

# A SHORT TITLE

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A SHORT TITLE Volume 1, Number 1, absolute first issue any time or anywhere, guaranteed to produce 29% fewer cavities than any competing brand, is produced for the nauseation of the membership of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance on the occasion of the 29th Mailing of that organization. Perpetrators are Charter Member Dave Hulan and old-time ex-member Dave Locke, both currently resident at 1005 Mt. Olive Drive, #10, Duarte, California, 91010. It seems to be Jøtun Publication 243.

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DGH - It seems that Dave Locke has just gotten a job and rented an apartment of his own, and I Owe Pages in SPPA, so the combination of these two Glorious Occasions produced the typical faanish reaction - "Let's Put Out A One-Shot!" I had this brand new imported-from-England Gestetner lettering guide that I'd never used and wanted to try out, so naturally I wanted to use it to stencil the heading for the zine. But as you see, the guide has rather large letters, so most of the good titles we came up with were too long. Things like "The Lockeness Monster meets the Son of Loki" and groovy stuff like that. (Don't you wish you could think of such Neat titles for One-shots?) So finally Dave suggested "A Short Title Introducing a New Gestetner Lettering Guide". I started stencilling it, but I got tired after the first line, so you see only the abbreviated version above.

We don't know yet what may develop out of this one-shot. So far we have had only the benefit of root (?) beer, but we just broke out the genuine article (Coors by brand - hi, Billy Pettit)(can you get Coors in Dutchland or wherever you are? Do you care?) and things may start to swing more. Since Ed Cox isn't involved we probably won't start a new in-group faan-fiction serial, but then again...who knows what evil lurks in the heart of a Lockesmith? Take it, Dave.

DGL - I've gotten a job, but since I haven't started it yet Hulan is currently employing me as male secretary (addressing envelopes for party invitations), file clerk, and ~~FAANISH~~ drinking companion. He doesn't pay much, but the work is steady.

The new lettering guide, for which we dedicate this fanzine, is part of a large order of misc. fannish publishing junk that I picked up at the Gestetner place in El Monte today. For a newcomer to sunstrokey California I considered myself fairly lucky find my way down there without too much trouble. All the trouble resulted from trying to pay them for the supplies. They asked what company I worked for so that they could send the bill. I told them the stuff was for personal use. They asked for a credit card. I told them I'd pay cash. They weren't particularly averse to cash, but there was the problem of making change in a place that conducted its business through credit. However, they finally found a stock boy who had forty cents change in his pocket, and we were in business. Cooking on the front burner, as they say (I've always said that, I don't know about anybody else).

We're doing this fabulously germane one-shot on Hulan's electric. I've never particularly gotten along with electric typewriters. You might say I flunked electric typewriter (you might say that; I never have. Hard to tell what people will say), but I don't find this one as difficult to work with as most. It's probably the beer.

DGH - "I'm going to have to go onto the next page," said Dave Locke a few moments ago. "You haven't learned the true art of the one-shot," I sneered (in a genteel manner, of course). "The true art of the one-shot is to finish at the end of the stencil so the other guy has to change it. I learned this from the Masters, Ed Cox and Lee Jacobs." Locke learns fast. So fast that he finished at the end of the page anyhow. I should have kept my big mouth shut...

After having, for a time, let my apa obligations dwindle off to two, both of which got relatively little activity (SPPA and SAPS, they were), I have suddenly gotten into FAPA, am getting close in the Cult, and have signed up for at least a couple of mailings of Gestalt. I don't know what the latter is going to be like, but at least it will be different faces - the only members I can remember seeing anything at all from are Snider and maybe one or two others in Apa-L. But a few pages for an apa aren't much sweat, if there's interest.

I had a fairly wild party over here Saturday night until something like 4:00 AM; a great deal of alcohol and non-alcohol were consumed and Dave and Phoebe (that's Dave's wife, for the incognoscenti) got to meet a lot of LA fans. Somehow they managed to survive the experience; I'm not sure how. There were even a couple of people present I had to introduce to a lot of the old-timers - LASFS had added a lot of new fans since the F-UN-Con and fans who don't attend the club regularly didn't know who they were.

The trouble with putting out a one-shot right now is that everything I can think of funny to say is something that I think I really should save for PELF. And if it isn't funny, it doesn't really fit into a one-shot.

\*Sigh\*

So I think that instead of going on being Dull I'll turn this thing over to the other Dave and maybe by the time it's my turn again I'll feel more yumarous.

DGL - Drinking at Hulan's place is a tough experience. His church key got lost at the party the other night. Sally Crayne had one in her purse that she let me use, and since when she went to get it she found it right on top (she didn't have to scrounge for it) she emphasized that it really was her very own. I suppose - my wife carries even wilder things in her purse. So, without the church key, opening beer cans has become a chore (that's another one of my duties). What I did for the first round here tonight was to get a hole started with the can-opener (which is all you can do with it, since the lip on the beer can is too high) and then widen it with a knife. For the second round I used a screw-driver and a hammer. For the third round I just shook the cans until the tops exploded.

Credit where credit is due, the last line belongs to Hulan. He used it when I came back from the refrigerator with two beers and a wet shirt. He thought that was what I had been doing. It wasn't, but I may try it on the next round. That way I can catch the beer when it drips off the ceiling, which is a much easier method than wringing it out of your shirt.

Indian Lake (for those of you who don't know, that's where I lived at one time) may soon become the new center of fannish activity in New York. I donated a couple thousand science fiction books to the local library when I left. Since it's new, science fiction will all they'll have for awhile.



DGH - Dave Locke is catching on to the Art Of The One-Shot entirely too fast...

I don't know what happened to that church-key. You'd think that a son of a preacher like me would have more than one church-key, wouldn't you? But what with the new modren flip-top cans I don't have all that much occasion to use one, so when somebody brought this Coors in regular cans and some other body stole the church-key, all was almost lost. Had it not been for a couple of resourceful femmefans - Sally Crayne with one in her purse, and Lyn Stier with one on her key-ring. Remember to invite those gals to your parties...for that reason if you can't think of a better one. (I can think of a better one...)

Ed Cox had this button on at the party that said, "Dirty Old Men Need Love Too". I've gotta have one of those. I'm always finding myself leching at some gal and finding out she's 18 or 19 or 20 or so. Pity about that. If I could just go back to being 24 or 25 with the added experience I've had the last few years to keep me away from the wrong types in the wrong way. Unfortunately I can only make do with the age I've got, which more or less limits me to a lower age-range of 23 or so - except for ogling, which is still legal. At least I'm not as old as Ed Cox...

The beer supply is holding out - the Coors is gone, but we found a left-over bottle of Van Merritt's and one of Bass & Co. Pale Ale (imported from England just like my new lettering guide, goshwowoboyoboy). So the one-shot will continue a while yet at least.

If I were typing this one-shot with Ed Cox (as I have most of the one-shots I've done) we'd probably be talking about the current girl on the Playboy calendar (being Dirty Old Men). Dave Locke, however, is only a Dirty Young Man. Are Dirty Young Men apprentice Dirty Old Men? Anyhow, I can ask Dave what he thinks of the current girl on the Playboy calendar, but since his wife is sitting here reading what we've written he might not answer. I'll try anyhow. Dave Locke, what do you think of the current girl on the Playboy calendar (and don't say you haven't noticed. Nobody will believe it...)?

DGL - There's something about the girl on the current Playboy caldenar (not a new word, just a new spelling) that I like, but I just can't put my finger on it. On the whole I imagine she's alright.

Does that answer your question? And besides that, I'm not a dirty young man. Just a lecherous young man. I don't drink, smoke, swear, carouse around, or in any other way make a damn fool of myself. My only fault is that I like to lie a lot.

However, Hulan has many faults. Everyone has the right to have faults, but he abuses the privilege. The noon following the night or afternoon we arrived he took me out for a four hour ride in his convertible and baked the living hell out of me. This is pure sadism. All he got out of the drive was a red nose (which the beer is giving him again tonight), but my skin has been falling off.

He's even got a little girl in on the plot. I don't know who she is, but when I get in the pool she tells me that sunburns hurt, and when I agree she grabs a hunk of skin on my arm and twists and says "Does that hurt?". She's about four years old. Cute kid.

DGH - Lumme, he did it again! Wait'll I get Ed Cox down here for a one-shot...

That little girl who twists sunburns isn't any ally of mine. She's always trying to run over me with her bicycle, or bop me with a rubber baseball bat, or spit on me, or something. Nasty kid. She's four. I hope Rachel isn't like that when she's four...

And now we get into the Bass's. I don't think I've ever tried it, so it will be a New Experience. Some one of these days I'm going to have to take Dave down to the Black Forest in ~~Batavia~~ San Pedro, where they have thirty-odd different brands of imported beer on tap. The only problem with the Black Forest is that you have to take somebody with you who doesn't like beer, but who enjoys the company of drunks, so you don't have to drive home. Imported beer is strong and Good. Except Bass's, which may be high in alcohol but which is rather bland and not especially good, now that I've tried it. Well, now I no what not to buy in the line of imported beer.

When Poul Anderson and I were drinking down at the bar in the Statler at the F-UNCon we were drinking San Miguel beer until they ran out. I was introduced to San Miguel by Kris Neville the night before. I like to drop names...

Anyhow, San Miguel is good beer, even if Milt Stevens says all Philippine beer has formaldehyde in it to kill the dysentery amoebas.

And I just busted up the block-paragraphing format. You can tell I've been drinking again.

This should give me enough page-credit for SFPA, along with the box score and the new cover I'm going to put on the LOKI that I run through SFPA, so I think I'll turn it over to Dave Locke for any last Words of Wisdom he may have for your delectation.

DGL - The only thing I can say is that I've certainly enjoyed this one-shot. I haven't had so much fun since the last time I almost put out a one-shot. I miss them almost as much as if I weren't doing them. The only thing I can really complain about (and I have the habit of being able to really complain) is that each round of beer is of a different brand, and although the bottles and labels get fancier the beer gets progressively worse. This is because some of the beer is leftover donations from guests at the party the other night. So I must truly be a great complainer, considering that what I'm drinking is freeby.

Hulan is really sadistic. He just forced my wife to read one of his science fiction stories.

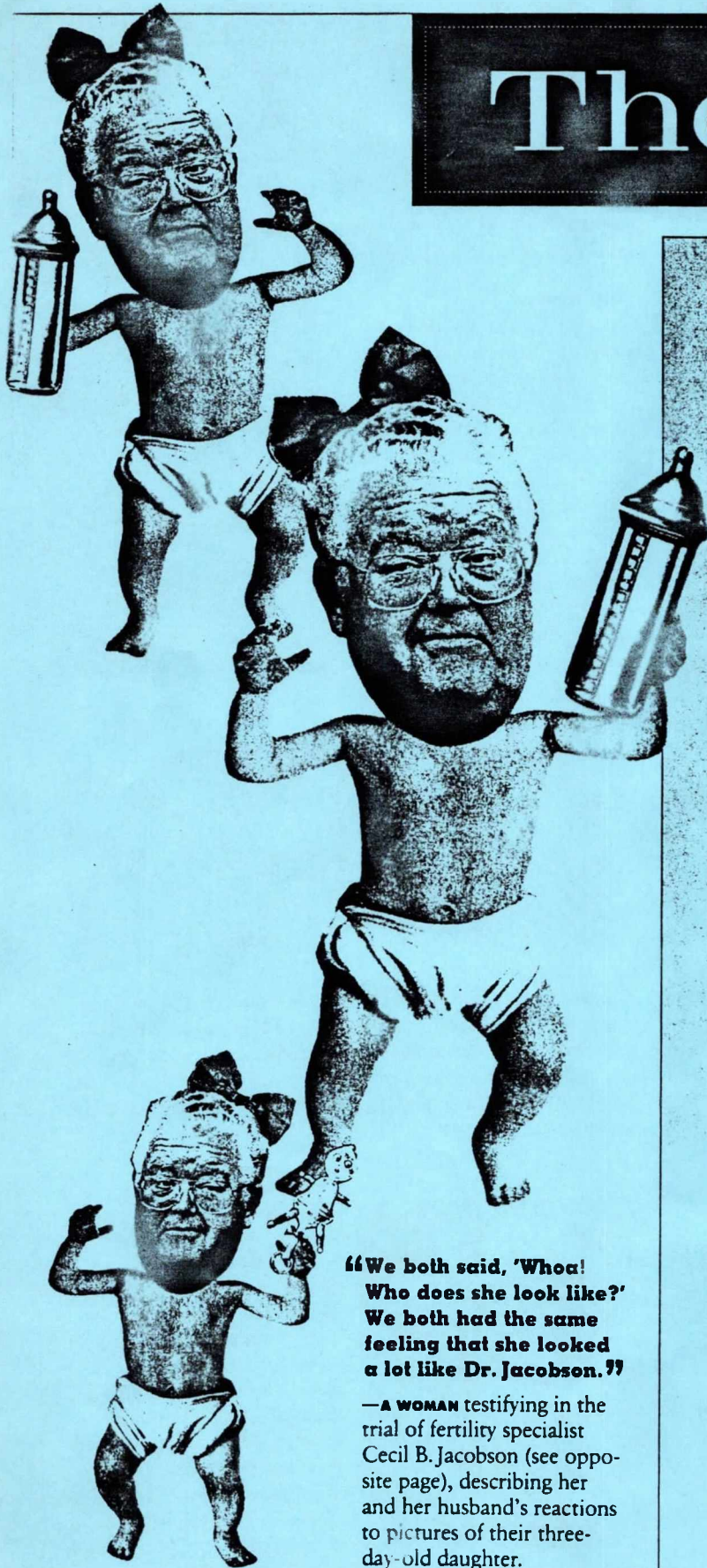
I don't think Hulan will ever get me to go to the Black Forest. Being an ex-bartender I have no particular fondness for drunks. Of course, some of my best customers were drunks. I have no great yearning for beer, either, but if it's forced on me I can gag it down.

Hulan doesn't like beer, either, but we're drinking it just so we can get the empty cans. As soon as we get a couple of gross we'll tie them all together with waxed string and sell them to the General Telephone Company.

When someone drops another hat, we may see you again. Best and such.



# The 1.9.9.2



**“We both said, ‘Whoa! Who does she look like?’ We both had the same feeling that she looked a lot like Dr. Jacobson.”**

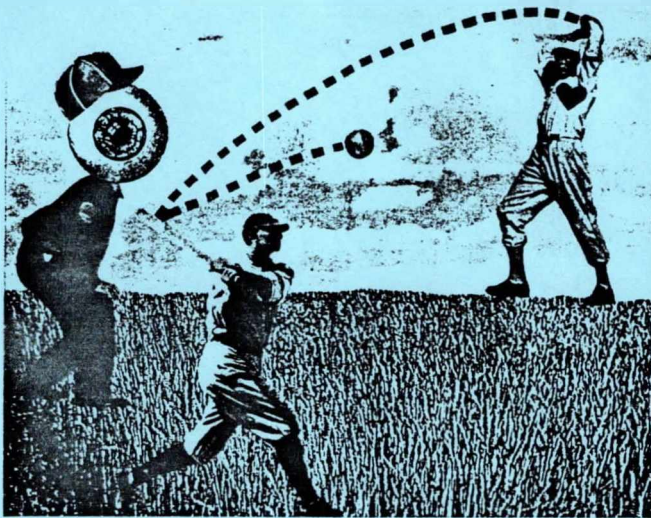
—A WOMAN testifying in the trial of fertility specialist Cecil B. Jacobson (see opposite page), describing her and her husband’s reactions to pictures of their three-day-old daughter.

All year long we passed  
them around, tacked them  
up on bulletin boards,  
laughed (or winced) in  
disbelief—but somehow  
these stories never made  
it into our pages. Until now.

Read on as *Health* pays  
tribute to the wacky, the  
wicked, and the weird.



# Sickie Awards



## WE ALL WONDERED ABOUT THE GUY IN THE STANDS SCREECHING LIKE A BABOON

In Seattle the WizzKids, a softball team made up of kidney and liver transplant recipients, beat the Heartbeats, a team of heart transplant recipients, in a game that turned on several close calls by the umpires, all cornea transplant recipients.

## BUT THE FISH WAS AS HIGH AS A KITE

A man in Moses Lake, Washington, was detained for suspected cocaine use after a sheriff noticed him sitting in a car, holding a straw, his head periodically bobbing out of sight. No drugs were found. It turned out the man was blowing bubbles into a fishbowl in his lap, to give his pet piranha some air.

## A FLAP OVER NOTHING?

A California self-help group for men seeking to reverse the effects of circumcision began meeting monthly to demonstrate the latest techniques to stretch the foreskin. "After 18 months, I'm fully covered and have some overhang," boasted founder Wayne Griffiths.

## TALK ABOUT PAYING THROUGH THE NOSE

Bill-collection agencies in England began lacing their invoices with a product containing androstenone, a chemical secreted from men's armpits and groins that is known to be a sex attractant in some species. In one preliminary study, mailed invoices treated with the product resulted in a 14 percent higher payment rate than untreated bills.

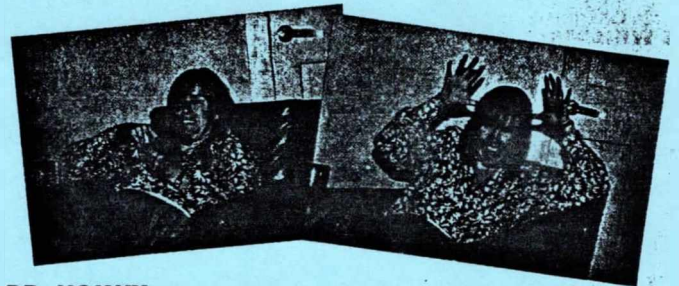
## YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, MADMOISELLE . . . AND THEN SOME

In a poll published in *Le Point* magazine, 20 percent of French women said they would not consider it sexual harassment if they were asked to undress during a job interview.

## DOCTORS NOT CLEAR ON THE CONCEPT

### DR. DADDY

Fertility doctor and self-proclaimed "baby-maker" Cecil B. Jacobson was convicted of 52 counts of fraud and perjury after DNA tests confirmed that he had used his own sperm to impregnate as many as 75 of his patients. Jacobson was also found guilty of tricking some of his other patients into thinking they were pregnant and had miscarried so they would come back for treatment.



### DR. MOMMY

Harvard-trained psychiatrist Margaret Bean Bayog gave up her license after the Massachusetts Board of Registration in Medicine charged her with using an unorthodox therapeutic approach that included pretending she was a patient's "mom" and he was her "boy" and writing him reams of explicit pornographic and sadomasochistic fantasies.



### DR. DEATH

Despite a court injunction forbidding him from aiding in any more suicides, Jack Kevorkian was found at the side of yet another seriously ill woman when she killed herself by inhaling from a canister of carbon monoxide he provided. Said the doctor, who favors creating a suicide specialty called obituary, "No doctor is going to get rich doing this."





**WHERE FAMILY VALUES DON'T COME CHEAP**

A company in Chiba, Japan, began renting out "family members" to senior citizens seeking the benefits of a close-knit clan. The firm trains actors to behave as if everyone in the room were related, and charges \$1,000 for three hours of togetherness.

**HE WHISPERED ONE WORD BEFORE DYING, BUT NO ONE KNEW WHAT IT MEANT: FROZEBUD**

After William Kane killed himself, a court battle ensued over the possession of his frozen sperm, which he willed to his girlfriend, Deborah Hecht, so she could have children by him. His ex-wife contends Citizen Kane was delusional when he wrote his will.

**AND IN RETRIBUTION, THE SCOTS BANNED TWINKIES**

The U.S. government prohibited the import of Scotland's national dish, haggis—minced sheep's heart, lungs, and liver mixed with oatmeal, onions, mutton fat, and black pepper and cooked inside a sheep's stomach—claiming that the dish was unfit for human consumption.

**BUT THEIR GPA'S WERE A PRIVATE MATTER**

After two high school students in Milford, Utah, compiled a roster of 160 classmates they believed were virgins, teacher Cherry Florence read the list to her class.

**SO WHO WON?**

Moments before the bell to begin his New York City Golden Gloves match, boxer Daniel Caruso readied himself in the manner of Marvelous Marvin Hagler: by jabbing himself in the face. Caruso broke his own nose, and the ringside doctor called off the fight.



**LET'S HOPE THEY'RE NOT TOO HOLY . . .**

As part of an exhibit of "Sacred Condoms" during AIDS Awareness Week at the Harvard Divinity School, child psychiatrist and artist Karen Norberg displayed a series of works made of condoms, including a C. Everett Koop doll and other dolls decked out in rain gear. "We're really hoping that this doesn't turn into a huge public event," said a divinity school spokesperson.

**ALL A CANDY'S GOT IS HER REPUTATION**

After a competitor described its Green Ones chocolate candies as "the only candy with a reputation," Mars Inc., the maker of M&Ms, filed suit. Only green M&Ms are reputed to be an aphrodisiac, insisted the company, which otherwise continues to deny the accuracy of the claim.



**AT LEAST SHE FELT LIKE QUEEN FOR A DAY**

Two biographers reported that Princess Diana has suffered from bulimia since her marriage to Prince Charles in 1981. Said one: "The whole thing was triggered during her honeymoon, when her husband put his arms round her and said, 'You are a bit chubby, darling.'"



**NORMALLY, CUPID IS A BETTER SHOT**

Arthur Ekvall of San Diego recovered quickly after doctors removed an arrow shot by his ex-lover, Jesse Solis, following their breakup. Recalled Ekvall: "I was sound asleep, and I just felt an explosion in my head. I thought I had an aneurysm, then I saw a bright light and, bang, I felt the front of my head protrude out."



**PLEASE, DON'T BRING THAT UP AGAIN**

Since George Bush threw up at a state dinner in Tokyo, cosmopolitan Japanese have begun referring to an attack of nausea as doing a *Bushu suru*.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MELISSA GRIMES; EDDIE BOLDIZSAR/REX; KAREN NORBERG; 1992/PHOTO BY GREG HEINE; AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



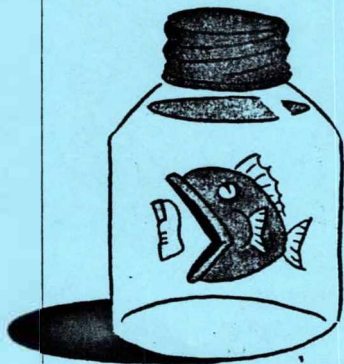


**WHY MICKEY STARTED SMOKING**

Researchers at the Medical College of Georgia found that six-year-olds recognize the cigarette mascot Old Joe the camel as readily as they recognize Mickey Mouse.

**IT'S NOT WHAT YOU DON'T SAY, IT'S HOW YOU DON'T SAY IT**

John Hudak started a Silent Meeting Club in which members gather at designated spots around Philadelphia and make it a point not to converse. Hudak believes that most people feel obligated to make small talk when they really have nothing to say.



**EVERY CLOSET'S GOT SOMETHING YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO WEAR AGAIN**

Mark Lindsey, a Wyoming man whose thumb was found in the stomach of a six-and-a-half-inch trout eight months after it was severed in a boat-accident, has preserved

the digit in a jar of formaldehyde. "We thought we would put it in the pantry," said Lindsey's wife, Diana, "but later we just put it in the closet."

**THAT OUGHTA DO IT**

A man from Wheatfield, New York, was taken by family members to DeGraff Memorial Hospital, after performing a near flawless do-it-yourself castration with clamps, a scalpel, and a local anesthetic. He said that he needed to reduce his sex drive.

**THAT OUGHTA DO IT, PART TWO**

*The Lancet*, a British medical journal, reported the case of a woman who took hormone pills to rid herself of facial hair only to find that her pet rottweiler became sexually enamored of her, and "would not leave her alone." To solve the problem, the woman had the dog castrated.

**SHE MUST HAVE HAD A LOT OF CAVITIES**

The Iowa Board of Dental Examiners charged dentist Vincent P. Graettinger with misconduct after he locked a patient in a room and forced her to watch a film on proper dental care.

**CRIME IN THE '90S**

A man known as the AIDS bandit committed several robberies in Northridge, California, brandishing a syringe he said was loaded with HIV-infected blood. The district attorney on the case decided to consider the syringe a deadly weapon, as did bicycle store owner Bill Ledgerwood. "My heart jumped in my throat," he said. "I threw some bicycle wheels at him and ran out the back."

**"WHAT'D YA DO WITH THE GRANT MONEY?"**

**EXCEPT, OF COURSE, WHEN IT'S ACADEMIA NUT**

Stanford researchers had subjects choose among several desserts and found that happy people were happy with the selection as well as their choice, while unhappy people were unhappy with all the choices.

**AND WHO DO SHORT MEN ENVY?**

Thomas F. Cash, a slightly balding 44-year-old researcher at Old Dominion University in Virginia, studied 145 men and concluded in a report published by the *Journal of the American Academy of Dermatology* that balding men envy those with more hair.



**SO LITTLE TIME, SO MUCH TO KNOW**

After a survey of 40 clergymen in England appeared to confirm that conference-going clergy are more extroverted than clergy who stay home, researchers at Trinity and Westminster colleges noted, "Clearly, further research is needed comparing clergy who attend such conferences and those who do not."



**THE "I'LL HAVE WHATEVER SHE'S HAVING" AWARD**

As baby boomers discovered the hot flash and *Newsweek* announced there has never been a better time to enter menopause, feminist Germaine Greer tackled the subject in a book hefty enough to ward off osteoporosis. Gushed Greer: "On the other side of all that turmoil, there is the most wonderful moment in one's whole

life—really the most golden, the most extraordinary, luminous instant that will last forever."

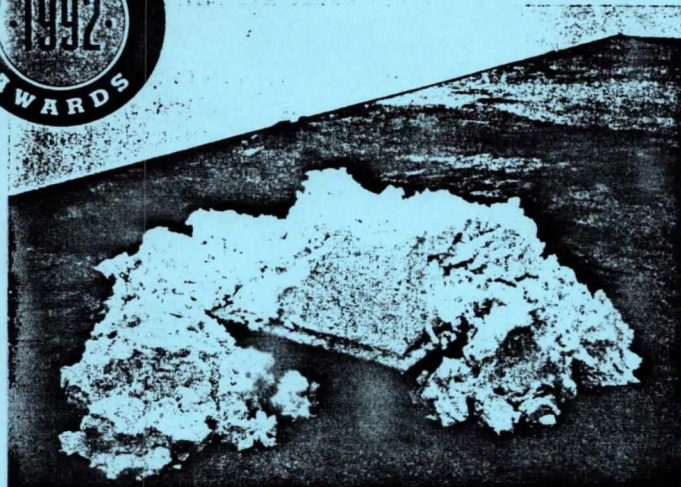
**BUT HER CAT LOOKED PRETTY HAPPY WITH HIS MEAL**

Federal agents seized 285,000 cans of cat food—made of decomposed fish—that had been relabeled as tuna intended for human consumption. Said Darlene La Musga of St. Paul, Minnesota, who opened a can and took a bite while preparing to make tuna salad, "It gagged me when I pulled off the label and saw the cat food label underneath."

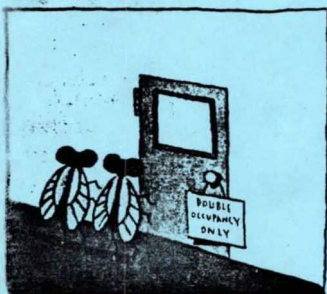
**"GRIM REAPER" AWARD**

The Evans Mortuary in Richmond, Texas, dumped the body of a dead man on his son's doorstep when the son was unable to pay the full price of cremation.





**OUR "NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE" SPECIAL MENTION**  
Sculptor Janine Antoni's show at the Sandra Gering Gallery in New York City featured a 600-pound cube of yard that she had chewed on and spit out for several weeks to make a statement about eating disorders. "It's a metaphor for a society that's always after the binge, the fast fix," she said.

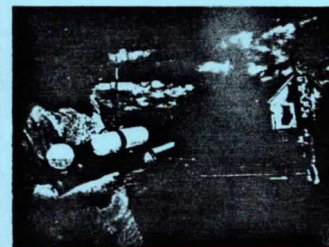


**PROTEST WAS ALREADY BEGINNING TO BUZZ AT TIENEFLY SQUARE**

Chinese environmental officials began a campaign to make Beijing a City of No Flies. For every 100 rooms, officials decreed, only one will be allowed to have as many as two flies.

**WHY OUR EMERGENCY SYSTEM IS IN TROUBLE**

According to Salt Lake City police, a 27-year-old woman called 911 because her husband refused to have sex with her while he was watching a basketball game on TV.



**GUNS DON'T SQUIRT PEOPLE, PEOPLE SQUIRT PEOPLE**

Boston mayor Raymond Flynn asked stores citywide to stop selling the Super Soaker water gun after a brawl left one squirter dead of gunshot wounds.

**THE "UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE" AWARD**

Officials at Wilson Junior High in Hamilton, Ohio, issued five-day suspensions to two girls after one gave the other two Tylenol for a headache. Under the school's anti-drug policy, the girls could have been expelled.

**JUST ONE CHANGE: HE FOUND NEW DIGS**

In South Carolina, the Greenville County Department of Social Services sent a letter to Philip Fleming. "Your food stamps will be stopped effective March 1992, because we received notice that you passed away," it read in part. "May God bless you. You may reapply if there is a change in your circumstances."



**YUP, IT WAS A REAL HOARSE RACE**

Bill Clinton got his voice back after crooner Michael Bolton, a fellow laryngitis sufferer, flew his private physician to Little Rock to treat the ceaseless campaigner's raspy voice. Clinton said his own physician had told him the only cure was simply to "shut up."

**THE AD LIP AWARDS**



**"Forgive yourself. You are worthwhile. Love yourself unconditionally. You are beautiful."**  
—CO-DEPENDENT BEAR, one of the Talking Teddy Bears sold by Lovenuff Products

in California, which deliver self-help messages when hugged or squeezed.

**"After my boyfriend sliced his wrists, we looked at each other and said, 'Whoa. This isn't fun. It's dirty. It's messy. It hurts.'"**

—KRISTIN WARFORD, after she and Richard Payette survived a joint suicide attempt.

**"This must be Bush's dog."**

—SENATOR BOB KERREY, after a dog vomited on his shoes during a campaign stop.

**"If there ever was a point of light . . . I'm it!"**

—JERRY LEWIS, defending himself to George Bush after a number of former "Jerry's Kids" accused him of insensitivity and arrogance.



**THE LESS CARE SHE GOT, THE LESS SHE CARED**

A patient at the Manchester Royal Infirmary in England was found unconscious after she mixed up the nurse's call button with the one to give herself more painkiller and pressed the latter button impatiently for several minutes.



## HALL OF SHAME

### ASK NOT WHAT YOUR POLICY CAN DO FOR YOU

The Supreme Court let stand a federal court ruling that companies serving as their own health insurer have the right to cut off coverage whenever an employee gets AIDS, cancer, Alzheimer's, or other costly diseases.



### SLEEPING DOGS DON'T LIE

After years of claiming that its silicone breast implants were safe, Dow Corning released memos revealing that it had lied to plastic surgeons about studies it claimed were under way, ignored numerous complaints of ruptured implants, and suppressed potentially damaging research results. In one study of four beagles implanted with the devices, one developed tumors and another died. Instead of reporting the results, Dow Corning published an article describing their condition as normal.



### BUTT THAT WAS THEN . . .

Margaret Thatcher, who as prime minister banned cigarettes from cabinet meetings and launched an anti-smoking campaign, took a new job as "geopolitical consultant" to tobacco giant Phillip Morris International. An internal memo suggested that she would help fight off the European Community's proposed ban on tobacco advertising. Thatcher refused to discuss details of the deal, rumored to be worth about \$1 million over three years.

### FIRST, DO NO HARM?

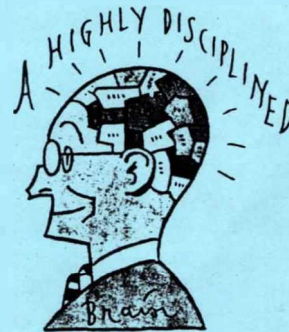
More than 100 mostly Eskimo women in Canada's remote Northwest Territories charged that the all-male surgical team at the area's lone hospital refused them anesthesia during abortions. One woman said her doctor told her, "This really hurt, didn't it? Let that be a lesson before you get yourself in this situation again."

### OR MAYBE IT WAS THE MEAT LOAF

Julee Sharik of Orem, Utah, gave birth to a seven-pound, five-ounce son 12 hours after learning she was pregnant. "Now that I look back, I remember times he was moving around," she said. "But I thought it was just gas."

### YOU CAN NEVER BE TOO RICH . . . OR TOO THIN

Fleeing after robbing a bank in Fremont, California, Randall Yeager, 5 foot 5 and 280 pounds, was quickly apprehended when he tired and slowed to a walk a few dozen yards from the bank.

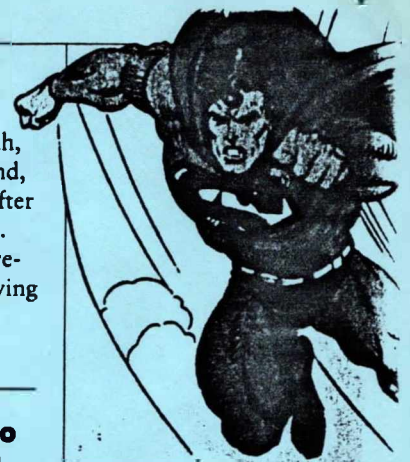


### THERE IS, HOWEVER, SOME TAX-AND-SPEND ACTIVITY IN THE HYPOTHALAMUS

When Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, congressional candidate Eugene Nau underwent Dynamic Brain Mapping to convince voters of his mental acumen, the psychologist who analyzed the computerized brain scan said, "This is a highly disciplined brain. This is not a drowsy, tired brain."

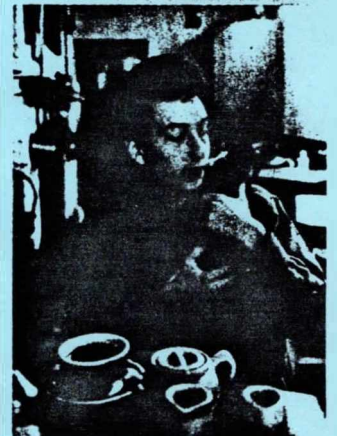
### WELL, THEN, I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU, EITHER

In Key West, Florida, a 78-year-old man took two months to notice that his roommate was dead. "He said the guy was very stubborn and wouldn't answer him," reported police detective Duke Yannacone.



### THE KRYPTONITE LOBBY WAS LIVID, TOO

Advocates for the mentally ill picketed the offices of DC Comics in New York City after an editor revealed that Superman might die at the hands of an escapee from a cosmic mental institution.



### WHAT NEXT? TAKING KLEPTOMANIACS ON SHOPPING SPREES?

Psychiatrists at a prison for the criminally insane in Hobart, Australia, accompanied inmate Richard Dickinson to a Bob Dylan concert as part of his therapy. Dickinson was committed for killing his mother and sprinkling her body with instant coffee because he believed she was an evil character in Dylan's song "One More Cup of Coffee." Prison psychiatrists said they felt it was important for Dickinson to realize that Dylan is not God, but "a normal human being." M