

SURVEY SAYS: IT'S A VICE THAT WON'T GO AWAY

NATIONAL LAMPOON



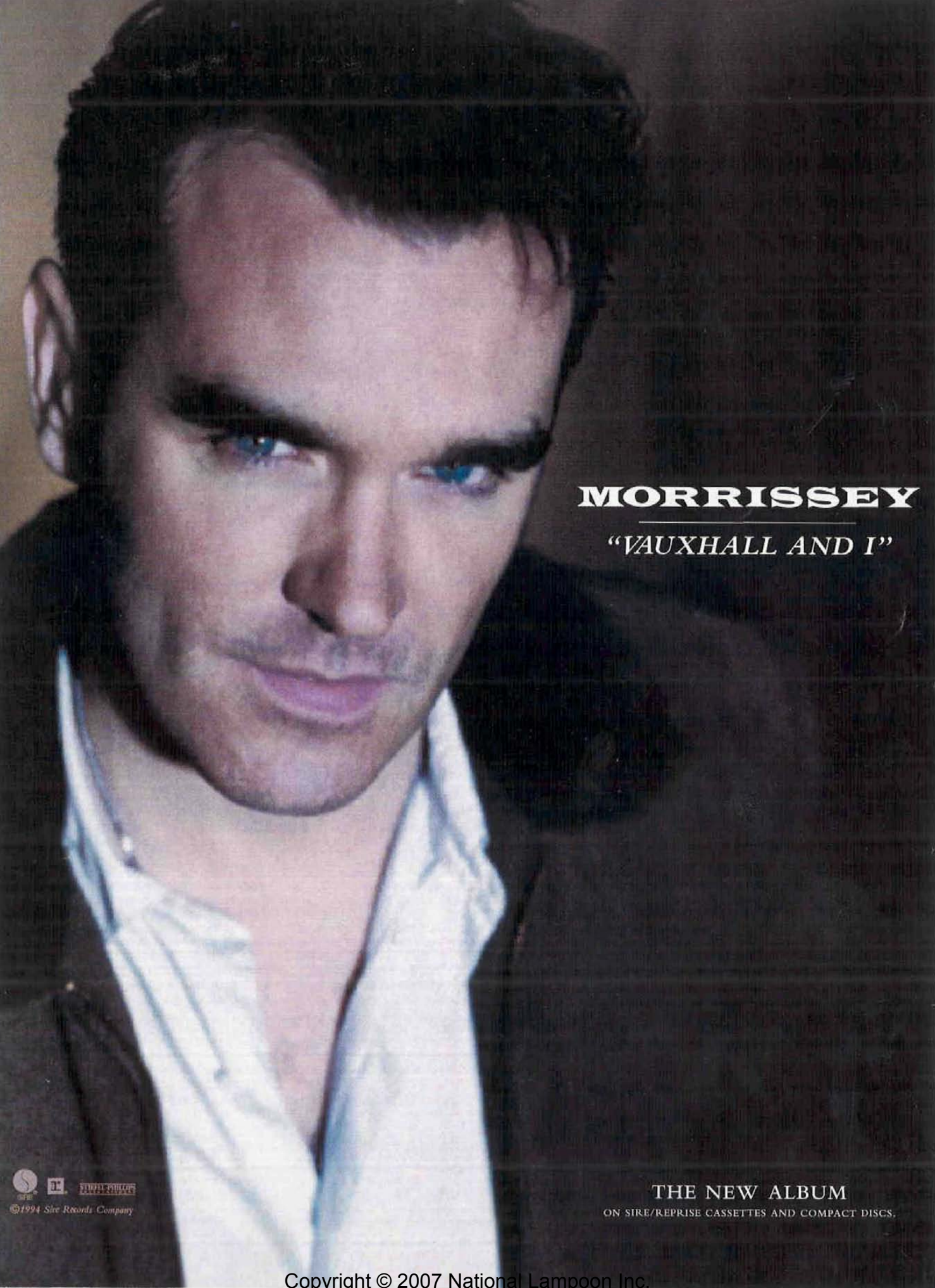
Sex in America:

The Joy of Surveys



US \$3.95 Canada \$4.95
Jan/Feb 1995 £2.50

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MORRISSEY
"VAUXHALL AND I"

THE NEW ALBUM

ON SIRE/REPRISE CASSETTES AND COMPACT DISCS.

  
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POINT/COUNTER POINT

WITH

CHRISSIE HYNDE
OF THE
PRETENDERS

VS.

BOBBY GILLESPIE
OF
PRIMAL SCREAM

THIS WEEK, THE PANTYHOSE 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."

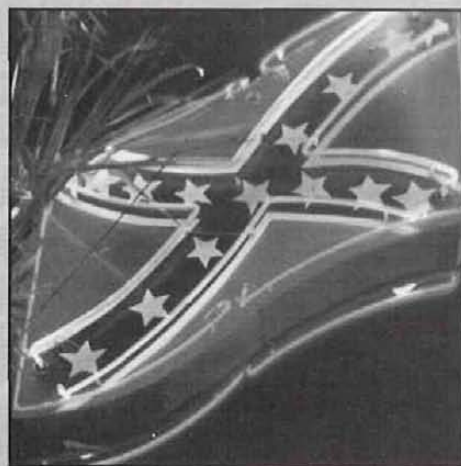
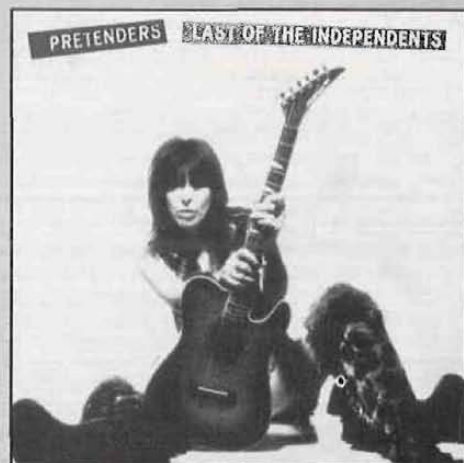
CHRISSIE:

"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."

SHOW 'EM THE ARTWORK, BOYS!

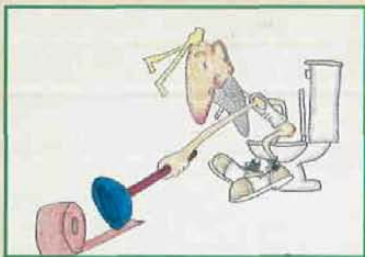
GET 'EM NOW: ON
SIRE CASSETTES
AND CDS.



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



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NATIONAL LAMPOON



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Mind Power Breakthrough!

Plug Your Mind into the Amazing Learning Machine™ To Boost Mental Powers, Program Your Mind for Success & Launch Virtual Reality-Like Fantasies. Plus Get \$600 of Free Learning CDs!

By Dane Spotts



Absolutely mind blowing!!! I popped a French Learning CD into the Learning Machine™. Immediately I was sucked into a deep, dream-like trance. Weird colors and patterns were created on the insides of my closed eyelids. While in this super-relaxed but hyper-aware state, the special Learning CD began unfolding its magic programming.

A Vacation in 22 Minutes

It was as if a movie were playing inside my head. I could see myself in France having lunch at the Eiffel Tower. The music, the sounds, even the fragrance of summer in Paris. A beautiful woman spoke to me. "Bonjour, mon ami," she said. In an almost unconscious way I began following the dialogue. The mental imagery was so intense I not only understood what was going on, it was like I was there.

Learning at Light Speed

The Learning Machine is more than virtual reality. More than just a cool way to relax after a hard day at work. According to one college professor, "It may be the most powerful learning tool since the invention of the book."

Here's why. When you do a Learning Machine session your mind is cut off from outside distractions. Your attention becomes focused inward as the powerful sensory stimulation (light-sound matrix) bombards your imagination. Ideas and mental images float in and out of your consciousness. It feels like the best

dream you've ever had. Then while in this highly euphoric mental space, the Learning CD opens your learning centers to peak receptivity and pours in new knowledge and skills. It's the ultimate mind trip. But it's not just for fun.

Let's say you want to learn a foreign language, improve your reading and comprehension, or increase your math skills. Or just give your kids a powerful edge in school, learning many times faster than their peers. It's simple.

You select a specially programmed Learning CD in the area you want to study. Plug it into any ordinary CD player. Then attach your Learning Machine digital headset into the headphone jack. Push play and a few moments later your mind is launched into a pre-programmed learning session. In a fun, almost effortless way, the Learning CD unfolds its program and literally forces you to learn. It's the most amazing thing you've ever experienced.

Speak French, Spanish, German & Italian

Learning foreign languages, or anything for that matter, at rocket speed can be very empowering. And I'm going to include a ton of valuable Learning CD software with your Learning Machine so you can get immediate results from this new technology.

You'll receive 4 basic language courses — French, Spanish, German, and Italian. Plus a Super Vocabulary course, a Super Memory course, and a Super Speed Reading course. And for your kids, a SuperPhonics™ reading program. Over \$200 worth of Learning CDs make this the deal of the century. But I also



Beyond virtual reality, the light-sound matrix stimulates your mind and opens your learning centers. Like magic it pours in new information, skills, mental programming, and launches your imagination.

want to show off its other incredible mind expanding powers.

10 Fantastic Mind Journeys

So I'll include the 3-D Mind Sync™ Library, with 10 mind launching programs on 3 CDs. Turn your Learning Machine into a meditation, self-hypnosis, and virtual fantasy computer. You'll get the following titles: *Creativity Booster, Quick Energy, Stress Zapper, Mental Tune-Up, Virtual Visualization, Imagination Stimulator, Learning Accelerator, Super Intuition, Lucid Dreaming, and Super Zen States.*

A \$150 value, this extensive collection is a super added bonus. But even more exciting is how it can be used for habit control, success conditioning, and eliminating self-sabotaging behavior.

Super Motivation Library

Let's say you want to transform a loser mind-set into a winning one. Or you'd like to quit smoking or lose weight. Pop in an InnerMind™ Programming Disc. The sensory stimulation matrix opens a window into your unconscious mind. Then by infusing your "inner mind" with positive programming, you can rescript negative, self-defeating attitudes. I'm including an awesome 18-title InnerMind Programming Library. From success conditioning to weight control this is another \$150 value.

30-Day Risk Free Trial

Plus in addition to the Language Learning Library, the SuperPhonics, Super Speed Reading, Super Memory, and Super Vocabulary programs, the 3-D Mind Sync Library, and the InnerMind Programming Library (a \$600 combined value), I'm including coupons worth a thousand dollars. These coupons are for hundreds of future Learning CD applications, including software that links your mind directly to a multi-media computer. It's something you absolutely must experience.

Try the Learning Machine for 30 days risk free. Take your mind on an incredible journey. If for any reason you're not totally blown away by the experience, send your kit back to me for a full refund.

To order, credit card holders call toll free. Or send your check or money order for \$299.95 plus \$12 shipping & handling to the address below. (Item #4501). Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

\$600 Super CD Bonus Pak

Hundreds of dollars worth of valuable Learning Disc Libraries are bundled with your Learning Machine™ to make this an incredible deal. Here is just a sample of the mind-boggling benefits of your Learning Discs that will be bundled FREE as part of this special introductory offer.

The Teacher™ (\$59 Value) Start-up demonstration disc will take you on a journey and prep your mind with all the incredible things you can do with your Learning Machine.

Accelerated Interactive Language Learning™ Library (\$200 Value) 4 language training courses teach you basic French, German, Spanish, and Italian using the same course materials taught to international diplomats.

3-D Mind Sync™ Library (\$150 Value) 10 mind journeys: *Creativity Booster, Quick Energy, Stress Zapper, Mental Tune-Up, Virtual Visualization, Imagination Stimulator, Learning Accelerator, Super Intuition, Lucid Dreaming, and Super Zen States.* Launch your mind into fantastic mind journeys from deep meditation to extreme alertness.

InnerMind™ Programming Library (\$150 Value) 18 programs on 3 Learning Discs program success behaviors into your subconscious. Titles: *Building Self-Esteem, Eliminate Fear & Anxiety, Projecting a Winner's Image, Attracting Love Relationships, Health & Healing, Expanding Psychic Powers, Attracting Prosperity & Wealth, Time*



Management & Organization, Creativity & Problem Solving, Effective Public Speaking, Increase Focus & Concentration, Super Memory & Learning, Stay Fit/Exercise Motivation, Permanent Weight Loss, Eliminate Procrastination, Quit Smoking Now, Meet Your Deadlines, Always on Time.

Super Speed Learning™ Beginner's Pak (\$59 Value) 4 accelerated learning programs, Super Speed Reading, Super Memory, Super Vocabulary, and SuperPhonics (for kids K-6) teach you learning skills you'll use for life.

Plus \$1,000 Worth of Coupons for More Software

Included in your kit are coupons for additional Learning Disc programs. Plus info on future programs including ESL, Japanese, Chinese, and Russian. The Photographic Mind Series, Transcendental Mind Series, Fantastic Journeys that launch your consciousness into incredible new worlds, The Time Traveler Series, World History, Science & Space, World's Greatest Mind Series, Study Habits Discs, Self-Esteem For Kids, Children's Classic Literature Series, Corporate Training Programs and more. Future multi-media titles include the Civil War series, Everything I Ever Wanted To Know, plus existing CD-ROM software converted into Learning Machine formats.



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LETTERS...

FROM THE EDITORS

Sirs:
Must consume mass quantities.
Do you understand, human? I
must consume mass quantities.

Nell Carter
Sitcom Limbo, USA

Sirs:
From now on, please pro-
nounce my name "Sha-day".

Marquis de Sade

Sirs:
We've got an idea for a sequel?
It'll be Eating Raul II. We're gonna
love it.

The Worms

Sirs:
Who gives a shit about all
those effects in The Mask? My eyes
were bugging out like that before
this guy was even born

Marty Feldman

Sirs:
Please put my name in your
magazine. I want to impress my
friends.

Name withheld

Sirs:
It amazes me that the human
race has survived so long, what
with all these people running
around.

Dan Budnik
Ithaca, New York

Sirs:
Game. Set. Match.
Carbon Monoxide
Vitas Gerulaitis' Bungalow

Sirs:
He can't remember a thing,
doesn't respond to his own name,
and pisses pants regularly. I'd say
he's made a complete recovery.

George Burns' Brain Surgeon

Sirs:
Day Seven: Today I thought I
heard the Troika rummaging
around in my kitchen. It sure is
stuffy in this attic. I still think that
men are good at heart.

The Diary of Michael Eisner

Dear Sirs:
We have no position on recent
reports of starving populations eat-
ing their young.

The Vatican

Dear Sirs:
I am entertaining the idea of
liquidating the entire student body
at my school because I'm not very
popular. And I know who I'm
gonna get first.

The kid you keep making fun of

Dear Sirs:
What do you mean my girl-
friend looks like a corpse?

Johnny Depp

Dear Sirs:
I had just received my cus-
tomized left-hand drive Trans-Am
from the states and I wanted to
"break in" the back seat so I picked
her up at her place. She looked
hot. We parked off a shady lane
and began making out. The way
she was reacting I knew I was
going to score. She couldn't keep
her hands off me. I should have
been suspicious, however, when
she said she hated condoms.

Anyway, we did the deed, and it was
okay. She was pretty good. But
sure enough, two months later she
came into the Palace crying about
being pregnant. Of course, she was
lying but how was I to know?
That's the real reason why I mar-
ried her. I was duped.

Prince Charles

Dear Sirs:
I don't believe the rumor I
heard about Rod Stewart. I'd been
saving the stuff since I was four-
teen, and barely had enough to fill
a cereal bowl. When I fed it to my
little sister, she didn't have to get
her stomach pumped.

Mark Weaver
Machoville, AK

Dear Sirs:
The hills are alive, with the
sound of self-inflicted gunshots to
the head.

Swiss Cult Member

Dear Sirs:
What we have here is a failure
to communicate.

Jimmy Carter parleying a
treaty between Rick (Glamour
Boy) Flair and Hulk Hogan
before their "Fight to the
Death".

Dear Sirs:

Vintage Stallone, man! Sly-baby walks the walk. He blows up everything in sight and nails the hottest chick that ever walked the planet.

Steve Whitcher
The last member of the the
Sylvester Stallone fan club

Dear Sirs,

I thig id would be really fuddy if you had a feadure or a cardood about subwud who always has a stuffed ub dose. Thed you woulded have do thig of ady cobedy, bud just led hib talk like this, which is really fuddy, because whed beoble dry do read id they thig thad their dose bight be stuffed ub, doo. Also, id will seeb like the bagazine is buch logger thad id really is.

If you thig this is a good idea, led be dow, because I could really wride it.

Tob Sbith,
Biabi, Florida

Dear Sirs,

I would like to complain about people who talk on their cellular phones and drive at the same time. It is dangerous, especially in heavy traffic at high speeds, like now. Their is an asshole in front of me with one hand on the steering wheel and not looking where he's— goddam this typwriter, I— AHHHHSH

Highway Statistic

Dear Sirs,

Do you like pumpkin seeds? Because if you do, I have a whole shitload of 'em left over from Halloween. *God*, that felt good!

Linus

Dear Sirs,

My friend, Ed, and I just started reading your magazine, and we like it very much. But we disagree about the concept of "Letters from the Editors." Ed says that they are written by people like him, but I say it is obvious that they are made up by the editors. If it will not reveal a trade secret, maybe you can settle this bet.

Curious Reader

Curious Reader,

The fact that you are reading your own letter and our reply should settle matters, once and for all.

—ed.

Dear Sirs,

Here's a little joke that will put your more thoughtful readers in stitches:

you: "Knock, Knock."
them: "Who's there?"
you: "Nobody."
them: "Nobody, who?"
you: (absurdly long pause...)

John Paul Sartre

Dear Sirs,

Go-oo-oo-lee! Hillary and I are just going to lay low for a while somewhere where it's safer for a body, until things quiet down around here! Please forward my subscription to:

Hamas Hilton, Room 1313
86 Jihad Lane
Damascus, Syria
President Clinton
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs,

First Mr. Simpson, and now you. Do you outsiders never pay your debts? I regret that I sold you my story in anger, and would not ask for payment but, with Martha expecting our seventh, and the market for butter churners not being what it used to be, I must insist that you honor our agreement.

My counsel, Brother Murray, will be in touch.

Brother Leon
Scranton, PA

(From the desk of the invisible man)

Dear Sirs,

I think it's about time men think more about women than they think about themselves. I think thinking men especially should think of women more. It's not as if thinking men don't care about what women are thinking. I think you agree. I think.

P.R. Director of TIT
Technology In Thinking

Dear Sirs,

I feel it's about time men feel more about other men than they feel about themselves. I feel feeling men especially should feel for other men more. It's not as if feeling men that don't care about what other men are feeling. I feel you agree. I feel.

P.R. Director of FAG
Feeling Americans Group

Broke & Penniless

the video

PURGED, PBS & OTHER RIDERS

MARK GABRIEL
ROBB DAVIS
TODD Mc DONAGH
KYLE PHILLIPS
MORTON TORP
RYAN SCHULTZ
BRITT ADUDE
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LAEL GREGORY
TODD RICHARDS
JOE CURTIS

J-2

KEVIN JONES
CARABETH BURNSIDE
BRUSHIE
DANIEL FRANCK
BOBBY MEEKS
STEVIE ALTERS
RANDY WALKER
BLAISE ROSENTHAL
TARQUIN ROBBINS

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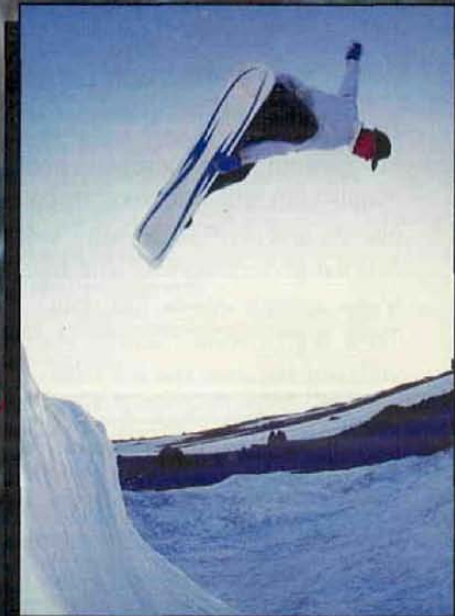
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ABS



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.



Breakthrough wireless speaker design blankets your home with music.

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.

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 70,000 square foot area.

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

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.



These wireless stereo headphones have a built-in receiver.

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 \$69 each. Your order will be processed in 72 hours and shipped UPS.

Recoton Transmitter (you must have a transmitter to operate speakers and headphones).....\$69 \$7 S&H
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To order by mail send check or money order for the total amount including S&H (VA residents add 4.5% sales tax). Or charge it to your credit card by enclosing your account number and expiration date. Send to:

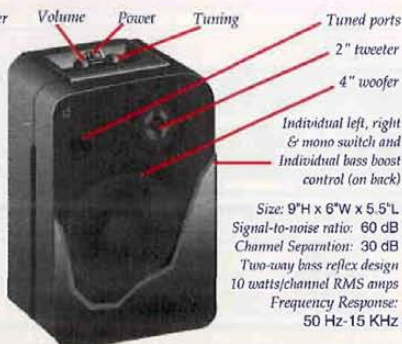
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2820 Waterford Lake Drive Suite 106
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AWARD WINNING WIRELESS SPEAKER

Built-in receiver and amplifier:

The wireless speaker and headphones both contain a built-in receiver and amplifier. Signals are picked up and transmitted as far as 150 feet away through walls without the use of wires.



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



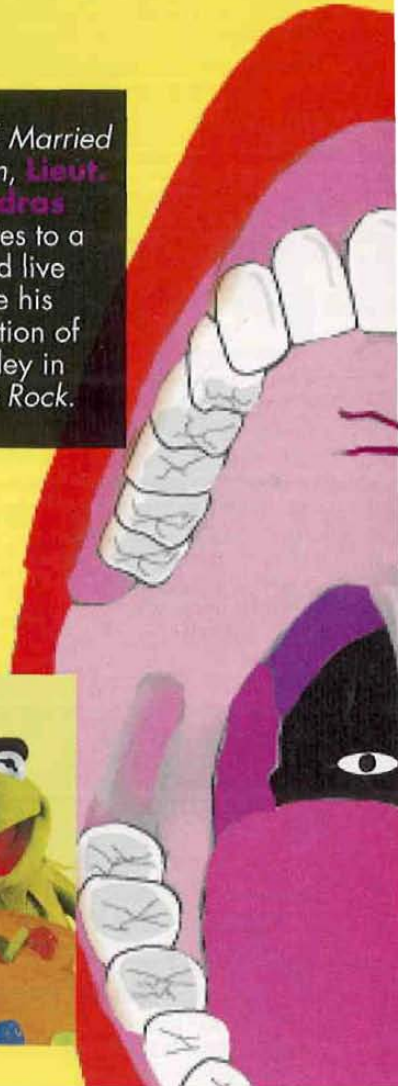
THE HOLLY

Insiders say that **Courtney Love** is still hooked on **Curt Cobain**. The self-proclaimed necrophilia has yet to begin dating... Think a celebrity's image is always a true reflection of his personality? Well, you're wrong! Case in point: **Jack Nicholson** is a virgin. "I've never even kissed a girl," admits Jack... This summer's **Elton John/Billy Joel** *Face to Face* tour resulted in more than just a thrill for millions of fans across the country—it also produced what will no doubt be a future piano-playing pop star! Elton is due in March... **Val Kilmer**, the new star of *Batman*, certainly shows the bravery of the caped crusader when it comes to safe sex. "Unless the girl is really sleazy-looking, I take my chances," says Val... Now that **Johnny Carson** has had a year to judge the work of his replacement, **Jay Leno**, What does the late-night guru think of the *Tonight Show*? "It sucks," says Johnny. "It's not funny anymore"... Remember **Gabe Kaplan**? Neither does his wife. A scandal erupted last week when the spouse of the former *Welcome Back Kotter* star accidentally married another man. When authorities informed her that she was still happily married to Gabe, Mrs. Kaplan's only response was a curiously puzzled look. Stay tuned... Why was **Sharon Stone** recently seen leaving the Oval Office at 2 a.m.? "She was performing oval sex on the President, of course," says Chief of Staff, Leon Panetta... "Devil Dogs are good, but for an extra special dessert treat, serve your guests Suzy-Q's," says **Martha Stewart**, America's favorite homemaker... This just in: **Courtney Love** was seen leaving a San Francisco hotel room with Mezzaluna waiter, **Ronald Goldman**. It's great to see Courtney getting on with her life... CBS has finally begun filming its long-awaited **John Wayne** biography mini-series. Former *Odd Couple* star **Tony Randall** has been cast as the Duke... The champagne was flowing on the set of *Models Inc.* last week as the *American Television Institute* officially named the program "The Worst Show of All Time"... **Michael Keaton** has joined Adam West as co-president of the *Disgruntled Actors Who Used To Play Batman Association*. The two will hold their first convention this fall in the Catskills... Ever wonder what your favorite stars do when the pressures of life seem to be too much to handle? Neither do we... **Loni Anderson**'s breast reduction surgery has deemed her existence unnecessary. Loni will be executed in April... Supermodel **Kate Moss** was



On the set of *Married with Children*, **Lieut. Raul Cedras** demonstrates to a captivated live audience his impersonation of Elvis Presley in *Jail House Rock*.

Doctors at St. Jude Hospital agree, **Kermit's** painting will help in his physical and mental recovery—**Rush Limbaugh** still insists he was not at a late night eatery having frog legs ala cart, the night of the mysterious accident.



WOOD EAR



Rodney Dangerfield confused and disoriented at the annual *French tes* convention angered the crowd with Jerry Lewis jokes and singing Haiti's national anthem in sign language.



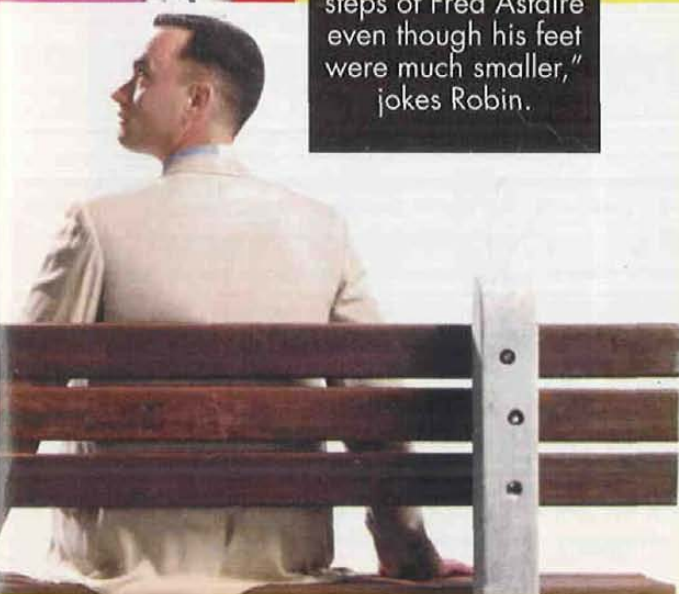
missing for three days after slipping through a sidewalk grate in midtown Manhattan—Hey Kate, eat a sandwich!... In a recent interview with the *Hollywood Ear*, actor **Denzel Washington** revealed the dream driving his meteoric rise in the film industry. "I hope to someday reach the level of accomplishment and respect that **Jimmie Walker** has achieved in his career," says Denzel... **Andy Garcia**, **Holly Hunter**, **Michael Douglas**, **Annette Benning**, **Emma Thompspon**, **Harrison Ford**, and **Johnathan Demme** will begin shooting the stylish thriller *Dickless* this may... Hollywood may

never be the same now that it has been announced that a brand new major motion picture studio will result from the tri-merger of actor/director **Emilio Estevez**, writer/producer **Stephen King** and pornographer/pornographer **Larry Flint**. The motley trio, tentatively known as **Toast Bones Productions (TBP)** will begin production next fall with several low/medium budget, film noir propaganda films. Earlier this month... **Mattel** was forced to recall over 200,000 talking dolls due to a "Coding error" in the design room. The error shocked parents and children nation-wide when the **Elmo** doll, based on the popular *Sesame Street* character, instead of saying "Hello my name is Elmo" said "Hardwork vill set you free" in a thick



Robin Williams is spending most of his free time leaning toward his dream of professional dance. "I would like to follow in the foot steps of **Fred Astaire** even though his feet were much smaller," jokes Robin.

German accent...Environmentalist and CEO of **Purdue Poultry farms**, **Frank Purdue** was arraigned in **Santa Monica Municipal Courthouse** this month for seregetly impregnating chickens with his own semen... "Check your ego in at the door, we're here for a cause" Said Producer **Phil Spector** to his star studded, one-time-only musical creation that will host a multi-continental tour to raise awareness for **Rockers Against Sexual Misconduct, (R.A.S.M.)**. The new super-group, known as *Crunchy Jello* will consist of **Pete Townsend** on Guitar, **David Lee Roth** on vocals, **Linda Mcartney** on tambourine, and the drummer with no arms from **Def Leperd**. Look for tour dates this spring...Over-exposed **John Wayne Bobbit** has agreed for the undisclosed amount of \$75,000 to reveal the scars on his reatcheded penis in an upcoming **Arby's** commercial...As you know, **Michael Jackson** has married **Elvis Presley's** daughter. If stuff like this continues to happen, the *Hollywood Ear* will no longer be necessary. Thanks for nothing, **Michael!**



KNOW YOUR KNEWS

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POLITICS:

In Europe, President Clinton's diplomatic gaffe cast a shadow on his efforts to prove himself capable of making sound foreign policy. Presidents Yelstin and Kravchuk, of



Clinton loses foreign policy rights by Yelstin and Kravchuk

Russia and the Ukraine, respectively, won the right to divide France among themselves when their "paper" covered Clinton's "rock" during negotiations in Prague, Czechoslovakia.



Clinton watching "The Tonya Harding Movie Marathon"

Back in Washington, President Clinton sat transfixed throughout what Whitehouse insiders are calling "The Tonya Harding Movie Marathon"—a private screening of the X-rated videotape of the skater's wedding night romp, looped for continuous play and colorized by Ted Turner for the President's viewing pleasure.



Clinton's review: "More than I expected"

When asked to comment on Jeff's "Gillooly," an appreciative Clinton offered a Gomer-like "Go-oo-oo-lee!"

First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton, who opted to attend a k.d. Lang concert, was unavailable for comment.

CALIFORNIA:

The top story in California continues to be the preliminary hearing of O.J. Simpson. Just days after the publication of yet another tabloid story concerning evidence in the case, the defense team of Robert L. Shapiro and Johnnie Cochran, delivered a second mystery envelope to the custody of Judge Lance A. Ito.

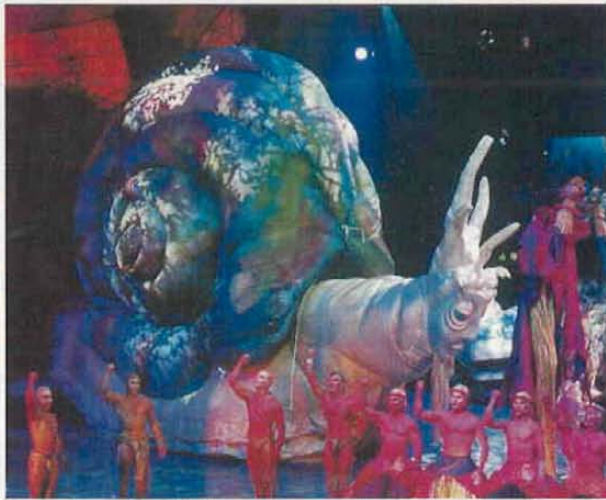
The tabloid story at the heart of this latest controversy in the increasingly bizarre proceeding concerns one Eliezer Leon, Amish proprietor of Crazy Eliezer's Horse-Drawn Buggies and Manual Tillers, in Scranton, PA, who claims to have sold "one virtuous hoe, the blade of which was eight to ten inches in length" to O.J. Simpson,

the day of the murder of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman. "Brother Leon," as Mr. Leon wishes to be called when not doing business, told the tabloid that a "schvartzen gentleman" bartered for the hoe with what the customer claimed were "labor vouchers," and signed the receipt, "The Juice." Brother Leon claims that the transaction was witnessed by Sister Rachel and Brother Jacob. The "vouchers" turned out to be Hertz Rent-a-Car coupons, which are, of course, useless to the Amish who do not drive motorized vehicles. Brother Leon decided to sell his story to the tabloid in a moment of anger for which, he says, he is now repentant.

For now, the prosecution is expected to reconstruct a time table of Simpson's activities the day of the murder, in order to show that he had time to purchase the hoe in Scranton and return to L.A. in time to have committed the murders. Unidentified sources close to the defense say that while O.J. Simpson did buy a hoe fitting the description given by Mr. Leon, it does not incriminate the defendant.

Does the mystery envelope contain the alleged hoe? Judge Ito would only say that the contents of the envelope would be revealed at a time he deems appropriate to both prosecution and defense teams.





Defiant illegal aliens show no fear of the Killer Snail

KILLER SNAIL UPDATE:

As reported last issue in Wake Up America, giant killer snails continue their inexorable march north from Mexico and into the United States. As if the snails themselves are not threat enough, INS agents have uncovered a scheme to smuggle illegal aliens into America via the snails. In a new twist on the old shell game, these modern day Trojan invaders are placed inside cavities in the snail's shells as infants. After the snails have traversed the short distance between Tijuana and a prearranged destination just inside the U.S. border, the stowaways

emerge as young adults, ready to steal American jobs in the lawn care industry.

Slimy but unbowed, this defiant group of arrested illegals (photo) vows to try again to enter the U.S. inside the giant mollusks, which move so slowly as to remain largely undetected by border patrol. INS investigators believe they have traced the operation to a French group.

SCIENCE:

The repaired Hubble space telescope continued to reward astronomers with startling images. Pictures of galaxy M100, shown here before and after the repairs, reveal what appears to be the hooded face and torso of a man. Many who have seen the photo believe the celestial figure to be that of an angel, or even God, prompting thousands of worshippers to flock to galaxy M100, where they died immediately in the frozen vacuum of deep space.

Back on Earth, paleontologists were thrilled by the discovery of the oldest known link to modern man. The hominid teeth, found in



Oldest link to modern man

Ethiopia not far from the now famous "Lucy site," are believed to be around 4.4 million years old.

A check of dental records has tentatively identified the owner of the teeth as Ethel Mertz, Lucy's neighbor and reluctant co-conspirator in marital hijinks.



Chevy Chase loses temper



Pictures of galaxy M100 before and after the repaired Hubble space telescope with mystery image

ENTERTAINMENT:

A Disgruntled Chevy Chase dispatched yet another director (the 3rd thus far) of the conceptually troubled John Hughes film-in-progress, "National Lampoon's Snowy Vacation." Said an unrepentant Chase, "It's too much like Christmas Vacation."

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“I love this magazine more than I do, sex.”

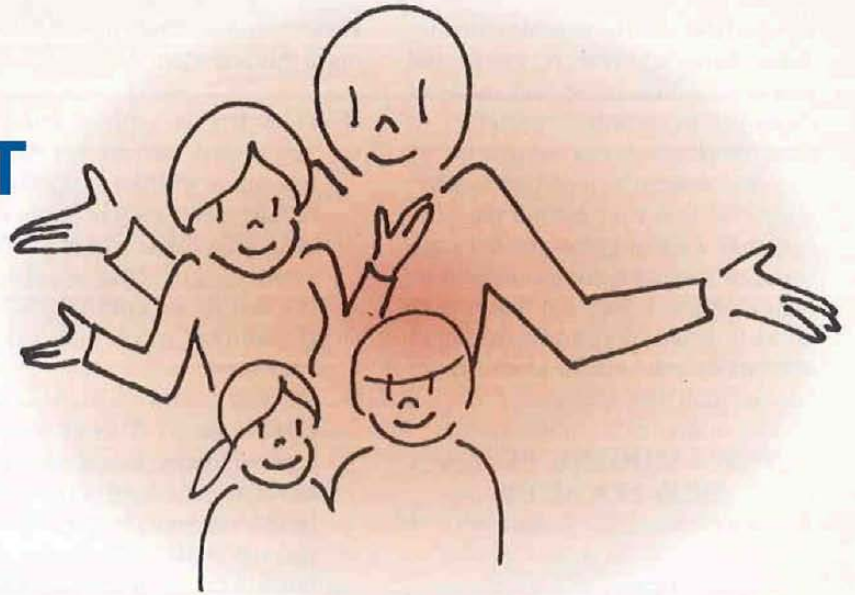
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U.S. Government publication
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Price: 25 cents**

A PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM BOB DOLE (D-KANSAS):

“As a member of the new class of money-free (or soon-to-be-money-free) Americans, may I salute you! As we in Washington ponder how to improve the economy, you’re setting a shining example for all to see—demonstrating the many benefits of a money-free existence and showing how, even if your government doesn’t come up with the right answer, countless numbers of Americans can still lead happy, useful and productive lives. By choosing to be among those who have given up having money, you’re also making that much more available to those who are helping to pay off our national debt and, through their recently-raised tax rates, rebuild our

Country’s cities, roads and schools. What’s more, you’re in the forefront of the vital movement to preserve our world’s precious and dwindling resources. May God bless each and every one of you and your families!”

FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY:

“As a money-free American, you can look forward to an exotic, fulfilling life of new challenges and unique pleasures. You’ll dine on some of our nation’s finest “left-overs”—which you’ll find waiting for you almost everywhere you turn! You’ll live in palatial quarters whose magnificent architecture would put any mansion to shame, and share them with “instant house guests” who are travelling to and from the far corners of the world. Rather than sitting in classrooms learning abstract ideas of questionable value, your children will attend the world’s most practical “university”: the streets of our great cities and towns. This handy booklet, especially prepared by the U.S. Department of the Economy, is designed to help you make the most out of your new opportunities. Incidentally, after you’ve finished reading it, it makes a great pillow or facial towel!”

INTRODUCTION

So—the problems of having money are no longer yours!

Suddenly, your life is free and your time is your own. There are no checkbooks to balance, or complicated and difficult tax forms to fill out. There’s no “financial planning” to worry about and make you lose sleep at night. There’s no rent to pay, and

no grocery bills to mount up. There are no credit cards to bill you, and no need to pay attention to annoying advertisements for products or services. Finally, you’re in complete control of your life and destiny!

These are just some of the advantages of America’s new corps of money-free individuals. As you’ll discover in this booklet, there are many others. While those you used to know dine on pizza or mashed potatoes, you’re enjoying the remains of a fancy French meal! While they sit in their tiny apartments watching reruns on TV, you’re facing the vista of a bustling street with interesting activity going on all around you! While they’re getting the same old outfits out of the closet, you’re finding a great new skirt or pair of pants just waiting for you in one of the wonderful outdoor “hanging-emporiums” found in front of, or slightly to the side of, every house or apartment building across the land!

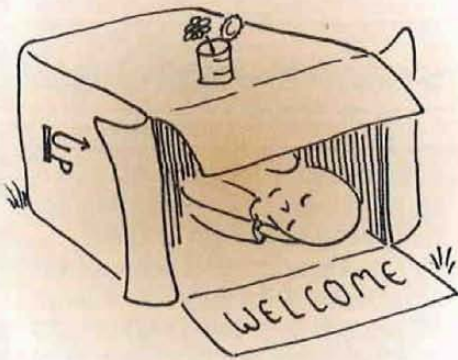
Of course, being a money-free American also poses certain minor challenges, and that’s why your government has put out this special booklet—to “show you the ropes” and help you past any difficult moments. If you follow the simple tips and pointers offered here, we guarantee that you’ll make the most out of your money-free experience and that you and your family will lead a life that is happy, fulfilling, exciting, and rewarding! Indeed, it

*easily obtained on most street corners.

is a life that money-having Americans are sure to envy, and you'll find that more and more of them are becoming "converts" to your new lifestyle everyday.

And remember—if there's anything else that your government can help you with as you make the transition to your new environment, just let us know. We'll make every effort to listen to your needs and to eventually put out an even bigger booklet than this one!

NEW LODGING FOR A NEW SOCIETY



For money-free Americans like yourself, the old question, "Where do you live?" is being replaced by the new question, "Where don't you live?" That's because now, rather than restrict yourself to one small piece of real estate, you'll find that the whole world is open to you.

If you're a family who loves the great outdoors, now you can actually live there, free of the stifling feeling of four walls closing in on you. Or, if you prefer the cozy feeling of being inside, you can thrive in the "art deco" atmosphere of a transportation domicile—perhaps a train station designed by a famous architect, or the interior of a local bus depot, with exotic destinations framed on every wall, and the temperature kept toasty by the purring of a hundred different motors!

Or perhaps you and your family would prefer to be an "alley dweller," enjoying both the freedom of the outdoors and the semi-secure feeling of having three walls around you all at once!

But, with so much choice available, where should you look first?

Here are a few handy tips to help you make this important decision:

- How big is your family? If you're just starting out, without too many children, your space requirements may be more modest. Consider, for example, a smaller one-line bus depot instead of an enormous "hub" station that serves many different routes.
- Do you prefer quiet or livelier surroundings? There's a bit of a tradeoff here, because food is more easily available in city interiors, so you may have to put up with some occasional horn-honking if elegant dining is your thing!
- Do you or any members of your family have any allergies or ailments that would be exacerbated by, say, higher than average carbon monoxide levels?
- Are you "winter folks"? If you like it snuggly warm and you live in northern climes, you'll probably go for an indoor situation rather than, say, a cardboard box outdoors. But remember, cardboard boxes are the "mobile homes" of money-free Americans, and can easily be placed over a steam grate should one prove to be available.

An added benefit of cardboard-box residency is that the exteriors are often decorated with the names and insignias of the manufacturing companies that made America great! These also provide an "instant address" by which friends and relatives can easily distinguish your family's home from those of others.

- Are you a fussy decorator? Many transportation domiciles—train stations, bus depots, and airports—have been "pre-designed" by highly paid interior decorators, and provide an atmosphere that is pleasing to the eye and the senses. Yet, if your tastes are more iconoclastic, you should know that, in such places, your "landlord" might frown on new additions to the decor. If you prefer a highly individualized style of interiorization, you may wish to opt for

a cardboard box which you can decorate to your heart's content, or an alleyway without any windows looking out over it.

THE ART OF FINE MONEY-FREE DINING

And what would you enjoy tonight? A boef a la orange? Peking duck? Or just a burger, fries and all the trimmings?

Whatever it is, it can be yours—and the lady of the family will never have to slave over a hot stove! You just have to be willing to adjust your dining hours a bit, say to three or four o'clock in the morning.

But during these romantic hours, a feast can be yours for the taking! Repasts from all nations of the world, superbly prepared, are readily available in charming, dimly lit al fresco surroundings. And, like kings of old, you'll know that everything you eat has been "pre-tasted" for you!

To get your food, simply lift the lid off your "cylindrical serving tray" and dig in! If silverware isn't handy, you'll find that it can easily be fashioned from various pre-owned items that can most likely be found in your immediate environment, such as the spokes of a broken umbrella. Old newspapers make dandy napkins, also providing interesting things to read, think and chat about while you dine.

What's more, instead of eating individualized portions one right after another (the old-fashioned, inefficient way) you'll frequently find that all of your various courses have been efficiently combined for you into one tasty "mega-stew"!

For something to drink, you'll find abundant amounts of nature's



finest H₂O available in a puddle, or, if it hasn't rained recently, at various "dripping pipe fountains" in your environment whose whereabouts you'll quickly come to know. And, while raising your paper cups (easily made by folding up a discarded business-reply card), don't forget to toast the variety of the exciting experiences you're having as a money-free American!

PERSONAL HYGIENE

For money-free Americans of all races, creeds and backgrounds, you'll find that your society respects your needs for personal hygiene and goes to great lengths to make such service available.

If you reside in a transportation domicile, of course, you'll have your own private rest rooms, complete with multiple porcelain commodes—so you'll never have a problem should "two family members need it at once"! But even if you opt for fresh-air living, you'll find that your "insider" neighbors will be happy to welcome you and generously allow you to share their facilities.

Many department stores will also allow money-free Americans to use their "ladies and gentlemen," as long as you pretend that you've come there to buy something. And if you prefer to take the appellation "rest room" seriously, you'll discover that many come with self-contained broom-and-mop areas where the hearty napper won't be disturbed for hours!

In winter months, especially in northern states, finding a shower is easy, as all sorts of things, from roof eaves to icicles on highway underpasses, drip constantly. In warmer climes, it isn't difficult to find a pond for a quick dip, especially in factory site areas (but be sure not to dive in if the water is bubbling, frothing, or isn't transparent).

Of course, we live in an imperfect world and, for money-free Americans as for their money-having counterparts, illness may occasionally occur. Many bookstores, you'll find, have extensive health sections listing various symptoms and what to do about them, and, because people are often embarrassed about reading these books, they're



generally hidden in back sections where store personnel are unlikely to mind you browsing. The local library is also an excellent source of health related information, and, for severe cases, you'll find that the medical section is often frequented by doctors who will be happy to take an "information break" and answer a question or two.

But remember, as a money-free American, you have the advantage of an immune system that's constantly exposed to many different kinds of people, and so will be functioning at maximum efficiency! For much of the time, you'll find, the money-free life is a long and relatively healthy one.

RECREATION FOR THE MONEY-FREE

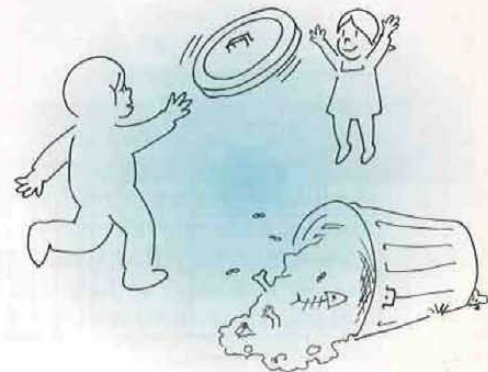
As a money-free American, you'll find that you have nothing but time—and many wonderful, fun-filled ways to use it! Indeed, while money-having Americans are off working, you'll be enjoying a permanent vacation and sampling all of the delights our society has to offer! For example...

- Into sports? When the big games are on, you'll find that, wherever you go, people are listening to them on portable radios. And since nobody is more mobile than the money-free American, there's nothing to stop you from hanging around within earshot!
- Is TV your thing? You'll find that a variety of our nation's taverns have a TV set prominently displayed above the bar, and in a position so that it's clearly visible through the window. Additionally, stores that

sell television sets frequently display their wares in the windows themselves, tuned to many different channels in an entertainment extravaganza that money-having Americans are sure to miss!

Although you may at times miss hearing the sound, it's generally agreed that the things that people say are the worst part of what's on TV. And, of course, you'll always be able to figure out what's going on in typical scenes containing car chases, knifings, and game-show giveaways.

- Dig music? If you're fortunate enough to live in a big city, you'll find that many downtown commercial establishments play the latest rock hits through loudspeakers right in front. Or, if Mantovanni is more your key, you can enjoy the pleasures of domesticity in an airport lounge or elevator, which will often provide a steady serving of your favorite fare, 24 hours a day. Either way, you'll never even have to change an album, turn a knob, or bother with a remote control.
- Love to dance? Who needs a fancy club when the sidewalks



of our great cities are yours? You may even make a new friend or two!

- For the kids, many stores feature a variety of teddy bears, dolls, and other loveable objects just waiting for your youngster to enjoy a "window hug"!
- And if you're the intellectual type who just loves a good read, you'll be glad to know that the first thing that money-having

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people get rid of is “great books.” They can be found in virtually any of the “detritus supermarkets” on the outskirts of most cities, and then enjoyed on a park bench with your “floor lamp” being the sun above that sustains all life on earth!

- And here’s a tip: If you’re single and dating, you don’t need money to enjoy a hillside or a sky filled with stars. And if you just dig deep enough into the ground, you may find some of “nature’s bubbly” to help you make perfect the evening of your dreams!

SOME ADVICE FOR THE QUASI-MONEY FREE

Many Americans are ready to make the total commitment to money-free living. But there are some who aren’t completely ready yet, and would prefer to “get their feet wet” by occasionally still being able to buy an item or two.

These “silver/copper-possessing, quasi-money-free Americans” will find that money-having Americans are frequently glad to

provide for their needs. Simply stand on any corner where money-having Americans pass by, and kindly provide them with a can or decanter in which to conveniently place some of their small change. If you want, you can prompt them to do so in a courteous way by saying any of the following:

- “My aunt just died and she lives six hundred miles away from here, and I’ve got to get the bus fare to go see her.”
- “Please help me. I’m starving.”
- “I have a horrible disease and, if you don’t give me money, I’ll touch you.”
- “I could be robbing you, man, but I’m asking, instead.”
- “I think I might have a hernia.”

However, as you get used to your new lifestyle, you’ll find that your desire for money is just a clinging remnant of your past, and you should soon lose it entirely as you begin to sample the benefits and conveniences of your new status in society.

IN CONCLUSION

America’s future is money-free!
Remember—you’re the harbingers

of what’s to come. You’re the visionaries, the pacesetters in this brave new frontier. You’re setting the example and millions and millions more Americans will soon be following!

We hope this handy booklet helps you and your family make the most of your new money-free existence. And remember, now that you’ve finished reading it, it’s got a million other uses!





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R.E.M.: Automatic For The People (Warner Bros.) 00121

Red Hot Chili Peppers: What Hits!? (EMI) 00144 †

Phil Collins: Serious Hits...Live! (Atlantic) 00324

Toni Braxton (La Face) 00420

Johnny Cash: Classic Cash (Mercury) 00595

Best Of Dire Straits: Money For Nothing (Warner Bros.) 00713

Stone Temple Pilots: Core (Atlantic) 00981

Don Henley: The End Of The Innocence (Geffen) 01064

Sting: Ten Summoner's Tales (A&M) 01334

Ace Of Base: The Sign (Arista) 02354

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Heavy D. & The Boyz: Nuttin' But Love (MCA) 02525

Sarah McLachlan: Fumbling Towards Ecstasy (Arista) 02536

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Opera's Greatest Moments (RCA Victor Red Seal) 02581c

Grammy's Greatest Moments Vol.1 (Atlantic) 02581c

The Mavericks: What A Cryin' Shame (MCA) 02601

Matthew Sweet: Son Of Altered Beast (Zoo) 02722

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Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers: Greatest Hits (MCA) 02390

DFC: Things In The Hood (Atlantic) 03155 †

Randy Travis: This Is Me (Warner Bros.) 03171

Jimi Hendrix: Blues (MCA) 03240

Pretenders: Last Of The Independents (Warner Bros./Sire) 03245

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Pride & Glory (Geffen) 05659

Ella Fitzgerald: The Best Of The Songbooks-The Ballads (Verve) 05713

Warren G: Regulate... G Funk Era (Violator/RAL) 05796

Stevie Nicks: Street Angel (Modern) 11009

Peter Gabriel: Shaking The Tree-16 Golden Greats (Geffen) 11089

A Tribute To Curtis Mayfield (Warner Bros.) 11877

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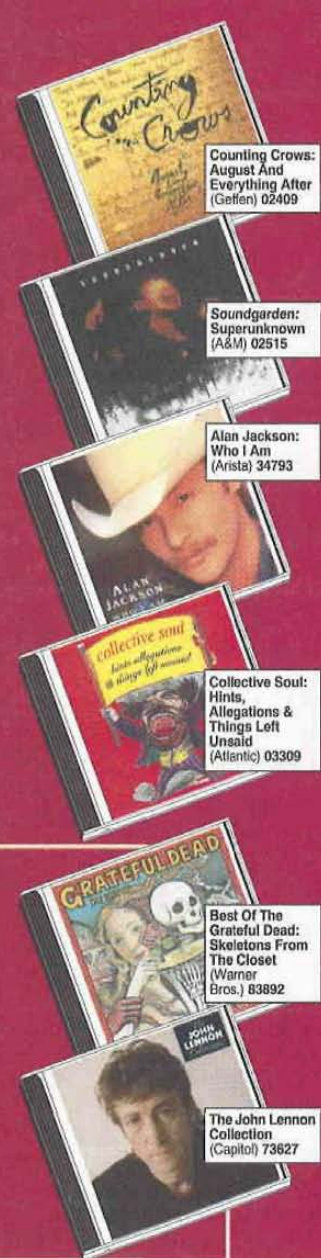
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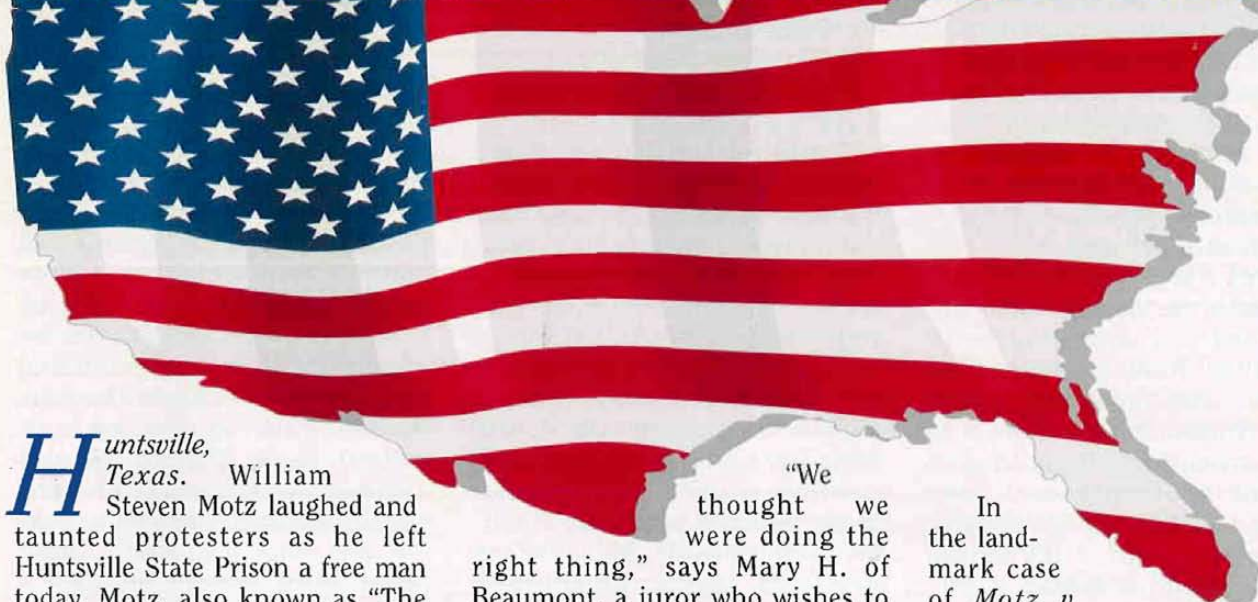
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WAKE-UP AMERICA!



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Huntsville, Texas. William Steven Motz laughed and taunted protesters as he left Huntsville State Prison a free man today. Motz, also known as “The Animal”, had terrorized youths all across the southeast over a nine year period, stalking and killing no less than thirty teen-aged victims at various isolated summer camps. *Dismemberment, mutilation, sexual assault* — these were his methods. *Hate, rage* — his motives. *Forever* — the length of time he was supposed to be put away.

William Steven Motz smiled for reporters as he approached the battery of microphones to give a statement. His lawyers advised him one last time that he was under no obligation to do so, but Motz waved them off. He wanted to set the record straight. At the stand he glared at the assembled audience.

“I regret that I have but one life to give for my country,” he said with a smirk, “and by the way, for those of you who tried to keep me down, I know who ya’ are and I’m coming to getcha, every last one of you.” He then stomped off the podium while observers gasped in horror. Incredibly, he was a free man; and apparently unrepentant and vengeful as ever.

That Motz could be walking the streets unfettered—especially after a judge and jury had sentenced him to life without possibility of parole, *plus one day*—seemed preposterous. But there he was, live and in color; and all based on a technicality.

“We thought we were doing the right thing,” says Mary H. of Beaumont, a juror who wishes to remain anonymous for fear of her life. “We’re all God-cowering Christian folk. We knew he was guilty, but we didn’t want to sentence him to death. It didn’t feel right to re-pay killing with killing, so we gave him life in prison.”

“I see now, however, that we should have given him the death penalty,” continues Mary H., a music teacher at Lyndon Johnson Elementary, located at 358 Doheny in Beaumont. “He’d be rotting in his grave now instead of on the streets. We’re all living scared little rabbit lives. God forbid that he should ever get his clutches on a member of my family!” Mary H. expresses special concern for her daughter Lisa H. who attends dance classes Tuesdays and Thursdays from 4-5 p.m. at the Linecum Ballet Academy. “He knows I have a daughter, and it’s only a matter of time before he figures a way to get her.”

And just how did Motz slip through the clutches of the penal system? How did he escape *life without possibility of parole*? Simple. He died. “Legally, he’s on solid ground. Absolutely, one-hundred percent in the right,” says Johnnie Cochmein, a prominent constitutional law attorney. “But, this isn’t me saying it. The Supreme Court of the United States has said it.”

In the landmark case of *Motz v. State of Texas* (1994), the Supreme Court ruled that because Motz was legally dead for four minutes after a minor medical procedure on February 4, 1992, he had technically served his life sentence. At the Supreme Court hearing, experts testified that during the medical procedure Motz had “no record of pulse, heartbeat or respiration. An electroencephalogram (E.E.G.) showed no brain wave activity.”

“Petitioner’s sentence was *life plus one day*. One day after he died the Petitioner (Motz) should have been released,” said the court. “Despite the fact that he is a convicted, cold-blooded killer, this court cannot ignore Petitioner’s inalienable rights under the Constitution and Bill of Rights. Holding Petitioner in prison any longer will constitute cruel and unusual punishment under the Eighth Amendment.”

And as if this decision wasn’t shocking enough, because Motz was not released exactly *one day* later by Huntsville’s Warden Billy Frank Bassham, Motz has filed a civil rights suit against the State of Texas for \$35 million. Bassham cited public safety concerns for not releasing Motz. In addition, he noted that he had no legal authority to do so; such authorization can only come from the Department of

Corrections which had refused Motz's petition.

A spokesperson for the department said, "We stand behind our decision. Motz's sentence was a life sentence plus one day. The clear intent was to incarcerate the felon for the remainder of his natural life. Since he's still alive. We think it's apparent that Mr. Motz was right where he belonged."

"That type of arrogance only exacerbated the damages that my client had to endure," contests Kenneth Q. Rosenblowob, a San Antonio attorney representing Motz. "Tragically, my client was kept in prison a full two years after he should have been released. Even after we took our case to trial and the Supreme Court of the United States ordered his release, it still took a writ from Federal Marshals to force Department of Corrections personnel to liberate my client. He should have been a free man long ago, but he's been treated like a goddamn common criminal."

Rosenblowob is seeking \$10,000 damages for every day Motz was in prison after he died. Many consider this compensatory sum to be way out of line.

"What's it worth to you?" Rosenblowob asks, on a nationally-televised talk show. "Is \$10,000 too much to ask for a day's worth of freedom?" He pulls out a wad of bills and offers them to the crowd. "Here, I'll give this money to whomever wants to spend one day in Huntsville, the meanest, dirtiest, toughest prison in America. Your worst nightmares are only the beginning. One day there and you'll limp for the rest of your life. Any takers?" No one rises to accept the prize. "I didn't think so."

But there's something missing to this story; a key that ties this twisted tale together. That key is Dr. Richard Azzimi.

Dr. Kevorkian, get out of the way. The

real Doctor Death has arrived, and he makes no apologies.

"Motz's death was merely a surprising by-product of the relaxation therapy I administered.....at the request of State officials, I might note," says Dr. Azzimi.

Adds Azzimi, "True, Motz received a windfall due to his death, but it was not I who released him from prison. Everyone's saying I let a cold-blooded killer out on the streets. Hey, I was just doing my job. Period."

The bizarre story that led to Motz's death and court ordered release began to unfold in late 1991. That's when Motz first complained to prison officials of stress-related disorders while held in solitary confinement for biting the ear off a fellow inmate. When subsequent treatment by state physicians failed to alleviate Motz's symptoms, prison officials, fearful of a stress-related illness lawsuit by Motz (there have been numerous successful suits by inmates against prisons nation-wide), authorized Motz to choose an outside physician to attend to his needs. After several closed-door meetings, Motz chose Dr. Azzimi, who was then approved by Warden Bassham.

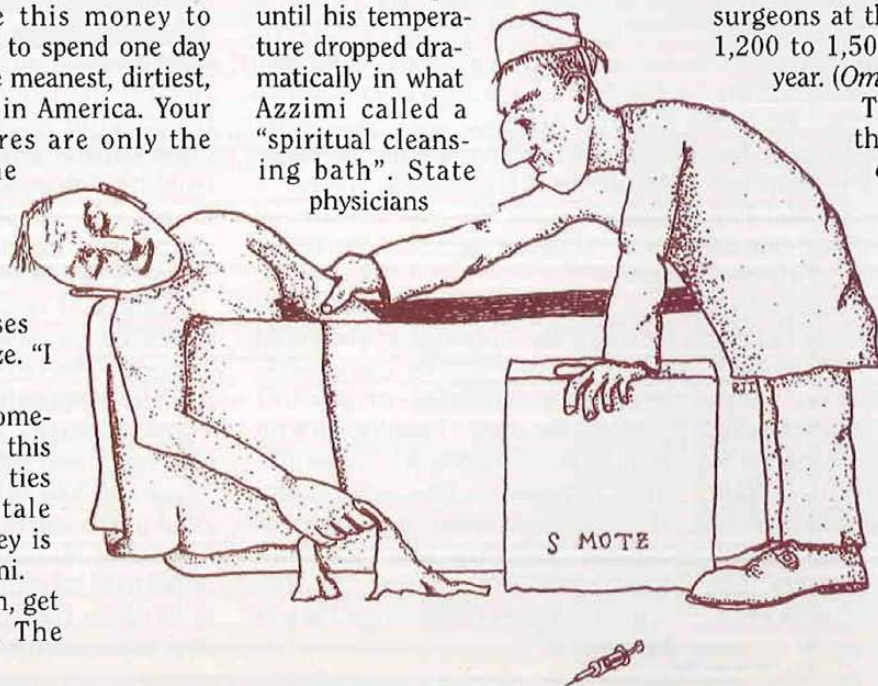
Azzimi recommended massages, meditation, and "relaxation therapy" for Motz. One such relaxation method called for Motz to lie in an ice-cold pool until his temperature dropped dramatically in what Azzimi called a "spiritual cleansing bath". State physicians

warned of the possibility of hypothermia. However, after both Motz and Azzimi signed waivers releasing the State from liability, Warden Bassham approved the procedure.

There is no disputing that Motz ended up clinically dead for three minutes during the procedure; but how this occurred is still in dispute. Doctor Azzimi and Motz's attorney insist that Motz suffered hypothermia during his three-hour immersion. Azzimi admits that he overestimated Motz's ability to handle the cold, thereby causing the inmate's untimely death. "Fortunately," says Azzimi, "Mr. Motz was brought back to life seven minutes later by the application of an electric fibrillation device. Simply put, he is a very lucky, resilient man."

However, skeptics claim that the hypothermia diagnosis is merely a smoke-screen to conceal the real cause of Motz's death. They point to the work of doctors at the Novosibirsk Institute in Siberia, where, because of a lack of equipment, the doctors pack heart surgery patients in ice to block the flow of blood to the brain. Subsequently, they stop the heart with potassium chloride, rendering the patient clinically dead. The crude procedure gives them 90 minutes to complete the surgery without risking brain damage. Heart surgeons at the Institute perform 1,200 to 1,500 such operations a year. (*Omni*, August 1994).

The skeptics claim that Azzimi and Motz conspired to cause Motz's death in a manner that best facilitated his release, saying that Motz was so desperate to get out of Huntsville, he would do anything. Even die. It is insinuated that Azzimi secretly injected Motz with potassium chloride, rendering him



clinically dead for seven minutes, before taking measures to restore his life. This scenario is made even more plausible when it was revealed that Azzimi was an attending physician at the Novosibirsk Institute, before emigrating to the United States.

Yet, so far, no one has been able to find any concrete evidence indicating wrong-doing. "They can't prove their point," says Azzimi, "because there is no point to prove. Just hints and allegations."

Either way, Motz is a free man, and there is now a two-year waiting list in federal and state prisons for inmates to participate in Dr. Azimmi's massage and relaxation therapy. This has law officials in an uproar.

In order to prevent other potential "releases by death," prosecutors have tried to bring Azzimi on charges of both manslaughter and assisting a suicide. However, proof is hard to come by; and, as prosecutors point out, the fact that Motz is alive makes a conviction unlikely. "It's really hard to convict someone of homicide when the victim is still kicking in the world of flesh and blood," admits D.A. Fred Seale.

So what lies ahead for William Steven Motz? "I'd like to open a day-care center," he explains in an exclusive interview with *People*. "Everyone has misjudged me. I've served my sentence and I've learned my lesson. What else can I say."

He doesn't have to say much. His agent at CAA is negotiating a sitcom deal for him with a major network as you read. "Motz Ballz" is set to start shooting in the early Spring. It's the zany story of Motz, an ex-con in hiding, and Ballz, an ex-cop dismissed for police brutality, who open

up a day care center in the suburbs of Houston. "It's great little story," says Motz's agent. "We have John Lithgow as Ballz, and Nell Carter is signed to play Motz's parole officer. I think we've got a hit."

There's even talk of a story of Motz's life (and death) from Tri-Star. Set to star as both Motz and the cop who busted him is the dynamic Tommy Lee Jones.

Sadly, there's no show business glitz and glamour for the families of the slain victims. They're not even getting any proceeds from the production of the film about the slayings. All they have left to show for their suffering is gray hair and a noticeable fear for their lives.

And what does Motz say about this perceived threat by him? Is their fear warranted? "Oh, come on. Can't they take a joke? I've done my time. I've been rehabilitated. I don't think I need to prove myself to....well, I won't commit to saying anything. I do have some old scores to settle, but mostly with jurors and people that testified against me; I don't feel any animosity toward the victims' families. And as far as random acts of violence on innocents, on people I don't know, I'm pretty sure that's all behind me now. Imagine... after

this series (Motz Ballz) takes off, I won't need to vent my bitterness and sexual frustration on happy-go-luck teenagers with a twelve-inch butcher knife. No more frustration for me. Just line up the chicks and let me inspect them."

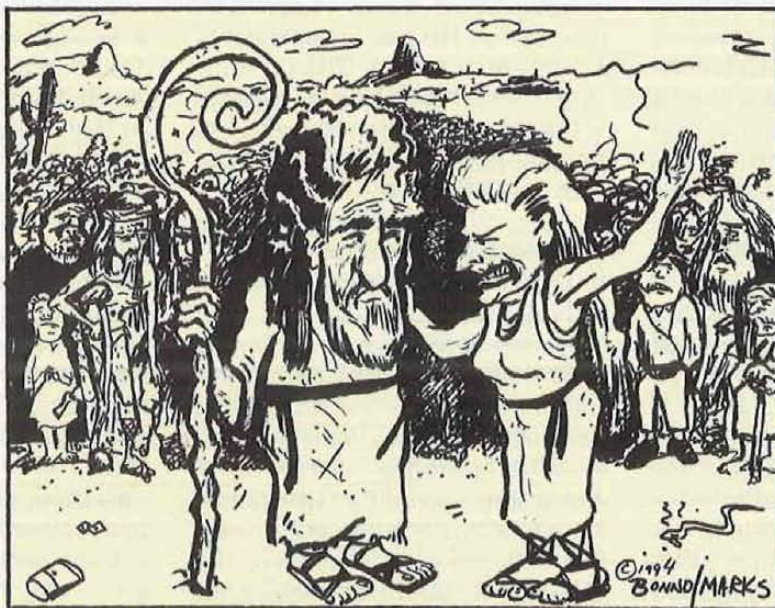
He lights a Cuban cigar. "Dying has really shown me the meaning of life. I understand it's preciousness. I feel bad about my victims, but there's not much I can do about it now. *Se la vie*, that's life. Or should I say, that's death. No, just joking." An idea. "Hey, maybe I could make it up to them (the victims' families). We have a few tickets left for the first taping of 'Motz Ballz.' Tell 'em all to come on down," he laughs.

REBEL YELL

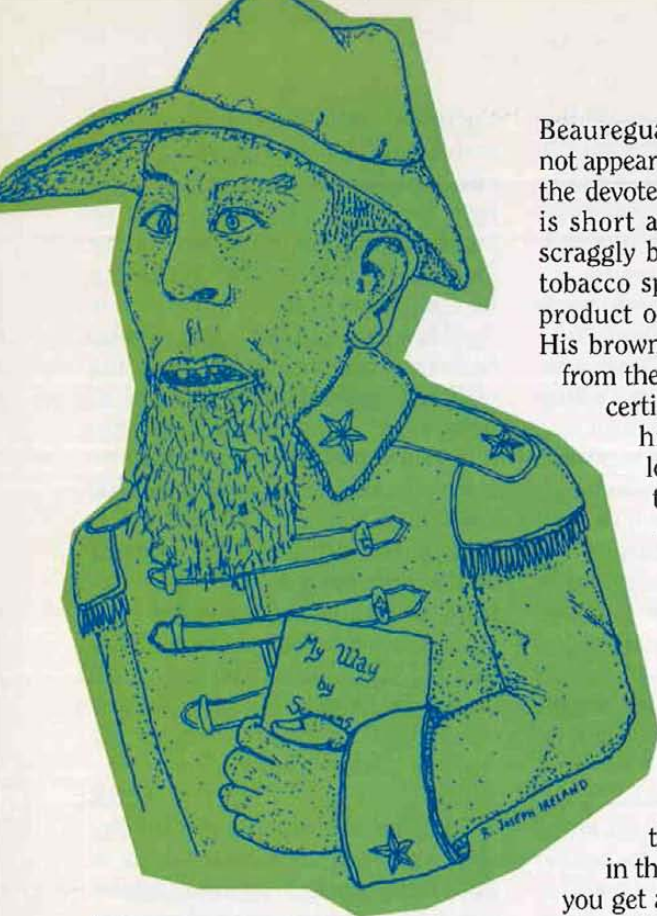
by RJJ

Picture this: In the dry hills of Arkansas, 100 miles west of Little Rock, a young pregnant girl stands on the baked clay driveway clasping her six-fingered hands together to her budding breasts. She smiles coyly at her cousin, a bare-foot boy sitting on the porch. She tries to get his attention, but he's pretending not to notice, concentrating his faculties instead on an angry, red rash ravaging his arm.

Ignore something long enough and maybe it will go away—a tenet he applies to swelling young girls - but not to stange rashes, which he scratches at furiously causing it to enflame. Meanwhile, underneath the porch a hound dog rests with his head partly in the water dish. Slowly, he lifts his head, stares at the girl, then shakes off the flies which are laying eggs on his nose. It is so very hot, the sun radiates intense heat and everything appears on the verge of collapse. Nearby,



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down by the creek, an old man stirs the coals beneath his still, smacking his rotted mouth. He knows nothing will stop him from getting shit-faced tonight.

A depressing vignette? Most people would concur. In a recent poll held by Newsweek, people voted Arkansas as the worst location in the country; the place most likely to drive them to alcoholism or suicide by gunshot. But things are changing, and as of late, people have been flocking to this godforsaken land in droves; and it all has to do with one man and his vision.

"I would lay my life down for Scuggs Beauregard. I believe in him and what he stands for," says Clint Scranton, an unemployed autoworker from Atlanta. Mr. Scranton is not alone. In fact, fifteen-thousand other southerners share the same undying love for Mr. Beauregard, and that number is growing daily. He is the prophet of the New South, a cult-figure that has vowed to raise the oppressed southern man from "the ashes of Northern tyranny and into the light of a glorious era."

Typically found sitting on a stump in front of his tent, Scuggs

Beauregard, at first glance, does not appear the type of man to inspire the devoted following he enjoys. He is short and slight, with a black, scraggly beard that is matted with tobacco spit and flakes of wood, a product of his constant whittling. His brown eyes bulge precariously from their sockets, and are disconcertingly close together, giving him a distrustful rodent look. The only thing about the man that could be described as awe-inspiring is the odor that his body generates, an odor so fierce that it has been likened to a decomposing dung heap. It is only when he speaks, such as when he gathers his close adjutants under the boughs of the huge oak tree that sits in the middle of the camp, that you get a full measure of his magnetism. The words start with a slow, quiet resonance, as he outlines the duties that need to be performed during the course of the day, before building to a climatic flurry of religious scriptures and depredations against the North.

Scuggs Beauregard is an enigmatic character. People don't know whether he's a genius or madman, good or evil. His past is somewhat of a conundrum, too. The popular story that he most likes to promote is that he is the direct descendent of General James Beauregard of the 56th South Carolina.

According to Scuggs, General Beauregard broke off from Robert E. Lee's shattered armies in Virginia during the last days of the Confederacy, in order to join forces with General E.B.White in Texas. Unfortunately, as the story goes, Beauregard made it only as far as Arkansas before Lee surrendered at Appamattox. Seeing Lee's surrender as only a minor setback, General Beauregard hid his army in the wilderness of the Ozarks, feeding off the land, quietly biding time in hopes of once again renewing the initiative against the North. Of course, this initiative never came to pass, and soon Beauregard and his

army were forgotten. Until now. Scuggs has picked up his ancestor's mantle and declared himself the leader of the General's lost army. Not everybody is convinced of Scuggs' genealogical history, however.

"The guy is cracked in the head," says noted historian Bruce Catton of the Smithsonian Historical Society. "Anybody can tell you that Beauregard surrendered with Lee at Appamattox. In fact, General Beauregard lived out his days as a civic leader in Louisiana, his home state, and played an important part in the ease of reconstruction in that area. The idea of him roaming around the redneck hills of Arkansas with a rebel army from South Carolina is complete bonk."

There seems to be other gaps in Scuggs' claimed heritage. Indeed, simple investigation reveals that his name is not Scuggs Beauregard at all, but rather a more drab Bill Carter, born in Texarkana in 1954.

"For Christ's Sake, that little runt worked the rail switch with me outside of Arkadelphia," says old acquaintance Grady Spencer. "He never said anything about being the son of a famous general. He was just smelly ol' Bill then. I remember he got fired when he green-lighted a freight onto the Amtrak mainline and caused a bad wreck. Company hates it when you do that. They canned him right on the spot. Boy, was he mad."

Other people who knew him also cast doubt on Scuggs public persona. Retired school teacher Stephanie Comer who taught young Bill in the second grade says, "Bill Carter was a liar and a thief. None of the other students liked him because he would steal their school supplies. Also, there was the time that he took the world globe, something that the class had saved up for by selling cookies, and wrote obscene names on all the countries and oceans in permanent ink. The class cried for days. I had to use the paddle on him a lot. I remember he was such a stinky little thing, too.....smelled like a dead polecat."

Even Bill's mother, Evelyn Sue



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Smith (Carter), who lives at the Meadow Pines Convalescent Home in Hope, Arkansas, has nothing good to say about her son. "Billy was a bad egg. I was constantly having to whup his ass. That's all I have to say. His memory causes me much pain."

Son of a war hero or malodorous delinquent? Somewhere in between lies the truth.

Despite these questionable beginnings, there is little doubt of where Scroggs is heading. His hateful diatribes against the renting fabric of Southern society has perked the ears of many a white male from rural communities.

Psychologist Elizabeth Jackson of UCLA who has extensively studied the phenomenon of cults sees Scroggs as a typical demigod. "Scroggs attracts followers not just with what he says but also with the confidence and conviction of how he says it," says Dr. Jackson.

"He has tapped into the disgruntled Southern white population, a population that feels ignored by the government in Washington

and scared by the threatening posture of minority communities. He invents fears for these people and then offers himself as the solution. When you combine ignorance, weak willed minds, and Scroggs, you get trouble.

It's all too easy to discount Scroggs as an illiterate blowhard, but one only has to look at the Little Rock Moonshine Putsch, to see the destructive influence that he wields.

The now infamous Moonshine Putsch occurred when Scroggs and a group of his toughs entered a bar and attempted to "kick the ever-loving shit" out of the bartender who had refused to serve them. When a deputy-sheriff, a Latino, tried to break up the scuffle, a brawl ensued, soon turning into a full-fledged riot with participants numbering in the thousands. When the smoke finally cleared, three city blocks had been burned to the ground. Scroggs and his compatriots were arrested and sentenced to three weeks in the city jail. It was during this incarceration that he

wrote his fifteen-page pamphlet, *MY WAY*, which has since been the guiding doctrine of his movement.

"*My Way* details what Scroggs plans to do and how he expects to do it," continues Dr. Jackson. "It's not very well-written, but then again, not too many of his followers know how to read. The political philosophy is a little up in the air. It tends to ramble in agitated circles about the evils of Northern industrialism. The chapter on telepathic thought control is bizarre, as is the section analyzing the music of Lynrd Skynrd. My thoughts are that Mr. Beauregard is a paranoid schizophrenic, who suffered a psychotic break when his short-lived country-rock band was promised a recording contract by Brian Wilson (Beach Boys) and then burnt."

Chapter seven of *My Way* is the most revelatory, however, and is the part that has some persons most alarmed. Military analyst Irwin Whirl of the Virginia Military Institute explains:

"In chapter seven Scroggs gives a military outline of how he

expects to defeat the North. It is remarkable in its detail. Based on what he calls the Schaeffer Light Plan, Scruggs expects to blitzkrieg out of the foothills of Arkansas with his mobile pickup units, capturing Memphis and establishing headquarters at Graceland, the holiest of redneck shrines. With Memphis under his belt, he will then control the upper Mississippi—very important in terms of supplying his army.

“From Memphis he plans to launch a major offensive, what he calls Operation Barbecued Roast, a two-pronged attack with one army pushing northward, strangling Chicago, and another, much larger army, driving up the Shenandoah Valley, capturing Washington DC., before pushing onward to the ultimate goal of New York City.

“The whole idea of an insurgent army of illiterate Huckleberries actually capturing and occupying major cities in the North is so ludicrous that it might just work,” says Whirl. “Let’s face it, the only people who care about southern secession are all the backwoods rubes that have gun racks in their truck windows. Most northerners don’t care. If a bomb dropped on New York City nobody would notice. Most would probably welcome it.”

Tony Totoni, a Bronx cab driver reflects the sentiment of most. “Yeah, I heard about some crap going on in Arkansas. What do they want? Cheaper bass boats? If they take over, it won’t make much difference to me. I still have to get up in the morning and drive my lousy cab. Maybe they can do something about the rats. Besides that I just don’t care.”

And therein lies the peril.

“I assure you that Scruggs will do more than take care of the rats,” says Dr. Jackson. “He has made it implicitly clear that he holds no special affection for anybody north of the Mason-Dixon line.”

When asked what he plans to do once he has unseated the government, Scruggs never gives a concrete answer. Instead, he prefers to speak euphemistically about what he perceives as “too many damn Yankees.”

“The Yankee man and his

woman have been the bane of the Southern way of life,” says Scruggs. “They reproduce too dern fast, and they come down here and disturb everything like a bed of ants. When they bite, you gotta squish ‘em, every last one. Yes, I sense a change, an end solution to a long standing problem. I cain’t tell you what it is, but it’s gonna be mighty stern.”

“See, I need living space, and I know a lot of my friends do too. There’s space here and there’s space there in the North. Now, what I plan to do is take care of my living space.”

“Don’t be fooled by anything. He’s doing it for the chicks,” says Bobby B. Bradshaw, former bass player for Scruggs’ band. “When you smell like a dead bird hatched up your ass, you got to have a gim-

mick. It was that way with the band. We had one song called “Sweet Home Arkansas” which Scruggs would dedicate to some homely girl at the dives we would play. He would approach the girl and gyrate his hips while singing it. It was pathetic. But that’s why I think he started this army thing, you know, for the chicks.

Radical revolutionary or amorous lover? Who’s to say?

From a satchel, Scruggs Beauregard pulls out several sticks of dynamite wrapped together with duct tape. “You see this? This is for the Court House at Appy-mattox! As God is my witness, we will blow that cursed building to the afterworld. I intend to finish what was started at Fort Sumter—finish it once and for all.”



**SNOWBOARDING
RUSSIANS
ARE READY
TO TAKE OVER
THIS COUNTRY**
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Reader Digest

The World's Most Widely Ignored Magazine

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Chopin for Brett - A visit by a loving grandfather teaches a young mother that intelligence is not always measured by what you know.

I was in labor for thirty-six hours. When I finally delivered, the doctor examined my baby briefly and then placed him in my arms. I clasped him tight against my bosom, beaming with pride. Brett, my Little Brett. I marveled at how something so delicate and beautiful could have come from my stomach. I shyly glanced at my husband, Mike, and he smiled back. At that moment all the thoughts that a young mother can have toward her child washed over me. I dreamed of all the varieties of futures that awaited Brett. Would he become a famous scientist, or a professional football player? Or maybe, dare I dream so boldly, the President of the United States? I wept.

As time wore on, however, it soon became evident that Brett was not like the other children. His body never lost its baby fat, and his features took on the look of a bug-eyed oriental. I also noticed that he didn't seem as smart as the other children. When I took him to the pediatrician, I was told the heart-breaking news that my Little Brett was a mongoloid. "Why Little Brett?" I asked. Then I thought back to when I was younger, before I had met my sweet, virginal Mike and trapped him into marrying me. I had dated a hippie who used to pump me full of hallucinogens before ravishing me in the back of his van. Did that have anything to do with Brett's condition? Was God visiting retribution for these past sins?

One day, we received notice that Mike's father, Norm, was coming to visit. I was immediately filled with dread. My father-in-law and I did not get along well. He had never approved of Mike's marriage to me and had expressed himself quite vocally against our union. I told Mike that I was apprehensive, but I would make the best of it, even suggesting that it might be a good opportunity for me to get to know him better.

As for Little Brett, he was extremely excited about meeting his grandfather. He was now fourteen-years-old and had never met him. The day that Norm was to arrive, Brett helped me straighten up the house, making it a clean and cozy place to welcome our anticipated guest. We sang songs while we swept and dusted, Brett with his lilt-ing, slurring style accenting my decidedly non-musical voice. After we finished, Little Brett sat down and made a card with finger-paint to give to his grandfather.

When the doorbell rang that evening, I felt a momentary rush of panic. Mike had just left to buy some charcoal at the store and would not be back for half an hour. I was in the kitchen and could barely move, paralyzed with nervousness. Then I heard the pitter-patter of little feet running across the living room floor. I leaned back against the counter and listened to Little Brett fumble with the front door locks.

"Grand-pa-pa!" I heard Brett exclaim as the door swung open, his voice rising in the fashion that always told me he was excited. I waited to hear Norm's voice, but there was no response. Was anybody at the door? The silence continued. I walked across the kitchen floor to go into the living room. Finally I heard my father-in-law's low, gruff growl.

"What the hell are you????!"

"Grand-pa-pa!" said Brett again.

"Jesus Christ, I'm asking, what the hell are you???"

I froze, standing there in the

middle of the kitchen floor, all my senses quivering. Then I took a deep breath and walked into the living room.

"Norm! How wonderful to see you!"

Norm was standing there with his umbrella poking Little Brett in the chest. He looked up at me, confused.

"Grand-pa-pa!" said Brett excitedly once again.

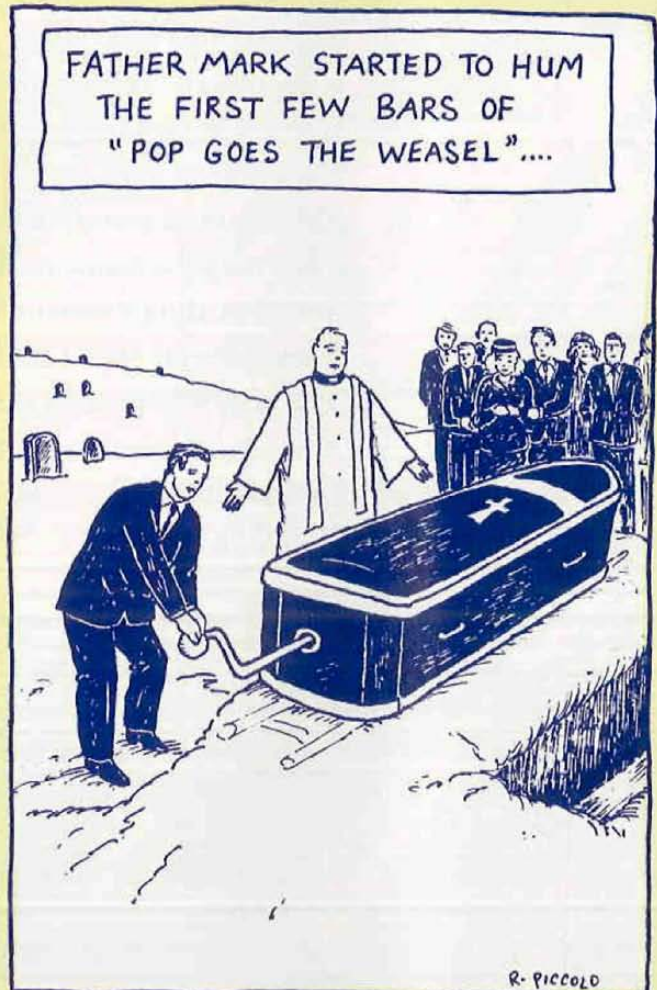
Finally, Norm spoke. "Dammit to hell, woman, what's the meaning of this monster? What zoo did he escape from? He liked to give me a goddamn heart attack!"

"Norm, please meet Brett, your grandson," I said. Then, kneeling down to my son, "Brett, say hello to Granddad Norm."

"Grand-pa-pa!"

Norm, gripping his umbrella tighter, looked down in disgust.

"My God! You mean to tell me that this subterranean circus freak is my grandchild?!"



"Well, yes!" I said with as much indignance as I could muster, hugging little Brett.

"I refuse to believe it. Where's Mike?"

"He's at the store, he'll be back shortly."

"I'm going to watch television and wait for him to get back. Keep this abomination away from me, do you hear?" Norm swept by and ensconced himself in the big cushioned chair that sat in front of the television.

"Grand-pa-pa," said little Brett quietly. In his hand was the finger-painting. I hugged him close so he wouldn't see my tears.

Norm's stay originally was only to last for a few days. But a few days soon stretched into a week, and then a week stretched into a month. It was very difficult, but there was not much I could do. I would look at Mike imploringly whenever his father's voice sounded from the cushioned chair, but all he would do was shrug.

As Norm's length of stay increased, I held out the hope that he would take a liking to Brett, but he never did. One time Norm did try to teach Brett how to play poker. I was in the kitchen making sandwiches when suddenly I heard Norm yelling.

"No, you little retard! You're not even throwing away the right cards. You've got nothing, do you understand me? You don't even have a pair!"

I ran into the dining room where they were playing and was horrified to see Norm up in little Brett's face waving his finger menacingly. Little Brett was in tears. I rushed forward and grabbed him.

"He doesn't understand the rules, Norm! Don't you ever talk to him like that again. You don't live here, this is not your house!"

Norm didn't say a thing. Instead he stood up and threw his cards down on the table and marched into the living room to watch television.

That night, lying in bed with Mike, I searched for words.

"Darling, today your father was very abusive to Little Brett. I don't know how much longer I can put up

with it. When do you think he'll leave?"

"You know I want him out of here just as much as you do. Hell, I haven't been able to sit down and watch television for a month. He'll be leaving soon, though. I promise."

"Will you at least talk to him? It's not right, the things that he says to Brett. He's terrible."

"Yes, dear."

The next morning, Mike talked to his father and it had an immediate effect. Not that Norm went out of his way to be nice to Little Brett, but he did cease being mean to him, choosing rather to watch television all day. It wasn't an ideal situation, but at least there was peace in the house.

Finally, at dinner time, a week after the poker incident, Norm came storming in from the living room, where he always took his dinners, not wanting to sit at the table with the family. Clutching a half-eaten Swanson's pre-cooked dinner, he stopped at the swinging door that led to the kitchen. We all looked at him.

"I want everyone to know that tonight's my last night here. I'm leaving tomorrow."

Mike and I didn't say anything. There was a tense moment of silence.

"Is there something wrong?" I asked hesitantly.

"No. Does something look wrong?"

"The way you came in here, and now you're announcing that you're leaving; I'm wondering if you're mad about something."

There was a scowl on Norm's face. Then it eased. He began to look kindly on everybody. It was a radical change of emotions that took place before our eyes. Then he spoke.

"I know I've been kind of difficult, and I would like to thank you for putting up with me. Tonight, I want to help clean up with the dishes."

"Oh, Norm, you don't have to do that," I said.

"No, I insist. It's the least I could do."

"Well, okay. I guess since dinner's over, we could start now."

I got up and grabbed dishes from the table. I looked at Mike and surreptitiously raised an eyebrow.

In the kitchen I scrubbed while Norm rinsed. We didn't speak but I could tell that he was pleased that he was able to contribute, though I must admit that I could have done it faster by myself.

Handing him the last plate, I watched his wizened features grimace in concentration as he directed the stream of water from the hose onto the plate. Thinking this might be the time to say something nice and perhaps get to know Norm better, I touched him on the arm. He jerked away as if shocked by electricity. I was somewhat taken aback. Suddenly, from the living room, some piano notes echoed.

"What's that?" asked Norm.

"Oh, that's just Brett plinking on the piano."

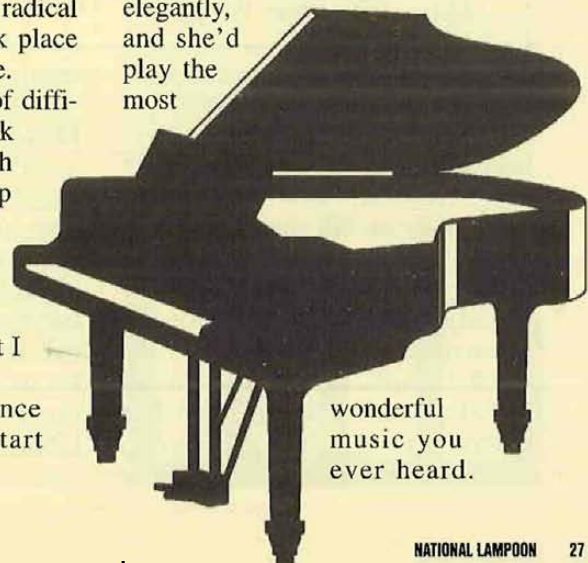
"You have a piano?"

"Oh, yes. I'm surprised you didn't see it. It's just an old used one—not much, really. We bought it for Brett, though he doesn't play it much."

Norm was not paying attention to me at this point. He hurriedly put down the plate he was rinsing, and ran off into the other room. I threw down my dish rag and followed, wondering what was going on.

When I got there, Norm was already standing by the piano, looking down at Brett who was sitting on the bench. Norm looked up at me.

"You know, my Martha used to tickle the ivories. When I would come home she would sit at her piano, very elegantly, and she'd play the most



She was a musical genius." Tears began to well in his eyes. Little Brett tilted his head up and when he saw his grandfather crying, brought his hand down and struck another key. Norm reached down and grabbed Brett's hand and stared at it.

"He's got Martha's hands. I swear to God he does. Of course, his are much fatter, but there is a delicate resemblance that is unmistakable. Oh, this is all too much." Brett smiled, loving the attention. Norm, looking like he had just seen a ghost, left the room.

That night, in bed, I told Mike what had happened.

"Yeah. Mother would play the piano every once in while. I don't know if she was a musical genius. I'm not an expert on those things."

"If she was a musical genius, do you think some of that could have been inherited? By Brett, I mean. Your father said that he has the same hands as your mother."

"Gee, I don't know. Maybe. Listen, I've got a long day tomorrow and I really need to get some sleep." Mike rolled over, leaving me alone with my thoughts. I lay there staring at the ceiling, feeling good for the first time. Hope swelled in my heart and carried me off to the land of dreams.

At three in the morning I woke up. I didn't know why. Looking beside me, I saw Mike was still asleep. Everything seemed as it always did. Then I heard the soft sounds of the piano waft in through the open bedroom door. I lay there listening, then I sat up. I shook Mike.

"Mike, do you hear the piano?" I asked.

Mike grunted, "You're imagining things, hon. Get some sleep."

"No, Mike. Somebody's playing music in our living room." Mike pulled the covers over his head and rolled over on his side. I sat there for a few seconds straining to hear. I then got out of bed and walked quickly over to the closet for my house robe.

Stealthily, I slipped down the hall, toward the living room. The music was getting louder.

"Beethoven," I said to myself. "No, wait. Chopin. Definitely Chopin. Magical Chopin." As I stood at the door to the living room, I bit softly into my fist. The music was so beautiful!

Once in the living room, I saw the most wondrous sight. There at the piano was Little Brett. The moon filtered through the curtains filling the room with its soft glow.

"Brett?" I asked softly. "Is that you?" Brett slowly turned around, but he didn't stop playing. He smiled at me like an angel.

I approached closer. "My God, where did you learn to play like that?"

"Grand-ma-ma," he said.

I was so overwhelmed with emotion that I rushed forward and sat beside Little Brett on the bench. I wrapped myself around him, taking him up in my arms much as I did when he was just a newborn baby.

"It's a miracle," I said with tears falling profusely. "It's a miracle. You are a musical genius. I knew it. It's a miracle."

"Ma-ma," said Little Brett as he hugged me back.

Then a frightened feeling stole over me. *If I'm holding Little Brett in my arms, I thought, then how come I can still hear music?*

Suddenly, I sensed movement in the dark corner followed by a loud scratching noise, as a needle was brought harshly across a spinning record. The gentle piano music stopped.

"Miracle, my ass!"

It was Norm!

He stepped out from the shadows, away from the turntable. He was laughing.

"Grand-pa-pa!" squealed Little Brett.

"Well, that was quite a show. Funniest thing I've seen in a long time. You really thought the boy was a musical genius. Well, I'm going to bed now. Too much entertainment like this is bad for the ticker." This said, Norm shuffled out of the room and down the hall. I heard the door slam. I sat there holding Little Brett, afraid to move.

HUMOR BEHIND BARS

I'm a prison guard who was recently transferred to Litchfield State, a maximum security pen located in a remote section of Maine's backwoods. After a month of this job related isolation, cabin fever set in and I started to get lonely.

I decided to ask advice from Heinz, a fellow guard who has been there for quite some time. I approached him during roll call.

"Hey, Heinz," I whispered. "What do you guys usually do for a little action out here?" I punctuated this question with a few pelvic thrusts to insure that he got the idea.

Without saying a word, Heinz pointed across the cell block to Washington, the scrawny Negro custodian who was busy mopping around a toilet. *No way*, I thought to myself.

However, later that week my hormonal urges took over and, considering the non-existent alternatives, I followed Washington into the janitor's closet and cornered him by the sinks. Slamming the door shut, I "bitch slapped" him several times with the butt of my pistol, pinned his left arm behind his back with one hand, and ripped down his pants with the other. I was wailing away pretty heavily when the door suddenly opened, and a startled Heinz confronted me with a dazed look.

"No, No!" he exclaimed. "I meant we use Washington's car to drive into town!"

-R.L. Brooks, Litchfield State

I was enjoying lunch in the mess hall with James when he men-

tioned he was suffering from a bad headache. "When I have a bad headache," I sympathized, "I force my cell-mate to give me a blow job. It makes my headache disappear."

"Really? What a great idea!" said James, suddenly brightening up. "Do you think he's home now?"

RJI, Huntsville



Fred Thomas, my cell mate, had received a Time-Life Civil War Chess set through the mail which he was quite fond of. However, Jimirro, the toughest guard in the penitentiary, legendary for his ill temper, hated to see Thomas carrying on with the chess game.

"Damn it, Thomas!" Jimirro hollered. "If I catch you playing chess one more time, I'm going to make you eat every damn one of those 36 chess pieces!"

A week went by before Thomas forgot Jimirro's warning and set up the chess board on his bed. Unfortunately it was just as Jimirro happened to be making his rounds. "Godammit Thomas!" he yelled, pulling him off the bed with one hand and sweeping up the wooden chess pieces with the other. He dragged him out of the cell and around the corner, out of view from the general population.

After several minutes of scuffling punctuated by Thomas' pained squeals and Jimirro's angry grunts, Thomas staggered back into the cell, tattered and torn with tears streaming down his cheeks.

"My god, Thomas!" I cried. "He didn't actually make you eat the chess pieces did he?"

"No," frowned Thomas after a long uncomfortable pause. "But they are inside me."

D. Giliam, Corcoran, State



Here at Chino State, we frequently lift weights and sun ourselves in the courtyard in the afternoons. One activity that is a particular favorite is the bench

press. Inmates hold contests to see who can pump the most iron, competing for cigarettes and "tricks" with their "ho's" (ho's are weaker inmates who become sex slaves and who are bartered between the stronger inmates).

So Big Dick Smith, the bench press champion, lays out one of his ho's (Darnell, or "Darneshia," as "she" is called), and challenges Will Washington, who also lays out one of his ho's. So Smith pumps a good 350 lbs without any problem, and Will's really sweating it out.

So Will, who secretly had been taking steroids supplied to him by a crooked guard, gets on the bench and throws up 375, no problem.

For the first time ever, Smith starts to sweat. He walks slowly up to the bench, lies down, and lifts the bar off the rack. So Big Dick Smith is straining under the pressure when, all of a sudden, Dick loses his balance, causing one end of the bar to tip to one side. Consequently, all the weight falls off that end, which, moments later, causes the bar to swing erratically through the air, striking Darnell in the head. Darnell lets out a shriek and falls to the ground, his skull fractured.

After the dust clears, Dick rises off the bench, surveys the dying Darnell on the ground, and says wryly to Will, "Hey, I guess you can claim your bitch now."

To which Will dryly replies, "No thanks. You can keep him."

Frank Nunco, Chino State



I had been setting up a prison break for some time when my cell-mate was moved out and another new prisoner was mysteriously moved in. He played it cool for a couple of weeks and then start asking questions about if I ever planned on "breaking out" and shit like that. He even offered to help me make it; said he could smuggle in a gun through his girlfriend, who visited frequently.

I had suspected from the beginning that he was a fink, planted there to uncover my secret scheme.

My suspicions were bolstered when I noticed that he had a pack of KOOLs. Nobody in our cell block could afford KOOLs. He said his girlfriend (who I had never seen) smuggled them in.

So one night at about 2 a.m. when he questioned me once again about escaping, I grabbed a pillow, removed the case, and used the case to strangle him. I then removed his bedsheets and made it look like he had hanged himself.

Imagine my surprise the next day when his girlfriend showed up to visit him, with the gun he had promised, and there he was, dead. It turned out that he wasn't a narc after all. Boy, did I feel like a dick!

B. Smith, Huntsville

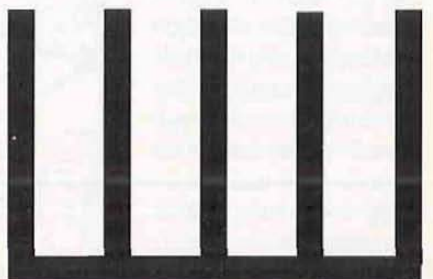


One afternoon while a group of us Cholos were hazing a Caucasian inmate in the yard, we noticed that another Caucasian inmate, who was standing next to an African-American gentleman, was laughing. So we walk over to him all casual-like, and ask him what his problem is. Why is he laughing at one of his own having the shit kicked out of him? We said he should have more respect for his fellow Caucasians.

We debated as to whether we should instead kick the shit out of the laughing one. While we were contemplating this, he called me a "pussy" and my amigos "cowards." We raised fists to strike him, and he stood motionless, not even blinking an eye. We really respected that.

So we allowed him to join our gang and we kicked the shit out of the African-American gentleman standing next to him.

R. Hardin, Indiana State



RHUBARB THE PUP

The Nourishment of Love

By Betty Johnson

Katherine stared hopelessly at the hungry, motherless, newborn pup. Was it possible to fool Mother Nature?

Thirty-one year old, towheaded Katherine Taylor responded to the knock on the front door of her beautiful Connecticut home with a puzzled look. Nobody had given her advance warning of a visit and she was all alone. It had only been a week since she lost the baby and although Nelson, her compassionate husband and a highly respected psychiatrist, tried as hard as he could to be home with her every minute, he simply had to check into work from time to time to keep the steady stream of income flowing.

"Just a minute!" she told the mysterious visitor as she got up from the sofa, brushing a thick strand of golden blonde hair away from her eyes.

A quick look through the peep-hole reassured her that the stranger was not some undesirable, street ne'er-do-well, but Jenny Wilkins, the five-year-old girl who lived next door. Normally, the sight of Jenny would have delighted Katherine, but she sensed from the saddened expression on Jenny's face that something was wrong—terribly wrong.

In her arms, Jenny

was cradling something wrapped in a pink baby blanket, a painful association that made Katherine wince.

"It's little Rhubarb," said Jenny, naively whimpering through tears. The blanket was pulled back to reveal a newborn schnauser puppy. "He's all alone and my mommy say if he doesn't get nursed from his mommy he'll die, and he just *can't* die, Missus Taylor..."

"He won't die," answered Katherine, peering at the helpless pup.

"But he has no mommy! He's too young, he needs to be nursed!"

"I promise," whispered Katherine. "I will do anything I have to do to make sure he doesn't die." She scooped up the furry little bundle into her arms. The brown pup squirmed and opened his little mouth in a futile search for nourishment. "Anything. Now don't you worry about a thing."

"You ain't going to flush Rhubarb down the toilet, are you?"

"The word is *aren't* Jenny, and no, of course not. I would never do that. Now run along."

Katherine hurried the bundle inside and sat down at the kitchen table to give the pup a closer examination. She carefully peeled away the blankets.

"Don't be afraid," she whispered to the fragile creature. "I'm going to help."

One thing was for certain; the pup could neither feed nor defend itself. Another day without nourishment would mean certain death. Katherine glanced across the room at her breast pump.

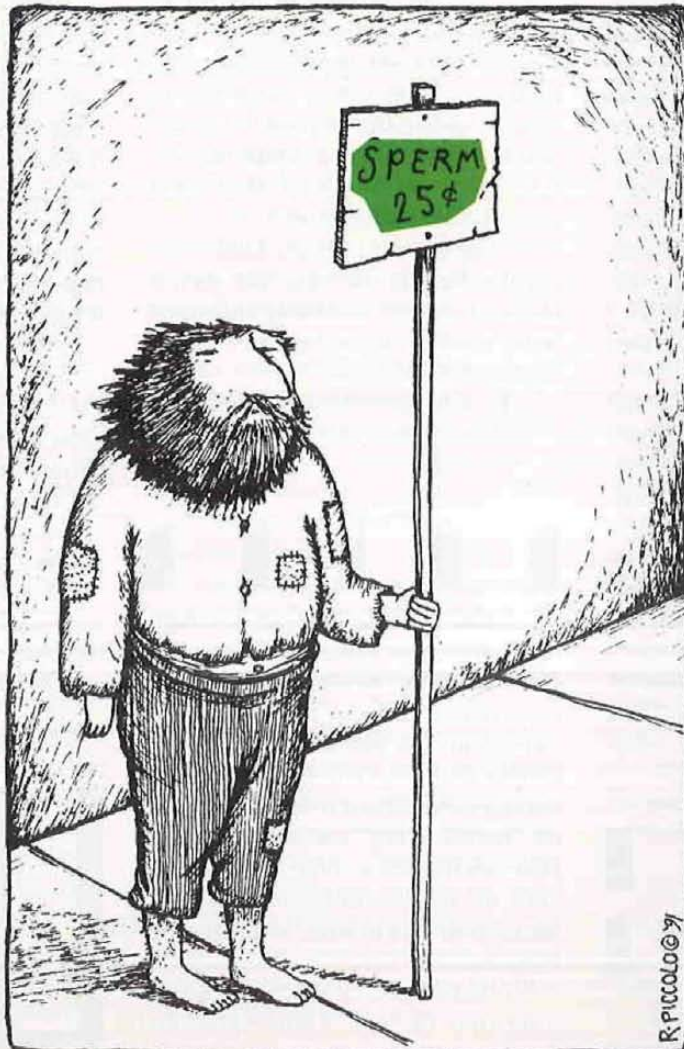
She knew exactly what she would do, but first she would call Nelson. After all, he was a certified doctor of psychiatry. If anyone would know if such a plan were feasible it would be him.

Besides, thought Katherine, *Nelson's warm, tender voice has an almost biologically soothing effect on my frequent jitters.* Still holding little Rhubarb in her lap, she quickly dialed.

"Why hello there, darling!" came Nelson's warm, sober greeting. "This is certainly an unexpected surprise!" He laughed as if caught off guard.

Katherine told him all about Jenny and little Rhubarb and her plan to personally nurse the pup back to health as she nervously twirled a lock of her golden hair which, she was often told, resembled spun gold. "So, you see Nelson, I'm scared to death that little Rhubarb will die without milk from his natural mother..."

"Mooseshit," he said tenderly. "That poor little pup may have the deck stacked against him, but with a little love, and



perhaps a little ingenuity, anything's possible."

"So, should I try feeding him from the milk of my own bosom?"

"Hmmm...I don't see the harm in trying," he urged. "I'll be home in a bit. I'm just going to stop for a few drinks with the fellows." He hung up before Katherine had time to respond.

Was it possible? Could it work? Could Mother Nature be fooled? What were the alternatives?

Katherine opened her bathrobe and unhooked her brassiere. She waved her breast over Rhubarb's hungry little mouth, but the pup just turned the other cheek and batted the dangling object away as if it were a beachball interrupting his sunbathing.

Perhaps he just needs a little encouragement, thought Katherine. She tried to pry his jaws open with her spare hand but they just kept snapping shut like a change purse. Then she recalled what Nelson had sagely said about "ingenuity." This time, when she pried the pup's jaws open, she was quick to jam her plump nipple between his springy jaws before they had time to slam shut.

At first the pup chomped down semi-hard, not fully grasping the concept and causing Katherine to wince in pain. Then his sponge-like tongue began to curiously dart around the circumference of her fat, swollen nipple. Before too long the idea sunk in and the pup was eagerly slurping away as sweet, nourishing, milk droplets trickled down his precious doggy throat. Katherine proudly eased back in her chair and lovingly stroked Rhubarb's fuzzy, busy little head, enjoying the beauty of this life-affirming moment. She felt like a mother again.

Nelson's tires screeched into the driveway. Oh, would he be proud! Nelson was always in especially high spirits after an afternoon of unwinding with the guys over a few drinks.

"Hi Peaches!" Nelson belched. He went to the fridge and cracked open a beer.

"Well, honey, I think it's working," declared Katherine. "Well, not at first, but he's really lapping it up now." She pulled open the left side of her robe to reveal the schnauser pup, suckling away on her bosom.

"Huh?" Nelson took a sip and turned around. His eyes bugged and he did triple-take, immediately spitting out a mouthful of beer, Danny Thomas style. "*Jesus Christ, whatthefuckizzat!!!!?*"

"It's little Rhubarb, the pup. I told you about him on the phone,

remember? I asked you if I should nurse him back to health."

"You mean you thought I was serious?"

"Bu, honey, this afternoon you told me..."

"..and this afternoon I also told the colored doorman to go fuck himself! What's your point?" Katherine immediately exploded into tears. Nelson was right, she was hopeless. It was stupid for her to think she could fool Mother Nature.

"My god, Katherine, you can't breast feed a fucking dog, you'll get rabies or something!" Suddenly, like a finely tuned polygraph sensing her distress, Nelson lost his frightening leer and put down the toasted mozzarella sandwich he had brought home from the bar.

"Shh..don't cry muffin," he soothed, stroking her zestful, corn-silk-like hair. "I understand now." He pulled the dog away from her breast and marched off upstairs. A toilet flush was heard and he returned.

"See?" he said beaming, "All gone!"

Katherine buried her face in Nelson's robust, sensitive chest. "Why, Nelson...why, oh why must things always die?"

"It was for the best dear, really."

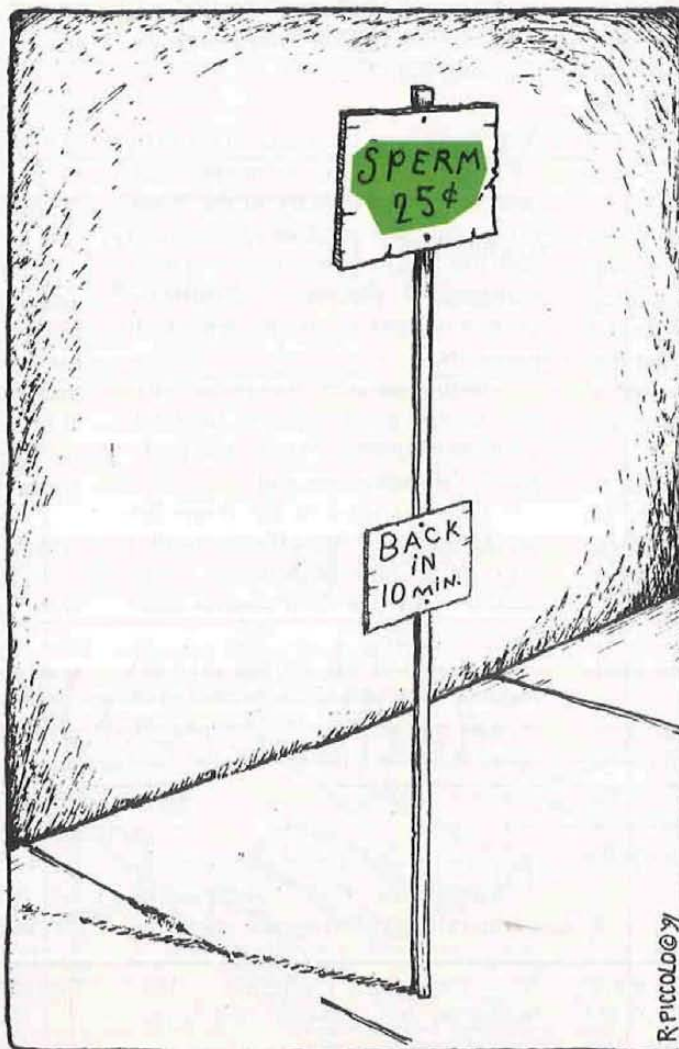
"Are you absolutely sure.....?"

"Hey.... who's the most popular psychiatrist in eastern New England?"

"You are dear."

"Darn tootin." He stood up and took a long guzzle from his bottle. "And 200 paranoid schizophrenics can't be wrong, hah-hah!" He belched loudly and wiped beer foam from his moustache onto his sleeve.

"I'm going out now, and when I get back I better not taste dog saliva on your left jug!"



LIFE IN THESE HERE UNITED STATES

My husband and I have a freelance drywall business. One way we promote our business is to canvass neighborhoods in the city, putting fliers in mailboxes.

One particular afternoon, we became separated during our stuffing in a neighborhood with a particularly circuitous set of winding streets. Wanting to see if he had been through a certain area, I opened up a mailbox and looked in.

A passerby walking with her child asked me what I was doing. I said, "Oh, I'm looking for my husband."

The passerby said, "Oh, you must have a really small husband."

To which I curtly replied, "No, you stupid bitch. I just wanted to see if he has been down this street putting fliers in the mailboxes."

My friend, Phil, frequently leads prayers at our Christian congregation on Sundays. This Sunday, he was particularly ready to lead a prayer of thanks due to the fact that he had recently gotten a new job at AT&T after being unemployed for some time.

Phil walked up to the pulpit, anxious to begin. "Let us pray," he said, as he bowed his head. He began, "God, our Sovereign, as we bow before your phone..." Suddenly, he was silent, as a dull chuckle trickled through the audience.

Ever the composed speaker, Phil continued. "If it be Thy will, please smite with lightning the sorry mutherfuckers who are laughing at me while I try to finish this god-damn prayer."

My friend, Vanessa, went to a bakery to have a cake made for her husband in the shape of the United States. Unfortunately, the

man behind the counter was from Mexico and had difficulty understanding the instructions.

After several unsuccessful attempts, she spotted a phone book and turned to the front pages where they have a map of the country with the different area codes labeled. "Cake like this!" she said, pointing to the map. The Mexican smiled and nodded understandingly.

The next day, when Vanessa returned to pick up the cake, it was just as she had requested, with one exception: Written on each state in black frosting was an area code. "You lazy beaner!" she yelled smashing the cake into his brown, ignorant face. "Can't you people do anything right?"

While my husband, Darnell, repaired his car in the backyard and I did laundry in the basement, our two children, ages seven and five, were in the house dialing random phone numbers. Unbeknownst to us, the children called 911.

Within minutes, two police officers came running through the backyard, guns drawn. "What's the problem?" they asked my son.

Darnell looked up from his work, regarded the officers with a wry grin, and responded, "My clutch went out. You wanna hand me a wrench?"

To which the police officers replied, "No, you black bastard. You wanna eat hot death?" At which time, they shot Darnell in the face four times.

Nothing could seem to stop two members of our congregation from talking during the morning song service, so we decided to try a little experiment. We met a little before the service began and formulated a plan.

As the congregation sang, "Just as I am without one plea, but that my Lord has died for me," the two elderly women began their incessant chatter once again. At that instant, two of us grabbed and held the women, while the rest of the 240 members of the congregation brutally sodomized them for eight hours.

After that, they never talked in church again.

Whenever my husband, Ben, does gardening work, he invites our six-year-old grandson, Jake, to help.

One day, Jake's dad asked him, "What does Grandpa pay you for all that help you give him?"

Hands on hips, Jake looked his dad in the eye and replied, "Grandpa touches my pee-pee."

My daughter, Susan, uses a wheelchair. One rainy day, we returned home after a shopping trip. On the carpeted platform of the ramp to the backdoor, she hesitated, then turned her chair around, rubbing the wheel on the ground several times.

I impatiently asked, "Are you going into the house or not?"

"Mom," she responded quietly, "I'm wiping my feet."

"Then I guess you can stay outside, you fucking cripple," I said.

While riding a cab to a play in New York I noticed the name *Allah* on the dashboard. I asked the driver if that was his name. Shocked, the driver responded, "No. That is the God I worship!"

Still embarrassed, I left the play and hailed another cab. Right there on the dashboard, I noticed a crown on the dashboard. I asked the driver, "Is that a religious symbol?"

"No," the driver curtly responded, "I use it to scratch my balls."

DRAMA IN REAL-LIFE *Grizzly Attack!*

The early morning sunlight shined hesitantly through the flap of the small tent, diffusing through the netting and wakening Jimina Sweetleaf. The young lesbian yawned, then swept aside the goose-down blanket. Immediately, the cold air descended upon her exposed body and she shivered, bringing her quickly to her senses. She looked beside her. She was alone.

Emerging from the tent like a nascent butterfly, Jimina tautly stretched her lithe body, thrusting firm breasts outward, barely contained by the delicate lace filigree of her skimpy lingerie.

"Rise and shine, lazy."

It was Guyana-Anna, her tent-mate, sprawled by the campfire in an elegant satin slip. She was stirring the coals of the fire, warming some leftover quiche. Jimina didn't say anything. Instead, she looked around, quickly viewing the rest of the tents which circled around the campfire like pastel covered wagons, vivid against the spring forest. It appeared that nobody else was up.

Jimina put her hands on her hips and shrugged. She went back inside the tent and found her silk hose and high heels. Lying down, she meticulously unfurled the silk hose up her long, perfect legs. Then, putting on her heels, she grabbed her backpack and a plastic canteen filled with nectarine juice and egressed once again to the cool outside.

"I'm leaving, I'll be back by lunch," she said to Guyana-Anna.

"Oh really? Where are you going?"

Jimina started to answer, then changed her mind about what she wanted to say. She briefly paused, her face radiantly angelic. Then, a storm cloud descended across her fragile features.

"None of your goddamn business," blurted Jimina suddenly.

Guyana-Anna was taken aback. "Jimina! I've never heard you talk like that before."

"Well, you better get use to it, slut."

"Oh, I see. You're still mad about that," said Guyana-Anna.

"About what?"

"About me having a little fling with... a man."

"Damn straight," said Jimina petulantly.

"Please, Jimina. I don't want us to be angry. After all, it was only a man. Can't we just forget about it and get on with our lives."

Jimina smiled brightly at Guyana-Anna's words of concern. "You're right. We're being silly. Let's not let it spoil our trip."

"That-a-girl!" Guyana-Anna blew a kiss, and Jimina brought her hand up to her ruddy cheek, rubbing in the imaginary peck. It was impossible to stay angry at Guyana-Anna. She was too full of life. Too...too damn lovable!

Jimina then began walking down the path.

"Watch out for grizzlies!" called out Guyana-Anna.

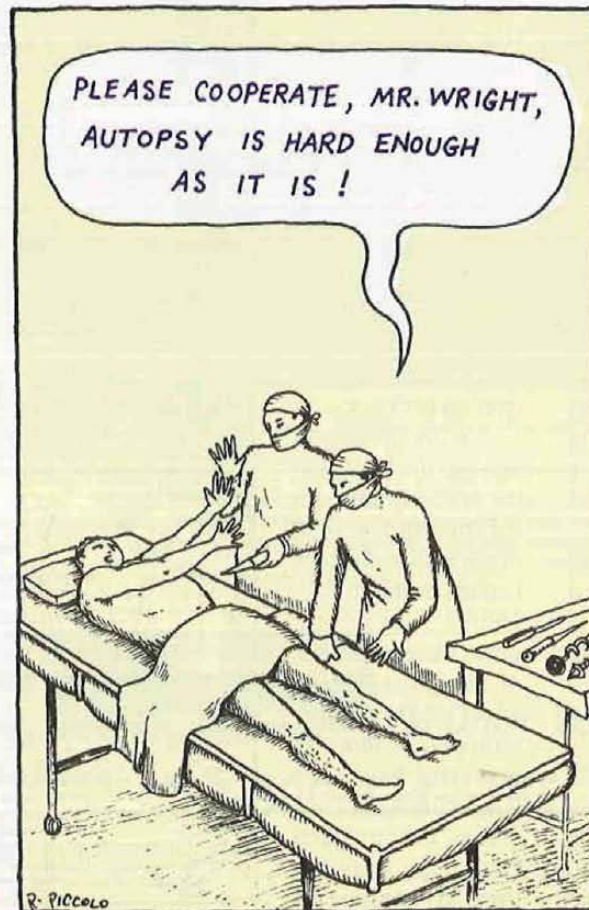
"You watch out for grizzlies, yourself!" she replied, jokingly.

Jimina was an experienced hiker and had spent countless days in the mountains of Wyoming hiking the Grand Tetons. The valleys and foothills were as familiar to her feet as the steep hills of her beloved San Francisco. The day before, when she and the girls had been walking along a ridge, she had spotted a valley that she knew would be an excellent place to explore. She made no mention of it to the others but, instead, made a mental note of its location with the notion of returning. *My valley*, thought Jimina. *My secret valley*.

Walking along the path, the twigs and leaves cracked under her high heels. {*Grizzlies! Why had Guyana-Anna said that?*} The thought of being horribly mauled by one sent shivers down her spine; the claws ripping across her bare mid-section, disemboweling her; the teeth clamping down on her neck, blood spurting from delicate vessels driving the bear into further madness. These were the things that made hiking such a risk. However, as she approached the path that led to the secret valley, Jimina relinquished the idea that anything as brutal as a grizzly bear would interfere with her walkabout.

When the path took her to the top of a knoll that rose higher than the rest of the ridge, her breath locked in her throat. From her hillock dais, the valley stretched before her. It was covered by a colorful carpet of wildflowers, a living basket of varied hues shaped by the hands of Mother Nature. Jimina skipped down from the ridge into the fluorescent éclat of her secret valley.

When she reached the middle of the valley, she bent over and picked a Brown-eyed Susan and brought it primly to her nose. Then she



began threading the fragile flower into the lace of her underpants. While doing this, she thought of a rhyme:

*Oh, my pretty brown-eyed boy,
please don't look my way.*

*You know I cannot love you,
because, you see, I'm.....*

Suddenly, Jimina stopped. Her nostrils began to flare. She sensed something was watching her, something evil. She looked toward the ridge, to the top of the knoll at the point where she had first entered the valley.

Her mind screamed. Oh, my God! There, standing on its hind legs, reaching a height of twelve-feet, was a giant grizzly bear. It was looking down at her. Jimina dropped the flower, terrified. She looked around. The nearest tree was over five-hundred yards away, and eight-hundred yards away from the bear. Would she be able to reach it before the bear caught her? She had no choice. Jimina began running and immediately the bear dropped to all fours and bounded down the lip of the ridge and into the valley.

Jimina was a good athlete and could run fast, even in heels. It didn't matter, however. The grizzly was chasing after her at forty miles per hour. With the high growth of wild-flowers whipping at her legs, ripping her hosiery, she looked over her shoulder. The bear was gaining fast and she knew she would never make it.

Jimina thought quickly. She had heard that bears are finicky eaters and would not eat anything that they had not killed themselves. If she played dead, then perhaps the great grizzly would go on its way. She plunged to the ground, landing in a bed of poppies and remained motionless.

Twenty-five yards away the feral beast stopped and studied Jimina's curvaceous body. Jimina dug her fingers into the soft, fertile earth. Closer, closer, the great carnivore approached till finally Jimina could hear and smell the creature's foul breath on the back of her neck. The bear was sniffing her and Jimina stifled a scream. She wondered if the bear could hear her heart pounding. Suddenly, the bear licked Jimina at

the base of her skull. This was more than she could take. She leaped to her feet and began to run. The grizzly, much surprised by the sudden vitality of its prey, reared back and let loose a gargantuan roar. Then, with a mighty swipe of its tree-trunk arm, the bear swatted poor Jimina back onto her stomach.

Again, the bear crouched over Jimina and began licking the base of her skull. Jimina didn't know what to do. The giant monster obviously knew that she was still alive, so why wasn't it tearing into her like the vicious meat-eater that it was? It was then that Jimina felt it—the sheathed bear-root, hard like a marble pillar, pressing up against her defiant buttocks

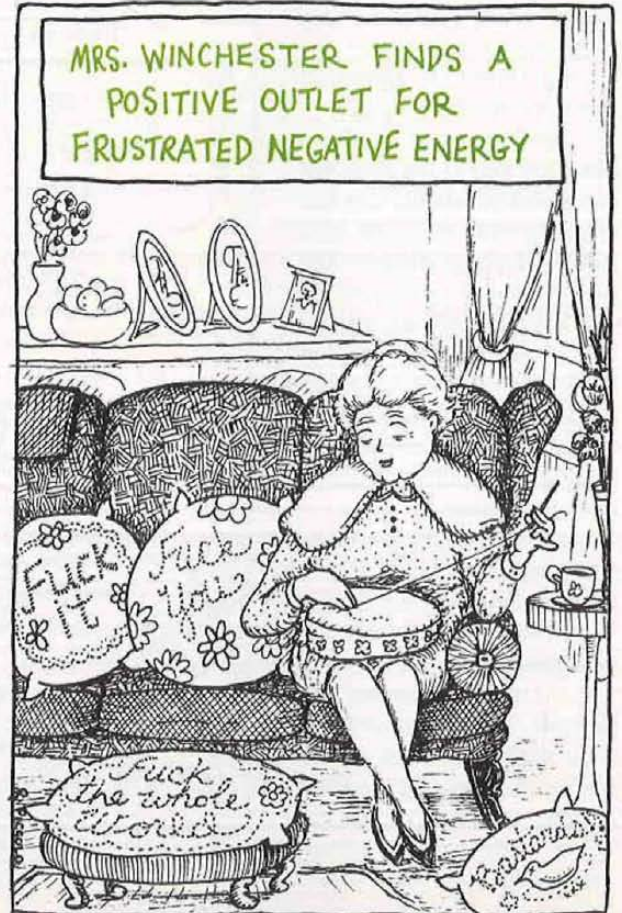
Jimina bit her lower lip. She loathed the creature that crouched lustily over her, yet...yet she couldn't deny that there was something sensuous there. Then, much to her dismay, her body began responding to the gentle caresses of the grizzly, betraying the entreaties that her mind issued against such wanton acts. Reaching up behind her, Jimina's hand glided along the slabs of muscle that hung from her illicit lover's ribs, boldly inching downward, reveling in the thick, coarse fur. When her hand reached the steel shaft that hung from the loins of the carnivore, the grizzly let out a gasp of tortured need. Swiftly, the bear flipped Jimina over on her back.

With measured teasing, the bear gently spread Jimina's thighs and gazed down at her rampant beauty. Instinctively, Jimina's legs came up to clasp the sides of the great hunter, and her arms wrapped around its powerful back, her fingernails raking across the muscled shoulders, drawing thin rivulets of

blood. The pain, mingled with anticipated pleasure caused the bear to pause. A wry smile arrogantly formed across its ursine snout. Suddenly, magnificently, the bear surged forward initiating the primordial act, engaging in the rhythmic coupling that was as old as time itself. Never had Jimina felt more alive!

Suddenly, like a wildcat, Jimina clawed at the grizzly. The bear smiled, amused by Jimina's temerity. With a subtle shift, Jimina initiated a change of positions. Now, *she* was on top of the great hunter, asserting herself, no longer the timid lover and "receiver" that Guyana-Anna had known. Her cherished Act Up button flew off her lacy top during their tumultuous mating while the secret valley echoed with their passionate cries. Acquainted now with the pleasures of heterobestial congress, Jimina immediately realized she could never go back to Guyana-Anna. Never could she dare leave this bold hunter. She cried, and suddenly, the noble beast swung its red

cont. p 178



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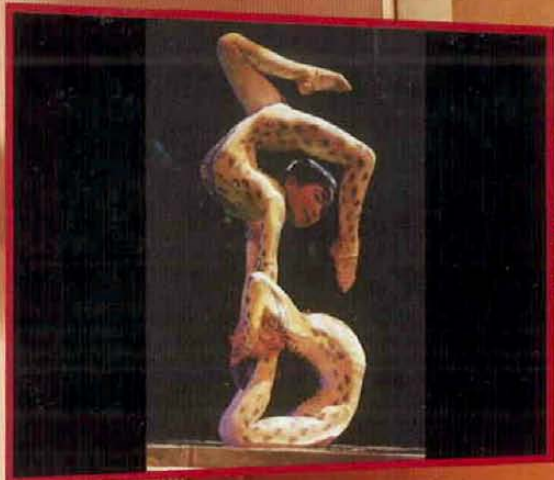


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Good Morning! I'm Griffin Drew and here is the Early Morning News. Are your children gang members? The California Police Association said in a report, that parents need to be aware of subtle behaviors—such as a change in dress habits, or the covert “flashing” of insignia—which could indicate gang affiliation. The report included this police file photo of two known “gang-bangers” proclaiming their membership in one of L.A.’s most vicious Asian gangs, “The Little Noodlely Guys.”



On the talk show circuit, John Wayne Bobbitt, who has gained as much notoriety from his stupidity as he has from his penis, showed a glimmer of intelligence on the Howard Stern show recently, when he momentarily suspected a trick, but wound up pulling the host's finger anyway. And now a word from our sponsor.



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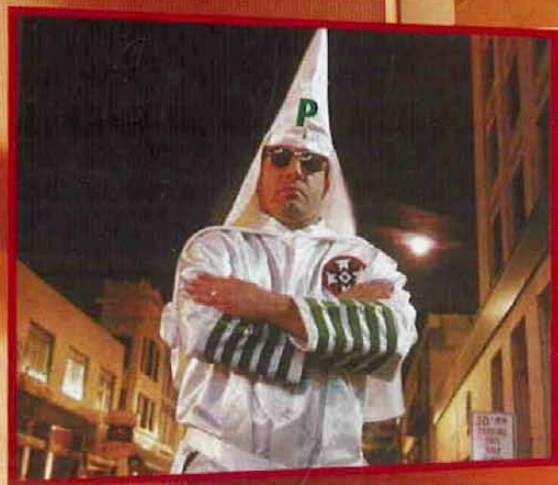
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The Early Morning News

And, finally, in the world of sports, city officials in Drury, Alabama, home of the newest franchise in the Continental Basketball League, raised a few eyebrows when they unveiled the team's mascot, "Puff, the Grand Dragon," for reporters. This is Griffin saying Good Morning! Hey, wake up! Why does that guy have better sheets than we do? Wake up!



SEX IN A

Undercover Reporter Gene Grey

WHO

Sex in America: A Definitive Survey, is the title of a recent study conducted by academicians at the University of Chicago National Opinion Research Center. If you were not among the 3,432 respondents to the 210 page questionnaire, don't feel bad; neither were we. We thought of conducting our own survey of America's sexual appetites, mores, taboos, and downright perversions but, truth being stranger than fiction, we decided to publish some of those results from the original that you won't find printed in Time, Newsweek, or even Cosmopolitan.

WHY

The first attempt to understand human sexuality was made over 2,000 years ago when the ancient Greek philosopher, Aristotle, probed deep into the sexual habits of his fellow Athenians. Extant fragments of his findings reveal that he emerged from those dank depths with a mixture of fact and myth, a picture of Greek sexuality that has yet to be lived down, and the first documented case of *Herpes simplex* in the then-known Western world.

The next involved study of human sexuality was not attempted until the 1900's when Sigmund Freud, the Father of Psychology and discoverer of the female vagina, puzzled over the attraction of the "greater female hemispheres" and catalogued sexual symbolism in his now famous, if cryptically titled work, *Die Locomotif durch zer Tunnel gegen*.

What Freud could not have known was that his studies, largely based on anecdotal information gleaned from aged and infirm residents of a nearby Jewish retirement home, would plunge European culture into a sexual ice-age from which it would not thaw until the airing of television's Soul Train in the 1960's. Among the misunder-



MERICA?

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standings and half-truths perpetuated by students of Freudian sexual theory are the beliefs that female sexual pleasure is limited to vaginal stimulation; that women secretly covet the male penis; and that the inefficacy of the familiar pick-up line, "Do you come here often?" is due entirely to its ambiguity.

Perhaps the most scientific, and certainly the most controversial, endeavor of its kind prior to *Sex in America* is the 1966 Masters and Johnson study of the human body's sexual responses. Its frankness alone stunned an American public that was struggling to come to grips with such "public moral outrages" as Jeannie's exposed belly button, and June's disturbing and frequent laments that Ward had been "a little hard on the Beaver last night."

Nevertheless, Masters and Johnson had the courage to describe the mystery and magic of sexuality in the objective language of the laboratory. As a result, even the sexually repressed layperson can now communicate without embarrassment what could previously only be alluded to metaphorically. For example, what women once timidly referred to as a "clam" is now commonly known as the "volvo"; and the ridiculous sounding "diddle-button" has given way to "chrysalis." Even obscure phrases such as "I've done a bit of browsing through Balzac, doctor" may now be stated by males with confidence and clarity: "I've a rash on my scrotum."

Despite such noble efforts as those just described, it is generally agreed that little real progress has been made in Man's understanding of his most intimate and basic activity since he first scratched his likes and dislikes on the wall of a cave in France, some 1.5 million years ago. *Sex in America*, the first truly scientific study of its kind, is an attempt to plug the gaping holes in this important body of knowledge. For those of us who wish to comprehend the complex biological and psychological processes that ensure the survival of the species, as well as for those of us who simply want to plug some holes, *Sex in America: A Definitive Survey* is an idea whose time has surely come.

SEX IN AMERICA SURVEY

Here are some of the highlights from the University of Chicago sex survey of 3,432 Americans:

MARRIAGE

LIKE ATTRACTS LIKE:

Many key traits are shared by married couples...

Same race: 93%

Within 5 years in age: 78%

Similar education: 82%

Same religion: 72%

Same reproductive organs: 43%

INFIDELITY:

Wives who have ever had an affair: 15%

Husbands: 24.5%

Wives who lied when answering in this category: 85%

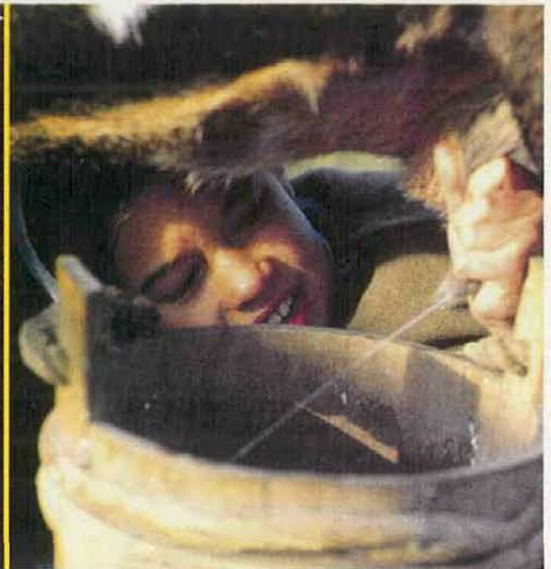
Husbands 75.5%

Girlfriends who have had an affair: 15%

Boyfriends: 24.5%

Girlfriends who lied when answering in this category: 125%

Boyfriends: 300%



WHAT THEY FOUND

FAMILY VALUES STAND FIRM

Researchers report that, despite fears of the erosion of family values, some adult Americans are now, or have been, married—many for the fourth and even fifth time. Sex occurs most frequently among married couples, who engage in intercourse an average of 6-7 times per month. Husbands have sex between 23 and 24 times per month, whereas their wives are so inclined only 19 times during the same period. In contrast, unmarried adults average only two such encounters per month, while many report no luck whatsoever over that span.

80% of married adults believe that parents should educate their children about sex. Among urban dwellers, the zoo is by far the most common educational resource, with the monkey house being the favored exhibit. Nature serves the purpose for rural families, where the absence of cages allows for "hands-on demonstrations." For those who question the hygiene of animals in the wild, yet believe that practice makes perfect, a crazy aunt or uncle, or a freeloading, senile grandparent living in the guest room is utilized. Only 35% of those in favor of parents educating their children about sex rely on young, runaway hitch-hikers held

captive in a cinder block passageway concealed behind the back wall of the garage, up, however, from 15% just five years ago.

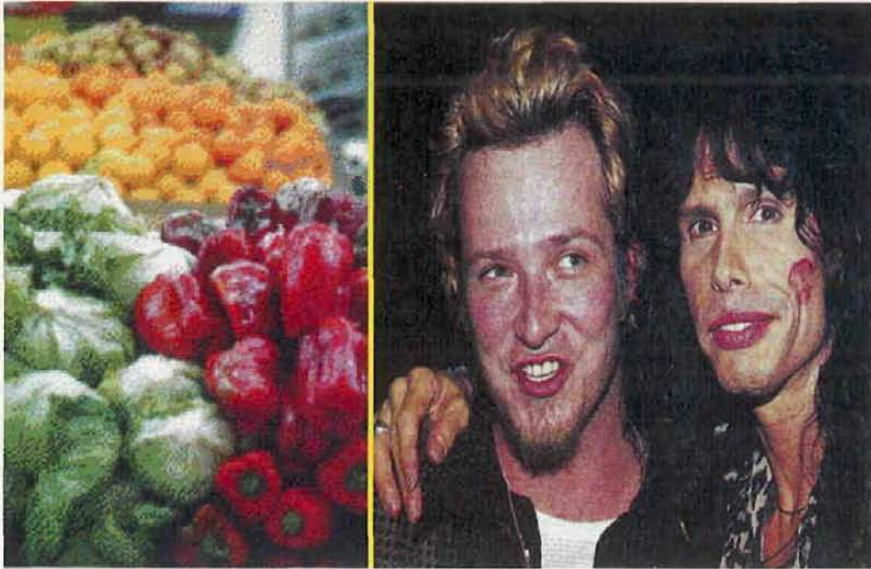
HOMOSEXUALITY TAKES A PLUNGE

One interesting result of the study is the revelation that the size of the homosexual population in America is significantly smaller than has been reported recently. According to the Chicago researchers, the average homosexual is only 7 inches in height, and weighs in at a mere 12 ounces. This extremely small stature may explain their remaining largely unaccounted for by religious conservatives who doubt estimates that homosexuals comprise around 10% of the total U.S. population.

The research also yielded an invaluable insight concerning the spread of sexually transmitted AIDS cases among heterosexuals: Most persons are safe so long as they avoid sexual relations with AIDS infected homosexuals.

THUMBS UP FOR MASTURBATION

70% of women masturbate compared to only 2% of men. Half of the women who masturbate believe that the practice is either harmless or healthy. Among all males, 97% believe that masturbation seems to



be harmless or healthy, but they abstain from it anyway. 60% of masturbating women fantasize about a man other than their mate, while 20% fantasize about other women, and 10% fantasize about multiple partners of either or both sexes. Of the men who do not masturbate, 40% do not fantasize about their favorite adult movie star; 25% do not fantasize about Christie Brinkley; 15% do not fantasize about Sharon Stone; 10% do not fantasize about "Vicki," a creature of their imagination loosely based on the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders; 7% do not fantasize about their mate (figures are significantly lower for married males who do not masturbate); and 3% of males who do not masturbate, do not fantasize about that time they saw their mother with the mailman, for which they are presently in analysis.

TURN-ONS / TURN-OFFS

The turn-ons most commonly reported are vaginal intercourse and oral sex. Also cited are voyeurism, pornography, and rock 'n' roll music.

87% of single people are turned on by the sight of their lover's naked body, and prefer having sex with the lights on. 60% of married people say that they are turned on by the sight of their lover's naked body, and that they prefer having sex with the lights

off. Of people married more than ten years, 90% say that they are still turned on by the sight of their mate's naked body, and that they prefer having sex with the lights off, and drunk. 100% of fat, ugly people say that one's inner beauty is what really matters, and that they prefer having sex with the lights off, drunk, and thinking about some thin, attractive person.

African-American males report being most attracted to the female buttocks. African-American females find the male penis and buttocks equally attractive. White males are most attracted to the female breasts, while white females are most attracted to the male wallet, with "Mercedes" coming in a close second.

Body hair is almost universally abhorred, except when it occurs on the male chest. Of particular concern to women are the hairy palms of their male partners who do not masturbate.

FLORA AND FAUNA: WANNA?

According to the researchers in Chicago, Americans are not as finicky about their sexual partner's family tree as was previously believed. Survey results indicate that over one half of all adults in the U.S. fantasize about inter-species sex, with a surprising one third actually engaging in such activity.

Typically, interspecies sexual

ORGASM:

75% of men but just 29% of women always have an orgasm during sex. 4% of women and 1% of men never have an orgasm.

80% of women and 73% of men vocalize their pleasure during orgasm.

Loudest vocalizer of pleasure during orgasm: 116 db

**Susie Wilkerson
1317 W Holland
Ave., Richmond, VA
15915**

PRACTICES

EROTICA:

71% of erotica purchased by men 29% by women

Lopsided figures due to males' repeat purchases of materials whose pages become stuck together.

PREFERRED POSITION FOR INTERCOURSE:

Missionary: 49%

Doggy: 21%

Jackknife: 15%

Cannonball: 5%

**Hangman: 3%
(one time only)**

Other: 7%

TURN-ONS

The sexual practices that appeal most to Americans:

- 1 vaginal intercourse
- 2 watching mate undress
- 3 receiving oral sex
- 4 giving oral sex

All other practices, such as group sex or sex with a stranger, appeal to only a small minority of Americans with the exception of group sex with small, strange minorities, which appeals to a majority of Americans.

TURN-OFFS

The sexual practices that appeal least to Americans:

- 1 watching mate undress
- 3 watching oneself undress
- 2 giving oral sex with no reward

Other practices, such as oral sex with small strange minority groups, only appeal to the small minorities in the group, the majority of the time.



relations take place on, but are not restricted to, the American farm (75% of all encounters). The usual collection of barnyard animals, including fowl, were cited by respondents as objects of their amorous attention. Canine breeds make up just 10% of the total number of animal types Americans are wont to enjoy (a surprise, there). The rise in popularity of exotic pets, most commonly purchased by urban or suburban residents, accounts for many of the stranger entries here, including pythons, pot-bellied pigs (a big favorite), the endangered kangaroo rat (sometimes utilized along with a python for an unusual ménage à trois) and tropical fish; although activities with the latter are most often restricted to feeding time.

When questions were more specific, a profile of the ideal animal mate emerged: It is female, tan or roan, with big brown eyes. Its median weight is eighty-four lbs, and it averages between three and five years of age.

When asked about their sexual relations with plants, the survey group responded with a resounding "Yes!" A variety of vegetation is particularly popular among those who abstain from meat, and generally so among those who identify themselves as health conscious.

Among heterosexual males, melons are the overwhelming favorite, while cukes and other assorted squashes and gourds are widely employed by homosexual males. Corresponding to a large degree with the produce preferred by homosexual men are the vegetables, along with roots and tubers, cited by heterosexual females as being the most satisfying. The most interesting results of this section were turned in by homosexual women, who showed no clear preference for a particular type of plant but, rather, a propensity to enjoy all sorts of vegetation with few restrictions. Of most interest to researchers, who are still somewhat puzzled by its favor among lesbians, is the homely pineapple.

The research indicates that Americans, in fact, exploit for their sexual pleasure over one fifth of the Earth's total animal species, including the marsupials, amphibians and insects; and over one seventh of its total plant species, including the borderline case mushrooms and morels. Dr. Richard Wanstaff, the research team's diet and health expert from Northwestern University, happily notes that all four food groups are represented in nearly perfect RDA proportions, with the notable exception of the legumes, which are generally too small for any serious sexual uses by adults.



AMERICAN INGENUITY

Male respondents to the Sex in America survey compiled a list of no less than 350 different examples of inorganic copulatory resources. Topping the list is an old standby: the catcher's mitt thumb, which, researchers speculate, might explain the American male's nostalgic fondness for games of catch in the backyard between father and son, as well as the relatively large number of little leaguers eager to play behind the plate. Also included are knotholes (soft pine preferred), potholes, and gopher holes, with those being occupied just nosing out the abandoned; hoses, PVC, and exhaust pipes; assorted ducts, drains and ditches; cup handles, glasses, and goblets; old, rolled-up newspapers, and even barbell plates, although experiences with them were described as "forgettable" or "catastrophic."

Female respondents were even more prolific and imaginative in their use of inorganic copulatory objects, citing no less than 3,700 items, among them the expected assortment of dildoes and vibrators. Some of the more intriguing entries are telephones, and candy bars (1. Snickers, 2. Payday, 3. Baby Ruth); fungo bats, hoe handles, and pool cues; hot dogs, kielbasa, and liverwurst; doorknobs; fire extinguishers, and more kinds of power tools than one can shake a stick at. Rounding out the list was "sticks."

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

Despite the effort that went into this survey to in order to assure that the results might truly represent the sexual habits of a cross-section of America, researchers were cautious in their final assessment. Said research team member, Dr. Francine Schmenge, "Every assurance of confidentiality will simply not suffice to bring out the honest truth from people when it comes to their sexuality." Dr. Schmenge suspects the results of the survey are somewhat on the conservative side. Many areas of sexual activity were not even touched upon by the researchers for lack of funding. For example, Professor Stewart Wu-Hoang, of the University of California, Berkeley, is currently conducting research on the uses of computing technologies for sexual gratification—Are today's nerds, tomorrow's cyber-studs? Meanwhile, the husband and wife team of Drs. Gyorgi and Lillian Wilwerding, researchers at the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory, are studying the sudden, unexplained orgasms reported by their fellow scientists whose work brings them in proximity to the particle accelerator at the lab—Is the nature of the universe ultimately sexual? "That would explain why everything is so very fucked up," speculates Dr. Lillian Wilwerding.

SEXUAL DIFFICULTIES

(% experiencing problems in past year)

Unable to have orgasm

Men: 8.3

Women: 24.1

Republicans in office: 33.7

Democrats : .04

Pain during sex

Men: 3,

Women: 14.4

Masochists: 65

Sex not pleasurable

Men: 8.1, Women: 21

Masochists: 35

Unable to keep erection

Men: 10.4

Women: 4.8

John W. Bobbitt: 1/2

SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES

16.9% have ever had an STD.

100% would be honest with mate if infected with an STD

16.9% contracted STD from mate

VENEREAL PARASITES

Most commonly acquired venereal parasites:

- 1. Chlamydia**
- 2. Crabs**
- 3. Barnacles**
- 4. Leeches**
- 5. Gerbils**

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THE ORIGINAL



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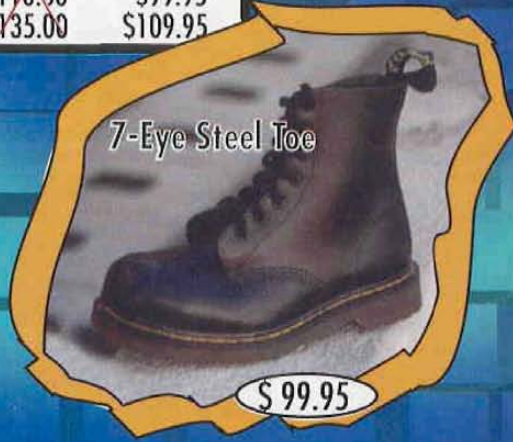
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Steel Toe 7-Eye	Smooth	Oxblood	\$120	\$99.95
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7-Eye Steel Toe

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8-Eye	NU-Buck	Blue	\$130	\$99.95
10-Eye	Smooth	Black	\$130	\$99.95
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14-Eye	Smooth	Oxblood	\$140	\$119.95



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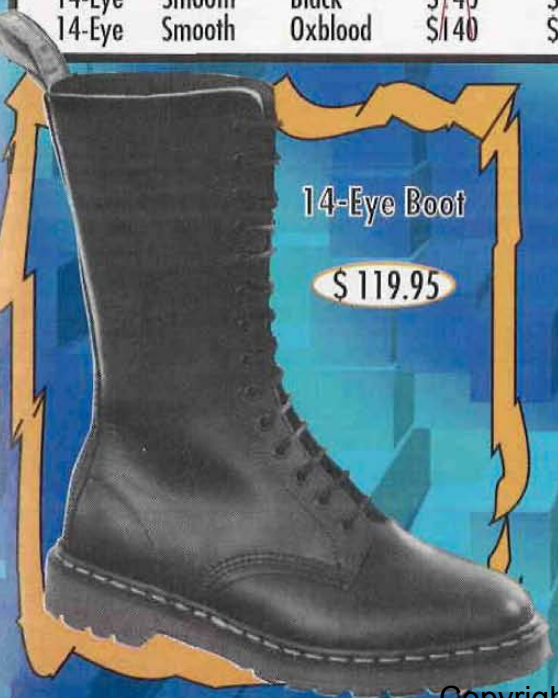


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Space Sperm: A Nick Skorpio Adventure

by Paige Plant

The Saturn V launch vehicle stood on its pad at the Kennedy Space Center. It sparkled boldly against the Florida sky; a giant phallus pointing toward the heavens, poised to impregnate the heavens. Or at least so I thought. Why? Because sitting at the top of the rocket, decked out in astronaut garb like some futursitic space sperm primed to fuse with the eggs of the unknown, was me, Nick Skorpio - the greatest operative to ever don a trench coat.

But I was not alone. Strapped in the tilted seat beside me was Igor. Like myself, he was a spy, and one of Russia's best.

Staring out the window at the clouds that swept overhead, I listened to the monotone countdown coming over the radio from Houston. It was an emotional moment and I felt a fierce sense of American pride swell up inside. I turned to Igor.

"I guess in Russia, a firecracker like this is only a dream," I said amiably.

Igor shrugged, "Ho, ho, my dear friend. In Russia we, too, have large ships, very similar to this one. In fact, our rockets may be a bit bigger."

What? I felt the bile congeal inside my gall bladder, frozen by Igor's arrogant words. How could he say such a thing?

"Stop lying, you Vodka swilling son of a bitch," I quipped. "The only country that could pull something like this off is America, and don't you forget it."

"No, Mr. Skorpio, please don't get upset, but you are quite wrong. You are obviously not aware of our Bubuski Shmnu. It has been involved in many successful missions. We are very proud of it."

have just pissed me off!" With cat-like quickness, I grabbed my support suitcase filled with emergency oxygen bottles and deftly swung it full circle about my body, bringing it down hard on Igor's head, denting his helmet. This effectively put an end to his inflammatory rhetoric and I felt a lot better. Suddenly, as if it, too, were indignant at Igor's presumptuousness, the rocket began to shake.

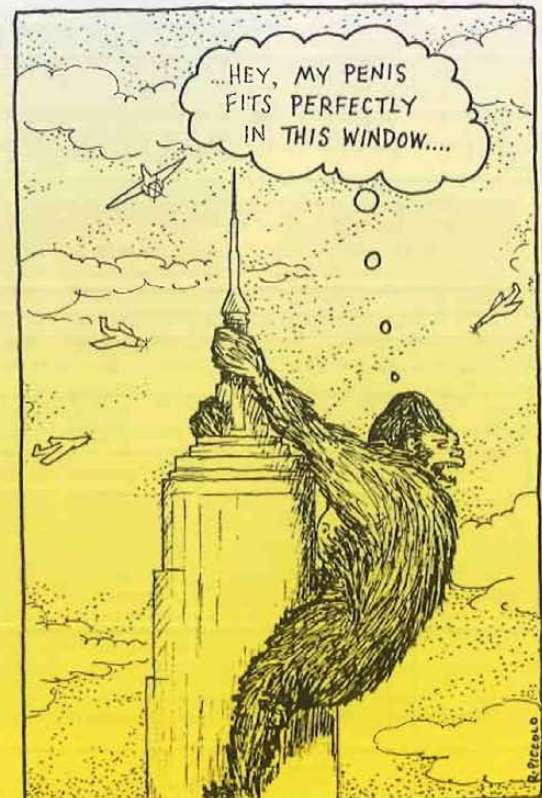
"I guess we're taking off now," I coolly noted as the Saturn V trembled on its shaky column of fire and smoke. I waited for a response, but there was none. I shifted my head to the side and saw that Igor was passed out, presumably frightened to the point of unconsciousness by the heaving rocket. *Too bad, I thought, the lift-off is always the most exciting part.*

I suppose now I should explain the series of events that led me to being strapped at the top of this giant bottle rocket. It all began in Las Cruces, New Mexico. That's where astronomers manning the M. Q. Fuller Radioscope first picked up the faint X-ray signals emitted from Alpha Dark, a small star system located not too far from Alpha Light. What made these X-Rays different from the countless other radiation sources scattered in the heavens is that they pulsed in a binary code, a two-symbol language that, when deciphered, cryptically read, "What you talking about, Willis?" This excited American eggheads tremendously. At the same time, Russian scientists at the Balkinour

"The reason I'm not aware of it is because you're making it up. I don't know what Chernobyl did to your brain, pal, but you

Cosmodrome were picking up the same signals. They, too, detected a binary code from the source, saying roughly the same thing, except in Russian. This arcane message puzzled the scientists of both nations. What could it possibly mean? Then, a scientist, an American, I might add, suggested that it could only have come from an advanced alien civilization, *Willis* being an obvious extra-terrestrial reference to the Earth. Soon, or at least as fast as you can say *glasnost* before grimacing in rage at the thought of Russian treachery, the scientists insisted on forming a joint Russo-American mission to investigate this strange and wondrous communiqué, and, if possible, establish diplomatic ties with whatever alien power was sending them.

Now, people can say that the Cold War is over, but don't tell that to *The Agency*. As tireless keepers of the nation's security, *The Agency* saw the demise of communism in the Soviet Union as nothing more than another socialist plot to lull America into letting down its guard. That's why when a search was conducted for a suitable astronaut to represent the U.S., "The Agency" howled to get the one man they knew could best secure



American interests. Of course, that man was me, Nick Skorpio, Double-Oh! Likewise, the Russians, no laggards themselves at protecting their interests, selected Igor as their main man. Interestingly, the ambitious project was code named *Star Buddies* - a name almost comical in its naiveté. The paranoia that one nation would get the drop on the other in terms of advanced and devastating alien weaponry precluded that Igor and I would be anything but star buddies. We both had jobs to do. It would not be a joy ride.

The scientists had said that it would take thirteen years give or take a few months before we would arrive at the source of the X-ray beacon. This had me a tad concerned. See, as a top agent with "Double-Oh" status, I had been trained to be psychologically tougher than your average chump on the street, a mental bastard, so to speak. Still, thirteen years was a long time, and a lingering doubt entered my brilliant mind. Would I be able to go the distance without cracking up? I felt that I could, but only time would tell.

After we lifted off and were under way, Igor and I got along surprisingly well. I felt comfortable around him even though I knew I would have to watch his every move. Wisely, he kept his jingoistic propaganda to himself, perhaps having learned his lesson from the head smashing I had delivered earlier. As things go, however, it was inevitable that we would soon get on each other's nerves, being cooped up like we were in a capsule the size of Lincoln's cabin.

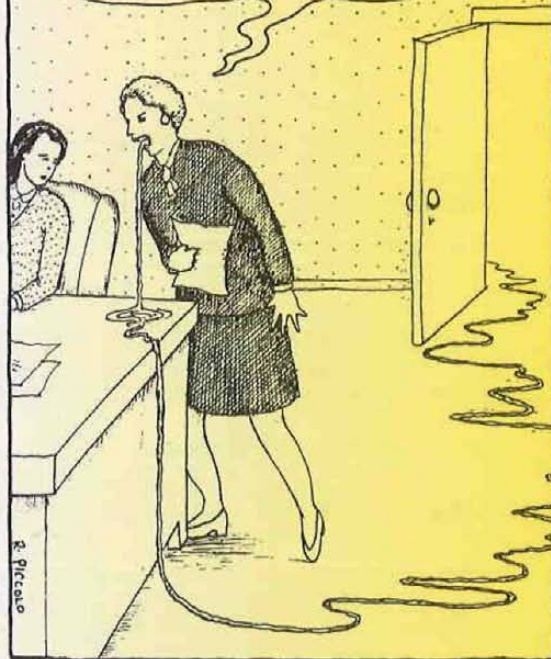
It was on the fifteenth day of the mission that our first confrontation occurred. It started when I lit up a cigarette and Igor pointed at the no-smoking sign above the hatch. To say I was surprised would be putting it mildly; I had been smoking since liftoff. Well, that's too damn bad, I thought as I finished lighting my smoke. Igor should have known something was up when he saw the ten-thousand cartons of filterless Lucky Strikes in the ship's hold.

Whoever heard of a secret agent not smoking, anyway? I inhaled deeply on the cigarette and blew out a thick blue stream that rolled over the lab desk like a Marin county fog before gloriously breaking up against the starboard port-hole. Igor again pointed at the sign, frantically hitting his finger against it. For crying out loud, I thought, the chump actually expects me to quit the entire length of the flight. My respect for the man was diminishing rapidly. I walked over to the sign and tore it down. Then, with the cigarette clenched tightly in my lips, I punched him in the nose, settling the matter once and for all.

Then other things happened. We played cards but I caught Igor cheating. This should not have surprised me since it's no big secret in the spy world that Russians are deceitful cowards, but I was outraged nonetheless. The game was gin rummy, my favorite, and I needed a queen to fill out a set. Suddenly the ship hit a small meteor shower, and out from Igor's sleeve popped the Queen o' Hearts. Her Royal Highness floated in front of my face, suspended in the weightless environment, just as nice as you please. I snatched the card out of the air and held it tight in my hand. I glared at Igor and he smiled sheepishly. I whipped around. Suspended behind me was Igor's shaving mirror. He had been using it to spy out my hand. I ripped the mirror from its string supports and brought it down on his head, smashing it and sending thousands of shards of glass floating into the far reaches of the capsule. We didn't play anymore after that.

The rocket ship was pre-programmed for its destination and we were instructed not to screw around with the controls, so there wasn't a lot of things needed to be done. I had brought a couple of

PSSST...! DID YOU KNOW THAT THE AVERAGE LENGTH OF A HUMAN INTESTINE CAN REACH UP TO 25 ft!



things to read: a *People* magazine and a *Victoria's Secret* catalog. They kept me occupied for a couple of days, but soon after reading them cover to cover ten times, I grew bored.

Then there was the exercise bike. It was of typical dismal Russian design, a donation from the Russian science academy, and had a particularly annoying squeaky wheel. Although I sometimes exercised on the machine, it was primarily used by Igor. He rode it every waking hour. It was unbearable. The wheel squealed louder and louder with each passing day and I had vicious spells of nausea whenever I heard it. Finally, it got to the point where I just couldn't take it anymore. So, only a month into the mission, under cover of darkness while Igor slept, I unfolded the hacksaw blade of my Skorp Army Knife and irreparably destroyed Igor's little bicycle of torment. When he woke up hours later and saw it laying on the ground in big metal pieces, he was extremely dismayed and accused me of tearing it apart. I, of course, denied everything. Soon the matter was dropped, and Igor spent time trying to devise other ways of entertaining himself.

HORRORSCOPE FOR THE

THIS MONTH

AQUARIUS: When the song "Sunday, Bloody Sunday" comes on the radio, the woman who you've been dating for 6 weeks will turn to you and say, "I love U2". You'll never call her again.



PISCES: Although you thought it was impossible, you will experience an even more boring and uneventful month than usual.

ARIES: Your lifelong wish will come true this month when you finally get to see your name in print. It will take hours for your closest friends to calm you down by explaining the concept of phone books.

TAURUS: During a camping trip you'll have your first experience with a waterbed after your pup-tent blows away during a torrential downpour.

GEMINI: You won't be able to shake the eerie feeling that you've had *deja vu* before.



CANCER: President Clinton will call to offer you a position on the U.S. Supreme Court but you won't hear the phone ringing over the sound of your vacuum cleaner.



LEO: After spending hours searching for your lost house keys, you'll be relieved when you suddenly remember that you're homeless.

VIRGO: This month will find you having the greatest "bedroom" experience of your life when you find a dusty five dollar bill behind your dresser.

LIBRA: After a computer randomly picks your name from a list of all of the 255 million U.S. citizens, you'll be the next person to get his own TV talk show.

SCORPIO: When Ed McMahon unexpectedly shows up at your



door, you'll joyfully run to the phone and tell your boss what you really think of him. Being lost, Ed will ask you for directions and leave.

SAGITTARIUS: After dining at a Chinese restaurant you will receive a fortune cookie that will give you what you perceive to be a religious message. It will say "after such a string of good luck you should spend more time on your knees." Within hours you'll understand, as you're hit with a major case of food poisoning.

CAPRICORN: In the middle of a frightening and realistic dream you'll become a bit perturbed when you realize that you aren't sleeping,

NEXT MONTH

AQUARIUS: Again this month you will develop a deep and meaningful relationship with a new friend. Like all of your others, this one also will be imaginary.

PISCES: After your new girlfriend informs you that she'll only engage in safe sex, you'll begin shopping for a padded headboard.

ARIES: You will be hospitalized for severe depression after misplacing your universal remote control.



TAURUS: After weeks of very expensive bulimia treatments for your teenage daughter you'll be overjoyed to learn that it was just your lousy cooking and not the dreaded disease all along.

GEMINI: Just the simple act of getting out of bed will seem like a major effort this month. It will become much easier after your closest friend explains that you're not supposed to sleep between the mattress and boxspring.

CANCER: After crashing through your 2nd story bedroom floor, you'll vow to lose the extra 200 pounds you've gained since high school. After you find out that your house is termite infested, you'll celebrate by eating a turkey.



THE REALITY IMPAIRED

By Glenn R. Danforth



LEO: To impress the new, politically correct woman in your life, you'll begin a petition drive to change the name of your favorite baseball team to the San Francisco Vertically Challenged.

VIRGO: Out of the blue you will develop an overwhelming fear of protozoa.

LIBRA: As you look in your rear view mirror while sitting at the drive-through window at Burger King, you'll notice that the driver of the pink Cadillac is the spitting image of Elvis. You'll think it's just an Elvis impersonator until you notice that JFK is sitting in the passenger seat.



SCORPIO: The kids at school will start verbally abusing your teenage son after it becomes public knowledge that he has yet to sleep with Madonna.

SAGITTARIUS: After a lifetime of illiteracy your prayers will be answered when you hear an ad for "Hooked On Phonics." Your sense of joy will be short-lived after you realize that you can't figure out how to dial 1-800-ABC-DEFG.

CAPRICORN: After reading the autobiography of G. Gordon Liddy you'll decide to finally attempt to conquer your lifelong fear of Broadway musicals by hav-

ing yourself strapped into a front row seat during an entire performance of CATS.

SOMETIME SOON

AQUARIUS: You will receive a phone call. It will be the wrong number.

PISCES: As a political statement you will convert to Judaism and have your name legally changed to Yassir.



ARIES: You will have a brief, yet intense encounter with a tall, dark, handsome stranger who'll ask, "would you like fries with that?"

TAURUS: You will spend hours on board an alien spacecraft undergoing painful medical experiments. You will consider changing travel agencies.

GEMINI: You will be shocked to learn that you were switched at birth with your identical twin, and you've spent your entire life being called your sibling's first name.



CANCER: After years of trying, your prayers will be answered when you match all 6 numbers and win the 10 million dollar lottery. The thrill will lessen a bit when you learn that you must split the prize with 9,999,999 other people who also picked the correct numbers.

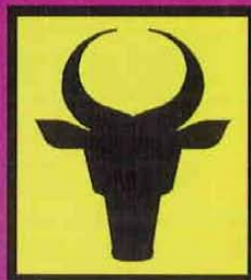


LEO: You will take a long and exotic trip this month. Or, then again, maybe you won't.

VIRGO: The greatest opportunity of your lifetime will come knocking this month, but you won't answer it due to an overwhelming fear of Jehovah's Witnesses.

LIBRA: Your brand new Porsche convertible will be crushed by a huge chunk of falling space debris.

SCORPIO: After being convicted of a parking violation in



Singapore, your son will be forced to play goalie for a nude hockey team.

SAGITTARIUS: You will have a near death experience while being trapped in an elevator for 6 hours with Rush Limbaugh.

CAPRICORN: As a desperate attempt to jump start your floundering art career you'll cut off your ear and mail it to Jodi Foster.

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LOS ANGELES TIMES

LOS ANGELES

Rape Suspect Seized After Woman Sees Him Drive By

A suspected rapist was arrested Wednesday after the alleged victim saw the man drive by as she was being



SEX: Career Threatened

Continued from A3

Corona Police Capt. John Dalzell

a similar incident, w inevitable."

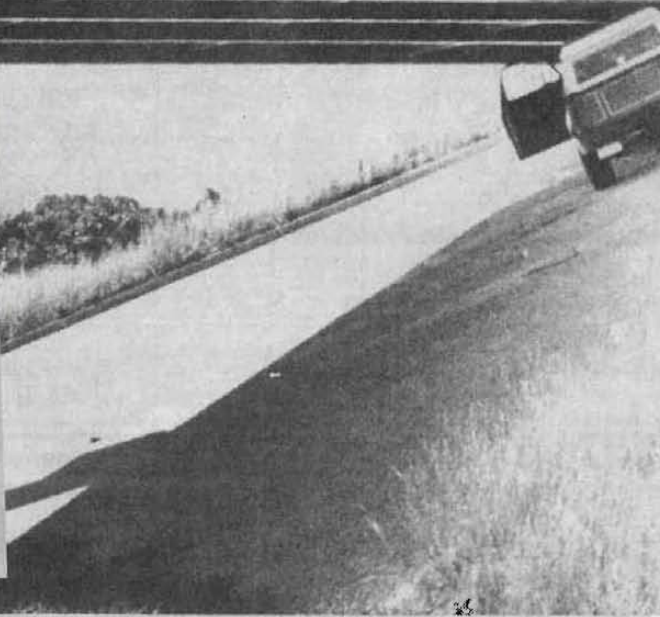
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POP/ROCK

Deep Throat: Stricken with hoarseness, country singer Geo Strait told the 19,400 fans at his Anaheim Pond concert on Fri to hang on to their ticket stubs and come back for a make concert on May 15. Strait decided to "give it a shot anyway singing an apology-filled half-hour set before calling it a night.

—BETH KLI

true FACTS



Auburn Calloway, 42, reportedly lied on his application to get a job at Federal Express. Aboard the Federal Express plane carrying him to his disciplinary hearing, Calloway attacked the crew members repeatedly with a hammer and a spear gun, until he was subdued. Two crew members, plus Calloway, were later listed to be in serious condition.

The bloodied and injured crew, though, managed to return the plane to the Memphis airport, where the cargo of overnight packages was re-routed and delivered on-time.

Lili Ellul, a 35-year-old Thai carpenter was arrested after limping through Adelaide International Airport in Bangkok and noises were heard coming from his trousers. He was charged with attempting to smuggle four baby Thai Moustache parrots in his pants, in violation of both the Wildlife Protection Act and the Quarantine Act.

Ellul was actually relieved when authorities stopped him, because the birds, worth about \$20,000 on the black market, had virtually pecked away all of Ellul's penis.

At trial, Ellul pleaded not guilty, claiming that he was as surprised as anyone else when the parrots were discovered in his underpants. *Bangkok Post*

Willie Horton of Houston, Texas, became angry when his mother kept raving about the performance of Nancy Kerrigan in the Winter Olympics—despite his insistence that she stop.

Mr. Harper subsequently retrieved a weapon and shot his mother.

Mr. Harper had just been released from custody after his mother posted a \$10,000 bond. He was subsequently charged with assault with a deadly weapon.

Two counterfeiters in Tupelo, Mississippi, were thwarted when business establishments refused to accept their hundred-dollar bills and reported them to police. When Kentucky Fried Chicken refused to accept the money, the two men tried McDonald's, Wendy's and finally Whataburger. At Whataburger, they demanded to see the manager.

While speaking with the manager, police arrived and arrested them.

Apparently, the two had put on the bills a picture of Aretha Franklin instead of Benjamin Franklin.

Joseph Pickens was awarded \$1.7 million after he was struck by a Pepsi-Cola truck. He told the court that the accident had changed his sexual orientation and that he now preferred to be called Tiffany. *Detroit Free Press*.

At the Phobia Society of America's sixth annual convention at the Lincoln Hotel in Dallas, Texas, only 200 of 3,500 members showed up. Most of the organization's members are afraid of flying or social settings or both.

"The glass elevators here are terrible," said one conven-

ioneer who fears elevators and bridges. "You can see all the way to the ground." *Winnipeg Sun*.

Police and ambulances were called to the Lutheran Church in Ramotsa, Africa when fighting broke out between feuding Bophuthatswana and Ramotswa factions in the congregation.

Pastor Moloi of the Bophuthatswana faction and the former flyweight champion of Botswana, became upset when he arrived and saw an unordained member of the Ramotswa faction leading prayers in the church.

Moloi punched the purported prayer-leader, and fighting broke out, as member of the Bophuthatswana clan ran outside and began urinating on bicycles and slashing tires on nearby cars.

"In the name of Jesus Christ Our Saviour," Moloi ordered his clan to attack. Between the two clans in the fighting, six people were killed with seven others critically injured.

"We taught those rogues from Ramotswa a lesson they shall never forget," said Moloi. *The Midweek Sun*

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

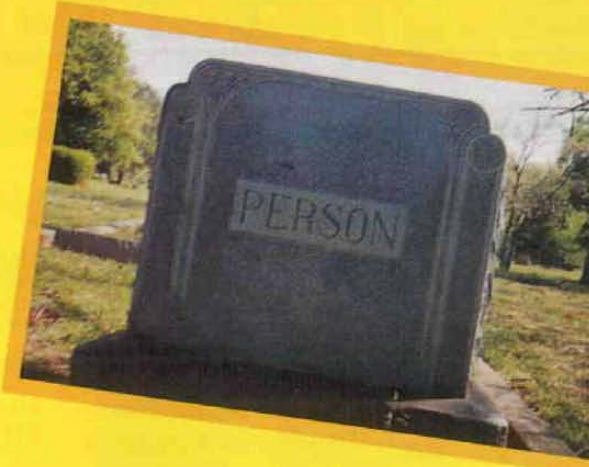
Willie Harper

True Facts Editor

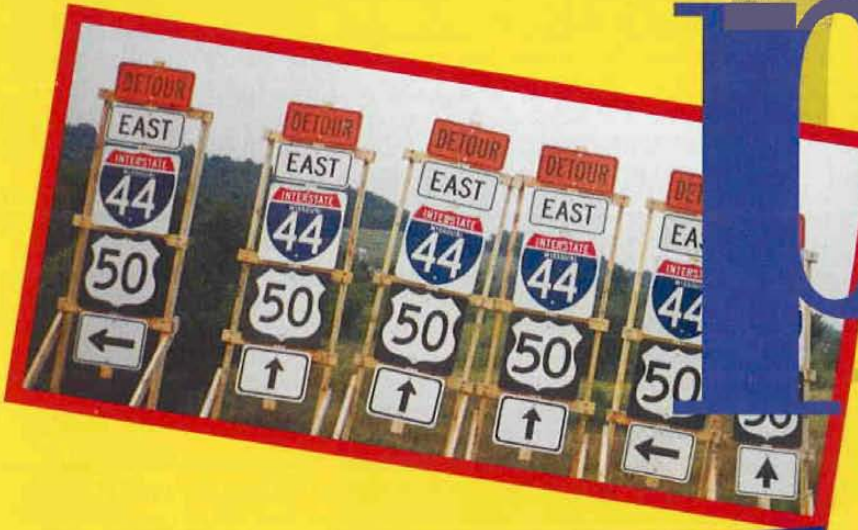
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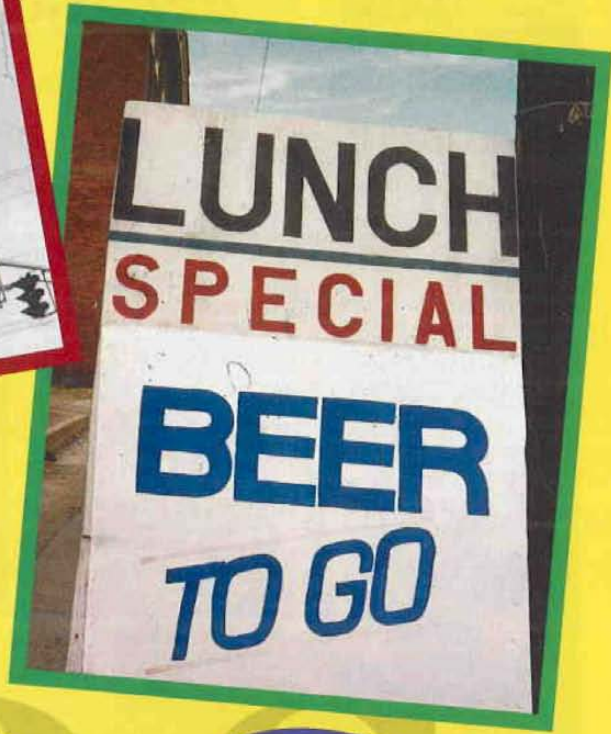
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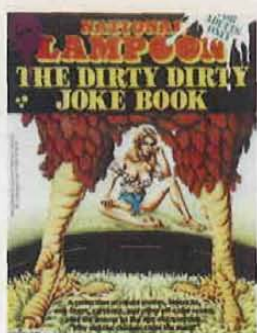
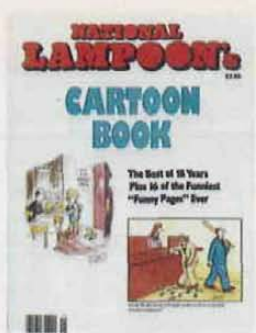
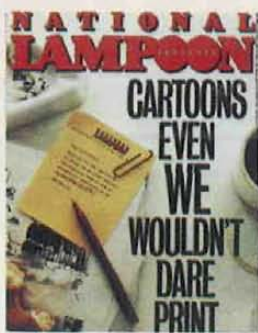
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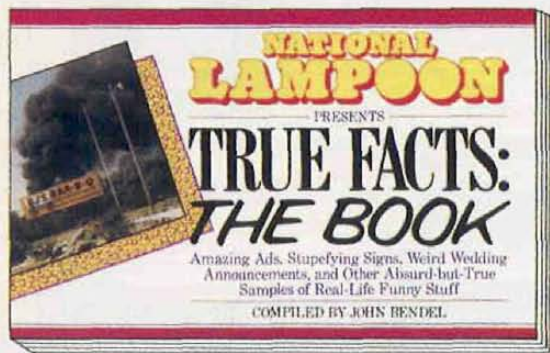
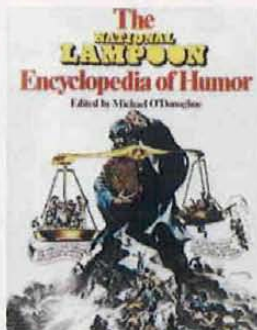
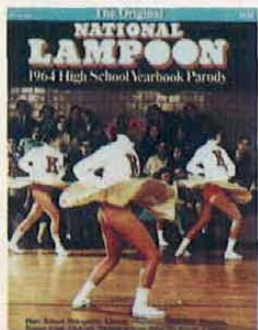
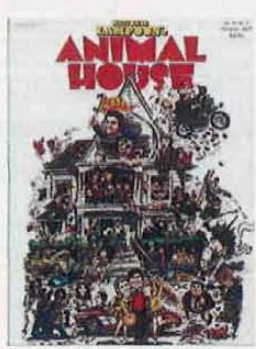
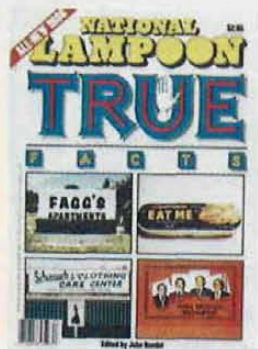


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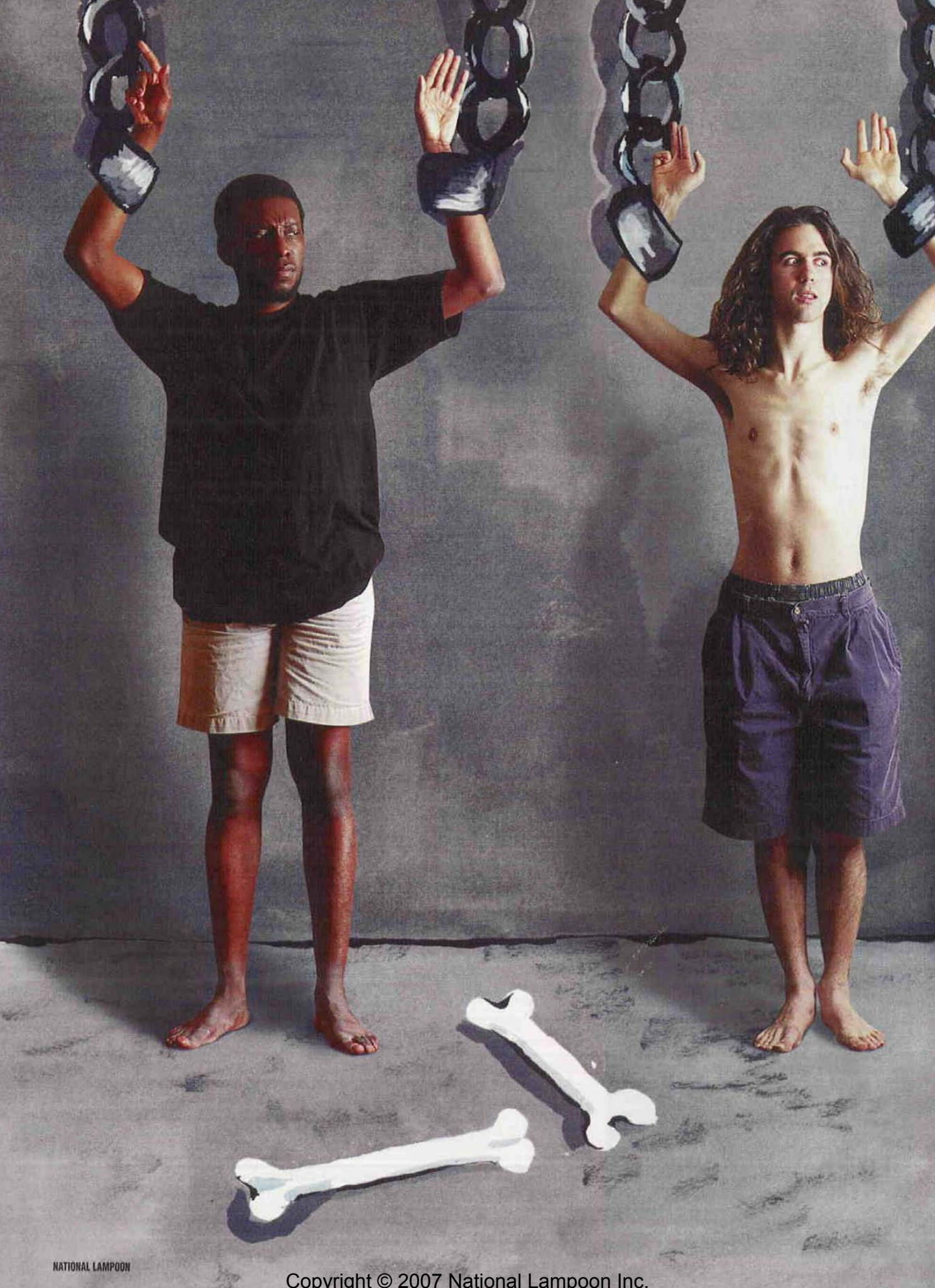
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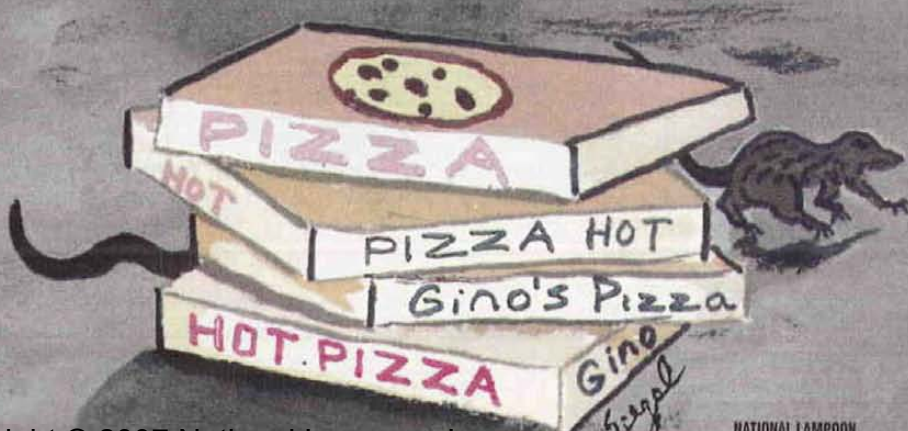
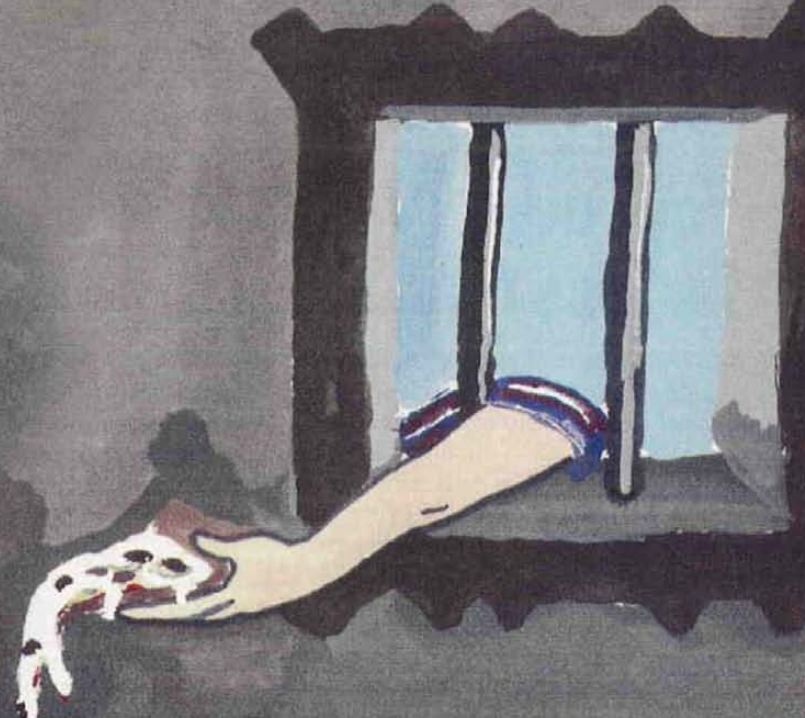
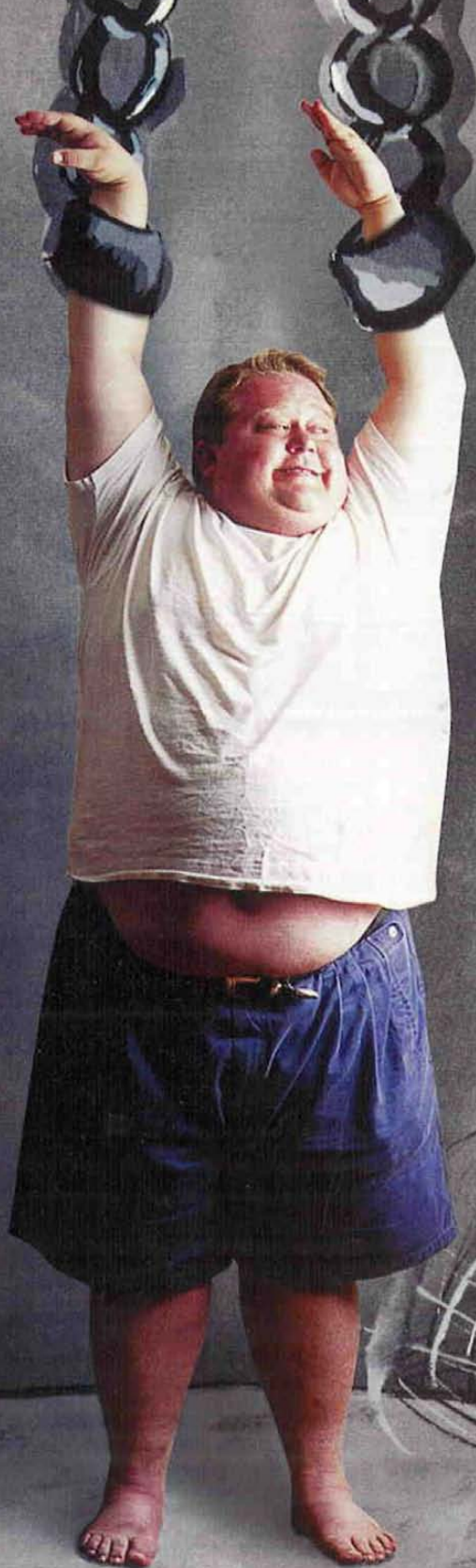
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Don Thompson (R), Bill Leitzell (L)





Your own TV station for less than \$100?

Recoton's engineering breakthrough transmits cable, TV, VCR and satellite programs throughout your home...without wires!

By Charles Anton

Today television choices are virtually unlimited. With cable, satellite TV, videos and network programming to choose from, it's a full-time job just trying to keep up with everything. And it promises to get worse from here. Newly developed fiber optic technology will bring more than 500 TV channels to your home.

Home broadcasting breakthrough. The only problem with all this technology is the expense. Now, a newly developed wireless video broadcasting system gives you the power to utilize this technology, without the hassle and expense of wiring your entire home.

Recoton's research and development team brings you the next generation in wireless broadcasting. The wireless video broadcaster enables you to transmit (re-broadcast) cable, TV, VCR or satellite programs to any other TV in your home, without wires!

Wave of the future. Never again will you have to drag your VCR from room to room, or have to buy more than one. With the wireless video system you can broadcast videos to any other TV in your home.

You won't have to worry about running cable wire all over the place either. Besides, who could afford to install cable in every room anyway? With the wireless video system, you won't have to. You can even watch one program on your main TV and watch a different program or video on the other. It's like having a personal broadcasting system in your own home—and it's legal in every state.

Hi-tech home broadcast. Recently, the Federal Communications Commission allocated a band of radio frequencies specifically for wireless, in-home product applications.

Recoton's research and development group took advantage of the 1989 FCC ruling by creating and introducing wireless home transmission equipment that could transmit pictures and sound in the prescribed frequency over distances of 150 feet or more.

One transmitter, unlimited receivers. One transmitter operates an unlimited number of receivers. That means one transmitter in the den can send signals to the TVs in the bedrooms, kitchen and wherever else. Put your favorite programs in the places you want them most.

Even more choices. Since the system utilizes the latest 900 MHz frequency signals, no time-consuming or complicated wiring is required. The receiver can be moved from one TV to another as your needs change. Or the transmitter can broadcast to multiple receivers, so that you can watch the same program on many TVs simultaneously. The transmitter simply connects to the source TV; the receivers connect to the others.

Easy-to-use. With state-of-the-art resonator quality, both the transmitter and the receiver provide users with a small, easy-to-install product that does not require the adjustments that competitor's models do.

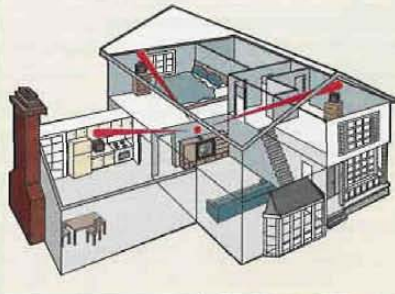
This latest version incorporating space-age styling with the latest miniaturized design circuitry, enables

the transmitter and receiver to be substantially smaller than previous models.

Exclusive direct offer. With this breakthrough in home video broadcasting technology, you can have the convenience of your

Wireless Video Breakthrough... watch what you want, where you want

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Contest

by David C. Garrett

Briggs Goddard didn't regret sending in 1,436 electronic entries to *EI! TV's Last of the Rainforest Contest*. The Environmental Impact Channel, dedicated to "bringing nature to you, so you don't have to go out," had sponsored many on-line contests since the turn of the century—which he never entered due to the high entry fees. But he wasn't getting any younger. So this time, he just *did* it. He went for the gold. And it cost him.

Never mind that he spent almost all of his savings of *inter-credits* on his entries. His chances were as good as any to be chosen. He imagined himself the winner: they would contact him by e-mail, just hours before his departure. He would be whisked on a luxury jet-liner first to Mexico City, Mexico, Inc., a wholly-owned subsidiary of The United States of America, Inc. There he would be briefed on his mission.

Next, a private Lear jet would whisk him to Caracas, Venezuela. A limousine driven by a colorful native would then pick him up and whisk him down the Paul Rodriguez International Freeway.

Moments later he would emerge from the limo and do his duty in front of millions of envious viewers—all in the name of progress. He would be the one to roll over the last acre of rainforest, with a *Caterpillar Model 2010 Dozer Obliteration Device*, simultaneously becoming spokesperson for

the corporation, under one of the most lucrative commercial contracts known to man.

Of course, he probably wouldn't get as much publicity as Sarah Reems, the first *civilian* allowed to execute a death row prisoner on television. She changed the face of Pay-per-View Executions, or *Sexecutions*, as the media referred to them after Sarah's telecast. Never had a multiple rapist/killer died so happy.

Instead, who wins this one? Some scumbucket from who-knows-where named Tom Patterson.

So, it was Briggs who watched the screen enviously as the winner, Tom Patterson, from Kilgore, Texas, arrived on the scene. *Tom Patterson*. Goddard felt sick to his stomach when he heard the name.

An array of security officials and network brass gathered around. The glare of the crews' lights reflected off the sweaty brow of Tom Patterson as he emerged from the limo in full military regalia just yards away from the last acre of rainforest.

Military attire! Who does he think he is? thought Briggs. He had checked Patterson's bio and personal data on the Internet and knew that Patterson had not served in The U.S. Military, Inc. at any time. Then the explanation from the commentator: several extremist protesters had unexpectedly chained themselves to trees in the area, apparently protesting the demolition of *the* acre of rainforest. The network had

arranged for a quick commissioning of Patterson so that he could legally eliminate the protesters.

Tom first reached for the megaphone to warn the protesters away. Two execs, after being prompted by some techies, motioned to Tom that there wasn't time for warnings. The host explained: They had to cut away in minutes to a nuclear disaster elsewhere in the world. Basically, they just wanted Tom to get on with it.

Cheerily, he jumped up in the *Caterpillar 2010 Dozer Obliteration Device* and started toward the acre, just like he'd learned in the briefings. He smiled and waved at the cameras. *Basically, he's taunting me*, thought Briggs Goddard. The two had communicated by e-mail some three or four times since Tom was announced as the winner. Tom always bragged about how he'd only sent in two e-entries—and one of those was for his aging grandmother. He even laughed about how he had misspelled his own name when he sent his entries in, much the same way that he misspelled the name of Briggs Goddard when he sent him e-mail, and apologized profusely for it, before doing it again the next time.

This really upset Briggs. It was all a joke to Tom Patterson. He didn't need the exposure, the *inter-credits* like Briggs needed them. Tom had all the money he wanted. He was one of the rich boys, unlike Briggs, who grew up on the *wrong side of the Internet*. Briggs could have used the sponsorship money, to launch his own channel. He dreamed of the *Briggs Channel*, featuring *BriggsTalk*, an informative four-hour talk show on important issues of the day: what Briggs had for breakfast, who Briggs wanted to see, who called Briggs, other programming from Briggs, about Briggs, and for Briggs. A plethora of Briggs.

Tom's e-mail taunts only seemed to inspire Briggs, though. He worked harder. He entered the *War Channel's Living Room Warrior Contest*. His chances seemed good. After all, they picked one winner a week to fight on the



“Front of the Month.” Last month, eighth-grader Brad Whitehead from Dallas won the *War Channel Pepsi Challenge Contest*. So, from the safety of his own living room, he got to fight for the Pakistani Hindu-Fascist-Socialist Liberation Front, guiding Smart Bombs into Bangladesian orphanages, using a joystick— from his own living room! After a clear hit, he was congratulated by the Front’s military commanders personally via satellite, while some John Madden-type detailed the hit with the War Channel Chalkboard. But

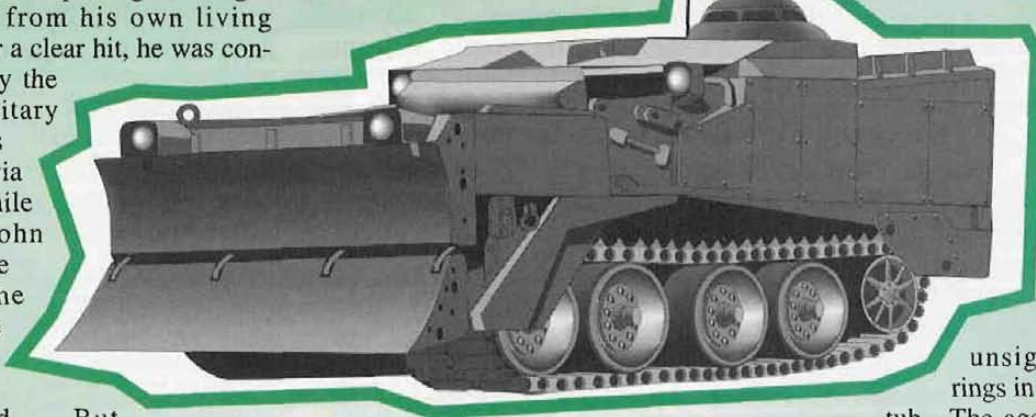
Briggs never quite won that contest either. It now it came to this, Tom Patterson driving the *Caterpillaf 2010 Dozer Obliteration Device* (“C2DOD for short.” offered the announcer) while taunting him in front of billions of viewers. *Patterson may as well have dropped a sign ridiculing Briggs in front of those viewers, with Briggs’ e-mail address featured prominently, thought Goddard.* In the next moment, Patterson did just that. And to make matters worse, the host read it aloud for that small percentage of viewers who might be visually impaired or not paying attention: *Brigs Goddard, EMA: BRIG-GSTV.ME. He wants to start his own network, but can’t even win a stupid contest. He really sucks. Tom even misspelled Briggs’ name. Bastard.*

Briggs’ *Box* starting buzzing almost immediately, with scores of misspelled e-mails. Goddard’s head started pounding.

Tom’s activity on the C2DOD became almost an afterthought to the announcer, after seeing the excitement and hilarity generated by the sign. Tom adjusted the *Rufus Thrill-Kill Rocket Launcher*, with which his C2DOD had been so conveniently equipped, so that it swung around toward the tree containing one of the protesters. The female

protester quickly attempted to remove the chains and ropes which had steadfastly tied her to this last piece of natural history. “She is not so eager to jump on the conservationist bandwagon now,” quipped the announcer.

It seemed as



though she was already *on* that bandwagon and now just couldn’t get off as rapidly as she had wanted. Tom’s lack of military experience showed, as the Rufus Rocket landed some one hundred feet from the female protester. No matter, though. The rocket exploded in a million pieces, sending the protester instantly to that great demonstration in the sky, along with all those other Commies who had been milling about in the bush.

It was almost anti-climactic when Tom finally rolled over the smoldering acre with the C2DOD. Still, he savored every moment, just as Briggs Goddard seethed with rage every second. His *Box* kept buzzing as he became the object of ridicule of every nerd on the Internet. It was as bad as the time he had propositioned a 12-year-old girl in a *private room* on-line. Suddenly her parents came on. Jesus, you’d thought he was some kind of pervert or something. She communicated like she was 18! Usually you could tell, like when they started talking like, well, 12-year-olds. But this one was different. She was like no other 12-year-old he had ever interacted with on-line. It was just innocent fun to Briggs Goddard. Law enforcement officials thought otherwise, questioning him about child molestations in the area.

It was all over as quickly as it started for the acre of rainforest. Actually, it took millions and millions of years to start and evolve, so it was over much more quickly than it had started. And so Briggs tried to go to sleep.

That night was a living hell for him. The scene kept playing over and over in his mind: the ridiculous sign, the embarrassing e-mail, the misspelled name, the unsightly soap rings in his basin and tub. The age-old maxim:

A shake for breakfast, a shake for lunch, and a sensible dinner. They all blended into the swirling maelstrom of his measly mind.

Tom’s evening, however, was quite different. He enjoyed his first day as spokesperson for C2DOD, filling his stomach with wine and food, and having his way with the eldest daughter of some random Senior Executive as was tradition at Caterpillaf Corp.

“Just make them stop!” shouted Briggs at the top of his lungs, referring to the incessant e-mail correspondence he was receiving. Never mind that no audible sound was emitted by the electronic messages. He heard them alright. His mind pounded out each message letter-by-letter: Y-O-U A-R-E A L-O-S-E-R. D-I-E. D-I-E. D-O U-S A-L-L A F-A-V-O-R A-N-D L-E-T I-T E-N-D. Like the tell-tale heart, his mailbox took on a life of its own, imploring Briggs to end it all.

“I will not,” said he. “I am strong. I will overcome this adversity. Much as my forefathers overcame other various adversities so that I could be here.”

Across the globe, Tom was to make his first announcement as spokesperson for Caterpillaf. A handsome, sharp-dressed man, he stood proudly in front of the executives, teeming with excitement.

"What will be our first promotion?" they wondered. "What will He say?"

Tom cleared his throat to begin his speech. "Gentlemen," he said, pausing to survey the throng, "and Ladies. Today begins a new era in the age of Caterpillaf. I, as your spokesperson, chosen at random from millions of entrants, have come here with a mission." The crowd roared with approval.

"I am here to make the Caterpillaf name known to that small percentage of people who do not already know it. We need further product recognition. How will we do that, my friends?" he asked. The crowd hung on his every word. They leaned forward in anticipation. Only He could provide the answer.

"A contest. We're going to have a contest!" said Tom. A sigh rolled from the crowd. The simplicity of it caught them offguard. They looked at each other and smiled approvingly. They had selected a marketing genius when they selected the e-entry of Tom Patterson at random.

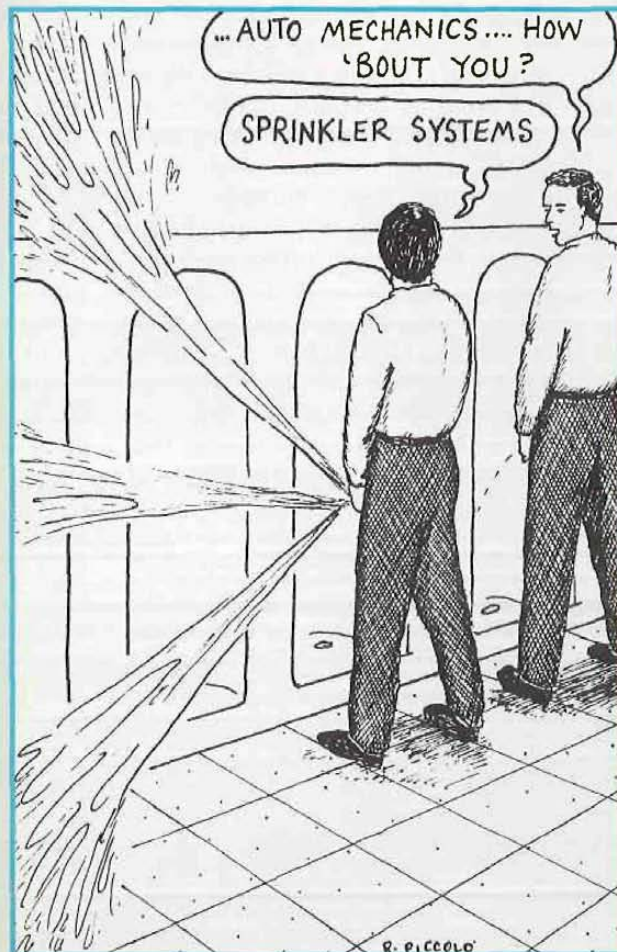
The days passed for Briggs Goddard slowly. Gradually, the e-mail harassment trailed off, however. Today, he only had 14,000 messages in his box, give or take a few. It was not that he *had* to check them all. It was just that he *should*. You know, in case like one of the messages was from somebody he wanted to talk to. Not that any of them were. But, every once in a while, there was a message like that.

Checking that many e-mails a day takes up a lot of time. At times his *Box's* capacity of 50,000 messages had been reached. But, he prided himself on the fact that he never let one message go unread—or unanswered. That was his way of getting back at them. He would send back a message as degrading as the

one they had sent him and, of course, he would misspell their names. That really showed them. Of course, he, just being one person, and them, being hundreds of thousands made his job a bit more difficult.

He passed what spare time he had by watching *The Channels*. One day he would watch the *Nuclear Fallout Channel*, reporting on various little atomic incidents around the world, when yet another little "superpower" got hold of a yet another nuclear device. If another little tribe in Africa got *The Bomb* or some dictator in some unheard-of little island in an unknown sea got it. People really took notice when the Tampa Bay Buccaneers picked one up. They soon earned the respect of the rest of the league.

The *Police Brutality Channel* was also very interesting at times. Its President and CEO, Stacey Koons, gave interesting commentary after seeing a home viewer's recently-submitted tape.



He watched all the channels except one—the Environmental Impact Channel. He really didn't like that one anymore, after what they had done. He even started an e-mail campaign against them, which fizzled. They took notice though. The President of the Channel even responded to him with a personal message. Briggs didn't like that. It made him a little more angry. But time heals most wounds, and Briggs was feeling a bit forgiving. Maybe, just maybe, he would give the channel another chance. Today, yes today, he would watch the channel for just a moment. Not long enough for it to register on his *Jielsen View-Meter™*. He wouldn't give them the satisfaction. He would send an e-mail to let them know that it was a mistake, that he accidentally turned to the channel. He didn't mean to watch it.

So, slowly and carefully, he turned to the channel. He focused his attention on the scene. *What luck*, he thought, as he surveyed Tom Patterson in a Caterpillaf promotional commercial. It was Mr. Patterson promoting some new, fantastic contest. Then Briggs Goddard's eyes widened. He focuses those beady little eyes on the screen in front of him. Could it be? He made out his own name. Spelled correctly. *Briggs Goddard*. Could it be a contest for *him*? Then he looked closer, reading the copy: *Prosecution Immunity Granted. One winner only. Enter now. Caterpillaf Presents The First Annual Killing Briggs Goddard Contest.*

Briggs gulped. Suddenly, his *Box* stopped receiving messages. He heard a knock at the door, the shuffling of equipment and voices out in the hall. It sounded like a film crew. He thought he heard the commentator from the rain-forest contest.

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FUNNIES!

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THE CAPITALIST



THE BIG DUMB GUY



THE MARXIST



SO THESE THREE GUYS... A CAPITALIST, A MARXIST, AND A BIG DUMB GUY... ARE SHIPWRECKED ON A DESERTED TROPICAL ISLAND WITH NOTHING BUT THE RAGGED CLOTHES ON THEIR BACKS AND A FIERCE HUNGER...

THE CAPITALIST SPEAKS UP...

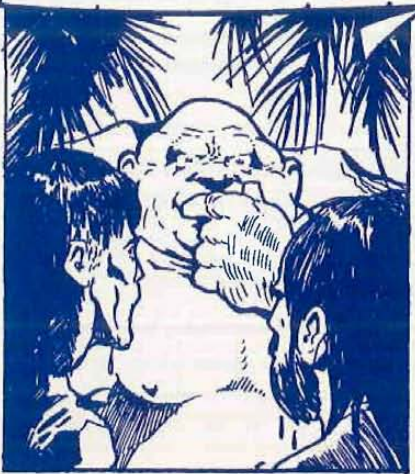
ALL RIGHT, MEN, WE'RE GOING TO NEED FOOD! I'M WILLING TO TAKE ALL THE RISKS AND CLIMB UP THOSE SHEER CLIFFS TO THE COCONUT TREES, AND BRING DOWN THE FOOD... AND SELL YOU AS MUCH AS YOU CAN AFFORD, AT THE GOING RATES!

THE MARXIST LAUGHS...

SELL US FOOD? ARE YOU NUTS, MAN? IT'S OBVIOUS WHAT WE NEED TO DO! WE'LL ALL WORK OUR WAY UP THOSE CLIFFS... EACH OF US WILL COLLECT WHATEVER FOOD WE'RE ABLE... THEN WE'LL BRING IT ALL DOWN HERE AND DIVIDE IT ACCORDING TO HOW MUCH WE EACH NEED TO EAT!



THEY BOTH LOOK TO THE BIG DUMB GUY TO SETTLE THE QUESTION... HE SITS QUIETLY AND TRIES TO PONDER THE INTRICACIES OF THE PROBLEM... FINALLY, HE SPEAKS...



YOU GUYS GO GET ME FOOD... NOW... OR I KILL YOU BOTH!!!

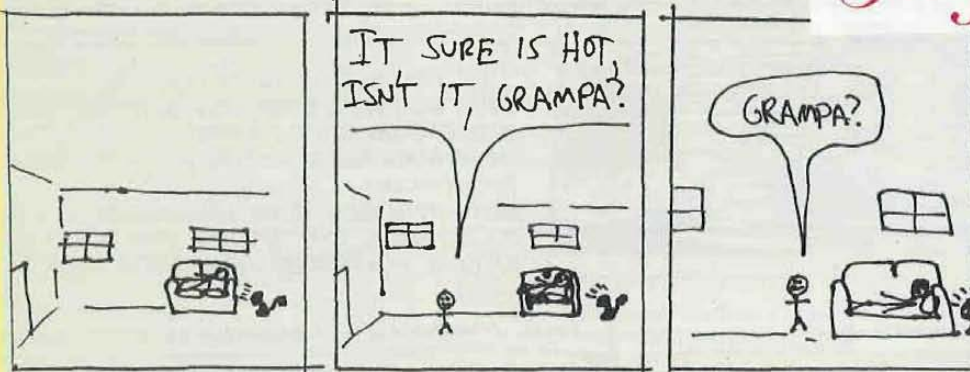


NATIONAL LAMPOON

Cartoon Humorist Contest 1st Place Winner



HEAT WAVE



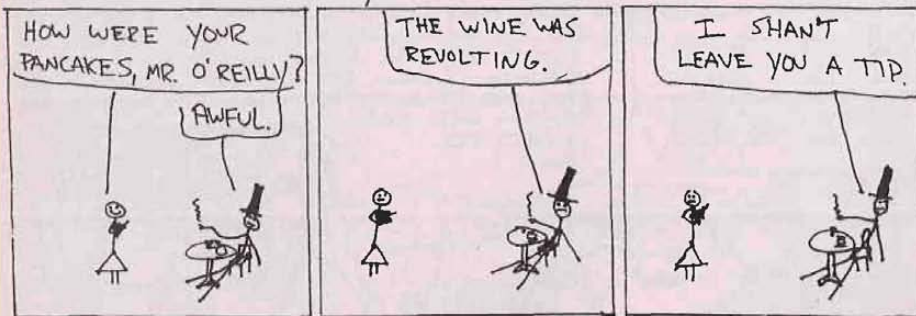
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J. Gentner Sherman of Boston is our Grand Prize Winner of the Cartoon Humorist Contest.

NATIONAL LAMPOON would like to send you An Around The World Vacation courtesy of you and your family.

Here are some of the comments from the NL editors about your hilarious works:

LONG EDGAR O'REILLY



NEW ZEALAND

I must have read his cartoons 6 times.

David Garrett

LONDON

This is no ordinary cartoonist.

Gene Grey

Africa

Now this person is a Humorist.

Jason Ward

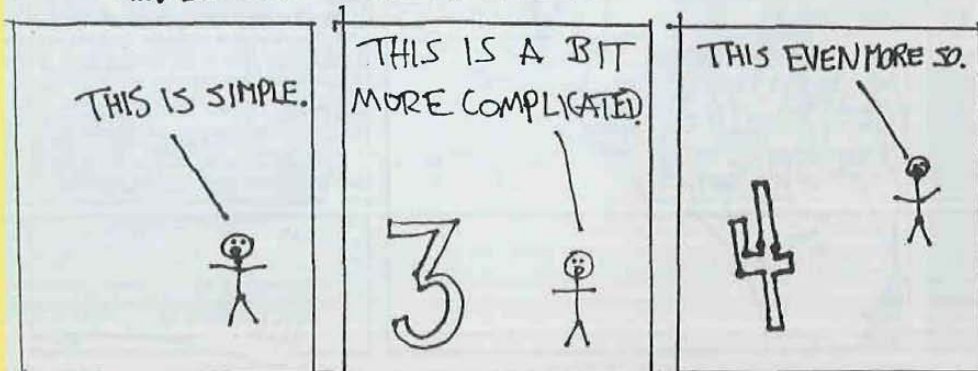
SWEDISH MISSISSIPPI

DELTA!



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PARTICLE PHYSICS



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Irvine CA 92715

Paris

Step-Da-Da

by R.J. IRELAND

The Old Camera of Da

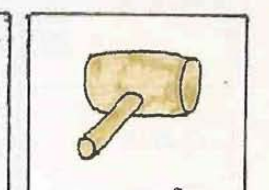
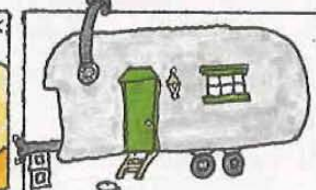
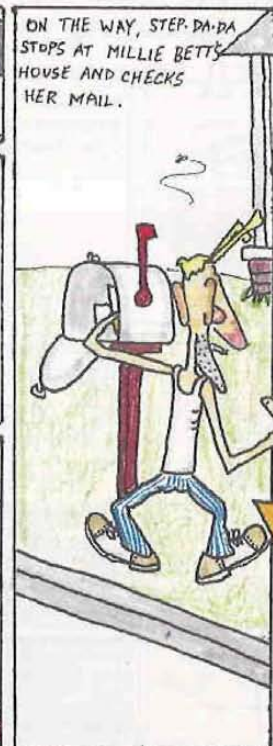
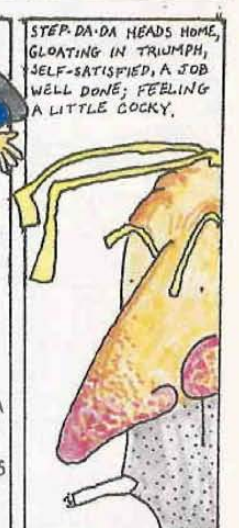
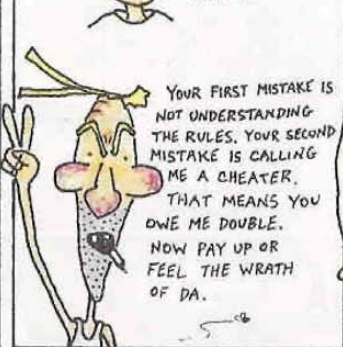
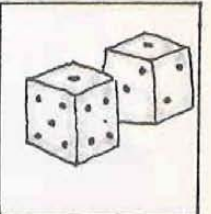
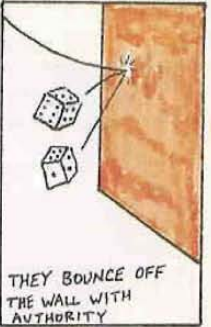
HARK & WHYFORE
ART THOU TRYING
TO DESTROY ME?

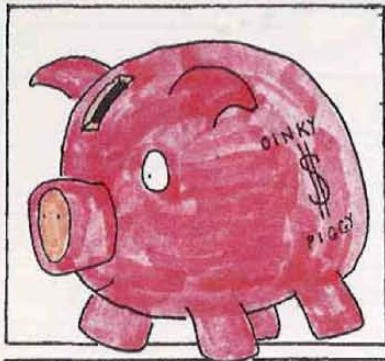
© 1994

YOU SURE TAKE
YOUR SWEET
TIME ROLLING
THE DICE.



WHERE FORM
MEETS FUNCTION,
STEP-DA-DA
IS A MODEL
OF GRACE AND
PRECISION.
WITH UNFLAGGING
CONCENTRATION
AND A MIGHTY
STRIDE, HE
TOSSES THE DICE.





STEP-DA-DA HAS ADDED EVEN MORE MONEY TO HIS COLLECTION FUND. HE SETTLES DOWN WITH A WELL-EARNED BREW AND HIS REMOTE. IT'S TIME FOR THE WHITE SHADOW—HIS FAVORITE SHOW.



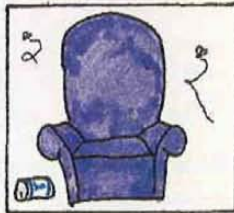
HEY STEP-DA-DA, I'VE BEEN MOWING YARDS ALL DAY... CAN WE GO LOOK AT BICYCLES NOW? I THINK I'VE GOT ENOUGH MONEY.



GODDAMMIT, I'M WATCHING THE WHITE SHADOW. WAIT FOR YOUR MEMAW TO GET HOME AND ASK HER.



BUDDY GOES INTO HIS ROOM.



A DEVASTATING SHOT TO THE HEAD.

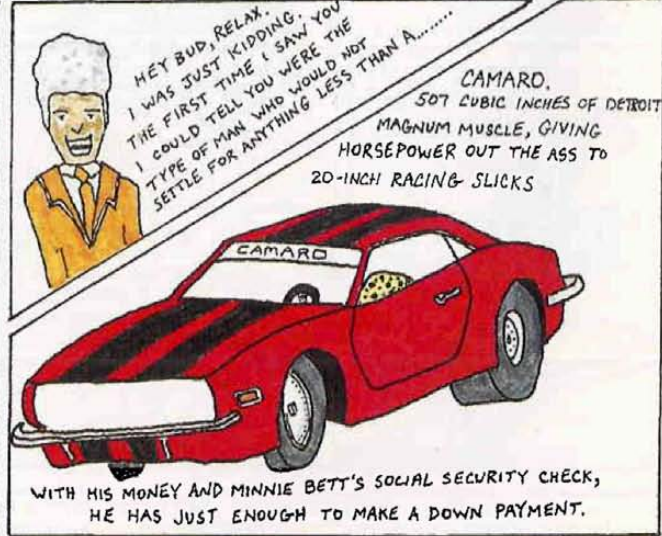


STEP-DA-DA ARRIVES AT THE USED CAR LOT.



ALL RIGHT? I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU AGAIN. YOU CAME BACK FOR THE VOLKSWAGEN, RIGHT?

YOU CAN TAKE THAT THIRD REICH KRAUT-WAGEN AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR NAZI ASS. YOU KNOW WHAT I CAME BACK FER.



HEY BUD, RELAX. I WAS JUST KIDDING. I SAW YOU THE FIRST TIME I SAW YOU I COULD TELL YOU WERE THE TYPE OF MAN WHO WOULD NOT SETTLE FOR ANYTHING LESS THAN A.....

CAMARO. 507 CUBIC INCHES OF DETROIT MAGNUM MUSCLE, GIVING HORSEPOWER OUT THE ASS TO 20-INCH RACING SLICKS

WITH HIS MONEY AND MINNIE BETT'S SOCIAL SECURITY CHECK, HE HAS JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE A DOWN PAYMENT.



JUST SIGN HERE, MR. DA-DA



MARD

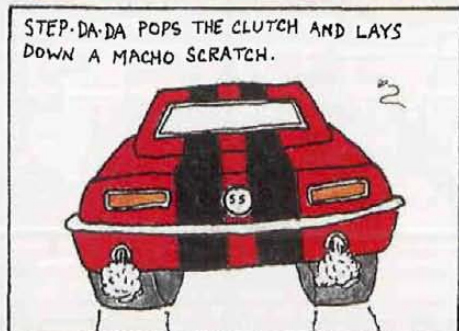
GET AWAY FROM THE CAR, BRAHMA BREATH.



MAN AND MACHINE, UNITED AS ONE.



WILL STEP-DA-DA FIND A SCRATCH FOR THAT ITCH AT THE BOOZE N' CROOZE?



STEP-DA-DA POPS THE CLUTCH AND LAYS DOWN A MACHO SCRATCH.



STEP-DA-DA IS FEELING HIS OATS; FEELING A LITTLE RANDY, AN ITCH STARTS TO GROW DEEP WITHIN HIS GROIN.

HOT MAMA, WOULD YOU HOLD IT AGAINST ME IF I TOLD YOU THAT YOU ARE A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN? BOOOOH, BOOOOH.

YES.

BABY, YOU'VE GOT A FACE THAT COULD LAUNCH A THOUSAND CAMAROS. I SHOULD KNOW.... HEH, HEH.... I HAVE A CAMARO BOOOH, BOOOH.

CAMARO? LET'S GO!

STEP-DA-DA MAKES SMALL TALK.

CAMARO, YES. HA-HA. YES. YES.

YEAH, PEOPLE ARE JEALOUS OF ME BECAUSE OF MY GOOD LOOKS. IT CAN BE A REAL PAIN SOMETIMES. BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME.

CAMARO

I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT YOU HAVE A HIDEOUS SCAR ACROSS YOUR FOREHEAD.

YES.

JUST A SMALL SURGICAL PROCEDURE TO TREAT MY MULTIPLE PERSONALITY DISORDER. YES.

OH, WOW. I SAW A T.V. SHOW ABOUT THAT ONCE. THAT MEANS YOU'RE REAL WEIRD.

ENOUGH CHIT-CHAT, MR. DA. QUITE FRANKLY, I AM IN LOVE WITH YOU, BUT I KNOW YOU ARE LIKE THE REST--A HEART-BREAKER. IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU, NO ONE WILL. YOUR HEAD, IN MY PURSE. YES. FOREVER. HA-HA. FOREVER. YES. YES.

SWEET BABY JESUS!

WITH LIGHTNING FAST REFLEXES, STEP-DA-DA PULLS THE HANDLE OF THE DOOR AND BAILS OUT OF THE SPEEDING CAMARO. HE LANDS ON HIS RUMP, BARELY ESCAPING THE WILD SLASHES OF HIS LOBOTOMIZED PARAMOUR.

DA-BABY.

YOU'RE BREAKING MY HEART, PAPA!

STEP-DA-DA FLEES THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT. HE IS CONFUSED, FRIGHTENED. EVENTS HAVE CONSPIRED AGAINST HIM ONCE AGAIN. WHY? WHY? HE SEARCHES HIS MIND FOR THE ELUSIVE ANSWER.

LIKE A WOUNDED ANIMAL, STEP-DA-DA SEEKS SANCTUARY. ALAS, SANCTUARY IS NOT TO BE HAD. INSTEAD, STEP-DA-DA IS GREETED BY A MOB.

THAT'S HIM, PA? THE MAN WHO TOOK ALL MY MONEY THEN KICKED ME IN THE BUTT.

MR. DA-DA, I AM A CONCERNED NEIGHBOR. YOU HAVE DONE MANY THINGS THAT HAVE MADE US UNHAPPY, THE KICKING OF MY BOY'S BUTT BEING JUST ONE OF THEM.

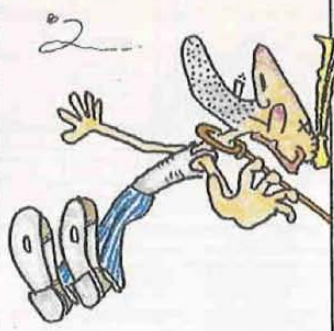
THERE IS MUCH YOU MUST ANSWER FOR.

SIR, I AM A MAN OF WEALTH AND TASTE, SO YOU CAN PUCKER UP AND KISS MY WHITE ASS. I AM ANSWERING NOTHING!

LIKE A GAZELLE, THE ACTION MAN SPRINGS TO... ACTION WITH AN EXPLOSIVE BURST OF SPEED...



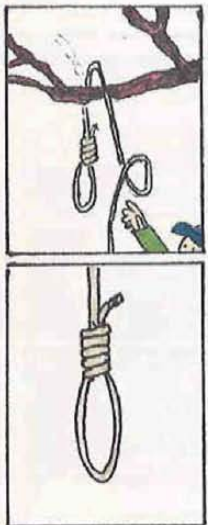
UNFORTUNATELY, STEP-DA-DA'S ESCAPE IS FOILED



JESUS, DID YOU SEE HIM TAKE OFF? KILL HIM! KILL HIM, GODDAMMIT!



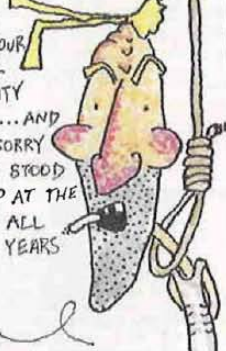
YOU TOOK MY SOCIAL SECURITY CHECK. HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO EAT, BASTARD?! BUT I'M GONNA WATCH YOU SWING, DA, LIKE A CHICKEN. DO YOU HEAR ME?



AHEM. I THINK I WOULD LIKE TO APOLOGIZE.



I NOW SEE THE EVIL OF MY WAYS. I TRY TO BE GOOD, LORD KNOWS I TRY, BUT SOMETIMES I FORGET THE MEANING OF RIGHT AND WRONG. MILLIE BETT, I AM TRULY SORRY THAT I TOOK YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY CHECK... AND I AM SORRY THAT I STOOD YOU UP AT THE ALTAR ALL THOSE YEARS AGO.



YOU RUINED MY LIFE, DA. YOU JILTED THIS POOR OLD WOMAN ON HER WEDDING DAY?



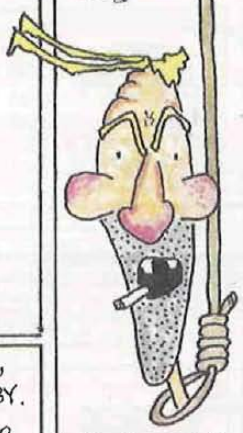
O.K. I ADMIT IT. I WAS WRONG. MILLIE BETT, YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, BABY, ALL THOSE OTHER WOMEN THAT I MARRIED, THEY NEVER MEANT A THING TO ME. EVEN MEMAW WHOSE HOME YOU JUST BURNED DOWN—NOT A THING. BUT I COULDN'T MARRY YOU, MILLIE BETT. I LOVED YOU TOO MUCH



MR. DA-DA, PERHAPS YOU CAN RECTIFY YOUR MISTAKES. YES! MARRY ME, DA, AND GIVE ME A BABY. I WANT A LITTLE CRITTER. IT'S NOT TOO LATE.



I'LL MARRY YOU, MILLIE BETT, BUT FIRST YOU HAVE TO LET ME DOWN FROM THIS HANGIN' TREE.



STEP-DA-DA HAS MILLIE BETT FOOLED WITH HIS SYRUP-SWEET WORDS OF LOVE. SUDDENLY, LIKE AN APPARITION, THE UNSTABLE GIRL FROM THE BOOZEN'CRUOZE SHOWS UP. HI, I HOPE I'M NOT INTERRUPTING.



LADY, WHAT IN GOD'S NAME HAPPENED TO YOU? MY BOYFRIEND TRIED TO KILL ME. I DON'T KNOW WHY. WE WERE GOING TO GET MARRIED AND HAVE A BABY. I THINK HE WANTED MY MONEY. YES.



THAT'S TERRIBLE, MISS. WHO IS THIS EVIL BOYFRIEND THAT TRIED TO EXTINGUISH YOUR LIFE? OH MY GAWD! HE WANTS MY MONEY. I FEEL SO UNWELL WHERE ARE THE TRUCK KEYS? THE MAN ON THE TRUCK, MR. DA-DA. HEARTBREAKER. DREAMSTEALER. I'M READY TO GET MARRIED IF YOU ARE MILLIE BETT. O.K.?



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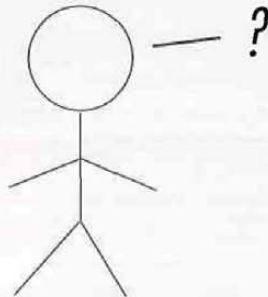
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NOW YOU CAN ATTACK PLAQUE FROM ALL SIDES.

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.

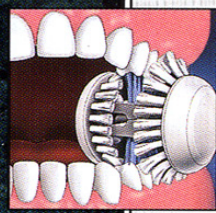
Because Oralgene cleans teeth and gums automatically, everyone, including children (even those with braces) and

arthritis sufferers can now finally brush the right way. And you can clean an entire mouth in under 60 seconds. What's more, it's rechargeable and it requires charging only once every 2 weeks.



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

Brush heads are interchangeable and come with colored bands for multiple users. Available in 4 colors.



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.



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.

To order, call toll free:
1-800-438-7000

VISA, MasterCard & AMEX.

*Upon request orders can be sent 2 days



Or send your check or money order to:

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421 N. RODEO DRIVE
SUITE #15114
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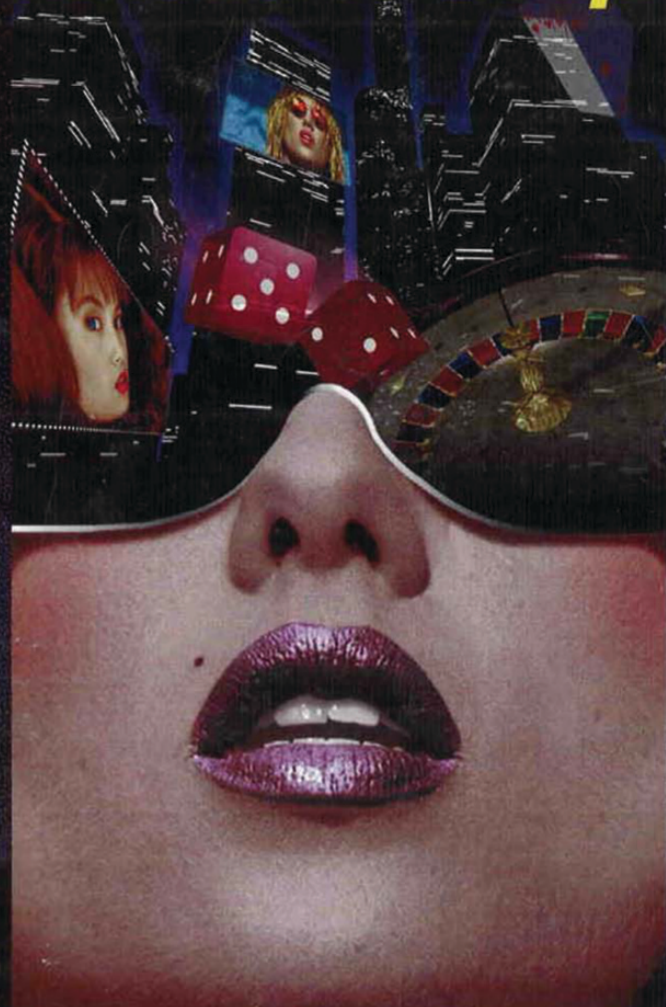
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