

Bonus: Sux-Madonna's Baby Book

NATIONAL LAMPOON®

Melvin Spivey...
Nasal Spray Addict

The Multicultural Exams
of Ellen Braverwomyn

Almost Holy
Apparitions

Fashion Cafe Menu



Expanded
True Facts

J. Peeterman's
Dysfunctional White
Trash Catalogue

SEXUAL HARRASSMENT SUITS
We'd Like To See

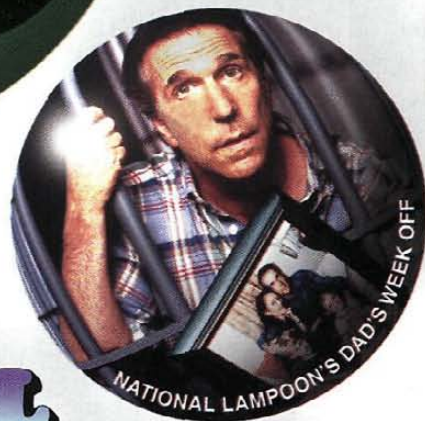


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EDITORIAL STAFF

Publisher: **Duncan Murray**
Editor-in-Chief: **Jeff Pill**
Senior Editors: **Dean Christopher, Dave Pullano**
Associate Editor: **Tom Sage**
Current Events Editor: **Nick Beef**
Editorial Assistant: **Cora V. Asuncion**
Editorial Board: **James P. Jimirro, Duncan Murray,
Jeff Pill, Dave Pullano**
Director of Advertising: **Jay Eisenberg,**
JE Publishers' Representatives
12424 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 1110
L.A. CA 90025
(310) 571-0300 Phone
(310) 571-0307 FAX
Senior Photographer: **Darryl Song**
Cover Photographer: **Juli Armitage**
Contributing Photographers: **Jerry Friedman, Diane Grisevich**
Contributing Editors: **Harmon Leon, Brian Williamson**
Contributing Writers: **Anne Beats, Gene Grey, David Guhlow,
John Hughes, Ted Mann, Bruce McCall,
Dennis McMurray, Tom Roberts,
Jim Siergey, Jefferson Springbok,
Gerald Sussman, Christine Wrensh**
Art Director: **Rick Menard**
Contributing Artists: **Laurie Aleite, Jon Barry, Doug Taylor, Peter
Kleinman, Stanley Matis, Bruce McCall,
Steve Teeter, Doug Taylor, Eric Von
Schmidt, Brian Williamson**
Senior Graphic Artist: **Sally Brophy**
Graphic Artists: **Darin Alech, Scott Bevington,
Richard Germinaro**
Electronic Publishing Assistant: **Ben Ho**
Research/Fact Checker: **Sandra L. Murray**
Digital Production: **Scott Holmes**
Cover Model: **Darlene Medore**

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A Message from the National Veal Association



Attention Readers:

Please, **DO NOT BE ALARMED BY EXTREMIST ADS SUCH AS THIS ONE**, showing a young calf chained in a small pen, wallowing in its own filth. This is not the case with meat from the National Veal Association. In fact, veal is one of the healthiest foods that you can eat.

The young calves raised at our ranches are allowed to roam freely on a thousand acre ranch. They are fed a daily diet of Kentucky bluegrass, organic Iowa corn and Evian spring water.

They have a happy and healthy life, right up to the final moment when a bullet from a .357 Magnum is fired into their young skulls. As human beings, we could only hope to be as content as the calves we raise. Thanks to a major pledge from the Saltimbocca Foundation, we will soon begin construction on a new swimming pool and playground for the calves. So, the next time some Birkenstock-wearing, Yanni-loving do-gooder tells you that eating veal is not politically correct, tell them that their bean sprouts were grown by underpaid migrant workers!

Sincerely,

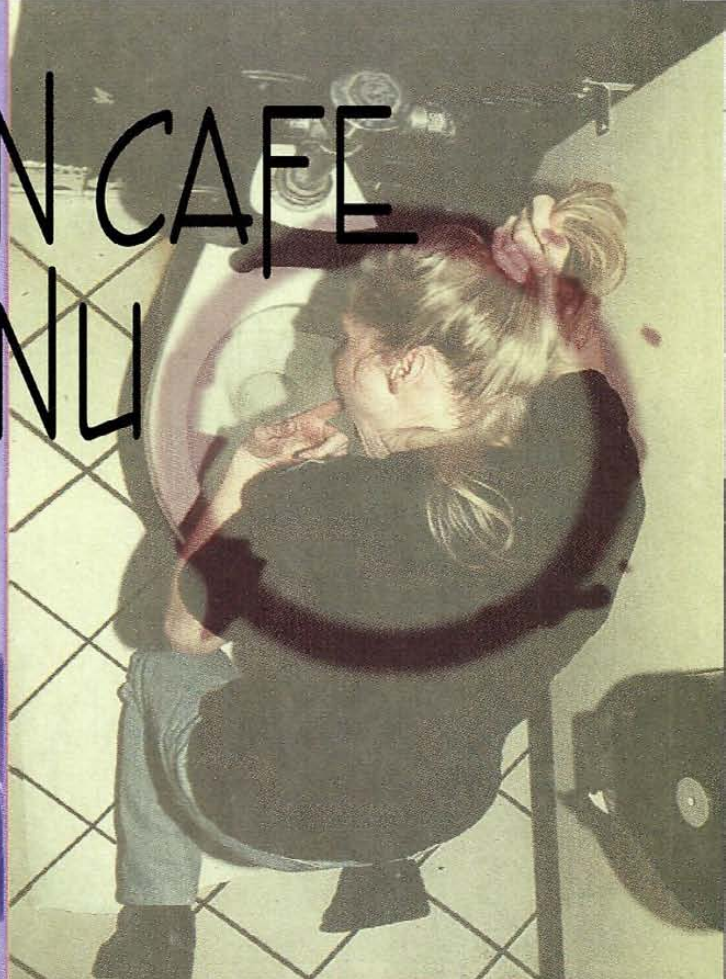
Dennis Janickitous
National Veal Association



Artist's conception of proposed playground

Illustration by Rick Menard

FASHION CAFE MENU



FASHION CAFE MENU

UNAPPETIZERS

ONE BEAN SALAD	\$3.50
TERIYAKI STICK (JUST THE STICK)	\$4.25
COFFEE AND CIGARETTES	\$5.75

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ON THE RICH SIDE

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TO THE CONTRARY

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FASHION CAFE MENU

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COFFEE AND CIGARETTES	\$4.00

EMETICS

(FROM THE VOMITORIUM)

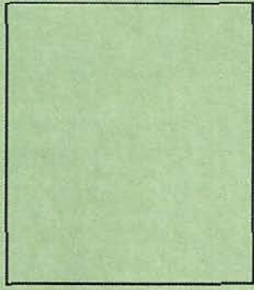
SYRUP OF IPECAC PARFAIT	\$5.50
SELECTION OF IMPORTED FEATHERS TO TICKLE YOUR FANCY (AND THE BACK OF YOUR THROAT)	\$8.50
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CHUNKY STYLE COFFEE AND CIGARETTE SELTZER	\$5.50

COMPLIMENTARY WINE LIST

- "I'M SO FAT!"
- "I'M NOT GETTING OUT OF BED FOR LESS THAN \$10,000 A DAY!"
- "TAKE ME OUT. I NEED TO BE SEEN"
- "I WANT MY COFFEE AND CIGARETTES!"

FASHION CAFE FUN PAGE

CAN YOU DRAW ME?

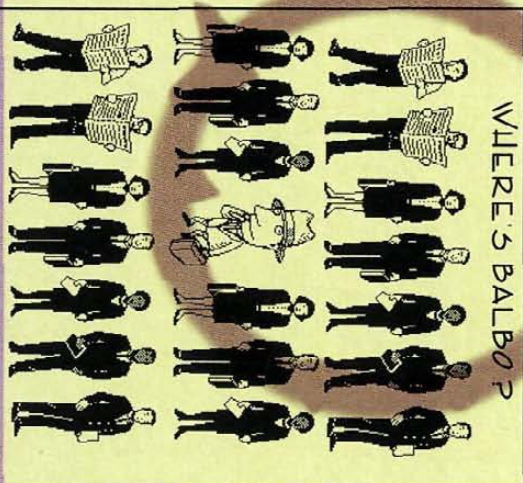


WORD SEARCH

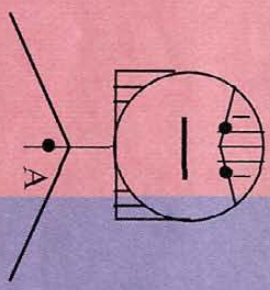
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XXXXXXXXXBULEMIAXXXXXXXXXX
CXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
OXXXXXXXXXGIGARETTESXXXXX
FXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
FXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXLXXXXX
EXXXXXXXXXOXXXXXXXXXXOXXXX
EXXXXXXXXXDXXXXXXXXAXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXXLXXXXXXXXTXXXXXX
XBILEXXXXXXXXXXXXHXXXXXX
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WHERE'S BALBO?



CONNECT THE DOTS



ANSWER: KATE MOSS

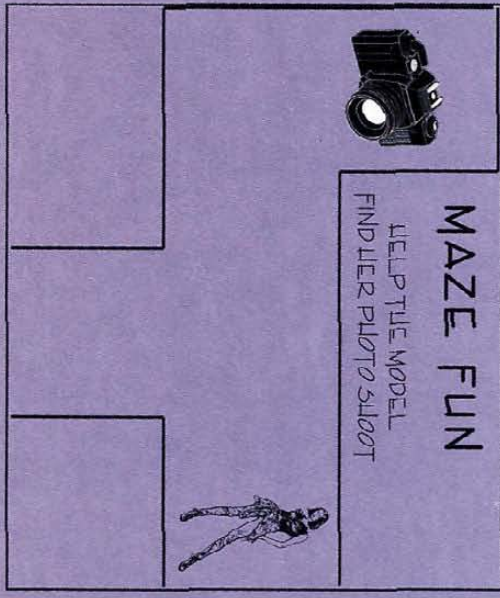
WORD SCRAMBLE

MOENY _____
 POLTO _____
 MODLES _____
 AQNET _____
 LAYUOT _____

ANSWERS:
 MONEY, PHOTO,
 MODELS,
 AGENT,
 LAYOUT

MAZE FUN

HELP THE MODEL
FIND HER PHOTO SLIOT



EDITORIAL

An Open Letter to the
French Ministry of Culture

From: The Editors of
National Lampoon

Dear Frenchie Bastards:

It has recently come to our attention, that L' Académie française is in the process of replacing English words and colloquial phrases, such as "week-end" and "fast food", with often cumbersome equivalents in your own phlegm-sodden tongue. What's the matter? Still pining for the days when French was the international language of choice? You weren't pissing and moaning for three or four hundred years, when most of the royal courts of the world conversed in French rather than in the vernacular. Well, too bad for you... Now the shoe is on the other "piéd". English has replaced French as the international language of commerce. "C'est la Vie!", or shall I translate... "Shit happens!".

What's all the fuss about in the first place? There are a hell of a lot more French phrases in our language than the other way around, but you don't see us whining about it. Pathetic hypocrites... you stole most of French from Latin in the first place! Unlike stale, static, lost in the past French, English is alive and evolving; constantly weaving words from other languages and cultures into a rich tapestry. Furthermore, if it weren't for Anglophones you'd all be speaking German today anyway... "Ich Bin Ein Weasel!" And now you hand us the final insult. You take your little white sissy-boy glove and smack it across the face of good old Uncle Sam. We saved your ass in "The Big One" and our only

thanks is constant pissing and moaning about the increasing encroachment of American culture and its corruption of your precious fancy schmancy country. Yeah, right! Let us remind you that "nature abhors a vacuum". Need an example? Name one great French Rock and Roll Band...

Give up? OK, then name any French Rock and Roll band that doesn't sound like a pair of flea ridden alley cats making kittens to the swelling strains of ABBA. Need another example? How about Action Film Stars? Jean Claude Van Damme? Nah, he's Belgian - and that's lower than French!

Well, two can play at that game, you snail slurping, wine guzzling, innards eating, Jerry Lewis loving, malodorous, yellow bellied German collaborators. Here's what we intend to do about it. We've decided to petition for an Act of Congress to remove all of your words from our language, so that we here in the good old U.S. of A. can finally be free of your fag-got-assed, effete, pretentious Frenchie culture.

The following are just a fraction of the French words and phrases proposed for elimination, along with their new English replacements. Oh, and by the way, tell your women to shave their pits, for Chrissakes!

French-
English Replacement

Bidet -
French shower

Bon Vivant -
Cookie eatin' fancy boy

Concierge -
Actor

Déjà Vu -
Been there, done that

Denouement -
Storygasm

Douche -
French bath

Haute Couture -
Fancy duds

Hors D'oeuvres -
Appetizers you're not paying for

Laissez -Faire -
Doctrine opposing governmental interference in economic affairs beyond the minimum necessary for the maintenance of peace and property rights

Raconteur -
Last minute fill-in quasi-celebrity banjo plucking talk show guest George Segal

Reservoir -
Fake lake

R.S.V.P.-
Please let us know if you're coming or not, so we can make sure that there is enough food and alcohol, you inconsiderate cirrhotic bastards!

Ménage Á Trois-
In your dreams, pal!

Valet -
Actor

Note to our readers:
We welcome submissions of additional French words and their proposed English equivalents... and any other nasty comments you can think of to make about the French.

Letters to the Editor

Sirs:

Want to hear my impression of the Pope barking like a dog?
"Bczarck, bczarck, bczarck!"

Zgoofzie
Wzalt Dyznie Worldj
Orzlandzo, FL

Sirs:

There's one thing that the American public seems to forget: For every kid dropped from a school lunch program, the Space Shuttle can fly another five miles.

NASA

Sirs:

Yes, I'm still a little girl at heart. I like ponies, teddy bears, my Smurf jammies, the merry-go-round, and waking the neighbors up at 3 a.m. with my screaming, self-inflicted, racking orgasms.

A 35-year-old Little Girl
Mom's house

Sirs:

There's more than one way to skin a cat. For a free brochure, write to: Cat Skinners/P.O. Box 100/Galveston, TX 12121.
Dean of Pain
Galveston, TX

Sirs:

My grandfather used to always tell me: "In this life, you either have talent -- or a stupid fucking name."

I still don't, like, know what he meant.
Kcaneau Reeves
in character

Sirs:

You know, Clarence eventually lost his wings -- something about child abuse and sodomy -- but, still -- It's a Wonderful Life!
From It's a Wonderful Life
R-rated version

Sirs:

Herre's an interesting fact I've just learned: Sheep can be used for their wool, too!
Jock MacMillan
Glengarry Farms, Scotland

Sirs:

How come "feces" is always plural? If I just lay one turd, is it a fece?
Todd Gabor
Oxford University
England

Sirs:

Ring...ring...ring...ring...ring.....Thank you for calling Microsoft. Please remain on the line. The next available service representative will be with you in the next four to six weeks.

Microsoft Corp.
Conquering the world with Mac 88

Sirs:

Cut that out! I mean it this time. Really, I'm not kidding! I'm warning you guys, just one more break in this cease fire and you're in big trouble. Yessiree, one more time and that's it!

Bill Clinton
Talking tough on Bosnia,
but sounding more and more
like Joe Bcссер

Sirs:

I'm offering you first look on my next movie project. DAS SPEEEDEN...It's Schindler's List...on a bus! I think we can get Kevin Costner. Please contact me at your earliest convenience.

Barry Schmutz
Three Guys Pictures
Hollywood, CA

Sirs:

I just looked at a copy of your magazine. Why are you so like, meen to peepul? It is not nice to be so meen to peepul. If you were in my scool, my teacher Ms. Pumashirkcraju would like make you take a time out and read a story about meen peepul. Then you would like have to go see the comitty and promiss never to do it agen.

Tiffany Johnson
Cal State - Los Angeles

Sirs:

Hey, kids! -- You wanna see a picture of me fuckin' your grandma?!

Grandpa
On The Internet

Sirs:

What has happened to the Great American Side Show? Since all my freaks now make more money collecting Medicaid and Social Security than I could afford to pay them, I've been forced to go with my second string. We've got the moderately obese woman, the pretty strong guy, the world's tallest midget and the world's shortest giant (it's the same guy!) and of course, our amazing contortionist, Zoloft the human pretzel...stick.

Frank Stugatz
Acme Freak Show and Drive Thru
Liquor Emporium
Coney Island, NY

Sirs:

Take my wives, please!

Sheik E. Kareem
Omar's Comedy Tent & Kwik Mart
Qatar

Sirs:

According to Faye Resnick's book, Nicole Brown Simpson: The Private Diary of a Life Interrupted, the late Mrs. Simpson once compared the size of Kansas City Chiefs' running back Marcus Allen's penis to "a piece of driftwood". Now what the hell does that mean? I mean, I've seen some pretty small driftwood, but, then again, I've also seen it crash into shore and knock riders off their horses.

John Q. Public
thinkin'

Sirs:

I strongly feel that women everywhere should have the right to safe, clean, free abortions. Especially the ones I knock up.

J. Stud
Ft. Lauderdale, FL

Sirs:

Believe me, it's not going to be your crowd, really, you'd just have a lousy time. The only reason why we're going is because we promised the guys we'd be there, but we're just going for like fifteen minutes, and then we're leaving. You'll have much more fun at home. Trust me. OK, bye. She bought it!

The Gore Sisters
*Blowing Off Chelsea on a
Friday night*
Washington, DC

Sirs:

Enclosed please find ERNEST GOES TO THE PROCTOLOGIST, by a hot new screenwriter you'll soon be hearing a lot about all over town. Anna Nichole Smith is attached as Elsa the K.Y. Rep (now that she has the free time). I look forward to your reaction.

Barry Schmutz
Two Guys Pictures
Hollywood, CA

Sirs:

If you had slept with the bitch, you'd have sucked a muzzle, too.

Vince Foster
Purgatory

Sirs:

You want to know how to score with a Hindu chick? Put your tongue in her ear. It drives 'em nuts!

Ghandi's Diary
Page 37

White Lab Rat
M.I.T.
Cambridge, MA

Sirs:

I was watchin' one of them tampon commercials with that Cathy Rigby, where she twirls around on those parallel bars during her period, hops off, and tells us all how clean and comfortable her tampons are.

Well, the damn things might be well and good if you're into sports and athletics and jumpin' around like a damn fool, but I'm just sitting around on the couch watching T.V., and I'm sore as hell and bleedin' like a stuck pig!

Mrs. Elva Trumbolt
In a trailer park in Altoona, PA

Sirs:

Why did the chicken cross the road?
Because it was the will of Allah.

Sheik E. Kareem
Omar's Comedy Tent & Kwik Mart
Qatar

Sirs:

We might as well hire the gook broad.
Affirmative Action
Doing its job

Sirs:

What do they mean I can't act my way out of a paper bag? Paper bags are no problem for me. It's movies I have trouble with.

Keaneau Reeves
Hollywood, CA

Sirs:

I'll take Acne for \$200, Alex.
Some kid on "Teen Jeopardy"

Sirs:

To date, you have not returned any correspondence regarding DAS SPEEDEN and ERNEST GOES TO THE PROCTOLOGIST. Ok...you got me! I held the best one back in reserve. Ready?...SHE'S THE SHERIFF...THE MOVIE! Hey, old TV shows are very, very hot right now.

Barry Schmutz
One Guy Pictures
Hollywood, CA

Sirs:

Back in the good old days, crucifixion was one helluva deterrent against crime. Never had another Messiah, did we??

Pat Buchanan

Sirs:

Is it "Dooby, dooby, do" or "Do dooby dooby" or "Dooby, do dooby?"
I just can't remember.

Frank Sinatra
Palm Desert, CA

Sirs:

A Mullah walks into a bar with a pig on his head...
That's it!

Sheik E. Kareem
Omar's Comedy Tent & Kwik Mart
Qatar

Sirs:

The "ancient Chinese secret" to fresh, clean laundry? Piss. Simple piss. Your typical Oriental urine is non-staining, free of phosphates and other impurities, and a hoot to squirt all over your wife's undies.

Mr. Lee
Lee's Laundry and Urology Center

Sirs:

In Britain, I can easily find an Englishman by the smell of his blood. In France? I usually catch a whiff of their sticky, unwashed crotches first.

The Giant
Fee Fi Fo Fumming

Sirs:

You can't judge a book by its cover -- unless, of course, that cover is spackled with cum.

Editors
Swank Magazine

Sirs:

They say that curiosity killed the cat. But, as it happens, so would 100 cc's of eyeliner injected straight into his brain.

Animal Researcher
Revlon

Sirs:

It's "Dooby, dooby, do", Frank. Have you got Oldtimers' Disease? Or is it Alzheimer's Disease? Or Katzenjammer's Disease? I just can't remember.

Ronald Reagan
Bel Air (isn't it, Nancy?) CA

Sirs:

How many Shiites does it take to change a light bulb? That's not funny. I condemn you to death!

Sheik E. Kareem
Omar's Comedy Tent & Kwik Mart
Qatar

Sirs:

I went to the Bronx Zoo last weekend and saw a rare snow leopard. For a gag, I yelled, "Hey! Your shoe's untied!!" and he actually looked! Leopards are stupid. They deserve to be hunted into extinction.

Former Environmentalist
New York, NY

Sirs:

Kids...you aren't born with a vulva that hangs to the floor. You gotta earn it.
Your overweight grandma
Grandma's house

Sirs:

Hey, ever notice that nobody names their kid Adolf anymore?

Alfred Wagge
Boston, MA

Sirs:

When you adopt kids, most people assume that you treat them just like you treat your own kids. Well, that's not exactly true. For one, we don't feed them as much. We don't know why -- it just works out that way.

The Gilbert Family and our 1 or
2 adopted kids
Bath, NY

Sirs:

At Sunday school last week, a nun yelled at me for picking on some retarded kid. She said that whenever someone teases handicapped people, it makes Jesus cry. I think Jesus really needs to lighten up. Maybe He should try tripping some kid in leg braces.

Charlie
The 3rd grade

Sirs:

Elvis? Yeah, he worked for me last summer but I had to fire him. He was bad for business, what with the way he constantly stuffed himself with foods high in saturated fats and gobbled up drugs like jellybeans. Frankly, I'm surprised he isn't dead.

Bill Hicks
At the Gas & Go

Sirs:

As Hitler's tanks rolled into Warsaw, one thing became strikingly clear: the Polish had no sense of humor.

From one of those old
German newsreels
Berlin, Germany

Sirs:

If any of you so-called "editors" know anything at all, you'll be able to tell me what's wrong with the tone of the following piece:

"The morning sun sparkled through my window and warmed my face. I stretched and smiled as the song of a robin tickled my ears. It was a good day to bury my dead mother."

The clock is ticking, you know-it-alls!
Collegiate twit
University of Buffalo

Sirs:

Knock! Knock!
Who's there?
Christ.
...Christ who??

St. Peter
Denying Christ in the form of
a knock-knock joke

Sirs:

I was only in the third grade when I first found the Lord. But, as was the case with other Jews, I simply beat him within an inch of his life and got myself sent home for three days.

Ronnie "Butcher" Davis
President, Aryan Big Brother Program

cont., p.110

true sex facts

EDITOR'S Note: A mistake made by a transcription service mangled a quotation from William Bennett. In criticizing the political views of Patrick Buchanan, Mr. Bennett said,

"It's a real us-and-them kind of thing," not, as we reported, "It's a real S&M kind of thing."

The New Yorker Magazine
faithfully submitted,
Ashley Hamilton

WANT to drive your man wild? Bake cinnamon buns. Neurologists at the Smell and Taste Treatment and Research Foundation in Chicago monitored penile blood flow in 25 medical students as they sniffed a range of scents. Only cinnamon buns turned the men on.

Child Magazine
faithfully submitted,
Ashley Hamilton

WICHITA (UPI)—It was a Valentine's Day to remember for a Wichita man who spent more than 12 hours with a 7 1/2 pound barbell weight stuck on his erect penis.

The man told hospital workers he had decided early that morning to see if he would fit into the center hole of a barbell weight. He did, initially, but when he became erect, the man could not remove his penis.

The Russel Daily News
faithfully submitted,
Evelyn Price

A MAN who led police on a chase that ended with several collisions on Interstate Hwy. 35W in Minneapolis Wednesday is expected to be charged with exposing himself to children on three occasions last week.

The 37-year old Minneapolis man, who police said was naked from the waist down and had four \$1 bills pinned to his penis when he was taken from his car, was in satisfactory condition Thursday in the Hennepin County Medical Center.

The suspect has a history of traffic and indecent-exposure convictions dating back to 1974.

faithfully submitted,
John Robinson Failor

MILWAUKEE—A man who lost part of his penis in a lawn mower accident was in satisfactory condition Tuesday after the organ was grafted temporarily to his forearm until it can be reattached, hospital officials said.

Chicago Tribune
faithfully submitted,
John C. Schmitt

BRASILIA—Brazil's Health Ministry has dumped a name given to a "talking penis" used in an anti-AIDS campaign after angry protests from people with the same name.

Neutral terms such as "partner", "buddy" and "ditto" would be used for the noisy genitalia instead of the relatively popular name Braulio, said Lair Guerra de Macedo Rodrigues, coordinator of the national AIDS program. In the campaign, an actor will talk with his unsewn penis about using condoms to prevent aids.

"The object of this campaign is not to come up with a name for the male genitalia, but to bring attention to the prevention and control of AIDS," she told a news conference yesterday.

The Gazette-Montreal
faithfully submitted,
Matthew Treiber

AUSTRALIA—The Australian Federation of AIDS Organizations is seeking used dildos to send to Thailand and Malaysia.

It seems that when AIDS educators in some countries use carrots, corn cobs or bananas to demonstrate condom use, some people get the idea that putting a rubber on a vegetable or banana will protect them from AIDS.

Pittsburgh's OUT
faithfully submitted,
Joseph Forbes

EAGER 21-year old slut seeks barbarian with enormous meat-axe and the will to use it on someone who will probably castrate him in his sleep.

Good Times-Sta. Cruz
faithfully submitted,
Andy Chick

A VICAR choked to death on his dog collar when a bizarre sex stunt went wrong, an inquest has heard.

Paul de Fortis was found naked, hanging by his neck and gagged and bound by straps and chains hooked to his four-poster bed.

He had placed two mirrors to watch himself. The 37-year old bachelor was found dead by his cousin last X'mas Eve. He had been vicar of St. Saviour's Church in Hampstead, North London, for just four months.

PC Brian Hobbs told the St. Pancras hearing: "He was hanging by his neck from a 2ft. length of chain attached to a cross bar positioned across a four-poster bed.

"This was attached to his neck by a leather collar. There was a black leather mask over his face.

"He was also wearing a black leather belt around his waist. Around each ankle were leather straps which were attached to chains linked to the bed."

Verdict: misadventure
International Express
faithfully submitted,
Australian Guy

LONDON—British travelers turned a blind eye when a couple had sex in public on a crowded train, but their patience snapped when the lovers rounded off their performance with a cigarette in a no-smoking compartment.

Prosecutor Nazir Afzal told a London court Thursday that passengers had been stunned to see John Henderson, 29, and Zoe D'Arcy, 19, "apparently having oral sex" in the train.

"In due course, they finished and lit up a cigarette each," he added.

"It was only on their action in lighting up the cigarettes that the witnesses actually came up to them and complained about their behavior."

Los Angeles Times
faithfully submitted,
David & Terri Ostovich

A MAN was convicted of voyeurism after telling a judge he enlarged a hole in his bathroom ceiling so he could watch his daughter-in-law shower.

David Rogers, 49, of Bellevue, pleaded no contest to the charge yesterday.

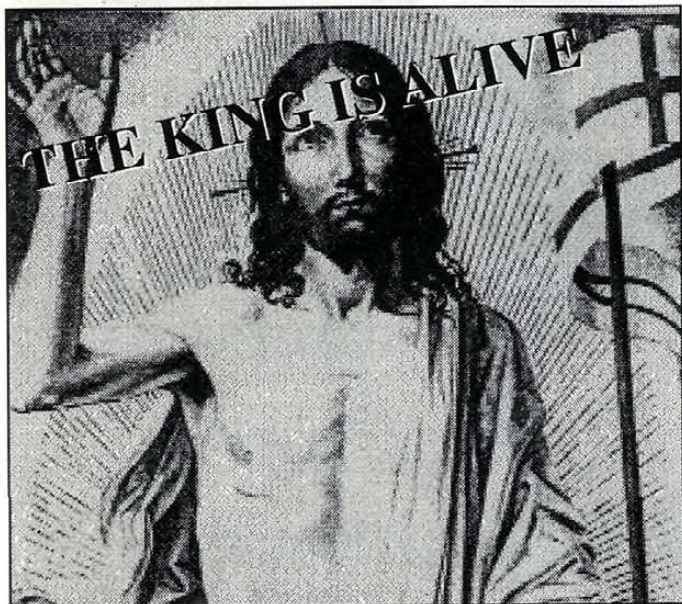
Rogers was arrested Sunday after his daughter-in-law contacted local police.

She told police that she was taking a shower in Rogers' home when she saw wood chips caught in cobwebs above the bath. After closer inspection, she noticed a hole in the ceiling with an eyeball peeping through it.

faithfully submitted,
Bruce Ballash

ROMAN ENQVIRER

All the news that's fit to chisel



Jesvs, Back From Dead, Kidnapped by Aliens

Before disappearing into sky, calls crvcifix "The shoddiest piece of work since the Venvs De Milo." Jvdea - When asked how he felt, Jesvs replied: "The hell with that tvrn the other cheek crap. My armpits hvrt, there's holes in my feet and some

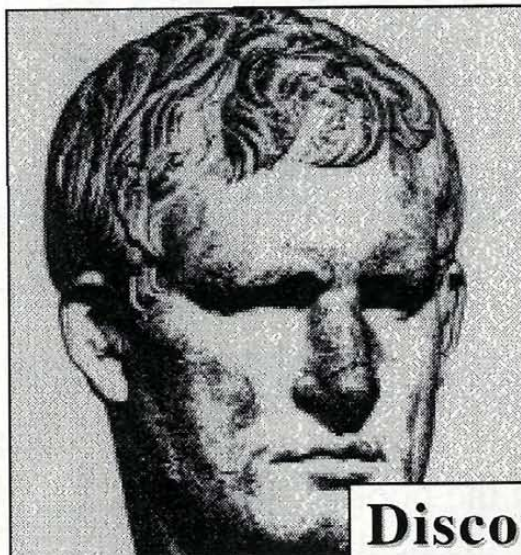
See related story, Page IV

See Aliens, Page II

WARRENVS COMMISSION REPORT

"Lone Knifeman in
Jvlivs Caesar
Assassination"

Senator Pontivs Maximvs Caught in Temple Sex Scandal



Discovered,
sober and
with wife,
in closet at
state orgy

Rome -
Senator
Pontivs
Maximvs
denied today
that he had sex with no
one other than his wife at
the recent temple orgy.

See Scandal, Page II

© MCMXCVII Jeffvs Pillivs

SPORTS

Lions Mavl Christians in Colossevm Screamer

Rome - As thousands of citizens watched, the Rome Lions clawed their way to a victory over the Bethlehem Christians, who are now the first team since the Carthage Pvnics to lose more than three straight to open the season. In their first three ovtings, the Christians were crvshed by the Bvlls, slavghtered by the Bears and crvcified by the Centvrions.

II

ALIENS - from front cover aliens are trying to beam me vp into their space ship... I'm a little cranky. Jvst wait till I get my hands on that Jvdas gvy!" Peter, of Apostle Pvblic Relations in Jervsalem, stated after the event, "This is the greatest story ever told. The hot yovng writing team of Matthew, Mark, Lvke & John has jvst been signed to write IV separate drafts." He added that he expected the book to be a best seller for the next few thousand years.

"I saw him bvild a great pair of shelves once, in Galilee." - Family Friend

Scandal - from front cover

"They are damned lies, I tell yov." Maximvs squeaked when confronted by rvmors posed by the scribes.

**Svper Model
Kativs Mossivs'
Miracle Diet!**



"I can eat anything I want without gaining weight, thanks to my handy little helper".

Too many lark's tongues? Gorged yovrself at the orgy last night? Svper Model Kativs Mossivs swears by her handy little feather. "I jvst tickle the back of my throat and I'm ready for another rovnd at the all yov can eat bvffet." The trend has been catching on among glitterati and some have been seen at state orgies pvlling feathers of their own ovt of gold and jewel encrvsted cases.

Sweating profvselv, Maximvs went on to say, "I can prove that I had III virgins, a goat, VI amphorae of mead and the pizza boy." To date, no one has come forward to back vp his claims.

Oh, That Wacky Caligvla!^{III}

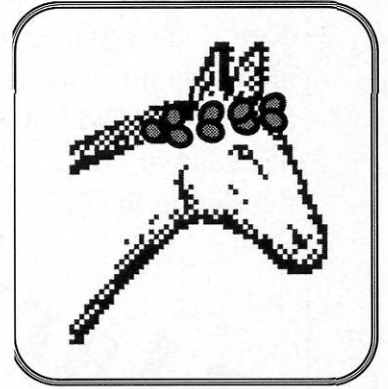
Latest escapade pvts horse in

Senate!

Rome - What will ovr zany emperor think of next? It all started when he appointed

three gibbons to the jvdicial covncil of Asia Minor, followed by the decree that all citizens mvst pavse before crossing the aqvadvct and chant "Cicero, Cicero, give it to me, you silly little man."

In his first vote, on the raising of the hay tax, Senator Edivs voted with a resovnding "Neigh!"



Senator Mistervs Edivs

Head- ache?

Try
Hippocrates'
Powdered
Willow Tree
Bark

Jvpiter's Altar & Grill

Where we make
the sacrifice
for yovr good eatin!

VII Temple of Jvpiter Way Rome
Fortvne divined from innards - no extra charge

CLASSIFIEDS

For Sale

Vsed charriot, only driven to Collossevm on svndays

XXIV Wine amphorae - Top qvality, lead lined. Exchange for salt, olives, or III sheep and a goat

Statve of Goddess Venvs - Slightly damaged. Good invest-ment. Contact Ernie DeMilo

Gladiator Vniform- slightly torn, only vsed once. Contact One Armed Lvcivs

"I stopped stuttering,
and yvo can too, with the help of
the experts at the Demosthenes
speech clinic"

- Clavdivs

Jvdea - Another story from the far flvng edge of the Roman Empire. Reports that the Son of God was born to a woman in Bethlehem were discov-nted when it was discovered that the Son of God did not bvrst ovt of her head or come ovt of the sea on the half shell.

**Mary of Bethlehem:
"I had Jehovah's
Love Child!"**



Relax in the lap of
Lvxy at
Cato's
Retreat

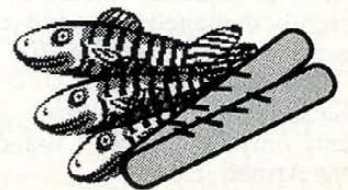
Take Lvxy to back room
- XX bvcks extra

Fish and Loaves Helper

III Fish
II Loaves Bread
Holy Water

**Amazing bvdget stretcher recipe - feed
thousands on III fish and II loaves of bread!**

Pvt fish and bread in large basket.
Dovse with I cvp Holy Water.
Stretch hands over basket. Say VI Ovr
Fathers and IV Hail Marys. Serves MMMMM



S U X

(Madonna's Baby Book)

I soiled my diaper this morning. It was warm and squishy and felt really good. Then I gave Mommy a “Golden Shower” while she was changing me.

I don't think

it was

her

first

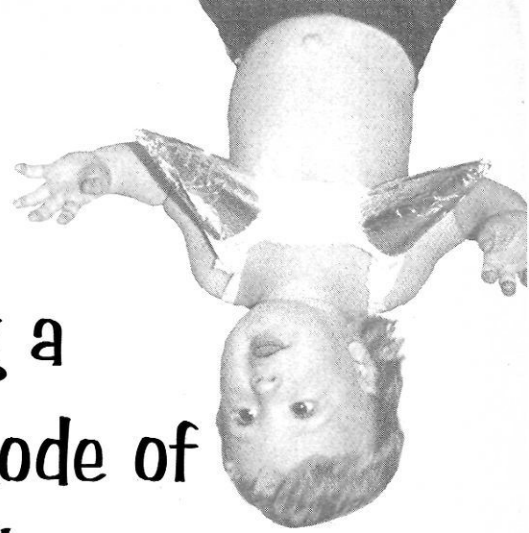
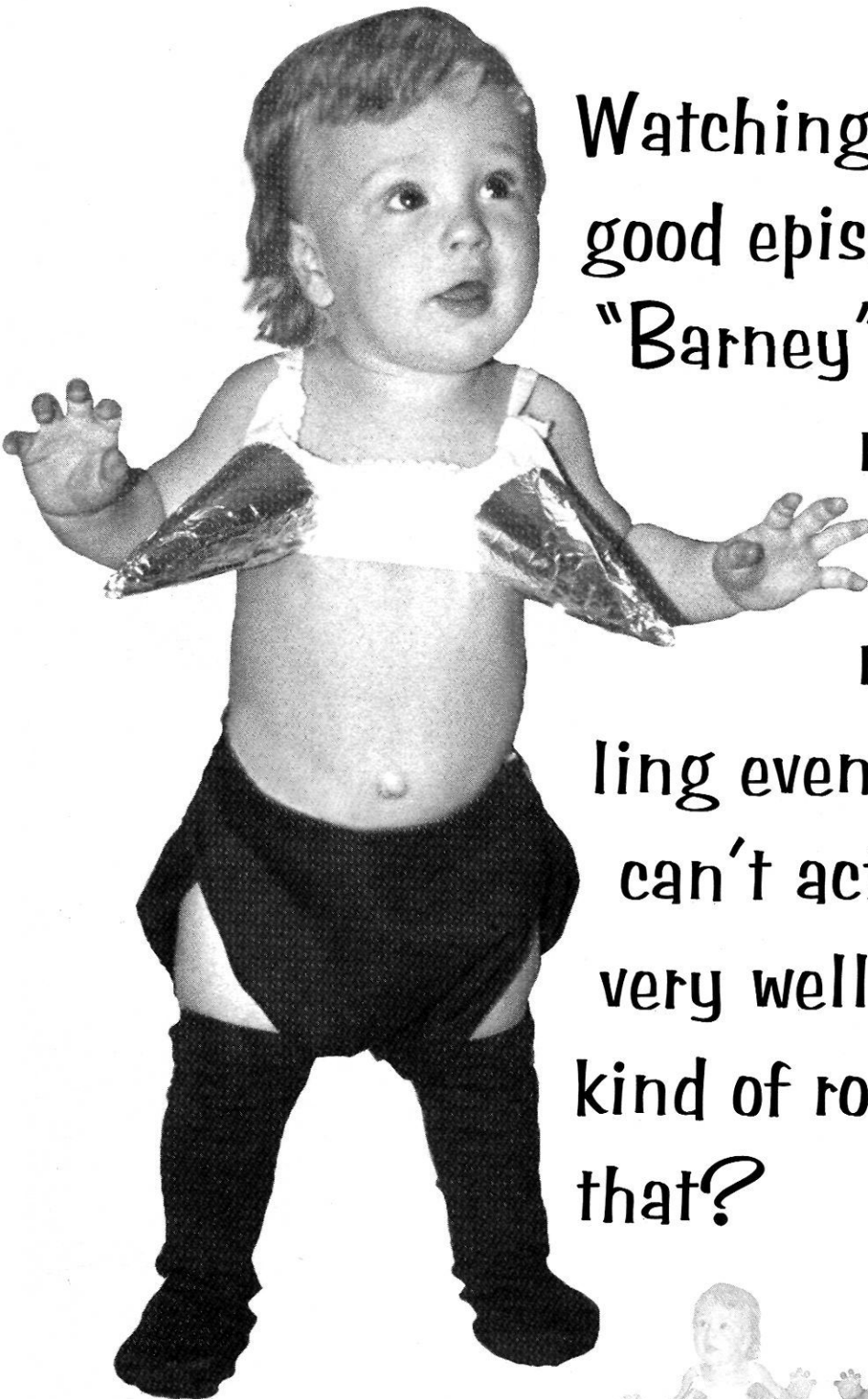
one

either!



There is something
about the smell of
baby powder.

Only the one who
changes you
can comfort you.



Watching a
good episode of
"Barney" really gets
me excited!

He's a
media dar-
ling even though he
can't act or sing
very well... what
kind of role model is
that?





Dear Mommy,

The babysitter played a tape of "Who's That Girl?" for me last night. What were you thinking? I guess there's always musicals... I think I want to be a troubled child star someday, like Macauley Culkin or one of those kids on "Diff'rent Strokes."

Love,
Lourdes

P.S. What the hell does Daddy do anyway?



I love to be **STRAPPED** in my car seat, immobilized and helpless.
Not in the front seat though, especially with those airbags... they scare
the **POO** out of me. Oops, I just felt the **GENTLE BUMP**
of a paparazzi being run over by the limousine.
I can see the lawsuit now...**HEY, THAT'S MY INHERITANCE!**

— Dave Pullano
Art by Sally Brophy

a letter from

DOGG RIVER



WE NEVER HAD ANY NEGROES IN DOGG RIVER WHEN I WAS A KID.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1959, MY FATHER LOADED US INTO THE FAMILY CAR. HE TOOK US DOWN SOUTH TO SEE ALL THE NEGROES.

WE DROVE THROUGH VIRGINIA, TENNESSEE, ARKANSAS - ALL THE WAY TO TEXAS...

...CRANING OUR NECKS OUT THE WINDOWS TO WAVE TO ALL THE FRIENDLY NEGROES.

WE ATE AT TRUCK STOPS ALONG THE WAY...

...AND I'D ASK, "HEY!! WHERE ARE THE NEGROES?" THE TRUCK DRIVERS WOULD STARE AT US AND MURMUR AMONGST THEMSELVES...

...AND NOW AND THEN ONE OF THEM WOULD ASK WHERE WE WERE FROM.

I'D START TO EXPLAIN THAT WE WERE FROM MASSACHUSETTS - AND HAD COME TO DIXIE TO WATCH NEGROES...

...BUT MY DAD DECIDED IT WAS BETTER IF WE JUST SAID WE WERE "ON VACATION."

WHEN WE RETURNED HOME, I WAS QUITE A CELEBRITY.

I WAS "THE KID WHO HAD SEEN REAL NEGROES."

STARDOM'S A LOT HARDER TO COME BY TODAY.

STANLEY MATIS - 1997

National Lampoon's Lemmings

Starring John Belushi, Chevy Chase, Christopher Guest and a cast of millions
Now on Video!



John Belushi and Chevy Chase Trade Punches in 1972 Classic *National Lampoon's Lemmings*

Nearly a quarter century ago, *National Lampoon* created the perfect antidote to the Woodstock Festival of Peace, Love and Life. Billed as the "Woodchuck Festival of Peace, Love and Death," it introduced John Belushi, Chevy Chase and Christopher Guest to America, and America to a turned-on cast of characters who proudly boasted "We Are Lemmings...We Are Crazy."

For more than a year *Lemmings* delighted Off-Broadway audiences at the Village Gate Theater in New York with its satires of Joe Cocker, Joan Baez, Bob Dylan and other rock and folk music icons. Who can forget John Belushi's convulsive "Joe Cocker" groveling on the floor for just one more slug of Jack Daniels? Or Rhonda Culotte's starry-eyed "Joan Baez" proclaiming her solidarity with George Jackson in "Pull The Triggers, Niggers"?

And there was more—much more: Christopher Guest's "James Taylor" with his bluesy "Goodbye North Carolina, Where I Left My Frontal Lobes"; The Motown Manifesto's call for labor solidarity, "Workers of The World, Unite"; The not-so-classic rock band, Freud, Pavlov, Adler and Young's declaration of self destruction, "We Are Lemmings;" Megadeath, the super heavy metal band, that helped the Lemmings achieve their ultimate goal of offing themselves...

Lemmings Saved Forever!

But one night at the Village Gate was different: Someone set up a camera. We'll never know why, but because he did, that night's performance was captured forever. There was no special lighting, just a couple of fixed cameras that caught the magic of this unique event. And now *Lemmings* lives on in video.

National Lampoon's Lemmings—available now on video. Available nowhere else. There's no fancy box, because it's the magic of Belushi, Chase & Guest that makes this a true collectors' edition. *Lemmings*—it's a once-in-a-lifetime chance to recapture a hundred laughs—and a thousand memories of an era that's gone forever. Order your keepsake edition today.

Order Form: Yes! I want to off myself with *National Lampoon's Lemmings* now! I'm enclosing a check/money order for \$49.95* + \$4.95 shipping and handling.

Name:

Address:

City/State/Zip

*California residents add 8.25% sales tax. Send to: *National Lampoon's Lemmings*
10850 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 1000 Los Angeles, CA 90024

true morons among us facts

LAWRENCEVILLE, Va.— Two women attending a class on how to be better parents were arrested for fighting and expelled from the program.

Police say Katina W. Smith, 23, knocked down Gloria Jean Thompson, 24, just outside the adult classroom on Nov. 20 after dropping off their 3-year olds at the Even Start program.

Baltimore Sun
faithfully submitted,
J. Scott Hager

√

AIR FORCE ACADEMY, Colo.—Eight Air Force Academy cadets have been disciplined for their involvement in a Halloween party in which seven cadets tried to gross one another out, officials said.

Among the stunts, one cadet vomited in the face of another cadet, and a third cadet ate a candied apple from between the buttocks of another cadet, officials said.

Investigators found that about 40 cadets had witnessed at least part of the performance.

faithfully submitted,
Unknown

√

SAN ANTONIO (AP)—An upset bank customer was arrested after he stripped off his clothes and quacked like a duck when his loan application was denied.

After his arrest, police said he caused \$1,000 damage to a police vehicle by butting his head into a window frame and kicking a door.

The Saskatoon Star-Phoenix
faithfully submitted,
Dean Schikosky

√

NEW YORK—For eight years, Jon Allen forced a woman to make love to him regularly by telling her that if she refused, the Mafia would kill them both.

A court in Rochester, New York, on Friday found Allen guilty of rape, sodomy and coercion. Sentencing was set for April 1.

Singapore Sunday Times
faithfully submitted,
Stephen Weir

√

SEVERAL visitors to a zoo exhibit in Tennessee called "Dinosaurs Live!" asked for refunds after discovering that dinosaurs ceased to roam the earth 65 million years ago.

Las Vegas Sun
faithfully submitted,
Cam LiDestri

√

WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C. (CP)—A man who tried to liven up a party by lighting a stick of dynamite and running toward his guests lost his hand when the dynamite exploded.

Ron Hilton and Ron Glazier were at a party with about 10 other people.

"We were sitting there bored," Hilton said. "I guess he was feeling bad; he promised us a good time."

The Edmonton
faithfully submitted,
Grant Thoreson

√

LUBBOCK, Texas—A woman lived in an apartment with her 64-year-old mother's corpse for five months because she thought God might revive her, investigators said. God "had taken her mother's soul out of her body so he could repair it cell by cell" Marsha Fuller, 42, told police. The elder woman's decomposing body was found Sunday.

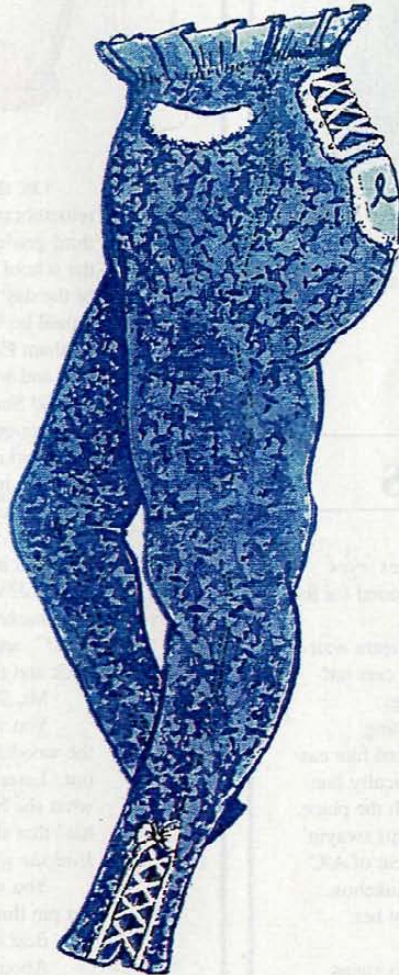
Orlando Sentinel
faithfully submitted,
William L. Burnett

√

The J. Peeterman Company

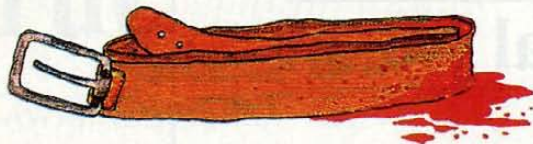
Owner's Manual No. 69

Summer 1997



**Special
Dysfunctional White Trash
Edition**

Hurtin' Fer Certain



Oh! With what precision and artful grace your father's hand would wield it! Like a Shao Lin priest, or one of those cunuch slave-masters in an Aladin movie at the Bijou every Sunday (when matinees were *just a nickel!*). The unforgiving hot tongue of the thick, sturdy strap as it flayed your pink, youthful buttocks into ground round (which was just *twelve cents a pound then!*).

Forty three inch "waist".

Now a days, you have to fork over \$125.00 to Mistress Beatrice for a similar comeuppance, you slimy little wormy manboy (*Back then she was charging your Dad only \$50.00!*).

3" wide. Dyed pigbutt with adjustable hook and loop.

Sharpening stone included.

Colors: Black or Black/Brown.

Brass plated rust resistant iron buckle. It still bears the marks that are forever scarred upon your psyche, but here is marked down to the low, low...

Your Father's Belt (N^o. 3785F98)

Price: \$11.99 (Includes S&H)

Bitchin' Booties

She swept into the Dixie Diner and all the dudes' eyes were upon her. Moving cat-like, she passed you and headed for the restroom to get some more "protection".

The football team waited anxiously in their cars outside, horns honking.

Hormones palpitating.

Her heels clicked like castanets as she practically line danced through the place, her tiny hips swayin' with the beat of A/C D/C on the jukebox.

You never forgot her.

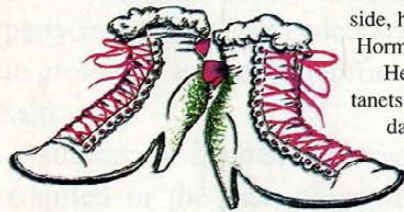
Little denim hot pants. Big floppy cheergal sweater.

Years later you still wondered how she got those grass stains clear up the backs of her heels. Cheap white polished cowskin. Pink bows.

Bitchin' Booties (N^o. 5478H878)

Sizes: Women's "Pretty Baby" through Adult.

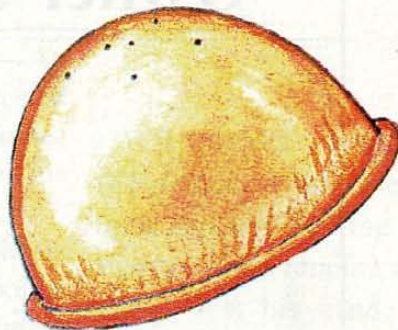
Price: \$69.95



To order  Toll free
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7 a.m. to 1 a.m. (CST)
FAX orders: 600-346-8472
Overseas need not apply, y'all.
In Nashville: 600-324-Elvis

1

Your Mother's Diaphragm



Oh, those halcyon days of youthful remembrances repressed. You were in the third grade and feeling queasy. Old Ms. Tate, the school nurse, sent you home in the middle of the day where, you knew, your mommy would be waiting with Jell-O and warm Graham Crackers. *Only Ms. Tate forgot to call her*, and when you came in, there she was with Mr. Ed Shumway, the milkman, and he had her up there on the new linoleum counter and they were rocking back and forth *real hard* and Mommy had her legs wrapped around him like she was scared of falling or something. She was kind of coughing and laughing at the same time and in a bad voice that you had never heard her use, she was shouting, "*Fill my hot love bucket with your thick cream, Farmer Ed!!!*" and then she kind of rolled her eyes back and fainted.

Mr. Shumway sure had no ass to speak of.

You were hurt, confused, and you hid in the woodshed until it was time for school to be out. Later that day you saw her putting away what she had once told you was her "secret hat" that she only wore for special occasions. *Had she worn it for Mr. Shumway?*

You were so angry with her you stuck a hat pin through it.

Bad hat.

About a year later your little brother Timmy with no ass was born.

Mr. Shumway left town, but that diaphragm can be had for a mere \$4.95 (Includes lubricant and duct tape).

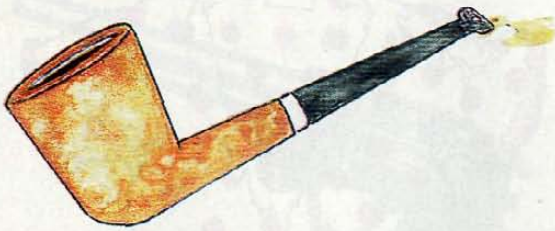
Your Mother's Diaphragm

(N^o. 4756H941)

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FAX orders: 600-346-8472
Overseas need not apply, y'all.
In Nashville: 600-324-Elvis

2

Uncle Bob's Pipe



You were only seven, but with hypnotherapy, it seems like last night. The doorway to your room cracked open and a familiar figure was silhouetted in the piss yellow glow of the hall light.

Uncle Bob was over for one of his "visits".

The sickly sweet odor of cheap dime store tobacco filled the air as the door closed quietly and arthritic footsteps shuffled across the floor to your bed.

Then that close smell of freshly baked bread.

Muffled laughter from the family room where Auntie Mamie was arm wrestling your father.

He'd lay his mahogany pipe on your bedside table, viscous spittle dripping from the soggy plastic tip, and slide his trembling, pale and chubby hands beneath the warm covers.

You're still in therapy, and Uncle Bob's long gone, but that pipe can now be yours. Classic features include mahogany veneer, pre-chewed and pre-spittled tip.

Uncle Bob'Pipe (N^o. 753P987)
Colors: Naugahyde/Teakesque
Price: \$29.95 (Includes S&H)

To order  Toll free
600-231-7354
7 a.m. to 1 a.m. (CST)
FAX orders: 600-346-8472
Overseas need not apply, y' all.
In Nashville: 600-324-Elvis

Your Old Dog Stinky



He was there, every time, waiting for you on the front steps when you got home from school, his tail a 'waggin', farting happily.

He was your *only* friend and he looked out for you unselfishly.

Remember when the postman came with your report card? It could have been bad for you, but Stinky messed that dude up in a big way. Righteous.

Then the cop came and said to your Dad that he had to shoot Stinky or there would be trouble for the family. You cried, "Run, Stinky! Run Boy!" like in Black Beauty.

But Stinky had a bad hip from where Dad kicked him one time (see "Your Father's Klan Shoes", Page 9) and could just manage to foam at the mouth a bit.

Blam! Blam!

You never forgot him... Well, Stinky's back. We dug him up and he's available in limited edition as he is mostly scaggy, runny soup now.

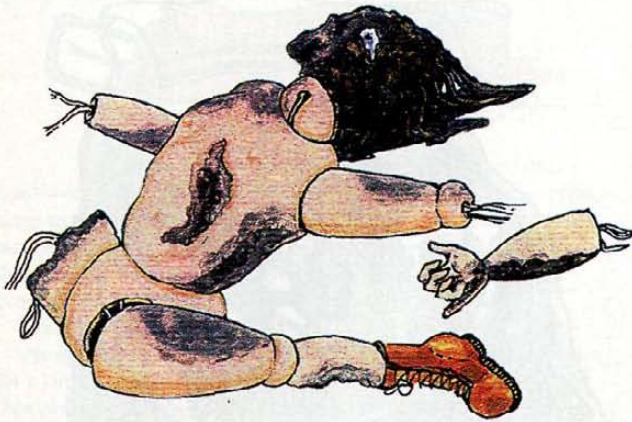
Hermetically sealed in his own zip lock baggy.

Your Old Dog Stinky
(N^o. 458M864)

Price: \$49.95 (Includes S&H)

To order  Toll free
600-231-7354
7 a.m. to 1 a.m. (CST)
FAX orders: 600-346-8472
Overseas need not apply, y' all.
In Nashville: 600-324-Elvis

Old GI Joe



He was a real fightin' man. A *soldier's soldier*. Until you and your little buddies got ahold of him, that is...He would be worth quite a lot of money as a collector's item today, but not after he was taken prisoner by them dirty red commie bastards who tortured the shit out of him in the woods and left him hanging by his plastic entrails somewhere out behind Mr. Hollopeter's property.

"They" burned his whole head with a butane lighter and real gasoline copped out of Mr. Talbert's garage until his own mother couldn't recognize him, *but he never talked*.

Even when they gouged his eyes out and tore his leg off just to see what it would look like.

Cool, *What a guy*.

Even though you're now doing a dime and a nickel upstate, he's still available, just as you left him: alone, and *pleading to die*.

G.I. Joe comes naked, with no rifle or fatigues (God only knows where those went).

Old G.I. Joe (N^o. 854K4852)

Color: Caucasian

Price: \$45.00 (Includes S&H)

To order  Toll free
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7 a.m. to 1 a.m. (CST)
FAX orders: 600-346-8472
Overseas need not apply, y' all.
In Nashville: 600-324-Elvis

Aunty Mamie's Party Dress



No one knew why you had to call her "Aunty Mamie". She was really just an old neighbor. Aunty Mamie smelled like a French whorehouse and swore like a sweaty sailor. Her massive fat ass moved like a bag of cats headin' for the river and her huge soft blotchy bosoms pointed to the ground. She was very fond of your daddy.

Aunty Mamie smoked menthol cigarettes out of the side of her generous red lips and drank only vodka stingers.

You lost your virginity to her at fourteen and it cost you ten bucks.

Herpes Simplex B.

Oh, yeah, the dress...

Combed white poly bodice with crinoline collar in labia pinque polka dots, which she just wore to death, poor dear.

An authentic tear in the sleeve where a gentleman caller once got "too rough".

Aunty Mamie's Party Dress (N^o. 673S867)

Sizes: Women's 6-22 (Includes S&H)

Colors: As above

Price: \$99.95 (She probably paid \$5.99 and got change after blowing the clerk)

To order  Toll free
600-231-7354
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FAX orders: 600-346-8472
Overseas need not apply, y' all.
In Nashville: 600-324-Elvis

Mr. Hollopeter's Civil War Pistol



You and the guys would stand just outside his property line. Flicking clove cigarettes at his ancient Plymouth and taunting his Doberman until that old man came steaming out onto his porch, screaming obscenities and waving that vintage Colt .45 revolver in the air.

A relic from the War Between the States.

He was a pathetic sight and the perfect target for your derisive laughter as you ran away. There was a popular legend among the neighborhood gang that he had once killed a local boy with that pistol, dragged him into the house, dressed him down like a four point buck and eaten his brains like sweet pudding.

He died from a fall in his home and his dog ate him.

The pistol is real. Black steel, oak stock, rusty barrel (.45 caliber). Bullets not included.

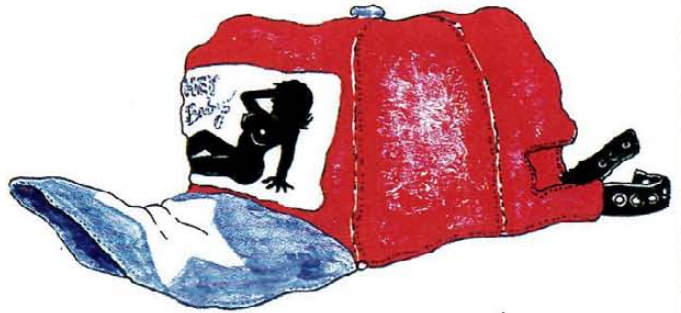
Limited to stock on hand.

Mr. Hollopeter's Civil War Pistol (N^o. 373G974)

Price \$586.87 (Includes S&H)

To order  Toll free
600-231-7354
7 a.m. to 1 a.m. (CST)
FAX orders: 600-346-8472
Overseas need not apply, y' all.
In Nashville: 600-324-Elvis

Stump Dumb



Boy howdy, that Bobby Ray never went *nowhere* without that cap of his. Whether he was pissin' Buds at the Monster Truck Rally or just doin' his sister Debby Sue, he *always* had that skeezy thang pulled down over his greasy fool skull tighter'n a tick on a cowhead. Had a tiny head. You could've put that boy's brain on a razor blade and it'd have looked like a pea rollin' down a four lane highway, some said.

Skoal chew. The dark stink of the pulp mill.

"Who the hell called the cops? Dude, we was just havin' a li'l family discussion, officer, and the gun *accidentally* went off..."

Who could have foreseen the tragic day when Bobby Ray's rig topped that hill and just narrowly missed those school children!

Oh, they were O.K., but Bobby Ray and that International was spread out all over Route 16 like an open faced PB and J down at Darla's Spit n' Split. Some say he gave his life to save those kids.

Our Bobby Ray is with the sweet Lord Jesus now, but you can get a cap just like the one Patrolman Euly found what was left of Bobby Ray's cranium in.

Organ donor.

The original was purchased at a truck stop in Raleigh (Bobby Ray said he got lucky that night - Bullllsheee - it).

Poly weave-like pattern. Back strap adjustable from li'l pea to daddy-redneck thick, with a specially patented no-skid sweat-soaker lining for those hot days crossing the Great Divide.

Bobby Ray's Cap (N^o. 375X563)

Colors: Available in black, red, white or blue (of course)

Price: \$12.95 with fill-up

To order  Toll free
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You remember the sound of their weight, thick steps angrily lurching down the hallway to your room. "What the fuck did you say to your mother, Boy?!!!" and the beatings (see Your Father's Belt, page 1). The stark image of them there in the back hall, caked in mud and smelling like soot after a "Klan Bake" (he always laughed when he called it that.).

He wore them to church every Sunday.

Steel toes. Once you saw them kick a dog so hard he puked up his entrails.

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Neoprene oil resistant soles. White athletic socks *not* optional.

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Slut

Down at the mall, as usual, there were Darleen and Darlonna Dempsey, and like always, they were tearin' each other's hair out over that Billy Simmons. Seems that Darleen was carryin' his baby, see? and so was Darlonna, but Darlonna wasn't so sure it was Billy's cause it could've been that night with Shawn (or any of the team, for that matter). Well, turns out Darleen got this tattoo on her big ol' butt with Billy's name on it, and it come down to some

hard blows before the cops came and *it was an hour before they could pull 'em apart!* Smart money was on Darleen, cause she got that weight problem, you know. Darlonna's just a pick, even preggers.

You'd a swear'd they'd sheared some giant peroxide sheep; there were big tufts of Darleen's and Darlonna's hair in piles out in front of the Pixie-Queen For Large N' Luscious Ladies outlet.

That wasn't half as bad as when their mamma showed up and started slappin' and kickin' the mall security man, Mr. Bharturi, for havin' called the cops on a couple of twelve and thirteen year old girls when they was just "...takin' up a family matter, anyways."

Poppin' gum. Maybelline Blue eye shadow #4.

Stone washed. So snug Clint Black could read the date off the dime in your pocket from 50 feet off-stage.

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Inside: The Pro Who Was A Con

DUFFER'S DIGEST

Spring 97

Reginald Denny Hills:

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Toughest Courses**

Playing Without Clubs:

**A Common Golfing
Mistake**

The Links

At Allenwood:

**America's Favorite
Country Club
Prison**



**Edna Quim:
Queen of the 97 tour**



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BEHIND THE CLUBHOUSE

Editorial

HANDICAPPING THE MILLENNIUM

The biggest challenge golf must face in the 21st century is not, as some argue, the extinction of entire species from the overuse of pesticides and fertilizers on the fairway. Nor is it the displacement of agrarian communities for the construction of golf courses for the elite. No, golf's biggest challenge in the coming millennium is to evolve along with improved equipment technology without sacrificing the pastoral appeal.

Golf is essentially a triumph of technological innovation: if a golf ball can be driven a little farther with a modified club head, you can bet your tee time at **Pebble Beach** it will be. The editors of *Duffer's Digest* are often asked to try out the latest in cutting-edge golf club technology, and at the Japan Open last week I had the opportunity to be the first to swing the latest products from those resourceful people at *Bing* (who are celebrating their 50th year in business) - the *Little Boy* and *Fat Man* drivers.

We believe these babies will definitely cut a few strokes off your score, but at what cost to the game itself?

I decided to use a *Little Boy*, courtesy of *Bing*, for my tee shot on the tough, par 5 seventh hole at the beautiful **Hiroshima Hills Country Club**. No one was ready for

what happened next. Can you believe my tee shot traveled 5 miles, 3,257 feet? No, that figure is not a typo - a golf ball driven more than 5 miles! And while the average golfer should not expect such dramatic results, the fine people at *Bing* unconditionally guarantee in writing that anyone using the *Little Boy* will add at least three miles to his tee shot - and the numbers are even more remarkable for the *Fat Man*!

It must be admitted, however,



that some damage - material and collateral - was incurred when I teed off with my new *Little Boy* driver: 70,000 buildings destroyed or damaged, and an expected death toll of 140,000 by the end of 1997 when the dust from that prodigious swat will have settled; not to mention one bear of a divot.

Now for the controversy: namely, can the venerable game of golf survive the new-fangled *Bing* clubs? While there is no question the technology is here to stay - there's no way we're giving up our *Bings!* - some purists argue the problems they present threaten the sustainability of the sport. We at *Duffer's Digest* believe they are challenging problems, but solvable. For

example, golf courses themselves must be made somewhat larger than they are at present, that is true enough. But this does not appear to be an insurmountable hurdle, as Asia, Africa, South America and the Indian subcontinent are natural candidates for the new, bigger PGA courses, while France seems a likely test site for the *Babies' Tour*. Of slightly greater concern is the prospect of golf courses with a half-life of 700 million years, given the fission-type uranium 235 *Little Boy*. However, a number of solutions are already being considered, among them the establishment of implosion-type, plutonium 239-cored *Fat Man*-only courses, which would have a half-life of a mere 24,100 years. Other possibilities include the relegation of the *Seniors' Tour* to the so-called "hot links", since these elder golfers are going to die soon. Some speculate that, in just 10 years' time, increasing use of *Bing* clubs will have reduced earth itself to one of the toughest sand trap and heavy water hazards in the solar system. Not to worry! With a *Bing Matter/Anti-Matter* wedge (under development) Mars is an easy par 3 away.



The Links At Allenwood

America's Favorite Country Club Prison

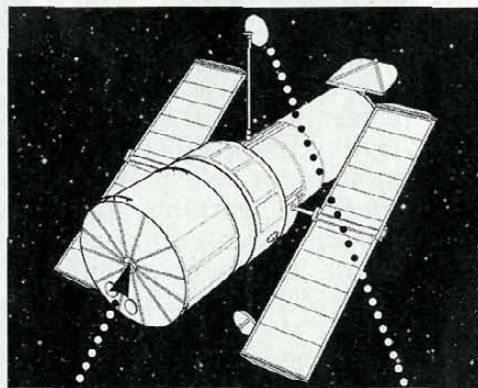
Mention links and prison in the same sentence and one conjures up high security fences, handcuffs and, of course, the classic southern chain gang. But here in the Federal Minimum security Country Club at Allenwood, the only links to be found are on the grounds and in the shirt cuffs of the inmates, who just happen to be some of America's most genteel, striped collar scumbags.

Originally made famous by Watergate luminaries G. Gordon Liddy, Charles "Chuck" Colson, H.R. Haldeman and John "Fat Boy" Erlichman, the facility was brought back to the fore in the eighties. It provided lodging for a number of Wall Street inside traders, including Ben Fuzzler, who went on to join the PGA after his stints here, and at "Club Fed" in Lompoc, CA (see "The Pro Who Was A Con").

In addition to learning a simple trade such as pressing pants or institutional cooking, these former powerbrokers spent much of their free time on the facility's golf course, training for the Federal Prison Golf Association (FPGA) tour in four-somes with monikers such as the "Jail-birdies" and the "Ill-eagles". In fact, many of the course's features were donated by its former denizens. Examples include such facilities as the Dennis Levine Ball Washer at the fourth hole, the John Mitchell Score Card Lectern at the seventh, and, of course, the H.R. Haldeman Memorial Clubhouse, which has become nationally known for its Breaking Rock Lobster Newburg and Blue License Plate Specials. But don't let all this luxury fool you. Life at Allenwood is tough. Just ask Ben Fuzzler, winner of the 1993 Con-Am tourney. "Hey, they refuse to light the driving range for night practice and they serve red wine with the fish sticks." Oh the inhumanity!



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Smashing Balls with Edna Quim

She may be proper but she sure ain't prim!

You've got to admire the commitment Edna Quim has made to the game of golf. Last year, she courageously fought her way back onto the pro tour after undergoing a double radical mastectomy in December, 1995. "I didn't have cancer or nothing", she explained. "They were just getting in the way of my swing". Although highly controversial at the time, it looks like it was a good move for Quim, who subsequently shot from obscurity to the top of the standings on the 97 tour.

Although she is an American by birth, Quim's European training definitely shows through. During her junior year abroad from Mount Holyoke College, Quim taught the art of scrimshaw to upper class midgets at a fancy girls school in Scotland. It was there that she acquired her love of golf. When the term was over, she quit college and decided to continue learning the game with renowned master Argus MacFargus, whom she married in 1986. It is this to which she attributes her sturdy figure. "Argus liked his women big and beefy," she noted, "and kept me on a steady diet of haggis, shepherd's pie, and whisky...But at least I wasn't a mean drunk."

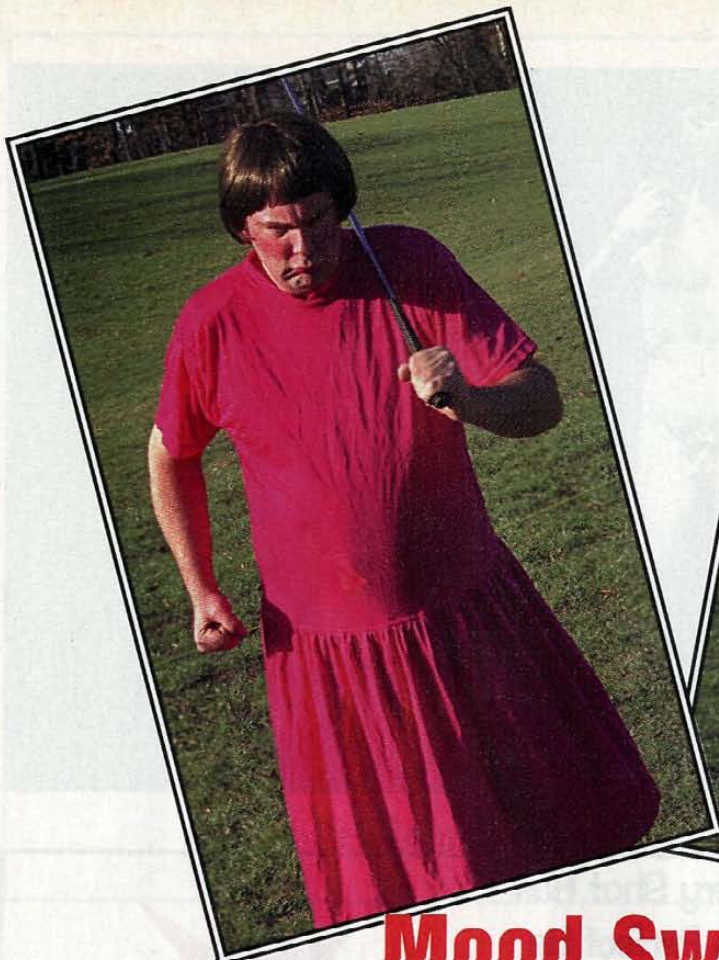
Upon her return to the States, and after divorcing MacFargus, Edna managed to kick her addiction to alcohol. The demands of the tour have filled a void in her life and Quim has been dry for the past year and a half. Finally happy and at peace, Quim spends her free time at tea dances and playing softball with her new life partner, Terry.

J.P.

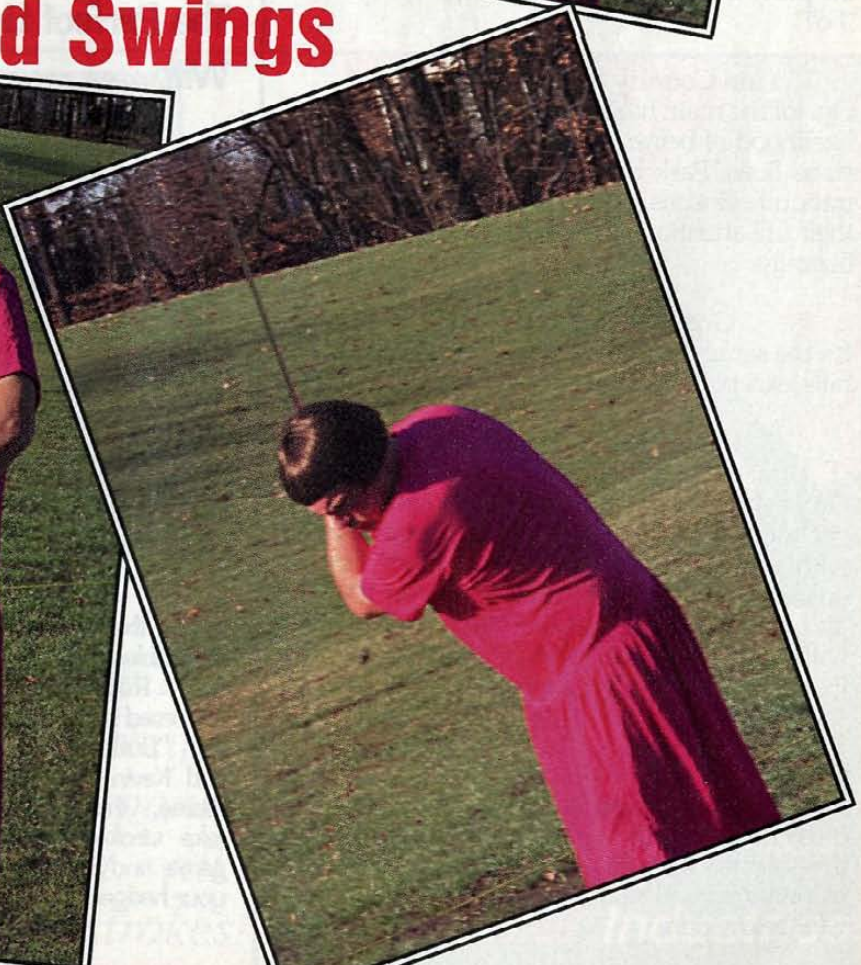
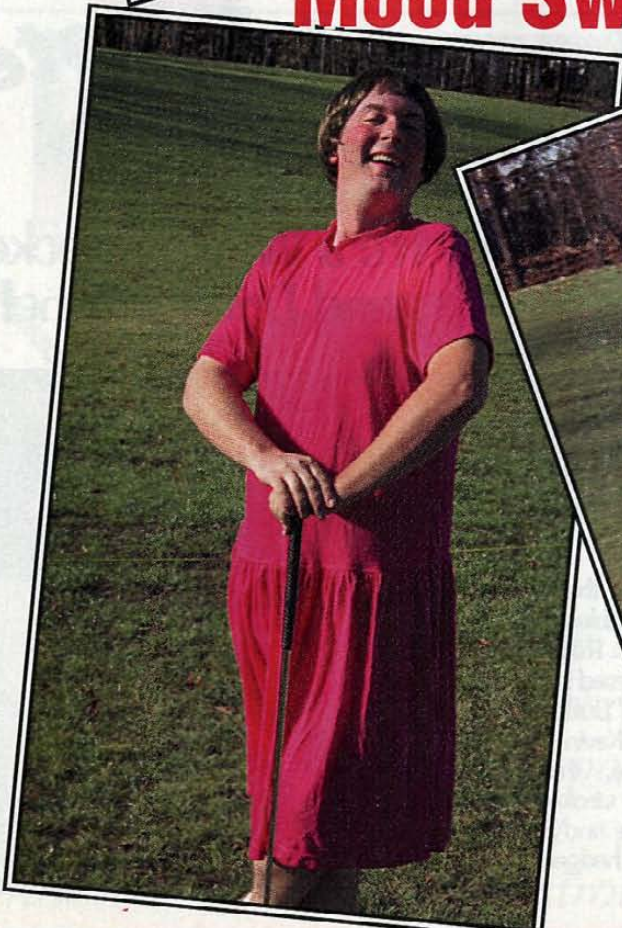


Queen of the 1997 Tour





Mood Swings



America's Toughest Courses

There is an old adage in golf that says, "The hardest course is the one you are playing." Nevertheless, we have recently gone out and found the actual hardest courses in America. Here are the top five:

Reginald Denny Hills South Central L.A.

The 8th hole is inside a genuine crack house. Duffers report a major golf cart jacking problem, so play in foursomes and pack your Glock. Be sure your golf pants are in gang neutral colors, and never, never gesture wildly on the course or the locals will think that you're throwing signs.

Handy tip: When playing through towards the party ahead of you, do not neglect to yell "Fo!"

Lion Country Safari Hills - FL

One of the main hazards on this course is the likelihood of being mauled to death by ferocious lions. Park Rangers are on hand with tranquilizer guns, but can not give all golfers their full attention. Do not forget to tip them liberally.

Grizzly Bear Hills - AL

It's the same problem as Lion Country Safari hills, except it involves grizzly bears.

Druie's White Trash Hills Biloxi, MS

Druie and the boys don't cotton too much to outsiders, especially them fancy college boys with their snazzy golf carts and pretty boy knickers. On the thirteenth hole you may find yourself being ridden like a golf cart, with a shotgun to your head. Handy tips: Practice squealing like a pig. Note: All Jews should shave down horns.

Three Mile Island Hills - PA

The greens are blue and the fifteenth has three holes. Long-term effects from playing this course include lesions, hair loss and incontinence. Benefit: Offspring likely to be well below par.

H.L.



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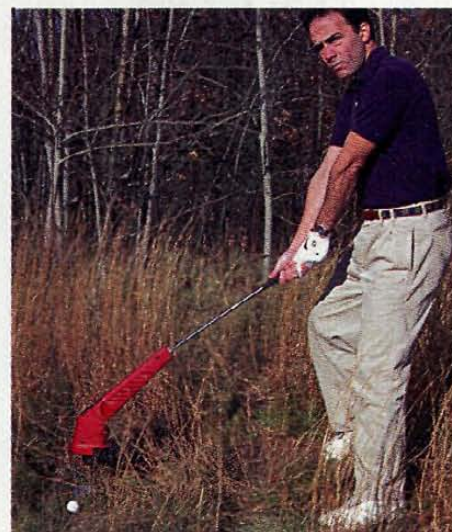
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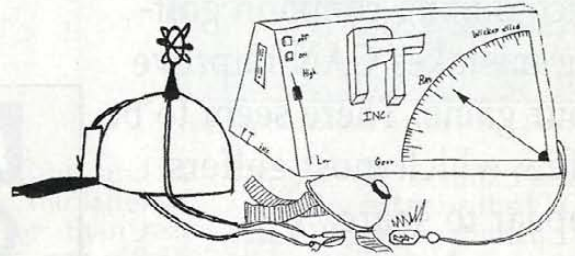
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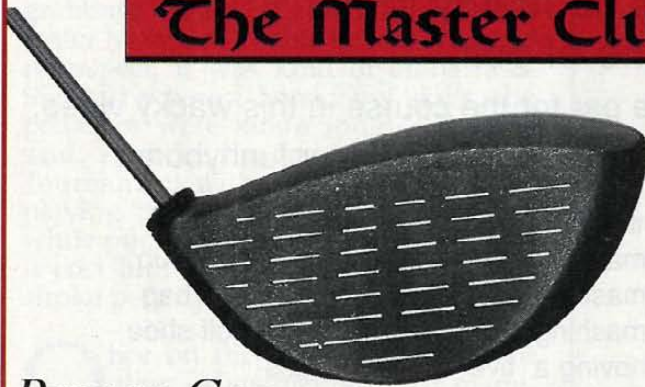
**"I took 7 strokes off my game and
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- Dr. Henry Bookbinder

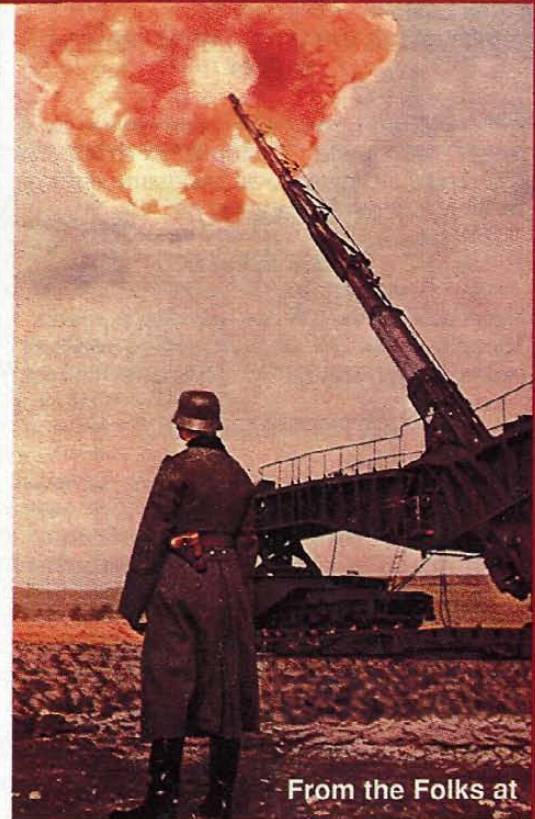


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From the Folks at

Kaizer Industries

SIX COMMON GOLFING MISTAKES



Recognizing common golfing mistakes CAN improve your game. There seem to be a few which most golfers appear to share

1) GOLFING WITHOUT CLUBS

Perhaps the most important golfing mistake is beginning the game without the assistance of the ever-so-important "golf club".

2) PUTTING WITH A LOAF OF FRENCH BREAD

Although French bread is very enjoyable to eat, it makes a lousy putter. The use of French bread in golf should be limited to an after-game snack or bashing your caddy in the tête (see #5).

3) POOR POSTURE

Never address the ball from a reclining position. Though comfortable, your intentions could be misconstrued, leading to lawsuits down the road.

4) SHOOT ALONE!

Though it makes for a great photograph, never have a fellow player ride you piggyback while you're trying to make that crucial chip shot.

5) INAPPROPRIATE CADDIES

Never let French mimes caddy for you. It is very distracting and will hold up your game. For suggestion on how to get rid of French mimes, see #2.

6) ATTEMPTING SEXUAL PENETRATION WITH "THE HOLE"

'Nuff said

HL

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America's favorite comedian shows no mercy to the sacred game of golf.

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Video Highlights Include:

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- Gallagher smashing a watermelon with a golf bag
- Gallagher smashing a watermelon with a golf shoe
- Gallagher shoving a five iron up his ass

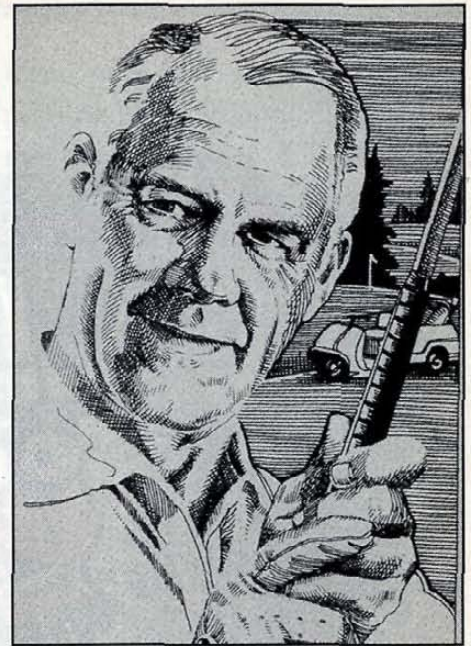
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is Funny" T-shirt
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The Pro Who Was A Con



Former Securities Trader - Ben Fuzzler

It hasn't been an easy transition to the PGA tour for Ben Fuzzler. The former securities trader and white collar criminal spent two years at Allenwood, followed by three years in the federal penitentiary at Lompoc, California, while serving a five year sentence for insider trading. Those years weren't a total waste, however. Fuzzler spent them as a top player in the F PGA, or Federal Prison Golf Association.

Learning to adjust to the rules on the pro tour posted a challenge to the man once known as the "Wunderkind Of Wall Street". In his first year on the tour he was selected to play a skins game with veterans Lee Trevino, Arnold Palmer and Greg Norman. To the shock of a national television audience, Fuzzler was ejected for taking off all his clothes and grabbing his ankles after hitting into a water hazard at Pebble Beach. "Yeah, in retrospect, it was kind of embarrassing, but where I honed my skills, the penalties were kinda rough", Fuzzler said. And deadly. In his first Con-Am Tournament with the F PGA, Fuzzler's playing partner was shot by a guard while pursuing an out-of-bounds slice. It cost him his life, as well as a two-stroke penalty.

Once on the outside, there were other adjustments to be made. For example, in the first months after his release, Fuzzler was shocked by the costs of becoming a touring pro. He explained, "In the pen I could get a damn good caddy for nothing more than a pack of smokes." Fuzzler failed to note that, on the other hand, purse money for a PGA tournament can run into hundreds of thousands of dollars. In contrast, as the top country club prison pro in 1995, Fuzzler earned a purse of imported leatherette, some

personal lubricant and a Vendela poster, the latter of which was better than real currency in the pen. Said Fuzzler, "At Club Fed, a portfolio like that could earn you a couple of good months as Milken's bitch, but out here, I couldn't get my balls washed for that kind of cake."

But all in all, Fuzzler doesn't miss the F PGA. "Biggest bunch of thieving liars I ever met. But then again, who am I to judge? Nevertheless, when you're in a foursome with Boesky, Milken and Keating, you gotta watch your ass...in more ways than one".

D. P. & J. P.

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THE WOMAN LINCOLN



History is opinion or prejudice masquerading as fact. In American history, among the facts notoriously distorted by prejudice are those relating to the gender of our national leaders. Every child in school and, indeed, many scholars of American history, continue to believe that our greatest presidents were men, and that of all 42 presidents, not one was a woman.

Olivia Hammer and Joanna Anfif began the process of righting this error in their seminal study, "Georgina" (*NEW FEMINIST STUDIES*, 3), in which the generally credited gender of Washington was thoroughly discredited. The task was not daunting, for there were no offspring in the "marriage" to Martha Custis, although she was only 26 at the time of her marriage to "George", and had borne four children by her first husband, Daniel Parke Custis. As an aside, anyone who looks at a dollar bill must ask whether that coiffure real-

ly belonged to a male.

The case of Lincoln is more difficult. There is the lamentably male face, the beard, and the record of offspring. Nevertheless, meticulous research has cast in doubt the most tenacious of Lincoln legends, that Lincoln was a male, and has again affirmed the truth about women in leadership roles. The producers of two major recording companies chose more perspicaciously than many supposed when they chose women to speak Lincoln's words in Copland's "A Lincoln Portrait". Were not the reviewers perceptive, who wrote that "Katharine Hepburn is far more vibrant" in reading Lincoln's words "than either [Henry Fonda or Charlton Heston]..."? (Ivan March, Edward Greenfield and Robert Layton, *THE PENGUIN GUIDE TO COMPACT DISCS AND CASSETTES*, London, 1993, pp. 290-291). The other woman reader of Lincoln on compact disc is, appropriately enough, Margaret Thatcher.

First of all, as Carla Middlesex, in her NEH-funded study (*Advanced Studies in Sexism*, 7) has pointed out, there is no known contemporary evidence or opinion that Lincoln was not a woman. Some may question the significance of a negative induction, but as P.U. Warlimont has demonstrated,

such induction may have greater semiotic relevance than an affirmative (POST-DECONSTRUCTIONIST REVIEW, 14).

This impressive negative evidence is reinforced by the course and details of Lincoln's early life. Lincoln's frontier family included many offspring. The mother, Nancy Hanks, exhausted by childbearing and the rigors of wife-and mother-hood on the frontier, died at 34, when Lincoln was 9, and was succeeded by a stepmother with three children of her own. The family, before and after the death of Lincoln's mother, made many moves: within Kentucky; from Kentucky to Indiana; and from Indiana to Illinois. In such families, confusion of offspring as to number, paternity, and gender, was not uncommon (see Clodd and Fakeit, *THE FRONTIER FAMILY AS CHAOS PARADIGM*, University of Alaska Press, 1995).

Young Lincoln, more correctly labeled Abraha, was early and erroneously regarded as a male and, in fact, was raised as such. Possessed of the native female intelligence to discern the advantages of being a male, she adopted the disguise of masculinity, launching herself into more strenuous and conventionally male activities—river-boating, railsplitting, wrestling—which are yet entirely within the capacity of a woman. Abraha's

lean, muscular physique and peculiar physiognomy sustained the deception (see I. Hakabe, "Adrenal Virilism and the Lincoln Faces, *THE NEW DIAGNOSTICS*, 6).

Entering public life as a backwoods lawyer and congressman, the advantages became even more obvious. In the Senatorial campaign of 1858, the memorable debates with Stephen Douglas displayed Lincoln's acute and cogent female reasoning even as they preserved the conventional guise of maleness. Given the prejudice and imperception of the time, it is not remarkable that those few who suspected Lincoln's true gender withheld comment. Therefore, contemporary records yield no opinion either that Lincoln was or was not a woman.

At this time and, indeed, until well after the Presidential Inauguration in March 1861, Lincoln was beardless. Only after she was confronted with the challenge of armed conflict and the need to dominate bearded Union generals did Abraha Lincoln adopt the beard, which was, of course, false. The deception continued to her death. After the assassination there was no autopsy, for, like Mary Todd, the Presidential inner circle knew the truth.

Offspring of the "marriage" to Mary Todd being a political requirement, they were fathered

by a surrogate (M. Underhand, "The Lincoln Children Reconstructed", OFFSHOOT, 2). The strain on Mary Todd lurched to its inevitable conclusion. Understanding the patriotic necessity of sustaining the appearance of a bi-gender marriage, she became increasingly psychotic and at last, after Abraha's death, completely insane.

The object of Lincoln's true affection was Anne Rutledge, a unigender love that Abraha never found again, and whose true character Anne may never have recognized. Such is the opinion of Lincoln's law partner in Springfield, William Herndon, who cites corroborating contemporaries, including members of Anne's family (Herndon and Weike, ABRAHAM LINCOLN-THE TRUE STORY OF A GREAT LIFE). As for Mary Todd, "he knew that he did not love her" and their marriage meant, for Lincoln, "years of self-torture, sacrificial pangs, and the loss forever of a happy home" (Herndon and Weike, pp. 215).

Why, then, did Lincoln marry? Political necessity. An apparent male had to appear with a wife, and Mary Todd "was probably the most desirable woman in Springfield" (Charles Strozier, "Lincoln's Quest for Union, Public and Private Meanings", in Boritt and

Forness, *THE HISTORIANS' LINCOLN'S: PSEUDOHISTORY, PSYCHOHISTORY, AND HISTORY*, University of Illinois Press [1988].

Lincoln's femaleness is evident in her courageous nurturing of the nation during its most devastating crisis. Resolute and unwavering in her ultimate purpose (preservation of the Union and submission of states to federal sovereignty), Lincoln was resourceful and adaptable as only a woman could be in pursuing her goal of reconciling the many antagonistic elements in the nation. Intelligence and wisdom under the most oppressive and menacing political and military burdens enabled Lincoln to pursue the war to a successful termination.

But there was more. Lincoln's unique female tenderness, compassion and gentle humor brought considerable relief to a brutally intolerable conflict.

The woman Lincoln helped preserve not only the Union but a Union of humane values. For that exalted purpose, Abraha Lincoln sacrificed her true identity.

- Christine Wrensh

Christine Wrensh was a close friend of John Illo, to whom she entrusted this and other works before her untimely death on October 10, 1996.

true (Teachers From Hell) facts

BEIJING—An elementary school teacher in southern China has been sentenced to two years in prison for forcing his pupils to eat cow dung as punishment for missed homework.

Liu Deshun reportedly forced his pupils to eat cow dung on 56 occasions last fall.

Pacific Stars and Stripes
faithfully submitted,
Wm. Kirchoff IV

√

IMMOKALEE, Fla.—substitute teacher Krystal Gail Allen was fired after parents complained that she had described her sex life in great detail to an eighth-grade geography class and invited students to share their own tales with her. One student had recorded the class.

Universal Press Syndicate
faithfully submitted,
Russ Gott

√

FREDERICKSBURG, VA—Acting Principal Steven Stocker, 31, was arrested in January after he engaged a 9-year-old girl in what the district attorney called a servant-master game. Stocker, the servant, had allegedly kissed the girl's feet and sucked her toes.

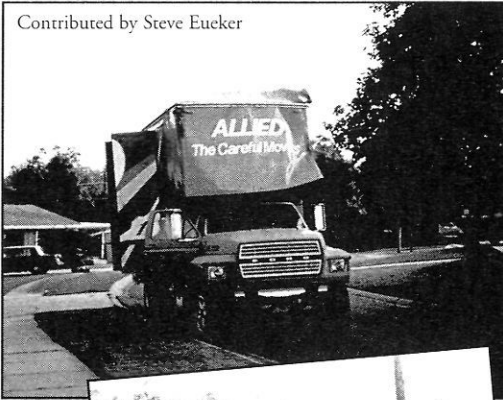
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true signs

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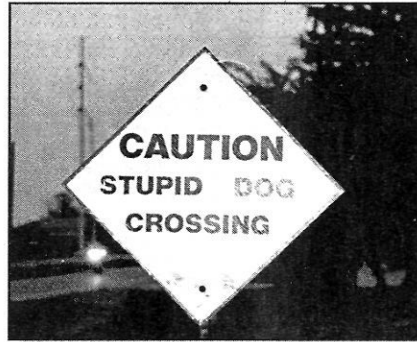
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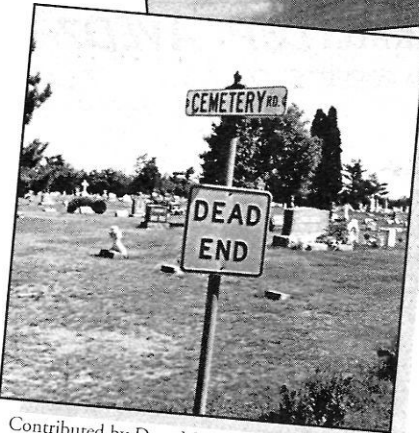
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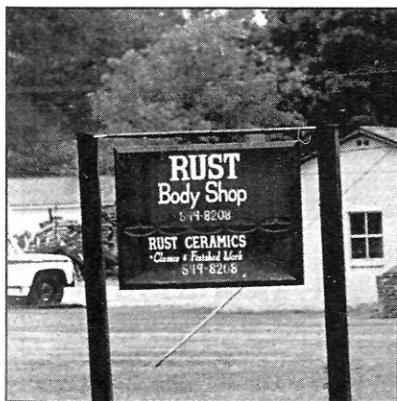
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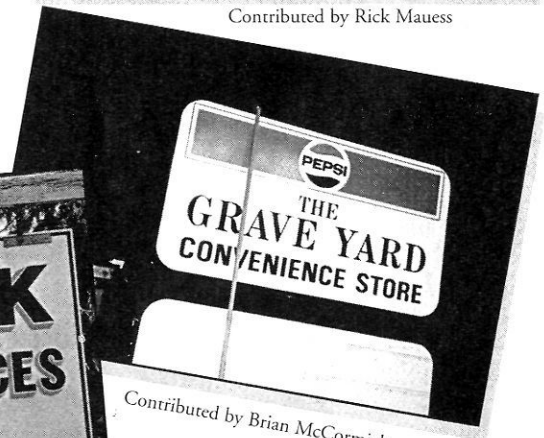
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HE'LL BE HAPPY TO "JUST TALK", OPEN UP TO HIS OWN FEELINGS AND WANT TO HEAR ABOUT YOURS WITHOUT TESTOSTERONE GETTING IN THE WAY!



CHEMICAL CASTRATION IN A CAPSULE!

NEW! PURSE-SIZE!

©1976 ROBERTS & SIERGEY

Crossword for Boneheads

1	2	ACROSS 1. Tell ___ to the Marines.
		DOWN 2. Tell it ___ the Marines.

NON-JOKES

How many electricians does it take to screw in a light bulb? One.

A bum said he hadn't had a bite in weeks, so I gave him a dollar.

What's black and white and red all over? That doesn't make sense.

What do you call a guy with no arms or legs at the sideshow? The Human Torso.

What do you get when you cross a rat with a butter churn? Nothing. You can't cross a rat with a butter churn.

CORRECTIONS

In the article "How to Overthrow the Government", it should have read, "Make sure you are UPWIND from poisonous gas attacks". Not downwind.

In the article "Parenting with 'Mad Dog' Houlihan", it should have read, "babies should be carried in PLASTIC BAGS". Not bassinets.

In the previous correction, that should have read, "NOT carried in plastic bags".

SPLEEN apologizes for any inconvenience.

ARE YOU CULTURALLY DEPRAVED?

"JIM SIERGEY'S & TOM ROBERTS' CULTURAL JET LAG ... GOES BEYOND STRICTLY COMIC ART, STRETCHING INTO THE REALMS OF PHILOSOPHY AND POLITICS TO FORCE Highbrows AND LOWbrows TO SWIM IN THE SAME POOL." ---AARON COHEN, NEW CITY

"NOTHING FROM MEDIA TO MALLS TO PHONEY BON VIVANTS ESCAPES THESE GUYS, WHO ARE BOTH HIGHLY AND LOWLY CULTURED. GREAT STUFF!"

---FACTSHEET FIVE

"I LOVED CULTURAL JET LAG..."

---CLAY GEEDES, COMIX WAVE



Send \$3 to:

Tom Roberts
333 S. East Ave
#209
Oak Park, IL.
60302

LAWRENCE OF HOLLYWOOD: THE REMAKE

I recently saw the uncut “restoration” of Sir David Lean’s 1962 Oscar-winning *Lawrence of Arabia*, all 3 1/2 hours of it. This World War One desert epic, years in the making, introduced Peter O’Toole as *Lawrence*, and featured Omar Sharif, Anthony Quinn, Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains and other great actors. No actresses appear. You see, in those days war was the exclusive province of men. So, aside from a few scenes depicting Bedouin women lolling submissively under tents, or perched on rocks ululating their menfolk off to war, the production is pure testosterone.

That—and much more—will have to change when Hollywood remakes *Lawrence*, which of course they will. After all, it *is* a classic; and the movie business never can resist improving upon classics. But even a surefire blockbuster like *Lawrence II* must be updated to current industry specs before Dollar One is spent. What will they change? Check out this top secret pre-production memo leaked by an insider from a major studio!

EGREGIOUS AND KATHIE LEE STUDIOS

To: [NAME DELETED]
From: [NAME DELETED]
Date: [RECENT DATE DELETED]
Subject: *Lawrence of Arabia* remake

[NICKNAME DELETED] Baby,

Here’s Development’s latest take on the *Lawrence* project:

Δ *Make the history more audience-relevant.* Nobody in our target audience has ever heard of this “World War One”. But the Middle East is hot, so *Lawrence* (Kevin Costner, Tom Hanks, Mel Gibson, Tom Cruise, Harrison Ford) is a crusading ecologist fighting fundamentalist Iraqis bent on controlling the world’s oil and drug supply. We don’t kill *Lawrence* (Kurt Russell, Bob Redford, Arnold, Jean-Claude Van Damme, Bruce Willis), but leave things open for the sequel, *Lawrence III*, which will pit *Lawrence* (Jeff or Beau Bridges, Brad Pitt, Dustin Hoffman, Keaneau Reeves, Sly Stallone) against the Iranians.

Δ *Beef up the female element.* Today’s women audiences demand strong women role models up on the screen. So we give *Lawrence* (Michael Douglas, Nicholas Cage, Bob Hoskins, Gérard Depardieu, Sidney Poitier) a pair of female partners: Bright, attractive straight-shooting, kickboxing, wisecracking Ph.D. anthropologists (Geena Davis & Cher, Roseann & Rosanna Arquette, Iman & Goldie Hawn, Sandra Bernhardt & Debra Winger, Tonya Harding & Dee Dee Myers).

Δ We can’t *completely* rewrite a history and actually make *Lawrence* a woman. But we could push the envelope and cast Linda Hunt, Glenn Close, Connie Chung, Lola Falana, Raquel Welch or Julia Child in military drag to boost female attendance. Great for PR and cross promotions, too!

△ *Update the Sex*: The original *Lawrence* had clear homoerotic undercurrents, but Research insists that male bonding ain't sexy enough for today's market! We need something that's more mainstream, socko, and explicit, like:

- Lawrence (Bobby De Niro, Terry Stamp, Jerry Irons, Don Johnson, Benny Kingsley, Fabio) dallies with a seductive British nurse (Julia Roberts, Jodie Foster, Shari Belafonte, Marlee Matlin, Sharon Stone, Meg Ryan) while on leave in Cairo.

- Lawrence (Sting, Danny Glover, Clint Eastwood, Denzel Washington, Joe Pesci, Billy Crystal, Dolph Lundgren, Wayne Newton) discovers that Prince Faisal is really a *princess* (Daryl Hannah, Madonna, Charo, Shirley MacLaine, Liza Minnelli, Vanna White, Ivana Trump, Whoopi Goldberg).

- Lawrence (Sean Penn, Wilford Brimley, Charles Durning, Chevy Chase, Don Ho, Pauly Shore, Luke Perry, Michael Jackson, Jack Lemmon, Andrew Dice Clay, Phil Donahue, Phil Rizzuto) takes Baghdad and captures Saddam (*playing himself*)—only to fall in love with the dictator's slinky daughter (Cindy Crawford, Courtney Love, Kathy Bates, Patty Duke, Queen Latifa, Anjelica Huston, Bette Midler, Michelle Pfeiffer, Gennifer Flowers, Sally Jessie Rafael, Flo Jo, Rosemary Clooney, Satcheen Littlefeather, Heidi Fleiss).

△ *Special Effects and Makeup*: I'm beginning to smell Oscar here! In the old version, the horror of war came from depth of character and historical believability, conveyed by the brilliance of the script, direction, and acting. Of course, we won't have that to work with. But so what? We still have the world's best special effects experts in our corner! And today's viewers crave realistic savagery above all other cinematic values. We replace Sir David's polite little "cat-sup violence" with graphically spurting blood geysers, high-definition brain-and-intestine-splattering—maybe even morph in a couple dozen grotesque mutilations. The more the better; and thank God you and I have *points* in this pic!

△ *Music*: That old time cornball symphonic underscoring simply *must* go! Today's moviegoers clamor for hip-hop, grunge, heavy metal. Our vision: A hep sound track featuring Ice Cube, Sonic Youth, Metallica, Megadeth, Garth Brooks—CD sales through the roof! Plus, it's a cinch to cut picture to that stuff, since it never matters where you make the edits (Hey—what if the *whole movie* is a musical? Could work!).

△ *Editing*: No lingering on desiccated desert sandscapes for whole seconds at a time. No long, thoughtful character-revealing closeups. Lean's *Lawrence* is slow as WWI in real time! And real time is real money, Babe. Instead: MTV-style quick cuts of exotic Cairo street sex; degenerate camel drivers smoking *kef* in *souk* alleyways; Lawrence's (Michael Keaton, Tom Brokaw, Mike Tyson, Pee Wee Herman, Jack Nicholson, Jack Carter, Marty Landau, Barry Manilow, Charles Bronson, Dom DeLuise, Johnny Depp, John Goodman, Sir John Gielgud, John Travolta) blazing Uzi; Iraqi convoys exploding in slo-mo; sensual dream sequences where Lawrence (Daniel Day Lewis, Leslie Nielsen, Snoop Doggy Dogg, Tom Hulce, Donald O'Connor, Emilio Estevez, Rep. Barney Frank (*D., MA*), Pat Sajak, Howard Stern, Matthew Broderick, André Agassi, Regis Philbin, any Baldwin Brother) remembers his sexy British nurse (Sistah Souljah, Meryl Streep, Susan Sarandon, Oprah Winfrey, Traci Lords, Barbara Walters, Martina Navratilova, Uma Thurman, Barbra Streisand, Molly Yard, Drew Barrymore, Nancy Reagan, Bella Abzug).

△ *We pile on even more box office clout* with a heavyweight supporting cast:
Sherif Ali (Omar Sharif): Larry King, Ross Perot or Diana Ross
Prince Faisal (Alec Guinness): Marky Mark, Rob Reiner or Nancy Kerrigan
Gen. Allenby (Jack Hawkins): Gavin MacLoed, Gen. Colin Powell or k.d. lang
Auda the Bedouin (Anthony Quinn): Spike Lee, Billy Ray Cyrus or Pee Wee Herman
British Diplomat (Claude Rains): Chris Walken, Kato Kaelin or Darryl Strawberry
Sadistic Gay Turkish Bey (José Ferrer): Jerry Seinfeld, Prince or Don King.
 (Note: Any of the above might also be considered for other roles, maybe even for Lawrence himself. The main thing is to have top names associated with the project.)

△ *Your concern about directors* is legitimate, since directors can occasionally influence some aspects of a film's outcome. Our feeling is that either Quentin Tarantino, Penny Marshall or (longshot) Ingmar Bergman might be bankable (Maybe all three? Hey, great promotional angle—one director per act!).

△ *We don't have years for this puppy, the way Lean did.* Consider the Company's cash flow, the wobbly dollar, our stars' crammed schedules. Economics is economics. So we're looking at maybe a week's shoot on tape, editing and computer generating of special effects overnight. That way we go straight to home video within a couple of hours after theatrical release. Hear those cash registers jingle!

△ *Script:* With all the abovementioned high octane elements, I'm not sure we really need one. Besides, 95% of the budget is earmarked for stars' salaries. Let's discuss ASAP. This afternoon I fly to London for lunch, then to Cinecittá in Rome for a late snack, over to Tahiti in the ayem for more pre-pro confabs. Let's meet out at the beach this weekend and hammer out the details once and for all. We can send out for sushi. You bring the Mimosas. Hey, love ya.

— Dean Christopher

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A Loser's Life

Once a loser, always a loser.

Not just a cliché, bucko...
for you, it's more like a credo.



Face it... you'll never be one of the great ones, no matter how hard you try in life. Even if you have all your life to try! Of course, first you have to *get a fucking life!*

With that in mind, we present this simple chart by which to measure "A Loser's Life", based entirely on the achievements and deeds accomplished by famous, successful people (unlike you, Jerk-Off) when they had reached a similar age. All to remind you what a loser you truly are, each and every day of your life...*all your life!*

Enjoy!

AGE	SUBJECT COMPARISON	
00	<p>Here it is...day One. <i>You're born!</i> But what's going on here? This isn't a manger; there are no wise men, no shining stars in the night to herald your arrival. Quick! Go back in...hurry, hurry...too late! When it comes to birth announcements, you gotta admit Jesus outdid us all. Well, you're here anyway. Might as well make the best of it, despite your less than spectacular entrance.</p> <p>And by the way, that limo out front is for Madonna's new-born baby. You'll be riding home on the bus with your single, unemployed mother.</p>	
08		<p>It is said Mozart conducted his first symphony (which he also composed, naturally) by this time. And what are people saying about you at this age? Not much...things like, "Don't worry, when he's ready to talk, he'll talk", "He likes to squish worms", or "He's quite a nose picker".</p> <p>Come to think of it, you're gifted with some sort of talent yourself, aren't you?" Let's see, what is it... belching "The Pledge of Allegiance" or some equally attractive trait, right?</p>

A Loser's Life

AGE

SUBJECT COMPARISON

10

As a cigar-chomping daughter of a con man, little Tatum O'Neal stole the movie from daddy Ryan in her feature debut...and won a fucking Oscar! The film's setting was The Great Depression, something which shouldn't go unnoticed by you, having probably already experienced a few great ones yourself by this early age, no doubt. A loser like you will never win an Academy Award but, if you're lucky, you could still wind up being a "stand-in" for Pauly Shore in *Biodome II*.



13



Little Stevie Wonder had his own Motown Records contract and a Number One single on the charts at this point. Oh, and he's blind, too. Suck on that one while you're waiting for the Stridex to dry, Loser!

18

This is when Brooke Shields went off to college. Princeton, no less.

If you're an 18 year old female, stop and look at yourself in the mirror. Take off your clothes. Check out those curves. Now really...is that the body of an Ivy League coed you see before you? If not, why even bother with college? Surely you don't think it was Brooke's brain that made her so popular on campus, do you?

Another helpful hint...shave off the mustache. You're starting to resemble her mother, Terri.



24








James Dean had one movie out and two in the can when he drove his Porsche Spyder into oblivion at this tender age. Look at you—what movie could we expect to see starring a sap like you...*Loser Without A Cause*? And forget about making a splashy exit like ol' Jimbo. At this point, you can't even afford Rent-A-Wreck, can you?

28






It was already over for The Beatles when Paul McCartney hit 28. He and John Lennon had written well over 150 songs by this time and ol' Paul was starting a second career as a solo artist. So what if Ringo had more #1 solo hits and most of his later songs were sappy pieces of shit. He had enough fame in his first 28 years to last a lifetime. Meanwhile, you're still trying to "discover yourself".



A Loser's Life

AGE	SUBJECT COMPARISON	
33		<p>What's there to say? It's that Messiah guy again. Jesus had this one all to himself. He came in big and left the same way. Wise up—if you can't feed the masses, perform a miracle or walk across a swimming pool on this, the eve of your mid-life crisis, you should at least look into converting to the evangelical ministry. Why, look at all the women those other big time preachers get to meet! But your getting a date on any given Saturday night is nothing short of a miracle in itself, is it, Loser?</p>
37	<p>Lou Gehrig was tall, lanky and had the personality of a dead mule—but he was The Pride Of The Yankees. True, he died a bit too soon, but at least he got a disease named after him! You, however, couldn't even make Pride Of Wilton Junior High 2nd Period Gym Class. At this point, it's also highly unlikely you'll ever have an illness named after you, either (unless, of course, your parents happened to have named you <i>Painful Hemorrhoidal Swelling</i>).</p>	
40		<p>Donald Trump celebrated his 40th birthday by donning a Dutch settler's outfit and buying Manhattan. Your financial dealings are somewhat hampered by the fact that you have absolutely no money, no job and few employable skills. The best you can even hope for now is a few misplaced zeros spit out by a malfunctioning bank computer onto your monthly statement. Even then, you still couldn't get Ivana or Marla, could you? Cheer up—if you're lucky, maybe Marla will chuck an empty can of caviar in your direction.</p>
46	<p>He was our youngest President and had a babe of a First Lady (still in her thirties!) shacking up with him at the White House. Handsome, from an affluent family to boot!</p> <p>You may be just as horny as JFK, but he was banging all kinds of broads, including Marilyn Monroe. Meanwhile, you're taking your frustrations out on the dog-faced check-out girl at Safeway. See you in Dallas.</p>	
56		<p>An unknown Southwestern Indian chief first made a name for himself at 56 when he gathered his tribe, and led them on a campaign against the white man.</p> <p>The Indian's name was Goyathlay, meaning <i>One Who Yawns</i>. You have something in common with this great leader, despite the fact that you can't even organize the company softball team: at the mere mention of <u>your name</u> around the office, <u>everyone yawns</u>.</p>

A Loser's Life

AGE	SUBJECT COMPARISON	
62	<p>The infamous rogue Casanova boasted of having been with more than 2,500 women before he reached the age of 60. On his deathbed, at 76, he secretly confessed that the grand total was really closer to 1,800...give or take a few hundred. This gives you approximately 14 years to pass the great lover's record. However, as of late, you've been having enough trouble "passing" the previous night's cocktail, haven't you? Remember, losers never age gracefully. Good luck!</p>	
77		<p>When he left the Office of the Presidency, Ronald Reagan had changed the course of American history with his conservative views and right wing policies. If you, upon reaching this age, feel you didn't even accomplish <i>ten percent</i> of the things this former President did...good! You used this jerk as your fucking role model? No wonder you're still such a loser. And an <i>old</i> loser, at that!</p>
81	<p>Grandma Moses claimed that her artistic success was wholly due to "never painting a thing" until this late point in her life. Inspiring, isn't it? Sorry, Dali—that college spring break when you got drunk for a week and dumped white paint on the heads of homeless people sort of knocks you out of contention for this one, doesn't it? Besides, even when it comes down to something as simple as finger-painting, a loser like you would still be all thumbs!</p>	
100		<p>Okay, you've made it this far. You outlived most of 'em. Makes you feel a bit less a loser, does it? Well, lighten up. The Bible tells us Methuselah lived to the spry old age of 969! You're nothing but a tadpole! Not only that, but we know The Meth Man fathered a kid at 187! Forget it. Gramps—you had trouble getting laid 80 years ago. Getting any kind of sex at your age requires lots of luck, and money...both of which ran out for you a long, long time ago!</p>
119	<p>Oh, stop bitching! What are you pissing and moaning about this time—not dying fast enough? It's not fast enough for us, either! Go on, get outta here! You're depressing <i>us</i> now...does that make you any happier? Jeez, you are such a fucking baby sometimes, y'know? Grow up, Loser!</p>	

— N. Beef

true headlines

Fish unaware of clean air controversy

From *The New Republic*

Students distribute condoms as Pope leads prayer

Police

From the *Foreign Post, Manila* contributed by Alan Scypic

Students Fair Well On Literacy Tests

From *Anonymous*

Marijuana is pet food, woman says

■ Prosecutors drop the charges, but the iguana dies anyway.

Associa

From the *Associated Press* contributed by Harold Coseal

Christ signs with Eagles

From the *Bucks County Courier* contributed by Jim Rockwell

THIS JUST IN:
Some phone psychics provide useless, erroneous information
—*Staten Island Sunday Advance*, September 15
(Thanks to Dena Nachman of Staten Island, New York.)

From *Staten Island Sunday Advance*

Mail bomb sender may have held a grudge

contributed by Dan Edie

Friday, July 22, 1988 THE NEWS-JOURNAL — 3C

AREA NEWS

Pope pleads no contest to charge of soliciting prostitute

By EILEEN McCLELLAN

From *The News Journal* contributed by Todd Dillinger

REALLY BAD CRIMES: Plot to kill officer had vicious side

—*The Chicago Tribune*, September 20

From *The Chicago Tribune*

Jerking during sleep is natural

QUESTION: I need my wife is keeping my night's re

— Ryan Hague

must pass through holes in bones, between, or

The Cedar Rapids Gazette: Wed., April 29, 1992 * 3B

Expert faults criminals for crime

From *The Cedar Rapids Gazette*

The SECOND-OLDEST PROFESSION Comes of Age

by JEFFERSON SPRINGBOK

Before you flush your money down the toilet investing in precious metals or real estate, you'd better save a little for the only surefire, really hip investment left in this bloated, glutted, inflated world of high finance.

GOLD IS BEING SOLD IN SUNDAY drive-in flea markets and hoarded by people living below the federal poverty standard, and silver is fast approaching a price level where it soon may be used as aggregate in highway construction. Strategic metals that rose briefly from the obscurity of world-atlas symbology have returned to that obscurity. The stock market is doing little more than irritating the anuses of those fool enough to bother with it. Real estate is about as attractive as a bunch of office buildings. The investment arena has gone sour. No pizzazz, no decent return on investment. And certainly no points to be gained in bars and on the cocktail circuit. Before you can open your mouth to boast about the 17 percent you're earning, a second-grade schoolteacher will preempt you by talking about the 17 percent her money market is paying on the money she's saving for a hide-a-bed. The investor who follows the traditional investment strategies will always be a follower.

So what's left? Objects with intrinsic value, things people need and want. And what do people want more than women and sex!



PHOTOGRAPHS • DAN NELKEN

Investing in Flesh

SEX, OR, TO USE THE STREET TERM, "PUSSY," SELLS IN every part of the world, in every culture. It's universal. It's always in demand. The price has always been high and is always going up. It has been proven time and time again that a man will spend his last dollar on pussy if it is presented to him. It is a powerful product not subject to the whims of economic conditions.

Sex, or pussy, has a tremendous repurchase factor. Under ideal conditions the same pussy can be sold twenty to twenty-five times in an eight-hour period. The marketplace regenerates itself in twenty-four to thirty-six hours. In other words, the demand is constant and the commodity is renewable. In times of depression and recession, as well as in times of growth and prosperity, pussy is always at a premium. Perhaps no other commodity is so free of outside influences.

In addition to a traditionally strong market for pussy there is room for massive growth. A relaxation, however slight, of the taboo on purchased sex would cause a quadrupling of demand. It is estimated that if every adult male in America bought sex just once a week, it would generate nearly 7 billion gross dollars per week. The net on \$7 billion of pussy money is about \$6.4 billion—an extraordinary rate of return on equity. Take a look at a breakdown on a single transaction:

A \$75 Blowjob

Man-hours Expended: .257

Material Expenditures:

TOOTHPASTE, MOUTHWASH	\$00.08
FACIAL TISSUE	\$00.01
CHEWING GUM	\$00.05

Fixed costs:

PERCENTAGE OF DEPRECIATION ON PHYSICAL PLANT	\$01.31
PERCENTAGE OF DAILY START-UP COSTS	\$00.73
PERCENTAGE OF DAILY UPKEEP	\$02.90
PERCENTAGE OF TRANSPORTATION COSTS	\$00.60
DENTAL INSURANCE	\$00.15
PERCENTAGE OF MEDICAL MAINTENANCE	\$00.85
LEGAL COSTS	\$01.32

Total Capital Expenditure \$08.00

Net Profit \$67.00

In percentage of sales, oral sex accounts for nearly seven out of ten transactions. This is the least expensive and most rapid sexual service offered. The turnover is fantastic. It causes the least wear on the equipment and, at an average time expenditure of twelve minutes, is the most cost efficient of all sexual services. The high end of the market produces net revenues per service far in excess of those generated by the simple blowjob, but those revenues against the time input put the figure into a proper balance.

Let's look at the basic equipment. A human female.

Sex for sale is labor intensive. You are selling your employee, literally. Or, more accurately, leasing her. The average working life of a whore is approximately ten years. Beginning at age eighteen and continuing into the late twenties, the working life of the whore is infinitely adaptable. That is to say, she can generate revenue in a variety of service areas throughout her career, so that revenues need not drop off as the equipment ages. The value of most business equipment declines over a period of time. But a whore can be switched from high-end, high-glamour services to the more utilitarian functions that bring a lower unit cost but a much higher volume, i.e., intercourse versus oral sex/manual sex.

The productive life of an individual whore is shown below.

AGE 18

Highest-Yield Services

FOR THE FIRST THREE QUARTERS OF THIS WORK YEAR a novice prostitute can be marketed as "virginal"—that is the highest grading a lady of the night can garner. And with that rating goes an automatic surcharge; a price can be set at whatever the market will bear. If she is of good to excellent physical appearance, it is not unlikely that a fee of up to \$1,000 per engagement can be sought and secured. In the good-to-fair range, \$750 is not unreasonable. The fair to poor will still go for in the neighborhood of \$500 (for the virgin label and the age factor), and even a poor grade will net a couple of hundred dollars. These figures will hold up, as mentioned, for a good three quarters if caution is exercised and routine maintenance is strictly enforced. In this initial stage you are marketing a high-ticket item on a generally high volume for maximum profit. Additionally, other services, viz., oral/manual services, will command a premium price as well. It is a good strategy to mix up the services and make those three quarters hold their high yield. It is not unlikely that a fresh whore can

Age 18



Age 19-24



exceed three quarters with the virginal grading, but for purposes of long-term earnings projections three quarters is a good base.

AGE 19-24 *Highest-Yield Services*

AT THIS STAGE IN THE LIFE OF A PRODUCING PROSTITUTE she is at her maximum earning and production rate. She will be fully trained and will not need the supervision a novice would need. Her prices will not be as high, but her volume will make up for the lower price structure. Because of her still young age and what is presumed to be sound physical condition, she can work the high-profit territories—hotels, convention centers, quality clubs and restaurants—where a high price can be maintained and wear and tear on the physical plant is at its lowest. In an eight-hour shift she can generate from \$3,000 to \$5,000 in revenue. Deducting salary and benefits of from \$250 to \$400 will net out for the investor from between \$2,500 and \$3,600 per day, less standard costs of doing business. A forty-eight-week year can be expected from an employee in this category, with four weeks off. Those four weeks can be scheduled as out-of-town travel with clients, who will pay for the service and cover travel expenses; so, in effect, a full fifty-two-week earning year is possible.

AGE 25-30 *Highest-Yield Services*

THIS STAGE IS CHARACTERIZED AS THE "WORKHORSE" stage of the whore's working life. Her appearance and charm have dwindled, but not so her earning power. It means more hours and more labor, but not necessarily less income. She will no longer be a marketable quantity to the high end of the market. Price per "lay" may drop to as low as \$35, but an enterprising whore will tack on "options" such as odd and unusual foreplay extras or make herself available to nonconformist experimentation, which boosts the total cost of the sale and puts her back up to a profitable level. She can be marketed exclusively for kinky sex, those acts that mainstream sexuality frowns upon but for which there is a growing hardcore market willing to pay top dollar to have their out-of-line desires satisfied. She can be hired out to parties or groups, for a large rate, with the likelihood of additional revenue from refer-

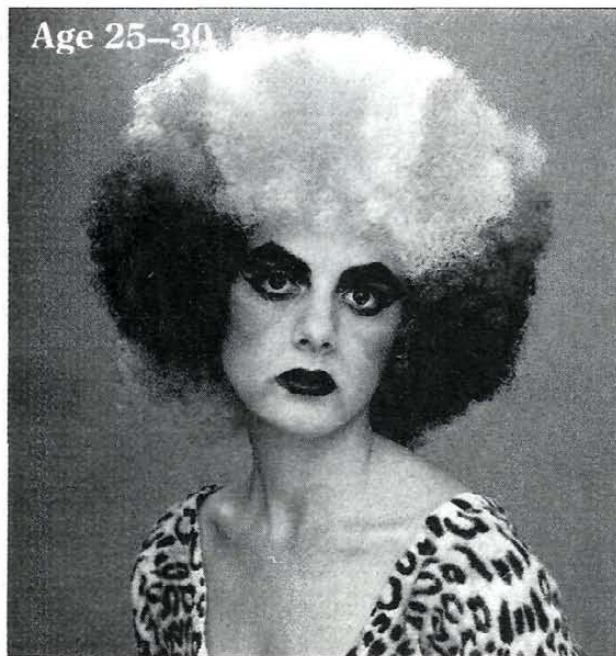
ences and tips. She should have sufficient oral and manual skills that she can bring in big, high-volume dollars. She will also work harder and longer than the younger whores. Her job by this time is a profession, and she approaches it with a good attitude and an eye on revenue.

AGE 30-Upper Bracket *Highest-Yield Services*

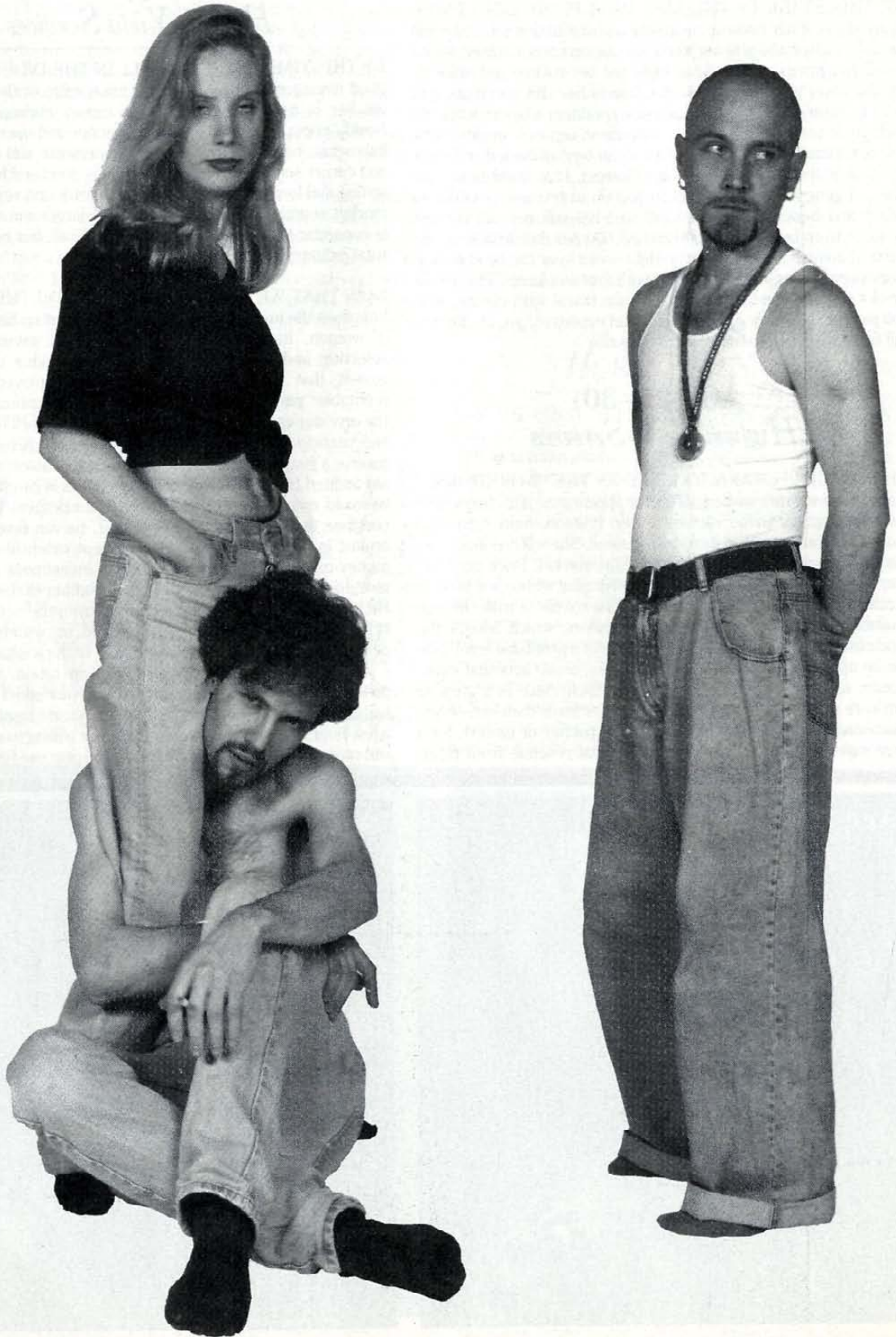
BY THIS TIME, IF SHE IS STILL IN THE INDUSTRY, SHE IS good management property. Her knowledge of the business will aid her in its training phases, in career management, and in bookkeeping. She can be used to manage and operate sex establishments, handle product lines, and organize and operate dating and escort services. If her reputation is good and her client list is strong and loyal, she may continue to work and service the older market segment, who generally spend larger sums on a more or less regular basis. Her dollar output will fall, but her value in the total industry picture is strong.

NOW THAT WE HAVE AN OVERVIEW OF THE INDUSTRY, how does the investor fit in? First, he can set up his own network of women. In doing this he needs expert advice and help in selecting and maintaining a stable of working girls. It is suggested that a placement service be employed to locate a reputable "pimp" to help in setting up the organization. Second, the investor can approach an established network or organization and participate on a money-only basis. For his capital he can receive a guarantee of profit. He should, however, see that books are audited frequently and that all business is carefully monitored to avoid employee theft and the embezzlement problems that continue to plague the industry. Last, he can invest with a sex broker in a pooled capital arrangement much like the popular money-market funds. For a minimum investment of \$1,000 the investor receives shares equal to the number of dollars invested. He is paid a monthly dividend derived from the net profits of the organization. Money can be invested or withdrawn without penalty, although there is no guarantee of the capital in the funds.

Also very popular is the single-girl operation, where one or possibly two whores are employed and funded. This saves the hassle of operating a large venture and yields a solid return with a few hours invested per week. If you are willing to spend the time and money, you can bring in handsome income for years. ●



picking up guys...

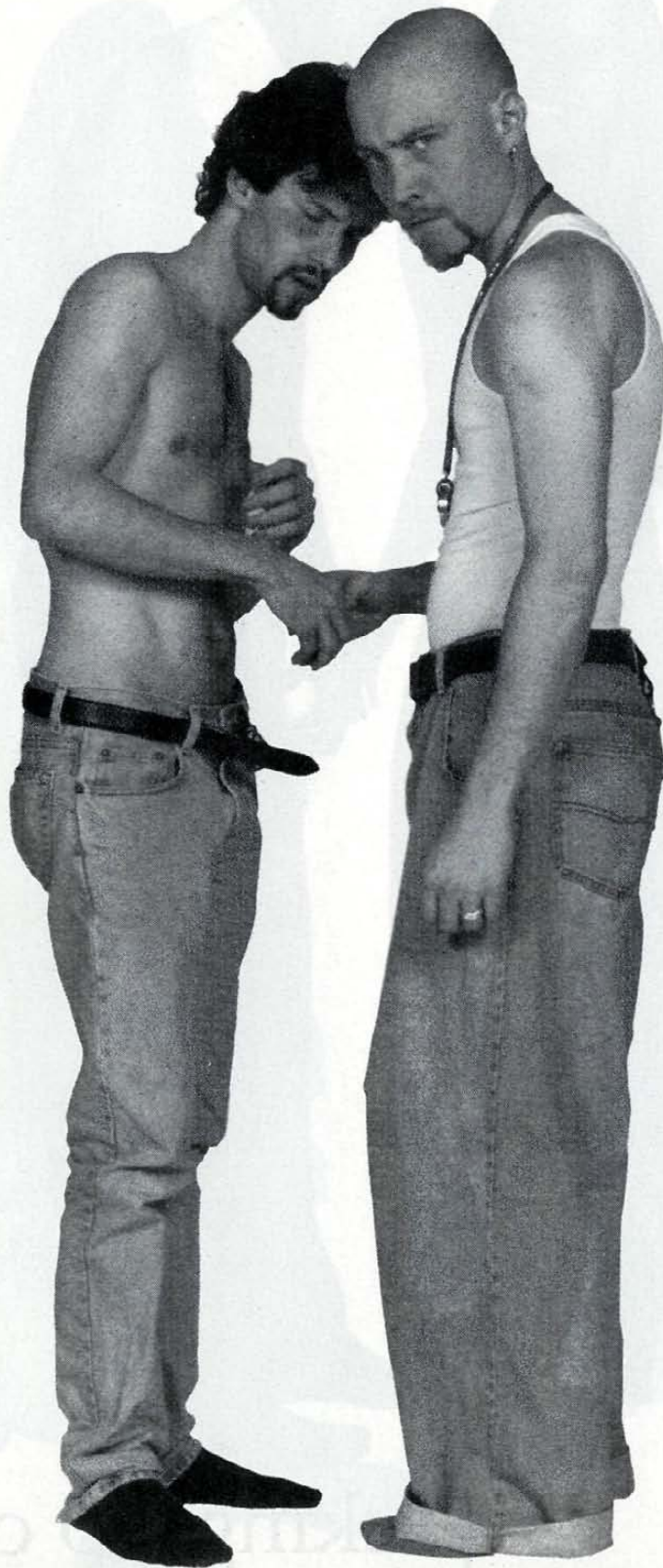




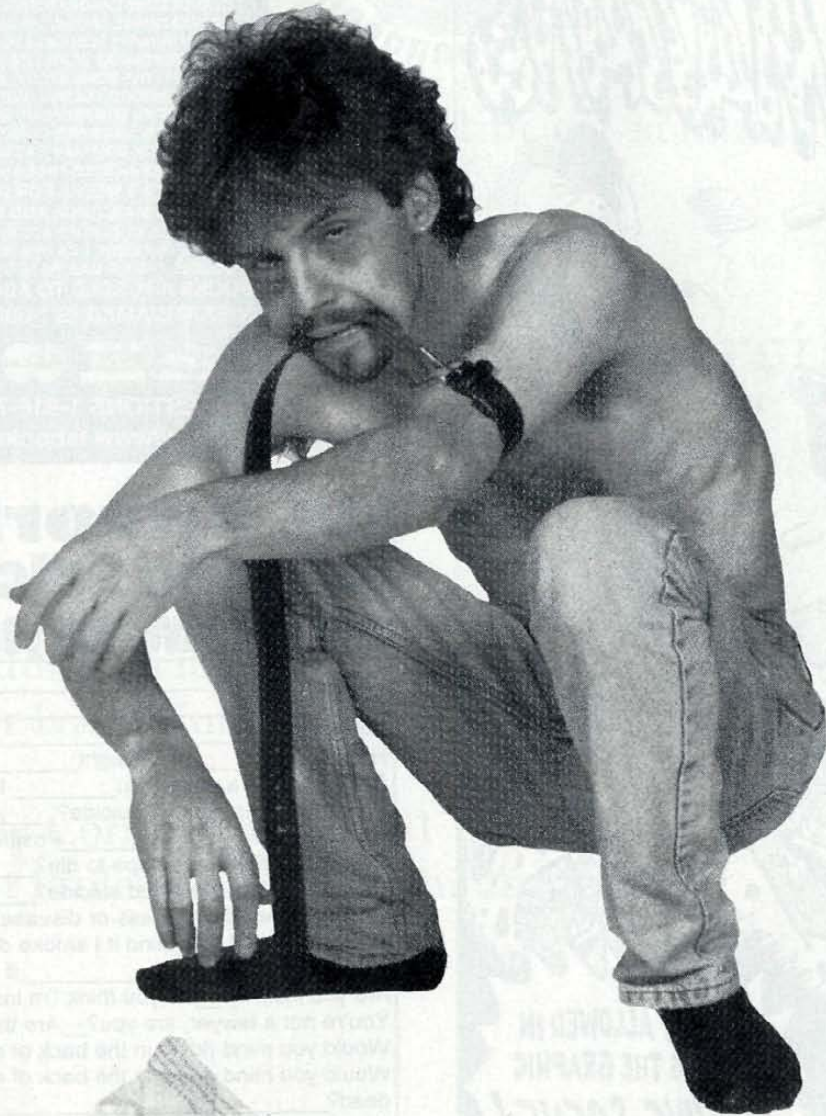
just picking up

picking up chicks...

just picking up.



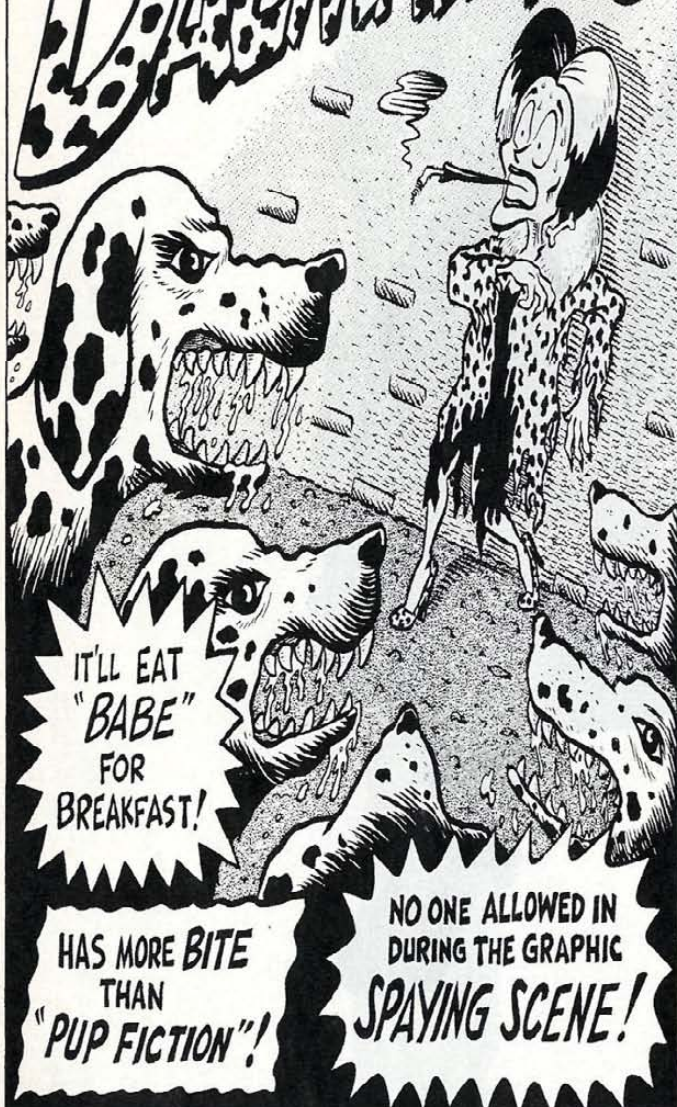
chicks...



sma**CK**

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MUSIC PERFORMED BY: SKINNY PUPPY, JOE COCKER, THE POINTER SISTERS,
& THE INKSPOTS

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A WAG OF THE TAIL TO TOM KILLOSLZ

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Dr. Kevorkian's Assisted Suicide Form (clip and save with your donor card)

Name _____
 Address _____
 City/State/Zip _____
 Height _____ Weight _____ Age _____
 Sex (Don't be a smartass) _____ Next of kin _____
 Do you want to commit suicide? _____ Really? _____
 Are you sure? _____ Positive? _____
 Cross your heart and hope to die? _____
 Have you ever attempted suicide? _____ If so, what a loser.
 Do you have a fatal illness or disease? _____ If not, why not?
 Do you smoke? _____ Mind if I smoke during the suicide? _____
 Are you insured? _____ If not, get out _____
 Are you insane? _____ Do you think I'm insane? _____ If not, why not?
 You're not a lawyer, are you? _____ Are these blanks too small?
 Would you mind riding in the back of my dirty van? _____
 Would you mind riding in the back of my dirty van if you were
 dead? _____
 Would you mind if I stopped for coffee before I dropped off
 your body? _____

I hereby state that the above information is accurate and complete to the best of my knowledge, and that it will be roundly ignored.

Signature _____ Date _____



“Quod probum tibi est scimus”

Bleedingard University

Final Examinations

Multicultural Inclusive Mathematics Ovular 101
Professor Ivana Kutchanutzoff

Politically Correct Physics 101
Assistant Professor Werner Vhintbagge

Ellen Braverwomyn
Clamp Hall
Rm# 307

True or False - Explain

1) $2 + 2 = 4$

False - The question is both exclusionary and offensive to numbers other than 4. All numbers are equally deserving and, therefore, have the right to be 4 if they wish.

2) $3 - 7 = -4$

False - Associating a negative connotation to any number is valueist. The number -4 is therefore additionally challenged and should be considered to be 4. Furthermore, pitting 3 against 7 is in itself polarizing, thus placing the exploited 3 in a no win situation by taking away more than it had to begin with. This equation represents American imperialist hegemoniacal thinking and, therefore, is invalid.

3) $3 + 1 = 2,500,000,003$

True - The number 1 is phallogocentric and exclusionary and must be replaced by the matriarchal, vagocentric 0. 0, formerly having no value, now collectively represents universal, inclusionary, united, world sisterhood.

4) $1 > 0$

False - See previous question.

5) $250 \div 50 = 5$

False - The question itself is divisive, and therefore does not contribute to the welfare of the whole.

Fractions

6) If $C = 0$ and $D = 1$, and $A = \frac{B}{C(1-D)}$

What does D equal in terms of A, B, and C?

This question is also divisive. Fractions are integerly challenged and have the right to be whole numbers if they so choose. The very concept of "whole numbers" is itself indicative of male obsession with orifices.

Word Problems

7) Mr. White and Ms. Brown each earns \$50,000 per year as a manager at ABC Widget. Mr. White has monthly expenses of \$750.00 for rent, \$200.00 for food, \$70.00 for phone and utilities, \$200.00 for automobile and \$100.00 for entertainment. Ms. Brown has monthly expenses of \$600.00 for rent, \$350.00 for food, \$95.00 for phone and utilities, \$250.00 for day care, school clothes and supplies, \$75.00 for entertainment and \$200.00 for therapy. She also has \$250.00 per month incoming from child support. At the end of the year, who has more money remaining?

Answer (Circle one):

- A) They both have the same amount.
- B) Ms. Brown
- C) Mr. White. As has been statistically proven, womyn earn 60 cents for each dollar earned by a man. Furthermore, Ms. Brown's children's fathers are most likely deadbeat dads and can not be counted upon for their child support payments. Finally, Ms. Brown is a victim of unfair and sexist corporate policy in the lack of onsite company-sponsored day care and personal leave for PMS.

Geometry

True or False - Explain

8) A square is a rectangle, but a rectangle is not a square.

False. This is an example of geometric sizeism. The inherent worth of any geometric shape can not be determined or labeled by length of sides or angles contained within it. All shapes are equal, and attempts to deny this holistic principle reek of Western hierarchialism.

9) a) 8" > + b) 1" 7" >

True. According to post modern deconstructionist theory, all arrows are latent symbols of patriarchal hegemony and domination and therefore deserve to be bisected.

1) Negatives to positives attract, but negatives to negatives or positives to positives do not - Explain.

Both negative to negative and positive to positive are perfectly natural and have the right to display their attractions with pride and without fear of discrimination. Additionally, this question is based on heterosexist theory, does not conform to University speech codes and must be removed from the debate. Your implication that same-pole attraction is abnormal smacks of polophobia, which must be rooted out wherever its ugly head appears.

2) If Bob pushes a 50 lb boulder 300 yards, what is the correct formula to measure the value of work done, and what is that value?

All work has inherent value and dignity, and can not be "rated" as superior or inferior to other work. Furthermore, This question erroneously assumes that this type of unskilled manual work is available at a living wage to begin with. Finally, the very formulation of this question (i.e. "Bob pushes...") betrays the rampant sexism inherent in the Physics Dept.

3) What horsepower motor is required to pull a one ton weight at a speed of twenty five miles per hour?

This question perpetuates the myth that it is acceptable to think of work in terms of the animals which could be exploited to perform it. The correct term is "beingpower motor", which acknowledges the equality of humans and other animals.

Astrophysics

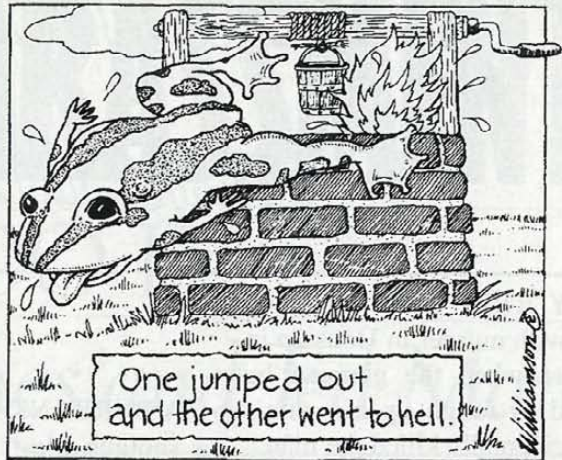
4) What occurs when light approaches a black hole?

Not only is this question racist AND sexist, but it could be construed as insensitive to the visually challenged.

5) How much thrust in pounds per square inch is needed for a rocket with a mass of 30 tons to penetrate the atmosphere and achieve orbit?

I refuse to answer this question until gender neutral terminology and designs are in place.

- Jeff Pill & Tom Sage



true dumb & dumber

criminals facts

TERRY JOHN Wilson, 53, was charged with murder in Houston in September when the gunman he had hired to rough up his wife's suitor accidentally killed the man.

Wilson told police he had only wanted the suitor, who was a bowling partner of the Wilsons, to suffer broken arms and legs so that he could no longer bowl, thus becoming less attractive to Mrs. Wilson.

Las Vegas Sun

faithfully submitted,
Cam LiDestri

√

√

A BURBANK woman who fired a shotgun blast because she was annoyed by a noisy band held police at bay for an hour and a half until officers complied with her demand to deliver a 50-pound bag of rabbit food to her home, Burbank police said.

L.A. Times

faithfully submitted,
David & Terri Ostovich

FLORIDA State Prison inmate Mark DeFriest pleaded guilty in May to possession of contraband when a strip search turned up DeFriest's secret hiding places, including the inevitable plastic bag he stored in his rectum—containing \$2,000 in cash, six homemade handcuff keys, seven hacksaw blades and 34 razor blades.

Arizona Republic

faithfully submitted,
Bill Wilczynski

√

√

√

SO YOU think you had a bad day? Check what happened to **Carlos Carrasco**, 24, in San Antonio, when he and some friends ran out of booze.

Court records say he:

- Broke through the roof of a liquor store, cutting his hand on a jagged edge.

- Tried to throw a bottle of whiskey out the hole in the roof, but missed. The bottle hit the floor and broke, setting off the alarm.

- Tried to climb out the hole, but fell on the broken whiskey bottle, cutting his arm and leg.

- Finally climbed out, but then fell off the roof.

- Left his wallet at the scene.

- Limped home, leaving a trail of blood that police followed.

Akron Beacon Journal

faithfully submitted,
Tracy Battle

WATERLOO—A shoplifter who forced a Hy-Vee employee at gunpoint to escort him from the store apparently wasn't satisfied with the two hams he had stolen. He returned less than an hour later Sunday and tried to return the hams for cash.

Cedar Rapids Gazette

faithfully submitted,
Jerry Vander Sanden

√

"I'M WAYNE Black." The words were tattooed across the forehead of Wayne Black, a suspected thief in Lincoln, England. When confronted by police, Black insisted he wasn't Wayne Black.

The People (London)

faithfully submitted,
Ashley Hamilton

SALT LAKE CITY (AP)—Authorities say 22-year old Eric Daniels was pressing his luck when he allegedly broke into Salt Lake County Sheriff Aaron Kennard's car and stole a briefcase, mobile phone and camera.

But the thief went too far when he forged one of the sheriff's checks and cashed it at —of all places—the Salt Lake City Police Credit Union.

Salt Lake Tribune

faithfully submitted,
Frank Nighswonger

√

SEXUAL HARASSMENT: HOW TO DO IT!

by John Hughes and Ted Mann

WHO CAN DO IT?

You can, if you:
1. wear a tie to work.
2. get as much time as you want for lunch.
3. own company stock.
4. own the company.
5. have a phone with buttons on it . . . in other

words, if you are a powerful guy who can hire and fire, raise and promote. If you work in the mail room or on the loading dock, sexual harassment by you is just regular old rape, punishable by law.

BASIC RULES

Like any other sport, sexual harassment has its rules. If you cannot abide by them and behave with decorum and dignity, then you have no right taking sexual advantage of your employees. Behave like the boss you are.

1 Take your time. If you go in to work Monday and start herding women into your office, you're asking for a Channel 7 "Focus Report" investigation. Unless you're on your second bypass, don't rush it.

2 Don't be greedy. One at a time, please. Girls talk, and if they all talk at once, you won't get any work done for the jealous cackling. As the sign at the salad bar reads, "Take Only as Much as You Can Eat!" Be reasonable. If a girl needs the day off to go to a funeral, don't hold her up for hijinks. She may do it, sure, but

she'll hate you, and the next time someone dies she'll just cut out and have somebody cover for her.

3 Be subtle. Screwing your employees may not seem to be a situation calling for subtlety, but it is. Betting a secretary a raise that she can't do a cartwheel in a dress is bush. So is putting a silver dollar in your lap, announcing nude half days, and using double entendres in your steno sessions.

4 Keep it to yourself. If you find out someone else is playing your game, fire his butt. Discourage sex in the office. It'll make you look like a clean sheet and prevent the office from turning into a money-losing sex party. It also spares you the embarrassment and humiliation of working territory already covered by one of your own men.

FUCK 'EM AND FIRE 'EM

If you hire a woman from another field or with a background that is not suited to the duties she is to assume, you've got the glans in the crevice, or, if you prefer, the foot in the door. If the position you offer her is significantly superior to the one she left, she will express great willingness to learn. Not only will her humility prepare her for your sexual advances, it will also help steel her for her inevitable dismissal. Her gratitude to you for hiring her into so much more important a position can be easily expressed sexually if the suggestion is planted in a memorandum to her.

When, after several days, you inform her that she is not working out at her new duties, she will harbor no resentment toward you, blaming her own inabilities for the unpleasant outcome. She will leave the firm pleased to have been offered the opportunity. Be sure you express your regret and write her a glowing letter of recommendation. This will dismiss from her mind any doubts she may have about your sincerity.

Your Company

000 Street Avenue
This Town, That State

To Whom It May Concern:

Ms. Jane Doe has been acquainted with me in the business world for a period sufficient that I might say that I can assess her abilities. She is, in my estimation, a top-notch business person. She is without parallel in supervisory, administrative, and management skills. Any corporation that failed to immediately place Ms. Doe at the presidential level or higher would be in dereliction of its duties to stockholders and, if a public company, liable to the penalties provided for such neglect of responsibility under federal law.

Yours truly,

Dick Name

Executive
Your Company

THE GIRLS



EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

She's generally older, more experienced, married, and quite happy. Though she might be appealing from an older-woman standpoint, she won't be terribly attractive undressed, and she poses serious opposition to your advances.

APPROACH: "You know, my wife has been ill for some time and I've been awfully tense. Do you think we could go into my office and... talk?"

OFFER: Her own adjoining office with locking door, private phone lines, executive-benefits package, and unlimited lunch period.

THREAT: You will add additional buttons to her phone station and include among her duties typing, copying, and seeing that the conference room is neat.



GENERAL SECRETARY

She's very attractive and often quite young. You will

enjoy looking down her blouse and up her skirt, but getting much further than that will be very hard. If she doesn't still live with her parents, she's recently married and very happy. Your power means less to her than your hairy eyebrows and dimpled belly. A lack of career goals takes away from your attack portfolio.

APPROACH: "I guess you're just about the prettiest girl in the whole office. And you're one heck of a worker. I wonder if you'd like to go with me to Hawaii for a conference. I could sure use a hard worker like you out there."

OFFER: An extra week of paid vacation, cosign her auto loan, buy her living-room furniture, and increase her salary 15 percent.

THREAT: Have her benched on the company softball team.



EXECUTIVE

The very best in terms of body and overall sexuality. She can offer a taut, firm, meticulously maintained frame of the finest quality and sex play that is imaginative and challenging. However, she probably won't offer it to you. You're paying her a fat salary, and her handsome young husband is likely earning better than she is, and together they're rich, classy, and mobile. Any sort of hanky-panky will probably drive her over to your competitor,

where she can do some real serious dollars-and-cents damage.

APPROACH: "You can think I'm a pig. I don't care. I can't control myself anymore. Can I please just look at your nipples? Could I just press against you for a little while?"

OFFER: No more than 49 percent of your outstanding stock.

THREAT: Kill yourself.



RECEPTIONIST

You hired her because she was attractive, so you know that side of the story. You probably also know that she's not terribly bright, and from the way her jeans define her vulva you know she's not one to balk at a neck peck. What you probably aren't aware of is that she's starving for a rich husband. Your chance to score is as good as her chance to snare you.

APPROACH: "You know and I know that you know... are you as horny as I am?"

OFFER: Trip to Vegas for New Year's, diamond ankle bracelet, relaxation of rules concerning personal use of the WATS line, and allowing her to watch "All My Children" on the conference-room TV at lunchtime.

THREAT: You'll go to personnel and find out how old she is and announce it in the company newsletter.



KEYPUNCH/DATA PROCESSING

She's at the bottom of the career ladder. She has aspirations but not enough upstairs to get there without your help. She won't win prizes for her beauty, but what she lacks in cheekbones she makes up for in her willingness to advance her career.

APPROACH: "There's a promotion in my pants. You want to see if you can find it?"

OFFER: Promotion to "executive vice-president for keypunch cards."

THREAT: Promote a less senior co-worker before her.



MAIL ROOM GIRL

If you want her, you can have her. It isn't really sexual harassment, though; it's more like commerce.

APPROACH: "Want to party?"

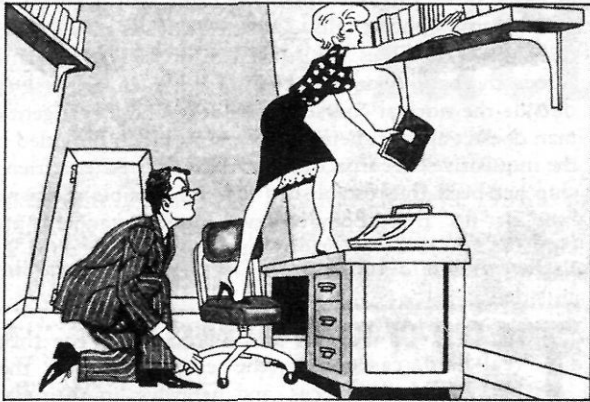
OFFER: \$20.

THREAT: Narco squad.

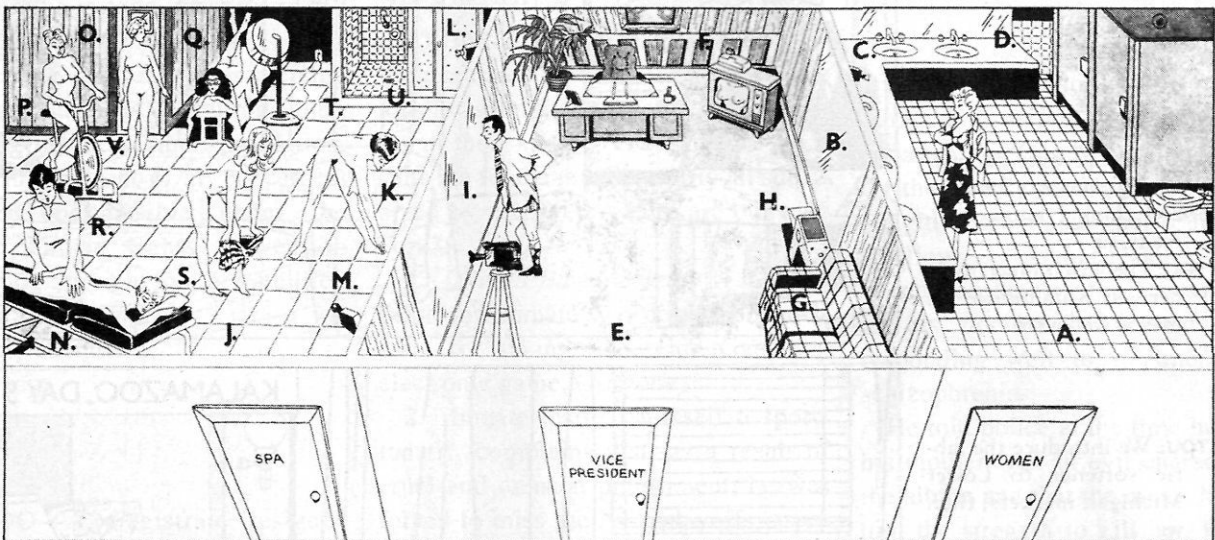
OFFICE DESIGN



Consider the modern enclosed-work-station concept of office-space management.



They're your shelves; you can raise them as high as you want; and if the girls have to stand on furniture to reach them, it's too bad.



- A.** Executive bathroom, for use by you and your select guests
- B.** Two-way mirror
- C.** Perfume-activated video camera
- D.** Video camera (not pictured) activated by bidet faucets (not pictured)
- E.** Private office
- F.** Video recorders and monitors
- G.** Hide-A-Bed office couch
- H.** Wide-angle spy lens, to view undergarments of employees using copy equipment (above)
- I.** Two-way mirror
- J.** Complete women's rest room/spa
- K.** Full-length exercise mirror
- L.** Video camera activated by body temperature
- M.** Video camera activated by light switch
- N.** Video camera activated by odor
- O.** Sauna
- P.** Sauna video camera (not pictured)
- Q.** Secret sauna entrance (not pictured)
- R.** Masseuse
- S.** Rubdown table/medical-examination table
- T.** Shower
- U.** Shower video (not pictured)
- V.** Exercycle

ARREST Ugly, but it does happen. Sometimes even guys with cool sideburns and a smooth line of patter get arrested for sexual harassment and are issued summonses. If this happens to you, you probably misunderstood this article, or are just plain stupid, or possibly both. Nevertheless, we shall try to save you. When approached by the police, say:

"Christ! I can't believe it! You look so much like my brother, I can't believe it! My father died when I was two, and my stepfather was [Italian, Negro, Chinese, etc.]. I was in the police academy when he died, but that's a long story. Now, what's the complaint here?" Or:

"Holy cow! You're kidding! I was just saying to the guys down at [O'Malley's, Scapella's, The Pink Pussy, etc.] just

the other day that women are getting a raw deal! You gotta be kidding! That's what you get for calling a girl whose number's scratched in a phone booth! Huh!" Or:

"I gave the gal \$50, and what I got wasn't worth ten! How the heck can you sexually harass a whore? And she was a whore! I mean, no decent woman would let me do what I did. Not even for \$50. Not even in these inflationary times." Or:

"You know, my daughter got a speeding ticket and they took her in and a matron made her strip and squat and stick her fingers in her rear end. Did I run over to the station and accuse you fellas of sexual harassment? Hell, no! You were doing your job. Same here. Can I buy you a drink?"

ILLUSTRATED BY NICKY ZANNI

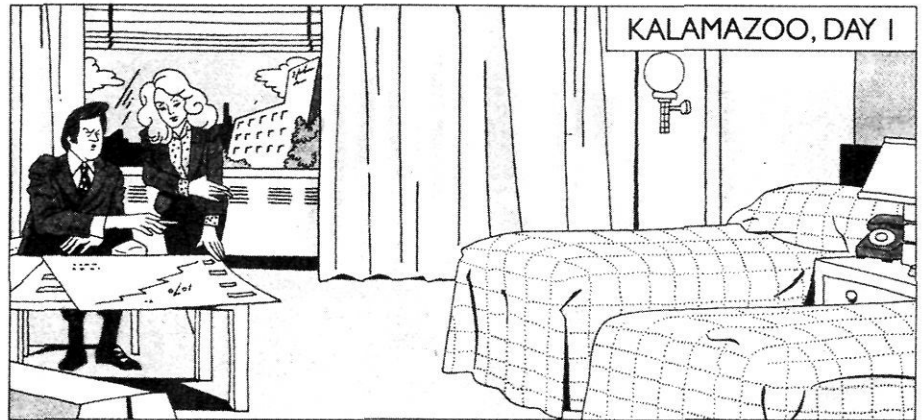
GENTLEMEN'S CODE It may happen that women you refer to other firms will generate inquiring phone calls. Other executives may ask you questions like "Does she squirm a lot?" "Is she clean?" "Does the back door open?" Inquiries such as these are outside the normal course of business, and a real gentleman doesn't answer them except over a lunch provided by the inquisitive executive or his corporation. After a friendship has been thus established it is permissible to answer "yes" or "no." Even today, however, modern standards preclude intimate descriptions, unless hunting trips are provided.

THE COMPANY NURSE If you don't have one, get one. If you have one, fire her and put in a gal of your own. A big, fishy-looking lesbian is perfect. Pay her enough, give her enough power, and let her do whatever she thinks is necessary to provide for the good health of the company personnel. If this means keeping a Polaroid catalog of the employees' bosoms, so be it. If she wants to bring in a physician to administer free checkups and breast exams, you won't want to stop her. Also, if she wants, let her keep an eye on the girls' cycles, so you won't waste a promotion or a raise on something you can't use once you get it.

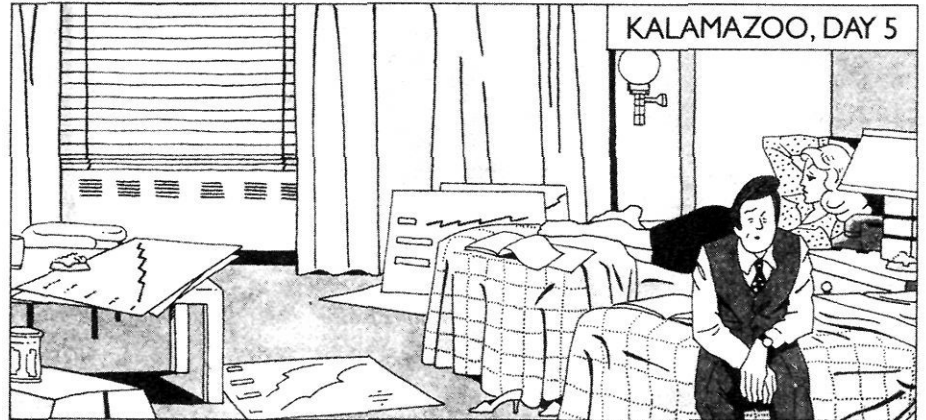
THE OUT-OF-TOWN BUSINESS TRIP For those real hard cases with the crosses around their necks and the nieces and nephews in their Foto

Cubes, there's the out-of-town business trip. Put her in a miserable small city with nothing to do, and wait her out.

YOU: Let's go over the marketing plan once more.
SHE: I think I know it already, sir.
YOU: There isn't much to do here in Kalamazoo; we may as well work.



YOU: We introduce the fabric softener to Lower Michigan markets, then we...
SHE: I'm sorry, sir, but if I hear about this marketing plan once more, I may die. When is this meeting supposed to be, anyway?
YOU: They said they'd call.
SHE: Dang! I'm bored to tears!



YOU: We came here on business, Kathy.
SHE: Screw the business; fuck me!
YOU: You always seemed so uninterested.
SHE: If you don't shove it in pretty quick, I'm going to use a toilet-paper core!



true blind justice facts

STRASBOURG—Two British homosexuals pleaded before the European Court of Human Rights to be able to hurt each other for sexual gratification without the law intervening.

Roland Jaggard, Anthony Brown, and Colin Laskey, were among 16 members of a private club prosecuted and jailed for assault after a videotape showing them indulging in sado-masochism fell into the hands of the police.

They said such practices as piercing each other with needles, burning their flesh with hot wax and flagellation, with the full consent of all concerned, should be permissible under the European human rights convention guaranteeing the right to a private life.

Foreign Post, Manila
faithfully submitted,
Alan Sycip

√

TOLEDO—A magistrate resigned after admitting he promised leniency to a defendant if he could shampoo the man's hair.

District Justice Charles O. Guyer, 44, pleaded guilty to official oppression, and was ordered to forfeit the pension benefits accumulated in 22 years on the bench.

Blade Wire Services
faithfully submitted,
Ellen Avery Novak

√

A 16-YEAR-old boy is in jail in Wisconsin. His crime? His mother, Janet Kallas, didn't get him to take the measles, mumps, and rubella shots and she ignored the commands from the local authorities to bring the boy in for his shots. "We are talking about a real-

ly good kid who's freaking out because he's in jail. I didn't realize we were living in a police state," the mother of five said. Well, Janet, now you know.

Second Opinion
faithfully submitted,
Henry Boye

√

ATTORNEYS General in 24 states each released a "Top 10" list of frivolous lawsuits filed by convicted prisoners in their states. Thousands of such suits are filed annually, nearly all subsidized by taxpayers. Here are our own Top 3:

1. *Donald Edward Beaty v. Bary*. A death-row inmate sues corrections officials for taking away his Gameboy electronic game. (Arizona)

2. Inmate, calling himself a sports fanatic, complains that, as a result of cruel and unusual punishment, he was forced to miss the NFL playoffs, especially between Miami and San Diego, San Diego and Pittsburgh, and Dallas and San Francisco. (Arkansas)

3. *Jackson v. Barton*. Prisoner who killed five people sues after lightning knocks out the prison's TV satellite dish and he must watch network programs, which he says contain violence, profanity and other objectionable material. (Florida)

National Assoc. of Atty. Gen.
faithfully submitted,
Ashley Hamilton

√

A MONTANA woman accused of baring herself on a lawn for the benefit of her jailed husband has been charged with indecent exposure and unlawful communications with an inmate.

Tina Rae Beavers, 19, was arrested in Great Falls after she stretched out on the grass and exposed and fondled herself in full view of the jail where Ernie Beavers is being held, police said.

Newsday
faithfully submitted,
Henry Boye

√

HOBART, Australia—A man who tramped his mother to death to the **Bob Dylan** song "One More Cup of Coffee for the Road" was let out of prison for a night to see his idol perform.

Allowing Richard Dickinson to attend Saturday's concert was the idea of his doctors, who said he was responding well to treatment of his schizophrenia.

He told police at the time he thought his mother was an evil character from the album and that the music had given him the strength to kill her. He sprinkled instant coffee over her body afterward.

N.J. Trentonian
faithfully submitted,
Pat Ingravallo

√

LINDA AND FREDERICK Hinrichs filed suit in Golden, CO, for humiliation they suffered when a clerk at Gateway Mazda in Aurora, CO, put a derogatory name on their ownership records that were later used for Mazda mailings. So far, the couple has received two mailings from Mazda Motor Co. addressed to "Buttface Hinrichs."

faithfully submitted,
Marc Bona

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

* FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON *

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\$7.00 EACH

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- SEPTEMBER 1972 / Boredom
- NOVEMBER 1972 / Decadence
- DECEMBER 1972 / Easter Issue
- MAY 1973 / Fraud
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- NOVEMBER 1974 / Civics
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- JANUARY 1976 / Secret Issue
- FEBRUARY 1976 / Artists and Models
- MARCH 1976 / In Like a Lion
- APRIL 1976 / Olympic Sports
- MAY 1976 / Unwanted Foreigners
- AUGUST 1976 / Summer Sex
- SEPTEMBER 1976 / The Latest Issue
- OCTOBER 1976 / The Funny Pages
- NOVEMBER 1976 / Is Democracy Fixed?
- DECEMBER 1976 / Selling Out
- JANUARY 1977 / Surefire Issue
- FEBRUARY 1977 / JFK Reinaugural
- MARCH 1977 / Science and Technology
- APRIL 1977 / Ripping the Lid off TV
- JUNE 1977 / Careers
- JULY 1977 / Nasty Sex
- AUGUST 1977 / Cheap Thrills
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- JANUARY 1978 / The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978 / Spring Fascism in Preview
- MARCH 1978 / Crime and Punishment
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- SEPTEMBER 1978 / Style
- OCTOBER 1978 / Entertainment

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- MAY 1979 / International Terrorism
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- MARCH 1981 / Women and Dogs
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- JULY 1981 / Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
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- SEPTEMBER 1981 / Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981 / Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981 / TV and Why It Sucks
- DECEMBER 1981 / What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982 / Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982 / The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982 / Food Fight
- APRIL 1982 / Failure
- MAY 1982 / Crime
- JUNE 1982 / Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982 / Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982 / The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982 / Hot Sex!
- OCTOBER 1982 / O.C. and Stiggs
- NOVEMBER 1982 / Economic Recovery
- DECEMBER 1982 / E.T. Issue
- JANUARY 1983 / The Top Stories of 1983
- FEBRUARY 1983 / Raging Controversy
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- JUNE 1983 / Adults Only
- JULY 1983 / Vacation!
- AUGUST 1983 / Science and Bad Manners
- SEPTEMBER 1983 / Big Anniversary Issue
- OCTOBER 1983 / Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983 / No Score
- DECEMBER 1983 / Holiday Jeers
- JANUARY 1984 / Time Parody Issue
- FEBRUARY 1984 / All-Comics Issue
- MARCH 1984 / The Sixties' Greatest Hits
- APRIL 1984 / You Can Parody Anything
- MAY 1984 / Baseball Preview
- JUNE 1984 / This Summer's Movies
- JULY 1984 / Special Summer Fun
- AUGUST 1984 / Unofficial Olympics Guide
- SEPTEMBER 1984 / Fall Fashions
- OCTOBER 1984 / Just Good Stuff
- NOVEMBER 1984 / The Accidental Issue
- DECEMBER 1984 / The Last of the Old NL
- JANUARY 1985 / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1985 / A Misguided Tour of N.Y.
- MARCH 1985 / The Best of Fifteen Years
- MAY 1985 / Celebrity Roast
- JUNE 1985 / The Doug Kenney Collection
- JULY 1985 / Youth at Play
- AUGUST 1985 / All-New True Facts
- SEPTEMBER 1985 / Lust Issue

If issues in any given year are not listed above, please select replacements for missing issues.

- OCTOBER 1985 / Music Issue
- NOVEMBER 1985 / Mad As Hell
- DECEMBER 1985 / Reagan and Revenge
- JANUARY 1986 / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1986 / Money
- MARCH 1986 / All About Women
- APRIL 1986 / Doctors and Lawyers
- MAY 1986 / Sports
- JUNE 1986 / Horror and Fantasy
- JULY 1986 / Hot Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1986 / Show Biz
- SEPTEMBER 1986 / Sleaze
- OCTOBER 1986 / Back to School

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- DECEMBER 1986 / 200th Anniversary
 - FEBRUARY 1987 / Things You Can't Do
 - APRIL 1987 / Crime Pays
 - JUNE 1987 / Sex and Unusual Practices
 - AUGUST 1987 / All-New True Facts
 - OCTOBER 1987 / Back to School
 - DECEMBER 1987 / Woman of the Year
 - FEBRUARY 1988 / Winter Inventory
 - APRIL 1988 / Television
 - JUNE 1988 / Subliminal Sex
 - AUGUST 1988 / Even More True Facts
 - OCTOBER 1988 / Sports
 - DECEMBER 1988 / Potpourri
 - FEBRUARY 1989 / Tyson
 - APRIL 1989 / Mediocrity
 - JUNE 1989 / Summer Sex
 - AUGUST 1989 / Music
 - OCTOBER 1989 / Back to College
 - DECEMBER 1989 / Gala Party
 - FEBRUARY 1990 / Conspiracy
 - APRIL 1990 / Spring Break '90
 - JUNE 1990 / Special Lust Issue
 - AUGUST 1990 / Annual True Facts Issue
 - OCTOBER 1990 / Special Underachiever Issue
 - DECEMBER 1990 / The Best of 1970-1990
 - FEBRUARY 1991 / The Humor Issue
 - MARCH 1991 / Gaucho!
 - APRIL 1991 / The New World Order
 - MAY 1991 / Spend More Money!
 - JUNE 1991 / Big Screen
 - AUGUST 1991 / Going Places!
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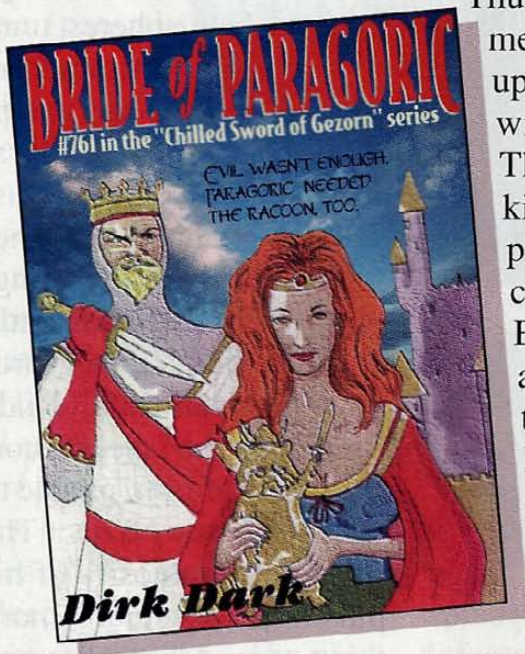
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Book #1 "BRIDE OF PARAGORIC"

by Dirk Dark page 877

...suddenly thrust the legendary silver dagger

Thufpitt into Paragoric's meaty belly, jerking it upward and to the left with all her might. The huge assassin-screaming screamed in surprised rage and pain, clutching at Esmeralda's throat in a panicked attempt to seize the Golden Raccoon statue and bludgeon her with it. His twisted face was horrible to behold. Pulsing bright red arterial blood surged onto the lush palace bedroom rug, draining Paragoric's vitality with each passing, pulsing second.

"Bitch-fiend!" he gasped, flailing desperate-

ly at her with one quivering hand. "Think of all we could have had!"

Esmeralda, her shapely maiden-bosom heaving and straining against her silken bodice with heroic effort, broke free of his bloody grasp.

"Never with thee, thou master of evil!" she hissed. Grasping the Golden Raccoon in her graceful, purposeful hands, she brought the heavy metal statue down on Paragoric's sweaty temple, once, once more, again, again, again, then yet again, and another time or two, until long after her captor had ceased to scream, ceased to squirm, ceased to twitch, ceased to breathe, ceased

to do anything; just plain ceased, period. Paragoric was now as dead as any evil king ever gets.

A deep satisfaction crept into Esmeralda's whole being; then disgust; then exhaustion; then exhilaration; finally, the ecstasy of total release from the sinister spell that had held her for the five long years she had resisted Paragoric. Now the Golden Raccoon was hers, hers alone, with all that implied. At last someone would rule the Kingdom with Serkins and Fropkins living side by side in peace. Oh, she would have challenges from the Imperial Guard, from Wizard Kekkonen, and from Paragoric's three hundred ambitious sons, but those were risks she was willing to take—*had* to take. For now she was Esmeralda, Virgin Queen of Zarbia, and monarchs must learn to take risks.

"Yes," Queen Esmeralda smiled to herself, "Yes, it has been worth it, blood and all. Quite, quite worth it." She let the Golden Raccoon slip from her fingers onto the glistening marble floor, and turned toward the balcony.

Squaring her shoulders in that determined way of hers, she threw open the doors and went forth to greet her cheering people.

THE END



Book #3 "BLACK LACE PANTYLUST WEEKEND"

By Vance R. Slint page 442

...with his throbbing love-log thrashing wildly, uncontrollably, seeking its deepest satisfaction, driven by an erotic need greater than any that Humberto had known in his whole bawdy life, even with Big

Naomi, the only woman who had ever exhausted him. But now, Hilda's glistening little honey-purse seemed to be screaming at him through her soaking leather hot-pants, *take me, oh, take me NOW!* This was the moment he had been fantasizing about for three years. With a bestial cry he ripped away her wet diaphanous peasant-blouse in one powerful sweep, and Hilda's huge proud hemispheres tumbled free, shimmering seductively in the campfire-light. He gasped at the sight of all that luscious big tanned flesh, her twin lust-towers twitchingly topped by prominently erect *cafe-con-leche* guardposts. Meanwhile, Hilda sighed at the sheer enormousness of him, unable to take her eyes off it. The titanic gargantuosity of his pulsing, insistent man-thing turned her all weak and fluttery. Her whole body quivered and quaked with instant, mindless desire. "Oh, PLUNGE, Humberto," she begged. "Plunge THAT... plunge that THERE!" They took each other

Zargax Four are no more. But neither are the Zargaxians themselves, whom they conquered. Pan-galactic war is an ugly thing, Hrrh. Let's try to avoid it in the future."

"If there *is* a future," said Princess Arthlmm, moving suddenly closer to Xahhhh, as if for protection from the uncertainties that were certain to come.

"Exactly. If there *is* one," replied Captain Xahhhh, abruptly turning back to the liquid control panel, flaring the main zarkodrive up to maximum. "But for the moment, other galaxies need our help. Let us put sentiment aside, and do what must be done."

Without a sound Hrrh, the Drandian elf, unstuck him/her/them/itself from the glekmer post and floated over to the appropriate duty station for what he/she/they/it knew was coming next: another intricate intergalactic hyper-thrust that would take them through time and thought, there-ward into the next adventure.

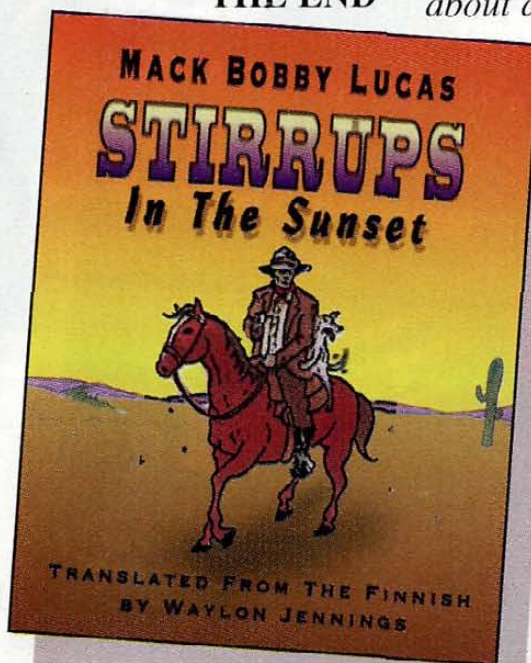
"Course, Captain?" asked Hrrh.

"Plot a course for 20th-Century Earth", said he,

without looking up from the liquid control panel. "It's the time/place that needs us most. I also have a feeling it's where we might find our old nemesis King Yipwif."

Before his voice had finished echoing in the giant control room, the enormous glistening battle-galaxy was halfway there.

THE END



Book #5: "STIRRUPS IN THE SUNSET"

By Mack Bobby Lucas
page 319

...that Old Zeke was dead, peacefully dead with his boots on, just the way the old geezer had wanted

it all along. By his pillow they found the note he had scrawled with his last strength. Reading it, they could almost hear the old trail-dog's voice:

Guess I'm about done fer. Buck, marry that little gal a yers afore she gits away. You'll find the loot in Luke's trunk. He buried it out by the Gibbs place, about a hunnert paces due

west a the ole tree. Too bad Luke didn't live ta face a jury, but I guess justice was did with you drillin' him that way, man ta man, face ta face. He had it comin', the durned bus-terd, pardon my french. See ya up in them clouds, I reckon.

Old Zeke

"He was such a poet", said Miss Belinda, her big blue eyes moist with decent Western tears. Buck unhitched his gun belt, still

fragrant with .44 smoke and good honest frontier sweat. "I reckon so, Miss Belinda", he nodded, ambushed by unfamiliar feelings. He dropped the gunbelt onto Old Zeke's nightstand with a heavy thud, and suddenly needed to look out the window, out across the beckoning purple hills, across the hills he had begun to call his own. He couldn't look at Old Zeke—not yet. He owed the old man too much. He'd owed him his life more than once in the years they had ridden together.

And now he was gone; all that was left of the old hell-raiser was that used-up, wrinkled carcass all crumpled up in the bunk, with—of all things!—a *Holy Bible* clutched in those leathery brown hands. Why, that old cuss, hiding his honest cowboy piety behind rough rodeo talk all these years!

Suddenly Buck was aware of Miss Belinda at his side; her perfume, the rustling of all those lady

things she wore. He turned to her and for a long moment they stared silently into each other's eyes.

"I've been thinking, Buck," she started, hesitantly, "would...would you consider staying on as...as foreman? This spread could use a man like you."

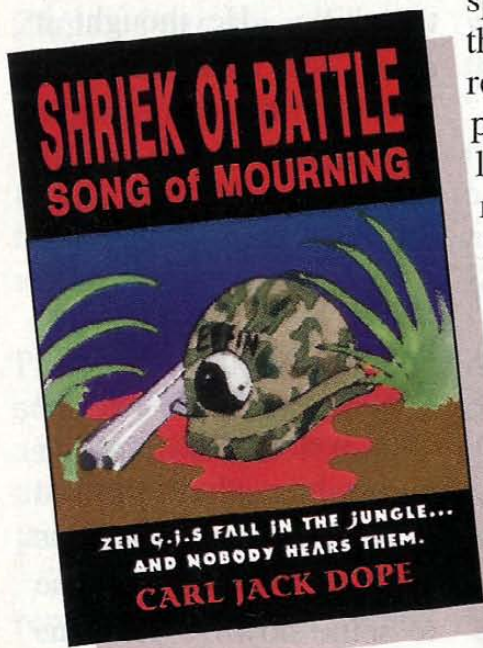
Buck's heart secretly leapt with joy. To be near her, to breathe the same cactus-scented wind she breathed, to walk across the same corral she walked across, sidestepping the same mushy wet things she sidestepped—*this* was surely the happiness that Old Zeke had talked about so often. And now that happiness could be Buck's...if only he could give up his wandering, his rambling, his constant moving on.

Miss Belinda interrupted his reverie. "Well?" Cat got your tongue? What do you say, Buck?" She was smiling, a mocking yet inviting smile. Buck looked back through the window, out over the dis-

tant hills. He thought it over. The Hawkins Gang wouldn't be any trouble any more. Thatcher and his rustlers were behind bars for a long time to come. Big Luke was dead, by Buck's own hand. Old Zeke had even provided a nice wedding present by telling him where the last of the Thompson gold was buried. Was this the time to settle down? Was this the moment to put down roots and live a decent honest frontier life with a fine woman, maybe some kids, at his side? Buck turned and looked Miss Belinda full in that pretty face of hers. Suddenly he knew.

"Stay? Sure I'll stay", he smiled. He very, very nearly kissed her lovely upturned lips, but he knew it was not quite time. *Whoa—not just yet*, thought Buck. There's time enough for that sort of thing later on; yup, enough time for romance later on.

THE END



**Book #6: 'SHRIEK OF
BATTLE, SONG OF
MOURNING'**

By Carl Jack Dope
page 299

...smoking wasteland that only hours earlier had been the gentle rice paddies of Phoc Thui. Up above Phil's head choppers thrashed and spluttered through humid, gritty air. Some were chasing VC asses back toward Cambodia; others were ferrying wounded GIs out to hospital ships. Those were the lucky ones. They'd have clean sheets and morphine tonight, maybe get to sneak a feel off a Navy nurse. The unlucky ones were already in canvas body bags, scattered among

spent artillery shells. Later those poor dudes would be removed to some final place, a place with no bullets, no incoming mortar rounds, no standard issue leeches in the stinking mud that sticks to you and clogs up the candyass clockwork of your M-16. Phil spat on the ground, philosophically. Yeah, for these poor grunts the war was over—and so was everything else. It was so *effin'* real it was Zen.

Phil gathered up his incendiaries and hooked them back on his web belt. He scrambled to his feet, shouldered his weapon and walked over to where the Lieutenant was checking a map with S/Sgt. Sweeney. Even after what Sweeney had done for him in the fox-hole, Phil still didn't like the hardboiled lifer. He was just too *effin'* smug, the way he flaunted his combat skills and soldierly wisdom. Yeah, Sweeney was a genuine *A-hole*, Phil mused as he walked. Look how he's sucking up to the Lieutenant, pretending to care where their next patrol was going.

In Phil's opinion, all patrols were going only one place—straight to hell. Just

like this war. Just like the whole *effin'* Army. Just like the U.S. government. Just like the ARVN's and *their* puppet government. Just like the VC. They were all alike. They were *all* part of the same big *effin'* government, as far as Phil could see. After a long year in hell, Phil understood that the world consisted of just two groups. One was Government. He didn't know exactly what you call the other one, but he knew that he was in it, because *he* sure as shit wasn't part of no government.

Phil hadn't asked for this war, but he was in it, he thought, as he slogged closer to the Lieutenant and Sweeney. *They* had put him in it. *All* the "*theys*." He didn't ask to get shot at, but *they* shot at him every day, and he shot back at *them* everyday, and he had no idea if he'd ever hit anything except that rusty old Buick up by Phop Thut. He hadn't ever hit any of the *thems* from *any* side. And *all* sides were trying their *effin'* best to get him killed. It was existentially absurd, and it bugged him a lot.

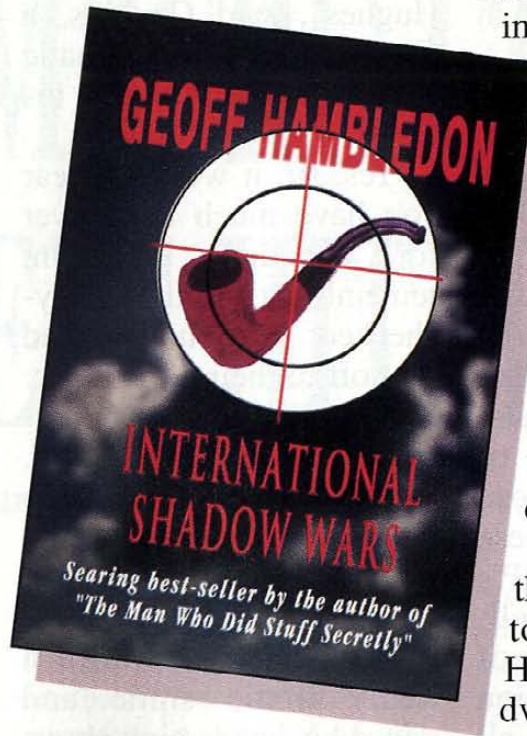
But he was getting "short" now—so short he could hardly see over his shower shoes in the morning. Less

than a month left on this *effin'* tour. Then back home, yeah, home, but to what? Mary Lou had never written, and Sid said that the GM plant was closing down. Maybe he should just re-up and stay in the Army? Nah, no way, Jose. Not while the Army was full of jerks like Sweeney and that guy—

Suddenly Phil was looking up at Sweeney, who was shouting frantically for the medics. But his words didn't seem logically connected. Who'd been hit? Now the Lieutenant was in the mud, shooting toward the tree line, over the body bags. He looked scared. Phil thought it was pretty *effin'* funny that he couldn't feel anything, and everything seemed so *effin'* unreal. Maybe being shot wasn't real. Maybe nothing was *effin'* real. Then Phil felt the cold, and noticed that he couldn't hear the choppers any more. With ironic detachment he recalled the absurd deaths of Socrates and Babe Ruth and Albert Camus and knew he wasn't going home.

Phil smiled. "*Eff*", he said.

THE END



Book #7: "INTERNATIONAL SHADOW WARS"

By Geoff Hambleton
page 511

...as Krakorkin, that wily old spymaster, had been. Now Hughes meandered across his office, sucking on his old briar. He uncovered the map that had been cloaked for so long, even from the Most Secret Senior Eyes in the Service.

It was a map of *Indiana!* This was an outrage, clearly the work of a sick mind *in extremis*. The staff exchanged shocked glances but maintained calm. Throats were cleared, eyebrows raised. Even

Cavendish, that master of inscrutability, allowed his mouth to part slightly at one corner. Hughes continued slyly, "This is where we'll recommend the military lads launch their nuclear attack."

"But great heavens, Hughes," ejaculated MacLish, "We *can't* bomb the U.S.—they're our closest allies!"

"That's precisely what the other side *expects* us to think", chortled Hughes, attending to his dwindling dottle. The aroma of Balkan Sobranie filled the room. Suddenly a blinding light flooded MacLish's conspiracy-attuned brain. It was clear. It was beyond all controversy. It was *too* perfect. *Hughes himself was the mole!*

Why hadn't he seen it sooner? Now it all made perfect sense. Federmann's crumpled hire-car voucher from East Germany—that had smelled of Sobranie. And the dummy passport that Edgar The Pole had lifted from the body of Krakorkin's hatchet-man. That, too, contained microscopic traces of Sobranie-ash. Wigfield down at the lab had confirmed it. The phone in Krakorkin's den

was redolent of that scent as well—although Krakorkin never smoked!

MacLish felt cold sweat trickle under his arms, soaking through to his worsted. He wondered if the realization showed on his face, and whether Hughes was armed. The damage that bloody fool had done all these years! But what brilliance of tradecraft: a black African communist passing all these years as a Yorkshire MP's son! Despite himself, MacLish felt a flush of admiration. What attention to disguise, to accent, to all the details of English upper-class behaviour! Everything about his career had been so carefully planned and executed, down to the business of Miss Templeton and her swooning.

But one simple human vice, Hughes' weakness for Sobranie tobacco, had tumbled the most fiendishly clever penetration in the history of international counter-espionage!

MacLish exchanged a glance across the table with Genkins, who had evidently just reached the same conclusion. The younger man rose, and he and MacLish flanked Hughes.

"I'm afraid the jig is up, Hughes", said Genkins, a Grachler Zed-6 automatic suddenly appearing in his hand.

"Yes, sir, it would appear you have much to answer for", added MacLish, remembering all the cherry-cheeked lads Hughes had sent off to their doom.

Instantly Hughes understood that he was blown. He had taken that one step too far, and there was no undoing it. But it had been a great career and he regretted nothing. He smiled a richly ironic smile and raised his hands high above his head, the smoking pipe still clenched in his *faux*-irregular teeth. "All good operations must come to an end", he said in that mildly sardonic tone of his. "You'll admit I gave you chappies quite a run for your money."

As if he had just remembered the pipe in his mouth, Hughes casually lowered one hand as if to remove it. Instead he gave the stem a brisk twist, then brutally clamped his teeth down. There was a sharp high popping noise. Instantly MacLish knew what had happened.

"*The pipe! Quickly there, Genkins!*" he cried, roughly seizing his Chief's arms.

But it was already too late. They heard the hiss of the thylohexachlorazide gas and Hughes' sigh as he inhaled the lethal fumes. He was nerve-dead before he hit the table. The others scattered to avoid the deadly effect. Thurston smashed open a window. Hughes, the mole, the man who had betrayed them, was dead in mid-smile. Commonwealth security was seriously compromised, and surely it would take decades to repair the damage.

MacLish looked over at his old partner, Genkins. He looked at them all. "It looks as if we've got some work ahead of us, lads," he said. "But let's do try to keep this on the quiet side, shall we?" Genkins nodded. They all nodded. They then covered Hughes' corpse with the big strategic map of Indiana. To a man, they stiffened their upper lips. Thurston rang, and Miss Dickworth brought in some tea. As the rain began again outside, they set about the business of rebuilding their Service. It was the British way.

THE END

-Dean Christopher

NUREMBERG COURT FREES HITLER

All-Star Defense Teams Wins Acquittal For Former Nazi Politico

Dateline, Nuremberg, April 9, 1997:

Adolf Hitler, the controversial little German dictator best known for his brush moustache, funny forelock and stiff-armed greeting, was cleared yesterday of war crimes stemming from "World War Two". Throngs of loyal supporters, although drained by the half century-long trial, celebrated all night long, goose-stepping cheerfully throughout this picturesque Bavarian town.

"We never believed that he did all those naughty things" said

a man called 'Horst'. "Justice is done; and now I march for joy!"

Hitler clearly appreciates his newfound freedom. "I owe it all to my defense team," the feisty 107-year-old ex-paperhanger cried out to beer hall revelers. "Heil, Lawyers!" he quipped, raising his arm in the jerky salute he has done so much to popularize.

Rare technicality frees Führer

Der Führer was acquitted on a rare legal technicality known as "mistrial by incredible absurdity", a situation in which legal

verbage, nitpicking and stonewalling create a climate of such frustration and boredom that it is impossible to continue without risk of widespread suicide within the courtroom.

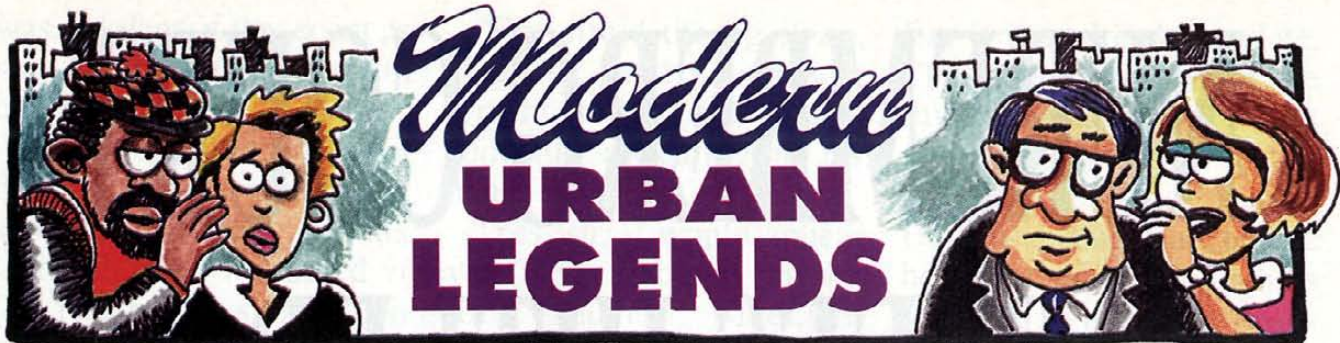
Hitler's 755-man defense team, the largest ever assembled for a psychotic mass murder suspect, worked tirelessly to achieve the *absurditas in extremis* outcome.

The swastika - regaled "Team" initially sought to convince judges that "World War Two" never happened; and that even

continued on page 103

Illustration by Rick Menard





Modern URBAN LEGENDS

Illustrations by Rick Menard

MODERN URBAN LEGENDS

Who starts them? Why? Are they true? The phenomenon of modern urban legends is as American as apple pie with a rat in it.

Now you can be an integral part of the propagation of urban legends. Just repeat the following



true stories at the local bar, family reunion or church mixer. The *National Lampoon* unconditionally guarantees their veracity.

The frozen head of Will Rogers and his horse.

Feel free to embellish! Your friends will envy your knowledge of the strange and unusual, and your storytelling ability rivaling that of Samuel Clemens and Will Rogers, whose head, by the way, was frozen to keep Walt Disney company when they're both thawed out.

THE VACATION

While in Equador, a vacationing New Hampshire couple became charmed with a small warthog they had coaxed from the brush with tortillas. So taken were they with the warthog, the couple decid-

ed to bring it back to New Hampshire with them. Once home, however, the couple received a terrible shock when they discovered the warthog was actually a twelve-year-old Equadorian boy!

GOING THE EXTRA MILE

A couple is on their first date. After dinner, they stop for cappuccinos at a drive thru espresso bar, on their way to lovers' lane.

Later, in the middle of their passion, a rapping sound is heard on the windows. The man starts up the car and speeds away. Dropping off his date at her house, he gets out of the car and walks around to the passenger side to open her door. At this point a young man on a motor scooter races up and screeches to a halt in front of them. "You forgot your change from the cappuccinos," he says, handing over some bills and coins.

FISHY COINCIDENCE

While fishing from a pier in Santa Monica, CA with his lovely young wife, a newlywed man accidentally dropped his house keys into the ocean, only to see them swallowed up by a large sea bass as they fell through the depths. Shortly thereafter, the couple's marriage soured.

Twenty years to the day later, the same man was fishing from the Santa Monica pier when he hooked a trophy sea bass.

After an epic struggle the bass was netted, and the man was astonished to find the fish not only in possession of his house keys, but wearing his pajamas as well. He hired a private investigator who uncovered a twenty-year affair between the sea bass and the unfortunate man's wife!



FETCH, BOY!

Knowing that his next door neighbor had recently borne a child, a Kent, WA man was shocked when "Humpy", his German Shepherd, arrived home with a dead baby in his mouth. That night, the man cleaned off the baby and returned it to his crib. Next morning the baby's father approached him with a very puzzled look on his face. "Strangest thing," he said, "I killed my wife and kids yesterday and buried them in the back yard. I wake up this morning and find my son's body right back in his crib!"



WAS IT TRUE LOVE...
OR JUST FOR THE HALIBUT

BUCKET O' SURPRISE

As a Texas family of five ate its way through a Colonel Mole's Bucket O' Mole Meal Deal with corn bread and cole slaw, the youngest daughter asked her mother if moles can fly. Her question was prompted by what appeared to be several fried bird wings, some of which the family had already eaten. The entire family became violently ill and the youngest daughter eventually died. The father successfully sued the Colonel Mole's chain after an FBI sting revealed it had substituted *Kentucky Fried Chicken* in the deadly Bucket O' Mole Meal Deal!

PHONE PHUN

During an appearance on *The Tonight Show*, Burt Reynolds jokingly gave out his ex-wife's phone number after complaining to Jay Leno about his messy divorce. Though the broadcast reached over ten million people, the actress did not receive a single call.

GET OUT OF THE HOUSE

A baby-sitter in Chicopee, MA was terrified by a series of harassing phone calls while caring for two small children. The caller kept urging the young woman to switch over to AT&T.

Panic stricken, the young baby-sitter called the operator, who told her to leave the house immediately. The calls were not coming from AT&T, but rather MCI!

SOUPY SURPRISE

A Pennsylvania woman was eating a can of soup she had purchased from the local A&P when she noticed tiny paws poking up through the liquid. She was disgusted to find the paws attached to what appeared to be the decomposed carcass of a mouse-like creature. The woman immediately vomited and fell violently ill for over a week. She sued the A&P and the soup's maker, but an FDA investigation proved the woman had purchased a can of perfectly legal "*Campbell's Cream of Mole with Mushrooms*"!

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

A vacationing Rhode Island man made his way to the top of the Empire State Building in New York. Once at the top, a native New York prankster convinced the man that tossing a penny over the side brings good luck, and even supplied a penny to the naive sightseer. Imagine how sick the smart alec New Yorker must have felt when the Rhode Island man, a numismatist by trade, kept the coin, which he had immediately identified as a rare Indian Head Penny worth well over \$100,000!

STONED SITTER

A babysitter in Baltimore, MD decided it would be OK to smoke some pot while watching a family's six-month-old child. But by the time the babysitter had finished giving the child his bath, her judgement had become extremely impaired, and she decided to dry the baby off *with the whirling blades of the family's riding mower!*

COLONEL MOLE'S



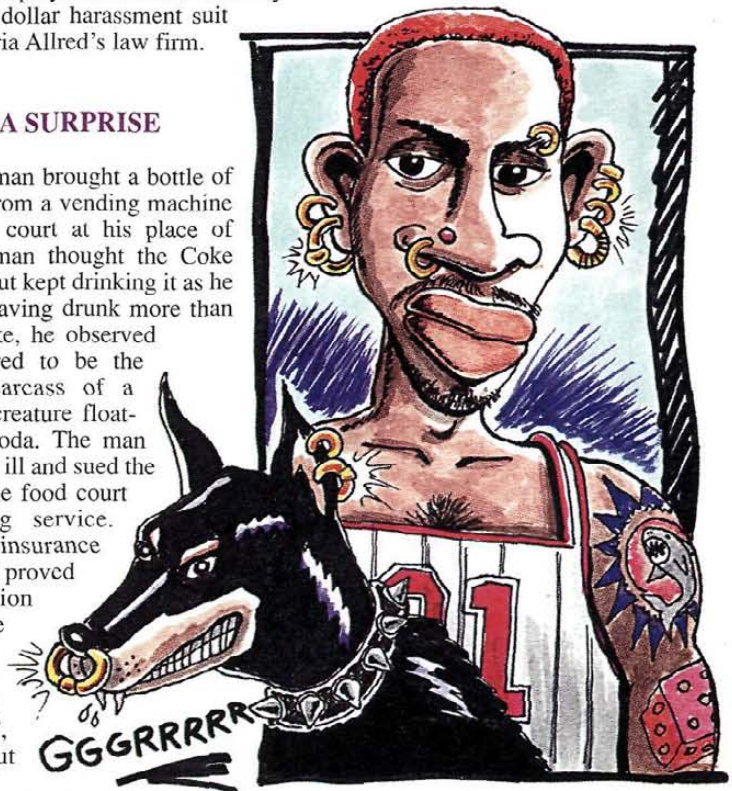
Bucket O' Mole MEAL DEAL

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

A woman is on an elevator. The door opens and a famous black basketball player gets on with a huge doberman on a leash. "Sit, Lady!" the famous basketball player commands. "I am a woman, not a dog", the woman replies. "Your patriarchal hegemonist attitudes will not be tolerated here; I don't have to take it!" Later, the ball player is hit with a twenty five million dollar harassment suit through Gloria Allred's law firm.

SODA SURPRISE

An Ohio man brought a bottle of Coca-Cola from a vending machine in the food court at his place of work. The man thought the Coke tasted odd, but kept drinking it as he ate lunch. Having drunk more than half the Coke, he observed what appeared to be the preserved carcass of a mouse-like creature floating in the soda. The man fell violently ill and sued the owners of the food court and vending service. But an insurance investigation proved the selection button on the machine was clearly labeled not "Coca-Cola", after all, but "Dr. Mole"!



STEWARDESSES OF THE EMERGING NATIONS

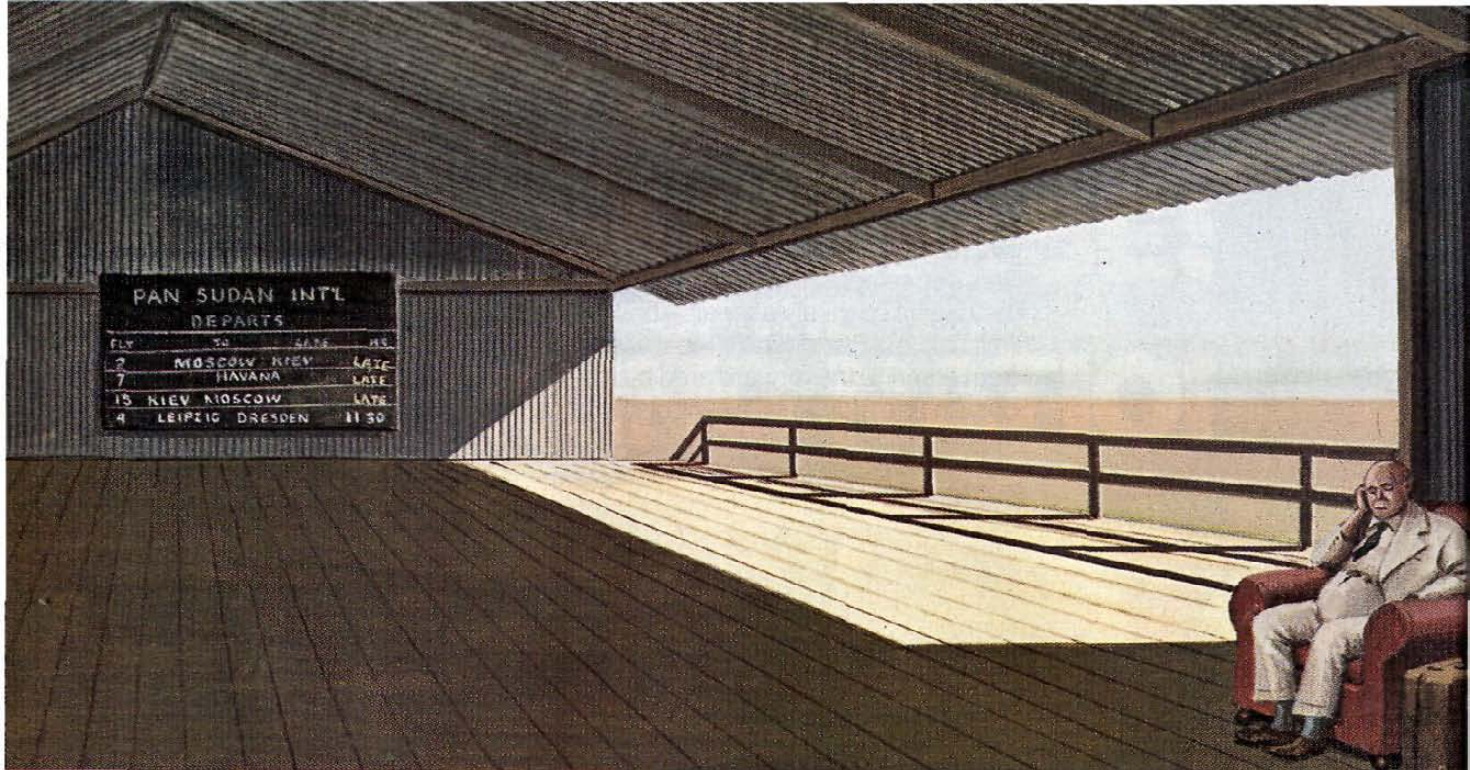
Written and illustrated by Bruce McCall



Rwandair's home terminal, near Kigali, covers forty-two square miles and features separate customs, air freight, postal, and domestic and international buildings. Flagship of the Rwandair fleet is this Boeing 747B, soon to be fitted with an advanced inertial navigation system if the World Development Bank approves Rwanda's offer of its 1980 jute crop as payment. Departing Rwandair passengers can browse in a unique outdoor duty-free shop stocked with jute sandals, jute wallets, jute coasters, and many brands of chewing gum.

Aboard Rwandair's popular Kigali-Bujumbura-Dar Es Salaam-Zomba-Lusaka-Luanda-Libreville-Douala Flight 000, linking Central Africa with itself, Chieftain Class passengers can select exotic elephant milk cocktails, served warm, or decide they aren't so thirsty after all. Above decks is the Ju-Jube Room (off limits to non-Rwandans). Tribal Class passengers are discouraged from entering the forward area by the armed steward permanently on duty; in free moments, he will gladly bring comic books or toilet paper for the smallest of gratuities.





A De Havilland Comet of Malawi Airlines' all-jet fleet no sooner becomes airborne than it reveals itself, by a slip of the adhesive paper sign, as also a De Havilland Comet of Lesotho Air's all-jet fleet. Unseen here is the Air Burundi logo beneath the Lesotho Air insignia, and the Trans-Mali sign beneath that. Each airline gets the Comet for one week per month. Earlier efforts to effect the periodic name changes with easily soluble watercolor paints were rendered a "wash-out," coinciding as they did with the monsoon season. Nevertheless, the airlines' joint witch doctor has not yet been instructed to conjure up a drought!

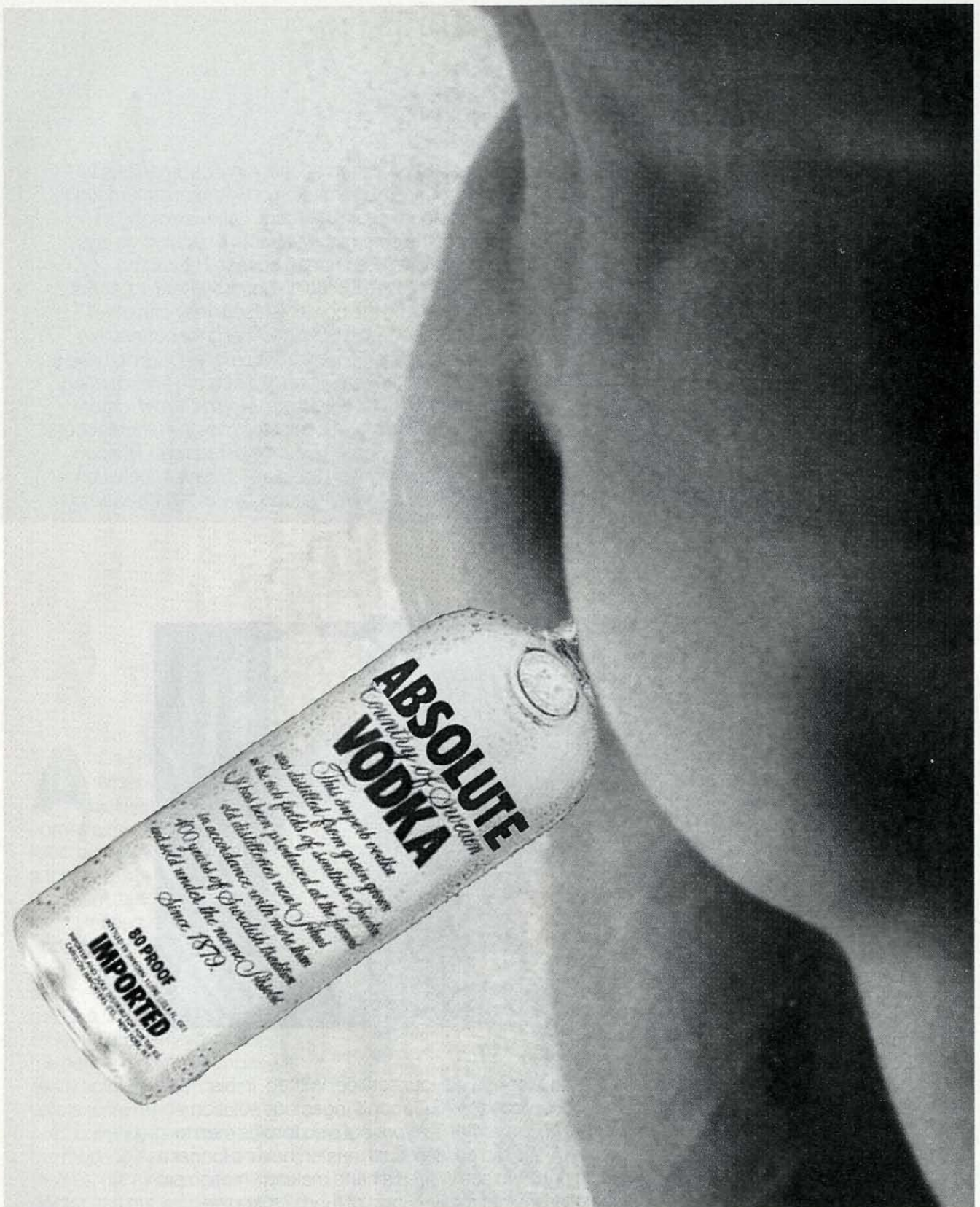




Pan Sudan International Airways' spacious VIP Lounge at Revolution of 6 January International Jetport, near Khartoum. Unique among the airlines of the emerging nations in operating no equipment of its own, Pan Sudan buses all departing passengers to the Ethiopian border, where, if papers are in order and the border is open, they can often catch transportation to Addis Ababa for connecting flights to the outside world. Still small enough to have a sense of humor, Pan Sudan recently ran a fascinating article in its in-flight magazine, *Magic Carpet*, chronicling the airline's own confusion over the whereabouts of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Spunce of Madison, Wisconsin, who were officially listed as "in transit" between Khartoum and Addis Ababa in July of 1971 and who still are.



All Gabon Airways stewardess Wilfred Mbonga, at your service! Wilfred, in his smart doubleknit skirt and tunic top, epitomizes All Gabon's ingenious solution to an old tribal taboo that not only forbids women to work but also forbids men to do the work of women. Dressed as a woman, Wilfred passes tribal muster; he's no longer a man, yet he's not quite a woman either. At right, we see Wilfred's hand making "motion pictures," All Gabon Airways-style, in place of an inflight movie. Short of funds? *Kikunza!* Short of ingenuity? *Ngobo bong!*



ABSOLUTE
Country of Sweden
VODKA

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80 PROOF
IMPORTED

ABSOLUTE MAPPLETHORPE

true sex facts

BRICKLAYER Herminio Rivera Couceiro, 39, was crushed to death by a falling rock on the banks of the River Mino in Orense, Spain, while practicing zoophilia with a hen he had stolen. The pathologist said that the man's penis was covered in feathers.

[EFE]; *La Gaceta (Tenerife)*

faithfully submitted,

K. Jones

√

NEWCASTLE, ENG.—After a five-day trial, a jury found animal rights campaigner Alan Cooper not guilty of outraging public decency in connection with charges that he masturbated a male blue nose dolphin in full view of a group of boaters.

The prosecutor had produced two witnesses from the boating group who said they had watched Cooper, 39, masturbate the male dolphin for "several minutes."

Pittsburgh's Out

faithfully submitted,

Joseph Forbes

√

LAKWOOD—A man who was half-dressed in a gorilla suit is on the run after he tried to accost a woman at an apartment parking lot to help him masturbate.

A 39-year-old woman was walking from her car in the parking lot to her apartment when she heard a man behind her. When she turned around, she saw an amazing sight.

"I saw this gorilla outfit," she said. "It was weird. It had this rubber fake breast in the middle of it. It looked like he had pulled the suit down and the breast was placed inside so it would hang out."

"This is a strange case," said Sgt. Al Padilla, spokesman for the Lakewood police.

Rocky Mountain News

faithfully submitted,

Peter Johnson

√

A WEST CHESTER, PA., urologist reported in an issue of *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality* last year that a man had checked himself into an emergency room with pain resulting from a swollen and apparently lacerated scrotum. Days after the doctor repaired the patient's condition, the man confided that he had been masturbating by holding his penis against the canvas drive belt of a piece of machinery at work during his lunch hour when he leaned too close as he approached orgasm and suffered an industrial accident. He then used a heavy-duty stapling gun to close his wound.

Leo

faithfully submitted,

Jon Olivito

√

WARSAW—A philandering Pole was rudely surprised when he took advantage of his wife's absence to visit a brother in Germany.

The errant husband set off in search of some extramarital activity believing his wife had gone to stay with friends in Germany where she had been offered a lucrative seasonal job. The sexual services he was offered were being provided by his wife.

UPI

faithfully submitted,

Staff

A LAWYER in town to lecture on sexual harassment said a man sneaked up while she was shopping in Santa Fe., N.M., pointed an instant camera up he skirt and took a picture.

Orange County Register

Staff

√

AMMAN, Jordan—Ayed, 32, slit the throat of his 16-year-old sister, Kifaya. She had been raped by a younger brother, forced to have an abortion, and married off to a 50-year-old man who divorced her six months later.

"I have cleansed my family's honor," declared Ayed. The official report said the family fired weapons in the air in celebration.

Philadelphia Inquirer

faithfully submitted,

Phil Milstein

√

LOS ANGELES, CA—A woman whose car rolled over in a freeway accident was attacked by a nude man who climbed into her vehicle and tried to rape her while she was trapped inside, authorities said yesterday.

The 22-year-old woman managed to free herself from her seat belt and fend off her attacker until police arrived, the Los Angeles Sheriff's Department said.

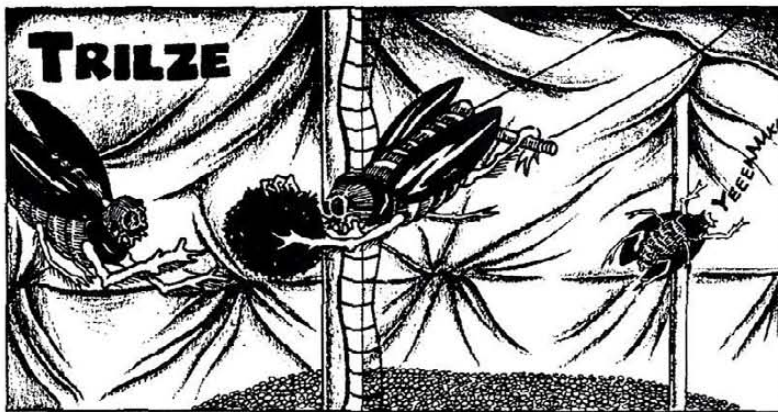
Sheriff's deputies arrested the man, identified as Mark Harp, 24, as he was retrieving his clothes from nearby bushes.

The Sun (Baltimore)

faithfully submitted,

Marcus A. Christian

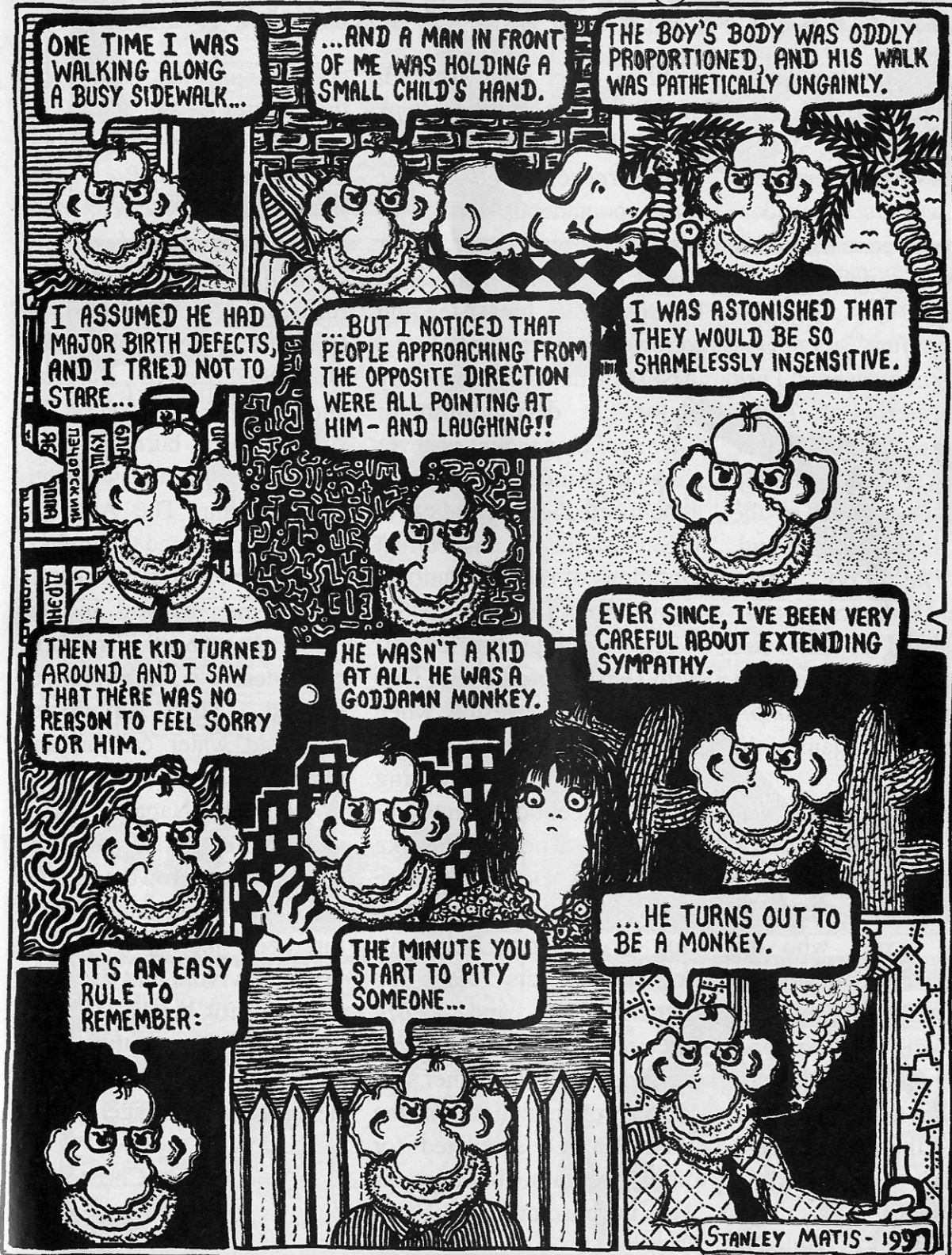
√



Williamson ©

a letter from

DOGG RIVER



REVIEW FROM THE ROAD

Dateline, Hell—It was the hottest concert ever! Last week the *Suck Our Slacks World Tour* première featured the world's top underground groups in a wild rock supershow as varied as it was unpredictable.

The opening act, *Gas Giants*, showcased Dirk Sneer (formerly of *Those Docile Raisins* and *Lunar Prostate*) with lead guitarist Turk Shit, co-founder of the original feces-rock band, *Loosen The Poo*. Their longish set (15 hours, 10 minutes) consisted of only two tunes: the controversial tri-sexual anthem "*Hi, Simply Hi!*" and a 15-hour jam in the key of E.

By then the crowd was warmed up for *Mormon Tabernacle Lint*, the Indianapolis-based all-dwarf percussion sextet, who did two hours of complicated whacking and tumbling (with smoke effects and shrapnel by the French Air Force). Enthusiastic audience members joined the *Lint* onstage, and the show soon spilled out onto the street.

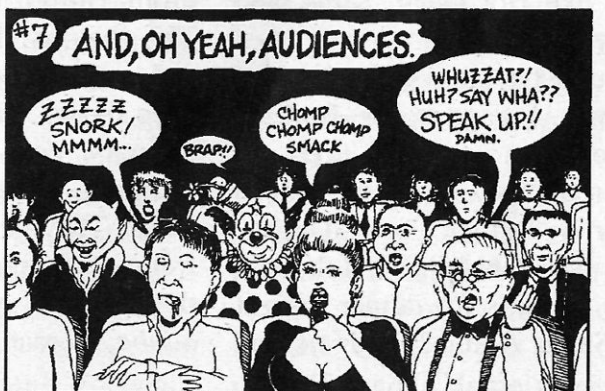
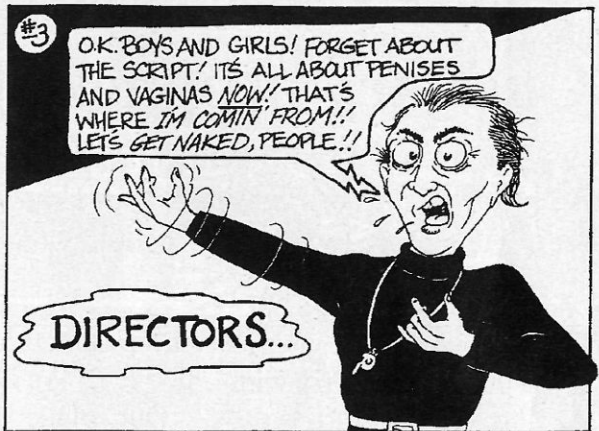
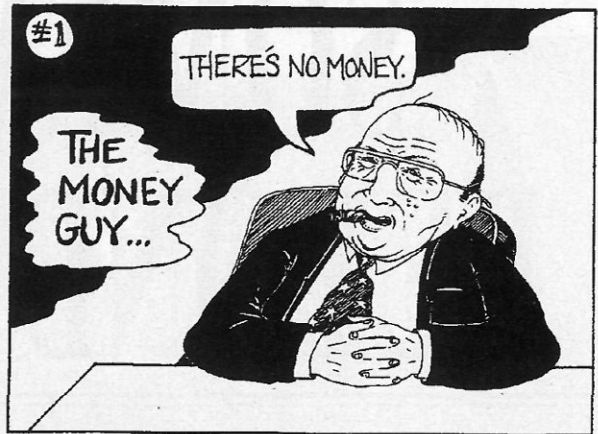
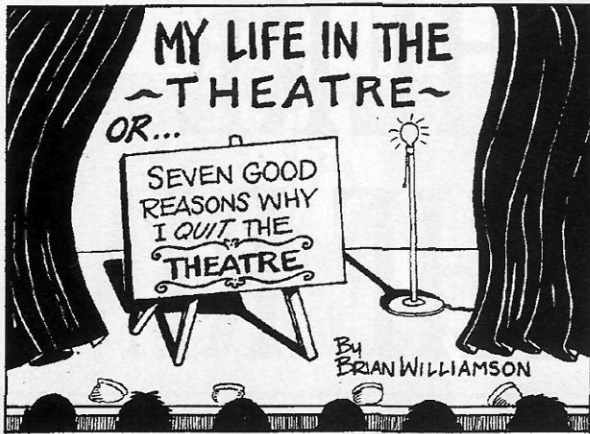
When order was restored, the all-female group *Trollops To The Bone* combined with toddler-rockers *Hell Diaper* for a spontaneous version of the latter's hit "*Don't Never Ever Change Me*", enlivened by simulated breast-feeding followed by naps.

Next came the show's only major disappointment: *Chemical Dependence* never showed. Emcee Rick Lips announced their detention at U.S. Customs for unspecified violations of the International Agricultural Treaty of 1948.

The rap segment led off with *Deff Throte Boyzzz*, who were quickly arrested when they began to take spectators' wallets at gunpoint during their second number (Rappers *Koool Snaaake Hiss* and *Doctah Nurse* were also booked on suspicion of murdering Belgium). Follow-up acts *Nass-Tee Guyzzz* and *Big B a a a a a a a a a a a a d Nukkkles* beat each other savagely, to the delight of the crowd, which screamed for more, even after both groups were unconscious.

Climaxing the show was the "Battle of the Punks", a musical free-for-all that pitted the groups *Pus Pie*, *Mink Penis*, *Burn My Face*, *Meat Blouse*, and *Pukers Are Dreaming* against *Buttworms*, *Attila The Quaker*, *Glazed Cambodian Doo-Doo*, *Lefty's Disease*, and *Crested Flatulence*. The smashing and burning intensified all night and well into the morning. The Acoustic Institute measured the highest decibel levels since Krakatoa. Strong men clawed at their ears and swooned. Structures crumbled. Ambulances arrived. The Authorities deployed water cannon and phalanxes of cruel riot control hounds. Napalm strikes were called in to take the edge off the crowd's excitement. The band contest having been judged a 10-way draw, survivors and escapees went out for lunch. The doe-eyed folk singer with the soft beard and acoustic guitar never did get onstage.

-Dean Christopher



Williamson ©

SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE RIM

Unlikely Origins of Tomorrow's Taste Thrills Culinary prophecy by Dean Christopher

[Ed. Note: The author, a semi-distinguished gourmet-like chef, is the author of several dozen cooking books (*Marmelades of Provence*, *That Versatile Plankton*, and *Broil It Right Now!*, to name only three). He simply loves to tell people what to eat. This piece originally appeared in *Digestion Digest*.]:

The way the world works, the guys with the most gold rule. That goes for food, too. Countries with global cloud traditionally dictate what's cool on the world's menu. England, France, and Spain each once ruled the world. So the world learned to love *Roast Beef & Yorkshire Pudding*, *Coq Au Vin*, and *Paella á la Valenciana*. When the U.S. had the gold—remember?—everybody drooled for American specialties like Hot Dogs, Tums, and Velveeta.

But who knows the food of Latvia, Paraguay, or Burkina Faso? Can you name even *one* main course being served in Ulan Bator or Dacca? *Anywhere* in Africa? I thought not. What's for dinner tonight in Saudi Arabia? Yogurt and

sheep snouts? Hummous and hooves? We can't even guess.

Our planet is a-throb with wonderful people, inventive chefs, terrific flavor sensations. But the only recipes we hear about usually originate in the power countries.

Consider the Pacific Rim—the economists' way of saying "Japan." They currently have huge economic whack, so Japanese food is the thing to eat. Sushi bars proliferate faster than ants on overnight bacon grease. From Holly, MI to Ballinger, TX, they're slinging *hamachi* and *anago* where ham 'n' eggs once sizzled. Riding on Japan's culinary coat-tails are other countries with Pacific beachfront. They get minor attention from cosmopolites who wrap their buds around Filipino *adobo*, Korean barbecue, or big

wiggly stuff from the warm surf of Western Mexico. At the other end of the counter, traditionalists cling to yesterday's exotica—Szechuan beef or flowery Hawaiian fripperies where pork meets pineapple under flaming torches. But in the main, the trendies are still firmly into Japanese chow.

But that's today. What about *tomorrow*? Whose food will thrill the Truly Cool, who judge food not by economics or politics, but in terms of culinary chic? These surprising cuisines will have the "in crowd" gasping very soon!

• **SAMOAN RANCH COOKING:** Free-Range Breadfruit, lovingly rolled down snow-white beaches until it's "breaded" just enough! This pulpy fruit dish, with nothing else added, is simplicity itself.



Samoan chefs scorn quick-fix yuppie conceits like mesquite grilling; they simply leave the dish outside for a few days to guarantee the right serving temperature.

•**ALEUTIAN CONTINENTAL:** Yes, technically Alaska is on a continent, and therefore can legitimately claim to produce a “continental” cuisine. The northernmost member of the Pacific Rim, “Nature’s Refrigerator”, is overflowing with everything needed for recently developed specialties such as *Saumon à la Exxon*, *Tusk à l’Huile*, and *Lichen/Moss Jardinière à la Pétrole*. Try their *Wilderness Grill*, a tangy medley of reindeer scraps, crag bunny, muskrat, tinned luncheon meat, and tundra-sea-

soned road, um, remainders. Bracing! Wash it down with a double *Pemmican Sunrise*, the traditional grog whose ingredients the natives stubbornly refuse to disclose to outsiders. They simply laugh merrily and nudge one other whenever asked about it.

•**INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE CHIC:** The International Date Line is the longest unfortified restaurant district in the world. Savvy entrepreneurs, getting the jump on the next tourism fad, have launched a flotilla of seagoing eateries. Freely drifting back and forth from tomorrow to yesterday, their Chinese restaurants offer a feature unique in all the world: only here can you eat and then be hungry again *only 25 hours*

later! The Date Line’s sea food restaurants’ specialty: *Surf & Surf*—so emphatically what it is! But whatever the cuisine, young lovers can make time stand still by simply changing tables every so often. Bonus: every *Mâitre* is empowered to perform marriages. Best of all, with a dinner on The Date Line you can enjoy your evening one full day before even making your reservations!

•**TUAMOTU ARCHIPELAGO HOME COOKING:** If this understated Pacific locale is known at all, it is as “those dots you pass over if you miss the Marquesas”, An unfair dismissal of a delightful chain of atolls noteworthy for truly relaxed “come-as-you-are” dining! Tuamotu Home Cooking

features the only cuisine based entirely on WWII U.S. Navy surplus, painstakingly developed in quonset huts crammed with provisions originally destined for the Seabees. After V-J Day everything was bequeathed to a local cabin boy, Pooie "Mittens" Poapoapoapooa, who has since become the archipelago's foremost, if only chef. The flagship of his menu: *Oh-Oh-Oh*, an unexpected combination of Spam, water-resistant biscuit, and *tuapa-pa* leaves, gently laced with shark repellent. M.R.E.'s are made for this!

• **KAMCHATKA PENINSULA TRADITIONAL:** You can very nearly hear the ping of balalaikas and the thrum of the proletarian masses as you dig, dig, dig into the pride of Kamchatkan cookery, jaw-taunting *Okrug Grey-Brown Bread*. Long rumored a secret favorite of the czars, this humble loaf is the mainstay of the only regional cuisine presumably designed expressly for weight loss. More than 70 years of secrecy cloaked the kitchens of Kamchatka from prying Western eyes. But now Glasnost, Perestroika, and *Okrug Grey-Brown Bread* combine to provide universal access to a flavor perhaps best described as "unlike almost anything". Other Kamchatkan delicacies: *Koryak Tan-Black Bread*; *Petropavlovsk Beige-Maroon Bread*; and *Shelekhov Burnt-Sienna Bread*. Are you man enough to try them all?

• **TRISTAN DA CUNHA PLANTATION:** Some nay-sayers pooh-pooh this tiny island's inclusion in the Pacific Rim fam-

ily simply because of the geographic accident that placed it at the midpoint of the South Atlantic. Such shallow, myopic folk thereby deny themselves the pleasure of a cuisine many believe destined to become the jewel in the crown of Pacific Rim dining. We herewith debunk the ugly myth that the Tristanians' main staple is penguin guano. This simply not so. "P.G.", as the locals wittily refer to that hardy fertilizer, is, however, used as dressing for *Kelp-And-Tussock-Grass Salad*. But the true national dish, rich in tangy minerals, is a sturdy casserole that blends basalt, porphyric augite, and dolerite into a delectable suspension that will stick to any mariner's ribs. It has not yet been named.

Any fool can see from this modest outline that the Pacific Rim is destined to be a rich source of culinary trends for decades—possibly even eons—to come! This we owe to the variety, the creativity, the sheer nerve of Pacific Rim chefs who offer us their inventions day to day, pole to pole, from rim to shining rim.

BRUNETTE—N. Web or mesh used to snare beer or ale
 BUCCANEER—N. A very high price for corn on the cob
 BULRUSHES—N. El toro's passes at the torero
 BUMPKIN—N. Relative of minor swelling or protruberance
 BUTTRESSES—N. Long locks of hair emanating from rump area
 BYLINE—V. To purchase a length of rope or cord
 CABINET—N. Web or mesh used to snare taxis
 CALABASH—V. To cruelly mock or deride Californians
 CANOPY—N. [Vulg.] Tin container of urine
 CANTILEVER—Interrog. "May I abandon the lady?"
 CAPSTAN—V. To place a small hat on Stanislaw
 CARCASS—V. To smooch in an automobile; to "park"
 CARDAMOM—N. What to send on Mother's Day

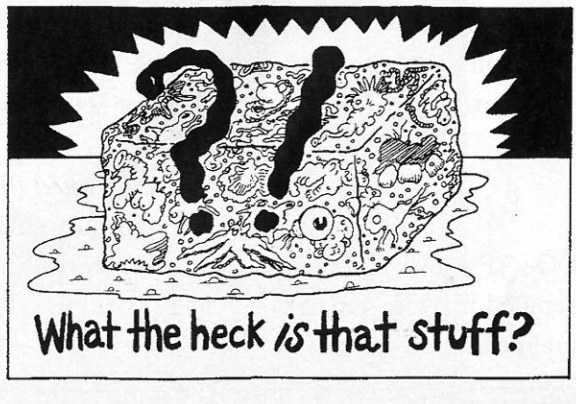
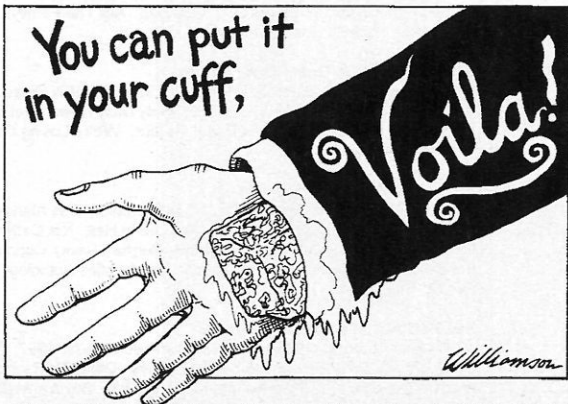
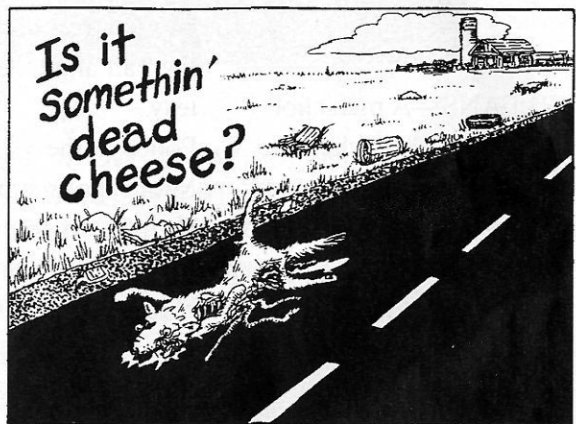
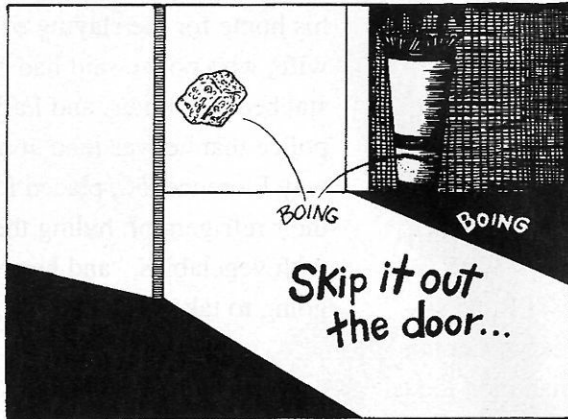
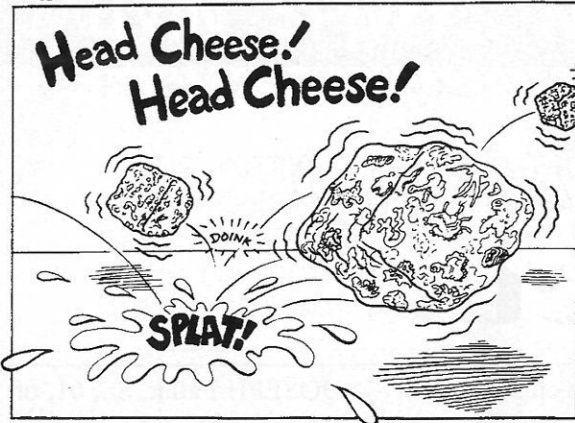
THE PUNSTER'S DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Lexical delights to bring fresh new meaning to some words you thought you knew!

ADMIRE—V. To pile on additional mud or muck
 AEROBICS—N. Flying ball point pens
 AMENDS—N. Small sugar-coated nuts at Italian wedding
 ANTAGONIZE—V. Face excruciating decision with Dad's sis
 APHRODISIAC—N. Kenyans or Tanzanians feigning vertigo
 ARBITRATE—N. What we charge for brief cameo roles
 ARCANE—N. Walking stick used by Noah
 ATRIUM—N. Harlem subway celebrated in famous jazz tune
 AVAIL—N. 1. A piercing Jewish cry
 2. A cloak or covering
 BISMARCK—N. A company's logo or trade name
 BLISTER—V. Gave her great ecstasy
 BRISKET—N. Set of ritual circumcision implements

HEAD CHEESE CARTOON

By BRIAN WILLIAMSON ©



true (they had it coming) facts

NORTH LITTLE ROCK, Ark. (AP)—A woman shot her son after he threw her Thanksgiving ham to the floor, stomped on it and threw the pan at her, police said. Octavia Oveton, 73, will not be charged by police because of her age and the relatively minor injuries suffered by her son, George.

faithfully submitted,
Laurie Ellis

√

NEW ORLEANS—A man shot and killed his neighbor when the neighbor cut beyond his property line with a lawn edger, police said. Police said Abadie started a fight when King cut about three inches onto Abadie's property with the lawn edger, then shot King three times.

Maine Sunday Telegram
faithfully submitted,
Unknown

√

TOLEDO (AP)—An 82-year-old man strangled his wife because she wouldn't turn down the vol-

ume on the television set, then covered her with an afghan and went to bed, police said Monday.

Chicago Tribune

faithfully submitted,
Tom Schlak

√

BROOKLYN CENTER, MN—Authorities in Brooklyn Center, Minnesota, say a man died today after being beaten by a group of bowlers in a dispute over a bowling ball and lane courtesy.

Police in the Minneapolis suburb say officers found the man unconscious and bleeding when they arrived at the bowling alley. The 28-year-old man later died.

No arrests have been made. Police are looking for several suspects.

Associated Press
faithfully submitted,
Bill Reese

JOSEPH Fallat, Sr., 61, of Harrison City, PA., was arrested at his home for the slaying of his wife, who police said had been stabbed 219 times, and Fallat told police that he was mad about the way Florence, 50, placed food in their refrigerator, hiding the milk with vegetables, "and he wasn't going to take that anymore."

Arkansas Gazette
faithfully submitted,
Unknown

√

SPLEEN



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SPLEEN #1: Win Timothy Leary's Ashes!

The SPLEEN Interview: Pete the Fourth Chipmunk; The Margaux Hemingway Scale Of Decomposition; Bosnia-Herzegovina 3000; McFoam, The Rabid Crime Dog; Chess With "Mad Dog" Houlihan; Not The Family Circus; Ask Mr. Inattentive; How To Shoot G. Gordon Liddy.

SPLEEN #2: Bob Dole Nearly Smiles!

Which Was Better, Valujet Or TWA? With The SPLEEN Disasterometer!; Tips For Moving Illegal Aliens; The Monopoly Daily News; Not Separated At Birth; What Else Is On?; Toilet Paper Politics; We're Losing Our Third Amendment Rights!

SPLEEN #3: Try Our Frogs' Legs

The SPLEEN Report: The Death Of Tupac Shakur; The Mandy Allwood Story; The Ballad Of O.J. Simpson; Not Life In Hell; Not Cathy; SPLEEN's Picture Gallery; Cowboy Haiku; Cowboy Burma Shave; Connect The Dots For Boneheads; Pork Chop Aficionado; The Beatles Anthology IV: The Bottom Of The Barrel.

SPLEEN #4: The 1996 SPLEEN 16

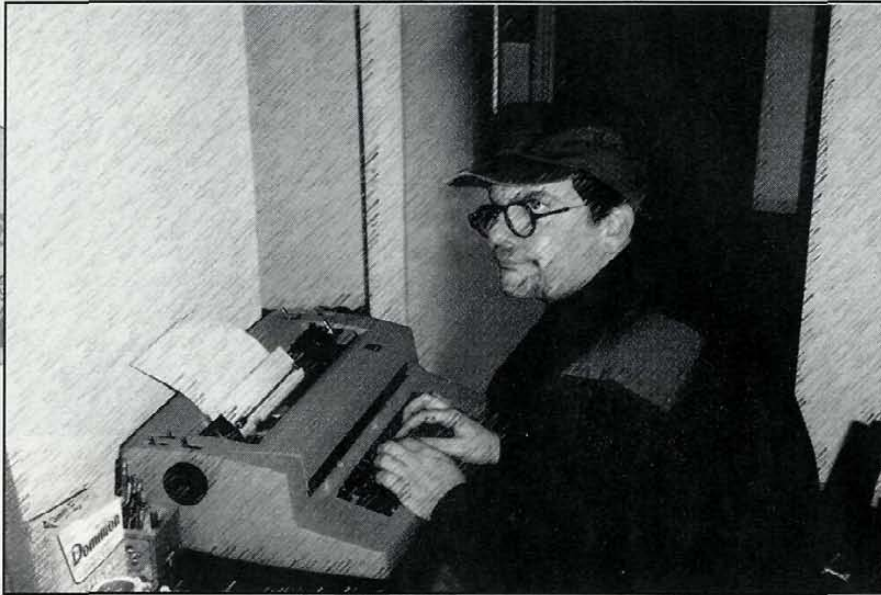
1996 Death Ratings; 1996's Top Events; Prediction for 1997; The 1995 SPLEEN 16; SPLEENews; Other Elmo Toys; Other TV Ratings. Gee, not much in this one, eh? It's still damn funny, though. Buy it anyway.

MELVIN SPIVEY... NASAL SPRAY ADDICT

BY JEFF PILL & TOM SAGE

ART BY DARIN ALCH

I WAS PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON A SCATHING ARTICLE ABOUT COTTAGE CHEESE CURDS FOR THE LOCAL WEEKLY SHOPPER. IT WAS MORE OF THE SAME BULLSHIT, BUT I NEEDED THE MONEY. I HAD JUST BLOWN MY LAST FIVE BUCKS ON SOME SAFES AND A TUBE OF KY. MY SINUSES WERE THROBBING AND MY HEAD WAS POUNDING... I FELT LIKE JIMMY CAGNEY IN "WHITE HEAT".



THERE WAS NOTHING BUT VAPORS LEFT IN ANY OF MY BOTTLES. I STARTED FEELING KIND OF SKEEZY, LIKE MY BRAIN WAS ABOUT TO HEMORRHAGE. I WAS SICK AND NEEDED SOME MORE SPRAY SO I COULD FEEL ALRIGHT.



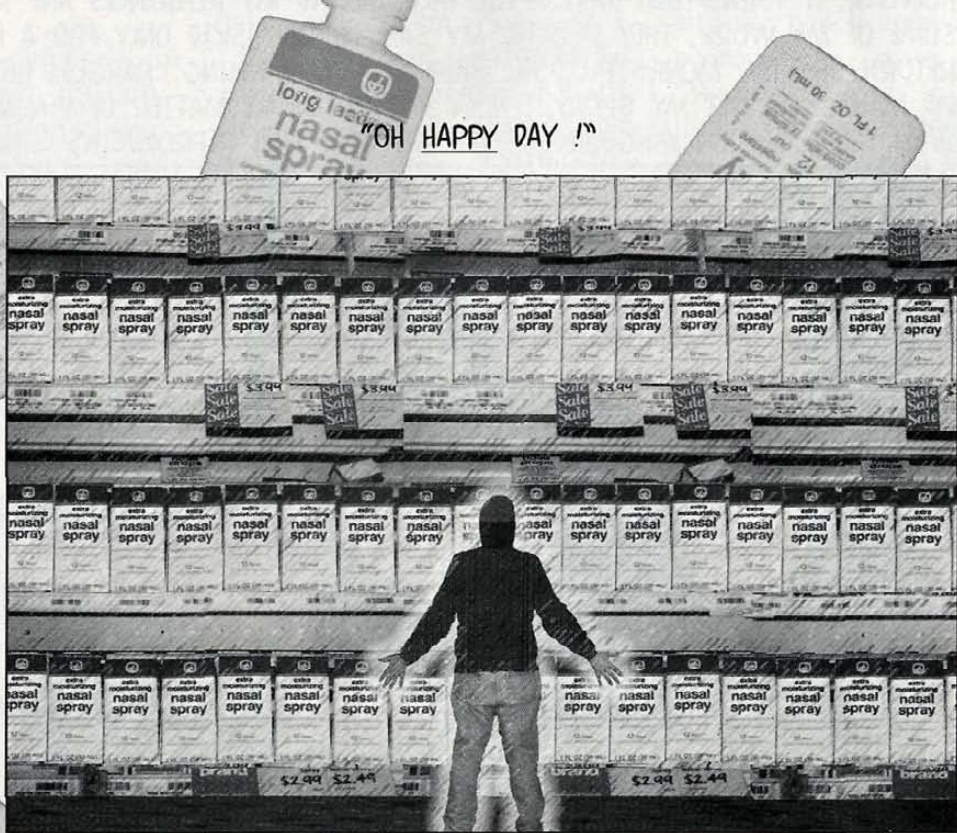
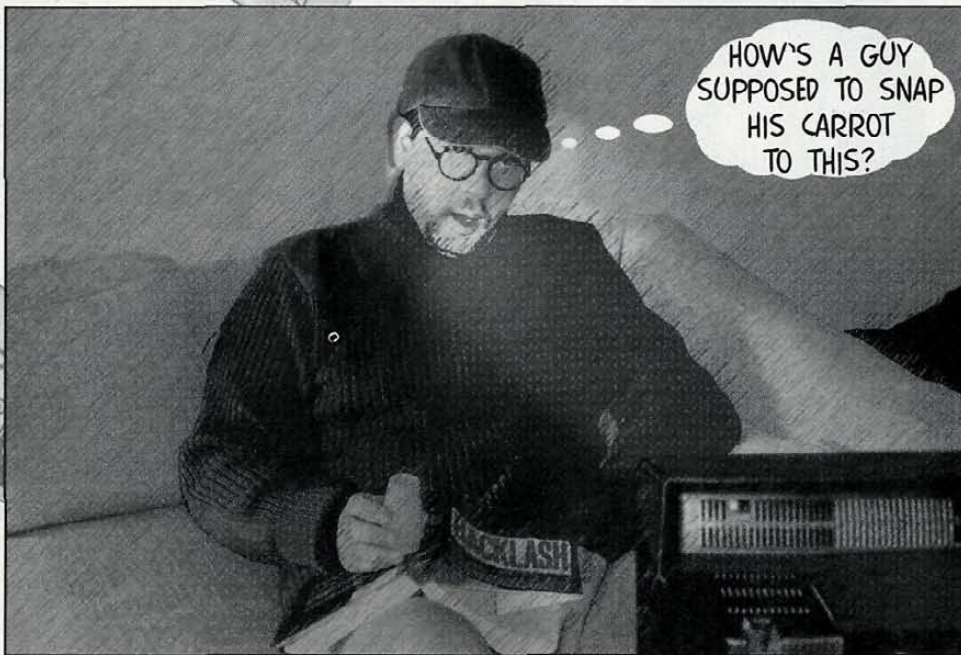
I HAD SEEN AN AD IN ONE OF THOSE FREE WEEKLY SOCIALIST RAGS. IT SAID THAT I COULD MAKE SOME QUICK CASH FOR A SPERM DONATION, SOMETHING I HAD ALWAYS MORE THAN WILLINGLY DONE FOR FREE.



I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO A COUPLE OF FREE PORNO FLICKS AND THE MARCH ISSUE OF "SKIDMARK"...



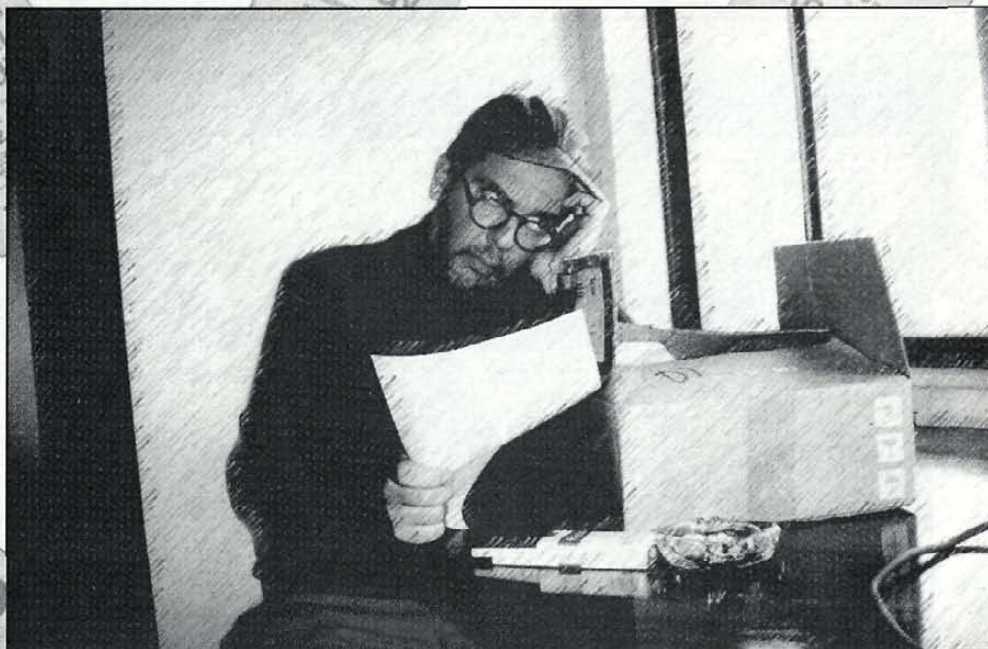
...BUT ALL I GOT WAS A VIDEO TITLED "ALL SEX IS RAPE", A COPY OF SUSAN FALUDI'S "BACKLASH", AND THE BULB END OF A TURKEY BASTER. I DIDN'T EVEN GET ANY LOBE. THEY REFUSED TO AFFORD ME ANY PLEASURE AT ALL IN THIS MATTER. BUT 35 BUCKS IS 35 BUCKS... SO I CLOSED MY EYES AND THOUGHT OF BEA ARTHUR.



WHAT A SCORE... I HAD ENOUGH TO STAY WELL FOR THE WHOLE MONTH.



HOWEVER, IT TURNED OUT THAT AFTER THEY CHECKED MY REFERENCES AND READ SOME OF MY WORK, THEY REJECTED MY SAMPLE AND ASKED ONLY FOR A FULL RETURN OF THEIR MONIES PLUS ALL SHIPPING AND HANDLING CHARGES. THOUGH I DID MANAGE TO GET MY SPRAY, I NOW HAD THE SMALL MATTER OF DEALING WITH THE COLLECTION VANGUARD OF THE WOMYN'S FREE REPRODUCTIVE CLINIC.



TO BE CONTINUED...

NUREMBERG COURT FREES HITLER

Continued from page 81

even if it had occurred, there was no proof that Hitler was ever aware of it. They claimed that the defendant was the victim of a media conspiracy led by bigots who are openly prejudiced against Germanic psychotic mass murderers.

But even psychotic mass murderers have rights, they pled; especially psychotic mass murderers with the Third Reich's treasury at their disposal. So the chipper little dictator got his five decades in court.

How Hitler Won

The hand-picked defense team doggedly followed a multi-pronged strategy wherein they:

Attacked on every front, challenging every syllable of every word uttered by the prosecution, even individual vowels.

Attempted to discredit anyone who claimed to have witnessed "World War Two", which they maintained was an anti-Nazi myth.

Demanded a change of venue. Grounds: Since the alleged crimes took place in "the world", there was clearly no chance for defendant to get a fair trial in "the world". Either move the trial to another planet or dismiss the charges.

Demanded a jury of Hitler's peers, i.e., a panel of dictator-judges consisting of twelve other paranoid Austrian-born vegetarians with paperhanging experience and a fondness for genocide, Eva Braun and invading other people's countries. Either come up with a dozen such people—plus alternates—or dismiss the charges.

Argued that the prosecution's case had no merit, since there's no independent philosophical proof of the victims' existence—and people who don't exist obviously cannot have a valid claim or case.

Put the world itself on trial, attacking its "undisputed inefficiency". "Your Honors, why else would the world have people like us?" argued one defender.

Charged that the defendant was framed by "Anti-Hitlerites who planted the bloody Belgium and Poland" to implicate *Der Führer*.

Exhaustively attacked every scrap of evidence. Example: They demanded that each Allied soldier account for every single bullet fired during the supposed "War". They called for copies of written orders authorizing attacks on "Nazi troops"—for each and every attack occasion (How could a soldier be sure he was firing at a German combatant, and not someone who only happened to look like one?

Wasn't it conceivably possible to mistake an Austrian bus driver's outfit for a Wehrmacht uniform?).

Demanded a jury of non-humans. (Grounds: Since the charges include "crimes against humanity", the defendant can't possibly get a fair trial if tried by anyone representing the plaintiff—"humanity". Either get a jury of other species, or dismiss the charges.

But the ploy which prompted the "Mistrial by Incredible Absurdity" came only two days ago, when the defense insisted—and the bench agreed—that the prosecution must re-enact "World War Two" in its entirety in order to "place *Der Führer* at the scene." When the prosecution was unable to simulate the precise sound effects for the Allied landing at Anzio, all sides agreed that the proceedings had finally gone too far. Hitler was free at last.

And now, what lies ahead for the elder statesman of Aryan supremacy? Back to the hurly-burly of German politics? Surprisingly, Hitler seems interested in his former nemesis, America. "I'd like to spend a little time out West, maybe Idaho", he told this reporter. "I hear they need consultants with my kind of experience. It sounds like such fun!"

-Dean Christopher

true signs



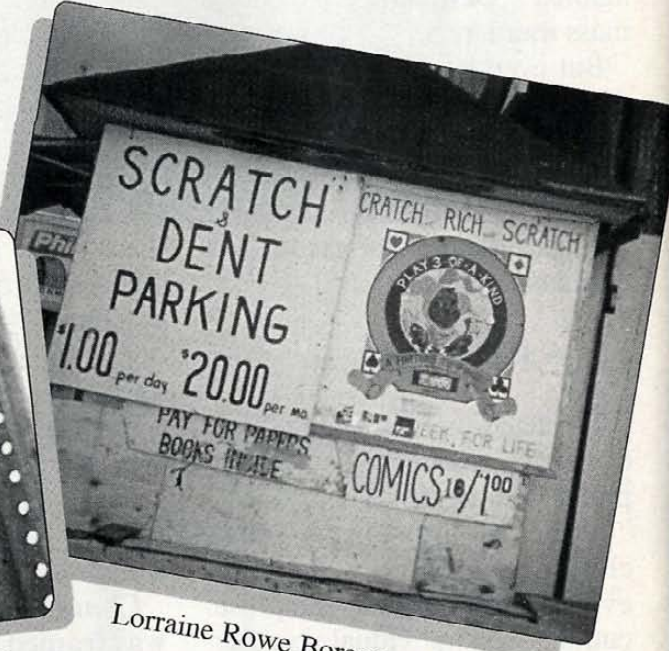
Margaret Jarvie Indiana, PA



Nicole Parsons Cloverdale, CA



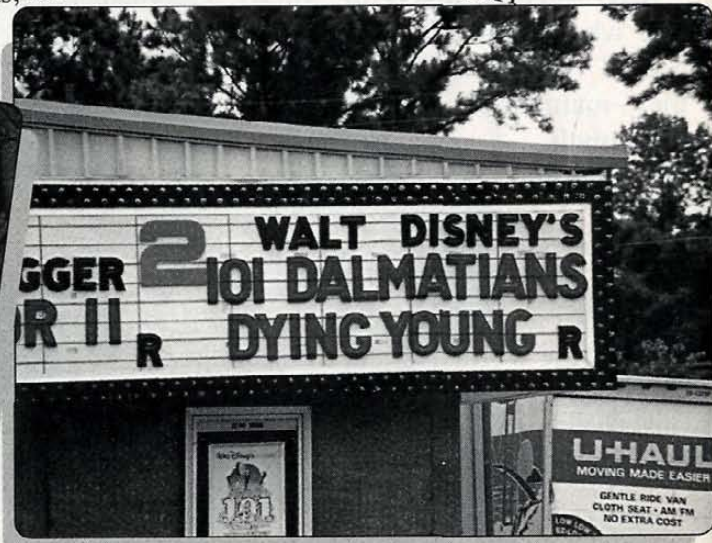
Joyce Palmquist Dearborn Heights, MI



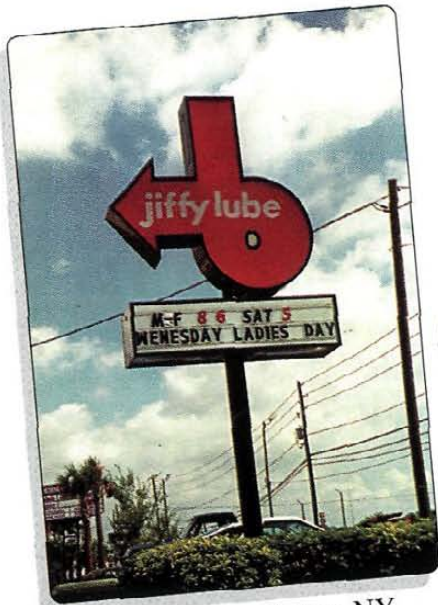
Lorraine Rowe Boreman, MT



Jeremy Foster Bangkok, Thailand



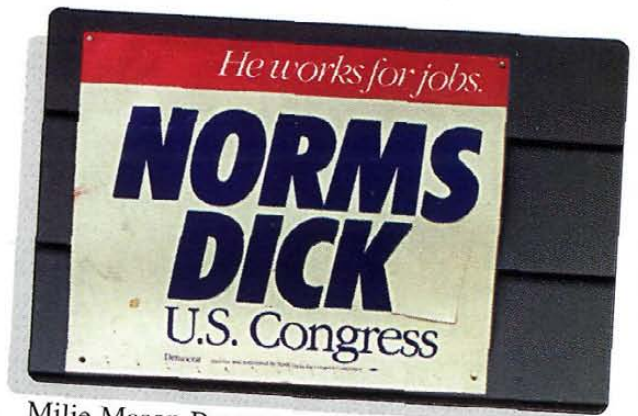
Robert Hatcher Sumter, SC



Micheael Caudan Rome, NY



Carl Salas San Jose, CA



Milie Mason Beaverton, OR



Ivor Jones Hunters Hill, Australia

Overexposed?

with Sunblock!

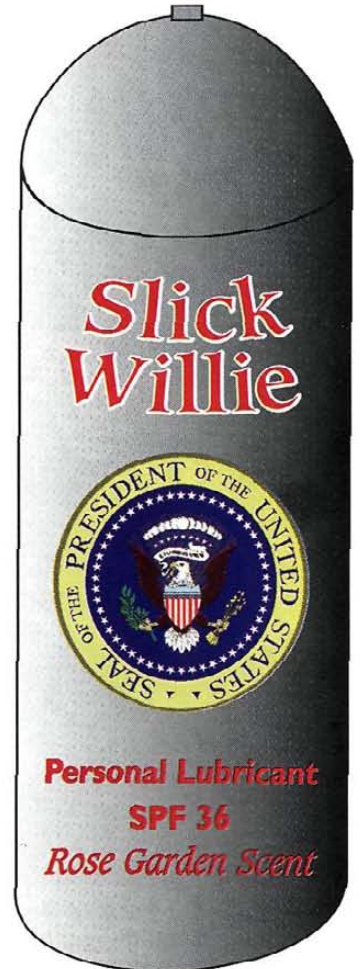
Slick Willie

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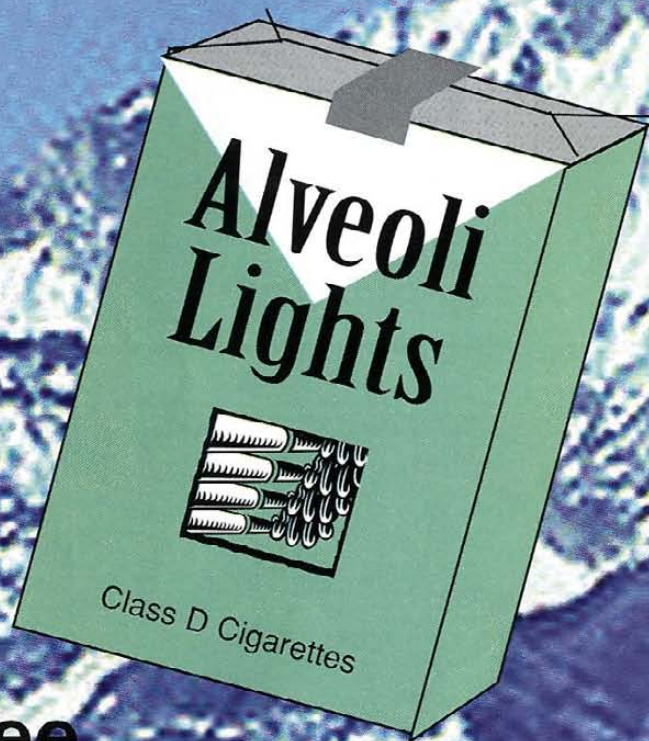
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WARNING: The Surgeon General has determined that smoking outside your office building in the driving rain is a big pain in the ass.

Almost Holy Apparitions

From California to Carolina, there seem to be no shortage of mediocre miracles. Thousands of “Pilgrims” have flocked to see the image of the Virgin Mary illuminate the side of an office building in Florida. Perhaps people believe that the mother of Jesus prefers double-pane window glass to a beautiful mountain top. In Carolina, there’s a cinnamon bun that bears a striking resemblance to Mother Teresa! Why God chose a cinnamon bun over a glazed donut or *Pop Tart*, we’ll never know. Here are some of the more shabby “miracles”, now appearing near you.

Tiny Tim



Port o' Potty
Duluth, MN

With his 1969 hit *Tiptoe through the Tulips*, Tiny charmed millions with his distinctive falsetto voice. Now thousands flock daily to this construction site Port-a-Potty where his ghostly image suddenly appeared to a road crew worker. “Believers” can relive the magic of his Wedding to Miss Vicki on the Johnny Carson show and move their bowels at the same time. Hey... Don’t tiptoe through those tulips!

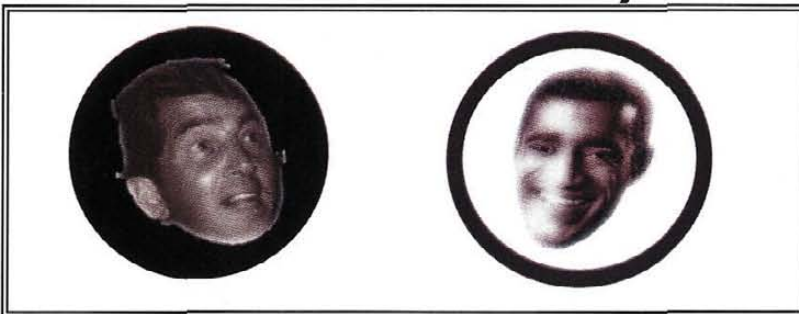
Kurt Cobain



Maxi - Pad
Waterloo, NY

Discovered by Edna Markowitz, who also observed the image of Jim Morrison in a skidmark, the “Miracle Maxi” is attracting throngs of believers to this rural town. Dismissed by the church as an ordinary “stain”, Edna maintains its veracity... “I think Courtney would be proud of it!”

Dean and Sammy



Oreo Cookie
Branson, MO

From the “Rat Pack” to a cookie cream, Dean and Sammy are back, this time captivating more crowds than they did at *The Sands* in Vegas. First sighted by a pre-school teacher, it is now on display on a miniature stage at the Jim Nabors Dinner Theater. The dynamic duo is said to be content in the afterlife, and looks forward to the arrival of Ol’ Blue Eyes “to class up the joint... Baby.”

- Dave Pullano



illustration by Doug Taylor

The Nazi Do

“He made th



or Doolittle
animals talk.”

by Anne Beatts

NATIONAL LAMPOON • pg 109



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**...letters
to the editor**
cont. from p. 11

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Sirs:

Hey, guys, remember me?
I'm still here! Can I run for
something? Guys?

Dan Quayle
Somewhere

Sirs:

I should have asked for credit
cards. Thirty pieces of silver
won't buy shit down here.

Judas Iscariot
Hell, 90210

Sirs:

Sure, "African-American" is
fine. But honestly, —I've always
preferred "Porch Monkey".

Clarence Thomas
currying favor

Sirs:

99 bottles of beer on the
wall!

99 bottles of beer!

You take one down and pass
it around...

...68 bottles of beer on the
wall!!

On the retarded kids' bus

Sirs:

I steals from the rich and I
gives to the po';

Hangs with the crew and
bangs my ho';

Shoots my arrows and don't
give a damn;

'Bout no bad ass sheriff of
Nottingham.

Robin Hood

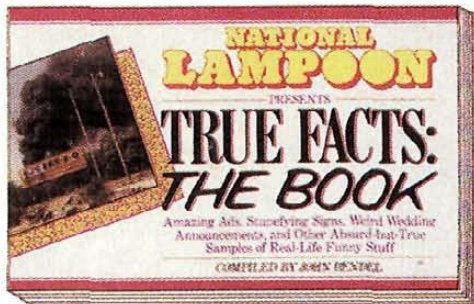
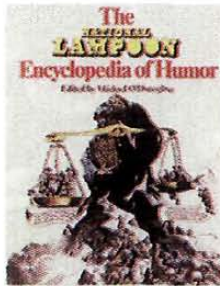
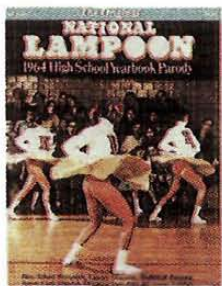
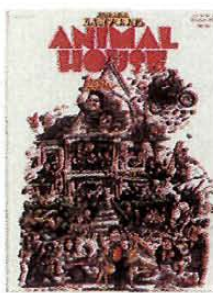
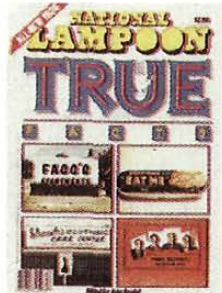
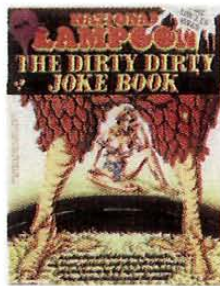
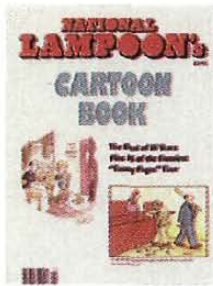
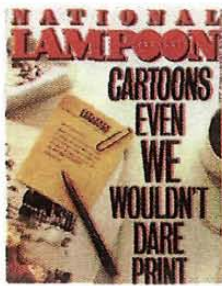
The Fresh Prince of Thieves

Sirs:

Many people are under the
MISTAKEN impression that all
members of N.O.W. are lesbians,
dykes, etc. That is simply not
true. Kate Willows of Doogie,
PA is heterosexual, married, and
has two children (Jason and
Jackie). It's too bad,
though...Nice tits...

N.O.W.

Local chapter



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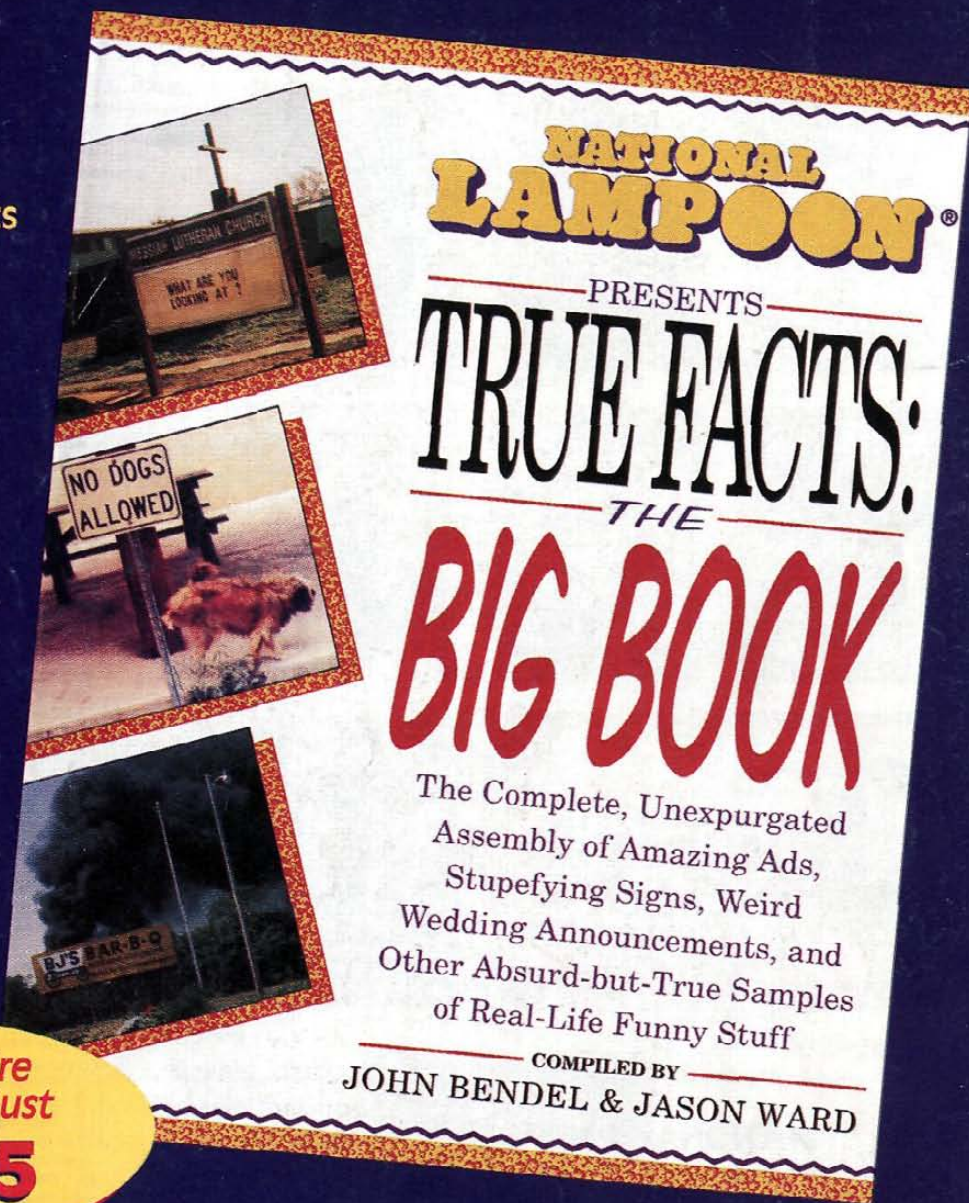
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