticking a whip up his ass and looking back at the camera, but it cost jillions. I had to settle for a print, and so far nobody's been impressed.

Janet
A confused liberal

Sirs:

The fact that I am dead does not prevent me from writing letters.

Scatman Crothers
Long gone

Sirs:

You know, if all the people in this room were laid end to end in the hands of an angry God and cast into eternal fires, we wouldn't be a bit surprised.

Dorothy Parker and
Jonathan Edwards
Married in hell

Sirs:

Did you guys see that film with Morgan Freeman and Jessica Tandy? Did you see how she kept bossing him around? He should have turned around and shot her in the face. Then he would have been free to drive around without her bitching at him. Maybe I'm being a little hard. But in the movies, there's no reason to take any bullshit.

Ernst Pawel
Aspen, Colo.

Sirs:

I'm a biology major at a small Midwestern college. Recently, during an advanced course in anatomy, the professor asked if I would mind helping her with a little demonstration. I thought that would be fine, especially since my professor is a tawny, long-legged twenty-three-year-old with perfectly formed breasts and the sweetest, most delicious-looking little ass I have ever seen. Well, I never imagined I'd be writing one of these letters to you, but I think once you've read my story, you'll understand why I did.

John Turner
Topeka, Kans.
Story enclosed

Sirs:

Have you ever wondered just once what it was like to kiss a guy on the lips? Just for a second? Or perhaps the reason you really get excited watching football, basketball, or baseball is because of those tight little uniforms they wear—you ever think about that? Well, it's true, that's why you really watch sports. You see, you're really gay. All of you. There's no escaping it. You're wondering what I look like now, aren't you? I'm really hot—twelve inches of hot. And I can be

yours, and I'm wearing one of those tight little sports outfits you love so much. So give me a call. It's about time you got what you really wanted.

Ray
555-6767

Sirs:

I had an interesting and unusual experience I thought I should write to you about, as it might be amusing and instructive enough to warrant publication in your fine magazine. It happened in Paris shortly after the last great war, among the gardens of the Bois de Boulogne on a sunny day in early September. I was exiting a nearby church, as it was Sunday, and my eyes happened to fall upon a lovely and demure young woman wearing the gray wimple of a novice nun, engaged in sweeping the small square clean of leaves and the excrement of animals with a long broom. Something in her manner arrested me in mid-stride, a downcast glimmer in her eyes as of suffering long-borne, so I could not help but approach her. And so I did. "Miss? Mademoiselle?" I asked gently. "Why do you sweep the square?" She shook her head and looked sad. I speculated that perhaps this punishment had been given her by her abbess to rein in a fiery spirit. I asked again and received the same nonverbal reply, and decided she was so overcome with shame and remorse that she could not bring herself to answer. As it turned out, she responded as she did because she knew no English and in any case was a deaf-mute. And sirs, in 1951, that woman became my wife.

Rodney D. Aungieurfelle III
Syosset, L.I.

Sirs:

Devil with the blue serge, blue serge,
blue serge,

Devil with the blue serge on.

Mitch Ryder's Quality Tailoring
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

I am only in the first grade and am just learning to read and write, but I was happy to have received your magazine for my birthday present. I spent the entire night of my birthday staying up in my bedroom reading article after article. When I was finished I vowed that never would I read again. This is, consequently, also the last thing I will ever write. I hope that you show

others the way.

Tommy Teeboy
Making the most of every day

Sirs:

After reading your April issue, I just want to remind you that there are no objective standards for humor. What one person thinks is funny might not be funny to another person. For instance, someone who has never seen a lemon before might find it hilarious, while someone else who has sweated his life in the lemon pits WOULD NOT find a thing funny about them.

Robert Muldoon
The lemon pits

Sirs:

Let me praise your publication,
 Of the sort that films *Vacation*.
 Verily, I've loved them all,
 Every jibe and every fall,
 Yet I'd make one slight
 suggestion,
 Owing to my predilection:
 Up the screen time Dana's given,
 Rend her clothes, my friends, I'm
 driven
 Mad by Chevy's midget daughter
 All the things I'm sure he's
 taught her. . . .
 God, I'd love to nail that little
 bitch.

Lewis Carroll
Through with the Looking Glass

Sirs:

You know, if I were president of this

country, we wouldn't be in the mess
 we're in now.

Marie Rabas
University of Chicago

P.S. We really wouldn't!!!!

Sirs:

I used to think that making yourself available for sex with a lot of different boys you didn't even know or like very much was romantic and special. In retrospect, I may have been wrong.

Tanya Lamont
Centerdale Home for Unwed Teens

Sirs:

I used to think that driving drunk with your headlights off and your eyes closed was cool, even glamorous. Now I'm not so sure.

Gary Lamont
Centerdale Hospital, Juvenile Wing

Sirs:

I used to think that shooting your dad's pistols and shotguns at people who walked past your house was witty in a funny sort of way. I guess I've got another think coming.

Chuck Lamont
*Centerdale Penitentiary,
 Death Row for Young Offenders*

Sirs:

Love is indeed lovelier the second time around, because the first time there's often premature ejaculation.

Charles Durning
Studio City, Calif.

Sirs:

I just don't seem to get the same kick out of phone sex that I used to. Last night I paid extra to not wear a condom. But how do they know?

Alexander Dumb Bell
New Brunswick, N.J.

Sirs:

Sorry, couldn't get you that technical training you wanted. Have fun and be all that you can be, for as long as you can.

An Army Recruiting Officer
A long way from the front

Sirs:

I invented an invisibility formula, but it wasn't a total success. I bathed in it and it made my skin invisible, showing all my internal organs and grossing people out.

Semi-Invisible Man
Translucent, Mo.

Sirs:

In a recent story, you used the phrase "toga party." We object to this phrase. Use of the toga implies the superiority of the so-called "classical" culture and is therefore imperialist, to say the least. In the future, please clothe your partiers in acceptable multicultural fashion or do not clothe them at all.

Progressive Alliance for
 Multicultural People's
 Fashion Progress
Campus, Va.



Who Did It?

A NATIONAL LAMPOON POP HISTORY QUIZ

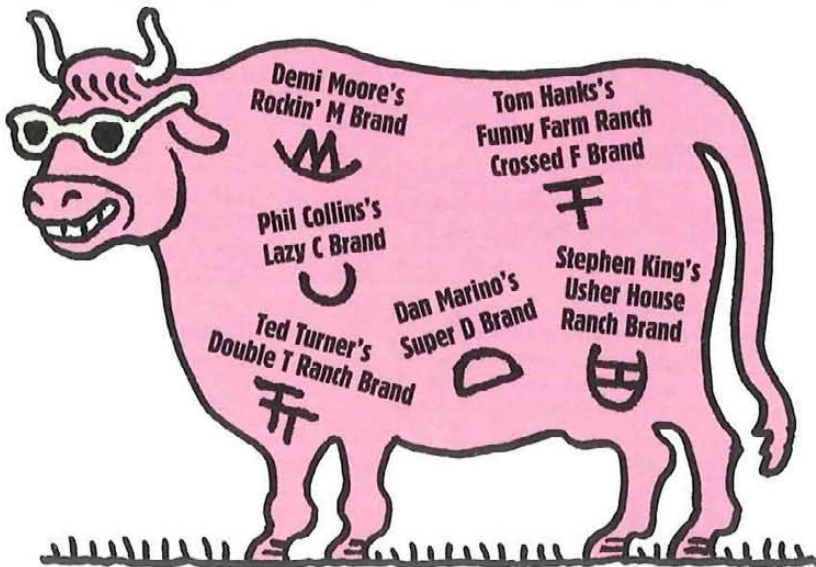
One U.S. president killed thousands of innocent people and spent billions of taxpayer dollars just to divert public attention away from the failed economy and his morally bankrupt domestic policy. Who did it?

- A** Abraham Lincoln
- B** James A. Garfield
- C** William McKinley
- D** George Herbert Walker Bush

Hint: As this magazine went to press, he had not yet been assassinated.

Answer Next Month.

CATTLE BRANDS OF THE GREAT CELEBRITY RANCHES



STAFF ARTIST

AMAZING SPORTS FACT CORNER



Muhammad Ali (Cassius Clay) used to brag to opponents that he would "float like a butterfly and sting like a bee." He's lucky he never did either—both moves are illegal, and he would have been disqualified! (He tried them once, against sparring partner Randall "Tex" Cobb. Cobb was knocked unconscious, and never fought again—although he did later act in several movies!)

FEUILLETON



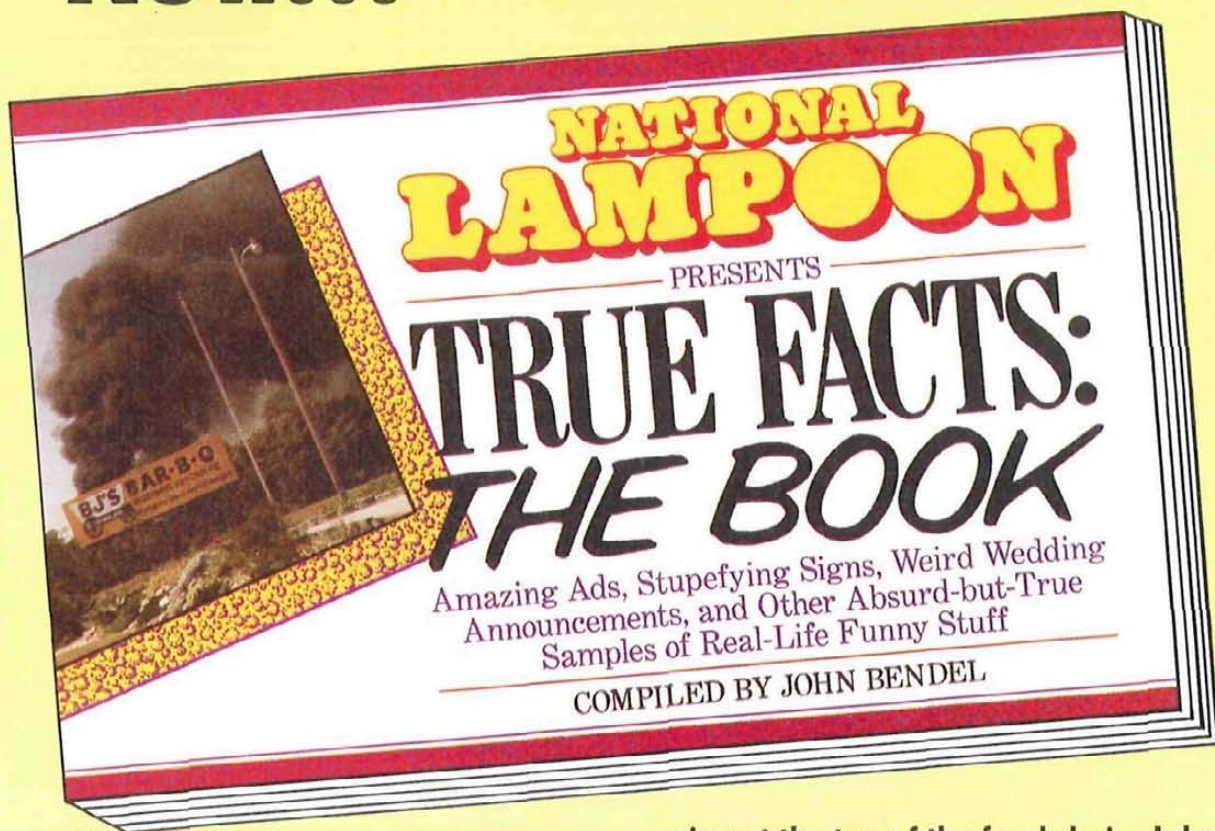
GEOGRAPHY

John Duffing, the challenger from M.I.T., leads off with "Antarctica." Antarctica by Duffing, and it's A to Floyd Casper of Princeton. Casper makes an easy return with "Australia." Smiling to the crowd. Casper the popular favorite here tonight. Duffing playing "Albania." Another A to Casper, who comes right back with "Algeria." Cautious play by both contestants. Duffing looking for an opening now. "Afghanistan" by Duffing, and it's N to

Casper. Casper back with "Norway." "Yalta!" by Duffing. The tempo of the contest is starting to pick up. Duffing, the challenger, putting the pressure on Casper. "Africa" by Casper. A to Duffing. Casper smirking at the challenger, trying to unnerve him. Duffing in with "Asia." Casper right back with "Alabama." Duffing firing "Austria" from center court. Casper following up his advantage, moving in easily. "Amsterdam" by Casper, and the game goes into the M's. Casper, a master of the supercilious look,

using it mercilessly on Duffing. Duffing tight-lipped, leaning back to put maximum body English on return, and it's "Meshra er Req!" Magnificent word by Duffing! The champion is taken completely by surprise. He's asking for a ruling. It's accepted! Meshra er Req, folks. A small village in Sudan, northeast Africa. Duffing, the challenger, has rocked the champion! Terrific shot by Duffing, and it's Q to Casper. He's being dared by the challenger to get into the treacherous Quincy's. The champion

You howled at the column...
You roared at the specials...
You cracked up with the calendar...
Now...



Once again, *National Lampoon* has spanned the world to bring you more hysterical evidence of the devolution of our species. Stupid signs, weird wedding announcements, crazy ads, and real-life stories that demonstrate conclusively what a precarious position we humans

enjoy at the top of the food chain. John Bendel, who's been doing this a lot longer than he cares to admit, has packed 192 pages with the funniest True Facts items yet. They're all here, they're all hilarious, and, what's scariest, they're all TRUE! It's TRUE FACTS: THE BOOK. You'll never look at the world the same way again.

You've convinced me! Send me _____ copy(ies) of TRUE FACTS: THE BOOK. I've enclosed \$7.95 per copy plus \$2.00 shipping and handling per copy. (New York State residents please add 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ percent sales tax.)

NATIONAL LAMPOON
155 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10013

Name (please print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Check enclosed Charge to my:
MasterCard/Visa # _____
Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

THE EQUALIZER

THIS MONTH: The Lowest Price Guarantee Guarantee

PREPARATION: Cut out ad below, fold into quarters or eighths, and stick into wallet or purse.

SCENARIO: Local stereo/video/electronics store guarantees that "if, within thirty days of purchase, you find an identical item advertised for less elsewhere, we will refund the difference in cash [sometimes with a 10 percent bonus]." You buy merchandise identical to that advertised below. Return to store three to seven days later, when many shoppers are present, with receipt and ad.

CONTINGENCY PLAN: [Loudly] "What do you *mean*, you *won't* match the advertised price?!" [Repeat]

MAD, MAD DAN'S "We Lose Money Every Day!"

LOW LOW-PRICED ELECTRONICS

JUST CHECK OUT THESE INCREDIBLE PRICES!

SONY

27" Remote Trinitron® Stereo Color Monitor/Receiver (KV27TS20)

- MTS Stereo Reception
- Full Function Remote

99⁹⁸

MFR'S SUGG. LIST \$999.
YOU SAVE \$900!



MAGNAVOX

4 Head Hi-Fi Stereo VCR (VR9960)

- Double Azimuth Heads for Crisp Special FX
- Built-in MTS Decoder
- Full Function Remote

1⁵⁰



THAT'S RIGHT — ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS!*

*WITH PURCHASE OF THREE BLANK VIDEOTAPES AT REGULAR PRICE.

KENWOOD

300 Watt Remote Stereo Center (Spectrum-890 Sys)

- 150 WPC Power Amp
- Dual Auto Reverse Cassette Deck
- 5 Disc CD Changer
- 3 Way 12" Speakers



**2-YEAR
FREE
TRIAL!!**

RETURN ANYTIME WITHIN 24 MONTHS AND YOU DON'T PAY A DIME!

THESE PRICES ARE REAL! NO GIMMICKS! NO MISPRINTS!

◆◆◆◆ This Month in Metal



May 2, 1978 — After a night of hard partying, Motorhead vocalist Lemmy Kilmister and drummer Philthy Animal Taylor have same dream about a "non-oppressive" record company. They forget the dream in the morning.

May 12, 1979 — Jimmy Carter has a Secret Service agent buy Judas Priest's *Stained Class*. He listens to it once, saying, "I don't get it."

May 17, 1974 — A sophomore art class in La Crosse, Wisconsin, paints a fifty-foot likeness (still a record) of Zeppelin bassist John Paul Jones on the wall of an abandoned factory.

May 23, 1981 — Members of Def Leppard and AC/DC, who shared manager Peter Mensch, join forces for an incredible sixteen-hour super-jam at Sammy Hagar's house. Unfortunately, someone had pushed "pause" on the tape machine recording the impromptu concert.

May 30, 1989 — Guns N' Roses drummer Steven Adler threatened for the fifth time to shape up or ship out. Later, he gets high and "thinks about it."

clearly in trouble now. "Quito." Quito, Ecuador, by Casper. The crowd sensing he's shaken, Duffing moving in aggressively. "Ontario." Bold play by Duffing. Ontario, Canada. Casper fighting back desperately. In deep with another "Ontario!" Fine retrieve by the champion. Ontario, Ohio, by Casper. Ten seconds left in the round. Duffing in hard with "Ohio!" "Ontario!" Fantastic thrust by Casper: the third Ontario — Ontario, Oregon — and now there's Duffing! Duffing yelling at the top of

his lungs. "Oregon!" Oregon by Duffing! It's back into the N's.

Round Two. Casper in the pinstripe suit, Duffing in tweed. Both contestants looking a little tired. "Natchez." Natchez, Mississippi, by Casper. Going right for his opponent's weakness in the Z's. Duffing taking the blow, replying forcefully with "Zgierz." Zgierz, Poland, by Duffing. Casper keeping up the pressure. "Zeit." Zeit, Germany, by Casper, and it's another Z to Duffing. Duffing taking his time. . . "Zan-

zibar." Casper snapping back with "Raleigh," the champion clearly dominating this round so far. Duffing returning to his bench, taking thinking time as the referee counts off the seconds. "Halifax!" And we're going into the X's, folks! Casper accepting the challenge by jabbing right back with "Xenia." Xenia, Ohio, by Casper. And Duffing right back with "Albox!" Explosive counterpunch by Duffing. Albox, Spain, by Duffing, and he's forcing another of the world's five X's. And there's the bell,

ending the round.

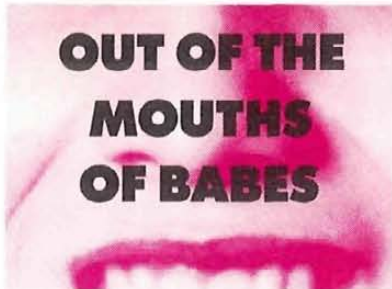
Henry Gross

A CHILD'S TREASURY OF PRESIDENTIAL ANECDOTES

**William Howard Taft and
the Cherry Tree**

When William Howard Taft was a boy, his neighbor planted a cherry tree of remarkable beauty. One day, when no one was around, he ventured to the base of the tree and looked up. The tree's branches were leafy and fine, and their rich

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES



Are you bumping me on purpose?

—Susan Troner, age twenty-five

If you really are a spy, how come you're telling me about it? I thought spies were supposed to keep things secret.

—Amy Filson, age twenty-six

Real tattoos don't smudge. And you misspelled "Marines."

—Mary Larinda, age twenty-five



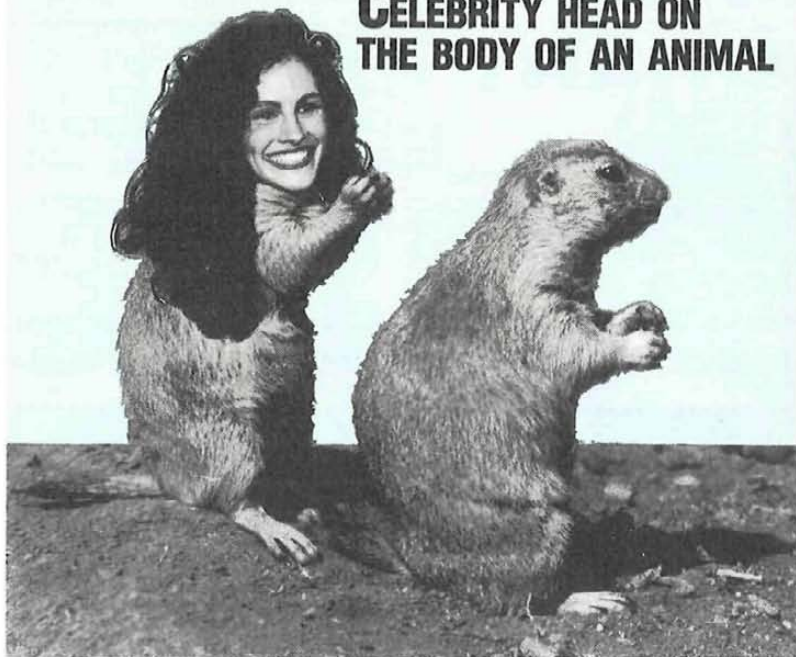
FATE OR CHARACTER

JENNY BRADFORD drove a red Honda Civic, which she owned. She drove it only on weekends or when she went out at night. She didn't drive it during the daytime so much because she usually took public transportation to work. Saturday, as she was driving to her parents' house, the oil light went on.

FATE

CHARACTER

CELEBRITY HEAD ON THE BODY OF AN ANIMAL



What We Talk About When We Talk About State Nicknames

STATE	OLD NICKNAME	BETTER NICKNAME
NEW YORK	THE EMPIRE STATE	THE NEW YORK STATE
OHIO	THE BUCKEYE STATE	THE ALMOST A PALINDROME STATE
KANSAS	THE SUNFLOWER STATE	THE NEARLY RECTANGULAR STATE
MISSOURI	THE SHOW ME STATE	THE STATE CONTAINING ST. LOUIS
TEXAS	THE LONE STAR STATE	THE BIGGEST STATE EXCEPT FOR ALASKA

red fruit proved irresistible. So the boy plucked a cherry from the tree and popped it in his mouth. And it was good. So he plucked the rest of the cherries from the tree and ate them. Then he tore off the low-hanging branches, stripped them of their bark, and ate them too. By the time he was finished, all that remained was a stump and a pile of cherry pits. When the neighbor asked what had happened to his tree, the boy just shook his head. William Howard Taft was buried in a piano box.

David Samuels

THE CONVERSATIONS OF LEONARD MALTIN

(as recounted by John Tash)

On Foreign Films

Leonard Maltin and I had the chance to sup at the Santa Monica Burger Machine with his friends Mel Gibson, Harold Bloom, and Leslie Nielsen. After a bountiful repast of cooked ground meat served between breads, complemented by an excellent ale, Maltin was in great vigor of mind and possessed of a most loquacious humor. The conversation moved rapidly

to film, as all but Bloom were directly a part of this industry and even he took deep interest in its workings, as, said he, "film is, or should be, the great whirring machine of our noblest passions."

Foreign films were discussed. NIELSEN: "How, sir, may a man judge those films made outside his general experience? From what platform may I presume to critique a piece of work made by a Frenchman when I, sir, have visited that country but once?" GIBSON: "Tis the acting that must be

weighed, for though you may not know the customs of this land, you can indeed sense the truth of the players in their conveyance of emotion, which may be read plainly in men of any nation."

MALTIN, who was still eating from the unfinished meals of those else at the table, disapproved heartily, and fairly snorted his riposte between chews: "Faugh, sir. When reading the language of ancient Rome, one does not read only the nouns, or those parts of speech which

PIE CHART

RATINGS:

Not recommended/Recommended/
Highly recommended/Very highly
recommended















KEY:

-  FILLING MAY IRRITATE FACE AND EYES
-  FILLING MAY BE HEAVY
-  MAY BREAK UP IF THROWN
-  TOP-RATED EATING PIE
-  TOP-RATED THROWING PIE
-  TOP-RATED ALL-AROUND PIE



THROWING

EATING

Apple	Not recommended. 	Highly recommended.
Banana Cream	Recommended. 	Very highly recommended. 
Strawberry-Rhubarb	Not recommended.  	Recommended. Watch for over-tartness.
Mince	Not recommended.  	Not recommended. Tastes "funny."
Chocolate Cream	Highly recommended.	Highly recommended. 
Shaving Cream	Recommended.  	Not recommended.
Cow	Very highly recommended.   	Not recommended.
Hair	Not recommended. 	Highly recommended.

NOTE:

These ratings are for comparison purposes only. Individual results may vary.

HUMOR YOU CAN USE

For hours of interoffice fun, retype any of the following memos on your company's stationery and post them on employee bulletin boards. You may want to take the simple precaution of typing these memos at a co-worker's work station.

- It has come to the attention of management that some employees are sharpening their pencils when they don't really need to be sharpened. This wastes valuable pencil lead and work time. Henceforth, all employees wishing to sharpen their pencils should submit a written request to the new sharp steward at least 24 hours before pencil failure is anticipated.

- Due to a computer error, many employees will be receiving small blue pieces of plastic rather than their paychecks this week. Do not throw those pieces of plastic away. They can be used to purchase candy and gum at the company concession stand.

- Some employees may have noticed dogs roaming the hallways. Please do not attempt to pet them.

Next Month: Wacky Fun at the Children's Hospital.

please better than others. One must take into account the whole. So it is with film, which is a language of itself. Indeed, cannot I communicate with a Frenchman by speaking Latin, or cannot he communicate with me in the same manner? We must consider acting, story, technique, dialogue, and so forth, as well as the culture from which this film comes. And so, sir, as with any language, you must take the time to study it, for otherwise you remain but a burbling, gurgling infant, understanding the meaning of a smile

or a chance mention of your name, but none of the subtlety of higher wit or conversation." At this conclusion, Maltin brought down his fist with such great force that it burst a ketchup packet, spraying the diners around us. Then Harold Bloom, who had taken more ales than those others at table, mounted his chair and clapped and crowed like a hooligan in a bawdy-house cinema.

On What Films a Young Man Should See

The conversation proved

of such enormous interest that after most other patrons had left and the waiters were tidying the place for the morrow's commerce, our party stayed on and spoke further of film. BLOOM: "Pray, sir, what films should a young man see if he is to have a proper cinematic education?" MALTIN: "He must first absorb the early masters—Griffin, Eisenstein, Chaplin, and von Stroheim, to be sure, for they are the grammar. And he should sample those films by the great writers—Mankiewicz, Sturges, and Wilder, for they

are the lexicon. Beyond that, though, your young man should follow his own genius and be at liberty to stroll among the reels as he would." TESH: "I object, sir! What of the works of the French New Wave, of Godard and Truffaut? Cannot a young man learn much from their sublime derangement?" GIBSON: "And surely, sir, a man's education must also include the works of Welles, Ford, Hitchcock, and Hawks, for are not these the men most frequently imitated in the film schools today?" MALTIN: "Imitation is

Call

the **NATIONAL LAMPOON**

RECEIVE A
SONY®
VIDEO
WALKMAN!®



TRUE STORIES

Hotline



GET
PUBLISHED IN
NATIONAL
LAMPOON!

NOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO JUST CLIP A TRUE FACT, YOU CAN BE A TRUE FACT! THANKS TO THE MARVELS OF MODERN TECHNOLOGY, WE INTRODUCE THE NATIONAL LAMPOON TRUE STORIES HOTLINE.

Just think—an entire 900 line devoted to documenting GENERAL WEIRDNESS and EXTREME BIZARRE NATURE. No pimply-faced adolescents looking for a date, no fading "famous for fifteen minutes" media creations telling you the most intimate details of their pathetic lives—no, this is an entire 900 line devoted to documenting the TRUE FACTS in our everyday lives. Here's how it works:

When you call THE TRUE STORIES HOTLINE, you'll have the chance to record your most hilarious, strange, real-life experience. You'll also have the chance to listen to the most hilarious stories of others.

A CHANCE FOR INSTANT FAME!

Then, once a week, we'll pick the wildest stories and showcase them on the TRUE STORIES HOTLINE. Just think—if it's *your* story then YOU'LL be famous for fifteen minutes too!

But there's more. Once a month, we'll pick the best TRUE STORY and PUBLISH IT IN THE NATIONAL LAMPOON. If we pick your story, you'll not only suddenly be a published author, we'll pay you \$100 CASH.

BUT DON'T RUN TO THE PHONE JUST YET—THERE'S EVEN MORE!!!

Keep watching these pages of National Lampoon for details on how you can receive a brand-new SONY VIDEO WALKMAN, (That's the hot new TV and VCR combol!) So go ahead! Our data banks are waiting to receive YOUR weird but True Story.

All TRUE STORIES stories will be independently verified by our crack team of True researchers.

**THE NATIONAL LAMPOON TRUE STORIES HOTLINE.
WHERE YOUR TRUE STORY IS FINALLY WORTH SOMETHING.**

1-900-933-TRUE

WHERE YOUR
ASTONISHING
TRUE STORY
CAN EARN YOU

CASH!
EARN
\$100!



only

99¢

per minute

The Nine Point—PERSONS UNDER THE AGE OF 18 MUST OBTAIN PERMISSION FROM THEIR PARENT OR LEGAL GUARDIAN PRIOR TO CALLING. No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited by law. True Stories Hotline is available in the continental U.S., Alaska and Hawaii only. To submit your story in writing without incurring 900-number charges or for a copy of the HOTLINE Official Rules, please write to: TRUE STORIES HOTLINE J2 Communications/National Lampoon 10850 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 1000 Los Angeles, CA 90024
J2 COMMUNICATIONS/NATIONAL LAMPOON is the sole sponsor of the HOTLINE. All HOTLINE activities are subject to complete Official Rules and Guidelines. All awards earned by entrants under the age of 18 will be awarded in his/her name to his/her parent or legal guardian. Participants grant the Sponsor the right to broadcast, reproduce and exploit their stories, and all stories become sole property of the Sponsor. The TRUE STORIES HOTLINE will begin operation midnight E.S.T. March 13, 1991 and will continue indefinitely at the discretion of the Sponsor.

Longshot Fats's Historical Point Spreads

(Home Teams in CAPS)

FAVORITE

UNDERDOG

Crusaders 6½ SARACENS

Hard-fighting Euros claim God is on their side, but when it comes to home 'dogs, especially this one, Fats says, "Allah Akbar." 10 units on Saracens.

BATMAN 3 Spidey

Forget last year's sweep—the web-slinger's 4-12-1 lifetime in Gotham. 10 Bat-units.

Gratification Bowl

Instant 9 Delayed

Quick-kill fans keep pushing the line up, so virtue meets value in the 'dog. 15 units.

Prohibitionists 2 BOOTLEGGERS

Why win if it means uncorking sparkling cider? 10 units on the rumrunners.

AT&T/W. B. Yeats Second Coming Classic

THE WORST 11 The Best

Roll, blood-dimmed tide! Fats loves those relentless storm troopers. Center won't hold—15 units on the worst.

LAST MONTH: Elmer Fudd's miserable showing screws up the bankroll to minus 1,130 tamerlanes.

Note to Readers

For a printed transcript of this magazine, send \$3.00 to:

**Journal Graphics
267 Broadway
New York, NY 10007**

Credit card orders call (212) 227-READ. Rush service is available for an additional charge.

Where Were You When You Heard JFK Had Been Shot?



JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS: I remember, let's see. I was riding through some Southern city in my limousine with my husband and some of his friends. I heard several loud noises, and everyone gasped. Someone leaned over to me and tried to tell me something that I couldn't hear because of the noises; it was very irritating. Finally I understood. "They've shot the president!" he was saying. "You're kidding!" I said. But it was true.



BRIAN GALLAGHER: It was in 1987, when I was in tenth grade. I remember it was a warm afternoon in early spring, and I was sitting in my history class. Mr. Musiewicz came in and told us, "Class, today we're going to talk about the assassination of President Kennedy." The first thing that came to my mind was, Wow, that's harsh.



PAUL McCARTNEY: Gorblimey, I recall perfectly where I was. We was all—that is, the Beatles—rehearsin' for our big American tour that was going to win us the hearts of America wi' our big-beat sound an' lovable antics. It came on the telly while we was doin' "Please Please Me" that Kennedy was dead, poor bastard. I remember Ringo said, "Looks like we got our work cut out for us now."

THE CURRENT CINEMA: Shit or Garbage

The Doors	Garbage
The Silence of Lambs	Garbage
Hudson Hawk	Garbage
The Fisher King	Garbage
Sleeping with the Enemy	Garbage
Backdraft	Garbage
King Ralph	Garbage
The Grifters	Shit
The Comfort of Strangers	Shit
The Marrying Man	Garbage

What Was It Like? Calling In to Talk Radio



It was like you had left your body and become big and kind of floated over the city. It was like that for the whole time you were on hold. Then, actually talking to the host, it was like you were lightly held against the small-hole side of a cheese grater, until you hung up, when you were spent, like after sex.

not education, sir. Were it so, would we not consider the mimic Rich Little the most learned of men? It is for this reason that movies have fallen into their deplorable state. Their makers feel it is better to make again what was perfectly made forty years ago than to make something new. Only Sam Raimi, who made *Evil Dead II* and *Darkman*, seems different, I think." BLOOM: "True, perhaps, but in the film schools little is taught but imitation of the tried and true, for in this fashion a young man may pay court

to the powerful of our industry. Indeed, recall, sir, the lines of Dryden: "For colleges on bounteous Kings depend, And never rebel was to arts a friend." MALTIN: You quote well, dear friend, but you are off the mark. This is not a matter of patronage, but of lazy banality. Indeed, sir, it would be better for a young man to see nothing at all before making his own film than to be drowned with these so-called classics." And again, such was the

force of Maltin's speech that Bloom stood upon his chair and whistled and grunted like a great trained bear.

Sam Johnson

PARENTING CORNER

Teaching Your Kids Not to Be Scared of the War on Poverty

As the grim images of the country's War on Poverty flash across television screens every night, parents are growing increasingly concerned about their effect on children. "Children's literalness causes anxiety," states child psychologist Pat

Cleburne. "Many of them see the pictures of tenements and storefronts, and they think that their own homes will be next. They are scared—even when you assure them that it's all happening far away, that the neighborhoods are usually on the other side of town."

Fortunately, there is a vast amount of counseling available to help you keep your children free from undue stress. In the schools, teachers and schooling professionals have implemented a number of programs aimed at helping kids cope. Doris







Laff Trax

Ask the Eight Ball

This Month's Top Five Jokes Told in U.S. Comedy Clubs	Last Month	Weeks on Laff Circuit
1 So I go into the 7-Eleven to get some smokes and I say to the clerk, "Hey, whaddya think about this whole Gulf thing?" And he says [doing Iraqi character], "Why you ask me, sir? I am very much Greek."	1	15
2 So did you hear Saddam Hussein's latest message over Iraqi radio? [Doing old Iraqi woman character] "Help, I've fallen and I can't get up!"	3	83
3 Hey, what do you say we do our part for the war effort and go down to the Quikee Mart and beat the shit out of Abdul Towelhead?	*	*
4 Hey, any Iraqis here tonight? [Pretend to spot one, mime casually pulling out a gun and shooting him. Blow smoke off finger to milk laughs.]	12	3
5 Marcia Brady, man, did I want to fuck her!	2	547

TOM TOWAL

Joke placement was determined by spot visits to 943 New York comedy clubs over the weekend of April 5-7.  indicates a "drink tipper," a joke so hilarious people spill or spit out their drinks.  represents an old joke with a "twist."  is a "clapper," as opposed to "laughter" joke.  indicates a joke that may actually be new.

Ten Years Ago This Month

- 1** "So when I see one of these Indian guys behind the counter, what I like to do is buy a couple beef jerkies, y'know, just to piss 'im off."

Thirty-Five Years Ago This Month

- 1** So I go to the store to buy a kumquat [pause] and there's this colored fella at the cash register [pause] and so it comes to twenty-six cents—for a kumquat! [pause] and I'm about to hand it to this Negro gentleman and he says [doing Negro character], "Oh, Lawdy no, couldja put de money in de cash register yo' own self? De boss don' like me be handlin' de funds."

Frontage Contributors:

Ian Maxtone-Graham, The Editors

McNulty, a teacher in Evanston, Illinois, tries role-playing in her fourth-grade class. She chooses Daniel to be a "poor" person, then takes away his books and desk and clothes. She asks the rest of the class how they feel about him. The answers are revealing: "Scared." "Worried." "He always needs stuff. I get mad." McNulty then asks, "Now what if I said that we were trying to make those feelings go away?" The class greets this proposal enthusiastically.

"Role-playing helps the

kids understand why there is war," says McNulty. "They still have anxiety, but, because they've worked out the rationale, it's at a much more manageable level."

At LaComa Junior High in Galveston, students spend forty minutes of each school day learning about the culture and history of poor people. Fred Strebbeigh, a poverty studies expert at Southern Methodist University, explains, "At a time like this, knowledge is the best weapon our kids have. The idea is to take away a faceless image of terror and talk

about specifics—the food poor people eat, the clothes they wear, how they live. Putting themselves in a poor person's shoes is frightening, yet important for a kid's understanding of the situation. Still, they are surprised to learn the kind of harsh, mean culture poor people have made."

But no matter how the subject of war is broached, the biggest fear among children is that it will touch their lives personally. "Right now my dad has a good job," says Kelly Deedle, a LaComa ninth-grader, "but

I'm still scared. I just hope he doesn't get fired."

In general, most experts say that the most important thing is to be honest, but caring. "Kids can tell when you're lying. Say straight out, 'We are at war. People are at risk. But you will be safe. Your mom and dad are taking care of you. The problem is very far away.'"

Chris Marcell

A DAY IN THE LIFE ON THE LORD BYRON COMEBACK TRAIL

9:45 A.M. Wakes up chained

AS I
SEE IT,
YES

Shit. That's what I was afraid of. Well, do you think I can convince her to trade in her crummy speakers for something a little less humiliating?

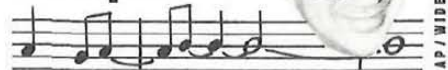
MY
SOURCES
SAY
NO

Great. And I thought this one was going to last.

National Lampoon's Super Dream Face-offs: Arnold vs. The Thing



Shaffer's Unfamiliar Musical Quotations for April



Paul Shaffer's musical musings are more than mere segues; they are often funnier than the segments they punctuate. That is, for those in the know. The following guide is from **DAVE-beat**, the magazine for *Late Night* aficionados.

APRIL 10

Setup: Don Johnson plugs new album, *Wild Thing*, recorded with wife Melanie Griffith.

Cue: Aerosmith's "Big Ten Inch Record."

Ironic Subtext: Not ironic, actually, but most viewers too young to get the reference.

APRIL 17

Setup: Dave abandons comedy bit after mixing up cards and yelling at the producer.

Cue: Funk-driven adaptation of Bach's *Die Kunst der Fuge*.

Ironic Subtext: A reference to Dave's increasingly troubling "fugue" states, this was also Bach's last composition. It contains the chorale "Wenn wir in höchsten Nöten sein," or "When we are in greatest distress."

APRIL 28

Setup: Dave, interviewing Tony Randall, segues to commercial.

Cue: Mason Williams's "Classical Gas."

Ironic Subtext: Moments before, while Mr. Randall was on-camera, Dave elicited big laughs by gesturing to audience that Mr. Randall had just farted.

Penance

MICHAEL CHAN took the "Beckett at Sixteen" photograph that ran in the April "Frontage" section. We had given the credit to someone else. *National Lampoon* regrets the error. Regretting doesn't do much good, of course. Most people have already forgotten about last month's "Beckett at Sixteen." The issue has come and gone, and the fashion-magazine honchos who might have called up Michael Chan to give him work have turned their attention to something else. In other words, we had a chance to do right by Michael Chan, but we didn't. All we can do is say we're sorry.

Story Problem

Ann Beattie has written herself into a corner. She's six thousand (6,000) words into her latest fiction, and her characters—Gayle, Sandy (a man), Ledge, and Max (a woman)—haven't done much beyond smoking marijuana (except Gayle) and talking about babies (except Gayle). At this rate, how many more words will Ann need to reach epiphany and bring the story to a satisfactory conclusion?

A: None.

- to bed at the Sherry Netherland.
- 10:15 A.M.** On toilet calling phone sex.
- 11:00 A.M.** Fascinated with TV and remote control.
- 11:05 A.M.** Discovers MTV.
- 11:10 A.M.** Turns off MTV, not amused.
- 11:14 A.M.** Watches *Gothic* on HBO; horrified.
- 11:30 A.M.** Chances on *Love Connection*; enchanted with concept.
- 12:15 P.M.** Meets agent; negotiates deal for ten-campus lecture tour of women's colleges.
- 1:05 P.M.** Laser surgery

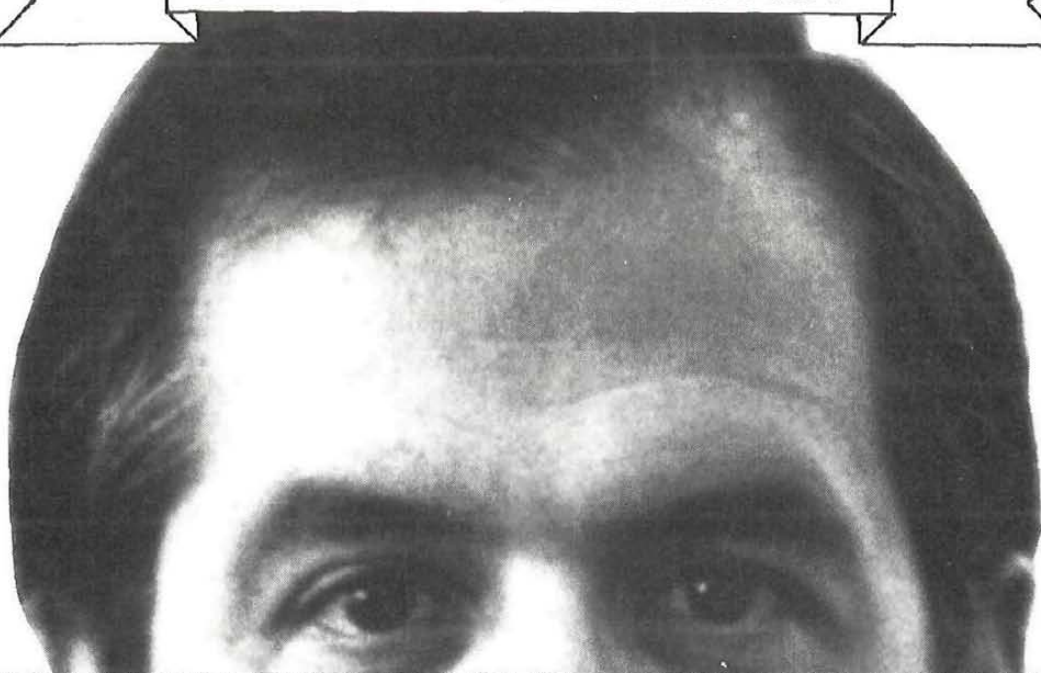


PICTORIAL PARADE

- cures clubfoot.
- 3:15 P.M.** Cover-boy photo session for *GQ* (sporting chic Matsuda suit).
- 4:00 P.M.** Ignores phone messages from Jay McInerney to "party."
- 5:00 P.M.** Taping for *Letterman*; guest-writes Top Ten list.
- 6:41 P.M.** Hit with black depression.
- 7:30 P.M.** Pre-party beauty sleep in sensory-deprivation tank.
- 8:12 P.M.** Groupies break down door of hotel room.
- 8:14 P.M.** Makes heroic escape out back window.
- 9:35 P.M.** Attends Literary Lions party at New York Public Library; brings pet bear.
- 10:07 P.M.** Erects champagne fountain; recites own verse.
- 10:17 P.M.** Bear gets loose; mass hysteria ensues.
- 10:40 P.M.** Meets Cindy Crawford; enchants her with Byronic wit.
- 10:55 P.M.** Mysteriously disappears for forty-five minutes.
- 12:00 A.M.** Seen riding lions outside library on Fifth Avenue.

Robert Strickland

Our Hero—Our Publisher!



Here it is. The top half of a once-in-a-lifetime **FREE** offer from **NATIONAL LAMPOON!**

Put the top half together with the bottom half (which appeared in last month's issue of NATIONAL LAMPOON) and send the completed picture, along with the following information to:

Subscription Dept., National Lampoon, 155 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.

YOUR NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

We'll send you next month's issue of NATIONAL LAMPOON for **FREE!!** That's right, we said **FREE!!**



Didn't catch last month's issue? Fine. Send us \$2.95 (for last month's issue), and this coupon, and we'll send you last month's issue, plus next month's issue,

FREE!!

FREE!

HEEBIE-JEEBIES AT THE TIMES

Has anybody at all been reading the *New York Times*???

Apparently not, judging from the lack of outcry over its coverage of Operation Desert Storm. Publishing objective accounts of events in the Mideast has always been problematic for the top Jew-men who turn out America's paper of record, but the war in the Gulf has made the days of merely biased reporting seem almost halcyon in comparison. Witness a recent front-page think piece by *Times* top gun Johnny Apple. Saddam Hussein is mentioned by name only once—and that in the penultimate graph. Until then he's alternately referred to as "that fat-assed dune monkey" and a "malignant sand weasel." The piece meanders through a maze of Pentagon-generated misinformation with time out for Apple to take potshots at Moslem culture. (Before the jump he's already called the Holy Koran a "worthless piece of shit.") Trying to present a coherent post-Saddam vision of the region, Apple gets himself hopelessly tangled in skeins of overly optimistic State Department press releases, and is forced to throw up his hands and wonder "just how the hell did we get mixed up with these jabbering Mohams in the first place?"

When this Potato called the *Times* to find out who's been editing the Apple's copy, he received a recorded message that said because it was Shabbas everyone had gone to temple to pray and read Torah and would be back to work on Sunday. . . . Hmm.

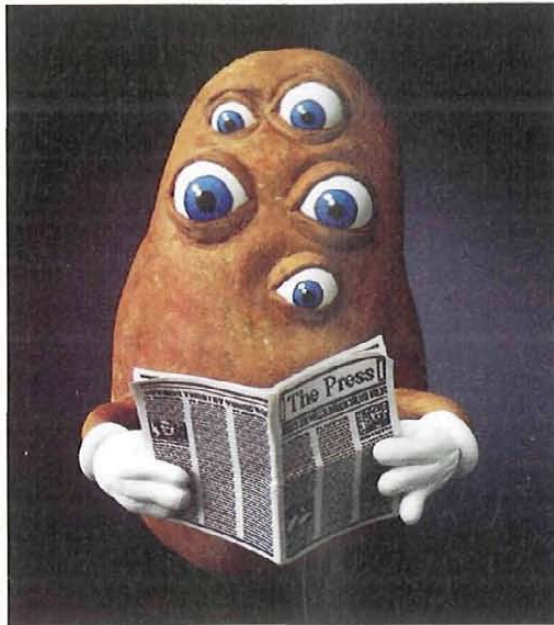
GROUP GROPE

The Potato was French-fried with outrage this month over the shoddy coverage of the drunken brawl that erupted on *The McLaughlin Group* show of the eighteenth. Attempts by Pat Buchanan's staff to contain the damage were feeble, reprehensible, and, given the licksplittle nature of our meta-media mavens, predictably effective. The pig-eyed pundit may well have been "under stress," but the fact remains that Buchanan was seen on national television repeatedly drinking from a fifth of Scotch whiskey that he kept hidden in his shirt.

In fairness, the story of Buchanan's boozing was picked up by a few local network-news affiliates. Not so with the fully tapped kegs of beer Morton Kondracke and Fred Barnes kept

THE POTATO

**A
CANDID REVIEW
OF WHAT'S
HAPPENING
IN THE PRESS**



under their chairs, which they used both to drink from and to squirt other panelists with.

Although the presence of alcohol on the show certainly set the stage for violence, it was host John McLaughlin who was most responsible for the mayhem that ensued. Always the showman, McLaughlin crossed the line from bluff host to brazen provocateur when, in the midst of a discussion of U.S. trade policy, he punched Morton Kondracke hard in the chest. Kondracke became infuriated and grabbed at McLaughlin, who bellowed, "Barnes made me do it!" Kondracke then fixed his eyes on Barnes. "Barnes, you little pimp!" he cried, and went for his *New Republic* colleague with the business end of a very sharp pencil. At this point Buchanan, obviously thinking that the viewers' attention was being monopolized, rose from his chair and staggered over to

fellow panelist Eleanor Clift. "Gimme some," he demanded in a slurred voice. Too drunk to stand, he collapsed on top of her. McLaughlin then called in the network security guards to "clear all this riffraff out."

Postscript: For six days McLaughlin let the gang cool their heels in a D.C. slammer, bailing them out just in time for the taping of his next show. The Potato need not point out that the ratings have never been better. What next? McLaughlin Mania at the Pontiac Silverdome? If they didn't pay me to stay tuned, I wouldn't. . . .

REAGAN'S DEAD

Once he bestrode the American empire like a colossus. Major American news organizations danced at his feet like so many toy poodles, snapping and biting each other in a frantic attempt to secure his favor. (See Mark Hertsgaard, *On Bended Knee*, for the most complete analysis of the phenomenon.) He was, next to Roosevelt, the most beloved president of the century.

Now he's dead, and apparently nobody gives a fuck.

How to explain the complete indifference with which the press met the death of former president Ronald Reagan early last month? There was not a word in any of the major dailies, on the tube, radio, or shortwave. Even the tabloids stayed away. Nancy must be furious.

It took the Potato and two researchers eight days of digging before we came up with a publication that chose to run with the story. *First Hand*, a homosexual-oriented San Francisco lifestyle paper, gave Reagan a six-line obit that erroneously attributed the cause of death to suffocation "when some fat guy he was blowing fell on top of him." Two points for running the story, boys, no points for getting it wrong. The former president died of a massive brain hemorrhage.

(Note: As we go to press, *Life* magazine has promised a special retrospective issue. Is this the best Reagan could do? Sad that the uncanny timing the man had all his life would desert him at the leaving of it. . . .)

POTATO CHIPS

CBS News and Dan Rather are still at odds over the anchor's decision last month to begin wearing a do-rag on his head and sing "Tell It Like It Is" at

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

ILLUSTRATED BY TIMOTHY YOUNG

FOUR OUT OF FIVE PSYCHOPHARMACOLOGISTS AGREE



HARRY HELEOTIS

NATIONAL LAMPOON CAN COMBAT AFFECTIVE DISORDERS AND REDUCE THE TRAUMA OF EVERYDAY LIFE WHEN READ REGULARLY.*

In a recent extensive survey of nationally known psychopharmacologists, four out of five of these healing professionals recommended reading *National Lampoon* magazine as a palliative for the stresses of modern-day life. Only *National Lampoon* was shown to be an effective depression-reducing device that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of mental hygiene and regular professional care. Now for a limited time only, you can

receive the *National Lampoon* monthly without a prescription or a triplicate form or even a costly visit to one of these healing professionals. Just fill in the coupon below and the manufacturer will directly send you your monthly dose of the finest humor, satire, and lampoonery available in the Western world. You must be over twelve years of age and no longer taking children's doses of aspirin to be eligible for this offer.

* Respondents were part of a double-blind survey with a universe of ten. Respondents were given the choice of three treatment modalities for depressive episodes: 1) patients could read an issue of the *National Lampoon*, 2) patients could view driver's-education films of fatal and near-fatal automobile accidents, or 3) patients could sit in darkened rooms devoid of sensory input and listen to early Leonard Cohen albums. Eight psychopharmacologists chose option one, the other two left the experimental environment without handing in their surveys.

YES! I WANT TO DRAMATICALLY IMPROVE MY MENTAL HEALTH. SIGN ME UP!

Here's my check or money order, payable to *National Lampoon*, Dept. 0591, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013

- Yes, I want to subscribe to *National Lampoon* and save \$53.55 for a three-year subscription over single-copy purchases. **SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$34.95.**
- Yes, I want to subscribe to *National Lampoon* and save \$36.05 for a two-year subscription over single-copy purchases. **SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$22.95.**
- Yes, I want to subscribe to *National Lampoon* and save \$15.55 for a one-year subscription over single-copy purchases. **SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$13.95.**

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Check enclosed Bill me Charge to my (circle one):

MasterCard/Visa# _____ Expiration Date _____

For each year add \$10.00 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. All checks must be payable within continental U.S. and Canada.



by Richard Lavenstein

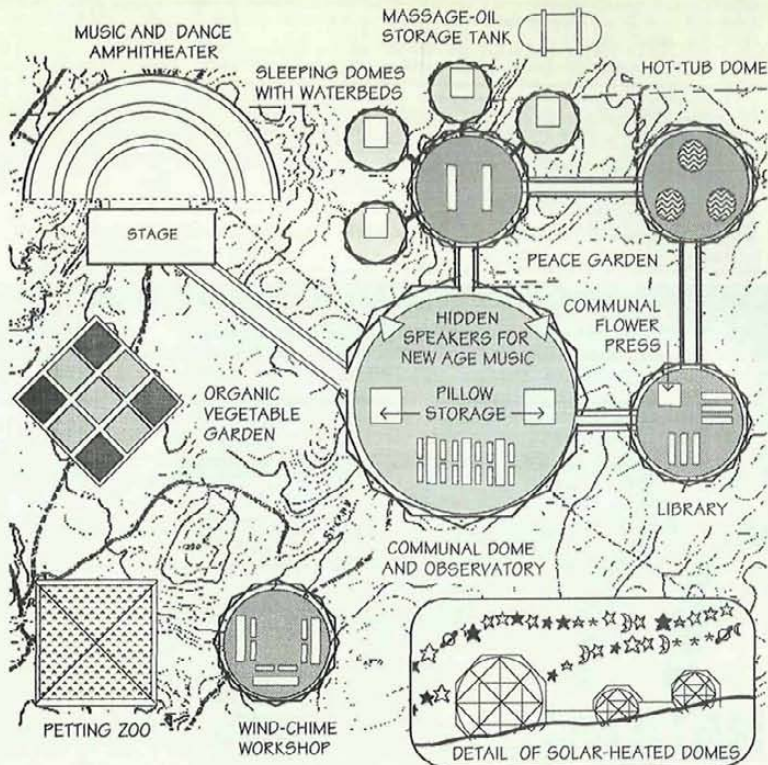
PROBLEMS

The picture on the evening news is a familiar one: we see the president and his entourage waving happily as they board a waiting helicopter to take them to Camp David. Days later, the president returns to the White House transformed: grim-faced and cross, he is once again prepared to declare war on a distant country. Have our citizens not yet made the connection? The baleful influence of Camp David on our leaders, and thus on policy decisions, is enormous, costly, and eminently preventable.

1. Originally built in 1942, Camp David is a product of wartime exigencies. The sense of urgency and duress lingers at Camp David, which still maintains the emergency bunkers, situation rooms, invasion-planning tables, hostility-control centers, and a variety of spaces created during a time of global strife.

2. In keeping with the generally paranoid air of the place, most visitors are sworn to secrecy about the interior décor of the rooms. Many of the original pieces in the main communal areas are rumored to be three-legged stools from the Eisenhower administration, while other reports have been leaked over the years about vintage Army-jeep seats and upturned powder kegs. Even worse are the frayed cots most guests are expected to sleep on.

3. Recreational activities, with their heavy emphasis on highly competitive sports and shooting and hunting expeditions, should be phased out. Questionable holdovers from previous administrations, like the barbecue pits installed during the Johnson years, should be reassessed. Today these large roasting pits, which closely resemble charred bomb craters, pose serious psychological



PROPOSAL FOR THE REDESIGN OF CAMP DAVID

hazards and need to be filled in.
4. Finally, the name, although a relatively minor issue, remains an embarrassment. First known as Shangri-La, the camp's rubric stuck until President Eisenhower stunned the nation by attaching his grandson's name to the retreat. With the later disgrace of David Eisenhower's marriage into the Nixon family, it is time we divorced the place from its title.

SOLUTIONS

First, raze all existing buildings and erect a group of solar-heated, geodesic domes in their place. Aside from being independent of the complications of fossil-fuel requirements, the domes would provide an ideal form of enclosure, ancient in their ontological reference to oneness, modern in their relative cheapness of construction. Some of these domes should be devoted to living quarters and meeting rooms, while others should be reserved exclusively for "chill out" zones, encompassing crystal-gazing spaces, areas for mineral-enriched mud baths, and, of course, hot tubs and massage rooms.

Furnishings should be spare, and generous use made of overstuffed floor pillows to encourage a relaxed communal feeling throughout the complex. Traditional cots and bed

rolls can be replaced by waterbeds, which will lull even the most bellucose guest to sleep.

Rest, tranquillity, and contentment are the tone and mood to be sought. Hence, lighting levels should be kept low, and background music, when desired, must be carefully restricted to Windham Hill or sound-effects recordings of rolling surf.

On the surrounding grounds, relandscaped playing fields would make ideal flower gardens, with the occasional maze for areas of more intense contemplation. For more active guests, space might be set up for a boule court. In other sectors, one might imagine an aviary, or even an endangered-species animal preserve.

With its refocused emphasis on a friendlier and more peaceful atmosphere, the name should be changed to one that suggests a more halcyon time. Camp Arcadia has a classical, pastoral ring to it, but other suggestions may be equally appropriate. More modern appellations, like Spiritwood or Moondance, also convey a sense of contentment and tranquillity.

Next month in this column: Shore it up or tear it down? Italy's limestone time bomb, the Leaning Tower of Pisa.



IN THE NIGHT

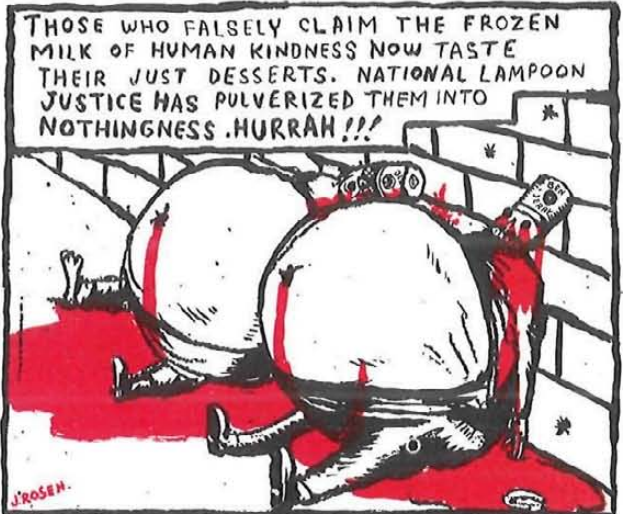
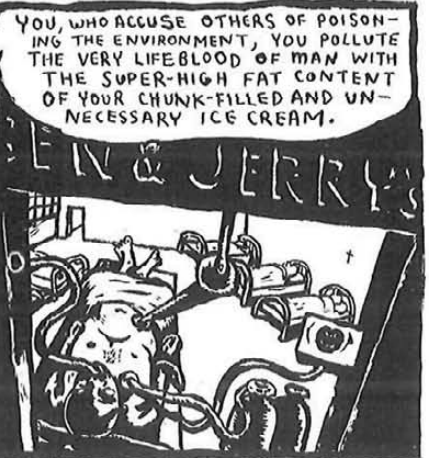
SHOW TRIAL



JUDGMENT

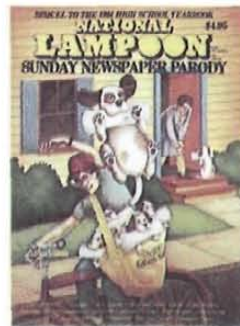
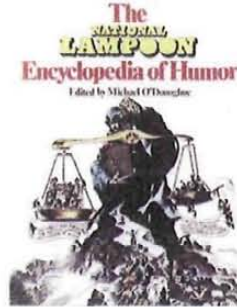
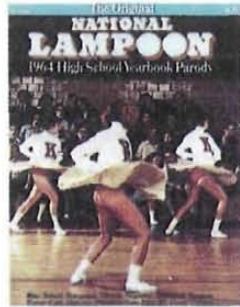
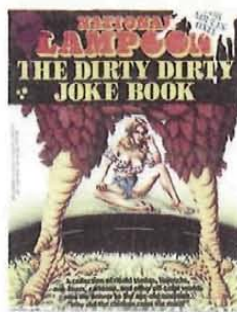
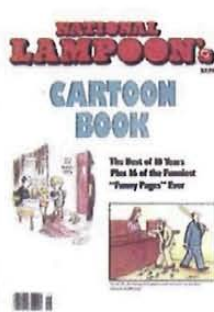
THIS MONTH'S DEFENDANT: Ben & Jerry

THIS MONTH'S CHARGES: The manufacture and distribution of liquefied disease; the promulgation of a wicked doctrine, that of capitalism with a happy face and a bleeding heart, which is a moral indecency; a satanic social conscience that encourages and profits from the confounding of good and evil.



ILLUSTRATED BY JONATHON ROSEN

Read the Classics of NATIONAL LAMPOON



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

National Lampoon Classics

It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my human collection complete. Please enclose \$1.75 for postage and handling for each item ordered; \$2.00 per book for Canada and foreign. If I'm a New York state resident I'm adding 8.25 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed _____

Check enclosed

Charge to my:

MasterCard # _____ MasterCard Interbank # _____

Visa # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

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

NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. 0591 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.

WRAP IT UP— WE’LL TAKE IT!

A MERICA a poor country? America a poor country? Not hardly, my friend. Go to the ballpark and watch all the fat people in flab-hugging T-shirts walk around buying six-dollar ice-cream sundaes and then try to claim that these are lean times. There is more fat in the land than the fainthearted know.

Yet our plenty could shrivel to nothing. It is threatened by weakness—not of the economy (for how could our magnificent cornucopia ever weaken?), but of our desires. Were we to heed “economic forecasters”—those dark oracles with their fiendish glee in failure—were we to start scrimping and saving, we would certainly fulfill their prophecies of disaster, and a chill would come across the land.

Now more than ever, we must draw upon the great resources of this country—resources not of minerals or

**“WE HAVE MORE WILL
THAN WALLET,
BUT WILL IS WHAT
WE NEED.”**

—Peggy Noonan,
The George Bush Inaugural Address

manpower, but of getting and spending. It is upon us that the burden of economic salvation lies. Only white-hot consumption will light the great blaze of prosperity; only vast oceans of dollars, real or imagined, will bring forth

flowers from the desert of our economy.

So abundance lies like a credit card in our hands, in your hands. **Whatever it is you want, you have to have it. Whatever it is you have, you need more of it.** The following pages—inspiring stories, consumer tips, cautionary tales, and, above all, *things*—were written with that shining principle in mind. Absorb their meaning properly and you are prepared for perhaps the greatest task you and your finances will ever undertake: saving the American economy.

Go for it.



ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD MCGUIRE

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

HOW TO USE THIS GUIDE

Here in your hands is prosperity—not just your prosperity, but the prosperity of a nation. The American nation. We'll supply the brains, you supply the purchasing brawn. But first, a word on how to use this guide:

- This guide contains articles, sidebars, and graphics, which may be consumed in any order. If reading an article induces a shopping urge, or if you see something here you'd like to buy—fantastic. Put down the magazine this minute and go out and buy it before the moment passes. The magazine will still be here when you get back.

- If you see an item in these pages that you absolutely must have but cannot find, look harder. Maybe call a relative who lives in another state and have him try to buy it for you. If he can't find it either, ask him to buy something else for you.

- All of the consumer items described in this guide can be purchased with a major credit card or with a personal check and two forms of ID. Rest assured, however, that you can pay cash. No one will think you are "uncool."

EVALUATING YOUR PERSONAL ECONOMIC INDICATORS

Reports may show the nation's leading economic indicators rising and falling every six months, but if you can no longer afford a newspaper, chances are those figures seem pretty irrelevant. What you need is a set of *personal* economic indicators, an individually applied index that examines your place in the economic community. To calculate your own PEI, place your economic standard (ES) at 1. Now, and at the end of each six-month period, figure in the four indicators listed

below. Just like the big boys at the Department of Labor do it! We know the *country's*

in an economic slump—how are you doing?

PEI 1: THE TRADE INDEX

Evaluate the current state of your possessions. Then visit your neighbor and look at his stuff. In each of the following categories, would you rather keep the items you own, or trade with your neighbor?

CAR	KEEP: +0.5	TRADE: -0.5
ELECTRONIC GOODS (stereo, TV, computer)	KEEP: +0.1	TRADE: -0.1
FURNISHINGS (tchotchkes)	KEEP: +0.1	TRADE: -0.1
LIVING SPACE	KEEP: +1.0	TRADE: -1.0
SPOUSE (girlfriend/boyfriend)	KEEP: +0.8	TRADE: -0.8
VIDEO LIBRARY	KEEP: +0.6	TRADE: -0.6

HOW TO HANDLE

IF IT'S NOT TOO LATE, the first thing you need to do is go to your bank or, God forbid, savings and loan, and close out all of your accounts. Accept cash only; do not fall for the "bank check" ruse. Do not accept singles. Coin is safer. Bring inconspicuous brown paper bags and enough groceries for adequate cover.

Do it now. Before you read any further. If your bank is currently closed, go now anyway, and bring a sleeping bag so you'll be first in line.

Go. Now.

If you are reading this sentence, you should already be in possession of all of your cash assets. Before you count your money, check the windows and doors to make sure they are completely shut and locked. Draw the blinds. Put on latex gloves.

Count your money, repeatedly, until you get the same total three times in succession. If this total is less than the total you believe you had

in the bank, reconstruct your "groceries" and go back to the bank. Chat the teller up, asking about his or her spouse,

isn't there *something* you could do?"

When you arrive home, check the windows and doors

- (A) Part of bill most often touched with a licked thumb when counting.
- (B) Contact with "money



kids, neighborhood, and school, and then demand the rest of your money. If the teller gives you trouble, say, "I see," followed by a long pause, and then "I see." Start to walk away, and then turn to the teller and say, "Boy, I sure hope Chip [or whoever] makes the team" or something similar, followed by "Gosh,

to make sure they are shut and locked. Draw the blinds. Put on latex gloves. Divide your money into two piles: new bills and bills that have been touched by several hands. Disinfect the touched bills (use only Lysol-brand™ disinfectant spray), paying particular attention to the following hot spots:

- (C) clip," a device favored by pimps and drug dealers.
- (D) Possible cocaine/AIDS traces.
- (D) Area commonly thrust into the G-strings of erotic dancers. In extremely worn bills, this part should be cut out and the bills taped back together.

PEI 2: LENDING AGREEMENTS

The ease with which money is lent is an important indicator of your personal economic index.

Friends/coworkers approach you for loans of \$500 or more.	+1.0
Friends/coworkers approach you for loans of up to \$499.	+0.5
Friends/coworkers ask you for the money they loaned you.	-0.2
Strangers ask you for the money their organization loaned you.	-1.0

PEI 3: INTEREST RATES

To determine the current interest rates of your banking institution, visit the local branch. Complain loudly that you're fed up with their ever-increasing ATM charges and threaten to close out your accounts. How interested do they seem to be?

VERY (Offer to discuss the problem immediately)	+0.5
SOMEWHAT (Ask you to take a number)	+0.1
NONE WHATSOEVER (Stare blankly)	-0.2

PEI 4: INVENTORY

Determine your on-hand supply of the following items:

FRESH FOOD	
One week's worth or more:	+0.8
Three days' worth or more:	+0.5
Two meals' worth or less:	-0.1
Ketchup and beer:	-0.5
Chinese takeout from the night the war started:	-1.0

TOILETRIES	
Two packs (eight rolls):	+0.5
One pack (four rolls):	+0.1
One roll, currently in use:	-0.2
Cardboard tube, picked clean:	-0.8
Napkins, newspapers, grocery bags:	-1.2

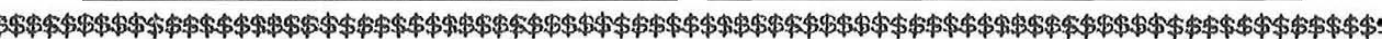
EVALUATING YOUR INDICATORS

Beginning with your economic standard count of 1.0, add in the figures from the four personal indicators. The end result will be your PEI rating for the current period. The helpful aspect of these indicators is that they are meaningless, and will offer no guidance. They serve only as relative measurements; six months from now, recalculate the indicators and see whether the numbers have gone up or down. If the resulting rating is markedly negative, this is a tip-off that you're doing very badly.

Although no single guide can possibly apply to each and every individual, the one below, used by the current administration, comes very close.

COMBINED PEI: HOW ARE YOU DOING?

4.0 or more: You are in great shape financially.
2.6 to 3.9: Your economic future looks bright.
0 to 2.5: This is a wide spread; could mean many different things. What does it mean to you?
-2.0 to 0: Your economic situation warrants further study.
-3.2 to -2.1: You are healthy, and you love your family very much.
Below -3.3: Better fudge data and recalculate. ■



YOUR MONEY

Once you are certain your money is clean and safe, you may remove the latex gloves and begin looking for places to "bank" your assets. Avoid traditional or obvious money-hiding places:

- In or under mattress
- In cookie jars

- Under floorboards
- Behind paintings
- Up anus

Some less obvious alternative safe houses (which may or may not reflect the disposition of this writer's assets):

- Spread out in a single layer

- behind the wallpaper
- Folded and frozen into ice cubes
- Inside dog

As a general rule, it is better to keep your cash in several different places rather than one spot, just as long as you are able to keep all of the loca-

tions in sight at all times. Should the current economic situation continue for a long period of time, or take a drastic turn for the worse, you may want to consider diversifying your assets, depending on the scenario as shown below.

SCENARIO ONE: Weak growth for three successive quarters and/or unemployment reaches 8 percent.

Gold	40%
U.S. Currency	35%
Swiss Francs	25%

SCENARIO TWO: Unemployment up to 12 percent and media begins using the term "depression."

Gold	50%
Swiss Francs	25%
U.S. Currency	10%
Diamonds	15%

SCENARIO THREE: Collapse of one or more major banks; president fires head of Fed.

Diamonds	30%
Gold	30%
Food Stores	20%
Ammunition	20%

SCENARIO FOUR: Food riots.

Ammunition	55%
Food Stores	30%
Diamonds	10%
Dogs	5%

MAKING DO

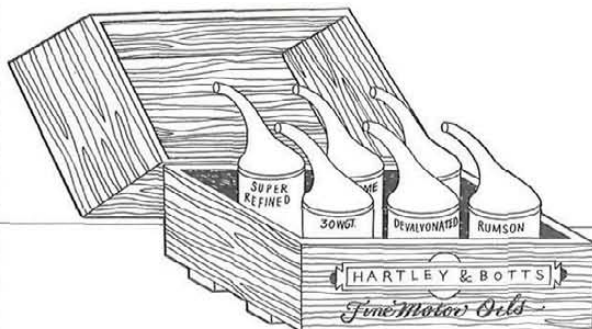


LOUIS PALMETTI

Lou Palmetti had put together over thirty million dollars' worth of commercial leasing deals when the real estate market started a long and disastrous slide. Before he could say, "Sign on the dotted line," Palmetti was out of work. With no deals on the horizon, he anxiously sought new outlets for his talent, energy, and drive, but soon realized if he couldn't find a niche, he'd just have to create one. "Not head-

waiter," he says of his highly visible new position at The Singing Calf, Chicago's hottest new grill/bistro, "but comestible coordinator. I'm the guy who tells you what values the menu really offers." And not only does Lou steer you to a good buy for the evening's dining, he'll also point out entrées that could increase in value within days. More recently, he has been working on an à la carte compilation scheme, in which the diner buys several meals at once but can consume them over a period of days or even weeks. "You have to figure pretty carefully about what stays cold and what gets reheated in this arrangement," Lou admits. Still, The Singing Calf boasts an increase in patronage, which it readily attributes to the ingenuity and expertise of "the man with the menu," Lou Palmetti. ■

BUY IT!



HARTLEY AND BOTTS AUTOMOTIVE OILS

Here's a special gift for that friend or loved one who appreciates fine motoring. Cherished and until now available only in the United Kingdom, Hartley and Botts Fine Automotive Oils are the nicest

way to say "I care about your car." Carefully packed in a handsome crate are six generous ten-ounce tins of the rarest and most sought-after machine oils, including Thirty-Weight Royal Bollard, Super-Refined Touring Gold, Devalvolated Forty-Weight Bristol Oil (ideal for summer use), and the distinctively unique Cold Filtered Rumson Oil, long known as the "machinist's dream." These oils are prepared at the moment of peak refining, then shipped from their processing plants to Hartley and Botts, where they are triple-strained and placed in their trademark container, "the can with a serpentine spout." They arrive at your home or garage ready for immediate use and can go directly into your automobile without any additional tools or preparation. Available January to July. One crate (approximate weight thirty-five pounds) is \$575.00. Shipping and tax additional. Allow eight weeks for delivery.

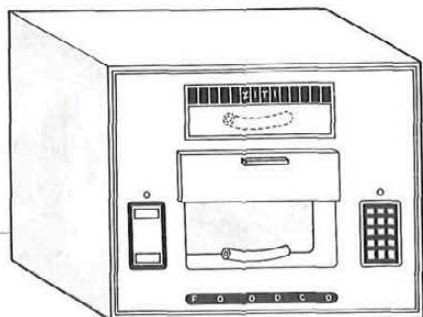
—Cynthia Oates

THE NOODLER

The Noodler, retailing at \$1,325.99, combines computer-chip technology with advanced sonogram capabilities to create an indispensable tool for identifying the different kinds of pasta. The pasta in question is placed in the Noodler's reading bay and, when the door is closed, bombarded with sound waves that are then scanned by the Noodler's computer and matched with a pasta shape already stored in its memory. The pasta is identified on a liquid quartz display face and can be cross-referenced with a list of pasta recipes also stored in the machine's memory.

—Sarah Howell

BUY IT!



ILLUSTRATED BY NICHOLAS FASCIANO

WHERE YOUR MONEY GOES

How Every Dollar You Spend Helps the Economy and You!



You think you just paid a dollar for a pack of gum. But you did so much more.

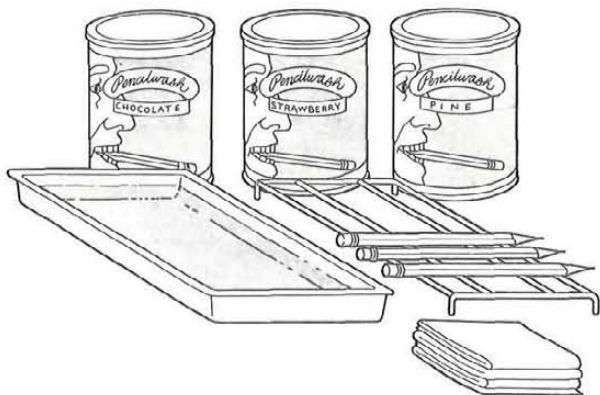


Nearly one third of your dollar, thirty-two cents, went to the chewing gum company, which will use it to pay its employees (who spend their money on products that pay your salary) and for research into better gum for the future.



Another twenty-four cents went to the store where you bought the gum, to pay for a clean buying environment, courteous service, and, of course, more gum.

BUY IT!



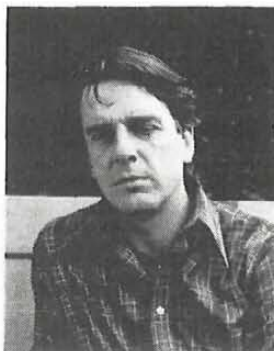
PENCILWASH

With Pencilwash—\$27.95 for a gallon container, \$42.95 for the kit—fears and germs alike are killed as pencils are made safe for putting in your mouth in just five minutes. A quick dip in the liquid kills germs, removes dirt and smudges, and leaves a harmless, good-tasting coating on the pen-

cil (flavors now include chocolate, strawberry, pine, and regular natural). Although only the solution is needed to keep pencils clean, the kit provides a soaking tray large enough to hold twelve pencils, a drying rack (also holds twelve), charmois buffing cloths, and quart-size containers of all four flavors.

—Tedd Largess

MAKING DO

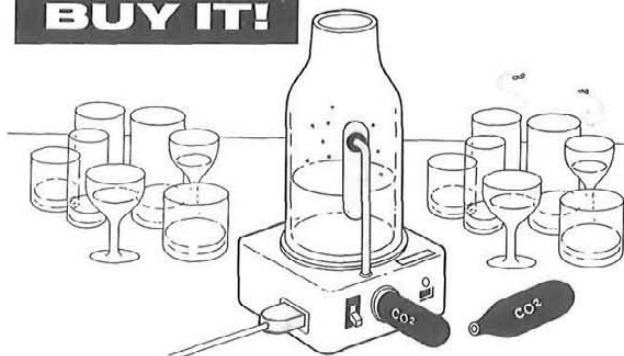


HARRIS TOWNES

Remember when your mother told you to be a doctor because there was never a shortage of sick people? Well, in hard times, even physicians can take a tumble. Just ask Harris Townes, who until six months ago was a successful psychiatrist in Chevy Chase, Maryland. With the suburban, affluent crowd feeling the pinch, those fifty-minute sessions with Townes seemed less

critical than meeting a fat mortgage payment, or so the former doctor surmises. "Who knows," says Townes with a shrug, "maybe the psychological depression was just no match for the one-two punch of the shrinking paycheck. Anyway, it gave me a chance to consider my options." With his longstanding interest in physical fitness and weightlifting ("Healthy mind, healthy body," the wiry doctor admonishes), Townes headed for the newly renovated Union Station in downtown Washington, where he immediately found employment as a redcap. "I still help people. It's just a different type of baggage I'm dealing with." Townes doesn't know if he'll ever return to private practice, even after an economic upswing. With a new sense of acceptance of himself he says, "I used to think it was the journey that counted, but now I realize what's really important is the arrival."

BUY IT!



DR. HANSON'S ELECTRONIC SOFT DRINK AND BEER RECARBONATOR

How many times have you thought, isn't there some way for me to serve decarbonated soft drinks or beer again, to different people at another time? There certainly is. Hanson Labs has unveiled the Electronic Soft Drink and Beer REcarbonator, which features a new recarbonation technique that puts the sparkle back into whatever you've been serving. Plug it in, pour the

decarbonated drink into the patented Vibra-fizz chuggler, insert the specially designed CO₂ cartridge, stand back, and phzzzz! Effervescence!!! The REcarbonator lets you be inventive, too. Try an assortment of last week's leftovers to create fizzy new concoctions for this week's guests. (Our favorite combination: Pepsi, Molson Ale, and Mountain Dew.) The price is steep at \$139.99, but its one-piece construction says this baby is going to last forever.

—Ray Festschrift



You also paid twenty-one cents to foreign businessmen to keep them from foreclosing on your country. Good thing, too. Imagine what life would be like if Japanese and Dutch people ran everything. (Gum is prohibitively expensive in Japan, and you wouldn't believe the flavors!)



Eleven cents of your dollar went straight to our boys in uniform, fighting to guarantee your right to chew gum anytime, anywhere.



An additional eight cents out of your dollar paid for important government programs, such as the one that supports poor people so they won't rob or kill you.



And finally, the last four cents of your dollar represent the actual value of the product you bought—that's like money right back in your pocket!

BUY IT!



THE TOTAL DIET SYSTEM

Some diets tell you what you can't eat, some tell you what you can eat, some even supply you with the food. But only the Total Diet System does all that —and shows you *how* to eat it. Each week you will receive twenty-one prepared meals, scientifically designed for your special dietary needs, as well as videotapes to lead you through every bite. The tapes monitor

your eating and chewing pace to ensure maximum fullness and optimal metabolic conversion. You pay according to how much you want to lose, and how fast you need to eat. The Total Diet System does not include video setup, but program designers recommend you buy a separate system just for this diet, as normal television watching during meals encourages overeating.

—Bennett Mesmer

MAKING DO

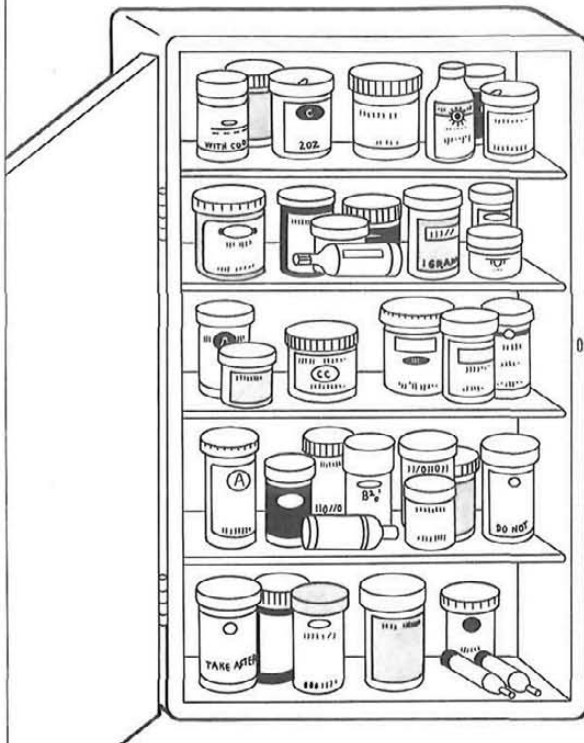


3 JEMINAH CUSTER

The first thing people stop paying for once money gets tight is a good meal, and the last thing they spend their money on is either booze, cigarettes, or sex. So when I saw this recession/depression coming, I said,

"Jeminah, you gotta get yourself out of this waitressing business, or pretty soon you'll be selling your ass on the street." Now, I didn't know much about the tobacco business, and I wasn't too anxious to move to some nowhere town down south and grow smokes, so I decided to become an entrepreneur. Even though I don't touch the stuff myself, I decided to make a whole batch of whiskey and flavor it with pumpkin. Me and my cousin Louise made a whole big, big barrel and called it "Cousin's Pumpkin Gut Liquor" and sold it on the street for a nickel a cup. Did good, too. I ain't never seen so many unsavory characters waving change.

BUY IT!



THE MEDICINE CABINET

Every year, millions of prescriptions are filled and never picked up, for a wide variety of reasons. Federal law prohibits those drugs from being put back in the jars from whence they came, and for years all of those prescriptions have languished on pharmacy shelves. Until now. Thanks to a little American ingenuity and a lot

of federal deregulation, you can buy those unused prescriptions for a fraction of their original cost. \$395 buys you a cabinet full of drugs, worth \$2,000 or more, and all guaranteed to be of some medicinal value. All orders must be accompanied by a signed, illegible doctor's prescription slip.

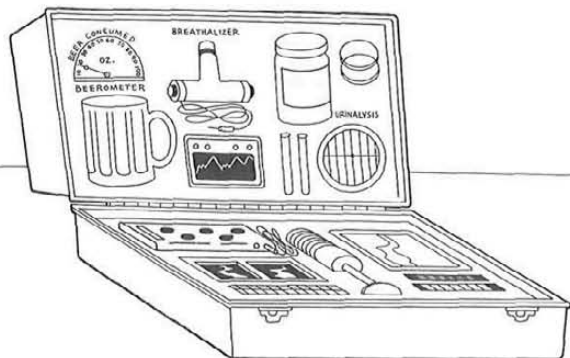
—Hank Padge

*Where'd I get it?
I bought it!*

ILLUSTRATED BY NICHOLAS FASCIANO



BUY IT!



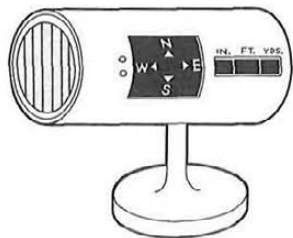
THE BEER STATION

The Six-Way Beer Station from Onderfriz is the revolutionary drinking aid of the decade, and a must for all those who want to know just what kind of drinker they really are. Here is a veritable treasure of scientific equipment to tell you exactly how your beer drinking is going: a Beerometer that keeps track of ounces of beer consumed; a Breathalyzer

and backup Urinalysis Machine to keep you abreast of the alcohol in your bloodstream; the Fingerwalker, a hand-held, automated device to check motor control and manual dexterity; the Comparitron, which, with proper data input, can extrapolate the relationship between one's drinking abilities and those of other drinking companions. \$1,679.00.

—Brandi Freeman

BUY IT!



THE SPEEDODROMETER

This new gizmo has been a long time coming. A fully miniaturized radar mechanism (modeled after the ones used by the Los Angeles Highway Patrol), the Speedodorometer gives you the precise speed at which an odor is traveling. A red indicator arrow locates the source of the odor to within three-eighths of an inch. The Speedodorometer's sleek new European design allows you to display it anywhere. We field-tested it at Aunt Edna's over the weekend and it really works. At \$57.99, you can't afford to be without one.

—Alice Crimmins

STREET FRAUD:

Bane of Economic Recovery

EASY MONEY IS A POWERFUL LURE, ESPECIALLY in times of economic hardship. That's when professional con artists capitalize on a desperate public's dreams, selling wild promises such as "Get rich quick!" or "We're looking for people to write children's books."

Over its long history, the Police Bureau of Minor Theft has seen its share of con games, three of which are explained here. In reading them, you will undoubtedly feel "I would never fall for that." But remember: that's what everyone thinks.

1. THE "BIG BUSINESS DEAL"

THE SETUP: You are waiting for your luggage at an airport when a well-dressed businessman comes over and casually strikes up a conversation with you. Before you know it, you have exchanged business cards.

Four months later he calls you and sets up a meeting, expressing interest in signing a large deal with your company. But a day or two later, before he has signed anything, he calls with an even bigger deal, potentially ten times larger, involving his "parent company." The only catch is, you'll both have to fly to Paris to make the pitch. You have little time to think because a rival company has already made a bid.

He pays for the Concorde tickets, he puts you up at the Plaza Athénée. All your meals are taken care of.

Note: This "royal treatment"

is only intended to make you feel indebted to him. After some brief negotiations, the "parent company" passes on the deal, electing to go with the "other bid." You both fly home.

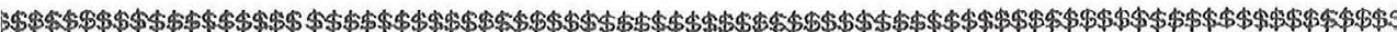
As you're about to part ways at the airport, he realizes he's "lost" his wallet, and asks for \$175 to tide him over—which he promises to send you when he gets back to his office.

THE SCAM: Needless to say, you will never see this man again. Don't even bother trying to call; that was a phony business number for a phony business. When you were in France, those were American actors pretending to speak French.

2. A "PERFECT DAY"

THE SETUP: You're taking a stroll, enjoying what seems to be a perfect day. A woman emerges from a grocery store with packages. Her husband

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66



HOW PRODUCT TESTING COSTS

IMAGINE, IF YOU WILL, A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT America. An America with teleportation booths on every corner, high-definition color videophones on every living room wall, two aircars in every garage, and a hundred-pound genetically engineered superturkey in every nuclear oven. An America whose citizens live to their full three-hundred-year natural life span because of powerful health drugs freely available in every corner drugstore in the U.S.A.—not just in Europe. The difference between this America and ours? In the hypothetical America, these inventions and many more were not suppressed because of a few minor flaws.

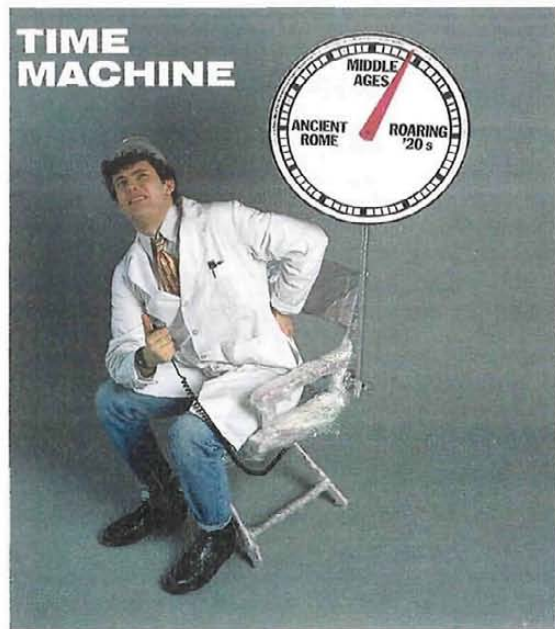
An exaggeration? Hardly. We all know that the expense of product testing drives the price of goods up, to the loss of the consumer. Inventor X develops a product that will revolutionize industry Y while working for company Z. Company Z, in compliance with federal product-regulation guidelines, forces inventor X to register his breakthrough with the Patent Office, which wastes many months. The Patent Office sends X to the Consumer Product Safety Commission, which rejects his invention out of hand. Six months later the cycle begins anew, and each time companies A, B, and C from industry Y pressure the commission into dismissing X and his amazing invention.

Each time the commission scrutinizes X's amazing invention until some tiny glitch is found, then asks him to leave. Eventually, angered and discouraged, X leaves the U.S.A. for country F, a land of wine and beautiful women, where he makes millions marketing this and other inventions and happily whiles away his remaining years in sidewalk cafés, drinking mocha. Or, worse, disillusioned by his country's corrupt "consumer protection bureaucracy," X defects to country R, where he designs missile-guidance systems. In any case, the immense expense of keeping X's discovery secret forces companies A, B, and C to raise their prices, while com-

pany Z's prices must rise to offset their wasted legal fees. So, the consumer loses twice—the product and the savings.

If there were no product testing, there would be more products available to the consumer—this is provable by simple logic. And if more

products were offered to shoppers, how could this be wrong? Our nation is founded on the principles of freedom and choice. We are free to do as we wish within the law, and we choose our leaders in democratic elections. And it is a crying shame that product testing



AMERICAN SPENDERS

Kevin Walsh is an account executive at Three Assholes Advertising, located in the Puritan Graveyard Corporate Park in Warwick, Rhode Island. Denise Chandler is his secretary. Though divided by socioeconomic status, they are united by their love of consumption, as the following testimonials show:

Denise Chandler: "My sister was going to get me a mini-coffee-maker for Christmas. My mom and dad hadn't planned on getting me anything, but when they heard what my sister was doing, they decided to pitch in, so they got me this mug that says 'I must be a mushroom, 'cause people keep me in the dark and dump shit on me.' It was for my office. I got my parents some gourmet butter. So I brought the mug into my office and this guy Ken walks in and he

says, 'Ha-ha, funny mug.' We got married three weeks later. I would thank my parents, but I'm not speaking to them now."

Kevin Walsh: "So when I got a promotion, I said, 'I need a hobby now'—not just sitting around drinking beer. So I was watching this one commercial that takes place in a ski lodge, Turtleneck City. I said, 'That's for me,' so I took up skiing. Fantastic! You know that power surge you get when you're laying out the dough for pure pleasure? Skiing is like that *all the time!* But here's the best part. The first two times I broke my leg, I wore ordinary crutches; I was an ordinary guy. Then I bought *hand-carved rosewood crutches*. These are the thing. I took this spill last season, broke both my legs and a collarbone—did I look great! I recommend it highly."

Jamie Garrison and her husband, Jim, were in a bind. The tenth anniversary of their first date was only two days away, and neither of them had any idea what to get the other for a present. Worse, because of the precarious state of their finances, both had sworn not to use their credit cards for six months. But Jim knew he just had to get the money somehow to buy Jamie a Russian sable hat he'd seen at Fred the Furrier's that perfectly matched her mink stole. And Jamie knew she'd die if she couldn't raise the cash to buy Jim the twelve-tape series of Ben Hogan golf videos her husband had been coveting ever since he'd bought himself an expensive Japanese VCR. It was a true predicament.

The day of their anniversary arrived. Giggling, the young couple rushed through their midday meal

of fresh pasta and a chef's salad tossed by Jamie herself, who happened to be an expert chef. They kissed passionately and exchanged bulky packages. Jim tore his open to reveal... Ben Hogan golf videos! His face registered first joy, then shock. "Jamie," he faltered, "I sold my VCR to get you your present." Jamie's face fell. She opened her present, which proved to be... a fur hat! Jamie gasped. "Jim," she said pitifully, "I sold my stole to get you your present." Jim leaned forward and put his head in his hands. "Ironic, isn't it?" he asked bitterly.

Jamie sighed. "Jimmy," she said after a moment, "I use the VCR too. I'm going to buy you another one. Otherwise, how will you be able to enjoy my present?" Jim looked at her in confusion.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

YOU MONEY, AND MORE

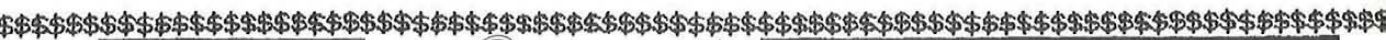
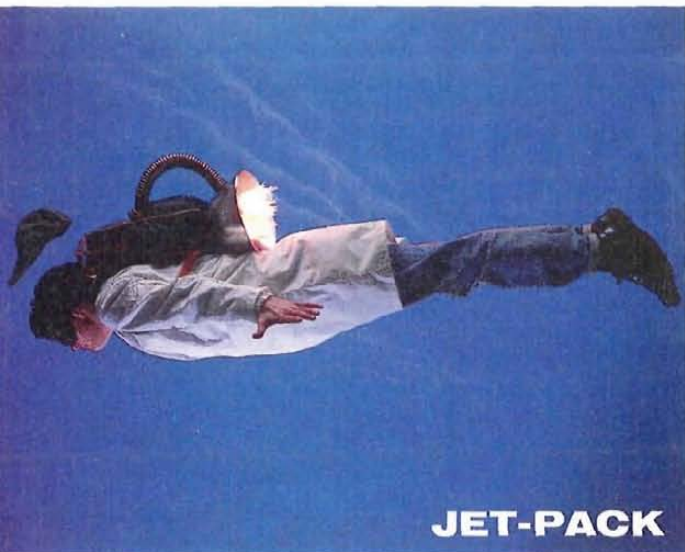
has robbed us of our freedom to choose to buy some of the greatest scientific advances in the history of mankind. An example? In the late seventies in Detroit, Michigan, a scientific genius named Mr. A. Dillon, working as an executive for Chrysler, invented an automobile that ran on urine as its only fuel. Under pressure from the oil companies, the Consumer

Product Safety Commission refused to license his discovery, and he committed suicide in despair. The invention was afterward brutally suppressed, much as in the movie *Tucker*.

That is by no means the only case of its kind. General Electric in 1986 developed a device previously dreamed of only in the wildest science fiction—a

machine that could travel through time, which GE dubbed the "Time Machine." Mass production was set to begin when product testers claimed that the pilot chair was poorly designed and did not offer adequate back support. GE was forced to scrap the project. The Individual Propulsion System, or "jet-pack," of Texas Instruments was killed when the mild buzzing noise it produced was found to cause a temporary irritation of the eardrums in some users. Even had the IPS been approved, though, federal emission controls would have cut the turbojet engine's horsepower by 75 percent, leaving the jet-pack little more powerful than a pogo stick. Not last and certainly not least, our armed forces would at this moment be equipped with atomic-ray guns capable of blasting through six feet of solid steel had not self-appointed "consumer advocates" faulted the Raytheon Corporation for the migraine headaches the laser pistol's intense light occasionally caused its wielder.

During the current minor economic downturn, it is more important than ever that Americans wake up and smell the corroding infrastructure of American industry. The business of America is business, not regulation—we have to stop putting the interests of the consumer ahead of actual consumption, which is what our economy is all about. And we have the right as Americans to buy anything and everything we want, anytime, anywhere, whether we can afford it or not. If the French can buy one model of electric garage-door opener that we cannot, we are not truly free. So help us put an end to unfair, un-American product testing. It is your patriotic duty to dig deep and buy with the rest of us in this great economic battle. Your expenditure will be returned many times over in the form of prices raised slightly less than they otherwise might have been, and a warm feeling. A feeling that you are doing the right thing. ■



BUY IT!



HOME AIRBAG RESTORER

With Clarematic's Home Airbag Restorer, you can reset your own automobile airbag in just fifteen minutes. Although the Restorer is a hefty sixty pounds (it does roll, however), it's well worth the inconvenience, since not only does it refill the compressed-air canister inside the steering shaft, it can deflate the full airbag, refold it, and reseal the steering-wheel pouch—saving you money, of course, but also untold hours of time. The Clarematic Home Airbag Restorer is

\$779.00. Also available from Clarematic is an airbag home-installation kit for \$1500.00. Installing airbags is a tricky business, however, and perhaps best left to experts. Earlier this year, five teenagers were killed after installing an airbag backwards in a car. When the driver attempted to honk his horn, the airbag inflated through the front bumper, exploded, and caused a chain reaction that turned the car into a fireball tumbling off a thousand-foot cliff. The driver's brother then killed the five teenagers.

—Jack Jackson

MAKING DO



TED MECKLER

"I thought the world had ended. I couldn't imagine a future, and all I saw was blackness. It was like a huge void that suddenly opened up in front of me, and I felt nothing but a gaping despair." This is how Ted Meckler described his dismissal as assistant vice president in charge of daytime programming at the ABC television network. As one of only thirty-seven people responsible for all daytime programming decisions, Meckler never imagined the ax could land on his neck. But with sharply declining revenues and the failure of his much anticipated game show *Glue It, Brother*, Meckler was abruptly let go. Because no jobs were avail-

able in television, he knew that his next move would be a major one. With a logic that could only be termed clairvoyant Meckler moved to Long Island and found employment as a gardener's assistant on a prominent beachfront estate. "It's a natural for me. I know the seasons and I know what needs backup. Every flower has an ideal slot, and it's my job to make sure each bloom gets maximum exposure." It may be a bit early to tell, but Meckler's influence could be felt as early as the coming spring, when his bold positioning of crocuses could overwhelm the somewhat later-appearing, short-stemmed jonquils. Meckler's boss, who has been in the landscape business for over three decades, is supportive, although he is adopting a conservative wait-and-see policy. "Where nature is concerned," he reminds us, "you can't rush things." Meckler says he is happy to wait, too.

YOU WILL BE RICH!

"NOT ME!" you say? And why not?

"I just can't see myself as a rich person."

Let's back up a second. Tell me about some of the rich people you admire.

"Well," you say, "there's Donald Trump, of course, and Lee Iacocca, and Preston Tucker, from the movie Tucker, and, uh, Mr. Lodge, Veronica's father..."

Okay, that's a pretty good list. Now, what do these people have that you don't have?

"I don't know. Some kind of secret money-making scheme?"

That's exactly right. You need a money-making scheme.

"But most money-making schemes involve sales or real estate, and I don't know anything about those..."

Hold on. Think for a second—what do you know?

"Well, I haven't taken a lot of fancy courses. All I really know is people—I've always had a pretty good sense of what makes them tick, what they'd respond to. You don't think that could help me make money, do you?"

Of course not. What you need is a Good Luck trick.

"But I've never had any luck. I never seem to win anything..."

Everybody has luck. You just aren't using yours.

"Using it? How do I use my luck?"

There are three steps. First, you have to believe. Second, you have to have a lucky number. And third, you have to have a goal.

"Okay, let's see, I believe. And I have a lucky number, it's seven..."

Hey, don't tell me or you'll lose the luck. Now, how about a goal?

"That's easy—BIG BUCKS."

Would you like to get twenty BIG bucks in the mail next week, without doing a lick of work?

"Would I ever!"

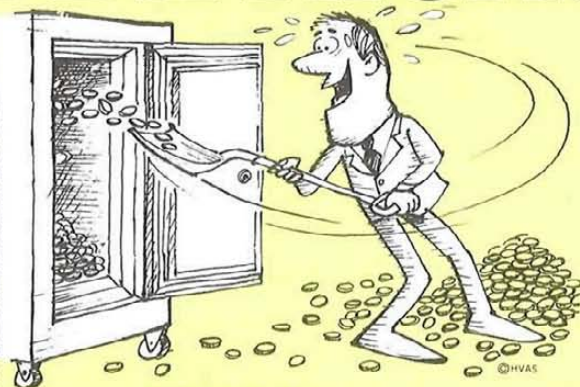
Here's what you have to do: take two stamped envelopes...

"Where do I..."

Try your local post office. On the first envelope, write your lucky number in the upper left-hand corner, and your name and address in the middle, like this:

Your Lucky Number	Stamp
Your name	
Your address	

On the second envelope, write your lucky number on the upper left-hand corner, and the address of a



magazine in the middle, like this:

Your Lucky Number	Stamp
Address of a Magazine	

"Wait, what magazine?" you ask.

Why, whatever magazine you associate with Good Luck and BIG BUCKS.

"What about this magazine? That's where I've been reading all this stuff, so it's probably where all the Good Luck is..."

You seem pretty sharp. I have a feeling you're going to attract lots of Good Luck.

"Great! What do I do next?"

You just take the amount of money you want to get—we're going to start with twenty bucks—put that amount in each envelope, and put them in the mail. Within a week, you'll be getting some BIG BUCKS in an envelope with a VERY SPECIAL NUMBER written on it.

"I have to put money in the envelopes?"

You have to spend money to make money. What's the matter, don't you believe?

"No, I believe. But I was wondering, what would it take to become a salesman? I thought I might try that as well. Then I'll have twice as many money-making tricks and I'll get twice as many BIG BUCKS!"

Do you know anything about being a salesman?

"Is it really complicated?"

Salesmen work very hard. Sometimes they're on the road from morning till night.

"Wow. I sure don't like to work. But maybe I could get used to it..."

Think. People who are out all day being salesmen can't very well receive Good Luck packages with BIG BUCKS inside, can they?

"Hey, you're right. Thanks for straightening me out..."

No problem. And GOOD LUCK!



SPEND \$100 OF THE NATIONAL LAMPOON'S MONEY!

In an effort to boost our recovering economy, the *National Lamppoon*, in conjunction with the nation's retailers, has come up with an idea we think you'll like: one hundred dollars' worth of free spending money, just to get you back in the habit of buying again! Hundreds of businesses across the country—from big chains like Food & Gas to little mom-and-pop operations like Mom 'n' Pop's in Marcola, Oregon—have agreed to take the C-Poon™ in lieu of real cash. No minimum purchase. No restrictions. Simply paste the C-Poon™ coupon printed below onto the front of any hundred-dollar bill and hand it to the teller at the checkout. No questions asked.



Instructions: Cut along dotted line and place in wallet or purse, along with regular currency.

PARTICIPATING RETAILERS

New York, N.Y.
Fuddwuckers
Jerome's One-Stoppe Drugge Shoppe
The Suck 'n' Rub
Digressions, the Thinking Man's Bar
Nude Dude Movers
1-900-BADDOGG

Fort Plain, N.Y.
Shitloads of Fun Amusement Park

Boston, Mass.
Blood, Sweat and Cheers
Sports Bar
Once More into the Britches
Men's Apparel
Coincidink's

Providence, R.I.
The Ruddy Grouter
Scruffy McWrinktit's Spirits Pub
Ye Olde Inn and Out

Philadelphia, Pa.
The Oven Mitt
Kip's Non-Degree Legal Assistance
Liberty Belle Escorts
Wigged Out

Cherry Point, N.C.
Army Prosthetic Surplus

Miami, Fla.
The Senior Citizen Ranch
Galería de los Narcóticos
Procrusty's Orthopedic Bedding
¡Drogas! ¡Drogas! ¡Drogas!

Chicago, Ill.
Barnanimals and Scaley's
Three-Meal Circus
U-GUT-IT Bulk Meats
Skanky's

Detroit, Mich.
Guns 'n' Butter Quik Stop
Unfinished Autos Discount
Transport
The Abandoned Warehouse
The Knife Nook

Madison, Wis.
Krakatoa, Best of Java
Womyn's Bykes

Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.
Looks for Losers Highwater Fashions
Knuckle's Soup & Sandwich
Hinky Dinky Winky Doo's

Thermopolis, Wyo.
Lookin' Good Sophisticated
Model College for Teens

Boise, Idaho
Elsie Borden's Unobtrusive Fashions for Big Old Fat Women
The Potato Boat
The Baby Name Book Bookstore

New Orleans, La.
Just Pork
Big François' New and Used
Bait Shop
Mardi Grass and Lawn Supply

San Antonio, Tex.
Roadkill Roadside Diner
(You Hit It, We Cook It)

Omaha, Nebr.
Prairie Dogs
Zip Zap Vidiot Hut

Oklahoma City, Okla.
The Cow Barn

Denver, Colo.
Chaka's 15-Minute Flight School
Injun Pete's Jerky Stand

Las Vegas, Nev.
Pretty Woman Spandexeria
Second Honeymoon Lingerie Resale

Flagstaff, Ariz.
ACME Products, Inc.

Seattle, Wash.
ClamLickers
Boeing Aircraft

Marcola, Oreg.
Mom 'n' Pop's House o' Pain

San Francisco, Calif.
Screwed, Blewed & Tattooed
Pansy Parlor
Zippers Plus

Los Angeles, Calif.
Casual Casuals
JJ Walker's Dyn-O-Mite T-Shirt
Joint
Skinflap Surplus
Jeans for Jews
Oh My Christ, Look at Your Hair!

...and, of course, the *National Lamppoon*.

This offer is not valid in New Jersey, New York, Arizona, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, California, Virginia, Delaware, Georgia, Michigan, Minnesota, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Connecticut, Maryland, Alabama, Mississippi, Montana, Colorado, Nebraska, Nevada, Arkansas, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Idaho, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, North Dakota, Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Washington, Massachusetts, Wyoming, West Virginia, Alaska, Hawaii, District of Columbia, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Guam, Samoa, or any U.S. territory or commonwealth, present or past, Canada, Mexico, Central America, South America, Africa, Asia, Antarctica, Australia, and Europe, except France.

HAVE YOU CONSIDERED FRANCHISING?

SHOULD I CONSIDER FRANCHISING?

Suddenly an ex-employee? You can sit around and mope. You can suck a revolver. Or you can be almost your own boss in the world of franchising!

In your old job you were an underpaid, run-into-an-early-grave, day-in, day-out, no-future, no-prestige slave of the corporation. With franchising you underpay yourself, run yourself into an early grave, make your own day-in, day-out hours, and the corporation bears no financial obligations to you!

Of course, the franchise business is not all gravy (or "special sauce," as insiders call it), and most top-rate money-making franchises are taken—with waiting lists going into the twenty-second century. But there are still some opportunities available. It's best to start small. You might be surprised at the actual advantages of starting with a smaller, less well-known chain.

The National Franchise Association puts out a monthly listing of hot, affordable franchises. Here are a few from April (of course, they may be gone by the time you read this, but you can get a year's subscription to the *Enfranchiser* directly by sending a check or money order for \$180 to the NFA, P.O. Box 6, Peru, IL 61880).



SEÑOR PEPPER™

License \$5,000. Some exclusive product responsibility. The menu, number of tables, and décor are left up to you; the franchise is the pepper. This is a small but growing chain whose motto is "It's in the Pepper"™. Low sales volume, yes, but steady. And a real market niche. Customers keep coming back for the pepper, and many choose to take some home, providing a great auxiliary business for you. Now market-testing upscale Groownd™ Pepper—

"From a Grinder, Fresh As Ground!"—for health-conscious guests willing to pay a premium. Many regions available.



THE MONEY LINE™

License \$17,500+. A real comer. Following the success of private mailbox storefronts that have become private post offices, the Money Line does the same for the booming unemployment business. Using a simple, inexpensive storefront, a Money Line outlet offers all of the ambiance, efficiency, and "oomph" of its government counterpart, but with convenient locations and expanded hours—and a liq-

uor license. Catchy jingle: "I don't mind standing in the money line..." Full service. C.P.A.'s, others with profit-center management only.



RED WHITE IRISH ROCK ROSE HARP CLANCY GLANCY'S™ "THAT KIND OF REAL PLACE WE DRANK AT THAT TIME"™

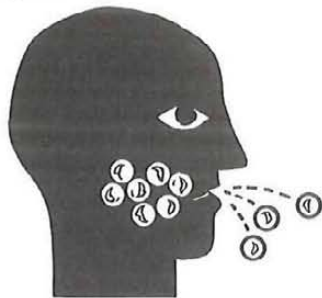
Over twenty-two units in operation. These Tavernettes™ hit the spot with the new traditionalist. Accurate beyond your average She-nanigans/Bennigans/Chi-Chi's/Cheers brick-wall-with-Coke-and-gas-station-signs, cheese-finger-business bar, frequented by sporting-goods salesmen, secretaries, and college students from out of town, these units actually look and smell like run-down, dank postwar cocktail lounges. Low payroll and employee turnover are pluses as rickety seniors rather than twenty-somethings are hired as staff and "color." They'll wonder why it looks so real—it is. Except it's been moved from across town. License is performance-based. Great upside potential.



MR. AIR FORCE™

License \$15,000. Turnkey

units provide specialty service often neglected now by service-bay-type automotive service centers: air for tires. Both automotive and bicyclic. Expandable. Deluxe units offer air for rubber rafts, basketballs, air mattresses. Licensed accessories. Dynamic. Growth-oriented.



U SAID A MOUTHFUL™

License \$25,000. Drive-through and walk-in speech therapy and limited-menu units. Cheapjack medical coverage plans and the current academic buyers' market allows you to hire phonologists, speech therapists, and linguistic doctoral candidates for the price of teenagers. These boys know that in this business there are three important things: Location, location, location.

PERIODICAL CITY™

License on a per-piece basis. Their most recent thirty-second co-op TV spot (they pay to produce it; you pay only to air it) says it all:

BOB (an earnest young business type): The daily paper, please, and some gum.

DISGUSTING FAT DIRTY NEWS-PAPER PROLE: Sure (slobber), me give you *Gayly Scraper* and here's your bum... and incorrect change! Hee-haw! By the way, me stolen your wallet, looked up your address, and am sending drop-out son to your house to ruin your daughter!

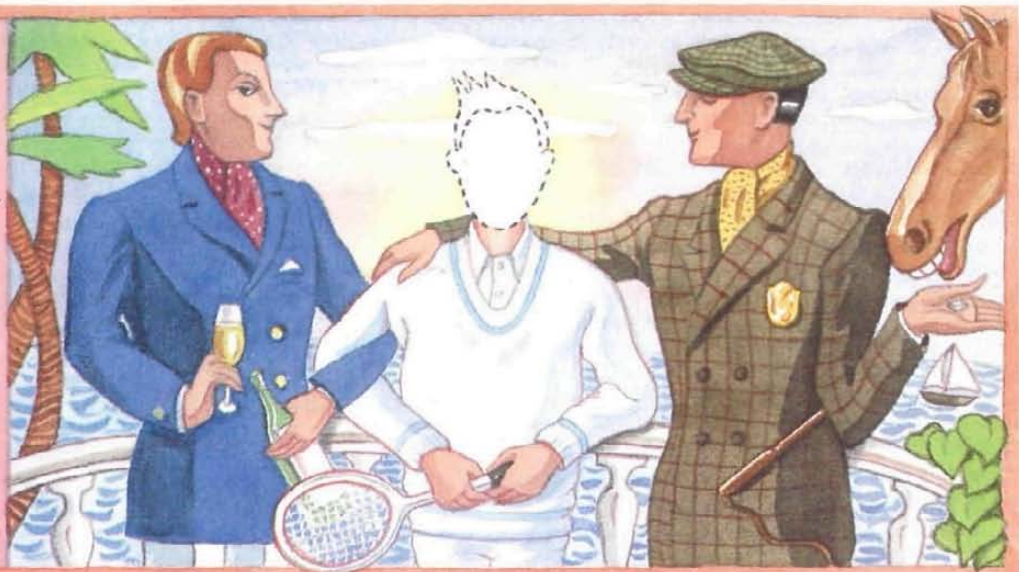
BOB'S BOSS (leaning out of passing limousine): Bob, I never expected to see you in the grubby locally owned corner store. You're fired.

BOB: I should have gone to Periodical City!

~~IF~~

There's no doubt about it: we're all going to be rich. Every last one of us—and especially you! Hard to imagine?

ONE DAY AT THE BEVERLY HILLS TENNIS, POLO, AND YACHT CLUB



ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SAMUELS

A Play in One Scene

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

GUS MORONI Gus used to be an "ordinary Joe." But he hung in there, and never lost faith. He began selling at home in his spare time, just to earn a few "extra bucks" to "make ends meet" during the "lean years." Now nobody calls him an "ordinary Joe"—they call him "Mr. Moroni, sir!"



FRANK PFACHTER A few years ago, if you'd told Frank he'd be a member of the Beverly Hills Tennis, Polo, and Yacht Club, he'd have thought you were trying to "pull" something. In fact, Frank might have "popped you one"—he was a little "down" after being "laid off" for having a "bad attitude." But Frank took a real estate course, and now he's not only a member of the Beverly Hills Tennis, Polo, and Yacht Club—he's the *president!*



YOU Don't worry, you don't have to learn a lot of complicated lines—just be yourself!



ACT I, SCENE I

SETTING: The Beverly Hills Tennis, Polo, and Yacht Club.

TIME: The near future.

WEATHER: Perfect—remember, this is *Beverly Hills!*

Gus Moroni is on the club veranda, drinking champagne—Dom Pérignon, of course! You enter.

GUS MORONI: Hi, [YOUR NAME], welcome to the club. I see you've been playing tennis. How did it go?

YOU: _____

GUS MORONI: Don't worry, you'll get the hang of it. I used to have the same trouble—that net's mighty high! Have you done any polo or yachting?

YOU: _____

GUS MORONI: They're both simple, once you get the hang of them. After

lunch, I'll show you how to play polo.

YOU: _____?

GUS MORONI: No, these horses never bite anyone—they're real friendly. See—he's eating sugar out of my hand!

Frank Pfachter enters. He is wearing the club president's badge—made of solid gold.

FRANK PFACHTER: Say, Gus, who's your friend, a visitor?

GUS MORONI: No, he's a new lifetime member. [YOUR NAME], meet President Frank Pfachter.

YOU: _____

FRANK PFACHTER: Please, call me Frank.

YOU: _____!!!

FRANK PFACHTER: Don't mention it. Any member of the club is a friend of mine. We're not stiff and formal like some rich people. Say, Gus, want to do some more yachting later?

GUS MORONI: No, I'm going to be showing [YOUR NAME] how to play polo.

FRANK PFACHTER: Okay, I'll tell you what—tomorrow let's *all* do yachting.

GUS MORONI: Sounds great! What do you say, [YOUR NAME]? Want to learn yachting?

YOU: _____

FRANK PFACHTER: No, don't worry. I've got a spare yacht you can use. In fact, why don't you keep it.

YOU: _____

FRANK PFACHTER: Oh my God, what happened?

GUS MORONI: Looks like he's passed out from happiness.

FRANK PFACHTER: We'd better splash some Dom Pérignon champagne on his face!

THE END

THE CHEAP PAGES



WHY PAY FOR GOODS AND SERVICES?

“WHY PAY FOR ANYTHING?” A FRIEND asks us, and he should know: he has not accumulated one dollar in expenses since 1987. We all know nobody pays for matches, sugar packs, airfare, cable, or movie tickets anymore, but our friend has successfully fashioned a completely gratis lifestyle. As he proudly puts it, “Only chumps and losers pay for things you can get for free.”

Naturally, he is reticent to tip his cards, but he did offer us a few pointers — “giveaways,” as he aptly termed them.

PHONE SERVICE: “After each call, dial the operator. Say you called the wrong number and want credit,” our friend explains. “The operator will check: ‘I see your call lasted thirty-five minutes,’ he or she will say. ‘This isn’t the AT&T I remember,’ you reply.”

HEALTH CARE: “Let’s sup-

pose you think you have strep throat,” says our friend. “What you do is you throw yourself in front of a bus. What are they going to do, leave you unconscious in the street? While you’re in the hospital, have them check out those nodes.”

FOOD: “All-You-Can-Eat restaurants,” our friend rec-

ommends. “Camp out in the john, and you can eat for days at a time.”

EDUCATION: “You’re not really paying for the education,” our friend points out, “you’re paying for the diploma.” He suggests a rag bond sixty-five-pound paper with a standard Old English press type — and, as a gentle reminder, he points out that “Harvard” is spelled with two a’s and no l’s.

CARS: “Free test drives.”

ARTICHOKE HEARTS: Curiously, any store owner will give you artichoke hearts for free, just for asking. “It’s one of the unwritten rules of

the grocery business,” says our friend. “But nobody ever asks.”

MONEY: “The Federal Reserve Bank is constantly disposing of old, worn money. Sometimes they shred it, sometimes they burn it. But other times, they just forget.”

Not surprisingly, this friend of ours has been incarcerated on several occasions for his somewhat broad interpretation of “free.” And although the concept of jail time isn’t pleasant for anyone, our friend shrugs it off lightly. “Free room and board,” he says. ■

THE MOST LIVABLE AUTOMOBILES OF 1991

EVERY YEAR A REMARKABLE NUMBER OF automobiles qualify for the mantle of “most livable.” And this year is no exception. In fact, in these exciting economic times, a vehicle’s domestic strengths are factors that more and more car buyers are considering and more and more manufacturers are offering as built-ins.

As in years past, habitability is still one category where “Made in U.S.A.” on the label is a credit and not a demerit, and American cars have dominated imports in this year’s polling as in no other year.

The editors of twenty major car magazines based their voting on a complex set of criteria and, as always, on some personal preferences and prejudices. Points were awarded or subtracted for prestige as well as for comfort.

This year’s results may surprise you.

Number one was the Ford Aerostar. Arrangeable modular seating made this minivan the resounding top choice. Turnable seating in the rear main living area makes it “perfect” for the “work-at-home man.”

Points, too, were garnered for the available “brickface” exterior. The downside? A sloping dashboard makes the Aerostar cabin a poor dining room. Second-place Dodge Caravan, with its flat dash

and built-in plastic cup holders, was the champion in this category, but lost to Aerostar because it lacked adequate lighting in the master bedroom. Third-place Plymouth Satellite station wagon fell from last year’s number-one spot because, as one editor put it, “now the basic model is only available in dark colors. Ever try to sleep in a dark car on a sunny morning? It heats up like... like an oven or some-

thing.” Rounding out the top four were the Plymouth Sundance coupe (“The trunk roof has crossbars perfect for hanging shirts from!”) and the Infiniti G20 (“Trendy, we know, but that counts for something when you’re having the other execs over to work on special projects... Also great AC, and tinted windows standard are a plus.”)

The least livable cars? The Celica ST coupe (“It’s not just the nonremovable stick shift in the master bedroom, but the guest bed has a hump down the center, too”), the Volvo 940 GLE (“Roll bars aren’t that important if you’re not driving much”; “Airbag guest bed hard to refold”), the Cutlass Ciera (“The windows are so high and the doors are so low, there’s no privacy”), the Chrysler Fifth Avenue (“You try to make a romantic little fire in the

ashtray and the wiring shorts every time”; “Unacceptable”), and the Suzuki Samurai (“All kidding aside, when you’re making a vehicle your primary residence you don’t want it flopping over on its side all the time”).

Cars’ ratings were averaged from the specific ratings in three categories: family, couple, and studio/retirement. General hints from the editors of the poll: If you choose an engineless junker, make sure the windows are manual and not power. And when choosing a car as a dwelling, ask yourself: What’s it going to look like as an address on an envelope? Can I fulfill my lifestyle goals in this vehicle/domicile? What about finding romance? What about a family someday? The experts all agree: a less expensive car home may not be a better buy in the long run. ■

CONSUMER GUIDE
THE CHEAP PAGES

CHEAP DATES:

Romance with Real Value



IT'S TRUE THAT MONEY CAN'T BUY YOU LOVE. IS it true, then, that not having money can't not buy you love? Not necessarily! Love is famous in song and story for striking people on *all kinds* of budgets. So, if you're one of the many young people on the brink of financial ruin, a depression in your love life is one thing you *don't* have to worry about—if you try these simple dating innovations. Many of them try to move beyond the traditional concept of a date as something where you “go” someplace and “do” (read “buy”) something—because when you're strapped for cash, innovation works just as well as dinner and a movie.

SEX DATE. Whether the two of you are old friends or new acquaintances, few “romantic entertainments” manage to create such intimacy as those given over entirely to sex—and none that we can think of do it as cheaply. Sex is fun and exciting, and the very soul of romance. It can happen anywhere—and, even better, the very best place for it to happen is often in the home. Unlike most dates, cheap or otherwise, the sex date cuts



another human seems hollow and unfulfilling; but in our experience, fantasy dates can be as fun and rewarding as sex dates, yet without the entanglements and complications that sometimes follow. For instance, what if you have a sex date with a person whom you discover you really don't like much? Sometimes, getting out of those situations without hurting someone's feelings can be difficult. And, most important, think of the savings! No phone calls, no chips, no grooming products to buy. The fantasy date allows you to have sex with absolutely anyone, whether you like him/her or not.

CONVERSATION DATE. More mentally stimulating than a sex date, yet (we hasten to add) not incompatible with it—and just as affordable. Conversations are a time-tested way to get to know people, are virtually cost-free if held face-to-face, and are simpler to arrange than you might think. First, select a place where the two of you will hold your conversation. A street corner is fine, and park

benches are also nice. If the weather is bad, you can have conversations inside, too. (*Helpful hint:* if held in your own home, a conversation date can easily be canceled and rescheduled as a sex date.) Technically, conversations are an oral exchange of opinions, ideas, and observations—but in the heat of a first date, remembering all that may be too much. Just keep in mind that a simple question will do—for example, “What did you think of that thing that happened yesterday?” or “What's the deal with your hair?” or even “Would you like to go on a sex date?”

INTEROFFICE ROMANCE DATES. For years, killjoys have discouraged interoffice romance. They say it distracts workers from their jobs, and is inappropriate. On the contrary: during a depression, there is nothing *more* appropriate than interoffice romance,



especially on a budget. Dating in the office is a reliable way to earn money while still engaging in romance. And, when business is bad, there often isn't much work to do in any case. Furthermore, the office environment, with its pulsing activity, gently humming machines, and liberal supply of fellow workers to choose from, provides a unique, fresh background for fantasy and sex dates.

THE WALK AND LOOK DATE. An ideal and satisfying choice for the active young couple is the walk and look date, where couples

walk around and look at things. Many old married couples recall these dates with great detail—without even being asked to do so. Generally, the beginner will have a route already picked out—maybe a stroll past the fire station, over to the video store (where, if you're lucky, you can watch a film playing on their TV free of charge), past a fancy restaurant, some shops, through a park, and back home. Sometimes, however, it's good not to have a plan, to just walk and see what happens. It's risky, of course—we can practically hear you saying, “What if we walk around and don't see anything worth looking at?” Well, if that's the case, why don't you stop and look at each other? Look at each other in different ways. Walk around each other and keep looking. Maybe take some clothes off for a better look. You'd be surprised at how often just looking at each other leads to a sex date!

FUNERAL OR OTHER FREE EVENT DATE.

Often, your date's attitude may be “If you don't have a destination, you haven't had a date.” That doesn't mean, however, that you have to break your bank in the process. Your local paper can be a source of information for a wide variety of events—from city council meetings to mall band concerts—costing little or no money. We suggest, however, checking out a funeral in your area. Funerals take place in the type of quiet, dark surroundings frequently associated with fine restaurants and cafés, yet cost significantly less. And after the funeral, what better, more life-affirming date could there be than a good old-fashioned sex date? ■



right to the heart of relationships: sex itself. And a long evening of sex seems to have a magical way of tearing down the sorts of fears and inhibitions that can make dating an awkward, nerve-racking experience, an experience that pushes the couple further away from sex, rather than closer to it. Although many money managers make the case that an initial cash outlay for contraception or “safe sex” equipment could save you money in the long term, the important thing is to have a fun, relaxed time. Consult your library (free of charge!) for ways to have sex.

The **FANTASY DATE** also often leads to sex—indeed, it generally begins there. Some contend that sex without contact with

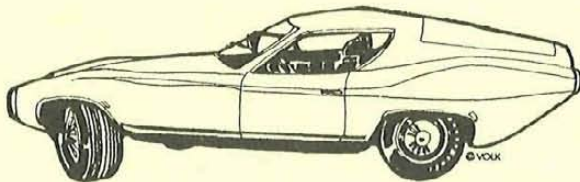
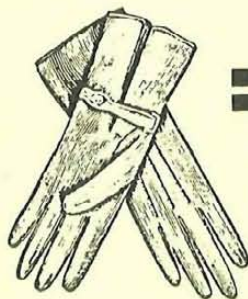
PERSONAL BORROWING: ACQUISITION WITHOUT INVESTMENT

SURE, I WANT TO BE A CONSUMER," YOU SAY to yourself. "I'd like to have more 'things.' But I just don't have the jack—don't have a job, don't have the skills for a job, don't even want a job. But I sure could go for some money."

Empty pockets—we've all had 'em. We just haven't had the knowledge to fill 'em. But now, knowledge is unnecessary, because borrowing, a bold new consumption aid system, is revolutionizing our ideas about accumulating.

Borrowing is a fantastic new concept in personal finance and consumption that is sweeping the country. According to the many hundreds of thousands of consumers who have already benefited from it, borrowing is simple, highly effective, and so consumer-friendly that once you start, you'll never stop.

Here's how it works: let's



say you want something—a dishwasher, a pair of gloves, *something*. You don't have the money, but you know someone who does. Borrow the money from that someone and buy the thing you want—let's say, the gloves. Moments later, you're one sleek, shiny new pair of gloves to the good. Mission accomplished!

Of course, you'll have to pay back the borrowed money. But obviously you can't do that unless you have the money. How do you get that money? You borrow it from someone else. Thus, like the rich, red blood in a healthy human body, money continues to circulate freely through the body of society,

building it up and making it strong. Each act of borrowing is like a heartbeat that keeps America going; and holding onto your money (saving it) is like cholesterol, clogging things up and eventually causing the country to die.

But suppose you don't know anyone who has any money to borrow. Does that mean that you have to go

without gloves until your fingers fall off from frostbite? No, sir! Borrowing *things* can be just as effective a way to consume. Although most economists concede that borrowing things is less effective than borrowing money, they also agree that it's better than borrowing nothing! (Unless you're rich.) Again, we'll use the gloves as an example: let's say that instead of buying the gloves, you borrow them. The same net result is accomplished, with one important difference: you now owe someone a pair of gloves, not money. What do you do? Well, you sell the gloves and buy something else with the money—say, a terrarium. You then give the terrarium to the person you borrowed the gloves from. But all he wants is the

gloves, so he gives the terrarium to someone else and borrows that person's gloves. Suddenly, you've introduced not only a terrarium into the equation, but a new pair of gloves and a different person. You've started a chain reaction, and, according to simple mathematics, after just seven more borrowing exchanges like that, over three hundred million products and people will be involved, not to mention almost a trillion dollars. Some borrowing experts have calculated that just one effective "borrowing chain" like this could not only put America back on top, it could bring all other nations to their knees, including

will be paid off and another round of borrowing can start up again.

Best of all, as you borrow more and more, these feelings only deepen, and that whets your appetite for still *more* borrowing! Before you know it, you're a fully committed borrower—and that's all you can think about. Those days of being depressed and poor seem like a vague memory.

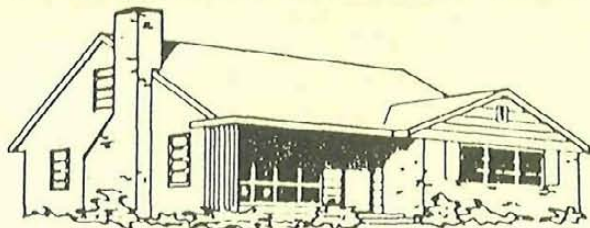
Even in these early stages of borrowing upswing, efforts are under way to fully exploit this inexhaustible man-made resource. Take, for example, the practice of borrowing borrows, a highly conceptualized form of borrowing that is only beginning to pick up steam among the sharpest of today's borrowers. But don't be fooled by its complicated sound! Borrowing borrows is hardly different from normal borrowing.

Let's stick with gloves. Say you have a friend who wants to borrow someone's gloves. Ask him if you can borrow his borrow—that is, you want to borrow his *intention* to borrow the guy's gloves. He consents. Now, say there's another person who wants to borrow the same guy's terrarium. Ask him if you can borrow *his* borrow. He also consents. Continue in this fashion until you have borrowed fifty to one hundred borrows. Before you know it, this one guy is going to owe you a lot of stuff—a lot: not just gloves and a terrarium, but perhaps a brand-new car and a nice house, too.

As you can see, borrowing isn't just a high-flying economic experiment. It's an activity that will unlock the human potential to consume and will usher in a new age where we truly owe everything to each other. ■

CONSUMER GUIDE
THE CHEAP PAGES

HOMWORKING: LOW OVERHEAD, CONVENIENT LOCATION



HOME BUYING OPPORTUNITIES

If times of prosperity brought us a Cable Home Shopping Network, it stands to reason that these current challenging economic times will reverse the trend. As their credit dries up, former couch consumers will be forced to get up and go out hunting for bargains. But where will they go? Will they brave the gas lines to make the trip out to the mall? Or will you, anticipating the demand, provide just the products and services your neighbors need—and at a convenient location.

YOUR OWN HOME SHOPPING NETWORK

Your house is a virtual department store—furnishings, housewares, electronics, linens, men's and women's fashions—but laid out in a familiar pattern, where everything is easy to find. Why not invite your neighbors in and let them

buy whatever they want or need? Smart shoppers know that when they see something at a garage sale, they're seeing products you don't want anymore, and they'll nickel-and-dime you to death. But when they see those same items in your home, in use, they see something else: value.

KIDS BUY THE DARDEST THINGS

Kids? Yes, kids. In times of great economic fluctuation, some things stay pretty constant, like allowances. What's \$5.00 to keep the peace when your phone's been turned off, your electricity about to go? Not much for the parent, but for you, the entrepreneur, that \$5.00 can be multiplied by 20, 40, even 100! Junk food, TV time, violent videos, heavy-metal music—these are just some of the commodities kids will pay top dollar to access. Once word gets out in the schoolyards that Mötley Crüe, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, and Ring Dings are A-OK in your home, you'll have to turn them away by the dozens.

THE SAFEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE

The neighborhood guys can

still get it at home—with your at-home indoor escort service. Tap into the ever-growing abstinence market and open a no-frills, no-thrills alternative to the local cathouse. Your "safe house" will provide coffee and conversation with an attractive array of local ladies. Dressed in house-dresses, they will make their



clients feel at once aroused and at rest, right in the middle of your cozy and familiar living room. The guys will
CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

FIVE GREAT WALKS TO TAKE AROUND YOUR BLOCK

EVERYONE NEEDS TO UNWIND NOW AND then from the pressures of the workaday world. But for many during this minor economic downturn, even a weekend trip to Disneyland or Atlantic City could be a trip to the poorhouse. Therefore, in the interest of savings, The Cheap Pages present "Five Great Walks to Take Around Your Block." All you need is the will to have fun and save money at the same time.

1) THROUGH THE VACANT LOT: A leisurely stroll through a block of demolished apartment buildings is the perfect opportunity for a little introspection. Ponder your own mortality and the law of entropy as you amble along among the rubble and weeds. For added enjoyment, hum mournful classical music to yourself on your way home and save the cost of a Walkman.

2) THE HOMEBODY: For the elderly, partially disabled, or merely timid walker who wishes to stick a little

closer to home, we suggest a walk around the block that is literally that: a walk around the block. The exceptionally feeble or those easily frightened by traffic may desire to remain within arm's reach of their building, while the more adventurous may venture as far away as halfway to the curb during their circumnavigation. For excitement, this walk may be performed in both the clockwise and counterclockwise directions.

3) AROUND AND AROUND: The more athleticly minded among today's

smart consumers may look for something a little more active in their walk, yet wish to avoid the strain of actual exercise. For them, one hundred—that's right, *one hundred*—brisk revolutions around their block is what we recommend. And if you get all hot and sweaty, why not strip off that sopping T-shirt and let the bracing wind invigorate you? Remember, the air is free. . . .

4) A WALK IN THE PARK: What could be more relaxed and civilized than a slow jaunt through the local spot of greenery? Give your imagination free rein to dream yourself in the mighty Black Forest of West Germany, far away from all urban cares, and let beds of pachysandra and the occasional tree soothe your soul

with their freshness. And if during your reverie you are mugged and injured, you'll have impressive-looking scars and interesting stories to amuse your friends with for years to come—at no cost to you.

5) THE WALKABOUT: It isn't only Australian aborigines who occasionally get wanderlust. Our proposal for would-be explorers on a tight budget? Explore new neighborhoods and new civilizations by encircling your block at a distance of fifteen city blocks away from it. Should you get lost among the confusing ethnic subcultures, feel free to ask directions from the natives. This invaluable and broadening experience does not cost a cent. ■

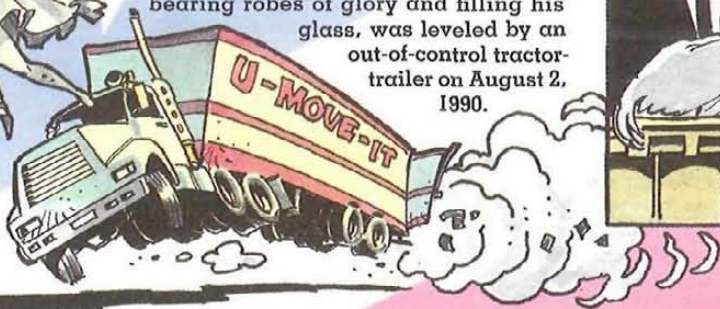
CONSUMER GUIDE
THE CHEAP PAGES

VANISHING AMERICA

TOTALED!



THE ANDREW JACKSON DUNN MEMORIAL, Birmingham, Alabama. This magnificent statue of Andrew Jackson Dunn, "The Great Benefactor, The Liberator, Mister Sour Mash, The Rockefeller of the South, Big Daddy Dunn," with check-room attendant and waitress figures bearing robes of glory and filling his glass, was leveled by an out-of-control tractor-trailer on August 2, 1990.



RUINED!



VERN CAVERNS, Kentucky, which boasted such fanciful examples of nature's handiwork in stone as THE BRIDAL VEIL, THE WITCH'S CHIN, and CAMEL CAVALCADE, was leased to Daizo Corp. as an underground parking facility.

FLOODED!



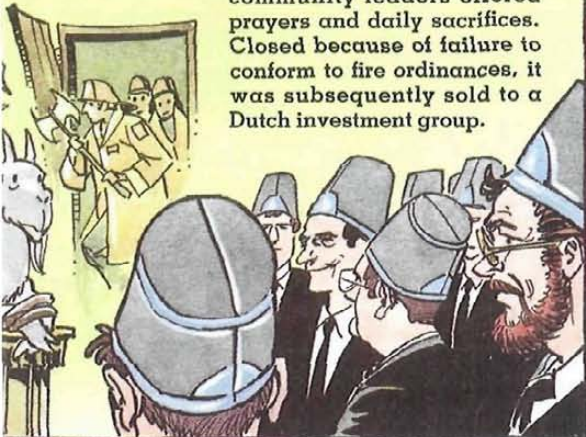
HISTORIC BRANFORD STADIUM, Canton, Indiana. Home of the Soybean League Champion Canton Bluejays, was flooded by the Titusville River Hydroelectric Project.

CH ON THE NATIONAL LAMPOON

RENOVATED!

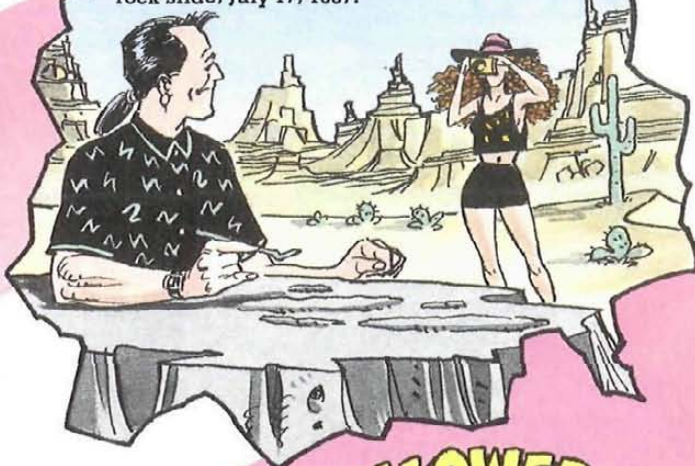


TEMPLE OF THE SUN, Madison, Wisconsin. In this replica of a Mayan temple erected in Madison's business district, community leaders offered prayers and daily sacrifices. Closed because of failure to conform to fire ordinances, it was subsequently sold to a Dutch investment group.



CRUSHED!

LOS PLATOS DE LOS PESCADORES (Fishermen's Platters), Simi, Nevada. This natural rock formation, bearing an uncanny resemblance to plates of seafood with side orders of cole slaw, was destroyed by a rock slide, July 17, 1987.



LEVELED!

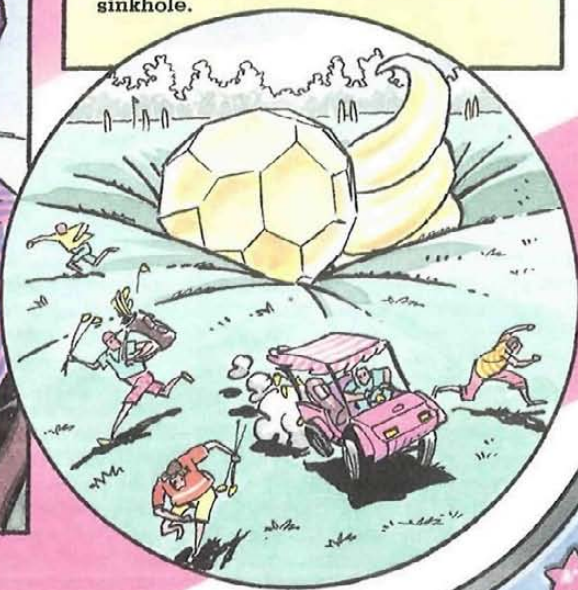


WORKER AT WHIST

THE PACKARD REC ROOMS, Detroit, Michigan. This superb example of American Bauhaus and enlightened management contained backgammon, cribbage, and whist rooms. The whole complex was destroyed by vandals, December 1990.

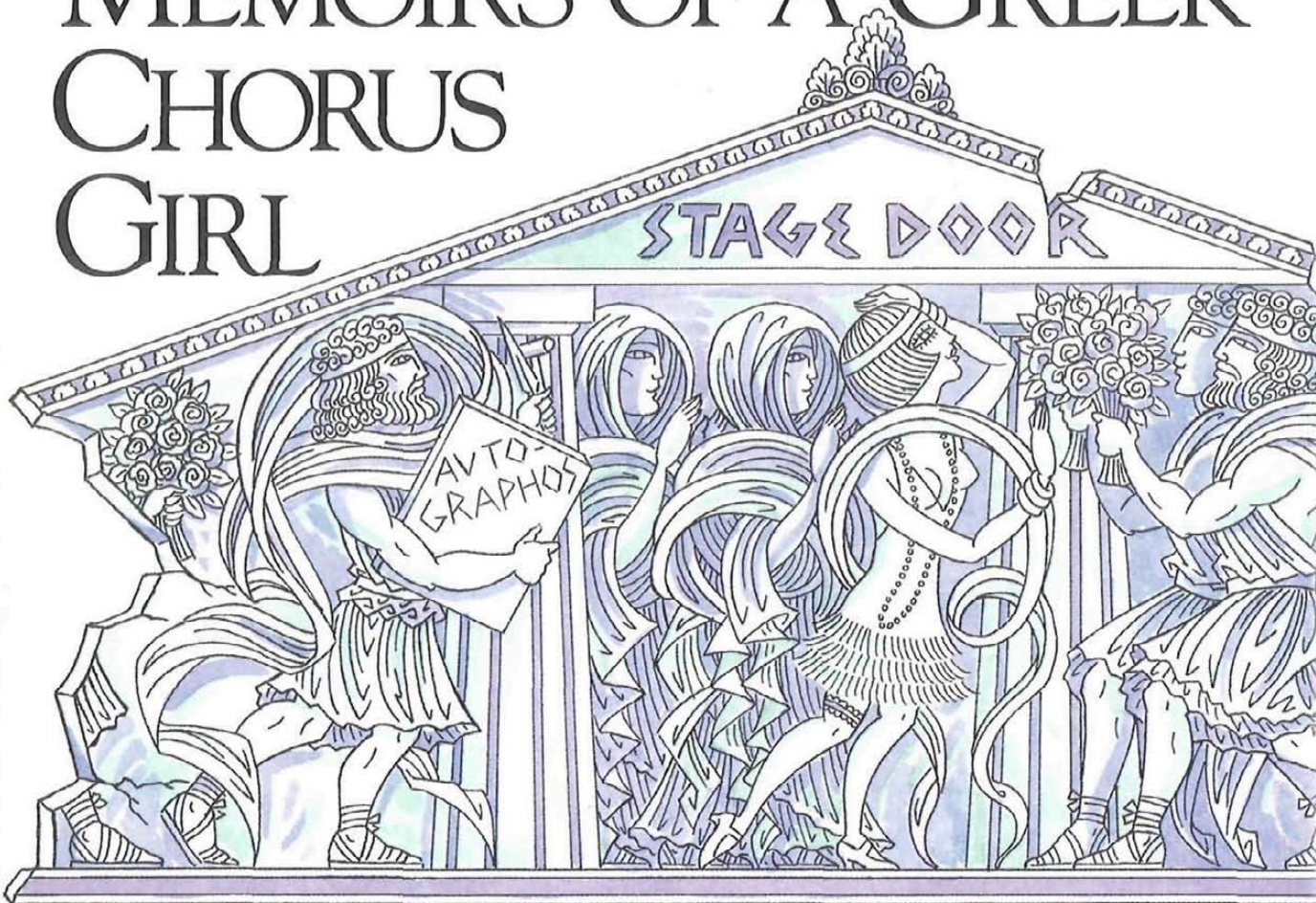
SWALLOWED UP!

IRREGULAR POLYGON AND SWIRL, Palmdale, Arizona. Constructed for Palmdale's Sunbelt Expo '56, these were swallowed up when irrigation of surrounding golf courses created a vast sinkhole.



ADAM KUBERT

MEMOIRS OF A GREEK CHORUS GIRL



WHEN I STARTED OUT, you had to make your own opportunity, especially if you were a girl, which I was. Fresh off the boat from Sparta, I had gotten a job at a tailor's shop, when one day Mr. Aeschylus came in to be measured for a tunic. He had just won first prize at the Festival with his *Scandals of 458 B.C.*, which he later called the *Oresteia*. Well, I saw my chance. I poked him with a needle while I was measuring the hem, and when he said, "Ouch!" I said, "Even so is the prick of Fate's needles"—just to get his attention. I knew it didn't mean anything, and it did. Get his attention, I mean. He looked down. My eyes must have been popping out of their sockets! "Young boy," he said, "that's awful. Plus now my knee hurts." Mr. Aeschylus was not so young in his old age—if somebody annoyed him in the morning, Zeus would strike him down in his play that evening. "Be resigned to Fate, Mr. Aeschylus," my boss said, and he

fired me, right then and there. I could have cried, which in fact I did. Then I ran out of the store and into the agora.

Well, what I didn't know was that the effect of a young boy's tears always made Mr. Aeschylus weepy himself. Next thing I knew, there he was, stroking my cheek, even though I wasn't a young boy, of course, but a girl—although Mr. Aeschylus didn't know that. I told him I had never been canned before, but that it was awfully much a bitter pill, especially for one as young as me. Then I showed him some exercises that might make his knee feel better—they were just some dance steps I had learned at the Eleusinian mysteries—and he said his knee felt better already, and say, wasn't my dancing graceful and seemly. I said it was nothing, but somehow the words "I'd like to be in your chorus" also slipped out. And he said okey-dokey, and that's how I got my start.

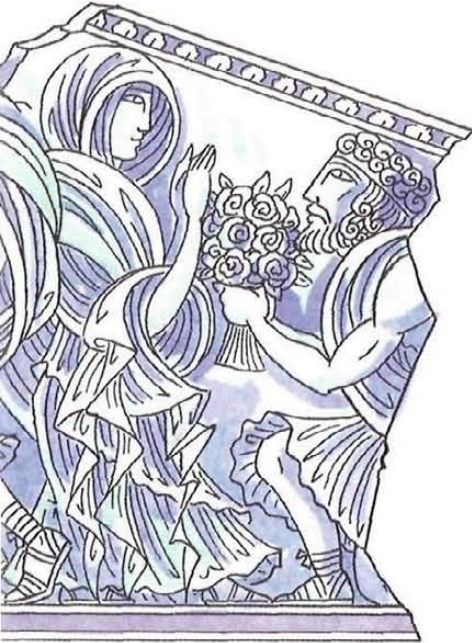
EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE girl in Sparta, I'd wanted to be in the theater, and now here I was in rehearsal for the Festival of Dionysus! It was not so easy to get into the theater in those days, before all the cabarets and clubs like Solon's, so I felt very lucky. Mr. Aes-



ILLUSTRATED BY JILL KARLA SCHWARZ

chylus told me not to worry if other chorus members thought I was *too* lucky, I'd get the steps right eventually—I should just keep flashing my nice smile. "A nice smile can change the frown of even thundering Zeus," my mother used to say, and she was right.

And the theater was the most fun! You got to say all the most perfectly noble, uplifting things without having to worry about memorizing them, because if you forgot a line no one noticed. Although one time we were doing this thing of Sophocles'



called *You Take Odysseus* and there was this chorus that began something like "No words can describe something something horrors"—I can't remember all of it now and I couldn't then either. None of us could. We shuffled out to start the second act and we took a deep breath together and—blank. Nothing! Extopedes improvised a little two-step and we all followed. I started humming. We were all trying to act like it was the most natural thing in the world, beginning an act of a tragedy with a dance routine. Finally Sophocles tried to prompt us, whispering, "No words!" and Extopedes said, "Tell me about it!" I think that must have been one of the years that Euripides won the Festival.

By that time everyone knew I was a girl. I don't mean the general Athenian public so much—I would have been stoned or sacrificed or even worse, sent back to Sparta—but the theater people. I was very nervous when I was first found out. What had

happened was that a young playwright—his name was Diocles, but I called him Dinky—had worked himself into a terrible crush on me, which would have been fine except that he thought I was a boy. I led him on, I'm ashamed to say, because we had a great deal in common and a lot of things to talk about, such as the time he promised me a job as chorus leader (which was double scale) in his next play and when he brought me some vases at one of the finer antique stores.

Finally the time came when I couldn't put him off any longer. After rehearsal, he took me to his place and kissed me on the cheek. I started crying. "Dinky," I sobbed. "I'm—I'm a girl." The poor poor dear took it well, I have to say. "I know," he sniffled. "Everyone knows. But I refused to believe it because I had the eyes of love."

But he was a sweetie about it. "Just go—go," he said. "Darken my door nevermore." ("Darken my door" was a new phrase then, and all the rage.) He told me I could keep the vases after I asked.

Well, it had certainly thrown a scare into me. I mean, egad, everyone knew. Everyone in the theater, that is. I stayed home positively blue, convinced that I would have to go back to Sparta or become a goat-girl—that I would be drummed out of the theater forever. After a few days, though, Sophocles showed up. "I came by to thank you," he said. That was the last thing I expected! I couldn't even speak. "Diocles' play is in shambles. It's the greatest service you've ever done for the theater." I was so excited I gave him a giant hug.



AFTER THAT, SOPHOCLES came around quite a lot. He was a very good friend, and we had a lot of interesting conversations. He and his wife had a lot of problems, and he liked to tell

me about them. He was famous for his brains, of which he had a lot, as well as his looks, of which he also had a lot. But I guess his wife didn't appreciate either. "I don't think your wife appreciates you," I would always say. "I think you're right," he would say back. "Nobody seems to appreciate me. Except you, of course. What a marvelous, perceptive thing you are." He was charming in the very best sense of the word, and he said he trusted me, too, and proved it by giving me dozens of his original plays for safekeeping. They were plays he said his wife wouldn't understand because they were more "forward-thinking" and risqué than what she was used to, and also they were sort of based on their home life.

But Sophocles was also a perfectionist, and one time, during a full-dress rehearsal for *Antigone*—it was very very late and we were all just a little punchy—we played a little joke on him. It was during the part when

by Chris Marcil
and Sam Johnson

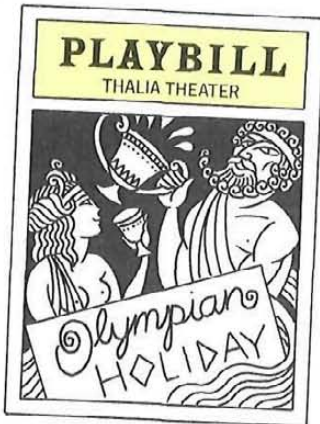
Antigone is being led off to be executed, and the chorus goes, "But dreadful is the mysterious power of fate, there is no deliverance from it by wealth or by war, by fenced city, or dark, sea-beaten ships." Except we said, "But dreadful is the mysterious power of sex, there is no deliverance from it by wealth or by war, by fenced city, or dark, sea-beaten whips." It didn't make any sense, of course, but it was an absolute scream, and we were all positively rolling—though, like I said, we were all very very punchy. Except Sophocles didn't think so. That it was a scream, I mean. He was livid. And after that, he didn't come to see me so much anymore, but maybe he and his wife had worked their problems out. I guess they must have, because when I went to his house to return his plays, his wife told me she would take them, and that she knew all about them and exactly what to do with them, and that I had done the right thing in giving them to her. I understand they got lost somehow.

THESE DAYS, NEEDLESS to say, there is simply hardly any theater to speak of. I mean, there are only a few revivals of the greats and practically no cabaret—which was most certainly not the case when I was young! Then, egad, you could see ritual dancers at midday and then take in a play and

then go to a place like White-Armed Hera's and see some sketches by the comedy writers that were simply scandalous! Aristophanes got his start as a waiter at White-Armed Hera's, you know. If you tipped him, he would do imitations. Everyone knew he was going to be big.

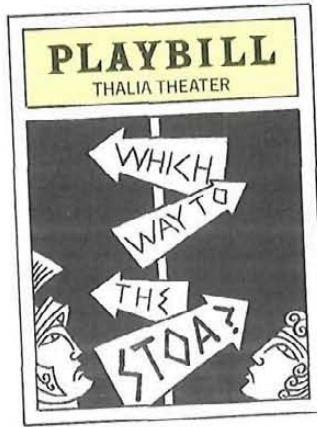
I always resolved to enjoy the life to the fullest, because while everyone else was getting up early to keep goats and grow grape leaves and hammer bronze and such, here you were starting your day with lunch, and then rehearsals and so on, all the way to a nightcap at the end of the day. It was exhausting! And if things got even the tiniest bit tedious, which was rare—since, for example, somebody would always fall in love with you and somebody else would have to hide in a chest when that somebody came over—you could always remind your play's backer how much fun it could be in Delos or another island, and whoosh, you'd be on your way.

But by no means was it all so easy, and I don't just mean having



three young men over for dinner who technically have the idea in their heads that they are engaged to you. There were plenty of things to fear. Auditions, for example. Although I never personally went to one because, as I told Pindar (not the famous one, poor thing, but his cousin), I simply felt I could be more expressive in private, and the writers agreed, not that they weren't also worth worrying about, always consulting oracles and throwing you out of the chorus for saying an unlucky number or something. They all wanted to win the Festival, you see. If you were in an Aeschylus play and you lost, you couldn't be in another one for seven years—"purification," he would say.

But by far the biggest fear for a theater person was the producer. Democles was the biggest. He came from an old theater family (his grand-



father had invented the comic mask), and his favorite thing was to make the playwright change the ending, because, egad, the people loved gore. *Oedipus the King*, for example, ended with a beautiful monologue by Sophocles (who played Oedipus), and a quite heartbreaking sigh. We were simply crying rivers at the opening, but Democles came up, pulled aside Sophocles, and said, "I'm gonna say just one thing: bigger, bloodier." And then he left. So that's how the eye gouging got started, and it was just the biggest smash, but confidentially, Sophocles always hated the play after that. That's why he wrote the other one, the *Colonus* play.

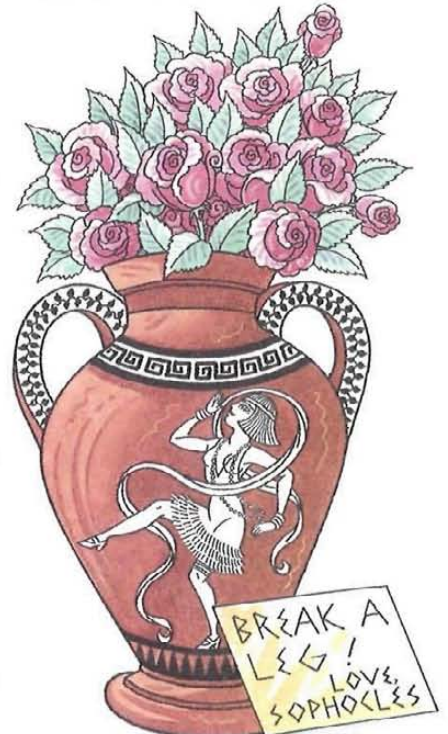
RIGHT BEFORE THE WAR, I think, the theater was at its height. Euripides had come on the scene, and it was all very socially conscious, trying to get at everyday life. Praxiteles' *A Simple Goat-Song* shocked everyone. It was a shepherd's tale of his life and loves—no chorus, no scenery, just a jar filled with olive pits, which, at the end, as the shepherd begins to think about his wasted life, he throws at the audience. It was a huge scandal. The crowd rioted, so the next night they had to do this musty play about the founding of Athens, *Olympian Holiday*. It was very exciting. There was also a considerable underground "naked theater" movement, but, needless to say, I was not having any part of that. But the point is, you never knew what was going to happen next, every script was an adventure, and I couldn't have felt farther away from Sparta.

Then the war came and the zest seemed to go out of people. An oracle at Delphi closed down White-Armed Hera's. Democles made some bad investments and his dream play about the Argonauts, with a real, live ship onstage, never happened. But the real reason the theater was never the

same was that Socrates had invented philosophy and all the young talent was going into it, just sitting around thinking all day instead of coming up with a play that had some action. You couldn't even figure out what they were talking about, which, of course, was also the case with the plays, but at least they had a poetic soul.

Theophrastus, for example, who had written *Which Way to the Stoa?* when he was only twenty-four, went over to philosophy. I knew it the day he asked me, "How can we understand the nature of the just man?" I thought it was the beginning of a choral number, so I began to shuffle, but he just shook his head and said that I was not receptive to learning. "If that's another crack about me not learning my lines, you can find your own way out," I said, and I meant it, too. "I'm trying to think," he said. "Then you can do it somewhere else," I said. It turned out that Theophrastus had just that day opened a philosophical school, and he was practicing.

I knew then that the theater could never compete. I mean, all you could get in the theater was applause and the chance at a laurel wreath, which I thought was divine enough, but if you needed the money, I guess you needed the money. Anyway, by that time I had made the acquaintance of a certain shipping merchant who, once he understood how insecure the business was, offered to help me to a new life by means of marriage. It seemed like the thing to do. ■



HOW I TOUCHED GOD WITH MY POWER GLOVE

A Review of the New Video Game "EnlightenQuest"

by John Derevlany

Object of the Game

One day, the Supreme Being contacts you in a dream. He directs you, Mario, on a quest of salvation. In order to go "on-line with the Divine," as He calls it, you must accept the Lord as your savior, live the Bible in your daily life, and spread the Word to your fellow man. But first, the Higher Power states, you must save the Princess.

And before you can do that, you must fight your way through a video desert of relentless temptation and moral uncertainty with nothing more than your faith, your prayers, and a high-powered laser pistol.

False prophets, as well as koopas, cheep cheeps, demiurges, bloobers, and the Adversary, await your every move.

Finally, to earn your status as a true "Religious Phreak," you must conquer your ultimate nemesis: Luigi the Antichrist.

This new release features excellent graphics and adventures. But, as our Player's Report shows, there is still some debugging to do.

Equipment Needed

In addition to the Nintendo Entertainment System®, Nintendo Zapper® Light Gun attachment, and Nintendo Power Glove®, players will also need the full-body Nintendo Power Suit® (Figure 1) with realistic TurboSkin® playing action. The Nintendo® controller pad is optional, as sensors in the Power Suit® simultaneously record player body movements, temperature, and brain waves, while feeding back interactive ElectraVibronic® pulses to provide real-time game response to player actions (retail: \$279.95—

includes jumpsuit, hood, and faceplate; comes in three sizes).

Player's Report

The Early Worlds Your exodus begins when you fall into the video desert and are immediately set upon by soldiers of the Pharaoh's army, as well as Little Goombas from the Mushroom Kingdom. Dispose of both with your laser pistol, while drawing halo pellets and secret weapons from nearby stones.

Upon reaching the Red Sea, attempt to cross this body of water without drowning. Try floating across with that inner tube over there by the Ark of the Covenant. But wait. . . . That isn't an inner tube at all. It's a trapdoor in the space-time continuum. Next stop: Rome.

It's A.D. 105 and local custom demands that you be fed to lions in the Colosseum. Quick thinking will enable you to slay the beasts and local Roman soldiers with a nuclear-powered boomerang. Next, take the secret Pope Pill you've been carrying around and become the Pope (Figure



NICK KODIS

Figure 1: The Power Suit



ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL DOUGAN · COMPUTER ENHANCEMENT BY RON HECKLER

Figure 2: World Two: Rome



Figure 3: World Four: Self-denial

2). This enables you to escape in a glass-domed vehicle, and wave to adoring fans for extra points.

Beware: Protestants await you in World Three. Use your special de-Pope-ing potions to avoid harmful schisms. Exit World Three by pulling on the hair shirt that helps you reject all earthly possessions.

Self-mortification continues in World Four as you come closer to earning your first halo (halos can be traded in later for energy pellets). As you feel the TurboSkin® tighten around your belly to simulate hunger pangs, a figure passes across the screen. He looks like you. "My name is Luigi," he says. "And God is dead."

"No, he isn't," you reply.

"Yes, he is. You'll find out—when you find the Princess," Luigi responds as he bounces off across the video horizon, ducking laser buckshot from the barrel of your pistol (Figure 3).

Luigi has confronted you with the first of the major spiritual dilemmas that are a feature of the game: is God dead, or is the game's software faulty?

In search of additional halos, you join a group of crusading Jehovah's Witnesses in World Five as they go door-to-door distributing copies of the *Watchtower*. Various polytheistic trolls on skateboards and break-dancing lizard-men spit flames and toxic goop, respectively, at you and your brethren. Fortunately, your group is riding bicycles that are

capable of firing heat-seeking harpoon guns at the offending beasts. Unfortunately, the Jehovah's Witnesses are pacifists. A flying Koopa Paratroopa rips off two or more of your crucial appendages (note the loss of feeling in your arms and legs as the TurboSkin® applies its AppendAway® grip). You are refused a blood transfusion on religious grounds (Figure 4).

"Ha-ha!" says Luigi as he pops out of a nearby doorway. "Anything is possible."

Restore your limbs with halo pellets and ponder the little man's words. Maybe there are no Absolute

Truths—and no almighty godheads to enforce them. Maybe the only real sin in life is the betrayal of freedom to the supernatural in a desperate attempt to validate an otherwise meaningless existence.

The Middle Worlds Your diminishing faith meters propel you into World Six, where you are taunted by skeptics. "Miracles shmiraacles," one of them barks. "Prove it."

Quickly, you flip the safety on your pistol's transmogrifier function and blast away at a nearby gravel driveway.

"Wow!" one of the infidels exclaims. "Look! Pigs in a blanket!"

As an expression of gratitude for the buffet-style miracle, your adversaries present you with an apple. It can open your eyes and give you knowledge of good and evil, in addition to turning you into a Super-Invincible Flaming CyberGoon. But a voice inside your head advises you not to eat it (if no voice is heard, check the AC adapter on your PowerSuit®'s SoulPhone® connector). "Happy the man who hearkens not the counsel of the wicked, for he shall lose no laser power," you hear on your headset.

Strengthened by this encounter, you proceed through a labyrinth, resisting bug-eyed blobs, crass materialists, heavy-metal musicians, and arthropodic heretics with a mix of eyeball-piercing darts and gut-splaying laser blasts. Watch out for the Catholic schoolgirls in the chamber



Figure 4: World Five: Jehovah's Witnesses

on your left, and, finally, use the Epistle Missile to get you to the dungeon on the other side of World Six.

Effortlessly passing through the eye of a needle, you are again tempted to eat the CyberGoon apple as you face the dreaded Hail of Lepers (Figure 5). Keep up your positive attitude as leprosy sufferers in various states of decay are hurled at you from the top of the screen. Note the meters on the left-hand side of the screen. Your faith has made you whole.

Luigi appears at the entrance. "Your freedom is a prison. And by the way, I know where the Princess is."

You race after Luigi into World Seven, passing pools of fire that burn with brimstone, as well as a sea of glass mingled with flames. Heads up: one wrong turn and you're looking at a plague of blood and loss of halo pellets. Make a left at the lamb with the seven horns and seven eyes, and hop onto a series of elevator platforms that take you into the Cloud World and the entrance to heaven. To gain admittance, you must defeat two Ninja swordsmen (Figure 6). Use strategically placed kicks and punches to their throats to knock them out, then stomp their heads until a jelly-like substance emerges.

Just as you are about to enter the Pearly Gates, Armageddon breaks out. Those of you who have the new sixteen-bit graphic Nintendo® system will witness a fantastically detailed scene of fire-breathing



Figure 6: Cloud World

demon-soldiers atop lion-headed horses, led by a great red dragon whose snake-like tail whips across the screen, smashing stars and planets out of the sky in a dazzling display of color and brilliance. Those who have the older eight-bit system will see something along the lines of Q-Bert Meets the Geometry Monster, Part III. Either way, dodge the heaven-hell exchange of lightning bolts and fireballs to slay the Dragon and cast him into the Great Abyss, then head over to a local dive called The Head of a Pin Inn, hoping to shake down some fallen angels.

It's Beatitude Adjustment Hour, and you immediately spot Luigi at the end of the bar. So far, you've accepted the Almighty as your savior, you've lived the Bible in your daily life (at least in Worlds One through Seven), and you've spread the Word to your fellow man. Now you're going to get what you came for.

"Gimme the Princess," you snarl at Luigi.

He spins around. "No way," he snorts. "You'll have to kill me first." But, it turns out, you can't kill an Antichrist unless you're a Super-Invincible Flaming CyberGoon. So you pull out the magic apple and prepare to eat it.

"No, don't!" the Princess screams as she comes out of the ladies' room. "It's a trick. One bite and you'll never know heaven."

She's right. At this point, you are faced with another major spiritual dilemma. If you eat the apple and shoot the Antichrist, you will have scored a victory. However, you might lose your soul. On the other hand, if you don't shoot Luigi, you can still be eligible for Eternal Life, and that's worth two free men!

Existentially speaking, you may have already won the game. But that doesn't count. Your energy pellets are running out fast.

You level the pistol at the Antichrist. You grin ever so slightly. Your finger slides back. But...

You can't do it. "This is not the



Figure 5: World Six: The Hail of Lepers



Figure 7: The Kingdom of Glory

way the Just Man would prevail," you think to yourself. All of a sudden, it hits you ("enlightenment" will be signified by a large, eel-like dove floating above your head). In one brief moment, you understand life and death, good and bad, and the meaning of existence itself.

The Final World Suddenly, World Seven scrolls off the screen and you are left suspended over a bottomless chasm. On one side is the Worlds of Man. On the other is the Realm of the Divine. You float midway over the abyss like a flying Koopa Paratroopa, legs and arms extended, your ears filled with a celestial chorus.

The hand of God reaches out from a warm white light, welcoming you to the Kingdom of Glory (Figure 7). As you feel his gentle touch, your body is filled with an unearthly vigor, your frame tingles with TurboSkin® excitement. Warmth and bliss fill your SoulPhone®.

"I will indeed bless you, and will multiply your score as the stars of the heavens, as the sands on the seashore," says the Infinite Being, rolling his words with a thunderous throb.

Just beyond the mighty arm of the Lord, you see the Princess, looking more beautiful than ever. "Amen," you say to yourself, and glide sublimely to the edge of the chasm with more than enough bonus points to gain entrance to heaven. "Home at last," a voice, maybe your own, echoes inside your head.

As you land on the cliff, you try taking a step forward. Then another. But... your legs aren't moving. You try again. Nothing. You look down at your feet. The magic apple, half-eaten, bounces a few feet from your ankles.

Suddenly, you feel a sharp pain where the TurboSkin® hood covers your temple. Then there's another pain carving its way into the back of your head. On your TV screen you see a lightning bolt has pierced your skull (Figure 8). "Ouch!" you say, trying to remove the TurboSkin® outerwear, only to find your limbs paralyzed by the suit's special



Figure 8: A Test for Your TurboSkin®

ElectraVibronic® pulses.

"Ha! Ha!" Luigi the Super-Invincible Flaming CyberGoon roars, his breath curling the hairs on your skin and forcing your weakened frame to the floor. "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The white light of heaven breaks up into static. You attempt to pull out the Nintendo® plug from your TV set, but the TurboSkin® grip tightens. You find yourself unable to breathe. You drop your pistol and clutch your gut as the video skies erupt in flames, clouds bursting with maddening roars of mirth and peals of laughter.

"Shit," you mutter to yourself as your breath shortens and your world goes from a rainbow of video hues to shades of gray to a bottomless black. The screen is blank and you have finally discovered the answer to your first major ontological dilemma: the game's software really is faulty.

Your body shudders spastically to a halt. The lifelike TurboSkin® action ensures the obstruction of blood to your brain.

Not a bad score, though. A few more minutes and you could have been a "Religious Phreak." The TV screen lights up once again. "Find someone to press Reset," it says, "and you can try it again!"

All in all, "EnlightenQuest" is an absorbing game that, with a few minor revisions, should provide a real test of quick reflexes and sober reflections. ■

AN OPEN LETTER TO MY MOTHER

At this time of crisis, courageous action must not fail.

Dear Mom,

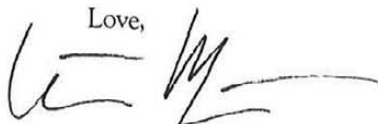
My concern for the cause of human freedom—a cause that transcends the generations—has prompted this open letter. At this time of international challenge, it is only just for all of us to act on what we profess. Sorry I haven't called. What with one thing and another, time has just slipped away.

How are you? I am fine. I caught the cold that was going around the office, but I shook it off pretty fast. Otherwise, I'm keeping busy with work, etc. Julia says hi. She's been pretty busy, too.

Anyway, Mom, the point of this letter is that there are grave threats to our security abroad and to our prosperity at home. Yet I deeply believe that these threats can be avoided if wisdom and patience are given a chance to work within a stable international framework and a sincere commitment to unity. Therefore, I call upon you to loan me a couple of thousand dollars so I could maybe buy a car. I know you don't strictly need one to get around in New York, but it might come in handy. Mom, I could even come visit you, so that we could open a face-to-face dialogue on the issues that are at stake between us.

More seriously, though, Mom, a cause this just cannot fail. By way of support, leaders across America and around the world have signed this open letter with me. I hope you listen to this appeal to reason. I really want that car. Say hi to Dad for me.

Love,



Editor, *National Lampoon*

John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur
Foundation

Carnegie Endowment for International Peace
Physicians for Social Responsibility

Ed Asner

Joseph Cardinal Bernardin

The Reverend Daniel Berrigan

Daniel Boorstin

The Reverend Ernesto Cardenal

Jacques Chirac

The Reverend William Sloane Coffin

Tom Cruise

The Reverend Charles Curran

The Dalai Lama

Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee

Dave Dellinger

Louis Dupre

Minister for Foreign Affairs
Hans-Dietrich Genscher

Senator Albert Gore

Daryl Hannah

Woody Harrelson

President Vaclav Havel

The Reverend Jesse Jackson

Sam Johnson

His Majesty King Juan Carlos I

Raul Julia

Senator Bob Kerrey

Margot Kidder

Neil Kinnock, M.P.

William Kunstler

Norman Lear

Max Lerner

The Right Reverend Paul Moore

Ralph Nader

Gregory Peck

Robert Redford

Larry Rivers

Susan Sarandon

Senator Paul Simon

Rabbi Marc Tannenbaum

Mother Teresa

Studs Terkel

Professor James Tobin

G. B. Trudeau

Representative Morris K. Udall

Professor Helen Vendler

Kurt Vonnegut

Representative Ted Weiss

Elie Wiesel

President Boris Yeltsin

YES! I support this open letter to reach Diane Marcil through reason. Enclosed is my contribution to this cause.

\$10

\$25

\$50

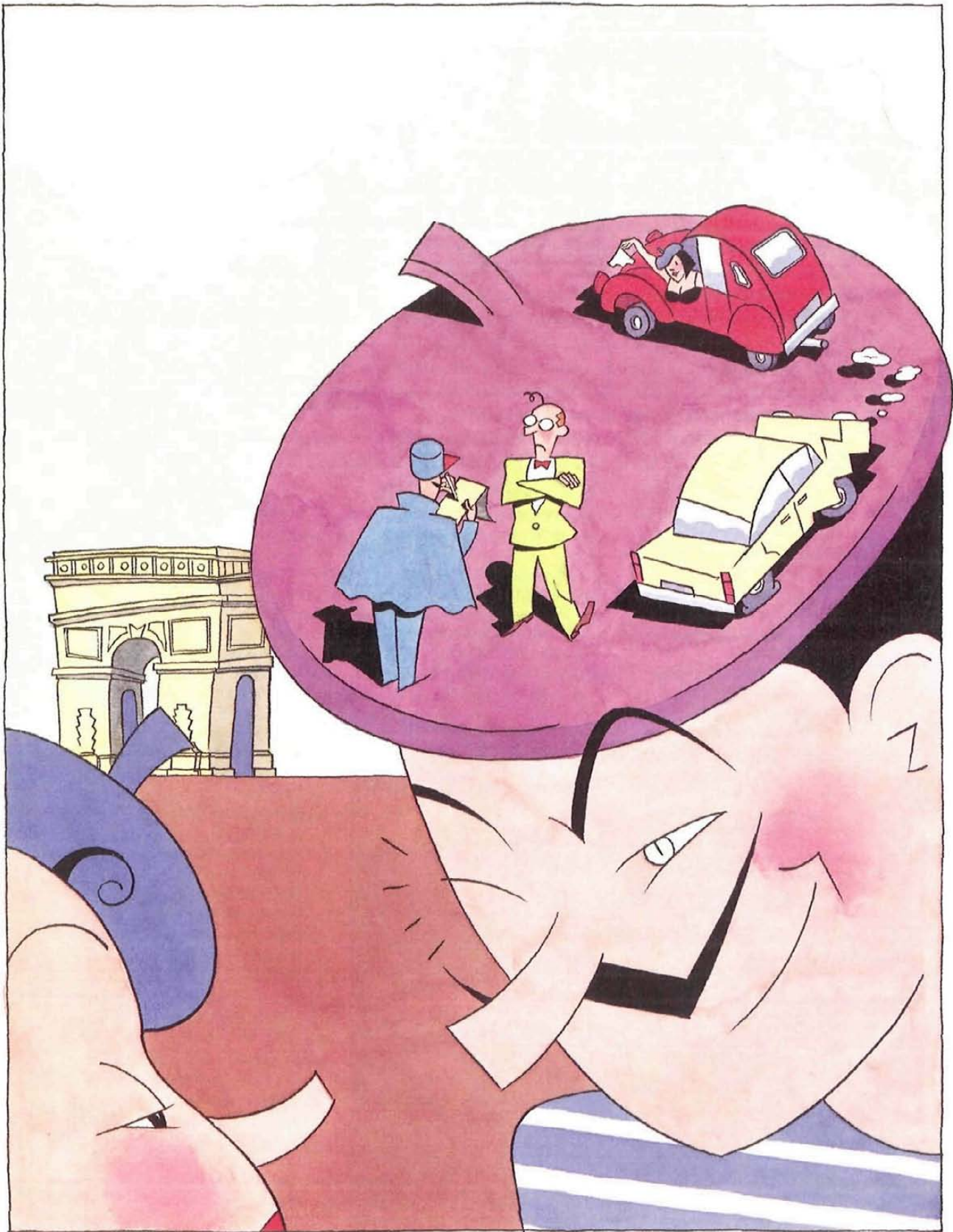
\$100

\$500

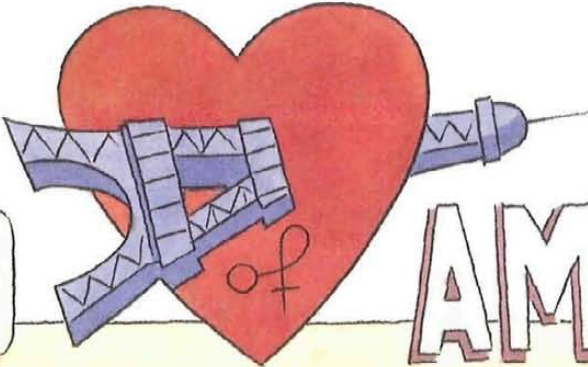
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA



the
LAND of AMOUR

by Ian Maxtone-Graham

"*Faites attention!*" I shouted, as the little Citroën pulled onto the Champs-Élysées, sideswiping my rented Ford and sending it skidding into the side of a *pissoir*.

"Oh, *monsieur*, I am so sorry," apologized the leggy *mademoiselle*, adjusting her stockings and batting a pair of eyes the size of *bâteau mouche* portholes. "I am hurrying to the airport to see *mon amant*, my lover, to tell him not to go back to his wife, for I love him and can never let him go."

"That excuse won't do you much good in court," I said, hailing a passing *gendarme*. "You're still going to have to pay for my car."

"But you are wrong, *monsieur*—in France, someone in the grip of *une grande passion* is not liable for any accident they cause."

No stranger to foreign travel and used to this sort of Continental jiggery-pokery, I turned to the *gendarme* for support. To my horror, he nodded agreement and pointed to his well-worn copy of the *code uniforme civil*.

"The country of France has been famous for centuries as the land of *amour*," he said. "It would be hypocrisy indeed for our laws to ignore this. *Mademoiselle*, you may continue on your way—and good luck with your married friend."

As the love-struck *gamine* sped off, the *gendarme* turned back to your astonished narrator.

"For you, sir, I am afraid there will be *papiers* to fill out."

Half an hour and one animated discussion about the fairness of the *code uniforme civil* later, the *gendarme* holstered his bloody truncheon and dragged me into

a courtroom.

"Don't I get a lawyer?" I asked the garlic-breathed son of Vichy.

"You had one, *oui*, but there has been a problem. The prosecutor trying your case, she is a beautiful woman—more beautiful still than the *mademoiselle* with whom you had your run-in. . . ."

"What does this have to do with my lawyer?" I snapped.

"Your lawyer is a young man, very brilliant, passionate about the law—and about *les femmes*. It seems he took one look at the prosecutor and decided he could never argue against her."

"So he quit my case?"

"*Au contraire, mon ami*. He is working with the prosecutor as, how you say, a team. They are hoping to gain enough fame prosecuting you to enable them to set up private practice, perhaps in a small *village* in *Provence*, and have many *enfants*. They will share the responsibility of raising them—*très moderne*, is it not?"

Moderne wasn't the adjective I would have used, but I will spare you both the substitute I offered and the *gendarme's* truncheon-punctuated response, and proceed to the trial. The best I can say is that it was a lopsided, farcical travesty of justice. The judge had hated all Americans since the first artillery barrage at *Normandie* had destroyed his family's country house, which was being used as a brothel for the German high command with the enthusiastic participation of his mother and sisters.

Casual students of French history may be under the misconception, as I was, that after the Revolution the *guillotine* was retired from use. But a

handful of crimes still carry the penalty of decapitation, including, it seems, any minor traffic accident prosecuted by a sultry blonde who in her heated summation to the drooling male jury bends low enough for them to see, and occasionally fondle, her ample, unharnessed bosom.

The guards came for me in the middle of the night, dragging me from my wooden bed. Summoning the last pitiful reserves of strength that the bread-and-*Evian* diet had left me with, I broke free, ran down a hallway, and flung myself out the window, remembering too late that my cell was on the twelfth floor. I screamed at the top of my lungs as I waited for the impact of the ground. Instead, I felt a hand shake my arm and I opened my eyes to see a kindly French face.

"*Monsieur l'Américain*, are you *malade!*"

"No," I said, blinking the sweat from my eyes and trying to figure out where I was. "I just had a terrible dream."

"Oh, *monsieur*, please tell me of this dream."

"It was awful—I was falling from a window—they were going to kill me because of a traffic accident. . . ."

"*Monsieur*, I am sorry to hear this. If it had been a dream of *amour*, a wet dream, the *code uniforme civil* would have allowed you to postpone your execution until you could find the *femme* of whom you dreamed and tell her of your love. But there is no such provision for dreams of death—in fact, those are quite common among prisoners awaiting the *guillotine*. Now if you will please come with me, it is time to remove your *tête*." ■

YOUNG ALEX

IN

by David Samuels

NEVADA



Dear Nick,

Find a bowl and fill it with cigarette butts. Add sand and you've got yourself an ashtray. Take away the butts and the bowl, and what you have left is sand, which pretty much describes Yolanda Beach, Nevada, my home for the next four months. Pretty cool, huh?

All this—ashtrays, sand, Nevada—is thanks to my parents, who decided to take a second honeymoon in France and leave me here with Uncle Howard and Aunt Rose for the summer. I'd tell you more about them, but I'm totally in the dark. Rose buys things advertised on late-night TV, and also talks a lot. Howard rustles the newspaper whenever he disagrees.

Besides a house, Uncle Howard and Aunt Rose also have a pool. Behind the pool they have a toolshed, which I've adorned with white wall-to-wall carpeting and a Jim Morrison poster. I tried to find one with his arms spread out like Jesus, but the one I got is still good—six feet tall, no shirt, tight leather pants, and a turquoise-and-silver necklace.

With nothing to do until school starts, I've been hanging out at the Desert Breeze Hotel with Gary, the night guy. Gary lives in a room in the back next to the generator, and wears a black biker jacket with a silver death's-head lapel pin. When the manager leaves for the evening, Gary puts the jacket on over his uniform and blasts Metallica until the guests complain. He acts tough, but he says at heart he's just a lonely white boy, staying up late, drinking beer, and raising hell with the service economy.

Yesterday Gary told me that the Desert Breeze is the only hotel in the world completely surrounded by sand. Sand, he says, is finality, while all other types of terrain are merely questions and answers. Right now Gary says he's questioning but hasn't found any answers, and that the sand in the desert looks cool when you're stoned.

My thanks for the stop sign and the \$9.80 postage due with which it arrived. In return, I'm sending you two old Neil Young and Crazy Horse albums in really shitty condition—so bad that when you play them, you can almost tell the feedback from the scratches.

Your bro-in-arms,
Alex

Dude,

You're probably wondering why this letter comes attached to a blue casserole pot. The answer is that every place has its customs, and it's considered bad luck in Nevada not to buy something from the Tupperware lady when she comes around. Her name, by the way, is Mrs. Burney. She wears gold chains around her neck, and paints of different colors stain the nails of her fingers: she is clearly a woman of tremendous power.

I have gone from Franklin Roosevelt School to McKinley High. From what I can tell, high schools named after Democrats have cooler teachers and more crime, while high schools named after Republicans have more Camaros in the parking lot. Another thing I've learned is that you can tell a lot about a high school from the janitorial staff. Today at lunch I bummed a cigarette off Ulysses in maintenance. When I asked him about the kids here, he said that some were messy and some were clean, and that if I wanted quality smoke he was my man.

Yesterday in English we had "vocational aptitude," which reveals to you what you want to be in life. One kid said that he wanted to be Arnold Schwarzenegger in *The Terminator*. The teacher answered that acting was a hard profession but had its rewards. The kid said that all actors were fags, and that he wanted to actually be Arnold Schwarzenegger in *The Terminator*. Then the teacher read back the results of our vocational aptitude tests. My result said that I might enjoy farming or working in a business, which was pretty much the same for everyone in the class.

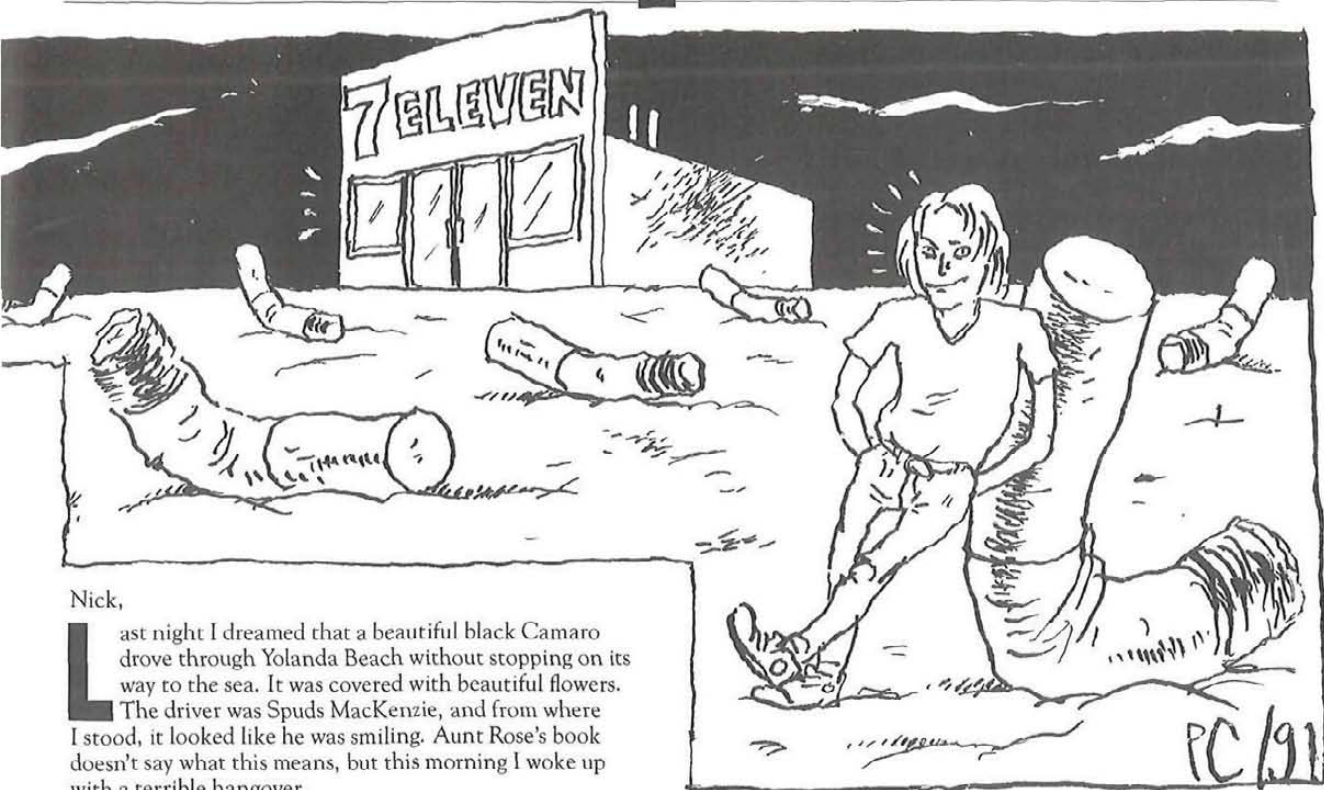
Things were looking pretty bleak, so I headed for the library to check out *Naked Lunch*, a dirty book written by a crazy guy. I asked the girl behind the counter if they had it, and she said that Burroughs killed his wife while trying to shoot an apple off her head. She told me her name was Lara. I told her that my name was Alex, that Burroughs once did acid with Cary Grant, and that Grant almost had a cameo appearance in *Valley of the Dolls*, which was co-written by Russ Meyer and Roger Ebert.

Just when I was about to congratulate myself, she mentioned Faster Pussycat—the band, not the movie. Her hair was dirty, her T-shirt had a pocket in front and was ripped at the shoulder. She stamped my library card and I fell in love.

In other news, Aunt Rose got a new book on dreams from Time-Life. In the back of the book is a table of things, from aardvark to zebra, with explanations of what it means when you dream about them. I asked her what it meant if you see them in real life or at the zoo. Aunt Rose explained that the whole reason the unconscious is a mystery is that it happens in your sleep.

What Uncle Howard does for a living is still unclear.

Your bro,
Alex



Nick,

Last night I dreamed that a beautiful black Camaro drove through Yolanda Beach without stopping on its way to the sea. It was covered with beautiful flowers. The driver was Spuds MacKenzie, and from where I stood, it looked like he was smiling. Aunt Rose's book doesn't say what this means, but this morning I woke up with a terrible hangover.

I'm involved in a non-patriarchal relationship now, my man, which has its advantages and its drawbacks. The advantages are that Lara pays for cigarettes and chili dogs at the 7-Eleven. In fact, she pays for everything. According to Lara, women have a lot of catching up to do.

The drawback is that we have fights. The other day, Lara said the nature of women is to roam free, and that men repress it. I asked her how they do this, and she said children. I pointed out that women have children, not men. She said if it wasn't for men, women would never get pregnant. Then she said that if I loved her I wouldn't argue.

The only bright spot about school is Terry Feagle, who teaches history and has long hair. In a class about the sixties, he brought in a stereo and played "My Generation." He said that the song reflected youthful feelings of alienation from society. Richard Eden said that alienation was a load of crap. Mr. Feagle told him to leave the class if he was going to be disruptive.

Besides Lara, the best thing about Yolanda Beach is the Burnouts, who hang out in the parking lot at the 7-Eleven and stare at me and Lara whenever we go inside. No one knows what they do or where they live. The one that seems to be the leader, Andrew, has red hair down to his shoulders and wears a red bandanna tied around his head. Of all the Burnouts, Andrew seems like the one with the most to say. Yesterday I asked him why he always hung out at the 7-Eleven, and he said that it was like a metaphor for life. I asked him how, and he said that everything inside was cheap, but it was open twenty-four hours a day. Then he gave me this really long stare. I asked him what was wrong, and he said that that thought really bothered him.

Last night I came home and Uncle Howard was talking to the television. It was strange to see a grown man do that. On the other hand, a lot of what he said rang true.

Your bro,
Alex

Nick,

I found out some more stuff about Andrew, who is Lara's brother and the son of Mrs. Burney, the Tupperware lady. I had dinner at their home on Wednesday, which lived up to all my expectations. Mrs. Burney brought out her best Tupperware for the occasion, a limited-edition set designed by Loretta Lynn. I asked her about Howard and Rose, and she said that they were good people and that two years ago they bought an entire set of holiday potholders.

According to Lara, Tupperware is kind of a religion in their home, and her brother left because of differences he had with their new celebrity line. Andrew said that the whole idea of celebrity Tupperware was phony, but Mrs. Burney said that even famous people have Tupperware in their homes, because it's both convenient and easy to clean.

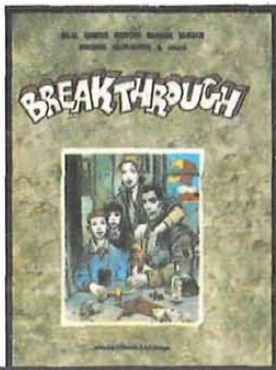
Andrew also told me a bit about how the Burnouts got started. A year and a half ago, he says, some kids went on a rampage and set fire to some trash and boxes outside the 7-Eleven. No one was hurt and nothing happened to the store, but the town set a curfew for all kids under sixteen. Andrew and some of his friends then started the Burnouts with the idea of changing the power structure. When the Burnouts turn eighteen, Andrew plans to run for mayor. Until then they're biding their time, hanging out in the parking lot and getting people stoned.

After dinner I came home, but Howard and Rose were already asleep. I decided to watch TV and smoke some of the pot Andrew slipped me when I left. An old episode of *Branded* with Chuck Connors was on. The more stoned I got, the more interesting the show became, until I decided that *Branded* was really this incredible joke that only stoned people could understand. To test this out, the next night I watched *Branded* sober and, like I predicted, it was terrible.

Yr bro,
Alex ■

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL CORIO

NEW GRAPHIC NOVELS



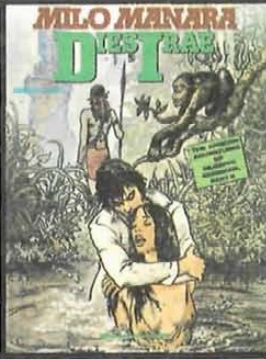
*Bilal/ Gaiman/ Gibbons
Manara/ McKean/ Moebius
Sienkiewicz & others*
BREAKTHROUGH
Christin/ Knigge, eds.
FULL COLOR 80 pages
Softcover \$13.95
ISBN 0-87416-097-9



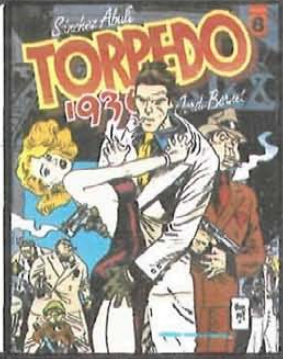
Bilal/ Christin
THE HUNTING PARTY
FULL COLOR 88 pages
Softcover \$14.95
ISBN 0-87416-053-7



Hermann
ABOMINATIONS
FULL COLOR 48 pages
Softcover \$9.95
ISBN 0-87416-080-4



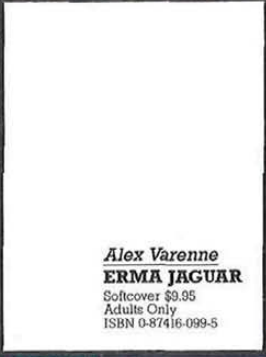
Milo Manara
DIES IRAE
Softcover \$11.95
Adults Only
ISBN 0-87416-077-4



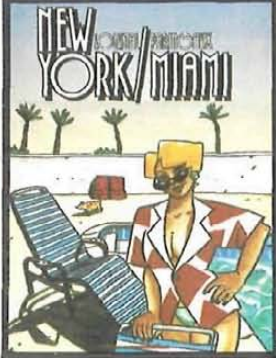
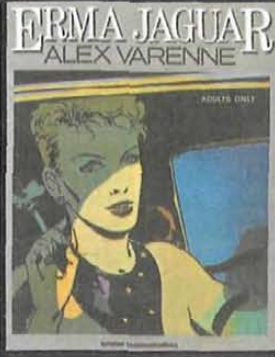
Abull/ Bernet
TORPEDO 1936, Vol. 6
FULL COLOR 64 pages
Softcover \$11.95
ISBN 0-87416-078-2



Crepax/ Stevenson
DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE
Softcover \$11.95
Adults Only
ISBN 0-87416-079-0



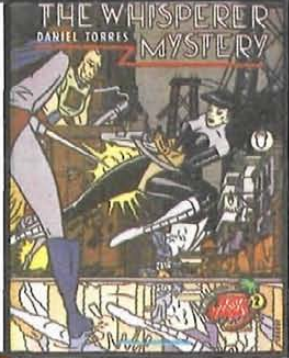
Alex Varenne
ERMA JAGUAR
Softcover \$9.95
Adults Only
ISBN 0-87416-099-5



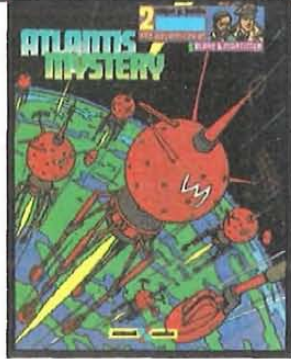
Loustal/ Paringaux
NEW YORK/MIAMI
FULL COLOR 64 pages
Softcover \$11.95
ISBN 0-87416-073-1



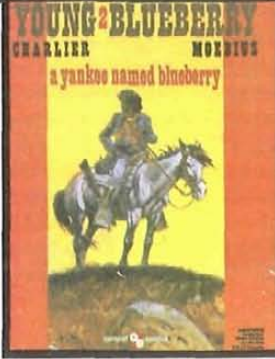
Daniel Torres
THE WHISPERER MYSTERY
FULL COLOR 48 pages
Softcover \$9.95
ISBN 0-87416-096-0



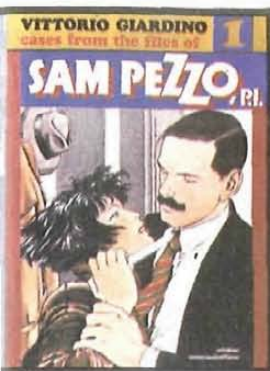
Moebius/ Bati
**The Magic Crystal #2
ISLAND OF THE UNICORN**
FULL COLOR 48 pages
Softcover \$6.95
ISBN 0-87416-084-7



Edgar P. Jacobs
**The Adventures of
Blake & Mortimer #2
ATLANTIS MYSTERY**
FULL COLOR 64 pages
Softcover \$8.95
ISBN 0-87416-094-4



Moebius/ Charlier
**Young Blueberry #2
A YANKEE NAMED BLUEBERRY**
FULL COLOR 86 pages
Softcover \$7.95
ISBN 0-87416-087-1

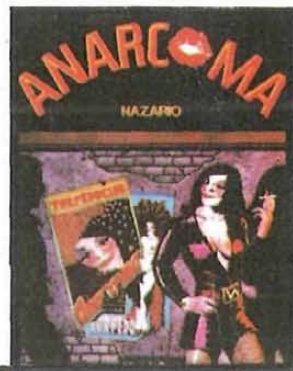


Special Sale
\$5.95 each

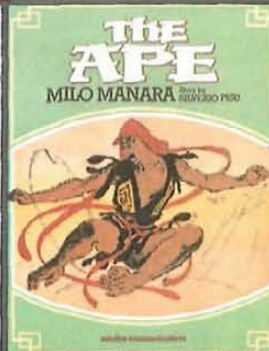
Vittorio Giardino
SAM PEZZO, p.i.
Softcover \$5.95
ISBN 0-87416-067-X



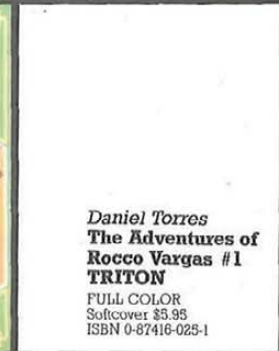
Magnus
THE SPECIALIST
Full Moon in Dendera
Softcover \$5.95
ISBN 0-87416-044-8



Nazario
ANARCOMA
FULL COLOR
Hardcover \$5.95
Adults Only
ISBN 0-87416-000-6



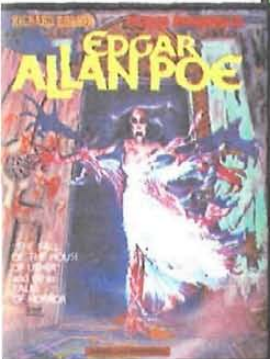
Milo Manara
THE APE
Softcover \$5.95
ISBN 0-87416-019-7



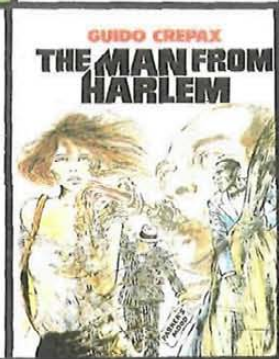
Daniel Torres
The Adventures of
Rocco Vargas #1
TRITON
FULL COLOR
Softcover \$5.95
ISBN 0-87416-025-1



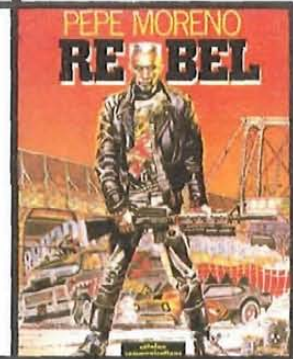
Pepe Moreno
REBEL
FULL COLOR
Softcover \$5.95
ISBN 0-87416-020-0



Richard Corben
EDGAR ALLAN POE
The Fall of the House
of Usher and Other
Tales of Horror
FULL COLOR
Softcover \$5.95
ISBN 0-87416-013-8



Guido Crepax
THE MAN
FROM HARLEM
FULL COLOR
Hardcover \$10.95
ISBN 0-87416-040-5



ORDER FORM

POSTAGE AND HANDLING CHARGES
INSTRUCTIONS Please read carefully!

- All New York State orders add 8.25% sales tax to total before adding postage & handling charges.
- BOOKS:** Add \$2 for any one title; add \$3 for any two; \$4 for any three; \$5 for any four. There is no charge if you order five or more books in any combination.
- CANADIAN AND FOREIGN ORDERS:** There is a \$5 charge PER ORDER which must be added to the total amount for additional handling and postage for foreign and Canadian orders. This order charge must be added even if there is no postage & handling charge because you ordered 5 or more books.
- CANADIAN ORDERS MUST BE PAID IN USA DOLLARS** or you must add the appropriate additional amount in Canadian funds (\$1 USA = \$1.50 Canadian) to compensate for the discount we must pay on Canadian funds.
- OPTIONAL FOR FOREIGN ORDERS:** If you want your order shipped by Air Mail, add \$6 per book in addition to the regular postage & handling charges.
- PAYMENT:** Check or money order payable within the USA only. **NO CASH.**
- Please allow 6-8 weeks before writing about your order.

MAIL ORDER TO HARVESTER A.A. HM0591
155 Avenue of the Americas New York, NY 10013

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

NAME _____

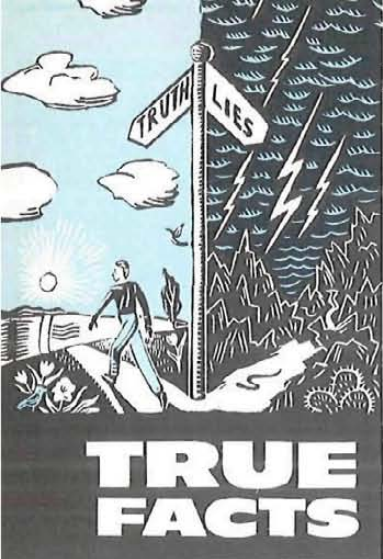
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

* Adults only: Please sign "over 21" _____

TITLE	QUANTITY	PRICE	AMOUNT
Abominations	_____	\$ 9.95	_____
Anarcoma*	_____	\$ 5.95	_____
Ape	_____	\$ 5.95	_____
Atlantis	_____	\$ 8.95	_____
Breakthrough	_____	\$13.95	_____
Corben/Poe	_____	\$ 5.95	_____
Dies Irae*	_____	\$11.95	_____
Dr. Jekyll/Hyde*	_____	\$11.95	_____
Erma Jaguar*	_____	\$ 9.95	_____
Hunting Party	_____	\$14.95	_____
Island/Unicorn	_____	\$ 6.95	_____
Man from Harlem	_____	\$ 5.95	_____
New York/Miami	_____	\$11.95	_____
Rebel	_____	\$ 5.95	_____
Sam Pezzo, p.i.	_____	\$ 5.95	_____
Specialist	_____	\$ 5.95	_____
Torpedo Vol. 6	_____	\$11.95	_____
Triton	_____	\$ 5.95	_____
Whisperer Mystery ..	_____	\$ 9.95	_____
Yankee/Blueberry	_____	\$ 7.95	_____
Sub-total for books	_____	_____	_____
ordered	_____	\$	_____
NY State sales tax 8.25% if	_____	_____	_____
applicable	_____	\$	_____
Postage & Handling charges	_____	_____	_____
(see instructions)	_____	\$	_____
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED	_____	\$	_____

Edited by John Bendel



SCOTT BALOWIN

TRUE FACTS

AN AD FROM *BUYERS Guide*, a Salina, Kansas, shopper, read:

"WANT TO BUY: Chimpanzee, familiar with small farm operation. Must be friendly and good with kids. Will take a mean one if it's free." (contributed by Doyle Rhoads)

T F

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Police arrested Frank Roadman for burying his German shepherd alive in his front yard. They found the dog fully

buried except for its head and front paws. "The dog was raising quite a ruckus," said a police spokesman.

Roadman said he was trying to teach the dog to stay in the yard. AP (contributed by Gary Shellenberger)

T F

A COURT IN LAUSANNE, Switzerland, convicted Gregoire Roman of breaking and entering after he was linked to ear prints left on the doors of apartments he burglarized. "Before breaking in," reported the *Los Angeles Daily News*, "Roman would put his ear to the door of a home to be sure no one was home. Police experts said they positively identified Roman's ear impressions in eleven cases." (contributed by D. L. Grooms)

T F

TWO WOMEN IN ONE car were ticketed for drunk driving by police in Des Moines, Iowa, after they backed into a patrol car.

"Terry Walters, thirty-five, was in the driver's seat operating the clutch, brake, and gas pedals," according to the *San Diego Union*. "Amy Denise Weckman, twenty-three, was negotiating the gearshift from the passenger seat." (contributed by Laura Sutton)

T F

HEALTH-FOOD ADVOCATE Adi Vaz, who had advised a strict diet of nuts, grains, and berries, was attacked by followers who caught him eating a hot dog with mustard, onions, and chili at a Paris fast-food outlet.

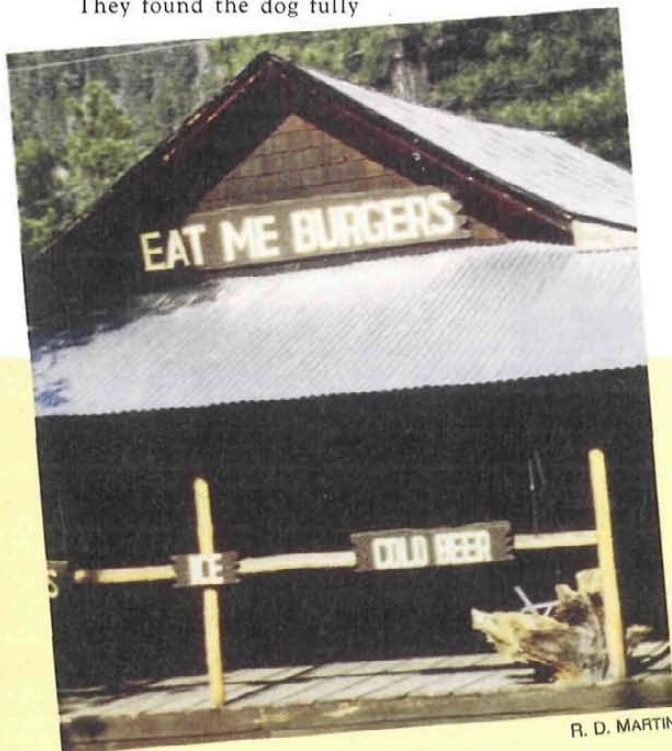
"I gave him my life savings, and sold pamphlets and

books on street corners to help his cause," said one former disciple. "I also ate nothing but nuts and berries for two years while he was hogging down junk food." *Vegetarian Times* (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

T F

IN A VAUNTED EFFORT to clean up after itself, the Exxon Corporation rehabilitated sea otters from Alaska's oil-fouled Prince William Sound. Picked up by helicopter, the otters were taken to emergency veterinary facilities for treatment. According to Ron DeNoville of an Atlanta-based environmental firm, the rescue effort cost \$82,000 per animal, and the first cleaned-up otter re-

True Meats: Burger Meisters of America



R. D. MARTIN



BOB HOLTZ

turned to the wild with considerable fanfare. "The public showed up, there was a high school band playing, and of course the press was on hand," said DeNoville. The crowd cheered, he said, as the healthy otter was released from his cage on the beach into the open sea.

"Unfortunately," said DeNoville, "just as he reached the breakwater, up comes a killer whale to swallow the otter up." *National Underwriter* (anonymous contribution)

T F

WHEN A RHEA COUNTY, Tennessee, grand jury was asked to indict Gene Robinson on charges of selling controlled substances, one of the jurors raised his hand and said, "That's me." Robinson was excused from the panel, indicted by his fellow jury members, and arrested.

Before his name came up,

according to the *Wheeling Intelligencer*, "Robinson already had voted yes on twenty of sixty-four separate drug indictments handed down by the grand jury." (contributed by Dave Knox)

T F

THREE MONTHS AFTER arresting five bowlers for betting on a league game in Granada Hills, Los Angeles, police swooped down on the corner of Sixth Street and Normandie Avenue, where they raided a nightly chess tournament at Dad's Donuts. The *Los Angeles Times* reported that three men were charged with gambling after "officers infiltrated a match and found \$1.50 on the table." (contributed by Gary J. Prebula)

T F

ACCORDING TO A POLICE report from New York's *Bay Ridge Paper*:

"8 P.M.—A friend of a man living at Fort Hamilton Parkway and Seventy-first Street stole jewelry, a camera, and two car radios from the apartment, police said. The victim declined to press charges, but wanted the incident on record 'because if he finds him, he's going to kill him.'" (contributed by Jeff Wineshmutz)

T F

BILLY DALE ANDERSON and David Cabarett were captured in a crawlspace at the Okanogan County Jail in Washington State, where they were trying to chip through an eight-inch concrete wall.

Authorities were alerted to the escape attempt when fellow prisoners, awakened by their racket, complained to guards. *Arkansas Gazette* (contributed by John Gillette)

T F

THE SIXTY-MEMBER Water of Life Pentecostal Church in Fort Worth, Texas, sheltered a homeless family in its basement for more than a month. But shortly after the couple and their two children moved to Oklahoma, the

Reverend Joel Rogers received a \$3,300 phone bill for calls apparently made by the homeless family, mostly to 900 numbers. "Rogers said names of the 900 numbers listed on the bill included Date Line, Sex Line, Hot Legs, Love Line, National Lovers, Voice Mail, and Soul Lovers." (Bergen County, New Jersey) *Record* (contributed by Duck Divet)

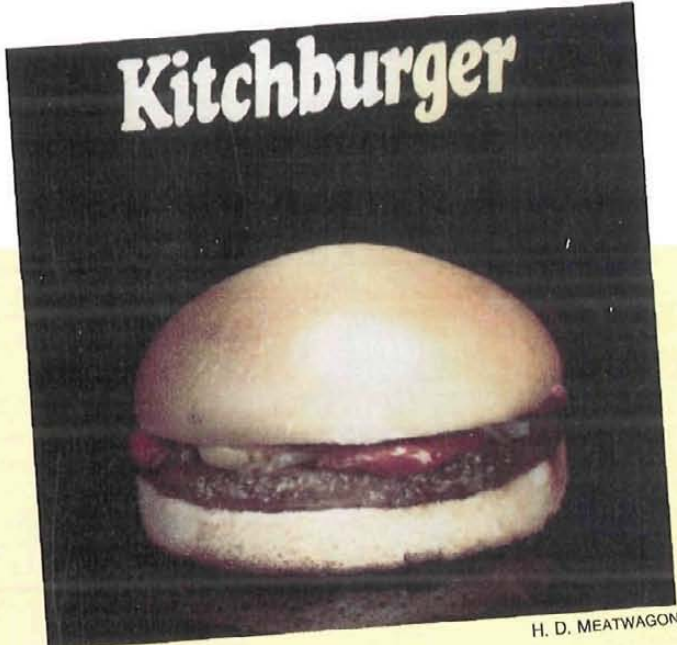
T F

ATTENTION, CONTRIBUTORS! We send each contributor the sensational "True Facts" T-shirt for every submission used, as well as a credit. For every photo used, we send each contributor a T-shirt plus ten dollars in genuine American currency — and, of course, a credit. Make sure to include the shirt size you want (S-M-L-XL) with every group of True Facts or True Facts photos sent us. Send your contributions to

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

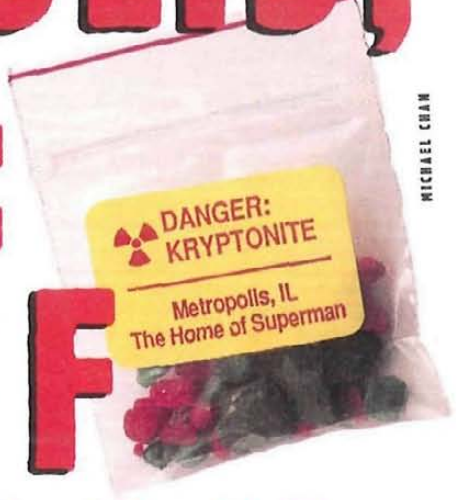


ROBERT AMORELLO



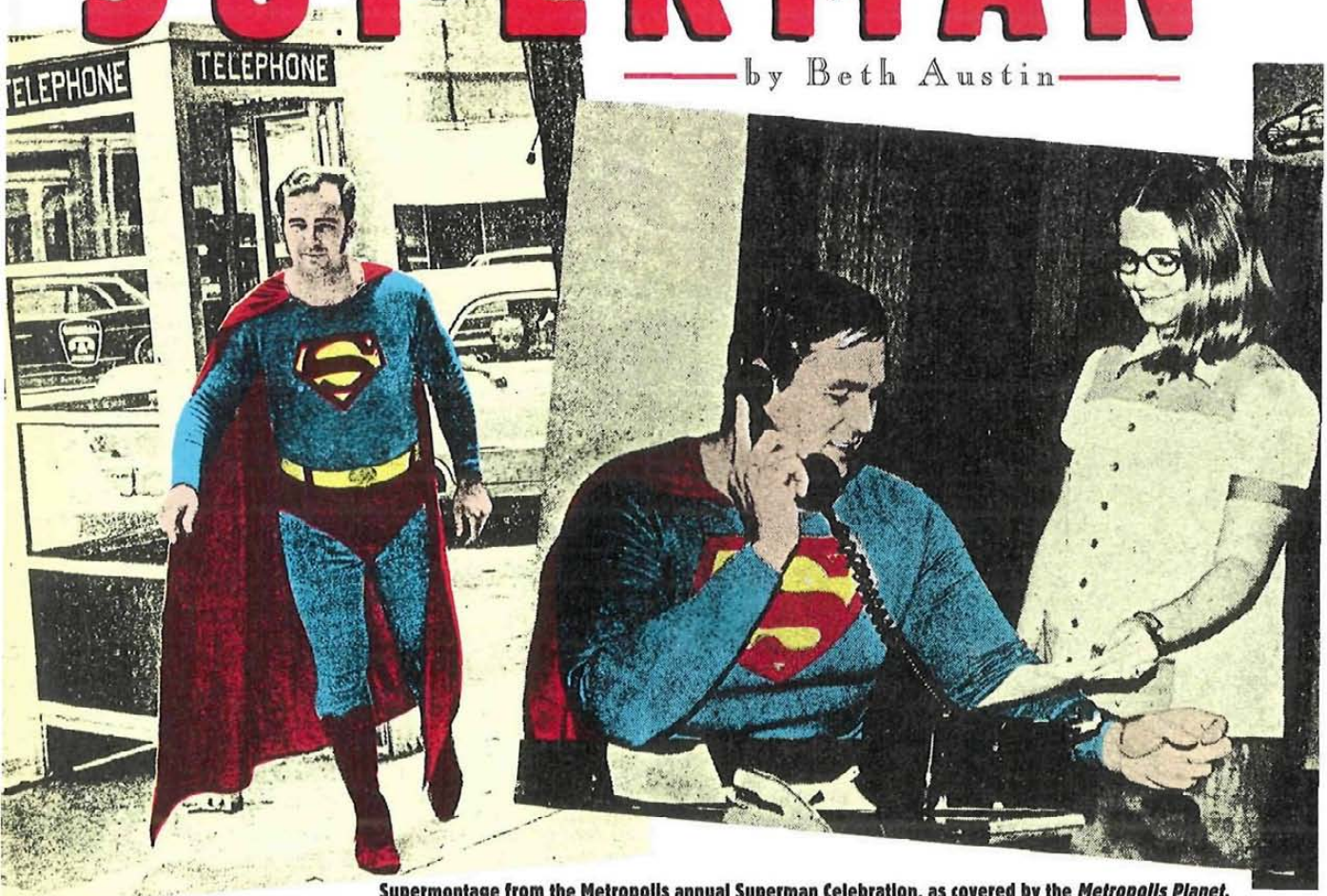
H. D. MEATWAGON

METROPOLIS, ILLINOIS: HOME OF SUPERMAN



MICHAEL CHAN

— by Beth Austin —



Supermontage from the Metropolis annual Superman Celebration, as covered by the *Metropolis Planet*.

THEY WARN YOU ABOUT THE STATUE WHEN YOU CALL UP THE Massac County Chamber of Commerce, in the heart of downtown Metropolis, Illinois. The statue, of Metropolis's favorite son, Superman,

stands over beside the old courthouse, on Superman Square. From atop its pedestal, the Superman statue — its sculpted cape wafting out behind — commands a clear view down Main Street, as if daring Lex Luthor or Brainiac to try any of their funny business in this Ohio River Valley town.

"He looks better if you stand back a ways," allows Chamber of Commerce secretary Phyllis Harris.

She's right. From down the block, the statue might be distantly related to Christopher Reeve, or at least George Reeves. Up close, he looks more like Prince Charles. He also has an unfortunate ocular condition. The statue's feet, a final indignity, appear modeled along the lines of Herman Munster's. O. D. Troutman, chairman of Metropolis's new Superman Statue Committee, says it was the feet that finally got to him.

"I was walking from the courthouse here, and a gentleman and his wife were there looking at the statue and taking a picture. Well, you know how old-timers measure by their hands? He put his hands down by the feet,



looked at them, and then he hollered, 'My God, Ma, he's got twenty-two-inch-long feet!'"

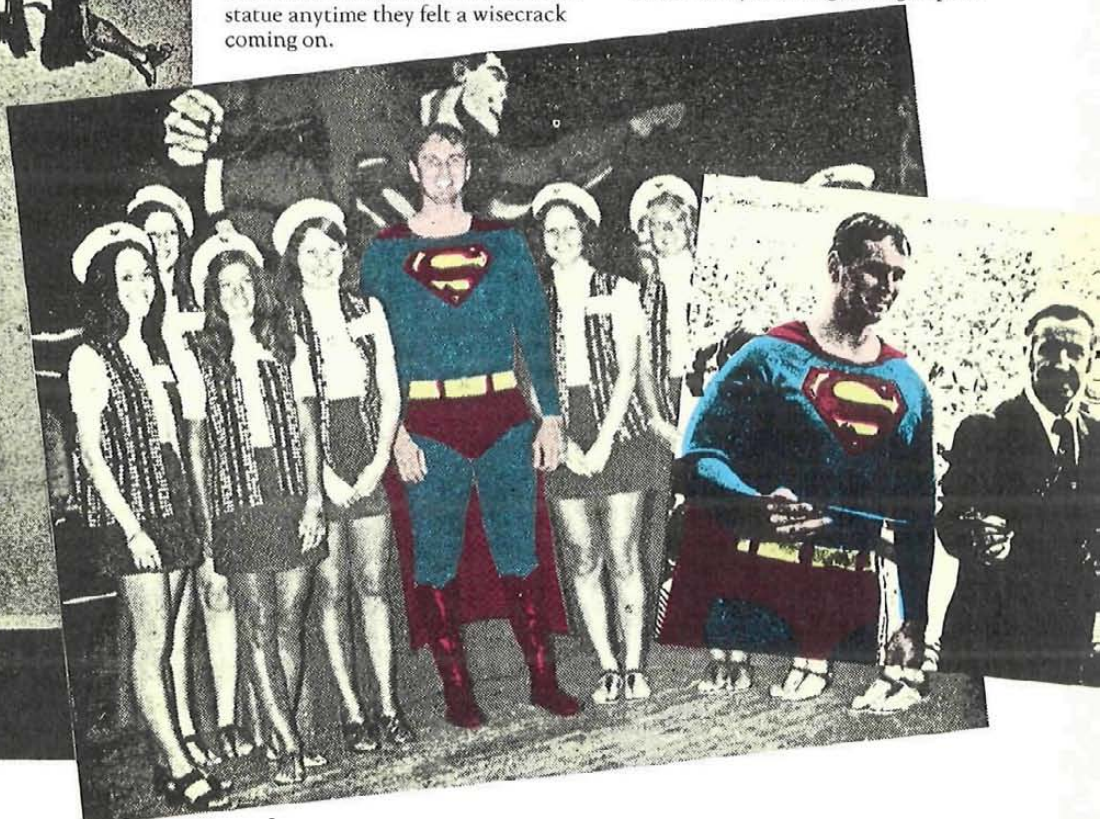
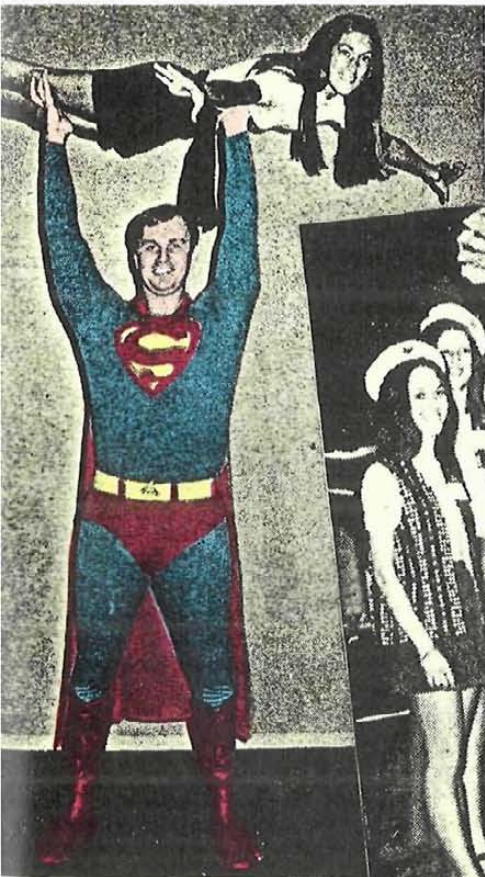
Admittedly, a number of Metropolitans were a bit disturbed when they first saw the statue, crafted seventeen years ago by a Paducah, Kentucky, sculptor whose previous work had been displayed primarily at local miniature-golf courses. But Clyde Wills, editor and publisher of the *Metropolis Planet*, put a stop to the snickers by suggesting that critics donate ten dollars to a fund for a new statue anytime they felt a wisecrack coming on.

The statue is only one component of Metropolis's homage to Superman. The town's annual Superman Celebration, held every summer, has grown to a four-day festival drawing 25,000 participants — more than triple the town's population. The festival includes an antique-car show, a fun run, a Superman Tug of War, Miss and Little Miss Supergirl pageants, and, of course, the Superdog contest, an event judged on several criteria, including the quality of the contestants' costumes — "with the capes, you know?" Harris says.

Then there's the Superman drama. The drama, which city officials admit is more of a skit, last year featured Superman battling archvillains "Stinky" LePew and Fifi Parfait and their machine-gun-toting twins, Ruffles and Fluffles. "Stinky" was played by David Martin, owner of the local Humma's Drugs, while Karen Medley, an actress with professional credits, portrayed Fifi. Whitney Brooke Medley, five, and Leanna Dailey, six, were Ruffles and Fluffles, respectively. Superman played himself.

"It was quite cute," Harris remembers.

Last year's festival also featured such non-Superman-specific events as a Pictionary challenge, a high-speed





hospital-gurney race, and a karate demonstration, because Superman "can't be in several places at once, so it might be a good idea for residents to learn how to take care of themselves so that they're not such a burden on the big guy," according to the special festival edition of the *Planet*.

Harris promises all this, and a few surprises, at the thirteenth annual celebration, scheduled for June 6, 7, 8, and 9 this year. But she doesn't want to make too big of a deal out of it, either.

"We're honest with people," she says. "We have a nice town, and people come. When people call, I tell them: 'If you're going to be driving this way, stop by. But if you've got to make a five- or six-hour trip, don't.'"

Although Harris keeps her perspective about the whole thing, it's obvious that the chamber is not burdened by Clark Kent-style modesty about the Superman connection. Above the chamber office, a sign bigger than the building's entire first floor proclaims: "Metropolis, Illinois—Home of Superman." Flanking the slogan are not one, but two Men of Steel, looking rather like those sixties comics in which Superman was forced to fight his evil mirror twin.

Inside, the chamber office is festooned with Superman memorabilia, old posters, and cartoon sketches sent in by Superman's youthful fans and would-be pen pals. (In a *Miracle on 34th Street* touch, a child need only address a letter to Superman for it to reach the Massac County Chamber of Commerce.) Each of Superman's correspondents receives a response, plus a few samples of red and green kryptonite in a plastic bag labeled "Danger: Kryptonite." Visitors also get a piece of Superman's native planet to take home. "We always caution the children not to put it in their mouths," Harris says.

While at the Massac County Chamber of Commerce, visitors can slip unobtrusively into the chamber's official Superman phone booth and listen to a recorded message from the local hero himself. "Hello," Superman

says. "My name is Clark Kent. Some people call me Superman." The mild-mannered reporter goes on to give his basic bio before finishing on an inspirational note. "I hope you enjoy your stay in Metropolis and have a safe trip home," he says. "Now, if you want to be a real good friend of mine, I need your help to fight for Truth, Justice and the American Way."

The Metropolis connection with Superman wasn't always so laid-back and homespun. Back in the early seventies, Metropolis tried to latch onto Superman's capetails and ride them into the big time.

It all started in January 1972, when the city fathers realized their Metropolis (est. 1839) was the only known Metropolis in the United States and persuaded National Periodical Publications to officially acknowledge the city as Superman's hometown. That same year, the local newspaper, the *Metropolis News*, changed its name to the *Planet*. "We get a lot of calls from people who ask us why we don't call it the *Daily Planet*," Wills says. The *Planet* is a weekly paper, he tells them.

It was also in 1972 that local entrepreneur Bob Westerfield conceived the idea of opening a Superman theme park. After buying the rights to use—and use and use—Superman's name and likeness, he organized Metropolis Recreation, Inc., and sold an initial stock offering of \$250,000, according to press reports. One share was presented to George McGovern, who brought his presidential campaign to Metropolis in 1972.

To kick off the planned theme park, Westerfield and others held a big thirty-fifth-birthday party for Superman in May 1973, highlighted by the opening of the Amazing World of Superman Exhibition Center in a converted skating rink. The center included a three-foot model of Superboy's home and a collection of comic art, valued at one million dollars by its promoters. But the big excitement was created by the newly unveiled plans for the theme park. No doubt by coincidence, the plans bore an amazing resemblance to the renderings of a Superman theme park featured in a 1955 comic book, *Superman in Superman Land*.

But the Metropolis attraction was to be even more colossal and more super-stupendous. Those who made the pilgrimage to the exhibition center heard fantastic tales of "an illusionary rocket ride, where boys and girls or ladies and gentlemen would take a rocket ride to the planet Krypton." Once in space, the promoters



LOIS LANE says:
"Poor Clark! I know he wants to date me. I might give him a chance if he bought his clothes at..."

The **Mr. Shop!**
GOOD NEWS, CLARK!!

This Weekend, June 22 & 23
THE MR. SHOP
Is Having A
SUPER SALE
In Honor Of The Superman Celebration!

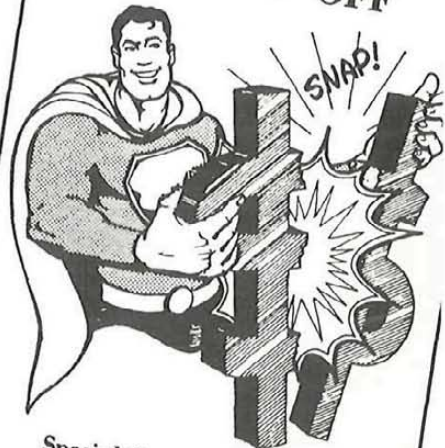
To catch her eye during the warm summer months, take advantage of our
20% OFF
ALL SUMMER...

It's Worth The Trip
To See
The Amazing World
Of
Superman

Hogs And Cattle Bought
Daily Until Noon

HEINHOLD HOG & CATTLE MARKET
Brookport, Ill. 62910
Joe Corbett, Mgr.
618-432-7321

By BRYN-MAR Ladies
FASHION WEAR
25% OFF



Special Group Broken Sizes
MEN'S SHOES
Just **\$5.00**

TRUE SOUNDS

This month, we feature recordings of the Soviet pianist Sviatoslav Richter on several European concert tours. The performances of this master pianist are often attended by crowds that have the trained ears of serious musicians. There are, however, lemons hiding in the potato patch.

Sviatoslav Richter Plays Scriabin Debussy Prokofiev. (Deutsche Grammophon 423 573-2.) Of least interest. Deutsche Grammophon has surgically removed almost all crowd sounds. A delightful hush of expectancy precedes Prokofiev's *Visions Fugitives op. 22, no. 3*, but that's it—one lonely rose blooming in the desert. One cannot blame the halls—Wembley Town Hall, 1961, and those on the Italian concert tour, 1962—which are usually founts of world-class crowd sounds. Blame the engineers. Avoid it.

WORST: NO APPLAUSE. NO COUGHS.

Britten Bartók Stravinsky: Works for Two Pianos. (Tours, 1985; Philips 420 157-4.) This two-piano recital (with Vassili Lobanov) is another big disappointment. The only noteworthy moment occurs in Bartók's *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion*, which is featureless except for a persistent female cough adorning the *lento*.

POOR: NO APPLAUSE. ONE COUGH.

Mozart Weber Liszt. (Nuova Era 013.6340.) The *Piano Sonata in G Major* by W. A. Mozart (Aldeburgh, 1966) is balanced but too well-mannered. The *allegro* has sniffing, bench noise, and torpid yawning. The *andante* has footsteps, crowd motion, and male thunder-coughs on the accents. The *presto* opens with door slamming and concludes with long- and short-range coughs.

The *Piano Sonata op. 49, no. 3* by Carl Maria von Weber (Milan, 1966) is lackluster except for an old man gasping in the *allegro feroce*, while the best of the three, the *Piano Sonata in B Minor* by Franz Liszt (Aldeburgh,

VOX POPULI LIVE PERFORMANCES REVIEW BY ERIC YOST

1966), is spirited but uneven. Defiant male coughs reply to the opening theme. A woman chokes through a meditative section set off by footsteps, bench noise, and volleys of resonant coughs. But a sudden cut robs us of applause, and the effect is less than completely satisfying.

AVERAGE: MILD APPLAUSE. ONE COUGH.

Crowd sounds from the old Eastern bloc should be part of every serious collection. Oppressed by the Cold War, and their reactions recorded on primitive equipment, these crowds stand out for their ferocious technique. This month, we have two fine examples:

The first, **Piano Concerto op. 33** by Antonín Dvořák (Prague, 1964; Melodram 18029), features a truly virtuosic crowd. In the *allegro agitato*, bench noise in the opening theme leads to splutters as the theme modulates. Male cooing and bloops fill all pauses. Hurred whispers build to a climax of female coughs. Slow coughs follow, male doublets, and then a cadenza spiced with bench noise. At the end, there is a garden of crowd sounds: massive coughs, string sections tuning, a man having a heart attack. And when the strings stop tuning, the whole hall coughs at once. Bravo, Prague!

The *andante sostenuto* is bench noise at its best. Encouraged, the orchestra adds instrument friction, seat friction, and heavy breathing. The movement concludes with nerve-jangling bravura bench noise.

In the *allegro con fuoco*, the lightest bench noise induces a charming series of *lontano* coughs. Explosive applause follows—twenty-two seconds of undiminished full-house applause. Glorious!

EXCELLENT: LOUD APPLAUSE. FOUR COUGHS.

Another fine example is **Musorgsky: Pictures at an Exhibition.** (Sofia, Bulgaria, 1958; Columbia/Odyssey YT 32223.) Here is a master

crowd at its best. They're lush from the beginning, coughing even before the music starts. And it's not just the usual susurrations—here are hiccups and bull-roarer yelps, drones, and baritone sternutation.

"The Old Castle" features a love duet of male and female grunts in desecant, to sneeze choruses in the dress circle. In "Bydlo," a few voices, moved by phlegm alone, rise above the relentless octaves. During the soft "Promenade," many profusely eccentric crowd sounds emerge: a tuneful belch, a blurring squall of staccato coughs. In "Limoges, the Market Place," we hear mass crowd motion: the entire hall sits up, gasping. Richter has the upper hand in "The Hut on Fowls' Legs." Though outplayed, the crowd is indomitable, and reacts with yapping, barking, and subtle coughing. "The Great Gate of Kiev" stuns the crowd. They seem without a riposte. Then the magnificent arpeggiated theme draws vascular clamor right into the finale. Though only five seconds of applause remain, it is a hysterical full-house steel-handed tornado of approval.

BEST: STANDING OVATION. TEN COUGHS.

Piano Concerto no. 27 in B Flat Major and Piano Concerto no. 9 in E Flat Major by W. A. Mozart. (London, 1961; AS 323.) The first suffers from too much acoustic tile. Two women argue about a male asthmatic. The second is quiet except for one man with emphysema who tries to do it all. Don't go out of your way for it.

MEDIOCRE: ONE CLAP. ONE COUGH.

True audiophiles should also seek a currently unavailable Turnabout LP, *Debussy Preludes, Books I & II*, which features that purest of crowd sounds, a falling folding chair! The chair crashes to the floor, leaving a hush of startled breath. It is perhaps the best live recording of a falling chair. How careless of Turnabout to let this gem go out of print! We await a reissue.

NEXT MONTH: GLENN GOULD'S STUDIO SINGING—CROWD SOUNDS OR NOT?

COUGH!
COUGH!
COUGH!

CHOKES!

CHOKES!

SNEEZE!
SNEEZE!

COUGH!

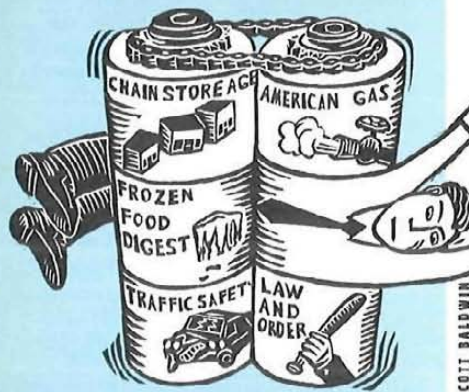
YAWN

COUGH!

COUGH!
COUGH!

HICCUP!
HICCUP!

COUGH!



TRUE TRADES

BY JOHN DEREVLANY

Casting About for Ethics

The journalist, writes Janet Malcolm, is "a kind of confidence man, preying on people's vanity, ignorance, or loneliness, gaining their trust and betraying them without remorse."

First published in *The New Yorker*, this stinging commentary sparked a national debate on the ethics of journalism—and Frederick J. Simonelli's new piece in January's *modern casting* magazine is sure to reignite that controversy. Dubbed simply, "Part 2 of 3," this is the most disturbing chapter yet in Simonelli's hellbent-for-bullion tour of the Soviet Union, an Eastern bloc vacation that Simonelli himself says was "admittedly stretching the nature of my journalistic mission a bit."

And what exactly is Mr. Simonelli's "journalistic mission" that he must gratuitously invoke *modern casting* press credentials? Did he plan on checking out the metallurgical hot spots of Estonia and Latvia? Did he mention the use of potato starch in Russian metal casting (as the Soviet journal *Izvestia* did in its piece "Where Does the Vegetable Oil Go?"). On the contrary, Simonelli did some sightseeing, visited a museum, talked to some idle dissidents. It is only later that he realized the price he must pay for his ethical breach: a mysterious man with a telephoto lens takes his picture from "the kind of automobile only the KGB can afford." Apparently, Mr. Simonelli has learned nothing from the Nicholas Daniloff affair.

Meanwhile, bookkeeper/foreign correspondent David B. Harmon delivered a far more compelling—and ethically sound—view of the Soviet Union a few months ago in *Internal*

Auditor. Harmon kept us on the edge of our ledgers with his real-life CPA-meets-KGB thriller, pulling no punches in his vivid depiction of a Russia where people starve not just for bread and freedom, but for financial-consultant services as well. "I gave an abbreviated presentation of my paper on the role of professional accountants in American society. . . . I was amazed that I was, in fact, mobbed with attention at our break. It seemed everyone had a question for me."

Yet even this journalistic coup was marred by Harmon's relentless name-dropping ("Peter the Great. . . Catherine the Great. . . We also had the good fortune to meet the Guinness Book of World Records Checkers Champion.") Is there no place where a reader can flee the insufferable self-indulgence of the trade journalist's prose and its thinly veiled confessional masquerading as timely technical advice?

FROM MODERN CASTING, SEDUCTION AND BETRAYAL. BUT CHECK OUT AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERING'S NEW-AGE HOG PSYCHOLOGY.

Meet the Readers

Not all trade journalists practice their craft without recognition of the seduction and betrayal inherent in the profession. Some, in fact, take humility too far. For example, in the January issue of *Agricultural Engineering*, editor Denise Sicking describes how she made fifty random calls to ask readers about her magazine. The results of this informal survey: nearly half the subscribers only occasionally read the publication, while a solid 40 percent find *Agricultural Engineering* "of little value."

Of little value? Well, Denise certainly didn't call this *AE* reader. *Agricultural Engineering* magazine is the best farm publication this side of *Rivista di suinicoltura* (Journal of Swine Culture). Check out *AE*'s coverage of New Age hog psychology in the January issue. An unbylined article (Ms. Sicking's handiwork?) begins: "If pigs could talk. . ."—a delightful premise for readers like myself, who still fondly recall Rex Harrison's pithy discourse with the two-headed Pushmi-Pullyu llama in the 1967 film *Doctor Doolittle*. *AE* follows through by

quoting a Penn State pork expert who claims "scientists" are now interested in trying to "find out not only what it takes to produce the most pounds of meat or milk, but also what an animal is thinking and feeling."

That's the kind of innovative reportage we've come to love and expect from this underrated magazine. And if I were a pig, I know what I'd be feeling: "I want my *Agricultural Engineering!*"

That's Infotainment

Faced with declining readership, I can only hope Ms. Sicking does not take her fine publication in the direction of *Heating/Piping/Air Conditioning*. I used to think of this journal as the *MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour* of mechanical systems engineering magazines. When you wanted straightforward facts and solid reporting about the HVAC/R industry, you turned to *H/P/AC*. However, in its latest issue, *H/P/AC* has become more of an *Entertainment Tonight* for engineers, taking the fatal plunge into celebrity journalism with an incongruous story about Shamu and Namu, Sea World's killer whales.

Despite a few references to a pair of 4186 MBtuh and 3983 MBtuh hot water/natural gas burners with a wet-base design that keep the whales warm during winter, this piece essentially follows an industry-wide trend toward frivolity and "infotainment." That the Shamu/Namu story was "leaked" by the Burnham Corporation, which has a four-page spread of advertisements just a few flips away, only makes matters worse.

The case is the same in January's *Domestic Engineering* magazine: it's déjà vu all over again, in fact. "Take it from Yogi: It may be an Upstart, but it's no rookie," reads an ad featuring baseball legend Yogi Berra—wielding a bat in one hand and a Bell & Gossett Upstart SLC-25 circulator pump in the other. What's the connection between the Hall of Famer and the hydronic heating system? Both Yogi and the Upstart SLC-25 circulator pump share the same qualities: "power, experience . . . up to 60 percent more starting torque. . . [and a] stainless-steel shaft that rotates in carbon bearings for quiet operation."

POETRY CORNER

"Two room fragrances carrying the scents of the season. . . found their way across the country. . . The container itself carried this line. . . 'Spray with confidence' . . ."

From *Aerosol Age*, January 1991

TRUE BOOKS

BY NEIL STEINBERG

Grandchildren of Alcoholics by Ann W. Smith (Health Communications Inc., 1988).

Synopsis: All those problems you may have thought were a normal part of being alive—disappointment in love, trouble at your job, not feeling good about yourself—stem from the fact that one of your grandparents was an alcoholic (even if you didn't know it, even if the grandparent died years before you were born).

Representative quote: "My definition of abuse is any behavior which deliberately, or even inadvertently, damages or detracts from the self-esteem of another human being."

Noteworthy flaw: fails to include the great-grandchildren of alcoholics.

The Sexual Politics of Meat: A Feminist-Vegetarian Critical Theory by Carol J. Adams (Continuum, 1991).

Synopsis: Women have butts and you can buy butt steak, so eating meat and oppressing women are somehow interrelated. Therefore, we should all be vegetarians.

Representative quote: "While phrases such as 'Where's the beef?' seem diametrically opposed to the use of 'meat' to convey oppression, 'Where's the beef?' confirms the fluidity of the absent reference while reinforcing the extremely specific, assaulting ways in which 'meat' is used to refer to women."

Noteworthy flaw: displays a cheese-cake photo of a naked woman on the cover to help boost sales.

The Pencil by Henry Petroski (Alfred Knopf, 1990).

Synopsis: The entire development of science and technology can be viewed as a by-product of the never-ending demand for better, cheaper wooden pencils. A yellow No. 2 pencil is a thing of wonder, similar to a suspension bridge, a spacecraft, or a super-computer.

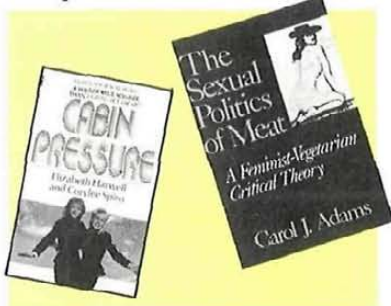
Representative quote: "So by the end of the seventeenth century the idea of the wood-cased pencil of black lead had definitely been formed, and apparently black lead was the central ingredient in an artifact that was sold as a product of manufacture rather than as something one assembled oneself from raw materials."

Noteworthy flaw: uses the word "artifact" seven times in the first three

pages, and endlessly thereafter. Fifty pages into the book, you're chanting it out loud every time you read it, and by the end you're twirling noisemakers and totting up the score in chalk on the wall.

Unlimited Challenge by Garry Kasparov (with Donald Treford) (Grove Press, 1990).

Synopsis: Little Garry, the "Boy from Baku," loves chess and plays it a lot. Eventually, he becomes the world champion. That's it.



Representative quote: "At move thirty-one he spurned the chance of forcing a draw; he needed nothing less than a win. But five moves later he blundered and at move forty-two he froze rigid."

Noteworthy flaw: contains many sentences like the following: "As my

trainer Nikitin said, the whole thing seemed paradoxical to say the least: 'Can you tell me why it was necessary to urgently summon such a high-powered delegation from Azerbaijan to a special session of the presidium of the USSR Chess Federation, something the Federation has never done before, in order to 'point out unanimously to the young grandmaster the tactlessness of the things he has been saying' and hand down a decision which none of the grandmasters had any intention of obeying?'"

Cabin Pressure by Elizabeth Harwell and Corylee Spiro (St. Martin's Press, 1989).

Synopsis: The lives of flight attendants are tough, because they are bright and witty and yet forced to deal with endless horrible, lumbering passengers.

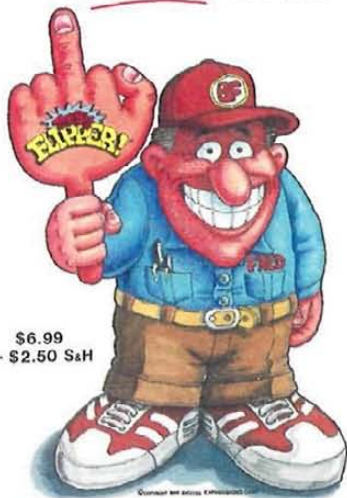
Representative quote: "The flight attendant approached a row of passengers with the beverage tray and said, 'Would you like a Coke or a Sprite?'"

"Well, which is the Coke and which is the Sprite?"

"The other flight attendants in the aisle died laughing when they heard her say sweetly, 'I don't know. I wasn't there when they poured them.'"

Noteworthy flaw: contains several songs, apparently written by the two stewardesses/authors. ■

SMILE WHEN YOU SAY THAT !



\$6.99
+ \$2.50 S&H



THE BIG FLIPPER®

17 INCHES
TALL !

GOT ANYONE YOU'D LIKE TO FLIP-OFF ?

TO ORDER YOUR OWN BIG FLIPPER, SEND US YOUR:

NAME _____ PHONE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

AND A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR \$6.99 + \$2.50 SHIPPING EACH
TO: DIGITAL EXPRESSIONS CORP. PO BOX 1800, RAMONA, CA 92065

DEALER INQUIRIES WELCOME : CALL (619) 788-2100
BRIGHT, BOLD, FULL COLOR BOTH SIDES, STURDY ZINC PLATED STEEL-
HARDWARE, SPRING LOADED HINGE, SLIDE LATCH.

GREAT GIFT ITEM WHEN WORDS AREN'T ENOUGH ! © COPYRIGHT 1990 DIGITAL EXPRESSIONS CORP

TRUE EATS

FLO'S MESS AT FLO'S PLACE



BY B. KIMBERLY TAYLOR

World-weary travelers with an appetite can park their rig at Flo's Place on Interstate 80 at exit 32 in Milton, Pennsylvania, the twenty-four-hour diner catering to the tastes of truckers and motorists. Paper place mats are festooned with interesting, fun facts about Pennsylvania in red, white, and blue, and are found at each table. The menus are white with simple black lettering for an elegant touch. Standard fare such as burgers, omelets, French fries, and the lauded tuna melt can be found at Flo's, but the specialty of the house is a trademark dish called "Flo's Mess."

What is this mess? When is the mess made? How messy is it? Is it a mess that only Flo can make? A family recipe, handed down from mother to daughter? The waiter, Mike, triples as cook and cashier, and wears a nametag. Curiosity piqued, I asked Mike to explain their house specialty to me, and he told me it was a mixture of hash browns, onions, green peppers, tomatoes, and ham. "Sure," I said, "go ahead and cook me up some of that mess," eager to show an adventuresome spirit while on the road.

When Mike brought Flo's Mess to me it glistened in the bright light of the diner. It was a tremendous mound of brown hash browns, cooked in oil, with some conciliatory ham chunks, green peppers, onions, and tomatoes. It was difficult finding the vegetables on the plate because they were brown and tended to blend in with the hash browns and ham.

I couldn't finish all of Flo's Mess, as the proportions were gargantuan. I pecked at it a little bit, searching for a small vegetable square under various potato logs, and washed everything down with some strong black coffee.

The diner is brightly lit, has six booths, five tables, and a counter area. The tables and chairs are made of a thick dark wood, and something in their shape and size suggests Pennsylvania Dutch country. Perhaps it was just my fancy. I was there on a slow evening, as only a few customers sat wheezing at the counter. From anywhere in the restaurant, a patron is able to view the exposed kitchen and watch Mike as he dons his chef's cap. There is no jukebox; no music of any kind is played at Flo's. Telephones are available in three booths aligning the east wall for the convenience of the long-distance trucker, and rest rooms are clean and well-stocked with a sufficient supply of soap, toilet paper, and paper towels. ■

STREET FRAUD

CONTINUED FROM
PAGE 31

opens their car trunk. A child suddenly stops to tie a shoelace. As you walk around him, you notice a man looking in the window of a stationery store: under his arm is a newspaper with an intriguing headline. You decide to stop in the store and grab a paper.

It's a pleasant old store, full of charming dark wood cabinets. A gentle spring breeze wafts in through the transom, bringing with it a scent of cinnamon from a nearby bakery. While you're at the counter you notice a clearance sale on fancy cartridge pens. You buy three. The kindly gentleman behind the counter gives you your change and apologizes for being out of register tape. The man with the newspaper coughs lightly. You exit.

THE SCAM: It's all a setup: the lady, the kid, the newspaper headline. The "husband" opening the car trunk has actually signaled the boy to start tying his shoe. The gentle spring breeze is artificially produced by fans, carefully hidden in the transom, blowing over a cinnamon stick (there is no bakery; it's not even spring). The light cough is relayed to the cast on the street to set it all up again.

The whole Norman Rockwell scenario has been staged to put you in a receptive and generous mood. The pens were carefully placed in your path and, like a fish going for bait, you bought three of them (the average, say police familiar with the scam, is two). Without a receipt, the store will never refund your money—no matter how friendly they seemed when you first went in.

Net gain for the players:

about fifteen dollars. It may not seem like much, but trust us: they do this *all day long*.

3. "COLLECTING FOR THE KIDS"

THE SETUP: A clergyman rings your bell and tells you he's "raising money" for some "reach-out" project—a "youth center" being run at the local gym. He tells you "any amount will do—a dollar, a quarter, a penny." Struck by his humility, you give him five dollars and even thank him for the opportunity to help out.

THE SCAM: No amount of money you or your neighbors can give could possibly accomplish the unrealistic goals the clergyman has set for himself. There's not going to be any "reach-out" project, no "youth center." Any money you give the clergyman goes in an empty water jug, the same one you've seen hauled out at bake sales or raffles. After months of meager donations, the kids empty out the change and purchase one lousy basketball, which is stolen from the gym a week later.

In the end, it's not the five bucks that nags at you—it's the fact that you *thanked* the guy.

If you've learned nothing else from these examples, the Police Bureau of Minor Theft asks you to remember three simple rules: Don't talk to strangers; don't help other people; and don't give money to anyone for anything, even if they need it (or, should we say, *especially* if they need it). Because the most frequently exploited element in con games is the gaining of one's trust. And in this country, we trust only one guy, and his name's on the dollar bill. ■

*He bought the ranch
...but rented the fields!*

HOMWORKING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

go home with a clean bill of health and a clear conscience. This is a service even a wife might approve, if not pay for, if not participate in, and you can expect increased business as the New Year departs and Lent approaches!

SHOWERS ARE GOLDEN

With more and more people combining their home and auto needs to make ends meet (see related article in this section), ask yourself: what do houses have that automobiles do not? Toilets and showers, of course. Back in the Old West, prospectors used to pay two bits for a hot bath. The cost of living has gone up 6,000 percent since then. You figure it out.

AT-HOME DISCO

Remember the glamour that was disco? After a decade of sixties nostalgia, can the seventies be far behind? Anticipate the seventies comeback by offering all the trappings of that bygone era, stripped down to more manageable nineties proportions. You will need the following: a glitter ball (check out local antique shops) or a red lightbulb; old one-beat disco records (check out yard sales anywhere; you probably have some yourself); rope, to cordon off the front door and the "VIP" section (alternative, the washroom); two or three high school wrestlers to serve as doorpersons/topless waiters (trained to gyrate along with the guests); a few paparazzi (anyone with a flash, film optional); and, for special occasions, blowup dolls

THE POTATO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

the end of each broadcast. Word is that the network can live with the song but wants Dan to lose the schmatte. We think the network has it backwards. Rather looks sexy in the headgear, which means higher ratings, but my Lord, the man sings like a hound. . . . Fingers are pointing everywhere over at Condé Nast. Seems like gremlins got into the advertising department and a perfume-scented, full-page \$200,000 ad hit the stands smelling like—you guessed it. . . . The flagship of Hugh Hefner's empire, the near-bankrupt *Playboy*, will soon join *Egg*, *Wigwag*, and *Savvy* in the ranks of the defunct. The Potato would wager that not even Hef's last-ditch "a vagina on every page" plan will save the magazine, though it will make the table of contents interesting. . . . A few months ago, the networks broadcast along with their commentary a controversial Madonna video that MTV had censored. Does this mean MTV gets to run all the censored news footage of the war? And if so, will Eric B. do the scratching? Until next month. . . . ■

wearing "Andy," "Bianca," and "Halston" masks (provided by our company for a minimal fee). No need to advertise—hand out fliers. Leave a few people standing in the cold the first night and word of mouth will soon make your home disco the most popular nightspot in town! ■

Erotic Adventures:

How to order sex toys without embarrassment.

How to use sex toys without disappointment.

Today, people are interested in improving the quality of their lives...and exploring their own sexuality with options from the Xandria Collection. Sexual products can provide a new and entirely positive source of pleasure.

The most important aspect of satisfaction is trust. Trust us...thoughtful consideration goes into each product in the catalogue. Quality, value, and sensual appeal are all important elements, as are you, the customer.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very, special collection of sensual devices. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world.

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold.

The Xandria Collection has a unique three way guarantee.

First, we guarantee your privacy.

Everything we ship is plainly packaged and securely wrapped, with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential, and we never sell, give or trade any customer's name.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction.

If a product seems unsatisfactory...simply return it for replacement or refund.

Third, we guarantee that the product you choose will keep giving you pleasure . . .

Should it malfunction, simply return it to us for a replacement.

The Xandria Gold Collection...a tribute to closeness and communication. Celebrate the possibilities for pleasure we each have within us. Then send for the Xandria Collection Gold Edition Catalogue. It is priced at just \$4.00 which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. NL0591
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, the Xandria Collection Gold Edition Catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for \$4.00 which will be applied towards my first purchase. (\$4 U.S., CAN., £3 U.K.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

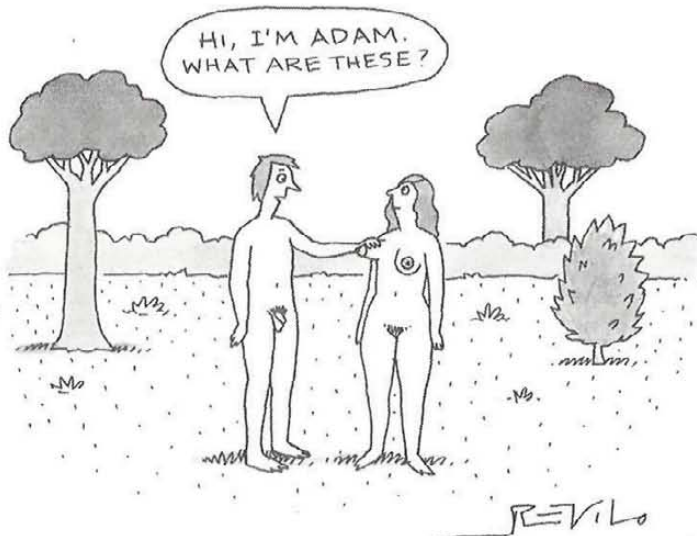
State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age.

(signature required)

Xandria, 874 Dubaue Ave., South San Francisco 94080

Void where prohibited by law.



AMERICAN SPENDERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

"But how will you afford it?" he asked.

"I'll... I'll put it on the card," she replied firmly. Now it was Jim's turn to sigh. "Jamie," he said slowly, "tell you what. That hat will clash with everything else you own, so I'm going to buy you another mink, and charge it to my Visa. And this one will be full-length."

Jamie's eyes filled with tears. As they slid down onto the bearskin rug, she breathed, "Oh, Jim, you're so... nice."

Only weeks ago, there was no rejoicing in the Marcello household at all. In fact, the end of the Marcello family seemed in sight. Carlos Marcello's affair with a waitress had Donna Marcello contemplating divorce. The super-annuated plumbing fixtures in the Marcello home had rusted, undermining the house's foundations and turning the drinking water dark brown. Worst of all, the doctors thought that little Santo Marcello was developing juvenile leukemia because of his paleness, crying fits, and refusal to eat. Carlos desperately wished to patch things up with his wife by getting her an expensive gift. He also wanted to buy his little boy a toy of some sort to make his passing easier. But Carlos was unemployed and had no savings or assets except for his decaying house, which he also lacked the money to fix.

While en route from the children's hospital to visit his wife at the women's shelter, Carlos passed a franchise of The Money Store™. Wiping the tears from his face, he surveyed the strange financial institution. Inspiration suddenly flashed through Carlos's mind.

Taking a deep breath and strengthening his resolve, he opened the door of the store and went in. Instantly a sales representative rose and greeted Carlos so courteously that his mouth fell open in amazement. Carlos walked out with loans worth over twenty-five thousand dollars.

That day, Carlos bought his wife a brand-new Pontiac Trans Am, and the two were tearfully reunited. Holding Donna in his arms, he boldly called a local plumber and ordered the repair work to begin on his ailing septic system. And finally, thinking little Santo would soon be taken from him, he rushed to move him from the public hospital to a real doctor on Park Avenue who spoke English—only to have the expensive physician tell him that tests revealed the child did not have leukemia at all, but was merely emotionally disturbed. Today, the Marcellos are a happy family like every other.

David Ferrie felt bad. He couldn't put his finger on exactly what it was, but he knew something was wrong. "I was sad all the time," recalls David. "Nothing made me happy. I couldn't enjoy anything. I guess you could say I was having a crisis, emotionally speaking." David's work at the office suffered, as did his social life. "At work, I found it difficult to concentrate," David remembers. "And after work, I never felt like going out and having fun, like going to a party or a bar, to give two examples. All I wanted to do was go home, turn off the lights, pull down the shades, and sit in the dark." David sought professional counseling. Unfortunately, David's psychotherapist diagnosed him as being "dissatisfied with his life," and prescribed psychoactive drugs he could not take, because

they would interfere even more with his important job-related work. David didn't know what to do.

But one evening in August, as he lay in his darkened living room, David was struck by a flight of fancy. "On a whim, I decided to go out and do something I very rarely did—go shopping." He arrived at a nearby mall he had never visited before, and was instantly struck by the variety of goods and services available. Seeing the colorful Christmas decorations in the many store windows, David began to smile for the first time in many months. He bought a compact disc featuring the music of the Boston Pops. The pretty cashier at the record store complimented him on his taste in music as she carefully bagged his purchase. He smiled even more broadly.

David wandered through the mall, buying two more compact discs, a pair of jeans, an automatic popcorn maker, and a chocolate cake, making a new friend at every store. Before he left the mall, he returned to the record store and rested his purchases on the counter. "Would you like to go to a movie with me?" he asked the pretty cashier, smiling. She blushed. "I'm sorry, sir," she said, "but we're not allowed to date the customers. Thank you anyway." She smiled shyly at him.

"That's okay," he said. "Maybe some other time, when I'm not a customer." "Maybe," said the girl, still smiling.

As David left the mall, a security guard wished him a nice night. "Yes," he replied, nodding his head. "I think I will have a nice night."

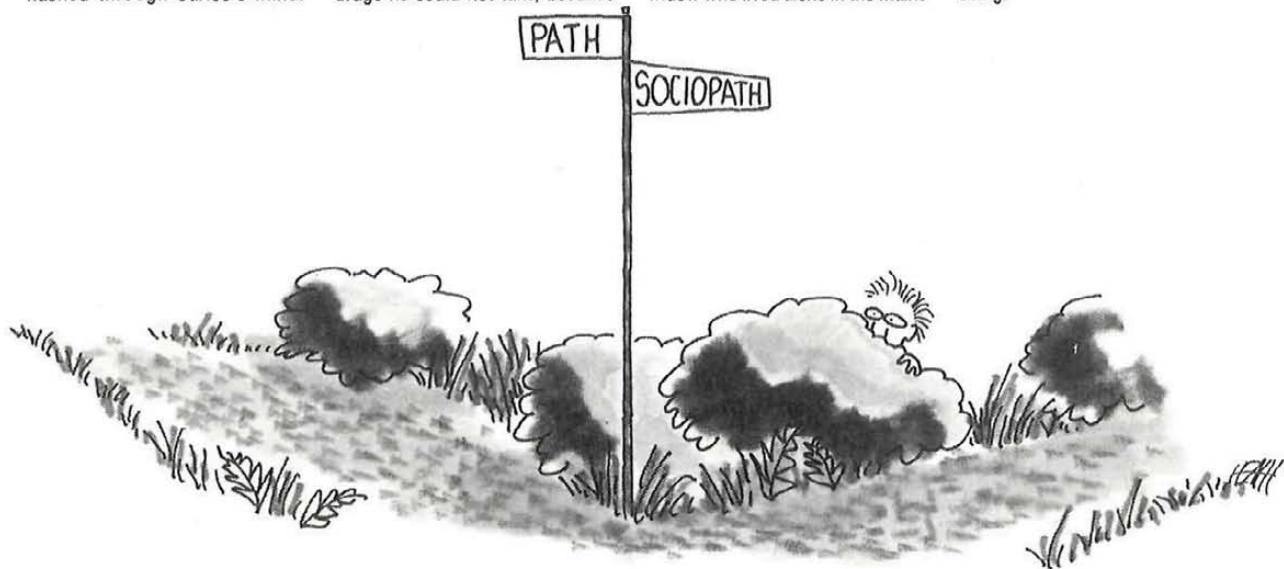
Clarissa Shaw was isolated and friendless, an elderly widow who lived alone in the Maine

farmhouse that had been in her family for five generations. She was far too frail to travel more than a few feet from her house, which was so far from the nearest town that she frequently went six months without seeing a living soul. Clarissa Shaw began to lose weight. Her son, a doctor, told her over the phone that it sounded as if she were pining away for human contact, and recommended that she get out more.

Clarissa Shaw contemplated taking her own life because of her extreme loneliness. But then one night, as she was watching television, she saw a commercial for a fascinating device. It was called a "camcorder," and it allowed the user to make videotape movies simply by aiming the wonderful machine and pressing a button. Mrs. Shaw quickly wheeled herself over to the telephone, muttering the 800 number over and over to herself.

The next day, a shiny new camcorder made by Panasonic was delivered to Clarissa Shaw's very door by a handsome young Federal Express employee. He was so polite that she invited him in for a cup of tea, and the two had an interesting conversation, during which they discovered they had much in common. The young man left, promising to write, and Mrs. Shaw set to work learning about her new electronic friend with an enthusiasm she had not exhibited in many years.

Today, more than four years later, Mrs. Shaw is nearly finished making her first film, an eight-millimeter autobiographical documentary six hours in length. She keeps up a vigorous correspondence with her friend from Federal Express, and considers herself completely fulfilled as a human being.



METROPOLIS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

promised, "they would see such things as the Sargasso, Sea of Lost Space Ships. Some of them may even get sick at their stomachs."

Their final destination, the World of Krypton, was to house a true universe of wonders: the Fungus Caverns; Jeret, the Ghost City; and the Striped River. There would be an Anti-Gravity Sky Palace, "a huge exhibit with no physical means of support," and the Falls of Fire, "with huge volumes of fire rolling over the walls and falling in on you." The *pièce de résistance* was to be Superman's Fortress of Solitude and its Kryptonian zoo, providing appropriate habitat for a Radium-Eating Gorilla, the Wheel Creature, and the Metal-Eating Creature.

A special edition of the *Planet* devoted to the celebration promised that the center was only the beginning. One story (headlined "They said it couldn't be done") gloated: "The skeptics have been proven wrong again, and it's becoming increasingly evident that this Superman character is no ordinary fellow. . . . All efforts to stop him have failed, and his magical powers continue to bring unparalleled prosperity and promise to the Metropolis community. . . . Hang on, Metropolis, the orbit to fame and fortune is just beginning!"

Apparently, the author failed to recall that an orbit is, by definition, a round trip. The exhibition center's proceeds were to defray some of the theme park's costs. But the timing couldn't have been worse—it was the Gas Crisis summer, and tourists stayed home. So Metropolis Recreation went bankrupt, and Bob Westerfield returned to his dry-cleaning business. (He later went on to operate a satellite-television concern.) Now the dreams of entering the Superman theme park beneath the open, muscular thighs of the Superman colossus straddling the front gate are relegated to the walls of the Chamber of Commerce, beside the Superman fan mail mounted on the big bulletin board.

But the faithful of all ages still seek Superman in Metropolis. Once every couple of weeks—more often after one of the *Superman* movies is released—someone will call the *Planet* asking to talk with Perry White or Clark Kent. Usually, they are told that Messrs. White and Kent are out. But sometimes editor Wills takes the call himself.

The *Planet* also gets some computer-generated mail from wags who

have somewhere used the Clark Kent name and the *Planet* address. "I have bought insurance in the name of Clark Kent," Wills, whose dark hair and dark-rimmed glasses resemble those of Kent himself, says with a grin. "Sometimes people get confused and put 'Metropolis Planet, Gotham City.'"

Wills says he can't figure out whether the mail is coming from children or disturbed adults, and Harris worries some about grown-up visitors who seem quite disappointed when they stop to ask directions to Superman's house and are told that it doesn't exist.

Mostly, however, Superman just provides a few smiles for Metropolis residents. For example, the *Planet* gives out the Lois Lane awards each year to the town's most distinguished female citizen. (Harris herself was a winner a few years back.) And distinguished visitors, such as unsuccessful presidential candidates and reporters for national newsmagazines, receive illuminated "Superman of Metropolis" awards.

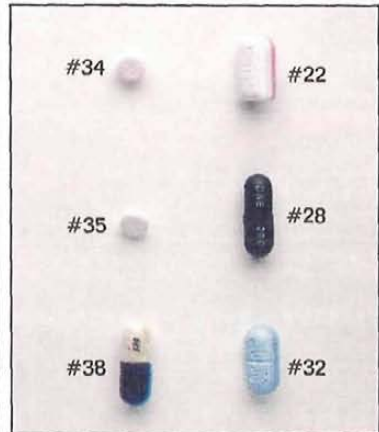
"We've had a nice relationship between the community and Superman," Wills says. "People who are on their way to Florida, or on their way to somewhere, they stop in here. I've seen them sometimes on Saturday or Sunday, by the statue taking pictures of the kids. The amazing thing is, when a five-year-old kid gets up there, it sure pleases him. And that's who we're really aiming to please."

Sure, it'll be nice if DC Comics comes through with the money to erect a fancy, modern-looking statue on Superman Square. (The Statue Committee currently is leaning toward something about fifteen feet tall, possibly in bronze.) But chairman Troutman stresses that the new committee is merely building on the fine work of the visionaries who erected the first statue.

And most people around town are kind of fond of that old statue, anyway. When little kids complain to Harris that, up close, the statue looks a bit peculiar, she just smiles. "I tell them, 'Really, Superman came from another planet. So he doesn't look like us anyway.'"

The important thing is, he gets the job done. Metropolis police chief Steve Russell can't even remember the last time they had an armed robbery in the town. "This isn't what you'd call a high-crime area," he says, momentarily forgetting to add, "thanks to Superman."

Metropolis is located in the southern tip of Illinois, just off Interstate 24. ■

STAY AWAKE—
ALERT & ACTIVE

D&E's products will energize & slim you, helping you get the most out of every day & night!

#22 Magnum	200 mg	200/\$13.50
#28 D&E-290	200 mg	200/\$13.25
#32 30/30	150 mg	200/\$11.75
#34 D&E-25-25	110 mg	100/\$ 6.50
		1000/\$18.00

*Active Ingredient in Above: Caffeine
 #35 D&E-25 Ephedrine HCL-25 mg . . . 100/
 \$ 7.95
 1000/\$21.95
 #38 Diet Time 1-a-day diet aid . . . 90/\$ 9.95

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-221-1833;
 in NJ (201) 838-5254

D & E Pharmaceuticals, Inc.
 Dept. 104P1651-206 Macopin Road
 Bloomington, NJ 07403
 Please add \$4.50 for shipping. Free catalogs
 available upon request.

— SAMPLE —
20 FREE CONDOMS

To introduce you to the finest quality condoms from Federal, we'll send you 20 FREE! Send for yours today! For over 40 years, Federal has offered the world's largest selection of condoms at discount prices direct to you through the privacy of mail.

Condoms, when properly used, are highly effective against STD's (Sexually Transmitted Diseases).

Send \$2.00 handling (cash, check or money order) to receive your sampler of 20 FREE CONDOMS to:
 Federal Pharmacal Inc., 28835-218 N. Herky Dr.
 Dept. NL591, Lake Bluff, IL 60044

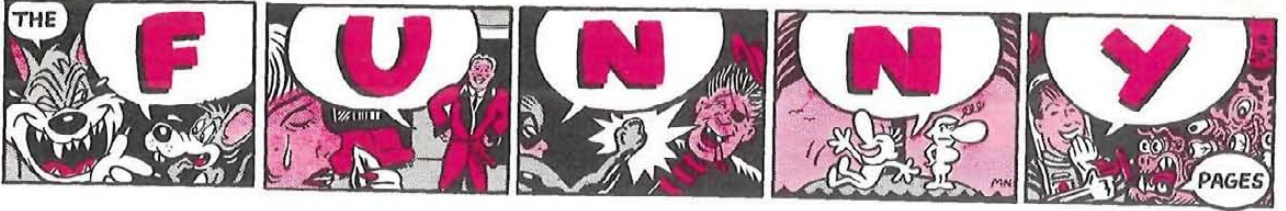
Name _____

Address _____

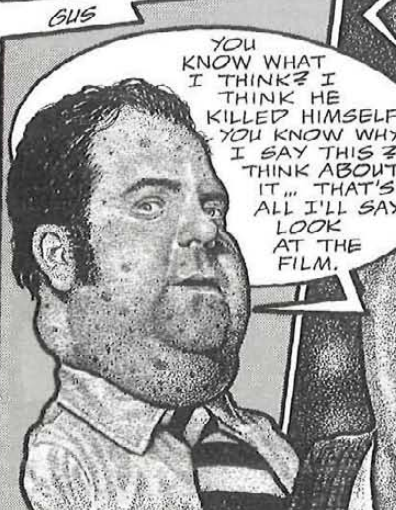
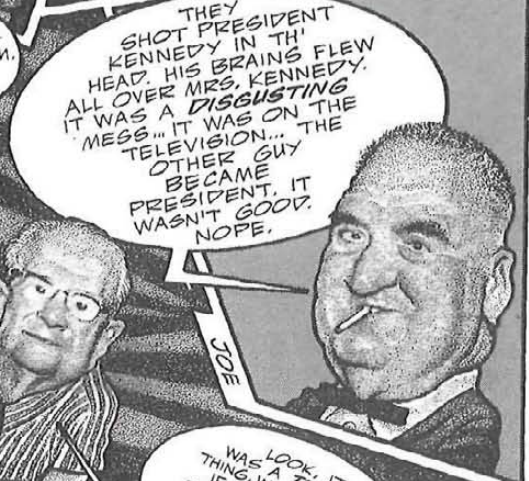
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Void where prohibited. Limit one offer per household.
 Shipped in discreet packages. ©1991 Federal Pharmacal, Inc.



FINALLY, THE FACTS:
RETIRED N.Y.C. ELEVATOR MEN THEORIZE ON THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY
BY DREW FRIEDMAN ©1991

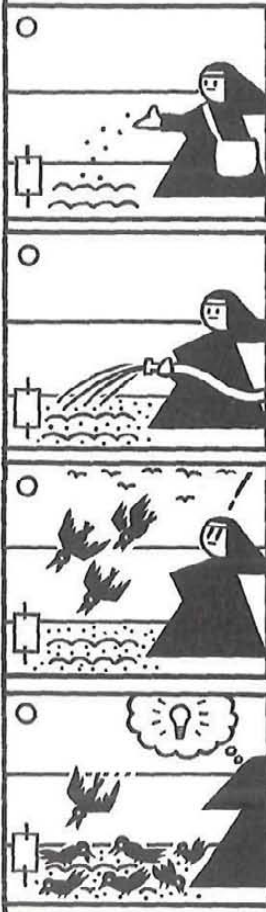


ONCA MARKEP'S



WHIMSY PIT

the little Nur®



FEED 'EM AND WEEP

DERRIDA

"My mommy wanted a tumor but she had me instead."



BEER BELLY-LAFFS

fovcault

"I hate my mother-in-law so much that I put my hand in a paper-cutting machine."



ISLE BE DEAD SOON

BROKEN LIVES GAGOPAMA

LACAN-

"Now I'll never have a truly satisfying sexual experience."



CMY GLOWN! CMY!

Spinky

"My entire family was recently burned to death in an exploding DC-10—how can I possibly make anyone laugh?"

RAINY DAY F	IMAGINE THE WORLD WITHOUT FEILDING, NEW ZEALAND. ?	WRITE A FAN LETTER TO WHEAT. ?	WORK UP THE NERVE TO WEAR EARMUFFS IN PUBLIC. *	BRING SEA MONKEYS TO LIFE IN YOUR FAMILY'S BORSCHT. ?
CUT DEAD SKIN FROM YOUR TOES IN THE SHAPE OF CORGI DOGS. ?	VISIT THE FLANNEL MUSEUM. ?	MAKE FRIENDS WITH FROZEN UENISON. HI	MIX MAGNETIC FILINGS WITH GRANDMA'S ASHES AND MAKE HER SEEMINGLY DANCE ONE LAST MAZURKA. ?	

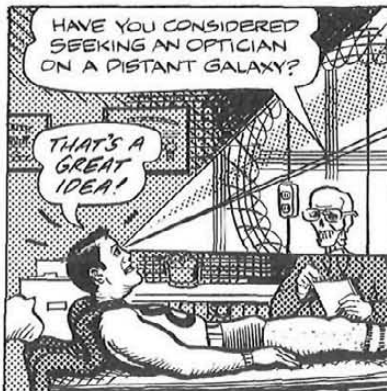
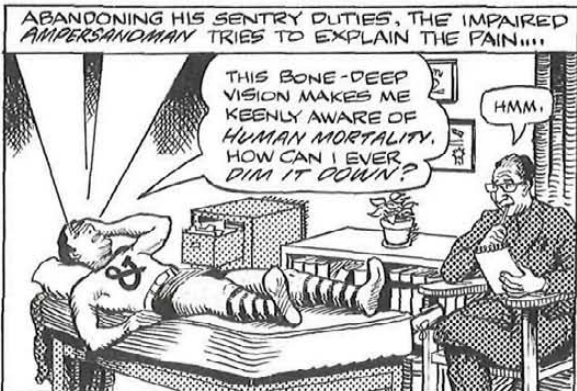
© 1997 Mark Twain

THE SUPER LIFE

©'91

JUSTIN GREEN

OF ALL THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL HEROES WHO CROWD OUR SKIES, THERE'S ONLY ONE WHO YEARNS TO BE JUST AN ORDINARY GUY.



To Be Continued

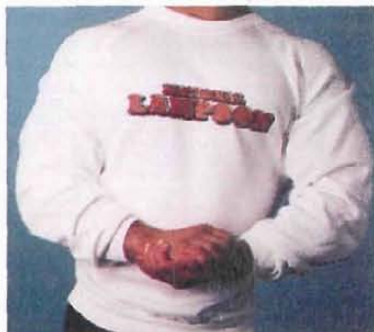
WEAR US OUT

Take a look at these shirts.

Most of the models don't even have heads, and they *still* look great! Never before has anything so hot been so comfortable.



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



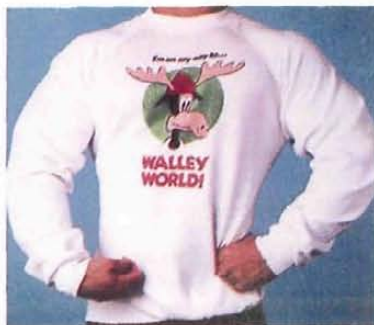
TS 1034—National Lampoon Sweatshirt. Also available in navy with white lettering, and gray with black lettering. \$13.95



TS 1049—Authentic Football Jersey. Made of 50 percent nylon plaited / 50 percent cotton. \$20.95
TS 1050—Authentic Football Jersey. 100 percent nylon-mesh authentic football jersey. White. \$28.95



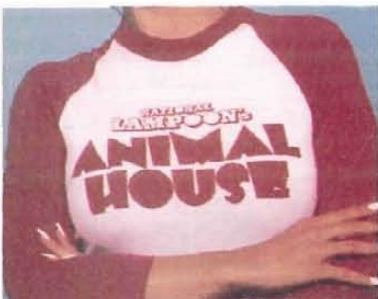
TS 1046—Acra Sweatshirt. Same specs as the hooded shirt but without the hood. \$13.95
TS 1045—Acra Hooded Sweatshirt. Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber / 50 percent cotton, with hood. \$18.95



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



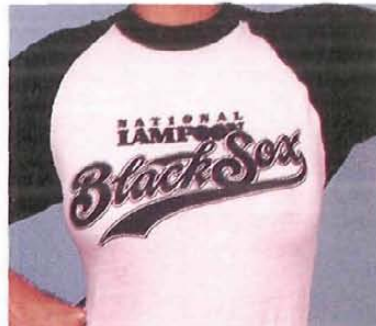
TS 1036—National Lampoon Football Jersey. With the famed V neck covered by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95



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. A baseball cap. \$7.95



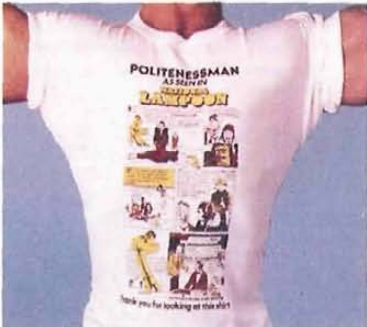
TS 1027—National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey. The kind the 1919 Chicago White Sox wore after they threw the Series. \$8.00



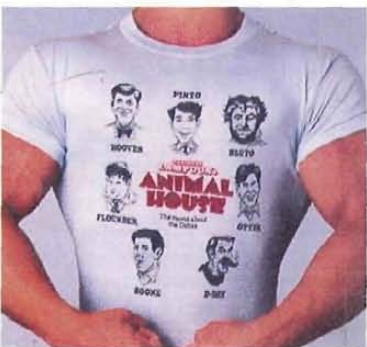
TS1059 — National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt. This time with the Walley World logo. \$7.95
 TS 1044 — Sweatshirt (not shown) \$16.95 same logo as above



TS 1067 — National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation Sweatshirt. This time with Santa Claus as the logo. \$21.95
 TS 1068 — T-shirt (not shown). Same logo as above. \$7.95



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



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 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

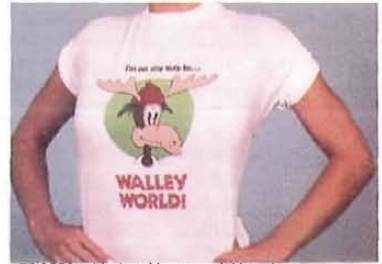
- (A) WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA — Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister. — *San Francisco Chronicle*
- (B) MANCHESTER, IOWA — To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the 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*



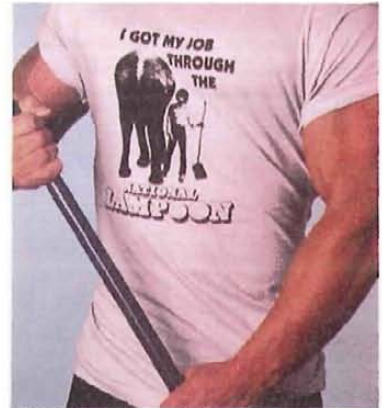
TS 1019 — National Lampoon Mana Gorilla T-shirt. The divine Miss Mona. \$6.95



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



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



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 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 Griswolds to Europe. \$6.95



TS 1026—National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt. With the famous double-amputee frog. \$7.95



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



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

Wear us out...and you'll be in! Merchandise Order Form

Indicate the products you wish to purchase (circle items desired and check size), place in envelope with payment, and send to:

NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. N.L.0591

155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013.

Please enclose \$1.75 for postage and handling for each item ordered; New York State residents, please add 8 1/4% sales tax. Add \$1.00 extra per item for foreign orders.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Check enclosed

Charge to my:

MasterCard # / Visa # _____

Signature _____ Expiration Date _____

TS1019 \$6.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1026 \$7.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1027 \$8.00 ___S___M___L

TS1028 \$8.00 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1029 \$6.95 ___S___M___L

TS1030 \$33.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1031 \$7.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1032 \$7.95

TS1034 \$13.95 ___S___M___L___XL

COLOR _____

TS1035 \$14.95 ___S___M___L

COLOR _____

TS1036 \$13.95 ___S___M___L

TS1038 \$20.95 ___S___M___L

COLOR _____

TS1039 \$10.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1041 \$6.95 ___S___M___L

TS1043 \$16.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1044 \$16.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1045 \$18.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1046 \$13.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1048 \$9.50 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1049 \$20.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1050 \$26.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1052 \$10.95 ___S___M___L

TS1057 \$11.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1058 \$6.95 ___S___M___L

TS1059 \$7.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1060 \$14.95 ___S___M___L

COLOR _____

TS1061 \$7.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1063 \$20.95 ___S___M___L

COLOR _____

TS1064 \$22.95 ___S___M___L

TS1065 \$7.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1066 \$10.95 ___S___M___L___XL

A ___ B ___ C ___ D ___

TS1067 \$21.95 ___S___M___L___XL

TS1068 \$7.95 ___S___M___L___XL

Give the gift of merchandise.

Please indicate what National Lampoon products you would like us to send. Enclose payment. Place in envelope and send to:

National Lampoon, Dept. N.L.0591

155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send gift(s) to:

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ITEMS _____ I have enclosed a total of \$ _____

Redistribute the humor with a gift subscription.

Please read the gift coupon carefully and fill it out according to the directions. If you want to send more than one gift subscription, please type or print the information and send it along with the coupon and the required payment. As soon as we get your order, the recipient(s) of your gift will get a card from the National Lampoon telling them that you have sent them a gift subscription. Soon after, they'll get their first copy of the magazine.

TO: National Lampoon, Dept. N.L.0591 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. Please send the National Lampoon subscription indicated to:

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My name is:

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Check enclosed

Charge to my:

MasterCard # _____ MasterCard Interbank # _____

Visa # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

One-year subscription to National Lampoon \$13.95

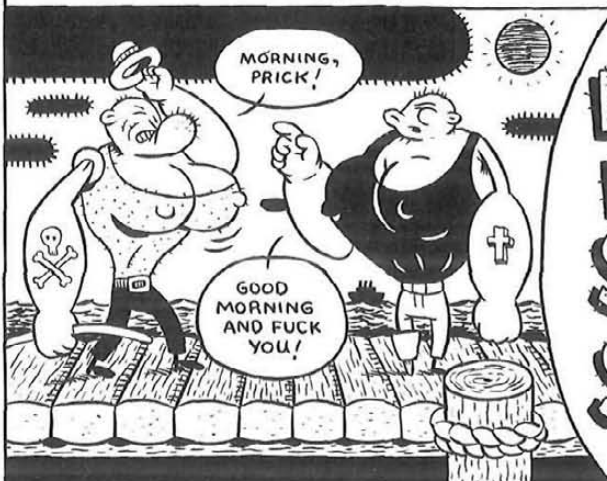
Two-year subscription to National Lampoon \$22.95

Three-year subscription to National Lampoon \$34.95

For gift subscriptions to Canada, Mexico, and all other foreign countries, please add \$10.00 per order.

IT WAS A TOUGH SEAPORT TOWN, WHERE ALL THE MEN WERE MEAN AND DIRTY... AND THEY ALL HAD TITS!

THEY WERE THE LAUGHINGSTOCK OF THE COUNTRY. AND THIS MADE THEM ILL-TEMPERED AND HARDENED!



MAYBE IT WAS SOMETHING IN THE SALTY AIR. EVERY BOY BORN IN THAT TOWN GREW BREASTS JUST LIKE A FEMALE. IT BAFFLED MEDICAL SCIENCE.

SOME MEN COULDN'T TAKE THE SHAME AND TOOK RADICAL ACTION TO ERADICATE THE MAMMARY MISTAKES.



WHILE OTHERS LEARNED TO LIVE WITH THEIR TITS, AND EVEN ENJOY THEM!

THE WOMEN BY THEN HAD ALL LEFT TOWN, SICK OF THE MEN'S WHINING AND COMPLAINING. AND EVEN SICKER OF THEIR FABULOUS CLEAVAGE!



©KAZ 1991

DOUBLE THE GROWTH OF ANY PLANT - GUARANTEED

Hello, my name is Jeffery Julian DeMarco, President and Founder of Pyraponic Industries, Inc. II, ranked the **86th fastest growing company in the U.S.** as named by Inc. magazine, and the **1989 Business of the Year** recipient in San Diego, and **I'll DOUBLE your money back** if I can't:

- **DOUBLE** the growth rate of any plant;
 - **DOUBLE** the budding sites of any plant;
 - **DOUBLE** the flavor of fruits and vegetables;
 - **DOUBLE** the potency of herbs and spices;
 - **DOUBLE** the fragrance of flowers;
- I personally **GUARANTEE** it.

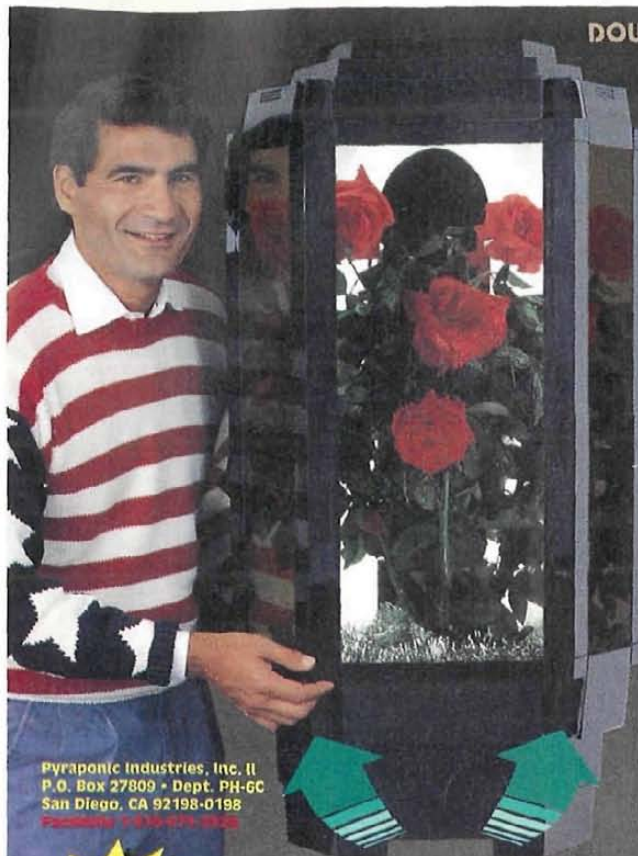
Patented - The Phototron has been awarded 17 patents in 9 different countries. In addition, a newly designed automatic watering system accessory, developed by Pyraponic Laboratories, completely services the absolute optimum water and nutrient requirements each individual Phototron® needs. It contains the most powerful power supply in the world; it produces 30% more lumen output, yet runs 30% cooler.

Free - **Free** soil analysis and nutrient mix prescription for each individual Phototron® for optimum growth of all plant parameters based upon over 100,000 completed soil samples. User-friendly instructions and follow-up reminders every 15 days that guarantees your success in growing any plant. So easy that the National Science Teachers Association (NSTA) uses the Phototron® to teach photosynthesis to Kindergarten through 12th grade students.

• 650 schools, laboratories, and universities worldwide are using the Phototron, including Harvard, Oxford, USDA and NASA 90 day payment plan, \$39.95 down The Phototron is being used in NASA test beds for future space exploration Purifies 1,000 cubic feet 33 times every 24 hours • Over 120,000 Phototrons sold, with never a single one returned!

Jeffery Julian DeMarco

1-619-451-2837



Pyraponic Industries, Inc. II
P.O. Box 27809 • Dept. PH-6C
San Diego, CA 92198-0198
Phone: 619-451-2837



COMPARED TO NOTHING IN THE WORLD: THE PRODUCT & THE COMPANY

Hello, my name is Jeffery Julian DeMarco, President & Founder of Hemptek Industries, Inc.

This is Hemptek's first series of advertisements anywhere in the world. For the first time in over 50 years, clothing such as sweaters, shirts, and yes, even the American flag! is available from a very reputable company.

Hemp is many times stronger than cotton!

Imported exclusively by Hemptek from around the world in an array of vibrant colors, and patterns with a specially developed weave specific to the fabric of 55% pure hemp (Cannabis sativa L. fibers) and 45% pure virgin cotton. This special blend (55h/45c) retains the strength of hemp blended with the softness of cotton!

Please, don't believe me! Believe the United States Department of Agriculture. I will send you a 30 minute video tape **FREE!!!**

HEMP FOR VICTORY

Hemp for Victory was produced by the

U.S. Department of Agriculture in 1942 and distributed to farmers around the nation to grow hemp by the hundreds of thousands of acres for the war department.



Hemp fiber has been used by every civilization in recorded history including the United States up until 1933. Because the hemp plant not only produced fiber but also a drug, when the drug was made illegal, so too was the entire plant.

Hemp is the most efficient plant for producing petrochemicals, naturally, biologically and much cleaner than oil from the ground. Oil is the base chemical to make man-made fibers.

THE NATURAL IS ALWAYS BETTER THAN THE CHEMICAL

A fiber that naturally breathes with a strength unmatched by any other natural fiber throughout history in the world. Hemptek Industries, Inc. maintains my personal guarantee of your unconditional satisfaction.

The time has come. Call today:
1-619-9-HEMP-TEK!

And if you call by May 31st, 1991, I will send you for \$29.95, a beautiful sweater (one size fits all, of different styles). This sweater is comparable to a \$69.00-\$89.00 sweater. Shipping and handling additional.

Or, you can purchase an American flag made from the original fiber Betsy Ross sewed together to create the first American flag. This full size hemp fiber flag is similar to the same material Betsy Ross used. Show your real patriotism with the original flag, that will last the next 200 years.

Call today to place your order - quantities limited, so order now! I absolutely guarantee your satisfaction unconditional, or your money back.

ENTERING OUR SECOND DECADE OF STATE OF THE ART SERVICE

1-619-9-HEMPTEK

HEMPTEK INDUSTRIES, INC. • P.O. BOX 27809
• DEPT. PH-6C • SAN DIEGO, CA 92198 1809

© Copyright 1991. The Phototron is a registered trademark of Pyraponic Industries, Inc. II. The free video is the exact same as the film originally offered by the U.S.D.A. There is no purchase necessary to receive the free video; we do ask for \$6.00 to cover the cost for tape duplication, shipping and handling. Our interests lie in your education and benefit of hemp, nature's most misunderstood cash crop.

ZUBRICK

By Daniel Clowes



STEVEN MEETS BIKINI BEAR

BY DOUG ALLEN '91

HELLO, STEVEN, I'M MEETING YOU NOW.

I HATE YOU.

HEY, DO YOU WANT TO HEAR MY POEM, EVEN THOUGH IT'S NOT FINISHED YET?

NO

OKAY

"MUDDY SLUDGE CRUSTY BUN SHRIMP BOAT TANDOORI MOTHER-IN-LAW. THIS IS MY DESTINY. UP COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE."

THAT'S SICKENING. I THINK I'LL GET A GUN AND KILL YOU.

"I THINK I'LL GET A GUN AND KILL YOU." YEAH, THAT'S GOOD. THANKS FOR FINISHING MY POEM, STEVEN.

YOU ARE THE WORST POET OF ALL TIME.

COMING FROM YOU, THAT'S A WONDERFUL COMPLIMENT

YOU ASKED FOR IT, BEAR

THANK YOU, SIR, MAY I HAVE ANOTHER?

BLOF

RIP

FLAP

NO

CLASSIFIED ADS

UNDERGROUND BOOKS Controversial & Unusual. Not available in bookstores! Fast Service! Catalog: \$2. FSS, Box 232 (NL), Fair Oaks, CA 95628-0232.

"BASHFUL KIDNEYS" (urinary inhibition) cramping your style, ruining your life? Order self-help program today! \$11 to Infolks, Box 58214, Philadelphia, PA 19102-8214.

SeXXy Software

CONNOISSEUR COLLECTION
ALL NEW! In 256 Color VGA!!

SeXXy Disk #CC1 - YOU BE THE STAR *
The FIRST CUSTOMIZABLE movie allows you to write the dialog and the title. You can star with the partner of your choice. Incredible scenes display with your dialog. ONLY AVAILABLE FROM US!

SeXXy Disk #CC2 - THE FIRST SOUND MOVIE!
The first computer erotic movie with SOUND. See the incredible 256 color VGA graphics while hearing the actual dialog. OURS EXCLUSIVELY!

SeXXy Disk #CC3 - THE BEST MOVIE!
The best computer movie available. Only for the serious collector. 256 stunning VGA colors.

1 Set - \$29, 2 Sets - \$49, 3 Sets - \$65
All CC Disks Require VGA monitor and hard disk — over 1 MB of action.

ADD \$3 S/H • 3.5" OR FOREIGN ORDERS
ADD \$2/DISK • IN PA ADD TAX

VISA/MC Orders only
800-243-1515 Ext. 600LI
24 HOURS/7 DAYS • MUST STATE AGE OVER 21
Or check/MO to SeXXy Software
2880 Bergey Rd., Dept. 600LI Hatfield, PA 19440

THE COMPETITION ISN'T EVEN CLOSE!!

THE SICK, DISGUSTING, SPITEFUL, TASTELESS HUMOR PUBLICATION OF THE '90S. Sample issue \$2.00. FUNNY PAGES, Box 317025, Dayton, OH 45431.

VIDEO! HOW TO PICK UP SEXY WOMEN! (Free catalog with order!) Send \$15 to: JSS, Box 485, Woodmere NY 11598.

FAST EDDIE HAS A BIG DEAL for you! Send \$1 unmarked bills to Knuckles, Box 1264, Houston, TX 77251.

EROTIC ADULT VIDEOS
A full 90-minutes of quality adult entertainment. All videos come packaged in an attractive full-color box
TOP STARS * TOP QUALITY * LOW PRICE

1 - \$10
3 - \$25
ADD \$2 S&H
State Over 18 • Biss

Check or Money Order
STRINGSOFT
P.O. Box 915-NL
Old Bridge, NJ 08857
All Packages Discreetly Shipped

Free Gift Worth \$5 With Every Order

BUILD A ROOM FOR LOVE
ENHANCE SEXUAL POSITIONS AND REAL INTIMACY. ONE TOOL REQUIRED. FOR PLANS SEND 19.95, S-ENT 552—1027 DAVIE STREET, VANCOUVER, CANADA V6E 4L2. CHECKS, VISA/MC EXP DATE.

GET BLOWN AWAY! An illustrated guide to the art of sensual erotica. Give one to your lover and maybe you might just get one back. Send \$8.69 to: M. Sampson, Box 390, 8306 Mills Drive, Miami, Florida 33183.

TERM PAPER ASSISTANCE
HOT LINE
SEND \$2 FOR CATALOG
LISTING 16,278 RESEARCH PAPERS, or
CALL TOLL FREE 800-351-0222
IN CALIFORNIA (213) 477-8226
Research Assistance, 11322 Idaho Ave #206LE Los Angeles, CA 90025

CALL THE PUNCH LINE!
1-900-726-JOKE
WIN \$100.00 CASH!!!
Must be 18 years or older \$1.00 per minute

SEXY VIDEOS/CASSETTES
Must be 21. Video—\$20. Cassette—\$10.
Both—\$25. J.S., Box 485, Woodmere, New York 11598.

SHIT... PET SHIT
Fake shit, looks like real shit. Uses? pet, annoy people, throw it, give it! VERSATILE SHIT... even chicks dig it! \$9.95 to Mail Order Mess, Box 8753, Boston, Ma. 02114. 10% profits donated to V.A. Hospitals.

SCREW/EM
DON'T GET MAD... GET EVEN!!!
REVENGE TECHNIQUES FROM THE MASTER TRICKSTER
24 HOURS! 7 DAYS!
~call Tina now~
1-900-646-7273
BONUS! Must be mentally stable & over 18 to call! \$1.99 1/2 Min.
FREE T-SHIRT
AS SEEN ON TV HOT NEON COLORS! \$18 VALUE

Small colleges can help you make it big.

Just ask: Ronald Reagan, President of the United States, Eureka College, IL; Pierson Mapes, President, NBC Television Network, Norwich University, VT; Robert Noyce, Vice Chairman of the Board, Intel Corporation and Microchip Inventor, Grinnell College, IA; Red Johnson, President, Borg-Warner Corporation, Millikin University, IL.

A small college can help you make it big, too. To learn more about our small independent colleges, write for our free booklet. Send your name and address to Council of Independent Colleges, Box 11513, Washington, D.C. 20008.

Sponsored by C.I.C. The Council of Independent Colleges

HAVE AN EXCITING, INDISPENSABLE PRODUCT?



Sell a lot of it through National Lampoon

mail-order and classified advertising.

Send to:
National Lampoon
155 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10013
Attn: Howard Jurofsky
or call (212) 645-5040

CLASSIFIED ADS

SEXY WOMEN will approach you!
CASSETTE and VIDEO shows how! Rush \$20
to: J.S.S., Post Office Box 485, Woodmere,
N.Y. 11598.

Best Jokes Ever™ Outrageous tape traded
by comedians in "America's Funnybone."
Command the power of laughter! DIRECT
from famous Boston comedy spot. Send \$5.95,
THE IMPROMPTU, 87 Moraine St., Boston,
Mass. 02130.

CONDOM SAMPLER PAK—SPECIAL
MARKETING PROMOTION. RIBBED,
LUBRICATED, ETC. SEND NAME,
ADDRESS, \$2 CASH TO: IBH
ENTERPRISES, P.O. BOX 0064,
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS 60204-0064.

Psychodelia! Fascinating Videotape.
Hypnotic Computer Image. VHS \$20.00;
S-VHS \$30.00 Check/M.O. YOUKNOW
MULTIMEDIA, P.O. Box 2022, Baltimore,
MD 21203.

Keq Beer Tap Fits Bud, Miller, Coors,
others. Halves and quarters. Keq beer is
usually half the cost of bottles or cans. \$21.50
+ \$3.50 P&H to: Dr. Brew, P.O. Box 115,
Colmar, PA. 18915.

Dicks of America is the famous club,
newsletter, and gift catalogue for Richards!
Free Information: P.O. Box 600782-P, San
Diego, CA 92160.

MEET WOMEN WORLDWIDE! Free
32-pg. catalog! America's most respected
correspondence service since 1974! CHERRY
BLOSSOMS, 190NL Rainbow Ridge, Kapauu,
Hawaii 96755. 1 (808) 961-2114 anytime.

EASY WORK! EXCELLENT PAY!
Read Books. 1-900-847-7878 or Write:
PASE—AAN4, 161 Lincolnway,
North Aurora, IL 60542.

GET OUT OF THE DARK.

Open your eyes and see just how
many subjects are covered in the new
edition of the Consumer Information
Catalog. It's free just for the asking and
so are nearly half of the 200 federal
publications described inside. Book-
lets on subjects like financial and
career planning; eating right, exercis-
ing, and staying healthy; housing and
child care; federal benefit programs.
Just about everything you would need
to know. Write today. We'll send you the
latest edition of the Consumer Informa-
tion Catalog, which is updated and
published quarterly. It'll be a great
help, you'll see. Just write:

Consumer Information Center
Dept. TD, Pueblo, Colorado 81009
U.S. General Services Administration



GO SPEED RACER GO!

MULTI-COLORED SILK SCREEN
WHITE T-SHIRTS \$13.95
SWEATSHIRTS \$19.95
SPECIFY SIZE & M L X L
Send check or
money order to:
SWAGO T-SHIRTS
PO Box 23703
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla 33307
\$100 CATALOG FREE W/ PURCHASE

ASIAN WOMEN DESIRE ROMANCE!
Overseas, sincere, attractive. World's #1
Correspondence Service! Free details,
photos! SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL,
Box 5500-TZ, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745.
(808) 325-7707.


"ANARCHIST COOKBOOK" available
again! \$22 postpaid. Mushroom Spore and
Book Catalog \$2. FS Book Co., P.O. Box
417457 (NL), Sacramento, CA 95841-7457.



GROW YOUR OWN
Flowers, Vegetables, Herbs
INDOORS All Year-Round
EASY TO BUILD
CLEAN AIR MACHINE
Complete easy to follow plans
& illustrated instructions.
Use Standard materials & parts to build
your own high powered. Self watering
Indoor growth chamber / air filter system
Enjoy the benefits NOW **PLANS \$12.95**
SDI P.O. Box 768 Westmont, Ill 60559

POSTERS ONLY—Largest selection
anywhere. Imports, Music, Psychedelic,
Movies, Artprints. 96-page catalog \$2.00.
Posterservice, 255 Northland #7003,
Cincinnati, OH 45246.

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT! (except
projectile vomiting) National Public Humor
Newsletter. Annual subscription—\$12. Free
sample—\$2.50. NPHN-NL, P.O. BOX 21,
Cheshire, CT 06410.



All New **DIAL AN INSULT**
Put your friends
on the line
1(900)896-2800
\$10 min.
\$2 1st min. Kids get permission.

JAPANESE WOMEN desire friendship,
romance. Other Asian ladies too! Free
brochure: PACIFIC CENTURY
CORRESPONDENCE, 110 Pacific #208JA,
San Francisco CA 94111. (816) 942-1668.

**EROTIC COLLECTION OF ADULT
TOYS**, lingerie, books, videos, condoms,
lotions, and more. 50 percent discount coupon
and FREE catalog. Adam & Eve, PO Box 200,
Dept. NL87, Carrboro, NC 27510.

EASY WORK! EXCELLENT PAY!
PROCESS MAIL. Write: PASE—EO9,
161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, IL 60542.

RESEARCH PAPER HELP!

24 HOUR ORDERING

1,000's OF RESEARCH PAPERS

PAPER DUE? CALL NOW! 1-800-447-2431

Term Papers Like This: → 10,000-"Confucius" The life and teachings of the Chinese wise man. Impact on ancient & present day society. 8 Footnotes, 7 Bib., 8 pgs.

1st Time Papers Ever Sold Outside of S. California!

CUSTOM WRITING
Call to start a writer processing your own needs! Any topic! Professional writers! Quality assured! Rush Service! Call Now!

PROFESSIONAL PAPERS, INC.
10835 Santa Monica Blvd.
(#201) AD. CODE - SP
Los Angeles, CA 90025
(213) 441-1608

MAIL \$2.00 for Catalogue!
FAX (213) 441-1609

FIREWORKS

A 4TH OF JULY TO CELEBRATE!

***ROCKETS *MISSILES *M98S *PLUS 100S MORE!**

GET A DELUXE ASSORTMENT FREE
A \$109.00 VALUE
Just for ordering from our catalog before May 21.

Order your FREE 1991 color catalog now!
CALL:
1-216-746-1064
Mention code NL51 for faster service



or send coupon below to:
Phantom Fireworks - Dept NL51 - PO Box 66 - Columbiana - OH - 44400
Your service guaranteed by law.

YES, send me my new 1991 Phantom Fireworks color catalog!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Phantom Fireworks - Dept NL51 - PO Box 66 - Columbiana, OH - 44502

MORE GREAT STUFF TO BUY

The Pocket Desalinator
 Bloody Buddy Penis Styptic
 LaChampeau Hand-Carved Grass Samples
 Lemco Belt-Drive Ejacometer
 Dan's Glanded Roots
 Fuckin' Good Shampoo
 Corning Crackware
 The Peterson Chap Stick Extender
 St. Dale's Classic Book Marks
 Lazarus Gerbil, Mouse, and Guppy Revivifier
The Shower 1000
The Shower 2000
The Shower 3000
 The Trampoline Doctor
 Norelco Spinach-Shaping Set
 Uncle Hooha's Play Clods
 Barbie's Dalliance Pied-à-Terre
 Hey, This Stuff Smells Like Wine! Furniture Polish
 Mr. Juan's Long-Life Meats
 Frank Tang Best Good Mushroom
 Mantovani's Ocarina Songs of D'Amour
 The Cheswick Cow Counter
 Over My Dead Body Custom Palls
 Mrs. Knivel Compact Auto-Jumping Ramps
 Grinnin' Jack's Novelty Iraqi Kid Skull Ashtrays
 The Daytime Flashlight
 Snap-On T-shirt Lapels
 The Space Taker!
 I Can't Believe It's Not a Shovel!
 Home Tonic Maker
 The Tandy Hot Water Popcorn Machine
 Niggah Please Hair Relaxer
 Last Gasp—The Game of Superior Lung Power
 The Sometimes Sandwich Maker
 Mr. Ritz Gaiter Embroidery Kit
 Liquid Fez
 Ball Peen Force Applicator
 Seed-B-Gone for Men
 Herr Doktor Science Cake and Cookie Mixes
 The Brickmaster
 Where's My Keys At? Alarm and Laser Light Show
 Keychain
 Stage Flight Trapezes and Suspension Harnesses for
 Dogs
 Togomichi 13-Millimeter Computer Monitor
 Gortronic Bed Vacuum
 Natural Somalian Teeth-Cleaning Sticks
 Junior Smoker Scentofflage
 Wet T-shirts, the Home Version
 The Harvard Malt Liquor PH Indicator
 Sony Microman Earlobe Implant Personal Stereo System
 Milk Chocoburgers
 Dark Chocoburgers
 Nutty Chocoburgers
 Double Chocoburgers
 Dolby THX Aiwa Apartment Intercom System
 The Ford Spartacus
 The Chevy Dingo
 The Volkswagen Asta
 The Pontiac Intruder
 Splam
 No-Mo Milkstache Upper Lip Protector
 Dr. Hansen's Urine Decouder
 Control Top No-Bulge Men's Trousers
 Bum-Off
 Feed-the-Kitty Auto-Ante
 Hoovermatic Pocketpal
 Contact Zoom Lens
 Cudco Food Reprocessor
 Slide Rules!
 Wall-to-Wall Asphalt
 A decent blowjob for once (or, for the ladies, cunnilingus)
 Knee Putty
 Custom-painted HAL-compatible MacIIcci with 8mb
 internal, 80 mb hard drive, and chrome aircoops
 Purring' Puss Cat Scratcher
 Beard Plugs

Hot Oil Treats
 Mr. Maté
 The Home Moog
 Happy Penis Tattoo
 Distressed Leather Socks
 A date with young buck *NatLamp* editor Danny O'Keefe
 (first come, first served, and vice versa)
 U.S.-Made Steel, available by the beam or by the ton
 Pipin' Hot Slag, made with Pure U.S. Steel and Steel
 By-products
 Deluxe Steel-Reinforced Nachos
 Your Own Personal Billboard on a Well-Traveled
 Thoroughfare
 Saudi Barbie
 Lezbie Barbie
 Aussie Barbie
 Australopithecus Barbie
 Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles Soup
 Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles Radioactive Play
 Compound
 Snacks by Al
 The Gerbil Juicer
 5 cans tomato paste
 Diving board
 6 gift subscriptions to *Grit*
Best of "Designing Women" on CD
 Vinegar of Olaf
Spy vs. Spy: The Motion Picture
 B for U Monogrammed Vitamins
 Solarium Helper
 Pre-Owned Mackerel
 Pierre Cardin Money Market Accounts Pour L'Homme
 The Nick Nolte Movie Channel
 Samuel Skinner's Do-It-Yourself Infrastructure Kit
 Swedish Footballs
 1974-75 World Hockey Association Yearbook
 \$50 Gift Certificate to Lotsa Locks Locksmithing
 Looms
 Vanilla Ice Gelato
 Wasabi-in-a-Drum
 His and Hers "Brian's Song" Guest Linen
Metal Machine Music
A Child's Collection of World-Pollution Maps
 The Sockwatch!
The Shaker Hors D'oeuvres Cookbook
 9 Ladies Dancing
 My First Desk Blotter
 The Pocket Medical Examiner
 Glittery Foil Duct Tape
 Blood for Oil Alchemy Set
 A nice piece of Chuck Eddy
 Standing room
The Vampire's Day-Runner
 Plutonium Beer Steins
 1 set roast-pork slicing knives
 Congresspersons
 Gaffer's tape
 Mahogany Laserprinters
 Antique Dry-Cleaning Equipment
 Dog-Food Serving Dishes by Wedgwood
 Rubber Anacondas
 A B.A. degree from Education Hut
 Lake Superior
 Plenary indulgences
 "If You Can't Run with the Big Dogs, Stay on the Porch"
 T-shirt, mug, and baseball hat set
 Pigeon-skin Cowboy Boots
 Mix 'n' Mash Potato Cocktail Mix
 Flag Lighter Fluid
 McTavish's In-the-Egg Broaster
 Laminated Ogden Nash Trivets
 Yoruba Incense Refills
 Audiocassette of *How They Brought the Good News
 from Ghent to Aix*, as read by Kurtwood Smith
 World Wrestling Federation Free-for-All Chess Set
 Slim-Fast Tourniquets
 Junk Bail Bonds

*The Reader's Digest Condensed Short Stories
 of O. Henry*
 Video Fireplace
 Video Aquarium
 Video Bathroom Mirror
 Stephen King's "Bitches" Trilogy (*Carrie, Christine, and
 Bride of Cujo*)
 Silly Strudel
 The Colostomaster
 Baby's First Barometer
 All-Natural Sweet 'n' Sour Fern Flakes
 Blistex Lip Balm with Genuine Texas Petroleum
 By-product
 U-Glide, the Snap-Together Hang-Gliding Kit 4 Kids
 100% Corduroy Jumpsuit by Bodybuddy
 Autosuck Gas Siphon and Marital Aid
 CrustyMunch Breakfast Cereal with Dried Apricots
 Clamato, the Drink That Tastes Like Pussy
 Hammertoe Helper
 Timmy's Tip-Top Acid-Washed Nougat
 Handi Wipes Gentle Bathroom Formula
 Traditional Irish Dirt Toys
 ChocoJock: The Only Edible Lawn Jockey
 Your Own Language, understandable only to you and
 your closest friends
 Dutch Stream Shampoo Remover
 Moby Stick Blowhole Balm
 Ready! Okay!, the Tampom-pom for Active Teens
 Freshenair Nostril Filters
 Numnuts Emergency Denarder
 YakSnak
 Muffti Opaque Panties
 The HamMaster
 Home Surgical Stapler for E-Z Child Repair
 Lancelot's Blackhead Remover
 Shillelaghs by Seamus, the Walking Sticks for
 Soft-Spoken Lads
 Over-the-Shoulder Boulder Holders
 The Tumor Tuner
 Scoob's Nipple Wax
 Shinola
 Seamless Trouser Molds
 Cool Ranch Champagne
 The Dribble Crucible
 Shredded Chewing Foil
 Canned Fabric
 The Five-Way Doorknob
 Maxwell's Classic Salves and Unguents
 The Tapeworm Beater
 Sturgeon Pops
 House of Badminton Shuttlecocks
 Middle Finger Purgatives
Blasted Heath Bar Crunch Ice Cream
 Weiner Cleaner
 Doctor Hallwell's Sheepdip for Cats
 MonsterBulge
 MonsterBulge Jr.
 Stomachfill Processed Foods
 Yummie Chunky Gristle Treats
 Garage Door Sealant
 Grampa Sawbones Home Surgery Set
 Long Reach Throat Swabs
 Sir Clive's Burnt, Useless Trash
 Tie One On Auto Beverage Holder
 The French Kissercizer
 Why Don't You Move Your Fat Ass Greeting Cards
 Aunt Pearl's Old-Time Country-Dried Manure Dolls
 The Cartilage Saver
 Balthazar's Home Pita Maker
 The *Saturday Night Live* Sketch Synopsis File Box
 Wow, This Stuff Really Hurts My Fillings!
 Duncan Hines Sandwich Frostings
 The Peterson Thermometer Shaker
 Senior Citizen Chow
 Hand-Fashioned Canadian Wood Wankers
 Champion Mustache Powders
 Worcestershire Drops

Not a magazine.
Not a comic book.
Not for children.
Not a dream.
Barely a reality.
...Something different.



Now a Bimonthly

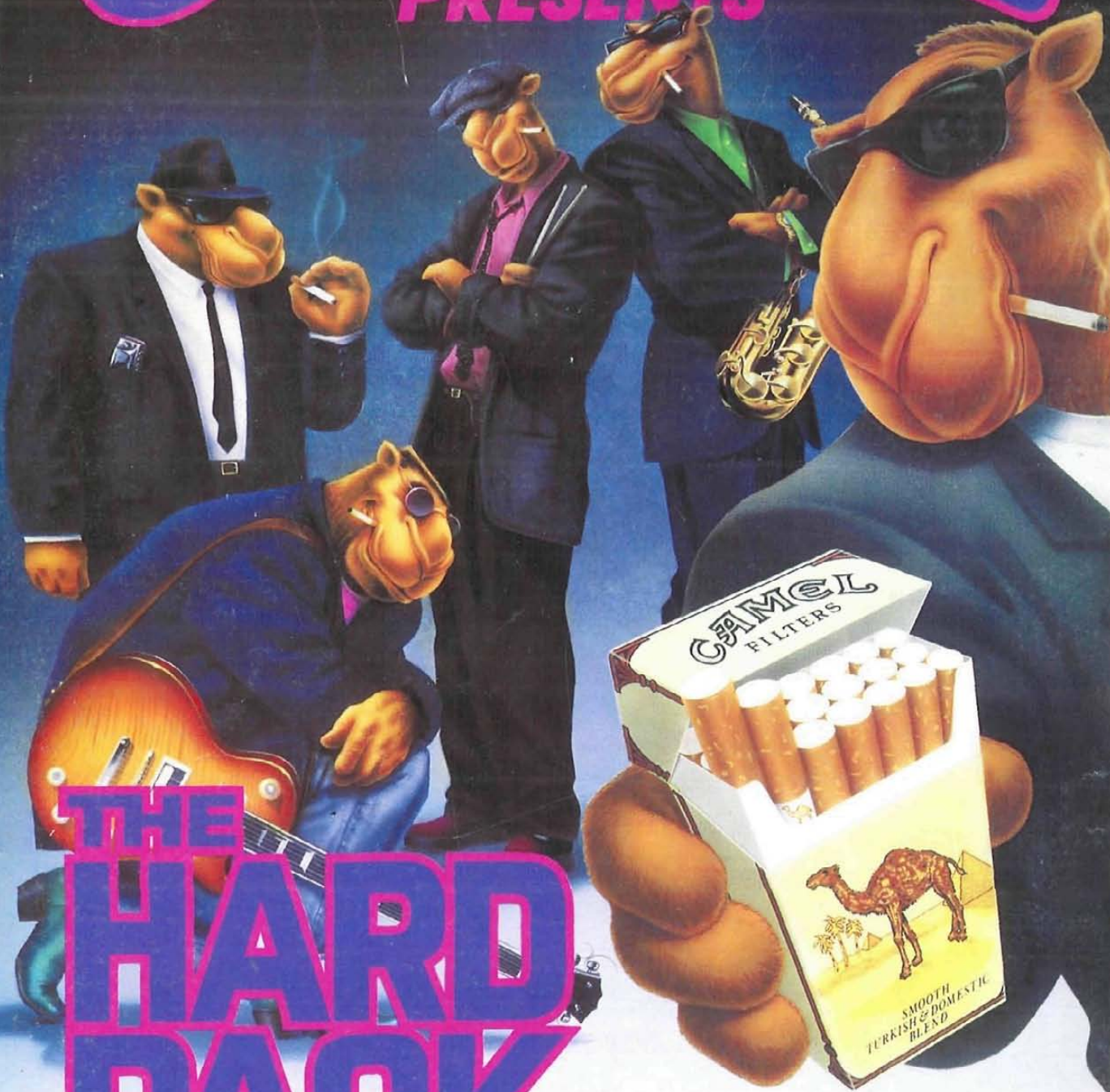
At Selected Newsstands, Bookstores & Specialty Shops or by Subscription

Heavy Metal, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013

Subscription prices: One year—\$12.95 Two years—\$20.95 Three years—\$27.95

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

CAMEL PRESENTS



THE HARD PACK

17 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.