

ENTER
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CONTEST

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NATIONAL LAMPOON



WHACK!

**SHE
WENT
FOR
THE
GOLD!**



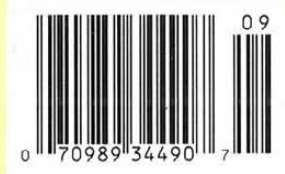
TONYA
HARDLY
BIG LOSER
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LENORA
BABBITT
HUMAN GINZU
35985019

SLICE!

**SHE
WENT
FOR
THE
JEWELS!**



U.S. \$3.95 CANADA \$4.95
Sept/Oct 1994 £ 2.50

ATTACK
OF THE
5 FT. 2 WOMEN

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POINT/COUNTER POINT

WITH

CHRISSIE HYNDE
OF THE
PRETENDERS

VS.

BOBBY GILLESPIE
OF
PRIMAL SCREAM

THIS WEEK, THE PANTYROSE ISSUE:

BOBBY:

"I LIKE DRESSING UP LIKE A WOMAN AS MUCH AS THE NEXT GUY, BUT IT'S GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THE MUSIC."

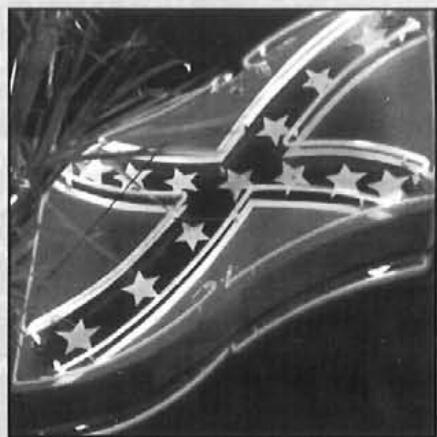
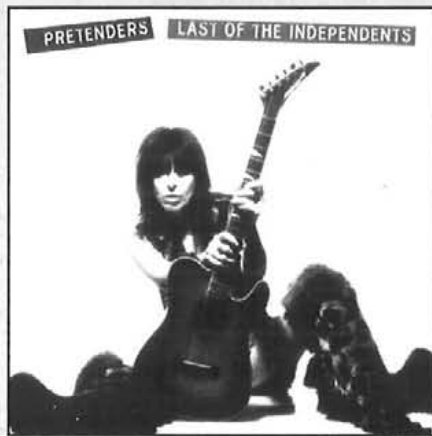
CHRISSIE:

"SHAVE YOUR LEGS, FOR CHRISSAKES!"

CONFUSED? THIS IS AN AD, REMINDING YOU TO GET OFF THE TOILET, PUT ON YOUR SHOES AND RUN OUT TO BUY THE NEW PRETENDERS ALBUM—LAST OF THE INDEPENDENTS, FEATURING YOUR NEW FAVORITE SONGS: "NIGHT IN MY VEINS" AND "I'LL STAND BY YOU"—AND/OR THE NEW PRIMAL SCREAM ALBUM—GIVE OUT BUT DON'T GIVE UP, FEATURING YOUR OTHER NEW FAVORITE SONGS: "ROCKS" AND "JAILBIRD."

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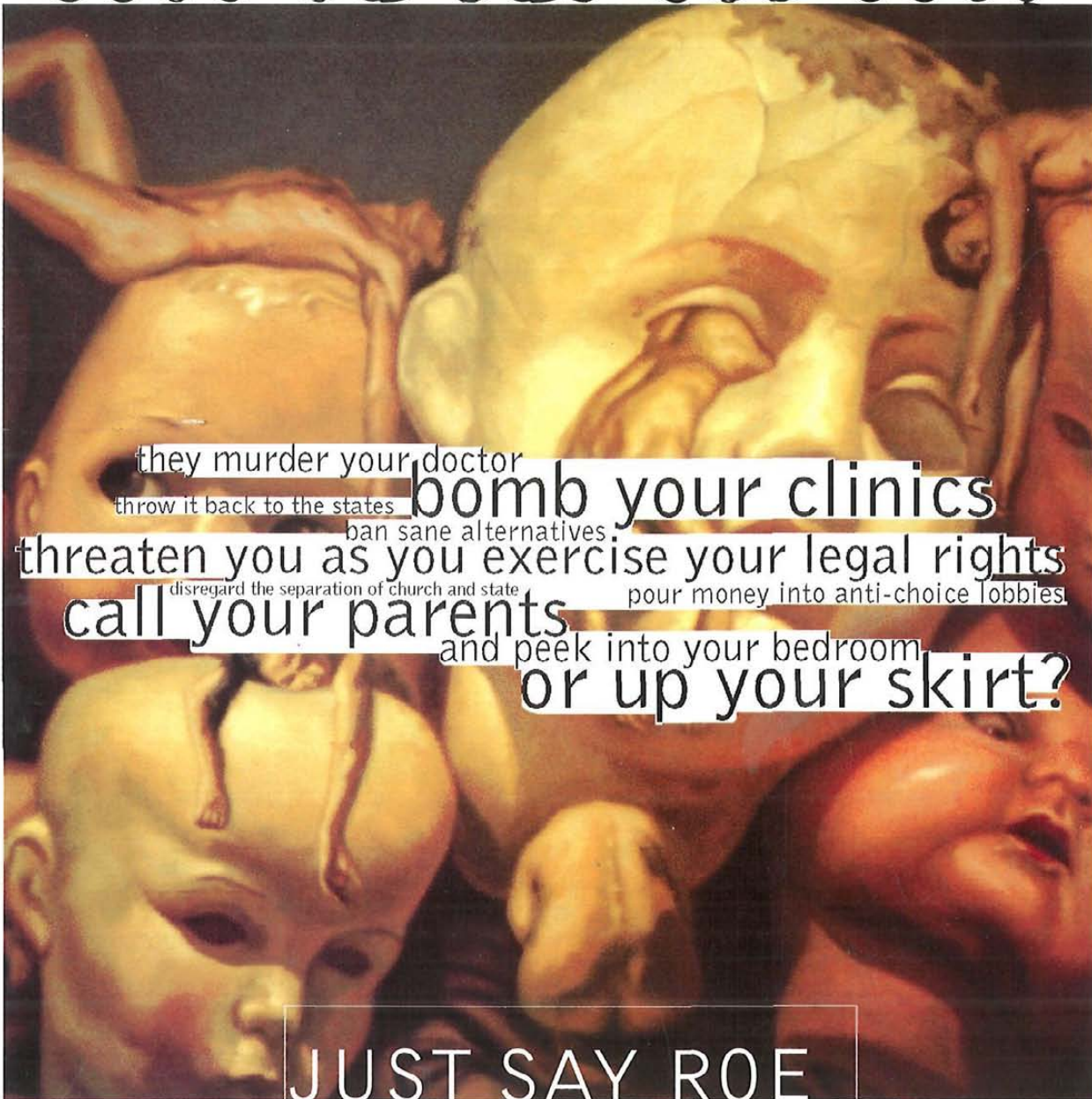


P.S. BOBBY'S QUOTE IS TOTALLY TAKEN OUT OF CONTEXT FROM NME AND CHRISSIE'S COMES FROM MOUTH2MOUTH.



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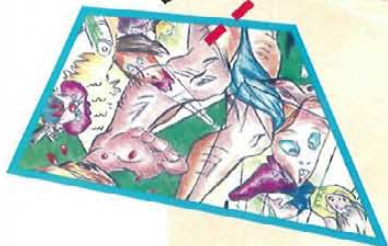
NARAL (National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League), 1156 15th Street, Suite 700, Washington, DC 20005





E.M. MADIGAN

PEANUT HEAVEN	12
WAKE UP AMERICA INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING	18
HOE A FETISH AMISH MAGAZINE	25
JOB'S PEOPLE HAVE	31
JULIE BROWN ATTACK OF THE 5'2" WOMEN	35
O.J. TIME INVESTIGATION & CONTEST	38
TOUGH SCAPE A NICK SKORPIO ADVENTURE	41
TRUE FACTS / SIGNED PHOTOS	50
ROOMMATES	54
STEP DA-DA	65



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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS AND ARTISTS: JULIE BROWN, PAUL MAURO, CHARLIE COFFREY, TONY GLEESON, AL BERMAN, FRANK COTHAM, FRED H. THOMAS, PATRICK HARDIN, STEVE ALEXANDER, BEN WILSON, TODD SCHWARTZ, BARRY LANK, PATRICK ABEDIN, SPARKY CHERVITZ, JEFF PILL, WILLIE HARPER, FRANK NUNZIATA, LANCE ANDERSON, CHRIS BONNO, MITCH ADLER, MATT JACOBSEN, LANCE NORRIS
CARTOON EDITOR: DAVID SHELTON
MODELS: CHARLOTTE HASSETT, ERIC EDWARDS, DAVE C. GARRETT, HARMON LEON
PHOTOGRAPHY: SCOTT WOLFINGTON (INCLUDING COVER)
COVER: JULIE BROWN & JULIE BROWN (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT)

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LETTERS...

FROM THE EDITORS



Sirs:
Jackie O. is dead? Oh dear, was Ted driving?

Rose Kennedy
Waking from her nap

Sirs:
Uh, is this thing on?...(Tap, Tap, Tap)..Listen, don't drink the brown Snapple... it won't kill you or nothing, it just doesn't taste particularly good.

Woodstock '94
Be there, live on MTV!!

Sirs:
Good thing it wasn't my blood on that glove. I sure wouldn't want to be in O.J.'s shoes

Magic Johnson
No longer "America's Most Dangerous Black Athlete"

Sirs:
To tell you the truth, I never trusted that ape to begin with.

Howard Cosell

Sirs:
Tom Hanks will probably get an Oscar for remaking a classic movie that I never get my due credit for.

Steve Martin
Still "The Jerk"

Sirs:
Now that it's been 25 years, I guess I can admit that it was me who was passing out the brown acid. We can laugh about it now, right?

Forrest Gump

Sirs:
God, has it really been twenty-five years!? Gee, I guess it has! Wow, talk about bringing back nostalgia.

Charles Manson
Getting ready for parole

Sirs:
Well, I hate to be an "I told you so," but remember all the stuff I said about inter-racial marriages?

Rush Limbaugh

Sirs:
Twenty-five years ago this month we sent a famous white man to the moon on live television. Why not celebrate the anniversary by sending a famous black man to the gas chamber on live television?

NBC
Always looking ahead

Sirs:
We've realized that what we've done is wrong. Please put us out of our misery.

Corey Feldman & Corey Haim
Handcuffed together at the top of the Empire State Building

Sirs:
I've always felt that it is inhumane to force people to suffer through life when they are experiencing physical pain and torment, but watching that latest Penny Marshall film! I mean, man that really sucked!

Jack Kervorkian
Trying to get out more

Sirs:
Sorry, but you were too old and un-hip to perform at the last one. What the hell makes you think we're going to let you on stage now?

Woodstock '94 Executives
Dealing with Tony Bennett

Sirs:
O.K., so my last few movies have sucked. Well don't fret, I still have a bunch of things to make you feel guilty about.

Oliver Stone

Sirs:
Now that I think about it, I'm not so sure I want to be in the new "Batman" movie either. Count me out.

Batman

Sirs:

For our next album, we're putting out a set of covers of our favorite '40s and '50s big band tunes.

Axl Rose
Getting lazy after "The Spaghetti Incident"

Sirs:

And then, for our next next album, we're putting out a set of covers of our own songs.

Axl Rose
Getting really, really lazy

Sirs:

I was just wondering if James Cameron might do me a small favor and direct my next film. It shouldn't take more than a few months. I already have a script ready to go and everything.

John McTiernan
Director of "Last Action Hero"

Sirs:

In all honesty, I have no idea what a "Tallyman" is, nor why he would want to "tally me bananas." It's a mystery.

Harry Belafonte

Sirs:

Hey, guys. I luv your mag. I think it's hip, phat, funky, fresh, fly, cool, chill, dope, rad. Ouch, I think I just pulled something.

Young Reader OD'ing on street slang

Sirs:

Okay, you'll take \$600 for this film and like it.

Porn producer
To grown-up Macaulay Culkin

Sirs:

Okay. Here's what we do: Some guy is stalking this woman. He catches her and kills her. He looks at the camera and pops a Mentos. Freeze Frame.

The People at Mentos
Clueless as Ever

Sirs:

Hey, first I found out that the letters in Penthouse aren't real. Now, I am starting to suspect that these letters aren't real.

Willie Harper

Sirs:

Despite all the precautions we took to insure that nothing was destroyed or lost in the explosions, there were still some casualties. All we did end up losing was an interesting plot. But, we got by.

Director
"Blown Away"

Sirs:

I have a great idea for my next movie. A sperm gets lost in some fallopian tubes and is chased around by three wacky mean sperms out to catch him. The movie is a series of slapstick wackiness as the bad guys get beat up by our unsuspecting hero. The kids love it.

John Hughes
Taking "Baby's Day Out" one step beyond

Sirs:

Throughout my life, I saved my shaven body hair in jam jars. If you are in anyways interested, please contact me.

Richie Dingman
San Francisco, CA

Sirs:

She's ethnic. She's got a grating voice, and she's annoying as hell. Well, people love that ethnic stuff. (I love pasta and Mexican food).

Producer about to hire
Rosie Perez

Sirs:

For my next film, I'll spoof horror films... No, I did that. Westerns...no! Star Wars...no! Hitchc...no! Homeless people...no! Homeless people? Robin Hood... Shit, somebody help me.

Mel Brooks

Sirs:

My next book is going to be about a German Shepherd who sees something he shouldn't have. Then, the Mob chases him around for the rest of the book. And then he figures out a way to get out of it "his way". That'll be \$2 million please.

John Grisham
Taking the easy way out

Sirs:

Let's make a movie about a guy who makes movies about one-joke sketches from his television comedy show.

Lorne Michaels

Sirs:

I've got a new album of blues covers coming out in the fall. Now if I can just find another kid to push off my balcony so I can sell a million more sympathy records, er, I mean, I'll have to launch a publicity tour and do another MTV Unplugged! Very soon.

Eric Clapton

Sirs:

I've tried all those fad diets. They just don't work. Now I'm going with the big guns. The flesh-eating virus. I mean, I could lose weight fast. Nobody will make fun of me anymore. I'll get roles that were previously reserved for thin women. I'll start my own diet plan. Yeah, that's it. The Flesh-Eating Virus Diet. I'll make millions.

Rosie O'Donnell

At Shakey's Pizza for one last fling with the all-you-can-eat bar

Sirs:

You're certainly right. I've learned that it's just a game and I shouldn't take it so seriously. I mean, life is too short to worry over mistakes. Yes, waiter. I'll have Especial Number 2. Hey, what are those guys doing with guns and why are they running over here screaming, Autogoal! Autogoal!?

Andres Escobar

Having his last meal

Sirs:

Mars in ten years? Hell, no! I'm talking pluto in five. Gotta go big, see how that works? Dawg cain't piss on a hydrant if he don't aim high, now can he?

Ross Perot

Hot on the '96 campaign trail

Sirs:

Instead of focusing on O.J. Simpson, we should be focusing on the real victims here: the people who had to miss a week's worth of soap operas while the hearings were on.

Marcia Clark

During one of her useless, rambling closing arguments

Sirs:

After listening to Mr. Bob Shapiro's lengthy speech about the defendant's personal rights and the presumption of innocence, I am beginning to feel much better.

Nicole Brown Simpson

Sirs:

The one lesson that I think we all learned in this case: If somebody leaves personal belongings at your place of business and wants you to go out of your way to bring it to them, you tell them to go to hell. Or at least send somebody who's expendable.

Ronald Lyle Goldman

Sirs:

You want to know how Rosie O'Donnell will go from playing fat roles to thin roles in my upcoming new Star Wars epics. I'll tell you: Digital Technology.

George Lucas

Sirs:

She wanted it all the time. I didn't force myself on her. She was like, "Show me your little yodeling mountain climber," so I did. She kept saying, "Higher! Higher!" and the "Hole-in-One" game, it was her favorite.

Bob Barker

Coming on Down

Sirs:

I have devised a polling question to reduce the population: All those who refer to Jethro Tull as "he," as in "He puts on a great show," will be shot. Uriah Heep can also be used.

An angry Camaro-driving classic-rock fan

Sirs:

All these athletes cry over astroturf ruining their knees. But it's doing murder to my fingernails

Jimmy Hoffa

East Rutherford, N.J.

Slowly making his way to the surface



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

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- NOVEMBER 1972 / Decadence
- DECEMBER 1972 / Easter Issue
- MAY 1973 / Fraud
- JUNE 1973 / Violence
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- SEPTEMBER 1973 / Life Parody
- OCTOBER 1973 / Banana Issue
- NOVEMBER 1973 / Sports
- DECEMBER 1973 / Self-indulgence
- MAY 1974 / Fiftieth Anniversary
- JULY 1974 / Dessert
- AUGUST 1974 / Isolationism & Tooth Care
- SEPTEMBER 1974 / Old Age
- NOVEMBER 1974 / Critics
- OCTOBER 1975 / Collector's Issue
- JANUARY 1976 / Secret Issue
- FEBRUARY 1976 / Artists and Models
- MARCH 1976 / In Like a Lion
- APRIL 1976 / Olympic Sports
- MAY 1976 / Unwanted Foreigners
- AUGUST 1976 / Summer Sex
- SEPTEMBER 1976 / The Latest Issue
- OCTOBER 1976 / The Funny Pages
- NOVEMBER 1976 / Is Democracy Fixed?
- DECEMBER 1976 / Selling Out
- JANUARY 1977 / Surefire Issue
- FEBRUARY 1977 / JFK Reinaugural
- MARCH 1977 / Science and Technology
- APRIL 1977 / Ripping the Lid off TV
- JUNE 1977 / Careers
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- AUGUST 1977 / Cheap Thrills
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- OCTOBER 1977 / All Beetles
- NOVEMBER 1977 / Lifestyles
- DECEMBER 1977 / Christmas in December
- JANUARY 1978 / The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978 / Spring Fascism in Preview
- MARCH 1978 / Crime and Punishment
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- AUGUST 1980 / Anxiety
- SEPTEMBER 1980 / The Past
- OCTOBER 1980 / Aggression
- NOVEMBER 1980 / Potpourri
- DECEMBER 1980 / Fun Takes a Holiday
- FEBRUARY 1981 / Sin

- MARCH 1981 / Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981 / Chaos
- MAY 1981 / Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981 / Romance
- JULY 1981 / Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981 / Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981 / Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981 / Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981 / TV and Why It Sucks
- DECEMBER 1981 / What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982 / Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982 / The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982 / Food Fight
- APRIL 1982 / Failure
- MAY 1982 / Crime
- JUNE 1982 / Do It Yourself
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- SEPTEMBER 1982 / Hot Sex!
- OCTOBER 1982 / O.C. and Strigs
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- DECEMBER 1982 / E.T. Issue
- JANUARY 1983 / The Top Stories of 1983
- FEBRUARY 1983 / Raging Controversy
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- MAY 1983 / The South Seas
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- JULY 1983 / Vacation!
- AUGUST 1983 / Science and Bad Manners
- SEPTEMBER 1983 / Big Anniversary Issue
- OCTOBER 1983 / Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983 / No Score
- DECEMBER 1983 / Holiday Jeers

- JANUARY 1984 / Time Parody Issue
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- MARCH 1985 / The Best of Fifteen Years
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- MAY 1986 / Sports
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- OCTOBER 1987 / Back to School
- DECEMBER 1987 / Woman of the Year
- FEBRUARY 1988 / Winter Inventory
- APRIL 1988 / Television
- JUNE 1988 / Subliminal Sex
- AUGUST 1988 / Even More True Facts
- OCTOBER 1988 / Sports
- DECEMBER 1988 / Potpourri
- FEBRUARY 1989 / Tyson
- APRIL 1989 / Mediocrity
- JUNE 1989 / Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1989 / Music
- OCTOBER 1989 / Back to College
- DECEMBER 1989 / Gala Party
- FEBRUARY 1990 / Conspiracy
- APRIL 1990 / Spring Break '90
- JUNE 1990 / Special Lust Issue
- AUGUST 1990 / Annual True Facts Issue
- OCTOBER 1990 / Special Underachiever Issue
- DECEMBER 1990 / The Best of 1970-1990
- FEBRUARY 1991 / The Humor Issue
- MARCH 1991 / Gauchol!
- APRIL 1991 / The New World Order
- MAY 1991 / Spend More Money!
- JUNE 1991 / Big Screen
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THE HOLLY

Word is that **Robert Deniro's** Manhattan based Tribeca Studios is going bust-literally. Originally conceived as a haven for young film-makers, Bobby D. has decided to turn the studio into an upscale whorehouse. "People don't care what young film-makers have to say anymore," says Deniro. "They want to get laid." Bingo, Bobby.... Who was that tyke tagging along with **Mel Gibson** at Liz Taylor's AIDS benefit last month? "Oh, he's not mine," explains Mel. "I swiped him at the mall while his mother had her back turned." But parents and fans of Gibson don't have to worry, Mel says he usually returns the kids after a couple of months.... How does someone with as little talent as **Valerie Bertinelli** continue landing TV roles? "I have no idea," says her agent.... Insiders say that **Paul Newman** is still sending a single rose to wife Joanne Woodward's grave each day. When a nosy reporter informed Newman that Woodward was still alive, Newman snapped, "You tabloid guys never know when to stop, do you!.... You would think **Jean Claude Van Damme** would still be crying in his wine over his recent break-up with supermodel Elle McPherson. Not so, says Jean, "I've had it with supermodels, none of them have any tits.".... Time waits for no one, just ask **Sophia Loren**. Once the most beautiful woman in Hollywood, if not the world, Sophia, 90, has been cast in an upcoming Steven King movie- as a corpse. Insiders say that King was searching for someone who "looked the part".... Word is that **Brooke Shields** is suing her plastic surgeon for botching her breast enhancement surgery. "Brooke is having enough problems getting parts without having to explain why her right breast is shaped like the Pentagon," says Brooke's mom. Imagine **Meryl Streep's** surprise when the American Film Institute presented her with a 13 inch vibrator as a Special Achievement Award. "Finally, a trophy that will do more than just collect dust on my fireplace," laughed Streep.... Funny man **Andrew Dice Clay** had the crowd in stitches when he secretly slipped arsenic in actress **Susan Sarandon's** drink at a Malibu nightclub recently. Sarandon was immediately rushed to a nearby hospital to have her stomach pumped; she'll be fine, and the prank went so well that the pair has decided to team up for a madcap comedy to be released this fall!.... For the twelfth consecutive year **Ed McMahon** has won the Carmel, California Annual Beer Drinking Contest. But friends of Ed fear he may be losing his touch; moments after drinking twenty-two beers in thirty minutes, he threw up on old pal Johnny Carson.... Hundreds of Hollywood's biggest stars were thrown for a loop last week when they arrived at the funeral for film legend **Jack Lemmon**. "Jack's still alive", announced buddy Walter Matthau. "Try Joanne Woodward's house. I heard she just died"... **Marlon Brando's** fondest memory on the set of "The Godfather?" "Twinkies," says Marlon. "While that runt Pacino was practicing his facial

Whoopie Goldberg prepares for an examination on the set of *Buckwheat: Proctologist*



The big guns were brought in to remove an inflamed testicle of **Arnold Schwarzenegger** after he injured himself doing a stunt during filming of his next blockbuster *False Lies*.



On the set of *The Flintstones*, **Rosie O'Donnell** displays what's left of her career.

On the set of *Thelma and Louise: The Early Years*.



W O O D

E A R



Jim Carey voted by *Women Magazine* as sexiest man in History. But only with Mask.



During filming of the hardcore *Jurassic Pork*, the lead prepares for a fellatio session with perky **Rosie Perez** (not pictured)



Bill Clinton, with cross-dresser pal **Ernest Borgnine**, and pretty boy **Renny Harlin**, tackle a different kind of whitewater at Raging Waters, the first all-gay waterpark.



Jean Claude Van Damme spots a mouse on the set of his latest film, *Hard to Fist*, and jumps to safety. He severely ripped several tendons and his

sphincter muscle in the leap, and still was able to finish the film. However he didn't have his usual bounce in his step. He may not be ready to start filming his next feature next month, *Fistful of Fist*.

expressions in the mirror, I was knee deep in those spongy, cream filled treats!.... **Michael J. Fox** has been cast in the lead in this summer's biography of Macaulay Culkin- and Congressman Newt Gingrich has been cast a Macauley's aggressive dad. "I know Newt has no acting experience", says the film's director, " but we needed someone who is truly a jerk.".... What's homely **Lyle Lovette's** favorite thing about marriage? "Not having to pay for sex is saving me a fortune", says the newlywed. Good for you, Lyle!.... Who was red-hot actress **Julia Roberts** seen erotically dancing cheek to cheek with at two a.m in LA's trendy **Viper Room**? None other than brother **Eric Roberts**. Oops, looks like they made amends! No one tell Lyle... **Kevin Costner** has been spending a lot of time lecturing Los Angeles' inner city youths on the benefits of setting goals and achieving them despite life's obstacles. "I'm a perfect example of what you can accomplish if you have a good attitude," says Kevin. "I've managed to become rich and famous without an ounce of ability!".... Insiders say that being neutered was the best career move **Warren Beatty** has made in years.... How does mega-star **Marisa Tomei** keep her shapely figure? "I induce vomiting after every meal," explains M. T.... Hollywood Ear reporters caught **Danny DeVito** raising a raucous when ride operators at Six Flags denied him entry to a roller coaster due to the height requirement. Hours after unloading a fusillade of expletives at the management, DeVito was seen riding an adorable choo-choo train in the kiddy section with wife **Rhea Perlman**... "A daring departure? Sure it is. What can I say, I fell in love with the script." Said Airplane Star **Robert Hays** on his latest **Cheese Whiz Commercial**.... Will we ever find out what really went down in the O.J. case? Well, stay tuned to your TV to find out. **O.J. Simpson** has agreed to write *and* star in an NBC mini-series based on the recent slaying of his wife. The twist? The former Buffalo Bill insists on doing all his own **stunts**. Go Juice, Go!.... Why does **Mary Hart** have such a penchant for vaginal intercourse? "Beats me!" Laughed the entertainment tonight co-host. "I guess I just find it **enjoyable** and **fulfilling**." A new poll conducted by **People Magazine** has determined that by 1996 1 out of every 2 people will be affected by the **Flesh Eating Virus**... Personality **Shelly Long** was apprehended at the Santa Monica court house and held for observation when the former *Cheers* star reportedly tried to file a restraining order against **herself**... "It's like no other courtroom drama I've ever seen. It's relevant to my people," said Latino political activist **Edward James Olmos** on his latest feature where Olmos will portray **Rico Elandez**, in the true story of a Mexican American who was falsely accused, convicted and sentenced to six months in prison for stealing a forty ounce bottle of malt liquor from an 7-11.



**SURVIVING
THE UNTHINKABLE.**



**DOING
THE UNBEARABLE.**



**WHEN THINKING
TOO MUCH CAN
KILL YOU.**

“Your attention please... We'd like to welcome you aboard Trans-Continental flight #309, non-stop service from Los Angeles to, where the pilot believes to be, Honolulu International Airport. We'll arrive in Oahu in just over four hours. If you have any questions or problems, our friendly courteous staff will be more than happy to hand you your flotation device and point you to the nearest exit. Have a pleasant flight.”

With his fingernails gripped tightly into the arm of the passenger sitting next to him, Alan coached himself on his breathing. An English professor on the mainland, his only fault was that turbulence was a four-letter-word.

The University of Makihakiniwa (n pr nouns' bul) had arranged to fly him out to the medium-sized island to be a guest speaker on the topic of post-mortem misinterpretations of western literature. The business-class flight, hotel, and four days were all paid for. But he had spent most of his life anchored

ean nut eaven

By John Hayes

between sea and shining sea rather than flying over them.

Flying wasn't all that bad to Alan. He had just seen one too many *Airport/Airplane!* movies and read too many novels about plane crashes. He wondered aloud how he didn't want to be just another subject for *Airport '94: The Next Generation*. The man sitting next to him, it turned out, worked for a small movie company in Los Angeles. His name was Rodrigo, and he quickly laughed upon hearing Alan's fear of inspiring a movie-of-the-week. Then in the same motion as tugging on his goatee, he grabbed a pen stuck in his ponytail and jotted down verbatim what Alan had said on a barf-bag taken from the seat pocket in front of him. He then stuck the impromptu notepad into his briefcase.

"Would you like something to drink, sir? Maybe a hot wash cloth?"

Alan jerked his head to find the steward hovering above him.

"We'll be serving lunch in just a few minutes, but you look like you could use something to drink."

Alan scanned the tray which the steward balanced in his right hand. Cola, orange juice, ginger ale, and water, all in miniature bottles or cans. He looked past the curtain which separated the classes, toward the rear of the plane. He saw that they had just begun serving aluminum-foil-wrapped *box o' lunches* some 35 rows back.

"Orange Juice, please." It would be a while before he would get some food in his stomach, so he decided to at least get some sustenance. He didn't know that since he wasn't sitting in herd class, they would bring his meal to him whenever he wanted. With one hand, the steward opened the bottle of orange juice, filled a glass with ice, poured it, grabbed two bags of peanuts, pulled down his tray and arranged it nicely with a cocktail napkin folded to look like a WWI vintage biplane.

"I probably won't finish two bags," said Alan. He began to hand one of the bags back to the steward, but it was intercepted by his next-seat neighbor, Rodrigo.

"You don't get this kind of ser-

vice in coach," Rodrigo advised in an excited whisper. "They usually only let you take one bag. You never know when you're going to need another bag. I got lucky. Coach was filled, so rather than bumping me to another flight, I got the only seat left on the plane and it's right here in business class."

He pointed to Alan's remaining bag of peanuts, "You gonna finish those?"

Alan smiled and nodded his head while putting the bag in his pocket on the side away from Rodrigo.

He sipped his orange juice and rifled through the pocket of the back of the seat in front of him when the plane jerked sharply to the left. Alan was stunned and Rodrigo was now stained. Alan felt scared by the plane, but mysteriously satisfied having spilt his orange juice on his neighbor's shirt.

Everything seemed to justify Alan's reasons for never having stepped on a plane for the past 28 years of his life.

"Your attention please... If you

look out of the left side of the airplane, you should be able to see nothing but miles of ocean. If you look out the right side of the plane, about 6000 miles to the north we'll see the southern tip of Alaska."

The sun shone brightly into his eyes, glimmering from the distant Pacific. The plane jerked once again, this time to the right. Looking back, he saw the stewardess, still some 20 rows behind him, struggle to maintain a prone position next to the meal cart. He also noticed a teenage boy become excited that the turbulence had turned his lap into a temporary seat for the stewardess.

Alan looked outside the window, past Rodrigo and focused on the sun shining off the ocean. But the bright light wasn't from the ocean, nor from the sun. The reflection from the wing illuminated the entire cabin... and then he saw the flames.

"You know..." said Rodrigo while taking down notes on his barf-bag, "outside of Hollywood, no plane has ever survived a crash at sea." He said this apparently unaware that one of the engines had disintegrated at 40,000 feet.

"Is that supposed to happen?" Alan asked as he pressed his index finger up against the window toward the port engine which was

now engulfed in flames. The plane jerked again, this time sending the 3/4-full food cart hurtling down the aisle toward the front of the plane and sending the steward tumbeling backward causing him to spill Alan's beef stroganoff and fresh baked muffin.

Flames on airline engines are not uncommon. But what Alan and the rest of the passengers and crew on flight #309 didn't know was that both extinguishing nozzles near the engine were sealed shut, caked over with seagull droppings. The pilot frantically pressed the extinguish button, but the power of the seagull droppings proved too much for a man-made aircraft to overcome.

The oxygen masks dropped as did the nose of the plane. Had God been required to personally answer all of the people calling his name in prayer or in vain, even He would have been very busy this day.

When he came to, Alan might have laughed, but he was too exhausted. There he sat, on a sandy beach with nothing but water for 360 degrees. Somewhere in the Pacific Ocean, he presumed, there was no one else in sight. No plane. No debris. Just him sitting on an island no bigger than his one-bedroom, single-occupancy apartment in the Valley.

Just him, sand, and lots of salt water. His Dockers were damp, but he had no idea how long he had been on the beach, as his watch had stopped due to water damage some time ago. The whole situation was a cliché. At the same time Alan was amused and terrified of it. Was he dreaming? No. Was he alive? Yes.

He waded around in the shallow water surrounding the island and came up with various items from the plane. Alan was now the proud owner of an airplane seat cushion, an occupied-seat sign, three barf bags, an airline magazine, a TransContinental Airlines "The #1 on-time Airline in the west" ballpoint pen, and a pair of airline headphones.

He sat down admiring his booty. But would anyone ever come? With the seat cushion (also acts as a flotation device) Alan made a large "X" in the sand by dragging the cushion in the dirt.

How was he going to survive? There were no fish and no birds to catch. There weren't any dead bodies floating around that he could eat. But then he wouldn't want to copy the movie *Alive*. He thought about eating his own limbs, but he was sure he read that in a Stephen King novel, or saw it on a Twilight Zone episode. The last thing he wanted was the newspapers to write about a copycat suicide eating his own fingers. That would be far too derivative.

He crouched down on the water's edge and buried his face in his hands. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed something hanging out of his torn pants pocket. He pulled out the still-unopened bag of peanuts. Food! Food! Food! At least he had something to eat, and there was no one else on the island with whom he'd have to share his nuts with. However, he realized that the only thing standing between him and dying was a tiny bag of peanuts.

He yelled, and screamed. But his cries fell upon no ears other than his own. When no one responded, he opened the bag and



attempted to slit his wrists with a wet peanut. Needless to say, he survived.

Over and over he thought to himself that he should have asked for that second bag. For decades, no one had ever been penalized so harshly for failing to take advantage of free peanuts. Now all the nuts in the world were as good as on the bottom of the ocean.

He rationed himself three peanuts and opened up the airline magazine. He fashioned a seat out of mud, and put the headphones on, plugging them deep into the sand.

Flipping through the magazine, he turned to a page of adult corporate yuppie toys. "If you were stranded on a desert island, and could only bring three things, what would you bring," he pretended, playing the game we all play as children. Water and food were never popular choices at age eight as long as Star Wars figures and Matchbox cars were around. It was a good thing that no one important kept tabs on little kids' wishes in case of this situation and actually granted them, or he would be sitting between a die-cast metal Millennium Falcon, his Saturday Night Fever LP record, and his cute 7-year-old neighbor Susie Crabsky. Content with nothing, Alan began to keep a diary by writing on the barf bag. They weren't his real thoughts and feelings which he wrote down, because he feared them being found and making others feel pity for him once his diaries were inevitably made public. Instead he wrote about catching fish, being mentally strong, and knowing in his heart that someone, someday would rescue him.

Instead, he tried a steady diet of mud pies which proved to be high in calcium but low on taste. "I love you but I have to kill you!" he shouted at the mud pies who scarcely returned comment.

His peanut ration went down to two a day, but after three days without salt-free water, Alan tried to reassess his priorities. There

was no sign of any boat, plane, or ship except the sun which mockingly and monotonously rose and set every day.

He looked down at his little toe and salivated. Did he really need it? What if it were to "by accident" fall off? Would he eat it, or would he die? There wasn't any real use for that toe anyway. Would it taste good? Peanuts made him very thirsty, but he had no idea what a toe would do. What about his left pinky? The only time he ever used that was to pick his nose, or unscrew a jar of Snapple.

Out of a small rock, he fashioned a knife, sharpened by grinding it against the calloused heel of his foot.

"No... No... No... They'll find my body and think I'm obsessed with Stephen King novels if I eat myself," he deliriously considered. In that book, he remembered, a doctor was stranded and had to sever various parts of his body for food in order to survive. But where would it end? If he already ate his hands, how would he hold the knife to cut the next thing off.

With all 10 fingers and toes intact, and all the peanuts gone, Alan dreamed of two beautiful island girls bringing him a Big Mac and a supersize orange drink on a silver tray along with his die-cast Millennium Falcon.

He got as far as the special sauce, lettuce and cheese in his mind before his mouth was filled with sand, and his mind stopped working. He removed his contacts, put on his headset, and put his sand-seat into its full upright position and went to sleep forever.

His body was found some days later, with a pointed peanut in one hand, and a mouthful of mud.

Most of the passengers from flight #309 had been saved a few hours after the plane crashed, including Rodrigo, who read a small sidebar article in the local newspaper about Alan's unfortunate demise. He sat in his office and offered a prayer to Alan. Then

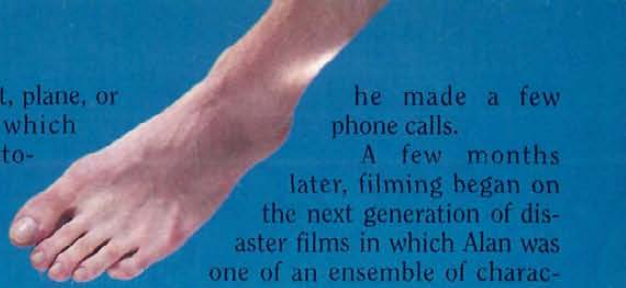
he made a few phone calls.

A few months later, filming began on the next generation of disaster films in which Alan was one of an ensemble of characters whose lives and destinies were traced along with that of Flight #309. His character was brave, stoic, and died with dignity.

The movie had been scheduled for a nationwide theater release, but that deal fell through. So did the one for television and the one for video. The film gathered dust in a vault for years, never having seen the light of distribution. Up in heaven, he was proud that his life hadn't been reduced to celluloid. The world didn't need another desert island story to make people conscious of copying someone else with their survival.

The only testament which remained on earth to Alan's losing battle to starvation was tucked away in the dark recesses of the English building basement at the University. The Alan Tubtun Memorial Peanut Vending Machine. That was all.

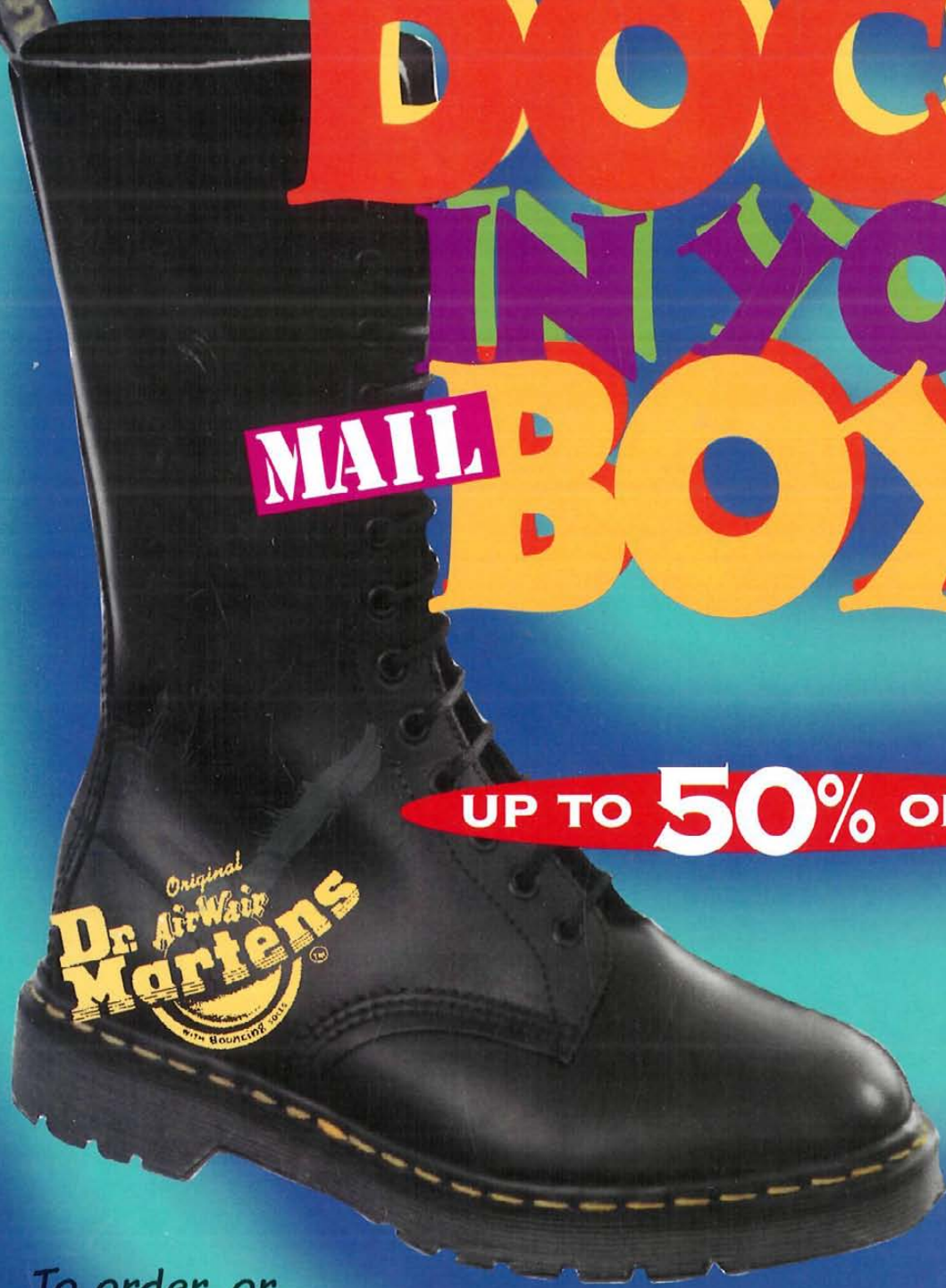
No one ever restocked the machine. No one ever had to. Alan made sure it was always filled. As an angel, He always flew around with two bags of peanuts. You're allowed to do that in heaven, because you never know when you're going to need a peanut. ✈



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"BATTLE OF WOUNDED KNEE" DIRECTED BY JULIE BROWN EXCLUSIVELY ON SHOWTIME "HE NEVER GIVE ME ORGASM" DIRECTED BY RICHARD WENK

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WAKE-UP AMERICA!



Big House Babies:

One by one, the candles are put out by the pro-lifers outside the Walls Unit at the Huntsville prison complex. It is a somber gesture, a symbolic reference to the final page of the evil, pathetic life of convicted serial killer Jeff "Let Me at 'Em" Dadam. But even before the town's lights dim and the televisions blink, before 'Old Sparky' can summon up the town's electrical juice to percolate Jeff's brain like day-old coffee grounds, a controversial issue of a different sort plays itself out behind the red-brick walls of the venerable prison.

"Our baby!" Kat Withers cries from her jail cell. "What about our beautiful baby?" In her arms - the same hideous appendages that wielded the mawl used ruthlessly to extinguish the lives of thirteen cub scouts at a benefit carwash - rests a softly cooing bundle of joy. She cuddles the baby tightly, bringing it closer to her bosom, providing a cradle of warmth against the cold cinder block walls. What the hell is going on here?



In an astonishing statement made this summer at the Marshall Fireant Jamboree, Lt. Billy Frank Bassham, chief warden of the Texas Correctional Institute at Huntsville, made public for the first time that male and female prisoners are cohabitating in the state's prison system.

"In an attempt to ease the stress of prison life," said a drunken Bassham, "we deemed it judicious to allow the sharing

of living arrangements between men and women inmates. So far, the results have been outstanding. Of course, it's all very hush-hush." This slip of the tongue bombshell, told to an audience of law enforcement officers and a surreptitious television camera crew, set off a flurry of raised eyebrows which soon snow-balled into a clamorous inquiry. Questioned the next morning by reporters, a hungover Bassham denied saying anything. Alas, when the video tape of the evening's festivities aired on stations across the state, Bassham remitted that his memory was a bit unclear. Enter Daniel Schores, official prison consultant and noted sociologist from Jarvis Junior College. He was quickly brought in to help clarify Bassham's propounded gaffe. Schores, affectionately known as "Snore" because of his sleepy eyes and pompous manner of speech, spoke to an army of reporters on the steps of the state capitol building. Behind him, numerous prison officials glared at the assemblage.

"Yes, inmates of the opposite sexes are sharing cells and have been for the last five years," said Schores, "This set-up is a result of intensive studies relating sex with violence.

"From a biological point of view," he continued, "the drive to reproduce is the number one prerogative - all other behavior, whether normal or aberrant, manifests from this dictatorial tenet. It has been found that when normal sexual intimacies are denied, destructive

behavior becomes precedent. In Huntsville, with my brilliant help, an empirical society of relationships, constructed by a computer index of suitable partners, has completely eliminated the problems often associated with the American penal system. By alleviating the frustration of not being able to reproduce, even in facsimile, aggressive behavior - rioting, inmate rape, murder, fighting - the usual horrors - become nonexistent.

Schores then went on for four more hours to further discuss the subject but the point had been made. However, not everyone was so impressed.

"Bullshit!" howls Southern Baptist leader Joshua DeWitt in typical non-scientific fervor. From the pulpit of the Waco Church on the Rocks, he glowers at the congregation of farmers and reporters, still mad months after Dr. Schores' address. "I'm not buying any of this facsimile-smacsimile mumbo-jumbo. These animals are not having Christian relationships. They are having carnal affairs resulting in a devil's brood that we taxpayers must foot the bill for! How do I know that a brood lurks behind the bars? Because I've seen the little freaks with my own eyes!"

"There have been some children born," comments Bassham, in response to DeWitt's accusations, "We were surprised when the first one came out the chute. It was like, 'What's this?' Once we realized what was happening we

began supplying the inmates with condoms. Of course, we were naive to think that the couples would be responsible and use them. In fact, we saw an almost disdainful spite to their disuse. I must add, though, that it is not costing the taxpayers any money."

To what degree were the inmates having children? A security guard at the Ellis cohab unit: "They reproduce like rabbits! All night and all day, you can hear them engaging each other. And when they're not having sex, they're having babies. At night, the screams of the mentally insane are mixed with the screaming of infants. It's wierd."

Says Bassham, "It is disappointing to see them behave so irresponsibly, but as soon as they have one child, it seems that the woman immediately becomes burdened with child again. The program was started five years ago and we already have some couples working on their sixth, even seventh babies. They like children, I guess. However, we fully accept the having of kids as a tradeoff for decreased violence."

With all the babies being born one would think that the Ellis Cohab Unit would be overflowing with children, but oddly, the halls do not echo with the shouts of playing children. Indeed, there are mothers nursing babies in each cell, but a distinct absence of older children is noticeable, leading one to suspect that things are not quite right.

"Hell no, things aren't right," laughs Christy Turlington, representative of Ingenue Mascara. "Everybody talks about how shocked they are that women and men are living together, but that's not even the real story. It's no big secret within the cosmetic industry, that the best lab specimens for testing new products is the Texas Bighouse Baby Program. Every month there is an auction held in Dallas.

Turlington, who wishes to remain anonymous because of death threats, is one of the few persons willing to talk about the morbid affair.

"At the auction," she says, "the infant is set up on a table and the bidding starts. It's funny but the different companies tend to bid for different specimens. Ingenue leans more for the pink ones - an indication of sensitive skin, which is primarily what we're looking for. Of course, we also buy in bulk too, but not that often."

But it's not just cosmetic compa-

nies bidding at the auctions. Other interests are represented. Says Turlington, "The Dadam-Withers product - the offspring of two death row inmates - that one will bring in huge bids from the universities and genetic research institutes. It's always exciting when a genetic misfit gets on the block and the real players start slugging it out.

"Sometimes I feel bad about what's going on, especially for the infants," confides Turlington. "They're scared and crying most of the time, and all these strange people in suits and labcoats yelling out bids around them - you can see the fear in their eyes. If you let it, it could really break your heart. I'm a mother myself with a two year old at home. In the end though, I am able to detach myself from the babies, and think of them only as specimens. I remind myself that their sacrifice will make for a healthier more beautiful society."

Do the inmates know that they're children are being sold for research? Apparently not.

"I never really thought about it," says inmate Willie Harper. "I guess I just thought that they died - like maybe Eileen was suffocating them. But if they're makin' money, you can tell The Man that I want some of that dough."

Says a pregnant Shelley McKinley, "I've had two disappear on me. I had no idea that they were selling them as guinea pigs. Please tell Mr. Bassham, I want some of that money. I know he's keeping it all."

Indeed, there does seem to be some question as to where the huge funds generated by the baby program are going. Fingers have pointed to Bassham, recently seen bass-fishing at tiny Lake O' the Pines in a fifty-foot Scarab speedboat, as a major beneficiary of the profits.

"I think it's a damn shame that Warden Bassham is making all that money from the blood of little children," says Sara Wolf, an elementary school teacher and former sweetheart of Bassham. "And now that he's got all this spending cash, funny how he forgets those that stood by him during the lean years. He's a real bastard and I hate him."

Billy Frank Bassham, however, denies any wrong-doing. "Hey, if you check the records, every last cent is accounted for. The money from the sales of babies goes directly to the state treasury." When questioned about his new Scarab and Eddie Bauer Limited

Edition Ford Bronco, however, he becomes evasive. "That's my business, and nobody elses."

As with most high-profile ethical issues, the usual riff-raff of celebrity dirt-sniffers seeking publicity become involved.

"I hear all this talk about money, maybe too much talk," says singer, poet and humanitarian dilettante Bono. "Silver and gold is not everything and I think that something important is being overlooked here. What kind of sick society could tolerate the selling of its youth as lab specimens?"

Fellow crooner Michael Stipe agrees, "It is a bad thing."

Spike Lee, a big-budget film director has sworn "to make a movie showing something bad about all this stuff, whatever it might be."

Prison officials, however, shrug off the idea of any wrongdoing. "We're not talking about real babies here with normal legal entitlements," says Bassham, "These are the products of bad, immoral people. Besides, the babies would not exist if it were not for the program. Also, most of them are very ugly. Not cute, like normal babies.

"Quiet honestly, I feel what people don't know doesn't hurt them. Of course, now that the cat's out of the bag, all these bleeding hearts are wiggling out of the woodwork like termite larvae. They make me sick. All these animal-free cosmetic products, how do they think they get to the shelves? They have to be tested somehow. People are such hypocrites."

Hypocrites or not, the indelible truth is that innocent children are being used as lab animals - an ever-darkening bruise to the beautiful mascara-ed eye of America. For now, though it looks as if the Bighouse Baby Program will continue unabated in its morbid trade.

★★★★★★★★★★★★

Meanwhile, back at the Walls Unit, Kat Withers looks up at the wire-enclosed lights that hang in the corridor. They shake, then briefly go out. It is a sign telling her that Jeff "Let Me at 'Em" Dadam has finally departed for the big birdcage in the sky. She looks down at his legacy, Jeff Junior, who is now peacefully asleep in his murderess mother's arms. He has been left behind by his father.

But for how long?

RJI, DCG

Jimmy Webb:

The passengers on Aeroflot Flight 413 from St. Petersburg were anticipating a tranquil landing at London's Heathrow Airport. The airplane, a lumbering Gigansky Shmug-38, was filled to capacity with Russian vacationers, many of whom were visiting the West for the first time. "Another round of Vodka!" shouted the stewardess, and everybody cheered as the bottles were broken out for one last nip before touchdown. Happiness abounded everywhere. But Dmitri Stoikov was not happy. Dmitri, a seasoned pilot of more than 7,000 flying hours, sat grimly at the controls. He was maintaining a circular holding pattern over the sea of lights that twinkled beneath the giant wings, waiting for the landing go-ahead to come through from the tower. But something was wrong - terribly wrong. He couldn't put his finger on it, but his peculiar Russian sense of doom alerted him to an impending catastrophe.

Finally, the tower radio cut into his headset telling him to begin his approach at southern runway number four. He eased back on the throttle and kicked the ailerons. The plane gradually descended. He sighed audibly. Maybe it was all just a case of badly jangled nerves. Nothing a shot of Vodka wouldn't help. He called for the stewardess. Yes, it was just his nerves. Maybe, just maybe, everything would be all right. Maybe? Maybe not!

Suddenly, to the more than mild surprise of all those on board, the starboard windows were filled with the looming presence of a British Airways 747. The smiles and mirth that had so blithely filled the Gigansky gave way to a stoic Russian silence as the vacationers understood that they were going to be touching English soil much sooner than expected. "Nyet, nyet, nyet!" said Dmitri, "Nyet!"

What resulted was the worst crash in commercial aviation history. 1,109 people were killed.

When investigators recovered the flight recorder device, from the hapless Russian jet, they were struck speechless by a shocking revelation. Upon listening to the "black box," they discovered that the voice from the flight control tower was deliberately directing the two aircraft together. Furthermore, the traffic control voice was not that of any

controller who worked in the tower. This was confirmed by a small recorded fragment of an obscure third voice - a voice promptly identified as that of an international telephone operator. Horribly, somebody had managed to pirate the tower's air traffic control communications via the satellite phone network. But who?

Meet Jimmy Webb. He is a small, wiry man of thirty. Sitting on a shredded mattress in the small isolation cell at the Sherman Psychiatric Ward for the Criminally Insane, he looks odd, mainly because he looks so normal. But don't be mistaken by his benign appearance. Behind the thick glasses and suspenders lurks the heart of a viper, a man so disturbed that authorities have given him the title of Public Enemy Number One.

"The Aeroflot catastrophe...I did that, though my lawyer convinced the jury that I didn't," says Jimmy beaming with pride. "With a modem of my special design, the pay-phone outside my hotel, and of course my computer, I was easily able to gain access to Heathrow's tower communications. It was fun." Fun? This trite adjective only gives a hint at the depth of Webb's moral corruption.

"What we have here," says psychiatrist Dr. Susan Taylor, "is absolute moral bankruptcy. There is a dim recognition of right and wrong, but there is no corresponding compulsion to adhere to society's values. Mr. Webb acts on his own whims, he does whatever tickles his sick fancy.

But to further understand Jimmy Webb, one must also understand his ego, which is formidably large.

Dr. Taylor says, "Part of Mr. Webb's behavior can be attributed to his ego, one of the largest, if not THE largest we've ever seen around here. When we tested Mr. Webb with the DEP (Delaware Ego Profile), he was absolutely off the scale. I mean not just kind of off, but way off. In fact never in the history of the test has anyone scored a perfect Id. Then we did a Rorschach and he said all the ink blots reminded him of himself. We'd show him one and he would say, 'Oh, that's me in the shower,' or 'that's me coming home from Burger Barn,' or 'that's me standing in my closet.' It was obnoxious.

"Mr. Webb's moral turpitude is disgusting, yes, but he is also a genius," continues Dr. Taylor. "What he lacks in the moral judgment department, he

makes up with sheer inventive wizardry. His computer is of his own design. He made it at home from an old Magnavox, an eight-track tape player and a lot of odds and ends picked up at Radio Shack. The way he puts it to use is also fantastic. He breaks into the highest security networks as if they were child-proof aspirin bottles. In a way, I admire his resourcefulness, but I know he must be stopped. That's why I'm surprised that the courts have allowed him to retain his computer. I guess we can all thank Mr. Shapiro for that."

Of course, Dr. Taylor is speaking of Mr. Rupert Shapiro, Jimmy's high profile attorney, the man described by his colleagues as a 'greed-addled viper' who would 'sue Mother Teresa for the clothes on her back'. Utilizing the same brilliant legal techniques he used to help dismiss the 1,109 counts of first degree murder (he couldn't help Jimmy beat the rap on telephone fraud), he has forced the courts to allow Jimmy to retain his computer by obtusely invoking his constitutional right to freedom of speech.

Said Mr. Shapiro in a carefully orchestrated press conference, "I have gained a victory, not only for Mr. Webb, but for all people. The First Amendment is no laughing matter." No, it is not a laughing matter, but neither is a homicidal misanthrope like Jimmy Webb.

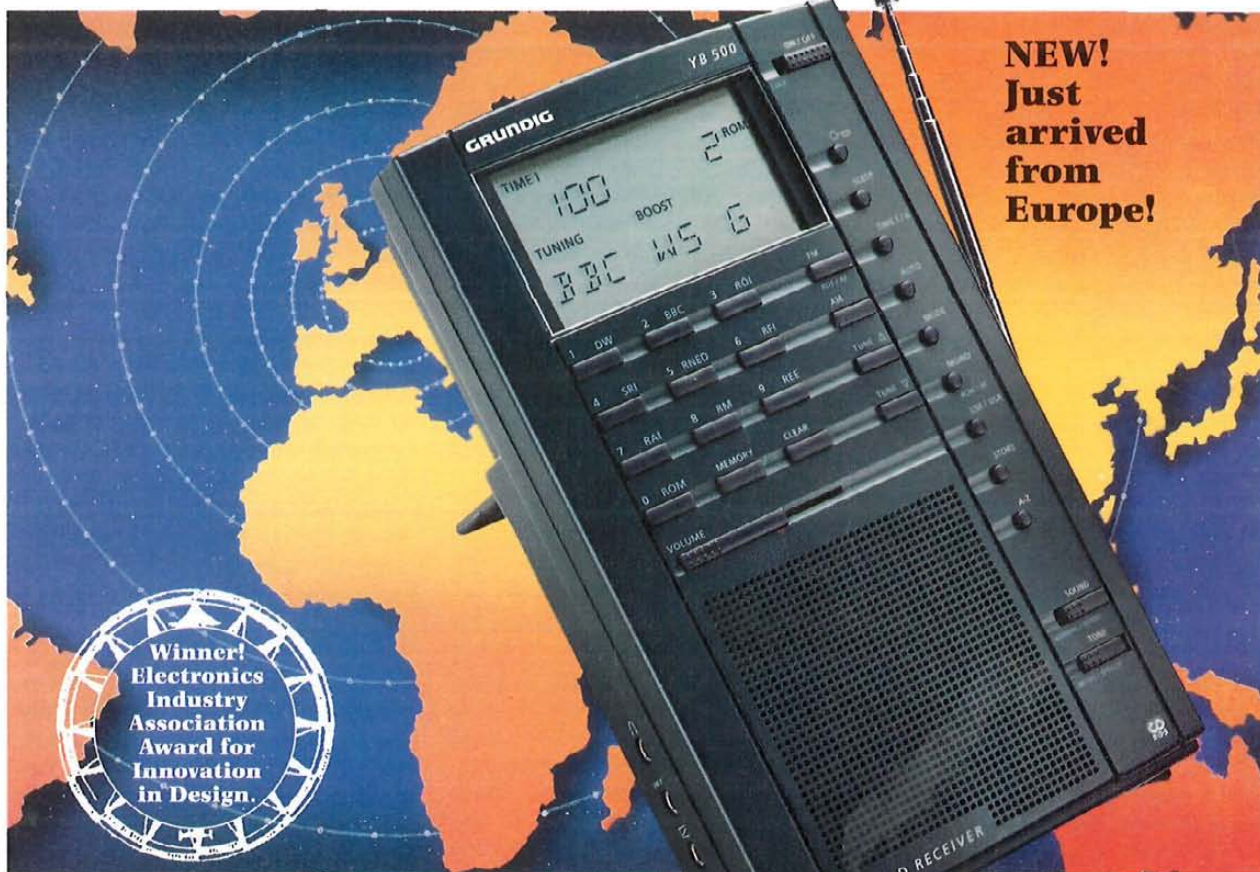
"Mr. Shapiro is a schmuck," says Dr. Taylor. "Everyday now, when we allow Mr. Webb his hour of free time in the recreation corridor, he heads directly for the telephone with that infernal computer in tow, and there's not a damn thing we can do. He has a modem, too. He made it out of the fibers in his mattress. What can you say? He could build a car from a bar of soap. So now he just sits by the phone, giggling insanely, making his calls to God knows where.

"His computer," the doctor adds dramatically, "is some kind of umbilical... to his soul."

Certainly the Aeroflot tragedy is Jimmy's most notorious suspected accomplishment, but it is by no means the only one, nor interestingly, the one that makes him most proud.

"A couple of summers ago I started thinking about endangered animals, and so I tapped into the international protection list on file with the U.N.," says Jimmy from his cell. "From the list, I

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chose to delete the Marmuthian Ocelot, which can only be found in the lowland steppes of Tibet. It was great. Before anyone even had an inkling of what I had done, the Marmuthian Ocelot had been wiped off the face of the planet. It was that simple. I remember seeing pictures in a magazine of little Tibetan monks trying to hold off the hunters from killing the last one. It had taken refuge inside a temple. Of course they failed, and the hunters killed and skinned the beast right there on the altar. Do you know how good that made me feel?"

Another act authorities strongly suspect to be a product of Webb's nefarious handiwork, though it has never been proven, was the altering of the soccer score between Zimbabwe and Namibia on the Reuters news wire. The 4-1 score, in favor of Zimbabwe was inaccurately reported as 10-0 the opposite way, leading to jubilant celebrating in the streets of Boinka Raton. When the error was corrected, a huge misunderstanding ensued, resulting with the tiny nation of Namibia, in a bold xenophobic move, declaring war on the entire continent of Africa. A bloody three-week war then broke out.

Perry Trial, head spook for the FBI's electronic division has been keeping tabs on Jimmy Webb for years and has compiled a large dossier.

"The Namibia affair has all the earmarks of a Webb job. He tends to have a flair for the spectacular, a certain style that is unmistakable. That combined with the obvious technical expertise involved makes it easy to identify his work.

"For instance, the huge cache of pornographic material that was deposited on the defense computers, that too was a Webb job. He leaves no traces, but you know it was him by understanding his taste in women. Thousands of pictures of short, middle-aged, red-headed blimps - women closely resembling his mother - leave little doubt." Trial will be the first to admit, though, that evidence like that would never stand up in court, especially with a sharp lawyer like Shapiro.

"Webb made a mistake hooking up to Heathrow from the pay phone outside his residence. He got cocky. But that guy Shapiro got him off by convincing the jury that his phone call to London immediate prior to the crash was pure coincidence. Can you believe

that? But, we're checking up on Shapiro. We think he's being paid by transferred stock options. The SCC said a hundred-thousand shares of IBM mysteriously appeared in Mr. Shapiro's portfolio. Makes you kind of suspicious, huh? Shapiro's playing a dangerous game, though. If we don't get him, than Webb will. He has a habit of turning on people."

What does the future hold for little Jimmy Webb?

"They're keeping me in this joint for phone fraud," says Webb clutching his computer, "and I'm up for parole in a year. Obviously, I can't wait that long, but I don't think my lawyer can help me. He's performed marvelously in the past, but he's outlived his usefulness. What I do see is maybe a change in the law and perhaps an early parole, maybe as soon as....tomorrow."

Tomorrow! Then what?

Jimmy pauses and scratches his head thoughtfully.

"I was reading about the Chernobyl accident and that gave me some good ideas."

The world waits in fear. *RJI, DCG*

Poetry In Motion:

The sports bar in South Bend, Indiana has the friendly aroma of sweat, stale beer, and the usual pile of damp woodshavings on the floor. It's unusually hot in here, even for July. Robust Notre Dame students patiently wait for Tina, the girl behind the counter to fill up their Neolithic-looking tankards with whatever beer is the current trend. They make the rounds from table to table, stopping to pat a teammate on the back or perhaps exchange a friendly word with an ex-significant other.

Some mouth the words to whatever top-forty song the jukebox is playing while others argue about who owes who how much based on the results of the latest baseball game. Everyone is tan and pleasant to look at.

From the jovial look of things, you'd think that the apex of the evening has already been reached- but it hasn't. These party-goers are all gathered here for a reason, and it's not to talk about current events. The highlight of the evening has yet to take place.

Forget Karaoke, that incredibly uncool "star-for-three-minutes" fad that has long been associated with over-

weight alcoholics belting out "Sometimes when we touch," or it's cultural counterbalance: drunken Japanese businessmen. No, this is the next level of Karaoke. These students at Notre Dame are just the first to tap into it.

Chewy, the varsity basketball captain who is serving as MC this evening, is passing around the sign-up sheet. It is greeted and signed with both arrogance, and concern; participants are always strategic about placing themselves in the line up. You can never overplan these things.

At the stroke of midnight, the now slightly tipsy mob filters from the bar and pool room to the wooden collapsible chairs that are crammed together on the hardwood floor beneath the stage. With a final spit of his Copenhagen, Chewy wheels out the Teleprompter and nervously taps the mike.

"Uh, is this thing on? Testing..one, two, three....."

The crowd vies for the best seats on the hardwood floor, being careful not to spill the drinks they carried over from the bar. Tina frantically darts around taking additional orders, mostly for pitchers. This is by far the busiest night of the week.

"Um...attention everyone, as soon as you all get settled in we can start the show...(pause)...O.K., great. The sign up sheet is locked, so if you didn't get on, you're gonna have to wait until next week." A few sighs are heard from the crowd. "We have a special treat tonight, Joey Hennessy, the second string quarterback from Michigan is here and he's gonna do a set."

Everyone simultaneously turns and for the first time notice Hennessy sitting in the back row confidently dribbling Copenhagen juice into a little styrofoam cup. The Notre Dame students eye him as if he were a skinhead unexpectedly showing up at a Barmitzvah.

"So without further adieu, lets bring up our first participant, uh," Chewy consults the sign up sheet. "Sparky O'Neil!"

O'Neil, the stubby red-headed cornerback takes the stage amid drunken chants and squeals of delight. He exchanges a quick high-five with Chewy as the MC exits the stage. "Kick some ass, man." are his parting words of encouragement.

O'Neil turns on the teleprompter and takes the mike. The anxious crowd savors the moment of silence before

O'Neil begins to read from the monitor:
"Do not go gentle into that good night..."

The cocky bastard starts out with Thomas!

Sure, a perennial barroom favorite, but one usually reserved for the climax of the evening.

Supporters in the front row exchange excited looks and cheer their friend on, while the traditionalists in the back silently get up to leave, taken back by O'Neil's frankness.

"Rage, rage into that dying light!!!"

Yeah, O'Neil has balls. Starting out poetry night with a maverick like Thomas is a blatant attention-getting move. You usually want to ease your way into these things. Start out with maybe Shelly, Whitman, or Hugo even. Wilde can function as a crowd pleaser although the reciter always runs the risk of being subjected to the more-than-occasional chant of "Fag Hag!"

O'Neil quickly finishes his set (90% was intended shock value) and Tina darts out to refill the empty beer pitchers. Chewy returns to the stage.

"Hell of an intro, Sparky! Fuckin-A!!!!" They exchange a long well-rehearsed series of high-fives and Sparky goes back to the bar for a "post-reading celebration."

"O.K, our next participant, as I mentioned before is visiting from Michigan, so let's make him feel real welcome, Joey Hennesy!"

Hennesy spits out his Copenhagen wad and confidently takes the stage. The skeptical crowd reserves it's applause. Michigan? What do they know about poetry?

But still, this is the mid-west and football players might as well be clergy. The crowd hushes. Hennesy takes the mike and doesn't waste any time, barely even looking at the teleprompter.

"Tiger, Tiger, burning bright! In the forests of the night!"

An outside linebacker in the front row raises a lit match in one hand and a half empty Genuine Draft in the other. A cute little co-ed sitting at the bar locks eyes with Hennesy and smiles, denoting just a hint of mischief. A buzz-cutted musclehead wearing a If You Can't Run With The Big Dogs, Stay On The Porch T-Shirt lets out a shrill whistle of endorsement. Hennesy wins over the crowd. He's no stranger to this.

The warm yellow stage lights harmonize well with his fiery hair and Celtic

good looks. He's also smart enough to avert his attention from the Teleprompter every now and then to make eye contact with the crowd. But I guess smart isn't the word. Hennesy's acute sense of timing and showmanship come from years of hard work and dedication.

"What immortal hand or eye, could frame thy fearful symmetry."

The crowd all but swoons. Hennesy pauses to toss back a cherry jello shot in a single fluid motion, which is largely poetic in itself. A few jealous sots in the back row are already fumbling through the Karaoke index of poems trying to select verse that will sustain, or even rival the energy being created on stage by the second string quarterback.

What will it be? Baudelaire? Hugo? Frost? Kipling? Reading the crowd is essentially everything.

After much deliberation, the sots send up their best, Randall Patterson, a first boat crew-man who stands at only 5'5" but bench presses one-and-a-half times his weight and can parse pentameter in his sleep.

But this is no place for false confidence. When your up on stage with that mic in your hand, temperament and composure are everything. There's nothing more pathetic than watching a squirming, 200 lb Irishman, fumble out verses from Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Sonnets of Portuguese to a drunken unruly crowd. Especially this one.

"Uh, is this thing on?" Tap, tap, tap. The crowd winces as feedback squeals through the amp. Definitely a bad start. "Oh, cool. O.K. uh, 'There is no frigate like a book...'" More feedback. The restless crowd stirs in their seats as Patterson squints at the Teleprompter. "Because I could not stop for Death...He kindly stopped for me." A lit cigarette butt is pelted at Patterson's forehead. People laugh as he pretends not to notice. He struggles not to cry and just finish the damn poem.

"I'm nobody! Who are you!"

Fucking Dickinson. A pathetic attempt to jump on the Romanticism bandwagon set by Hennesy.

"Get off the stage you homo!" Shouts an ex-marine. "Show a little respect, goddammit!" yells Patterson's fellow crewman. He adds weight to this statement by throwing an empty beer can in the direction of the marine. The Crewman's friends stand up in a hostile

way, ready to defend their Dickinson reciting friend till the death. Other bloodthirsty Dickinson fans rise as well. Tina, sharp in eyeing the situation, runs in the back room to get the owner.

Hennesy just sits in the back row with his feet up, beer neatly tucked away at the base of his crotch. He's sporting a shit-eating grin.

"Alright, you punks," Mr. Dudley, class of '66, the owner, comes out from the backroom with a cigar clenched between his teeth and a Louisville Slugger in his left hand. "Not in my bar, take this outside!"

So the two opposing sides dash out into the parking lot to settle this dispute the only way drunken crowds know how. Those in favor of Romanticism on one side, those opposed, the other. In the mad dash to the parking lot, people grab objects at their disposal: beer bottles, table legs, anything solid they can get their hands on.

When the bar is totally empty, Hennesy laughs to himself and gives his beer a final sip. He stands up and walks outside. By now the rumble is in full gear. The dull thud of bone hitting bone is heard through various cries of pain and rage. A third string defensive tackle has Chewy's head firmly pressed against the bare engine of his Buick and is furiously slamming the hood up and down. Several crewman struggle to hold back the shirtless marine as he stands on Patterson's back, thrashing him in the ass with his leather belt. They can't seem to stop him, he just keeps on thrashing with this mad look in his eye, all the time reciting Charles Baudelaire's Flowers of Evil with a strange accent.

Amid the excitement are heard broken quotes of Frost, Blake, and Poe even. Desperate cries mostly, only last a few sentences.

Hennesy steps outside and elbows his way through the masses of tangled brawlers and climbs atop someone's Pontiac T-Bird and poises himself in a Spartacus-like stance. He surveys the glorious battle that surrounds him. A battle that he started.

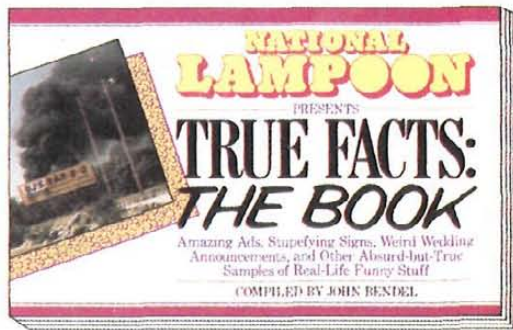
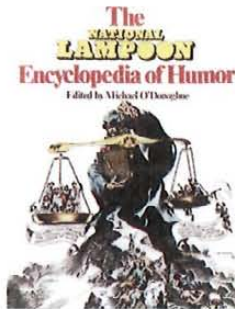
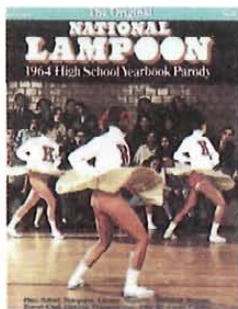
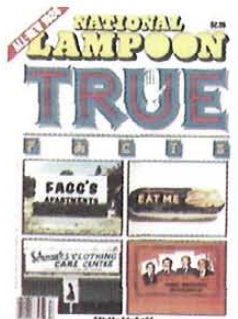
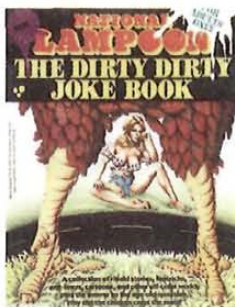
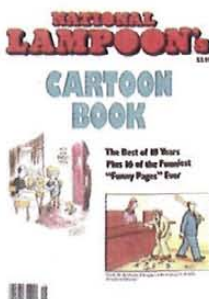
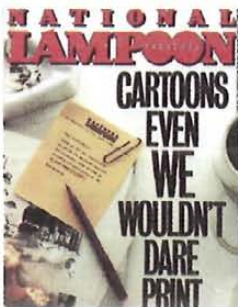
"Though I've belted you an' flayed you,

By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am,
Gunga Din!"

JW

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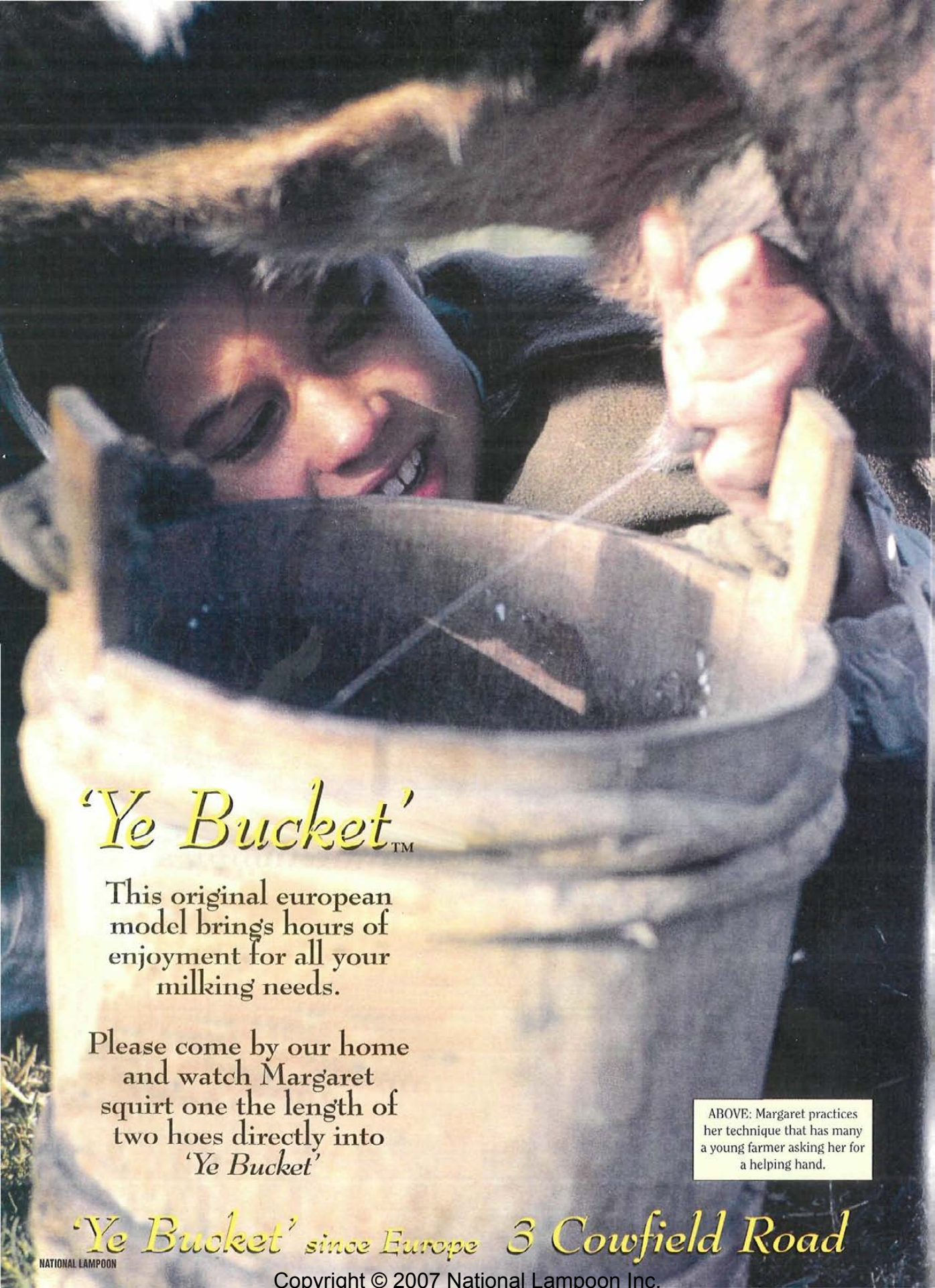
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Ask Eli

Dear Eli,

I have a bonnet fetish. Is this normal? It all happened one morning as I was rising before dawn to till the soil. My wife had left her bonnet by the candle on the nightstand. Curious, I tired it on, and to my surprise, I liked it! Now I secretly wear a bonnet under my black-brimmed hat because I simply like the way it feels! Enclosed is a sketch of myself, Mordichi—tiller of the soil—in my wife's bonnet.

Signed,
Mordichi—tiller of the soil

Eli says,

It's very normal to wear a woman's bonnet! Many men who work in the field secretly wear bonnets under their felt hats. And remember, it doesn't

Dear Eli,

I must share an experience with your God-fearing readers. Recently, I was invited on a buggy-ride to the local town with Elsa—daughter of Jacob, our community's blacksmith. Our journey began ordinarily enough. We spoke of the Lord and of cheese processing. Then, an unexplained event occurred which I'll never forget. While stepping from the buggy, Elsa—daughter of Jacobs—long, black dress rose up and I caught a brief glimpse of her ankle! Lately, I've been having impure thoughts about this ankle. What can I do?

Signed,
Anonymous Carpenter

P.S. Can you print more pictures of young women's ankles?

Eli says,

Eternal damnation seems to be your destiny. I pray for you brother. And here's those ankle pictures you requested.

Dear Eli,

I'm worried about the size of my hoe. I know I can till the soil as good as men with bigger hoes, but I'm still very self-conscious. Do ladies really look for hoe size? What is considered average? I need to know!

Signed,
Hoe-Conscious Levi

Eli says,

A small hoe does not make you any less of a man. Women are happy with a hoe which can help cultivate their crops. The average hoe size should be measured from your shoulder to the ground. If your hoe is smaller than this, then perhaps you are a little light in the suspenders!

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Churn, Baby, Churn
Aye, she's Amish!*

SAUCY Margaret is an extreme pro at handling cows. Her expert hands know exactly what to do with a cow's udder. Margaret is known to fill over 20 'Ye Buckets' of milk in a matter of hours! My, my, my, that's a lot of milk!

MESSY Rachel must mold the butter into sticks. She prefers to mold the butter into sticks 9-10 inches long! Hours and hours of practice have made Rachel an expert.

H-m-m-m!



CREAMY Martha loves butter churning! She rises before dawn in order to perform this important task! Without her, the community would go without butter. Butter churning is a traditional task which requires strong arm muscles.

Churn, baby, churn!



AMISH HAT

Accept no imitation!
This is the original!
Dark, round and uniquely Amish.

Cost: three bushels of corn.



BUGGYS! BUGGYS! BUGGYS!

At Crazy Eliezer's, where it won't cost you a fall's harvest for a buggy!

BUMPER STICKERS
"I Amish"
"How's My Driving?"
Dial 1-800-THE-AMISH"
Cost: one hen each.

AMISH/QUAKER JOKE BOOK
Q: How many Amish does it take to screw in a light bulb?
A: None. They don't believe in electricity!
Cost: one box of eggs.

MORE BUMPER STICKERS
"We're Amish, You're not- Please leaveth soon"
Cost: FREE

HOW TO SPEAK AMISH! Guide to local Amish slang. Talk the "ordnung" talk. Don't be mistaken for a Quaker! Cost: two quilts.

LE THEATER DE LA AMISH
Presents: The master of Amish mime —MILO SILO
One night only!
Performing traditional Amish mime. Including his signature piece, "Walking Against the Wind of Progress"

CANDLELIGHT—centuries of satisfied Amish can't be wrong!
CANDLELIGHT—for the future!
Cost: One dozen for six corn

Talk Amish to me!
1-900-THE-AMISH
Give me some rich storytelling!
98 sins per minute

1001 Ways to Work with Wheat.
Learn the tricks from the experts
Cost: 2 bushels of wheat.

Amish Personals

SWF Needs Amish man with extremely long hoe. The longer the hoe, the better. Hoe size is everything to me. Those cursed by God with a short hoe need not apply.

SWM Looking for Amish of either sex for a "fun" time. But not too much fun because then guilt will arise. Must be into rich storytelling and endless debates. Excommunicated and shunned by the Old Order Amish, a plus.

SWM Carpenter seeks community-minded woman for laboring side-by-side and strolls down the lane. No freaks, weirdos or S&M.

SWF Quiltmaker seeks dedicated SWM with HUGE acreage. Must have very fertile soil. Amish need only apply.

ANIMAL If you got the OXEN, I got the harness. Together we can bale dried hay! Must be alcohol and drug free.

SWF Looking for SWM to pray with. No mind games. Commitment to the Lord a must! No sex before marriage!

GWM Looking for eternal damnation by the Lord. Likes sinning against his community and expects pure horror in the afterworld.

M=Mennonite
W=Working for the Lord
S=Schleithhiem Confessional of Faith

Religious Catalog

Harmon Leon

In 1937 the famous Dutch exploring brothers, Ingoora and Tito Rjukerooka, began mounting one of the world's largest collections of religion's truly strange, weird and bizarre items. Many were stolen by the Nazis during WWII and used by Adolf Hitler himself for his own grandiose amusement and decadent Ayrian religious activity. At the time, it was believed that the possession of Mr. Jesus Head* granted the owner a direct covenant with God himself. In 1941, the heroic Rjukerooka brothers took on nearly the entire German army, retrieving the religious items and, in a sense, sparing the whole of humanity. Now these items are available in this one-time mail order offer.

- 1) **Noah's Ark Air Freshener!**
Have your home smell like Noah's Ark. \$4.99
- 2) **Mormon Wife Underwear.** One pair for every weekday, each with a different wife's name. \$26.99
- 3) **Altar Boys of the Catholic Church Pin-up Calendar!** 12 months of hot, hunky, prepubescent altar boys. Guaranteed to make any clergyman get down and pray! \$12.99
- 4) **Take One of My Wives, Please!** Contains the best of Mormon jokes. \$6.66
- 5) **Buddha Syrup Dispenser!** For the Buddha and maple syrup enthusiast. \$9.99
- 6) **Photo/Confessional Booth!** Capture how you look when you confess! \$99.99
- *7) **Mr. Jesus Head!** Insert your own thorn and long hair. From the creators of Mr. Potato Head. \$9.99



- 8) **The Smothers Brothers Reenact the Crucifixion!** Everyone's favorite brothers reenact Jesus' last moments on this fabulous LP. \$12.99
- 9) **Bottled Carbonated Holy Water!** Just because you're holy doesn't mean you can't be trendy! \$3.99
- 10) **Last Supper Gag Picture!** Dogs playing cards reenact the "Last Supper." \$15.99
- 11) **Jesus Likes You!** A fabulous poster. \$3.99
- 12) **Circumcision Pop-up Book!** This wonderful ceremony pops-up in front of you. \$6.99
- 13) **Last Supper Cookbook.** Now you can prepare at home what "they" ate. \$9.99
- 14) **Red Hot Gag Matzo!** Looks like ordinary matzo, but when victim bites in, LOOK OUT! \$5.99
- 15) **Rock 'em, Sock 'em Cain and Abel Robots!** Biblical brothers try to knock each other's block off! \$19.99
- 16) **Confession Crossword Puzzle!** All the answers are sins! \$3.99
- 17) **Holy X-ray Specs!** Lets you see directly into people's souls. \$3.99
- 18) **Oral Robert's 900-foot Jesus.** Actual size (only available in the one-inch version). \$9.99
- 19) **Martin Luther's Thesis Pieces.** Thesis on the outside, chew nougat inside. 99 per pack. \$9.99
- 20) **Catholic Gag Condoms!** Joke's on them. These condoms are filled with holes! \$9.99
- 21) **Snappy Answers to Stupid Jehovah Witness Questions.** Get rid of those pesky Jehovah Witnesses. Example—Q: Can I talk to you about the Lord? A: Only if I can talk to you about what's in my pants! \$9.99



- 22) **Baby Circumcision Doll.** Practice home circumcision! With foreskin refills. \$26.99
- 23) **Moslem Mamas on Motorcycles!** Salmon Rushdie's unpublished sequel to the Satanic Verses. \$9.99
- 24) **Bible Twister.** Right-hand Leviticus, left-foot Lepers. "Bible Twister" will tie you in knots. \$19.99
- 25) **Star of David Big Belt Buckle!** For the Jewish hick. \$12.99
- 26) **David Koresh's Best Pick-up Lines.** Example: "Hey, I'm the savior!" Plus, many more. \$5.99
- 27) **Lot's Wife Salt Shaker!** Comes in three sinfully beautiful colors! \$5.99
- 28) **Zen and the Art of Karaoke.** Become a Zen-master of karaoke. \$19.99
- 29) **The Sound of One Hand Clapping.** 90 minute audio tape of one hand clapping. \$59.99
- 30) **Rubber Matzo Ball.** Place in ordinary bowl of soup. Impossible to chew! \$5.99
- 31) **Jimmy Swaggert's Guide to Hookers & Motels.** Perfect gift for the preacher in all of us! \$19.99
- 32) **This Is a Christian Science Reading Room.** A perfect sign to hang in your Christian Science Reading Room. \$9.99
- 33) **The Jehovah Witness Suit.** The very suit worn by thousands of Jehovah Witnesses. Comfortable even on hot days! \$99.99



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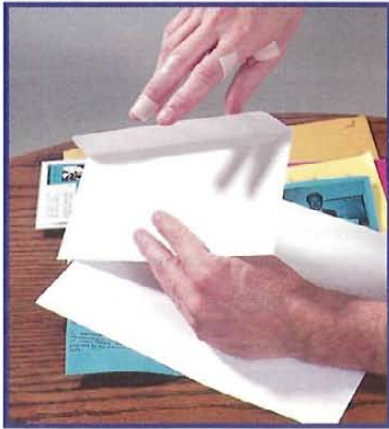
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Jobs People Have

by David C. Garret

People have jobs. But some people really have jobs—strange jobs that you never knew existed. This is a salute to the amazing people with those offbeat jobs, who make all our lives so much easier and more pleasant. America take off your hats and let's hear it for these guys. It's just another day at the office for:



Blake Erksine The Paper Cut Guy

We've all experienced that excruciating five or ten seconds of pain after slicing our delicate flesh open on the micro-thin edge of a piece of paper. The skin separates efficiently, revealing layers of skin, sinewy muscle, and sometimes even blood. Yet, the cut quickly heals smoothly, with no scarring or permanent damage.

Have you ever wondered who makes that possible? Enter Blake Erksine. Affectionately known at Daniels Stationery, Inc., as The Paper Cut Guy.

"Hell," says Erksine, a ram-bunctious 74-year-old red-headed Irishman, "nobody said it was going to be easy. And I didn't expect it to be. If you had told me fifty years ago that I'd still be here, I would've laughed and kicked you square in the 'nads. I mean, gettin' paper cuts, it was a summer job in college. But it kind of grew on me."

He raises his right arm to reveal a limb nearly scarred beyond recognition. "Eight thousand cuts at last count," he laughs, "but who's counting?!"

Erksine's duties focus mainly on ensuring that the inevitable paper cut doesn't turn out much worse. Unknown to most people, some three thousand people died in the United States alone in the early 20th Century due to infections resulting from paper cuts. Once the white collar boom set in, so did the paper cut epidemic.

Therefore, paper is actually designed to inflict an efficient cut—one that will heal quickly, reducing the likelihood of infection. At the same time, the paper must not cut too efficiently, or outcomes could become tragic; and with the litigation explosion, Erksine's tests become even more meaningful. His skills, you might say, are a cut above.

"I mean, as these papers get thinner and

thinner, the sheer edges become sharper and sharper. Some typing paper today has more cutting power than a scalpel of the 19th Century," says Erksine.

He tests, at random, samples of all paper bonds "just to make sure." "Make sure of what?" you might ask.

"Make sure a guy don't cut his dick off accidentally, you know, like while opening the mail in the raw," says Erksine. "Ever heard about a lady who almost severed her husband's unit completely off—with a 20 lb cotton bond. I've got to make sure that doesn't happen. He offers to show me the results of his recent tests. I respectfully decline.

Blake Erksine—SALUTE!

Sandy Schoenling A Street Named Desire

Do you ever contemplate who makes sure your street names sound pleasant. Or do you take the street names for granted when you take that Sunday drive down Meandering Way and turn right



"YOU KNOW, GEORGE, ...YOU'RE NOT MUCH FUN ANYMORE!"

onto Rolling Hills Circle. Most people do, acknowledges Sandy Schoenling, President and CEO of National Street Name Suppliers, Inc. or NS Squared as it's known in "the business."

"It doesn't really hurt our feelings that people take us for granted. Actually, it's a compliment. If people drive down a street and actually notice the name, then we haven't done our job. Whispering Penis Road would turn a lot of heads, but that's not what we're in the business for."

In the last twenty-five years, NS Squared has emerged as the foremost street-naming corporation in America.

The need for companies like NS Squared became readily apparent after the late sixties, when streets were named by low-level city employees, many of whom were just out of high school.

While most local politicians were worried about the war and mobs of protesters, none of them noticed the rampant use of hallucinogens and marijuana, thus wreaking havoc on street corners across America. "Love not War Boulevard" and "Peace, Man Circle" might have seemed like a good idea then, but times change.

So that's how Sandy Schoenling fills her days—making sure in these politically correct times that no one is offended by her street names. "Like the other day, Nigger Street almost made it through the process.

Luckily, though, I check every street name before it goes out."

But even Sandy misses them now and then. So, next time you're in Longview, Texas, and you're out at the mall, make sure you stop at the corner of Wetback Road and Gooks Everywhere Highway.

Sandy Schoenling—SALUTE

Tom Patterson The Day Harold Lipshitz Moved to Town

Housewives the world over are wowed daily by those hunks of television's most popular soap operas. Cliff. Thorn. Forest. Tyrone. Tad. Their names as much as their All-American good looks are famous. Who's responsible? Meet Tom Patterson, Hollywood's top name developer. It's his job to come up with those romantic, rock-solid names.

"We've represented Tom for years," says CAA's Dick Peloff. "He's the best damn Namer in the business. They make jokes about Schwarzenegger making \$5,000, \$10,000 a word. Well, Tom makes that much a letter!"

An exaggeration, according to Tom, but no one can argue with Tom's success record. Case in point: An unidentified producer says of his show, "We were slipping in the ratings. Our writers were really not doing our characters justice. Imagine, they let a guy named Harry Lipshitz move to our city. We just couldn't have that kind of name on our soap opera. We had to kill the guy within days."

Enter Tom Patterson. "When Tom came, we were desperate," says the producer, "he gave us a list of nearly fifty names for new hunky characters. Names we could be

proud of, like Hawk and Scout. He also helped us change the names of characters already on the show."

Outcome: the show's rating doubled in just under a month. A job well-done. And Tom Patterson took home a hefty paycheck, in the high six-figures say industry insiders.

"But he's worth it," says Peloff, "I mean, he's multi-faceted. He doesn't just do first names. He does last names. Recently, he's added city names and pet names to his repertoire. I bet he could even help out with that lady looking for street names—if the price is right."

How does Tom respond to all this new-found attention. "Hey, I'm just doing my job. Ten years ago, this name thing was just a hobby. Who woulda known!" Well,

Tom Patterson—SALUTE!



Susan "No More Tears" Rast

Ever wonder why they can call shampoo "no more tears"—legally? Well, somebody has to make sure that there really aren't any tears. And that somebody is Albuquerque's Susan Rast.

"We used to test it on employees' children staying at our corporate day care center. But, I bet you see the legal problems that could come back and bite us in the ass on that one," says Susan. "And of course, we can't use animals. Not politically correct. Nah, it's just me."

Courageous, yet efficient,



"Now is it 'I before E except after C,
or is it D?" Noah Webster

Susan must have the cleanest hair in North America. And her eye sockets must be even cleaner. Five days a week, eight hours a day, with two fifteen minute breaks, Susan washes her hair, and despite the natural instinct otherwise, opens her eyes and forces the lather in—“just to make sure.” “Make sure of what?” you might ask.

“Make sure a guy don’t cut his dick off, you know, accidentally” she says proudly.

Susan Rast—SALUTE!



Donald M. Robinson Tobacco Safety Technician

The recent scuttlebutt over second-hand smoke has spurred anti-smoking legislation nationwide and has also made quite a dent in cigarette sales. “All based on conjecture,” says Roland Pugh, President & CEO of Ribald Tobacco Co., the nation’s second largest cigarette manufacturer.

“The safety concerns of the public are valid,” says Pugh. “Of course, I would panic, too, if I read all of their studies. That’s why we’re doing our own studies.”

Meet Donald M. Robinson, Ribald’s Senior Tobacco Safety Technician. “I’d say I study about 28 packs a day. On a good day, I’ll do over 30,” says Robinson in a thick Cockney accent.

By “study” he means he

smokes them. Donald gets paid \$110,000 per annum to smoke Ribald cigarettes eight hours a day—just to show “how safe they really are.”

Robinson, 44, and a British citizen until eight years ago, has been on the job for six years now. “Hell, I didn’t even smoke when they first hired me. Sure, I’d had a couple of fags (cigarettes) in my youth, but nothing like this.” He points to a pile of empty cartons on the ground. “Cancer. I ain’t bloody ‘eard of it. I been smoking ‘em six years and I feel better than ever.”

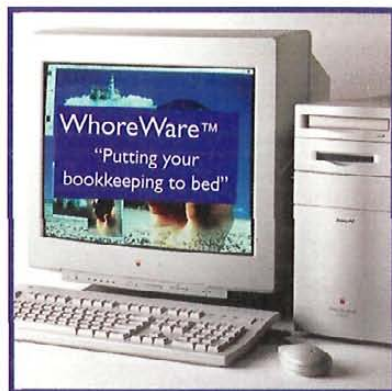
Says Pugh, “Robinson is one of our stand-outs. He smokes Ribalds all day long, and look at him. He’s a picture of health. When he got here, he weighed 330 pounds. He was a whale. He couldn’t even get up the steps.” He shows a picture of the “old” Donald. “Now he’s a healthy 120 pounds, and he gets paid for it.”

Robinson keeps to his rigorous smoking schedule, despite over one hundred personal appearances a year for Ribald at medical conventions and sales meetings. “I excuse myself for a cigarette break,” he laughs.

Don’t even mention retirement to Robinson. “Retire? Hell, I’m the luckiest man in world. I work eight hours a day at a job I like—then I go home to my wife and family. Most people have to take

the stress and troubles of work home with them. I leave it all at the office.”

Donald M. Robinson—
SALUTE!



Harvey Lipstein Accountant of the Night

The interactive craze has reached monumental proportions. Multimedia and computers are taking over the rigors of our daily lives—all the while making things much easier.

Harvey Lipstein, CPA, is jumping on the bandwagon. He’s developed accounting and tax software for prostitutes called WhoreWare™, now available at computer stores everywhere. There are two versions out: One for Nevada, where prosti-



tution is legal, and another for states where it's illegal. "It's going to revolutionize prostitution as we know it," says Lipstein.

Revolutionize is just the beginning, according to Kim Russell, a luscious and lean Lady of the Night from Fort Worth, Texas. "I mean, Jesus Christ, buddy," she says. "My laptop ain't just for ridin'!" She pulls out a brand new Macintosh Powerbook 560C, recently purchased after an expensive trick.

"I used to just keep the calculations in my pocketbook— forty percent to my pimp, twenty percent to my dealer. Hell, after all the deductions, it seemed like I had nothin' left." But now, with WhoreWare™, Kim keeps track of her output.

"With the software, I noticed that I was shooting up about \$300 of smack a day, but paying out \$450. You just can't keep track when you're flying, man."

So far this month, his is the top selling accounting software on the market. Lipstein is just happy to help out. "I never expected it to be a hit. I just knew the problems the girls that I know have, and I thought I could address those."

Address them he has, says Russell.

"Just tell him I'm open for business. And as far as I'm concerned, whenever he's in town, he's got plenty of credit in my books."

Harvey Lipstein—
SALUTE!



Donald M. Robinson Air Sickness Bag Tester

Donald M. Robinson has a reason to vomit— he smokes twenty-eight packs of cigarettes a day. You might recognize his name. Donald

M. Robinson was featured above (see above) as the foremost Tobacco Safety Technician in his field. Now, Donald is making waves as a top Air Sickness Bag Tester.

"I test the bags, just to make sure they can handle, how should I put this, every possible combination in a passenger's stomach. I mean, having Taco Bell burritos all over the center aisle is no way to say Ya'll come back now (his airline's motto).

Robinson moonlights as the bag tester, consuming a variety of foods, such as spaghetti, pizza, bagels, and tacos. "I have to try 'em all, 'cuz you never know what one of these sick bastards will have eaten."

And after each meal, just like clockwork, Robinson has a cigarette and "loses his lunch". It's his job to make sure that the air sickness bag holds whatever might be in a passenger's diet. That requires him to eat, on average, eight meals during each eight-hour shift— and then regurgitate each into a standard air sickness bag.

"It's actually quite easy. After smoking the number of cigarettes I do, I feel really nauseous. Not that smoking is bad for you. It's just that I just don't have time to eat during the day. And finally, when I do, I'm ready to blow chunks."

Some scoff at the importance, or lack thereof, of Robinson's job. But he sees it differently. "Some people make fun of me. I can't tell you how many times a month I get handed Eating Disorder handbooks. But, those people don't understand. They just want to belittle me. No one can ever disregard the importance of my job. And anyone who doubts that should just think about what would happen if I ever called in well. I shudder to think about it."

So do we.

Donald M. Robinson—
SALUTE!



"TELL US WHAT YOU DID IN THE WAR, DADDY."



“I survived
the attack
of the
52 in
5 ft
women”

A tale of Hollywood horror

I used to be a method actor. Basically, that means you do a lot of real-life research into the character you're going to play. If you're cast as a rodeo clown, for example, you actually join a rodeo for a while so your portrayal will be as authentic as possible. My entire professional training was method-oriented (a fabulous learn-at-home course Sally Struthers turned me on to). So when I signed on to play Tonya Hardly and Lenora Babbitt in a movie, I believed I'd have to meet them in person to research the roles. It was a decision that almost cost me my life. If my story sounds like the plot of a Hollywood survival picture, well, in many ways it is—except one. Every word is true.

I live a fabulous Hollywood life. Throwing parties for big-name celebrities in my home is as normal to me as taking out the trash is to you. But the truth is, I only do it for the self-promotion. It's almost always more trouble than it's worth. You have to enjoy cleaning up vomit and bloodstains, plus celebrities tend to rip you off. One time I actually saw Demi Moore stealing condoms from my nightstand. She didn't know I was trying to trick my boyfriend into having a baby and had poked pinholes in all of them. Earlier, Demi had been telling me that if she got pregnant again, she'd kill herself. In the hope that she was serious, I let her take

Julie Brown

them. My point is, entertaining the rich or famous is mostly a big chore. Sometimes I don't even show up at my own parties. But that night I was on the moon. I mean, it wasn't just Jack, or Keanu, or Jane and Ted dropping by. Tonight's guests were my idols. The two women in the world I most wanted to meet. And in less than an hour, they'd be sitting on my bean bag couch! I was so excited I thought I'd pee in my pants. And I did. So I went upstairs to change and thought about how this magical evening would never have happened if I didn't know CPR.

See, a few weeks before, I was at Alec and Kim's for yet another bad cajun barbecue. Realizing they were about to drag everyone into their screening room for a compulsory viewing of "The Getaway", I snagged a fifth of tequila from the bar and hid in a bathroom. I was marvelling at the dizzying array of anti-psychotic prescriptions in Kim's medicine cabinet when I heard terrified whimpers coming from the shower. I flung back the curtain to find Hugh Manoogian, President of the Showtime Channel, cowering like a baby. "No Kim, I can't watch it! Please god, don't make me!" He wouldn't look up at me, so I slapped him hard. "Hugh, it's me, Julie Brown." Incredibly relieved, he struggled to his feet and we air kissed. Hugh Manoogian is one of the only network chiefs in Hollywood whose artistic opinion I always agree with. Ever since he told me I was a genius. I know he's sincere, too. It's not just because my Madonna parody for Showtime (Medusa: Dare to be Truthful) got huge ratings. Knowing it

was just a matter of time before Kim and Alex hunted us down, I suggested that we chug as much Cuervo Gold as fast as we could to numb ourselves against the inevitable horror we'd face in the screening room. Hugh was so grateful he said, "Julie, here's umpteen million dollars. Write another movie for Showtime and star in it," adding it could be about anything I wanted. Well, half a bottle later, I had this brilliant idea.

I told Hugh I wanted to film the life stories of Tonya Hardly and Lenora Babbitt and play both of them. (I could just see myself on Oscar night, clutching two Best Actress awards for the same movie!) Hugh got so excited he started hyperventilating and gasping and then keeled over. That's when I used CPR on him. It saved his life, but all the commotion brought the Baldwins pounding on the door. We pretended Hugh had a heart attack and they grudgingly called 911, but not till after the final credits had rolled on "Marrying Man". I still have nightmares. Even so, it was worth it. Because now I was about to meet Tonya and Lenora in person. Not just as research subjects (serious Meryl Streep-like actress that I am). No, they were destined to become my new best friends.

Suddenly the doorbell rang, shaking me from my reverie. I bolted breathlessly downstairs. Smoothing the folds of my vintage poodle skirt I went to the door. Even through the peephole, I recognized that damaged blond hair. Tonya Hardly was actually on my doorstep! I quickly turned on my pocket tape recorder to capture every second of this momentous

encounter. I planned to have my secretary transcribe our conversation later and put it in the script verbatim. It would lend the film the cinema verite feeling I was after. Not to mention saving me a lot of writing and typing. I adjusted my cleavage and opened the door. "Tonya, ma cherie. Willkommen! Bienvenu!" She blinked at me. "Why do you talk like that? Did you have a stroke or something?" I covered graciously. "Sorry. I just ate a jujubee. Please come in. I'm so thrilled to meet you."

I offered my hand, but she ignored it and pushed past me, her skates scraping noisy, indelible slashes in the priceless blue Italian marble floor. I couldn't help gushing, "Tonya, I can't wait to pick your brains!" She instantly assumed an attack stance. "Oh yeah? Well, I can't wait to kick your ass!" I quickly explained it was just an expression, that I meant I was just anxious to talk to her. She relaxed. "Let me see the cash first." I looked at her, confused. She rolled her eyes impatiently. "Look, I talk—I get paid. Five thousand bucks, or I'm double-lutzung outta here."

I was slightly taken aback, but just smiled, pulled a fistful of thousand dollar bills from a little change purse and handed them over. We settled on the couch and she popped open a generic beer with her teeth. (I'd read somewhere it was her preferred beverage and my housekeeper had scoured Beverly Hills for hours to find it). I watched her with fascination as she ripped the filter off a Marlboro and lit up. I started to lie about how good she looked in person when she accidentally exhaled a cloud of

smoke right in my face. Before I could stop coughing, the doorbell rang again.

"It's Lenora!" I gasped and excused myself to let her in. Whereas Tonya was a little rough around the edges, Lenora was delicate and fragile as a Lalique vase. She had a sweet serenity that to me, the cameras on Court TV had never quite captured. I showed her into the living room and began to make introductions. Tonya grunted that they'd met when they were on Geraldo. Determined to make Lenora feel equally welcome, I offered her a plate of cocktail weinies and olives I'd arranged as a fun sort of a ice-breaker. She shrieked, pulled out a butcher knife and started hacking at them, screaming obscenities in Spanish. Tonya wrestled the knife away, but not before my beautiful wedgewood serving plate was mentally marked "for the Goodwill box". Then Lenora calmed down and smiled as though nothing had happened. She leaned toward me and said shyly, "Ju are my favorite movie star, Julia. I just loved you in the movie *Slipping with the Enemies*."

Hiding my irritation, I politely explained that I was Julie Brown—not Julia Roberts (will people ever stop confusing me with her?!) Lenora nodded as if she understood completely, then asked if I liked being married to Richard Gere. Tonya laughed so hard beer flew out of her nose. Hoping to change the subject, I asked Tonya what kind of man she was attracted to. "I'm a sucker for a pencil-thin moustache," she replied, "As a matter of fact, Lenora's lookin' pretty good right now." Lenora burst into tears. "I can't help if I'm

allergic to Nair! I try to shave it, but I get the razor burns!"

Trying to keep the peace, I quickly changed the subject. "Tonya, bashing Nancy Kerrigan in the leg was so cool. Did you think of it yourself? Or was it Jeff's idea?" She sneered at me. "Oh, like he could plan something that smart. I was always the brains behind the operation." Considering how badly botched the hit on Nancy was, I was surprised by this admission.

"Gee," I said, "if you're that smart, how come you're doing hundreds of hours of community service?" Tonya glared at me with her too-close-together, icy-blue eyes. "Hey, I like picking up trash on the highway. Sure, it's hot out there and my skate blades sink into the asphalt, but when people drive by, you know what they say to me? Do you?" I shook my head. "They say, *We love you Tonya! Go for the gold!*"


I asked her if she considered that an option, now that she'd been stripped of her national title and banned from skating for life. What happened next is a blur. All I remember is waking up in an ambulance with the siren screaming. Lenora was holding my hand and humming "Pretty Woman". I started to sit up but a hunky paramedic restrained me. "Don't move," he said softly, "you've lost a lot of blood." Only later would I learn that Tonya had beaten me into unconsciousness with my own bronze Degas figurine. (thank God it was a reproduction).

I reached out to the paramedic. "Please," I moaned, "if I need plastic surgery call Dr. Barry DeBrow. I don't want anybody else touching me." (Barry is a genius. What he did

for Paula Abdul's saddlebags is nothing less than miraculous). He promised, and gave me a shot of something absolutely wonderful. As the sedative took effect, I heard Lenora whisper to him, "Ju know Mr. Doctor man, it's been so long since I had a date. Most men are afraid to date me since I separated my husband from his joystick."

She planted a hot and nasty kiss on him. The last thing I heard, before the darkness closed around me, was the sound of the back door flying open and the paramedic screaming as he hurled himself out of the speeding ambulance.

Happily, my injuries were more or less superficial. But since I was in the hospital anyway, I asked Barry to give me a light chemical peel. He just laughed and said, "Maybe in twenty years, when you need it." I was released just in time to start principal photography on the movie, "The Attack of the 5 Ft. 2 inch Women". Tonya phoned the studio, begging for my forgiveness (and a part in the movie), but I refused her calls and gave studio security strict orders to shoot on sight. Lenora called so many times I finally got her a pass to the set of "I Love Trouble" just to get rid of her. I read in Liz Smith's column she was arrested for stalking. I hope Julia's hair grows back.

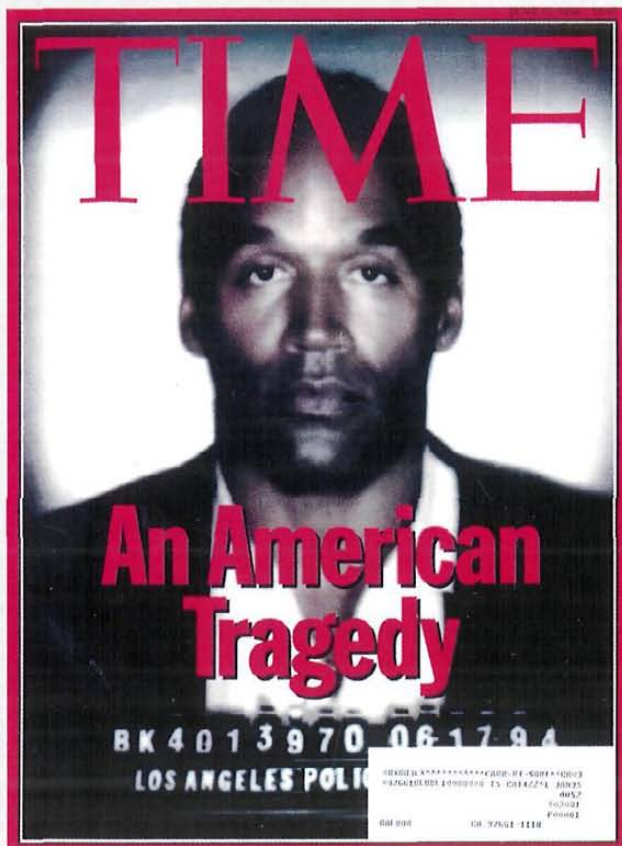
So much for method acting. I've learned my lesson. Forget research. Forget even learning lines. From now on, I'm going to do what Debra Winger does. Sit in an air-conditioned Winnebago until they threaten to fire me, then when the cameras roll, just say whatever psychotic thing pops into my head. 

SPECIAL REPORT

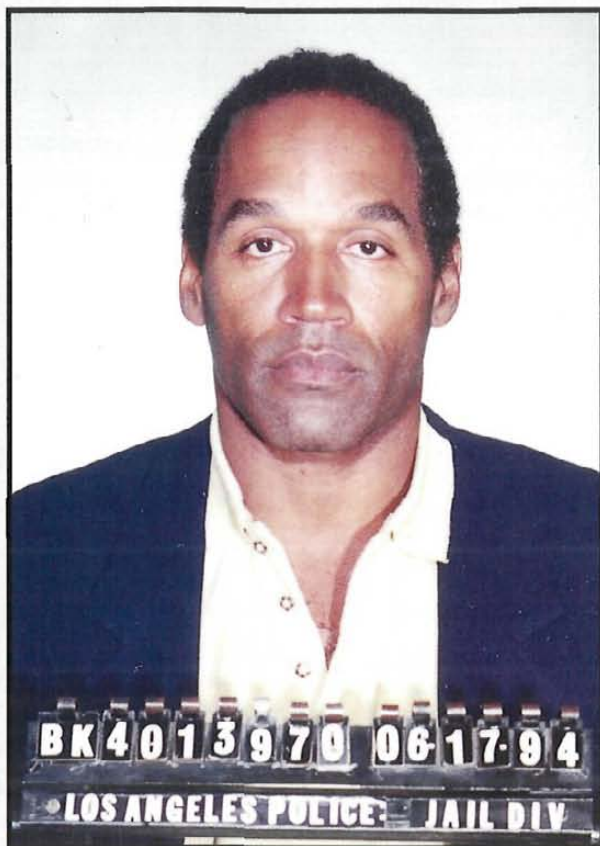
NATIONAL LAMPOON INSIDE INVESTIGATION & CONTEST

Investigation:

After O.J. Simpson was arrested, Time magazine caused quite a stir by taking artistic license and depicting O.J. on their cover with a darker than normal complexion. Time later admitted that this was, in fact, a bad idea. However, National Lampoon's inside investigator Todd Schwartz, uncovered several other cover ideas Time initially considered.



TIME's printed version



Original photo

Contest: O.J. Alibi

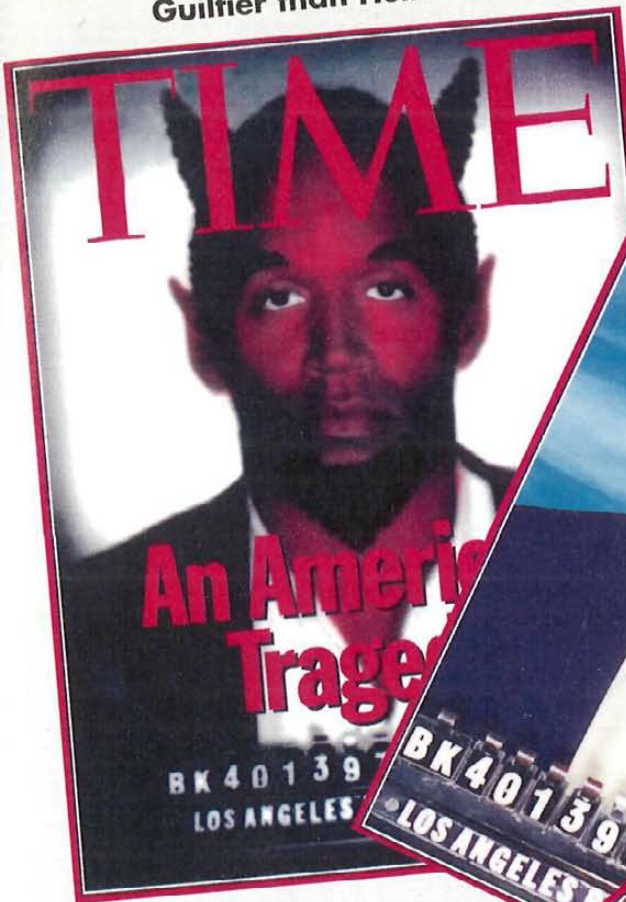
As you know O.J. is looking at fourth and long, and this is no time to punt. Sure O.J. might have killed his wife and the waiter, but he could run faster with a football than a Puerto Rican with a T.V. set and we all love him for it. We need to come up with a great alibi for a great American. If you can give O.J. an air-tight alibi in fifty words or less, you and the juice could be big winners—*Lance Norris, Official Judge*

Rules:

- In fifty words or less, give us an air-tight alibi for O.J. the night of June 19th, 1994.
- Include a list of any deep, dark secrets about your past (*photos a plus*) that might come up in court and discredit you as a witness.
- The top five entries will be printed in National Lampoon and forwarded to the defense team.
- The author of the alibi judged to be the best will win an O.J. "Framed" t-shirt
- And don't forget to call our 900# to let us know what you really think and help us pay for the t-shirt.

Send to: NATIONAL LAMPOON's O.J. Alibi Contest, P.O. Box 4140, Irvine, CA 92716-9919

Guiltier than Hell.



A Saint of a man.



He was set-



VERSIONS UNCOVERED

“SHOULD O.J. BE JUICED?”

The big question here isn't whether O.J. is innocent or guilty—we may never really know the full truth—the big question is what do our readers think? So tell us and we will tell the world. “Should O.J. be Juiced?”

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Tough Scrape: A Nick Skorpio Adventure

by Joseph Ireland and David Garrett

The blade of the guillotine cut cleanly through the back of my shaven neck, and immediately I felt the pull of gravity tugging my head forward. Below me, a bloody wicker basket, filled with the unsmiling faces of those previously fallen. Indeed, I was in a tough scrape. I knew that. But I had been in tougher ones and had made out okay. See, my name is Nick Skorpio and tough scrapes are my business. The agency didn't give me "Double-Oh!" status for nothing and it would take more than a decapitation in some booby-filled pais to keep me down.

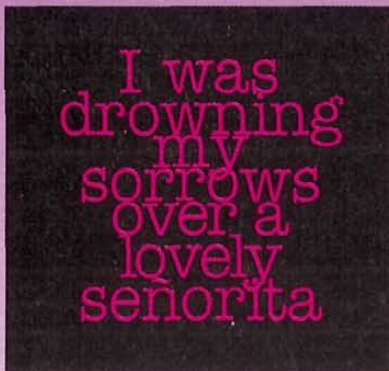
My eyes blinked reflexively in pain as my head bounced in the basket. Christ! This wasn't helping my hangover one damn bit. See, it was just the night before that the *federales* had busted into my room right as I was putting the finishing touches on a bottle of tequila. I was drowning my sorrows over a lovely señorita, a girl I had met earlier at the *exposición del burro* show. I told her that I loved her and I thought she felt the same. But I was wrong. She left and immediately informed to the feds. So there I was, the mighty Skorp, drunk and stupid over a girl, sitting in the dark with a radio transmitter and a direct hook-up to Uncle Sam. But isn't that the way it always is? They tell you to never lose your head over a sweet young thing and the next thing you know, you're getting slam-dunked into a wicker basket.

Or maybe I'm just unlucky.

One bounce, two bounces. Finally, I came to a stop, propped neatly upright against another head. I glanced over. It was the brunette to whom I had spoken with briefly on the *carro de la muerte*. It seems that she had dared to speak out against *el Generalísimo*, and hence had been sentenced to die. It was a damn

heard. But her bad luck was my good luck. Propped up against her like I was, I could now survey my would-be executioners through the slats of the basket without straining. Chumps. I had them right where I wanted.

I knew I only had 15 seconds before I lost consciousness—before the oxygen to my brain would be cut-off forever. But an agile mind can do a lot in that amount of time. And who knows? I might even have as much as 25 or 30 seconds of consciousness. Why? My blood cells were, how shall we say this, very generous in supplying oxygen to my brain. All because of the cardiovas-



cular fitness brought on by my rigorous workout schedule. I knew those long hours spent busting my ass competing in Ironman competitions would pay big dividends.

Yeah, they thought they had me. The two guards at the plaza gates were big guys but I've seen bigger. I knew that if I surprised them, I'd have more than a chance. The hooded executioner—a paper tiger if there ever was one. A crowd of spectators—all chump change.

But my first objective was to make my way back to my body. Then, and only then, would I have a fighting chance. This would take some doing, though, especially now, as my sensitive hearing picked up the

shame. Up close, I could now see that she was beautiful. Of course, it just goes to show that pretty girls should be seen and not

sound of my body being dragged across the scaffold and thrown onto the cart. Thud. It was done. The oxen started pulling away. A tactical problem such as this would make my situation all the more challenging.

I looked down at my watch to check the seconds. Then I realized my watch was being wheeled away with my body. The bastards had anticipated my every move. Still, there were other ways. I estimated, using the position of the sun, that somewhere in the neighborhood of three seconds had elapsed, give or take. I still had plenty of time.

Using what little torque I had in my neck, I spun to the left (and toward the edge of the scaffold) while simultaneously pushing against the brunette's head with my tongue. The back of my head hit hard into the side of the basket. I then spun back to the right and repeated the process. After three attempts, the basket was rocking. The guards, gloating in their supposed triumph, failed to notice my daring moves. On the fourth try, the basket tumbled over, sending a wave of severed heads onto the blood-thirsty crowd.

"*Cabezas, cabezas!*" they screamed as they were pelted by the bloody heads of accused spies and traitors. This was exactly what I wanted. ¡*Viva la Nick!* Ha! The Skorp thrives on chaos.

Still, I wasn't in the clear yet. I knew the devastation that would befall me if I landed among the stampeding feet of the panicked crowd. That was a fate I was certainly in no mood to meet. Falling with the rest of the heads, I extended my tongue as far out of my mouth as possible and caught a nail poking from the scaffold. I rotated around the nail, using my tongue as an axle, gaining momentum with each rotation, utilizing the gymnastic skills I had gained while training for the '76 Olympics. Three turns around the nail and then I saw the executioner's hooded mug. I let go and flew through the air, striking him with a mighty head-butt.

I knew I hit him good; and before rebounding, I clamped my mouth shut on his nose. He began thrashing about, swinging me to and

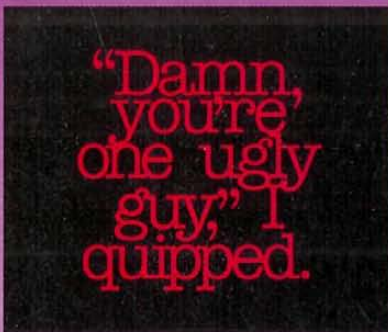
fro like a cat in a hot tin dryer. I was being pummeled and I felt my nose break, but by this time I felt no pain. The adrenaline was kicking in. I held firmly with my teeth on his bloody, twisted schnaz. Soon, the mask tore from his face. "Damn, you're one ugly guy," I quipped.

Using the executioner's eyes as mirrors, I saw the two guards at the gates rushing the scaffold. They leaped up with machetes drawn. Now, by virtue of my acute peripheral vision, I waited for the glint of steel. It came, first from one guard, then the other. I immediately released my grip from the executioner's nose. The first machete passed over my head and imbedded itself firmly in the skull of the executioner. "Thanks for the trim," I said. I hit the scaffold with a thud, landing at the feet of the first guard. The second guard, trying to redirect the swing of his blade to strike me a mortal blow, split the first guard from breastbone to groin. I laughed at their ineptitude. The first guard jerked his legs forward spasmodically as his insides spilled out from his fissured body. He kicked hard and I went flying through the air. "Mess with the Skorpio, you're gonna get stung!" I shouted back.

While airborne, I surveyed the carnage I had cre-

ated on the scaffold. Two men were dead, a guard in shock, and the crazed crowd was running pell-mell like disturbed ants. It was a surreal sight, and truthfully, I felt bad about what happened. I didn't want to do it, but I guess that's the nature of my business. Kill or be killed. I only reflected on this for a millisecond, though. Introspection is not my forte and there were more pressing matters. Checking the sun again I estimated that seven seconds had elapsed. I was still feeling strong, but for how long? I had to act quickly.

People will talk of luck, and Lady Luck had certainly been smiling on me up to this point. But when I speak of luck, I'm actually referring



to the percentages, the mathematical odds that something will occur. Having obtained a doctorate in mathematical quantum mechanics at MIT, I could say that I knew a little more than your average chump on the street about luck. So you can imagine my surprise when I landed into a pile of hay on the back of a farmer's cart. The chance of this happening were astronomical. "Glad to see you," I said to the startled *campesino* driving the mules.

But then, I met another bit of trouble. A young boy, who had been eyeing me since my tumble off the scaffold, scurried toward me. As a spy, the difference between the quick and the dead, the

players and the chumps, is the

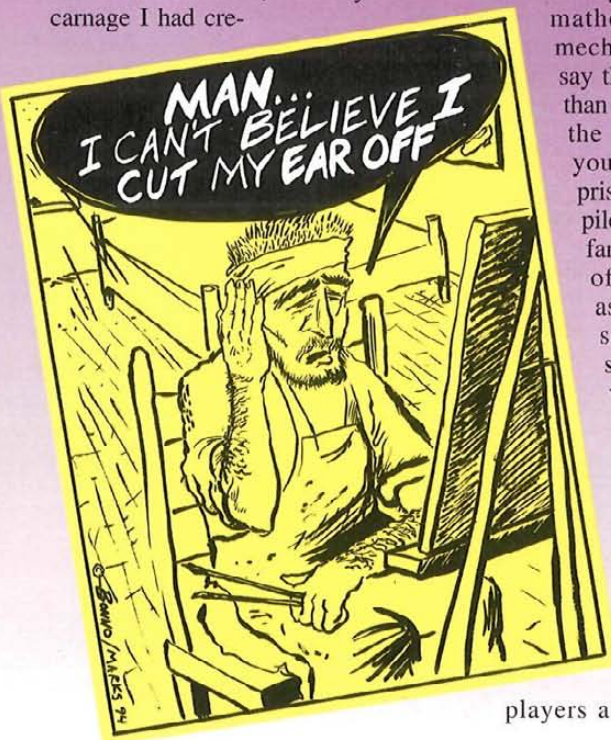
ability to recognize the tiny details that spell trouble. The mob numbered in the thousands but I remembered this boy in particular because of the matted sleep in his lashes. He obviously was awakened in a hurry and did not have time to wash his face. But why? What did he want? This being a struggling Third World country, and the boy being a poor peasant, I suspected he wanted to catch me and collect the monstrous bounty on my head. He must have known that I was Nick Skorpio and would somehow engineer a dramatic escape. I feared the worst, having no motor mechanism to elude his grasp. I closed my eyes and "played dead".

I was surprised by his actions, however. Instead of making off with my head and delivering it to *el Generalísimo*, he simply grabbed the earring out of my left ear and began to tug. I opened my eyes and mustered all my strength to whimper, this being difficult—my wind-pipe and vocal cords were traveling away with my body some one-hundred yards down the road. "Amigo," I said. "*Necesito ayuda.*" I then asked him in his native Central American Indian dialect if he could help me get to my body.

He laughed, "*Sí, señor,*" which I knew meant, "Yes, sir." He asked, "*¿Le gusta fútbol?*" Suddenly, I felt myself lifted high in the air and hurled some twenty feet down the road in a southerly trajectory. I knew the direction due to my being hit by bird droppings from a flock of geese heading south for the winter.

I saw the dry, cracked ground approaching quickly. Great, I thought. The indomitable Skorp is going to meet his end as ant food. Suddenly, I felt a jolt. And then another. And another. I felt myself bouncing up and down three to four feet off the ground. I swear I would have vomited had my torso still been attached.

After a moment, I realized I was being knee-juggled by a ten-year-old kid down the dusty street. Lucky me, I found myself beheaded in one of the world's leading soccer nations, and now some punk Diego Péle Beбето was practicing his skills on The Skorp. Fortunately, we were heading toward the cart that held my body. Good thing, too. I suspected that we





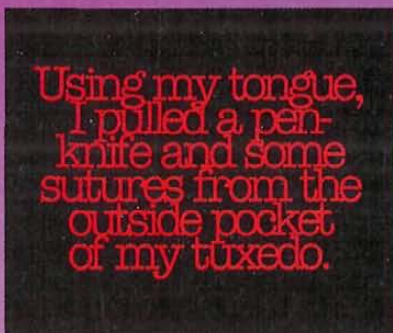
were nearing the 15-second mark.

It looked as though we would make it there. But, I had alternative plans anyway. If I did not make it to my body, I would pay the boy to juggle me to the Costa Rican border, where American intelligence operatives would rescue me. There, I would call a doctor friend I knew, Dr. Ted, who at one time was considered the top neuro-vascular mammalogist in all the Southern hemisphere. He owed me a favor from a long ways back, a time when I saved his ass from a situation involving a Lotus, a bottle of rum, and the Haitian dictator's fifteen-year-old daughter. Despite his debilitating prescription drug problem, I knew he could fix me up. But it looked like it wouldn't be necessary. This kid was a juggling fool and we were rapidly catching up with my body.

But now I saw trouble. Armed soldiers were following us, members of the *Generalísimo's* Elite Despotic Guard. Unrivaled in their cruelty and disregard for life, I had experienced many run-ins with them in the past, during which I had always managed to get the better of them. They had a chip on their shoulder, and that chip's name was Nick Skorpio. I should have known that they would never rest until they were sure I was actually dead. That the Despotic Guard had slipped my mind disturbed me greatly. Maybe the lack of oxygen had made me forget but every agent's fear is to spend too much time in the field and lose one's edge. First the girl in the hotel and now this. Had the peerless Skorp succumbed to complacency? I don't know, but they came anyway, some fifteen to twenty, though it was hard to see with that little bastard bouncing me up and down so fast. I knew I had to get to my body quickly if I was to have even a half-ass chance to survive.

"I get off here," I gurgled as we passed the cart with my body. Sticking my tongue out and gri-

macing at the apogee of the bounce, I changed the aerodynamics of my face, thus redirecting the airflow causing me to whirl off into the cart. There were numerous headless bodies in the cart, but fortunately I landed near mine; except that I was posi-



tioned at my feet instead of my neck. A minor inconvenience. I knew I was on the home stretch, if I could only avoid tangling with the Despotic Guard for a few more moments.

The soldiers were gaining. I used every bump and pothole in the street to my advantage. As the car hit a hole, I would use the force to inch my way toward the top of my body. But it looked to be too late. The soldiers were on me. I hunkered down and once again "played dead"

To my amazement, they never even looked in the cart for me. What was their plan, I thought. Later I found that they were late for a cockfight. They had no intention of


retrieving me. They had figured that I was dead the moment I had left the scaffold. Chumps. Never underestimate Nick Skorpio.

I came out from hiding and finally found myself perched near my neck. I positioned my head so that it lay on top of my severed body, giving me the opportunity to take a few well-earned breaths with my lungs. The oxygen was invigorating and I felt like a new man. But until I reconnected my head to my body, I couldn't feel comfortable.

Using my tongue, I pulled a pen-knife and some sutures from the outside pocket of my tuxedo. I left them on my chest. From the inside pocket, I then pulled out my smokes, Lucky Strikes, unfiltered. With a little effort - the saliva from my tongue kept putting out the match - I lit one up and took a drag. Things were looking up.

It was tough, but I swallowed my tongue, so that it protruded from the bottom of my severed head. I dragged my head in position over my body. Still using my tongue, I reconnected first the life-giving arteries flowing to my brains. Just in time, I thought. Next, through the large opening in my neck left by the guillotine blade, I re-attached less-vital veins and nerves, suturing with my tongue, until I re-gained use of my arms and hands. From there it was a piece of cake. I was out of the country and back in the good ol' U.S. of A in twenty-four hours.

That evening, I walked through the door of my suburban home. The little lady was there with Nick, Jr., Little Skorp, I like to call him. "Where have you been, Mr. Secret Agent?" she asked. She kissed me and put Nick, Jr. in my arms. "You've been gone long enough. Now, I'm going out for a while."

She then left, leaving me standing there with Little Skorp burping up strained carrots on my tuxedo jacket. I felt like a chump. 



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AS THE NINJA SCANS THE SKYLINE
HE SENSES SOMETHING HE HASN'T
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REURNS OF WHAT'S HAPPENING

... MEANWHILE CROSSBOWN RUFUS J.
WASHINGTON JR IS SITTING DOWN
TO HIS FRIED CHICKEN DINNER



RUFUS SINGLE HANDEOLY IS SETTING
BACK THE PROGRESS OF AFRO-AMERICANS
BY TWENTY YEARS.



I DO SURE
LUV'EM CHICKEN
YE SSIREE



WHO'S DAT?

YOU'RE THE LAST ONE
RUFUS, I MUST BREAK
THE CYCLE

I DONT OWN
NO CYCLE?



OH, LOBOY LORD, PLEASE
DUN GIVE 'EM ME ONE
MO' CHANCE

TAKE
THAT YOU
FILTHY STEROT

IT'S TOO
LATE FOR YOU, RUFUS



YOU DUN CUT
OFF ME LIPS

TAKE THAT AS
A WARNING

NEXT STOP: A CAMARO DRIVING-
GOLD CHAIN WEARING- PIZZA
DELIVERING- GREASY TANK TOP
WEARING ITALIAN NAMED MINNIE

E.M. MADIGAN © 1994

Suicide Notes — to be or not to be...

Enough is enough. I've had it with the thumb-sucking, the bed-wetting, the constant crying and the all-too-sporadic erections. I've had it with the "Hooked on Phonics" sessions and the lack of so much as one strand of body hair. I've had it with the stomach aches at 3 a.m. and explaining my period every freakin' month. I can't spend another minute with this man. But please, don't tell him the truth about what I've done. Tell him I went to a big party in the sky with ice cream and pizza. Tell him Uncle Dick will be there and I won't be coming back for a long, long time.

— Marilyn Quayle

I can no longer endure the misery of the last few months. The country has reached full employment, the deficit has been reduced to \$22.35, and people of all races are living side by side, in peace. Women and minorities are prospering. The welfare system is no longer necessary and every U.S. citizen has health insurance. Taxes are low, spirits are high. I've lost the will to live.

— Rush Limbaugh

Feeling kind of bored; got nothin' to do. Use to have something to do; use to have a pretty important job. Gotta get this suicide thing workin'; gotta make it work. Feel bad for Barbs though, been like a mother to me. Never thought I'd be the one to go first. Still can't talk in complete sentences; don' have to worry about that now. Anyway, gotta get goin'; made up my mind.

— George Bush

I say, let the people decide! I'm not in this for myself. If enough of you people call my 800 number and request that I put a bullet through my head, then it's a done deal. Larry, you name the time and place and I'll be there. It's just that simple.

— Ross Perot

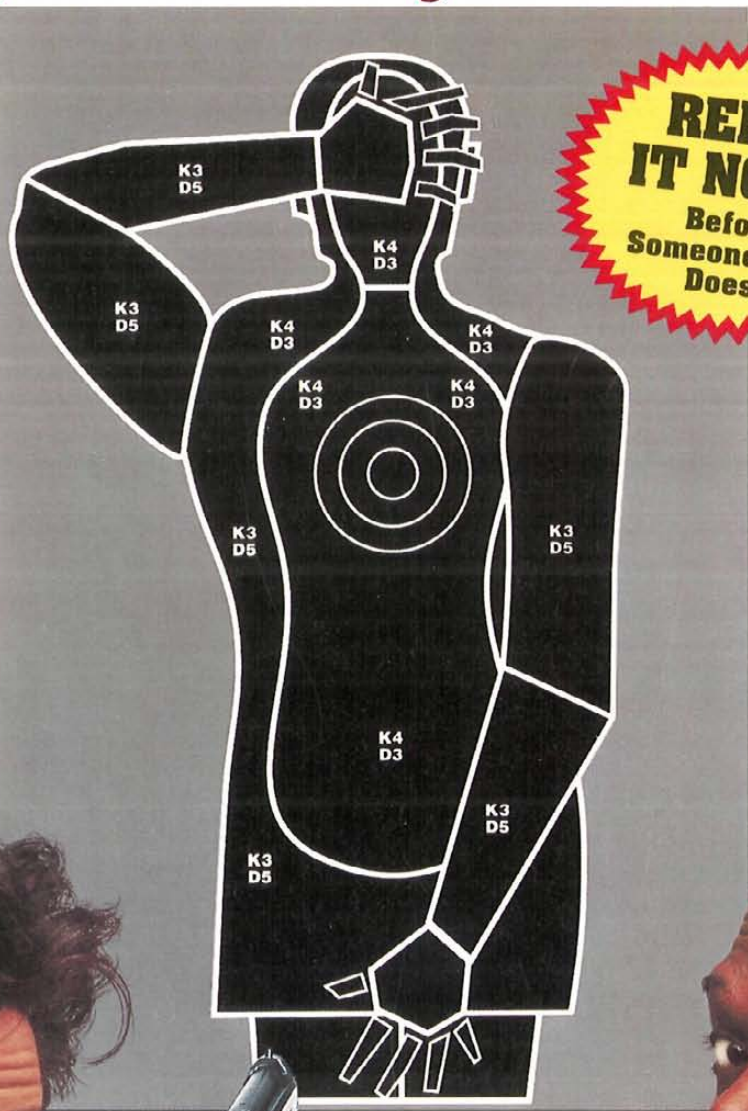
Scatter my ashes over the most beautiful stretch of land in this goddamn country. Dump me in the most pristine body of water you can find. Just don't make me sit through another meeting with one of those environment nuts. Thanks.

— Al Gore

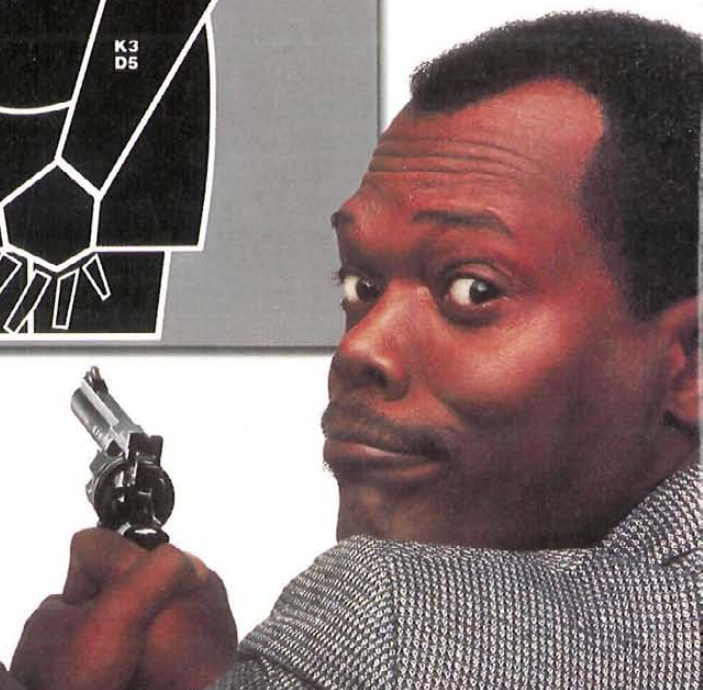
O.J.'s To Do List

1. Buy knife
2. Lunch as Mezzeluna/Call A.C.
3. Make reservations for Chicago trip
4. Call airport limo
5. Kill children's mother
6. Inflict grievous bodily wounds on waiter who gave bad service
7. Tell Kato to feed dog/turn off jacuzzi
8. Go to Mcdonald's
- 8a. Cut finger
9. Drop glove
10. Set burglar alarm on house
11. ~~Call Howard~~
- 11a. Return videotape (Rewind!)
12. Get passport/Go to bank
13. Call Bob S./De-brief Kato
14. Destroy Best Friend's Life
15. Write suicide note
16. Threaten suicide
17. ~~Commit suicide to retain dignity~~
18. Practice holding breath

Oh My God! They're On Video!



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



EMILIO ESTEVEZ

SAMUEL L. JACKSON

**NATIONAL
LAMPOON'S**

LOADED WEAPON I

NEW LINE PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS A NATIONAL LAMPOON'S PRODUCTION A FILM BY ERWIN STOFF STARRING EMILIO ESTEVEZ AND SAMUEL L. JACKSON IN NATIONAL LAMPOON'S LOADED WEAPON I PRODUCED BY SUZANNE TODD AND DAVID WILLIS WRITTEN BY DON HOLLEY AND TORI TELLETT DIRECTED BY ERWIN STOFF
PETER DEMING MICHEL ROY HOWARD KLEIN ERWIN STOFF DON HOLLEY TORI TELLETT DON HOLLEY GENE QUINTANO
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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.

ORALGIENE™ A REVOLUTIONARY DEVELOPMENT IN HOME DENTAL CARE.

It's the world's only toothbrush that *automatically cleans six surfaces of the teeth simultaneously*, at the exact angle prescribed by dentists and hygienists. Reaching under the gumline.

Oralgene is easy to use. Just bite into the bristles, press the power button, or turn on the switch, and let it do the rest.

Oralgene's four unique reciprocating-action bristles go to work cleaning six tooth surfaces at once - top, bottom, inside and out, and biting surfaces.

TESTS SHOW ORALGIENE IS SUPERIOR.

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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ORALGIENE IS ACCEPTED BY THE AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION.

Proven clinically safe and effective at removing plaque, Oralgene helps prevent the start of gingivitis. And it fights gum disease.

Oralgene includes two interchangeable brush heads, battery pack, plug-in recharger and storage stand. It comes with a 30 day, money-back guarantee and a one year manufacturer's warranty.

Oralgene is just \$79.95 plus \$5.00 shipping and handling.

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Triple-Action Bristles automatically clean six surfaces of the teeth simultaneously.

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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.



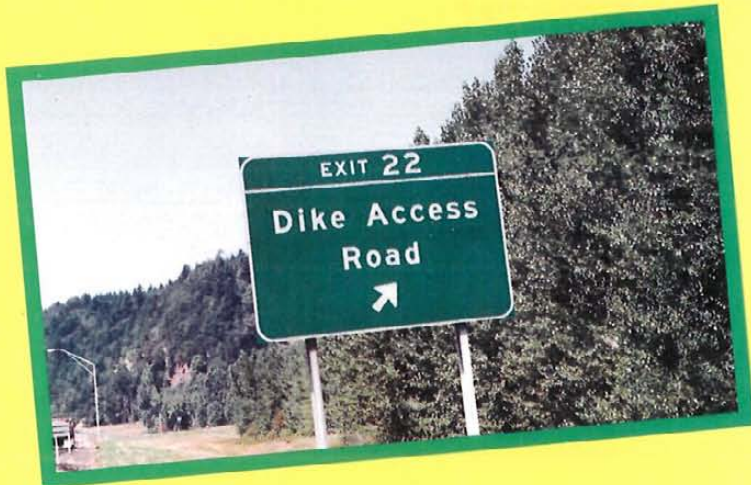
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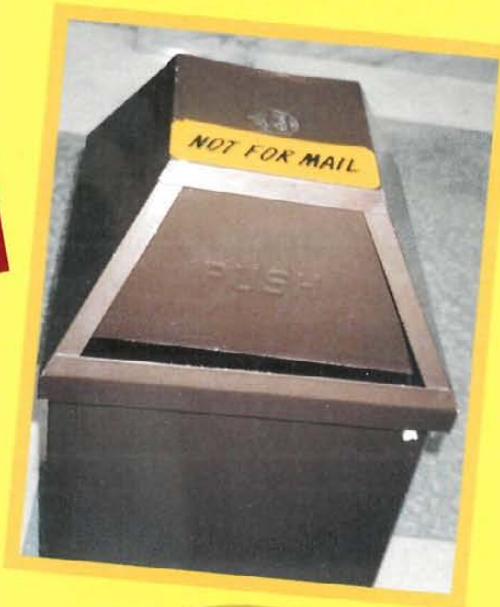


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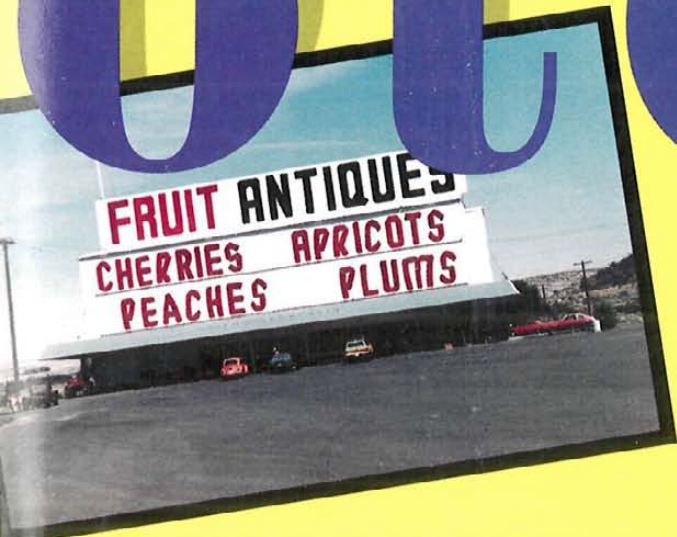


SIGNED To Ph





Ototos



Career News:

How Great Candidates Blow Job Interviews

Dusza-Lott

Announcing the engagement and forthcoming marriage of Amy J. Dusza, M.D., to James Howard Lott III

Bass-Herring



Jennifer Bass and Bret Herring were married Saturday in Trinity Lutheran Church, Kent.

The bride is the daughter of Catherine and Fred Bass, Stow. The bridegroom is the son of Kay and John Herring, Kent. The maid of honor was Kya Herring. The matron of honor was Amy Kovac. The best man was Willie Jones.

The bride is a graduate of Kent



AMY J. DUSZA, M.D.

Man seriously injured during attack by cows

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

LONDON — Paramedics rescued a man mauled by a herd of cows.

John Hine, 55, was crossing a field while walking his two golden retrievers on Sunday near Tetsworth, about 40 miles northwest of London, when the Jersey cows spotted him.

The cows knocked him to the ground, breaking his leg and badly bruising his chest, according to John Willis of the ambulance service that took Hine to a hospital in Oxford, where he was reported in serious but stable condition.

Hine was unable to move after he was knocked down, and called for help on his cellular phone. His dogs barked to help paramedics locate their master in the boggy, secluded spot.

"There were calves in the field, so I think the cows were being protective," Willis said.

"We called in the police helicopter, and when it arrived all the cows came over to see what was going on,"

RUSH PONTIAC-GMC

Has immediate openings for new and used salespeople. Must have a positive attitude

Educating Dick and Jane: What's a parent to do? on skills. ion and

Chesty Love, a well-known stripper, and her husband, Reginald R. Hess, have been allowed by a tax judge to depreciate surgical implants that greatly enlarged her breasts.

"It's simply a stage prop we are carrying around to make money," Cynthia Hess said of her implants. "I'm happy for me and a lot of other girls in show business. The tax laws have been used

against us everywhere we turn."

She claimed a \$2,088 deduction in 1988 for depreciation on the surgical implants to enlarge her bust size to 56FF.

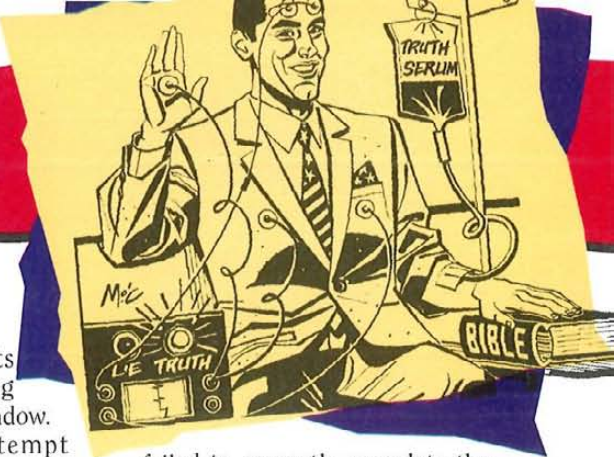
The Special Trial Judge, Joan Pate, ruled that the implants increased Hess' income and that the breasts, at 10 pounds each, were so big and bulky that she couldn't derive personal benefit from them. *LA Times*.

A bank robber making a getaway shoved a \$1 bill into a Salvation Army kettle.

"Probably heard our kettles were down by 20%," said George Church, a Salvation Army commander.

The FBI confiscated the kettle, dusted every bill for fingerprints, and arrested the suspect hours later. *LA Times*.

TRUE FACTS



Frederick Frank Ebenal murdered his girlfriend with a shotgun and then sued her estate for his portion of the community property. Ebenal says that he is the common-law husband of Peggy Jones and should be entitled to his fair share of the proceeds.

Ebenal was convicted of murdering Ms. Jones with a "short range shotgun blast to her face," according to San Angelo court records.

The convicted murderer is seeking \$15,000 in damages for being denied what he says is rightfully his: One-fourth to one-third of Ms. Jones' estate, valued at \$18,000.

According to a Texas law, a person named in a will can't inherit from the deceased if he is convicted of the murder. However, due to glitch in the law, a common-law spouse may be able to inherit if the victim didn't leave a will. *AP*.

A group of Colombian soccer fans became a bit angry after Colombia's top player on their World Cup team, Andres Escobar, accidentally caused a ball to bounce off his foot and into the Colombian goal in a game against the United States.

The group of gunmen shot Escobar twelve times after he dined at a Medellin restaurant. One gunman said, "Thanks for the autogoal," before pumping Escobar full of bullets. After each of twelve shots, the group of assailants shouted "goal."

LA Times. DCG

A 30-year-old man in Kenmore, New York, made two

unsuccessful attempts at suicide by leaping from a fourth story window.

"In his first attempt Saturday morning, the man had to take a running leap because those windows don't open," Police Capt. Emil Palombo said.

The man dove through a double-panel window, landing on a car, buckling the roof and door and smashing its rear windows.

Although dazed and bleeding from a facial cuts, the man got up and walked to the building's elevator, a witness told police.

Palombo said police believed the man suffered his most serious injuries in the second fall, when the car no longer absorbed the impact.

Palombo said, "People who make suicide attempts often try again... but not in the time span of two minutes."

Tom Winfrey of Hillsboro, Missouri, robbed a tavern's patrons at gunpoint, but once outside, couldn't find his car keys.

He stripped down and re-entered the bar. Winfrey disguised his voice, claiming to also be a robbery victim and asking for help.

He continued his charade when police arrive as the people in the bar identified him as the culprit.

Tenequa Jackson of Los Angeles pulled a .38 caliber pistol from a drawer and shot her husband in the head after he

failed to correctly complete the Publisher's Clearing House entry form that she had received in the mail.

After her husband Luther placed a subscription sticker for Playboy in the box designated for a Mercedes, Mrs. Jackson announced that "she had had enough" and retrieved the weapon. Mr. Jackson ran into the bathroom and held the door shut.

Mrs. Jackson place the barrel of the weapon against the door at about 6' and pulled the trigger, grazing her husband.

He did not press charges after police were called to the scene.

A fourteen-year-old boy missed his first day in the tenth grade to go to court to fight for the custody of his baby, telling a judge he want to raise his daughter 'like a father should.'

The baby is in the custody of the boy's ex-wife, Wendy Chappell Warden, seventeen. She testified that the boy, Hal Warden, 'behaved like a ten-year-old when we were married.'

Send your TRUE FACTS in, by Quick Mail, to:

Willie Harper
True Facts Editor
NATIONAL LAMPOON
10850 Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90024

Roommates Room

They're strange, they're weird, they get naked in your bathroom. They're YOUR ROOMMATES! Those crazy people who invade your personal space, but who are good to have around when you don't want to buy your own shampoo and milk. My personal research has lead me to believe that one out of every three roommates are the "nice guy" roommate who reinvents himself as "Anal Retentive Man", the modern day crimefighter who wards off his foes with a single cleaning chart

The following is a brief categorical list of roommates I've dealt with. I've changed their last names to "Arnez, Jr."—I'm a big fan of Desi Arnez, Jr.—in order to protect the innocent.

NAME: Ted Arnez, Jr.

DURATION: 6 months

OCCUPATION: Some blue collar job, which I wasn't quite sure of.

SLOB OR NEAT FREAK: Slob. Left toe nail clippings on coffee table.

WEIRD QUIRKS: Showed me nude photos of his old girlfriend on the first day I met him. Also, compulsively talked about how much he likes to "party."

TENSION TURNING POINT: Had a friend, and his dog stayed over for five days.



"It's O.K., Officer. I'm a Celebrity and I may do anything I please."

ACT OF REVENGE: Ate some of his food.

END RESULT: The mention of his name creates a cringing Pavlovian effect that makes me go, "Eeeuuu."

NAMES: Matt Arnez, Jr. and Susanna Arnez, Jr.

DURATION: 5 months.

OCCUPATION: Catering.

SLOB OR NEAT FREAK: Neat freaks. At one point, a rule was enforced about rinsing out the bathtub after taking a shower.

WEIRD QUIRKS: Obsessive about; the arrangement of cans on their food shelf.

TENSION TURNING POINT: A friend of mine used Matt Arnez, Jr.'s towel. He didn't speak to me for three days.

ACT OF REVENGE: Ate some of their food.

END RESULT: Friend with both before. Only friends with Matt Arnez, Jr. afterwards.



NAMES: Aimee Arnez, Jr., Cari Arnez, Jr. and Kathy Arnez, Jr.

DURATION: 3 months.

OCCUPATIONS: College students.

This was their first apartment after living in the dorms—a mistake equivalent to the Vietnam War.

SLOB OR NEAT FREAK: Neat freaks to the tenth power. My newspapers were always left by my door.

WEIRD QUIRKS: Many, many notes left on the refrigerator door, for every occasion.

TENSION TURNING POINT: For some

strange reason, Aimee Arnez, Jr. demanded the rent to be paid three days in advance.

ACT OF REVENGE: I began a personal assault which involved loud, late-night noise. Also, I ate some of their food.

END RESULT: Our last conversation involved an argument.



NAMES: Brendan Arnez, Jr. and Laurie Arnez, Jr.

DURATION: 3 weeks.

OCCUPATIONS: Unemployed yet never seemed to worry about money.

SLOBS OR NEAT FREAKS: Slobs. The apartment started having a strange odor shortly after they moved in.

WEIRD QUIRKS: They never left the apartment and sat around all day drinking tequila.

TENSION TURNING POINT: It's a complete mistake living with a couple, especially when you're the odd man out. It's no fun having a romantic dinner going on when you want to watch TV or seeing a make-out session going on when you want an English muffin. Also, on more than one occasion, Laurie Arnez, Jr. referred to herself as a "slacker."

ACT OF REVENGE: Ate their food.

END RESULT: They moved out in the middle of the night, without leaving a note or saying goodbye or getting their \$850 deposit back.



NAMES: Nijana Arnez, Jr. and Raphael Arnez, Jr.

DURATION: 4 months.

OCCUPATIONS: Liquor store clerk and receptionist.

SLOBS OR NEAT FREAKS: Slobs. Nijana Arnez, Jr. was from Yugoslavia and would always cook some strange smelling food, then leave it sitting out for days.

mates Roommates

by Harmon Leon

WEIRD QUIRKS: Would laugh uproariously at "America's Funniest Home Videos."

TENSION TURNING POINT: They ate MY food.

ACT OF REVENGE: Began a complete boycott, which featured not leaving phone messages, refusal to take out the trash and a parade of loud friends late at night. Unfortunately, their food smelled strange, so I didn't care to eat it.

END RESULT: A nasty not match and nonverbal communication.



NAME: David Arnez, Jr.

DURATION: 3 months.

OCCUPATION: Something to do with newspaper delivery.

SLOB OR NEAT FREAK: Slob in some areas, while neat freak in others. Kind of a "surf and turf" situation.

WEIRD QUIRKS: Would always be home. Would shut himself in his room and only come out to use the bathroom.

TENSION TURNING POINT: One time I got mad at him and he won't come out of his room.

ACT OF REVENGE:

END RESULT:

Through scientific and tested research, I've devised ten sure-fire methods in order to make your roommate flip their respective wigs.

1. **Leave pubic hair on the soap.**
If not by accident, keep a stockpile.
2. **Leave the cap off of things.**
Jellies, buttertubs, toothpaste—very subtle, but very effective.
3. **Have friends sleep over on the couch.**
This is a perfect roommate irritant! This prevents them from using their own living room.

4. **Make up weird rules and cleaning charts.**

Rules about the use of lights, showers, cooking, etc. The more illogical, the better. Ask for rent to be paid in German Deutsche Marks! Make up punishments for roommates who don't follow the cleaning chart!

5. **Be loud.**

But here's the twist—not late at night, but early in the morning. Sing. Clank things. Have a loud phone conversation.

6. **Leave poor phone messages.**

Be really vague, or simply don't leave any. Tell people that your roommate is dead.

7. **Talk to yourself out loud.**

We all talk to ourselves, but in this case have actual conversations which involve delayed, surprise responses.

8. **Drink in the afternoon.**

We all know it's unhealthy to drink in the afternoon. But for one week, down a quart of Jim Beam at 2:00 in the afternoon. Don't ever bother using a glass.

9. **Take up strange hobbies.**

If it requires an unusual costume, that's all the better!

10. **Nudity.**

Yes, general nakedness around the apartment is bound to get old fast. Cook an omelet with our pants down to your ankles. Or simply walk from room to room when guests are over.

11. **Loud sex.**

Not just simple moans and groans, but shouts involving motifs. Example: "Ride 'em cowboy!

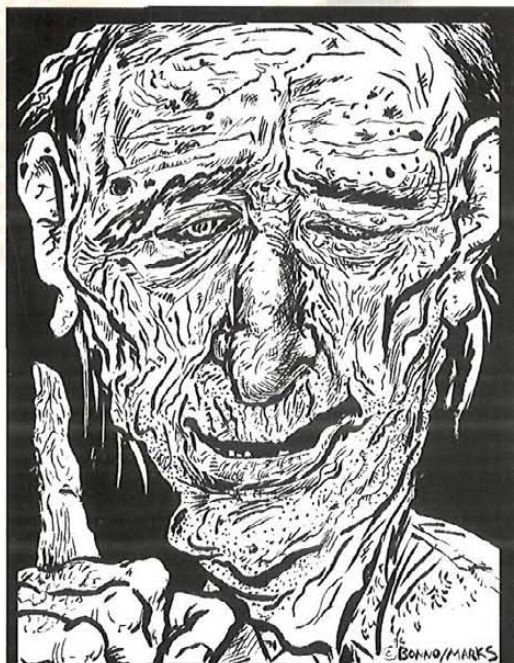
Yee-ha!" or "I'm a bad, bad clown! You must now make a balloon animal!" It's even more effective if you are alone.

12. **Push religion on them.**

The more obscure, the better. Leave pamphlets around. Speak in tongues. Quote from the Bible.

In the next issue of National Lampoon, I, Harmon Leon, will journey into the world of roommate searching. I will answer ads in the paper for "Roommate Wanted," and attempt to be some lucky person's perspective roommate using the following guidelines:

- 1) I will show a strong interest in martial arts through a brief demonstration.
- 2) I will be accompanied by a handpuppet named "Squeaky."
- 3) I'll show early symptoms of Terret Syndrome.
- 4) I must have a brief argument during the encounter.
- 5) I must make racial slurs.



"You're as young as you feel!"
Methuselah
The day before he died.

900 MHz breakthrough!

New technology launches wireless speaker revolution...

Recoton develops breakthrough technology which transmits stereo sound through walls, ceilings and floors up to 150 feet.

By Charles Anton

If you had to name just one new product "the most innovative of the year," what would you choose? Well, at the recent *International Consumer Electronics Show*, critics gave Recoton's new wireless stereo speaker system the *Design and Engineering Award* for being the "most innovative and outstanding new product."

Recoton was able to introduce this whole new generation of powerful wireless speakers due to the advent of 900 MHz technology. This newly approved breakthrough enables Recoton's wireless speakers to rival the sound of expensive wired speakers.

Recently approved technology.

In June of 1989, the *Federal Communications Commission* allocated a band of radio frequencies stretching from 902 to 928 MHz for wireless, in-home product applications. Recoton, one of the world's leading wireless speaker manufacturers, took advantage of the FCC ruling by creating and introducing a new speaker system that utilizes the recently approved frequency band to transmit clearer, stronger stereo signals throughout your home.



Crisp sound throughout your home. Just imagine being able to listen to your stereo, TV, VCR or CD player in any room of your home without having to run miles of speaker wire.

Plus, you'll never have to worry about range because the new 900 MHz technology allows stereo signals to travel over distances of 150 feet or more through walls, ceilings and floors without losing sound quality.

One transmitter, unlimited receivers. The powerful transmitter plugs into a headphone, audio-out or tape-out jack on your stereo or TV component, transmitting music wirelessly to your speakers or headphones. The speakers plug into an outlet. The one transmitter can broadcast to an unlimited number of stereo speakers and headphones. And since each speaker contains its own built in receiver/amplifier, there are no wires running from the stereo to the speakers.

Full dynamic range. The speaker, mounted in a bookshelf-sized acoustically constructed cabinet, provides a two-way bass reflex design for individual bass boost control. Full dynamic range is achieved by the use of a 2" tweeter and 4" woofer. Plus, automatic digital lock-in

150 foot range through walls!

Recoton gives you the freedom to listen to music wherever you want. Your music is no longer limited to the room your stereo is in. With the wireless headphones you can listen to your TV, stereo or CD player while you move freely between rooms, exercise or do other activities. And unlike infrared headphones, you don't have to be in a line-of-sight with the transmitter, giving you a full 150 foot range.

The headphones and speakers have their own built-in receiver, so no wires are needed between you and your stereo. One transmitter operates an unlimited number of speakers and headphones.



Recoton's transmitter sends music through walls to wireless speakers over a 75,000 square foot area.

a bookshelf-sized acoustically constructed cabinet, provides a two-way bass reflex design for individual bass boost control. Full dynamic range is achieved by the use of a 2" tweeter and 4" woofer. Plus, automatic digital lock-in



Breakthrough wireless speaker design blankets your home with music.



These wireless stereo headphones have a built-in receiver.

tuning guarantees optimum reception and eliminates drift. The new technology provides static-free, interference-free sound in virtually any environment. These speakers are also self-amplified; they can't be blown out no matter what your stereo's wattage.

Stereo or hi-fi, you decide. These speakers have the option of either stereo or hi-fi sound. You can use two speakers, one set on right channel and the other on left, for full stereo separation. Or, if you just want an extra speaker in another room, set it on mono and listen to both channels on one speaker. Mono combines both left and right channels for hi-fi sound. This option lets you put a pair of speakers in the den and get full stereo separation or put one speaker in the kitchen and get complete hi-fi sound.

Factory direct savings. Our commitment to quality and factory direct pricing allows us to sell more wireless speakers than anyone! For this reason, you can get these speakers far below retail with our 30 day "Dare to Compare" money-back guarantee and full one year manufacturer's warranty. For a limited time, the Recoton transmitter is only \$69. It will operate an unlimited number of wireless speakers priced at \$89 and wireless headphones at \$59 each. Your order will be processed in 72 hours and shipped UPS.

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 Individual left, right & mono switch and Individual bass boost control (on back)
 Size: 9" H x 6" W x 5.5" L
 Signal-to-noise ratio: 60 dB
 Channel Separation: 30 dB
 Two-way bass reflex design
 10 watts/channel RMS amps
 Frequency Response: 50 Hz-15 KHz

Don't take our word for it. Try it yourself. We're so sure you'll love the new award-winning Recoton wireless speaker system that we offer you the **Dare to Compare Speaker Challenge**. Compare Recoton's rich sound quality to that of any \$200 wired speaker. If you're not completely convinced that these wireless speakers offer the same outstanding sound quality as wired speakers, simply return them within 30 days for a full "No Questions Asked" refund.

Recoton's Design and Engineering Award



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	Portraits: <input type="checkbox"/> Cut away background when possible. Add \$1.00 each				
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<input type="checkbox"/> Words	<input type="checkbox"/> A <input type="checkbox"/> B <input type="checkbox"/> C <input type="checkbox"/> D <input type="checkbox"/> E <input type="checkbox"/> F <input type="checkbox"/> G <input type="checkbox"/> H	<input type="checkbox"/> Kids Sml <input type="checkbox"/> L <input type="checkbox"/> XL	\$18	_____	_____
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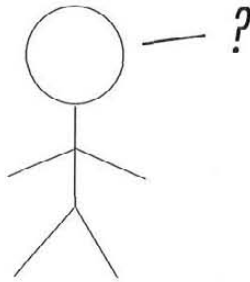
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Contest

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Can you draw Mr. Stick?



We don't care!

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Send non-returnable submission (no originals) to:

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EXISTENTIAL FUNNIES



THE JOURNALS OF
BOB ANGST, WHITE
AMERICAN MALE
(SPECIAL TO LAMPOON BY
FIRST AMENDMENT PUBLISHING)

7 A.M. THIS MORNING: SITTING AT THE
BREAKFAST TABLE, EATING COUNT CHOCULA.



HOW MANY BOWLS OF COUNT CHOCULA CAN
A MAN EAT? HOW MUCH CAN HE STAND?

THERE IS NO PRIZE IN THE BOX
AS PROMISED.

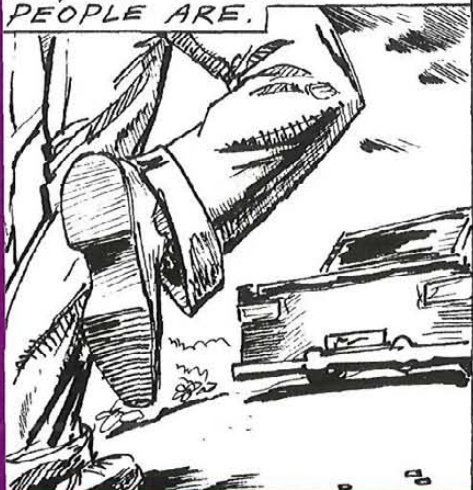


THE CEREAL MOCKS ME,
...REMINDS ME THAT THERE IS NO GOD.

A GLANCE AT THE MORNING
PAPER CONFIRMS THIS FACT.



AIR. I NEED AIR. MUST GET
OUT, OUT TO WHERE THE
PEOPLE ARE.



IN THE CAR, THE INEVITABLE FINALLY
OCCURS! EVERY MUSIC STATION IS
SIMULTANEOUSLY PLAYING THE EAGLES'
"TAKE IT EASY!"

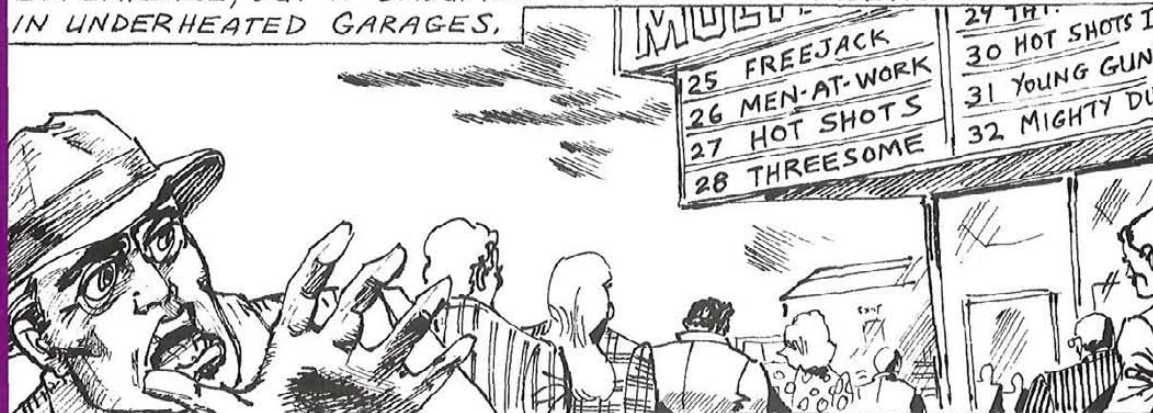


AT THE STRIP-MALL, I'M CONFRONTED IMMEDIATELY BY A GROUP OF TYPICAL SUBURBAN WHITE YOUTHS. THEIR MANNER AND DRESS INDICATE THEY LONG DESPERATELY TO BE BLACK.



I'M COMPELLED TO WADE AMONG THEM, ADMINISTERING A DISCIPLINARY CANING.

THE MOVIE THEATER IS NO LONGER A LARGER THAN LIFE CINEMATIC EXPERIENCE, BUT A GROUPING OF OVERSIZED TELEVISIONS PLACED IN UNDERHEATED GARAGES,



OH, IN WHAT WAY DID HUMANKIND SO OFFEND THE COSMOS THAT THEY'VE VISITED THE SHEEN AND BALDWIN BROTHERS UPON US?

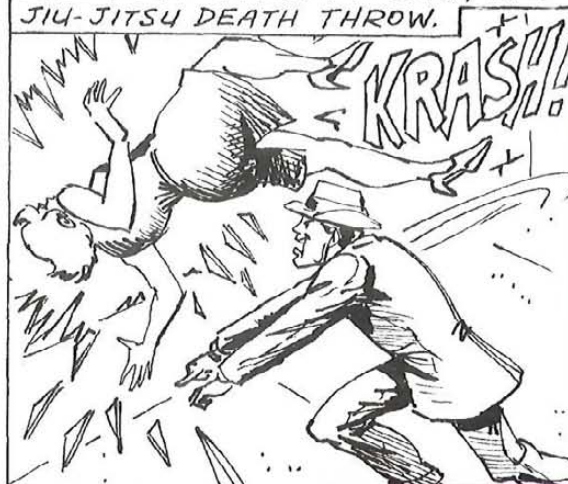
ARE WE DOOMED TO SUFFER THIS PENANCE UNTIL EMILIO RECIEVES HIS LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT OSCAR?

THE MUSIC STORE WINDOW FEATURES A LIFE-SIZED REPLICA OF MICHAEL BOLTON.



OUTSIDE, A CELLULITE-RIDDLED EXAMPLE OF MODERN AMERICAN WOMANHOOD SIGHS OVER THIS IMAGE.

I AM FORCED TO TAKE ACTION, EXECUTING MAWASHI-GERI, THE JIU-JITSU DEATH THROW.



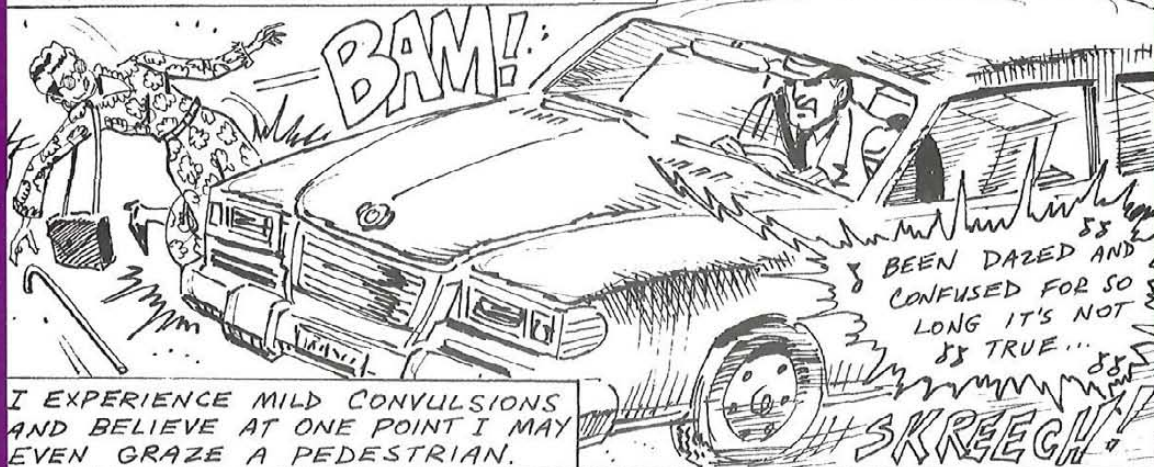
BUT THERE IS NO ESCAPE.



OH GODS, GODS! IT IS TOO MUCH-TOO MUCH. I MUST FLEE! BACK HOME! TO SAFETY!



AS SARTRE HAS STATED, "CHARACTER IS FATE." BUT COULD SARTRE HAVE FORESEEN MY FATE RIGHT NOW?.. THAT EVERY SINGLE RADIO STATION IS "GETTING THE LED OUT"?



I EXPERIENCE MILD CONVULSIONS AND BELIEVE AT ONE POINT I MAY EVEN GRAZE A PEDESTRIAN.

BEEN DAZED AND CONFUSED FOR SO LONG IT'S NOT TRUE...

HOME. MUST CALM DOWN - NEED A DISTRACTION.



I TRY THE TELEVISION, BUT AM GREETED BY THE GIBBERING FACE OF REGIS PHILBIN AND HIS COUNTERPART, THE LIBER-YENTA, KATHY LEE.

THEY ARE AN APOCALYPTIC TANDEM. I BLACK OUT.

COMING TO, HOURS LATER, I SEE "SEINFELD" AIRS TONIGHT. IS THERE NO END?



THE HORROR... THE HORROR...

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I'm sure I'll be seeing all of you
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Great Job! Thanks!

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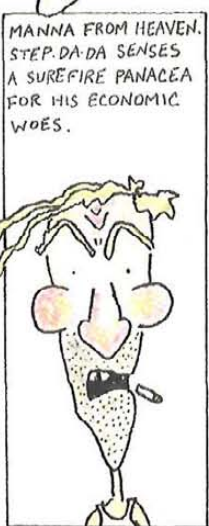
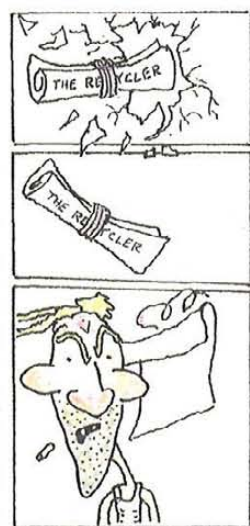
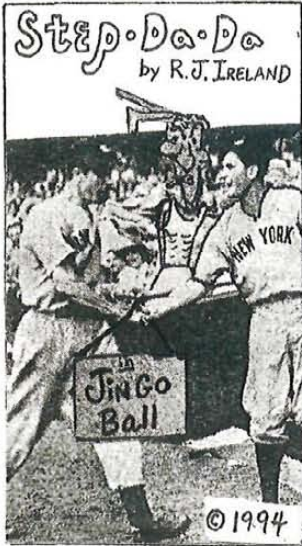
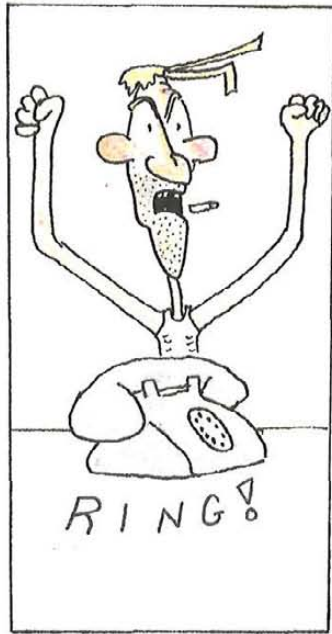
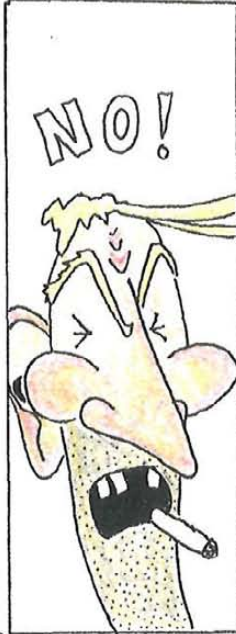
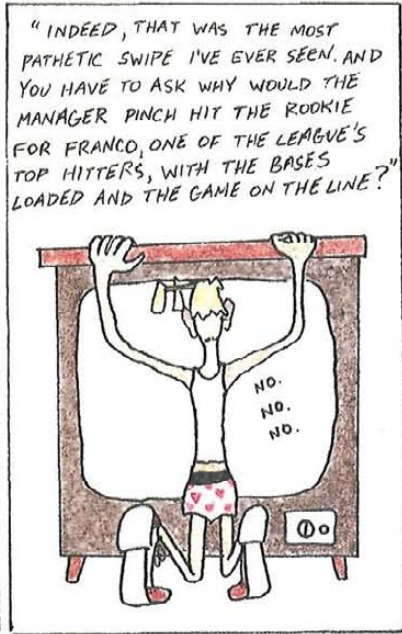
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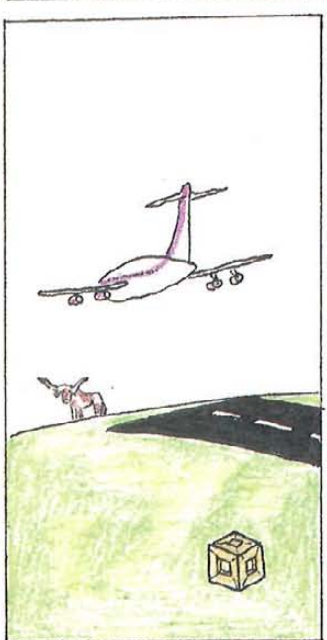
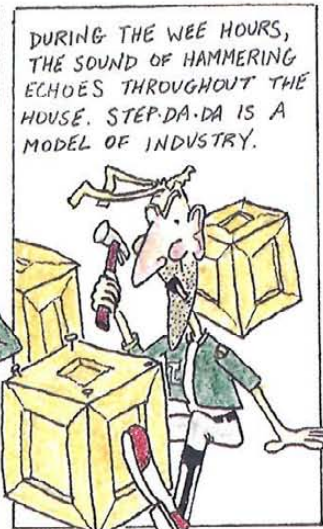
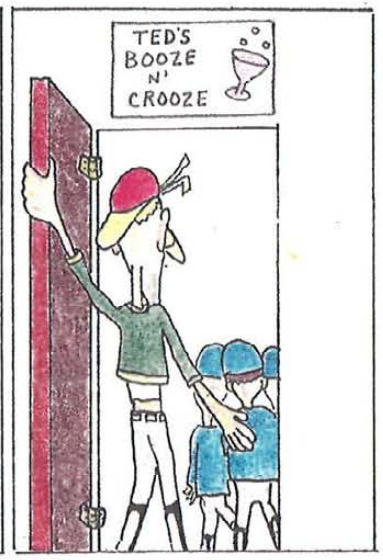
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YA! LET'S SEE
SOME EFFORT,
YOU GOLDBRICKIN'
HOOLIGANS. YA!

FAR EAST
BASEBALL
TOURNAMENT

FAR EAST BASEBALL



THIS IS IT, BOYS.
LET'S GO KICK SOME
GOOK ASS!



WELCOME TO THE FAR EAST BASEBALL
TOURNAMENT. I CAN SEE FROM YOUR
BLONDE HAIR AND COARSE USAGE OF
THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE THAT YOU ARE
AMERICAN.



DAMN STRAIGHT WE'RE
AMERICAN SO YOU MIGHT
AS WELL HAND OVER THE
35,000 COCONUTS.



YOU ARE VERY
CONFIDENT.
PERHAPS TOO
CONFIDENT.
PERHAPS YOU
SHOULD PLAY
FIRST.... AGAINST
NORTH KOREA!

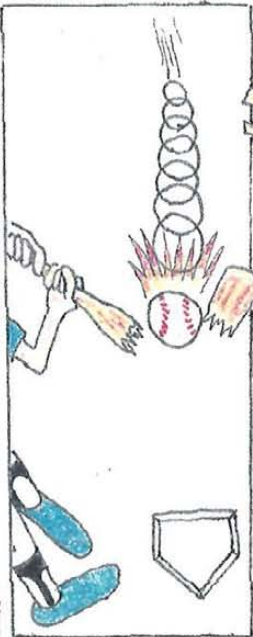


PWAY BALL!

OK, LITTLE BUDDY,
STAND TALL LIKE A
MAN AND BRING
THOSE 35,000
SMACKEROONIES HOME
TO YOUR BELOVED
STEP-DA-DA.



THE PITCHER BEGINS
HIS WINDUP. HIS FACE
A MASK OF RAGE AND
CONTEMPT.



A 97 M.P.H
SPLIT-FINGERED
FAST BALL.

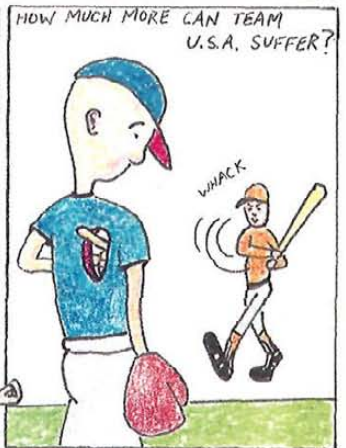
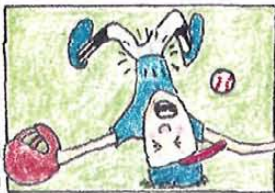
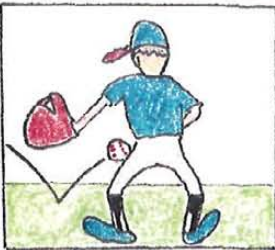
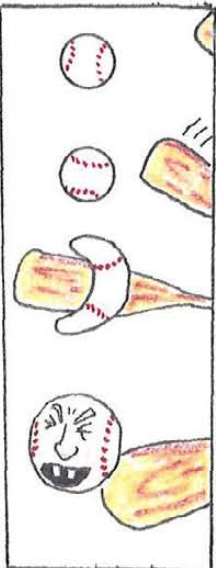
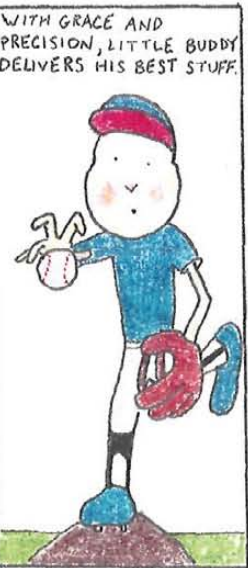
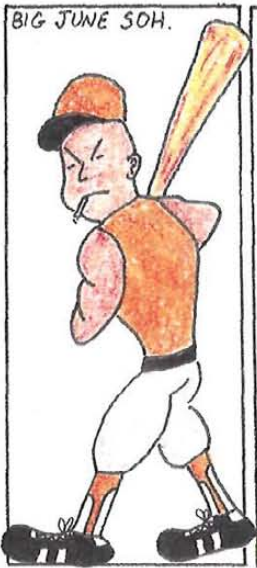
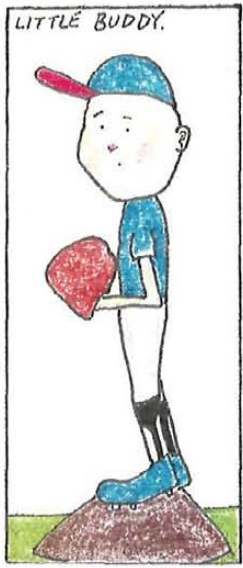


DAMN!
STEP-DA-DA IS
VISIBLELY IMPRESSED
DISTURBED, EVEN.

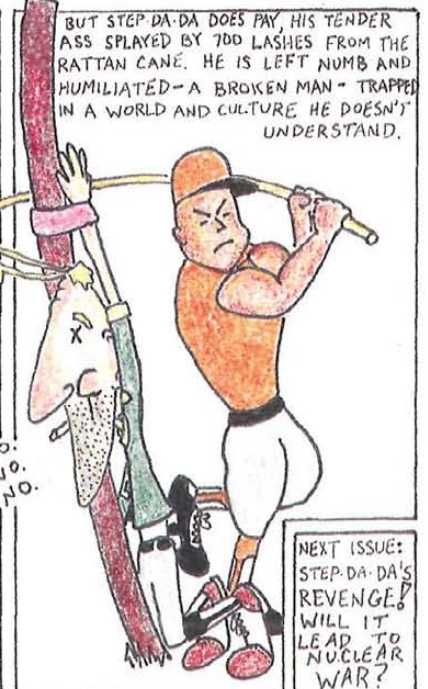


YOU OUT,
WEAK AMERICAN,
YOU OUT!

1-2-3.
STEP-DA-DA'S
TEAM GOES DOWN
IN ORDER. NOW,
IT'S NORTH
KOREA'S TURN
TO BAT. WILL
THEIR BATS BE
AS POTENT AS
THEIR PITCHING!



	1	2	3	4
U.S.A.	0			
N.KOREA	95			
OUTS	0	STRIKES	0	B
DRINK COCA-COLA				



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**ONE
HILARIOUS
YEAR
(6 ISSUES)**



“I help you cut out coupon. Yes?”

Lenora Babbitt

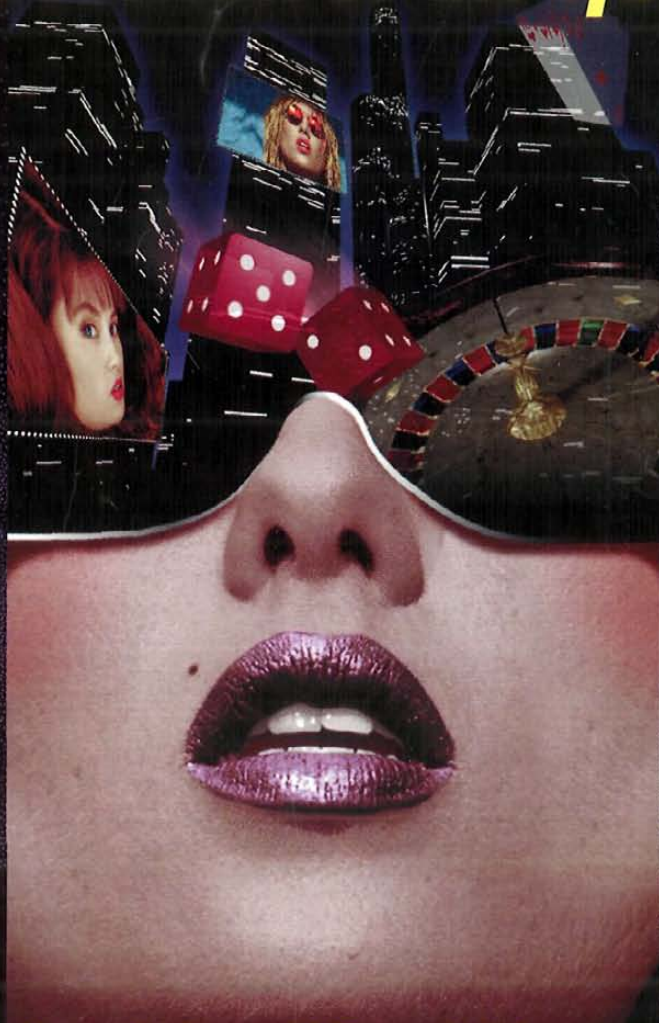
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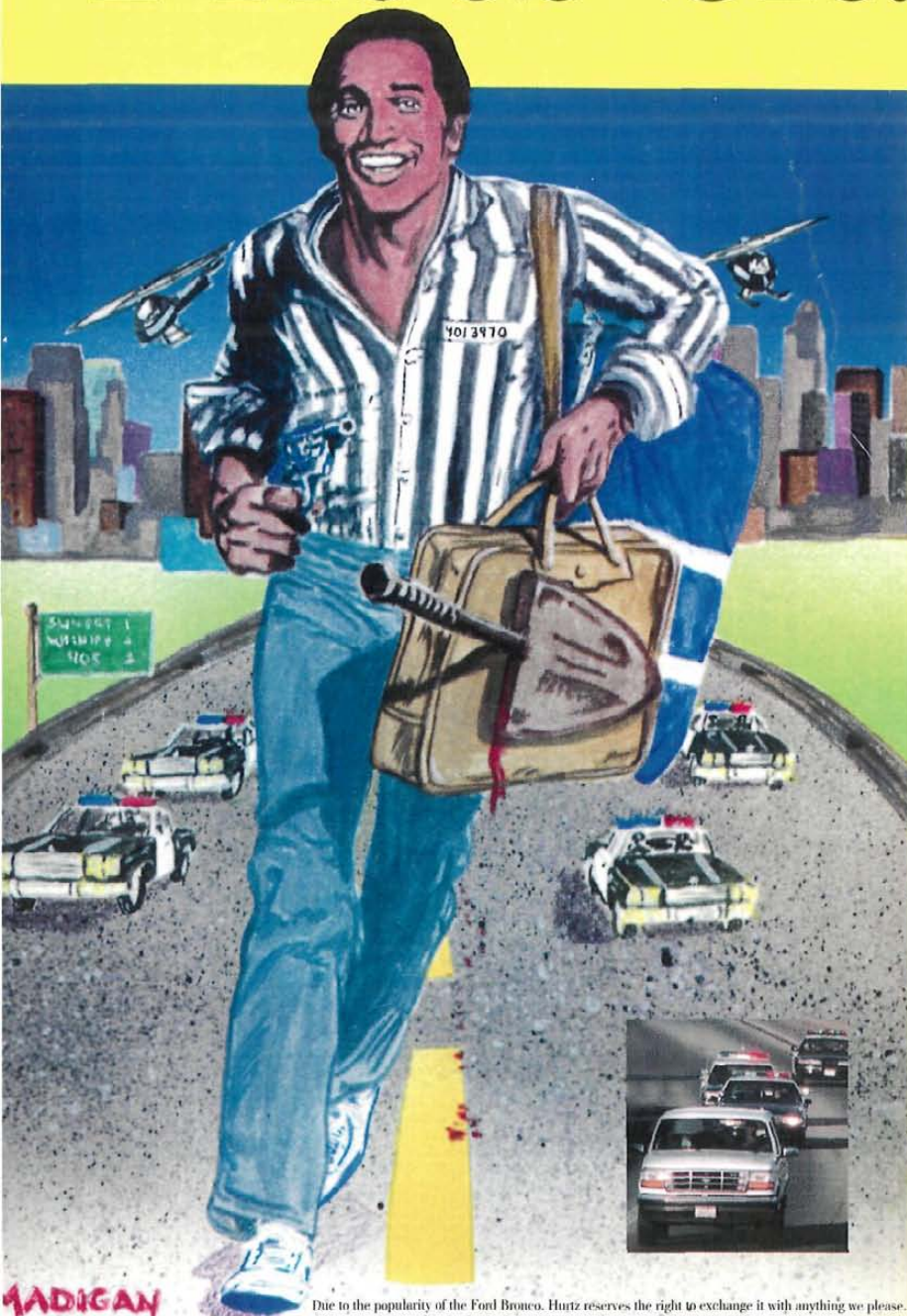


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