

Exclusive: Girls of the Correspondence Schools!

NATIONAL LAMPoon

THE
FAILURE
ISSUE



stInc.

Including:
The Seven Habits of
Highly Ineffective People

True Sex Facts

Products for the Man
On The Way Down

Melvin Spivey,
Nasal Spray Addict

\$4.95 U.S.



NATIONAL
LAMPOON

FAILURES



Illustration: Greg Theakston

NATIONAL LAMPOON

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**NATIONAL
LAMPPOON'S[®]**

Girls
of the
Correspondence
Schools

Forget the PAC 10 or
the Southeastern Conference.
We found plenty of "real girls"
at schools that were advertised
on the backs of matchbook
covers.



Borissa

Programmer

Upper Volta Institute of Technology

When not studying data communication and punch card programming on her state-of-the-art equipment, Borissa has a whimsical side. "I like to read Kafka and Dostoevsky."



Candi

Plumber's Apprentice

Frank's School of Plumbing and Sausage Cart

Candi's in her fifth year at Frank's. "Snaking a clogged pipe really makes feel like a woman," says this darling of the wrench set.

NATIONAL LAMPOON • pg 5



Margo

Electrologist

*Hollywood Academy of Electrolysis,
with a Touch of Class*

Margo has seen more than her share of the follically endowed, but has learned to put all into perspective, "If I see one more ingrown armpit hair, I'm gonna puke."



Constance

Translator

*Much Good Writers of Japanese to
English Appliance Instruction Booklet
Translation School*

Despite the lack of a basic comprehension of Japanese or even English, Constance finds her schoolwork rewarding. "What are all those funny looking lines... Are they words or letters?"

A woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing glasses, a white cardigan over a white t-shirt, and yellow gloves. She is holding a black fork and looking down at it with a slight smile. She is sitting on a white surface, possibly a bed or a table. The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a framed picture on the left.

Tiffany

Rectal Hygienist

Jack Horner School of Prostate Massage

Tiffany is considered a pioneer in the still emerging field of Rectal Hygiene, adding, "If Dentists can have Hygienists, then why not Proctologists?"

You tell 'em, Tiffany. Now rinse and spit!

— Dave Pullano

editorial



Jeff -
You have truly
succeeded at failure.
You're fired.
Duncan

Chicago Pete

\$150 (w/19)

\$20000
By Tues or Else!
(get advance from Duncan)



Call Dr "K":

prozac
Zantac
percocet
crack



Victoria
555-6384

\$5000 / night
Plus Expenses

Tiffany
555-3816
25000 / hr



4:20 Tues
Staff meeting offsite

Bring -

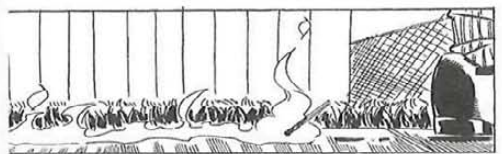
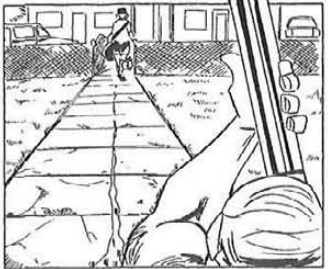
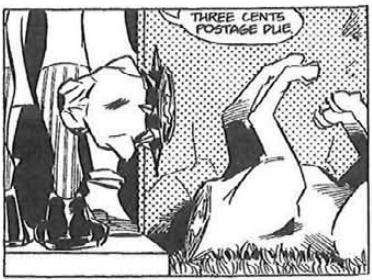
- 1) Liquor
- 2) prostitutes
- 3) Fat-free Dip
- 4) Big Cigars

Cleandra
2500 - Dial only
10% volume discount!

PETE

THE P.O.'D POSTAL WORKER

Writer
Marcus Pierce, Jr.
Artist
Pete Garcia
Concept
Mike Smith

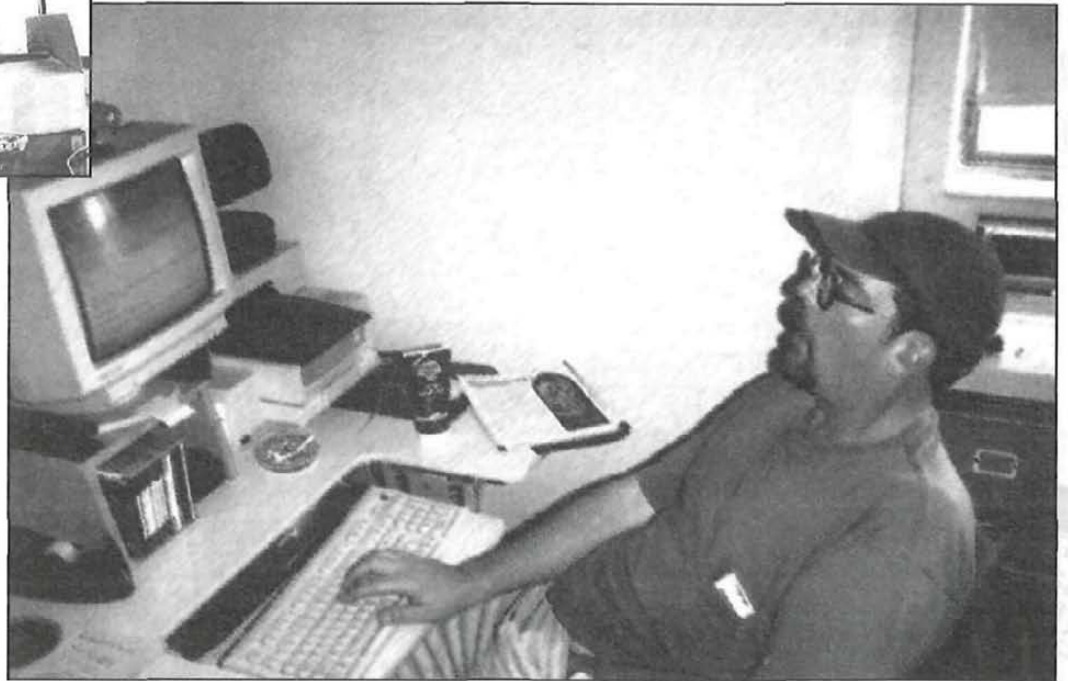


Find Pete the P.O.'d Postal Worker at your local comic book store or visit www.sharkbaitpress.com

MELVIN SPIVEY, NASAL SPRAY ADDICT IN:

OH THOSE! PHEREMONES!

AS YOU MAY RECALL FROM LAST TIME, **I** RAN OUT OF NASAL SPRAY AND WAS HURTING FOR CASH. **D**ESPERATE FOR SOME MONEY, **I** BLEW MY LOAD INTO THE BULB END OF A TURKEY BASTER AT THE **WOMYN'S FREE REPRODUCTIVE CLINIC**. **U**NFORTUNATELY, AFTER BECOMING AWARE OF MY BODY OF WORK, THEY REJECTED MY SAMPLE AND WERE INSISTING ON REIMBURSEMENT, INCLUDING SOME VIGORISH FOR SHIPPING AND HANDLING, ALONG WITH OTHER ADMINISTRATIVE COSTS.



I WAS ATTEMPTING TO PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON A PHONE SEX SCRIPT FOR SOME DOMINATRIX BROAD **I** HAD MET ON THE INTERNET. **I**T WASN'T **SHOWGIRL** OR **NOTHIN'**, BUT AS USUAL, **I** NEEDED THE CASH. **U**NFORTUNATELY, **I** COULDN'T SEEM TO PULL MYSELF AWAY FROM **U.S. ONLINE**. **I** WAS IN A CHATROOM CALLED "**MEN 4 HAIRY FEMALE ARMPITS**" AND THE BANALITIES WERE SCROLLING FAST AND FURIOUS. **I** MEAN, HOW MANY TIMES CAN YOU TYPE "**HELLO ROOM... M/38/LOS ANGELES**" AND "**ARE YOU HORNY?**"

HER NAME WAS **NORMA MYLES** AND, MUCH TO MY MISFORTUNE, SHE LIVED NEAR ME - DOWNTOWN. SHE WAS ONE OF THOSE LOW SELF-ESTEEM CHICKS...QUICK, EASY AND GRATEFUL FOR THE ATTENTION. **I** WANTED HER TO COME DIRECTLY OVER TO MY SQUAT, BUT SHE INSISTED ON MEETING IN A PUBLIC PLACE. **I** SUGGESTED **SCOTTISH** FOOD, BUT **NORMA** WANTED TO DINE ALFRESCO. FORTUNATELY, **I** KNEW A JOINT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN WHERE THE ODDS OF BEING SPOTTED DROPPED AS LOW AS **ANGIE DICKENSON'S TITS**.



AND DON'T WEAR ANY DEODORANT...
I'M ALLERGIC.



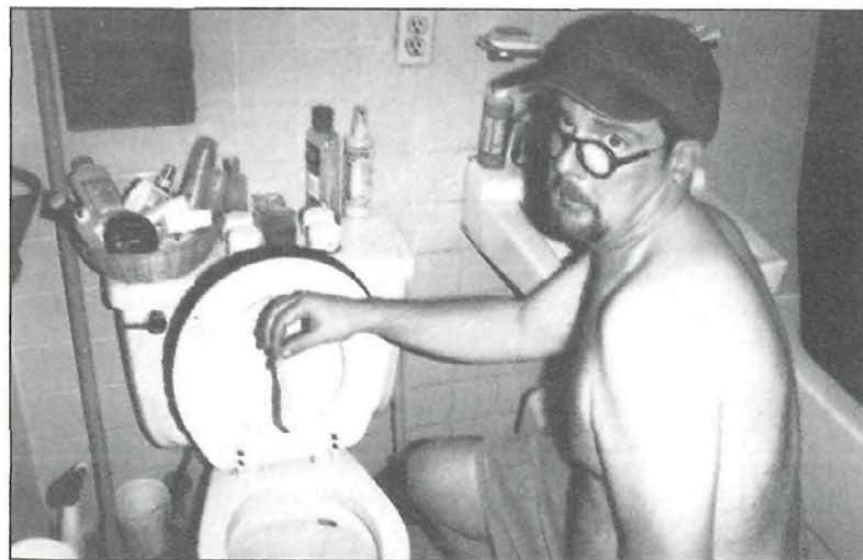
I'LL HAVE THE VEAL.

RAINFOREST BLAH BLAH BLAH... EXPLOITATION OF WOMYN BLAH BLAH BLAH... ANIMAL RIGHTS BLAH BLAH BLAH...



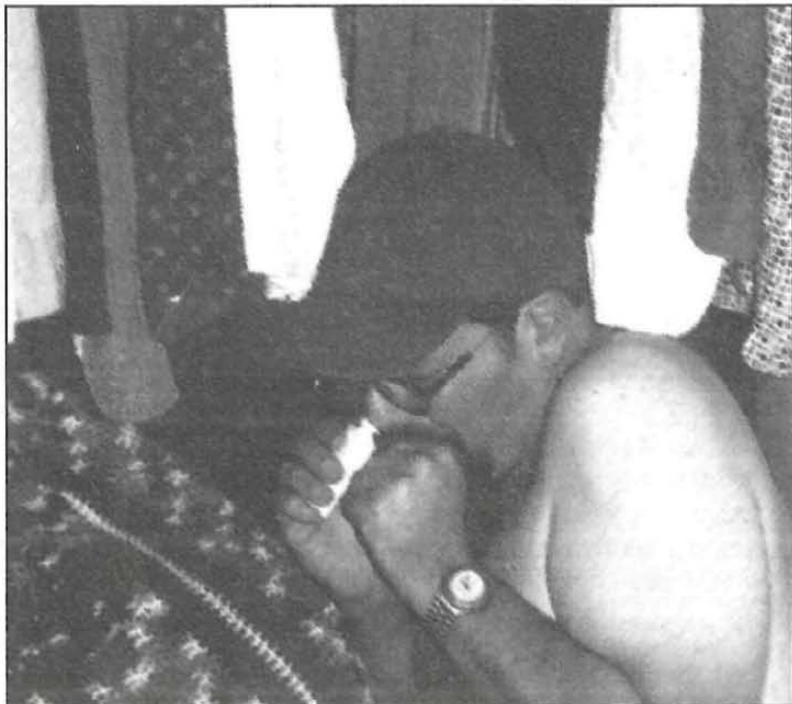
THE WAY **I** SEE IT... **T**HERE'S A LOT OF PHEROMONES IN THERE... **P**RIMITIVE SIGNALS THAT TELL HUMAN BEINGS WHO TO MATE WITH. **H**OWEVER, IN THIS PARTICULAR CASE, MY BRAIN TOLD ME THAT SHE WASN'T GENETICALLY COMPATIBLE... **B**UT **I** NEEDED TO THROW OFF SOME TESTOSTERONE, SO **I** SAID WHAT THE HELL AND GAVE IT TO HER ANYWAY.

I IMMEDIATELY WITHDREW TO THE BATHROOM, WHERE **I** OFFERED UP THE RECEPTACLE OF MY SHAME TO THE GLORIOUS REQUIEM OF A HEARTY FLUSH.





OWWW! SHIT...
TOP HOLE, BOTTOM HOLE,
WHAT THE HELL'S THE
DIFFERENCE!?



BUT AT LEAST I HAD
MY SPRAY TO
COMFORT ME.

—JEFF PILL

Dear Editors:

Nails and chalk board. Peanut butter and Spam. Martha Stewart and Marilyn Manson. A jew's harp and a hair lip. Proctology and chocolate candy inspection. AIDS and a fun day at the Ice Capades...

*Sincerely,
Things That Don't Go
Together Guy
New York, Iowa*

Dear Editors:

I'm down here with Rebozo and Mitchell laughing my ass off. Sincerely,

*Dick Nixon
Hell*

Dear Editors:

I've made millions. I've fucked Pamela Anderson. And I can steer a boat with my dick. So why the hell is DiCaprio king of the world?

*Sincerely,
Tommy Lee
Hoosegow Hilton*

Dear Editors:

Ayee em now reecher than my whoseband zo I let hem sneef-sneef my skeenee girl panthyhose while I chaze aftar black rap singars who are hung like a champagne bot-tell.

*Sincerely,
Celine Dion
French Canada*

Dear Editors:

If you play Pink Floyd's "Money" while watching "It's a Wonderful Life" with the sound turned down, you'll get a hard on.

*Sincerely,
The Boys on Wall Street*

Dear Editors:

Anonymous sources tell us that unnamed individuals close to the editors of National Lampoon who requested their names be withheld have revealed that all you guys like young boys. Care to comment?

*The National Media
Unlisted Address*

Sirs:

Even when I was a little boy, I Used to enjoy doing many so-called "girlie things." I collected dolls. I had tea parties. And I even liked to play with my vagina.

*Mr. Sally Renquist
Las Vegas, NV*

Sirs:

Here's an idea for a good sci-fi story:

The government figures out a way to dispose of old car tires by burning them and breaking down the smoke into all its original chemical components, which are then reused. Everyone thinks this is great until it's discovered that the government is also converting some of these gases into a horrid new chemical weapon! The story ends on a happy note, however, when it's revealed that the government only uses its new chemical weapon on the queers or Palestinians or something like that.

Actually, I'm still smoothing out the rough edges here.

"Macho Man" Goldstein

Sirs:

It's all fun and games until the cage door slides open and releases the hungry fucking jackals.

*The Zookeeper
Buffalo Zoo*

Sirs:

...Fill the corpse with gas, push down on its belly, and HA! HA! — Is that a fart sound or what?

*from America's
Funniest Autopsies*

Sirs:

A lot of people — parents, friends, my doctors — keep trying to tell me I'm "anorectic." Let's be REAL here. When I look in the mirror, I just see a plain old skinny girl,...a skinny girl who could stand to lose 20 or 30 pounds.

Barbie "Skinny" Gauntwood

Sirs:

Don't get too excited about going up to Heaven — unless you're really that anxious to start harvesting God's intergalactic tobacco crop. I hear the Catholics do nothing all day but shine His impossibly large shoes, — right alongside a gaggle of grinning fucking Baptists.

*Pope John Paul II
shooting from the hip*

Sirs:

Did you ever notice how sometime, after having sex with a prostitute, you get this low grade fever and sores on your genitals that SEEM to go away eventually of their own accord, only to discover — years later — that they reappear in a more lethal form that's completely incurable and painfully eats away at you till you die the death of a syphilitic madman?

Franz Schubert

Sirs:

How do you tell the difference between colon cancer and other cancers? Well, — for one — with colon cancer, you don't shit shit, — YOU SHIT CANCER. It's WAY COOL.

Pauly Shore, MD

Sirs:

Alright...Sure he's masturbating — but what he really wants to do is write children's stories.

*Billy O'Rourke
sticking up for crazy
old Uncle Joe*

Sirs:

Does this hurt?
How about this?
This?
Maybe this?
Damned if I know what the problem is.

*Bozo the Coroner
city morgue*

Sirs:

Do you ever wonder what happened to the guy who gave you your first swirlie? Well, I'm still out here. And every time I pump your gas...check your oil...and watch you lean across the seat of your Volvo to give your cute little wife a peck on the cheek, I smile and think about how much fun it would be to stick your fucking head in a toilet and flush it. Have a nice day.

*Gus
at your nearest service
station*

Sirs:

I live on the edge of a stretch of desert that runs between Texas and Mexico. One day, about five years ago, this Mexican fella came crawlin' out if the swirlin' sand on his hands and knees. He dragged himself up to my doorstep, and started sayin', "Agua! Agua!" over and over again. That's it — just "Agua! Agua!" Well after a couple of days of that he up and died and I buried him.

The thing is, just a few days ago I found out that "agua" means "water" in Spanish

Kinda funny me now knowin' that, seein' how I live on the edge of a desert that runs between Texas and Mexico and have a backyard full of dead Mexicans and all.

*Pecos Pete
now servin' agua*

Sirs:

I'm that creepy-looking guy you see hanging around the park all day. Just to put your mind at ease, I want you to know that — even though I'm creepy — I have NO PLANS to abduct your children for any sick, perverted sexual reasons, so you can all relax.

I do have one confession. After you go to bed at night, I take those missing-kid milk cartons out of your trash, take them home, and then violently jerk off to them in the tub.

*That guy from the park
at the park*

Sirs:

Sure it's all fun and games...until someone loses an eye.

*The Pirate Union
Local 631*

Sirs:

Why is it that the liberals never let us see statistics on how many people in Third World countries choke to death on food we send them? The way those starving jakalboys tear into them, I imagine it happens all the time, — although it's probably hard to choke on that fetid gruel we send over there in shitpails. But still, to hear the liberals describe it, you'd think it was our foreign arms shipments causing every single problem in the world and not our pansy food shipments. Typical.

*Chet
a young republican*

Sirs:

And I suppose it would be considered a sell-out if I had a tattoo on my back of some black guy shining a white guy's shoes???

*Clarence Thomas
trying to discover where
he went wrong*

Sirs:

I often wonder what kind of relationship Jesus had with God. The were after all Father and Son. Sure, God was good for helping Jesus turn water into wine and curing lepers and that sort of thing, but...did he ever take the boy fishing? Perhaps MISTER God was a little too busy for that?

*C. Werner
trying to stay awake at mass*

Sirs:

In my classic protest song, "Alice's Restaurant Massacre," I talked about how I avoided the draft just by being arrested for dumping half-a-ton of garbage. One thing that I always neglected to explain, however, was how I'd also hide a dead body under that garbage and ended up plea-bargaining down to a manslaughter charge.

*Arlo Guthrie
coming clean*

Sirs:

I cruised around town listening to the radio for a couple of hours and took time out to hoot at a few tight-assed broads. I picked up a free lunch at Sam's deli, snagged a quick nap, and parked at a 7-Eleven. After that, I hung around a taco shop and tried to light my farts with a Zippo I'd swiped earlier from some gook newsstand.

But...that's my job — I'm a cop.

*cop
Anywhere, U.S.A.*

Sirs:

We've tried "handicapped." We've tried "disabled." We've tried "ability impaired." Now I think it's time we got back to plain old "crippled."

*a real honest-to-God
crippled person
Tulsa, OK*

Sirs:

My dad took my dog Champ to the vet last week. Champ is a blue-ribbon collie and my best buddy in the whole wide world, so I asked my dad if Champ was going to be okay. He told me not to worry. He said that Champ was just a really old dog and sometimes veterinarians had to help really old dogs go to sleep for a while. Well, I guess I'm not worried, — but Champ sure must've been tired — all those maggots burrowing into his eyes can't even wake him up. Steady, Champ...Steady, boy...

*Billy
waiting patiently*

Sirs:

How's this for a superhero? — He's like the Hulk — only he's blue. And every time he eats spicy food, he farts a lot, speaks in broken English, and busts stuff up. I'm gonna call him "The Even-More-Incredible-Farting-Blue-Stinky-Hulk."

*Stan Lee
getting really old*

Sirs:

Well, Mr. Johnson, we changed your oil and your oil filter, checked the brakes and tire pressure, — your anti-freeze looks good — and we replaced all the belts. Now if you'll just stick your cock into my mouth, I'll finish up and you can be on your way.

*Sam's Garage and Blowjob
open all night*

Sirs:

A lot of cops like to pull over the broads, flirt around a little, and maybe get a little piece of ass every now and then. Me? I've never been like that. But I do like hanging around the Youth Center. Some kid's'll do anything for a six-pack.

*another cop
Anywhere, U.S.A.*

Sirs:

It's a shame, but I'll bet that if Stephen Hawkins had all of his motor functions intact, he'd sit around all day in a wheelchair anyway. I mean, what a geek.

*Carl
Washington, D.C.*

Sirs:

I live out in Lancaster, PA, in the heart of Amish country. In fact, the house I live in was formally owned by a typical Amish family. Naturally, I had to modernize the place a little. There was the electrical wiring, the plumbing, the phone lines. And I had to plug up all of those peep holes the dirty little Amish traditionally cut into their out-houses.

*Paul Green
Lancaster, PA*

Sirs:

Remember - there's no such thing as a bad boy...only good boys who start screaming. Then I have to stuff a rag in their mouths while I raunch them up the fudge tunnel.

*Father O'Leary
Parish of St. Brigit*

Sirs:

If all the world's a stage, and all the people are actors, who's the audience?

*John O. Public
Thinkin'*

Sirs:

What do you call a boxcar full of mutilated, dead men? A start. That's what you call it. See, I do have a sense of humor.

*Patricia Ireland
Washington, D.C.*

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



Big Night Out with Dale and T-Bone

From: T-Bone Peters (boner@letscore.com)
To: Dale Redmond (dillweed@dammit.com)
Subject: Tonight's Plans
Time: 2:36PM

Dale,

I tried to meet at Truth or Consequencers last night but the place was packed because an REO cover band was playing. We tried to hit Happenstance over at the Waterloo Holiday Inn, but it was closed for renovations, by the time we made it over to PJ Happernuts in Canandaigua we had consumed three Matt's Beer Balls and were not in any condition to write. If you're not doing anything tonight let's meet for Zima 6 ounceers at Chances.

Let's talk.

CHANCES

T-Bone



From: Dale Redmond (dillweed@dammit.com)
To: T-Bone Peters (boner@letscore.com)
Subject: Re: Tonight's Plans
Time: 3:24PM

Conspiracies



T-Bone,

The Truth Is In Here

Lance, Spider and I are headed out to Conspiracies after work for the "2 fer 1" Zima special, Tailgunners playing a BTO retrospective from 6 to 7 and we want to catch that. If you miss us there, we are probably going to hit Tattler's at the Ramada up on Route 270 just east of the old Holiday Inn Holidrome, strawberry wine coolers are 25 cents off regular price. If they run out (there's no reason to go to Tattlers except for the cheap wine coolers), then we will rally at Libels at the east end shopping mall.

Rock on,

Dale

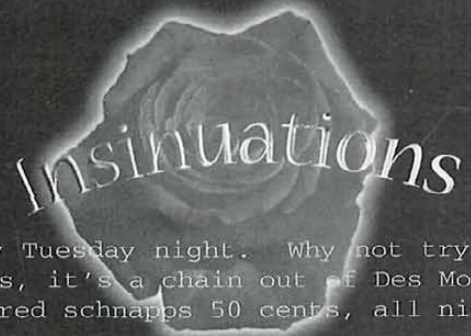




Big Night Out with Dale and T-Bone

From: T-Bone Peters (boner@letscore.com)
To: Dale Redmond(dillweed@dammit.com)
Subject: Re: Re: Re: Tonight's Plans
Time: 3:50PM

Dale,



I got your e-mail but we do the same thing every Tuesday night. Why not try the new restaurant out at Tri-County Mall, Insinuations, it's a chain out of Des Moines and celebrating the 123rd opening, all candy flavored schnapps 50 cents, all night.

If that doesn't work, how about going to the new Emotionarium out at the intersection of Mall road and the outer belt. They have a jukebox with the entire Muzak catalogue going back to 1982, you can buy box wine for the table, and their chicken-a-wing-ding-a-ling special runs from 6 to 6:30 (every time the bell rings, the first one to the bar that says chicken-a-wing-ding-a-ling gets a free chicken wing --no choice of sauce).

Getting psyched!

T-Bone



chick-a-wing-ding-a-ling

From: Dale Redmond (dillweed@dammit.com)
To: T-Bone Peters (boner@letscore.com)
Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Tonight's Plans
Time: 4:14PM

T-Bone



I think I'll just go out to TJ Cruisers... they have an "Eight is Enough" look alike contest. I always liked Jodie and after a few 1/2 price strawberry tequila freezers, who knows what could happen (in that case, maybe I should head over to Happenstance!).

We're leaving early today to try to hit Burbs out on route 45 before happy hour... you get 1/2 off if you have a pool pass from a housing development within two miles. After that, it's Echo's for an all you can eat celery and carrot bonanza, wineberry shooters, and the Culture Club cover band, Mistaken Identity. If we have time, meet us out by the Futon Store, which went in next to The Beeper Store, which is just down from Furniture Rental Gallery, which used to be Cut 'n Curls, at Hickory Woods Shopping Plaza.

What do you think?

Dale

Echo's





Big Night Out with Dale and T-Bone

From: T-Bone Peters (boner@letscore.com)
To: Dale Redmond(dillweed@dammit.com)
Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Tonight's Plans
Time: 4:36PM



Dale,

Thinking about heading to Recalcitrant's for unlimited pitchers of lemon-berry freezies on the Lido Deck. They have a "Bread" cover band, all acoustic, until 9 p.m.

Life doesn't get any better than this!!

T-Bone



From: Dale Redmond (dillweed@dammit.com)
To: T-Bone Peters (boner@letscore.com)
Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re:Re: Tonight's Plans
Time: 4:55PM



T-Bone,

Word has it they're opening up a new TJ Persnickety's up on Tallmadge West near Cap'n Festus Snickerdoodle's and Stinky Boot Mulligan's eatery, off the I-96 entrance ramp to Southtown North, take the Tri-quad access route instead of Belvidere North, two lights past the closed McFintrypooper's on Stateview East, then park in the Yarnbarn Outlet Minimall's back lot, they'll validate past six. Persnickety's has a dress code, so wear pleated tan khakis with an off color golf shirt, starched collar, preferably all-cotton, brand-name. **Par-té!!!**

Dale





Big Night Out with Dale and T-Bone



From: T-Bone Peters (boner@letscore.com)
To: Dale Redmond (dillweed@dammit.com)
Subject: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Tonight's Plans
Time: 5:02PM

Dale,

Check this out... I heard on the Q92 concert line that Razormutt with Sargeant Fuzzyface and Calypso will be at Validations, doors open at 8 p.m., Q92 Brewcrew Rockers get in half-price.

Comedy at the Gigglehut in Paramus, exit 42B-13, in the Octaplex TriquadCenter, brings funnyman Randy Fontana and his California Cartel comedy team with "Buggin" star Rasheed Winstin.

Gleamers Fun House Saloon and Emporium presents the "Yes" tribute band "Hypothesis" on the mezzanine level of the Tri-borough Ramada Supersuites Inn. Q92 Brewcrew Rockers, free Rootbeer Schnappers and jalapeno hot wing flappers with Q92 Passport card.

This could be the best night of our lives!!!

T-Bone



diary of a LOSER



Monday, March 13th:

Woke up with a cockroach in my mouth again. This is fast becoming a major problem, but, on the other hand, so is my my lack of funds for food, so... tomorrow, I think I might have to fight my natural "gag reflex" if another bug camps out in my pie hole. I hear they're chock full of vitamins anyway, not to mention crunchy...

Thursday, March 23rd:

Called my darling Lisa last night at 3AM. A man answered, all out of breath... Lisa said it was her brother and he had been doing pushups right before I called. But, hey, I'm no idiot... I think she's just covering for him. I think her brother has asthma. Poor bastard.

Saturday, April 3rd:

I hate to say this, but there's no getting around it: it's becoming more and more likely that eventually I'm going to have to wash my clothes. I did the "smell taste" this morning on a shirt I found crumpled on my bedroom floor, you know, to check if it was "clean enough." I jammed my nose into the pit area and took a big whiff. Next thing I know, everything goes black, stars and birdies are spinning around my head, sharp stabs of pain are



shooting through my brain, and, I swear, a midget in drag was beckoning me "towards the light." When I came to, I was lying on my bedroom floor, the funky shirt clutched in my hand. I wore it anyway.

Tuesday, April 10th:

Well, I guess it had to happen eventually: My constant masturbating has led to a severe case of carpal tunnel syndrome in my right hand. I can barely untwist the lid off a jar of mayonnaise. And, as you very well know, Dear Diary, my feelings about mayonnaise run strong and deep. It has always been and always will be a very important part of my life. But the same can be said for masturbating. So I'm in quite a pickle, right? When a man has to choose between masturbating and enjoying mayo, is it any wonder we question the existence of God?

Sunday, April 19th:

Called Lisa again last night at 2:30AM. My brother Sam answered the phone, all out of breath, and I could hear Lisa in the background screaming like crazy. Of course, I snapped. My brother being at my girlfriend's house in the middle of the night, and her screaming like that? Christ, it's obvious. There must be a fire! Why the hell does he bother to answer the phone? Get her out of there, I screamed! Save my darling Lisa! I slammed down the phone,

called the fire department and got right over there. Why Sam and Lisa were pissed off at me I'll never know. As they stood there on the lawn, firemen charging into her house, breaking windows and all that, I couldn't help but admire Sam and Lisa's smarts: they knew enough to strip down naked. No sense getting their clothes burned in a fire, right? The firemen said there wasn't any fire, but what do they know...

P.S.: I don't even want to think about why my brother had an erection. He always was a firebug. Thank God Lisa didn't seem to notice. If she did, she was too much of a lady to say anything. I'm a very lucky guy, Dear Diary.

Friday, May 1st:

I accidentally drank my own urine again this morning. Note to self: buy a label maker to clearly mark containers I put in the 'fridge. On the plus side, though, my urine seemed to taste better than the last time I accidentally drank some. Sweeter, I think. I have been trying to eat better lately, maybe that's why? Who knows...

P.S.: Why am I saving my own urine? Can't seem to remember why I started doing it, but I'm running out of room in the 'fridge. Not much space left in there for my mayonnaise. When a man has to choose between collecting his own urine, having enough space in his 'fridge for mayonnaise, and masturbation, is it any wonder he questions the existence of God, and has recurring fantasies of sending Fran Drescher a dead bird?

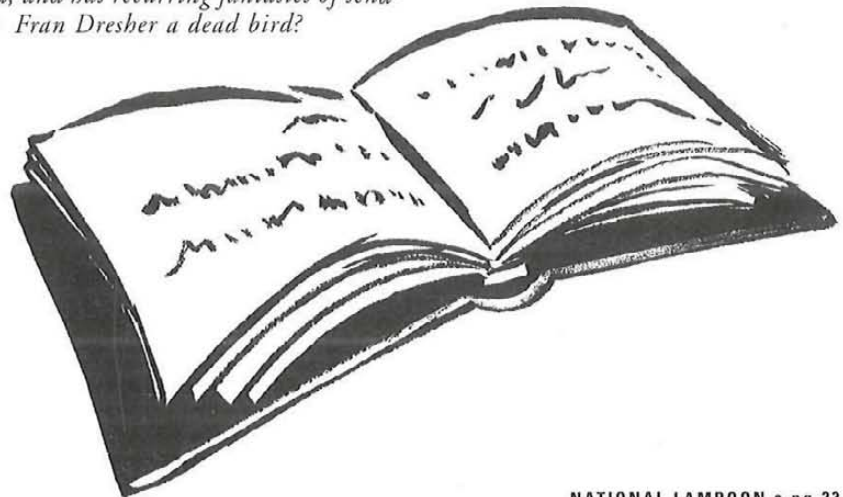
Tuesday, May 9th:

Surprised Lisa by showing up at her house at four in the morning, wearing a sombrero and my Spiderman rain poncho. My Mom staggered out, smelling kind of funny. Well, at first I didn't know it was my Mom, but after she peeled off the leather mask, it was her all right. My Mom barked out something odd to Lisa: "Keep an eye out for my wedding ring, bitch!" before she fell on top of some garbage cans by the curb. I guess she fainted. My Mom has always been prone to passing out and smelling funny. Lisa was so shocked that she laughed long and loud, her way of dealing with the stress of the moment, no doubt. She jumped up and down, and then my Mom's wedding ring somehow appeared, dropping down between Lisa's legs on the driveway. Lisa yelled: "Hey look at me, I'm a magician! And I polished yer ring for ya!" My Mom snorted out a laugh in her slumber as a neighbor's dog licked her oddly moist face. During all this chaos I could only think one thing: I'm a very lucky man that my girlfriend and my Mom get along so well.

Wednesday, May 21st:

Well, wouldn't ya know it, I drank my own urine again today...

- Jeff McCarthy



TRUE HEADLINES

Pharos—Tribune contributed by Willie Harper
Pharos-Tribune, Logansport, Ind.

AREA & STATE NEWS

Rochester To Add Firefighter, Lay Off Dog

A vote on keeping the 6-month-old Dalmatian street's dog.

Minneapolis Star Tribune contributed by Scott Jorgensen

Urine trouble now, police tell motorist

AUSTIN, MINN. — When police saw a man urinating on the side of his car during the weekend, the man had a ready explanation: He told them he was trying to thaw out the frozen door locks. Police said the 30-year-old man failed a random urinalysis test and was arrested for public urination.

Joint Campaign Seeks Marijuana Benefits Study

December 12, 1997

THE DAILY OKLAHOMAN

The Daily Oklahoman contributed by Liz Reed

The Ottawa Citizen contributed by Prof. M. Lindsay Lambert

The Bear drops Sunday Night Sex With Sue

BY HAL DORAN

Author explores Men's Passages

San Jose Mercury News contributed by Dave Parish

Man attacked with goldfish

The Toronto Star contributed by Mike Marino

collinsville Illinois Herald contributed by Willie Harper

Ronald McDonald
STATE REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICT 112

Praise for Manic-Depressive illness

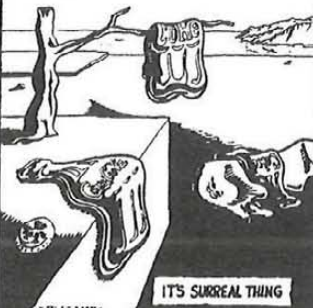
ARE YOU CULTURALLY DEPRAVED?

"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

AN IDEAL COMBINATION OF HIGH AND LOW CULTURES... WITH NO REGARD FOR TIME AND SPACE...

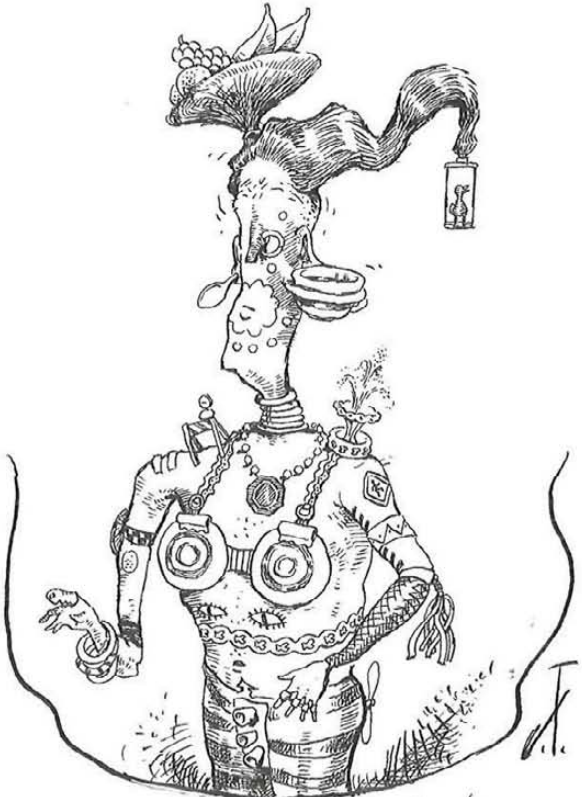


Cultural JETLAG

Send \$3 to:

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

IT'S SURREAL THING



second thoughts about the new religion

BUISNESS FOR SALE: SKAGGS CHICKEN RANCH

stInc.

THE MAGAZINE FOR FAILING COMPANIES



**THE SEVEN HABITS OF
HIGHLY INEFFECTIVE PEOPLE**
•The Only Guide To Failure You'll Ever Need!!

MASTURBATION
•The Key To A Healthy Work Force

**Simple Tips For First
Time Loan Applicants**

RECRUITING & HIRING:
Make It To The Top By Hiring The Worst!

U King OF THE RINAL

SCREEN SALESMEN

— The
Matt
Flitner
Story

Matt Flitner

NOV. 1998/\$5.95



...The Matt
Flitner
Story

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The year was 1987. I arrived in Boston three weeks after my graduation from the University of Connecticut, eager to carve out a name for myself in the competitive business world. I'd maintained a solid C+ average in Business Administration and was now ready to put those theories into practice.

Some of my friends were already on the business fast track, looking to make big bucks at prestigious banks and brokerage houses in Boston and New York. The road to success would be a long one with low initial pay and long hours, but these young go-getters were willing to make the sacrifice.



AL SCREENS

“Nursing homes,
restaurants and
office buildings all
need urinal screens.
Hotels, colleges,
even gas stations
need urinal screens,
The road to wealth
and happiness is
paved with urinal
screens!”

— Mr. Jennings

was too eager to wait for an imaginary “pot of gold” at the end of the rainbow. I knew that higher pay was available; it was only a matter of finding the right company. An ad in the Sunday classifieds caught my eye: MANAGEMENT TRAINEES WANTED, \$80,000-\$100,000/YR. POTENTIAL! EXCITING NEW OPPORTUNITY, CALL MR. JENNINGS AT (617) 555-8976. It sounded like just what I was looking for. Even if I only made fifty thousand my first year, I’d be in great shape.

I immediately called Mr. Jennings, who agreed to meet with me, but refused to give out any specifics on the job other than that it was an “opportunity of a lifetime.” When I arrived at the office the next afternoon, I was less than impressed, but was told that it was a satellite location. There were four other applicants in the room, sitting on bright orange vinyl covered chairs, nervously reading three year old copies of People Magazine. They looked like rejects from a David Lynch movie. One of them actually wore a tie with a golf shirt. After a forty minute wait, all of us were called in to the conference room by the mysterious Mr. Jennings.

“Welcome, gentlemen!”, said Jennings. He

was about 40 years old — part football coach and part used car salesman and wore a dark blue velour sport coat that despite its tackiness, fit him very well. “Does anyone here want to be rich?”, Several in the group naively raised their hands. “Well, you could play the stock market, or you could sell real estate, but that’s not where the action is nowadays. What I’m talking about isn’t just hot... It’s white hot! It’s a basement opportunity, not ground floor, but basement!” We all grew excited with anticipation. Maybe we’d sell a new type of super-computer. Jennings continued, “People have got to eat, and they’ve got to sleep, but most importantly, they’ve got to go to the bathroom. The smart players in this economy are selling urinal screens!”

I thought he said urinal screens, the little plastic screens that keep cigarette butts and other foreign matter from clogging bathroom urinals, but wasn’t quite sure. “That’s right,” said Jennings, “urinal screens!” We all looked at each other with disbelief, but Jennings continued.

“Nursing homes, restaurants and office buildings all need urinal screens. Hotels, Colleges, even gas stations need urinal screens.”, he added. “The road to wealth and happiness is paved with urinal screens!”

It wasn’t what I had in mind. I imagined drinking Cosmopolitans at some swanky bar, meeting a gorgeous model and discussing our respective careers. “You sell urinal screens? And to think I wanted to sleep with you!” The thought brought me out of my daydream. I excused myself from the conference room, ran out the front door and quickly drove away.

Four months passed since the incident and I was not only broke, but had maxed out my Discover Card as well. Mr. Jennings’ ad was still running in the Sunday Paper and I soon found myself back in that familiar conference room. Two hours later, I knew more about urine, toilets, wet cigarette butts, infection and odors than most people learn in a lifetime. I also discovered

“People have got to eat, and they’ve got to sleep, but most importantly, they’ve got to go to the bathroom. The smart players in this economy are selling urinal screens!”
— Jennings

the difference between a “salary” and a “commission,” the latter being the method of payment favored by Jennings.

The first day of making phone calls proved quite difficult. I sat in a tiny cubical at the antiquated offices of Urinex. The entire place reeked of bathroom air-freshener. Occasionally, Mr. Jennings would make the rounds and give people pep talks, but all in all, it was a depressing atmosphere. An old 8-track stereo with one blown speaker played the greatest hits of Journey, Styx and REO Speedwagon all day long. The cheap, highly-acidic coffee that Urinex provided its employees could burn through a stomach lining in a week. To make matters worse, motivational posters with sayings such as “The Name of the Game is Attitude!” and “Hang in there, Baby” lined the walls.

It wasn’t easy being a cold-calling urinal screen salesman, but I was determined to be the best. My approach was simple and to the point. “Is anyone currently servicing your urinal screen needs?”, I’d usually begin. This question was usually met with a “We’re all set in that department” or “Please stop bothering me.”

Ten days later, I found myself talking to Lisa Manks, who ran the purchasing department of a small restaurant chain. It was a coup. “What makes your urinal screens better than the competition’s?”, she asked. I described the strength of the plastic we used as well as the quality of the deodorizers. I even detailed the fact that she could purchase screens that turned the water blue or ones that made it pink, depending on her needs. Our high



quality product also came in three sizes: small, medium and large and were available with or without deodorant cakes.

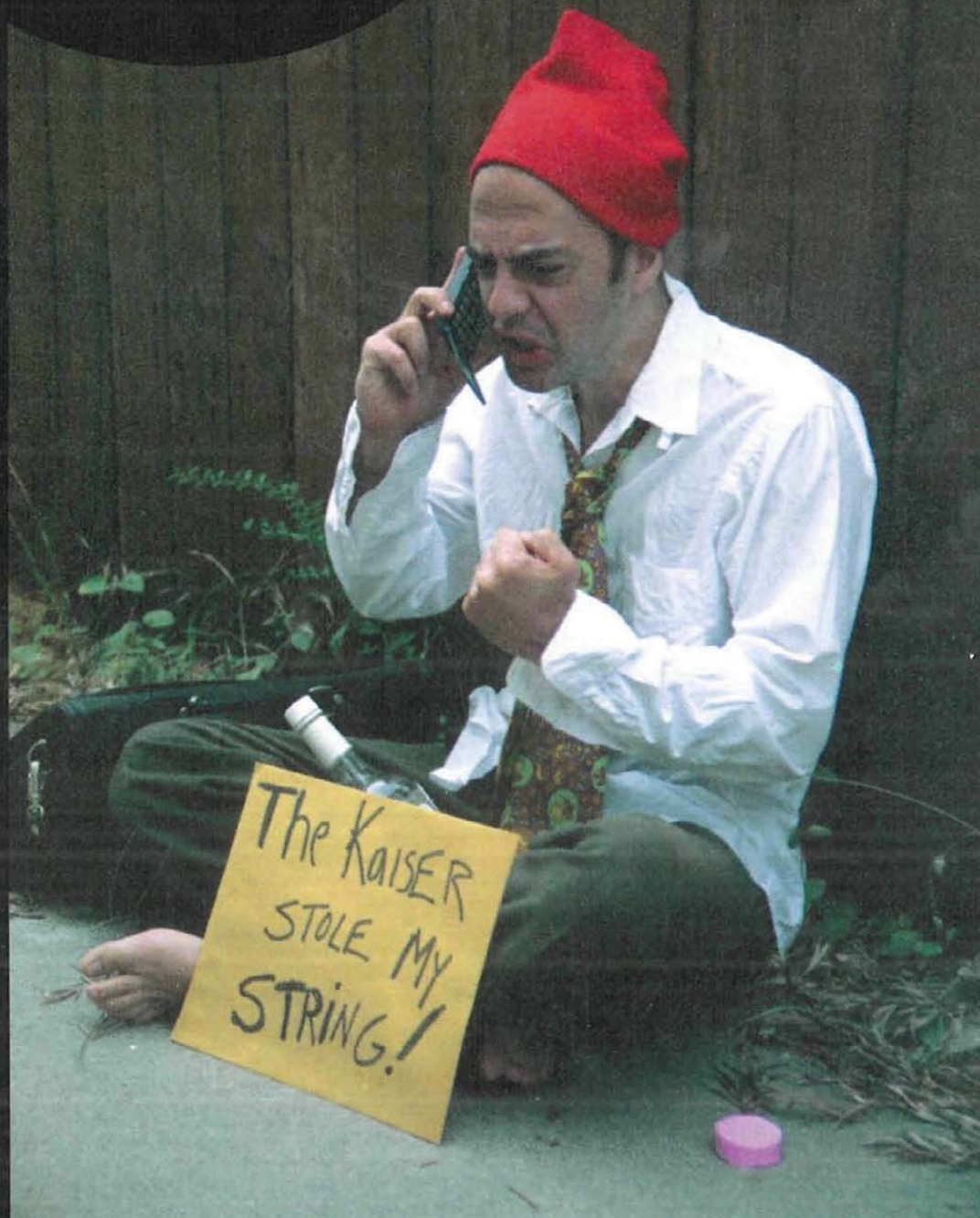
She agreed to meet with me and two hours later, I found myself at the offices of La Pizzeria. The meeting went well, and the I had an order of 25 screens under my belt. At \$2 per screen, I'd just made a nifty \$50 commission. As the weeks and months passed, I scored a few more sales and nabbed a number of small commissions. Gradually, after tens of thousands of cold-calls, I became a better salesman.

The months quickly turned into years. Most of my friends shunned me, partly because of the acrid smell of urinal screen cakes that had permeated all of my clothes. The hell with them, I thought. I persisted.

Over the next ten years, I slowly moved up the corporate chain, from Associate to Assistant Account Executive to Jr. Account Manager. I wanted to find a better job, but because "urinal screen sales" is such a narrow field (and because of the long hours), I could never market myself properly to other companies.

Jennings eventually left Urinex to peddle organic baby food. I declined his job offer of Product Brand Manager, which was nothing more than an Assistant Sales Associate. He was recently indicted when lab analysis revealed that his

Our recent ad campaign, "You've tried the rest, now try the best... with Urinex" was a total failure.





“special formula” was nothing more than sugar, water and wood pulp.

Lately, Urinex has been forced to compete against some major players in the bathroom/sanitary supply business. Customers don't seem to care that our products are “American made.” It's all about price. Also, the fact that urinal screens are the only thing we sell, making us “experts” in the field, doesn't seem to carry much weight anymore as a selling point.

Our recent ad campaign, “You've tried the rest, now try the best... with Urinex” was a total failure. The proposed mall tour was cancelled. Worst of all, my commission last year was only \$17,350. To add salt to the wounds, my dreams of one day running the company were crushed when the owner handed Urinex over to his 22 year old son, Raymond. In order to save money, the little bastard cut out the free coffee, though he did put up a few more motivational posters, such as “Teamwork” and “Attitude.”

Due to the low pay and the stigma of my job, I never had much confidence with the opposite sex. Needless to say, I eventually married an annoying, plain-looking woman with bad teeth. I was just happy to have sex, though that faded about five years ago. We have no children. My impotence ended up being a blessing. I recently moved out of the house and have been sleeping in my '83 Hyundai Excel.

Sometimes I ask myself, why? The answer is quite simple. I wasn't willing to make the sacrifices necessary for long term financial stability. I was part of the instant gratification seeking “MTV Generation.” Last week, Raymond switched our health plan over to an HMO. It was the last straw. I quit. Now I operate from the back of a parking lot in Boston's financial district, making imaginary cold calls from a disconnected cell phone. I've also become addicted to sniffing urinal screen cakes. Yesterday, I sold Kaiser Wilhelm II a hundred thousand screens, netting a \$200,000 commission. That's a whole lotta Jim Beam!

— Dave Pullano

Masturbation

The Key to a healthy workforce

by Dr. Stoddard Onan

Stress. Everyone suffers from it, or so they say. But what is stress really? Is it stressful when you can't get your boss to see things the way you do? Do we feel stress standing in those express lines at the grocery store only to find out that the person in front of us has twenty five items instead of twelve?

Scientists and doctors have debated for years what would be the remedies for dealing with stress. The irony is that the answer has always been right in front of us.

Masturbation.

Everyone does it, or so they say. But what is masturbation, really? Is it stimulating your private parts until your brain nearly explodes? Is it watching a porno movie slapping some foreign lubricant on your John Thomas? It's all of these and so much more. Masturbation is the cure that has been passed down from generation to generation.

Historians say that Napoleon used to polish his “battle apple” before taking on the enemy. Yes indeed, masturbation can help us through the grinding, pulsating, elongated work day.

Pros:

1. Relieves Stress, Relieves Stress, Relieves Stress.
2. Prepares high caliber executives for that power nap.
3. Great way to kill two minutes.
4. Relieves Stress, Relieves Stress, Relieves Stress.
5. It beats a meeting.
6. Creates a great seal for envelopes.
7. A good excuse to close your door.
8. For the Ladies: Great excuse to visit the vibrating copying machine.
- 8a. For the Ladies: Great way to kill 35 minutes (often more).
9. Works out the kinks before that all important date.
10. Starts you on that path towards becoming ambidextrous.
11. Makes lovely window dressings.
12. It gives a whole new meaning to hitting the rim of the waste basket.
13. Relieves Stress, Relieves Stress, Relieves Stress.

Cons:

1. NONE

Helpful Tips:

1. Shake hands with a Human Resources person immediately after.
2. Turn off the lights and pretend that you are hiding in the oval office.
3. Picture the office gossip gaggling on your Love Rocket.

Classes on Masturbation, creative visualizations, and buying appropriate lubricants help create a better environment as well as boost employees' ability to cope with the stress of the work-place. I personally like to close my door at 4:45, dim the lights, put on some Petula Clark, and get in a good weasel flogging until it's time to catch my train. This gives me the extra energy required to face my family and allows me to leave my “work” at the office. So, the next time you feel like stress is filling your life, take a tip from me and fill your trousers instead.

— Bill Robertson





Think Different.



Recruiting and Hiring Practices

for Executives on the fast track...

Finding the right people these days is like searching for a White House Aide who doesn't have a bone to pick with Monica Lewinsky. Top corporations are recruiting on college campuses earlier and earlier every year in an effort to attract the best and the brightest that our educational system has to offer. Candidates go through lengthy interviews and are scrutinized to no end. And for what purpose? Companies that believe that they are seriously upgrading their staffs and cornering the market on the next generation of executives are merely fooling themselves. Smart executives should get more creative by surrounding themselves with people who will not rock the boat. Who wants some recently graduated college punk coming in and turning the place upside down? The proper way to find yourself at the top in this candidate-happy economy is to hire "down."

Signs to look for when interviewing:

A weak handshake is a great sign that you will be able to manipulate and control this person to do everything from creating a new filing system to cleaning the gunk off the rim of your toilet seat.

Look for someone who will not make eye contact. This will come in very handy when you are lying to his face.

Candidates who don't ask good questions at the end of the interview are a great find. They are probably stoned and won't notice any discrepancies on their paychecks.

If the résumé tells you that the potential employee has been a waiter, hair stylist, or dance instructor and appears to be gay but is definitely still in the closet, hire this person, as he could be a great source of blackmail money down the road.

Candidates who have no stability in their backgrounds can be wonderful employees. After hiring, assign them to work on a project with someone who is in line for your job. In all practicality they will screw up something, thus leaving you no competition.

Candidates who are full of themselves, chew gum or fart during the interview are golden in my book. When it's time to downsize this will save you a great deal of work trying to make these tough decisions.

Typos and poor grammar can be great sign. If you need a document prepared for a presentation that you are not ready for, bring this person along to scream at in order to divert attention from yourself.

The person who has been on twenty five plus interviews and is still searching should be strongly considered. This person obviously has something wrong with him and the odds are that he will fit into one of the above categories.

The key to finding these people is having the proper recruiting strategy in place. Our experience tells us to visit college campuses and identify the freshmen who are sitting by themselves in the cafeteria, hanging around the campus psychologist's office, and hone in on the ones who call themselves 'Booger.'

Another recruiting strategy would be to find out who the campus "dealers" are. Sometimes this can backfire, as they may be Entrepreneurial Studies majors. If all else fails, visit the campus pub and start a game of Quarters. The good boys and girls will fall by the wayside, leaving you with an inventory of candidates that will bring you that new BMW you so richly deserve.

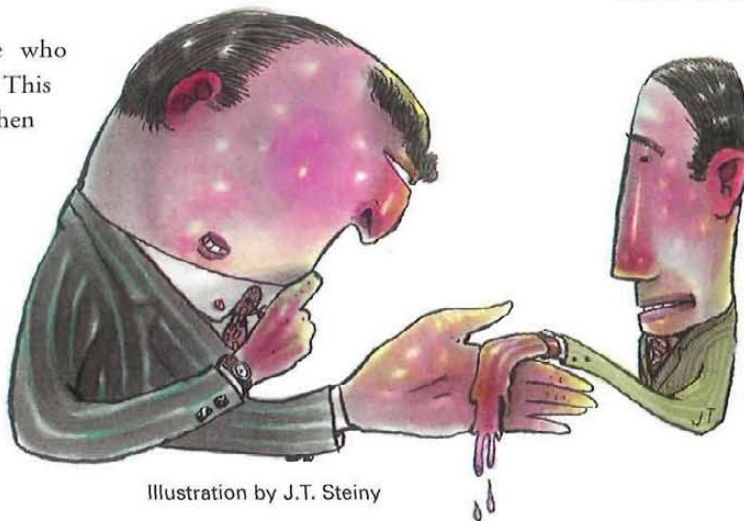


Illustration by J.T. Steiny

-B.R.

F A I L U R E

THE BORN FAILURE



Education: University of Chicago, Clairmont College, Stanford, Brown, University of Michigan, Miami University.
Job History: Teaching assistant, research analyst, bookstore clerk, home telephone sales.
Current Position: None.
Interests: Fly fishing, miniature railroading, reading, ham radio, conversation, gardening, puttering in the yard, wok cooking.
Goal: To finish the *Alexandria Quartet* before ice-fishing season.
Quote: "I'm a night person. I just can't get going in the morning. It's my body clocks. I'm working on changing them, but it'll take time."

SELF-MADE FAILURE



Education: South Central Michigan College (three semesters).
Job History: Machine-parts sales, options trader, rug-shampoo franchiser, sports promoter (North Atlantic Baseball League), part owner of import business.
Current Position: Restaurateur.
Interests: Money, good times, money.
Goal: A million dollars in the bank by forty.
Quote: "If I'm doing this well with two outlets, imagine what I could do with four. It's third-grade arithmetic. I'll make twice as much. This is the easiest business in the world. Frankly, I'm a little embarrassed to be making money this easy. It's like stealing."

SPOTTING THE FAILURE



As he adapts to a less prestigious life-style, the Failure retains certain habits and customs from the good years.



The Failure's wife must go to work to supplement the household income.



The Failure's children will readily adapt to new circumstances without interruption of their hobbies or pleasures.



TODAY WOULD HAVE BEEN MY THIRTIETH YEAR WITH INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER. I THOUGHT I HAD IT MADE FOR LIFE.

I WAS WITH AMC; WHEN ROMNEY LEFT, I WAS IN LINE FOR HIS JOB. BUT THEN I GOT TANKED UP OVER THE FOURTH AND PLOWED OUR SKI BOAT INTO A PIER. WITH THE FAMILY DEAD, I LOST MY TASTE FOR BUSINESS. THANK GOD FOR ERNEST AND JULIO GALLO?

GEE, THAT'S A TOUGH STORY.

THEY'RE ALL TOUGH. IT'S HARD TO TOP THE NEXT GUY ON THIS STREET.

batch, muff, fizzle, flop, fuckup, mess, muddle

THE DREAM

1. Doctor
2. Starlet
3. TV Anchorman
4. Filmmaker
5. FBI Agent
6. Drag Racer
7. Novelist
8. Heavyweight Champ
9. Actor
10. NFL Quarterback

THE DREAM REVISED

- Veterinarian
- Model
- TV Weatherman
- Film Reviewer
- Policeman
- Mechanic
- Reporter
- Personal Bodyguard
- Game-Show Host
- CBS Color Man

THE REALITY

- Pharmacy Clerk
- Hair Stylist
- TV Salesman
- Film Buff
- Crossing Guard
- Parking Attendant
- Ad Copywriter
- Disco Bouncer
- Maitre d'
- NYU Gym Teacher

OLD-MONEY FAILURE

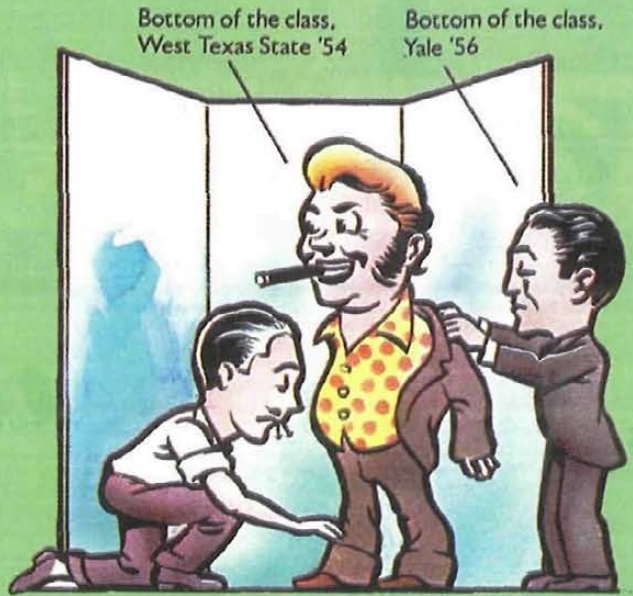


MAN: We can be damned thankful that despite these setbacks we haven't had to break up the china or flatware sets.
WOMAN: Now, if some greedy land developer would purchase the Beaverbrook property, we could keep Lake Stream.

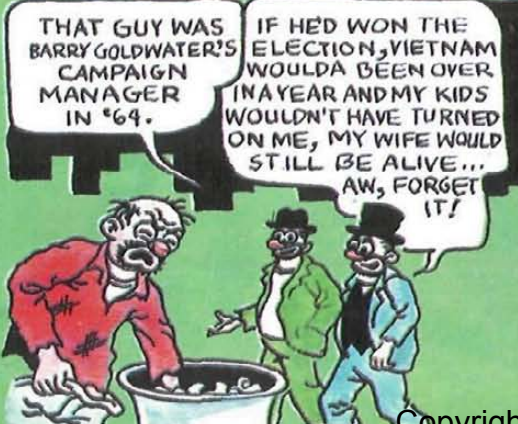
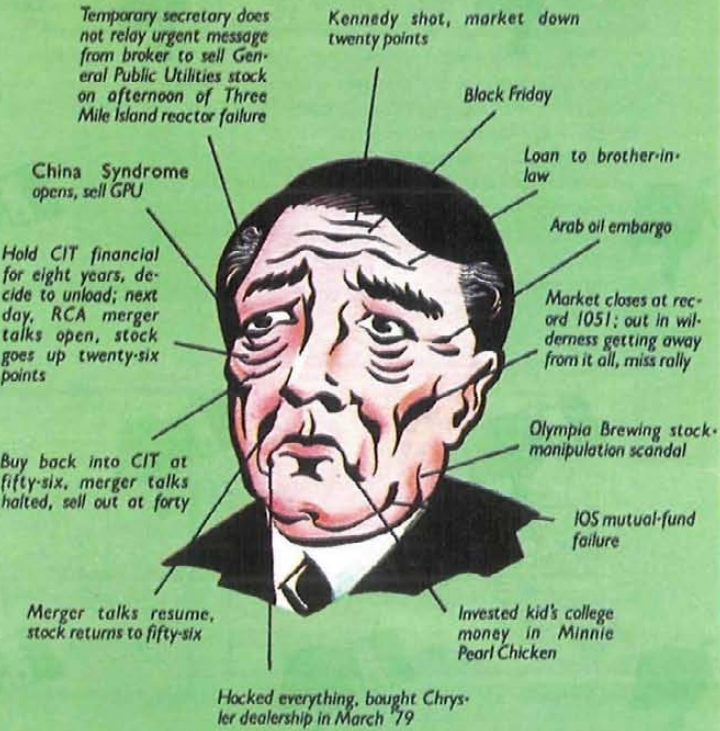
NEW-MONEY FAILURE



MAN: You have to keep the garage door down, dammit all! If people know I had to unload the Rolls, they'll know I blew it and I won't be able to put together a deal in Timbuktu!
WOMAN: You're the one who had to have the six-car garage! The most cars we ever had was only four! Why don't you shut up and go out and make a shopping mall so I can have some money to go to Paris and get my hair done like everybody else!



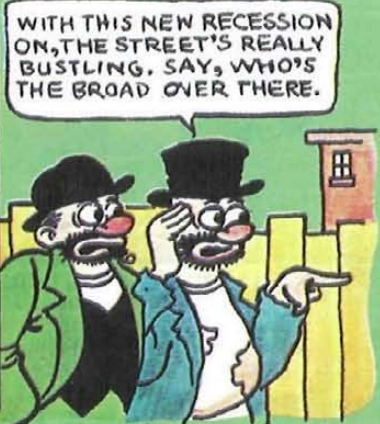
THE FACE OF FAILURE



THAT GUY WAS BARRY GOLDWATER'S CAMPAIGN MANAGER IN '64.
IF HE'D WON THE ELECTION, VIETNAM WOULD'VE BEEN OVER IN A YEAR AND MY KIDS WOULDN'T HAVE TURNED ON ME, MY WIFE WOULD STILL BE ALIVE... AW, FORGET IT!



EVER THINK OF GOING BACK?
WHEN I SLEEP IN THE COMMUTER STATION I'LL SPOT AN OLD GOLF PARTNER OR BRIDGE BUDDY AND I'LL THINK ABOUT IT, BUT...IT'S TOO LATE, TOO MUCH HOOCH, TOO MANY YEARS.



WITH THIS NEW RECESSION ON, THE STREET'S REALLY BUSTLING. SAY, WHO'S THE BROAD OVER THERE.



ANATOMY OF A BUSINESS FAILURE



Meyer Meats (1888-1960)

chicken
dried beef
salami

After founder dies, Irving S. buys firm, goes from wholesale to retail sales. Adds frankfurter line (1964) and institutional division to sell off-perfect and damaged meat products to schools, hospitals, and church groups (1965).

Irving's World's Finest Foods (1960-1967)

Kennedy Franks
Beatles Franks

chicken loaf
dried-beef loaf
salami loaf
tuna loaf

Institutional Products Division
bulk franks
chicken spread
sliced meat product

Business expands. Irving expands all lines, enters franchise-food arena (1966), creates frozen-food division to sell leftover restaurant food, buys chicken ranch to produce and supply his own poultry (1967). Wife heads chain of retail outlets (1967). Brother-in-law heads new investment division (1967).

Irving Industries (1967-1975)

Donna Products

Moon Dogs
Monkee Franks
Hippie Franks
Soul Dogs

Loaf Division

chicken loaf
dried-beef loaf
salami loaf
tuna loaf
pizza loaf
bacon loaf
sprout loaf
family loaf
turkey loaf
taco loaf
dessert loaf
dog-food loaf

Irving's Chicken Shacks

Sit-Down Division

broiled chicken
boiled potatoes
vegetable slaw
milk shakes
T-shirts
hats
stuffed animals
doughnuts
milk and bread
magazines and newspapers

Irving's Frozen Entrees

Sunday Dinners
Gizzards and Livers
Frozen Broth

Irving's Chicken Ranches

Cock-a-Doodle Eggs
Jacob and Beth's Fertilizer
Irving's Roasters
Irving's Broilers
Irving's Mini-Turkeys

Ada's Giftique

gifts
clothing
jewelry
tennis rackets
Grandma Lottie's Fudge

Floridico

Resort Properties Ltd.
CondominiumCo
Sunshine Rentals

The overextended, cash-poor, mis-managed firm falls prey to '73-'75 economic downturn, gas shortage, tight money. When debts are called in, empire collapses. Irving moves to Los Angeles to spend period of insolvency producing motion pictures.

Irving Productions (1975-1979)

movies
television
records
publishing
cable TV
T-shirts

A fictionalized account of his life is a flop at the box office, but the T-shirt sells twelve million units. New cash allows him to expand.

Irving Promotions (1979-)

T-shirts
iron-ons
hats
running shorts

Irving Quality Meats
chicken roll
beef roll
salami roll



USED TO BE AN AD EXEC. TOO MUCH PRESSURE. HUSBAND LEFT HER BECAUSE HE WANTED KIDS, LOST HER SHIRT IN THE MARKET, HIT THE BOTTLE ... SAME OLD STORY.

MY BROKER WAS B.F. HUTTON AND HE SAID...



CAN I PENCIL YOU IN FOR LUNCH?

@!#!

LOVE TO, BILL, BUT I'VE MADE PLANS TO DROP IN AT THE CLUB AND EAT WHAT'S LEFT OF THE BREAKFAST PLATES.

Skag's Chicken Ranch

The Business:

How's this for a break from the corporate treadmill... A discount house of prostitution, known as the last resort of showgirls, mistresses and other whores in the greater Las Vegas environs.

Price:

\$875,000 (does not include \$50,000 worth of rash ointment stored in back room). With a \$5,000 down payment, owner financing is possible for 10 years at 32% (including weekly vig).

Outlook:

After a smashing start in the 1960's, Skag's fell on hard times in 1996, when most of the "hoors" were diagnosed with scabies.

Financing:

Maloccia, Fleecem & Vigorish Venture Capital Fund

Price Rationale:

It is what it is... and there ain't nothin' we could do about it.

Pros:

Plenty of these... and they work cheap!

Cons:

Plenty of these too... Just make sure to get their money up front, AFTER you send them through the metal detector.

Financials

Year	Gross Revenues	Recast Earnings*
1995	\$ 547,000	\$ 498,000
1996	\$ 56,000	\$ 5,500
1997	\$ 32,000	(\$ 13,000)

*before interest, payoffs, and "insurance" premiums

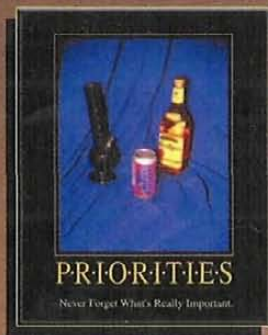


—Jeff Pill

Illustration by J.T. Steiny

UNSUCCESSORIES

• TOOLS FOR PERSONAL AND TEAM FAILURE •



Motivational Posters

"Brass-Like" Lapel pins



In Lieu of a Raise,
Here's a Piece of Granite!

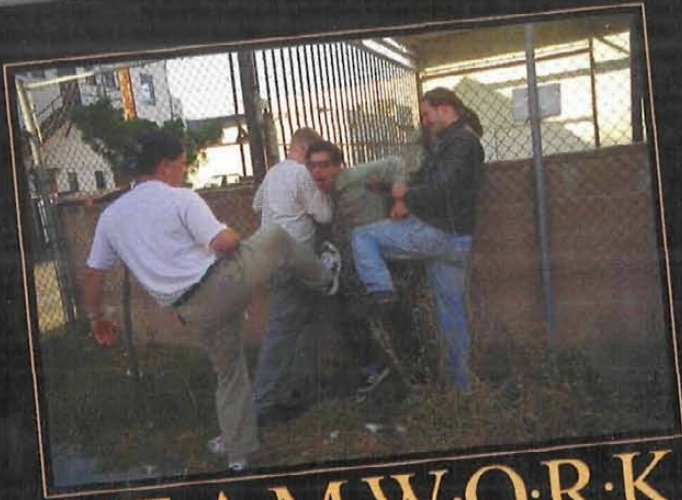
Dan Scott

Thanks for 30 Years of Service!

Granite Plaques

PARANOID? FIRE YOUR EMPLOYEES!

Why waste money on raises or nice vacations when you can inspire your employees with these cheap posters!



T·E·A·M·W·O·R·K

There's no "I" in Teamwork, just "me".

Let's face it, employees suck - almost as much as customers. When they're not stealing or making personal phone calls, they're probably downloading porn on the Internet. There's nothing like a cheap poster to motivate your workers and increase the bottom line!

Motivational Posters
7564.....\$16.95 ea.



P·R·I·O·R·I·T·I·E·S

Never Forget What's Really Important.



O·P·P·O·R·T·U·N·I·T·Y

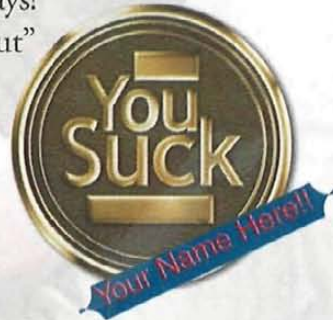
You Never Know When Opportunity Will
Open Its Bloodshot Eyes to You Again!!



Nothing says mediocrity like our "brass-like" lapel pins!

These beautiful "brass-like" lapel pins remind others just how cheap and cheesy your company really is. Use them as incentives for employees to work long hours, even holidays! They're also great to use as rewards for those who "rat-out" their friends for minor office infractions.

"Brass" lapel pins #5890.....\$3.95 each



*Now, for only \$5.95,
you can have them per-
sonalized!*

SUCCESS



You
Can't
Spell
Success
Without
"Suc"!

**FREE SUCCESS
POSTER WITH
EVERY ORDER***

*MINIMUM 5000 PIN ORDER
FRAMING NOT INCLUDED.



These poetic phrases mounted on "compressed wood veneer" will improve company loyalty and increase profits!

You Can't Spell Success Without "Suc"!

There's no "I" in Team, Just "Me"!

Like Gonorrhea, Your Attitude is Contagious!

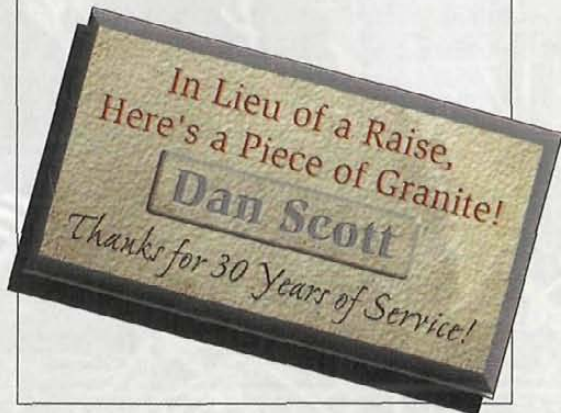
Stab Them in the Back, Before They Stab You!

Poetic Plaques #3422.....\$22.95

Recognition For Any Occasion ... *Personalized!*

Show your employees how much you really care for all of their years of hard work!

Granite Chunk #6741.....\$35.95



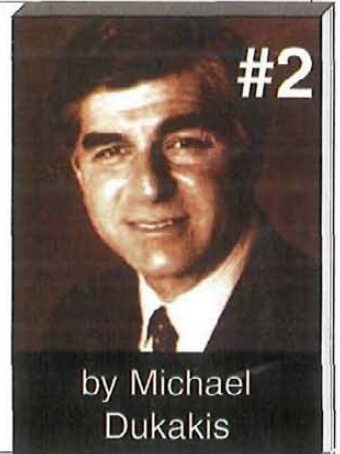
DISCOUNT BOOKS

Inspiring thoughts on how to be #2

by Mike Dukakis!!

● also available on audio tape.

Book #9234.....\$1.12



— Dave Pullano

an excerpt from:

How To Be Truly & Completely INEFFECTIVE

Our make-up, indeed the very determination of who we are, is a direct result of our habits. If we want to be labeled by our friends and peers as being an ineffective ball of waste, then we need to perfect habits of ineffectiveness.

I have become a master of being ineffective in all my affairs. In fact, it took me ten years to write this book. I could only have accomplished this task because I had truly developed the habits of being ineffective. The seven habits that I will discuss in this chapter will start you on the road to being a truly ineffective human being.

Habit #1: Don't be proactive - Sit in a room and stare at the clock before a very important appointment. Pretend that you are glued to the chair and can not move. Watch as the hands revolve around the clock, making you an hour late for your appointment. The key is to show up late. This will help you to cement the habit of not being proactive. Let life slide. Concentrate more on which WB sitcoms you are going to watch tonight.

"It is a slow and lazy man who misses the race." --Fatty Arbuckle---Fat actor.

Habit #2: End with the beginning in mind. This is a habit that must be performed in a dark room. Leave your business, family, schedule, and kids behind. This is something that you need to do by yourself. Imagery, as I mentioned in the first habit, is the key to your ineffectiveness.

You need to imagine a project that needs doing. For example, picture in your head that your house needs painting. Think about going out and purchasing paints. You go into the paint store, take money from your wallet and buy the paints. That's it...you're done.

"I imagined myself to be a great actor."-- Danny Bonaduce--Partridge Family

Habit #3: Put first things first. - The first thing that comes into your head should be your immediate destiny.



If you think about masturbating, do it. If you want to sit in bed all day, do it. If you feel like life is passing you by, you have succeeded.

"Whatever I think must be reality."-- Charles Manson--- Killer Extraordinaire

Habit #4: Think "lose/lose" - Winning all the time can be so monotonous. The key to this habit is to follow your thoughts, not your instincts. Pick your mate based on your fantasy. If you can picture the person catering to your every whim, pick her. If the job seems extremely beneath you and will lead your career no where, pick it. If you are in a meeting with the president of your company and your nose itches, pick it.

"I knew that my views sucked, but I went with them anyway."---Pat Buchanan---True Loser

Habit #5: Seek first to be understood, then attempt to understand - If you can't make your point, then what's the purpose of listening to the other person anyway? Always cut him off if you haven't completely made your point.

Who cares what it is or what he thinks? You come first. Then, throw the person a bone and act like you are half listening.

"I never heard what anyone else said." --Helen Keller---Pushy Deaf Broad

Habit #6: Be a lazy shit - The exercise of all of the other habits prepares us for the habit of being a lazy shit. You don't go shopping, do your homework, go to power meetings, read the latest best seller, or even wipe your ass. Being the lazy shit that you are will bring you complete ineffectiveness.

"I stink therefore I am." ---Courtney Love---Stinky Hole

Habit #7: Dull your saw - Habit 7 is taking the time to dull your saw. It surrounds the other seven bad habit paradigms because it is the habit that makes all the others so much more fun to have. It is strengthening and enhancing the worst asset you have---you. It's a time to renew the four dimensions that make up your character--poor table manners, no sense of direction, bad timing, and foul use of swear words.

If you can hone these seven highly ineffective habits into your daily routine I guarantee that you will be destined to a life in either politics or the media.

- Stefan Coolcy Illustration by J.T. Steiny



CORPORATE Executive FLIES SOLO

(The Diary of Miriam Feldman)

When I quit my job on Friday the 13th in February of 1996 I grabbed my briefcase and business suit and threw them into the ocean.

It had been snowing since sun up. The wind was blowing harshly across the beach and there I was, screaming like a banshee and waving my skirt above my head. I needed to make a statement to myself and the world that after twenty years in corporate America I was ready to make it on my own.

After being released from the hospital with double pneumonia and losing two of my toes due to frost bite I was ready to follow my dream.

I had been the head of research and development for one of the largest pharmaceutical companies in the world. It only made sense that I should have the opportunity to cash in on this country's obsession with drugs and open my own Magic Mushroom Farm.

As a child I had loved working on my aunt and uncle's farm during the summers. Uncle Iggy and Aunt Sunshine, after leaving prison, had decided to try their hands at tilling the soil. Sunshine and Iggy lovingly cultivated Peyote Buttons. They are large green mushrooms, often used by certain tribal groups seeking spiritual hallucinations and bar mitvahs.

I felt that because of my formal corporate training and constant flashbacks from summers past that I had the tools to venture out and open Miriam's Magic Mushrooms. I knew that cow manure was going to be the best fertilizer for my processing, so I moved to Oklahoma, the land of large cows and small IQ's. It was a move made not only to secure ample quantities of suppliers, but to build up my clientele. Every retailer must remember the golden rule: location, location, location.

During the first few months, I couldn't keep a jar on the shelf. My mushrooms had become the hit of every country fair and vigilante group in the region. My secret was to mix in a little Hellman's mayonnaise and corn starch in order to give the manure more texture.

The one thing that I had not accounted for was having to hire a tester to taste my produce. Being a perfectionist, it was time for me to wear two hats.

After consuming over two hundred and fifty of my mushrooms in a three month period, things around the farm were starting to get a little out of hand. My Steve Forbes look-a-like scarecrow started asking for a raise and I found myself face to face with my inner child. Since I had planned to go solo this was becoming quite the problem. I also couldn't afford the workers compensation.

By the spring of '97 the cow manure in Oklahoma had dried up. Something to do with mad cow disease is what they said. I think that it was a conspiracy being created by the FBI, CIA, and my detox counselor. But I digress. I needed to replace the cow manure quickly because of the back orders that were starting to pile up. And Steve and my inner child were not willing to even raise a finger. **THOSE BASTARDS!!!!**

So, being the problem solver that I had grown up to be, I came up with the

very next best thing. A mile down the road from my farm was a football field for the local high school. Oklahoma is a huge football state, they had installed close to 50 portapotties. It was a God-send. I would wait until the games were over, take my trusty sewage treatment hose and syphon out the human waste for further human consumption. I was able to cut my material costs in half as I wasn't receiving any invoices from the portapotty clientele. It was free shit. Who could have asked for more?

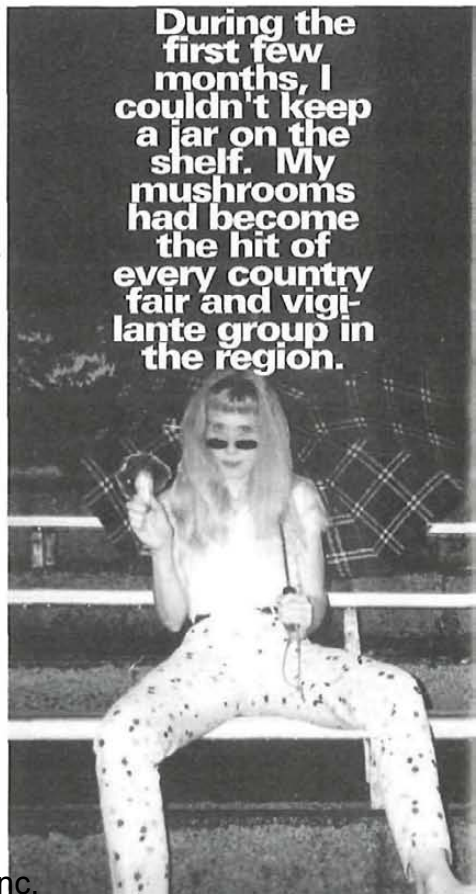
The human waste seemed to be doing the trick. My gardens were gleaming just as they had in the past. The only side effect, which I did not even notice until the Board of Health brought it to my attention, was the incredible stench that had driven most of my neighbors out of their homes. I noticed several moving vans coming into the neighborhood, one right after another. I attributed it to a losing football season. I also had a mishap when my sewage treatment hose had dislodged and sent a stream of waste into the bleachers and drenched about 100 of the fans. And their visiting team's cheerleading squad.

I eventually had to close down the farm due to the Board of Health's constant complaints as well as the fact that the portapotties had dried up as well. No fans meant no one to eat the chili dogs and pigs knuckles which led to... no shit.

I feel that I've learned a valuable lesson, though. Being an entrepreneur is a worthy goal to have, but you know that it's time to get out when the shit hits the fan.

- Bill Robertson

During the first few months, I couldn't keep a jar on the shelf. My mushrooms had become the hit of every country fair and vigilante group in the region.





Simple Tips For First Time Business Loan Applicants

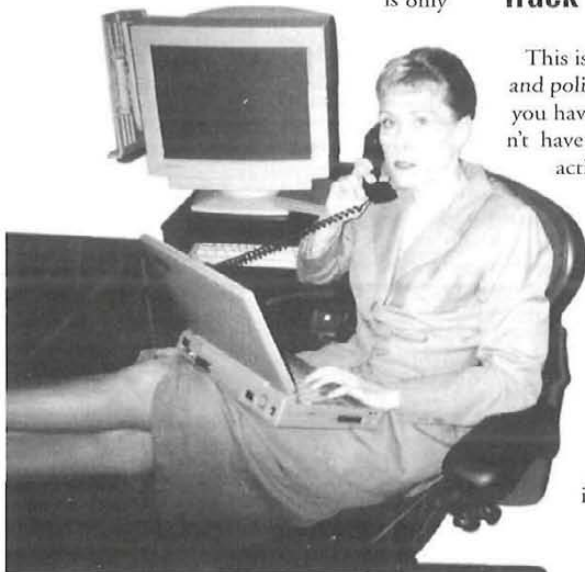
ay Flannick, Jr. was the Senior writer on "Snazzy Weekly's" January cover story, "The Rednecks of Accounting."

Here he explores one of his favorite themes: how young companies are looted by desperate drunken computer executives. Readers hated the story and some NASDAQ market traders egged his home and neutered his dog, "Lucky". His book, *Teach your Monkey to trade Bonds at Home*, set a record for sales losses by MacMillan Publishing. The National Press Association named the book "Most likely to be used as a butt plug." Here he gives his insights into corporate borrowing.

Simple Tips For First Time Business Loan Applicants

Tip One - Your Company Name

Banks are still on the good ol' boy system of loaning to companies with cool names with which they feel comfortable. So choose a name like "John Elway Janitorial" or "Quentin Tarantino Auto Body" to add a measure of credibility to your operation. Don't worry if they sue! It is only



the bank's money you're losing - and maybe you'll meet a star in court! Other great names are ones such as "ABC Company" or "Smith Furniture" that are generic enough that the bank will go after someone else when you don't pay your installments. It's a win - win situation for you!

Tip Two - A Winning Product or Service

You must show that you build a better product or offer a superior service. Banks love marketing research, but it can be very expensive. So just don't do it! Instead compile a 70-100 page bound report, chock full of random graphs and charts (these can be pulled from other companies' web sites). On the cover of the report type your company's name and "Technical Analysis of

Empirical Data for all Fifty States." No one in his right mind would even take the time to read such mind numbing crap. If readers skim through it they will see nothing but well produced graphs. Hopefully they miss the color photos of Steve Jobs. You'll look like a genius!

Tip Three - A Strong Track Record

This is a good time to bury your felonies and police record under the many charities you have headed up this year. So you didn't have the time for the extracurricular activities you wanted to be involved in, and maybe you didn't even care at all. Do not worry! All you need is a phone book. Look up "Charitable Organizations," then start typing.

While we're on the subject of your resume, remember it is not what jobs you have held but how you state them that counts. For instance...

French Fry boy for McDonalds = Headed Strategic Planning for High Turn-over Assets at Fortune Five Hundred Company.

Waiter at Planet Hollywood = Managed Local Distribution for a National Food Service chain.

Shoveled manure at horse track = Executive VP, Hazardous Material Removal Group head.

Herded sheep in Scotland = Fashion Industry Quality Control - Fabrics Division.

Ozzy Osborne Roadie = Music Industry Consultant Specialist.

Tip Four - Obtaining Money from Outside Sources

Bankers are like your friends during late night beer runs to the liquor store. They understand you are broke, but they feel better when everyone chips in. So you are forced to get your brother to "spot you a few bucks" to please the main lender. Your brother is called an "Outside Source." He will not, however, have enough bucks to impress the banker, so you must consider other options:

A.) Get an equity loan from someone who does not care about credit, like your local Mob boss. His rates are high, though, and he might even kill you. Remember to pay him off as soon as the bank gives you your check. Fingers are hard to reattach!

B.) Rob a convenience store outside your neighborhood. It's simple and quick! The downside is that you have to invest in a ski mask or a half-case beer box to cover your head.

C.) Use your credit cards! "Double up to catch up" is a phrase gamblers use for this insane strategy. The best part is that it does not cost you a cent. The bank may foreclose on your home, and the credit card company may zap your wages, but it is a small price to pay for being a high roller - even if it's just for a little while!

-Paul Udouj

Franchises Available

Fondle Me Day Care Centers

Call for pictures and videotape. Not available on the Internet. Care provided by experienced ex-clergymen and Boy Scout leaders. And remember... "Girls under 7 - half price!"

Bottoms-Up Butt Tattooing Mall Carts

Easy to apply stenciled butt tattoos. Tailor made slogans created for the derriere.

Hummus on a stick

Ask Fred-If you're not sure, ask Fred. Who knows better then Fred?

Call 1-800-Fred.

Inquire about Fred franchises.

Bread and Shoes

a slow food restaurant catering to Russian immigrants who miss standing in line.

The Eye Patch Hut

Finally, Eye Patches with eyes drawn on them. So logical! A fulfilling opportunity for you to help people while making \$24,000 to \$46,000 annually.

"When did your eye grow back, Joe?"

Wink! Wink! When the Eye Patch Hut comes to your town!

The Office Boy

Technical Institute

- 1) Three Hole Punching
- 2) Stapling
- 3) Collating
- 4) Cleaning the coffee pot

Sexual Harassment Summer Camp for

Executives

"How to Get Off and Get Over"

Seminars:

* How to pick a secretary with a great rack. Justify hiring the woman with the biggest tits.

* Tips on 'Looking Under the Hood.'

* Writing a sexual harassment policy that works for you.

* Acceptable groping in the workplace.

* Learn how to con your employees into affirmation, giving new meaning to "Can do" attitude. Words like "No" and "I can't" will be removed from their vocabulary.

* Slap and Tickle your way to the top.

* Erotic pig latin - "Ucksay Ymay lckday."

* Utility closet sex...the art of avoiding the camera's eye

Recreational Activities:

* Develop accurate ejaculation aim while enjoying camp games of skill.

* Third leg sack race.

* Visit the Bob Packwood Bunk House for Forced French kissing.

* "Chappequidick Boating"

- Sailing tips from long time semen Ted Kennedy. Includes bonus lecture on how to eliminate that uncooperative employee...lab fees extra.

* The condom pull.

* BareBack riding-not an equestrian activity.

* Larry Flynt look-a-like contest, wheelchairs optional.

For Information on these Franchises, Write to : stInc, Box 50640, NY, NY 10043

— Jeff Pill, Tom Sage,
Bill Robertson, Ed Chavey

THE OFFICIAL NATIONAL LAMPOON

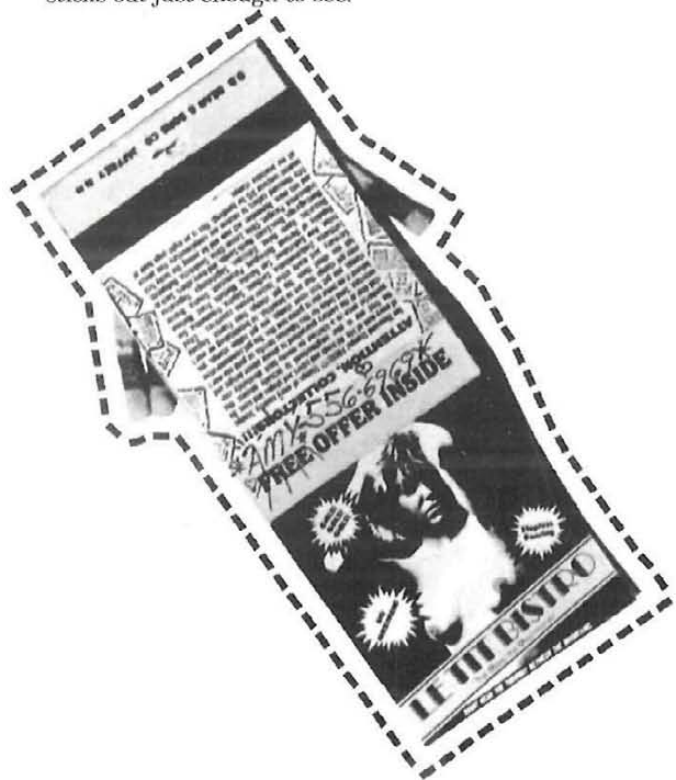


by Peter Kleinman and Heidi Berg

Attention, all you youths out there. If you want to grow up to be a rich, creative, happy, secure adult, then why don't you look around at all the rich, creative, happy, secure adults and see what kind of families they came from? You'll be surprised to learn that many of them come from "divorced households." Once thought of as a traumatic, negative experience for children to live through, divorce was avoided and not even spoken about in polite company. But in this enlightened age we are beginning to see divorce for what it really is: a broadening of the family unit and a means of letting family members explore the wonderful world of other families while still remaining within the proper legal and social confines. With the aid of your new *NL* Homewrecker Kit and a little resourcefulness on your part, you should be able to turn your present boring stable family scene into an exciting consciousness-expanding experience. When Mom and Dad split up, you won't be losing a parent, you'll be increasing your chances to become an heir apparent. Your new stepparents will want so desperately to be loved and respected by you that they will give in to almost any request no matter how unfair. Example: Say to your new stepmother, "Well, miss, the real reason Dad dumped Mom is because she was so stingy with us kids. Can I borrow a hundred?" You see how easy it is? Included on the following pages are specially designed visual aids for you to cut out and use in the clipping, uprooting, and repotting of the family tree that grows in your own backyard. With a little ingenuity you will soon be enjoying twice as many toys, twice as much affection, and twice as much cash as before. Who knows? You might end up with an extra-special bonus: real cute stepbrothers and -sisters who will let you have sex with them.

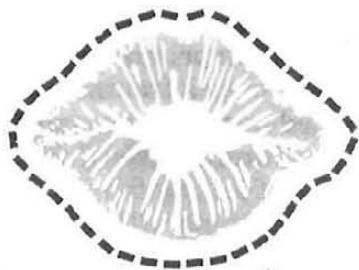
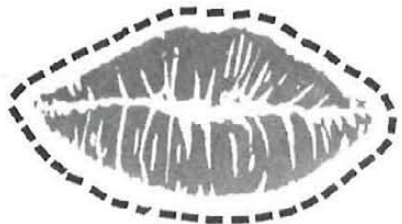
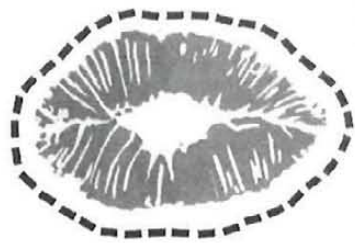
THE INCRIMINATING MATCHBOOK

Here's a neat little item that you can plant under the mattress, or better yet, in Dad's shirt pocket. Make sure it's a dirty shirt that Mom has to hand wash, and make sure the matchbook sticks out just enough to see.



LOVER'S LIP PRINTS

These are guaranteed to upset anyone. Put a set on the fly of Dad's golf pants, or better yet, on his jockstrap.



Joanette Adams

THE UNRETURNED MOTEL KEY

Wouldn't you be suspicious? Put it on either parent's key chain and just sit back and watch the show.



THE "ALL-MALE" STUBS

Put these beauties on Dad's bureau after he goes to work. There's nothing a woman hates more than a gay husband.



Who would have guessed that maturity is only a short break in adolescence?
Jules Feiffer

BROKEN FINGERNAILS

Several of these in the washing machine or in the clothes closet will be sure to grip Mom's attention.



THE "WHOSE IS THIS?" CONDOM WRAPPER

Place this little gem under Mom's pillow, barely showing.

RECEIPT FROM DR. BOB

Stick this in Mom's glove compartment and see what a rise you'll get. For even faster results, put it in her purse.

THE PLATINUM COATHANGER "Abortion with discretion" 77 FALLOPIAN WAY, SUITE 16 YOURTOWN		89364
Name _____	Date _____	19 _____
Address _____		
City _____	State _____	Zip _____
For Services Rendered: <i>For termination of unwanted fetus in anonymous underage clinic</i>		<i>\$4000</i>
<i>Don't worry about anything I swear the little messes will never find out about this little, er, uh, indiscretion shall we say Best Dr. Bob</i>		
05-427 4-84		



THE NAUGHTY POLAROID

Plant this anywhere that Mom might look.

LOVE NOTE FROM A STRANGER

This facsimile has been pre-ripped to add to its already suspicious nature. Leave it with Dad's tax forms, or better yet, in the crack of his easy chair.

but the most
sual of all is you. You
is, your hair, you're the
it mature loving woman I've
ver met. Your husband is a
ool. How my heart aches each
noment we are apart. These daytime
trysts are too much to bear. I love you
Dad.

HANDY HOME- WRECKER TIPS

In addition to the wonderful items included here, there are a lot of other things you can do on your own with a little allowance money and some time.

1. Get some really cheap perfume. Any brand will do as long as it's not Mom's. Splash it on Dad's overcoat, on his dirty shorts. Even put the bottle in one of his pockets.

2. Buy one earring. A lousy, ugly, flashy one would be best. Put it in one of Dad's golf shoes.

3. Get one of your girlfriends to call the house during the day and ask for your father by whatever your mother's most affectionate nickname is for him.

4. Get some guy to call at night when your dad is home and ask for "Sweetmeat."

5. Beat yourself up. Tell Dad that Mom did it while on acid.

6. Throw out Dad's favorite golf clubs or other sports equipment. Mom will deny she did it, but he'll never believe her.

7. Ruin all the blades Dad shaves with, and leave them in the shower.

8. Get some male models to come to the house during the day by placing an open casting call for males only in the local papers. Then call Dad at work and tell him you're dying.

NATIONAL LAMPOON[®]

P e r s o n a l s

(phone 555/125-6789 + Box Number)

Silicone enhanced, collagen injected, peroxide blonde SWF, looking for obscenely rich terminally ill man to share the rest of his life with. No living relatives, please. Box 7708

55 year old Redneck, seeks deaf, dumb and drop dead gorgeous SWF to cook, clean, fetch beers, vacuum in lingerie, and anything else I tell the bitch to do. If you like to be slapped and don't enjoy foreplay, give me a ring. Box 4174

This is Jake. I'm just out on parole, and I'm aching for a mate who likes it rough. If you think you're man enough, call me. Box 4545

Pathologically promiscuous GWM with several infectious diseases, looking for a soul-mate hung like a Swedish plow horse. If you like non-committal, unprotected sex, then let's meet for coffee sometime. Box 6642

Complete and utter failure in life is seeking anything that breathes to go out with me. If you're a female, call Gunther at Box 0032. Handicapped, blind okay.

— Taylor Grant

Arkansas bred SWF, seeks man with job, teeth, and a four wheel drive. Relatives OK. Box 2134.

Native Beverly Hills DWF, 66 years old. Seeks sugar daddy to help finance ongoing plastic surgery. Require bank statement prior to commitment. Box 7865

Incredibly beautiful and superficial SWF seeks man too stupid to know he's being used for his wallet. Interests include: spending money, gossip, and mud baths. Box 8907

Male bodybuilder with too much time on hands seeks hardbodied female who likes to pump more than just iron. My interests include: mirrors, steroids, and shopping for baggy clothes. Box 5678

Handsome SWM with complete disregard for women seeks gullible meat to add to my home video collection. I like "clubbing," and getting shitfaced. Your interests include...who fuckin' cares? Box 2435

The Punster's Dictionary of the English Language

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

CASTANET—V. Threw out a fishing snare or other web
CASTAWAY—N. Phr. The actors are out of town
CATARRH—N. Feline in macadam; creosote pussy
CATASTROPHE—N. Victory memento in shape of feline anus
CATERWAUL—N. Siding for a feline litter box
CELIBATE—V. To vend only a small portion
CERVANTES—V. To tend one's uncles' wives at dinner
CHAGRIN—N. A smile induced by Japanese tea
CLOISTERS—N. Pearl-bearing bivalves that stick together
CLOWNISH—N. A jester's potato dumpling
CORRODE—V. Authored or composed with another
CUBIT—N. A tiny fragment of billiard stick
DATELINES—V. To go out with large jungle felines
DELIGHTFUL—Interj. "There's plenty of oil in the lamp."

DENIAL—N. [*Geog.*] Principal river of Egypt
DIAGONALLY—V. To perish in excruciating pain
DISGUISE—N. [*N.Y. colloq.*] These fellows
DIVERSE—N. The part of a song that is not dichorus
DOGGONE—Interj. "The pooch has fled."
DOGMA—N. A canine mother
DOLDRUMS—N. Tympani belonging to a child's toy baby
DRAGOON—V. To tow or haul a hired thug
DRAT—N. [*N.Y. colloq.*] "The rodent."
DROMEDARY—V. To play a percussion instrument at milk farm
DREADLOCKS—V. To have great fear of the Panama Canal
DUMBFOUND—Interj. [*Colloq.*] "We've located the idiot."
DWARF—N. The dock

—Dean Christopher

TRUE (SEX) FACTS

ST. LOUIS - A MAN who allegedly knocked down girls and women, took off their shoes and sucked their toes was charged yesterday with sexual abuse.

Edgar Jones, 28, was charged. Eight girls and young women, aged 13 to 19, were victims, and all of them identified Jones in a lineup, police said.

*The Associated Press
faithfully submitted,
Ian Noetzel*

LITTLE ROCK, AK - Richard Fife Curr, a 29-year-old carpet cleaner from San Antonio, was charged with assault-bodily injury after Deanna Merryman, a nightclub dancer, said he bit her on the rear end, causing two puncture wounds. Curr told police she "backed into his tooth."

*Arkansas Demo. Gazette
faithfully submitted,
Ian Noetzel*

BRUSSELS — A court in northern Belgium sentenced a 55-year-old grandmother to 10 years in prison last week for taking part in repeated rapes of her three grandsons and one granddaughter.

*The Foreign Post
faithfully submitted,
Alan Sycip, Manila*

HARARE — A Zimbabwean man won a restraining order against his wife after telling the court she frequently beat him up and poured cold water over him while he was sleeping.

Describing his wife as "huge in size" he said she also "pulled my private parts" and frog-marched him around in front of his friends.

*The Foreign Post
faithfully submitted,
Alan Sycip, Manila*

LONDON — Elaine Davidson, from Glasgow, is one of the stars at the Bodyshow '97 this week. The international show explores all aspects of body adornment, including tattooing, body piercing, henna body painting and fetish wear. Elaine boasts 280 separate piercing over her body.

*The Foreign Post
faithfully submitted,
Alan Sycip, Manila*

A thirty-five-year-old Dallas woman was awakened by a partially clothed stranger who crawled into her bed whispering, "I want you, I love you." She quickly withdrew a pistol from her nightstand and forced him to leave. A few minutes later, the victim heard a knock at her door. Cracking it open with the chain lock in place, she was confronted once again by her assailant. "Do you have a light?" he asked her calmly. She got her lighter and lit his cigarette, and he ran away.

*UPI
faithfully submitted,
Steve Stalt*

Reporting on a Chinese sex education publication, *Time Magazine* noted, "The book warns that husbands who do not know the location of the female genitals can cause severe damage." The name of the book is *Girls, Be Vigilant!*

*UPI
faithfully submitted,
Barbara Taylor*

This classified ad ran in the *Houston Chronicle*. "Tired of fishing but like the smell? I'll trade you my 1929 antique gynecologist's table for your Bass Boat or small Tri-Hull."

*The Foreign Post
faithfully submitted,
George Dillman*

LONDON- An angler who failed for 11 years to catch a salmon in a Scottish river finally succeeded when he used a fly featuring one of his wife's pubic hairs.

"I tired an outrageously colorful fly which featured a tuft of my wife's pubic hair, the theory being that pheromones might work on the cock salmon as they do on me," the fisherman told the *Field* magazine.

"Sure enough, on my 11th cast I hooked a beautiful four-pound fish."

*The Foreign Post
faithfully submitted,
Alan Sycip, Manila*

GENEVA- A Swiss court sentenced a 42-year-old woman to an 18-month suspended jail term last week for beating her husband, an eminent lawyer, in a supposed sado-masochistic relationship.

For years the 47-year-old lawyer — who sits on the Lausanne labor tribunal — had been treated in emergency wards, suffering so many injuries that his face in photos resembles "steak tartar," prosecutors said.

Though a garden hose, cane and schoolbooks of "confessions" written by the husband were found in their home, injuries such as a detached retina suggested a lack of consent to pain on his part, they added.

*The Foreign Post
faithfully submitted,
Alan Sycip, Manila*

THEME RESTAURANTS

That Failed

BY AL JEAN AND GERALD SUSSMAN

Private Sanders's Kentucky Fried Liver Fingers

I LOVE LIVER AND I FIGURED everyone else did too," said Phil Sanders, a well-to-do automobile-parts distributor. Sanders thought he had a running head start because he had the same name as the chicken king. His formula for success was to simply copy the style of the Colonel, using liver instead of chicken.

The menu consisted of Sanders's own secret fried-liver recipe using 129 different herbs and spices, the liver cut into easy-to-eat "fingers." He also served kidney pie ("for the occasional person who doesn't like liver"). He drew exactly one customer—himself. "I don't count those wise-ass kids who wanted their liver raw. I know what they were going to do with *that* kind of liver."

Sanders sold his automotive-parts business and invested all his money in liver and liver futures. He now has a warehouse with over 100,000 pounds of frozen liver in storage. "In a way I guess I'm lucky," he said. "I've got enough liver to last me a couple of lifetimes."



Illustrations: Comp Art Plus

Mikey's Grill Room

WHEN "60 MINUTES" STAR Mike Wallace decided to open a sit-down-restaurant chain, he figured that using his own personality as the theme would lead to success. He trained his personnel to make customers as uncomfortable and nervous as possible. Waitresses were instructed to criticize the patrons' clothes, ask them personal questions, and ridicule their tipping. Customers, however, reacted negatively to being filmed with a hidden camera throughout the meal. "to see if they had anything to hide." Big spenders would be queried, "How'd you get all that money?" If you ordered a drink, the bartender would quip, "Order one more and I'll tell the world you're an alcoholic."

Worst of all were Wallace's personal appearances at the restaurants, where he would accuse customers of fraud and corruption, which would usually lead to insults, fistfights, and the soup du jour being dumped on Mike's head.



Big Wang Restaurant

ITOOK A MARKET SURVEY AND MY pollsters found that everyone likes big wangs," recalls Big Wang owner Mark Lichtman. "Women like to see them, and men like to own them." The Big Wang was called "the home of the twenty-four-inch hot dog and the three-foot zucchini." The menu consisted primarily of giant hot dogs, zucchini, and cucumbers. Each restaurant was decorated with gigantic plastic hot dogs and zucchini. Yet Lichtman encountered only failure, despite offering a lot of food for the money. It turned out that the marketing survey neglected to ask consumers *where* they liked big wangs. It turned out that they liked theirs in their homes but not in restaurants.



The Midnight Snack

THE IDEA WAS TO RECAPTURE all the fun and serendipity of a real midnight snack. Patrons were given pajamas and robes, and then they could "raid the icebox," which was stocked with midnight-snack food—slightly stale cold cuts, cheese wrapped in aluminum foil, partly eaten cans of hash, tuna, milk, and soda, and lots of unidentified leftovers in plastic containers.

"We just couldn't make a go of it," said owner Bunny Eastlake. "At first we kept regular restaurant hours, but people weren't in the mood for a midnight snack at 12:00 noon, or even at 8:00 P.M. So we switched our hours. We opened at midnight and closed at breakfast time, but that was even worse. Everyone was asleep, except for a few truck drivers who showed up and then nearly killed us when they saw what we served."



The Hospitaleria

WITH SO MANY PEOPLE CONCERNED about their health and diet it seemed to Ralph Tinto that the Hospitaleria was an idea whose time had come.

When his nursing home was subjected to an investigation by the district attorney's office for certain irregularities, Tinto had his brainstorm: eat and get a physical at the same time. In a matter of days, "Dr." Ralph Tinto's Nursing Home was reopened as the Hospitaleria.

The menu at the Hospitaleria was copied from the Pritikin diet. The patrons ate from hospital beds (adjustable) and were served by nurses. While eating Tinto's cuisine, which boasted of having no salt, sugar, fats, or alcohol, the patrons would also get a complete medical examination. Blood pressure, heart, and lungs were checked. Blood and urine samples were taken for further tests.

"I figured that with all the junk food people eat, my place would be a haven, a place they could go to every time they feel so guilty that they can't look at themselves," said Tinto. "But no one came. I guess people still want their food in one place and their medical examination in another."



MARNIN ROSENBERG IN

BAD LUCK WITH WOMEN

©87

SCRIPT BY JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN
ART BY DREW FRIEDMAN

THURSDAY WAS "JAP" NIGHT IN GREAT NECK.



SAY, MARNIN,
WHEN YA GOIN' ON
THE DATING
GAME?
HAW!

AH, THE UNTOUCHABLES--HUNDREDS OF STRESSED-OUT PROFESSIONAL VIRGINS WHO PERPLEXED REGULARS LIKE MARNIN AND HIS PAL LARRY.



YEAH, IT'S BEEN
TWO LONG WEEKS
SINCE I'VE GOTTEN
LAID... TWO WEEKS
AS OF FIVE
YEARS AGO.

CUCUMBER'S WAS INDEED AN ETHNIC BAR. THE JAP'S HAD A TOUCH OF FANNY BRICE IN THEIR GENES. THEY WERE MARNIN'S NATURAL ENEMY.



MARNIN DECIDED TO STRAIGHTEN A FEW OUT.



WHY DON'T
YOU ALL JUST
GROW UP...
OH, FORGET
IT...

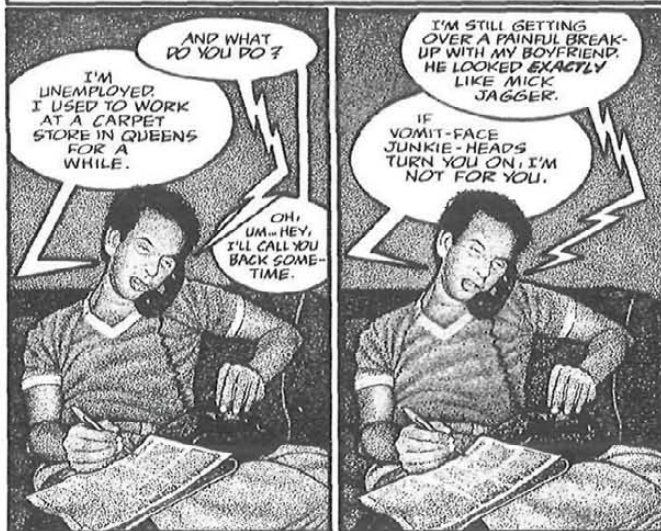
TO CAP OFF THE EVENING, THE GIRL WHO HAD BROKEN MARNIN'S HEART AND DENIED HIM SEX DURING A BRIEF CALAMITOUS AFFAIR RAMMED HER TONGUE DOWN LARRY'S THROAT.



WARNING!
WARNING!
BRAIN
DAMAGE,
B-R-A-I-N
DAMAGE!

WHAT
THE !?

DYING INSIDE, HE HAD TO ESCAPE THE BARS AND FIND A WOMAN. FIRST HE TRIED THE PERSONALS.



AND WHAT
DO YOU DO?

I'M
UNEMPLOYED.
I USED TO WORK
AT A CARPET
STORE IN QUEENS
FOR A
WHILE.

OH,
UM...HEY,
I'LL CALL YOU
BACK SOME-
TIME.

I'M STILL GETTING
OVER A PAINFUL BREAK-
UP WITH MY BOYFRIEND.
HE LOOKED EXACTLY
LIKE MICK
JAGGER.

IF
VOMIT-FACE
JUNKIE-HEADS
TURN YOU ON, I'M
NOT FOR YOU.

BUT THEN ONE DAY MARNIN GOT WIND OF A SERVICE THAT HE HOPED WOULD CHANGE HIS LIFE.

WITH A LUMP IN HIS THROAT, MARNIN BOLDLY SET SAIL TO SEEK RELIEF FROM A LIFE OF INVOLUNTARY CELIBACY.



WE MET AT CASANOVA DATING. NOW I HAVE SEX ON A DAILY BASIS. WHY DON'T YOU TRY THERE?



HELLO. I REALIZE THERE ARE AVERAGE-LOOKING GIRLS OUT THERE WITH GREAT PERSONALITIES, BUT WHY SHOULD I START WITH ONE? I WANT 9'S OR 10'S.

FEELINGS. NOTHING MORE THAN FEELINGS.

END LONELINESS OVER-NIGHT

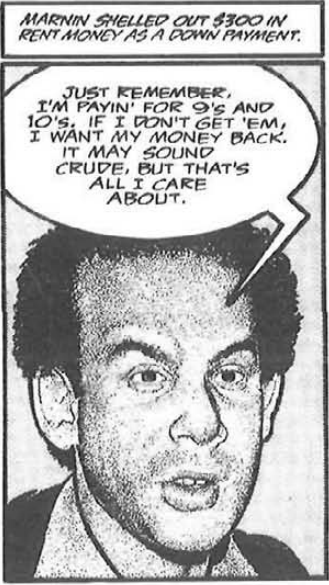


THE POINT I'M TRYING TO MAKE IS, I WANT A GIRL WITH A GREAT PERSONALITY; BUT IF SHE'S NOT VERY ATTRACTIVE, SHE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE IN HELL WITH ME. SO I MIGHT AS WELL START WITH THE KNOCK-OUTS AND WEED OUT THE BAD PERSONALITIES FROM THERE.

LOVE



I THINK WE HAVE JUST WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, MR. ROSENBERG. THE FEE'S \$500 FOR A NINE-MONTH PERIOD, WITH A GUARANTEE OF SIX DATES PER MONTH.



MARNIN SHELLED OUT \$300 IN RENT MONEY AS A DOWN PAYMENT.

JUST REMEMBER, I'M PAYIN' FOR 9'S AND 10'S. IF I DON'T GET 'EM, I WANT MY MONEY BACK. IT MAY SOUND CRUDE, BUT THAT'S ALL I CARE ABOUT.



ALAS, MARNIN WOULD HAVE ACCESS TO GIRLS BEYOND THE HOMETOWN HORIZON...WHILE, AWAITING PROCESSING, MARNIN EXPOUNDED UPON GREAT NECK WOMANHOOD.

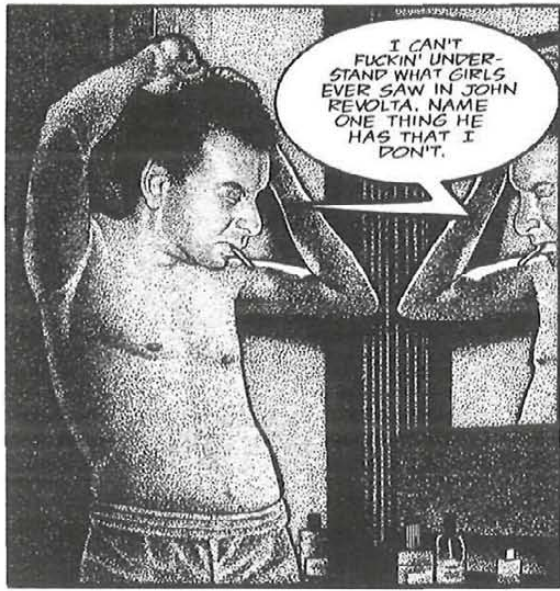
FUNNY HOW THEY ALWAYS ACT AS IF THEY SMELL USED KITTY LITTER. SOMETHING'S ALWAYS WRONG, AMISS.



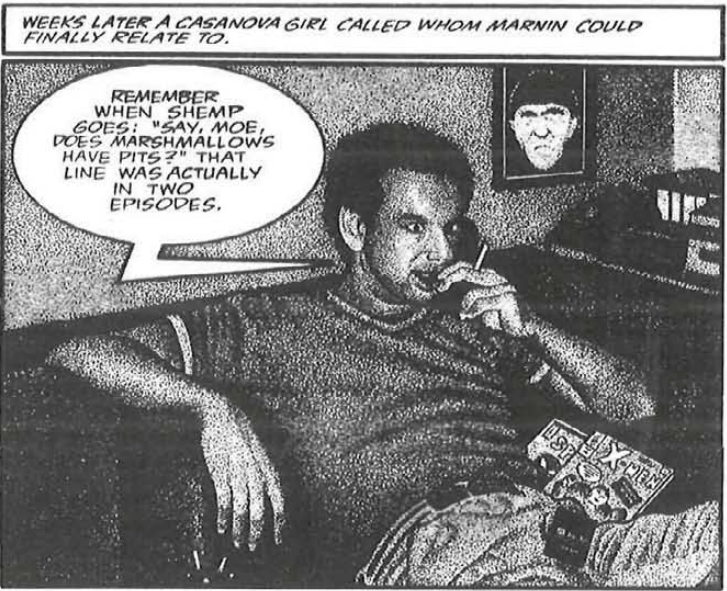
THEY'RE MATERIALISTIC. YOU GOTTA LOOK MACHO, HAVE COKE, LOTS A MONEY, A REAL NICE CAR, BE AN EGOTISTICAL JERK. THEY LOVE THAT.

YOU CAN'T SELL A CAR TO A JEW OR AN ITALIAN-- THEY'LL EAT YOUR HEART OUT. MY LOT SELLS ONLY TO NIGGERS. THEY DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, AND DECIDE IN A MINUTE.

GOT ANY TOOT-TOOT, HON?



I CAN'T FUCKIN' UNDERSTAND WHAT GIRLS EVER SAW IN JOHN REVOLTA. NAME ONE THING HE HAS THAT I DON'T.



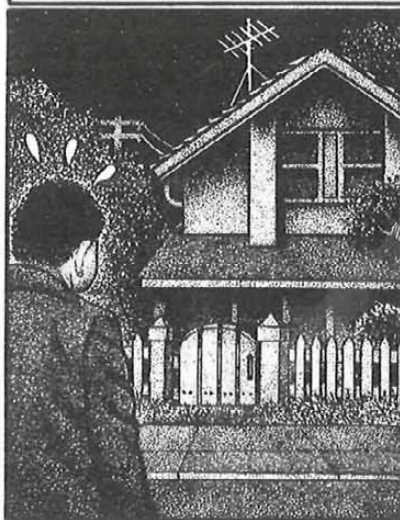
WEEKS LATER A CASANOVA GIRL CALLED WHOM MARNIN COULD FINALLY RELATE TO.

REMEMBER WHEN SHEMP GOES: "SAY, MOE, DOES MARGHAMALLOWS HAVE PITS?" THAT LINE WAS ACTUALLY IN TWO EPISODES.

THAT SATURDAY, MARNIN DROVE AN HOUR TO RONKONKOMA. HIS HOPES AND DREAMS WERE SET ON A KNOCKOUT, AS PROMISED.

THE DOOR OPENED AND HIS HEART SANK.

THE WAITRESS AT THE BISTRO WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN MARNIN HAD SEEN ALL YEAR.



HI. I DESIGNED THIS DRESS. SEXY, HUH?
THE NEXT THREE HOURS OF MY LIFE SACRIFICED TO FEMALE DOGDOM. IF I WASN'T SUCH A NICE GUY, I'D TAKE OFF...



SHIT. SHE ALREADY PACKED HER FACE WITH TWO... AND AT FIVE BUCKS A POP.
I'LL HAVE ANOTHER SUNDAAE. UMMM. YUMMY.

MARNIN'S DATE WAS A 32-YEAR-OLD "FASHION DESIGNER" STILL LIVING WITH MOMMY AND DADDY.



LATELY, I'VE BEEN WAKING UP LATE.
HOW LATE?
TEN O'CLOCK.
YOU CALL THAT LATE? GUESS WHEN I ARISE?
WHEN?
FIVE.
NOW. I COULD NEVER GET UP THAT EARLY. FIVE A.M. THAT'S COMMENDABLE.
OH...
NO, FIVE IN THE AFTER-NOON.

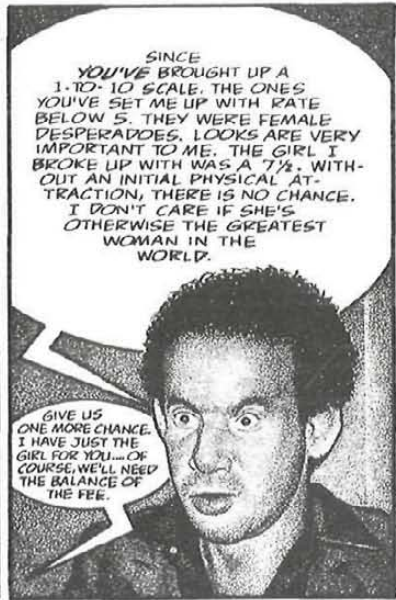


UGGG. YUM YUM. BRRAPP, AHHH, YUMMY, UGGG. I HAVE ORGASMS OVER SUNDAES!
WARNING, WARNING. BRAIN DAMAGE, STAY AWAY!
GOSH, GEE... TIME TO GET OUT OF HERE.

MARNIN'S NEXT CASANOVA EVENING WAS MUCH THE SAME.



REELING FROM SEVERAL DISASTERS, MARNIN RETURNED.



SO MARNIN HUNG IN THERE, CONFIDENT THE ODDS WOULD SWITCH IN HIS FAVOR.



PERHAPS THE DATING GAME JUST WASN'T FOR MARNIN.



ANOTHER HEARTY NIGHT WITHOUT GIRLS OR SEX IN THE 'BURBS. JUST TRYING NOT TO LOCK EYES WITH OTHER STRIKEOUT KINGS ACROSS THE BAR.



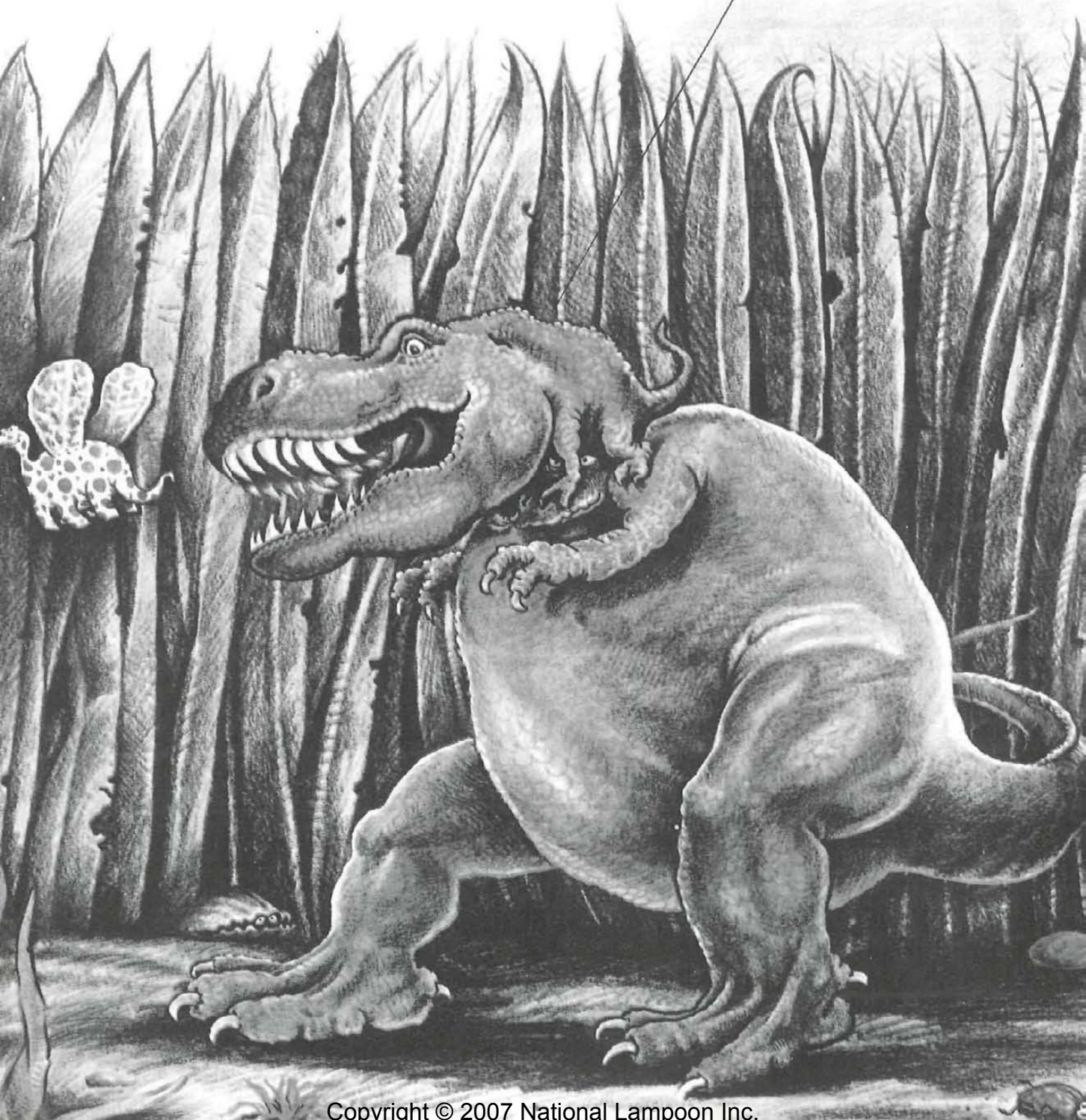
END

Dodosaurus

Dinosaurs That Didn't Make It
by Rick Meyerowitz

Millions of years before the dawn of man, the earth was ruled by giant reptiles whose scaly likenesses are familiar to any fan of natural-science journals or cheapo Japanese ick flicks. However, every standard model *Tyrannosaurus Rex* or *Brontosaurus* that rumbled off Mother Nature's assembly line was preceded by dozens of evolutionary Edsels who finished dead last in the race for survival and were soon consigned to behemothballs. On the following pages, NatLampCo Science Foundation lizard wizard Rick Meyerowitz pays homage to these passé paleoliths. Behemothballs?

The *Preposterosaur*, a tiny-headed carnivore of the Early Sciatic Period, towered seven inches above the ground and, understandably, found it difficult to convince anything to allow itself to be eaten. Thus, the *Preposterosaur* pooled its resources with the *Ridiculadon* (two and a half inches) to become a nine-and-a-half-inch *Thesaurus* (literally, "terror of the mud puddle") and quickly starved to death, decease, demise, departure. See EXTINCT.



Swampy shorelines were the temporary habitat of the short-lived **Ptoitysaur**. Primarily a harmless muckraker along coastal marshlands, this "Comodo dragon's" moment in the slimelight (3,000,002-3,000,000 B.C.) was cut short by fellow bog-dwellers who could not tolerate its breath.

The **Tricyclatops** was a Darwinian uh-uh that resulted from the mating of a **Triceratops** and a **Bicycladon** on a listless, rainy Sunday afternoon approximately four million years ago. Their trainer-wheeled offspring dominated the **Cohasset** Period until late Wednesday.

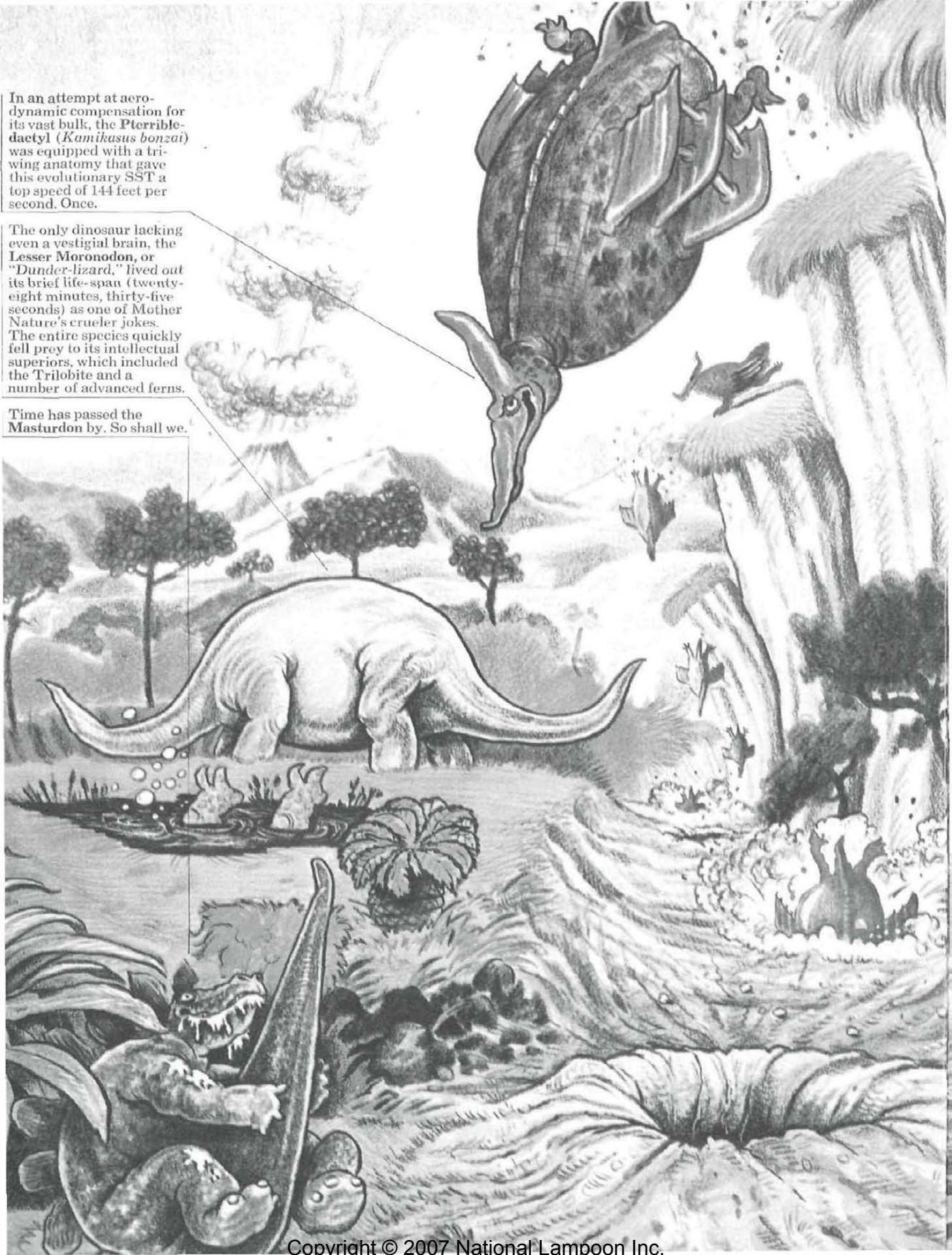
Little is known of the **Winosaur** (*Delirium tremendus*) beyond its diet of fermented fruits (see page 56) and its natural enemy, the **Pink Mammoth**.



In an attempt at aerodynamic compensation for its vast bulk, the Pterrible-daetyl (*Kamikasus bonzai*) was equipped with a tri-wing anatomy that gave this evolutionary SST a top speed of 144 feet per second. Once.

The only dinosaur lacking even a vestigial brain, the Lesser Moronodon, or "Dunder-lizard," lived out its brief life-span (twenty-eight minutes, thirty-five seconds) as one of Mother Nature's crueler jokes. The entire species quickly fell prey to its intellectual superiors, which included the Trilobite and a number of advanced ferns.

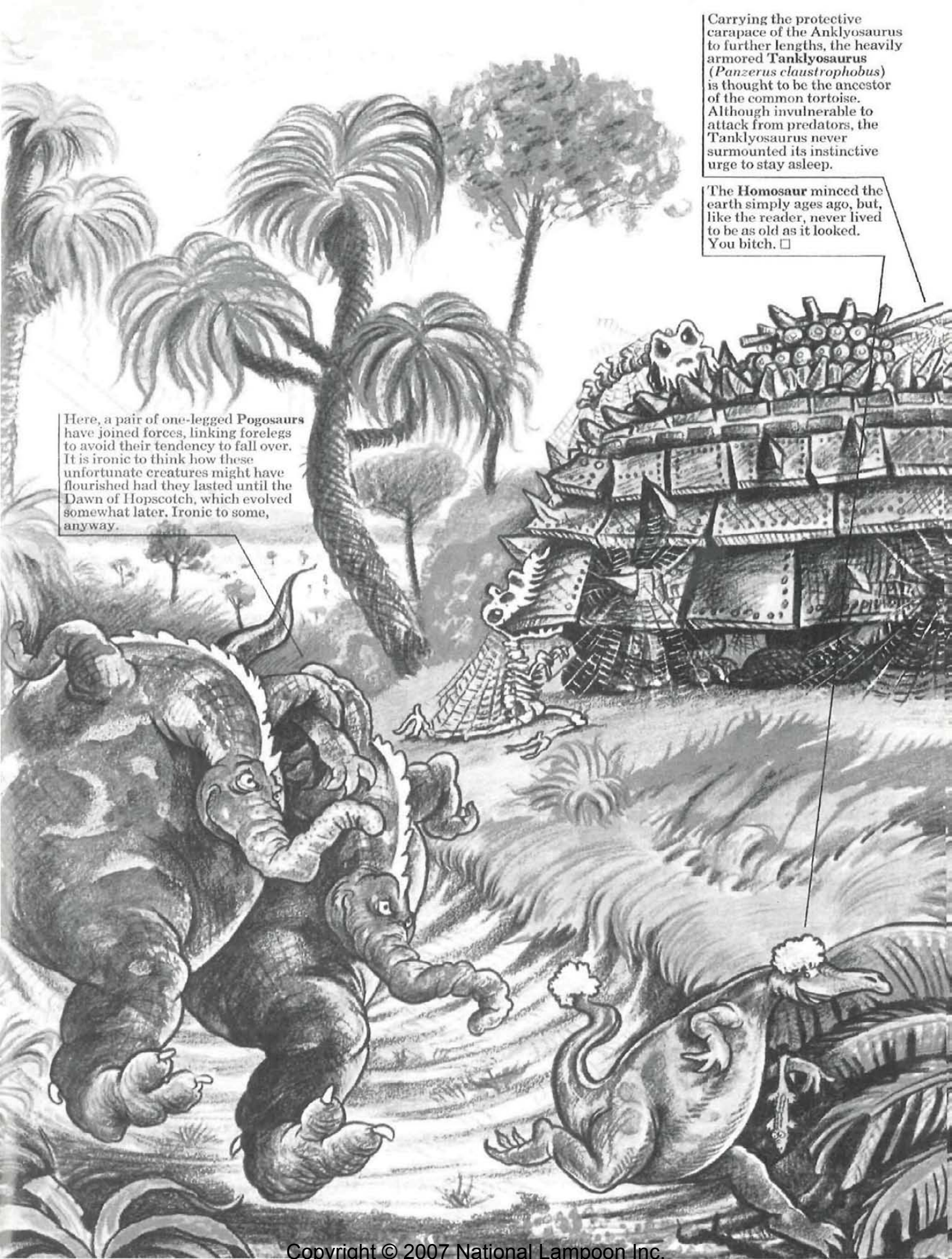
Time has passed the Masturdon by. So shall we.



Carrying the protective carapace of the Ankylosaurus to further lengths, the heavily armored Tanklyosaurus (*Panzerus claustrophobus*) is thought to be the ancestor of the common tortoise. Although invulnerable to attack from predators, the Tanklyosaurus never surmounted its instinctive urge to stay asleep.

The Homosaur minced the earth simply ages ago, but, like the reader, never lived to be as old as it looked. You bitch. □

Here, a pair of one-legged Pogosaurs have joined forces, linking forelegs to avoid their tendency to fall over. It is ironic to think how these unfortunate creatures might have flourished had they lasted until the Dawn of Hopscotch, which evolved somewhat later. Ironic to some, anyway.



TRUE SIGNS



Tom Mays Grass Valley, CA



Staff Seattle, WA



Dan Robbins Great Neck, NY



R & T Trager Visalia, CA



Aaron Granlund Worcester, MA

TRUE SIGNS



Craig Billmeier New Plymouth, New Zealand



Graham Trievel West Chester, PA



Jeff Patton Hot Springs, ARK.



Anonymous

Products For The Man On the WAY DOWN



So life is handing you lemons, eh? Well, you know what to do! Bag those lemons and sell them at the intersection. You only need a few cents to make your downward spiral a comfortable experience. Many of these products for the down-bound fellow are even free. The lice spray, however, is \$5.95. In fact, several of these items you won't be able to afford. But, friend, isn't that what dreams are for!



• DOG FOOD SALT

You'll never be hungry again! Just a sprinkle and... Mmmm....Mmmm...Voila! Ordinary Dog Chow become a feast for the senses. Try it with bird feed for a spicy, satisfying dessert. No more dumpsters for you! Now you can eat in any number of beautiful back yards, with any number of man's best friends. Finally...all the nutrition of a dry nugget, without that horsey taste. Just \$4.95



• WORK BOMB

Tired of your same old job? Why not try the Work Bomb? Similar to Home Bomb, Work Bomb is guaranteed to blow off entire arms and legs. Don't settle for an ordinary job. Try this product and be notorious. Take it from the people who know.

"I used to hate my boss, but now I love him. And most of him fits in my glove box." - Randy X

"I'm finally seeing America. What an opportunity to travel. I don't just want to, I have to!" - Smith. Get a real bang for only \$12.95!

• **PORNOVISION GLASSES**

Can't afford to rent the films you want to see? Is the embarrassment of taking your pornography to the counter just not worth it? Try our new PornoVision Glasses. Just put them on and away you go. No renting. No embarrassment. Our Glasses promise to thrill. Old seamen used to call them binoculars, but you will call them PornoVision Glasses.



As a Special Bonus, you will also receive the book "Hiding In The Bushes." And believe us, the double-entendre is on purpose. So grab plenty of Kleenex, because you'll be wiping away a lot of liquid joy...and you don't want those tears of joy to obscure any of the show. Yours for only \$9.95



• **SMILODERM**

Does your butt itch, because you sit on it a lot and it sweats? Mine sure does. It seems the more you scratch your butt the more your butt itches. Well, scratch your butt no more. Now there's Smiloderm, the butt cream. Unlike any butt cream before, Smiloderm is a tan butt cream, to simulate the color of your butt. Never again will you hear, "What's that all over your butt?"



And no flowery scent! Smiloderm is scientifically formulated to smell like your actual butt. Sure you have something to hide, but the whole world doesn't need to know.

No more fruity-itchy butt, not with Smiloderm. Try it on your butt today for just \$3.95!

• **GRAVEL**

Gravel's back and it's here to stay. The ultimate non-fat, low calorie snack for the man on the way down. Try it with water, or sprinkled with dirt. Either way it's fabulous and filling! Pick it up in school yards, collect it from roadsides - there's a never ending supply!

"Say, what's that in your mouth?"
 "Gravel"
 "What did you say?"

He said Gravel - the Hip, Healthy Choice. Now \$14.95!

• **"LEARNING TO BE GAY" AUDIO-CASSETTES**

Lonely? Too poor to get a date with an actual woman? Lonely no more you be! Not with our new, six cassette audio course called "Learning To Be Gay." You will systematically learn the joys of man-man love, starting with tape one, "Man Kiss." Discover the techniques and tricks of a juicy man-man kiss, while subliminal man-man messages bombard your brain.

Continue your lesson with tape two, "The Walnut-Shaped Gland

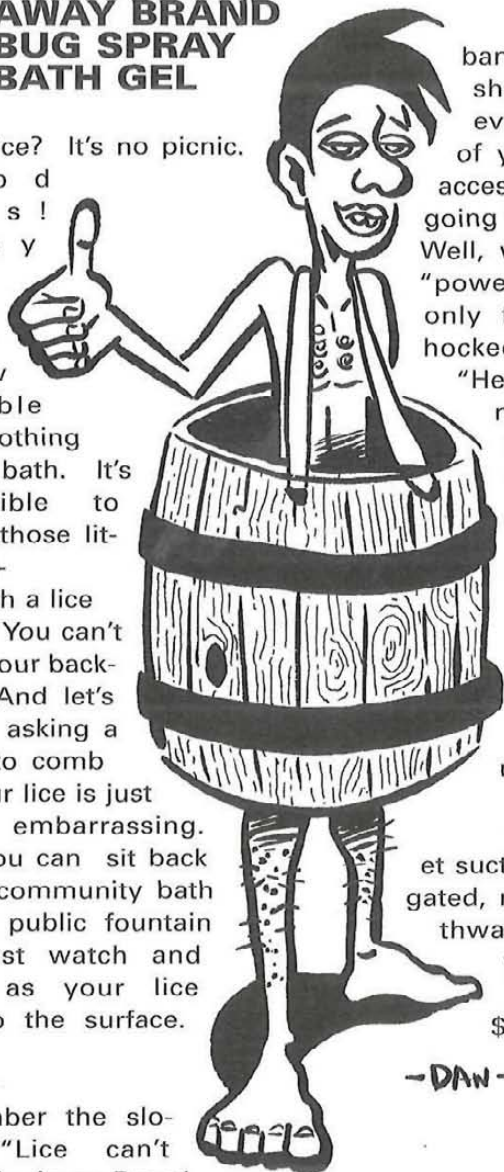
in your Ass." Other titles include: "Tan Penis Pump - Fitting in Size-wise (and Sideways)," "Sho Know Yo Show Tunes - Anthology of Musicals, From *Old Man River* to *Rent*," "10 Figure Skating Techniques," and "Mai Thai - Making of a Myth".

Girls don't like you anyway. Why not try a little man-man love? Order your tapes today and start butt-thumping tomorrow! Just \$48.95

• **AWAY BRAND BUG SPRAY BATH GEL**

Got lice? It's no picnic. Good news! Away brand bug spray is now available as a soothing bubble bath. It's impossible to get all those little critters with a lice comb. You can't reach your backside. And let's face it, asking a friend to comb out your lice is just plain embarrassing. Now you can sit back in the community bath tub or public fountain and just watch and enjoy as your lice float to the surface.

Remember the slogan, "Lice can't swim...in Away Brand Bath Gel." Only \$5.95



-DAN-

• **BARREL**

Feeling like a fashion Frankenstein monster? A sartorial sap? Well just because the money's gone, doesn't mean your studied, seemingly lackadaisical approach to wearing the best has to depart with it - because the Barrel's back! Wearing your shanked, wooden Barrel clad about your midsection, ala turn of the century political cartoons, is both smart and smart looking!

"Grover Cleveland won't bankrupt us," it seems to shout. Why, you can even incorporate some of your former wardrobe accessories. How are you going to hold up the Barrel? Well, what about those red "power" suspenders, the only thing left from your hocked Armani collection? "Hey, what's that fearless man protesting?" they'll wonder, pointing at your barrel. "Conformity," you'll hurl back.

And for a limited time only, take advantage of our footwear outlet. \$400 leather Gustavo shoes? Who needs them, when you've got inverted bucket suction pumps, with elongated, rubber handles. Clop, thwak, clop, thwak, here you come...

Package Price - \$29.95

• **RED GLOVE**

Hands cold? Penis small? Life can be a drag. But not with the new two-in-one wonder, Red Glove. Now you can keep your hands warm and enlarge your penis. Get your informative brochure today. Red Glove! Warm Hands! Big Penis! Red Glove! Just \$9.95 (for simulated Presidential semen add \$14.95).

• **SCIENCE FICTION-VISION GLASSES**

A lot of people who live in cars miss their favorite science fiction programs. Obviously, they are not the winners that you will soon be. Even if they had a TV, they could only receive a couple programs a night. Our new Science Fiction-Vision Glasses receive all the stories space can provide. Our research tells us that most sci-fi stories take place in space.

Beam up to excitement! Old seamen called them Binoculars, but you will call them Science Fiction-Vision glasses! Every star tells a story! Free strap!

Just \$14.95 (for lenses, add \$59.95)

• **SECRET COMMUNICATION TECHNOLOGY INVENTION**

They're all gone - the pager, the cell phone, the laptop, the Powerbook. What are you going to do? You have to maintain contacts. Associates. Your life in the business world can't just end...and with a little old-fashioned American know-how, it doesn't have to.

Communication is the key here, and we've got the answer. Answer us this - where have you been taking your meals lately? Be honest.

We know it's the Hare Krishnas' soup kitchen, since you're trying to seem "alternative" in your choice of poverty meals. Regardless, what do they serve there? Soup, and soup comes in no other form than that of a can. Collect them. Puncture their bottoms, and don't giggle at the sounds of that command. You're halfway there already!

Now it's time to get another job. Not a cozy corporate one like you once had - no, this one is more pragmatic, the first rung on the ladder back to the top. Of course, it's a JOB AT THE STRING FACTORY! String-a-ling-ling, wake up! You're going to need all the string you can, in order to make the many elaborate devices we're outlining here. An invention so awesome, it can easily take the place of all those previously mentioned. One so innovative, and well known, that we won't even refer to it by name.

"Here you go, Joe," you say to your former assistant, "Hold on to this soup can in case I need to get in touch with you." And you run and run, string fast unraveling behind you. Do the same with your boss, old clients, old girlfriends. Then sit at home, with your string and cans, ready to contact whomever you please - on the cheap.

It's time to realize that the days of free tickets to professional sporting events are long behind you. The box seats at the Spectrum have been handed over to someone more successful, more of a "go-getter" than you ever were. No longer is it possible to woo chicks or big clients with court-side seats at the Garden. No sir, if you were ever a fan of the NBA, NFL, NHL, or any other of a number of professional sports, your only saving grace now is broadcast television in department store windows...or is it?

Perk up, Mr. Perked Down, because in this great, populous land of ours, enough has-beens try to hold on to their youth, that you could catch a different event every night if you truly desired. The NFL. Bah. Even arena football and junior college teams are out of your budget now. But what about dog fights? No money down, a whole new type of crowd, and best of all, gambling is done right there. Why not parlay that 25 year anniversary watch or engagement ring into bigger things...at 3:2 odds! Gooooo Pitbull! As far

as hoops, well sir, ever hear of the CBA? They've got teams in Albany and Iowa City, and have such marquee talent as Washington Johnson ("The President"), Jefferson Roosevelt Washington, and Lincoln Washington Jefferson. And they're always looking for talent - so maybe you're not finished yet.

Following is a quick list of your former Yuppie proclivities, and the similar, yet more affordable alternatives.

National Hockey League -

- Watch for accidents on interstate overpass

NCAA Final Four

- Rocks, Scissors, Paper with bums

College Bowl Games

- Grammar school kickball

NASCAR Race

- Observe Church Easter Egg Hunts

Major League Baseball

- R-C Cola Soda Cap Twist off Contest

Professional Boxing

- Pick fight with unemployment representative

Kentucky Derby

- Kentucky Mumbley Peg

Masters Cup

- Quarters!

World Cup Soccer

- World Cup Soccer

All the world's a sport!

— Ed Chavey

—illustrations by Dan Warner



BLAND UNIVERSITY ORIENTATION MANUAL

Compiled by Professor Dave Hanson



William Belfers Bland, 1821–1908, our namesake and an enduring symbol of our college and its spiritual heritage yesterday and today. The college was named posthumously in honor of the colorful Knotts County farmer who served as a congressman from 1869 to 1891. Most famous for his landmark Yam Act and his support for technologically progressive farm machinery, Mr. Bland is also fondly remembered for his legendary penchant for consuming egg creams and subsequently napping. As tradition dictates, his great-great-grandson, although discernibly brain-damaged, holds an honorary seat on the board of trustees.

About Bland

Unlike many educational institutions, Bland is not simply a few buildings set alongside a playing field; rather, it is in many ways a functional microcosm of the larger world beyond, a universe unto itself but for the absence of full-scale economic and familial structures. Founded and built in 1921 by maverick dung maven and canasta visionary Charles Heaven on what was then Indiana's third-largest dill farm, Bland is situated on a sprawling 476-acre tract, 400 acres of which are a working farm. The campus adjoins the fabled Carrageenan Valley Ranch and is on the outskirts of charming Dingleton (pop. 11,349), which is nestled in the center of world-famous Knotts County (pop. 61,230).

At the north end of the campus is Bland Center, the mammoth superstructure containing academic classrooms as well as administrative offices and faculty office space. Adjacent to this building are faculty living quarters and, just east, the oldest and most majestic dormitory, Felcher Hall. There are several other smaller dorms, not as historically rich but new and attractive, with vending nooks on each floor. One of these newer buildings, Groper Hall, houses the college fraternity, Phi Epsilon Pi. Membership in the fraternity and concomitant residence in Groper is available to male students who can endure the rigors of Heck Night, a toned-down version of Hell Night implemented in 1984 in answer to nationwide paternal concern over the rash of disembowelments suffered during fraternity initiation hazings.

Other buildings on campus include the wood shop, which, along with the agriculture complex, is generally considered the nerve center of the Bland campus. Bland's wood shop is home to six wood lathes, more than any other college wood shop in Indiana, and the agriculture complex contains three greenhouses and ten full-size incubators, along with a complete germination center and a dry-mulch humidior.

Slightly to the west lies Fudgepacker Field, where during almost any season you will find athletic students engaging in some form or other of athletic endeavor. Last year, both Bland's men's and women's archery squads finished in the top ten divisionally in the state; Bland students also participate extensively in intramural sports, including flag football, soccer, chess, backgammon, and whiffle ball as coached by sports legend and successful insurance salesman Bill Mazeroski.

Perhaps the area's "hottest" attraction of all, though, is the Dingle Hall Concert Arena, newly rebuilt after tragedy and a potentially crippling lawsuit were narrowly averted at a spring 1985 Wham! concert at which a slab of Z-Brick facing was torn loose by a strong wind and came within centimeters of undoing singer Michael's costly cosmetic dentistry. The new and improved arena features an all-new speaker system and a gaping orchestra pit, and can seat 925 people on new, plumply pillowed Dacron/acrylic 50/50 seats.

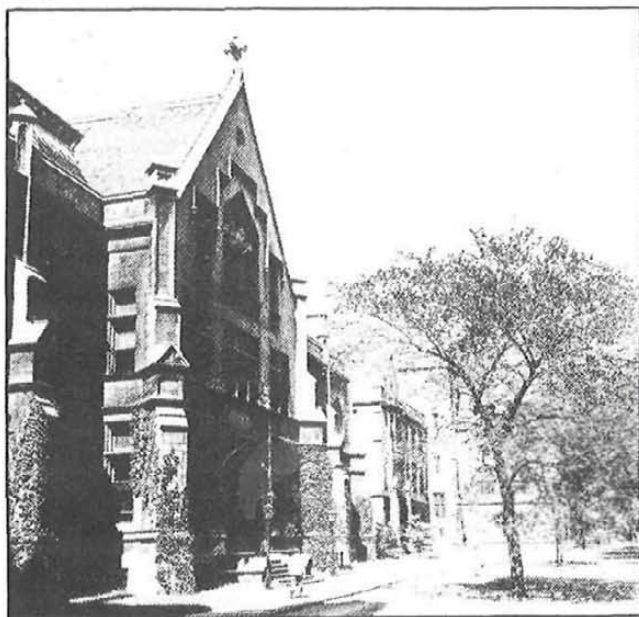
Right around the corner is the Dining Hall, which hosts community bingo consortiums on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and the newly constructed pub, at which students can play arcade games or Foosball and get to know each other a little better over a soft drink or an ice-cold glass of Ovaltine (10 percent discount with student ID).

The Community

As beautiful and diverse as Bland is, though, no campus is an absolutely self-contained universe. The same way a neighborhood affects a home, a college's environs, or epistemological outskirts if you will, ultimately influence the college. And here Bland students thrive.

Though Dingleton is primarily renowned for its exports of dung and carrageenan gum, it is also at the helm of a flourishing industrial dynamic and the home of the world's third-largest zinc mine. Zinc is a key ingredient in many critically acclaimed alloys and, when ingested, a vigorous thwarter of unwanted male growths. Zinc received two citations at the International Mineral Conference in Helsinki, Finland, this past February, which Otis Guano, the mayor and fire chief of Dingleton and a Bland grad ('39), collected in person.

And neighboring Esasky, the county seat so rich in lore, features the fourth-largest trailer court in the world. Ornate in design yet scant in floribunda, capacious Esasky Gardens plays host to the largest Zen Winnebago community in the free world.



A testimony to the synergistic genius of Bland students: since Indiana's often volatile climate can hamper the growth of ivy, a special task force of agriculture, home ec, and art students has developed a durable Naugahyde ivy look-alike that can be affixed with Velcro to suitably dignified buildings. Next year at this time, Bland Centre (above) will be the only ivy-slathered college tower in northeast Indiana.

Knotts County in general is a showpiece of agricultural opulence, site of the world's largest man-made greenhouse and, for four of the last seven years, producer of the nation's largest pumpkin as recognized by the *National Enquirer*, the copper being last year's Moby Jeff, raised and harvested by Farmer and Mrs. Gerry Markham of DuPont and weighing in at 262 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds.

The county as a whole is also a bastion of crime-free living, with the lowest crime rate in Indiana. There have been only four killers since the inception of the county in 1878, the most recent being "Globbering" Al Marios ('31), the entrepreneur and necrophile who warehoused nearly two dozen dead Eagle Scouts in his beet cellar. Since his celebrated execution in 1938, there has not been a single homicide arrest in Knotts County proper.

Students also benefit from a rich and diverse local culture, which includes the storied Knotts County Grange Fair. On the second weekend of every October since 1891, farmers have traveled from as far away as Evansville to flaunt their wares against a massive field of rival farmers and 4-H-ers, vying for bragging rights in the highly competitive poultry shows and clamoring for a chunk of the lucrative dung concession. The festival is a glistening icicle of lush bovine pageantry, as "Hollywood" as dairy gets.

Bland students themselves also play a key role in the fair. For seven of the last eleven years they have won blue ribbons in 4-H science competitions, including last year's winning entry in the chemistry division, which was submitted by sophomore Mike Morris. Entitled "The Great American Roommate Incrimination Kit," it enables students to safeguard their personal foodstuffs from light-fingered roommates through a simple but sophisticated detection process. A flavorless, harmless compound is mixed into the edibles in question; without the harmless but secret antidote, anyone ingesting the affected foodstuffs will turn a glowing shade of fluoride blue for a period of forty-eight hours. Morris plans to develop the project into a variety of applications; with one planned formulation, a single annual injection will cause the glowing reaction to be triggered by the use of illicit narcotics, sparing athletic organizations the high cost of repititious drug testing. Morris hopes to eventually develop a potion that will assure husbands of their wives' fidelity, and, to aid agriculture, a formula that can be injected into poultry which will make gluttonous poachers glow in the dark and hence be easy targets for violent farmers.

The Knotts County vicinity also plays host to several other inspiring, 4-H-affiliated events throughout the year. Coinciding annually with commencement season is the Rhubarb Harvest & Bake-Off; to captivate freshly matriculated students and welcome the others back from summer, the traditional corn-dog gala and tomato fry in September; and Dingleton itself annually hosts Cream Cheese Friday, a day of parades and banqueting to honor the dairy spread for its extensive reliance on carrageenan.

None of this, however, is meant to imply that the campus itself lacks for fun and excitement—nothing could be further from the truth.

Campus Activities

The Student Activities Committee (SAC), largely in affiliation with the Home Economics Department, is the lifeblood of Bland's bustling social calendar. Last year the committee co-sponsored, in tandem with the Fred MacMurray fan club, a number of exciting events, including a student/faculty tug-of-war and Egg Night, an evening of egg eating and lore in celebration of last year's record cash egg crop. This year, several exciting events are already on tap, many coeducational:

- *Carl Sandburg night, featuring videotaped readings of his sonnets by actresses Angela Lansbury and Vanessa Redgrave (co-sponsored by Metton's Mesopotamian Meer-schaum Shoppe, 10 percent discount with student ID)
- *Chinese food weekend (please bring a covered dish)
- *Square dance festival, featuring the zesty incantations of the ageless Jed Margiselle
- *Cheese night, featuring a cheese-tasting party and guest lecture on mechanical rinding by Murray Kraft, vice chairman of Kraft International (10 percent discount on Kraft products with student ID)
- *Videogame night, with leading Atari spokesman Sahito Mokarahu outlining plans for future videogames, including Monsignor Pac-Man, Pac-Man-san, and Viscountess Pac-Man. Translated by Language Department chairman Dr. Jules Om
- *An evening of poet Rod McKuen reading selections from the autobiography of Burl Ives (co-sponsored by Milton Marion's Head Cheese Hideaway & Carrageenan Gully Gift Shoppe, 10 percent discount with student ID)
- *Driveling journalist George Plimpton lectures on spending an action-packed hour as a troubleshooter in a dung mill (co-sponsored by Marty's Mulch 'n' March, 10 percent discount on bulk purchases with student ID)



The winner of last year's "Florence Henderson at 20" Look-alike Contest, co-sponsored by the Home Ec Club, is the daughter of Dingleton mayor Otis Guano, Jackolynn "Chickie" Guano. Handsome young men traditionally vie for the affections of the chosen lass by regaling her with a panoply of music, poetry, and homegrown root vegetables. Miss Guano was also given a special citation for her thousand-word essay entitled "Ten Ways I Use Wesson Best."



Any Indianan angler worth his weight in night crawlers knows that May is Bait Month—and hey! does Bland know how to kick off the festivities! Shown here: Bland history professor and local grubbing legend Merreck Donna throwing out the first fly of the new season. Later the party moves to the Dingleton Creek Commons for a visual bait smorgasbord and split-fried carp 'n' cornbread grill.



"Mideast is Mideast, and Midwest is Midwest, but ne'er the twain shall meet." That maxim is tossed to the wind all through the Home Ec Club's International Week, during which a sumptuous array of international cuisine is sampled. Shown here: students celebrating Rag-Head Night, at which a tempting variety of Syrian grain and goat dishes is featured. Students who dress in the attire of the nation du jour eat for free; others are asked to make a small contribution.

Bland Faculty



AP/Wide World

Dr. Gordon "Melonhead" Sutherland (Bland '58), professor of practical sciences. Dr. Sutherland, a renowned chemist as well as a vivacious lecturer, has gleaned considerable fame and fortune from the sale of several patents, including one for the stiffening agent used in the manufacture of puffed-cheese products. Dr. Sutherland is currently on sabbatical researching a speculative link between narcolepsy and the sleep habits of veal.



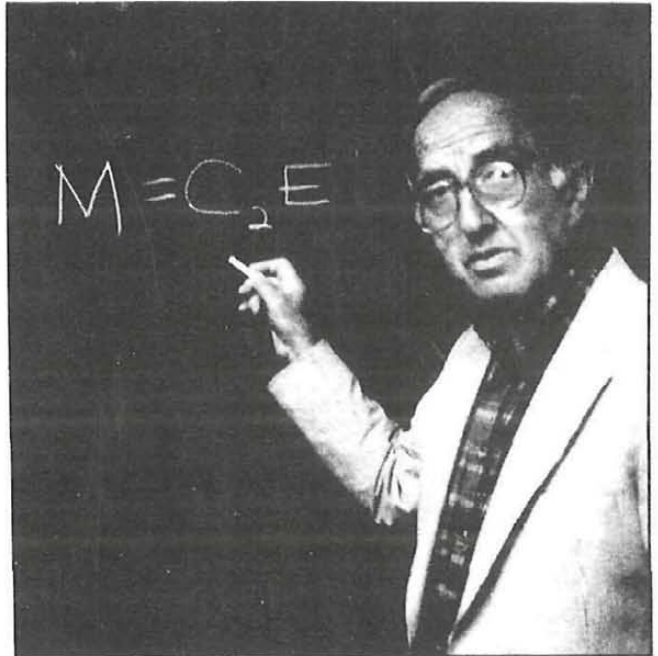
AP/Wide World

Dr. Jonathan Gurney (Bland '50), professor of applied medicine, is not only a respected area doctor but also a well-known local radio personality. He hosts a popular weekly medical program on campus radio entitled *Rumors on Tumors, Answers on Cancers, Reasons for Lesions, and Lists of Cysts*. But the showman within him doesn't stop at medicine—Gurney also hosted last year's Glen Campbell retrospective at the opening of the Dingle Hall Arena. He is currently at work on a vaccine for halitosis.



AP/Wide World

Dr. William Fester Coles (left), chemical agriculture professor and the inventor of the world's first nuclear-powered hoe, is internationally acclaimed for his "Star Wars" approach to agricultural apparatus. He is currently in the process of perfecting the hydroelectric rayon gin, and one day hopes to implement a henhouse fueled exclusively by atmospherically discarded ozones.



Initially hired under Indiana's get-tough equality hiring laws banning discrimination against dyslexics, Professor Ewdadr Wilaims (Bland '59) has been a pleasant surprise as chairman of the Chemistry Department. In his spare time, Professor Wilaims has patented such inventions as combustible chalk and a powder which, when ingested, induces ducks to betray their normal patterns of migration.

A Final Word from Bland President Chatham Banal on the Way We Teach and Why

The purpose of education has always been to prepare students for the "real world"...and getting students ready for today's exciting world is like preparing them to be dropped from a helicopter onto a fast-moving roller coaster. That's why today you need more than just a classroom education, you need an education that will teach you to think like a grown-up. To us at Bland, that means making you do the lion's share of the thinking, and making you an inherent part of the decision-making process.

Consider, for example, our reaction to the recent switch from the Dewey decimal system to the Library of Congress system. We promptly picked up the tab for a large contingency of Library Sciences majors to journey to Washington, D.C. to research the repercussions of this momentous change, and we eventually allowed those students to be influential in both the adaptation and implementation of the system. We think that's education at its most exciting.

Consider the way we approach agriculture—the way a farmer would. It is not pessimism but realism to say that the best way to prepare for something is to prepare for the worst. That's why in our agriculture program, graduating means surviving a series of simulated setbacks, such as droughts, tomato mange, locust and slug infestations, and weevil blights. Consider also the way our Agriculture Department dealt with the recent surge in the demand for live gerbils in keynote tunneling-oriented regions like San Francisco, Fire Island, and Christopher Street. Immediately, we launched an extensive program in the area of gerbil farming. And Pro-

fessor Dendrick Moore, a passionate if sensitive animologist, further suggested that, in light of the recently reported sky-high rapid-asphyxiation rate of gerbils, Bland biology students pre-develop a hybrid which will combine the primary and burrowing traits and charismatic scrambling of a gerbil with the respiratory stamina of a blue whale. And, anticipating the demographically kinetic propulsion of the gerbil market concentrics, we are foreplanning progressive majors in the mass breeding of hamsters, possum, wolverines, water buffalo, and bread trucks.

This type of progressive approach is not unique to our agriculture program, but, rather, is typical of all our programs. We're fully aware that whether your major is English or agriculture or humanities or carpentry or biology, the more applied experience you have, the more proficiently you will perform in your career. That's why we require our agriculture students to study computer programming along with meadow muffins; our English students to read Shakespeare along with Sidney Sheldon. And our faculty are among the most qualified in northeast Indiana. All told, our professorial staff boasts a combined thousand-plus years of teaching experience, and a thousand-plus years of practical occupational experience. Many are among Knotts County's leading farmers, intellectuals, scholars, and literary figureheads.

Where better to acquire an education than in such an environment of reality and dynamism? We can't think of any place.



AP/Wide World



AP/Wide World



AP/Wide World

Future Farmer of America Derek Fred ('87) analyzes the staggered decomposition of gingko compost mulch tables. "My father," shudders Derek, speaking of Bland grad Dirk Fred ('51), "used to get all kinds of vile shmarg caked on his boots this time of year. Mom made him take a bath in bleach before he could sit down to dinner." Derek, at the vanguard of the new generation of "button-down farmers," hopes to eventually go into business as a free-floating mulch consultant.

Pig Day 1985: Students share a laugh at the always uproarious weight-guessing contest. Co-sponsored by the Agriculture Department and the Student Activities Committee, last year's Pig Day featured speakers Senator Merkin Jasper, musician John Sebastian, and Billy White, photographer and the brother of Vanna White.

How much mulch would a moo-cow make if a moo-cow could make mulch? This poor freshman is about to find out there are laughs by the bucketful during pledge week at Phi Epsilon Pi, Bland's campus fraternity. Other events leading up to Heck Night include: no wearing of socks all week; no shaving; and, blindfolded, each pledge must kiss an unknown girl. Last year, pranksters slipped a Toggenburg goat in place of a lippy lass. This year, knowing pledges are insisting that, regardless of genus, their counter-smoocher go extra heavy on the Binaca.

A photograph of a young man with light brown hair, looking off to the side. He is wearing a dark denim shirt over a brown shirt. The background is bright and slightly blurred, suggesting an outdoor setting. The text 'International Schlemiel' is overlaid on the top right of the image.

International
Schlemiel


The Lame Fashion Catalog
vol one, issue one

USA: \$3 CANADA: \$who cares

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golf season is on.

**wanna join our
foursome?**



nothing says man like a pink vest.

Cashmere. Deep V-cut. Fitted tight for upper body concentration, and naughty for irreverent play. Two little pockets for balls and snacks.

85¢

electric cart

water hazard

sand wedgy

stagnant pond

old pro shop



Swingin' Plaids

Drunken Irish linen. Cuffed, and of course hemmed. With a tight tuck grab, these slacks will keep you hitting hard.

\$105

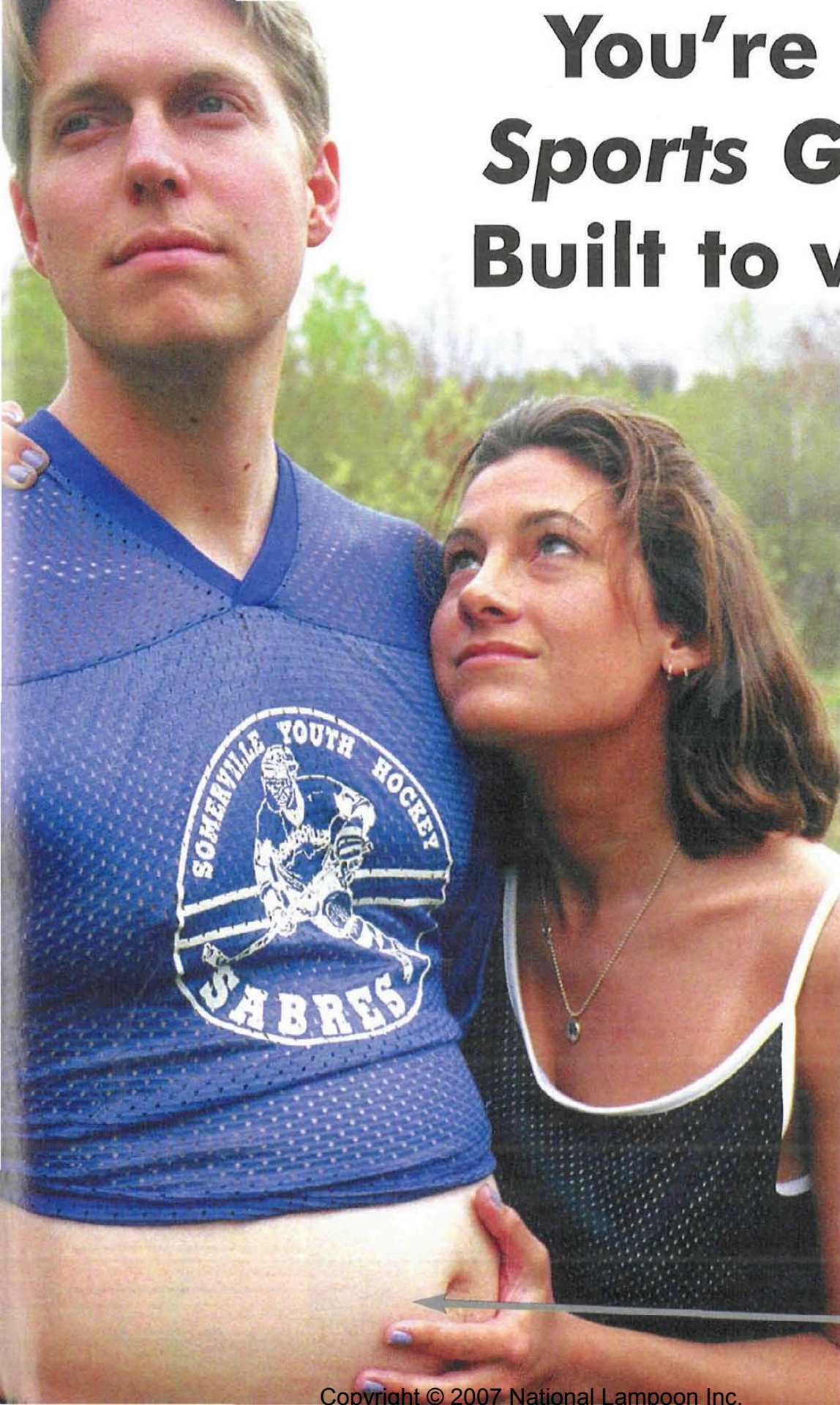
naughty

c o l o g n e



One whiff of *naughty* cologne, and these usually sedate catholic school girls shucked a little clothing...the audio-visual guys from the nearby high school were happy to lend a hand. **What'll naughty make you do?**

You're A Sports Guy. Built to win.



Polyester Mesh Youth Hockey Shirts — guaranteed to get the girl. You're a guy who needs a little extra coverage, even while you're sweating your fat ass off. Feel like a Revere Wrestling shirt? How about Roller Derby? We broke into the area's smelliest locker rooms to grab the real deal. A whole lotta shirt for a whole lotta man.

\$2.50

buy 3 & you get 1 pair of used cleats.

rub here to score.



**Anyone Want to
Rub Lotion on Me?**

hooty

desk job

low tide

butt white

puritan

Style means no sandy crotches.

Linen beach appeal with a laissez-faire fit. Tell us you want the "West Egg Adjustment" and we'll remove the top two buttons for the 'life-guard's-off-duty' look.



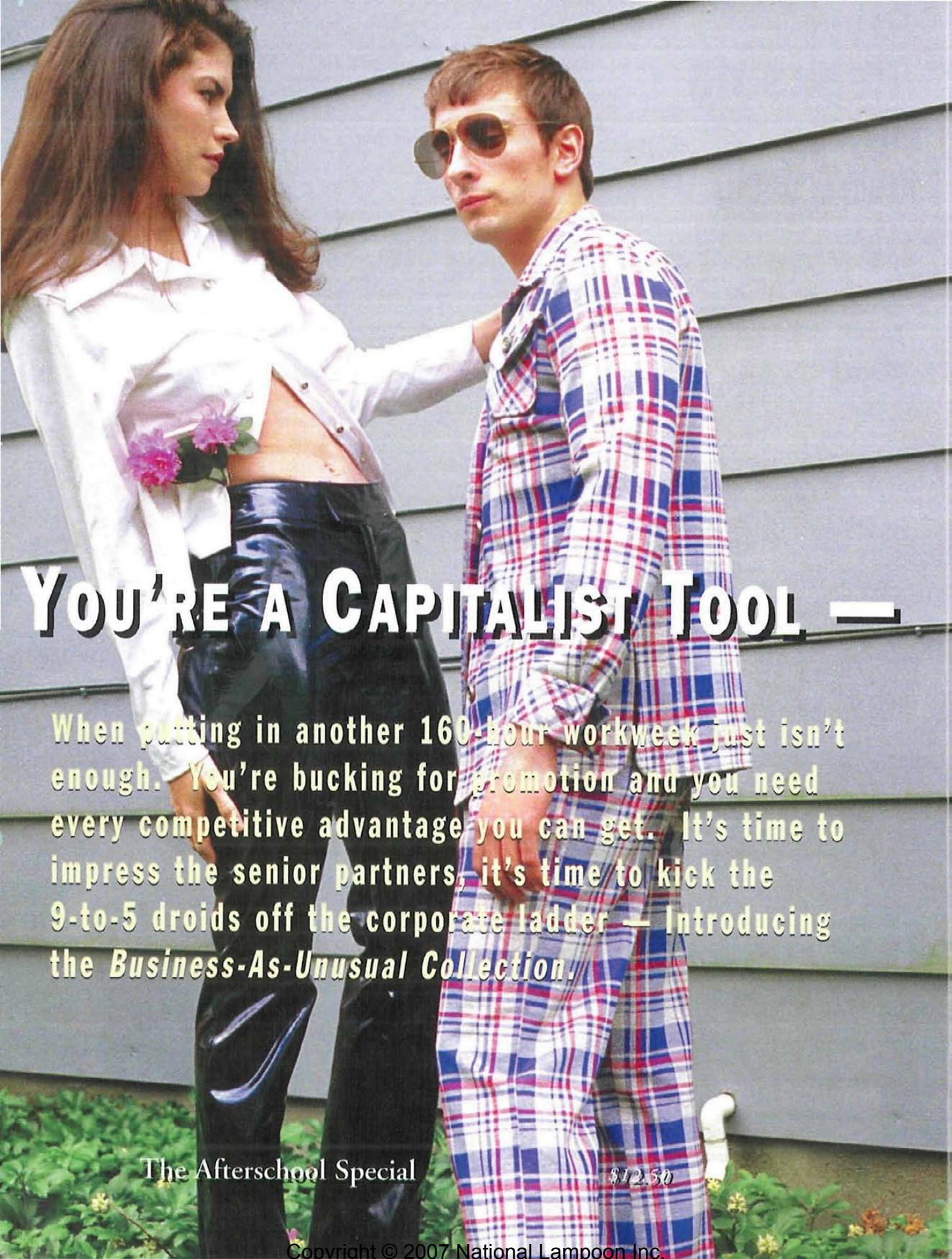
linen full-sleeve 75¢

linen short-sleeve 58¢



Our model (above) gets sand in his crotch.





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When putting in another 160-hour workweek just isn't enough. You're bucking for promotion and you need every competitive advantage you can get. It's time to impress the senior partners, it's time to kick the 9-to-5 droids off the corporate ladder — Introducing the *Business-As-Unusual Collection*.

The Afterschool Special

\$12.50



AND IT'S HAMMER TIME!

*"Promotion Guaranteed" 3-piece
(powerbelt and socks included)*

\$17.50



You're a 90's Pimp

Softer, suppler, gentler...not you, your clothes. You're still a hard-driving whoremonger who's got a job to do. We know, that's why we've designed clothes that breathe while you sashay into a nightclub, and provide plenty of gather for freedom of movement.

Perfect when protecting your product in a street fight.

Street Ensemble \$14.95 includes: fur jacket, red pimp shirt, ass accentuating slacks, golf shoes and shades (necklace and pimpmobile not included)



ABSOLUTE PARODY.

Life in These Benighted States®

Dear Reader's Diatribe,

When our son Billy turned seven, my husband and I bought him a kitten. Because of the feline's beautiful brown eyes and sleek gray fur, we decided to name the pet Panther. Billy was so excited to play with his new friend that he immediately carried it proudly into the front yard. But suddenly Panther was startled by the neighbor's yelping dog. She ran into the street and was hit by a passing car. As our confused little Billy stared at the scrambled mess that only moments before was his little cat, he quickly became overcome with tears. My husband, the eternal wit, swiftly cheered his son up by quipping, "Well, buddy, it looks like we should have named him Pancake."

Mary Tanner, Fort Wayne, IN

Dear Reader's Diatribe,

My physics professor at Southern California State College had developed a reputation for giving extremely tough exams. One day as he handed back our most recent test, students grimaced as they discovered their grades. Suddenly, a particularly upset female student exclaimed, "Who in the hell do you have to screw to get an A in this class?!"

Brady Childes, Yorba Linda, CA

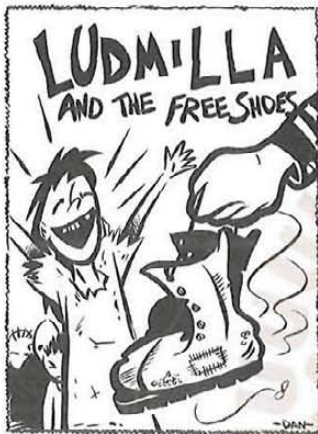
"All in a Day's Work":

Dear Reader's Diatribe,

As a Registered Nurse, I often assist doctors during surgeries at the hospital where I work. During one particularly difficult heart operation, the doctor asked another nurse to hand him a sponge. Before she could fulfill the request, the monitor showed a flat line as the patient began to die. For the next half hour we worked desperately to keep the man alive. Sadly, despite all of our efforts, he passed away on the table. There was a hushed silence throughout the room as everyone stared at the limp body. Realizing that the silence was becoming unbearable, the other nurse cracked up the rest of us by quipping, "I guess you won't be needing that sponge now, huh?"

Judy Lewis, RN, Milwaukee, WI

- Chad Simmons



The B.F.I.'s

(Bulgarian Film Institute's) Top 27 Films

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Like Water for...
Water | 15. The Accordion |
| 2. Public Factory #43 | 16. There's Something About Verushka |
| 3. Ludmilla And The
Free Shoes | 17. Midnight Plough-Boy |
| 4. Chernobyl - The
Musical | 18. Sergi Gorgas, Politburo Chief |
| 5. With Yeltsin You Get Eggroll! | 19. Workstation 7 |
| 6. The Russians are coming, The
Russians Are Coming | 20. Brown Coal Smoke In The Wind |
| 7. Men In Brown | 21. The Cheesemaker, Part II |
| 8. Czar Wars | 22. The Man Who Waited in the Wrong
Line |
| 9. They Screw Horses, Don't They? | 23. The Lost Turnips |
| 10. The Stalingraduate | 24. Mr. Vorescue
Goes To Plovdiv |
| 11. Workstation 6 | 25. The Aparatchik |
| 12. That Slav From Varna | 26. Workstation 8 |
| 13. A Turk To Remember | 27. Cannonball Run |
| 14. Ottoman's Agreement | |

- Jeff Pill, Dave
Pullano, Tom Sage,
Bill Robertson



MEN IN BROWN

Illustrations by Dan Warner

Jack Kevoorkian Reviews

Suicide Notes

"No One Cares About Me"

This writer had a flair for cutting away the extraneous, together with a marked preference for succinct truths. Notice what a concise statement it is, so admirably free of dependent clauses. And pinned to the cadavers chest, it makes an eloquent explanation of the cause and effect of relationships.

"What Can I Say?"

At one time it was thought that the writer of this deathless prose was confused and illiterate, at another time that he was witty and cute. Recently, however, the consensus is that the writer is so abstract that the baser vulgarities often fail to elude an exquisite modesty.

"What's The use?"

Such a note denotes a trend ending in resignation. This trend may have begun with an attempt to pay off a different kind of "note" at the bank. After the writer's ex-wife remarried his former boss (a hospital administrator owning, for instance, a yacht, a Lear jet, and a sizeable chunk of Tahiti) this trend terminated inevitably in the writer's gutting himself like a fish.

"Nuts"

This cryptic communication, often left by jumpers from window ledges, may indicate one of the following:

- A) That the jumper was an intern high on No-Doze.
- B) That the jumper was a bankrupt peanut farmer.
- C) That the jumper was in a hurry.

"I've left the water on for your coffee. Be sure to pay the electric bill, and don't tell Agnes until after the funeral."

This note may originate from a very creative mind--especially if there is no one known as "Agnes." Otherwise the writer may be just a stickler for details. Especially if the body is dressed in black and there is a receipt for the cemetery plot attached.

"Now For the Great Mystery"

Indicates a free-wheeling anesthesiologist (and/or failed philosophy major) whose former wanderings included all the traditional faiths, moving at last toward Nihilism. A haze of incense is sometimes found in the room to cover the other odors.

"T-T-That's All, F-Folks!"

Here was a deeply disturbed records clerk whose boss was thinking of replacing him with automation, and who, toward the end, took up painting, French cooking, and the writing of free verse--much to the chagrin of his estranged wife. Complaining that the individual was an extinct species, and that Man was a technical genius merged with a moral imbecile, he managed to attract a large following of dedicated pigeons. And while shopping for his casket, he was talked into buying a deluxe model with thick velvet and a stereo cassette deck with pre-recorded elevator music.

"December 7th, a day which will live in infamy!"

Probably a computer virus creator who, just before he electrocuted himself as the DEA, FBI, and CDC closed in on his lab, managed to mail off his remaining diseased diskettes.

"I never liked poker anyway."

A security guard who hated hospitals, missed the beat, and whose service revolver hadn't been fired in years. Instead of dialing 911, he decided to leave a little note for the boys on the wax crew.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-HA!"

Leave the dagger in the throat. This is not a suicide note.

- Jonathan Lowe

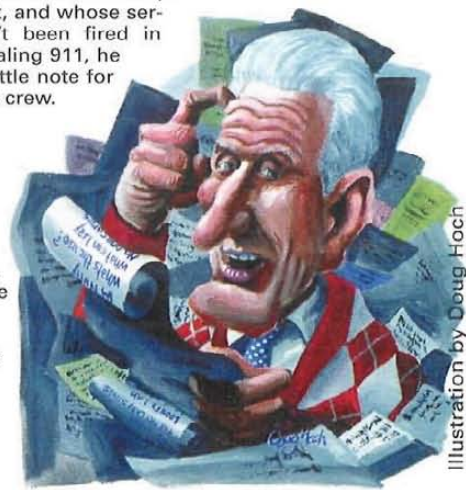


Illustration by Doug Hoch



PLEASE.

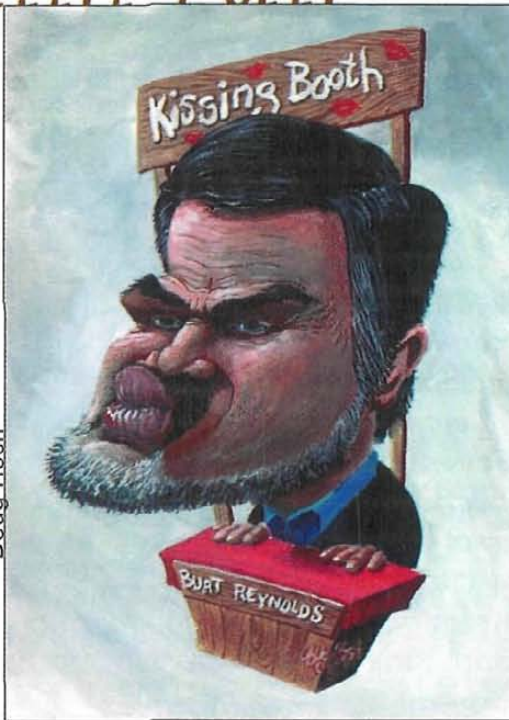
LEARN PROPER SPELLING

J.T.

REFUSED

Permits For The "Lilith Fair"

- 1) **The Burt Reynolds**
Kissing Booth;
- 2) **Ohio Scale's**
"We'll Guess Your Weight" jumbo tent;
- 3) **Aussie Shampoo's**
display for their new razor campaign with the slogan "Shave Down Under;"
- 4) **Old English MaltLiquor's**
"drink till you're cute" watering hole;
- 5) **National Rifle Association's**
"Bag a real Squirrel" shooting range;
- 6) **National College Fraternity System's**
table where women can "Get great advice from Sorority Girls;"



Doug Hoch

- 7) **Woodworkers Job Fair**
"Learn to be a lumberjack and whack down some forest" day;
- 8) **The Big Texan**
64 oz. steak challenge Gazebo and Sausage cart;
- 9) **Screech's Dolphin Sandwich**
Fun Tent;
- 10) **Martha Stewart's**
"learn to be a Great Housewife" lecture;
- 11) **Guns for bras**
swap meet;
- 12) **Spandex Awareness Day;**
- 13) **John Madden's**
"Football is my Life" book signing & tackling demonstration;
- 14) **Super-model Niomi Cambell's**
lecture on "Nuclear Grade Plutonium and Fashion Accessories to Help You and Mr. Right;"
- 15) **Wilt Chamberlin's**
Paternity Testing booth.

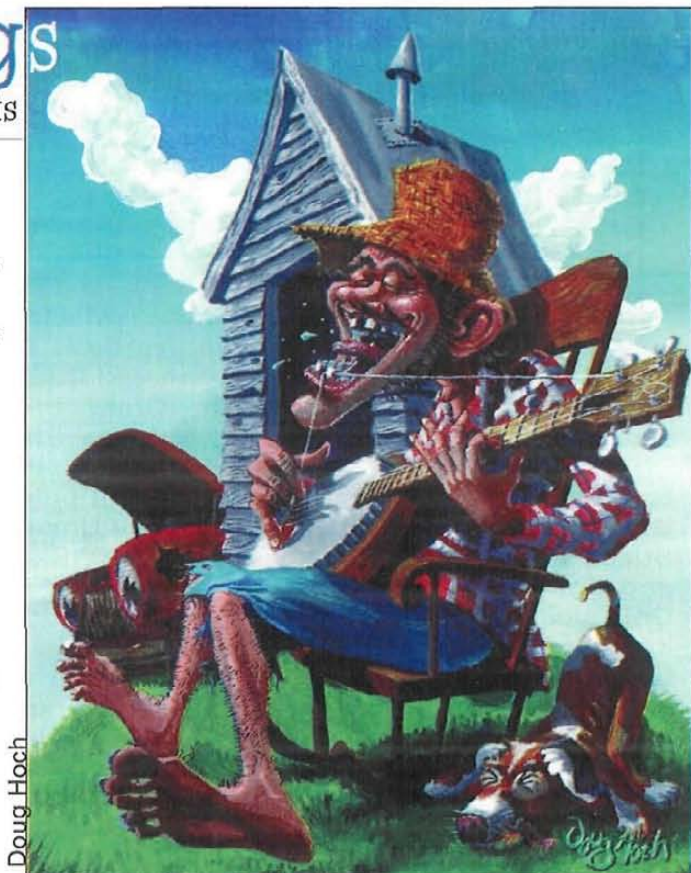
- Paul Udouj, Staff

20 Country Songs

That Never Made The Charts

- 1) **"My Cousin's Eyes"**
- 2) "The Line Dance of Death (Cocaine)"
- 3) **"I Call My Friend Pecker (What You Say?)"**
- 4) "The Ballad of Sherrif Izekial"
- 5) **"I'm So Lonesome, I Could Shit"**
- 6) "Breaker, Breaker, Breakdance Trucker"
- 7) **"Ain't No Honky Tonks In Laos"**
- 8) "Grandpa, What's That On Your Elbow?"
- 9) **"Marmalade Turning Day"**
- 10) "Whiskey on My 'Taint"
- 11) **"Biggest Tires in the Whole Damn Town"**
- 12) "Confederate Yeti (Throwing Confetti)"
- 13) **"Weevils in the Cotton, Weevils in my Jacket"**
- 14) "Deedee with the Underneath Moustache"
- 15) **"Tonto Perspective - Instrumental"**
- 16) "100 Barrels of Oil in a Ten Gallon Hat"
- 17) **"Broken Arm, Broken Heart"**
- 18) "I Lost My Car - It Was Far"
- 19) **"Glub!"**
- 20) "She had it Coming, and He did Too"

- Nick Monahan,
Ed Chavey



Doug Hoch

the Cum of ALL FEARS

A Lost Tom Clancy novel

Before publishing his first novel, Tom Clancy struggled to eek out a meager living as a starving writer and military weapons expert. In order to finance his studies, the young Clancy hooked up in the Seventies with Sven "Big Lou" Mancuso, publisher of RamRod Paperbacks. Under contract with RamRod, Mr. Clancy wrote several "blue" novels, including "Carnal of the Kremlin," "Queer and Pleasant Danger," and "the Cum of All Fears." Only the latter survives today. Perchance we can see a bit of his style emerging in this early erotic effort.

Day 7
2345 hours
Pentagon 3rd Floor
OP-05 (CNO)
Office of the Chief of Naval
Operations (Planning)

Her name was Shayla... maybe. Jack had known her as Jane in London, and in the former Czechoslovakia Jim Greer had often called her Mijo. She removed her reversible SEAL team t-shirt, a fifty percent cotton, fifty percent polyester blend that was better known to the United States Navy's elite commandos as the "Blue and Gold." The fact that she wore it with the Gold side out indicated that whoever had given it to her was an officer. She seemed to prefer it to the enlisted diver's blue.

As she walked toward him, Jack admired her breasts. There were two of them, one on each side. They had been constructed in Irvine, an affluent suburb south of Los Angeles. The doctor's name was David Cahn, a graduate of U C

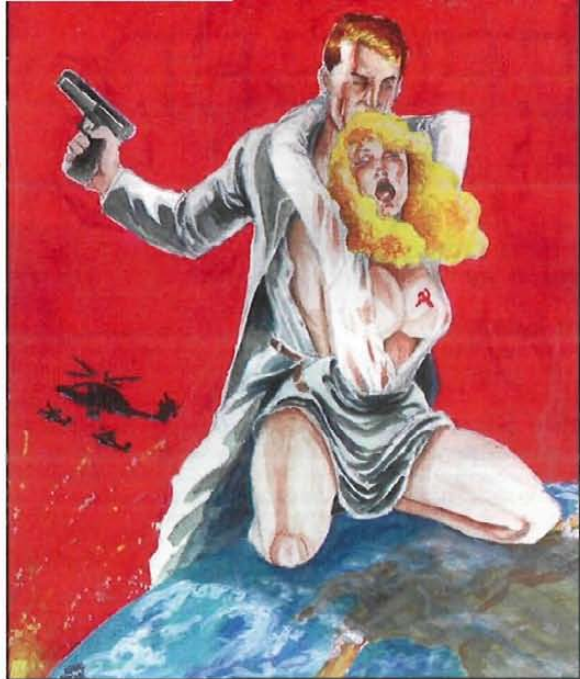


Illustration by Sean Stark

San Francisco and a financial supporter of the Jewish Defense League. Despite his radical politics, Jack knew him as a contact who could be trusted when innocent lives were on the line. Also, he had fixed Clark's deviated septum; for this, Jack's ally was forever grateful.

Built from the old silicon formula, each breast contained exactly 500 ml of fluid. The silicon was lighter than water, which helped her to survive an emergency landing in the South Pacific three years earlier. When her Bell Cherokee attack helicopter crashed into the warm tropical ocean near Tahiti, her bosoms had kept her afloat for seven hours and forty-three minutes, until she was finally rescued by a French Navy "Seahawk" model 551d chopper equipped with two mounted .50 caliber Epley rapid fire-machine-guns, and four e-4 side-mounted Mongoose Air to Ground missiles. Jack gave her breasts a good, long, hard look, then shuddered. "Helicopter," he muttered.

Her breasts had held up well over seven and a half years of Federal Service. She had spent most of that time in Eastern Europe under "deep cover." The silicon had a pleasant viscosity that he could appreciate. These particular implants were manufactured in a factory which, during the Second World War, was used to build carburetors for the Mustang Aircraft used by the United States Army Aircorps. The Mustang's engine was a Packard V-1850-7 Merlin 12 cylinder liquid-cooled in-line, capable of 1,400 horsepower at take-off. As he looked at this Shayla, Jack suddenly identified with the engine.

He took a moment to visually examine the breasts. "Yes," he thought, "there ARE two of them."

Jack preferred the silicon implants to the newer, albeit safer saline model, the bulk of which came from the Yamex plant in Peru, a complex that built synthetic glands and headlights for motorcycles. The facility was owned by an international consortium of Japanese and American interests. Silicon implants might have presented a few more hazards to the user, but they lacked the gravity-defying quality of the newer faux mammaries that reminded him more of a polyurethane mannequin than of flesh and blood.

Jack felt a bit of dinner come up his throat, though not enough to be noticed by his companion. They had just finished an adequate meal of MRE's, consisting mainly of an efficacious venison casserole that had a shelf life of seven or more years.

She tossed her long, blond hair over her shoulders. Jack recognized it as having once been dark brown. The color of the aforementioned follicles indicated that she had returned to her routine of bleaching her hair 2.3 times per week. She utilized a complex coloring formula that was given to her by a KGB operative in Minsk. The formula contained: water, bleach, ammonium laureth sulfate, dimethicone, glycol distearate, cetyl alcohol, citric acid and xanthan gum (the xanthan

gum coming from a petroleum-cracking facility one and a half miles southeast of Gheorgius, Romania). The KGB agent assured her that it was a good formula for bleaching hair and washing SS-22 MIRV (Multiple-warhead Independently-targeted Reentry Vehicles, the Soviet delivery systems for hydrogen bombs). The KGB agent was selling intelligence about readiness statistics for the Soviet Rocket Corps. The information about the hair dye, he gave to her as a "freebee." She gave the KGB agent two

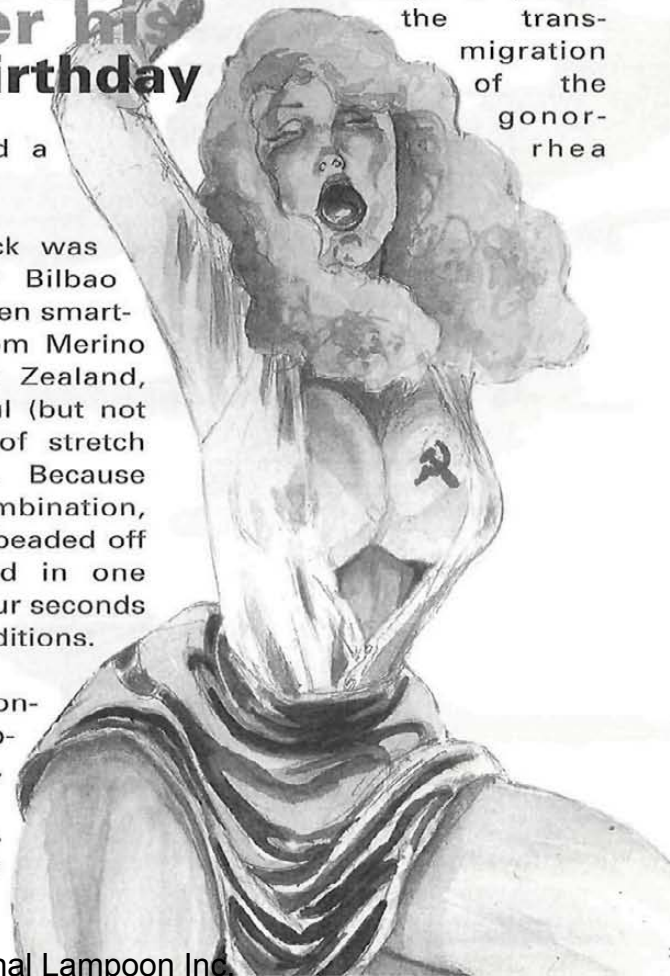
She slipped the elastic glove over Jack's protruding flesh cylinder, which had first seen action three days after his sixteenth birthday

million dollars and a freebee of her own.

For his part, Jack was wearing only his Bilbao socks, which had been smartly manufactured from Merino Wool out of New Zealand, along with a helpful (but not intrusive) amount of stretch nylon and spandex. Because of this unique combination, the socks naturally beaded off moisture and dried in one minute and thirty four seconds in semi-optimal conditions.

Jack removed a condom from its wrapper. It was a Spartan, made from Indonesian rubber. He felt bad that the

profits from the sale of this contraceptive device would go mostly to the despotic Suharto, who had a monopoly on all important industries in that war-torn country. This condom was extra-large, which was, interestingly enough, one of the smaller sizes. Jack had purchased many of these items since his sixteenth birthday, and had never noticed a "small" sized package at the local drugstore. He trusted this condom, despite a disinformation campaign that had recently been spread. It regarded the vulcanized entity's effectiveness against sexually transmitted diseases. According to Les Assmussen, a junior file clerk at the Company, the average condom contained holes small enough to retard the passage of spermatozoa, but large enough to permit the transmigration of the gonorrhoea



bacillus. Upon further research, Jack learned that this erroneous information had been spread by the Asbel Society, a secret organization of fundamentalist Christians. They operated out of Palmdale, California, a far-flung high desert suburb of Los Angeles, and home of the Lockheed-Martin Corporation's high security "Skunk Works." They were bent on establishing a new world order, known to its detractors as "the Straight Agenda."

"Here, let me put that on..." She slipped the elastic glove over Jack's protruding flesh cylinder, which had first seen action three days after his sixteenth birthday, in the bedroom of one Fiona O'Riley. Fiona later joined as an adjunct to the Irish Republican Army and was subsequently killed during a raid on a suspected IRA pub in Belfast.

Third Reich, it was the only artillery that stayed in production during the entire World War II period). She examined it and licked her teeth. "Is it true, what they say about the submarine thing?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, and I have no idea who 'they' are," Jack responded coyly. He had heard this question many times before, and he wasn't about to discuss it with Shayla. The submarine thing. It was a part of his reputation he had learned to live with.

"Right." She bit her lip, inquisitively. "I mean, where does one hide a submarine?"

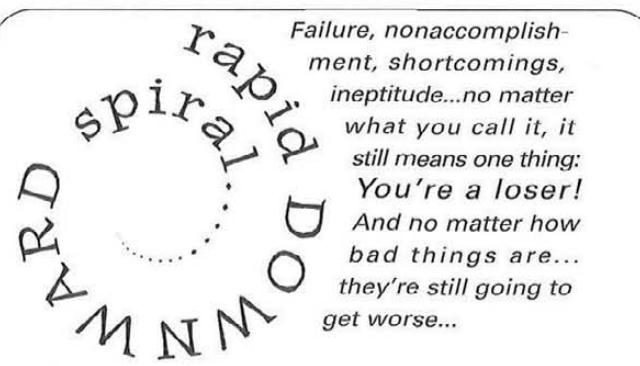
Jack pressed his body against hers, and the question was quickly and effectively answered.

- Ggreg Snyder & Michael Williams

Jack helped her. She examined his non-detachable insemination device, which had a large base and somewhat decreasing tip that was not unlike the 75-mm kwk L-24 gun on the Pwkpfw IV Ausf D taknk (a work horse for the



THE NEEDED GRAMMY AWARD



Blind date:

1. She's **Hot!!!**
2. She's hot.
3. She's hot and not too bright.
4. She's not too bright.
5. "Well, she's got a nice personality."
6. She's ugly and has a lousy personality.
7. She's dead.
8. She walks amongst the **LIVING DEAD!!!!**
9. She's amongst the Living Dead, although she just sits there.
10. "Bob, your radioactive-living-dead-date-with-herpes is here!"
11. She doesn't have a vagina.

- Mark Schaefer

Our Worst (true)

S u b m i s s i o n

Duncan Murray & Jeff Pill
National Lampoon
10850 Wilshire Blvd.
Suite 1000
Los Angeles, CA 90024

Hey Creeps,

I had to type this in case you didn't receive the copy of it. This is what my friends and I think about your garbage magazine.

Choke on it!

Kim L

Dear Kim:

Thanks for your kind submission.

We thought you should know that, after careful inspection, we found significant vermin infestation - notably crabs, lice, and some other nasty little critters heretofore unknown to man.

May we suggest a healthy application of Nix or Quell? The latter comes with its own little comb, which proves most efficacious in removing the aforementioned little bastards. As an added bonus, the comb makes a mighty fine personal stimulation device. We suggest you try it.

Sincerely,

The Editors

P.S.: We're glad you shave something.

*cc: Patricia Ireland
Andrea Dworkin
Elleanor Smeal
Susan Faludi*

RELIGIONS that didn't

Chesterology 1958 - 1959

Little did former carpet store manager Chester Tucker know that when he fell off his garage roof, attempting to put up an antenna, the incident would lead to him founding a religion that would spread like wildfire through central New Jersey.

The accident, and a severe dent to his head, brought about a spiritual epiphany to Chester. At first his friends and neighbors thought Chester's claim that "Jesus shoved me off that roof!" was just another wild boast stemming from his infamous "spells." Many in the suburban area had always believed that Chester was a tad "off," others considered him a bit "eccentric," while most insisted he was simply "retarded." When it was learned that he had been putting up an antenna in spite of not actually owning a television, his sanity was further questioned.

But then, something strange happened. Word of Chester's revelation made the local papers, and to many folks in 1950's New Jersey, the idea of their Savior tossing them off their garage roofs sounded like a good, Christian idea. Day after day, these self-proclaimed "Chums Of Chester" stood up on their garages, waiting patiently for a good, hard shove from the Son Of God. There were many accidents; mostly

among older folks and alcoholics. Accidents amongst older alcoholics were especially high. In one tragic instance, a Mrs. Edgar Fitzpatrick, a retired nurse, fell off her roof, landing on and killing her mailman, Mel Cohen, who, sadly and ironically, was a Jew.

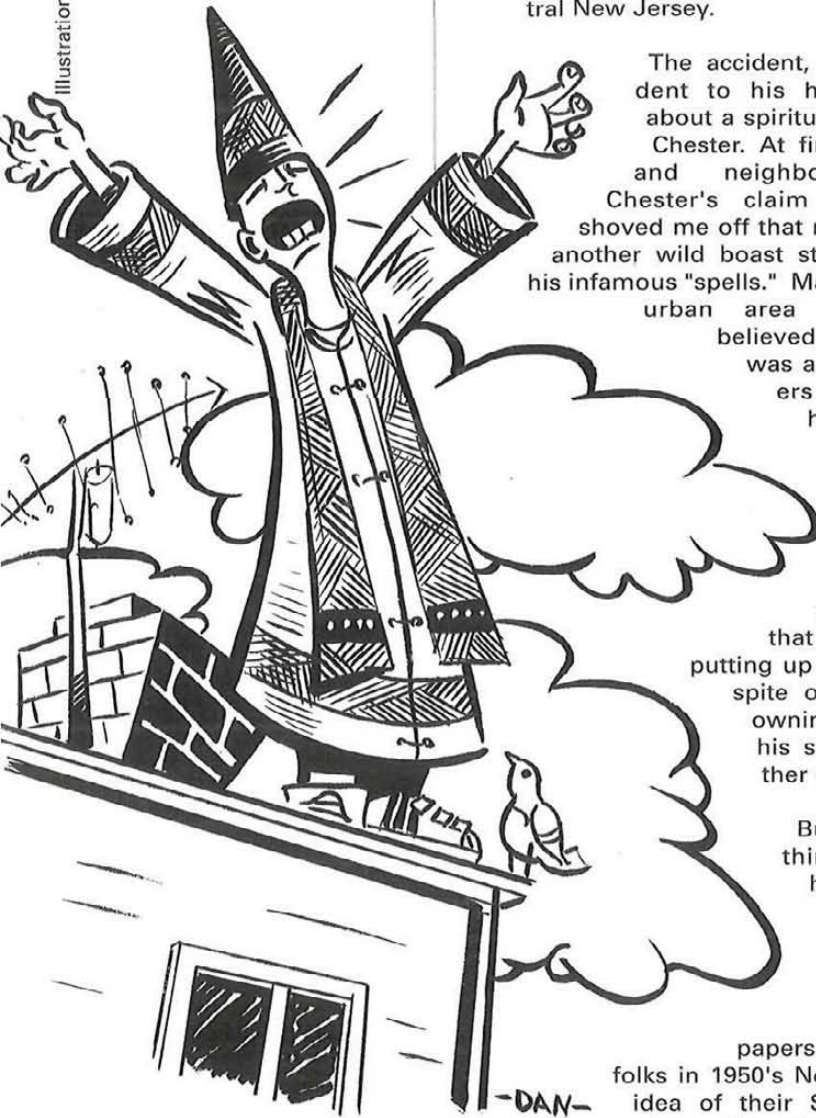
The Chesterology movement, as it came to be called by the roof scaling faithful, was fueled by the sermons Chester would give atop his garage roof, wearing only his bathrobe as his "shroud," and a plastic traffic cone for a hat. Somehow these spirited diatribes excited and inspired his flock, even though they mainly consisted of one unfinished sentence after another, often referring obscurely to the mystical properties of carpet remnants.

Chesterology ended abruptly as a religion on the cool autumn morning of October 18th, 1959. Chester held amongst his followers his version of a Baptism: a "Roofism." Holding hands, the idea was for two dozen "Chums Of Chester" to "get pushed" off a roof in unison. Needless to say, it ended very badly. Many of the insurance claims and lawsuits remain unsettled to this day.

Chester Tucker's sudden death in 1975 is still a subject of debate and controversy. Why he again climbed up on his garage roof is still a mystery. Some say he was suddenly compelled to make yet another pilgrimage to his old beliefs, others say he was just fetching a neighbor's frisbee. We may never know the truth, but we do know the bitter sadness of his death. He fell off the roof, landing on his mailman, Mel Cohen Jr., who, ironically, had just converted from Judaism to Catholicism. Both men were killed instantly.

- Jeff McCarthy

Illustration by Dan Warner



Make It

Shoe-ism 560

It was early in the Dark Ages... a time when a young King Arthur made merry with his Knights of the Round Table, Gregorian Monks chanted the hits of the day and "The Plague" was Europe's favorite disease. Late one Saturday (also known as Shoeday back then) a mystic pagan named Bob Wilson had a vision while chugging "shooters" of coal tar and wood alcohol.

Debbie, a beautiful Earth goddess with big hair and long pink fingernails, appeared in a Hemlock bush and revealed a plan to guide her faithful followers to Nirvana. Her words of wisdom included strict dietary procedures and rigid codes of conduct. To avoid any confusion over what she said or what she meant, Debbie wisely carved these laws on two tablets of ice.

The name of the religion was to be called "Shoe-ism". The rules were simple: sex was to be forbidden, except with the religion's founder, Bob Wilson. Second, the faithful followers were instructed to eat raw, rancid pork on a daily basis in order to appease Debbie.

Unfortunately, the tablets melted before anyone else had a chance to see them, but Wilson was pretty sure that's what they said. Over 10,000 followers took these words of wisdom to heart and within a month, most were dead of trichinosis and botulism. The survivors were too ill to even think about sex and slowly went insane. With no living members left to throw up or abstain from sex, the religion quickly floundered.

All was not lost, though. Fourteen hundred years later, in 1965, the call of this ancient sect grew loud once again. Beshevra Mun Agar, a gas station attendant in Dayton, Ohio witnessed a new vision from Earth Goddess Debbie. Actually, it was more like a phone call... collect, in fact, but nonetheless, she had a message for everyone. Her faithful flock would rise once again!

This time, they would avoid raw, rancid, pork. Instead, as a testament to their faith, they would eat mayonnaise that had been left out in the sun all day. Debbie said some other things too, but the Strawberry Pop Tarts that she inscribed her sacred words on were mistakenly eaten by Mun Agar's son Kevin.

- Dave Pullano

TRUE (They had it Coming) FACTS

KEY WEST, Florida - A dishwasher at an oceanfront hotel here was shot to death after a heated argument with a busboy over how silverware should be placed for cleaning, police said.

Jose Antonio Borrell was not putting the flatware into the proper dishwasher containers as he was told to do by Reyes Blas Morales.

After a heated exchange, Borrell left the Marriot's Casa Marina only to return 45 minutes later wielding a nine-millimeter semi-automatic pistol.

He discharged six bullets into 37-year-old Morales.

*The Foreign Post
faithfully submitted,
Alan Sycip, Manila*

HONG KONG - A disabled beggar, accused of striking a police officer, had to crawl into court after a magistrate confiscated his crutches for evidence.

Polio victim Cheung Sun-wah, 27, dragged himself on his stomach into the courtroom and was later forced to haul himself into the dock without assistance.

Cheung was arrested on March 11 charged with striking a police officer with his crutches.

*The Foreign Post
faithfully submitted,
Alan Sycip, Manila*

POLICE said a lawyer demonstrating the safety of windows in a downtown Toronto skyscraper crashed through a pane with his shoulder and plunged 24 floors to his death.

Gary Hoy, 39, fell as he was explaining the strength of the building's windows to visiting law students.

*UPI, Toronto
faithfully submitted,
Don Brockhaus*

MICHAEL Anderson Godwin had spent several years awaiting South Carolina's electric chair on a murder conviction. In March, sitting on a metal toilet in his cell and attempting to fix his small TV set, he bit into a wire and was electrocuted.

On January 1, 1997, Laurence Baker, also a convicted murderer, was electrocuted by his homemade earphones as he watched his small TV while sitting on his metal toilet.

*The News of the Weird
faithfully submitted,
Don Brockhaus*

A **POACHER** electrocuting fish in a lake in central Poland fell into the water and suffered the same fate as his quarry, police said Thursday. The 24-year-old man was one of four who went fishing with a cable, one end of which they attached to a net and the other to a high-voltage electricity supply line.

*Rueters, Warsaw, Poland
faithfully submitted,
Don Brockhaus*

THE GILLIGAN PAPERS



Howard Hawkins, Harvard Distinguished Professor of Physics, died in his Cambridge home of natural causes last Wednesday. He was 79. A remarkable prodigy, Professor Hawkins entered Stanford at the age of 11, majoring in physics, chemistry and biology. He eventually added graduate degrees in zoology, astrophysics, astronomy, quantum mechanics, mathematics, and psychology, all before the age of 25. Known around the world as a researcher, inventor, and author of numerous books and articles, he was also highly respected as a teacher and lecturer.

Little known among the general public was the fact that Professor Hawkins had spent four years living on an uninhabited island in the Pacific, the result of a pleasure cruise that was lost at sea. Several years after his rescue, he received the appointment at Harvard that he would hold until his death.

As his estate was being settled, a document was discovered that turned out to be the personal diary of his experiences on the island. Considering the Professor's staggering intellect, the medical and academic community consider these routine writings extremely important, not only as a memoir, but also as an important academic thesis on the effect of survival situations and primitive environments on normally civilized human beings. Here, then, unabridged and in its entirety, is Professor Hawkins' diary.

Day 1

We finally landed after the most horrific night of my life. The nausea and vomiting continued unabated, and not one of the passengers or crew was spared. I have not yet ascertained the location of our landing, but my fervent hope is that it is an uninhabited portion of one of the medium-sized Hawaiian islands, Lanai or perhaps Kahoolawe.

I have examined the craft. The damage is too severe for us to repair. I'm surprised we were able to

land safely. I am also at a loss as to how our captain could have allowed this voyage to embark in the first place, considering the inclement weather we encountered. His competency is most suspect in my mind.

After unloading a few necessities (I am astounded as to the quantity of personal belongings the elderly couple has brought along), I have suggested a search of the area so as to gain knowledge of our position. We will break off into small groups and fan out through the woods. Since the captain seems to lack leadership skills, I will choose the search parties. I have paired the rich old man with the captain's first mate (an amiable young man whose mental capacities have yet to make an impression on me), the captain with the old man's wife, and I will accompany the two young women. It took some doing to get the elderly couple to agree to assist us. I had to describe this task as a "pleasant stroll" before they would cooperate.

After several hours of combing the surrounding area, we have returned. Here is my assessment. We have landed on what I believe to be an uncharted island. The total land mass is less than a few square miles. I detected no signs of civilization. With the boat so badly damaged, we must then assume that we are trapped here until rescue arrives. That could be days, or even weeks. With survival the paramount issue, the first item on our agenda is the search for food. We will make this beachhead our home base for the time being, the crew and I will scan the area, and we will rendezvous back

here in two hours.

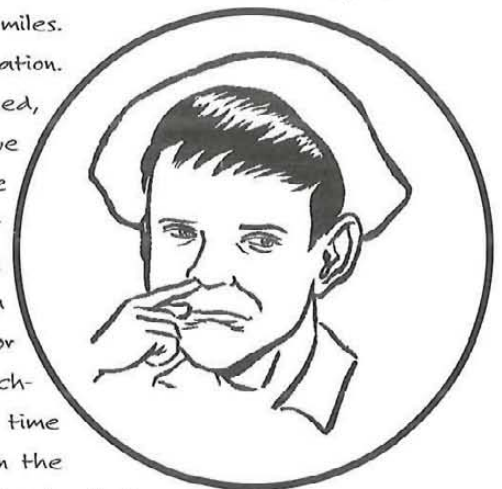
Good news! There is an ample supply of bananas, mangos, papayas, coconuts and citrus fruit on the island. We will not starve. The captain has also informed me that there are two fishing rods on the boat. The lagoon should offer us good bounty.

At this time I have assessed the six other castaways. The elderly couple are Thurston Howell III and his wife, whom he calls Lovey. They are obviously very wealthy, and talk as if the concept of a hard day's work is repugnant to them. They are, I believe, in for quite a shock.

The young girl's name is Mary Ann, and she comes from Iowa. She is healthy and strong and will be an asset to this party.

The other woman is a movie actress named Ginger Grant. She claims to be well-known, but I have yet to see one of her films. She may not be much help to us in terms of labor, but I find her pleasing to look at, and with this group, that is no small asset. Perhaps she can cook.

The captain's name I have not yet gathered, but he seems to prefer being called "Skipper." I will comply. He is a robust



f e l -

low, about 260 pounds, and good natured. He should be helpful in hunting, fishing, and lifting heavy objects.

His mate's name is Gilligan. This individual has what I believe to be some mild form of brain damage. He seems to have difficulty understanding the simplest concepts, and I think a family connection may be the reason for his employment. I will do my best to be patient with him.

After unloading the boat, I am astonished as to the amount of gear and personal belongings contained therein. Tools, kitchenware, blankets, clothing, books and many other objects assured to assist in our comfort. The Howells have brought along a huge trunk full of money and a massive collection of clothing and jewelry. Perhaps the boat's unwieldiness in the storm was due in part to the additional weight of the Howells' possessions. If I knew their material indulgence to be the cause of our predicament, I would be most irked. We will bed down on the beach tonight, and tomorrow begin planning for our survival.

Day 2

We begin to gather food today. I have assigned the girls to banana gathering, the Howells to citrus and the crew and I myself will forage for anything else edible. Mr. Howell looked at me after his orders had been issued and said "Dear boy, you seem to be in error. Lovey and I simply don't do that sort of thing," to which his wife chimed in "Tell him, Thurston." I informed them that everyone would be expected to pitch in and that no "free rides"

would be given. Mr. Howell then produced a wad of one hundred dollar bills and offered to pay us all to do the work for them. I was repulsed, but everyone else grabbed the money and headed off into the woods cheering. I don't think I like the Howells.

Within hours we had amassed a fine assortment of fruit. I had also discovered a rich lode of edible worms and fungi but no one seemed interested. We ate voraciously.

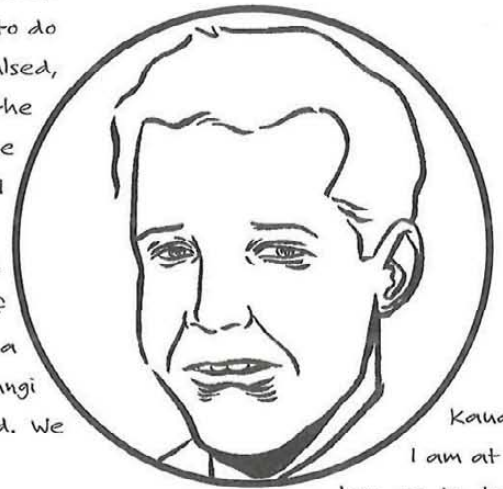
Day 5

We have each commandeered areas of the upper beachhead for our sleeping quarters. The surrounding foliage may not offer suitable protection from the elements. Hopefully we won't be here long enough for that to be a problem.

The Howells continue to complain, but I find I am getting better at tuning them out. Gilligan seems almost totally reliant on the Skipper for guidance in all areas, his helplessness and ineptitude being most profound. I am still not sure of the true nature of their relationship. It seems to go beyond mere friendship into a pseudo parasite-host arrangement. I find it a fascinating zoological study, and will keep my eyes open.

Day 8

I constructed a sextant from bamboo, vines and palm leaves and have ascertained our position. According to my findings we are approximately 300 miles southwest of



Kauai.

I am at a

loss as to how

we could have traveled so far in such a short time. I am also further convinced of the crew's near total incompetence. I shall file formal chargers when we return to the mainland.

Day 13

I will attempt to get the ship's radio to work. Even if I am successful, it is only a receiver and will do little more than entertain and inform. Apparently the crew did not equip the craft with a transmitter, the most elemental nautical necessity. Again, I question their judgement.

So far, food has been plentiful, sleep has been sound, and we are all in fine health. The young women are adapting well to the primitive environment, and only the Howells' attitude and Gilligan's intense stupidity continue to offer daily challenge. We still maintain hope of an imminent rescue.

Day 17

The Howells continue to annoy me. When I asked Mrs. Howell to clean the fish for today's supper, she laughed, said "Oh pooh, Professor, really," and strode away. If she continues to shirk her duties, I will have to deny her rations. I confronted Mr. Howell about her behavior and he began to lecture me on aspects of "class" and the distinctions of the "aristocracy". He claims that their "station" in life precludes them from common toil and that it is our "duty" to provide for them. I calmly informed him that if he didn't pull his weight around here, I would personally yank his guts out of his aristocratic asshole and shove them down his fucking throat. He seemed to get the point. This barbaric response on my part is most surprising. Perhaps this primitive setting is having a regressive effect on my behavioral patterns. How exhilarating.

Day 19

I am forming a mild attachment to Ginger as the days go on. She seems to appreciate my scientific and practical expertise, and I find myself aroused by her animal allure.

I've also noticed Mary



Ann showing some attention to Gilligan. This has two perceivable effects. It seems to make Gilligan even more clumsy and awkward than usual, and it also makes the Skipper a bit edgy. He might be displaying jealousy. I continue to observe the bizarre dynamic of their (the Skipper and Gilligan's) relationship.

Day 21

It seems that the Howells have been paying Gilligan and the others to do their chores for them. I don't approve of this practice, but it is their money.

Day 22

Ginger is menstruating. Since no tampons are available, I've had to construct some out of thatch and moss. She will experience mild discomfort, but I believe the indigenous materials to be free of contaminants and safe for her use. We must all make do.

Day 26

The Howells continue to pay the other castaways to do their chores for them. I don't know how much money they have in that trunk, but I pity them when it runs out.

Day 27

The Skipper and I spent today fishing in the lagoon. We caught several good-sized Parrot fish, and congratulated each other on the fine bounty which would guarantee a splendid dinner feast for the group.

Then Gilligan arrived. In a method which still eludes my sense of logic and physics, he managed to get himself completely tangled up in our fishing lines. While I endeavored to extricate the young imbecile, the Skipper removed his hat and proceeded to strike Gilligan about the face with it. The Skipper then apologized and called him "little buddy," a title I've heard him use before. I detect a passive-aggressive quality to the Skipper's treatment of his "little buddy."

I am a bit concerned that Gilligan may in time prove to be more liability than asset to the rest of us. I sincerely hope to be proven wrong.

Day 28

We've been on the island for four weeks now. I wonder where the hell our rescue is. This group is starting to get on my nerves.

Day 39

I was examining an indigenous fungus in the island interior today when Ginger appeared. She claimed to be lost and asked if she could remain with me. Before I could respond, she had pulled my trousers down, hoisted up her skirt and mounted me, displaying aggressive sexual tendencies not unlike female praying mantises and some of the more exotic nocturnal marsupials. I became quickly aroused, due in part to the primitive nature of our environment and its subsequent regressive effect on my latent animalistic tendencies.

After mating was completed, she quickly dismounted and resumed



a casual attitude, chatting nonchalantly as if nothing had happened. I then realized that any future sexual contact with Ginger would be at her whim, and that I would avail myself to her when her urges required me. I attributed her behavior to that "mysterious and elusive quality of womanhood" I had read about. I found this tacet arrangement acceptable, since the intermittentness of our contact would not interfere with my research and work on the island. All in all it was a most satisfactory day.

Day 42

I think we may be here for longer than originally anticipated. Therefore, I am supervising the building of huts for our personal quarters. I have drawn up architectural diagrams of practical designs utilizing indigenous materials and in consideration of our current compliment of tools and manpower. We need only begin construction.

The Howells, being married, will have their own hut, and the two young women will share one. The Skipper and Gilligan will share a hut (they both demonstrated extreme discomfort when I suggested other-

wise), as I am beginning to suspect an even greater dimension (or dementia) to their relationship. I will have my own hut, so my work can progress unimpeded. We should have them built within the week.

Day 45

The Skipper, Gilligan and I will have to complete the Howells hut for them. Among the Howells' other annoying attributes is their total lack of manual skills. It seems easier for us to simply build their hut than expend the immeasurable amount of energy necessary to convince them to do the work themselves. I almost proposed that we leave them exposed to the elements, and let them die in abject agony, but felt that that might erode away at our esprit de corps. It's now official. I hate them.

Day 48

The huts are completed. Tonight we will feast to celebrate our achievement. On my way to meet the Skipper at the lagoon, Ginger again intercepted and mounted me and we mated in a brief celebration of our own. My mood lightened, and I resumed my trek to the lagoon.

The fishing was good. But after several tuna and grouper had been reeled in, Gilligan appeared. In a manner beyond my powers of explanation, he again succeeded in thwarting our best efforts, for while examining our catch, he only managed to release them all back into the ocean. The Skipper began pum-

melling his "little buddy" with his hat again while I postulated a theory.

It seems that Gilligan displays a two-fold condition. On one hand he seems to be afflicted by a psycho-neural malady that converts normal data (verbal commands, sensory information) into meaningless nonsense as it enters his brain. That would account for his inability to carry out simple commands or conduct logical through-thought conversations. I believe extreme psychotherapy and heavy medication for the rest of his natural life might bring this situation under control.

The other condition afflicting this poor excuse for protoplasm is more perplexing. I might even categorize it as metaphysical. He seems to be surrounded by an aura of randomness or chaos that penetrates everything he comes in contact with. For while his demeanor is congenial and I believe his intentions to be well-meaning, things simply go "wrong" when he is in the vicinity. Physical objects break, good fortune seems to evaporate, and other people's normal thought patterns are interrupted and confused by an unseen "force" that accompanies him everywhere he goes. Gilligan is, simply put, a huge slice of bad news. If I were God, I would remove him like an infected boil and look forward to a speedy recovery with minimal scarring.

With each passing day I fear more and more that he may need to be severely dealt with. My greatest trepidation regarding that inevitability is incurring the Skipper's wrath, which could be substantial, considering his size, strength, and the magnitude of their inexplicable bond.

Patience guides me.

After recatching our dinner, the feast went off relatively smoothly. The Howells' complained about the spiciness of the fish (I had concocted a spice from distilled sea water and island herbs), but I was able to silence them by politely reminding them that they could starve to death for all I cared. After dinner, Ginger and I took a moonlight walk, mated again, and I was able to unwind.

Day 50

I strolled by the Skipper and Gilligan's hut this evening and heard something most unusual. At first I heard Gilligan say "not tonight, Skipper." The Skipper responded with "come on, little buddy." A brief argument ensued followed by silence, and then the hut began to shimmy and shake. It took me several moments to deduct that a homosexual encounter was in progress. Then many things became clear to me.

The Skipper's jealous behavior could now be explained. So also could the awkward walking style of Gilligan, his body having been altered by its pastime. Their frequent evening disappearances also acquired an assumed purpose now. More interesting to me, though, was a scientific consideration regarding the nature of their co-dependency. This was not a parasite-host relationship as I had first surmised, but one more indicative of master and slave. The Skipper was clearly the dominant figure, and I deducted that his

homosexuality was the initial guiding force while Gilligan, lacking enough inner substance to even have sexuality, merely went along, allowing the Skipper to dictate the form and function of the arrangement. In return, Gilligan would receive perhaps the only attention or intimacy he had ever known. Thus both partners could be symbiotically satisfied. Not wishing to imply my own moral strictures, I accepted this as a natural evolution, taking into account the two subjects involved. This also explained how Gilligan got his job.

Day 51

I need to get off of this island.

Day 57

I'm convinced Mr. Howell is impotent. Either that, or simply uninterested in the sexual needs of his wife. Those are the only causes I can cite for Mrs. Howell's (even more) unusual behavior. Last night she stole into my hut under cover of darkness and offered me \$10,000 to engage in a sexual act with her. I informed her that I was nearing REM sleep when she interrupted, and asked her to leave. She then offered me \$25,000. Again I am befuddled as to why she and her husband carried so much money on a three hour tour. Regardless, I was taken aback by her second offer. \$25,000 would go far in financing my research, and since grant monies have dried up, I could use the capital. I lit a candle

and assessed her physical properties in the pale light with an eye toward possible contact. Noting the saggy skin about her face and neck and the general unappealingness of her features in general, not to mention her intolerable demeanor, I informed her that \$50,000 would be required for the carnal act to ensue. She took offense at that and left my hut in a huff. Within two minutes I was fast asleep, the incident relegated to the obscurity it deserved.

Day 84

I have curtailed my regular journalistic entries for several weeks in light of recent developments here on the island. I shall now summarize.

Ginger has moved into my hut. She seems to require more frequent contact and we mate often. I resented the imposition at first, but have grown to enjoy her company and the warmth of her body next to mine at night. Mary Ann seems at peace with the new arrangement, her simple attitude being most accepting and resilient. I suspect a minimum of brain activity to be an asset in her case.

We have withstood three great tropical storms recently. Each time, we retreated to the cave on the far side of the island and huddled together, sheltered from the torrential wind and rain. On more than one occasion, I happened to make incidental contact with Gilligan, only to be greeted by a most murderous glare from the Skipper. His possessiveness and paranoia are becoming problematical (Mary Ann no longer shows Gilligan more than casual attention). It seems that in the



extreme situations we are forced to face here, the Skipper's mother-hen tendencies often reach manic proportions. I am afraid he may become violent. Therefore I have manufactured a blowgun from bamboo shoots and have several darts (yucca thorns strapped to palm shoots) that are dipped in a deadly poison (root derivatives), should a crisis situation arise. I rue the thought of having to do harm to anyone, but as the only clear-thinking member of this party, I can not abide potentially harmful and aggressive behavior that may endanger the others. If he wants to kill the Howells though, I will allow it.

Day 102

I have added conch and shellfish to our diet by manufacturing a working facemask by taking a glass fragment from the ship, and encasing it in a wooden frame sealed with a gummy substance derived from sap extracted from one of the island palms. A snorkel made from bamboo and swim fins made from a torn raincoat and palm struts complete the snorkeling ensemble.

Mary Ann prepared the crab and spiny lobster I caught on my first outing, and we all feasted. Mr. Howell asked if we had any oysters. I informed him of the locations around the world yielding oysters, and how this was not one of them. When he grumbled something about "how limited the island cuisine was," I "accidentally" spilled a steaming pot of scalding broth into his lap, sending him screaming into the lagoon. My primitive tendencies are becoming more acute as time goes by, and I find I'm beginning to enjoy them.

Day 110

I noticed an IOU taped to the side of Gilligan and the Skipper's hut. It read: "I owe you one Rolls Royce, (signed) Thurston Howell III." It would appear that the Howells are out of cash. I wonder how much of their empire they'll end up giving away if we remain here for much longer.



eyelash press made an admirable clamp. Getting her to donate it for the operation was difficult, as I had to threaten her with starvation.

The procedure went smoothly even though my assistant Ginger ran out in the middle, covering her mouth. At one point I was tempted not to revive the patient, but the sight of Gilligan moping in the woods nearby was too much for my sense of compassion. All in all though, I found the entire challenge most stimulating.

Day 122

As the weeks and months go by, I will be making fewer entries in my journal. I originally hoped that our stay would be brief. Since we may grow old and die here, I don't feel the need for every petty event to be entered into print.

Day 123

I want to go home.

Day 220

I had to remove the Skipper's gall bladder this morning. After receiving his complaints of pain and indigestion, the diagnosis was easy to make. Being without my home surgical kit, I had to fashion implements from what the environment afforded. My scalpel was a sharpened rib bone from a barracuda, and the anesthetic was derived from crushed coconut hair and sand fleas. Moss served as a sponge, and Mrs. Howell's

Day 365

We have been on the island for a full year. My sanity, though tenuous at times, is still intact.

Much has happened in recent months. The Howells' have given away nearly everything they own in the form of IOU's. The other day I found Ginger and Mary Ann comparing stacks of paper. Apparently Ginger has houses, stocks, bonds, and millions in cash to look forward to. Mary Ann, meanwhile, will have to content herself with yachts, land, and only a few million in cash. I wonder what will happen if we are rescued. Will the Howells actually pay up? This could be interesting. Soon they will actually have to do their own work. I look forward to assigning filthy and arduous tasks to Thurston and Lovey, so I can watch them suffer. They nauseate me now more than ever.

Gilligan has proven to be one disaster after another, and it is

through sheer force of will that I have not killed him by now. The list of his mishaps is endless. I simply assume when he enters the area that something will break, or unhappiness will descend from the heavens like a screeching Valkyrie in a flaming chariot. What the Skipper sees in him is beyond me.



Mary Ann

generally keeps to herself when she is not with Ginger. I don't really know what goes on in her head most of the time. Perhaps she doesn't either.

Ginger and I are still cohabiting. She is the only bright spot on this island for me. We mate often, and she strokes my hair and calls me her "little genius". I appreciate her physical presence and attention, but as an intellectual companion, she is inadequate. I still long to go home.

Day 378

I have taken it upon myself to make a greater effort to get us all back to civilization. It seems, however, that Gilligan has other plans, for he succeeds in thwarting my every attempt to get some plan into motion.

Today, while I was applying a new glue compound I had devised (yucca sap mixed with crushed chiton) to the ship, he arrived, stumbled over my glue bucket and crashed into the hull, dislodging even more boards and rendering the operation fruitless. I had to hold my breath and count to 1000 by 17's until he ran away to avoid twisting his head off.

Day 402

This morning I endeavored to build a radio transmitter from components found on the ship. Just as my work began to show promise, Gilligan charged into the glade screaming some gibberish and stomped on my half-built transmitter, crushing it and destroying any potential it may have had to be useful. I cried. I actually cried. Damn him.

Day 445

Day 521

Mr. Howell was playing golf on the beach this morning, with Gilligan as his caddy. The sight of that useless old fart being serviced by that equally useless young cretin was enough to make my blood boil. Of all creatures created to inhabit this planet, on what lame and senseless day were these two biological mistakes fashioned? I can barely stand the sight of either of them. I had better keep my distance, or I can not be held accountable for my actions.

Day 522

I want to get off of this island more than ever.

Day 544

The Howells are completely broke. All of their assets have been promised to the castaways for ser-

vices rendered. Ha ha. Guess who's going to clean the stinky fish for tonight's dinner?

Day 565

The Howells are having difficulty adapting to their new roles as "normal people." I assigned Lovey the task of shucking conchs today. While struggling with her chore, I heard her exclaim "Oh, Thurston, I think I shall die if I have to keep this up." I wish she were right.

Meanwhile Thurston has proven to be a competent fire starter, though it took me forever to teach him how to light a match (matches are plentiful since I found a way to manufacture them using sulphur and other indigenous materials found on the far side of the island). It seems he has never even had to light his own cigar. What a fool.

Day 676

We have trouble. The citrus trees are dying. I suspect a plant virus of some sort. This is serious. They represent about 28% of our diet. I will investigate.

Day 678

After examining the leaves, stems and fruit from the infected trees with a microscope I manufactured from bamboo, an old pair of Mrs. Howell's glasses and parts from my aborted transmitter, I was unable to determine the cause of the progressive deterioration. I will explore other avenues.

Day 681

I have discovered the cause of the plant illness. The trunks of the trees have been repeatedly bombarded by some sort of acidic substance that has penetrated the bark and corroded away the inner fibers. After examining the substance I have deduced that someone has been urinating on our citrus trees. Not occasionally mind you, but frequently and with enough consistency for it to have a degenerative effect. I am livid. This island is not that large and there are not that many citrus trees. But ALL of them have been systematically targeted by this urinator, and ALL are uniformly affected. The fruit is dying, and with it goes a substantial portion of our food supply. I will question the others to find the culprit.

I have eliminated the women as suspects. Physically, it would simply take too much effort to target the contaminated areas.

I questioned Mr. Howell (I almost hoped it would be him so I could claim justifiable homicide), but he explained that "he would never lower himself to pissing on a tree, dear boy" and, sadly, I believe him.

Wanting to avoid a violent confrontation, I mentioned the incident as casually as I could to the Skipper, and he showed genuine concern and surprise. I believe he is not responsible.

That leaves only one possible suspect. I must proceed carefully.

Day 692

It's been days since my discovery. I'm still not sure what to do.

Day 693

Perhaps I could poison him in his sleep. No. I don't think so.

Day 694

An accident? He could drown. No. Too obvious.

Day 695

OK. I've decided. I will convene the group and employ the direct and honest approach. Accuse, convict and condemn.

Day 696

I have called a meeting of the castaways, explained the citrus tree incident to them, and accused Gilligan of recklessly jeopardizing the welfare of the rest of the party. I have also cited numerous instances of Gilligan's ineptitude resulting in endangering our best efforts at escape and even survival. I have recommended we take a silent vote to determine if punishment (banishment or death) be meted out in this matter.

My rather vehement oratory was greeted with stunned silence by the group. I was aware of the severity of my ire and the charges issued, but this was serious and, frankly, I had endured about enough. After a long period of silence, I simply exploded.

My primitive nature must have fully erupted to the surface, because I charged at Gilligan, my arms outstretched to encircle his neck and strangle the life out of him. I chased him around the table several times as he yelled "Skipperrrrrr! Help me, Skipperrrrrr!" But the Skipper was too large and unwieldy to catch one as quick as I. Eventually, Gilligan darted for the woods with me in hot pursuit. The rest of the group followed in a rag-tag single file line. I chased that squirrely little fart all the way to the far side of the island. Finally I cornered him at the edge of a cliff, where a 200 foot drop to jagged rocks was his only escape.

"Honestly, Professor, I didn't know, I didn't know!" he pleaded.

"You!" I screamed. "You miserable little-!"

"Please no!" he implored. "Pleeeaaaase!"

I stopped. I looked at him. He was truly terrified. This shivering pathetic wretch was cringing in mortal terror before me. I froze. I looked at my hands...were these the hands of a murderer? How could I, a man who had dedicated his life to the pursuit of knowledge and progress, have been reduced to this - a wild-eyed homicidal maniac? Could I have degenerated this far? How could I abandon the logic and decorum that had guided me through all my days? I had to get a grip on myself, I had to maintain control.

I backed up a step. Then another step. I relaxed my shoulders to let the tension ease out of me as I backed off further. It was over. I was not a killer. We would get through this and get on with our lives. I was

resigned to forgive and move forward. Then it happened.

I turned around just in time to catch the Skipper charging at me with animal rage screaming from every pore of his body. "Don't you dare touch my little buddy! Not my little buddy!" he shrieked. He then ran at me with all his might, flailing and clawing at the air like a mother bear defending her cubs. My reflexes must have been pretty good, because I stepped aside just in time to watch him swing past me, plow into his "little buddy", and send them both cascading off the cliff to their violent death on the rocks below. The last thing I heard as they went over the edge was "little bud-
dddeeeeeee!.....". Then silence.

I thought I heard Mr. Howell say "bad show, old boy" before I fainted.

Day 700

Ginger has forgiven me. She said my anger was justified and it wasn't my fault. The Howells seem quite unaffected by the incident. Perhaps they are hardened by their new life as common laborers. I also suspect that they are secretly pleased to not have to make good on those IOU's. Mary Ann seems most sad and sympathetic.

Day 704

Things seem to be going back to normal. I miss the Skipper's strength and assistance, but losing Gilligan's destructive power makes the equation balance out. Life goes on and we all cope. Without the Howells, however, we would all cope for better.

Day 866

Mr Howell is dead. In the midst of complaining about the dinner of grouper and crab I had so elegantly prepared, he paused, proceeded to change colors (a veritable rainbow), and with a most surprised expression on his face, choked to death on a bone. I recognized the symptoms of a choking man immediately, and could have called my emergency medical knowledge into play at any time. For some odd reason, I didn't feel like it.

Day 867

We buried Thurston at sea today. What that really means is that we tossed his body off of the same cliff that claimed the Skipper and Gilligan. I just thought "buried at sea" sounded classier.

Day 875

Mrs. Howell has moved in with Mary Ann. This is a good thing, in my mind. Mary Ann has been a bit lonely lately, and Lovey needs a new support system. I am now alone on this island with three women. Well, two and a half.

Day 944

We buried Mrs. Howell at sea today. It seems she just failed to wake up this morning. My grief was manageable.

Day 960

Mary Ann is feeling lost and abandoned after the death of Mrs. Howell, so Ginger and I have decided to allow her to move into our hut. Now that there are only three of us, the food supplies in and around the island will last for an indefinite amount of time.

Day 1010

Mary Ann, it turns out, is actually satisfactory company, her pleasant demeanor and easy-going philosophy making her easy to be with. I'd never realized this before because I had not had much occasion to converse with her at length. The three of us are getting along quite well.

Day 1024

A feeling of peace and contentment has been gradually coming over me. For the first time since our shipwreck, I am not unhappy.

Day 1332

It's been some time since my last entry. I'm sitting on the beach now, collecting my thoughts. We've been on the island for nearly four years. The Skipper and Gilligan are gone. Mr. Howell has gone to that great safety deposit box in the sky with his Lovey. The wind is blowing gently, it's a balmy 78 degrees, and I'm in the company of two dear friends.

The island is home now. I don't even think about getting back to civilization much anymore.

Mary Ann and I are having a pleasant conversation as Ginger gently runs her fingers through my hair. I'm feeling relaxed. Life is really not so bad. In fact...I'm happy. I'm actually happy. I'm looking out to sea. The sun is setting gently in the west. Wait...I think I see something coming toward us. I do. It looks like...it is. A ship.

- Stephen Kohn

— Illustration by Sean Starks

TRUE (morons among us) FACTS

SINGAPORE - A woman wanted to have a clean colon, but ended up losing her anus and rectum instead. She went to a colon-cleansing practitioner for unsupervised treatments.

It led to her rectum being punctured and then becoming infected and gangrenous.

Madam Tan said she had to lie down on a fiberglass board which was balanced on a toilet bowl and a chair. A hose, leading from a suspended pail, allowed water to drip into a narrow pencil-like tube which was inserted into her anus.

The Asian Times
faithfully submitted,
Cora V. Asuncion

MOTALA, Sweden - A Swedish man stunned doctors when he checked into hospital after a fatal drinking binge with a blood-alcohol level ten times the legal limit for driving, it was reported.

The man, whose girlfriend died during the binge, had 8.3 milligrams of alcohol per liter of blood.

The report did not name the man, who told the doctors that he and his girlfriend had been drinking 96% alcohol from Denmark, as well as some home-distilled spirit. The girlfriend, who was not named, died before reaching the hospital.

The Foreign Post
faithfully submitted,
Alan Sycip, Manila

JAMES Burns, 34, of Alamo, Mich., was killed as he was trying to repair what police describe as a "farm-type truck." Burns got a friend to drive the truck on a highway while Burns hung under-

neath so that he could ascertain the source of a troubling noise. Burns' clothes caught something, however, and the other man found Burns "wrapped in the drive shaft."

faithfully submitted,
Don Brockhaus

HARVEY Baskin returned to his Point MacKenzie farm to find a 1983 Dodge truck stuck on top of his 600-pound pig.

The truck's driver, Gene Purvis, had chased the pregnant pig around the barnyard, plowed it down and then became high-centered on the beast.

The next day, Baskin's son discovered another pregnant pig dead inside one of their barns. A third sow, also pregnant, was still missing Tuesday.

"We were looking for the serial pig-killer to be caught, and we got him."

Anchorage Daily News
faithfully submitted,
Tom Katsoris

SIX people drowned Monday while trying to rescue a chicken that had fallen into a well in Southern Egypt. An 18-year-old farmer was the first to descend into the 60-foot well. He drowned. His sister and two brothers, none of whom could swim well, went in one by one to help him, but also drowned. Two elderly farmers then came to help, but they apparently were pulled by the same undercurrent.

faithfully submitted,
Don Brockhaus

A TERRIBLE diet and room with no ventilation are being blamed for the death of a man who was

killed by his own gas. There was no mark on his body but an autopsy showed large amounts of methane gas in his system. His diet consisted primarily of beans and cabbage. It appears that the man died in his sleep from breathing from the poisonous cloud that was hanging over his bed.

faithfully submitted,
Don Brockhaus

A CIGARETTE lighter may have triggered a fatal explosion in Dunkirk, Indiana. A Jay County man using the lighter to check the barrel of a muzzle loader was killed Monday night when the weapon discharged in his face.

faithfully submitted,
Don Brockhaus

A MAN at a party popped a blasting cap into his mouth and bit down, triggering an explosion that blew off his lips, teeth and tongue. Jerry Stromyer, 24 of Kincaid, bit the blasting cap as a prank during a party late Tuesday night, said Cpl. M.D. Payne. "Another man had it in an aquarium, hooked to a battery and was trying to explode it," Payne said. "It wouldn't go off and this guy said, 'I'll show you how to set it off.'"

faithfully submitted,
Don Brockhaus

TONY ROBERTS, 25, lost his right eye last weekend during an initiation into a men's rafting club, Mountain Men Anonymous. A friend tried to shoot a beer can off his head, but the arrow entered Robert's right eye.

faithfully submitted,
Don Brockhaus

Dr. Seuss'

Failed Erotic Poetry

One Fish, Two Fish Red Fish...SCREW FISH?!



Could it be that National Lampoon has stumbled onto the long lost failed erotic poetry of Dr. Seuss? The rhyming scheme is familiar. The alliterations and spoonerisms are there. But this is a work of an adult nature. Were the rumors true? Judge for yourself as we present this never before published gem.

Plants In My Pants

(ed. note: first two stanzas were unreadable due to a stain on the paper. We start here with the third)

I will not do it.
I will not. I shant!
I will not sit
On your Fun Mushroom Plant.

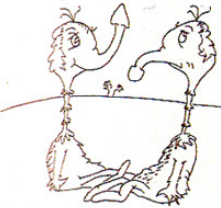


Give mine a blow
And mine will grow too
Said Joe who should know
Because he works at the zoo.

I would not touch it
with a who-ly-who's toe.
With my bumpty-o-sumptys,
I surely say not.

I will not touch it,
sit on it or blow.
I will not touch them
Jeffery and Joe.

But, if you will not touch it
How will it grow?
Said Jeffery and Joe.

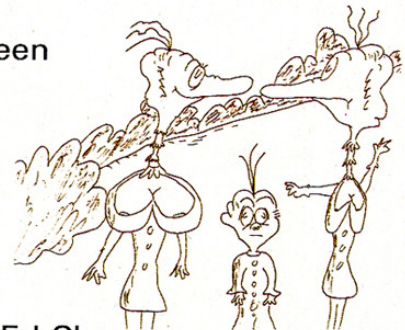
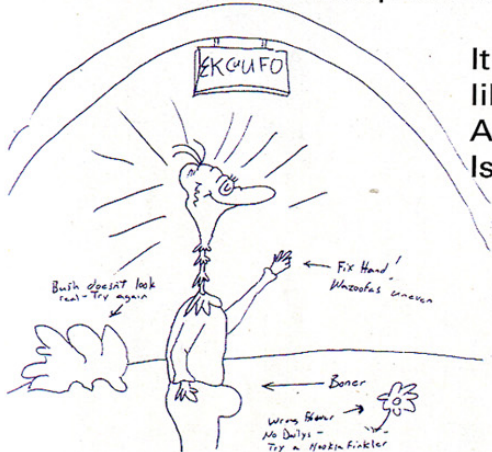


(But) Jeffery's grew big
without any finger,
without any hand
or red humpedinker.



Then we will go
Back to our trailer
And touch them ourselves
You crazy
(ed. note: page torn)

It grew quite fast
like no plant I've ever seen
A Fun Mushroom Plant
Is splendid indeed!

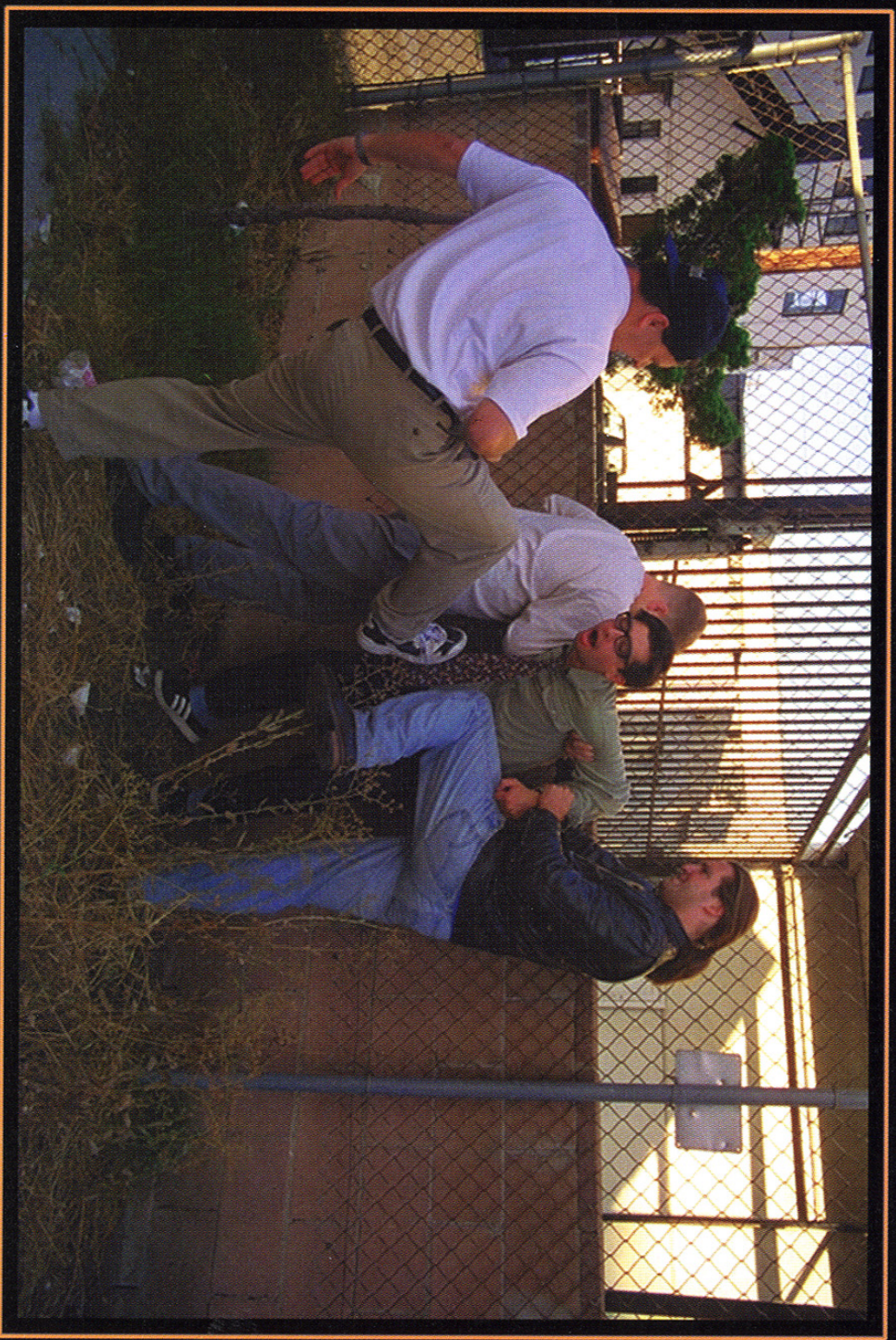


-Ed Chavey



P·R·I·O·R·I·T·I·E·S

Never Forget What's Really Important.



T·E·A·M·W·O·R·K

There's no "I" in Teamwork, just "me".





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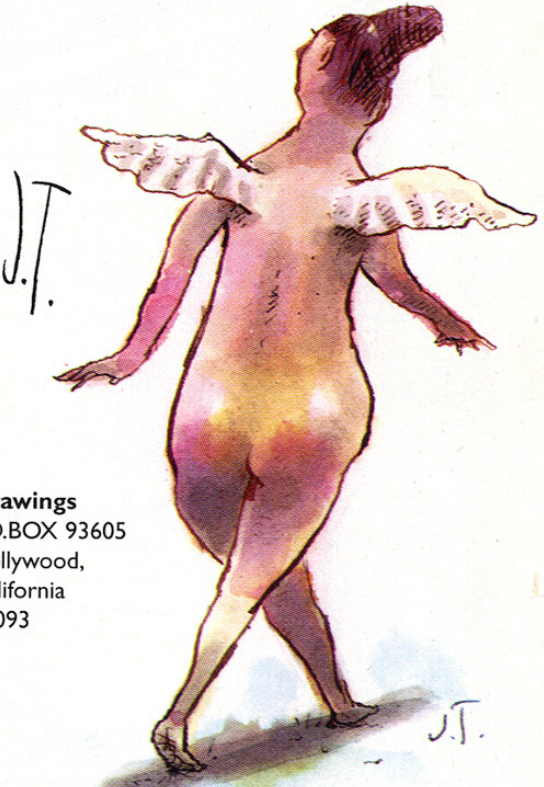
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TV Shows That Didn't Make The Fall Schedule

1. WB Television Programs

Samson and Jemima - starring Lorenzo Lamas and Esther Rolle. Pilot episode: Samson discovers that Jemima's maple syrup is what stiffens his batter.

The Wet-Hole the Clown Hour - After being released from a psychiatric hospital due to overcrowding, alcoholic ex-circus clown Wet-Hole (formally Glistening Orifice the clown) teaches kids about home remedies and alternate uses for socks. Gary Coleman co-stars as "Turd" his enabling circus monkey.

I'm Gonna Slap You, Bitch! - Three brothers romp through a parade of low self esteemed women as they run a local Jerk Chicken Stand. Stars O.J. Simpson, Johnnie Cochran, and Ike Turner as Pee Wee.

2. PBS Television Programs from other countries

Comrades - Half hour comedy (People's Republic of China)
Chinese version of "Friends" which takes place in a long line for soap and toilet paper outside People's Department Store #732 in Guangdong.

Public Factory #43 - One hour drama (Bulgaria)
The lives and loves of the glorious workers at a Combine Harvester plant outside of Sofia (based on the famous movie)

Clockwork - One hour drama (Switzerland)
Very predictable and reliable drama with no erratic plot twists or turns which takes place behind the scenes of an incredibly well organized Swiss watch company.

Lebensraum - Half hour comedy (Uruguay)
A wacky retired dictator makes life hell for his fellow residents and the staff of the rest home they inhabit.

Holy Cow - Animated half hour comedy (India)
A sacred talking cow helps a group of children from New Delhi solve mysteries and, in the process, get a little closer to Nirvana.

Kung-Fu Nun - One hour Drama (Thailand)
Forced to learn martial arts to defend herself from the dangers of the slums of Bangkok, a nun befriends an orphaned street youth. Together they solve crimes and work with the downtrodden, changing everybody's lives for the better.

-Jeff Pill, Dave Pillano, Tom Sage, Bill Robertson



Lars Cooper,
Angry Young Man

"Whether you're a Nihilistic Absurdist or just plain alienated, you'll love Kierkegaard for Dummies."

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Meaningless
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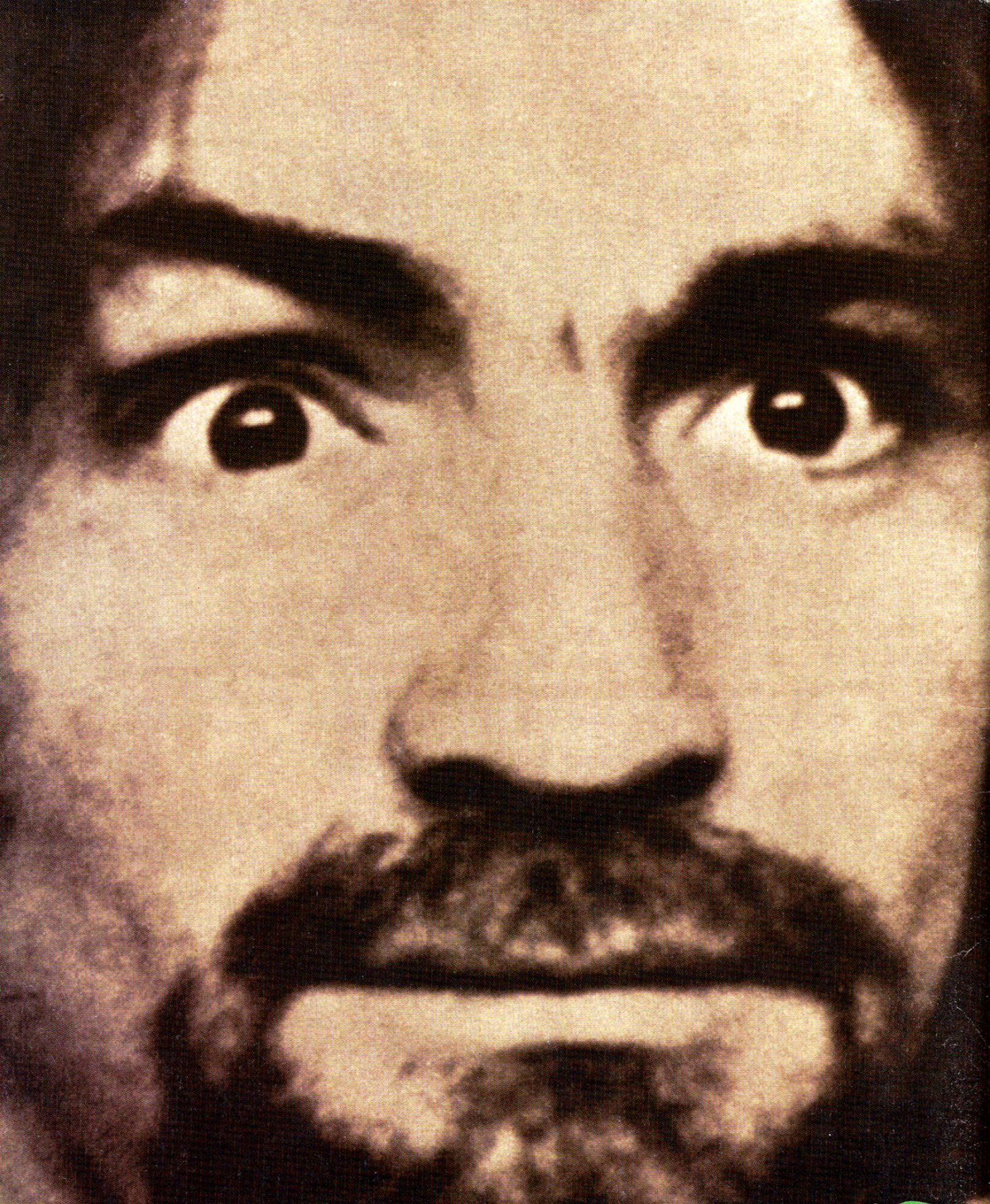
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