

The Humor Magazine

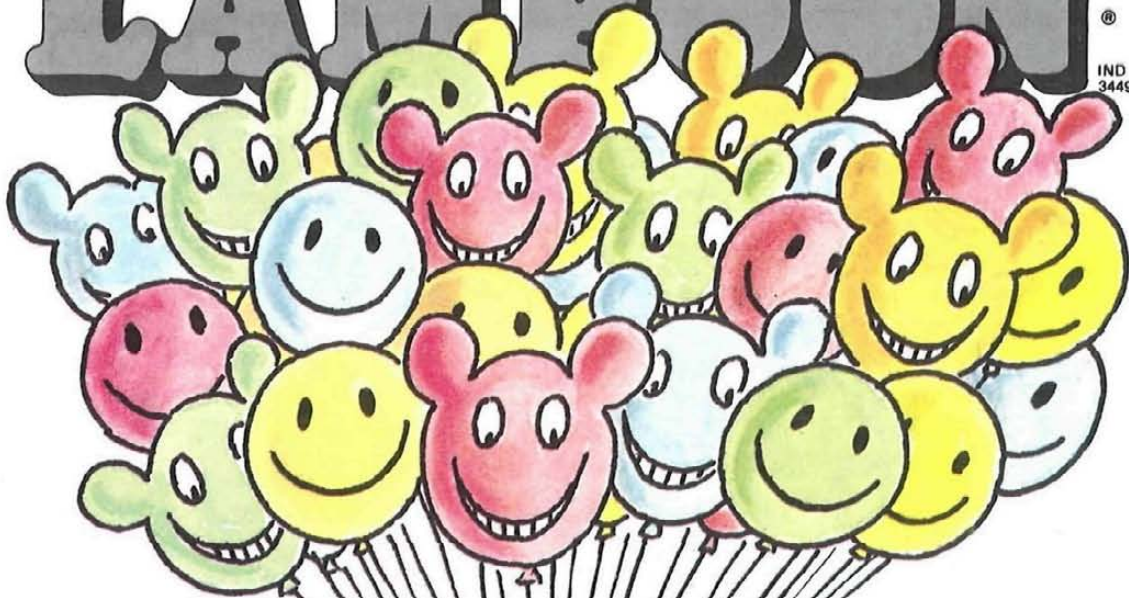
Jan. 1979

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DEPRESSION

with:

What I Got for Xmas
(Thanks a Lot)

Psychopages

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Drunk
Jobs

Women

Life in the Big City

and

Special

Cheer-Up Section



S. P. R. E. C.

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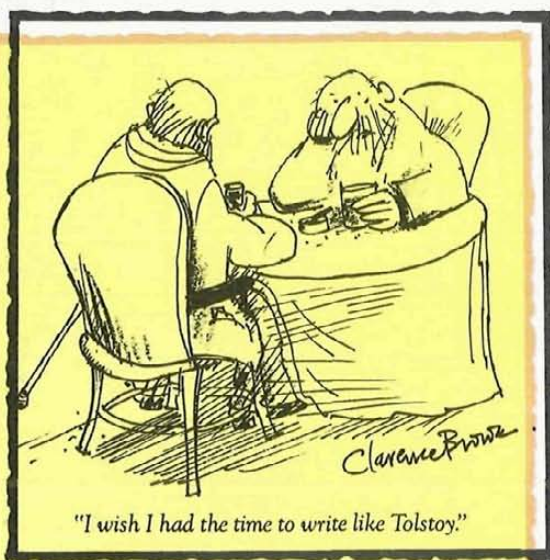
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Editorial

What the hell is wrong with you people? You're crabby, you're testy, you're always miffed, you scowl and pout and whine. For God's sake, enough is enough! I can't take any more of your gloom. Things are lousy enough without you mopes dragging your moody asses around the shopping mall threatening to break into tears every time I look at you. I mean, bleak is bleak and crestfallen is crestfallen, but Lord, the Trail of Tears is a superhighway now and the war's over.

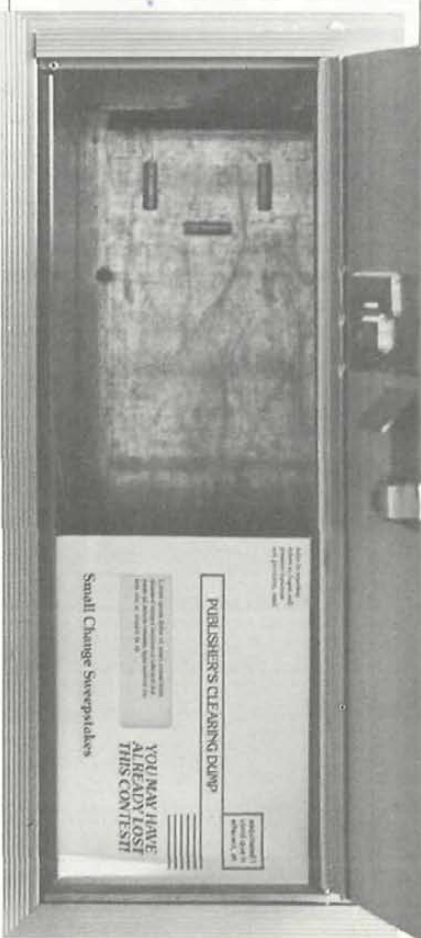
I'm sorry if I sound a little "raw," but it really greases my stick to go out on a beautiful day feeling great and then run into a dozen of you liverish droops puling about some ridiculous gwgaw. You don't have an exclusive on the blues, you know. I've got problems, too. But I manage to wear a smile regardless of how miserable I feel. Sometimes it's tough to look perky, but I do it anyway because I like people, I like life, and I'm pretty damned thankful I'm here on earth.

Sure, you say, sure he's glad to be alive because he's got a silver spoon up his ass. Hey, like I said, I've got problems. Like, for instance, I'm writing this little epistle on a five-year-old Olivetti Praxis. It is to typewriters what the Mennonites are to U.S. defense strategies. Most writers that I know have sleek, black IBM Selectrics. So how come I don't have a Selectric? Because I have to spend all of my spare dough on tapes for my Beta-max so I can record Muppet shows for my kid, who doesn't like to watch them at the time they're broadcast.

Speaking of money, how much do you think I make a year? Eighty thou? A hundred thou? Close enough, but if I didn't spend two grand for a good tax man and if I didn't sweat my nuts off every spring digging for loopholes in the tax laws and inventing business expenses, I'd be paying 40 percent instead of the 6 percent I thank Jesus I'm now paying. That kind of nonsense takes its toll—do you want to see my heart and liver?

It's not all joy in the morning

*A Message from
John Hughes to the
Unemployed, the Sick,
the Infirm, the Widowed,
the Orphaned,
the Disturbed, the
Handicapped, the
Downtrodden,
and All You
Other Grumps*



around the Hughes ranch, I'll tell you. I don't have some flunkies to tell the landscapers to trim the bushes—I have to tell them myself. We don't have a nanny for the kid or a live-in maid, and my wife drives all of our dirty clothes to the laundry just like your wife does.

I suppose you think old Hughes lives in some palatial manse beside a babbling brook in Dreamydreamyland. Au contraire! I have five bedrooms on an acre in a frumpy old suburb where I pay \$4,000 a year in property taxes and trash pick-up is only three days a week. It's no mean task keeping a marble fireplace looking snappy, and the intercom system is on the fritz.

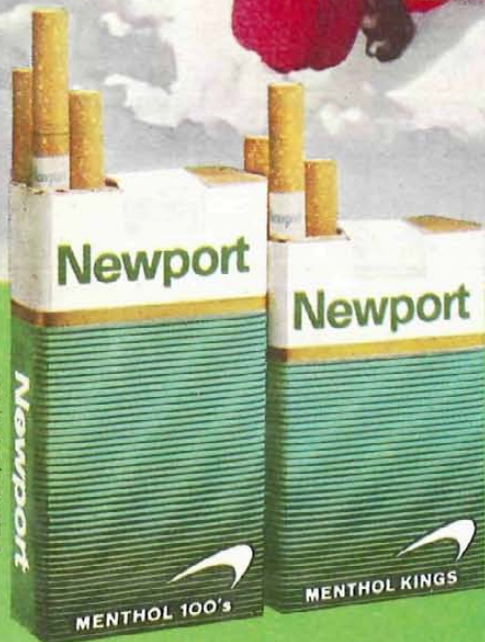
What about cars? Do you think I have a pack of Jags? Wrong again. I have two Buicks, the Blazer, and a vintage MG like everyone else. Need I go on? As you can plainly see, we're in the same boat, but I can live with my woes. So can you.

Unemployment won't kill you; neither will racial discrimination (not up north, anyway). If you saw *The Other Side of the Mountain* or *Helen Keller Goes to the Rose Bowl* or whatever that movie was called, you'll know that with half a tablespoon of encephalon you can run a play action fake right around physical impairments and probably even make a few bucks selling your story to TV. So what's left to bitch about? The price of cheese?

I have to live without certain things; I have to grow old and die like every other Joe. I don't cry, I don't yammer, I don't beg for sympathy. I suppose I could, but I don't. I really could, though. I could. I could moan and groan and whimper and all that. I mean, for example, I could moan about not having any friends. That's as good a reason as there is. It's terrible being without friends. Have you ever gone to a ball game by yourself? You know those lonely, miserable people you see in bars all hunched over beers and you suspect they may

continued on page 10

*Alive
with pleasure!*
Newport



*After all, if smoking
isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*

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Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar",
1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Sirs:

I'm a model. Well, actually, I'm more of a hostess. An escort would be more accurate. A mistress would be even more accurate. Okay, I'm a lady of the evening. To be perfectly candid with you, I'm a prostitute. More specifically, I'm a whore, a slut. To get to the point, I give a great ten-dollar blow job and I make office calls. Interested?

Cindi Soo
KL 5-5455

Sirs:

I'll let you in on a little secret—when we speak Spanish, all we're doing is repeating six sounds (*don, de, hernandez, jalisco, me, and xico*) over and over very quickly so that people think we have a real language all our own.

Don de Hernandez
Jalisco, Mexico

Sirs:

Hi guys! Guess what I just did! Incest! I had a real incest with my Uncle Ray, who's a pilot for American Airlines. It was pretty cool, but it kind of hurt because Uncle Ray is used to Aunt Carol and she's had a lot of kids and she's fat and I haven't had any kids and I'm not fat so my "part" is not as wide as hers. Plus he uses his mouth a lot. But anyhow, I got a trip to Florida and some new clothes plus he let me have a drink and a cigarette. Bye.

Jennifer Flugel
Denver, Colo.

Sirs:

I'm in crushed stone sales, and I'd like to know what's going on! Where are young people getting their crushed stone from? I used to sell fifty to sixty tons of crushed limestone a week at high schools and colleges. Now, I can't give it away. Today's kids just don't seem to care about laying roadbed.

Stan Klusuluski
Midwest Stone and Aggregate Sales
East Chicago, Ind.

Sirs:

Is it possible for someone to slip a sperm into your underpants as a joke and have it climb up inside of you and make you pregnant? If not, can you think of something else I can tell my parents? Please hurry, because I can't get into my gym uniform anymore.

Kim S.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:

Every time I fart, it kills 10,000 brain cells.

Sylvester Stallone
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

If only I'd done this or that or if only I would have at least tried such and such.... Boy, I sure wish I'd spent less, invested more, married later, had less kids, blah, blah, blah, and so on and so forth.

A Forty-nine-year-old Man
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Sirs:

We have brains, we have charm, we have wit. We are stimulating conversationalists, good companions, and could have been highly successful in any number of fields. But, unfortunately, we were born with big tits and great asses.

The Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders
Dallas, Tex.

Sirs:

Did you ever wonder what happened to all the old hippies? Well, we're the stockbrokers who don't wear underwear.

F.W. "Toke" Skinner
Trabert, Dawson, Hoag, and Skinner
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

The Rolling Stones's song "Some Girls" is not only sexist and racist and an insult to all black people; it is a lie. What do they mean, "Black girls just want to fuck all night?" Not at my house they don't!

The Rev. Jesse Jackson
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

I got attacked by an owl! Not a phony owl or a stuffed owl, but a real owl with big pointy toes and wings and a mouth, and it bit a hole in my safari hat. Fortunately, I had a gun and I killed it. But it could have been real serious.

Marlin Perkins
Omaha, Nebr.

Sirs:

I can act my way out of paper bags just fine; it's movies I have trouble with.

Farrah Fawcett-Majors
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

Yes, I feel very stupid having those kinds of pictures taken of me. No, we don't masturbate all the time, and we don't rub scarves between our legs; we only do that for the pictures because you guys like to think that's what we do. And yes, I do feel icky going to my parents' house for Thanksgiving after I've done a photo spread.

Pet of the Month
c/o Penthouse Magazine

Sirs:

I wanted to bludgeon fifteen old ladies in the Bensonhurst area, but there was that paper strike, and I wasn't going to go through all the bother of wiping out fifteen people to be written up in some fly-by-night temporary strike paper. I want to be in the *New York Times* or the *Post* or the *Daily News*. Can you blame me?

The Social Security Killer
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

The "joy" of childbirth? What do they mean, joy of childbirth? It hurts, it's messy, it's noisy, it's embarrassing, it's expensive, and all you get out of it is a kid.

Mrs. Herbert Quarbble
Houston, Tex.

Sirs:

I am truly fulfilled as an actor. I played a rancher father for nearly twenty years, I did dog food commercials, and now I'm an intergalactic space-dad. I thank the Lord for this splendid career.

Lorne Greene
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Whatever you do, don't complain about women and phones. If they didn't spend all that time talking on the telephone, they'd spend it talking to us about kids and soap operas and clothing sales, and we'd never get a minute's peace!

A Husband
Tacoma, Wash.

Sirs:

How is it going since I left "All in the Family" to be a big star on my own? Well, actually, it's going lousy. I

continued on page 85

Deck the halls with plop plop, fizz fizz, falalalala lalala.....Ahhh!

There are lots of ways Yuletide pleasures lead to holiday headaches and upset stomachs. Sometimes the turkey does it to you. Sometimes the turkey and the holiday parties do it to you.

And sometimes you just do it to yourself. With the turkey, the trimmings, the eggnog and more eggnog. And before you know it, seasonal stuffing leads to seasonal suffering.

But with our little Yuletide treasure, you'll be ready. Alka-Seltzer® speeds relief to your aching head and upset stomach. So plop plop, fizz fizz, ho ho ho!

ALKA-SELTZER®
Oh, what a relief it is!



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be crying? That's me, and I am crying. I'm crying all the time. You know that song "Friends"? Bette Midler sang it? I play that all the time, and it *rips me up!* I once thought of robbing a liquor store because I thought it would be neat to get sent to prison where I could have a cellmate. Isn't that sick?

I don't know why I don't have any friends. I've asked people why they don't like me, but all they say is, "I can't put my finger on it," or, "It's just something about you." I've got no answers. I'm a lonely, miserable son-of-a-bitch who is hated and despised, and if I didn't shell out \$15,000 a year for drugs and presents I wouldn't even have anyone to talk to on the phone. Shit, the only reason my wife sticks around is she's got me pegged for heart trouble.

You know, I wonder why I started writing this fucking thing in the first place. All I've done is splatter my pain all over a national magazine that my old high school and college pals read, and they think I'm real uncool and childish because I write for it. If I wasn't such a Jell-O-spine, I'd go suck on a .38.

Whew! That was really hard work writing that little piece, but it sure proved I'm a good writer. To be able to convince readers that you're a sorry SOB when you're really quite happy and content and doing very well is craftsmanship. I had you thinking I was headed for the switchyard to take a little nap when in reality I'm a happy-go-lucky sort of guy. I'm never one to go around down in the mouth. Not me, no siree. I'm as happy as a frog in the mud on a July night, in a swamp with a mouthful of flies, croaking a lonely song to the moon, waiting for a French chef to take my legs off and...let's be honest with one another. I'm happy. But I'm not *that* happy. I'm certainly not ecstatic. I'm overjoyed every now and then, but mostly I'm...a lot of times...sometimes I can be a little out of sorts. Lately, it's been about every other day. Not every other day; just an occasional every other day. But I snap out of it. I think it's called a blue funk. Nothing to worry about unless...well, if you start acting a little "private." Like, for example, last week I was at my mother-in-law's house for dinner, and of course I had to carve the turkey because everyone else got gooched watching football. Anyway, I took out the electric knife

and stared at it for the longest time just listening to that motor whine and those wicked metal blades slither back and forth and...is this getting a little downbeat? I think so. Hell, I know so! Who do I think I'm kidding? The printed word doesn't lie. My feelings are in the ink and the pulp, and I'm a fool if I think I can conceal the fact that my life is bent and twisted.

Oh, God! I've got deep, deep problems. Life is cruel. There's nothing good about it. What appears to be good is merely a setup for devastation. The pot at the end of the rainbow? It's filled with colon cancer and car crashes. Your reward for living a long and fruitful life? Third bed from the window in a nursing home. I say fuck the whole kit and kaboodle! Fuck the U.S.A., fuck the Chinese, fuck taxes, fuck Communism, fuck the Arabs, fuck the Jews and the Nicaraguans and tooth decay and humor magazines and everything that ever was, is, or could be!

J.H.

Apology

In this November's "The Body" issue, we ran a very funny piece entitled "She Has a Wonderful Personality." What made it even funnier was the fact that we forgot to credit Michael Trossman for the delightful caricatures that accompanied the words. There, Mike, how's that?

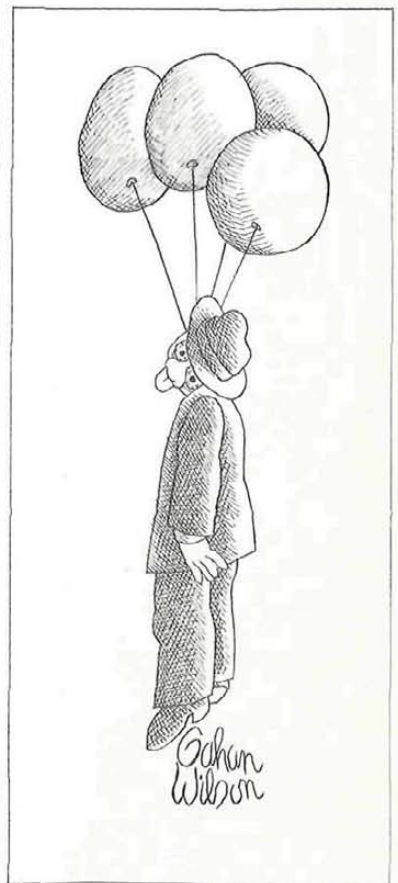
Editorial Note: Get well soon, Bernie X.

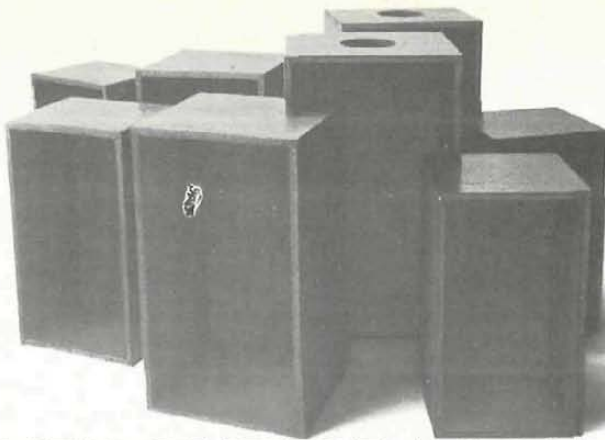
On October 25 of this year, Bernie X was cruising down Second Avenue in Manhattan looking for a fare. A truck with the name *Cucaracha Banana Company* was in his lane, directly in front of him. At Second Avenue and Seventy-fourth Street, the truck hit a pothole, which somehow caused its rear door to open. The truck hit another pothole a few feet ahead and hundreds of bananas fell out the open rear door directly in front of Bernie's cab. Bernie's cab hit the bananas, swerved out of its lane, and rammed into a parked car. Bernie was hurt badly and was rushed to the hospital, where it was discovered that he had a fractured skull, a badly broken jaw (which prevents him from speaking at the moment), broken ribs, and severe internal injuries. In effect, his car "slipped on a banana peel." For two weeks, he was in the intensive care unit, but now is sufficiently recovered to be classified as "satisfactory." Unfortunately, he will not be able to

drive a cab for a few months, nor can he write or dictate his column to his good friend, Gerald Sussman. We hope and pray for his speedy recovery. Bernie would certainly appreciate any sympathy and get well cards or letters. They can be sent in care of Gerald Sussman at the *National Lampoon*.

This Month's Cover

Cartoonist Bobby London proposed the idea for this month's cover, which was executed by Sam Gross with results that were highly pleasing to all—especially to Gahan Wilson, who liked the joke so well that he used it in cartoons of his own which he drew some ten years ago. More simple-minded folk than we might accuse Mr. London of accidentally appropriating one of Gahan's jests. But two pieces of evidence argue forcibly against this. One: Bobby cannot read and, two: Wilson is famous for his abilities at plagiarism—a technique by means of which a creative artist steals a plot, theme, gag, etc., and then projects himself back in time and publishes it before his victim is born. William Shakespeare did this to the authors of *West Side Story*, so it's nothing new; but even so, Gahan, we are ashamed. □





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Most speaker companies try to impress you by describing the "incredible" sound that comes out of their speakers.

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Instead of a conventional tweeter, you'll find HPM speakers have a unique *supertweeter*. In brief,



The HPM Supertweeter: speaker technology rises to new highs.

it works on a thin piece of High Polymer Molecular (HPM) film that converts electrical impulses into sound waves without a magnet, voice coil, cone or dome.

As a result, it can reproduce highs with an accuracy and definition that no conventional tweeter could possibly match.

We've also created special mid-range driver cones that are light enough to give you sharp response, yet rigid enough not to distort. So you're assured of hearing a lot more



HPM 60

HPM 100

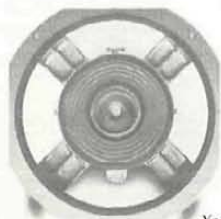
HPM 150

HPM 40

music, and a lot less distortion.

And while most woofers are still made with the same antiquated materials used in 1945, ours are made with a special carbon fiber blend that's allowed us to decrease the weight of the cone, yet increase the strength needed for clarity. This, plus an oversized magnet and a

long-throw voice coil let you hear even the deepest notes exactly the way the musicians



You'll never hear a sound out of these die cast aluminum frames.

recorded them.

Of course, we could go on and on about the fact that every HPM speaker element has a cast aluminum frame, instead of the flimsy stamped out metal kind. Or about our special compressed wood cabinets that have better acoustic properties than ordinary wood cabinets.

Its features like this that begin to explain why unlike speakers that sound great on only part of the music,



Level controls that let you adjust the sound to your listening area.

HPM speakers sound great on all of it. And this virtue isn't something you'll find in only our most expensive HPM speaker. It's found in every HPM speaker.

At this point, we suggest you take your favorite record into any Pioneer dealer and audition a pair of HPM speakers in person.

If you think what went into them sounds impressive, wait till you hear what comes out of them.

PIONEER®
We bring it back alive.

A SINGLE MAN

ELTON JOHN



HIS NEW
ALBUM
INCLUDES:
"PART-
TIME
LOVE"

Produced by Elton John and Clive Franks for Frank N. Stein Productions Ltd.

MCA RECORDS

Canadian Corner



MYLES NAGOPALEEN MEMORIAL COLUMN

Sir John A. McDonald, the first prime minister of Canada, was in the habit of writing letters to the newspapers of his time, having few other options, and signing them with the names of other people. This gave the irascible but slow-thinking statesman an opportunity to make his celebrated ripostes.

One of the most famous of these replies, the one that may fairly be called the cornerstone of Sir John's reputation as a wit, occurred during the building of Canada's national railway.

At that time, there was considerable controversy surrounding the wages apportioned to the man who bagged the railway's coal after it had been subjected to the process of destructive distillation.

Sir John wrote a spirited letter to the *Ottawa Bee-Furrier*, calling on himself to pay these workers higher wages, and to it appended the name of a recently deceased political enemy.

When his reaction was solicited by the paper's editors, the father of his country wrote tersely, "Those coke sackers will never see another nickel out of me."

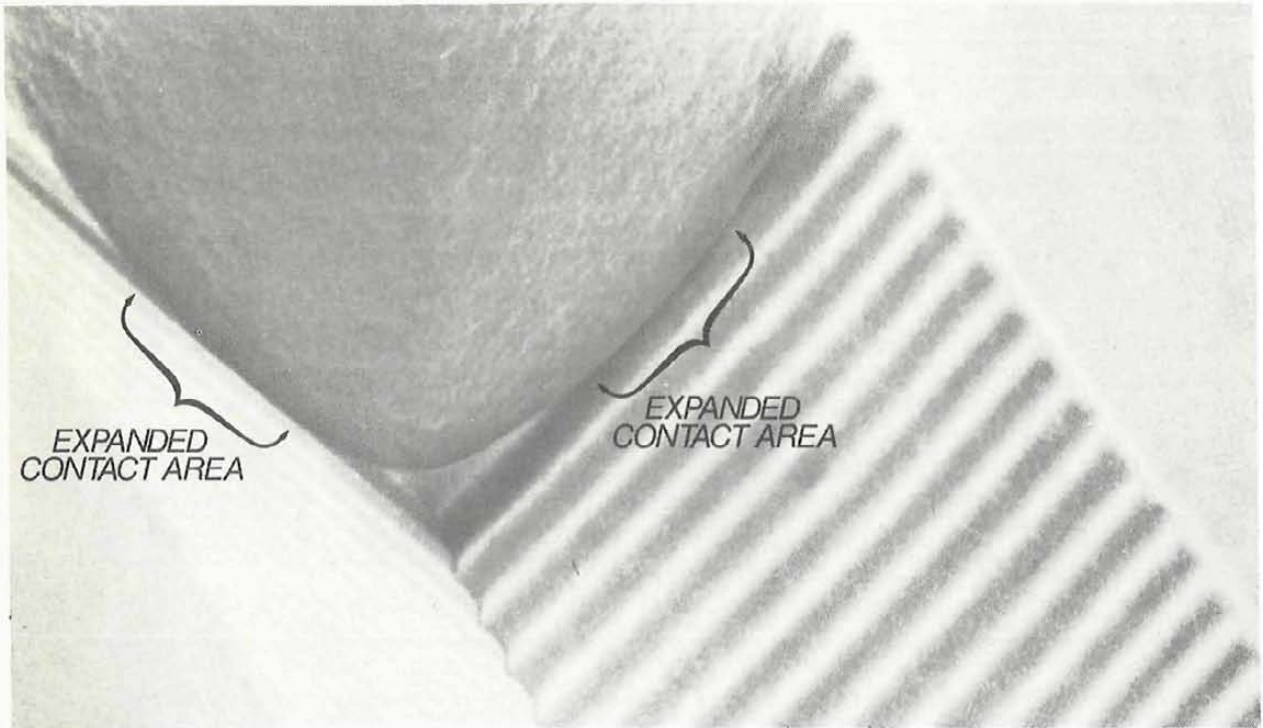
For Political Writers Only

The viability of multiculturalism has been called into question, as little but lip service has been paid the cultural mosaic since the *revolution tranquille* turned the cultural pluralism dialogue into a deaccelerated debate in the face of the new binationalistic trend. Are the arguments of third force advocates vitiated? Perhaps not, if our attempts to reach *un terrain d'entente* are not stymied by a dialogue that draws too heavily from the thesaurus of adversary terminology.

continued on page 86

PROFESSIONAL

The New #1 in all Professional Applications....
Stanton's Calibrated 881S Cartridge



Scanning Electron Beam Microscope photo of Stereohedron stylus; 2000 times magnification. Brackets point out wider contact area.



Mike Reese of the famous Mastering Lab in Los Angeles says: "While maintaining the Calibration Standard, the 881S sets new levels for tracking and high frequency response. It's an *audible* improvement. We use the 881S exclusively for calibration and evaluation in our operation"

No wonder this cartridge has achieved such dominance so swiftly. It has design, engineering and quality features that no other cartridge has. Stanton's new Professional Calibration Standard 881S cartridge is designed for maximum record protection. This requires a brand new tip shape, the Stereohedron™, which was developed for not only better sound characteristics but also the gentlest possible treatment of the record groove. This cartridge also possesses a revolutionary new magnet. It is made of an exotic rare earth compound which, because of its enormous power, is far smaller than ordinary magnets.

Stanton guarantees each 881S to meet its specifications within exacting limits. The most meaningful warranty possible, individual calibration test results come packed with each unit.

Whether your usage involves recording, broadcasting or home entertainment, your choice should be the choice of the professionals...the STANTON 881S.

For further information write to Stanton Magnetics, Terminal Drive, Plainview, New York 11803.

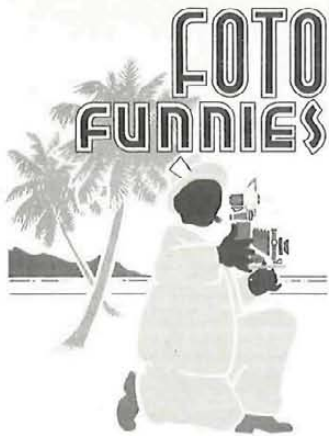
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STANTON!

The choice of the professionals™

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Bose® presents the most exciting bookshelf speaker since the Model 301.

The new Model 301. With an improved tweeter that took three years to perfect. An innovative Dual Frequency Crossover™ network that delivers smoother midrange response. A unique tweeter protection circuit that virtually eliminates tweeter burnout. And a subtle exterior modification that makes the Model 301 more elegant than ever.

But even with changes, the Model 301 retains its conventional personality.

It is, after all, a Bose Direct/Reflecting® loud-speaker system. Which means it utilizes a carefully produced balance of reflected and direct sound to give you the spatial realism of a live performance. From nearly every location in your listening room, you hear accurate stereo balance. Accurate location of each instrument, each note. Clearly, precisely. And with a fullness and richness you may have thought

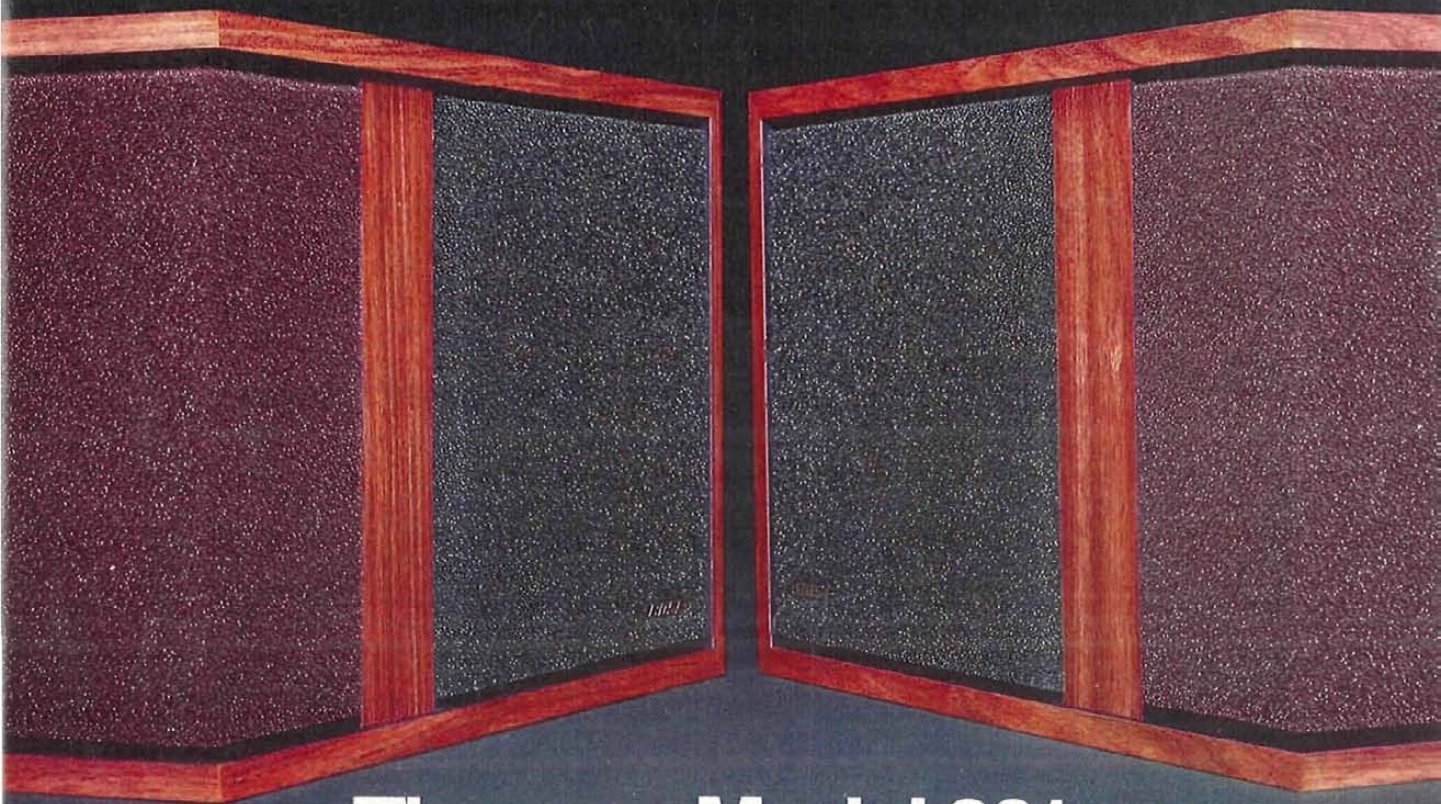
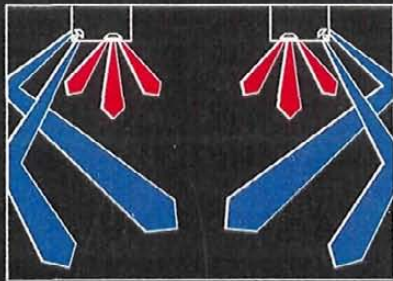
impossible from such a compact enclosure.

As a matter of fact, the Model 301 delivers a level of performance which simply astounds first-time listeners.

It could happen to you. Ask your Bose dealer to demonstrate the Model 301 against any bookshelf speaker, regardless of price.

Then ask him to demonstrate the Model 301 against even much larger speakers. In each case, you will hear an open, spacious sound that expands the confines of your listening room. Suddenly, you are in a larger, more open space, listening to music as if you were hearing it for the first time.

No other bookshelf speaker even approaches the spatial realism of the new Model 301. See your Bose dealer for a demonstration and hear what we mean.



The new Model 301.

BOSE®

For complete technical information on the new Model 301 speaker system, write Bose, Dept. T, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701

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'Vantage. I just won't compromise on taste.'

"I'm willing to make some concessions, but taste isn't one of them. Even though I've heard the tar stories, I still want a cigarette with good taste.

"That's why I'm glad I switched to Vantage.

"With Vantage, I get the taste I smoked for in the first place. And that wasn't easy to find in a low tar.

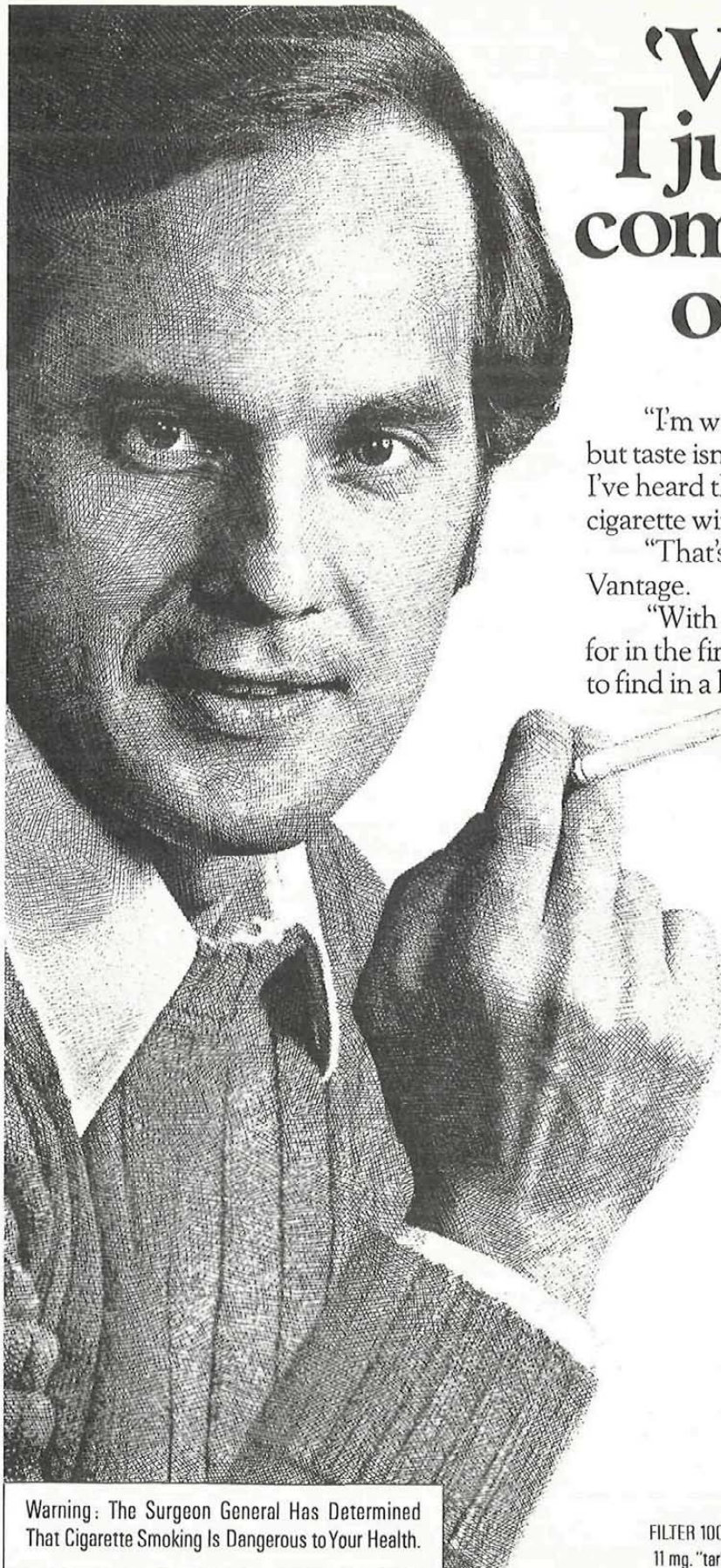
"For me, Vantage is the best tasting low tar cigarette there is."

Jack G. Bacon

Jack G. Bacon
Memphis, Tennessee



Regular, Menthol,
and Vantage 100's



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

NEWS ON THE MARCH

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington RHODESIAN P.M. HERE FOR FALL FESTIVITIES



Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith arrived in Washington, D.C., recently for what American officials were calling "strictly a pleasure visit, period." While rumors have circulated that Smith was here to obtain American assistance for his teetering regime, State Department spokespersons were quite specific concerning his itinerary.

"We did not invite Mr. Smith here," said one unnamed official. "In fact, we are not sure he was here. In fact, we deny that he was here at all. But if he was, it was for these—and only these—three reasons.

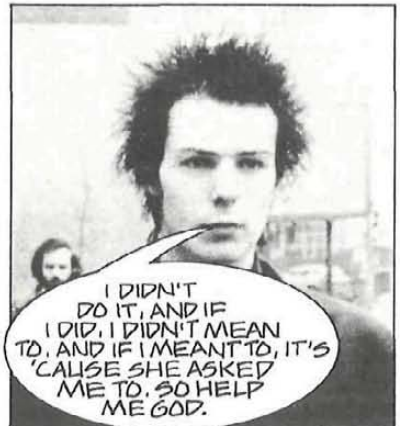
"One: to see the film *Star Wars* in a theater with a really good sound system. And not to talk to the president. Two: to watch live coverage of the World Series—

and by himself in his hotel room, not with Vance or Brzezinski or anybody important. And three: to go 'trick or treating' on Halloween. And not with Amy or Chip, but by himself, maybe with a Secret Service man waiting on the sidewalk. And that's it."

When questioned about the reaction to his visit to the United States, Mr. Smith—accompanied by his comical sidekick, the Rev. Ndabaninghi Sithole—replied, "Frankly, I was quite puzzled. I was told that I was to be sponsored in my visit by the great Japanese actor Sessue Hayakawa. But who should meet me at the airport? Some strange little man wearing plaid pants and a beret. Most distressing."

Pistol Arrested in Stabbing

SID VICIOUS FACES THE MUSIC



Former punk rock Sex Pistol Sid Vicious, recently indicted in the stabbing death of girl friend Nancy Spungen, twenty, has retained crack trial attorney E Lee Bailey to handle his defense. At a recent press conference, Bailey admitted that his client had only a "Chinaman's chance" of escaping conviction, but that he had developed what he hoped would be an effective "razzle-dazzle fallback" defense based on the civil court procedure of pleading in the alternative.

"We will first insist that Mr. Vicious did not reside at the Chelsea Hotel, scene of the alleged crime," said Mr. Bailey, "and if the prosecution succeeds in proving otherwise, we will then insist that if Mr. Vicious *did* reside at the Chelsea Hotel, he did not cohabit with Ms. Spungen. That if he did cohabit with Ms. Spungen, he did not own a knife of the '007' make. That if he did own such a knife, he did not employ it to disembowel Ms. Spungen. That if he did disembowel Ms. Spungen, it doesn't matter as she was not a woman at all but an albino yak not protected by the laws of New York State."

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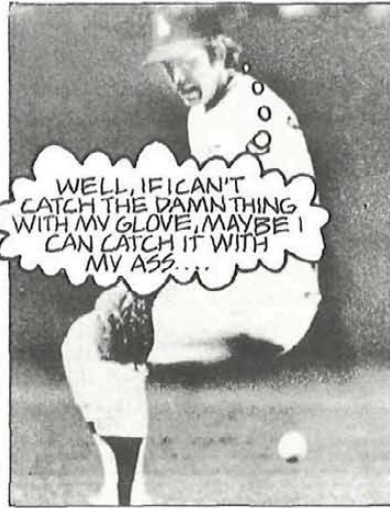
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Mrs. Luther Vicious, the accused singer's mother (real name Dorothy Filth), said of her son, "My boy Sid would never do such a thing. And if he did, it were his yak, weren't it now?"

Parents of Ms. Spungen say there is "no way" their daughter was a yak, and that if she was a yak, "Vicious should be prosecuted for keeping livestock in an area zoned for residential living."

Bailey is expected to maintain that the Chelsea Hotel is zoned for livestock, or if it isn't zoned for livestock, you'd never know it from the people who stay there.

Yanks Repeat as Series Champs Russell Beats Dodgers in Six Games



Sweeping past the Dodgers in a dramatic comeback largely made possible by the almost indescribably inept play of Dodger shortstop Bill Russell, the New York Yankees captured their second straight World Series title.

During the course of the three series games played in New York, the lead-footed, thimble-witted Russell—who was voted the LVP award by the Sports-writers' Association and a full winners share by a grateful Yankee team—committed nineteen fielding errors, twenty-seven throwing errors, missed the team bus twice, lost all his traveler's checks, and bought \$10,000 worth of Brooklyn Bridge stock.

Russell seemed unembarrassed by his erratic play. He attributed his sloppy glove work to a confluence of factors—the hardness of the Yankee infield, the un-sportsmanlike tendency of Yankee fans to yell and holler when he tried to make a catch, low biorhythms, sunspots, and a pair of "bad hands."

"When I come off the airplane in New York," said Russell, "a bunch of colored guys run up to me and stole my hands. I had to play with new ones that was stiff and didn't feel right 'cause I hadn't broke em in yet. Everyone in New York is an animal."

Australian Doctor Leads the Way First Beer Stein Baby Born

Following hard on the heels of the successful delivery of the world's second "test tube" baby, Dr. Baza Bruce of Melbourne's Ned Kelly Hospital announced the birth of the world's first "beer stein" baby. Dr. Bruce, who developed the revolutionary procedure independently, claims it was "as easy as pointing Percy at the porcelain," and adds that all the "ballyhoo" over the first two test-tube births makes him want to "chunder."

Dr. Bruce says he supervised the simple fertilization procedure at a hospital dance nine months ago. "I happened to become aware that one of the nurses at the dance had a monkey spittin' blood at the time (the nurse was ovulating), so I nicked

(took) her nookie napkin (sterile specimen pad), put it in a beer stein, and had a mate of mine chafe the snake on it (fertilize the ovule). Next day, I packed the plop (fertilized egg or zygote) into a peashooter (pipette) and blowgunned the blob through the bush of some Sheila (host mother) shaken up in a car accident. After that, we just waited."

The "beer stein" baby, a healthy eight-pound nine-ounce boy, may be the first of many children born by similar procedure in countries around the world.

Japanese doctors have a "teacup" tot in the works, the French a "finger bowl" infant, while Polack medicos are working on a "chamber pot" child.

"Business Is Booming"

Beirut Chamber of Commerce Launches New Campaign



The Chamber of Commerce of the city of Beirut, Lebanon, has begun a new advertising campaign to lure more industry and tourist business into the city.

"Basically, what we're doing is, we're promoting the city as the 'anti-Geneva,'" explained one official. "We want to promote Beirut as the place where anybody can fight anybody about...well, just about anything. And I'm not simply referring to warring religious factions or hostile splinter political groups. I'm talking about anything."

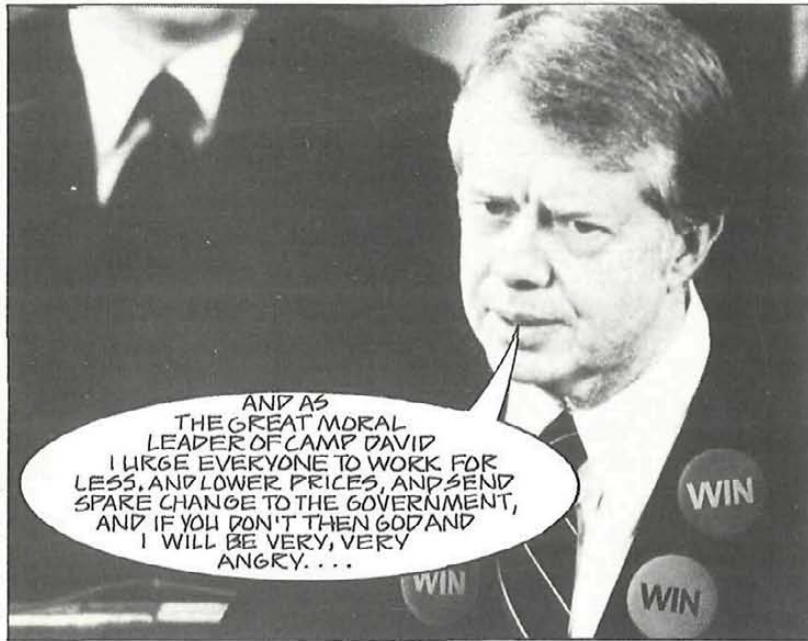
"You're having a fight with your wife—or wives, in the case of some of our clients, ha-ha—you hop on Air Lebanon, and boom: in a few hours you're in the streets hurling epithets or grenades to

your heart's content. Two guys got a personal feud, let 'em slug it out man-to-man on the war-torn streets—hey, that's not bad. Like 'Fly the friendly skies, right? 'Fight the war-torn streets...! Whattaya think?'"

The official was asked if the combination of the current fighting in the city and the fighting being solicited might not produce unmanageable confusion. He replied, "What do you mean, 'might'? We already got it! It's here! We got Syrian this and Israeli that, Moslem him and Christian her, left-wing me and right-wing you, American-hoo and Communist-ha... nobody knows who's winning. Nobody knows who to root for. At least we can try to make a few bucks at it."

Urges People to Behave and Not Be Greedy

Carter Outlines Voluntary Program to Fight Inflation



AND AS THE GREAT MORAL LEADER OF CAMP DAVID I URGE EVERYONE TO WORK FOR LESS, AND LOWER PRICES, AND SEND SPARE CHANGE TO THE GOVERNMENT, AND IF YOU DON'T THEN GOD AND I WILL BE VERY, VERY ANGRY....

Vigils Held for Polish Pope

On Sunday, October 20, the day that Cardinal Karol Wojtyla was invested as Pope John Paul II, nondenominational midnight prayer vigils were held on his behalf in a number of churches and synagogues in Hollywood, Las Vegas, and New York. The vigils were sponsored by the International Brotherhood of Humorists, Comedians, and Satirists. IBHCS President Don Rickles explained that the devotional services were intended to give thanks for Cardinal Wojtyla's selec-

tion and to offer prayers for his good health and longevity.

"When I heard that they picked a Polack to be Pope, I almost shit," said Rickles, "and these vigils are just our way of saying praise the Lord for handing us a pile of A material. Incidentally, you know how you can spot the new Pope at high mass on Easter Sunday? No? He's the one in the jewel-encrusted bowling shirt! Christ, we haven't had a guy like this to pick on since they tied the can to Nixon!"

India Hit by Floods, Famine



SO HOW ARE YOU, MISTER SINGH?

SO THE FLOOD CAME RIGHT ON TIME AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE, AND NOW THERE IS BIG LINE FOR MOVIE....

YES, EVERYTHING IS GOING SWELL, ALL RIGHT.

WELL, MY FAMILY STARVED TO DEATH AGAIN, I CAN'T COMPLAIN....

GOODNESS ME, SO THAT'S WHY IT'S NOT WORKING!

HEY MISTER, YOUR BACK TIRE IS FLAT.

Botha Succeeds Vorster in South Africa

Following a period of fierce campaigning and intense political infighting, Dik "Brik" Botha (pronounced *bigger*) has succeeded the ailing John Vorster as premier of South Africa's troubled government.

Botha's closest competition for his nation's highest office came from Rick "Stik" Botha, Commissioner of Brain Police and author of a highly touted plan to build a gigantic underground dormitory for South Africa's eighteen million blacks. Also in the running were Nik "Slik" Botha, Minister of Meat, and the Reverend Carl Hitler, a member of the High Council of the Grim Dutch Church.

The new premier is an arch conservative, an avid dog wrestler, and a flaming asshole.

"Beauty is Wealth, Wealth Beauty"

Rockefeller Reproduces Art, Wealth



I'LL SELL THIS, TOO! YOU WANT IT? IT'S NOT EVEN A COPY! IT'S A REAL PHONE! FIRST THREE DOLLARS TAKES IT!

Former Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller has formed a company to sell reproductions of his art collection "and other personal assets."

Reproductions of Picassos, Matisses, Henry Moores, stock certificates, bonds, currency, gold, and gems capable of fooling the sharpest eye have been created for eventual sale. One million one-dollar bills from one of Rockefeller's bank accounts have been duplicated at a cost of less than one-fiftieth of a cent per bill. The duplicate currency has been so finely produced that shop clerks, bank tellers, and even money traders have been unable to tell it from the originals.

A catalog sent to half a million prospective customers states in an introduction by Rockefeller himself that the purpose of the venture is to "put beautiful art and great wealth into the hands of all people—no matter how not quite as rich as I am they are."

H₂O Found in New York Water System

Massive quantities of H₂O have been discovered in the New York City water system. Random samples taken from all over the city have turned up the chemical in record amounts. Health officials say that the chemical does not constitute a health hazard. "We are not certain how it got into the system," a city official said. "But public health authorities believe it is relatively harmless."

Chief Suspect "Dummies Up"

Nab McCarthy in Bergen Slaying



Charles "Charlie" McCarthy was apprehended last month in his Bel Air home in connection with the death of his one-time partner, show business great Edgar Bergen. McCarthy is being held pending a grand jury indictment.

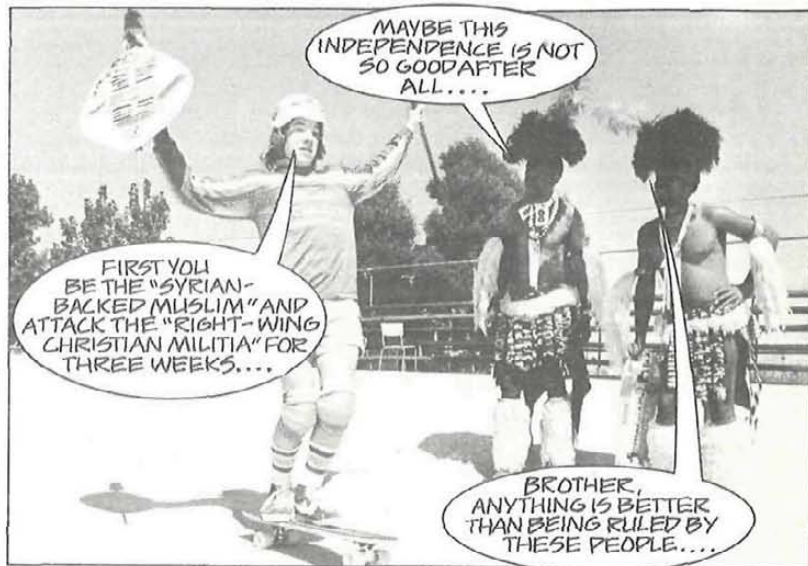
Bergen was found slumped on the floor of his hotel room in Las Vegas, where he was making a farewell appearance. Police at first assumed him to be the victim of a heart attack, but witnesses subsequently reported that they had heard McCarthy and Bergen arguing violently for many nights prior to the death. It is therefore suspected that a charge of second degree manslaughter will be leveled against the dapper, urbane McCarthy, who has steadfastly refused to comment on the matter since his capture.

"They were having a falling out," said Bergen's valet, Mr. Roscoe Cudahy, fifty-seven. "Edgar had announced his intention of retiring from show business—he was getting on, you know—and Charlie couldn't stand it. He said that if Edgar retired, how would he be able to make a living? It was terrible, terrible."

One close friend of the pair, Mr. Mortimer Snerd of Laurel Canyon, was also silent regarding the incident. It is expected that he will be the prosecution's chief witness, should the case go to trial. It is also expected that he will have little to say other than, "Uh, duh-hudda-hudda-yudda huh, duh."

Johannesburg Advises SWAPO Militants

South Africa Urges "Lebanese Style" Government for Namibia



Miracle or Hoax?

Shroud of Detroit Fails Authenticity Test

A twelve-foot by six-foot sheet of fabric that the Holy Redeemer Baptist Church of Detroit claims is the burial shroud of Jesus Christ has been judged a hoax by a team of University of Michigan archeologists and chemists. The shroud underwent tests designed to pinpoint its age, place of origin, and to identify the mysterious "ghostlike" impression of a man on the cloth obscured by red stains.

The Shroud of Detroit has been under strong criticism since it was brought to

Detroit from Las Vegas in 1969. The Rev. Raymond W. T. Walker of the Holy Redeemer Church has rejected the findings of the scientific team he permitted to study the cloth and says that he will "find [his] own damn scientists" to authenticate the shroud. According to the U. of M. tests, the shroud is made of 65 percent Kodel polyester and 35 percent cotton. It is nine years old and was milled in South Korea. The image is that of Elvis Presley. The red stains are burgundy wine.

Wall Street Crash Worst Since '29



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Yes. Because we'd stoop to anything to grab your attention and tell you how much money you save by subscribing instead of buying our magazine at the newsstand price. We know how boring it is to read about saving huge gobs of money, so while you're staring at the cupcake on this page, we'll try to make this part as brief as possible.

A one-year subscription is only \$8.95, a savings of \$9.05 over the newsstand price. A two-year subscription is \$11.00, a savings of \$25.00. Three years is only \$16.00, a savings of \$38.00 over the newsstand price. Save \$9.05, \$25.00, or \$38.00 on the funniest magazine in the world. Think of how much beer you can buy with \$38.00! Think of how many downs you can buy for \$38.00! Think of how much cocaine you can buy for \$38.00!... Uh, well, actually you can't buy all that much cocaine for \$38.00 so maybe you'd better just think about the beer: *think how much beer you can buy for \$38.00!!*

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Former Veep "Can't Complain"
Agnew Ignores Fifth Anniversary



DOES THIS PLEASE YOU, OH INEFFABLE AND INFLUENTIAL SULTAN OF A THOUSAND RICH LOBBYISTS?

JUST TAKE YOUR TITS OUT OF MY EARS AND KEEP ON DANCING, TOOTS.

Former Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew has pointedly ignored the fifth anniversary of his resignation from the nation's second highest office. Agnew stepped down from the vice-presidency on Oct. 10, 1973, in the midst of a tax fraud and kickback scandal.

Today Agnew is a wealthy and influential business consultant, with headquarters in the tiny Arab principality of Shahzahn. He owns twelve wives, three dozen concubines, a fleet of Rolls Royce limousines, and a prize Arabian race horse named Nolo Contendere.

"I'm richer than God, get laid whenever I want to, and don't have to be bugged by my idiot daughter or my faggot son," he told one reporter. "I eat great, don't have to fuck with blacks or Jews, and, except for you, am free from harassment by the press. I'm a bigger big shot now than when I was vice-president."

When asked whether he had any regrets, Agnew thought for a moment, laughed, and said, "Take this guy out and cut off his tongue."

"Just Good Clean Fun"

Sub Thieves Offer Explanation



LOOK, WE ALMOST WON. WE EVEN GOT THE THREE BEAN BAGS AND THE FOUR-WAY PIPE TOOL.

The three young men arrested in connection with an attempt to steal a nuclear submarine from the U.S. naval base at

New London, Conn., have offered an explanation for the bizarre scheme. One FBI official has called the account "surprisingly reasonable and almost praiseworthy."

The men issued a joint communiqué from their detention cells in St. Louis stating that they had planned to take the sub "to fulfill one of the requirements of a fraternity reunion scavenger hunt."

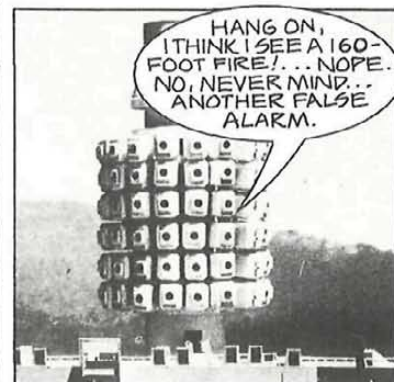
Edward Mendenhall, Kurtis Schmidt, and James Cosgrove stated that "we only had three items left on the list. We had gotten the pink Kleenex, the Kiss T-shirt, the lump of coal, and the inner tube. All we needed was the chocolate doughnut, the Hula-Hoop, and the nuclear submarine."

A lawyer hired by the three to defend them explained, "In an era when young people are alienated and ingesting drugs and dancing to disco music like robots, the actions of these three former honors college kids in pursuing this traditional and wholesome form of recreation can only be judged favorably.

"Besides," he continued, "all three have apologized, and what's more, they've been grounded by their wives for one whole month."

"\$10 Billion Saved Is \$10 Billion Earned"

Carter Vetoes Costly Public Works Bill



HANG ON, I THINK I SEE A 160-FOOT FIRE!... NOPE. NO, NEVER MIND... ANOTHER FALSE ALARM.

President Carter has vetoed what he termed "a well-meaning but highly inflationary" public works bill that would have provided federal financing for dozens of construction projects in key congressional districts around the country. While several of the projects were already underway, most now will never get beyond the planning stage. They include:

- The Sockeye Salmoelectric Power Station, located on the Klickitat River in Goldendale, Wash., which was designed to generate electricity from the turbulent upstream movement of spawning salmon.
- The Hubert Humphrey Memorial Wind Sock Evaluation Center in Hibbing, Minnesota, a research facility for the development of more efficient wind socks.
- The Trans-Texas Onion Pipeline, de-

signed to transport quantities of raw Bermuda and pearl onions from the Southwest north across the continental U.S. to Alaska.

• A Center for Pork Barrel Research and Development in Lexington, Kentucky, where teams of scientists would have studied new and better ways of storing pork and pork by-products.

One project that was completed before Carter's veto took effect was the Edmund G. "Pat" Brown Pump House and Scanning Station—a 160-foot-tall multi-hose poured concrete fire hydrant erected near Cactus Point in Death Valley. The bill that authorized construction of the hydrant said that it was being put up "just in case."

Brother Billy Battles Back

Billy Carter to Expand Operations



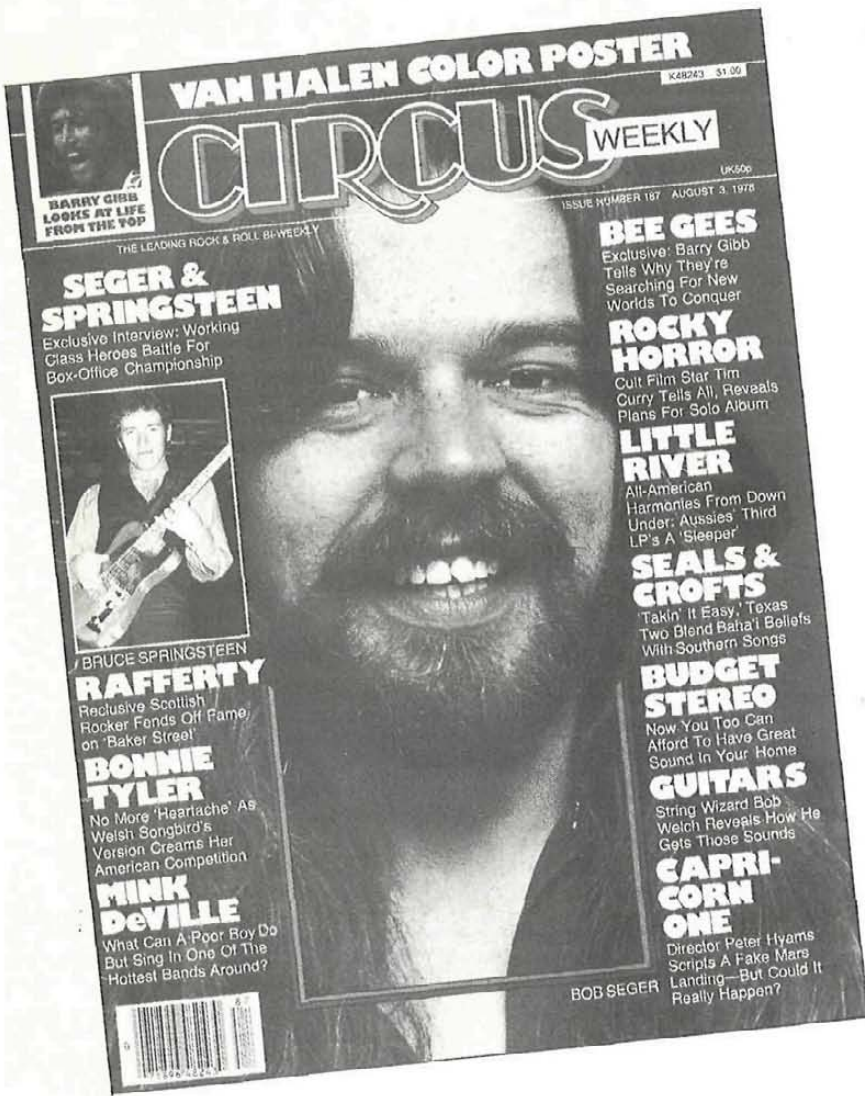
... AND NEXT YEAR, WATCH FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE BILLY MONETARY FUND, BILLY BONDS, AND BANK OF BILLY! AIN'T THIS A HOOT!?

Billy Carter, the president's brother, has announced plans to diversify and expand his industrial empire—this, in spite of the announcement that his first commercial venture, Billy Beer, has gone out of business.

"Maybe I'm not an expert on beer," grinned the portly, asshole Carter, "but I'm an expert on a lot of other things!"

Accordingly, Billy has announced the formation of a corporation to market a wide range of products under his imprimatur. They include:

- Billy Pharmaceuticals, which will produce and market Billy Penicillin, Billy Aureomycin, Billy Lithium Tablets, and other drugs.
- Billy Research Facilities, which will offer use of and access to Billy Cyclotrons, Billy Plasma Physics and Fusion Laboratories, and the Billy Radio Telescope Observatory.
- Billy Weapon Delivery Systems, which will manufacture and market Billy Anti-Personnel Devices, Billy Nuclear Submarines, and Billy Low- and High-Yield Atomic Bombs.



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Leeds, England Thirty-seven-year-old Kenneth MacGuffin of Leeds is reported to be the first case of Amazonian bacalao disease in England. MacGuffin's parents brought back some samples of bacalao, a rare tropical fish, from their vacation trip to Brazil. In playing with the fish, Kenneth was bitten badly, and in a few days, began to shrink rapidly. He still refuses to accept his condition and insists on wearing his regular adult clothes.



San Francisco, California Police close in on a gang of midgets who had attempted a daring robbery of the Bank of America. Detective Marvin Spencer has one of the midgets pinned in a small armored vehicle that was going to be used as a getaway car. Spencer's men stand by as backups and plan to move in on the other midgets in the bank.



Bucharest, Romania To dramatize the acute housing shortage in this city, Eugene Mogelescu, thirty-two, an unemployed pork smoker, now lives in his car. Since he never owned a home with a front lawn, he decided to plant one directly on his car. Mogelescu drives his "car/home" in front of the government housing office in demonstrations and protests, but has not received any assistance so far.



Coral Gables, Florida Buttercup, a seven-year-old gelding, has been looking all over the state for his mistress, Mrs. Jane Groshire, of DeHay Beach, Florida, who has been reported missing for the past three months. Buttercup carries a letter and a photograph of Mrs. Groshire in his saddle, and is conducting his own investigation. Bud Swane, owner of the Hi-Hat tavern in Coral Gables, is telling Buttercup that he has not seen Mrs. Groshire for over a year.

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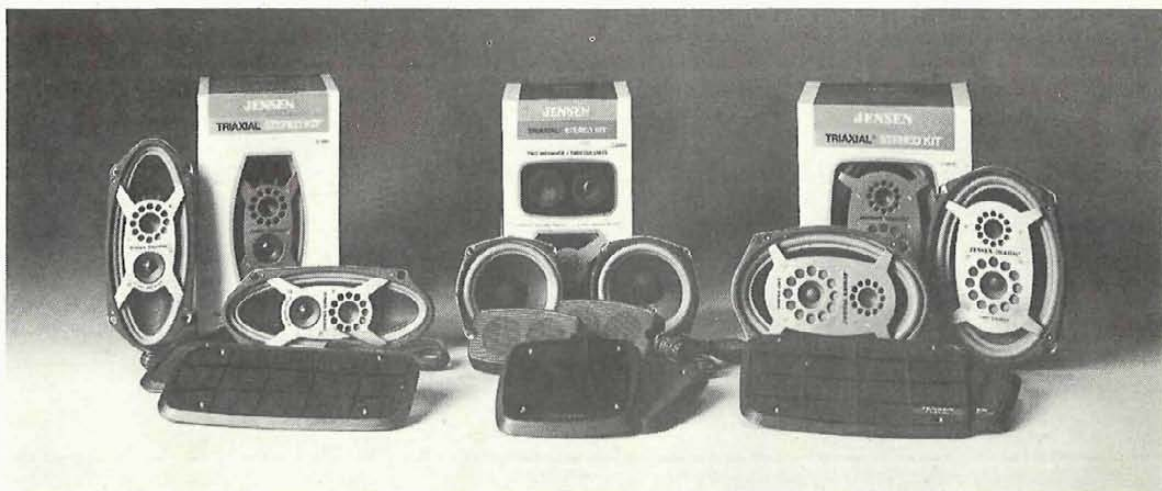
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ROCHESTER, MINN. (AP) — Researchers at the Mayo Clinic have declared that sleep is a major cause of cancer. Dr. Louis Bedenger, clinic director, stated laboratory rats permitted to sleep more than three hours per night were 2,000 percent more likely to develop cancers of the colon, throat, and spine. He said the human body will tolerate even less sleep. When asked what effect this will have

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YOUR MOMS DEAD STOP LOVE DAD

Dear Bobby,
I know this is a horrible time to have to be breaking this news to you as I know you are still sorrowing over the recent decease of your mother but I don't love you anymore and I am going to marry a guy I just met and move to Las Vegas where the satanic temple is that he and I are now eager members of.
I hope we can always remain friends
Suzi

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DEMOCRACY ON THE LOOSE	POLI SCI 478		D
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GOLF APPRECIATION	PHYS ED 409		C

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MR. ROBERT J. READER

LIFE IN THE BIG CITY GOES ON

Awakening one Monday morning from a bad night's sleep, Gregory K. found himself in bed with a cockroach the size of a dinner plate. He jumped from the bed in terror. The cockroach had not moved. Gregory K. stood naked watching it, wondering how to kill it. The dime store window shade of his bedroom window had fallen off, and if anyone had cared to look into his room, they would have seen a man of



Illustration by Bob Cenadala

five and twenty, of indeterminate features, a man with a plump, unattractive body staring at a huge insect.

Gregory K. realized he was standing naked in front of his window, and walked across the cold floor to find his pants. He did not own a bathrobe and had long given up on finding his slippers, which had mysteriously disappeared under the bed. He never looked under the bed. How could he get rid of the cockroach? Hit it with a rolled-up newspaper or magazine? That would stain the sheets. Besides, a newspaper might not kill an insect

of this size. Push it to the floor and kill it with a large, blunt instrument? What kind of instrument? He had a broom somewhere. Or a vacuum cleaner nozzle. Or perhaps he should throw it out the window. No, not that. He was afraid of picking up the cockroach with his bare hands, or even with gloves.

God, I could spend all morning figuring out how to kill that cockroach, he said to himself. Why don't I leave it on the bed and open the window. It'll probably walk out the open window if I just leave it alone.

In his small bathroom, which smelled of mildew and cat litter (though he owned no cats), Gregory K. tried to move his bowels. After fifteen minutes, he was unsuccessful. He turned on the hot water tap of the shower, but nothing came out. Every other week the hot water line would break in Gregory K.'s old apartment building on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. He knew he smelled bad, but he couldn't force himself to take a cold shower. He would wash his vital spots with a washcloth and boil some water for shaving.

continued



by Gerry Sussman

After washing, he put a large pot of water on the stove to boil, but none of the gas jets were working. The stove, which had given signs of dying in the last few weeks, had now expired for good. Gregory K. did not own an electric razor. He didn't like the idea of shaving with cold water, but the stubble on his face was not flattering. He had to shave because he had an important meeting with a client. It was terribly painful to shave with cold water, and he cut himself badly in many places. He applied toilet paper to the cuts, but the bleeding continued. His face looked worse after the shave.

The only clean shirts Gregory K. owned were in the Chinese laundry. He looked everywhere for the laundry ticket but could not find it. The surly Chinaman would not give him the shirts without a ticket. Searching in the hamper, he found a shirt he had worn only three times. It was badly wrinkled and smelled of body odor, but if he did not remove his suit jacket, perhaps no one would notice the smell.

Gregory K. looked at his watch. He was already forty-five minutes late. There was no time for breakfast. Besides, he had no food in the refrigerator. His supervisor had warned him about his lateness, and had even hinted that he would be fired if he couldn't report to work at the proper hour. The thought of losing his job filled him with nausea. He owed thousands to his charge accounts. He had two bank loans and four personal loans to repay. He could not afford to lose his job. He often woke up tired and tense, with heavy balls of anxiety and fear knotting his stomach and headaches that would bring rings of pain around his forehead and down to his neck and shoulders.

He remembered that he had very little money left until Friday, the day he got paid. He searched for his money and realized that he must have spent it all at the supermarket the day before. *I went in for a roll of paper towels, a container of milk, cigarettes, a TV dinner, and a few bottles of diet soda, and it must have cost me about seventeen dollars,* he thought. There were no dollar bills left and no change, just pennies. Gregory K. saved all his spare pennies and put them in a broken coffee mug. He needed them now

for a subway token. He barely had enough. The sullen man at the subway change booth would be very annoyed at taking fifty pennies, but it was all Gregory K. had. He decided to try to cash a small check at his bank, even though he knew he was overdrawn. Perhaps the bank had not caught up with his account.

It was an unusually warm, humid day in New York City, much too warm and humid for March, and when Gregory K. ran to the subway station he was already sweating into his heavy tweed suit. Rushing down the steps, he spilled the fifty pennies. The weight of the pennies had broken through a hole in his pants pocket and were spilling and tumbling all over the subway stairs as crowds of people walked down. No one helped him pick up the pennies. Some even kicked the pennies out of their way as they made their grim, maniacal race toward a train. Gregory K. bent over the steps searching for the errant pennies until he had all but three. The last three were quickly picked up by a panhandler who would not give them back.

Gregory K. was ashamed to demand the pennies back, and so he had to return to his apartment and rummage through every corner, every pocket, to find three cents. He found two American pennies and one foreign coin that resembled a penny. He hoped the subway teller wouldn't notice. However, the teller counted every penny—not once, but twice—and demanded another American penny from him.



Gregory K. was humiliated. Sweat was pouring out of him, and he was still bleeding slightly from his shave. Luckily, the man behind him was so angry at waiting while the pennies were counted that he gave Gregory K. the one cent he needed, just to get rid of him.

Although the morning rush hour was over, the subway was still dense with people, many coming from up-town locations. These people were coarse and ill-tempered. Many had no manners at all, and pushed Gregory K. to and fro as the train hurtled through the darkness. Suddenly the train stopped. Everything went dark. Gregory tried to be calm, but he was now very late for work and he knew that a subway delay could sometimes last for hours. The train did not move for thirty-five minutes. In that time, Gregory K. stood among screaming, hysterical passengers, crying children, and angry, ill-smelling men from up-town, speaking in foreign tongues. Sweat collected in the seat of Gregory K.'s tweed pants. The tip of his nose dripped. And then the lights went on again and the train moved.

When Gregory K. arrived at his office, he was an hour and twenty minutes late. He went to his bank immediately to cash a small check, hoping he could get away with twenty dollars, even though his checkbook told him he was without a cent. His bank did not use the single line system, where everyone waits on the same line and goes to the first available teller. His bank used individual lines for each teller. Gregory K. chose a line he thought would move quickly, but it didn't. A small man with a pinched face and a battered blue serge jacket seemed to draw an inexhaustible supply of checks out of a large bag, all of which needed careful attention by the teller.

Gregory K. waited for what seemed like hours on this line. Finally, he could not stand it any longer, and switched to what looked like a shorter line. But by the time he reached the teller, she closed her station. He had to go to another line and start all over again. When he reached an open teller she checked his account and told him he was \$187.43 overdrawn. His twenty-dollar check was refused.

Unfortunately, there was no one he could borrow money from at the office, because his co-workers were all out to lunch. Gregory K. was now ravenously hungry, but all he could find to eat were some stale Saltines in

continued on page 44

ALCOHOLICS

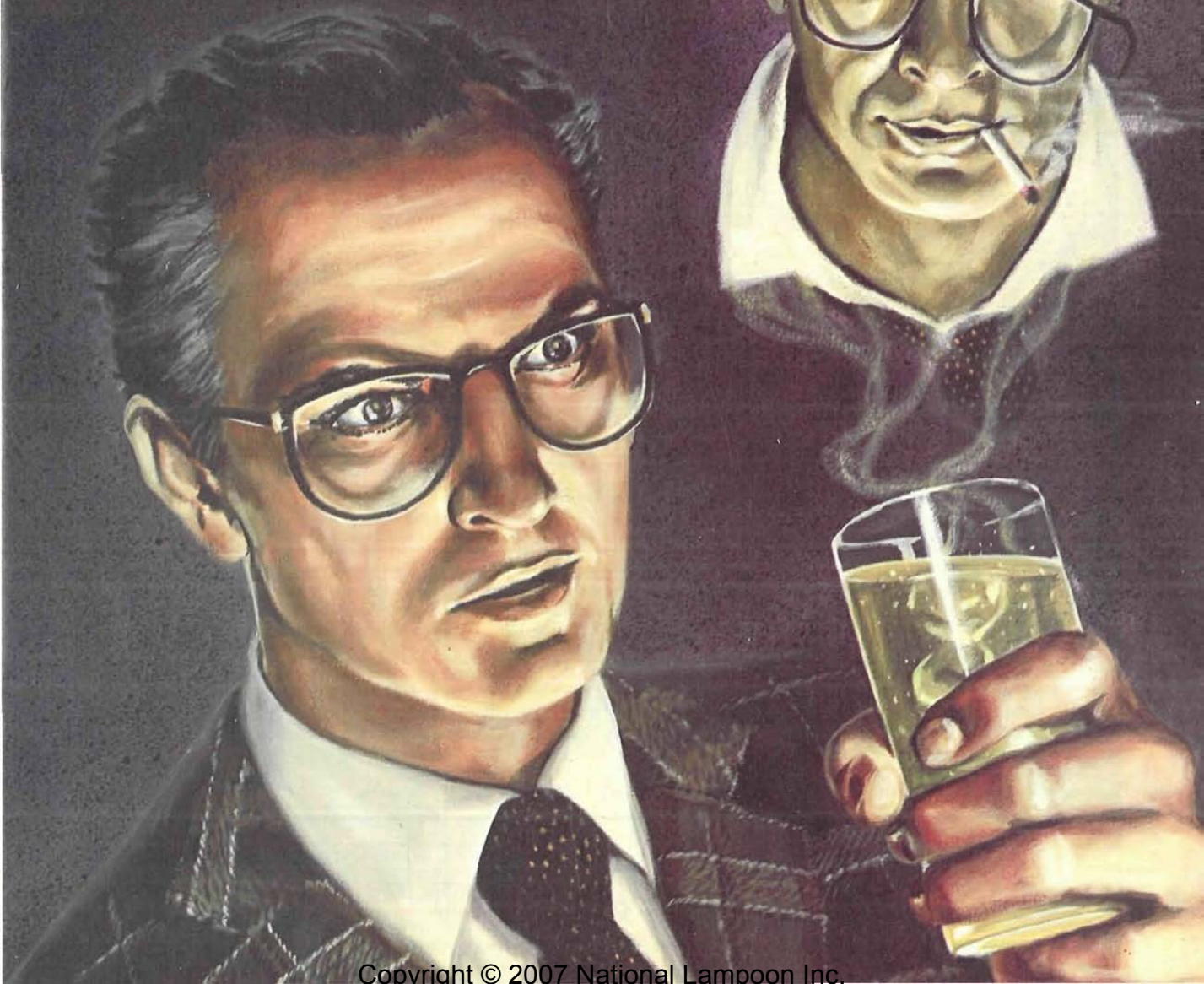
Illustrated

Featuring Stories About the World's Most Hurtful, Socially Destructive Failures Who Tear Apart Their Families, Fall Down in the Shower and Chip Their Teeth, and Won't Let Anyone Help Them

DR. JEKYLL and MR. DRUNK

By TOD CARROLL

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ATOMIC BOTTLE BUZZER. Attach atomic buzzer to Mom or Dad's hidden liquor bottles. When they reach behind the isens or under the bed, watch them J-J-M-P as the intense 225-volt buzzer jolts their on-tire body.
 No. 101 \$3.00



PROCESS SERVER DISGUISE. This complete outfit lets you serve phony summonses and court orders to your parents from divorce court, child protective services, creditors, IRS, anyone. You'll be feared and respected as they squirm and beg for leniency!
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EXPLODING SCOTCH. Looks like regular Scotch whiskey, but when its poured out of the bottle—look out! It goes off like a stick of dynamite. Brilliant flash, powerful concussion guaranteed to put parent in hospital and be denied liquor intake for days. Watch Dad pour a double for twice the fun!
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DR. JEKYLL AND MR. DRUNK

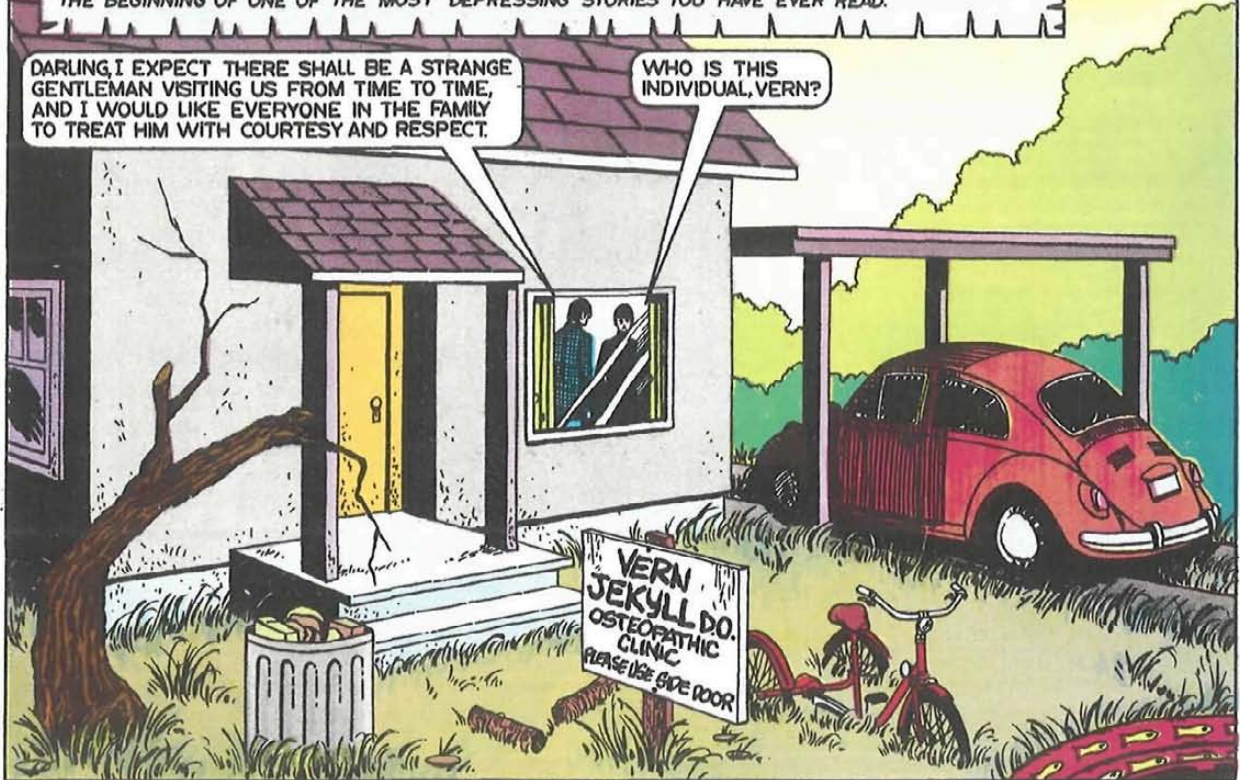
BY TOD CARROLL

JOHN WORMAN JR. BOB SMITH

DR. VERN JEKYLL, D.O., OPERATED AN INSUBSTANTIAL PRACTICE OUT OF HIS HOME IN SOUTHERN ILLINOIS. ONE DAY, HE SUMMONED HIS WIFE FOR THE PURPOSE OF GIVING HER SOME INSTRUCTIONS. THIS APPARENTLY ROUTINE AND SIMPLE ACT WAS REALLY MUCH MORE--IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF ONE OF THE MOST DEPRESSING STORIES YOU HAVE EVER READ.

DARLING, I EXPECT THERE SHALL BE A STRANGE GENTLEMAN VISITING US FROM TIME TO TIME, AND I WOULD LIKE EVERYONE IN THE FAMILY TO TREAT HIM WITH COURTESY AND RESPECT.

WHO IS THIS INDIVIDUAL, VERN?



I CAN TELL YOU ONLY THAT HIS NAME IS MR. DRUNK. THE REST IS MY PERSONAL AFFAIR!

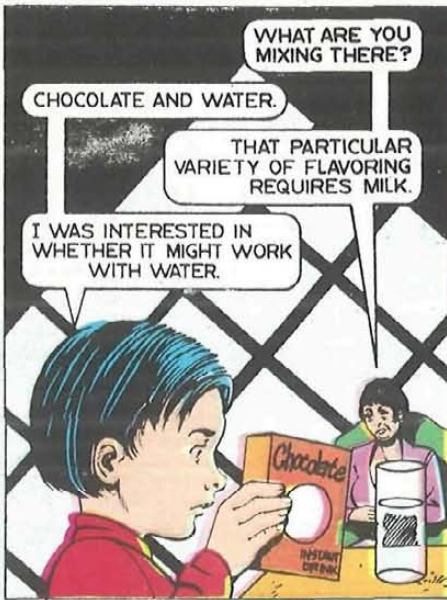


ALTHOUGH BEA JEKYLL WAS PUZZLED BY THE EXPLANATION, SHE APPRISED HER CHILDREN OF THEIR FATHER'S COMMAND. THEN, ONE EVENING...

TONI, I MUST INSIST THAT YOU GET AWAY FROM THE BARE FLOOR BEFORE YOU CATCH A COLD. VERN, PLEASE TELL HER TO ASSEMBLE HER PROJECT ELSEWHERE.

ASSEMBLE YOUR PROJECT ELSEWHERE!





WHAT ARE YOU MIXING THERE?

CHOCOLATE AND WATER.

THAT PARTICULAR VARIETY OF FLAVORING REQUIRES MILK.

I WAS INTERESTED IN WHETHER IT MIGHT WORK WITH WATER.



VERN, TELL HOWARD TO STOP BEFORE HE WASTES A FULL CONTAINER OF SYRUP.

STOP BEFORE YOU WASTE A FULL CONTAINER OF SYRUP!!

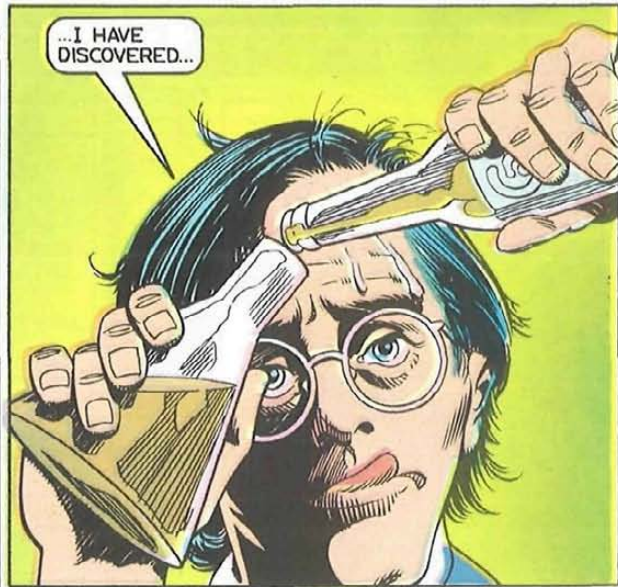


ANXIOUS TO SECURE A RESPITE FROM FAMILY TENSIONS, DR. JEKYLL ADJOURNED TO THE PRIVACY OF HIS LABORATORY...

...WHERE HE BEGAN TO CONCOCT A MYSTERIOUS POTION.



AT LAST...



...I HAVE DISCOVERED...

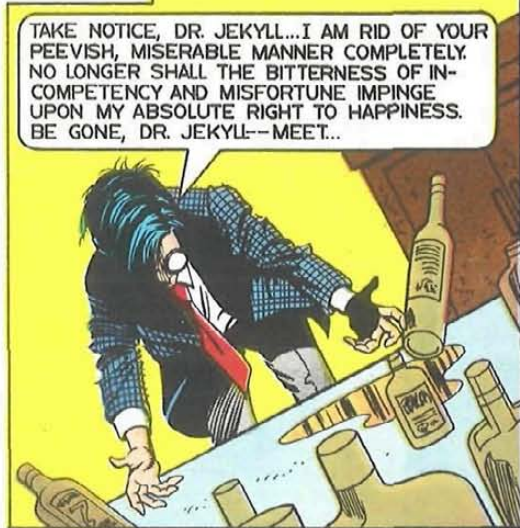


...THE FORMULA. I HAVE THE MEANS TO ESCAPE AS NO CREATURE HAS EVER DONE.



HALF-MAD WITH ANTICIPATION, DR. JEKYLL CONSUMED THE LIQUID.

HE BEGAN TO TREMBLE AND CONVULSE AS INSIDIOUS CHEMICALS SEIZED CONTROL OF HIS ENTIRE BODY.



SUDDENLY, MR DRUNK EXPERIENCED A PRONOUNCED SHIFT IN HIS NATURE.

YOU SQUAWLING BASTARDS WILL SPEAK TO WL847 AND YOU WILL DO SO IMMEDIATELY!



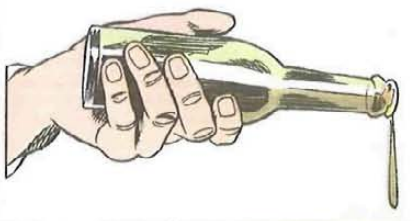
GOOD HEAVENS, THE POTION IS GOING AWRY. I MUST HAVE THE ANTIDOTE.



MR. DRUNK QUICKLY LAID HIMSELF UPON THE ANTIDOTE. BY MORNING, HE HAD REVERTED TO THE PERSON OF DR. JEKYLL, VOWING NEVER AGAIN TO REPEAT HIS FOOLISH EXPERIMENT.



BUT THE DOCTOR FAILED TO HONOR HIS PLEDGE, AND MRS. JEKYLL REMAINED WHOLLY MYSTIFIED BY HER HUSBAND'S ALLEGIANCE TO THE STRANGE INTRUDER WHO TERRIFIED THE CHILDREN, DROVE THE AUTOMOBILE INTO MAILBOXES, DISGORGED MASSIVE VOLUMES OF RED-GREEN BILE ON THE TOILET AND BATH MATS, BATTERED HOLES IN THE DOORS, SOLD DR. JEKYLL'S PRESCRIPTION PADS TO NARCOTICS ADDICTS, IMBUED THEIR HOME WITH THE WRETCHED MORNING STINK OF LIQUOROUS RESPIRATION, CALLED HER A CUNT, AND LEFT BURNING CIGARETTES ON THE DINING ROOM TABLE. THEN, ONE DAY, AS SHE WAS STROLLING WITH A FRIEND...



FROM PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE WITH AN INDIVIDUAL SIMILAR TO YOUR MR. DRUNK, I TELL YOU THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO EXPOSE HIM. YOU MUST ORGANIZE THE CHILDREN. YOU MUST DRILL THEM RELIGIOUSLY ON HIS FAULTS.



THEN I PROPOSE THEY EXECUTE A THOROUGH CAMPAIGN OF HUMILIATION.



MRS. JEKYLL STATIONED TONI AND HOWARD NEAR THE DOOR AND WAITED FOR MR. DRUNK TO GO OUTSIDE.



LOOK, MR. DRUNK--WE'RE FOLLOWING IN YOUR FOOTSTEPS.

AND WE'RE HAVING LIQUOR DRINKS JUST LIKE YOU.



MR. DRUNK DASHED TO THE LABORATORY, BOLTED THE DOOR, AND INGESTED A LETHAL DOSE OF HIS FORMULA. LATER, WHEN THE FAMILY INVESTIGATED...

MR. DRUNK!...VERN!! DR. JEKYLL AND MR. DRUNK WERE ONE AND THE SAME ALL ALONG!



LOOK FOR WORK, I SUPPOSE....



THE END

New Year's

by John Hughes

New Year's Eve 1961

New Year's is great! You can stay up as late as you please and drink too much pop and do whatever you want because your parents go out and when they come home they're too drunk to notice what you've done and in the morning they feel so terrible they don't care. You've got plenty of energy (after a close brush with sleep at about 11:30), and when midnight rolls around, you go out on the porch and scream as loud as you can and blow off the firecracker you've saved from July 4. You knock over garbage cans, blow on your cornet, play records full blast, and start up your mom's car and floor it and honk the horn. When you get cold or tired, you go inside and make a frozen pizza, watch a double bloody slime monster ghoul movie, and fall asleep on the floor.



New Year's Eve 1964

New Year's better be good because Christmas was boring and stupid and your grandfather bugged you about your "Beatle hair" and school starts again in two days. You walk three miles over to a friend's house and have a party but no girls show up. You smoke some cigarettes and drink two cans of beer and you get drunk. At midnight, you do about the same thing you did last year and the year before, but this time you feel stupid and immature. Then you start to feel sad and lonely and wish you were sixteen so you could get your license and buy a car and work at a gas station and be friends with the Dave Clark Five and quit school, and then you get to thinking about how much better your sister's Christmas presents were than yours and you're convinced your parents don't love you as much as they love her and then you feel sick and go home. When you get into bed, you whack off, noting that it is your first one for 1965.



continued

New Year's Eve 1966

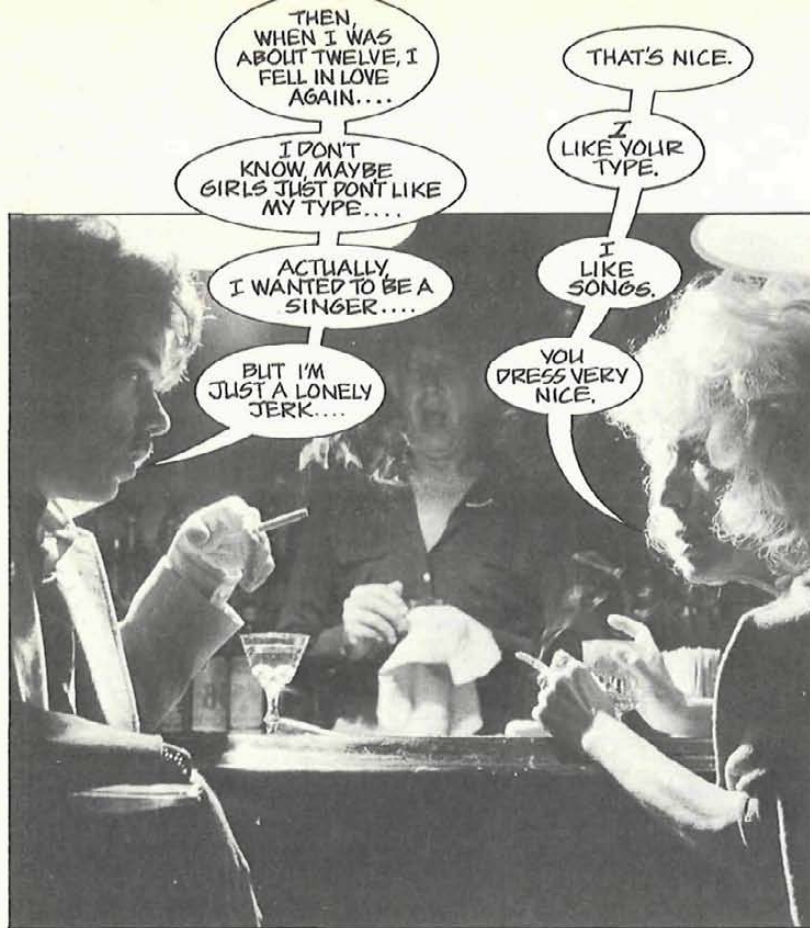
You've got your license and your mom's Country Squire. You load it up with as many guys as it will hold and two cases of Blatz beer. Then you go back to your house and everybody gets drunk. Some girls come by and you don't get one. You feel extremely sorry for yourself, and when you go to take a leak, you look at yourself in the mirror for half an hour trying to figure out everything that's wrong with you. At midnight, nothing happens. In fact, it's almost twelve-thirty before you notice. Then it's time to get everyone out of the house, and that means driving fifteen people home. The last one in the car is a girl, but before you even have a chance to think about doing something to her, she throws up. You get home and clean the barf off the side of the car. And as you walk into the house, you glance up at the moon and think dark, gloomy thoughts until you realize that you've ruined your neat new Christmas sheepskin coat with beer.



New Year's Eve 1968

It's your first time home from college and you can't wait to show your old high school flame how cool college has made you, but she already has plans and a new boyfriend. You call your old high school buddies and go downtown with them and 800,000 other people. You smoke lots of hash and drink Southern Comfort until you're wrecked, and at midnight, you've got your shirt off and you're screaming, "End the war!" to the TV cameras. You hope that your old flame sees you on TV in the freezing cold with your shirt off and feels sorry for you. On the way home, you start blubbering about "her" until everybody's "bummed out." When you drop your old friends off, you give the peace sign and say, "Hey, we're all brothers, man." But you don't really mean it and you don't care if you ever see them again because they've changed and you've changed and you go inside and put on your headphones and listen to *Blonde on Blonde*.





New Year's Eve 1973

You've finished college, you've proposed to a girl and the two of you are going out with her parents for a New Year's dinner at a French restaurant. You don't know shit from shamrocks about French food and your future mother-in-law orders for you and you feel like Mr. Lardhead. You begin to notice massive differences between you and your fiancée. You shriek when dessert comes because it's on fire and everyone has a hearty laugh at your expense. After dinner, you swing over to some posh watering hole for a nightcap with a bunch of lawyers and real estate sharpies. On the ride home, you seriously wonder if you're marrying the right girl, if you're marrying too young, if you're marrying into the wrong kind of family. When you say good-night, you accidentally say good-bye and deep down you mean it and you end up at 3:00 A.M. in a bar spilling your guts to a drunk bleached-blond grandmother.



New Year's Eve 1977

You stand firm behind your decision to stay home for New Year's. You and your wife agree that New Year's is overrated and that no one ever has a good time. You pour a couple of drinks, cuddle up, and watch a movie. After the movie, she makes onion dip, you make more drinks, and she whips your ass at gin. After cards, she gets into her pajamas, you get into the Scotch. When midnight comes, you're looped. You hear the celebration on TV as you sit on the toilet reading a Saks' Christmas flyer. When you come out to kiss the wife, you find her in a dead sleep. You try to imagine what life would be like if you'd married one of your slutty girl friends instead of good old Miss America over there on the couch. You make a dozen desperately sad phone calls to old friends and sip Johnny Walker Red from a jelly glass. You finally conclude that you are an old turd, your life is a cow pie, and then you force-fuck the wife and go to bed.

continued



I THINK OF EACH OF MY CHILDREN AS A SPECIAL LITTLE GEM.

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT— WE NEED MORE FIBER IN OUR DIETS.

IF JESUS HAD WANTED US TO MOVE WE WOULD HAVE MOVED!

I LOVE THE BIGUSPIDS, THEY'RE GREAT TEETH!

WELL OF COURSE, MY LITERLUS IS TIPPED, YOU KNOW.

New Year's Eve 1982

Despite the fact that nearly every single New Year's celebration in your whole life has been miserable, you decide to give it one more try, and you and your wife go out to dinner with a dentist friend and his brother-in-law and his wife. You're in a lousy restaurant with a silly little hat on your head, listening to a sweaty broad sing and eating semi-warm Surf 'n' Turf. The brother-in-law asks you not to smoke and his wife tells you how bad drinking is for you. At midnight, you go back to the dentist's house. You meet his parents, who are up from Fort Lauderdale for the holidays. As you drive the baby-sitter to her house, you're tempted to pull over and shove the pork in her face, but you realize that she'd only think you were old and gross. As you lie in bed, you wonder how long it will be before you die. You resolve to give up smoking, drinking, and eating, and you pray for the first time since high school.



ANOTHER GODDAMN YEARS SLIPPED AWAY. THE SHOWS ABOUT HALF OVER FOR ME. HERE IT IS 1990 AND WHO THE HELL AM I? WHAT THE HELL AM I? WHERE THE HELL AM I? WHO DO I THINK I'M FOOLING? WHAT AM I GONNA DO ABOUT IT? WHO GIVES A SHIT ANYWAY? HIC! WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? AND WHO ASKED YA?

OH SHUT UP AND COME UP TO BED.

New Year's Eve 1990

You and your wife go to the club for dinner with some old friends and talk about New Year's past and how no one ever has any fun on New Year's. However, you all agree that it would be a "gas" to go "boogie" again. So you pile into your electric Toyota-Benz and go downtown to a place you've heard your kids talk about. It takes you almost an hour before you realize that you're all making monstrous fools of yourselves, and you exit to stares and rude comments. When you get home, the wife goes to bed and you have a few drinks and wait up for your daughter to come home. When she walks in at 3:00 A.M., you're plowed and weeping about how you wished you'd been a writer or a painter and how you've wasted your life, and she helps you upstairs. You promise yourself not to celebrate New Year's again as long as you live, which won't be too long because you don't get enough exercise and you eat too many fatty foods. □

TORTURE THE CHARACTERS COMICS!

BY ED SUBITZKY
COLORING: B. SCHUBECK

LETS YOU, THE READER, CHANGE PEOPLE'S DESTINIES AND RUIN LIVES!

DIRECTIONS: READ ONLY ONE BALLOON IN EACH PANEL! WHENEVER YOU WANT TO TEMPORARILY RAISE FALSE HOPES FOR THE CHARACTERS, READ THE YELLOW BALLOON IN A PANEL! WHENEVER YOU WANT TO PLUNGE THE CHARACTERS INTO DESPAIR, READ THE BLUE BALLOON IN A PANEL! AS YOU PROCEED ONWARD THROUGH STRIP, JUMP BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN YELLOW AND BLUE (HAPPINESS AND DESPAIR) AS MUCH AS YOU WANT, WHENEVER YOU WANT!

Panel 1 (Yellow): BOY, DO I FEEL GOOD! NOTHING LIKE A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!
Panel 2 (Blue): I DIDN'T SLEEP TOO WELL LAST NIGHT! HOPE I'M NOT COMING DOWN WITH THE FLU!

Panel 3 (Yellow): MY HOROSCOPE SAYS TODAY WILL BE ONE OF THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF MY LIFE!
Panel 4 (Blue): HMM... MY HOROSCOPE SAYS, "BETTER LOOK BEHIND YOU TODAY!"

Panel 5 (Yellow): GEE, MAYBE I'LL FALL IN LOVE TODAY! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO FALL IN LOVE!
Panel 6 (Blue): SHIT, I SHOULDN'T TAKE HOROSCOPES TOO SERIOUSLY, ANYWAY!

Panel 7 (Yellow): THE SUN IS OUT AND IT'S WARM! GREAT DAY FOR A WALK IN THE PARK!
Panel 8 (Blue): THE SUN IS OUT, BUT IT'S FUCKING COLD FOR THIS TIME OF YEAR!

Panel 9 (Yellow): OH, LOOK! A TEN DOLLAR BILL! WOW!
Panel 10 (Blue): DAMN IT! I STEPPED IN GREAT DANE SHIT!

Panel 11 (Yellow): I'M FAMISHED! WHY DON'T I EAT IN THAT CHARMING LITTLE CAFE?
Panel 12 (Blue): I'M FAMISHED! THAT RESTAURANT LOOKS LIKE A DUMP, BUT I'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY CHANCES!

Panel 13 (Yellow): GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR! MAY I TAKE YOUR ORDER, IF YOU PLEASE!
Panel 14 (Blue): WHAT'LL IT BE, MAC? COME ON! I AIN'T GOT ALL FUCKING DAY!

Panel 15 (Yellow): WHAT DO YOU KNOW! FOR THE REASONABLY LOW PRICE, THIS QUICHE IS REMARKABLY GOOD!
Panel 16 (Blue): THIS LOUSY SWILL TASTES LIKE I THREW UP IN IT! MAYBE I ALREADY DID!

Panel 17 (Yellow): HMM... THAT GIRL OVER THERE IS CUTE, AND I'M POSITIVE SHE LOOKED MY WAY!
Panel 18 (Blue): THAT GIRL OVER THERE IS CUTE, BUT SHE REFUSES TO EVEN GLANCE AT ME!

Panel 19 (Yellow): GOD, I COULD EVEN FALL IN LOVE WITH HER!
Panel 20 (Blue): GOD, I COULD EVEN FALL IN LOVE WITH HER!

Panel 21 (Yellow): I'VE GOT TO MEET HER! EXCUSE ME. MISS...
Panel 22 (Blue): I'VE GOT TO MEET HER! ER... AH... EXCUSE ME... ER, UM, MISS...

Panel 23 (Yellow): I WAS WONDERING... MAYHAP YOU WOULD LIKE TO ACCOMPANY ME TO THE ART MUSEUM ACROSS THE WAY?
Panel 24 (Blue): I... ER... UM... THAT IS... UHH... MAYBE... ER... ART MUSEUM... ACROSSWAY... UM... UMMM... ER, THAT IS... WELL, I... I, UM, LIKE... YOU KNOW...

Panel 25 (Yellow): GOSH! I THINK I AM IN LOVE WITH HER! SHE'S SO WARM AND ALIVE!
Panel 26 (Blue): GOSH! I THINK I AM IN LOVE WITH HER, BUT SHE LOOKS A LITTLE PALE!

Panel 27 (Yellow): I LOVE YOU! I KNOW I'VE ONLY KNOWN YOU FOR A FEW HOURS... BUT I LOVE YOU!
Panel 28 (Blue): I LOVE YOU! I KNOW I'VE ONLY KNOWN YOU FOR A FEW HOURS... BUT DO YOUR HANDS ALWAYS TREMBLE THIS WAY?

Panel 29 (Yellow): I LOVE YOU, TOO! I TREMBLE WITH LOVE!
Panel 30 (Blue): I LOVE YOU, TOO! GASP! I CAN'T BREATHE!

Panel 31 (Yellow): IMAGINE, SO MUCH IN LOVE YOU'RE EVEN BREATHLESS! LET'S GO RIGHT DOWN FOR OUR BLOOD TESTS AND BE MARRIED AT ONCE!
Panel 32 (Blue): NOW YOU'RE TURNING BLUE! I BETTER GET YOU TO A DOCTOR!

Panel 33 (Yellow): I'M HAPPY TO TELL YOU THERE'S NOTHING WRONG! IN FACT, YOU SHOULD BOTH LIVE TO 100!
Panel 34 (Blue): I'M SORRY, BUT SHE HAS AN INCURABLE FORM OF THE PLAGUE! BY BEING WITH HER, YOU HAVE IT, TOO! IN FACT, NOW I HAVE IT! WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!

Panel 35 (Yellow): WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM FOR A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT! AN UNEXPECTED CURE FOR THE RECENT PLAGUE HAS BEEN FOUND!
Panel 36 (Blue): WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM FOR A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT! A SUDDEN INCURABLE PLAGUE IS RAVISHING MILLIONS, AND ANYONE COULD CATCH IT AT ANY TIME!

Panel 37 (Yellow): I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!
Panel 38 (Blue): ACCEPT THESE LAST RITES, MY CHILDREN! CURE OR NO CURE, YOU BOTH CAUGHT SUCH A SEVERE FORM OF THE PLAGUE THAT YOU'RE GOING TO DIE ALMOST AT ONCE! PEACE BE WITH YOU!

Panel 39 (Yellow): I'M SO GLAD THEY FOUND A CURE FOR EVEN THE SEVEREST FORM OF THE PLAGUE! NOW WE CAN HAVE A WORRY FREE HONEYMOON HERE IN HAWAII! I JUST HOPE-- HEH HEH-- WE HAVE SOME TIME BEFORE DINNER!
Panel 40 (Blue): YIPES! WE'VE BOTH CAUGHT A SPECIAL, INCURABLY SEVERE FORM OF THE PLAGUE! HOW MUCH TIME DO WE HAVE LEFT?

Panel 41 (Yellow): WE HAVE ABOUT TWO HOURS, DARLING!
Panel 42 (Blue): WE HAVE ABOUT TEN MINUTES, DARLING!

Panel 43 (Yellow): IT CAN BE AN ETERNITY! LET'S MAKE THE MOST OF IT!
Panel 44 (Blue): LET'S MAKE THE MOST OF WHAT LITTLE TIME IT IS!

Panel 45 (Yellow): OK, MY LOVE! I'M READY!
Panel 46 (Blue): WAIT! DID YOU HEAR SOMEONE SHOUT SOMETHING?

Panel 47 (Yellow): SIX O'CLOCK AND ALL IS WELL!
Panel 48 (Blue): FIRE!

Panel 49 (Yellow): DARLING, I GOT SO HOT, BUT YOU MANAGED TO EXTINGUISH MY FLAMES PERFECTLY! NOW WHY DON'T WE HURRY OUT FOR A LAST DIP AT THE NEARBY BEACH! MAYBE WE'LL CATCH THE SUNSET!
Panel 50 (Blue): LOOK! THE WHOLE PLACE IS ON FIRE!

Panel 51 (Yellow): BEAUTIFUL! LUCKY WE JUMPED DOWN INTO THIS SUNSET WATER AT JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT!
Panel 52 (Blue): GASP! A SUDDEN, FRESH FIRE, AND WE'RE BEING ENGULFED BY THE FLAMES!

Panel 53 (Yellow): DARLING, LISTEN TO THAT ANNOUNCEMENT ON A DISTANT RADIO! SCIENTISTS HAVE DISCOVERED AN AMAZING RAY THAT INSTANTLY CURES ALL DISEASES AND PLAGUES, EVEN THE SEVEREST, AND ALSO SOLVES THE WORLD'S FAMINE AND ENERGY PROBLEMS, AND ALSO PUTS OUT ALL FIRES AT ONCE! THE WORLD IS BEING BATHED IN THIS RAY NOW!
Panel 54 (Blue): SCIENTISTS REPORT A SUDDEN SHIFT IN THE ORBIT OF THE SUN, AND PRAY THAT IT SETS NORMALLY TONIGHT!

Panel 55 (Yellow): LOOK, DARLING! THE SUN IS SETTING NOW! HOW BEAUTIFUL! I SUDDENLY FEEL SO CONTENT! YOU AND I MAY BE JUST TWO PEOPLE, BUT SOMEHOW I FEEL THIS IS THE START OF A GOLDEN AGE OF PEACE AND JOY FOR ALL MEN!
Panel 56 (Blue): LOOK! THE SUN IS OUT OF ITS ORBIT AND APPROACHING US! IT'S NOT ONLY THE END OF US, BUT OF ALL LIFE ON EARTH!

WHAT I GOT FOR

From Uncle Gerard:

A Minnesota wild goose decoy table lighter. Uncle Gerard is the absentminded one who keeps forgetting that I don't smoke. Last year he bought me a huge pipe rack made of moose bone.

From my good friend Bill:

The Boston Pops Plays Chuck Berry Hits. Bill always gets his dippy secretary to buy his Christmas gifts for him. He must have told her I like Chuck Berry. She saw the name *Chuck Berry* in large type on the record jacket, so it must be a Chuck Berry record, right?

From my daughter, Tracy:

A toiletries and grooming set from Bolo. I never heard of Bolo, but I'm sure the guy at the drugstore saw a real mark coming when my gorgeous daughter walked in. She must have spent a half a year's allowance on this dreck. It's got some indispensable stuff—bronzing gel, nose shadow, scalp astringent, ear hygiene spray, and, of course, cologne, deodorant, and after-shave lotion that smell like cheap lime lollipops.

From my wife:

Horsehead cuff links. Cuff links made out of horse's heads the size of tennis balls. Great for the rider, the horse lover, the horse bettor. But why me? Horses scare the piss out of me.

From my wife:

A bottle of *Mahnua*, a chocolate and coconut-flavored Scotch liqueur from Guatemala. I get the feeling that *Mahnua* is a casually made product, because the chocolate part and the Scotch have separated, like milk and cream. The label does not say "shake well before using."



OR CHRISTMAS

From my son, Jason:

A genuine leather wallet he made with his own adorable hands at his liberated free-form private school. The stitching is highly erratic, almost eccentric. Using white plastic lanyard strands didn't help. This wallet would fall apart under the weight of a dollar bill. But I'll make believe I love it. At \$3500 a year tuition fee for his school, I better love it.

From my wife:

Enigma, a brainteaser puzzle from the geniuses at Cambridge, Massachusetts, who design those "adult" games. The object of the puzzle is to put all the pieces of wood together to form a tetrahexagonal rhomboid. There are 3,000,000 possible combinations. Who cares? I have more fun playing with myself.

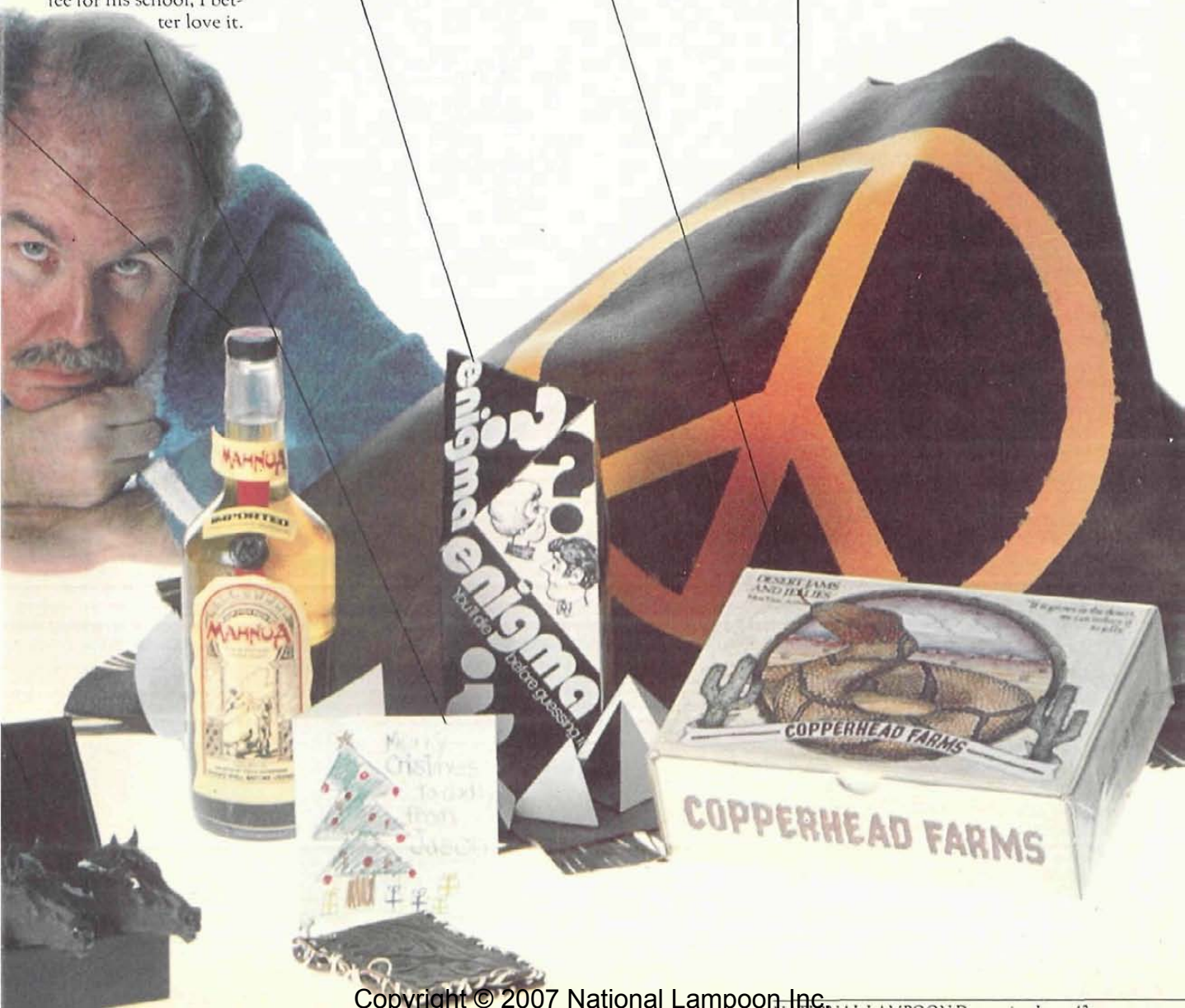
From Aunt Maude in Arizona:

A beautiful holiday package of Copperhead Farms Desert Jellies. All my favorites: prickly pear, wild desert plum, cactus-berry, sagebrush sand-fruit, and something made of "scorpion grapes."

From my nephew Sheldon:

A leather poncho with a handsome etched design in front. Sheldon is the only hippie living in Iowa—a real craftsman. Take a big piece of tough leather, cut a hole in the middle, stick it over your head, and you've got a poncho. The peace symbol was an inspired idea.

by
**Gerald
Sussman**



LIFE IN THE BIG CITY

continued from page 30

his desk, which he gobbled down with water from the cooler.

At two o'clock, Gregory K. was scheduled to make part of a sales presentation to an important client. He walked into the conference room with an empty stomach that was making loud gurgling sounds, and a hunger headache that was turning into a migraine. The hot, stuffy room made him sweat even more, and his hunger turned his breath sour.

In the middle of his part of the presentation, he discovered that his secretary had forgotten to include five important pages. Gregory K. apologized for the missing pages and attempted to improvise the presentation, but suffered a complete memory lapse and could not make any coherent statements. One of his associates, a rival for a coveted higher level job, knew this section well, and quickly replaced Gregory K. and finished the entire presentation. By now the sweat had gone through Gregory K.'s heavy tweed suit, and the moons showed prominently under his arms. No doubt the suit was ruined. It smelled so bad it would have to be burned.

Gregory K. managed to borrow a few dollars for subway fare and a modest dinner. This time, there was a subway delay while he was waiting on the platform. A garbled, harsh voice on the subway public address system made periodic announcements that no one could understand about the continuing delay.

It took Gregory K. an hour and a half to get home. When he saw the huge lines at his local supermarket check-out counters, he did not have the patience to do his shopping there. All he needed were three or four items. He didn't want to go through another maddening wait on a long line. No, he would buy his items at the all-night delicatessen-grocery around the corner from his apartment, even though they charged almost double for everything.

The all-night delicatessen was the kind of place frequented by men and women supported by welfare checks—people who lived in small, dirty hotel rooms who ate bad food and drank beer and cheap wine. They were not people who loved good food or planned wholesome menus. Al-

though he was not a gourmet, Gregory K. hated this store and the people in it; but the service was fast. He picked out some cold cuts that looked suspiciously old, a loaf of white bread, and some diet soda.

Suddenly two men with guns entered the store and performed a holdup, removing the contents of the cash register and asking all the customers for their money as well. The store owner was furious. It was the third time he had been robbed in two months. He demanded that Gregory K. stay and identify the robbers for the police. Gregory K. hated being part of this sordid episode, and wanted to eat his meager dinner desperately. When the police arrived an hour later, he begged to be excused, claiming he was not wearing his contact lenses and could not see the men clearly.

When Gregory K. got to his apartment, he noticed that his door was open. He walked in and saw that the place was completely torn apart. He had been thoroughly burglarized. Everything was gone but the cockroach. It had moved a few inches on the bed. It was alive.

Gregory K.'s appetite was gone, but he knew he had to eat something or his migraine headache would get worse. He made a sandwich, bit into it and broke a tooth on a small piece of glass that was somehow mixed into the salami. He finished the sandwich chewing on only one side of his mouth.

His phone wires had been cut, and he had no desire to speak to the police about the burglary. He thought of es-

caping to a movie, but he had no money. His TV set was gone. So was his stereo. He didn't feel like reading. A few days earlier he had had a bitter fight with his girl friend, and they had separated for good. The only thing he could do was try to get a good night's sleep.

The cockroach was now in the middle of the bed. Gregory K. was not in the mood to challenge it. He crawled into the bed and tried to make himself comfortable in a narrow spot as far away from the cockroach as possible. In this position he hoped he would fall into a deep sleep, but it was impossible. A gang of young neighborhood toughs were outside his window, playing their radios and cassette recorders at a deafening volume.

Gregory K. lay on his back and stared at the cracked plaster on the ceiling, which made odd, abstract patterns. He tried to ignore the harsh sounds outside his window—not only the piercing, stabbing music, but the crashing of trucks as they rumbled over the potholed streets, the belching of buses as they accelerated through a red light, the shriek of fire engines, the nagging sound of car horns, and the nightly whine of a store burglar alarm. Between three and four o'clock in the morning, his eyes finally closed. □



A FRIEND IN NEED



SOB!

YOUR FRIEND DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO DECIDE BETWEEN THOUSAND ISLAND AND FRENCH.

I CAN'T!
I JUST CAN'T!

HE'S UPSET.

HIS GIRL FRIEND LEFT HIM FOR A COLOSTOMY SUPPLY SALESMAN.



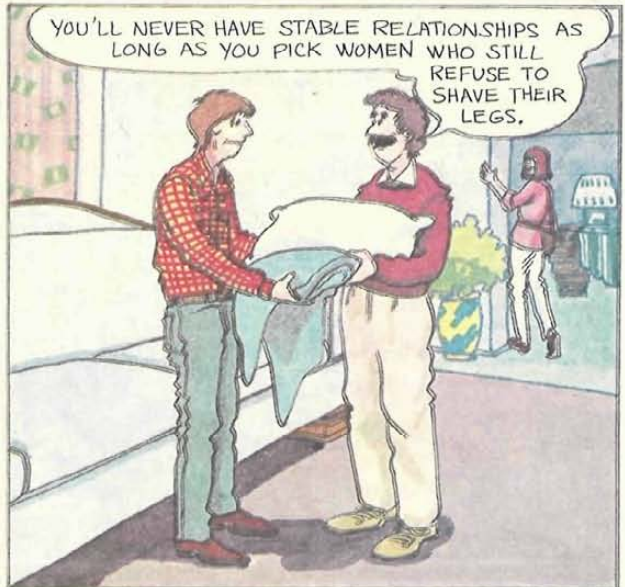
MY PLANTS ARE DEAD...

MY BATHTUB IS FULL OF SCUM...

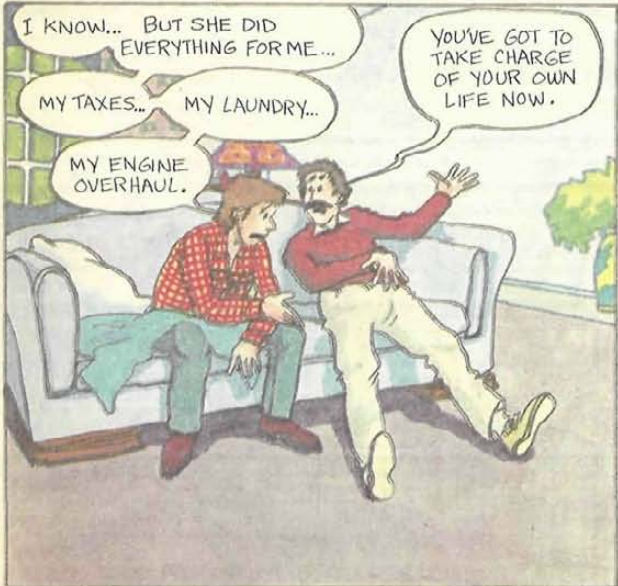
ALL I WANT TO DO IS LIE IN BED AND LISTEN TO PAUL SIMON ALBUMS.

WHAT YOU NEED IS A CHANGE OF ATMOSPHERE.

COME STAY AT OUR PLACE FOR A WHILE.



YOU'LL NEVER HAVE STABLE RELATIONSHIPS AS LONG AS YOU PICK WOMEN WHO STILL REFUSE TO SHAVE THEIR LEGS.



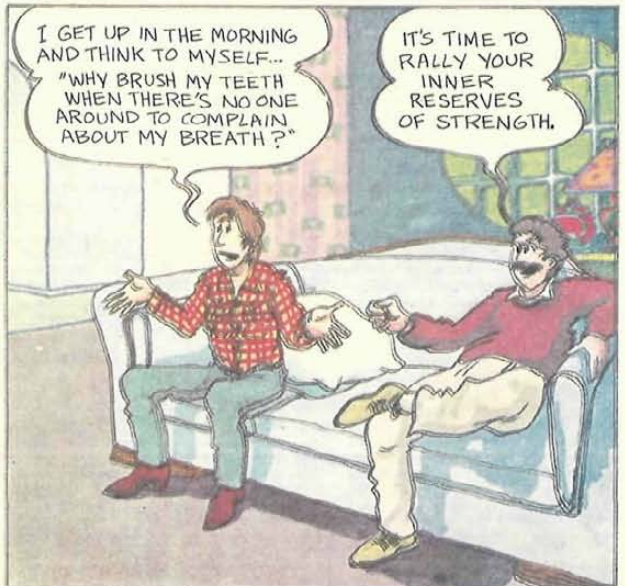
I KNOW... BUT SHE DID EVERYTHING FOR ME...

MY TAXES...

MY LAUNDRY...

MY ENGINE OVERHAUL.

YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE CHARGE OF YOUR OWN LIFE NOW.



I GET UP IN THE MORNING AND THINK TO MYSELF... "WHY BRUSH MY TEETH WHEN THERE'S NO ONE AROUND TO COMPLAIN ABOUT MY BREATH?"

IT'S TIME TO RALLY YOUR INNER RESERVES OF STRENGTH.



I HAVE TROUBLE MAKING SIMPLE DECISIONS...

AND THE THOUGHT OF A NINE-TO-FIVE JOB PHYSICALLY NAUSEATES ME.

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL....



SURE...I TRY TO LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE... BUT WHAT GOOD IS A SUNNY DAY WHEN THE WORLD IS DECAYING? AND THE POLITICAL MOTIVATION OF THOSE OF US WHO ARE SENSITIVE AND CONCERNED HAS DETERIORATED INTO MASS HYSTERIA.

IT'S OVER-POPULATION...

FIRST YOU START HATING CROWDS... THEN IT'S CHILDREN... WHO CAN REALLY CARE ABOUT HUMANITY? WE'RE ALL FLOTSAM....



HERE'S SOME HIGH-POTENCY STRESS FORMULA WITH PLENTY OF CALCIUM AND POTASSIUM TO RELAX YOU.

DO WE HAVE ANY VALIUM?



I'M GOING TO BED...

DID WE FILE THE PAUL SIMON ALBUMS UNDER 'S' OR 'P'?



WELL... I DON'T WANT TO KEEP YOU UP...

I'LL TRY TO MUFFLE MY SOBS....

I THINK IT WOULD BE GOOD FOR YOU TO TALK.

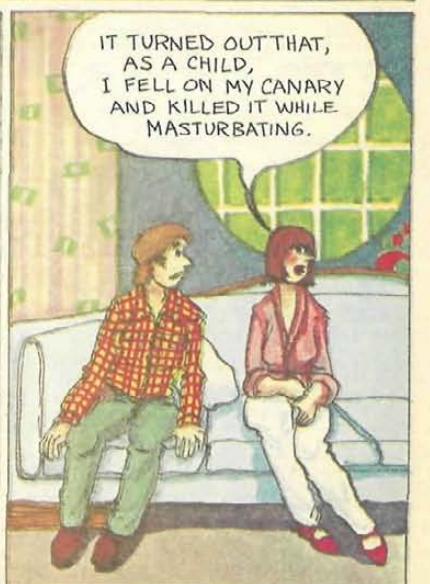


SOMETIMES I FEEL SO LOST...

I'M AFRAID I COULD HAVE A NERVOUS BREAK DOWN AND NOBODY WOULD NOTICE.

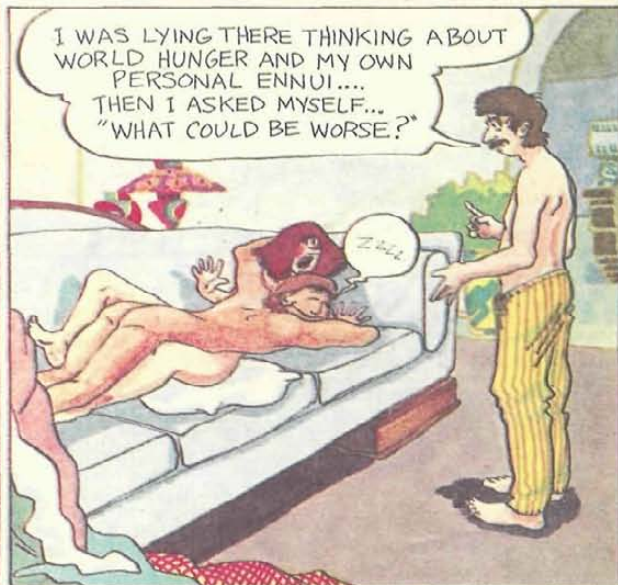
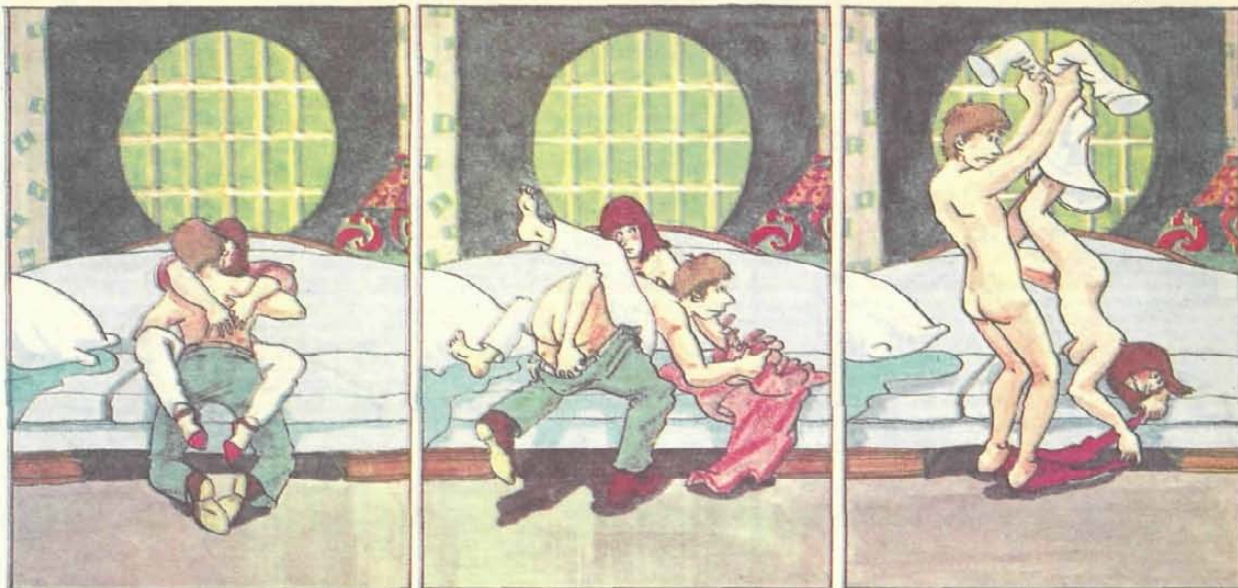
I CAME CLOSE TO BREAKING DOWN ONCE...

I HAD TO SEE A PSYCHIATRIST BECAUSE EVERYTIME I HAD AN ORGASM, I'D THINK ABOUT DEATH.



IT TURNED OUT THAT, AS A CHILD, I FELL ON MY CANARY AND KILLED IT WHILE MASTURBATING.





© TP SHARY FIENNIKEN

BACK ISSUES

MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins

APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Buickmobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, *Third Base*, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n' Andy

MAY, 1972/MEN With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spillane, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and the Zircon as Big as the Tall

JULY, 1972/SURPRISE! With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, Semionette, and Col. Jim's Book of Big Ships

AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY: With *True Politics* magazine, The Coronation of King Dick, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Seniority, and Tales of the South comics

SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the I Chink, National Geographic parody, and the President's Brother comic

OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES? With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album

NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADECE: With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Adlai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics

DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER: With Son-o'-God Comics = 2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement

JANUARY, 1973/DEATH: With The Adventures of Deadman, *Playdead* magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last-Aid Kit, plus Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death

APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Family, the Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster = 4, and Ivory magazine

MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged: individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin

JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE: With the Seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit 'n' Ka-Boodie Comics, *Gun List* Magazine, and Rodrigues' Hemophunies

JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With *Popular Workbench*, Techno-Tactics, Non-Polluting Power Sources, National Science Fair Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom

AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS: With *Psychology Today* parody, Son-o'-God Comics = 3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, White dove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guere Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feanoy's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips, and Bat Day

MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With the Slupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Cosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Slupid News & World Report*

APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, *Airline Magazine*, Amish in Space, RMS "Tyrannic" Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheeseburg

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Caric Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*

AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster = 7, and True Menu

SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and Baffari Comics

NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS: With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics and Watergate Down

JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE: With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades Massacre

MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT: With Barbar and His Enemies, Gone With the Wind '75, Englandland, The '75 Nobels, The Hotel Throckmorton, and *The New Yorker* parody

APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS: With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Dairy, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Buick Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes

MAY, 1975/MEDICINE: With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedics, and Our Wonderful Bodies

JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *Fairflag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hooray, Mel Brooks & God, Airport '69, and Gitter Burns

AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With The Rockefeller Artica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court

SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE: With The Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Plays, and the *Esquire* Parody

NOVEMBER, 1975/WORK: With Ferdinand the Bulldozer, The Kitchens of Sara Lee, Trail of Tiers, *Shinking*, and Hire the Handicapped

DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY: With The Great Price War, *Entrepreneurs*, and a *Fortune* parody

JANUARY, 1976/SECRET ISSUE: With Jackie's Date with Destiny, *The New York Review of Books* parody, IRA Comics, Couched in Secrecy, and The Conspiring Photographer

APRIL, 1976/SPORTS: With Dogfishing, *Silver Jock*, The Glory of Their Hindsight, The U.S. Olympic Handbook, and The Buck Stops Here

MAY, 1976/FOREIGNERS: With *The Times of India*, Foreigners around the World, EEC, Whatever happened to Vietnamsame, and the Culture Vulgures section

JUNE, 1976/75th ANNIVERSARY: With Kefauver High School Reunion, The Story of Douglas Aircraft, Chris Miller's At the Movies, *Canadian Weekly*, and another Bernie Xpose

SEPTEMBER, 1976/THE LATEST ISSUE: With a complete list of Bad Words, Western Romance Part Three, *Brave Dog Magazine*, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and cat hammerer

OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES: With a four-page, full color Nuts, the Aesop Brothers on non-eyemom, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins, and dozens of other comics and cartoons

NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE: Is Democracy fixed? The complete story of the Townville campaign, starring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption and natural gas

JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE: With Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody

FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE: With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the *Village Voice* parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial

MARCH, 1977/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With Poisonous Junk Stuff That Blows Up, and Large Dangerous Things That Go Fast

APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV: With T-Bird and Monza, T.V. magazine, Monday Night Sleep, PBS *Concordance*, and Dinah's Dumpster

JUNE, 1977/CAREERS: With mercenaries, wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get rich tips, and Sam Gross

JULY, 1977/SEX: With the inevitable *Hit Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Life Western Romance

AUGUST, 1977/CHEAP THRILLS: With *Wasted Times* magazine, More Tales of Uncle Mike, Can I get a job at the *National Lampoon*?, Sleeping with the Stars, and *Kickz*

SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP: With the health facts, insurance madness, Gidget Goes Senile, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's Grow-up-Can Do Anything

OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES: With *Melrose Moptop Favorite Fabgearbeat* Magazine, Beat the Beatles, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report

NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES: With Best Medical Flea Market, Busting Out of Suburbia, Organic Backlash, White Rastafarians, and Best Negroes in New York

DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER: With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards, presents, and the Texas Supplement

JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY: With the Socratic Monologue, Sex in Ancient China, the Cretins, and the 6 Blunders of the Ancient World

FEBRUARY, 1978/SPRING FASCISM PREVIEW: With *National Socialist Review*, the Toronto Supplement, Euronazis, The Real Adolf Hitler, and Fascist Food

MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT: With Short Hairs, the History of Crime in the Cinema, the 'Maitre' Canary, Painless - Crimes, and Just Deserts

APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING: With the Birds of Ireland, the New York Supplement, four-color comics by Rodrigues, Wilson, Flenniken, and Browne, and the Autorama

MAY, 1978/FAMILIES: With the Spritz Family Rubenstein, a Nancy Drew parody, "How Did I Get Here?" *Earth's Forbie* field, and the debut of Claire Bretecher

JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST: With *Even Bluebirds Get the Cows*, the Indian Section, Our Family Journey to the West, and Cowboys of Many Lands

JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE: With a garland of parodies, Sussman and Greenfield's history of *Natl.amp*, Born Again on the Fourth of July, and comics by Wilson, Rodrigues, and Subitzky

SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE: With *Regular Guy Quarterly*, Dress for Successfulness, Afro Sheek, and a complete fall fashion forecast

OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT: With movie, TV, and music sections, *Porter and Beth*, self-amusement, Wilson, Rodrigues, and a *Natl.amp* guide to the Big Ten

NOVEMBER, 1978/THE BODY: With *Memoirs of a Surgeon*, Pot Mews, and Coke Allev, Captain Caturday by Gahan Wilson, How Our Bodies Develop, and a True Body Section

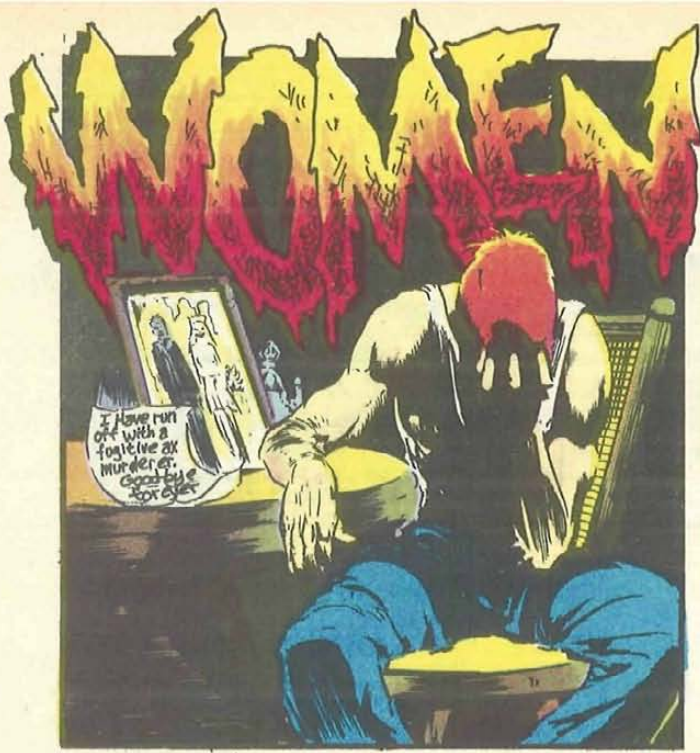
DECEMBER, 1978/FOOD AND FESTIVITY: With Modern Menus, Foods of Many Nations, a General History of Food Fighting, a Gourmet Guide, and a True Food Section

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON
 Dept. NL179 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
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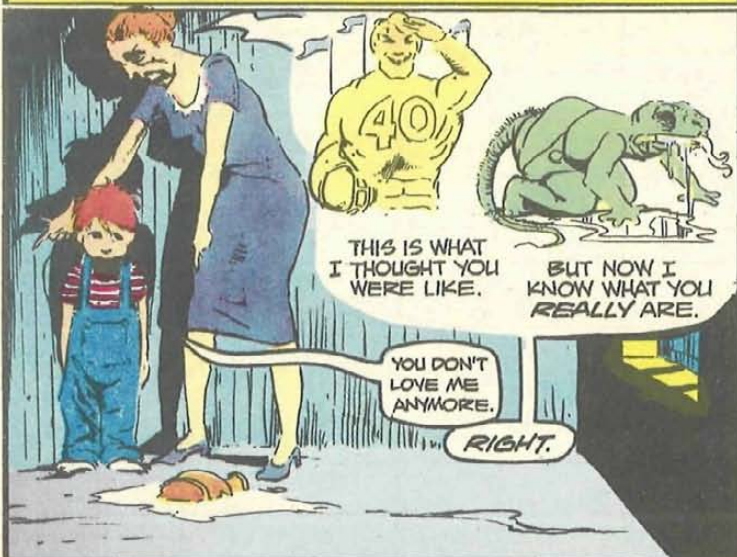
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_____	Apr. 1972	_____	Oct. 1974	_____	June, 1977
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_____	Aug. 1974	_____	Feb., 1977	_____	
		_____	Mar. 1977		

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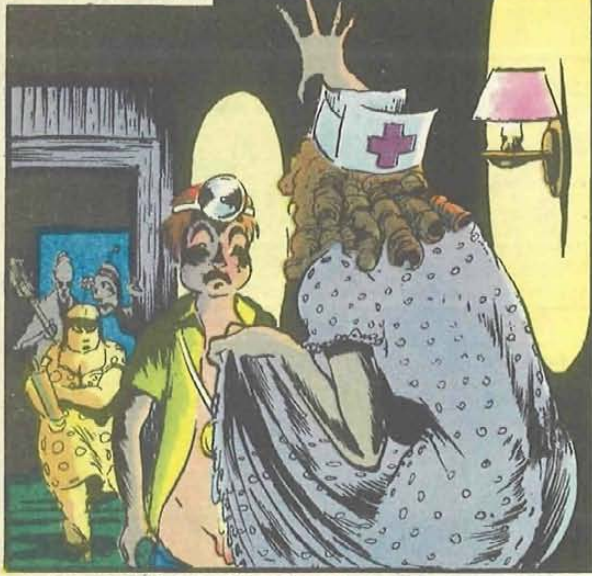


BUT MOM MAKES YOU WISH YOU HAD NEVER BEEN BORN.



THEN THERE ARE GIRLS YOUR OWN AGE... THEY DO REALLY WELL IN SCHOOL, KEEP THEMSELVES NEAT AND CLEAN; YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO HIT THEM, AND THEY BEHAVE IN FRONT OF THE RELATIVES.

THE ONLY THING THEY LIKE TO DO THAT'S ANY FUN IS PLAY DOCTOR.



BUT AS SOON AS YOU'VE SHOWN THEM YOURS, THEY TELL.

WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT ELEVEN, YOU GET A CRUSH ON ONE.

SHE NEVER EVEN LOOKS AT YOU UNTIL ONE TIME AT A PARTY WHEN YOU'RE PLAYING SPIN-THE-BOTTLE AND IT'S YOUR TURN AND THE BOTTLE STOPS AT HER. THAT'S WHEN SHE SPLURCH PLUNCH ON HER DRESS AND RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM CRYING.



BUT ONCE YOU'RE A TEEN-AGER AND BEGIN TO DATE AND EVERYTHING, GIRLS DISCOVER LOTS OF OTHER THINGS TO DO....



...LIKE MAKE OUT--BUT ONLY WHEN THERE'S A REAL GOOD CHANCE OF GETTING CAUGHT BY HER PARENTS.

OR GETTING ALL THE WAY NAKED AND THEN LOSING INTEREST.



IF YOU FALL IN LOVE WITH A GIRL WHO FLIRTS WITH YOU AND YOU ASK HER OUT AND SHE ACCEPTS, YOU'LL FIND OUT SHE ONLY DID THAT TO MAKE HER REAL BOYFRIEND JEALOUS.



IF YOU FALL IN LOVE WITH A GIRL WHO DOESN'T FLIRT WITH YOU AND YOU ASK HER OUT AND SHE ACCEPTS, NOTHING WILL HAPPEN AT ALL.



SHE JUST WON'T SHOW UP.

EVENTUALLY, YOU GET A GIRL INTO BED (ALMOST EVERYBODY DOES). BUT IT WON'T NECESSARILY IMPROVE YOUR MOOD.



LATER, YOU LIVE WITH ONE AWHILE. AND YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT WOMEN FIGURED OUT. BUT YOU'RE WRONG. THEY'VE STILL GOT PLENTY OF TRICKS LEFT.

OR ATTEMPTING SUICIDE TWO WEEKS BEFORE YOUR BAR EXAM.



I THINK I'M GIVING YOU THE CLAP.

LIKE FUCKING YOUR BEST FRIEND WHEN HE HAS VD.



LAW
MORE LAWS
OTHER LAWS
DIFFERENT LAWS
LAW

STRANGE
HARD-TO-FIND
FORGOTTEN LAWS
LAWS YOU NEVER HEARD OF

OR JUST BREAKING INTO TEARS WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT.



AND AFTER YOU'RE MARRIED...

WELL, THE THINGS THAT WOMEN DO TO YOU AFTER YOU MARRY THEM ARE REALLY TOO AWFUL TO EVEN DISCUSS!



BUT, "WHY?" YOU ASK. WHY DO WOMEN ACT THIS WAY? WHY DO WE TREAT YOU LIKE HELL?



HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



TREAT YOU LIKE HELL???

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THIS ISN'T HELL???

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

END

KEEP ROCK



Dirty, fuzzy high frequency sound is great when a rock artist plays it. But not so great when your cassette adds it. Unfortunately, most cassettes, no matter how costly, do just that. Fortunately, our premium AD cassette cleans up that act, and without cleaning out your wallet. A unique ultra-sensitive formulation gives it a hot high end. So you don't have to set those high notes on the back burner—they can cook right up front—loud, clear, and distinct. And AD is ideal for any noise reduction system. AD, like all TDK cassettes, is backed by a full lifetime warranty.* TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, N. Y. 11530

 **TDK**

Wait till you hear
what you've been missing.

*In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement.
© 1978 TDK Electronics Corp.

AND

Some of you are depressed and have no idea why, while others of you are depressed for a very specific, excruciating, ugly reason. Those of you who are among the former will be further depressed to learn that there is an identifiable, clear-cut reason for you to be depressed, while you in the latter group may enhance your depression

TO

with the addition of yet another painful reason to be depressed. We are talking about the root of all depression here—money, and the fact that you could be a millionaire at this moment had you acted with minimal intelligence ten years ago. But you aren't, and you didn't.

THINK

1968: You were probably old enough at this time to understand the concept of investment. You knew investment requires only a sum of money and something to invest in. You also understood that an investment will return more money than you put into it if it is successful, and that you have to predict its success in order to gain a profit. Did you have a sum of money in

YOU

1968? If not, the banks had an unlimited supply of \$2,500 federally-insured interest-free student loans, available annually in cash, to do with as you pleased. Assuming you had the relatively small sum of \$2,500, you would have been ready to make an investment. Which type? Stocks and

COULD

bonds were too complicated and you didn't know enough about land, but collectibles were ideal because common sense told you that time makes popularly collected items worth more money. So you found a stamp collecting handbook that said every five-dollar

HAVE

American postage stamp with a picture of a famous person on it has risen dramatically in value within a reasonably short period. You took your \$2,500 to the post office, purchased 500 of the current issue five-dollar Alexander Hamilton stamps, took them home, and put them away.

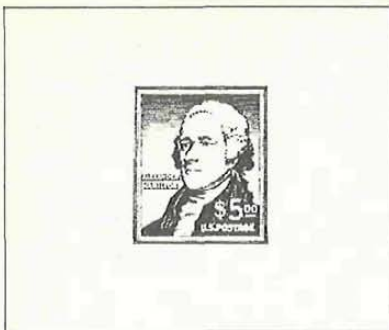
BEEEN

1969: You obtained another federally-insured \$2,500 from the bank. You read in a coin collecting manual that certain gold coins have numismatic value, and you knew from a basic economics course that the value of gold increases with inflation. You also knew Americans were not permitted to own or hold gold bullion at the time, making gold currency

A

the only legal, practical way to take advantage of a certain recession at the end of the Vietnam War. Accordingly, you went to a coin store and bought a common sampling of gold coins, including fifteen U.S. twenty-dollar liberty heads, thirty Mexican twenty-peso pieces, and thirty English sovereigns, for a total of \$2,400. Then, while you were studying at the library, you observed certain books that were

MILLIO



Five-dollar Alexander Hamilton has appreciated nearly 600 percent in ten years.



Twenty-dollar U.S. liberty head gold piece cost \$64 ten years ago; now it's worth \$330.



National Lampoon, owned by 21st Century Communications, shot from \$1 to \$16 in ten months.

not allowed off the premises or even out of a particular room. You noted further that many of the books were first editions by famous authors. So, you selected a famous author, like William Faulkner, looked up a dealer in the *Yellow Pages* under "Rare Books," and paid him your remaining \$100 for ten first edition copies of Faulkner's early works.

1970: You quit school and abandoned all thoughts of career building, financial security, and everything else remotely associated with future success. Instead, you took a nothing bartender job in Aspen, skied, got high, fucked, and carried on an utterly carefree, goalless, irresponsible existence; content and cheerful while others in your age group struggled and ground their way toward some mythical form of sufficiency in which they would not have to work anymore when they got to be sixty-five.

1972: Drove with a girl friend to Balboa Island, fell in love with the beach, lifeguarded, got several more girl friends, got high, got tan.

1974: Drove to Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, with a girl friend, laid around for a couple of weeks and ate fish, went back to Balboa, bartended, got high.

1976: You read about a government agency called the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, which was going to make hazardous industries protect their employees. You looked on the financial page, where there was a stock listing for the Mine Safety Appliances Corporation, and determined that OSHA would be forcing mines to buy safety appliances.

So you sold your stamps, coins, and books, and applied all of the proceeds to common stock in Mine Safety Appliances.

1977: You decided that you missed Colorado, moved back to Aspen, bartended, got high, canoed, built up a new stable of girl friends, played softball in the park, skied.

1978: You picked up a copy of *National Lampoon* in January, and found it to be a marvelously entertaining and informative magazine; visually attractive, with a broad appeal that might be easily adapted to other lucrative media such as movies and television. You visited a brokerage firm and discovered that *National Lampoon* stock was available for sale, so you sold your shares in the Mine Safety Appliances Corporation and appropriated all of the money for stock in the *National Lampoon*. You sold your entire *National Lampoon* portfolio last October for well over a million dollars.

Given the drive time to and from the bank to get the two student loans, as well as to the stamp, coin, and rare book stores; the time it took to read the stamp and coin books; the two trips to the stockbroker's; and the time spent reading the *National Lampoon* and the article about the Occupational Safety and Health Administration; your net return computes to a rate of approximately \$100,000 an hour. What do you make an hour? How many hours have you worked since 1968? Nineteen thousand sound about right? How much are you worth? And to think you could have been a millionaire. You must be very depressed. □

NNAIRE

JOBBS

THE AFRICAN MERCENARIES—WHO DOES THEIR PA

JUNE \$1.00

True Job

RUGGED JOB FEATURES F AND RUC
JOB ENTERTAINMENT

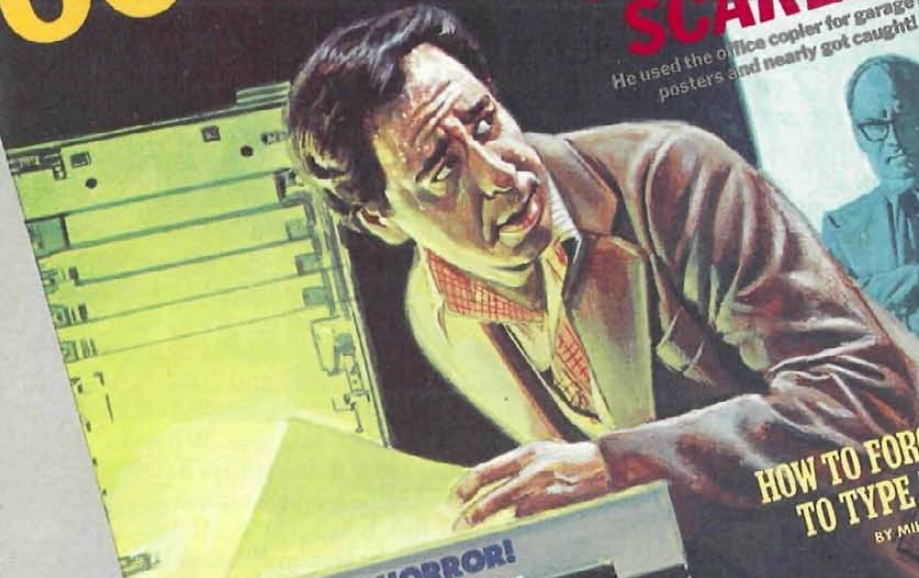


EMBER 85c

ACTION OCCUPATION

XEROXING SCARED!

He used the office copier for garage sale posters and nearly got caught!



HOW TO FORCE WOMEN TO TYPE FOR YOU!

BY MIKE BURKE

WEEKEND OF HORROR!

I was wildly drunk at three in the afternoon when I ran into my boss in a takeout joint, as told to Jack Wilming

THE JAPS GOT MY DAD AND NOW THEY WANT MY JOB!

TRUE REPORT—HE TOOK A WELDING ROD RIGHT THROUGH THE BALL OF HIS FOOT!

One of thousands of safety shoe dealers who pay for it every year.

THE AIRBORNE FESTIVAL OF SINI!

The route to the housewares convention was paved with booze, breads, films, exhibits, free food, the red carpet, and tall tales!

OLL?

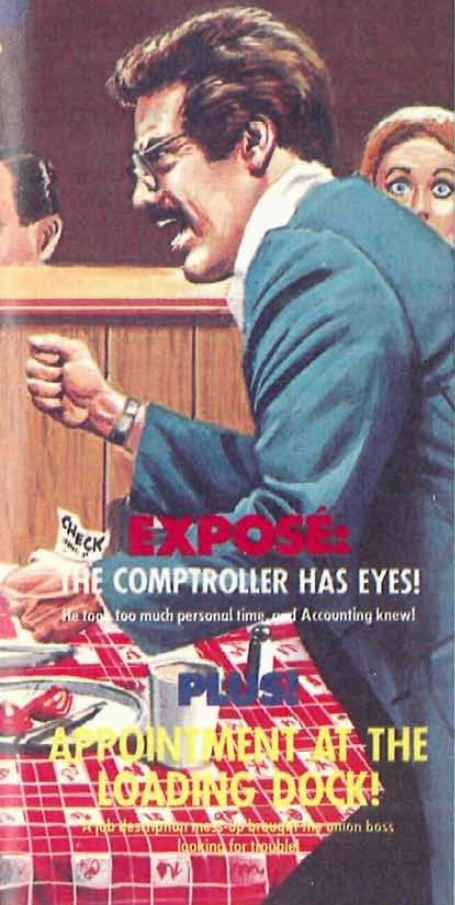
I FELT LIKE A WHITE SLAVE!

No one told Don that being a group product manager meant working sixty hours a week!

FICTION:

CRASH LANDING ON THE EXPRESS ELEVATOR!

From the marketing floor to the basement in five terrifying seconds! with Bob Jacobson



EXPOSE:

THE COMPTROLLER HAS EYES!

He took too much personal time... and Accounting knew!

PLUS!

APPOINTMENT AT THE LOADING DOCK!

A job description mess-up breeds the union boss looking for trouble.

by John Hughes

"I Sold Scratch Pads to the Man Who Supplied Office Equipment to the Third Reich!" by Larry Fry

Merchant of War!

A Candid Talk with a Man Who Wholesales Surplus Army Gear.

REAL WORK

APRIL 75¢

THE ONLY MAGAZINE THE WORKING MAN NEEDS TO READ

TALES OF TIME-AND-A-HALF!

"They demanded a polygraph after my shift, and had to pay me for the time it took!"

THEY CHEATED DEATH AND LIVED TO RETIRE AT FULL PENSION!

"I HAD TO WORK ALL NIGHT!"

No dinner, no bed, no clean clothes in the morning!

"He Ate Nitroglycerine for Lunch!"

Did He Risk Explosion Every Time He Took a Heart Pill?

PSYCHIC

Should You Be in Therapy?

Somewhere out there there's a non-neurotic man or woman with an integrated ego, free from self-destructive syndromes, crippling paranoia, and disabling delusions. Somewhere out there this healthy, hale, and hearty person lives, but you can bet your last six Valiums that person isn't you.

You're nuts.

What's more, you know you're nuts. Remember how you blew your top when they forgot to leave the pickles off your Whopper? What about the time you screamed and cried when Wing Mang starched your dress shirt by mistake? All right, then.

Should you be in therapy? If I were you, I'd sign up yesterday.

The Typical Psychiatrist

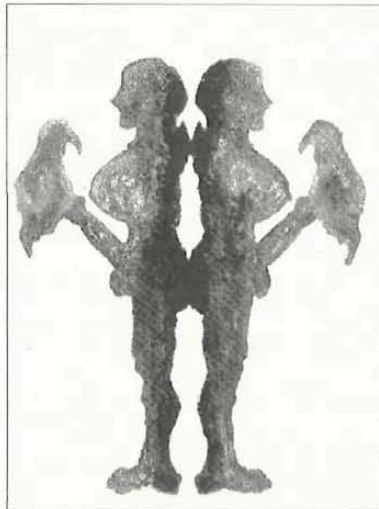
An analysis of data from the most recent U.S. Census reveals that the typical psychiatrist currently practicing in the United States is sixty-eight years old, was born in Germany or Eastern Europe, speaks English with a heavy accent, lives in a city of over half a million, can't drive a car, and is Jewish. Now, if your psychiatrist is forty-two, was born in Cincinnati, talks like Donny Osmond, lives in Farmington, Vermont, and drives a Maserati, he may still be competent. It isn't likely, but it's possible.

But if he isn't Jewish, he's a fake.

Every year, a handful of non-Jews enroll in med school and spend four years trying desperately to master psychoanalytic theory. They always fail. Their brains aren't built to handle it. An Irishman once tried in 1962 and died in class of a cerebral hemorrhage. So if your shrink's named Fino or Gilhooley, hire a lawyer (a Jew this time, O.K.?) and sue his ass off, 'cause believe me, buster, he don't know a syndrome from a transference.

The Rorschach Test

The random inkblots of the Rorschach Psychodiagnostics Test are meant to be suggestive and evocative. What we read into their haphazard patterns reveals the most profound and secret yearnings of our own unconscious minds. Here's an example.



The Oedipus Complex

Oedipus was the ill-fated king of ancient Thebes who murdered his father, slept with his mother, and poked his eyes out with a brooch pin. Modern psychoanalytic theory is founded on the notion that these three things—murdering your father, sleeping with your mother, and poking your eyes out with a brooch pin—are all that you or anybody really wants from life. Forget the things you think you want, like a million bucks, a new Corvette, a pepperoni pizza and a Coke. Those are simply "sublimations." What you really want is what old king Oedipus wanted, and until you get it there is no way you are going to have a moment's happiness. So, listen... do it now. You'll save yourself a lot of grief and worry later on. Go kill your dad and fuck your mom and stick a needle in your eye. You'll feel a whole lot better. Honest.

Der Vinstonmacher

Der Vinstonmacher was the professional name of Hans J. Schmiel, the foremost tobacconist in Vienna in the 1890s. So celebrated was Der Vinstonmacher that Sigmund Freud would have his cigars made by no one else, and Schmiel remembers the bearded psychotherapist as a most exacting client:

"We sold then many different types and sizes of cigars, from panatelas to cheroots. But none of these would do for Dr. Freud. It seems that as a lad, he had one morning stolen into poppa's bedroom and taken careful measure-

the budding suicides and homicidal maniacs who make up such a large part of our readership....

OPAGLES

ments of the old fellow's private member while he slept. These odd dimensions were the ones that Freud insisted on in his cigars, and if I erred by even so much as a centimeter, he would know it and return the order. Once I sent round to his rooms a dozen of my finest—perfectly proportioned, with the ends pre-punctured—and immediately he sent them back, explaining that to bite the end off 'vater's vocht-vacht' ('daddy's dingdong') personally was an important aspect of his smoking pleasure. So demanding was he, so eccentric!"

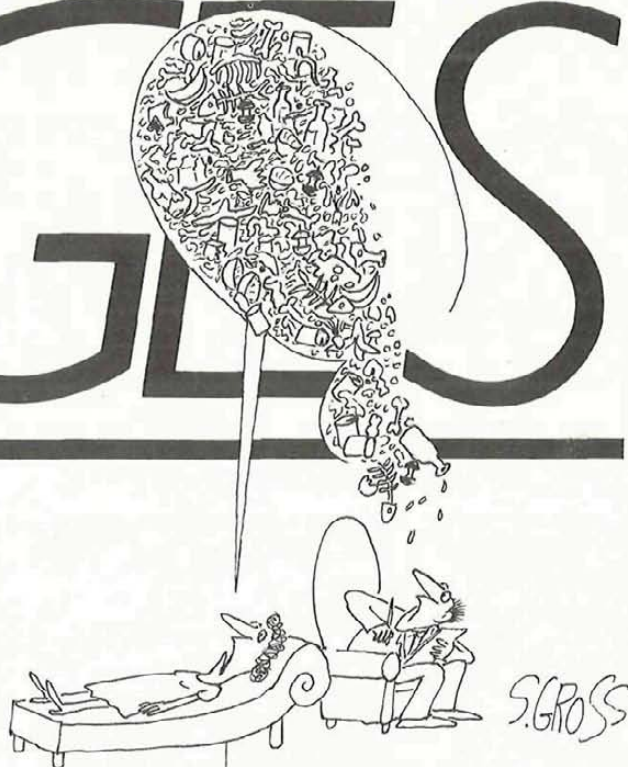


One of Freud's custom-made cigars.

Common Questions, Common Answers

According to a 1974 survey by the American Psychoanalytic Institute, the following were the five most common questions asked of psychoanalysts by patients. Appended are the psychoanalysts' most common answers.

1. Q: Why do you just sit there without saying anything?
A: What makes you ask?
2. Q: Is it wrong to feel this way?
A: What makes you ask?
3. Q: Why can't you just tell me what to do?
A: What makes you ask?
4. Q: Does this sound really sick?
A: What makes you ask?
5. Q: Would you still see me even if I couldn't pay?
A: No.



The Thematic Apperception Test

A companion to the Rorschach Test, the Thematic Apperception Test is a diagnostic tool relied upon by all psychiatrists to plumb their patients' primitive, unsocialized subconsciouses. The test consists of several shadowy, ambiguous drawings that are shown to the patient and about which he is asked to make up a short story. Try this one yourself.



Picking Out the Therapist Who's Right for You

Today's potential patient is fortunate in having many different types of therapists to choose from. There are clinical psychologists, psychiatrists, lay analysts, strict Freudians, Jungians, Reichians, Adlerians—you name it. The list goes on, and therapy would seem to be a buyer's market...but then, appearances can be deceiving, can't they? Especially to a guy who's so far gone he needs "professional help." I mean, let's face it. If you're fucked up enough to even think about disgorging fifty bucks an hour to some silent, stone-faced stranger, you're in no position to weigh one against the other. If you had enough self-confidence to pick and choose, you wouldn't need a shrink at all, right? Psychoanalysts, of course, are well aware of the uncertainty and insecurity that radiates from the pathetic, tortured souls who come to them for consultations, and you can count on them to sneer contemptuously at all your stammering attempts to question them about their strengths and weaknesses. Don't bother. Just throw the money through the door, crawl in after it, and pray the guy is just a touch less gone than you are. □

SOME PEOPLE HAVE RELATIONSHIPS THAT START WITH A BANG, GET COMFORTABLE, AND THEN TURN DEPRESSING. I JUST SAVED TIME AND STARTED WITH A RELATIONSHIP THAT WAS DEPRESSING.

A NIGHT ON THE TOWN by REESE and PREISS



© 1978 B.P.V.P.



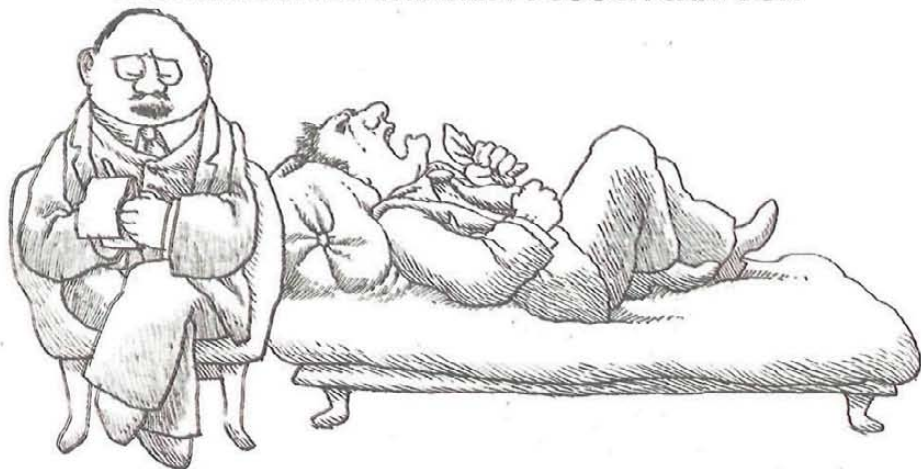
Classic Cartoons

DEPRESSINGLY DRAWN
by GAHAN WILSON

THE DESERT ISLAND CARTOON



THE MAN ON A PSYCHIATRIST'S COUCH CARTOON



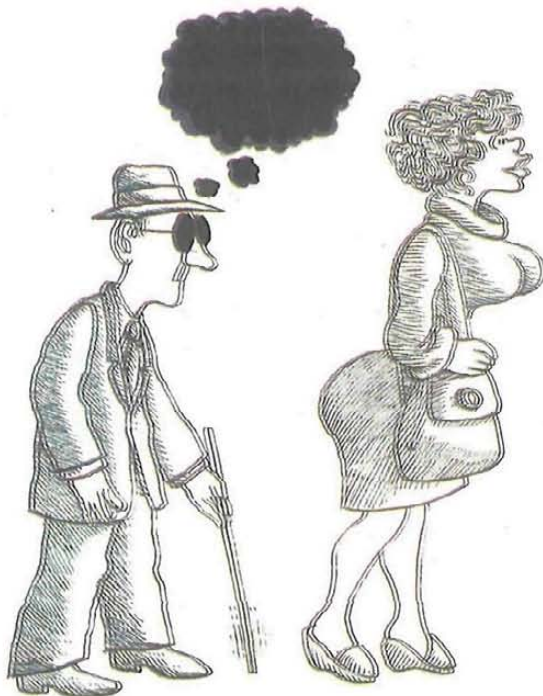
"I might have made some sense of my life, it might have made some sense—but Mother hated me, and Daddy, and...oh, God, God, God!"

THE SUICIDE ON A BUILDING LEDGE CARTOON

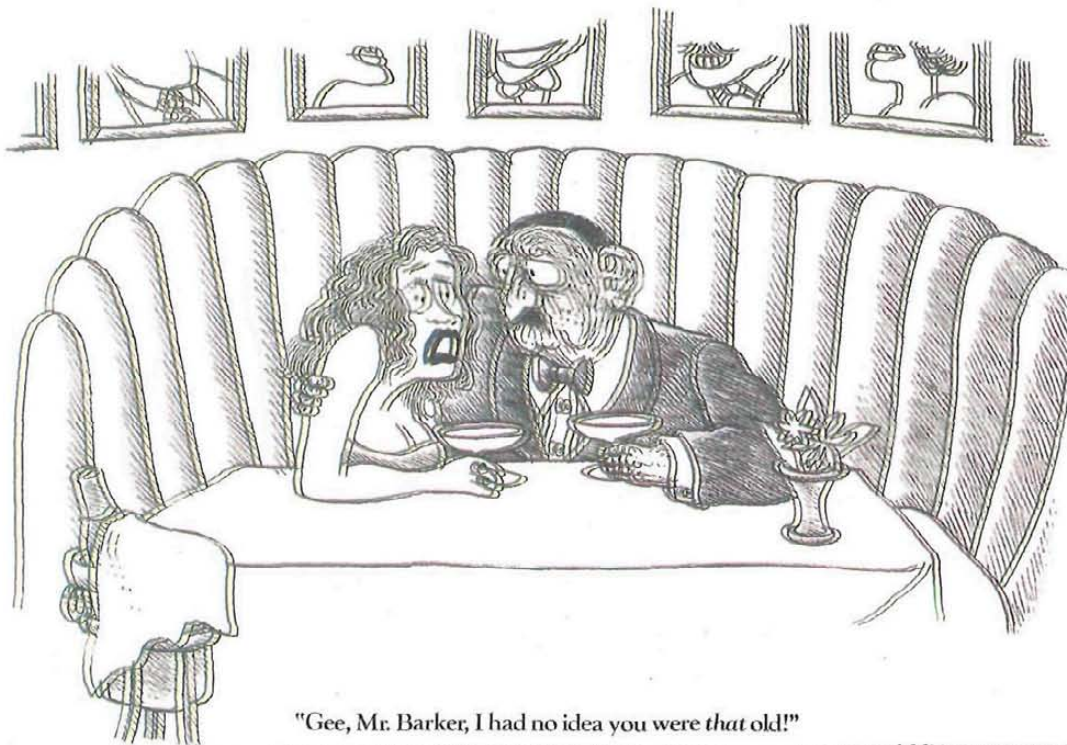


"I think we almost talked him out of jumping."

THE MAN IMAGINING THINGS ABOUT A PRETTY GIRL CARTOON



THE ELDERLY SEDUCER CARTOON



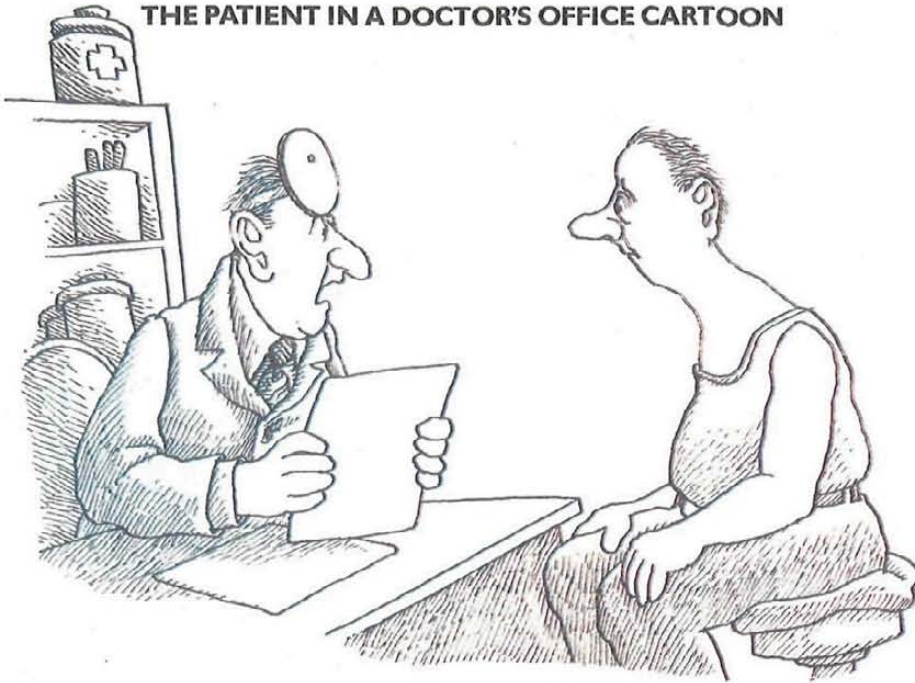
"Gee, Mr. Barker, I had no idea you were *that* old!"

THE STREET VENDOR SELLING WIND-UP TOYS CARTOON



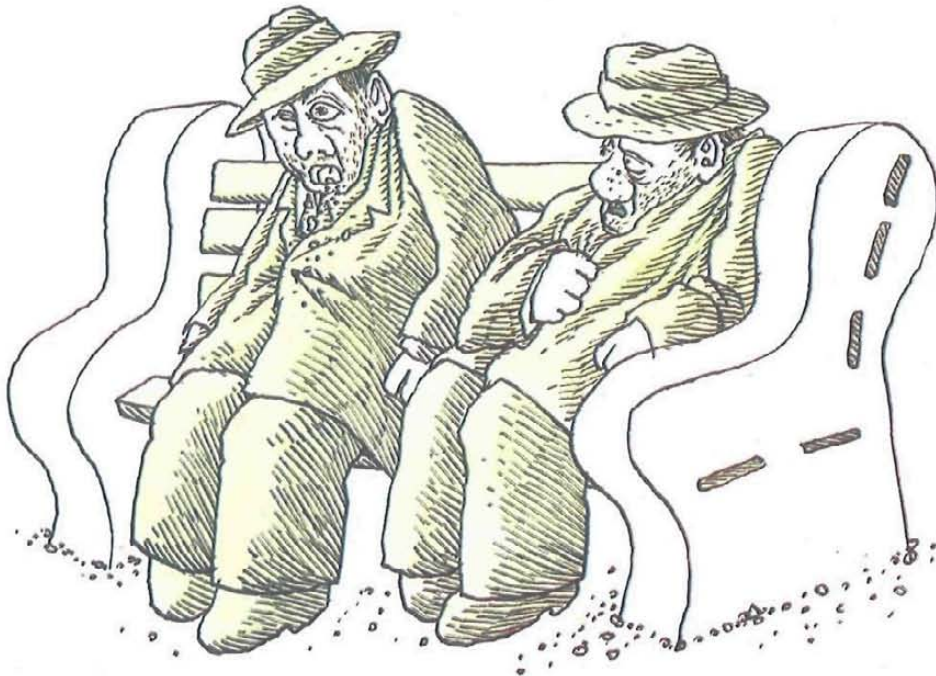
"You're under arrest for peddling without a license."

THE PATIENT IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE CARTOON

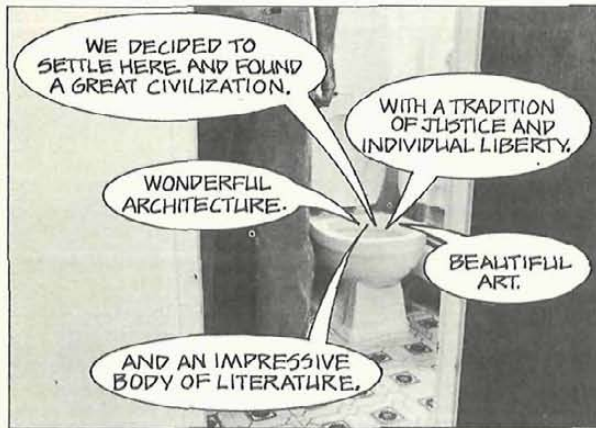
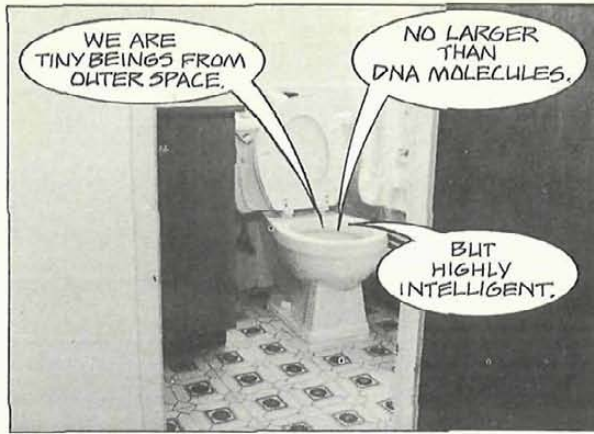
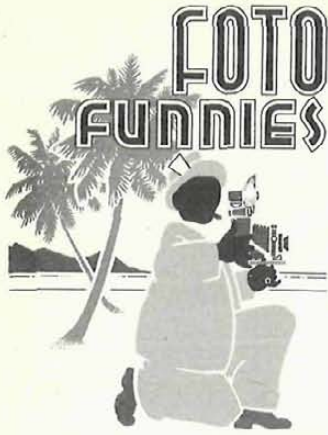


"I'm sorry, Mr. Denning, but you have an inoperable cancer."

THE BUMS ON A PARK BENCH CARTOON



"What do I do for company, Charlie, now that you're dead?"





NATIONAL
LAMPOON

Depression

Hi there! My name is Corinne, and I'm one of the most
 beautiful women in the world. Look at my innocent smile,
 but also look at the sexy, knowing wisdom in my eyes. And
 look at my body - look at my breasts, so round and soft, so
 look at my body - look at my smooth, slim belly, look at my
 look at my body - look at my smooth, my nipples and, mmmmm!
 I'm and upright. Look at my smooth, my nipples and, mmmmm!
 long legs, and see how fine my nipples are. It's not skin.
 wouldn't you just love to be able to take me in your arms right
 do I look at me. Go ahead - try something of
 magazine. All your fingers over my tits. You'll see. You'll
 you want. Run your fingers over my tits. You'll see. You'll
 I'm just flat shiny paper. Don't even look at me too close, or you'll
 see my marble-pink petals. I know it's tough, but that's the way it is,
 little pinkie dots. I know it's tough, but that's the way it is,
 and what can I do about it? Look, buddy, don't think you're so
 special, anyway. You're only one of a million horny devils who read
 this magazine. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't fuck all of you. It's
 physically impossible. And to tell the truth, you'll probably
 never even get the chance to touch the puny of a woman I'll
 as good - looking as me. You see, there are very few of us silly
 tional-looking girls in the world, and the only kind of man I'll
 even think of getting into my pants is a handsome millionaire.
 Anyway, do you think I minute I got into the photo studio that
 woman do? Well, the minute I got into the photo studio that
 took off my clothes, the first thing they did was cover my face all
 body with powder. That's because I have these huge pores on my face
 cuteness all over my tits, and also the pores on my face all over
 big. Then some puny porno photographer came and took my
 picture with thousands of dollars worth of equipment. I've had
 different kinds of lighting. Then I was brushed by one of the
 people in the business, and he got rid of that big hairy mole I've had
 on my left tit since I was a teen-ager and that puppy kind of
 thing all over my night-bog that has me kind of worried. Did that
 little confession save your spirit? Well, I don't really care if it did
 or not. You see, I don't exist. Someone wrote all these words for me.
 If they put in one thing, I tell you I love you. If they put in
 something else, I tell you to go fuck yourself. So, go ahead, drive
 at me all you want. I don't give a shit. I'm not here. I
 yourself right up the wall. I don't give a flat piece of paper.
 Can't see you. I can't feed you. I'm just a flat piece of paper.



To Help You Recover from the "Depression" Issue

by P. J. O'Rourke

CHEER-UP SECTION



HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? IT CAN'T BE AS BAD AS ALL THAT, CAN IT? COME ON, CHEER UP!

WHAT CAN I DO TO MAKE YOU SMILE?



LOOK! ADORABLE KITTENS!

AREN'T THEY CUTE?



HA HA HA! A FUNNY CLOWN!



HOW ABOUT IF I SHOWED YOU MY TITS?...



... AND DREW A FACE ON THIS ONE AND THREW MY VOICE AND MADE IT TELL JOKES?



THAT WAS A GOOD ONE, MR. TIT!

AND WE'LL HAVE LOTS MORE GOOD TIMES JUST AS SOON AS WE TURN THE PAGE!

THANKS.

YOU BET!

A GIRL IS FUCKING THIS POLISH GUY AND HAS TO TELL HIM HOW TO DO EVERYTHING. "PUT IT IN THERE," SHE SAYS. "NOW PUSH IT IN DEEP. NOW PULL IT OUT. NOW PUSH IT IN AGAIN. PULL IT OUT, PUSH IT IN, PULL IT OUT, PUSH IT IN...!" "GODDAMN IT!" YELLS THE POLACK. "MAKE UP YOUR MIND!"

☺ Try Some Old-Fashioned Fun

Genuine Examples of Mirth from Previous Centuries

A Merry Rhyme

A TRUE MAID

No, no; for my virginity,
When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die:
Behind the elms, last night, cried Dick
Rose, were you not extremely sick?

Matthew Prior
(1664–1721)

A Bawdy Jest

"A Gentleman happening to turn up against an House to make Water, did not see two Young Ladies looking out of a Window close by him, 'til he heard them giggling; then, looking toward them, he asked, what made them so merry? 'O! Lord, sir,' said one of them, 'a very Little Thing will make us laugh.' "

From *Joe Miller's Jests*
(1739)

A Droll Sketch



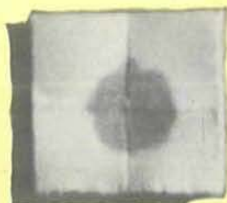
"I say, waiter, this salmon cutlet isn't half as good as the one I had here last week."

"Can't see why, sir. It's off the same fish!"

From *Punch*,
(March, 1898)

☺ A Four-Way Blotter Hit of MDA

We can't tell you how but we've managed to uncover the last major cache of this legendary "love drug" of the sixties. Share it with some friends of whatever sex you prefer—if that doesn't cheer you up, *nothing* will.



☺ Here's What the Girl That You Were So Hopelessly in Love with in High School Looks Like Now



(Remember when she stood you up for the Junior Prom? Well, you can thank your lucky stars now, Jack. I mean, what if you married her?!)

☺ You Could Possess the Equivalent of a Harvard Education

and Not Even Know It!

Not everyone gets a chance to go to Harvard (or even Princeton), but an inquisitive intelligence and wide-ranging life experiences may have provided you with the equivalent of a Harvard education or better! Take this quick test and see.

1. At a formal dinner, the little tiny fork way over on the left is for:
 - a. oysters.
 - b. throwing on the floor in a drunken snit.
 - c. banging on the water glass to call attention to yourself for the purpose of making a stupid toast.
2. On a single-breasted blazer, which button is always left undone?
 - a. the lowest or bottom button.
 - b. RFK in '68.
3. Are you an ecologically-minded socialist who plans to make \$100,000 a year and own three Porsches and a Saab by the time you're forty?
 - a. Yes.
4. Can you accept having a football team that can be whipped by anything in the Pop Warner league west of Philadelphia, learn to talk like your jaws were wired together, and find a tweed sport coat six sizes too large?
 - a. No.
 - b. If I have to.
 - c. I'm a nearsighted Jewish class valedictorian with a slight weight problem from Cleveland Heights, so I'm already just like everybody who goes to Harvard, except I had an older brother who got killed in a car wreck so my parents made me attend college close to home at Oberlin.

Answers: 1: a, b, or c. 2: a. 3: a. 4: b or c.

Score: Three to four correct: As good as a Harvard education. Two to three correct: Better than a Harvard education. Less than two correct: Far better than a Harvard education; almost as good as not having gone to college at all.

☺ The Jokes That Woody Allen Left Out of Interiors

Renata (Diane Keaton) speaking to her unseen psychiatrist:
"I'm obsessed with thoughts of death. Its intimacy embarrasses me. I'm also worried that I left the cat out."

Joey (Marybeth Hurt) discussing her mother with her lover Mike (Sam Waterston):
"At the center of a sick psyche, there is a sick spirit. Not to mention a sick headache. I don't know, maybe it's mono."

Flynn (Kristin Griffith) to her brother-in-law Frederick (Richard Jordan) who is trying to rape her:
"Is it in yet?"

☺ A Valuable Stock Certificate to Make You Rich



Just clip this out and save it. In two or three months, you should be able to sell it for about sixty dollars or seventy dollars a share.

☺ A Message in Automatic Writing from Your Dead Mother in the Spirit World

Received by Madame LaZeus, a Respected New York Clairvoyant

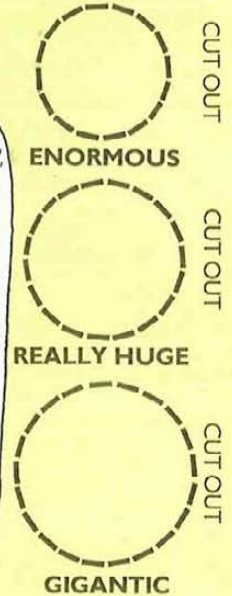
DON'T BE BLUE
BECAUSE SOON
YOU'LL BE RICH
AND LIVE TO A
HUNDRED. P.S. HEAVEN
IS NICE. LOVE, MOM

(If your mother isn't dead, try pretending she is. See? Don't you feel more cheerful already?)

☺ Maybe You Have a Really Gigantic Male Organ



MY PRODUCERS INSIST THAT I CONCEAL MY IDENTITY, BUT I AM A FAMOUS MOVIE STAR WHO HAS SLEPT WITH THOUSANDS OF MEN. I KNOW EVERYTHING THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT MALE ORGANS AND HOW BIG THEY ARE, AND I HAVE DEVISED A SPECIAL GAUGE TO HELP YOU FIND OUT IF YOURS IS LARGE. JUST CUT OUT THE CIRCLES BELOW AND SEE WHICH ONE YOUR "PERSONAL PART" WILL FIT THROUGH.



☺ Cheering Thoughts If You're Over Thirty-five:

1. You'll never have to take another final exam or write another term paper or ever learn how to do anything you don't already know how to do again, ever.
2. If your parents get on your back, you can have them committed to an old age home.
3. If somebody doesn't want to fuck you it's really no big deal because you'd just as soon go home and go to sleep anyway.
4. It doesn't matter what you look like anymore.
5. You're too old to be drafted.
6. When you go through customs no one suspects that you're carrying drugs.
7. You no longer look funny smoking a cigar (unless you're a lady, in which case you no longer look funny with a cigarette holder).
8. Cops listen to you. For instance, if you accidentally leave your driver's license home they'll let you go and you come back and show it to them later.
9. You have a perfect excuse for being lousy at sports.
10. When you want to claim to have been or done something you never did or were, you can now say that it was "years and years ago" and everyone will believe you.

☺ Cheering Thought If You're Under Eighteen:

You're under eighteen.

☺ Cheering Thought If You're Between Eighteen and Thirty-five:

Well, actually, if you're between eighteen and thirty-five life is kind of a drag, but at least you can legally drink in every state now so, go ahead, have a stiff one. □

😊 Happy Endings

for *West Side Story*, *Love Story*, *Spartacus*, *Easy Rider*, *Gone With the Wind* and *King Kong*



From deep space...



Invasion of the Body Snatchers

The seed is planted...terror grows.

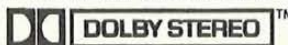
A Robert H. Solo Production of A Philip Kaufman Film

“Invasion of the Body Snatchers”

Donald Sutherland · Brooke Adams · Leonard Nimoy

Jeff Goldblum · Veronica Cartwright · Screenplay by W. D. Richter,

Based on the novel “The Body Snatchers” by Jack Finney · Produced by Robert H. Solo



Directed by Philip Kaufman
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United Artists
A Transamerica Company

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



NUTS

REMEMBER HOW GROWN-UPS TRIED TO INVENT THINGS FOR KIDS TO DO WHICH GROWN-UPS WOULD NEVER DO THEMSELVES, BECAUSE IF THEY DID THEY'D HAVE DIED FROM THE SHEER BOREDOM OF DOING IT?

DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT INDIAN LEGEND MR. KNUDSON TOLD US IS REAL, OR DID HE JUST MAKE IT UP?

WHAT LEGEND?

Cham Wilson

THE ONE ABOUT THE BRAVE INDIAN WARRIOR?

WHICH BRAVE INDIAN WARRIOR?

THE ONE THE INDIAN MAIDEN KILLED HERSELF FOR WHEN HE DIED?

CAMP TALK

NO, I THINK IT'S A PILE OF BULLSHIT.

WHY WOULD HE TELL IT TO US?

BECAUSE HE'S DUMB.

CAMP TALK

HAVE YOU FIGURED OUT HOW TO MAKE THIS LANYARD?

NO, I CAN'T GET ANYWHERE WITH THE GOD-DAMNED THING!

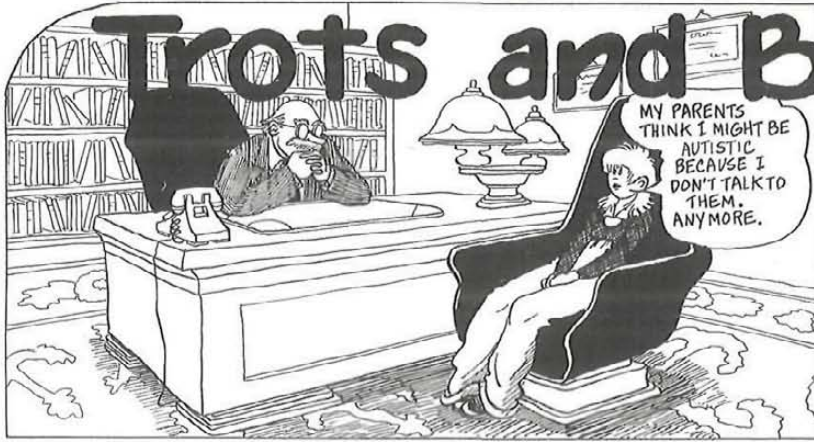
CAMP TALK

I'M SORRY ABOUT THE LEGEND. IT'S THE ONLY THING I LIKED ABOUT THIS STUPID CAMP.

JUST DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME. IT'S THIS DAMN LANYARD.

CAMP TALK

Trots and Bonnie

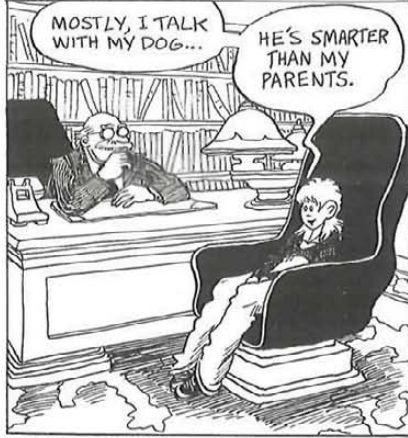


MY PARENTS THINK I MIGHT BE AUTISTIC BECAUSE I DON'T TALK TO THEM. ANYMORE.



THIS IS A COMMON ADOLESCENT PHASE...

BUT YOU MUST HAVE SOMEONE WITH WHOM YOU CAN SHARE YOUR FEELINGS.



MOSTLY, I TALK WITH MY DOG...

HE'S SMARTER THAN MY PARENTS.



WELL, WELL...

IT'S VERY NICE THAT YOU HAVE AN ACTIVE IMAGINATION...

HOWEVER... THIS TALKING DOG IS A FANTASY YOU MUST OUTGROW.



IT'S TIME TO EMERGE FROM THE SHELTERED WORLD OF LITTLE GIRLS AND DOGS AND ENTER A MATURE WORLD, FULL OF EXCITING RESPONSIBILITIES AND LIFE CRISES.



FORGET THIS NONSENSE ABOUT TALKING TO DOGGIES...

WHAT WOULD A DOGGIE KNOW ABOUT CAREERS? OR, HOMEMAKING? OR, THE MOST IMPORTANT, HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS?



NO DOGGIE CAN REACH OUT... COMMUNICATE... SHARE YOUR TENDER INITIATION INTO WOMANHOOD...



RING!



YES... SHE'S HERE.

WE'LL BE FINISHED IN A MINUTE...

I'LL TELL HER.



SOMEONE NAMED TROTS SAYS FOR YOU TO MEET HIM OUT BY THE FIRE HYDRANT.



WHAT AM I GONNA DO, TROTS?...

HE SAYS NEXT WEEK HE'S GOING TO INTRODUCE ME TO WOMANHOOD.

I CAN'T HELP YOU... MY VETERINARIAN SAYS I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO TALK TO YOU ANYMORE.

THE AESOP BROTHERS, SIAMESE TWINS IN the COMMUNIST PARTY (MARXIST-LENINIST)



COMRADES - WE MUST UNITE THE WORKERS AND PEASANTS. THEY HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT THEIR CHAINS! I MEAN, THEIR CHAINS!

COMRADES! WE MUST NOT FORGET THAT CAPITALISM BEGETS, WITH THE INEXORABILITY OF A LAW OF NATURE, ITS OWN NEGATION!

NO SHIT?

COMRADES - HOW ABOUT THIS? "FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS ABILITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEED!"

THAT'S TERRIFIC, GEORGE! YOU'VE CERTAINLY DONE YOUR HOMEWORK!

I LIKE THAT!



DAMMIT NOW THIS ONE'S OUT!



I NEED AN ANALYST. I'M VERY INSECURE.

I NEED A BRA.

I NEED TO ADVISE EVERYONE THAT THIS STRIP IS COPYRIGHTED! © 1978

I NEED LOTS A LOVIN'

I NEED A ROSE-COLORED COTTAGE IN SOUTH BOSTON WITH A WHITE PICKET AROUND IT.

I NEED YOU, DARLING!

I NEED THE KEY TO THE TOILET.

I NEED SOMEONE TO TELL ME WHAT RELEVANCE SIAMESE TWINS HAVE TO MARXISM-LENINISM - SAVE THE SHARING OF SUNDRY ORGANS!

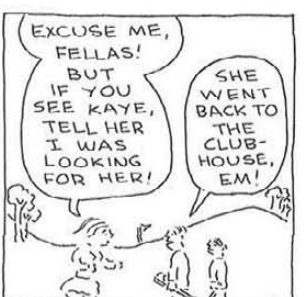
NOTE: THIS COMIC STRIP IS DONE IN A SPIRIT OF FUN AND IS NOT MEANT TO DEPRECATE THE YEOMAN SERVICE PROVIDED BY COMMUNISM THESE 60 YEARS - NOTABLY IN LITTLE LEAGUE HOCKEY.



READ ALOUD PORN COMICS!

BY ED SUBITZKY

ACTUALLY SPEAK WHAT THE CHARACTERS SAY, AND HEAR SECRET SPELLINGS OF DIRTY WORDS!

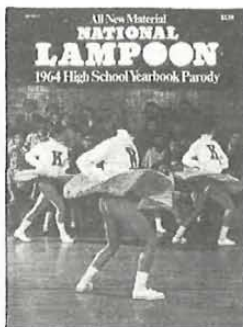


THE END

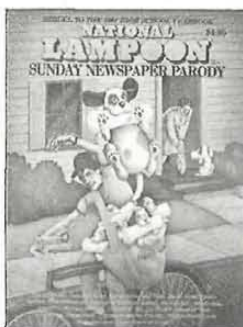
I CALLED BY NAME KALLIA-LAI-LAI. I MAKE YOU GOOD WIFE.
I AM CLEAN, AND MY FATHER HAS MANY PIGS.

Get a FREE Native Wife*

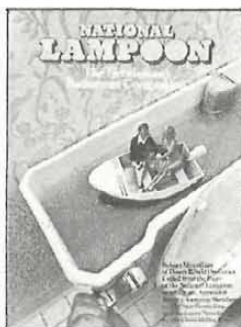
with every National Lampoon mail order purchase.



National Lampoon 1964 High School Yearbook Parody. From C. Estes Kefauver High in Dacron, Ohio (BO-1007) \$2.50



National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody. Sequel to the High School Yearbook—a complete Sunday edition of the Dacron Republican-Democrat (BO-1021) \$4.95



Gentleman's Bathroom Companion. An anthology of risqué material from the *National Lampoon* (BO-1001) \$2.50



National Lampoon Presents Claire Bretécher. Best-selling French cartoonist in her first English translation (BO-1022) \$5.95

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The Naked and the Nude—Hollywood and Beyond. *National Lampoon* goes to the movies (BO-1016) \$2.50

The Iron On Book. Sixteen amusing heat transfers for your empty T-shirts from the *National Lampoon* art department (BO-1012) \$2.50

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The National Lampoon Encyclopedia of Humor. Amusement in alphabetical order, all original material (BO-1005) \$2.50

National Lampoon Presents French Comics. Popular French cartoonists published for the first time in America (BO-1020) \$2.50

"Voulez-vous fuck?" (TS-1024) or the more modest "Voulez-vous fuque?" (TS-1025) T-shirts Either \$3.95

The Best of National Lampoon No. 3. Anthology of the *National Lampoon's* best articles 1971-1972 (BO-1003) \$2.50

The Best of National Lampoon No. 4. 1972-1973 anthology (BO-1006) \$2.50

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The Best of National Lampoon No. 7. 1975-1976 anthology (BO-1010) \$2.50

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Animal House Full-color illustrated novel from the hit movie. By Chris Miller (BO-1023) \$2.95

Deluxe Edition of Animal House on heavier paper that will last longer or something (BO-1024) \$4.95



National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey (TS-1028) \$6.00

National Lampoon's Animal House T-Shirt With portraits of all the Delta brothers (TS-1029) \$4.95

National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt (TS-1019) \$3.95

National Lampoon "Black Sox" Softball Team Jersey (TS-1027) \$6.00

National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt (TS-1026) \$4.95



YOU BUY PLENTY THESE TRADE GOORS, I COME MAKE WACKY-WACKY YOUR HOUSE, O.K., NO?

National Lampoon Binder (BN-1001) \$4.50 each, 2 for \$8.00, 3 for \$10.50

Lampoon—12 issues in binder 1974 (BN-1002) \$15.00, 1975 (BN-1003) \$13.50, 1976 (BN-1004) \$12.50, 1977 (BN-1005) \$11.50, 1978 (BN-1006) \$10.50

Use this coupon for your order

-----Get a FREE Native Wife* with every National Lampoon mail order purchase.-----

Indicate the products that you wish to purchase, enclose check or money order, place in envelope and send to

National Lampoon, Dept. NL-179
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Please enclose 75¢ per order for postage and handling (Canadian and foreign residents please enclose \$1.00 per order)
New York State residents please add 8% sales tax

I have enclosed a total of \$ _____
(New York State residents: please add applicable sales taxes.)

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|---|---|--------|-------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$3.95 TS-1019 Circle one: | small | medium | large |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$6.00 TS-1027 Circle one: | small | medium | large |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> \$10.50 BN-1006 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1020 | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1001 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$4.95 BO-1021 | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1003 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$5.95 BO-1022 | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1005 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$2.95 BO-1023 | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1006 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$4.95 BO-1024 | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1007 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$3.95 BO-1025 | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1008 | <input type="checkbox"/> \$6.95 A-1001 | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$2.50 BO-1009 | | | |

*Unfortunately, giving native wives away free with mail order purchases is illegal in some states, so we've had to hide Kahua-Lai-Lai from the law. However, here is a special clue as to her whereabouts: "NEAR A LARGE BODY OF WATER."

REBEL without a NOSE



P. Chast

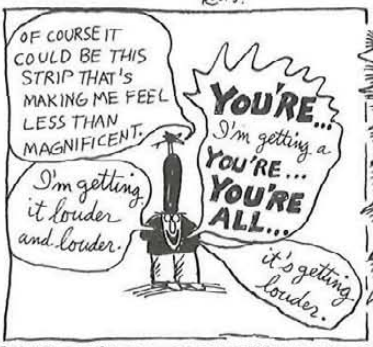
AND NOW FOR AMERICA'S MOST BELOVED... MOST REVERED... MOST CHERISHED... MOST RESPECTED AND MOST MODEST STRIP:

CHICKEN GUTZ

and long may he wave.

by ENOS

HI TO ANGIE AT THE FLOWER CART AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION.



THIS STRIP IS DEDICATED TO CURT WATROUSE, CURT WATERHOUSE, CURT BRADFORD, KATHY'N FROM NANTUCKET, THE WEASEL AND ESPECIALLY ANDY FINK.

FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

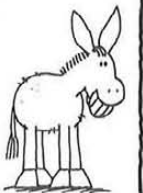
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 2-D

ASSES AND RAMS

THIS IMPORTANT QUESTION HAS PLAGUED THE COMIC ARTIST SINCE TIME BEGAN:

IF AN
ASS
IS A
DONKEY...



...AND A
RAM
IS A
SHEEP...



... WHY IS A
RAM IN THE ASS
A GOOSE?



DOCTOR'S PROGRAM FEATURING CRASH-BURN DIET AND AMAZING CAPSULE FORCES YOUR BODY TO BURN AWAY FAT AS IT...

Neutralizes All The Calories In The Food You Eat!

Meaning: After Each Time You Eat, Your Body Breaks Down Bulging Fat and Burns It Away — So You Grow Slimmer and Slimmer From Meal to Meal. (up to a full size smaller in just 5 days) . . . as you melt away both fluid and fat at the incredible rate of as much as

2 POUNDS GONE THE FIRST 24 HOURS

6 POUNDS GONE THE FIRST 48 HOURS

10 POUNDS GONE THE FIRST 7 DAYS

and depending on how overweight you are — how much you want to lose — and how fast you want to lose it **BURNS AWAY UP TO ANOTHER 30 — 40 — 50 POUNDS, OR EVEN MORE!**

URNS EVERY LAST BIT OF FOOD YOU EAT INTO BURNED-AWAY ENERGY INSTEAD OF STORED-UP FAT! Medical science has proven conclusively that in your body there exists a fat-burning system of natural chemical fat-destroyers so powerful they are capable of **NEUTRALIZING THE EFFECT OF ALL THE CALORIES IN THE FOOD YOU EAT.** That once you discover how to unleash these fat-destroyer chemicals against clinging pockets of fat . . . you can actually compel your body to **GROW SLIMMER, INSTEAD OF FATTER, AFTER EACH MEAL YOU EAT!**

WORKS SO FAST — THE VERY FIRST WEEK ALONE YOU LOSE AN AVERAGE OF UP TO 1½ POUNDS OF BODY FLUID AND FAT EVERY 24 HOURS! Now from one of America's leading obesity specialists comes a thrilling crash-burn way to slimmness . . . that does away with all the torture of rigorous diet **ONCE AND FOR ALL — ends brutal exercise FOREVER!**

What this doctor has done is simply this: Found a surefire way for you to gently raise the level of your fat-burning metabolism . . . step up the flow of your body's own natural fat-burners . . . so that every time you eat . . . your system automatically **NEUTRALIZES THE EFFECT OF ALL THE CALORIES IN THE FOOD YOU TAKE IN — AND YOUR BODY MELTS AWAY FAT LIKE HOT WATER MELTS DOWN ICE!**

Yes, with this doctor's thrilling **ANTI-CALORIE PROGRAM** and capsule, you "rev up" your inner furnace — you neutralize all the calories coming in — so not one ounce of the food you eat can possibly turn to fat:

ACTUALLY SHRINKS YOUR BODY'S FAT CELLS STARTING IN JUST HOURS! Yes, based on published reports from professors at leading medical schools . . . **PLUS** experimental fat-burning studies on U.S. Army officers, West Point Cadets and independent research tests . . . with the food you eat on this doctor's **CAPSULE PROGRAM** . . . your body automatically neutralizes the effect of all the calories you take in — automatically forces pounds and inches to vanish so **FAST**, that before you hardly know it, you:

- LOSE UP TO 4 TO 6 INCHES OFF YOUR WAISTLINE**
- LOSE UP TO 2 TO 5 INCHES OFF YOUR HIPS**
- LOSE UP TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR THIGHS**
- LOSE UP TO 4 INCHES OFF YOUR BUTTOCKS**
- LOSE UP TO 4 INCHES OFF YOUR STOMACH**

. . . as you start to win the physique of a naturally skinny person . . . those types who never seem to gain an ounce!

YOUR TUMMY FEELS LIKE YOU FEASTED, BUT YOUR WAISTLINE LOOKS LIKE YOU FASTED! Just to give you an idea of how fast this thrilling anti-fat wonder-weapon burns away excess fat and inches . . . according to California University Medical School research on energy burn-off you can actually melt away more fat each 24 hours than if you ran 10 to 14 miles a day! — Lose more pounds each week than if you did 300 sit-ups each morning and 300 push-ups each night! **LOSE** as much as a **FULL SIZE THE FIRST 5 DAYS ALONE . . .**

BEST OF ALL — YOU STAY SLIM FOR GOOD! BECAUSE AT LONG LAST, YOU HAVE IN YOUR HANDS A LIFETIME WEAPON TO DEFEND YOURSELF AGAINST FAT BUILD-UP! Yes, when you arm yourself with this thrilling **ANTI-CALORIE CRASH-BURN PROGRAM** and doctor's capsule . . . you actually fortify yourself with the only thing you'll ever need for **LIFETIME PROTECTION** against excessive fat build-up. That's because, medical science now offers you a proven way to neutralize all the calories in the food you eat — gently step up your metabolism . . . stimulate

VITAL NOTICE: Before starting this program, consult with your physician to be sure you are in normal health and your only problem is excess weight. Individuals with high blood pressure, heart disease, diabetes, or thyroid disease should use only as directed by a family physician and see if he doesn't agree that this Lifetime Road to Slimmness including the few minutes of nightly toning the doctor highly recommends is by far one of the most medically sound, fully sensible approaches to the problem of excess weight.



Called the Anti-Calorie Capsule Program because that's precisely what it does . . . attacks the greatest single cause of fat build-up . . . overeating due to runaway appetite . . . helps you create a calorie-deficit in your body . . . that steps up the rate of fat burn-off . . . and shrink your body's fat cells, starting the very first day!

Instead of being stored as fat, it is **AUTOMATICALLY** converted to burned-away energy.

TWO — YOU GRADUALLY ACCELERATE YOUR FAT-BURNING METABOLISM by greater caloric burn-off than intake. Meaning: your body, without you even feeling it, unleashes a steady surge of fat-burner chemicals directly into your system to attack stored-up fat . . . automatically breaks down . . . converts it into fluid . . . that drains right out of your body!

Just like a furnace grows hotter and hotter the more you stoke it . . . so your own body burns away fat faster and faster the more you step up your fat-burning metabolism.

THREE — YOU COMPLETELY DEFEAT THE GREATEST SINGLE CAUSE OF FAT BUILD-UP, runaway appetite and overeating. Because the moment you take this doctor's **CAPSULE**, ravenous hunger disappears. Gnawing appetite is switched off . . . you lose your craving for food for hours at a time.

More significant . . . when you do eat on this Doctor's **CRASH-LOSS** diet and **Lifetime-Slim** maintenance program, since your body completely **NEUTRALIZES THE FAT-BUILDING EFFECT OF ALL THE CALORIES IN THE FOOD YOU EAT**, excess fat simply cannot form . . . stored-up body fat burned off and melted away by the hour — and you continue to grow **slimmer instead of fatter after each meal you eat!**

DOCTOR ADVISES: USE THIS CRASH-BURN PROGRAM ONLY WHILE YOU'RE OVERWEIGHT . . . OTHERWISE YOU MIGHT GROW TOO THIN! Of course, there is one thing you must keep in mind. You cannot use this **CAPSULE CRASH-BURN PROGRAM** indefinitely . . . otherwise, you might become overly thin.

Also, as long as you are on this **ANTI-CALORIE** Program you cannot stuff and gorge yourself silly on over-rich, high-fat foods. There is a reasonable limit on just how fast medical science can help you safely burn away fat. **BUT —** and here's the very heart of this wondrous development: Because this thrilling **ANTI-CALORIE** concept not only helps you neutralize the effect of the calories in all the food you eat . . . but **ALSO** puts gnawing appetite to sleep . . . you simply lose that driving urge, that maddening craze to make fattening food the very center of your existence . . . thanks to this medically proven formula that contains the most powerful reducing aid ever approved for release to the public, without a prescription, by the United States Government!

Now just think what this great **ANTI-FAT** weapon means to you, if all your life you've had to fight off excess pounds, battle away inches?

WHY "KILL" YOURSELF WITH BRUTAL DIET OR TORTUROUS EXERCISE? NOW — YOU CAN ENJOY A LIFETIME OF SLIMNESS WITHOUT RAVENOUS HUNGER! It means that from this day on . . . you simply start the **ALL-OUT ASSAULT ON FAT** by taking these medically proven **CAPSULES . . . called "Thera-Thin"**, before eating . . . as part of this incredible "**CRASH-BURN**" PROGRAM . . . to help you **NEUTRALIZE ALL THE CALORIES IN THE FOOD YOU EAT!** You gently raise the level of your fat-burning metabolism . . . "rev up" that inner furnace . . . unlock and activate the natural chemical fat-burners nature has placed in your body . . . and **BURN AWAY FAT, MELT AWAY INCHES** as you start to grow **slimmer and slimmer from meal to meal!**

REMEMBER: You must see dramatic results in just 24 hours — results you can see on your scale with your very own eyes, the very first morning . . . yes, you must:

- LOSE UP to 6 lbs. the first 48 hours**
- LOSE UP to 10 lbs. the first 7 days**
- LOSE UP to 7 lbs. more the next 7 days**

or "Thera-Thin" costs you nothing! Simply return within 10 days for full refund (except postage and handling, of course). Act now! Send **NO-RISK TRIAL SUPPLY** today!

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MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY
PENN-BIO PHARMACEUTICALS, Dept. JACO-42, Caroline Road, Philadelphia, PA 19176

Yes, I want to burn away excess weight fast and permanently with this doctor's "crash-loss" **ANTI-CALORIE CAPSULE-PROGRAM** featuring amazing "**THERA-THIN**". Please rush me the offer I have checked below. If not delighted, I may return it in 10 days for refund (except postage & handling), of course.

- CHECK OFFER DESIRED:**
- (#003) Full 21-day supply . . . only \$6.95 plus 50¢ postage & handling
 - (#011) Full 42-day supply . . . only \$11.95 (you save \$2.00) plus 75¢ postage & handling
 - (#029) Fully 63-day supply . . . only \$14.95 (you save \$4.00) plus \$1 postage & handling

Total amount enclosed \$_____ PA residents add 6% sales tax. Check or money order, no CODs please.

CHARGE IT: (check one) Exp. Date _____

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Credit Card # _____

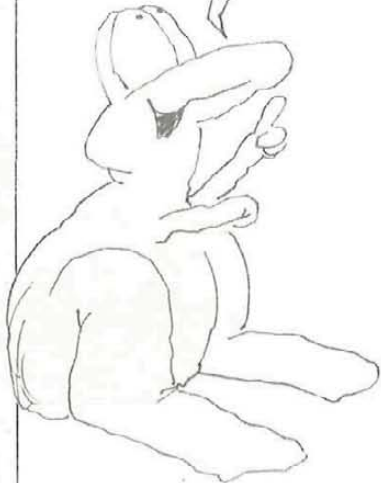
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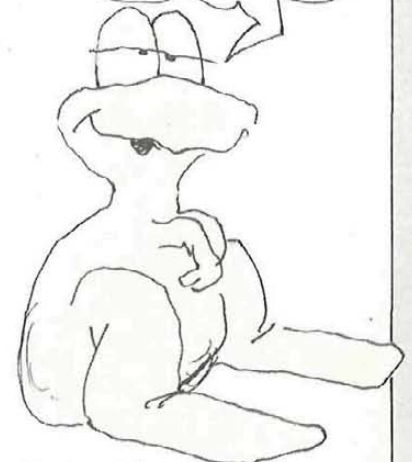
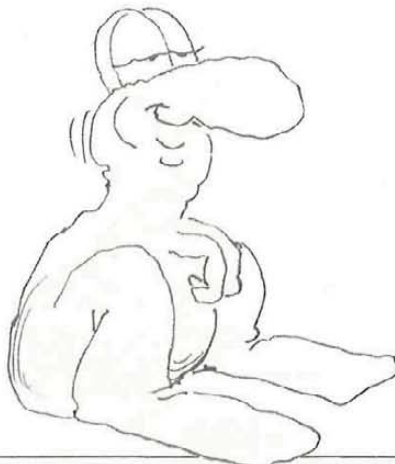
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Bob the Frog

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THE SIZE OF
THAT FLY!!!



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TO KNOW HOW TO
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DIVERSION!



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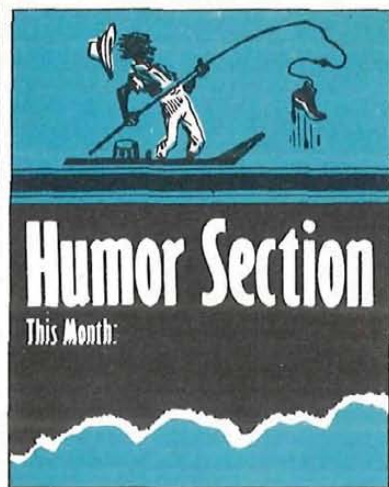
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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE



National Lampoon Condensed
Books Presents

DIRTY LINEN

by Olga Sunquist
as told to Gerry Sussman

Editor's Note: A book called Jackie OH! has just been published that purports to be the last, last, last word on the terribly unhappy marriage of Jackie and John F. Kennedy. Just when you thought there was nothing left to say, Kitty Kelley, a Washington reporter, has dug up yet another collection of JFK's sexual exploits. In the book, Kennedy's close friend, former senator George Smathers, says "...Jack had the most active libido of any man I've ever known. He was really unbelievable...absolutely incredible in that regard, and he got more so the longer he was married."

Unfortunately, the truth about JFK is a lot duller than the hot, smarmy fiction made up by Ms. Kelley and the many other scandalmongers who have made fast bucks out of slanderizing a dead man. Jackie OH! was the last straw, the final blow to the one woman who could tell the true story of JFK. And so Olga Sunquist had to write her own book, to answer all the lies and slander. We are privileged to print a few excerpts from her forthcoming book, Dirty Linen, The Inside Story of John F. Kennedy, by his Personal Laundress.

I believe I knew John F. Kennedy more intimately than any other person in the world. I was the deputy assistant housekeeper for JFK while he was president of the United States and resided at the White House. I was

in charge of all of his personal laundry, and that's why I say that I knew him in a most intimate sense. For what could be closer to a man than the clothes he wears next to his body? I had full charge of JFK's clothes—the hand washing, the machine washing, the dry cleaning and pressing, the Chinese laundering, the special work—you name it, I took care of it. And in all the years that I was close to President Kennedy, I never saw a single sign of wrongdoing, of the so-called philandering and woman-chasing and whatnot that have been banded about as if this man were a combination of Don Juan, Casanova, and the devil incarnate.

I feel it is time for me to air John F. Kennedy's "dirty linen" in public, because that was all it was, simply dirty (or, most times, just slightly dirty) linen. I've been in the laundry business over twenty-six years and if you want to know a fast way to detect any hanky-panky, just look at a man's hankies. Or his underwear or shirts. That's where you find all the telltale stains, the teeny little drippy-drops that leak. And JFK's hankies and underwear were spotless, as if he hadn't worn them at all. That man was cooler than ten cucumbers in a tub of ice water under a shady tree. His hankies sometimes had big brown stains on them but they can be easily explained. He used to buy John-John chocolate ice cream cones and was forever wiping the lad's dirty face.

As for his underwear, JFK favored a trim-cut boxer short, a kind of middle-of-the-road style, not too tight, not too baggy. He tried the bikini briefs, the French-style underwear for a little while, but thought he looked silly in it. He had just a bit too much middle bulge. Once he modeled a pair for me and said, "Olga, do I look like a middle-aged Irish gigolo or what?" I said, "Mr. President, you look tip-top to me, but trim-cut boxer shorts are even more flattering."

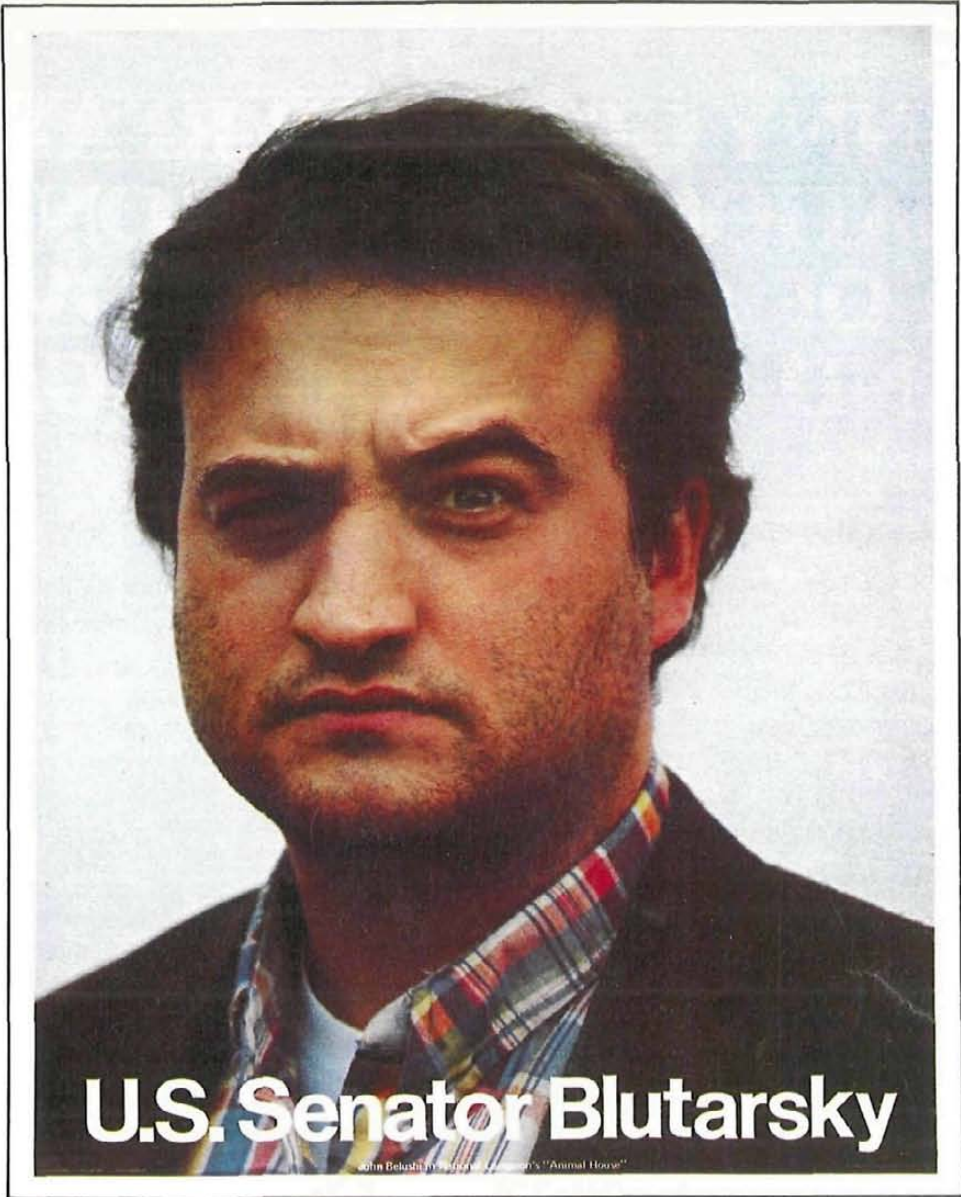
Another place to look for signs of fooling around, girl-chasing, or whatever, is the sheets a man sleeps on. The rules and regulations of the Presidential Laundry Code say that the president's and first lady's sheets and pillowcases must be changed every day. The first lady favored pastel and patterned sheets and the president liked plain white. And so we used to alternate the pastels, prints, and whites as an accommodation to both of them. They were beautiful custom-made sheets from the firm of

Pourthault, and I used to cry a little when I changed them because they really didn't have to be laundered every day, they were so spotless! Confidentially, you don't really have to change a sheet every day. Every two or three days is enough, except for hot summer days when you tend to perspire. The point is, JFK's sheets were immaculate. Not a single telltale stain.

What about the times JFK wasn't sleeping in the White House? The times he was a guest of Frank Sinatra or Bing Crosby and all those so-called bimbos were brought in to keep him company? What about the Angie Dickinson stories and all the other assorted women who claimed to have been his mistresses? All lies. I traveled with the president as part of his general staff in charge of laundry, and again, I saw no incriminating marks on it. Do you think he went around stuffing his stained underwear and hankies in the garbage pail so I wouldn't find him out? Don't be silly. You can take these conspiratorial theories just so far. The man was as clean as a whistle.

And then there are suits, coats, and slacks. Many times there will be incriminating evidence in these garments—names, telephone numbers, sometimes in a secret code. "Ace Tool and Die Works" usually means a bimbo. "Bob-555-8555," usually means "Barbara," and the real phone number is the same numbers dialed backward. But JFK never had any of these items in his garments. He had other notes, such as "provide air cover for Bay of Pigs" and "Get Johnson," whatever they meant—but never, never those telltale names and numbers.

Perhaps I shouldn't be so dogmatic in my opinions and feelings about the kind of man JFK was. After all, I was not in charge of cleaning his ties and some of his odds and ends like socks, sneakers, raincoats, or boating clothes. And there were a few times when I did not accompany him on a trip—to Berlin, for instance, when he made his famous "I am a Berliner" speech, or to Vienna for one of those summit conferences. Golly, he could have been carousing like crazy with a blond Aryan beauty or a little Viennese torte. I wasn't his guardian. I wasn't with him twenty-four hours a day. I was just his Deputy Assistant Housekeeper in charge of his personal laundry. And I can honestly say that nothing dirty ever came out in his wash. He was a clean man. □



U.S. Senator Blutarsky

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Leading all national polls, unopposed for election—John Belushi as “Bluro” Blutarski of National Lampoon’s Animal House. It’s the most popular poster in America today. Get on the bandwagon—order yours today from National Lampoon. \$2.50 per poster, plus \$ 1.00 for postage and handling.

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KENNY GROOBER READ NATIONAL LAMPOON BEST OF #8 COVER TO COVER AND DIED LAUGHING.

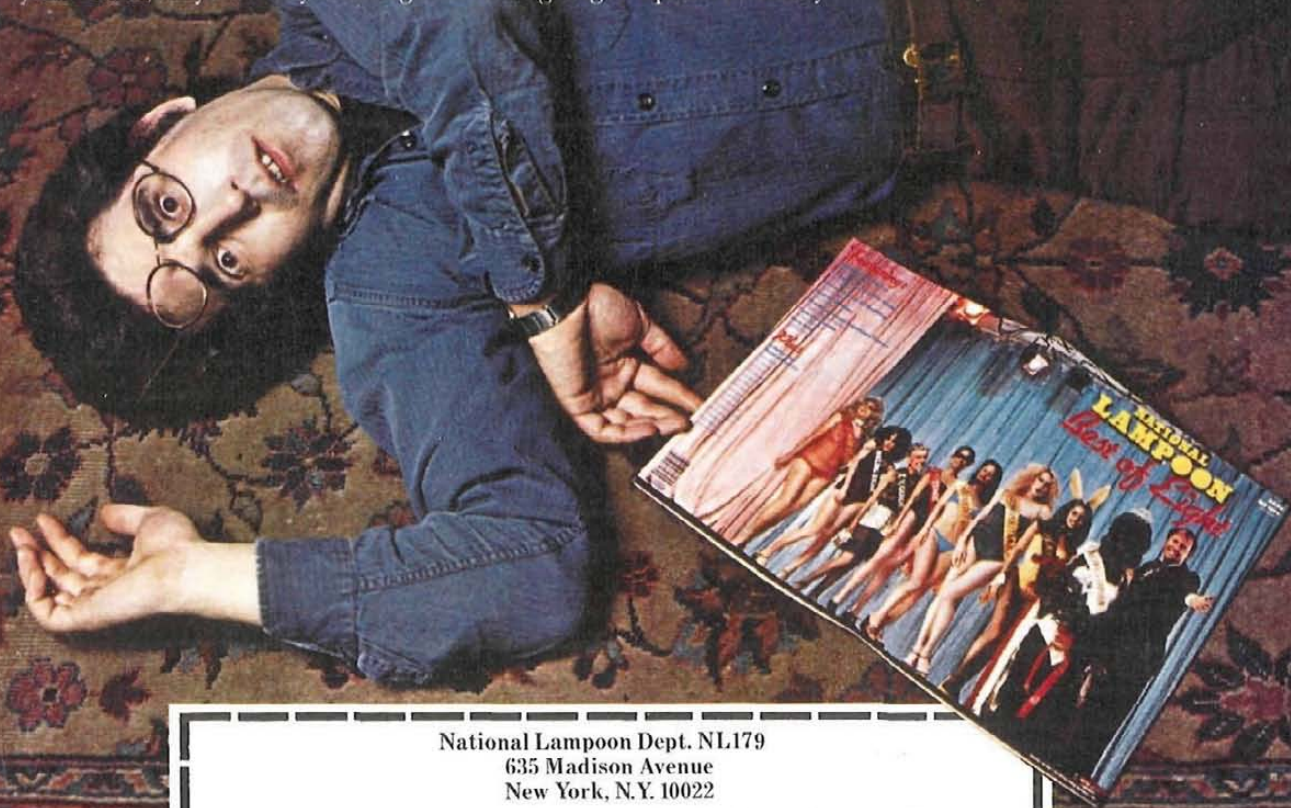
We should have printed a warning on the cover: "This book is so funny you may laugh yourself to death if you read more than ten pages at a time." But it's too late. The *Best of #8* went out to the printers without a cautionary note.

All we can say is, be extremely careful. Read it slowly, bit by bit. Beware of such pieces as "Dogfishing in America" by Gerald Sussman, Kenney and Mann's "First Homosexual Experience Comics," Rick Meyerowitz's "Medical Flea Market," and anything by Charles Rodrigues. They are not only dangerous to your health, they can kill you outright from laughing.

And the same goes for the rest of the pieces in this newest collection of the best of the *National Lampoon*—144 pages of your favorite writers and artists from the Golden Age of vicious comedy.

If you're willing to live dangerously—to risk splitting your sides, tickling your ribs until they fray and puncture your lungs, and getting lockjaw from laughing and guffawing—then send us \$5.95 plus 60 cents for postage and handling and we'll send you this time bomb of black humor.

Laugh at your own risk. Remember what happened to Kenny.



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New York, N.Y. 10022

I understand that I am ordering the *National Lampoon Best of #8* at my own risk. The *National Lampoon* is not responsible for the state of my health when I read the anthology. Please send _____ copies at \$5.95 plus 60 cents each for postage and handling. I enclose \$_____.

Please send check or money order to the *National Lampoon*. Do not

send cash. Our publisher still steams open any envelope that looks promising. New York State residents, add 8% sales tax.

Name _____

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LETTERS

continued from page 8

found out I'm just a one-dimensional, big-titted balloonhead and nobody wants me and I can't even get Norman Lear to answer his phone, and I'm working at the Mexican restaurant at the Farmer's Market until something comes up. If you hear of anything, drop me a line, okay?

Sally Struthers
Trailer #3
Santa Dubba Trailer Court
Santa Dubba, Calif.

Sirs:

Boy, am I cheesed off! I took a whole roll of film to the photo department at Sears and they ruined it! My dog's eyes are all red and my Aunt Millie's out of focus and my Uncle Gus has blue hair! It sure doesn't pay to try and save a few bucks, does it?

Richard Avedon
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Do I write like the old wiffle-butt I really am, or *what*? I mean, holy moley, a whole book about Chesapeake Bay! Do you suppose I could do 700 pages on a hole in the ground in Traverse City, Michigan? Think about

it for a few days and get back to me.

James Michener
Kaimu, Hawaii

Sirs:

We don't have the best articles, our cartoons and jokes are miserable, our letters are all made up, the ads are sickening—but we *do* have the best assholes in the skin trade. Do we not? Come on, don't be shy. Admit that you buy the magazine to look at all those Italian red-eyes. Don't be ashamed. It's better than pretending that you enjoy an interview with Geraldo Rivera in *Playboy*.

Club Magazine
c/o Your Bathroom

Sirs:

We are in an emergency situation with regard to cement. The nation is experiencing a severe concrete shortage. We warn you—*do not waste cement*. Use only as much as you need to get through the day. Make only as much as you will use. Preserve that cement that you have now. Do not use pogo sticks on concrete. Avoid excessive walking and riding on concrete surfaces. Please conserve cement. We owe our children and their children

driveways and patios.

Victor S. Karkonian
Director,
U.S. Dept. of Concrete and Asphalt
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

If they had to give mankind an enema, I suppose they'd stick it in me.
Robert Blake
Munga Canyon, Calif.

Sirs:

Being a big sissy isn't like riding a bus or buying a newspaper. It's hard work. You don't just suddenly wake up one day and cross your legs like a lady—you have to learn it. A good sissy spends years in the house making cookies and setting out decorative guest soaps while everyone else is playing football and fighting.

David Frost
London, England

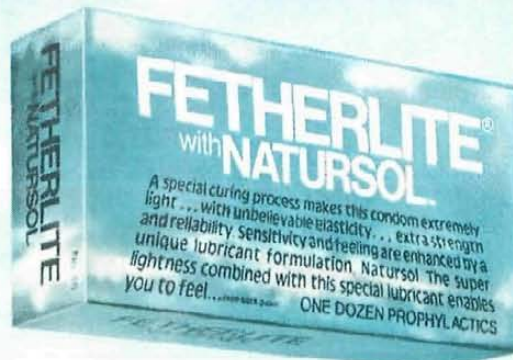
Sirs:

Here's today's better health tip: eat a fruit. You'll both feel better.
Bobby and Bryce
Key West, Fla.

Sirs:

The pyramids are sending us

continued on page 96



INTRODUCING THE LATEST SENSATION IN CONDOMS.

Fetherlite® with Natursol™. It enables you to feel a new kind of sensitivity you've probably never experienced before.

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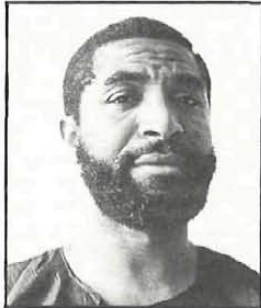
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Upon request a copy of our latest Annual Report may be obtained by writing: Board of Social Welfare, Child Welfare, Empire State Plaza, Albany, NY 12223, or by writing: The Fortune Society

CANADIAN CORNER

continued from page 12

Research Bureau

The underpaid staff at the research bureau was able to purchase some ale last night, it being payday. The result was a new invention whose profits after manufacture and licensing agreements are concluded by myself are certain to reward our patient stockholders and come as a nasty shock to those who recently began proceedings for the recovery of their investment at law.

The patent application describes the new invention as resembling an attaché case, but significantly different in that it is hermetically sealed, releasing neither liquids nor gases until it is opened by the owner. The use for the case is as follows.

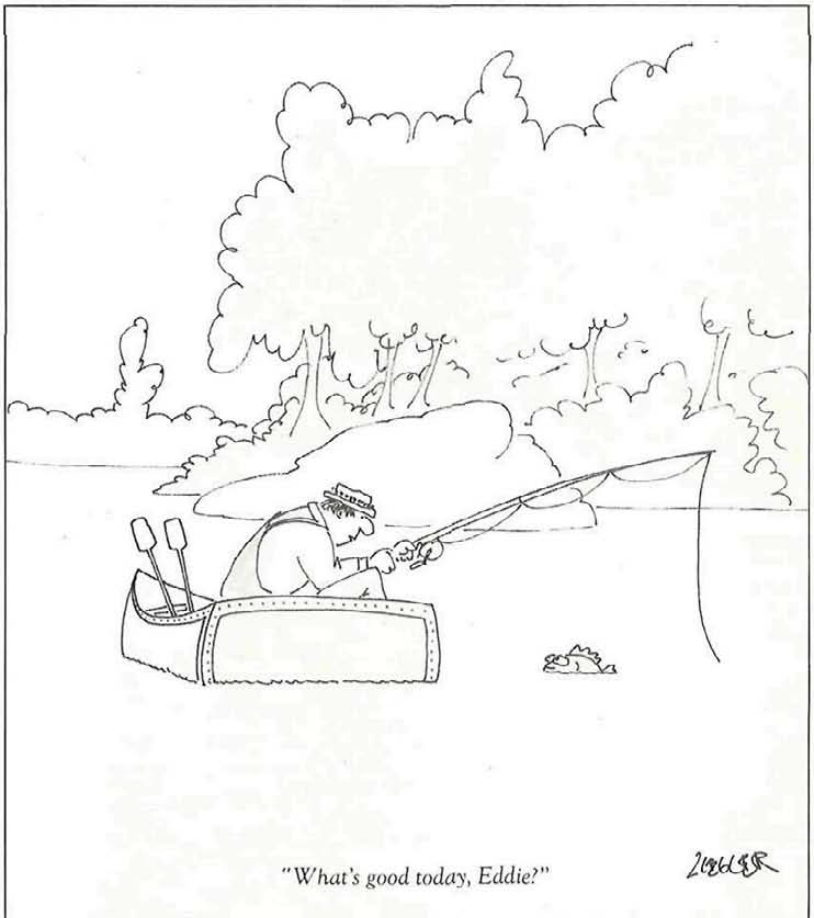
Suppose you have a business appointment with a gentleman noted for his resistance to new ideas, and you wish to lay before him your sure-fire plan for an electric overcoat alarm based on the mercury balance principle. Some days prior to your appointment, you secure a decomposing vulture and lock it in your patented, hermetically sealed attaché case. At

some time during your meeting with the man who prides himself on his good business sense, he is certain to say to you: "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Whereupon you open your case, pour the near-liquid vulture into his mitts, and stomp out of the office, saying, "All right then, you bloody idiot, there's one right there!"

Careful Who You Mention This To

It has come to our attention through a comrade in the Montreal area that a simple atom bomb, equivalent in force to that which destroyed Nagasaki (i.e., "the fat man"), may be easily made at home. The method is simple. Merely by scraping the glowing substance from the face of old alarm clocks and confining it in a jar with a firecracker as detonator, an entire city might be destroyed or held to ransom by insane political criminals or lunatics or all three. We may be safe for the moment, but if these facts should become widely known, it may spell an end to civilization as we know it, though perhaps not to civilization as others knew it. Like the Toltecs, for example.

T. Mann



"What's good today, Eddie?"

2/10/68



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Some people think the more a man can drink, the more of a man he is. However, it usually works the other way around.

Men who drink to build up their egos, end up putting themselves down.

The guy who claims he can drink everyone under the table looks pretty low. Especially if he gets there.

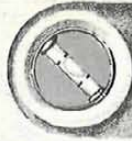
The hero who thinks it's macho to drink like a fish is regarded by sensible people as an animal.

That's why we, the people who make and sell distilled spirits, urge you to use our products with common sense. If you choose to drink, drink responsibly.

A real man has the strength to say no when he's had enough.

*Distilled Spirits Council of the U.S. (DISCUS),
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**IT'S PEOPLE WHO GIVE DRINKING
A BAD NAME.**



TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

• Demetrius Soupolos, a Greek guest worker in Stuttgart, and his wife, Traute, wanted a child badly. After a long period of trying without success, Soupolos consulted a physician, who pronounced the young Greek sterile. Soupolos then convinced his wife, Traute, and his neighbor, Frank Maus, that the latter should accept \$2,500 to mate with the former so that she might become pregnant. Maus, who was married and had two children, copulated with Traute faithfully three evenings a week for six months. Nothing came of it. Soupolos insisted Maus submit to a medical examination, whereupon it was discovered Maus was also sterile. Maus suffered three consequent reverses: he lost the company of Traute, his wife was forced to confess their two children were fathered by another man, and Soupolos sued him for breach of contract. *Parade* (contributed by Rupert Kettle)

• Carmelo Santiago, whose car had stalled on a New York expressway, was beneath his vehicle making repairs when another motorist crashed into it, injuring Carmelo severely. Private ambulance personnel arrived on the scene prior to a city ambulance, and placed him on a stretcher. Shortly thereafter, city personnel insisted the victim be transferred to their stretcher. Private ambulance personnel claimed they were entitled to Carmelo because he was already in their stretcher. City corpsemen, on the other hand, argued that since the private ambulance was overcrowded with members of Carmelo's family, treatment efforts might be

hindered en route to the hospital. At the conclusion of a seven-minute discussion, Carmelo was taken aboard the city vehicle, alive. At the conclusion of a trip to the hospital, Carmelo was taken out of the vehicle, dead. *AP* (contributed by Kevin Ferguson)

• Firemen were called to extinguish a household fire in Bournemouth, England. Investigators determined the blaze started when an attempt was made by the builder, a bird, to reinforce part of the structure with a lit cigarette. *New York Times*

(contributed by Susan Finegan)

• The New Jersey Senate approved a bill intended to deny high school diplomas to persons who cannot pass certain writing proficiency tests. The printed text of the measure contained words like *explicit*, *minnum*, and *remedialton*; which, spelled correctly are: *explicit*, *minium*, and *remediation*. *New York Daily Metro*

• After a total of twenty-one guerrilla artillery shells exploded on the Hillside golf course in Umtalo, Rhodesia,

club officials amended customary lie regulations. Players can now move their balls from fairway mortar craters without penalty. *AP* (contributed by Dean Dunn)

• Dick Chase was indicted in Sacramento, California, on six counts of homicide. He requested the judge grant him a second physical examination to verify specific health conditions he claimed were germane to his defense. to wit: "As a young boy, I was slowly poisoned by my mother till I was twenty. The poisoning caused constriction of my inner metabolism, retarding my growth....She poisoned me with doses of dish soap every day." The defendant alleged he suffered "small heart attacks" in 1972 as a result. In additional testimony, Chase asserted, "Somebody called and told me that I had been poisoned and that I needed blood plasma or I was gonna die." His response: "I slaughtered a couple rabbits and drank the blood. It didn't do much good. I also killed a few cats." Chase was later confined to a mental institution, where he was called "vampire" by orderlies who observed him devouring birds. The judge denied Chase's request for another physical on the grounds "one was sufficient." *UPI*

• A forty-three-year-old masked bandit held up a gas station with dog feces, instructing attendants to empty the till lest they be forced to eat a handful. Ninety dollars was surrendered and the robber departed. A police dog tracked him down in less than an hour. *The Province* (contributed by Dave Eller)

• LIVES OF THE GREAT •
THIS MONTH:
ELEANOR ROOSEVELT (1884-1962)

THE "UGLY DUCKLING" OF THE ROOSEVELT CLAN.

"MADAME PRESIDENT" AS SHE WAS OFTEN CALLED, STATED THAT IF HITLER EVER REACHED THE U.S., SHE WOULD "KICK, SCREAM, AND PULL HIS HAIR!"

THE UNPOPULAR YOUNG ELEANOR WAS EXPELLED FROM CONVENT SCHOOL WHEN SHE SWALLOWED COPPER COINS AS A MEANS OF ATTRACTING ATTENTION TO HERSELF.

ELEANOR CAUSED PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT MUCH EMBARRASSMENT IN 1940 WHEN SHE DONATED \$25 TO THE AMERICAN COMMUNIST PARTY.

IN THE 1930S, ELEANOR AMUSED HERSELF WITH 60-MPH BOBSLEP RIDES AT LAKE PLACID, MUCH TO THE CHAGRIN OF HER CRIPPLED HUSBAND.

T

Spoilers

Here are the endings to some things which you'd only read or sit through to find out the endings.

MOVIES

Midnight Express: Billy Hayes is sentenced to four years in a Turkish prison for smuggling hash. His sentence is increased to thirty years when he is almost through serving the four, and then he is placed in the hellish ward for the criminally insane after he kills a fellow inmate by gouging out his eyes, beating his head against a concrete step, and biting out his tongue. When the fat, ugly warden attempts to molest him, Billy rams the warden's head into a coat hook, puts on a guard's uniform, walks out the door, and goes to Greece.

Who'll Stop the Rain: Nick Nolte dies, Tuesday Weld cries, and Michael Moriarty dumps all of the heroin on the ground. Then they drive off.

BOOKS

Adjacent Lives by Ellen Schwamm: After six years of taking Dr. Tom Rilling's art history seminar, Natalie Barnes has an affair with him. Her grandmother dies in the hospital; her Uncle Laszlo decides to marry; then kills himself when his fiancée becomes pregnant and his research movement for Diseases of the Third World loses its tax-exempt status. Despite the intense passion Tom and Natalie share, they stop their affair; she returns to her husband, he to his wife.

Happy All the Time by Laurie Colwin: Guido and Vincent are pals and cousins who want fruitful marriages, fulfilling jobs, and exquisite emotional rapport. They eventually meet Holly and Misty, have fruitful marriages, obtain fulfilling jobs, and achieve exquisite emotional rapport.

R

Claims Dept.

Announcing
the most important
porcelain bird
sculpture
ever created

This year the National Audubon Society will issue the first porcelain bird sculpture in its history. This important work of art will be created exclusively for individual collectors, by private commission only, and only by direct application to the Society.

An announcement illustrating and describing the bird sculpture will be sent upon specific request. Write directly to the National Audubon Society, 950 Third Avenue, Dept. 38, New York, N.Y. 10022. Or phone toll-free: 800-523-7580 Ext. 500. In Pennsylvania call 1-800-662-5180 Ext. 500.



National Audubon Society

We may infer from this ad from the Audubon Society that no other three-dimensional porcelain likeness of a bird or birds is as significant or noteworthy, or carries as much weight, status, and influence. Although the truth of this claim is a matter for personal consideration, the claim was truly claimed.

U

Bullshit

If the Met needs a clue to the show's significance, it is not far away—an adjacent gallery of Chinese sculpture. Buddhas and bodhisattvas from the fifth and sixth centuries. These images stay in the mind as you go through the Avedon exhibit, and they suggest a thought: his pictures are relics of our time. "The need of dress is eminently a 'higher' or spiritual need," wrote the greatest writer about fashion, Thorstein Veblen. Created to serve that need, the Avedon woman is a kind of deity who may convey as many messages about her culture as the Chinese deities convey about theirs.

—Charles Michener, in "The Avedon Look," *Newsweek*, October 16, 1978.

To learn about her city's 1.3 million Puerto Ricans, New York correspondent Mary Cronin roamed from the South Bronx to that hallowed immigrant turf, the Lower East Side. Says she: "All the people were warm and brave, full of a joy of life, full of poetry, determined to hold on to their own rich culture in spite of incredible obstacles."

—Such as Cronin's very remark, sez Bullshit. From "A Letter from the Publisher," by John A. Meyers, *Time*, October 16, 1978.

Who knows who should be president and if anybody should have a big interest in determining those things. Shouldn't Standard Oil? I mean, they have more to gain and more to lose. If something terrible happens to Standard Oil a lot of people will be out of jobs. You can say what you want about big multinationals running the country and stuff, but the fact remains that we need that, we need their services, we need jobs from them, and

E

they are in a better position to decide what's going to be good for the economic climate of the country and for the rest of the world.

—Linda Ronstadt, when interviewed by Peter Herbs in "The Rolling Stone Interview," *Rolling Stone*, October 19, 1978.

It was *Omni* that I summoned up from the frost-cool morning of my youth. *Omni*, born in the breathless dreams of that long-ago child.... It was much smaller then... a toy... the size of a matchbox... a flat, thumb-polished, silvery case bursting with exotic wires and tubes.... When I held it to my forehead, I could see the future.

—Bob Guccione, in his publisher's introduction, "First Word," *Omni*, October 1978.

True Masthead

Edited by Tod Carroll
Bullshit by Ellis Weiner
Spoilers by Sylvia Grant and Elise Cagan
Lives by Bradley Razook
Art: Wendy Burden
Research: Betsy Aaron and Elise Cagan
Contributing Editors: Tom Corcoran, Ben Ellard, P. Howard Lyons, Bill Moseley, Pedar Ness, Alan Rose

Contributions: We will pay \$10 for every item used, \$20 for b&w photos, \$30 for color photos. Send to: True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. In case of duplication, earliest postmark is selected.

Editor's Note: The items which appear in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in the *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.

T**R**

Postdictions For 1978

A total of seven different psychics authored these predictions for 1978 in last January's edition of the National Enquirer. The True Section feels compelled in the interest of truth to reveal that none of them came true.

Arab engineers towing icebergs to the desert will discover evidence of an expedition from outer space whose members died in an arctic ice storm.

Researchers will perfect a pill that grows hair on bald heads.

Gerald Ford will appear on a summer television special as a sports announcer.

Lawrence Welk will fall and hurt himself, then retire.

The evil spirit that possessed New York's Son of Sam will shock investigators working on the case.

Comedian Don Rickles will become a hero when he negotiates the release of himself and other airline passengers involved in a hijacking.

The star of "Baretta" will become a ballet dancer.

Queen Elizabeth will knight Billy Graham.

The actress who plays "Hot Lips" on "M.A.S.H." will adopt several war orphans.

The star of TV's "Man from Atlantis" will almost drown in the Pacific Ocean.

Elizabeth Taylor will become an ambassador and settle problems in the Mideast.

Telly Savalas will grow long hair, have nose surgery, and buy a ranch.

Farrah Fawcett-Majors will get a crewcut.

Johnny Weismuller, former Tarzan, will receive an artificial heart.

Richard Burton will get drunk and slash his wrists.

Lucille Ball will become successful in the cosmetics business.

Electricity will be replaced by a new type of chemical lighting.

The cockatoo that appears in "Baretta" will get his own television series.

Prince Charles of England will surprise Britishers by taking up residence in a small house.

The Soviet government will be overthrown, after which a series of reforms will be introduced.

Scientists will trace the origin of Legionnaires' Disease to UFOs penetrating the earth's atmosphere.

A prehistoric tribe in New Zealand will be discovered to possess an herbal cure for headaches.

Frank Sinatra will retire from the entertainment industry to manage a minor league baseball team in Arizona.

An Arab oil sheik will fly over a large city in the American East and air-drop one million dollars in small bills.

Johnny Carson will quit his multimillion-dollar job with the "Tonight Show" to become a soap opera star.

U**E**

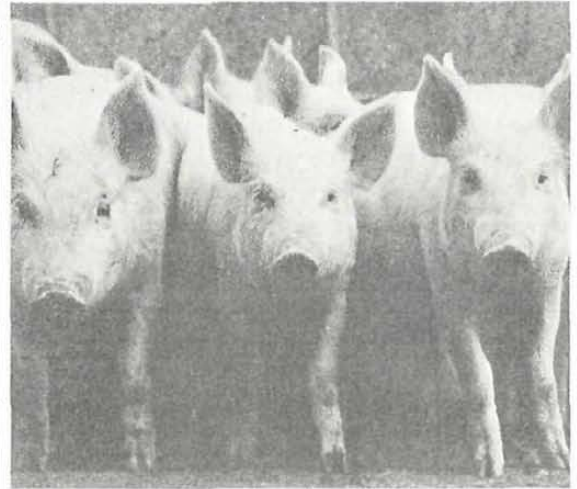
Miscellaneous Stuff

Hospital dash as Liz Taylor chokes on bone

NEW YORK (API)—Hospital emergency room doctors were concerned when Elizabeth Taylor

This headline appeared recently in the New York Post. Please feel free to make your own joke in the space provided.

FOR THE JOB YOU WANT Get The Education You Need



To Be a Swine Management Specialist...

You Should Prefer To:

Work around swine.

You Should Be Physically Able To:

Speak clearly.
Walk distances.
Write legibly.

Advantages:

Great deal of outdoor work.

Benefits:

Opportunity to meet many people.

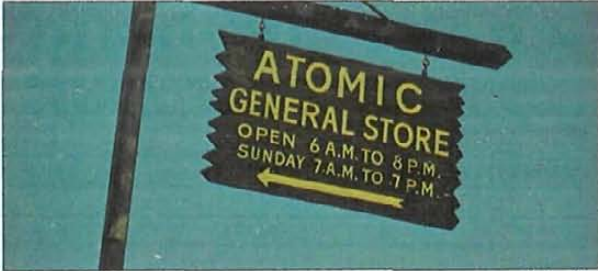
This is a True Capsulization of a Swine Management and Production brochure printed by Western Iowa Tech Community College.



Pedar Ness



Susan Hoffman



Pedar Ness



Pedar Ness



Pedar Ness



Pedar Ness



Pedar Ness



Pedar Ness



Susan Hoffman



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Pedar Ness

THE FUNNIEST ALBUM ON RECORD.



To assemble this cast today would cost over twenty-seven million dollars—if it could be done! Back then, we got them for free milk and cookies. But that was before we launched a dozen meteoric careers, garnered three Grammy nominations, and made a bundle for the home folks. Now, in one album, a star-studded selection of satire, parody, frivolity, and wit in the *National Lampoon* tradition—from the performers and writers who made that tradition!

THE GREATEST HITS OF NATIONAL LAMPOON



National Lampoon 635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022 Dept. REC179
Gimme, gimme, gimme _____ GREATEST HITS OF NATIONAL
LAMPOON albums at \$7.98 apiece. I enclose a check for
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Name _____

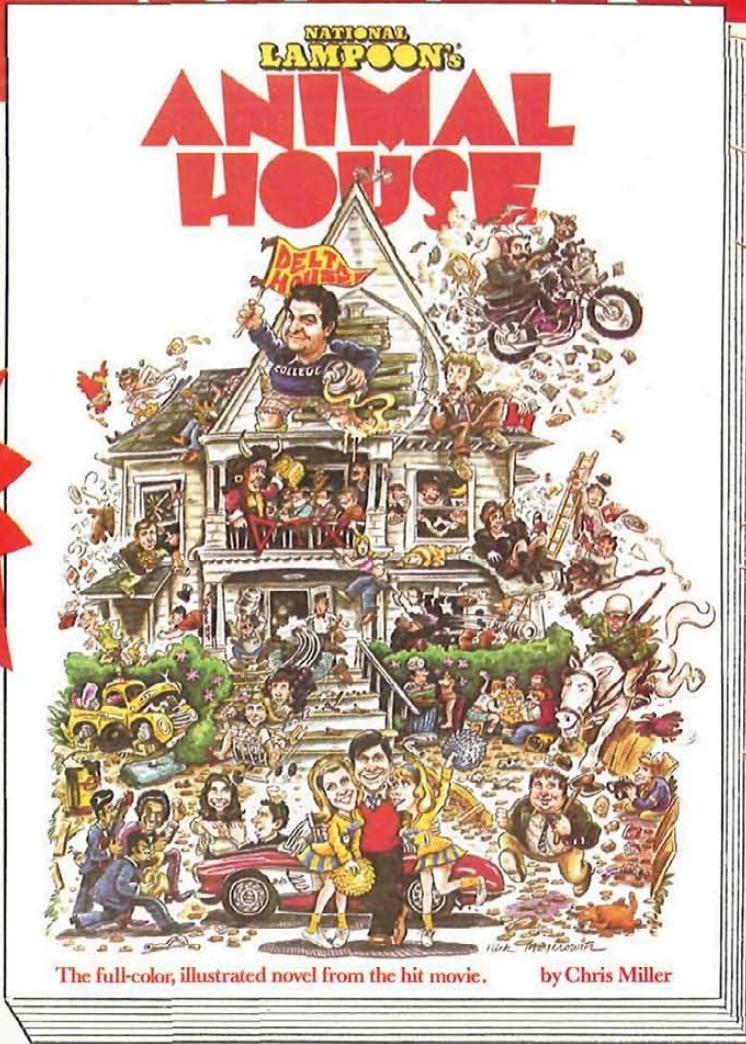
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

New York State residents: Please add 8% sales tax.

NOW! THE MISSING 2 HOURS of

AT NEWSSTANDS
AND BOOKSTORES
EVERYWHERE



*What curious condition of Larry Kroger's anatomy inspired his Delta nickname, Pinto?

*What does Doug Neidermeyer do when he's alone in his room?

*What did Stork wear in a holster and what could he do with it?

*The actual words to Louie, Louie!

*What did the Deltas send to Nikita Khrushchev?

*What did Crazy Al do with the seventeen dogs?

*What's a hose job?

*What did the future hold for Dean Wormer, Mayor DePasto, Hardbar, and Otis Day and the Knights? (See the special "Where Are They Now?" section.)

Order by mail

NL-179

National Lampoon 635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

ANIMAL HOUSE BOOK

Yes please send me _____ copy(s) of *National Lampoon's Animal House Book*.

I enclose \$2.95 for each copy. Please add 60¢ for postage and handling in the U.S., \$1.00 for shipments to Canada, and \$2.00 for shipments anywhere else in the world.

For the special deluxe edition, please send \$4.95 for each copy plus \$1.00 for postage and handling in the U.S. and Canada, or \$2.00 for the rest of the world.

Sales tax: For delivery in N.Y.C., add 8 percent. For delivery elsewhere in New York State, add 6 percent.

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The crazed screenwriters, in their enthusiasm, brought in a screenplay for a four-hour movie.

Where can you find the missing two hours?—

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Pronto

RISTORANTE

Watch us spin fresh pasta for you in our open kitchen, and enjoy fine Italian dishes in a unique turn-of-the-century Bolognese setting.

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CAPTAIN & THE KID
P.O. Box 16171-Dept NL01, Ft. Lauderdale
FL 33318 Send \$1.00 for our Catalog.

Watch out!...National Lampoon humorist John Hughes is off and writing with another funny contribution to this magazine. See page 37 right now!

Nutso movies at sane prices.

Three terrific classic comedies starring Laurel and Hardy, W.C. Fields or Buster Keaton on sale for half-price. Outstanding values. Up-roarious fun. Send \$1.00 for information and sixty-eight page Film Catalog listing comedies, westerns, dramas, horror and others. (Or send \$1.00 for Video Catalog with more than 140 titles.)

Write : Blackhawk Films, Dept. Davenport, Iowa 52808.

Read and enjoy Ed Subitzky's comic on page 41. It's a riot!

Pacific Island girls want men to correspond with. Exotic, whole some girls seek friends, romance, marriage. For club information, and pictures of actual girls, waiting for you NOW. SEND \$2 TODAY.

CONTINENTAL PACIFIC
PO Box 3546 - Dept. NL
Thousand Oaks, CA 91359

Look at Gahan Wilson's material right here in the National Lampoon on page 61.

NOTICE: RECORD RATERS WANTED

No experience required. Each month we ship you NATIONAL LP's to rate. "You keep LP's." We pay postage. In return for your opinion, you can build your LP collection. A small membership fee is required. "First come basis." Send no money. For application write: EARS Dept. NL Box 10245 5521 W. Center St. Milwaukee, WI 53210

SEX AND FANTASY

3 BEST SELLERS

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WHAT SEPARATES THE MAN FROM THE BOY? Technique! Ask any woman And NAKED SEX POSITIONS will improve your technique! This handsome volume features a beautiful nude couple in 90 sexual positions sitting, standing, side by side and much more! A must investment for a master lover

MASTURBATION

A strongly explicit book in both text and photos that explodes all the old myths and prejudices about masturbation and autoeroticism. Over 190 graphic, uncensored photos in color and black and white. Guaranteed to turn you on and on and on and on

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XAVIERA'S SUPERSEX Now the world's most happy hooker tells you point-by-point how your sex can be better anywhere. Over 200 pages of text and explicit illustrations. Published price of \$20 now available for just \$9.95!

YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED

Adam & Eve Dept. Box 900
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Please rush in plain package under your money-back guarantee

<input type="checkbox"/> Naked Sex Positions	\$5.95
<input type="checkbox"/> Masturbation	\$9.95
<input type="checkbox"/> Xaviera's Supersex	\$9.95
<input type="checkbox"/> Fantasy Collection (All 3 books) Only	\$21.95

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OVER 500,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ©1978, PPA

SENSUOUS CONDOMS BY MAIL!

TODAY'S ULTRA-THIN CONDOMS PROVIDE A SENSUOUS EXPERIENCE AND PROTECTION TOO!

Today a man just doesn't have to tolerate a sensation-deadening condom when he wants protection. Now there are ultra-thin supremely sensitive condoms that have been designed for sexual pleasure, while still providing the most reliable protection of any non-prescription birth control method. And now you can buy these sensuous condoms without embarrassment by ordering them through the privacy of the mail from Population Planning.

Our colorful catalog (sent free with every order) describes the wide selection of condoms we offer - all nationally advertised brands. Best-selling TEXTURE PLUS® featuring hundreds of "pleasure dots" that are more pronounced - raised higher for greater stimulation. BOLD 45,™ world's first color condom with texturing, popular STIMULA, TROJAN, and 35 other nationally advertised brands. All orders are shipped promptly in a plain wrapper to assure your privacy. Why not send for a sampler today. If you do not agree PPA's sampler packages and overall service are the best available anywhere, we will refund your money in full - no questions asked ©1978, PPA

Adam & Eve, Dept. Carrboro, NC 27510 P.O. Box 900

Please rush me in plain package:

<input type="checkbox"/> Sampler of 22 assorted condoms plus catalog	\$5.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Deluxe Sampler of 34 assorted condoms plus catalog	\$8.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Six assorted European French Ticklers	\$10.00
<input type="checkbox"/> Illustrated catalog alone	\$5.00

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Over 500,000 Satisfied Customers

LETTERS

continued from page 85

energy. They are the greatest alchemical monuments in the universe, and we are harmonious with... wait a minute, you've heard all this before, right? Sure you have. Sorry.

The Grateful Dead
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

How do I spell relief? *P-i-s-s-i-n-g*.
Hank Strom
Lucky Linda's
Galveston, Tex.

Sirs:

You can call me the Duke of Edinburgh or you can call me Philip; you can even call me Mr. Mountbatten, but never, dear fellows, call me Hooky Harry, for it infuriates me no end. Thank you so much, and do keep up the good work!

Mr. Queen Elizabeth II
Buckingham Palace
London, England

Sirs:

There is no such of a thing as ya bad breath. It's just ya feet smell a comin' up ya pant legs and in ta ya shirt and out ya buttonholes. Thought ya'd like ta know.

Boscoe Burdle
Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:

We recently looked into homosexuality, and boy, are we sick! It's

filled with queers! Everyone connected with it is a fairy!

American Institute of
Human Sexual Response
St. Paul, Minn.

Sirs:

I want everyone to know that I was a dumb Polack long before it was fashionable to be a dumb Polack.

Bobby Vinton
Garden Run Dinner Theater and Bar
Toledo, Ohio

Sirs:

Much of what we formerly believed to be true about the Russians is extraordinarily difficult to spell. I tell all in my forthcoming book.

Henry Kissinger
Studios 54-59
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I was out with this little French number last night, and after we ate, she barfed all over the lawn. I thought that was pretty crude, but then she eats it! Can you imagine? That's the last time I lick her cookies, and you can bet on it!

Sparky
Kenilworth Kennels
Kenilworth, Ill.

Sirs:

The Chinese aren't inscrutable—they're just plain sneaky! We ought to know; we eat their damn food every

Friday night.

Donald and Rose Filstrup
Clayton, Nebr.

Sirs:

We have learned through anonymous sources that in your offices on November 23, 1978, a member of your staff, with his hand, captured and subsequently stunned by means of hurling to the ground a *Musca domestica* of the order *Diptera* (housefly). He then burned the *Musca domestica* with his cigarette, causing extreme pain and death. Due to recent legislation in the New York State Senate, this action is now a punishable offense, and the proper authorities have been informed. We trust that you'll assist law enforcement officials in determining who among you is responsible for this act of cruelty.

Dr. Franklin LeBoew
Deputy Director
American Society for the Prevention
of Cruelty to Insects and Pests
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Hi! How's the magazine going? My name's Japdip, and I'd like to talk to you for a minute about God. He's in all of us, you know. He loves us all, man. I'd like to show you this book, *Get Back to India*, and...wait a minute! Don't turn the page! I want to talk about...hey! Give me my book back! Hey!

Japdip Dvardid
O'Hare International Airport
Chicago, Ill.



A short course in shelf-improvement.

Hand-rubbed oiled oak and walnut wood finishes add a richness to your room.

Die-cast or injection molded frames on all drivers for a solid, tight sound.

Special controls let you equalize the speaker to your room's acoustics.

Molded port tubes enable more exacting quality control of the tuned enclosure, ensuring total speaker-to-speaker duplication of the lab standard.

Deep, long-throw woofer features high-technology, sintered ceramic magnet structure.



The quickest way to improve your shelf is with the new Series II from Altec Lansing. Each speaker in the Series II line combines the best of everything we've learned during the past 40 years of making professional speakers for studios, concerts and theaters.

As you can see, we've given the Series II a lot of features you'd expect only in Altec's most expensive speakers. Items like long-travel woofers with non-degaussing ceramic magnets; equalizing controls; molded port tubes; and real wood finishes.



What you can't see (but you can most assuredly hear) is the Series II's high-efficiency design delivering the fullest sound possible, even with a receiver or amp as small as 10 watts. Also, there's the confidence you'll have in knowing that we make every major component and cabinet ourselves. Then we back it all up with a full, 5-year warranty.

For the full course, send for our free, full-line catalog and the name of your nearest Altec Lansing dealer. Write: Altec Lansing International, 1515 S. Manchester Ave., Anaheim, CA 92803.

** Altec Lansing. The #1 name in professional speakers is coming home.*

Introducing the Technics SA-1000. With more power and less distortion than any other receiver we've made: 330 watts per channel minimum RMS into eight ohms from 20 Hz-20 kHz with no more than 0.03% total harmonic distortion.

But that's only one reason to buy the SA-1000. Dynamic range is another. To capture the volume, clarity and sheer dynamics of a live symphony, you need an equally dynamic amplifier section. Like 72,000 μF worth of high-capacitance filtering, separate DC rectifiers, current-mirror loading and direct coupling. The results are impressive: tremendous reserve power, negligible transient crosstalk distortion and excellent stability.

And just for the record, the SA-1000's phono equalizer gives you everything from a super-high S/N ratio of 97 dB (10 mV, IHF A). To a phono input that can handle a 300 mV signal at 1 kHz.

On FM you'll get outstanding specs plus two RF stages with low-noise, 4-pole, dual-gate MOS FETs, Technics-developed flat group delay filters and a Phase Locked Loop IC in the MPX section.

FM Sensitivity	FM Selectivity	Stereo Separation
IHF '58 Stereo 50 dB*		at 1 kHz
0.9 μV	85 dB	50 dB

*IHF '75 standard.

As good as all that sounds, Technics Acoustic Control makes it sound even better, because it adds low and high range boost and filter switches which vary the way each tone control performs at a particular setting. There's also a midrange control with a variable center frequency. And 24 LED peak-power indicators that let you keep an eye on what your ears will hear.

The Technics SA-1000. In the world of receivers, it bats 1000.

Technics

by Panasonic

A few receivers give you 0.03% THD. Only Technics gives it to you with 330 watts per channel.

