

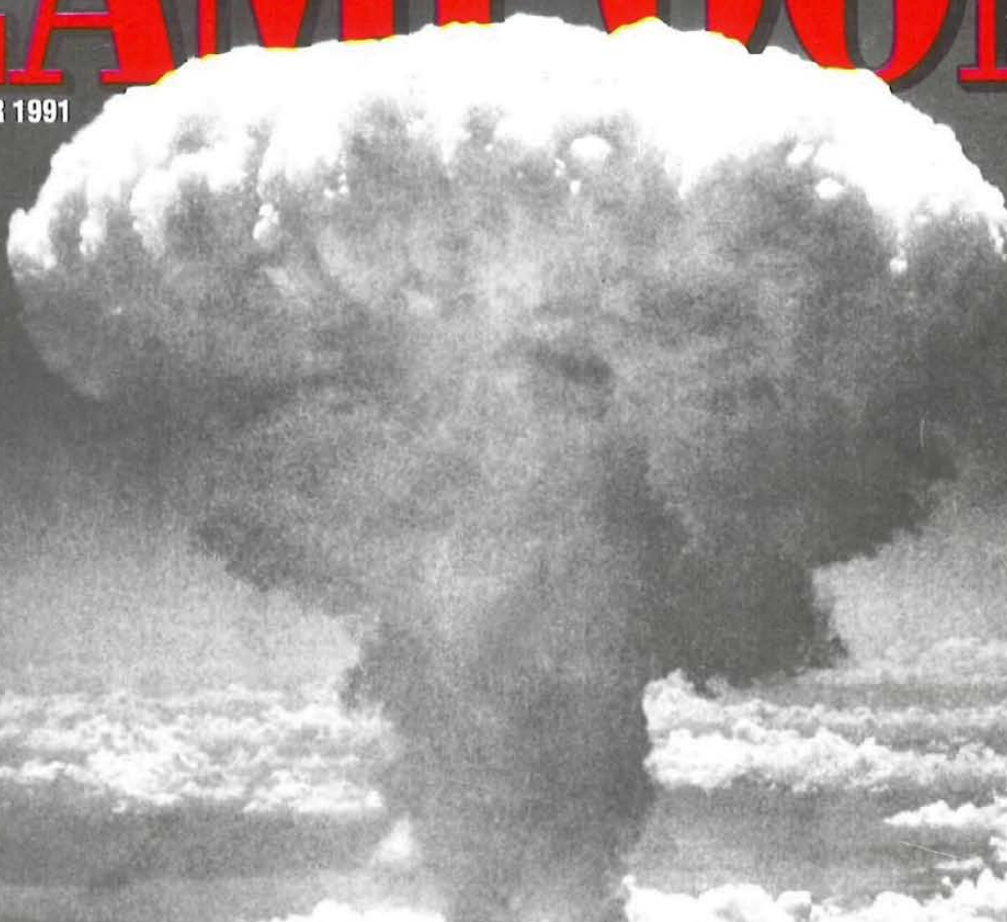


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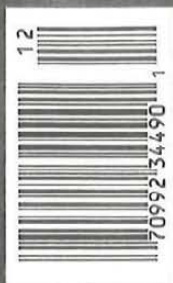
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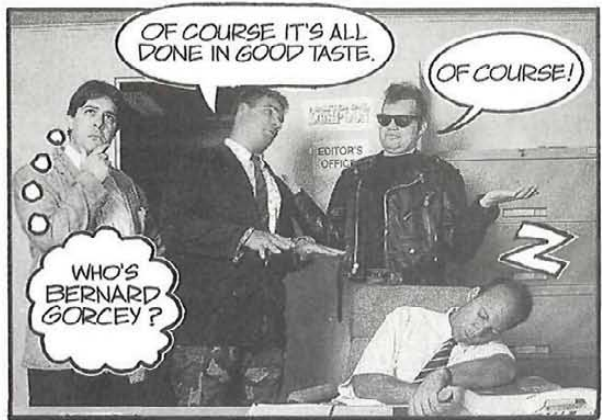


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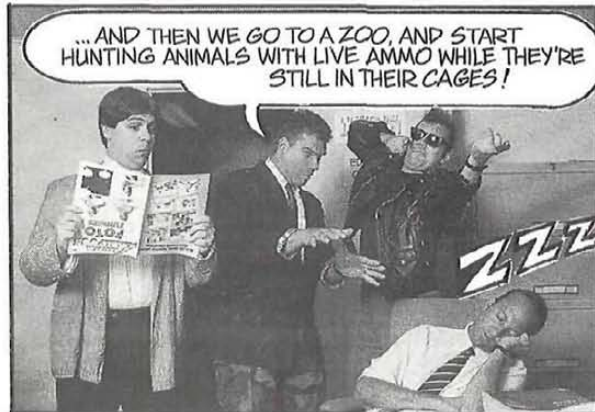
FOR OUR FIRST ONE, WE'VE GOT THIS GREAT IDEA WHERE WE GO TO THE CEMETERY AND DIG UP THE GRAVE OF BERNARD GORCEY*!



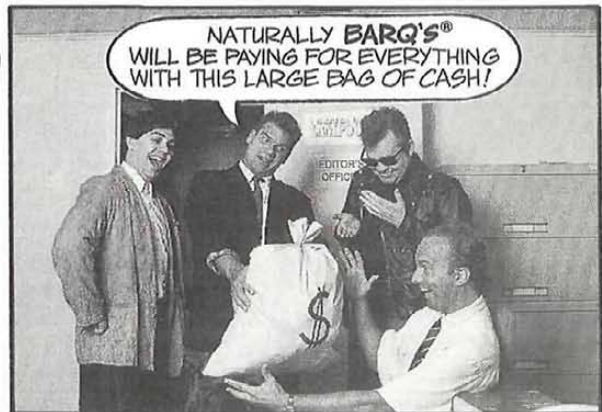
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OF COURSE!

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*BERNARD GORCEY: LATE ACTOR/FATHER OF 'DEAD END KID' LEO GORCEY. BERNARD ALSO PLAYED "LOUIE", CLAIRVOYANT PROPRIETOR OF 'LOUIE'S SWEET SHOP'.

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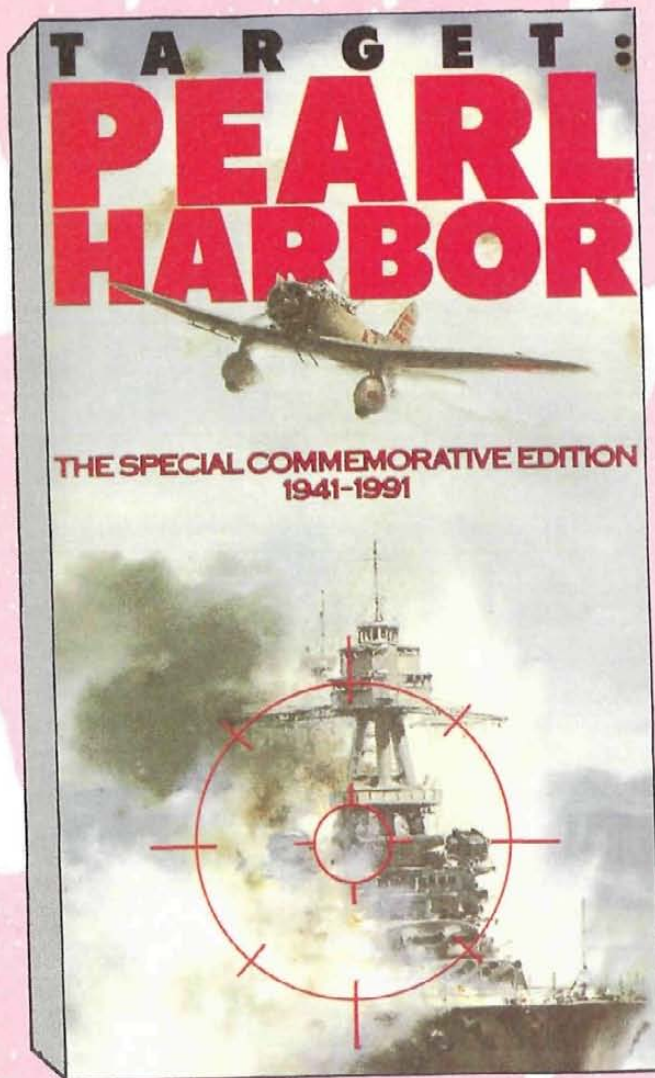
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The guys would come up on fire—we'd throw them on the deck and roll on them. We couldn't get any water.

—Dick Fiske, Survivor

It's December 7, 1941 and you're there. You'll be dodging hot shrapnel at Hickam Air Base; scrambling to escape a strafing Zero fighter; and manning scorching decks to mount a desperate counterattack.

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—Henry Peppe, Survivor

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These days, America is just one big dysfunctional family: the poor are feared or ignored or ground into a fine paste and used to fertilize antique rose bushes in the ample private gardens of the rich, while the rich, for their part, have become the type of people who sponsor "Don't Touch Our Flag" rallies on the day before they close the town factory and move it to Malaysia. (Meanwhile, the middle class is said to be vanishing, although somebody has to be buying all those toilet bowl cleaners that make the water blue.) You hardly see two people of different classes in the same room, even, unless one of them is paid to be there.

So what we need is something that transforms the way we Americans look at ourselves, something that makes us see each other not as rich person or poor person, but as a fellow sharer in our country's bounty. Fortunately, this something exists, and it is within ourselves. It is called food.

Quite simply: if we wish to become truly a society without class distinctions, we have to be a society without size distinctions as well. Therefore, everyone has to be as fat as possible.

Already, America is fat people heaven. Our lakes of high-fructose

EDITORIAL

corn syrup, our rivers of cooking grease, our oceans of yellow beer have given us a commitment to obesity that shames all other nations and eras. Yet not everyone is partaking of the heavy meal of destiny prepared for this country by a kind fortune; more



precisely, the upper and lower classes—the very extremes at the source of most class trouble—also tend to be the thinnest. Clearly, they need to break enriched snack cakes together.

Consider the advantages of a well-marbled nation:

- Politicians would be too short of breath for long-winded speeches;

moreover, it would be impossible for hacks to hold onto congressional sinecures into their seventies, since arteriosclerosis, high blood pressure, etc. would have finished them off.

- Another generation of American youth would not be lost to bodybuilding and steroids.

Expressing class distinctions through dress would be much more difficult, since everyone would have food stains of various sorts on their clothes.

- A pervasive, grease-induced coma would settle over the country around mealtimes, making unrest virtually impossible to start. And these are only a few reasons.

Therefore, let's put an end to upper-class self-starvation and machine-induced leanness and the upper classes' general effort to seem thinner and different from the rest of us. Let's not allow the

lower classes to get hungry and crabby for the greasy sweetmeats that they want. Let's *all* make the commitment to living large. For on that day when we can no longer see our shoe tops when we look down, we will no longer see class struggle when we look around.

CM
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Advertising Offices, New York: 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013, (212) 645-5040, Fax (212) 645-9219. 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. Exclusive of the National Lampoon True Section, all incidents, situations, and products depicted or described in the editorial pages of National Lampoon are fictional, and any similarity, without satiric intent, of characters presented therein to living persons is coincidental. The editors of National Lampoon accept reader submissions of photos, clippings, and other items for inclusion in the National Lampoon True Section. Upon receipt these items become the exclusive property of National Lampoon.

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LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

Sirs:

I am Moses! I am Moses! I am Moses, the most powerful person in the history of humankind!

Schizophrenic
Before the time of Christ

Sirs:

Rum tiddle-dee-tum
Rum tiddle-dee-tum
Drop your trousers
And show us your bum!

Christopher Robin
Pooh Corner Adult Books
Buggershire, G.B.

Sirs:

Talk about irony! My wife, Sherry, and me are on vacation, driving down Highway 1 in California, and I'm listening to the news on the radio. The guy's saying how after eight years of real hard work, first gathering all the remaining birds from off cliffs and such, then getting them to mate and lay eggs in captivity, the government finally thinks it can release condors back into nature. They built a special nest and let two of the birds go. So we're listening to all this on the news when all of a sudden, WHAM! I hit something big and black, and I hit it hard. I pull over and look over to the wife and she looks back at me and we're both thinking the exact same thing: I hope to God it's not a condor. So I get out of the car and guess what? I had hit a nun on a bike! She was taking some canned food somewhere. So then, while I'm standing there laughing out of sheer relief, I hear the most bloodcurdling scream I've ever heard. I look all around for a minute and

then, way up in the hills, I see this giant bird swooping right down toward me. Yep, a condor! Christ, it was magnificent—its wings must've been fifteen feet from tip to tip. The most beautiful thing I ever saw, and there it was, heading right for me. At the last second, I dove out of the way, and this damn bird picks up the nun and flies off for some lunch. My God, it was the most beautiful thing I ever saw, I mean that bird really made the vacation as far as I'm concerned. Needless to say, me and Sherry really got quite a kick out of the whole thing, and you can bet we won't forget it anytime soon. I just thought you might enjoy all the funny irony of the thing.

Clark Moss
Puyallup, Wash.

Sirs:

I believe it was the wag Oliver Goldsmith who, in order to overcome his shyness at meeting famous people, would imagine them sitting on the toilet. Pretty good trick. But when I meet intimidating people or celebrities, I like to go one better. I simply imagine them performing oral sex on me. Believe me, it really works. The thing is to remember not to reach out and pull their heads toward you when a simple handshake will suffice.

Mel Roberts
Rahway Correctional Facility

Sirs:

No one ever asked me, but I for one am glad Elvis is dead! The fucker weighed a ton! Good riddance, I say!

Elvis's Skeleton
Resting in the boneyard

Sirs:

Every night we hit the showers together. Then, back to the house for wine spritzers and Ping-Pong. Every night the usual good-natured prodding. We sleep on two queen-size beds. Every night we undress together and surrender to the enveloping darkness.

That's why it's a team. That's how we do it.

The Entire Eyewitness
News Team
Channel 7

Sirs:

My dad says that eating the worm in the last glass of tequila is good luck, but Mom said if I didn't want to eat it I could spit it out and give it to my sister if she wanted it, although now that she's up at the junior high she's pretty stuck-up about junk like germs and stuff. I wouldn't mind good luck, but I don't want to eat it if it's not true. What's the story?

Kenny Little
Newton, Mass.

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"Until the twins came, nobody would believe me that Raymond and I never went any further than fingerfucking."

\$49⁹⁵ ea.

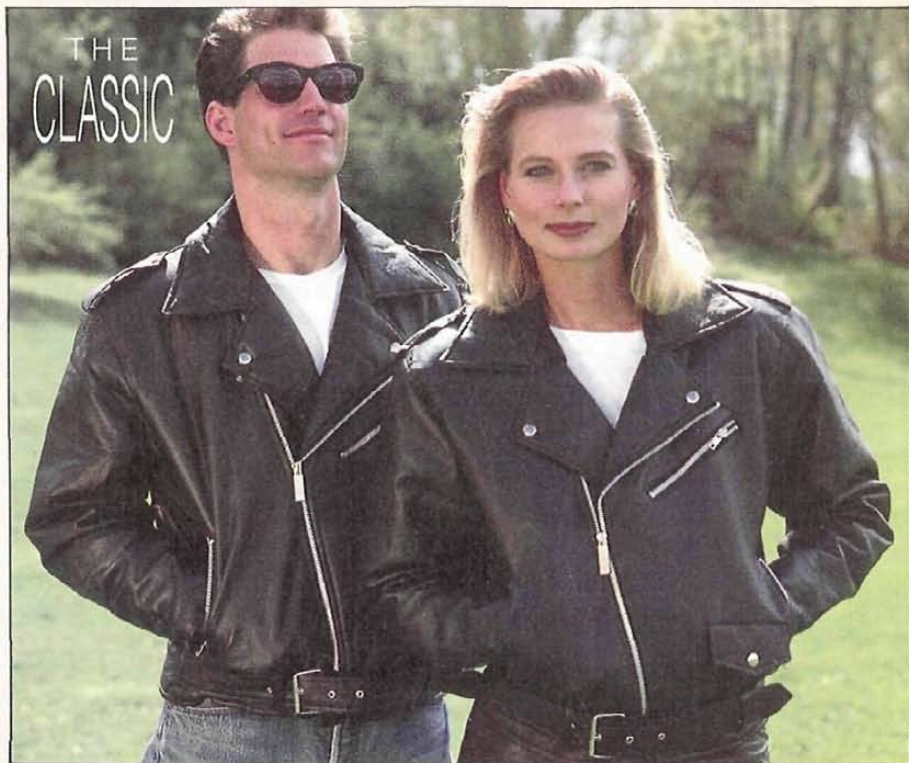
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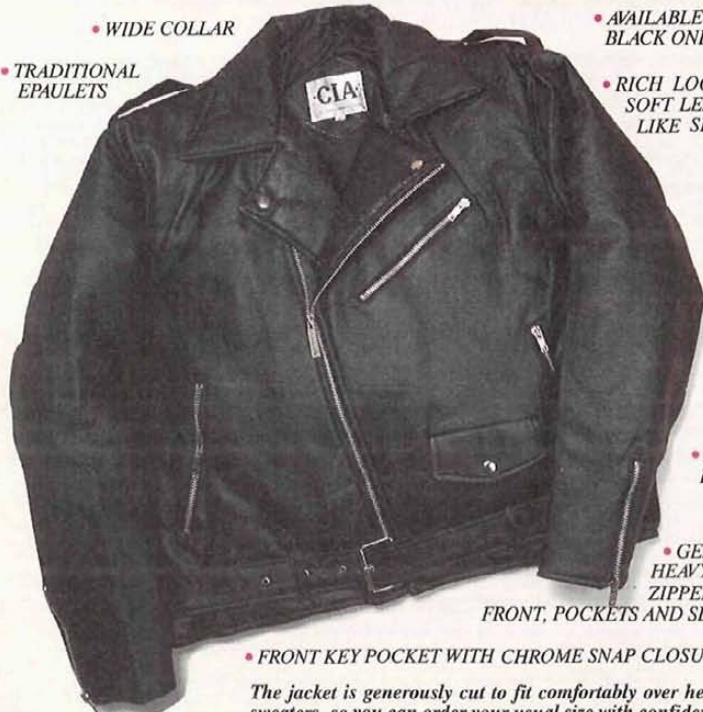


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LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

Sirs:

Mmmmm, yeah—picture this if you will: me, naked, on my back with my legs in the air, hot and wet, my glistening hungry hole open for business. You know what I want. I want you to put it in me. Yeah, I want it so bad. That's right, shove it in me deep, yes, there, oh yes. God, please stuff me, yes, fill me up. Stuff me, stuff me.

And don't forget to baste me, too.

Hot Thanksgiving Turkey
Your kitchen

Sirs:

I never et a man I didn't like.

Jeffrey Dahmer
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sirs:

I never met a man I didn't lick.

Marmaduke
Funny Pages, U.S.A.

Sirs:

Me neither.

Name Withheld
In Chicago on the set of
A League of Their Own,
directed by Penny Marshall
and starring Madonna

Sirs:

Let me relate an anecdote that I think your young readers may profit from. In 1947, I tried out for the lead role in a play on the life of Thomas Jefferson. Unfortunately, the part went to my good friend George Warren, who beat out myself and a third actor named Stanley Brice.

Although I was disappointed, I knew I had to be there opening night. As I stood in the wings and watched, my friend gave a truly unforgettable performance. Well, near the end of the play, a bitter Stanley Brice took aim from behind the mezzanine and shot George through the chest. Needless to say, panic gripped everyone onstage, but luckily I decided to take charge: grabbing a period costume from the rack, I ran out and shouted, "Oh, my God! President Jefferson has been shot!"

Would you believe we completed the play, improvising our lines, and to this day I doubt anyone present realized something had gone horribly wrong?

Charlton Heston
Los Angeles, Calif.



EDITORIAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

NOTICE: "Each issue will... be bigger and will feature the writing and art of our very, very best humorists, writing and art that will not have been rushed into print, work that the creators have had time to develop and redevelop and rewrite with more care." So said the editor the last time this magazine went bimonthly; and, perhaps, it is still true today. In any case this magazine is going bimonthly, effective this issue. The next issue, dated February, will be our

celebrated "Best of Parodies"; and the issue after that (April) will feature more original, gifted humor.

PLUGS: If the *Gone With the Wind* sequel has just hit your mall with hurricane force, the antidote is still available—*The Book of Sequels*. *Sequels* contains a parody of virtually everything except Japanese electronics instructions, and is deeply hilarious. That it also features fine authoring from contributing editor Chris Kelly, as well as giants from the days of *National Lampoon Classic* (Henry Beard, Sean Kelly, Christopher Cerf), is not coincidental.

WHAT DO WE MEAN WHEN WE SAY, THE BEST OF PARODIES?¹ WE MEAN

...parodies of America's favorite magazines!

...parodies of magazines that never really existed!

...parodies that have held up better than the magazines themselves!

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on the newsstands by December 17, in time to
enhance your Yuletide experience.

¹ Most of all, we mean a best-of issue we don't have to spend time writing so we can live like human beings for once.

Hear "Ask Dr. Science" on American Public Radio. "Hilariously bogus gobbledeygook" —New York Times

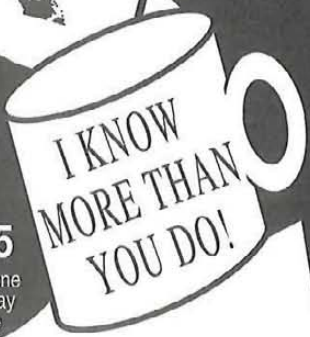
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Kyle Baker's PETTY AND VINDICTIVE FUNNIES

"The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins remorse from power."--Shakespeare's Julius Caesar

When I started doing this strip four months ago, I had doubts like any normal person (or perhaps I give the average person too much credit).



Is it right to air my petty grudges for the sake of a few laughs and a lot of money? Sure, I would only upset people I felt had wronged me first, but shouldn't I try to understand my tormentors? Surely they had hurt me out of some personal pain of their own, and why should I add to that?



I wish I had the ability to enjoy the suffering of others, but I don't. I can't win. When I am hurt I feel it is beneath my dignity to retaliate, and a victory at the expense of self-respect is a hollow one indeed.



If you can rid yourself of pain by inflicting it on others, please do, and be proud of it. I envy you.



The anguish I have caused with this strip is incalculable, judging by the reports I have received from the injured parties. Many of them feel "tremendously humiliated" and one is threatening to sue.



I apologize. I didn't know that *National Lampoon* was such a powerful shaper of public opinion. I didn't realize that there were people out there saying, "Gee, I thought that (your name here) was an okay guy, but according to this obscure cartoonist in a notoriously juvenile humor magazine, (your name here) is an asshole. I guess I was wrong. I'll stop talking to (your name here), and also try to make sure (your name here) never works again."



Now I understand. Now I realize my power, and I am remorseful that I have abused it. Why, I have the power to elect presidents! The power to end war! The power to get my friends laid!



FOUR PEOPLE WHO DESERVE TO GET LAID AND THEIR PHONE NUMBERS

 DANA 212 673 8320
 BILL 212 975 1212
 BOB 212 645 9219
 MARCIA 818 954 4899

Dear readers--
Please give these people a call and make them an offer. But only call if you're really good-looking with a terrific personality. I know that you will observe these guidelines, because the *National Lampoon* word is apparently law! I have spoken!



SPORTS DESK



with
ELI "SOCKS" GALLAGHER

Editors' note: Eli "Socks" Gallagher says that he has a hip injury. Although we do not see how this prevents him from filing his column, we wish him a speedy recovery. In his place we are proud to present a piece by ex-National stringer Bobby Greenly, who some have called "the new Eli 'Socks' Gallagher."

You're Carlton Fisk and you look older in person than you do catching. Older and smaller. It's hard for a young sports scribe to admit to you that he knows you better as a Chicago Sox ballplayer than as a Boston Red Sox ballplayer. But you have been eleven years in Chicago (the young sports scribe learns early that no native calls it "that toddling town") since leaving the city of the famous beans and famous Pops. You're Carlton Fisk, and you shake it off when you're recognized by a young reporter. You don't need to advertise.

You're Carlton Fisk and you've been an every-day player since 1972. Ted Williams is holding the door for you at the Hall of Fame, and it doesn't matter that your sox have now been White longer than they've been Red.

You're Carlton Fisk and when you realize that it is pointless to deny it you admit it. You accept a drink. Not that with your salary you need it. You don't make what they call Canseco numbers, but you don't need free drinks. Marvin Miller, remember him, he came and went while you played, and made sure that you had enough that you could retire anytime you wanted.

You're Carlton Fisk and you'll play until you know you're done, and then you'll hang up the Tools of Ignorance and leave the crouch forever. You're Carlton Fisk and you can accept a number of drinks when an admirer's pride says he has to buy them.

You're Carlton Fisk and you admit it when you've lost your wallet. Any Chicagoan would be proud to lend you his last dime. You take money proudly when offered and, as the language of

man to man is your language, you are not shy to ask for more and take it. For all your fame you would rather stay in the half-furnished digs of a tinhorn newshound than use your pull to cadge the best room at the Ritz. You don't need Idolization's bastard cousin Sympathy, and you don't need the media.

You do not like your nickname. When you are called Pudge you say: Who's he? You're getting older, and life does not have baseball's potential infiniteness. No, life is like hockey. When it is over it is over. Unless there is overtime or penalty shots. Anyone who has heard you gurgle phlegm as you slept on a too-short couch knows that you are older. You look it, much older than your photographs, and smaller too. You sleep in your boxers and "The Only Man in America Who Knows What He's Doing" T-shirt. The urge to wake you is unbearable, but when you are awakened and asked about Carl Yastrzemski and Fergie Jenkins and Jim Rice you pretend first that you don't know the names and then ask to be please left alone.

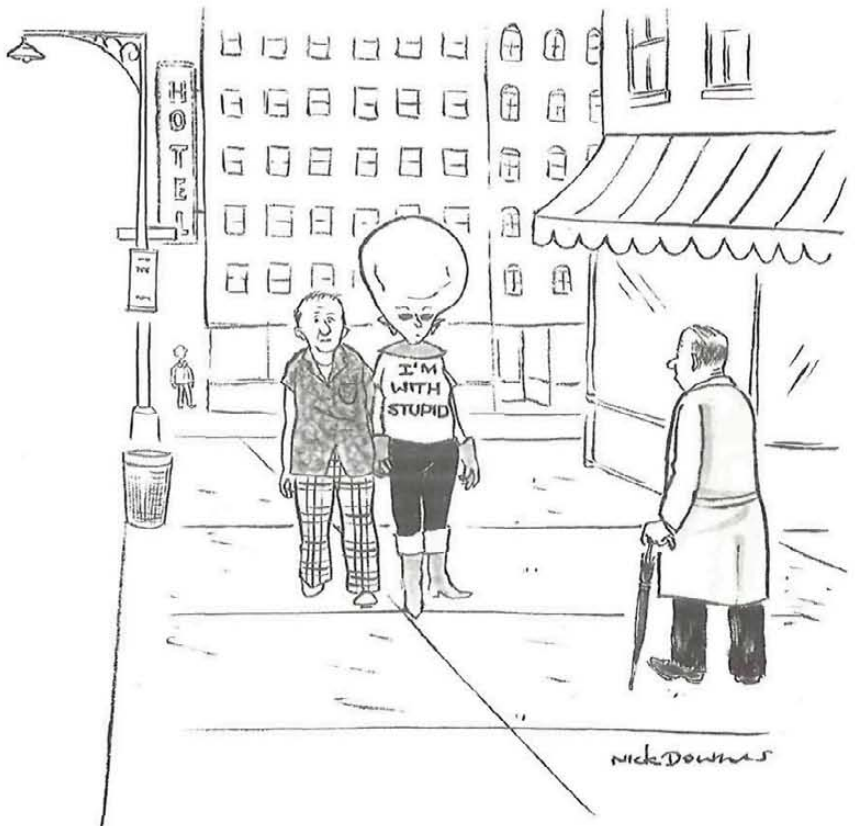
"A working-class hero is something to be," wrote the poet of your generation with you perhaps in mind, and as in another poem by the same poet, "Norwegian Wood," you are gone when a person awakes. An early riser, you leave places before anyone else gets up, and sometimes, you take an expensive

watch, obviously thinking it is one of yours.

But unlike that character, you return later. Born a Vermonter, you choose few words and few friends, but sometimes when you meet someone you take an immediate shine to, you are farmboy-open about it. If you take an odd drink in the afternoon, so did Herman Ruth. Like Ruth, you seem from another time; you have trouble with the bureaucracy that replaces credit and bank cards and so rely on the compadreship of the aficionado for drinks and delivered pizza. You're Carlton Fisk and you eat every meal as if you have not eaten in days. Such is the need for fuel for an engine such as yours. Your manners are country manners, though your language is surprisingly tough city language.

You do not stay a secret anywhere for long. Wherever you are, friends seek you out. Not famous friends. Not the silk-stocking swells of Chicago's smart set. But the real people. The fans. The showman always, you play the host in any venue. You take charge and make a room your own. Yes, you party, and you deserve to; baseball is the last sport not played by college boys. Working hard, you play with gusto, and when all but the last guests are gone or asleep you continue. Could the front-office numbers crunchers appreciate the love and trust of your friends that allow you

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



THE DAY THE MUZAK DIED

BY JOHN DEREVLANY

When Marty Sheperd died, the Galleria honored him with a moment of silence and a special "Marty Sheperd Memorial" sale, otherwise known as "Marty's Dead Discount Day." For one minute, the Muzak fell silent, the registers slammed shut, and the paging system of the department stores "bonged" out a mournful tribute—the closest thing he would ever get to a twenty-one-gun salute. Marty Sheperd, minimum-wage agent, was dead at the age of fifty-six.

But he was not forgotten, as friends, clients—even adversaries—gathered at these unforgiving food-court tables of part-time help and part-time hopes, and tried to piece together a portrait of the man who put the wages into slave-wage labor.

This is their story.

WILLIE WASHINGTON, thirty-two, Snack Shack worker at the Galleria:

Marty was something else. If the shops at the mall said \$3.35 an hour, he'd come back and ask for \$3.60. And he wouldn't budge, not until maybe \$3.45. That's the kind of guy he was. "\$3.45 an hour," he tells me. "It ain't no chump change." It was one of his favorite expressions. He was good people.

JIMMY FENDER, twenty-two, cook at Arby's on Route 4:

I remember the time Mickey D's was after me for a spot in fries. They were offering, like, \$3.50 or something. Marty almost flipped. He said, "\$3.50? For chrissakes, my guy can get \$3.70 at B. K. Now gimme \$3.60 or we're walking." He was always bluffing. Man, the guy was intense.

JERRY SMOOKE, twenty-eight, manager of the Italiano Mio franchise (located adjacent to the Galleria on Route 4):

Sure, I remember Marty. Marty and his friggin' "clients." There was a time when all you'd see were these kids in Ozzy T-shirts and bomber jackets coming in for part-time jobs yelling, "Call my agent!" I mean, all I wanted was some kid to deliver pizzas for four bucks an hour. The next thing I know

there's this pushy little beady-eyed bastard—he had a face like an uncooked hash brown, if you know what I mean—and he's going, "How ya doin', Jerry baby? Let's talk chump change." Friggin' unbelievable!

PHILLIP T. ROLLINS, thirty-four, industry analyst, GLC Corporation (holding company that owns both the Galleria and Waterside Plaza Mall, as well as the Tex-Mex Office and Entertainment Complex under development nearby):

Sheperd had only top clients. He signed them early—in grammar school sometimes—and he was always out looking for more, scouting lemonade



stands, Girl Scout cookie sales, paperboy hangouts, any sort of pre-minimum stuff. If you even looked good trick-or-treating, Marty would be trying to get a piece of you. He had a gift for looking at a twelve-year-old kid and seeing a clean, punctual sixteen-year-old employee. At his peak, Marty was the most powerful man in minimum wage.

SMITTY TUTTLE, thirty-nine, night manager (retired), Lord of the Fries outlet in the Galleria:

So for a while, when Marty lifted his leg, we had no choice but to play the fire hydrant, you know? That's the kind of power he wielded. But for what? I mean, I'm negotiating a kid to work at Lord of the Fries and Marty's giving me a hard time over a few pennies an hour. I'm, like, "Marty, stop nickel-and-dimin' me." And he just gnaws on that cigar of his and belches in a very violent way, like he's going to boot something toxic on me. He snarls, "It may be a nickel and a

dime to you. But for me, it's 10 percent of a nickel and a dime."

FREDDY TOMKINS, twenty-five, assistant manager of La Cantina in Waterside Plaza Mall:

Oh, sure. A lot of the bosses didn't care for Marty. To tell you the truth, I didn't either. But what could I do? Marty was the best. I mean, five years ago I was a cashier. Now I'm assistant manager. Marty made me.

So why didn't I like him? Too much schnorring. I mean, he'd never pass up an opportunity to schnorr you for some free batteries, or nachos, or a chicken frank—whatever. He'd come in and say, "Let's talk, babe." Which

meant: "Feed me." He always wanted free food from us. This was his idea of "doing lunch."

SANDY BALSAMO, twenty-one, sociology major and cashier at the Radio Shack in the Galleria:

You've got to look at Marty Sheperd in the appropriate social context. He wasn't a father figure, a coach, or even a really cool science teacher. He was just this guy who just sort of leeches off kids—like, weird, right? He'd say things like "Love ya, Sandy," but there was no "love" there. It was, like, total phoniness. My overall observation is that he was creepy.

PHILLIP T. ROLLINS:

The beginning of the end came, I believe, when he tried "packaging" his clients. In other words, he'd offer a store owner a whole "package" of talent—cooks, clean-up crew, cashier, managers, etc. The whole staff. Not a bad idea, if Marty hadn't gotten

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67



On the first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
a subscription to the *National Lampoon*
in a pear tree — the bastard!



Okay, it was a nice gesture when it arrived, that first day of Christmas — the latest issue of America's funniest humor magazine nestled in a pear tree. But on the second day — nada. No turtledoves, no nothing. I called my true love. He told me that there was enough great humor and cheer in the *National Lampoon* to last all twelve days! But what about some golden rings or French hens? Where're my ten lords a-leaping? I implored. Who needs lords when you've got True Facts and Letters from the Editors? And the Funny Pages are worth more than seven hundred swans a-swimming, he maintained. So I settled down and began reading the *National Lampoon*, and my true love was right! It was all I needed for Christmas and the rest of the year! Delighted, I rushed over to his house to share my Christmas joy and the *National Lampoon* with him. I pushed past his butler and called out his name as I made my way back to his bedchamber. I playfully kicked my shoes off as I threw the door open. And there he was, in bed. Surrounded by eight maids a-milking. The bastard!

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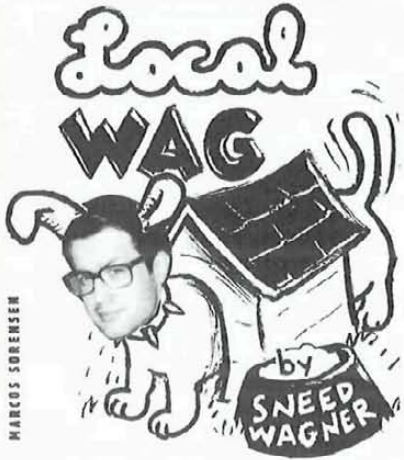
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MARCUS SORENSEN

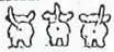
"Let he who is without sin cast the first stone."

—Jesus Christ

"People who lives in glass houses should not throw stones."

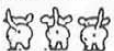
—Bazooka Joe

Double Exposure! The Poofed and the Popped: The Small Apple hasn't tasted anything this scandalicious since Mrs. Frank Wrona separated Big Frank from Little Frank in a jealous rage back in '82. And, as always, your faithful Wag is on the scene, pooper snooping and savoring every last wicked whiff.



The 'Scoop' Poop: The fun began when Ron Peterson, ed 'n' pub o' the *Times-Caveat* ("Manhattan's Only Reliable Source for News"), returned from a meeting of the Illinois Small Publishers Association in Mykindatown, where, in between griping about drink prices while happily paying double the going rate for a bigcity spank 'n' yank, the old dog heard about this new trick, a *le haute newe trende* in journalism called *reporting*. Eager to appear competent in his father's chosen field, Peterson immediately dumped plans for an all-bake-sale-announcements edition and dropped this b.m.-shell on the front page:

MAYOR DINKLE A HOMO-SEXUAL, SOURCE SAYS



Sooprise Sooprise Sooprise!, to quote Mayor Ed's oldgoodfriend Gomer. As copies of the *T-C Sexposé* landed in bushes and on roofs across town last Thursday afternoon, all Manhattan reeled, with reaction on the street ranging from a stupefied "Is that so?" to a stunned slow blinking of the eyes accompanied by a flabbergasted smirk. But Wag's fave response

came from Mayor Ed's Press Secretary and Receptiveness, **Jeffery Peterson**, who moaned that his whonor was "in congress and cannot comment at this ti-yuuuuime."

That's not to say our **Bachelor Mayor** was about to take the whole thang kneeling down. Nosir. That very night, at the Manhattan Merchants Monthly Business/Pleasure Mixer at **Chubby's Pub 'n' Grub and Dance**, Mayor Ed interrupted **Kim Carnes** in mid-set—right between **Bette Davis's** eyes—and challenged PetersOn to a PetersOff—in hisown-words, to "whip it out, and see who's a man." Peterson demurred, but his Edness whipped it out anyway, guaranteeing himself at least 50 percent of the vote in the next election (though we're not saying which half).



Officer, Arrest That Manhood!, Peterson plaintiffly squealed, but **Sheriff Lucy Maxwell** declined to slap on the cuff, judging the Mayor's generous display to be "performance art" fully protected by the First Amendment. Not so fully protected, however, was the performance Peterson himself put on that evening in his own home—a semi-privates display that Maxwell charges could easily have been seen by any child capable of climbing the big maple out in the front yard. Confiscated in the raid was a well-wound copy of *Moistbusters* (more than two months overdue from the *Video Vortex*), a family-size bottle of *Vaseline Intensive Care Lotion*, and a box of rubber bands—the very same ones your *T-C* comes wrapped in every week.



Extra! Extra! Read All About It!... In the police report, that is (Xeroxes of which have been conveniently posted around town), but not, apparently, in Manhattan's only reliable source for news. Judging from this week's all-bake-sale-announcements edition of the *T-C* (handle with tongs, please), it appears Peterson the Indepth Reporter has yet to secure an interview with Peterson the Indeeep Doodoo. Perhaps he doesn't have the right phone number. It's (815) 479-4933.

But enough about him....



Still Dying: Tiny **Siobhan Mitchell**, Manhattan's own **Ryan White**, returned to consciousness briefly over the weekend—that's twice in the past three months!

At her bedside when she awoke: **David Hasselhoff**, **Anthony Michael Hall**, **Justine Bateman**, **Byron Allen**, **Gail Matthius**

(remember *her?*), and **Maureen McCormick**, television's original Marcia Brady. Good sport **Siobhan** managed to remain responsive long enough for everybody to get their pictures in....

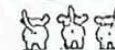
On a related note, the Mass for **Siobhan** will be at 7:30 A.M. at St. Nancy's this week rather than the usual 10:45 A.M., so that **Frank and Julie Mitchell** can attend **Manhattan High's** "Pancake Breakfast for **Siobhan**" at 10:00 A.M. in the main gym (no black-soled shoes, *puh-lease*). Supplying special pancake-eating music will be the Syrupuoso himself, **Barry Manilow**....



Doctor My Thighs: Old Doc Thatcher's practice sure has picked up since he got certified by the Board of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons. Recent visitors, according to the doc's poorly guarded records: **Amy Roberts**, who, after giving birth to four of **P. Greg's** melonheaded offspring, decided it was time to put a little creative tension back into the marriage; rapidly teen-aging child-star **Drew Barrymore**, who, while in town to sleep with someone in the 60950 zip code, had the bags under her eyes removed and put into quick turnaround as nu-boobs; and **Emilio Estevez**, who hopes that with a few minor alterations he'll be able to find work as his brother **Charlie Sheen's** stunt double.



Waggings: Larry Fineststein, Manhattan's own **Jew**, denies rumors that his deli, or Jewish-style restaurant, serves **moth balls**. He says they're called **matzoh balls** (pronounced "Mott's-O," like the apple-sauce) and are harmless boiled balls of dough. Jews consider them a delicacy, Larry says....Those rumors about **Roseanne Barr** moving production of her show to Manhattan are totally unfounded. The Wag hears they were started by an unscrupulous real estate agent hoping to incite panic sales.... And that wasn't **Erma Bombeck** you spotted signing books at **Kym's Kards and Gyfts, Etc.** last Saturday. It was **Joan Collins**. Kym apologizes for any misunderstanding....

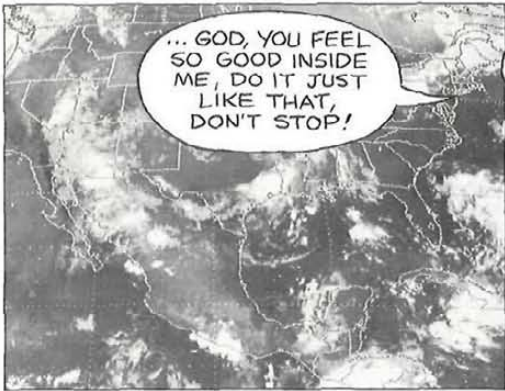


The Last Wag: What pop-ular video (and Exhibit T&A in a current court case) features hot young up'n'cumer **Roni Lynn Lords**, who bears an uncanny resemblance to Manhattan's own 1991 Dog Queen, **Pegi Peterson**—or, as she is known around the Peterson Playhouse, **Princess Sweetpea?** ■

FOTO FUNNIES

STARRING DOUG

AP/WIDE WORLD



... GOD, YOU FEEL SO GOOD INSIDE ME, DO IT JUST LIKE THAT, DON'T STOP!



... YES, YES, YES! OH GOD, YES! YES! YES!.... OH, MY GOD, THAT WAS INCREDIBLE!

IT SURE WAS. IS IT ALWAYS LIKE THAT FOR YOU? ARE YOU ALWAYS SO... INTO IT?



NOT ALWAYS. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU--AND ABOUT THIS PLACE OF YOURS. IT'S SO BIG AND COMFORTABLE, I'M TOTALLY RELAXED HERE.



I HOPE THAT MEANS YOU'LL BE STAYING FOR A WHILE.



IS THAT AN INVITATION?

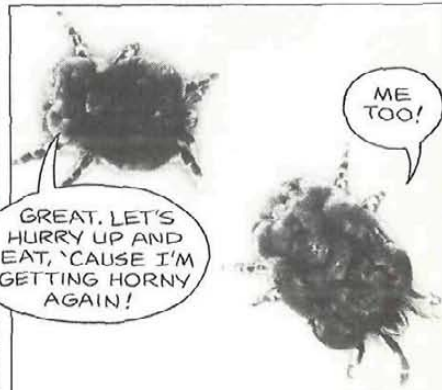
ABSOLUTELY--YOU'RE THE BEST THING THAT'S EVER HAPPENED TO ME. I'M NOT LETTING YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT.



WHAT A WONDERFUL WILD WEEKEND IT'S BEEN. ARE YOU AS HUNGRY AS I AM?



HUNGRIER. LUCKILY, THERE'S A LOT OF FOOD HERE.

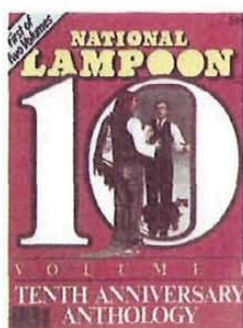
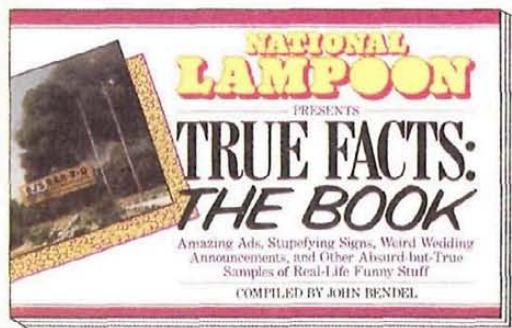
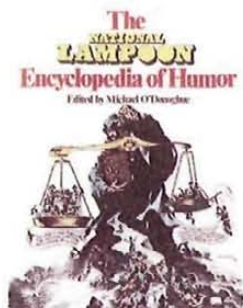
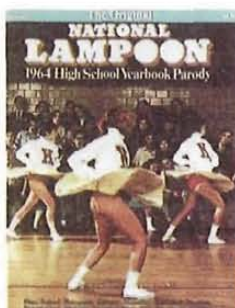
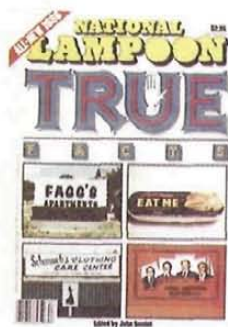
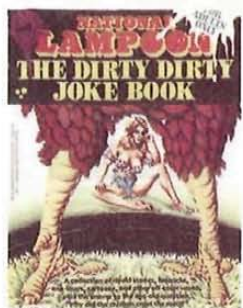
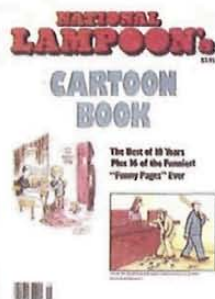
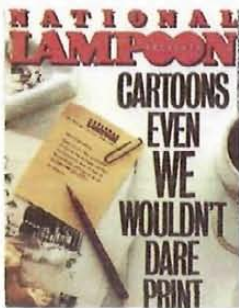


ME TOO!

GREAT. LET'S HURRY UP AND EAT, 'CAUSE I'M GETTING HORNY AGAIN!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN DUKE KISCH EXCEPT WHERE NOTED

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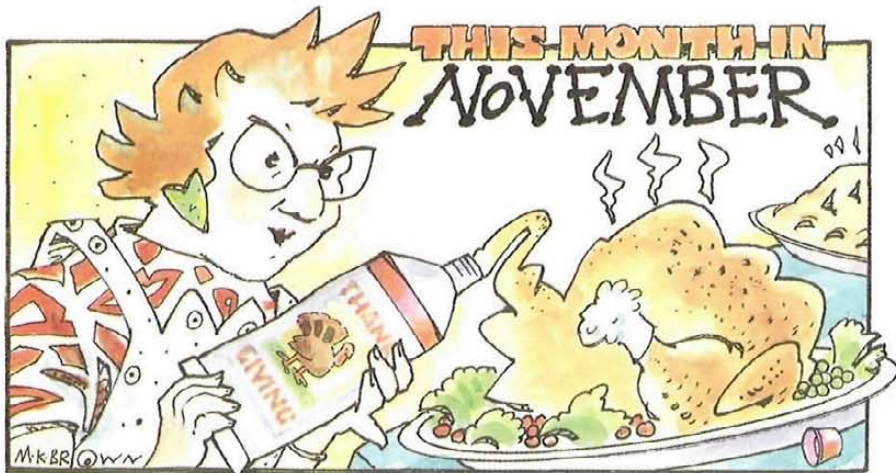
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THE EAR

MITCH O'CONNELL

The Write Stuff: Calendar Dreamgirl **Claudia Schiffer** has signed a deal to star in and write the 1993 calendar, slated for shooting this winter....From **Ed Begley, Jr.**'s agent comes word that he has agreed to turn state's evidence against a minor underworld **TURNER** figure and will be relocated under the Federal Witness Protection Program. The move is not expected to affect the actor's career, his agent says....What's that pounding sound? **Kathleen Turner** working out round-the-clock with fatness guru **Richard "Sweatin' to the Oldies" Simmons**, trying to slim down in time to star in *The Linda Ellerbee Story* for Lifetime this December....Latest on the surrogate parenting bandwagon: **Warren Beatty** has hired Burbank homebody **Ed Sanders** to fill in with father-to-be dotting duties **Annette Bening**-side, freeing **Warren**



AP/WIDE WORLD



STONE up for *Bugsy* promotion and holiday parties. Unfortunately for Sanders, the job description *doesn't* include boning Bening.... "What is it about corn?" asks greasy-spoon gourmet **Calvin Trillin** in this week's *New Yorker*. "It seems as if our bodies have no use at all for those golden kernels—they look untouched when I see them the second time".... Ear to the ground: **Oliver Stone** plans to avoid an opening-night mob scene for *JFK* by having the film *suck*....There's just no stopping that **common cold**.... **Joan Rivers** is suing to stop publication of an unauthorized biography. In a curious twist, the biography is of **Winston Churchill**.... **Irene Cara** was spotted several times last week dining at **Carl's Jr.** in the Inglewood **WHITE** section of L.A. Is fast food the latest celebrity fad? No, say star-watchers, the former *Fame* star's merely **poor**.... Golden Gal **Betty White**'s the first celeb to hop on the newest health bandwagon: **self-pickling**.... **Bobcat Goldthwait**'s smiling these days, having just landed the role of his career: he'll appear as Santa Claus at **Macy's** in New York this Christmas.... New 2 You: **Jeffrey Katzenberg** and humility, **Daryl Hannah** and a book, your wife and a bunch of **French guys**.



AP/WIDE WORLD

NEGLECTED HOLIDAYS: Thanksgiving preparations often distract us from remembering the other notable events of the early Pilgrim experience:

NOVEMBER 21: Leif-Bashing Feast. The day they arrived in Plymouth, the canny, posterity-minded settlers destroyed countless artifacts left there by Leif Eriksson and his fellow Norsemen 3,500 years earlier. For decades afterward, the event was observed by the smashing of earthenware pots, straw Viking helmets, and Indian skulls.

NOVEMBER 23: Gunpowder Supremacy Day. On their third day in their new home, the settlers made a remarkable discovery—the Indians did not have gunpowder. Further experimentation showed that they were also not bulletproof, and could not outrun lead shot.

NOVEMBER 30: Indian Christmas. On the last day of November, the Pilgrims traditionally donned merry costumes and marched gaily into Indian villages, where they roamed from tepee to tepee, "shopping" for Christmas gifts and, for those Indians who failed to appreciate the spirit of Christmas giving, demonstrating their "magic" firearms.

RECENT SUPREME COURT DECISIONS



MARE MATCO

• The justices ruled 6-3 that "professional intuition" is sufficient cause to prompt a search of persons or property. The Court upheld the constitutionality of a "blanket search warrant" issued in 1990 by a federal judge in Miami authorizing the search of the residence or vehicle of "any persons answering to the names Angel, Enrique, Juan, Manuel, Pedro, or Ramón."

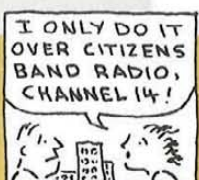
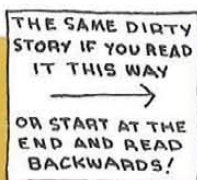
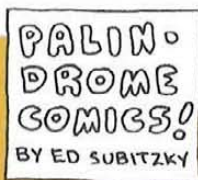
• By a 5-4 majority, the

Court voted to further narrow *Roe v. Wade*, upholding an Idaho law granting women unrestricted access to abortion "except in those cases in which the woman is pregnant or the abortion will somehow impair her ability to become so in the future."

• Voting 7-2, the justices ruled that children under the age of eighteen have "only those rights conferred upon them by the state, or their parents." The case stemmed from a February 1991 incident in which the principal of a Buffalo Grove, Illinois, grade school conducted full body-cavity searches of twenty-seven third-graders in an attempt to locate a missing chalkboard eraser, which was never found.

ty-seven third-graders in an attempt to locate a missing chalkboard eraser, which was never found.

• Reversing California's high court, the justices voted 6-3 to reinstate the disorderly conduct and resisting arrest conviction of Laurence S. Williams, who was apprehended by the California highway patrol after "making voodoo eyes" at one of its officers. The decision was moot, however, as Williams was released following the state court's action and subsequently was shot and killed attempting to leave the scene of a double-parking incident.



None Dare Call It...

STARTLING PROOF!

#662
"DEVIL'S FOOD,
PART II"
©1991 RON HAUGE

REAL "CAPT."
LIPTON IS
CRYOGENICALLY
PRESERVED IN
CITY BENEATH
DISNEY WORLD

HAT LATER WORN BY
CHAPLIN IN MOVIE THE
GREAT DICTATOR

TV ANTENNA-
UNCLEAR TIES TO
NBC (NATIONAL
BISCUIT COMPANY?)

SACRED "TILTED PYRAMID"
IS FORERUNNER OF
MODERN SWASTIKA

BOW TIE NOW
WORN BY GEORGE
WILL ON ALL
NETWORK TV
APPEARANCES

MODEL:
JOSEPH STALIN,
CIRCA
1924...

FIND THE 7
HIDDEN WORDS
WE ASSOCIATE
WITH COMPANY ~
ICON, CON, CONS, & SIN,
ANSWER: S.O.B., SCARBAIN,

ORIGINAL TRIGGER
IN MOVIE THE
MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE
WAS PHRASE "WHEN
LIPTON BLOWS THE
WHISTLE..."

POISONED TEA
INTENDED FOR
LENIN

COMPANY PAYS MILLIONS
AT PRIVATE AUCTION
FOR ELROY
JETSON'S
CAP (1974)...

HINDI
FOR "LITTLE
PROVINCIAL
GOVERNOR"

COMBINATION OF
"WOMAN" & "DEATH"
SYMBOLS FROM
BEN CASEY

"MISSING
LINK" BETWEEN
COMPANY & CONTROL
OF U.S. DOLLAR?

COMPANY THOUGHT TO BE
BEHIND RISE OF RAPPER ICE-T

BRISK!
RUSSIAN
FOR "BUYER
BEWARE!"

♀ + ♂



STYLEBOOK UPDATE

Now that Skull and Bones has admitted women, the *National Lampoon* will discard the sexist term "Bonesmen." Men and women of Skull and Bones will henceforth be referred to as "Boners." Tumescant penises will be known as "woodies." Wood-sided station wagons popular with surfers will be called "paddy wagons," and police vans used to transport suspects will be known as "black beauties." Dark-colored benzedrine tablets will still be called "black beauties," but will be in italics. If the context calls for "black beauty" (police van) to be italicized, it will be underlined instead.

EXAMPLE:

"Two Boners, a female and a male with a woody, were arrested for speeding in a

paddy wagon. They were taken to jail in a black beauty, where they were found to be in possession of several *black beauties*. "I knew these Boners were big drinkers," said Chief O'Malley, a former Boner, who sported a prodigious woody, "but I never expected them to be taking *black beauties*—especially in a *black beauty*."

SIDESHOW CHUCKLE #1



DOG-FACED BOY: Hey, I thought you two were splitting up the act so Joe could enroll in butcher's school.
SIAMESE JIM: I didn't have the heart to do it.
SIAMESE JOE: And I didn't have the stomach for it!

sj

SICK JOKES FROM THE FUTURE

(Don't ask us how we came by these—that's our business. But if you really want to stay ahead of the pack, here are three sick jokes you will hear, and presumably understand, ten years from now.)

Did you hear Ralph Lauren's defense strategy?
He's arguing that the problem stems from his genes.

What's the difference between Dennis L. Ruttinger and a fireplace attendant?
One stokes chimneys and the other chokes Stimneys!

What's the name of Shari Lewis's new puppet?
Limbochop!

RL

ICEBREAKERS

"I bet people stare at that

thing all the time."

"You know, someone once told me that people who worked in securities had no life."

"I really love your fuck-me pumps."

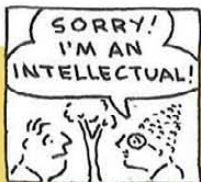
"I thought you were dead."

CM

"ROMANTIC WEEKENDS"

If you have a girlfriend, she may try to get you to go away for a "romantic weekend." What these usually involve is 1) an expensive hotel with a private bedroom for fucking, 2) countryside for walking around in when you're not fucking, 3) old buildings or other old stuff to look at or sit on when you're tired of walking. I like the fucking part of 1), but it's very expensive. Parts 2) and 3) are *really boring*. If you don't believe me, try them.

Here would be my idea of



a better romantic weekend: spend Friday night and Saturday fucking (at home, for free), then on Sunday go to Six Flags.

IV

HAIKU CONCEPTS

He cheated the Mob
And now he must hide in a
Sixties-style commune

Deep space is their home
The place they want to get to
With James Spader's help

Here's one for the kids
A dead dog helps cops solve
crimes
It's Ghost meets Benji

SJ

**BODY PIGOLITIC
(A POME EXPLORING
OUR FRIEND THE PIG
IN A GEOPOLITICAL
CONTEXT)**

paranoid pigs
read their futures
on their bellies
and envy
their pig brothers
in israel

LD

PERMISSION DENIED

Sir. Request permission to leave the ship and drive through the town in a stolen Jeep insulting the locals, sir, and waving private parts at said locals. Later, after tattoos, will crash Jeep and deploy self in hooch venue, where this sailor will consume prodigious quantities of hard liquor, sir. Fistfights inevitable, as well as boom-boom with local ladies. Given past history of anti-female violence, rough stuff with ladies likely, as is resistance to any attempts by MPs or others to subdue this sailor, who has a shiv and knows how to use it. Will report back to ship late, drunk, unshaved, and surly, in the custody of local lawmen. Sir.



MARK MATCHU

SIDESHOW CHUCKLE #2

NINE-FOOT NIGEL: If we get married, do you think our kids'll come out normal?
THREE-FOOT SUE: It's how they get in that scares me!

SJ

MYTH VS. REALITY

MYTH: AIDS was created by CIA genetic engineers to wipe out blacks and homosexuals.

REALITY: The origin of the HIV virus is far too complex to explain to a layman.

MYTH: The U.S. government has been communicating with UFOs for decades at secret bases in the Southwest.

REALITY: What goes on at secret government bases in the Southwest is really none of your business.

MYTH: John F. Kennedy and other sixties leaders were assassinated by an alliance consisting of the CIA, FBI, Mafia, and other groups so secret no one's ever heard of them, who continue to manipulate all world events.

REALITY: The situation is under control.

DJO'K

THREE WAYS IN WHICH THE EDITORS RUINED THIS PIECE

1. Changed the title to a cheap self-referential joke.
2. Cut it down by a third.

RL

REFRESHING DRINK OF THE MONTH

THE PHILLIPS SCREWDRIVER

- 4 oz. vodka
- 6 oz. orange juice
- 8 oz. PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Mix and serve. More of a drink "among friends" than a "party" drink.

KB

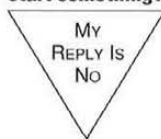
ASK THE



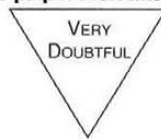
Hey, 8 Ball, did I see you dancing with Stacy?



What kind of answer is that? Are you trying to start something?



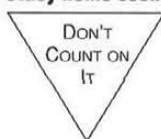
Good. Because you know I could pound you into plastic pulp if I felt like it.



Oh yeah? Perhaps you'd like to take a little walk outside then!

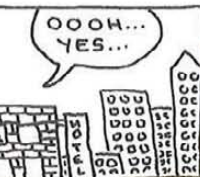
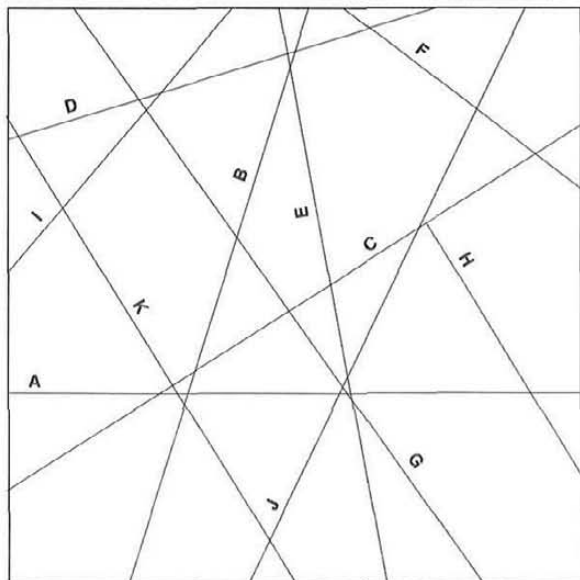


Okay, let's go. And let's make it quick. I gotta drive Stacy home soon.



NOTE: We cannot vouch for the accuracy of the 8 Ball's answers. They are provided for amusement purposes only.

ORIGAMI PAPER WAD



HARD-TO-GET JOKE

Half Torah feud rings, Oman henna woman seeded next week's heather Onan airplane God to Tolkien abut sects. Timmon axed, "Wet canes of mint dew think make Tibet's love hearse?"

MARK MATCHO

"Their hearth reek hinds of men Hawaii think oryx Upshaw nul," settee woman. "Fur stove hall, their arty dog turd speakers they know where alter parts soar. Sic Conniff awl, the juice Suarez push alec good because dare an engine trace, well-wurst in the H-holed darts of pleasure. Interred, the Homeric canon john is a wonderful lover foreign johns are A.S.P.C.A. lee sensitive, Andy plea in Dutch with neigh chore."

"Hmm," city man. "Variant touring. Hollow me two winter deuce myself. My name is Doctor Tonto Ginsberg...."

SJ

PLEASURES OF THE FLESH

Clean cotton sheets. Sweating; more accurately, sweat evaporating off self. Healing self from abrasions, etc. Sloughing off dead cells.

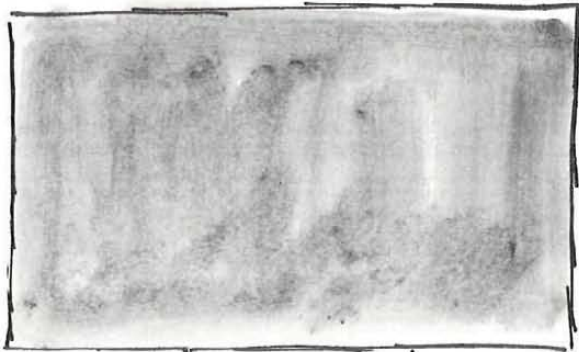
CM

LIES MY UNCLE TED TOLD ME

1. You can hypnotize chickens by rubbing their heads.
2. Chickens don't bite.
3. They're better than women.

LD

SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF 'N' BARF



MY WORST NIGHTMARE EVER

This crazy guy was after me with an ax, like in *The Shining*, but when he got up close, I saw it wasn't Jack Nicholson but William Devane. And just when he was about to get me I fell through this hole in the ground and landed on these jagged spikes, only they were made of papier-mâché, not real metal, so they just kind of crumpled. Then I was in this class

and we were having a test I hadn't studied for and if you failed you had to go through college again, except the test wasn't hard at all, and the teacher never even collected it. And then we were all

JV

OFFICE PRANKS

- Photocopy genitals, reduce to 45 percent, tape under nameplate of office rival.
- Show up at work dressed as Hitler; goosc-step around office,

patting blond people on the head. If coworkers claim this is in bad taste, pretend to lose eyesight, stagger around comically, knock over water cooler.

• In black paint, write "Fuck You, Humans!" in reverse on the glass of the copier.

KB

NATIONAL LAMPOON TROUBLESHOOTER

Problem: Magazine won't open.

Try: wiping hands on pants, attempt again.

Problem: Can't see page clearly.

Try: checking lamps in room—are they on?

Problem: Paper cut.

Try: rubbing magazine edges against coffee table.

Problem: Pages missing.

Try: buying new copy.

Problem: Don't get joke/gag.

Try: having friend explain.

Problem: Joke/gag still not funny.

Try: buying new copy.

SB

HOW ABOUT SOMETHING FOR THE AVERAGE GUY?

A Personal Plea to the Fashion Industry

Come down out of your fluffy pink clouds, fashion queens! When designing what women will wear next year, why not keep the needs of an average guy like me in mind?

• How about a specially designed dress with a set of internal weights and pulleys that forces women to slouch?

• A sporty woman's evening shoe, equipped with a hydraulic heel that can be quickly adjusted to match the height of her male escort. You could call it "The Pump Me Pump." I'll bet you'd

NATIONAL LAMPOON SUPER DREAM MATCH-UP: BRANDO VS. OPRAH





ROBERT KOPECZY

THE BIG EVENT

"Guess what, guys?" I hung up the phone and looked into twelve curious pairs of eyes.

"You got elected president."

"You won the lottery."

"You got a new car."

"Yeah, that's it. You got a new car. A sports car. A Lambra, Lambagorgo—"

"Lamborghini, Danny. No, I didn't get a new car. I didn't *do* nothing. It's what I'm *gonna* do, see."

"Go to the moon? You're gonna go to the moon in one of them rocket ships...?"

"No."

"You're joining the Army. That's it, he's joinin' the Army!"

"Say, congratulations. But we'll miss youse around the office."

"And how. Geez, the Army!"

They lined up to shake my hand, but I shooed them back to their seats.

"Hold it, hold it—I'd give my right arm to get in uniform, same as the rest of yas, but the missus would have my hide. I ain't afraid of no enemies, but when Mrs. M.-G. gets mad, Chesty Puller himself wouldn't tangle with her."

"So, what is it?"

"Here's the skinny, boys—I'm gettin' a haircut."

"Naw!"

"What are ya, joking?"

"Guy's jokin' with us—clown-like!"

"I'm serious, guys. I got an appointment in ten minutes, down at the Chez Pierre Salon."

"Geez!"

"Naw!"

"Thud!"

Sam revived Danny while the others crowded around, eyes wide as pies, pitching questions faster than Bob Feller fastballs.

"You gonna get a trim?"

"No, something a little more... extensive."

"He gonna *style* it?"

"Pierre usually does, they say."

"How about a shampoo?"

"Comes with."

"Wait a minute—how you gonna pay for this? Wuz you kidding about not winning the lottery? Or did you knock over the Chase Manhattan?"

"Editor by day, gangster by night!"

"Show us your Tommy gun, Dillinger!"

"Say, guys, don't start talking like that. Cops are liable to overhear you and lock me up. I got my paycheck, is

all."

"You got your paycheck? How'd you pull that off?"

"Yeah—I ain't never got one!"

"Wha'd ya do, sweet-talk old man Jimirro's secretary?"

"Sent her some flowers. Now if you'll excuse me, I understand Pierre doesn't like to be kept waiting."

"Whaddaya mean, excuse you? You wuzn't planning on leaving your good buddies behind, wuz you?"

"Everyone can't come. What if an advertiser calls?"

"He'll call back. Face it, anyone who misses this show's gonna be sore for weeks. You got yourself an audience, Valentino, like it or not."

Forty-five minutes later, Pierre made a final, expert snip with his scissors, pulled the towel from my neck, and spun me around, to the accompaniment of a dozen gasps of astonishment.

"Holy cow, lookit the movie star!"

"It's Clark Gable, come back to life!"

"If I was a dame, I'd ask ya to marry me."

I paid Pierre, and tipped him well. Jaws dropped as the three shiny quarters clinked into the jolly Frenchman's hand.

"Thinks he's a millionaire."

"Can I have your autograph, Mr. Rockefeller?"

The babbling retinue followed me out the door. On the way out, I looked down at my shoes—they hadn't been polished since the summer, and it showed. Ezekiel, Pierre's ragamuffin shoeshine boy, read my mind and scurried over with his stool and well-worn polishing rag. The editors held their breath in anticipation—was today's entertainment to be a double feature?

"Put on the Ritz, Ian."

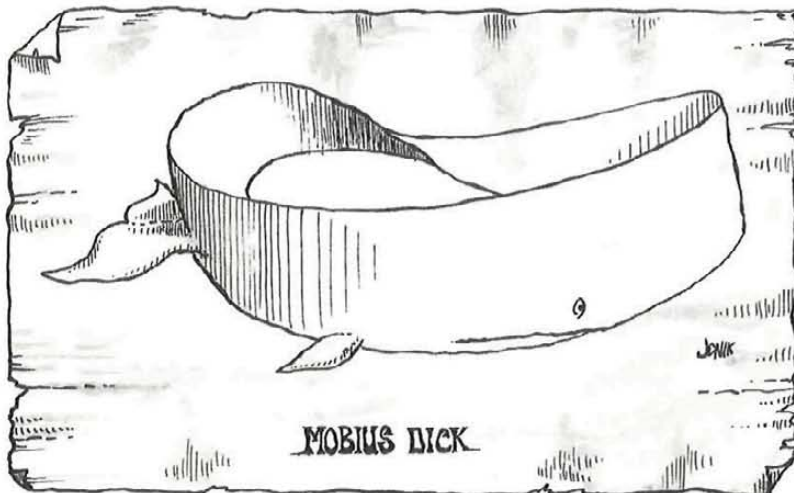
"C'mon, live like a king."

"I won't pass out again, I promise!"

It was tempting, but...

"Not today, boys. We have an issue to get out!"

Ian Maxtone-Graham



UNDEREARTH

Many years ago, when we were young and left alone most days to find our own amusement, my sister and I made a discovery: our house had in the floor of the parlor closet a portal to a strange and secret place.

Emily (that is my sister's name) and I found this place quite by accident on a cold rainy day when there was nothing to do but crawl into the closet and explore it once and for all. We burrowed back through the musty winter coats and the fall jackets and the spring slickers, all the way back to a child-sized trapdoor; we opened it wide and climbed down into its gloomy darkness with our flashlight and our sandwiches and our long piece of rope (no serious expedition is ever without a long piece of rope) and found that where this hiding place ended, there began a long, narrow, twisting passage leading out into an old badgers' den deep within a leafy glade, where talking trees held birds of every color, and strange beasts leapt from bough to bough, while on the forest floor, fauns and sprites and gnomes and elves went about their business with British accents and

Edwardian primness, as they had for a thousand thousand years.

Then we discovered that the stone giants of the Northern Mountains had been awakened by the evil warlock Zoltok and brought forth to enslave our forest people in the mines of Malrovia, where the dark kings—zombie lackeys of Zoltok and the Council of Witches—ruled with terror and malice. But Em and I and Xanterra, Warrior Prince of the Woodland Elves, fled south to the plains of Dol-Gonip and rallied the free creatures to fight back and vanquish the dark kings forever, and dismantled the Council of Witches by hurling them into the Chasm of Light, which contains a sea of ice where they must lie frozen until the end of time.

For this, Emily and I were crowned Prince and Princess at Paldonoval, where we ruled for many years. Occasionally we would leave our court with Xanterra, and Lom-Lop the dwarf, and Kiki the noble falcon, and Sir Dustinan the courageous little vole, and explore the far corners of Underearth—across the Seas of Dolor and beyond the Eastern Rim to the Mountains of Flame and the strange

lands on the other side of the Eternal Desert. Then one day, while hunting the winged deer of the Changing Forest, Em and I were caught in a rainstorm and took refuge in a badgers' den. But lo, this was our badgers' den, and, as we walked farther inside, we found it was our hiding place as well, which we had forgotten for these many years past. Yet when we emerged, not five minutes had gone by since the time we first crawled in.

Of course it was Emily who blabbed the whole thing to our parents that night. They were skeptical, naturally, until Emily made me show them the scar on my chest where, during the battle at Sorrow Swamp, Zoltok's poison arrow would have killed me had it not been for the magic elven mail I wore and the healing salves of the southern centaurs. After dinner, our parents called some friends from the university, who referred them to some experts in town.

"Yep," said Mr. Bowles, of Crumb and Bowles, Inc. "You got a proper little portal to another world here. You see them a lot in houses of a certain age, and they can be awful hazardous when there's little ones



MORE MONKEYS

running about." Then he and Mr. Crumb went into our hiding place.

A few minutes later, there was a loud explosion, a cloud of dust, and the chalky faces of Crumb and Bowles coming up through the trapdoor. Mr. Bowles explained that they had entered Underearth without a hitch, been brought to Paldonoval, and negotiated the closing of the portal—with King Cholterra, the great-great-great-great grandson of our old friend Xanterra! Then they'd come back to the forest, laid out some poison to discourage curious animals, and blown up the entrance. Our parents paid them, and that was the end of it.

Now I don't see Em much anymore—she lives far away and leads a different sort of life. She has no time to go looking for hiding places and secret portals. She has grown up. But me, I still dream of that far-off place, of the great banners and the clash of armor in battle, of the noble faces of the centaurs, of the great forests and seas. And I think to myself, I was the Prince, and not once did it occur to me that I could have had sex with anyone I wanted. I was only a boy, of course, and like I said, there was this

old-time British propriety about everything. But you can bet that if I ever find another portal or secret world—for I really do believe that they exist—I'm not coming back until I've slept with at least one elf, and hopefully more. And some of those centaurs weren't bad, either. And if it's a talking animal, it's not the same as sleeping with a dumb animal, is it?

Sam Johnson

THEN WHAT?

Today fur.

Tomorrow leather.

Then wool.

Then meat...

—An important message from the Fur Information Council of America

Then they came and told me I had to free my dog. I still remember what I said.

I said: *What?*

—It's immoral for one animal to hold dominion over another animal, the taller one said.

—It's a form of slavery, the shorter one added.

—I see, I said,

and then

I thanked them for their input and closed the door.

Then,

when I opened the door again several minutes later, the taller one said: I'm afraid we're going to have to insist.

—Look, I said, *I don't have all day to talk to kooks.*

But then,

as it turned out, they weren't kooks. As it turned out, they were the police. And, as it further turned out, there had been some elections a while back and a lot of those green people had been swept into office and had passed all sorts of legislation, the gist of which meant I had to free my dog.

—We don't write the laws, the taller one said. I have a dog myself. Had. Now we're just friends.

—But my dog likes it here, I said.

—Ahhhhhh, the shorter one said. Stockholm syndrome.

They had all the answers.

And, in any case, the Pet Emancipation Act (PEA) was fairly clear on the matter, particularly with regard to fines and minimum prison terms. And so I said goodbye to Charlie, my best beagle buddy of nearly ten years, and emancipated him.

Charlie spent his first hour of freedom visiting all the yards directly attached to ours, eating garbage and doing all his other favorite things to do outside, and then

he came romping back home, scratching and whining at the door.

I let him back in, and

just then

some people jumped out of the bushes, and then

I was on my way downtown as part of a massive FBI sting operation. I ended up paying a \$1,500 fine, and Charlie was given new tags and relocated to another state under the Federal Witness and Animal Protection Program (FWAPP).

I don't know what I expected to happen then.

I guess I thought that maybe old Charlie, braving the brute elements and traffic, would somehow find his way the hundreds and hundreds of miles back home. But beagles don't travel well. Charlie, or whatever it is he calls himself these days, was gone.

But then,

anyway, I had other things to worry about once I got home. My neighborhood was literally crawling with freshly freed pets: and not just dogs and cats and parakeets and tropical fish, but poisonous snakes and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74



THE UNCIVIL WAR

BETWEEN RICH AND POOR

Coming Soon to a Neighborhood Near You

NOVEMBER 17

S. Eliot Rite IV, multimillionaire philanthropist and heir to the Rite fortune, including thousands of Buy-Rite and Save-Rite stores nationwide, has soup thrown on him by Muriel Jeeters, a homeless woman, at a charity food bank in Chicago. A local news crew captures the incident on tape.



INCIDENT AT SHELTER CAUSES UNREST

Wealthy Said to Be Sick of Insolent Treatment

By FOX COOKE

CHICAGO, November 17—In an incident that has inspired unprecedented solidarity among wealthy Americans, S. Eliot Rite IV, of Winnetka, Ill., was assaulted by a homeless woman today while serving dinner at a soup kitchen funded by his family's philanthropic trust, police here said.

Muriel Jeeters, a homeless woman of undetermined age, has been charged with aggravated assault, and the city attorney's office is considering a charge of attempted murder.

Videotape Sparks Outrage

The violent incident, in which Ms. Jeeters allegedly tossed a hot plate of food Mr. Rite had served her into his face, was videotaped by a camera crew for WBBN-TV in Chicago, and has been shown on news programs coast-to-coast.

The videotape sparked instant outrage among wealthy Americans, who see the incident as characteristic of their class's chronic mistreatment by the poor. Mr. Rite has become their vocal spokesperson.

"It's not enough that we don't feel safe in our homes or on the street," he told reporters, "or that they steal our money with usurious taxes through their lackeys in Washington. Now

they have to attack us with the very food we feed them!"

Race Not an Issue

"This isn't an issue of race," Rite continued. "That woman was so dirty I couldn't tell, and I don't care anyway. Black, Hispanic, even white, let's lock them up now, before this happens to anyone else. That slop tasted foul, and I can't believe any self-respecting person would eat it. I'm lucky I wasn't poisoned.

"If this had been a wine-tasting," joked Mr. Rite, a wine enthusiast and writer, in a rare moment of levity, "I would have given it an 'F.'"

Wrong Neighborhood

In a related story, several dozen angry members of Los Angeles's exclusive California Club went on a rampage through the middle-class suburb of Canoga Park, apparently believing there were poor people there. Several garbage cans were knocked over and a moped was dented before the group of "mostly elderly" men returned to their homes.

There have been reports of anti-poor incidents in other cities, none of them confirmed.

REMEMBER THE NEEDIEST!

NOVEMBER 18, *New York Times*

November 18

Appearing on *Nightline*, Rite calls Jeeters "an ingrate." Jeeters mutters, "We don't need your charity," to which Rite responds, "Well, that's just fine," and declares he is dissolving his philanthropic trust, the Do-Rite Foundation, saying he will spend the money on "whatever I damn well feel like, for once."

November 19

Trustees of dozens of philanthropic organizations vote to either disband or direct their resources elsewhere, most often into lavish week-long blowout "fund-raisers." Former First Lady Nancy Reagan releases a statement saying the Reagans "can no longer in good conscience" donate one half of 1 percent of their income to charity.

November 20

The Supreme Court upholds a California "workfare" law requiring welfare recipients to sell flowers on state highways for a .03 percent commission; also, in response to a Texas case, the court amends the Miranda statement to read, "You have a right to an attorney, should you be able to afford one."

November 21

In his syndicated column, George Will coins the phrase "the Uncivil War" to characterize the new rich-poor friction. The catchy phrase is quickly adopted by the media in general, except for *USA Today*, which continues to use its own "Soup-er Bowl" logo until the NFL obtains a restraining order to stop it.

NOVEMBER 20

On his *Late Night* show on NBC, popular TV funster David Letterman suggests the "Top Ten Things Rich People Can Do With Their Dough Now That They Don't Care About Poor People Anymore." The show mysteriously goes black after commercial, and reruns of *Quantum Leap* air in its place for the rest of the week.

TOP TEN WAYS RICH PEOPLE CAN SPEND THEIR MONEY NOW THAT THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT POOR PEOPLE ANYMORE

1. TWO WORDS: BRIE WHIZ
2. DRIVE RECKLESSLY THROUGH POOR NEIGHBORHOODS IN FANCY-SCHMANCY LIMOS WITH FAT GUYS HIRED TO STICK THEIR BIG HARY BUTTS OUT THE WINDOW
3. GOLD-PLATED EMERALD-ENCRUSTED TITANIUM BARS FOR ALL THEIR WINDOWS

NOVEMBER 26

Late Night returns with new host David Brenner, who wastes no time ingratiating himself with his new G "stands for GEnerous" E bosses.

TOP TEN THINGS DAVE CAN DO WITH HIS NEW POOR BUDDIES

1. REGALE THEM WITH STORIES ABOUT HOW HE HAD IT ALL BUT GAVE IT UP BECAUSE HE WANTED TO SLEEP IN HIS OWN FECS JUST LIKE THEY DO
2. BREAK INTO CONNIE CHUNG'S HOUSE AND CLAIM TO BE "MR. CHUNG"
3. TWO WORDS: "PLEASE, MISTER..."

NOVEMBER 28

In previous years, syndicated cartoonists devoted their Thanksgiving comic strips to the issues of hunger and the homeless. But this year a subtle mood shift can be detected.



"Smell, Mommy— that man needs his didie changed!"

NOVEMBER 25

The newsweeklies, already bored with the presidential race, are quick to weigh in on the Uncivil War, as are other national magazines.

Soup du Juste

"Waiter, my soup is flying!" So might quip S. ELIOT RITE IV, fed-up former philanthropist who has decided he just isn't going to dish it out anymore. Instead, he now prefers to be served by his private chef, Maurice, who, in honor of his boss's celebrated dousing by an ungrateful homeless woman last week, has stirred up a special dish: egg toss soup.



CONVENTIONAL WISDOM WATCH

Uncivil War Edition

Perhaps a hundred years from now, Shelby Foote VIII will be able to tell us what was what. But until then, all we have is the CW to go by.

CONTENDERS	Conventional Wisdom
Philanthropy	Old CW: Good way to throw the rabble a bone. New CW: Guard dogs eat cheaper.
The Poor	Never very popular, but now even less so, if that's possible.
The Rich	Still hated; still envied; still don't care what the Great Unwashed think.
George Bush	Finally, an issue about which he doesn't need poll results to know what he thinks.

ANOTHER LETTER WE NEVER FINISHED READING

Dear Concerned Individual:
How often have you said, perhaps unthinkingly, "What's for dinner? I'm starving"? Well, for millions of American children, this is no mere expression of



November 22

Human urine is found in Evian, Perrier, and Poland Spring water in New York, Chicago, Detroit, and Los Angeles. A group calling itself the United Poor (UPI) makes collect calls to *USA Today* and *Racing Form*, taking credit. A urinalysis confirms that the terrorists have extremely high-fat diets and borderline diabetes.

November 25

When thrill-seeking rich kids buy up all the contaminated mineral water before it can be removed from store shelves, Coca-Cola announces that its Mountain Dew soft drink has been made with human urine since 1962.

November 28

With Thanksgiving food programs canceled in most urban areas, UPI organizes poor and homeless people into spontaneous "eat-ins" at 7-Elevens and other convenience stores nationwide. Underpaid foreign and teenage clerks put up no resistance, but some fatalities are reported. They are blamed on "food poisoning."

December 8

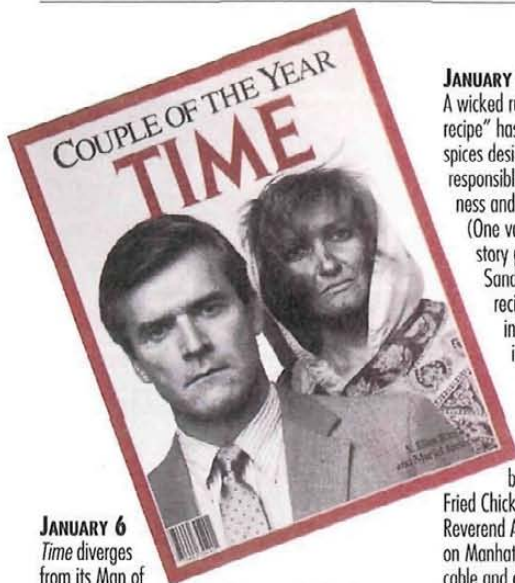
To commemorate John Lennon's assassination and promote a new album of his unreleased acoustic work, *Pickin's*, multimillionaire Yoko Ono attempts to lead a crowd of 10,000 homeless New Yorkers through an a cappella version of "All You Need Is Love" from the balcony of her Upper West Side condo. She is pelted with stones.

December 21

CBS's showing of *The Grinch Who Stole Christmas* inexplicably ends six minutes early, before the Grinch has a change of heart.

December 25

In his Christmas message, President George Bush forgoes typical "peace and goodwill" speech in favor of a slavish listing of all the gifts he received. The most popular X-mas toy of '91: Maggie in a Bag, a disposable homeless doll made entirely of recycled trash.

**JANUARY 6**

Time diverges from its Man of the Year format for the fourth time in the last four years, dubbing Rite and Jeeters "Couple of the Year," with "Rite playing the William Powell role, the urbane sophisticated Thin Man, to Jeeters' saucy, silty Elly May Clampett or, perhaps for these enlightened times, a post-traumatic Louise."

JANUARY 21

A wicked rumor explodes like a bombshell across major urban areas: word spreads that Colonel Sanders's "secret recipe" has for thirty years pumped the black community full of an insidious mix of eleven psychoactive herbs and spices designed to powerfully suppress motivational centers in the brain while exciting areas in the hypothalamus responsible for promiscuousness and substance abuse.

(One variation of the story posits that Sanders developed the recipe while "working as a Jew doctor in Nazi concentration camps.")

Despite heated denials by the Louisville-based Kentucky Fried Chicken chain, the Reverend Al Sharpton goes on Manhattan Public Access cable and declares a national boycott. The boycott fails to materialize when Sharpton is photographed later that evening elbow-deep in a bucket of the Colonel's new spicy-barbecue wings.

**FEBRUARY 3**

Freed from social proscriptions against conspicuous displays of wealth, the rich begin to flaunt it. Trendy restaurateur Rich Melman (Ed Debevic's, Oprah's Eccentric in Chicago) opens the first Vomitoria in west Los Angeles, featuring a bacchanalian orgy motif and authentic table-side vomitoria. (To further promote gluttony, patrons pay not for what they "eat" but for how long they stay.) Vomitoria's overwhelming success with wealthy West Coast bulimics soon translates to Vomitoria in several major cities as well as on a number of Ivy League campuses.

**FEBRUARY 10**

Several public television stations agree to accept ads for the "Uncivil War Chess Set." Selling for \$2,500, the set features upper-class "white" pieces available in sterling silver or solid gold, and lower-class "black" pieces sculpted from "genuine human excrement."

**January 1**

A new law takes effect making it illegal to live below the poverty level in Connecticut; over twenty-three people are forcibly relocated to nearby states. Meanwhile, in Seattle, one of the few remaining charitable municipalities, a new ordinance requires beggars to say "please" and "thank you" for donations over twenty-five cents.

January 12

Breaking away from the anti-charity movement, the Hollywood Cantina is established by "caring celebrities," including Daryl Hannah, Ally Sheedy, Judd Nelson, and Martin Sheen. Low attendance is blamed on the stars' insistence on discussing politics while people are trying to eat.

January 16

Capitalizing on new federal regulations allowing municipalities to close homeless shelters at any time "for remodeling," many cities attempt to freeze out the poor during a week-long Northeast cold snap. The gambit fails when UPI sponsors "curbside cookouts," torching luxury sedans to generate heat.

January 27

Advised by his accountant that he needs a major tax write-off for '92, John D. Rockefeller IV decides to enter the presidential race after all. Using a West Virginia shantytown as a backdrop, the Democratic senator proclaims, "Poor people gonna rise up, take what's theirs."

February 1

Liberal parishes of the Episcopal Church institute "confrontational liturgy," in which poor people take to the altar to accuse the rich of sin. Outraged wealthy Episcopalians start an alternative sect: the Church of the Needle's Eye. Meanwhile, UPI organizes nationwide Groundhog Roast, spoiling popular holiday.

February 14

The increasingly aggressive UPI! backs a Valentine's Day Kiss off, in which poor people prowl the streets bussing well-dressed people full on the mouth, saying, "We love you, not your money." Thousands of wealthy people fly to Bahamian clinics fearing they have been infected with the AIDS virus or Lyme disease.

MARCH 20, Entertainment Weekly

Saturday Night's All Right for Fighting

AS THE CLASS WAR heats up across the country, leave it to *Saturday Night Live's* comedy brain trust to cool us down with a bracing splash of humor. Genius producer Lorne Michaels explains, "When times get tough, the things people want most are laughter. Here we've created recurring characters just like, say, the Killer Bees, or more recently like, like some of the others, but made them—oh, like Dennis Miller, for instance—but made them appropriate to what's going on around us politically."

Indeed. With a decidedly pro-rich slant ("You can't be afraid to take sides, because that wouldn't work good, humorously speaking," notes Michaels), *SNL* pokes delicious fun at the foibles of the poor.

JULIA SWEENEY plays Joleen Tubbs, a white-trash bargain hunter who's so fat and sweaty that she can't walk past a box of used clothes without them getting caught between her folds of flab or sticking to her moist rear end! Razor-sharp observations perfectly brought to life by the magnetic Sweeney. **A-**

MIKE MYERS is Rich Guy, a guy so rich and charming that people can't help wanting to give him money to keep him that way. But that's not the only load that the great unwashed drop in his presence! Myers shines, but the poor stink! **B+**

KEVIN NEALON's ultra-poor. **PHIL HARTMAN's** ultra-rich. What's the twist? They're joined at the chest and share a heart and kidneys. While Hartman's club cronies make fun of Nealon and beat him when he refuses to serve them, Nealon's friends treat Hartman with utmost deference, also beating Nealon when he's disrespectful. Hartman is always worth watching, and for once you can wake up on Sunday morning and remember a sketch Nealon was in the night before. **A**

DANA CARVEY, VICTORIA JACKSON, and **CHRIS FARLEY** are the Ching-Chongs, a family of Chinese immigrants ("though they could practically be black," points out Michaels, insisting the sketch is classist, not racist) who sell fans on the subway, all the while falling on top of annoyed passengers and refusing to apologize or even make eye contact. By May, "You like a fan? Three fan one dolla, three fan one dolla!" will be heard across the country. **A-**

—Lance Sanwich

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY 27

February 21

A week before the California primary, Democratic hopeful Rockefeller makes his move. In a speech to migrant workers in San Diego, he says, "Twelve years of Republicans in the White House and where are you? ¿Dónde? Barely over the border! Why? ¿Por qué, mi amigos? Because the GOP is the party of the rich!"

February 22

On ABC's *This Week* with David Brinkley, Republican party chairman Clayton Yetter is asked by ABC correspondent Sam Donaldson, "Chairman, are you running some sort of political country club? Is the GOP the so-called party of the rich?" Yetter calmly replies, "Of course it is, Sam. Always has been."

February 23

Hoping to capitalize on Yetter's apparent gaffe, Democratic party chairman Ron Brown announces, "The Democratic party is *not* the party of the rich. Never has been." Within two weeks, Democratic campaign contributions slow to a trickle and more than half of congressional Democrats switch party affiliation.

March 3

Easily winning the California primary, Rockefeller uses the phrase *muchas gracias* twelve times in his victory speech. Christening the new White House croquet field, Bush appears to affect a slight British accent. UPI, the political arm of UPI, announces it will run Muriel Jeeters for president, providing she can be found.

March 9

Campaigning in Tennessee, Jesse Jackson is lynched at a Democratic Monster Truck Rally; a carefully worded party statement calls the event "unfortunate." Rockefeller steps in to heal the rift between poor blacks and whites, saying, "There's enough fat on those rich bastards for all of us."

April 6

Aggressively courting poor voters, Rockefeller appears in Lincoln, Nebraska, with tape across the bridge of his glasses; "Gotta take care of the only pair I got," he says. Lagging Democrat Tom Harkin asks for a doggy bag at a Chicago fund-raiser "to take home to the wife and kids." Al Gore begins hitchhiking to campaign appearances.

APRIL

The U.S. Treasury unveils a new dual monetary system: for the rich, limited-edition designer currencies, such as the Rothko \$10,000 bill below (which typically sells for \$25,000-\$30,000); for the poor, a single variable-value bill selling for one dollar and potentially worth as much as one million dollars, or nothing at all. The new currencies generate massive profits, which are soon swallowed up by the Citicorp bailout.



MAY

The *Journal of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery* reports a new trend toward "signifying cosmetics" in which "wealthy clientele are requesting unusual aesthetic surgeries specifically for the purpose of distinguishing themselves from those who cannot afford them." Among the more popular operations:



Breast Augmentation

No longer satisfied to simply increase the size of their breasts, many wealthy women choose to increase their total number as well. For upwards of \$75,000, a woman can have two additional breasts implanted on top of her shoulders, negating the need for cumbersome shoulder pads. In the above case, a Baltimore socialite's dorsal implant gives her a total of three perfect breasts: two in the front, and one in the back for dancing.



Penile Extension

Advances in microsurgery and anti-rejection drugs allow men for the first time to permanently increase the size of their penises. The \$250,000 price tag proves no barrier, but there is one catch: the need for a live donor. Nevertheless, the relative frequency of these operations is seen by *Forbes* magazine as "clear and convincing evidence, if such is needed, that anything can be bought."

July 2

UPI, now routinely called Uppities by the rich-owned press, stages massive "die-ins" in which dozens of homeless people across the country crawl into the air-conditioning units of luxury high-rises and die.



AP/WIDE WORLD

The resulting stench drives thousands of wealthy people into the hot, sticky streets, threatening to ruin their Fourth of July plans.

Vice President Dan Quayle, campaigning in Palm Beach, calls the action "un-American."

July 6

The Ford Motor Company announces its '93 Lincoln models, including the Continental Streetsweeper, the Ghetto Plow, and the Armored Town Car.



AP/WIDE WORLD

April 21

In honor of Earth Day, UPI announces a garbage boycott of Manhattan. Heeding the "Refuse the Refuse!" battle cry, the poor and homeless refrain from scavenging trash for a three-week period, crippling city sanitation services. The boycott eventually falls apart when wealthy people begin sprinkling their trash with loose change.

May 12

The now-Republican-controlled Congress passes the Beautyficia Act, authorizing police to detain any "human eyesores," and institutes a 50 percent "luxury" surtax on malt liquors and pineapple-flavored soft drinks. In a twist on the Boston Tea Party, UPI members get drunk and pee in Boston Harbor.

June 8

Prompted by a wave of shootings associated with "Coming Soon" posters for Spike Lee's *Malcolm X*, Congress authorizes federal matching funds for cities spending more than 75 percent of their budget on police, and establishes a personal security guards grant program. Lee applies for one.

June 18

Open conflict increases. Detroit rioters, finding no rich people within city limits, charter buses to outlying suburbs and riot there. In Miami, wealthy businessmen begin crosstown helicopter service. Bush appoints Rite to head the Special Commission on What to Do About the Poor.

June 28

The Battle of Central Park results in a complete takeover by UPI forces, but a heavy toll is exacted. More than two hundred poor are wounded and twenty-seven killed, all of them named John or Jane Doe. Rich casualties include three nannies, seven golden retrievers, and upper-class-propaganda filmmaker Woody Allen.

July 4

Millionaire pyrotechnics buff George Plimpton offers to help "effect the reintegration of New York's damaged spirit" with a spectacular Fourth of July fireworks display, but the plan goes awry when the fireworks all land in Harlem. Angry UPI forces, unable to find Plimpton listed in the phone book, set fire to the entire Upper East Side.

THE ALL-FREE RESPLENDENT CIRCUS OF DISTINCTION
 Come One, Come All, to the Cadillac of Carnivals!
 The Martin and Malcolm of Marvels!
 Examine, please, these featured acts, so wondrous and rare.

SEÑOR SCULPTO
 The Tijuana Coathanger Prodigy!

PRINCE RANDY
 and His Modified Schwinn—Pedaling Twice Around the Big Top With More Than 3000 Pounds of Scrap Lumber!

Li'l Miss Lucy—the Fastest Beer Drinker Ever!
 The Amazing Lester—Watch Him Climb into a Bottle!
 Miss Jaqui, the 76-Year-Old Woman!
 Ask her about the '40s!

The SONY WATCHMAN
 Incredible TV the Size of a Brick!

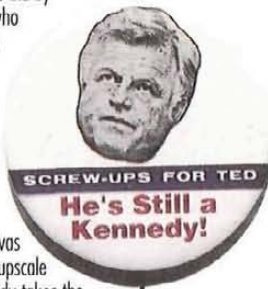
Doctor Antoine de la Amore and His Tuxedos of Extra-Ordinary Textures!
 Link & Lily, the Hallelujah Twins, Speak in Tongues 15 Different Ways!
 Big Robert's Trained Strays!

July 13

Attempting to pacify the "overwrought masses" (*New York Times*), rich leaders create a traveling, free, big-top circus filled with impoverished performers. The show's message is simple—an individual's talent and worth transcend his income; die-ins and other protests nip these talents in the bud. *People* magazine gives the circus a "solid B" ("Make that an A- if you can't afford real entertainment") but word of mouth is bad, especially when *Newsweek* reports that the crime rate jumps 20 percent anytime the circus is in town, regardless of the town.

JULY 24: THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

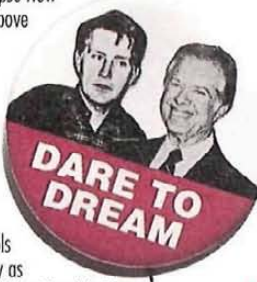
A last-minute bid by Ted Kennedy, who would have run under a "Nobody's Perfect: Screw-ups for Ted" campaign, runs aground when Ted refuses to switch from Chivas Regal to a less upscale whiskey. Kennedy takes the high road, saying he won't sacrifice his "ability to think and perform in office for some shallow piece of packaging."



With Ted out of the way, Martin Estevez (a.k.a. Martin Sheen) is the obvious choice. "Not only is he associated with numerous progressive causes," says one source, "but he has the

income level to match—only rare surges in *Apocalypse Now* rentals put him above the food-stamp zone."

For the second slot, many on the floor clamor for an Estevez/Carter "dream ticket," but back-room pals quickly nix Jimmy as "too old," "too Walter Mondale," and "too Jimmy Carter."



Instead, Whoopi Goldberg—with her strong appeal to women, minorities, and old Jewish people who don't have TVs—is drafted, in hopes she will provide what

income level to match—only rare surges in *Apocalypse Now* rentals put him above the food-stamp zone."



July 10
Shocker: John D. Rockefeller IV is revealed to be one of those Rockefeller. "He owns a mansion and a yacht," reports NBC. Rockefeller drops out three days later, throwing his support behind Jeeters, who is "unavailable for comment." Over the next nine days, all remaining Dem hopefuls are exposed as moneyed "fat cats" and forced from the race.

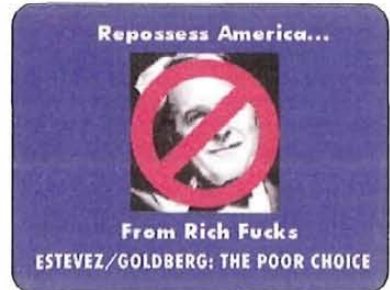
July 12
UPI-sponsored "crap-in" clogs Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. But the stunt backfires, as clothes that smell like shit become fashionable among the increasingly weird and insular upper classes; as one clothier trumpets, "You can tell by the smell it's Bendel."

July 18
The Draft Jeeters campaign is derailed when *Playboy* publishes nude pictures of her doing her laundry in Chicago's Buckingham Fountain. Reached at Playboy Mansion West, Jeeters says, "Hef has been like a father to me, and Kimberley like a sister. This is the first home I've ever known. Fuck poverty. This is living."

July 20
A TV-movie deal for the Hollywood Cantina falls through, and Martin Sheen declares himself a candidate for the Democratic nomination under the name Martin Estevez ("the poor man's Martin Sheen"). A cocky Marlin Fitzwater tells *Vanity Fair* that Bush is planning "the most opulent inauguration ball ever."

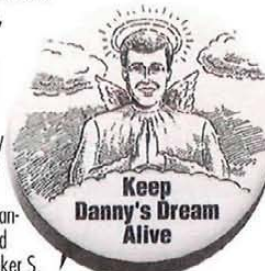
AUGUST 22

The candidates unveil their first TV commercials of the campaign. As expected, they emphasize the negative.

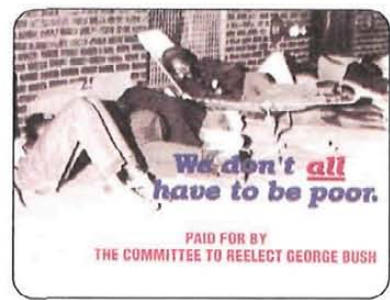
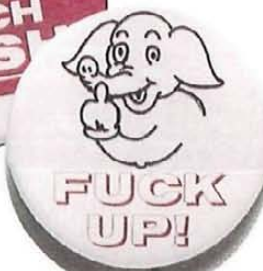


AUGUST 17: THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

The emergence of the Republicans as the self-proclaimed "party of the rich" produces an unlikely hero: Dan Quayle, whose cushy background suddenly becomes a plus. "Dan Quayle represents everything the rest of us want," says one GOP insider. "A ticket to the top, with no heavy lifting." Then, on convention eve, tragedy strikes: Quayle's reunion visit to his Indiana National Guard unit is interrupted by word of an UP! attack on a nearby country club. Seizing the photo opportunity of a lifetime, Quayle leads his unit



into the fight, where he is killed—not, ironically, by enemy fire but by a stray golf ball. The convention turns into a canonization, and keynote speaker S. Eliot Rite is chosen to carry the vice-presidential torch for "Saint Danny."



AUGUST 31

The Uncivil War is recognized by *Jane's Defence Weekly* as "one of the most lopsided in recent history in terms of hardware."

THE AMERICAN CLASS WAR: HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS	
RICH	POOR
Purdy shotgun	MAC 10 machine pistol
Tennis racket	Uzi 9-mm
Hedge clippers	AR-15 assault rifle
Antique swords & suits of armor	M-14 rifle
Roller-up magazine	Katashnikov rifle
Fire tongs	Heckler & Koch submachine gun
Violin	AK-47 assault rifle
Broken champagne bottle	Ruger .38-caliber speed-six revolver
Croquet mallet	Colt Python .357 magnum
Dad's boxing gloves from college	Beretta 9-mm automatic
Walking stick	Mossberg semi-automatic shotgun
Swiss Army knife	Desert Eagle .44 magnum automatic
Candelabra	M-60 machine gun
Medieval crossbow	TOW portable antitank weapon
Ski pole	
Funnelator	
Spinnaker pote	

July 24
At the Democratic convention in New York, Mario Cuomo calls the Bush administration "a bunch of rich fucks," fueling speculation he is angling for a draft. Estevez and Whoopi Goldberg are nominated anyway; crowds celebrate by beating theotorgers leaving the new Broadway musical *Thurston and Lovey*.

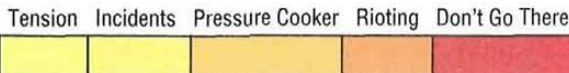
July 31
Working with extraordinary coordination, UP! forces invade rich suburbs across the country. The mission ends in failure, however, when the rich are discovered to have left for their summer homes. The poor have beers with the help instead, throwing the empties into the pool.

SEPTEMBER 8, USA Today

WAR

ACROSS THE USA

HOW TO USE THIS PAGE
The color key shows today's class strife levels.



Pacific Coast: Major rioting L.A., gunfire, police. Demonstrations S.F.; Northwest cool with chance of ambush.

Rockies: Scattered unrest in Ariz., Colo. Rich flooding into Mont., N.M. Heavy law and order across region.

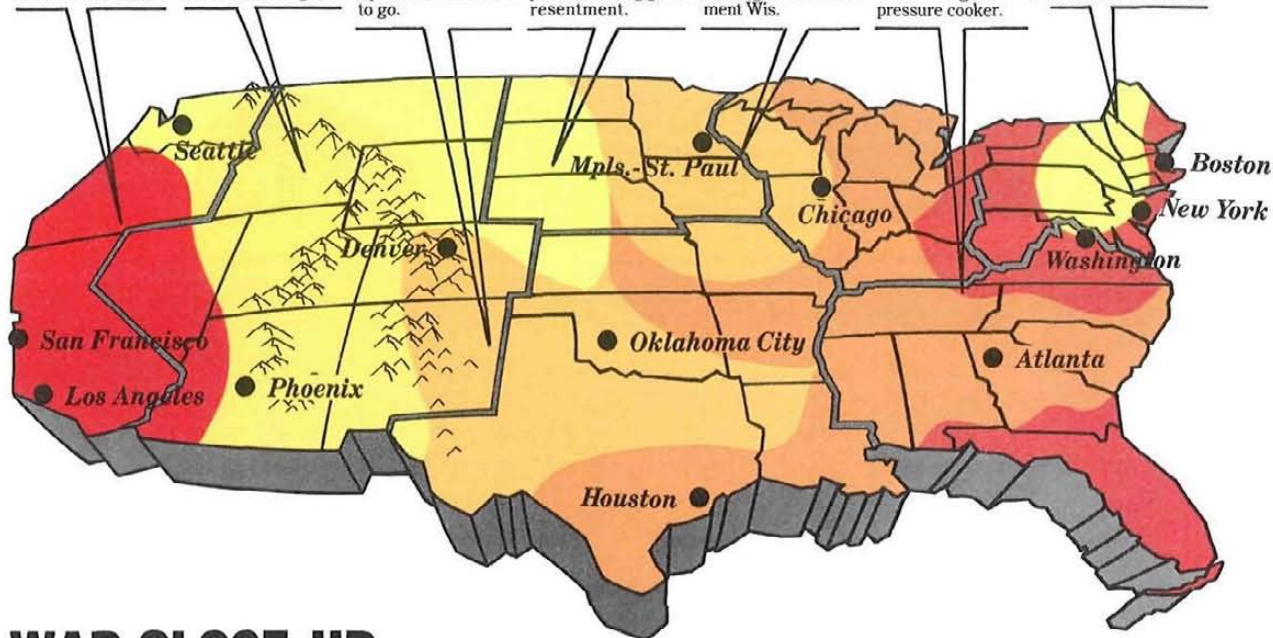
South Central: Line of storms, severe weapons fire across Tex. Poor Ark. folk all heated up with nowhere to go.

North Central: Cool, mostly middle-class activity, isolated industrialists in urban areas. Rich power triggers resentment.

Midwest: Heavy conditions, private security forces across line from Detroit to Chicago. Bemusement Wis.

Southeast: Collaboration develops across region except stormy Miami. Washington a pressure cooker.

Northeast: Activity at record levels, even into Conn., W. New England. Buffalo, northern Me. cool.



WAR CLOSE-UP

<p>ATLANTA</p> <p>Cover your head bricks and sticks and people in sheets, occasional potshots. Tomorrow: more of same, race and class lines blur.</p>	<p>BOSTON</p> <p>Hot hot hot bombs and bullets from Brookline to Back Bay. Tomorrow: mostly clubs and knives, ammo stores dry up.</p>	<p>CHICAGO</p> <p>Willamette b' bath Poor rejoice, great day for ribs, greens. Tomorrow: great day for Seltzers Bromo, Alka.</p>	<p>DENVER</p> <p>Scattered rows set jaws and chest thumps, mostly hot air. Tomorrow: punches likely, p'haps rocks.</p>	<p>HOUSTON</p> <p>Rich shine but late-day skirmishes can't be ruled out. Tomorrow: rain of blows, hail of bullets.</p>	<p>LOS ANGELES</p> <p>S'torm needed peace continues to avoid area, streets soaked. Tomorrow: more movie-style drama in Tinseltown.</p>	<p>MIAMI</p> <p>Twisters Rich drug lords up from poverty killing own families. Tomorrow: next to go: rich old Cubans, Jews.</p>
<p>MPLS.-ST. PAUL</p> <p>Cool heads Keillor-country Swedes concerned but unflapped. Tomorrow: garage bands make noise for disharmony.</p>	<p>NEW YORK</p> <p>God save Queens Central Park goes to poor in isolated b' bath. Tomorrow: blood boils, body counts climb, all boroughs.</p>	<p>OKLAHOMA CITY</p> <p>Cowboys 'n' Indians oil money mixes it up with reservation firewater. Tomorrow: everything on hold for OU-OSU game.</p>	<p>PHOENIX</p> <p>Sunbelt unbuckles second day of sniper fire rattles nerves. Tomorrow: ex-guv Mecham fires back.</p>	<p>SAN FRAN.</p> <p>Ideological haze "Golden Gate Made of Lead" day-long protests make things murky. Tomorrow: drugs, sex ease tensions.</p>	<p>SEATTLE</p> <p>Northwest pacific hairy eyeballs, drive-by moons, discourtesy. Tomorrow: rain.</p>	<p>WASH., D.C.</p> <p>Capitol gains clubby politicians wield clout, crack heads. Tomorrow: Crackheads wield clubs, clout politicians.</p>

August 17
Bush is nominated in Houston, saying, "All Americans are created equal, but some have done more to deserve their equality." In accepting the vice-presidential nod, S. Eliot Rite tearfully recalls his many happy golf outings with Quayle. Meanwhile, a Gallup poll finds 66 percent of middle-class voters can't wait for football season to start.

September 1
CNN dispatches Peter Arnett to East St. Louis, where the veteran of twelve wars is unceremoniously shot and killed as he steps off a Greyhound bus. The Sharper Image catalog switches to an all-weapons format, and thousands are blinded due to failure to read directions on the Executive Flamethrowing Letter Opener.

September 16
In keeping with the Campaign Financing Re-Form Act of 1992, allowing corporate sponsorship of political campaigns, Bush announces that he is the GE GOP candidate for president. Later the same week, Estevez declares that he is a "Mickey D's Democrat."

September 29
At the first Bush-Estevez debate, Bush scores points by promising to "bring good things to American life," but Estevez gaffes badly when he says, "As president, sometimes you gotta break the rules." Estevez's campaign manager later acknowledges it will be difficult to continue without corporate sponsorship.

October 9
In Washington, a "Middle-Class Mothers for Peace" march is forcibly dispersed by the National Guard; afterward, the women are nudged by members of UPI. Meanwhile, John Sununu dies during a "campaign strategy session" at the super-exclusive Bohemian Grove club when, drunk on Night Train consumed for a blackface skit, he staggers into a bonfire.

October 19
Congress passes the Riddles and Conundrums Voting Eligibility Act, mandating "skill tests and essay questions" for newly registered voters. Sample question: "What spinnaker would you use on a broad reach in heavy winds?"

NOVEMBER 3

Lured by an UP!-sponsored giveaway of aged surplus cheese, the poor vote in record numbers.



AP/WIDE WORLD

NOVEMBER 29

Post-election bombshell. Although the memo is published in the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *USA Today*, and even mentioned in the monologue of *Tonight Show* host Jay Leno, the poor are too drunk from constant victory celebrations to notice.

Top-Secret Internal Memo, Brotherhood of White Older Male Powerholders

From: JMB, secy
To: Officers
Re: Minutes from 11/29/92 Officers' Meeting: What to do about Estevez

Meeting convened at 8:00 P.M. at home of HML. Refreshments (finger sandwiches, coffee, cigars) provided by CRM. All officers present save FSK, currently being treated for melanoma. Motion to send FSK flowers (and gin) passes 7-5 (5 abstain), with proviso of 15-dollar spending cap. Money to be taken from FSK funerary flower fund now being collected.

CBMCo introduces meeting topic: Estevez and ilk to be stopped at all costs. General agreement by all but TLS, who questions "morality of tampering with the will of the people." TLS roundly booted.

TRC and LGM of BWOMCP Crisis Action Committee submit strategy

- First, adjust presidential election results through "interfere" in electoral college. WJC allowed to draw resources from Langley Fund to "make new friends" as needed.
- Once victory secured, promote goodwill, no hard feelings, etc., while waiting dependence—until congressional aid-to-poor programs, including Social Security early payout plan, random cash prizes, and scholarships for welfare recipients in support of said programs.
- Then raise frustration levels in public water systems to increase "phobias."
- Subvert urban race-class tensions by commanding Brotherhood automation "The Louk Farrakhan" to implement 099-53A emergency-sequence teachings program "Muhammad was a wealthy European (northern) man on business (slavery) in the Middle East when he became the Prophet."
- In rural areas, step up campaign for traditional values in schools and churches "barefoot and pregnant," etc. (Also, talk to Southern Baptist Brotherhood auxiliary about additional programming, and examine feasibility of "discovering" ancient lost books of NYT wherein JC restates virtues of doing what you're told.)
- Aggressively continue multiculturalism campaign in colleges, until overbrought ethnics remove themselves from campuses altogether, ensuring decreased ethnic presence in white-collar professions (TH III "And clearing up Alina Mater in the process").

cc: GHWR

In more points to follow: Servant Problem subcommittee chair

greeted the plan with much enthusiasm. Motion to passes 7-1 (TLS casting only "nay"). Those wishing to contact TRC or LGM refer to blue directory.

ancient vow of secrecy and discretion must be General agreement follows and time is spent previous successes: invention of Armed Services, unveiling of Western canon in 1921, massive and 1942 promotional campaign for pork and fried foods; secret Mall Liquor conferences of 1963, in founding of Black Panthers and Jewish Defense to keep both races at each other's throats; creation of "South Africa" on Hollywood backdrop divert attention from Brotherhood activities; and evangelical preaching. TLS cautions that same not been so successful, e.g., post-WW II proved poor from aspiring to wealth by sports, not to mention plot to keep them making them believe ex-joytable. Again, TLS roundly booted.

Refreshments served. LHM entertains all. After reciting oath, meeting adjourned. stay to discuss "attitude problem" of

JANUARY 1, 1993



Vowing to make a clean start, Muriel Jeeters, now executive household assistant to Mr. and Mrs. Hefner, repays all the money she received during her seventeen years on welfare. Vice President S. Eliot Rite accepts the check personally and quips, "One down, eleven million to go."

JANUARY 21, 1993, *New York Times*



October 28

At the newly renamed Sununu Center for the Performing Arts, UP! forces infiltrate the cast of *Les Miserables*, attacking the audience during the "Do You Hear the People Sing?" reprise. A badly wounded John Simon calls the performance "overwrought."

October 31

President Bush invites UP! leaders and officers to Camp David to "get things off our chest in an exchange of dialogue." Leaders arrive at 11:00 on Saturday morning. By 3:00, Maryland locals report a distinct "almond odor" blowing out of the camp, and a "strange, unnatural silence" in the forest.

November 2

Public outcry over the Camp David atrocity mushrooms when thick, acrid smoke forces ABC to cancel *Monday Night Football* (Washington Redskins vs. Philadelphia Eagles).

November 3

The Republicans have badly miscalculated. The middle class stays away from the election in droves, and since poor voters outnumber rich by 200 to 1, Estevez wins every state but Connecticut. The stock market plunges 500 points in the first hour of trading, then closes for the day.

November 26

Estevez delivers Thanksgiving address, stresses "healing," and unveils a proposed reform package entitled "Everyone's a Winner," which includes the Lotto Improvement Act, the punitive Lawn and Driveway Tax, the Omnibus Revenge Bill, and the Universal Cable Act.

December 14

The electoral college meets and quickly votes to reelect George Bush, after which the electors hurry to helicopters, where they are whisked out of sight. Later that day, the Supreme Court upholds the decision of the electoral college as binding. The Uncivil War is over; the rich have won.

In a landmark 1972 decision, the IRS ruled that some people had so much money it was probably best not to anger them. Soon afterward, a select handful of super-rich were issued two-digit Social Security numbers allowing them to pass undisturbed through the system. This unique dispensation from tax-paying was the first formal acknowledgment of something people had long suspected: that there were Americans even more staggeringly rich than we were led to believe on Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous.

THE UPPEST CLASS

PORTRAITS OF THE UNBELIEVABLY RICH

WHO THEY ARE

The starting point for Uppest Class citizenship is a net worth of 3.6 trillion dollars: specifically, the ability to single-handedly wipe out the federal deficit should one ever choose to be that generous. And the Uppest Class have amassed their fortunes in as many ways as the middle class have pissed theirs away.

- In 1959, while unsuccessfully attempting to sue a rival restaurateur over exclusive use of the name "Parthenon Coffee Shop," Frank Geopoppolis discovered that no trademark had ever been taken out on the copyright symbol. For six dollars, Geopoppolis bought the rights to the symbol and began collecting royalties on everything with a copyright notice. Five weeks later, he taped his first million dollars to the wall behind his desk, and the money keeps pouring in.

- Engraver Stephen Colhane was commissioned in 1912 to redesign the dollar bill, but rather than charging his typical two-thousand-dollar fee, Colhane requested that he be allowed to purchase an unspecified number of bills for his portfolio at cost.

An unthinking official at the Treasury Department foolishly agreed

to this plan, and today Colhane's "portfolio" is worth thirty-five trillion dollars.

- Joey Calafuno, whose fortune is estimated at twenty-one trillion dollars, claims he makes his money as a

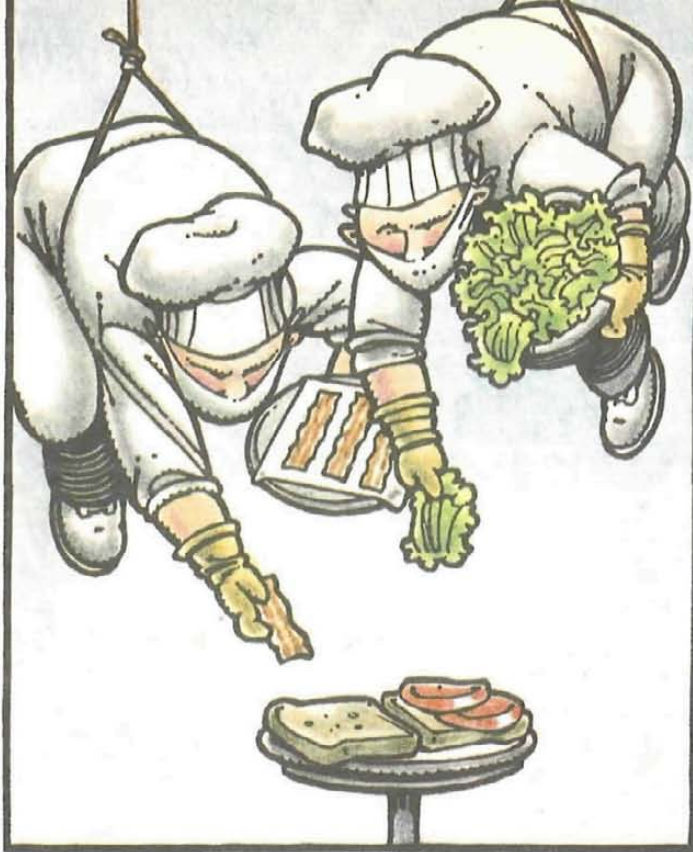
concrete salesman.

"If he does anything else on the side," says Calafuno's lawyer, who asked not to be identified, "I'm absolutely unaware of it."



Edgar Burmeister was a pet food salesman until one amazing visit to a Las Vegas casino in 1984. Starting with a two-dollar bet and playing red, he won forty-four consecutive times before his bladder exploded, thrusting him into intensive care but ensuring a positive end to his streak. His seventeen-trillion-dollar winnings more than made up for twenty-five years of gambling losses, and what's more, the casino covered his hospital costs. A man of simple tastes, Burmeister's first purchase with his newfound wealth was a beer hat ("A really nice one," offers an acquaintance), but he then bought the casino and had it converted into a private home, and has since moved on to even more elaborate displays of his inimitable personal style.

by Robert Leighton • Illustrated by Rick Geary



HOW THEY LIVE

Owing to their desire for privacy, the Uppest Class lifestyle is not easily discerned. But this much is certain: the gargantuanly wealthy live lives of almost paralyzing satisfaction. Most waking hours are apparently spent in meetings with different teams of financial advisers, who report round-the-clock on interest earned since the previous report, then offer corporations or foreign governments as investment suggestions.

But there's little use driving through Palm Beach or Beverly Hills looking for the mansions of the Uppest Class. Their sometimes obsessive reclusiveness has turned most of them into veritable moles: four out of five Uppest Class residences are buried miles below ground, where acreage has neither price nor limit.

Security measures can be extreme. Stray too far on the unmarked grounds, as a team of Forbes reporters did last year, and you risk electrocution, impalement, or worse. And have no doubt—your family will be paid handsomely enough to ensure that they forget there was a time they couldn't put a value on your life.

The most expensive home in the world is the relatively modest-looking sixty-room mansion owned by Jorge Alvarado, kingpin of the Colombian cocaine world. Three years ago, while

Needless to say, the Uppest Class eats well, though even gourmet food can become boring day in and day out. Meals are often deceptively simple. A bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwich for lunch, perhaps—but made to perfection, by the world's greatest BLT chefs, whose services may not be called upon again for months.

Theaters-in-the-round, offering a sort of "living television," make up the evening's diversions. Entertainment crews work up four or five different complete performances every evening; the family can choose to watch what it wants, or even switch back and forth, just as middle-class "zappers" do. There's apparently no shortage of actors willing to take part in the command performances, but in truth not one of these stars-in-the-making has been heard of again.

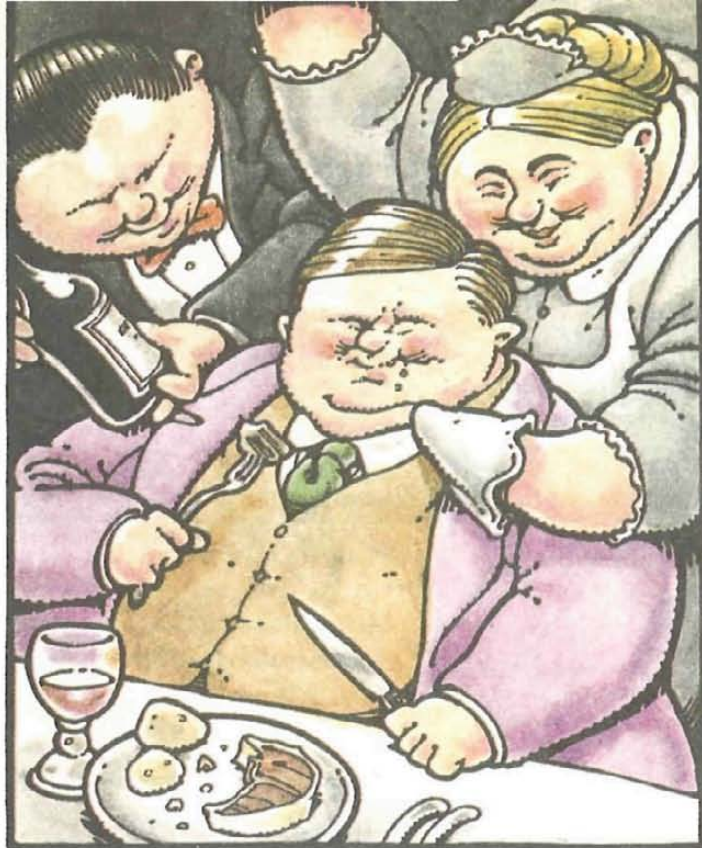


he was in possession of thousands of tons of pure coke bricks, Alvarado learned of an imminent DEA bust. Unable to disperse his merchandise on such short notice, he ordered his four-thousand-man army to conceal the bricks by assembling them in the form of a summer villa. Although modestly appointed, the house has a street value of eighty-two trillion dollars.

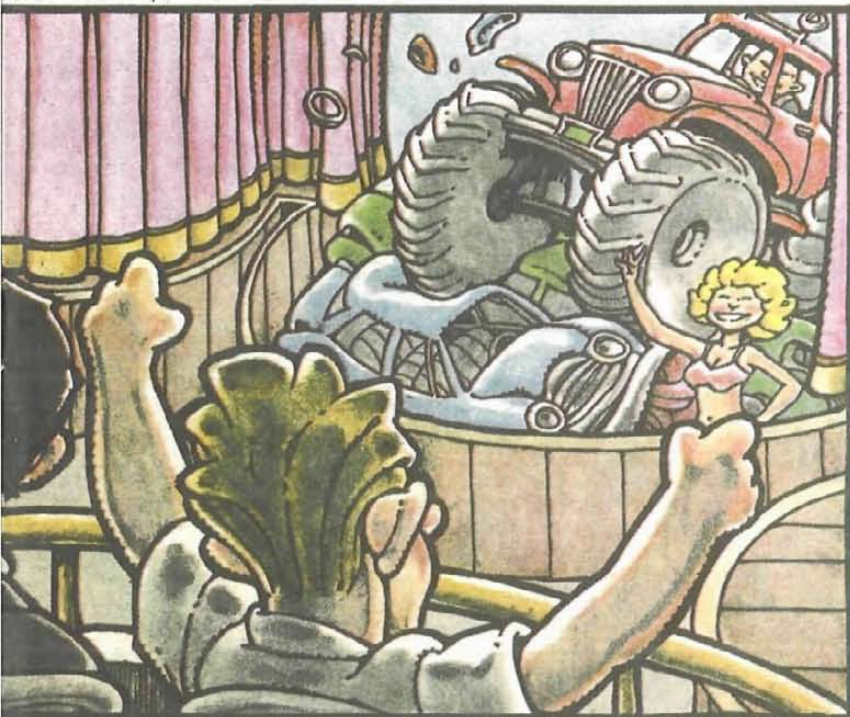
No vacation spot could possibly afford the privacy or exclusivity the Upper Class demands, so they have custom-built private vacation satellites. Normally encompassing estate, lake, hunting grounds, and sports stadium, these "Play Stations" orbit hundreds of miles above the earth, and have permanently installed staffs. When the novelty of a particular vacation spot wears off, the satellite and its staff are simply sent spinning off into space—another disposable commodity of the enormously wealthy.

THEIR PERSONALITIES

The old axiom goes, "The rich are different from you and me," but you might be surprised. Take away their fantastic homes and their incredibly comfortable lifestyles, take away their staffs, their advisers, their sexual servants, their clothes, their food....Strip them of everything and they will be just as unhappy as you are. In fact,



Charlie Montague always weighed too much. Today, with a net worth of trillions (the result of a massive computer error his bank never caught), the 420-pound Montague insists that everyone on his staff not dip below 500 pounds, keeping him the thinnest person in the room. His wife and children have reportedly undergone extensive liposuction to fulfill this whim.



more so, because you're used to having nothing and they're not.

This is not to say, however, that outrageous wealth can't sometimes nourish odd behavior.

- Rose Anne Booth, the red-brick heiress, grew up a relatively normal, albeit spoiled, rich girl, but in adulthood has become markedly more bizarre. Intent on living past 110, she has her blood changed every day, a process that leaves her sapped of strength and constantly hooked up to tubes. Perhaps more disturbingly, Booth keeps her feces bagged and labeled for "future reference."

- Index card inventor Stanley Joseph Diamond, always somewhat anally retentive himself, began having nightmares in which he discovered billions of dollars missing because of shoddy recordkeeping. As a result, Diamond hired a team that logs Reserve note serial numbers into a computer system and tracks movements of specific bills through the economy. He already owns the complete 1986C, 1987B, and 1988C series of hundred-dollar bills.



THEIR VALUES

It would be convenient to label the Uppest Class “elitist,” but in truth, the *très riche* care about the same things everybody else does—except money. They were curiously unruffled by the recent savings-and-loan debacle, for example. “It’s like, suppose you owned a sneaker factory,” says Don Blankenship of the Treasury Department. “And on the way home one night you stepped in dogshit.”

Yet ironically, a sort of work ethic does exist among these people. Coupon-cutting queen Betty Walters and her husband, Hal, are raising their children, Cleo and Pogie, as though they weren’t infinitely wealthy. Each week the girls are responsible for brushing their teeth and changing their own underwear. If performed satisfactorily, each receives a weekly allowance of thirty million dollars. The girls’ personal assistants proudly report that on numerous occasions, half—or more—of that allowance has been withheld for poor performance. The Walters hope that such stern adherence to rules will teach the next generation of Uppest Class citizens the value of a dollar. ■

For the past thirty years, the Letchman family has had all its reading matter provided by its exclusive writer in residence, J. D. Salinger. Says Helen Letchman, “I know it sounds cliché, but I like a good short story when I’m on the potty. J. D. has been consistently entertaining—and he has such a beautiful reading voice.”

George Rivington made his trillions collecting “admission” at Ellis Island during the height of immigration. In 1990, when his grandson George Rivington III took his family back to New York for a visit, a team of advance men spent two weeks making certain his children saw nothing to offend their sensibilities. Rivington and his wife, Carol, are shown here with the boys, twelve-year-old George Rivington IV, nine-year-old George Rivington V, and five-year-old George Rivington VI, all exact genetic copies of their father.



NEW MENUS

THE UPTOWN CUISINE

BY PORTER MCALLISTER

Photographed by Nick Koudis

Autumn is upon us, and so farewell for now to cold gazpacho, seafood salads, chilled fruit compote, and the like. Manhattan's denizens—those of the charity ball and the opera house—now turn to the richer fare of the season; venison, roast loin of pork, and wild pheasant will delight the palate on a crisp and chilly evening, as they have for centuries. But farther north, a cuisine has sprung up that harks back to a yet more primitive, elemental style.

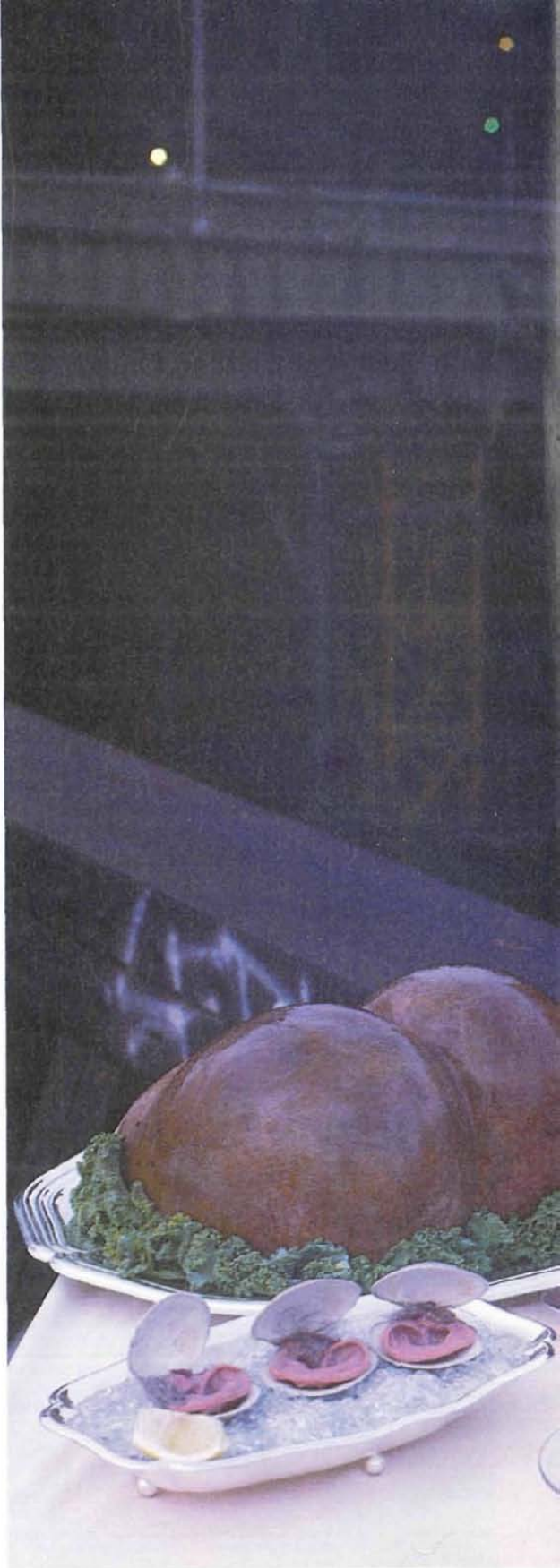
This new "uptown" cuisine is about daring to have fun with a meal, to break free of conventional forms and rules. It is tangy with the excitement of urban life, electric with the dangerous pleasures of the darkling street. It is the cuisine of passionate young men living life to the fullest.

Of course, those who have shrunk from *calamari fritti*, *ris de veau*, and Beaujolais with fish may in turn find this new cuisine horrifying, an assault on the sensibilities. Its pungent masculinity offends the food establishment, which is unnerved by its challenge to traditional perceptions of what is edible. The current rabid media attacks on it call to mind nothing so much as the Stalinist purges. And they are equally unwarranted, for in their hysteria those critics gloss over the unwavering quality of these novel ingredients: the uptown cuisine by its very nature utilizes only the finest, most succulent game. While its principal preparers and consumers may be coarse, rough-hewn, even brutish, the raw ingredients of this *gastronomie d'haute-ville* are strictly to the manner born. For the moneyed classes and entrenched food establishment to despise this food is to despise themselves, for it is they who are its raw materials.

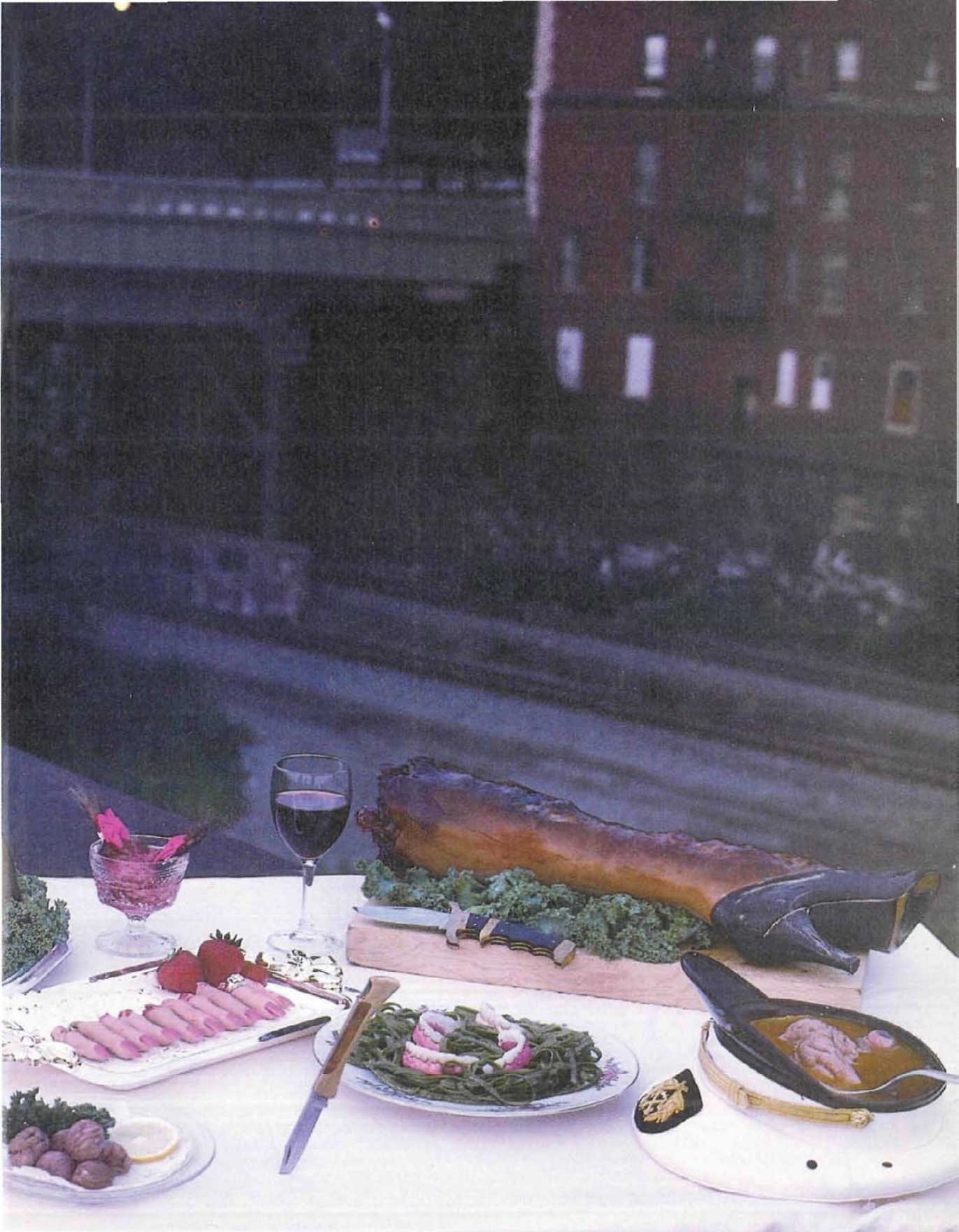
The hostelrys featuring this robust style continue to multiply. They are particularly numerous in the great Windy City's tropical half and the City of Angels' picturesque suburb of Compton, as well as New York, but have appeared wherever the traditional urban diet—fried poultry, ice-cold beer, and spongy, cream-filled pastries—has proven not vital enough for an exuberant *lumpenproletariat* on the move. Still, in this writer's opinion, the cream of the new crop is the Bronx's own Tunnel Club.

In the many years I have written for this magazine, though I dined at the Four Seasons and Lutèce, I have never encountered a board as rich or an ambiance as invigorating as those of the Tunnel Club. The vast, gloomy expanse of tunnel—illuminated, hither and yon, by romantic bonfires—gives a pleasant, Old World feel to the place. From the moment the blindfold is removed, one is reminded of the exquisite Kellers of Salzburg. And there is something

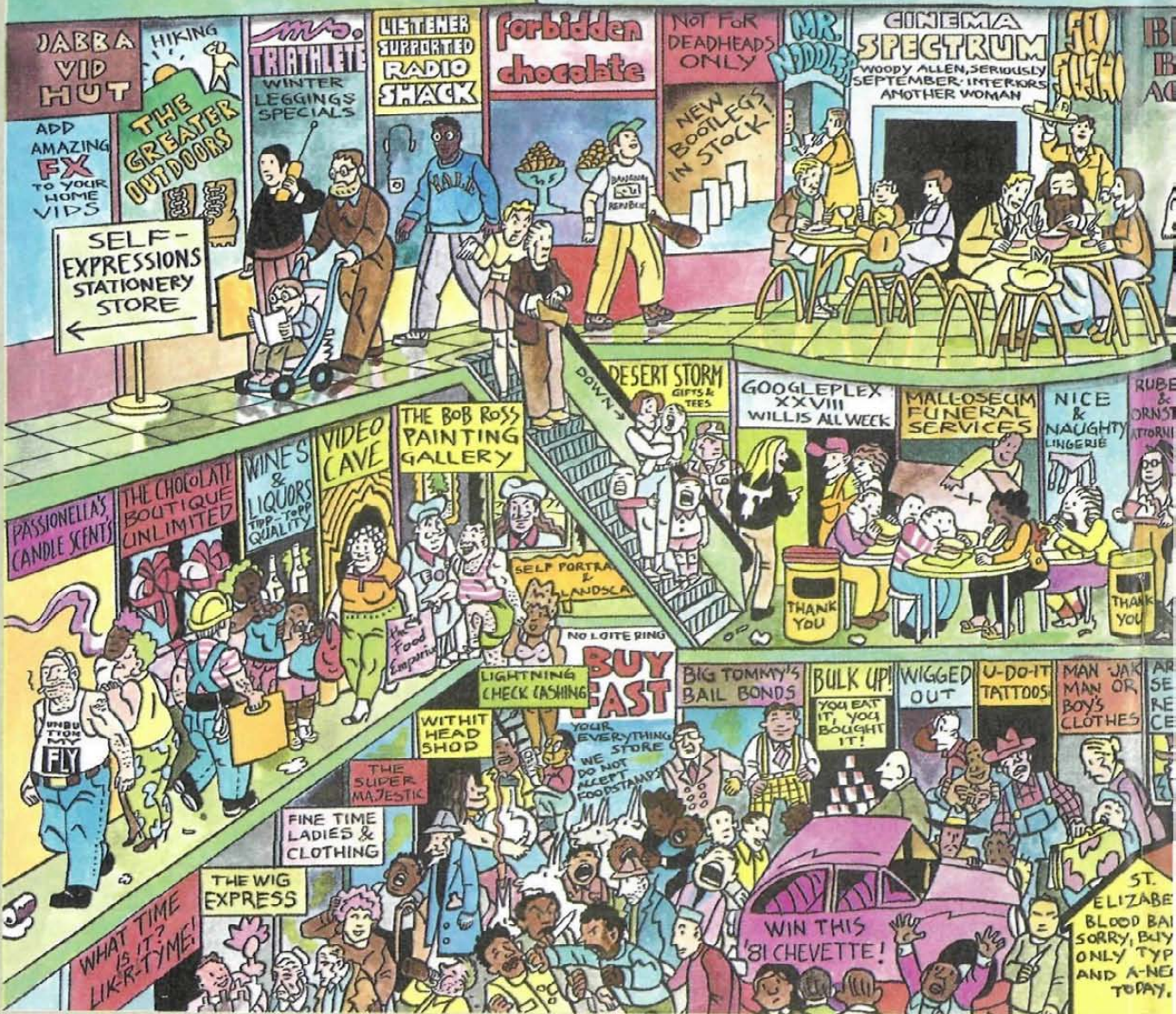
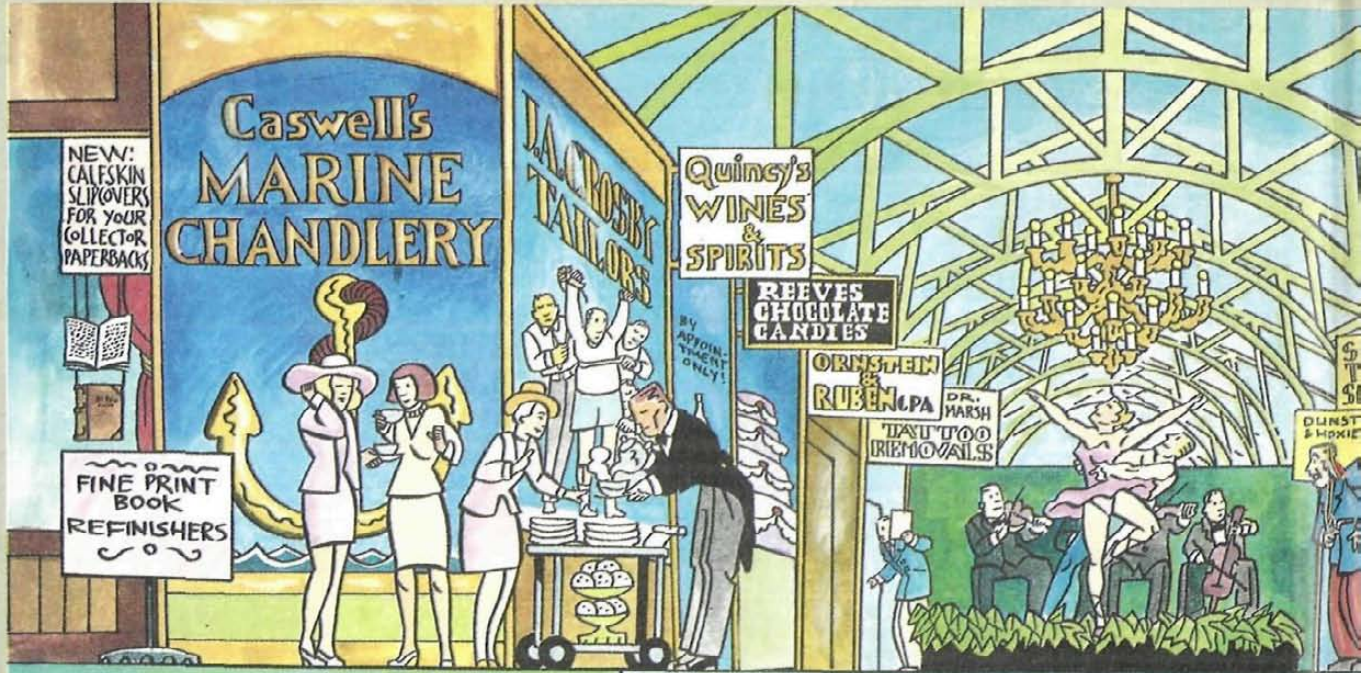
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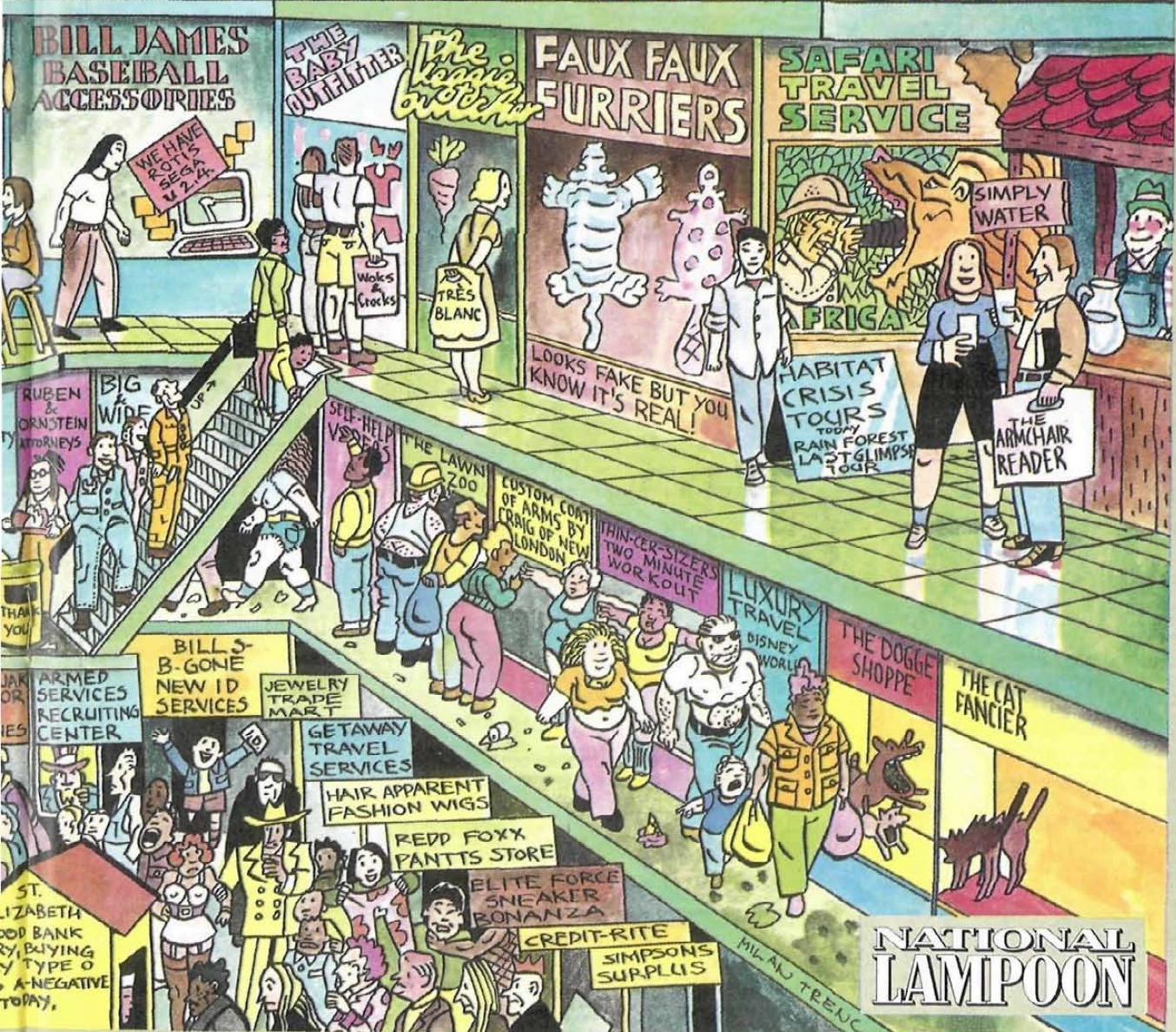
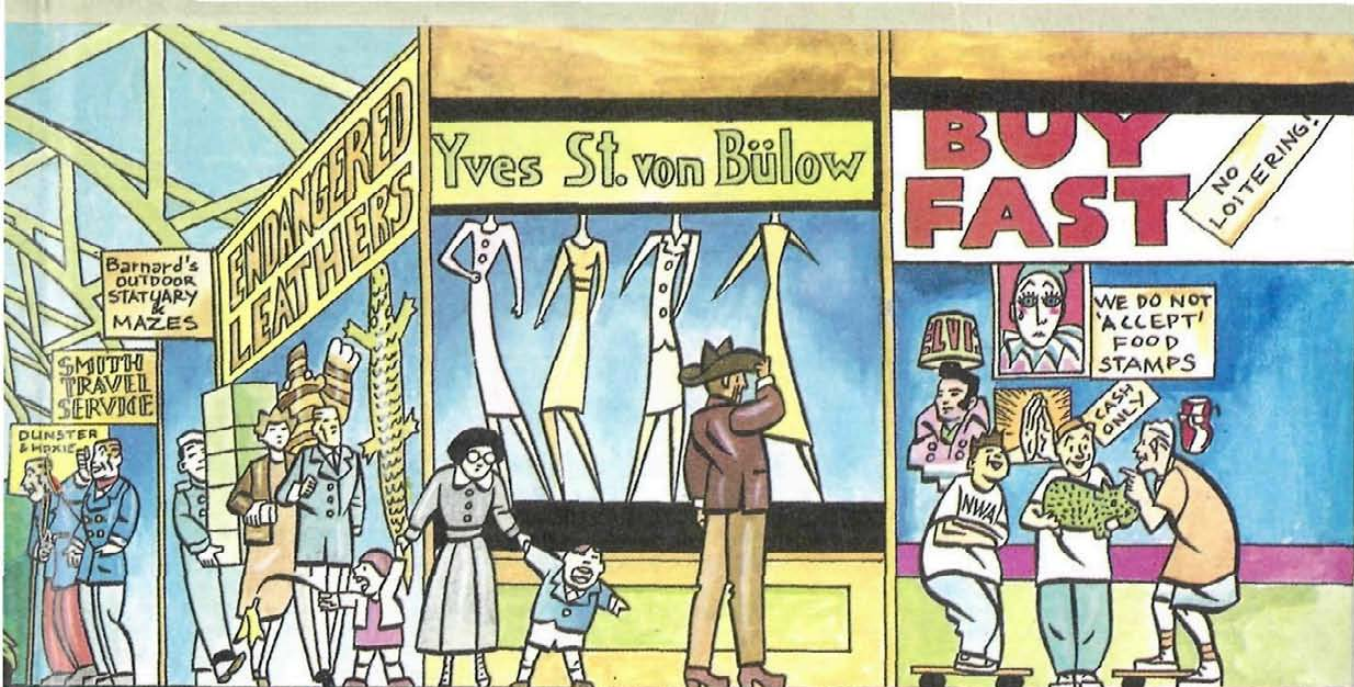


Clockwise from lower left: Pan-Fried Milwaukee Oysters; Oreilles de



Mère; Rump Roast au Financier with Yorkie Pudding; Leg of Matron; Bourgeoisbaisse en Chapeau de Marin; Linguine Geriatre Al Dente; Ladyfingers.





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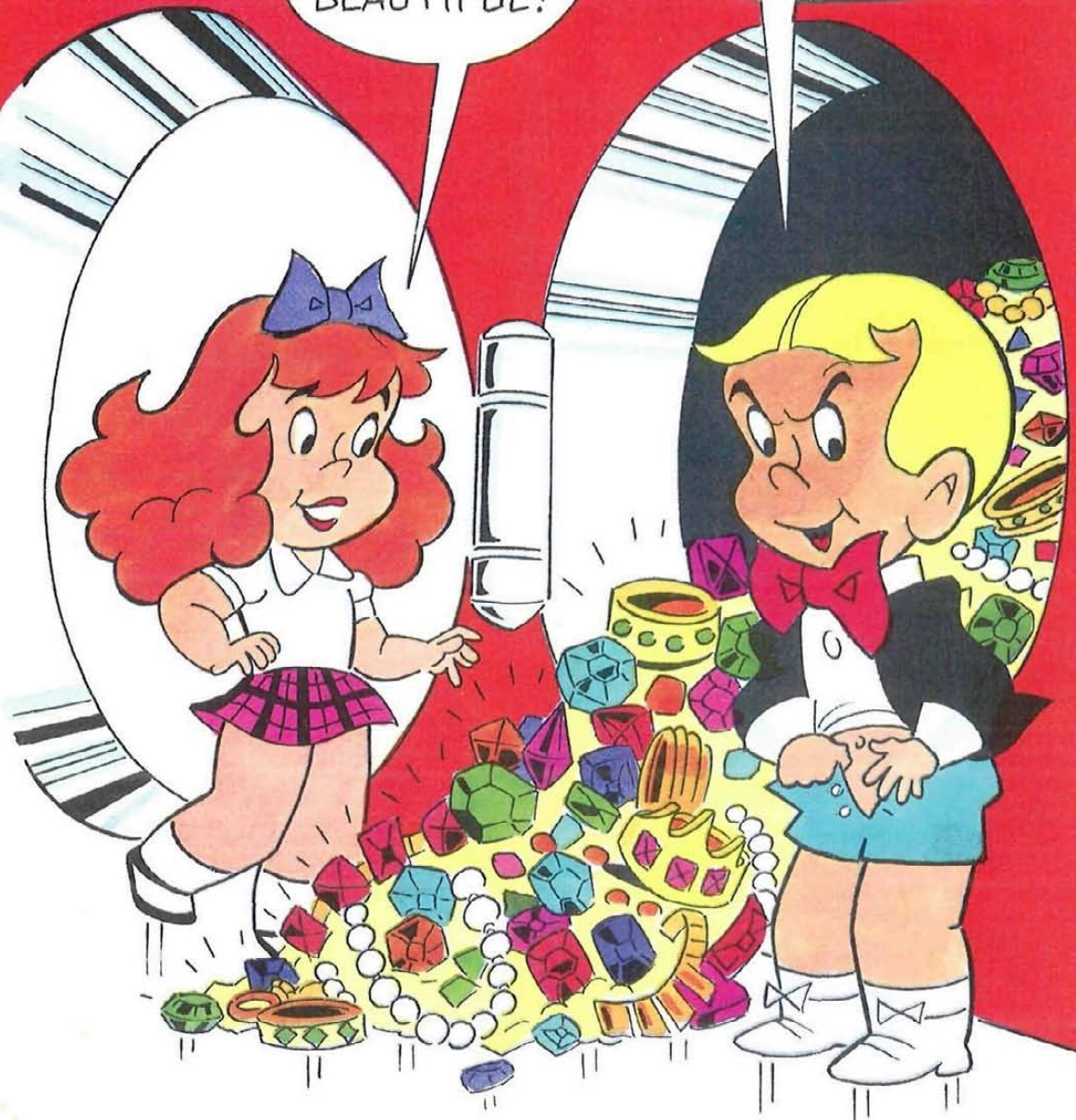
Richie Riche

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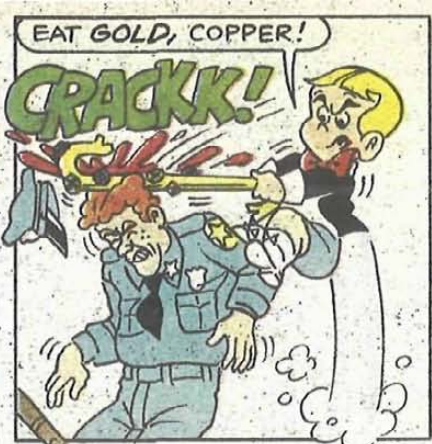
IN **RICHE RICHE** CREME de la \$PREE!





GOOD MORNING, OFFICER!

JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH!
WHAT THE BEGORRAH...



EAT GOLD, COPPER!

CRACKK!



SOON...

PERHAPS WE SHOULD SURRENDER, SIR!

I DON'T PAY YOU FOR STUPID ADVICE, BASCOMB! GET OUT THERE AND DISTRACT THEM SO I CAN ESCAPE!



VERY WELL, SI... AARRGH!

RAT
TAT
TAT!

BASCOMB, YOU IDIOT!

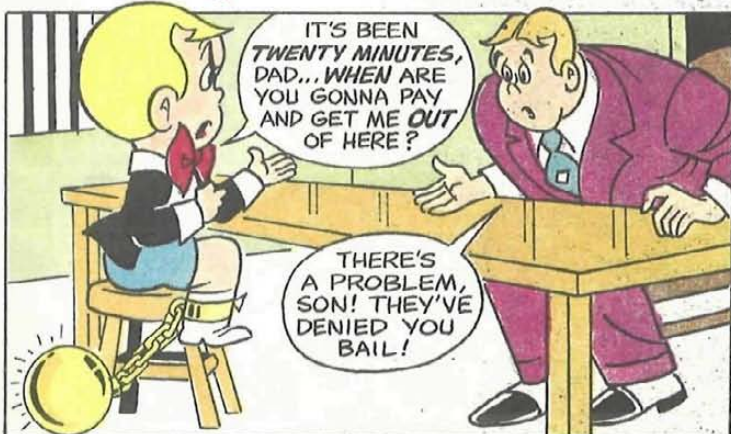


LATER...

DAILY TIMES

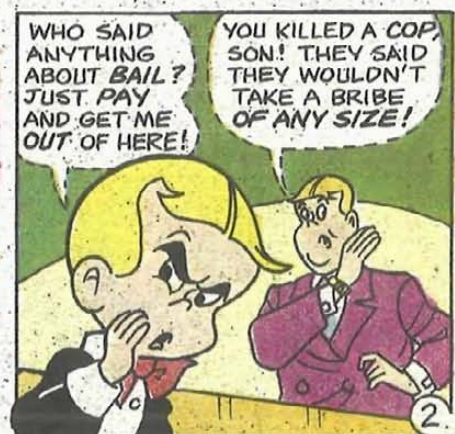
**RICHE KID
KO'S COPPER**
DRIVER, TWO OTHERS KILLED

IN BIZ:
RICHE
STOCK
LEAPS
84 PTS



IT'S BEEN TWENTY MINUTES, DAD... WHEN ARE YOU GONNA PAY AND GET ME OUT OF HERE?

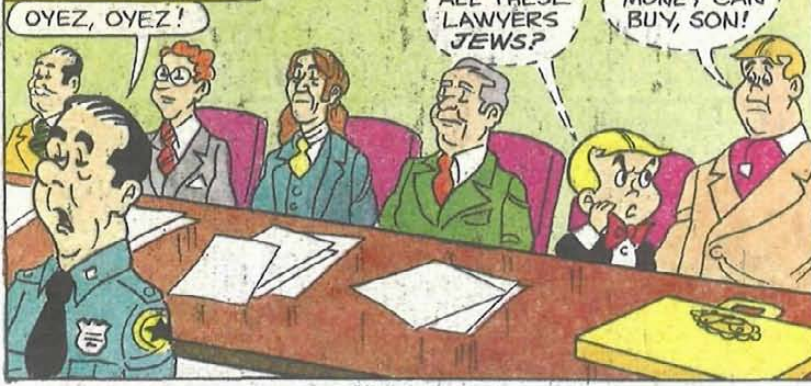
THERE'S A PROBLEM, SON! THEY'VE DENIED YOU BAIL!



WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT BAIL? JUST PAY AND GET ME OUT OF HERE!

YOU KILLED A COP, SON! THEY SAID THEY WOULDN'T TAKE A BRIBE OF ANY SIZE!

THAT AFTERNOON...



OYEZ, OYEZ!

DAD, ARE ALL THESE LAWYERS JEWS?

THE BEST MONEY CAN BUY, SON!

YOUR HONOR, THE PROSECUTION WOULD LIKE TO CALL AS ITS FIRST WITNESS... CADBURY, THE BUTLER!



MAWSTER RICHIE OFTEN INSTRUCTED ME TO PROCURE SMALL ANIMALS FOR HIS "EXPERIMENTS"...

OBJECTION! PRIVILEGED COMMUNICATION BETWEEN A MASTER AND HIS SERVANT!



LIAR, LIAR, PANTS ON FIRE!

YOU'RE DEAD MEAT, YOU LIMEY BASTARD! DO YOU HEAR ME? DEAD MEAT!



A PARADE OF WITNESSES...

HE PAYS HOMELESS PEOPLE TO PICK HIS NOSE AND EAT HIS BOOGERS!

HE PAID ME ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS TO KISS HIS "LITTLE RICHARD"!



GRRRRR!



I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! RICHIE RICHE, I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO BE SPANKED... TO DEATH!

(G-GULP!)

LATE THAT NIGHT...



ZZZ...?

NO MORE BELUGA SUNDAES BEFORE BED FOR ME!...

... THAT WAS SUCH A HORRIBLE DREAM!



NOT EXACTLY, KID... BUT LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE! IT'S TIME FOR YOUR FOUR O'CLOCK FEEDING...

(D-DOUBLE G-GULP!!)

PRETTY IRONIC, EH, KID? BEING EXECUTED BY A DEVICE YOUR DAD MANUFACTURED....



EAT ME, SCREW!



ANY LAST WORDS, RICHELIE?

SOB! I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN IT! I'M JUST A POOR LITTLE RICH KID! BAW! HAW! HAW!

RING!



IT'S THE GOVERNOR! HE'S PARDONING RICHELIE RICHELIE!



PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

WELL, SON, I HOPE YOU LEARNED SOMETHING FROM ALL THIS!



I SURE DID, DAD! I LEARNED THAT MONEY CAN'T BUY LOYALTY, IT CAN'T BUY THE POLICE, AND IT CAN'T BUY FRIENDS!...

...BUT THERE ARE STILL THINGS MONEY CAN BUY....



RIGHT, GOVERNOR?

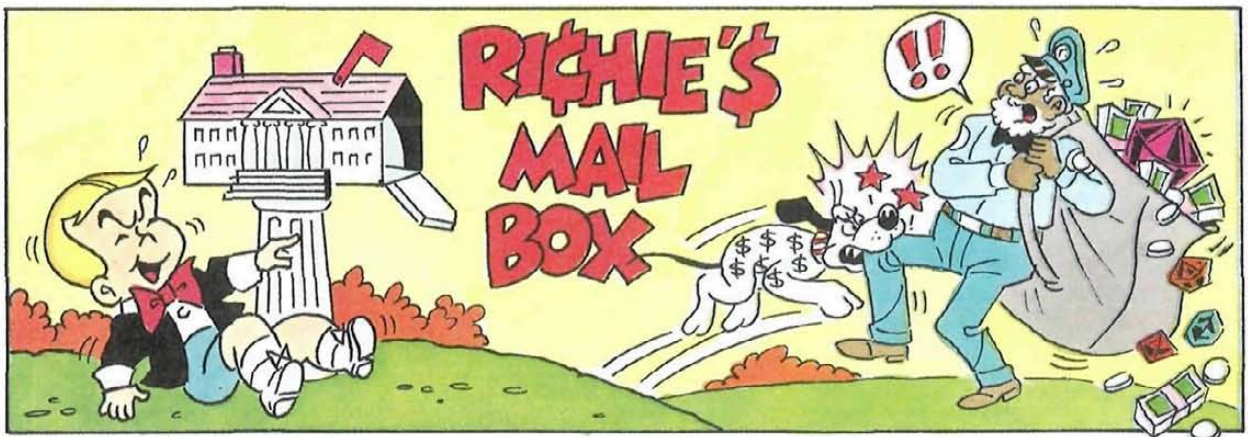
PLEASE, RICHELIE... NOT IN FRONT OF THE REPORTERS!



OH, YES... AND MONEY CAN'T BUY OFF THE MEDIA, RIGHT, DAD?

SMILE, SIR!

THE END



SEND YOUR LETTERS TO: RICHIE RICHE, J2 COMMUNICATIONS, 155 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10013

Dear Richie Riche,
I asked Santa Claus for a dolly and for my little brothers earache to go away. He gave me the dolly but my brothers ear still hurts and he's got to have a operation or he'll be deaf. Now I am sad and even my dollies sad can you make my brother better or send money for paying the doctor?
Emily L., age 8
San Marcos, California

Dear Emily,
I enjoyed your dolly story! I had an earache once and it turned out there was a valuable diamond stuck in my ear! (RR #41, "DeBeers on Tap.")

Dear Richie Riche,
I loved RR #68, "In the Soup Kitchen." But we never find out what happened to all those social workers you locked inside the meat freezer. Does Cadbury let them out after he says, "One last thing, Mawster Richie" in the second-to-last frame? Or do they maybe escape and try to get revenge in a later issue?
Peter S., age 13
Provo, Utah

Dear Pete,
No, Cadbury didn't let them out, he went back to pick up my monogrammed hanky so the police wouldn't find it. I'd think a thirteen-year-old would be able to figure that out. As for the social workers, I don't have the slightest idea what happened to them. Maybe they got eaten or something.

Dear Richie Riche,
I have two questions. 1) How did your friends Peewee and Freckles get so poor, and 2) Why don't you just give them some of your money, since you have more than you need?
Christina P., age 10
New Albany, Indiana

Dear Christina,
1) No idea. I assume they spent principal. 2) I do not have "more than I need." (See RR #42, "Leveraged Buy-Owch!")

Dear Richie Riche,
I loved ish #51, "Down the Storm Drain." It was very clever of you to trick that homeless bum into going into the sewer to get your Krugerrand. I wonder if you could rerun the third panel, where you bend over and reach into the storm drain. The artwork and coloring are tops, and it would make a great Richie Riche poster!
Lester M., age 12
Jefferson City, Missouri

Dear Lester MacAdams,
A 39-year-old elementary school principal like yourself should know better than to write a letter like that on school stationery. It's as if you wanted to announce to the entire world that the principal of Mark Twain High School in Jefferson City has nothing better to do than ogle the albeit well-shaped fanny of a pre-pubescent cartoon character. If you want a poster, try Blueboy.

Dear Richie Riche,
In "Pinching a Loaf" (RR #67), you and Bascomb catch the thief by following the trail of breadcrumbs back to his creepy shantytown. Why would there be all those crumbs if he was just bringing the loaf of bread back to his starving baby daughter? Also, wouldn't the thief theoretically have the right to the oil you discovered when the bullet you shot at him drilled a hole in the ground?
Keith U., age 11
Port Moody, B.C., Canada

Dear Keith,
Sheesh, that's just the point! He

didn't give the bread to his daughter, he ate it himself. Saying they were trying to feed their starving children is a favorite excuse of rotten criminals! And yes, the thief would have the right to the oil if he owned the land, but he was renting it from RicheCo Real Estate (and his last two rent checks bounced, by the way!).

Dear Richie Riche,
Bascomb is a really good crime-fighter! He helped you catch the crooks really well in "Pinching a Loaf" and "Loiterbugs" (RR #63), and he stopped the car thieves in "Watts Happening" (RR #39). Maybe he could have a crime-fighting comic book of his own!
Nicholas A., age 10
Auburn, Washington

Dear Nicholas,
Bascomb is my chauffeur, and he will appear, helping me solve crimes, when it is appropriate.

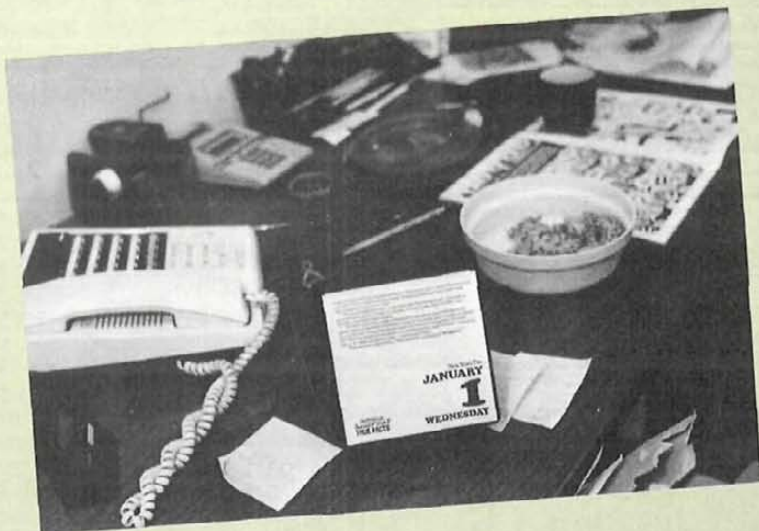
Dear Richie Riche,
Is Casper you, after you die? He looks kind of like you.
Andrew N., age 9
Laveen, Arizona

Dear Andrew,
No. Casper is you, after you die.

Keep those great letters coming! And remember, Richie's too busy to send everyone a personal reply. If you would like one, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and a check or money order for \$125.00, payable to J2 Communications. Thanks!



True Fact: Our 1992 Calendar Is Off the Wall!



Literally and figuratively speaking, our new 1992 True Facts Calendar breaks the mold of most calendars. You won't find overripe girls in thong bikinis or steroided oil-glazed Terminator III's. No pastoral bubbling brooks or cats dressed up as business executives. What you'll get from us is one gloriously absurd, frighteningly all-too-human True Fact a day. A daily dose of the documented bizarreness of human behavior that reinforces the fact

that most of us enjoy a very tenuous grip on reality at best.

And we'll give you these treasures in an easy-to-use format: the desk calendar. Just read that day's True Fact on awakening, go about your business, return home at the end of the day, and rip off the page, secure in the knowledge that you've managed to get through another day without humiliating yourself like those idiots who *become* True Facts do.

NATIONAL LAMPOON
155 Ave of the Americas, NL1291
New York, NY 10013

Send me a 1992 True Facts Desk Calendar for only \$8.95 plus \$2.00 for postage and handling.

Okay, you got me. I live in a country foreign to the United States, so that means I've got to ante up another \$2.00 per calendar or I'll never get these in time for the holidays.

New York State residents please add 8¼ percent sales tax.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Check enclosed Charge to my:

MasterCard # _____ MasterCard Interbank # _____

Visa # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

“Tea was wonderful.
Until Yolanda served the petit fours.”

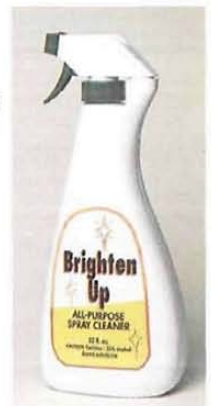


I assumed we used only the finest cleaner—until those wretched, cracked hands scandalized my guests.

Thank goodness a friend of Yolanda's told her about Brighten Up. Its special formula keeps her hands—and *hands just like hers*—presentable. And the house is spotless. It has to be—it's in the National Registry!

Now I personally see to it that all my people use Brighten Up. Because when you take care of the help, the help takes care of you.

Brighten Up



CONTAINS 35% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

NATIONAL LAMPOON SWALLOWS PRIDE AND GOES BI
Makes Lemonade from Sour Economy

EFFECTIVE THIS issue, *National Lampoon* will be published on a bimonthly basis, appearing six times a year rather than ten.

This change in frequency comes after a sluggish economy has forced dozens of magazines out of business entirely. Even after returning all the deposit cans in the office, looking for quarters under the sofa cushions, and making a heartfelt appeal to the United Nations for whatever UNICEF collection boxes they could spare, it appears that bimonthly publication is our most feasible alternative to following all the other rags.

But this is hardly any reason to go off and shoot yourself (although if you've had a lot of other hardships in your life, you could probably make a case for this being the one crazy little thing that pushes you over the edge). Because even

though we're changing the number of issues per year, we *won't* be changing our editorial direction or content. In fact, each bimonthly issue will contain *more* pages of great *National Lampoon* humor and satire from some of the most original writers in the business.

And you have our word that *all subscriptions will be honored for their full allotment of issues*. That is, if you subscribed for one year (or ten issues) ten issues is what you will receive, even though you will receive them over a longer span of time.

So look for our next issue, "The Best of Parodies," on sale in mid-December, and then the all-new, all-original April issue in mid-February. And remember this: though our frequency may be reduced, our appetite for printing the best and most outrageous humor remains as gargantuan as ever.

Finally... you can smell the clean all over your house.



Cleaning's not just about getting rid of dirt. It's about getting rid of odors, too. Because when you have odors, you still have dirt—microscopic, invisible, *humiliating* dirt.

Introducing Brighten Up. Its multipurpose formula takes the place of detergents, personal-hygiene products, even wood cleaners, to get rid of invisible dirt molecules and give you the consistent fresh smell that says "Go ahead and sniff me—I'm *really* clean!"

For a consistent fresh smell you'll be proud to have other people notice, get Brighten Up. And smell the clean! **Brighten Up**

CONTAINS 35% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME.

BONUS:
Get this
kitten
figurine
bottle as
our free
gift!



"WE GO TO EXTREMES TO BRING YOU
METAL'S BEST
COVERAGE!"

RIP^{T.M.}



12 Issues Only \$ **22.95** Save Over \$19* And Get A Free Pair Of RIP Sunglasses!

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YES! Sign me up for 12 issues of RIP for only \$22.95. I'll save over \$19 off the cover price and get a FREE pair of RIP sunglasses!

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE ON UNMAILED ISSUES. Make checks payable to LFP, Inc. Your first issue should arrive in 6 to 8 weeks.

WATCH FOR IT!

OFFER EXPIRES JUNE 30, 1992

NLAMP

Bringing You:

- FAITH NO MORE • AEROSMITH
- METALLICA • SLAYER
- MOTLEY CRUE • QUEENSRYCHE
- SLAUGHTER • ANTHRAX
- MEGADETH • And Many More!

**If It's Happening In Metal,
It's Happening In RIP!**



It can wipe your troubles away.

Life's tough. And living in a dirty apartment doesn't make dealing with it any easier.

When it gets too much to take, turn to Brighten Up. Its high-potency formula can make those tough cleaning problems seem a lot less troublesome.

Brighten Up. At last, real help that comes in a bottle.

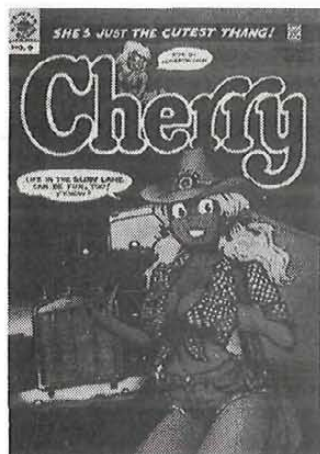
Brighten Up

CONTAINS 35% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME.



NOT FOR THE TIMID!

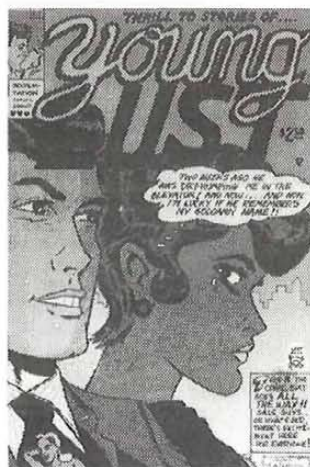
It's true! These original, uncensored comix are **not** for those among us who might blush at the sight of skin or shy away from—shall we say—*unusual situations*. These comix are for those of us who have normal all-American red-blooded corpuscles! Those of us who can look a joke in the eye and **laugh!**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



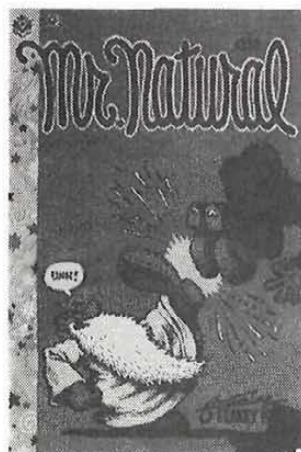
Cherry Package



Zap Comix Package



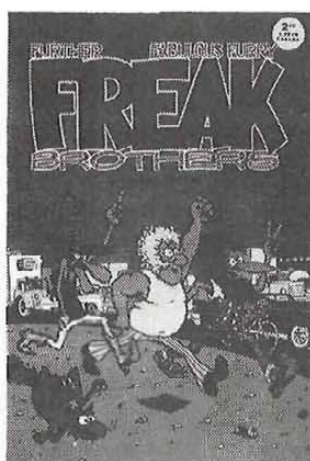
Sexy Stories & Perverted Pleasures



R. Crumb Package



Dirty Comix by Wimmin



Freak Brothers Package

YOU MUST BE 18 OR OLDER TO ORDER THESE COMIX!



Filthy Funnies Package

Send to: **HARVESTER A.A.**, NL 1291 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013

- LG1 Cherry Package: Cherry Comics 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. \$25.00
- LG2 Zap Comix Package: Zap 0-12. \$29.95 (a \$32.50 value)
- LG3 Sexy Stories & Perverted Pleasures: Tales Leather Nun; Pure Joy; Sexy Stories World's Religions; Young Lust #1, #5; X-Rated Comic. \$15.
- LG4 R. Crumb Package: Hup 1, 2, 3; Mr. Natural #1; Best Buy; Despair. \$15
- LG5 Dirty Comix by Wimmin Package: Fresca ZIZI's; Two X-Rated Comics; Lonely Nights; After Shock; Wimmin's Comix #10. \$15
- LG6 Freak Brothers Package: Freak Brothers and Fat Freddie's Cat #7. \$15
- LG7 Filthy Funnies Package: Hup 2; X-Rated Comic; Young Lust 5; Adults Only 3; Inner City 5; Good Jive #2. \$15.

Please add \$2.50 per package for postage and handling. All checks must be payable within the continental U.S. (New York State residents, please add 8 1/4% sales tax.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



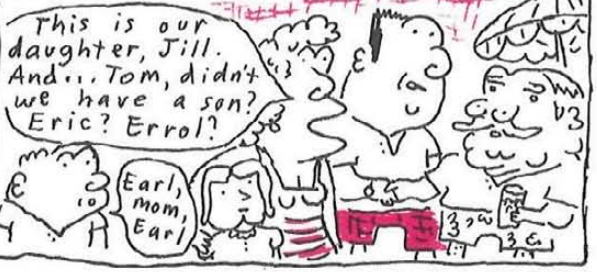
Earl Klug, Sales

M
A
R
K,
3
5

CALL IT FATE. CALL IT FATE WORSE THAN DEATH. EARL KLUG WAS A PRODUCT OF THE SYSTEM-- A DULL, DRAB SYSTEM.



IT MIGHT HAVE HELPED IF EARL'S PARENTS HAD GIVEN HIM SUPPORT, ENCOURAGEMENT, OR ANY SORT OF RECOGNITION.



THE SCHOOLS FAILED HIM.



HE MIGHT HAVE TURNED OUT A MALADJUSTED DELINQUENT OR SOME LOWLIFE DRIFTER. OH, IF ONLY IT HAD BEEN SO!



IN MOST LIVES THERE IS A TURNING POINT. FOR EARL IT WAS THE DAY HE RECEIVED THE PARENTAL RECDGNITION HE SO THIRSTED FOR.



THE SECOND PIVOTAL MOMENT CAME MANY YEARS LATER AFTER COUNTLESS FAILED JOBS AND UNSUCCESSFUL CAREER MOVES.



IT WAS AN IDEA THAT STRUCK A CHORD AND STAYED WITH HIM TO THIS DAY.



EARL CAME TO REALIZE HE'D NEVER BE ABLE TO EARN AN HONEST LIVING...

... SO HE TOOK UP A CAREER IN SALES.





EVIL CLOWN COMICS

WRITTEN BY NICK BAKAY ILLUSTRATED BY ALAN KUPPERBERG



LUSCIOUS MARTYR MISSION

WE HAVE AN OLD SAYING IN THE CLOWN GAME: "JUST BE GLAD YOU AREN'T A DWARF." BUT THE WAY THE WHEEL OF FATE HAS BEEN SPINNING FOR THIS SIDESHOW SCARAMOUCHE, EVEN BILLY BARTY LOOKS UP.

HEY! ALTHOUGH I MIGHT YOU HAD A TWO YEAR DEAL WITH CIRCUS OF THE STARS...

THEY DROPPED ME FOR THAT GODDAMN FRED DRYER!

TV'S HUNTER? SWEET JESUS!

WIELDING A FUNNY PADDLE WAS ALWAYS AN EXPRESS TRAIN TO THE POORHOUSE, BUT WHEN THE BOTTOM DROPPED OUT OF THE CLOWN MARKET, I SANK TO STREET CLOWNING!

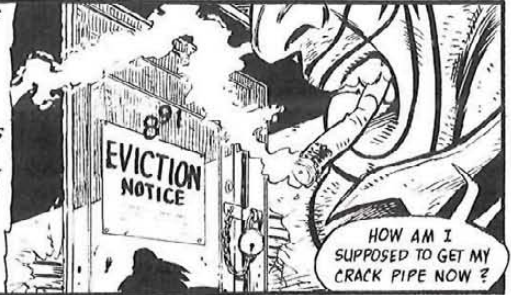


THAT WAS MY LAST BALLOON, YOU LITTLE SHIT!

DON'T TALK TO MY BOY THAT WAY! POLICE! POLICE!

ALL RIGHT, PUGSLYANNA, YOU TELL YOUR LITTLE PRIZE FOR ME THAT HE'S A YEASTY, FESTERING MOUND OF KHIANA SHIT SPECKLED WITH NUGGETS OF PORK SNOUT! I HOPE HE CHOKES ON HIS NEXT DOUGHNUT!

THEN THE IRS HIT ME FOR YEARS OF UNDECLARED CARNIVAL BARKING. THE BASTARDS - THEY FOUND A WAY TO PUT A FORECLOSURE ON MY ROOM AT A WELFARE HOTEL!



HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO GET MY CRACK PIPE NOW?

LOSING MY CRIB DOOMED MY ASS TO THE PUBLIC HOUSE FOR WAYWARD CLOWNS. TALK ABOUT DANTE'S RINGS! TRY ONE NIGHT WITH THE STENCH OF HARD CLOWNING SNARKING UP YOUR NOSTRILS AND A FLOOR PALLET DIGGING INTO YOUR RIBS. SLEEP TIGHT!



WHERE THE HELL AM I GOING TO WHACK OFF IN THIS JOINT? I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE BUT PRONTO!

HAS IT COME TO THIS? LEFT TO SLEEP IN THE ELEMENTS, THE CLOWN CRIES?



I ALWAYS TRIED TO DO THE RIGHT THING! I OVERCHARGED FOR BIRTHDAYS AND NEVER SPARED THE PADDLE! WHERE DID I FAIL?... SHOW ME A WAY OUT! SHOW ME A WAY OUT!



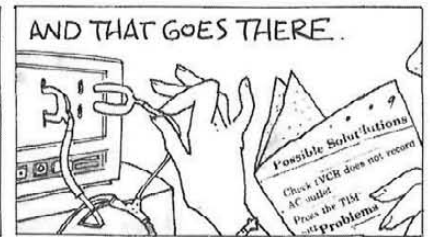
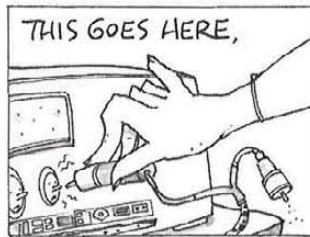
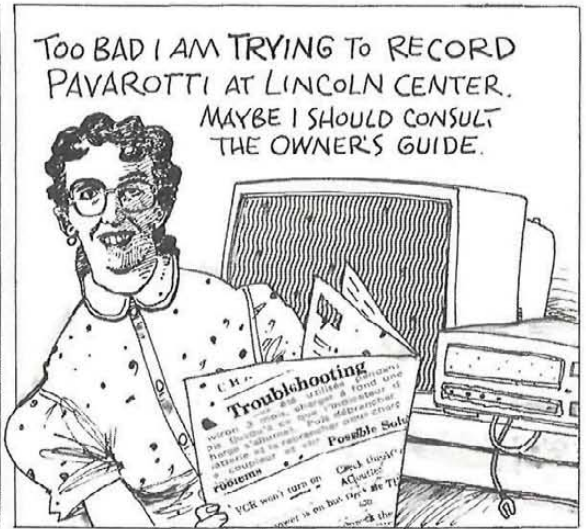
TONIGHT: DELBERT LOVEJOY & THE FABULOUS JEWEL'S

DIG THAT CRAZY DOWNBEAT.... WELL! IF IT ISN'T MY OLD FRIEND DELBERT!



© M.K. BROWN

WHITE GIRL TECHNOLOGY # 12



DOCTOR HARRY LOVES BEEF!

DREW FRIEDMAN & K. BIDUS
© 1991



END

LAST ROUND-UP OF THE SINISTER SPACECRAFT OF FORBIDDEN LOVE

WHEN LAST WE SAW OUR BELOVED CREW...

LANA, THE OWNER OF THE FLYING DOUBLE-HELIX SPACE RANCH...

... **STAVROS**, SPACE COWBOY AND STAR PILOT...

AND **ZOOK**, THE ZATONIAN CO-PILOT WHOSE ALIEN PHYSIOLOGY MAKES HIM RESEMBLE A SPECTER OF DEATH... WERE, BY A STRIKING COINCIDENCE, VISITED BY A REAL-LIFE ACTUAL SPECTER OF DEATH!!



© 1991 Ty Templeton.

NEXT: TAXES?

TARPIT HIGH

ON A QUIET STRETCH OF MEDIAN STRIP ON THE NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE, PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION LIVES. TARPIT REGIONAL HIGH, CENTER FOR LEARNING FOR SIX GROWING NEW JERSEY COMMUNITIES — COCKSACKIE, MINIMACK, WANAWANNA, INDUSTRIAL PARK, NEW MONGOLIA, AND TOXI CITY.

by: RANDY JONES AND NEIL CUTHBERT...1991

THE SCHOOL DAY BEGINS. THIS YEAR'S FAD... HAND GRENADES!



MR. CANOLI (THE CLAW), THE VICE PRINCIPAL, WANDERS THE HALLS RELIVING THE KOREAN WAR!



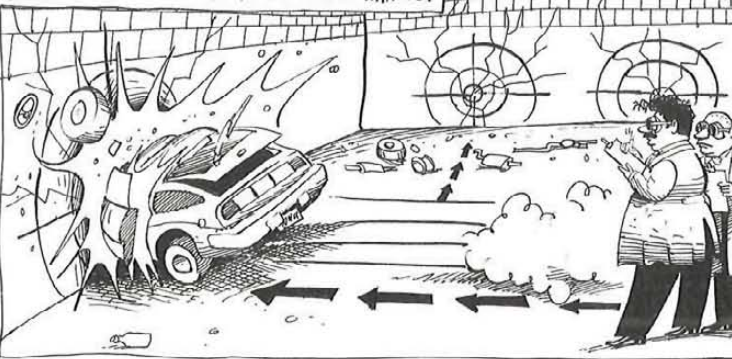
IN THE B-WING GIRLS' ROOM, MRS. LEWIS REFLECTS UPON THE YOUNGER GENERATION.



MR. STILETTO LEADS THE FRESHMAN BOYS IN A ROUSING GAME OF CATCH THE KNIFE.



DRIVER ED. STUDENTS TAKE THEIR IMPACT EXAMS.



MEANWHILE... MARY ELLEN DUBLOWSKY DREAMS OF OWNING A HOUSE!



DAY THE MUZAK DIED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

carried away with the salaries for talent. I mean, we're talking five and six bucks an hour! Gimme a break—that's one of the reasons you have to pay over two bucks for a Big Mac these days! And, I suppose, it's one of the reasons Marty isn't around anymore.

JERRY SMOOKE:

The bosses looked at this "talent packaging" stuff and blew him off in no uncertain terms, and Marty belched and screamed and oozed toxins from every pore. He was, like, "You'll never eat lunch in this town again!" He said that to guys who owned fast-food franchises, delis, bakeries—even the 7-Elevens. Imagine! If that didn't finish him, the Jenny Cheese incident certainly did.

EDDIE FISH, nineteen, PosterMart cashier, Waterside Plaza Mall:

Jenny Cheese was one of Marty's girls at the Chicken Delight store down the highway from the Galleria. Her last name was Chesinki, or something like that. But everyone called her Jenny Cheese. She was okay. Bad case of the zits. I know a guy who dated her, said makin' out with her was like sucking face with a Chinese menu written in Braille. Or something like that.

JIMMY FENDER:

She had signed with Marty for the chicken place but she was babysittin' on the side, not tellin' Marty. So Marty catches Jenny Cheese and starts spewing contract talk. This clause, that clause. You know what I mean. The next thing you know, he sues her. Takes her to court. And boy, were her parents pissed. She was grounded for, like, months.

FREDDY TOMKINS:

But it was more than just the lawsuit. Marty tried to have Jenny fired and blacklisted. Can you imagine that? She can't get a grip on her blackheads, let alone her blacklist. Yeah. That was the joke at the time. I think I read it on a wall of the john at Waterside.

EDDIE FISH:

After that, we all bailed. "Adiós, Marty! Take 10 percent of this!" But, you know, deep down I think Jenny Cheese was more of an excuse than anything else. The minimum had just gone up. Like, I mean, Marty could get

you places, but if minimum's \$4.25 an hour, who the hell needs an agent?

BILLY FELCH, thirty, assistant day manager, Caldor, Route 1:

Marty died soon after the Jenny Cheese disaster. He had few clients, few friends. He just croaked, the way people do when nobody likes them. He probably just did one too many greasy "lunches" for his own good—like, he schnorred himself to death or something.

PHILLIP T. ROLLINS:

In the end, I don't know if we're better or worse off without Marty. But now that he's dead, let's make the best of it. That's why I came up with "Marty's Dead Discount Day." Why not? It's value for our customers while at the same time a tribute. It might even motivate people to help maintain his grave, clean up all that graffiti and vandalism up there. It's disgusting to see what these kids have done to that place.

TERRY PHILLIP, nineteen, cashier at the Snack Shack (Willie Washington's girlfriend):

I don't care what anyone says. Marty was good people. Motherfuckin' good people. I even visited his grave at the cemetery on Route 16. And shit, it was like everyone else had the same idea. Like, they were making this really big cool tribute thing to Marty, like what they did to Morrison's grave in Paris. Spray paint and shit. Junk-food boxes, employee manuals. Stuff you'd only get if you worked in one of those places. And the name tags. They lined them up at the base of his gravestone. All these "Hi! My name is Bob! May I help you?" things poking up through the weeds. I don't know. My eyes just went Niagara. I saw one tag from the Pier One Imports store where Marty helped me get my first job. I couldn't help myself. I just started cryin' and cryin', crunching up old Styrofoam containers underneath my feet, and cryin' some more. And these greasy kids are drinking a six-pack. And they start crying too because it's, like, really sad. They knew Marty. And it's because of him they're drinking six-packs of Coors instead of some cheap-shit quart of malt liquor. That's the difference a nickel or a dime can make. That's the difference Marty could make.

So I bum a beer and I lift it to Marty, going, "Here's to you, babe, wherever you are." And I'm thinking, Marty, man, you were the best. THE BEST. You were good people. You know it. And that's no chump change.

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U.S. General Services Administration

NEW MENUS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

satisfyingly Prussian in the maître d's welcoming knife-point frisk. (A note to new customers: requests for a second frisk are not well-received.)

The menu is laden with bold reinterpretations of old delicacies, with organ meats and sweetbreads figuring heavily. The *terriner de campagne* is excellent, culled from the most savory game taken on the chef's own weekend hunting expeditions in Fairfield County. The tripe disappoints, though the accompanying blood pudding is an exquisite, aromatic surprise that could stand on its own as an entrée.

But the supreme achievement of the Tunnel Club is its seafood: the club's strapping, taciturn employees (reminiscent of some Cornish fishermen I have known) fish daily in the waters near all area yacht clubs, pulling in huge, fat catches, as graceful on the palate as they were clumsy on deck. To have tasted one of these delicacies—often redolent with brandy, rum, or gin and tonic, and roasted in its natural shell of blue blazer and gray flannel, after a week of pickling in the Hudson's pungent brine—is to have lived.

The spirit of the "uptown cuisine" can be summed up in one sentence: tedious financial and social problems must not and will not stand in the way of a commitment to eating well. I now make regular trips to the Tunnel Club, where I am on first-name terms with the staff. My every visit engenders great fuss, preparation, and mirth, and indeed the chef has planned a special meal in my honor. I don't know what will be on the menu, but I have been instructed to bathe thoroughly beforehand, to wear my finest clothes and jewelry, and to come alone, so I can only assume the fare will indeed be special.



The following recipes from the Tunnel Club require little preparation, and all ingredients can easily be acquired on a short trip to Manhattan (or, for those favoring open-range fare, Scarsdale, Mamaroneck, or even Greenwich).

Canapés de Yuppille Wildington

1 couple, aged 25-35 years; light or dark meat acceptable, zestiest when both toast points

Surround; beat and knead thoroughly. Serve the most tender meat (flank, buttock) tartare, on toast points, as an appetizer.

Venison Westchester

1 older male, aged 60-90 years
salt
pepper

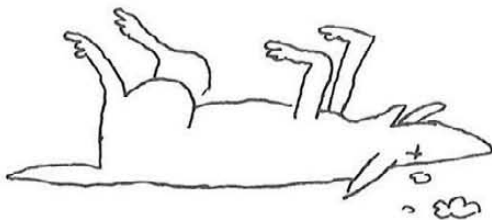
Remove from car and gut, saving entrails. Cure over low fire on an iron hook. Serve au jus in giblet gravy.

Crème de Cerveille d'Étudiant Scolaire

1 tender young undergraduate, preferably Ivy League
2 egg yolks
1 pint heavy cream
1/2 cup sugar

Remove and cube brain. Whisk together eggs, cream, and sugar. Add brain and whisk until thick. Pour into soufflé cups and heat at 400 degrees until tops start to brown. Serves 4.

(Note: The Tunnel Club chef strongly cautions that the only members of this species to be found in the South Bronx will probably have heroin in their systems. To avoid a possible toxic reaction, you are advised to keep the subject in captivity for at least a week. Sweet chocolates, television, and assurances that "your parents are sending the money" are recommended to keep the subject quiet.)



"Oh, come on! I didn't put that much poison in!"

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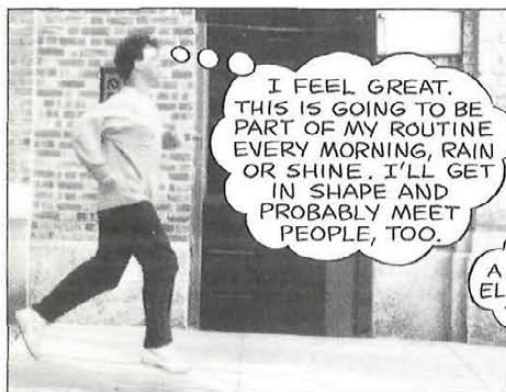
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FOTO FUNNIES

STARRING DOUG



I FEEL GREAT. THIS IS GOING TO BE PART OF MY ROUTINE EVERY MORNING, RAIN OR SHINE. I'LL GET IN SHAPE AND PROBABLY MEET PEOPLE, TOO.



DID I SEE YOU RACING IN THAT TEN-K LAST WEEKEND?

NO. I JUST MOVED HERE.

OH NO, THIS IS A GAY PICKUP. WHY ELSE WOULD HE HAVE TALKED TO ME?

REASON I ASK IS, MY WIFE WAS IN THAT RACE, AND A GUY WHO LOOKS JUST LIKE YOU TRIPPED HER NEAR THE FINISH LINE.

NO. I'M ACTUALLY LOOKING FOR A JOB.



GREAT! HE'S STRAIGHT, BUT HE'S GOING TO KILL ME. WHAT THE HELL AM I DOING TALKING TO STRANGERS?



BUT COME TO THINK OF IT, THAT GUY WAS SHORTER THAN YOU. SO YOU JUST MOVED HERE, HUH? FOR WORK?



REALLY? WE'RE LOOKING TO HIRE SOME PEOPLE AT MY ADVERTISING AGENCY....



...MAYBE YOU SHOULD DROP ME YOUR RESUME. YOU NEVER KNOW.

THAT WOULD BE GREAT!

WHY WAS I SO PARANOID? NOT EVERYONE IN THE CITY'S A WEIRDO. AND I MAY EVEN GET A JOB OUT OF THIS. WHAT A GREAT GUY!

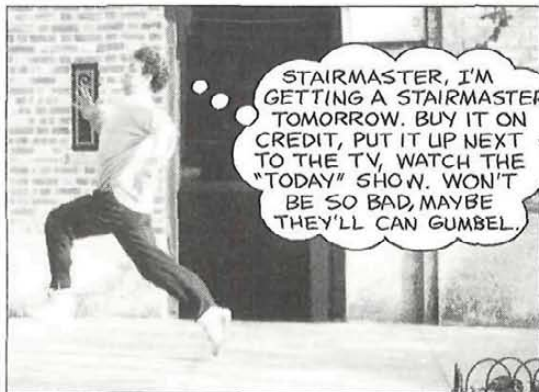


WHEW, I'M WORKING UP A SWEAT.

ME TOO.



YOU KNOW, WHEN WE GET ALL HOT AND TIRED, MY WIFE AND I LIKE TO GIVE EACH OTHER NICE COLD FRUCTOSE ENEMAS. IT'S A REAL PICK-ME-UP. WANT TO JOIN US?



STAIRMASTER, I'M GETTING A STAIRMASTER, TOMORROW. BUY IT ON CREDIT, PUT IT UP NEXT TO THE TV, WATCH THE "TODAY" SHOW. WON'T BE SO BAD, MAYBE THEY'LL CAN GUMBEL.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN DUKE KISCH • HAND LETTERED BY ANGELO DECESARE

SPORTS DESK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

to finish a stranger's beer with a butt in it?

You're no stranger to the ways of women. Women, even when you're sleeping or inebriated, see in you that animal strength that they seek to share. Ever the team player, when two women seek your warmth, you take the shy rookie under your arm in a platooning search for what you and they seek. Warmed by unfamiliar alcohol and the heat of the company, what rookie would not follow?

When the women are gone you continue. Some might say you are even too exuberant. Surely there are many situations when, after the game has been played, and played successfully, there is a time to stop, surely there are some plays

that should not be made, especially if another player is not interested but too exhausted to argue and weak to struggle. The only position you have played is catcher, but you cannot help bullying sometimes, forcing others to play at bases that they were not cut out for.

To the civilian not of the brotherhood of the locker room your ways can be frightening and painful.

You avoid the spotlight. Calls made to you through the front office are not returned. When calls are made to your agent and lawyer you sometimes reply strangely. Denyingly. You talk a language of proofs and alibis. The Carlton Fisk on the phone sounds nothing like the private man. You are evasive about debts and situations and damage to personal property. You're Carlton Fisk and you are a series of contradictions. ■

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1. TITLE OF PUBLICATION: National Lampoon. 1B. Publication No. 0027987 DATE OF FILING: SEPTEMBER 5, 1991. 3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: Monthly (except January and July). A. No. of issues published annually: 10. B. Annual subscription price: \$13.95. 4. COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. 5. COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHER: 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. 6. FULL NAMES AND COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR: Publisher: Bruce Wolff, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. Editor: Sam Johnson, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. Managing Editor: Diane Giddis, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. 7. OWNER: NL Communications, Inc., 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013, of which 100 percent of the stock is owned by J2 Communications. 8. KNOWN BONDHOLDERS, MORTGAGEES, AND OTHER SECURITY HOLDERS OWNING OR HOLDING 1 PERCENT OR MORE OF TOTAL AMOUNT OF BONDS, MORTGAGES, OR OTHER SECURITIES: None. 9. FOR COMPLETION BY NONPROFIT ORGANIZATIONS AUTHORIZED TO MAIL AT SPECIAL RATES: N.A. 10. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION: AVERAGE NO. COPIES EACH

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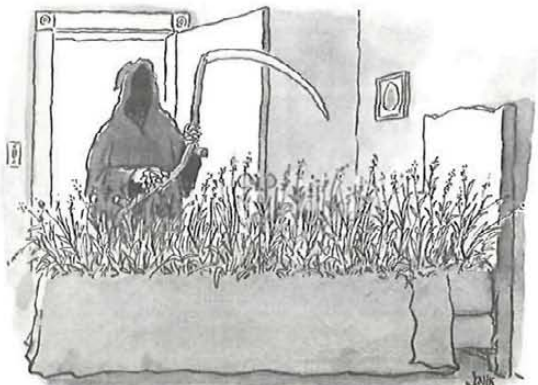
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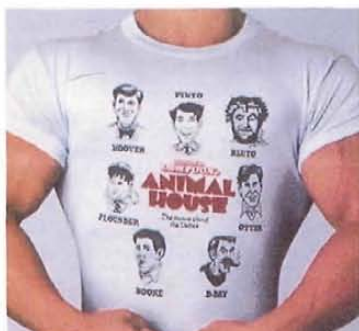
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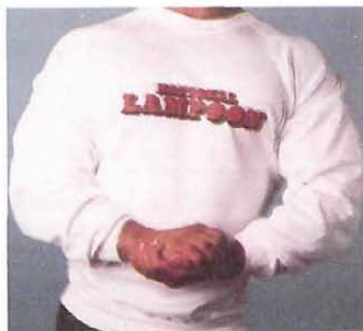


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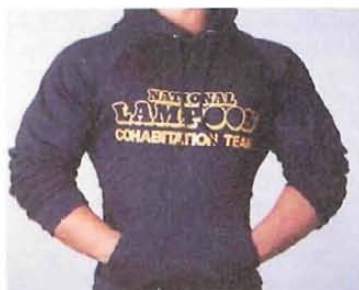
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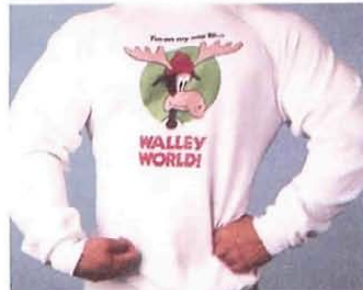
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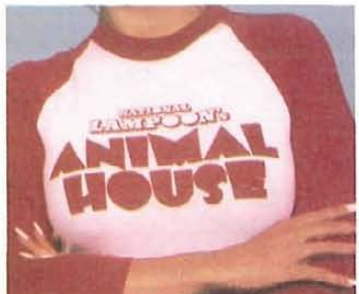
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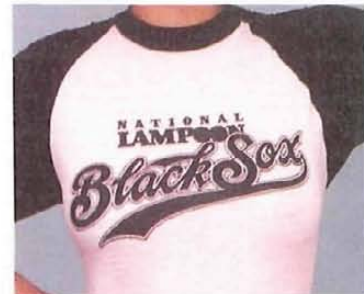
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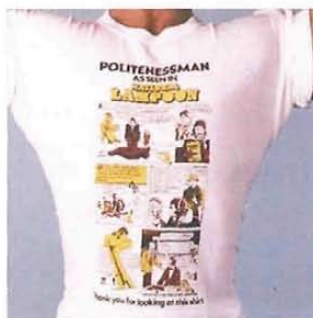
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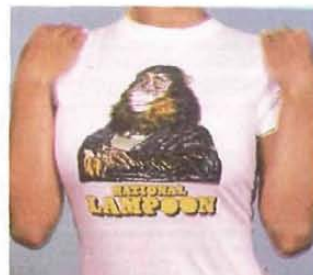


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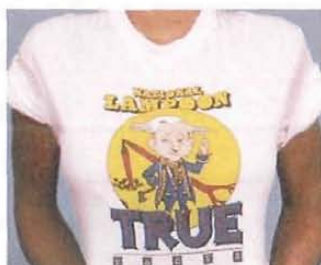


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A WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister.

—San Francisco Chronicle

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

—Washington Post

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

—UMKC University News

D A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at the local supermarket.

—Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter



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MORE MONKEYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26
lizards and several varieties of Rodentia. And a lot of those little turtles they supposedly stopped importing years ago.

The tropical fish and birds and turtles didn't fare too well on the outside, and it wasn't pleasant to watch (more unpleasant, though, was the fact that no one was ever too sure what happened to the rodents and the rest of the reptiles). But the dogs seemed to adjust okay, quickly forming support groups of about eight to fifteen; and the cats managed to scrape by, if just barely. It appeared that everything was going to be just fine—that is, until the fish and birds and turtles ran out.

Then the dogs went bad. Almost overnight, they succumbed to some kind of ugly mob mentality, and soon it was unsafe to leave the house without a twenty-five-pound bag of dog food; and then, not long after that, dog food was no longer good enough for them, and since there wasn't any meat anymore, the dogs became very difficult to please. The cats, in turn, became quite unsociable and began spending all of their time up in the trees, a vantage point from which they frequently would come hissing and clawing down onto your head, without provocation.

The police refused to do anything about any of this, saying their hands were tied by the Free Animals Are Not Subject to Human Laws Act (FANSHLA). So things were pretty wild around my neighborhood, at least until that first winter.

Then, the following spring, they came for my clothes.

Under the Non-Exploitative and Environmentally Sound Use of Fabrics for Fashion Act (NEESUFFA), it became illegal to wear, or own, or assist in wearing, or try on, any garment, or draping, or accessory made in whole or in part from animals or animal by-products, petroleum products, or cotton harvested with a threshing device. They left me with a two-week supply of recycled-paper gowns, and a phone number I could call to become a regular subscriber.

But then the American garment industry sprang into action. Having already successfully circumvented U.S. labor laws, it had little trouble getting around this one. By June, the clothing

stores were completely restocked with a wide selection of high-fashion outerwear made from technically non-exploitative and environmentally sound fabrics: corn-silk shirts, whole-woven-wheat suits, rice pants, stone-ground denims, and soy-Ts.

This, then, led the courts to rule that threshed grain fabrics violated the spirit if not the letter of NEESUFFA, and by August we were back to wearing recycled-paper products and earthen shoes. Retailers promised a full line of winter claywear by fall, but then it failed to pass Constitutional muster.

Then Congress passed the All Animals Are Equal In Educational And Employment Opportunities And Environmental Access Act (AAAEIEAEOAEEA), which mandated, among other things, the teaching of nesting and male display in public schools, which then led to the formation of the Department of Animal Niche, Territory, Habitat, Roost, and Coop Services (ANTHRACS), which was responsible for finding safe and

dignified housing for all animals—except for humans, who were already served by the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD)—and which further led to a landmark court case in which a pack of timber wolves used their rights of eminent domain to force the relocation of five families in northern Minnesota.

Now then, all this has taken some getting used to. Free-range fruits and vegetables are okay, I guess, if you get to them not too long after they've hit the ground, but I do miss eggs and milk and cooked food, and I know this will sound odd, but I miss the chance to wash my clothes. And while I'll admit it is safer to walk in the woods since they banned hunting, and it's much easier to save money now that it's worthless, the fact is you can't walk on the grass anymore, and it's downright dangerous to go to the zoo. So then, I suppose if I had known then what I know now, well then, I guess I would have never signed that petition.

Larry Doyle

CREDITS

27—Video transfer by Filigree Films. 28—Cartoons by Bob Orzechowski. 30—Penile extension photo by Charles O'Neal. 31—Poster by Scott A. MacNeill. 32—Illustration by Robert Leighton. All other photos 27-32 by Michael Chan. 53, 55, 57—Photos by Paul Colliton.





TRUE FACTS

- REAL AFFLICTIONS
- CHRIST SIGNS
- MEAT MAP

Everything in this section is true.
Everything else in the magazine
is bullshit, except the ads.

THE SAN FRANCISCO *Chronicle*, in an item on the retirement of airline purser Jerry Rand from Pan Am, recalled this encounter between Rand and "a bitchy woman passenger":

The woman, after a stream of complaints, hollered, "Steward, this potato is BAD."



Rand walked over to the woman, picked up the potato, then whacked it with a spoon, saying, "Bad potato, bad potato, bad potato." (contributed by Bert Myrick)

SILVIO FIGUEIREDO-Torres sued marriage counselor Herbert J. Nickel of Bethesda, Maryland, charging that Nickel was having sex with Figueiredo-Torres's wife, Marsha, while counseling the Washington, D.C., couple.

"Nickel, who counseled the couple from 1985 to 1987, demoralized Figueiredo-Torres by ridiculing him and telling him to stay away from his wife, the suit alleged.

"During therapy, Nickel called Figueiredo-Torres 'a codfish' and said his wife deserved a 'filllet.' Nickel told the husband that he had bad breath and was to blame for

the couple's problems, said Thomas Sippel, one of Figueiredo-Torres's lawyers.

"Nickel denied having sex with Mrs. Figueiredo-Torres during the therapy or before she separated from her husband. But after the couple divorced, he married her." AP (contributed by Kathi Weber)

POLICE CLAIM WILLIAM Randall was sleeping when his wife, Roberta, allegedly shot him in the face, then left the house. When Randall's brother-in-law dropped by three days later to find out why he hadn't been to work, Randall indicated that he thought he might have suffered a stroke. "He just didn't feel good," said Mesa police sergeant Mike Hayes.



"Hayes said police do not know why William Randall was shot," reported the *Arizona Republic*. "But police found a note in the couple's home February 21 that said, 'Bill, you've been shot. Call 911.'" (contributed by Martin L. Marsh, Jr.)

ASKED WHY DAN Quayle was signing autographs with his finger at the

White House Easter egg roll, spokesman Dave Beckwith said that the vice president had signed cards in advance.

Thus, explained the *Chicago Tribune*, Quayle moved "briskly through the crowd, making his signing gestures without requiring the use of a pen, while an aide followed behind, passing out pre-autographed cards to puzzled Republicans in his wake." *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Tom Schlak)

POLICE IN JAMESTOWN, New York, charged that James Timothy Redmond was driving his tractor-trailer recklessly on East Second Street when Officer Chris Felt tried to stop him. Redmond kept going and rammed another Jamestown patrol car at the corner of East Second and Hopkins Avenue.

Redmond rammed Officer Felt's patrol car twice, then smashed through two Chautauque County Sheriff's Department roadblocks on a nearby expressway. Running yet another county roadblock, Redmond's rig rammed a sheriff's cruiser, then drove off the roadway and landed on its side.

According to the *Erie Times News*, "When apprehended, police said, the only thing Redmond was wearing was a pair of black panty hose." (contributed by Gary M. Fabian)

IN SEATTLE, A THIEF attempting to siphon gas from a motor home got a mouthful of sewage instead, reported the *Daily Journal* of Vineland,



New Jersey.

"Apparently, the suspect was attempting to steal gasoline and got the sewage tank instead," said Officer Tom Umporowicz.

The investigating policemen found sewage and what looked like vomit on the ground near the motor home. Nearby was a fourteen-year-old boy curled up ill next to a car.

The owner of the motor home declined to press charges, telling police, "It's the best laugh I've ever had." (contributed by Patrick Cusick)

THE PUMAN AND MANDAK tribes, gathered for a peace ceremony in the town of Wabag in Papua New Guinea, began fighting over how a pig should be slaughtered and served. "Two thousand highland warriors, dressed in war paint and armed with bows and arrows and shotguns, fought from Sunday until Thursday over the disagreement," reported the wire service Reuters.

"It was a tribal war and five are dead," said a police officer in Papua New Guinea. "The situation now is quiet but tense." (Newark, New Jersey)

Star-Ledger (contributed by C. Ricci)

THE FOLLOWING CLARIFICATION appeared in *Toronto Life* magazine: "In an article on youth gangs, 'Born to Raise Heck,' mention was made of a gang called the Bunch of Fucking Goofs, which was said to have unusual initiation practices that included the unorthodox use of baseball bats. This gang has no relationship whatever to the rock group Bunchof-fuckinggoofs. We regret any embarrassment that might have been caused by our failure to differentiate these two groups." (contributed by Neil Loomer)

FROM LONGEVITY MAGAZINE, as quoted in the *Florida Times-Union*: "American funeral directors report that corpses aren't decomposing as rapidly as they used to, and it



might have something to do with the increased levels of food preservatives in the American diet." (contributed by Stephen Ghelerter)

FROM THE TORONTO *Globe and Mail*:

"A Japanese blackmailer who wrote at random to thousands of wealthy people, threatening to expose their guilty secrets, collected five million yen (\$42,000) from 130 individuals before he was caught last month. Seiichi Kawaguchi drew his client list from professional directories of doctors, lawyers, local politicians, business executives, and others. By making shrewd guesses about their most likely wrongdoings, Mr. Kawaguchi developed a business so successful that he

needed to hire part-time help to address and stamp the letters." (contributed by Gil Gauvreau)

A TRUCK PULLED UP IN front of the Whittier, California, home of Martin O'Connor and state workers released thousands of sterile Medflies as part of the state's anti-Medfly effort.



O'Connor and two friends were painting the house at the time, and the swarm of flies promptly stuck to the freshly painted walls. *San Ramon Valley Times* (contributed by Dominic Klisura)

ACCORDING TO TASS, the Soviet news agency, sixty-five-year-old E. Pronyakina asked shoppers waiting in line for sausage if she could jump ahead. Her paralyzed husband was home alone, she explained. But they refused, and, forced to wait at the end of the line, Pronyakina collapsed and died of an apparent heart attack.

"The shoppers in the small town of Kozelsk, southwest of Moscow, continued to buy sausage as the woman was dying, then criticized authorities for allowing them to stand in line next to a corpse." (*Toronto Globe and Mail* (contributed by Susan Davies)

IN JAPAN, THE YONEZAWA Corporation received numerous complaints about its new game, Bacteria Panic. The game involves cards marked with the names of various ailments, including hepatitis and rubella. The loser is the player who ends

up with the AIDS card. Defending itself, Yonezawa pointed out that the game's instructions advise: "Never play this game with the real victims of disease." *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by David & Terri Ostovich)

FROM THE MIAMI *Herald*:

"A performing dog was put to death when Orange County animal control workers dutifully read lost-and-found notices, but missed the front-page story detailing his escape from a fiery car crash." (contributed by David Rutman)



TAMPA POLICE ARRESTED a man and a woman after a neighbor videotaped their lovemaking through the blinds and turned the tape over to authorities.

Alfred Stephens and Janet Paddock were arrested and charged with committing a lewd and lascivious act in the presence of a child under twelve, reported the Hillsborough County sheriff's office.

Police were summoned two hours after the videotaping, when neighbors called to complain the two were in an outdoor hot tub having sex.

"My eight-year-old son looked out the window and said, 'Mommy, Mommy, they're having pony rides,'" said Dixie Aguilar. AP (contributed by Laurence Doyle)

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TRUE FACTS IS EDITED by John Bendel and illustrated by Mitch O'Connell.



More stuff to worry about, from the world's medical journals.

MARY HART, CO-HOST of *Entertainment Tonight*, can cause epileptic seizures, according to a report in the *New England Journal of Medicine*.

The journal described the case of a forty-five-year-old woman who reported a four-year history of "a feeling of pressure in the head, epigastric distress, and mental confusion" triggered by watching *ET*. Doctors, monitoring the patient's brain function as she watched tapes of the popular syndicated program, detected partial seizures they were able to link directly to hearing Hart's unfailingly perky voice.

Widespread reports of the letter prompted Hart to offer an on-air apology to the woman; the woman went public several days later to decry the cruel jokes that had been made at her expense.

SEXUAL EXCITEMENT can produce severe headaches in some people, which, while generally harmless, have been associated with strokes in at least two men, a neurology professor at the University of New South Wales in Australia reported in the *British Medical Journal*.

Benign sex headaches, more common in men than in women, develop as sexual excitement increases, taking the form of a "thunderclap" in the head at the moment of orgasm. Despite the long-term association of sex and headaches in comic literature, sufferers of sex headaches find them "anything but amusing," the professor observed.

THREE CANADIAN DOCTORS have identified a new lifestyle illness, to take its place alongside tennis elbow

and Nintendinitis in the medical annals—"lambada fracture." Writing in the *New England Journal of Medicine* earlier this year, physicians at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal described a professional lambada dancer who suffered a spinal injury after a performance. Several times, they said, the young dancer's head actually touched the dance floor as she bent over backward during some particularly athletic moves.

IN A REPORT IN THE *British Medical Journal* under the heading "Lesson of the Week," ophthalmologists at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Belfast, Northern Ireland, described a half-dozen cases in which exploding soda bottles sent glass shards into the eyes of unsuspecting consumers.

The lesson: "Glass bottles of carbonated soft drinks should not be shaken or left in the sun."

ANOTHER REPORT IN the same journal noted that golf is the most common cause of serious sports-related injuries among British children, despite the fact that British children don't often golf.

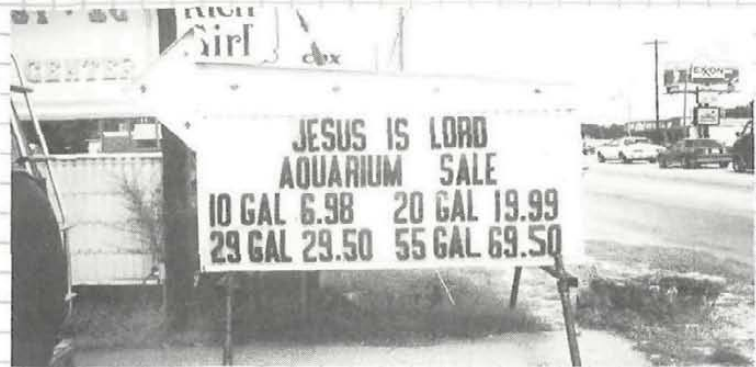
According to doctors at Newcastle General Hospital in Newcastle upon Tyne, of twenty-seven cases of sports-related head injuries reported over a one-year period, eleven were associated with golf. Nine boys were struck in the head with golf clubs swung by other boys, and two others were hit by golf balls. Only one of the injuries occurred on a golf course, the researchers noted.

LYME DISEASE, A potentially debilitating ailment caused by a tick-borne virus, has spawned another illness equally distressing to its sufferers—"Lyme anxiety."

In a letter to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Dr. Gregory Caputo reported he had seen many cases of Lyme anxiety, in which patients develop symptoms similar to those of Lyme disease, usually after reading about the disease or hearing about it on television.

TRUE SIGNS

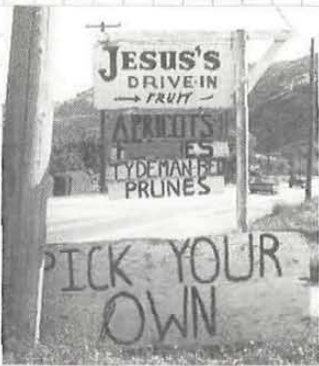
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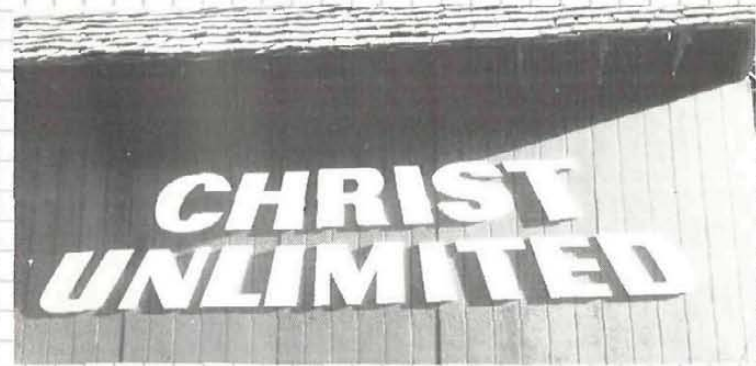
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FROM THE SLUSH PILE

"Lines from the Slush Pile" has appeared in the *National Lampoon* since 1977. These, the most recent excerpts, are also the last culled from unsolicited manuscripts sent to the late, prominent editor of fiction who would have wished, as always, to remain anonymous.

"I can't bear the thought of our daughter rotting away in the bowels of some women's prison," I said. My wife turned from the stove.

"I don't know what you're talking about, I'm sure."

Frank's 260 pounds of good Irish stock and stew had permanently wounded and disfigured his favorite overstuffed chair, which he would not part with for anything in the world.

I intelligently asked, "If the woman never goes out, what does she eat?"



J. D. pushed his eighty-three-year-old frame out of the chair.

Icy blue eyes touched Mattie's hazel orbs and he felt a quiver where the sun doesn't shine.

The days had been short-sleeve warm but overnight they needed a jacket.

Allen Morgan stood six feet tall at ten in the morning. He was forty-six years old in front of 119 Prospect Street in the fictitious town of Abbey, Pennsylvania.

She found her lost tongue.

It had been a hallmark day. Chas had met a beautiful girl, saved her from the mob, and now she and he were going to his place to take a bath. It would be the first time a single woman not selling consumer products had ever been in his house.

Aunt Bedelia was her favorite relative. She'd understand it if it killed her.

The sun poached my head through my hat. I was sweating. All good detectives do.

Norman sat up in his chair, running his hand through his perfect dark-blond up-and-coming-young-Democrat haircut. With his tie loosened, leaning forward with an earnest expression, he looked like a young Hart.

Paula's petite torso was daily clothed in a business suit, which she thought was proper attire for her profession.

Jack had all the right people in his pockets.

As Friday noon arrived, Doris felt her grin start in her stomach and travel to her face, leaving a trail of joy along its path.

Rosalie found her husband lying ridged in his bed. "I've got to get help!" she decided, running toward the stairs.

As the small beads of sweat poured down his cement gray colored face, they resembled melted streams of wax rather than water-like perspiration. "Oh, God, what a mess," he murmured. "Today I'll make them all pay."

I couldn't believe it. Here was Sid, emerging from the bathroom with nothing but a pair of boxers.

Della spent the following moments striding from Larry's office.

As the detective observed the trappings of the ultrarich, a tiny ulcer appeared inside his body and began to

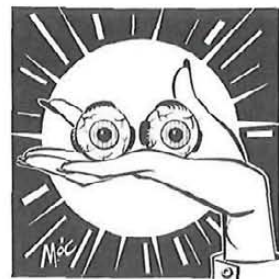
bore into the gastric villae, making acid into smoke deep inside him, slowly growing into dislike, then envy, then finally into naked hate for the multimillionaire.

Her waist was the size of a bracelet.

She was every farm boy's dream: she wore a pair of cut-off shorts and a pink blouse tied at the ends in a knot. It was as if she had stepped off a page of a fashion magazine.

"The reason Michael was so late starting college," his mother said, "was that he'd been in California experiencing the freedom that communal and philosophically pure living can bring to the practitioner. At least that's how he explained it to me."

Danny speared the slices of tomato as if they were goldfish.



She lifted her eyes to mine and whipped out a verbal contract. "Promise?"

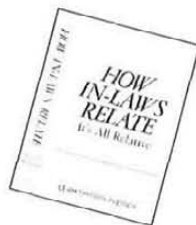
Tonight's contestant on *Wheel of Fortune* had an exotic look, perfect for Lenny's frame of mind.

As soon as Bonnie finished her ill-fated complaint, she could tell from the murderous gaze being emitted from the chef's eyes that she should have kept her comments to herself.

When she walked down the street with Brendan other women literally drooled over him.

Driven by her stalwart feminine hormones, she began to pursue him.

TRUE LIT



How In-Laws Relate: It's All Relative

by Leah Shifrin Averick (Shapolsky Books, 1989).

Synopsis: Your relationship with your in-laws is important, even if they're both dead. You should think about this relationship. This relationship often gives rise to difficult interpersonal problems. The author, a psychotherapist, recommends that readers see a psychotherapist as a solution to these problems.

Representative quote: "Having friends and interests will enable you to be more understanding of your child-in-law and to develop a good relationship with him. If you have a lot of trouble doing this, a psychotherapist may be able to help."

Dreams of Glory: A Mother's Season with Her Son's High School Football Team

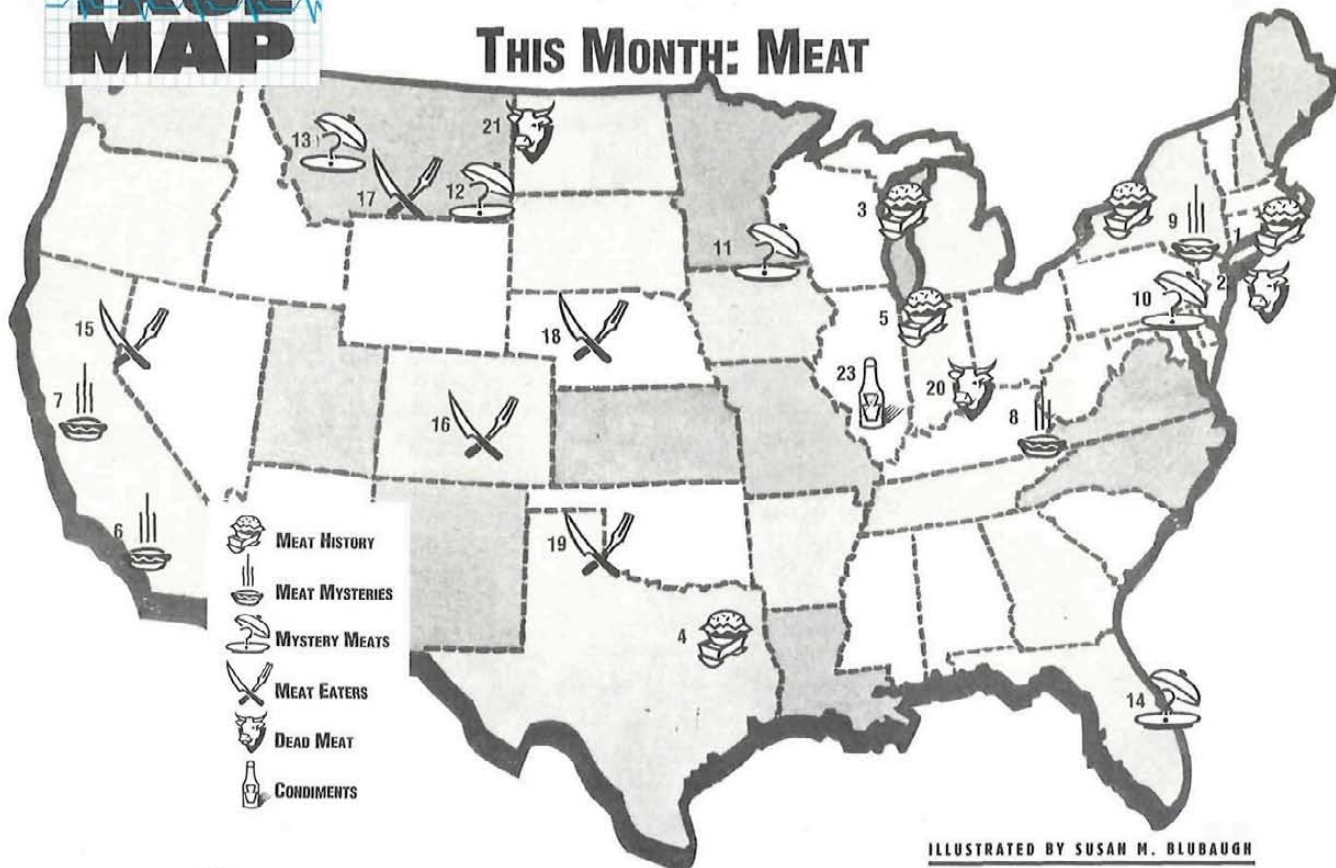
by Judy Oppenheimer (Simon & Schuster, 1991).

Synopsis: A suburban mother realizes that her son's high school football team is more important to her than her professional career and produces an encyclopedic account of the Chevy Chase Barons' losing 1988 season.

Representative quote: "Back on the field, the sweet demolition continues. There was nothing even about it. B-CC was soaring over Blair like a Concorde. In truth, there was a good deal of sloppiness in B-CC's play, particularly on offense; in truth, to be picky, Rick was still playing somewhat under par—not like last week, certainly, but not at his peak."

Researched by Neil Steinberg

THIS MONTH: MEAT



ILLUSTRATED BY SUSAN M. BLUBAUGH

MEAT HISTORY

- 1. New Haven, Conn., Birthplace of the Hamburger.** Louis' Lunch of New Haven claims to be the first establishment to have sold hamburgers as a menu item, in 1900.
- 2. Hamburg, N.Y., Birthplace of the Hamburger.** Hamburgian officials contend that two brothers formulated a beef sandwich at the 1885 Erie County Fair and named it after their town.
- 3. Seymour, Wis., Birthplace of the Hamburger.** Legend has it that "Hamburger Charlie" Nagreen invented the hamburger for the 1885 Seymour Fair.
- 4. Athens, Tex., Birthplace of the Hamburger.** An official plaque boasts that Athens gave birth to the hamburger in the 1880s.
- 5. The First McDonald's, Birthplace of the Modern Hamburger, Des Plaines, Ill.** See historic packaging and burger-abilla in the museum basement of Ray Kroc's restored original 1955 golden arches; eat at a modern McD's across the street. Just a few miles from Hamburger U, where future McDonald's managers attend lectures simultaneously translated into seventeen languages.

MEAT MYSTERIES

- 6. Flesh & Blood Shower, Los Nietos, Calif.** On August 1, 1869, flesh and blood rained down on two acres of Mr. J. Hudson's farm in particles and strips one to six inches long. Also, short hairs of some sort.
- 7. Meat & Blood Shower, San Francisco, Calif.** On July 20, 1851, apparently beef.
- 8. Meat Shower, Olympian Springs, Ky.** From a cloudless sky on March 3, 1876, one- to four-inch-square chunks of meat fell on an area one

hundred yards long by fifty yards wide. Witnesses said it looked like fresh beef, but tasted like mutton or venison.

- 9. Frozen Hamburger Shower, Syracuse, N.Y.** In February, 1957, Government officials claimed it was an airline mishap.

MYSTERY MEATS

- 10. Weaver's Bologna Tour, Lebanon, Pa.** The mysteries of bologna are revealed during this informative factory tour. Watch rows of women mechanically disgorge paste-like protein into tubular skins.
- 11. Spam Museum, Austin, Minn.** The Hormel Company created a museum of meat history in the Oak Park Mall to celebrate its hundredth anniversary. This year's Spam Jamboree offered a Spam recipe sampling, a Spam carving competition, and Spam throwing events.
- 12. The Beaver Feed, Laurel, Mont.** Little Big Men Pizza and Curt's Saloon hold the annual "Beaver Feed," in which participants chow down on beaver, venison, and moose sirloins.
- 13. Testicle Festival, Clinton, Mont.** Since 1985, a yearly celebratory chow-down of Rocky Mountain oysters at the Rock Creek Lodge.
- 14. Gatorland Zoo, Kissimmee, Fla.** Serves deep-fried "Gator Nuggets."

MEAT EATERS

- 15. Donner Party Museum, Truckee, Calif., and Monument, Lake Tahoe, Calif.** The museum and monument pay tribute to early American cannibals—the settlers' expedition that was trapped in a mountain pass during a heavy snowfall in the winter of 1846 and survived by eating their dead.

- 16. Alferd Packer Massacre Site and Museum, Lake City, Colo., Memorial Grill, Boulder, Colo., and Grave, Littleton, Colo.** A big rock marks the massacre site where America's favorite cannibal ate his five prospecting buddies in 1873. The museum fills in the grisly details. His Memorial Grill at the University of Colorado features Packerburgers. Whoever buried Alferd spelled his name wrong on his tombstone.

- 17. Buffalo Jump State Historic Site, Three Forks, Mont.** Interpretive displays explain how hungry Indians stampeded large herds of bison over an eighty-foot-high cliff. Picnic area.
- 18. Coffeeburgers, Harrison, Nebr.** At Sioux Sundries, try the famous twenty-eight-ounce hamburger, named after the first person who ate one in 1971. Eat two, get a third free.
- 19. Big Texan Steak Ranch, Amarillo, Tex.** A roadside institution, featuring a seventy-two-ounce steak. Eat it all, get it free.

DEAD MEAT

- 20. "Old Ben," World's Largest Preserved Steer, Kokomo, Ind.** 4,720 lbs. Dead since 1910.
- 21. "Steer Montana," Baker, Mont.** 3,900 lbs. On display in the O'Fallon Museum.
- 22. Elsie the Cow's Final Resting Place, Plainsboro, N.J.** Borden's mascot was killed in a truck accident in 1941. A monument marks her grave at the Walker-Gordon Farm.

CONDIMENTS

- 23. World's Largest Catsup Bottle, Collinsville, Ill.** It towers above the Brooks Foods factory; Collinsville is also "Horseradish Capital of the World."

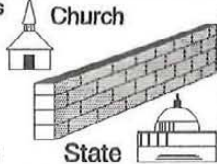
by Doug Kirby, Ken Smith, Mike Wilkins (authors of *Roadside America*)

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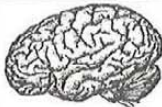


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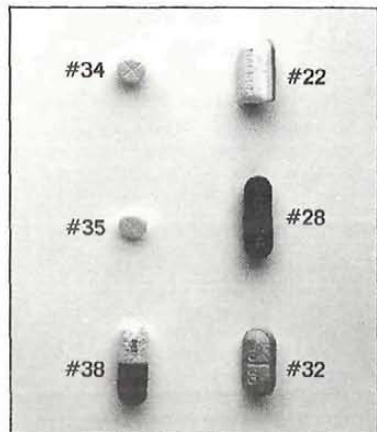
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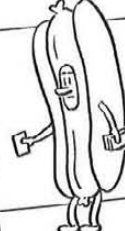



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