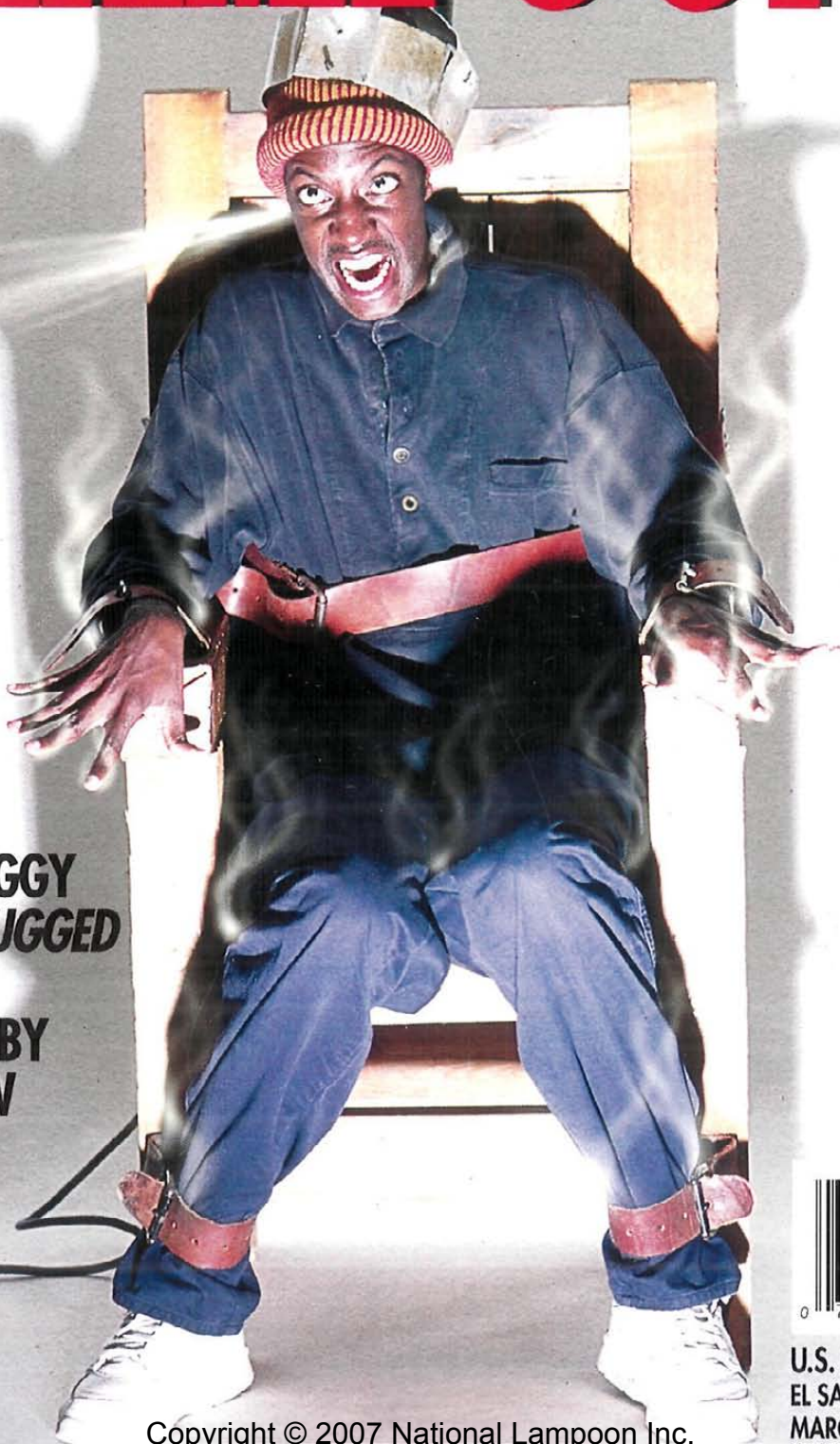


SEXY ERIC EDWARDS POSES FOR MUSCLE & FITNESS MAGAZINE

OFFICIAL
LA
HIKING
GUIDE

NATIONAL LAMPOON

UNTAMED
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CARLIN
INTERVIEW



SNOOP DOGGY
DOG UNPLUGGED

A NEW HIT BY
DEATH ROW
RECORDS

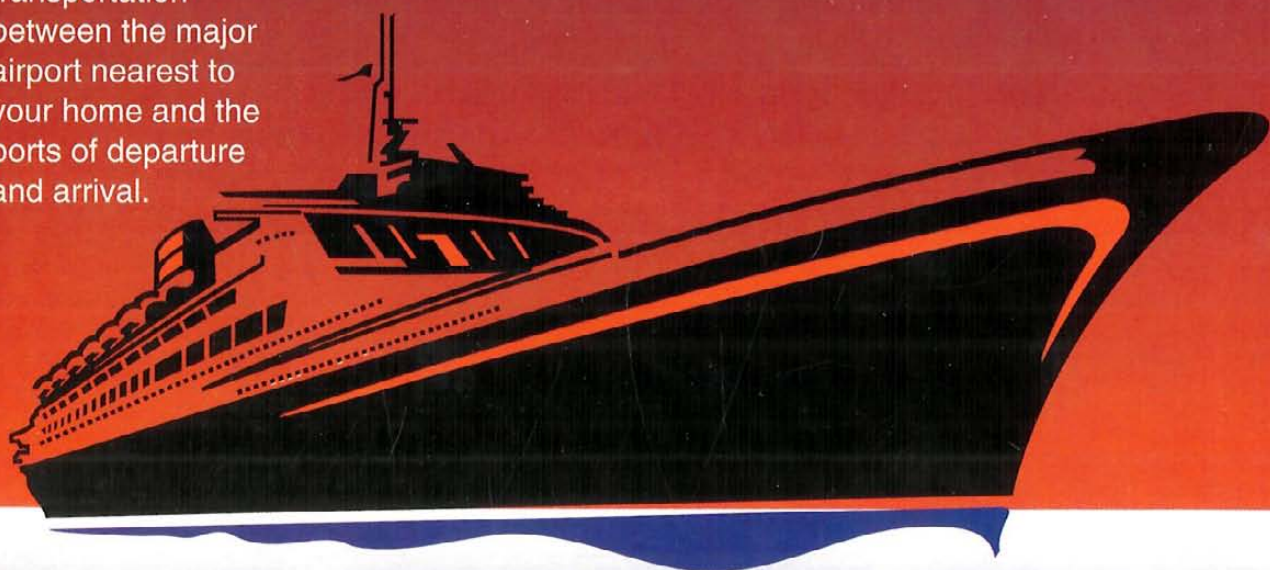


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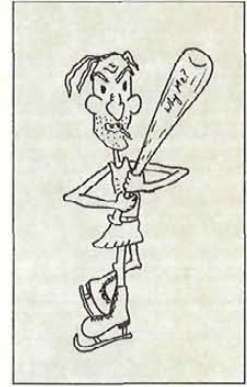
PREVIEW OF **Exquisite** CONTENTS



Drew Carey-Choosing Foto
Funny victim

Letters From the Editors Pg. 5
The Ear Pg. 8
George Carlin Pg. 14
LA Hiking Guide Pg. 19

Muscle & Fatness
Magazine Pg.27



Step Da-Da earns spot on the US
Olympic Ice Skating Team!

The Legend of Flabio Pg. 33
Trend Comics Pg. 41
Guys Without Lives Pg. 50
True Facts Pg. 58

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LETTERS...

FROM THE EDITORS



Sirs:
Perhaps I should have given up speedballs instead of red meat.

River Phoenix
Vegetarian Heaven

Sirs:
I'm gonna kick the PBS Telethon's ass!

Arsenio
Setting realistic goals

Sirs:
You know, we are sick and tired of continuously being patronized and treated as objects of lust while our vibrant personalities and keen acting skills go virtually unnoticed.

For that reason, we are taking it upon ourselves to launch our own all-female production company.

Maybe then people will finally realize that it is possible for us to live off of something other than our looks. We're calling it VAGINA PRODUCTIONS, and we'll specialize in, hey.....stop laughing!

Sharon Stone
Heidi Fleiss
Hollywood, CA

Sirs:
I just don't get this "Snoop Doggy Dog" character. What the hell did he do to get himself on the cover of every magazine in America, besides get himself arrested. And what about Ted Danson? The guy smears some shoe polish on his face, and next thing you know, he's on *Newsweek* and working the entire day time talk show circuit. That's talent? Call me old fashioned, but I tend to be a bit skeptical about today's definition of a Celebrity.

John Wayne Bobbit
Richmond, Virginia

Sirs:
O.K. very good. Next we're going to call a lesbian accountant on the phone, but before we do, let me say a few words about an exciting new line of adhesive bandages from Johnson & Johnson....

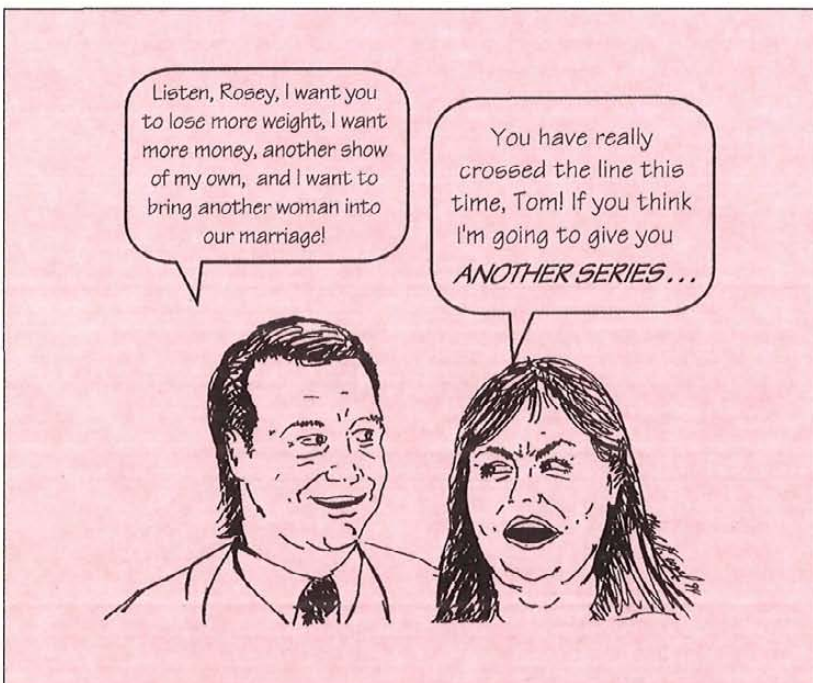
Howard Stern
Getting a bit too rich and lazy

Sirs:
First of all, I didn't have anything to do with her little 'accident'.

And second, even if I did, it's only fair. I mean if I can skate after having numerous husbands beat the hell out of me, then she can skate with a minor little contusion on her leg.

Like what a crybaby!

Tonya Harding
Doing her country proud



Sirs:
You thought the masturbation episode was funny, wait till you see the one about child pornography! And the incredible thing is, the words "Child Pornography" are never actually used, just alluded to.

Jerry Seinfeld
Revolutionizing TV

Sirs:
Hey America, don't write me out of the political scene completely. I may be a has-been now, but just wait until campaign time in '96. I'm going to come back, and I'm gonna come back big.

Willie Horton
Getting nostalgic

Sirs:
Why starve yourself to death when you can get a Denny's Grand Slam for only \$2.99?

Jack Kevorkian
Doing Endorsements

Sirs:
First of all, I did not "steal their acts." Yes, I admit that I was strongly influenced by them, and that I may have adapted my style after them, but that's not stealing. However, if Roseanne, Miss Piggy, and Peppermint Patti want to settle this out of court, I'm open to negotiations.

Rosie O'Donnel
Fifteen minute timer winding down

Sirs:
Now that I have a song on a hit album, when do I hit the studio for my duet with Frank Sinatra?

Charles Manson
On the Old School Tip

Sirs,
Actually, it's Bruce.

Prince
Setting the record straight on his symbol

Sirs:
Whoa! I'm sorry sir, but I think there's been a mistake; it says right here that you're supposed to be in Hell. Just kidding! We wanted to see you turn into the monster one last time.

St. Peter
Just having some fun with Bill Bixby

Sirs:
Hey folks, our next video is of me getting my pointy, little nose bludgeoned beyond recognition with a marble ashtray.

Bob Saget
Giving viewers exactly what they want

Sirs,
They say *Easy Rider* was the film that defined a generation. Well just wait to you see my next Nike commercial. Hmm, I wonder if they'll let me direct it?

Dennis "Will Work For Food" Hopper



Sirs:
Hey Axel, I think I got one you're really going to like. It's about a young Republican girl's coming of age. It's basically a love song only it's got a real upbeat tempo, and sort of a restless twenty-something feel to it. Enclosed is the sheet music. Please respond this time, I'm still at the same address.

Sirhan Sirhan
John Hinckley

Sirs:

To all you Commie Slime who voted for the Brady Bill, I ask you this: What do you think we'd be doing right now if Paul Revere flashed his lantern twice to warn that the British were coming and all the Minutemen said "Gee Paul, we'd love to help you defend our city against that evil dictatorship, but we can't pick up our muskets for another three days." Huh? I'll tell you what, we'd all be wearing knickers and drinking grossly overtaxed tea, that's what.

And what would've happened if Saddam Hussein had heard about this nonsense back during Operation Dessert Storm? He would've moved in on day three. And what about all of those hippies at Kent State who didn't know how to keep their damn pie holes shut, huh? With this "Brady Bill" we'd have had to listen to five extra days of their pinko jargon.

Your Uncle
Hometown, U.S.A

Sirs:

BFD. All this means is that instead of getting shot in the head on Tuesday, I would have gotten shot on Sunday.

Hey, I got an idea, how about a bill prohibiting fat, untalented, made-for-tv actors from portraying distinguished men such as myself on cheezy HBO specials.

James Brady

Sirs,

How's this for an idea; Schindler's List Happy Meals, complete with a "super-gas-chamber-sized" fries and a whole line of action figures.

Steven Spielberg

Sirs,

So it starts out like that scene in *Schindler's List* where they're all lined up at the gas chamber, only because of some crazy mix-up, instead of gas coming out, helium does! And then they all start to talk funny. I tell you, it'll be hilarious!

Mel Brooks
Working on a parody

Sirs,

Is it just me, or does that Darryl Hannah remake of "Attack of the Fifty Foot Woman" give you guys nightmares?

Jackson Browne

Sirs:

Hi, my name is Dale! I'm a producer-writer-director, I have a masters degree from U.S.C Film School. Can I have forty cents for a Big Mac?

Random Guy
Los Angeles

Sirs:

This might sound a little strange, but I've always thought bookstores are the best place to find dates.

For instance, I'll see an attractive thirty-something woman in the classics section pouring over a Jane Austen novel, and I'll say to myself, "HmMMM. Must be a hopeless romantic." Then I open up with a Keats quote.

Or maybe I'll see a slightly older woman browsing through a book on French cooking. Great, I know a thing or two about French cooking, I think. So then I have the confidence to strike up a conversation.

I meet a lot of interesting people this way. Just make sure to avoid anyone reading books on dysfunctional families. They may be fun to date for a while, but usually they turn out to be weirdos.

Rick James #349L2A67
Terminal Island, CA



THE HOLLYWOOD EAR

"This may sound sort of odd, but I've always gone to bookstores to meet potential dates. You'd be surprised how much you can tell about a woman by what section she's browsing in," said convicted sex offender **Rick James** in an exclusive Barbara Walters interview last Sunday night..... **Fetchin'!** That seems to be America's reaction to Vice President **Al Gore's** bombshell daughters. Even Clinton himself flattered the two at a presidential luncheon with CNN reporters: "There is nothing in this term I would rather accomplish than a nation-wide health plan. Except," joked the President, "maybe a night in the Oval Office with one of the **Gore daughters!**".....In boxing news you can now add the word "**Liar**" to former Heavy Weight Champion **Riddick Bowe's** resume. Earlier this week, Bowe admitted to having lied recently to the press about having a law degree from Stanford University. The story was apparently concocted by Bowe's Management as a ploy to enhance his chances of a title fight.....Meanwhile, actress **Nicole Kidman** has become an official Hollywood heavyweight. Kidman just wrapped up a **Martin Scorsese** film titled "Casino" co-starring **Robert DeNiro** and **Joe Pesci**. What was it like working for the living legend? "Well I know he's a great director and everything," confided Kidman, "but he's sort of a prick. I mean, he wouldn't talk to anyone off camera, and he would lose his temper a lot and smash phones when people messed up their lines.".....90210 fans everywhere are wondering if there will be any little people toddling around the household of recently married heartthrob **Luke Perry**. "You bet there will be!" announced a sullen Perry. "Me." Due to an advanced case of gangrene, Perry is scheduled to have both legs amputated for Xmas 95....Meanwhile, America's most prolific young actor, **Denzel Washington**, is sporting a ear-to-ear grin as he has just landed the role of his career. Washington will be playing **Willie Horton** in a one part mini-series, premiering on Lifetime next EasterWhat's that unsightly mark on **Aaron Neville's** face. His agent isn't talking, but sources say it's a big, ugly mole....

DOCTORED PHOTOS SECTION



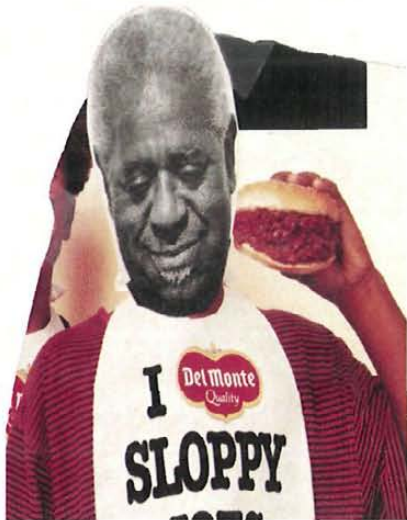
Tommy Lee Jones attends a special screening of Oliver Stone's latest film, *Heaven and Earth*.



Ted Danson and four unidentified partygoers pose at a fundraiser for the United Negro College Fund.



Vavavavoom!!!! Babe Magnets James Woods and Clint Eastwood cast their eyes on Billie Jean King and Martina Navratilova.



This year also saw the passing of the legendary trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie. Shown above, Gillespie hangs his head in humiliation after having to resort to a series of advertisements to pay off financial debts related to "bad investments".



River Phoenix pays a moment's respect to the spot where he collapsed a few months ago due to a drug overdose. Unfortunately, the collapse proved to be fatal.

...So what's the relationship between host **Bob Ewbanks** (Newlywed Game) and dizzy blonde **Meg Ryan** (When Harry Met Sally, The Doors) Insiders say there is none.....

.....How does N.F.L spokesman **Merlin Olson** keep his wife in line? "He hits her," reports concerned neighbors.....**Dan Ayckroyd** was seen sweatin' away on a stairmaster in Venice Beach's trendy World Gym. Apparently he's slimming down for an upcoming **Brian De Palma** film where the S.N.L alum will be playing **Fatty Arbuckle** in a self titled biography.....Cinema Legend in the making, **Oliver Stone** is set to start working this June on his latest project; a Disneyland ride based on the life of the late Doors Frontman Van Morrison.....What is it about oral sex that gets men so excited? "Who cares!" laughs **Ed Asner** "Just keep it coming!".....What has former L.A Law star **Jimmy Smits** been up to lately? "We're trying to find him parts," says his agent.....Raspy-voiced **Bryan Adams** is in an uproar over a blurb in a recent issue of *Newsweek* that linked him to having abnormally small genitalia. Close friend and environmentalist **Don Henley** rushed to Adam's aid insisting to anyone who would listen that "Even if the rumors were true, it wouldn't matter because a woman's vagina adjusts to the size of a man's penis anyway." Save it for the groupies Don!!!!.....**Beau Bridges** has also been slimming down to play brother **Jeff Bridges** in an upcoming film based on **James Brady's** recently best selling book "**Growing Up Brady**".....So, does having your colon scraped with a surgical probe hurt? "You bet it does!" says late night talk show host **Conan O'Brien**.....Speaking of reunions, it looks like Saturday Night Live Alumnus **Garrett Morris** will once again be working for TV/Movie Producer **Lorne Michaels**. Grapevine has it that for an undisclosed amount of money, Morris will begin this April cleaning out Michael's attic and alphabetizing his CD's.....Will the pitter-patter of little feet be heard any time soon around the household of **Evander Holyfield**? "Not Likely," paraphrased the shy champ, through a series of barely-intelligible sentences at a recent press conference. "They bring me no happiness," he laughed. "It brings me pleasure to make them cry and squeal with pain."

THE HOLLYWOOD EAR

MORNING TRAFFIC REPORT

Instructions: Read to yourself every workday at 7:30 am. You supply appropriate topographical information.

Hi, this is Sky Flier in the (Fill in station) (AM/FM) traffic copter with my trusted pilot, Jim Rotor, coasting above the (crowded freeway near your home) Freeway.

Looks like it's jammed up today. There's a fatality collision on the (crowded east-bound freeway) interchange to the (crowded north-bound freeway). Meat wagons are on the scene. That should be cleared up by 9 am...so you've got to hurry down the (west-bound freeway) if you want to get a good look.

A tanker truck has overturned on the (busy downtown overpass) bridge and is pouring (favorite toxic chemical) onto traffic below. A cyclist has spilled his brains all over the roadway at (dangerous intersection).

Looks like a great day. Remember, Valvoline is made better than it has to be. Back to the control room and your morning DJ, Chip Chipster. Dammit, Jim! Watch out for those power lines!



Will **Chelsea Clinton** be dating anytime soon? Not a chance, according to **President Clinton's** Press Secretary. Rumors that Chelsea and first-brother **Roger** had been planning to elope and "keep it in the family, Arkansas-style" were quashed when Roger tied the knot in Dallas last December...to someone other than a blood relative.

.....90210 Starlet **Gemi Garth** was seen at a recent Rape Awareness event sniffing the index finger of Rap Sensation **Snoop Doggy Dog**. Bow wow wow! Down Boy!.....A simple lesson in safety quickly turned into blind panic at a Big Apple eatery last week when former Fantasy Island star **Ricardo Montalbon** accidentally Super Glued his butt shut while demonstrating to his niece how safe the product was. Rather uh, sticky situation there, huh Ricardo?.....Hot Damn!! super-duper-mega model **Cindy Crawford, 28** announced at a press conference plans to become a lesbian sometime before Summer of 1995. Will this effect her marriage with hubby **Richard Gere, 71**. Insiders say no. As for her first female partner? "I don't know," the beautiful one said thoughtfully. "Maybe **Rosie O'Donnel**." Yuch!!!!..... Pathetic **Ringo Starr** has agreed to \$25,000 to play the role of **John Lennon** in a reenactment of the famous assassination to honor the anniversary of his death. The reenactment, which will take place out front of the actual building where Lennon was killed will also include actors **Larry Hagman** and **Brian Doyle-Murray**..... "What keeps me going? My grandkids, that's what," the loveable **Wilfred Brimley** told The Ear....."I love children. For me they make everything worth while. What could be wrong with that?" However, local law officials seem to disagree. "We've had our eye on that worthless tub of lard for over 18 months now," said **Fresno Police Chief Bryant Paul**. "It's only a matter of time now before he's ours." More on that feud later.....Well the good news is that **Kevin Costner Jr, 13** looks just like his old man. The bad news? "He's a real flamer!!" laughs the thirteen year old's psychiatrist to reporters. "He's so sexually confused, it's unreal. The other day he asked me what a rim job was!" Better luck next time Cos.....Bad luck seems to be following tennis star **Monica Seles** around like a black cloud. After coming back from last spring's on-court stabbing incident, the teenage sultan of swat sighed before a group of CNN reporters as she explained that much of this year will also be missed due to chronic bouts with a **Yeast Infection**. You can't say this one sneaked up on her.....

Flamboyant **David Spade** will be leaving Saturday Night Live next season in order to shave his head and gain 25 pounds to play AIDS victim **Ryan White** in a **John Hughes** remake of "The Ryan White Story"..... In an event to raise money for homeless children, TV personalities **Bob Costas** and **Bryant Gumbel** will put on headgear and team up in the ring in a three round charity bout against **Mike Tyson** on his August release. "It should be a lot of fun," said Gumbel "Assuming that Mike remembers that it's in the name of charity and goes easy on us!" he laughed. "I don't care what the cause is," said a game-faced, overly confident Costas, who somehow seemed to miss the point of the event. "I'm going teach that goon what happens when you touch young girls. And if Gumbel gets in my way I'll just wax his black ass too." Sounds like one not to miss!!!.....It seems like the inspirational **Jack Palance** will never run out of energy. At age 94, the Hollywood veteran still shows no signs of retiring to a rocking chair. Palance was arrested this week for organizing a group of neo-nazi skinheads in an assassination attempt on 1970's day time television personality **Nipsy Russell**. Palance will begin serving a ten-year prison sentence sometime next fall.....Meanwhile **Don Knotts** will make his long overdue television comeback in an NBC after school special playing a panicky janitor under indictment for child molestation.....**Jimmie Walker** demanded a press conference this week. Turns out that "Kid Dynamite" is officially giving up show business.....Why is **Sandy Duncan** putting jelly and sardines on Toasted Wheat thins? Because she's six months pregnant with her third child that's why! The expecting father? All fingers are pointed to none other than San Antonio Spurs bad boy **Dennis Rodman**, who was unable for comment but is reportedly scheduled to appear next month on an episode of **The Hogan Family** as a frightened neighbor who just had his furniture stolen.....Was that a sober Dennis Hopper at Club Tatou last Thursday? Not a chance....Has Roger Clinton's film career ended? No way. Insiders say it never started....Was that Dennis Hopper selling out in Nike ads during the Superbowl? You bet.....Nothing in The Ear is true. For amusement purposes only. Void where prohibited....

AMERICAS FUNNIEST HOME RECIPES

FUDGE NUT BROWNIES

4 Ounces of butter (lightly salted)

2 Cups of sugar

4 Cups of milk

14 ounces of dogshit

1 ounce of....wait a minute.....did I just say dogshit ? Oh my god, I guess I did! That's so funny, because I meant to write 14 ounces of powder chocolate but I accidentally wrote 14 ounces of dogshit. I'm just glad I captured this hilarious antic in print otherwise nobody would believe me.

NORTHERN IRISH COFFEE

1 bag of fresh ground coffee beans

1 quart of boiling water

1 cinnamon stick

1 pint of Bailey's Irish Cream

Take your freshly ground coffee beans and add them to your quart of boiling water. Now take the cinnamon stick and....YOW!!!!!!!!!! Holy shit, I just accidentally poured the entire quart of boiling water on my crotch. Man that hurts! I guess it's kind of amusing, though, to the casual observer.

OFFICE PRANKS

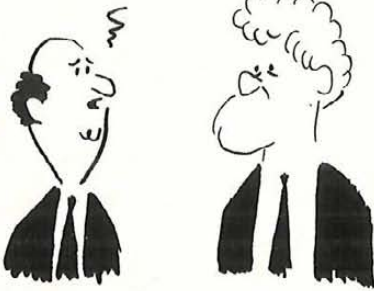
Find a morning when your boss will be coming into work earlier than usual. Arrive fifteen minutes before he gets there and spread a sheet, blanket, and pillow on his desk. Throw on a pajama top over your office clothes and one of those old fashioned "Twas the night before Christmas" slumber hats. Curl up under the blanket and pretend to be fast asleep. When he walks in and gasps with surprise, pretend to wake up startled and embarrassed. Explain through tears, on your knees that "It's not your fault, you were evicted six months ago and have nowhere else to stay." Try to keep a straight face.

Burst into your boss's office first thing in the morning with sincere enthusiasm, claiming to have thought of the perfect new emblem for the company/firm. Tell him how you were up all night designing this logo, and how great you think it will represent the company on office stationary, envelopes, and business cards. When he finally gives in and asks you to show it to him, excitedly dig into your pocket and hand him a pre-drawn sketch of a Nazi swastika. Try to keep a straight face.

Before quitting for the day, stick your head in your boss's office and timidly ask him how to spell the word "capitalist". As he curiously answers, write down the correct spelling in front of him. That night, break into his office and write "CAPITALIST PIG!!" in large print across the wall in pig's blood. The next morning act surprised. Try and keep a straight face.

BILL CLINTON LENDS A SYMPATHETIC EAR TO A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS

IT WENT ON FOR DAYS WITHOUT LET-UP.



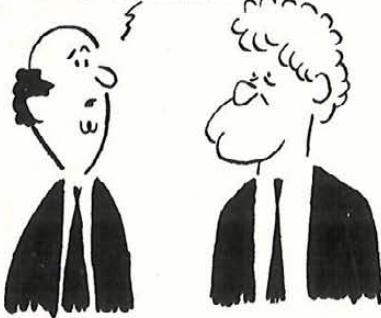
THE NATIVE POPULATION WAS VERY HOSTILE.



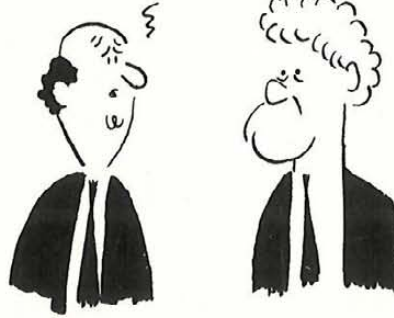
THEY CARED LITTLE ABOUT WHERE WE CAME FROM OR WHAT VALUES WE HELD DEAR.



ALTHOUGH FOOD WAS SCARCE, SLEEP IMPOSSIBLE AND-



SANITATION NON EXISTENT-



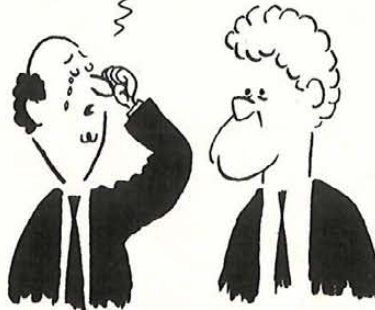
OUR MORALE REMAINED HIGH DUE TO A DEEP SENSE OF COMRADERY AND A BELIEF IN OURSELVES.



BUT THE MUD MADE MANEUVER IMPOSSIBLE-AND WHEN THE END WAS IN SIGHT-OUR WATER WAS GONE.



THAT'S WHAT THE BATTLE OF KHE SANH WAS LIKE, MR. PRESIDENT.



KHE SAN? I THOUGHT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT WOODSTOCK.



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GEORGE CARLIN

An Interview by Jane Wollman Rusoff

JR: George, do you feel there is anything that's off limits in comedy?

GC: I don't think we should be talking about people's hair. I think religion is wide open, ethnicity, the size and shape of your genitals. There's nothing wrong with those. A person who's deformed, a person who's mentally ill—I think these people are natural targets and almost asking for it. But a person's hair is a different thing. The shape of your hair is your own decision, and people ought to leave it alone.

JR: Do you miss being a Catholic?

GC: Only the torture and the pain. I do miss suffering on a regular basis — the horrible depressions and the terrible guilt. Certainly I miss going to Mass and receiving Communion and telling my sins to a proven criminal: "Come over here, son." When Jesus said, "Suffer the little children, come unto Me," that's not what he was talking about, Father. Keep your hands to yourself, please. Why would some guy want to go live with a lot of other men in a seminary in the first place?

JR: Compare your sex life now to what it was 20 years ago.

GC: Just divide by 5—that ought to do it. As long as you still get an answer, you're alright.

JR: How many children do you have?

GC: One, my daughter, Kelly. At least I think I only have one. I paid for an abortion in Louisiana in 1956, and I sure hope it took. I drove that girl all the way to Texarkana. Dr. Sunshine — \$50.

JR: What do you do for relaxation?

GC: Sometimes I walk like a horse. Ever do that? It's not easy. I'm sort of on all fours. Sometimes I rear up, settle down again into a nice lope, then segue into a full canter out on the Avenue. And when I come to a red light, I'll often throw my rider.

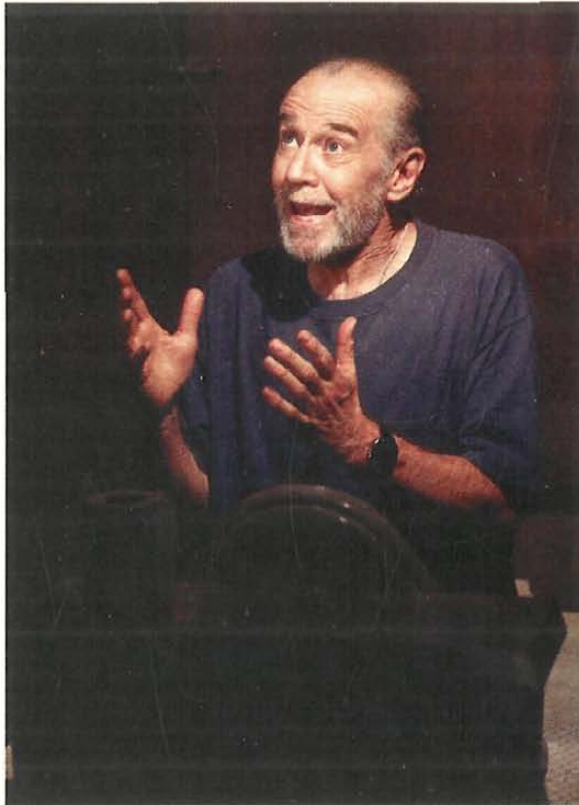
JR: Your Fox TV sitcom, "The George Carlin Show," premiered in January. Are you happy that it airs on Sunday?

GC: Yes. "Married... With Children" is a good lead-in, and Sunday's a good night. A lot of people are home because they're afraid. Sunday is not a night to be out.

JR: I guess Ed Sullivan thought the same thing?

GC: That's right. That's why his head almost came directly out of his shoulders.

JR: Is there any language that Fox prohibits you from using?



GC: If you say, "He pissed on me," they won't let you say it. But we've said "pissed off," and they didn't object to it. Being "pissed off" is better than being "pissed on". You can say "piss" if it's "off" but not "on".

JR: How do you stay so slim?

GC: I have large sections of flesh cut off by a man with a knife twice a week. I find that losing 30 or 40 pounds worth of flesh twice a week keeps me trim, as long as I have enough clothing, and time to heal. Something that began as a funny thought has really deteriorated into a big ball of shit.

JR: Anything you eat that's unusual?

GC: String.. If you get a ball of twine...I don't mean cheap twine. I mean good twine. A little salsa, a little hot sauce can make it quite delectable. This one is deteriorating, too. I would just cut it right off at the string part.

JR: What's that chain around your neck?

GC: I bought this in, of all places, the Vatican. In the Sistine Chapel gift shop. I never looked at the ceiling. Let them keep their lousy paintings;

I'm looking for nice gifts. It's a little bull or sheep with ruby eyes, holding a ring in its mouth. And it's the only thing I wear outside of my wedding ring, because I don't like jewelry. I don't like something that is gonna grab on a branch. That's why I stopped wearing my earring. I had a diamond earring before box boys and bankers wore them. I had one 15 or 20 years ago, when it meant you were really stupid. I stopped wearing it because I realized if I were fleeing the police through the woods, it might catch on a branch, and I'd rather go to jail than have a hole in my ear.

I don't think we should be talking about people's hair...A person who's deformed, a person who's mentally ill--I think these people are natural targets and almost asking for it. But a person's hair is a different thing. The shape of your hair is your own decision, and people ought to leave it alone.

JR: But you do have other nice stuff don't you?

GC: First of all, this is the whole problem with the world today: private property. If no one owned anything, it would be a lot better... there's even an entire industry devoted to keeping an eye on other people's stuff. This is how stupid it's got. If you decide to get rid of a lot of your stuff, you can give it to a thrift shop or to Goodwill. Then on the way home, you pass a yard sale and what do you do, you look and say, "gee that's an interesting piece of



stuff, “ and you buy someone else’s stuff that they wanted so little that they were willing to sell for a dime. And you take it home and begin a new pile of stuff. So, if we could cut this out, we’d have more time to get laid.

JR: What else is wrong with contemporary society?

GC: Religion and corporate life and the permanent government. I think everybody should be able to do anything they want and let roving bands of people punish each other for things they don’t agree with. People with no underwear doing anything they want. Wouldn’t that be fun? You wouldn’t need television.

JR: If you have a comic answer for this next one...

GC: Weren’t any of those other answers comic?

JR: Oh, yes. I mean, this is a new question: colon...

GC: Oh, colon. I think a colon is another thing you shouldn’t fool around about. A man’s colon is his castle, although it may be time-shared, depending on your point of view.

JR: Do you ever go back to the Upper West Side of New York, where your sitcom takes place, and where you were actually brought up?

GC: Yes—the show is done in Burbank, so I often go back to New York. I usually have myself dropped out of a blimp directly into the old neighborhood to save the trouble of going uptown on the subway. But sometimes I like to lie in the path of an oncoming subway train and say six Our Fathers

and six Hail Mary’s. Actually, I usually go to New York to see somebody. That’s a big thing in my life: going to see somebody or going to see somebody else. Other times I just go up to the neighborhood and stand there and cry deeply about my past.

JR: Oh, you miss New York.

GC: I’m a New Yorker from the inner-most spot to the upper, outer-most spot. But, I don’t miss New York, in one way because I carry it with me, like a paint job.

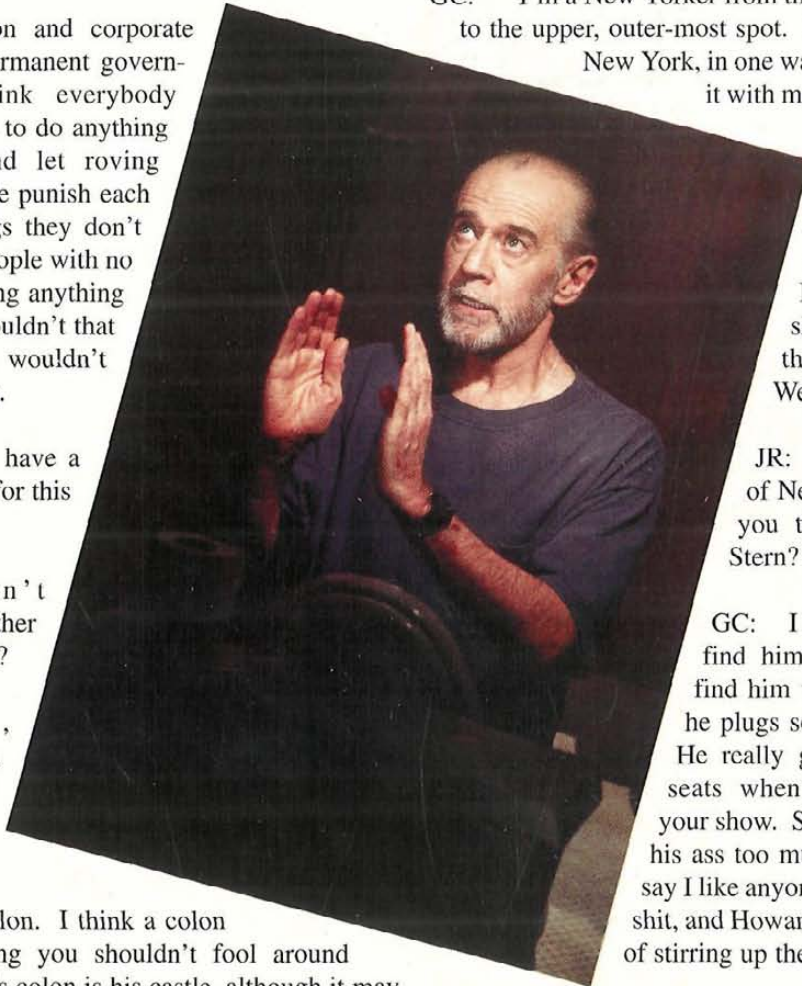
It’s like something you’re dipped in early and it’s just part of you. “Well, I’ll be dipped in shit!” Ever heard that expression? Well, this is similar.

JR: Speaking of New York, what do you think of Howard Stern?

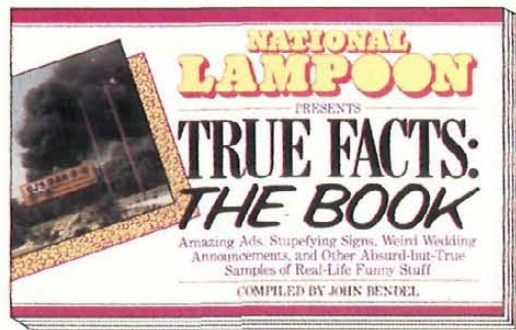
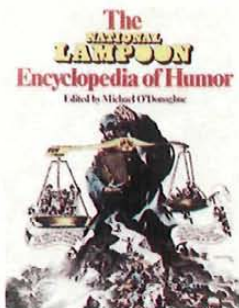
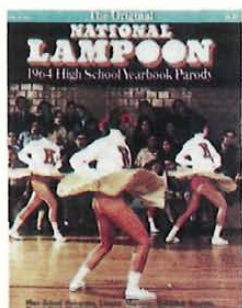
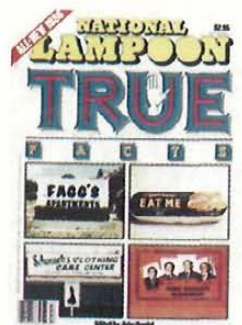
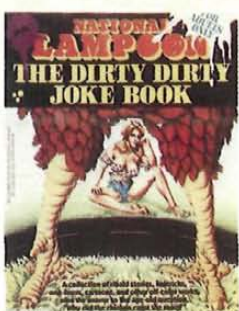
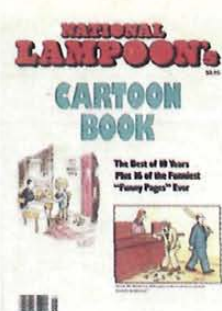
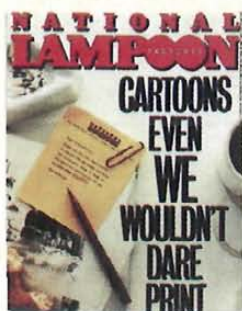
GC: I like him a lot. I find him entertaining. I find him very useful when he plugs something for me. He really gets asses in the seats when he talks about your show. So without kissing his ass too much here, I’ll just say I like anyone that stirs up the shit, and Howard does a good job of stirring up the shit.

JR: Is it true that in 1969 an audience walked out on you when you used the word “shit”?

GC: I was a young opening act at a Howard Hughes’ hotel in Las Vegas run by his CIA friend. Robert Mayew’s wife was in the audience. This audience was playing in the Hughes Gold Invitational, and we all know what assholes golfers are. By the time the show started, they were all good and drunk. I came on and I had this one little thing I did: “you know I don’t say ‘shit’ on-stage. Redd Fox says



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'shit'. Buddy Hackett says 'shit'. I don't say 'shit'. I'll smoke a little of it, but I won't say it." And this created an uproar, and I was fired that night.

JR: Is it also true that you stopped performing for a while in the 70's?

GC: No, I never stopped. I always did about 150 shows a year. I wasn't always present for them, but, I did them...I left a lot of brain cells on the roadside.

JR: Are you referring to drugs?

GC: Whatever ways you want to interpret that.

JR: You have an odd little sign on you desk: "Mixed Nuts."

GC: Yeah, I stole that. It was one of the toppings in a frozen yogurt store. I could have taken the "M&M's" or the "Sprinkles" sign. But I took the "Mixed Nuts" because it applies to my life. And I had an uncle whose testicles were shaped like cashews.

JR: Tell me, what has psychotherapy done for you?

GC: It's actually decreased my fortune by half. No, I think I learned quicker, with a little guidance, things I might have learned anyway. Unfortunately, I had to shoot my first two therapists because I thought they knew too much.

JR: What was the worst time in your life?

GC: When I found myself walking alone in the forest and animals were after me. No, I never had a worst time. Each moment has been better than the last. And if this in any way conflicts with an earlier answer about the ups and downs of life, disregard one of the two answers. I was killed in the Second World War. That probably was my low point.

JR: Is there anything you want to change or improve about yourself?

GC: I would like to make one of my legs shorter by 23 inches. I understand the operation is still in the early stages of development, but they are working on a way of making one leg *real* short so that people will really notice you. ☺

"Allafi Boom-Boy"

Genetically-developed explosive toddler

Designed to run up and hug affectionately all infidels and enemies of the state

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Dusky Arab Brown
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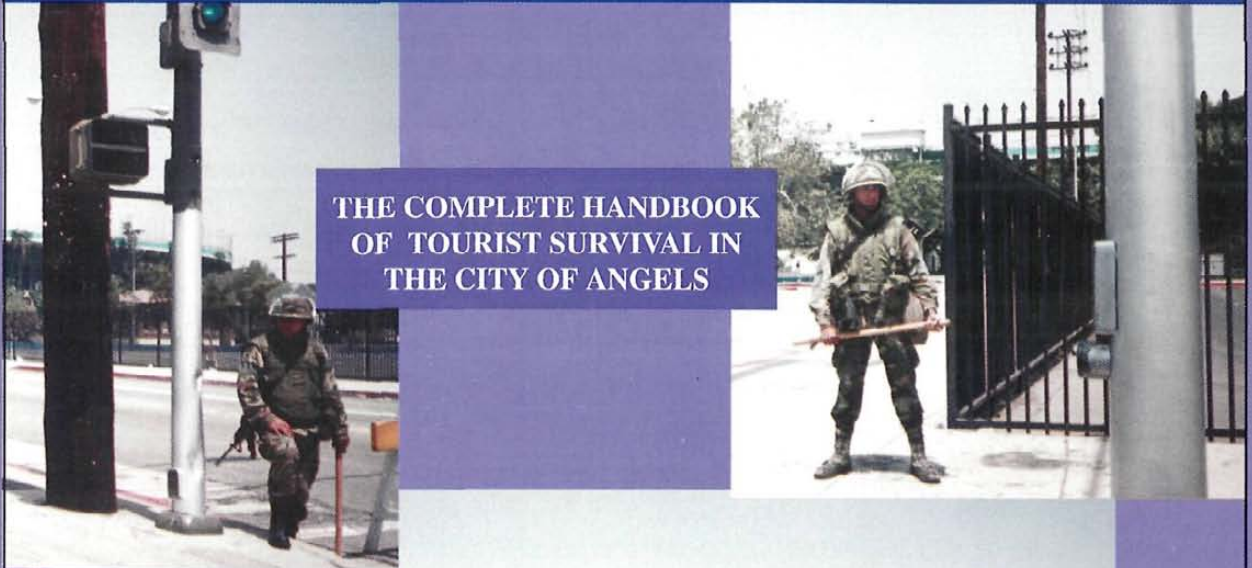


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The LAPD Presents...

Los Angeles

The Official Hiking Guide



THE COMPLETE HANDBOOK
OF TOURIST SURVIVAL IN
THE CITY OF ANGELS



"Very informative... I wish I had read this highly-effective guide to surviving in Los Angeles long ago."

--Rodney King

"Dey shoudt make un ov dese for Miami."

-- Dead German Tourist



FORWARD BY DICK RIORDAN

As beautiful as it may appear, Los Angeles can be a hazardous place for a poorly prepared or naive individual.

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Waddup, Los Angeles?®™

A MESSAGE FROM THE MAYOR TO THOSE VISITING THE CITY FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Waddup? *That's not just our city's motto welcoming you... it represents the culture and diversity that is Los Angeles. That's why The City of Angels is so exciting... not because we have a higher per capita murder rate than Beirut and a police force rivaled only by Hitler's SS... but because living here doesn't mean you must have English as a second language--but it sure helps!*

When I was elected mayor, many critics said that my whitebread background would prevent me from integrating myself into the minority-driven populace of this city. They said I couldn't hang...but, yo, listen up. This here Dick can hang with the best of 'em. This here Mayor is on the Old School Tip and that ain't no jive. Dig?

So enjoy the city while it lasts. While we can't promise civil unrest or a natural disaster while you're here... we'll do our best.

*And don't you fret none over the earthquakes, landslides, forest fires, or floods. That's just nature's way of saying **Good Morning**. And a hearty **Good Morning** at that!*

So enjoy your visit and keep this guide close at hand.

Sincerely,

Richard (Dick) Riordan, Mayor
(dictated but not read)

GANGS, A SPECIAL CONCERN

A sudden encounter with a gang member in the city is both exciting and potentially dangerous. In the temperate areas of West Los Angeles and The Valley there are two types of minority members you may encounter. Encounters with each type must be handled differently to minimize the chance of injury. (See figure 1-1 for comparison of gang member and non-gang member minorities).

The Gang Member is no longer limited to regions of East or South Central Los Angeles as was custom in years past. There have been sporadic sightings in previous safe-zones such as Bel-Air and Beverly Hills.

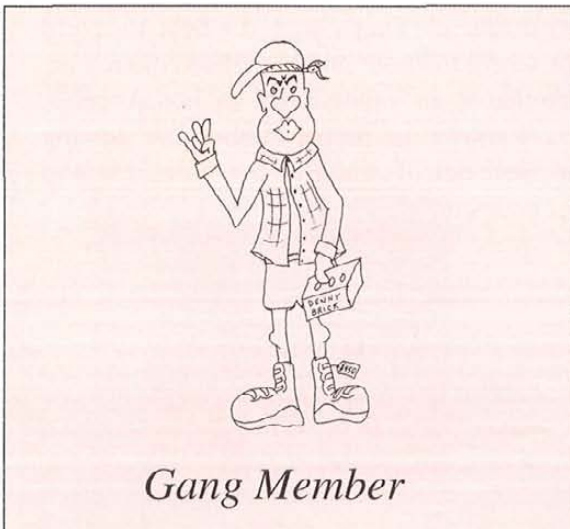
Gang members spend much of their waking hours foraging far and wide for food and currency (often called *Dead Presidents*) and avoiding police officers (deemed *Ghetto Burn*). Their modes of transportation include vehicles known as *low-riders* and *Hyundais*. Entertainment activities include *illicit sex* and listening to *boom-boxes*. Always avoid areas where these tell-tale signs are present.

Unexpected encounters with the Gang Member can be so surprising and so exhilarating that you may forget that the city is really *their* home and that you are merely an intruder. As a considerate intruder, you have certain special obligations to the local Gang populace as summarized by the oft-repeated credo, "Take only pictures, leave only footprints." In other words, do not disturb the Gang Members or their habitat.

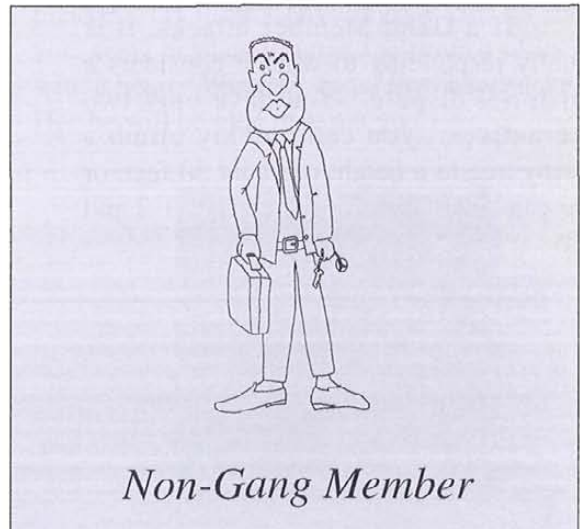
No matter how cute or how tame a Gang Member appears, you should never feed, harass, or handle one (even if it's injured).

Figure 1-1 shows some anatomical differences between Gang members and Non-Gang members.

A Gang Member must always be regarded as a potential threat. The best way to prevent a gang attack is to avoid surprising or threatening Gang Members. Remember, even a quick glance from you can send a Gang Member into a rage.



Gang Member



Non-Gang Member

Fig. 1-1. Comparative physical characteristics of Gang Members and Non-Gang Members. Note the distinctive garb and accessories of the Gang Member. Upon "making" such a subject, our policy is to shoot first and ask questions later.

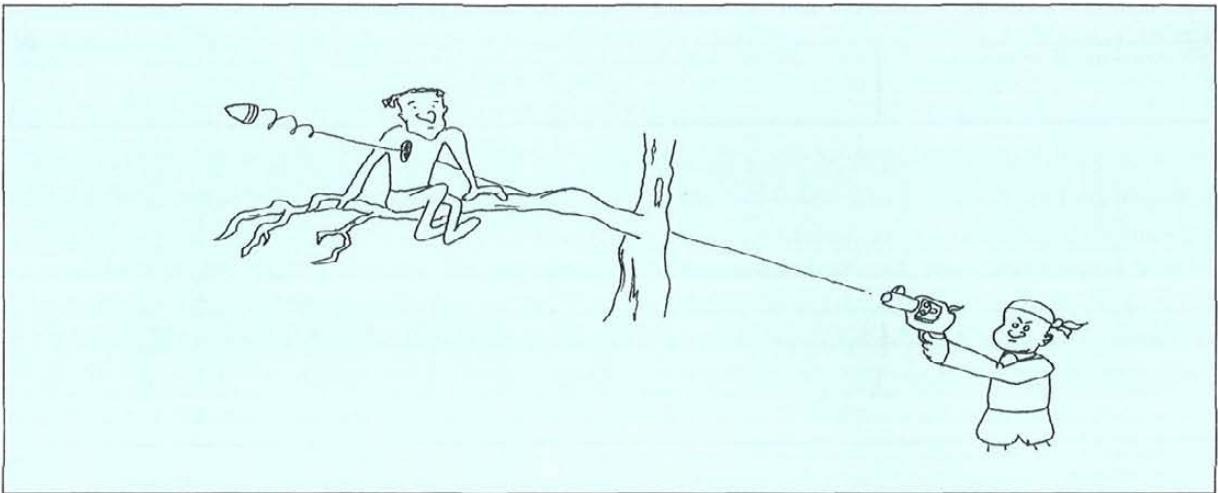


Fig. 1-2. Climbing a tree to avoid hostile Gang members.

And for God's Sakes, don't let them see you lock the car door when they walk by. They hate that.

In Gang Country, it's wise to make a noise (sing, talk loudly, ring bells) on the trail. Look for signs of Gang Members like *graffiti*, *junkies*, and the aforementioned *boom-boxes*. If you do spot a Gang Member, it's best to circle about widely (staying downwind), or simply abort the hike if you have to. With Gang Members, you have little control of the situation, so aborting the hike may be the wisest course of action.

If a Gang Member attacks, it is usually responding to what it considers a territorial dispute. You have only two alternatives: you can quickly climb a nearby tree to a height of about 30 feet, or you can "play dead." (see figs. 1-2 and 1-3)

Playing dead removes the perception that you are a threat.

Never charge a Gang Member! The passive response may result in some mauling, contusions, lacerations, concussions, fire extinguishers to the head, gunshot wounds, etc., but generally the Gang Member will not continue the attack once it has asserted its dominance.

CIVIL UNREST

Civil unrest begins with the poor and downtrodden. That's why it's best to avoid areas where the poor and homeless congregate. Since that is an impossibility in Los Angeles, fig. 1-4 shows the proper method for stowing food well out of reach of the homeless and other undesirables.

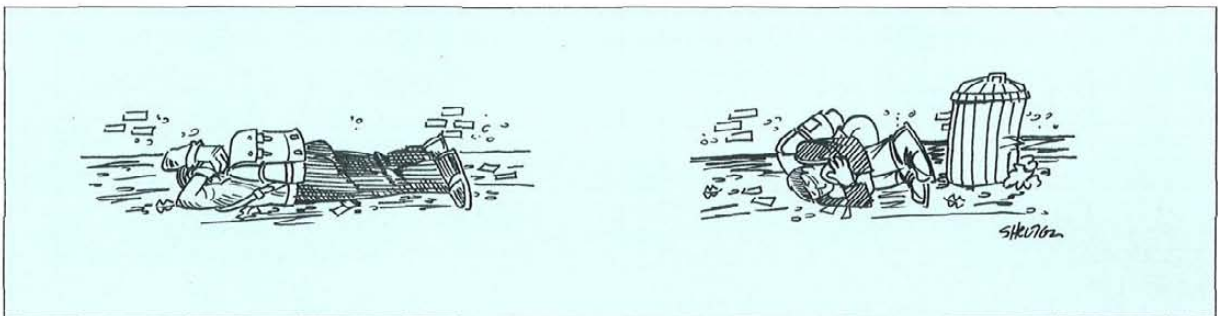


Fig. 1.3. Positions for "playing dead" during Gang Banger attack: Left, hands behind neck, with arms protecting the face and side of the head; right, fetal position, lying on one's side.

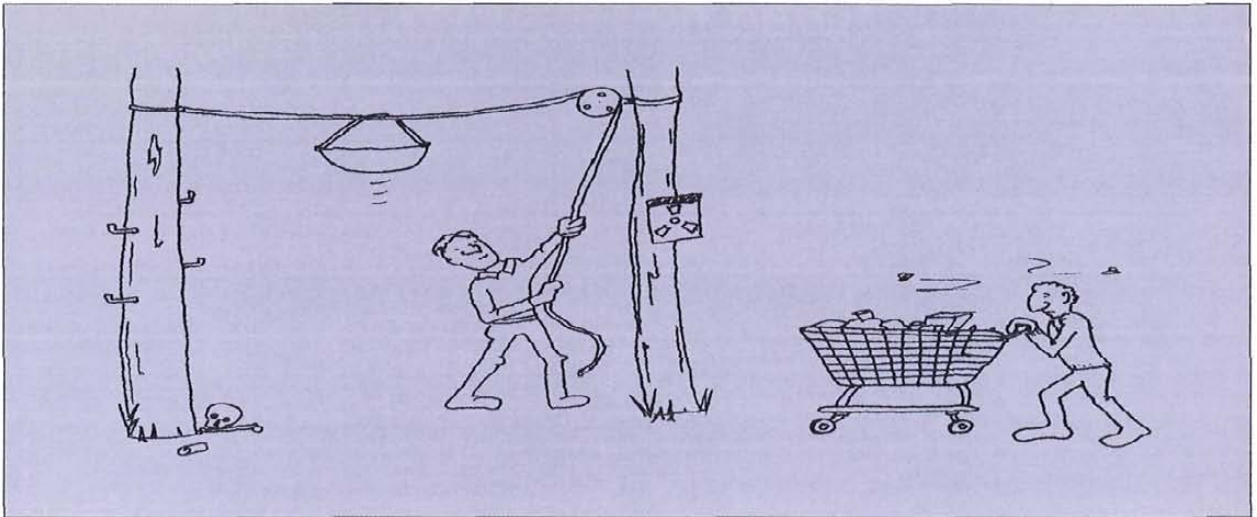


Fig. 1-4. Proper method for stowing food out of reach of the homeless.

And remember, *never* feed the homeless or give any sort of handouts. You're doing them no favors. In fact, the opposite approach would serve to do them more good. Whenever approached by a beggar or vagrant, at first, act kindly.

When the lowlife has fallen into your "kindness trap" and approaches you to get the kindness reward, quickly and accurately strike him/her in the groin with your foot or knee.

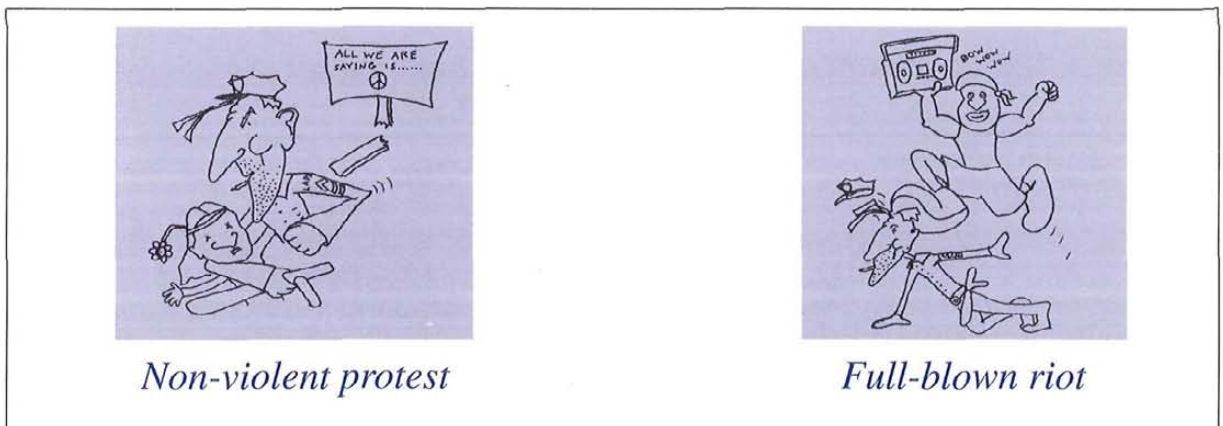
This action will properly motivate the individual that this is America and he/she should get off his/her ass and get a job.

Many factors contribute to civil

unrest activities in the city. But no matter what type of violence occurs while you're in town, never forget your main objective--*to have fun*. And no amount of rioting can prevent that.

In order to have the most fun during such civil unrest, it's important to know exactly what type of unrest is occurring and exactly what the LAPD can do for you in such an instance. (See fig. 1-5).

Remember, the members of the LAPD are here to make your stay more pleasant. If there's anything we can do for you, don't hesitate to greet the nearest officer with a hearty *Waddup!* and a firm handshake. He/she will be glad to assist you.



Non-violent protest

Full-blown riot

Fig. 1-5. Police response to different types of civil unrest.

Los Angeles on 43¢ a Day

~Best Bets for a day trip or a lifetime visit to the City of Angels~



ACCOMMODATIONS

☆☆☆☆ Dumpster - 11074 1/2 Vinton Way Hollywood, CA

Located in the heart of historic Movieland USA, this orange and rusted dumpster may look disgusting on the outside, but the interior is almost a palace. With room enough for a family of four, this dumpster is filled daily (except Mondays) with leaves and soft grass from PICO's Landscaping, making it one of the most comfortable four-bed dumpsters in the city. Regularly oiled hinges provide easy access and separate you from the elements. Nestled in a secluded alley of beautiful brick, and away from the noise. Arrive early in the morning, for these beds are sure to fill up by noon.

RESERVATIONS: NOT ACCEPTED. TELEPHONE: Payphone across street 11076 Vinton. LOCKOUT: Tuesdays 8-10AM (garbage pickup)

☆☆☆ Zuma Beach - Pacific Coast Highway Malibu, CA

November wild fires drew tourists away, but debris from hundreds of fire-ravaged homes still lies just across PCH for easy scavenging. Bonfires are legal before midnight. The ocean is the earth's natural bath. The sand is of fine grain with few rocks making sleeping a dream. Sunsets are incredible, but watch out for evening tides.

TIDE: Varies, Check local listings. RECYCLING: Right on the beach. 2.5¢/bottle. BATHROOM: Pacific Ocean

☆☆☆ Dr. Paul Garrett Memorial Park 901 Valerin Rd. Sylmar, CA

These park benches may not be as comfortable as other locations but with close proximity to drinking fountains, bathrooms and playground for the kids, this is a spartan yet convenient temporary residence. Locals are kind and accepting to new visitors. Park closes 10PM. Last round by Police 10:45 PM (Monday through Friday only) First round 9:30 AM daily. Bathroom window grate broken (as of 1/94) and remains open 24 hours.

BENCHES: 15. BATHROOM: 24 hours. LOCAL RESTRICTIONS: No golf or hardball playing.

TRANSPORTATION

☆☆☆☆ Shopping Carts - FoodBarn 23990 Manchester Ave. Westchester, CA

Positively the best place in the Southland to get the preferred mode of transportation for the unemployed. This market near the airport has stainless-steel carts without the infamous stubborn fourth wheel that most shopping carts have. FoodBarn has yet to develop any safeguards against taking carts, but act fast. Financial crunch due to recession might result in a new management team and new shopping cart policy. Carts stored in far corner along Sepulveda Blvd and are collected every hour on the hour. 0 to 5MPH in 8 seconds. COST: FREE. PENALTY: \$1000 FINE/3 MONTHS JAIL

FOOD

☆☆☆☆ Alveckio's Pizza & Frites 422 3rd St. Santa Monica, CA

This Belgian/Italian restaurant seats many of its patrons outdoors. Only a one-meter-tall fence separates promenade from diners and is easily reached over to grab food. Most patrons will allow you to sample their meal if your hands are clean and if you go on your way quickly. Unwilling patrons cannot chase after you without hopping fence. Good food, great prices, pleasant clientele. Owner Armando Alveckio has yet to support the city's anti-panhandling policy, making this one of the last handout bastions in the entire Westside.

OUTSIDE DINING MAR-DEC ONLY

☆☆☆/2 Underneath drive-thru window - McDonalds 34 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, CA

A little known, but effective place to get spare food, or better yet, spare change. Patrons receive change and food right above you and many feel obligated to give you a portion. Close to USC, rich and liberal college students feel it's their duty to help you. Sitting below drive-thru window keeps you hidden from McDonalds workers (who often call the police if they see you) but right in the face of customers. Graveyard crew is slow with orders, giving you plenty of time to talk customers into giving you a handout.

WINDOW WASHING EQUIPMENT RECOMMENDED.

☆☆☆ Trash Cans - 3232 Moishya Rd. Beverly Hills, CA

Great food, probably the best available from any private residence. Four to six garbage cans are brought out each Tuesday afternoon after 3pm. Cans are emptied by 9am Wednesday. A wide variety of Mexican, Continental, and Kosher dishes are thrown away every week. During March, full meals (drinks included) are thrown away when Elijah fails to show for Passover. Most weeks, 1/2 to 3/4 portions are available.

TUESDAY NIGHTS ONLY.

ENTERTAINMENT

☆☆☆☆ L.A. Riots Action-Adventure Show Florence & Normandie Avenues, Compton, CA

Produced and reenacted during a four-day festival in late April, and early May in the thick of the African-American community. The entire population gets involved in this annual celebration of the masses. In person, bring popcorn to cook on burning facades of Korean-owned businesses. Massive television coverage for those not able to attend actual performances.

COST: FREE. PENALTY: TIME SERVED.

Note: the AAAA Los Angeles on 43¢ a Day guide is not responsible for providing legal defense or bail money for any illegal acts committed in conjunction with our recommendations.



Harry the Homelessman's™ Pick of the Week

☆☆☆☆ Earthquake 6.6 All of Southern California

Striking realism of an actual earth moving quake. Local freeways now only accessible by foot. Quake damage to freeways enables all LA residents to get a taste of winter anytime of the year. Great for sledding down with cardboard box make-shift sled.

After quakes, fill your shopping cart with the finest in imported and domestic goods by visiting all businesses housed in brick buildings. Store walls will be crumbled away for your convenient looting.

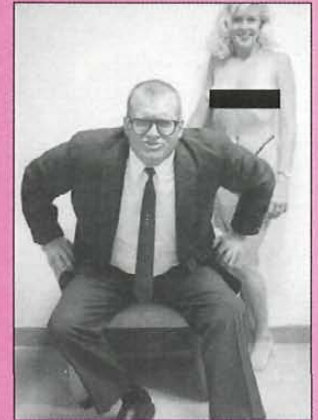
COST: FREE. PENALTY: DEVASTATION, DESTRUCTION, LOSS OF POWER AND POTABLE WATER

I HATE BLACK BARS

1. Ever since I can remember I wanted to be in a Foto Funny. And boy do I have melons on my mind.



2. What the...



3. How dare they do this!

6. ...shouldn't be able to see them!

7. This is an outrage!



5.doesn't mean that I...



4. Just because the reader can't see them....

8. I'm going to pick up a National Geographic.



Look for the
"Whodunit Sweepstakes"
at your local retailer.

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S

CHESSEMEISTER 5 BILLION ^{and 1}

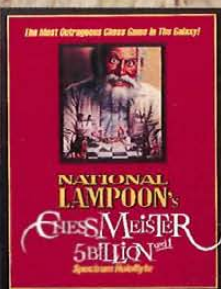


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Dog.*

*Chess
game*



Not an actual VGA screen shot. You wish.



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* HEY, IT WORKED ONCE! This photo was a Lampoon cover in 1973. We're happy to report the dog died of natural causes.

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JOE WIDER'S

MUSCLE & FATNESS

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1994

The **LEGEND** That is
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Why Women **Lust** after
fat Men

INCREASING YOUR
WAIST SIZE

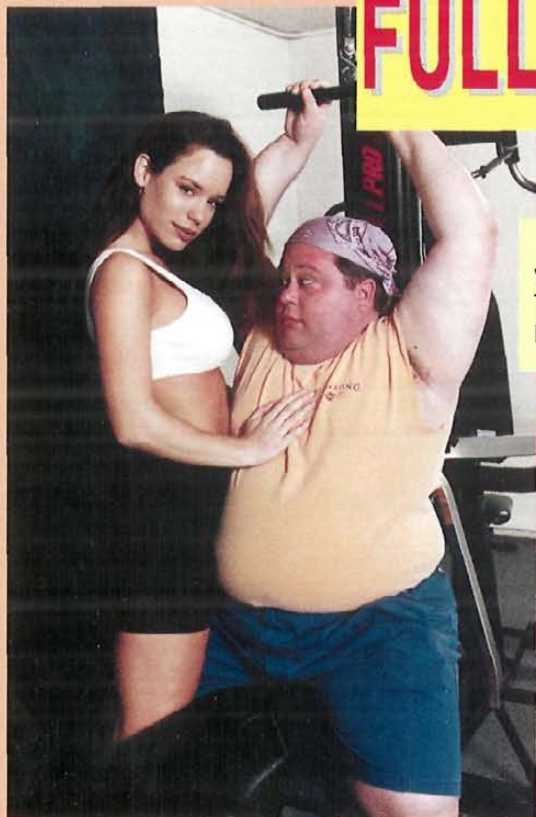
Exercises that do it

Straight talk on
HOT EATING TIPS



Strong Foods to help
Grow in 1994

FULL POWER TRAINING

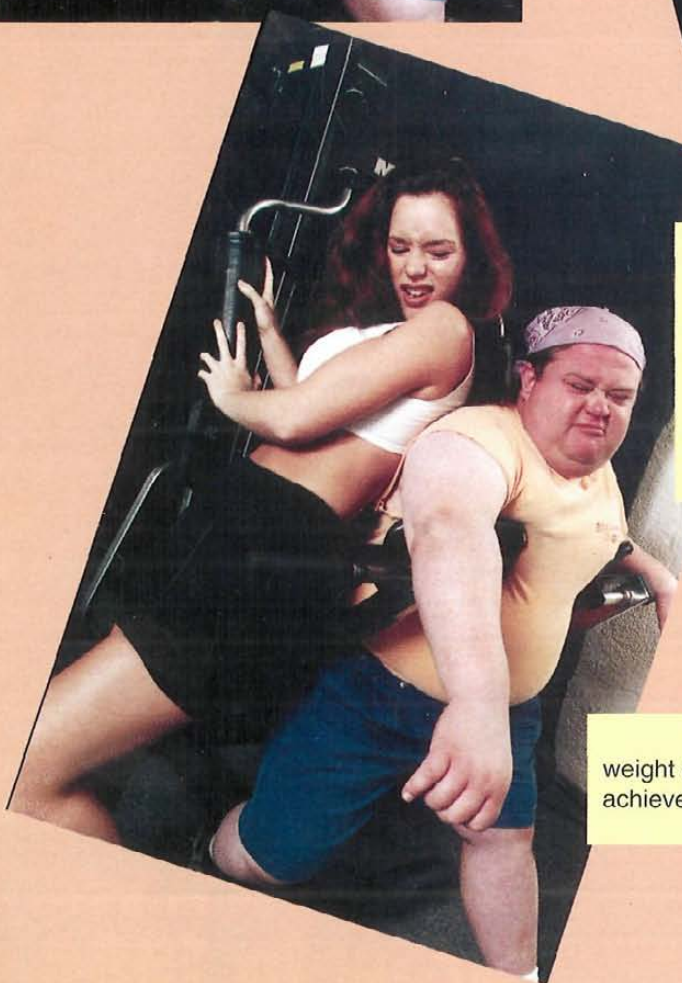


ERIC "SPARKY" EDWARDS credits his successful workouts with his pure concentration during his POWER-TRAINING. With the help of workout partner Heather Ward, Eric never breaks concentration or wind.



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Before



Now

You've seen them. Those ads that show the incredible gains someone made with a miracle product. Here's a weight gain program that really works. In only six weeks **PowerFat** Bar provided me those extra calories I needed to get super gains.

Power Massbuilding Fuel

Serious Gains require a serious program. **PowerFat** is a hardcore professional grade Mega-Weight gain formula.

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Eric Edwards, 1994

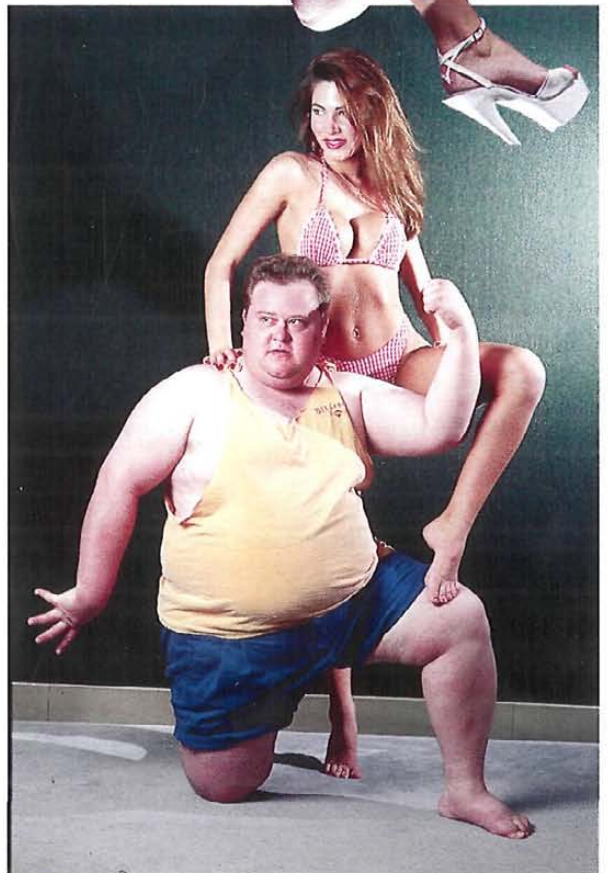
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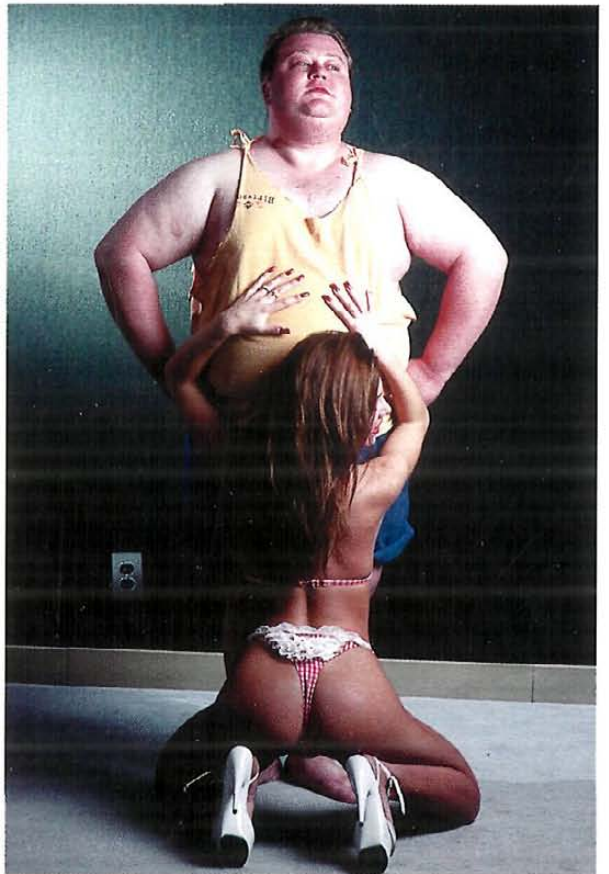
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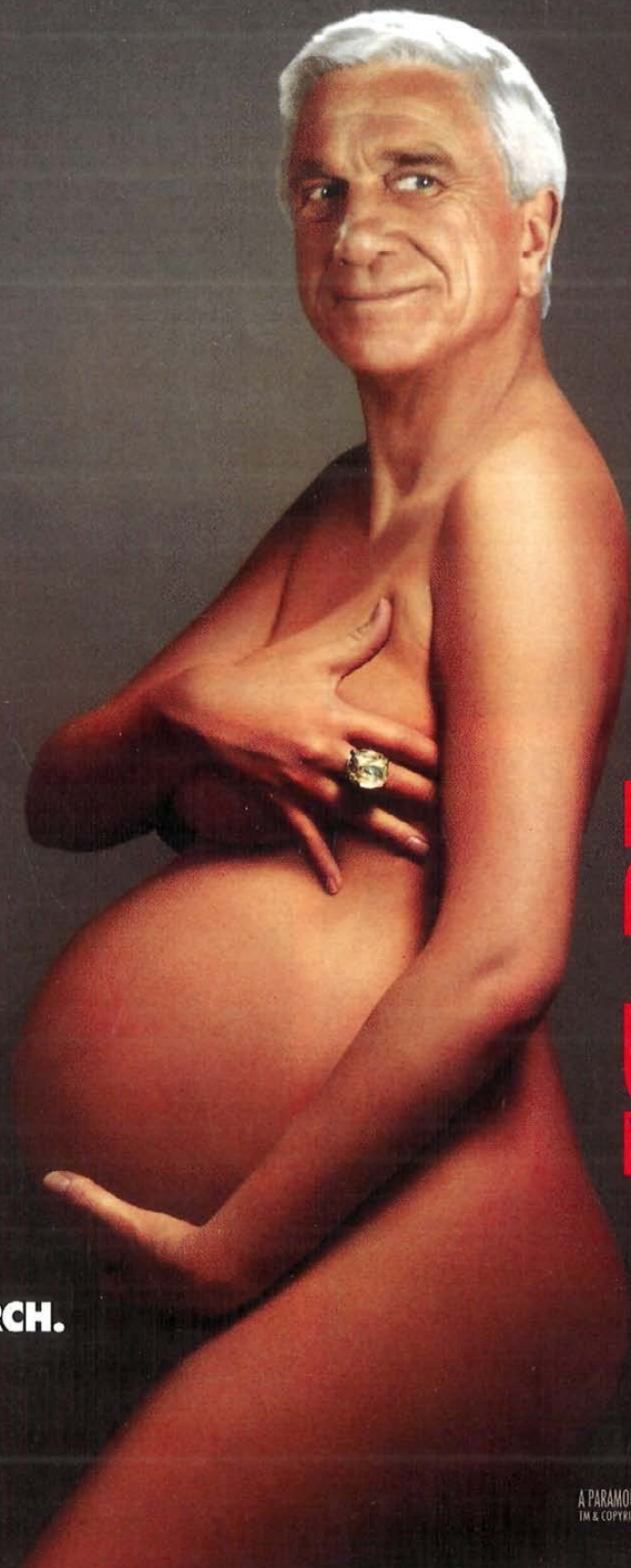
BIG IS IT!





**Exclusive
poses from
Eric and
Jennifer.**





NAKED GUN
331
33¹/₃
THE FINAL INSULT

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*The Legend
That is
Flabio™*



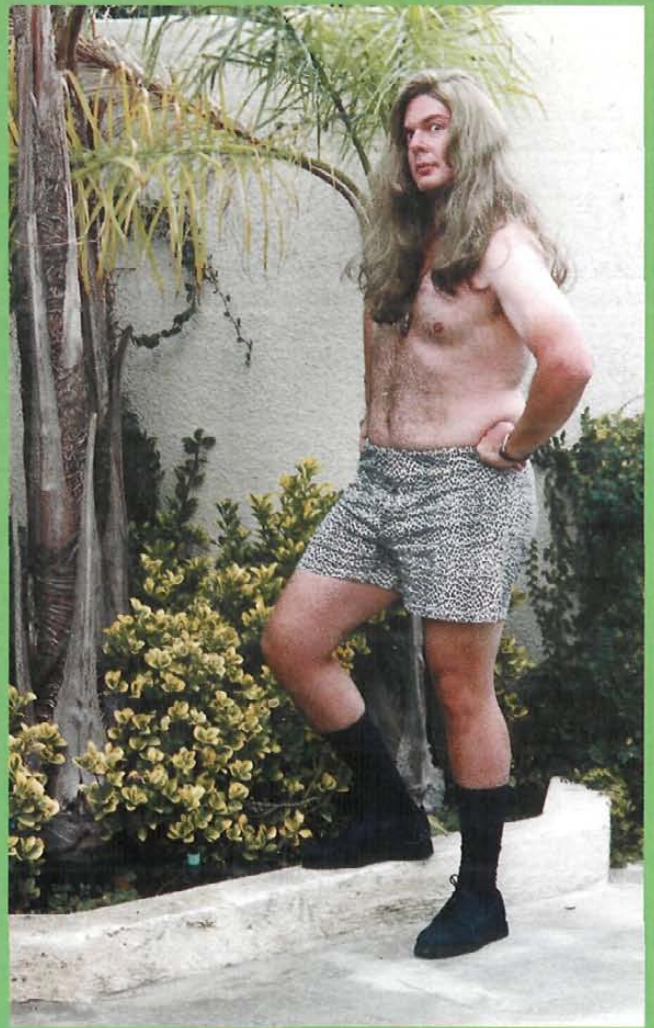
*as told to
Jeff Pill*

Born to members of a tiny sect of Italian Amish in Northern Bulgaria, Flabio™ spent his childhood following a strict religious code, which forbade among other things, the wearing of party hats and meat products.

Ostracized by his peers, Flabio™ ran away from home at 13, and joined a co-ed monastery where he was taught the art of cheese making. It was there that he began cultivating his lovemaking techniques. He later decided to try these techniques on women.

Haunted by an incident during puberty, involving a leather jerkin and a goat, the often-misunderstood Flabio™ quickly learned to hide the sensitive nature of his tortured soul, behind a cool, suave, exterior, by watching reruns of popular American television shows as 'Starsky and Hutch', 'Three's Company' and 'Vegas'.

At age thirty, Flabio™ was discovered, knee deep in a vat of Gorgonzola, by Vivian Claque, "Door To Door Publicist To The Stars", who was on a cheese making tour of Eastern Europe.



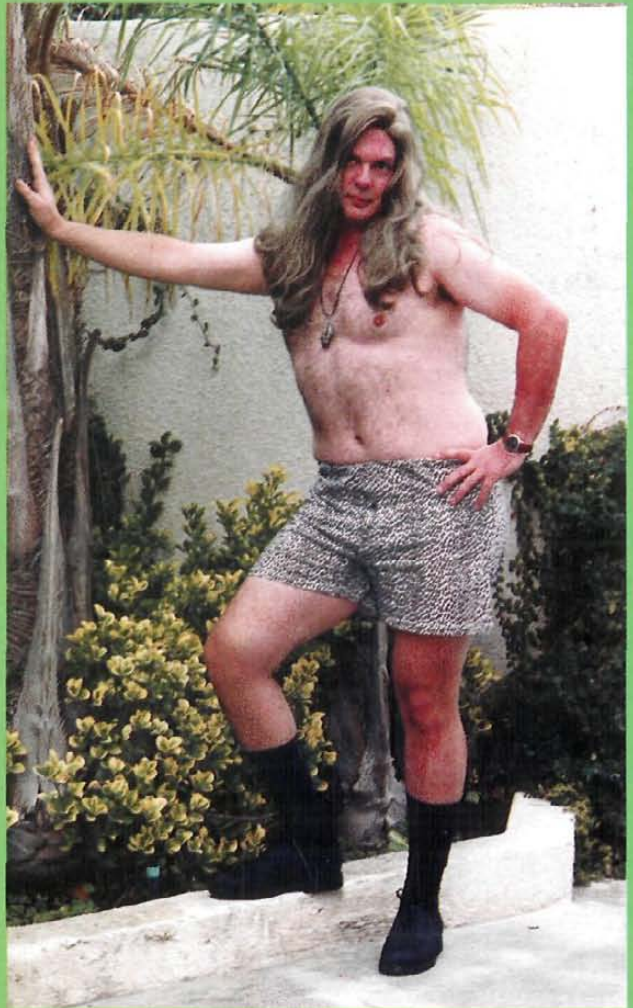
Flabio's™ career took off when she plucked him from obscurity and put him on the covers of such best seller Eastern Bloc romance novels as People's Factory #143 and Ludmilla And The Free Shoes.

Married five times and father to fifteen children, Flabio™ is now coming to America to share his secrets with new admirers, for the very first time in Say It With Yak Fat: Flabio's™ Guide To Romance.

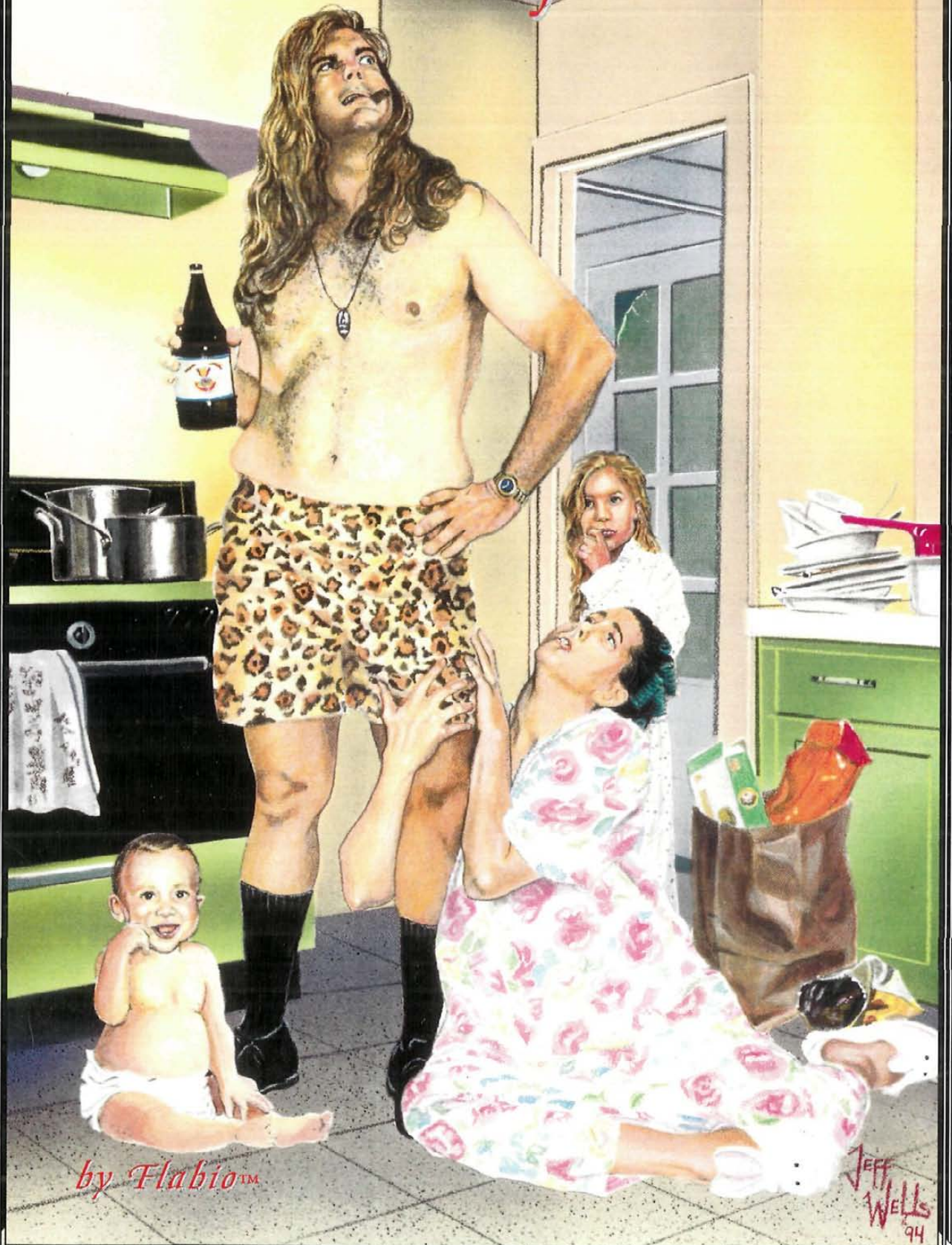
"Tom Selleck, he is pathetic! David Hasselhoff, he is pathetic too!" exclaims Flabio™, from his villa on the Black Sea, where he is starting work on his first romance novel Tenements Of Passion.

"I give woman what she wants," Flabio™ explains simply. Though not a man of many words, this humble cheesemaker has loved and been loved by women all over Eastern Europe, who are attracted to his animal magnetism and iron curtain charisma.

All men should take a lesson from Flabio™, who revives the lost art of courtship, sweeping women off their feet and away to that dream land of wine, cheese, long wet kisses... and more cheese.



Tenements Of Passion



by Flabio™

JEFF WELLS '94

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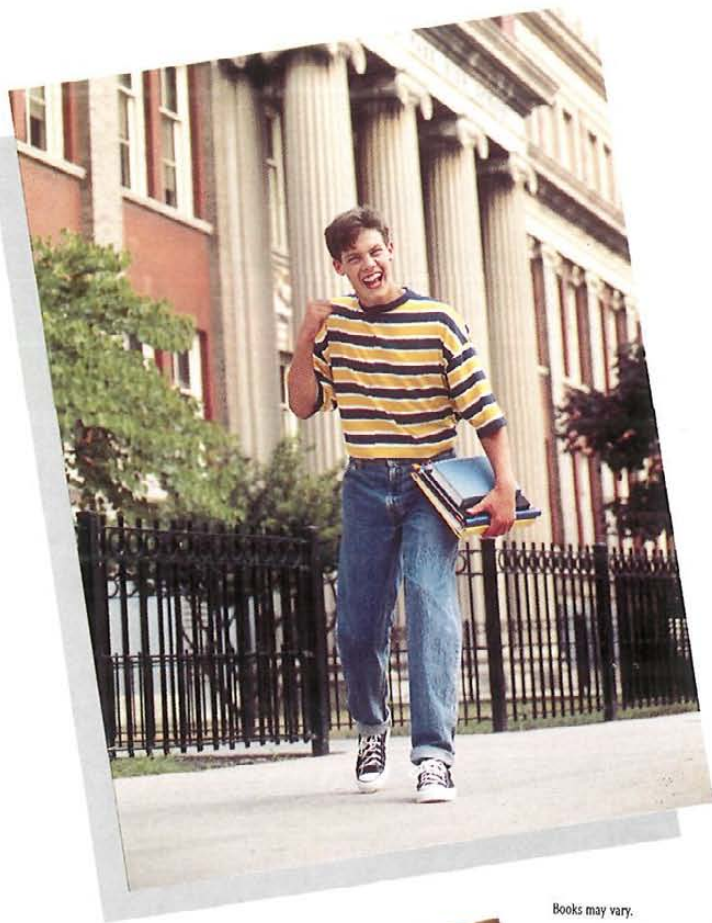
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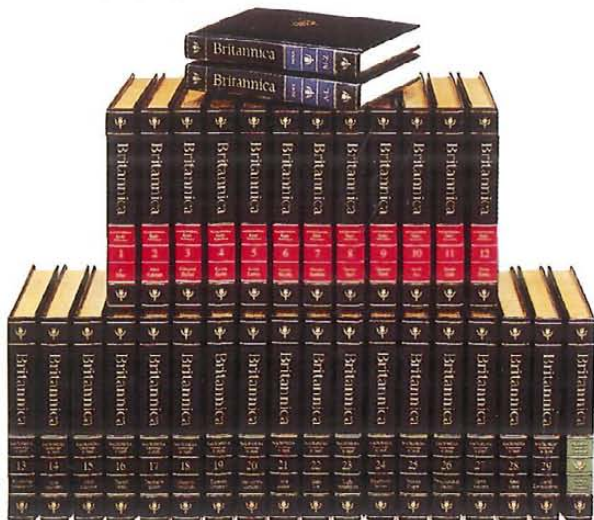


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*(thank you, Asbury Park Press)



rapple dapple (4/2-45495) It's the debut album, featuring "trampoline."

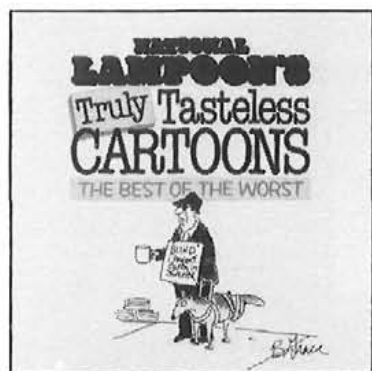
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JOE COMICS

vs. **TREND!**

AND THEN HE COMES BACK,
AND THEN HE HITS JOE,
AND THEN JOE JUST LAYS THERE,
AND THEN JOE GETS UP,
AND THEN JOE SHOOTS TREND AGAIN,
AND THEN WE MAKE MONEY!



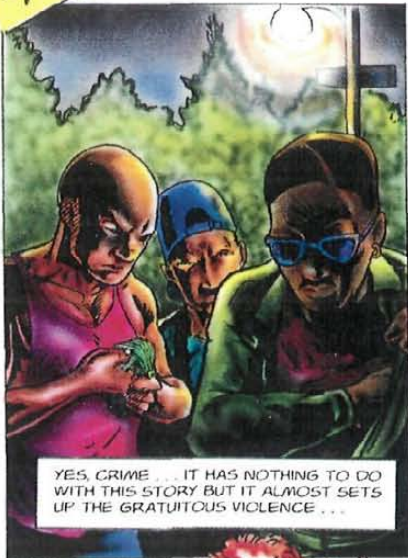
ALSO - CLUMPY!!

HERNANDEZ,
KACKI '93

CREATORS: THE GANG AT *LEGEND COMICS*
WRITER: WRITER
PENCILLER: GABE HERNANDEZ
INKS: JACINTO HERNANDEZ
COLORS: MONTE "DIGIOPIC" MOORE
LETTERING: B. J. POPULAR, SUPER GENIUS
EDITOR: HE QUIT

You call
This a City?
-Editor

IT IS A CITY LIKE ANY OTHER I DRAW IN UNDER 30 SECONDS. IT IS FULL OF LIFE AND DEATH... OF HOPE AND DESPAIR... AND I AM FULL OF IT TOO



YES, CRIME... IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS STORY BUT IT ALMOST SETS UP THE GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE...



MY CYBERNETICALLY ENGINEERED EARS DETECT BULLETS HITTING A WALL LIKE ALL OTHER PROJECTILES FIRED AT ME BY MY ENEMIES. THESE WIMPS ARE NO MATCH FOR MY BIONIC THERMOERADICATED CYBER EXOINTESTINE. WRONGDOERS ARE ALWAYS INTIMIDATED BY BIG WORDS. MY ILLITERATE READERS ARE ALWAYS IMPRESSED BY THEM.



NOW I MUST POSE FOR I AM TREND



TREND'S MAJOR PROBLEM, HOWEVER, IS THAT WHENEVER HE HELPS ANYONE HE TENDS TO DESTROY LOTS OF STUFF. SO, THE CITY NEEDS A NEW HERO TO PROTECT THEM FROM TREND AND THAT HERO IS --

TIC-TOC-TIC-TOC



... JOE COMICS!

WHY AM I NOT IN A BOX? AND WHERE THE HELL IS THE FLOOR?



AND THE EPIC BATTLE OF JOE COMICS VERSUS TREND™, TO THE DEATH, PART ONE, BEGINS!





JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE TO FIND WHAT I NEED IN MY CONVENIENTLY ACCESSIBLE DUFFLE. AH, YEAH, HERE IT IS!



EAT THIS YOU SHOULDER-PADDED, BOXING-HELMETED, HIGH-WAISTED, BIG-THIGHED, NO-ANKLED, WRIST-BANDED SON-OF-A...

How the heck did that fit into his bag?
-Editor



UUNGH...



STILL MOVING!? GEE, DON'T PEOPLE STAY DEAD ANYMORE?



YOU CAN'T SLAY ME, JOE COMICS, FOR I AM TREND!

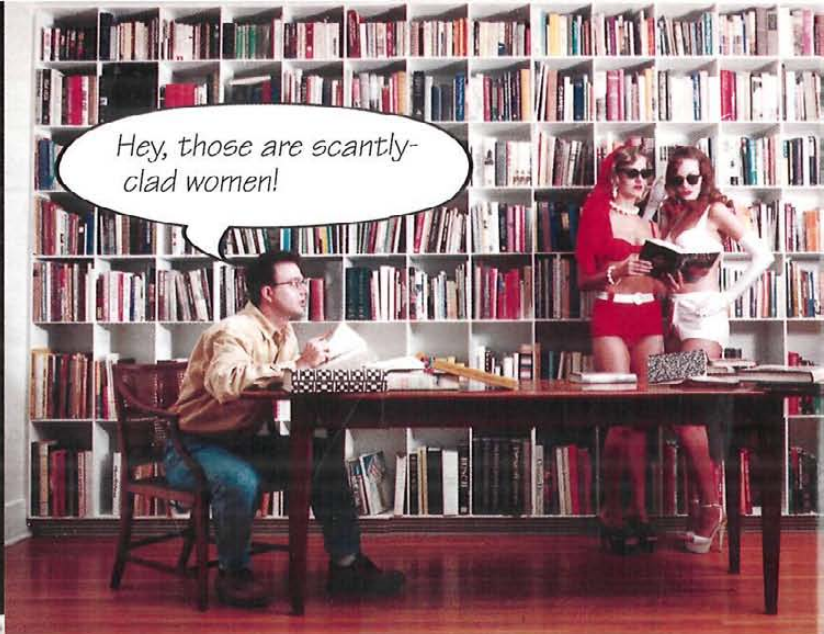
I'VE BEEN EASY ON YOU UP TO NOW, MISCREANT, BUT THE BOYS FOR ONE SUCH AS YOU, I'LL TEAR YOU APART WITH MY MECHANICALLY BIOENGINEERED, EXCENHANCED, PRADAIATED, TRAINED SUPER-REFLEXES!

YIPE!!

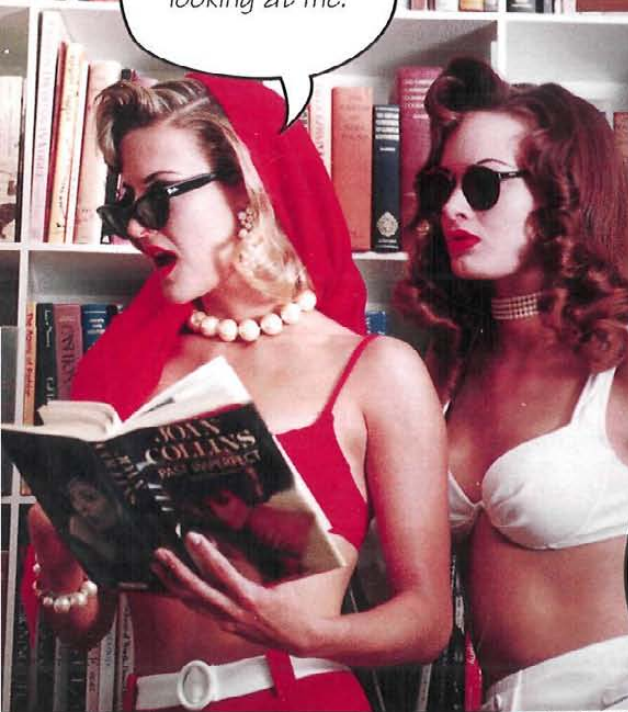
Why is this box sideways? It's so annoying! Now stop it.
-Editor

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

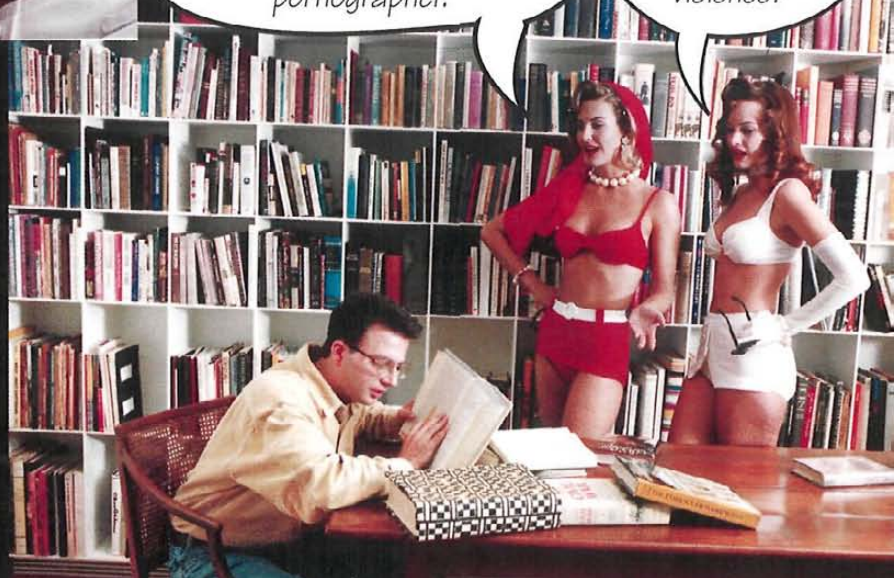
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Hey, those are scanty-clad women!



Hey, I see you looking at me.



Hey Buddy, this is the University of Wisconsin! We've seen your kind around here before. Do you think I like having you gawk at me? You, you filthy pornographer.

Yea! Do you think we like having you work your vulgar, male psychic violence?

As Andrea Dworkin said:
"The psychic violence of pornography
is unique in and of itself."

I'll say! And
as Professor
Catherine Mackinnon
wrote: "Sexual
abuse is further
unique in that the
victim is expected
to enjoy it!"

The way you glared at us
speaks volumes, Mister! And
as Sister Mackinnon also wrote:
"Unwelcome sex talk is an
unwelcome sex act!" Do you hear
me, fella! I could have you brought
up on rape charges!

Security! Come take
this vile pornographer
from my sight!

I'm sorry, Buddy.
But not even Emily Post
would approve of the way
you glared at these Gals.
You're coming with me.

Post.
Do you think
he'll call me?
I really like him!

Priests In The Hood



Excellent, excellent seminar.
I'm sure I'll be seeing all of you
in future classes,
Great Job! Thanks!

Gilbert Martinez, Bullhead City AZ

▼
"The material is excellent, great
class, I loved it!"

Tony Reeves, Redondo Beach, CA

▼
"Great!!! — Very, very
professional!"

Casper Van Heerden, Randberg, South Africa

▼
"Good pacing and variety of
presentation styles.
Enjoyed it all!"

Jim McCarthy, Ozawie, KS

▼
"The material is extremely
thorough. Bill, Terry and Don
are great!"

Kathy Barbier, Studio City, CA

◆◆◆◆◆

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Make millions doing laser printer repair!!

Well, maybe thousands—it will take some time to make millions.

◆◆◆◆◆

Seriously though folks, national publications regularly mention office machine repair—specifically laser printer repair—as *the* hottest service business of the 90's.

It's easy and it's fun. . .

Repairing desktop laser printers can be easy if you know what commonly goes wrong, can get parts and can do the work. That's where we come in. We will show you how to make good money in this hot new market.

We began servicing desktop laser printers in the mid 80's. We continue to work on these machines each day during the week. During week-

ends each month, we provide first-class, top quality intensive service training. You leave with all you need to start repairing machines the very next day.

We also cover marketing and sales in our training to help you get clients fast and keep them.

You need not be a technician to do this work. . .

We have lead hundreds of people with diverse backgrounds to success in laser printer repair. If you communicate well with people, use basic hand tools, and want to learn an exciting new field, you have all you need.

And we will be there to help you grow. . .

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Don Thompson (R), Bill Leitzell (L)

GUYS WITHOUT LIVES

by Aron Abrams

Eugene Palermo was lying in bed, wishing a beautiful woman would bring him food and a thousand dollars. He was not optimistic.

Palermo's room, a sad symphony of clothes and discount pizza coupons, was not a place where miracles happened. A Beef-a-Roni can was on his dresser. *Playboys* were scattered on the floor like leaves in the New England forest; the rest of the carpet was liberally covered by a thick compost of beer bottles and newspapers. And the few posters that hadn't fallen off the wall were on their way.

It was decision time. Palermo could get up, start cleaning, become that NEW Palermo he had dreamed of turning into. Or he could stay in bed, close his eyes, and get a fresh start tomorrow...

"Palermo, you're here." Palermo's 10th grade science teacher had a husky, sultry voice. She looked quite fetching in her white lab coat.

"Ya huh," Palermo said, taking off his sweatshirt. In real life, Palermo had the belly of a panda and shoulders like a melting popsicle. But in this dream he had the body of a Greek god.

"Oh, Eugene. Come to me," she said. Ten years ago, the same science teacher had flunked Palermo and refused to sign his yearbook. But here, in Dream Land, things would be different.

Palermo approached his science teacher. They embraced. And it was good.

Pokata pokata pokata boom.

Twenty minutes later, Palermo reached to caress his science teacher's silky shoulder once again. She wasn't there. "She's probably in the Jacuzzi," he thought. Palermo loved the luxury hotel suite; he was impressed by

the beautiful bay windows and the 12 foot ceiling.

He slowly opened his eyes.

Damn. The mechanic at the garage next door was dumping bottles into the trash. His beloved science teacher was a thousand miles away, and if she thought of him at all, it was not fondly.

Heartbroken again, Palermo reached for the Goldfish crackers. He was an unpublished novelist, halfway through an historic epic. Palermo knew he should get up and start writing, but he couldn't help lying in bed, wishing a beautiful woman would suddenly appear, bringing him food and a thousand dollars.

But then, a different emotion: FEAR.

Palermo didn't know why, but he was terrified. Something was very wrong. His cerebrum, his thalamus, his hypothalamus, and his cerebellum were all flashing the red DANGER sign. But why?

Palermo remembered: Damn.

He had a job interview today.

Palermo jumped out of bed. Racing to the bathroom, he passed the one poster still fully hanging on the wall, a gift from his ten year old step-sister. It was a photo of a cat in a tree surrounded by barking, howling dogs.

"Hang in there," the poster read.

"Every day of my life," Palermo thought. He grabbed his interview shirt and went to the shower.

Palermo lived in Brighton, a suburb of Boston, with two roommates. One was Clark Wallace Higby, a mild, quiet, classical pianist. The other roommate was not mild and quiet at all. He was Tiger Timlin, a short, 27-year-old man with long blonde hair and a limp; Tiger had gotten hurt years ago in a freak Karaoke accident.

There's a man who leads a life of danger.

Every place he goes, he sees a stranger.

Every move he makes,

Another chance he takes.

The odds are, he won't live until tomorrow.

The accident occurred when Tiger was on stage, singing his personal theme song. An incredibly cute, almost gorgeous red-haired, green-eyed girl was at the third table. Tiger was a Karaoke All-Star; no one handled the microphone with more authority than he — but she was sitting with a tall, good-looking guy. Tiger would have to do something very dramatic to make sure she noticed him.

"Hey, pretty lady. This is for you!"

Tiger did three perfect Bruce Lee "Revenge of the Dragon" scissor kicks. She was impressed; she was smiling. Almost there. But Tiger knew he'd need a big finish.

With "Secret Agent Man" blasting, he dropped the microphone, ran across the stage, pulled his shoulders back, and kicked his legs in the air way, way, way over his head. It worked; time stopped. Red-Hair, Green-Eyes was smiling. This was love. She would have married him except...

Tiger landed SMASH, BAM, FLAT on his neck, contorting it in a position hitherto unknown to medical science. His piercing, animal-like screams rose above and drowned out the pre-recorded trumpets. Karaoke night ended early that evening, and Tiger never saw the red-haired green-eyed girl again. Palermo had visited Tiger in the hospital. "Sometimes, the ball takes a bad bounce," Palermo had said.

That was years ago. Now, when people asked how he hurt himself, Tiger would shake his head like a weary war veteran. "I got hurt," he'd say, "Defending the weak against the strong."

Tiger didn't have a job



these days. Rather, he was an entrepreneur with several ventures: some definitely legal, some probably legal, and a few not even close.

Lately, Tiger had been involved in the processed foods game, packaging old foods in new and exciting ways. The market was tough. "Potato Pal," mashed potatoes in a can, had bombed, and "Imitation Tuna" hadn't done much better. Thank God, he'd only lost other people's money. But Tiger was sure success would soon be his.

For a guy with a limp, Tiger moved very quickly. Shuffling down the steps a few minutes after Palermo left for his job interview, Tiger took a deep breath: Today was going to be HIS...

"Hello, Tiger." A pale-faced man was laughing without smiling. Although Tiger didn't recognize him, it was wise to assume they weren't friends.

"Hey. How ya doing?" Tiger asked, limping towards the subway. But another man, a very large, unhappy fellow, grabbed Tiger's cane and broke it right in half without even using his knee.

That was frightening. "Who are you guys?"

The pale man took a red facemask out of his pocket.

Damn. Tiger remembered; now it all made sense.

They pushed him into a big black car and sped off.

Despite his late start, Palermo had gotten to the interview on time. In fact, so far, he had been waiting 45 minutes. The receptionist reassured him. "I'm sorry. Mr. Daniels is very busy." Palermo smiled politely.

He was 6'4", 250 pounds, size 14 feet; few things bothered him. Palermo's size allowed him to be calm.

"It's okay," Palermo said. "I'll wait."

The third roommate, Clark Wallace Higby, had an unfortunate resemblance to Ichabod Crane. A tall, skinny classical pianist with a nose you could hang laundry from,

Clark was still suffering from having been dumped by his girlfriend six months ago. She was a French Hornist, and after one night of particularly powerful passion in the concert hall's coat room, she dumped him "allegro con brio," a musical term meaning "fast, with great haste."

But he couldn't put it off any longer. It was time to date again.

Clark was so nervous, he felt like he was having a heart attack. Clark stared at the phone. If he called at twelve, it would look like he had waited until twelve to call. If he called at five after twelve, it would look like he was too insecure to call at twelve.

He called at 12:07.

"Hello?"

Clark took a deep breath: don't say anything dumb, he thought.

"Hello?" she repeated.

"Who is this?"

"Hi. My name is Clark. You... You answered my personal ad."

There was a pause; Clark

had a good feeling. He liked the way she said "Hello." She was probably shy, quiet, a little embarrassed.

"Which ad was yours?" she asked.

"Describe yourself," Debbie said.

Mention the nose? Don't mention the nose?

"I'm good-looking," Clark said. "Medium good looking. No scars or moles. Reddish brown hair."

God, he hated this. Clark felt like he was filing a missing person's report on himself.

"You're sure you're good looking? Cause a lot of times I go out with some guy who says he's good looking, but he isn't."

"No, I am... I guess." Clark covered the phone so she wouldn't hear him take a deep breath.

"All right. Let's meet for a drink. Two o'clock. Cafe Figaro."

"Okay. That will be great. I look forward to..."

But Debbie had already hung up. The shy pianist hoped her cold, efficient exterior hid a warm heart.



By now, Palermo had been quietly waiting for well over an hour. He wished he was home, working on his novel.

The receptionist apologized again. Palermo nodded politely.

He hoped he got this job. Mandy would be impressed. Mandy was Palermo's on-again/off-again girlfriend. She was a dictionary editor, F - J; Palermo feared she'd dump him one of these days for the blonde guy who edited Q - U.

"Would you like some coffee?" the receptionist asked.

"No thanks," Palermo said. He wanted to be at his calm, level best for the interview.

He'd keep waiting.
Fire, surrounded by
darkness.

It was a cavernous room with vents in the ceiling. Thirty men, wearing red robes, were chanting.

The flickering, dancing fire provided slight, scattered illumination. And what Tiger saw didn't cheer him up: Framed portraits of Lucifer, hanging on the walls.

"Where Satan leads, you must follow. What Satan whispers, you must shout. Believe in Satan. Swear to Satan... Love Satan."

The followers nodded and bowed to the Leader, who wore an ornate red mask. One fellow fell to his knees: "Satan, Satan, Wonderful Satan."

Standing in the back, tied to a chair, Tiger was starting to get nervous.

In retrospect, he shouldn't have taken their money, but at the time, he had no idea he was dealing with Satanists. When Tiger met the leaders, they were wearing civilian clothes and he thought they were just some lodge members looking to increase their

group's portfolio. Perfect suckers.

Tiger got them to invest five grand in Mustup!, a combination of mustard, catsup, and pickle chips. Tiger had his doubts about the product's commercial prospects — red, yellow, and green, it looked like something you'd find on a sidewalk after a car wreck — "But, hell, it's other people's money. Besides, what's the worst they can do to me?"

He would soon find out. "You all pray very well," the Leader said. "I am privileged to have such a coven. But..."



Everyone hung on his words.

"There is someone in this room," the Leader intoned. "Someone in this room has not been respectful to the great Prince of Darkness. Someone has falsely tried to profit from our precious funds which are intended only for the Master."

A few of the devil worshippers grunted and stared at Tiger through their red masks. Tiger smiled and nodded politely;

"Never let 'em see you sweat."

The Leader took out a long, jagged knife that did not look ceremonial. Then he opened a bottle of Mustup! The cheap preservatives made it bubble when exposed to air.

"THIS...," he shouted. "This is what we invested in."

With great contempt, the Leader smashed the bottle against the wall and the red-yellow-green mixture oozed to the floor. The back door opened. A devil worshipper holding a scimitar led in a goat.

"Tonight," the Leader said. "We will have TWO sacrifices."

This was not good news.

"Think, Tiger, think," Tiger thought.

"You're not as cute as you said you were," Debbie told Clark.

"Sorry," Clark said. They were having lunch; his breathing was under control but he kept scratching his wrist nervously. She noticed he was drinking soda.

"Are you a recovering alcoholic?" Debbie asked.

"No. L... I just don't drink." She shook her head, bored. Clark regretted it immediately: if he had said he was a recovering alcoholic, Debbie might have thought he was interesting.

During lunch, Debbie kept telling Clark how much it upset her when people didn't use all of their brains.

"I read lots of books — three books, four books a week — about physicists," Debbie said. "L... I'm really into the whole idea of physicists."

There was a pause. Clark tried to remember one thing from physics class, but he couldn't.

"Well, who's your favorite physicist?" he asked.

Debbie rolled her eyes; what a stupid question.

"Impossible to say. There are so many. Half of me is scientific, but the other half of me is spiritual. My mother," Debbie said, pausing for effect, "Was John Lennon's psychic."

Clark didn't know if she was bragging or apologizing.

"John Lennon's psychic?"

Debbie nodded proudly; it was a brag.

"My mother told John he'd meet Yoko. She told John what to invest in. They met in Liverpool. My mom gave him psychic advice about EVERYTHING."

It might mess up the date, but Clark had to ask.

"Well, if your mom was such a great psychic, then, why did John Lennon get shot?"

Debbie glared.

"It's not a hundred percent," she said. "Jesus, NOTHING's a hundred percent."

Debbie sneered at Clark's soda and checked her watch. There was a long pause. "It's good to be dating again," Clark thought.

After waiting one hour and thirty minutes, Palermo was finally

brought into Mr. Daniels' office. Daniels, in his early thirties, was still on the phone.

"Have a seat," he told Palermo. "I'm almost done."

Palermo faked a smile and sat down.

"Ron and Mary? You're sure? Yessss, Sir. Yes, Doctor." Daniels put his feet on the desk and grabbed some candy from a dish; it was an expensive, engraved silver candy bowl, filled with the finest gourmet chocolates.

"No way," Daniels said to his phone buddy. "You're kidding. When? No way. Ron and Mary, huh? Get out..."

Palermo had a grim realization: THIS was the important phone call; THIS was why he'd been waiting an hour and a half. Palermo noticed a paper on Daniels' desk: job description. At the bottom of the page, it read: "Annual Salary: \$12,500."

It was not the job of Palermo's dreams.

"Yesss, Sir. Bill and Susan? Has that been confirmed by the Nookie Police?" Daniels laughed. "Listen. Thanks for all the updates, but I've got to go. Still interviewing for that job; yeah. That one."

Palermo pretended not to listen.

"Do you want the job?" Daniels asked his friend, laughing.

"Ha. Didn't think so. See you tonight."

Palermo smiled politely as Daniels hung up the phone.

"I am SO sorry. That guy, he just wouldn't hang up."

Daniels stuck out his hand, but he didn't stand up; Palermo had to rise and lean all the way over the desk to shake hands.

"Let's get started," Daniels said. He took out a paper labeled "Interview Questions."

"What..." Daniels asked, "Is your greatest strength?"

"I'm a team player," Palermo responded earnestly. "I give 100%. Actually, 113%."

Daniels nodded and made a note.

"That's good, Eugene. Being a team player is important. But to get to the top, you need IDEAS."

"Ideas," Palermo said, taking it in.

"Ideas! Now, what's your greatest weakness?"

Palermo looked away, shyly. "That's hard to answer."

"Do your best," Daniels said. He hated interviewing these people; why was it his responsibility?

"Chop chop," he told Palermo.

"Greatest weakness? Let's see... I've got a couple. I like long, long lunches. When my boss



leaves early, I leave early. I tend to let my work slide until it becomes a crisis situation, and, when I make a mistake, I always blame someone else."

There was a pause.

"Excuse me?" Daniels asked, smiling, confused.

"But these are things I'm working on," Palermo said, returning the smile.

Daniels stared at Palermo, wondering what his problem was.

"Well, which of your previous..."

"Don't like that question," Palermo interrupted. "Ask me another."

"Who IS this guy?" Daniels wondered. "When did you...?"

"Two years ago," Palermo cut in.

Daniels was angry, but he was not going to lose his calm. They stared at each other for a beat. Daniels cleared his throat and smiled.

"Where do you..."

"Let me guess. You want to know: where I see myself in five years?"

Palermo gave Daniels a deranged grin.

"Good question. In five years I see myself living in your house, wearing your clothes, with your wife calling me 'honey' and your kids calling me 'Dad.'"

Daniels jumped up as if his fancy tie was on fire.

"Just what the hell do you...?"

Palermo calmly took the silver candy dish and emptied it in his pocket.

"So... when do I start?" he asked.

There's a man who leads a life of danger.

"Hey," Tiger told the devil worshippers. "The Satan I grew up believing in was kind and just. If you truly believed in Satan, you'd let me tell my side."

"I'll give you five minutes," the Leader said. Tiger was still tied to the chair. The Leader nodded to the man with the scimitar. He sliced the rope with one thrust.

"Thanks," Tiger said. He limped to the front of the room.

"I'm not gonna lie to you," Tiger told the Satanists. "The ball took a bad bounce. When I told your esteemed leader about Mustup!, how the mustard/catsup combo would make us all rich, I meant it. It's failure hurts me deeply."

Many in the red-hooded throng seemed moved.

"I'm just like you," Tiger pleaded. "I love Satan. I'd never want to hurt or embarrass him. I respect the work you Satanists have done for the community."

One cult member rose.

"I kind of liked Mustup! I liked it a lot. Gosh, it's not this young fellow's fault."

Others agreed. The Leader, sensing the mood of the room, conferred quietly with the other potentates.

"Okay, Tiger. If you reimburse the money we lost, we'll let you go."

Tiger was relieved. He thanked the Leader, thanked them all. Walking through the crowd towards the door, he thought, "I was lucky." A few Satanists patted him on the back; they were sure it would work out. "Very, very lucky."

Tiger left the room. One of the Satanists started banging a drum. The man with the scimitar brought the goat to the front of the crowd. The worshippers began

chanting. The drums got louder. The torch was relit. The goat was tied to a stake in the middle of a giant pentagram.

"Excuse me," Tiger said, coming back in. The drum playing stopped; everyone, including the goat, stared.

"I hate to interrupt, but I've got some other ideas you're just gonna love."

"Just so you know," Debbie told Clark during coffee. "I'm going to be very busy the next couple of months."

Clark took a deep breath; the air was ripe with the stink of rejection.

"I've got a lot of things going on. I'm in a constant state of percolation."

"Like coffee?" Clark asked.

"Exactly. For instance, I want to get back into playing badminton, so I've got to find the RIGHT badminton club. You know how hard that is."

Dumped because of badminton.

"That's the game with the stupid birdie, right?"

Debbie looked ready to slap him.

"Don't... don't make fun of badminton."

As Debbie defended her sport, Clark remembered something his grandmother told him. "Clark, with all those diseases out there, I pray to God you won't sleep with a bunch of pretty girls."

"Well, Nana," Clark thought. "God's heard your prayers."

Palermo angrily stirred flour and milk in the mixing bowl. Whenever Palermo got upset, he baked bread. He did not like being treated like a shmuck.

If only he had finished his novel. The average novel is 100,000 words; Palermo had already written 200,000 words in his historic epic about



the first caveman to learn to swim, and he was barely half done. He needed cash. And Mandy... damn. A job would have impressed her. Double damn. Palermo kneaded the bread with fury.

That night, Palermo, Tiger, and Clark watched the Bikini Open while eating hot Irish Soda bread. A beautiful woman was on the screen.

"Pokata, pokata pokata boom," Tiger said.

The beautiful woman said her name was Krista. "Call up and vote for ME to win the Bikini Open."

Tiger lunged for the phone.

"You know how much those calls cost?" Clark asked.

"Krista needs me," Tiger said, dialing.

"No justice, swear to God," Tiger said. The day's excitement had worn off and he was busy thinking of the future. "Look at J. Paul Getty. Some shlub walking around, finds oil, poof, he's a millionaire. It's just a matter of luck."

They were eating Beef-a-Roni and watching "Marty", the classic Ernest Borgnine movie about a lonely bachelor looking for love. It was the only video Clark owned; he knew all the words.

Marty was on the phone: desperate, hopeful.

"Maybe you remember me? My friend Angie and I met you and your friend at the movies. Would you be interested in...? Well, how about next week?"

Clark was saying the lines with Borgnine. Tiger shoved him.

"I get rejected thirty times a week," Tiger said. "Grow up."

Tiger and Palermo had bought the personal ad for Clark so he'd stop moping about the French Hornist who broke his heart. Clark still kept her framed picture in his room, in a dresser drawer, face down under ten sweaters.

Clark's sighs drowned out the movie.

"Cheer up," Tiger said. He was nothing if not a positive thinker. "I'll become rich, you'll

get a girlfriend, Palermo will finish his novel... We're not losers; we're winners!"

Clark half-expected Ethel Merman to burst in, singing "Everything's Coming Up Roses."

"Sure," Clark said. "Pass the Beef-a-Roni."

Palermo went outside. He fed four cats behind his house every night. They weren't his. The cats used to belong to a yuppie neighbor, but he left them behind when he moved.

The cats hated Palermo, which made spending ten bucks a week feeding them even more fun. They ran away each time they saw Palermo coming. They'd return after a bit, cursing at him with their cat eyes, resentful that their skinny yuppie owner had been replaced by this big slob.

Every night, he'd watch them eat for ten, fifteen minutes; his contribution to society.

"How'd the interview go?" Mandy asked.

Palermo was semi-surprised to see her. The "On-again/Off-again" was on-again.

"Hard to tell," Palermo said.

Mandy knew the angst of the working world. Being a dic-

tionary editor wasn't as exciting as it sounded. For relief, every day at noon, Mandy and another editor played guitar on the corner of Boylston and Copley. She denied it, but Palermo thought, even after five years, Mandy was still hoping to be discovered like Tracy Chapman.

"You eat yet?" she asked. "I'll buy you supper."

Palermo went inside to get his jacket. Tiger and Clark were trying to decide whether it would be better to sleep with Mona Lisa or Mata Hari.

"I heard Mata Hari was really good looking, but I never saw her picture."

"At least, with Mona Lisa, you know what you're getting."

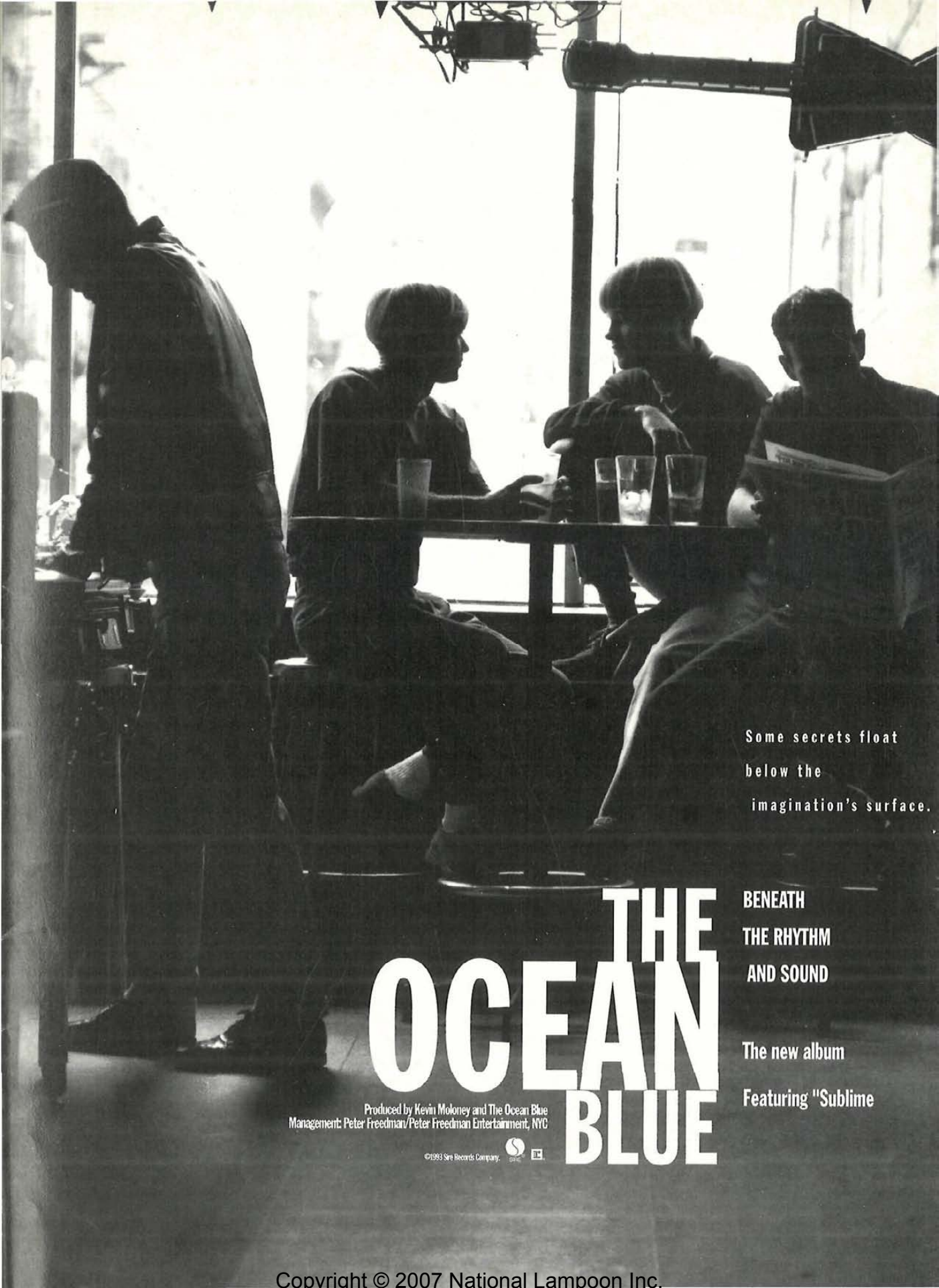
"See you later, boys," Palermo said.

Outside, the big guy held hands with the tiny guitar player. The cats were still eating when they left.

Pokata pokata pokata boom.

THE END







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TRUE FACTS



From The Houston Chronicle: A 78-year-old man thought his roommate was ignoring him and didn't realize that the man had been dead on the kitchen floor for two months, police said.

Thomas Warren turned himself in for psychiatric treatment after police discovered the body of 43-year-old William Everett Delaney.

Warren told police he recalled Delaney falling in the kitchen about "two or three months ago." He said he often asked Delaney if he wanted food or drink or if he needed to go to the hospital.

"He said the guy was very stubborn and wouldn't answer him," noted Detective Duke Yannacone. (Contributed by Mark Cavin) ☞



From Syracuse, N.Y., a man violated a host of traffic laws as he led police on a 28-minute chase, but it was the one law that he obeyed that was his undoing, police said.

Philip S. Whaley Sr. with a swarm of police on his tail never failed to use his turn signal. "That's what made it so easy," said Investigator Gerard Verillo.

"At every turn, we knew exactly where he was going." The chase never exceeded more than 50 mph because Whaley kept turning and turning and turning.

During the pursuit, the suspect traveled by the fire department twice. Each time, firefighters waved and cheered on the police. ☞



The body of George Bojarski, who had died of cancer, was wrapped up only in a sheet and dumped on his son's doorstep in Richmond, Texas, after it became clear that the son was unable to pay the full price of cremation. Newell Evans, owner of Evans Mortuary, admitted to returning the body, but says that it wasn't done to be malicious. *The Plain Dealer*. (Contributed by Bruce Ballash) ☞

According to court records, Robert Larussa, 42, a Public Transportation official from Boston Massachusetts filed a civil law suit against a downtown church stating that the church's supply of holy water had given him a severe rash. When Larussa was asked what he had been using the water for, he

nonchalantly replied that he had taken a jug of the water back to his apartment to use for a "Holy Enema."

The charges were eventually dropped. ☞

Teary-eyed children in Denver, Colorado were forced to mail in their holiday wishes to Santa instead of the traditional personal visit at the local shopping mall, due to a series of death threats.

In one letter the writer called Santa a "fat impostor" and warned that he would remove him if he were not removed.

"Time is running out on

that fatso," the letter said. "By Thursday he will be history, along with anybody who gets in my way."

The FBI is investigating the threats.

"I mean it! You don't know the horrible things I'm capable of, I am a marksman. I have got guns and ammo enough to kill 100 people. I killed people in Nam. I am not afraid to kill again."

The letters were all signed "Terminator XX." (From the *The Dallas Morning News*) ☞

A forty-year-old worker in Biella, Italy, set fire to his clothes in a suicide attempt and then changed his mind and began to roll in the grass, trying to put out the flames.

The man rolled over a cliff and plunged to his death, police said. (From the *Vancouver Sun*) ☞



A fifth grade teacher in Williamsburg, Iowa, has been the object of criticism for her last ditch attempt to force the children to do their assignments.

"I don't really care for this type of discipline," said Duane Madoerin, father of one of the punished students. "I think it might be pretty demeaning for a child to have this done to him."

The teacher was reportedly smearing manure on the faces of those who didn't complete their homework. *San Francisco Chronicle* (Contributed by John Kasky) ☼

Corporal Richard Drown, a 25-year-old Marine died of "apparent respiratory arrest," said a statement issued by the U.S. Marine Corps.

Corporal Drown was one of ten contestants in a Newport, North Carolina doughnut-eating match that followed the Newport Pig Cooking Contest.

"He gobbled four glazed doughnuts, ate two more and, while swallowing those, gagged when he put three additional doughnuts in his mouth."

San Francisco Chronicle (Contributed by John Kasky) ☼

In an attempt to cut down on airplane hijacking, one enterprising airline recently hired two psychiatrists as special security officers. The two men were instructed to arrest anyone who showed signs of mental instability. Within minutes of their first spell of duty, one of the psychiatrists arrested the other. *The Police Journal* ☼

Tommy Cribs, the sheriff of Dyer county, Tennessee, was arrested in Van Buren, Missouri, after police noticed his car in the parking lot of Smalley's Motel.

A car of that description had been used in the theft of two sheep from a nearby farm. Officers who were questioning people at the motel were led to Cribs after a sheep was thrown from the window of his room. *Memphis Commercial Appeal* (Contributor Unknown) ☼

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Man compacted in garbage truck in stable condition

By CYNTHIA PUCKETT
Globe-News Staff Writer

A 33-year-old transient man was listed in stable condition at St. Anthony's Hospital in Amarillo Tuesday after being compacted repeatedly in a city garbage truck that was making its morning rounds.

About 8 a.m. Tuesday, Mark Oliver Dusek was working in a trash bin behind Pier 1 Imports at 1900 S. Western St. when a city garbage truck came along and picked up the container, an Amarillo Police Department news release said.

Dusek remained in the trash truck for about two hours, where he was compacted about 25 times.

The man was discovered among the trash when the truck emptied its load at the city transfer station, 800 E. 26th Ave., the news release said.

"When the truck came into the transfer station to unload, the back door opened, a small amount of trash fell out and then he fell out," said Mike Kennedy, Amarillo's director of public works.

Kennedy said the man had suffered a broken leg, but that he was conscious. Although Dusek had apparently been yelling for help, the man's voice was drowned out by the noise of the truck.

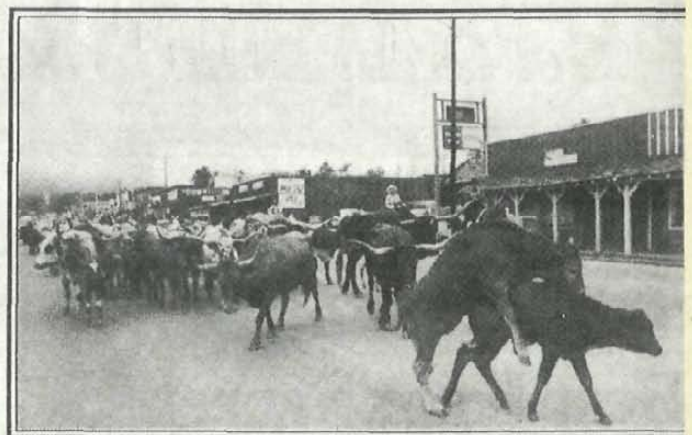
Dusek was taken by ambulance to St. Anthony's for treatment. A spokesman for the Amarillo Police Department said investigators had not determined where Dusek is from.

Amarillo police Sgt. Gerald Bailey said similar accidents happen once or twice each winter when someone crawls into a trash bin in a similar incident April 10, 1989.

William Aubrey Carter, 34, apparently had been in a trash bin in an alley in the 300 block of Fillmore when the truck was picked up. A sanitation worker with the truck noticed that the machinery wasn't working properly and stopped to find out why. He discovered Carter's body and called authorities to the scene. The incident was ruled an accident, city records show.



AMATEUR BASEBALL: Although not as sculpted as other top athletes, Burke Post 85's Adam Butler—all 6 2, 230 pounds of him—is a budding American Legion star. **Page D2**



A family affair. A good time was had by all who attended the Celebrity Rodeo and Longhorn Cattle Drive.



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- MARCH 1985 / The Best of Fifteen Years
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- JUNE 1985 / The Doug Kenney Collection
- JULY 1985 / Youth at Play
- AUGUST 1985 / All-New True Facts
- SEPTEMBER 1985 / Lust Issue

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

It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my home humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$2.00 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$10.00, and \$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.

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

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

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

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 rough 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		

1994 Form W-4



Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service

Purpose. Complete Form W-4 so that the well-to-do passersby you harass can withhold the correct amount of Federal income tax from your collections.

Exemption from Withholding. Read line 6 of the certificate below to see if you can claim exempt status. If exempt, complete line 6; but do not complete line 6. No Federal income tax will be taken out of your hat, cup, or calloused hand. This exemption expires just before you turn this form in. You are allowed to deduct all personal expenses which contribute to your homelessness and therefore your collection of funds. This includes, but is not restricted to: paper cups, guitar cases, alcohol, non-prescription drugs, hat, rusty shopping cart, and bail money.

Basic Instructions. Homeless who are not exempt should complete the Personal Panhandling Worksheet. Additional worksheets are provided on page 2 for homeless who: 1) beg for money, pity, alcohol, bleach, or foodstuff on more than one street corner 2) Have not acquired

sufficient writing skills enabling them to complete a two-page form without err. Complete all worksheets that apply to your situation. The worksheets will help you figure the number of withholding allowances you are entitled to claim that you deserve. However, we hope you claim fewer allowances than such you are entitled to.

Head of Household. If unmarried, not applicable because you were not able to hold on to your home. If married, the partner who found the pants which you are now wearing can be deemed head of household.

Non-wage Income. If you have a large amount of non-wage income, such as fishing pennies from the gutter with a piece of gum on the end of a branch, you should consider getting a job or making estimated tax payments using Form 1040-ES. Otherwise, you may find that you owe a debt to society, and feel very bad.

Two-Earner/Two-Jobs. If you have more than one means of collecting money from strangers,

figure the total number of allowances you are entitled to claim on all jobs using worksheets from only one Form W-4. This total should be divided among all jobs. Your withholding will usually be most accurate when all allowances are claimed on the W-4 filed for the highest paying type of begging you perform and zero allowances are claimed for all others.

Advance Earned Income Credit. If you feel that one day you will find a job and receive actual wages, you can begin paying taxes on that income as soon as possible by filing out a WY? form which will be hand-delivered to your street-corner of business on the same working day to expedite your payments.

Check Your Withholding. After your W-4 takes effect, you can use Publication 911, Is My Withholding Correct for 1994?, to see how the dollar (or penny) amount you are having withheld compares to your estimated total annual tax. Check your local telephone directory for the IRS assistance number if you need further help.

Personal Panhandling Worksheet

- A. Enter "1" for yourself if no one else can claim that you are dependent on society. A _____
- B. Enter "1" if: { 1. You are single and have never had a job; or
2. You are married, have never had a job and never wanted a job; or
3. Your wages from begging amount to less than \$100.00 (includes approximate value of all trinkets handed to you in place of cash) } B _____
- C. Enter "1" for your spouse. But, you may choose to enter "0" if you are insubordinate C _____
- D. Enter estimated number of times you have been a defendant (vagrancy, public drunkenness, improper urination, being a minority in the wrong place at the wrong time, etc...) D _____
- E. Enter "1" if you will file as a head of household (henceforth referred to as "holder-down-of-sidewalk") E _____
- F. Enter "1" if you have at least \$1,500 in delinquent child support bills or public fines F _____
- G. Add lines A through F and enter total here (count on fingers and toes, if applicable.) G _____

Rip off here and give the below certificate to whomever gives you the most money for your begging

Form W-4 <small>Department of the Treasury Internal Revenue Service</small>	<h2>Homeless Withholding Allowance Certificate</h2>	1994
<small>For Privacy Act and Paperwork Reduction Act Notice, see reverse.</small>		
1. Scrawl your first name and middle initial		2. Most recent county jail cell #
Last name (if known)		3 Marital Status { <input type="checkbox"/> Single <input type="checkbox"/> Married <input type="checkbox"/> Divorced <input type="checkbox"/> Widower <input type="checkbox"/> Used to love her <input type="checkbox"/> Had to kill her
Home Address (alleyway, cross streets, dumpster, bus routes)		
City or town, state of consciousness, and ZIP code		
4. Total number of aluminum cans you have collected (from line G above or from the Worksheets)		4
5. Additional glass bottles, used lottery tickets, sandwiches (at least 70% of original sandwich)		5
6. I claim exemption from withholding and I certify that I meet ALL of the following conditions: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Last year I had a right to a refund and blew it on alcohol & drugs; AND • This year, I expect a refund and will blow it all on said vices; AND • Next year I will once again become dependent on handouts If you meet all of the above conditions, enter the year effective and "PITIFUL" here 6		
7. Are you a full-time drug abuser? (Note: Full-time drug abusers are not automatically exempt)		7 <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No
Under penalties of loss of cardboard home and liquor, I certify that I am entitled to ALL deductions claimed.		
Signature of person giving you a handout		Date
8. His/Her name and address	9. Items received as handout	10. Dollar amount of goods received

Deductions and Adjustments Worksheet

Note: Use this worksheet only if you plan to itemize handouts or claim adjustments to income on your 1993 tax return.

1. Enter an estimate of your 1993 handouts. These include all items begged, pleaded, or harassed for, including: all redemption value from recyclable goods, paper money, coins, coupons, clothes/rags, holiday meals from the local mission, 10.7% of personal interest, scrap-metal value of shopping cart, medical expenses in excess of 7.5% of your charitable income thus bypassing traditional donations to established charities, cigarette butts fished from trash cans, and qualifying cardboard-home mortgage interest. 1 \$ _____
2. Enter: { \$7.54 if hair hasn't been washed in a calendar year }
 { \$6.31 if filing jointly with imaginary friend }
 { \$5.91 if single white male }
 { \$3.12 if a visible minority } 2 \$ _____
3. Subtract line 2 from line 1. If line 2 is greater than line 1, wash hair, and enter zero 3 \$ _____
4. Find the number in Table 1 below that applies to the LOWEST paying job, enter here. 4 _____
5. Disregard number in line 4.
4. Enter number of estimated homosexuals, Asians, AND African Americans you have verbally assaulted in the past fiscal year (begged, pandered, cried to, told the story of your life, complained about "society" or "the man", etc...) 4 1/2 _____
5. Enter number of estimated homosexuals AND African Americans you have physically assaulted in the past fiscal year (causing psychological damage, lacerations, contusions, bruises, broken limbs, brain damage, loss of hair/limbs, etc...) 5 _____
6. Add lines 4 and 5 and enter the total 6 _____
7. Multiply line 6 by two. Convert to dollars, and deduct from final tax payments. 7 \$ _____

Hard Luck-Story Worksheet

Note: Use this worksheet only if you have played on someone's pity in order to receive a handout (For information purposes only)

- A. Enter "1" here if carrying sign "will work for food". A _____
- B. Enter "2" here for "homeless Vietnam vet. God bless you". B _____
- C. Enter "3" here if "deaf and mute". C _____
- D. Enter "4" here if "my baby and I are signed up for a shelter beginning tomorrow. Could you help us out until then?" D _____
- E. Enter "5" here if shopping cart has uncooperative fourth wheel and you never fix it so it goes around in circles. E _____
- F. Enter "6" here if "you know... this could be you if you weren't so lucky" F _____
- G. Enter "7" here if "the man has done this to me and society won't help me. Will you?" G _____

Table 1: Menial/Degrading Labor Worksheet

Legal Work	enter on line 4 above	All Other	enter on line 4 above
finding money.	0	robbery.	0
washing car windows*	1	three-card-monte.	1
playing guitar.	2	selling drugs to children	2
begging.	3	murder for hire.	3
pretending to be crippled.	4	selling children for drugs.	4
being crippled.	5	impersonating Salvation Army officer ...	5
migrant fruit picking.	6	anything resulting in death or disfigurement of others.	6
selling blood/sperm.	7		
hired doorstop.	8		

* If actual squeegee is used to dry window, enter a 1, If crumpled newspaper, or rag, enter a 0.

Table 2: Two-Earner/Two-Job Handouts

Legal Begging	Enter on line G above	Pandering / Harassing	Enter on line G above
If wages from RICHEST person giving you money was	Po'	If wages from RICHEST couple giving you money was	Not Po'
0 - \$25,000.		0 - \$40,000.	
25,001 - 52,000.	Not Po'	44,001 - 90,000.	Rich
52,001 and over.	Rich	90,001 and over.	Stinking Rich

Privacy Act and Paperwork Reduction Act Notice. --- We ask for this information only to carry out the Internal Revenue laws of the United States. It is for no other purpose that we make you fill out the form except to have an excuse to compile information about you that others may pay to obtain.

The time needed to complete this form will vary depending on individual circumstances. The estimated average time for those with intellectual cognitive development that have entered Piaget's concrete operations stage (generally reserved for ages 7 through 11) should spend: Recordkeeping 46 min., Learning about the law or the form 10 min., Preparing the form 70 min. Do not feel discouraged when you exceed these estimated times. We would be happy to hear from you if or when you do finish your forms. You can write to the Internal Revenue Service c/o "Dullards and Cents" Washington, D.C. 00503.

MR. DA-DA, TUT, TUT. DID YOU REALLY THINK THAT YOU COULD AVOID YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES TO YOUR FORMER WIVES: TINA, TAMMY AND LOUISE? AS AN ATTORNEY AND A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE APPROPRIATE NAMES TO MY DUTY TO PAY THE AMOUNT OF 125,000 DOLLARS PLUS MY LEGAL FEES (\$104,000) OR FACE 10 YEARS IN A FEDERAL PRISON. SNAKE PLISKIN ATTORNEY AT LA S. Pliskin

STEP-DA-DA FEELS NOTHING BUT RAGE



ARRGH!

A MAN SHORT ON WORDS BUT LONG ON ACTION, STEP-DA-DA SEARCHES FOR SOMETHING THAT HE HASN'T SEEN IN OVER 25 YEARS.



HIS MARINE UNIFORM?



PLISKIN TALKS THE TALK... BUT CAN HE WALK THE WALK?

PUT PUT PUT PUT



MAXI TAXI

WHAT FLOOR IS SNAKE PLISKIN'S OFFICE?



Z-Z-ZO-ZO

I WRITE THE SONGS THAT MAKE THE...



THE SOOTHING MUSIC ON THE ELEVATOR DOES LITTLE TO TEMPER STEP-DA-DA'S FURY. INDEED, IT ONLY SEEMS TO ENRAGE HIM MORE.

THE HERPETO FAUNA BUILDING 1965

GETTING CLOSER, CLOSER, CLOSER.



A-HA!

SNAKESKIN & SNAKESKIN "MAKING AMERICA BETTER THROUGH LAWSUIT"

THE RECEPTIONIST IS CLUELESS.



MAY I HELP YOU? DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT?


ELIZABETH BIRD

STEP-DA-DA DON'T NEED NO APPOINTMENT.



DA-DA-DAY HAS ARRIVED, BABY.

MILES, THE YOUNG JUNIOR ASSOCIATE, FRESH OUT OF LAW SCHOOL, MAKES AN INOPPORTUNE APPEARANCE.



ZING!

UGH.

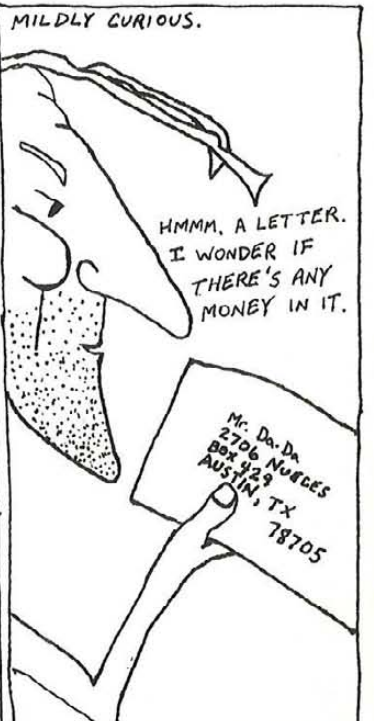
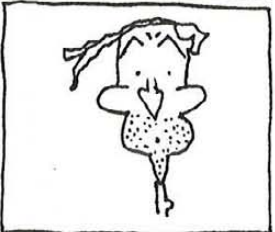
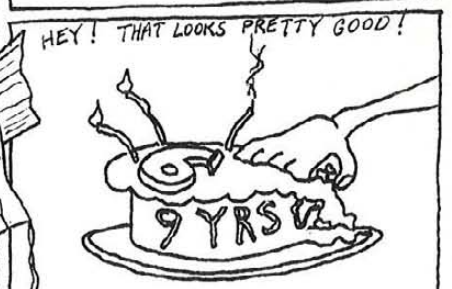
A PROMISING ATTORNEY IN TASSLED LOAFERS IS DEAD. BUT STEP-DA-DA FEELS NO REMORSE.

Step-Da-Da

by RJ Ireland



STEP-DA-DA IS PEACEFULLY ENJOYING A LATE AFTERNOON SLUMBER. INTERESTINGLY, TODAY WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE FIRST DAY OF HIS NEW JOB AT THE CAFETERIA, BUT STEP-DA-DA DECIDED TO CALL IN SICK. OF COURSE, MEMAW WILL BE DISAPPOINTED BUT HE DOESN'T CARE. YOU GOTTA LOOK OUT FOR NUMBER ONE HAS ALWAYS BEEN HIS MOTTO. ANYWAY...
A STRANGE SOUND POURS FORTH FROM THE MAIN ROOM AND RUDELY ROUSES STEP-DA-DA FROM HIS NAP. HE GOES TO INVESTIGATE.





IN THE SPIRIT OF THE NINJA, STEP-DA-DA SILENTLY GLIDES DOWN THE HALL UNTIL HE FINDS THE DOOR THAT SEPARATES HIM FROM HIS PREY.

SENIOR PARTNER

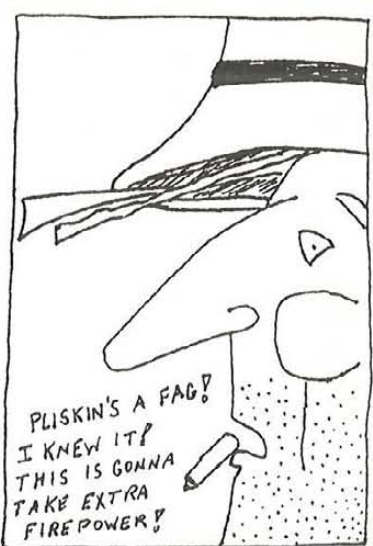
SQUEAK SQUEAK



AND BEHIND THE DOOR....

WHAT THE HELL IS THE MEANING OF THIS INTRUSION?

OOOH. LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN!



PLISKIN'S A FAG!
I KNEW IT!
THIS IS GONNA TAKE EXTRA FIREPOWER!

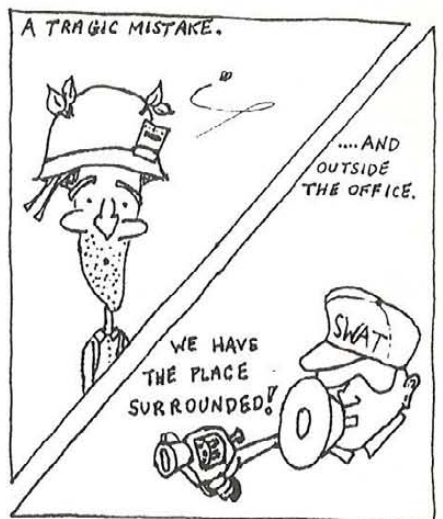


BOOM

O.K. PLISKIN? NOW THAT I'VE SOFTENED YOU UP, YOU AND ME... MAKE A MANO.



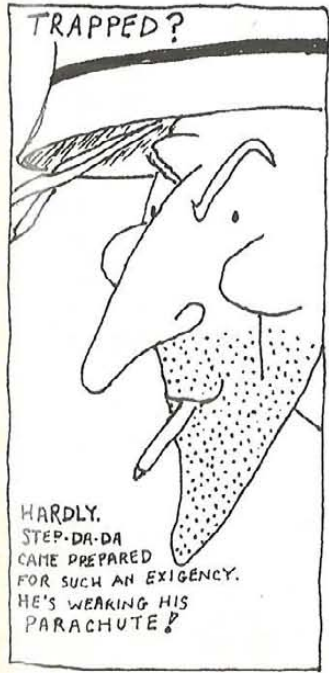
PLISKIN? PLISKIN? YOU DAMN FOOLS! I'M NOT PLISKIN! I'M ART SNAKESKIN! PLISKIN'S OFFICE IS ON THE 40TH FLOOR. WHO THE HELL ARE YOU??



A TRAGIC MISTAKE.

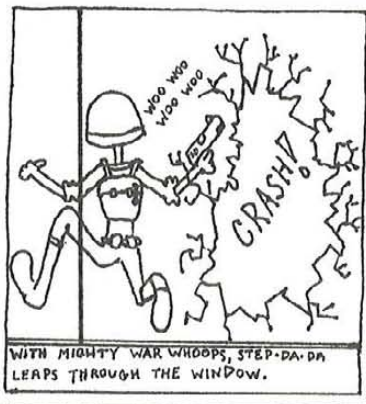
...AND OUTSIDE THE OFFICE.

WE HAVE THE PLACE SURROUNDED!

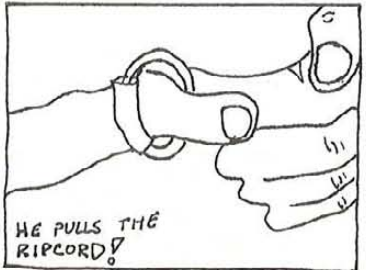


TRAPPED?

HARDLY. STEP-DA-DA CAME PREPARED FOR SUCH AN EXIGENCY. HE'S WEARING HIS PARACHUTE!



WITH MIGHTY WAR WHOOPS, STEP-DA-DA LEAPS THROUGH THE WINDOW.



HE PULLS THE RIPCORD!

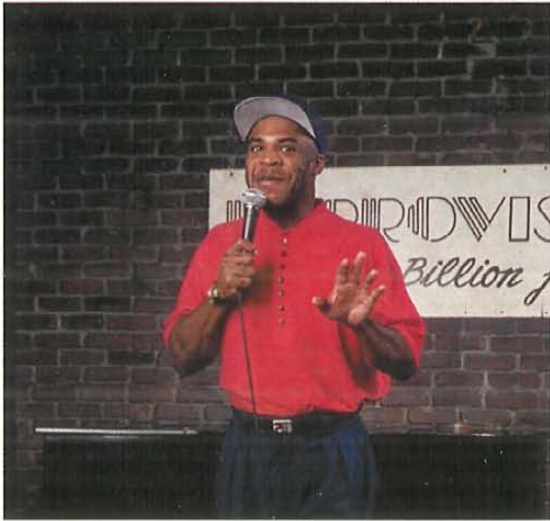
MANY, MANY YEARS AGO, LONG BEFORE HE MET MEMAW, STEP-DA-DA HAD A PRODIGIOUS PORN MAGAZINE COLLECTION. ONE NIGHT HE GOT TIRED OF HIS PRECIOUS MAGAZINES ALWAYS GETTING RUINED BY HIS UNCARING PALS. SO HE HID THEM. AFTER THAT NIGHT, HOWEVER, HE COULD NEVER REMEMBER WHERE HE HAD PUT THEM.



HE HID THEM IN HIS PARACHUTE!

Woo Woo Woo Woo

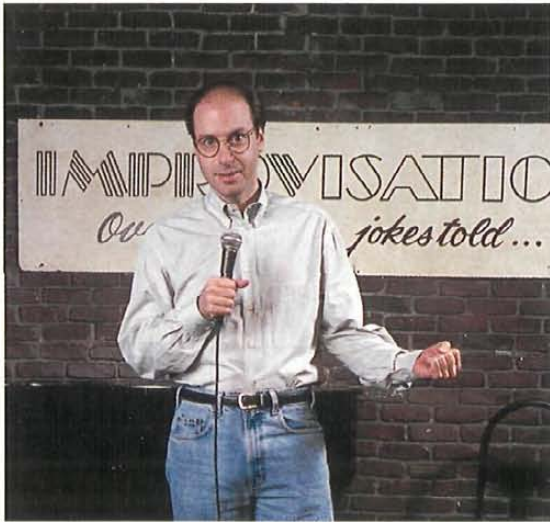
THE END



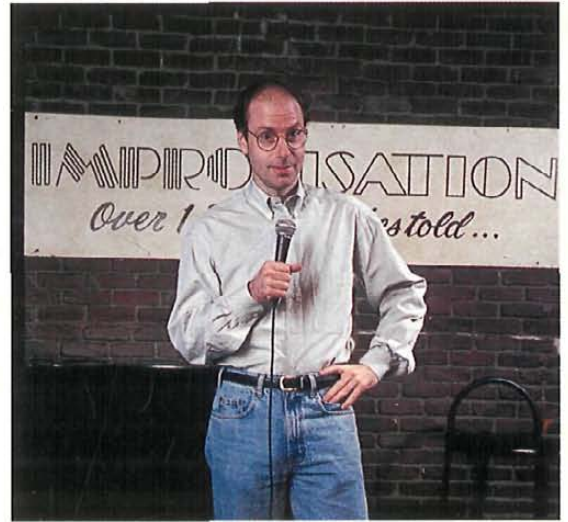
1. And now, here's Letterman and Tonight Show regular Stevie Ray Fromstein.



2. My girlfriend called me a wimp. That made me mad. I almost said something.



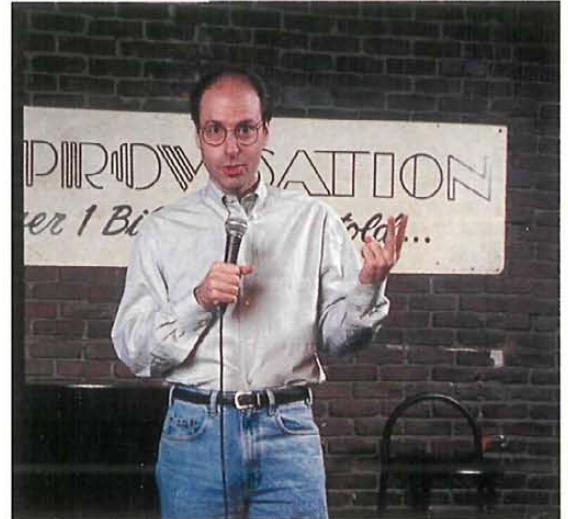
3. I'm very health conscious. I'm not in good shape, but I'm very aware of it.



4. I hate it when a woman uses offensive language in bed. There's no need for that. You know, like, "Get off me, you turd!"

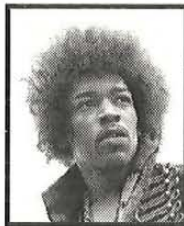


5. I was in my hotel room. It was the middle of the day. I was completely naked, and the maid walks in....Finally.



6. I've always had this fantasy to make love with two women.....in the same year.

In the four years between 1967 and 1970, Jimi Hendrix reinvented the electric guitar, changing rock & roll forever. This summer, a select group of artists, each touched by Jimi's genius, recorded an album of his music. *Stone Free* is more than just a tribute to a rock legend: it's a document of how powerful the reverberations from Hendrix's music remain.



STONE FREE A TRIBUTE TO JIMI HENDRIX

featuring

THE CURE - "Purple Haze"

ERIC CLAPTON - "Stone Free"

SPIN DOCTORS - "Spanish Castle Magic"

BUDDY GUY - "Red House"

BODY COUNT - "Hey Joe"

SEAL AND JEFF BECK - "Manic Depression"

NIGEL KENNEDY - "Fire"

PRETENDERS - "Bold As Love"

P.M. DAWN - "You Got Me Floatin'"

SLASH AND PAUL RODGERS WITH THE BAND OF GYPSYS - "I Don't Live Today"

BELLY - "Are You Experienced?"

LIVING COLOUR - "Crosstown Traffic"

PAT METHENY - "Third Stone From The Sun"

M.A.C.C. - "Hey Baby (Land Of The New Rising Sun)"

(Mike McCready, Jeff Ament, Chris Cornell and Matt Cameron)

"In order of importance, God, Christ, Jimi... life." - Prince Be, P.M. Dawn, 1993

On Reprise Cassettes and Compact Discs  ©1993 Reprise Records. Photograph ©1993 Jim Marshall

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even before Saturday Night Live, there were The Lost Tapes...

NATIONAL LAMPOON

THE LOST TAPES



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MURRAY

CHEVY

CHASE

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RAMIS

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GUEST

GILDA

RADNER

BILLY

CRYSTAL

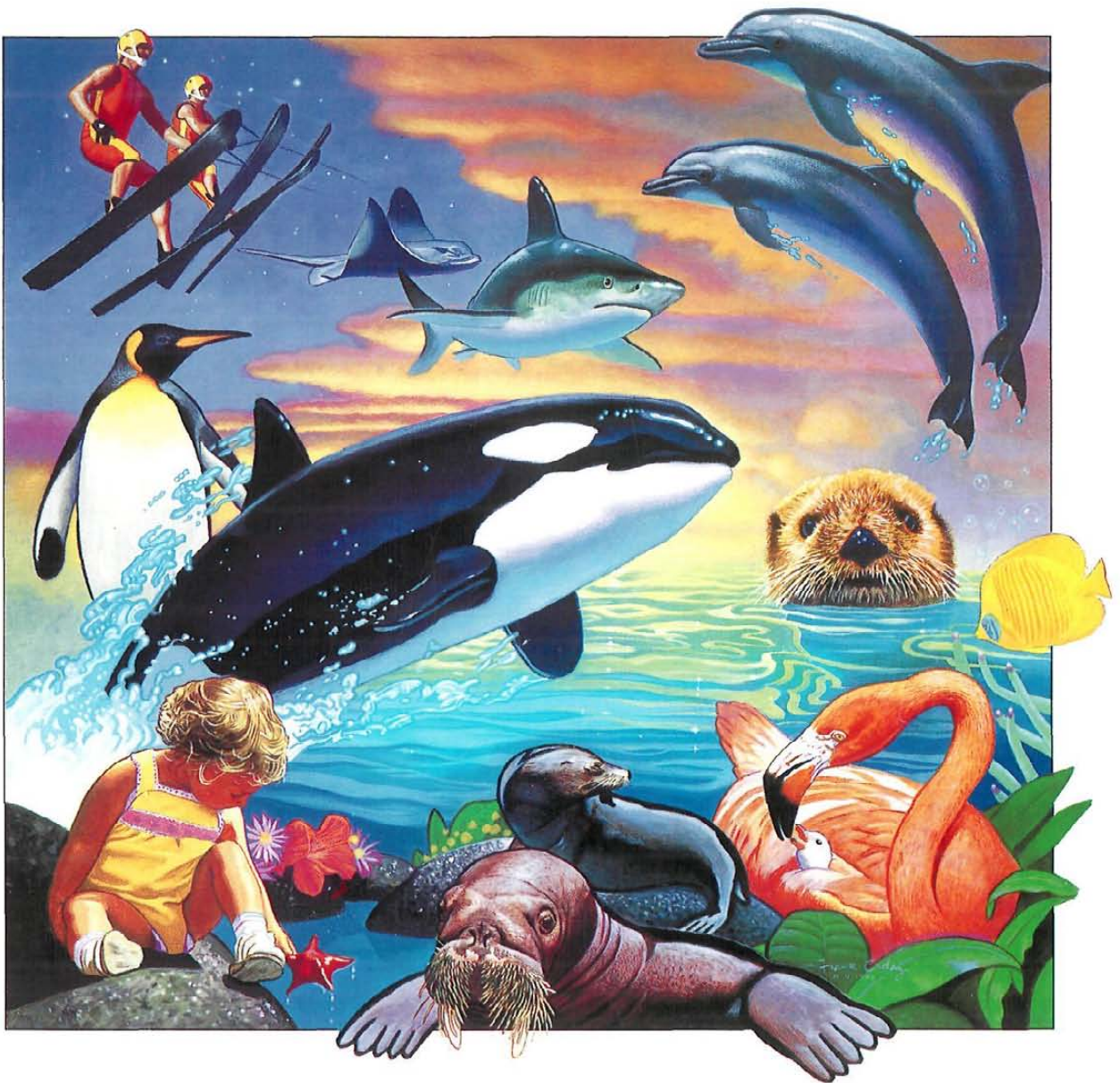
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 Busch Entertainment Corporation

you
got
the
right
one
Baby

uh
huh



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