

OUR BIG BACK TO SCHOOL ISSUE

NATIONAL LAMPOON

OCTOBER 1987 THE BIMONTHLY HUMOR MAGAZINE \$3.95

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BIOLOGY 101
DISSECTION OF SPECIMEN



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348979. Tina Turner—Brook Every Rule (Capitol)
352633. Dolly Parton/Linda Ronstadt/Emmylou Harris—Trio (Warner Bros.)
336396-396390. Billy Joel's Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 & 2. (Columbia)
346643. Andreas Vollenweider—Down To The Moon. (CBS)
346478. Madonna—True Blue. (Sire)
343319. Janet Jackson—Control (A&M)
349571. Boston—Third Stage (MCA)
290916. The Best Of Earth, Wind & Fire, Vol. 1 (Columbia/Arc)

257279. Bruce Springsteen—Born to Run (Columbia)
138586. Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits (Columbia)
319541. Elton John—Greatest Hits. (MCA)
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347492. Glenn Miller Orchestra—In The Digital Mood. (Digital—GRP)
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344622. Anita Baker—Rapture. (Elektra)
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291278. The Doobie Brothers—Best of the Doobies. (Warner Bros.)
345777. Peter Gabriel—So. (Geffen)
246868. Jim Croce—Photographs And Memories—His Greatest Hits. (Sajo)
334391. Whitney Houston. (Arista)
314443. Neil Diamond's 12 Greatest Hits, Vol. 2. (Columbia)
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343582. Van Halen—5150. (Warner Bros.)
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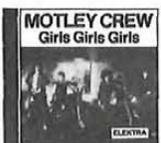
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The age of CD sound is here—and you have a practical new way to find the CDs you want. As your introduction to the CBS Compact Disc Club, you can choose any 3 CDs listed in this ad for just \$1.00. Fill in and mail the application—we'll send you CDs and bill you for \$1. You simply agree to buy 2 more CDs (at regular Club prices) in the next year—and you may then cancel your membership anytime after doing so.

How the Club works. About every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for your musical interest...plus many exciting alternates. In addition, up to six times a year, you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified. You will always have at least 10 days in which to make your

decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The CDs you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices, which currently are \$14.98 to \$15.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multiple-unit sets may be somewhat higher.) After completing your enrollment agreement you may cancel membership at any time; if you decide to continue as a member, you'll be eligible for our money-saving bonus plan. It lets you buy one CD at half price for each CD you buy at regular Club prices.

10-Day Free Trial: We'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If you are not satisfied for any reason whatsoever, just return everything within 10 days and you will have no further obligation. So why not choose 3 CDs for \$1 right now.

ADVANCE BONUS OFFER: As a special offer to new members, take one additional Compact Disc right now and pay only \$6.95. It's a chance to get a fourth selection at a super low price!

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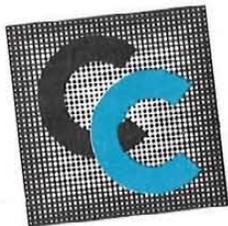
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Note: We reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. 3XF/C2
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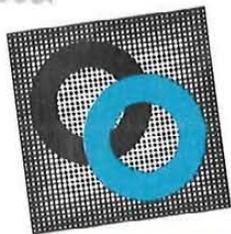
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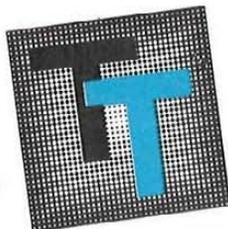
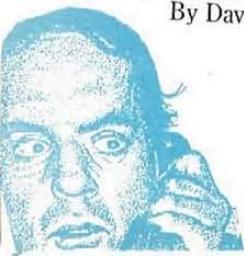
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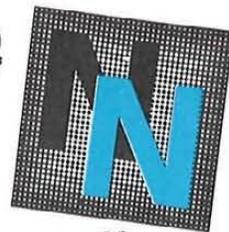
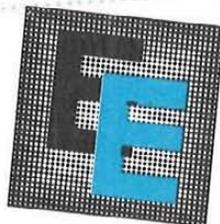
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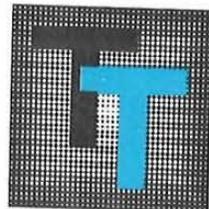
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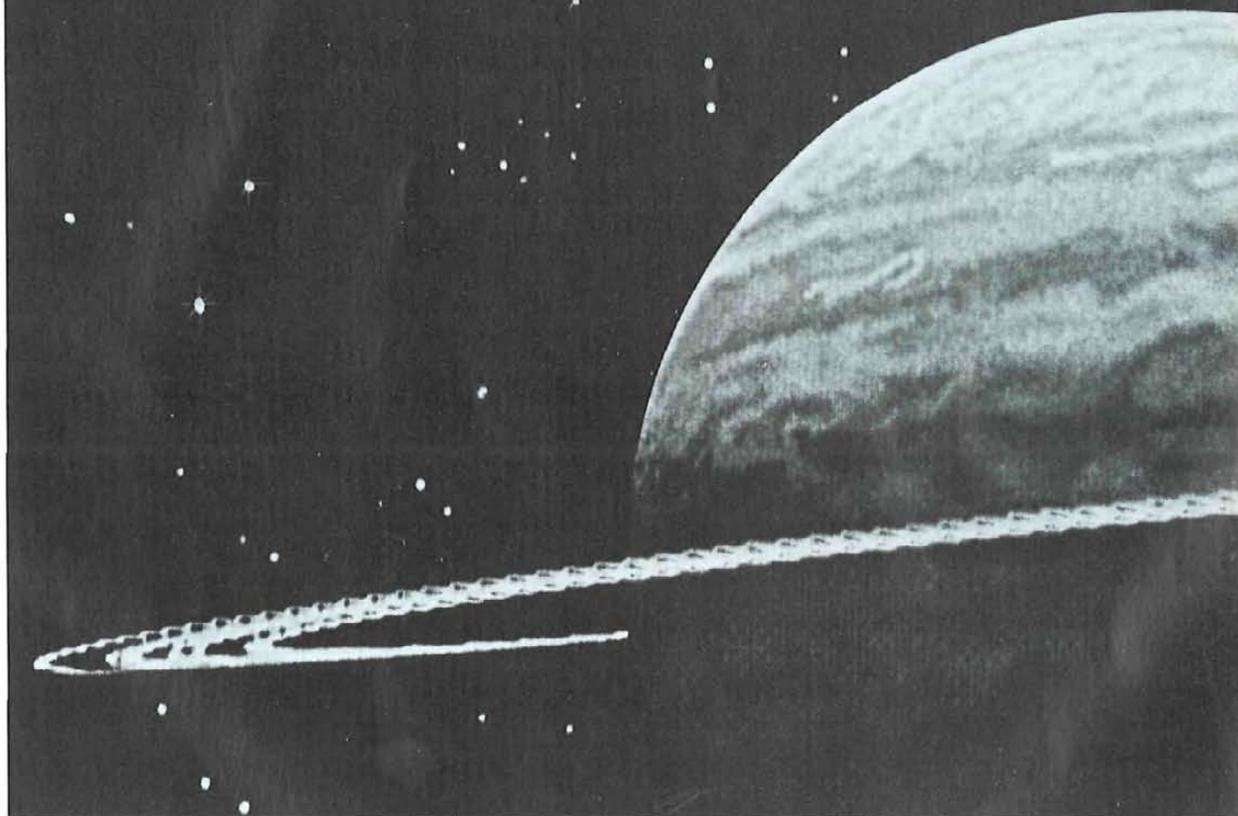


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Cover by Gahan Wilson

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But it's hard to find them. If you're not one of the millions upon millions of listeners who beam into Casey Kasem every week, call 1-800-423-2502 to find out where you can hear America's #1 countdown program.*

American Top 40 is broadcast on over 500 radio stations coast-to-coast. One of them is in your galaxy.



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ABC RADIO NETWORKS

*Source: RADAR 33, Spring 1986 Survey, Network Audiences to Commercials Within Program; Cume Average Persons, Persons 12+

EDITORIAL

An Open Letter to Jerry Falwell

Dear Jerry:

You're not going to believe this, but we know you're a *National Lampoon* fan.

It's true. We know it.

Well, maybe not a fan, but we know you don't think we should be put out of business. And that's kinda nice.

How do we know?

You said so.

Yes, you said so.

On a TV program a year or so ago, you were asked if you thought *this* magazine should be censured for its irreverent, sometimes (shall we call it) biting satire.

You gave it your most paternal smile. You sure have a great smile, Jerry. You know, the one you usually give some widow living on Social Security before you ask for a donation to maintain your private jet.

"Naw," you said benignly, "what the *National Lampoon* does is fine. Satire is an American institution."

Right. That's what you said.

More or less.

Two months later, a group of your bedfellows, led by some loose-belt minister from Tupelo, Mississippi (an area often dubbed "the heartland of *National Lampoon* readership"), attacked the magazine for a minor piece which was too absurd to bear mention here. A couple of hundred semiliterates then wrote misspelled letters to our advertisers demanding that they cancel their advertising in the magazine.

We weren't gonna take that!

We dashed off a Federal Expressed letter to you, Jerry. "Hey," we said, "these are your buddies. You just stated on national television that we were as American as used Adidas. Say something!"

Nothing. No answer from you, Jerry. That hurt.

So we lost a few advertisers. Although some just ignored this onslaught from the handful of frail-minded who wrote almost identical letters and who, some digging

showed, not only had never seen the offending piece but had never read the magazine—before, during, or since.

The point is not to complain about the phony campaign of some Mickey Mouse (or is that Mickey Meese) fire-breather from Tupelo but to talk out loud about you, Jerry.

You've come out of all this recent preacher mess as something of a media star, Jer.

Ted Koppel treats you like a folk hero.

The press in general looks to you for what one imagines is a viewpoint, an honest evaluation. But we know better.

You're the press's out. You're their way of saying, "See, all these guys aren't bad. Oral Roberts is a swindler and Jim Bakker is a leech and a crook (which isn't exactly what is expected of him) and we'll talk about that, but Jerry's a great guy."

And by sanctifying you, they can pursue the sexier stuff. **continued**

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Well, Jim Bakker said, "Jesus has forgiven Tammy and me."

And Jerry, you said, "The PTL won't sue Jim Bakker for the money he stole (from trusting, if foolish, people), because he's a man of God."

All right, Jerry, but where were you when *we* needed you?

I mean Bakker drove to contrition in a Mercedes-Benz.

There is no evidence that the angry preacher in Tupelo, who in recent years has led attacks on *Playboy*, NBC, and us, but has spared Betty Crocker and Pee-wee Herman, has done anything criminal, and we'd be the last to suggest he's done anything wrong except maybe yell "Fire!" in a crowded church.

But Jerry, deep down, is there no passion, forgiveness, sympathy, warmth, preacher-like blessing for a handful of semi-warped humorists who are just trying to be funny?

We challenge you—Jerry—speak up! Tell Tupelo's best (and those advertisers who ran like hell in the face of the ground swell of approximately sixty-two) that we're part of the American dream; that we have the right to be funny and, not infrequently, to irritate.

And Jerry, if you don't speak up . . .

We forgive you anyway.

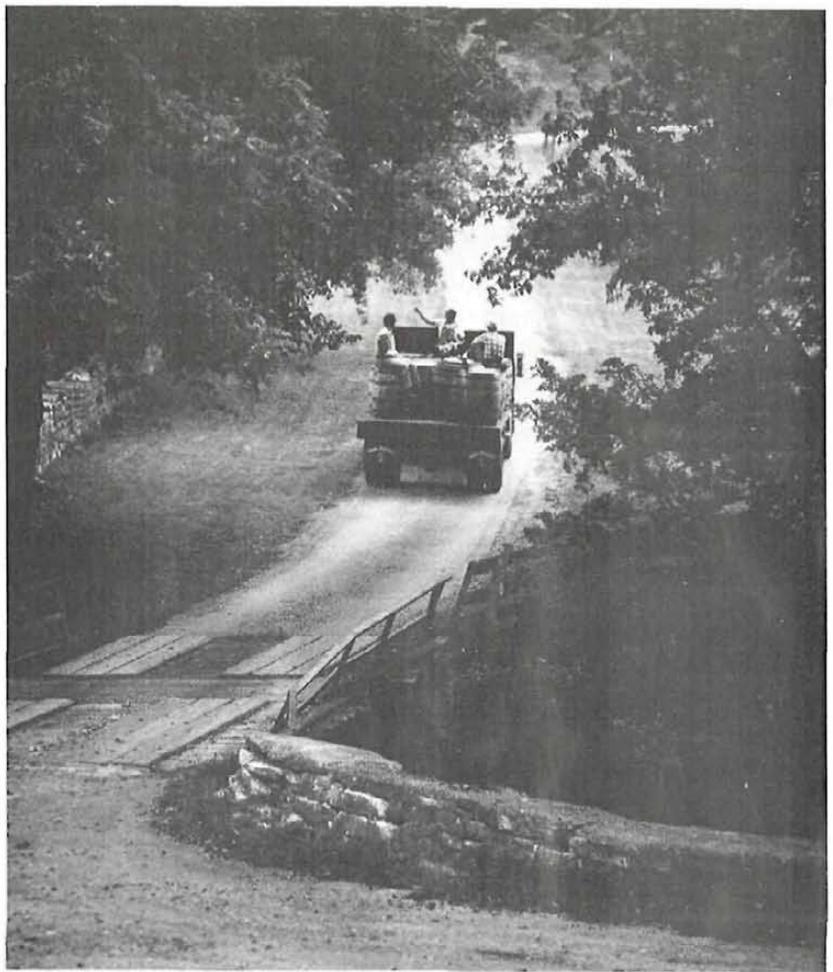
Sincerely yours,



Matty Simmons

Cover: The cover this time is by longtime contributor and amphibian aficionado Gahan Wilson.

Credits and plugs: Thanks to Charlie "The Tuna" at Scuba World on Seventy-second Street for lending us all the state-of-the-art diving gear that the model is wearing on the cover of *The Yearning Annex* catalog. That shot was taken at the very beautiful, the very spacious, the very sanitized for your personal protection Spa Lady on Fifty-ninth Street. Next, a special thank-you to the best little restaurant/bar/photo studio in the whole cosmosphere—we're talking, of course, about Marylou's on Ninth Street. You can see their main dining area pictured on the cover of *Get Off My Damn Back!* magazine. Also, thanks to Johnny Bos, the very gifted and very macho Madison Square Garden matchmaker, for mashing his stogie in the model's mug. And to Mr. Binnaman of *Circus* magazine, thanks for being yourself.



If you like our oldtime whiskey drop us a line. We like to hear from our friends.

JACK DANIEL'S COUNTRY is old country where ways of the past are allowed to prevail.

Since 1866 we've made our whiskey the old Tennessee way: mellowing every drop through hard maple charcoal—then aging it for years in charred oak barrels. The result is a rare, rare product folks call "sippin' smooth." True, there are newer ways to make whiskey. Faster ones, too. But after a sip, you'll be glad we've never given in to progress.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey•80-90 Proof•Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352



Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, in conjunction with research associate Dr. Ed Bluestone of the Surgeon General's office, has compiled for non-confidential distribution a list of activities which, while not definitely linked to death or established as causative factors in any specific form of physical or physiological deterioration, have been determined through exhaustive reiteration to be detrimental to the human condition and specifically to the welfare of their perpetrator. While implementation of any of these activities is not specifically illegal as cited by state or federal jurisdictions, engagement in any of said activities could very probably be construed as a gross breach of common etiquette constraints and/or moral codes and analogs. Widespread or accelerated participation in any of the listed activities by an increasing or superannuated segment of the population would be frowned on by and erosive to all reasonable, respected, and stalwart facets of American society.

THE SURGEON GENERAL WARNS:

1. Never raise your hand during a hijacking to indicate that you get a kosher meal.
2. Never ask a bald man if you can borrow his toupee to clean your windshield.
3. Never moon a werewolf.
4. Never eat pussy with a straw.
5. Never squeeze a parakeet to death while screaming, "I want the name of your accomplice!"
6. Never threaten to punish your Dalmatian with spot remover.
7. Never use a bulldog as a surrogate mother.
8. Never hire an attorney who can discuss specific episodes of *The Flintstones*.
9. Never ask your mother-in-law if her vaginal lips ever chap.
10. Never tell a woman who's been raped that she helped a lonely man.
11. Never ask your boss if he'd mind giving you an enema.
12. Never admit to your wife that she has herpes because you caught it from her mother.
13. Never say to Mother Teresa, "Who do you think you're fooling, you ambitious, self-centered slut?"
14. Never trust an analyst who masturbates while you talk to him about your sex life.



AP/Wide World

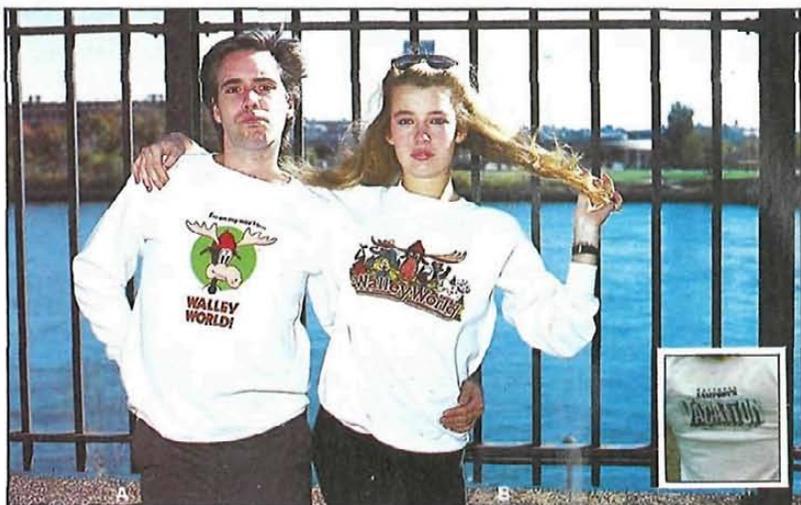
15. Never trust an Oriental dentist who sells miniature ivory animals.
16. Never tell an adoption agency that you're looking for a child who's good in bed.
17. Never ask Raymond Burr if he'd rather give you an autograph or let you suck his fat.
18. Never ask a dog with rabies if he would like you to floss his teeth.
19. Never believe your dog when he tells you that while you were out, your parents came over and drank the water out of your toilet.
20. Never believe your dog when he tells you that his attraction to your leg is strictly platonic.
21. Never ask Nancy Reagan if it's true that Donald Regan hung up on her because she asked him to wear a condom.

Now!

THE MOST POPULAR T-SHIRT IN THE HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL LAMPOON IS AVAILABLE AS A SWEATSHIRT IN TWO DESIGNS THAT WILL MAKE DISNEY CRINGE!

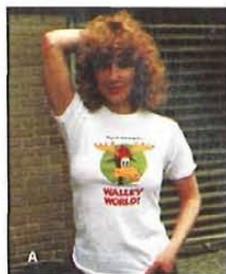
Introducing the new *National Lampoon's Vacation* Sweatshirt. On the left is the sweatshirt in precisely the same design as the enormously popular *Vacation* T-shirt. On the right is the new "Walley World" Sweatshirt as worn by the Griswalds in *National Lampoon's European Vacation*.

The demand for both these products has been unprecedented. Twenty million people in the United States and Canada saw *National Lampoon's European Vacation* in theaters, and we got more inquiries about the sweatshirts worn by "Clark" and "Rusty" in that picture than for any other such product in the sixteen-year history of our magazine and movies.



Now both shirts are available in dazzling white with full-color illustrations on the front. On the back it says *National Lampoon's Vacation*. (What were

you expecting—E.T.?) Also, still available and still selling ridiculously well are the other movie T-shirts shown on this page.



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt or



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt or



National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Shirt



National Lampoon's European Vacation shirt



National Lampoon, Dept. 1087
835 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Please send me:

- SM MD LG NL European Vacation shirts @ \$6.95 each
 SM MD LG NL Vacation shirts (A) @ \$7.95 each
 SM MD LG NL Vacation shirts (B) @ \$7.95 each
 SM MD LG NL Animal House baseball shirts @ \$7.00 each
 SM MD LG XL NL Vacation sweatshirts (A) @ \$16.95 each
 SM MD LG XL NL Vacation sweatshirts (B) @ \$16.95 each

Please add \$1.00 per shirt for postage and handling. New York residents, please add 8 1/4% sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LETTERS



Sirs:

If you don't gimme a quarter, God's gonna break my ankle.

Oral Roberts
Skid Row

Sirs:

Remember, Surrogate Mother's Day is September 10, October 12, November 14, and January 5.

Merlin Olsen
At your local florist

Sirs:

Hi. I'm out of my body right now. But if you'll leave your name and number, I'll get back to you as soon as I'm in. Thanks. Beeeeep.

Shirley MacLaine
The astral plane

Sirs:

We are happy and proud to announce the initiation of a new program under

which gay men will be able to purchase a full life insurance plan, without a medical examination. Titled MoLife Mutual, the policy will be pro rate valued via scale payments of a \$9,600 premium per \$10,000 protection per each six-month increment. We are eager for this opportunity to welcome the gay community into our family of coverage policies.

The Good Hands People
Omaha, Nebr.

Sirs:

Frankly, I favor the killing of baby seals for its deterrent value.

George Bush
Awfully far right

Sirs:

No new album until they let me buy the Elephant Man.

Michael Jackson
Disneyland, Calif.

Sirs:

There's nothing mysterious about it. What I had was an out-of-clothing experience.

Jim Bakker
Palm Springs, Calif.

Sirs:

Me too!

Tammy Bakker
At the mall

Sirs:

Is it just my imagination or do guys with hairy backs and fuzzy shoulders really sweat more and smell worse?

Anne G.
Syosset, L.I.

Sirs:

My favorite Jerry Lewis picture? I suppose that would be the one I saw in the *National Enquirer* where he was in a hospital bed in traction with his jaw wired shut.

Dean Martin
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Can you get AIDS by laughing at jokes told by someone who has AIDS? Or by listening to music played by someone with AIDS? Or by watching someone with AIDS dance? Or by being dazzled by the flashy wardrobe of someone with AIDS? We'd like to know, because we were Liberace fans for years.

The Schenectady Baptist Ladies'
Lunch Club and Music
Appreciation Society
Schenectady, N.Y.

Sirs:

This week, the movie *The Three Faces of Eve* will be aired simultaneously on ABC, CBS, and NBC.

Joanne, Stella, and Harriet
Woodward
Westport, Conn.

Sirs:

I think my copy of *Playboy* is broken. I've been looking at it for hours and I still haven't gotten a boner.

Jimmy Smith
Bathroom of my parents' house

continued on page 17



Easy for you

For some people, everything comes easy. Even the way they roll a cigarette. All it takes is a little twist, a flick of the wrist and nothing else fits...better than E-Z WIDER® cigarette rolling papers.



E-Z WIDER.®

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POEM FRANCHISES INC. OPENS A NEW STORE IN THE MIDDLE OF A SONNET BY JOHN KEATS

Bright Star

Bright Star, would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,

**WATCH THIS SPACE:
A NEW SWEET-DONUT
SHOP TO BE BUILT
UPON THIS SITE. FOR
FURTHER INFORMATION
CONTACT POEM
FRANCHISES INC. OPEN
24 HOURS**

Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest;
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever,—or else swoon to death.

John Keats

THE NEW YORK CITY COUNCIL CREATES A BIKE PATH RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE OF JOHN MILTON'S LYCIDAS

What could the Muse
The Muse herself, f
Whom universal N
When by the rout t
His gory visage dov
Down the swift He

Alas! what boots
To tend the homely
And strictly medita
Were it not better d
To sport with Amal
Or with the tangles
Fame is the spur th
(That last infirmity
To scorn delights, a
But the fair guerd
And think to burst
Comes the blind F
And slits the thin-sp
Phæbus¹¹ replied, a
"Fame is no plant th
Nor in the glistering
Set off to the world,
But lives and spreac
And perfect witness
As he pronounces la
Of so much fame in

BIKE



PATH

use herself that Orpheus bore,⁷
or her enchanting son
ature did lament,
hat made the hideous roar,
vn the stream was sent,
brus to the Lesbian⁸ shore.

it with uncessant care
lighted shepherd's trade,
the thankless Muse?
as others use,
in the shade,
leæra's⁹ hair?
e clear spirit doth raise
noble mind)
live laborious days;
when we hope to find,
t into sudden blaze,
t¹⁰ with the abhorred shears,
un life. "But not the praise,"
nd touched my trembling ears;
at grows on mortal soil,
; foil
nor in broad rumor lies,
ls aloft by those pure eyes
; of all-judging Jove;
stly on each deed,
Heaven expect thy meed."

Concepts by Louis Phillips

Zen Bastard

The Confession of Fawn Hall
by Paul Krassner

Although the president was up to his belly button in blood, the committee merely seemed to resent the fact that they had not been consulted as to how high that blood should flow.

You could be watching the trial of Bernhard Goetz on one channel, switch to the Iran-contra hearings on another channel, and not be able to tell the difference between a subway vigilante and General Richard Secord. They shared a common clinical paranoia, but at least Bernie wasn't in it for the money.

Secord proved to America that it's possible to be both a military nut *and* a greedy scumbag.

Robert McFarlane proved that it's possible to testify through a haze of Valium cookies and also be channeled by some evil spirit forcing him to blurt out that "you can be goddamn sure," and then almost immediately regain his illusion of composure.

In Los Angeles, listener-sponsored Pacifica radio station KPFFK broadcast that "goddamn" live, but in their replay on the news, under the chilling effect of the FCC's latest censorship ploy, an engineer

reversed "goddamn" on the tape so that it would come out gibberish. Lucky thing McFarlane didn't say, "You're fuckin' A," because when you reverse the tape on the word "fuck," it still sounds like "fuck."

Elliott Abrams—that bureaucratic cross between a yuppie Yahoo and a belligerent Beelzebub—showed us how he had transformed lying into a fine art. Remember this, and you will never have to lie again. Instead say, "I was not precise with my words." Or "I am not authorized to tell the truth." Or "I was simply qualifying my statement." Or "I gave wrong testimony."

You don't even have to call somebody *else* a liar. Simply say that "his memory disagrees with mine."

The important point is to make a distinction between outright lying and being "deliberately misleading." For example, even though Gary Hart's wife announced to the press, "If Gary says nothing happened, nothing happened," we know that when they're home, it's a totally different story.

"Honey, would you get me a beer?"
"Why don't you ask that *blond bitch* to get it for you?"

"Aw, come on, honey, please . . ."
"Is she blond *down there*?"

Actually, Hart could have stayed in the race. One porno videotape of him and Donna Rice could have financed the entire campaign.

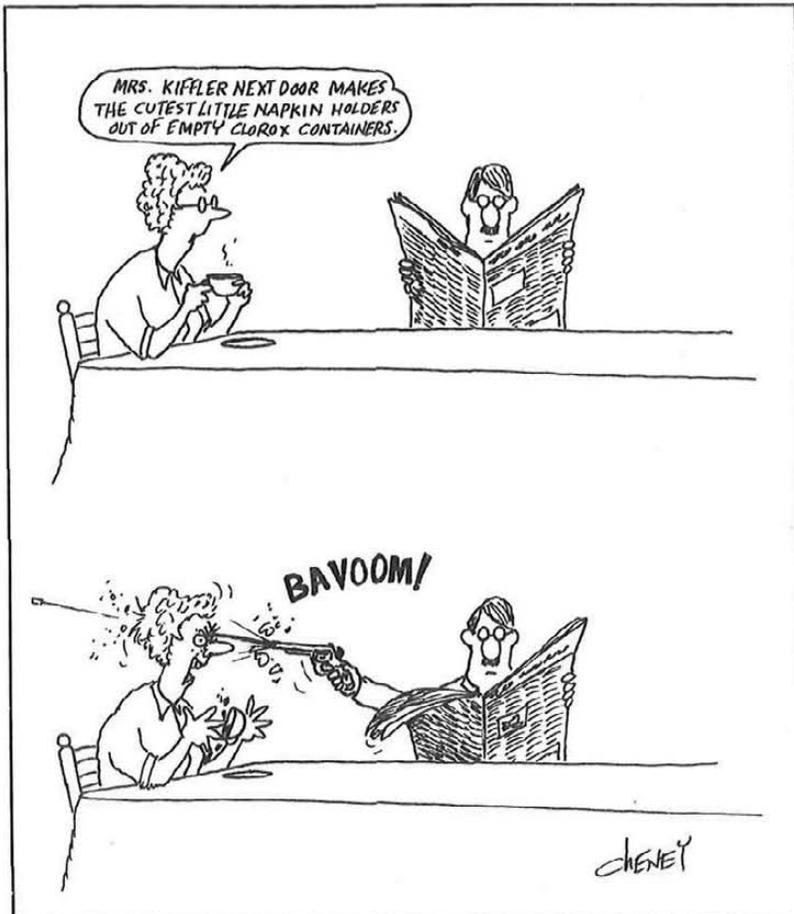
Like Gary Hart, Jim Bakker tripped over his own hard-on, and ninety-two million dollars followed him into the black hole. An evangelist who looked like a crossbreed between Billy Graham and Max Headroom told the public that Bakker had also been involved in wife swapping, and suddenly PTL stood for "Pass the Ladies."

The scandal infected other ministries. Pat Robertson had to trim his staff at the Christian Broadcasting Network because of decreased contributions. Previously he had declared that God told him in a vision that CBN had exclusive rights to broadcast the Second Coming. Of course, the Fox network had already outbid ABC, CBS, and NBC for exclusive rights to broadcast the Emmy Awards, so now they could go right ahead and outbid Robertson for the Second Coming.

Until Fox fired Joan Rivers, this meant that Christ would have returned on *her* show.

"Jesus, can we *talk*? Were you really a virgin until you were thirty-three? Oh, grow *up*. Didn't you fool around with Mary Magdalene just a *little*?"

But with the departure of Rivers, the plan now is to have Jesus Christ himself serve as a guest host. He could interview Jessica Hahn, the church secretary who undid Jim Bakker. Christ would demonstrate how to turn water into wine, and



Jessica would show how to turn blackmail into an out-of-court settlement.

* * *

It was the appearance of Fawn Hall that turned the grovel-to-grovel hearings into a genuine investigation. Here are a few revealing excerpts from her testimony. She is being questioned by committee chairman Senator Daniel Inouye:

Q. Now, Miss Hall, do you recognize these panty hose?

A. Yes. They were purchased for me by Oliver North.

(The panty hose are passed from member to member. Senator Orrin Hatch gets so involved in sniffing them, he momentarily forgets that the camera is on him.)

Q. And what was the purpose of these panty hose?

A. Ollie instructed me to put them on, and then he placed several Baggies of a white powder inside so that I could walk out of the White House undetected.

Q. Did Colonel North tell you what that white powder was?

A. Yes. It was after that press conference with President Reagan. Ollie was laughing at how Chris Wallace of NBC News had asked the president about his management style. Ollie was putting the Baggies in my panty hose, and he said, "You know, I think we have *great* management style. I mean if we flew those weapons into Costa Rica and then sent those same planes back *empty* to Florida instead of filling all that cargo space with this coke, it would be considered ineffi-

cient business practice. That would be *terrible* management style."

Q. And did you deliver the panty hose and contents to Albert Hakim?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. And did Mr. Hakim have any comment besides "Thank you"?

A. Yes. This was at a time when the administration was busy carrying out another anti-cocaine public relations campaign. Mr. Hakim told me a funny line that CIA director William Casey had come up with. He said, "Those planes had to avoid the radar, so while Mrs. Reagan was saying, 'Just say no,' Mr. Casey was saying, 'Just fly low . . .'"

Q. I wish to turn now to the so-called shredding party. Did Colonel North comment to you at all during the actual shredding of the documents?

A. Kind of. Ollie kept handing me documents to put into the shredder. We were small-talking while we were doing it. And he made a joke that struck him as so hysterical that he had to leave the room for half a minute. He said to me, "Hey, remember when I fixed you up with Junior?" He was referring to Arturo Cruz. And he said, "I always wanted to ask—did you use *contra*-ceptives?" He just broke himself up with that one. . . .

Q. Miss Hall, we are not investigating Colonel North's sense of humor. Shredding documents the way you did is a serious felony. Were you aware of that when the two of you were joking about '*contra*-ceptives'?

A. Sir, I was in a protective mode.

Q. Miss Hall, we are not investigating safe sex, either. What I am trying to determine is how you *felt* about the illegal act you were participating in.

A. I felt I was continuing in the great tradition of Rose Mary Woods. You know, I was just entering my teens when Miss Woods was secretary to President Nixon. She was my role model. When she erased those eighteen and a half minutes from that White House tape during the Watergate affair, I can't begin to tell you how inspired I was. I prayed that someday I too would find an employer to whom I could display such loyalty. And Oliver North was the answer to that prayer. So you can see why I am such a strong supporter of prayer in the schools. Even if it is supposed to be illegal. Sometimes it's important to go above the written law. In fact, President Carter's daughter, Amy, and her friend Abbie Hoffman and the others who protested CIA recruitment on their campus—they *won* that case using the "necessity defense"—and that is exactly what Ollie and I are planning to do.

Q. Thank you, Miss Hall. Do you have any final comment?

A. Yes, sir. I want to leave this hearing room with my dignity intact, so I would like to make one thing absolutely clear. I may have shredded documents for Oliver North, but I never served him coffee.

The normally inscrutable Senator Inouye was now smiling broadly. The jigsaw puzzle of evidence was finally beginning to make some sense. ■



"WHEN THE WORLD'S MOST CRAZED TERRORIST THREATENS YOUR FAMILY, BELIEVE ME, IT SHAKES YOU UP. I WENT TO THE FBI FOR PROTECTION AND THEY TOLD ME TO GO FLY A KITE."



Lieutenant Colonel George "Ollie" Agoglia, Ret., has been publishing a humor magazine, the *National Lampoon*, for the past fifteen years. Along the way, his magazine's patriotism and love of God and country have enraged a lot of America's enemies and made him the personal target of some of the most despicable scum on the face of the planet.

Recently, the *National Lampoon's* far-reaching satires on the mad-dog Iranians and the Commie scum government of Nicaragua have made "Ollie" Agoglia and his lovely family the target of death threats from Abu Nidal, the world's most deraanged terrorist. As soon as these crude, handwritten threats came into the *Nat-Lamp* offices, "Ollie" Agoglia immediately called the FBI and requested security at his vulnerable, beachfront summer home in East Hampton on Long Island.

"They just laughed and told me to go fly a kite," "Ollie" Agoglia remembers. "Look, I'll take on Abu one-on-one anyplace on this earth, but when my innocent wife and children can't feel safe in their vacation home, then it's time to beef up security."

Because of the extreme vulnerability of the home (its beachfront leaves it wide open to amphibian assault by Nidal's gang of terrorist thugs), initial estimates of the cost of installing a state-of-the-art security system come to \$4,365,765.72. "Ollie" Agoglia, making do on his meager pension and modest salary, is unable to raise the necessary funds. That's where you as a full-blooded patriotic American come in.

The management of National Lampoon, Inc. has agreed to divert one dollar from each new subscription toward its publisher's security. That means we need only 4,365,766 new subscribers to assure that the security alarm system can be promptly put into place. Any unanticipated spillover of additional funds raised by this subscription drive will be earmarked for the creation of RADIO LAMPOONISTA, a pirate radio station which will be established on a barge that will be placed a few miles off the shore of Nicaragua and will broadcast Mötley Crüe and Run-D.M.C. records twenty-four hours a day in an attempt to destabilize the Moscow-directed Communist regime of the Sandinistas.

Help this true American patriot achieve peace of mind. Help the *National Lampoon* drive the Marxist-Leninist mongrel Sandinista dogs back to the stink-infested scumholes they crawled out of. Subscribe to the *National Lampoon* and stand up and be counted. God bless "Ollie" Agoglia, God bless the *National Lampoon*, God bless America (except for those Commie dupes in Congress).



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DRINKING TIPS

AND OTHER WAR STORIES

by Michael Simmons



Drew Friedman

course, once they wake up with your hangovers, this belief quickly fades. The average American girl does not want to spend the rest of her life with Dylan Thomas (as short a time as that may be) unless she has some kind of masochistic Florence Nightingale streak in her.

So it's a no-win proposition. They drive you to drink but they adamantly refuse to drive you back. And you can't do it yourself because you're not supposed to drink and drive. Or something like that.

Kinky Friedman is a legendary singer/songwriter whose initial fame came during the Outlaw

Movement in country music during the early seventies. He's written a new mystery novel hot on the lizard-skinned heels of his last one, *Greenwich Killing Time*. The second one's called *A Case of Lone Star* (William Morrow) and is about a slew of country singers who are bumped off by an unknown assailant.

Now the reason I'm discussing this book in "Drinking Tips" is threefold: a) There's a plethora of killer War Stories as Kinky the author tracks Kinky the detective from bar to tavern to saloon to nightclub in New York City in search of the murderer. b) Me, Michael Simmons, *National Lampoon* war correspondent, is one of the main suspects. I am portrayed as a hard-drinking country singer with a deep love for the music of Hank Williams (gee, Kink, where'd ya get that idea?). Larry "Ratso" Sloman, *NatLamp* executive editor, plays Watson to Kinky's Sherlock, and editor Andy Simmons makes a guest appearance. c) Kinky is my friend.

The book ranges from excellent whodunit to high comedy. It's by far the best (and only) mystery I've read since Kinky's last. And after all, one shameless plug deserves another. ■

The reason many American men start drinking is because of American women. In high school and college the dame is a completely mysterious animal capable of wielding unknown powers. Her beauty, intellect, or desirability on any level is enough to send a lot of guys straight to the bottle. Once the dude finds this crutch helpful in dealing with the opposite sex, it's enough to make him a raving alcoholic for the rest of his life. The irony is that when the female conjures up one of those cosmic left hooks that they're so good at—like, say, dumping the guy for his best friend—the hapless fellow needs even more alcohol to deal with his incredulity. It's almost as if God invented women because He owned stock in Seagram.

This is not the fault of women. It's just that man is the weaker sex. Men are unable to understand women, especially the woman of the eighties. If they shower her with too much love and attention, too many mink coats and roses, too much adoration, and too many demands for love in return, the eighties woman suddenly needs something called "space" and departs for greener pastures to find it. If the man feels that he and his female partner ought not to rush into things, that time and distance are positive notions, and that he and his partner need not be physically joined at the hip twenty-four hours a day, then the woman of the eighties feels unloved and unwanted and departs for greener pastures. The amazing thing is that these can be

examples taken from the life history of the very same woman. What confounds men is the utter unpredictability of women. Bartender, gimme a double.

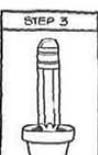
And if the male does not choose the road to cirrhosis, his psychological impotence with broads will cause him to open fire in a fast-food joint or start World War III. Whether it be the Duke of Windsor or Adolf Hitler, history is full of men whose actions could be directly or indirectly traced to women. I remember one phone battle I had with a girlfriend after we broke up. After we had screamed at each other for half an hour she spurted, "You make me sound like Helen of Troy!" You were spiritually closer than you know, sweetie.

Is alcohol a positive or a negative force? Once we're confirmed boozehounds, does this actually help or hinder our chances of getting the girl? In my experience it can go either way, but then I make it my business to hang out with an open-minded bunch. I've known many women who think there is something romantic or Dylanesque (as in Thomas) about the drunk. Of

FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

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LETTERS

continued from page 10

Sirs:
Just say "YO!"
D.D.A. (Drug Dealers of America)
Everytown, U.S.A.

Sirs:
Asses to asses,
Butts to butts;
If th' AIDS don' get you,
Then th' hem'roids must.
The Reverend Butch Ankleggrabber
New Orleans, La.

Sirs:
Ghettos, muggers, crack, roaches,
rats, no heat, no hot water, no jobs . . .
y'all call this a "wunnerful life"?
Roscoe "Nappy" Capra
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:
It's been a week like any other. Got
sick on chicken wings in Buffalo; was
recognized at Taco Bell in King of Prus-
sia, Pennsylvania; my piles acted up
something fierce in Detroit. All hap-
pened in this special place we call Amer-
ica.
Charles Kuralt
On the Road, U.S.A.

Sirs:
Shit!
I got out of the business too soon!
Marjoe Gortner
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:
Oh, well, la de da, la de da!
Shred! Shred!
Fawnnie Hall
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:
Yesterday
All my records sold out right away.
Now my videos need T & A.
Oh, I long for yesterday.
Paul McCartney
London Town

Sirs:
I'd advise you to watch me next week
on *Sports Fantasy*. I'm playing catcher,
and Vince Coleman tries to steal second
on me. Luckily, I've got my piece. It's a
load of laughs.
Bernhard Goetz
Scot Free, N.Y.

Sirs:
For your information, I shit in my
trailer.
Gentle Ben
That Animal Preserve
in the Sky

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FREEwith your \$3.95 purchase of *National Lampoon***October 1987****Circulation: Choked by cholesterol**

YELLOW JOURNAL

We may be yellow, but we're not scared of the truth.

U.S. TO REFLAG IRAQI SOLDIERS

In an effort to protect Iraqi combat troops from attacks by hostile Iranians, the United States has agreed to reflag Iraq's soldiers and, in essence, make them American soldiers. In doing so, the American government has signaled its willingness to use force to protect Iraqi troops.

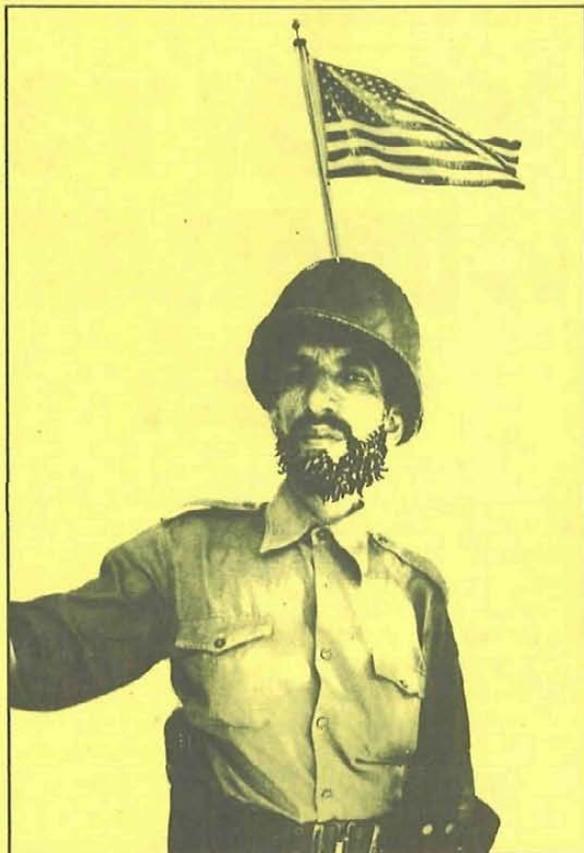
Opponents of this action fear America will be drawn into the conflict between warring countries. Proponents counter that since 60 percent of the world's wars are conducted along the corridor between the Iran-Iraq border, warriors must be protected lest they cease warring. They point out that an embargo on war would be most injurious to allied countries who rely on

selling arms to the warring nations, and the United States must be willing to stand by those allies who choose to prolong the seven-year war.

If reflagging proves to be an effective tool, it may be expanded to include other areas and groups of vital importance, such as:

- the contras
- South African police
- UNITA forces in Angola
- cars in Lebanon
- visiting teams to Yankee Stadium
- the U.S. Steel industry
- Burt Reynolds's wig
- President Reagan's colon
- the United States Supreme Court
- babies in the womb.

—A.S.



AP/Wide World Photos

IRAN-CONTRA COMMITTEE CALLS NICARAGUAN CIVILIAN

A deceased Nicaraguan citizen, killed by American-backed contras during a raid on a town bordering Honduras, was called before the joint House-Senate committee investigating the Iran-contra scandal after he made the charge that he was killed with American humanitarian aid.

The administration has maintained all along that during the period Congress outlawed all military assistance to the contras, it sent them only humanitarian aid. The dead citizen, Juan Gomez, corroborated the administration's story, adding, "The humanitarian aid proved an effective weapon against civilians and Sandinista soldiers.

"Often," Mr. Gomez tes-

tified, "the contras would take large boxes of medical supplies and hit us over the head with them. Sometimes their enemies were tortured by pouring iodine on their open wounds until the pain was excruciating. At one point they lined up a hundred people from my village in front of a large ditch, then, at syringe point, forced them to suffocate themselves by stuffing their nostrils and mouths with sanitized cotton balls. I myself was killed when a Medi-Vac helicopter landed on my hut, crushing me and my family."

White House officials believe that Mr. Gomez's statements will vindicate the administration and its policy, proving it did nothing illegal or immoral. —A.S.



AP/Wide World

Juan Gomez awaiting his turn to speak before the joint committee investigating the Iran-contra scandal.

KOCH TO COMBAT AIDS

Mayor Edward Koch of New York City has announced a new advertising campaign designed to promote abstinence as a way of combating the dreaded AIDS virus. The mayor believes that by just say-

ing "No" to sex, the chances of contracting the disease will be drastically reduced.

The mayor himself is not expected to be affected in any way by the new campaign.

—M.S.

Out-of-Control Pedestrian in Hit-and-Run

An unidentified speeding pedestrian, clad only in blue jogging shorts and a tank top, jumped the curb in midtown Manhattan recently. The white middle-aged male ran out of control across the roadway, injuring three moving taxicabs before speeding away. Although eyewitnesses say they screamed for him to stop, he ignored their pleas and blazed off. The cabs, which wished to remain anonymous, are in satisfactory condition at Tony's Garage. Mechanics say it will be a few days before the injured vehicles are up and moving around, but they look forward to a full recovery. Meanwhile, police are combing the city for this careless menace.

—P.K.

Contributors:

Dave Hanson
Michael Jann
Tony Kisch

Peter Kleinman
Andy Simmons
Michael Simmons

Dave Wielgus
Lewis Wolkoff
Steven Young

CONDOM CORNER

GARY HART'S BACK-TO-SCHOOL
GUIDE TO CONDOM WEAR

With Special Guest Condomnist
Gary Hart

I remember my high school days as if they were yesterday. It was a time of atrocious yearnings and unquenchable desires, a time I'd put my boner anywhere it wouldn't get stung or hit with a lawnmower blade. It was a time of terrible repression, when I was sternly warned to ignore and deny the raging cavalcade of images and hungers which swarmed hotly and relentlessly through my body and mind.

But back then it was church groups and social stigmas and parental chidings telling you to keep your bloodstick back of your fly; nowadays, when it doesn't show up on the Richter scale if an eleventh-grader gets a fistful of tit, we've got something new telling us to steer clear of that sweet pink aqueduct—yes, nowadays it isn't a jealous brother or overprotective father who'll rough you up if you wick the fish kettle, it's the Big Guy. He's shaking a dice cup full of twisted paramercia that'll make short order of any hopes for a second term.

In other words, thirty years ago the source of our restraint was fear of God's eventual wrath; now if we don't throttle back He'll simply snuff out our lives. The bait is the same as it always was, but now the poison in the tray is different; where before guilt was the price tag, now I'll get a swift kick in the life span if I put it anyplace but Lee. Well, you gotta change with the times, so just like you have to be crafty when you're a teenager, you have to be cautious nowadays. That's why I'm encouraging pudsmiths young and old to make a concession to the epidemic and wear a condom.

I know what you're thinking: that's like trying to enjoy a meal when you've got a Baggie over your tongue, right? Next they'll be making you wear boxing gloves when you play with bra hills.

Wrong. Hey, it's not like working that tunnel is an ugly thing when the housing structure is heaven on earth, and anyway, it's a minor sacrifice when the alternative is buying the farm. You think I would have tubed that Dixie bimbo without a bag on? You gotta be kidding. Her knees haven't spent the night together in fifteen years. Discretion may not be my forte, but I don't have a death wish.

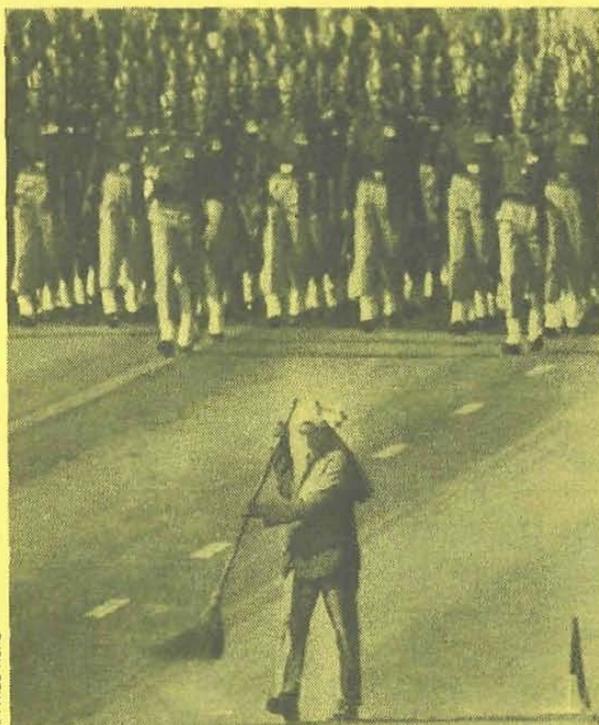
Of course there are many people who say to me, "Gary, you got a wife back home who's got a hungry cock-locker that's clean as a whistle, why don't you dump the oysters in her?" "Maybe once in a blue moon," I tell them, "but not every night." You see, I was born with an extraordinary, almost eerie ability to generate boners (compare JFK), and it would be a crime against nature to squander them all on some post-menopausal, haggard bitch, no matter how famished for cock she is, when I got a yachtful of sap-bursting sweeties all excited about meeting the hopeful from the Mile High City.

Gotta don that Jo-Bag, fellas, it's a must. I know it's the last thing you want to think about on the first day of school when you're sitting in class gauging how much hillier the gals have gotten over the summer, but you gotta do it.

I just thought it would be good for you young people to hear it from someone who's lived it, someone who's been around the block a few times, not to mention inside a pee-pit or two. Good luck in school this year, and remember your friends in '92.

Connie Condom is on vacation.

—D.H.



AP/Wide World

The shortage of trained officers in the Indian army was dramatically demonstrated recently when a common street sweeper led 150,000 Indian troops on a raid into neighboring Pakistan. "There will be a full investigation," said Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi, "as soon as the dust settles."
—M.J.

DEAVER TO DO SILVERS



AP/Wide World

In dire need of money to cover court costs due to his indictment for illegal influence peddling, former White House aide and Reagan confidant Michael Deaver has come to terms with the HBO movie division and will star in its upcoming made-for-cable movie, *The Phil Silvers Story*.

—D.W.

"Horrorscopes"

LIBRA (9/23-10/23)

Famous Libras: Stubby Kaye, Martin Bormann, Tina Louise, Judge Crater, Gertie Lipchitz, Phar Lapp, Crazy Joe Gallo, Mr. Potato Head, Andy Devine, Haystacks Calhoun, The Fabulous Moolah, Vidkun Quisling, Juan Perón, and Charles Starkweather. **Your Birthday:** Expect severe flare-up of eczema; look to spouse for serious violence; business partner likely to flee with total assets—Caracas possible destination.

SCORPIO (10/24-11/21): Contact with escaped psychopath likely; beautiful stranger will find you repulsive; postpone all fun indefinitely.

SAGITTARIUS (11/22-12/21): Excellent time for close friends to stab you in the back; a well-built blackmailer enters your life—paying through the nose seems unavoidable.

CAPRICORN (12/22-1/19): Compulsive gambling will apparently cripple you financially and emotionally; work remains boring yet unrewarding; one positive note—your test for AIDS.

AQUARIUS (1/20-2/18): Herpes attack seems likely; bad screwup at work—the boss finally notices you; good period to fail miserably in social situation; horrible choices everywhere—follow your intuition!

PISCES (2/19-3/20): People are struck by your abrasive personality and whining voice—capitalize on these assets!; progress at work is very slow, but in the long run things will get even worse; signs indicate that a loved one will be arrested on drug charges.

ARIES (3/21-4/19): Low-income thugs will beat and kick you without mercy or

motive; accept loss of job as exciting challenge; watch what you eat—botulism looks imminent.

TAURUS (4/20-5/20): Your spouse and best friend publicly acknowledge their ongoing affair—try to be flexible; lung cancer indicated—feel free to light up.

GEMINI (5/21-6/21):

Seems probable your son, husband, or father will undergo sex-change operation; look to be mugged, in late October, at your local cash machine; roll with the punches.

CANCER (6/22-7/22): Excellent time for mild heart failure; child molester becomes active in your community; expect IRS audit—severe penalties unavoidable.

LEO (7/23-8/22): Loss of

job gives you a lot of free time; excellent chance of being overexposed to radioactivity, which will leave you impotent; learn to relax.

VIRGO (8/23-9/22): Spouse's mother and unemployed brother coming for extended visit—enjoy the experience; sudden colon-related illness—long hospital stay likely not covered by your insurance; stay cheerful. —T.K.

U.S. FEDERAL GOVERNMENT CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION

Entrance and Promotion Examinations

for

CLERICAL POSITIONS

in

the Federal Government

Examination Number	Job Code and Titles	Salary Range
1	3752—Clerk Courtesan I	\$16,587—\$21,790
2	3753—Clerk Courtesan II	\$19,325—\$26,141
3	3754—Clerk Courtesan III	\$24,076—\$32,354

**APPLICATIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
ELIGIBILITY LISTS WILL BE ESTABLISHED PERIODICALLY.**

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

These examinations are being held to fill current and future vacancies in facilities throughout the United States.

Employment opportunities are good. For specific information on job openings, contact the personnel office of the department or institution where you wish to work.

NATURE OF WORK

Clerk Courtesan I—Performs beginning-level sexual activities of a training nature designed to develop technical skills and professional competence in the traditional performance modalities.

Clerk Courtesan II—Performs activities of a more varied and/or technically complex nature.

Clerk Courtesan III—Plans, supervises, and participates in a highly varied program of activities, generally in coordination with other, subordinate Clerk Courtesans.

QUALIFICATIONS REQUIRED

PLEASE READ THIS SECTION CAREFULLY. THE EXAMINATION WILL BE GIVEN ON A CONDITIONAL BASIS. YOUR APPLICATION WILL BE REVIEWED ONLY IF YOU PASS THE TESTS. IF YOU DO NOT MEET THESE REQUIREMENTS, YOUR

TEST RESULTS WILL NOT BE COUNTED.

General Requirements

Applicants must be U.S. residents, of fair moral character, and physically capable of performing the duties and positions.

Clerk Courtesan I—Graduation from high school, or any equivalent combination of experience and training.

Clerk Courtesan II/Clerk Courtesan III—Any combination of experience and training which afforded the applicant an opportunity to gain the appropriate knowledge, skills, and abilities. Professional experience may NOT be applied.

EXAMINATION

The examination will include the following parts:

- A written test for all titles.
- A general physical test for all titles. All applicants are required to attain a passing score in this part of the examination.
- Due to new restrictions, a typing or shorthand test will be given for Clerk Courtesan II and Clerk Courtesan III.
- An oral examination is at the discretion of the examiner and may be given at any time.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

Announcement 7-932

Issued October 5, 1987
Lewis Wolkoff, Commissioner

TRICK OR TREND

by Tad Oberwait

Expect a healthy representation of traditional costumes this Halloween—ghosts, vampires, hobos, and the rest. But don't be surprised if some new faces appear at your door—the chilling visage of Louisa May Alcott, a leering Jonas Salk, or the foreboding form of Charles Nelson Reilly. Realism and relevance are the bywords for Halloween costumes this fall, and stylish trick-or-treaters are making the costume makers stay up late to keep up with the demand.

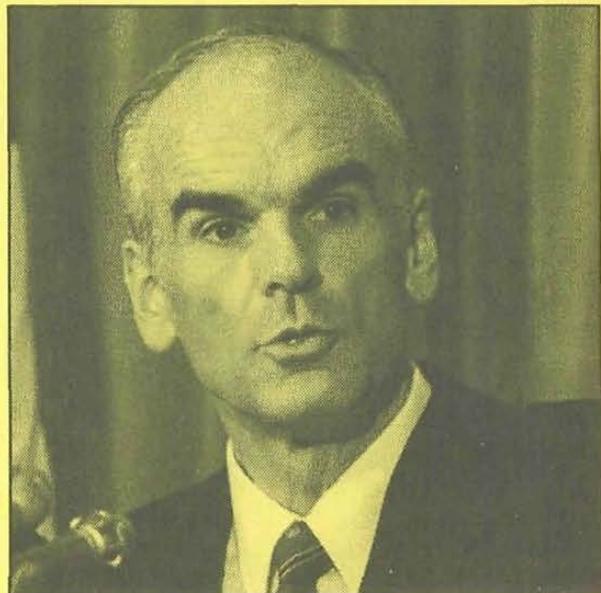
The trend actually started last fall, when Keppel Kostumes of Kalifornia offered an Amelia Earhart outfit in addition to its line of clown, fairy, and hobo costumes. To everyone's surprise, the Amelia Earhart costume grabbed over 60 percent of the company's Halloween sales.

This fall Keppel is offering a wide variety of historical-personage costumes, and other companies have been quick to cash in on the trend. "A big favorite with the preschool set is the line of American labor leaders—Gompers, Lewis, Hoffa, even George Meany," says Vincent Fisher of Fisher Outfits. "The older kids seem to be going for late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century physicists, Civil War generals, and Russian novelists."

"One of our fastest-moving outfits is the FDR, complete with wheelchair," reports Zack Fowler, a clerk at Tommy's Disguises. "If you're FDR, somebody has to push you around, and the sympathy factor gets you more candy. The van Gogh with detachable ear and the Gorbachev with the birthmark on the head are also pretty hot."

Many of these new breeds of costumes are so realistic that even the experts are sometimes fooled. The unveiling of the Judith Krantz costume last week in New York caused a panic and near-riot, and police recently shot and wounded a ten-year-old boy in Oregon who was playing in a Sirhan Sirhan outfit.

—S. Y.



Six-year-old Matthew Davis celebrating Halloween dressed as Secretary of the Interior Donald Hodel.



Drive-in theaters in Beirut no longer permit cars to enter, because the threat of a car-bombing is too great there, according to Lebanese officials. "It's not so bad," explained one Lebanese moviegoer, "except when it rains." —M. J.

Masterpiece Sports

Writ by guest sportswright San Diego Padres manager Larry Bowa

Alas, I am but a poor, wretched soul, who has not had reason to rejoice in gaiety or wear the mask of an innocent infant's smile. I have yet to smell the sweet flower of success, but have ogled my brave warriors slipping on its dew whilst rounding the third bag. Even with tragedy playing mischievous games in thy dugout, what drags me down, with the strength of a falcon's claw, into the deepest depths of the dark, dank, clammy abyss of despair? The fair sex sportswright. "Zounds!" thou might well exclaim. Prithoe, good gents, let me explain. We are well cognizant that the art of man with bat pouncing on a sphere, and dispatching it a distance greater than noble Caesar was from brave Hannibal at their epic meeting yet no greater than the wide breadth of knowledge of brilliant Socrates, holds no great import with the mothers of our children. Nay, after one such Padre, the Good Gwynn, darkened the skies with not one but two powerful blows, a female in sportswright garb penned the immortal "Home Run Hitter Hath Small Dick."

Ah, joy of joys, the great imbibor, Montreal Expos' Dennis Martinez, a deliverer of spheres, is returned from his wanton journey atop a pink elephant through the land of endless tales and spiderwebs to recapture his victorious ways. Alack, poor Bowa, his men would go forth to do battle the very day that he, Bacchus' houseguest for a millennium, had decided to go on the wagon.

The gentle people of my village, San Diego, oft engage me in conversation. "Larry Bowa," they query, "your team is so deep in the Western Division cellar that you are finding oil, you can't manage yourself off the crapper, no one likes you, hamsters turn vicious at the very sight of you, what is it in life that keeps you from asking for euthanasia?" In truth? The post-battle cold-cuts platter. 'Tis true. The allure of sweetmeats billowing off my Dixie parchment dish is an opiate to mine brain, as the sour winds of defeat vanish with each tasty morsel enjoyed. Most beloved of this kingdom is the lonely headcheese. Tossed aside to make room for the friendly salami, it is to thee, little headcheese, which taketh the form of a bologna Jell-O, that I cling, and call, simply, "friend."

Let the warring Padres tread along their decrepit road. Let minions shout terrible Bowa's name in the heat of anger! But prithoe, do not step on my headcheese.

(Exit Larry Bowa)
—A.S.

TRUE

F A C T S

Edited by John Bendel

According to the Reuters news agency, students in Shibganj, Bangladesh, rioted for the right to cheat on exams. Officials said the trouble began when students marched out of a school building shouting, "We seek the right to copy!" and "Allow our friends to help us!"

School authorities called in police, who refused to intervene, claiming that any action on their part "could spark protests in other examination centers." (contributed by Sherman Allen)



In 1967 Tom Hobbs bought a house in Walnut Creek, California, because a creek flowed across the one-acre lot. According to the *Contra Costa Times*, the creek "grew stronger over the years, running summer and winter, and fed a pond around a willow tree that he stocked with thirty ornamental carp. It was home to countless frogs whose croaking on warm nights would drown out the sound of cars passing on Third Avenue."

To enjoy the view of his treasured creek, Hobbs cut away part of the lawn, and built a glass-walled "retreat" house in his yard.

"When I'd come home

from work, the first thing I'd do is take a glass of wine and go down by the creek," said Hobbs, a carpenter and contractor."

However, Hobbs's creek dried up early this year when authorities discovered and repaired a long-standing water-main leak on nearby Buena Vista Avenue.

"It looks like what he thought was a creek was really a leak from one of our mains,"

said Ida McClendon of the East Bay Municipal Utility District. (contributed by Terry Mason)



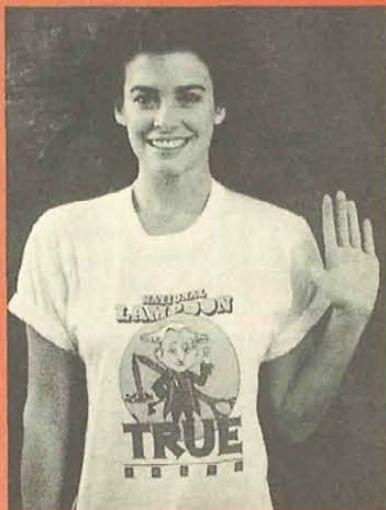
From the *Philadelphia Inquirer*:

"A curious thing happened in Santiago, Chile, as Pope John Paul II was addressing about 80,000 young people in a soccer stadium Thursday. 'Do you reject the idol of wealth?' asked the pope. 'Yes,' came the response. 'Do you reject the idol of power?' he asked. Again, 'Yes' came from the stands. Finally John Paul asked, 'Do you reject the idol of sex?' Back came a soft chorus of 'No.' The pope made like he didn't notice and continued with his prepared remarks." (contributed by Erik Swain)

IMPORTANT STUFF BEING TALKED ABOUT IN THIS BOX!

Attention, contributors! We'll give each contributor the sensational new "True Facts" T-shirt for every submission used as well as a credit. For every photo used, we'll give each contributor a T-shirt plus ten dollars in genuine American currency, which roughly equals four pounds of salami at the deli across the street. You'll also get a credit, which is roughly equal to a salami sandwich. Make sure to include the shirt size you want (S-M-L-XL) with every group of True Facts or True Facts photos sent us. As you can see, these lovely T-shirts, as modeled by Carol Burnett, are indeed... lovely T-shirts.

Send your contributions to
True Facts, National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022.



Alberta's *Calgary Sun* ran an April Fools' Day bogus ad announcing "an amazing breakthrough—a concentrated dehydrated beer you can carry anywhere with you."

The ad contained instructions telling readers to cut around the dotted lines of a small box on the page (which supposedly contained samples of the concentrated beer), place it in a glass of cold water, and put the glass in a freezer for five minutes. The ad contained a phone number at the *Sun*.

According to *Sun* columnist John Gradon, the paper received 1,022 calls from people who actually tried to make the "instant beer." Among the comments were these:

"I've even tried two papers and it still doesn't work."

"I've got two morons in my office looking at two glasses of water with paper in 'em."

"It's kinda flat—I'll leave it a little longer, I think."

One man actually ordered 150 extra copies of the paper, claiming he was going to have a party. (contributed by Martin Lye)

Theresa Mulqueen Skeeter, who in 1983 sued her employers on grounds of discrimination because she was black, has filed another suit, this time claiming she was discriminated against because she is white.

Skeeter was a clerk-typist for the city of Norfolk, Virginia, where Harold Juren, deputy city attorney, asked that the current suit be dismissed.

"Suppose on her next job she has people of mixed racial backgrounds as her supervisors?" he asked. "Then what is she going to do, claim she's Oriental?" *Atlanta Constitution* (contributed by David Ludley)

The European edition of *Stars and Stripes*, the daily newspaper of the American military, contained a German television schedule translated into English. It listed these offerings: a "TV

series" called *Devil's Grandmother*, another series called *Waiting Room*, and a "TV play" entitled *Dump like a Fish*. (contributed by Rich Hancock)

According to Nebraska's *Lincoln Journal*, a twenty-nine-year-old man walked into his living room in Lincoln, "shut off the television while his wife was watching, and turned on his stereo." When she told him he was inconsiderate, he "went into the bedroom, returned with a loaded .22-caliber pistol, sat for a moment on the couch, then fired two rounds into the stereo."

He reportedly told his wife he had shot the stereo "to end its misery." He told police he had been thinking about shooting the stereo for some time. (contributed by John Baldus)

At a seminar in Newburgh, New York, speakers from the Medical Liability Mutual Insurance Company of New York told doctors how to avoid malpractice suits. According to *Vogue* magazine, these were some of the suggestions:

"Don't take calls from your stockbroker while a patient is waiting, feet in stirrups." "If you're doing a circumcision, for God's sake, make sure you know which baby you're doing." "Do not aggressively pursue a patient who owes a small amount of money. He may have stopped coming because he's now seeing another doctor who found a carcinoma you missed." (contributed by Duck Divet)

From the (New York) *Daily News*: "Coral Gables, Florida—A man accused of beating his estranged wife with a tire iron left his artificial right leg behind as he fled when neighbors came to the woman's rescue.

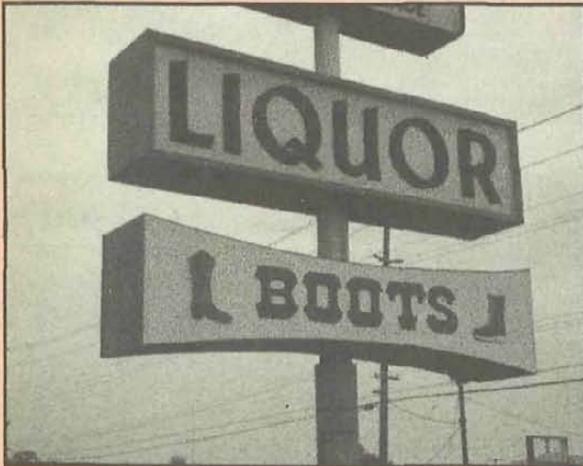
"Tommy Hines was gone when police arrived at Julia Hines's apartment Saturday. His artificial leg was seized as evidence." (contributed by Lee Simmons)

The Burglar Meets the Munchies

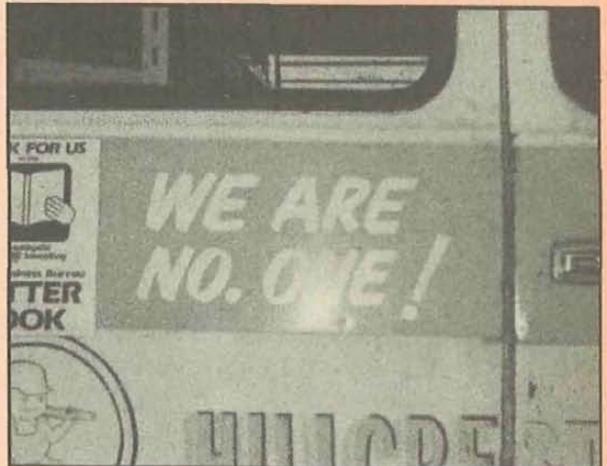
Question: Why doesn't Whoopi just shoot that thing looking up her dress? (from an unnamed Kansas City newspaper, contributed by Chris Gowin)

TRUE

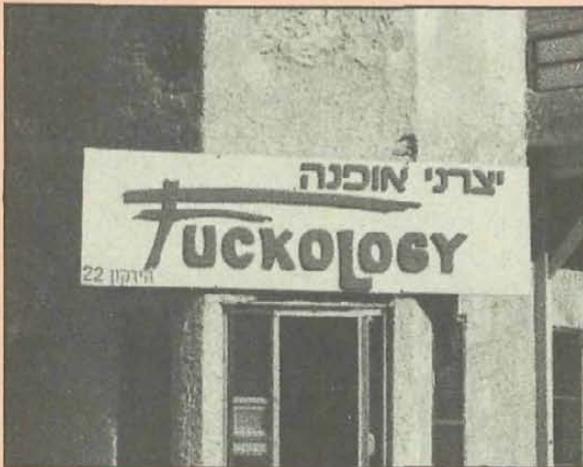
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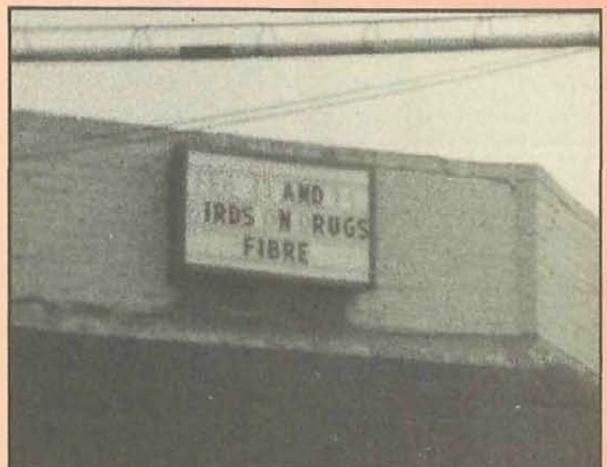
John O'Neal



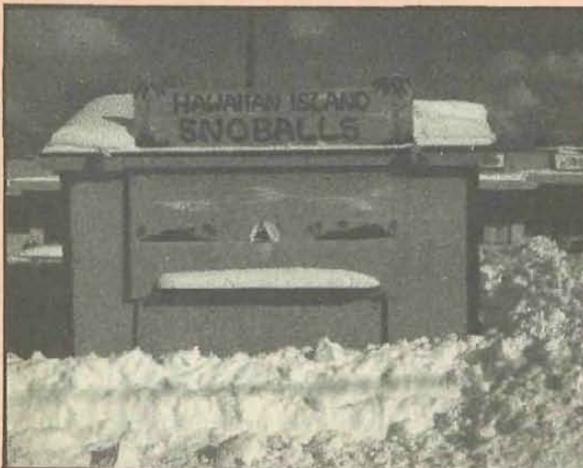
Scott Farquhar



Marlene Reiss



Clark Barrett



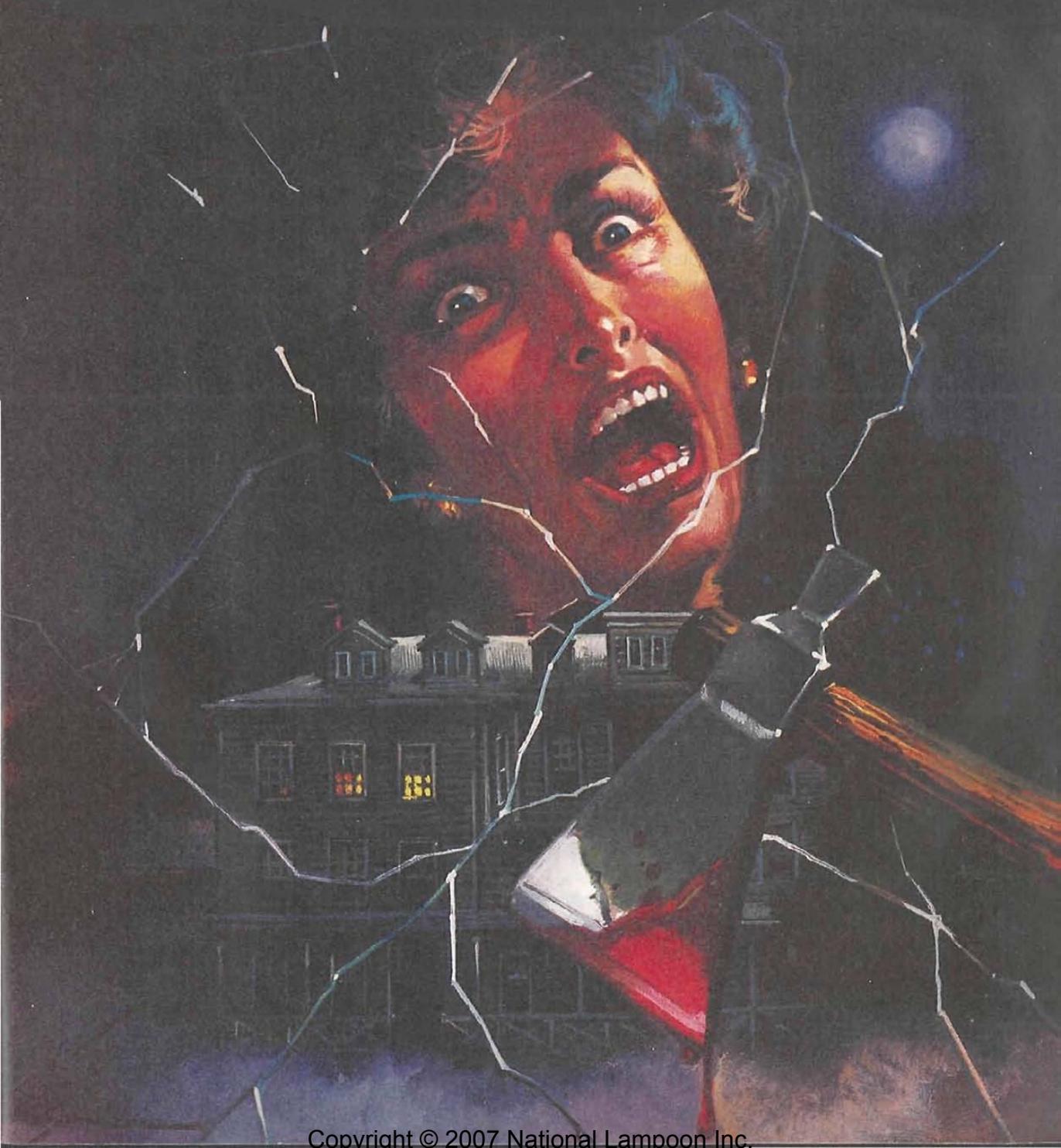
John Fahs



Scott Farquhar

THE GERUNDING

BUZZ DIXON



"It is precisely because we fear that which we fear that we are afraid of it."

—Larimo Kurlius, *Intellecto Pretentioso*

PROLOGUE

Luckinbill, Maine, 1807 B.C.

Konomoro, wisest of the witch doctors in the seven tribal councils, felt uneasy deep in his red heart. The Norseman standing before him was stark naked and drenched in blood that gushed from hundreds of ornate, foreboding runes carved in his body.

Surely this was an evil sign

CHAPTER I

"I know you've been worried about me, honey, but I feel we can put our marriage back together *and* land the Squiggly account if we rent that lovely old place up in Maine"

CHAPTER II

"You rented the Nimrod place to out-of-staters? Are you daft?"

"No! And if you know what's good for you, you'd better not go spreading any of your wild tales"

CHAPTER III

"It's nothing I can put my finger on, Chester. Just this strange feeling I've had ever since we moved in"

CHAPTER IV

Out in the woods, something watched

CHAPTER V

In the kitchen, Gwendolyn felt the cold, icy caress on her inner thigh again. She shuddered and flushed in shame. Across the breakfast table from her, Chester and Little Billy kept eating their 100 percent-fortified Chewie-Pooies with Lip-Smacking Choco-Power Flavor Bits, unaware of the spectral molesting going on under her Sears Windsong Serenade terry cloth robe

CHAPTER VI

She never made it to the back door of the Kentucky

Fried Chicken stand. From out of the shadows, eyes blazing red with a fury known only to hell, a huge shape swooped down upon her. She had time for one tiny, futile scream before the thing began rending her limb from limb.

Gretchen Ogleshorpe had fried her last chicken

CHAPTER VII

"I'm sure, Mrs. Farley. But until we find out who *did*, I'm gonna have to question anybody who might know anything about the murder—including your husband"

INTERLUDE

London, England

With trembling hands he broke the brittle seals on the musty old file that hadn't been opened in over a hundred years. It bulged with crumbling yellow documents. The ink had faded and the handwriting was scratchy, but he was able to read them.

"By Jove!" he said. "This involves the royal family"

CHAPTER VIII

"Billy! What happened to you?"

"Some boys beat me up on the way home from school, Mom. They said we lived in a spook house"

CHAPTER IX

"Haven't you had enough, Mr. Farley?"

"Damn it, *I'll* say when I've had enough. Just keep pouring 'em and keep that damn dog away from me"

CHAPTER X

"Every chicken in the coop, Sheriff. Like something *scared* 'em to death"

CHAPTER XI

His father had told him to never, *ever* look behind the musty pile of junk in the corner of the cellar, but parental admonition had never stopped a determined nine-year-old.

Carefully he moved aside a rusty old bike, a steamer trunk, some old snow tires, and two large china barrels.

To his surprise, he found a stout oak door behind all the junk.

The door swung open at the slightest touch of his hand. And inside the door . . .

CHAPTER XII

"Well, *something* shaved all the hair off Little Billy and glued chicken feathers all over him! Chester, we've got to get out of here!"

"You'd like that, wouldn't you? You'd like to see me fail and crawl back to New York City with my tail tucked between my legs . . ."

CHAPTER XIII

. . . vomiting huge gouts of thickly congealed blood . . .

CHAPTER XIV

Stepping over his deputy, who had fainted when he saw the carnage, Sheriff Holcomb shook his head. "Another one. . ."

CHAPTER XV

"He was home all night. Honest, Sheriff . . ."

CHAPTER XVI

Billy knew he'd *have* to go down into the cellar again . . .

CHAPTER XVII

That night her spectral lover took her with greater force, greater passion than ever before. In the midst of her ecstasy, she cast a worried glance at Chester.

Deep in his drunken stupor, he frowned at the violent jostling of the bed and rolled over on his side . . .

CHAPTER XVIII

"Come on in, squirt. I *like* little boys . . ."

CHAPTER XIX

"Where the hell's Billy? I wanna show him this keen new ax I bought . . ."

CHAPTER XX

"Then, six months later, in the spring of 1908, the Carson family moved in; six in all, as I recollect. This time the carnage was even worse than usual . . ."

CHAPTER XXI

"You scared the hell outta your mother, you little dipshit! I don't want you talking to some half-baked old bitch who makes her living telling fairy tales to damn tourists! You pull a half-assed stunt like that again and I'll knock your muthafuckin' brains out with the back of my hand!

"Now say grace so we can eat . . ."

INTERLUDE

Luckinbill, Maine

The trail had led him from England, across Europe, to Turkey, around the Mediterranean, over the Atlantic, through the dankest bowels of New York, and now stopped cold in Luckinbill, Maine . . .

CHAPTER XXII

"Just the wind . . ."

CHAPTER XXIII

"No! No! Omigod, no! Gynaarrggghhh . . ."

CHAPTER XXIV

"Hey, Sheriff! Look at this! Some kinda charred circle in the grass and what looks like runes written around it . . ."

CHAPTER XXV

"I said I don't *want* any damn cottage cheese. How many times do I have to slap this into your head, huh? I-don't-want-any-damn-cottage-cheese. . ."

CHAPTER XXVI

"Daddy's been having a rough time, Billy. . ."

CHAPTER XXVII

The sixteen Hell's Angels were sitting on their big black Harley-Davidsons. One—less stupid than the others—nudged his friend. He pointed through the thick marijuana haze to the lone figure walking down the road.

"A citizen," he said, making it sound like a cheap, dirty word. "Let's roust him . . ."

CHAPTER XXVIII

"I don't believe it! Fifteen Hell's Angels wiped out, and all the survivor can say is that the attacker was eight feet tall, had glowing red eyes, and wings! Wings, for shit's sake! I don't believe it . . ."

CHAPTER XXIX

"I'd appreciate it if you got off my front porch, pig!"

"You'd better be nice to me, Farley, 'cause next time I'm comin' back with a search warrant. . . ."

CHAPTER XXX

Deep under the black, still waters of Lake Tichimuni, something stirred . . .

CHAPTER XXXI

"Perhaps I can help you, Sheriff. Sloane's the name. Scotland Yard. . . ."

CHAPTER XXXII

"Billy, run! Go tell the sheriff . . ."

CHAPTER XXXIII

"Wait a minute, kid! Widow Bradley? *She* told you this?"

"Hell, Widow Bradley's been dead fifteen years. . . ."

CHAPTER XXXIV

"Chester! No! Don't! Argh . . ."

CHAPTER XXXV

"Send an ambulance up to the Farley place. Not that she needs it any longer. And put out an APB on Chester Farley, white male Caucasian, yellow hair, eight feet tall, red eyes, large wings . . ."

CHAPTER XXXVI

"There! Look!"

"My God! What is it!"

"It is—or *was*—Chester Farley! Now shoot! Shoot! Shoo—arrgghhh . . ."

CHAPTER XXXVII

"Things have been happening to me that I don't understand, Billy. You gotta believe me."

"I believe you, Dad. Now untie me. . . ."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

"Dash it all! Don't you stupid American blokes understand? It wasn't *Chester* Farley at all! It was . . ."

CHAPTER XXXIX

"In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I abjure thee to come out of this body. . . ."

CHAPTER XL

"Mommy? Daddy? What have I done? Where are they?"

"Now, you just hush. You're with Widow Bradley now. Everything's going to be all right. . . ."

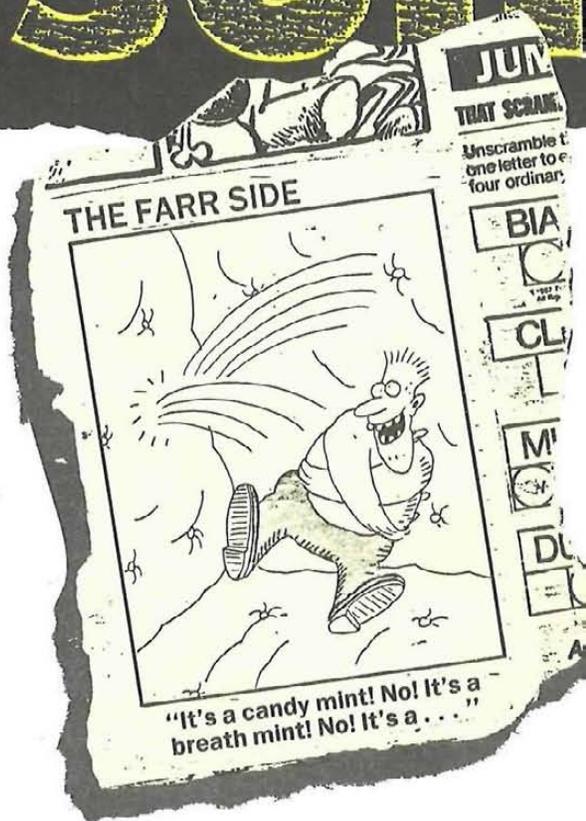
EPILOGUE

Deep in the dank, stinking sewers of Calcutta, a baby that was human in outward appearance only cried and thirsted for blood . . . ■

The Dying Side of Gary Larson

by Oprah Winfrey
as told to Dave Wielgus

I was thirty, the darling of daytime television, and giving viewers a new sense of hope when I first met Gary Larson. I felt I already knew Gary . . . through his cartoons. Those zany, offbeat *Farr Side* cartoons, as addictive as salted peanuts, as refreshing as my big-eyed, girlish smile:



I was Gary's biggest fan! In fact, I owned a *Farr Side* lunch pail in which I carried my Whitman Samplers to work. So I wanted Gary on my show. Even if, as my producer chided, it was like having the Bates Motel as a guest.

But I never expected to fall in love with him.

* * * * *

I'm not one of those vacant-headed television hosts. I ask my guests the hard questions, like "Why?" and "Sez who?"

Still, I've gone home alone more times than the Elephant Man.

I found myself dieting for ten minutes that morning, splashing on Old Spice, and nervously fingering "Li'l Moses," my twelve-inch microphone . . .

Passions. I like that word, Gary. *Passions* . . .

* * * * *

Who was this shy, puckish bachelor named Gary Larson? And where was he? We were "on the air" in twelve minutes!

We found Gary in the boiler room. Inside a "fort" made out of sofa cushions.

Gary emerged only after I promised to hunt for tadpoles and newts in drainage ditches with him after the show.

* * * * *

Did Garry Trudeau and Jane Pauley start this way?

Zippity-doo-dah, I'm in love!

The hip boots were too tight, and oh! they pinched! But at least I was alone with Gary.

"Don't forget to punch holes in the lid," whispered Gary as he began handing the salamanders to me.

* * * * *

On the way back to his motel, Gary's Rambler crashed into a truck carrying nuclear waste. It was a scene right out of *The Farr Side*.

So was our first night together.

Gary combined the nonchalance of Berkeley with the sexual savvy of Charles Schulz.

And best of all—he let me tie him up with his snakes!

* * * * *

Gary did not smoke or drink. He liked Diet Sprite with extra NutraSweet. He could go for weeks at a time living entirely on mince pie. He played "air guitar," having switched from "air drums" in his teens.

Gary loved animals the way Joan Collins loved sperm. His house was filled with more animals than furniture! Mark Trail would have felt at home.

Who needed Selleck or Billy Dee when you had Gary wearing a stuffed warthog head?

* * * * *

Gary was always doodling . . . on place mats, on walls, on my ample breasts . . .

* * * * *

We were happier than two people who did almost nothing for six-figure incomes had a right to be. I taught Gary about wearing purple clothing, and eating cold cuts. He taught me about lighting sparklers and jumping up and down.

Then—the fateful day when Gary retrieved a savory slice of frozen pizza from the boudoir microwave.

Gary lost his usual pallor. He trembled. A rather vacant, dissipated look came over his face.

I had seen that look once before. On Shirley MacLaine's face, as she discussed her former life as a jeweled egg in Elizabethan England!

I am now convinced that Gary foresaw his impending death in that slice of pizza.

* * * * *

The doctors said there was no hope.

Gary was dying. Of everything.

At Mount Sinai Hospital, we peered through an electron microscope. Hideous rhinoviruses, shaped like Jay Leno, swam about madly. Within seconds they were engulfed by more serious pathogens.

"Mr. Larson," outlined the chief of oncology, "suffers from neoplastic lesions. Trichinosis. Sickle-cell anemia.

Tay-Sachs. The Black Plague! Jimsonweed poisoning. Measles, mumps, rubella, croup . . . and this is the first page of his medical chart!"

It was too horrible. Gary underwent barium scans. Sigmoidoscopy. They administered antipyretics. Specialists urged him to eat more "good" and "standard" grades of beef, leaner, with less "marbling" than the top grades.

"What next?" I sobbed. "Angel dust and 'crack' enemas?"

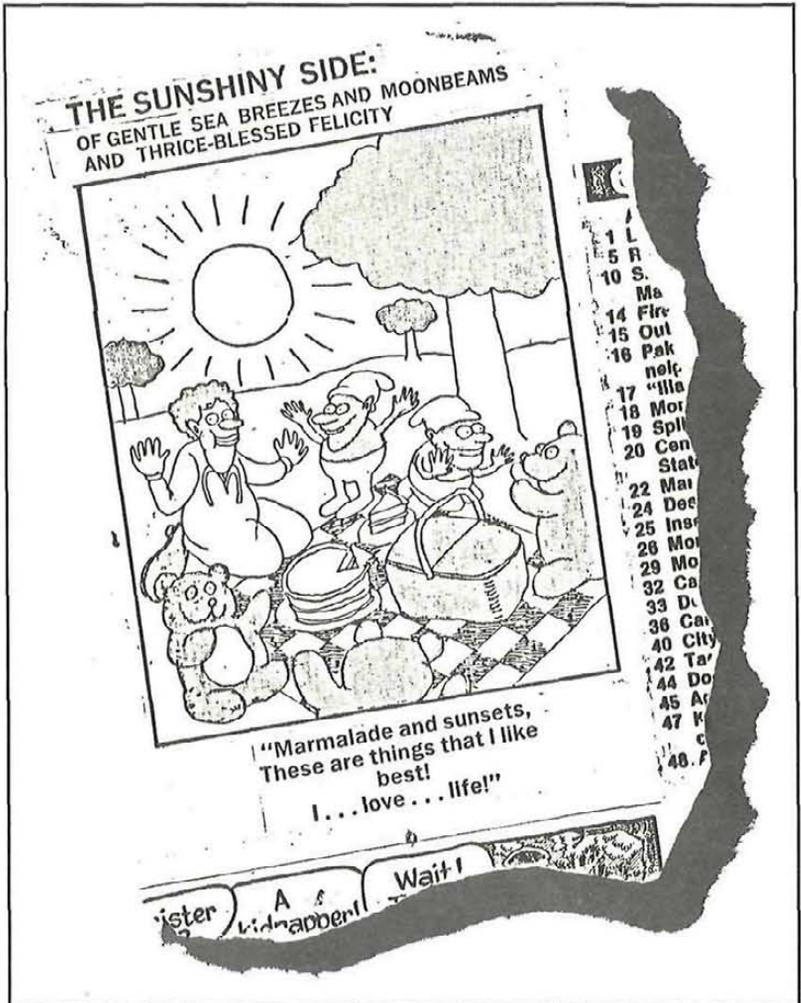
I took Gary home.

They gave him two months. At best.

* * * * *

Coping with over 860,000 regularly recurring ailments, diseases, and afflictions was no small feat for Gary. Yet his dignity was absolute. Each day he got up, meditated, made phone calls to Leo Buscaglia. He renamed his strip *The Sunshiny Side: Of Gentle Sea Breezes and Moonbeams and Thrice-Blessed Felicity*.

Gary lost his edge, his bite, and ultimately, his readers. Facsimiles of the Smurfs, Strawberry Shortcake, and Teddy Ruxpin were making unauthorized appearances in Gary's new panel:



In the past, I didn't get all of Gary's jokes. Now there *were* no jokes to get!

Then Gary got *mean*.

He stalked through the house like Jack Nicholson in *The Shining*. He tripped the lemmings. He kicked the koi.

Gary had repressed his anger too long. He forgot that he was working in, basically, a family medium. Newspaper editors began yanking Gary's grim *new* strip, *The Dying Side*:

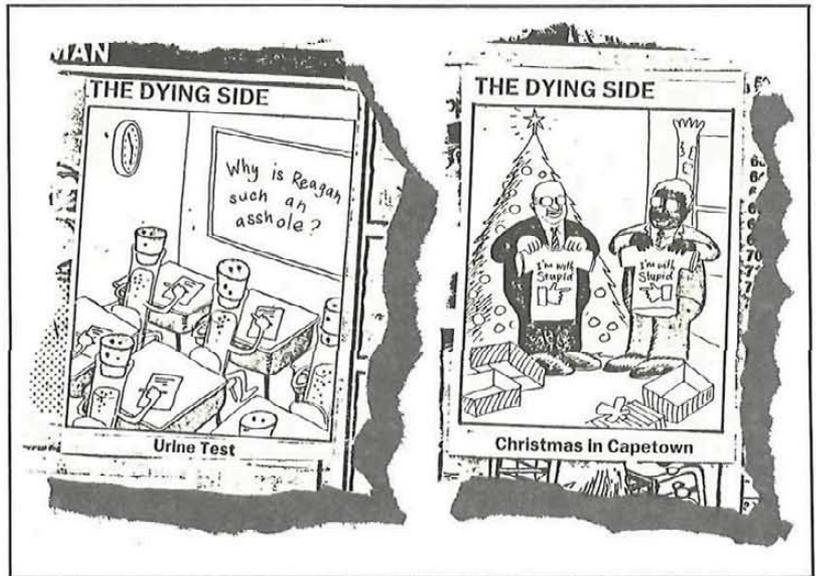


* * * * *
Like Picasso, Gary's angst was chronicled in his work. Desperate weeks passed as Gary went through his "Blue Period,"

his "Black and Blue Period," and his "Hospice Period," featuring two cartoon cancer cells who reminded me of the guys in the Bartles & Jaymes wine cooler ads:



* * * * *
Time magazine lambasted Gary's offensive new panel. When newspapers placed his strip on their editorial pages, Gary responded with "political" humor:



* * * * *
Gary was responding well to treatments with lithium salts. I began hoping for a miracle—that Gary would recover and be all right and we would frolic and snap wet sausage casings at each other—just like in the

old days.
Sensing that Gary's health *and* reputation might be salvaged, his syndicate gave him one final crack at the lucrative "family" market:



* * * * *

Gary withdrew from human contact. His beloved animals had been replaced by sterile medical equipment.

Sex had become a distant memory. He could achieve an orgasm only by watching Alfred Hitchcock "merge" into his profile at the beginning of the TV mystery anthology.

Even that was painful.

* * * * *

The Dying Side entered a metaphysical stage. Gary began doing in-jokes about Camus and Nietzsche and the Tibetan Book of the Dead. The cartoons weren't funny, just weird:

Gary responded to the controversy with a rare clarifying public statement:

" !"

* * * * *

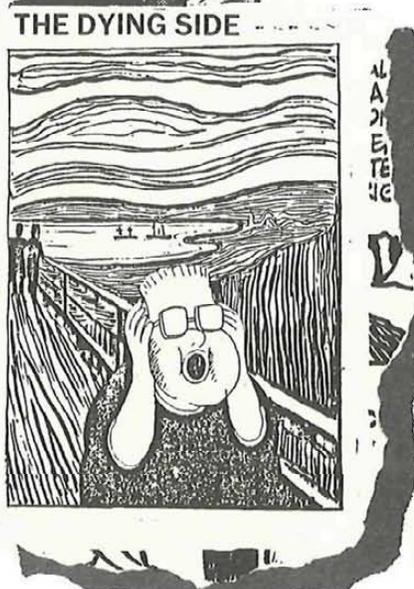
By this time, Michael Jackson was Gary's only link with reality. They discussed hair loss and surgical masks via telephone long into the night.

Ultimately, Gary refused to see me. A series of electroconvulsive shocks had robbed him of his memory. He could no longer distinguish among the Three Stooges.

I never saw Gary again.

* * * * *

On the day of his burial, Gary's final cartoon was published:



One of Gary's cartoons proved especially controversial. A collaboration with famed film director Ingmar Bergman, the panel brought thousands of inquiries from puzzled readers:

Gary's closest friends came to mourn . . . to bid him farewell. "Gary was eccentric but we loved him," confessed Isabella Rossellini, as David Lynch placed a swarm of locusts on his grave.

Garry Trudeau told me he had wooed Jane Pauley in the same drainage ditch as Gary and I!

Still, I was almost beyond consolation. Luckily, the cemetery was next to a Dunkin' Donuts.

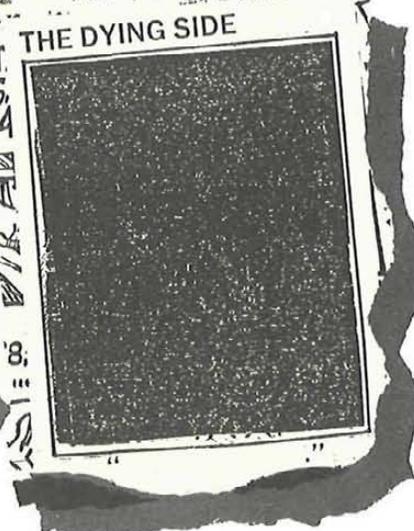
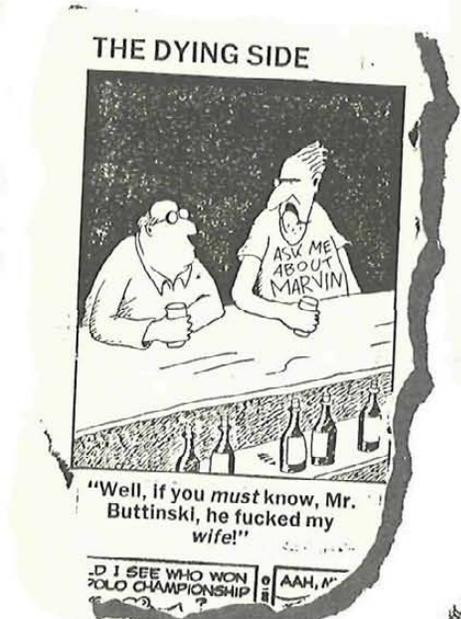
* * * * *

Gary once said, "People look for deep meanings in my work. But it's just cartoons—basically I just sit at the drawing table and have fun."

Gary wasn't a profound man. But he was a generous one. He was placed on this earth to give the greatest gift of all—laughter.

And now Gary is gone. And all the Orange Juliuses in the world can't make the pain go away.

But I'll try, anyway. ■



RAYMOND



ANGOL 482

MR COLLINS
EATS IT RAW

TONY
BLOWS

EATS UNIT?
YOUR MOTHER

BACK

TO

SCHOOL



HELP!

WHO SITS
HERE
4th
PERIOD?

I LIKE YOUR ASS

ME
MR. WAD



DONNA SUC



ROSES ARE RED
VIOLETS R BLUE
SWEENEY IS SWEET
AND SO ARE YOU

FOR A GOOD TIME
CALL MICHELLE
555-6070

BOBBY R.
IS A
DOUCHE BAG

Tales of Nozzlin High School

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll Gets Hip

by Chris Miller



Senior year was great, the pinnacle of your high school career . . . or so everybody said. You could have fooled Mr. Rock 'n' Roll. He, as usual, was miserable—with graduation less than a month away, he still languished among the chronically unlaid, and it was killing him. But what could you do? It was the fifties; girls simply wouldn't come through. You would

have had to knock one unconscious, tie each ankle to a horse, and shout, "Giddap!"

The response to this sad state of affairs among his friends was glum acceptance, a stoic willingness to wait for college. Not so Mr. Rock 'n' Roll. How could you accept the unacceptable? He meant, girls were everywhere! You sat in class—there they were. You walked down the hall—they were all around you. Their

flouncings, gigglings, and hair combings were the backdrop against which his daily life was played out. And their sweet, bursting bodies were driving him wild.

Not that he'd actually *seen* their bodies, mind you. In fact, he'd never seen *any* girl's nude body, not live and in person. But he'd seen them in the magazines, all right. Oh, it made the groin ache just thinking about what he'd seen in *Playboy*, *Topper*,

Rogue, and the rest: the way women's hips flared and the bottoms of their asses sprang pertly out; the divine heft of their thighs; and, of course, the breathtakingly sexual expressions on their faces. But, most of all, the thing that really got him was their breasts.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll was a tit man. He loved everything about tits. He loved how they rose from women's chests like wonderful ice cream sundaes, topped by these gorgeous cherries. He loved the way they looked in brassieres, held together, firmed up; how full they became as women bent over; their peekaboo playfulness when women lay on their backs—they seemed to sink in—what you had was a sense of *potential* breast, and the fun came from wondering, if you shoved a hose up the lady's ass and blew, how far up they would pop.

It was easy to transpose what was shown in the magazines to the bodies of his female classmates. Darlene Dell'olio would have little runty tits, but her ass, as could be gleaned from the way it pushed out the back of her skirt, was a winner. Then there was Pat Cooper, who bent over when taking notes so that great, spilling cleavage was displayed. Hers were large, but lacked a certain firmness; if she lay on *her* back, they'd probably flop in her armpits. And Eunice Levine, beautiful queen of Nozzlin's Jewish princesses—what of her? Her skin was tawny, her hair ebony; he bet she had dark, spreading nipples that capped her midsize breasts like little yarmulkes. Probably a vast, luxurious black bush, too, possibly reaching her waist, though bushes weren't shown in the magazines, and he wasn't sure how far up they ever actually went.

And then there was Shelley Rappaport. Shelley was one of the lesser Jewish princesses, but Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's favorite. Lacking Eunice's classic beauty, she had charms of her own, chief among them petulant lips and a body that fell a half millimeter short of "plump." She was like some overripe fruit, and Mr. Rock 'n' Roll wanted to sink his teeth in, just chow down. Sitting in the seat two back and across the aisle from him in Social Studies, she wore skirts that often rode up; he'd put his head on his arms and look, his gaze yanked

up there with the force of a man being sucked from a depressurized plane. He'd never spoken to her, but fancied she might not feel total aversion for him. Else why sit that way so often, allowing him to scan the dusky, panty-sheathed terminus of her wonderful, meaty thighs? In his fantasies, what he'd done to her was unlimited, and she'd never objected; indeed, she'd squealed, or gone, "Ohhhhhhhhh. Ohhhhhhhhh." He almost felt as if, on some strange level, he actually had a relationship with her.

Why didn't he just ask her out? What could he lose? But she probably wasn't allowed out with goyim. Or she'd already have a date. Or he'd stammer, or his fly would be open. There was always *some* way of talking himself out of it. For, truth be told, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll was afraid to ask Shelley—or any other girl—to go out, couldn't handle the almost certain rejection. That was the real reason he wasn't getting any, forget that shit about it being the fifties.

What he'd done instead was hang out with the guys, combing his hair, driving around, trying to look cool smoking cigarettes, bitching and

moaning *ensemble* re the non-availability of pussic accommodations. And listening nonstop to rock 'n' roll. Rock 'n' roll! How incredibly important it had always been! It made him feel, lifted his spirits, brought meaning to his life. It let him *be* somebody. He knew all the groups, their songs, who sang lead. He knew who was on what label—the Valentines on Rama, the Penguins on Dootone, the Moonglows on Chess. He knew what they looked like, had their pictures on his wall. He had topless towers of 45's. He was Mr. Rock 'n' Roll.

And now the music was dying.

Rock 'n' roll, falling ever deeper into mediocrity in recent years, was just about terminal by '59; the pop music scales had tilted radically in the Frankie Avalon-Fabian direction, far from the screaming Negroes and crazed rockabilly cats whose records made up the bulk of his collection. Little Richard had become a preacher; Chuck Berry was in jail; Jerry Lee Lewis had been hounded from his career for screwing his cousin or something. Elvis was in the Army. Elvis sucked anyway, had since '56

"In the seat across the aisle from him..."





"Dasis like, the village sprang up around them."

when he'd added those backup singers, those lame-o Jordanaires. The party was over, the band packed up and gone, and Mr. Rock 'n' Roll didn't know who he was anymore.

It was in his search for who to be next that Ace Kendall entered the picture. Ace, a pal of his from nearby Oyster Cove High, was as cool as they came. They'd met at camp, years ago, kept in touch ever since. He was good-looking, a great athlete, and a rebel; this improbable combination made him equal parts Micky Mantle and James Dean, and you couldn't get cooler than that. But lately he seemed to have moved into a new phase. The James Dean hair had given way to a careless tousele, and he'd grown a little Dizzy Gillespie, under-the-lip beard he called his "soul patch." He'd developed an outlaw smile, and lost his last vestiges of tolerance for all the standard teenage stuff everyone else took for granted. Instead of Sam Cooke or Fats Domino, he was hot on some folk singer—Peter Cigar or somebody. And jazz—increasingly, he was spending weekends in Greenwich Village, listening to exotically named black guys play in smoky basement

clubs. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll was more than interested. He was seeing less of his old pals, Stemen, Froggie, and Robkin, spending time instead with Ace, recultivating their friendship. When the invitation finally came to join him on a trip to the Village, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll was thrilled.

Then, the next day, Froggie offered him a date with Shelley Rappaport for the senior prom.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's hair stood up. He grabbed Froggie by the shirtfront, stammered incomprehensible phrases. Froggie explained that he himself had a date with Rhoda Paulenoff, but now Rhoda was refusing to go unless her best friend, Shelley, came too—it seemed that her college-guy date had canceled at the last minute. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll couldn't have been happier if a cure for cancer and the end of world hunger had been announced. Then he remembered—the prom was the same night as the Village trip with Ace!

Froggie eyed him alertly. "What's the matter? You already have a date?"

"No. I mean, not exactly . . ."

Froggie assessed him, stepped closer. "What I hear is she's hot for you. And I hear that when she's hot

for someone . . . she puts out." He hefted imaginary breasts, working them like a Slinky toy.

Lights went off in Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's brain. Bells rang, money poured from slot machines, champagne glasses tilted. To even breathe the air her breasts had just passed through . . .

Froggie smiled benevolently. "Pick her up at seven. She'll be waiting for you."

Dazed, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll went into a dither of preparations. He rented a tux, got a haircut, bought Old Spice. He began doing sit-ups. He rehearsed cool things to say.

In class, however, Shelley lavished the same amount of attention on him as ever—none; his tentative smiles met dead air. Possibly she didn't *know* they had a date. Maybe his identity was some kind of surprise. There had to be *some* explanation. His under-the-arm stares up her dress increased in frequency and heat; if you'd held a magnifying glass before his eyes, her panties would've caught fire.

He knew he should tell Ace, but he was embarrassed. Finally he called.

"You're going to a *prom*? Why? What for?"

"Well, not to *be* there, that's for sure." He'd gone to the junior prom. In his ranking of life's experiences, it was almost up there with strep throat. "But, see, I finally got a date with this girl, Shelley. She has these tits . . ."

"Tits." Ace was disgusted.

"Where are your values, man?"

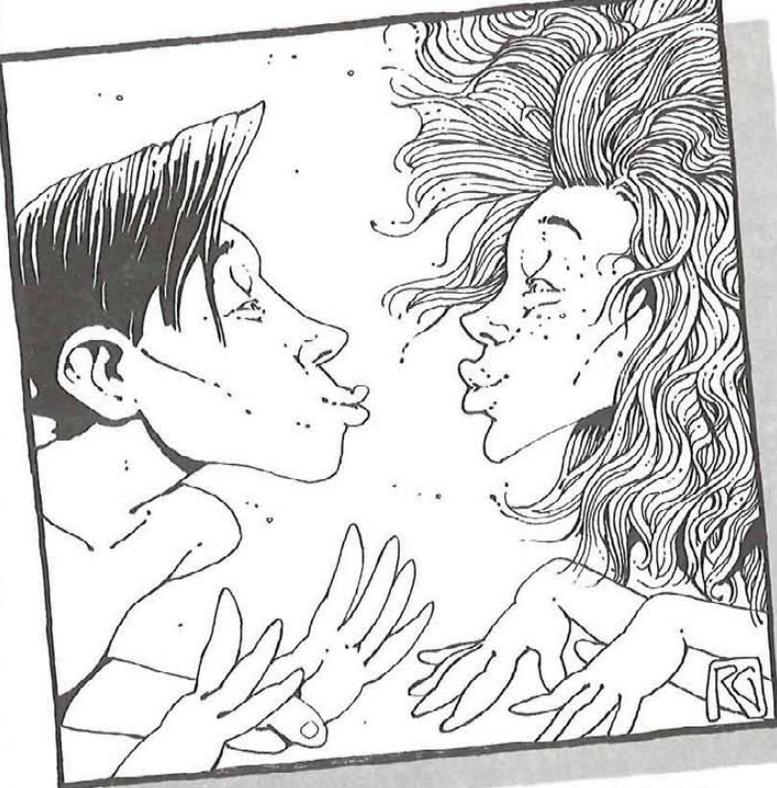
"I can't help it," said Mr. Rock 'n' Roll. "I want to stick my face in them."

"Well, you go ahead, enjoy your little bourgeois mating rituals, spend the night with all the same idiots you have to see every day. I, meanwhile, will be attending a party at the Macdougall Street pad of my latest girlfriend, Reva Baum. Writers will be there, jazz musicians, artists . . ."

It sounded great. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll felt torn. But what his big head still wondered about, his little head had long since closed the book on . . .

"I'm all ready." Shelley, coat over her arm, came out the door, closing it behind her.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll felt puzzled.



*"They both shook out their lips and sang,
'Ewwwwwwwwwwww!'"*

lips stuck out, applying new lipstick. Her teased hair was like some great Indian headdress.

"Right," said Ace. "We'll drop her off."

Ace's old green Hudson drove along, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll next to him in front, Shelley in back. "Ace Kendall . . ." Shelley sat forward suddenly. "Wait a minute, not the Ace Kendall that quit the Oyster Cove football team?"

"What's the matter, you don't approve?" Ace wore an easy grin, didn't seem to care much whether she did or didn't.

"They said you let down the team."

Ace snorted. "More like they let me down. They would've quit, too, if they had any principles."

Ace had become a local sensation last fall when, in mid-season, he quit football rather than shave his soul patch. At the time, he was passing for an average five touchdowns a game. Without him, the team went winless the rest of the season. After that, Ace was controversial, either a hero or a shit, depending on who you were talking to. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll thought

he was great.

Arriving at Nozzlin High, they found the place ablaze with lights. Couples congregated in front of the entrance to the gym, moved inside two by two in their gowns and tuxes.

Ace shook his head. "Unbelievable. Look at them. Robots."

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll and Shelley got out, followed the other couples. But Shelley walked slower and slower, then stopped entirely. Turning to Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, she said, "Larry, I want to talk to you."

As names went, he preferred "Smegma" to "Larry"; unfortunately, it was what his parents had called him. He stopped, faced her.

"Larry, I've been very mean to you, and I'm sorry. I'm just angry because Stanley couldn't make it down from Syracuse, and I took it out on you. I didn't mean all those things I said."

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll was surprised. "Really?"

"Really. Actually, I thought you looked sort of cute in that cape."

"I did?" What was going on here?

"Yes, you did." She bit her lip. "I know I hurt your feelings, Larry, and I feel terrible about it. Especially now that I've gotten to know you a little.

So I was thinking . . . why don't you and I go out tonight after all?"

"What?" Mr. Rock 'n' Roll didn't know how to react; his emotions were starting to feel like a Ping-Pong ball. One thing sure, though—he still had the hots for her. Looking at her now, he wished he were two inches tall, using her breasts as trampolines. The woman was candy.

"Well, I'd have to tell Ace . . ."

"No, you wouldn't. I can see you don't really want to go to the prom, and I just want to do whatever you want to do." She came closer and took his arm, her breast pressing his bicep. "Why don't we just go into the city tonight . . . with your friend?" She gazed at him with her great, luminous brown eyes.

The Hudson rumbled along the Expressway, city-bound. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll was grinning, Ace looked disgusted, and Shelley, between them, was wearing a little smile. *She was actually holding Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's hand!* Covertly, he adjusted his cummerbund, the better to cover the groaning, aching hard-on she'd given him. He gave her hand a hopeful little squeeze. She seemed not to notice.

"So I like your clothes and haircut," she was saying to Ace. "What're you supposed to be—boho?"

Ace glanced at her as you might at a perfect stranger who'd just farted next to you at the movies.

"Are we going to Green-witch Village or something?" Shelley laughed.

Ace scowled, gripped the wheel tighter.

"Actually," said Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, "we *are* going to Greenwich Village."

"Really?" Shelley looked surprised. "Where the beatniks are?"

"It's 'beats.'" Ace bit the words off.

Shelley blinked. "Huh?"

"They call themselves 'beats.' 'Beatnik' is a newspaper word."

"Oh, well, excuse me."

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll hazarded another hand-squeeze. Still looking at Ace, Shelley took her hand away, began absently toying with her necklace.

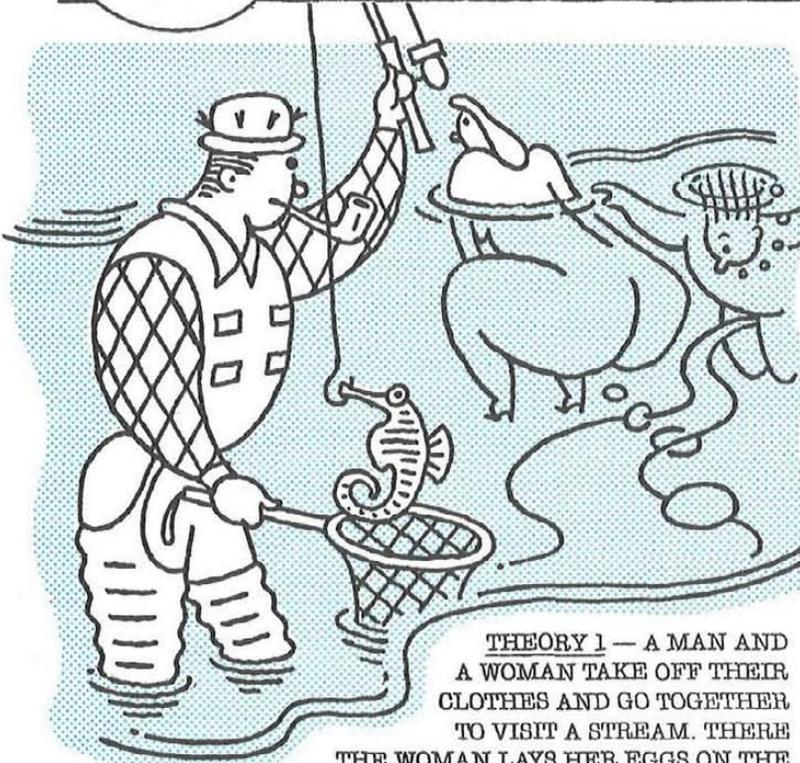
"So, um, where are you going to

continued on page 80

THIS WEEK'S
SUBJECT:
THEORIES OF
REPRODUCTION.
BY RON
BARRETT

THE ALTERNATIVE BIOLOGY Newsletter

OUR CREDO:
TO OFFER AN
OPEN FORUM
FOR THINGS
THAT ARE
NEATLY TYPED.

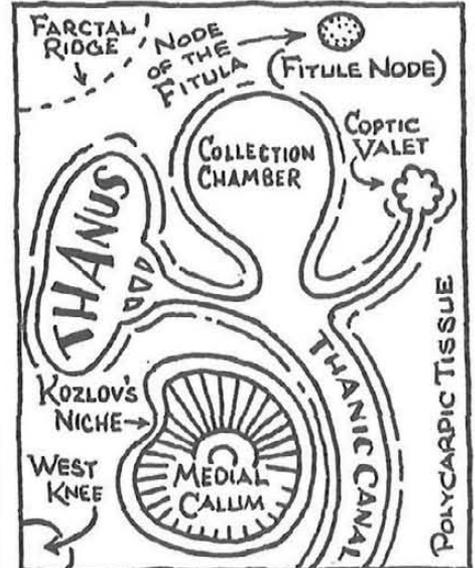


THEORY 1 — A MAN AND A WOMAN TAKE OFF THEIR CLOTHES AND GO TOGETHER TO VISIT A STREAM. THERE THE WOMAN LAYS HER EGGS ON THE BOTTOM. THE MAN DEPOSITS MILK UPON THEM. AT A LATER DATE, THE INFANTS ARE BORN. BUT SOME, ALAS, ARE EATEN BY BOTTOM-FEEDING STREAM DWELLERS — CATFISH, SQUID, AND TUNA.

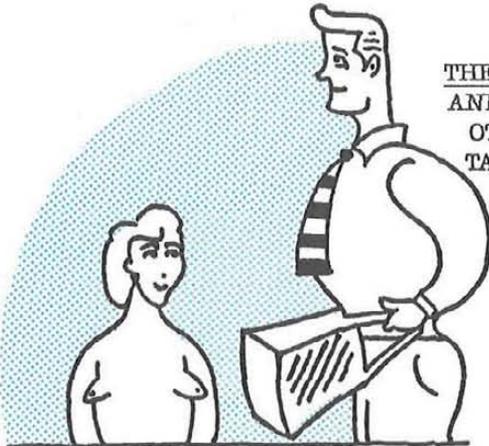
THEORY 3 — VARIOUS THINGS A WOMAN EATS ARE STORED IN A COLLECTION CHAMBER NEAR HER THANUS.



A HORMONAL "SWITCH" CAUSES THIS CHAMBER TO SELECT AND ASSEMBLE THE COMPONENTS FOR A CHILD (I.E. — DRUMSTICKS FOR ARMS).

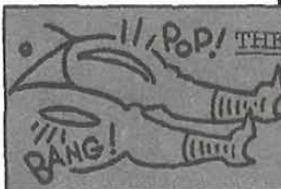


WHEN THE PROCESS IS COMPLETE, A LARGE VIRUS ESCORTS THE INFANT TO THE THANIC CANAL, FROM WHENCE IT EMERGES NEAR BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY.



THEORY 2 — WHEN A MAN AND A WOMAN LOVE EACH OTHER VERY MUCH, SHE TAKES OFF HER CLOTHES AND HE URINATES INTO HER PURSE. THE URIC ACID SYNERGIZES THE DARNITOL SARANAC AND CORIOLANIC GUM PRESENT IN HER LIPSTICK AND KLEENEX, CREATING THE CONDITIONS

NECESSARY FOR BIRTH TO OCCUR. THE PURSE IS LEFT IN A WARM, DARK PLACE. IN SIX WEEKS, BABIES SHOULD APPEAR.



THEORY 4 — BABIES ARE STORED INSIDE A WOMAN'S LEGS. WHEN THE LEGS REACH MATURITY, THEY BURST OPEN AND THE INFANTS EMERGE.

From the Archives: Grammar School Excuses to P.S. 41

Collected by
Louis Phillips and Robert Milgrom

Dear P.S. 41:

1. A person who is NOT present is absent.
2. Our daughter Xantippe is NOT present.
3. Therefore, our daughter is absent.

Socrates

Dear P.S. 41:

Once upon a time, my daughter was absent from school. Today she is returning. We trust she will live happily ever after.

Jacob Grimm

Dear P.S. 41:

Please excuse my daughter April (our cruelest daughter) for being absent during the violet hours yesterday. If you don't, you will drown by water.

T.S. Eliot

Notes:

Parts of the above excuse were inspired by Jessie Weston's notes to her daughter. The violet hours is an image from Dante. Line 3, cf. The Master Mariner's Handbook.

Dear P.S. 41:

Whats the use
Of this excuse?

Because she wanted to celebrate Gras (Mardi),
My daughter yesterday was extremely tardy.

Ogden Nash

Dear P.S. 41:

Your teachers claim that our daughter was late for school yesterday. We do not argue the case, for we never send to know for whom the bill tolls.

Mr. J. Donne

Dear P.S. 41:

Our daughter (ME daughter, OE doctor) was not present or attending on the day past or the day preceding today (see also yesterday). Please allow us to make apology for, or (2) try to remove the blame from said absence.

Sincerely (Latin sincerus),
Noah Webster

Dear P.S. 41:

My daughter was buried alive

Edgar A. Poe

Dear P.S. 41:

Our poor Gregor He awoke yesterday morning from uneasy dreams His numerous legs are pitifully thin compared to the rest of him To make a long story short, Gregor will not be in school today.

Mr. and Mrs. Samsa

Dear P.S. 41:

Please excuse our son Rip.
He overslept.

Mrs. Van Winkle

Dear P.S. 4 x 10 + 1:

(PLEASE) excuse my unschooled daughter for her NONattendance at (YES) WHEREEES! (TERRIFY'S) instruct (SHUN) ion.

e e cummins

Dear P.S. 41:

You whoever you are!
You menials of the earth, laboring,
You keepers of chiseled histories,
you geographers of the Amazon,
the Euxine, the Oder, the Volga,
You orthographers of the human spirit,
You Hindu teachers, you teachers of the
electric filament of the stars, you
nameless sages, you readers of divine wisdom,
You Frenchmen, you Frenchwomen, you
seal keepers of the hearty speech,
You male, you female, you substitutes,

Please excuse my daughter for her absence.
It is apropos.

Walt

Dear P.S. 41

Rose art sick.

Willy Blaha

Dear P.S. 41:

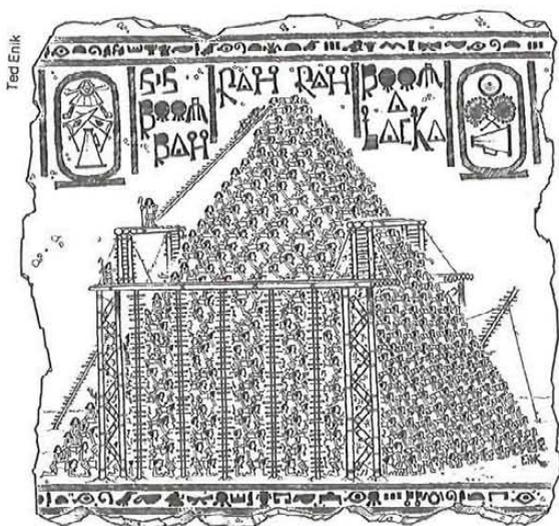
My daughter was ill today. Or was it yesterday?
I can't be certain.

Albert Camus

Dear P.S. 41:

Our daughter has been in
class 2,130 consecutive days.
Does that not entitle her
to some consideration?

Mrs. Lou Gehrig



Early hieroglyphic representation of Tumtek's human cheerleading pyramid.

BY
GERRY
SUSSMAN

A HISTORY OF CHEERLEADING

THE EARLY YEARS

The cheerleader is not a twentieth-century phenomenon. Ever since man has engaged in physical activity there have been others on the sidelines, cheering him on. There were cheerleaders present at the oldest recorded sport—war. No doubt Eve cheered Adam into sampling the apple.

EGYPT

*Pull it up, pull it up,
Pull that rope,
Pull it up,
Pull it up,
You better not mope!
Hurry up, hurry up,
Push those stones,
Hurry up, hurry up,
Or I'll break your bones!*

Tumtek, the famous female impersonator and personal cheerleader to the Pharaoh Ramses I, is known as the father of cheerleading. Tumtek is given credit for the invention of the human pyramid. At first he started modestly, with four men at the bottom, going up to three, two, and then himself at the top; but he soon expanded his trick into a three-dimensional form, using hundreds of men for his foundation and building towering human edifices that delighted the Pharaoh.

Tumtek took his human pyramid all over Egypt to inspire the slaves in the construction business. When Ramses saw what he was doing with humans, he thought, Why can't my architects do the same thing with stones? And that's how the Egyptian pyramids were born.

THE ROMAN ORGY

*Eat, boobie, eat.
Drink, boobie, drink.
Masticate, fornicate,
Until you stink.*

*Fuck, boobie, fuck,
Suck, boobie, suck,
Shove it in, lap it up,
Change your luck!*

*Stuff yourself,
Glut yourself,
Don't hold back.
Masticate, fornicate,
Don't hit the sack!*

A Roman orgy was not just a party where everyone ate, drank, and indulged his sexual appetites. It was a serious, highly competitive sport with complex psychological significance. Masculine pride was at stake. Orgiasts needed tremendous strength, stamina, and dedication. The Roman orgy cheerleader provided the inspiration, the emotional lift that drove the orgiast to greater heights.

The cheerleaders were like coxswains egging on a rowing team. They would go from room to room, encouraging the orgiasts, cheering them on, waking up the tired ones, sticking fingers down throats to induce vomiting (so eating and drinking could start again). Cheerleaders became the sexual choreographers of the orgy. The technique of "69" was invented by Calpurnia, a brilliant innovator. Lysergia of Syracuse is credited with inventing the "Roman candle," a heated candle that Romans liked to have inserted up their anuses

during the peak of orgasm to heighten the thrill.

The Roman orgy, spurred on by the cheerleaders, turned into a commercial sport, with teams of orgiasts pitted against each other in an Olympic atmosphere. Huge crowds gathered to watch and large sums of money were bet. It wasn't long before the specter of corruption began to creep between the sheets. Rumors of "fixed" orgies circulated. Betting syndicates began to influence the outcome of the matches.

It all blew wide open with the Saltpeter Scandal of A.D. 68. A group of unscrupulous gamblers bribed an entire cheerleading team led by Vesuvia, the "human volcano." Vesuvia and her girls were paid to influence the outcome of the big matches by putting tiny amounts of saltpeter in the orgy food and drink. The saltpeter would inhibit the erections just enough to make a difference in the finals, when the chips were down.

The Saltpeter Scandal shocked even the decadent denizens of Rome. But we must not judge the cheerleaders too harshly. They were grossly underpaid and relied on tips to supplement their income. They were recruited into the job with promises of meeting the right people, making the right connections—but it didn't work that way. Wealthy Romans did not marry their cheerleaders. They used them like hankies and threw them away when they were finished. When a gambler came along and promised a cheerleader money for a house, unlimited slaves, and a chariot of her own, the offer was too good to refuse. But in the eyes of the Roman public, cheerleading—as well as orgies—had been unforgivably tainted.

THE CHEERLEADERS OF ANCIENT ISLAM

*Convert! Convert! Convert!
Don't make us rub you in the dirt.
We are the Moslem horde,
You better climb aboard!*

*Convert! Convert! Convert!
Or your blood will start to spurt.
Convert! Convert! Convert!
Or you'll die, that's for cert.*

Convert! Convert! Convert!

Sixteenth-century woodcut of Black Plague victims. Note cheerleaders at a safe distance in the background.



*It really wouldn't hurt.
Allah Allah Allah
It really a very nice falla.*

The great armies of the caliphs, who went on a rampage and conquered and converted countries to Islam, had their own cheerleaders. They were like a public relations branch of the caliph, traveling ahead of the armies, going from town to town, convincing the people that it would be in their best interests to convert. The caliphs considered it rude to order strangers to do their bidding by simply marching in and taking over. They used cheerleaders as salespeople and recruiters.

The cheerleaders, or *fefhtas*, as they were called in Arabic, would put on an outdoor show for the townfolk in the form of a picnic, no doubt the first time Westerners ever participated in this kind of outdoor fun. The *fefhtas* showed them how to eat with their hands while squatting on the ground. They also introduced food dips, non-alcoholic beer, sack races, and horseshoe pitching, and they taught the ignorant peasants how to make insect repellent from herbs and berry juices.

Most important, the *fefhtas* introduced the first belly dances to the West. No one had ever seen voluptuous women with veils, diaphanous gowns, and naked midribs before. The belly dances drove the townfolk into a state of delirious lust. While in this state they would be converted to Islam, with the promise of a bride like the belly dancer.

After everyone was converted the *fefhtas* went on to the next town and the army would arrive with the *kefhtas*, the actual brides. Every man was given a heavily robed and veiled woman as his own and ordered to procreate in the name of Allah. Some men were lucky and married fairly attractive women. But most had to be content with the dregs, the misshapen and handicapped, the women with mustached faces and hairy warts.

The poor grooms were not only stuck with ugly brides, but they were also forbidden to eat pork, drink wine, or use pleasurable drugs. It was a bleak existence, but the only alternative was death.

THE BLACK PLAGUE YEARS

*Don't get sick,
Don't get sick,
Fight that plague!*

*Don't get sick,
Don't get sick,
Don't be vague!*

*Don't get sick,
Don't get sick,
Get out of bed!*

*Don't get sick,
Don't get sick,
Don't drop dead!*

One of the few happy features of the Black Plague years in Europe were the heroic efforts of the cheerleaders to rally the spirits of the

afflicted ones. The cheerleaders were hired by the Church to create an atmosphere of hope and optimism, since no one had a medical solution to the problem.

The only so-called cure for the plague was bleeding the body and sucking out the "vile humours" that were supposed to cause the sickness. The cheerleaders supplied the victims with leeches and had a special cheer for the bleeding:

*Have a leech,
Have a leech,
Bleed your ills.*

*Suck the blood,
Suck the blood,
It's better than pills.*

*Don't give up,
Don't give up,
Life is short.*

*Don't give up,
Don't give up,
Hold the fort!*

The problem with the Black Plague cheerleaders was that their fear of catching the dread disease was so great they would cheer the victims from a long distance away, as much as a mile. The victims could barely hear them. The Church ordered the cheerleaders to get closer, but they refused.

The cheerleaders were about to be excommunicated for defying a holy order when one of their members, Bruce of Birmingham, invented a cone-shaped device out of wood that could amplify the sound of their cheers over a long distance. Bruce of Birmingham invented the first cheerleader's megaphone.

KAMOTO: JAPANESE CHEERLEADING AS RITUAL THEATER

*Help! Help! Help!
Kawasaka will break my head!
Help! Help! Help!
He will stab me until I'm dead!*

*Oh, what a samurai!
Oh, what a warrior!
I beg for his mercy,
I could not be sorrier.*

Kamoto was the traditional Japanese art of cheerleading performed as ritual theater. It was created in the fourteenth century and flourished during the reign of the samurai warriors in feudal Japan. The kamoto cheerleaders, or simply the kamoto, were an important part of the samurai's entourage. The battles had a rigid code and rules. Each side had its own performing kamoto. No war could be fought without them.

"Kamoto" also means "false modesty" in Japanese. The kamoto cheerleader does the exact opposite of a Western cheerleader. He roots for the other team, the enemy.

In Japan it was unthinkable to beat your own breast, to publicly proclaim that your army was superior. Instead, the kamoto used an elaborate form of trickery, playing up his oppo-

nent's strengths, lulling him into overconfidence.

In the highly formalized warfare of feudal Japan neither side could begin fighting until the kamoto rituals were completed. Each side would perform little plays dramatizing the cowardice and ineptitude of its army as opposed to the courage and skill of the enemy. The plays were full of borrowings from the kabuki, bonraku, tonkatsu, and tempura schools of theater, with exaggerated emotions, piercing screams, and simulated hara-kiri.

While the kamoto teams tried to outdo each other in humility the two armies would respond with escalating anger, eager to prove that their cheerleaders were wrong. By the end of the ritual both armies were ready to rip each other to pieces.

Kamoto began to suffer a decline at the end of the eighteenth century when a samurai named Yakuda became exasperated with the theatrics and lost his patience. He said to his men, "Why are we wasting time listening to these crazy actors? We *are* better than the enemy. Let's pinch some belly buttons" (the Japanese slang equivalent of "Let's kick some ass").

Yakuda and his men broke the sacred rules of the kamoto ritual and slaughtered the enemy before they could respond. It was completely unethical and dishonorable, but Yakuda annexed a large piece of valuable land and ruled for many years. His action gave license to other samurai to jump the gun and play dirty, and soon the elaborate ritual was gone.

RUSSIA: THE SILENT CHEERLEADERS OF CHESS

*Kalevsky! Kalevsky!
Knight to queen six.
Kalevsky! Kalevsky!
You've got the tricks.
Kalevsky! Kalevsky!
Beat them with your brain.
Kalevsky! Kalevsky!
Champion once again!*

The silent cheerleaders of chess were a tradition for hundreds of years in Russia. In the big

Sergei Milosovich, the legendary silent cheerleader, cheers in a rare photo taken during the Odessa regional chess finals of 1910.



matches they would walk back and forth carrying large placards similar to sandwich boards, with their cheers printed on them in big letters. They never shouted or spoke, using only the smallest gestures and facial expressions to convey their support. Sometimes the audience would acknowledge their cheers with a light knuckle crack.

The tradition came to an abrupt end with the infamous Raskolnikov Affair in 1912. Nikolai Raskolnikov was the premier chess master of Russia at the time, a man who played for the czar. He was a child prodigy, a champion at twelve. He had never lost a match in his life. The chess fanatics adored him, especially one Sergei Milosovich, a silent cheerleader who followed him into every match.

On July 23, 1912, in a hot, crowded room in the middle of a final match against Raskolnikov's most formidable opponent, Vladimir Grigorovich (with the czar himself in attendance), Milosovich the cheerleader lost control. The silence of the room was suddenly shattered by Milosovich, who couldn't control his enthusiasm. He burst into a singing cheer for Raskolnikov that nearly shattered the stained-glass windows of the chess hall.

*Raskolnikov! Raskolnikov!
Bishop to pawn!
Raskolnikov! Raskolnikov!
We'll blow your horn!*

*Raskolnikov! Raskolnikov!
Don't get behind!
Raskolnikov! Raskolnikov!
Kick him in the mind!*

The cheer was so shocking that it broke Raskolnikov's concentration and turned the sensitive, high-strung genius into a blubbing idiot. Something snapped in his brain and he started talking out all his rehearsed moves, becoming so delirious he had to be carried off to a sanitarium. He never recovered. For the rest of his life he muttered strategy moves to himself and carved little obscene chess pieces out of wood that he sold to the nurses.

Milosovich was executed for his outrageous violation and the silent cheerleaders were abolished. He left a wife and a son, who eventually emigrated to Paris. The wife remarried a butcher named Marceau and the son changed his name from Mikhail to Marcel, and adopted his stepfather's surname to avoid any connection with his scandalous father.

THE TWENTIES: ROARING CHEERLEADERS

The true popularity of the cheerleader in America began when girls were first introduced into the squads in the twenties. In typically ambivalent American fashion, the female cheerleader became both a sex toy for athletes and a pure, wholesome morale booster for the fans.

The first female cheerleaders performed simple routines that required no special skills.

They simply had to be reasonably good-looking and willing to do anything to keep the football players happy.

But eventually the cheerleaders' routines became more intricate. A cheerleader had to be part gymnast, part dancer, part singer—a combination of Miss America and Mary Lou Retton. Ultimately, the cheerleader had to be as dedicated to her job as a football or basketball player.

The record books are a bit vague, but the leading contender for first female cheerleader in America was Betty Lou Krinkleman, a sixteen-year-old coed who attended Sweetwater High School in Sweetwater, Texas. She made her debut on October 14, 1921, doing a locomotive, cheering the Sweetwater High Water Moccasins to a triumph over El Gumpo High.

The Sweetwater yearbook records her cheer:

*Water Mocs, Water Mocs,
Knock their socks!
Water Mocs, Water Mocs,
Bust their jocks!*

*Hit 'em in the sunshine,
Hit 'em in the rain,
Hit 'em in the la la,
Make 'em scream with pain!*

*Water Mocs! Water Mocs!
Sssssssssssss . . . boom bah!*

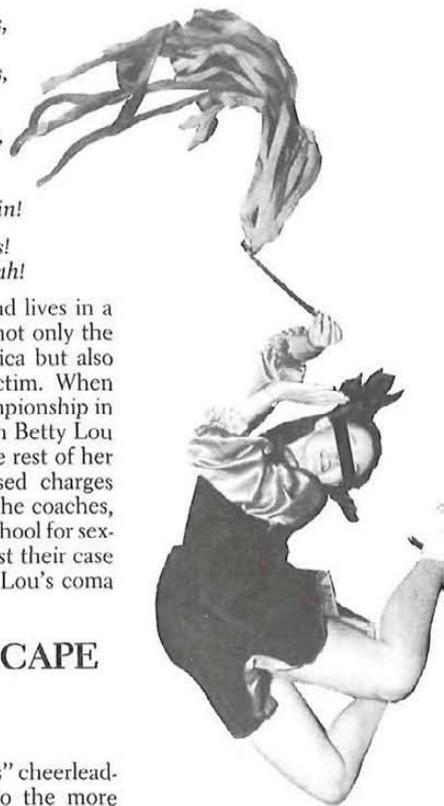
Betty Lou is still alive today and lives in a sanitarium near Dallas. She was not only the first female cheerleader in America but also the first to become a sexual victim. When Sweetwater won the Class B championship in 1921, they celebrated so hard with Betty Lou that she lost consciousness for the rest of her life. Her outraged parents pressed charges against the entire football team, the coaches, the trainers, and the dean of the school for sexual assault. Unfortunately they lost their case when the judge ruled that Betty Lou's coma was caused by a tsetse-fly bite.

THE THIRTIES: ESCAPE FROM THE DEPRESSION

The primitive "human mattress" cheerleaders of the twenties gave way to the more sophisticated girls of the thirties, who were more athletic and interested in incorporating the art of dance into their routines.

The colleges also began to realize the importance of the cheerleader in elevating the morale of the income-producing athlete. They used modest inducement programs for the more attractive cheerleaders. At the same time, it must be understood that the cheerleader was immensely grateful to be in college, no matter what the sacrifices, rather than being out on the streets looking for a job. Cheerleading provided a haven for many young girls of the lower and middle class during the Depression.

The cheerleader became a sexual athlete and party girl. The bovine Betty Lou Krinkleman types gave way to such legends as the



Menendez sisters, the first Mexican cheerleaders and the inventors of the Mexican basket trick; Nancy Jane Kukechny, the blind cheerleader from Alabama who still holds the world's record for consecutive fellatio set in 1939; Ina Terhune, who used to take on twenty-two football players at once, each working on a different part of her body in a counterclockwise direction, and many other regional favorites.

Cindy LaPierre was a typical Depression cheerleader—a devil-may-care party-girl type who was recruited by Louisiana State University even though she never graduated high school. Cindy became famous around the campus as an exotic dancer at parties and caught the attention of Governor Huey “Kingfish” Long.

Huey Long liked to watch Cindy perform sex with animals—monkeys, dogs, goats, ponies. It was rumored that she was the first girl ever to have coitus with a dolphin.

Cindy's most exciting number was to sit naked on a swing and rock back and forth over a pit full of alligators. Huey Long would spray her with a musky perfume that would drive the alligators mad. While Cindy swung back and forth just out of their reach, the alligators would try to lunge at her with their big jaws open and drooling.

One night the rope of the swing accidentally unraveled and Cindy fell into the alligator pit. Before she could be rescued the alligators had bitten off most of her left leg. But Cindy didn't quit. She became known as the “cheerleader with the golden leg,” a wooden leg painted gold. Whenever the LSU Tigers scored a touchdown, she would unscrew the leg and twirl it like a baton. Cindy LaPierre was the first handicapped cheerleader in America.



Gus Hoffman, (center, coat over head), an organizer for the CIO, tried to form a cheerleaders' union in 1938 at the University of Southern California. He was remarkably unsuccessful and was nearly beaten to death by the football team for his efforts. The girls he organized were fired and replaced by seabs.

team, including Eisenhower, Patton, Field Marshal Montgomery, Secretary of State Cordell Hull, and Secretary of War Henry Stimson. It was rumored that Churchill and Charles de Gaulle shared the pleasures of LuBelle Knockerman, a peaches-and-cream beauty from Atlanta, who used to orchestrate their threesomes.

Eventually cheerleaders were used as double agents who would infiltrate the ranks of the enemy and distract them with their charms. The most celebrated of these was code-named “Helga.” She was a blond, blue-eyed Aryan goddess who looked more German than the Germans. Helga was smuggled into Nazi Germany and became Adolf Hitler's secret mistress, ultimately playing a major role in the winning of the war.

Hitler was a passionate cheerleader fan. He used to watch them in those college musicals they made in Hollywood in the thirties. Whenever he got depressed he called for a cheerleader. It was Helga's job to get into his good graces and become his personal, exclusive cheerleader so she could help set up the elaborate deceptions surrounding the upcoming invasion of Normandy.

Whenever the military high command tried to influence Hitler to reinforce the Normandy sector, Helga would persuade Hitler to reject the idea with her feminine wiles. Hitler was obsessed with kinky sex, and Helga performed heroic feats beyond the line of duty. Her sex arsenal included tiny dachshunds, chicken wire, toasters, cucumbers, flashbulbs, tarantulas, and sauerkraut.

Helga was declared missing in action when the war was over and was posthumously awarded a Distinguished Service Cross and a Purple Heart. It was rumored that Hitler was so hypnotized by her prowess that he kept her in his bunker until the bitter end. ■

THE FORTIES: CHEERLEADERS GO TO WAR

*Kick those Krauts!
Smash those Nips!
Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-tat!
Bomb those ships!*

Franklin D. Roosevelt was a big fan of cheerleaders and always kept two or three in the White House and at his summer and winter retreats. He liked them on the small side so he could tuck them neatly under his wheelchair blanket. The cheerleaders “coddled” him, his patrician euphemism for fellatio. Roosevelt's doctors strongly recommended the coddling to relieve the stress and tension of the job and to relax his polio-ridden body.

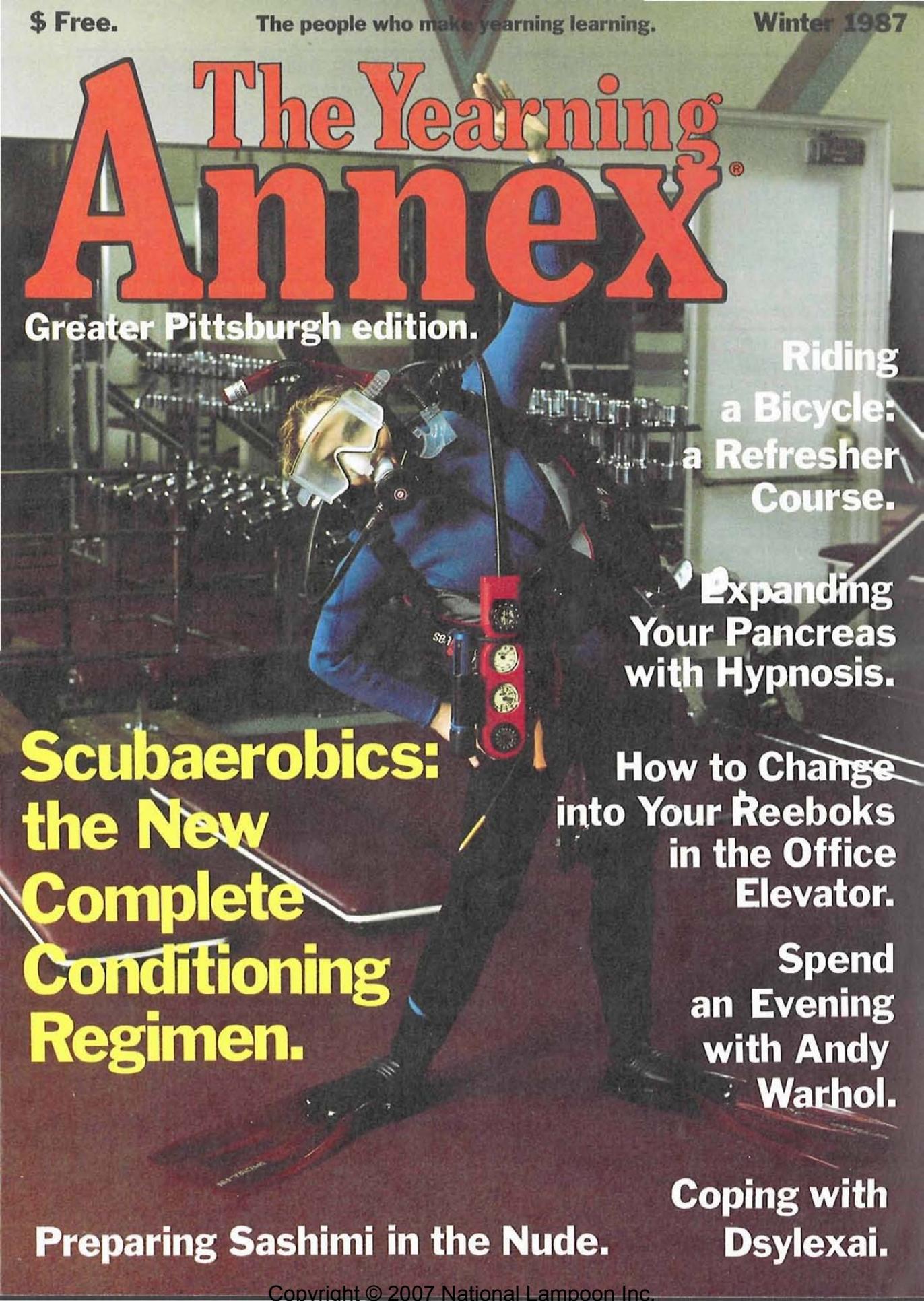
But it was Eleanor Roosevelt's idea to use cheerleaders for the war effort. A pioneer in women's rights, the first lady felt that the inspirational qualities and powerful sexuality of the cheerleaders could be channeled into projects that could help win the war. At first she organized an elite corps of cheerleaders to inspire other high-ranking members of the Allied

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Winter 1987

The Yearning Annex[®]

A person wearing a blue wetsuit, a scuba mask, and a red oxygen tank is riding a bicycle in a gym. The person is leaning forward, and the bicycle is tilted. The background shows gym equipment like dumbbells on racks.

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Preparing Sashimi in the Nude.

000 Start a Headhunting Firm

Headhunting is one of the most profitable and exciting growth industries, and we've found one of the world's experts to start you on the path to personal fulfillment. In the dog-eat-dog atmosphere of today's world of corporate intrigue, headhunters are highly sought after to aid in top-level executive recruitment. If you thrive on action and want to be your own boss, headhunting may be for you.

Joseph Mbwatuzi is the current *Watusi* tribal chieftain of the Central African Republic. He has vast experience as a headhunter and has been written up in everything from National Geographic to the National Enquirer. He is the author of *The Cream Rises to the Top* and *Stirring the Pot*. He is also an internationally renowned expert on *Watusi* dancing.

Forbes Plaza Course fee \$125
Sec. C Fri. Jan. 4, 11, 18, 25 6-8pm

011 How to Successfully Own and Operate a Dehumidifier in Your Own Home Hands-On!

You've heard and read about the benefits of owning a dehumidifier—you may even have friends or loved ones who've owned one. Now, thanks to this hands-on Yearning Annex workshop, you too can have the confidence and know how to own and operate a dehumidifier in your home, and to live in the dehumidified comfort and luxury you've always dreamed of. You'll be instructed in the various methods and techniques of emptying and cleaning your dehumidifier, and we'll even help you establish a personal maintenance timetable. Don't miss this chance to learn about dehumidifiers, and to meet other people interested in household appliances.

Vic Barnes is a graduate of Mercy College. He has had two dehumidifiers operating simultaneously in his home for 11 years, and is the author of *Coping with a Dehumidifier: A Guidebook for Singles and Couples*. Materials Fee \$2.

Downtown Course fee \$57
Sec. M Mon. Nov. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 5:30-9:30pm
Sec. N Tues. Nov. 3, 10, 17, Dec. 1, 8 5:30-9:30pm
Sec. O Wed. Nov. 4, 11, 18, 25, Dec. 2 5:30-9:30pm
Sec. P Sat. Nov. 7, 14, 21, 28, Dec. 5 5:30-9:30pm
Sec. Q Sun. Nov. 8, 15, 22, 29, Dec. 6 5:30-9:30pm

936 How to Build a Cray Supercomputer

Have you outgrown your first Apple? Has disc storage space become a problem as your computer needs grow? This course will show you how you can build and operate a Cray giant mainframe computer in your spare time and from parts that are readily available to anyone with access to a small-town hardware store. The Cray is the same computer that is used by the Pentagon and almost every large industrial multinational corporation. It has a resident memory of over six trillion kilobytes and operates using 9 1/2-foot disc drives. This is your opportunity to really crunch your data!

Peter Jobs is a former employee of the Cray Corporation. He is currently a computer consultant for the U.S.S.R., Libya, and East Germany. Materials fee \$5,453,879.

Under the Shawananie Bridge Course fee: \$26
Sec. V Tues. Jan. 5, 12 6:30-9:30pm
(subject to rescheduling)

The Yearning Annex Magazine

You are now reading *The Yearning Annex Magazine*. It contains some of the courses that *The Yearning Annex* offers. For a full listing please write to: *The Yearning Annex Registrar*, 635 Madison Avenue, Ninth floor, New York, NY 10022.

Presidents and Co-Publishers: Larry Sloman and Dave Hanson

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051 How to Tell Orientals Apart

Gone are the days when any one of them was as good as another as long as you didn't lose your laundry ticket. Orientals have become a crucial part of today's business world, working right alongside many of us white people, and every motivated businessperson owes it to him or herself to acknowledge their individuality. With this Yearning Annex seminar you'll learn easily memorizable math formulas about the angles of eye slants, shades of yellow, height tables, and more, so you'll know who not to rehash memorable scenes from *M*A*S*H* with, who not to talk gleefully about Pearl Harbor with, and who will be most helpful when your calculator is on the fritz. And not only will you learn to distinguish nationalities, you'll learn to tell individuals from each other. You'll be able to tell the one from the second floor from the one down the hall, even if they're dressed the same. By the end of this fascinating seminar, you'll know Fong from Wong, Kim from Nim, Chin from Chan, and will your human resources department be proud of you!

Rod Horvath is a professor of variegation at Carnegie Mellon University and is the author of *Different Shades of Yellow and Different Sizes of Wang*.

Chinatown Course fee \$37
Sec. V Tues. Dec. 1, 8, 15 7-9:30pm
Sec. W Thurs. Dec. 3, 10, 17 7-9:30pm
Sec. X Sat. Dec. 5, 12, 19 7-9:30pm

026 Draw Your Own Aura

Your body is a complex energy system. It holds unlimited resources of energy and power. This natural electromagnetic energy spills out of the body and creates a colorful halo effect around your head known as your aura. For hundreds of years, knowledgeable students of the occult and esoteric arts have been able to make accurate judgments about a person's creativity, health, and general well-being by studying another's aura, without the other person's even knowing! Now through a unique new seminar, you can learn how to project an aura that can fool even the experts. Think of the practical applications—job interviews, singles-bar encounters, co-op loan application interviews. The possibilities of influencing other people's impressions of you are endless. Using simple implements found in any stationery store, we'll show you how to create and color the aura of your choice—no matter what your mood or mental state.

Shirley Smiloff is your guide for this evening of creative self-image management. She is a certified consultant and instructor for the *Inner Tranquillity Team*, an international organization dedicated to the achievement of world peace and prosperity through the marshaling of inner resources and development of hidden, secret etheric powers. "You can fool yourself in many ways by using your mind's potential, but it's much more fulfilling to fool others by projecting the right aura," says Smiloff.

Rosicrucian Hall Course fee \$30 plus \$5 for color markers
Sec. K Tues. Jan. 8, 15 6:30-9:30pm

962 Bodybuilding for Your Akita

A dog is a man's best friend. So why not treat him to a specially designed course in doggie iron pumping? Working out with weights is the fastest, most effective way to tone and shape your Akita's expensive body. What's more, training with weights will improve your pedigreed friend's willpower, concentration, and discipline. Your dog's workouts will be relaxing and diverse. No barking, yelping, or panting necessary. It's the one way to total dog fitness for your trusted life companion.

Nina Rosenthal is the manager of *Akitas Are Prestigious*. She has trained over 5,000 Akitas of all sizes and socioeconomic persuasions. Her dogs have won hundreds of competitions at country clubs throughout the Greater Pittsburgh area.

Lawrence Mall Course fee \$45
Equipment fee \$75
Treats fee \$5
Sec. K Sat. Jan. 5, 12, 19, 26 11 am-1pm

602 The Joys of Eastern Bloc Cuisine

You don't have to be a professional Eastern European chef to surprise your guests with exotic dishes of the Eastern bloc nations of Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. Under the guidance of Bulgarian master chef Lugamiv Bartok, once a personal chef to Leopold XVIII, you'll learn how to prepare mouth-watering dishes like blood pudding, brains in purple gravy, cabbage tarts, goat bucket soup, and the Czech version of pâté, a rich frothy mousse made from the marinated spleen of a musk ox. You'll sip a glass of Hglechz, the legendary Hungarian turnip-skin wine, while you watch Chef Lugamiv prepare Iron Curtain favorites like Bulgarian bowel cakes, jellied calves' feet, goatwurst, fungus derma, and a magical Rumanian casserole containing the entrails of animals not allowed in American zoos. And finally, you will sit down with your classmates and dine in northern Balkan splendor on these unique and sensuous delights. Bring your appetite, and \$10 for materials fee.

Lugamiv Bartok was among Varna's most sought-after brothmeisters, having been declared a national treasure by the Bulgarian king in 1963. He came to America in 1976.

Midtown		Course fee \$37
Sec. J	Thurs. Dec. 3, 10, 17	6:30-9:30pm
Sec. K	Fri. Dec. 4, 11, 18	6:30-9:30pm
Sec. L	Sat. Dec. 5, 12, 19	6:30-9:30pm
Sec. M	Mon. Dec. 7, 14, 21	6:30-9:30pm

921 Burning Your Small Building

Every year thousands of Pittsburghers get to buy the home of their dreams. But old buildings can contain costly hidden problems that quickly drain your bank account. Luckily, we've found an experienced arsonist who can show you numerous techniques to generate that "man-made lightning" and collect grossly overappraised insurance policies.

Vincent Ruggula has been an unlicensed demolitionist since the 1950s. His company, Act of God Associates, provides pre-calamity evaluations and post-catastrophe support.

Marginal neighborhoods	Course fee \$5,000 plus 5% of policy settlement
Sec. V	Sun. Jan. 17 1-3am

887 Advanced Schnorrng

The world owes you a living—or at least a free buffet every now and then. Our instructor will teach you the latest, most advanced techniques of schnorrng, based on the ancient Hebraic teachings. You'll learn how to get the best tables in restaurants, and then how to get the most expensive entrée taken off the bill. You'll learn the power of the press as you get your name on the right lists and get free records, books, and screening passes. Need a Benetton sweatshirt for your teenage daughter? It's no sweat for a graduate of this course—one phone call and it'll be on your way at cost. You'll learn how to network with other schnorrers, and soon you'll be choosing from ten free cocktail parties and receptions a night!

Mark Grubber has had 4,823 freebie lunches and dinners in a career spanning ten years. He has been barred from the most exclusive restaurant in Pittsburgh after he twice managed to get three lobster dinners taken off the bill. He is currently working on his autobiography, Grubbs Plus One.

Downtown YMHA	Course fee \$100
Sec. K	Wed. Jan. 6, 13, 20, 27 7:15-9:15pm

770 How to Do Your Own Laundry with Hypnosis

The possibility for great success or formidable prowess in any field of endeavor exists within every person; it is merely a question of unlocking the gates of the unconscious and accessing your untapped potential. Your actions and abilities are controlled by your unconscious mind, and, with self-hypnosis, you can maximize your physical and mental capacities and open up a whole new world to

yourself. With hypnosis, you'll be able to gather your dirty clothing, put it in a large bag, bring soap to the laundromat or buy it there, and procure and accurately count out the change necessary to do your wash. You'll be able to instantly discern whether your laundry is in the wash, rinse, or spin cycle, and you'll be able to make critical determinations regarding water-temperature selection, when to add bleach, and whether to put the light-gray garments in with the whites or the coloreds. As you carry or wheel your wet laundry to the dryer your new confidence will open up unimaginable vistas. You'll know just by the bulk of the laundry how many dryers you'll need, for how long, and how many quarters will be required. You'll be coached on establishing a hamper in your own home and the pros and cons of liquid versus powder detergent. We will employ a modern, therapeutic, cognitive behavioral modality of hypnosis which works for everybody and will help you to become aware of how good it feels to have such a total sense of control over your life.

Nancy Brell has been doing her own laundry under hypnosis for eight years. Under hypnosis she has also brushed and flossed her teeth, vacuumed carpets, worked part-time as a receptionist, barbecued for her family, and shopped extensively.

Econ-O-Fresh		Course fee \$63
Sec. D	Tues. Dec. 8, 15, 22	5-8:30pm
Sec. E	Wed. Dec. 9, 16, 23	5:30-9pm
Sec. F	Thurs. Dec. 10, 17, 24	10am-1:30pm
Sec. G	Wed. Dec. 16, 23, 30	10:30am-2pm

127 Shopping for Sunglasses

Would you desperately love to own a pair of sunglasses but are unsure of how to go about shopping for them, as well as being concerned about what effect it might have on your budget? Your worries are over. It doesn't matter whether you need sunglasses for dress-up or for driving, prescription or regular, dark black or graduated in tone—after this three-hour Yearning Annex seminar you'll have the knowledge, confidence, and wherewithal to purchase the pair of sunglasses you've always wanted, whether it's from a licensed optometrist, a discount optical center, or a street vendor on legendary Sunglasses Row. When it comes to shopping for sunglasses, you can't afford to be in the dark—this course will give you the basic rudiments to help you make this important purchasing decision.

Myra Goldberger is a housewife who owns 75 pairs of sunglasses, which she wears at her homes in Oakmont and West Palm Beach.

Cohen Pavilion		Course fee \$57
Sec. E	Tues. Dec. 1, 8, 15, 22	5:30-9pm
Sec. F	Thurs. Dec. 3, 10, 17, 24	5:30-9pm
Sec. G	Sat. Dec. 5, 12, 19, 26	5:30-9pm

222 Walking Crosstown

Maybe you're new in town. Maybe you just don't have occasion to walk crosstown that much. Maybe you're intimidated, maybe you don't have the necessary confidence. Chances are, if you don't walk crosstown, you're missing out on much of the splendor Pittsburgh has to offer. Well, now, for the first time, you'll be able to walk crosstown just like the cosmopolitan natives you see doing it with such ease and savvy. You'll go on an actual walk along Forbes Avenue and then swing up to Murray with Joel Medford, who has been walking across town in such major cities as Atlanta, Philadelphia, Dallas, and Boston for over 16 years. He'll peel away the mysteries of walking crosstown, take you behind the scenes as you walk across both odd- and even-numbered streets. You'll learn the safest routes and the best places to pause for coffee, clean telephones, and comfort stops. You'll see brownstones, family-owned delicatessens, and many, many people.

Joel Medford hosted the Cable TV special entitled Know Your Side Streets and has written several pamphlets on the subject. He has walked crosstown in numerous cities and has been a resident of Pittsburgh for five years. Materials fee \$3.

Forbes & Vine		Course fee \$37
Sec. M	Tues. Nov. 10, 17, 24	5-8:30pm
Sec. N	Wed. Nov. 4, 11, 18	5-8:30pm
Sec. O	Fri. Nov. 6, 13, 20	5-8:30pm

907 Dressing with Soul

Clothes make the man. Subtle adjustments in cut, color, and length can instantly transform you from a simple sheep in the flock to a person who really stands out in a crowd. In this class you'll learn all the fashion secrets of the innovators in street couture. You'll learn from a man who's always three steps ahead of the downtown designers. You'll try on new colors such as lime green and purple passion and see how they instantly change other people's perceptions of you. You'll be taught how to lace up your high-tops, which car medallions go with which sweat suits, and how to mix and match Hawaiian print shirts and shorts.

Claudell "Gemini" Glover has lived uptown all his life. He has been the stockboy at Mo Schwartz' MensWorld for the last ten years and studied under the legendary Pittsburgh style setter, Willie "Mr. Ness" Washington.

Mo Schwartz' MensWorld Course fee \$42.99, give or take
5822 Lincoln Ave.
Sec. N Wed. Dec. 16 6:15-8:15pm

693 Safe Sadomasochism

Has the specter of AIDS put a crimp in your sex life? Is checking a potential partner's blood test more important than checking his bank account? Have you taken to wearing two condoms at once and then stopping mid-stroke to put on a fresh pair? After this course, you'll be able to engage in safe sex with all the wild, carefree abandon of your youthful hedonistic days. Sadomasochism is a time-honored sexual technique that propels its practitioners to the summits of sexual ecstasy without the exchange of bodily fluids. You'll learn the art of the cat-o-nine-tails. We'll show you how to pierce nipples, oil your paddle, and choose a basement torture rack. This course will bring new meaning to the phrase "Get down."

Mistress I. M. Stern has been a practicing dominatrix for over ten years. She is currently being serviced by ten part-time slaves, two of whom are U.S. Steel executives.

Hellfire Club Course fee \$100 per hour
Sec. S Thurs. Jan. 7, 14, 21, 28 11pm till?

666 How to Have a Lucrative Career As a Television Evangelist

Would you like to have a job where you work two hours a week, have millions of dollars' worth of beachfront property, are worshiped by millions of people, and dress in satin? Of course you would. But do you assume this kind of job is for other people—the kind of thing you'd love to do but think you just don't have the savvy or education for? Nonsense. You can earn money hand over crucifix, and it's as easy as laying hands on a blind man with this Yearning Annex workshop. You'll learn how to make the requisite demonstrative, manic gestures and dramatic, lurching staccatos and crescendos that go with the word "love"! You'll learn makeup skills, how to talk with a throbbing Dixie lilt, and how to look as if you are breathing and burning with the blazing fires of conviction, teeth gnashing and eyes bugging out. We'll furnish you with the cursory knowledge of the Bible necessary to establish and sustain a ministry, and we'll teach you how to take traits like abrasiveness, unctuousness, and homosexuality and turn them into cash-reaping assets! If you can sing at all, have a memorable face, or are married to someone with similar talents or inclinations, so much the better. Why stay home and just wish for money, when you can go out and pray for it!

The Reverend L. J. Sloman's television ministry, The Last Exit Before Freeway Church of God Gospel Hour, is seen on 874 cable outlets in the U.S. and overseas. He is the founder and executive director of Hands-On House and has received national recognition for his work with female teenage anorexic Christians. He is the author of the forthcoming book Remote-Control Rapture. He was a member of the recent Attorney General's Commission on Pornography and co-author of its Minority Report.

Last Exit Before Freeway Church of God
Highway 57 Course fee: \$2,500
Sec. Q Tues. Jan. 5, 12, 19, 26 6:30-8pm

555 How to Masturbate in Your Office

Hands-On!

You know your supervisor does it in his office on his lunch hour, and you've heard that the office manager brings a magazine in the bathroom and doesn't flush when he leaves. They obviously have no qualms whatsoever about enjoying nature's most accessible sensual opportunity—so why do you? Good news—even if you're too shy to masturbate in your hotel room on a business trip, by the time you finish this seminar you'll be champing at the bit for your next sensual coffee break. Dr. Alex Ullman, an international authority on masturbation, will give you an exhaustive rundown of in-office masturbation techniques, including: selecting a salad-bar lunch that will enhance your office quickie * detecting any telltale glistenings on your clothing or shoes * using liquid soap to heighten your pleasure * learning to maintain coherent phone rapport during orgasm * using newsletters as an erotic stimulus. Men will even learn coveted northern European techniques of quick ejaculation. Masturbation is an invaluable method of relieving sexual tension, a proven cause of high blood pressure and heart disease.

Dr. Alex Ullman has masturbated successfully in over 10,000 places around the world, including Port-O-Sans, airplane seats, behind a slot machine in Las Vegas, the ladies' room in the White House, and phone booths in 23 states and 33 foreign countries. He is the author of *The Two-Minute Manager* and *Zipless Wank*. Materials Fee \$6.

Forbes Plaza Course fee \$33
Sec. C Tues. Dec. 1, 8, 15 7-9pm
Sec. D Thurs. Dec. 3, 10, 17 7-9pm
Sec. E Fri. Dec. 4, 11, 18 7-9pm

106 Wine with Skid Row Joe: An Evening of Tasting and Tottering

There are many wine courses available in Pittsburgh. Some stretch out over 15 sessions and are very costly. They're taught by sometimes learned but often dry, boring wine experts. Not Skid Row Joe! Joe is known by sight throughout Pittsburgh's skid row area, and his reputation as a connoisseur of low-cost libations is legendary. In one thrill-packed, decidedly unique evening you'll learn all there is to know about tasting, buying, serving, and chucking the grape. You'll drink Ripple, Mogen David's 20-20, and Joe's personal favorite, Pink Pussycat. Bottoms up!

Skid Row Joe is widely respected among Pittsburgh's skid row wine cognoscenti. He has been a consumer and educator of wine and its associated folklore for over 50 years. Joe's legendary wine alley stash was featured in a recent exposé in Pittsburgh magazine.

Skid Row Course fee \$75 plus 68¢ for wine
Sec. M Fri. Jan. 8 8-10am
Sec. N Fri. Jan. 8 11am-1pm
Sec. P Fri. Jan. 8 2-3pm
Sec. Q Fri. Jan. 8 4-4:15pm
Sec. S Fri. Jan. 8 (subject to cancellation 5pm-?)

954 Watusi Dancing in Six Hours

Are you tired of standing on the sidelines because you can't dance? This is your chance to get into the mainstream of today's social scene. Watusi dancing is dramatically stylized and intensely beautiful—a sensuous, sinuous body movement that throbs with barely contained eroticism as perfectly attuned bodies weave a message of animal attraction across a high-sheen dance floor. The rhythmic, hypnotic accompanying chants make this a multimedia mesmerization. Even if you've never even seen Watusi dancing, our experienced instructor will have you hopping across the floor in no time.

Joseph Mbwatusi is the current Watusi tribal chieftain of the Central African Republic. He is the originator of the Watusi Two-Step and the Lion Strut. He has won over 10,000 decorative skulls in various intertribal dance competitions.

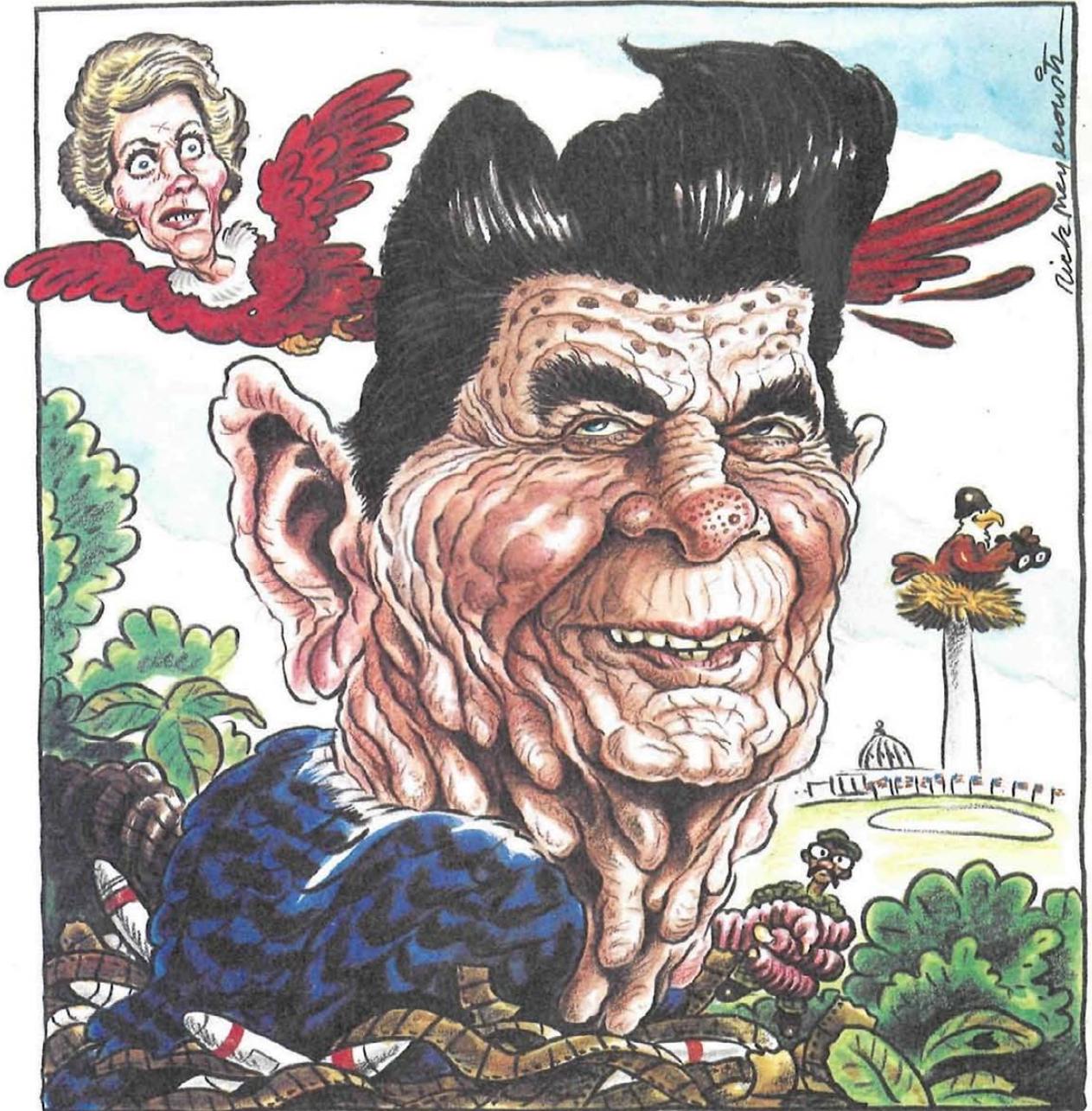
African Cultural Center Course fee \$40 or equivalent in monkey tooth necklaces
Sec. I Tues. Jan. 5 6-8:30pm

Recent cutbacks in federal aid to education have obliged the administration of this institution to take several (long overdue) budgetary measures, which include tripling tuition, eliminating inessential services such as the library, and combining a few courses and faculties.

For example, in the Fall '87 curriculum, the departments of political science and ornithology will be merged and offer a single course:

The Birds of Washington

by Rick Meyerowitz



Although they migrate with astonishing frequency to the California coast, we see here the Imperial Wattle-throated Noddy and his mate, the Shrieking Virago, upon the banks of the Potomac. The Noddy (with its distinctive tall orange head feathers) is apparently nocturnal—it has never been observed awake during daylight hours. Notice, in the background, an example of a species native to the capital, the Bullet-headed Hawk.



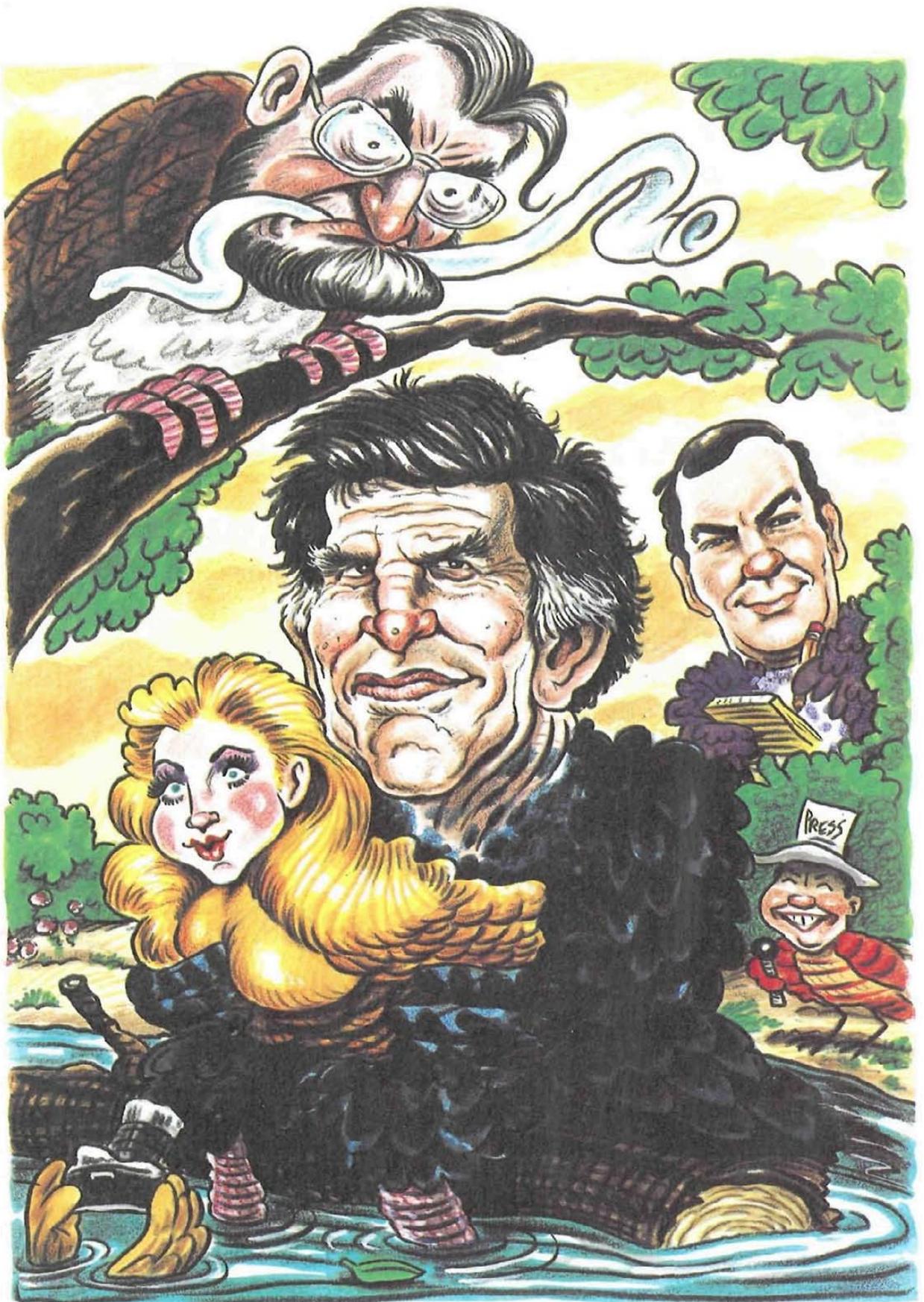
Here we see three of the Imperial Noddy's high-flying friends feathering their respective nests. On the left is Wedtech's Red-handed Grafter (also known as the Bearded Nofziger), and beside him the Two-faced Deaver Bird, or White-collared Swindler. Above them hovers the fearful Meesekite, a vulture with a voracious appetite for the green stuff so plentiful in the Washington area.



Against a background cleverly designed to resemble the jungles of Central America, we find a flock of queer birds: Reagan's Leathernecked Gunrunner (or the Silent Ollie) appears to be mourning the death of a Red-baiting Spy Catcher. In the upper right (where else?) and half hidden from the eye (as usual) is the Droning Veep, or Whining Blue Blazer. Under his wing (so to speak) are a Star-spangled Profit Skimmer and a Cold Warbler.



The Washington area abounds with birds of prey. Here are members of two dominant species, the Great Dusky Pulpit Thumper and the Raving Blue-nosed Till Dipper. Some experts believe both are descended from a pair of Straining Gnat Swallows imported by the Pilgrim Fathers.



The lovebirds of Washington are a breed apart. Here we see a moment in the mating ritual of a Pecker-headed Front Runner, caught in the act with a Great-breasted Bimbo. The activities of the two are closely watched, clucked at, and whistled over by a pair of Ink-stained Tattlers (or Dirty Linnets). Perched on high, we may behold the Party-pooing Koop, an endangered Condom.

WITH MALICE TOWARD ~~NONE~~
WITH CHARITY FOR ~~ALL~~ ~~NONE~~



Most powerful and magnificent of all the birds of Washington is the Southern White-hooded Jim Crow, or Helms's Filibustard. There is scarcely a nook or cranny of the nation's capital (or, for that matter, the nation) that has not been treated to a smear or two of this creature's reeking green guano.

Edenic and Faustian Imagery in

Mother Goose's "Jack and Jill"

by Steve Heller

It is no secret that Mother Goose's classic, "Jack and Jill," has long been a stalwart of modern culture. We shall now examine the reasons for this.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

The poem relies on its sense of movement to engage the reader in its restless prosody:

Jack and Jill went up the hill (line 1)

The double-J alliteration adds to the line's motion, and it gives us the sense of actually going up the hill with the characters. We recognize the allusion to Eden: the pastoral parallels between a hill and a garden are supported by the audible likeness of the names themselves: "Jack -- Adam" and "Jill -- Eve." But modern society has many problems, and the duo cannot remain idle like their paradisaical predecessors. The difficulties that Jack and Jill have in defining their individualities are emblematic of adolescence. Since girls mature faster than boys, we can assume that the impetus to climb came from Jill:

So proud she shynèd in her Princely state,
Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdayne.¹

She wants Jack to chase her. We see how the finite sound of his name -- "Jack" --- contrasts with the unfinished prepositional phrase "up the hill" and compels us to move on to the next line.

Before we do, it is important to examine the events prior to the "(fetching of the) pail of water." (2) No doubt the poem has remained a tour de force and a chef d'oeuvre because of its relevance to the present day. Henceforth I will discard the antiquated theory of the pair being brother and sister, or the theory of Jill as mother figure needing some water to help do the wash. We are obliged, instead, to consider the explicit

sexual imagery. Jill can play the tease; her running up the hill, or hump, is a challenge to Jack's budding virility. We picture Jack as having given up the chase, when Jill flashes him a bit of breast and dashes up the incline. I accommodate the former interpretation by arguing that Jack shouted to his mother, a woman plagued by car pools, middle age, and suburbia, that he'd "be back in a minute."

The sexual imagery helps us to understand line 2 much better. "Fetch," commonly used in association with dogs, adds that bestial desire soon to be consummated. A scansion of the line would be helpful:

To fetch a pail of water.

The flowing iambs come to an abrupt halt with a period -- our first. A silent beat, or rest, occurs before we begin the next line. What happens during the rest? Our answer lies in the line's context. The word "pail" calls forth "impale"; the couple, having called forth their carnal impulses, are impaled to both the ground and each other. Just as Christ was impaled to the Cross:

Jesus then said to his disciples, "If anyone wishes to be a follower of mine, he must leave self behind."

(Matthew 16:24)

I, however, do not think they'll follow; Jack has to practice his Haftorah.²

We have reached the halfway point of the poem. Their initial "purpose" of retrieving water has long been forgotten; truly the only running we find is in the lovers' frolic on the hilltop. Here the poem enters its metaphysical greatness:

Jack fell down, and broke his crown, (3)

The caesura between "down" and "and" forces us to feel the impact of the first three words: What is the reason that "Jack fell down"? Was the water too heavy? No -- Jill was holding the bucket. He fell because Jill pushed him. The fall is Miltonian. Jill's inconstancy is similar to Eve's as she summons the fall of her male companion. Indeed, Paul Bilner's poem-drama, Queen of the Mountain, uses this moment to reveal Jill's evil.

The second half of the line exhibits the "k" sound -- "broke" and "crown" -- thus creating the cacophony of havoc. Literary historians have located the hill of "Jack and

Jill": it is a dirt mound/playground in a less affluent area of Cleveland. Any fall from this mound would damage a person's crown, or skull, especially considering all the pieces of glass and rusty nails that cover the base of the hill. Another connotation of crown is confidence. Shattered by Jill's fickleness, Jack Oedipally returns home.

The final line not only ties the entire poem together, it shows the interminable union between the sexes. This line, more than any other, gives this masterpiece its greatness:

And Jill came tumbling after. (4)

Jill imposes punishment on herself, for she realizes she is as much a part of the deed as was Jack. In Faustian fashion, her victory is short-lived. Having ascended to new spiritual heights, and spitting out the remains like tobacco, she now feels some kind of human sentiment. We observe Jill doing somersaults down the hill. The final phrase -- "tumbling after" -- propels the poem into a perpetual tumult, suggesting that the conflicts between young men and women continue far beyond the hills.

The entire scene -- prancing in nature, avoiding household duties, fighting from too much idleness -- has a timeless relevance:

Jack he's gonna be a football star,
Diane's a debutante in the back seat o' Jackie's car.³

Diane, goddess of the hunt and the moon, signifies the ever-changing face of women, just as Jill did in the poem. The poet had the younger generation in mind when he wrote this, and he conveys its deep relevance to us all. So deep, in fact, that we as its students must wait until much further in our education before we can put our feelings into words. #

¹Edmund Spenser, The Faerie Queene (London, 1590), I, iv, 81.

²In Jewish tradition, the Haftorah is the part sung by the young man at his bar mitzvah, the ceremony of manhood.

³John Cougar, "Jack and Diane," from the LP American Fool (New York, 1982).

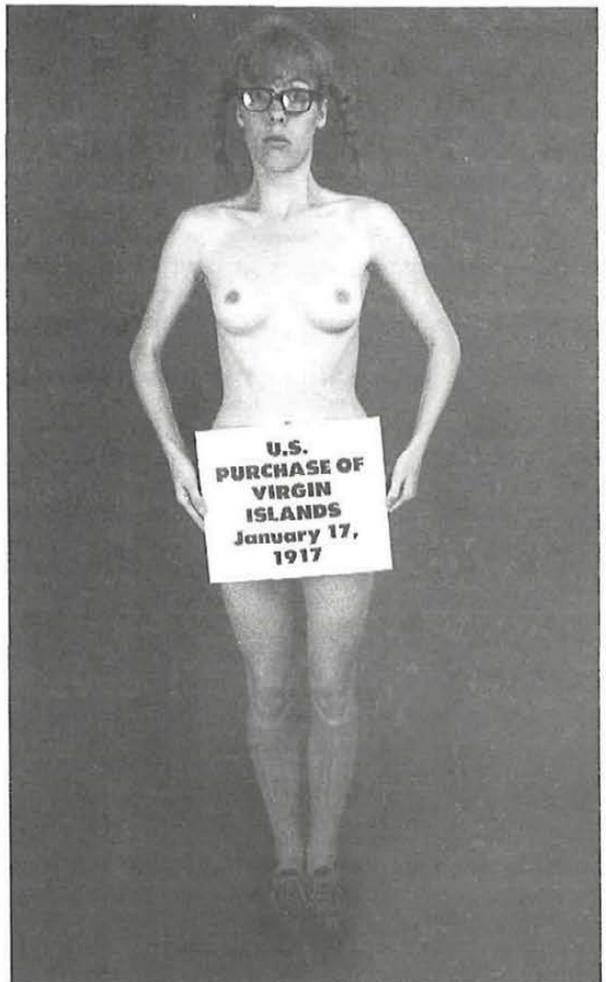
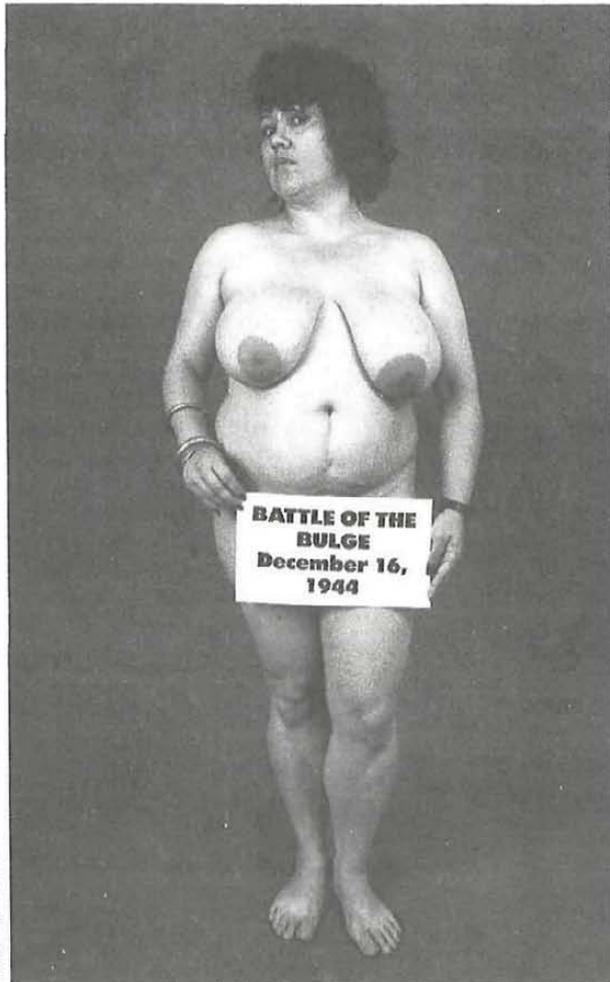
Nudemonic Studying Devices

by Peter Kleinman and Larry Sloman

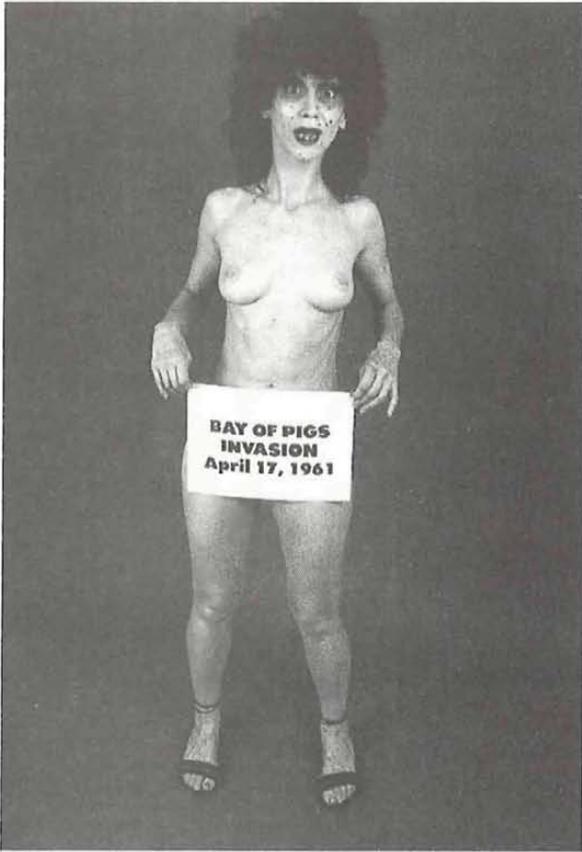
Foreword by Havelock Ellis

Mnemonics, or *memoria technica*, is the general name applied to devices that aid memory formation by enabling the mind to recall a series of dissociated ideas which are connected by this process into a new synthetic association. The system of mnemonics goes back to ancient Greek and Roman times, when students were taught to associate names, phrases, ideas, or events by connecting them cognitively with a large house. The window would represent one name or event, the wall another, the furniture another, etc. Using this technique, if a student desired to recall the date of the invention of printing in Europe (1440), he would simply place an imaginary symbol of printing, say a book, in the 40th quadrate of the 4th room of the 1st house of the mental town.

What Mr. Kleinman and Mr. Sloman have done to traditional mnemonic theory is revolutionary. Realizing that sex is one of the strongest affect-salient human needs, they have based their mnemonic technique on the association of disparate data with sexually arousing visual representations. By linking the dry dates of history, as shown here, with salacious, erotic, arousing, sensual visual depictions, an associative bond between the two is formed all the more easily and lasts for a correspondingly longer period of time. This method should have great impact on our primary and secondary educational systems, and Nudemonics, as their system is called, should become the standard in the age-old quest to build a better memory device. Hats off to the *National Lampoon* for once again paving the road of innovation.



Photos by Paul Davis



DISCOVER THE CMCW DIFFERENCE!

RAUL MENDEZ
Maintenance Engineer
Chester A. Arthur Jr. High School
635 Elm St.
Little Rock, AR 00536



Welcome to CMCW's remarkable world of school maintenance and cafeteria workmanship, **RAUL MENDEZ**, where tomorrow's solutions for the busy maintenance and cafeteria worker are here today! At your fingertips, **RAUL MENDEZ**, is the next generation of product advances from the foremost school-support companies in the field.

Come and test out the multidimensional Swiss Army Broom,[™] which comes all the way from Switzerland, the nation with the cleanest schoolrooms per capita. Enjoy a tasty snack treat from the Amazing Six-Foot-Long Egg Loaf. Manufactured by a division of the Bethlehem Steel Company from real eggs and egg by-products, its uses in the cafeteria are endless! Get behind the wheel of a four-wheel-drive automatic bubble gum scraper from John Deere that will leave any high school desk bubble gum-free. And ogle the largest key ring in the Western world!

Of course, **RAUL MENDEZ**, back by popular demand is the highly acclaimed CMCW Roundtable. Leading professionals with expertise ranging from cleaning chalkboards without leaving streaks to making French fries crispy on the outside yet mushy on the inside (the way the kids like them) will share their experiences and results as they cover a variety of subjects from "Ladling Do's and Don't's" to the most controversial of topics facing the maintenance worker today, "Bubble Gum: From Mouth to Desk Bottom."

THE WORLD OF CMCW!

Just because the American maintenance and cafeteria worker possesses a proud history of tidiness and good, edible food dispensing does not mean we ought to close our eyes to the vast world beyond our borders. That is precisely why CMCW boasts a Foreign Maintenance and Cafeteria Workers Exhibit.

Discover, **RAUL MENDEZ**, how custodians in Costa Rica use forty-pound mosquitoes to vacuum their school's floors. Learn how Lapland cafeteria workers use glacier ice to spark up their school lunch program. Be awed, **RAUL MENDEZ**, as you become privy to how the Soviet Union sends students found sticking bubble gum under their desks to the closed city of Gorki.

And much, much more!

CMCW JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT!

Of course, what good is a conference if it's all work? So, **RAUL MENDEZ**, get out that leisure suit, for there will be plenty of fun aho! Scheduled events include the Great Bubble Gum Scrape-Off! Maintenance workers are let loose through the classrooms of William Howard Taft High to see who can scrape off the most bubble gum in an hour's time. The winner will receive a complete broom and dust-mop set, courtesy of Sani-School, the clean-school people.

And what CMCW conference would be complete without the perennial favorite, Prom Night, when handsome maintenance guys and lovely cafeteria gals don their Sunday best and dance the night away. As usual, we've hired students from the local high schools to serve and clean up, giving us the night off. So here's your chance for revenge! Make a mess! Slop lots of sticky punch all over the floor. Ground all the hors d'oeuvres you can into the rugs and dance floor. Go ahead, **RAUL MENDEZ**, shatter that glass you're holding, and while you're at it, go for the window as well. Do the unthinkable! Stick thick wads of bubble gum under every desk and table. If you're a real prankster, stagger into the bathroom and vomit short of the toilet bowl. Men, you can add to the mess by standing at the urinals and enjoying an old-fashioned sword fight, leaving a film of wet, stinky slime all over the floor. Ladies, don't be left out of the fun. Forget about placing those used tampons in the disposal conveniently located in the bathroom stalls. Cram them down the toilet and flush, stopping up the whole system! That's right, it's your night to have fun, just the way the little bastards at your school do every single day—but this time, they have to clean up!

CMCW FOR THE SERIOUS YOU!

Of course, there is the serious side to CMCW. A side that prides itself on bringing to the fore conflicting viewpoints on subjects of interest to our conferees. In the past, **RAUL MENDEZ**, we've staged debates concerning boiler room etiquette and cafeteria maintenance. This year, in the Great Hall, there will be a debate on a controversial subject raging in classrooms from Florida to Washington State. The subject is bubble gum.

On one side is Milton Trebor, founder of Bubble Gum Control, Inc. Mr. Trebor argues in favor of stringent government regulations concerning bubble gum, citing figures showing that a staggering total of 8 percent of the entire Department of Education budget goes into scraping off bubble gum from under schoolroom desks. Without the scourge of bubble gum, he argues, billions more could be spent on computers for students and teachers for classrooms. Mr. Trebor is also expected to bring up the tragic case of El Paso's William Henry Harrison High School's assistant maintenance engineer, Alex Delgado, who passed away earlier this year due to a bubble gum accident. It seems, **RAUL MENDEZ**, that Alex's glands were inflamed that day and swelled to the point where he could hardly swallow. During his regular rounds scraping bubble gum from under school desks, two dried pieces of bubble gum that were stuck to a desk bottom came loose and lodged firmly in Alex's nostrils, suffocating the assistant maintenance engineer, who was so looking forward to attending his first CMCW conference this year.

Taking the other side is bubble gum advocate and Topps Chewing Gum Vice President In Charge of Public Relations, Mr. Derrick Smell, who claims, "If bubble gum is outlawed, only outlaws will have bubble gum." Mr. Smell is afraid that if Bubble Gum Control, Inc. has its way, it will only foster an illegal bubble gum black market, and bubble gum will then be allowed to run rampant without any controls, either by the schools or the bubble gum companies.

Whichever side you take, fireworks are bound to be shot off. So come along, **RAUL MENDEZ** —bring questions and be prepared to be stimulated!

LET CMCW WORK FOR YOU, **RAUL MENDEZ** !

If you attend only one maintenance and cafeteria conference this year, make sure it's CMCW, your one-stop source for the latest breakthroughs that can put you on the cutting edge of cleanliness and food service!

CONFERENCE PROGRAM AT A GLANCE

- 8:15 A.M.** Registration and Continental breakfast.
- 8:45 A.M.** Cleanup after Continental breakfast.
- 9:00 A.M.** Keynote address given by Melvin Topor, Undersecretary of Education for Maintenance and Cafeteria Affairs, who will speak on the topic "The Epidemic of Bubble Gum in Our Schools."
- 9:30 A.M.** "A Clean School Grows in Brooklyn." Clovio Johnson, head of maintenance at Zachary Taylor High School in Brooklyn, tells how he took a school voted America's dirtiest and transformed it into the 157th cleanest school in the country, simply by prohibiting bubble gum within a five-block radius of the school.
- 10:00 A.M.** Uniform Fashion Show—the newest in maintenance and cafeteria wear and care.
- 10:30 A.M.** Professor Egon Strepp will unveil his newest invention: bubble gum that sticks to tongue and teeth but does not stick to wood desks. As a visual aid, the professor will have by his side Zippy, the lab monkey, who has been chewing the same piece of bubble gum for the last forty-two days without being able to get it out of his mouth.
- 11:00 A.M.** Fire drill.
- 11:30 A.M.** How to stretch a meal by dishing out less food, adding a piece of lettuce, and calling it "nouvelle cuisine."
- 12:30 P.M.** Twenty past winners of the coveted Golden Ladle award, awarded annually to that cafeteria worker deemed by her peers the Most Valuable Cafeteria Worker, will serve a nouvelle cuisine lunch.
- 1:30 P.M.** Twenty past winners of the Golden Broom award will give a demonstration on how to clean a cafeteria as they clean up after the luncheon.
- 2:00 P.M.** A discussion on how to deal with students who are perennial lunch-line cutters.
- 2:30 P.M.** "How to Speak English": For our foreign custodial brothers, who will learn such important English phrases as "Hey, you, what are you doing with that bubble gum!"



Minnie Johnson, of Rutherford B. Hayes High School in Columbus, Ohio, enjoying the Amazing Six-Foot-Long Egg Loaf.

- 3:30 P.M.** "How to Serve Spaghetti Five Days a Week." Culinary recipes include spaghetti loaf, spaghetti tartare, baked spaghetti, nouvelle cuisine spaghetti, baked spaghetti and cheese, spaghetti patty parmigiana, spaghetti with catsup sauce, spaghetti and beans, spaghetti and tuna salad, spaghetti and bacon sandwich, spaghetti pie, and, of course, spaghetti surprise.
- 4:00 P.M.** Dr. Clement Forster, Indiana's chairman of maintenance-related illnesses, speaks on the topic "Can You Contract AIDS from Scraping Bubble Gum off School Desks?"
- 4:30 P.M.** Boiler room repair workshop.
- 5:00 P.M.** Cocktail reception.
- 6:30 P.M.** Cleanup.
- 7:00 P.M.** Moment of silence for bubble gum casualty Alex Delgado.
- 7:01 P.M.** Dinner. Menu includes a spaghetti and tuna salad appetizer, a spaghetti surprise main course, served with a side order of spaghetti and beans. And for dessert, spaghetti pie.
- 8:00 P.M.** Cleanup.
- 8:30 P.M.** Prom Night.
- 11:00 P.M.** Student cleanup and harassment.

LIST OF EXHIBITORS (at press time)

UniSpam
Sturdy-Utensils, Inc.
Cafeteria Pro, Inc.
Lunch! Magazine
SpaghettiFun
Tomato Plasma
Bubble-Gum-Off!
Meat Tricks
ImagiFood
Paul Newman's Own Chalkboard Cleaner
One-Ton-O'-Beans, Inc.
Sani-School
Urinal Mints, Cakes & Patties, Ltd.
The SynFood Corporation

House of Mops
Plungerteria
Jiggle Jell-O
Ladle Lady, Inc.
Land o' Brooms
Horsemeat Packers of America
Pudding Helper
Gummex, Inc.
Cream Spinach Council
Vats O' Franx
Gelatin Dessert Extender
Starchcrunch Outfitters
Protein Proxy Co.
Tuna Dogs
Gum Deterrent

Bubble Gum Bombs
Bubble Gum Motels
Bubble Gum Control, Inc.
Dirty Rags, Inc.
Everything Polish
1001 Keys Ring
Spaghetti Stuffing
Tuffy Work Clothes
PlastiCheese
Mop Magazine
Stainbuster Toilet Bowl Cleaner
Brown Away Toilet Bowl Cleaner
Half-Ply Toilet Tissue Corp.
Cholesterox

Conference Registration Form

CMCW—Conference of Maintenance and Cafeteria Workers

Date: October 14
at the
William Howard Taft
High School
Holiday Inn,
Gary, Indiana.



William Howard Taft High School Holiday Inn Welcomes CMCW and Maintenance and Cafeteria Workers of America.

Hey, c'mon. Don't be left behind.

- Here's my \$10. Please send my show badge and a free CMCW Mop and Ladle set.
- Here's my \$110. Please send my show badge and my CMCW Mop and Ladle set, and please have a prostitute in my hotel room when I arrive.

- Here's my \$5. I have no desire to attend, but I would like stationery from the William Howard Taft High School Holiday Inn.
- I am in jail and will not be able to attend. Nevertheless, here is my \$15. Please send my show badge and my CMCW mop and ladle set as well as the stationery from the William Howard Taft High School Holiday Inn.
- I am deceased and will not be able to attend.

QUESTIONS FOR THE FINAL EXAM

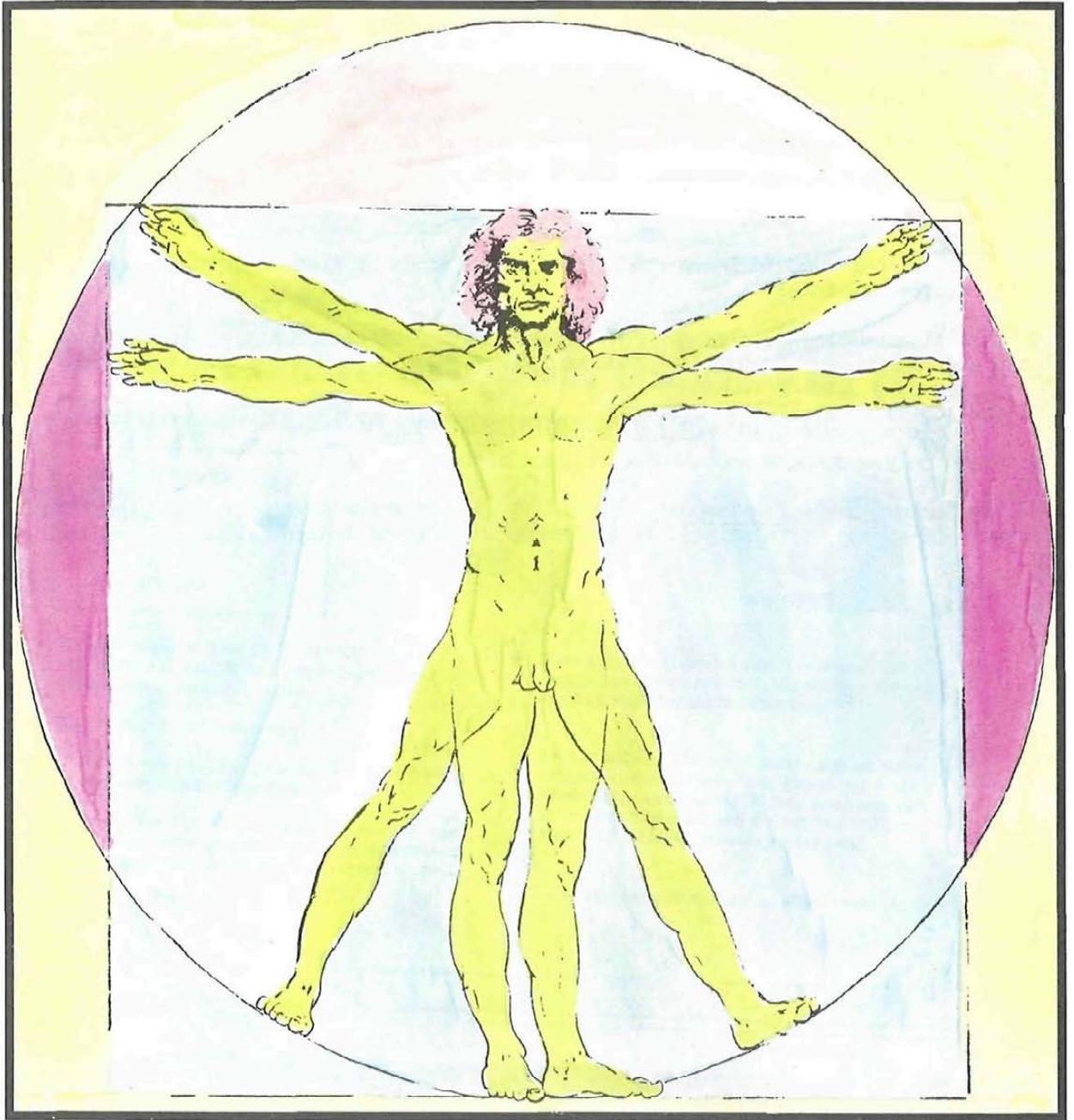
Prof. Louis Phillips

Humanities 101

Please write all your answers legibly in your blue books. If you want to make notes, additional blue books are available. Do not make notes on this question sheet. You have two hours to complete the exam. Good luck!

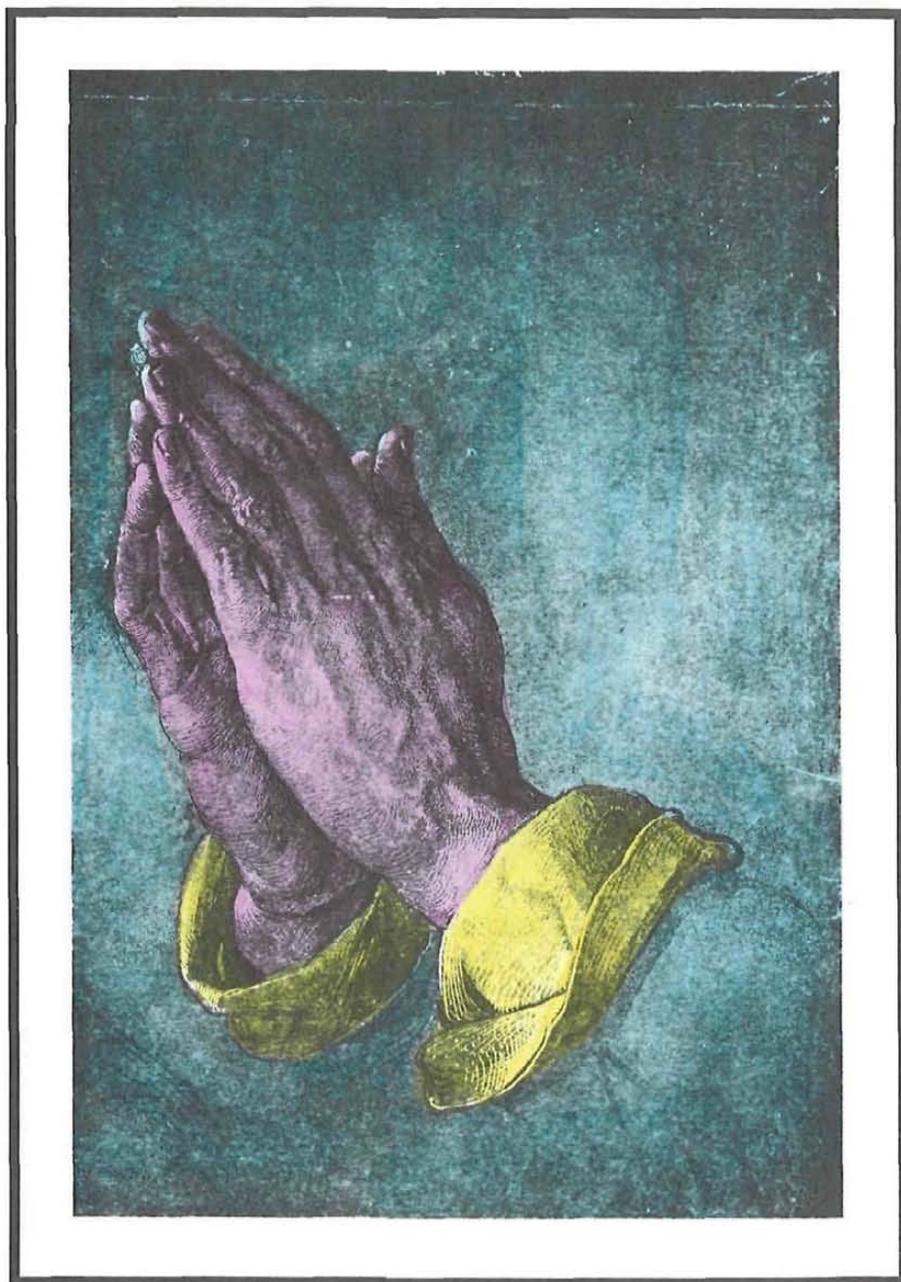
1. Compare and contrast the Density of Matter with the Age of Enlightenment.
2. Does a minor chord hibernate? If so, for how long?
3. If Mount Everest could speak to those who have conquered it, what would it say? What language would it speak?
4. How long is a question if it cannot be answered?
5. If human beings were born with seven (7) fingers on each hand, how much of the universe would have to be redesigned?
6. If the number 2 could leave footprints in the sands of time, what shape would those footprints take?
7. List five possible causes for the War Between the States of Mind found in Finnegans Wake and the Declaration of Independence.
8. The logic of waterfalls. Discuss.
9. Using only a compass and a rule, trisect history.
10. In Shakespeare's The Tempest, Antonio asks, "Who's the next heir of Naples?" The answer, of course, is Claribel. Is the entire history of modern television implied?

Colorizing the Classics

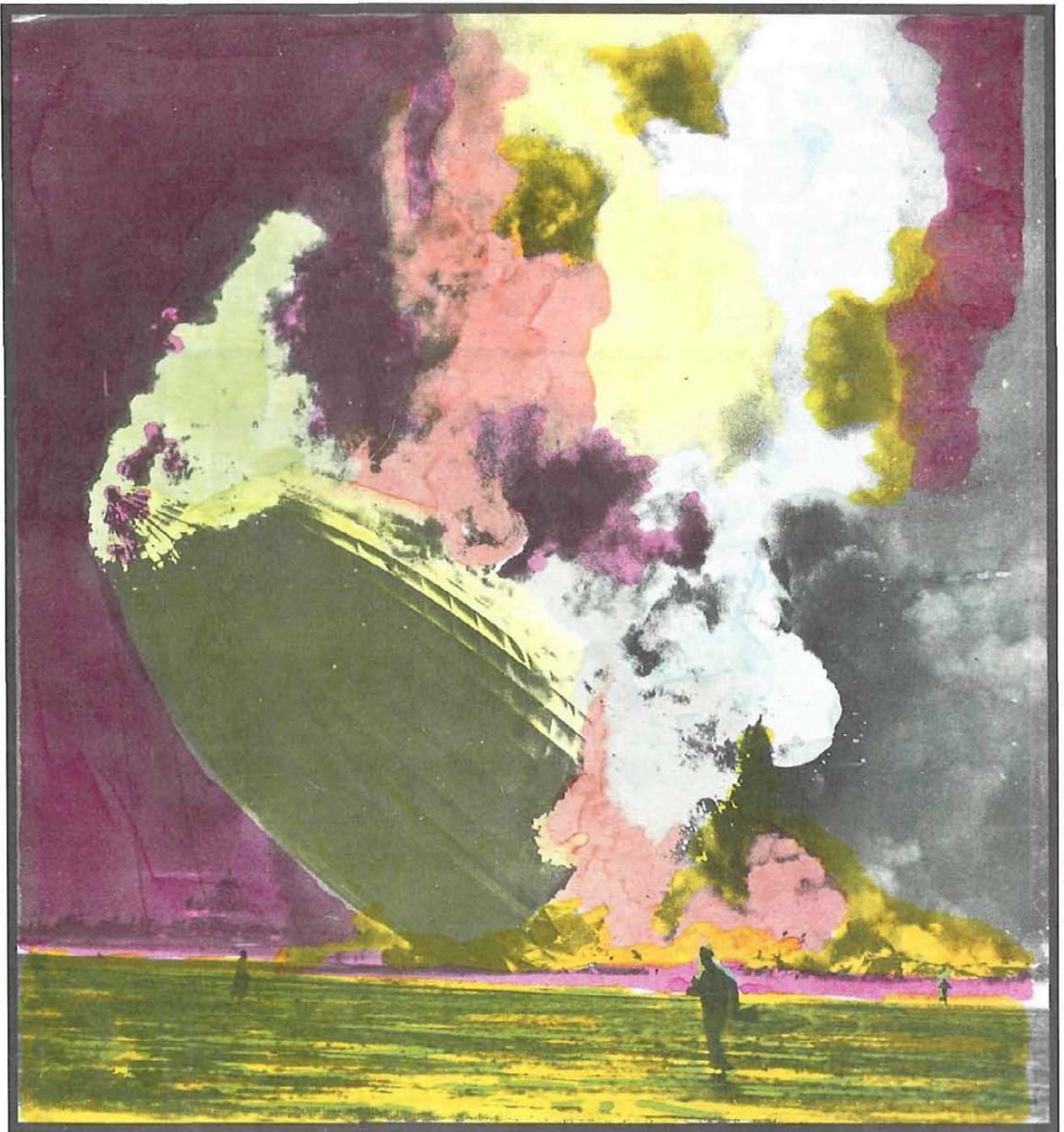


Leonardo da Vinci's Vitruvian Man
1498

Thankfully, we live in an age when no technological limitations exist, an age in which we don't have to make the kind of sacrifices past artists and photographers did. But until less than fifty years ago, the visual community was hampered by the unavailability of art supplies and the limitations of technology to the extent that artists were forced to turn out a great deal of art and photographs in black and white. Granted, many of these depictions were adequate, considering the circumstances under which they were created, but without color, there was no way they could be accurate and true to their subjects. Fortunately, leading art patron Ted Turner pioneered methods by which hopelessly out-moded films could be corrected, and new life was breathed into them. Using similar computer-generated techniques, we are now able to go back and rectify the deficiencies of the non-moving pictures created by artists past. Here, for the first time, are works which have been corrected so that they may be presented to you in the way the artists would have presented them if they had had the resources.

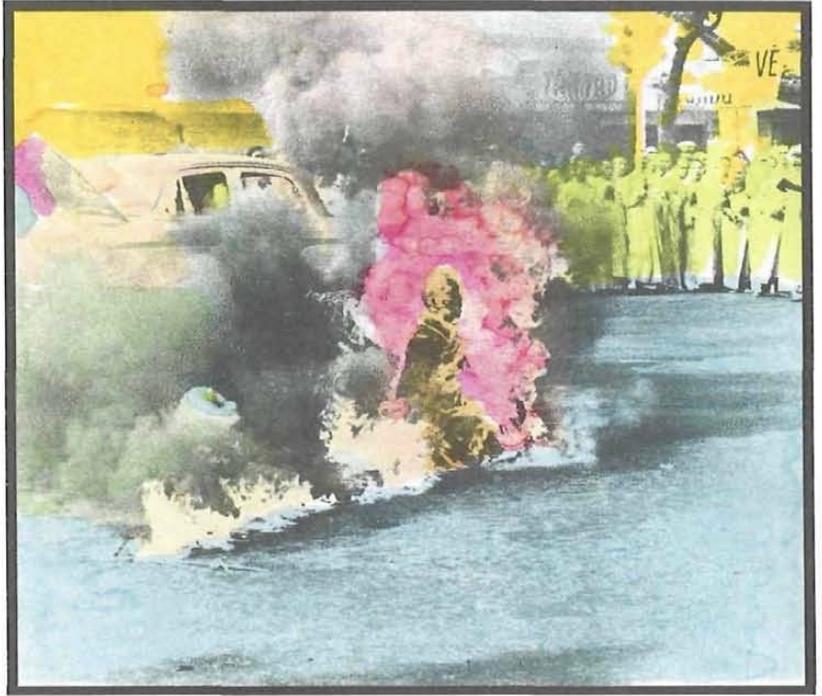


Albrecht Dürer's Hands in Prayer
1508

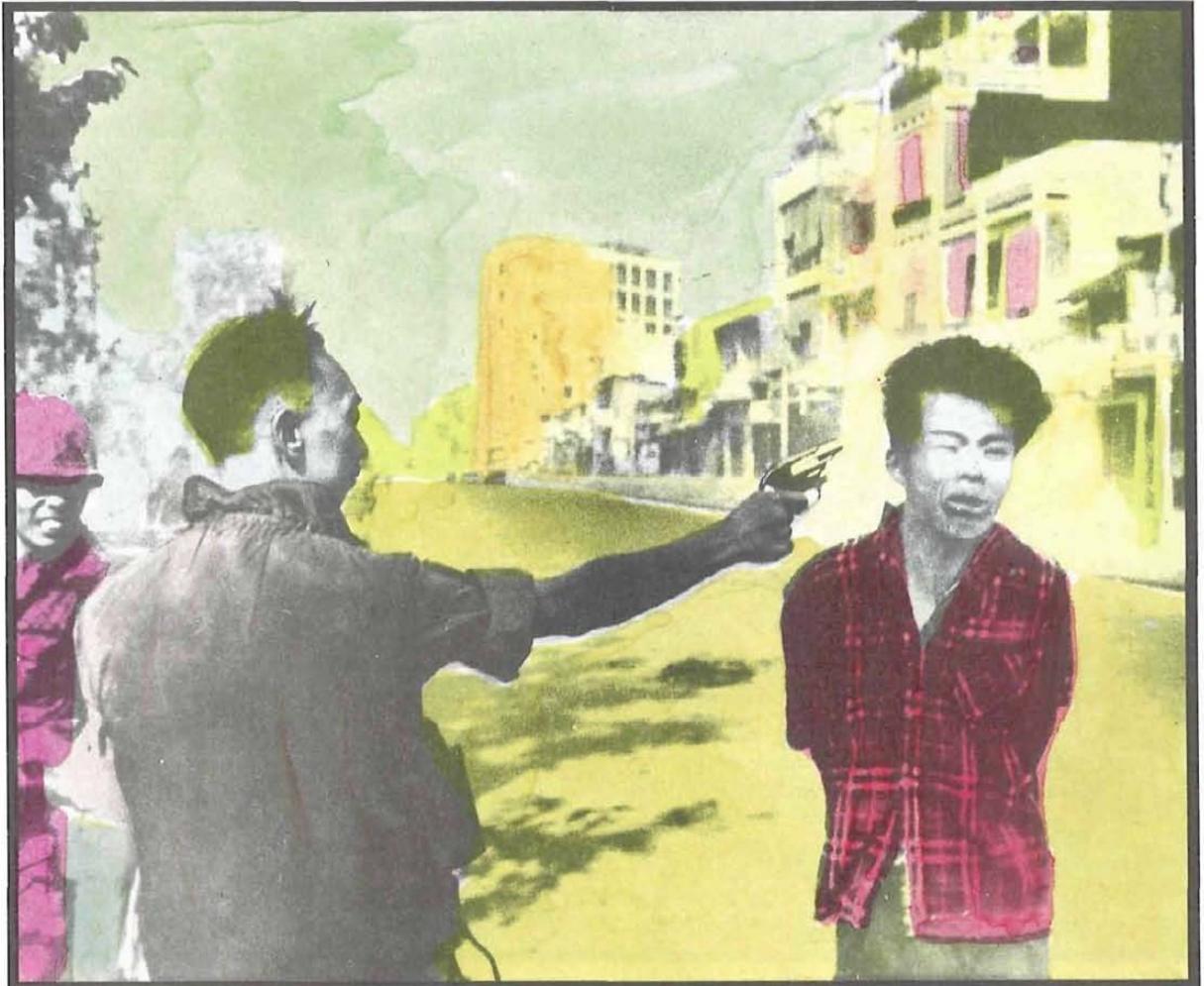


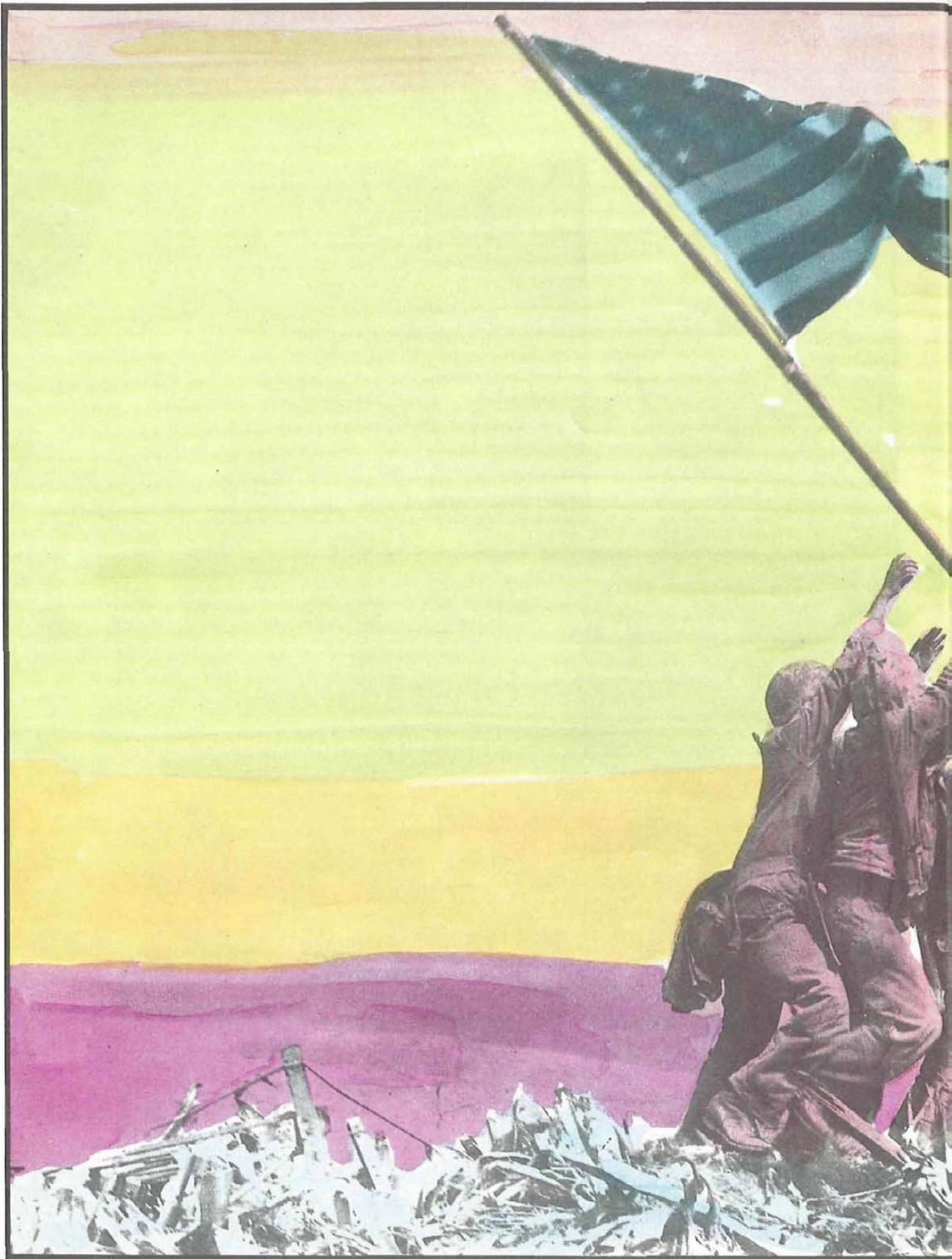
Hindenburg Disaster
1937

Vietnamese Monk Immolation
1963

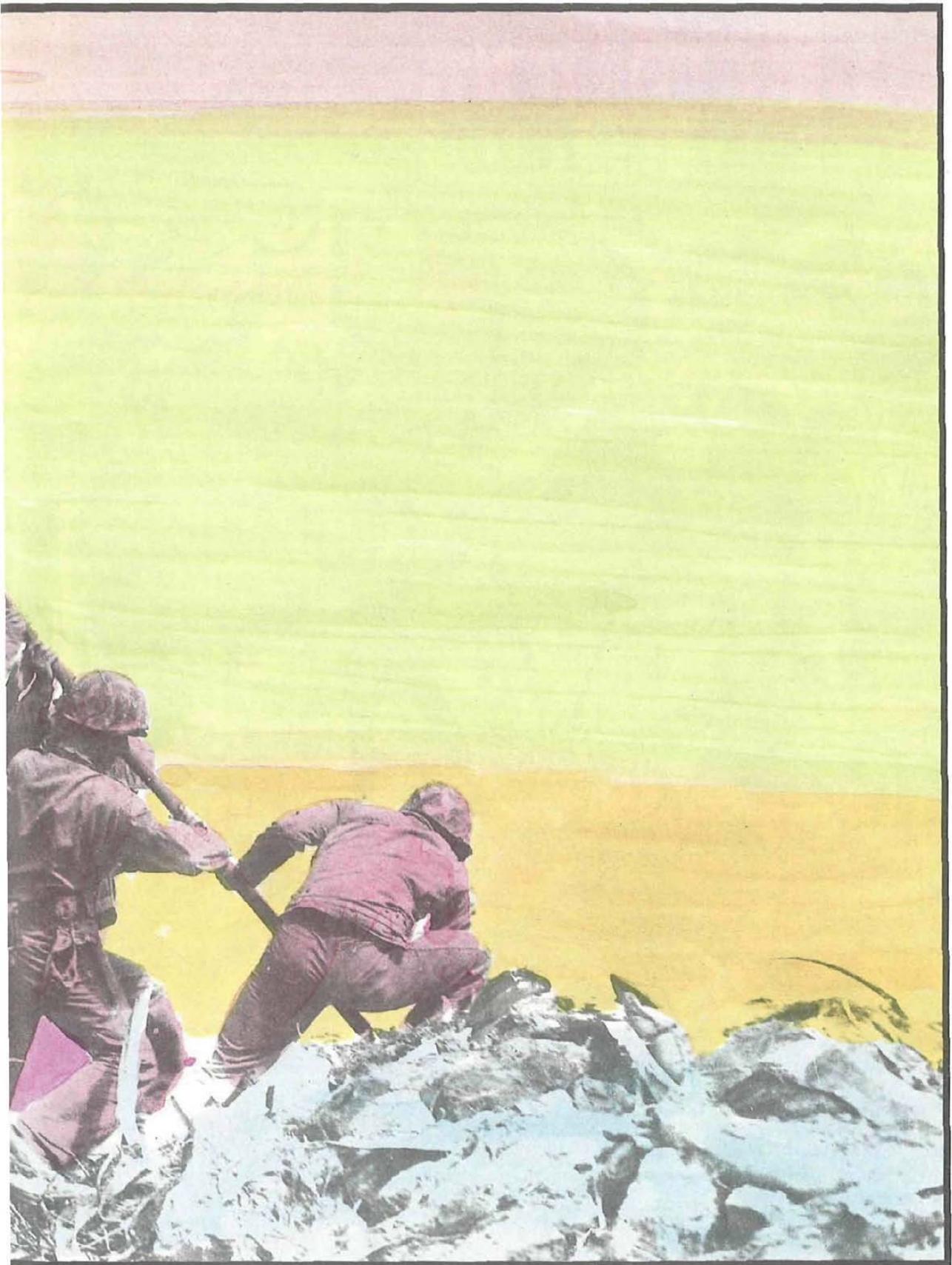


Execution in Saigon
1968





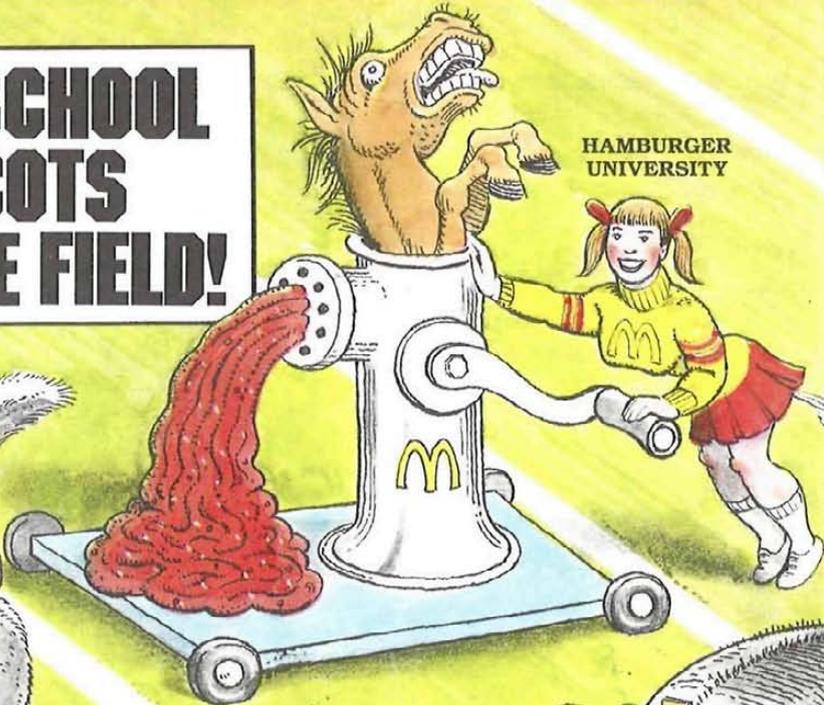
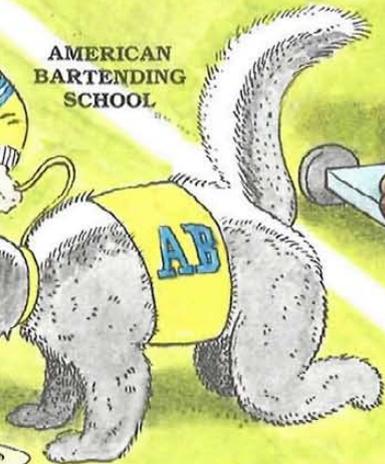
Old Glory Goes Up on Mount Suribachi
1945



TRADE SCHOOL MASCOTS TAKE THE FIELD!



AMERICAN BARTENDING SCHOOL

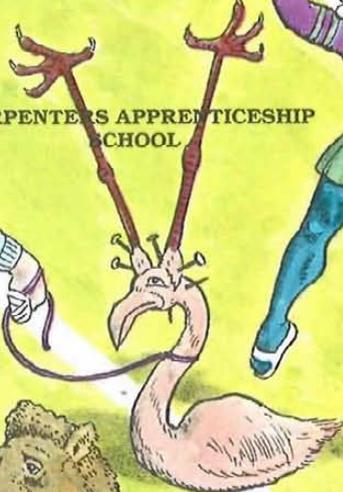


HAMBURGER UNIVERSITY

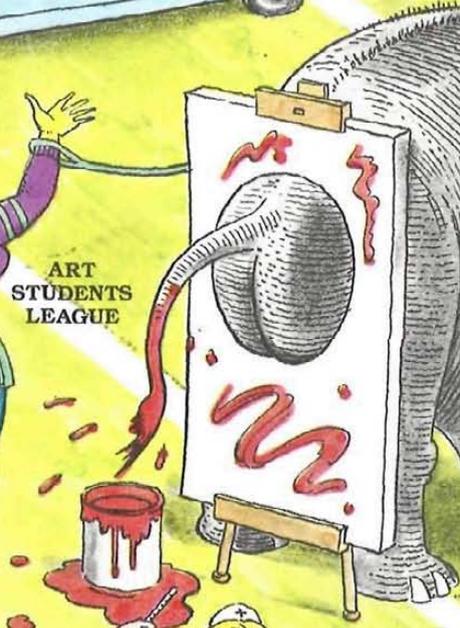


JOHN JAY COLLEGE OF CRIMINAL JUSTICE

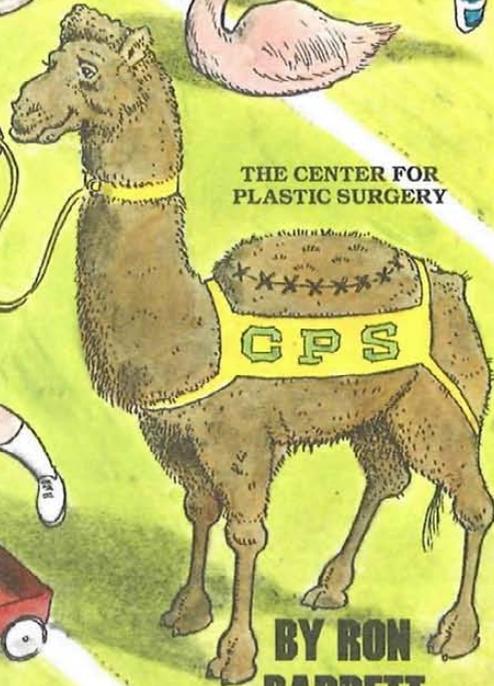
CARPENTERS APPRENTICESHIP SCHOOL



ART STUDENTS LEAGUE



THE CENTER FOR PLASTIC SURGERY



EASTERN MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF NURSING

BY RON BARRETT

Sex Through the Decades

by Michael Corcoran

In the good old days, guys would sit around and talk about sex for hours and hours. Now we talk about sex for ten minutes and AIDS for hours and hours. AIDS and *Blue Velvet*, that's all anybody talks about anymore. Meaningless sex, the backbone of motivation in the fifties, sixties, and seventies, is about to become as obsolete as freshman beanies and Foster Brooks. As a newly reborn single guy, I can tell you that things have changed. In the fifties sex was illegal, immoral, and intensely satisfying. The sixties gave us the Free Love Generation, which drew the line at bestiality, but only in pencil. In the seventies sex became an exact science, with sex manuals top-

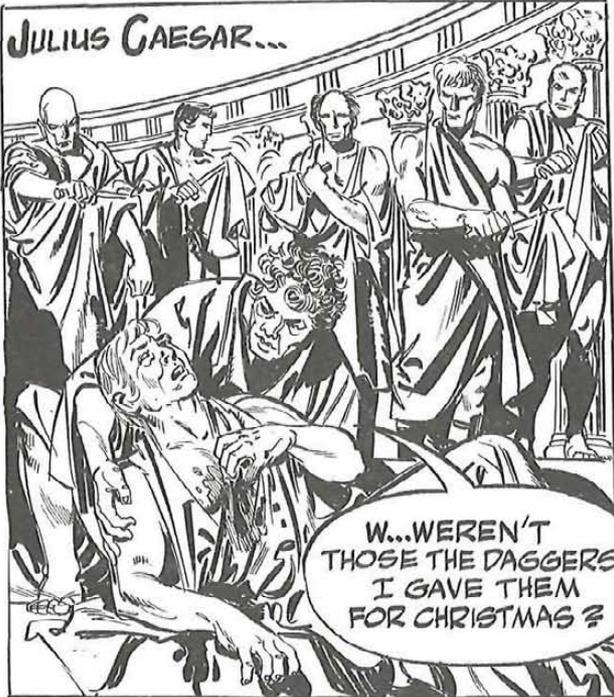
ping even Harold Robbins in sales. Couples flocked to porno flicks like *Deep Throat* and *Devil in Miss Jones* and went home and practiced what they had learned. Which brings us to the eighties, where the act of love is often consummated without the occurrence of skin contact. Using a condom during sex is like eating carrot cake without removing the Saran Wrap, or like receiving a ticket to the Academy Awards with the provision that you must wear a powder-blue leisure suit to the affair. And yet more and more wallets are starting to get circular fades. The following chart should better exemplify how sex has changed over the years:

	'57	'67	'77	'87
She's Looking For . . .	Mr. Nice Guy	Mr. Natural	Mr. Goodbar	Mr. Clean
He's Looking For . . .	Someone who'll go all the way	Someone who's got rolling papers, and will go all the way	Someone who'll go all the way in leg warmers and a leather zipper mask	Someone who's never gone all the way in San Francisco
Foreplay	Her: Finding a place to put her gum Him: Wondering which word would best describe her breasts to the guys	The first ten minutes of "In A-Gadda-Da-Vida"	Testing the batteries	Examination of the genitalia under the lighted magnifying glass that Grandma used for needlepoint before she passed away
Biggest Lie During Foreplay	"I love you"	"I'm part Cherokee"	"Sure I've done that before; just start me off"	"That's a birthmark; it really is"
His Biggest Sexual Boast	"She didn't even make me wear a rubber"	"I balled Edie Sedgwick on Dylan's fire escape"	"I could make Venus de Milo come"	"I buy my condoms in bulk"
Her Biggest Sexual Boast	"I'm going to save myself for my honeymoon"	"Jimi was big, even for a black guy"	"He has no idea that I've been faking orgasms since our first date"	"My test came back negative—on all fifteen counts"
He'll Turn Her Down If . . .	She has moss growing out of her vagina, and only then	She looks like Janis Joplin, but isn't	Her sexual zodiac silhouette is of the missionary position	She talks about her fling with the Village People's roadie
First Words After Intercourse	"So does this mean we're going steady?"	"Far out, I just realized that you're black"	"Page 47, I gotta remember that"	"Great workout, honey, you really pushed my lats"
Most Appropriate Foreign Phrase	<i>c'est la vie</i>	<i>che sarà, sarà</i>	<i>ménage à trois</i>	<i>nolo contendere</i>
His Stupidest Question After Intercourse	"Was it good for you?"	"Am I the first?"	"Did you come?"	"What do I owe you for the condom?"
If It Can't Happen for Him	"I guess I respect you too much to let you do something that you'll probably regret later. See if you can get it hard with your hand"	"Super-bummer. I guess four is my limit tonight"	"Let's see . . . impotence . . . impotence . . . page 51 . . . Here it is. 'Every guy in the world has at one time or another been unable to sustain an erection—yes, even Sylvester Stallone. This can be due to stress, financial worries, or an overconcern for his partner's orgasm, though you can probably scratch that last one for Sylvester Stallone' "	"Well, that's it. I guess we can't have sex now. Darn, and I was so looking forward to it. What's on HBO?"

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

HERE THEY ARE! THE LONG-OVERLOOKED LAST WORDS
OF SOME OF HISTORY'S MOST FAMOUS PEOPLE.

JULIUS CAESAR...



W...WEREN'T
THOSE THE DAGGERS
I GAVE THEM
FOR CHRISTMAS?

TIMMY - OF THE OLD "LASSIE" SHOW...



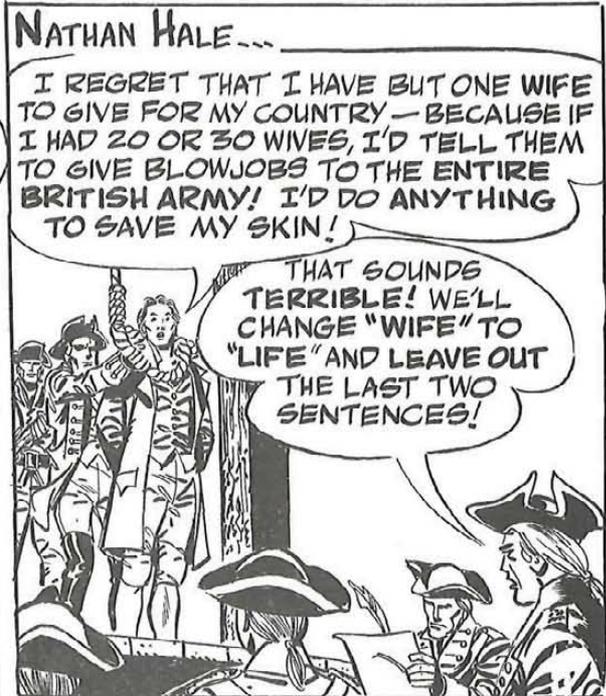
I... I HAVE
ONE LAST WISH!
P-PLEASE CHOP ME
UP AND FEED ME
TO LASSIE!

HELEN KELLER...



ALL MY LIFE, I'VE BEEN ABLE TO
SEE AND HEAR! YOU'VE ALL BEEN
SUCKERS HELPING ME AROUND, PRAIS-
ING MY COURAGE, TAKING ME TO THE
POTTY! I DID IT ALL FOR MY CAREER!

NATHAN HALE...



I REGRET THAT I HAVE BUT ONE WIFE
TO GIVE FOR MY COUNTRY - BECAUSE IF
I HAD 20 OR 30 WIVES, I'D TELL THEM
TO GIVE BLOWJOBS TO THE ENTIRE
BRITISH ARMY! I'D DO ANYTHING
TO SAVE MY SKIN!

THAT SOUNDS
TERRIBLE! WE'LL
CHANGE "WIFE" TO
"LIFE" AND LEAVE OUT
THE LAST TWO
SENTENCES!



Depicted by Frank Springer



SIGMUND FREUD...

BECAUSE I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME, I'VE ASKED YOU, MY PATIENTS, TO GATHER HERE TODAY SO THAT I CAN TELL ALL OF YOUR SECRETS ABOUT EACH OTHER'S SEX LIVES!



KING KONG...

YOU'RE TOO LATE!
I'VE ALREADY FUCKED
FAY WRAY!



GEORGE M. COHAN...

GEORGE, PLEASE!
DON'T PUT US
THROUGH THIS ON
YOUR DEATHBED!

H-A-
DOUBLE R-
EYE! GEE-A-
EN SPELLS
HARRIGAN!!



ANNE FRANK...

YOU CAN SAVE THAT
DEAL FOR THE GENTILES!
THERE'S NO WAY HITLER IS
GETTING THE MOVIE
RIGHTS TO MY DIARY!



WE'LL
SEE ABOUT
THAT!

MR. ROCK 'N' ROLL

continued from page 40

college next year, Ace?"

"Schools can't teach you anything," he told her loftily. "I'm going on the road."

"Oh, you're in a show?"

Ace looked pained. "I mean I'm going to hitchhike around the country, experience things. When I need money, I'll stop for a while, work in a diner or do some logging, stuff like that. I want to live life directly, run my fingers over its textures . . ."

Shelley listened raptly, nodding often, evincing the most profound sense of conversational interest and involvement Mr. Rock 'n' Roll had ever seen. His hard-on shriveled like an unwatered plant beneath a cruel sun. Not that he was likely to need it—by now it was obvious where Shelley's true interest lay. The world was so harsh. The handful of Ace Kendalls raked in all the goodies, while guys like Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, however deep their soul, however much they cared, got none. And Ace, look at him! He didn't even *like* Shelley, was treating her like some lower life form. And she *loved* it. Why were women such jerks? Things

weren't supposed to be this way!

The car sped on. Gradually the green lawns, quiet streets, and pretty little homes of suburbia gave way to the broken concrete and urban reek of Queens, and then the desolation of Manhattan's Lower East Side with its abandoned buildings and filthy, staggering bums.

And then, oasislike, the Village sprang up around them, and Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's mood rose with it. The narrow, twisty streets with their quaint cafés, colorful restaurants, and neon-lit jazz clubs were like nothing he'd seen before, a little, magic world, teeming, on this June night, with the most bewildering variety of people imaginable—laughing students, guys in cowboy hats, women with hair down to their asses. Blacks, whites, Orientals; hoods with motorcycles and robed strange-os in turbans. There was even a guy in a cape! Instinctively and at once, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll fell in love with this place.

But they couldn't park! The streets were clogged, the traffic hardly moving. All the lots were full. Ace's sense of humor began to wane; he kept looking

at his watch. When they finally found a space, it was so far from their destination, they had to take a taxi back. Then the *cab* got stuck in traffic. Shelley tried to keep the conversation going—Ace's replies grew more and more curt. By the time they reached Washington Square Arch, Ace was not happy at all. He craned his neck around. "Goddamn it, I knew this was going to happen. I don't see her anywhere."

Shelley stopped. "Don't see *who* anywhere?"

Ace didn't answer.

Shelley turned to Mr. Rock 'n' Roll. "Doesn't see *who* anywhere?"

Shelley's face fell when he explained about Reva Baum. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll didn't care. This fabulous new place, this fascinating, exciting scene so rife with possibilities, had disconnected him from her. He looked every which way, trying to take it all in at once.

Washington Square proved to be a pretty little park nestled amidst great buildings; pleasant paths, lined with benches, wound among the trees, converged on a big fountain which put out a delightful spraying, tinkling noise—a sort of audio perfume. Music erupted from countless sources—guitars, harmonicas, portable radios, at least *ten* different bongo drummers. And there were beards—as many beards, in fact, as he'd seen in his entire life until now, including in movies and comic books. Women strolled by in hoop earrings. Scowling radicals disseminated leaflets. Old Jewish guys in berets played chess. Black dudes jived and diddy-bopped.

"Come on," said Ace. "Maybe she's wandering around."

The two boys set off down a path, Shelley sullenly following. In her prom outfit, she attracted a fair amount of attention.

"The dark lady of the night!" declaimed one wag, falling on bended knee before her. "Walking among us, she wounds us with a look!"

"I like your tits!" called another.

Shelley adjusted her shawl, walked a little faster to catch up with Mr. Rock 'n' Roll.

A group of guys in pea jackets and watch caps, passing a pint bottle in a paper bag, broke into applause and whistles as they went by. "Ay, man, it's Fred and Ginger," cried one.



"Got any 'Sorry I pissed on your carpet' cards?"

continued on page 90

GET OFF MY DAMN BACK!

The Journal of the
New American Revolution

MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1987

\$2.00

\$5.00 FOR NON-SMOKING VEGETARIANS

**Do We Need a
Constitutional
Amendment for
the Right to
Fuck Ourselves Up?**

**The Fine Art
of Driving
Drunk**

**Breaking
the Fiber Habit**

**Plunging into
the Dark Unknown:
The Thrills of
High-Risk Sex**

**Guilt:
Mental Disorder
or Totalitarian
Weapon?**

**Exclusive!
Rock Stars Who
Don't Give a Shit
About the Homeless
and Hungry!**

**How to
Give Those
"Child in Car"
Assholes a
Thrill**

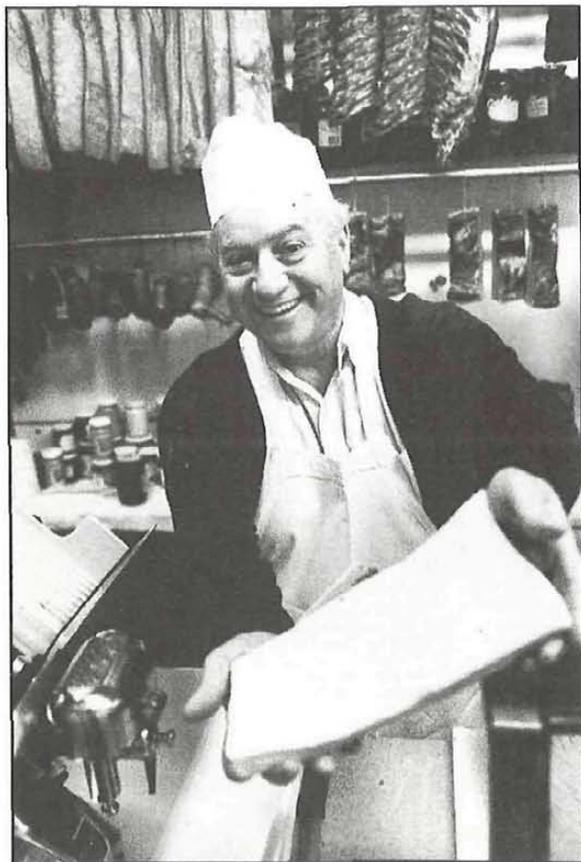
**YOU MUST HAVE
MISTAKEN ME
FOR SOMEONE
WHO GIVES A
SHIT**

Thank you
for not smoking
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY



THE CZECHS ATE BRAN CEREAL.

In all the hullabaloo and brouhaha about the importance of physical fitness, lowered blood pressure, and high-fiber diets, let's try not to overlook one essential fact: this great nation was built on fat.



The Fat of the Land?

Did your parents ever worry about whether their week's saturated-fat intake was low enough to justify splurging on a half pound of grilled monkfish on Saturday? Of course not. They were too happy watching that big, innocent smile spread over your face when you bit into a tasty, nourishing cheeseburger! Did your grandparents run off to the gym every night after work to burn off fat on the Nautilus machine? Heck, no. They were rocking on their front porch, waving at the neighbors and listening to the plump, milky cattle go lowing into the barn for the night.

America has always been a land of red meat, butter, and rich, creamy cheese. We brought democracy to the world, survived a terrible civil war, endured a great depression, put an end to fascism, and put a man on the moon (actually, we put twelve men on the moon, but who remembers?). And all that time we were gulping down T-bones and Tilsit, cracklin's and cream cheese. Can we really turn our backs on that now?

The Cream Rises to the Top

We know what you're saying. "But this is the eighties. I need to know how fat can help *me*." Well, okay. Be that way. But picture this: you're in a high-powered boardroom, getting ready for your presentation, your career is on the line . . . and all of a sudden you have to jump up and run to the bathroom because of all the fiber in your system! Don't let the irresistible power of high-fiber defecation send your promising career down the tubes. A good, solid high-fat diet will let you go days, even weeks, without a time-wasting trip to the bathroom (send for our free pamphlet, *The Curse of FDS: Frequent Defecation Syndrome*).

And while you and your fellow fat lovers sit in the boardroom waiting for the fiber addicts to finish their business, you can accomplish some valuable networking as you trade tips on combating occasional irregularity. It's a great American tradition, and it's sure to show your bosses that you're "solid stuff" (send for our free pamphlet, *Constipation, Conversation, and You*).

The Jolly Fat Man

Every red-blooded American kid knows it: fat is *fun* food! Pity the boys and girls who've grown up on papaya and black beans and will never know the fun of toying with the long wiggly slabs of fat left from their steaks! Pity the tykes who will never be able to get into Mother's lard can and mold jolly "fat men" on the kitchen counter! (Send for our free pamphlet, *Rainy Day Fat Fun*.)

As hyperactivity becomes an ever-greater concern of teachers, what better way to put your child on the road to success than a diet that slows him down? Furthermore, studies prove that the biggest kid in the playground in grade school will do well in grown-up life. Give your flesh and blood the early edge: give him *fat*!

All That Meat and No Potatoes

People raised on fat are beautiful people. Beware of the pressure of today's "hard body" cult! Our fathers and grandfathers knew that a woman's beauty should be judged by the size and shape of her fat deposits, not the masculine tone of her muscles. There's something a little suspicious about this slim unisex look, don't you think? It makes you wonder who is really behind this fiber campaign. Maybe it's some group who wants everybody to look skinny so no one will notice that they and their "friends" are wasting away from some incurable disease. Did you ever think of that? If you ask us, there's something just a little un-American about this whole low-fat propaganda.

Think about it. And when the truth dawns on you, join the chorus of millions of Americans who are shouting the fat-eaters' motto with pride:

"RED MEAT, WHITE CREAM, BLUE VEINS!"

A message from your American Fat Council.

GET OFF MY DAMN BACK!

Vol. 1, No. 6

The Periodical of the American Spirit

October 1987

WE'RE ONLY THINKING OF YOU

It's an enlightened age we live in. Gone are the days of fumbling in the dark, following our individual desires and tastes, making mistakes and indulging in self-destructive hedonism. Now we always know what's the right thing to do. Now there's always somebody there to look out for our welfare.

Listen! You can probably hear the chorus right now. "Buckle up! Don't smoke! Don't drink! Just say no—no matter what it is." Isn't it nice to know that, whenever you face a choice, there'll always be someone there to point you toward what's best for you? Sure it is. It's real nice.

Every time you turn around there's some thin, nervous human-services professional standing behind you, smiling with his mouth and frowning with his forehead. "Get up now, exercise!" he says. "Have some fiber! Are you wearing your condom? Did you get your smog certificate? What's your cholesterol count? Don't look at that nasty pornography now!"

And you know the nicest thing of all? If you follow all that good advice, you'll probably live ten or twenty years longer. Now that's really nice, isn't it? Twenty more years of having some sanctimonious asshole nagging your ear off.

"Live a healthy life," they tell you, "and you'll make it to eighty." Great. But what do you do at eighty, anyway? Sit around and reminisce, that's what. But you won't have a hell of a lot to reminisce about, will you? Mountains of fiber. A lifetime of regular defecations. Night after sober night of pricing kiddie car seats and rowing machines. An unending parade of restaurants where everybody does exactly what you do.

Look, no matter how you cut the deck, you're going to end up with the same hand in the end. The zealot who worshiped at the altar of the Nautilus and took communion on bran cereal, the video guilt monger who thought she could reform the world with a catchphrase and a rock concert, the white-lipped office manager passing out the little cups at the rest-room door . . . they're all going to ride into the crematorium right behind the guy with the beer gut and the yellow-stained teeth and the milky-white blood who thought a prophylactic was one of those baby formu-

las they pitch during game shows.

So what you've got to ask yourself is "What do I want flashing before my eyes when I hear my death rattle welling up in my throat? A kaleidoscope of red-eyed dawns, blue smoke, and peroxide blondes? Or a gray blob of aversion therapy, politically correct consumer decisions, and sphygmomanometers?"

They say you can kiss high-blood pressure and addiction and sexually transmitted diseases goodbye if you just let them tell you how to live. What they don't tell you is that you can kiss a few rights goodbye while you're at it. No, not just life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, but the most inalienable right of all. The one Tom Jefferson didn't think even had to be written down. The God-given right to fuck ourselves up royally.

Look, we're used to your basic right-wing tyranny. This is different. People have always been told how to vote, how to work, what to say in public. But the fascist eye usually turned blind once you got in Charlie Rich country—behind closed doors. Not now. Now the pamphlets and the signs and the laws and the TV spots have burrowed into even our collective unconscious. We don't trust a friend unless he tells us not to do something we want to. We don't have sex unless it's as safe as jacking off over a picture of Shelley Long. We don't eat anything unless it's been recommended by at least three women's magazines. Even then, we can't take a bite until we've fixed an image in our minds of some Ethiopian's huge saucer eyes.

Maybe we need a Twenty-seventh Amendment. "Congress shall not abridge or permit the abridgment of the right of the people to mess themselves up good and not feel guilty about it." Screw the ERA. Screw abortion. Screw the balanced budget. These are our souls we're fighting for. If we have to take this fight to the streets, if we have to take it to the barricades, if we have to take it to our graves, we will. Just don't forget the beer and cigs.

In the meantime, go out and grab yourself some greasy fish and chips for lunch. Wrap 'em in copies of *Executive Fitness*. Bury 'em in salt. And when the parrots start to squawk, "Hypertension, hypertension," just tell 'em to get off your damn back.

GET IT OFF YOUR DAMN CHEST!

Bitches, Gripes, and Boasts from Our Readers

Asshole in Car

I knew this country was going to the dogs when I saw my first "Child in Car!" sign about a year ago. I mean, what do these assholes think? That I was going to rear-end them for the hell of it, but now that I see they've got a kid I'm going to look for somebody else to do it to? Or do they just want to advertise how god-damn responsible they are and how they're such hot shit at parenting and how I'm just a fucking drunken slug who doesn't even know how to drive.

Right away I bought some

of those parody versions— you know, "Ex-wife in Trunk." "Child Behind Wheel." But that wasn't enough. I'd look at those sanctimonious bastards with those shrill, jaundiced badges of self-importance in the backs of their BMWs and I could hear them thinking, "Humor is the last resort of the hopelessly unenlightened." I knew I had to make a more pointed statement.

So I bought myself a four-wheel-drive truck and put a big spring-mounted bumper on the front and now I ram the shit out of those assholes. I can pick up a yellow diamond

in my peripheral vision from a half mile off, and by the time the little monster in the back-seat can holler, "Daddy—Daddy—the truck—" I'm already sending them skidding through the center divider.

Now maybe people will start thinking twice before they tell me how to drive.

Ray Flector
Camshaft, TX

Its Own Reward

Do you really think I care about starving children? Do you think I like staring at you with my big, pain-filled eyes

and whining at you plaintively when you're trying to watch some old Roger Corman movie at two A.M.? Do you think Quincy Jones or Michael Jackson or Dionne Warwick gives a damn about Ethiopia? You think Sally Field's cute little heart really breaks when she thinks about the struggling farmers? You think Mr. T likes feeding you bullshit about drugs?

Hell, no. But look at it from our side. Our fifteen minutes of stardom are over. It's either this or *Hollywood Squares*.

Sally Struthers
Bel Air, CA

Get Off My Damn Back! Magazine is published whenever the hell we feel like it by Hellward Bound Publications, 1984 Neal Cassady Memorial Parkway, Hollywood, CA. We welcome all reader submissions, experiences, and good-natured, diplomatic suggestions. Just don't try to tell us how to run our magazine, asshole.

NEWS OF THE GODDAMN WORLD

NADER SLAIN!

Fed-up Ex-Liberals Held

Consumer advocate Ralph Nader was found dead today in a Chevrolet Corvair on a back road near Utica, New York. The car had evidently been torched while Nader was held inside by a seat belt rigged not to open.

Held as suspects in the case are six members of an underground organization called the Society for the Elimination of Liberal Fascism. "We created a monster," said SELF leader Hymie Ohnmann, himself a former Nader's Raider and prominent radical. "We wanted to take control of our lives back

from big business, so we made Nader a hero in the sixties. But then it all started running wild. Pretty soon cars not only had to have seat belts but we had to wear them whether we wanted to or not. It wasn't enough that cigarettes had to put health warnings on their packages; pretty soon there was hardly anyplace you could smoke them. Instead of winning control of our lives we just surrendered it to somebody new: do-gooders and legislators."

When asked why his group had to slay Nader rather than simply voicing its opposition to his causes, Ohnmann replied, "What, and look like some kind of Republican?"

NEW PSAS SAY PSHAW!

*"Public Disservice
Announcements" Counter
Do-gooders*

A flurry of new Public Service Announcements may be opening sleepy eyes during late-night television soon. With the backing of Will You Leave Me Alone?, a non-profit foundation devoted to "the removal of sanctimonious irritants from



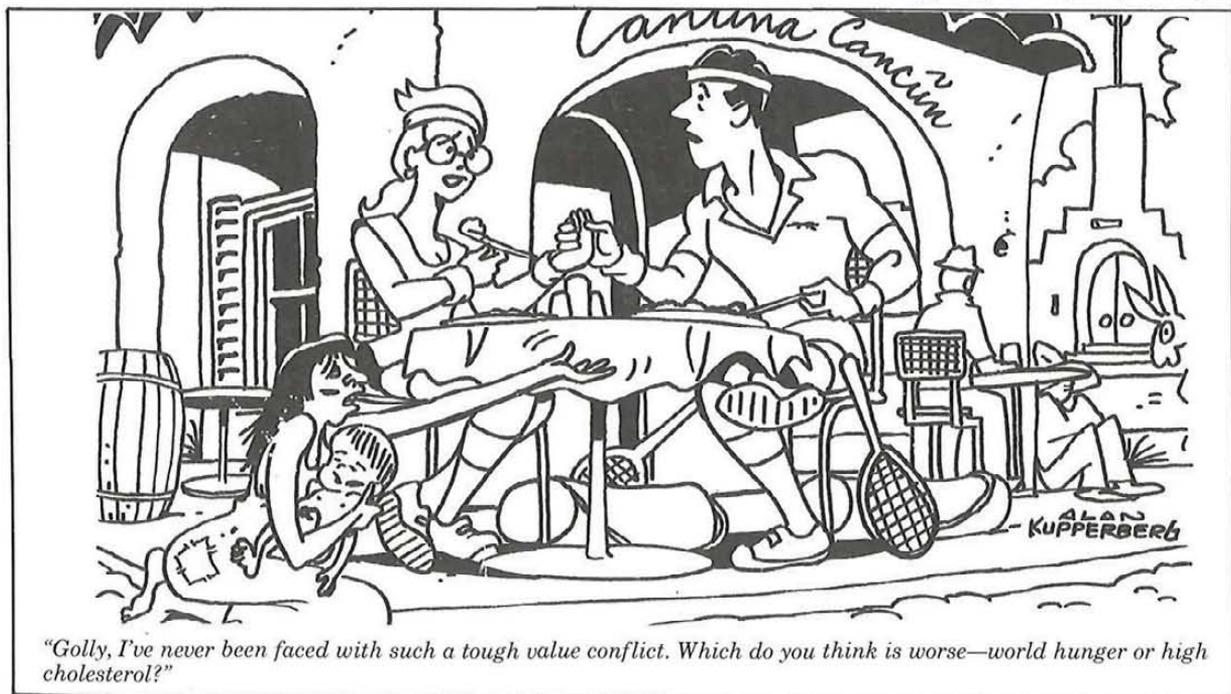
"Hey, thanks, man."

American entertainment," prominent entertainers and athletes will be brought together to "counteract the televised nagging of those who are certain they know how we should run our lives."

The first wave of PSAs will feature dozens of popular rock stars in a message on etiquette for youngsters who are offered narcotics by their peers: "Just say, 'Hey, thanks, man,' to drugs."



AP/Wide World



"Golly, I've never been faced with such a tough value conflict. Which do you think is worse—world hunger or high cholesterol?"

84 GET OFF MY DAMN BACK!

"It was easy to hook up with musicians," said WYLMA spokesman Spike Spindle. "We just networked them through their dealers and offered to pay them in crack. The hard part was finding any who weren't rushing off to make a 'Just Say No' spot for MTV."

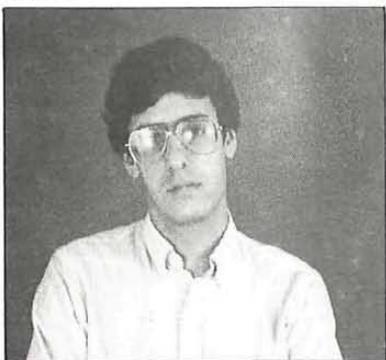
Once the first PSAs were finished, Spindle lined up Lou Reed, Chrissie Hynde, and Keith Richards for a spot recommending, "Save Money; Share Needles." Next, Sean Penn was signed for "A Friend Will Let You Drive Anytime You Damn Well Please," and Dwight Gooden followed with "55: Not Just a Dumb Idea. It's Unenforceable." Finally, rock legend Jerry Lee Lewis will tell the youngsters, "I Drank All the Time When I Was a Teenager, and Look at Me."

If the new messages provoke a strong enough reaction in the late-night time slots, WYLMA may go after the weekday afternoon crowd. "Kids are being strangled by guilt in the cradle," Spindle says. "We think maybe it's time for 'Only You Can Start Forest Fires' and 'Who Gives a Hoot? Punch the Owl in the Snoot.'"

"HEALTHY" DIET DESTROYS SENSE OF HUMOR

Low Sodium, High Fiber Creates Thin-Lipped Zombies

Studies have shown that a diet relentlessly high in fiber and vitamins and lacking in saturated fats, sodium, and cholesterol causes irreparable damage to the human sense of humor.



"We have yet to establish whether we are looking at neurological damage or a permanent hormone imbalance," stated Dr. Nathan Prittiboi of the Food and Drug Administration. "But there seems little doubt that such a diet, while significantly reducing chances of heart

Coming Up (Like It or Not)

October 8. Cooper Union, New York. "What Were the Idiots Doing in Lebanon Anyway?" Speech on overcoming the feeling that we have to do something about the hostage situation. By Jack Tripoli, noted amateur expert on the Middle East, author of *What Do You Expect If You Fly Out of Athens Airport?* and *Look, I Didn't Tell Those Dumb Kids to Drop Out of College and Join the Marines.*

October 10, 17, 24. Various cities; check your local newspaper. Anti-Sensitivity Support Group and Beer Bash. Your opportunity to sit around, make ethnic jokes, eat saturated fats, blow smoke in people's faces, and make fun of socially conscious videos on MTV. Objects: personal liberation and grass-roots revolt. Bring only a six-pack and a nasty attitude. And remember: drive yourself home, even if you're too plastered to tell the front door from the toilet lid.

October 31. Los Angeles Coliseum. "Hands Across the Door." Concert and rally challenging everyone who tries to sensitize us to the plight of the homeless. Sponsored by the Southern California Homeowners Association, featuring every entertainer who lives anywhere near a piss-stinking skid row, bus station, or charitable mission. Culminating in the all-star inspirational song, "Let 'Em Move in with You, Then."

attack and cancer, leaves the victim with no sense of play, no perspective on himself, and no comprehension of the basic absurdity of life. In short, all that is left is a grim, imaginationless, self-worshipping competitor, a spiritless cog

in the social machine."

Asked if the FDA plans to issue warnings so that people will not unwittingly become such creatures, Prittiboi replied, "Are you kidding? This is just the way we like them."

OLD NICK CIGARETTES

All the Tar and Twice the Nicotine!



150 mm, no filter, packed to the gills, and powerful-smelling. Spark one of these up in your favorite restaurant and

watch the backs stiffen all around you. When you smoke an Old Nick, they know you're smoking!

Hellaciously strong!

GET OFF MY DAMN BACK! 85

The Get Off My Damn Back! Guide to

HI-RISK SEX

It used to be, whenever our big, brotherly society crowded our lives too much, there was one place we could retreat: the hidden world of Sex. Remember the golden days when sex was the most dangerous thrill of all? Scandal, blackmail, justifiable homicide, syphilis, Russian-roulette pregnancy and back-alley abortions . . . well, it's all gone now, replaced by the crisp, clean smell of latex and the murmured endearment "How many sexual partners have you had over the past five years?"

But you can't keep the members of a democratic society down for long. More and more are rising up, popping off their sexual seat belts and plunging into the narrow passage of danger. Your friendly editors have gotten off our damn butts and scoured these United States, interviewing the new generation of sexual risk takers. All their stories go to prove one thing: you can blanket this nation with free condoms from sea to sea, but you'll never be able to contain that Yankee spunk.

Looking for Miss Badbar

"Are you looking for that perfect, darling sexual partner?" asks Violet Weltz, a San Francisco girl now living on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. "One who won't ask for the printout of your last blood-test results as soon as you get her bra off? One who doesn't carry her own supply of condoms . . . and keep one in boiling water during foreplay? Well, maybe I'm just the girl for you."

"I started doing smack when I was twelve years old, and there's nothing I like better than a big spin-the-needle party. Unless it's a wild anal sex orgy with my bisexual hustler friends. I'm not quite as voluptuous as I once was, but at eighty-seven pounds I still look mighty



fine, even with these blotches on my skin. My hair is wild and fiery, although you have to look a little harder to find it than you used to. And be careful when you run your fingers through it! You've got to save some for the next guy.

"Now, I'm not looking for a long-term relationship. I figure maybe, oh, six months is the most I should commit myself to. But if you want a brief affair to change the whole course of your life . . . please look me up. It's like I always say: Live fast, die young, leave a beautiful corpse. In fact, leave a whole pile of corpses."

THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T DO

Once again our critic, Dick "Brassy" Nuckles, finds the latest and greatest in antisocial, unenlightened, totally unredeemable entertainment.

Platters

Once again the pompous, pat-yourself-on-the-back, check-your-ego-at-the-door-and-charge-people-to-see-it music biz is yelling "AARG!" That's right, Artists Against Regurgitated Guilt, the bunch who lowered the American consciousness with their blockbuster, "If You're the Children, Why Don't You Go Play in the Street?," are back. After enlisting an all-star chorus to sing about self-reliance and bootstraps to starving Ethiopians, AARG has put together a much angrier bunch for its next sure hit—"I Ain't Gonna Play Guilt City."

Recorded right smack in Sun City, before an audience of two thousand half-drunk, flatulent white people and twenty well-groomed black men in white jackets, this gritty fist-raiser shouts that we don't have to think about oppression halfway around the globe when we just want to play

some tunes and have a good time. Musical superstars take turns singing the short verses. Frank Sinatra croons, "This black indignation, I think they take it/ Let 'em move to Detroit if they can't take it." Which Sammy Davis, Jr. follows with "I'm so proud to get rich in a business like this/ I want to give both Bothas a big juicy kiss."

Also among the artists are some of the original British opportunists who cut the song that started the whole "Guilt Aid" phenomenon, "So I'll Drop 'Em a Fuggin' Christmas Card." Backing up this illustrious ensemble is a cranking, all-white, apolitical, Las Vegas rhythm section (look, nobody says you have to be able to dance to it).

Flicks

Salivator stars David Carradine and Brian Doyle-Murray as a couple of radical journalists who

drive to El Salvador determined to propagandize the cause of the leftist peasant uprising and expose the oppressive cruelty of the U.S.-backed military regime. But after getting shot at and beaten up, photographing tons of dead bodies, and interviewing thirty guys with facial hair and stilted accents, they wake up to the fact that their values are completely skewed. Here they are locked in a dead-end political struggle while all around them are impossibly beautiful women who lie around naked in hammocks all day, smoking *la cucaracha* and dreaming about great big Yankee dollars.

"Hey, look," says Carradine in a stirring soliloquy near the end. "No matter who takes over this country, you know it's just gonna be another bunch of crooked, murderous spics. So how's about we forget this shit and go rustle up a little uncut dope and five-dollar pussy?" Writing and directing *Salivator* is Art Gore,

whose last effort, *Hearts and Intestines*, showed that all war is just pointless, bloody hell . . . so you may as well just kick back and dig the special effects.

Vids

When my boy Whitey recently celebrated his eighth birthday, we looked for a video to rent for the party, and what did we find? Row after row of *Care Bores* and *Strawberry Shitcakes* and all the rest



of the "Oh, our friend needs us — let us help him nonviolently" propaganda. Our benevolent social engineers just love kids; stick 'em in front of a cartoon and they'll never catch on that they're being turned into zombies.

So you can imagine my joy to discover one cheap little cassette from Gutz Video called *Bone-Crunching Fun*. It's got all the great cartoons that they don't show uncut anymore. Like *Tom Turk and Daffy*, the one where the Thanksgiving turkey asks his friend Daffy Duck to protect him from death at Porky's hands, but Daffy sells him out for a few measly yams and the turkey throws him off a cliff, stomps on him, buries him in the snow, and jams him into a knot-hole. And *Cueball Cat*, the one where Tom Cat gets shoved in a pool pocket, cracked over the head, flattened against the ceiling, and, much to Whitey's gurgling delight, has his teeth shattered in slow motion by a flying eight ball. And don't forget *Bad Luck Blackie*: seven solid minutes of flowerpots, trunks, bombs, bricks, safes, cash registers, and anvils falling on a dog's head.

This is what kids in the eighties need. You doubt it? Well, let me tell you, when the boys and girls arrived for Whitey's party, all they could do was sit around nervously wringing their hands, saying, "Is it all right if I eat this cake? Should I send it to starving children? Does it have NutraSweet?" By the time *Bone-*

Crunching Fun was half over, they were screaming, throwing ice cream, breaking windows, giving each other Dutch rubs, and generally building a better tomorrow.

Tomes

The bookshelf's a little barren this month, but there are a couple of titles worth a quick mention. *The Unsafe Traveler* is an invaluable compendium of ways to get yourself fucked up overseas, despite the best intentions of our protective State Department. Included are tips on getting into Lebanon and Libya disguised as a Cuban mercenary, on enrollment requirements at Seoul University, on picking the airline with the most primitive security checks, and on such exotic pastimes

as veil-peeking in Iran. Modern travel doesn't have to be safe and sanitized. With a little imagination you can make your trip as exciting as Magellan's visit to the Philippines or Captain Cook's original Hawaiian vacation.

On a less practical level there's *They Can Demean Me All They Want for That Kind of Money*. Put together by those indefatigable Medveds and Wallechinskys, these celebrity interviews give everybody from Linda Blair to Pat Morita to Betty White a chance to tell why they are so eager to degrade their own bodies, their own genders, their own ethnic and age groups for a quick buck. With everybody else whining about role models and pro-social imaging, it's nice to have somebody who remembers the bottom line.

EAT THIS!

Ladies, here's a suggestion from the new *Tip O'Neill's Tips on Meals* (Grasso Press, \$19.95) for a meal that will really satisfy that man of yours the way he wants to be satisfied.

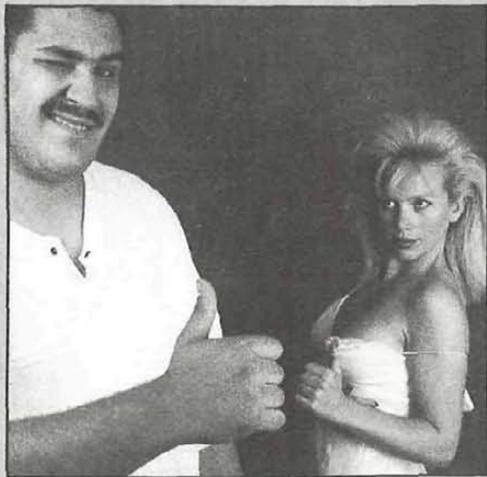
The Big Fat Dinner

Start with a mixed green salad smothered in blue cheese dressing; make sure there's enough dressing so that your man won't have to taste that nasty lettuce! Follow with a thick ham-hock soup, then

artichokes with a mountain of mayonnaise (beware of commercial "mayonnaise" cut with vegetable oil and other low-cholesterol extenders, however; make your own, with an extra dollop of egg). Follow with a main course of pork chops drenched in cream sauce,

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GET OFF MY DAMN BACK! 87

with cracklin's and deep-fried chitlins on the side for that "down home" feeling. Many husbands like a baked potato and sour cream with their meat, but recent dietetic studies show that potatoes actually contain no fat; we recommend a mound of pure sour cream instead. For dessert, slide a plate of batter-fried bananas and ice cream in front of him, with coffee and double cream.

As the former Speaker says, "No real American man could ask for any more from his woman. After he's done, he may just sit there like a turd and stare at the wall for the rest of the week, but believe me . . . inside he'll be loving you for it."

For all you moms, here's a recipe that'll really get those kids ready for a day in our high-speed times. Come on, let's get those tykes pumped up!

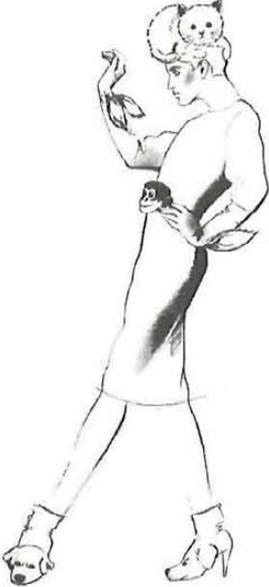
Wake-Up Surprise

- 1 pre-packed chocolate cake mix, with frosting
- 4 cups granulated sugar
- 2 quarts strong coffee
- 4 cups brown sugar
- 1 large box Froot Loops cereal
- 4 cups confectioners' sugar
- 10 tablespoons monosodium glutamate
- 8 cups raw sugar
- 12 tablespoons salt

Boil down coffee until semi-solid, add granulated sugar, use in place of water to prepare cake mix. Grind up Froot Loops, add to mix with brown sugar. Bake mix and sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. Add MSG and salt to frosting for extra "zip," sweeten with raw sugar.

Strut Your Stuff!

by Mr. Peter of West Hollywood

The "Face the Facts" Fur. Seems like someone's always trying to make you conscious of the bloodshed and horror that go into the making of those beautiful furs of yours. Show them that you're conscious, all right, but you're damned if you're going to let that stop you. This coat of soft, luxuriant harbor-seal pelts comes complete with the actual, bashed-in, baby-seal heads, a graphic reminder of nature's bounty.

"In the Name of Science." That's the theme of these "head-turning" accessories that will have the animal rights fanatics gurgling with impotent rage. Made from the pelts of actual bunnies, kitties, doggies, and monkeys killed in research laboratories, these extras say, "Hey! You don't want our four-footed friends to go to waste, do you?"

Apply frosting to cake, smother in maple syrup, and serve with a tall, frosty glass of Jolt cola.

Make this a part of your morning routine and your kids will say, *Oh boy Mommy I sure love that Wake-Up Surprise can I have more*

Mommy I could eat that all day lemme have some more Mommy come on come on gimme some more Mommy gimme gimme

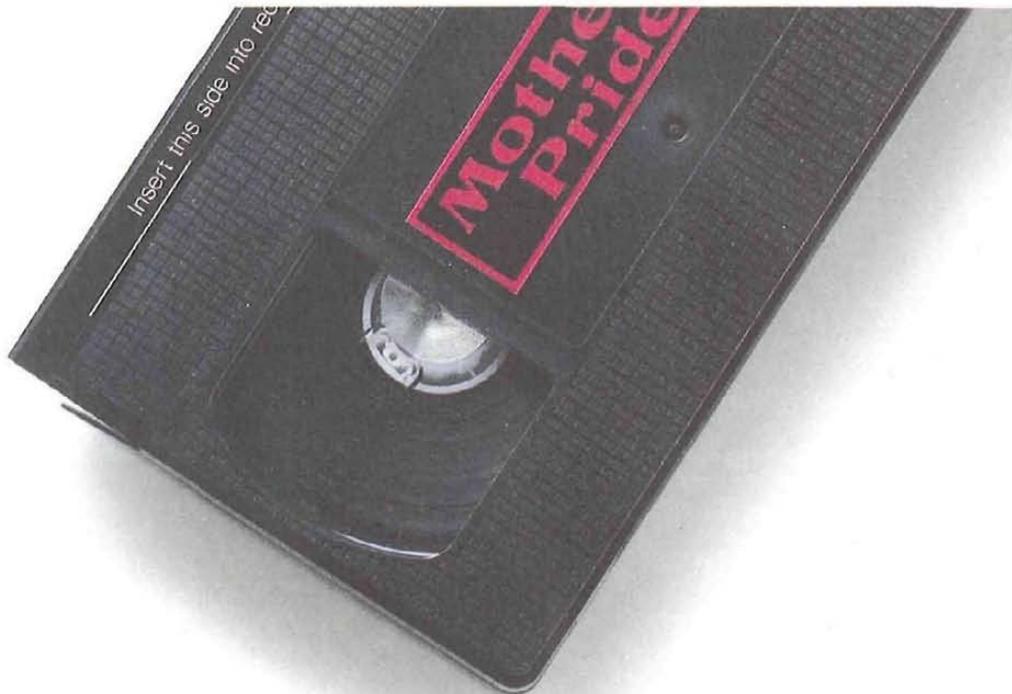
Joann Wanmaker

**Now in
Shrimp,
Steak,
and
Original
Egg
Flavor!**



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Feel it ooze on down. That's the pure, unmistakable feel of 100 percent cholesterol. Gives a thick, protective coating to your blood vessels. Makes intravenous injections less bloody. Increases your pulse rate without tiring exercise. Does it cause heart attacks, you ask? Sure, it does. Watch what it does to your doctor at your next physical!



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MR. ROCK 'N' ROLL

continued from page 80

Ace looked embarrassed. "Uh . . . maybe I oughta look on my own awhile. I can cover more ground that way. Meet you by the fountain." He sprinted off.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll and Shelley looked at each other with a mutual absence of warmth, wandered in the direction Ace had indicated. It was warm, and the air smelled of incense and pretzels. The fountain was in full spray; breeze-borne drifts of it swept over sections of the crowd, eliciting shouts of revelry, cries of abandon. A bespectacled black guy with a basketball did fancy dribbling moves. A man in Elizabethan clothes walked a poodle. Nobody here looked remotely like your mother or English teacher.

"Isn't this place great?" Mr. Rock 'n' Roll enthused.

Shelley looked at him as if he were crazy.

At one side of the fountain, a large crowd was applauding something; they wandered over to see what. The attraction proved to be two guys with guitars and this weird-looking girl, singing folk songs. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll hadn't much liked what folk music he'd heard, and this current performance did little to modify his opinion. To his ears, it was music without oomph, devoid of soul or sex appeal. And the lyrics . . . "This land is my land, this land is your land"—what kind of crap was that? What land? What were they talking about?

Now the girl was singing solo. She had a high, clear voice—nice, in a

way, but this was just not Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's cup of tea. Nor, for that matter, was she. Short, skinny, and freckled, with a great, unkempt mane of reddish-blond hair—this was not how women were supposed to look. And wearing no makeup and an Army shirt? What was she trying to prove? The song came to a finish; there was more applause. Gesturing at the redhead, one of the guitar guys said, "Sitting in with us, ladies and gentlemen—Reva Baum! Let's hear it!"

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll and Shelley looked at each other in amazement. *This was Reva Baum?*

Ace stepped out of the crowd, gestured at her. She waved "so long" to the guitar guys; then Ace, spotting Mr. Rock 'n' Roll and Shelley, brought her over. As Shelley and Reva eyed each other like beings from different planets, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll tried to figure it out—what would a guy like Kendall see in a girl like this? She was friendly enough, though—gave him a big hello and a nice smile.

Ace suggested they head over to the Cafe Epitome, a poetry joint he liked. They left the park, walked up Fourth, turned onto Sullivan, Reva keeping up a nonstop line of chatter to Ace. Shelley, meanwhile . . . everything she saw made her go, "Eyewww!" She saw dogshit; she went, "Eyewww!" She saw a guy taking a leak; she went, "Eyewww." She saw filthy winos, hawking phlegm on the sidewalk; she went, "Eyewww!" What was the matter with her? For

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, in the first flush of his love affair with the urban experience, these things meant atmosphere, reality, truth—everything you couldn't find in comfy, suburban Nozzlin. Didn't she get it?

Up ahead, the conversation between Ace and Reva was heating up; Mr. Rock 'n' Roll became aware that he was witnessing an argument. "Hey, man, don't be possessive. We talked about that," Reva said sharply, her words carrying back. Ace threw his hands in the air, then thrust them into his pockets and faced forward. Reva looked up at him a couple of times, then shrugged and trotted back to Mr. Rock 'n' Roll and Shelley.

"So," she said brightly, "I hear you two aren't getting along."

Shelley's mouth fell open. "Is that true?" Reva asked her. "You really didn't want to be seen with him?"

Shelley made a "tsk" noise, rolled her eyes.

"Well, great!" said Reva. "He looks fine to me." She took Mr. Rock 'n' Roll by the arm, grinned at him.

Shelley looked as flabbergasted as he was, but recovered faster. "Honey, you got a deal," she said, running to catch up with Ace.

Reva swept the stunned Mr. Rock 'n' Roll along with her. "I hope you don't mind—Ace's really been bugging me lately. Shit, we have a few dates, he acts like we're married or something. But that's not where it's at. Later for that shit, you know? Anyway, I'm a sucker for you cute, innocent types. You're so *sweet-looking!* You know what Pre-Raphaelite angels are? Well, *you* could be one . . . except, of course, for the ducktail haircut, but hey, it works, it works . . ."

He was clueless as to what to say to her, even if she'd given him a chance. He'd never been appropriated before, and wasn't sure how much he liked it. Especially by her; boy, was *she* ever unlike the women in the magazines. Plus, this was Ace's girl, for chrissake—what was he supposed to do about that? What a complicated night this was turning out to be!

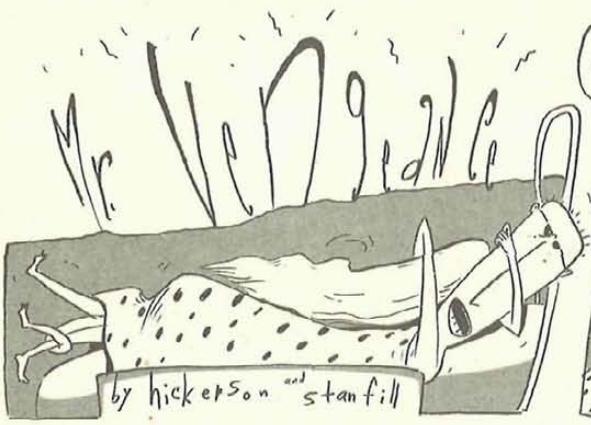
The bearded, bearlike guy at the door of the Cafe Epitome gave Ace five, said, "Hey, wha's happ'nin', man?" and

continued on page 99

THE SURGEON GENERAL WARNS:

22. Never ask your grandmother if you can see her will in order to determine if she's worth spending any time with.
23. Never get on the bottom when you're having sex with an elephant.
24. Never call the White House and say that you'd like to kill the president, but you don't know when he's going to be in your area.
25. Never eat at a sushi bar which also does abortions.
26. Never take a cockroach hostage and expect anyone to negotiate with you.
27. Never give a Jewish wife a choice between your heart transplant or a new house.
28. Never walk your dog around someone else's living room with a pooper scooper in your hand.
29. Never say to a lobster before you boil him, "Let me know if your bath is too hot."
30. Never get drunk enough to let Oprah Winfrey sit on your face.

FUNNY PAGES



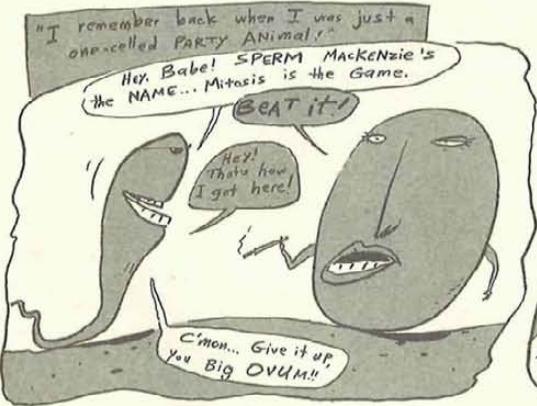
by hickerson and stanfill



Y'know, Babe... that was the BEST 30 seconds of CLAM DIPPING I've YET to experience. Let's not spoil the moment with IDLE CONVERSATION

I'm not FINISHED!

Fly solo while I tell you my LIFE STORY.



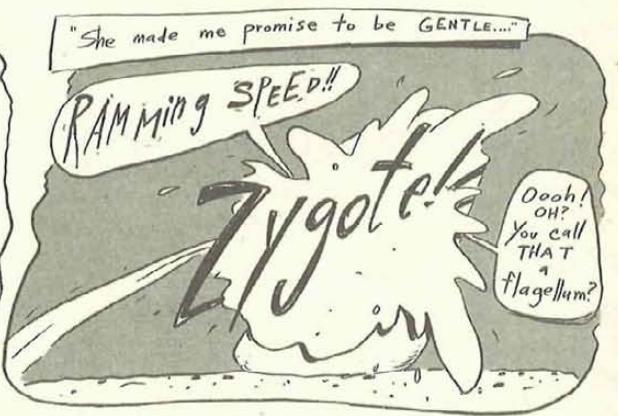
"I remember back when I was just a one-celled PARTY ANIMAL..."

Hex, Babe! SPERM Mackenzie's the NAME... Mitosis is the Game.

BEAT IT!

Hex! That's how I got here!

C'mon... Give it up, you Big OVUM!!



"She made me promise to be GENTLE..."

RAMMING SPEED!!

Oooh! OH? You call THAT a flagellum?



"Six months later... still serving time in the MATERNAL MOTEL.... No hot water... no womb service... and the only thing on cable was 'COCOON!'"

Ouch!

Thock!

Yo, Mom! How 'bout renewing my subscription to 'Playfoetus'?



"The day of my birth finally CAME... and I decided to squirt out with a SPLASH..."

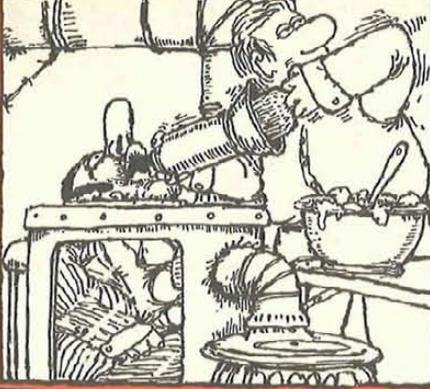
Cow-a-bunga!!

hick e

SAM de GROOT
 ONE OF ONLY SEVENTY-ONE
 PRIVATE DETECTIVES
 IN THE FREE WORLD
 IN AN IRON LUNG
 THE STORY.....

SAM IS BEING HELD
 PRISONER BY EVERETT,
 WHO ADMITS TO SAM
 THAT HE IS A CANNIBAL!
 EVERETT FORCE-FEEDS
 SAM LARGE AMOUNTS
 OF FOOD TO FATTEN HIM
 UP TO BE EATEN.

AS EVERETT IS FORCE-FEEDING SAM,
 THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR....



PAPA!

I GOT YOUR TELEGRAM,
 EVERETT, AND TOOK THE
 FIRST BUS HERE!



SAM, THIS IS
 MY FATHER!

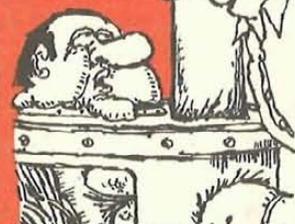
HELLO
 THERE,
 SAM!

PLEASED
 T'MEETCHA.

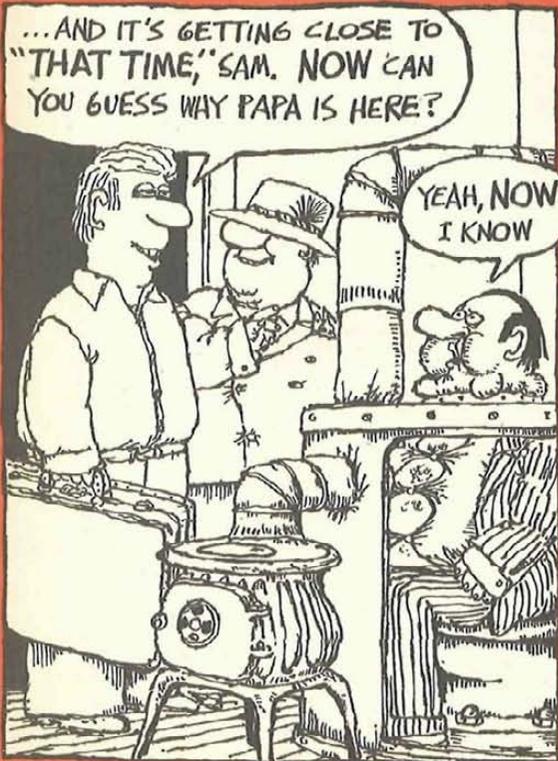
CAN YOU GUESS WHY
 PAPA CAME 1200 MILES
 TO BE HERE, SAM?

IT'S YOUR
 BIRTHDAY?

NO-LIKE ME, PAPA IS ALSO
 A CANNIBAL-MATTER OF FACT,
 HE INTRODUCED ME TO THE
 WONDERFUL WORLD OF
 CANNIBALISM!



OH!



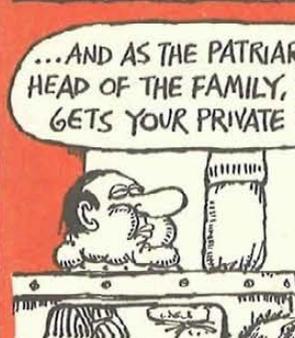
...AND IT'S GETTING CLOSE TO
 "THAT TIME," SAM. NOW CAN
 YOU GUESS WHY PAPA IS HERE?

YEAH, NOW
 I KNOW



HE CAME HERE
 TO SLAUGHTER ME.

NO, NO, NO!
 PAPA IS THE
 HEAD OF THE
 FAMILY...



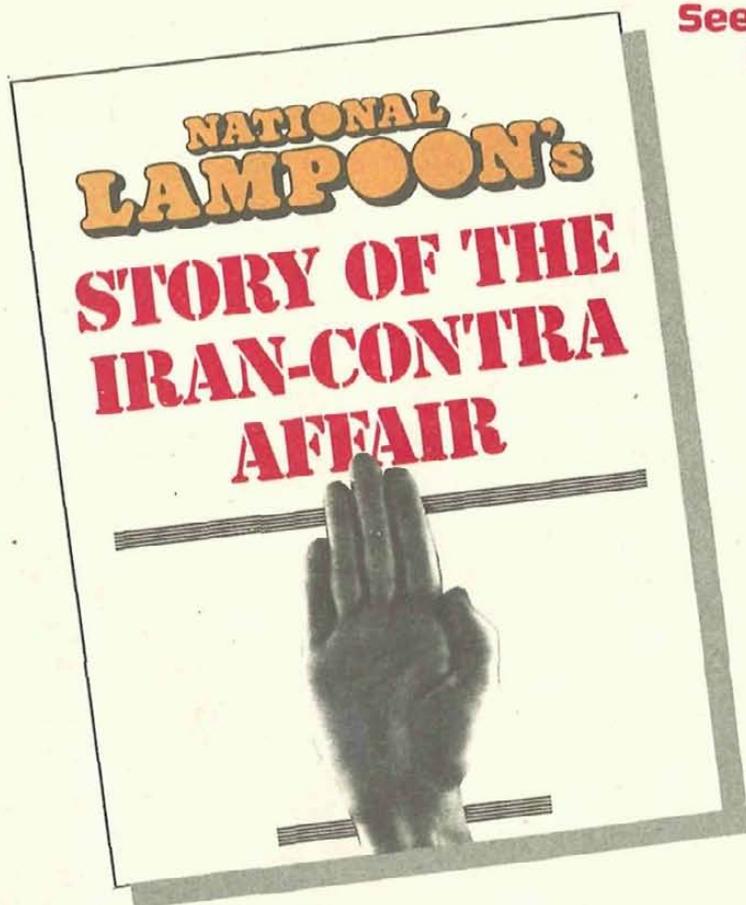
...AND AS THE PATRIARCHAL
 HEAD OF THE FAMILY, PAPA
 GETS YOUR PRIVATE PARTS!



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—O. North

"He never said that!"
—J. Poindexter

"I never said anything."
—R. Reagan

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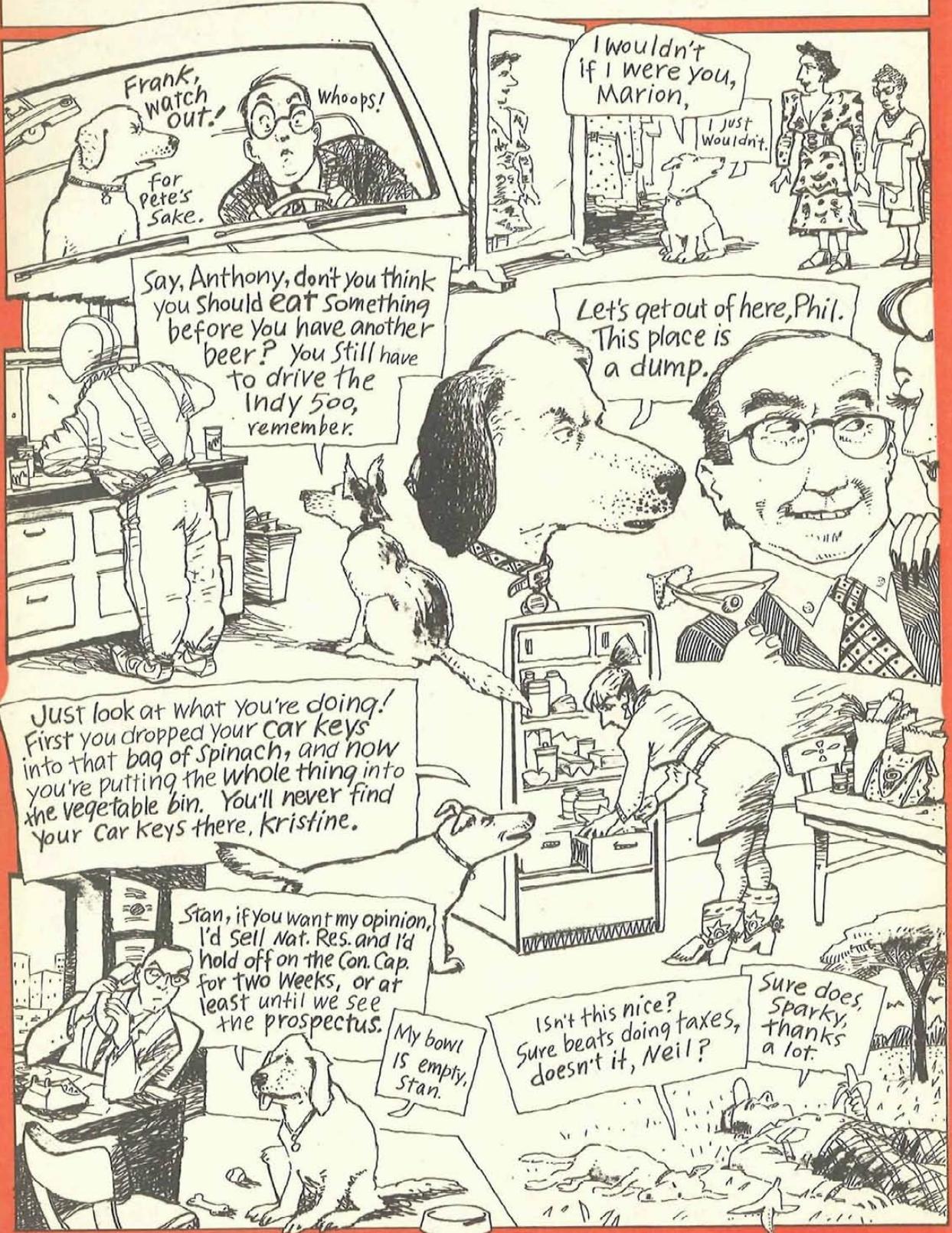
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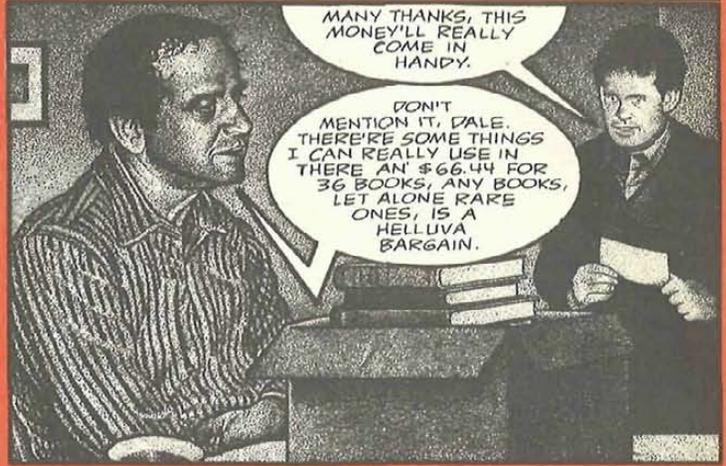
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NEW YORK: CITY WITH A HEART

STORY BY HARVEY PEKAR
ART BY DREW FRIEDMAN
COPYRIGHT © 1987 BY HARVEY PEKAR

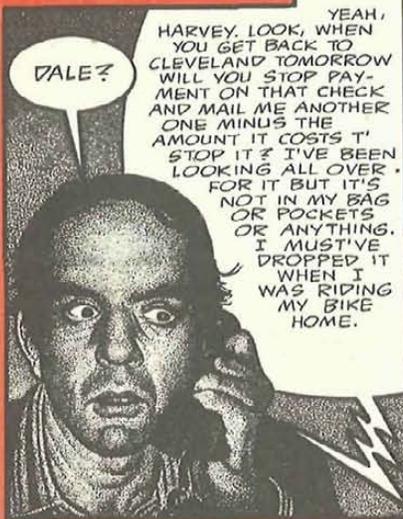
NEW YORK, 3-24-87. I'VE JUST FINISHED TAPING A TV PROGRAM WHICH WILL BE SHOWN IN A FEW HOURS. A BUDDY DROPS BY TO WATCH IT IN MY HOTEL ROOM, AND I REIMBURSE HIM FOR A BOX OF USED BOOKS HE'S GOTTEN FOR ME.



MANY THANKS, THIS MONEY'LL REALLY COME IN HANDY.

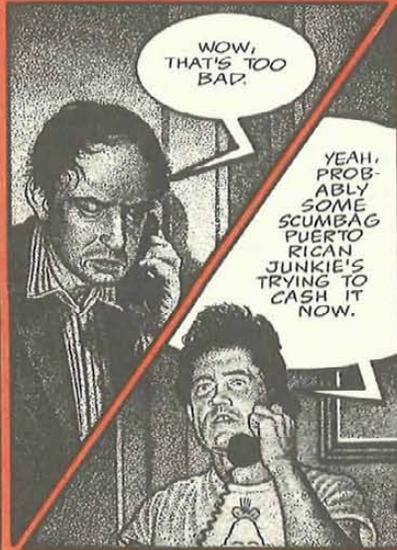
DON'T MENTION IT, DALE. THERE'RE SOME THINGS I CAN REALLY USE IN THERE AN' \$66.44 FOR 36 BOOKS, ANY BOOKS, LET ALONE RARE ONES, IS A HELLUVA BARGAIN.

AFTERNOON THE NEXT DAY



DALE?

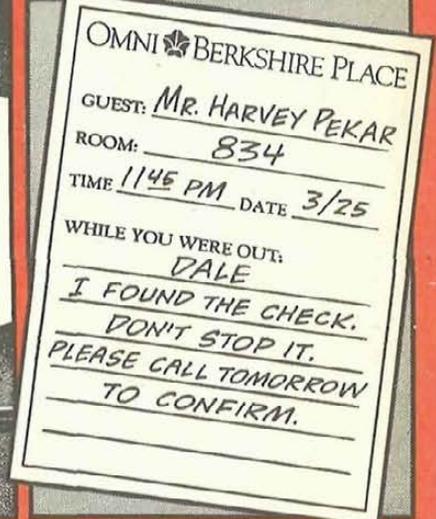
YEAH, HARVEY, LOOK, WHEN YOU GET BACK TO CLEVELAND TOMORROW WILL YOU STOP PAYMENT ON THAT CHECK AND MAIL ME ANOTHER ONE MINUS THE AMOUNT IT COSTS T' STOP IT? I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR IT BUT IT'S NOT IN MY BAG OR POCKETS OR ANYTHING. I MUST'VE DROPPED IT WHEN I WAS RIDING MY BIKE HOME.



WOW, THAT'S TOO BAD.

YEAH, PROBABLY SOME SCUMBAG PUERTO RICAN JUNKIE'S TRYING TO CASH IT NOW.

LATER



OMNI BERKSHIRE PLACE

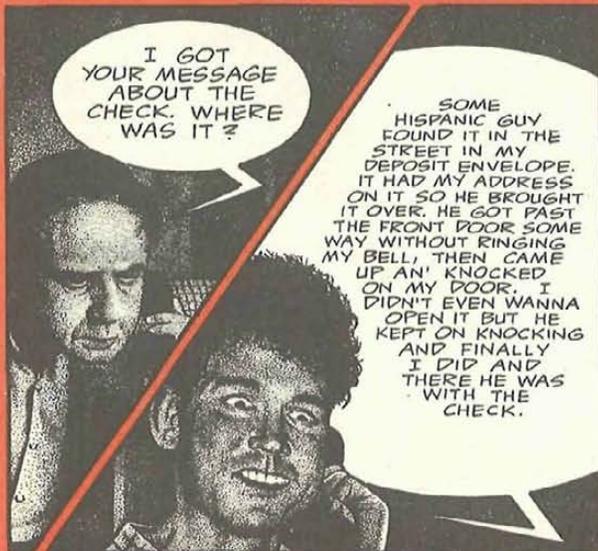
GUEST: MR. HARVEY PEKAR

ROOM: 834

TIME 11:45 PM DATE 3/25

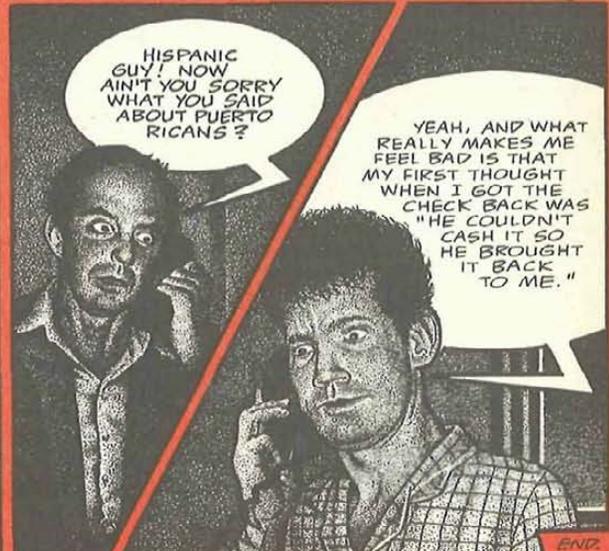
WHILE YOU WERE OUT: DALE

I FOUND THE CHECK.
DON'T STOP IT.
PLEASE CALL TOMORROW
TO CONFIRM.



I GOT YOUR MESSAGE ABOUT THE CHECK. WHERE WAS IT?

SOME HISPANIC GUY FOUND IT IN THE STREET IN MY DEPOSIT ENVELOPE. IT HAD MY ADDRESS ON IT, SO HE BROUGHT IT OVER. HE GOT PAST THE FRONT DOOR SOME WAY WITHOUT RINGING MY BELL, THEN CAME UP AN' KNOCKED ON MY DOOR. I DIDN'T EVEN WANNA OPEN IT BUT HE KEPT ON KNOCKING AND FINALLY I DID AND THERE HE WAS WITH THE CHECK.



HISPANIC GUY! NOW AIN'T YOU SORRY WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT PUERTO RICANS?

YEAH, AND WHAT REALLY MAKES ME FEEL BAD IS THAT MY FIRST THOUGHT WHEN I GOT THE CHECK BACK WAS "HE COULDN'T CASH IT SO HE BROUGHT IT BACK TO ME."

END

© 1987 MARCH 31

SON OF A T

HERCULES

AMONGST THE NORTH AMERICANS

AT AN EARLY AGE PENOS, ELDEST SON OF HERCULES, DEMONSTRATED SIGNS OF HIS HEROIC BIRTH RIGHT



BAREHANDED, HE STRANGLER TWO "LUV-CUDDLY" SERPENTS THAT HAD SOMEHOW FOUND THEIR SINISTER WAY INTO HIS CRIB

NOW AS A YOUNG BOY STANDING AT THE MARBLE DOORWAY OF MANHOOD, THE PRESSURES OF ANCESTRY POSE TOUGH QUESTIONS. COULD HE MATCH HIS FATHER'S LEGENDARY AMOROUS EXPLOITS? WOULD TODAY'S HIGH-STRENGTH, EXTRA-ELASTIC CONDOMS BE ADEQUATE FOR ONE SO DESCENDED FROM THE GODS?



AND THIS IS MY ROOM. UH.. WOULD YOU, UH, LIKE TO... UH... SIT ON THE DIVAN?

ALAS, HIS FATHER RETURNS HOME EARLY FROM HIS LEAGUE DISCUS TOURNAMENT



AH, PENOS! YOU HAVE A FRIEND. SHIT!

A FEMALE MUST MEET CERTAIN ANCIENT STANDARDS ESTABLISHED BY THE POWERS THAT USED TO BE.



PENOS, MY SON, MAY I MAKE A FEW SUGGESTIONS?

NOW, MY YOUNG NUBILE, A DANCE! YES... A FERTILITY DANCE TO THE GODDESS APHRODITE!

HEY... WHAT IS THIS? PUSH! PULL!

AND SOME WINE! QUICKLY, A FLAGON OF WINE, YOUNG WENCH! YES!

ANCIENT GREEK STANDARDS, HOWEVER, APPLY POORLY TO 20TH CENTURY WOMEN



THIS IS INSULTING! I'M LEAVING. AND DON'T BOTHER CALLING ME AGAIN

AW, GEE, DONNA...

GOOD! SHE HAS SPIRIT! FIRE! BUT DON'T LET HER MANNER DISSUADE YOU. MANY OF MY WIVES HAVE BEHAVED SIMILARLY DURING OUR COURTING HOURS. NOW YOU MUST BE FIRM OR SHE WILL BE OFF WITH THE NEXT YOUNG TROJAN.



SLAM

DON'T KNOW

AW, C'MON, DONNA, WUT'S THE BIG DEAL WITH A LITTLE FERTILITY DANCE? YOU CAN EVEN KEEP YOUR TOP ON



O THE LOST INNOCENCE OF YOUNG LOVE. HERCULES RECALLS A TIME IN HIS OWN DELICATE YOUTH WHEN THE VERY THOUGHT OF A DAY-LONG, STEAMY, GROIN-GRINDING ORGY WOULD HAVE MADE HIS OWN COMPLEXION BLUSH WITH MODESTY.



SA-LAP

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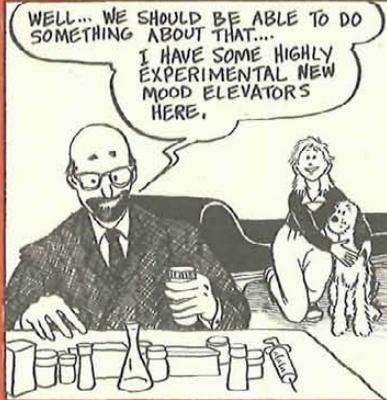
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TROTS AND BONNIE



WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM?

HE'S BEEN WHINING A LOT LATELY. I THINK HE'S DEPRESSED.



WELL... WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT... I HAVE SOME HIGHLY EXPERIMENTAL NEW MOOD ELEVATORS HERE.



WE'RE ALMOST POSITIVE THAT THIS IS A 100% EFFECTIVE MIRACLE TREATMENT.

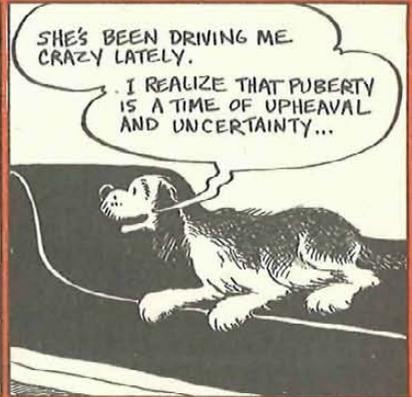
WHY DON'T YOU WAIT OUTSIDE WHILE I ADMINISTER A SERIES OF INJECTIONS.



THIS'LL SHUT YOU UP, YOU PATHETIC SON OF A BITCH.... IT'S AN ELEPHANT TRANQUILIZER.



ACTUALLY, I JUST NEED TO GET SOMETHING OFF MY CHEST... I DIDN'T WANT TO MENTION IT WHILE BONNIE WAS IN THE ROOM BECAUSE IT CONCERNS HER.



SHE'S BEEN DRIVING ME CRAZY LATELY.

I REALIZE THAT PUBERTY IS A TIME OF UPHEAVAL AND UNCERTAINTY...



BUT I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL THAT BONNIE IS TOO DEPENDENT ON ME.



IT MAKES ME ANGRY THAT SHE CLINGS TO ME SO MUCH WHEN SHE SHOULD BE OUT MAKING NEW FRIENDS.



OUR RELATIONSHIP IS STIFLING ME....

I NEED A LONGER LEASH.



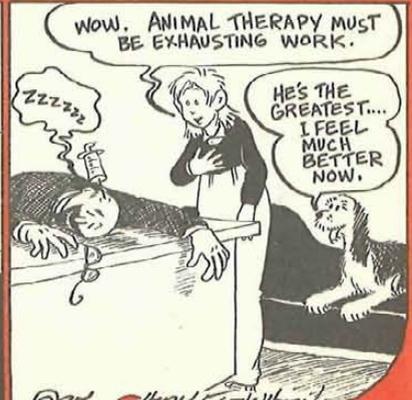
Knock! Knock!

DOCTOR? ARE YOU FINISHED YET?

DOGS DON'T REALLY TALK.

NO... DOGS DON'T TALK....

I'LL BE OKAY SOON.



WOW. ANIMAL THERAPY MUST BE EXHAUSTING WORK.

Zzzzzz

HE'S THE GREATEST... I FEEL MUCH BETTER NOW.

©87 SHARPEL FEINIKEN

MR. ROCK 'N' ROLL

continued from page 90

then, in a double take so extreme his shades flew off, noticed Shelley. "So, Ace, baby, introduce me to your new chick," he said with enthusiasm.

"Oh, um, this is Shelley," Ace muttered. "She's not exactly my—" "Pleased to meet you, Oi'm sure," Shelley said, pumping the pleased fellow's hand.

"Okay, okay," said Ace. "Look, Charlie, how 'bout that table back there?" He pointed to a table in the rear, back in the shadows.

"Aw, hey, nah, c'mon," said Reva, barging forward. "What's this reclusive shit? We'll take that one, Charlie."

"Sure, Reva, whatever you say." He led them to a table by a little stage. Standing on it, consulting his notes, was an extremely tall, skinny fellow with a beard like Spanish moss. Presumably, this was a poet. They took seats.

"Where was I?" Shelley was saying to Ace. "Oh, yes, so there was the same hundred-dollar pair of shoes I saw in Lord & Taylor at Loehmann's for \$29.95!"

Ace's eyes were glazing over. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll felt compassion. It was ridiculous—Mr. Rock 'n' Roll wanted to be with Shelley, Shelley wanted to be with Ace, Ace wanted to be with Reva, and Reva wanted to be with him. How did he get into this shit? Still, the Village itself was continuing to enthrall him; perhaps this poetry café would, too.

The Epitome occupied a dim, low-ceilinged tenement cellar. The decor seemed to be basic shithole—dirty brick walls, mismatched tables and chairs, cobwebs, roaches, some bullfighting posters. Candles stuck in wine bottles supplied the light, waitresses in black leotards and red aprons the service. One of them was taking the order of a black guy in sandals and turtleneck at the next table.

"Gimme a ham sandwich," the black guy said.

"Sir, the ham sandwiches are gone," replied the waitress.

"Crazy," said the black guy. "I'll take two."

Yeah, he liked this place. Didn't always make sense, but that, somehow, was the point. Back in

Nozzlin, everything made sense, all the time.

"This guy's pretty good," Ace told Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, indicating the poet. "His name's Ramsey Rumsey. Check this out."

The poet darted his glance around the room in little jerks, like an indignant pigeon, until the patrons quieted a bit, then looked ceilingward and shouted:

"I remember jazz

Planted in Georgia's groin

By Negro sperm up the vaulted grottoes of America's uterus

Fallen to smokestack madness New Orleans back quarter octoroon moon

Ah, Satchmo! His cornet a golden prod cleaving the slip-slimy slit of your face, Mr. Businessman.

Take your atom bombs! Take your General Motors!

Thelonious monkeys with you, conformist zombie gray flannel square.

Fuck you! Fuck you twice!"

Ramsey Rumsey fell back, spent. The audience snapped their fingers enthusiastically. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, hands poised to clap, looked about in confusion.

"They don't applaud here," Ace explained. "It's hipper to pop your fingers."

"Safer, actually," Reva put in. "If they applaud, Charlie loses his lease—the upstairs neighbors are assholes."

"Um," Ace said.

Ramsey Rumsey left the stage. As the emaciated, consumptive-looking poet passed their table, Shelley hastened to draw her gown away. Amused, Reva asked, "How'd you like the poem, Shelley?"

"That was what it was?" Shelley appeared dubious. "Well, I'm going to the powder room." Off she went.

Reva, spotting an acquaintance, shouted, "Hey, Dink, how they hangin'?" Giving Mr. Rock 'n' Roll a little pat on the cheek, she went off, and began speaking to a motorcycle-jacketed guy with a

THE SURGEON GENERAL WARNS:

31. Never tell an IRS auditor that if he doesn't leave you alone, you plan to cheat again next year.
32. Never stand up at a bris and start shouting, "Go for the cut!"
33. Never stand up at the ballet and shout at one of the dancers, "Your prick is showing through your pants!"
34. Never buy lovebirds unless they'll agree to let you watch them fuck in the pet shop.
35. Never tell Yasser Arafat that you think Newark should be the Palestinian homeland.
36. Never say to a guy with AIDS, "At least now you can fuck whoever you want up the ass."

spiderweb tattooed on his bald head.

Ace looked as if he wished he were in Mozambique. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll felt a stab of guilt. This was his doing; he'd allowed his obsession with Shelley to cloud his thinking, and shit had fallen on the head of his friend.

"Hey, listen, man, I'm sorry. This wasn't my idea, Reva glomming onto me this way. Maybe I should take Shelley and just get out of here."

"Oh, forget it. Reva's crazy as hell. You know, a free spirit—has to have her independence. Next week she'll probably be glad to see me again. I'm fine."

"Well, for someone who's fine, you sure look terrible."

"Shows that much, huh?"

"You *do* have a problem about Reva."

"No, man, not Reva." Ace looked embarrassed. "It's . . . Shelley."

"Shelley?? But . . . you can't stand her."

"True enough. She screams. Flames come out of her ass."

"Then why . . . ?"

Ace sighed. "It's her tits."

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll stared at Ace, dumbfounded.

"Well, I can't help it, man. I'm human. Stop looking at me that way."

In a way, it was a relief—he didn't have to feel like the only schmuck in the world yanked about by his cock. But Ace Kendall? This was like finding out Senator McCarthy was a Communist, or the pope read

Playboy! He was anxious to explore the matter further—together, maybe they could exorcise their co-obsession. At that moment, however, the girls arrived back at the table.

"What have you naughty boys been up to?" Shelley asked Ace, bending toward him so that great cubic hogans of boze were displayed.

"Gnurk," Ace managed, tugging his sweater from his neck with his index finger.

"So, Larry," Reva said, sitting and putting a hand on his leg, "having fun? What do you think of this place?"

There she went again, being overly familiar, as if they were this hot couple or something. It made no sense—they shared nothing, matched sensibilities in no way. Her assumptions of intimacy between them only pissed him off.

"Uh, I don't know too much about poetry," he muttered.

"What *are* you into, then?"

Jesus, she wouldn't quit. Well, all right, let her chew on this. "I'm into the Heartbeats and the Moonglows. I'm into Johnny Ace. I'm into Hal Singer, Al Sears, and Willis 'Gatortail' Jackson. I'm into Nolan Strong and the Diablos. Okay?" That ought to shut her up. No girl knew about stuff like this; hardly any *boys* did. Not white ones, anyway.

Reva Baum made a grin like a piano

keyboard. "Nolan Strong and the Diablos? I love Nolan Strong and the Diablos!"

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll looked at her uncertainly.

"You don't believe me? Okay. . . ." Reva found the bearlike guy, said something to him. The guy shrugged, nodded. Reva glanced at Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, then went to the stage, took the mike, and, accompanying herself with foot tap and finger pop, sang:

"You've taken my money
Told me lies
Dogged me around
And made me cry
It's a low-down shame, baby,
The way you dog me
around. . . ."

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll could not have been more amazed if President Eisenhower had come onstage, dropped his pants, and set fire to his bush. The greatest group harmony song in the history of rock 'n' roll, and the girl not only *knew* it, she had it down cold! Not just the lead, *all* the parts—the little falsetto wails, the basso yeahhhhhhs, *all* of it. Even, word for word, the recitation, "It's a low-down, yes, a low-down dirty shame, baby, the way, um-hm, you have dogged me aroun' . . ."

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll turned to Ace, gaped.

"Yeah, she's . . . sort of unusual," Ace acknowledged.

Reva reached the conclusion. When

she sang the gorgeous final line—"The way yooooooooo dog me a . . . roooooouuuunnnn"—it was as if the spirit of Nolan Strong himself had entered her, so perfectly did she hit the last, impossibly high note. The room, which had silenced utterly for her performance, even the waitresses freezing in place, now erupted in finger poppings—it sounded like Chinese New Year in there. Reva made a couple of cocky little bows and left the stage. When she sauntered back to the table, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll was on his feet, holding her chair.

"Could I buy you a drink?" he asked. "Take you somewhere? Kill somebody for you? What are you doing for the next sixty years?"

Reva laughed, took his hand. Shelley looked on blankly. Ace sighed, seemed to sink deeper into his chair, become smaller.

Around eleven, they left the Epitome and walked two blocks, threading their way through the boisterous crowds to the building that housed Reva's pad. Dogshit littered the stoop, the front door hung askew. They had to step over a passed-out guy who'd thrown up on his chest.

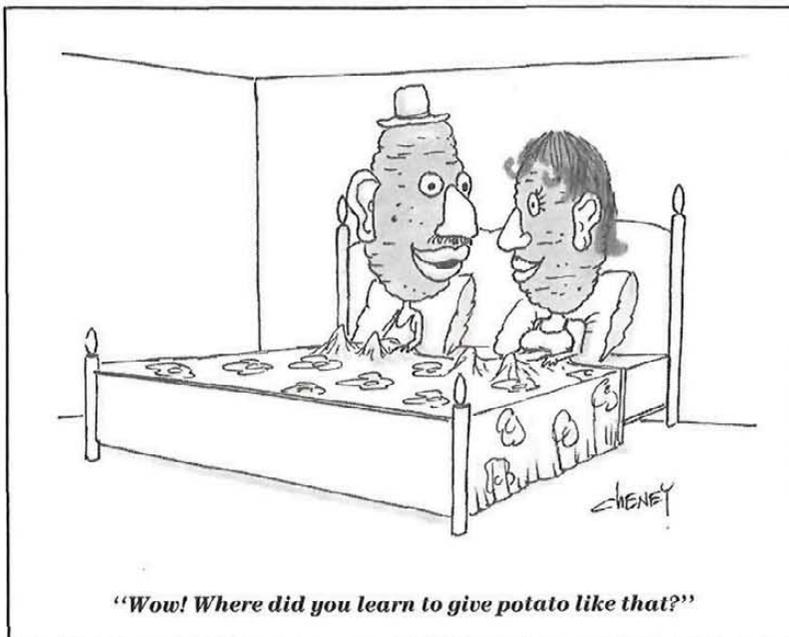
"Nice, huh, Shell?" Ace gave her a nudge. "Just think, if you hadn't lucked out tonight, you might be on your way to a nightclub by now with a rich premed student in a Cadillac."

They made their way up the rickety stairwell. From behind doors they heard sax solos, toilets flushing, a man bellowing incoherently. Scrawled on the wall was "SUPPORT MENTAL HEALTH OR I'LL KILL YOU."

Reva's pad was sparsely furnished—a couple of mattresses strewn with colorful pillows; a coffee table; a Picasso print; a hi-fi. The main thing was records, records all over the place—albums of folk music and bebop, African drums and Gregorian chants, opera and banjo bands, ragtime piano and Tibetan Buddhist chanting . . . and a giant stack of 45's! Mr. Rock 'n' Roll flung himself at it; the top record was "Baby" by the Avons. He wondered if Reva would let him move in with her.

They sat around the little coffee table with its littered top. Reva lit

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candles, opened one of those bottles of wine with straw around them. Everyone got a tumbler of the stuff—it was warm and tasted like a sick person's urine, but Mr. Rock 'n' Roll drank it down happily, feeling like Mr. Bohemia of his generation.

Shelley looked around with disapprobation. "This place is disgusting," she whispered to Ace.

"How can anyone live like this?"

"Yeah, I know what you mean," Ace said. "You'd think she'd call the *schwartz*, get it cleaned up."

"Right," Shelley said, without irony.

Ace sighed. "Hey, Reva," he called, "where's that pot?"

Pot?? thought Mr. Rock 'n' Roll. As in marijuana? Gage? Reefer? Such as he'd seen in *Shock SuspenStories* and *High School Confidential*?

"Hmm, I was saving it for later . . ." Reva grinned. "What the hell, I was never any good at deferred gratification."

"Thank you, God," Ace said.

Reva took a canister marked "TEA" from the refrigerator. Plunking down next to Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, she brought out a handful of reddish-green leafy stuff and began crumbling it into the top of a shoe box. "Ever get high, Larry?"

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's face felt flushed; his heart was beating fast. "Er . . . ah . . . um . . . ah . . ." he said.

"You're really going to like it," she assured him.

But what if he went crazy instead? Worse, what if he *did* not like it? What he'd picked up about pot was it made you crave

"H," which you were always having to withdraw from, twitching and grimacing and having dry heaves. Maybe he should just pass on this . . .

"You've never heard rock 'n' roll till you've heard it stoned," Reva confided, sifting the crumbled leaves through her fingers so the little seeds rolled clear. "Grass brings music to this whole other level."

On second thought, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll reflected, I should be open to new experiences. Would God put it on the planet if it were bad as all that?

"What's going on here?" Shelley asked Ace. "Is this some kind of narcotics or something?"

Ace favored her with a grin. "Let's call it a reality enhancer," he said. "Sometimes it helps."

Shelley looked confused. "Helps what?"

"Whatever. Say you were handcuffed to a pipe in a Turkish bath, in the center of a ring of diarrhetic elephants. If you did a little smoke, things wouldn't be so bad. See what I mean?"

Shelley thought about it. "I don't know what you're talking about," she decided.

"Well, that's all right. I know what I'm talking about." He snatched the pot box, shoveled a portion into an odd little pipe—a bowl sitting on narrow metal tubing that thrust from a pyramidal base. He slid the arcane contraption across the table to Reva, then held a match for her. Reva placed the mouthpiece between her lips, puffed the thing to life; it made a funny bubbling noise.

"Water pipe," Ace explained to Mr. Rock 'n' Roll.

Reva inhaled some smoke and held

her breath, pushing the pipe over to Shelley. Shelley eyed it as if it were a potentially dangerous animal.

"What's this going to do to me?" she said. "I don't know about this."

Ace looked disgustedly at her.

"Well, okay, I'll try it," she relented, and under Ace's benevolent smile, took a little puff.

The pipe continued on its circular migration, landing now in front of Mr. Rock 'n' Roll. He literally gulped; something in his midsection felt tight as a drumhead. Should he really do this? He took a cautious sniff. It didn't smell "sickly sweet"; so much for the wisdom of paperback books. Oh, what the hell! He inhaled a little, held his breath.

"That's right," Reva said.

"Well, hello," said Ace happily as the pipe reached him. He dumped more pot into it, lit a fresh match, and sucked for all he was worth, causing a furious bubbling.

"Ah, you might want to take it a little easy there," Reva said. "This stuff's from Panama; it's supposed to be something else . . ."

"Fine," Ace said. "No problem." He exhaled smoke in a great cloud, inhaled some more.

The pipe went around again, and then another time. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll had another two small puffs. Was anything happening? He looked around. Nobody looked any different. When Reva put on a Harptones record, it sounded exactly the same as the last nine thousand times he'd heard it. He wasn't floating off the floor. Reva hadn't turned into a pumpkin or a sailboat. What was the big deal about this stuff?

He closed his eyes for a second . . . and whipped them open! *What the fuck had that been?*

Cautiously, he closed them again. Weird designs! Patterns! They changed so fast it was hard to get a fix on them; his mind seemed to be generating these little experimental movies on his eyelids—shapes, geometric forms. Trapezoids, parallelograms, spirals. Stuff like the fanciful filigree you saw in the decor of sultans' palaces in adventure movies.

He opened his eyes. How much time had passed? Ace was still smoking. Was this the same pipeload, or a new one?

continued on page 108

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37. Never suggest to an art lover that the Mona Lisa is smiling because she was watching Leonardo da Vinci play with himself.
38. Never celebrate Pearl Harbor Day at Benihana.
39. Never buy a pit bull to keep your poodle company.
40. Never buy an "original" Norman Rockwell of three guys gang raping a meter maid.
41. Never turn to your husband right

after having sex and say, "I wanted to moan, but I didn't have time."

42. Never turn to your husband right after sex and say, "Go ahead, start."

43. Never turn to your husband right after sex and say, "What was that, a spoon?"

44. Never turn to your husband right after sex and say, "Was that your first time?" ■

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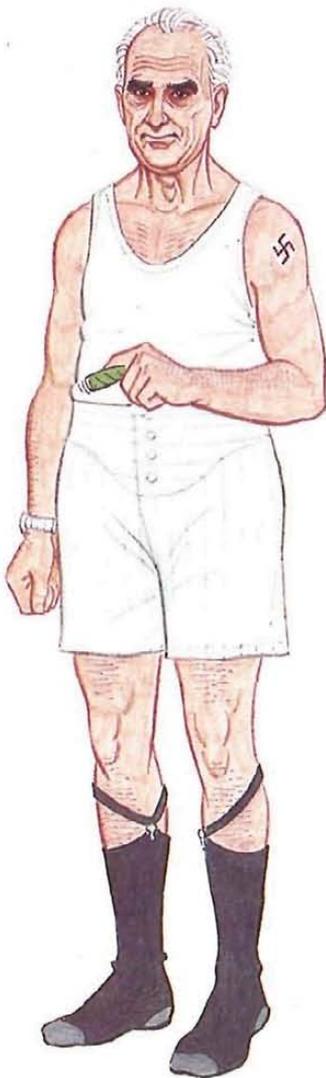
From the Third Reich to the eighteenth hole, whether working late in a windowless dungeon in wintry Dachau or whiling away a summer evening in a balmy Bolivian beer garden, whether playing the part of Gestapo honcho or devoted husband and father, whether acting as the Butcher of Lyons or the businessman of La Paz, Barbie knows that a proper wardrobe is vital in order to command and maintain the respect accorded a man of his accomplishment and eminence.

Help Barbie dress for *your* favorite chapter of his distinguished life.

No uniform has ever commanded more respect or left a more lasting impression than the full-dress, jackbooted regalia of the Gestapo. Help Barbie look his authoritarian best with the memorable black of the SS—and don't forget those accessories! (1, 2, & 3)

What does a man wear to work when his job entails forty-eight hours of grueling interrogation? Help the "Butcher of Lyons" slip into the wardrobe that helped him earn his colorful moniker. And don't forget that blowtorch—those French Resistance fighters can be so obstinate! (4, 5, & 6)

When traveling internationally, authentic-looking passports



and other proper identification are crucial. Let's make sure Barbie doesn't have any difficulties by providing him with the necessary documents. And don't forget those essential disguise accessories, either—they're absolutely invaluable when it comes to crossing a border. (7, 8, 9, & 10)

During the annual Oktoberfest in La Paz, Barbie loves dearly to

don the traditional Germanic garb. Bottoms up, Barbie! (11, 12, 13, & 14)

Nazis may never change, but fashions sure do, and let's face facts, today's war criminal is allowed a lot more in the way of comfort than his predecessors. Let Barbie live out his days in this two-piece lateral-British-striped leisure suit with patent-leather slippers. (15, 16, & 17)



Illustrated by Ralph Reese

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—Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter

TS1060B "White Sulphur Springs, Montana—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister."
—San Francisco Chronicle

TS1060C "After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks."
—UMKC University News

TS1060D "Manchester, Iowa—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck."
—Washington Post

TS 1045—ACRA HOODED SWEATSHIRT. The jocks will sweat with envy when you wear this extra-warm sweatshirt with pockets. Wearing it signifies you won your letter on the infamous National Lampoon Cohabitation Team. Exceptionally high quality. Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber/50 percent cotton. Raglan sleeves, convenient center pouch pocket, double-thickness hood with drawstring, and ribbed knit cuffs and waistband. In navy, with yellow lettering. \$18.95

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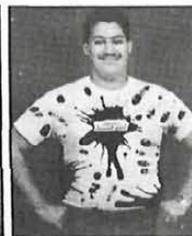


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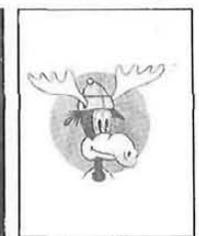


TS 1058 National Lampoon's European Vacation T-shirt No T-shirt collection would be complete without this one, adorned as it is with the movie logo and a picture of the "pig in the poke" that got the Griswalds to Europe. **\$6.95 each**

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MR. ROCK 'N' ROLL

continued from page 102

He would have asked, but couldn't figure out how to phrase the question; time seemed too difficult a concept to grapple with right now. His mind fired off on long trails of association. Like, seeing Ace reminded him of cards, which made him think of his birthday, which suggested his mother, and that made him think of milk, which brought up Milk Duds, and then he thought of four hundred kinds of candy in a row, very quickly—M&M's, gumdrops, Chuckles, Red Hots, jelly beans—and then . . . well, it just went on. You had to let it flow, you couldn't stop it. If you tried, things got weird; you'd start to feel lost and scared. But if you just relaxed, didn't try to exert control, you were fine.

Then he heard the music. . . "Florence" by the Paragons. But, he meant, he *heard* it. He was *inside* it. It was geometric; it had structure and shape. What he was experiencing was like being inside a great jungle gym of music, or some complex organic molecule. The Paragons were, what, five guys? He could hear each of the five voices, not just the usual harmonic blend. Each voice, *and* each instrument—he could hold all elements of the music separate in his mind. Turning to Reva, he grinned foolishly. She laughed, squeezed his hand. And he could feel *each* of her fingers!

Ace and Shelley were talking. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll gazed at them. How *interesting* it was, people talking—the way their mouths moved and their lips changed shape to form words. He settled back to just watch this thing for a while, this movie called *Ace and Shelley Talking*.

"Well, this stuff isn't so bad," Shelley was saying.

"Mmm?" Ace said.

"In fact, it feels pretty good." Shelley edged closer to him.

An expression that could have been panic flitted across Ace's face. He grabbed for the pipe, got it between them, lit a match over it. No new smoke came out. Sighing, he put it down again.

"Yes," Shelley said, pointing at her chest, "I can feel it here. No . . . more like here." She slid her finger down to a point somewhat below her navel. "Yes, here." She giggled.

"There?" Ace's eyelids seemed suddenly very heavy; he peered at her through cracks a zillionth of an inch wide.

"Yes." She regarded Ace with a sultry expression. "I guess now you think I'm cool, huh?"

"Hmm?"

"Now you think I'm cool. You looked like you didn't think I was cool when I didn't want to smoke, but now that I've smoked, I'm cool, right? You did see me smoke. I mean, I *saw* you see me smoke."

"Oh. Yes. I mean, no."

Shelley giggled. "You mean yes."

"I mean yes?"

"Yes."

"Oh," Ace said. "What?"

Shelley laughed. Ace looked around vaguely. Another record came on. Shelley kicked off her shoes. "Mmm, it's hot in here," she said to Ace.

"Where?" Ace blinked. "What was I saying?"

In a sudden move, Shelley hiked up her gown and began fanning her legs with a *Village Voice*. From where he sat, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll was given an astonishingly clear look up into that familiar, much-obsessed-about anatomical terrain. He could see it all—her bared thighs, round and abundant; the gentle bulge of her crotch; the few dark hairs curling from the leg holes of her peach-colored panties. He gazed at these things with a slight smile, nodding his head a bit to the music. This sure was interesting. Part of him wondered at his lack of more dramatic response to what was, at long last, a full and clear revelation of that portion of her topography so interminably groped by him visually, but it was a quiet sort of wonder, nothing major.

"What time is it?" Ace asked.

Shelley rose, went astride him, clamping his hips between her knees. "My bra hurts," she averred. Reaching behind her, she unhooked something, and the front of her gown exploded away even as her bra flew upward—it was as if she'd released powerful twin jack-in-the-boxes. One of her breasts blammed into Ace's nose like a good left from Floyd Patterson, knocking him backward.

A laugh erupted next to Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, one of those helpless, taken-by-surprise ones that begin with air blown through the lips. He turned to see Reva convulsed with merriment. Equably enough, he began to laugh, too.

Shelley looked over in surprise, as if startled to find them still there. Then she grinned and winked. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's gaze slipped lower and his laughter trailed off.

Good Christ, her tits were out!

He stared at them as they loomed there, great and full and actual. In his groin, there was a sense of mighty armies gathering, of entire nations rearming. But then, something odd happened. Shelley's breasts took on an



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existence of their own, distinct from Shelley. They became, instead of *her* breasts, *the* breasts. They filled his vision. And then the nipples began to revolve. They weren't going too fast, probably only about 45 rpm—yes, like little records!

No, wait, this was getting ridiculous. He blinked, shook his head. There, her nipples weren't moving anymore. But neither was the sleeping dragon in his pants; it had rolled over, resumed its slumber. Boy, this sure wasn't like what he'd thought it would be, the first time some girl took her tits out in front of him.

Ace, meanwhile, had raised himself to his elbows; he looked groggy and unfocused. Shelley took a breast in each hand, aimed them at his face, and allowed herself to fall forward. Ace's eyes widened as he saw her coming, but he was unable to get out of the way. "*Gmmph!*" he managed as his features disappeared from sight.

Now all that was on view was the ass part of Shelley's gown, thrusting up in the air, and her feet, and occasionally one of Ace's arms, waving weakly. This was much less interesting, so Mr. Rock 'n' Roll turned to Reva. It was peculiar, but the girl was looking better to him as the night wore on. Not great—no way great—but better. He was getting used to the lack of makeup, for one thing, and that wild mane of hair on such a little, short person was sort of endearing—she reminded him of Dick

Tracy's daughter, Sparkle Plenty. He smiled at her, and she smiled back.

"C'mon," she said, rising to her feet, tugging him along. Almost without a sense of transition, he found himself in the bedroom. Reva lit another candle; in its wavy light, her upturned face was really cute as she stood on his feet, put her arms around him, and puckered her lips for a kiss.

Did he really want to do this? But the minute he tried to stop what was happening to think about it, he began to feel that creepy anxiety thing he'd noticed before. The solution then had been to let things go, to happen as they would, so that's what he did now . . . and kissed her.

At first it was just an ordinary kiss, but then it was more. Her lips absolutely electrified him. Was it the pot . . . or her? He didn't know, but in his groin, the South was rising again. He held her harder, kissed her desperately. One of them, he wasn't sure which, fumbled at his belt buckle; his pants hit the floor.

Then a terrible thing happened: Reva took off her clothes.

She looked . . . *wrong*. Her body was an insult to sexual aesthetics as he knew them! Call those breasts? They were just little *teacups*, for God's sake. And where was that great, luxurious, twining bush women were supposed to have?? Christ, she hardly had *any* bush—you could see right through it, to the essentially unappetizing slit beneath. He'd been fantasizing for a million years about

how things would be when a woman finally undressed for him, *and this was not it!*

It was as if he'd been a locomotive, doing ninety, and suddenly derailed. His hard-on fell apart. He felt terrible. And here she was, staring at him, all questioning and vulnerable-looking. What was he supposed to say to her? It wasn't *her* fault her legs were too skinny, her ass didn't stick out enough, and her nipples lacked texture.

He felt torn in half. On the one hand, women diverging so radically from the ones in *Playboy* should be banished, kept someplace where they wouldn't impair the landscape and could do something useful—cook, say, or fit little parts into amplifiers on assembly lines. At the very least they should be prohibited from undressing publicly, appearing in bathing suits or shorts. Why should he have to look at shit like that?

On the other hand, Reva was a *person*. And a damned cool one, at that . . . unlike some nearby female assholes he could think of. She was friendly, curious, interesting. She could sing "*The Way You Dog Me Around*"! He liked her, didn't want to hurt her feelings. What a terrible responsibility it was, being naked with someone! He felt a sudden spasm in the area of his diaphragm, from which fear and anxiety spread like an oil slick.

"Larry, are you okay?" Reva looked him over, concerned.

"Um, not so good. I . . . can't seem to . . ."

She took his hand, sat him next to her on the bed. "Larry, listen. Sometimes when you smoke grass, things can take a wrong turn. You get a little scared and lost. Is that what's happening?"

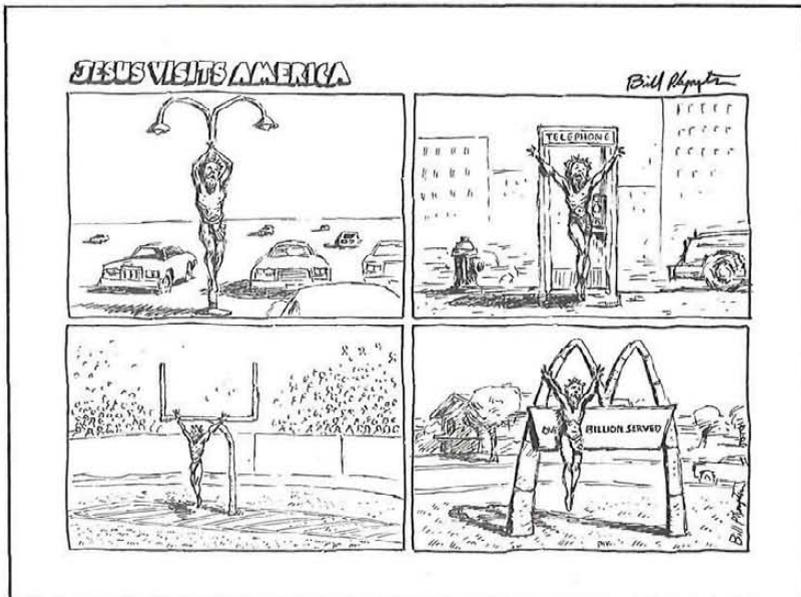
"That's it, all right. How long do you usually have to feel this way?"

"Maybe not so long." Her voice was soothing; she began gently to knead his shoulders. "We don't have to make love, you know. Tell me about yourself. When did you start listening to rock 'n' roll?"

"Oh, uh . . ." He couldn't think. "Back in '54 . . ."

"Hey, you were there at the start! That was when Alan Freed started his radio show, right?"

"Yeah, he brought it in from Cleveland. I heard one of the first broadcasts. Been listening ever



since. Except now . . . ”

“I know, it’s not so good anymore. Even his stage shows have kinda gone downhill”

Mr. Rock ‘n’ Roll looked at her, amazed. “You go to his shows?”

“Oh, yeah. Love ‘em. You catch the Little Richard one?”

“When he pretended to get the heart attack and fell in the orchestra pit? Greatest thing I’ve ever seen.”

“Chuck Berry’s cool, too, the way he does that duck walk.” She laughed. “And Screamin’ Jay, waving that shrunken head around.”

Mr. Rock ‘n’ Roll said, “But you know what I like the most? The groups. All those black guys, and the harmonies they do.”

Reva nodded. “Yeah, I dig that, too.”

“You know why I like them so much? The *secret* reason?”

Reva shook her head.

“It’s the way their lips look when they go, ‘Ewwwwwwwwww.’”

“Yeah, yeah, like” Reva pursed her lips like a colored guy.

“Ewwwwwww,” she sang.

Mr. Rock ‘n’ Roll laughed, delighted. “You know who does it best? That guy in the Moonglows.”

“Yes!” Reva bounced up and down in excitement. “He’s got the biggest lips in the world!”

“Let’s do the beginning of ‘When I’m with You.’”

“Great!”

As if with a microphone between them, they both stuck out their lips and sang, “Ewwwwwwwwww.” And laughed hysterically. Mr. Rock ‘n’ Roll found that he liked Reva’s lips looking that way. He’d always had this sneaking suspicion Negro kissing would beat the shit out of white-person kissing; their lips had more surface area, for one thing, plus they’d be softer, springier—you could really moosh ‘em together.

So why not try it?

“Once more,” he said to Reva. They stuck their lips out again, emitted simultaneous “Ewwwwwwwwww”’s . . . and Mr. Rock ‘n’ Roll closed the gap. The “Ewwwwwwww” went “Ewwwwwblrb,” and then stopped altogether. The kiss went on a long time. Damn, it *was* good. The cavalry galloped into his crotch, bugles

blaring, swords waving, and the next thing he knew, he was horizontal and so entangled with Reva he wasn’t sure where his body ended and hers began. He stroked and touched and fondled and licked, in all the places about which he’d so endlessly dreamed . . . and found, to his amazement and delight, that her tits, or lack of them, and skinny legs, and non-protuberant butt *didn’t matter*; he wasn’t in bed with her parts, but with the sum of them—with *her*—and *she* was fine! That was his last coherent thought for some time.

Then, gradually, he became aware of noise—doors slamming, conversation, laughter. He surfaced from the deep pool of sensation in which he’d been immersed, broke through to air. Reva was sucking his chin, making little whimpers. He touched her skin, marveled at its warmth and smoothness. She had freckles on her shoulders. Gosh, he thought that was nice.

There was more noise. It was coming from behind the bedroom door. People—sounded like a whole crowd of them out there.

Reva said, “Larry, I can’t wait any longer. Go inside me. Please.”

Larry forgot the noises. This was it! Big Casino! Trembling, breathless, he took his great pole and . . . remembered something. Groping for his pants, he fumbled for his wallet, found his trusty rubber. Now, how did he get the stupid thing on?

Reva said, “Larry? You don’t have

to. I’m taking those new birth control pills.”

Birth control pills! What a perfectly wonderful idea! She had his cock now, was positioning it over her.

Then—*blimph!*—he slid *all* the way in, felt the warmth of her walls. It was real! Finally, at long last, he was getting—

The door slammed open, spilling light and people into the room.

“Oh, hey, Reva, what’s happening?” a guy in torn T-shirt and shades asked in casual tones.

“Hey, babe,” said the woman with him. “Lookin’ good.” They tossed coats on a chair and went back out again, closing the door.

Larry unfroze. “Who . . . what . . . ?”

“Oh, don’t worry, honey. Remember? I’m having a party tonight.”

“Party . . . ?”

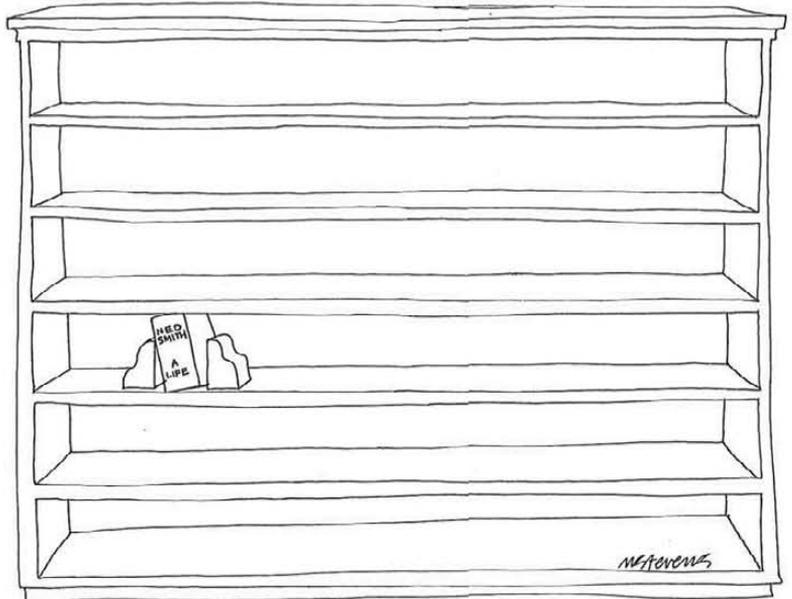
“Right, so we’re going to have to hurry a little.” She took hold of his hips and began slapping her pelvis upwards against him noisily.

But . . . people were shrieking with laughter out there, breaking glass. How was he supposed to . . . ?

The door opened again. Three black dudes sauntered in. “Don’ min’ us,” one of them said offhandedly, and began cooking a spoon of heroin over the candle as the other two looked on impatiently.

Larry swallowed. “Hey, Reva, I can’t”

continued on page 114



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MR. ROCK 'N' ROLL

continued from page 111

"Don't mind them. That's just Leroy and his friends—they don't care. Come on." She kissed him, held him, whispered encouragement in his ear. But it was no good; in his groin, the Alamo had fallen.

"Aw," said Reva. "Well, that's all right, Larry, we can finish later." She leaped up, wriggled into her clothes, and began slapping the black guys' palms.

"Hey, baby, you din' hafta stop on account of us," Leroy said. "We cool." He was tightening a belt around his upper arm so that a great vein stood out in the crook of his elbow.

"No problem, Leroy. So how you doin'?"

"Oh, fair to middleman. 'Bout to be better." With a grin, he slipped the needle in, rammed the plunger home. "Mmph," he said.

"C'mon, pass that shee over here," said another of the black guys. Soon all three had shot up, and were looking around with pleasure.

"Hey, I got a new Monk album," Reva told them. Amidst much excited conversation, the four left the room.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll didn't move. He couldn't. Too much had happened

tonight; he was on overload, his systems shut down. One thing was sure, though—his all-time not-getting-laid record had just been extended another day. He watched, unmoving, as the candle guttered out.

Other guests came in from time to time. In the near darkness, he went unnoticed. People threw coats on him, snorted powders, swallowed pills. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll just lay there. When, somewhat later, two men began fucking each other up the ass on top of him, he pulled himself clear, found his clothes, and made his way into the party.

A blast of Charlie Mingus music almost knocked him over. The room was like a subway car at rush hour—utterly filled, rank with sweat, incredibly noisy. People whooped, cavorted, howled. A transvestite danced on the coffee table, licking a dildo. A fat guy at the window winged beer bottles at passersby. Atop one of the mattresses, a threesome ate each other, doing a sort of 696.

He found Shelley cowering in a corner, eyes glazed, muttering to herself. Seeing Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, she hurled herself into his arms, clutched him like a drowning person. Together they searched for Ace, discovered

him in Reva's tiny bathroom, his head hanging into the toilet.

"Ace, let's go," said Mr. Rock 'n' Roll.

"Blurgggghhh," Ace replied.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll slung Ace's arm over his shoulder, headed out. Shelley eyed the cram of humanity out there, gibbered in fear.

"There's no other way," Mr. Rock 'n' Roll told her.

Shelley shook her head spasmodically, mouth working. She reminded Mr. Rock 'n' Roll of women who'd just been rescued from giant insects in science fiction movies.

"Hold my belt," he told her. "Stay behind me."

Somehow they reached the door. He'd never felt so anxious to return to Nozzlin in his life. With a last surge forward, they broke through, into the hall.

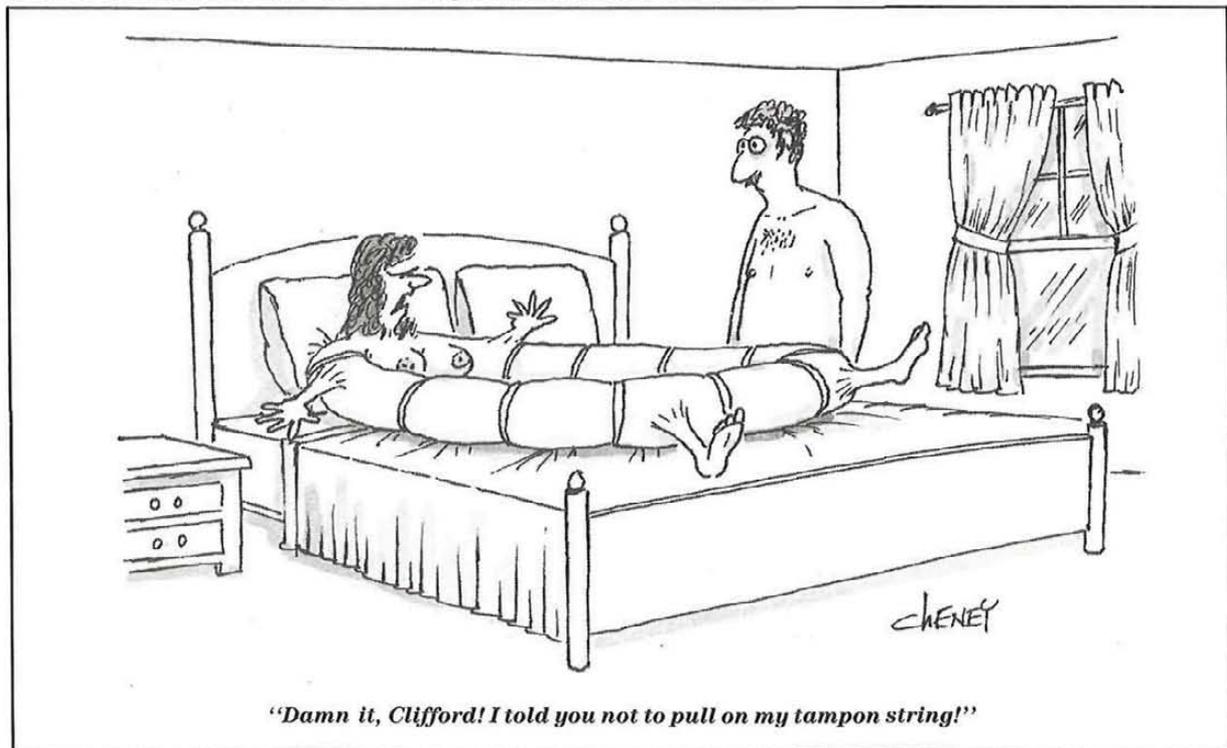
"Hey!" cried a voice. "Larry!"

It was Reva, on the coffee table, waving at him, her red-blond mane flying about. She was really something; he felt a stab of regret that they wouldn't finish what they started.

"Come and see me again," she cried.

"I will," Mr. Rock 'n' Roll called back.

And he did. But that was later, in the sixties. ■



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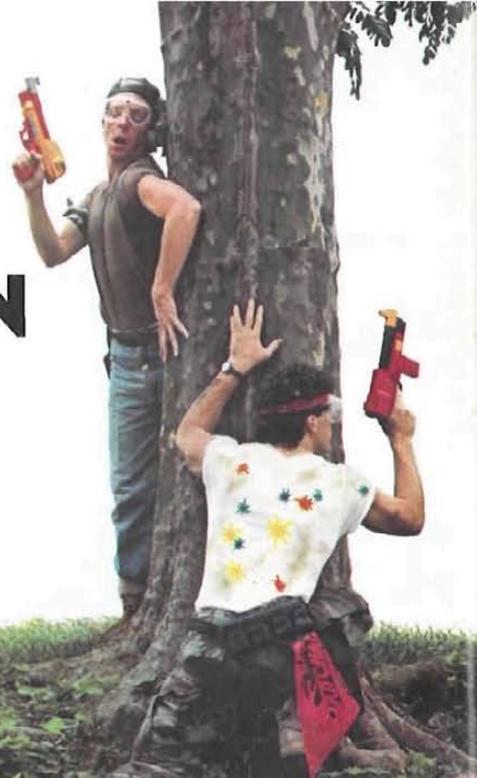


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