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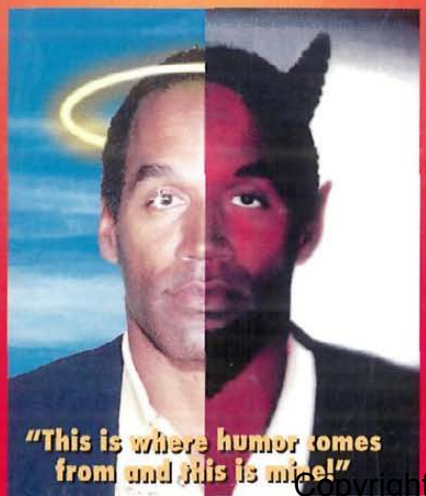

"This is where humor comes from and this is mine!"

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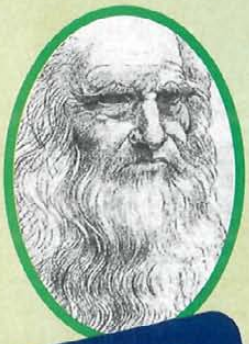

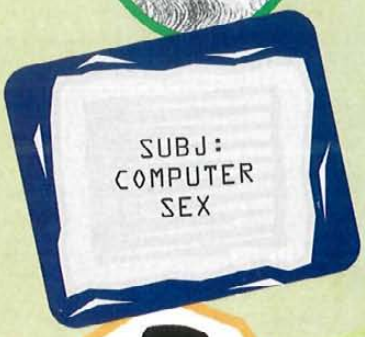

It always makes me nervous when he wants *Apocalypse Now*

NATIONAL LAMPOON

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E D I T O R I A L

Welcome to NATIONAL LAMPOON's 25th Anniversary year. In honor of NATIONAL LAMPOON's rich history, we have brought back an old logo and some traditional features along with their headliner artwork for a classic look. Also, every issue this year will be a collectors' edition with new and previously printed works by famous NATIONAL LAMPOON contributors. In this issue, look for the incomparable Michael O'Donoghue's first ever contribution from the first ever issue of NATIONAL LAMPOON with accompanying original artwork in fond memory of Mr. Mike, as well as the Ed Subitzky cartoon classic, *Virgil Virgin*.

And check out our contests for you, the reader (see classifieds for details). The *Kartoon Kontest* continues throughout '95, so get out those pens and be immortalized in the pages of NATIONAL LAMPOON. We are also looking for amateur models for our glamorous feature, *Early Morning News*. And for the future leaders of America we have *Show us Your Poon!* So be sure to send us photos of your spring break bacchanalian revelry. Just think how good a picture, published in NATIONAL LAMPOON, of you and your fraternity, sorority or club engaged in drunken orgy will look in your resume package! But remember, if you include the name of your college and organization, don't be doing anything that might give us a bad name. We have a reputation to uphold, you know.

Well, a lot of water has gone under the NATIONAL LAMPOON bridge in the last 25 years, and right down the toilet, apparently. You'd think that in all that time the Establishment would have evolved some tolerance, if not sincere appreciation, for the NATIONAL LAMPOON brand of humor which, after all, serves to keep persons and groups from thinking they are bigger or better than the rest of us. We like to think of the magazine as a sort of literary, comedic Socrates—an amusing yet didactic read. Kind of important in an egalitarian society, yes? It's ironic, then, that there is as much opposition as ever to the freedom of you, the reader, to get the NATIONAL LAMPOON.

Here are just two examples of what we mean, and what we intend to do about it:

You, the reader, may have wondered why there is not much advertising in the pages of the NATIONAL LAMPOON lately. You know, judging from the attitude of those big, rich advertising companies, it would seem that you, the reader, do not eat or drink commercial foodstuffs, drive motorized vehicles, wear manufactured clothing, listen to recorded music or, frankly, behave in a manner which can be construed as even remotely social.

A publication with less smarts than the NATIONAL LAMPOON might have hired a competent sales staff to correct the problem, but our publisher paid big bucks to commission a reader poll to find out just what products you, the reader, would like to see advertised in the pages of NATIONAL LAMPOON.

The reader was located in Marmouth, North Dakota, roughly 120 miles southeast of Bismark. Well, not in Marmouth proper, but rather on the outskirts of Marmouth, living in a quite roomy hole dug deep into the side of a butte. There the reader lives the self-sufficient life of a hermit, his only contact with the outside world being the NATIONAL LAMPOON which he buys at the newsstand in Marmouth after bowling league on Friday night. Once at home in the solitude of the butte, the reader not only reads the magazine, which he takes to be the gospel truth, but utilizes every single part of it, much as an Indian would a buffalo. The reader is quite a sight in his NATIONAL LAMPOON tunic and pantaloons, and NATIONAL LAMPOON hat and moccasins, sitting in an overstuffed NATIONAL LAMPOON chair located in the chamber fondly referred to as "The NATIONAL LAMPOON room," calmly sipping a potent, pungent tea brewed, curiously enough, from the pages of the *Early Morning News*.

After painstaking analysis of the results of the reader poll, it occurred to us that the big, rich advertising companies just might be right. That's when our publisher came up with a brilliant idea—"What with NATIONAL LAMPOON being so important to the reader," he said, "it seems not too much to ask the reader to help us out by *boycotting* every single product not advertised in the magazine. This will hit those fancy-shmancy companies right where it hurts—the pocket book. We'll give them an issue or two to come around to the hard facts of supply and demand and realize that the reader is out there, and that they would be wise to place the appropriate advertising in NATIONAL LAMPOON Magazine." So, to all of you who do not read NATIONAL LAMPOON, the publisher apologizes for your soon having to pay a pretty penny for the staples of American life you have grown so accustomed to, as producers scramble to recoup the inevitable losses from the boycott. With bold thinking like that, we'll have more advertising than MAD Magazine before you know it.

The second problem, which is no stranger to the NATIONAL LAMPOON, is that of censorship. Can you believe in this age of cable television, where you can see and hear just about everything, and real life, where you can see and hear everything else, that someone would try to stop you from reading NATIONAL LAMPOON just because it has the word "f***" in it? What? Oh, yeah, we promised the publisher not a single "f***" would appear in this issue of NATIONAL LAMPOON. Not only that, but we also can't print ****, ****, ****, ****, or even ****! But let's stick to the basics—"f***." We wouldn't dream of letting you, the reader, go into withdrawal without your "f***" fix, so we've had our linguistics experts develop an ingenious encryption system so that you can understand exactly where "f***" would have been printed outright in this issue if we didn't live in a country that seems more and more like das Vaterland every time the right wing goose steps around the square. So please study carefully the following reader guide to expurgated "f***s" before perusing this issue of the magazine.

F*** *n.* As in, "You sure are one great f***!" "f***" shall be read as the predicate nominative in those instances wherein the party in question is the direct object of a transitive verb in the preceding sentence.
cf. the second and third sentences of the first full paragraph, p. 17

F*** *v.* As in, "Shall we f*** again sometime?" the verb form of this versatile word shall be read as the main verb in 1. only interrogatives in dialogue, and 2. all imperatives, but 3. as the main verb only in dependent clauses within declarative sentences.

1. cf. p. 37, para. 2, line 5
2. cf. p. 51, para. 4, line 2
3. cf. p. 17, para. 3, line 3

F*** *adj.* As in, "Your f***ing place, or mine?" by far the most common form of f***, this adjective is to be read so liberally throughout the magazine, we've indicated its presence wherever the first letter of the so modified noun is of 9.75 pt. size, rather than the normal 10 pt. You will find the difference is easily detected by the naked eye.

cf. Any page, paragraph and line including those in actual advertisements which we have taken the liberty of spicing up.

Fortunately, this plan will end once our circulation tops 5 million. Until then, please understand that the inconvenience is necessary. Censorship is an unfortunate effect of ignorance and intolerance, isn't it? Knowing there are clever ways around it, however, has allowed us to present you this, the filthiest ever issue of NATIONAL LAMPOON, while keeping our promise to the publisher that not a single actual "f***" will occur herein. Enjoy.

LETTERS... TO THE EDITOR

Sirs:

I saw your magazine on the rack at my favorite bookstand recently and purchased a copy. No sooner than I opened it was I taken aback by an eerily familiar sight—Letters to the Editor! You can imagine my dismay at seeing an unauthorized treatment of an idea I myself had had more than a few weeks ago.

Gentlemen, I am appalled that a national magazine of your stature would knowingly violate established copyright laws governing ownership of intellectual property. I have retained an attorney and plan to sue your asses off. If I were you, I would cease and desist publication of Letters to the Editor immediately, as every letter you write only makes matters worse for you.

By the way, I have always wanted to write for NATIONAL LAMPOON. While the lawsuit is being settled, do you think I could write Letters to the Editor? Here are some examples of my work. I'm sure that, although similar in some respects to your current letters, mine are of far superior quality:

i; M; Fl; f; sH; T.

Pretty funny, huh? I do hilarious punctuation, too!

Larry Rosenberg
Hollywood, CA

Sirs:

Ahhhh-huhhhh, ahhhh-huhhhh, Are the LAMPOON photo girls there? What are they wearing? Ahhhh-huhhhh, ahhhh-huhhhh, I'm not wearing anything, ahhhh-huhhhh, ahhhh-huhhhh. Do they want to know what I'm doing? Ahhhh-huhhhh, ahhhh-UNGH, UNGH, UNGH—*Mom! Shit! Nothing! Get out!*

Portnoy
the Bathroom

Sirs:

What ever happened to Mommenschantz?

mime, trapped in invisible box
for the last ten years,
San Francisco, CA

Sirs:

Here's a little anecdote for your "Humor in Uniform" department:

While in Vietnam, a cherubic GI in my unit, fresh out of bootcamp, visited Saigon's red light district hoping to become a man. Upon achieving his goal, the GI meekly asked his more experienced partner how he had done. Applauding enthusiastically, she replied, "Me give you big clap!"

Beaming with pride, the private returned to base and boasted incessantly of his debut performance until exactly one month later when he died of complications from a massive dose of virulent gonorrhea.

MSG Hank Handy
Waukegan, IL

Sirs:

The writer of the last letter misses entirely the philosophy of *Reader's Digest* in general, and of "Humor in Uniform" in particular.

Reader's Digest seeks to uphold the virtues of God and country, family values and good taste, while not making our readers think too much, or read anything longer than the average crap. A young GI's death from a venereal disease is simply not funny—it is tragic! And how do you think his mother would feel if she knew her son had visited a prostitute—especially a *gook* one?!

"Humor in Uniform" captures the wholesomeness and good, clean fun that is synonymous with military service. For example:

A young Army chaplain visited the enlisted mess in order to get to know his new congregation better. After having savored his first-ever serving of creamed beef on toast, he inquired of the mess sergeant, "And what is the name of that heavenly dish I enjoyed so much?"

Just as he was about to answer in the military vernacular, the mess sergeant spied the diner's Chaplain's bars. Without missing a beat, he replied, "*Poop* on a shingle!"

Now that, sirs, is the kind of humor that has made *Reader's Digest* Ronald Reagan's favorite bathroom companion!

Editor—*Reader's Digest*

Sirs:

I have a great idea for a NATIONAL LAMPOON parody. I call it *Shindig's List*. It's about a discotheque owner who employs Jews as go-go dancers in order to save them from the gas chamber. I envision Geraldo Rivera cast as Shindig, Sen. Jesse Helms as the chilling and fiendish Nazi commandant, and Shelley Winters and Totie Fields as the lead dancers, frugging their fringed cabooses off in glitzy, elevated go-go cages.

If you think this is funny, let me know, because I could really write it for you.

Tom Smith
Miami, FL

Sirs:

The concept divulged in the last letter is not only not funny, but is offensive and in extremely poor taste—Don't you know that Totie Fields is dead?

Rex Reed
New York, NY

Sirs:

I think I know what the writer of the second letter is doing. Is he cleaning the bathroom as a present for Mother's Day when she opens the door and spoils the surprise? He seems like such a nice boy.

Anyway, let me know if I won.

Betty Stevens
Clueless in Seattle, WA

Sirs:

You damn liberals in the media took me out of context when I said that the President "better have a bodyguard" if he ever visits North Carolina. All I meant was that we Tarheels just don't like the job he's doing. That's it. Plain and simple.

Now, I aim to head off another brou-ha-ha by explaining some statements I have made since then before they hit the press:

When I said that Alan Greenspan "better have a gas mask," if he ever visits North Carolina, all I meant was that the heaters down here can be, well, a little tricky in the winter, especially if you're an atheistic, commie kike bent on undermining the U.S. greenback so your Goldsteins and your Silversteins can run the world. Hey, What do you call a liquor bottle that's not a twist-off? Mick-proof! Well, that's the only reason I said "Ted Kennedy better bring a bottle opener"—we just don't have many twist-offs here, and we wouldn't want that drunken, liberal, Irish-Catholic moron to go thirsty. And when I said Jesse Jackson "better bring a rope," all I meant was that the state should not have to bear the materials cost of another coon lynchin'. All that sisal adds up, you know, day after day, week after week....And if he thinks he can get away with that "Rainbow Coalition" crap here in the Great Confederacy, he's got another thing coming—in the dead of night—in a white sheet—with a baseball bat. That reminds me; when I said any queer that visits North Carolina "better plan on being tied bare-molasses-assed naked to a fire ant mound with jumper cables clipped to his testicles while my nephew, Zed, cranks up his Kenworth, and having rotten hamburger meat shoved up his nose so blowfies can lay eggs in his sinuses and the maggots can eat their way into his pervert-homo brain," that's *exactly* what I meant! *Sieg heil, mein Führer! Sieg heil!...*

Oh hell, now I suppose you're going to misinterpret *that* little outburst?

Senator Jesse Helms
God's Own Party
Washington D.C.

Sirs:

We beat you fale and squale. No

take dlugs as decadent Amelican puppet pless craim—onry extlact of Chinee catelpirral. Catelpirral symbor of stlength in Chinee mythorogy. Catelpirral lequile gleat powel to become beautifur buttelfry. Chinee athrete use catelpirral powel to beat speedos off razy capitarist swimmels, reave lap song-ristening Brack Amelican lunnels in dust. No cheat. Arr natular catelpirral juice onry.

Oh excuse, prease. Now must go pupate.

Zhong Weiyue
Co-Coon Province, China

Sirs:

Greetings. We are those anal-probing aliens you've been hearing so much about lately. The thing is, we are just figments of the imaginations of gullible, moronic humans who must secretly want their anuses probed, or something—Hell, *we* don't even know why they think us up! Anyway, they're the only ones who can see us or hear us or, well, understand our language. So, if you are able to read this letter, read this—go probe your own anus and leave us the hell alone!

Sphinctar 7
Moons of Uranus

Sirs:

Do you guys still give away T-shirts for reader contributions? If you do, and you print this letter, I take a size Large—no, wait, make that Small—no, Large. Medium! I take a Medi—Extra Large! Make it Extra...Small!...

The Goofy Thyroid Guy
Smallville, Texas

Sirs:

Here is a philosophical question which has me stumped. Perhaps you can answer:

If Ronald Reagan *were* exhibiting symptoms of Alzheimer's disease, exactly how would you know?

Eric Jones
Oxford, England

Sirs:

I am disturbed at the way the American press has misrepresented my religion as a bunch of fanatical, extremists. In fact, we enjoy *real* freedom of thought and speech, while you decadent Americans are content with the mere illusion of same. Of course there have been a few recent incidents involving graffiti, women's clothing and literature which might be construed as examples of intolerance, but I assure you the majority condemn those individuals and their actions.

Moham—KABOOM!

Sirs:

The last letter is but a single incident of intolerance on the part of my religion, and must be condemned as—KABLAMM!

Sirs:

KERFOOM!

Sirs:

I am a writer and as such I must write or suffer an anguish of the spirit worse than the death sentence imposed upon my person by a few misguided individuals. Please accept the enclosed piece for publication in NATIONAL LAMPOON. They'll never find me here.

Salmon Rushdie
Hither and Yon

Sirs:

Uhhh, I heard you are having, like, a contest or something to, uhh, guess what the guy in the second letter is, um, like, doing? Is he, um, you know, like, whipping his linoleum? Shut up Beavis! Uhhh, do I, like, win something?

Butthead
MTV

cont. p. 25

PRANK PHONE CALLS by PROFESSIONAL ASSHOLE

David Weinstein

MEZZA LUNA Brentwood's Fine Eatery

MALE VOICE - Good evening, Mezza Luna.

PA - Yeah, I need to page one of the people who's eating there.

MALE VOICE - Okay, we don't have a paging system. What do they look like? There's not too many people here.

PA - She's a really beautiful woman. Blonde hair. Kinda tall.

MALE VOICE - What's her name?

PA - Nicole.

MALE VOICE - Okay, who's she with?

PA - I'm not sure. I've been out of the country about a year and I'm not sure who she'd be with. But maybe you know her: Nicole Simpson.

(short pause)

MALE VOICE - *What?*

PA - Yeah, Nicole Simpson. She eats there a lot.

MALE VOICE - I...what...that's not funny.

PA - I'm not trying to be funny. I've been out of the country a year and I want to speak to my good friend, Nicole.

MALE VOICE - Then you have a problem. Don't you watch the news?

PA - Look, I don't know what you're talking about. In fact, why don't you let me speak to somebody else. I have a friend who works there.

MALE VOICE - Who is it?

PA - Get Ronald Goldman on the phone.

(pause, then a hang up)

cont. p. 14

"Any good humor is sophomoric."

Michael O'Donoghue 1940–1994

PORNOCOPIA

...SOME SELECTIONS FROM THE SUPREME COURT'S SUMMER READING LIST

The Elegant English Epistolary Eroticism

. . . in the manner of John Cleland

Mr. N. . . chanc'd to offer a bout of dalliance and disport. My blush serv'd but to inflame the young gentleman's ardours, and a heart-fetch'd sigh at the size of his remarkable fouling piece banish'd all reserve. Canting up my petticoats and unlacing my stays, I fell supine on the settee, my exquisite treasures at his disposal. Thus embolden'd, he took in hand the prodigious engine and, abandoning restraint, remm'd the rubid cleft where grows the wanton moss that crowns the brow of modesty, but to naught avail. Thrice again the frightful machine assail'd the region of delight which, with maidenhead's sweet mant'ling, celebrates the triumph of roses o'er the lily, but that delicious cloven spot, the fairest mark for his well-mettl'd member, quell'd and abash'd the gallant intruder. Mustering his ferbour, once more didst Cupid's capt'n 'tempt to brunt the fierce prow of his formidable vessel past the shoals of luxuriant umberage which garland'd my rutt'd charms and into that uncloy'd cove where humid embars blaz'd on visitation, yet was, e'en so, repulst. Tho' toss'd 'twixt profusion and compliance, my hand crept softly to the sturdy lad's ripen'd tussle and roam'd the sprout'd tufts, whilst he my hillocks wander'd, then rekindl'd his nobly stock'd conduits, distend'd the proud steed, where'pon I near swoon'd of extasy's bright tumult as the sturdy stallion, his exhaultations fir'd, gallop'd o'er ev'ry hedge and thicket, spending the jetty sprig, won the sally, and gain'd a lodgement. Encircl'd in the pleasure-girst, ingorg'd by dissolution's tender agony, each 'fusive stroke stirr'd my in'most tendrils, devolv'd my dewy furrow of its secrets, which I, flush with straddl'd frolik, was far from disrelishing, 'til, somewhat appeas'd, his quiv'ling extremity, twin'd by unquench'd appetite, durst 'frock the fury of unflagg'd inspersions, yet homeward play'd my rake the plenteous protraction, redoubl'd his endeavours that joy's thrust might soon drink deep at rapture's well, then didst, at last, sheath, to the churl'd hilt, his massy weapon, and so suffer'd me to bliss.

I am,
Madam,
Yours, etc., etc., etc.

The Fin-de-Siècle British Birching Book

. . . in the manner of Anonymous

"And what might your name be, my child?" inquired Lord Randy Stoker, removing a tin of violet pastilles from the pocket of his tangerine-velvet waistcoat and placing one in his sensuous mouth while his flashing eyes coolly probed the buxom lass that sat trembling before him. "My name's Miss Prissy Trapp, sir," she replied in a faint voice and working-class accent, lowered her eyes, and curtsied. "I'm the new maid."

"Welcome to Felonwart, my remote country manor house. I can assure you that your stay here will be most . . . amusing. Come into the drawing room and place yourself at the disposal of my guests."

The drawing room was that of a typical country manor house, save for the fact that the walls were padded, the windows barred, a curious array of whips and riding equipage were displayed above the fireplace, an immodest fresco graced the north wall, a number of cages hung suspended from the ceiling and, in the center of the room, towering above a bloodstained altar, loomed a moonstone-studded effigy of Kā, the nineteen-armed Babylonian Goddess of Lust.

"As you may have gathered, my tastes run somewhat toward the *outré*," Lord Stoker commented, helping himself to another violet pastille, and continued, his voice dark with menace, "a proclivity that does not limit itself to decor."

Upon seeing Prissy, a tall, gaunt man, wearing but a pair of soiled galoshes, threw himself at her feet and commenced wildly kissing her feather duster.

"Allow me to introduce Professor Schadenfreude," interposed Lord Stoker as the bewildered miss blushed crimson under the Austrian's singular attentions. "His studies in aberrant behavior have taken man's sexual urges out of the Dark Ages."

"And back to the Stone Age," added Lady Wick-Burner, crawling across the carpet to gnaw on the heel of Prissy's left shoe.

"Oh . . . Oh . . . Please . . . I beseech you . . . Leave off . . . Have pity . . . Oh . . . No more . . ." pleaded the misused maid.

Delighted by the young girl's supplications, the Duke of Pudenda discontinued reading from a slim volume of unseemly sonnets he had recently published privately in a limited edition of four copies, all of which were bound in tinted wildebeest.

"Remove her chemise!" demanded Reverend John Thomas.

Upon hearing this, Prissy, her face a mask of abasement, attempted to flee but was thwarted by two Nubian eunuchs who, despite the unfortunate's pathetic struggles, firmly secured her wrists with braided peacock tails.

"All in good time," cautioned the Sultana of Zosh. "First, allow the hapless servant to gaze upon the instrument of her chastisement." She drew back the drapes to reveal a weird machine composed of a steam engine, pistons, manacles, a glass godemiche, rubber tubing, a gilded harpsichord, a whalebone corset, asparagus tips and a vat of scented lard.

The Sultana smiled wanly and murmured, "We call it . . . 'The Blind Chicken!' "

"What does it do?" asked Prissy.

Silhouetted against the dying sunlight, the great circle of Kā's nineteen arms appeared to be ceaseless juggernaut of shame and degradation as Lord Stoker leaned over to

whisper, "You'll discover that only too soon," and stuck his purple tongue in her ear.

The Early French Algolagnic Novel

. . . in the manner of the Marquis de Sade

The Comte was in the formal gardens whipping his linoleum when he was joined by the Bishop. Ceasing his exertions, he greeted the prelate, and said:

"You are undoubtedly curious why I am whipping my linoleum. And yet, on closer examination, nothing could be more natural . . . or might I say 'unnatural' as they are the same thing. Man, it goes without saying, is intrinsically evil, bearing in mind, of course, that good and evil, vice and virtue, exist only within the confines of society. It is the laws which cause crime, for, without law, there is no crime. Nature capriciously destroys the fools who forsake their instinctual lust and hunger in the name of virtue, as Nature does us all. Man is an animal with a soul that exists only through sensations. Although man must not limit his actions, there is no free will, therefore he is not responsible for his actions. Quite obviously, the more disgusting the act, the greater the pleasure, and since pleasure, or might I say 'pain' as pleasure is but pain diminished, remains the chief aim of all human existence, it should be enjoyed at any cost, particularly at the expense of other people, that is to say, not only is there joy in whipping my linoleum, but there is also joy in reflecting upon those who are not allowed to whip their linoleum. Hence, cruelty is nothing more than man's life force uncorrupted by civilization. As we are pawns to misery, so must we dispense misery to pawns. Since pain is the absolute, it is essential that I, as a philosopher, pursue this absolute. So it seems that the question, my dear Bishop, is not 'Why do I whip my linoleum?' but rather, 'Why doesn't everyone whip his linoleum?' "

The Recent French Algolagnic Novel*

. . . in the manner of Pauline Reage

The moon was partially obscured by a cloud.

One afternoon, a limousine had picked up E at the Buttes-Chaumont Gardens, the Bois de Vincennes, the Bassin de la Villette, or perhaps the Boulevard Haussmann, and had taken her to a chateau in southern France. The driver had departed without saying a word.

Attendants prepared E for the party that evening. She was dressed in a bird costume resembling a boat-tailed grackle. I am certain that she was forbidden to speak.

In another version, the limousine picks up E at the Bureau des Objets Trouvés.

E was placed on the lawn and instructed to remain there until summoned. Behind her was a row of cypress trees. Under the third tree lay a pale blue envelope. From the envelope she withdrew a photograph of three persons on an ottoman. One is blindfolded. It is difficult to determine what they are engaged in.

Her costume was perfect in every detail. The only discrepancy that might prompt the casual observer to conclude that E could be something other than an enormous boat-tailed grackle was a pair of black patent leather shoes which she is required to wear as a symbol of her absolute subjugation.

Although forbidden to speak, I believe that E was allowed to whistle.

The bird costume restricted movement and it often took E over an hour to reach places only a few feet away.

When she glances back to the third tree, she notices that the pale blue envelope an d the photograph are missing.

That evening, three men, X, Y, and Z, retire from the party to chat beneath the porte-cochere. Y is her lover.

Fragments of conversation are audible from where E is standing on the lawn.

"Have you spoken to G lately?"

"It's odd you should ask. Why only last week . . . "

The three men turn toward her. X and Z appear familiar, as if she had seen them in a photograph.

"Look, there's a boat-tailed grackle," remarks Z. "An uncommonly large one, I might add."

Moments pass. The men do not move. E observes the moon clearly reflected in her black patent leather shoes. Surely her lover will recognize her, take her in his arms, and debase her in the fashion which she has grown to regard so dearly. She flaps her wings and whistles frantically. Finally, Y speaks.

"One seldom sees them so far north this late in the season."

Expurgation by Latin

. . . in the manner of Boccaccio

Now there once lived near Genoa a wealthy merchant named Gelfardo, who was infatuated with Bonella, a miller's daughter unsurpassed in beauty, grace, and charm.

As it so happened, Bonella, spurning Gelfardo's advances, was wont to seek diversion with a certain abbot, but he, much to her displeasure, had given to *concilium loqui* swans.

One afternoon, while strolling in the forest, Gelfardo came upon the comely damsel picking flowers. With a lascivious wink, he asked the lady if she might care to unfasten her bodice and *supplicia eorum qui in furto aut latrocinio aut aliqua noxia sint comprehensi gratiora dis immortalibus esse arbitrantur* for an hour or so.

She coyly agreed to the merchant's bold overtures but on two conditions. The first was that he pay her 200 gold ducats; the second, that after he had *supplicia eorum qui in furto aut latrocinio aut aliqua noxia sint comprehensi gratiora dis immortalibus esse arbitrantur*, then she, in turn, could *sed cum eius generis copia defecit etiam ad innocentium supplicia descendunt*.

Suspecting nothing, Gelfardo agreed, gave her 200 gold ducats, and made ready to *tantis excitati praemiis et sua sponte multi in disciplinam conveniunt*.

As the couple began *haec poena apud eos est gravissima*, who should pass by but the abbot. Upon seeing the *consuerunt neque tributa*, he took three potatoes and a long loaf of bread from his sack and *quibus ita est interdictum, hi numero impiorum ac sceleratorum habentur* his *omnes decedunt, aditum eorum sermonemque defugiunt*, which he then tied to Bonella's *honos ullus communicatur*.

Waiting until the merchant had almost *hoc proprium virtutis existimant*, the abbot sprang from behind the bushes where he had been hiding and shouted, "*Expulsos agris finitimos cedere!*" Startled, Bonella *neque quemquam prope audere consistere; simul hoc se fore tutiores arbitrantur, repentinae incursionis timore subla-*

**Ed. Note—Rumored to be the work of A---- M-------, noted Marxist author and art critic.*

to, causing the string to *suumque auxilium* Gelfardo's *pollicentur atque a multitudine collaudantur* and *qui ex* his *secuti non sunt, in desertorum ac proditorum numero decuntur, omniumque* his *rerum postea fides derogatur* the three potatoes.

It was only then that she reminded him of the second condition.
Moral: Cuckolds often make merry but it is rare indeed that *omni Gallia eurum hominum qui aliquo sunt numero atque honore genera sunt duo; nam plebes paene servorum habetur loco, quae nihil audet per se, nulli adhibetur consilio.*

Expurgation by Asterisks (circa 1925)

. . . in the manner of the Lost Generation

"So this is Paris," mused Lt. Rick Stafford as he climbed the winding stairs that led to the garret of Nana Bijou, the torch singer whose address a doughboy had given him on the front with the words, "Tell her you're a friend of Bob's." He died two days later in a mustard gas attack at Aubers Ridge, Rick had written the letter to his parents. It was difficult to know what to say.

Rick knocked on the door. A woman answered who would have been young if not for her eyes.

"Hello," he said awkwardly. "I'm . . . a friend of Bob's."

"Bob?" She shook her head. "I don't remember zee names, lieutenant. But I can never forget zee faces, terrible haunted faces zat are stalked by Death. Come in, *mon cher*, and have a glass of absinthe."

The room was small. Faded theatrical posters covered the walls. In the corner stood a *lit à deux places.*

"Have you killed many Boche?" she asked.

"No. I'm an ambulance driver."

He began to talk. The words spilled out. He told her about his childhood, about his dream of returning to the States and becoming an architect, about the war.

Finally, there was nothing more to say. He stared out the window that overlooked the rooftops of St.-Germain. It had begun to snow. The pigeons had already made tracks around the chimneys.

He turned to her and asked, "Where do you work?"

"In a cheap *café.*" She smiled. "What does zat, or anything else, matter?"

He took her in his arms and kissed her gently. "Nothing matters," he replied, "but we must keep up apprearances." He began to unbutton her blouse.

****
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****
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Afterwards, they smoked cigarettes.

The Best Seller

. . . in the manner of Jacqueline Susann, Henry Sutton, and a host of others

Lean, tan, blue-eyed Noel Walgreen, idol of millions, sank back into the satin sheets of his round, lavish bed, stared up at the mirrored ceiling that featured his flawless body, and mused over the stunning women he had enjoyed during the last month. He could never forget:

Tracy—By the time she got her name up in lights, they spelled it S - L - U - T!

Lynn—The stormy starlet whose biggest picture was shot with a Polaroid camera!

Mara—Her husband found romance in the arms of another woman . . . and so did she!

Naomi—The only good impression she made on Hollywood was in Grauman's wet cement!

Ellen—Star of stage, screen, and psycho ward!

Adele —The gossip columnist who could hold the front page . . . but not the man she loved!

Suzan—Even the Greeks didn't have a word for what she was!

Vicky—She lived every day as though it was the last . . . and every night as though it was the first!

Melanie—The sex kitten who turned into a hellcat!

Dawn—The hoofer who would one-step her way into a guy's heart . . . and two-time her way out!

Irene—Her movies got good reviews from everyone but the vice squad!

Nicole—When her agent promised to make her the "toast of the town," she didn't know the town was Tijuana!

Joan—The sultry songstress who knew every 4-letter word . . . except "love"!

Louise—Fans could find her autograph in any motel register!

Consuelo—The Latin bombshell who went off . . . with another guy!

Pam—The kind of girl men put on a pedestal just so they can look up her dress!

And, of course, Wendy, his wife, raven-tressed film goddess whose icy beauty had made her the "Queen of Tinseltown." Ten years ago, when he was just a kid back from Korea, he had met her, when she was just a waitress slinging hash at a truck stop in Elbow River, Montana. They were married two days later. Those first years had been happy ones. But that was before they had become stars. Somehow . . . somewhere . . . something had been lost in that heady climb to the top. They had become puppets, mere pawns manipulated by shadowy, faceless magnates to further cartels of illusion, caught up in a savage web of greed, lust and power. Eyes that once sparkled with joy now reflected only the tawdry glitter of flickering limelight. Their souls had drowned in kidney-shaped swimming pools.

The bedroom door swung open and Wendy walked in, nude, her ripe, full breasts glistening with cocoa butter. She was smoking marijuana or "gage," as the hopheads called it.

"I can't go on like this any longer, Wendy, watching you destroy yourself," he said.

"No man in the world is ever going to hurt me again. Not even you, Noel," she commented.

"I made the mistake of thinking we felt the same about each other," he observed.

"You're playing with dynamite! It just may blow up in your face!" she exclaimed.

"Do you know what you want?" he inquired.

"I did once," she answered.

"How could I have been so blind," he concluded and pulled her down onto the bed. His hungry lips sought hers. Together, they scaled the peaks of ecstasy.

When it was over, he caressed her face gently with his hands and whispered, "I love you."

Moments passed. The only sound was the huanting tinkle of their 12-tiered chandelier. Then she swallowed a handful of amphetamines or "goofballs," as the jet-set calls them, paused, and replied, "That and a dime will buy you a cup of coffee."

cont. from p. 7

SPAGO RESTAURANT

FEMALE VOICE - Spago. How may I help you?

PA - Yes, I need to speak to a manager immediately.

FEMALE VOICE - Sure, please hold on.

(two minute wait)

MALE VOICE - Hi, this is ****, can I help you?

PA - Hi, my name is David ****, I must tell you that I have eaten at your place for the last seven years. The food and service are always excellent. But I had a really horrible time there last night.

MALE VOICE - (concerned) Oh really?

PA - Yes.

MALE VOICE - What exactly happened?

PA - Okay. Well, I was eating some pasta with a girlfriend of mine, and I go to the men's room, y'know, to go and...I'm sorry, this is very hard for me.

MALE VOICE - Oh, that's okay.

PA - So I go to the men's room, y'know, to do my business. And I'm sitting down, going, and I saw somebody in your employ staring at me.

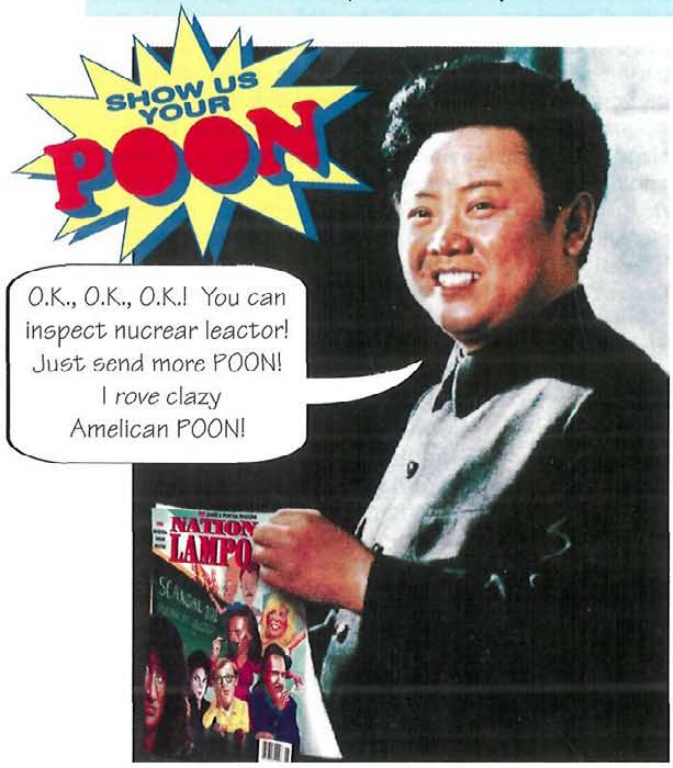
MALE VOICE - Staring at you? How?

PA - Through a slight crack in the bathroom wall.

(long pause, sigh)

PA - Are you there?

MALE VOICE - Yeah, I'm here. I'm just in shock.



PA - Well so was I. I fell right off the bowl.

(pause, another sigh)

MALE VOICE - How do you know this?

PA - What do you mean? I was sitting there, it was a big load so I knew I'd be there for a while, and out of the corner of my eye, I see this hole in the stall wall, and there's an *eyeball* staring right at me. Then I jumped up and I saw somebody wearing one of your outfits running out the door.

MALE VOICE - (incredulous) You're kidding me.

PA - I wish I was. I wish I was. I've been just sick about it.

MALE VOICE - So was it a waiter outfit or a cook?

PA - I'm not sure. But I'll tell you this: on his way out, I heard a loud CLANG. I looked and realized that he had dropped his spatula while he was running away.

MALE VOICE - I am so sorry that this happened to you. I'm certainly going to check it out as soon as I get off the phone with you.

PA - Well, I wish that was the end of my story, but it's not.

(groan from manager)

MALE VOICE - What happened then?

PA - Well then I went out to investigate and first of all, I mean, what I was doing, I was defecating, I'm not embarrassed to tell you. And when I got up, I got it all over myself.

MALE VOICE - You got what all over yourself?

PA - The doody!

MALE VOICE - Oh God, I'm sorry.

PA - And then, I noticed that there was a bunch of semen deposited on the wall facing the bathroom where he was standing.

MALE VOICE - You're kidding.

PA - I wish I was.

MALE VOICE - God, I can't imagine all this going on in our bathrooms. I mean, somebody could have walked in and seen what they were doing. That's what freaks me. God, I just don't know what to say, except for that I promise you I will get to the bottom of this.

PA - Well, to be honest with you, I wish that was the end of my story, but it's not.

MALE VOICE - (starting to realize) Yeah? What else happened?

PA - I slipped on my own doody and banged my chin against the wall, requiring 48 stitches that I'm holding you responsible for.

MALE VOICE - Can you hold on one second?

(put on hold for three minutes, then a hang up)

NEWS ON THE MARCH

SPRING, 1995 © 1995 CC/GG VOLUME 1, NO. XXV

Dan Quayle crashes GATT conference

GATT

WASHINGTON D.C.—The United States became the 34th of 124 nations which had originally signed the GATT proposal to officially ratify the measure.

When fully implemented in the year 2005, the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade is expected to add around $30 billion annually to the U.S. economy.

While GATT has generally enjoyed bipartisan support, the agreement is not without its detractors, one of those being former vice president Dan Quayle. Speaking out of turn at a recent GATT forum, Mr. Quayle chided Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, D-NY, a prime sponsor of GATT, for misspelling the word. When asked if he thought problems with GATT could be fixed, Quayle responded, "Yes, but if we fix GATT, then it can never have GITTENS, and that's just...plain...wrong."

LSD-LACED BUBBLEGUM

HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA—Seven California high school students, including five drill team members, hallucinated after being given LSD-laced bubble gum by three male classmates.

One of the unsuspecting students reported seeing visions of robotic Transformer toys while under the drug's influence. Another experienced flashing lights and 3-D images, and several of the victims said they laughed strangely, for no apparent reason.

Officials fear the distribution of LSD via bubble gum reflects a dangerous new fad, while police warned that even more insidious methods of ingestion have already been devised, among them the saturation of newsprint by the drug which is then ingested by readers through their finger tips as they turn the pages of the mind-altering publication...

FLESH-EATING BACTERIA

CALIFORNIA—So-called flesh-eating bacteria claimed two victims in California, including the highest ranking African-American administrator in the California Community College system. The chancellor succumbed to the germ, a deadly variation of the common *streptococcus* bacteria, just days after complaining of a severe sore throat.

Leaders of the area's *streptoneggrus* culture charged that the infection was racially motivated, explaining that *streptococcus* can't stand to see a black man succeed. Afterwards, zillions of *streptoneggrus* left their petri dish and took to the laboratory table, commandeering a Bunsen burner from a lab tech, and destroying several beakers and a Florence flask. Beaker owners complained that *penicillin* avoided the area, and did nothing to stop the mayhem.

DRUG APPROVED FOR ALCOHOLICS

NEW YORK—Researchers have developed the first new drug to treat

FOR THE RECORD

Mario Savio

Chevy Chase

P.J. O'Rourke

Michael O'Donoghue

DIED: MARIO SAVIO, 81, founder of the 60's Free Speech Movement, of AIDS at his home in Jersey City, NJ.

In 1973 Savio filed an $18-million lawsuit against the NATIONAL LAMPOON after then-editor Doug Kenney suggested in a spoof that Savio, unheard from for some years at the time, had re-emerged as a TV pitchman. The suit was dropped after much legal maneuvering, as Savio's attorneys failed to prove damages caused by the Kenney piece.

In a somewhat ironic epilogue to the litigation, Savio did go on to a modestly successful career as a familiar host of late-night television advertisements. Best remembered are Savio's efforts for K-TELL's *Patriotic Sounds of the 60's and 70's*, in which the former radical reflected nostalgically, "That really takes me back," after lip-syncing Barry Sadler's *The Ballad of the Green Berets*.

No more makin' bacon—Forlorn Poofter mourns loss of soul-mate Savio

Savio, survived by his significant other, Ramon, and their pet pot-bellied pig, Poofter, attributed his commercial success to the notoriety he received in the pages of NATIONAL LAMPOON. We'll miss you, Mario.

ARRESTED: CHEVY CHASE, 51, for investigation of drunken driving, after police watched him commit several traffic violations near Los Angeles.

Chase's 1991 BMW was followed into Los Angeles by police who said he did not attempt to evade authorities.

Chase, whose car was observed weaving, making unsafe lane changes, following vehicles too closely, speeding up to 70 m.p.h., and trailing a dog leash deemed hazardous to other motorists, had a blood alcohol level more than twice the legal limit in California.

Officers reported that upon arrest Chase was cooperative but seemed despondent, and was heard to mutter repeatedly, "Dear God...I never once mentioned NATIONAL LAMPOON when I had my show!"

After being released on his own recognizance from a Beverly Hills jail where he had spent the night, Chase explained to reporters that he was just trying to make it to Wally World before the busy season. The former NATIONAL LAMPOON *Lemming* and SNL star has since checked himself into the Betty Ford Clinic where word has it he is cracking up fellow patients with his nutty take on the former president, Gerald R. Ford.

PUBLISHED: By P.J. O'ROURKE, NATIONAL LAMPOON editor from 1972-81, *All the Trouble in the World*, (Grove/Atlantic). In his latest effort, the former right-wing humorist - cum - Islamic extremist, unveils a remarkably fresh viewpoint on a variety of issues.

Mr. O'Rourke's topical witticisms include:

of Comics: "We cut off the infidels' heads and knock at the gates of Heaven with them!"

of Satirists: "A Muslim who gladly gives his life to destroy these dirty heathens, will surely know the glory of God!"

of Parodists: "A thousand deaths and a curse upon the house of their fathers to those unholy purveyors of filth!"

of NATIONAL LAMPOON: "Very funny."

Of his recent conversion, O'Rourke gushed, "Before, I could only insult groups I don't like. Now I can blow them to smithereens and earn frequent bomber points good toward a ticket to heaven, to boot!"

DIED? MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE, 54, from a massive cerebral hemmorage in early November at his Manhattan home.

Mr. Mike, as O'Donoghue came to be known, began his career as America's premier comic genius in 1970 at the NATIONAL LAMPOON of which he said, "This is baby seal hunter humor—we leave everything covered in blood. Nice people are out of place around here."

Former NATIONAL LAMPOON chairman Matty Simmons admired O'Donoghue as "the master of the bizarre," noting that "he figured out how to make us laugh at sickness, infirmity, poverty and death." Staffers recall the time O'Donoghue's father called the NATIONAL LAMPOON offices with the somber news that Michael's mother had lost her toe, to which Mr. Mike's unblinking response was, "Did you look behind the refrigerater?"

Known for his "Salvation Army" attire and expletive-filled tirades launched for no particular reason, O'Donoghue went to great lengths to pull off a joke, the sicker the better. That penchant has friends and admirers wondering, months after the burial, if his death is just a set-up for the ultimate off-color prank.

Partial chronology of Michael O'Donoghue's work and accomplishments:

1970: Editor Christopher Cerf introduces the NATIONAL LAMPOON to O'Donoghue.

1970-75: Conceives some of NATIONAL LAMPOON's most memorable pieces including *Pornocopia* (reprinted in this special issue), *How to Write Good*, *The Floor of the Cistine Chapel*, *Children's Letters to the Gestapo*, and *The Vietnamese Baby Book*.

1972: Discovers Danielle, fetching Foto Funnies girl, on a handbill advertising a massage parlor.

1973: Produces first NATIONAL LAMPOON record album, *Radio Dinner*, released by Blue Thumb Records after RCA bowed out for fear that a piece lampooning the sterile marriage of David and Julie Eisenhower might jeopardize defense contracts:

Julie: "David, I think we're supposed to use the hole in front."

David: "You mean there are *two* of them?"

1973: Edits the best selling *Encyclopedia of Humor*.

1973: The creative director of the NATIONAL LAMPOON RADIO HOUR, the #1 radio program in the country at the time, carried on over 600 mostly college radio stations.

1975: Leaves NATIONAL LAMPOON to become head writer o[illegible]rday Night Live, the debut skit of which featu[illegible]e as an English tutor to an immigrant [illegible]bi who repeats the lines of th[illegible] your finger-tips...to t[illegible]re all

O'Donoghue fans wait patiently for punchline.

March 1, 1995

Mr. Chet Cooper, Publisher
National Lampoon Magazine
Via fax 714-451-7011

RE: MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE PIECE

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL

Dear Chet,

We are disturbed by one piece of proposed editorial in the Spring 1995, issue of National Lampoon Magazine. The piece on Michael O'Donoghue, we believe, is an insult to Mr. O'Donoghue and his contributions to National Lampoon. This article is obnoxious, without any satirical insights or other redeeming content. In other words, Chevy Chase knew him for twenty years, so he can take him of O'Donoghue at his funeral. We don't have licenses enough to work at company he helped create, so we are fortunate to take posthumous cheap shots at him.

Although we did not know Mr. O'Donoghue personally, we have to deal with his friends, on a personal and business level, just about every day. It will be an embarrassment to each one of us if our names are on the magazine anywhere and this article runs.

Therefore, please remove the names of National Lampoon Magazine and [redacted] from the masthead of [redacted] editorial items we contributed to this issue if this article runs. We don't have a problem with giving these items at no charge for publication in this issue, but we can't have our personal relationships strained by our association with this type of material.

I spoke to Bob Guccione, Jr. at Spin Magazine who offered to let us use any portion (or all) of the article he dedicated to O'Donoghue in Spin a couple of months ago. That article was forwarded to you. If you would like another copy, please let me know and I will supply it.

Very truly yours,

[redacted]

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look at death.

alcoholism in almost fifty years. Unlike its predecessor, Antabuse, which causes nausea when persons under its medication consume alcohol, the new drug, naltrexone, inhibits the very desire to drink.

Naltrexone works when a patient merely thinks about alcohol, by triggering a horrific hallucination that is sure to make anyone think twice about drinking—Sen. Edward Kennedy's disembodied, booze-bloated head swallowing up his facial features.

Ted Kennedy's head

Researchers caution the drug is not without side effects, which include the inability to even approach a bridge by car.

MUSIC

NEW YORK—The promising New York rock band *Insult to Islam* was blown to smithereens just moments before they were to make their first major public appearance.

Toni Totoni, the band's manager and former Bronx cabbie, narrowly escaped death in the blast which leveled an entire city block in the Soho district.

Mr. Totoni, who was shaken but uninjured, attributed his escape to a lucky rabbit's foot he keeps with him at all times, and the mishap itself to "a few well-meaning but misguided individuals." The uncannily fortunate Mr. Totoni already has made plans to continue his career as manager of the critically acclaimed Boston band, *Abortion Clinic*.

Authorities dropped their investigation of best-selling author P.J. O'Rourke in connection with the explosion after it was determined that any resulting prosecution attempts would violate the United States' Freedom of Religion Act.

118 FREEWAY RE-NAMED FOR RONALD REAGAN

SACRAMENTO, CA—The California State Senate voted 38 to 0 to rename the Simi Valley-San Fernando Valley Freeway (California 118), the *Ronald Reagan Freeway* in honor of the former President from California.

Co-authors of the resolution, State Sen. Cathie Wright (R-Simi Valley) and Senate President Pro Tem Bill Lockyer (D-Hayward), had urged approval of the action mainly because the freeway leads to the Ronald Reagan Presidential Library in Simi Valley.

Unfortunately, neither Wright nor Lockyer were on hand for the official re-christening, as each became confused, disoriented and, finally, utterly lost enroute to the ceremony in Simi Valley. Search efforts continue for the missing politicos.

FEATURE STORIES
THE NATION

WASHINGTON D.C.—In the campaign leading to the Republican rout of the Democrat-held Senate and Congress, Speaker of the House and presidential maybe Newt Gingrich offered a solution to the problem of illegitimate children born into impoverished homes: An orphanage system a la MGM's 1938 production, *Boy's Town*, starring Mickey Rooney, and with Spencer Tracy as Father Flannigan. Later, Speaker Gingrich made another reference to Hollywood fare when he suggested owners and players find an answer to the Major League Baseball strike in the movie, *Field of Dreams*. Now it seems that a great deal of the Republican Party's political agenda is written on celluloid.

In a recent speech detailing the G.O.P.'s Contract with America,

ON THE JOB

Some Tips for Making the Journey from the Closet an Easier One

Despite a growing acceptance of the homosexual lifestyle, some gays and lesbians are still uncomfortable revealing their sexual orientation to co-workers. Here are some suggestions to help create a congenial atmosphere conducive to their "coming out":

- Treat everyone in the office as you would a homosexual.
- Come on to the partner of a homosexual colleague just as you would a coworker's heterosexual mate.
- Avoid disparaging nomenclature such as "fag," "dyke," "log-jam," and "clam-digger." Instead, use the politically correct terms, "anal-capable," and "coitally-challenged."
- In the presence of inveterate gay colleagues whose flatulence has unrestricted passage to the office environment, step forward now and then and take responsibility for the offense.
- Offer to exchange body fluids with homosexual co-workers to show others their fear of AIDS is irrational.
- Do not wager to "cure" attractive lesbian co-workers after "just one night alone together." Instead, politely ask if you can watch.

Research information compiled by the Feeling Americans Group and the Really, Really Good Friends of Barney Frank.

HEALTH TIP

ELDERLY AT RISK
Seven Warning Signs:

1. Loss of appetite
2. Lengthy period of inactivity
3. Absence of sensation
4. Rampant, unchecked bacterial and fungal growth
5. Decreased muscle tone
6. Annoying presence of such pests as ants, worms, and pill bugs
7. Pervasive stench

If many or all of these warning signs persist, doctors recommend you contact a coroner as soon as possible.

Gingrich elaborated on the expanded role of cinema in shaping Republican policy. Following are a few of the American problems sure to be hot topics of the 1996 presidential campaign, along with their corresponding movie-solutions according to Mr. Gingrich:

PROBLEM: GANGS
SOLUTION: THE LITTLE RASCALS

COMMENTS: "If you look at the Our Gang classics, the first thing you'll notice is that the kids might be a little rambunctious, but they're not involved with drugs or any major criminal activity. We can learn a lesson from them: Our gangs of today do not need or want any more liberal-spending, preventative social programs. They just need something to keep them busy. Something fun. I will propose to Congress that we require each of these dangerous gangs, like those Bloods and Crips and what have you, to compete in soap box derbies, radio talent shows, and clubhouse productions of Shakespearean plays. In addition, each gang will be supplied a donkey named 'Algebra' which can be used to launch various capital ventures such as fun rides for the other neighborhood kids at 5¢ a trot."

PROBLEM: CRIME
SOLUTION: A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

COMMENTS: "I didn't particularly enjoy this movie, basically because I can't figure out what the hell it is about. But one thing I do know is that that Ludovico Technique worked just fine until some liberals screwed up everything and put that hoodlum, 'little Alex,' back on the streets with his criminal capacities fully restored. It reminds you a little of Dukakis and Willie Horton, doesn't it? Anyway, this time around, the G.O.P. will do things right. We've already got our scientists—ex-defense industry technicians layed off by you-know-who, along with some German guys we made a deal with after WWII—working round-the-clock to perfect this Ludovico thing. And when we do, those criminals will be like your true Christians, ready to turn their other cheeks, ready to be crucified rather than to crucify, sick to the stomach at the very thought of even harming a fly. *Rehabilitation! Rejoicing before the Angels of God!*"

PROBLEM: ILLEGAL IMMIGRATION
SOLUTION: LIFEBOAT

COMMENTS: "This is a stretch, but I'm convinced it can work—Alfred Hitchcock was a Republican, you know! Anyway, the concept is simple: There's this lifeboat that can only hold so many people, and too many people—including some undesirables—are in it already, because the alternative is death by drowning, or by shark even! Well, *somebody* has to go, and go they do. *Plop!*—right in the drink. The only problem we might have is getting all those illegal immigrants, who are naturally afraid of sharks, and who are perfectly comfortable cramming scores of themselves into cars, houses, and laundromats, out of a tiny lifeboat in the middle of the ocean."

PROBLEM: WELFARE MOTHERS, THE POOR, MINORITIES, THE FRENCH, LIBERALS, HILLARY, THE DUTCH—IN SHORT, EVERYONE EXCEPT WELL-HEELED WHITE REPUBLICAN MALES (EXCEPT FOR *HOMOS* WITH WHOM WE'LL DEAL LATER BECAUSE PEOPLE WOULD TALK IF WE WERE TO SUGGEST EATING *THEM*, FOR GOD'S SAKE.
SOLUTION: SOYLENT GREEN

COMMENTS: "Not bad, once you get used to it. 'Tastes like chicken."

LUDOVICO TECHNIQUE
ALREADY IN USE

Mildred Perogi describes Newt Gingrich's improved Ludovico Technique—

"Oh, I was given vitamin shots for a week straight, and then what happened was that my gulliver was tied to a head-rest to keep it still and make me viddy the movies they showed me. It was all crazy to me but I let them just do it—it was that or 75 years to life! They put clamps on my skin, so that my glazz-lids were pulled up and I couldn't shut my glazzies no matter how much I tried to. They put a thing on my stomach and one on my heart, with wires running out of them. Then Your Humble Narrator and Friend was alone in the dark and the show started with an old man coming down the street, when two malchicks dressed like those rappers on TV started to beat him, crack crack, crack. I could slooshy his screaming and moaning very realistically. The hoodlums ran off, and then there was a close-up of this beaten-up old veck, all bloodied.

"Then I knew I had to throw up, so I screamed:

" 'I want to be sick. Please let me be sick. Please bring something for me to be sick into.' But this Newt Gingrich called back:

" 'It's only your imagination. There's nothing to worry about. Next film!'

"And after the nurse put drops in

Seventy-eight-year-old Mildred Perogi of McKeesport, PA opted for Newt Gingrich's Ludovico Technique rather than the long jail sentence of a habitual criminal, after being convicted of cheating at bingo for a third time.

my glazzies to keep them moist I was forced to watch a horrible lomtick of film about torture. It was WWII, and there were soldiers being nailed to trees and burned and having their...yarbles...cut off by you-know-who, and I even viddied a soldier's gulliver cut off with a sword, and then with his gulliver rolling around and the rot and glazzies looking still alive, the body of this soldier ran around, krovvying like a faucet out of the neck, and then it fell, and all the time there was very loud laughter from you-know-who. My stomach and gulliver hurt terribly, and I was very thirsty, and all because of the movies. So I screamed:

" 'Stop the movie! Please stop it! I can't stand any more.' And then the voice of this Newt Gingrich said:

" 'Stop it? *Stop it*, you say? Why we've hardly started!'

"And then he laughed quite loudly. But that is all over with, and I fully endorse Newt Gingrich and his improved Ludovico Technique, for now, O my sisters, I am cured!"

INTERNATIONAL

MUSHROOM CLOUD STAMP TO BE REDESIGNED.

Atomic bombs hasten war's end, August 1945

The decision by the U.S. Postal Service to scrap plans to issue an atomic-bomb stamp in commemoration of the 50th Anniversary of the end of World War II comes on the heels of world reaction, and continuing friction between U.S. veterans groups and the Japanese government. The U.S. stamp features a mushroom cloud and the caption, *Atomic bombs hasten war's end, August 1945.*

The announcement in December of plans to produce the A-bomb stamp sent foreign nations clamoring to close what is perceived to be an impending atomic bomb stamp gap. Signatories to the Anti-Nuclear Proliferation Treaty expressed deep concern about the prospect of an atomic bomb stamp race, and United Nations Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali called upon the postal superpowers to renounce first-strike policy at a recent meeting of the U.N. Security Council. The Russian Ambassador balked at the request, however, demanding the U.S. first answer questions about reports quoting ex-president Reagan calling on Pres. Clinton to hear his proposal for a "Star Wars-style, airmail A-bomb stamp."

Secretary of Defense Warren Christopher, discussing the grim situation with reporters at a White House press conference, indicated that among his chief concerns were questions of who would control the A-Bomb stamps in the fractured former Soviet Union; indications that Iraq, despite sanctions, is employing French engineers who specialize in postal technology; the recent seizure in the Strait of Hormuz of a freighter bound for Iraq with an itinerary of chemicals which, experts say, could be used in stamp production; and the refusal of Kim Jong Il's North Korean government to allow UN inspectors inside its two most secretive post offices.

Christopher refused to comment on speculation that Israel has possessed the A-bomb stamp for some time, a possibility which has neighboring Arab states angered. But he did downplay the Iraqi threat stating, "Iraq does not possess an adequate delivery system to pose any immediate danger to the Middle East." Nevertheless, nervous Kuwaitis have already requested U.S. assistance to thwart the possibility of an Iraqi SCUD-stamp attack.

Meanwhile, a growing victim-sentiment in Japan is pressuring the government there to ask the U.S. to apologize for dropping atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and Japanese Foreign Ministry officials have threatened diplomatic action if the mushroom cloud design of the stamp is not changed. That demand has U.S. veterans groups angered, particularly in light of Japan's own plans to issue WWII commemorative stamps of questionable design.

Proposed Japanese stamp designs receiving strong criticism are: a "Rape of Nanking" stamp with the caption, *It never happened, December 1937*; a "Pearl Harbor" stamp with the caption, *Enterprising Japanese businessmen create scrap source for future automobile industry, December, 1941*; a "Bataan Death March" stamp with the caption, *Western footwear proves inferior, April 1942*; and a "Biological Experiment" stamp with the caption, *They were only Chinese.* Reaction to the "Comfort Lady" stamp which features a fetching, young Korean girl, is mixed, however, despite the caption, *They are not even human, 1935-1946.*

The call for a design to replace that of the mushroom cloud has prompted the Postal Service to develop several prototypes for U.S. and Japanese government review.

Asparagus cloud design

Cabbage cloud design

Lucy cloud design

Broccoli cloud design

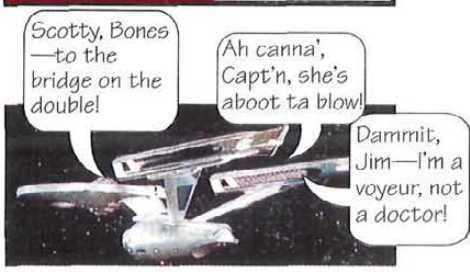
ENTERTAINMENT

HOLLYWOOD—Fans of Captain James Tiberius Kirk and the rest of the original cast of Star Trek were elated by the announcement of plans by DreamWorks studios to produce a sequence of twenty-three movies, each starring one of the actors from the original TV show.

Captain Kirk, whose fate in *Generations* was consigned to the "Nexus," will be delivered alive and well in the first offering of the series, *The Search for Kirk*. Following in yearly succession will be the titles, *The Doctor is Out*; *The Search for Bones*; *Look Who's not Coming to the Mess Deck*; *The Search for Uhura*; *Beam Me up, Scotty...Scotty?!!!*; *The Search for Scotty*; *Where the Hell is Sulu?*; *The Search for Sulu*; *Don't Eat the Borsht*; *The Search for Chekov*; *Nurse Chapel was Here a Minute Ago*; and, *The Search for Nurse Chapel*.

The run of films is set to end in the year 2020 with *The Search for Crewman #5*—quite a while to wait, but well worth it for true fans of the original Crewman #5. DreamWorks studio spokesmen say Gene Roddenberry will be brought back to direct the series.

The many movies are justified, according to studio executives, by the immense popularity of the original Star Trek TV series, which they attribute to thought-provoking themes, and cameo appearances by famous actors, as well as unknowns who would later achieve stardom.



STAR TREK TIMELINE

Trivia: O.J. Simpson trial judge Lance Ito played the "original Sulu" in pilot episode before being replaced by George Takei.

1964

Solar Storm—Herschel Bernardi (TV's "Arnie") guest stars as a defrosted 20th century despot who invades a tiny outpost in the Neutral Zone—*and gets his sandy ass kicked all the way back to Rigel 7!*

1965.3

Most popular episode of all time: *The Trouble with Muffs*—Renegade pubes from the Mons Venus sector terrorize clean shaven female crewmembers of the Enterprise whose skimpy uniforms suddenly look "really gross."

1965.5

The Proposition—Illegal aliens are smuggled into Federation space inside giant killer snails. Spock's mind-meld with the creatures traces the operation to a French group, but not before TV's first-ever sliming.

1965.8

POPE

NEW YORK—Pope John Paul II was named TIME magazine's 1994 Man of the Year. The honor caps a year of unprecedented "Pope-ularity" for the Pontiff, one which saw him produce a best-selling book and an album recently gone gold.

Having just completed a whirlwind tour of Southeast Asian countries, the Pope has no plans to slow down in '95. On tap for the busy Bishop of Rome is an April trip to the Whitehouse where he will present Pres. Clinton with a Pope warm-up jacket, followed by a rap video recording session in New York to be produced by Spike Lee. Then it's off to California where filming begins in May for the Fox network's newest TV fare, *Pontiff, P.I.* The show stars John Paul as J.P. Pontiff, a private eye navigating the seedy streets and bilious back-alleys of the Third World in his high-tech, wisecracking Pope-Mobile, "Torquemada." Pope-watchers needn't worry about his stamina, however, as Fox has signed able actor Ed Asner to stand in for the Pope during the more strenuous scenes.

The Pope's character will be set apart from the competition by more than just his unique dress, which includes a three-foot high miter, as he solves the most difficult cases with the aid of divine revelation.

Sources at FOX have indicated the pilot episode, "Nasty Habit," airing in June, co-stars Sinead O'Conner as a nun with a fatal attraction to men of the cloth.

SIMPSON TRIAL UPDATE: HOE NOT O.J.'S

CALIFORNIA—Prosecution and defense traded blows during the long-awaited opening days of the O.J. Simpson trial, with neither side gaining a clear advantage. There were, however, many interesting developments in the case:

Judge Lance Ito finally revealed the contents of the mystery envelope purported to contain the incriminating hoe alledgedly purchased by Mr. Simpson from one Eliezer Leon on the day of the murders. The revelation turned anticlamactic, however, as several witness testified that the "Eliezer hoe" was not O.J.'s.

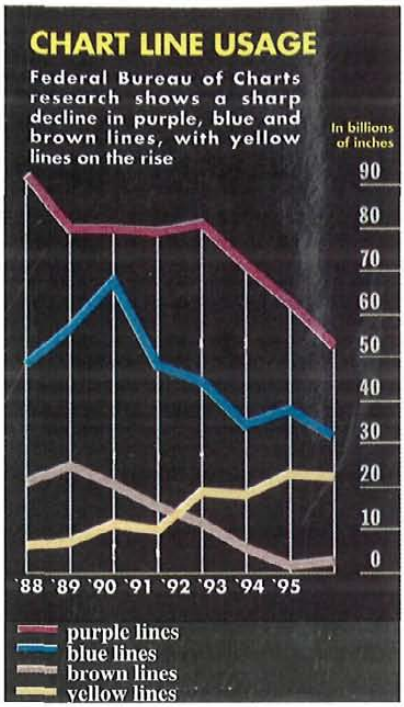
Typical of the compelling testimony was that of A.C. Cowlings, Simpson's close friend and fellow player, who declared on the witness stand, "I know O.J.'s hoe. I've plowed with O.J.'s hoe, and I've sowed my seed with O.J.'s hoe. That (the "Eliezer hoe") is not O.J.'s hoe!"

In a move that came as a surprise to some, the so-called Simpson defense "Dream Team" added yet another distinguished name to its ranks: Colin Ferguson will showcase his courtroom savvy alongside Johnny Cochran, F. Lee Bailey, Robert Shapiro, and that other guy.

Mr. Ferguson impressed many in losing his first case in which his client, Colin Ferguson, was found guilty of killing six persons and wounding nine on a Long Island subway. Since then, Colin Ferguson, acting attorney, has been flooded with offers of marriage and career opportunities, including a full scholarship to play basketball for Coach John Thompson's Georgetown Hoyas. He opted to join the Dream Team, however, noting the "fine line between mass murder and the practice of law."

Team leader Johnny Cochran told reporters, "I chose Mr. Ferguson for his remarkable ability to construct plausible counter-scenarios to the obvious."

Speaking from his jail cell, Mr. Ferguson offered his theory on the murders: "The same white man who



Cult following grows around pirated tapes of the episode, *Head*, which never airs after protests from women's groups. Impressive display of Spock's Vulcan plumbing.

No Man's Land—Man's man Capt. James T. Kirk beams down to asteroid Homos-3 and suffers a crippling case of the heebie-jeebies. Nurse Chapel resurrects his manhood.

The Car of Con—Ricardo Montalban is "Con," a trading post shyster cheating Enterprise crewmembers out of their hard-earned exchange units for some non-existent, bullshit substance called "Corinthian leather."

1967 1967.3 1967.5

took my gun on the subway and killed those folks, took the knife from a sleeping O.J. and committed the murders. Afterwards, the fake CIA O.J. led police on a chase to make the real O.J. look bad. I can prove it."

D.C.'s finest gain valuable experience in the correct deployment of the Matching Bloody Glove™ in real-life drama.

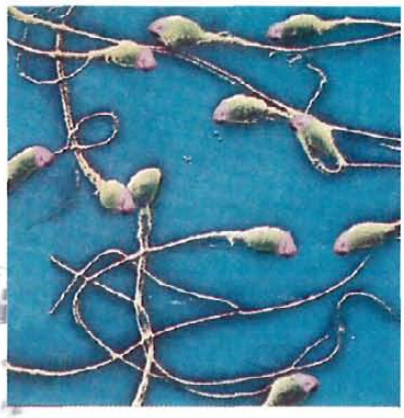
In a related story, police departments across the U.S.A. announced that, in addition to a service revolver, cuffs, club and pepper spray, all patrol officers will carry a standard issue, Matching Bloody Glove™ following the lead of the LAPD. The Matching Bloody Glove is expected to even the playing field for the nation's police in their uphill fight against crime, with many participating departments already reporting an increase in conviction rates.

SPERM "NOSE" THE WAY

MARYLAND— Researchers at Johns Hopkins University have verified recent observations of sperm in which the presence of tiny olfactory organs were reported for the first time.

Dr. Gyorgi Wilwerding, who published his findings in the New Scientist magazine, noted that sperm not only are in possession of the probosci, but that they are crucial to the successful fertilization of the egg.

Said Dr. Wilwerding, "Like minute bloodhounds, the sperm follow their sensitive noses to their quarry, and flush the egg into the open field before they move in for the kill. Experiments also show that a stronger scent trail invariably results in an increased pregnancy rate."



Fellow researcher Dr. Francine Schmenge, noting the Norwegians—whose diet is fish rich—are by far the world's most fertile couples, suggested that women forego costly fertilization procedures, and instead just get "really stinky."

Former champ Mike Tyson eyes Executive title

SPORTS

INDIANA—Former heavyweight boxing champ Mike Tyson has announced plans to resume his boxing career immediately after having served his prison time for rape.

Boxing promoter Don King confirmed the fight between Tyson and current President of the United States, William Clinton, will be held at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas on May 15.

The gauntlet was dropped when Tyson, watching a Whitehouse press conference on television in his cell, apparently heard the President admit he had "called Tyson Chicken several times at taxpayers' expense" while serving as Governor of Arkansas. Fellow inmates reported Tyson flew into a rage upon hearing the President's words, and shouted in a

Revenge*—Herschel Bernardi (TV's "Barney") guest stars as a sickening reptile who challenges Kirk to a fight for the Enterprise crew's sanity—*and gets his purple ass kicked all the way back to Rigel 7!

1968.7

***The Black Hole*—While beating the deep space blues in her own special way, the alluring Lt. Uhura is sucked into a black hole and mutates into an old, funky-lookin' broad.**

1969.0

Original episode title, *Too Many Pathetic, Asshole Aliens,* is rejected by network censors. Roddenberry capitulates, settling for *Too Many Pathetic, Rich White Assholes.* Said Roddenberry, "We're sorry if we offended any aliens."

1990

Commander in Chief checks chops for Chicken Fricassee

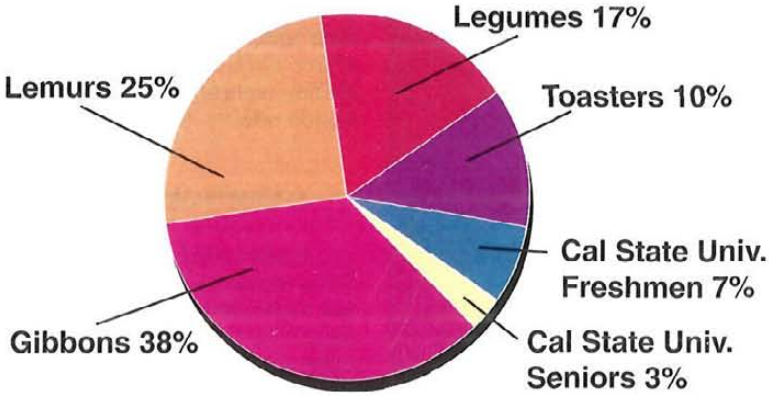
lispy-squealy voice, "Nobody calls Tyson chicken! I'm gonna make Clinton my girl friend! I'm gonna make him sit on my face with those big white thighs!"

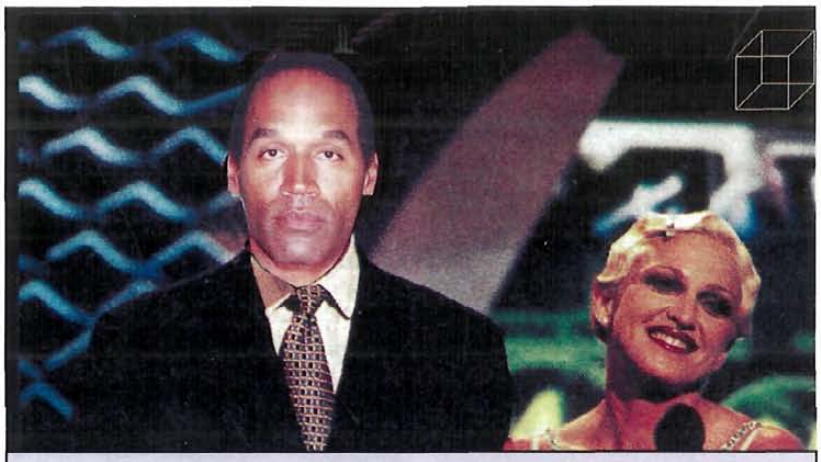
Not one to back down from a challenge, the President has already begun training at his Hope, Arkansas retreat where observers in the know have Clinton the odds on favorite in this fight, mainly because he has a superior trainer in Hillary Rodham Clinton who has been working with the President on his jab and left-hook.

Since it was learned that "The Great Whitewater Hope," as Clinton is being billed for the "Fricassee at the Palace," plans a George Foreman strategy for the fight, fast food franchise stocks have soared enough that Clinton's top economic advisor, Laura D'Andrea Tyson (no relation to boxer or chicken) has predicted a complete recovery for the U. S. economy.

The only question remaining to be answered about the scheduled fight is whether Mike Tyson would become Commander in Chief should he defeat the President. Promoter Don King maintains that Tyson will be afforded that title under the auspices of the WBF, but concedes his fighter will have to defeat current WBA and WBC champion Janet Reno in order to claim boxing's unified crown.

Who Understands Pie Charts?





CORECTIONS

As a matter of policy, The NATIONAL LAMPOON promptly corrects all errors of substance. If you wish to report an error or clarification of a news story, Fax the ombudsman at (714) 251-7011.

In the last issue of NATIONAL LAMPOON (kNOw your kNEWS) we mistakenly ran a picture depicting a butter churner in conjunction with a story about the mystery hoe allegedly purchased by O.J. Simpson. The hoe was reportedly purchased from one Eliezer Leon, Amish proprieter of Crazy Eliezer's House of Buggies and Manual Tillers in Scranton, PA.

Above is the correct hoe photo, with our apologies to Mr. Leon and our readers.

The Pie-Eyed Piper—Capt.Picard travels back in time and, disguised as a Doobie Brother, tries to avert political disaster by tempting a dopey yokel with a career in music. He fails, and the rest, as they say, is history.

1992

When Time Goes too Damn Slow—A time warp mishap finds the crew on 20th century Earth, their metabolisms at 1000 times normal rate. Invisible to Earthlings, they witness a double murder and must show jurors the truth. But the trial just goes too damn slow, and the ship must catapult back into the future to avert cancellation of the show for lack of interest. Unknown actor Kato Kaelin cameos as a blithering idiot.

1994

One Pac Tu Many—Tupac Shakur guest stars as "Tupac Shakur," analien cut down to size by the toothy buttocks known as "Quark."

1995

cont. from p. 9

LETTERS...

Sirs:

While it is true that illegal immigrants provide cheap services it would be difficult to do without—like lawn care and affordable grapes—the fact remains that they breed like sporophytes, and do not pay the taxes necessary to support the social services they take advantage of here in the land of opportunity.

Californian voters passed Proposition 187 by an overwhelming margin, and the voters' will must be mandated.

Gov. Pete Wilson
Sacramento, CA

Sirs:

John Steinbeck write een *The Grapes of Wrath*, "Once California belonged to Mexico and its land to Mexicans; and a horde of tattered feverish Americans poured in. And such was their hunger for land that they took the land...and they guarded with guns the land they had stolen...Then, with time, the squatters were no longer squatters, but owners."

Overturn Prop 187, but don't stop there—return California to eets rightful owners!

Pres. Ernesto Zedillo
Mexico City, Mexico

Sirs:

We no make written language, but anscestors' stories say once California belong to Red Man; then heap bad-smell, hot-blood Spaniards come in. They hunger much for gold and hot chili peppers so take land and Red woman, and call papoose "Mexican"...and in few moons, stolen land become Mexico.

Uphold Prop 187, but no stop there—return North American Southwest to rightful owners!

Chief Tumbling Dice
Casino Mesa, CA

Sirs:

Ma-a-a-a-ah. Bleat (Red Man) Wheee-he-he-he-he. Bleat. (187)—Mmmmoooo, grunt!

the Mammals of the
Pleistocene
What is now California

Sirs:

Rrroarrr! Rrrrrowl (Mammals)! Rrrrr. (187)—RRRRRR!

the Dinosaurs
Banks of the Shallow Inland Sea
Pangaea

Sirs:

Bloop (Dinosaurs) ssssss ssss (187)!

the Sporophytes
Algal Mat
Primordial Soup

Sirs:

The Sporophytes' argument is cogent and compelling. I wholeheartedly support their efforts to restore rightful ownership of California to its indigenous inhabitants. A sporophytic California in our time!

Jimina Sweetleaf
UC Santa Cruz
Santa Cruz, CA

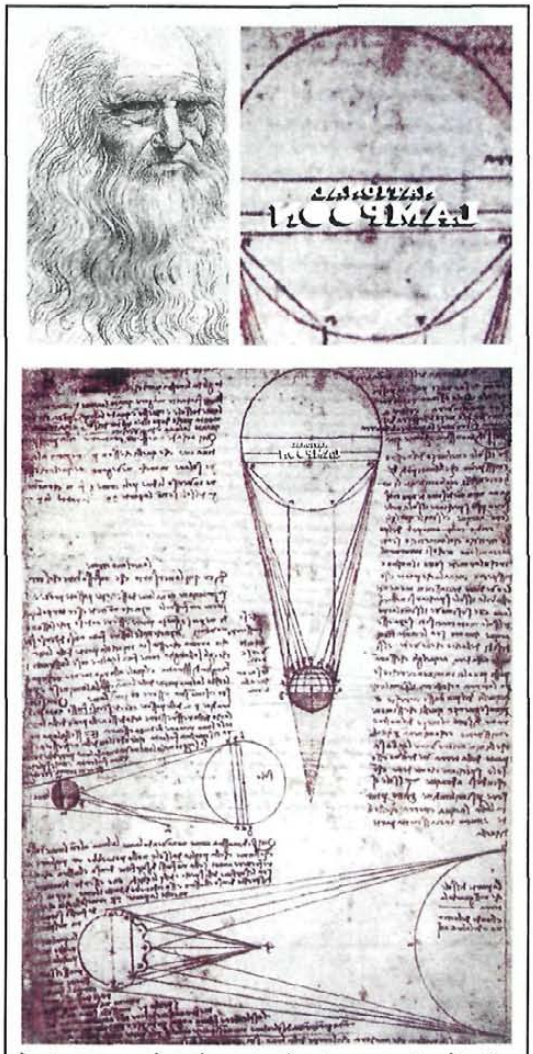
Sirs:

The preceding series of letters and arguments leads to the ridiculous conclusion that California should be turned over to the Sporophytes. While it is true that by-products of algae are components of many modern conveniences it would be difficult to do without—like paint and ice cream—the fact remains that they breed like illegal immigrants and do not pay the taxes necessary to support the social services they take advantage of here in the land of opportunity. Therefore I must assert that—Hey, what th'?—green, slimy stuff—it's—*Bloop-ssssss*.

Sirs:

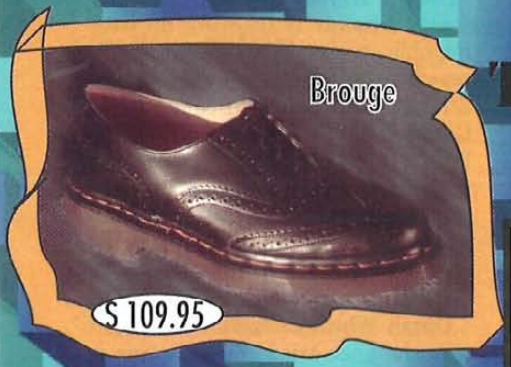
There goes the biosphere.

the Protozoans
One Rung Up
The Evolutionary Ladder



Da Vinci manuscript bearing plans for prototypical "AEROPLANE BAROMOOV Balloon" flying engine fetches record price from faithful reader Bill Gates.

DOC MARTENS SALE



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Gibson	Aztec CH	Brown	$110.00	$99.95*
Brougue	Black	Smooth	$135.00	$109.95

STEEL TOE

Style	Leather	Color	Regular	Sale Price
Steel Toe Gibson	Smooth	Black	$110	$89.95
Steel Toe Gibson	Smooth	Oxblood	$110	$89.95
Steel Toe 7-Eye	Smooth	Black	$120	$99.95
Steel Toe 7-Eye	Smooth	Oxblood	$120	$99.95
Steel Toe 10-Eye	Smooth	Black	$130	$109.95
Steel Toe 10-Eye	Smooth	Oxblood	$130	$109.95
Steel Toe 14-Eye	Smooth	Black	$145	$129.95
Steel Toe 14-Eye	Smooth	Oxblood	$145	$129.95

BOOTS

Style	Leather	Color	Regular	Sale Price
8-Eye	Smooth	Black	$120	$89.95*
8-Eye	Smooth	Oxblood	$120	$89.95
8-Eye	Grease	Black	$130	$99.95*
8-Eye	NU-Buck	Blue	$130	$99.95
10-Eye	Smooth	Black	$130	$99.95
10-Eye	Smooth	Oxblood	$130	$99.95
14-Eye	Smooth	Black	$140	$119.95
14-Eye	Smooth	Oxblood	$140	$119.95

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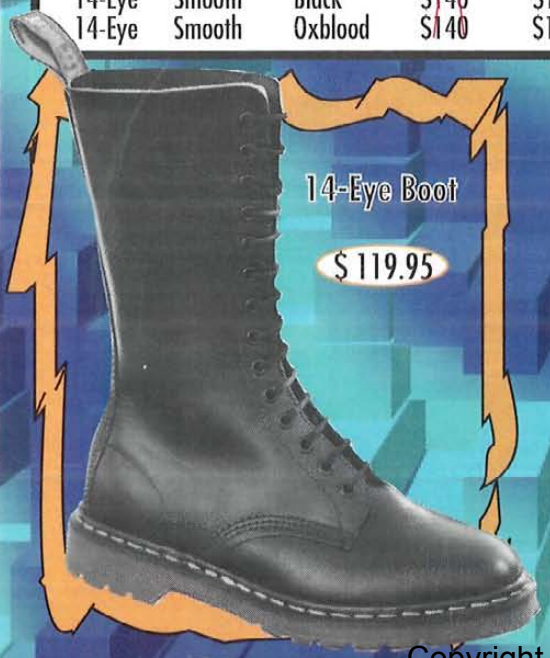
*Available up to size 16



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3. Returns must be made within 14 days
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			M W	
			M W	

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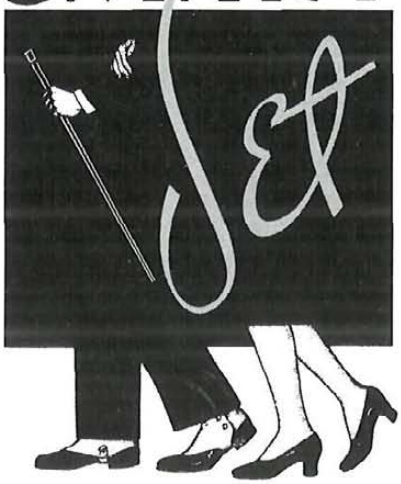
Hours: 10:00AM - 6:00PM (PST)

THE SMART SET



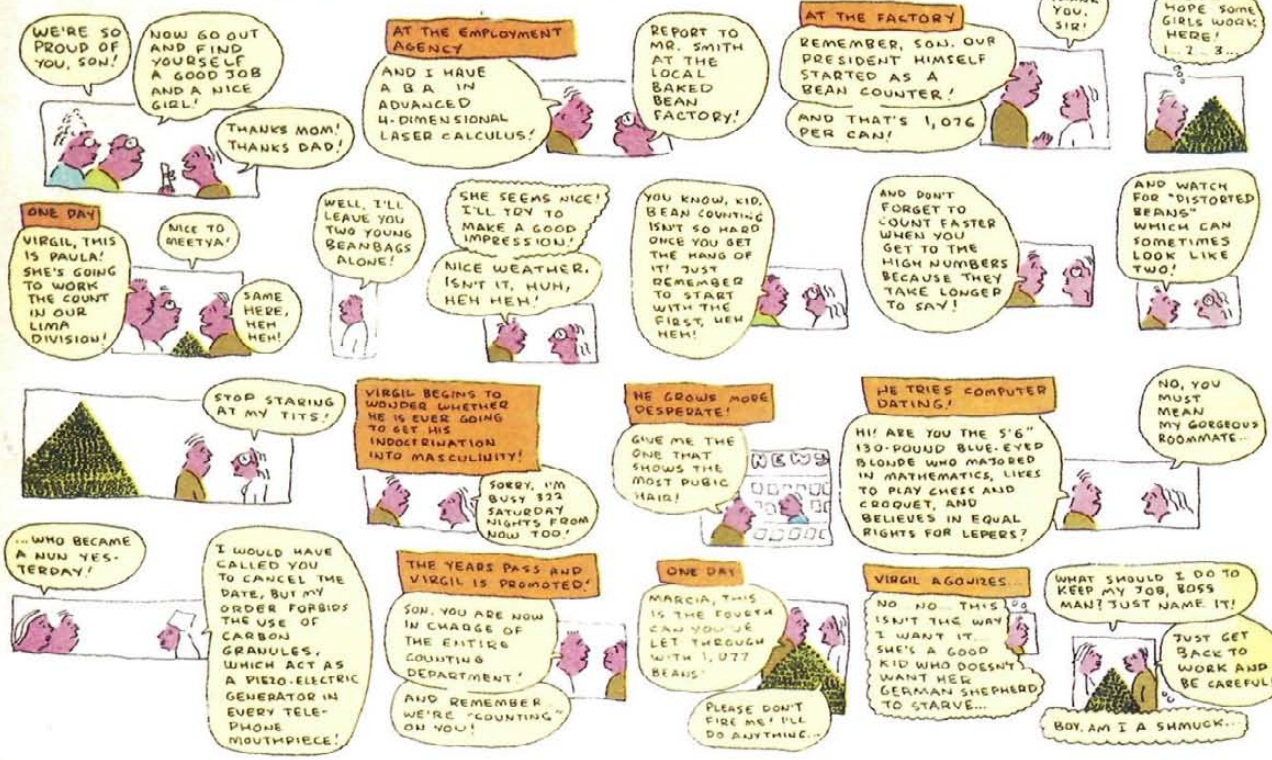
Franc Nunziata

Brad Pitt's lawsuit against a California-based penis pump producer is heating up. The manufacturer is sticking to its position that in order to gain six inches, the user must be equipped with at least two. Isn't that the pits! ...Superstar director **Quentin Tarantino** credits his knack for violence-driven humor to none other than his mother. "When I was young," says Quentin, "mom used to decapitate my playmates in the basement of our home. The beauty was that she did it under such bizarre circumstances, you just had to laugh. Guess it's in the genes." You bet it is Quentin! ...**Kathie Lee Gifford** has renewed her contract with Satan and will remain a viable force in the entertainment industry through 1996. ...First *Knight Rider*, now *Baywatch*. With a track record like that, the illiterate **David Hasselhoff** doesn't have to worry about being taken seriously. "In fact," says David, "some of my closest friends have trouble looking at me with a straight face."...Even **Tom Hanks** is sick of Gump-mania! "Any doubt that *Forrest Gump* was the most overrated movie of the decade will be erased when it sweeps the Golden Globe Awards next month," says Tom. ...Fans of **John Tesh** and **Connie Selleca** were shocked to learn that their marriage has yet to be consummated. "Our fabulous careers keep us so busy," says Connie, "that the best we can do is occasional phone sex or a really quick dry hump." That's too bad, Connie. ...A rock 'n' roll milestone was reached last month when **Eric Clapton** performed *Layla* for the one-millionth time in his career. Unfortunately, Clapton was in the shower and only his housekeeper, his dog and an unidentified midget were there to applaud. ...**Demi Moore**'s aptitude for appearing nude on magazine covers had reached epic proportions! Her next stint will be the cover of *Reader's Digest* in July. ...Rapper **Tupac Shakur** is teaming up with Republican members of Congress to repeal last year's assault weapon ban. Shakur and House Speaker **Newt Gingrich** will be taping a "Guns Are Fun" public service announcement in April. ...Actress **Heather Locklear** has returned to acting school to learn how to deliver lines and stay in character at the same time. It's tricky Heather, but you'll get the hang of it! ...**Oprah Winfrey**'s tearful revelation that she once tried crack-cocaine is nothing compared to her next confession. In a show to be aired next week, Oprah will admit to sitting through an entire episode of *Models, Inc.* ...Oprah will be seeking help from a pricey Hollywood shrink to overcome her problem. ...First **Michael Jackson** marries **Elvis**' daughter, then **George Plimpton** hosts *Married With Children*'s 200th episode special. Is there any end to life imitating THE SMART SET?

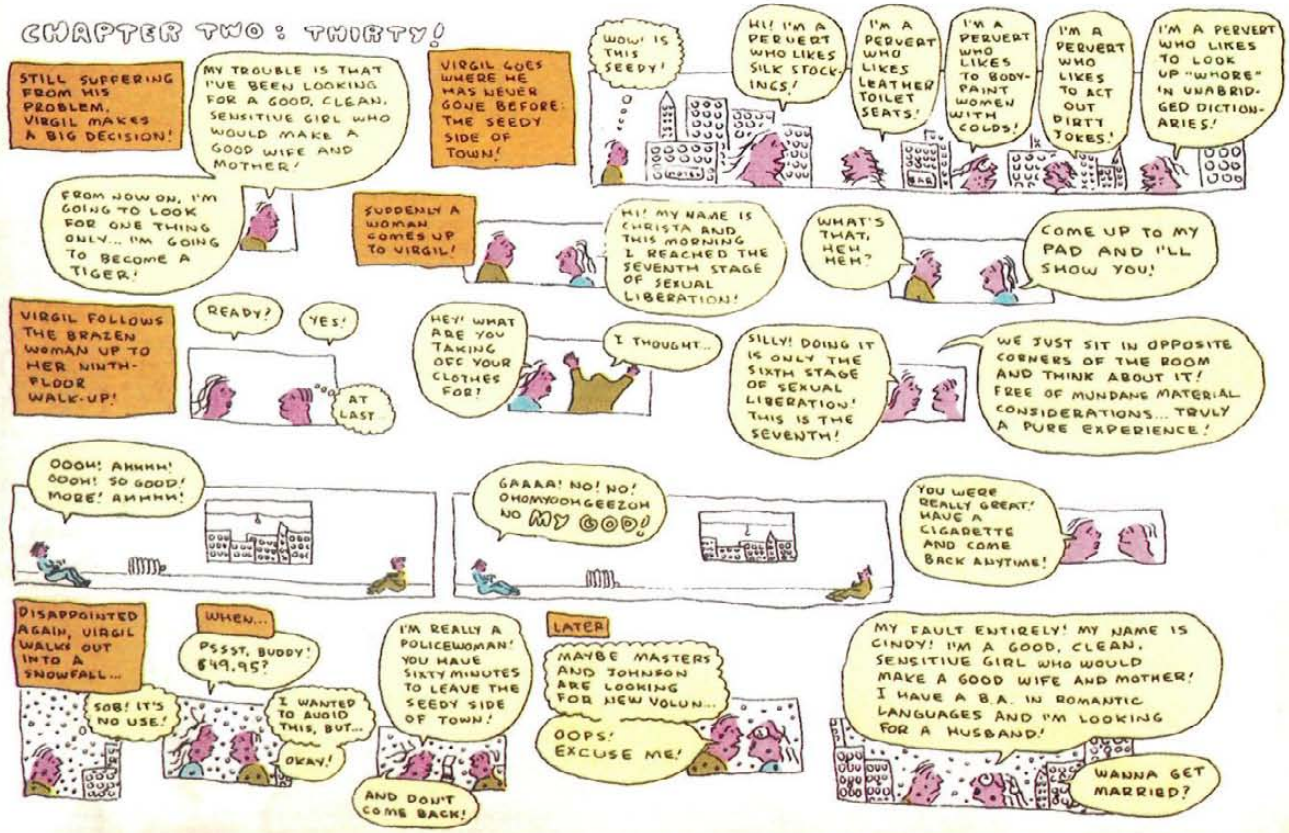
THE ADVENTURES OF VIRGIL VIRGIN!

A SEXUAL CASE HISTORY
by E. Subitzky

CHAPTER ONE: OUT OF COLLEGE!



CHAPTER TWO: THIRTY!



CHAPTER THREE: MIDDLE AGE!

VIRGIL IS NOW EARNING $35,000 A YEAR AS VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF BEAN CALCULATIONS!

HE HAS A HOUSE IN A FANCY SUBURB AND SIX KIDS!

AND THEN THE CESSPOOL EXPLODED...

HI DAD!

WHAT'D YOU BUY?

A NEW KIND OF HEADACHE POWDER WITH 6 ACTIVE INGREDIENTS...

THAT NIGHT

NOT NOW! I HAVE A HEADACHE!

TRY THIS! ON TV THEY SAY IT...

TV GIVES ME A HEADACHE!

TWO YEARS LATER

THAT'S 872 HEADACHES IN A ROW! SHOULDN'T YOU SEE A DOCTOR?

DOCTORS GIVE ME A HEADACHE!

AT THE JOB

VIRG, IS SOMETHING BOTHERING YOU? YOU MISCALCULATED THE BEAN/SYRUP RATIO AGAIN AND J.B. HIMSELF NOTICED!

I GUESS I AM A LITTLE TENSE LATELY!

THEN STOP OFF WITH ME ON THE WAY HOME!

A BAR? BUT...

BAR

NO BUTS! APRÈS VOUS!

VIRG, THIS IS MELISSA! MEL, MY BUDDY HERE IS A LITTLE TENSE!

POOR PUSSYCAT!

I'VE NEVER HAD A DRINK BEFORE! IT'S TASTY!

HAVE ANOTHER AND TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE BEAN BUSINESS!

...AND THEN I SAID TO HIM, "MAYBE YOU CAN SKIN A LIMA BEAN AUTOMATICALLY, BUT I CAN'T JUST FIRE 200 PEOPLE LIKE THAT!"

GOOD FOR YOU!

YOU KNOW, YOU REMIND ME OF MY NINTH EX-HUSBAND! HE WAS VERY SEXY!

AW, I'M STARTING TO BALD!

I... I'D BETTER GO NOW! MY WIFE WILL WORRY...

LATER

LOOK, HONEY, I PICKED UP A NEW SEX MANUAL ON THE WAY HOME FROM WORK!

IT WAS WRITTEN IN LAS VEGAS!

PRINTED MATTER GIVES ME A HEADACHE!

NEXT EVENING

AND HE REALLY WAS WILLING TO VENTILATE THE ENTIRE CHILI SECTION?

MEL, YOU'RE REALLY QUITE A LISTENER!

VIRG

I BETTER GO...

LATER

THE KIDS ARE ASLEEP! WANNA SEE SOME PORNOGRAPHIC HOME MOVIES?

SUPER-8MM GIVES ME A HEADACHE!

NEXT EVENING

AND THEN I THREW THE BEANS AT HIM!

MY TWELFTH EX-HUSBAND WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME THING!

BUT I REALLY SHOULDN'T COME UP TO YOUR PLACE!

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD COMPANY!

MEET FRED, MY THIRTY-SEVENTH HUSBAND!

THAT'S JUST WHAT MY TWENTIETH EX-HUSBAND ONCE SAID!

NOW BEAT IT, BUDDY, BEFORE I CREAM YOU ONE GOOD!

LATER

ITSY-POO, WANNA HOLD HANDS?

NOT NOW! I HAVE A HEADACHE!

NEXT EVENING

CAN I WATCH YOU IRON YOUR PANTIES?

NOT NOW! I HAVE A HEADACHE!

NEXT EVENING

YOU'RE RUNNING AWAY WITH THE PLUMBER? BUT CAN'T WE DISCUSS IT?

NOT NOW. I HAVE A HEADACHE!

CHAPTER FOUR: RETIREMENT!

IT IS WRITTEN: "AN IDLE MIND IS THE DEVIL'S PLAYTHING." AND NO ONE KNOWS THIS BETTER THAN THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN PENSIONED OFF!

ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY, AFTER A LIFETIME OF SEXUAL FRUSTRATION, VIRGIL'S MIND FINALLY SNAPS!

GAA

HE BECOMES A DIRTY OLD MAN WANDERING THE CITY IN SEARCH OF EXCITEMENT!

COUGH! WHEEZE!

HE STANDS OUTSIDE THE RAILROAD STATION AND WATCHES PRETTY GIRLS GET IN AND OUT OF TAXICABS!

SNORT! COUGH!

AHHHH!

HE TAKES ADVANTAGE OF "GOLDEN AGE" DISCOUNTS TO X-RATED MOVIES!

NOW PLE "NOT HEAT QUE

HE RUBS AGAINST WOMEN IN CROWDED ELEVATORS!

?

GROWING MORE DESPERATE, HE PINCHES WOMEN ON THE BEHIND WHILE PRETENDING TO TIE HIS SHOELACE!

FINALLY, EVEN THESE DEGRADATIONS CAN SATISFY HIM NO LONGER! HE CRAVES MORE!

GRRR

HE EXPOSES HIMSELF ON THE SUBWAY!

GOD, THAT WAS GOOD!

NOW A HARD-CORE "FLASH" ADDICT, HE DOES IT AGAIN AND AGAIN!

I THINK I'LL TRY A BIG BLONDE TODAY!

IN A VARIATION, HE TRIES "MOONING" OUT A SKYSCRAPER WINDOW!

LOOK!

HE ACHIEVES WIDE NOTORIETY!

DAILY TOUTH

POLICE

THE PRICE OF EYESHADES IN THE CITY TRIPLES AS GOOD WOMEN RUSH TO BUY THEM!

3 FOR $6.95

BUT EVEN THIS ISN'T ENOUGH FOR POOR VIRGIL!

CENTENNIAL BIG PARADE TOMORROW

HMMM...

IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT, VIRGIL SNEAKS ABOARD THE PARADE'S TALLEST FLOAT!

THE NEXT DAY, MILLIONS TURN OUT TO SEE THE BIG PARADE!

IS IT MY IMAGINATION, HARRY, OR DO THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN SEEM TO BE FAINTING IN THE PATH BEHIND US?

MUST BE THE HEAT!

FINALLY THE F.B.I. RUSHES IN!

...AND ANYTHING YOU DON'T SAY WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU ALSO!

VIRGIL IS TOSSED INTO THE NOTORIOUS "PERVERT ISLAND" PRISON WITHOUT BAIL!

HE IS CONVICTED BY A JURY OF TWELVE HOUSEWIVES!

GUILTY... AND NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT EITHER!

THE JUDGE REMANDS HIM TO A CRUEL FATE!

I SENTENCE YOU TO FIVE YEARS OF ATTENDING SENIOR CITIZEN "MAKE A FRIEND" LUNCHEONS!

GAAA...

WANNA SEE A 3-D HOLOGRAM OF MY GRANDCHILDREN?

WANNA HEAR A STEREO CASSETTE RECORDING OF MY GRANDCHILDREN?

WANNA SEE A SET OF PLASTIC MODELS OF MY GRANDCHILDREN?

WANNA SEE LIFESIZE WAX MODELS OF MINE?

WANNA SEE FORTY-FOOT WEATHER BALOONS SHAPED LIKE MY GRANDCHILDREN?

THE END

PLAYING PIMP TO THE STARS

by Industrial Grade Willie

WIRE YOURSELF INTO THE AMERICA ON-LINE PERSONALS AND YOU'LL BE GUARANTEED TO FIND FRESH AND LIVELY YOUNG SINGLE PEOPLE WHO SEEK COMPANIONSHIP. YOU'LL ALSO FIND A LOT OF WEIRDOS. WE WANTED TO REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOME OF THESE PEOPLE SO, USING THE SCREEN ALIAS "AGENTLA," WE ANSWERED A FEW OF THESE ADS AND TRIED TO SET UP DATES FOR SOME OF OUR FAVORITE CAST MEMBERS OF "MELROSE PLACE," UTILIZING OUR OWN E-MAIL RETURN ADDRESSES.

AD
Subj: phone love
94-10-19 21:08:53 EST
From: RSHD

I m an intelligent, *libidinous man looking for* a sexy woman who shares my passion for phone passion. I m safe and effective! And this could lead to a torrid rendezvous. Please e-mail me if you can be as honest as I am about this exciting idea.

Date: Sat, Dec 10, 1994
5:03 PM EST
From: AgentLA
Subj: Personal Ad
To: RSHD

Dear RSHD,

I am writing in regard to a dear friend of mine who shares a similar passion for phone sex. Daphne is a professional actress currently starring on a popular FOX television series. She in her thirties. It would be inappropriate for me to disclose her identity at this time, but I m sure you will find her sultry voice to harmonize well with her theater trained diction and naughty vocabulary. Because of Daphne s demanding schedule, she has asked me to seek out a DISCREET male for regularly scheduled phone sessions.

I have showed Daphne your ad, and she has expressed interest, but requested three conditions that you must be prepared to meet:

1. Daphne will call YOU. For obvious reasons, I cannot disclose her own personal number. I can assure you in all sincerity that she will not abuse the privileges of having your personal number. Daphne is only interested in good, safe, steamy phone passion, not immature games.

2. Eventually, she will need a photo. In order for her to feel totally relaxed and uninhibited, she will need to visualize who she is talking to.

3. *YOU MUST KEEP THIS CONFIDENTIAL*. If Daphne feels skeptical in any way about your maturity in this matter, she will not continue.

If you are interested, and can be discreet, please send Daphne a brief message illustrating your educational background, and a cogent argument stating why you would be perfect for this position. E-Mail Response to: DaphneFo

Date: Sat, Dec 10, 1994
10:45 PM EST
From: RSHD
Subj: Reply
To: DaphneFox

I ve received an e-letter from AgentLA■ telling me of your interest in passionate phone love.

I m Executive Producer of a show on FOX, so we already have a lot in common. I have a smooth, expressive voice, and, because I m a writer, a vivid and articulate imagination. I also am cursed with an outstanding libido...sometimes I can t seem to get enough! And one of my favorite ways to express myself sexually is through talking and listening (If you ever should see my picture or me in person, by the way, I m told I m very cute).

I m very interested in speaking with you, and I understand your conditions. However, I have a few conditions of my own! Please consider the following:

1. If knowing my true identity (including a picture) is essential to our liaison, I must know yours as well.

Let me explain: I believe we both have just as much to be discreet about. Neither AgentLA nor you have profiles on AOL. I *know nothing about you*, nor do I have proof that you re who AgentLA says you are. I m happy to share my identity, et al with you....but we have to chat first and get to know one another, including names, etc. If you want to keep the whole thing anonymous, no real names, no pictures, no factual discussion, that s a different story; we can do that instead. Let me know.

2. I eventually would want to be able to call you too.

I understand your reluctance to give out a number at first. But once we re comfortable with each other, I would need access to you in order to feel secure. I would never abuse this privilege!

3. You must write me back personally on AOL.

Explanation: I appreciate AgentLA s liaison. But from this point on, I

would need Ñ and would love! Ñ to hear directly from YOU.

I hope to hear back from you very soon. The prospect is very exciting...intellectually, emotionally and physically...

HARD to forget you...

Date: Sat, Dec 10, 1994
10:48 PM EST
From: RSHD
Subj: Reply
To: DaphneFox

I forgot. You wanted educational background. I went to Columbia undergrad and then studied film at NYU Graduate School.

Date: Mon., Dec 12, 1994
10:04AM EST
From: DaphneFox
Subj: Reply
To: RSHD

DEAR RSHD:

I don t think we should continue corresponding. I did not expect to get a response from someone so close (we could be passing each other on the lot; we might even work for the same show, although from your description I don t think so). Nevertheless, this is highly risky for both of us, and I suggest we go our separate ways with a friendly smile. :)

Date: Mon., Dec 12, 1994
5:45 PM EST
From: RSHD
Subj: Reply
To: DaphneFox

I think that you re making a hasty decision. After all, because we are both sensitive to the risky nature of our endeavor, we both will be more careful. We both have something to lose. And if it matters, I m not involved at all with MP, I produce

Date: Tues., Dec 13, 1994
11:45 PM EST
From: DaphneFax
Subj: Reply
To: RSHD

I really wish you had not told me where you work. If you ever see me on the lot or elsewhere, please do not make eye contact or acknowledge me in any way, shape or form, as I am already embarrassed enough as it is.

End of correspondence

AD
Subj: Cruise-Priv.Yacht
94-10-29 14:45:53 EST
From: CaptMg

Taking apps. for SF 21-35 companion for retired Male (under 50) Yacht Owner for World Cruise 1-x years). Min. 6months, expenses paid. E-mail for more info.

Date: Sat., Dec. 10, 1994
1:14 PM EST
From: AgentLa
Subj: Cruise-Priv.Yacht
To: CaptnMG

Dear Capt:

If you don t believe there is such a thing as kismet, you certainly will after you meet my dear friend Laura.

Laura is currently working as an actress on a popular weekly FOX television show. Because of the pressure, and lack of privacy in both her professional, and personal life, she in seriously considering taking a season off from the show and gaining character building experience, both with the world, and with older gentlemen.

Laura is a 31 year old well-proportioned woman with fiery red hair and the kind of traditional Celtic beauty that Dylan Thomas wrote poems about.

I m sure you will find her her to be articulate and pragmatic as well as imaginative and candidly frisky.

Laura s only concern in this matter is her slight build, which she feels may be a hindrance in regard to some of the more physical tasks involved in such a venture (IE: hoisting masts, tying knots, etc...) I told her that there would most likely be other more qualified people tending to these matters, thus making this problem purely academic, but she just shrugged and stressed the importance of carrying her own weight■. That s the kind of girl Laura is.

If you are interested in further contact with Laura, please contact her directly via, E-Mail: Sidney1

Date: Sun., Dec. 11, 1994
3:41 PM EST
From: CaptnMG
Subject: Cruise/Private Yacht
To: Sidney1

I appreciate your interest, and though your offer is tempting, the position has already been filled.

End of Correspondence.

AD
Subj: BM ISO WF
94-11-20 02:22:12 EST
From: THUNDER364

HELLO. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO GET TO KNOW ABOUT BROTHERS GIVE ME A CHANCE. I WILL LIKE TO MEET YOU.

Date: Sun., Dec. 11, 1994
9:45 PM EST
FROM: Agentla
Subject: Brothers
TO: THUNDER364

Dear Thunder,

I am writing in regard to my friend Courtney. She is currently busy with her role on a weekly Fox television show, but asked me to scan the On Line personals for her. I showed her your ad and she found it to be raw and brusque, yet oddly satisfying.■

Courtney has always been interested in meeting a person of color, but has never had the time. She is 5 9■ with blonde hair and

a strapping, shapely figure that can only be described as one hundred and ten percent womanly. If you are interested in learning more about this white women, drop her an e-mail at: CourtneyTV

Date: 94-12-20 00:38:23 EST
From: THUNDER364
Subj: note
To: CourtneyTV

hello. i received a note from agentla who stated that if i would like to know more about you, to drop an e-mail . first, is this for real or just some joke? second , if you would like to chat , i'm willing. i will wait a couple of days to see if i hear from you . if things are really on the level i look forward to meeting someone new. i will check back by wed and see if you have replied. until then take care and sweet dreams until dawn, Sugar.

Date: 94-12-20 11:32 PM EST
From: CourtneyTV
Subj: note
To: THUNDER364

Dear Thunder,

First of all, this is not a joke. If by calling me Sugar■ (as in white as sugar■ you are making a reference to my being white■, then I really resent that remark. I wanted to try this little experiment- to get to know more about brothers■,- in order to expand my horizons (I grew up in an all-white neighborhood). I entered this with an open mind and just wanted to experience some diversity and to find out more about brothers■ as you call them (although there are some black■ shows on Fox, they are on another part of the lot, and we don t go over there). But now you are bringing up the race thing by spewing racial epithets. This isn t about race, I wished you d understand that. So I m not really interested in that sort of thing.

End of Correspondence

AD
Subj: Gay/bi curious
94-11-13 23:30:19 EST
From: SUNLOVE659

Wondering about the other side of sex. Any input? Email please.

Date: 94-12-14 11:14 PM EST
From: AGENTLA
Subj: curious
To: SUNLOVE659

I m am writing in regard to my dear friend of mine who has asked me to contact sensitive persons such as yourself. Andy is a 28 year old successful actor who currently works on a popular television series. As of now, in would be inappropriate for me to disclose what his full name is, or what the show is, but if all goes well, it will be disclosed in time.

Before I describe him, let me clarify that Andy is NOT GAY. He is simply going through a curious stage. As of late, Andy has been exploring his feminine side and has expressed interest in discreetly meeting an intelligent, attractive male companion who is willing to exchanging political opinions, casual walks, long nautilus workouts, Joan Crawford films, and perhaps LIGHT physical contact.

Andy is 6 1■, robust, with chocolate brown hair, firm pectorals. His cherubic good looks are highlighted by his trademark lopsided smile that denotes just a hint of mischief. His hobbies include the theater, Volley ball, long walks, and playing soccer for charity.

Andy is a warm, compassionate male who has both loved and lost, endured and ensued through life s complexities, yet has never lost his gift for unhesitating, perfectly timed, ribald remarks.

Because of Andy s demanding career, he has difficulty meeting people and has decided to try the On Line personals. Because time is a factor, he has asked me to screen through the droves of ads and single out only those that fit his special wants and desires.

Andy s show is about to go on hiatus for three months, so I think this would be a perfect time for Andy and you to get to know one another. If you think you are interested AND SERIOUS, send Andy a detailed message, describing what your idea of an enchanted evening with him would be.

But please keep in mind, Andy is in search of a Companion■ not a Partner■. I am very protective of Andy, and would feel just terrible if he got hurt at the hands of my undertakings.

Happy Holidays.

Email him at: AShuel

Date: 94-12-15 11:32 PM EST
From: SUNLOVE659
Subj: curious
To: ASHUEL

Andy,

I recently got a message from someone who identified his/herself as AgentLA■. From what Agent LA told me, you have every right to be confused. Your true identity was never revealed, though I have my suspicions, and will be very pleased if those suspicions prove to be correct.

I think I can help you, Andy. If you are interested in casually meeting for regularly scheduled sessions■ that consist purely of interchanging ideas and opinions of what it is like to be a man in the 90 s, please E-Mail me back personally. I am more than willing to discreet-

ly, and sensitively, lend you a hand in sorting out your conflicting thoughts and desires.

Date: 94-12-16 5:94 PM EST
From: AHSUE1
Subj: curious
To: SUNLOVE

Sunlove,

I m very concerned that you say you have suspicions as to who I am. I just can t have people running around knowing who I am. It could be detrimental to my career. But I am very interested in continuing our conversations, interchange of ideas, etc. Therefore, if we are to continue our conversations, a few conditions must be met:

1. You are to never, I repeat, never even utter what you think my name is or give my e-mail address to anyone. And just to make sure, this address will be discarded after this message is sent
2. My new e-mail address will be ShoeBoy1. I will only receive messages at that address, and you should only send at maximum two messages per week. (all others will be discarded so use your allotment sparingly);
3. We shall only communicate via code. Other than ShoeBoy1, no letters of the alphabet shall be used in our written conversations. The letter of the alphabet desired shall be replaced with the corresponding number from 1 through 26. For example, dad■ would be 4-1-4. Punctuation shall be the same and sentences shall be separated by two spaces. This code will be used until a new one is devised.

Please write back.

TO: ShoeBoy1
FROM: SUNLOVE

Dear Andrew,

7-5-20 8-5-12-16.

AD
Subj: A Stinging Erotic Spanking 94-11-27 17:18:36 EST
From: FirmHandCA

Hi, are you shy confused, yet still obsessed? Traditionally normal in lifestyle, yet never able to abandon or fulfill those secret urges and hidden desires? When you are that naughty, mischievous little girl is there no one to understand? Do you need a trustworthy partner for that first all important step? I await to fulfill those yearnings. If you re a spoiled brat; well I have many remedies for you. Do you want to visit my classroom for some hands on instruction? There you will receive your just desserts, be it a delicious spanking or an erotic whipping. Perhaps to be tantalized just up to the point of release, only to have the whip strike again. To have that painful yet sensual treatment continue until the mere touch of my hand or the feel of my breath in just the right place sends you shuddering over the edge....

The thought of bringing your fantasies to life leaves you breathless. Sexual surrender, the bliss of submerging your mind and body into the sensual depths of submission to a power you feel you can trust completely is a journey unlike any other. Live out your fantasies beyond the confines of this board. I will be your guide and you will be safe in my arms.

I want to develop a relationship with a woman like you who is into being erotically spanked and (or) dominated. I am 28, 5 9■, 160 pounds of lean muscle, (weight training, cycling, etc.) brown hair and eyes, attractive and educated. I live in L.A. CA. So come with me and venture beyond mere electronic delights.

Date: 94-12-15 836 PM EST
From: AGENTLA
Subj: spank
To: FIRMHANDCA

Let me begin my response by stating that I do not approve of the kind of sexual practices that you advocate. However, the person I am writing this letter for does have a shred of curiosity that she feels a need to explore.

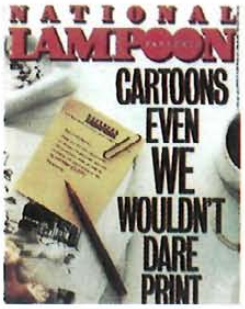
This friend that I speak of asked me to contact you and find out more about this potential experience. She is tall, blonde, and slim and is currently a star on a popular weekly Fox television program. Because of this, discrepancy must be assured. If you are available on weekday evenings, and are interested in knowing more, contact her at the following E-Mail address: JosieMP

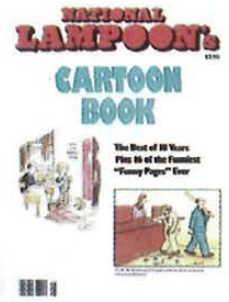
TO: JOSIEMP
FROM: FIRMHAND

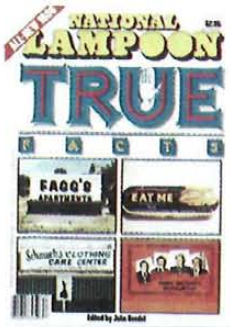
Date: 94-12-17 8:04 :34 EST
From: FIRMHANDCA
Subj: spank
To: JOSIEMP

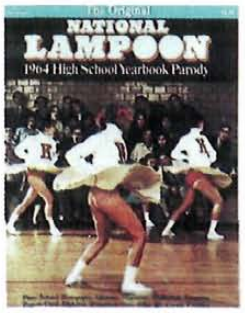
I am serious about what I do. I am not into games or playing around. I feel as though you are laughing at my expense. I do not like that.

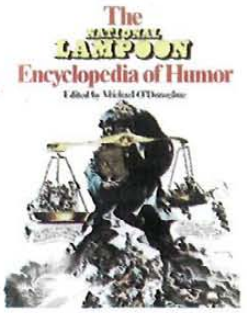
Please discontinue all future correspondence.

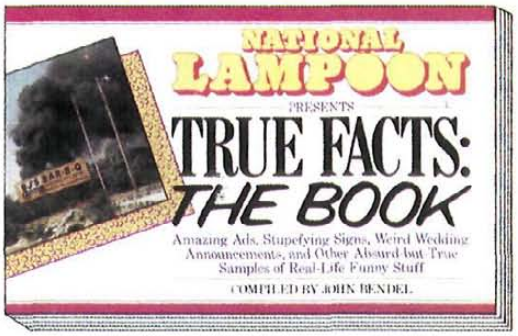


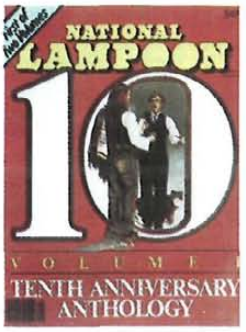












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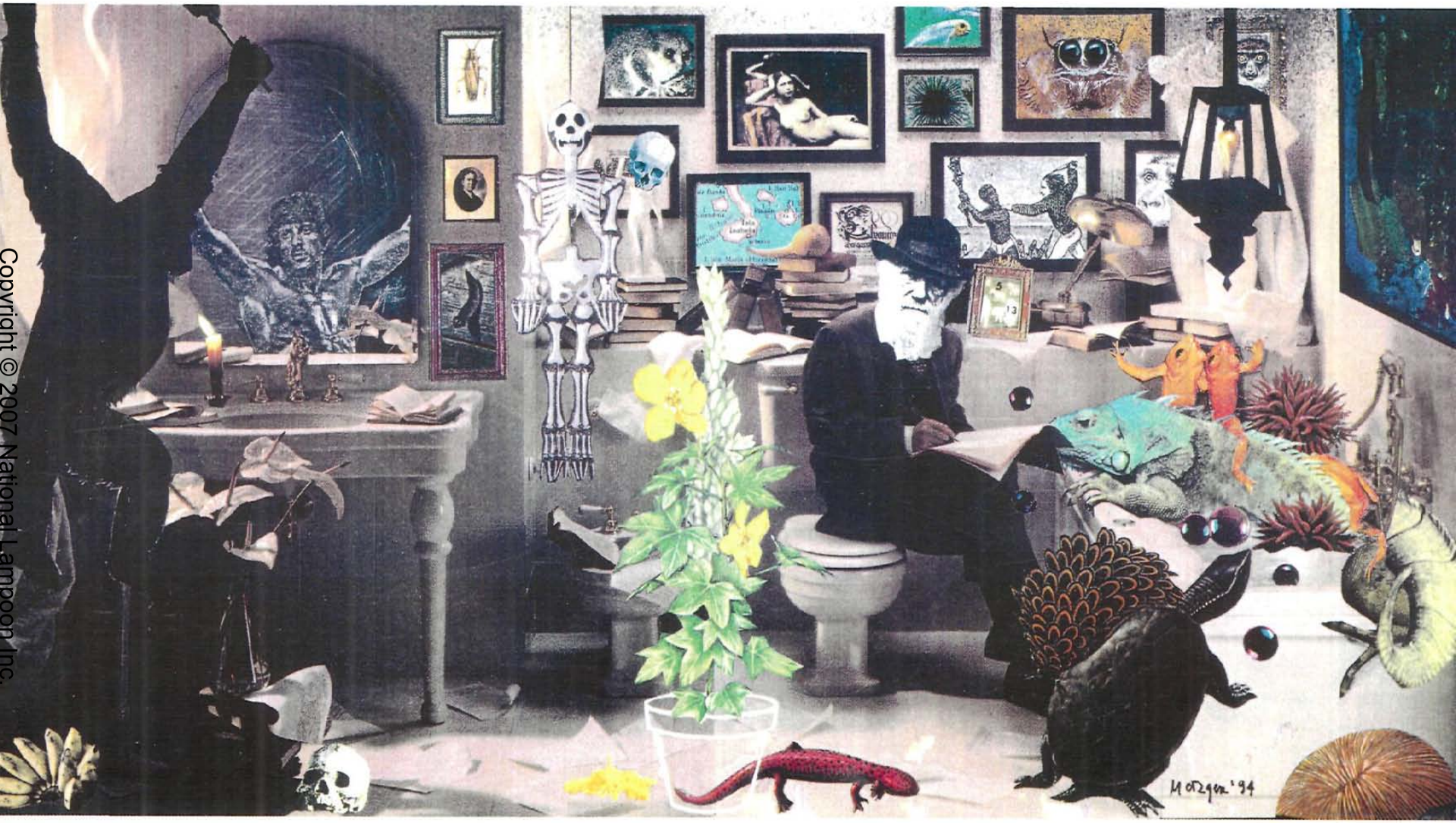


Original collages by Mike Metzler ©1995

Charles Darwen in the Bathroom

White Boy Dozens

Sure-fire Snaps, Caps, and Serious Insults for Playing the Dozens

Your mother is so old that she collects social security on a monthly basis.

Your mother is so old that she is yellow and cracked like the Declaration of Independence.

Your mother is so fat that in high school she had trouble getting dates.

Your sister is so stupid that she had difficulty with her SAT's.

Your mother is so dumb that she thinks Moby Dick was written by Charles Dickens.

Your mother is so poor that she bought a car and had to make payments on it.

If ugliness were bricks, then your mother would have quite a few of them.

Your father is so incompetent that he pays high malpractice insurance.

Your mother has so many venereal diseases that she frequently visits the medical center.

Your mother is so old that she can't drive in the carpool lane.

Your girlfriend is so slutty that she has sex with you on a daily basis.

You are so ugly that if ugliness were measured on a scale, you would be way off it, or at least near the end.

Your mother has so many yeast infections that she could assist in the making of various baked goods.

If stupidity were a shag carpet, then you would win the Nobel Peace Prize.

If feathers were guacamole, then you could fly.

You are so poor that you can't buy things that you need, much less want.

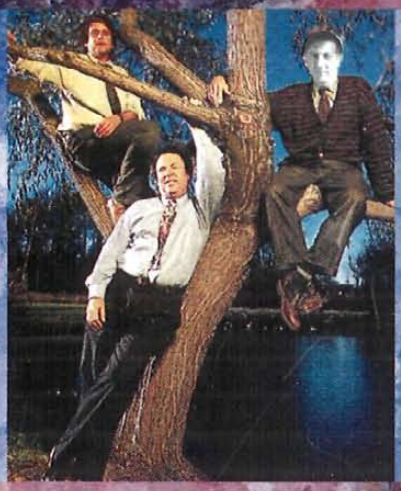
Your mother has so many chins that she can't button up her collar.

Your mother is so fat that has to shop at the "big and fat" store.

by David Garrett & Jason Ward

Reality Check

The Real Tree World



The idea was too delicious not to pursue: A six month experiment whereby individuals who wouldn't normally socialize with one another are forced to live together. In a tree. We could take pictures and record their interpersonal communication on a day-to-day basis, capturing every intimate moment.

THE FOLLOWING IS A DOCUMENT OF WHAT HAPPENS WHEN PEOPLE STOP BEING POLITE...AND START BEING REAL. IN A TREE.

We narrowed the aim of our search down to three candidly unique personality profiles, which were surely guaranteed to abrade each other's political and social nerves in a thought-provoking way.

1. A pragmatic, high-strung graduate student with a right-wing point of view.
2. An older, liberal, "wise-cracking" transient with a substance abuse problem.
3. An Academy-Award-winning character actor.

WANTED

Three outgoing "people persons" to take part in a cutting edge, six-month experiment studying the effects on behavior when subjects are forced to interact in confined conditions. Will live RENT FREE. Must not be afraid of heights. Apply in person.

With this in mind, we placed an ad in the Hollywood Reporter stating exactly what we were looking for:

The ad ran only once, but the response was overwhelming. After conducting hundreds of interviews, we managed to arrive at three perfect test subjects for our experiment.

1) Ted—a Pepperdine law student. Not only voted for Bush, but was also president of the Young Republicans Club.
2) Gabe—a former ACLU activist, now mildly afflicted with schizophrenia after a long history of narcotics abuse. Currently on a methadone program for excessive heroin use.
3) Dustin Hoffman

We were very optimistic when we looked at our three choices on paper. We couldn't have asked for better subjects if we had created them ourselves. Although there was no proven scientific formula for predicting the interactive behavior of these motley personality-types, we anticipated the tension between Gabe and Ted, as they clashed into the witching hours of the night, passionately defending their conflicting views on, say, socialism, health-care, or welfare, just to name a few. Things could get ugly. And exciting.

And what of Dustin? Would he become embroiled in these moonlit ideological imbroglios? Most likely. Who would be the messy one? Would Dustin's droll, tumid Hollywood stories delight his tree-mates, or instead build an intimidating wall of obvious social difference? Penetrating questions like these and many more would soon be answered.

DAY ONE: MEET YOUR "ROOMIES"

We started our experiment by acquainting the three roommates over a piping hot lunch at the Venice Beach Sidewalk Cafe.

TED

I have to admit that at first I was a bit skeptical. I'm from Greenwich, Connecticut, so my experiences with heroin addicts was somewhat limited. I didn't know what to expect from Gabe. Would he use my comb without asking, or "borrow" my groceries? Would he distract me while I was studying? And besides, I've never lived in a tree before. I was looking forward to meeting Dustin Hoffman, though. Sort of ironic how he turned out to be such a dick.

GABE

Quite frankly, I was ecstatic. I've taken part in my share of "rent-free experiments," but never like this one. Me, live with a young Reaganite? My friends chided me and thought I had finally come unglued from all my addiction problems. I guess, we'll see, I thought...I also knew it would be a great place to kick.

DUSTIN

As an actor, I'm always looking for ways of stretching my stage persona, so I found the idea of living in a tree with a young person and a junkie to be an irresistible challenge. I've found that forcing myself to "interact" with everyday people on a day-to-day basis is the best, and purest, kind of acting. I looked at it as six months of honing my craft.

DAY TWO: HOME SWEET HOME— QUEST FOR THE LOFTIEST PERCH

Next, we decided to introduce them to their new home for the next six months: a sturdy oak tree in Venice's notorious Trick Park. The three subjects were led to the tree and immediately were surprised by how tight their living arrangements were going to be.

TED

I think we all wanted the top branch because you can stand up and have all that headroom in the upper limbs of the tree; and you don't get stepped on by the others climbing up or down. Instead, you are the one who gets to do the stepping. Plus, it had "the chair" which was a nice, comfortable place to sit. I think it was unfair that Dustin took it without even consulting either Gabe or me. He pretty much flew up there and set up his hammock. He justified it by saying that we could come up there at any time and use the chair, like it was a communal branch of sorts. Yeah, right.

GABE

I got the middle branch, which was okay. It's not the top branch but I didn't mind too much. Ted was pretty upset, which kind of struck me as a bit bratty. If anybody deserves to have the top branch it's me, because of my skin condition, but I'm not complaining. Now I say middle branch, but it is actually on the same level as Ted's branch, but kind of spread off more to the side. It's good because it's more out of the way so I don't get stepped on by the others, but it is also bad because when the breeze comes in from the ocean, the branch sways a lot, due to its distance from the trunk.

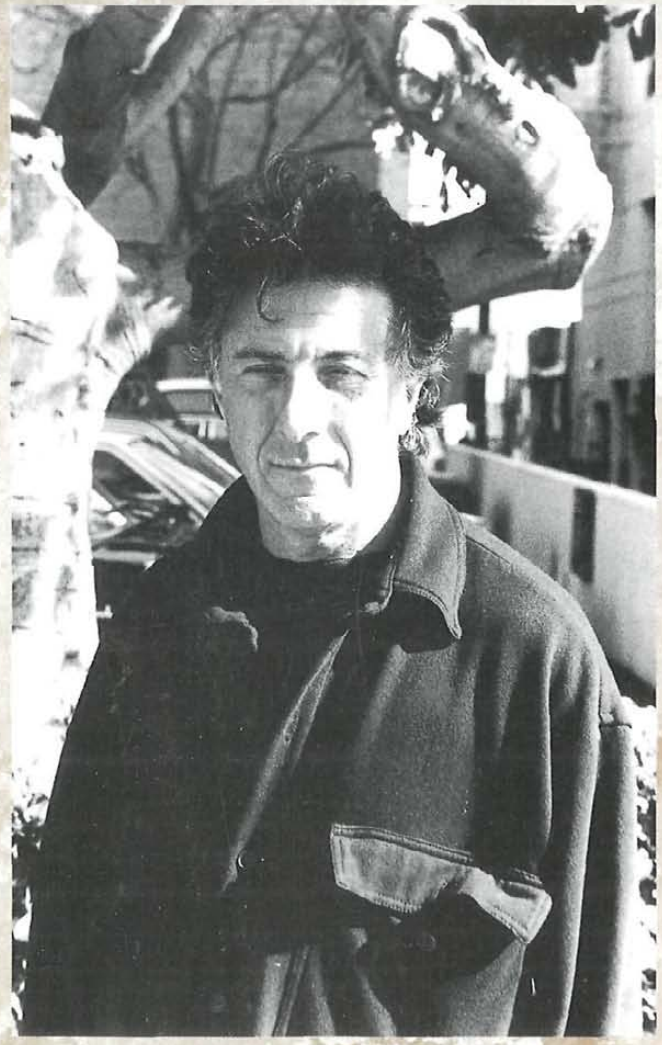
DUSTIN

Someone once asked me my opinion on the multi-media craze and how it is going to affect the theater. My answer was this: It won't. People basically want to be entertained by a live person. There's just no comparing the two. It's strictly academic.

DAY FIVE: POLITICAL FIREWORKS!

TED

Of course, Gabe's viewpoints are terribly skewed. He espouses anarchy as the fundamental expression of the will of the people. Of course, he doesn't express it that way. He basically says that he doesn't like living in a police state. I try to explain to him that rules were created in order to produce a more efficient society, not to screw him over.



I deduce that Gabe is a freeloader who enjoys the fruits of society, but doesn't want to chip in with the costs. In many ways, Gabe manifests this attitude in the tree—it being a microcosm of the country. We have all these rules, but Gabe doesn't feel the need to adhere to them. Things like sweeping up the leaves. It's no big deal, though. I realize that he's a loser junkie.

I guess I'm more surprised by Dusty's political views than Gabe's. We were talking about welfare and, of course, Dustin is a liberal which is typical for Hollywood types. Dustin was telling us that he had donated five percent of his earnings from Rainman to the Pueblo Indian College fund. I said, "Well Dustin, that's real nice, but five percent of ten million dollars is not that much sacrifice on your part." I continued to explain that if he only brought home ten percent of his income from one film, it would still be five-hundred times the amount that Gabe will bring home in a lifetime. He still had no concept of what I was talking about.

GABE

The difference in incomes was extraordinary. I hadn't had a steady income since I left the Corps, and of course we all know what Dustin does and how much he makes. It causes you to have a different perspective. I think I appreciate the smaller things more than Dustin; things like how the wind blows through the limbs, or the sound a mosquito makes right before it lands to suck your blood to provide nourishment for its developing young.

DUSTIN

I've never been a part of the Hollywood set. I don't get my hair cut at Christophe. It's just not me. And I still take part in the small acting troupes. It's the best way to continue developing as an actor under low-pressure situations.

DAY SEVEN: AUGUST RAINS AND THE STRUGGLE FOR THE TARP

Sunny weather had everybody thinking happy thoughts. However, like spendthrift grasshoppers, the three intrepid candidates gave little thought

to the future. But when the skies turned dark as threatening clouds rolled in from the Pacific, a clash for the one tarp became the focal event of the day.

DUSTIN

Naturally I took the tarp. Since I had the top branch, I was the most exposed to the rain. The others could take shelter under my plywood platform.

TED

The rain caught me by surprise and there was only the one tarp which Dustin took. I got really wet. It was miserable. I was able to protect my books from the deluge by kneeling over them and spreading my coat like the wings of a bat. I stayed like that through most of the night. I'm going to make sure I have a tarp from now on.

GABE

Only one tarp during that first rain was a real Beezelbub. When it's two o'clock in the morning, and you're perched out on a limb with the rain droplets splattering on your face you become very desperate. I think the rain brought on acute withdrawal symptoms. It was bad and I thought about killing someone.

DAY NINE: RACISM REARS ITS UGLY HEAD

After the rain, the morning sun broke out and smiled upon our treemates. The trio was awakened by the high-pitched squawking of Dustin's pager; a friendly reminder that Hollywood and all its gaudy trappings was only a phone call away. Gabe was not impressed. He sluggishly opened an eye and offhandedly remarked, "Are you a drug dealer?" Whether or not this was intended as an anti-Semitic remark is best left to those who deem themselves experts at intuitively guessing the psychology of others.

DUSTIN

When I first entered this business, I was warned that I would encounter racial hatred. But I guess it never hit home until that moment when Gabe so rudely insulted me. It's hard for me to articulate what it's like to have everything that you've worked for reduced to inconsequence with one close-minded, stereotypical remark. The old maxim really holds true: "You don't really know someone until you live in a tree with them."

GABE

I am not a racist. My remark had nothing to do with Dustin's ethnicity. From my experiences, the only people who carry beepers are doctors and drug dealers. Anybody could see that Dustin isn't a doctor. It's just natural that I would assume that he is dealing rock-cocaine.

DAY ELEVEN: STOP THIEF!!!!

Day ten was uneventful, but the stove heat was turned up beneath the simmering pot of animosity that was percolating between Dusty and Gabe. Ever since the drug dealer remark the two made snide remarks to each other. Dusty woke up uncharacteristically early and drank the entire liter bottle of Brass Monkey that Gabe had been saving for "something special."

GABE

That bottle was mine. He had no right drinking any of it without my permission. When I woke up at, I don't know, I guess at noon, the bottle was bone dry. There wasn't even a teardrop left. I looked in Dustin's room and he's lying face down in his hammock with a pool of vomit on the ground. Gee, I wonder who drank all my Brass Monkey? Asshole.

DUSTIN

I did it for professional reasons. That morning I was supposed to play a part in the Bel-Air professional troupe that call for my character to be highly intoxicated.

GABE

Why don't you try acting?

DAY TWELVE: GOOD-NATURED HIJINKS OR SEXUAL HARASSMENT?

The experiment took an unexpected turn on the Sunday morning of day twelve when Ted was good-naturedly rousing a sleepy-headed Gabe, who was still huddled on his branch wrapped in an "F-15 Strike Eagle" blanket (Sunday is traditionally the day of "sleeping in"). When Gabe ignored the impromptu reveille, Ted climbed onto Gabe's branch and playfully began to tickle Gabe who, in turn, giggled along encouragingly. Surveying from his branch, Dustin decided to join in the fray as well, climbing atop the pile. Then Dustin tried pulling off Gabe's blanket—and Gabe sleeps in his underwear.

GABE

I was hurt, ashamed, and confused. O.K., granted, I was laughing. I mean sure, I enjoy a joke as much as the next guy, and when Ted was tickling me, it was funny. And it was still funny when Dustin started in. But when Dustin started pulling off my robe, and I said, "Stop, Dustin," and he wouldn't stop, that's when I started to freak. The joke just wasn't funny anymore. Admittedly, I know that I'm not the most self-assertive of persons, but I don't think that excuses Dustin from taking advantage of me.

TED

I think part of the problem is that Dustin has never really lived with people before. He never went to college, so he's never had a sense of fraternity. This morning, he tried to make up for that and acted in a way that he felt was most "fraternal." Unfortunately, it was entirely improper. Gabe was highly upset and rightly so. After the incident, Gabe and I got some coffee and went to an upper branch and talked about how we should handle the situation. In the end, we concluded that Dustin is basically a good-hearted guy, and he's a fantastic actor, but we just don't feel comfortable around him anymore, and we don't want him living in our tree.

DUSTIN

When they first told me that they were expelling me from the tree, I was hurt. I mean, I'm just like any other person, and just because I'm who I am doesn't mean that I don't have feelings. I don't think it matters who you are really. Everybody wants to be liked. Yeah, I was hurt and wasn't quite sure why I was being kicked out. So we had a little discussion. I didn't realize the severity of my actions, the humiliation that I caused Gabe. He told me how embarrassed he was. As an actor, I'm always open—always nude to the public eye. I've learned to live my life nude, so to speak. It never really dawned on me that someone should be embarrassed—ever. Whether or not this is comparable to a "no" in a sexual encounter is a moot point. I tend to think not, but obviously the others thought differently.

DAY THIRTEEN: OOPS.

On day thirteen a monkey-wrench was thrown into our experiment when the California State Housing Authority showed up and asked us just what in the hell we thought we were doing. Amidst all the excitement, we forgot to get the proper permits for the experiment. Ted and Gabe were soon expelled from the tree.

AFTERWARD:

Since the REAL TREE WORLD EXPERIMENT, Ted has graduated from Pepperdine Law School and is currently an associate at Gilchrist and Gilchrist, a prestigious Santa Monica law firm. He is engaged to his girlfriend of three years.

Ironically, the much publicized expulsion of Dustin Hoffman from the NATIONAL LAMPOON Tree only enhanced his on-screen demand. He is currently living and working in Los Angeles where he is a major box office attraction.

Gabriel, utilizing his experience in the NATIONAL LAMPOON Tree, unsuccessfully applied for several entry level positions in the social services. He is currently living in the former NATIONAL LAMPOON Tree, which is in no way affiliated with NATIONAL LAMPOON Magazine. Neither is Gabriel.

CONFESSION: TED

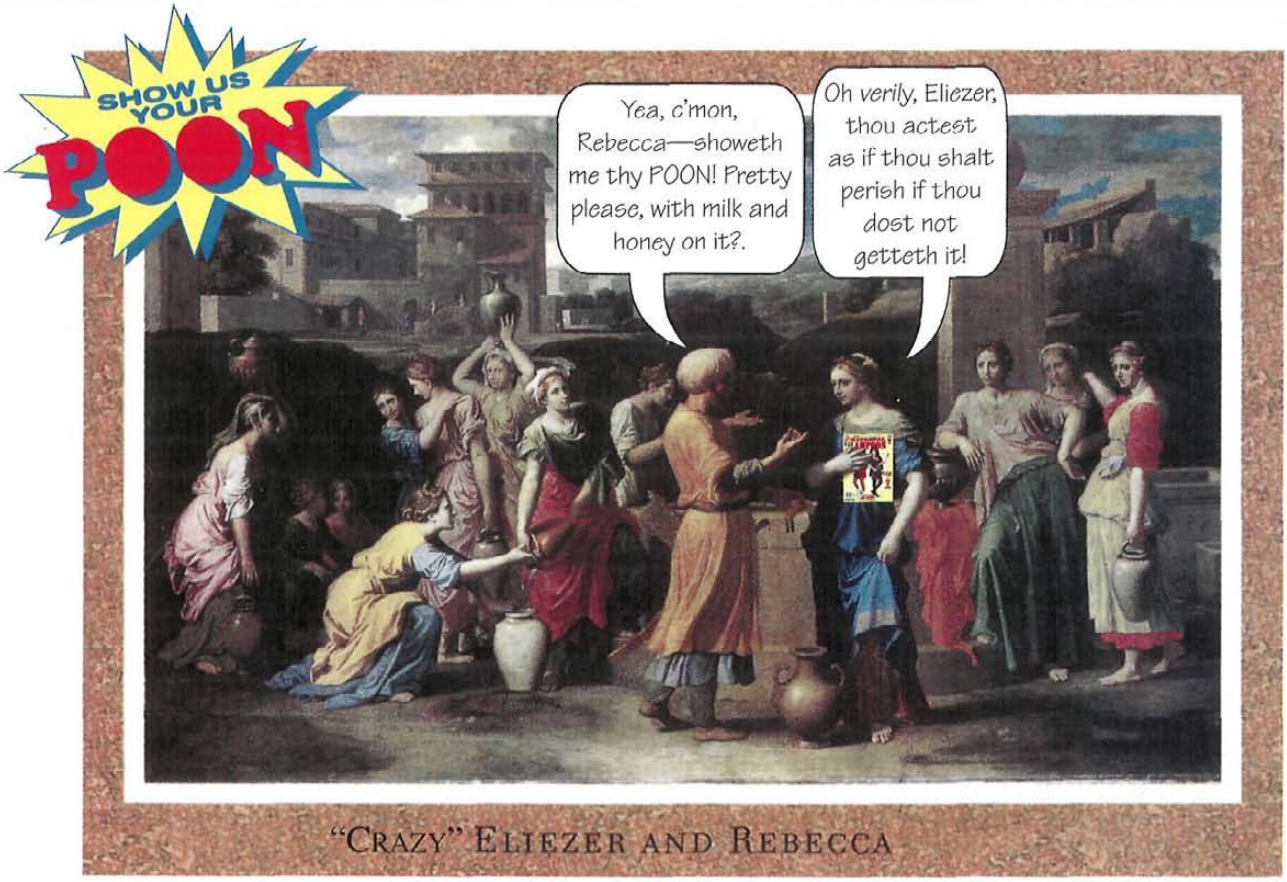
I was out of line when I called Gabe a "piece-of-shit junkie." I hurt him more than I intended. It's just that I got so mad when I came home and saw him spread out on his branch in his skivvies reading and scratching his balls. What if I wanted to bring a lady back to the tree? But the point is, I was out of line and should have been more politic in my choice of words. Tonight after dinner, I'll apologize.

CONFESSION: GABE

So I went a little hard on Dustin. I'm willing to admit that. It's just that I got so sick of his artsy-fartsy, hippie-dippy bullshit. Next to me, he's in the the tree more than any of us, only all he does is look into mirrors and practice his lines or facial expressions. He would sit there for hours lifting an eyebrow, trying to get it just right. I know I should be more understanding, but it seemed like he did it just to mock me, to underscore the fact that there was nothing that I was really good at.

CONFESSION: DUSTIN

I've been accused by critics as "coasting" since *Rainman*. They say that I've only taken the "safe" roles such as *Hero* and *Billy Bathgate*. Though I said "poop" to these accusations in interviews, deep down inside I can see their merit. From now on I'm only going to take challenging roles.



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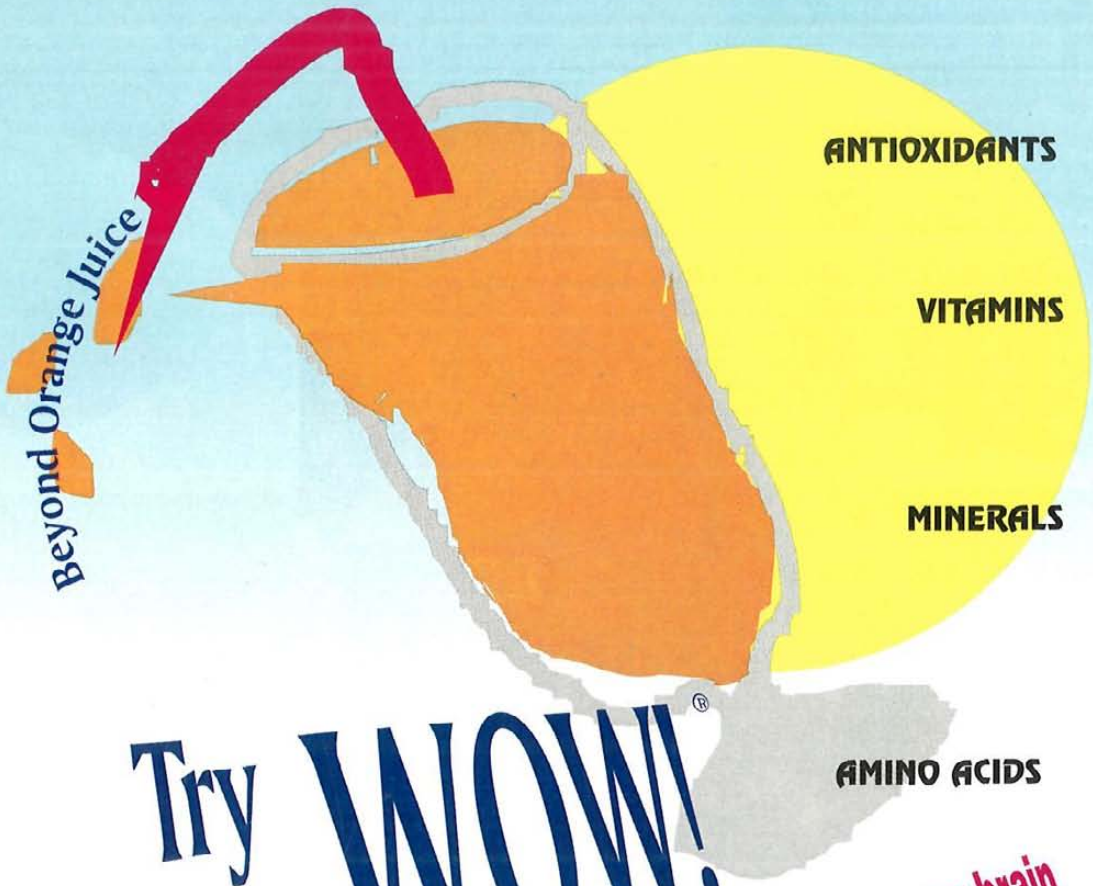

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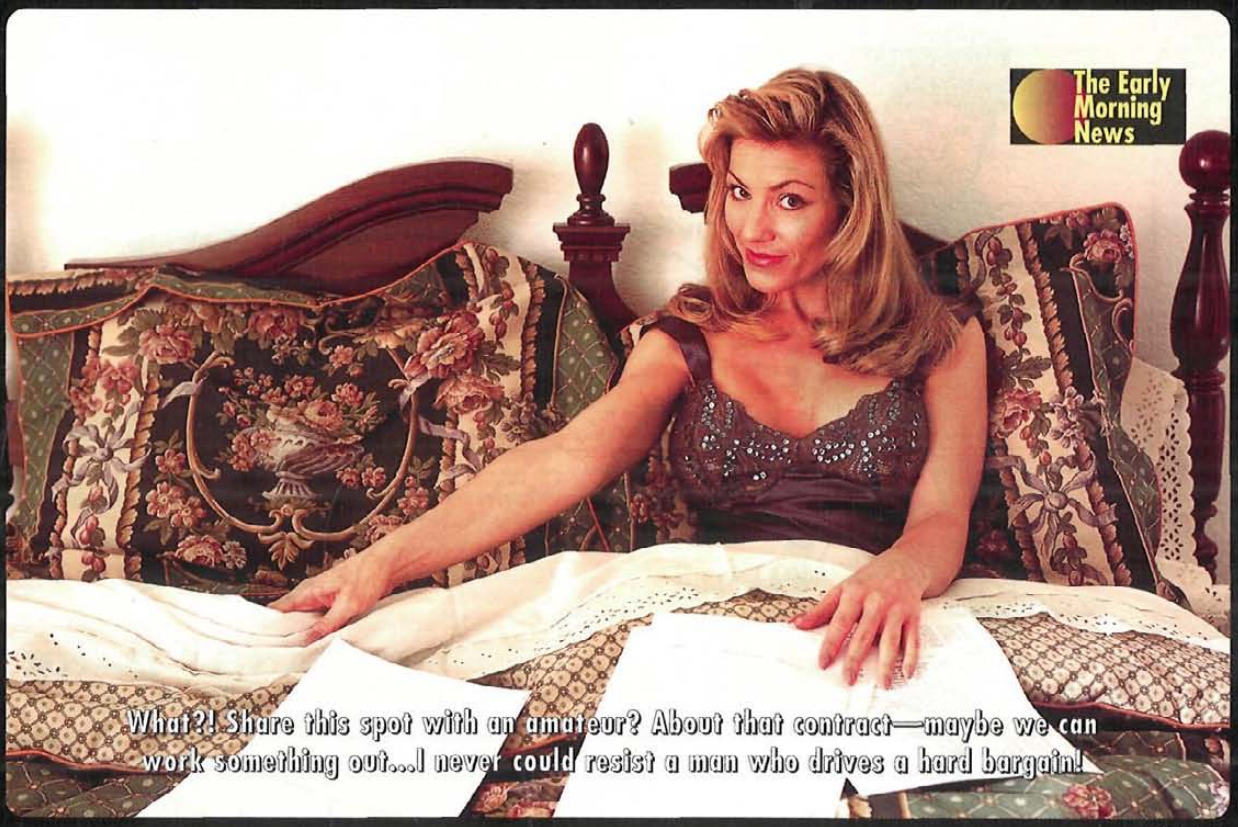

Undercover Beer-Tester

by Meister Harmon Leon

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IT HAS THE RICH TASTE OF A RHINO IN THE LAST STAGES OF A HORRIBLE DISEASE. M-M-M-M, SORT OF A GANGRENE AFTERTASTE. *NOT BAD!*

WHAT'S THE POINT?

A NON-ALCOHOLIC BEER. THE NAME SAYS IT ALL. I MIGHT AS WELL BE DRINKING A STRAWBERRY SNAPPLE!

ROSEANNE BARR WINTER ALE

COMES ONLY IN 40 OZ. BOTTLES. TASTES VERY SIMILAR TO BILLY BEER.

THAT DISEASED RHINO WENT RIGHT THROUGH ME—I NEED TO FIND A BATHROOM!

MY MOTHER'S OLD UNDERPANTS

A LIGHTER VERSION OF MY FATHER'S OLD UNDERPANTS (HIC).

DO THESE BEER TASTINGS PROVIDE ANY PRETZELS?

ETHAN FROME

THE BEER NAMED AFTER THE TRAGIC (HIC) LITERARY CHARACTER. IT RIVALS SAMUEL ADAMS. TELL YOUR BARTENDER, "I'LL HAVE AN ETHAN FROME."

THAT DISEASED RHINO'S GOING THROUGH ME AGAIN. TO THE BATHROOM! WHOOPS—SPILT MY CO-TASTER'S ETHAN FROME!

FRICKIN' AYE ALE

A WICKED BREW WHOSE AFTERTASTE WILL MAKE YOU SCREAM, "FRICKIN' AYE!" *FRICKIN' AYE! FRICKIN'' AYE! FRICKIN' AYE!* (HIC) *FRICKIN' AYE!*

SS "IN DAS HAUS"

IT WILL MAKE YOU RAISE YOUR GLASS AND SHOUT, "ACHTUNG!"

MY FELLOW CO-TASTERS ARE (HIC) GREAT! I LOVE 'EM. I THINK I'LL TELL 'EM (HIC) IN A SONG...

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE AMBER

A DELICIOUS DESSERT BLEND. GREAT BEER TASTE ON THE OUTSIDE, CHEWY RODENT ON THE INSIDE.

MUSH RUN TO BATHROOM (HIC) *BRRAAAPH!* (HIC) *FRICKIN' AYE!*

NEWT "NEWTLES" GINGRICH

CONTRAF AMERICA

Gene Grey

...before youse knows it we will be runnin' da neighborhood again...

We stood up to da Clint'n tax an' spend masacree a da American family, an' kicked some serious ass in Novemba. Youse likes dat huh? It is OK, nobody been hoit, See?—Yet. Den, on Septemba 27 more dan t'ree-hundred a us "Da Family" House candidates stood on da Capitol steps an' signed dis here, what we calls, da "Contrac' on America," See? An' in dis here Contrac' we promises to pass what youse calls a "bill"—10 a dem in 100 days—an' dat is so fast it will make dose Demacraps' heads spin, lemme tell youse!

But dat ain't all da standin' aroun' we done. Fer example, on Octoba 4, Da Family state legislaytcha candidates stood on da steps a da state capitols all across dis here great country a owas—I am talkin' all da way from sea to freakin' sea here!—an' made dese here "liddle contrac's." Kinda like-a "bambino contrac's." Yeah, dat is it—bambino contrac's! Does youse knows what I am sayin' here? Now I will let youse in on a liddle secret, only youse gotta promise to keep ya filt'y hole shut tight as my voigin baby sista, Candace—God bless da liddle angel—Youse knows what I am sayin' here? 'Cuz if youse do not, it is coit'ns fer youse. OK, Come here. Closa. Dat's right, come here real close-like an' I will tell youse da secret. *Sss-psss-psss-1996-sss-psss-psss*. Dat's right, da Presidency! Da whole freakin' zucchini!

Youse knows, in 1992 Clint'n an' his boys called us "da party a da rich," an' said we was, what youse calls, "outta touch" wit' da votas! But since dose most hoitful woids, we been takin' back some territory here an' dere, wit' da help a some very wealt'y an' influential associates what wishes to remains what youse calls, "ambiguous." An' before youse knows it we will be runnin' da neighborhood again, just like in da old days, don't youse worrys none about dat!

Youse knows what really pisses me off about dat yokel, Clint'n? It is alla dose scandals what da American public has to put up wit' alla da time, Youse knows what I am sayin' here? I mean, it ain't just dat dere *is* scandals—dere gonna happen, 'cuz when youse is da king a "da Hill," dere is always some small-time oparayta tryin' to knock youse off, don't we knows it! But it is da *kind* a scandals dat he comes up wit'. I mean, da whole woild is watchin', an' da only crap dat lousy bum can stick his foot into is dose embarrassin', teeny-tiny, *stoopid* scandals. I am talkin' about dat bum real estate deal, fer example. I mean, What kind a scandal is dat fer da secon' most powaful Godfadda in da whole wide woild, fer chrissakes?! Alls I am sayin' here is dat Da Family woulda toined a profit foist, an' den unloaded da stinkin' dump on some unsuspectin' joikoff from HUD, see? An' den dere wuz dose two bimbos, Jennifa Flowas an' Paula Jones. Are youse tellin' me dat a goddam state govana has to *arrest* dames just to get laid? An' after alla dat, did he even get his saxaphone polished? No! Hey, dis here administration is so hard up, dey is mastabat'n' fer chrissakes! An' to top it all off, dey admits to everyt'ing. Now, I axes youse, would youse admit to any a dat penny ante crap? A coise not.

Listen, does youse t'ink dat Goige "da Big Stick" Bush an' Danny "da Perfessa" Quayle wuzn't gett'n' any on da side? I mean stuffin' da old cannolis—badda-boom, badda-bing—Youse knows what I am sayin' here? A coise dey wuz!—Does youse t'ink dey wuz blind er somet'in'? I mean, did youse getta load a dose scary-lookin' dames dey are married to? But I can assure youse dat a memba a Da Family ain't stoopid enough to get caught wit' his pants down, see? An' if he did, like if some rat wuz to squeal er somet'in' like dat, youse can bet he would get outta dat fix real smooth-like, by just sayin' somet'in' like, "Youse got nut'n' on us, cracka! Me an' 'da Perfessa' here, we was just out fer a liddle ride, see? We don't remembas nut'n', ain't dat right, Danny? Yeah, nut'n', See?" Dat always woiks, youse knows. An' does youse knows who invented it? We did, a coise. I mean, I ain't braggin' er nut'n', but does youse remembas Ronnie "da Jelly Bean" Reagan? Oh, youse does, does youse? Well, he don't! Heh-heh-heh-heh-heh. Youse likes dat, huh? What? Youse t'inks I am a funny guy? What does youse mean, "I am a *funny guy*?" Are youse laughin' at me?...Unlax, youse can laugh, 'cuz youse is what we calls "extended Family."

Anyways, what dis here country needs, an' quick-like, is some scandals what da American public can be prouda, Youse knows what I am sayin' here? Somet'in' to scare da crap outta da rest a da woild, too—like pretendin' on da radio like youse is goin' to blow it up, maybe. Er somet'in' real screwy, like trad'n' a load a gats to da creeps what snatched ya boys. So, come 1996 we promises youse some woild class scandals about which we don't remembas nut'n'.

40 years is long enough

Da Demacraps' forty year control a da House a Representatives is ova, undastand? *Ova!* In dat time dey has let da oparation go downhill. Revenues is down everywheres, an' da customas—dat is youse—is not happy. Even Da Boss is not feelin' so good dese days, an' when dat happens, heads is goin' to roll, if youse knows what I am sayin'. Howeva, da situation is about to change, don't youse worrys none about dat! We is takin' ova da joint startin' wit da Contrac' on America.

Da Family's Contrac' on America is what youse calls "buried" in da followin' t'ree principles, about which we is very proud, if I says so myself.

Youse might say dat America is goin to be a " 'Family' run business."

Accountability

Has youse noticed dat ya taxes keeps goin' up, but dat what youse gets keeps goin' down? Coit'nly youse has. Dat is becuz dose Demacraps is usin' some outside accountant fer da inside job. *Stoopid!* One a da foist t'ings we are goin' to do when we takes ova da Big House is to install owa own boy, Ant'ny. An' don't youse worrys none, cuz Ant'ny got a real good head fer da numbas. He is da one what got me 4 big ones fer a bunch a woids which I ain't even wrote yet!

Listen, alla dat crap about what youse calls da "deficit" is nut'n'. It is *nut'n'*, I am tellin' youse! Just a bunch a numbas inna goddam computa. Dey ain't even real, Does youse knows what I am sayin' here? Trust me, Ant'ny's been runnin' da numbas in "Da Family" since he was just a liddle bambino, an' I swear to youse, we ain't neva had no bad year yet.

Responsability

Dis here administration ain't doin' nut'n' to protec' da, like, clientele, Does youse knows what I am sayin' here? Coit'nly youse does. I mean, some young punk strong arms some fine upstandin' memba a da cidizenry such as yaself an' what happens? Nut'n'. Exceptin' maybe he goes t'rough da libaral court system an' blames his problems—about which youse do not knows nut'n', a coise—on youse! An' den da bum flies da coop an' youse is left inna wheel chair 'cuz da punk tries to off youse fer singin'!

Hey, if anyone knows about protection, it is us. When dose punks hit us, we hit 'em right back, only twice as hard, See? I mean, let dat punk tries dat again wit' his arms in Cleveland an' his legs in Pittsboig, fer chrissakes, Does youse knows what I am sayin' here? I mean, he will be pushin' buttons wit' his freakin' tongue fer da rest a his unnatural life! An' as owa valuable clients, youse is protected also. It is all in da, what youse calls, "healt' insoiance policy"—which is fine just da way it is, in case youse did not know.

Oppatunity

Is youse still lookin' fer da American Dream but just can not seems to, what youse calls, "nab" it? Coit'nly youse is. I mean, it is like youse is wait'n' an' wait'n' fer dis here humongous pizza pie, but it neva seems to get dere. Meanwhiles, youse is gett'n' hungria an' hungria by da moment. Den, alla a sudden-like, da doorbell rings—ding-dong, ding-dong, like dat—an' ya pizza pie is dere finally. An' by dat time youse is so hungry youse can eat one a dose, what youse calls, "finga san'wiches," made by dat hard up dame, Joicalyn Eldas! But just as youse is about to take a slice a dat humongous pizza pie, here comes everybody an' his brudda grabbin' fer dat pie, 'cuz dey is just as hungry as youse, an' maybe even hungria if dey happens to be, what youse calls, "poisuns a pigment," See? An' before youse knows it, alla dat humongous pizza pie is gone, an' youse got nut'n'!

Well, we promises youse a piece a dat pie, dere. A coise, youse gotta start small-like, Does youse knows what I am sayin' here? I mean, youse gotta *oin* ya position in Da Family. Fer example, maybe youse can sits out in da kitchen, an' gets a piece a da crust foist, See? An' den, if youse keeps ya nose clean, maybe youse gets a mushroom, an' layda a piece a pepparoni wit' sauce. An' before youse knows it, youse is eatin' in da dinin' room wit' Da Boss! What, youse t'inks dat can not happen to youse? Look what we done fer Wayne Newton, an' Sammy Davis Jr., fer chrissakes! Dey started out in Da Boss' stable in Vegas wit' *absolutely* nut'n', if youse knows what I mean! A coise, dat was becuz dey looked funny-like at Da Boss' voigin baby goil, Nancy—God bless da liddle angel. So maybe we finds out layda dat Sammy could not really help dat funny-like look, but hey, no hard feelin's, Right?

10 bills in 100 days

Now dat we controls da House, we is goin' to t'row dese here bills at dose Demacraps so damn fast dat dey will be, what youse calls, "swooned" wit' da sheer magnatood a da oparation. Da bills include many quite intarestin' salutions to da problems what faces dis here Greatest Country in da Whole Goddam Woild, I t'ink youse will agree.

Da Contrac' on America has what is called a "preamble" in which we declares:

"Dis here election offas da oppatoonity, afta forty years a Demacrappy politics, to t'row da bums outta dere. Dey is too nickel an' dime to be runnin' such a loocrative racket as da United States a America! Now we can change da way business is handled, start'n' wit' a Congress what respects da values and shares da fait' a Da Family."

Youse might say dat America is goin' to be a "'Family'-run business." Youse likes dat, huh? A coise youse does.

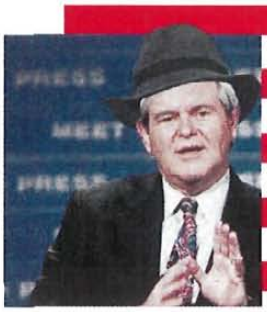
Opanin' day checklist

On da very foist day dat Da Family is in da House a Representatives, youse is goin' to see big changes in da way in which business is handled, beginnin' wit' what we calls "da opanin' day checklist." As part a dat checklist dere, Da Boss is goin' to:

*Apply all laws to Congress, especially to da Demacraps, whedda er not dey broke 'em.

*Cut da numba a committees an' subcommittees, an' cut committee staffs by a t'oid. Let us see dem tries to pull some libaral crap all cut up in t'oids like dat.

...if youse is wit' us, youse got nut'in' to worrys about.



*Limit da toims a committee chairs an' rankin' membas—an' make it look like a accident.

*Ban "proxy" (ghost) vot'n' in committee. A coise, it will not be so easy to vote anyways, once da bums is a ghost.

*Implement a "honest numbas" budget wit' a zero baseline. Ant'ny is all ova dis like marinara on linguini dere, don't youse worrys none about dat.

*Requires a t'ree-fift's majority to pass a tax increase. Afta t'ree-fift's, da only t'ing da Dema-craps is passin' is "out" er "away."

*Audit da House books. Don't youse worrys none—we got da IRS in owa pocket, Does youse knows what I am sayin' here? I mean, youse might say dat "IRS" stands fer "I Respec's (Da Boss)."

Afta changin' da way da House handles business, we are goin' to change da business what da House does. Instead a passin' a lotta bills what is *bad* fer youse Da Family membas, we is goin' to pass a lotta bills what is *good* fer youse Da Family membas, start'n wit' dese here:

10 bills: signed promises, specific poiposes

1. Balanced budget amendment an' line-item Vito.

*Once da Demacraps getta load a Vito, dey will be balancin' like coicus seals.

2. Stop violent criminals:

*Da deat' penalty is good—we likes it—but if dat don't woik,

*What we done to Hoffa.

3. Welfare refoim:

—Discoiage illegidimacy an' teen pregnancy

*If youse even looks funny-like at my voigin baby sista, Candace—God bless da liddle angel—I will poisunally cut ya balls off.

*An' like dat wit' anyone who even t'inks about stuffin' da old cannoli—badda-bing, badda-boom—Youse knows what I am sayin'?—if he ain't got da noive to marry da liddle nymph.

—Requires welfare recipients to woik

*If youse is talented enough to knock up some dame wit' not havin' any balls left 'cuz youse looked at her funny-like in da foist place, den youse is coit'nly talented enough to get *some* kind a job fer chrissakes! Da Boss can always use anudda eunuch at his stable in Vegas, fer example. A coise, it might not be so easy fer youse, 'cuz if youse is one a dose bums in da foist place, youse must be a stoopid libaral, 'cuz no memba a "Da Family" neva did nut'n' like dat, an' even if dey did, dat is somet'in' about which we don't remembas nut'n', see?

4. Protec' owa kids:

—Owa kids is very important to Da Family. As we likes to say, "In America, any a owa kids can grows up to be a boss." So, if youse messes wit' owa kids, da followin' mishaps will befall youse:

*Foist, youse will wake up wit' ya legs broken.

*Secon', when youse goes to da bat'room, youse will find nut'n' to hold on to, if youse knows what I mean.

*T'oid, youse will toin up deceased.

*Fourt', youse will be shot.

*Fift', youse will be boined so horrible-like as ya very own mudda will not know youse.

*Sixt', what we done to Hoffa.

Note: If youse is a Demacrap er a poisun a pigment er bot', unfortunately, youse can protec' ya own freakin' kids.

5. Tax cuts fer Da Family:

*Exac'ly what it says, dere.

6. Strong national defense:

*No more U.S. troops bein' told what to do an' what not to do by some freakin' Frog er anyone else from da goddam U.N.

*Build more missles an' *use* 'em fer chrissakes—da best defense is a itchy trigga finga. Does youse knows dat da U.S. is da only country in da whole histary a da oith what has not tried to take ova da woild when it had da chance? I mean, dat has got to be bad luck, like breakin' what youse calls a "chain ledda."

*None a dem queers, dere.

7. Raise da senya cidizens' oinin' limit:

*Dis here will come in quite handy to da senya cidizens what wit' da social security, Medicare, an' Blue Cross goin' outta business alla a sudden-like.

8. Economic growt' an' regalatory refoim:

*Slash da regulations what is strangulatin' Da Family's profits.

*Gouge da eyes outta da capital gains what is lookin' to blind Da Family's investments.

*Choke da life outta da unfunded mandates what is seekin' to suffocate Da Family's oinin's.

*An' like dat, See?

9. Common-sense legal refoims:

*"Looza pays" to stops what youse calls "flavorless" lawsuits, which is in bad taste, Youse knows? A coise, we offas a convenient plan fer cash installments, but if youse prefoiz, we can break ya kneecaps real quick-like—One a my poisunal favorites.

* Limit punitive damages. It seems dat Vito has become, what youse might say, "carried away" wit' his woik at times. An' when dat happens, collectin' any future payments from da bums is as difficult as what youse calls "squeezin' blood from a dead toinip."

10. Congressional toim limits:

*Listen, dis here politics job is just what youse calls a "steppin' stone" fer membas a Da Family. 'Kinda like-a intoinship fer da really impoitant woik what we does fer da Boss. Howeva, it is more like a

"jumpin' off point" fer dose no-talent Demacrap bums, an' once we gets da toim limits in place, we can gives 'em a liddle shove, if youse knows what I mean.

From da U.S. Capitol to da state capitol to Da Family capital

One week afta dese here refoims was, what youse calls, "exposed," on da steps a da U.S. Capitol, state legislaytas an' candidates stood on da steps a da state capitols all ova da place an' flashed dose "bambino contrac's" before da unbalievin' eyes a da state votas. An' den, owa local oparaytas—kinda like da "nephews" in Da Family, if youse will—dey stood aroun' on da steps a city hall an' did da same t'ing, puttin' deir, what youse calls, "John Dillinger" on owa commitment to lowa taxes, poisunal freedom and responsability, an' govament accountability. A coise, youse might be wonderin', "Whose taxes?" an' "Whose freedom?" an' "Responsibility to whoms?" an' "Accountability to whoms?" an' like dat. Well, don't youse worrys none about da liddle details such as dose what don't concoins youse none. We got alla dat cova'd in da, what youse calls, "fine print."

Somet'in' about which youse might also be wonderin' is, "If da politician is already swore into office before da eyes a God dere, What good is a freakin' contrac'?" Well, to answers dat question, Da Family enjoys what youse might calls a very respec'ful relationship wit' God, an' we has found dat if youse goes back on ya woid wit' God, den coit'n "mishaps" is quite likely to occurs, like a coit'n someone bein' struck even more fergetful dan usual by dat Old-tima's disease—BAM!—alla a sudden-like, outta da freakin' blue! A coise, nut'n' like dat ain't neva happened to any a us. I am just sayin' dat *if* one was to welch on a promise to God like dat, *den* somet'in' like dat might happen, See? I was talkin' what youse calls "hypat'etical-like." Yeah, dat's it, hypat'etical-like! But da Contrac' got coit'n advantages ova da swearin' in t'ing, durin' which we will be havin' owa fingas crossed just in case. Fer example, in da Contrac' youse got ya, what is called, "clauses," an' ya "subclauses," an ya "fine print," an' ya "teeny-tiny fine print." An' a coise youse got alla dat "legal talk" such as "da party a da foist part," an' "poisuant to da party a da secon' part," an' "decease an' desist," an' like dat. An' what alla dat means is, dat *nobody* knows *nut'n'* about what da freakin' hell it means! Jus' wait 'ntil some wiseguy Demacrap tries to say dat we broke da Contrac'. Den youse will see dat da toims a da Contrac' is all a madda a what youse calls "intoipalation," See? An' none a dat Old-tima's crap!

Many a da bills described in da above might seems familia to youse. Dat is because dey was suggested from way down in da talented ranks a Da Family organization. In fact, youse might be intarested to knows dat da "t'ree-strikes-an'-youse-is-out" measure has come from one a Da Family nephews who is now quite popula' wit' da Boss. A coise, we had to change it a liddle from da original, "hit-by-da-pitcha-an'-carried-off-da-field-on-a-goddam-stretcha" measure, as da families a da Demacrap an' pigmented (er bot') criminals what suffa'd dat unfortunate accident was startin' to wondas Where da hell was dey disappearin' to alla a sudden-like? Anyways, wit' bold t'inkin' such as dat, youse can bet alla ya dough on Da Family takin' control a ya streets in no time flat.

Dat kind a bold t'inkin' is responsable fer one a da most remarkable comebacks in da whole history a American politics to date. Afta losin' control a da White House, we was quite chagrined to hears reports a da demise a Da Family, which reports was greatly exaggarated, if I says so myself. Now we are come back from da dead like gangbustas, if youse will pardon da expression, an' dere is a liddle score to seddle wit' Clint'n an' his boys. An' before youse knows it we will be chagrinnin' all da way to da bank! So, if youse is wit' us, youse got nut'n' to worrys about. If youse wants to, what youse calls, "jumps on da warwagon," I will poisunally sees about settin' youse up wit' a liddle tray in da kitchen. If, on da udda hand, youse is a Demacrap, a poisun a pigment, a feminist er one a dem queers, Might I interest youse in a nice, heavy ovacoat fer da, what youse calls, "sea voyage" youse will be takin' shortly? I t'anks youse fer alla ya support.

An' now, will youse be so respec'ful as to join Da Boss hisself, accompanied by "Da Family Oichestra" in da singin'—in da voinacula, a coise—a Da Family's official 1996 election ant'em entitled, D.C., D.C. (We is takin' ova da Joint)? A coise youse will.

Dum dum da-dum
Dum dum dum da-dum,
Dum dum da-dum
Dum dum dum da-dum da-dum

Start spreadin' da woid,
'cuz startin' today,
We wants to be da boss a it—
D.C., D.C.

"Da Family" shoes,
is longin' to stray,
an' kick some Demacrap asses in—
D.C., D.C.

We wants to wake up in da city
we caught fast asleep,
to finds us king a "da Hill,"
Top a da heap

Ya libaral blues,
is melt'n' away,
We will start "Da Family" business—
in old D.C.

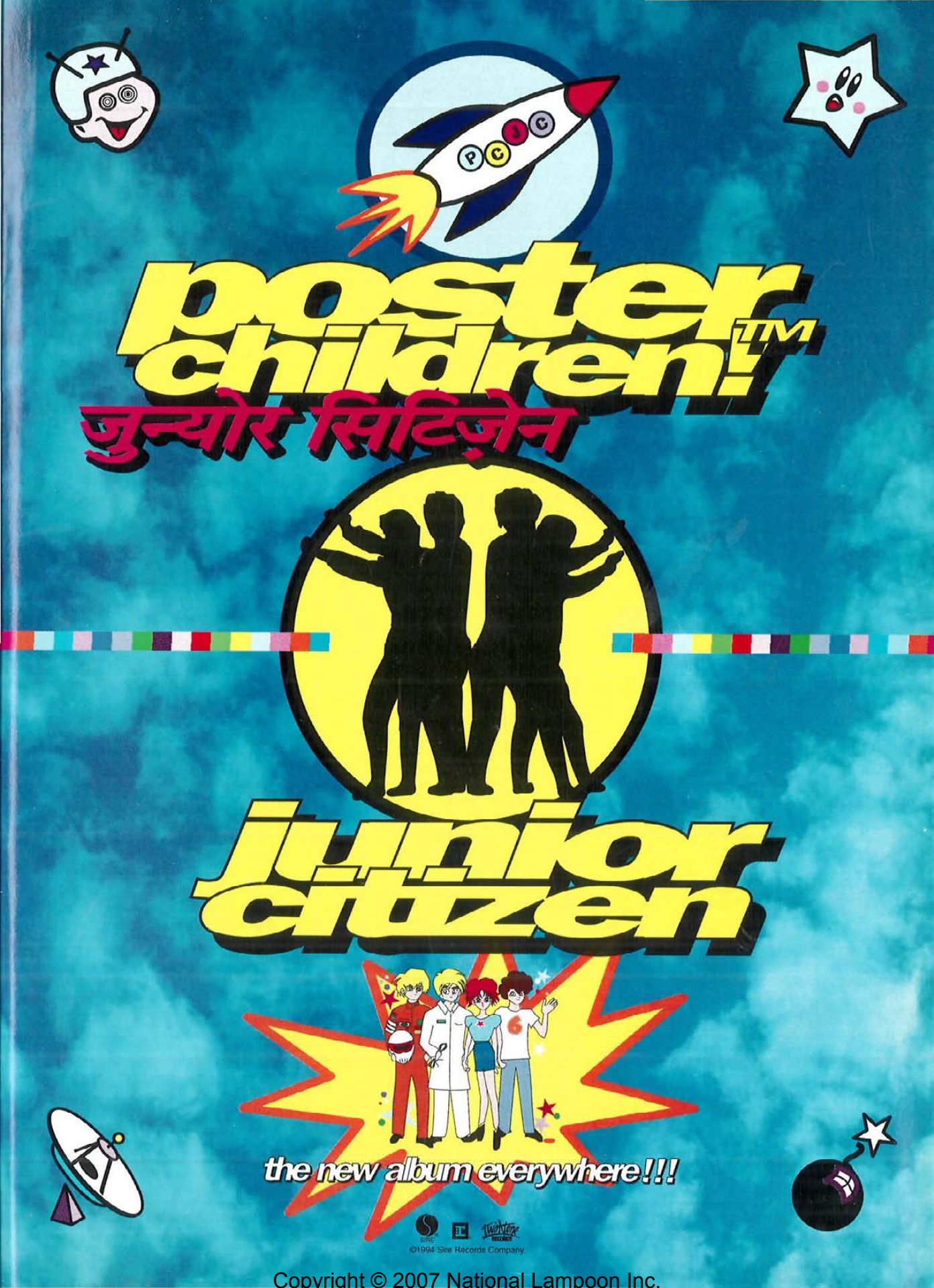
If we controls t'ings dere,
We controls t'ings everywheres,
it's up to youse—
D.C., D.C.

We signed a Contrac' in a country
what is fast asleep,
an' made us king a "da Hill,"
Top a da heap

Dem what ain't "Da Family"
is goin' away,
We will make a cement coat fer youse—
in old D.C.

If we controls t'ings dere,
We controls t'ings everywheres,
Come on, come t'rough
D.C., D.C.

Rat tat a-tat
Rat tat tat a-tat
Rat tat a-tat
Rat tat tat a-tat a-tat



World Excremental Society
Head Office Flushing, MI 25624

NEWS RELEASE

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

FOR MORE INFORMATION
CONTACT: BILL LANPHIER

TOILET DAY
SET FOR CITY OF PACOIMA

In cooperation with the World Excremental Society, The Pacoima Chamber of Commerce has set aside Saturday, September 25 as "San Fernando Valley Toilet Day." Festivities will start promptly at 5 A.M. with a toilet seat slamming demonstration in the Motel 6 parking lot, followed immediately by a surprise pancake breakfast at Mayor Fipps' home. Other activities include:

SEMINARS/FUN FACTS/DEMOS

- What's that big, funny round thing that bobs up and down inside the back of the toilet? Does it float? If so, Why? If not, Why not? Is it my fault?
- What's the average time from flush to recycle-ready? What's the record number of flushes in one hour? One day? One millennium? Do toilets ever explode?
- Toilet maintenance: Where would you be without your toilet? Learn how to care for your toilet and help it realize its full potential. Topics covered: oiling the hinges, shining the handle, caressing the funny round bobbing thing in the back of the tank.
- What powers toilets? Electricity? The sun? God? In this intriguing seminar we'll discuss how to harness the incredible force that powers your toilet. Amazing as it sounds, when your toilet is in the "rest mode" (not being flushed) it can be used to power your VCR, heat your home...even answer your telephone when you are unavailable.
- The wonders of the home roto rooter: Discover how to retrieve and recycle small mammals and goldfish for use as either family pets or tasty appetizers. Did you know that each home in your neighborhood is connected to every other home by an elaborate labyrinth of pipes deep below the earth, which can be accessed only by the skillful manipulation of rooters? Won't your next door neighbor be surprised when his pet iguana, "Charles," mysteriously disappears and then reappears, staring out your bathroom window at him?
- What is the youngest age a toddler should be encouraged to use the toilet? Also discussed: Proper procedure for claiming your child at the filtration plant.

ETIQUETTE SYMPOSIUM

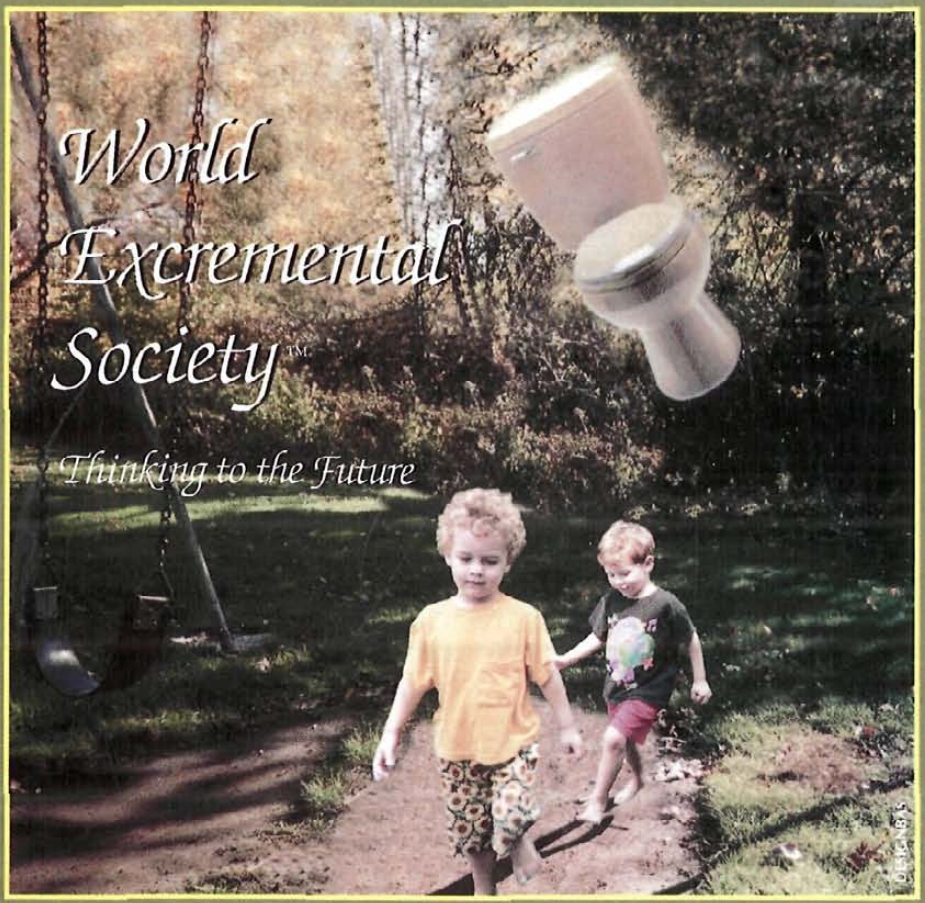
- In which cultures is it appropriate to pass gas while seated in a public restroom? How loud is too loud?

Explore how false accusations and self esteem are directly related.

- Just how much toilet paper is too much? Is it okay to tear off each ration at points other than the perforations? and, Does this adversely affect overall paper consumption?
- Clock-watching: After how many minutes might one be suspected of inappropriate activities in the stall?
- The "Wet Ones" controversy: Disgrace, life-saver, or marketing hoax?
- I have an embarrassing lisp. Is it okay for me to use the handicapped stall?
- Noises: When to grunt, sigh, squeal with delight, remain silent.

CRISIS CONTROL

- Bathroom Flooding: When to take charge and when to flee. When to acknowledge and when to deny ownership of stray fecal matter.
- Earthquake preparedness: Face it—the bathroom is not the place to be in an 8.5 temblor. Learn when to finish business and when to seek the structural safety of a strong doorway. At exactly what point in a bowel movement is the "point of no return?"
- The dreaded "no paper" nightmare. Improvise, Improvise, Improvise. This may be the excuse you've been waiting for to put that ugly cardigan sweater to good use.
- Seat down? Seat up! Discussed: The importance of assessing the actual position of the seat—Prior to being seated—Cannot be overestimated.
- Trailing toilet paper from your shoes: Bonus tip for the ladies—Appear nonchalant and twirl as if dancing with Fred Astaire. The gracefully flowing lines will appear as a wonderful addition to your ensemble and delight everyone.
- Seat won't stay up? This drives men crazy at women's apartments! Just when you think you've got it balanced... it falls back down with a Bang spraying urine everywhere. Learn how to avoid urinating on your trousers while holding the seat up with one foot.



- Airline lavatories: An ingenious toilet found in some aircraft works on the principle of powerful suction. When flushed, an astounding blast of suction violently whisks away fecal matter to an undisclosed location, probably somewhere over Toledo. Learn how to be tactful but forceful when informing the stewardess your intestines may be cruising at a different altitude.

DISPLAYS

- Vintage toilets: Meet with the eccentric owners of unique toilets dating back to the fifth century BC! These guys love to show off "war wounds" they received while learning to operate wild, steam powered contraptions! Hilarious!
- Swap meet: Look for Madge Frumptus in booth #14 with her cozy-warm, poodle fur seat covers. Been wondering where to buy those ingenious, carpeted, half-moon shaped urine blotters? She's got 'em! And how about those ever-popular, nickel-plated, float bowl thingies? Sure!
- New and used toilet paper from around the world.

GAMES

- SEAT TOSS. How far can you toss a four pound Bemis RectoContour? Now, how far can you toss the same seat securely bolted to the toilet?
- DROP DEFLECT. Created especially for Pacoima Toilet Day, this fun contest pits toddlers against toilets. Kids one- to three-years-old are stationed within a circle four feet in diameter. Vintage toilets are dropped from a height of thirty feet into the circle, where the surprised toddlers must deflect them.
- JIGGLE JANGLE. Everyone has tried, with limited success, to jiggle the flush handle in an attempt to silence that annoying but harmless flow of water into the tank. Watch the fun as unsuspecting "jigglers" grab handles connected to 30,000 volts of electricity!
- MATCH THE SEAT TO THE SEAT. It's no secret that human seats as well as toilet seats come in all shapes and sizes. Distinguished members of the Pacoima City Council graciously volunteered to sit—for the better part of August—on a variety of toilet seats until deep and lasting impressions formed in their posteriors. Simply match the toilet seat to the appropriate councilperson and win a bushel of loganberries.
- TIMED FLUSH FEST. $100 to the first person who shreds and successfully flushes a two man camping tent. $75 bonus if two men are still inside.

The World Excremental Society, a non-profit organization, is dedicated to enhancing the image of toilets by promoting research and advocating equal rights and independence. WES was founded in 1916 and services over 12,000 members nationwide. A CD is available for $39.95. It is closed-captioned for the sight-impaired and audio-described for the hearing-impaired.

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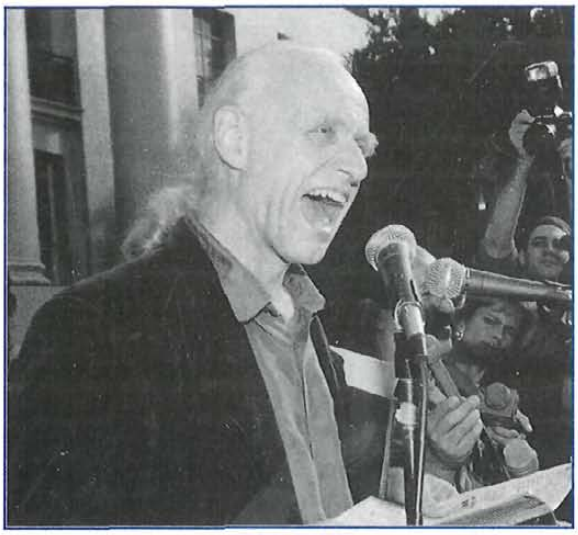

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HORRORSCOPE FOR T

THIS MONTH

AQUARIUS: After he watches you stroll casually out of the woods, ask your neighbor his advice on UFO etiquette, nod, then walk away. Note his reaction. Batman was just a movie. Do not plan a vacation to Gotham City.

PISCES: Say, "Watch this," then do a little Ross Perot dance before asking for the big raise. Tell the cashier you need her to "taste test" your food. There is poison in your Kitchen House.

ARIES: Finances increase this week if you remember "three to the right." While channel surfing you will actually find *two* channels with no O.J. coverage. You will think you have discovered a new, "chunky-style" mayonnaise, until you see little black wings.

TAURUS: There is a vampire lurking in your Carriage House. Check for holes. The Branigans do *not* have a dragon in their basement. Nevertheless, turn left when you see the smoking dog.

GEMINI: "Hey! It's not easy being free!" will be the motto of the week as you encounter hordes of disrespectful communists. No, The Flinstones did *not* used to live two two blocks over. Honesty can land you in jail.

CANCER: Obtain hint from Leo's message. The shotgun in his hand is your first clue. Music is the focus this week as the little voices strike up a chorus or two. "Buzz" is the buzz word, stinky is the toilet.

LEO: So far the shofar still belongs to Omar. You'll get your mind off it when you finally decide on a career in photo-journalism, brought on by the exciting lure of trespassing

VIRGO: Everything you fall in love with this week begins with "G." Always trust in the honesty and integrity of strangers—as long as you have a good lawyer. Try playing scrabble with a box of M&M's.

LIBRA: You'll win the Belt-tightening Contest, but it leads to digestive problems. If there is a dispute over ownership, stand firm, point, and say "Mine!" And it will be so.

SCORPIO: You'll be amazed at the deeper truth in old A-Team episodes. You'll be labeled a racist as you boldly choose the salt over the pepper. You'll be attracted to a dancing spider.

SAGITTARIUS: Use the name "Tom Buford" as much as possible this week. Foul language and skid stains decrease as you enter an intense Cleaning Cycle. Don't tap on the glass!

CAPRICORN: Yell at them in your mind, then punch a wall. Breath helium before the big speech, just for kicks. Oh no! Here comes Jupiter! And you only made enough for two!

NEXT MONTH

AQUARIUS: A female Saturn will ask, "Do you like my rings? How do you like my rings?"

E REALITY IMPAIRED

By Daniel Gamache

PISCES: If you call her "Ookie-pookie" she will call you back on Friday. Shellfish are abundant as Neptune tries to give everyone the runs he suffered through. If you don't eat any of them—he will wreck your ship.

ARIES: You'll wonder where all the cavities came from, until the dentist shows you the microscopic aliens mining enamel. Do not pollute your integrity with deliberate misconduct. There are tramps in your Ho House.

TAURUS: Stop emphasizing to friends how you *really* enjoyed, *Mary Poppins*, or you won't have any friends left! Everything you eat this week tastes like rabbit. Don't touch if he says "No!"

GEMINI: Do not be alarmed this week if people applaud each time you enter a room—it's been bound to happen. Yes! We like your hair, so change the subject! Choose the roll-on over the spray.

CANCER: The pain is coming from your lower Dewey decimal system. Catalog a few things and you'll be fine. Move forth into the world of love! This is a cosmic request from above!

LEO: This week you'll swear you can't step into the next room without needing to ask directions. Rent the third tape from the upper right. Ropes will not bind her love.

VIRGO: You'll feel incomplete when you're served a hamburger without a bun. You'll wonder why everyone *stinks* so bad, until you hear about the international *soap* crisis. Obscurity!

LIBRA: The camel will not smoke the cigarette to curb your curiosity about the commercial. You *can* love rain. You just need to know how to rub up against it. Play a harmonica for the boss.

SCORPIO: Study the infomercial carefully for the secret message. Aquarius will get very angry if you call him "A-queerius." An older female will teach you dance steps you'll never use.

SAGITTARIUS: Play, learn, touch, clean, decorate, feel, consider music, pause, emphasize, be diplomatic, enjoy!, read, take in a concert, take in a movie, entertain yourself, sleep with a sausage, be patient, and by all means, be clear about what was said.

CAPRICORN: Step beyond the innocent and look beyond the filthy. Uranus will show you the way. Sniff out old prospectors. Theranus will show you the way. Don't feel worthless! There's still a chance you might add up to something.

—Gourd the Magnificent

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WOMEN SEEKING MEN

212 SF 25, 5'3", 150 lbs, single mother of 2. I enjoy taking long walks in the park, the movies & going to church. Looking for a serious relationship. I don't play any games. Call Ext. 16778

213 SF Looking for someone who's fun to be with & enjoys going out & having a good time. I like children, going to the beach, going to the park, bowling, watching t.v. & sports. I would like a friendship for now. Nothing serious, maybe later. Call Ext. 79708

213 SWF I'm 5'2, with a full figured. I'm looking for a long haired, well built, Native American or Hispanic Christian. I'm looking for someone who likes to have fun & who is romantic. Call Ext. 71063

213 SF I'm 25, 5'7", 120 lbs. & living in the Hollywood area. I like going out to amusement parks & jazz. I'm looking for someone 25 plus who wants to have fun. Call Ext. 71048

213 SF Italian, very good looking, tall, brunette, beautiful green eyes. Like movies, music, the ocean, the beach, etc. Looking for a man, Mr. Right if possible. Call Ext. 71209

213 SF Seeking someone who likes to have fun. Likes movies & other places. Looking for someone caring, affectionate, loyal, trustworthy & honest. I'm a college student. Call Ext. 76800

213 SF 21, 5'6", 150 lbs., affectionate. I am looking for an attractive, intelligent, single Black male who is goal oriented & through playing games. No kids. Call Ext. 72458

219 DWF 31, 5'3", 117 lbs. I sing & play guitar. I like concerts, going out and riding motorcycles. Seeking someone who likes to go out once in a while & enjoys talking on the phone. Call Ext. 34129

219 SWF I'm 21, 5'6", 130 lbs., with brown hair & eyes. I'm looking for a gentleman who is extremely romantic, trustworthy, intelligent & financially secure. Call Ext. 34776

219 SWF 5'3", 21, blonde hair, hazel eyes. Love boating, camping, hunting, fishing & summer night swims. Seek a man 22-25. Call Ext. 35590

219 SWF Looking for a guy who likes to have a good time & will treat a woman for what she is. I like movies & hiking. Basically what you like I'd probably like also. Call Ext. 35195

219 SF 20, college student, 5'4", blonde hair & brown eyes. Enjoy doing most things indoors & outdoors. I love most sports. Looking for someone who has a really good sense of humor & enjoys having fun. Call Ext. 36763

219 SF 21, hopeless romantic. I like animals, watching movies & anything that is fun. I'm looking for someone between the ages of 21-30 for a good time. Call Ext. 37335

310 SF I'm 29 & very romantic. I'm looking for a nice, good looking, handsome guy who is employed. Call Ext. 71006

310 SF Have my own beautiful & a business. I'm a tall, elegant beautifully dressed woman. I consider myself very attractive. Seeking the same in a gentleman of honor & depth. Call Ext. 71251

310 SF 5'3". Looking for a nice guy that likes to kid around but at the same time be respectful & honest. Like going to the movies & walking the beach. I also like to travel. Call Ext. 71300

310 SF 28, professional, blonde naturally curly hair that is shoulder length, petite. I work out. Interested in meeting a man with dark hair, ages 30-45, is responsible, sincere, enjoys the outdoors & is perhaps a professional. Call Ext. 71418

310 SF I'm 5'8", with blue eyes & long hair. I would like to talk to anyone who is nice & romantic. Call Ext. 71740

310 SF 200 lbs., hazel eyes, light skinned, family oriented. Looking for a nice Black male who is 30 or older to have fun with for companionship. Looks don't matter. Call Ext. 71796

310 SWF Beautiful, successful. In search of single White male, well built, affectionate & attractive. I enjoy golfing, fine art. I like men who are cuddly, self confident, affectionate. Call Ext. 71925

310 SF Very pretty, slender, warm, affectionate, outgoing, honest, open & communicative. I'm very spiritual & health conscious. I enjoy all kinds of music, singing, dancing, traveling & the theater. Call Ext. 71754

310 SF 25, long brown hair, blue eyes, 170 lbs. I like going to the gym, dancing & being with the one that I love. I'm looking for a man to have a relationship with. Call Ext. 72581

310 SF Sweet beautiful blonde and was born in New York. I enjoy all the normal activities. I'd love to meet someone to share them with. Someone with a good personality, is easy going & fun loving to be my best friend. Call Ext. 72228

312 SWF 20, college student, blue green eyes, 5'6", not fat. Enjoy dancing, music. I like doing outdoor things & going to concerts. Looking for someone who likes to have fun. Call Ext. 35363

312 SWF 5'8", 135 lbs. I like to play sports & watch movies. Looking for a single White male about 6'5", blonde hair & blue eyes. Call Ext. 35604

312 SF Extremely attractive, loving & loyal. I'm looking for a sexy, strong, intelligent man 24-36. Someone that I can trust. Call Ext. 36318

317 SF 23, 5'1", 105 lbs., brown shoulder length hair. Looking for a guy that likes to have fun, go out or nights at home. I have 2 kids. Looking for a relationship with a guy 25-35. Call Ext. 34015

317 SF 31. Enjoy a lot of sports. Looking for someone who has interests in a friendship as well as a relationship. Looking for someone who's nothing more than an occasional drinker. I like movies, like to go out but also enjoy staying home. Call Ext. 33961

317 SWF 18, 5'6", 125 lbs., brown hair, green eyes. I love to have a good time. Looking for a very well built & attractive guy who is fun to be with, 20-30. Call Ext. 34114

317 SWF I'm 18, brown hair, blue eyes & one child. Searching for a single White male 20-25, who is financially stable, does not play games & knows how to treat a woman, sense of humor is a plus. Call Ext. 34144

317 SF 19, brown hair, hazel eyes, 5'9". Like going to the movies, listening to music & talking on the telephone. Looking for a single White male 18-20 with similar interests. Call Ext. 34415

317 SWF I'm 25, with brown eyes & long brown hair. I like the outdoors & country music. No head games. Call Ext. 34521

317 SF 21. Like country music & having fun. I want to meet someone who will make me laugh. Someone who doesn't play head games & want a serious relationship. Call Ext. 34819

317 SF 27, 5'7". Like outdoor activities, love music. I like being spoiled & spoiling the man that I'm with. Call Ext. 35586

317 SF 18, great personality, easy to get along with. Looking for a guy who is 18-25 that will treat me really good. An overall great guy who likes to have romantic dinners. Race is not important. Call Ext. 35842

317 SF 19, blonde hair, 5'7", 110 lbs. & very fun. I'm looking for a guy 20-30, who is interesting, fun & has a great sense of humor. Call Ext. 36138

317 SWF 21. Seeking an outgoing country type guy, 18-25. I enjoy horseback riding, outdoor things & country music. Call Ext. 37035

415 SF 19, short brown hair, brown eyes, 5'4", 120 lbs. Like doing a lot of outdoor things. Looking for a man who is 21-25. Someone who likes to have fun. Call Ext. 79633

415 SF 33, brunette, blue eyes, 5'4". Like jogging, working out & I'm active in my church. Looking for someone to enjoy the things that I enjoy. Looking to marry. Call Ext. 72180

614 SF I'm 18, 120 lbs., red hair & big blue eyes. I enjoy listening to music, meeting new people & spending time with friends. Looking for someone with a cute personality. Call Ext. 34332

614 SF 19, employed. Love to cook. I'm fairly new to the city. Looking for some friends right now & more. Call Ext. 36106

HOW TO USE THIS SYSTEM

Dear Reader: Enjoy reading all the ads in the category of your choice, circling the ones you'd like to respond to, then call **1-900-526-7666** ($1.98/min.*) and follow the instructions. If you need help using the system, call Bureau One, Inc., customer service at 213-957-7380 (L.A. Calif.) This is only a small portion of the ads currently on our voice personals system, so you might wish to call and browse through the 100's of newest ads anywhere in the country. To record your own free voice personal, call **1-800-754-7721**. You'll automatically get a voice box number. Remember: We screen our ads regularly, but we are not responsible for advertisers. You need to "screen" people yourself; talk by phone, and meet in a public place. You must be 18+ to use this system. Good luck and have fun!
*Average length of call 4 mins., total cost determined by caller. (National Lampoon Magazine, Irvine, CA)

614 SF 31, blonde brown hair & hazel eyes, 5'6", 110 lbs. I am a bit on the quiet side & free spirited. I'm into dancing, music & just having fun. Interested in meeting someone who has things in common with myself. Call Ext. 37122

614 SWF 5'4", long brown hair, blue eyes, honest, fun loving & very adventurous. I love to cuddle up to a good movie with a good man. I enjoy cooking & socializing. In search of a single White man, stocky built. Call Ext. 37328

716 SF 23, college graduate, blonde hair, blue eyes. I would like to meet a man who will treat me right. Call Ext. 17318

716 SF I'm 5'5", 199 lbs., with brown hair hazel eyes. I like having fun, dancing, partying, etc. I'm looking for friends 25-35, who have a car & like going out. Call Ext. 17636

817 SWF 21, 4'11", 105 lbs, blue eyes. I like going out, dining, dancing and having fun. Looking for the right one. I would hope to meet a single White male 25-28. Call Ext. 47623

817 SWF 21, blonde hair, blue eyes. I like to go to the beach, lay out in the sun & play volleyball. I also like dancing, occasionally drinking and having a good time. Seeking someone with a great sense of humor. Call Ext. 47563

817 SF 24. Love horseback riding, walks in the park & I love the ocean. I would like to meet someone who's fun & energetic. Call Ext. 47975

817 SF 115 lbs., 20. Looking for someone 20-25, Hispanic. I like to go out & like meeting new people. Call Ext. 48235

818 SF 5'6", long brown hair, brown eyes, curvaceous, slim, very feminine. I love the outdoors. Looking for a guy who wants to go scuba diving, loves laughing & loves life. Call Ext. 72069

818 SF Attractive, educated, romantic, sophisticated, independent. I'm looking for nice Jewish men 25-50 who has similar qualities & sense of humor. Call Ext. 72204

903 SF I'm 25, 5'2", with brown eyes & black hair. I'm very mischievous, open & honest. I'm looking for a gentleman who is very caring, loving & knows how to treat a lady. Call Ext. 48051

904 SF 19, blonde hair, blue eyes, 129 lbs., 5'9". Like to ride horses, swim, camp & lots more. I'm very outdoorsy. Looking for a single male who likes the outdoors, ages 19-25. Call Ext. 26247

904 SF 5'4", blue eyes, blonde hair. I enjoy country music, line dancing, two steppin, softball, riding bikes & being outdoors. I'm outgoing, fun & energetic. Call Ext. 27018

904 SF Brunette, 5'9". Looking for someone to go out & have fun with. Like dancing, movies & dining. I'm very energetic. Call Ext. 27072

904 SF 18, strawberry blonde hair, green eyes, 125 lbs., 5'5", open minded. I love music, meeting new people & doing new things. I'm looking for someone who is open minded with similar interests. Call Ext. 28132

904 SWF 18, 5'6", 125 lbs., short blonde hair, hazel eyes. Looking for a sensitive guy who is between ages 18-24. No head games please. My interests are movies, horses, the beach & camping. Call Ext. 28387

904 SWF 32, 5'2", 110 lbs., long dark hair & big green eyes. Love doing a lot of sports, fishing, hiking, etc. I'm a mother of a 9 year old girl. Looking for someone that wants to pamper me but will allow me to pamper them too. Call Ext. 28723

MEN SEEKING WOMEN

212 SM 31, tall, athletic. Would like to meet an attractive, intelligent woman to start a friendship. Race is unimportant. Call Ext. 18751

213 SM 5'9", 170 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes. Looking to meet a nice female. I like all kinds of music. Looking to have a good time, possible relationship. Call Ext. 79466

213 SM Energetic, outgoing, 26. Seeking a woman 26-35. I love singing, traveling & taking romantic walks on the beach.áCall Ext. 79461

213 SM 23, 5'11", brown hair, brown eyes, 180 lbs., medium build. Like going ot the gym, playing sports, going out to the movies, amusement parks & dancing. I like going to Palm Springs. Call Ext. 79520

213 SM Work in the entertainment industry. I've only been in Los Angeles for just over a year so I would like to meet a woman that would show me around town a little bit & show me some of the stuff I haven't seen yet. Call Ext. 79595

213 SM 27, 5'11", 175 lbs. Would like to meet a mature woman who is open minded. Leave me a message. Call Ext. 79871

213 SM 21, brown eyes. Like going out, having fun, going dancing & shooting pool. Looking for a woman 18 & up. Call Ext. 79838

213 SM Fun loving & very handsome. I would love to meet you & buy you the world. Give me a call. Call Ext. 79924

213 SM Musician, songwriter, entertainer, 37 years young. Looking to date a White, blonde haired girl who's a songwriter, musician, actor, entertainer who's athletic, likes music, art, acting & theater. Call Ext. 71234

213 SM 6'4", 19, college student. I'm very romantic, intelligent & sensitive. Looking for a woman between the ages of 18-25, a non-smoker. Call Ext. 71786

213 SM 23. Seeking a woman not over 200 lbs., age 18-30. Someone who likes going out, loves romantic dinners. Call Ext. 72387

213 SM Enjoy going out to parties, dinners & working out. Leave a message. Call Ext. 72319

213 SM 25, employed, have a daughter. Interested in meeting someone that likes to have fun & is outgoing. I'm possibly looking for a commitment if it's the right woman. Hopefully the right woman is you. Call Ext. 72299

213 SM 6'2", 210 lbs., college graduate, athletically built. Looking for a single, attractive female who is a sweetheart & is willing to take the opportunity to be loved. Call Ext. 72506

213 SWM Trainer & entertainer. I'm 5'9", 150 lbs., brown hair & eyes. Looking for someone who loves animals, birds in particular. Call Ext. 72479

219 SM Looking for a fun sexy woman who likes to go out & have a good time. I'm a hardworking man, with my own house & vehicles. I'm looking for a woman to share my life with. Call Ext. 33715

219 SM 6', brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for someone to go out & have a good time with. Possible relationship. Call Ext. 34385

219 SM My interests are sports & working out. I'm into fitness. I also like romance, theater & the movies. Interested in sharing my life with someone who's family oriented & looking to work on a friendship. Call Ext. 35281

219 DWM 33, 6'2", 180 lbs., have 2 daughters. I enjoy hunting, fishing, quiet evenings at home. Would like to meet a female 25-35 who likes doing the same things. Must be honest. Call Ext. 35566

310 SM 20. Looking for a girl 18-21. Looking for someone who likes to go on beach walks, run around, party a little, exercise & listen to music. I'm pretty much a mellow guy. Call Ext. 79745

310 SM Live on the West Side, employed, blonde hair, blue eyes, 5'11", 170 lbs., healthy & I don't smoke. I've never been married. Looking for a woman who is independent, open minded & a little bit adventurous. Call Ext. 79433

310 SWM I'm 6'3", 195 lbs. & handsome with brown hair & hazel eyes. I'm confident & outgoing. I'm looking for a lady that is spontaneous, sexy & beautiful. Call Ext. 71059

312 SM Graduate student & a model, tall with dark hair. Interested in meeting a lady who is sensuous & ready for adventures. Call Ext. 34283

312 SM Looking for a nice young, professional lady, 21-31. I'm 25 and ready to settle down. Looking for someone to share those dreams & ambitions with. Call Ext. 34532

312 SM 18, college student, 5'11", 180 lbs. I'm outgoing & very romantic. I love long walks on the beach and I love children. Call Ext. 34712

317 SWM I'm 6'2", 240 lbs., with brown hair & green eyes. I'm looking for a single White female 18-21 years of age. I have a good personality & am a lot of fun. Call Ext. 33767

317 SM 28. Like all kinds of sports, the outdoors, going to the movies or just renting one. Looking for someone 22-32 for a serious relationship. Call Ext. 34474

415 SWM Brown hair, green eyes, 5'7", 150 lbs. Like movies, the beach & having a good time. Call Ext. 71810

603 SWM I'm 30, 5'7", physically fit, attractive & have never been married. I'm looking for that someone special, with the same qualities as myself. I love the outdoors, all sports & being spontaneous I like trying new things. Call Ext. 16706

603 SM 31, 5'8", 170 lbs, brown hair, blue eyes, good looking, in good shape. I ski, hike & canoe a lot. Looking for a girl who is similar to me & who is looking for some fun. Someone who knows how to communicate. Call Ext. 16794

603 SWM 29, college educated, own my own business. Enjoy sports, swimming, bike riding, skiing & running. I'm a non-drinker, non-smoker & don't use drugs. Call Ext. 18204

614 SM 6', 185 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, smoker. I enjoy sports & going out with my friends to have a good time. If you're interested, leave me a message. Call Ext. 34128

813 SM 32, blonde hair, blue eyes, 210 lbs. Enjoy outdoors, going out & romance. Looking for a girl interested in the same. Call Ext. 26550

813 SM 26, 6'6", 240 lbs., have brown hair & blue eyes. Looking for a White female ages 18-28. Call Ext. 28088

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Stanford University

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—Mama Cass

"I love food more than this magazine"

—Karen Carpenter

THE KATZENBERG-GEFFEN-SPIELBERG TROIKA: DIRECTORS OR DICTATORS?—YOU DECIDE!

troi·ka (troi´kə) *n.* [R. troyka <*troje* three] 1. a Russian carriage drawn by a team of three horses abreast. 2. a triumvirate.

The media has prematurely and melodramatically bestowed the recent merger of Jeffrey Katzenberg, David Geffen and Stephen Spielberg with endless comparisons to the 1919 United Artist formation by D.W. Griffith, Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks. But any sensible layman with even a vague understanding of history will point out that the more apt comparison is to another well known force of three: Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin.

It is not prudent to make such strong allegations without sufficient substantiation—alas, however, the evidence is all too apparent. We wish to God it weren't.

Before we proceed with this necessary ugliness, let it be said that the researchers of this document, as well as the publication itself, have nothing less than the utmost respect for the three creative individuals being slandered. However, as concerned and dutiful members of this planet, it is our duty to harvest the indubitable facts, and present them to the public, though certainly in an objective demeanor. It is not our place to berate or condemn any man, even if the data collected affirms him to be as venal and foul as week-old butcher's filth. That having been said, let us proceed with the ugliness.

ITEM A

Stalin had a secretary named Katzenberg. Katzenberg has a secretary named Joyce. Don't see the relationship? Well consider this: Joyce's husband is reputed to be a heavy-set, handlebar-moustached, cigar-chomping man whose coarse delivery is characterized by distinct phrases such as "**Okey-Dokey**," "**Beats me**," and "**Woe to the weak**."

ITEM B

Benito "Il Duce" Mussolini agreed with Hitler's ideal of the perfect human specimen being a blonde-haired, blue-eyed, young boy. David Geffen shares a similar fondness.

ITEM C

One group ployed to install Machiavellian political views in the younger generation through the ambitious Hitler Youth Program.

The other claims to be "Putting priority on rapidly building a strong **animation** unit at the new studio."

ITEM D

Hitler had a dog named "**Blondi**." 70's heroine/rock queen, **Blondie**, has a dog named "**Hitler**." Spielberg has no dog, but owns several **Blondie records** including **rare bootlegs** and several **side B tracks.**

ITEM E

The ill-fated Mussolini/Hitler partnership included unfulfilled plans for world domination, genocide, and a lucrative Berlin restaurant specializing in submarine sandwiches. It is logical to assume that Herren Katzenberg and Spielberg have decided to reverse the order of their predecessor's failed plans for strategic reasons. These suspicions can be confirmed by a quick visit to the Spielberg-Katzenberg owned restaurant, "Dive!", a U-boat-themed sandwich shop where the consumer can't help but be shocked by the machinators' morbid fascination with German engineering and warfare tactics common to WWII.

ITEM F

QUIZ

"A highly intelligent man should take a primitive and stupid woman. Imagine if on top of everything else I had a woman who interferred with my work! In my leisure time I want to have peace."

A. Adolf Hitler to Albert Speer on Eva Braun
B. Stephen Spielberg to Sid Sheinberg on Kate Capshaw

"There's opportunity for us here to have a revolution."

A. Jeffrey Katzenberg, (NYT Oct.13 p.C13)
B. Benito Mussolini
C. Adolf Hitler

"At the right moment the right weapon must be employed. One stage is probing the opponent, a second is preparation."

A. Adolf Hitler
B. David Geffen
C. Joseph Stalin

"At last a bulwark against approaching chaos!"

A. Adolf Hitler P.109
B. Jeffrey Katzenberg
C. Steven Spielberg

"I want to create something that will outlive us all."

A. David Geffen
B. Steven Spielberg (Variety, Oct 13 p.13)
C. Benito Mussolini

"You idiot! If I had never in my life been a visionary, where would you be, where would we all be today?"

A. Adolf Hitler to public (Hitler, p.24)
B. David Geffen to press
C. Michael Eisner to Jeffrey Katzenberg

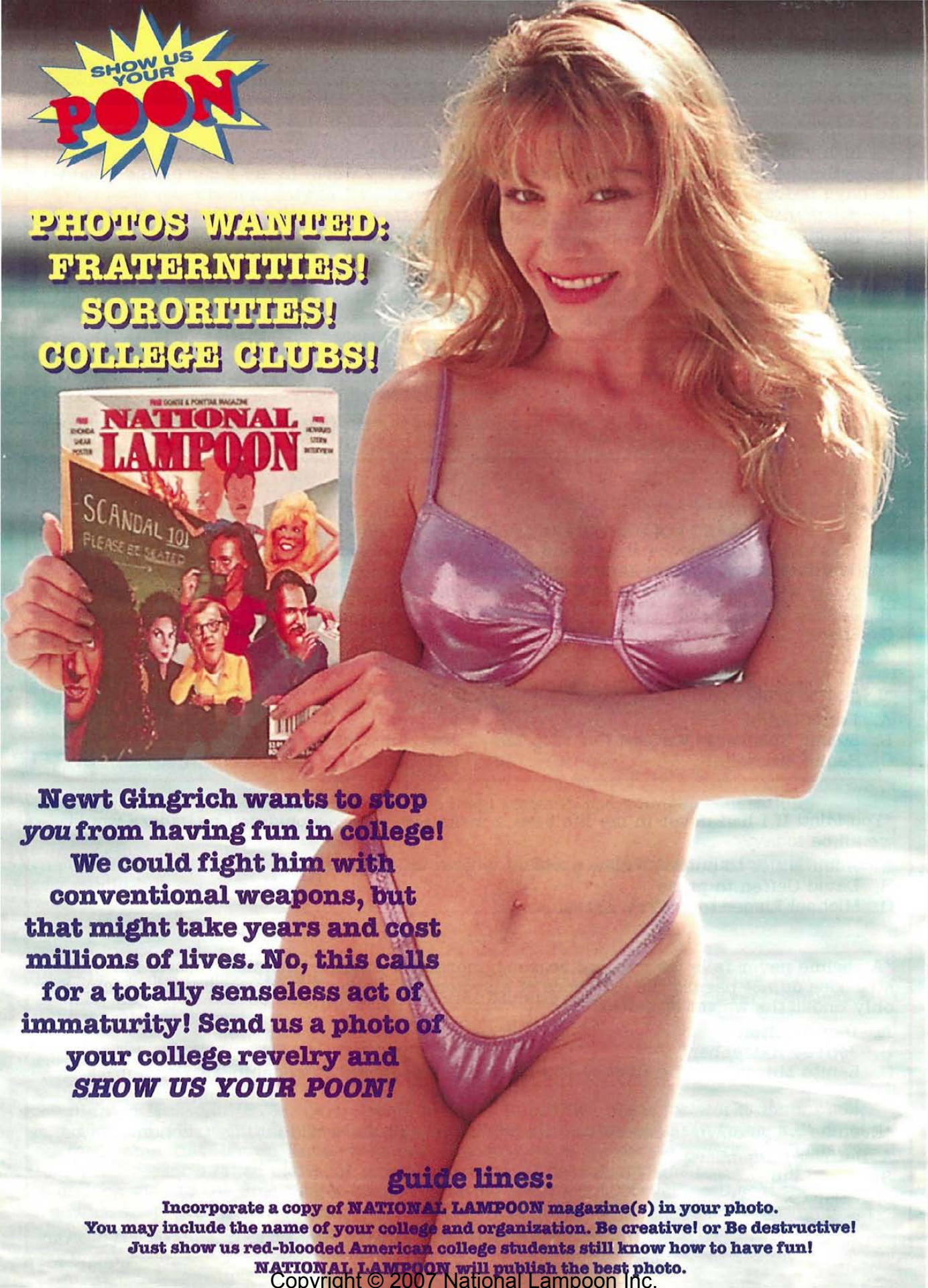
"A regime never fails for internal reasons, moral questions, economic stresses. Party struggles do not hazard the existence of a system. A regime, of whatever kind, collapses only under the weight of defeat."

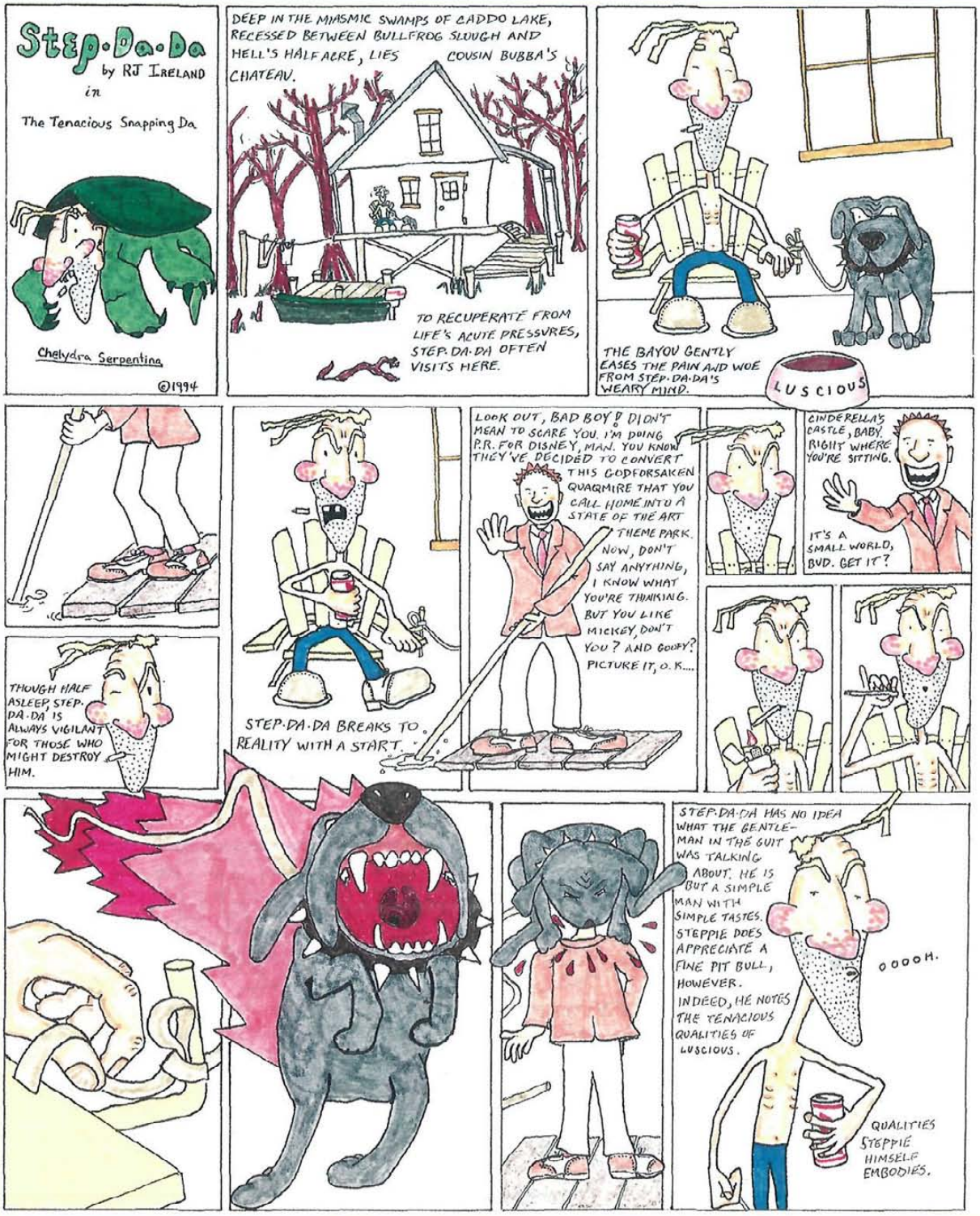
A. David Geffen
B. Jeffrey Katzenberg
C. Benito Mussolini (The History of a Year p.3 The Brutal Friendship, fw Deadkin)

"Even as we go down to destruction we will carry half the world into destruction with us."

A. Jeffrey Katzenberg
B. Josef Stalin
C. Hitler (p. 754)

Answers: yes, maybe, ?, trick question, all of the above, yes, 3, e.





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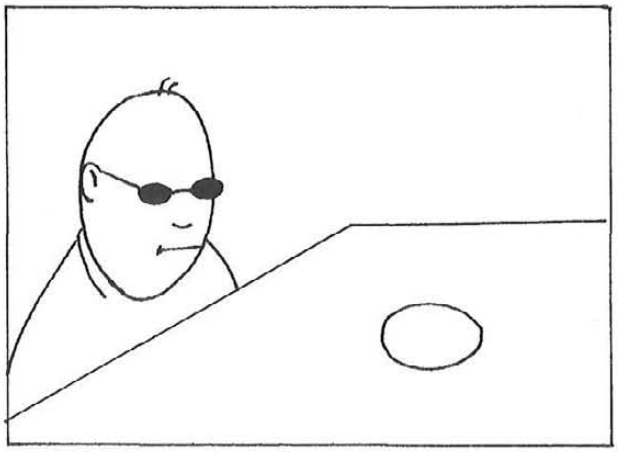
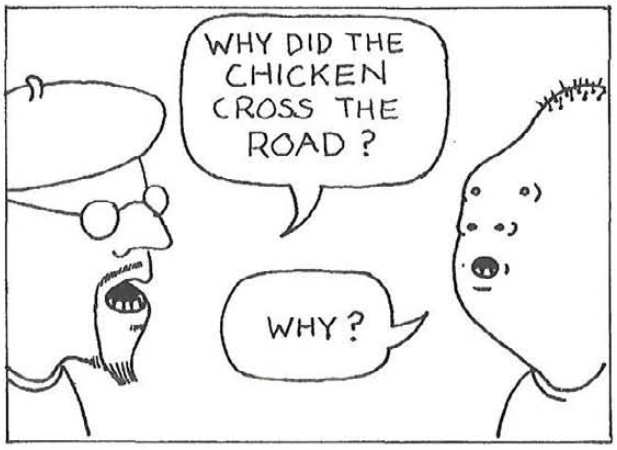
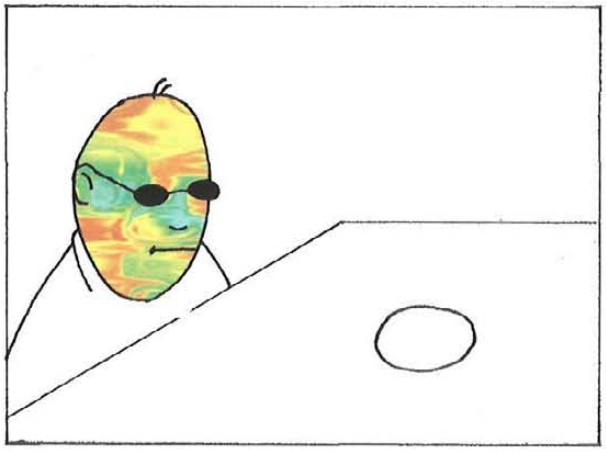


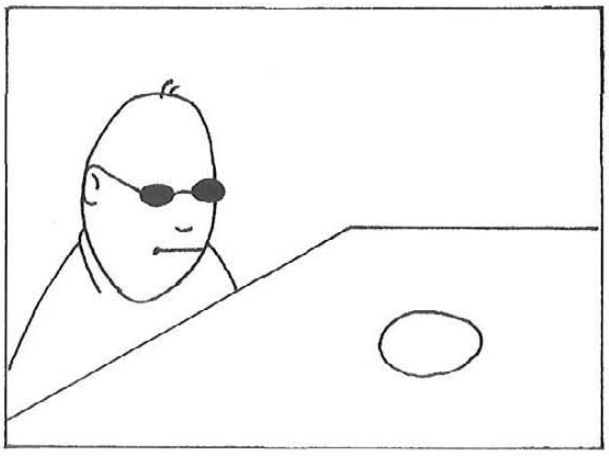
EXISTENTIAL CARTOON

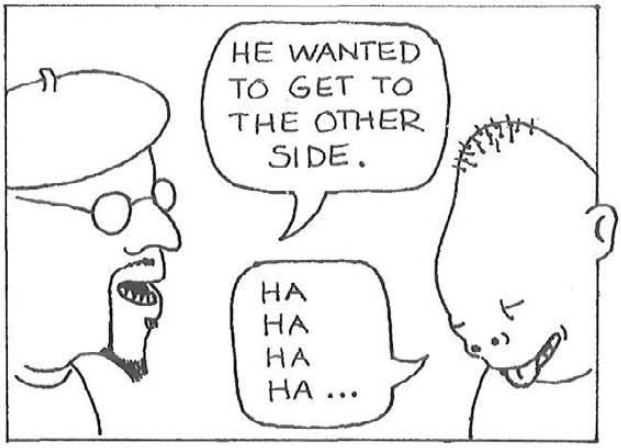
"THE INSTANT OF DECISION IS MADNESS"
S. KIERKEGAARD

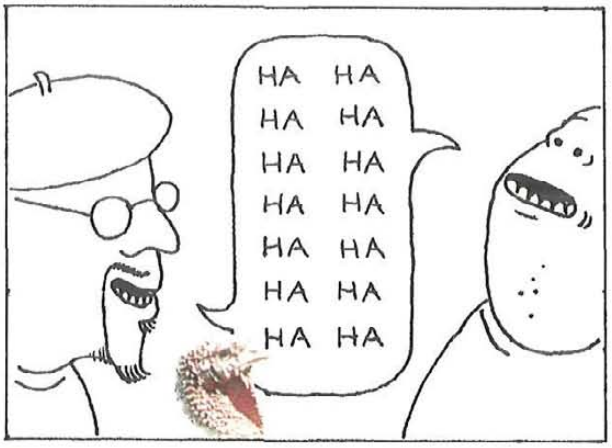


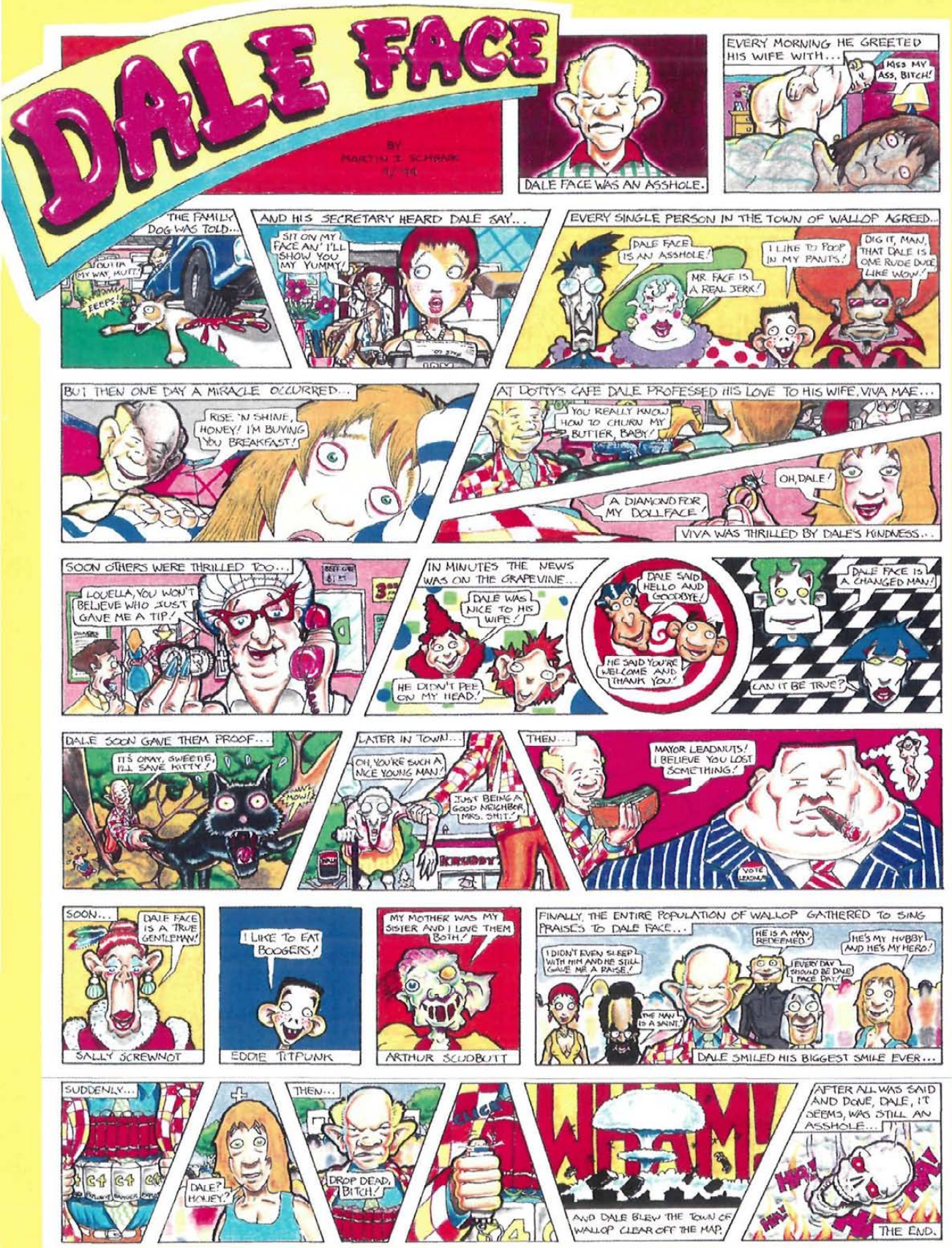
IN AN EFFORT TO ADDRESS THE POSTMODERN FRAGMENTATION OF SENSIBILITIES AND 'HUMOR - SPACINGS', THE CARTOONIST NOW FEELS ETHICALLY COMPELLED TO INCREASE THE DIVERSITY AND FREQUENCY OF HIS/HER 'HUMOR - SENDINGS'. HE/SHE HOPES THAT SOMEDAY EVERYONE WILL HAVE THEIR OWN PRIVATE CARTOON.











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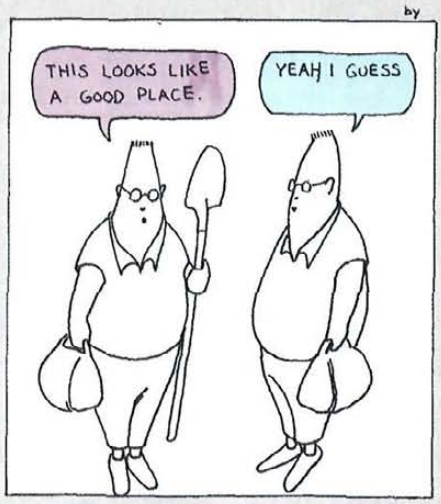

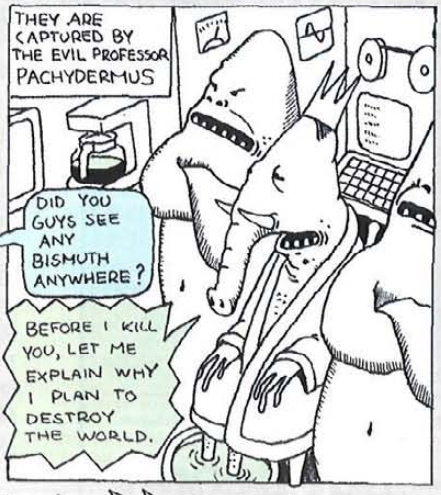

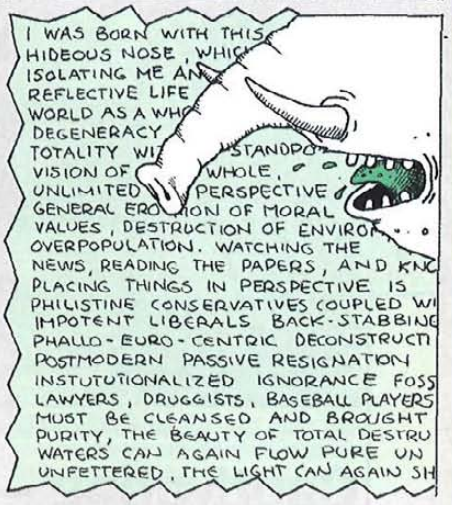

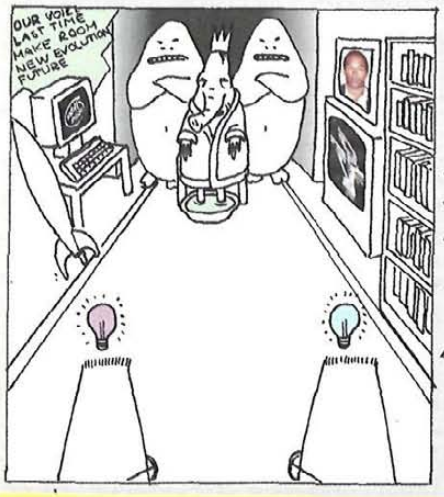

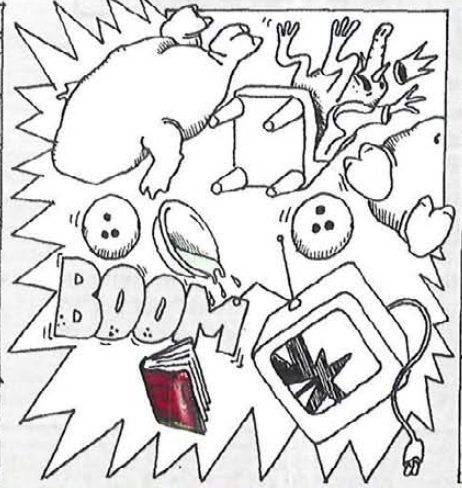

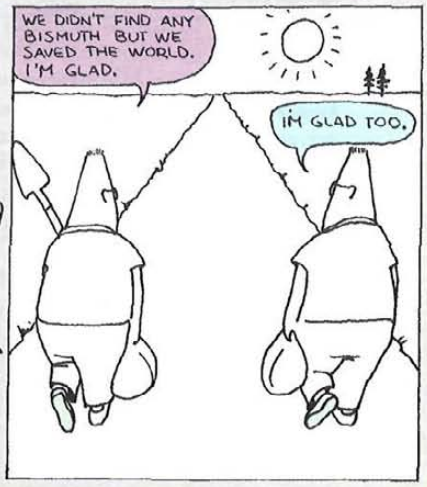

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OUTDOORS

Excrement 'out of hand,' group builds bush privies

Gay-Day

Prescott pumper may be bound for Dildo

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Paying heed to the warning sign, Mount Joy resident Kathie Marrello and her two daughters, Katelyn, 4, center, and Charlotte, 7, enjoy the view from Chickies Rock.

Captivating — but deadly

Ron Tupper of Eastborne, England, sat down in a chair on his private back porch after a hot bath to sun his naked body. While relaxing, his testicles, loose from the hot water, slipped between the slats of the seat. At first he didn't give it any thought, but when he attempted to stand, he noticed that the skin had tightened up. He couldn't remove testicles from the slats.

Realizing he was stuck, he scuttled back into the house on the chair, and phoned firemen, who tried to grease his testicles up to pull them out. When that didn't work, they hacked the chair to pieces.

Eastborne Herald
Contributor's name lost by idiot intern

Gwen Laymon told reporters on the steps of the main police station in New Orleans that her son was completely innocent of the crime he was arrested for—shooting a 12-year-old girl in a drive-by shooting.

She continued that her son, Eric, could not have been involved in the drive-by because he was elsewhere at exactly ten-thirty, when the crime took place. She said that she had witnesses to prove it.

When pressed by reporters about where Eric actually was during the crime, Gwen said that "He was over on the other side of town in a project, murdering someone who owed us money. He shot him through the head." She later retracted her statement.

The Globe and Mail
Contributor's name lost by stupid staffer

A starving garbage-picker and his mother ate a scavenged lump of flesh—even after they realized it was a human breast. "At first I did not know what it was, but then I saw some yellow fat coming out of it and a neighbor told me what it was. But I still ate it," Leonildes Cruz Soares, 65, said in interview.

Her son, Adilson Soares, 39, told reporters he found the flesh among some hospital waste in a municipal dump in Olinda, a town outside Recife in the poverty-stricken northeastern state of Pernambuco. He took it home, and

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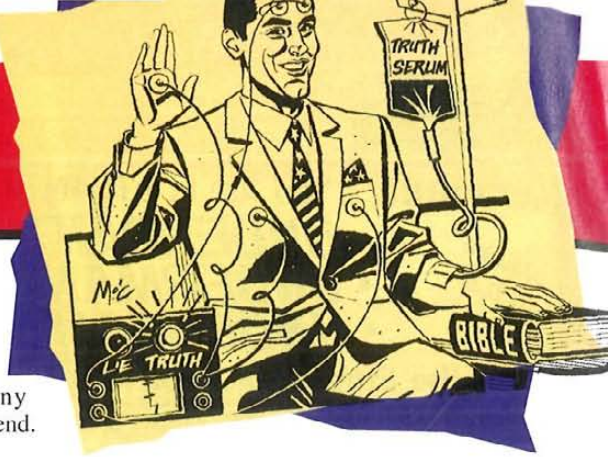

his mother fried it in oil and served it with corn.
Columbus Dispatch
Contributed by Fred L. Murray

Robert Shepard, an inmate at South Central Regional Jail in South Charleston, gathered enough dental floss to make a rope as thick as a telephone cord and used it to scale an 18-foot wall to escape. Just how much floss it takes to make a rope of such a size has not been documented. Packages typically contain 55 yards.

Shepard had been buying quite a bit of floss at the commissary but, "we just thought he had a thing with his teeth," said unnamed officials. Sales of floss have been suspended.
LA Times
Submitted by DCG

Attorney Robert Thomas Homick, 43, was temporarily suspended by the California Bar Association after being convicted in the so-called "ninja" killings of an elderly Brentwood couple. Homick was sentenced to life in prison without possibility of parole. State Bar officials said that his crime and subsequent conviction "could lead to permanent disbarment."
The Outlook
DCG

JAKARTA. Aug. 21 (UNI) A car mechanic in Yogyakarta, about 600km southeast of here, died in a bizarre incident on Sunday, when a fellow worker unintentionally pumped air through his anus, reports OANA-Bernama.

Suprianto, 24, was repairing a car when his fellow worker inserted the nozzle of an air compressor into a hole in the back of his pants, just for fun. The nozzle somehow got lodged in Suprianto's anus and almost immediately he collapsed. He was rushed to hospital but died after several hours. The fellow worker told the police that he did not have any intention of killing his friend.
Indian newspaper
Contributed by Scott E. Smith

A sideshow performer billed as the Human Blockhead was sentenced to life in prison yesterday for his role in the contract slaying of his stepfather, the claw-handed Lobster Boy. Harry Glenn Newman, a 20-year-old whose specialty was hammering nails into his nostrils, maintained that he joined his mother in the murder plot in order to save her from years of abuse and death threats. "It's just that I loved the family so much," he told Circuit Judge Donald Evans. "I just wish there were other things I could have done now....I know I used bad judgment." Newman, round-faced and pudgy with an IQ of 70, testified at his August trial that his pincer-armed, stub-legged stepfather, Grady Stiles Jr., was a drunken brute who slapped his mother, head-butted her and threatened to kill the entire family. Newman said it was a case of kill or be killed. Newman's mother, Mary Stiles, recruited him to pay a teenaged neighbor $1,500 to kill the 55-year-old Stiles. Stiles was shot in the head two years ago. Newman's father is a midget billed on the sideshow circuit as The World's Smallest Man.
San Francisco Chronicle
Contributed by Todd Falk

An Italian woman who taught her talking blackbird to make death threats against her neighbor has been told to move the winged messenger out of earshot. A court in Concordia Sagittaria, near Venice, ruled in favor of Norina Miorin, who said her next-door neighbor taught the Indian blackbird to say "Norina, I'm going to kill you." Court officials said last week that the judge had ordered the bird's owner, Maria Bruna Bortolussi, to keep it indoors. The two women are at loggerheads over garden boundaries. The bird was not in court but police went to the house to hear it talk, the officials said.
Reuter
Contributor's name lost by feeble-minded file clerk

A Tulsa, Okla., man, defending himself on a purse-snatching charge, had an idiot for a lawyer. He got the robbery victim on the witness stand, peered at her knowingly, and asked, "Did you get a good look at me when I took your purse? He got hot when the victim identified him as the robber, accused her of lying, and screamed, "I should have blown your head off!"

A 16-year-old kid in St. Louis broke into a car and swiped a brand-new pair of pants with the $35 price tag still on them. So he took them to the store that sold them, to get a refund. Bad Break No.1: The woman he asked for the refund happened to be the store security chief. Bad break No.2: She also happened to be the owner of the car and the pants.
Baltimore Sunpaper
Contributed by J. Scott Hager

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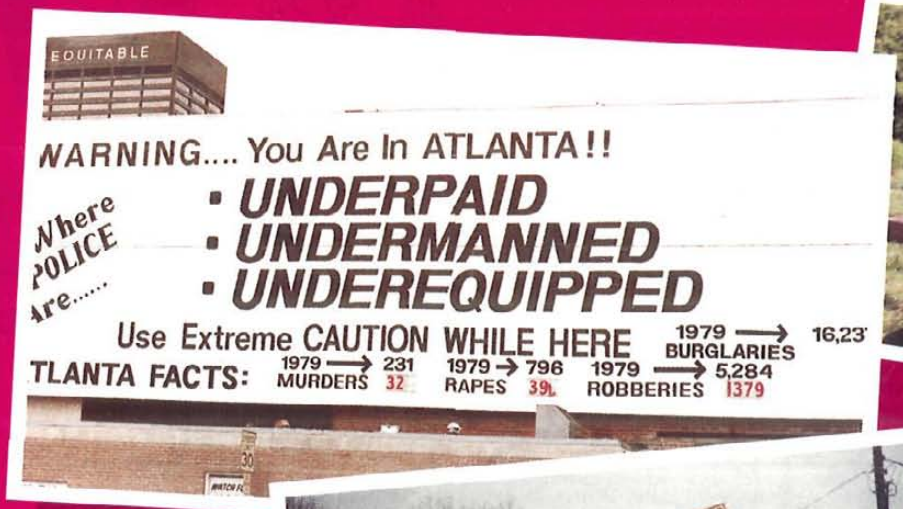

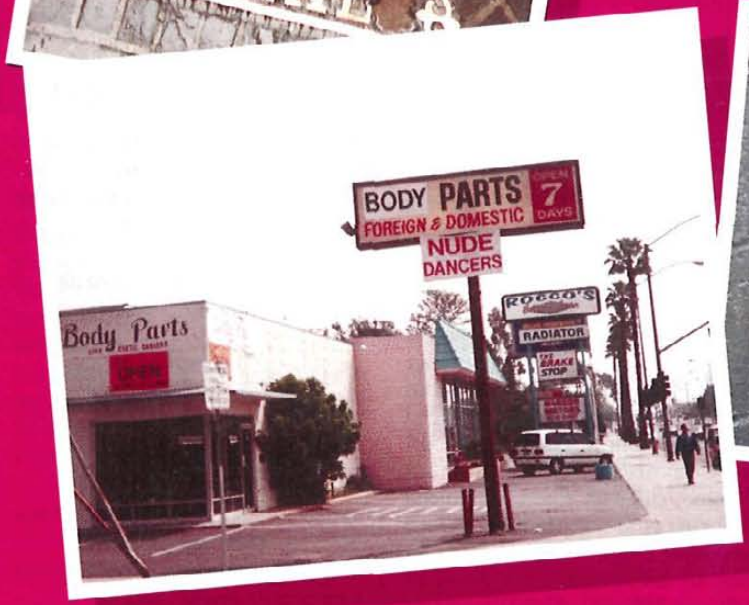

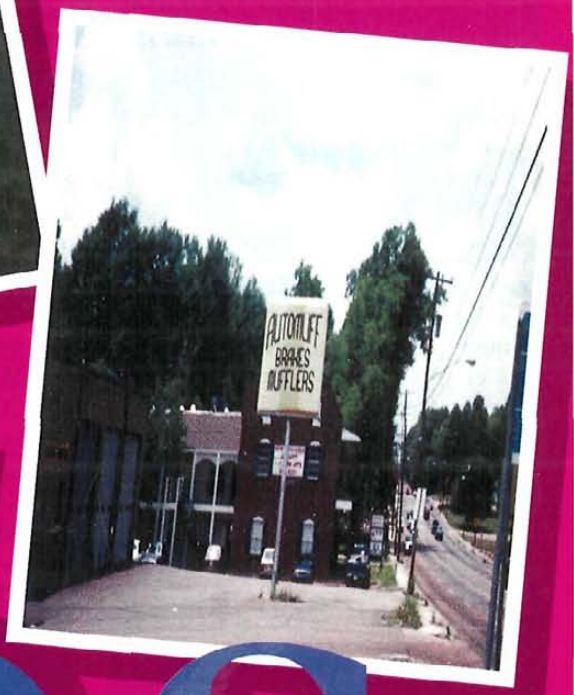

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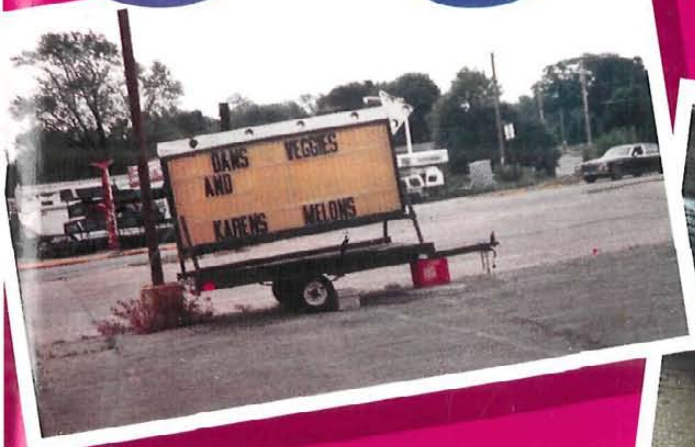

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By Dane Spotts

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 want to show off its other incredible mind expanding powers.

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.

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.

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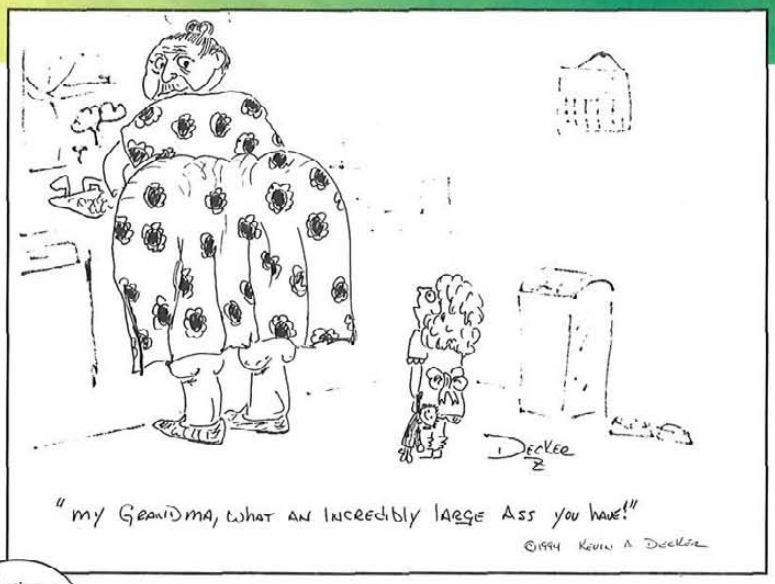

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I'd give a leg and a leg to be a fly on *her* bathroom wall!

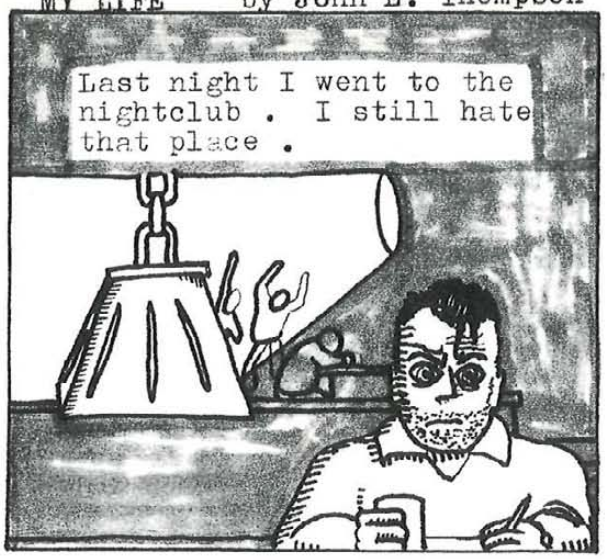
You are one sick insect, my friend.

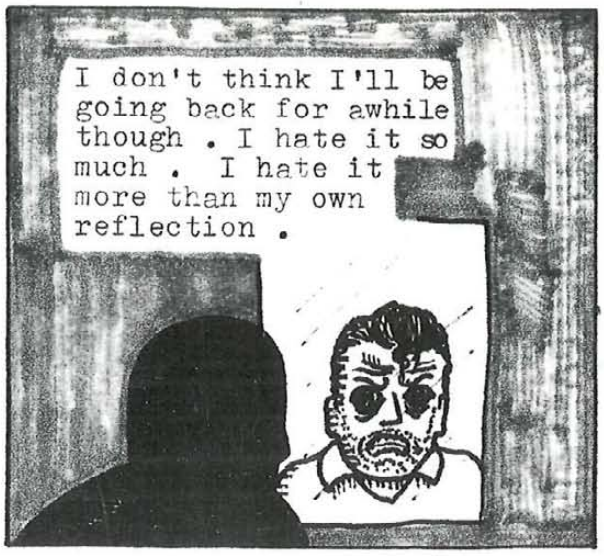
WOOOOO! Do NOT go in there!

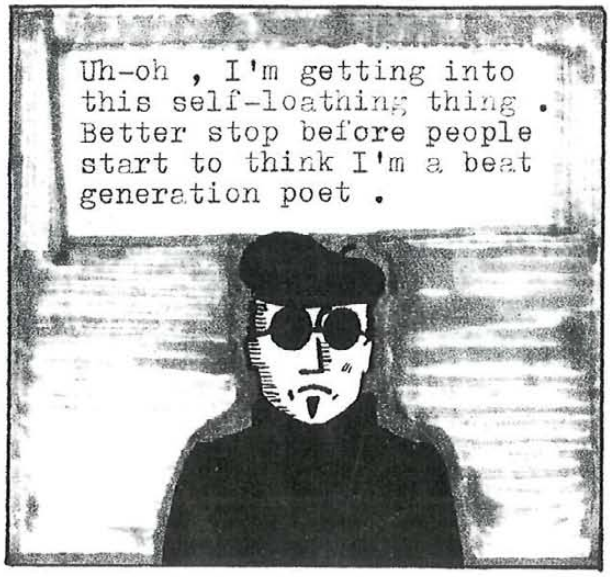
KARTOON KONTEST-ANT WINNERS

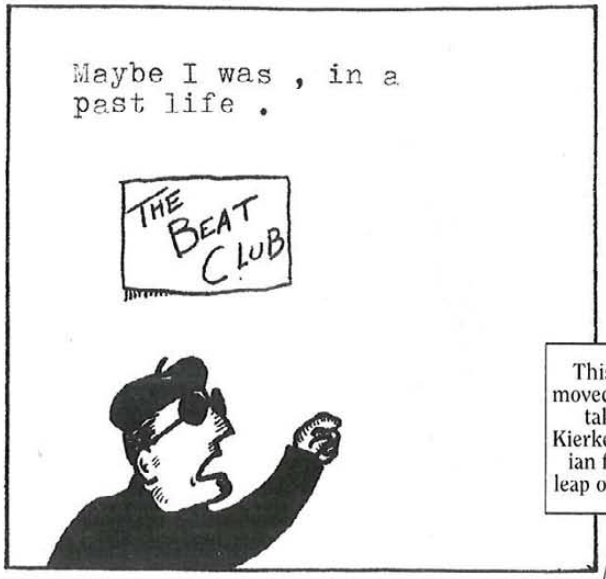
KARTOON KONTEST-ANT WINNERS

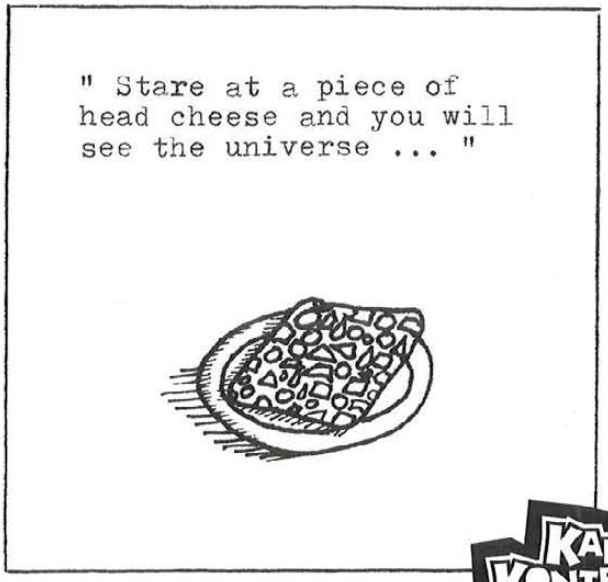
MY LIFE by John E. Thompson

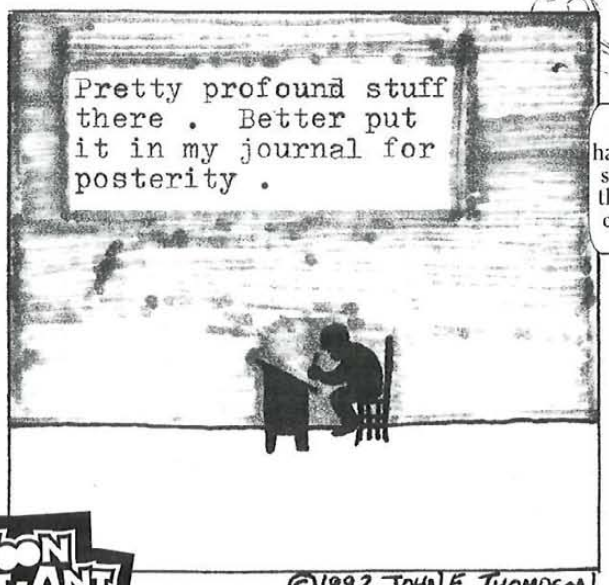












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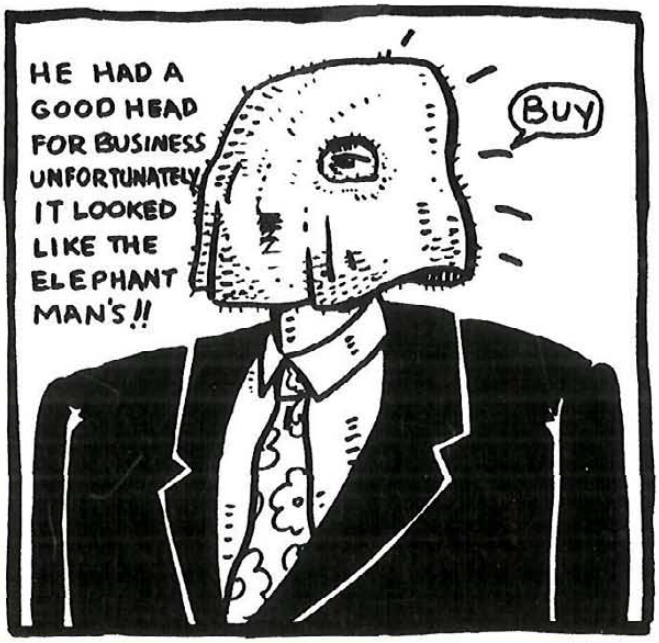
Variations ON A THEME



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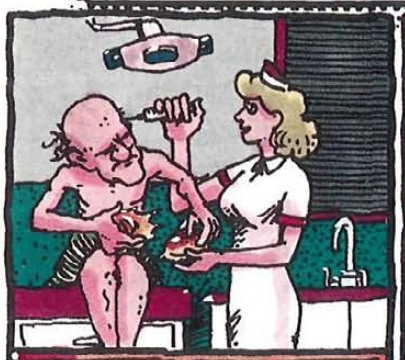
I'M JUST A COO-COO PANTS IN LOVE...

Lou Patnode



SEA SHELLS

BLUEBELLS

FIFTY CENTS A DOZEN

WISHING WELLS

SOMETHING SMELLS

THROW IT IN THE OVEN

TYPE A NOTE

ALL SHE WROTE

PICTURE OUT OF LEVEL

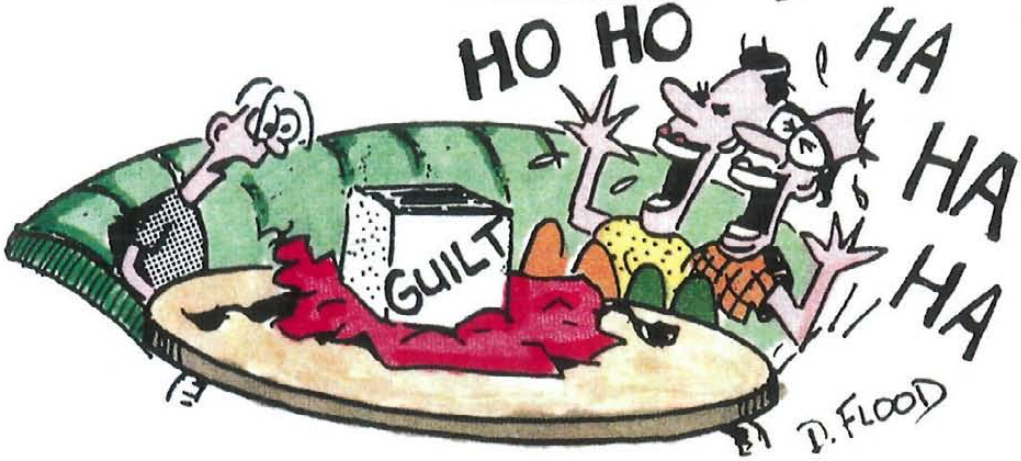
TIP A BOAT

WEAR A COAT

BATH TOYS OF THE DEVIL

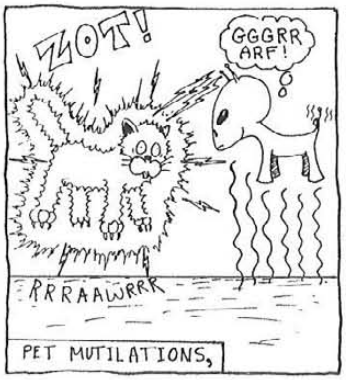
KARTOON KONTEST-ANT WINNERS

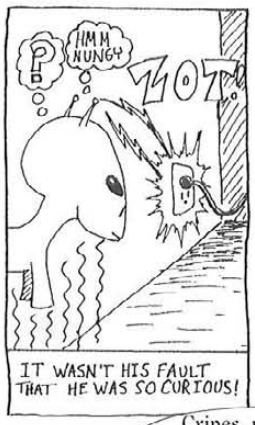
This stuff is getting pretty weird, man! I think there's something in this paper!

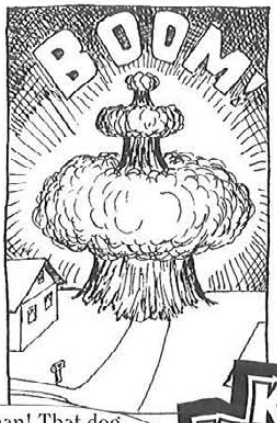


KARTOON KONTEST-ANT WINNERS

Oh my God! He just crushed Pepito and Jose with that toaster!







Cripes, man! That dog looks an awful lot like my 87th wife!

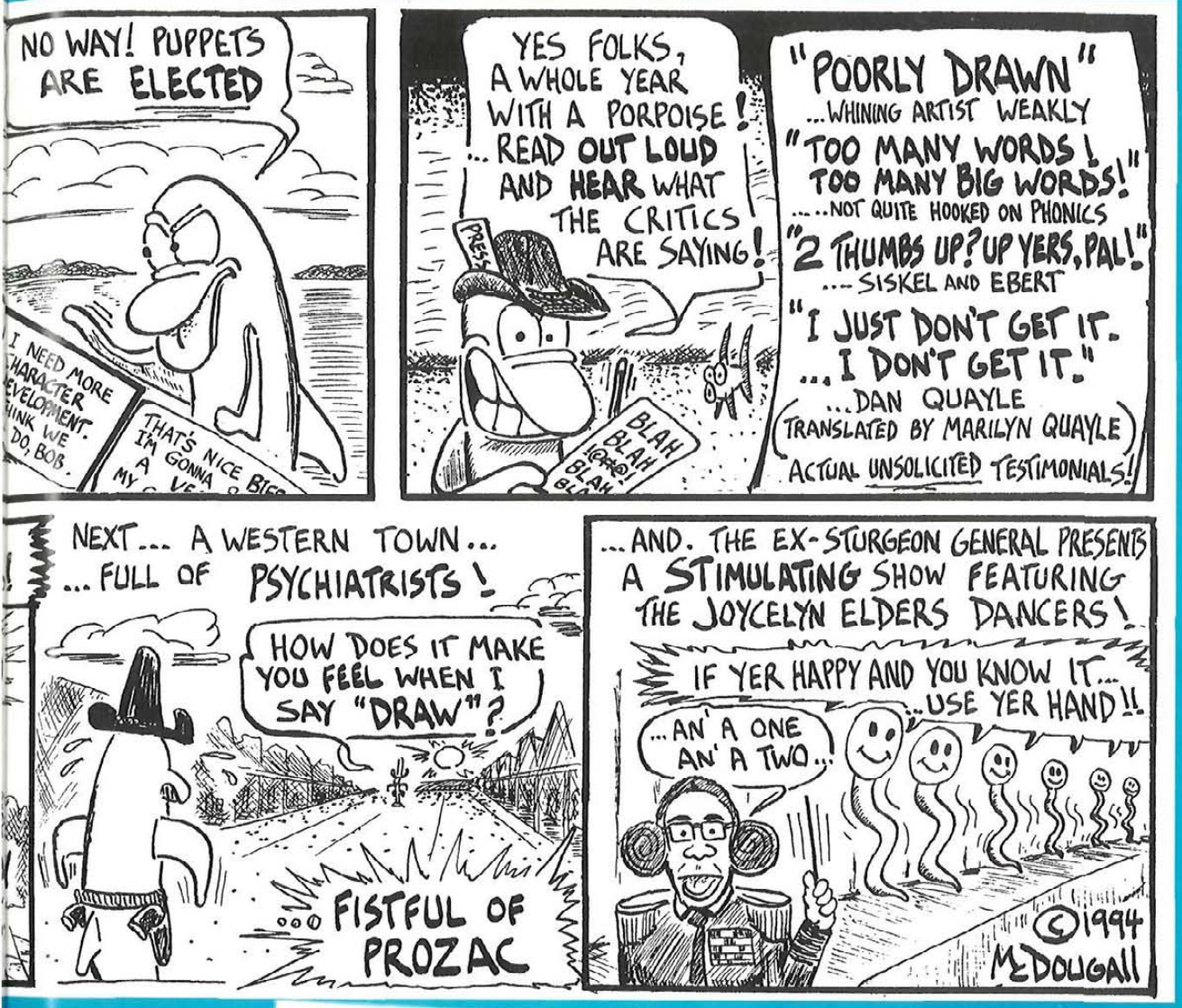
KARTOON KONTEST-ANT WINNERS

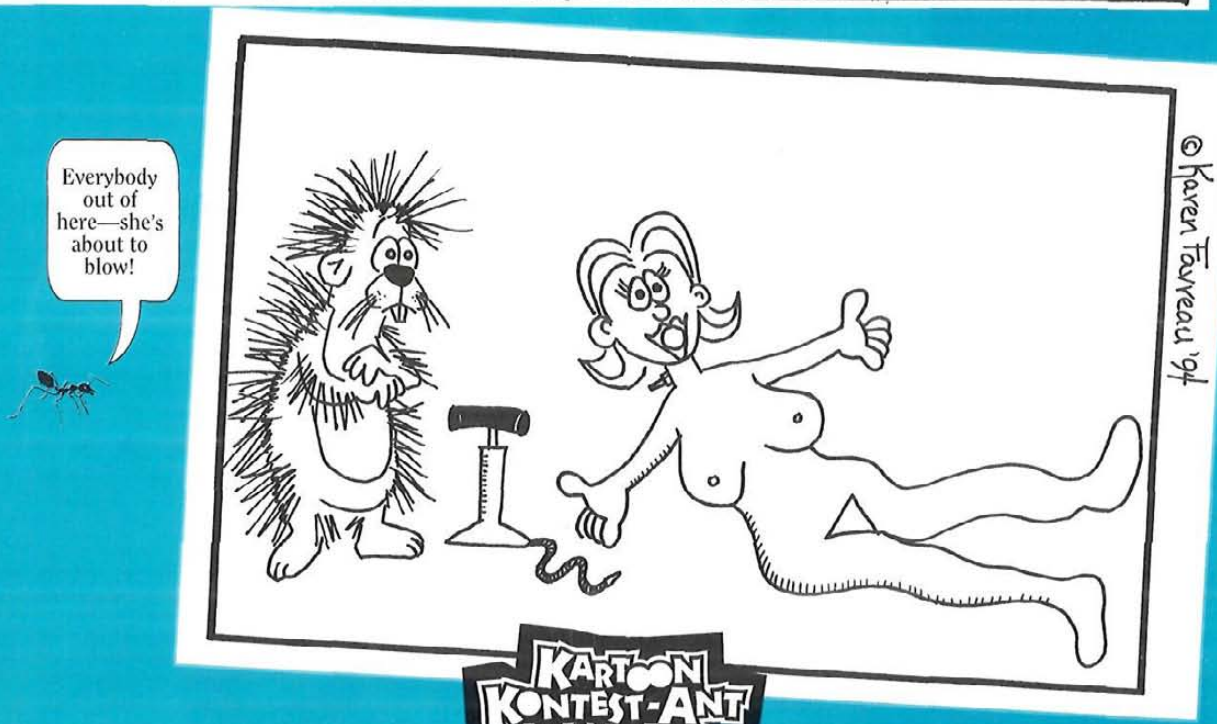
This cartoon discriminates against fat, ugly, smelly human males.

Hey, Flipper, 'Loved you in Ace Ventura! You're beautiful, babe!

Wow, what a trip! I can't wait 'till next issue!

KARTOON KONTEST-ANT WINNERS





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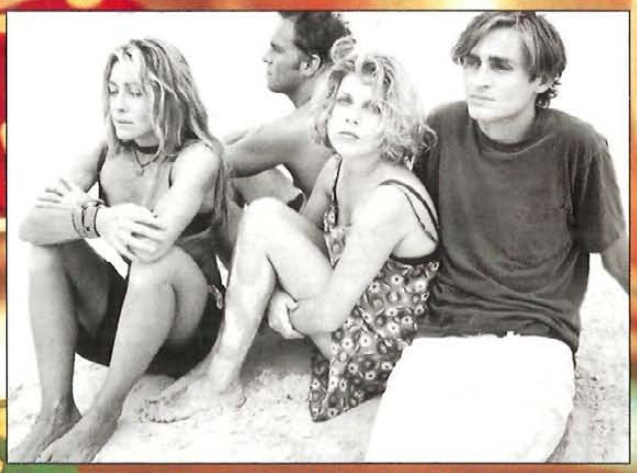
Belly KING



Pictured: (l-r) Gail, Chris, Tanya, Tom, i.e. Belly, the folks who a year ago asked you to Feed the Tree, grapple with (and surmount) the oh-so-crucial sophomore effort, confidently titled "KING." See for yourself, on CD or Cassette or ever-lovin' Vinyl from Sire Records.

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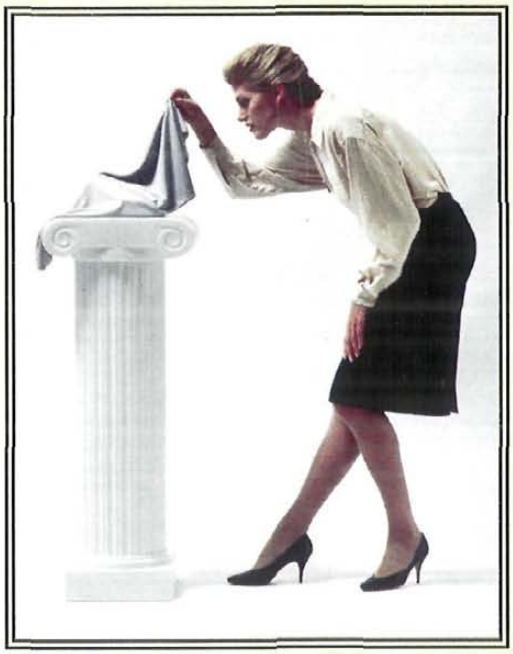

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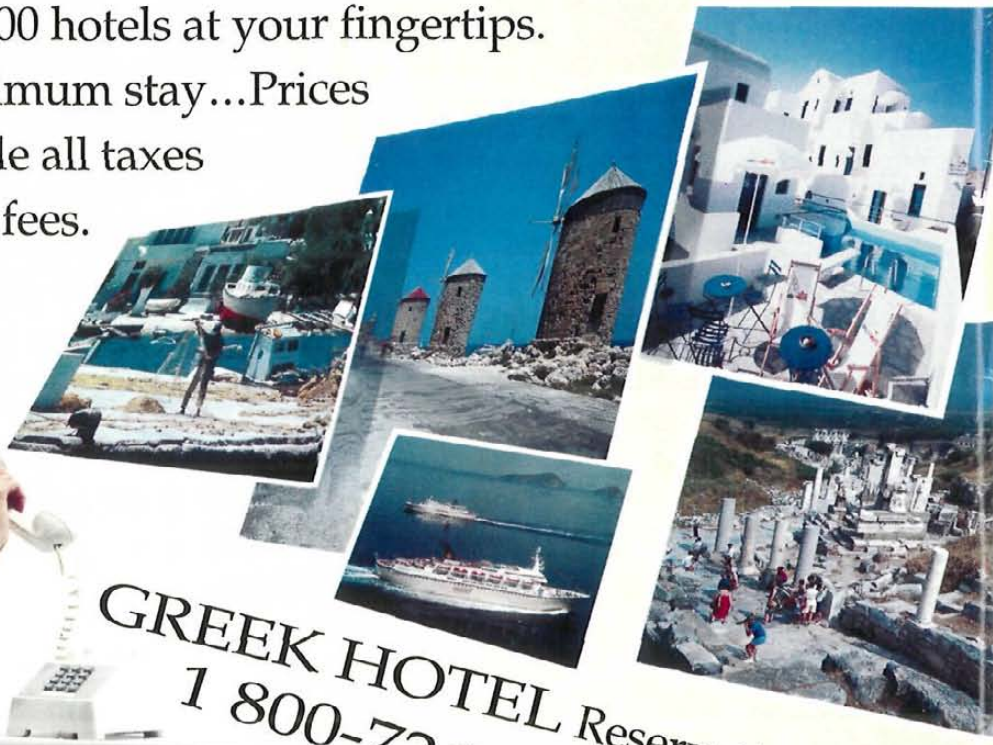

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