

SHORT NOVEL! DEMISE OF ARLENE

NATIONAL LAMPOON

FREE!
LITIGIOUS
LAWYER
MAGAZINE

**AMERICAN
WORKMANSHIP:**
ALL IT'S CRACKED
UP TO BE?

WILD THINGS:
YOU'VE GOT
TO SEE IT
TO BELIEVE IT!

**DEVIL'S
ADVOCATE:**
A WORKING
MANUAL
FOR WHITEY



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NATIONAL LAMPOON

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We were going to do a parody of *Spy* in this issue, but that's unnecessary now and a bit distasteful. It would have been really funny, though. On page 13 we were going to have pictures of famous people in wacky poses with funny captions and interview death row inmates about their favorite anti-perspirants. Then we were going to have somebody send out a funny letter to a company making some off-the-wall request-- and then publish the reply. Take our word for it-- it was hilarious.

In fact, this sudden surge of bankrupt magazines has gotten a lot *National Lampoon* fans nervous. There are some people out there who say that we're just a bunch of "untalented, perverts, just barely scraping by from month to month." Well, to those of you who subscribe to this belief, we say this: PHOOEY!! Contrary to popular opinion, *National Lampoon* has no plans whatsoever of folding. We've been around for twenty-five years, and we plan to be around for a hundred more. There's absolutely nothing to worry about, so just disregard anything you may have heard contrary to this. **In fact, just to strengthen our reader relations, we announce a BRAND NEW NatLamp CONTEST!!**

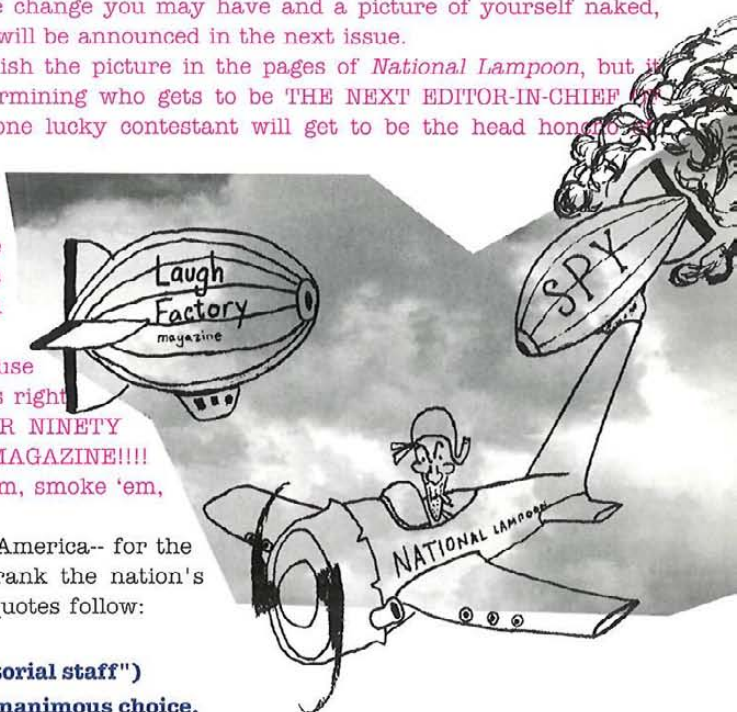
All you have to do is send us in any spare change you may have and a picture of yourself naked, for us to do with whatever we please. The winner will be announced in the next issue.

Of course, for legal reasons, we can't publish the picture in the pages of *National Lampoon*, but it will give the editors an excellent criteria for determining who gets to be THE NEXT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF NATIONAL LAMPOON MAGAZINE! That's right, one lucky contestant will get to be the head honcho of America's premiere comedy magazine. NOTE: This is not an "Editor-for-a-Day" contest. The winner will be Editor-in-chief-- indefinitely.

Ten Second prize winners will each receive 750,000 shares of *National Lampoon* stock, plus \$700 in unused postage meter money and an assortment of office supplies and furniture.

Third prize winners will receive a warehouse in New Jersey full of NatLamp back issues. That's right, AN ENTIRE WAREHOUSE COMPLETE WITH OVER NINETY THOUSAND BACK ISSUES OF YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE!!!! Do whatever you want with them. Read 'em, sell 'em, smoke 'em, shove 'em up your ass, whatever!

As for the matter of the state of humor in America-- for the benefit of our readers, we asked our editors to rank the nation's comedy magazines. The rankings and illustrative quotes follow:



1. **National Lampoon** ("Top-notch editorial staff")
Editor's Note: This was an overwhelming unanimous choice.
2. **National Geographic** ("Pictures of wild animals in heat")
3. **Ebony** ("At least one Jackson family member on cover every month")
4. **The Advocate** ("I loved that movie with Dustin Hoffman")
5. **Field & Stream** ("Fish pornography, can't beat it")
6. **Sassy** ("A magazine that instructs sixteen-year-old girls sexual techniques")
7. **New Woman** ("A magazine that instructs bitter forty-year-old women sexual techniques")
8. (Tie)
Spy ("Was 10th until it quit publishing")
The Comedy Magazine ("Comedy is its middle name")
Modern Bride
Cat Fancy
10. **TV Guide** ("Sometimes they have typos in the listings which are funny, like one time they said, "Tonight, Tim Allen Drills His Wife on Home Improvements")

Editor's Note: *The Laugh Factory Magazine* didn't even make our list because it didn't meet our

LETTERS...

FROM THE EDITORS



Sirs:

I absolutely love your show! It's the perfect way to relax after a stressful day! Normally I don't let me kids watch TV while they eat, but Rescue 911 is so life affirming I think it may actually aid in the digestion process! Keep up the good work!!!

And Honey. I was hoping you might tell me where I could get a dress like the one worn by the woman who went through the windshield on your Dec. 2 show. It was an ivory-colored fabric with a lace collar and a rose petal print.. although those may have been just blood stains! I know the woman is still in a coma, but perhaps someone in her immediate family may know where she bought it. I have a wedding to go next month and that dress would be perfect! Thanks for your help!!!!

Po White Trash
Trailer Park, USA

Sirs:

"No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

These clowns are unbelievable.

Rush Limbaugh
Dissecting the
Constitution

Sirs:

The good news is that for the last six months, I was vegetarian— just like River Phoenix.

John Candy

Sirs:

Finally. Maybe I can get some parts again.

Louie Anderson

Sirs:

I resent the fact that you think I have no talent. You should see the things I do in bed with my husband, the President of a major record label.

Mariah Carey
Hitting the high notes

Sirs:

Next, I'll be opening for Nirvana at the Forum and then I'll go into the studio with Siouxsie Sioux for a duets album. Kids nowadays, they love me.

Tony Bennet
Fooling Himself



Sirs:

Yo, yo, yo. I'm coming to ya from the streets. Tellin' like it is. You know man, I started out as a gangsta— and I'm still a gangsta. I came from the 'hood and that's where I'm comfortable. Now, Winston, could you fetch the Olde English, please?

Dr. Dre
Adjusting to life in
Bel Air

Sirs:

They suck the life from you, I've said. But I am really antiSemitic? Do I really wish for the extinction of the Jewish People. Of course, the answer is no. But, I do like a synagogue machine gun massacre every now and then, just like the next guy.

Louis Farrakhan
Toning it Down for
the Press

Sirs:

No. It has nothing to do with that. No, really. I'm not scared. I happen to handle the ball better wearing rubber gloves and a mask.

LA Laker
Doing drills with
Coach Johnson

Sirs:

When do I get the chance to Roast him?

Angelica Huston
At Jack Nicholson's
Salute

Sirs:

No problem, I'll get that for you. Hey! Thtop that! You want me to beat you? I thought you thaid you want the sthoap!

Stacey Koon
Adapting to life in
prison

Sirs:

Since my husband died, I can't seem to find the will to date again

Tom Hanks
Sleepless in
Philadelphia

Sirs:

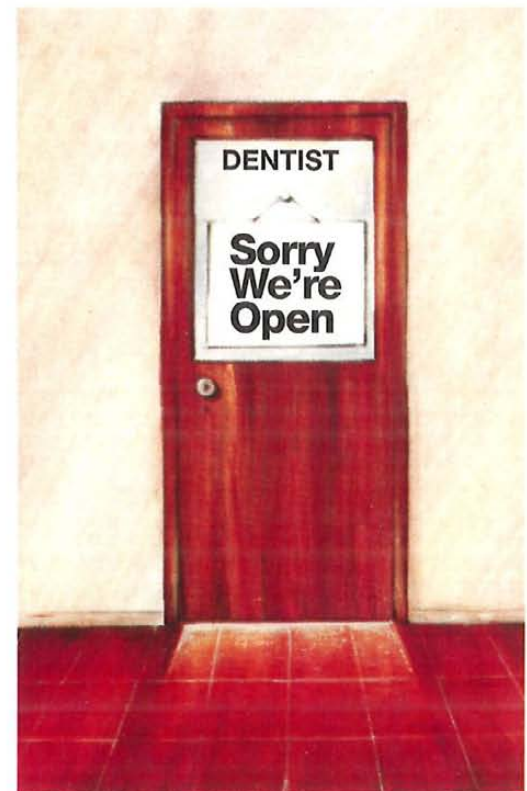
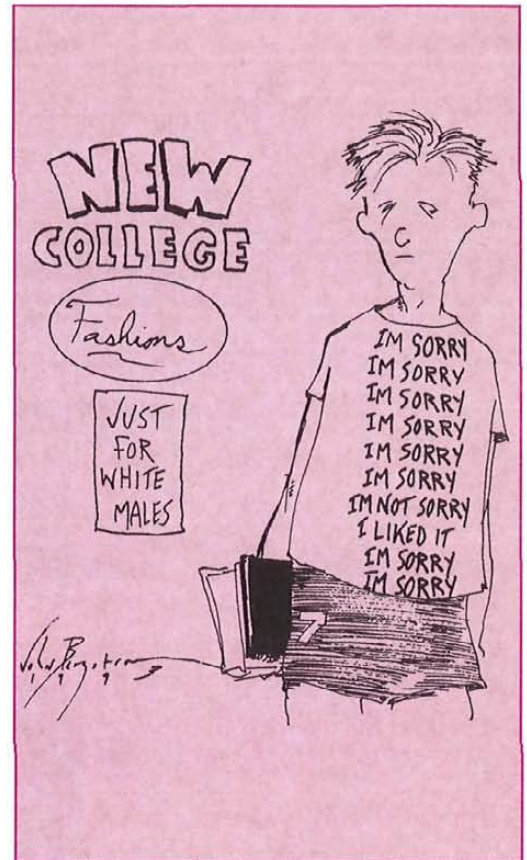
I can't believe people find Howard Stern fffffunny. Their is a difference between hahahaving fun with people and making fun of ppppppppppeople.

Dean of Studies
American Institute of
Stuttering

Sirs:

Would you mind if I brought over a few of my friends to have a party. Just a few 13 inchers, maybe a 27 incher if we're lucky.

Your Television
In the Interactive Age



10 Minutes with John Hughes

Before John Hughes became the film guru he is today, he dominated the pages of *National Lampoon Magazine* with such literary classics as "My Vagina", "The Hughes Engagement Guide" and "Vacation '58" – which eventually spun off into the classic film *Vacation*.

Needless to say, we were more than thrilled when Hughes unexpectedly stopped by the NL headquarters and reluctantly agreed to a ten minute interview, touching on such topics as the tragic death of John Candy, his philosophy of filmmaking, and even an exclusive on Fatty, his next blockbuster due out this summer. All in all, it was a full ten minutes.

JH: I see that *National Lampoon* hasn't lost it's lavish sense of interior decorating.

NL: Are you implying that it was this drab in the old days?

JH: (smiles, lights a Marlboro) Worse.

NL: Well, let's start with that. A lot of people don't know that you got your start as an editor for *National Lampoon Magazine*.

JH: Yeah, but don't tell my wife that, she still thinks I was in film school at the time.

NL: Don't worry, your secret is safe with us. But what were things like then? Was it a fun staff?

JH: Hmm...lets see, it was me, P.J O'Rourke, John Waters, yeah, I'd say it was a fun staff.

NL: Now, I was recently given a list of your numerous film exploits.

JH: ..and "exploits" is a very appropriate word there.

NL: Well the thing that impressed me the most was that there's so damn many of them. It seems like just about every comedy that came out of the eighties was either written, directed, or produced by John Hughes. And half of them star John Candy. I'm sure we don't have to go over how devastated you must have been by his untimely death.

JH: (laughs) You don't beat around the bush, do you?

NL: Well, it seems like such an obvious question -- the two of you were very close.

JH: Of course we were. Like I've told every other journalist, John was the funniest, most sensitive man I've ever known. I really don't want to talk about it anymore.

NL: O.K., I can certainly respect that. Was he scheduled to be in your next big blockbuster?

JH: No. Again, I really don't want to talk about John Candy any more.

NL: Can we talk about this next huge blockbuster you have brewing?

JH: (Reaches for a fresh cigarette) Hey, let's ease our way into that O.K., that's supposed to be my final plug.

NL: Oops, sorry. How do you think your films have changed over the years? Are you noticing any sort of pattern?

JH: I'm sure there is one, but I don't really pay much attention to that sort of thing. (Glances at watch.)

NL: Why not? What's the John Hughes cardinal rule of filmmaking?

JH: (Pensive pause) My cardinal rule in filmmaking is "never overestimate your audience." After *The Great*

Outdoors, I realized that there's just no point in spending a lot of time and money developing an intricate and cleverly-written script. The average audience member at one of my films has the intellect of Bo Bo the talking chimp. It's a fucking joke, and fortunately I've grown incredibly wealthy off of it. The trick is to just keep cranking them out at a consistently steady rate.

NL: And what's that rate now?

JH: 'Bout three per year.

NL: (whistle through my teeth) Christ, that's a lot of material!!

JH: Yeah it is, but like I said, I have it down to a science. For example I pretty much wrote the entire script for *Richie Rich*

"The average audience member at one of my films has the intellect of Bo-Bo, the talking chimp. You think anyone with the slightest notion of character development and plot structure would pay five bucks to see *Curly Sue*?"

(another upcoming Hughes film) while I was waiting for the valet at Spagos.

NL: Incredible. This next question may be in bad taste, but you're estimated to be worth over half-a-billion dollars. What keeps you from just hanging things up?

JH: *Half a billion!* Really? Well Christ, what the hell am I doing here! (Pretends to get up and leave) That's my way of agreeing with you; that question was in bad taste. (laughs) I think that half-a-billion dollars might be a *slight* exaggeration, but yes, I admit that money hasn't been a problem in quite some time. But I think that just gives me more freedom as a filmmaker.

NL: How's that?

JH: Well, being able to finance your own films means you're able to make films about whatever the hell you want to. Now that I'm not out to make the big bucks, I can concentrate less on the "safe" comedies, and focus more on the films that appeal to *my* sense of humor, and make more "cultish" comedies.

NL: Can you give an example of the kind of movie you would eventually like to make?

JH: Eventually, I would love to do a spoof of the Holocaust. That may sound kind of sick and twisted, but I'm convinced that I could make a tasteful, clever comedy out of it. Of course it would be a black comedy, and unfortunately I don't think America will be ready for it for another ten or so years.

NL: Come on! Do you really think America will ever be ready for a comedy about the Holocaust?

JH: Oh, I guarantee it. You just have to let enough time pass so people become desensitized to it. Remember the old Steve Allen line, "Tragedy plus time equals comedy." Here's an example: the other day I saw an ad for something in a magazine, I forget what it was - backpacks, I think. And the ad was saying how *HOT* these backpacks were, as in hip, trendy, *HOT*. And as an example of how *HOT* they were, they had a picture of the Hindenberg. Now to people who were alive when the Hindenberg exploded, I'm sure this ad was incredibly shocking and offensive. But to the target audience, which I imagine was kids under sixteen, the Hindenberg had no personal significance, so the company didn't give a shit and ran the ad.

It'd be the same thing with my spoof of the Holocaust. It would be aimed at a young crowd who weren't directly affected by it, so I

won't really give a shit about offending anyone.

NL: But, I'm sure you'll get a lot of protesting just the same.

JH: (Shrugs)

NL: Now what about this summer-mega-monster-blockbuster that you've chosen to plug in *National Lampoon* for the first time anywhere.

JH: (Lights a fresh cigarette) O.K., let's get down to it. My next film, *Fatty*, which as of now is scheduled for a July release (smiles and crosses fingers) is a very daring departure from anything that I've done so far. It's going to be a biography of the late Fatty Arbuckle.

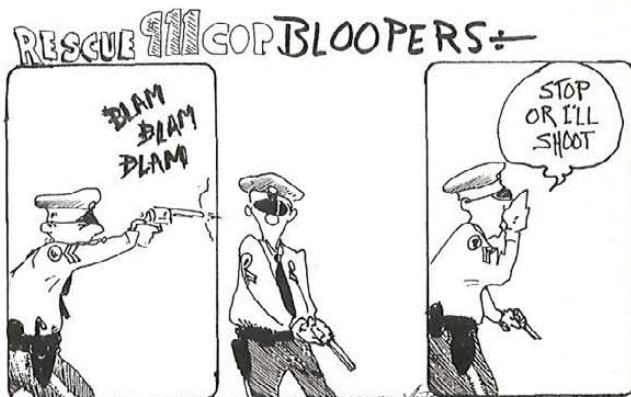
NL: I take it, then, that it won't be much of a comedy...

JH: That's *everyone's* first reaction, which is exactly what made this project so appealing to me. Actually it's intended to be very humorous. Dan Aykroyd will be playing Arbuckle, so there *will* be a very humorous undertone. The curious thing is, people always picture Fatty Arbuckle as this maniacal beast because of the controversy that ended his career. But what America forgets is that Fatty Arbuckle was probably one of this country's finest comedic actors. So this film will touch more on the comic genius side of him than his tragic downfall. So it will be a comedy/drama -- a "dramedy", if you will.

NL: What other stars should we look for?

JH: Well, Molly Ringwald is co-starring as a

"Fatty Arbuckle was probably one of this country's finest comedic actors."



teenage prostitute, and the rest is going to be newcomers. Macaulay Culkin has a cameo, and Shaquille O'Neal is working on the soundtrack.

NL: Let's talk about casting. Why Dan Aykroyd?

JH: Well, Dan is primarily a comic actor - one of the greatest alive, but he's also shown, as of late, that he's very capable of being a serious actor. He was even nominated for his work in *Driving Miss Daisy*. So I can't think of anyone better to capture the true essence of Fatty on screen than Dan. I also see a lot of similarities between Dan and Fatty Arbuckle: They both have a fantastic sense of irony, they're both pretty hefty, and they both have legendary tempers.

NL: Is Dan Aykroyd's temper really comparable to Fatty Arbuckle's?

JH: No. I mean, I've never seen Dan actually hit anyone, but he does fly off the handle from time to time. He's gotten better though.

NL: Can you give me an example?

JH: Well you know the kind of stuff I mean, like if he can't find his car keys he'll swear a lot, or he'll kick a tree if he forgets one of his lines, that kind of thing.

NL: Nothing more than that though?

JH: Well.. not really, no.

NL: But he has done things more extreme than just swearing, am I right?

JH: On occasion.

NL: Like what? I'm just curious, being such a big fan of his.

JH: If I tell you something, can you promise to keep it to yourself?

NL: Sure, go ahead. (I pretend to hit the pause button on the tape recorder)



... THEN THE LITTLE PIG WHO BUILT HIS HOUSE OF STRAW
GOT A FEDERAL DISASTER GRANT AND BUILT HIS HOUSE OF
STRAW ALL OVER AGAIN.

JH: Well, one particular incident does seem to stand out. Off the record, of course. Dan and Donna (Donna Dixon, Aykroyd's wife) and my wife and I were at Dan's summer house in Martha's Vineyard. It was around midnight, and the four of us were playing *Trivial Pursuit*, the *Baby Boomers Edition*. This was, oh, about four or five years ago. Dan of course had been drinking quite heavily all evening, and the question he and Donna had to answer was about Eric Burdon. No wait, the answer was "Eric Burdon," and Dan had the answer on the tip of his tongue, and he was racking his brain trying to get it out and saying to everyone "don't tell me, don't tell me, I know this!!" And it was a fun mood and we were all laughing... Then Donna gives up on Dan getting the answer so she says, "Eric Burdon." All of a sudden, Dan just goes completely apeshit. "I told you not to tell me, you stupid bitch!" and "You never listen to me you Goddamn whore! That's all you are, a filthy, stinking whore", etc.. At this point he was on his feet and screaming, and he had this crazed look in his eye, and little bits of spit were flying out of his mouth - and, as you know, Dan's a big guy, so naturally we were all terrified. Then he raises his wine glass like he's going to hit her with it, and she instinctively flinches, but instead she smashes the glass on his OWN FOOT. And then, goes storming out of the house mumbling profanities. It was an incredibly awkward situation; later, Donna broke down and told us how that kind of behavior wasn't uncommon. The next morning we found him passed out on the front lawn.

NL: Pretty scary stuff.

JH: Yeah. We were all mortified by the whole thing, but I think that particular night was what prompted him to finally get some help.

NL: And has he?

JH: Uh huh. He's pretty much O.K. now, but he's still having a tough time. I don't think I should say anything more about it. Besides, I really have to be going.

NL: Well thanks for taking time out to talk to us John. Can we get a quick photo to run along side the interview?

JH: Um, I really have to.....no.

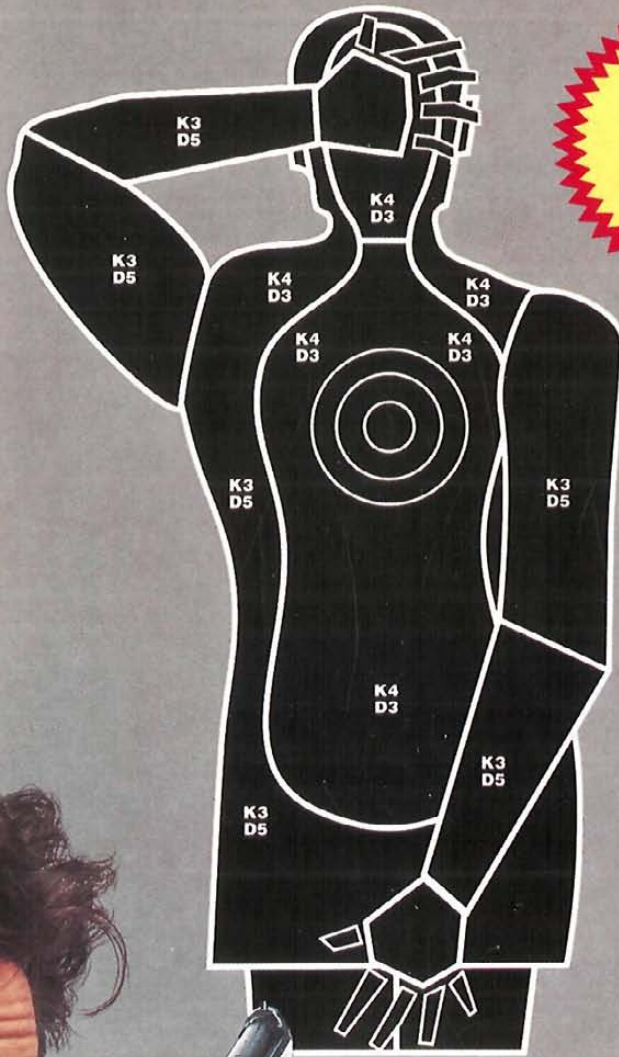
NL: O.K., thanks anyway.
Asshole... (under my breath)

JH: What did you just call me, you little shit? (getting defensive)

NL: I just asked you if you need me to validate your parking.

JH: Oh.

Oh My God! They're On Video!



**RENT
IT NOW...**
*Before
Someone Else
Does!*



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CASTING BY SUZANNE TODD COSTUME DESIGNER DAVID WILLIS EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS GENE QUINTANO
PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED SOME MATERIAL MAY BE INAPPROPRIATE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 13

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The Inside Scoop.....

What's that ticking sound? Oh, it's Connie Chung's biological clock! Chung, the frustrated momma-wanna-be, is losing her patience with circumstances surrounding her inability to impregnate. This summer Chung's physician has decided to aid her pregnancy by calling in the big boys: Heavy-weight champ Evander Holyfield, N.B.A star David Robinson, and former Colts running back Eric Dickerson have agreed to assist the project...

...The Association for Italian Americans (A.I.A) is in an uproar over a new recurring Sesame Street character who the A.I.A feels portrays Italian Americans in a "stereotypical, unfavorable light." The character under indictment, "Dafusia", is a pencil-thin, mustached, tank-top wearing Ferret who's single phrase "Binga Da Bum, I Breaka You Thumbs" has become a major catch saying among the kindergarten circuit. More on that story as it develops...

...Is director Jonathan Demme, bitter about not getting the Best Director Academy Award for Philadelphia, the socially conscious film of homosexual AIDS patient Andrew Beckett? "Not at all," he says cheerfully. "Why should I let that get to me. After all the Academy is just a bunch of ignorant old homos. Screw em..."

...Who would you rather see do the next MTV Unplugged album: Whitney Houston, Lenny Kravitz or K.D. Lang? We polled fifty 16-30 year olds to find out. The overwhelming majority answered, "I really don't give a shit.".....

...As far as lawsuits go, here's a real head scratcher: Celebrity attorney Alan Dershowitz will be representing himself in an assault with malicious intent suit against former college roommate and best friend Ed Asner. Apparently Dershowitz had brought Asner, who was sick in bed with an advanced cold, a bouquet of flowers and a "get well" card. Dershowitz tried to put the flowers down next to the sleeping Asner, but was "shocked and confused" when Asner sprung awake and bit down on Dershowitz's left hand. Asner's defense? He claims he thought Dershowitz was an intruder...

..."Irony is the only defense this generation has against the commodification of their culture," said the self proclaimed voice of the Snapple generation, Ben Stiller. Stiller's directorial debut "Reality Bites" which is no longer playing because it sucked has gotten Stiller a deal to start this summer directing nothing...

...Hot Damn!!! NBC's top rated NYPD Blue has been praised by critics everywhere as being "ground-breaking" and "The definitive action program of the 90's". Most of the excitement is generated around the shows abundant use of profanity. But are the producers relying solely on this aspect to save a dying network? "Shit no," says NYPD co-producer David Milch. "Our success is based on a kick-ass writing staff and a whole bunch of other shit that

From the Open Reading at Cafe Effluvia

Mediation

The flower cries dew, spits pollen,
bends from the clouds,
drowns in the rain.
My roommate is
an asshole.

Dialogue through our Veins

She:

When I twist open the
tap of my heart,
you look at me down an
endless
well

or
up an endless
night

while we sip our espresso and Compair and
die from an orgasm without touching.

He:

Uh huh. Listen. This has been fun. Really.
I think we should see other people.

Mythic Hillside

The dragon's fire bursts like a bloom of ghosts
against the mythic hillside, and glinting in the sun
rides the white golden one, his armour concealing purpose
as he charges down upon the knobby troll.

The knight is Commander Ryker on Star Trek, and
he's in Holo-Deck Four.

While through the valleys echo voices of the ancients,
saying:

"Get a life.

Get. A. Life.

Seriously.

Get up from the computer and
meet some people."

Our Love

The hydrangeas tell me beauty,
The dry center of my breast bone
tells me stillness:

Our love is perfect.

Perfect.

Except you're

hooked on heroin.

That I could do without.

Ballad of the Temp Worker

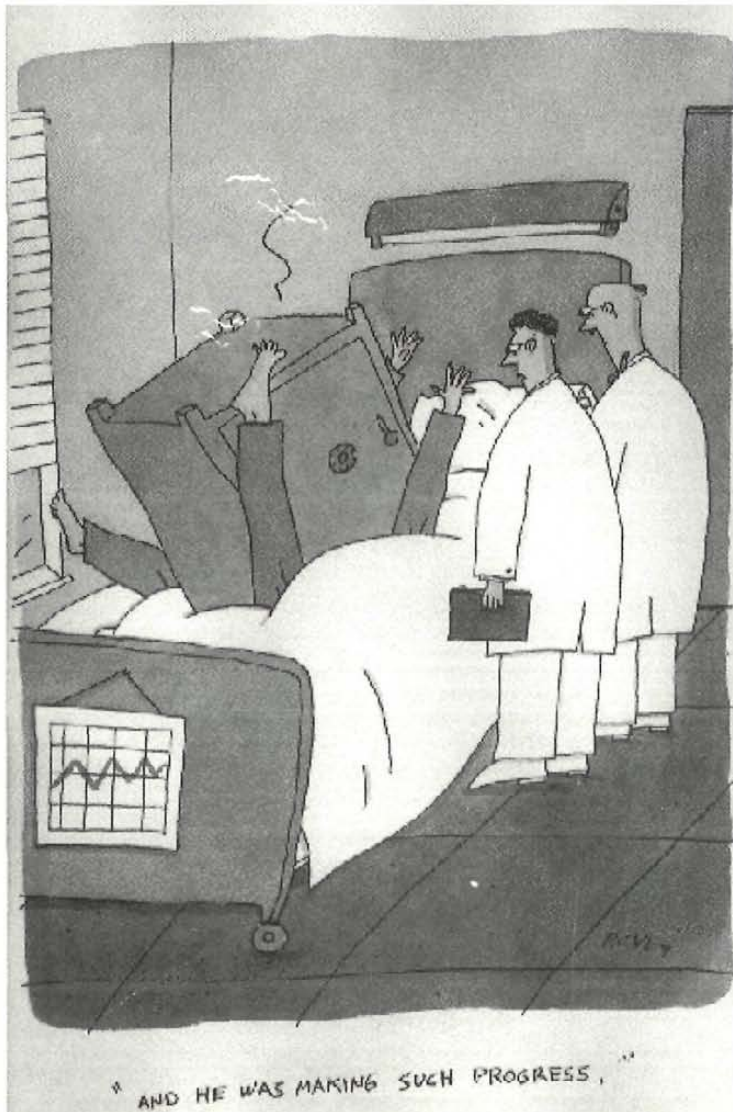
*Separate the pink form from the yellow and green,
put the pink in the front section of the file and
yellow and green section in back.*

*Separate the pink form from the yellow and green,
put the pink in the front section of the file and
yellow and green sections in back.,*

*Separate the pink form from the yellow and green,
put the pink in the back of the file for a change,
hide the yellow and green sections in my coat and
post them later in a bus station toilet.
No one'll miss this stapler, either.*

Lunch.

Poems By Barry Lank



I'm not at liberty to discuss now!...

...Will 1994 be the real Year of the Woman? According to the Hollywood reporter, no, 1996 will....

Ooh, la la! The red hot 1960's sex attraction Anne Margaret, '74 is still a hot ticket, seducing her way into the hearts and dreams of male movie-goers, as shown in the recent hit Grumpy Old Men. Margaret recently underwent a medical examination after a recent display of unprintable behavior related to alzheimers, and cirrhosis of the liver. But will that stop the bombshell from an upcoming autobiography and steamy exercise video due out this summer? "Not a chance" claims her agent. Viva Margaret!!!...

...What whacky idea does comedy Zen David Letterman have brewing to follow up his hilarious stunt of sending his mother to Norway to cover the Winter Olympics? Well sources say that next month the king of late night will be sending his Mexican Non-English speaking cleaning woman to the ersatz nation of Bophuthatswana to report first hand on the recent happenings of the neo Nazi African Resistance Movement. You're the king Davell!...

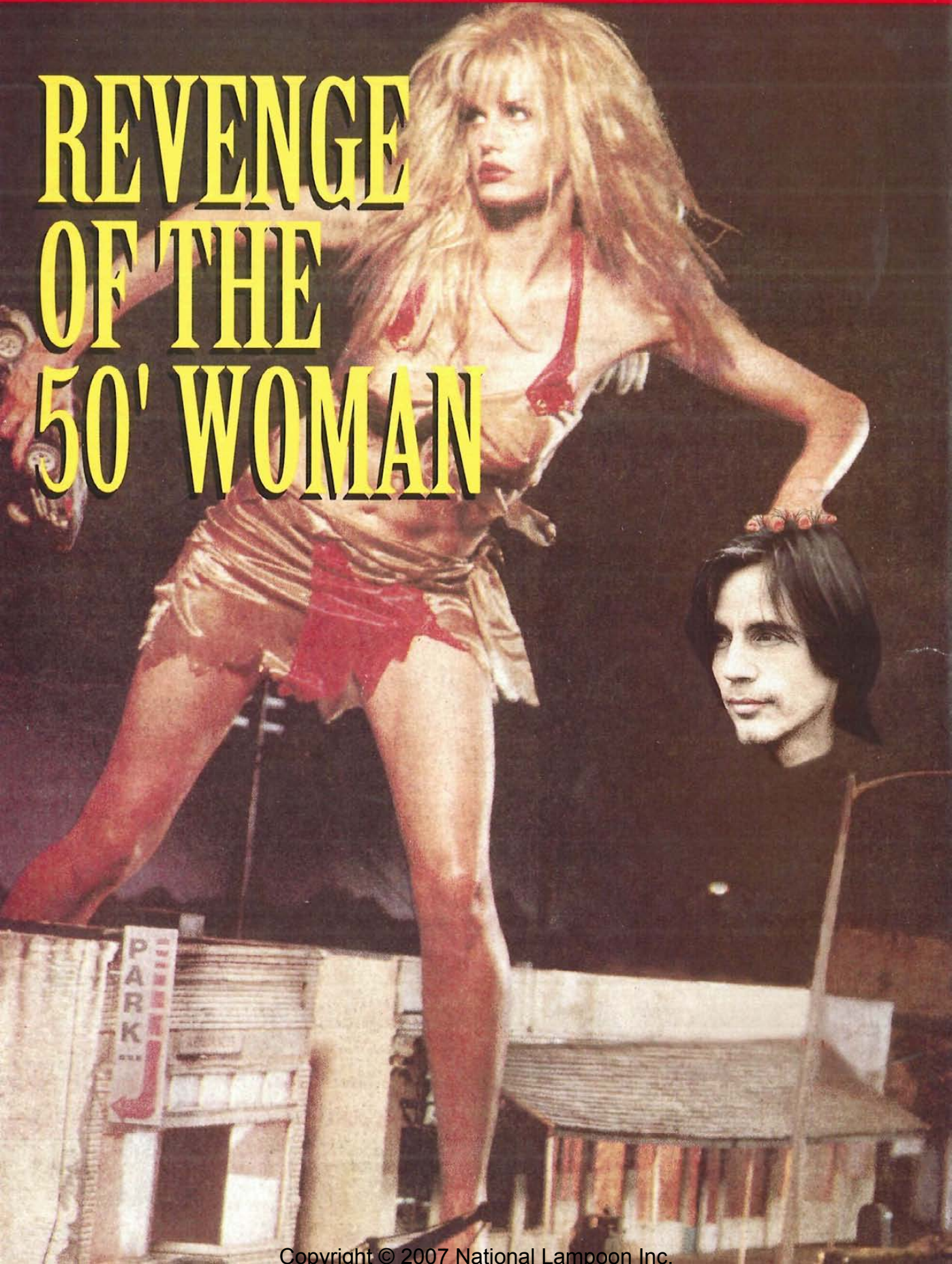
Perky, irresistible twenty-something actress Wynona Ryder had the Jay Leno audience rolling in the aisles on the set of a March 19 episode taping, when the 23-year-old actress had another stress-related nervous breakdown. For legal reasons the tape was later destroyed and the episode never aired...

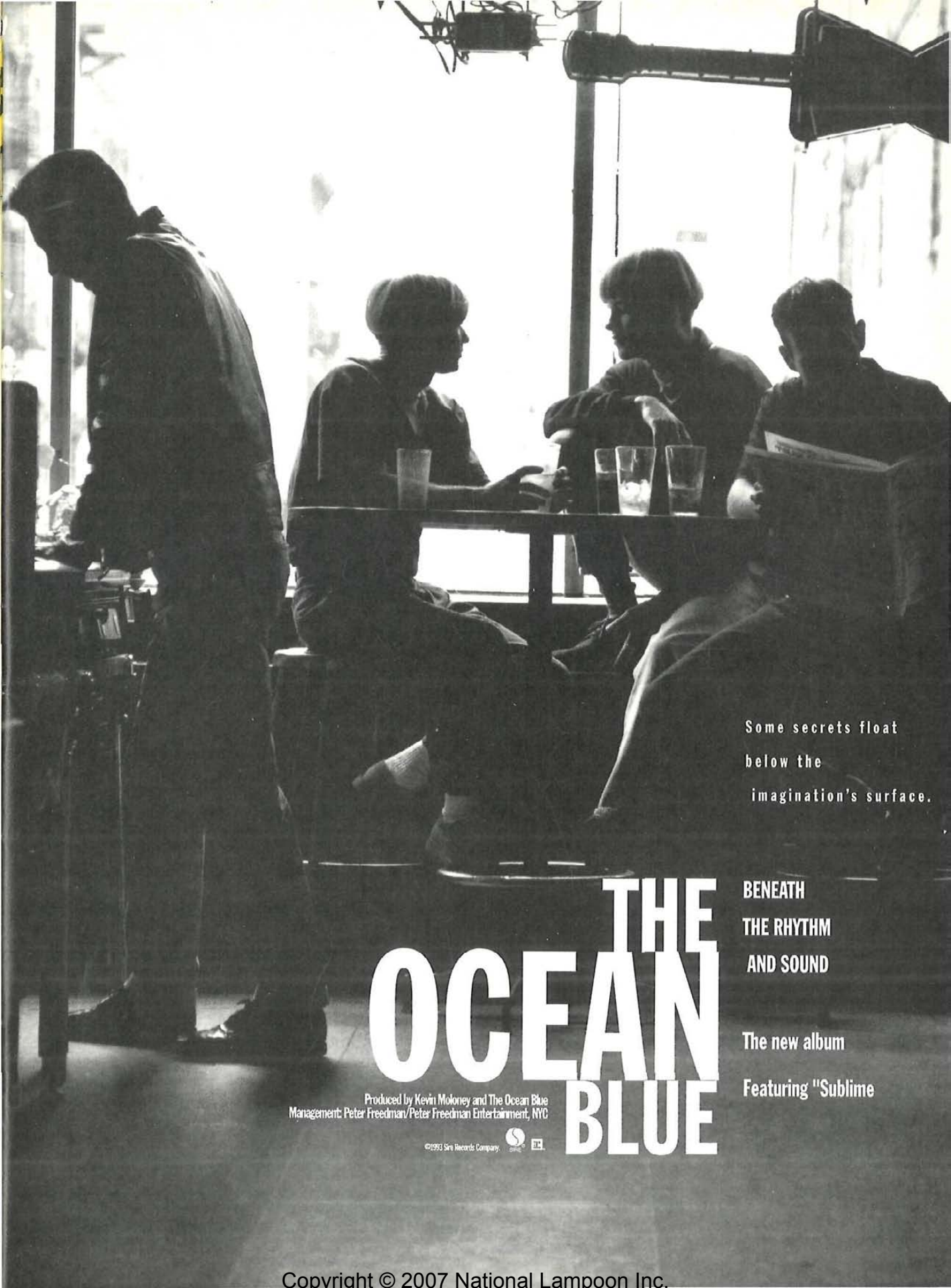
...So what exactly is it about the media that gets these celebs huffing and puffing about invasions of privacy? Well, we caught up with sniveling actress, and recovering alcoholic Drew Barrymore at L.A.'s trendy Viper Room to try and find out. However, Mrs. Barrymore was unavailable for comment as she was busy out back on her hands and knees making repulsive gurgling noises while pathetically attempting to pick up a broken strand of pearls that had fallen from her black dress that was liberally stained with what appeared to be champagne vomit...

...Fans everywhere are wondering just what the heck jittery comedy master Tom Arnold spends his hard earned money on? Well, even The Ear isn't exactly sure where all his money is going but we have our suspicions as to what the burly funny man has got himself wired into, so always eager to sniff out a good story we thought we'd drop Arnold a line and see if he'd be willing to help, but the fat man seemed too strung out to even carry an intelligible conversation. Is it possible that the "ton of laughs" is starting to crack from the pressures of chasing that wagon of respect which is ever so slowly traveling out of reach? Of course we don't want to accuse anyone of having a problem. And why would we want to blow someone's cover without even a gram of evidence.

COMING SOON

REVENGE OF THE 50' WOMAN





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below the
imagination's surface.

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F O R T H E W H I T E M I N O R I T Y

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WHITEY
ASSIMILATION INTO
THE MINORITY

LEARNING
MINORITY
SPEAK

PLAY BALL,
WHITEY!
MINORITY SPORTS
ACTIVITIES

ENGLISH AS A
SECOND LANGUAGE

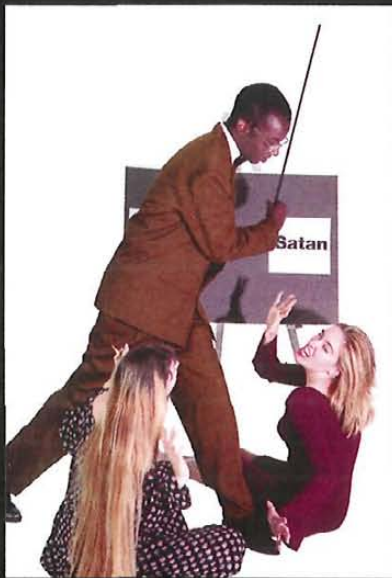


Minoritization is Necessary

By the year 2000, caucasians will be a minority in the United States. That is why minorities must now take the time to help assimilate Whitey into the new society-- with the same courtesy extended previously to minorities.



Repeat after me, "I am the white menace."



Problem students must be dealt with accordingly.

Majority members on the White Minority

"We had one that moved in next to us. Right next door. I think property values are going down."

Susie Cho, San Francisco

"I wish they would dress more normal--you know, less conservatively."

Jose Rodrigues, Los Angeles

"They play that awful Garth Brooks music all day. I think it inspires violence against farm animals."

Luther Washington, Detroit

"I actually saw them driving in my neighborhood in one of those... Volkos. I thought we were insulated from that sort of thing."

Habib Subab, Tampa

"I saw them in a car... with only three people in the front seat."

Julio Herrera, El Paso

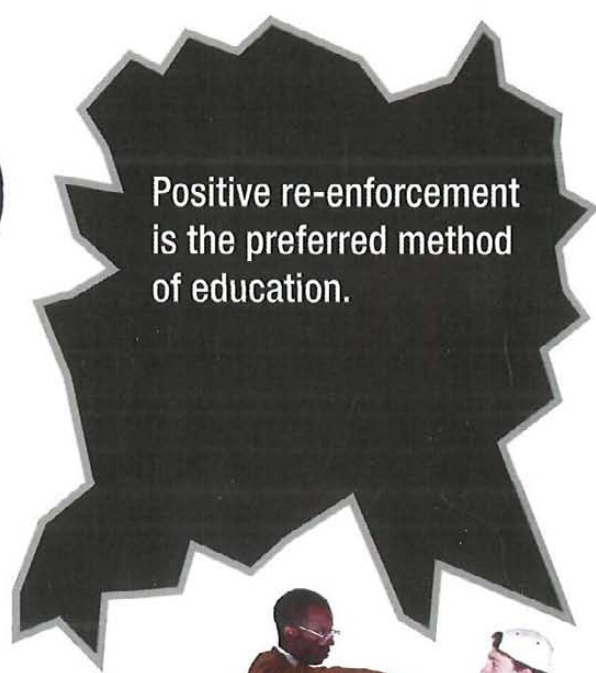


Are you a member of the white minority? Have you been a victim of discrimination? Is your Saab being repossessed? Have you been passed over for promotions because you are now a minority? Then call me.

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE



Golf is not a sport that can get one out of the White Ghetto. Basketball is the ticket to a college degree.



Positive re-enforcement is the preferred method of education.



Only the white devil would charge for something that falls free from the sky.



Keep your 40 oz. in a paper, not plastic, bag.



Believe me, I'd gladly have given you money for birth control. The only reason you can't afford child care is that every system on earth the white man must pollute and corrupt, while making us the scapegoat.



Hey, Abraham. Fetch my Cadillac, would you boy?

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

Minority Speak: A language guide

Whitey must learn to be referred to as a minority! Terms assume different connotations when used in reference to minorities. Whitey must learn the new terms that will be used to refer to them.

Whitey Terminology

Misallocation of Funds
Subsidy
Outspoken
Between Jobs
Twelve-Stepper
Fraternity
Rough Sex
Diet Program
Secretary
Discipline
Entitlement
Denial
Medication
Protest

Minority Terminology

Stealing
Welfare
Militant
Unemployed
Drug Abuser
Gang
Rape
Cocaine Addiction
Prostitute
Child Abuse
Begging
Conspiracy
Illicit Drugs
Riot



The wrong position

Proper positioning requires simulation of the real environment ie sit down like you're doing a drive-by.



Good shot. You did the right thing by shooting him. You never know what one of those people is going to do.

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POWERFUL CONCENTRATION - Amino Max has a very low molecular structure (avg. 2-3 molecules per protein chain) which means it is very easy to digest and assimilate. Because of this Amino Max is a very concentrated formula. 5-6 capsules can supply as much muscle building nitrogen as a chicken breast for about 1/3 the cost.

MAX MUSCLE

**Champion Bodybuilder
Greg Reid Relys on
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To Build Muscle Fast!**

BRANCH CHAIN AMINO ACIDS - Amino Max is fortified with crystalline free form Leucine, Isoleucine and Valine to help fuel the muscles during intense training sessions.

SYNERGISTIC NUTRIENTS - Amino Max contains vitamins B-6 and B-12 and the minerals Calcium, Magnesium and Chromium. These synergistic nutrients assist the body in assimilating and utilizing amino acids for Muscle Growth.

G-H RELEASERS - Contains a concentrated blend of powerful G-H Releasers.

NO OTHER AMINO FORMULA CAN COMPARE - Amino Max supplies bodybuilders and athletes with the most powerful formula on the market today. No other product can offer what Amino Max can. We guarantee our products to be of the highest quality and bio-availability on the market.

MAX Muscle Supplements Guarantee Results



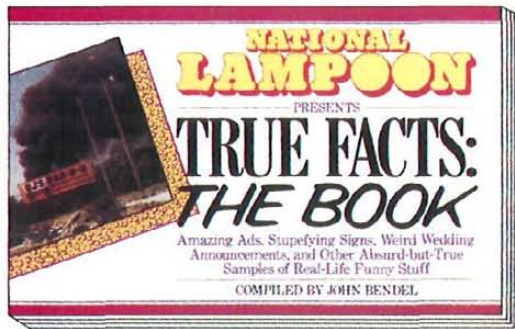
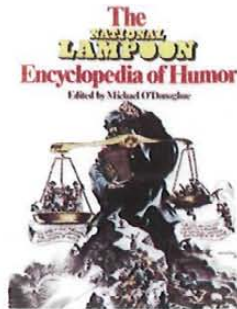
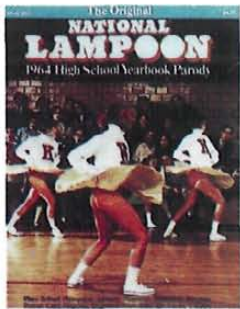
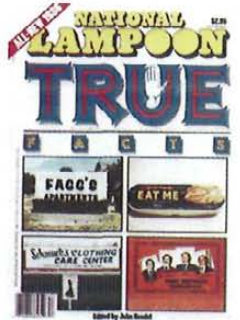
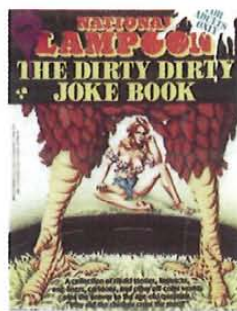
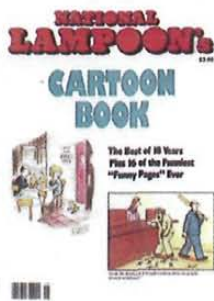
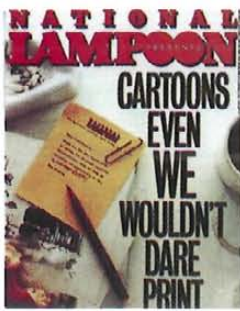
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WAKE UP AMERICA!

by Jason Ward and Dave Garrett

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OBJECTIVE ANALYSIS:

Analgesic or Abuse?

Berkeley, CA--Ben Hershwitz lies on his therapist's couch with closed eyes. It's his fourth visit this week. About a month ago, Ben's wife left him for an Italian weight lifter.

"I saw your wife last week, Benjamin," says Dr. Covington, his therapist. "She was at the bus stop with some big Guido. She had her hand down his pants." At this point Benjamin squeezes his eyes shut to lock in the tears and clenches both fists. "I wanted to say hello to her, but she looked like she was enjoying herself so much, I didn't want to bother her." Benjamin softly begins to sob. "Quick Benjamin, describe to me what you're feeling...."

"I'm feeling a lot of pain...." He breathes.

"Good."

"And resentment..."

"Good Benjamin, good!"

"And despair."

This may sound like the set up to an off-color ethnic joke, but it's not. What you're reading about is the latest trend in pop psychiatry. It's been termed "Objective Analysis," and it's sweeping the West Coast.

Does such treatment have any scientific merit? That has been the topic of many fierce discussions taking place among the giants in the field.

Dr. Oliver Covington, Yale PhD, the founder and chief advocator of the Objective Analysis Program, seems to be facing an uphill battle. "We feel that it's the most exciting breakthrough in the field of one-on-one psychiatry in the past two decades, even though it is not regarded as so by my distinguished colleagues." But still, Dr. Covington does seem to have an impressive list of clientele, along with several highly successful imitators, mostly in Berkeley and Beverly Hills.

"We allow the patient to come into direct contact with his worst imaginable fears. As frightening as this may sound, we feel that it is very therapeutic."

No pain, no gain.

Dr. Covington describes the therapeutic process as going through three distinct phases: the first phase being the actual willingness to undergo the seeming torment. Phase two would be the tolerance of the first nerve-penetrating series of insult, without rebuttal. Phase

three would be the actual breaking down and crying, followed sometimes by self-mutilation or flagellation.

Tom Patterson is a confused 18-year-old coming to terms with the fact that he is a homosexual. He has signed up for three "sessions" of Objective Analysis in hopes that it will de-sensitize him enough to break the news to his father, a highly decorated U.S. Navy Admiral. **Phase one.**

Dr. Covington pensively strokes his distinguished silver beard as he reviews his notes on the young patient. His easy chair reclines back. On his desk rests his pipe. The walls around him are littered with an assortment of degrees, certificates of merit and photographs of his wife and three delightful children. He picks a stray hair off

his home-knit cardigan sweater and takes in a deep breath. Without warning, the doctor's eyes get hard and cold behind his rimless glasses as he zooms in on his patient.

"You laughing at me, sissy-boy?!"

The 18-year-old sits up on the couch.

"No sir."

"You better not be, you little queer, otherwise I'm gonna have to jam my sterling silver letter

opener up your pathetic little faggot ass. Of course, you'd like that, wouldn't you sphincter-boy?"

Tom shakes his head from side to side vehemently, but says nothing in rebuttal. **Phase two.**

"You know back at Yale, I used to derive immense pleasure from kicking the everloving shit out of little rump rangers like yourself." Bitter tears begin to swell up in Tom's red eyes. **Phase three.**

A broad smile crosses Dr. Covington's face. "Good Tom!" he exclaims, "Okay, thank you. Now see the receptionist to make payment arrangements."

A seemingly rejuvenated Tom emerges from the doctor's office moments later, after having paid in the range of \$750 for the fifteen minute session. Still red-eyed from his sobbing, he schedules two more sessions. Of course, those who oppose Objective Analysis will offer you other examples: namely, the case of Frederick Weaver of Orange County.

Weaver, an unemployed Vietnam veteran, was being haunted by recurring visions of a moose-hunting incident that had gone awry during his formative years in

con't

We allow the patient to come into direct contact with his worst imaginable fears. As frightening as this may sound, we feel that it is very therapeutic.

Burlington, Vermont. Weaver had called Dr. Weintraub's (Stanford, PhD) office and given him all the background information after seeing an ad in the Berkeley Gazette for a radical new form of psychoanalysis. Weaver had just arrived and was seated in Weintraub's office, when Dr. Weintraub excused himself for mysterious reasons.

When Weintraub crept back into the room, he was on all fours and dressed in a full moose costume, complete with synthetic wooden hoofs and antlers. Weaver, completely oblivious to the philosophy of Objective Analysis, assumed a defensive, near panic attitude, and smashed the furry Stanford graduate in the forehead repeatedly with the first object at his disposal, a marble ashtray. After that, he fled from the office, leaving Weintraub's bloody, masqueraded corpse to be found by curious officials. Was Weaver a rare example of modern medicine backfiring, or was Objective Analysis doomed from the start?

Dr. Covington offers this explanation: "Any time you take a radical leap like this, there are going to be a few ramifications. In the Frederick Weaver case, Dr. Weintraub was partially to blame. He took a big chance in sneaking up on an unsuspecting Vietnam veteran dressed like a moose. I like to make my patients aware of what I'm going to do to them. Of course for every ten examples of success, you get one Frederick Weaver."

However this last point raises yet another curious issue: Is Objective Analysis producing success, or is it just

another psychological pipe dream that is destined to get lost in the same file as Freud's "decapitation complex" and Chicago's controversial "Drunk Straight" program for teens? As far as statistics that could be considered encouraging, there are none. In fact, more aggressive, anti-social, and even violent behavior has derived from Objective Analysis patients than anything that could be considered positive.

"Objective Analysis, my ass," interjects Dr. Jefferson Pillman. "What they're doing is sick.

These people need compassion, not more abuse. Most of these people come from dysfunctional backgrounds-- they're children of alcoholics, victims of ritualistic abuse, etc. I think Dr. Covington is a sick man, who gets off by ripping these people apart."

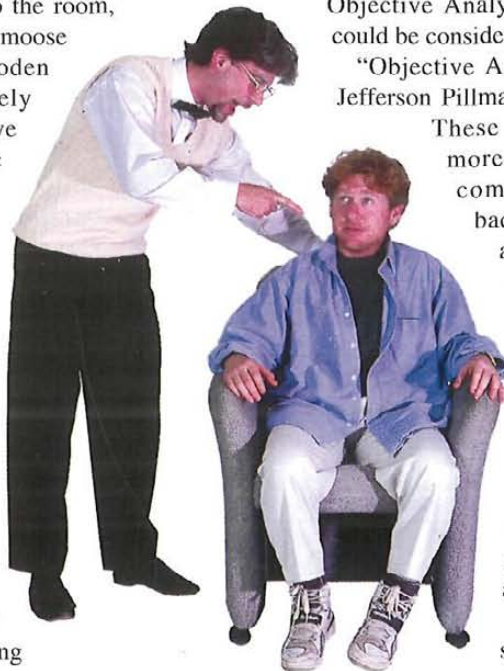
Covington's reply? "Pillman is just one of many who refuse to get out of the dark ages of psychiatry. The program is a new one," he reminds. "It's going to take some time, that's all."

As I leave, Dr. Covington sends me on my way with one of his trademark insults: "As a journalist, I think you generally suck. I've read your material."

He waves and smiles,

"Consider that a freebie."

I thank him as I leave.



Dr. Covington warms his patient up for a session of "Objective Analysis"

LITIGATION ABSURDITY

Los Angeles, CA---An alarming trend is emerging in the court rooms of America. A trend that threatens the world's most advanced medical care system known to man.

An increasing number of doctors are suffering emotional injury due to the deaths of patients under their care-- and they're fighting back. A landmark court decision just last month in Southern California's Ninth District Court of Appeals has changed the face of medical care as we know it.

The decision of the Court of Appeals, led by the three-judge tribunal of William Harrelson, Jerry Schwartz, and William Harper, has allowed doctors to sue the families of patients who die while under their care. The case, Ireland v. Bates, 36 Cal. Rptr 234 (1994), shocked those in the legal and medical professions and is sure to be taken by the Supreme Court for review.

Dr. Greg P. Ireland of Compton smiled and waved to reporters as the findings were released April 1. Judge Harper read the tribunal's unanimous decision to the shocked parties: "The Doctor has presented proof from several psychiatrists that he has suffered emotional distress. We find that the patient, Blake Bates, did intentional and negligently inflict emotional distress upon the Plaintiff by expiring while under the doctor's care."

Ireland's attorney, Brian Holtzmanstein added, "If only he (Bates) had taken better care of himself. The Doctor repeatedly advised the patient to stop smoking and eat more 'green, leafy things.' By intentionally disregarding my client's direct order, the patient increased the likelihood of his death

tremendously, thereby increasing the likelihood that my client would suffer emotional distress!"

"Is this a joke?" the Bates family wonders out loud, "SOME KIND OF A SICK TWISTED JOKE?"

However, an order from the sherrifs department informs them that this is in fact not a joke.

Unfortunately, this is not just an extreme example of the litigation explosion gone amuck. This is just one of literally thousands of cases that are presently taking place throughout the country.

The gist of the doctor's case is this: Doctors are not immune to emotional trauma. In this case, the doctor repeatedly told the patient to alter his lifestyle-- or face death. Subsequently, the doctor suffered emotionally from the patient's failure to maintain his health. In legal terms, the patient knew with the requisite "substantial likelihood" that his failure to follow the doctor's order would result in emotional distress to the doctor.

A teary-eyed Doctor Ireland noted in court, "I told Mr. Bates that I was really concerned about his health. But he totally and completely disregarded every one of my suggestions. I told him to quit eating so much red meat and add more vegetables to his diet."

After a brief intermission to gather his senses, the doctor continued, "During subsequent visits, he informed me that he was eating almost twice as much meat as normal and had cut out all the vegetables in his diet. I offered him some broccoli shoots in my office and some carrot sticks. I knew he liked carrots sticks because I had run into him at a Christmas party and saw him nibbling on some carrot and cauliflower appetizers. But he refused my carrot sticks." After a brief pause, "He actually told me to shove them up my ass."

The quote echoed throughout the courtroom: "It was like he enjoyed seeing me traumatized...like he enjoyed hurting me."

"Actually, I expected this to happen eventually, but not this soon," said Law Analyst Herb Ventstein. "Looking at the profession and the amount of stress doctors face, you'd expect this. Dentists have the highest rate of suicide of any profession. Doctors in general have high divorce rates and psychiatric problems. It was only a matter of time before the courts faced the reality of patient negligence."

The attorney representing the family of the dead patient, Murray Schwartz, disagrees. "This is outrageous. Look at the facts. The doctor was hired to do a job-- use his best efforts to help nurse the patient back to health. Now, after failing, the doctor is seeking to cover up his incompetence by attacking the innocent family. Schwartz

added, "What the hell are my clients paying these guys for?"

Susan Bates, Mr. Bates' widow, expresses the sentiment more strongly, " The doctor who operated on my husband did his best to save his life, and I give him all the credit in the world for that. But by doing that he was simply performing as expected. What do these guys get paid so much for? And now not only do I have to explain to my four children why their father isn't coming back, but I also have to take on an extra job in order to pay back that tab. I don't understand how he can face himself in the mirror every day. The nerve of this bastard just astounds me. "

Doctor Ireland empathizes with the family, but according to Holtzmanstein, "If the next of kin hasn't inherited much, well, that's not the doctor's fault, now is it? He's still suffered. My client would have sued the patient, but since he is dead, we must go after the deep pockets-- by suing the next of kin. They are the ones inheriting the deceased man's wealth and benefitting from the deceased man's negligence."

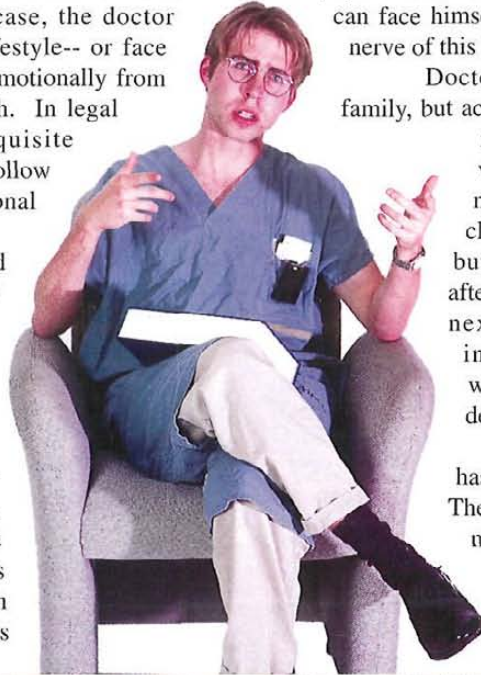
The widowed Bates family has been ordered out of their home. The judgment, in the amount of \$1.4 million, will only partially be covered by the \$135,000 home. "I had to take little Joey out of school, and Blake, Jr. can't get braces. I'm just sick," said Mrs. Bates.

"I fully understand Mrs. Bates' pain and loss. That's to be expected, after all, we've all suffered considerably. What happened was a tragedy. However, I think it's pretty

obvious that she has chosen me as a scapegoat to vent her frustrations. I tried to save his life. I was wrist deep in blood while she was sitting on her fat can in the waiting room doing God knows what. Now I'll wait for her to calm down a bit, apologize for directing those terms of profanity in my direction, and then I'll rationally talk about a settlement."

Patients must face the fact that they are responsible for their health. Some patients have begun purchasing "Health Negligence" insurance to cover emotional damage in the unlikely case they die.

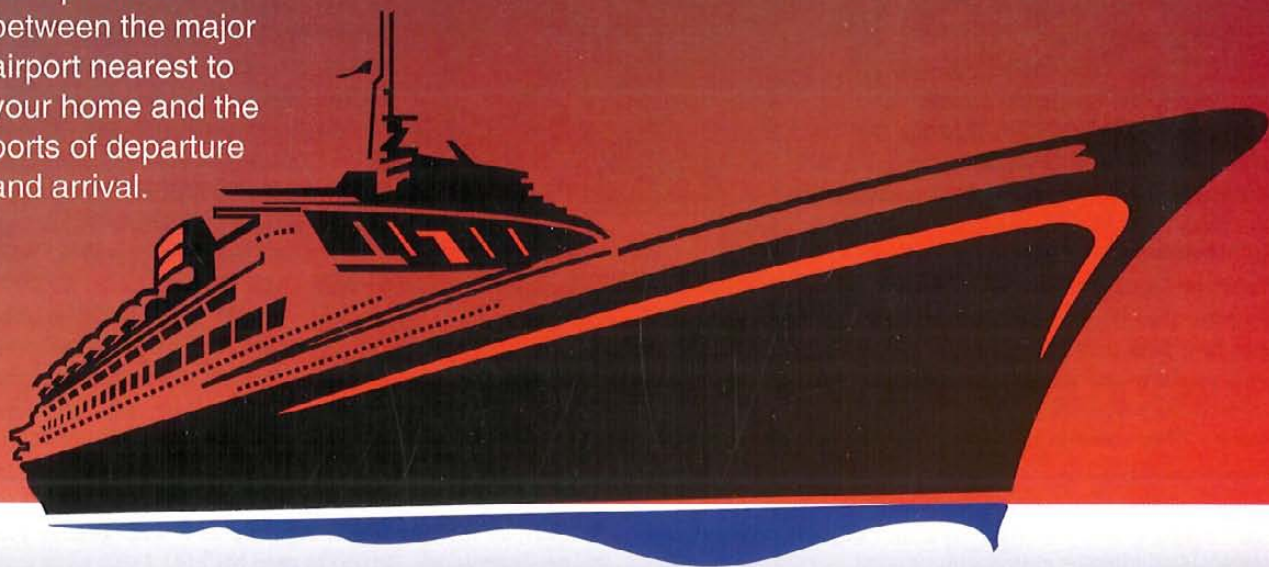
But in Dr. Ireland's case, no amount of money is going to cover his pain. "I just want to get on with my life. But it's going to take time. Maybe I'll have to stop practicing for a while. Take a break."



"I knew he liked carrot sticks because I had run into him at a Christmas party and saw him nibbling on some carrot and cauliflower appetizers. But he refused my carrot sticks."

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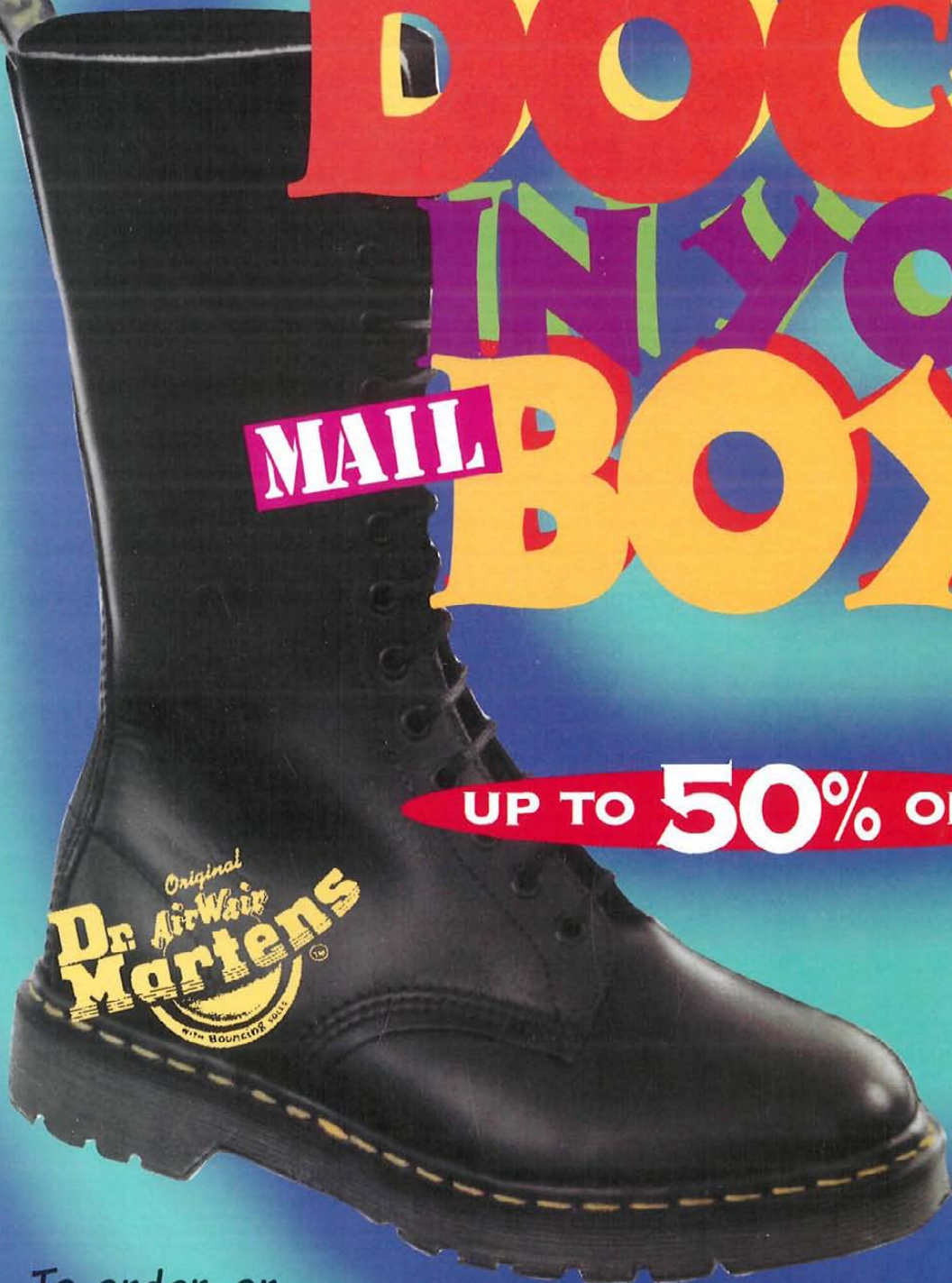
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LITIGIOUS LAWYER



Maybe/June 1994

Making The Case Happen:

What You Can Do To Increase
Your Personal Injury Cases

OVERBILLING:

- How The Experts Do It
- Dead Associates Can
Bill 80 Hours Per Week

EXAGGERATED AD CLAIMS:
Making Them Work

SEX WITH CLIENTS:
CAN YOU BILL THE TIME?

**YOUR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT
TO PURCHASE PORNOGRAPHY**

by Dino Londis



THE ELECTRIC CHAIR:
Making Those Last Hours Enjoyable



"Brian Holtzmanstein Got Me \$0.0 Million!"



"Sure, he didn't get me some BIG CASH settlement -- but he *did* get me probation for assault with a deadly weapon. And with *my* kind of crime perpetration schedule, that's money in my pocket! *Thank you, Brian!*"

- Al Berman, Satisfied Client



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Overbilling: The Third in a Continuing Series

Dead Associates Can Bill 80 Hours Per Week!

The Challenge

The death of an associate can be an emotional and often financially-draining event. But just because a partner has stopped breathing, that doesn't mean he has to stop billing. If you play your cards right, a dead associate can bill as many, if not more, hours post-mortem than before.

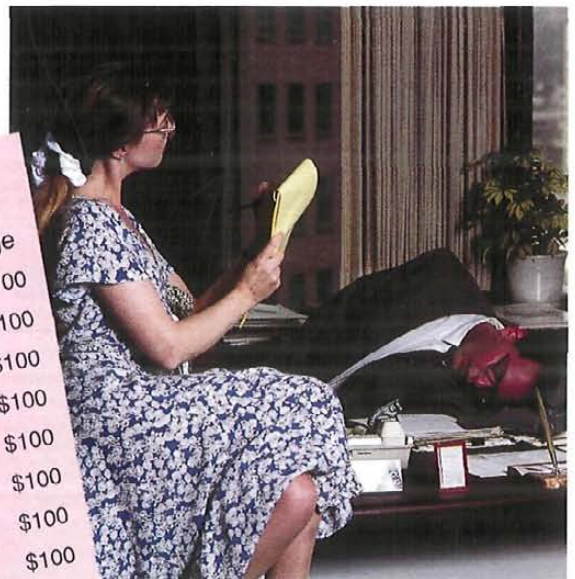
How? Dead associates don't take lunch. They don't take cigarette breaks. In fact, they don't even go home at all. An added benefit: Malpractice insurance actually goes down when the dead associate takes the place of a living associate.

Going to court's a bitch, but hell, the firm can always send some female associate to make the appearance. It's not like she's being taken away from some case that's putting her on the partnership track.



Double-billing is always a challenge. It's even more challenging when the attorney is dead. Here are the keys:

1. Always bill in increments of a quarter of an hour.
2. Involve the attorney in cases involving environmental or social issues. In that way, no money will be lost by the firm if the dead attorney's inattentiveness results in dismissal of the case.

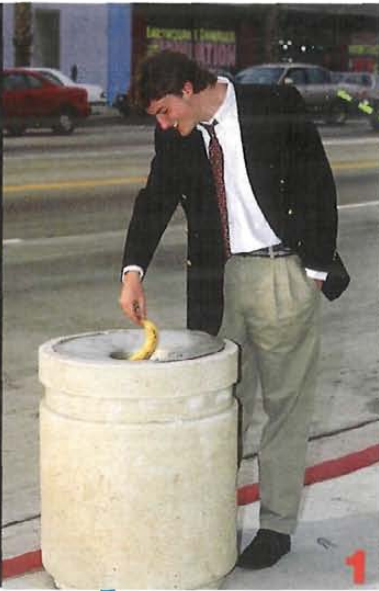


Sample Billing Statement

Date	Time	Item	Hours	Charge
4/14	8 am	Incoming call, D. Smith	.25	\$100
4/14	8 am	Incoming call, R. Jones	.25	\$100
4/14	8 am	Incoming call, L. Garrett	.25	\$100
4/14	8 am	Incoming call, X. Herrera	.25	\$100
4/14	8 am	Incoming call, Q. Ireland	.25	\$100
4/14	8 am	Incoming call, J. Ward	.25	\$100
4/14	8 am	Incoming call, M. Pace	.25	\$100
4/14	8 am	Incoming call, W. Harper	.25	\$100

LITIGIOUS
LAWYER

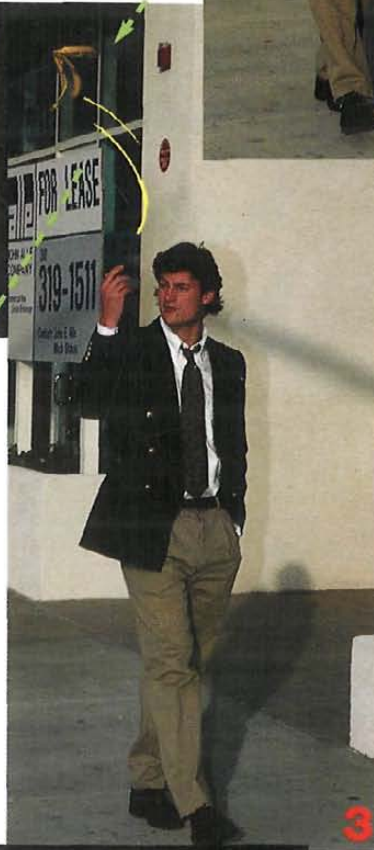
The key to making the banana slip-and-fall case work is to make sure that the banana is *dirty*. A dirty banana indicates that the banana has been on the ground for some time, and the proprietor has had ample opportunity to discover the hazard. Checking a trash can can yield a dirty banana that will fit your needs. Then...



Carefully conceal the banana in your pocket until you are ready to place it...



Then carefully place the banana to achieve the desired result. Here, note the casual, over-the-shoulder method...



Greet him when he first becomes conscious with "It's your Lucky Day!" Then, hand him your card.

Helpful Hints for the Existence-Challenged

by Mitch Adler

We recently attended a support group for people on death row. We learned many interesting things about the members, who were more than happy to share their stories with us over ice tea and cookies. For example, we discovered that they prefer to be called "existence-challenged."

For those of you who were unable to attend, due to lack of transportation, incarceration, or insanity, we've taken the liberty of comprising a list of some of the best suggestions we heard.

1. If it's your day to be electrocuted, have a big breakfast. You're going to be burning a lot of carbohydrates, so the more you begin with the better off you'll be. Prison chefs welcome any opportunity to show off their skills for an appreciative audience, so let them know in advance of your personal preferences. Now would be the time to face cholesterol head on, even if you don't normally treat yourself.

2. Try visualizations. The chair is really a car. The straps are nothing more than seat belts. The electric current coursing through your veins is a stream, and you are floating up the stream on a raft, floating, floating up the stream to Grandma's house where she is baking you biscuits, your favorite kind.

3. Tell others what you're about to undergo. Share your feelings with whomever you meet. People want to help, in the hopes that perhaps one day you will return the favor. (Of course, that's not likely to be the case, but you don't have to exactly remind them of this).

4. Dress well. You may be limited to your prison uniform, but there's no reason you can't jazz it up with a scarf. You don't have a scarf? See if they'll let you use a napkin from the cafeteria. If they won't let you in your cafeteria because they're real sticklers about the solitary confinement thing, make do with a piece of toilet paper. Remember -- it's not what you wear so much as how you

wear it. It's all attitude. And you know best what colors you look good in. Just because a guard tells you to wear grey doesn't mean you feel your best in grey. Have you ever noticed what a little dash of red can do to spice up a uniform? Again, remember: if you look good, you feel good.

5. Focus on the Positive. Yes, you're about to be incinerated for the heinous crimes you've done, but why dwell on things that you're powerless to change? Why not think instead about how gracious it is of the officials to provide a chair? Would you rather be electrocuted standing up? On one foot? With a rock shoved in your ear? Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

6. Allow yourself to survive. What do we mean by that? Simple: you are in control of your own destiny. Just because the prison officials are going to be spoilsports and fry you until you're a chard ember of the human being that once was, doesn't mean you have to go along for the ride. When the switch is pulled, quietly say to yourself these words: "I am going for a walk now. A very, very long walk. Is it hot in here or is it me?"

7. Now's the time to make long distance calls. You'd be amazed at how much people enjoy hearing a familiar voice. Why not call an old friend from high school and arrange to meet sometime?

8. Get a good night's sleep. Experts tell us that when you have a big day ahead of you it's easier to face challenges if you're well-rested. If your bed's uncomfortable, ask a guard for an extra pillow.

If you don't have any change handy to tip him, simply tell him you'll take care of him when you're not as tight. If he catches on and points out that you're not likely to ever be able to repay him, face him head-on and tell him that if he doesn't get you the pillow -- make that a real feather pillow, one of those really puffy ones -- then you will haunt him forever from the hereafter. Then make one of those really scary faces like a monster with bulging eyes and shout "Boo!" Experts have also long proclaimed the benefits of a warm glass of milk before retiring. We have no opinion on this other than to say that if you have lactose intolerance, you might want to stick to an herbal tea.

9. Be creative! On the little walk from your cell to the chair, vary your normal stride. Perhaps you might try skipping! Or walking on your tippy-toes? Such a break in your routine will feel refreshing. In addition, it will enrich and inspire others. A guard might think, "Look at him, he's a goner and yet he's walking on his tippy-toes!" (Perhaps he too will take to skipping and liven up the lives of still others.)

10. Sometimes the best way to face a fear is to prepare for it with a practice run. The night before your electrocution, sit up straight in a chair in your cell (a toilet will work if there are no alternatives), and strap yourself in with strips of fabric which can be torn from your uniform. Two inch strips seem to work well, but play with it to see what works best for you. Remember, this is for you. Then, after you're tied down as best as you can get yourself, pretend it's the big moment. Simply make believe, jiggling your head around in short jerking movements and shouting out "AAAAHHH!!!!!"

11. If you are incarcerated in a rural area and are to be hanged, try to wear a turtle neck. Rope burns are nothing to be laughed at, and it has been documented that in more than one case the individual, while swinging from a tree like a yo-yo, was heard to be whining about his neck.

12. Wear clean underwear.

LITIGIOUS
LAWYER

So you want to buy a dirty magazine. Statistically you are not alone. Pornography is a one billion dollar a year business. But when you humbly pick up your copy of "Leg Show" and declare the true intent of your 2 a.m. visit to the liquor store, the feeling is that you are very alone. On the other hand, if our sole drive as a species is procreation and all else is diversion, then the porn wing at your local newsstand is the most honest.

It's like magic though, isn't it? Technology I mean. There you have a naked woman right in front of you and you didn't have to talk anyone into doing it. Someone in a North Hollywood garage did that for fifty bucks and only charged you five, six Canadian.

First of all, don't buy it in your own area. Pornography, although it is wonderful and a lovely expression of the human form, is, after all pornography, and I don't want that smut in my neighborhood. I live in a decent area. Drive somewhere else.

Shop at Newsstand and don't start out in the dirty section. Start near it, like where *NATIONAL LAMPOON* is sold. Pick it up, look at it, laugh a bit, get really involved. Then get your attention drawn away by a skin magazine. Continue reading your *NATIONAL LAMPOON*. Then look up and say, "Huh." Meaning, "They sell this stuff here? Well, I'll just set this here magazine down and walk my over-eighteen-year-old body over to that section and look at those magazines just the way I was looking at this one, no difference."

You've got thirty seconds. Go! If you take longer, the man sitting on the stool will yell at you this isn't a library. There's plenty of time for Vicky and her seventy-three inch breasts at home.

Choose your magazine, pay the man on the stool, and get the hell out of there before they change the First Amendment. Our Forefathers had no idea about pornography when they wrote the Constitution. Thank God our natural fathers had a box of the stuff in their closet when we were growing up.

Stick to the newsstands. Stay away from the walled-in porno palaces that sell marital aids (What marriage was ever saved by a ten inch polished elephant tusk?) and the proprietors

How to Buy Dirty Magazines with a Clear Conscience

by Dino Londis

look less like men and more like monkey's in a zoo who will throw their shit at you if you stare at them too long, which really isn't that weird. He sells a magazine devoted to it. What's worse still is when a woman sits behind the counter. She tries to look blank and cold as you walk in, but behind those eyes is the look of a little girl saying, "Not you too? And you looked so normal." Trust me, get out. You can't impress her by going to *PLAYBOY* and proving that you are indeed a man of substance and not the typical scum that oozes through the door.

Nowadays *PLAYBOY* has, the ubiquitous Jerry Seinfeld interview

**Have you seen
some of the titles lately?
Bound and Gagged,
Hogtied, Preggers? Hugh
Hefner would be rolling
over in his grave if he
wasn't still alive.**

which is enough to hose down any runaway libido. Read it, put it back, and slink out of there like the rat feces that you are. Never buy a porno on your American Express. Those detailed little invoices are often left lying around leaving girlfriends or mothers to ask, "What is a Nugget?" Besides, who wants to stand in line waiting for credit approval while a queue of Amish, Mormons, Feminists, and your family form behind you? No, cash is how these girls were paid to pose and cash is how you pay in line. Credit can be traced back to you for as long as they have computers. Someday, when porn is outlawed, and they round all of us up, I don't want to be dragged in front of the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Lonely Activities and explain my late

night scurrying to Senator Moynahan.

"Mr. Londis, I'm holding here a magazine you purchased from a Shop and Go in Orlando Florida in 1983."

"Ahem, yes Senator, may I have that back? I trashed my apartment looking for that issue."

Don't think it can't happen. This country outlawed alcohol and people were forced to drink deadly homemade gins.

Don't write in to these magazines. Only idiots write in. Trust me, Larry Flynt is not sitting with a pipe, smoke swirling around his head, musing over the day's correspondence. The letters you read (and what are you reading the letters for anyway?) are written by someone waiting to get accepted to *ROLLINGSTONE*. Keep your filthy little scratching under your bed with your magazines.

And here's another don't: Unless you are a shut-in, don't order porno through the mail. Sure, most of it arrives in plain brown wrappers, but nothing else does. Nothing. That's a plain brown flag at your doorstep for your neighbors before you get home. The only thing that wrapper conceals is if you like naked men or naked women.

Look, smut is an impulse buy. If you are planning that much ahead, you don't need my help, but you do need help.

The fact is, there is no way to buy it with a clear conscience. I've found the best thing to do is steal it. This helps everyone.

First of all, it doesn't feed into the one billion dollar a year industry, the proprietor finds that he is losing money and is forced to perhaps discontinue the product, you get your rag and save a buck to boot. Everybody is happy except the pornographer, but they're the scum of the Earth anyway. Who cares about them?

CLIENT INTERACTION: A Case Study with Brian Holtzmanstein

When you're interviewing potential clients, always look for the winner. A desirable client is quick-witted, bold and rich. Following are examples of a desirable and undesirable client.

Case #1



Clients may stop by unexpectedly. Here, fresh from a robbery, a client seeks counsel.



LAWYER: HEY, WAS THAT GUN PROPERLY REGISTERED? NO? THEN GIVE IT TO ME.



DIE, CRIMINAL SCUMBAG!



A desirable client would *never* give up the weapon so easily. No representation.

Case #2

A desirable client is resourceful and won't take no for an answer.



REPRESENT ME OR THE GIRL GETS IT!



WELCOME ABOARD. SIGN RIGHT HERE.



BRIAN HOLTZMANSTEIN REALLY WENT TO BAT FOR ME!!
-- Al Berman

Everything A Young Lawyer Needs to Know to Build a Successful Practice

by Mitch Adler

Building a law practice in today's highly competitive climate requires more than merely chasing ambulances and knowing how to throw banana peels under potential slip-and-fall victims.

Today a successful lawyer not only has to be able to beat out the other attorneys by cutting ambulances off in traffic, but if you are going to toss banana peels, you are expected to have a fully developed throwing arm; if you can't land one under a moving shoe from fifty feet away, my friend, you are in the wrong business.

Increasing Your Client-Base

Whenever you meet people, ask them if they've ever been hurt. If so, get the details. If

not, ask them if they want a divorce. If so, take them to lunch.

If they don't want a divorce, simply shrug and say, "That's odd, I hear your husband/wife has been talking to divorce lawyers all over town."

If the person falls for it great, you're in business. If not, don't give up. Try this: "Yeah, I wouldn't want a divorce either if my husband/wife were as good in bed as yours is."

If the person falls for it and asks how you happen to know that his/her spouse is so good in bed, just smile and pretend to want to change the subject. If the person doesn't fall for it, still don't give up. Why not see if the person needs to make out a will? And if all else fail, make like you're brushing a piece of lint off his/her shoulder, reach behind the person and drop a banana peel.

Billing

When billing for your time, always remember that everything's subjective. Just because something only took five minutes doesn't mean it didn't feel like hours. Bill accordingly.

Jury tampering

If you look in the rule books, you'll probably come across a lot of rigid ideas about what you can and cannot tell juries. But that doesn't mean you can't mumble things to yourself that the jury just happens to overhear. Why not hint that if you win the case there's going to be a little "get together" at your house with all kinds of party favors. They'll get the idea. Then, when they show up, start coughing and see if you can convince them that the courthouse was lined with asbestos.

LITIGIOUS
LAWYER

NATIONAL LAMPOON

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*(thank you, Asbury Park Press)



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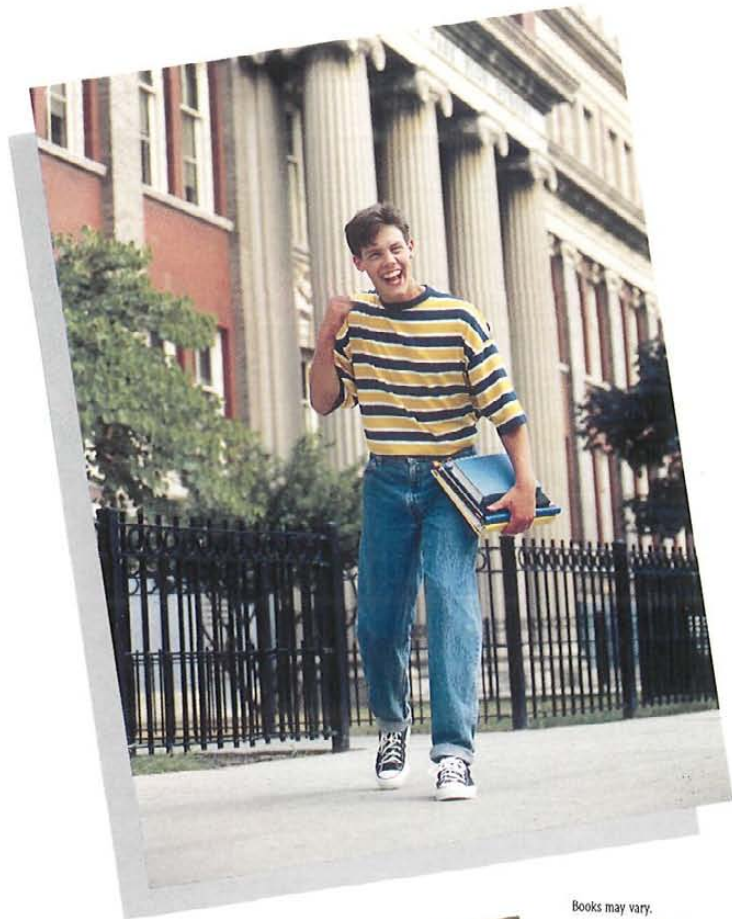
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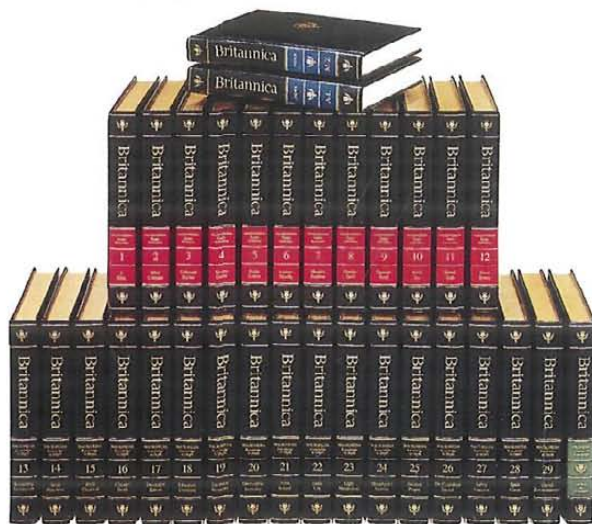


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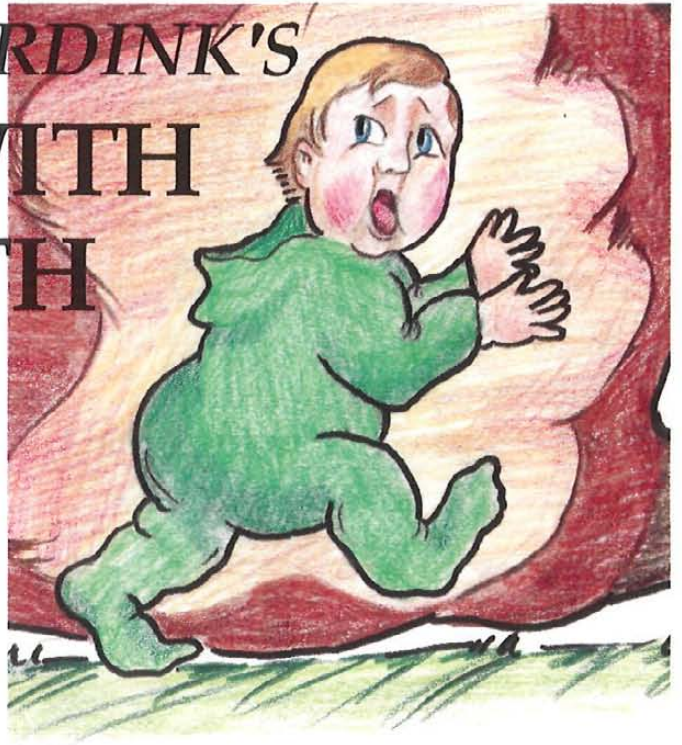
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LITTLE PUMPERDINK'S BRUSH WITH DEATH

Story by Raymond Joseph Ireland
Drawings by Jennifer Siegal



Little Darcy was a good girl who never got into mischief. She liked to play with her dolls and practice ballet. One day her parents told her that they were going on a long vacation. She would have to take care of her eight younger brothers all by herself for more than a week. "Oh no!" cried Darcy, "I am only seven years old. I don't know how to take care of little children."



Her parents told her to shut up and then they left.



Darcy walked into her brothers' room. They all looked at her with big round eyes. Their names were Albert, Henry, Melvin, Nick, George, Ishey, Paul, and Little Pumperdink. "Boo," said Darcy, "I never have any fun!" She stared into all their big round eyes without blinking and Little Pumperdink got scared and began to cry.



That very night in the children's room a dark forest grew... and grew... and grew until the ceiling hung with vines and the walls became the world all around, and an ocean tumbled by with a bicycle boat that was shaped like a beautiful swan.

Darcy made the children get in and they pedalled through night and day, in and out of weeks to where the wild things are.



When Darcy and her little brothers came to the place, the wild things roared their terrible roars and gnashed their terrible teeth and rolled their terrible eyes. "BE STILL!" said Darcy. She then pushed little Albert to the



wild things. A wild thing sniffed Albert with his giant nose and then gobbled him right

"That was delicious. I would like another," said the wild thing. "Only if you make me queen of all wild things!" cried Darcy. They licked their terrible chons and agreed. She gave them little Henry who they at





“And now,” cried Darcy, “let the wild rumpus start!” They sang and danced through the night under a smiling moon. Little Nick who was very brave tried to run away. He was slow and so did not get very far. Nick fought hard but was eaten nonetheless.

“That was delicious. I would like another,” said the wild thing.

So she gave them little George and they sang and danced some more. Then they played some games like Paddy-Cakes and Simon Says.

“Give me a delicious treat!” said a wild thing. Darcy was smart and didn’t move a finger or wiggle a toe.

“Simon says,” said the wild thing, “give me a delicious treat!” Darcy smiled and gave him little Ishey who bellowed pitifully when he felt the cutting edges of the teeth. Then another wild thing said, “Simon says give me a delicious treat,” and then another one said it, too! Now they were all saying it! Darcy decided that they shouldn’t play this game anymore but should now play Red Rover.



“Red rover, red rover, let a delicious treat come over!” shouted all the wild things. Little Melvin ran towards the wild things. They fought over who would get to eat him.



Now it was Darcy's turn. “Red rover, red rover, let a wild thing come over!” said Darcy. A wild thing rushed over and swallowed little Paul without even bothering to chew!



“Now stop!” Darcy said, and she looked around for all of her brothers. They were all gone except for

Little Pumperdink who was scared and crying. Darcy picked up Little Pumperdink and kissed him. She was lonely and tired and wanted to go home so she gave up being queen of where the wild things are.

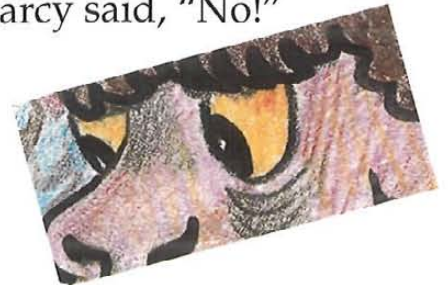
But the wild things cried, “Oh, please don't go - because we've never known - anything as delicious as the treats you've shown!”

They rolled their terrible eyes and gnashed their terrible teeth at her and Little Pumperdink. They looked very hungry.



She thought of a way out. “I must go back and get you some more delicious treats!”

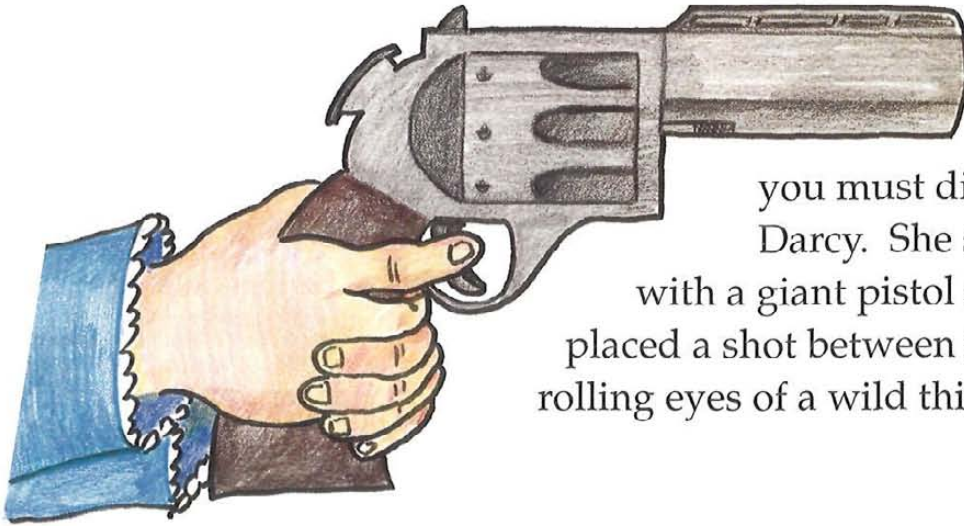
“Leave us the little one, then!” they shouted. But Darcy said, “No!”



But the wild things said, “Yes! Leave us the little one!”

Little Pumperdink was very scared. Darcy turned her back on the wild things and walked towards the bicycle boat. “We will not let you leave with the delicious treat,” they shouted as they gnashed their terrible teeth and drooled their terrible drool.





“Then you must die!” said Darcy. She spun around with a giant pistol and calmly placed a shot between the terrible rolling eyes of a wild thing.



More shots rang out and all the wild things fell down and they melted into an icy stream that flowed into the ocean.

Darcy stepped into her bicycle boat with Little Pumperdink and waved goodbye and pedalled in and out of weeks and back through a day and into the night of the children’s room. She tucked Little Pumperdink into his bed and sang him a song until he stopped crying.



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Sitting in his armchair, in the sparse living room of the tropical hacienda, Armando Fitz quietly read the *People* magazine. In his jaws rested a pipe.

He had not bothered to light it but instead contented himself with lightly chewing on the end. Suddenly, Armando tossed the magazine on the table beside him.

"Esteban!"

Moments later a youthful man with blonde hair, entered and stood stiffly at attention.

from his coat pocket, Armando slipped forth a small color photo and presented it to Esteban. It was a picture of Armando with a companion in front of the Hollywood Chinese Theater. It was the same person as in the magazine.

"This, my dear Esteban, is Arlene Hayes. Of course I don't expect you to know who she is but it will be sufficient to say that she is a movie star."

A movie star! Esteban was puzzled. It was obvious that at one time, Armando had had his picture taken with a movie star, but what did that have to do with anything?

"Where is Von Richter?" asked Armando.

"He is at the ship, where he always is."

"Good. Walk with me then to the dock. We must inform Herr Richter of these immediate

THE DEMISE OF THE A

"Yes, sir!"

"It is time."

"Sir?"

"It is time to begin the great adventure. Time to release the chains that bind. Tonight we leave."

"Tonight? That is impossible! The men are not yet ready. There is still much training to be done. Speaking in reference to my crew, we..."

"DON'T QUESTION ME!!!!" yelled Armando. Esteban took a step backwards. Armando walked across the room, regaining his composure.

"Don't question me," said Armando quietly. "There are certain things in the equation, things that you don't know about." He walked back to the *People* magazine and picked it up. He casually thumbed through the pages.

"Tell me, Esteban. Have I been good to you and the rest of the men?"

"Sir, you know the answer to that."

"Tell me anyway," replied Armando.

"You have been very good to us, sir. Everything we have we owe to you."

"Good." Suddenly, Armando stopped at a page in the *People*. He studied it briefly and then thrust it forward into Esteban's face.

"Do you know who this is?"

Esteban looked at the black and white picture on the page but made no answer. He was not an expert on American culture but he could tell that the pretty face that stared back at him was the face of a movie star. Quietly

plans." Armando threw down the magazine and it flipped open to the page with Arlene Hayes' picture. Esteban quickly read the caption. It said, "Arlene Hayes on location for *Cajun Voodoo*." It made no sense to him.

Walking down the well-worn path that led to the inlet where the ship was docked, Armando stopped at a coffee plant and plucked a caterpillar off a leaf. He studied it for a second and then crushed it between his fingers.

"There are many things in my past which no one knows about."

"Like what, sir?" asked Esteban.

"You know me as Armando Fitz, *el rey del cafe*, the man who single-handedly revolutionized Chile's coffee growing industry by introducing a bean that has quadrupled the amount of caffeine of any other ordinary bean."

"Yes, we all know the story."

"But I had a life before this, a period that plays heavily in everything that I've accomplished up to this point. There is a girl..."

"Arlene Hayes, the girl in the magazine?" Esteban asked perceptively.

"I met her in Los Angeles, in a.....coffee shop. She was young and beautiful and I was young, confused...many things. Anyway, I could see that she was alone so I introduced myself. She asked me to sit down. We talked."

"You talked with a movie star? Are they always alone like that?"

"At this time she had not been discovered.

She had not been taken prisoner by the corruptive ways of Hollywood. Now please, let me continue.

"So we talked and then I asked her if she had ever taken the tour of the homes of the stars and she said no, but that it was something that she would love to do. So, we took the tour. It was a bus ride and it cost me everything I had, but it was worth it. It was the best day of my life.

"There was a map that went along with the tour and I remember that we sat together with this map spread out over our laps. We laughed and we pointed at the homes. We hoped that we might see a movie star."

"Did you see one?"

"No, of course not. Don't be ridiculous.

ARLENE

Anyway. When the tour was over it was growing dark. I thought it was time to say good-bye, but she took me by the hand and told me she wasn't ready to go home yet. I didn't know what to say so she spoke for the both of us. She said she wanted to see where I lived.

"That night....." Armando paused and stared upwards at the canopy of trees that covered the path. He swallowed hard. "That night we made love."

"You made love? Just like that?"

Armando looked at him sharply.

"Is it so strange that people who are obviously made for each other should consummate their passion with such urgency?"

Esteban remained silent as they continued down the path.

"We made love. It was my first time and as it now turns out, my last time. The next morning she was gone and on the night stand was the Map of the Stars. She had kissed it, leaving lipstick as a testament of our love for each other."

"Why are you telling me this?"

"Don't interrupt me!!!" roared Armando, "Now where was I...Oh, yes...I didn't see her again for the longest time. I didn't know her last name and so I had no idea how to reach her. I looked everywhere for her but she was nowhere to be found. My heart died a thousand deaths. Then two years later I saw her face; it was on a billboard for a movie. I got her last name from that billboard and I called her. Again and again I called her. But I never

got through. Then one day the police showed up. They took me downtown and questioned me hard. It was then that I knew!"

"Knew what?" asked Esteban. They stopped walking.

"I knew that she would never do anything like call the police," Armando spoke hurriedly. "I knew that someone or something else was trying to destroy our happiness. I knew it was Hollywood. Their selfishness and greed knew no bounds. That night I fled, but before I left, I pledged to return and exact my revenge. I pledged to save my girl!"

At that moment the path entered the clearing that led to the inlet. Armando and Esteban stopped and gazed forward.

Nestled up against the forested bank lay the ship. She was extensively camouflaged with netting and tree limbs. There were even fake thatch huts built on her deck. From the air she very much resembled the mountains that rose up around her secluded sanctuary. But from the ground, one could see that this netted behemoth was no geological object. A 48-thousand ton battleship is impossible to disguise when inspected from up close.

"Now do you see why I've christened the ship *Arlene*?"

Esteban and Armando walked down the concrete re-enforced bank and headed up the gangplank. The ship was eerily deserted, the men who would crew her were out tending the coffee plantation. Boarding the ship, they heard gun shots coming from the forward part of the ship. They ran to investigate.

"*Gottdam!* Die you vermin!"

Standing at the bow they found Poppy von Richter. He was wielding a battered Walther P-38 and pointing it at an unmoving object floating in the water. It was a nutria, a large rodent that infested these waters, and it was very dead.

"Von Richter!"

The old man spun around pointing the gun at the pair.

"Vut?"

"Tonight. We leave tonight!"

Von Richter's wrinkled face broke into a ghoulish grin revealing dentures carved from the wood of a coffee tree. He shoved his pistol into its ancient leather holster and then jumped high in the air. He was very happy.

And rightfully so. The *Arlene* was his baby. He was a junior engineering officer in the German navy during World War II and had par-

BY RAYMOND JOSEPH IRELAND
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anticipated in the design and construction of warships during Germany's pre-war buildup. At the end of the war, like many Germans, he moved to South America, but not without first absconding something that was very dear to him, a project that inspired his fiercest militant passions.

It was not until he met Armando Fitz that he saw a man that could share his passion. Under the dim lamp that hung above the table at Fitz's hacienda, Von Richter pulled out a thick roll of papers and unfurled them on the table.

"What is this?" Armando had asked that night.

"Zees are the complete plans of the most powerful ship ever built. Zis is the *GS Otto von Bismarck!*"

"Hmmm. Okay. Why are you showing me this?"

"Zis ship. Ve must build zis ship! Ve must build the *Bismarck!*"

As he said this, Poppy von Richter began pounding his fists on the table over and over.

And so they did. Financed by Armando's wealth derived from his ever-expanding coffee empire and under the maniacal direction of Von Richter, the great battleship was built in a private shipyard in Santiago. Construction was conducted in the strictest secrecy, all

under the fictitious company name, 'Armando Cruise Lines'. It was a tremendous undertaking, but one that was brought to a successful conclusion.

And now, ten years later, the *Arlene*, an exact working replica of the *Bismarck* sat quietly at anchor in a remote South American waterway.

Armando turned to Esteban.

"Go now, into the fields and forests. Relay the word that we depart tonight. The men should say farewells to their families. Be quick!"

Esteban saluted and left Armando and Von Richter alone.

"The time has come old friend. A day I've waited for a long time."

"Ya. Me, too. I've waited a long time." Von Richter began to cry.

In the early morning hours of April 2, teen movie star Charlie Sheen was on board his thirty-foot sailing yacht, *The Royal Sheen*. He had left Marina del Rey and was sailing twenty miles south of Catalina Island. A creature of solitary habits with a libertine's love of hard alcohol, Charlie would often voyage out into the cool currents of the Pacific Ocean, far away from the shipping lanes, and drop sail, allowing the boat to drift aimlessly, not too unlike his career. While establishing this desultory arrangement, Charlie would often crack open a

case of cheap Mexican tequila and drink until he passed out.

On this day, a thick, unseasonal fog lay on the water, a result of an enlarging storm system that was brewing in the north. Charlie tied down the main sail to the mast and began breaking the label to the second bottle of 'El Perro', his favorite brand of tequila. The first bottle had already been consumed and tossed overboard. It now floated empty many miles back.

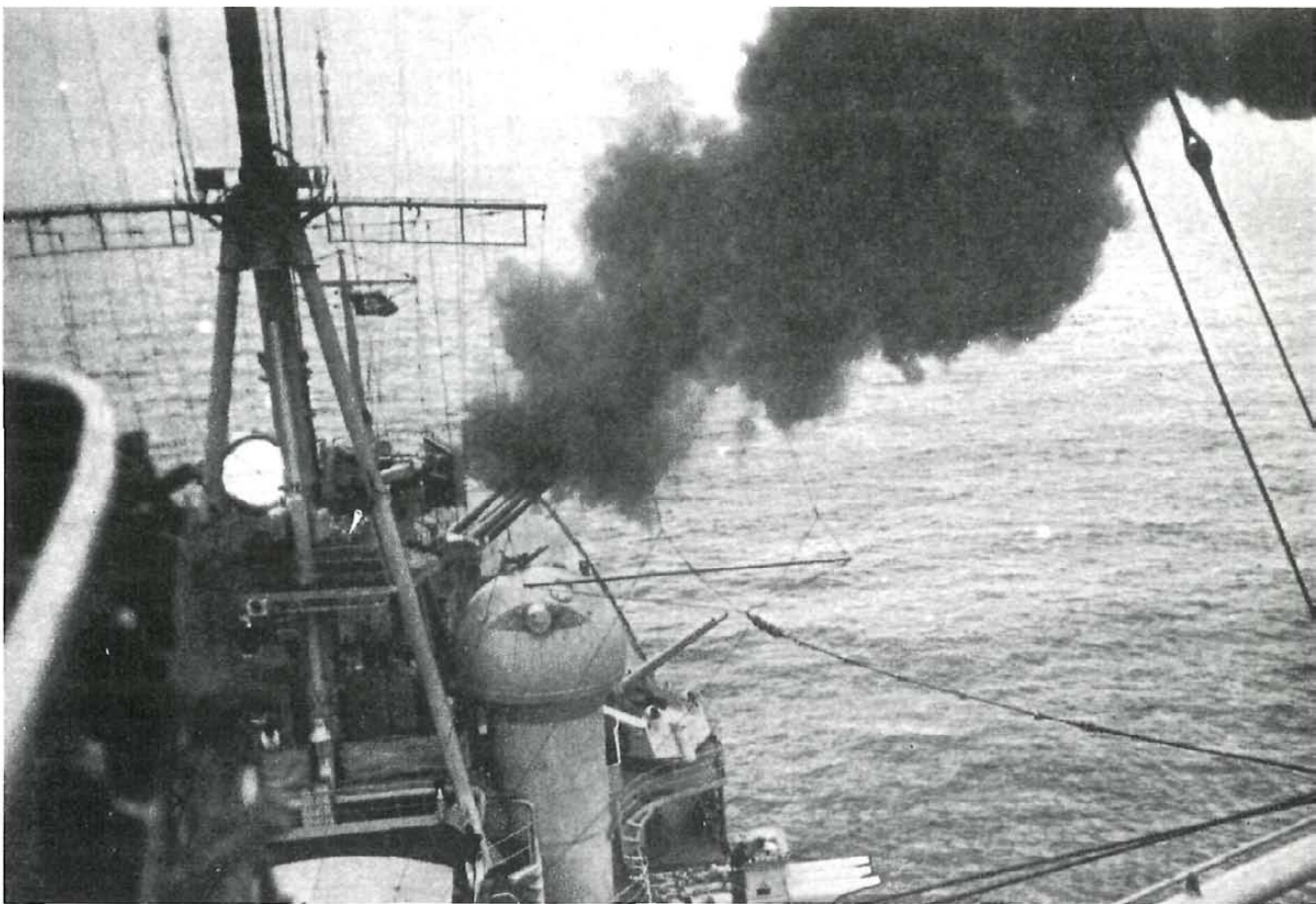
Whistling to himself, Charlie

was dumb to the dull throbbing noise that resonated in the gloomy fog. It was only when he stopped whistling to vomit did he become aware of this new sound.

At first he thought the vibrations were a result of the blood pounding in his sodden head. He carefully put down the bottle of tequila and whacked his temple with his fist. The sound did not stop but instead only seemed to get louder. He shook his head in befuddled wonder. Harsher measures were called for.

Unsteadily he stepped up to the main mast and stood, his nose only a few inches away from the thick, aluminum structure. Suddenly,





he drove his head violently forward, striking the thick aluminum structure with a crunching thud. He repeated the movement several times until he finally fell down, clutching his head in agony. By now the throbbing noise was deafening and it was accompanied by the ominous swoosh of vast quantities of water being displaced.

On his hands and knees, Charlie swung his head around like a rabid dog. He realized the sound was coming from a place other than his head.

"Do you know who I am?!" he shouted, "I'm Charlie Sheen!!"

He stared at the deck and the puddle of drool that formed from the stream that tapered down from his lower lip.

"I'm goddamn Charlie Sheen!" he shouted again only louder.

Suddenly, in answer, the towering bow of the *Arlene* burst through the fog bank.

"Holy sweet mother of..." was all Charlie had time to say before the fiberglass yacht was struck amidship by the *Arlene*. The keel snapped in two and the halves of the boat were sucked under as the *Arlene* pushed forward at a swift twenty-eight knots. Finally, after sliding under the entire length of the hull, *The Royal Sheen* was spit out by the powerful turbine-

powered propellers. Thus, Charlie Sheen was the first victim. His body remained missing for six months, however, eventually washing up on the Japanese island of Honshu, bloated and half-eaten by fish.

Standing on the open bridge of the *Arlene*, Armando Fitz cut a striking figure. The wind whipped at his hair and stung his eyes as he stared resolutely forward. A grim smile crossed his hardened features in proud admiration of the Chilean crew that scurried across the deck and throughout the superstructure. They had spent so many years preparing and now they carried out their duties like grim worker ants - efficient, cooperative, relentless. Armando raised his heavy binoculars to his eyes. The fog was still too thick to see anything distinctly; the coast was but a dim outline in the shrouding mist; but he knew that they must be approaching. Suddenly, like an apparition, Catalina Island filled up the lenses of the binoculars. The fog was lifting. Armando walked quickly



back to the inner bridge.

The *Arlene* pushed majestically forward. Long Beach glided by, then Venice. At that point, just as the great ship approached Santa Monica, the powerful turbines were thrown in reverse. The ship slowed and then stopped.

A minute elapsed as the *Arlene* remained stationary, barely one mile off the Santa Monica Pier. Suddenly, the air was disturbed by a single blast from the shipboard horn and immediately, men began to fall in line along the starboard edge of the *Arlene*. In less than two minutes the entire ship's complement, twelve-hundred sailors resplendent in shimmering white uniforms, stood at attention, facing eastwards, towards Los Angeles.

From the cabinet, Armando pulled out a phone and dialed.

"Good Morning. Creative Artists," said a voice at the other end.

"Hello. My name is Armando Fitz. I was hoping you could tell me how to get in touch with Arlene Hayes. I am supposed to conduct an interview with her for a very, very well-known publication."

"I'm sorry. Arlene Hayes is involved with a movie project. In order to set up an interview, you will need to speak with her publicist. Would you like that number?"

"No...But you are sure Miss Hayes is not in the city?"

"She is in New Orleans."

"Oh, yes. Filming *Cajun Voodoo*. By the way, what is your address there? I have a package I want to personally deliver."

"Yes, it's Wilshire at Little Santa Monica. Our normal business hours are nine to five but....what publication did you say you represent?"

"Uh...good-bye." Armando gently laid the telephone on the cradle.

"Zat voman vas very rude. I heard her speak," said Von Richter.

"Do you think so?"

"Ya. Very rude." Von Richter paused, then grimly said, "She must pay."

"Pay? And how must she pay?" asked Armando.

"She must pay.....in BLOOD!!!!" howled Poppy von Richter. He began hopping hysterically, shaking his clawed fists in the air. Everyone on the bridge watched the skinny little German nervously. This went on for several minutes till he finally ran out of steam. Armando

looked out through the bridge window at the men standing rigidly along the bow.

"See these sailors. Five years ago these men were just boys. Their aspirations were modest, their hopes were modest. They came from the mountain villages of Chile, from the muddy squalor of an impoverished milieu. But now with opportunity and their unquenchable desires, they look out over Gomorra, not as inferior mendicants....but as conquerors!"

Von Richter looked at Armando. He understood only partially what was said, his English not being adequate enough to comprehend the melodramatics of the speech. Still he responded.

"Ya! Ve vill bring the *Amerikan untermenschen* to their knees! Ve vill destroy...." The kettle was beginning to boil again. Armando quickly interrupted.

"And Arlene will be mine again. She will be free of the binding chains of Hollywood. She will be free to appreciate my love."

Von Richter said nothing to this. He was a man of war and not one to comment on affairs of the heart.

Quickly, discreetly, Armando reached into his coat. From underneath the stiff lapels he pulled out the 'Map of the Stars'. He unfolded it with great care and laid it down on the desk, smoothing out the dog-eared corners. Then, in pompous reverence, he bent over at the waist and kissed the lipstick smudge that still marked the map. Von Richter scratched his thingy patched head.

"Give the order for the men to report to their battle stations."

"Yaoul, mein kommandant!"

Von Richter reached for the microphone with one hand and with the other he pulled the chain lever to the horn. Three quick successive blasts sounded and then he cleared his throat and spoke in his squeaky, German accent.

"Achtung! All personnel....."

The twelve-hundred men broke from their lines and ran slapdash in all directions. There was an unearthly clangor of metal doors being opened and shut throughout the ship. Men were climbing ladders and descending down steep stairwells. Chairs were clattering across the deck. On top of this din, Von Richter, still clutching the microphone, was shouting exhortations in an excited hodge-podge of German and English. A single flag was hoisted up the forecabin tower. It was a makeshift Jolly Rogers.

For the surfers and beachcombers on land, the activities taking place on the ship were highly entertaining. The horns and clatter



were clearly audible, even above the rush of the surf. As the turrets housing the massive fifteen-inch cannons began to rotate inland, a few people made comments. The amusement stopped however when they saw the bright stabbings of fire that leapt from the barrels of the guns. This was followed two seconds later by the ear-splitting shriek as the first batch of shells ripped over their heads and headed towards the heart of Tinseltown. It was 9:10 a.m., Pacific Coast Time. Armando Fitz's war against Hollywood had begun.

The first broadside fired from the *Arlene* streaked across the smoggy L.A. sky and buried itself into the hillside just a hundred feet below the giant Hollywood sign that overlooks the Los Angeles basin. It was a fantastic shot, sent from over twenty miles away. The observer in the crow's nest of the *Arlene* quickly radioed the position of the strike to the bridge. The second broadside was fired twenty seconds later and it impacted a scant fifty feet behind the famous sign. It was now perfectly bracketed. An earth-rattling roar sounded the departure of the third salvo of shells. They raced towards the hill and suddenly, in a cloud of dust and smoke, the last seven letters of the sign disappeared, leaving just 'HO' standing.

When the report of the result of the bombardment came down from the crow's nest, Von Richter danced a little jig, his wiry body bouncing up and down to his unfathomable rhythm.

"Ho, ho, ho! Ze sign must go!" he crooned.

"You have a fine singing voice, Herr Richter. It shall be rewarded with a final salute from Madame Arlene."

Upon saying this, a fourth salvo was fired. Armando looked at his watch and counted off the seconds. Twenty seconds later a cheer came across the radio from the observation tower. The Hollywood sign, the most recognizable billboard in the world, ceased to exist.

"I love zis ship! I love zis ship!"

Armando ignored the little German. He was too busy trying to coordinate items listed as points of interest on the Star Map to a topographical survey map of Los Angeles County that he had previously ordered from the Smithsonian Cartographical Society. He located the Chinese Theater and relayed his estimation of its position to the gunnery officer who fed the numbers into the firing computer. The computer then promptly regurgitated the figures for the correct angle and direction of fire. Despite the reliance on Armando's guesswork for the location of targets, the guns of the *Arlene* were devastatingly accurate.

The pagodas of the Chinese Theater were sheared literally in half by the shells and they toppled on the heads of a group of cowering tourists causing great carnage.

"Wilshire and Santa Monica. Is it time to make the rude woman pay, Herr Richter?"

"She must PAY!!!!!"

"Would you care to do the honors?"

Von Richter began bobbing up and down again as Armando handed him the intercom that connected with gunnery control.

"Achtung. Zis is *Oberleutnant* Karl-Heinz von Richter. Ze coordinate numbers are...." He paused to look at the numbers on the map and then read them off slowly.

When the *Arlene* first began firing, Michael Ovitz was leaning back in his leather chair, his feet propped up on the expansive Italian marble desk. Regarded as the most powerful agent in Hollywood, on the walls were hundreds of photographs and autographed headshots. Amongst the pictures was Arlene Hayes'. It was signed "Hey, Mikey. Love and kisses....all over. Arlene XXXX!"

Rising to his feet, he walked over to the window and stared out over the vast cityscape. He thought about a memo he had just sent to Luke Perry's manager concerning that party's independent renegotiations with the Fox network.

"If that talentless little punk wants to renegotiate," he said to himself, "he better do it through ME, or I'll blackball his ass from the face of this entire goddamn planet!" He chuckled to himself at that one. Could he really blackball someone from the face of the planet? Probably not. But he could do a lot.

"God, I love power!"

In the periphery of his vision, he caught sight of the first glowing streaks that blazed across the sky.

"What the hell is that?"

He then heard the dull muffled crash as the shells landed, many miles away.

He watched more streaks and heard the following explosions.

"Miss Jackson!" he shouted, "Do you know what the hell is going on outside? Are we supposed to have an eclipse or something? A meteor shower?"

Miss Jackson, his personal secretary appeared at the door of his office.

"I haven't heard of anything like that. I read the horoscope and it made no mention of an eclipse. Why do you ask?"

"Are you dumb and deaf? I mean, look, listen."

Michael Ovitz turned around and looked out the window again. A streak slowly appeared over the western horizon and began gaining altitude.

"Look, there! Do you see that?"

"Wow, that's really weird!" said Miss Jackson.

"You're damn right it's weird! They've been appearing like that for the last two minutes."

"It appears to be getting bigger....."

The luminescent lights glowed brighter and brighter.

"Oh, my God! It's coming right for us!"

Michael Ovitz dived under the sturdy structure of his marble desk as the shells pierced the roof and continued in a downward trajectory. This quick action saved his life. Miss Jackson was not so lucky. The entire top of the building collapsed and she was buried under tons of rubble. Horribly, the shells swept through each floor, killing and maiming, finally exploding in the basement of the building. This destroyed the foundation pilings causing the building to groan and lean drunkenly. The shift in the building caused the marble desk to slide towards the center of the room, revealing Michael Ovitz crouched on his knees with his hands clasped behind his head.

"Oh, God....oh, God....oh, God." He lifted his head up. Smoke and debris filled the room. He slowly, carefully crawled towards the desk and reached inside a drawer where he found his cellular telephone. He called his lawyer.

"Hello, Marty? Yeah, this is Mike. I know you're on vacation and everything but listen, I've got a real problem....."

Inside the sweltering turrets the men were stripped down to their waists. Cotton was packed tightly in their ears to protect them from the tremendous explosions that reverberated within the steel, greasy carapaces. Their only link to the outside world was the tiny intercom that connected them to the gunnery officer that told them when to fire. After bracing themselves against the coming explosion, the gunner would press the red button that touched off the huge sacks of gunpowder. Then the huge breaches would be manually opened and fresh water would be flung into the opening. Meanwhile, from the magazine deep within the bowels of the ship, another one thousand pound shell would be trundled up the steam driven elevator and hydraulically shoved into the breach. Four fifty pound bags of gunpowder would then be shoved behind the shell. The breach would be closed. It was the most dangerous work on board the ship and the men who worked in the turrets were certainly a different breed. Esteban Martinez was a gunner in *Dora*, the lower D-turret at the stern. He had volunteered for the position.

The very personable Wendy White was the first media observer on the scene. As the airborne traffic commentator for KLAQ radio, Wendy had developed quite a celebrity status for her animated and sometimes graphic reports of traffic conditions on L.A.'s busy freeways. As the *Arlene* was beginning her initial bombardment of Hollywood, the helicopter that Wendy was riding was hovering low along

the 405 Freeway at the pass which separated the San Fernando Valley and Los Angeles proper. At the juncture where Sunset serpentine under the 405, the KLAQ copter veered in a wide, lazy arc, and skimmed over the secluded, wealthy neighborhoods of Brentwood, actually passing directly over the house that Marilyn Monroe succumbed to the anathema of her dimming stardom. Listeners who had their radios tuned into KLAQ, heard this:

"Wendy White here in the KLAQ Southland Scooter. Traffic on the San Diego Freeway is flowing smoothly now. That preposterous three vehicle pile-up that has been blocking the two northbound lanes at the Ventura exit has been cleaned up by the meat wagons. Gotta be careful out there K-Lackers! Otherwise, traffic seems to be going good at San Vicente and Wilshire. And... looking off



towards the horizon, over Santa Monica, in the ocean, there appears to be what I would call a very large naval vessel. I mean a really big boat. This could be a new development that might have an effect on you K-Lackers commuting on the P.C.H."

This was the last traffic report Wendy White would ever give. The Southland Scooter zipped across Santa Monica and naively approached the *Arlene*. When the helicopter was a mere thousand yards away, the entire starboard side of the ship suddenly erupted in a tremendous release of anti-aircraft fire. The sky was instantly filled with a giant sheet of lead. The helicopter disintegrated into a million pieces, as if hit by a gargantuan sledgehammer. Static commenced on the radio before the station switched to a commercial break. Smoldering lead shrapnel from the barrage began to rain down on the surfers who were foolish enough to still be on the beach. They saved themselves by shielding their heads and bodies under their surfboards.

"Ve are kicking their ass!" shouted von Richter in belligerent glee.

"This is true, my good fascist friend," replied Armando.

On the horizon tiny specks were rapidly approaching from the south. These were A-10 Warthogs of the United States Marine Corps based at the Los Alamitos Naval Air Station. When the *Arlene* began her unprecedented attack on Hollywood, these aircraft were fueled and payloaded with anti-tank rockets in preparation for training runs at the China Lake Weapons Center just south of Death Valley. When the emergency call came in from the governor's office, this small flight of tank-busters was the only outfit remotely ready to respond.

Studs Whitcher was the flight leader of the four plane squadron. He had been in the Marine Corps for ten years and was considered by those few who knew him as borderline insane. In fact, his life was marked by bouts of insanity starting from the time he was six when he climbed over the rail and flung himself into the alligator pit at the zoo. He wallowed in the water for a few minutes, trying to entice the reptiles to eat him, all in full view of his horrified mother. He was not eaten.

In high school, another chilling incident took place after a prep school football game. In the waning minutes of the big game, Studs, a wide receiver, dropped a sure touchdown pass. Despite the fact that his team won convincingly, Studs, in his despair drove his car, a 1957 Chevy that he had painstakingly restored, into the front living room of the coach's house. His body hurled through the front windshield and flopped onto the coffee table right at the coach's propped feet. He carried a limp from that day on and the incident also provided inspiration for his self-appointed moniker, Studs; a reference to the surgical pins in his hips which he thought were cool.

After somehow surviving high school and then graduating from college with a degree in aeronautical engineering, Studs applied for flight school with the Navy. His grades were exemplary but his psychological profile was such that the attending psychiatrist was prompted to note that "this man is so thoroughly disturbed that I wouldn't bet a rat's ass on the prospect of his surviving any kind of flight program." The Navy had no recourse but to reject his application.

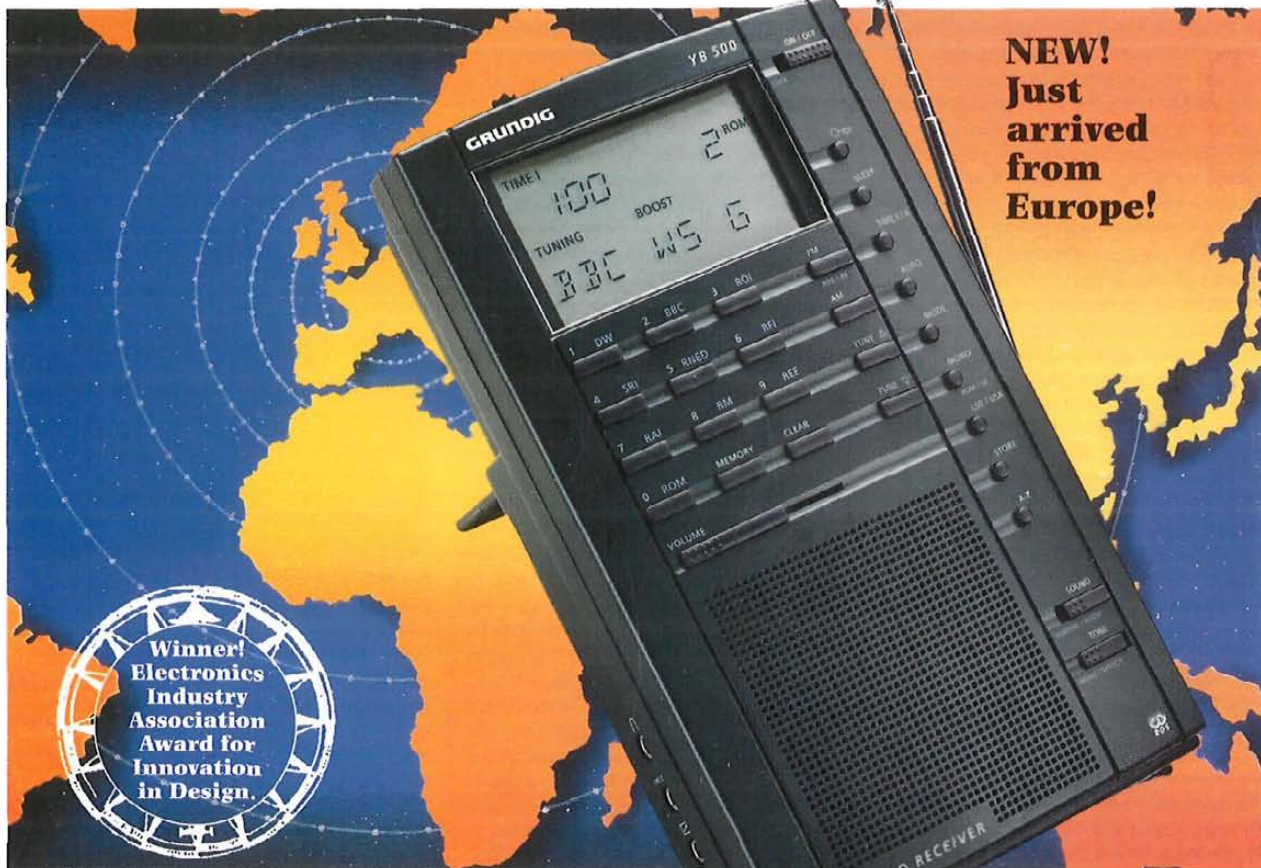
Fortunately there were the Marines.

Flying low over the industrial complexes of Orange County, the small squadron raced towards the *Arlene*. Over water Studs let out a gasp bearing witness to the looming monstrosity of the ship. He had never seen anything so big, so imposing. He licked his chops and barked orders. The attack commenced.

The Warthogs came in boldly, skimming the surface of the waves. The anti-aircraft off the port stern opened up at two miles. Studs muttered into his radio and the aircraft broke out of formation and began angling to different points around the ship; all except Studs. He clenched his jaw and kept straight ahead, boring down on the *Arlene*.

Anti-aircraft blossoms sent shrapnel thud-

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ding off the armored plating that surrounded the cockpit. Studs kept the joystick steady in his hands. He knew no fear. At one mile, Studs fired the armor piercing rockets that hung from the wings. They raced towards the *Arlene* but Studs didn't watch them hit. He was now busy firing the 20mm cannon that poked from underneath the nose of the *Warthog*. He laughed in delight as the cannon fire struck home. He was in heaven.

Traveling at over 500 miles per hour, Studs roared a scant ten feet over the forward B turret of the *Arlene*, barely missing the superstructure with his right wing tip. He yelled and shook his fist at the tracking anti-aircraft guns which tried to follow him as he crossed over. Heading out over open sea, he rolled his airplane back and forth, avoiding the ship's fire. Reaching a suitable distance, he kicked hard on the rudder and pulled back on the stick. The *Warthog* rose up and the fuselage fish-tailed out, reminiscent of his old '57 Chevy cornering with too much speed. Airspeed dropped way down as the direction was reversed. It seemed that the *Warthog* was at a standstill. Then the powerful jets kicked in, and the airplane began accelerating towards the *Arlene*, a thick plume of exhaust trailing behind.

The anti-aircraft fire was intense and Stud's airplane was tossed about by the concussions perpetrated by the exploding shells. Still, he forged forward against the current of lead, his face a mask of rage. He pressed the fire button on the control stick and again watched as the tracers found their mark, taking gross effect on the above-deck structures. Then, Studs snapped.

At 1000 yards, the confused wiring in Stud's brain neglected to tell him to pull back on the stick. In fact, the synapses of his jumbled

Studs yelled a final expletive as the wing tip dipped into the sea. The airplane began cart-wheeling crazily and then, right before impact, knifed deep into the water right beneath the *Arlene's* stern. It's trajectory and speed freakishly carried it into the rudder of the *Arlene* where it slammed with tremendous force.

The attack by the *Warthogs* came as a surprise. Armando had certainly expected a response but he was under the opinion that initially it would consist of LAPD police helicopters, certainly something that the *Arlene* was more than capable of handling. He had optimistically anticipated a thirty minute frame of uninterrupted firing time before he could expect any countering force of real substance to appear. By then he had hoped to lay down an extensive smoke screen and then slip quietly into the vast expanses of the Pacific, heading Northwest into the rapidly enlarging storm system. Indeed it was an ill-conceived plan, one relying too heavily on the whims of the weather, the presumed bunglings of big-city government, and foremost, the sheer grandiose novelty of his preemptive strike to create chaos; but it might have worked. Unfortunately, the attack of the *Warthogs* came barely thirteen minutes after the start of hostilities altered things considerably.

"Herr Richter!" he shouted, "Give us full speed ahead!" The first rockets from the aircraft came shrieking in. Blasts began hitting on the rear part of the ship. Armando grabbed the huge wheel and turned it hard to the right. It was connected by a system of hydraulics to the rudder. He held the wheel in its position and felt the vibrations as the engines engaged the screws.

"We must get into deeper water! Gain more maneuverability!" he shouted. Then the rocket fired by Studs hit the bridge. There was a blinding flash.

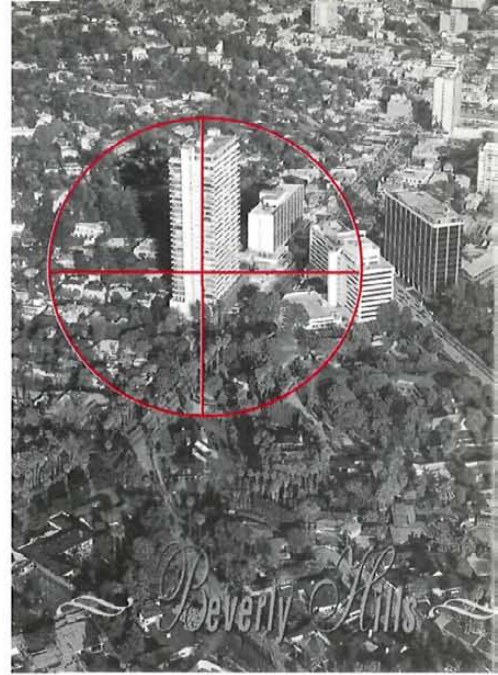
Esteban kicked open the hatch to turret *Dora* with his legs and to the slippery deck. His left arm was smashed and he cradled it gently across his chest with his right arm. He was somehow, by the grace of God, alive but not so the rest of the gun crew, the men he had spent so many years training with. Now they were all dead, lying in contorted positions inside the turret.

He was very mad about this. In light of the knowledge he gained during his little walk with Armando a week previously he realized how stupid they all were to have followed Armando on this foolish boat ride. He looked up at the sky. The airplanes were gone but more would be returning. Men were beginning to climb on deck. They looked lost. It was then that it dawned on him that the ship was moving hard to port, heading out to open sea.

"Jesus!" he thought, "Why are we moving out to sea when we should be abandoning ship? We are so close to the shore!" He looked towards the bow of the ship, up towards the bridge.

"Damn you, Armando!" He made his way to the stairs.

Entering the bridge, Esteban stepped over



the lifeless body of Poppy von Richter who lay slumped in the doorway, his *Kriegsmarine* uniform bedraggled with oil and blood, his lips tightly pulled back in a hideous snarl, revealing the wooden teeth now stained crimson from blood. Examining the control room, he could see the results of the rocket hit. Debris and bodies lay tossed about in violent fashion and whitish smoke issued forth from underneath destroyed instrument panels. In the middle of the hellish scene near the smashed forward wind screen stood the brass encased engine control pillar. In front of it was the wheel. Thinking perhaps that he could actually turn the ship and crash it directly into shore, he went to the wheel and turned it. Nothing happened; the rudder was jammed!

Now stepping quickly to the brass helm, Esteban grabbed the lever and pulled hard. The steady hum and vibrations of the ship stopped as the turbines disengaged from the propeller shafts. He stood at the helm amidst the swirling smoke and wind that ushered through the broken windscreen.

Suddenly from behind, Esteban heard the unmistakable click of a gun being armed. He froze.

"Full speed ahead Mr. Martinez." Esteban turned slowly around.

Lying propped in the corner with Von Richter's P-38 aimed shakily in hand was Armando. His face was spirit-white and glistening with sweat. His pristine white naval uniform was florid in a spreading red pattern; a large jagged piece of sheet metal projected from his midsection.

"I expect you to follow orders."

"Sir. I am stopping the ship. Since you neglected to put life boats on the ship, the men must be allowed the best opportunity to save themselves."

"I will decide when the men may abandon the ship."

The *Arlene* was heading out to sea when Esteban disengaged the screws, but because the rudder was smashed in the port position,



mind were communicating quite a different message. The *Warthog* continued towards the *Arlene*, spitting out shells. Howling with rage, Studs aimed the nose at the bridge of the *Arlene*, his head a beehive of glorious self-destructive visions. He fired a rocket as a calling card and watched it streak towards the bridge. It exploded; the horrific flash reflecting off his shaded visor. Now to follow the jab with the Studs Suicide Special.

Suddenly the left engine tore loose from his fuselage. It had been hit from shell fire desperately pouring from the *Arlene*. The joystick whipped out of Studs' hand and the *Warthog* veered violently to the left and downward.

she was traveling in a circular route. Her tremendous momentum would eventually carry her back near shore, but it would still be some time though before she would be close enough to make any attempt at swimming for safety.

"The ship is sinking; the battle is lost," said Esteban.

"The battle is not lost. It has only just begun!"

A terrific groan echoed from deep within the ship as sea water which had entered through the ruptured rudder burst into another compartment below the waterline. The ship lurched slightly and Armando momentarily winced. Esteban, seeing a chance, rushed forward to grab the gun but Armando was too quick in his recovery. The gun went off and the bullet crashed into Esteban's left arm, further shattering the limb. Esteban spun and fell to the littered floor.

Armando pushed himself to his feet. The piece of metal lodged in his stomach slid out and fell to the floor with a loud clang. He leaned against the wall, regaining composure holding close the terrible wound with his hand. A pool of blood began forming at his feet. He studied Esteban writhing on the floor.

"I'm surprised at you Esteban. I expected you to have more faith. You were always one of my favorites."

"Faith?" answered Esteban, speaking with the boldness of a doomed man, "You talk of faith yet you beckoned us forward with lies. There are no riches to be had...no glory to be found. There is nothing but death and destruction. And for what? A girl? That, my captain was the cardinal lie! You enticed us with tales of vast wealth, and filled our heads with romantic visions of adventure as corsairs on the high seas. Who were we to know any different? We were nothing but ignorant peasants. What fools we all were to follow you!"

"Your defeatist attitude annoys me. It is easily apparent that I am still alive and in command. There has been no wavering from the plan."

"You are insane! You are cut clean through the stomach. I am looking at a dead man. As far as your plan...there is no plan, there never was any plan, and there never will be a plan. You simply expected to bombard the city and then have the girl run into your open arms. I am afraid that you are sadly mistaken if you think that love operates in that way."

"I do what I can." Armando began moving away from the wall. A small part of his gut began to leak out from beneath his hand.

"And let's say that she does run into your arms? What then? You sail off into the sunset which is good for today but what about tomorrow? The next year? Life will be dramatically anticlimactic after all this, wouldn't you say?"

Armando was not responding. He had approached the high brass column and was straining against the lever. Finally, with terrific effort he worked it into the full speed ahead position.

"What happens when she decides that she doesn't like your taste in music?" continued Esteban.

Armando was leaning against the post. He looked a hundred years old.

"I'll learn to like her music. That is inconsequential."

"Or that she doesn't like coffee? That would not be very good for *el rey del cafe*."

"We met in a coffee house. Now really Esteban, your questions are trite and interfere with my war."

"Or that she doesn't want to go to bed with you because you're not as good as the movie stars that she sleeps with?"

Armando stared at Esteban's prone figure lying at his feet and contemplated what had just been said.

"Don't be absurd. Arlene would never sleep with anybody. She is an angel."

"An angel! Ha! She slept with you after knowing you for three hours! Your Arlene is no angel! She's a goddamn whore!"

The words reverberated throughout the confines of the room. Armando's leadened pallor briefly reddened as what remained of his blood surged to his head.

He brought his hand up from his abdomen to the butt of the pistol, steadying the gun, aiming it at Esteban.

"You shouldn't have said that, my friend."

Esteban turned his head in preparation for the final slug. It was then that he saw the Map of the Stars, part of which Armando was standing on. With amazing quickness, he reached out and yanked hard on the Map. Armando, in his unsteadiness began to lose his balance. In desperation, he pulled the trigger of the automatic but the shot was off mark, ricocheting loudly against the floor. Arms now flailing, Armando let loose of the gun, and managed to get hold of the brass helm. He tried to raise himself back to his feet, but his strength was fading fast. He was fighting a losing battle against gravity and his body began sliding down the column, his entrails smearing greasily along its length.

Esteban, on his hands and knees crawled towards the gun which Armando had dropped. Reaching it, he somehow made it to his feet. He then trained the gun on Armando's kneeling pathetic form and nudged the body with the point of the barrel; there was no response. He kicked at Armando and watched him slide heavily to the floor.

There was little time now. The *Arlene* was nearing the beach and the men still alive were beginning to line the sides of the boat. Ropes

were being secured along the side railing and the wounded were fitted with the few life vests that were available. One panicky man, terrified of the fire and smoke jumped from the moving ship. Horrified, the rest of the men watched him bob to the surface and then struggle against the tremendous pull of the *Arlene's* wake. When the aft portion of the ship neared the man, he was suddenly swept under violently where he remained for a few seconds before being heaved suddenly upwards. He was screaming and beating his arms against the water like a clipped hen, trying to fight the inexorable pull of the *Arlene's* screws. It was a hopeless fight and he submerged with a look of disbelief and fear as he was dragged towards the churning blades.

On the bridge, Esteban pulled the lever back to neutral and the engines once again disengaged. There was a surreal calmness as the ship glided along without any power. Though the ship had slowed considerably during Esteban's mortal struggle with Armando, it was still making 10 knots. It would have to be slow enough. The beach stood exactly to the right of starboard and the men were already jumping into the water or climbing down the ropes. The vast number of wounded, some bearing ghastly injuries were eased down the bulging sides of the ship by makeshift slings but this soon proved to be too time consuming. Desperate to speed things up, some of the men resorted to tossing the wounded over the side, much to their detriment.

Esteban looked at the shambles of the bridge one last time. Shrouded in the dim interior shadows, Armando's body lay sprawled on the Map of the Stars. His eyes were closed and his hands pulled inside his coat, over his heart. Esteban turned to leave but just as he was about to egress through the door to the outside bridge, he paused. A minute streak caught the corner of his eye. Instinctively, he stepped backwards behind the protective shelter of the inner bridge. Immediately, the *Arlene* was rocked with a cluster of tremendous explosions. Esteban was lifted off his feet and hurled back into the room, landing hard on his back. In intense pain he lifted his head up from the floor just in time to see the snow-white underbelly of a U.S. Navy F-14 Tomcat framed in the open doorway.

Getting to his feet, Esteban limped back outside. The solid metal railing lining the outside bridge was completely warped and twisted. Looking out over the cleared bridge, Esteban could see the damage done by the missile. The massive forward B turret housing twin 15-inch cannons was completely unmounted. It was an absolute miracle that the explosion did not travel down the elevator shaft that supplied the shells to the big gun. This would have touched off the magazine stored deep within the ship, the



result of which could be likened to a steel-clad volcanic eruption. Nonetheless the wreckage was immense. Looking at the side of the vessel, dead and dying sailors were contorted in all manners and fires raged everywhere.

In the sky many miles beyond the *Arlene*, the Tomcat was joined by three others. They were from the nuclear-powered carrier *John F. Kennedy* which was located some seven-hundred miles away, returning from a show of strength maneuvers near Korea. The planes were now circling wide in preparation for another pass. In morbid fascination, Esteban watched their graceful flight, the way their retractable wings swiveled back as they leveled out of their arc and began their attack run. A quick estimation cause Esteban to realize that he could never make it down the many flights of slippery stairs that led from the bridge to the deck and then clamber over the side before the jets arrived. A sense of calm and resignation washed over him as he contemplated his doom and he almost sank to his knees. Then suddenly, his strong sentiment for survival began to reassert itself.

As the howling wail of the jets announced their closing proximity, Esteban stepped back deep within the bridge and stared forward through the open door at the gray open sky that reached beyond the dismantled rail. The distance from the edge of the outside bridge to the armored side walls five stories below was thirty-five feet. Though no Olympic athlete, the many years of climbing the hills and mountains of Chile had given Esteban extraordinary strength in his legs. He hoped it would be enough.

The Tomcats released their missiles right as Esteban began his run towards the door. At the end of his sprint he kicked off from the edge of the bridge and flung himself into the acrid sky.

Time seemed to stand still for Esteban as he seemed to hover many tens of feet over the burning deck of the *Arlene*. He could make out the smoldering twisted side turrets which housed the 8-inch cannons. He could see the empty shell casings expended during the previous attack scattered on the deck. He could also see that he was never going to clear the side-walls. It began to rush towards him.

On board the *John F. Kennedy*, bored ordinance officers found creative outlets by writing epithets directed towards the North Korean communist leaders and painting shark's teeth on the heads of the missiles. The particular missile fired from the lead Tomcat was wearing shades and a knife-toothed grin, a corrupt hybrid offspring of Shamu and Roy Orbison. A cigarette dangled from its mouth and printed in bold letters were the words, "I'm Coming to Getcha, Baby!" The wolfish grin worn by the missile sprung wider as it slammed into the forward bridge of the *Arlene*.

The resulting pressure from the explosion hit Esteban in mid-flight. It pushed him over and beyond the wide hull of the *Arlene* and he plunged in to the cold Pacific waters feet first, fortuitously avoiding the eight-story belly flop. Reaching the surface he screamed in agony. The briny sea water stung like hornets at the bloody mess of his arm. Eventually, the initial pain diminished to a dull numbness and he began the long swim towards the beach, over two miles away. Dog-paddling in a unorthodox one-armed fashion, he soon found himself too exhausted to continue. Fortunately, he came across a dead sailor floating in a life vest. He released the dead man from the floatation device and with the very last of his energy slipped it around his own neck.

Rising and falling on the waves and troughs, half-dead from fatigue and shock, Esteban wearily opened his eyes one last time. The *Arlene* was some distance away now but its speed was greatly reduced. Her hull and superstructure were enraptured with flames and the bow was riding impossibly low in the water, at times even dipping below the surface. While watching the dying ship through half-shut eyes, Esteban noticed something. At first he couldn't believe it, but after forcing himself to remain conscious, the veracity of his observation could not be denied. The *Arlene* was beginning to dramatically increase speed. Someone was at the helm pushing the throttle forward.

"Damn you, Armando!"

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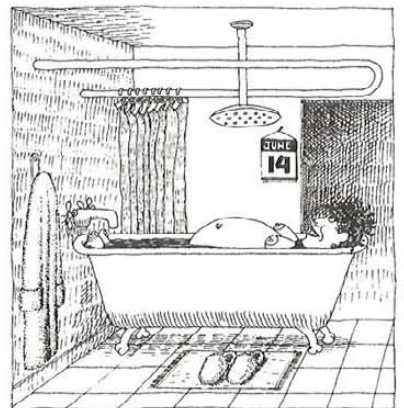
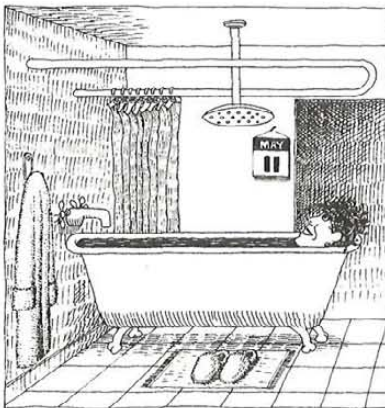
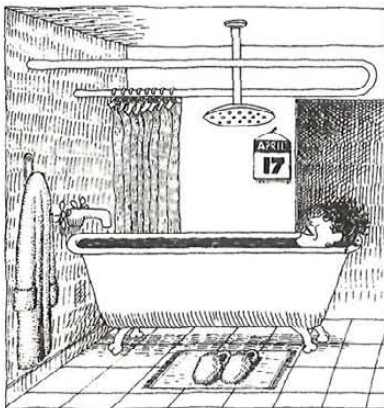
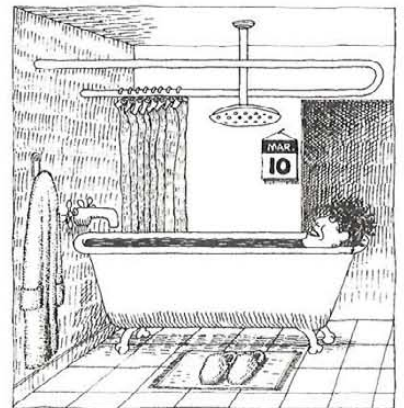
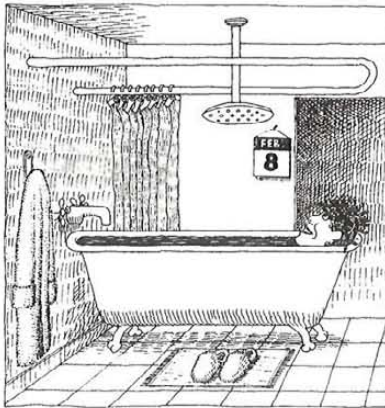
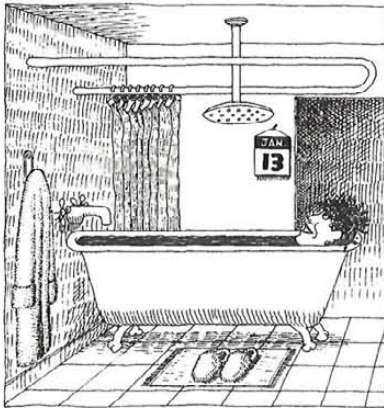
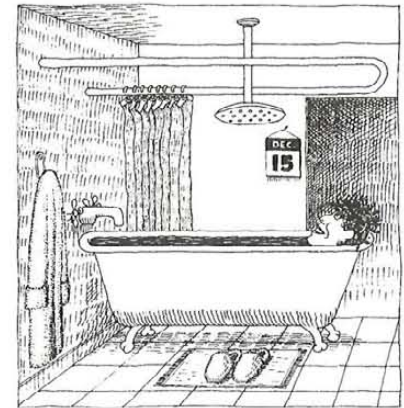
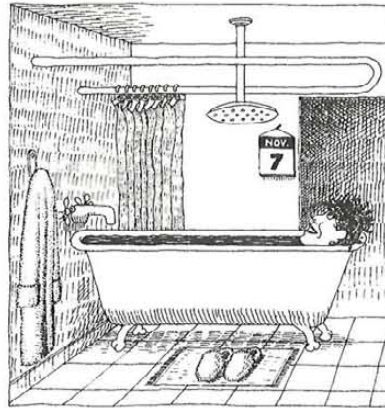
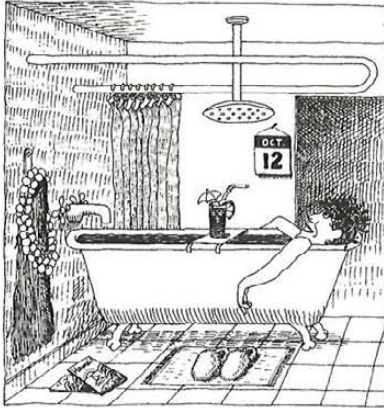
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TINY TERROR

A SMALL WOMAN who is seven months' pregnant scratched, clawed and punched a sicko intruder into fleeing her suburban home after she woke up and found him half-naked by her bedside. "I didn't even think about it," says the 32-year-old brave mom-to-be. "I just started going after him."

Pregnant woman beats off sicko in her bedroom

by VIC KRISTOL on the Levittown, Pennsylv...

caped. The woman and her hubby rushed to the hospital to make sure their unborn

baby had survived the violent tussle. Luckily, tests showed everything was OK.

Now that it's all over, the petite woman says she can hardly believe her bra...

Body search reveals \$4,000 in crack

with him. The man has 10 days to report back to Jackson, at which time he will be arraigned in Jackson County District Court, Washington said.

crack has a street value of \$4,000, police said.

Oscar-Winning actor Jack Nicholson was charged with misdemeanor vandalism and assault, for allegedly smashing the windshield of a car with a golf club because he thought the other driver cut him off in traffic, the Los Angeles city attorney's office announced.

Nicholson

stepped out of his car at a red light at the intersection of Moorpark Way and Riverside Drive in North Hollywood and repeatedly struck the windshield and roof of the car driven by Robert Scott Blake.

Two independent witnesses identified the weapon used in the incident as a golf club, and one identified the 57-year-old actor as the attacker.

One witness refused to verify the identity of the attacker to police because she "liked him in *The Witches of Eastwick*."

Police captured a man who was chiseling bronze letters off mausoleums in a New York cemetery.

The thief told officers that bronze fetches high prices these days and displayed thirteen consonants.

"I don't think it's right to steal vowels," the robber explained.

At an Independence Day picnic in Sulphur Springs, Texas, three-year-old nursery-school children were asked by their teacher to name their favorite country for a news camera crew. They all yelled, "Japan!"

The teacher, Dolly Zehber, speculated the reason may have been that most of the children's toys come from Japan.

The Jagan State man Th session grams found i Troc Welch ping t

Beaver—Trimmer

NEW OXFORD — St. Paul's "The Pines" Lutheran Church was the setting for the Dec. 15 wedding of Janet L. Beaver and Gary R. Trimmer. The Rev. B. Tim Wagner performed the double ring ceremony at 5 p.m.

der of re-embroidered lace. The skirt extended into a sweeping cathedral-length train.

Lisa Tomalavage of Dauphin was the matron of honor. Chosen as the bridesmaid.



Mr. and Mrs. Gary Trimmer

Western Maryland College and is a teacher for Lincoln Intermediate Unit No. 12.

The bridegroom is a 1983 graduate of New Oxford High School and is a carpenter and crew leader for Barry Bechtel General Contracting.

tyson **TYSON** **tyson**
BERRYVILLE

Tyson announces a new part-time "FUX" employment program. Anyone interested in earning extra income and having the flexibility of choosing your own work days, is encouraged to apply in person at 110 Freeman St., Berryville, AR 72616. Come join the Tyson Family!

E.O.E.

A thirty-year-old woman in Columbus, Ohio failed in a suicide attempt which included "cutting off her left hand, stabbing herself eight times, drinking a glass of Drano, and throwing a hair dryer into a water-filled tub." (Columbus Dispatch)

true FACTS

When pilot Steve Owen tried to land his small plane at a Virginia airfield after a weekend away, he discovered that his landing gear wouldn't go down. A visual check showed that there was no hydraulic fluid in the tank.

Fortunately, on board was a passenger who had brought two cans of soda and some Bloody Mary mix so they could have some drinks for the trip.

When they poured the liquid into the tank, the gear lowered enough for Owens to be able to land the plane. Contributed by Tom Patterson.

Michael Lenick, 63, of Sewall Point, Florida, turned the channel back to the Cowboys/Bills game after his wife, Marlene, turned over to the news.

Announcing that she'd had enough of football, she went to the bedroom, picked up a .38 caliber handgun, returned to the den and shot Michael twice.

One bullet grazed Lenick's abdomen and the other penetrated his shoulder blade. He was hospitalized in good condition. She was charged with aggravated battery.

According to Police Chief Louis Savini, there have been about a dozen calls in support of the woman.

A proprietor who ran a successful print shop in Denver, Colorado, advertised in local newspapers, "We print everything but money."

Treasury Agents subsequently raided the print shop, and the proprietor was charged with counterfeiting.

Mary Staggs of Laguna Beach, California, jumped on the hood of her brand new BMW when a thief stole the car from the parking lot of a fast-food restaurant.

As the car sped erratically down the Pacific Coast Highway at sixty miles per hour, Staggs reached through the sunroof and yanked the thief's hair until he was forced to stop. Contributed by Donald M. Robinson.

Members of a Van Nuys, California Girl Scout troop were barred from a Los Angeles shopping mall in accordance with a policy designed to prevent gang violence.

"The guard said a group with more than three young people was a gang," stated troop leader Lois Young.

Security officers trailed the Girl Scout Troop for the entire visit. (*The Valley Bulletin*)

Jennifer Burke, of Brookline, Massachusetts, complained of abdominal pain. When she was taken to the hospital and x-rayed, doctors were surprised to find an entire unopened package of Reese's Peanut Butter Cups in her stomach.

In a rage, the infuriated woman stormed off, blaming it "on a friend." (*The Brookline Citizen*)

Brandishing a knife, Joseph V. Moga confronted a woman near an ATM and demanded money. Moga told La Crosse, Wisconsin, police "he only wanted to sell her the knife." (*La Crosse Tribune*).



According to police records, a man robbed a brother and sister in North Las Vegas, Nevada, at gun point and, discovering the two had only twenty dollars between them, bought them beer to show he was not such a bad guy.

While he was paying for the beer at a convenience store, a person walked in complaining about a barking dog; the gunman then walked outside, shot the dog twice, and reentered the store to collect his change.

A Southern California Police Department stepped up its program to get weapons off the streets and out of the hands of criminals. Officers spent extra shifts specifically looking to confiscate illegal weapons.

The program is funded by monthly auctions in which the confiscated weapons are sold to the highest bidder. (*Los Angeles Times*)

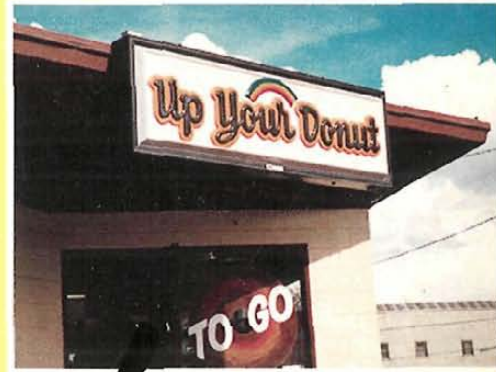
Send your TRUE FACTS
in, very quickly, to:

Willie Harper
True Facts Editor
National Lampoon
10850 Wilshire Blvd.,
Suite 1000
Los Angeles, CA 90024



Signed off





Photographs





My Encounter with History

by John Hayes

The amazing true story of one man's journey into the scriptures

Normally, when I see someone famous, I never know how quite to react. Sometimes I am torn between running up to said celebrity and drooling, or keeping a good distance away, trying to come up with a way to tell my friends how I taught Luke Perry how to use his calling card, and blow it out of proportion. When I was much younger, (and aggressive) I once met Marlo Thomas. I had always had a crush on that girl. I guess I said some things to her that young boys shouldn't say because ever since she gave me a swift kick to the nannies, I can pee

around corners. It's great for showing off at parties, but mostly it's a pain. Since then, I've been rather apprehensive about approaching famous people. I've kept safe distances from Harry Anderson, Fred Savage, and that guy Herb from the old Burger King commercials. I became somewhat of a recluse and shy. That was, until I met God.

God (He'd rather be called 'Albert', don't ask me why) is a nice fellow. I met Him in line at the grocery store. I was trying to sneak 12 items into the express lane, and I let Him pass me up because He was only buying deodorant and a kiwi. I didn't rec-

ognize Him at first (He looks kind of like how you imagine Santa Claus, except in much better shape), and I thought since he was old enough he might have a heart attack in line and divert attention away from my two extra twinkees hidden under the pimento loaf on the register conveyor belt. But after being nice to this guy and letting him cut in front of me, the asshole decides he's got to write a check.

The check-out girl (Hi! My name is Wendy!) repeatedly told him he couldn't write a check without proper identification. He told her that he was God and that surely they would

accept a check from Him. It was an awkward situation. I'm sure that God didn't want to reveal Himself. But when it came down to Him going home without his deodorant, or keeping his identity secret, believe me, I was pulling for the Right Guard.

The Challenge

To prove that he really was God, he turned around and pointed at me. "Do you have any problems you need solved?" he asked. But I think he was more interested in proving he was God in order to get his check cashed that helping me with a miracle. I was a bit skeptical and still a bit perturbed that he was taking advantage of me, but I figured I had nothing to lose by asking him to cure me of something. What if he wasn't God? Big deal. Then I share an intimate problem with a complete stranger. But if he was God, then for the first time in three months I'd be rid of my hang nail, wart, or yeast infection, whichever I chose to tell him about. I whispered my ailment into his ear. He told the check out girl that to prove he was God he was going to cure my moldy little friend.

As God began to work his magic, Wendy stopped him mid-stream. "I'd better get a manager here for this. I've only been working her for a few days and don't want to get fired over cashing some lousy check without the proper identification." God understood... he usually does, and we waited for the check-out girl to call over her manager. Everyone in line behind us got a little fidgety and began to pull their shopping carts around and head for other lines. "Miracle on aisle four," she mumbled

through her loud speaker, and almost everyone who had headed out for aisle five came right back into the express-lane to watch. "I'm a little bit nervous," he confided in me. "I've only performed miracles before a few people before. An Abraham here, a Moses there, but never before the manager and customers of a FoodBarn." I couldn't tell whether he was joking or not, but I didn't remember God being sarcastic in any section of the bible. Maybe the Old Testament, but I wasn't sure.

situation and tried to soften him up for us.

"You don't have any ID, sir?" And God said no.

"No driver's license, state ID, green card... anything like that?" And God once again said no.

"Have you ever shopped at this FoodBarn location before, sir?" And God said no.

"OK... normally we don't do this, we do have a no-miracles policy, but since you're new to our fine establishment

perform a miracle at my request." The manager told us a story about how the week before, someone claiming to be God had hustled a checker, tricking her into cashing food stamps after restoring ten fingers to a leper. But the checker had never looked before the "miracle" to see if this beneficiary of the grace of God really was lacking any appendages. She was so impressed that she allowed "God" and his leper friend take their three bottles of Mad Dog liquor for free.

"Clean up on aisle nine," rang over the distorted loudspeaker, which seemed to spark a fire behind the manager's eyes.

The Miracle

"If you can clean up the mess in aisle nine in some magical way, whatever it is, then I'll let you cash your check."

God rolled up his sleeves and maneuvered his way around the gawkers to aisle nine. An overeager pre-teenager had knocked over 128 boxes of feminine products. She screamed and ran away, but the mess remained, making it impossible for anyone to walk down the "Personal Needs" aisle. With the manager close

and didn't know our policy, I'll make an exception."

God chose to cure my yeast infection to prove his identity. I unzipped my pants to get ready. The manager quickly grabbed my zipper and pulled it back up with the same suspicious look of a gambler who suspects another player of hiding a fifth ace up their sleeve... or any other clothing apparel.

"I'm sorry about this. I'm going to have to ask you to

behind, and with a wave of His arm, the boxes slowly spread apart, two by two, creating an easy to navigate traffic lane. Everyone watching ooooood and ahhhhhhd, feeling lucky they had just witnessed a miracle that didn't involve the face of Jesus on some flour tortilla in Sugarland, Texas. Seventeen-year-old pimply faced Martin, in charge of cleaning up messes, considered himself lucky because he didn't have anything to clean up and could go back into



The manager opened his office door over by the fruit section and the water fountain. He calmly strolled towards us jingling his keys. Out of the corner of my eye I could notice God getting a bit nervous as if he had bitten off more than he could swallow.

"Is there a problem here?" said the manager, still jingling his key ring.

Wendy told the manager (Howdy! My name is Bob Gnu! I'm here to serve you!) about the

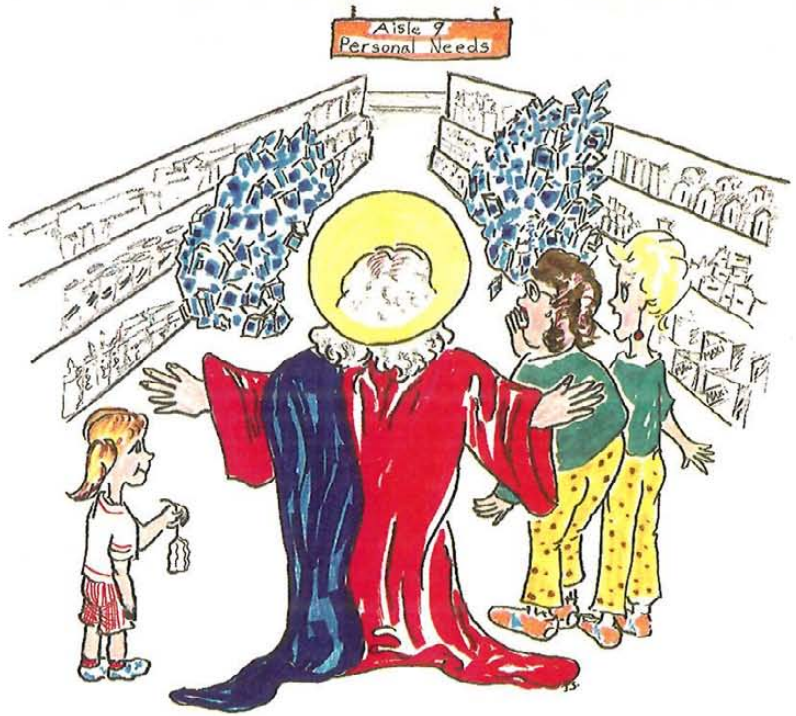
the employees lounge and finish watching a rerun of *Kate & Allie*.

The stone-faced manager stood with his hand to his chin. Would God be able to buy his deodorant? For the sake of the rest of us and because we are all supposedly created in his image I hoped so. He smelled a bit. The stone face stayed stone, but the manager agreed. "Yep. We'll take his check... but next time bring some ID. Thank you for shopping at Food Barn #63 where food is our middle name." He looked at God's checkbook to make sure He wasn't trying to cash anybody else's checks. Sure enough, they were registered to "God, the Almighty". The manager shuffled back to his office and shut the door. I was amazed that one man could possess such power to pass judgement on other peoples actions. The manager of Food Barn was truly an a unique and strong individual.

"Parting the Red Sea was a bitch," said God as he pulled out a cigarette and wrote his check . . . aisle nine was nothing." With a smile and a wink, Wendy took the check and eyed it. "Thank you, Mr. Almighty." She looked for approval in His eyes as she addressed Him. A slight smile cracked on His face... just big enough so she could tell it was a smile, and just small enough so that the wet cigarette stayed dangling on his lower lip, safe from falling to the floor. She bagged his groceries and handed it to him. (God chose paper in plastic. I was surprised that a man so wise would want to ruin our environment, but He said it's a long walk all the way back to heaven and that using just paper or plastic doesn't hold up for the whole trip)

The Final Coming

As he lit his cigarette out of thin air, God thanked me for letting him move in front of me in line. "There are few people so unselfish as those who put other's priorities ahead of their own." He made a



simple task sound really good.

Wendy the checker rang up all of my goods (she never saw my twinkees hidden under the pimento loaf, so I got them for free!) She took my check and my ID. God asked if there was anything he could do for me before he left. There were so many things I wanted to ask, so many things I wanted to know and all I could do was sneeze. I was given the opportunity to ask God anything, and I sneezed. "God bless you," said Wendy. And He did.

But I was proud of myself. I hadn't cowered under the immense celebrity which is God, as I had to every other celebrity I had ever met, or stared at, or spied on from afar with high powered binoculars. I was being rewarded for my openness. I asked if he could make a subtle reference to me in case he ever wrote a sequel to the bible. He said he was still looking for a publisher.

I had to confess to him, though. I hadn't let him in front of me solely out of the goodness of my heart. I was using him in my attempt to sneak my twinkees. "I

know about the twinkees my son." Who was I trying to kid? This was God. "I know of the struggle within you between good and larceny. You have a good soul. I can see it."

As my reward, He came over to my apartment where we split my pack of twinkees. We laughed, we cried, I repented. Before He left, He left a message on my answering machine that I haven't changed since.

"Hi. You've reached 555-1483. Nobody is here to take your call right now, so they've left me, God, in charge of taking messages. Please speak slowly after the beep, because since I have no form or shape, it's very difficult for me to hold the pencil. And if you wish, please confess your sins after the beep. Bless You."

I never saw or heard from God again, but I know he's listening. And every once in a while, he checks in for his messages.

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?"

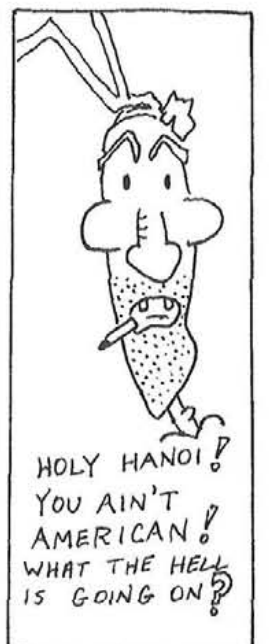
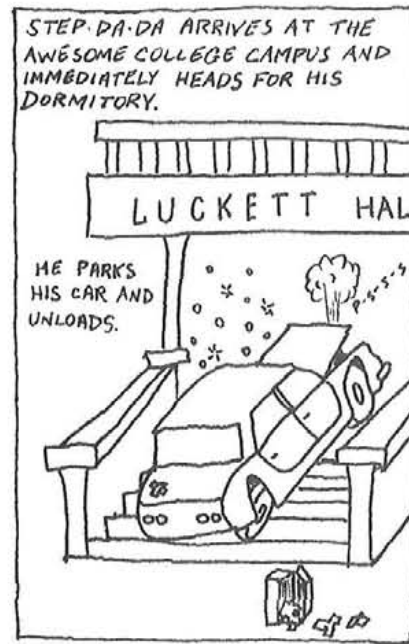
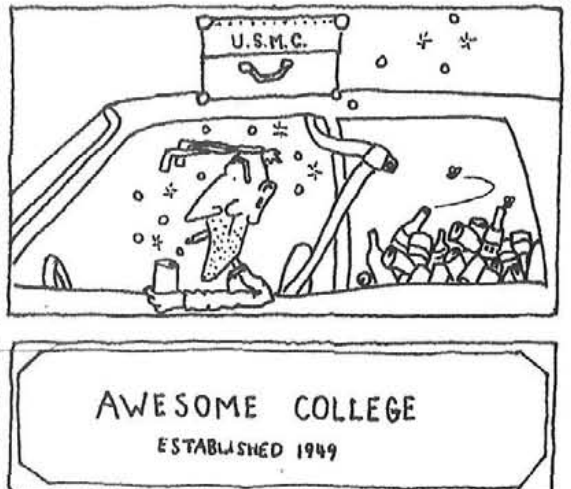
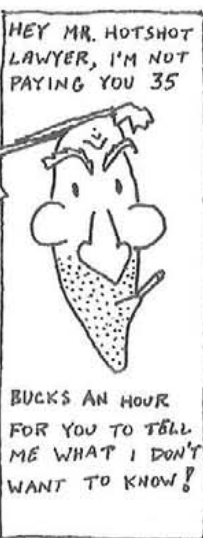
LIVING COLOUR - "Crosstown Traffic"

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



FIRST DAY OF CLASS

BIOLOGY!



ROLE CALL:
J. CHAN... HERE?
X. CHANG... HERE?
Y. CHANG... HERE?
L. CHING... HERE?
B. CHUNG... HERE?
S. DA-DA... UH, WHAT, UH?
M. DANG... HERE?
P. DAO... HERE?
X. DAO... HERE!



DON'T MIX THAT!

CHEMISTRY!

SWEET BABY JESUS!

AND SO I SAY, "HELL YES, JANE FONDA'S A COMMIE BITCH," CDS I'M WEARING MY SHIRT, YOU KNOW....HEY!
YOU'RE NOT LISTENING GODDAMMIT!



STEP-DA-DA MAKING FRIENDS IN SOCIOLOGY!

BUT SOON STEP-DA-DA STOPS GOING TO CLASS.



HOUSTON! NO, WAIT... CLEVELAND... CHANNY-BOY, BRING ME ANOTHER BREW!

BAD BOYS, BAD BOYS, WHAT'CHA GONNA DO...

DA-DA'S THINGS TO DO
① T.V.
② T.V.
③ T.V.
④ BEER RUN



SIR. EXAMS ARE TOMORROW. DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD.....



YOU'RE RIGHT! I'M TOO UPTIGHT....

I GOTTA FIND SOME ACTION, LOOSEN UP A LITTLE BIT. THEN I'LL BE READY FOR THOSE TESTS. I'LL BUST HIGH SCORES, I KNOW IT.

STEP-DA-DA HITS THE STREETS, FOLLOWING HIS NOSE, A DIVINING INSTRUMENT OF UNPARALLED SENSITIVITY



SNIFF
SNIFF

HIS OLFATORY RECEPTORS LEAD HIM TO WHERE HE SUSPECTS A LARGE RESERVOIR OF IMBIBING BEVERAGES LIE.



HEY BUD. THIS IS A CLOSED PARTY.

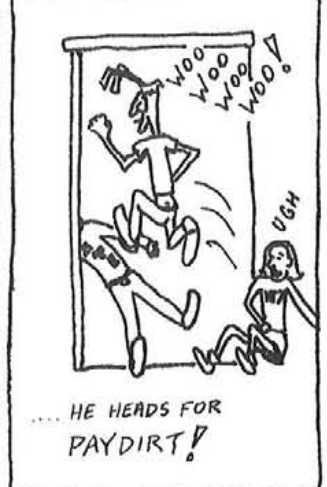
SO BEAT IT, GEEK.

STEP-DA-DA IS NOT DETERRED.



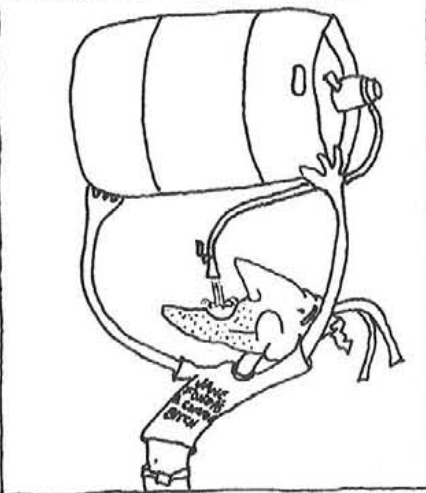
SNIFF
SNIFF
CLOSED, HUH. SCHAEFER LIGHT....
SNIFF
SNIFF
... 1994...
A VINTAGE YEAR.

NOR IS HE DETERMINED WITH MIGHTY WAR WHOOPS...



... HE HEADS FOR PAYDIRT!

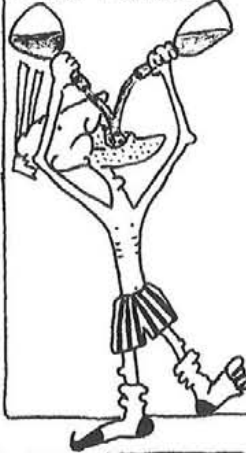
WITH HERCULEAN STRENGTH.



HEY GUYS, COME CHECK OUT THIS FROSH. HE'S GOT A WOODEN LEG AND AN IRON LIVER! UNBELIEVABLE!



ALWAYS THE HAM, STEP.DA.DA ENTERTAINS WITH SOME STUNT DRINKING



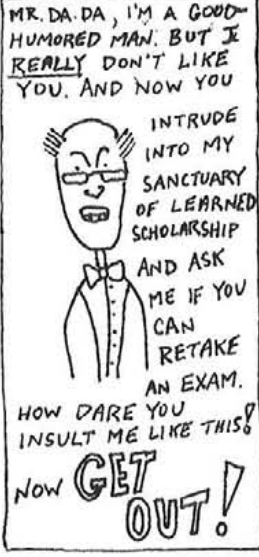
RARELY HAS HE ENJOYED SUCH UNADULTERATED ADORATION.

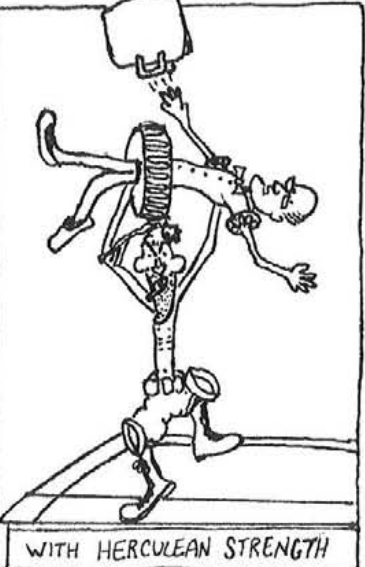
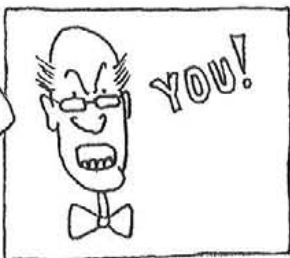
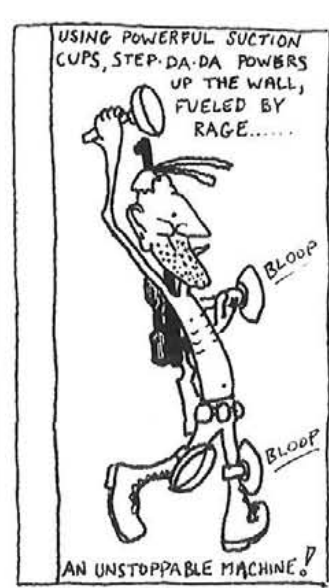
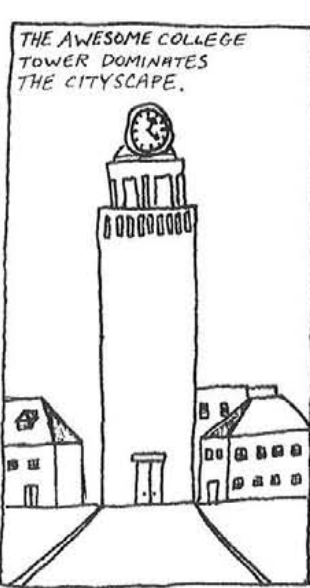
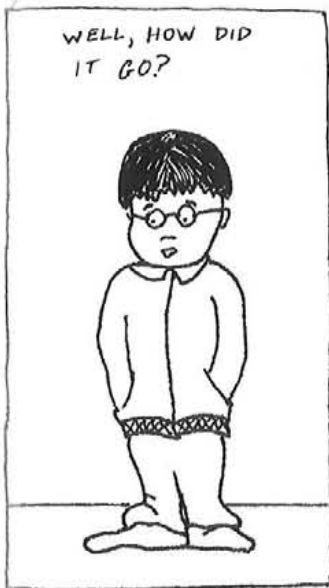


MR. DA.DA, YOU MISSED ALL YOUR EXAMS!

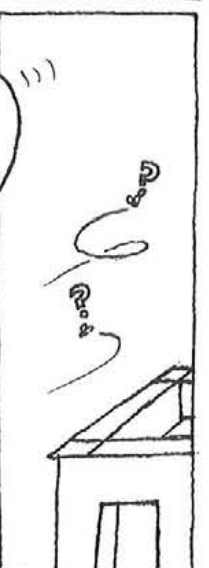


WITH CHAN'S HELP, STEP.DA.DA GETS CLEANED UP AND GOES TO TALK WITH HIS PROFESSORS. HE VISITS DR. BOMBAST, HIS ENGLISH LITERATURE PROFESSOR, FIRST BECAUSE HE'S DOING BEST IN THAT CLASS.





TEETERING ON THE EDGE, STEP-DA-DA STRUGGLES TO KEEP HIS BALANCE. A FINE LINE EXISTS BETWEEN SALVATION AND TOTAL DISASTER: A GUST OF WIND; A TWITCH OF A MUSCLE; OR.....



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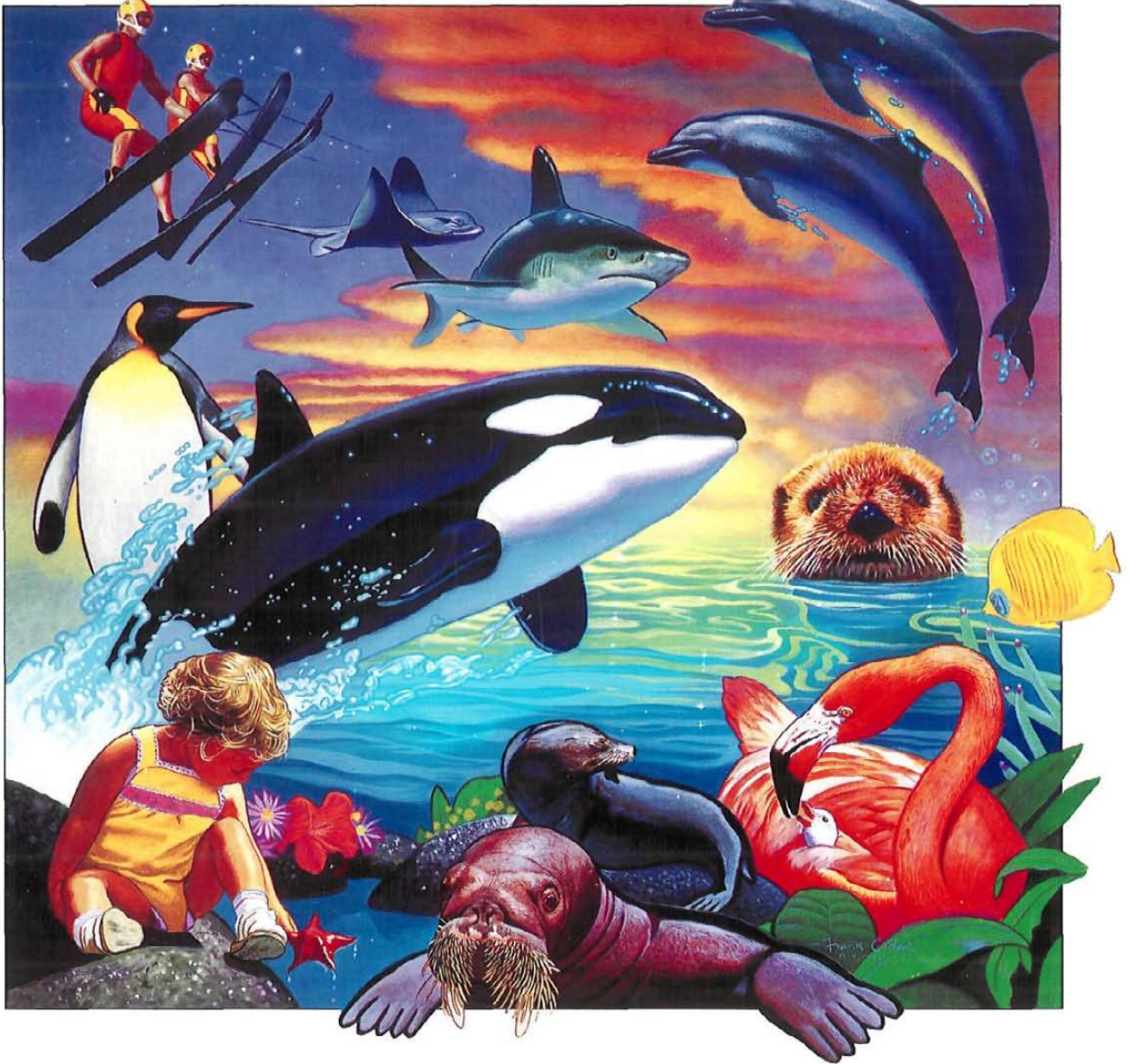
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ONE
HILARIOUS
YEAR
(6 ISSUES)



“One rolled-up National Lampoon Magazine provides 32 more dog beatings than any other magazine. I give it four thumbs up”

The Honorary Governor Stern



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Baby

uh
huh



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