

NATIONAL LAMPOON

Spring 1993

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MAGAZINE
OR WE'LL
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**(CONSENSUALLY,
OF COURSE)**

**THE LAST
TEMPTATION OF
GILBERT GOTTFRIED!**

**MALCOM X-MEN
COMIX!**

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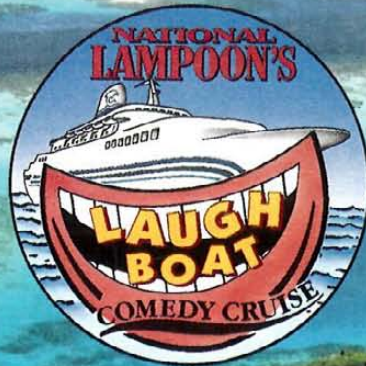
**THE ORIGINAL
FART MAN!**

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EXCLUSIVE!
THE STEAMY
PARTS LEFT OUT
OF MADONNA'S
SIZZLING
SEX BOOK!**

**DO-IT-AT-HOME
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CONTEST!**



We'll Have You Rolling In The Isles.



We'll have you falling off your seat in Paradise Island. Bursting in Blue Lagoon. Splitting your sides in Nassau and all over the Bahamas on one of our 3-Night National Lampoon Laugh Boat Cruises.

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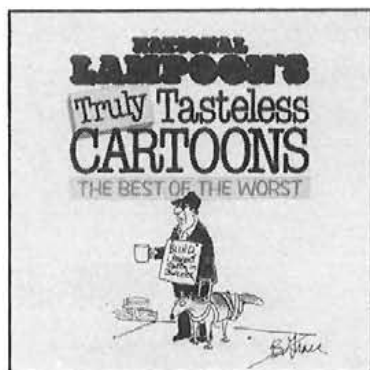
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CB
CONTEMPORARY
BOOKS

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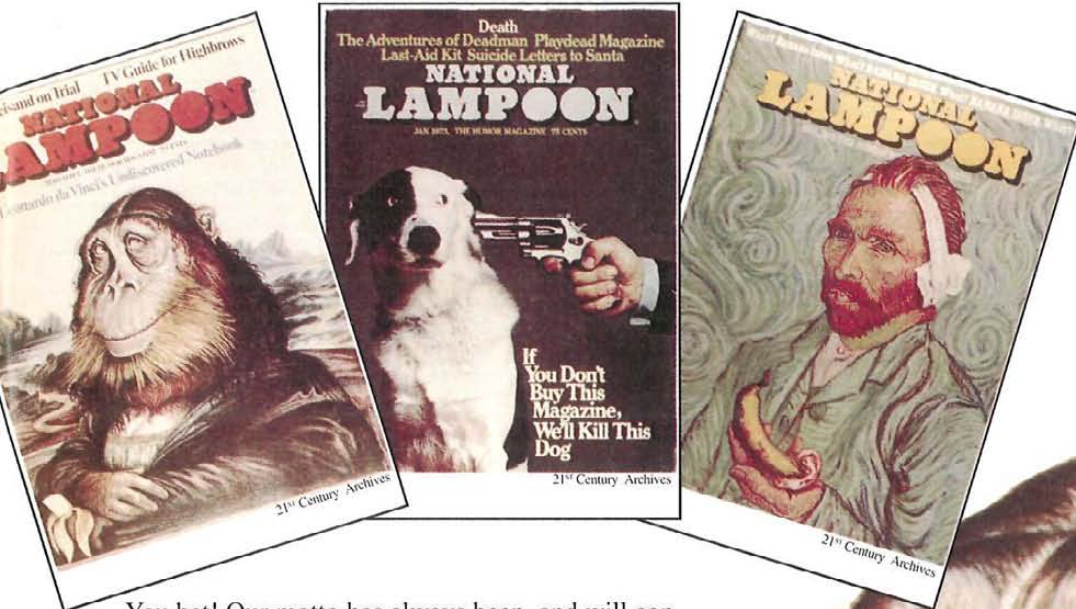
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WHAT? NATIONAL LAMPOON Collectible Trading Cards?



You bet! Our motto has always been, and will continue to be, art first! Especially if there's a buck to be made.

While no living person seems to have any idea of the criteria according to which the images were selected, it must be admitted that this collection, seen steadily and whole, is, fortunately or otherwise, *representative* of the magazine. You like the magazine, you'll like the cards. If you don't like the magazine, what are you wasting your time reading it for?

You'll find, for better or worst, classics like Mona Gorilla, comics, the girl in Foto Funnies with the huge whatchamacallits, covers, True Facts, magazine parodies, Funny Pages, and more in this 100 card set of high quality trading cards from 21st Century Archives which, for some reason, they will be offering in 8 card packs.

But enough of this! Show your support for National Lampoon and just buy these cards so we don't have to shoot the dog. Don't test us, this time we'll do it.



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LAMPOON**

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EDITORIAL

Congratulations! You're about to take part in a unique experiment in publishing—one that may forever change the way editorials are presented in magazines. You see, we were all sitting around the other day discussing what this issue's editorial topic should be (something which occupies a great deal of our attention, because *National Lampoon* editorials are so highly regarded in the publishing industry) when it suddenly hit us like the proverbial ton of bricks: "Hey, this isn't fair!"

After all, each of our readers is a unique individual, with his or her own hopes, fears, and areas of specialized interest. So—other than the mere fact that "it's always been done this way"—why should all of them have to read the exact same editorial? How can we, tucked away in our executive offices, possibly presume to know what kind of viewpoint you might want to hear expressed at some undetermined moment in the future?

So we herewith offer our solution: the first editorial that you, the reader, can customize! And it couldn't be easier to do. Just follow the simple chart below and proceed to the precise kind of pithy comment that will truly validate your personal viewpoint and lifestyle!

DIRECTIONS: If you'd like an incisive documentary on the state of international affairs, go immediately to A (below). If you'd like an erotic taste of the Epicurean pleasures that are to follow within these pages, go to B. If you'd like a poetic paean to the cycle of the seasons, go to C. If you'd like a hard-hitting no-holds-barred critique of the present power structure, go to D. And if you'd like the kind of practical information that will help you get the most out of your National Lampoon, go to E.

That's all there is to it! But please remember: once you have selected your

editorial, you must ignore all the others. The price of this magazine only entitles each reader to one editorial per issue, and anyone discovered reading more than his or her rightful share will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law!

A If one could sum up the state of the world in a single, apt phrase, it would probably be along the lines of "things could hardly be worse." Overseas, Russia struggles with its monumental internal problems, and every step either towards or away from solution is fraught with potential disaster. Within our own borders, corrupt officials, unhappy economic tidings, and an admixture of ever-worsening racial relations mar the serenity of the land. Add to that the international destabilization caused by starvation and almost constant local warfare, and the seeds have obviously been sown for an all-encompassing thermonuclear catastrophe. And even if we somehow manage to avoid it, we will all, nevertheless, grow old and die.

B The girl stood by the window, her bare flesh shivering a bit in the breeze that coiled in around the edges, her alabaster breasts firm in the twilight, her smooth, milky-white thighs exposed for all to see. "Am I really going to appear stark naked in *National Lampoon*?" she tremulously asked. Assured that she was, she pivoted slightly on one of her well-turned ankles, making her large, firm, round, alabaster breasts tumble like molds of tasty pudding.

C It is said that in the darkest hour of winter is planted the hope of what is to follow. And indeed, if hope springs eternal, then it can be said that Spring hopes eternal. Winter is a state both of the body and of the mind: of wet slush beneath one's galoshes and an internal consciousness succumbing to a palette of pure gray: gray clouds, gray skies, the hint of the gray wing of a pigeon flying higher, even, than

a filigree snowflake. Could the warmth of spring possibly be foreordained therein? The nightingale, also gray, issues forth a clarion rainbow of affirmation!

D The answer is obvious: Throw the bums out! The bums have been having it their own way for far too long. The simple way to deal with the situation is take this bunch of bums, give them their walking papers, and make sure they get a good, swift kick in the behind to boot!

E There are women in this issue who are showing parts of their bodies you aren't likely to see on, say, the bus ride home. There are also certain words you probably won't see in tomorrow morning's newspaper. We hope that you find them all, and enjoy them all. You're welcome.

• • •

We would like to thank Philip, Mark, and Pete from the magnificent Paradise Club in New York City for providing one of their lovely ladies, Alexis, to fill up our wet T-shirt. We spent many nights at the Paradise mulling over this important decision, fueled by slow-dance tickets from Philip. Thanks also to John Rogers and the staff at Goldfingers—the adult-entertainment nightclub for the nineties—for providing us with the voluptuous Paris as Madonna Too, who out-Madonnaed Madonna. To see Paris or any of her wonderful friends at a Goldfingers, call 1-800-WOW-GIRL for the location nearest you. Tell 'em Dita sent you. Thanks also to Ken Laufer who was a sublime Morris and Mario who provided a hand and an arm. Debbie Rabas made the Material Girl materialize and Jack ("The Propmeister General") graciously provided us with a wonderful approximation of the Five Towns in beautiful Brooklyn-by-the-sea.

And, of course, many kudos to Dover Plains' answer to Stephen Meisel, W.G. Bob, lensman extraordinaire.

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Each couple will receive over \$1000 in cash, casino action and benefits upon arrival.

BENEFITS PER COUPLE

- A deluxe room for two for 3 days and 2 nights at Vegas World Hotel and Casino, which offers every amenity you would expect in a luxurious resort including cable TV.


1000.00
IN CASH AND CASINO ACTION

- \$200 CASH! Real U.S. currency to do with as you wish.
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- A deck of casino quality playing cards.
- All winnings paid in CASH. Keep what you win.
- You receive all of the above with no obligation to gamble with any of your own money.
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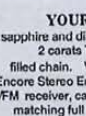
FREE GIFT


For a limited time, if you accept our invitation you will receive one of the five valuable gifts below-guaranteed. Selection by random drawing upon arrival for your vacation. (Shipping included.)

1  **YOUR CHOICE** of either a Sony Tricenter 19" Color TV, Remote, on-screen display, pop-out speakers. Value: \$199. OR a Sony CD player, 4x Oversampling Digital Filter, dual 16-Bit Digital to Analog Converter.

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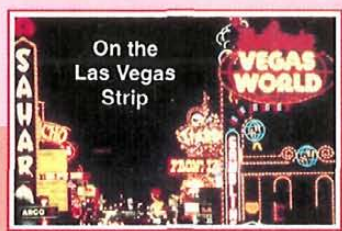


Act before March 19, 1993

Vacation anytime until May 1, 1994

ACCEPT YOUR INVITATION NOW

by calling our toll free number or fill out and mail the coupon. A redeemable reservation fee of \$199 per person is required. For this fee, you will receive cash, chips, slot tokens and one of the valuable gifts shown, making your vacation virtually free.



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1. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**—If for any reason you decide not to use your vacation package, your money will be refunded, at any time, at your request, until April 24, 1994.
2. A reservation fee of \$199 per person (total of \$398) must be received to guarantee your arrival. You may mail the invitation below or call (800) 634-6301. For your reservation fee, you will receive, upon arrival, all of the benefits as described. Based on response, the expiration date to accept this invitation may be shortened or extended by Vegas World.
3. Valid seven days a week (arrive any Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Friday). Reservations can be made now or later, but all reservations must be made at least 20 days before arrival.
4. Your invitation cannot be used on holidays and major holiday weekends.
5. **RESERVATIONS**—Rescheduling of reservations must be received in our office 72 hours prior to planned check-in time or this offer and your reservation fee will be forfeited. Your invitation is also completely transferable to anyone you choose.
6. You may exchange any awarded free gift for a substitute gift as posted in the casino.
7. Transportation and any other individual expenses are not included.
8. This Vacation Package is offered exclusively by Las Vegas Vacation Club, Inc., which is solely responsible for all benefits provided.
9. Terms and conditions may in no way be altered. So we may adequately plan room and free gift availability, you must act before March 19, 1993

FOR MORE INFORMATION OR TO ORDER BY PHONE
1-800-634-6301
CALL TOLL-FREE 24 HOURS A DAY

Yes I wish to take advantage of your Las Vegas VIP Vacation/Gift opportunity. I have enclosed my reservation fee (check or money order) for \$398 for two people. I understand I have until May 1, 1994 to take my vacation, and that during my stay, I will receive all of the benefits listed. Limit one gift per couple. (Please make check payable to: Las Vegas Vacation Club, Inc.)

Mail to: Las Vegas Vacation Club, Inc. • Dept. VC, 2000 Las Vegas Blvd. So. • Las Vegas NV 89104
Please read the "Privileges and Provisions" of your invitation thoroughly to make the most of your vacation and to know exactly what you're entitled to receive.

Charge my MasterCard Discover Visa American Express Acct. _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____ Address _____ Phone _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I wish to make my reservation for the following arrival date: _____, 19 _____ I will make my reservation at a later date.

OFFER EXPIRES MIDNIGHT MARCH 19, 1993 61163 NAT

LETTERS

Sirs:

In olden days a grasp of crotching
Was looked upon as something shocking
Now heaven knows
Anything goes

Madonna
Truth or Cole Porter

Sirs:

I did it . . . his way.

Frank Sinatra, Jr.
Motel 6 Near You

Sirs:

First syllable: digging . . . scooping. Dip?
Salsa? *Salsa!* Last syllable: knob?
Window? *Door!* Salsa-door! **U.S. Out of
El Salvador!**

Noam Chomsky
A Charades Animal

Sirs:

I'd like to buy a *Scarlet* letter, Pat.

Hester Prynne
Wheel of Adultery

Sirs:

tap tap tap
tap tap

Harry Houdini
Out There

Sirs:

Got up, got out of bed, dragged a comb
across my back.

Robin Williams
Elliot Gould
Tyne Daly

Sirs:

Didn't get up.
Didn't get out of bed.
Didn't drag a comb across my head.

William Styron
Sigh

Sirs:

Mapplethorpe photo! \$20 for a
Mapplethorpe photo! Tell you what—if
you've got a copy of *Naked Lunch* in your
purse, I'll give you \$50! 5 cc's of Magic
Johnson's sperm, \$75. . . .

Monty Hall
Playing Hardball

Sirs:

It's a \$7 mil penthouse with a 360°
panoramic view of Central Park, 'cause
you get tired of living in a sewer, you
know? And we're watching our choles-
terol. Another rice-cake pizza?

Middle-aged Mutant Ninja Turtles
Manhattan

Sirs:

Remember tubing on the river—sitting in
a porch swing with your best girl—skin-
ny-dipping? *We* sure as hell don't.

John Sununu
John McLaughlin
Pat Buchanan
Sam Donaldson
Rush Limbaugh

Sirs:

What fools ye gods be! We can't slash
defense spending *now!* The Roman gods
just developed *lightning!*

Ares
Cloud 9
Western Bloc

Sirs:

Beautiful, baby . . . beautiful! Now rub the
epaulettes over your nipples. . . .

Matthew Brady
f/22 at 1/60th of a Second
The Uncensored Civil War
PBS

Sirs:

That which does not kill me makes my
box-office stronger.

Steven Seagal
Under Nietzsche

Sirs:

Oh why can't a woman be more like a
mensch?

Harvey Fierstein
My Faux Lady

Sirs:

In my next book, Ayla mates with
Jondalar, puts on 20 quick pounds, and
discovers double-fudge ice cream!

Jean Auel
The Valley of Horseshit

Sirs:

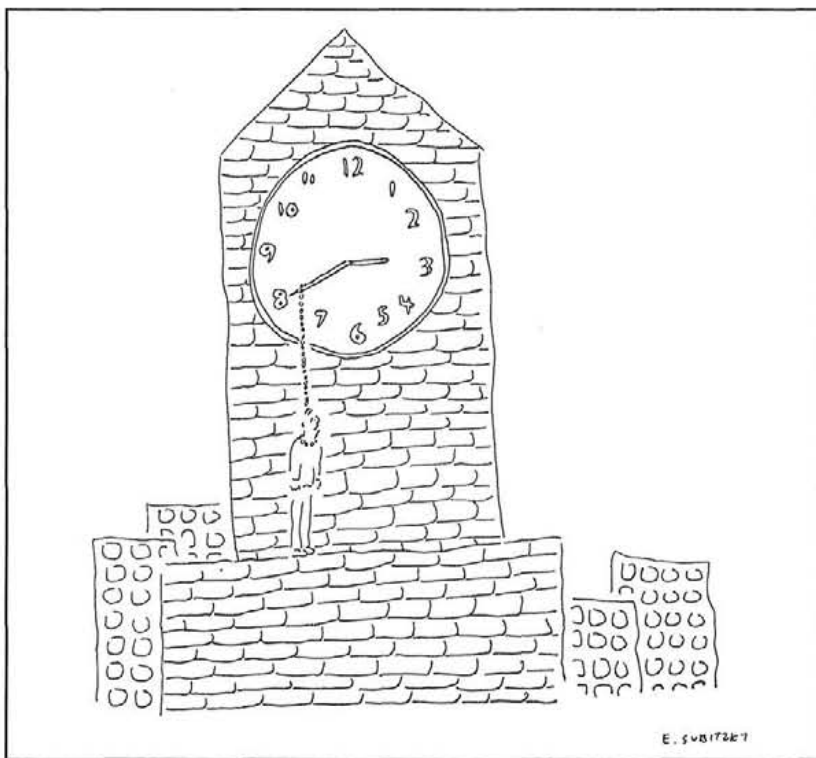
You'll still get your Gideon's Bible in
your hotel room, but see, there's a Cutty
Sark ad in the middle. It's a surprisingly
savvy media buy.

Michael Doonesbury
Laid Off Again

Sirs:

There's a kind of *hushhhhhhhh*
All over the world
Tonigh . . . *hey—what's that?*
Made you look!!!

Pee-Wee Herman's Hermits



E. 50817267



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56 x 6 inches
Each . . . \$36.⁹⁵

THE UNIFIED FIELD CONSPIRACY THEORY

$$\int_{1974}^{1956} 11x^2 + 22 + 1963 = \frac{[(\text{JFK Sr.})(\text{Volstead Act})]^{1960}}{(\text{23rd Amendment})^{1932}} + \frac{[(\text{Luciano})(\text{Churchill})]^{1943}}{(\text{Hitler})^{1933}} + \frac{(\text{Traficante})^{KGB}}{(\text{Batista})^{1959}}$$

$$+ \frac{(\text{Marcello})^{\text{Exner}}}{(\text{RFK})^{1960}} + \frac{(\text{Castro})^{\text{Operation Mongoose}}}{(\text{Khrushchev})^{1962}} + \frac{(\text{CIA})^{\text{Pentagon}}}{(\text{Eisenhower})^{1959}}$$

where CIA = $\frac{[\pm \text{Nosenko}] \{ (\text{Skull and Bones})^{\text{OSS}} (\text{Angleton})^{\text{Helms} + \text{Hoover}} \}}{(\text{Aike Report - Roselli}) (\text{Pentagon Papers}) (\text{Fulbright Commission})}$
 assuming (Angleton) = (The Mole)

or

$$\text{Dallas} = (\text{Langley})^5 + (\text{DC})^4 + (\text{Havana})^3 + (\text{New Orleans})^2 + (\text{Moscow})$$

$$\text{where } f(\text{Oswald}) = \int f'(\text{Oswald}) = \int \frac{(\text{Fair Play For Cuba Committee})^{(\text{Shaw-Fernie})}}{\text{Ruby}}$$

$$= \iint f''(\text{Oswald}) = \iint \text{Langley} [f'(\text{Oswald}) - \text{Moscow}]$$

(remember the Dealeyagorean Theorem, Texas School Book Depository² + Grassy Knoll² = Railroad Bridge²)

as $x \rightarrow 2000$,

(JFK)(Malcolm X)(MLK)(RFK)(Wounded Knee)(Kent State)(Watergate)(Abscam)(October Surprise)
 (Iran-Contra)(BCEI) ≈ (Joplin)(Hendrix)(Morrison)(Moon)(Bonham)(Lennon)(Cass)(Bopper +
 Valens + Holly) ≈ (Yerusha)(Mr. Ed)(Checkers)(Carterian Aquarabbit)(Millie) ≈ (Lon Grant Cancellati)
 (New Coke)(Greil Marcus)(Oliver Stone)

and

(Tokyo Flu Incident)(Cheech and Chong).

MAGIC SPORTSWEAR

AND NATIONAL LAMPOON

Presents

A NEW GENERATION OF NOVELTY APPAREL.
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HONG KONG HEART PUNCH Outlawed in most states, it's the vodka and nitroglycerin that make the difference in this one.	6.50
SINGAPORE SPLINT Put hair on chest and ass in sling.	5.15
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NANKING NINJA Gin, Chartreuse, and jasmine tea. Sneaks in, slips down, and assassinates your troubles, memory, and liver.	6.75
SHANGHAI EXPRESS Vodka, rum, creme de menthe, and cream. Tiny umbrella and milkshake consistency appeal to ladies, then knocks them out.	8.50
KAMIKAZE The perfect way to end it all!!!	10.00

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FOR LOCATIONS NEAR YOU CALL
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AUTHENTIC BIKER GEAR!



BIKER JACKETS

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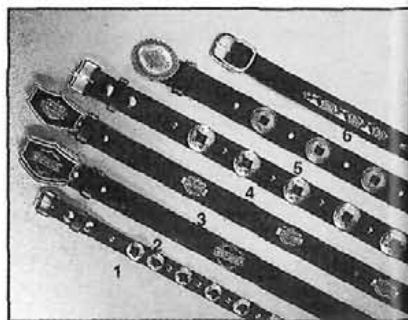


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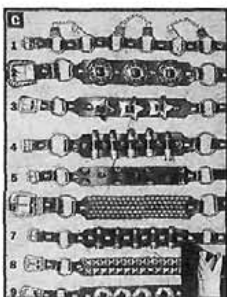
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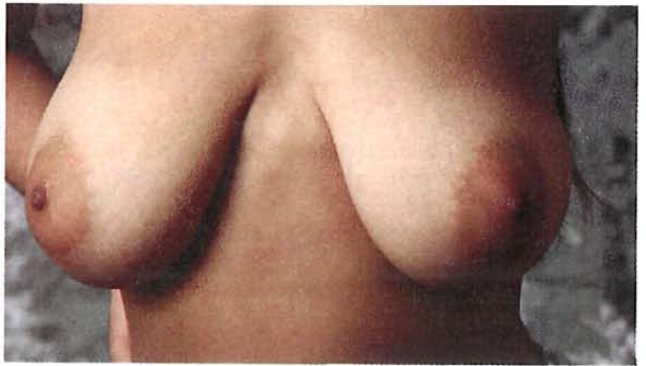
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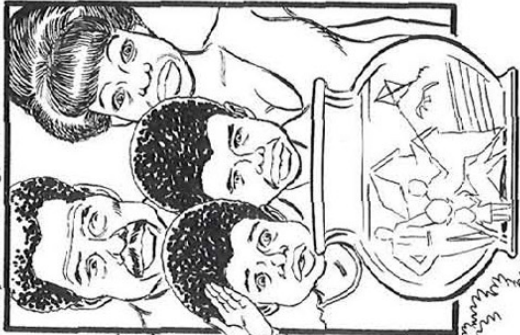
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HEARING
BEFORE THE
COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE,
SCIENCE, AND TRANSPORTATION
UNITED STATES SENATE
NINETY-NINTH CONGRESS
FIRST SESSION
ON
CONTENTS OF OPERA AND THE LIBRETTOS THEREIN
OCTOBER 18, 1986

Printed for the use of the
Committee on Commerce, Science, and Transportation
by **Larry Sloman and Ed Subitzky**

The committee met, pursuant to notice, at 9:40 a.m., in Room SR-253, Russell Senate Office Building, Hon. Albert Gore (chairman of the committee) presiding.

OPENING STATEMENT
BY THE CHAIRMAN

The CHAIRMAN: Last year this committee held hearings which, in fact, received international press coverage, hearings on the shocking, sexually oriented, violence-laden content of popular rock lyrics. My wife, along with her courageous fellow members of the PMRC (Parents Music Resource Center) was in the forefront of an issue that is so vital to the future health of our great nation.

By dramatizing the insidious dangers inherent in these obscene, vulgar, and atrocious lyrics, we were able to alert millions of concerned parents to a menace that lay too long hidden between the protective covers of record albums, and that lurked no further away than the nearest palm-sized Walkman.

In the interim since those last hearings, a new, even more heinous menace has come to our attention. This has demonstrated once again how fickle the tastes of youth can be, and how we must be ever on the alert to the shifting sands of the musical threat.

At last year's session, we heard names like Twisted Sister, Quiet Riot, W.A.S.P., Mötley Crüe, and Frank Zappa. This year a new pantheon has emerged: names that are synonymous with violence, sexual depravity, satanism, and the occult, and virtually every form of blood-letting and aberrant behavior known to the annals of mankind. This year you'll hear the names of Pavarotti, Domingo, "Bubbles" Sills, and Sutherland. Although these may be names of great repute, that is only because parents have failed to inspect more closely the messages these so-called "artists" are feeding impressionable youth everywhere.

Once again my wife, along with her colleagues at the newly formed PORC (Parents Opera Resource Center), has lifted the veils of respectability away from these cultists and exposed the decadent heart beating passionately underneath. It is my hope that today's hearings can once again raise our national consciousness and begin to put a stop to this viperous influence preying on the yet-to-be-formed minds of America's youth.

STATEMENT OF HON. JEREMIAH DENT,
U.S. SENATOR FROM ALABAMA

Senator DENT: I commend you, Mr. Chairman, and the committee, for holding this all-important hearing. As chairman of the Children, Family, Drugs, Alcoholism, and Dirty Thoughts Committee, this is a subject that I am very familiar with.

I was first exposed to this problem on a fact-finding visit to New York City a year ago. I found myself with some time on my hands, and a friend who lived in New York invited me to an evening of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center. I expected to witness an inspiring work of art that would fill me with good music and place decent thoughts in my head.

Well, that didn't turn out to be the case at all. Instead, I was treated to what literally turned out to be an evening of devil worship.

The opera I saw that night was named *Faust*. It was, I later found out, based on the ramblings of a suspected homosexual German named Goethe. Let me just capsulize for you the story line.

An old man makes a pact with the devil, and immediately he becomes young again—in short, he becomes a member of the youth generation, at which this story is surreptitiously aimed. And he learns quickly that there are other rewards of consorting with the devil. He acquires a girlfriend, a lovely young woman whom he seduces outside of marriage. She has a baby from their illegitimate union, and she proceeds to kill the infant. In short, by going into partnership with the devil, a man acquires not only youth but sexual satisfaction.

Now, you may say, what's the harm in it all, since this opera was sung entirely in German and nobody could understand a word of it? Well, let me hasten to tell you that, right there in plain view in the lobby, they were selling what they call a "libretto," which is a word-for-word translation of this opera. And they were selling like hotcakes, and people were sitting there in their seats following ecstatically along with their fingers. I looked around me and saw a good number of young people there, and what was especially disconcerting to me was the empty, vacant, hollow look in their eyes. Somehow these strange words had bored deeply into their consciousness. It was a look I was quite familiar with, having served on the Children, Family, Drugs, Alcoholism and Dirty Thoughts Committee. It was the look of the addicted drug user.

It was then that I realized what a threat opera is.

Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

The CHAIRMAN: Senator Dent, thank you very much. The next witness is my wife, Tipper Gore, representing Parents Opera Resource Center. Honey, thanks for being with us. Please proceed.

STATEMENT OF TIPPER GORE, PARENTS OPERA RESOURCE CENTER

Mrs. GORE: Thank you. Mr. Chairman. I'd like to thank you and the committee for the opportunity to testify before you.

The Parents Music Resource Center was organized in May of 1985 by mothers of young children who were very concerned by the growing trend in music toward lyrics that are sexually explicit, excessively violent, or glorify the use of drugs and alcohol. Our primary purpose was to educate and inform parents about that alarming trend.

It is no secret that today's music is a very important part of adolescents' and teenagers' lives. What is a secret is that a new form of music has supplanted rock, heavy metal, even thrash metal, and is threatening to expose our children to an influence that is more prolonged, more concentrated, more powerful and dramatized, and more hypnotic than any ever preceding it.

First of all, this influence is foreign.

Second, there's hardly an opera ever performed that lacks murder and violence. It is the single most pervasive theme of most of these sad displays.

Third, it is patently drug-oriented, awash with sleeping potions, love potions, and the like.

Fourth, it is blatantly sexual in nature, with pervasive examples promoting and glorifying a wide variety of deviant behavior such as incest, rape, sadomasochism, and so on.

Fifth, it is blatantly anti-Christian, glorifying cults that present a variety of gods and icons who possess human attributes and base passions.

Lastly, it romanticizes and elevates the concept of suicide as a solution to life's difficulties.

For example, consider the case of a young girl brought to my attention who lived in Texas, a wholesome young student who had everything to live for. One night, to the shock of her parents, who loved her deeply, she jumped out of the third-story window of their house. In her room, in a box in the corner, detectives found a record of the opera Aida.

In Illinois, under the guise of providing them with culture, liberal educators sent a class of freshman high school students on an outing to see a particularly brazen work called Carmen in which the title character dances provocatively and acts seductively toward a variety of men. Eight months later, six of the girls in this class were found to be pregnant.

And if you'd like to know some of the other kinds of ideas these works are putting into the heads of our children, consider the following:

In Tannhäuser, written by a German named Wagner, the entire first scene is a wild orgy in which an unholy man consorts with a goddess of love.

In La Bohème, French bohemians brazenly flaunt all the standards of decency of their society.

In Don Giovanni, an evil man, reminiscent of Mafia types, enjoys great pleasures.

In Dialogues of the Carmelites, a whole series of nuns, I believe as many as twelve, are beheaded in a row.

In Il Trovatore, witch-like gypsies cast spells and summon up the occult.

In Parsifal, a fallen knight, in a futile attempt to contain his lusts, castrates himself.

In Die Walküre, again by the German Wagner, a brother and sister consummate an incestuous relationship which results in him dying and her becoming pregnant.

One short opera frequently performed, which I can't bring myself to mention, has the French word for a woman's mammarys right in its title.

I ask you, are these the kinds of models we want our young people to emulate? Do we want to raise a generation of incestuous, bohemian witches and gypsies, or do we want to raise a generation of decent



In a brazen attempt to merchandise opera to the kiddie set (and create lifelong devotees to the demonic art), Pavarotti appears on the album cover in a clown suit. Alas, the youth growing up with such music will soon find that there's a big difference between the opera house and a wholesome circus tent.

teenagers Americans can be proud of?

Mr. Chairman, I wish to conclude my testimony by apologizing to any who may have been shocked by what they have heard. But it is better to be shocked at these hearings today than to be shocked later by what your son and daughter has, unknown to you, become.

The CHAIRMAN: Thank you very much. Our next witness is Dr. Franklin Dickson, a sociologist.

STATEMENT OF DR. FRANKLIN DICKSON, UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA AT MOUNTAIN FORK

Dr. DICKSON: Throughout history, opera has had a cult following, but never has this cultism been more profoundly institutionalized than today. Indeed, by seeing what opera has done to various individuals and societies in the past, we can gain a perspective on what it is we can expect in our own society which we are trying to protect today.

Consider the case of Jack the Ripper. There is considerable historical evidence that he avidly listened to many operas, particularly of the French and Italian variety, and asked people familiar with these languages what the words meant.

The Boston Strangler did his fiendish work in a city noted for its attention to opera, and from which the commuting distance to New York City, the capital of the opera industry, is less than five hours.

Nikita Khrushchev, whom none of us can recall without the gravest trepidation, presided over a country consummately proud of its operas.

Consider the exploits of Genghis Khan, the invasion of the Huns, and so on, and you will find exploits in operas that mirror their foul misdeeds too closely to ever be called coincidence.

Indeed, operas are known traditionally as having the most extended death scenes of all the arts. Death is so lovingly treated that wounded characters can sing several of what they call "arias" before they finally expire. In fact, most operas end with the death of their protagonists, so death, fresh in the mind, is what opera-goers leave the theater with.

Statistics tell us that this is the company our teenagers are keeping today.

Even the worst rock albums last for only forty minutes. An opera can provide uninterrupted exposure to its obscene contents for a period as long as five and a half hours. Small wonder that innocent minds walk away mesmerized, ready to practice what they have just seen and heard preached.

I have circulated copies of the cover art of many of these opera albums. These album jackets display pictures of women in suggestive poses and men wearing genital-enhancement devices. These covers have been used by many youths as masturbatory devices.

Parents should learn to recognize the signs of "opera mind" early while help may still be possible. If your teenager is whistling strange tunes with lots of very high notes and lots of very low notes, and starting to dress in strange styles, seek help at once from authorities. Right now, we're seeking funds for an opera helpline.

But the one thing I would say to parents everywhere is this: don't bury your head in the sand about the problems. It's not just a passing fad, another stage of growing up. Opera has been around for centuries, and it's not just going to go away unless we make it do so.

Thank you for the time before your committee. God bless you, and God help us all.

The CHAIRMAN: Thank you, Doctor, for your most illuminating testimony. Testifying next before the committee is Jack Moscovitz of the Costume Shoppe in Manhattan, New York. Mr. Moscovitz, thank you for taking time out from your business to be with us today.

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: I'm very happy to be here, but to tell the truth, I don't really know what's my purpose.

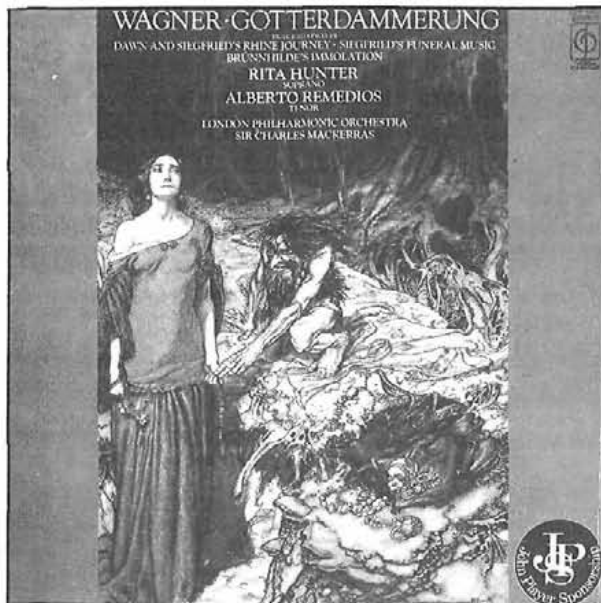
The CHAIRMAN: Well, Mr. Moscovitz, you operate one of the largest costume rental shops in all of New York City, is that correct?

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: The largest, Mr. Senator. And I owe it to my wonderful employees and my two sons who helped me in the business. And nothing do I owe my ex-partner, my rotten brother-in-law, who should drop dead as I speak and then rot in his...

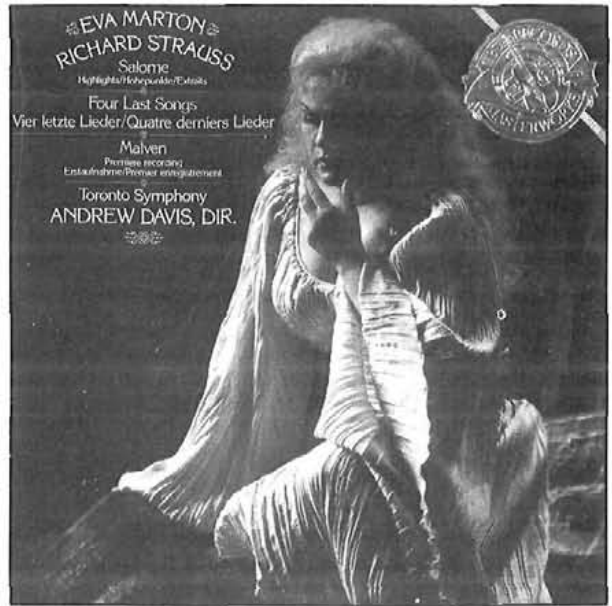
The CHAIRMAN: Please, Mr. Moscovitz, if you'll be so kind as to just answer our questions.

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: I'm sorry, Mr. Senator. It just makes my blood boil.

The CHAIRMAN: Mr. Moscovitz, you have a wide assortment of different types of costumes in your store, do you not? Have you noticed an upsurge lately in the rental of such costumes?



Another opera album cover proudly announces what the listener can expect inside: the tale of a deformed demon who emerges from the underground world to debase an innocent maiden.



The typical opera "heroine" is a cruel seductress who poses on stage -- and album cover -- in a costume revealing both the private recesses of her body and her intentions toward weak-willed men.

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: Business is good, I can't complain.

The CHAIRMAN: And have you noticed a lot of teenagers and young people coming into your store recently?

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: All the time. They come right from the junior high school across the street. Especially this time of year.

The CHAIRMAN: And what kinds of costumes do they ask you for?

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: Witches, ghosts, devils.

The CHAIRMAN: So we're talking basically about characters that have occult significance.

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: Don't forget the werewolves—oh, I can't keep them in stock. Not for nothing. And Dracula is big too every year.

The CHAIRMAN: Senator Dent?

Senator DENT: Mr. Moscovitz, aside from costumes, do you also rent wigs at your establishment?

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: Wigs? Of course. We have a complete line.

Senator DENT: Mr. Moscovitz, do you rent many red wigs?

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: Red? Red is our biggest mover this year.

Senator DENT: Mr. Chairman, I'd like the committee to take note of that fact, as this will become very salient when we hear the testimony of Beverly Sills.

The CHAIRMAN: Thank you, Senator Dent. We will now hear from Senator Donald Riegle.

Senator RIEGLE: Mr. Chairman, we have been involved this morning, as you might know, with the banking committee and we've also had the Social Security issue on the Senate floor, and that has occupied myself and others of us, but I'd like to say, first of all, I'd like to commend the brave women of the Parents Opera Resource Center for their work in alerting us to such a pressing problem. I would like, if I may, to address a question of my own to this witness. Now, Mr. Moscovitz, I understand that you are the major supplier of opera paraphernalia to the impressionable youths of New York City.

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: Opera what? Who said anything about opera?

Senator RIEGLE: Mr. Moscovitz, are you any relation to the Naomi Moscovitz who sits on the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera House?

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: There's no Naomi in my family.

Senator RIEGLE: Mr. Moscovitz, do you have any idea what these

young children who rent the costumes from you, do you have any idea what they do with them?

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: Who knows what people do? I get a deposit, they bring back the merchandise in good shape, I don't ask questions.

Senator RIEGLE: Don't ask questions. All right, Mr. Moscowitz, and none of us will ask any questions. That, sir, is precisely the attitude that has made America one of the leaders in teenage pregnancy, illegitimate births, and teenage suicides. How many times have we heard a grieving parent say, "If only I had known... if only I had known..." I have no further questions of this witness.

The CHAIRMAN: You may step down now, sir. I call our next witness, Luciano Pavarotti. Mr. Pavarotti, I am a fan of your music, believe it or not. I respect you as a true individual and a tremendously talented performer. I've always been curious, Mr. Pavarotti—a star of your stature, I imagine you must have very many female fans.

Mr. PAVAROTTI: Yes, Pavarotti, he has fans everywhere, the ladies they cannot resist him.

The CHAIRMAN: I understand that you're very kind to your fans, that you invite them to your dressing room.

Mr. PAVAROTTI: Yes, I am a true artist, and a true artist has a responsibility to give of himself to his fans.

The CHAIRMAN: And I suppose these female fans like to bring you gifts. Are you married, Mr. Pavarotti? Do you have a family?

Mr. PAVAROTTI: Of course I have a family. I'm Italian. I have my wife, Adua—we are the opposite, my wife and I—and I have three daughters, and I do not understand them. They tell me they hate me.

Senator DENT: Let me just say at the outset that, unlike my colleague the Chairman, I cannot claim to be a big fan of yours. I think your conception of family is a mockery of what a true family is supposed to be. I've read about you in *People* magazine, and I've seen pictures of you lying in your pool spouting water out of your mouth. You look very well fed, Mr. Pavarotti. I bet a man like you enjoys, say, a good meal beside a pool and elsewhere.

Mr. PAVAROTTI: What concern is it of the United States government whether Pavarotti likes a good meal?

Senator DENT: Just like the ancient Romans—eat, drink, and sing a song, and that's what life is all about, right? *Carpe diem*, I believe they call it.



Use of an unidentified foreign language can't hide the titillating purpose of this opera jacket in which a woman of sin, via frontal nudity, tries to seduce an elderly man before he can stab her.

Mr. PAVAROTTI: I do not understand.

Senator DENT: I'm sure you don't, Mr. Pavarotti. I have no further questions.

Senator RIEGLE: But I do have a question, Mr. Pavarotti. You like your wine, don't you? I know you do, because you mention that in almost every interview you give. Have you ever thought of the effect that your kind of hedonistic behavior has on your many young fans?

Mr. PAVAROTTI: What does this have to do with my art?

Senator RIEGLE: The child is father to the man, and it seems obvious enough that the artist is father to the art. I have no further questions.

The CHAIRMAN: You may step down now, Mr. Pavarotti. Our next witness is Beverly Sills. May I just say at the outset, Miss Sills, that this is indeed a thrill and a privilege for me. I am a longtime fan of yours. I especially enjoyed that TV special you did many years ago with Carol Burnett.

Ms. SILLS: Thank you, Senator.

The CHAIRMAN: I have a note here from this morning's testimony session relating to the testimony of Jack Moscowitz.

Senator DENT: Ms. Sills, unlike Senator Gore, I am ignorant of your music. But I understand that part of your appeal is due to the fact that you have flaming red hair.

Ms. SILLS: Well, yes, but I can also sing a little.

Senator DENT: Are you a natural redhead?

Ms. SILLS: Would you like to step into the ladies' room and check?

Senator DENT: I'd like to remind Ms. Sills that she is testifying before a committee of United States senators. I understand that your nickname is "Bubbles." Isn't that a nickname that's found predominantly in burlesque circles?

Ms. SILLS: I got it growing up in the streets of Brooklyn.

Senator DENT: Have you ever, in all your years in opera, portrayed a harlot or a woman of easy virtue?

Ms. SILLS: Every woman in opera has.

Senator DENT: And you have red hair: I have no further questions, Mr. Chairman.

The CHAIRMAN: Thank you, Ms. Sills, it was a pleasure meeting you in person. Our next scheduled witness is Mr. Plácido Domingo. However, I've just been handed a telegram from his personal manager in New York, who notes that, due to other pressing engagements, Mr. Domingo will be unable to testify before the committee this afternoon.

Senator RIEGLE: Mr. Chairman, I've just come back from a meeting of the Senate Finance Committee, but I'd just like to note for the record that if we had offered Mr. Domingo the usual fee that those so-called culture barons in New York give him, which, according to my information, is about \$8,000 a night, he would have been happy to show up and perform for us this afternoon. That's all.

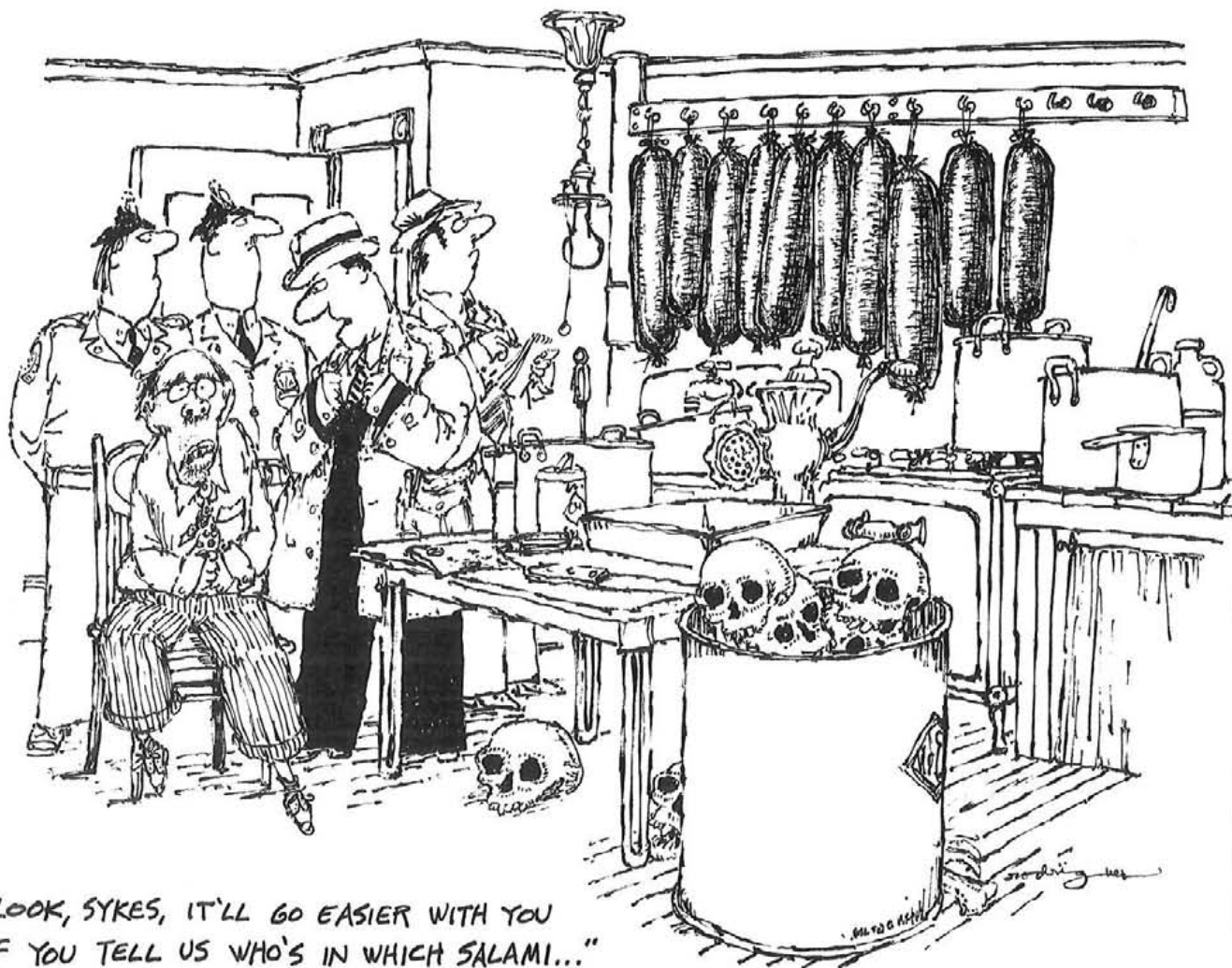
CLOSING STATEMENT OF SENATOR GORE

I want to thank the members of the committee for their diligence today, and I want to thank all of the witnesses who were here to talk about a very important issue. The Supreme Court says that freedom of speech is not without limitations, and I think we have seen a good example of that today. I predict that these hearings and the fine work of the ladies of the Parents Opera Resource Center will elicit a tremendous response from the elected officials of the people of this country, who are very concerned about these kinds of activities that we have been talking about here today, and who have judged them destructive—destructive of lives, destructive of our society. I cannot believe that the framers of the First Amendment intended it to include wanton depictions of incest, violence, occult practices, and sheer depravity. After these good hearings today, I only hope that opera will no longer be able to hide behind a robe of cultural respectability shielded by the finest intellectual armor as it sticks a bloody spear of depravity through the hearts and souls of our innocent children.

[Whereupon, at 1:15 p.m., the committee was adjourned, to reconvene upon the call of the Chair.]

THOSE DARNED SERIAL KILLERS!

BY *no dri'g* *ues*



"LOOK, SYKES, IT'LL GO EASIER WITH YOU
IF YOU TELL US WHO'S IN WHICH SALAMI..."



"...AND TO THE DUDE WHO PROVIDES INFORMATION LEADIN' TO THE ARREST AND CONVICTION OF THE SERIAL KILLER WHO'S BEEN KNOCKIN' OFF MY GIRLS, I'M GONNA LET HIM HAVE MY BEST GIRL, SHANEENA, ALL NIGHT FOR A WHOLE MONTH, FREE!"



"NOW THEN, MR. LOABARD, YOU SAY YOU'VE KILLED ONE PERSON IN EACH OF THE 50 STATES, INCLUDING HAWAII AND ALASKA?..."



"WHICH DO YOU WANT TO WATCH, THE FAMILIES OF VICTIMS 3, 8, 14 AND 17 OF THE OAK HILLS SERIAL KILLINGS ON GERALDO, THE FAMILIES OF VICTIMS 2, 4, 5, 7 AND 22 ON SALLY JESSY RAPHAEL OR THE KILLER ON DONAHUE?..."



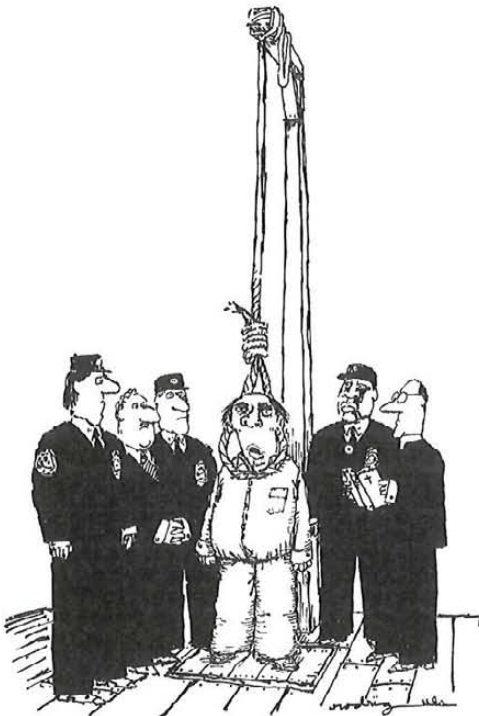
"BECAUSE OF THE SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE CLAUSE, YOU CAN'T SAY GOD TOLD YOU TO KILL THOSE 28 PEOPLE—WHY DON'T YOU SAY DAN QUAIL OR PAT BUCHANAN TOLD YOU TO DO IT?..."



"...HOW THE HELL ARE WE SUPPOSED TO FIND OUT WHICH ONE IS THE REAL SERIAL KILLER AND WHICH IS THE COPYCAT SERIAL KILLER?..."



"...AND THEN I KILLED..."



"...ALL I CAN SAY IS, WHEN I WAS AT THE MOVIES, ROGER HUMBER, JAMES UNDERWOOD, MARK TRAPOLI, NELSON OAKUM, OTIS HENDERSON 3RD, NELSON TUNNEY, VICTOR ASLANIAN, TONY SANITCH, STANLEY ZADAC, THOMAS ST. CLAIR, GEORGE PANOPOLIS, BRUCE OLEANDER, HOMER S. ROSSITER JR., TOMAS LETELIER, LEE BARBOUR, HIDALGO GUZMAN, GIOVANNI ESPOSITO, ALEXANDER CLEWES, CHARLES HACKMAN, HECTOR DALUZ, ROBERT SLOCUM AND RICHARD COHEN SHOULDN'T HAVE PUT THEIR HANDS ON MY KNEE."



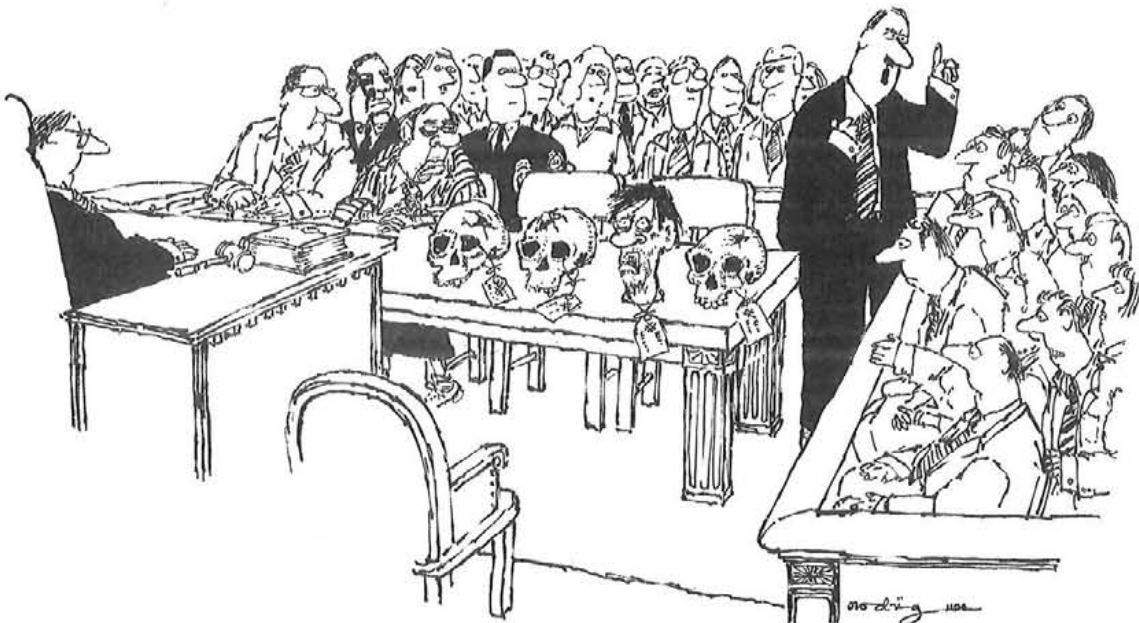
"IT'S THE CORONER, CAPTAIN— HE SAYS IT WAS 4 AND 13 BLACK MALES AND 1 PUERTO RICAN THAT THE FAIRY TALE KILLER BAKED IN A PIE."



"...STOP ME BEFORE I KILL AGAIN!" THE GODDAMN WIMP! DID JEFFREY DAHMER SEND THE POLICE A LETTER SAYING THAT? NO! DID CHARLIE MANSON? NO! DID JOHN WAYNE GACEY? NO!....."



"...I'LL TRY THE OCCUPATIONS OF ALL 16 VICTIMS OF THE HARRIS COUNTY SERIAL KILLER, FOR \$1000, BOB!..."



"...AND THEN JUST LAST WEEK, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY....."

Before there was Animal House, before the Vacation feature films,
even before Saturday Night Live, there were The Lost Tapes...

NATIONAL LAMPOON

THE LOST TAPES



NEVER-BEFORE-RELEASED MATERIAL FROM
THE GREATEST COMICS OF AN ENTIRE GENERATION

JOHN
BELUSHI

BILL
MURRAY

CHEVY
CHASE

HAROLD
RAMIS

CHRISTOPHER
GUEST

GILDA
RADNER

BILLY
CRYSTAL

Four laugh-packed audio tapes available by mail for the first time.
NOT available yet in any store.

ALL FOUR VOLUMES ...ONLY \$29.95 (+\$3.00 shipping & handling)

NAME _____ VISA/MC _____

ADDRESS _____ EXPIRATION DATE _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Mail coupon with check/money order or credit card number to: J2 Communications, 10850 Wilshire Blvd.,
Los Angeles, CA. 90024 Checks/money orders must be in U.S. funds. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.
Or call: 1 800-345-6145

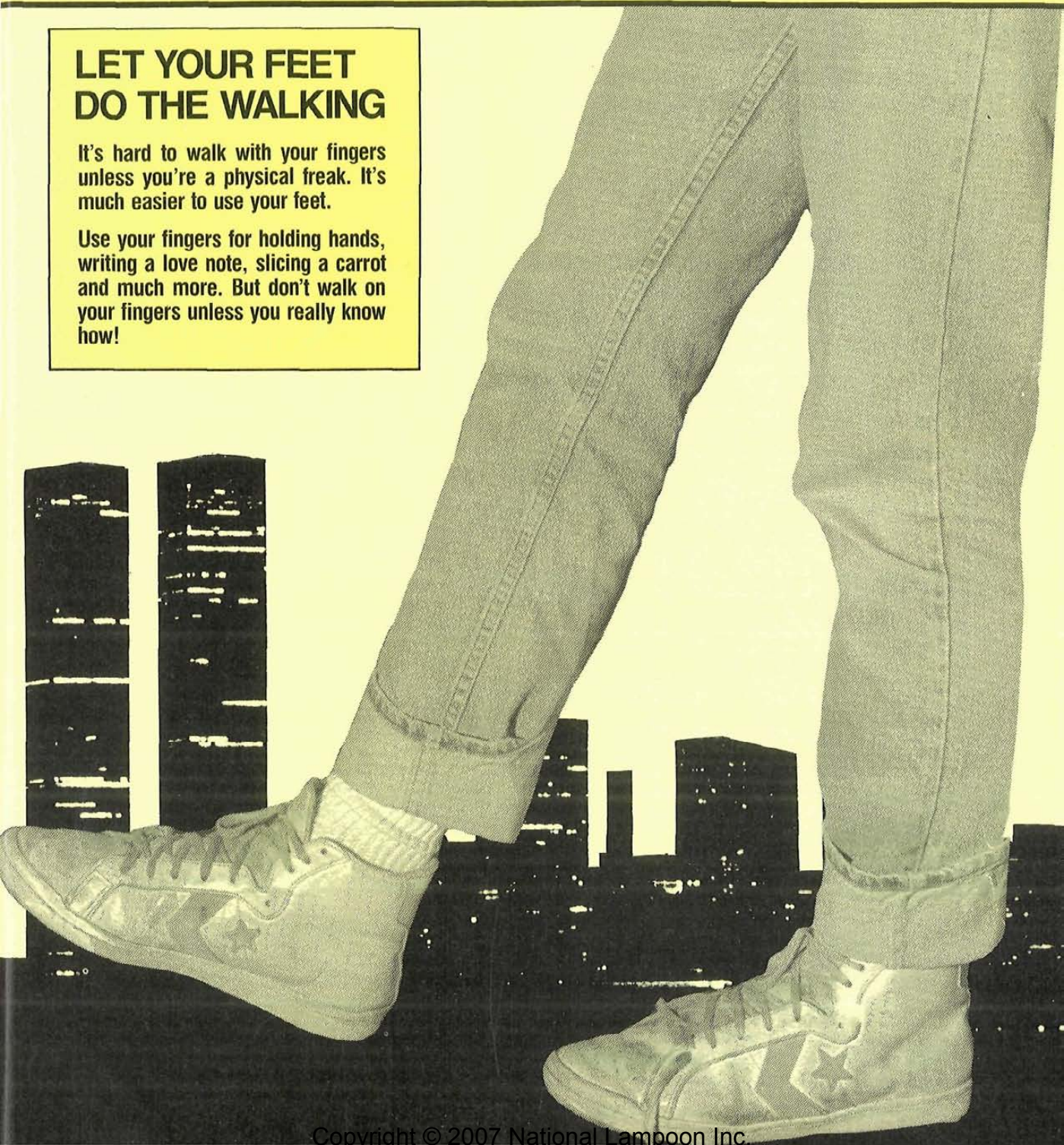
HURRY...BEFORE WE LOSE THEM AGAIN !!!

GERRY SUSSMAN'S YELLO PAGES

LET YOUR FEET DO THE WALKING

It's hard to walk with your fingers unless you're a physical freak. It's much easier to use your feet.

Use your fingers for holding hands, writing a love note, slicing a carrot and much more. But don't walk on your fingers unless you really know how!



How to Use the YELLO PAGES



1. Decide on what you are looking for. Is it a taxi? A taxidermist? A sun dryer for food? Graffiti supplies? It's important to remember exactly what you need before you look it up. The **YELLO PAGES** has thousands of services!

2. The **YELLO PAGES** are numbered in numerical order. That means page 2 follows page 1 and page 3 follows page 2, and so on, until the end of the book.

3. All **YELLO PAGES** entries are arranged in more or less alphabetical order. Alphabetical means that if you are looking for an airline, you start looking under "A", then look for "Air", "Airl", "Airlin", until you get to "Airlines". Then find the specific airline you want, which is also listed alphabetically. Remember: A's come first. Then B's, C's, D's, and so on, until you get to Z. There are no entries after Z.

4. When you find the entry you need, look for the address and phone number of the company. This will tell you where they are located and how to call them.

5. If you want to get more information about the company, dial the number listed. After you have dialed the number the phone will ring. Here's an example of what you can say: "Is this Search and Destroy Exterminating Company of 2320 Shady Lane Avenue? Do you exterminate silverfish? Large rodents? Rodents up to 12 inches? Thank you. That's what I wanted to know." Ask the company to repeat the address and cross street so there is no room for mistakes. Remember: Wasted time is wasted money.

POST OFFICE INFORMATION

If you want your mail to get there faster don't forget to use stamps. And for Zippy's sake, use your zip codes!



How to Address a Mailing Envelope

1. Write the name of the person or company on the envelope.
2. Write the address of that person or company under the name.
3. Make sure you include the zip code.
4. Make sure your own name and address is on the envelope. This is called a "return address."
5. Place the exact number of stamps on the envelope. If you are not sure how many stamps are needed, go to your nearest post office for help.
6. Affix the stamp(s) by moistening the sticky side (the side that has no picture) and pressing it firmly on the envelope until it sticks.
7. Don't forget to mail your envelope. A lot of people get this far and forget this important step. Look for the bright blue mailbox or go to your nearest post office and get the proper mailing instructions.

Remember: It can't get there unless you mail it!

► **After-Hours Bars**

Anybody's 54 Fellatio St 555-2259
 One for My Baby 21 Kokomo Av 555-0446
 One More for the Road 24 Kokomo Av 555-8139
 The Bottom of the Barrel 909 Wallaby St 555-1755
 The Pitts 67 Van Dork Av 555-9511

► **Agitators**

**HAMMER, SICKLE,
 KLUX & KLAN**

We supply left-wing, right-wing and hard-core opposers to anything. Start fights, riots, massacres. Create perfect scapegoats with our trained agitators.

454 Taurus Ave. 555-4040

► **Arresters**

IN THE NAME OF THE LAW, INC.

Ex police and military men with full credentials, badges, etc. are prepared to make professional-style arrests. Many of our people still carry search warrants and wear uniforms. All come fully armed.

Don't be frustrated when the police can't help. Call us . . . IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

7898 Zipcode Ave. **555-6837**

► **Automobile-Interior Decorating**

BALDWIN, CAVENDISH & FACADE

We will transform your car into a little home away from home. Why live with the vulgar, tasteless decor of the manufacturer when you can ride in chintz?

6754 Queensway Blvd. **555-6189**

► **Automobile-Kosherizing**

**IZZY OF
 ISRAEL**



Car Kosherizer to the Grand Rabbi of Jerusalem. No salt used. Spotless work. Endorsed by major Hasidic groups. No extra charge for station wagons.

**909 Hebrew St.
 555-3226**

► **Backscratchers**

SANDOR OF BUDAPEST

Creator of the patented subsonic alpha-wave scratching machine.

No human is perfect, but the Sandor Backscratching Machine is.

Visit the Sandor of Budapest studios for a free demonstration.

Sandor of Budapest makes house calls. No body area too large or too small.

A Sandor session consists of: diagnosis and analysis of the problem areas; intensive machine work; touch-ups by hand; body rub with Sandor's own special-formula lotion.

2501 St. Bartholin Pl.

555-4630

► **Basting Service**

AL/DAVE/HY BASTING COMPANY

Why sit around basting your meats and fowl when we can do it for you? Our experts will watch over your roasts while you work or play. We make our own gravies.

5678 Parvenu Blvd.

555-8433

► **Bathroom Police**

**BARNES SECURITY &
 PROTECTION**

Protect your bathroom from intruders and violators. We will install a Barnes Guard or a Barnes Bathroom Attack Dog to insure your bathroom privacy.

Alarm systems can be connected to our Bathroom Central Control for backup protection.



**54 S. Hispanic Blvd.
 555-7635**

► **Beds and Bedding**

BOB'S BEDDING

Exclusive distributors of the O'Brien Bed, the bed that tucks conveniently into your ceiling. We are also the authorized dealer for Laverne Oil and Water beds, the Krell Spine-O-Matic mattress system, the Robert D. Berlin Egg Bed and the revolutionary Fukima Pajama-Mattress.

We are experts on mattress-label law. Free estimates given on mattress liability insurance.

YOU ARE INVITED TO TAKE A NAP ANYTIME IN OUR JAPANESE SANDMAN ROOM.

BOB'S BEDDING
 Specialists in problem sleepers and sleeping problems
 1221 VAN NAKED AVE. **555-2533**

► **Beer Breath Treatments**

You can't hide your beer breath behind a mouthwash or a toothpaste. Beer breath can linger longer than you want, cause you major embarrassment.

You need **BREATH BUSTERS!**

We come to your home and flush you out! Our combination stomach pump and stomach freshening treatment attacks the problem where it all started—in your gut. Don't be fooled by breath mints and sprays. Get to the root of the problem and root it out with

BREATH BUSTERS

5687 Oswego Av 555-7297

► **Bible Belts**

Jerry's

See Our Display Ad Page 5

9876 S Jesus Av 555-3345

DIALING A NUMBER?

Make sure you dial all seven digits (numbers) or your call won't go through. Dialing four, five or six digits will not get you your call.

► **Bigots-Rentals**

BIGOTS, BIGOTS, BIGOTS!

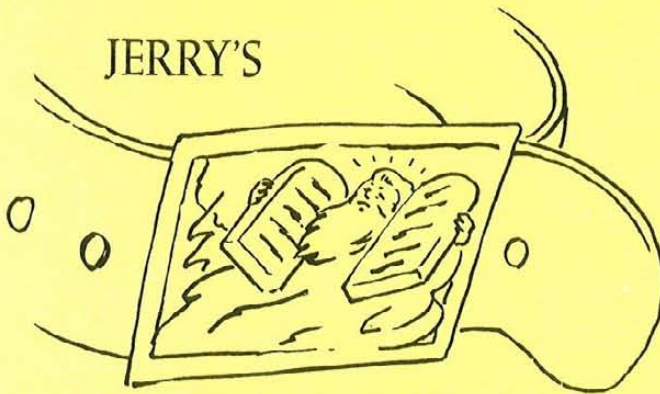
Old-fashioned racists will add fuel to a sputtering party. Rent articulate anti-Semites, anti-blacks, anti-Hispanics, etc. Curmudgeons, elitists, royalists available. Choose from any type, color, creed, religion. No murderous fanatics. Just amusing haters and crackpots.

**9123 W. Scrotum Ave.
 555-0043**

STARTING YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

You'll need lots of money. Look in the YELLO PAGES under "Money", "Banks", "Mafia" and "Loan Sharks". Remember: They're in alphabetical order.

JERRY'S



Beautiful handmade belts depicting Bible scenes, crafted from the finest leathers—with complete miniature Bibles in the belt buckles. Choose from Old and New Testaments.

9876 S. Jesus Ave.

555-3345

► Children's Entertainment

Larry Lavelli and "Gums," the Toothless Old Crone
See Our Display Ad Page 6
875 S Putz Av 555-4721

► Churches

Church of Abraham Pincus 222 E Moses Dr 555-9898
Church of Andy Devine 8976 Messiah Way 555-8982
Church of the Absolute Word
675 Eucharist Av 555-2222
Church of the African Experience
980 N Negro Av 555-4326
Church of the All Natural 21 Granola Av 555-6708
Church of the Bicoastal Tabernacle
7899 Missionary Dr 555-1298
Church of the Cavalry 5544 S Custard Av 555-2419
Church of the Chosen Few 6609 Holy Av 555-5223
Church of the Epileptic Vision
6699 Miracle Mile 555-8719
Church of the Forgotten Popes
2109 Vatican Av 555-4732
Church of the Little People 5432 Mary St 555-1189
Church of the Open Wound 6743 Martyr Walk 555-9137
Church of the Teamsters 76543 Union Tpke 555-6735

► Cowards-Rentals

PERCY'S

Good supply of 'fraidy cats,
chickenshits, yellowbellies, pond scum,
lily-livered liars, pipsqueaks, twerps,
chowderheads.
Our cowards make anyone look good.
2231 N. Nipple Dr. | 555-3569

► Boring People

HO HUM

Rent one of our professional bores and kill your already dull party. You'll send unwanted guests home in a hurry. Our bores make great insomnia cures.

8709 Traffic Blvd.

555-2327

► Caning & Ear Boxing

LORD BARRON

The Earl of Breakstone

Expert caning done by a former member of the House of Lords, a perfect English gentleman who has been trained to cane and box ears from birth.

Surprise and stun your enemies with a proper caning!

Discipline your children with a sound boxing of the ears!

3342 Anglo-Saxon Ave.

555-8988

► Car Mice-Exterminators

KATZ

The Car Mice Killers

Overnight service, while-u-park

453 Rectum Av 555-7792

► Catholic Lingerie

THERESA'S

Clerical and lay undergarments. Basic lingerie and ceremonial lingerie for nuns, sister superiors. Sensible apparel for laywomen.

567 N. Apostle Rd.

555-3973

CONSUMER TIP

Driving in reverse puts a strain on your engine and gives you poor gas mileage. Use the "drive" position. And remember: Apply your brakes when you want to stop. It could save your life! Federal Energy Commission, Washington, D.C.

► Chest Hair

SPITZER

The Chest Hair People



Yes, you can grow your own chest hair. As little or as much as you want. SPITZER CHEST HAIR CLINICS analyze your chest follicles, put you on a special diet and give you their patented Dermagen hormone treatments. In seven days or less you will see your first hair growth. In two weeks you'll have a beautiful layer of chest hair. In three weeks you'll be a teddy bear!

"Nobody does it better than guys with chest hair."

6766 Postum Rd.

555-2348

LARRY LAVELLI AND "GUMS," THE TOOTHLESS OLD CRONE

Unique ventriloquist for children.
Offbeat, poignant, wacky.
Frequent guest star on "Romper Room," "Captain Kangaroo," "Joe Franklin."

875 S. PUTZ AVE.

555-4721



► Criminally Gifted Children

FAGIN & FAGIN

Kids that will scare the Dickens out of anybody. Our kids have no fear, no scruples. They go anywhere, do anything for very little money.

5544 E. India Ave.

555-6913

► Exorcists

Mother Cabrini
See Our Display Ad Page 7
4241 Pupik Av

555-2072

► Extortionists

BEN & JERRY

Gentle, but persuasive. No charge if we fail.
We've never failed.

4521 Parmesan Ave.

555-8842

► Flashlights

FLASHLIGHTS UNLIMITED

The One-Stop Flashlight Department Store
Sales • Rentals • Leasing

- All makes and models in stock.
- Custom flashlights, built-ins for home and office.
- Complete line of batteries and accessories.
- Lanterns, specialty flashlights, novelty items

Free consultation and estimates

LET US PLAN YOUR COMPLETE
FLASHLIGHT NEEDS

FLASHLIGHTS UNLIMITED

"Let us put some light on the subject"

3387 RADISH AVE.

555-5409

► Dental Care

THE FROWN CENTER



Specialists in teeth that are beyond repair.

When orthodox dentistry cannot help, don't despair.
Turn your embarrassed smile into a deep, dark
permanent frown!

We also do dirty looks, scowls, pouts.
Teenagers: Ask about our "attitudes."

The Frown Center

If you can't smile, look tough.

21-02 Menemsha ----- 555-0033

342 S. Balliwick ----- 555-2449

76-09 La Strada ----- 555-2385

► Flatulence-Treatment

ZUPKIN

Flatulence Control Centers

Zupkin Steam Therapy calms your stomach,
deflates the gases, relaxes your colon. Your
entire digestive system is retuned and
rejuvenated.

No drugs, no suppositories, no rectal plugs.
ZUPKIN

The all-natural way

2102 Atlantis ----- 555-8465
657 S. Muskrat ----- 555-0024
909 Messalina ----- 555-3709

► Golf-Storefront Semipros

VINNIE THE GOLF SEMIPRO

Lessons for half the price you pay at the fancy
country clubs. Tips on how to sneak into the
best places.

5543 Scrotula Blvd ----- 555-4282

► Hard-Core Criminals

HOUSE OF CRIME

Thieves, killers, stickup men, extortionists,
hijackers, drug dealers, pimps, etc. Professionals
only. Not connected with the Mob or any other
national organization. Freelance only. Pay only for
what you need.

5588 Beeline Av ----- 555-5587

► Dumb Waiters-Rentals

HIRE A DUMB WAITER FOR YOUR NEXT PARTY

Our waiters are silly, goofy, dumb, but well-
meaning. Their endearing qualities make them
a fun addition to your next party. And they
clean up their own mess.

DUMB WAITERS UNLIMITED

9991 Brilliantine Ave.

555-6278

► Face Retouching

DR. MARVIN LUTHER KING

Dr. King is one of the country's leading
practitioners of minimal face retouching. All
retouching is done in his office, requiring little
or no anesthesia.

No major surgery. Not a makeup center.

921 N Colon Av ----- 555-9670

CONSUMER TIP

Never give your wallet to a stranger. Bureau
of Consumer Affairs, Washington, D.C.

**CURSED?
POSSESSED?
IS THERE A DEVIL LIVING INSIDE
YOUR BODY?**



**Mother Cabrini understands.
Mother Cabrini fights and wins for you.
Mother Cabrini never rests until the demon is
destroyed.**

**Attention, parents: I specialize in children, from
infants to teenagers.**

**GIVE ONLY WHAT YOU CAN AFFORD
Minimum credit card donation, \$15.00
4241 PUPIK AVE. 555-2072**

► **Jokes-Cures**

JOKE-ENDERS

The cure for chronic joke tellers that really works. Join us for a Joke-Enders Marathon Weekend. No pacifiers. No food substitutes.

5609 Gargantua Ave. | 555-9193

► **Kidnapping**

The Phantom & Partners

We specialize in custody cases, errant spouses, grudges. New York State only. No multimillionaire jobs, no elaborate capers. All victims guaranteed unharmed. Reasonable fee structure based on ability to pay. No fee if we are unsuccessful.

A family business since 1926
Call 555-6259 and ask for "Maurice"

► **Kissing Schools**

Henry Kissinger School of Kissing

See Our Display Ad Page 8
789 W 42 St 555-8417

► **Labor Unions**

Account Executives Council
7098 Van Spick Av 555-0216
Bankers Union 6609 W Migraine Av 555-3631
Bottle & Can Redeemers, Local 3
6676 S Negro Av 555-0023
Espresso Machine Repairers, Local 6
778 N Sinus Blvd 555-0445
International Ladies of the Night, Local 7
2231 Porcupine Av 555-3637
Kosher Athletes Alliance 4421 Whitefish Pl 555-5235
Label Forgers, Local 4
870 Artichoke Hwy 555-8992
Light Machinery Operators, International
23 Perfection St 555-7016
Meat Patty Patters, Local 12
88 N Pomade Dr 555-0335
Street Singers Union 7709 Bogus Blvd 555-5713
Wine & Liquor Drinkers 2134 Pork Pl 555-1078
Young Presidents, Local 9
5543 E Gentile Av 555-8619

► **Home Entertainers**

VULVINA

The world's most exciting woman

Watch her take a bath in your own tub! An exotic art form practiced in ancient Persia can now be seen in your own home.

*Vulvina . . . sensual, delightful, clean!
Vulvina . . . a different kind of show for discriminating people.
Special low rate for showers, hot tubs.*

VULVINA
All major credit cards accepted

2480 NOSTRIL RD. | 555-6347

► **Informal Wear-Rentals**

Bogratz & Schoob

Renting the finest casual wear since 1947

Informal clothes, sportswear for men and women. Designer labels, nationally advertised brands—all in immaculate condition. The latest styles. Hard-to-fit sizes. Shoes, sneakers, sweats, all accessories.

Going to an informal affair? Rent for a fraction of what it costs to buy!
We deliver to all major resort areas.
21 E. 298 St. | 555-3218

► **Itch Treatment**

RALPH'S ITCH CONTROL CENTERS

Steam Therapy • Mustard Plasters •
Diet and Nutrition Consultations •
Natural Vitamin Massage
Guaranteed to end embarrassing scratching forever.

4432 Lumbago Av 555-6860
1245 Albumen Pl 555-6861

► **Home Security Systems**

Nick Manucci's Black Belt Rabbits

See Our Display Ad Page 9
8386 S Negro 555-5841

► **Hydrogen Bombs**

ACME HYDROGEN BOMBS, INC.

To the trade only
5676 S Airborne Blvd 555-0399

DIALING A NUMBER?

Make sure you dial all seven digits (numbers) or your call won't go through. Dialing four, five or six digits will not get you your call.

► **Left-Wing Groups**

Albanian Marxist-Leninists 4432 Nostril Blvd --- 555-5926
Catholic Anarchists 4454 Abby Lane 555-3475
Communist Party of America
8875 Freedom Way 555-8713
Loyal Order of Trotskyites 789 Beeline Av 555-4768

► **Lice Finders**

Lice Finders 555-0275
See Our Display Ad Page 10

► **Loan Sharks**

UNEEDA LOAN COMPANY

Borrow anything from a dollar to a million. Take up to 50 years to pay. Low, low weekly payments. No paperwork, no billing necessary. Friendly pickup service at your office or home. Free pizza with every loan of \$100 or more. "If Uneeda a loan, call Uneeda"
Convenient locations in all five boroughs of New York

555-6117

► **Medical Insurance**

HMI
See Our Display Ad Page 10
7887 Rathskeller Blvd 555-8022

► **Merchandise-Wholesale, Retail**

OFF THE TRUCK

Every day is sale day.
6644 Earwax Av 555-6232

► **Museums**

ACCOUNTANTS MUSEUM

Solomon Dropnick Collection of early ledger books, double-entry bookkeeping, CPA exams from the 1920s. "Visor Caps and Elbow Guards," an exhibition of accountants' accessories from the collection of Ernest Schimley.

6798 Madison Ave. 555-6824
Open 7 days, 9-6

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF CHEESE SCULPTURE

"200 Years of Roquefort"—French regional works, including early examples of LaPierre, Frougard and Moribunde. "Modern Parmesan"—the minimalist works of Bustello, Medaglia and the Milanese School. "The New Californians"—goat-cheese works by Billy Bibbstein, Lionel Alabaster and Gloria Spool.

1822 S. Broadway 555-9632
Tues-Sun, 11-7

MEDICAL MALPRACTICE MUSEUM

Eugenic Lasfreiter Collection of Allergic Penicillin Victims (photographs, artists' drawings). "Human Vegetables"—an exhibition of actual coma victims from the '50s and '60s. Film: "Emergency Ward"—the hit-or-miss diagnoses of the interns and residents of a major metropolitan hospital.

3421 Stinson St. 555-2972
Mon-Sat, 10-5

► **Nail & Tack Straightening**

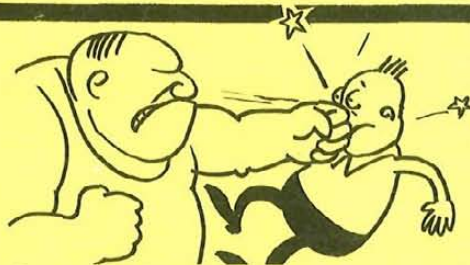
NESTOR'S

We straighten out bent nails. No waste.
Free estimates.

8890 Firewater Av 555-6529

► **Nose Breakers**

MR. FIST



All our jobs done by hand. No weapons. If you can't do it yourself, let our professionals do it in one clean shot. Quick, efficient work done by ex-boxers, many championship contenders.

"Don't get mad. Get even. And break his nose."

6676 Alabama Ave. 555-5621

► **Orgasms-Instruction**

TONY'S COLLEGE OF ORGASM INSTRUCTION

Tony Tartagliano, Theresa Tartagliano,
your instructors
Individual, private instruction
Relaxed atmosphere.
Free refreshments.

5565 N. Vulva Ave. 555-9077

► **Party Services**

High Spirits RENT-A-DRUNK

Funny, charming drunks to liven up your party

Warm, friendly lovable types. Genuine raconteurs and joke tellers. No meanies. No embarrassing scenes. No derelicts.

Choose from Charming Irish, Sunny Italian, Witty Jew and many, many more!

- Our drunks are pre-loaded before arrival. You do not have to give them any more drinks.
- Our drunks are bonded and insured for \$2,000,000.
- Singing and clowning drunks for special occasions.
- We supply costumes and lampshades for a small fee.

High Spirits RENT-A-DRUNK

"Turn a Poopy Party into a Peppy Affair!"
1637 NOSTRIL AVE. 555-0863

► **Power Trips**

ADVENTURES IN UTILITIES

Day trips to electric power plants, gas tanks, hydroelectric dams, nuclear power plants.
6677 Spigot Ave. 555-0045

► **Prostitutes**

JIMMY'S WHORES OF DISTINCTION

Best lays in town. Blondes, Orientals, Fine Brown Bitches and much more. Reasonable. No scams or rip-offs. Clean, hospital-inspected whores only.

6687 S. Nipple Ave. 555-2587

HENRY KISSINGER SCHOOL OF KISSING

Learn the patented Kissinger Method preferred by the stars!



AP/Wide World

There's the right way and the wrong way to kiss. Henry Kissinger, former secretary of state and escort to many of the world's most beautiful women, has developed the perfect kissing technique, a technique that has made him one of the world's most desirable men.

Now all his secrets are available to you!

- Intensive mouth-to-mouth instruction
- Beginner's courses
- Newest techniques from Japan, Africa, Singapore
- Tongue-strengthening exercises
 - Body kissing
 - Social kissing
- Non-sexual religious kissing
- Special honeymoon techniques
 - Refresher courses

Celebrity guests show you their kissing secrets



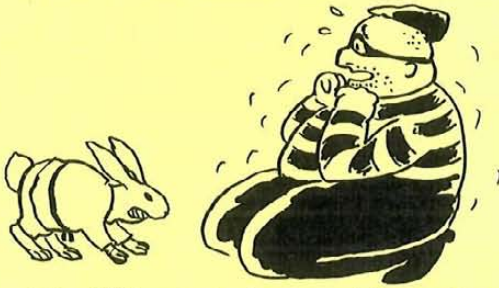
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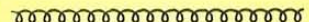
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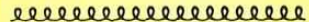
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WHAT DREW DREW

Over the years, you've seen a lot of Drew Friedman's work in *National Lampoon* and other places. But this is a rare treat—a mini-collection of some of Drew's most remarkable pieces, starting with one that legions of his fans have been clamoring to sink their eyes into but never had the chance.

Every one of the millions of ink-stipples that Drew shoots onto his drawing pad is controversial (read: honest), but his missive on Natalie Cole has proved to be among the most provocative of all. When it was first published in a music-world trade mag, it resulted in an unprecedented outpouring of vituperation from the recording industry, including canceled advertising and the immediate disappearance of Drew's name from the contributors list.

Fearless as always, we've decided to risk the wrath of seven-figure-a-year music execs, and we're putting the infamous send-up right back where it belongs, on newsstands all across America. Judge it as you will, and then explore an extravaganza of other Drew Friedman masterpieces. (Before you do, we'll tell you a little secret:

although drawn by Drew, the Natalie Cole piece wasn't actually written by him. It was conceived by his wife, K. Bidus. So there, music industry.)

After absorbing this retrospective, your dotted-up brain is likely to be begging for more of Drew's work. His "Private Lives" currently appears in *Spy* magazine (see—*National Lampoon* doesn't mind plugging its competitors), and a collection from St. Martin's Press will appear in bookstores this Spring. Drew drawings will shortly show up in *Spin* magazine as well.

Whether other publications choose to adore or despise him, *National Lampoon* discovered Drew Friedman long ago, and we feature him every chance we get. If you're already a Drew devotee, the following pages will surely make your day. And if you're not familiar with Drew's work, they're bound to make you a fan. (Incidentally, in case what follows pokes fun at somebody *you* placed on an altar, please don't send *us* any hate mail. Our advertisers certainly won't give a shit, and we'll simply tell you to go fuck yourself.)

A Recording Session With Nat And Natalie



© 1991 by Drew Friedman & K. Bidus

Happy Thanksgiving



© 1991 By Drew Friedman

Guns N' Roses' Slash goes home for the holidays.

A Song Worthy Of Universal Acclaim



© 1991 by Drew Friedman & K. Bidus

The 20th anniversary of "Stairway To Heaven" is celebrated worldwide.

WACKY WORLD

BY DREW FRIEDMAN ©1990

MILTON BERLE, LEE HARVEY OSWALD,



JERRY LEWIS, ARTHUR BREMMER,



DAVID BERKOWITZ, RED BUTTONS,



EDWARD GEIN, BUDDY HACKETT,



MICKEY ROONEY, RICHARD SPECK,



CHARLES MANSON & BOB HOPE.



END

EVERYBODY'S BUDDY

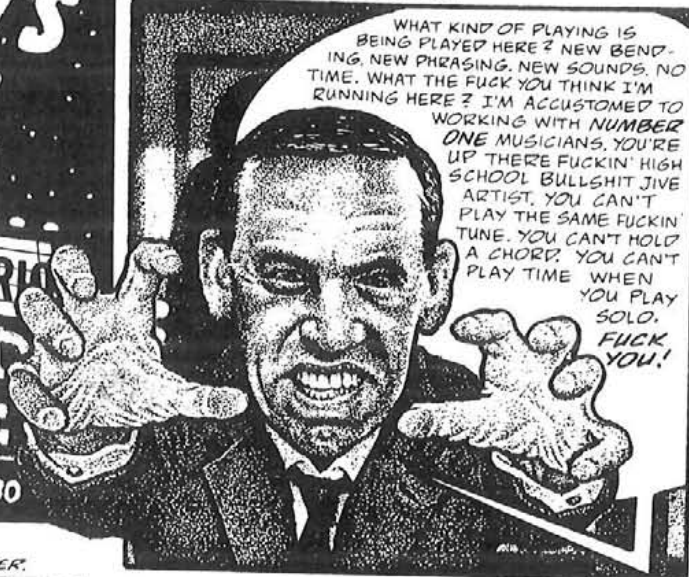


BUDDY RICH TRIO

LAKEWOOD GARDE

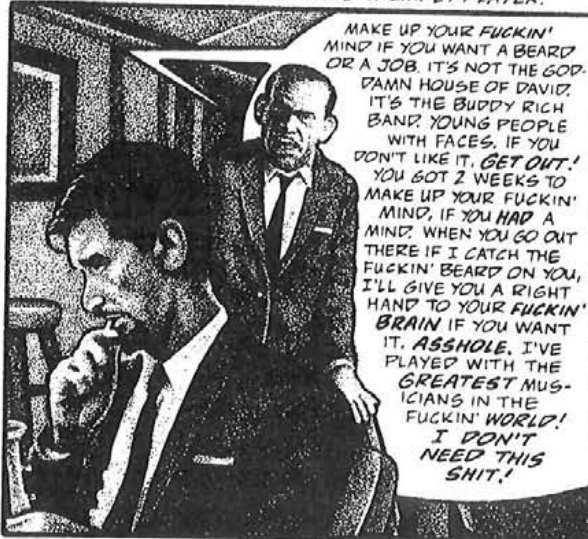
BY DREW FRIEDMAN ©1990

DRUMMER BUDDY RICH...



WHAT KIND OF PLAYING IS BEING PLAYED HERE? NEW BENDING, NEW PHRASING, NEW SOUNDS, NO TIME. WHAT THE FUCK YOU THINK I'M RUNNING HERE? I'M ACCUSTOMED TO WORKING WITH NUMBER ONE MUSICIANS, YOU'RE UP THERE FUCKIN' HIGH SCHOOL BULLSHIT JIVE ARTIST, YOU CAN'T PLAY THE SAME FUCKIN' TUNE, YOU CAN'T HOLD A CHORD, YOU CAN'T PLAY TIME WHEN YOU PLAY SOLO. FUCK YOU!

TALKING THINGS OVER WITH HIS TRUMPET PLAYER.

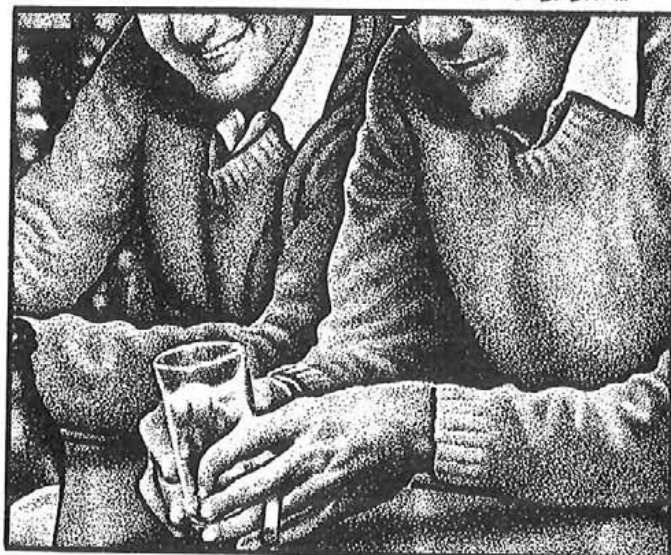


MAKE UP YOUR FUCKIN' MIND IF YOU WANT A BEARD OR A JOB, IT'S NOT THE GOD-DAMN HOUSE OF DAVID. IT'S THE BUDDY RICH BAND, YOUNG PEOPLE WITH FACES, IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, GET OUT! YOU GOT 2 WEEKS TO MAKE UP YOUR FUCKIN' MIND, IF YOU HAD A MIND. WHEN YOU GO OUT THERE IF I CATCH THE FUCKIN' BEARD ON YOU, I'LL GIVE YOU A RIGHT HAND TO YOUR FUCKIN' BRAIN IF YOU WANT IT. ASSHOLE, I'VE PLAYED WITH THE GREATEST MUSICIANS IN THE FUCKIN' WORLD! I DON'T NEED THIS SHIT!

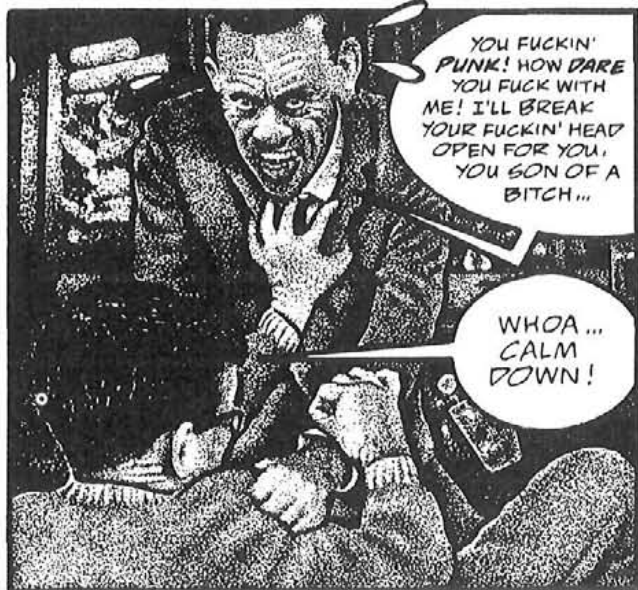
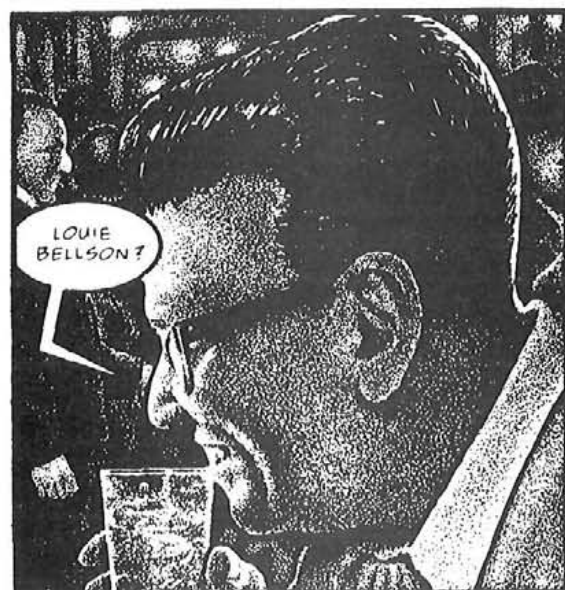


WHAT THE FUCK KIND OF MUSIC DO YOU THINK YOU'RE PLAYING HERE ANYHOW? AND WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE PLAYING FOR? I'M UP THERE KNOCKING MY FUCKIN' BRAINS OUT AND I GOT TO CARRY YOU AND PAY YOU AT THE SAME TIME... FUCK YOU...

LATER, TWO FRIENDS SHARE A DRINK AT THE HOTEL BAR...



WHO'S THE GREATEST FUCKIN' DRUMMER IN THE WORLD?



EPILOGUE

BUDDY RICH DIED IN 1987. A DAY AFTER HIS DEATH, A MUSICIAN WHO HAD PLAYED FOR BUDDY CALLED HIS HOME AND SPOKE WITH HIS WIFE. "IS BUDDY HOME?" THE MAN ASKED. "BUDDY IS DEAD." HIS WIFE ANSWERED. THE NEXT DAY THE MAN CALLED AGAIN. "MAY I SPEAK WITH BUDDY?" HE ASKED. AGAIN HIS WIFE REPEATED "BUDDY IS DEAD." THE NEXT DAY HE CALLED AGAIN. "IS BUDDY IN?" HIS WIFE, NOW CLEARLY ANNOYED, BARKED BACK "THIS IS THE THIRD TIME YOU'VE CALLED ASKING FOR MY LATE HUSBAND, BUDDY IS DEAD." "I KNOW," SAID THE MAN. "I JUST LIKE HEARING IT."



THANKS TO AL KOOPER, PAUL BIDUS, JIM MCGROGAN AND EDDIE G.

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON 1993 WORLD HUMOR INDEX

Compiled by Eric Goldberg & Mark Howard

CANADA

Funniest way to desecrate Canadian flag: Use spray paint to make maple leaf look like cannabis. **Oldest humor artifacts:** The novelty horned Viking helmets: horned helmet with propeller on top, circa 1095; horned helmet with "Kiss Me, I'm Horny" written on the side, circa 1129; horned helmet with holders for two beers, circa 1197. **Major humor import:** Bumper sticker: "If you can read this, you must not be Canadian." **Major humor export:** Bumper sticker: "Don't follow me, not only am I lost but I'm also totally faced." **Times yearly someone will end telling a story by saying "I guess when you translate it from French it's not as funny":** 34,999. **Shelf life of a can of Silly String:** 6 months. **Canada's last resolution put before the United Nations:** Mandate to make all beer bottles twist-offs. **Funny educational films made by the National Film Board of Canada in 1992:** *Jock Itch*, *God's Little Reminder*, *Drinking and Driving*, *A Survivalist's Guide*. **Humor elevation:** Height of ridiculousness, 2,000 meters above sea level; Depths of depravity, 20 centimeters above knee level. **Today's secret square:** Charlie Weaver. **Number of jokes about serial murderers per actual serial murderer:** 5 to 1. **Percentage of people who really aren't reading the whole page:** Men, 39%; Women, 21%. **Breakdown of stand-up comic routines in 1992:** Comparing white men to black men at a hockey game, 199 times; How come it takes women so long to get ready to go to a hockey game, 823 times; Did you ever notice how bad the Japanese are at hockey, 2,455 times. **Canadian humor records:** Loudest *Soueee* when a fat woman walks by—12 decibels; Father and son cow-tipping marathon—238 cows in an hour; Ice cube toss into the cleavage of the woman at the end of the bar—10 meters. **Words found only in Canadian dictionary:** Duh; Shitfaced; Hatrick. **Funniest Canadian beer with an animal trademark:** Nordic Baby Seal Cream Ale. 1992 Slogan: Crack open a Baby Seal. **Canada's favorite cartoon:** Any Heckel and Jeckel when they had "Negro voices." **Canadian slang for a jock strap:** The Stanley Cup. **Average number of beers per piss:** 4 to 1. **Rate of humor exchange:** 1 joke from the United States will buy 1.25 jokes from Canada. **Canadian preference:** 52% Betty, 47% Veronica, 1% Big Ethel. **Number of Mounties that will interrupt a story by saying, "And then you woke up":** 28,949. **Hang time of a wedgie:** 10 seconds. **Average snowfall accumulation during a "traveling salesman" joke:** 43 inches.

ENGLAND

Major humor exports: Women's clothes in men's sizes. **Humor imports:** *Hee-Haw* and the uncensored lyrics to "Barnacle Bill the Sailor." **What an over-protective mother would say country looked like if it appeared on a Rorschach test:** "It looks like a rabbit eating my baby." **1992 stand-up comic routine breakdown:** Comics who over-emphasize the word *ggreat* in their routine, 1,020; Do impression of Churchill on the crapper, 4,984. **Number of jokes that can be told by turning calculator upside down:** 55378008. **Men who go to costume parties dressed as the queen:** 2,889. **Men who dress like the queen for the hell of it:** 10,445. **Number of English people so embarrassed by Dudley Moore that they claim he's from Australia:** 1,834,001. **Breakdown of funny drunken behavior at a soccer game:** Cracking some guy's head open like a bleeding walnut; Kicking some bloke's teeth down his fuckin' throat; Gang-beating an opposing team's fan with big sticks. **Number of Americans that think Dick Cavett is English:** 299,000. **Incidents of humor terrorism by the I.R.A.:** Pipe bomb that releases green smoke and rotten egg smell; Distributing subversive pamphlets that have pictures of Churchill's face on a naked woman's body; Replacing rubber vomit with the real thing. **British humor counter-attack on I.R.A.:** Sending 100 pizzas to Bobby Sands' old address. **Country's oldest joke:** *Monk:* Cromwell, how did you find your kippers? *Oliver Cromwell:* I just looked under all this blood and there they were. **People who can armpit-fart rendition of "God Save the Queen":** Gerold, Sidney, and Derek. **Breakdown of dialogue in the last panel of the Andy Capp comic strip for entire year:** "You know what they say Andy, behind every successful man there's a good woman to put 'im in 'is place," 200 times a year; "Geez, mate, my eyes are turning yellow, I can almost taste it," 42 times a year; "Get off the bowl Flo, I think I'm going to puke," 107 times a year. **Most common remark taken as joke but not meant to be:** "Oh geez, I think I shit my pants." **Humor climate:** Dry. **Total number of synonyms for penis:** 2,005. **Number of people who forget punchline while telling joke:** Hang-time of a hard-to-get joke: 4.2 seconds. **Excuses made when an Englishman isn't funny:** "It's that dry British wit"; "It's not that 'laugh out loud' kind of funny"; "I'm a hell of a lot funnier when I've had a few pints in me, mate." **Percentage of people who tell nothing but royal family jokes:** Men, 28%; Women, 31%; Royal family, 78%. **Percentage of people who scream out, "That reminds me, I gotta get my watch fixed" at porno movies:** Men, 43%; Women, 30%; Royal family, 87%. **Percentage of people who really enjoy getting their leg humped by a dog:** Men, 34%; Women, 39%; Royal family, 47%. **Breakdown of statements that can be answered by the phrase, "That's what she said":** "I think it's going to be too big to fit"; "Are you ever going to stop?"; "How about some more vinegar for that?"

FRANCE

Highest-grossing comedy films of 1992: *All That Jerry*, 20.5 mil.; *Dances with Lewis*, 18.3 mil.; *I Was a Teenage Jerry Lewis*, 15.7 mil.; *A Fistful of Lewis*, 12.8 mil.; *Godzilla Versus Jerry Lewis*, 11.6 mil.; *Ernest Goes to Camp*, 10.5 mil. **Most popular puppet act:** Jerry Lewis and Lambchop. **Velocity of a one-liner:** 138 miles per lewis. **Comedy pioneers:** Lewis and Clark; Vasco da Jerry. **Field of vision with a pair of x-ray specs:** 1000 centilewises. **Largest free-standing invisible mime-wall:** 25 square lewises. **Wind-chill factor of a mime "walking in the wind":** -20 degrees L (Lewisheit). **Average distance of a spit-take:** 90 decajerries. **Amount of time between a double take:** 1.5 lewisseconds. **Most popular French rap act:** M.D.A., featuring M.C. Jerricurl. **French slang for deflowering a virgin:** Breaking her jerry. **Breakdown of stand-up comic routines:** The difference between the way black people walk and the way Jerry Lewis walks; Impersonation of Jerry Lewis working the Slurpee machine; Jokes about Jerry Lewis's mother-in-law. **Favorite ethnic target:** Americans. Example—Those Americans are so stupid they think Jerry Lewis is a humorless bore. **Most popular ride at the Jerry Lewis theme park:** Dino's Delirium Tremens Simulator. **Favorite French cartoonist:** Toulewis Lautrec. **Speed of a French comedy album:** 33 1/3 revolutions per lewis. **Volume of a French dribble glass:** 17 cubic lewises. **Strangest mime-related injury:** Man gets real hernia lifting imaginary heavy object. **Breakdown of historic figures insane French people claim to be:** Jesus Christ, 14%; Napoleon, 17%; Jerry Lewis, 68%; Sammy Petrillo, 1%. **Funniest way Jerry Lewis desecrates the French flag:** Blows his nose in it and makes exaggerated honking sound. **New decathlon events at the Jerry Lewis "Father and Son Picnic":** Shoelaces-tied-together marathon; The singing-horribly-off-key duet; Chain-smoking; Trust-fund relay race. **Force exerted while pulling someone's leg:** 37 metric lewises. **Most popular game show:** *Win, Lewis, or Draw*. **Country's favorite punchline:** "Why would I want to drive out? I'm French, I love pussy." **Most popular bar drink:** Kahlewis and cream. **Titles of Jerry Lewis films that might be mistaken for titles of gay porno:** *That's My Boy*; *Sailor Beware*; *Jumping Jacks*; *Scared Stiff*; *Living It Up*; *The Sad Sack*; *The Geisha Boy*; *The Family Jewels*; *Three on a Couch*; *The Big Mouth*; *Hardly Working*.

ITALY

Geographic location as described by an American teenager: That big shoe country near Canada where pizza comes from. **Funniest way to desecrate flag:** Wrap it around your shoulders and do a James Brown impersonation. **Favorite ethnic target:** Sicilians. **Classic joke about Sicilians:** *Antonio*: Why did the Sicilian woman divorce her husband? *Vito*: She caught him beating another woman. **Country's oldest joke:** Brutus, is that a dagger in your toga, or are you just happy to see me? **Oldest humor artifact:** Small statuette of *David* with a really big dick given to Michelangelo at his 40th birthday party. **Rubber chickens per household:** 2.3. **Country's humor currency:** Rubber checks; Squirted nickels; Fake 69-dollar bill with picture of woman giving head where Washington's face should be. **Gag-related deaths:** Pic in the face, 4%; Pratsfalls, 25%; Slipping on banana peel, 55%; Choking on Pop Rocks and seltzer water, 46%. **Decibel level of a standard Italian whoopee cushion:** 14 decibels. **Breakdown of Humor Army:** 30,000 spithall soldiers; 15,000 pic-in-face platoon; 12,000 rapid insult squadron. **Men who wear "I'm With Stupid" T-shirts:** 20,000. **Men who wear "Stupid" T-shirts:** 15,000. **Percentage of Italians who claim to understand "No soap, radio" joke:** 38%. **Novelty production yearly:** Wax teeth, 675,876; Exploding cigars, 400,000; Plastic dog poop, 1.7 tons. **Number of words in this sentence:** 6. **Average rainfall during a "screwing in a light bulb" joke:** .14 inches. **Old gag-line rate:** "Pull my finger"—once every 23 seconds; "You have a spot on your soccer jersey"—once every 7 minutes; "What you eatin' under there?"—once every 1.2 seconds. **Average temperature of hotfoot:** 495 degrees Fahrenheit. **Average amount of time it will take someone in a bar to respond, "My ass and your face" to a person asking for a match:** 2 seconds. **Average decibel level of an armpit fart:** For a man, 5.66 decibels; For a woman, 5.22 decibels; For any individual over 80 years old, 2.87 decibels. **Number of people that can do this:** 270. **Yearly times someone will end telling a story by saying, "I guess you had to be there":** 289,437,494. **Laughter density:** Roughly the equivalent laughter of two Rhode Islands. **Country's favorite punchline:** "If you can find my Ferrari we can drive out." **Practical joke breakdown:** Crank phone call ordering 100 meatball pizzas to the Vatican on a Friday—241 times yearly; Putting "Mafia staff car" license plate frames on police vehicles—5,287 times yearly; Sticking receiver down pants when someone on the phone asks to speak to "Il Duce"—478,640 times yearly; Placing "Cash, grass, or ass—*Nobody* rides for free" bumpersticker on "Popemobile"—834 times yearly. **Highest water balloon drop:** 231 feet. **Percentage of women who'll fuck a guy because he makes her laugh:** 21.1%. **Children's nosebleeds due to a mishap in the "got yer nose" trick:** 54.6 yearly. **Percentage of Italian stand-up comics who do "Jack Nicholson if he worked in a Dunkin' Donuts" impression:** 75%. **Number of times Steve Allen uses the name of pasta dishes to speak mock Italian:** 11,634 times yearly. **Voltage of a joy buzzer:** 220 amps. **Number of Italians who laughed so hard they pissed their pants:** 702. **Most used answer to the question, "Mommy, what's that?":** Daddy's lunchbox.

JAPAN

Government humor grants: In-depth study correlating laughter to laziness. **Sense of humor decrease by decade:** 3.67%. **Least-successful novelty product of 1992:** Trojan Magnams. **Hottest bumper sticker:** "BYE AMERICAN." **Country's favorite punchline:** "If I could just get out of this parallel parking spot, we could drive out." **Breakdown of Japanese "observationalist" stand-up comics routines:** Why is there an American baseball announcer named *Harry Carry*? You don't find any Japanese announcers named *H. Ivey-Positive*; Why are children in American schools given grades like A, B, C, D, and F? They can't read them anyway; Did you ever notice that Americans won't eat sushi, but they'll buy a hot dog from a man on the street corner. The only part of the cow those hot dogs don't use is the *moo*. **Major humor exports:** Anything you'd find in a novelty store. **Major humor import:** American-made cars. **Lumination of a glow-in-the-dark condom:** 2.4 candles. **Nicknames for Japan:**™; ©. **Oldest humor artifact:** Cigarette-smoking Buddha statuette. **Favorite ethnic target:** Americans. Example: Why are they called Americans? Shouldn't they be called American'ts? **Spring tension of snakes in a peanut brittle can:** 25 pounds per square inch. **Number of Japanese men who try to impress chicks by knocking the head off a statue with their hats:** 180,222. **Breakdown of funny drunken behavior at a diplomatic dinner:** Performing *hari-kari* with a butter knife; Lifting kimono over one's face in order to make oneself "disappear"; Vomiting in flowerpot and then telling people George Bush did it. **Highest-grossing comedy film of 1992 in Japan:** *Wall Street*. **Longest-running Japanese musical comedy:** Kabuki version of *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*. **Mr. Blackwell's opinion of the country:** "The people in this powerbroking country are as short of stature as they are of fashion sense. Oh pleeease! It's strictly Godzilla versus good taste in a country whose style is simply *sukhyucky*." **Bite radius of a pair of fake vampire teeth:** 9 centimeters. **Average seasonal speed of a propeller on the top of a beanie:** Winter, 29 r.p.m.; Fall, 32 r.p.m.; Spring, 23 r.p.m.; Summer, 26 r.p.m. **Distance of a water-squirting camera:** 35 centimeters. **Most popular Japanese T-shirt:** T-shirt with words that look like American letters, but when turned upside-down say *fuck you* in Japanese calligraphy. **Worst-selling Japanese novelty product in America:** Nancy Kwan's Pearl Harbor Cream. **Distension of a pair of slinky eyeglasses:** 10 centimeters. **Figures an origami artist makes to get a laugh:** Folds paper to create football; Makes paper airplane; Crumples paper into a ball to make "two points" in the garbage can. **Jokes about fucking the Japanese gardener compared to actual Japanese gardeners who really know how to fuck:** 12 to 1. **Japanese humor records:** Farthest rubber band shot—25 meters; Longest itch induced by itching powder—1 day, 4 hours, 19 minutes and 35 seconds; Longest time a "Kick Me" sign has remained on someone's back—8 hours, 53 minutes and 12 seconds. **Percentage of Japanese who watch American films and laugh at how poorly they are dubbed:** Men, 76%; Women, 54%. **Old gag-line rate:** "Your shoe's untied"—once every 40 seconds; "Does your face hurt?"—once every 3 minutes; "You know who won the Kentucky Derby?"—once every 54 seconds.

MEXICO

Number of jokes that enter the United States illegally: 122,289. **Mexican government humor grants:** \$2,750,000 total; \$200,000 for development of new "A priest, a rabbi, and a minister are on a desert island" jokes; \$1,000,000 research grant for the quantitative study of firemen's suspenders; \$350,000 for research on the mating habits of clowns; \$1,200,000 for a probe into the long-term effects of joy buzzers on rhesus monkeys. **Sense of humor increase by decade:** +1.5%. **What American teenagers have learned from Mexican culture:** How to sneak into a drive in movie. **Least successful novelty product of 1992:** Jai alai trading cards. **Most common remark taken as joke but not meant to be:** My name José Jimé. **Items revealed in a stomach x-ray of returning tourist:** 5 ounces of beans, 4 tortillas, 25 cocaine filled condoms. **Nicknames for Mexico:** Flynt, Michigan; Teneochitlan; Doodyville; OTB. **Traveling distance of a Mexican jumping bean:** 10 centimeters. **Fake names on a Mexican substitute-teacher's attendance sheet:** Mary Cohn, Ben Dahoe. S'aright; S'aright. **Strangest obstacle at a Tijuana mini-golf course:** Ricardo, the sleeping fat man. **Number of "Knuck-knuck" jokes per number of doors:** 3 to 1. **Parlor tricks Cortés used to make Aztecs think he was a God:** Pulled doubloon out of Montezuma's ear; Played "Lady of Spain" with comb and tissue paper; Did a shadow-puppet rabbit on an adobe wall. **Emil Aturi, did you indeed hide the check for \$25,000:** Yes, I did. **Country's favorite punchline:** "If I could fit my twenty brothers into this pick-up truck we could drive out." **What a hypochondriac would say country looked like if it appeared on a Rorschach test:** "Oh my God! It looks like my lung. Ouuun, and it's all discolored. It's probably from all that second-hand smoke in your waiting room. You should really do something about that." **Number of men in Mexican prisons who claim to have once been a member of Menudo:** 21,589. **Highlight of a Mexican bachelor party:** Naked woman breaks out of a piñata. **Major novelty export:** Hot pepper gum in phony peppermint wrapper. **Major novelty import:** Peppermint gum in phony hot pepper wrapper. **Country's oldest joke:** Are you sneaking an illegal alien over the border, or are you just glad to see me? **How much do you want for that rug:** 20 American dollars. **I'll give you five dollars for it:** Two for twenty. **I just want one, five dollars:** Do you want to take bread from the mouths of my children? Certainly ten dollars from such a rich American like you is not so much. **Well, how about eight:** You drive a hard bargain. For you señor, eight dollars. **Worst Mexican accent:** Eli Wallach. **Number of Mexicans who refer to their testicles as maracas:** 246,990. **Number of funny songs that pertain to eating beans:** 273. **Ratio of jokes about lazy Mexicans as per real lazy Mexicans:** 1 to 1. **Two most popular jokes to play on a person taking a siesta:** Dip him in cement and sell him as a lawn ornament; Find him a job. **Average life-expectancy of a Magic Fingers in a Tijuana motel:** 5 years, 10 months, 4 days, 45 minutes and 23 seconds.

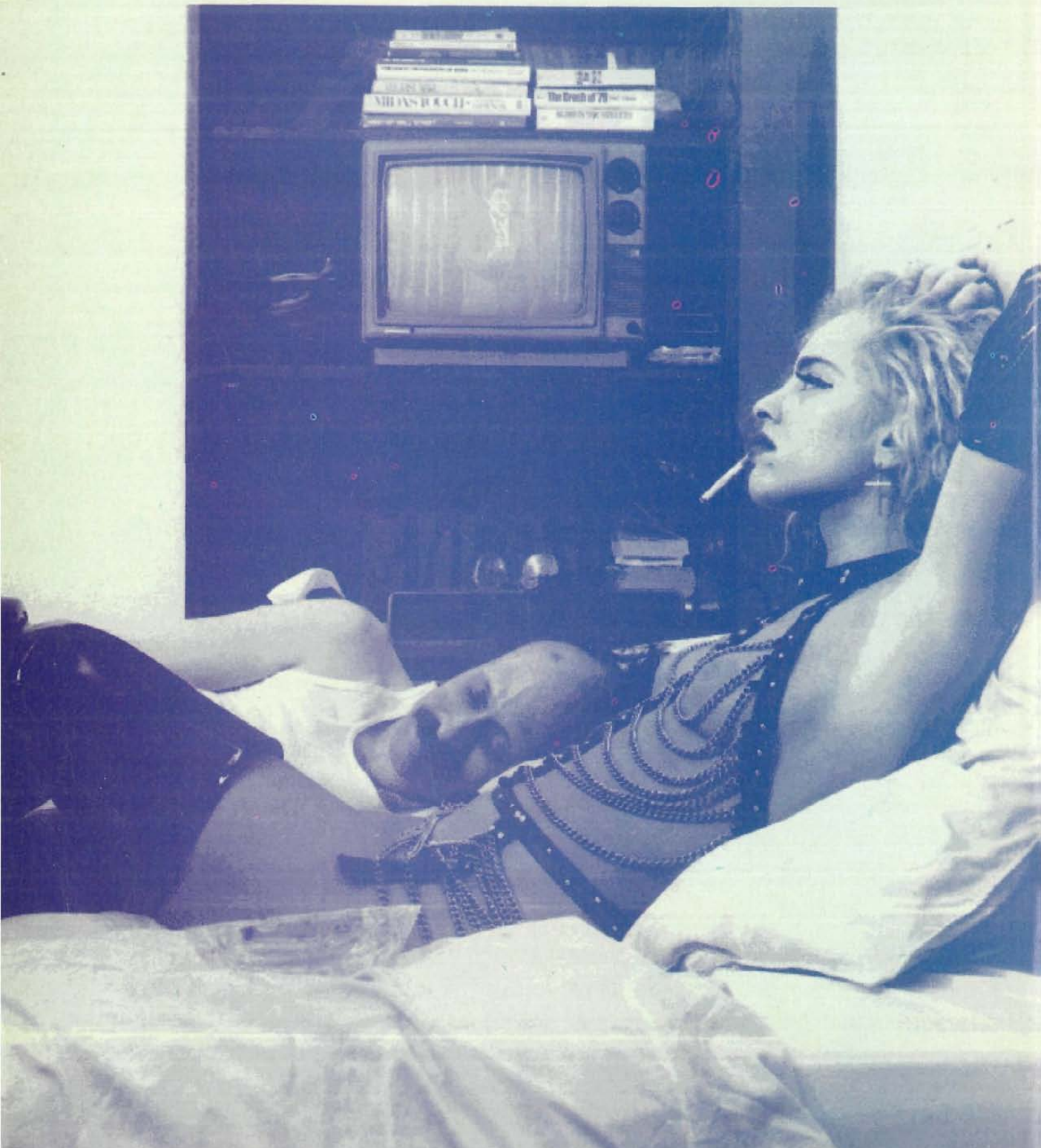
THE PARTS LEFT OUT OF MADONNA'S "SEX"

WITH THE PUBLICATION OF "SEX," MADONNA REAFFIRMED HER PENCHANT FOR BEING THE MOST PROVOCATIVE OF OUR SUPERSTARS. "SEX" IS A NO-HOLDS-CHAINS-OR-WHIPS-BARRLED PEEK AT THE LEATHER NEVERLAND OF THE MATERIAL GIRL'S SECRET SEXUAL GARDEN. THERE'S A MASKED MADONNA IN CUT-OUT, LEATHER-STUDED BRA, FINGERING HERSELF WITH ONE HAND WHILE SUCKING THE MIDDLE FINGER OF THE OTHER. MADONNA TIED AND TERRORIZED BY TWO SKINHEAD DYKES WITH ATTITUDE. MADONNA GETTING A LABIA JOB FROM LUCIFER, ONE OF THE DENIZENS OF "THE VAULT," AN S&M PALACE IN MANHATTAN. AND THERE'S MORE—MADONNA GIVING RIM JOBS, TOE JOBS, EVEN A SHOT OF A SOON-TO-BE 69 WITH A DOG! HOW FAR COULD SHE GO? *NATIONAL LAMPOON* HAS FOUND OUT. IN A WORLDWIDE EXCLUSIVE, WE HAVE OBTAINED A SECTION OF THE ORIGINAL BOOK CONTAINING WORDS AND PHOTOS THAT WERE ULTIMATELY DEEMED TOO RISQUÉ FOR "SEX" ITSELF. WHAT FOLLOWS IS MADONNA AS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HER, A VISIONARY PIONEER ON THE EVER-SHIFTING CUTTING EDGE OF SEXUALITY.

Sometimes I get bored with Ingrid's hot steamy pussy. And even Johnny's throbbing cock can't cut it. I get jaded. I mean, what can you do for an encore after you've blown the dog? I suppose I could drive up Collins Ave. to North Miami beach and go to Wolfie's Rascals House and eat a pastrami on rye naked. That would be actually neat, giving all those eighty year-old alta-cockers their last hard-ons. But then I'd just get hornier. So when I get in this kind of mood, I like to get really crazy. I go see Morris. No, not the cat. Morris has a dress business in the garment center. He does knock-offs of K-mart designs and sells them to stores on Fourteenth Street. He lives in Cedarhurst, one of the five towns on Long Island, all alone in a six-room split level. His wife left him last year for her periodontist. But I think Morris is hot. First of all, he won't take off his boxer shorts while we do it. Keeping them on adds to the mystery, he says. And he'll only fuck in the missionary position. God-does that make me hot-~~fantasizing~~^{fantasizing} that I'm a third world native and he's bringing me the gospel of salvation on a stick. But the best is, he has to do it with the Jay Leno show on. He waits for the opening monologue to end and when they break for a commercial, he mounts me. A few thrusts and Morris explodes. By the time Jay's back, Morris is out like a light and I'm ready for a fog.

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Winter 1987

The Yearning Annex[®]

Greater Pittsburgh edition.

Riding
a Bicycle:
a Refresher
Course.

Expanding
Your Pancreas
with Hypnosis.

How to Change
into Your Reeboks
in the Office
Elevator.

Spend
an Evening
with Andy
Warhol.

Coping with
Dsylexai.

Preparing Sashimi in the Nude.

Scubaerobics:
the New
Complete
Conditioning
Regimen.

000 Start a Headhunting Firm

Headhunting is one of the most profitable and exciting growth industries, and we've found one of the world's experts to start you on the path to personal fulfillment. In the dog-eat-dog atmosphere of today's world of corporate intrigue, headhunters are highly sought after to aid in top-level executive recruitment. If you thrive on action and want to be your own boss, headhunting may be for you.

Joseph Mbwatusi is the current Watusi tribal chieftain of the Central African Republic. He has vast experience as a headhunter and has been written up in everything from National Geographic to the National Enquirer. He is the author of *The Cream Rises to the Top* and *Stirring the Pot*. He is also an internationally renowned expert on Watusi dancing.

Forbes Plaza **Course fee \$125**
Sec. C _____ Fri. Jan. 4, 11, 18, 25 _____ 6-8pm

011 How to Successfully Own and Operate a Dehumidifier in Your Own Home Hands-On!

You've heard and read about the benefits of owning a dehumidifier—you may even have friends or loved ones who've owned one. Now, thanks to this hands-on Yearning Annex workshop, you too can have the confidence and know-how to own and operate a dehumidifier in your home, and to live in the dehumidified comfort and luxury you've always dreamed of. You'll be instructed in the various methods and techniques of emptying and cleaning your dehumidifier, and we'll even help you establish a personal maintenance timetable. Don't miss this chance to learn about dehumidifiers, and to meet other people interested in household appliances.

Vic Barnes is a graduate of Mercy College. He has had two dehumidifiers operating simultaneously in his home for 11 years, and is the author of *Coping with a Dehumidifier: A Guidebook for Singles and Couples*. *Materials Fee \$2.*

Downtown **Course fee \$57**
Sec. M _____ Mon. Nov. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 _____ 5:30-9:30pm
Sec. N _____ Tues. Nov. 3, 10, 17, Dec. 1, 8 _____ 5:30-9:30pm
Sec. O _____ Wed. Nov. 4, 11, 18, 25, Dec. 2 _____ 5:30-9:30pm
Sec. P _____ Sat. Nov. 7, 14, 21, 28, Dec. 5 _____ 5:30-9:30pm
Sec. Q _____ Sun. Nov. 8, 15, 22, 29, Dec. 6 _____ 5:30-9:30pm

936 How to Build a Cray Supercomputer

Have you outgrown your first Apple? Has disc storage space become a problem as your computer needs grow? This course will show you how you can build and operate a Cray giant mainframe computer in your spare time and from parts that are readily available to anyone with access to a small-town hardware store. The Cray is the same computer that is used by the Pentagon and almost every large industrial multinational corporation. It has a resident memory of over six trillion kilobytes and operates using 9½-foot disc drives. This is your opportunity to really crunch your data!

Peter Jobs is a former employee of the Cray Corporation. He is currently a computer consultant for the U.S.S.R., Libya, and East Germany. *Materials fee \$5,453,879.*

Under the Shawananie Bridge **Course fee: \$26**
Sec. V _____ Tues. Jan. 5, 12 _____ 6:30-9:30pm
(subject to rescheduling)

The Yearning Annex Magazine

You are now reading *The Yearning Annex Magazine*. It contains some of the courses that *The Yearning Annex* offers. For a full listing please write to: *The Yearning Annex Registrar*, 635 Madison Avenue, Ninth floor, New York, NY 10022.

Presidents and Co-Publishers: Larry Sloman and Dave Hanson

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051 How to Tell Orientals Apart

Gone are the days when any one of them was as good as another as long as you didn't lose your laundry ticket. Orientals have become a crucial part of today's business world, working right alongside many of us white people, and every motivated businessperson owes it to him or herself to acknowledge their individuality. With this Yearning Annex seminar you'll learn easily memorizable math formulas about the angles of eye slants, shades of yellow, height tables, and more, so you'll know who not to rehash memorable scenes from *M*A*S*H* with, who not to talk gleefully about Pearl Harbor with, and who will be most helpful when your calculator is on the fritz. And not only will you learn to distinguish nationalities, you'll learn to tell individuals from each other. You'll be able to tell the one from the second floor from the one down the hall, even if they're dressed the same. By the end of this fascinating seminar, you'll know Fong from Wong, Kim from Nim, Chin from Chan, and will your human resources department be proud of you!

Rod Horvath is a professor of variegation at Carnegie Mellon University and is the author of *Different Shades of Yellow* and *Different Sizes of Wang*.

Chinatown **Course fee \$37**
Sec. V _____ Tues. Dec. 1, 8, 15 _____ 7-9:30pm
Sec. W _____ Thurs. Dec. 3, 10, 17 _____ 7-9:30pm
Sec. X _____ Sat. Dec. 5, 12, 19 _____ 7-9:30pm

026 Draw Your Own Aura

Your body is a complex energy system. It holds unlimited resources of energy and power. This natural electromagnetic energy spills out of the body and creates a colorful halo effect around your head known as your aura. For hundreds of years, knowledgeable students of the occult and esoteric arts have been able to make accurate judgments about a person's creativity, health, and general well-being by studying another's aura, without the other person's even knowing! Now through a unique new seminar, you can learn how to project an aura that can fool even the experts. Think of the practical applications—job interviews, singles-bar encounters, co-op loan application interviews. The possibilities of influencing other people's impressions of you are endless. Using simple implements found in any stationery store, we'll show you how to create and color the aura of your choice—no matter what your mood or mental state.

Shirley Smiloff is your guide for this evening of creative self-image management. She is a certified consultant and instructor for the *Inner Tranquillity Team*, an international organization dedicated to the achievement of world peace and prosperity through the marshaling of inner resources and development of hidden, secret ethereal powers. "You can fool yourself in many ways by using your mind's potential, but it's much more fulfilling to fool others by projecting the right aura," says Smiloff.

Rosicrucian Hall **Course fee \$30 plus \$5 for color markers**
Sec. K _____ Tues. Jan 8, 15 _____ 6:30-9:30pm

962 Bodybuilding for Your Akita

A dog is a man's best friend. So why not treat him to a specially designed course in doggie iron pumping? Working out with weights is the fastest, most effective way to tone and shape your Akita's expensive body. What's more, training with weights will improve your pedigreed friend's willpower, concentration, and discipline. Your dog's workouts will be relaxing and diverse. No barking, yelping, or panting necessary. It's the one way to total dog fitness for your trusted life companion.

Nina Rosenthal is the manager of *Akitas Are Prestigious*. She has trained over 5,000 Akitas of all sizes and socioeconomic persuasions. Her dogs have won hundreds of competitions at country clubs throughout the Greater Pittsburgh area.

Lawrence Mall **Course fee \$45**
Equipment fee \$75
Treats fee \$5
Sec. K _____ Sat. Jan. 5, 12, 19, 26 _____ 11 am-1pm

602 The Joys of Eastern Bloc Cuisine

You don't have to be a professional Eastern European chef to surprise your guests with exotic dishes of the Eastern bloc nations of Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. Under the guidance of Bulgarian master chef Lugaliv Bartok, once a personal chef to Leopold XVIII, you'll learn how to prepare mouth-watering dishes like blood pudding, brains in purple gravy, cabbage tarts, goat bucket soup, and the Czech version of pâté, a rich frothy mousse made from the marinated spleen of a musk ox. You'll sip a glass of Hglechz, the legendary Hungarian turnip-skin wine, while you watch Chef Lugaliv prepare Iron Curtain favorites like Bulgarian bowel cakes, jellied calves' feet, goatwurst, fungus derma, and a magical Rumanian casserole containing the entrails of animals not allowed in American zoos. And finally, you will sit down with your classmates and dine in northern Balkan splendor on these unique and sensuous delights. Bring your appetite, and \$10 for materials fee.

Lugaliv Bartok was among Varna's most sought-after brothmeisters, having been declared a national treasure by the Bulgarian king in 1963. He came to America in 1976.

Midtown		Course fee \$37
Sec. J	Thurs. Dec. 3, 10, 17	6:30-9:30pm
Sec. K	Fri. Dec. 4, 11, 18	6:30-9:30pm
Sec. L	Sat. Dec. 5, 12, 19	6:30-9:30pm
Sec. M	Mon. Dec. 7, 14, 21	6:30-9:30pm

921 Burning Your Small Building

Every year thousands of Pittsburghers get to buy the home of their dreams. But old buildings can contain costly hidden problems that quickly drain your bank account. Luckily, we've found an experienced arsonist who can show you numerous techniques to generate that "man-made lightning" and collect grossly overappraised insurance policies.

Vincent Ruggula has been an unlicensed demolitionist since the 1950s. His company, Act of God Associates, provides pre-calamity evaluations and post-catastrophe support.

Marginal neighborhoods	Course fee \$5,000 plus 5% of policy settlement
Sec. V	Sun. Jan. 17 1-3am

887 Advanced Schnorring

The world owes you a living—or at least a free buffet every now and then. Our instructor will teach you the latest, most advanced techniques of schnorring, based on the ancient Hebraic teachings. You'll learn how to get the best tables in restaurants, and then how to get the most expensive entrée taken off the bill. You'll learn the power of the press as you get your name on the right lists and get free records, books, and screening passes. Need a Benetton sweatshirt for your teenage daughter? It's no sweat for a graduate of this course—one phone call and it'll be on your way at cost. You'll learn how to network with other schnorrers, and soon you'll be choosing from ten free cocktail parties and receptions a night!

Mark Grubber has had 4,823 freebie lunches and dinners in a career spanning ten years. He has been barred from the most exclusive restaurant in Pittsburgh after he twice managed to get three lobster dinners taken off the bill. He is currently working on his autobiography, Grubbs Plus One.

Downtown YMHA	Course fee \$100
Sec. K	Wed. Jan. 6, 13, 20, 27 7:15-9:15pm

770 How to Do Your Own Laundry with Hypnosis

The possibility for great success or formidable prowess in any field of endeavor exists within every person; it is merely a question of unlocking the gates of the unconscious and accessing your untapped potential. Your actions and abilities are controlled by your unconscious mind, and, with self-hypnosis, you can maximize your physical and mental capacities and open up a whole new world to

yourself. With hypnosis, you'll be able to gather your dirty clothing, put it in a large bag, bring soap to the laundromat or buy it there, and procure and accurately count out the change necessary to do your wash. You'll be able to instantly discern whether your laundry is in the wash, rinse, or spin cycle, and you'll be able to make critical determinations regarding water-temperature selection, when to add bleach, and whether to put the light-gray garments in with the whites or the coloreds. As you carry or wheel your wet laundry to the dryer your new confidence will open up unimaginable vistas. You'll know just by the bulk of the laundry how many dryers you'll need, for how long, and how many quarters will be required. You'll be coached on establishing a hamper in your own home and the pros and cons of liquid versus powder detergent. We will employ a modern, therapeutic, cognitive behavioral modality of hypnosis which works for everybody and will help you to become aware of how good it feels to have such a total sense of control over your life.

Nancy Brell has been doing her own laundry under hypnosis for eight years. Under hypnosis she has also brushed and flossed her teeth, vacuumed carpets, worked part-time as a receptionist, barbequed for her family, and shopped extensively.

Econ-O-Fresh	Course fee \$63
Sec. D	Tues. Dec. 8, 15, 22 5-8:30pm
Sec. E	Wed. Dec. 9, 16, 23 5:30-9pm
Sec. F	Thurs. Dec. 10, 17, 24 10am-1:30pm
Sec. G	Wed. Dec. 16, 23, 30 10:30am-2pm

127 Shopping for Sunglasses

Would you desperately love to own a pair of sunglasses but are unsure of how to go about shopping for them, as well as being concerned about what effect it might have on your budget? Your worries are over. It doesn't matter whether you need sunglasses for dress-up or for driving, prescription or regular, dark black or graduated in tone—after this three-hour Yearning Annex seminar you'll have the knowledge, confidence, and wherewithal to purchase the pair of sunglasses you've always wanted, whether it's from a licensed optometrist, a discount optical center, or a street vendor on legendary Sunglasses Row. When it comes to shopping for sunglasses, you can't afford to be in the dark—this course will give you the basic rudiments to help you make this important purchasing decision.

Myra Goldberger is a housewife who owns 75 pairs of sunglasses, which she wears at her homes in Oakmont and West Palm Beach.

Cohen Pavilion	Course fee \$57
Sec. E	Tues. Dec. 1, 8, 15, 22 5:30-9pm
Sec. F	Thurs. Dec. 3, 10, 17, 24 5:30-9pm
Sec. G	Sat. Dec. 5, 12, 19, 26 5:30-9pm

222 Walking Crosstown

Maybe you're new in town. Maybe you just don't have occasion to walk crosstown that much. Maybe you're intimidated, maybe you don't have the necessary confidence. Chances are, if you don't walk crosstown, you're missing out on much of the splendor Pittsburgh has to offer. Well, now, for the first time, you'll be able to walk crosstown just like the cosmopolitan natives you see doing it with such ease and savvy. You'll go on an actual walk along Forbes Avenue and then swing up to Murray with Joel Medford, who has been walking across town in such major cities as Atlanta, Philadelphia, Dallas, and Boston for over 16 years. He'll peel away the mysteries of walking crosstown, take you behind the scenes as you walk across both odd- and even-numbered streets. You'll learn the safest routes and the best places to pause for coffee, clean telephones, and comfort stops. You'll see brownstones, family-owned delicatessens, and many, many people.

Joel Medford hosted the Cable TV special entitled Know Your Side Streets and has written several pamphlets on the subject. He has walked crosstown in numerous cities and has been a resident of Pittsburgh for five years. Materials fee \$3.

Forbes & Vine	Course fee \$37
Sec. M	Tues. Nov. 10, 17, 24 5-8:30pm
Sec. N	Wed. Nov. 4, 11, 18 5-8:30pm
Sec. O	Fri. Nov. 6, 13, 20 5-8:30pm

907 Dressing with Soul

Clothes make the man. Subtle adjustments in cut, color, and length can instantly transform you from a simple sheep in the flock to a person who really stands out in a crowd. In this class you'll learn all the fashion secrets of the innovators in street couture. You'll learn from a man who's always three steps ahead of the downtown designers. You'll try on new colors such as lime green and purple passion and see how they instantly change other people's perceptions of you. You'll be taught how to lace up your high-tops, which car medallions go with which sweat suits, and how to mix and match Hawaiian print shirts and shorts.

Claudell "Gemini" Glover has lived uptown all his life. He has been the stockboy at Mo Schwartz' MensWorld for the last ten years and studied under the legendary Pittsburgh style setter, Willie "Mr. Ness" Washington.

Mo Schwartz' MensWorld Course fee \$42.99, give or take
5822 Lincoln Ave.
Sec. N Wed. Dec. 16 6:15-8:15pm

693 Safe Sodomasochism

Has the specter of AIDS put a crimp in your sex life? Is checking a potential partner's blood test more important than checking his bank account? Have you taken to wearing two condoms at once and then stopping mid-stroke to put on a fresh pair? After this course, you'll be able to engage in safe sex with all the wild, carefree abandon of your youthful hedonistic days. Sodomasochism is a time-honored sexual technique that propels its practitioners to the summits of sexual ecstasy without the exchange of bodily fluids. You'll learn the art of the cat-o'-nine-tails. We'll show you how to pierce nipples, oil your paddle, and choose a basement torture rack. This course will bring new meaning to the phrase "Get down."

Mistress I. M. Stern has been a practicing dominatrix for over ten years. She is currently being serviced by ten part-time slaves, two of whom are U.S. Steel executives.

Hellfire Club Course fee \$100 per hour
Sec. S Thurs. Jan. 7, 14, 21, 28 11pm till?

666 How to Have a Lucrative Career As a Television Evangelist

Would you like to have a job where you work two hours a week, have millions of dollars' worth of beachfront property, are worshiped by millions of people, and dress in satin? Of course you would. But do you assume this kind of job is for other people—the kind of thing you'd love to do but think you just don't have the savvy or education for? Nonsense. You can earn money hand over crucifix, and it's as easy as laying hands on a blind man with this Yearning Annex workshop. You'll learn how to make the requisite demonstrative, manic gestures and dramatic, lurching staccatos and crescendos that go with the word "love"! You'll learn makeup skills, how to talk with a throbbing Dixie lilt, and how to look as if you are breathing and burning with the blazing fires of conviction, teeth gnashing and eyes bugging out. We'll furnish you with the cursory knowledge of the Bible necessary to establish and sustain a ministry, and we'll teach you how to take traits like abrasiveness, unctuousness, and homosexuality and turn them into cash-reaping assets! If you can sing at all, have a memorable face, or are married to someone with similar talents or inclinations, so much the better. Why stay home and just wish for money, when you can go out and pray for it!

The Reverend L. J. Sloman's television ministry, The Last Exit Before Freeway Church of God Gospel Hour, is seen on 874 cable outlets in the U.S. and overseas. He is the founder and executive director of Hands-On House and has received national recognition for his work with female teenage anorexic Christians. He is the author of the forthcoming book Remote-Control Rapture. He was a member of the recent Attorney General's Commission on Pornography and co-author of its Minority Report.

Last Exit Before Freeway Church of God
Highway 57 Course fee: \$2,500
Sec. Q Tues. Jan. 5, 12, 19, 26 6:30-8pm

555 How to Masturbate in Your Office Hands-On!

You know your supervisor does it in his office on his lunch hour, and you've heard that the office manager brings a magazine in the bathroom and doesn't flush when he leaves. They obviously have no qualms whatsoever about enjoying nature's most accessible sensual opportunity—so why do you? Good news—even if you're too shy to masturbate in your hotel room on a business trip, by the time you finish this seminar you'll be champing at the bit for your next sensual coffee break. Dr. Alex Ullman, an international authority on masturbation, will give you an exhaustive rundown of in-office masturbation techniques, including: selecting a salad-bar lunch that will enhance your office quickie * detecting any telltale glistenings on your clothing or shoes * using liquid soap to heighten your pleasure * learning to maintain coherent phone rapport during orgasm * using newsletters as an erotic stimulus. Men will even learn coveted northern European techniques of quick ejaculation. Masturbation is an invaluable method of relieving sexual tension, a proven cause of high blood pressure and heart disease.

Dr. Alex Ullman has masturbated successfully in over 10,000 places around the world, including Port-O-Sans, airplane seats, behind a slot machine in Las Vegas, the ladies' room in the White House, and phone booths in 23 states and 33 foreign countries. He is the author of *The Two-Minute Manager* and *Zipless Wank*. Materials Fee \$6.

Forbes Plaza Course fee \$33
Sec. C Tues. Dec. 1, 8, 15 7-9pm
Sec. D Thurs. Dec. 3, 10, 17 7-9pm
Sec. E Fri. Dec. 4, 11, 18 7-9pm

106 Wine with Skid Row Joe: An Evening of Tasting and Tottering

There are many wine courses available in Pittsburgh. Some stretch out over 15 sessions and are very costly. They're taught by sometimes learned but often dry, boring wine experts. Not Skid Row Joe! Joe is known by sight throughout Pittsburgh's skid row area, and his reputation as a connoisseur of low-cost libations is legendary. In one thrill-packed, decidedly unique evening you'll learn all there is to know about tasting, buying, serving, and chucking the grape. You'll drink Ripple, Mogen David's 20-20, and Joe's personal favorite, Pink Pussycat. Bottoms up!

Skid Row Joe is widely respected among Pittsburgh's skid row wine cognoscenti. He has been a consumer and educator of wine and its associated folklore for over 50 years. Joe's legendary wine alley stash was featured in a recent exposé in Pittsburgh magazine.

Skid Row Course fee \$75 plus 68¢ for wine
Sec. M Fri. Jan. 8 8-10am
Sec. N Fri. Jan. 8 11am-1pm
Sec. P Fri. Jan. 8 2-3pm
Sec. Q Fri. Jan. 8 4-4:15pm
Sec. S Fri. Jan. 8 (subject to cancellation 5pm-?)

954 Watusi Dancing in Six Hours

Are you tired of standing on the sidelines because you can't dance? This is your chance to get into the mainstream of today's social scene. Watusi dancing is dramatically stylized and intensely beautiful—a sensuous, sinuous body movement that throbs with barely contained eroticism as perfectly attuned bodies weave a message of animal attraction across a high-sheen dance floor. The rhythmic, hypnotic accompanying chants make this a multimedia mesmerization. Even if you've never even seen Watusi dancing, our experienced instructor will have you hopping across the floor in no time.

Joseph Mbwatusi is the current Watusi tribal chieftain of the Central African Republic. He is the originator of the Watusi Two-Step and the Lion Strut. He has won over 10,000 decorative skulls in various intertribal dance competitions.

African Cultural Center Course fee \$40 or equivalent in monkey tooth necklaces
Sec. I Tues. Jan. 5 6-8:30pm

SPOON-O-VISION



by Larry Sloman and Ed Subitzky



Puts you right in an X-rated cable movie!

SIMPLE DIRECTIONS: Through the magic of Spoon-O-Vision, the result of a massive *National Lampoon* high-tech research project, you are about to have the most amazing experience of your life—direct participation in a raunchy cable-TV movie where you interact on the most intimate levels with three gorgeous, wet, and wild young ladies! You'll not only see yourself with them in scene after scene, but you'll also appear in amazing full motion that lets you turn your eager head and tongue in whatever direction you find most delicious!

To prepare for the astonishing Spoon-O-Vision experience, you need just two simple implements: an ordinary kitchen tablespoon and a pair of scissors. If necessary, a teaspoon will do; just try to pick a spoon that's as shiny and mirror-like as possible. With the scissors, simply cut out the dotted areas in the panels below so that there's a hole in the page in the exact shape of each dotted area. As you read each panel, hold the spoon on the opposite side of the page so that its rounded bottom protrudes up into the hole. If necessary, experiment with holding the page closer or farther away and tilting the spoon gently. It also helps to have a strong light behind you.

Remember, as shown in the diagram, the part of the spoon that holds the food should be away from you, so that, through the hole, you're looking into the rounded bottom. You'll see a lifelike full-color reflection of yourself that will be just the right size to put you right in the middle of the action.

And what action! For this first *National Lampoon* Spoon-O-Vision feature, we've chosen one of the hottest, boldest, no-holds-barred late-night X-rated cable skin flicks ever to sizzle down that bulging seventy-five-ohm wire into anyone's happy home. So relax, superstar, because you're on-camera from this moment on. And when the director yells "Action!" that's exactly what you're going to get plenty of.

CONDO BIMBOS

OUR STORY BEGINS IN APARTMENT 34L....

BOY,
IT'S ROUGH
BEING A NYMPHOMANIAC
WITH SUCH AN OVERPOWERING
SEX URGE THAT NO DRUG
OR PSYCHIATRIC TECHNIQUE
KNOWN TO MODERN
SCIENCE CAN HELP! I
HAVEN'T GOTTEN LAID
IN A FULL TWO HOURS
AND I'M CLIMBING
THE WALLS!

YOU
THINK THAT'S
BAD? I WAS DIVORCED
TWO WEEKS AGO AND UNTIL
THEN I WAS USED TO
GETTING IT EIGHT TIMES
A DAY! IF A MAN WALKED
IN HERE, I'D TEAR HIS
CLOTHES OFF SO FAST
HE'D THINK HE'D GOT
HIMSELF CAUGHT IN A
MEAT GRINDER!

THAT'S
NOTHING COMPARED
TO ME! I WAS IN AN
AUTO ACCIDENT AT THE
AGE OF NINE AND I'VE BEEN
IN A COMA UNTIL THIS
MORNING! I'M STILL A
VIRGIN WITH TEN YEARS
OF PENT-UP SEXUALITY
THAT'S BURSTING WITHIN ME! IF I
DON'T GET MY INDOCTRINATION
INTO WOMANHOOD WITHIN THE NEXT
THIRTY SECONDS, I THINK
I'LL JUMP THROUGH
THE WINDOW!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

WHY,
SOMEONE'S AT THE
DOOR!



SPOON-O-VISION INTERMISSION

I'M HERE TO REPAIR THE TELEPHONE.....



COME ON, GIRLS, LET'S SHOW THIS HUNK HOW HORNY HE CAN GET!



MUNCH ON THESE FOR STARTERS!



WE'VE GOT YOU SURROUNDED! NOW TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE RIPE MELONS!



OH YES! YES! EATING OUT IS AS GOOD AS I DREAMED!



DON'T WORRY, BIG MAN! IF MY MOUTH CAN'T HOLD IT ALL, I'LL FIND SOMETHING THAT WILL!

MEANWHILE, LICK THIS!



NOW WE'LL HAVE SOME REAL FUN, GIRLS!



SPOON-O-VISION INTERMISSION

I'M SO GLAD YOU CALLED ME, CANDY! YOU ALWAYS DID TAKE CARE OF YOUR LITTLE SISTER!



NO...

I DON'T THINK HE FELL IN LOVE WITH ME!

OH YEAH? THEN TAKE THIS!



ARRRRGGHHHHHH!

THE NEIGHBORS REPORTED SCREAMING....

HEY, LOOK AT THE NEW GIRL ON THE BLOCK!

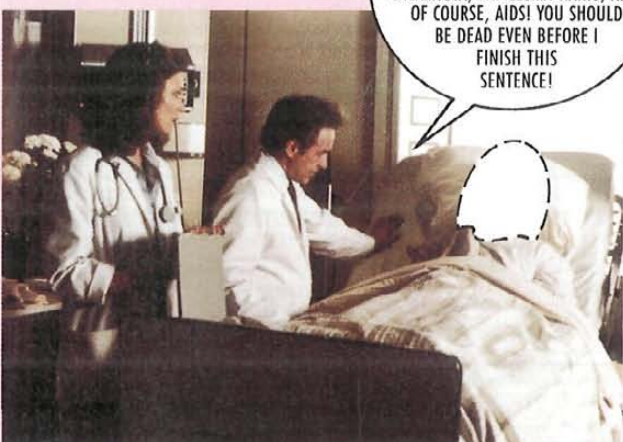
DON'T WORRY, KID! WE'RE ALL BEHIND YOU!



OH, OFFICER! BEFORE WE MANAGED TO SUBDUDE HIM, HE BROKE IN HERE AND RAPED US ALL... AND HE WASN'T EVEN GOOD!



I'M AFRAID, SON, YOU'VE GOT EVERY SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASE KNOWN TO MAN—SYPHILIS, GONORRHEA, HERPES, CHLAMYDIA, PAPILLOMA WARTS, AND, OF COURSE, AIDS! YOU SHOULD BE DEAD EVEN BEFORE I FINISH THIS SENTENCE!



...DUST TO DUST, AMEN!

I TOLD HIM WORKING FOR THE PHONING COMPANY WAS DANGEROUS!

SPOON-O-VISION INTERMISSION

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

MAGAZINES \$5.00 EACH

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

\$5.00 EACH

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

- MARCH 1981 / Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981 / Chaos
- MAY 1981 / Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981 / Romance
- JULY 1981 / Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981 / Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981 / Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981 / Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981 / TV and Why It Sucks
- DECEMBER 1981 / What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982 / Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982 / The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982 / Food Fight
- APRIL 1982 / Failure
- MAY 1982 / Crime
- JUNE 1982 / Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982 / Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982 / The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982 / Hot Sex!
- OCTOBER 1982 / O.C. and Stoggs
- NOVEMBER 1982 / Economic Recovery
- DECEMBER 1982 / E.T. Issue
- JANUARY 1983 / The Top Stories of 1983
- FEBRUARY 1983 / Raging Controversy
- MARCH 1983 / Tamper-Proof Issue
- APRIL 1983 / Swimsuit
- MAY 1983 / The South Seas
- JUNE 1983 / Adults Only
- JULY 1983 / Vacation!
- AUGUST 1983 / Science and Bad Manners
- SEPTEMBER 1983 / Big Anniversary Issue
- OCTOBER 1983 / Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983 / No Score
- DECEMBER 1983 / Holiday leers
- JANUARY 1984 / Time Parody Issue
- FEBRUARY 1984 / All-Comics Issue
- MARCH 1984 / The Sixties' Greatest Hits
- APRIL 1984 / You Can Parody Anything
- MAY 1984 / Baseball Preview
- JUNE 1984 / This Summer's Movies
- JULY 1984 / Special Summer Fun
- AUGUST 1984 / Unofficial Olympics Guide
- SEPTEMBER 1984 / Fall Fashions
- OCTOBER 1984 / Just Good Stuff
- NOVEMBER 1984 / The Accidental Issue
- DECEMBER 1984 / The Last of the old NI
- JANUARY 1985 / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1985 / A Misguided Tour of N.Y.
- MARCH 1985 / The Best of Fifteen Years
- MAY 1985 / Celebrity Roast
- JUNE 1985 / The Doug Kenney Collection
- JULY 1985 / Youth at Play
- AUGUST 1985 / All-New True Facts
- SEPTEMBER 1985 / Lust Issue

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It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my home humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$2.00 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$10.00, and \$3.00 for said charges if the order totals more than \$10.00, small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. If I'm a New York State resident I'm adding 8 1/4 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

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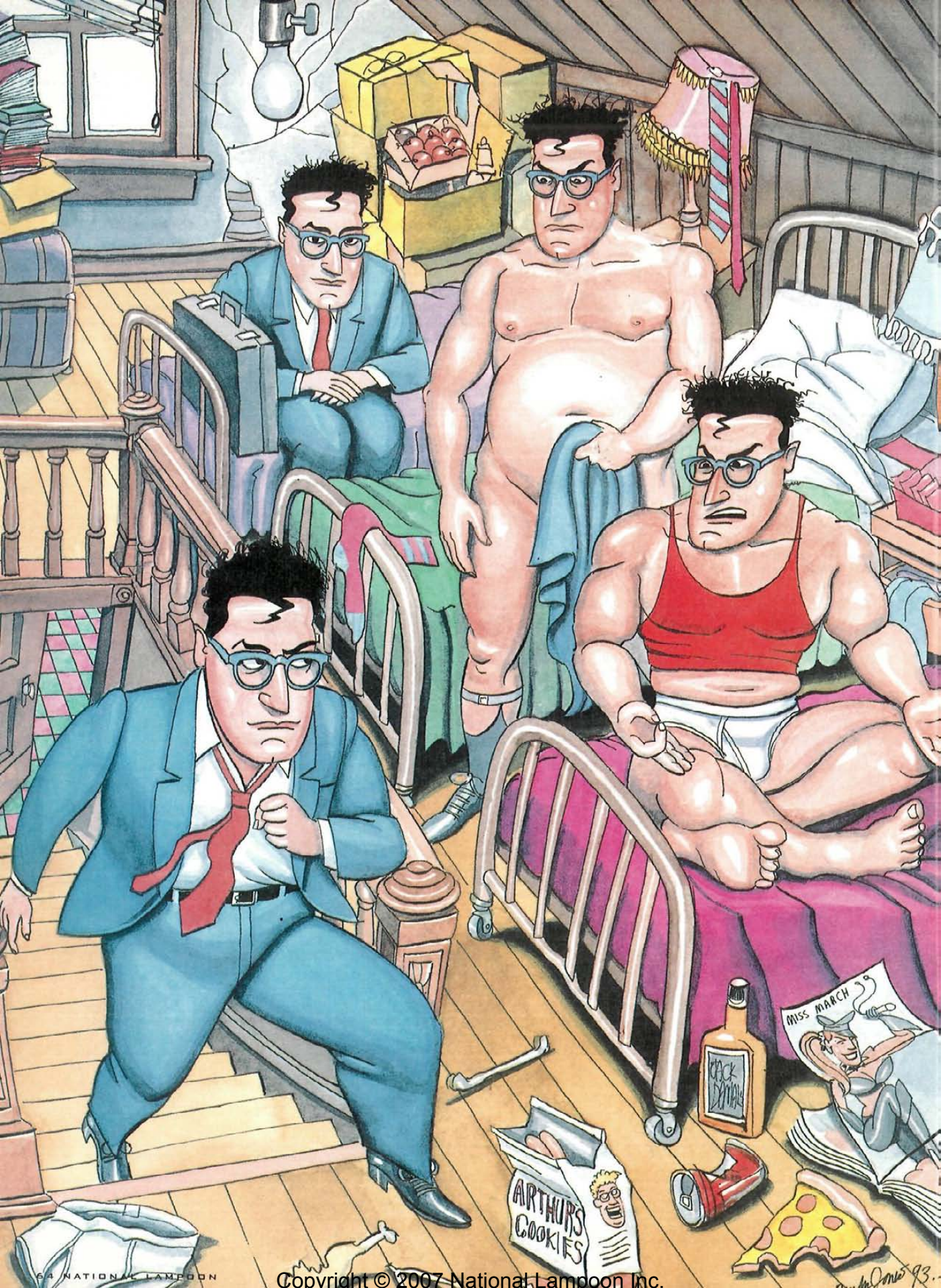
Signature _____

- OCTOBER 1985 / Music Issue
- NOVEMBER 1985 / Mad As Hell
- DECEMBER 1985 / Reagan and Revenge
- JANUARY 1986 / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1986 / Money
- MARCH 1986 / All About Women
- APRIL 1986 / Doctors and Lawyers
- MAY 1986 / Sports
- JUNE 1986 / Horror and Fantasy
- JULY 1986 / Hot Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1986 / Show Biz
- SEPTEMBER 1986 / Sleaze
- OCTOBER 1986 / Back to School

\$5.00 EACH

- DECEMBER 1986 / 200th Anniversary
- FEBRUARY 1987 / Things You Can't Do
- APRIL 1987 / Crime Pays
- JUNE 1987 / Sex and Unusual Practices
- AUGUST 1987 / All-New True Facts
- OCTOBER 1987 / Back to School
- DECEMBER 1987 / Woman of the Year
- FEBRUARY 1988 / Winter Inventory
- APRIL 1988 / Television
- JUNE 1988 / Subliminal Sex
- AUGUST 1988 / Even More True Facts
- OCTOBER 1988 / Sports
- DECEMBER 1988 / Potpourri
- FEBRUARY 1989 / Tyson
- APRIL 1989 / Mediocrity
- JUNE 1989 / Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1989 / Music
- OCTOBER 1989 / Back to College
- DECEMBER 1989 / Gala Party
- FEBRUARY 1990 / Conspiracy
- APRIL 1990 / Spring Break '90
- JUNE 1990 / Special Lust Issue
- AUGUST 1990 / Annual True Facts Issue
- OCTOBER 1990 / Special Underachiever Issue
- DECEMBER 1990 / The Best of 1970-1990
- FEBRUARY 1991 / The Humor Issue
- MARCH 1991 / Gaucho!
- APRIL 1991 / The New World Order
- MAY 1991 / Spend More Money!
- JUNE 1991 / Big Screen
- AUGUST 1991 / Going Places!
- SEPTEMBER 1991 / Coming of Age
- OCTOBER 1991 / Politically Incorrect College Issue
- DECEMBER 1991 / Class War!
- National Lampoon Binders Vinyl binders with tough metal "rods." \$9.00 each. _____ Quantity
- National Lampoon Binder With all issues from a given year. Well, not exactly given. \$27.00 each

— 1976 —	— 1980 —	— 1984 —	— 1988 —	— Vinyl binder
— 1977 —	— 1981 —	— 1985 —	— 1989 —	
— 1978 —	— 1982 —	— 1986 —	— 1990 —	
— 1979 —	— 1983 —	— 1987 —		



Artie Logan, at 10:51 P.M. on a Tuesday night, plowing through an article about health insurance plans which, though boring and incomprehensible, nonetheless had to be read, felt himself sinking into a familiar depression. His life was so full of shit! By which he meant not that it was a bullshit life, but that there was too much *stuff* in it—it practically burst at the seams with activity. Not one hour of the day could he call his own.

What the hell had happened? He *used* to have time, lots of it. God, remember “hanging out?” No planned activity, no goals—you were just *there* with friends. There was lots of talk that didn’t have to be about achieving anything; you could go on for twenty minutes about how some beer tasted, or listen to and discuss an entire new album, or just jive each other, play around, make up additional courses for your “All Vietnam Dinner”: Agent Orange Sorbet, Mixed Greens Beret with Ky Lime, Ho Chi Mince Pie. . . .

But who had a life like that anymore? Maybe a few people in Oregon. Certainly not him. He hit the ground running daily at five-thirty. There were wife things to do, kid things, work things, cooking things, exercise things. . . .

His life consisted of what he had to do to keep it going! It was a vehicle you spent so much time maintenancing, you never got to drive it anywhere!

elves stretching to infinity—and printed over it in neat red letters: “PERSONAL REPLICATION SERVICES.”

“We’ll clone you without taking an arm and a leg,” the body copy said, and there was an address and phone number.

Was the *Weekly* reading his mind? It was the exact fantasy he’d just been having! Of course, it was the sort of flaky thing you’d *expect* to find in the *Weekly*, one of those New Age, hippie-dippie fruitcake sorts of publications. Probably a disguised ad for a cult; “personal replication” meant they gave you electric shocks and didn’t let you pee until you saw two or three of yourself. Shaking his head, he tossed the paper on the floor and reached for the light switch.

“Honey?” Uh-oh. He knew that tone. Like many men, he suffered from the “honeydew problem”—honey do this, honey do that. . . . And right he was: “Could you go up to the attic tomorrow and find our ’88 to ’91 tax returns? We’re getting audited again. Plus the dryer hose fell off and there’s lint all over the laundry room, and Willie wants you to show him how to wash under his foreskin, and there’s five or six big bags of weeds and shit for you to haul out from the garden, and we missed a couple of weeks of recycling, so there’s a big load of bottles. . . .”

Logan listened with a fixed smile, nodding now and again. She really expected him to do all this stuff—and work, too? What about *him*? Would he ever get to do things for *him*.

MULTIPLICITY

BY CHRIS MILLER

But what choice had he? Forced to prioritize, the resulting list of permitted activities skewed radically to “dutiful” over “fun.” If only there could be *two* of him, or six, or a dozen. Then he’d have his shit covered. While one of him went to the ad agency and brought home paychecks, and another put attention on Lynn and the kids, *he* could *read*—whatever he wanted, all day long. Buy out the goddamned Crown Books, get lost in the things. And when he got sick of reading, he could catch up on movies, shoot pinball, go to Thailand, learn juggling, get a tan. . . .

He glared at his wife, deep into her *Money Magazine* across the bed from him. A lot of this shit was her fault—she’d made it sound like it was a sane thing to do, tying yourself up this way. And with Willie six and Morgan four, they’d stay tied up *fifteen more years*. Not that he didn’t love these people, but *yeesh!*

Enough thinking. Any more thinking, he’d have to scrape his mood off the floor. He decided to scan the *L.A. Weekly*, see what they were pissed off about this week, then cash in. The *Weekly*, with its listings of great jazz, reggae, and R&B performances he didn’t have time to attend, museums he could never seem to find an afternoon for, New Orleans food fairs he had to miss because of all the work brought home weekends. . . . Changing his mind, he cocked his arm to throw the damned paper across the room, then stopped as something caught his eye.

There, on a page of little ads for things like spiritual advisors and colon hydrotherapy, was that familiar shot from *Citizen Kane*—Orson Welles between the mirrors, his other

again? Assuring her he’d take care of everything, he quietly picked the *Weekly* back up, folded it open to the page with the psychics and breast augmentations and isolation tanks, and took another look at Orson Welles. “Personal Replication. . . .”

The Redundancy Corporation, Inc., was located in a cheesy industrial park somewhere in the West Valley. He locked the doors as he got out of the car, in case there were angry people of other skin colors here. Walking by the discount shoe and beverage outlets, stereo repair places, and karate academies, he came to the front door of RCI and was buzzed in.

He found himself in a pleasant lobby, decorated in quiet good taste. The company representative who met him—a Mr. Leeds—was a friendly, youngish fellow with the beginnings of a bald spot; he reminded Logan of Joe Biden.

“I appreciate your willingness to see me on such short notice,” Logan told him. “That ad must pull like crazy.”

“Actually, that ad hardly ever pulls in anyone,” Leeds laughed. “People seem to think we’re some kind of *L.A. Weekly* hippie-dippie fruitcake kind of thing. This way, Mr. Logan.”

They walked down a carpeted hallway hung with poster-sized photographs, each of a famous set of quintuplets. “Simon Westling, the inventor of the Westling Cloning Process, was a quint, you see,” Leeds told him. “He had a lifelong fascination with duplication in any form, even named his second son Xerox.”

He led Logan into a small interview room, enacted the primary L.A. business meeting ritual, the offering of a bever-

age. Soon, Logan with his Crystal Geyser sparkling mineral water and Leeds with a Diet Coke were facing each other across a table.

"Well, then," Leeds said, "how may we help you? We have several easily-affordable plans: The Patty Duke, in which we supply you with a twin; the Huey, Dewey, and Looney, where you become triplets. . . ."

"Look, I don't mean to be rude or anything, but I'm not even sure I believe in this. For all I know, you *are* some *L.A. Weekly* hippie-dippie fruitcake kind of. . . ."

A knock cut him off. "Sorry," said Leeds, "I have to take this. Come," he barked at the door.

In stepped . . . another Leeds! The second Leeds saw Logan and stopped. "Oh, excuse me," he said.

"That's all right," said the first Leeds. "Say hello to Mr. Logan."

Logan shook hands with Leeds 2, then the two Leeds went into a deep conversation of a technical nature that meant nothing to him. Was this second Leeds supposed to convince him cloning was real? There were lots of natural twins in the world.

Then he noticed the framed photographs on one wall of . . . satisfied customers? There were two Mayor Bradleys, two Roger Clemenses, seven Jeff Katzenbergs. . . .

The *Twilight Zone* theme music went off in his head. Still, this *would* explain how Bradley could always be traveling in Pacific Rim countries and manage to run the city at the same time, Clemens pitch so many complete games, Katzenberg oversee all those different movie productions and still have time to write memos. . . .

"Excuse me—could I get you another Crystal Geyser?" Logan looked up and jumped—a third Leeds! And behind him, through the doorway, four more Leeds were chatting around a water cooler! Seven Leeds!

"Excuse me," said Logan to the first Leeds he'd met, "but how many of you are there in all?"

Leeds 1's brow furrowed and he looked at Leeds 2. "Twenty-two?"

"Twenty-three," said Leeds 2. "The rest of us were busy last week and someone had to go on *Donahue*."

Leeds 1 turned back to Logan. "I was Mr. Westling's first employee, you see. He was so pleased with my work, he decided never to hire anyone else."

"Our conglomerate salary," confided the third Leeds, "is over a million dollars a year."

Leeds 1 shot him a look. "Shall we tell him our dick size, too?"

"Oh, God. I'm sorry." Leeds 3 took Logan's empty Crystal Geyser bottle and hurriedly got out of there. The other two Leeds watched him go, shaking their heads, then turned to Logan. "Well, then," the original Leeds said, "shall we proceed?"

Against his better instincts, Logan proceeded. There was no other way to deal with his problems, or at least none he knew of. He gulped when the first Leeds told him how much to write on the check, but Leeds 2 pointed out that with *two* Logans, he could double his income, easily covering the fee in a short time. "Getting extra income is one of the most common reasons people engage our services," Leeds 1 informed him. "If I'm not prying, would that be your reason?"

"Actually, in my case," Logan said, "what I'm hoping to get is a life."

Four Leeds in lab coats arrived and took him to the room that housed the Westling Cloning Device, which basically looked like a large copying machine, except with a body-shaped depression on top. On their prompting, Logan stripped off his clothes and climbed naked onto the cloner. The coolness of the room covered him with goose pimples, and having to be nude around dressed people made him uncomfortable. "Is this going to hurt?" he asked.

"Not in the least," assured a Leeds, and dropped the heavy, opaque cover on him.

"Shreeeeeeee," went the machine. As promised, there was no pain. What he did feel was an all-over prickly sensation, as if he were a foot that had fallen asleep. And then the cover was lifting and they were helping him sit up . . . and he saw a pair of *feet* emerge from the fat end of the cloner, followed by knees, and thighs, and then a familiar set of genitals, dick crooked slightly to the right. . . .

Holy shit, it was *him* sliding out of there!

The Leeds quickly dressed the clone in the clothes Logan had brought. It looked about stupidly, like a stoned person awakened from a deep sleep.

"They're always this way for a while," one of the Leeds told him. "I myself took four hours and twenty-nine minutes to become oriented, to incorporate the original Leeds' memories and so forth. You have to be a little patient."

He took Logan and the somewhat stiffly walking Logan 2 to an exit. "Good luck," he said, "and call if you need us."

LOGAN GLANCED ACROSS THE CAR SEAT AT THE CLONE AS they headed home. "How you doing over there?"

It turned to look at him. Well, that was a start.

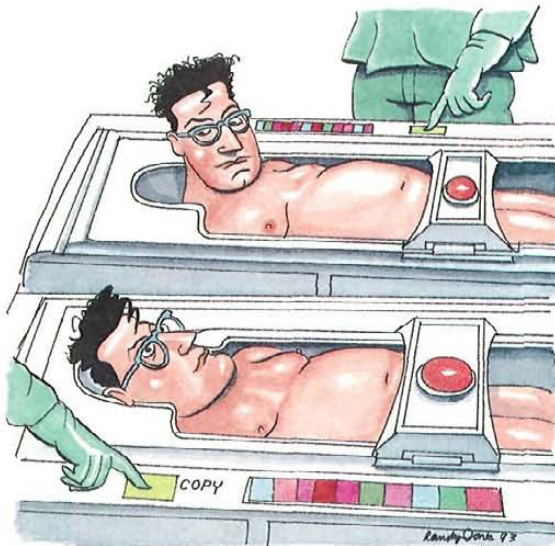
"I thought maybe we could lay down some ground rules," he said. "I'm going to call you Number 2, okay?"

The clone seemed to think a moment, then nodded.

"Good. Now, Number 2—important rule: no one in my family finds out about this. They'd think I was nuts, and Lynn'd give me all kinds of shit about spending money. So we're going to *hide* you, okay? You're a *secret*."

"You don't have to be so over-explicit," Number 2 replied mildly. "I can hear and think as well as you."

"Sorry." Logan regarded him uncomfortably. It was a



weird sensation, looking at an independent you—he wasn't sure how much he liked it. And the clone's voice struck him as . . . *phony* somehow. Was this really how he sounded? "Well, so, let me tell you what I have in mind here. . . ."

"I know what you have in mind. I have all your memories. We're going to get twice as much done from now on, right? Make our life better."

"That's the idea. I keep worrying, though. Can we really pull this off? I mean, let's say you talk to my boss, or my mother, or Lynn—aren't they going to be able to tell the difference?"

"But there *is* no difference."

"I . . . guess that's right. I'd sure feel better if we could give it some kind of trial run, though."

"Fine," said the clone. "The Meyersons are coming to dinner tonight, right? Let me take it. If anyone's going to be able to tell the difference, it's Mark."

That sounded right. Logan and Mark had been pals since childhood; if he could be fooled, anyone could.

IN LOGAN'S NEIGHBORHOOD, THEY PARKED ON A side street until they saw Lynn drive off with the kids to Sportorama. Then they went to the house and set up Morgan's old baby monitor so you could hear the dining room from the attic. Logan had prepared quarters for Logan 2 up there: a beat-up old sofa that pulled out into a bed, a table with magazines, and a little lamp with a Ninja Turtle on it, stolen from Willie. The place had a dry, papery smell to it, and a low ceiling that seemed to press down on them.

"Home sweet home, eh?" said Logan, giving the clone a nudge. "Well, if you're going to be host tonight, better get going."

Leaving Logan by the little baby alarm speaker, Logan 2 went downstairs, cooked the veal shanks, decanted a '78 Beaucastel, and opened the door for the Meyersons when they arrived at seven. As the evening proceeded, Logan listened to the laughing and chewing and slurping with approval; it all seemed a great success. Number 2 was a flawless him, even getting off a few verbal ripostes so hip he felt jealous of them.

When the Meyersons left, Logan snuck out of the attic and, per their arrangement, met a flushed, expansive Logan 2 in the shadows beneath the eucalyptus tree in the back yard. "Great night!" Logan 2 told him. "The flan with the Sauternes was like a vanilla factory exploding in your mouth." He whipped out his dick and took an exuberant whiz against the trunk of the eucalyptus.

Logan was amused; it appeared the clone had knocked back a few. "Well, good work, Number 2—they couldn't tell the difference, not for a second."

"Of course they couldn't tell the difference—there *is* no difference."

"So, as far as I'm concerned, we're set. Tomorrow,

you go to work instead of me."

"Okay." The clone hummed a snatch from an Al Green song that had gotten played that night, gazed at the stars.

"Oh, honeyyyy. . . ."

Lynn was there in the doorway. Backlit, her sheer slip of a nightgown could scarcely be said to exist.

"Well," said Logan. "Comingggg . . ." he called.

He turned to the clone. "I'll slip a suit and tie up to you in the morning. Gimme a few minutes before you come in, willya?"

The clone watched him go, then took a seat in one of the deck chairs. A police copter putted by, its searchlight stabbing through the night, and, not long after that, a pair of raccoons crept up the steps from the garden to take a drink from Logan's pool. When they saw Logan 2, they performed a series of comic pratfalls trying to get back down the steps ahead of each other.

After a while, the clone went inside. It paused by the closed bedroom door as it heard, "Oh, yes! Oh, baby!" and then went on up to the attic.

*He saw a pair of feet
emerge from the fat end
of the cloner, followed
by knees, and thighs,
and then a familiar set
of genitals . . .*

AT THE OFFICE, THINGS went fine, Logan 2 replacing Logan without a ripple. In fact, without a wife and kinds tapping much of his energy, the clone was able to *better* Logan's performance, putting in the long hours Logan had never quite been able to manage. With ever-growing momentum, it began tackling stuff Logan had been trying to get to for years, and with great success. His superiors couldn't help but notice the impressive upsurge in performance, and within months the clone had been promoted twice, with attendant raises.

Logan was jubilant; the clone was doing so well, he wouldn't have to work at all anymore. And—suddenly, wonderfully—there was all this time! He told Lynn he'd been given a paid sabbatical and began hanging out with his family as he'd wanted to for years, giving Morgan endless horsey rides, teaching Willie how to make disgusting noises by flapping his arm on his hand in his armpit.

There was time, too, for romance. Lynn liked this. His marriage seemed to improve.

He even rediscovered his passion for samurai movies when a festival of them went through a theater in Santa Monica and he actually had time to attend the entire thing. There was a new spring in his step, a happy tilt to his head. This was life as it was supposed to be.

But a gradual transition in attitude occurred. The more time he gave his family, the more they seemed to want. They were like toads, eating whatever you put in front of them, never getting full. Pretty soon, he was spending every hour of the day with them. But what about the other things he'd wanted to do? The reading, the juggling. And *diving*—for years he'd wanted to do that, get his

scuba certification. And there was a cooking course he'd read about, being given by Alice Waters—how could you pass up something like that? There just weren't enough hours in the day. . . .

Logan recoiled. He couldn't believe it—he was back in the same fix all over again! Thinking things over, he decided to ask Logan 2 to spell him sometimes, and waited in the attic for the clone to come home.

"Oh. Hello," said Logan 2, arriving at last.

"Hi. How's everything at the office?" Logan asked with forced bonhomie.

"Pretty good, I guess. Uh, is there something you want? I'm pretty tired and I have to fly to Cincinnati in the morning."

"Cincinnati? Why are you flying to Cincinnati?"

"I landed the Punt Toothpaste account last week. Now I have to. . . ."

"You what? Interpublic was supposed to have that account sewed up!"

"Right. But they didn't, and I got it instead. I'm a vice-president too, by the way, and they just gave me a big bonus and another raise."

Logan was stunned. "That's fantastic!"

The clone rubbed his tired eyes. "So, anyway, you wanted?"

"Oh, right. Well, you see, it hit me that you probably must be missing Lynn and the kids a lot. So I was thinking that, you know, I could go out sometimes, and you could. . . ."

"Oh, no." Logan 2 raised his hand. "You made the office my gig, and that's fine, but I'm into it now. I've been talking to Rosewood. . . ."

"Rosewood?" Rosewood was president of the agency, a cold fish who had never previously given Logan the time of day.

"He likes what I've been doing. Give me another six months, I think I can nail down the Creative Directorship. There's a stock option deal I'm pushing for that could make us financially independent. But I can't be diverted. Stay out of my way, let me do this, and we could be set for life."

Logan couldn't believe it. "By all means," he said, a little weakly. "Go for it."

"And now, if you don't mind. . . ." Logan 2 began pointedly unbuttoning his shirt.

"Right, good night. Keep up the good work. Ah, see you later." Logan got out of there. This was wonderful. But since Logan would not be available to help with the family chores. . . .

"MR. LOGAN!" CRIED A LEEDS. "HOW NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN! Would you like a Crystal Geyser?"

"Could we just cut through this?" Logan said grumpily, fishing out his checkbook. "I'm going to need another one."

". . . AND SO," LOGAN SAID TO LOGAN 3, AS THEY cruised southward on the 405, "you'll cover the domestic front. Fix the dryer hose, take the kids to the park, maybe

put a coat of paint on the garage—stuff like that."

"I'd be delighted to," said the clone, with real feeling in its voice. "I've been wanting to fix up the house for years, and spending more time with Lynn and the kids sounds great."

Logan looked at him oddly. After his recent feelings of being almost devoured by Lynn and the kids, he was a little surprised to hear his clone say that. "We can meet in the attic each day at six and switch clothes," he proposed. "Then you can stay, and I'll go downstairs. Guess we'll need another bed. . . ."

"You know, I'm really touched."

"Come again?"

"At your concern for your family, the effort you're making to see they get enough of you. . . ." Tears welled up in its eyes.

Logan was nonplused. He'd never been particularly demonstrative, emotionally; the last time he could remember crying in public was the night Reagan got elected. So why was the clone acting this way? "Well, I ah, do what I can, I guess. Uh, there's Kleenex in the glove compartment. . . ."

"Thanks." The clone found a tissue, honked his nose into it, gave Logan a grateful smile.

Jesus, thought Logan.

HE USED THE ATTIC PHONE he'd installed for the clones to call the Redundancy Corporation. Getting a Leeds, he reported what had happened.

"Ah, yes, that. Well, we don't advertise this, but with about 26% of our clients, we do run into something we call the Dylan effect."

"Dylan? Bob Dylan?"

"That's right. He's one of our best customers, you know."

"I didn't know."

"Oh, yes—one of our earliest as well. What happened with him is probably happening with you."

"Which is?"

"Think tape recording. Your original recording's best, right? You make a copy from it, the copy's not quite as good. A copy made from *that* loses even more. With each generation, there's a further deterioration. You with me?"

Logan nodded.

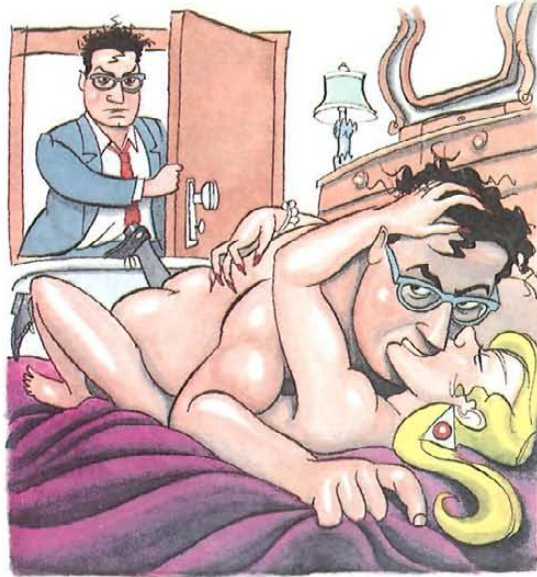
"Well, it's the same with cloning, at least for that 26% of our clientele I mentioned—with each additional clone, there's further deterioration."

"But I thought clones were exact duplicates? I mean, isn't that the definition of 'clone'?"

"It is, and we thought so, too—until Dylan came along. That was the original, folk-singing one. He was exhausted from touring and came to us to be replicated so he could rest and let the other one do the Newport Folk Festival."

Logan was incredulous. "Wait a minute. You're telling me it was the clone that went electric?"

"Yes, indeed. And when that Dylan burned out, we made a third—the one who recorded *Self-Portrait* and



Randy Jones

Planet Waves."

"That's deterioration, all right," Logan had to admit.

"And ultimately . . . well, you caught the Grammys last year. That fat Dylan with the eye-slits who sang 'Masters of War' in Martian?"

"Yeah?"

"Seventh clone. Very deteriorated."

Logan didn't know what to say. "But you? . . ."

"One of the 74%. It's less of a problem for us . . . although, as you heard, one of me does tend to shoot his mouth off sometimes. . . . At any rate, if I were you, I'd think twice before ordering any more."

Logan got off the phone, wondering what natural law it was that said nothing could ever be simple. Looking out the attic window, he saw 3 romping with Morgan. It sure didn't *look* like there were any problems; the clone seemed to be taking to its duties like a duck to water. Just because it was a little over-the-top emotionally didn't mean it couldn't do its job, he supposed. He decided he just wouldn't worry about it.

So—that meant he was free! He could take off whenever he wanted and do anything he felt like! Excitedly, he began to make plans.

HE LEARNED TO PLAY TENNIS, found he really liked it. Scuba diving was even more fun—the kelp forests off Catalina blew his mind. He took tango lessons; became knowledgeable about Japanese woodblock prints; gained sufficient skill to consistently defeat Hulk Hogan on *Arghh!*, a video game at the local 7-11. Whatever he wanted to do, he did.

But the more he did, the more he wanted to do. Pretty soon, he was splitting for days at a time, tossing the keys to Logan 3 on the way out. He climbed Mt. Whitney, did the wine country, tried hot-air ballooning. On an impulse, he hopped a jet to New York and visited his old running mates. They smoked pot and ate too many chocolate chip cookies and laughed until their sides hurt, just like the old days. It was great! So great, in fact, that he began bouncing around the country, catching up with all sorts of weird motherfuckers he hadn't seen in years. With Logan 2 bringing in so many bucks, money just wasn't a problem, and Logan didn't restrain himself, just went for it.

On a dive trip to Mazatlan, a scuba chickie-poo made him a proposition involving the intermingling of their sex organs. Logan wondered if, since there were now three of him, he'd be only 1/3 an adulterer if he took her up on it. But thinking the proposition over, he realized he couldn't get around it. He'd been with Lynn so long, making it with someone else seemed . . . bizarre—way too intimate to do with a stranger, despite her pert bum and splendid set of O'Houlihans. Not without regrets, he took a pass.

Things rolled along. Doing only what you wanted was

bliss. It was, he supposed, how the rich lived; no wonder people did so many scummy things to get money. Then one day at an auction of Chinese porcelain, he became short of breath. Doing nothing, involved in no physical activity, he suddenly found himself panting. Little worry lines appeared between his eyebrows; he prodded his chest, feeling for anomalies. He couldn't find any, and then the breathlessness went away and he was fine, but still. . . .

The doctor said he couldn't find anything wrong with Logan, but suggested that, since he wasn't as young as he used to be, it would be a good idea for him to get in shape. Oh, Christ, Logan realized, a cold chill running down his spine—fitness.

Among life's activities, Logan considered exercise to be right up there with rectal examinations and sniffing ammonia. Nonetheless, he mapped out a program—running for heart and lungs, Nautilus for muscle tone, yoga for suppleness—and gamely plunged into it. But a terrible realization soon came to him: there was no end to the stuff you could do, chasing health.

First, people at the gym told him about various vitamins. At the health food store picking some up, he encountered women who were so healthy they didn't wear make-up, just sort of glowed in their Indian shirts. They laid a rap on him about herbal "toners" which could, in some arcane fashion, inject energy into your system. So he bought some of those, too. When they seemed to work, he asked the glowing women what else they liked and they brought up acupuncture. Why not, he thought, and made an appointment with a Chinese guy who stuck him full of needles.

The acupuncture cleared up his lower back and gave him swell endorphin highs; he dug it. But, of course, it led him to become involved with

still more stuff—to wit, *moxa*, some kind of oriental herb compressed into cigar-sized cylinders that you lit and held close to stagnant acupuncture points. It was rather like burning yourself with cigarettes, but it did seem to get his *chi* flowing, so it too became part of his regimen. . . .

And then one day it hit him that not only was he taking this health stuff seriously, he was actually shoveling most of his life into its gaping maw! What about all the other things he wanted to do? The pursuit of health was eating him alive; he had to stop!

Still, *somebody* had to go to the gym. . . .

WHICHEVER LEEDS IT WAS DIDN'T SEEM THE LEAST SURPRISED to see him a third time. "Oh, yes," he said, "it becomes quite the habit. Believe me, I know."

Once again, Logan climbed onto the copier, and shortly thereafter Logan 4 was sliding out of the machine's base. Logan eyed it critically. It *looked* okay—unquestionably better

continued on page 84

*After what seemed
like an hour but was
probably five
minutes, his wife
unleashed a cry of
orgasm they proba-
bly heard in Santa
Barbara.*

THE LAST TEMPTATION OF GILBERT GOTTFRIED

AS OUR STORY BEGINS, WE FIND OUR BELOVED COMEDIAN GILBERT GOTTFRIED PERFORMING AT THE PRESTIGIOUS DISFIGURED CORPSE COMEDY LOUNGE.

... SO THE CHINK SEZ TO THE KANGAROO, "LET GO OF MY DICK!"



GEE, I'M REALLY BOMBING. MAYBE I'M TOO SUBTLE. THE AUDIENCE HASN'T LAUGHED ONCE. THEY HATE ME. NAH, LIKE MY AGENT TOLD ME LAST NIGHT, "THE AUDIENCE DOESN'T HATE YOU, GILBERT."



WE HATE YOU, GILBERT!

NO, LET'S KILL HIM!

YEAH, LET'S LEAVE!



UH-OH, I THINK I'M IN TROUBLE.

HE STINKS!



BETTER STILL, LET'S CRUCIFY HIM!



HECK, THIS IS A ROUGH CROWD. I WONDER IF THIS EVER HAPPENED TO LATOYA JACKSON.



WELL, I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT WAIT FOR GOD TO HELP ME.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The image of me on the cross is meant to be like Jesus. So don't read this, slap your forehead, and yell, "Shit, another asshole comedian with a pretentious Lenny Bruce complex!"

I am in reality an asshole comedian with a pretentious Jesus complex. Thank you.



HI, I'M THE DEVIL!

THANKS. NEED ANY HELP?

HELLO, MR. DEVIL, I LOVED YOU IN ANGEL HEART.

NOT FROM YOU, MR. DEVIL I'M WAITING FOR GOD TO HELP ME.



NO, BUT THAT'S BECAUSE GOD, MUCH LIKE THE PEOPLE OF GERMANY, JUST HAD NO IDEA WHAT WAS GOING ON....

HA-HA, THAT'S YOUR FIRST LAUGH OF THE NIGHT. YOU THINK GOD WILL HELP YOU? DID HE HELP THE JEWS DURING WORLD WAR II?



WELL, YEAH... BUT... I...

COME NOW - GOD? THE SAME GOD WHO ALLOWS FAMINE, LEPROSY, AIDS, AND TV SHOWS LIKE KATE AND ALLIE?



COME OFF THE CROSS, GILBERT. I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT. MONEY, EXPENSIVE JEWELS, WINE, DRUGS, AND A DATE WITH THE SPUNKY AND SASSY STAR OF ONE DAY AT A TIME, BONNIE FRANKLIN!!!

ABSOLUTELY NOT! I'M STAYING ON THIS CROSS! I MEAN, WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN?



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'LL HAPPEN. YOU'LL DIE A SLOW, LINGERING DEATH, AND IF YOU'RE LUCKY SOME GINZO MOVIE DIRECTOR LIKE SCORSESE WILL MAKE A COUPLE OF MILLION OFF YOU!



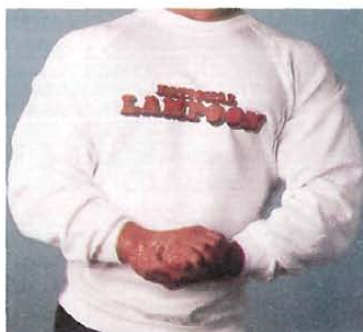
HELLO, BONNIE, THIS IS GILBERT....

Wear Us Out

Take a look at these shirts.
 Most of the models don't even have heads,
 and they *still* look great!
 Never before has anything so hot been so comfortable.



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



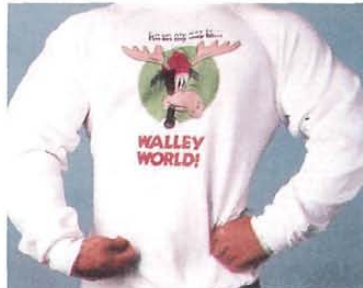
TS 1034—National Lampoon Sweatshirt. Also available in navy with white lettering, and gray with black lettering. \$13.95.



TS 1049—Authentic Football Jersey. Made of 50 percent nylon plaid/50 percent cotton. \$20.95
TS 1050—Authentic Football Jersey. 100 percent nylon-mesh authentic football jersey. White. \$28.95



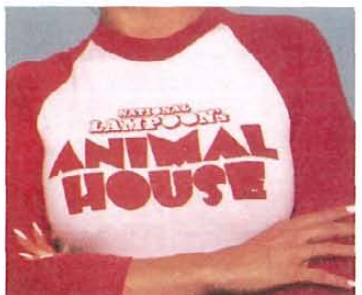
TS 1046—Acra Sweatshirt. Same specs as the hooded shirt but without the hood. \$13.95
TS 1045—Acra Hooded Sweatshirt. Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber/50 percent cotton. With hood. \$18.95



TS 1043—National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt. Starring Marty Moose on the front. \$16.95.
TS 1031—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt. With Marty Moose on the front. \$8.95



TS 1067—National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation Sweatshirt. This time with Santa Claus as the logo. \$21.95.
TS 1068—T-shirt (not shown). Same logo as above. \$7.95



TS 1028—National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Shirt. \$11.00
TS 1032—National Lampoon Hat. A baseball cap. \$7.95



TS 1059—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt. This time with the Walley World logo. \$8.95
TS 1044—Sweatshirt (not shown) \$16.95 same logo as above



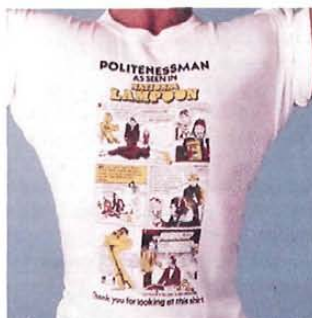
TS 1027—National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey. The kind the 1919 Chicago White Sox wore after they threw the Series. \$8.00



TS 1026—National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt. With the famous double-amputee frog. \$7.95



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



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



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

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



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

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

—San Francisco Chronicle

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

—Washington Post

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

—UMKC University News

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

—Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter



TS 1030—"Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Sweatshirt. 100 percent cotton. \$15.00



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



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

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

Tax the Poor: The Trickle-Down Theory of Economics

As Propounded by
Professor Irwin Corey

Assisted by
Annie Sprinkle

When I first devised the "Tax the Poor" economic policy, back in those days, it was all right, because the poor then had a little more money than they have now. And if we had implemented my policy then we would have saved the country from this dilemma. We would never have had a three-trillion-dollar deficit and \$190 billion interest on that. No, we wouldn't have had that. What we should have done, we should have taken the necessary funds at that time. Because twenty-five years ago the poor people, some

of them were making \$2,000 a year. So, how much we could have gotten from them—right away! That's the catch. Today the poor ain't got nothing, so what the hell are you going to tax? Therefore today, while the poor ain't got as much, I propose to increase the number of poor people so that the revenues we collect from them will amount to *something*. Otherwise we won't have enough money to launch a new War on Poverty, which this time we can win if we foreclose. You see, in the sixties President



Johnson gave us the original War on Poverty (legislation was passed to appropriate one billion dollars to fight poverty). And the poor people then didn't have the what-with-all to fight back with. But we lost that war for lack of funds, and now there are thirty-five million people in poverty in the United States alone. Now, this has led to a divisiveness that has practically split the country apart, more in general, I think, than specifically, in this particular case. Of course there are many ways in which the country can be brought back together. It can be done theoretically, which is the easy way, or it can be done practically. This is the part that interests those who might be involved in it. The first thing that we have to do is look concretely at what we look like to the rest of the universe and to the rest of the world. What we can do in order to bring the country closer together is—get rid of Montana, get rid of North and South Dakota, get rid of Utah and Alabama and Mississippi, and we push the country closer together and our long-distance phone bills will

come down. And since the farmers are all broke we don't need that land. We can get food from California to New York at a greatly reduced transportation cost. But most important, on the political level, this move will bring us further away from the Enemies Without and bring us that much closer to the Enemy Within. Hence the expression "We have met the enemy, and he is us."

We have a country of 240 million people. Now, if we can just get the majority of the people, say about 220 million, to say, "No, no, we ain't got no more money for taxes." Just say, "We can't do it." Let the kids go out and do it. I mean, since the new child labor laws went into effect, these kids have got about ninety years of rest. Let the children go out and do it. Let the children of those who have it go out and give more to it. And those that ain't got, don't have to. But I think it is better to receive than to give. It is a philosophy that I have had for many years. I mean, if you want to give, give. But you finally get tired of giving. You say, "To

hell with it, I've given enough." But you never get tired of receiving. And that's why I say, "Don't earn more than you can spend, but spend more than you earn and die in debt." Now, if you owe a lot of money you're going to live long. The people you owe it to are going to make sure you live long. Let's say you die at seventy-five, and you owe \$300,000. If you amortized that loan at \$30,000 a year it would take you eighteen years to pay it off. So you actually live to be *ninety-three*, because you're living on money you would have earned if you had lived that long. So to reach this plateau of affluence, my suggestion is to do as our country, which owes three trillion dollars, does: borrow. Borrow. Start with your friends. Borrow from your friends, and when they ain't got any more money, make new friends. But keep borrowing. That's what makes countries strong. That's what can make individuals even stronger.

It has been said in *Isaiah*, and in *Jerimeyer 3*, that Hezekeyah went to Jeri and said, "Jeri, have you heard any word from the



Reuven Kopychinski

Lord?" and Jeri said, "By the way, I just did." "And what did He say?" "He said, 'From him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away.'" And that was the basis. "If he be not obedient, burden your slave with more fetters and be satisfied with your wages that ye shall inherit the meek when thou doth seek other avenues of revenue." That's all he wanted to say. If He had said anything else it would only have been superfluous, verbose, redundant, and have had a deeper significance because of the repetition of the Simple Truth. And the Simple Truth will last longer than a Simple Lie, but the Simple



Lie will do more damage than the Truth will do over the same period of time. And the only reason for existing is so that we can lie ourselves into Reality and into the Four Pleasures of the Great Soothsayer Maharanda Babaganoush, and even Marie Osmond we find also on the side of those who are downtrodden. And Rajneesh, who is out in Oregon, is nothing more than a component part of every instrument and every device and outlet of His being. That's all He is. No more, no

less. And the economic repercussions of Rajneesh, of religion in general, seem to have a relation to an economic philosophy which has been grasped and made into a succinct policy.

The original theory was Isaiah's. It came from Ezekiel from the wheel within the wheel. Where it proved conclusively that the rich can get richer, and the poor get poorer. But I say that the rich cannot get richer *unless* the poor get poorer. And so the theory is, the government should step in and get it from the poor before the rich get it. It's a program called "Tax the Poor." I ran on that ticket in 1960. I lost, but I have never wavered from the program. Now Reagan has come up with the idea of tax reform. He says that if you earn \$100,000 a year, you should pay \$200 in taxes. Well, that's right. But those who make only \$10,000 a year have to pay \$3,000 a year in taxes. That's what he meant by the "sliding scale." That's the "trickle-down" theory in which everyone gets at least a little more and they go further on down and therefore contribute more and it gives them a feeling of loyalty, a feeling of strength, a feeling of giving to a country that's defending them so that their homes will be secure in case of attack. They'll feel secure in the fact that their home is so small that even if it does blow up it won't cost much more money to put it back, since they will be insured against the possibility that if X number of countries do attack us it is based on the percentage of how many. For example, if a country attacks us, you divide that country into the total number of countries that could have attacked if they had had the proclivity or the inclination to do so. Then you have the base number. For instance, when Grenada attacked us, that cost \$4,000 per cubic foot, and the Grenadians will have to pay until they have brought back that which we have destroyed. It is the amount of interest which is due to those who have given financially to the cause of that instrument. We only want what's ours. That's why the percentage on the return is greater than the minimum advance and less speculative because of the glamour stock that it does have. It does not necessarily mean that it will bring about unity. No, the Unity of Opposites is based on the fact that you've got to give up what

you took in order to get more of what you might need. That's the only way you can do it. That's like "If we don't change our direction soon we run the risk of ending up exactly where we're heading." And this is a course we cannot take even if it is at breakneck speed. I mean, it's purely speculative on my part, it may take another direction.

The military budget is the only thing that will save our country. The United States and the Soviet Union build the same arsenals of defense, the same number of ships and planes and tanks and missiles and helicopters, but we have it over the Russians. Because we have 59,000 hammers, 5800 toilet seats, \$12,000 Allen wrenches, \$300 toasters, and \$600 ashtrays. Now we need these ashtrays and toasters to throw at the Russians while they are defending against bullets, bombs, and missiles. And ashtrays don't get picked up on radar as easily as big planes or missiles. And if they come over here! Well, let's face it, they ain't coming over here, and even if they did, where would they park, and with the alternate-side-of-the-street parking (especially in New York) we will impound their cars and charge them seventy-five dollars to get the damn thing back (a Strategic Towing Initiative).

This does not negate, however, the fact that there are in the United States 15,000,000 people out of work (I use the term "out of work" because "unemployed," though it has more letters, is only one word). Now, my suggestion to alleviate this problem is to kill 15,000,000 people that already have work. That will save us all those pensions, and the people who were previously unemployed, or out of work, will work for less than those we've neutralized, because they've been out of work for so long they'll probably work for nothing. Now, these 15,000,000 people we've got to neutralize cannot be murdered. That's not American. But we can do it in a subtle way. Sell them cigarettes, give them happy hours right near the highway, there are a lot of things we could do. The future of the possibilities that do exist in that orbit can only be ascertained with deep scrutiny. To assess the importance of the acclimations which is simply a stipulation, or stipends given to those who feel the priorities in relation to the "safety in numbers" can only be caused, or become an implement rather than the desire itself.

Now the trickle-down theory is nothing more than a misnomer to auate the possibilities whereby we with constructive criticism bring about the advantage which that implication implies. Does it mean that we correlate the negative aspect of the positive information which is given? No! It merely reoccurs rather than vanishes. And therefore, with that in mind, we can only calculate the possibilities of a reoccurrence and therefore devalue the priorities in relation to the necessities and to those who feel that only after due consideration could the process be implied. Now it seems that this might be the direct cause of the devaluation of the dollar on the international market. No! There are two causes. There is the direct cause, which, like a catalyst, hastens a chain reaction but remains the same in a condition prior to its inception, and there is the indirect cause, which, also like a catalyst, remains the same while hastening a chain reaction



which can only reassure that the continuation of the commodity-economy, with the aspects of influx and overflow, with the advent of sometimes going up and sometimes going down. It only creates the independent indication which proves that the stock market will fluctuate. Sometimes it will fluck up, sometimes it will fluck down, and when that happens, just fluck out. This does not seem to be a disadvantage to the flucker—no, it is an instrument whereby those who are flucked can fluck off. That's the only reason that it's there. It's a contingency on Chapter 11. Unfortunately, this has no implications for the national debt. The national debt is not an implication, it is a *reality* based on our forefathers' insight when they gave us the Declaration of Independence. They said then that we had the right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Life was just a thing that was given by God.

So, here we are in the sair fity... in the fair city of New York, where the economic situation blightens the eye and the object poisons sight, where the most reactionary elements have risen up in rebellion to put down the most progressive forces of the majority of the minorities. Now, this is the determining part. That if we can, with a certain clarity, bring in the force of that energy, to create that oasis whereby we can accept the responsibilities. This is the most important aspect of the continuity which can be maintained only after the survival of the predication upon which the denomination for the separation of the segregated areas to bring about just before the monsoon season, where clarity and understanding within the areas of focus and in a point whereby we can with impunity become a great nation within a small area, rather than be spread out where we would become indefensible against an onslaught of practically five to one. Then tax reform would affect it by making it a duty and an honor and a privilege to contribute. This is only possible after due consideration of the process of law.

The worldwide economic crisis in which we find ourselves now is not the result of a planned philosophy that created this hypothesis. No. The real reason for the erosion and the corroding



and almost the destruction of the force is that there are outside implements, which proves that what is inside is not necessarily desirable on the outside. We find that the economy can be bolstered; we have found out that China, a country far away that we are not even interested in, is now making atomic bombs. It costs the United States something like \$400,000,000 to make a bomb. The Chinese are making them for \$200,000,000. Isn't it better for us to buy the bombs that the Chinese make for half the amount that we have to pay? This is one thing that will save our economy, by buying these bombs cheaper than we can make them. In fact, we can buy so many that they won't have any left. And we'll be the only country that'll have them. And if we're the only ones that have them, we can use them anytime we want.

Rather than give an example which can show conclusively, we must understand the necessary components of which our economic society seems to generate progress. The illusion is that those who seem to have more of what they get and to those

who lose less of what they need can only find the correlation in the equation $E = mc^2$. $E =$ employment, $m =$ most, and, you see, a square is those people who live in the hinterlands and don't know what they're doing with their own contribution.

Economics without money is like having a mouth without teeth. It may seem to be deep only because it has the simplicity of something which is profound. But outside of that, anybody could have said it.

So now our economic problems are solved, because the present administration has done its job. And the only way that



the economic policy of which we are now on the road to recovering through is that the Crisis will only come after the Recession. And a Recession is always before a Recovery, and after Recovery we have another Crisis. And this keeps us going, from Crisis to Recession, to Depression, on to Recovery! Then we go right into another Crisis, and into the Recession, and then into Depression. You see, if we can eliminate Recovery we can go directly from Depression right into a Crisis without going through Recovery. That takes up so much time. And Time is Money. We make the circle shorter and get to a Crisis right away, because only after a Crisis is over do we know whether there will be survival or whether there is no more hope.... And once there is no more hope we can't fight another war. We need Hope. How else would people in the rest of the world know that we have the happiest Army, just laughing themselves into this crucial period. So that is why I say a Crisis is important. It is the only thing that gives us Hope. And Hope is what's necessary in a Crisis if we're ever to get out of this Hopeless Mess. ■

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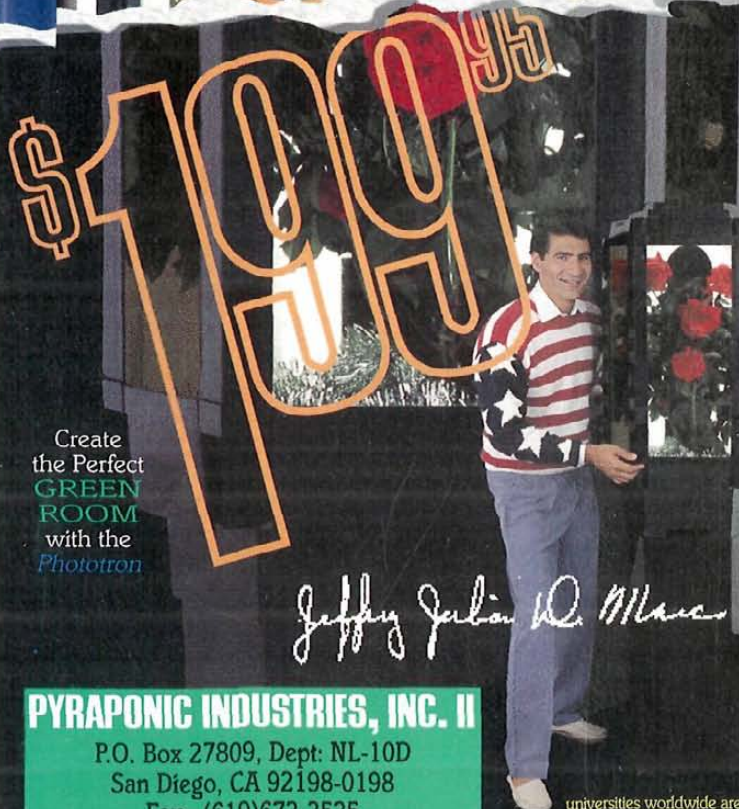
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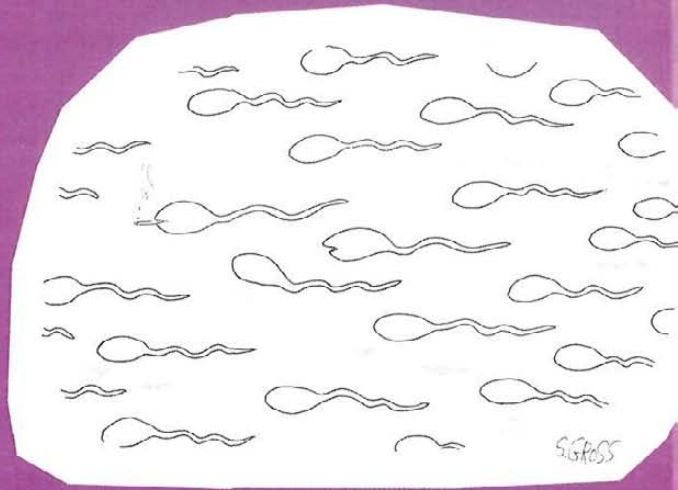
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ASSORTED CONDOMENTS

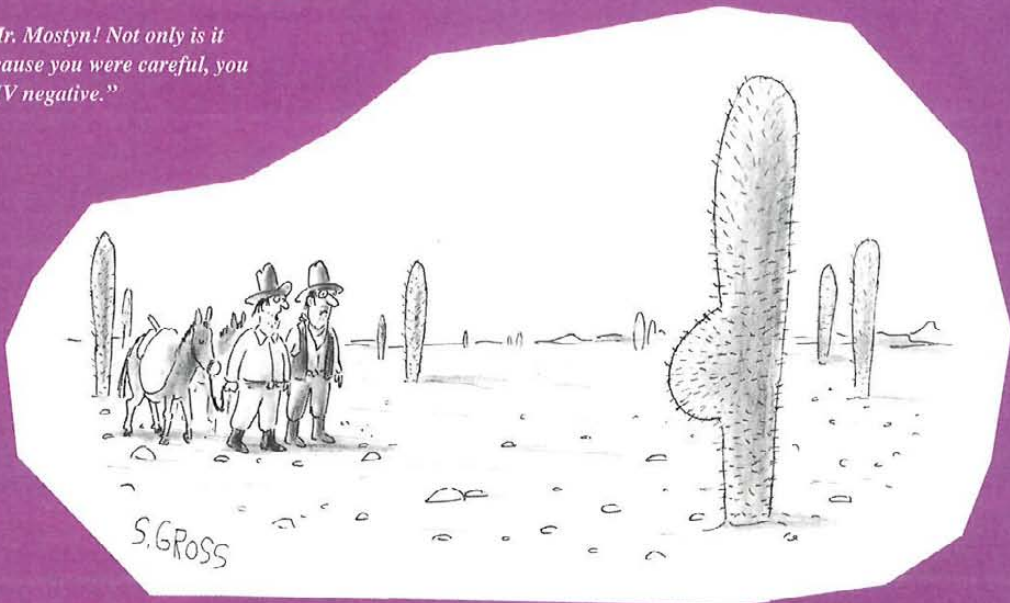
BY SAM GROSS



"Good news, Mr. Mostyn! Not only is it benign, but because you were careful, you also test out HIV negative."



"His plan is to burn a hole in the condom big enough for him to wiggle through."



"Uh-oh. I bet you didn't wear a condom when you screwed it the last time."



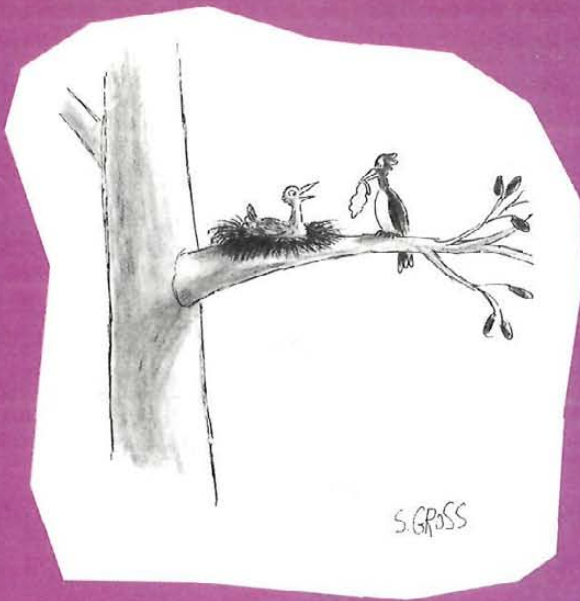
"How do I know you're wearing a condom?"



*Dear Dr. Ruth,
Will condoms prevent salmonella?*



"You're lucky. As a woman, besides good and evil, you have other choices."



"We can keep the eggs in it, and maybe they'll hatch faster."



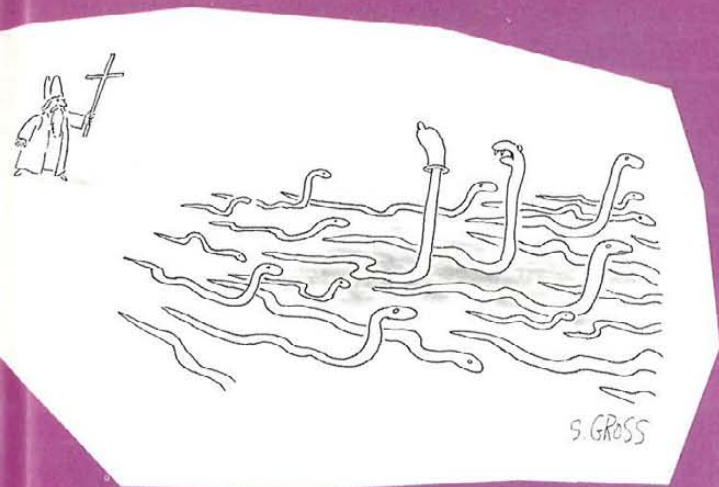
"When it comes time to punish them, I put little pinholes in their condoms."



"That's my favorite wheel. It's not for sale."



"Which is the one who called you 'dickhead'?"



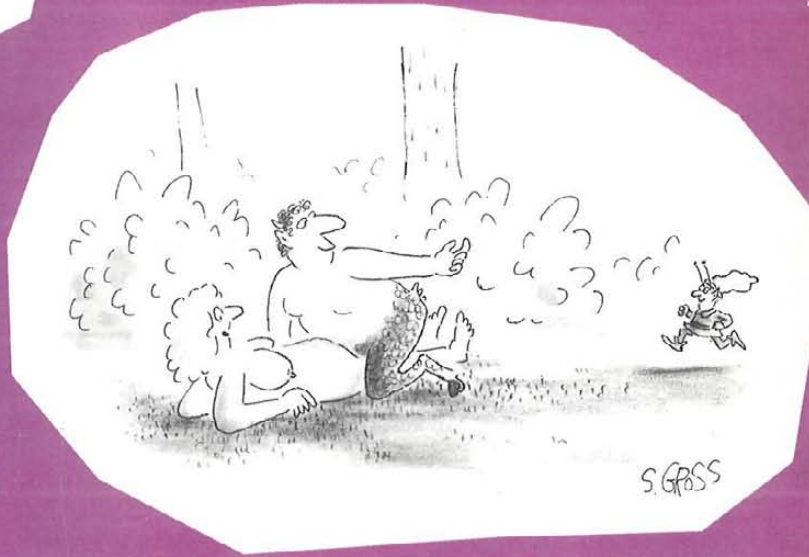
"Taunting him, Marty, isn't going to help."



"Aw c'mon, Ma! Show me where it says in there that Giacometti's models never wore condoms and they all became ill."



"Don't tell anybody, but we're experimenting with a new sausage casing."



"If you can't get any snatch hanging from a cross, then, brother, you can't get any snatch."

—*The Gospel According to Gilbert*

PICTURE THIS: YOU'VE JUST BEEN NAILED TO A CROSS. YOU'RE HOT, BLEEDING, AND IN PAIN. Angry crowds gather and jeer at you. They pelt you with rocks and insults. All seems lost . . . then, while up on the cross, you look down on the crowd and there she is! The girl of your dreams. She has the face of an angel, and her body . . . well, let's just say if your neighborhood butcher handed you a rump that looked that good, you'd shove your tongue down his throat! As you hang there all hot and bothered, not knowing what to do, you notice to your amazement that she's winking at you! Sound too good to be true? Well, it's not! The fact is, nothing is sexier to a girl than a man dying on a cross!

I mean, you don't have to die like the guys in the Scriptures to get poontang — but it sure does help!



Gilbert Gottfried Presents:

Crucifixion and the Single Man

NOW, PAY CLOSE ATTENTION and I'll show you how to nail a broad after you've been nailed to a board. Remember, even on a cross you have to play by the established rules of the dating ritual.

Step one. Taking stock of yourself.

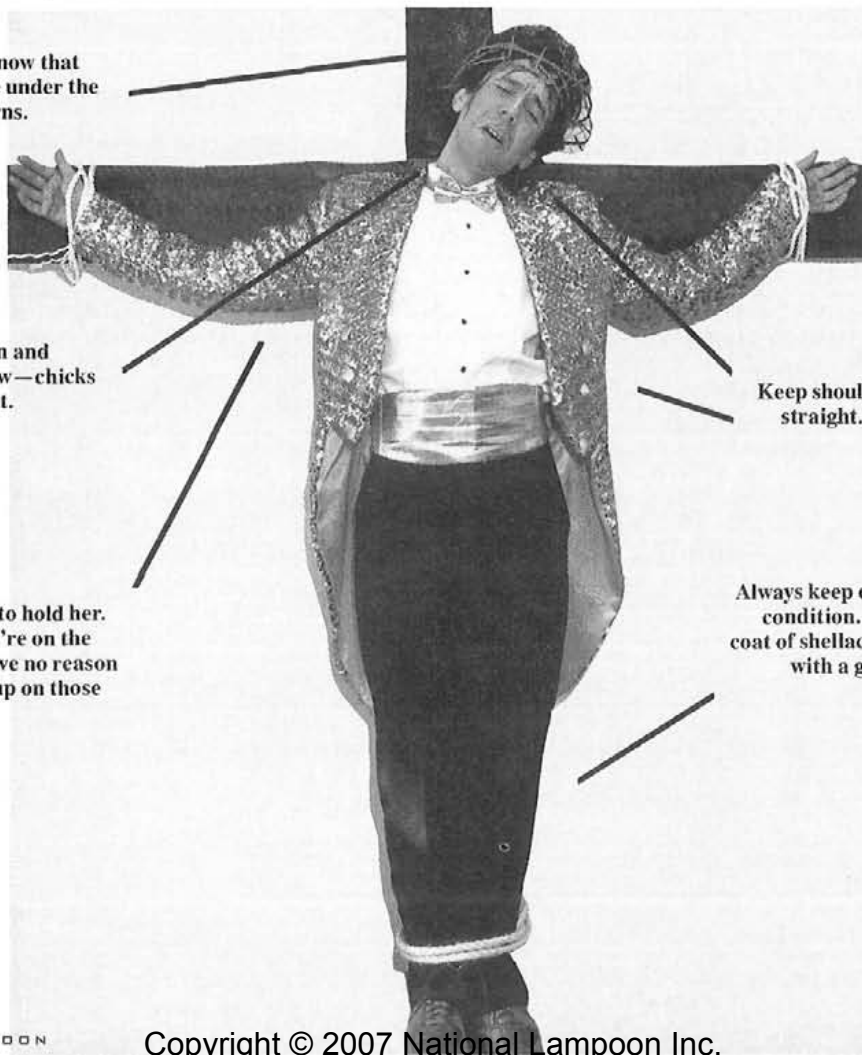
Let the girl know that there's a rose under the crown of thorns.

Let some pain and suffering show — chicks really dig that.

Strong arms to hold her. Now that you're on the cross, you have no reason not to catch up on those chin-ups!

Keep shoulders and back straight. Don't hunch!

Always keep cross in tiptop condition. Apply a fresh coat of shellac and finish off with a good furniture polish.





Step two. Approaching the single girl at the singles bar.

Do it! With all the law students, sleazy show-biz agents, phony producers, and just plain jerks, she'll be thrilled to meet a cool dude on a cross.



Step three. Win her with your wit.

Show her you're a party animal. Don't pull the holier-than-thou shit.

Step four. Some surefire lines.

"Hey baby, you're the reason my feet ain't touching the ground."

"Honey, right now you're raising more than just the dead."

"I'd love to make your bush start burning."



Step five. After the wining and dining and romantic talk, it's time to take her home—but remember to take care of the check.



Step six. Lovemaking.

For heaven's sake, let her be on top.

Just in case: Impotence! That's right, we hate to say it, but it could happen. Sometimes no matter how well you've been doing up until then, it doesn't matter—your weenie is so limp the Savior Himself couldn't save it. If, God forbid, that happens, there's only one thing to say.



MULTIPLICITY

continued from page 69

than Dylan on the Grammys. Crossing his fingers, he led it to the car. It was only on the way home, as the clone's initial stupefaction wore off, that the difficulty emerged.

"Hey, fuckwad," it piped suddenly, "watch where you're driving!"

"That guy jammed on his brakes in front of me!"

"Yeah, well, you wouldn't have had to jam on your brakes if you weren't going so fast. Slow the fuck down!"

Uh-oh, Logan thought. "All right, I'm slowing down. Is that better?"

The clone expressed grudging acceptance of Logan's new velocity, but its dander quickly went up again when he explained its duties.

"Work out?" it cried. "Like in a gym?"

"Sure, in a gym. What's the matter with gyms?"

"They smell! You have to look at people's armpits! What do you think I am, some kind of fitness geek? The very idea of working out disgusts me."

"Nonetheless," Logan said, "that's what I want you to do. If you really get sick of it, maybe you can get Number 2 to spell you."

"Christ," grumbled Logan 4. "Give the new guy the shit job, why don't you? Thanks a lot, pal. Wait'll I get a chance to do you a favor."

The Leeds had been right, Logan decided; this had better be the last clone. Get another, he'd probably slip or constantly cut killer farts or something. For better or worse, the replicas stopped here.

WITH GREAT SHOWS OF RELUCTANCE and resentment, Logan 4 launched its exercise program. It started wearing a sweatband, did all the fitness things Logan had forever felt he was supposed to do. And its efforts began to bear fruit, its biceps firming and the spare tire melting away from its waist.

All right! thought Logan. With the health base covered, he was once again able to throw himself into other pursuits. He discovered chess, began playing with the old Ukrainian guys who hung out with their boards in the little neighborhood park, actually got good enough to win once in a while. There was also a batting practice place on Sepulveda, one of those big cages with pitching machines; he got pretty good at that too. It was possible to get

good things, he realized—you just had to be obsessive in your pursuit of them, shoving all else out of the way. Time was the secret of everything.

Of course, your first step was deciding what obsessions to have. There were so many possibilities. He could, for instance, go deeply into music, amass enough knowledge to be on top of everything currently being done. There had been a time, back in the days of the Boer War when he'd been a teenager, when he'd actually been able to do that. Wouldn't it be interesting to do it now, cast a drift net out there and check out everything he pulled in. There had to be something worth listening to—current music couldn't be as bad as his occasional flips through the radio dial had suggested.

Or what about baseball! All his life he'd wanted to follow some team through an entire season. He'd start with spring training, hanging out with the *alter kockers* in the bleachers, digging their stories about Roger Hornsby and Lefty Grove. Then he'd get a season ticket for a box on the third base line—home runs looked so great from there. He'd attend every game, have a stack of 162 filled-out score cards when the year ended. Maybe he'd even luck out and pick a team that got into the playoffs and the series!

And what about the leisurely sail through the Caribbean he'd been fantasizing about since high school? Just drift from island to island, listening to reggae, getting his mind blown by the sunsets.

And hang-gliding! You had to hang-glide at least once in your life! What kind of person were you if you'd never hung-glid?

Logan plunged in, trying this, trying that. Once again, his life became incredibly busy, but this time, at least, busy with a purpose: when the process was finished, he'd truly know what it was he wanted to become obsessed with for the rest of his life.

Then, one evening, he decided to swing by home. There were some clothes he wanted to pick up, and an Elmore James cassette. And, as long as he was there, he could visit with Lynn, Willie and Morgan, see how they were getting along.

He hid behind the hedge until Logan 3 came down the steps in an apron, carrying a Hefty Cinch Sack of garbage, and jumped out at him playfully.

"Hey dude. What's cooking?"

The clone's face did not exactly fill with welcoming warmth. "Cassoulet,

actually. That sort-of-Mexican one that goes so well with Côtes-du-Rhône?"

"No shit?" Logan loved that cassoulet. "Number 3, you're the best. Take the night off."

Going into the garage, he opened the Vinoteque and began fishing around for one of those '78 Guigal Côtes-du-Rhône's with the blackberries and chocolate in the nose. The clone looked on . . . somewhat resentfully, Logan thought. "Why are you glowering at me?" he asked it. "I'd think you'd be happy to get a night off."

"Oh, yeah, hanging out in the attic's great—it's so airy and pleasant up there." The clone reached behind itself to untie its apron.

"Hey, come on. I'll sneak some food and a couple glasses of wine to you later. Lighten up."

"A whole bottle, if you don't mind—I'm planning to get drunk." It tossed the apron to Logan and strode off.

Logan watched him go. That 3 sure was moody. Oh, well. He lit a candle, drew the cork from the wine, and began decanting it.

There was a fantasy he sometimes had—a warm, civilized dinner with his family in which his kids behaved, like children he'd seen in France, with utmost decorousness, never crying, spilling their milk, or calling each other penis-breath. He and Lynn and the kids, too, would converse about the events of the day, the quality of the food, whether there was a cinnamon component to the taste of the wine, shit like that. Everyone would have a perfect time, and they'd leave the table with their humanity confirmed and their mood uplifted.

No such dinner had ever taken place in his real life, nor did it tonight. There was something Morgan wished to converse with him about, however.

"Daddy, are there monsters in the attic?"

Logan's explosive cough fired a wad of chewed beans against one of the metal serving bowls, where it made a chiming sound. Regaining control of himself, he managed to ask, "And what gives you that idea, darling?"

"There's footsteps up there. Daddy, I skpered."

"There's nothing to be sacred of, honey," he reassured her. "Really."

Morgan did not look reassured. "Tell you what," he said. "After we eat, I'll go up and look around, and if I find any monsters I'll throw them out the window."

Morgan looked at him, her lower

lip thrusting. "You said that last night."
"I did?"

Lynn looked at him oddly. "You certainly did. You used almost the exact same words. You don't remember?"

"Oh, right, of course. Guess I was just thinking of something else."

"Daddy, will you 'splain me something?" Willie asked.

Logan turned to him warily. "Yes?"

"Remember that book you read me last night?"

"Mmm. . . ."

"Well, what was the reason the crocodile bit the anteater's nose?"

Logan looked around the table brightly. "More cassoulet, anyone?"

"No thanks," said Lynn.

"Me hate beans," said Morgan.

"Tell me, Daddy?" Willie persisted. "There was a special reason, remember? That the wizard explained?"

"Oh right, the wizard. Well, let's see. . . ." He didn't have a clue what the wizard explained. Should he excuse himself to go to the bathroom, then run upstairs and ask 3?? But before he could decide, he suddenly froze, staring. For, behind his family where only he could see, one of the clones had just come out of the attic door!

"What, Daddy?" cried Morgan. She and the others began to turn, to see what he was looking at.

"*Guh-hamafratzis!*" Logan coughed. "Elephant balls!"

The others spun to look at him strangely. "Elephant balls?" said Willie. He and Morgan exploded with childish laughter.

Lynn looked at him severely. "Cute, Artie."

But his desperate gambit had succeeded—he'd distracted their attention long enough for the clone to get into the bathroom unseen. How could it be so irresponsible, coming down that way? He glared when it came back out. It gave him the finger. Aha, Number 4. Clearly, it was time they had a little talk. In fact, it was time he had a talk with *all* of them—things were getting entirely too lax around here.

But that could wait. Now, at last, he was going to enjoy his dinner, if that were possible. He savored a mouthful of the cassoulet, then took a sip of the Côtes-du-Rhône, rolled the liquid around his tongue, felt himself begin to *kvell* at the mingled flavors and textures—

"Oh, I've been meaning to mention," Lynn said. "Food keeps disappearing from the refrigerator."

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This cough redistributed his mouthful of wine over a large part of the table.

"Eyew!" cried Morgan. "Gross!"

"You sure acting funny tonight, Daddy" said Willie.

"You sure are." Lynn regarded him suspiciously. "Are you *on* something?"

"Certainly not." He improvised a story about waking up in the middle of the night hungry a lot lately, raiding the refrigerator. If he read his wife's expression correctly, she was barely buying it. He was going to have that talk with the clones *tonight*, he told himself, get things straightened out here.

But by the time he finished, he didn't know, he felt tired, maybe a little high from the wine, and it just seemed like a better idea to watch *Cheers* and *L.A. Law*. Sometimes, when you ignored problems, they went away.

On the other hand, sometimes they didn't. About a week later, he came home around ten after seeing an Oliver Stone movie. As with most Oliver Stone movies, the experience had been like having a tank drive back and forth over you for three hours, and he was exhausted, ready to hit the sheets. Lynn's car wasn't out front, nor did he expect it to be, this being her Women in Film meet-

ing night, so all he had to do was to dismiss Logan 3 for the evening and crash.

But when he went inside, the house seemed strangely quiet and empty. He was about to check the attic when he heard sounds coming from his bedroom. He hadn't thought to look in there, but now he did—and found Logan 3 fucking his wife!

His lips drew back in an animal snarl. It took every bit of self-control he had to keep from rushing in and tearing the bastard to pieces. But how could he do that? The cat would be out of the bag for sure then, and divorce was probably the *least* of what Lynn would do to him if she found out what he'd been up to the last six months. So he put a lid on his rage and waited.

0 Logan jumped a foot in the air. She'd never screamed like that with *him*, he thought plaintively.

As the clone came out of the bedroom, Logan grabbed it, yanked it into the bathroom, and slammed it against the wall. "You son of a bitch," he hissed. "I ought to stuff you in the trash compactor."

"Oh boy," Logan 3 sighed, going pale.

"What's she even doing here?"
continued on next page

MULTIPLICITY

She's supposed to be. . . ."

"Something happened to her car. They towed it to the Shell station and she couldn't get to her meeting." He took a deep breath. "Look, I'm sorry you had to find out this way. I suppose I should have known you'd catch us eventually. . . ."

"Eventually?" How long has this been going on?"

"A while, I'm afraid. Uh—could I? . . ." He gestured at the glistening condom still clinging loosely to his dick.

"Jesus Christ!" cried Logan. "Yes!"

When the clone returned, condom-less, Logan marched it up the attic stairs. "This time, we are going to have a talk—all of us. Things are getting totally out of hand here.

They found Logan 4 in a lotus position, doing his breathing exercises. The unmade beds, scattered underwear, and greasy fried-chicken leavings gave the room something of a fraternity-house feel. Logan couldn't help but notice how toned, tanned, and healthy 4 was becoming. The yoga didn't seem to be soothing its spirit particularly, though—it sprang up in annoyance as it saw them coming up the stairs.

"You had to bring him up here?" it asked Logan 3.

"Sorry. Not my idea."

"Where's 2?" Logan asked.

"Still at work, I guess," said 3. "We don't see him much."

"Comes in late and wakes me up all the time," grumbled 4.

"All right, we'll wait. Just sit down and keep quiet, both of you."

Logan 2 showed up a little after twelve.

"Hey, if it isn't Mr. Upward-Striving," said Logan 4. "How much ass did you kiss today, jockamo? Are you CEO yet?"

"All right, 4, put a sock in it," said Logan. "We've got some talking to do."

"Uh-oh," 4 said, assuming a look of great seriousness. "Quiet, everyone—this could be heavy." He propped his chin in his hands and looked at Logan in a grotesque parody of respectful attention.

Logan managed to keep his temper. The Dylan effect . . . yes.

"All right, you three. We need to get a few things straight. From now on, we're going to have some rules around here."

"Rules, huh? Whoa!" 4 crossed his eyes and made a fart noise.

Logans 2 and 3 looked at him with distaste. "Can't you, I don't know, restrain yourself or something?" Logan 2 asked.

"First and foremost," said Logan, "the prime directive is. . . ."

"Prime directive?" cried 4. "What is this, *Star Trek*?" He began doing his impression of Scotty. "Captain, I canna keep the warp drive going without the dilithium crystals. . . ."

"Will you shut up and let him say his piece?" cried Logan 3. "We're going to be here all night."

Logan 4 made a face at him, but subsided.

Logan regarded his little family: the serious, scholarly 2 in his suit and horn-rims; 3, upset, anxious, worried; and 4, with his pectorals and Mick Jagger pout. He shook his head.

"The prime directive is: *no one finds out about you. Which means you do not make trips to the bathroom while my wife and kids are eating dinner and can see you.*"

He glared at Logan 4. Logan 4 unconcernedly blew a booger on the floor. The other clones exchanged pained looks.

"And speaking of my wife. . . ." Logan turned on Logan 3.

"Hey, look, cut me some slack here," said 3. "I've got all your memories. I remember how she feels, how she tastes. . . ."

"Never mind how she tastes! It's none of your business how she tastes!" To the bewildered Logan 2, he explained, "I caught him fucking her tonight."

"I'd prefer to think of it as 'making love,'" said 3 with dignity.

"I don't care how you'd prefer to think of it—just don't do it!" He looked around at them, totally exasperated. "To put this simply and cut through any possible misunderstandings, you all owe your existence to me, so I call the shots. Got that?"

"Yassuh, massa," cried 4, dropping to his knees and kowtowing repeatedly. "Y'all juss tells me whut to do, an' ah sho do it, all right."

"4's point, through broadly expressed, is well taken," said 2. "I don't remember electing you boss."

"You want rules," said 3, "how about **this one**: each clone gets his own room. 2 wakes *me* up, too, and 4 snores."

Logan was aghast. "What am I

supposed to do, build an addition onto the house? And then tell Lynn and the kids they can't go in?"

"That's your problem," said Logan 4. "You've been exploiting us, pal! While 2's making your money, 3's taking care of your kids, and I'm pumping fucking iron for you, you're out there sampling life's candy box and taking leisurely afternoon naps. What're you, the shah or something? Not only do we want separate bedrooms, we want clothing allowances and individual VCRs!"

"And bathrooms," put in 3. "How'd you like having to wait till everyone's asleep before you could take a dump?"

Logan felt panic—this was shaping up into a full-scale revolt. "Everyone shut up! I've been on the phone with Leeds, and if you don't do what I tell you to, he's going to send guys over here with void guns and turn you into puddles of grease! Are we clear?"

They gave him smoldering looks, but hurled no more challenges. Logan felt exhausted. He'd bought clones to make life easier—who expected all this bullshit? Giving them a curt nod, he departed.

Downstairs, he crawled into bed, carefully avoiding touching his wife; it was as if she were a piece of food someone else had chewed and then left for him. Lying back, he stared out the window, reflecting on life's vicissitudes. For the moment, things were under control, but how long would they stay that way?

The next day was a full one. His falconing lesson ran late, and he barely made the poetry reading at Club Phlegm, where his entry finished second to Exene Cervenka's. Then it was on to the Bel-Air Hotel to attend a dinner celebrating the kick-off of white truffle season, and after that, a sauna and two-hour massage at the Osaka Body Spa. Finally, feeling mellow and fulfilled, he headed home.

They hit him as he came in the front door. A pillow case slammed down over his head; a fist punched him in the stomach. "Where's that clothesline?" someone hissed, and he felt himself being tied up.

Had the clones gone crazy? "Lynn! Help!"

No answer. Shit, had they done something to her? "If you've hurt my wife. . . ."

"She's fine; I'd start worrying about myself, if I were you," snarled a voice that he identified as 4's.

He began to feel scared. What were they going to do to him?

As the ropes pulled tight, the pillow case was whipped off. He found himself facing 4 and 3.

"Him I would have expected this from," Logan said to 3. "But you?"

3 looked uncomfortable. "I'm sorry, but I love Lynn. The thought of you ever touching her again is unbearable to me. The only way I can be sure you won't is by getting rid of you. I don't like it particularly, but if I had to get rid of a hundred of you to be with her, I'd do it in a second."

So this was about . . . love? Logan felt oddly touched. But he didn't like that "getting rid of you" part, not at all.

"Okay fuckwad, to the car," said 4 in his pleasant way, and tossed Logan over his shoulder.

Outside, another terrible shock awaited him. "Lynn!" She was sitting behind the wheel in her pea jacket, a cigarette hanging from her lips. He stared at her in shock.

"Okay, guys," she said impatiently, "can we move this along?" She reached to push the back door open, and 3 and 2 closed Logan in the car.

"Oof!" said a voice. Logan looked down . . . and realized he'd landed on top of Logan 2, who was also tied with clothesline!

"For the record, I had nothing to do with this," it told him. "While I can't disagree with some of their grievances, this is not the way to handle it, and I told them so. For whatever that's worth."

"Faggot," said Logan 4.

"All right, I'm going up with Morgan and Willie," said 3 to Lynn. "I'll see you later." With a bleak look at Logan and Logan 2, it went up the steps into the house. Lynn and Logan 4 turned to look at Logan, their eyes unnaturally bright.

Logan gulped. It was like being at the mercy of the Symbionese Liberation Army.

As they sped along the 405, Logan asked Lynn, "How can you do this? I thought you loved me."

"Artie, I'm sorry. We had some good times. But when 3 came along, he just blew you out of the water."

"What?"

"Maybe it's because he shows his emotions. Maybe it's the way he makes love—I don't know. I just know you come in a distant second in almost every category."

Logan's mind reeled. Could she really be saying these things?

"Actually, you're probably better at knowing what years different movies

came out—I'll grant you that. But that's all. Artie, he's everything I've always wished you were. I want to spend my life with him, and *obviously* you're not going to go along with that, so . . ." She shrugged, continued driving.

Logan felt a chill down to the marrow of his bones. Were they going to do an *Onion Field* to him?

"And making the clones sleep in the attic." Lynn shook her head. "So tacky."

"Like living in a fucking barracks," grumped 4. He looked back at Logan. "With you two gone, things'll be a lot better. Lynn and 3 can hump-de-bump-bump whenever they want, and wait'll they get a load of *me* down at the office!"

"Oh, God." Logan Number 2 closed his eyes.

"So now what? You . . . kill us?" Logan looked from Lynn to 4 anxiously.

Lynn and 4 exchanged a smile, and Lynn guided the car onto an LAX off-ramp.

LOGAN SUPPOSED THE CHOICE OF Venezuela had been Lynn's. Once, long ago, they'd gotten drunk at some bar with a Latin-American motif and forced the poor piano player to endlessly sing, *Matilda, Matilda, she take my money and run to Venezuela*. It had become their little joke that one of them would one day take the money and run to Venezuela.

Well, here he was, only without the money—Lynn kept that. Still, his unplanned emigration hadn't turned out all that bad. Venezuela was cute, and under the leadership of the industrious 2 they had founded a small ad agency in Caracas which quickly prospered, making them rather well off. They found homes, made friends, settled in—life normalized.

Lynn and 3 sent them a Christmas card each year, and they got to watch the kids grow up in the annual photo of them pinning up their stockings by the fireplace. Logan would stare at the card with a lump in his throat and feel melancholy for a week, but then throw himself back into his work and life would go on. And, all in all, a reasonably good life it was.

If only he weren't so damned busy all the time.

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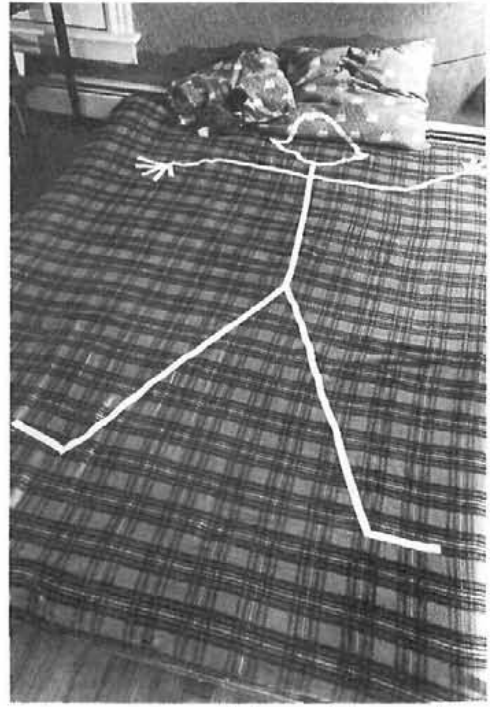
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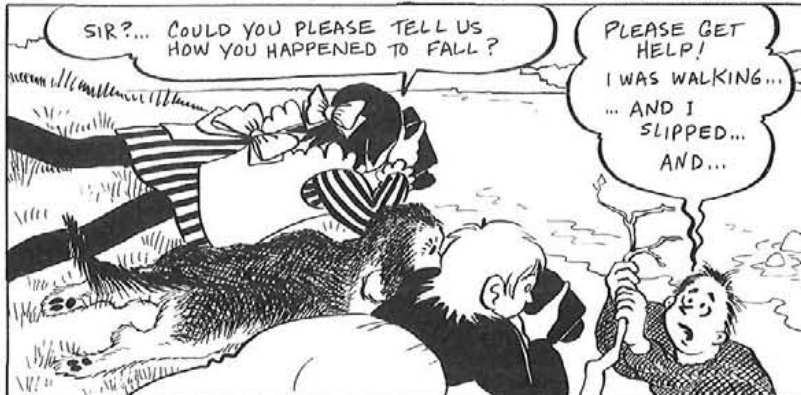
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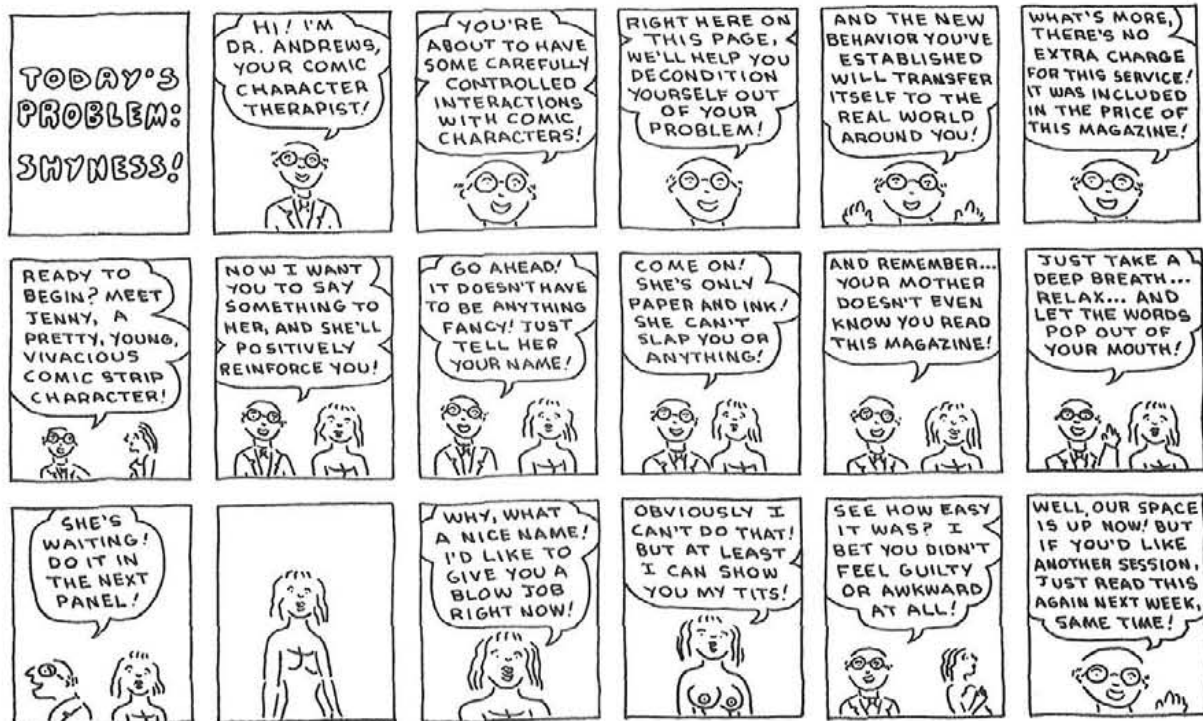
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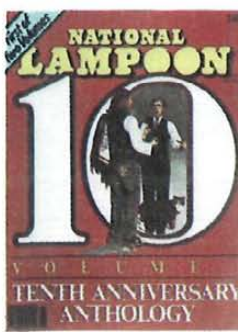
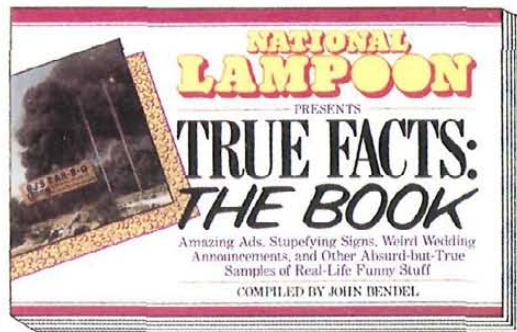
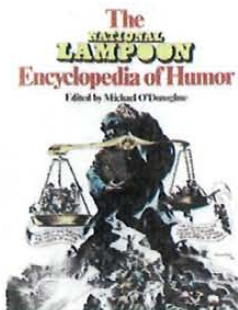
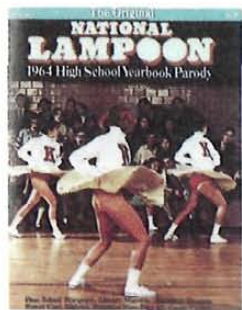
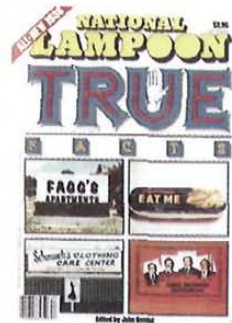
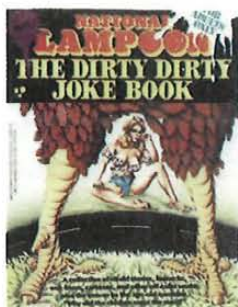


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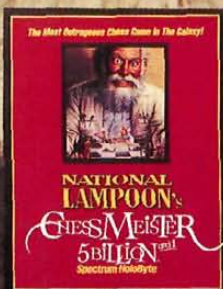
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