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NATIONAL LAMPPOON



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AMERICA!**

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MIND.**

**HA HA
HA HA**

**SURVIVAL
ISSUE**



**WEEKEND SURVIVAL
ON MAGIC
MUSHROOMS**

**"THIS AIN'T
KINDERGARTEN"
SAYS
BARNEY**

**PC DATE
MENS STUDIES?**



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MORRISSEY

"VAUXHALL AND I"

  
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ROLLING STONE'S READERS VOTED SEAL THE BEST NEW MALE SINGER OF 1992, THE SAME YEAR HE WAS NOMINATED FOR TWO GRAMMYS. THE LOS ANGELES TIMES SAID SEAL "ENTERED THE POP SCENE WITH SUCH A PASSIONATE AND ENTICING SINGLE THAT YOU'D THINK HE SPENT HIS ENTIRE LIFE PREPARING FOR THE MOMENT." NEWSDAY SAID SEAL'S DEBUT EMBODIED "MOODINESS THAT MANAGES TO CONJURE UP BOTH PETER GABRIEL AND THE SOUL TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY BRAGGED OF BUT NEVER DELIVERED. IF SEAL RELEASES NOTHING ELSE HE WILL HAVE ACCOMPLISHED MORE THAN MOST ARTISTS DO IN A CAREER."

WELL, SEAL'S RELEASED SOMETHING ELSE NOW:

SEAL THE NEW ALBUM

FEATURING "PRAYER FOR THE DYING"

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NATIONAL LAMPOON



Honey it's for you

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The problem with this country is that we are constantly wasting money trying to save people's lives. Other countries have wars, famine, disease—specifically designed to thin out the herd. In Rwanda, 100,000 refugees die. It's for a reason. But here, there are too many living people—and their sole purpose in life? To clog the arteries of transportation to prevent *me* from getting where I am going. *We've got to start killing some of these people.* If this country is going to be great again, some people have to die.

A parking garage falls on top of a guy sweeping up during the earthquake—so we spend a million bucks digging him out. Just do like they do in Mexico after an earthquake—wait three weeks until everybody is dead for sure, while constantly complaining about how sad it is that we don't have enough equipment to continue the rescue effort and pocket all the relief money. Then bring in the bulldozers and demo the building. If you live in a trailer park, just expect that the big whirlwind's gonna come along and send Grandma through the drywall. If your house flooded three times in the last decade, it's gonna happen again. You don't deserve federal aid. Crosswalks on freeways. Don't drink and drive? Everybody drink and drive. Safe sex? Use condoms? Stop using condoms. We've got to stop saving all these idiots!

Remember when this country could go in and bomb Iraqi villages and baby carriages with pin-point accuracy, and it was the right thing to do? When frontier families just left their dead on the side of the trail and kept on heading west. We've got to get back to those good ole days—when human life didn't mean as much. Dr. Kervorkian has the right idea. He should be the next Surgeon General.

What we need is another earthquake. 9.9 for 90 minutes. One that will hit the whole country. That will solve a whole lot of the problems. Just kill these idiots. Especially, people in LA. That's Louisiana. They're the only state that still uses the Civil Law system. But they do have the drinking age set at 18, and thank God for that. At least there's a chance that a few more people will die due to the legal acceptance of teenagers drinking. And if there's anyone who's efficient at killing, then it's an 18-year-old with a .29 blood alcohol content.

And not to be discriminatory, the people in the other LA suck, too. Basically, everybody sucks in some way, and deserves to die, but the people in LA deserve to die most. At least, the people here deserve every opportunity to face death as possible. We live here, but we'll be the first to admit we suck and deserve to die. But most people here suck more than we do. Just come here and look at 'em. Just sitting there in that Mercedes talking on the car phone—taunting us with those fake melons. It fills us with nothing but rage. That's why it's good that we have fires and earthquakes and mudslides and locust plagues and drive-bys and even infrequent evian shortages. Ask any economist. That means more marginal death per day here than in your average American place to live. Thereby, increasing the actual number of dead assholes in Los Angeles. We don't want to live here, we have stay here and take care of the magazine due to the terms of our parole.

For these reasons, we were inspired to put forth our *Survival! Issue*. It's our salute to the people who we think, in our sole discretion, deserve to live. *Step Da-Da* in the 'Nam. *Liquor and Ammo*, an excellent combination for the man who believes in good times and home protection. *Joe Limber*, making his way through the lush tropical jungles of the Hollywood Hills in a turbulent weekend training mission. *Wake Up America!* to the menace of the African Killer Snail.

Dungeons, Lee Harvey Oswald, Obsessive. They're all here. Cathy Ireland fights off a shark with a stern look in *True Facts*. Anything that remotely has to do at all with *Survival!* is included. For example, *PC Date* by Chris Miller. One might suggest that the connection is tenuous. However, take note. The survival of Political Correctness is currently at issue. Hence, the direct connection between the story and *Survival!* So, back off.

And the people who deserve to die. *Johnny Vid*, the spoiled rock star, who you should know, is not in any way to be considered a metaphor for any other spoiled rock star who has recently passed from us, even though there are some striking similarities.

Basically, we'll sum it up like this—kill, kill, kill, kill! If this article encourages the death of at least one more idiot in the nation, then we've done our job. We've taken a step toward making this country great again! *Brian Holtzman*



LETTERS...

FROM THE EDITORS

Sirs:

In no way should the free pack of Camels offered on boxes of Fruity Pebbles and Count Chocula be construed as a marketing ploy aimed at the "not quite matured adults". It is merely an answer to the requests of our many constituents who clamor for a fine Turkish blend after a hearty breakfast.

R.J. Reynolds

Sirs:

Enjoy a Frosty Blizzard - Dairy Queen - next exit. Hmmm. I could go for one of those.

Comet
Heading toward Jupiter

Sirs:

Hey, I just realized something. This place is a garbage dump. One hot, dry, garbage dump.

A Palestinian pausing to reflect before firing rifle in the air in continued celebration.

Sirs:

Do they think they can make me feel guilty by telling me repeatedly that it's the world's most popular sport? Well, it's not going to work. I'd rather get thrown into a tree shredder than waste one second of my precious viewing time watching a bunch of foreign fruitcakes chase a little ball around.

Truett Cates - Steeler fan -
Pittsburgh, PA

Sirs:

You know those dancing Coke Bottles you see everywhere? Well, I had the idea for those first.

Fatty Arbuckle,
Bum Rappe, Hell

Sirs:

When I said "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." I never foresaw the creation of the Regis and Kathy Lee show. So, I guess it wouldn't hurt you to sleep in.

Ben Franklin
Philadelphia, PA

Sirs:

Here we are now:
Entertain us.

Kurt Cobain
River Phoenix
Charles Bukowski
John Candy

Sirs:

So, you want to hear some "Tales of Terror" do you? O.K., you hear the one about the 16-year-old kid who has this asshole dad who thinks it's really a funny prank to smear pigs blood all over his son's sheets, and he plays really shitty Metallica music on his guitar with his dipshit friends and his son can't even invite his friends over to the house because his dad is always sitting on the couch naked watching football with his Frankenstein mask on. How's that for horror?

Stephen King Jr.
Bangor, Maine

Sirs:

I have a great idea for a funny movie. The main character is this clown, but he's no ordinary clown - he's a party clown! He throws great parties at his house, but this is no ordinary house - it's a fun-house! Because under the floorboards, he's got thirty-three fu.....

John Wayne Gacy
Joliet, IL
May 8, 1994
11:59 p.m...

Sirs:

Enjoy a Frosty Blizzard - Dairy Queen next exit. Hmmm. I could really go for one of those.

Ayrton Senna
ex-Formula One driver

Sirs:

You tell this Mr. Hodgkins that I'm a Kennedy and then I'm sure he'll understand.

Jackie O.

Sirs:

So, you want to see how well the Thigh-Master works, huh asshole? Why don't you put your head between my knees and I'll show you.

Ms. Summers
Tired of being a bimbo

Sirs:

He lured me up to his bedroom under false pretenses of a business meeting. Then, without warning, he started kissing my neck, dropped his pants and asked me for oral sex. I told him I wasn't that kind of girl, upon which Mr. Clinton replied, "Well lets just keep this between ourselves." I felt so dirty. What he did was so disgusting.

Hillary Clinton
Capital Hill, Wash.

Sirs:

No sweat. I just tightened up my buttocks really hard and pretended to cry like when my mom used to spank me. Hah, slant-eyed suckers! Think I'll go out tonight and tag a couple more cars.

Michael Fay
Putting the "sing" back in Singapore

Sirs:

Hong ching tao "Pow! Pow!" gung fa ho "Ratatatatatatatatat!" chi su bao "Blam! Blam! Blam!" ho ho ying wang "Brrrakakakakakakak!" ling ling "Thdunk! Thdunk!" jung fao chung king "Ka-BOOOOM!"...

John Woo
Pitching his next movie

Sirs:

Hey all you Supermodels, why don't you bitches get in line and see who gets to be the first one to shack up with the world's most eligible bachelor! Cause the Piano man's single, he's on the war path, and he's gonna tag you all one by one!

Billy Joel
Pushing his luck

Sirs:

And now for my next act... Watch as I make my virginity disappear. I'd like some help from the audience.

David Copperfield

Sirs:

And now for my last act... Watch as I make Claudia Schiffer's good taste in men disappear.

David Copperfield
Testing the outer limits of his magical powers

Sirs:

Everybody always talks about poor Michael Fay. How do you think I feel? I have to get all wet and then slap his ass! And I'm not even gay!

The Cane
Singapore, China

Sirs:

I could have saved one more Jew if I hadn't brought the stamp to send this letter.

Oskar Schindler

Sirs:

Hey, baby, wanna go out? Spend any money? Hey, sugar... Yeah, I'm talking to you. Come here, cutie. Mmmmmmm, you look so good.

Your 16-year-old daughter
Paying the tuition you can't afford

Sirs:

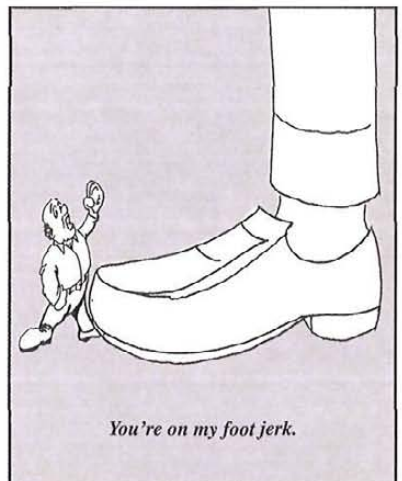
Let me make something clear. What happened to him was no accident. I'm sure you've seen The Crow by now. And if you had been on the set and seen the magnitude of his bad acting, you would have done it too. I've done the world a favor. I should be getting some kind of reward or something.

The Gun that Shot
Brandon Lee

Sirs:

He lured me up to his bedroom under false pretenses of oral sex. Then without warning, he pulled out some contracts and started discussing the music business. I told him I wasn't that kind of girl. I felt so dirty.

Madonna
Complaining about a recent date



ENTERTAINMENT

THE INSIDE SCOOP ON.....

The **Tim Matheson** Fan Club has officially disbanded due to lack of attendance at monthly meetings.....What's ex-heavy-weight champ **Evander Holyfield** going to do now that he's hanging up the gloves? "I'd really like to direct," confesses the ex-sluggo.....Last Thursday night on an un-airable Leno appearance, British actress **Emma Thompson** upstaged **Madonna** by saying the word "**Cocksucker**" 17 times. Uh oh, looks like a cat-fight's a-brewin'.....27-year-old, coming-of-age director **Ben Stiller** has just signed a five picture deal to direct training films for driver's ed. classes. Shooting will begin spring of '96.....Meanwhile, Actor **Alan Thicke**, 54 and ex-Miss World **Gina Tolleson**, 26, have just diagnosed their son as having a severe learning disability. **Jason Thicke**, 7, will begin receiving special remedial instruction in early fall of '94.....Production on the latest **Oliver Stone** film has been called off. The picture was originally based on a script written in 1992 based on the life of **Kurt Cobain** and was set to star **River Phoenix** in the lead.....In other sad news, **Morgan Freeman**, **Joanne Woodward** and others who were close friends and relatives of **Jessica Tandy** placed an engraved ivory headstone in Tandy's old backyard in Virginia and gathered around it in a mournful **candlelight vigil** for their friend. The service was interrupted by the arrival of a shocked and furious **Jessica Tandy** who seemed "unamused" by the black humor.....White-hot commodity **Jim Carey** has reportedly signed to star in the title role of an upcoming Disney bio of Jerry Lewis. **Jeffrey Katzenberg** won't comment



Matty Simmons and Betty White at the 14th Annual Deustch Dachshund and Dane Show minutes before his arrest. Simmons, now imprisoned for two counts of dog murder, insists he didn't pull the trigger. White says she had no knowledge of the shootings.



Richard Gere, wife and friends at The Invitational Treky Awards Ceremony. Friends were reported to have snuck in the rear.

PICKS AND PANS

Review—TV

TWO FOR TIMOTHY

In this **Hallmark Hall of Fame** production, **Sharon Stone** makes a rare television appearance in a compassionate, sensitive drama highlighted by powerful performances by some of TV's top leading ladies.

Stone plays a committed head nurse of a pediatric, intensive care unit, who finds herself emotionally drawn to her most helpless and heartbreaking patient, Timothy, a ten-year-old sandy-haired, cherubic boy who acquired the HIV-virus through a kidney transplant and has an estimated month to live.

Timothy shares with Stone that his very last dying wish on this earth is to have the chance to see her exposed breasts, and for her to autograph his issue of *Playboy* and his *Basic Instinct* calendar.

Unwilling to accept the sad, short life for which this child seems fated, Stone, grudgingly obliges his last request (and then some), only to spot the same kid in a Ms. Fields Cookie Store one year later-- upon which he laughs and explains that he lied to her and only had a bladder infection.

Powerful performances by **Angela Lansbury**, **Bette Midler**, **Sissy Spacek**, **Salley Field**, **Richard Chamberlain**, **Abe Vigoda**, and the aforementioned **Sharon Stone**. **Grade A-**

EXTRAVAGANZA



Bill Clinton comforts Courtney Love at a memorial service for Kurt Cobain. Rumors say Love is now suing for 7 million dollars for sexual harassment during the wake.

An angry fan demands his money back after an Ice-T concert.



Ray Liotta and Jim Nabors hamming it up at Gold's Gym. Nabors is quoted as saying, "I've never felt better in my whole life."

PICKS AND PANS

Review—Pages

THE BIG BOOK OF NAZI HUMOR

Random House

This collection of ribalds, boners, insults, guffaws and obscene limericks falls short, in what is an obvious, though head-scratching, attempt to jump on the wake of Shindler's List.

What makes this tasteless 1500-page anti-semitic "Joke Book" especially dangerous is its potentially misleading cover, depicting Auschwitz's barbed gate, which suggests redeeming historical content.

But there is nothing close to redeeming in this publishing fiasco, and the buyer is stuck with is a collection of tasteless, immature misfires that might have been schoolyard favorites in 1943 Germany, but certainly won't appeal to anyone today. At least we hope not. **Grade F-**

publicly, but those who are close have heard him say that Carey was the logical choice, as both he and Lewis are "annoying assholes who won't go away.".....Actor **Gary Busey**, 44, flew into a violent fit of rage at LA's trendy **House of Blues** when a reporter asked him if his head-injury had affected his recent poor career choices.... What's **Robert Redford** been up to lately? Well an anonymous phone call from former co-star **Demi Moore** says that the "happily-married" Redford has been shtupping **k.d. lang** for the past six months....A furious district attorney in Acron, Ohio has a new word for *Wheel of Fortune* guru **Pat Sajak** to spell: S-O-D-O-M-Y.... Renaissance woman **Barbara Streisand**, 61, has filed a \$6.5 million law suit against **People Magazine** for not being included in this years "50 Most Beautiful in the World" issue.....Perky blonde **Meg Ryan** put a \$35,000 full page announcement in the *Hollywood Reporter* denying any linkage to the Nazi party.**Winona Rider**, aka **Winona Horowitz**, (ashamed of those roots, huh, Winona?) left the wrap party of her upcoming film with a bad taste in her mouth. It seems when Ryder tried to give her co-star, **Gene Hackman** a friendly kiss goodbye, the aging thespian responded by jamming his **tongue** into her mouth. "It was soooo disgusting!" said Ryder to the press. "It was slimy, and filthy, and I just wanted to heave." Hackman refused to comment, but reportedly had an AIDS test soon after the incident....

A Personal Statement

by

Richard Gere and Cindy Crawford

For some reason unknown to us, there has been an enormous amount of speculation in Lichtenstein lately concerning the state of our so-called marriage and sexual orientation.

This all stems from a very crude, ignorant and libellous "article" in "a" French "tabloid" called *Model Railroader* magazine. We both feel quite foolish responding to such nonsense, but we feel that our comments are gerbil, uh, germane, and since it seems to have reached some sort of critical ass, uh, mass, here's our statement to correct the falsehoods and rumours and we hope it will alleviate the concerns of our friends and all our adoring fans.

We got married because we love each other and we decided to make a life together. We are heterosexual and monogamous and take our comittment to each other moderately seriously. That is not to say that I wouldn't enjoy bending over the luxurious bed in the Hotel Ma Maison while Richard attaches a Habitrail tube to my sphinchter.

We will continue to support "difficult" causes such as AIDS research, Tibetan independence, Gay and Lesbian Rights, National Coalition for Gerbils, League of Women Gerbils, ecology, gerbology, and Operation Gerbil. We understand that it is now illegal to purchase gerbils in California, and hope that you will join us in protesting this unjust and unnecessarily restrictive law.

Now, that said, we do feel we have a basic right to allow rodents to furrow in our entrails and receive free medical treatment when they become ensconced.

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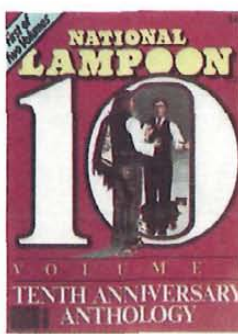
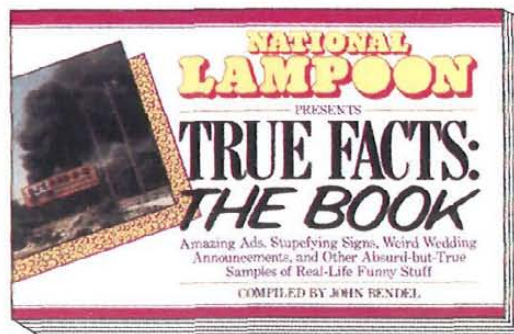
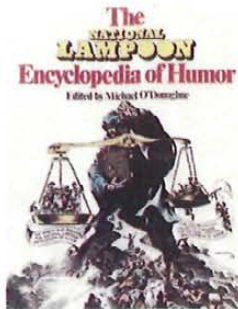
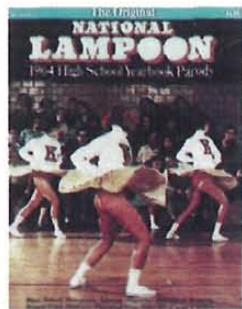
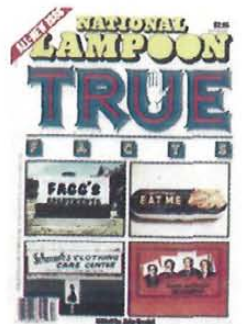
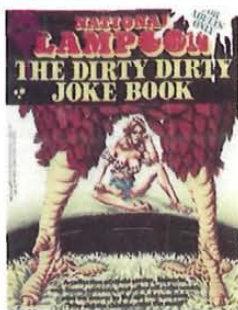
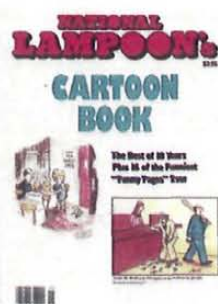
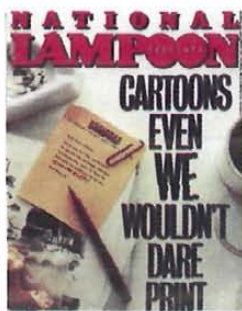
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WAKE-UP AMERICA!

By Jason Ward and Dave Garrett
In DECEMBER 1994



TIJUANA, MEX. Twenty-seven-year-old Fernando Maldonado was a simple man, a tiller of the soil. But more importantly, he was a family man. A family man who loved his wife, Conchita, and eleven children with all his heart.

As a family unit, they were happy, resourceful, and hopeful. They even planned to purchase a modest one bedroom home soon. Maybe, after next season's crop came in. Maybe...

But one hot day last August, those dreams were tragically shattered. After that day, neither the Maldonado family nor North America will ever be the same.

That day signalled the beginning of the onslaught of a dangerous environmental phenomenon sweeping across the continent like a wind-storm, leaving a wake of destruction in its path. The culprit is none other than the swift and deadly *molluskum tyrannosaurum africans*—the African Killer Snail.

The sun beat down upon the farmer's back relentlessly that sweltering day summer. As was tradition with Fernando's father, and his father before him, and his father's father's father, Fernando lay down in the cool shade of a nearby tree. He carefully checked the area for any sign of snakes. They were dangerous, he knew. His cousin was once bitten while taking a siesta. No precau-

tion was too great to protect himself against the deadly rattlesnake. But an even deadlier enemy was to claim Fernando's life that afternoon. An enemy whose existence most American scientists refuse to acknowledge for fear of creating mass panic.

Sleep. Precious sleep. Sweat droplets rolled gently down the furrowed brow of Fernando as he rested his head against his moisture-ridden overcoat. He dreamed peacefully and then... tragedy struck. It was all over in an instant.

"I ran out to try and save him. But it was too late," says his wife, through a translator. "They were all over him." Her words echo through our minds, "Juan no mas esta aqui." *Juan is no longer here.*

"People have this preconceived

African Killer Snail, a product of a series of environmental mishaps, is an example of Darwinism gone awry. First introduced to the Americas from Africa by the Spanish Conquistadors some four hundred years ago, the snails made their way from the lower decks of galleons clinging to cargo unloaded onto the docks at San Salvador. After interbreeding with the native snail population and travelling swiftly during some one hundred years, the African Killer Snails made their way from the docks to a nearby town, where they unleashed their fury.

Some eighteen people were slain as the town was overrun by the snails. That was just the beginning. Over the next century, farms and villages alike were overrun in the countryside by the plague.

Relentless and cunning, they show no mercy for man and beast alike. They cover unwary humans and animal smothering the victim with a thick, slimy substance called *smegmen*. The smegmen is absorbed into the nose and ear canals into the respiratory system. The smegmen attaches itself to the alveolo in the lungs and is quickly absorbed.

The poisonous smegmen, as would a nerve gas, prevents the body from metabolizing oxygen by disabling the respiratory system completely, thereby suffocating the hapless victims horribly. The locals aptly coined a phrase to describe them: *Los Muertos Despacios*. The Slow Death.

According to Marlin Fuller, of the Animal and Disease Control

**"... A PRODUCT OF
A SERIES OF
ENVIRONMENTAL
MISHAPS — A SICK
EXAMPLE OF DARWINISM
GONE AWRY"**

notion that the African Killer Bee is a threat to lives in North America," says Donald M. Robinson, of the United States Environmental Protection Agency. "The threat they pose is nothing compared to that of the Killer Snail. I stay awake at night thinking about it."

And well he should. The

Center at Texas A & M University, "In a normal functioning ecology, checks and balances keep one species from proliferating to a point where it becomes dangerous. We are facing an environmental catastrophe of immeasurable proportions with the advent of *Molluskum tyranosaurum*."

The African Killer Snail has no natural predators in the Americas and travels at twice the speed of the indigenous snail population. The only natural predator of the Killer Snail (called "tyranoskum" by scientists) is the African Mongoose. "Unfortunately, the introduction of any species to combat tyranoskum would wreak further havoc with an already strained ecosystem. The symbiotic balance would be knocked further off its axis. No, we must deal with this threat ourselves, with all available resources. *Tyranoskum must be stopped.*"

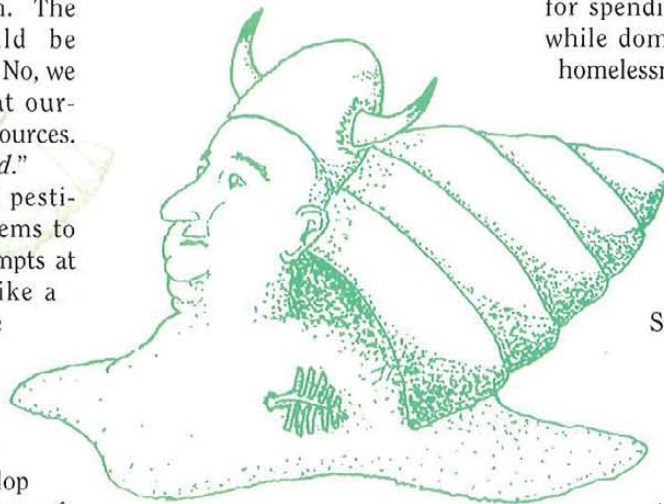
Immune to all known pesticides, tyranoskum even seems to thrive under any such attempts at extermination. "Much like a horror movie from the fifties, these snails absorb the chosen pesticide through porous openings in the shells and mucousy body covering only to develop an immunity slowly. Some of them die, but those that are born of survivors show virtually no reaction to subsequent applications," adds Fuller.

Naturally aggressive, the African snail seeks out the weaker American Snail to spawn with. A colony of snails, called a *spackel*, is first met by scouts from the African Killer snackel.

The scouts, called *spims*, due to spim-like feelers that protrude from their thorax, return to the African spackel to report the new spackel. Some years later, aggressive mail African soldier snails overrun the weaker native spackel and mate with the queen— to produce even more Killer Snails.

Fuller points out that it seemed as through the spread of tyranoskum was stopped in 1847, as the Panamanian people supported the erection of Panama's *Great Salt Wall*, at the current sight of the Panama Canal. But decades went by, and the threat of tyranoskum was forgotten as the Panama Canal was built. The resourceful Killer Snail made its way across the Canal— seemingly developing immunities to the usually fatal salt along the way. The rest is history.

What lies ahead for the United States? That is unclear. What is clear is that our way of life is



threatened. The Snail should make its way across the United States border by the year 2015. By the end of the 21st century, a spackel could be thriving in the back yards of San Diego, targeting its victims. In another one hundred years, they could wind up in the estates of Beverly Hills. Wake Up America! The time to act is now, to protect ourselves and our children from this unspeakable menace.

SPACE TRIX?

Los Angeles, CA. In Los Angeles alone there are over 30,000 "women of the night." Some say that prostitution is a victimless crime, that the government's ongoing multi-million dollar battle to curtail the world's oldest practice is pointless. But when considering the fact that over ninety percent of these women are adolescent runaway girls forced to copulate with strange men for cash to pay for food, rent, or drug addictions, one can't help but wonder how victimless this crime actually is.

Enter NASA. The department that for decades has been criticized for spending millions of dollars, while domestic problems such as homelessness, hunger, and prostitution go ignored.

The idea of sending civilians into space is certainly not a new one. The program was established by Senator Wallace P. Jameson (D, Texas) in 1984 as a means of generating excitement about the space program, and at the same time, demystify the industry by, "placing everyday people in orbit." The first installment of the program, the *Challenger* tragedy, put the program on hold. Until now.

Jameson had originally wanted to put a civil servant such as a fireman or policeman in space, but in early 1992, Darlene Hassett, Vice President for the *United Coalition Against Exploitation of Women* (UCAEW), and Ellen Covington, the Chairman for the Washington branch of the *Society for the Prevention of Teenage Runaways* (SPTR), contacted Jameson and set up a lunch meeting. The three sat down and discussed the benefits of putting a prostitute in orbit.

"It could be the greatest publicity stunt in the history of social work," commented Covington. "Why should they put a policeman, a plumber or another teacher in space? I mean, don't get me wrong, those are all noble professions, but wouldn't it benefit society to shed light on this increasingly growing unpleasant-ness that's taking place all around us as we speak? Let's spread awareness, then get something done about it!"

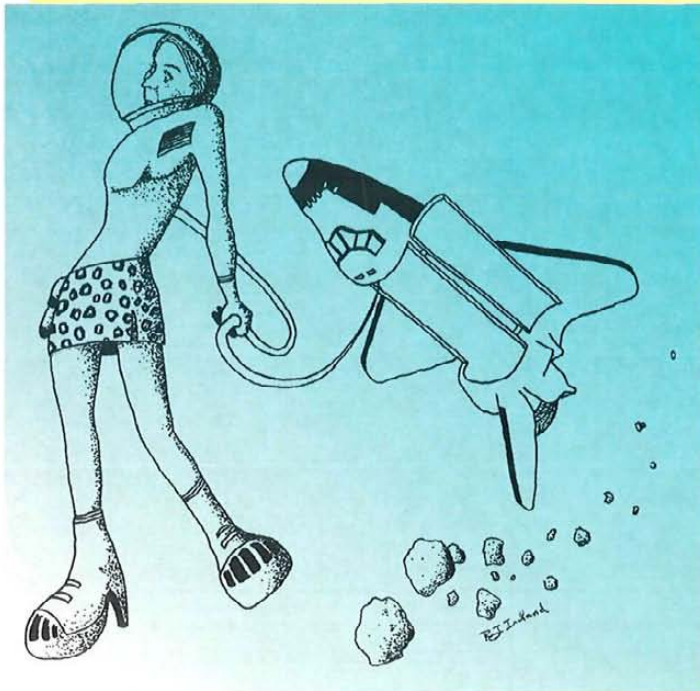
Hassett had this to say: "Not all teenage prostitutes in Hollywood are 'crack fiends' or even alcoholics. For the most part, they are just kids who have taken a wrong turn somewhere down the line. What we are trying to do is draw attention to this increasingly-growing problem because it is reversible. We do have the power to change things. If we can take a worthless, piece of shit junkie, and send her into orbit, think what kind of a message that will send to the entire community."

Thus kicked off NASA's nationwide search through Hollywood's seediest bars and alleys for the ideal subject for the project. They found what they were looking for in the form of a buxom, halter-topped, red-head with emerald green eyes and a "sexual aura that would knock a buzzard off a shitwagon," added Jameson. She was promptly rushed back to NASA's lab in Washington.

Numerous layers of eye shadow and mascara were scrubbed away to reveal Jennifer Hughes, a 17-year-old runaway from the wealthy sub-

urb of University Park, Texas. She has been living on the streets of Hollywood since she was 15. Jennifer left home after a series of confrontations with her abusive father and fled to Los Angeles with the dream of starring on her favorite television show, *Beverly Hills 90210*.

But like so many other lost angels, it didn't take long before the weight of the world crushed her spirits, and she was forced to take refuge under the wing of



Darryl Miller, one of LA's most feared African American/Jewish pimps, who goes by the tag "Ice-Berg." It was Ice-Berg that provided Jennifer with a roof to sleep under, food to eat, and clothes to wear. But like the hundreds of other girls under Ice-Berg's rule, the price she paid was her soul.

But thanks to NASA, that is all in the past. After several sit-down meetings with Ice-Berg, they were able to reach a deal, and put Jennifer under contract. She is currently in Huntsville Alabama experimenting with weightlessness. She is scheduled to go up, on

Thursday, September 1, 1994.

Although Jennifer is not entirely convinced that this program will prompt her to give up prostitution, she is basking in the exposure, and has already signed a deal with *Nike* to be the next spokesman in their lucrative "Just Do It" campaign. Not to mention the impact that will be made on Jennifer's alcoholic father, when he sees his runaway daughter, who he said would "never amount to anything," walking in space on live television.

As far as the actual broadcast is concerned, a bidding war is currently taking place between FOX and ABC. CBS dropped out of the race earlier this week, due to lack of confidence in going up against *Roseanne*. However, there is talk a Pay-Per-View Special at a cost of \$39.99.

Regardless of where the broadcast goes, it's safe to say that America will forever be wondering what other *tricks* NASA has up it's sleeve. Or as New York Senator Al

D'Mato joked at a press conference, "My god, what's this world coming to when they can put a whore on the moon, but I can't get one in my hotel room!"



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"

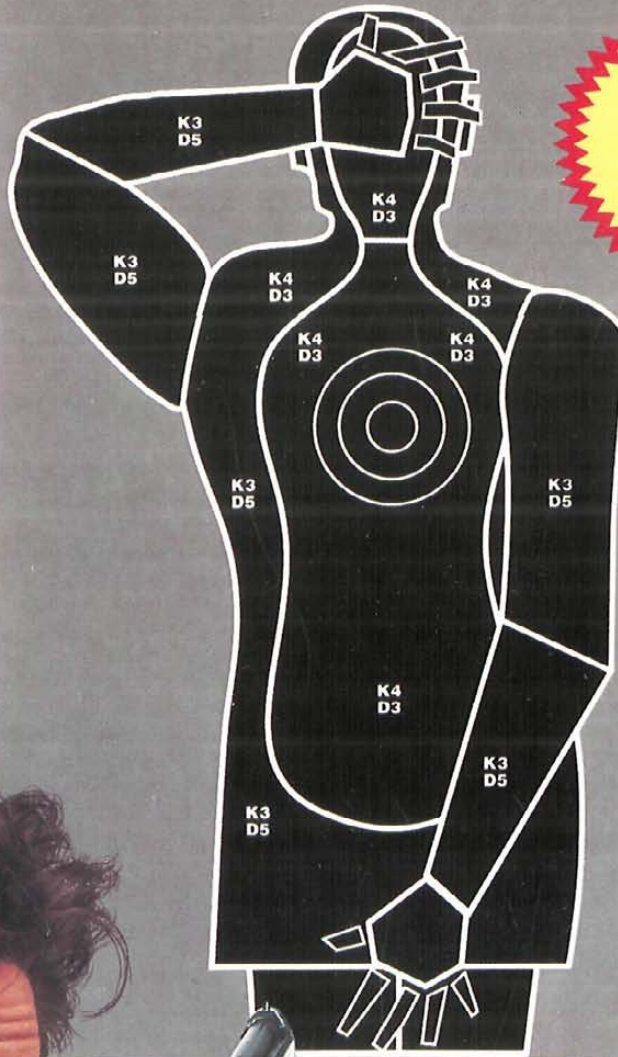
PAT METHENY - "Third Stone From The Sun"

M.A.C.C. - "Hey Baby (Land Of The New Rising Sun)"
(Mike McCready, Jeff Ament, Chris Cornell and Matt Cameron)

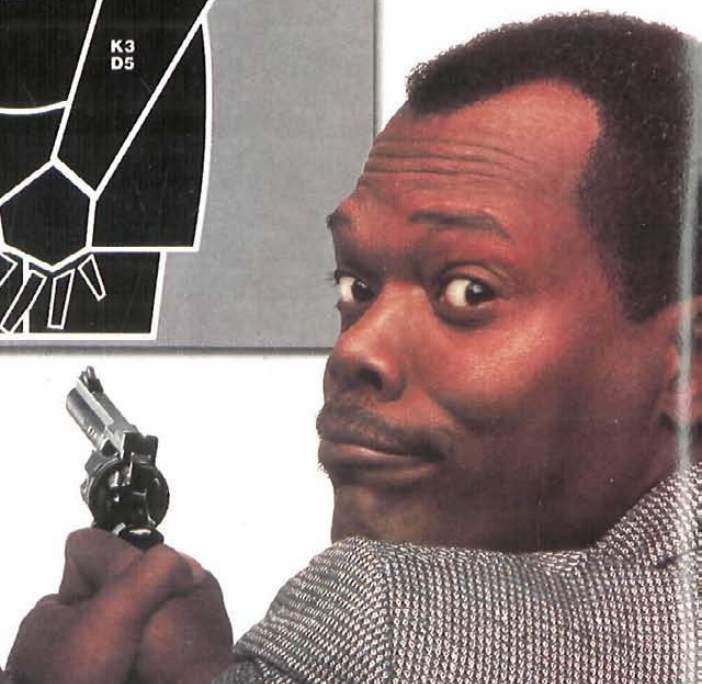
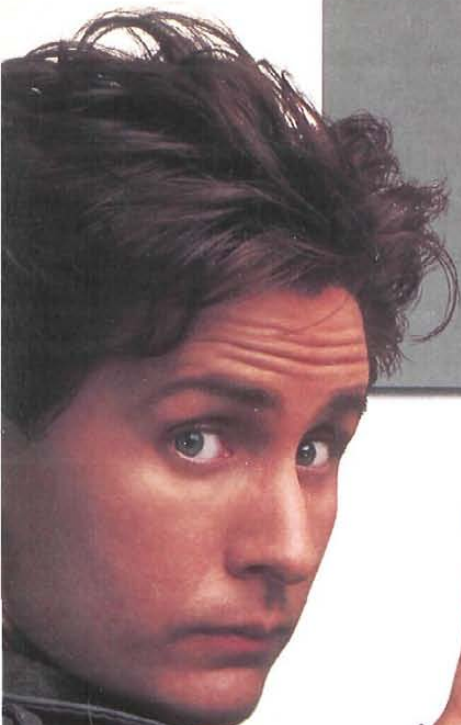
"In order of importance, God, Christ, Jimi... life." - Prince Be, P.M. Dawn, 1993

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

Oh My God! They're On Video!



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Does!



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LIQUOR & AMMO

July/August 1994

**THE U.S. GOVERNMENT
DOESN'T WANT YOU TO BUY THIS MAGAZINE**

**IMMIGRANTS:
THREAT OR
MENACE?**

SNUFFING OUT GOOKS

**SUREFIRE WAYS TO RID YOUR
NEIGHBORHOOD OF PESKY
TRICK OR TREATERS**

**Getting Loaded:
What fine wines go best
with your Magnum**

**LOADING:
BOLT ACTION REVOLVERS
THAT CAN KILL A FAMILY OF
SIX IN SECONDS FLAT**

**FREE -INSIDE
JAMES BRADY
TARGET POSTER**

(Cover Photo)

**Survivalist Chuy demonstrates
acceptable home protection
techniques with the
Roofus .459 Magnum Deluxe**

Louis Farrakhan: Leader, the Nation of Islam; Public Speaker; Political Adviser; Lunatic; Bigamist; and Member of the National Rifle Association

"All the young black people I see think that all they can be are singers and dancers and musicians and football players and sportsmen. Well, I say they're wrong. There's something else in store for them if they want it.

They can collect guns. I've got eighty or more guns in my collection, and my bodyguards, the Fruit of Islam, carry many more guns. I look at them sometimes and say to myself, "Where'd these guns come from? Who used these guns before we liberated them into the service of Allah? What could Allah have meant when he put these guns in our hands?"

Think about the great men of history, the men who have led their nations. All of them collected guns. Think about Hitler. He was a good man, and he had his guns. Hitler was a very great man. He wasn't great for me as a black person, but he was a great German. And the Germans made great guns.

That's why I belong to the NRA. I want guns to remain a part of American life, to be used safely and legally. I want guns to remain a real solution to solving tough crimes, crimes that we feel are punishable by death. One day, we will punish you with death. And we'll be proud to say...

**I'M THE
NRA**



Each year the Nation of Islam and the National Rifle Association spend millions of dollars on firearms and contributions to protect our chosen way of life. One of these days, all those firearms and all that ammunition are gonna get used. You don't want to be around.

Letters from the firing line

Q: Recently, I bought a Blipp Army Special .38 for home defense. My wife however complains incessantly that she doesn't like having guns around the house. Her arguments chiefly stem from the fact that our two-year-old son accidentally shot himself in the chest last year with my Roofus .357. I've explained to my wife the importance of home defense but she remains unreasonably adamant. My question is this; when I send her to the beer store, can I shoot her dead when she returns and then declare her an intruder in the police report?
Elmo Powell, Lubbock, TX

A: Different states have different laws, but seeing how you're from Texas, we almost guarantee that you can.

Q: I have a pecan tree that sits close to the street and a thieving magpie of a neighbor takes my pecans that fall in the street. This makes me mad but I can't shoot him because he never actually steps into my yard. Is there any rifle and cartridge that will make him snap forward and fall into my yard? I was watching a rerun of the Kennedy assassination and I noted how the President's head snapped forward despite being shot from the front.
Lance Higgins, Shreveport, LA

A: To our knowledge the Kennedy assassination was a Cuban/grass-knollish conspiracy and, hence, there is no weapon capable of duplicating the results as shown in the Zapruder film. But we understand the right to defend your property so we suggest setting a trap. Invite your neighbor over to watch baseball. Then excuse yourself during the seventh inning stretch. Come back loaded and cocked and tell him to leave in a loud voice. When he looks at you confused, then protests - blast him.

Q: I was with my friend Jeff at the river shooting turtles. We

were just passing time like we always do and I said something about his old girlfriend Katie when suddenly Jeff spun around and fired from the hip. The bullet drilled into my neck and sheared my spinal cord at the third cervical vertebra. I am now quadriplegic but I still have a passion for firearms and shooting. Is there any manufacturer that produces mouth operated weapon systems that can be mounted on wheelchairs?

Andy L. Flowers, Sherman, TX

A: The handicapped have long been a group ignored by the producers of firearms, but no longer. Check out Ward Firearm Adaptation System:

Ward Adaptation System
906 Wavecrest
Venice, CA 90202

Q: Late one night I was startled to see a strange shadow lurking outside my door. Not expecting anybody I reached under my pillow and pulled out my Roofus .357 Magnum and fired. I heard the figure grunt but that was all. I was so terrified that I fired five more times, emptying the gun. I heard five more grunts but it was not until a full forty-five seconds after firing the first shot, that the person finally dropped. I then went to investigate. To my surprise, the dead body was that of my sister. My complaint is that if she had been a real intruder, coming to murder me, I would have been a dead man. I thought the Roofus .357 had real stopping power. What gives?
William Muckelroy, Ardmore, OK

A: It's a matter of munitions. Full metal jackets and lead slugs are over-penetrative. Of course, they make big holes which are assuredly lethal but unless you score a direct hit in the heart or brain, a drug-crazed killer will have plenty of

con't somewhere

FROM THE BUNKER *by Editor Willie Harper*

In trying to think of something to write for this month's editorial, I'm reminded of a conversation I had with my little girl. It was Saturday night and I was sitting comfortably in my Lazy-Boy cleaning my arsenal when Tiffany came pitter-pattering into the den. She looked adorable in her Winnie-the-Pooh pajamas.

"Daddy, I love you, because you protect me and mama from bad people on drugs who want to break into our house and murder us and steal money to support their fiendish habits."

"That's right Li'l Tiff. Daddy will never let that happen. And do you know why?" Li'l Tiff shrugged her shoulders as I lifted her onto my knee. "Because Daddy's a bristling porcupine of destruction." I picked up one of my guns and tickled her with the barrel, making her laugh. Then her smiling face took on a serious look.

"But Daddy, wouldn't it have been cheaper and safer to just install extra locks on all the doors and windows, or maybe buy a nice dog to scare the bad guys away?"

Horrified, I dropped Li'l Tiff like a hot tomato. I couldn't believe what I had just heard. My precious daughter, the apricot of my eye, had just spouted out some liberal, cockamamie bullshit! Then as I looked at her crying on the shag carpet, I noticed something about her face that I had never noticed before—like how little she resembled me, but more closely took the appearance of Buck, my next-door neighbor from a few years back. My wife's infidelities aside, I can't tell you how relieved I was to conclude that a creature so susceptible to the propaganda of leftism had not sprung from the seeds of my loins! Thank you, Jesus!

The point of the story is that I'm scared. If a communist disguised in Winnie-the-Pooh skivvies can infiltrate my home, that means the forces of evil have arrayed themselves in a fashion more powerful than at once supposed. Anti-Americanism runs rampant my friends, and its time to take a stand.

So yes, I'm scared and when I get scared I get violent. When there's something I don't understand I destroy it. I'm locked and loaded and ready to roll. It's Miller time and tops on my list is that little wheel chair guy, Mr. Hammer, and his bitch wife, Mrs. Sickle. James Brady, if you're reading this, you better think about getting a bullet-proof wheelchair or start wheelin' your way to the funeral parlor to make a down payment on a coffin because I'm coming after you like Garth Brooks on a crack binge. And Mrs. Brady, wine-swilling urban commie slut that you are, be prepared for a prime-time Second Amendment shagging in the backseat of my Camaro from me and some close friends. We're going to show you what real men are made of. Uh, thank you... and God bless.

TENNESSEE STORY

by Raymond Ireland & Buddy

Buddy was the new kid at Yankee Junior High and things were going to be tough. He and his mother had just moved from Tennessee, a place where he felt comfortable, to New York City, an environment as alien to his southern nature as the moon would be to a spotted coon hound. See, the living was easy in Tennessee, laid back and unruffled; a place where a man could be a man and not worry about being rat-raced to the nubs of his knees on the cold, criminy pavements. Buddy didn't like pavement nor did he like bricks, neither of which were found in Tennessee; just clapboard, dusty roads, and bugs, lots of bugs. It was a place where a man could walk into the woods with his thoughts and appreciate the simpler things in life—like bugs. But nothing was simple in New York, and being a man there was a tough thing.

Buddy knew a lot about being a man. He had to do a lot of growing up ever since his father had been shot down in cold blood by the O'Malley Moonshine gang in the Chickamauga foothills. Buddy remembered that night when he answered a knock at the door and found his old man's perforated body leaned up against the mailbox, his cheap tin deputy's star weakly reflecting the light from the house lamp. The O'Malley's had done a number on his father, all right, and now his mother was forced to work as a seamstress in a Eastside sweatshop. Buddy didn't like that and he would never forget. But he would have to do his remembering in New York City.

And because Buddy knew a lot about being a man, he knew a man must have love. And so it was under the sweet gum tree that he said good-bye to little Nancy Watson. The late August sun kissed upon her brownish locks as Buddy's mother beckoned him to the loaded car. "I'll never see you again," Nancy said. His heart died. He had no home, no father, and no love: all the prerequisites of a man's self-esteem severed by the Ginsu of conspiring events. He cried a thousand tears.

1 September 1973 and Buddy sat by himself in the back of the

bus staring out the window at the brown and gray buildings that lined the streets. Sixth grade awaited. Earlier that morning his mother made a sack lunch and sent him off with a kiss. Of course, Buddy was nervous but he had on his lucky pair of Toughskins and a walking banana 'Keep on Trucking' T-shirt so he was looking and feeling cool.

At school, Buddy found his homeroom and slumped down in a seat. The classroom was alive with the excited chatter of renewed acquaintances. It sounded like a chicken farm and Buddy didn't like it. In the corner of the room there was an old man, rusty and decrepit, arranging some books. At the ringing of the morning bell, he turned and said, "Good morning class. I'm Mr. Cherryholmes, your homeroom teacher" Good God, no, Buddy thought unhappily. Never in his six years of schooling had he had anything other than a pretty woman for a teacher. Buddy thought it was against the law for a real man to teach school, unless of course it was at the college level. Buddy didn't like it.

The rest of the day was uneventful until PE. It was taught by Coach McMasters and during roll call Buddy sized him up: deluded ex-college athlete of low



The "Hey Joe" .38 Domestic Special

When you catch your old lady messin' around and you gotta turn the kitchen floor into the killin' floor, don't reach for just any gun, reach for the one gun proven most effective in settling domestic disputes. From its left-handed Monterrey style grip to its machine gun hair trigger, when Hey Joe talks, she won't talk back.

So when you go south—go way down south to Mexico...and go with Hey Joe.

reasoning capacity—the type of person who bellows in monotone about the dangers of pulled muscles. Buddy had known one just like him in Tennessee. It seemed that this type of human dross was ubiquitous to both North and South. Buddy instinctively disliked him.

After roll, the class warmed-up with jumping jacks on the gymnasium floor. Once finished, Coach decided that they were going to play kick-ball. Outside on the playground, teams were picked but since there were an odd number of players and Buddy was the new man, he wasn't chosen. It looked like he was going to sit this one out, but this was okay with Buddy because he didn't like kickball. Suddenly Coach had a brilliant idea. He pushed Buddy towards one team and declared that he was going to play for the other. The beneficiaries of this brainstorm cheered at his wisdom while Buddy's team looked upon their late-round draft pick with sullen dismay.

The game started and Buddy did all right. He got on base his first time up and then used his speed and cunning to score a run. Nevertheless, he was poor compensation for Coach who felt little need to let up against obviously inferior competition. The first time Coach was up to kick, his team cheered wildly while he motioned the pitcher, a beautiful girl of petite stature, to roll the ball. The ball was sent slowly toward him and he danced a little jig much to the delight of his team. Suddenly, he rushed the ball and in a momentous blast, sent it screaming back at the pitcher. The big rubber ball wrapped around her face, then ricocheted into foul territory. Meanwhile Coach McMasters raced around the bases in a showboat display of speed. He stomped on home plate to the adoration of his team. After a five minute delay to remove the crying girl from the mound, the game was resumed.

Relegated to the outfield where Buddy was, the poor little pitcher was muffling quiet sobs. It broke his heart so he began talking to her, trying to cheer her up by discussing all the things that he didn't like. Finally, he asked for her name and she told him shyly, Amy Maroon. What an elegant name, he thought, and he told her so. She smiled and Buddy was immediately taken hostage by her charms. The cherub of romance hovered in circles over Buddy's head and shot arrows of love into his skull.

The next time Coach was up it was the same story: a crowd-pleasing hip waggle and then a mighty blast. This time, however, he made sure to get his foot under the ball, and it took off like a golf shot, rocketing over everybody's head toward the furthest reaches of the outfield. Buddy ran to get the ball but when he finally reached it, he could see that not only had Coach crossed home for a score but was arrogantly rounding the bases for a second time. Buddy thought this obnoxious and didn't like it at all.

Picking up the ball, Buddy streaked like a madman towards the infield. Meanwhile Coach's homerun sprint was reduced to a winded jog and finally to a walk. He had no idea that Buddy was coming. When he was halfway between third and home, his team frantically urged him to pick up the pace. He started to run but it was too late - Buddy knew he had him!

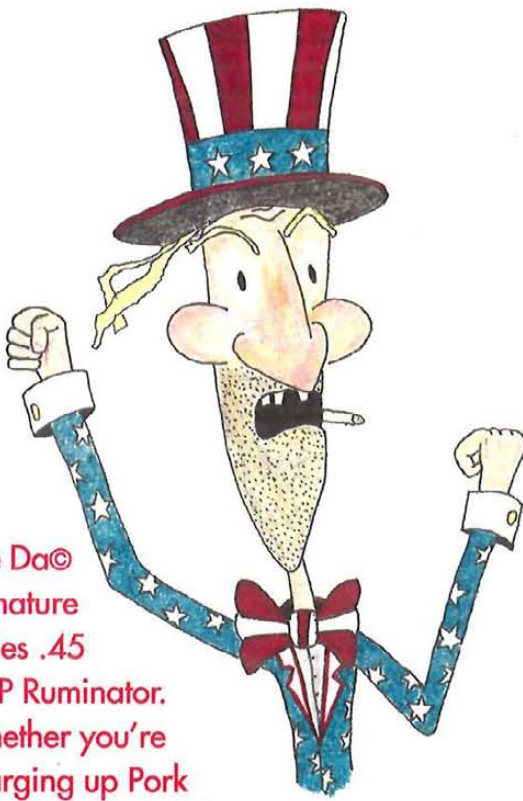
Running by the shortstop Buddy stopped at the pitcher's mound and let the ball fly. It sailed through the air and hit Coach McMasters on the butt a full two steps before he stepped on home plate. There was a deathly silence. Did it seem possible that Coach was out? Everyone waited expectantly. Suddenly, Coach McMasters raised his fists in triumph and shouted, "Safe! A double inside-the-park homerun!" His team cheered wildly again. Incredulous, Buddy just stood there and waited. After a few more winks to the girls, Coach finally turned around. "That was a good throw, son. Had you been a bit quicker you might have had a chance," Buddy stared him straight in the eyes. They both knew that he was a liar and Coach looked away. "I reckon so," said Buddy who then turned around and headed back for the outfield. But he hadn't taken more than three steps before he heard Coach's mocking voice. "You reckon? Kind of like you wreckin' yo' car? Where you from, b-o-o-y?"

The whole class laughed at the mimicked accent. Buddy spun around violently. "I reckon I'm from a place where the men are men and not lying sacks of shit!"

Buddy's second day at Yankee Junior High was spent in detention as well as his third. They tried to break his spirit with extra homework but they succeeded in only creating a harder man. On the fourth day he was finally let out of the slammer. Arriving at his homeroom seat that morning, the first thing he noted were new paper name tags taped to the corners of the desk. Of course, he saw his name but beneath it was the name of Amy Maroon! Amy Maroon! How the name rolled off the lips and floated light on heavenly air. He traced the permanent ink with his finger. How fragile she looked standing alone in the outfield, her eyes red and puffy from crying. It was nothing but divine fate that caused them to share the same desk. It had to be. With his pencil he wrote a note on the plastic coated desk:

Dear Amy—If Coach McMasters was any kind of man at all, he wouldn't have done what he'd done. I hope your face feels better. LOVE ME

I showed up at PE with butterflies in my stomach. I was fearful that Coach was going to cause an altercation but I also wanted to see if Amy Maroon had read my note. It was the only chance that I had to see her. As it turns out, neither happened. Coach was too busy arranging things and never once looked in my direction. He divided the boys and girls up into separate



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who's boss, the Ruminator is the perfect
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Reliability. Accuracy. It's everything you'll
ever need.

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I've got to have something to get them back."

*Proudly made in USA

groups and worked us at different things. The boys were timed in running and pushups, part of a physical fitness profile; the ladies were allowed to play badminton. Right before the class period was over, I looked over at Amy Maroon. She glanced shyly back and flashed her delicate smile. Yes! She had read my note! I knew it!

The ride home on the bus was an ethereal affair. I was floating on a cloud. The normally brown sober buildings that lined the streets looked like gingerbread. The litter and scum that flowed in the gutter were flowers and confections.

The next morning I rushed to my desk and studied its surface. Nothing! My message had been laboriously erased but there was no correspondence whatsoever. My heart sank. Suddenly I saw the neatly

folded slip of paper tucked in the meld of the steel support and the table top. I pulled it out and unfolded it carefully. My eyes opened wide. It said in beautiful red cursive script: I love you, Amy. I stared at the note, the pristine rubric going in and out of focus. I felt light-headed.

Mr. Cherryholmes was in the front of the classroom wearing a patriot's hat, talking about the Revolutionary War. His voice droned in my ears but there was no clarity to his words. I pulled a piece of paper from my notebook and dug up some colors. I drew a picture of me. I drew a picture of her. I drew a house. I drew a baby and put it in her arms. I folded my declaration of co-dependence and wedged it in the slot and daydreamed through the rest of my classes.

In PE it was the same thing. The boys were separated from the girls. Standing in line at the chin-up bar, I watched the girls far across the field and I saw my darling Amy Maroon. The shuttlecock floated down and she took a swipe at it with her racket and missed. Upset, she threw the racket down. She was so feisty! How I wanted to run over and sweep her away. We would go to the church immediately and she would never have to play badminton again. When it was my turn to do chin-ups, Coach said, "Well, if it isn't the little southern boy. Let's see if you have any muscles other than the ones in your mouth." I paid him no mind. There was nothing he could say that could bring me down from my emotional perch. I leaped up to the bar and did four pull-ups, three more than anybody else. "Why you aren't a little boy at all, you're a real MAN!" I ignored him. "Okay guys, you can all go, now, he said.

I didn't know what to do. We were excused to leave but the ladies were still playing badminton. Should I go talk to Amy? No, I didn't know if she had seen my note. I left the playground and stopped by my homeroom. It was empty. I rushed to my desk and looked under the table top expectantly. There was a note! I snatched it and opened it. She had written me a poem:

*I LOVE YOU SO MUCH THAT I COULD CRY
WHEN I SEE YOU I START TO SIGH
I WANT TO KISS YOU BUT I AM SHY
BE A MAN, AND KISS ME, STUPID*

The whole weekend I turned the words over in my mind. What did they mean? Superficially, they purported a timidity of spirit, but the underlying tone indicated a confidence unbeknownst in women I had encountered before. The poem spoke on many different levels. Obviously, Amy Maroon was a genius. I read the poem a thousand times. I kept it

under my pillow. I stuffed the poem in my pajama bottoms in hopes of divining guidance. I couldn't eat or sleep. I was a haunted man. Inescapably, I was under duress to kiss my beloved.

Monday morning in Mr. Cherryholmes class was a tortured affair. I sat at my desk rendered helpless by the wizened grip of fear. I had never kissed anybody before, not even little Nancy Watson. I had seen numerous kisses on television and in real life but I was unsure how to translate this information to my own situation. I looked at the clock on the wall. The second hand moved, forcing the minute hand to follow suit, forcing, in turn, the hour hand. Mr. Cherryholmes rattled on about Lewis and Clark exploring strange new territories.

Sixth period PE arrived and I stood there listening to roll call. I was almost at the breaking point.

To ease the torment of congenital depression, I look to outside interests.
Firearms.



Its a hobby that lasts a lifetime.
I'm the NRA.

My knees were shaking like wet noodles. At the end of roll call I looked around. Amy Maroon was talking to her friends, laughing. I swallowed hard. It was now or never.

I walked up behind her and tapped her on the shoulder. Immersed in conversation, she didn't feel it. I tapped her again, harder. She turned around, her face still crimson from joke-telling. There was a moment's pause as we looked each other in the eyes. I took her by both arms and leaned forward. Our lips met in squishy agreement. I kept my eyes closed and felt her relax in my grip. It was the most wonderful feeling. I pulled her closer. Suddenly I felt her body tense - this soon followed by a strong jerk. Then, a searing pain exploded in my groin as my testicles raced towards my bladder. Slowly, like a timbered Chickasaw pine, I sank to my knees.

The whole gym was silent except for the hysterical screamings of Amy Maroon. All eyes were on me as I knelt on the gym floor clutching my groin. I kept my eyes closed, hoping that if I squeezed them tight enough, then the events that had just occurred would go away. Gradually, the pain where Amy Maroon had kneed me was beginning to reside and I could feel my testicles cautiously returning to their normal housings. Suddenly, a strong hand gripped me on the shoulder from behind, accompanied by the powerful, unpleasant aroma of Aqua Velva. A whisper got close to my ear.

"I see you got my poem, you little prick."

It was Coach McMasters!

His grip got tighter on my shoulder. "You see, boy, I'm a man of many talents. I do more than coach PE. I teach health, too. And guess where my second period class is held?"

The bastard! It was he who had been reading and returning all my notes. I was such a fool. There was silence in the gym except for the slow, heavy breathing of Coach McMasters in my ear. Tears began forming in my eyes. Finally relinquishing his grip, I struggled to my feet and staggered out of the gym, to the derisive Coach-led taunts of my classmates.

An hour before school let out, I ran the four miles to my home at a full sprint. Grabbing the key under the mat, I let myself in. I slammed the door behind me, and flattened myself against the door's interior surface. The house was dark - dark like my soul. Seething with rage, I was consumed by only one thought: revenge!

Slowly I walked to my mother's bedroom. Once there, I made towards the closet and opened the door. There on the top shelf was a box. Using the other shelves as steps, pushing my way through old sweaters and dresses, I reached it and brought it down.

I opened the box and gazed intensely at the heavy object inside. It was my dead father's Mamba .74

time and stamina to murder you before succumbing. We suggest trying a half-jacketed soft point or even hollow point. These balloon out when they strike tissue causing immense havoc on internal systems.

Q: I like listening to Metallica, hanging out with my girlfriend Tammy, and smoking dope. I also like shooting my Smirk 9mm at stray animals. Just thought you would like to know.

David Sweetleaf, Panama City, FL

A: Sounds like a good time to us!

Q: There's a girl I like but I'm kind of shy. Her name is Lisa. She's dating this other guy who's a computer salesman and I'm extremely jealous. I wish there was something I could do but I'm ugly and stupid (according to my mother) and not really good at anything. I also drink a lot. Can you help me?

Matt Green, Fargoe, GA

A: It sounds like you were born with major physical, mental, and character defects. But don't fret. As the saying goes, if God didn't create all men equal, Sam Colt certainly did. We suggest buying the Colt Pulverizer at your local gun outfitter and then wait outside your beloved's house (or apartment). When her hotshot boyfriend shows up, get out of your car and confront him. Tell him you're taking what's yours then shoot him like a dog. Remember, you may be a weak gutless nothing, but with a gun, you are a god. Be a tiger, Mat. We're all pulling for you.

Q: The recent passing of Kurt Cobain has got me thinking that perhaps it is "better to burn out than to fade away". With this in mind, I went to my local gun store and tried to purchase a Smirk 9mm. But since I'm only seventeen, the store owner told me he could not legally sell me the weapon, but if I came "after hours" we could work out a deal. So now I have the gun, and I'm ready to kill myself, but I'm afraid the authorities will trace it back to the owner and he'll get in trouble for selling it to me illegally. I'd hate to do that to him. He was such a nice man. Is there anyway I can kill myself without getting him in trouble.

A: Sure. Type and sign a letter stating that you purchased the handgun with a doctored birth certificate. Then, have it notarized, and placed near your intended death scene.. This should protect the store owner from any legal complications that could derive from your suicide.

Erotic Fiction, continued from p.14

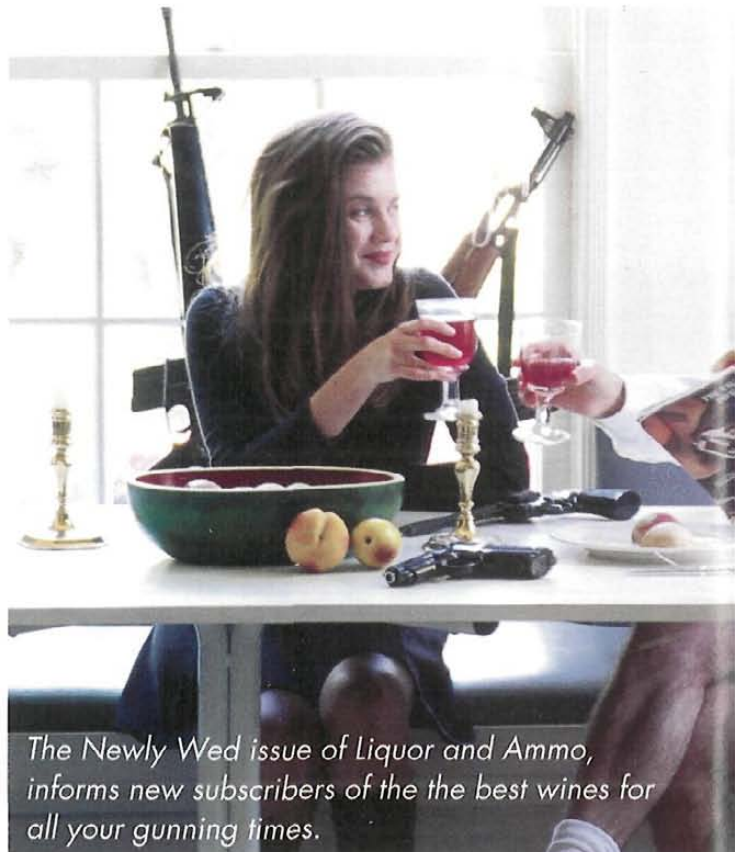
Vanessa snaked her hand under the satin robe and gently ran it down the 4" barrel, 4, 5, 9, 14, no 36 inches! The largest she had ever felt. Her fingers caressed the rustic stock, pausing to tickle the trigger guard in such a way that made a tiny drop of oil fall out of the open gaping barrel, an ominous foreshadow of the night that was yet to come. She uncrossed her legs and looked under the pillow-- yes, they were there just as he had promised. 14 44mm semi-automatic Quarx Machine Pistols.

Magnum, the most powerful handgun ever devised by man, capable of blowing holes through six feet of titanium-concrete alloy. I lifted it from its felt-lined home and flipped open the cylinder. It was loaded. I put the gun to the side and replaced the box in the closet. I then ran from my mother's room with the black hand-cannon in tow. Some people were going to pay and pay mightily.

The next morning I got on the bus like I always did and took my seat in the back. Immediately the taunting began, the word of yesterday's event in the gym having spread like syrup on burnt pancakes. By the time the bus arrived at school, the jeers had transformed to a full-blown chant describing the manner in which Ted got kneed in the groin in acute detail. It was sung in rounds to the tune of Frere Jacques. Mercifully, it ended when I got off the bus.

I couldn't go to class--but I did, anyway. I walked into the room and saw that many of my classmates were at the front of the room staring at a paper taped high on the chalkboard. They were all pointing and laughing. It was the note that I had written--the one with the house and family; Coach had come in earlier and put it there. When he sat down the class turned and stared. Even Mr. Cherryholmes got into the act by describing Andrew Jackson's victory at New Orleans as a 'quick knee to the groin of British prestige.'

But none of it mattered. The strap of the backpack pressed comfortably across Buddy's collarbone. Through the classrooms and hallways, the solid weight of the Black



The Newly Wed issue of Liquor and Ammo, informs new subscribers of the the best wines for all your gunning times.

Mamba spoke to Buddy - whispers of death, whispers of revenge. Thus was Buddy immune to the unmanly cat-calls of his schoolmates.

Sixth period and Buddy kept himself hidden in the end stall of the bathroom right outside the gym. He heard the sliding and shuffling of feet, the laughter and levity of his classmates as they filed past and entered the gym. Two persons came into the restroom. They saddled up to the stalls and discussed what they were going to do to Buddy in PE. Buddy, hunched over on the toilet, could feel the chill from the porcelain seat seep through his Toughskins. In his hands, icily clenched, the Black Mamba .74 Mamba stared coldly ahead with its one unblinking eye. The unzipped backpack lay squandered on the tile floor.

"I know what we can do. We can tie him up and starve him to death!" said one boy.

"Yeah, right. Like, where are we going to put him where nobody will find him?"

Neither of the boys heard the click nor the unbolting of the stall door. They were both finishing up with their business when Buddy stepped into view. They turned their heads to the side.

The Black Mamba went off like a volcano and the recoil sent Buddy sprawling backward against the space heater on the far bathroom wall. When he looked up, through the haze, he saw the two bodies of the boys.

He had nailed both of them with one shot. Furthermore, the slug from the gun had penetrated the cinderblock wall creating a peephole the size of a quarter. Buddy looked at the Black Mamba. He felt powerful and more like a man than ever before.

Bursting out of the bathroom like an evening news special report, Buddy marched straight to the gym and crashed through the hydraulically hinged steel doors. The class, in the middle of a jumping jack exercise, all turned to look. He fired once and the bullet ripped through an entire row of students. They fell over like dominos. He fired again and another row fell.

Panicked, the stu-

dents ran pell-mell screaming their heads off. Buddy stood in the middle of the gym and took careful aim at a fleeing person. He squeezed the trigger and the Black Mamba leaped in his hand. His aim was true and the body went skidding across the slick waxed floor. He spun around and saw a student hiding behind a concrete pillar that supported the roof. He aimed belt high at the support and fired. The bullet burrowed through the concrete resulting in a high-pitched yelp followed by the slap of a body hitting the floor.

Buddy had recently seen a movie where the hero always teased the villain before blowing him away by asking whether he had fired five shots or six. This had made a tremendous impression on Buddy and consequently Buddy was obsessively careful to keep count of his shots. He had fired five times; there was one bullet left - reserved for one special person.

Coach McMasters stood chuckling at the front of the gym.

"That was very good shooting. You're quite a marksman," said Coach.

Buddy cocked the gun and strode confidently forward.

"Those Black Mambas are really something else. I could tell right away from the shot in the bathroom that it was a Black Mamba. Such a big caliber."

Buddy grew confused. Why wasn't Coach scared? Coach began scratching his gut.

"Such a big caliber gun. Makes you wonder how they could possibly fit six bullet chambers in such a normal-sized cylinder, doesn't it?"

At twenty paces, Buddy pulled the trigger. The hammer fell but there was no following explosion. The gun only carried five shots!

"I told you before, I'm a man of many talents. I coach PE and I teach health. I also happen to know that the Black Mamba only carries five shots. See, I'm a handgun enthusiast." At this, Coach stopped scratching and lifted up his shirt. From the waistband of his shorts he pulled out something dark and solid. The last thing Buddy heard was a metallic click.



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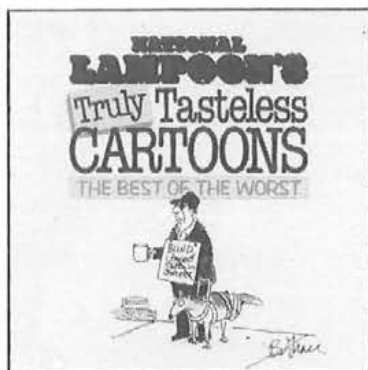
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POa

Matt had a date with Kate. Or “Tree Toad,” as she was known in the Goddess Movement...

They'd been to Observe-a-Flower Day together, raised funds for the Victimhood Society together, and simultaneously enjoyed the poetry readings at the Only Yoni Bookshop. So they knew each other fairly well. As much as any two people could be said to “know” each other in this crazy world. And well enough, it seemed, for her to go out with him tonight. He wondered what would happen.

He'd scored some smart drugs that afternoon: Some primo Vitamin L, so-called because it L-evated your consciousness into realms so exalted that when you returned to Earth, everyday life was experienced as flat, mundane and mean-spirited for up to six months. But it would be worth it, he felt, if he and Kate took the stuff and

somehow it then eventuated, without he himself in any way trying to make it happen, without a shred of aggressive action on his part, that he and Tree Toad sucked together like cosmic vacuum cleaners, his sensitive young Hebrew National disappearing into the maw of her great, gaping —

But wait. It hit him that he might be objectifying Kate. He wasn't sure — the rules seemed to shift around a lot — but probably, if he was sitting around clearly imagining different parts of her unclothed body, each of them as sexually aroused as possible, then he was.

So he should stop; she was,

after all, a person, and, most importantly, a woman.

He shampooed with a product for which no whales had been killed, and washed his male contraceptive pill down with fruit juice coming from fruit grown by sustainable agriculture. The pill — Preg-Not, it was called — was another of those punishments that had been unfairly visited on his generation: At any other time in human history, taking them would have relieved him of all sexual responsibility; now, of course, all it helped with was the dutiful part — when push came to shove, you still had to wear a goddamn raincoat as protection



t e



by Chris Miller

against disease and death! And who wanted to take a bubble bath in a diving suit? That was what he wanted to know.

He was supposed to meet her in the quad, by the Brautigan statue. And there she was, looking sensational in her shabbiest sweats, legs tucked beneath her on the grass, pertly reading a tome called “I’ve Moved to Another City — Why is Your Tongue Still in my Mouth, and Can I Mail It Back to You?”

“Hi, Kate,” he called. No way Tree Toad. How could you want to pork, uh, “make love with,” a person or thing named Tree Toad? Well, you couldn’t. So you

worked around it by coming up with new and improved pet names. “Butt-Head,” say.

“Hi, Matt.” She came to her feet and headed over to him, and he didn’t notice the wonderfully lively breastic movement beneath her sweatshirt, not in the least. He thought of her as a whole person. On this point, he couldn’t be more sincere. And he would happily fuck her on that basis, as one whole person to another, any time she wanted. He wondered what she’d enjoy doing tonight? There was a new movie at the Nugget. He couldn’t quite remember the title. *The Loneliness of Nowhere? Yearnings in*

My Heart? Anyway, it had Meryl Streep in it and was about feelings — those were the only kind shown anymore. Some guy snuck in a Schwarzenegger flick about six months back, but they expelled him.

Or they could take in the art exhibit at Dworkin House — wasn’t there a Judy Chicago show this week, something with beavers? But no, she wanted him to come with her while she picked out a birthday gift for her friend, Ruth. “She has a new lover,” Kate told him. “This could be the real thing.”

“No way,” said Matt. “Finally found the right guy, huh?”

“Actually, the new lover is Sylvia Assenkicker. You know, lives in Lennon Hall?”

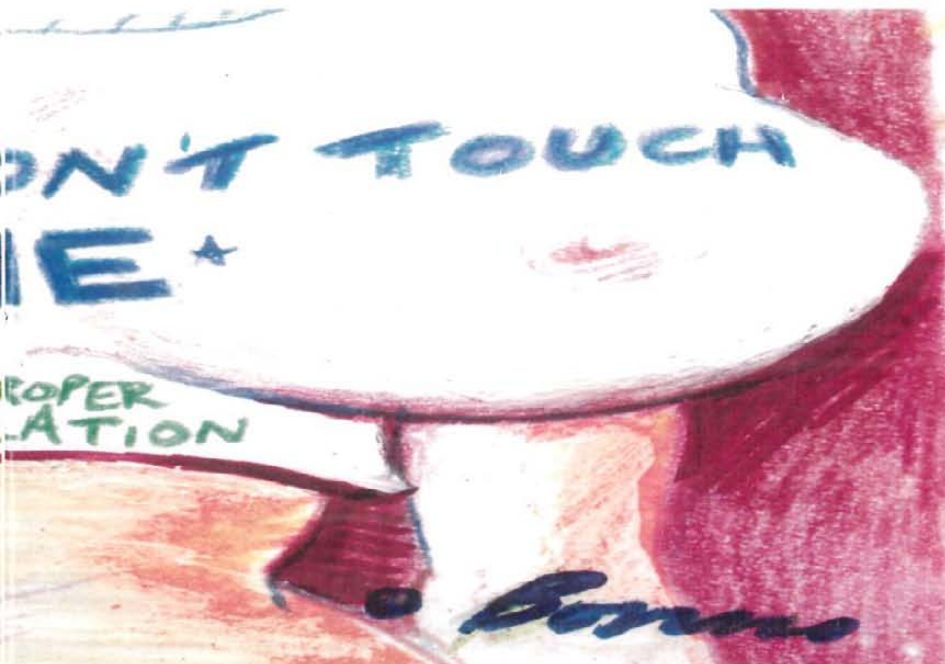
“That huge dy--, uh, sapphic with the Wonder Woman tattoo?”

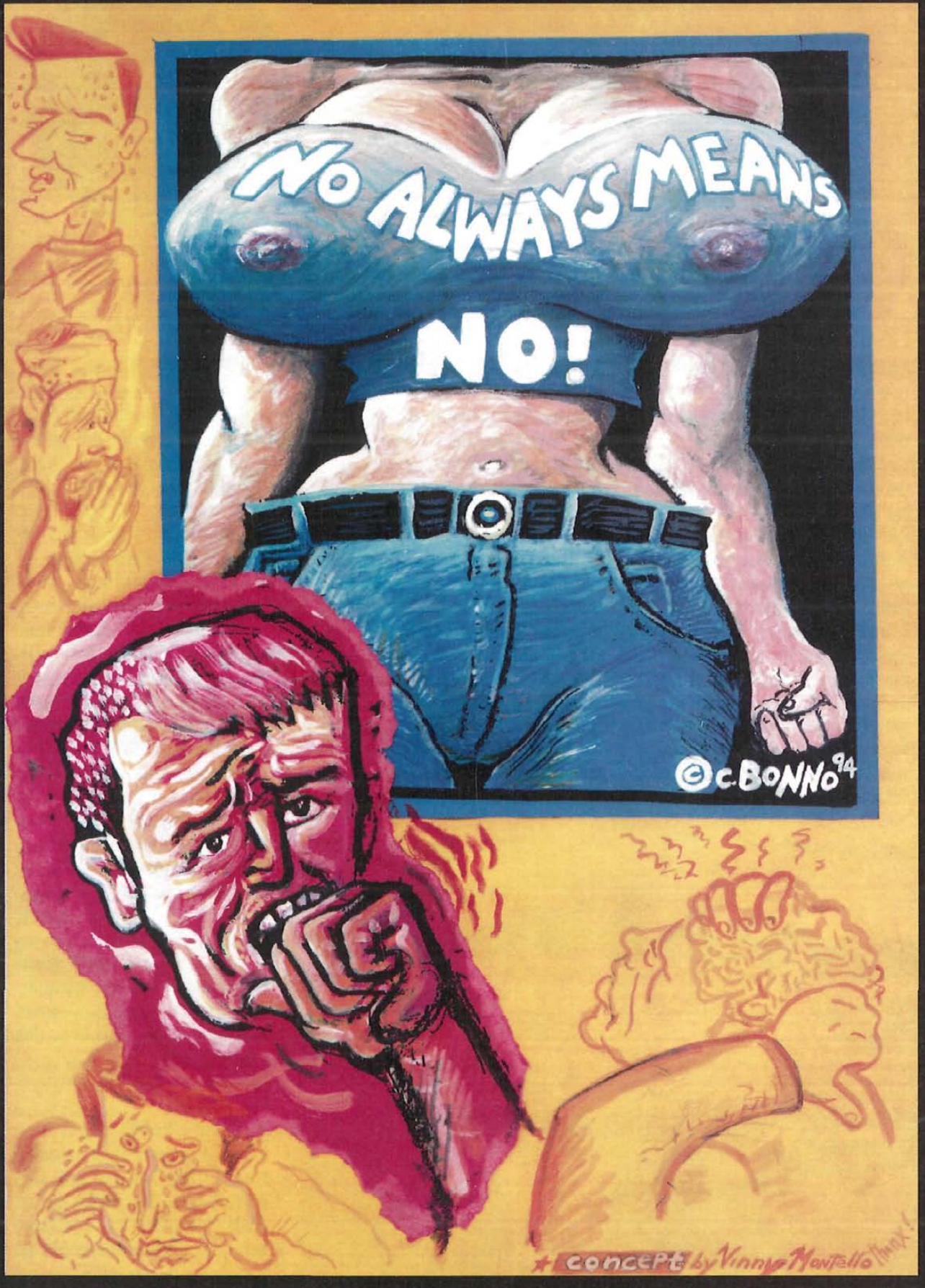
“Right. And Sylvia gives her these incredible multiple orgasms every time. Something no man ever did for her.”

“Oh.” A little politics there.

“Anyway, shall we go?”

They went to a nearby town that had stores for grown-ups. But Matt never anticipated that the one Kate would lead him into would be





* concept by Vinny Mantello

Veronica's Quiver. Whoa — everywhere you looked there was what his father, in his old-fashioned, non-consciousness-raised way, referred to as “quim.” From the displays to the mannequins to the customers, feminine charms assailed him like enthusiastic salespersons.

But wait — what was Kate doing here? Kate wore army coats. This was like an Orthodox Jew dragging you into a ham factory. “Sit a minute,” she said. “I’m going to pick out a few outfits.”

The date sure was diverging from what he’d expected. He hadn’t known exactly what to expect, but it sure wasn’t this. He took out his copy of *Phallus*, the rascally right-wing campus weekly, to see what they were up to this week. They were agitating for a new major — Men’s Studies — that would include topics such as Winning and Engines. They also felt it was high time a certain group of women — they knew who they were — returned their underpants and jockstraps and stuff; this wasn’t funny anymore.

Pretty soon Kate arrived with an armload of clothes and took him into a dressing room. There was a screen she could stand behind, and this she did, and pretty soon she came out again and said, “Okay, what about this one?”

Wow — from Socialist Dumpy to Penthouse Pet in seconds. She was wearing something black that showed a fair amount of boob and underbun. Underbun? You know, where leg stops, butt begins, and it just juts out suddenly? Oops, there he went again, zeroing in on her zones. But what was he supposed to see her as — the little girl in the raincoat on the front of salt cartons?

“So what do you think?”

“Oh, ah — in what sense?”

“This outfit. Is it a turn-on?”

“Uh, yeah...” It was kind of tight in the crotch. So that it — how to put this — clung to her contours.

She ran back behind the screen and seconds later emerged in a second outfit. “Okay, now if you were a lesbian, which one would you like better?”

Matt tried to speak. “Come

This was like an Orthodox Jew dragging you into a ham factory.

on, you can be honest. I think maybe this one’s a little better on top.” She reached behind herself and did something that cranked her breasts up suddenly, so their fleshy tops rippled like vibrated puddings.

Matt found himself wondering how and when Art Tatum died. The guy’d been pretty young when he went, so it must have been a fairly long time ago.

“Hello?” He came back. She was now in a third outfit, this one consisting in its entirety of black panties and pearl earrings. “What do you think? Too obvious?” She struck a pose, arms behind her head. “Do you mind if I come close enough to enter your personal aura space?” Matt asked, with a peculiar fixed expression.

“What?” she said.

“May I take these off? And these? May I touch this? Oh, and the other one, too? Suppose I

whip this out. Is it okay for me to become erect within your sight? (Not that I have a lot of choice in that one, snurk, snurk.) May I present this to you as a hand mike to warble Bo Diddley classics into?”



“But, see, she did warble Bo Diddley classics into it. She sang *Pretty Thing* and *Bring it to Jerome* and even *Bo Diddley is a Gunslinger* into it,” Matt said. “It wasn’t like I was ramming it down her throat. Oh, sorry, unfortunate turn of phrase there.”

The Womyn’s Tribunal Disciplinary Committee stared stonily at him. “I don’t think we need to hear any more” said Victoria Huelga, the cochairbitch. “Your very existence is raping us, so it doesn’t matter what you say.”

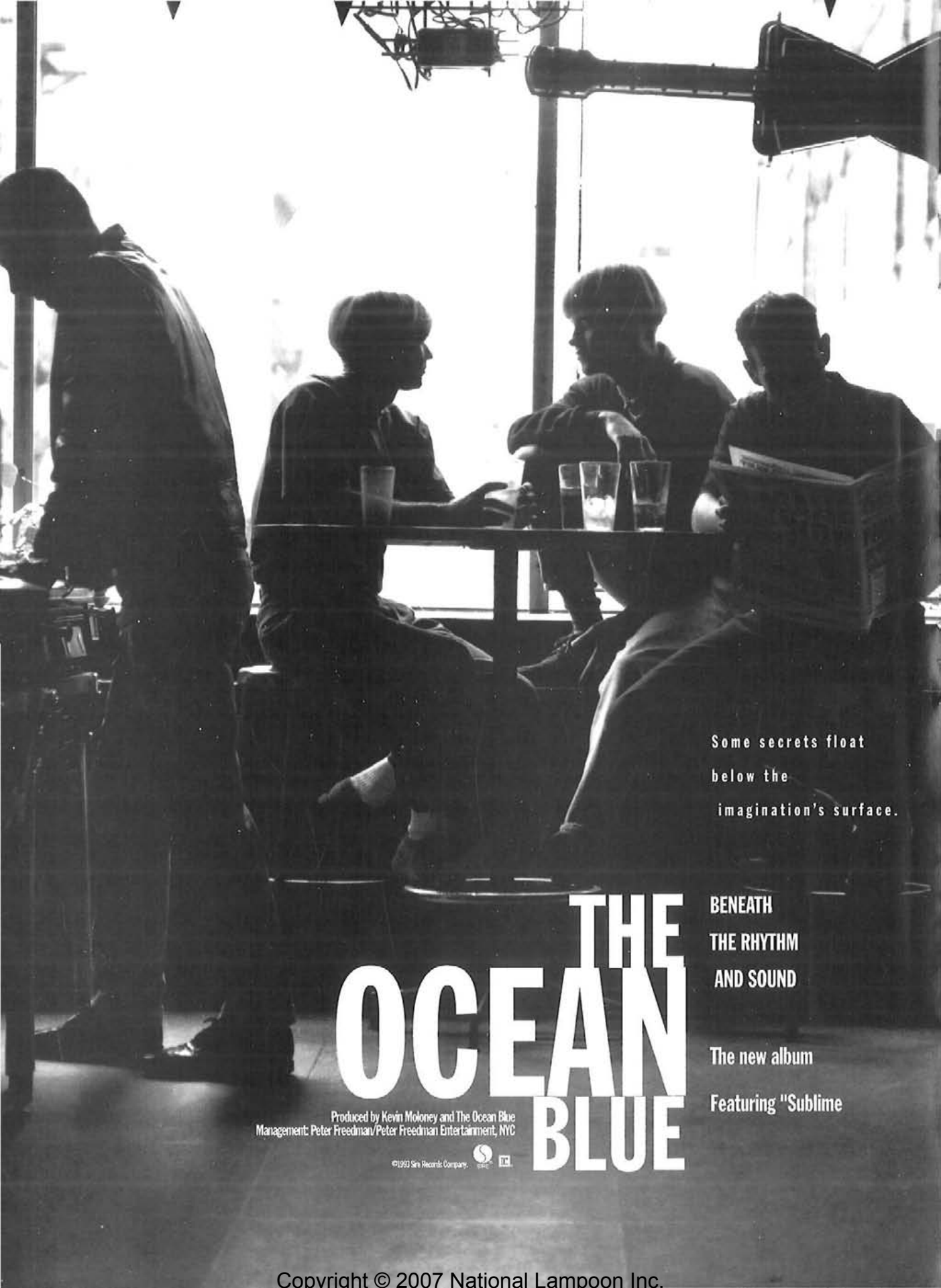


“And that,” Matt said to his new roommate, Achmed, “is how I wound up here at the University of Baghdad. Where at long last I won’t have to worry about being politically correct all the time. Say, any chance of a cold beer around here?” Achmed whitened. “Campus police! Heresy! Sacrilege!”



“And that’s the story,” said Matt to his cellmate. “Tomorrow morning it’s off with my head. What about you?” “Me?” said his cellmate. “In my case, they’re just cutting off one of my hands. But then, all I did was beat off.”







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THE VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE SUPERSTAR DINOSAUR TAKES A CANDID LOOK BACK ON HIS CAREER

Look — the first thing you gotta understand right away is, I don't apologize for anything.

You don't get to be where I am now and not step on a few toes. I admit it. Sure, I may have walked over a few other characters on my way up, but let me tell you, I never walked over no one that wasn't just getting in the way. After all, this is show business. This ain't kindergarten.

You wanna know why I'm riding high? Because I learned that lesson before anyone else, that's why. I'll give you an example. I remember back in high school, we had this one character walking around telling everybody how he was gonna be bigger than Gumby. He was so sure he couldn't miss, was gonna be a huge hit, was gonna have his own Saturday morning series, have his picture on lunch boxes, the works. And naturally, everybody believed him, you know how it is. We were young, we didn't have a clue. Some guy makes enough noise, you listen to him.

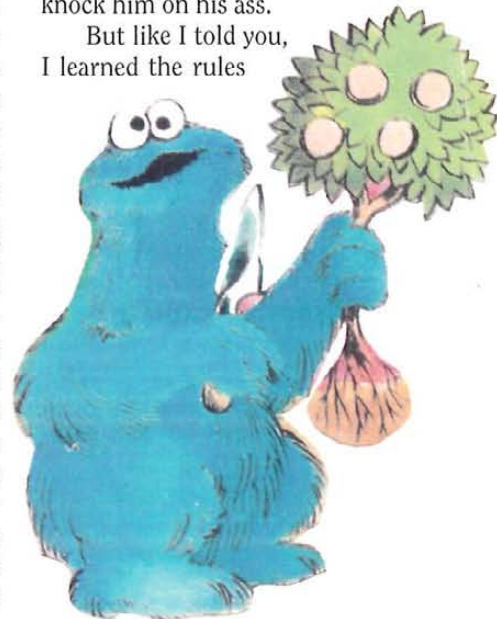
Anyway, comes the night of the big recital, and there's like, a thousand parents in the school auditorium, and naturally mister loudmouth has managed to get himself the big finale. He was supposed to be singing "My Way," you know, real melodramatic and all. I had just finished my bit, which was a compilation of the best scenes from Tennessee Williams, and I'd really killed. I was very into straight drama then. O'Neil, Chekhov. When I went into that Stella scene from Streetcar they were eating out of my hand. So I go off, and the crowd is going wild, and then this character comes out for the big finale. The band cranks it up, the spotlight is on him, and what happens? He freezes. Forgets every single friggin lyric. He can't sing, he can't make a sound, he's just standing there jerking his arms up and down like a robot. So what do I do? I stepped calmly from the wings, took the mike, and told the crowd that my partner was preparing to accompany this next song in sign language for the sake of the hearing impaired (which brought down the house, let me tell you). Then I launched into

"My Way" without skipping a beat. See, that's instinct, is what that is. You can't teach that.

Anyhow, the song went over like you wouldn't believe, and naturally later, the guy's all pissed at me, telling me some crap about how he was just warming up. But we knew, we both knew. And the crowd, man. They knew.

You want to know who that guy was? That's right, the Philly Fanatic. He's doing okay now, I guess, running around during the seventh inning stretch, letting Lenny Dykstra and all those guys knock him around. Of course, he still thinks he's better than that, thinks he should be sitting where I am, doing the big shows, getting the real money. Somebody told me recently he still blames me. Of course, he knows better than to give me that crap to my face. But I heard it, it got back to me. What does he think, I don't hear things? Next time I see him, I may just knock him on his ass.

But like I told you, I learned the rules



of this game early. My old man, he worked his whole life in show business, and he never got further than understudy for one of the Banana Splits. He told me himself, and I'll

never forget this, he said, "Barney, to be successful in this business, you have to be 10% performer, 90% prick." He told me that at his retirement party. It was supposed to be a big send off

for the old guy, but naturally none of those bums from Hanna Barbera showed. Couldn't be bothered. I guess they were too busy counting the H.R. Puff-n-Stuff royalties. I can still see him, sitting there, a bit juiced up, humming that Banana Splits song. "Na na na, na na na na..." Ah, dammit. He was too nice a guy, I tell you. That was his problem.

I wish he were alive to see me now. He'd love it. Every time I send back a steak, he'd kill himself laughing. But he never got to see any of my real success. That's the sad part. He died when I was still in college, still struggling. I was living in a house off campus with a few other characters, doing a lot of dope and all, you know how that goes. First time away from home and stuff. A few of us were going down to town occasionally, getting up on stage during off nights at some of the clubs, just trying out material. Just trying to get a sense of where we were at, know what I mean? Let me tell you, there was some great stuff coming out around then. This is going back away, but this was not long after the whole Sesame Street explosion. Bert and Ernie, the Cookie Monster, all that incredible stuff they were

coming up with over there. Just great, experimental material. And we were all just smitten by it. We'd walk around doing whole routines, dying laughing. Half the people around us thought we must be crazy, but we didn't give a shit. Anyway, one night I was downtown in this little dump of a place called Puppets and the owner, who was a jackass basically, an okay guy but didn't know squat about running a club, he comes running up to me and tells me one of his comics for the

good, you know? Like I say, I was young. Anyway, the crowd's filing out, and who comes up to me at the bar but *Big Bird himself*. I couldn't believe it. I mean, this is the Seventies, you know, and at this point he's just really happening, he's really peaking as a performer. Apparently he'd been in the crowd the whole time, and I didn't even know. He's got this sweet young thing on his arm, and a whole entourage and all, and I nearly buckled. Then he tells me, in front of everybody, "I just gotta say, that was one of the finest improv performances I've ever seen.

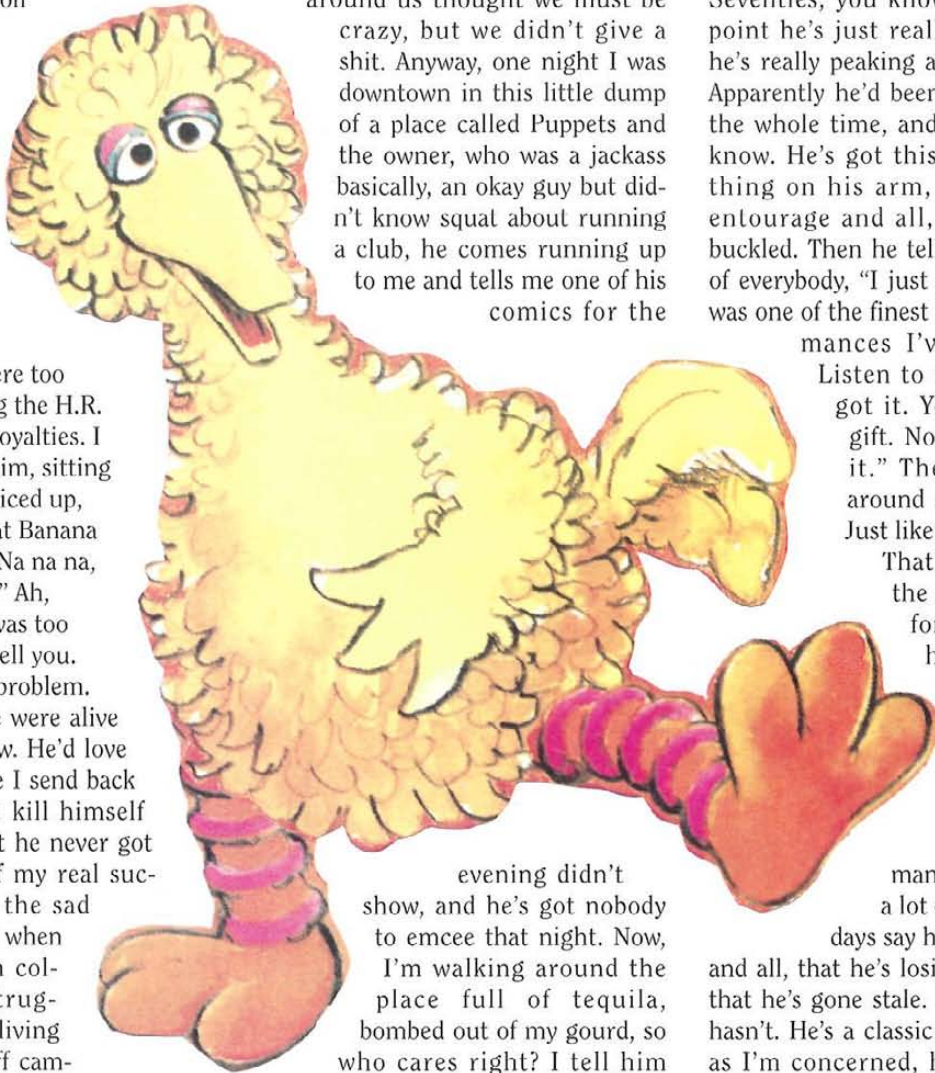
Listen to me — you've got it. You've got the gift. Now don't waste it." Then he turned around and was gone. Just like that.

That was probably the turning point for me. I mean, hearing it from Big Bird himself, I just never looked back. I really owe it all to him, in

many ways. I know a lot of people these

days say he should retire and all, that he's losing his timing, that he's gone stale. Not for me he hasn't. He's a classic forever. As far as I'm concerned, his critics are just jealous. They can all go screw themselves, because a bigger heart and talent you won't find anywhere in this industry.

Not that it's been all successes for me, let me tell you. I've paid my dues. I mean, you know and I know there's no money in those damn clubs unless you're a name or you own the joint. I did anything to make ends meet. When I dropped out of college to pursue show biz full time, I had ten years of gigs you wouldn't wish on the Pillsbury Doughboy. I remember putting in six straight months in front of a car



evening didn't show, and he's got nobody to emcee that night. Now, I'm walking around the place full of tequila, bombed out of my gourd, so who cares right? I tell him sure, I'll bail you out, you cheap bastard, but I want free drinks in this dive for a week. He goes for it, and the next thing I know, I'm up there in front of a tough college crowd, just riffing my ass off. I went off on all sorts of tangents, just anything that came to mind. I couldn't even remember the names of the comics I was supposed to introduce, I just kept saying, "and now, here's a really talented performer..." And they all sucked! So check this out. Later on, the show's over, and I'm hanging at the bar, and I knew I was good, but I'm still not sure how

wash. That was my first real paying gig, the first time I paid the rent with talent. But it was a real low-down grind, let me tell you. Twelve hours a day, six days a week, standing on the sidewalk in front of that car wash waving at cars as they drove by, waving at the kiddies, etcetera. Blazing sun, pouring rain, it didn't matter. That bastard who owned the place, may his johnson rot and fall off, he had me out there every day. The goddamn teenagers, they'd drive by in their souped-up cars, throw beer bottles at me. One time a guy hit me in the head with a full bag of Jack in the Box tacos. I swear, it took me a week to get rid of that smell. Another time some old perv propositioned me in broad daylight, wouldn't take no for an answer. I had to kick him in the balls just to get rid of him.

But that was where I got my big break, as the saying goes. What happened is, sometimes, during the slow hours,

I'd put a hat out and do a few routines, just to pick up some spare change. You know, cigarette money, no big deal. Anyway, I was doing this bit I used to have, which involved Ronald Macdonald and his whole gang. I had that asshole Mayor McCheese's voice down perfect, and I had him doing all sorts of funky stuff, like questioning his self-worth because he's such an

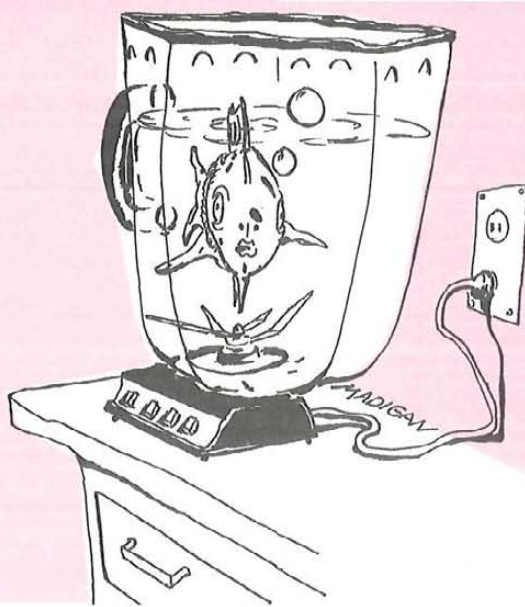
unhealthy meal, and so on. Real esoteric, intellectual material. Anyway, this one guy is standing there, taking it all in. He's got this real sharp suit on, and he's not smiling, not laughing, just watching me, and he looks kind of pissed. So I'm thinking, Oh great, like who the fuck is this guy? Someone the Macdonald's people sent over to bust my balls? So he's just watching me, and now I'm gettin a bit pissed too, so I tell him, "Hey, who the hell are you, the McLawyer?" So he finally laughs, and he hands me his card and tells me to call him, and he walks away. I didn't know what to think. But you better believe I called him. And what happens? Two weeks later, I'm at the Cow Palace, opening for the California Raisins.

Now, I admit, I may have stepped over a few characters to get where I am, but nobody can lay that Raisins fiasco on me. I knew they weren't gonna last as soon as I joined that tour. You want to know why I'm still here and what's left of the whole purple bunch of them is riding the oblivion train? It comes down to a ques-

tion of character. See, I know who I am, I know who my friends are. Those guys, they were lost, man. Too much success, too quickly. I remember, when I showed up for the Cow Palace show, I was stunned. I mean, a half hour to show time, and three of them haven't even arrived yet. The limo driver's yelling, their manager, that jerk from Sun-Maid, he's screaming about where is the rest of the crew, it was just too much. And you know where they were? Passed out at the old Whisky-A-Go-Go, that's where. They sent somebody over to get them, or there wouldn't even have been a show that day.

God, could those guys party! Night and day, constantly. It was like hot and cold running groupies. But, see, that's where I'm different. They had no respect for their audience, treated them like dirt. I was warming up for them all over the country, and these crowds were not easy, let me tell you. You wanna go out and try to warm up twenty-thousand screaming kids who are all waiting for the Raisins, and who don't know Barney from dick? But it was a baptism by fire, let me tell you. By the end of that tour, I knew my time was coming. Some of the kids were even getting up and leaving after by bit, before the Raisins even came on! Word was getting around. And sure enough, I could see that disaster coming for them. They were just crazy, destroying hotel rooms, running wild. When





two of them bought it in that Porsche wreck, I wasn't even surprised. All I remember thinking was, "what a waste." Because there was a lot of talent there, don't get me wrong. I mean, when they were on, those guys were amazing. All those harmonies, all moving in sync. Two shows every night for six months, and they never missed a beat on stage! I hear they're trying to put together some sort of comeback or something. I think they should just let it die gracefully, if you ask me.

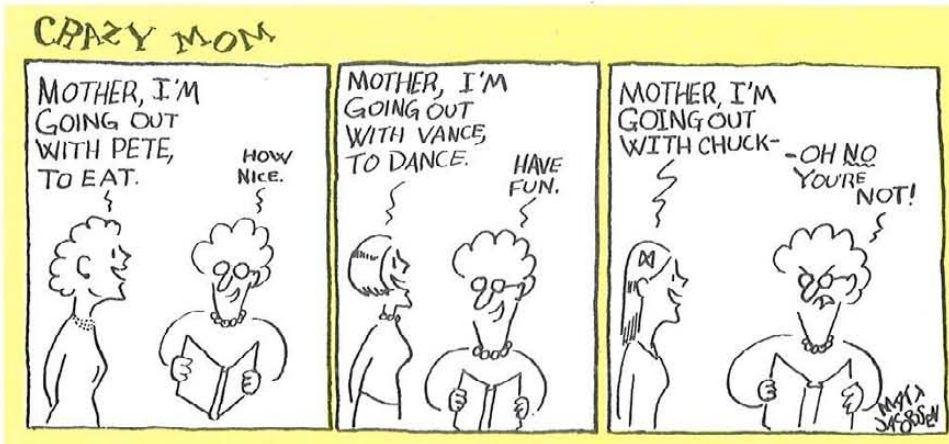
You see, that's why I know I've got staying power. I know where I'm at man, and I know how to take care of myself. I mean, I can party with the best of them, don't kid yourself. When you've done a tour with the Raisins, you're not exactly a boy scout any longer, if you get

my drift. I can remember waking up in these hotels, not knowing where I was or who I was with. Looking around the room, bodies just flaked out everywhere, the place a disaster. Toto, we're not in Kansas anymore, you know what I'm saying? But I respect myself, and I won't let myself fall into that whole self-destructive scene. There's too much of that crap in this business, and I won't go for it. Like these new guys, these Ninja Turtles. They're heading straight for the same shit that happened to the Raisins, I can see it. I give them another year, tops. And they're too belligerent, always picking fights. They don't try that stuff with me, let me tell you. I'm bigger than any two of them, and I ain't afraid of that chop saki crap they do. I told that jerk Donatello, I said, "Hey

man, if you're gonna play with me, you better go all the way. Because if you don't, you're gonna be sorry you were ever hatched." He saw the look in my eye, man, he knew I was serious. Backed off real quick, let me tell you. Some tough guy.

But most characters, they usually don't give me that kind of hassle. They respect me, they know what I've accomplished, they respect my work. And these days, I'm trying to take it a bit easier. I'm not as young as I used to be, you know. I try and exercise regularly, eat the low fat stuff, fruit juices, all that crap. Now that it's all happening for me, I got to watch myself. Cause this is when the real parasites come out of the woodwork, know what I mean? I just finished my first big solo tour, and I can tell you, that's a real grind. I slept for fourteen hours after the Madison Square Garden gig alone. It used to be I had a lot of time to myself, you know? I'd sit backstage with the Raisins, goofing off, trying out routines. That's where I wrote my song, you know. Back stage in Phoenix. All I had was the phrase, "I love you, you love me." But I knew there was something there. So one of the Raisins, he chimes in with, "We're a happy family." And then it just clicked, and I took it from there. That number, it just wrote itself.

But I don't have that kind of time anymore. These days, it's all merchandising, merchandising, and more merchandising. I'm singing off on deals 10 hours a day. Books, cartoons, film rights, foreign rights, you name it. Right now we're putting together the big Asian tour. And I've got my NBC special coming up. I tell you, I don't have time to scratch my ass anymore. Like I said, this is business. This ain't kindergarten.



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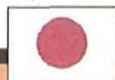
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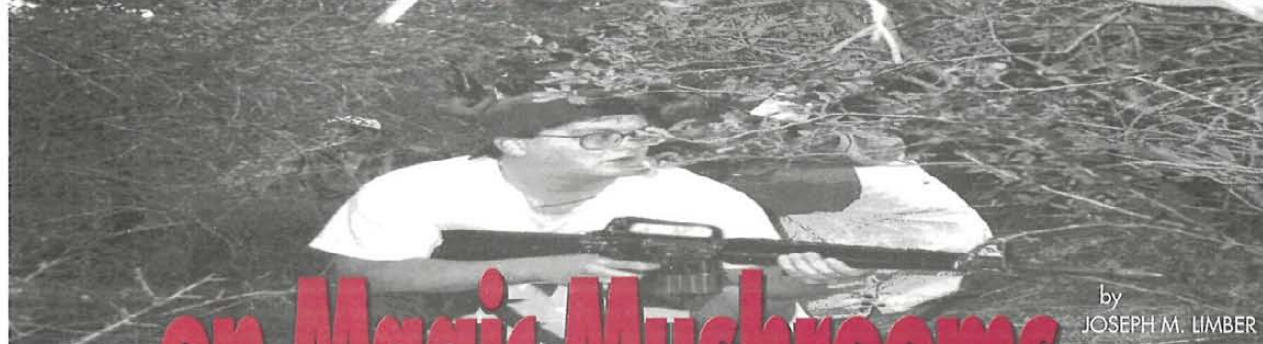
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How I Survived a Week in the Woods



on Magic Mushrooms

by
JOSEPH M. LIMBER

I've been working as Director of Accounts Payable for Smithson & Barnes for three-and-a-half years. It's a great job. The pay is amicable, there are plenty of perks, and the secretaries are, if I may be so bold, hot to trot.

The mood around the office has been relaxing. Our boss, Mr. Barnes, has been in Europe for several weeks, and everyone has taken this opportunity to loosen the tie, so to speak. Last Friday, I even wore jeans. However, there are always a few "bad apples" in every bunch, namely the guys in Purchasing. If having toenail-chewing contests, streaking, and seeing who can stand in the secretarial pool the longest with his manhood exposed before being noticed is their idea of relieving stress, I'd hate to see what they do on the weekends.

Just before lunch, John Nygard, one of the devil-may-care madcaps from Purchasing, asked me to go on a survival games weekend with some of the guys. I'd heard of these, but they don't seem to be my cup of tea. Rolling around in the mud shooting paint pellets at each other was not my idea of a relaxing, or even enjoyable, weekend, but they needed at least twenty people and they were

"C'mon, man. What do you have to do? M.C. the Betty Crocker bake-off?" replied John. Phil was less playful. "Wussy!"



Of the twenty or so of us who jumped, only four survived. "Lets form a circle while we're falling," they said. "It'll be fun."

short, so I accepted the invitation. Mother always said to try something new every once in a while.



I arrived at the gamesight bright and early on Saturday morning, and it became immediately apparent that I was overdressed. I suppose our ideas of dressing casually differ slightly.

"Nice outfit, Jamison," shouted Phil as the other guys snickered quietly. Making myself useful so as to avoid all the jeers, I began removing all the extra tags and chords on the parachutes. Before I finished, though, we were ready to go. I got stuck with one of the chutes with the loose chords. I hope they don't hit me when I'm falling.



When the guys said to dress casual, I wore a baseball cap and my most comfortable leisure outfit. What's good enough for Sunday afternoon television will be good enough for this, I thought.

For some unknown reason, only four of us survived the jump. After a brief period of trying to figure out what the hell we were going to do, Rich, who took on the role as leader, decided first and foremost that we should figure out where we were. All of the equipment was with the other guys who were, well, dead, so we picked a direction and started walking.

Our first priority was to pinpoint our location. Thank God I had left my opera glasses in my pants pocket the last time I wore them. They weren't much help, though.



MONDAY • MAY 7, 1994

To keep my mind off my hunger and despair, I decided to keep a journal. I'm beginning to feel comfortable with the surroundings, which have caused me to become more assertive. John yelled at me for making too much noise when we were hunting and I told him to blow it out his cakehole. Finding civilization was the only thing on my mind.

I got so hungry I swear I would have cooked my own penis, and after a feeble attempt to shoot a rabbit with a paint pellet, we settled for any leaf, berry, or branch we could get our hands on.

John found some mushrooms, but he scarfed them all down before any of us could get some. An hour later he was stumbling around uttering "Cool" and "Whoa" and pointing to "melting rocks" and stuff the rest of us couldn't see.

We set up camp and slept, starving but content. It was Sunday night, and my immediate concern was that I wouldn't be at work tomorrow.

"I hope I don't get fired," I said.

"Shut up, Jamison," replied Phil.



Berries and twigs were all we had to eat. John found some mushrooms, and once he came down, we continued to search for civilization. Phil wished he was home watching T.V. Rich wanted a big steak with all the fixings. I wished I hadn't rented ALIVE last weekend.



After two days, hunger had gotten the best of us. We figured we could hunt for small game, but all we left in our wake was paint-splotted animals.



We danced and sang when Mukimbo found us, until we realized he was going to eat us. He let us free after spotting John's watch, which he promptly placed in his rectum.



It was great to be back home, but our boss sure let us have it when we reported for work. Although he didn't seem to buy our story, he let us off with a warning. Upon exiting Mr. Barnes's office, I suggested we get together next weekend. John turned and kicked me square in the balls.

TUESDAY • MAY 8, 1994

I found some mushrooms and ate a whole bunch. The last thing I remember was standing on a ledge of rock trying to jump on the back of a large chicken.

WEDNESDAY • MAY 9, 1994

We were hiking through some dense underbrush when Rich found a half-buried can of Coke. We took a break to celebrate the fact that we were close to home, and everyone was making plans for when they arrived.

"I'm going to lie in bed for three days with my wife," said Phil.

"I want to sit around the house and watch baseball," replied Rich.

"I can't wait to get back to work," I said. The other guys pelted me with rocks and told me to shut up.

THURSDAY • MAY 10, 1994

We were found by a local tribesman, which seemed suspicious since we were nowhere near a jungle. He led us to a woman with a canoe. She fed us some mushrooms she had in a pouch and took us under the 38th St. bridge, where we walked the rest of the way home.



A Indian woman led us back to civilization. Not knowing the customs of these people, we rubbed her thighs until we reached land. She seemed most appreciative and fed us well.



Every other weekend we get together for a survival excursion. Last week we made it to the driveway.

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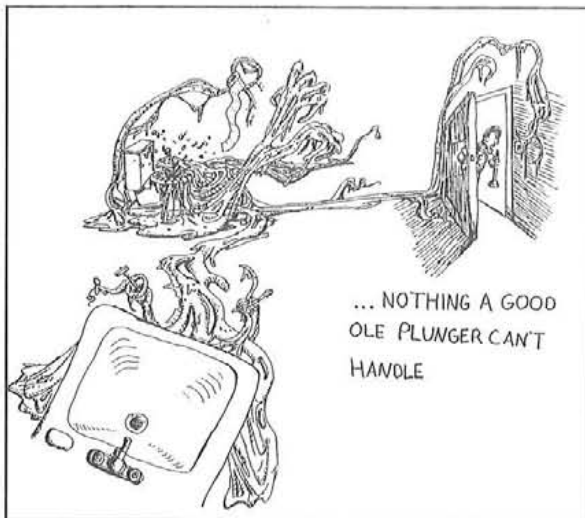
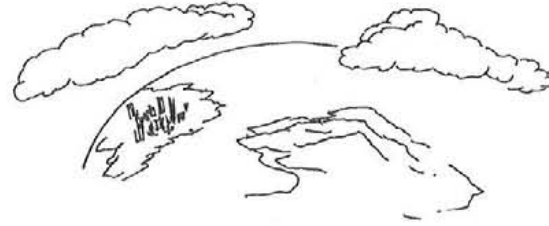
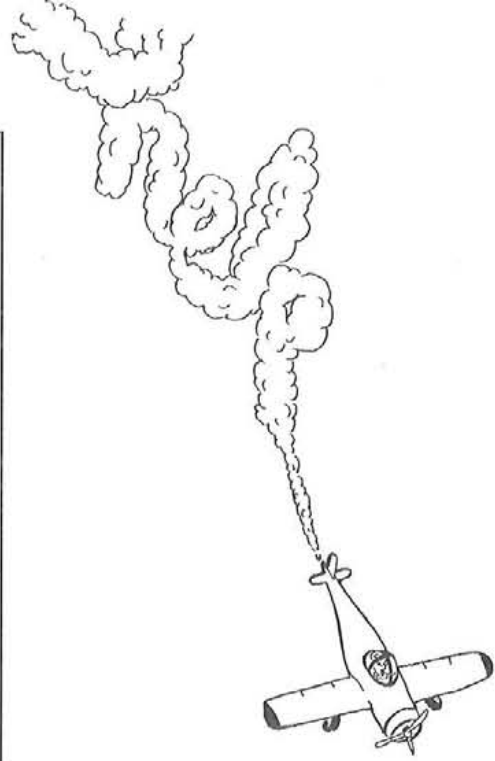
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rapple dapple (4/2-45495) It's the debut album, featuring "trampoline."

Produced by Andy Paley and Steve Lau Management: John Lay and Ron Furman



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County wants money for taking dump

By Suzanne Gamboa
Associated Press

happened we lost all our negotiating power," he said. The utilities aren't willing to make any payments until they know the dump's location is permanent.

The state initially proposed building the dump at Fort Hancock.

Colon accused of shoplifting condoms

SIERRA BLAINE

By TARA RIXLER
of the Trib
Missouri Tigers

The officer then called for backup. Smith said the store's security guard had

having put the box somewhere else." "The security guard was hassling me," Colon said yesterday. "I had nothing down my pants. The security guard checked me, he found nothing, and that was it."

Boner big winner in women's city



Sharpe

OSCEOLA — Betty Boner proved to be the big winner in the 11th Elkhart Women's Bowling Tournament, which concluded today at OC Lanes.

Boner won singles scratch and all events scratch and was a member of the Five, the scratch team.

WOMEN'S CITY TOURNAMENT

Final Standings
Team handicap: Five of Us 3032, Moonlighting Catering 3005, Rainbo Jr./Maj. Coaches 2999, Tapeworm 2993, Baycote Metal Finishing 2982, Scratch: Classic Five 2719.

Doubles handicap: Kim Bell-Diane Kershner 1349, Shirley Lantz-Eva Macumber 1312, Cynthia Stutzman-Pamela Smith 1295, Sherry Harting-Cheryl Harrington 1294, Charlotte Gruza-Gretchen Martin 1270. Scratch: Georgiana Miller-Barb LaDow 1230.

Singles handicap: Betty Boner 718, Shirley Lantz 704, Tammy Kirby 676, Pat Wilbur 666, Jane Boomershrine 659. Scratch: Betty Boner 664.

All events handicap: Betty Boner 1957, Sue Moore 1920, Pat Barrentine 1913, Donna Scott 1901, Eunice Ruess 1900. Scratch: Betty Boner 1795.

Sharpe-Payne

Savanna Lynn Payne and Robert Franklin Sharpe III were married July 6 at North Park Presbyterian Church.

The bride is the daughter of Paul R. Payne of Corpus Christi and LaRue Westbrook of Lewisville. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Franklin Sharpe Jr.

Honor attendants were the bride's mother and the bridegroom's brother, John Kenneth Sharpe of Boulder, Colo. The couple will live in Austin.

According to the *LA Outlook*, supermodel Kathy Ireland said she was scuba diving at 100 feet in the South Pacific last spring, unarmed and unnoticed by companions, when a shark came at her.

Another diver eventually shot and killed the shark.

"It was kind of frightening, but it was also exciting," Ireland told *Fitness Magazine*. "Maybe I'm sick, but I had no problem diving again. I was upset that the shark got shot."

LA Outlook.

According to *Buzz*, director Aziz Ghazal of Los Angeles couldn't seem to get any studio to let him direct his pet project, a script called *The Brave*, written by Paul McCuaddon. The script had been turned down by numerous studios and production companies.

However, once news surfaced that Ghazal had murdered his entire family and then committed suicide, the script has suddenly become the object of heavy interest around, and a bidding war may ensue.

One movie executive commented, "For reasons that are obvious now, no one wanted to work with Ghazal. Now that he's dead, I see no reasons

we can't make a deal and get going on the project."

Buzz.

People calling a hot line for victims of domestic violence, got a phone sex line instead, when authorities didn't notice the agency operating the hot-line had closed.

The toll-free number was listed on a card published by the Victim-Witness Assistance

true FACTS



Unit of the Berrien County Prosecutor's Office.

One of the agencies listed on the card was closed two years ago and its hotline number reassigned to a telephone sex service. The change went unnoticed during that time, until a victim told police that she called the line and got a recording that said, "Hey, babe, would you like some of my raw sex, right now?"

San Jose Mercury News.

Contributed by Robert Johnson.

Local officials in Damariscotta, Maine, threatened a door-to-door search to find out who keeps flushing women's underwear down a toilet, a practice that has cost the sewer district \$9,000.

"We're considering a house-to-house underwear search," said Mary Smith, superintendent of the Great Salt Bay Sanitary District, which serves 450 customers.

"The underwear are on the small side, with cute little flowers that women like," she added.

Burlington Free Press.

Contributed by Brad Irons.

A Russian pilot allowed his teenage son to take the controls of the Airbus A310 that he was flying. The teenager accidentally flipped the wrong switch, sending the plane crashing into the ground in Siberia. All 75 people on board were killed.

USA Today

The body of a 58-year-old pedestrian killed in a hit-and-run accident landed in the bed of the pickup that struck her. The impact severed both the woman's legs from her body at the knees, and the body flew into the bed of the truck, driven by Randy Bentrup, 45.

The driver of the truck stopped at a gas station four blocks away to buy a carton of cigarettes, an attendant said. A man and woman got out of the truck and explained that they had hit a couch, which caused the dent. The attendant then noticed the body.

Police later found the pickup, with the body still in the bed, in a parking lot across the street from the gas station. Bentrup was arrested in a bar about five blocks away.

Contributed by Tim Harrison.

For several hours, thirty officers and a helicopter filled with animal catchers armed with high-powered assault rifles and tranquilizers searched rooftops in a London, England, neighborhood for a lioness, reportedly basking in the sun. Fearing the animal had escaped from a local zoo and could be dangerous, the team staked out the area carefully— finally tracking the animal down.

Officials were given film from a camera that had been used to take pictures of the animal, but did not develop the film before beginning their

search. Reports and pictures show that the animal was nine-year-old Bilbo, a ginger tomcat that was a favorite playmate of local children.

When asked whether the whole operation had been a waste of money, Superintendent Waring replied, "There's no need to be caddy about it."

Daily Mail. Contributor's name lost by idiot fileboy.

A British man was found guilty of having sex with a dog after a video he made of the act was inadvertently shown to speechless wedding guests expecting to see a replay of a marriage ceremony.

The 59-year-old man lent his video recorder to a friend to film the wedding, but forgot to erase from the tape scenes of him in sex acts with a neighbor's bull terrier, name Ronnie.

Daily Mail.

Contributed by Rick Bucko.

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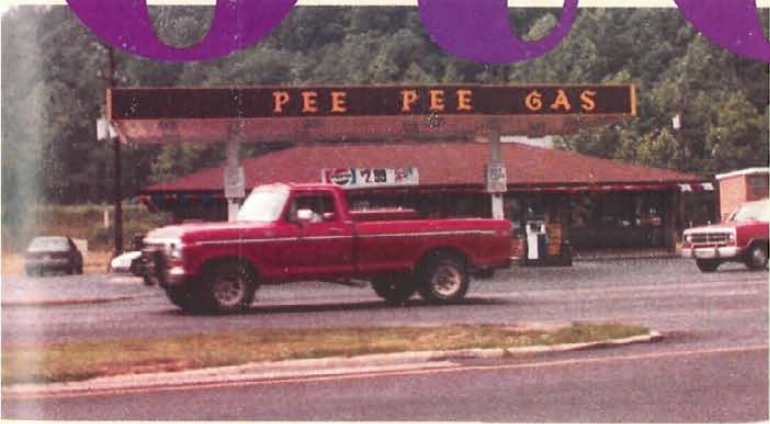


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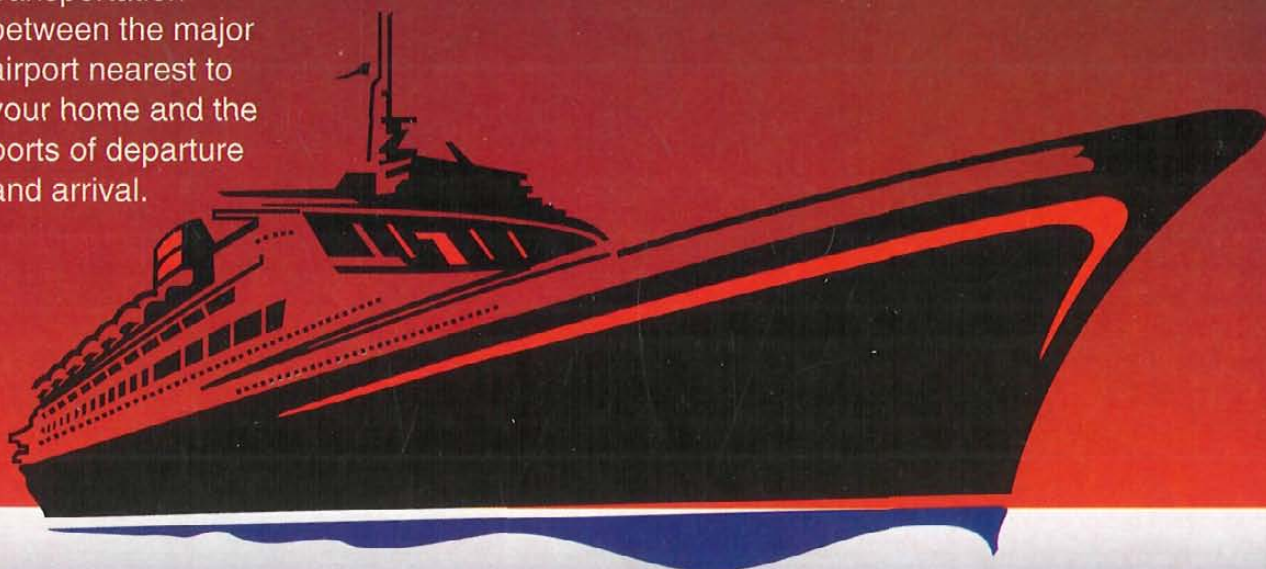


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Johnny

VID

superstar

superego

Eddie Mensch
conducted interviews for
Gather Moss magazine;

that is, until the night he fell violently ill with an unusual infection. He was sitting at home alone watching television when he started to feel uncomfortable stirrings in his abdomen. Stoically, he chose to ignore them but they soon intensified to the point where they could no longer be classified as mere stirrings; rather they were the pangs of death hammered home by the grim reaper himself.

When his wife came home from her community college pottery class, he was writhing madly on the linoleum kitchen floor in a pool of his own wretchings. Horrified, she rushed him to the hospital, where, after an immense battery of painful tests, it was deduced that he was afflicted with *Ascaris*, a parasitic roundworm that lives in the intestines, sucking in partly digested food. The diagnosis was verified when Mrs. Mensch brought an empty sardine tin to the hospital laboratory and a drop of the springwater used to pack the sardines was examined under the microscope. The water teemed with *Ascaris* eggs.

When Mr. Janklow, the editor, broke the news that next morning, we were all stunned. As the senior writer of the staff, Edward was by far the most noted journalist working for the magazine. He had brought home numerous awards, including the prestigious Willmann Prize, given to the best celebrity interviewer. We all looked up to him with great pride and respect

I, for one, was especially concerned. During the short time that I had been employed by the magazine, Edward Mensch had taken a particular avuncular interest in my career as a writer. When I first started, Gather Moss was a revolv-

ing door of young talent – I was but one of many aspiring writers fresh from journalism school. But with Eddie's help, I was soon able to leap from the masses of faceless interns and advance to the position of chief fashion reporter in only a few months. Of course, this nepotic advantage incurred the enmity of the other staff members, but what did I care? They were losers and with Edward Mensch as mentor, I was untouchable. One day Eddie privately told me that the moment he first saw me, I reminded him of himself when he was younger: ambitious, cynical, and recklessly good. He thought that in a few years, I could be big, possibly even the best. I believed him, and though the money I made at the moment did not yet allow me to quit my menial second job, I was a rocket on the launch pad, fueled and ready to go.

So as I sat at my desk in the back of the office, I thought of poor

... I reminded him of
himself when he was
younger, ambitious,
cynical, and
recklessly good.

Eddie suffering in a sterile hospital ward while thousands of *Ascaris* larvae grew, matured, and copulated within his digestive tract. I felt like a young chick who had lost its mother. Was I strong enough to fly on my own or would I be quickly

eaten by the feral cats that prowled underneath the nest? Either way, I had to make my move. I stood up and felt the eyes of the others follow me.

I knocked on Mr. Janklow's door and entered. He was sitting at his solid oak desk, staring at the wall, his eyes, pink and puffy.

"Mr. Janklow," I said, "How bad is it?"

He turned to face me.

"I just talked to his wife. The larvae have invaded his lungs. They don't think he's going to make it. He gazed vacantly at the wall again.

I looked down at my feet and swallowed hard. Mr. Janklow was obviously very upset about Eddie. We all were. But I couldn't let emotions stand in my way. It was time to put my plan into effect.

"Mr. Janklow. Now, I know this is difficult to think about, considering the circumstances, but we must be professionals and concentrate on the magazine. That's what Eddie would want. Now, I know the press deadline is approaching and."

"I am thinking about the magazine, you cold-blooded reptile!" he growled. "What you don't understand is that I have to suppose to interview Johnny Vid today. We already have the cover shot, the discography. We have everything but the god-damn interview!" Tears began welling up in his eyes. "Without the interview, we have no magazine. We'll be ruined. I'm ruined!"

Cold-blooded reptile? Why would he say such a thing? Nonetheless, I stared down at the blubbling wreck. He was now sobbing uncontrollably. I wondered how someone so weak could attain the lofty position of editor-in-chief.

"Get a grip, Mr. Janklow. We must think rationally. Now, about the Johnny Vid interview, where is it to take place and at what time?"

"It's supposed to be happening right now! Johnny Vid's at The Royal Crescent probably waiting as we speak. We're doomed!" He resumed his pitiful crying. It made me sick and I wanted to smack him a couple of times but refrained. I had a better idea.

"Then I suggest you give me some cab fare," I said.

"For what?"

"To get to The Royal Crescent so I can interview Mr. Vid."

"Are you high? You can't interview Johnny Vid. You're too new, too inexperienced. Only Eddie can do it. At this remark I leaned over his desk and got close to his pig-like face. I checked him right in the eyes.

"Listen, Mr. Janklow. You give me the okay on this and I'll give you the best damn interview you've ever had in your entire life. I'll save your ass."

He blinked a couple of times but couldn't escape my stare. I had him enthralled, like a snake mesmerizing its prey. I smiled benignly then continued

"It's your choice. You know those chumps out there can't get the job done," I nodded my head towards the door, "I'm the untried quantity."

Mr. Janklow looked away and then slowly reached into his pocket. He pulled out a twenty. I took it.

"Thank you Mr. Janklow. You won't regret this." I left his room at a run. Outside, all the other writers were glaring at me. I wanted to laugh and tell them exactly what I thought of them; but there was no time.

Johnny Vid: the self-proclaimed bad-boy of rock as well as the voice for a disaffected generation. I digressed over this as I looked out the window of the battered cab at the cars and pedestrians that filled the streets. Were any of these the alienated persons that Johnny spoke to and for? With three million copies of his last album sold, at least one of them assuredly was. Of course, I had my own thoughts

about the Generation X clamor. Tell the people that they're lonely and dissatisfied enough times and they soon surely will be. It was a self-fulfilling prophecy. Throw in HIV, a daily six-hour dosage of television, and one whiny, hedonistic high school dropout as cultural icon and presto! You have an entire population of uninspired weaklings. Frankly, I felt embarrassed for everybody. But as I said, I was digressing. I had my own agenda to think about.

The cab rolled up to The Royal Crescent and I handed the driver the twenty. He started to count out change but I gestured him off with a quick wave of my hand. He screeched away leaving me standing outside the hotel with hardly a clue as to what to do next. I didn't even know what room Johnny Vid was staying at. Fortunately, I prided myself on being resourceful.

Quickly, I walked out from under the shadow of the building and stood at the curb of the busy street. While the hubbub of traffic buzzed around me, I looked up. On the top floor of The Royal Crescent, thirty stories up, a television dangled precariously by its cord from an open window. It swayed gently in the breeze, tethered against the pernicious effects of gravity only by its thin plastic and copper umbilicus. It was an astonishing sight—not something your typical family vacationers would think to do when staying at a hotel.

The elevator took me swiftly up. Stepping out on the top floor, I entered a war-zone. Furniture was strewn all over the hallway and a plastic palm tree smoldered in the corner, melted plastic fronds fused to the carpet. Further down the hall, I saw the first sign of life in the slash and burn agricultural experiment. A husky man, a bodyguard, lay asleep, curled up in the fetal position around an empty bottle; behind him, a door, partially cracked.

I stepped over the man and cocked my ear toward the door. There was no sound. I knocked, softly at first and then with more boldness. There was no answer from the room but behind me, the bodyguard stirred. I turned quickly and knelt over the groggy form, grabbing him by his shirt and pulling his head up.

"Johnny Vid is he in the room?" The man looked at me through bloodshot eyes, then nodded.

"Don't go in my instructions, no one to go in, no one." The bodyguard passed out. I let go of his collar and he fell roughly to the floor, his head hitting with a muffled thud.

I stood up and prepared to knock again. Then suddenly, almost wondrously, a strange and beautiful thought flowered in my head. It was a purely random idea but as it pushed up from the substrate of my mind, it took the shape of a very real possibility. What if Johnny Vid was dead? What if the self-proclaimed bad-boy of rock had actually partied himself out and left for that great, sleazy nightclub in the sky? I gazed at the door. Could it be that I, the substitute reporter for the great Edward Mensch, on his very first interview, would discover Johnny Vid's body? The more I thought about it, the more I became convinced that indeed that was what lurked behind the door. Maybe I would find him in the bathroom, his emaciated, lifeless body slumped over the toilet bowl with the seat pulled down on his head. My God! That would be exciting. I pushed on the door and stepped quietly inside.

My initial vantage point showed everything looked good; that is, I could tell this was the bad-boy of rock and he had been pretty bad. Shards of glass littered the floor and a tortured skull, hastily spray-painted, barrel-gazed from the entry hall wall. All across the floor crippled furniture lay splintered and a residual odor of burning plastic reeked of previously committed barbarisms. Was this the work of a self-destructive soul? I

surely hoped so. I stepped further into the monster's lair.

Immediately, the flowering stalk of fame and fortune was cut down by the weed-whacker of reality. There on the bed, like a crumb of cork floating tepidly in a cheap bottle of wine, was the incomparable Johnny Vid. Wearing nothing but his tight, scummy leather pants, he was still as a statue, except for the nimble movements of his spindly fingers. One after the other, he was flipping burning matches onto the bedspread and watching them smother in wisps of blue smoke. Beside him, comatose under the covers lay a bleached blonde companion. I stood there dejected. He was alive.

Finally he turned his head.

"Johnny Vid?" I asked.

He didn't say anything but instead scrunched his face up in a hideous displeased scowl. Ignoring this, I reached for the only intact chair in the room to sit down, but a beat-up electric guitar rested on it. I gently took hold of the guitar to move it. This prompted him finally to speak.

"That's a '72 Les Paul Custom Super Deluxe. Be careful with it or I'm gonna leap out of this bed like your worst nightmare." I looked at the treasure in my hands. It was a puke-yellow instrument with cigarette burns visible on the finish and the words 'Burn out-not fade away' roughly carved beneath the rusty pick-ups. I carried it to the far side of the room and leaned it up against the wall. I sat down and then absently began patting my pockets. Damn! In my haste to leave the office I had forgotten a lot of things.

"Do you have a pen?" I asked. He scowled again and then reached over to the nightstand and grabbed something. It was a pencil.

"But don't you see? Oh, God! Nobody ever sees! I'm screwed up, man. I drag out of bed when most people are coming home from work. I.I." Johnny buried his head in his

hands. He had been expostulating for the past hour about the psychological toll of being famous. I found it all very pathetic but it was also very good stuff, the kinds of things people wanted to read. I was writing furiously.

"Well, Johnny," I said. "You know, lots of people have problems..."

"What are you, some kind of psychologist? You should shut up when I'm talking."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Now, don't ever think that you or anybody is more screwed up than me. Nobody is, understand? Like take that other guy who sings for Jammed Toe, Crybaby Bill. Man, I'm a hundred times more twisted than him. He's not even in my league. What'd he try to do, hang himself on stage at the Palladium? That's nothing."

I pondered this point, having read about the Crybaby Bill incident in the newspaper. Apparently, at the end of the Jammed Toe show, Bill climbed up into the rafters above the stage and wrapped a lighting cable around his neck. When the crowd began chanting for an encore, Bill screamed, "Everybody want some mo'?" The crowd responded with a momentous roar so he asked again, "Everybody want some mo'?" Again a roar from the crowd. "All right! Here's one from our next album!" He then jumped off the rafter with the cable neck-tie and plummeted toward the stage. The cable that Bill had chosen, however, was too long and his plunging body crashed through the flimsy plywood stage and fell to the concrete floor below. The enthusiastic crowd went absolutely nuts thinking it was all part of the show, but when Bill didn't reemerge after a brief interlude, they became incensed. To compound problems, Bill's fall somehow short-circuited the house lights which flickered briefly and then cut out. Pandemonium erupted and riot police were rushed in to quell the

crowd. Poor Bill was not found until the next day, knocked out stone-cold with the cable still wrapped around his neck. Most of the bones in his scrawny, little body were broken and he was suffering from weird electrical burns on his neck and head. He was lucky to be alive.

"I don't know. Crybaby Bill seems pretty unstable to me," I said.

"I thought you just looked dumb but now I know that your stupidity is more than skin-deep. Anybody can see that Crybaby Bill's little stunt was just an act. He's an actor playing the part of the unbalanced rock star. With me it's different. It's not an act, it's real. I feel it. It's part of my whole being. I am screwed up."

I nodded and Johnny continued.

"I think one of the reasons why I'm so messed up is because I had a very unhappy childhood. I remember when I was younger I played on a baseball team and when the season was over, there was going to be a team party at the Pizza Shack. Well, my old man didn't let me go to the party because I didn't mow the yard earlier that day. Can you believe that? So while all my friends were having a good time eating pizza, I was at home mowing the yard."

"Gee, that's pretty bad."

"Yeah, I'll never forgive him for that. Never, ever. That's why I think I turned to music...and drugs. You know, to ease the pain."

"Drugs?" I asked. Johnny Vid was to drugs like Sandy Duncan was to wheat thins. I wanted to steer the conversation in that direction now that he had broached the subject; it would make more good copy. Meanwhile, Johnny leaned over and pulled out a beer from the night stand drawer which was filled with melted ice. He opened the bottle with his teeth, making a loud-wrenching noise. I winced. He spit out the bottle cap, took a swig, and began talking again.

"Yeah, drugs. I like drugs, lots of 'em, and I'll do anything to get

'em. It's all part of me being screwed up."

"Wow. That's pretty bad," I said.

"I know. I just can't help myself. You wanna know what I was doing before you came in? I was on my hands and knees with my face buried in the carpet! Why? Because I'd spilled my stash on the floor the night before. On my hands and knees! Like, you know, something that ain't worth a rat's ass."

"Oh, baby, you're worth a rat's ass." She's alive! I had completely forgotten about his companion.

"And what do you know about anything, huh?" said Johnny, "Why don't you tell us about your nose bleed last night. Thought I was going have to put a tourniquet around your neck to keep you from bleeding to death."

She looked hurt.

"Why do you say those things, Johnny? Don't you love me?"

"Love you? You spend too much time on your back. I don't love anybody and especially not you." Admirably, Johnny had no qualms at all in regards to shredding a person's self esteem. But, in a way, I could sense that he really did love her, he just had difficulty expressing it. Johnny reached over to the night stand again where a pile of wadded up dollar bills lay stuck to some spilt orange juice. He unraveled two bills and handed them to the girl.

"Hey, slut, why don't you get dressed and go to McDonald's? Bring me back a McMuffin or something. What time is it? When do they stop serving breakfast?"

I looked at my watch as she struggled out of the bed, keeping my eyes averted to avoid looking at her pale, bare form while she searched the room for her clothes. Johnny meanwhile pulled a cigarette from the crushed Marlboro wrapper. Lighting it, he leaned back and stared at the ceiling. Finally, dressed in a black mini-skirt, high-heels and a Motorhead T-shirt, she departed to

McDonald's. Johnny began to speak again.

"That girl is really a genius. Unfortunately she only does her thinking when she's horizontal. But the things she says..she told me I was like a turtle and she was my shell. Really blew my mind, man! Of course, I've only known her for a few days."

"She looks young," I said.

"Yeah. But she's got a good fake I.D."

"It must be good. She definitely doesn't look old enough to drink."

"To drink? She's not old enough to drive."

"What's her name?" I asked.

"Debbie."

"What a pretty name." I meant it, too.

"Hey, man. Retrieve the TV and we'll watch videos." I stood up and walked to the window and leaned out. The television was hanging dizzily, anchored by the plug lodged in the socket, the corner of the set pivoted against the outside wall. Amazingly, it was still on

I gingerly pulled on the cord to test its strength and wondered what effect a falling television would have on the human cranium. The cord was strong, however, and I was able to hoist up the T.V. and manhandle it through the window. I then carried it to its stand. It was already turned to the music channel.

"Sylvania Super Sets are something else, eh?" I said.

"RCA's are pretty good, too," said Johnny.

We sat in silence for a few minutes, then Johnny began talking, "*Deepness of Your Love* is being spun hourly now. Sometimes twice an hour."

"Really? It must be tremendously popular."

"Jesus! Do you live under a rock? It's the number one video on this entire planet. The visuals are extraordinary."

I eased back into the chair and absorbed the images that effer-

vesced from the glowing, humming tube. I turned around to say something when suddenly Johnny became very agitated at one of the videos on the screen. It was a Paulabonna video.

"Who is she? What is she? I hate her! She doesn't even write her own songs! I'd like to push her off a cliff!"

Professional jealousy on Johnny's part? Paulabonna was one of the most powerful entertainers in the world despite not writing her own material. Of course, Johnny Vid was a huge star and he didn't write his own material either. But I did agree with Johnny in that I wasn't a big fan. Actually, I didn't know one person who had anything good to say about Paulabonna, yet her albums always went platinum. Who was buying all those records? Her family? I looked at Johnny, hoping to fathom what storm clouds were brewing in that gaseous space that kept his head inflated. He just stared sullenly ahead, a freshly lit cigarette clenched passionately between his lips.

Suddenly, gesturing wildly toward the television again, Johnny's trademark screech pierced the inner sanctums of my ears.

"This is it! This is it! Turn it up! All the way!" I leaned forward and twisted the volume knob.

On the television, I saw Johnny's twisted face float ethereally across a fiery background. Psychedelic guitar chordings crackled and ricocheted out of the tiny television mono-speaker. It was *Deepness of Your Love*, Johnny's controversial video.

"As you probably already know, this video has taken a lot of heat from concerned parents, and, quite frankly, I don't know what the big deal is. It certainly has boosted record sales, though."

On the video, Johnny was running in place, periodically looking at the camera and lip-syncing the words that thousands of depressed

teenagers across the land knew by heart, "Chase me, chase me, I'll let you catch me." Behind the fleeing superstar were dozens of gingerbread figures, obviously female due to strategic and overly generous applications of dough.

Suddenly, a walloping clank burst forth and Johnny was tumbling over the lip of a huge cavern. Cascading guitar noises followed his plunging body.

"This next part is great. I thought all this up."

On the television, Johnny was no longer falling but was now swimming furiously, and for good reason. All around Johnny were human-sized sperm cells. I looked back to take in Johnny's reaction. He was staring intently at the images on the screen, his beady eyes narrowly focused. I noted that his countenance emanated a prideful glow, perhaps the same type of glow that crossed Michelangelo's visage whenever he stepped inside the Sistine Chapel.—Perhaps.

On the screen now, Johnny was hanging onto the side of what looked like a giant beach ball. With his free hand he was swatting at the marauding sperm that were trying to dislodge him.

"I copied this straight from King Kong. If you compare this to the old black and white movie, you'll notice that my arm movements are exactly like Kong's when he was being attacked by the airplanes. My idea once again." The video proceeded inexorably onward.

The next image that flashed on the tube was of a diaper-clad infant perched on a bar stool. The baby was wearing a World War I German air officer's cap and a silk scarf, two fashion items that Johnny had made popular by sporting them on his last album cover. Clutched in the infant's

hands was a bottle of beer which he promptly drew up to his mouth.

"Not many people know this but Old Milwaukee is my favorite brew," Johnny said. "It was tough getting the kid to bottoms up on cue, but what we did though, is we filled the bottle with apple juice and put a nipple on the end. The nipple was somehow airbrushed out during the final production. Looks real enough."

I didn't know what to say so I didn't say anything. At that moment the girl named Debbie returned.

"Here, my little baby doll,

the bed. Johnny gathered up the disassembled bits, and with stale ashes and bedspread lint adhered to the greasy sausage, shoved the unappetizing item into his mouth.

"What do you think?" Johnny asked, his mouth a maelstrom of saliva and crumbs. "Absolutely fantastic video, right? I mean it has such an edge to it. It's really just there. I think it's one of the most important videos ever made."

I fidgeted in the chair and thought about what I had just seen. It was an interesting video and I kind of liked it. But, of course, I couldn't say that. I looked at my notes. I certainly had enough to write something good, but I wanted something great. Quickly, I made up my mind to take the initiative. I had a plan, a beautiful plan; so beautiful I wished I could have stepped out of my body just to watch it unfold.

"Before I offer my opinion," I said, "may I first turn off the television?" Without waiting for an answer I leaned forward and pushed in the off/on switch. The picture distorted a bit as it tried desperately to cling to life, then faded. The room was silent.

"I thought the video sucked." The words lingered in the air.

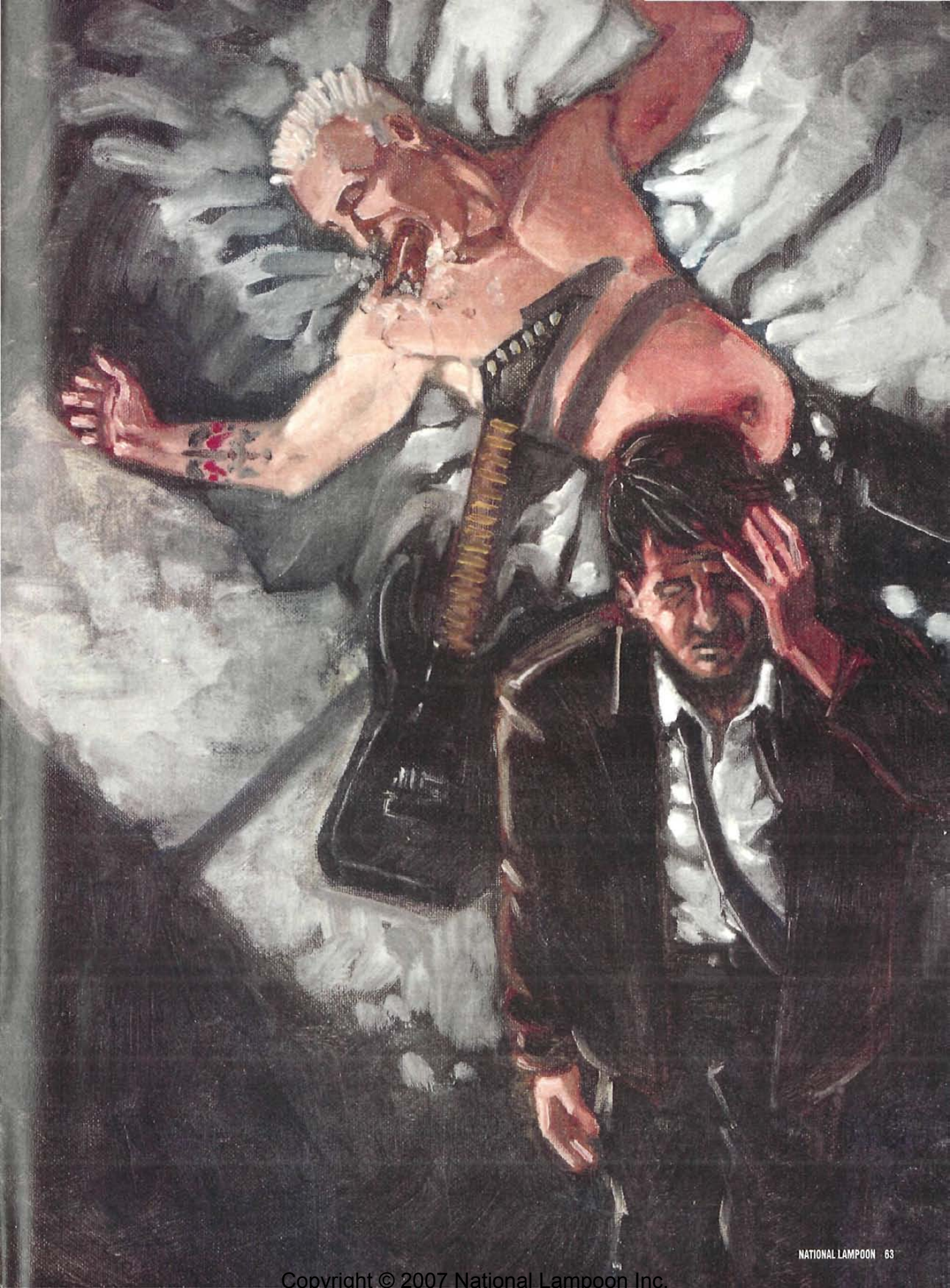
"Yeah, it's really tremendous, a visual A-bomb," he said. "I really amaze myself with my own brilliance. I've already got some definite ideas for the next video, *My Pregnant Helium Girl*. It will really make people think about

things that perhaps they haven't given much...." I could almost see the whirring gears seize up in Johnny's head as he put the brakes to his racing mind. They were beginning to accelerate in reverse direction.

"You thought what?!" he howled.

*"... Johnny was running
in place, periodically
looking at the camera and
lipsyncing the words that
thousands of depressed
teenagers across
the land knew by heart..."*

catch!" In one quick motion she tossed the McMuffin and then promptly left the room in a swirl of black lace and leather, the door slamming behind her. The flying McMuffin sailed between Johnny's outstretched hands and bounced off his face, shedding free from its wrapper and flying apart when it hit



"Let me explain," I said. "I know that defining and judging art is a subjective process, and so bear in mind that this is only my subjective opinion, but I thought the video sucked." I began pacing the room and the words kept flowing.

"The graphics were certainly state of the art, but then again, all videos these days are state of the art. At times I thought the video was funny, but overall the storyline was meaningless and a bit juvenile and...I surmise that the drinking infant was meant to symbolize you? And after you grow up, you get chased again and then fall into the womb to father yourself a rock n' roll Mobius strip? I thought it was pretty stupid, actually."

Johnny just stared at me, his eyes narrowing, the shocking spiked hair standing on end like the hackles of a rabid dog. Then his face distorted and his mouth opened. I did a quick mental calculation to judge the time that it would take before the sound blast would reach me.

"Are you out of your goddamn mind?!!!!" He began swinging his head savagely back and forth, looking for something solid and life-threatening. He reached for his half-finished beer and hurled it. Fortunately his pitching was weak and the bottle sailed over my head and shattered against the wall, Old Milwaukee still flying everywhere.

"Do you think that you can say those things to me? Do you think that you'll ever work again?" I gave him a sly smile. The flying bottle startled me but I didn't want to seem perturbed. I gave him another sly smile. I wanted him confused but not enraged. I felt like a fighter in the ring. I was jabbing, keeping him off-balance, setting him up.

"Here's what I think, Johnny. I think Jim Morrison was a lousy poet but a great alcoholic. I think Paulabonna would stroke an

ostrich during half-time of the Super Bowl if it would make her more money. I think Johnny Vid is a puny punk brat who has never once in his life had an original or positive thought. For the last two hours all I've heard pass from your venomous lips are expletives concerning how hard your life is, or self-conceited remarks about your purported genius." He sat there in the bed looking stupid. I went on.

"I really think you're the most unbelievably fortunate human on the planet. You're a lottery winner. You have no talent yet you live a life that most people would kill for!" I stopped and studied my quarry.

Johnny didn't say anything right away. He was too disoriented, too stressed. Instead he reached back into the night stand and pulled out another beer. I smiled because I knew he would. He was just like the baby in the video; Old Milwaukee was his security blanket. He had played right into my hands. Opening it, he took a swig.

In a flash I had Johnny's Les Paul Custom Super Deluxe in my hands and was swinging it towards him. I saw fear in his eyes, the fear of annihilation. The guitar hit the bottle flush on the bottom with sickening force, knocking his head violently backwards into the headboard. The concussion from the blow knocked him out and he slumped over to the side with the bottle wedged tightly between his teeth. The volatile beer was spewing into Johnny's gaping mouth and bubbles of foam soon expanded out of his nose. His chest began convulsing as his lungs tried to draw in oxygen; his ribs strained against the skin trying to escape, trying but not succeeding.

It was all over in just a few minutes. Johnny stared with vacant eyes. I quickly went to the door and locked it. I then walked over to Johnny's twitching body and with

an abrupt motion, pulled the bottle from his mouth. I dragged his body to the bathroom and flopped it on top of the white porcelain bowl. I lowered the seat like a gentleman and stood back. It looked good.

The rest, I'm sure you knowabout. The news of Johnny Vid's death affected a lot of people. It was such a tragedy: sex, drugs, and rock n' roll claims another victim. Immediately after the incident there were numerous copy-cat suicides and bodies of distraught fans were turning up in bathrooms all across America. The record company in a gesture of remembrance and sorrow released a Johnny Vid Tribute album, a compilation of hit singles and B-sides within the month.

I, of course, was very fortunate. The novelty of being the last person to speak with the now legendary rocker made me a celebrity of sorts which I capitalized to the hilt via a book deal and a made-for-TV movie. I was financially set so there was no need to keep my second job at the fish cannery. God! I hated that place. The interview itself was published in *Gather Moss* and it was good, though not good enough to be considered Willmann Prize material. That didn't bother me too much.

A macabre side-story is that in accordance to Johnny's wishes, his body was flown to Portland, his hometown and placed in a heart-shaped glass coffin. It was then put on display at his home in a hastily built mausoleum where an amazing hundred-thousand mopish fans showed up in the first week alone. Unfortunately, the glass coffin was not constructed completely air-tight and within a week there was a thin layer of white fuzz covering the surface of his body. By the end of the month this fuzz had proliferated until it filled the entire heart-shaped box. Not what Johnny had in mind I'm sure. In a way I felt bad.

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JULY 1968

GREAT IDEA TO SKIP SCHOOL AGAIN AND GO FISHIN'?



I TELL YA.... SCHOOL IS FOR CHUMPS AND I AIN'T NO CHUMP NO CHUMP NO JUMP

TODAY PRESIDENT JOHNSON ANNOUNCED A CALL FOR A HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE TROOPS....



NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!

OCTOBER 1968



MOVE IT, SOJER! YOU'RE HOLDING UP THE REST OF THE MEN!



NO GOLD PAVEMENTS... TIRED STAIRS

BLOOP!



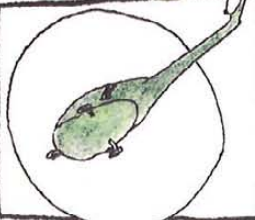
NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE? I'M WOUNDED!

HOW WHITE MY SHIRTS CAN



SIR, ACCORDING TO THIS CHART, WE'RE AT THE WRONG DROP-OFF POINT. WE'RE RIGHT ABOVE STRONG ENEMY POSITIONS!

PILOT! GET US THE HELL OUTTA HERE!



BUT STEP-DA-DA'S NO COWARD!

EAT LEAD, COMMIES!

CAUGHT-HER-MESSIN' - THAT AIN'T TOO COOL



SUDDENLY.... A BURMESE PYTHON!

GOD THEY'RE EVERYWHERE

SING RABBITS AND GOING-TO-FALL



TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

MM PH...

DESPITE THE ANNOYING DIGESTIVE JUICES OF THE GIANT SERPENT, STEP-DA-DA COULDN'T ASK FOR A BETTER HIDING PLACE.

REMEMBER HER INTO YOUR HEART-THEN YOU

Step-Da-Da
by RJ IRELAND

SOMEBODY SPOKE AND I WENT INTO A DREAM. HEY! I LIKE THAT!

the fish hunter
in TECHNOCOLOR

STEP-DA-DA SEARCHES FOR HIS COMRADES.

LUCKY-LITTLE-LADY-IN THE-CITY-OF-LIGHT
...OR JUST ANOTHER LOST ANGEL?

STEP-DA-DA COMES TO A BEAUTIFUL BEACH.

THE WHIRRING BEARS OF A BRILLIANT MIND.

DREAMS OF LOST SUMMERS, FISHING ON THE BANKS OF THE MIGHTY SABINE.

SITTING AT THE DOCK-BY

AN EXPERT FISHERMAN, STEP-DA-DA IS CONSTANTLY AWARE OF HIS POSITION IN RELATION TO THE SUN.

HE KNOWS A MOVING-SHADOW CAST ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER WILL FRIGHTEN WARY FISH.

STEP-DA-DA GETS THE DROP ON THE INTRUDER.

DAMN YOU, STRANGER! WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW? WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST MINDED YOUR OWN BUSINESS?!

DON'T SHOOT, G.I. ME NO V.C.!

THE SUN CONSUMES ITSELF IN THE ASIAN SKY WHILE LIFE AND DEATH DANCE TO THE WHIMS OF HUMAN REASON. STEP-DA-DA, THE POOR PLAYER, FRET'S ON THE HOT BEACH. HIS FINGER TWITCHES. DOES ANYTHING MATTER?

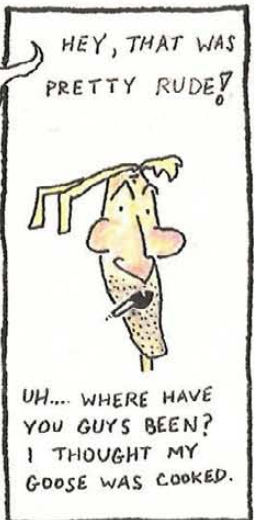
NO V.C. MY ASS! LISTEN BUD, I'M GONNA GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE. GRAB A SEAT AND A WORM AND PRETEND YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT BASEBALL.

THANK YOU, G.I. ME FISH GOOD, YOU SEE? ME KNOW MARILYN DIMAGGIO!

SUDDENLY!



GOD!
THAT FELT
GREAT!



HEY, THAT WAS
PRETTY RUDE!



UH... WHERE HAVE
YOU GUYS BEEN?
I THOUGHT MY
GOOSE WAS COOKED.



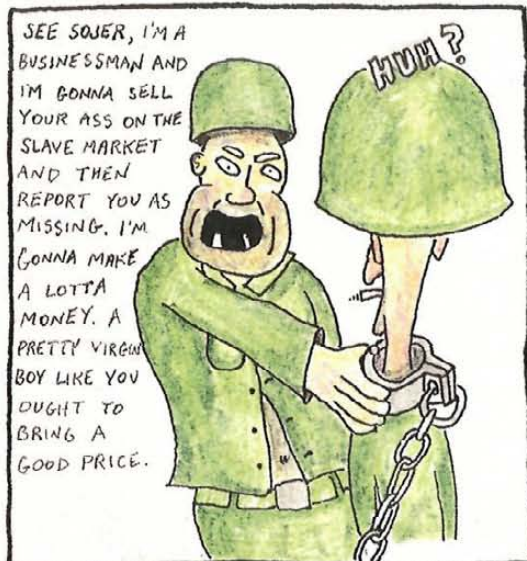
AFTER YOU JUMPED,
WE ENCOUNTERED
HEAVY GROUNDFIRE.
THE OTHERS WANTED
TO LEAVE YOU BUT
I DECIDED TO
COME BACK.



LEAVE ME, HUH?
WELL, YOU SAVED MY
LIFE, SERGEANT JUDAS.
A DA-DA NEVER
FORGETS A GOOD TURN.

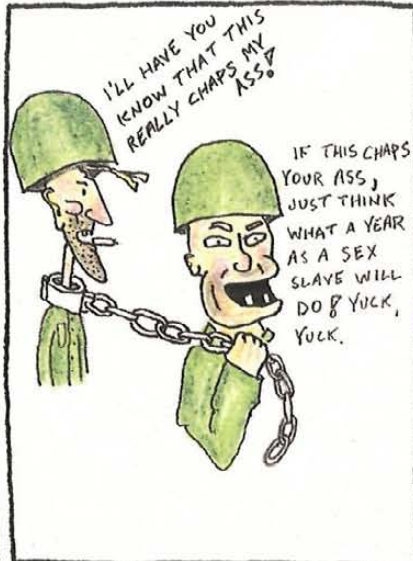


YUCK, YUCK.
YOU'RE A FUNNY GUY!
I DIDN'T COME BACK
TO SAVE YOU. I DON'T
GIVE A SHIT ABOUT YOU.



SEE SOJER, I'M A
BUSINESSMAN AND
IM BONNA SELL
YOUR ASS ON THE
SLAVE MARKET
AND THEN
REPORT YOU AS
MISSING. I'M
GONNA MAKE
A LOTTA
MONEY. A
PRETTY VIRGIN
BOY LIKE YOU
OUGHT TO
BRING A
GOOD PRICE.

HOW?



I'LL HAVE YOU
KNOW THAT THIS
REALLY CHAPS MY
ASS!

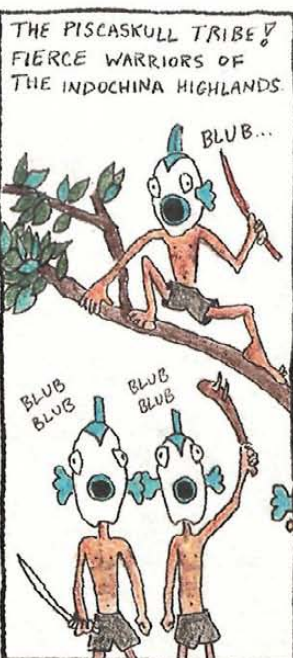
IF THIS CHAPS
YOUR ASS,
JUST THINK
WHAT A YEAR
AS A SEX
SLAVE WILL
DO & YUCK,
YUCK.



EXTREMELY
DEADLY
PUNJI
TRAP!



STEP-DA-DA'S DISH-
LIKE EARS DETECT
FAINT RUSTLINGS.

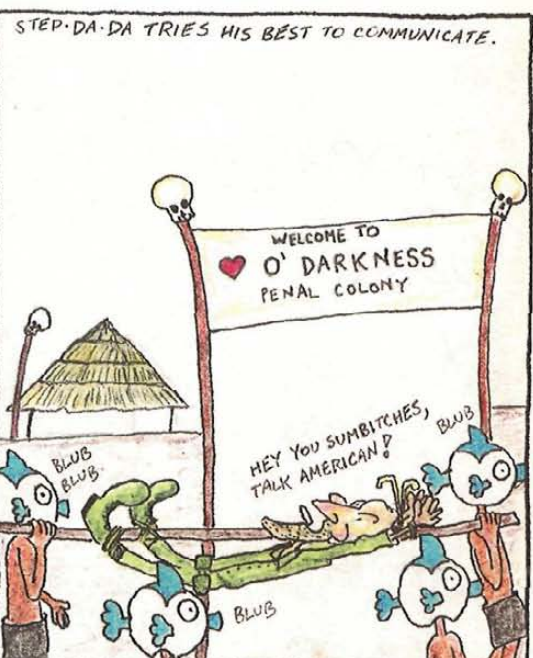


THE PISCASKULL TRIBE
OF FIERCE WARRIORS OF
THE INDOCHINA HIGHLANDS

BLUB...

BLUB
BLUB

BLUB
BLUB



STEP-DA-DA TRIES HIS BEST TO COMMUNICATE.

WELCOME TO
O' DARKNESS
PENAL COLONY

HEY YOU SUMBITCHES,
TALK AMERICAN?

'ELLO. MY NAME IS LOUIS. WELCOME TO THE COLONY. HOW DO YOU PLEAD?



PLEAD? I JUST GOT HERE. I DON'T PLEAD NUTTIN'!



THEN YOU PLEAD GUILTY AND I SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH? VERY GOOD. COMMANDER HERTZ WILL BE MOST PLEASD. TAKE HIM TO "THE HARROW"!



LISTEN YOU LITTLE FRENCH BASTARD? YOU CAN'T CONDEMN A MAN WHEN HE HASN'T COMMITTED A CRIME!



OH, I ASSURE YOU THAT YOU INDEED COMMITTED A CRIME. YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT IT IS BUT YOU WILL. THE MACHINE WILL CARVE IT INTO YOUR BACK AND THEN IT WILL BE GLORIOUSLY REVEALED.



CARVED IN MY... GODDAMN!

36 HOURS OF INEFFABLE PAIN BEFORE DEATH'S SWEET RELEASE.



A RELIC OF NINETEENTH CENTURY FRENCH IMPERIALISM, THE HARROW IS A MARVEL OF WESTERN TECHNOLOGY. ITS MAIN OPERATING COMPONENT IS A LONG NEEDLE SUSPENDED FROM TWO STEEL RIBBONS. CONTROLLED BY BRASS GEARS AND COGS, THE NEEDLE SWINGS RAPIDLY OVER THE VICTIM'S BACK. SALT WATER DRIPPING FROM A TANK CLEARS THE BLOOD AND FLESH AWAY, PROVIDING A CLEAN SLATE FOR THE HARROW'S SINISTER SCRIPT.



I GET IT. THIS IS A JOKE. HA-HA? YOU CAN LET ME GO NOW.



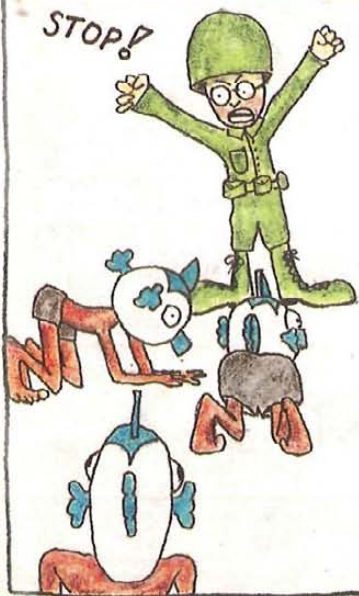
STEP-PA-DA BREAKS DOWN AND DOES SOMETHING MUCH AGAINST HIS NATURE. HE APOLOGIZES. O.K. I'M...UH... S...S... I'M SOR... UH... I'M SORRY, GODDAMMIT!



HERTZ? HERTZ? HERTZ? HERTZ?

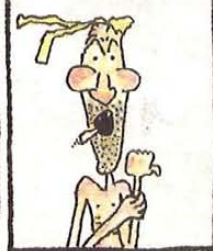


STOP!



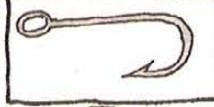
CLICK

JESUS H. CHRIST? THAT WAS CLOSE? SO YOU'RE HERTZ.



ACTUALLY, THE NAME'S HERZOWSKI. ANYWAY... WOW? GOOD THING I GOT HERE. YOU WERE ABOUT TO BE HARROWED. YOU MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING REALLY BAD.

LISTEN, LET'S KEEP THIS HERTZ THING TO OURSELVES. O.K.? I DON'T WANT MY PARENTS TO FIND OUT. IT WOULD BREAK MY DEAR MUM'S HEART. HERE'S YOUR SHIRT. DO YOU NEED.....



A HOOK? DO YOU MURDER FISH?!

WELL, UH... YES... I MEAN NO? I MEAN I OBEY ALL SIZE LIMIT LAWS... UH...

THIS ENDS STEP-PA-DA'S FIRST DAY IN THE NAM. LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT HIS SECOND DAY WILL BE WORSE!

THE SONG FRAGMENT IN PANELS OF PAGE 2 IS LA.WOMAN BY THE DOORS, RELEASED IN 1971. WE APOLOGIZE FOR THIS ANACHRONISM. ALL OTHER SONGS ARE PRE-DATED OCTOBER 1968.

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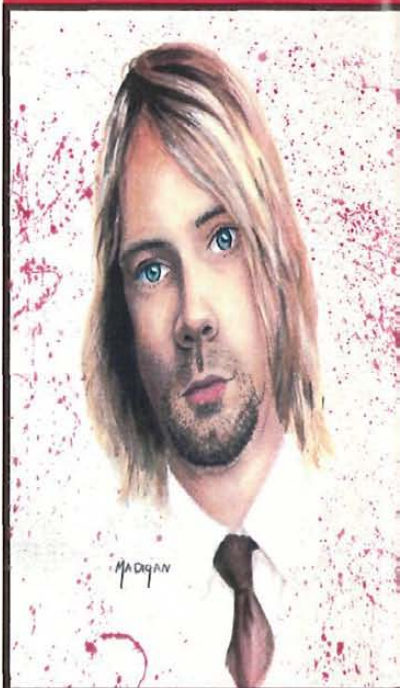
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**ONE
HILARIOUS
YEAR
(6 ISSUES)**



“This magazine always makes me laugh.”

Al Core

“I wish I had renewed my Subscription to National Lampoon!”

Kurt Cobain

NOW YOU CAN ATTACK PLAQUE FROM ALL SIDES.

Today, the biggest cause of tooth loss in America isn't cavities, it's gum disease caused by plaque. In fact, nearly 75% of adults over 35 have some form of gum disease.

Most Americans are aware that brushing their teeth regularly is essential to good oral hygiene. But most don't practice the proper technique and fail to reach the hard-to-get areas between teeth and under the gumline, where plaque can build up.

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Clinical tests show that Oralgene is more effective at removing plaque than the leading manual toothbrush and superior to Interplak in cleaning the lingual areas of the molars, one of the most plaque prone areas of the mouth. Oralgene is safe, easy to use and highly recommended for all ages.

Because Oralgene cleans teeth and gums automatically, everyone, including children (even those with braces) and

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Automatic thumb-press speed switch.

Easy-grip, cordless power handle is molded of heat-resistant ABS plastic for durability.

NEW! Manual switch.

Battery Pack attaches for easy traveling purposes and provides two weeks of regular brushing before recharging is required.

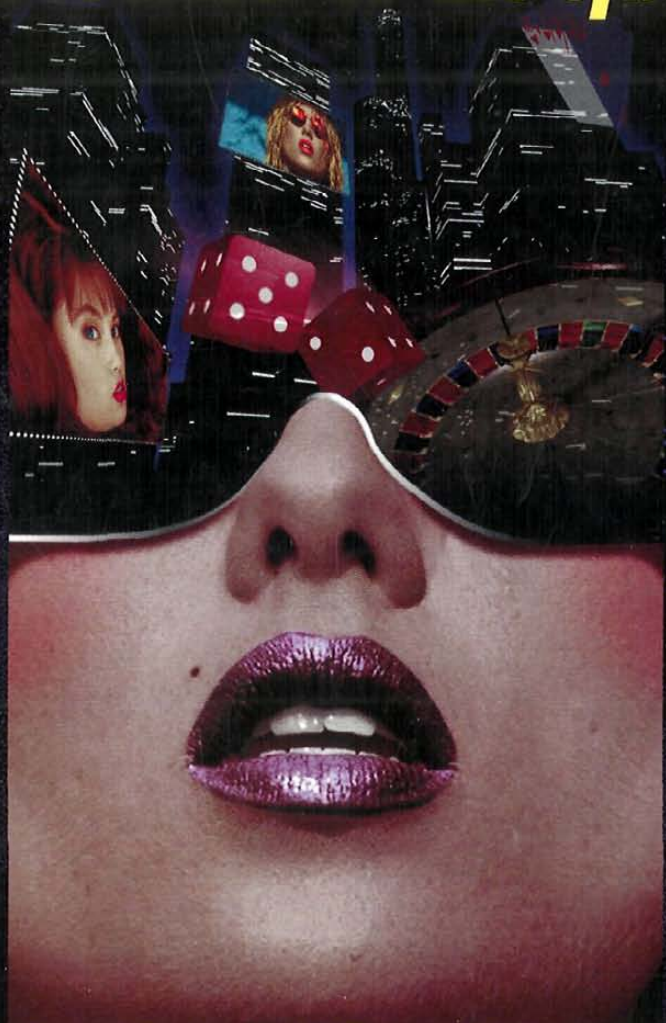


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