

CHAOS

Mix-ups, Foul-ups, and Farragoes of Snafus; Cacophonous Mare's Nests, Tumultuous Ruckuses, and Helter-Skelter Pandemonious Rowdy-dows

APRIL 1981

\$2.00

NATIONAL LAMPOON

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS

WPS 34490

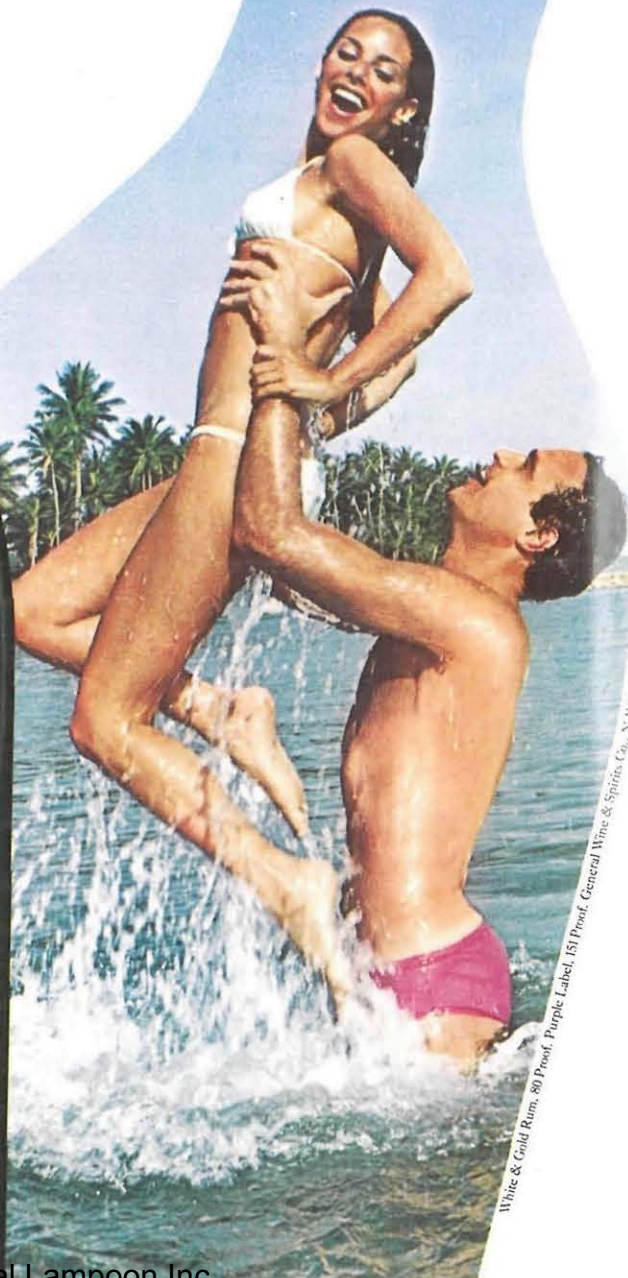




NO RUM REFLECTS PUERTO RICO LIKE RONRICO.

Puerto Rico is the Rum Island, the world's foremost rum-producing region. And Ronrico is *the* rum—authentic Puerto Rican rum since 1860. Ronrico's smooth, light taste has been the pride of six generations of Puerto Rican rum masters. One sip will tell you why.

**RONRICO: AUTHENTIC
RUM OF PUERTO RICO.**



White & Gold Rum, 80 Proof, Purple Label, 151 Proof, General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.

Panasonic Stereo-to-Go: Nobody gives you more ways to fill the room inside your head.



Only Panasonic Stereo-to-Go brings beautiful music to your ears in so many different ways. There are four Stereo-to-Go models, each with super-light-weight headphones. So whatever kind of music moves you, moves with you. Wherever you go!

The RS-J3 is a stereo tape player so small you won't believe the size of the sound that comes out of it. And its price will come as a pleasant surprise, too.

The RS-J1 is a slightly larger portable stereo cassette player with a handle for carrying tunes — and the right connections for use as a tape deck at home.



The RX-2700 is the world's smallest headphone AM/FM stereo cassette recorder. It has a built-in AM/FM radio, so you can listen to tapes or FM stereo through headphones and even record in stereo.

The RF-20 is the world's smallest FM stereo headphone radio. It's a set of featherweight headphones with an FM stereo radio built right into it. Fantastic!

Whichever model you choose, a Panasonic Stereo-to-Go lets everybody know you've got something between your ears.

Panasonic[®]
just slightly ahead of our time.



CONTENTS

Issue Editor: Ted Mann

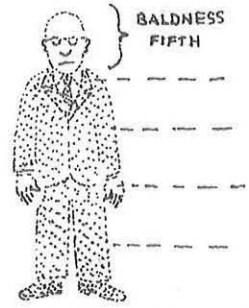
Vol. 2, No. 33

| | |
|---|-----------|
| Young Ron Comics By Tod Carroll and Ted Mann Illustrated by Frank Springer | 35 |
| Tod Carroll's Cosmos By Tod Carroll | 43 |
| The Decline and Fall of the Muppet Empire By Gerald Sussman | 49 |
| Bulletproof Park Condominiums By John Bendel | 55 |
| United Nations Newsletter By Brian McCormick | 57 |
| The Last Century By Sean Kelly | 62 |
| The War Decorum Primer By John Bendel | 77 |
| Gen. Alexander Haig's 1981 Republican Party Atlas of the Known World By P.J. O'Rourke | 82 |
| Economic Survival By John Hughes | 87 |
| Cover By Wayne McLoughlin | |

REGULAR FEATURES

| | |
|---|-----------|
| Editorial | 6 |
| Letters from the Editors | 10 |
| Mrs. Reagan's Diary By John Hughes | 14 |
| The Custom Budget Motel By John Bendel | 18 |
| Diagnostic Doctor By Ed Subitzky | 20 |
| News on the March Edited by Tod Carroll | 25 |
| Foto Funny | 32 |
| Life Stories By Mimi Pond | 48 |
| Funny Pages | 65 |
| True Section Edited by John Bendel | 91 |
| Photorama Picture Parade By P.J. O'Rourke | 94 |

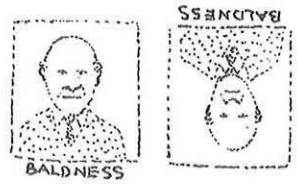
BALDNESS FACTS



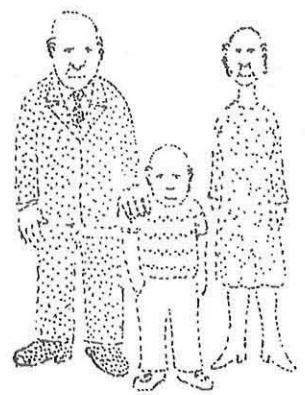
In present-day society, baldness affects one-fifth of all men, that fifth usually being the part that includes the head.



Everyone is, to some extent, bald. Even in an individual with a full head of hair, the spaces between the hairs are hairless (see arrows).



Baldness is often confused with a condition that bears some similarity to it. This is "ssæupeq," which, while sharing the same spelling, symptoms, and etiology as true baldness, is, in other respects, quite different.



Baldness is most often determined by heredity. For example, if both your parents are bald, you will be, too, so as not to be conspicuous.

MANKOFF



Now comes Millertime.



Journal of the Plague Week

The most chaotic period in modern history occurred during the administration of Gerald Ford. An outbreak of Legionnaire's Disease panicked a nation, and for a few weeks no American went to bed entirely certain that he would wake up. This diary describes one man's experiences during the week the terrible plague was at its height.

Monday. The first news story appeared this morning. Outraged, I decided to keep a diary, knowing full well the value of such documents if the plague should have a good long run.

Several elderly members of the American Legion have been struck down in their second childhoods by an amuck virus. The brainless one-celled animal has decided to play God. The sooner antiviral weapons are brought to bear on this dangerous and desperate microbe, the sooner we can all sneeze easier.

* * *

Monday later. This afternoon, prompted by more deaths and a clearly increasing incidence of the disease, I visited the supermarket in order to lay down a store of canned goods against the breakdown of services sure to follow in the wake of these tidings. Pressing a handkerchief soaked in Remy Martin over my breath holes, I fill my cart with canned artichoke hearts and red wine. The sight of two elderly women in conversation reminds me that death is nature's way of killing off old people. I resolve to warn my older friends to wear scarves and dress up warmly. No sense taking chances. Before I leave for the office, I burn twenty pounds of garlic in the fireplace. I hope it worked, as it killed two cats in the apartment above.

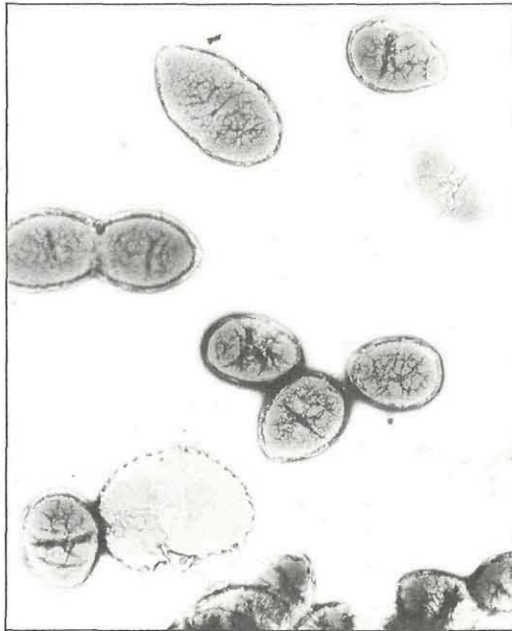
* * *

People I pass on the way to the office look slightly unhealthy. These I push away with the tip of my umbrella.

* * *

Tuesday. Mysteriously, more cats in my building have died. Also a dog that used to bark outside my backyard. I point out to investigating officers the likelihood of the cats' having fallen victim to some strange animal offshoot of Legionnaire's Disease. In the morning, I visit my M.D. It has occurred to me that cocaine might serve as a vaccine. I volunteer to act as a guinea pig, crawling around on my hands and knees and squeaking madly to emphasize the point.

Afternoon. At work. The publisher attempts to eject my bagpiper from the office. I am becoming convinced that he wishes to physically attack me. He seems to seek out every opportunity to quarrel. The other day, he offered to compete with me in a footrace. Perhaps he knows about—???. In any case, if he persists in this unusual behavior, I shall have my chauffeur whip him with the CB antenna.



Tuesday evening. S. W. Goatlips and I take our carrier pigeons out to Montauk and release them. Mine carried a message to the spouse. "I shall not be home for dinner. Kill the messenger. See you at breakfast. All is well!"

Goatlips's message was somewhat silly, but no matter, as the kite he had attached to the poor bird's legs was caught up by the offshore wind and the struggling oiseau was swept far out to sea.

* * *

Wednesday. In order to ascertain the state of my neighbors' health, I roam the street with my wheelbarrow, shouting, "Bring out your dead." The newspapers are as ominously silent as my neighbors. I resolve to visit some clubs in the evening and see if the Negroes and so on are

doing the "dance of death." I am given to understand that at these times there is some danger of strangers desiring to copulate with one. Be warned: I carry a knout of stout hemp.

At the office, I write a short exposé. *Crooked philosophers preach wrong world view!* scream my fingers to the typewriter. How time flies when you're having people on! I call retired editor P. J. O'Rourke at his glass beach house in Bali. He says he has purchased the blood of an old person who lived through the flu epidemic of '16. Apparently the antibodies are still active, and P.J. has just replaced his own blood with the aged stuff. He does not offer me any. I shall remember that.

* * *

After work, I struggle with the difference between pandemic and epidemic, as well as with three waiters and the difference between the amount on the tab and the currency in my wallet. My spouse informs me she has discharged the maid for coughing like a horse.

* * *

Thursday. I shake the dew from my overcoat and arise, having spent the night in the field again. The grass smells sweet but tickles your follicles, and bugs crawl all over you, especially if you've been drinking. More nonsense at the office. I knock off early. It is curious to note that, so far, the only victims of the disease have been Republicans.

* * *

Friday. Editor X has not been in the office for some time. I wonder if he is dead, and who gets his office. How sad it would be for his family and creditors if this were the case. Too dangerous to attend the funeral, of course, but I shall certainly order that a bean can with a single daisy be placed on his resting place, and as a last respect insure that the publisher does not send his old color television to X's widow. Life and Hershey bars are often bittersweet. □

Imagine your
worst fear
a reality.



THE HOWLING

A DANIEL H. BLATT PRODUCTION "THE HOWLING" Starring DEE WALLACE · PATRICK MACNEE
DENNIS DUGAN · CHRISTOPHER STONE · BELINDA BALASKI · KEVIN MCCARTHY · JOHN CARRADINE
SLIM PICKENS And introducing ELISABETH BROOKS Executive Producers DANIEL H. BLATT and STEVEN A. LANE
Screenplay by JOHN SAYLES and TERENCE H. WINKLESS Based on the novel by GARY BRANDNER

Music by PINO DONAGGIO Produced by MICHAEL FINNELL and JACK CONRAD Directed by JOE DANTE

Presented by AVCO EMBASSY and INTERNATIONAL FILM INVESTORS AVCO EMBASSY PICTURES Release

ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE ON VARESE SARABANDE RECORDS [READ THE FAWCETT PAPERBACK] Prints by CFI

R RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

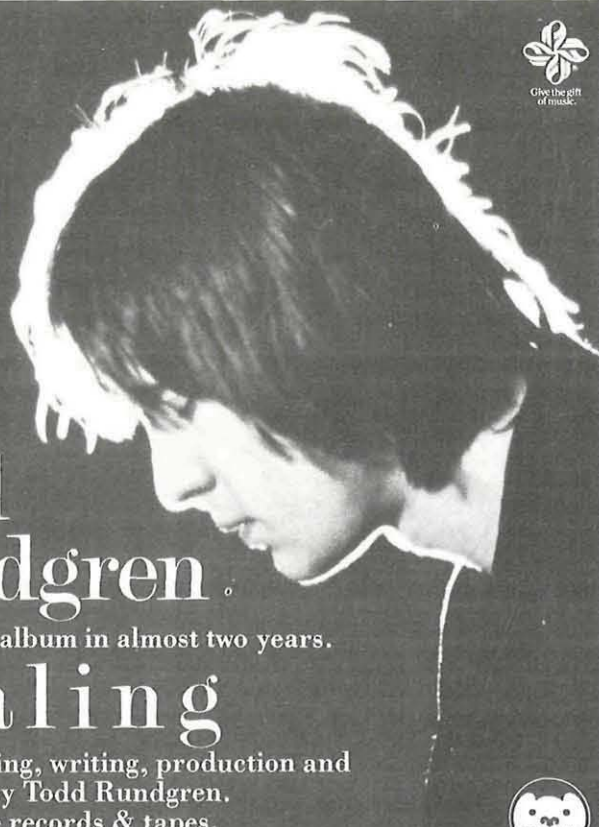
© 1980 AVCO EMBASSY PICTURES CORP

SOON AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



Give the gift of music.



Todd Rundgren

The first solo album in almost two years.

Healing

Singing, playing, writing, production and engineering by Todd Rundgren.

On Bearsville records & tapes.

Manufactured and distributed by Warner Bros. Records Inc.



NATIONAL LAMPOON

Editor in Chief:
P.J. O'Rourke

Art Director:
Skip Johnston

Senior Editor:
Gerald Sussman

Editors:

Tod Carroll, John Hughes,
Ted Mann, John Bendel, Brian McCormick

Managing Editor:
Susan Devins

Associate Editors:
Shary Flenniken, Brian Shein, Ellis Weiner

Senior Associate Art Director:
Lisa Lenovitz

Associate Art Directors:
Arlene Lappen, Barry Simon

Senior Copy Editor:
Greg Wustefeld

Editorial Associates:

Fannie Ng, Beth Firmin, Kate Gallagher

Art Associates: Marianne Gaffney
Art Coordinator: Marguerite Loblak

Contributing Editors:

Michael Civitello, Jeff Greenfield,
Bruce McCall, Chris Miller, Bill Moseley,
David Obst, Joe Schenkman, Ed Subitzky, John Weidman

Senior Contributing Artists:

M. K. Brown, Randall Enos, Sam Gross,
Bobby London, Stan Mack, Mara McAfee,
Rick Meyerowitz, Charles Rodrigues, Gahan Wilson

Contributing Artists:

Ron Barrett, Steve Brodner, Chris Browne, Leslie Cabarga,
Rick Geary, Sidney Harris, Wayne McLoughlin, Bob Rakita,
Alan Rose, Mary Anne Shea, Frank Springer, B. K. Taylor

Contributing Photographers:

Chris Callis, Dennis Chalkin, Tom Corcoran,
Bill Dolce/Steve Dolce, Ronald G. Harris,
Pedar Ness, James Salzano

Publisher:

Gerald L. Taylor

Marketing Director: Seena G. Harris

Production Director: Camille Russo

Production Assistant: Raymond Battaglino

Director of College Marketing: George Agoglia, Jr.

Promotion and Public Relations Manager: Linda B. Lipman

Office Manager: Barbara Sabatino

Published by NL Communications, Inc.,

a subsidiary of National Lampoon, Inc.

Chairman: President

Matty Simmons Julian L. Weber

Chairman, Executive Committee: Leonard Mager

Executive Vice-President: Gerald L. Taylor

Senior Vice-President: George S. Agoglia

Vice-President, Finance: Peter L. Philipps

Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales: Howard Jurofsky

Controller: Edward W. Fox

ADVERTISING OFFICES, NEW YORK: Howard K. Jacoby, Debra J. Restler, Bobb Van... Account Managers: National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022 (212) 688-4070. MIDWEST: Sanku Genetics, Inc., 360 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, IL 60601 (312) 346-7145. WEST COAST: R. L. Sage & Company, Inc., Wilshire Tower, 2811 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 640, Santa Monica, CA 90403 (213) 829-7381. SOUTH: Brown & Company, Northside Tower, Suite 407, 6065-Business Road N.E., Atlanta, GA 30328 (404) 252-9820.

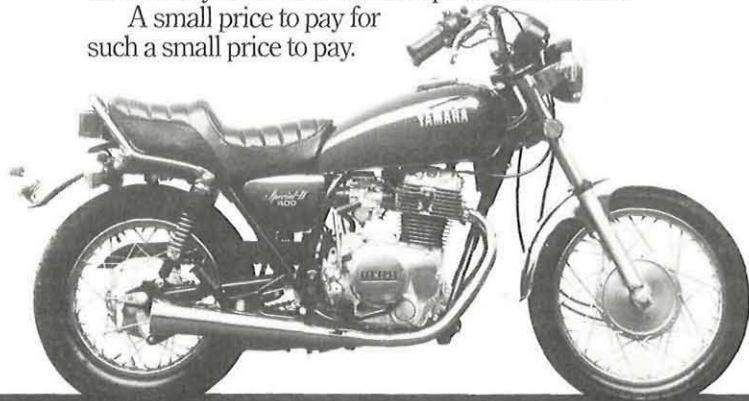
NATIONAL LAMPOON MAGAZINE (ISSN 0027-9587): Published monthly by NL Communications, Inc. "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of NL Communications, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with the permission of The Harvard Lampoon, Inc. Copyright © 1981, NL Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$11.95 paid annual subscription, \$7.95 paid two-year subscription, and \$24.95 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$3.00 for Canada and Mexico, \$5.00 for other foreign countries. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber, please send change of address to Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail Form 3579 notice to: Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. ADVERTISING INFORMATION: Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Exclusive of the National Lampoon True Section, all incidents, situations, and products depicted or described in the editorial pages of National Lampoon are fictional, and any similarity, without satire, irony, or characters presented therein to living persons is coincidental. The editors of National Lampoon accept reader submissions of photos, clippings, and other items for inclusion in the National Lampoon True Section. Upon receipt these items become the exclusive property of National Lampoon. Other than True Section submissions, National Lampoon does not accept any unsolicited manuscripts or art. The publisher assumes no liability for unaccepted material of any kind. We apologize for this policy, but our staff is too small to cope with the volume of material we receive.

A SPECIAL FOR THE PRICE OF A MOTORCYCLE.

Our XS400 and XS650 Special II's are specially priced for people who want the very most for the very least.

Just about all that separates them from our full-priced Specials is a little chrome, spoke wheels instead of cast alloy and a drum brake up front on the 400.

A small price to pay for such a small price to pay.



YAMAHA
THE WAY IT SHOULD BE.

Rear view mirror(s) standard equipment. Always wear a helmet and eye protection.

QPB GOES FOR THE JOcular

QPB makes you laugh. QPB keeps you independent. QPB satisfies your reading appetite with lots of fiction, nonfiction, poetry and history.

QPB books are soft-cover editions in hard-cover sizes, durably bound and printed on fine paper. But they cost up to 65% less than their hardcover counterparts, and that's no laughing matter.



402. *Fanny: Being the True History of the Adventures of Fanny Hackabout-Jones.* Erica Jong
Hardcover: \$12.95 QPB: \$5.50

151. *The Lord of the Rings*
J.R.R. Tolkien. (3 Vols., Boxed)
Hardcover: \$32.95 QPB: \$9.95

341. *The Most of S. J. Perelman*
S. J. Perelman. QPB: \$6.50

346. *The Book of Kells*
QPB: \$9.95

355. *The Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock & Roll 1950-1980, Revised and Updated.*
Edited by Jim Miller
Hardcover: \$20 QPB: \$8.95

397. *The Unabridged Mark Twain, Vol. I.* Edited by Lawrence Teacher. QPB: \$8.95

114. *The Unabridged Mark Twain, Vol. II.* Edited by Lawrence Teacher. QPB: \$8.95

195. *Calligraphic Styles*
Tom Gourdie, MBE.
Hardcover: \$14.95 QPB: \$5.95

200. *The Art of Cooking for Two*
Coralie Castle and Astrid Newton,
and One Pot Meals. (2 Vols.)
Margaret Gin. QPB: \$10.90

208. *The Number of the Beast*
Robert A. Heinlein
QPB: \$5.95

404. *Information Please Almanac, 1981* (35th Edition)
Hardcover: \$9.95 QPB: \$4.95

406. *Soon to be a Major Motion Picture*
Abbie Hoffman
Introduction by Norman Mailer
Hardcover: \$13.95 QPB: \$5.95

425. *The Real Thing:* The book that separates the genuine from the ersatz, the men from the boys, and the wheat from the chaff. Kurt Andersen
Hardcover: \$8.95 QPB Ed: \$4.95

440. *Everybody's Business: An Almanac. The Irreverent Guide to Corporate America.* Edited by Milton Moskowitz, Michael Katz and Robert Levering. Hardcover: \$21 QPB: \$7.95

479. *Anatomy of an Illness as Perceived by the Patient*
Norman Cousins
Introduction by René Dubos
Hardcover: \$9.95 QPB: \$4.95

480. *The Collected Stories of Eudora Welty*
Hardcover: \$17.50 QPB Ed: \$8.95

Compare



Hardcover: \$12.95
QPB Softcover: \$5.50

338. *Photography in Focus: A Basic Text.* (New Edition) Mark Jacobs and Ken Kokrda
Hardcover: \$11.50 QPB: \$9.95

354. *The Next Whole Earth Catalog.* Edited by Stewart Brand
QPB: \$10.95

215. *The Official Preppy Handbook*
Edited by Lisa Birnbach. QPB: \$3.95

335. *Garfield at Large.* Jim Davis
QPB: \$3.95

213. *Still Life with Woodpecker*
Tom Robbins
Hardcover: \$12.95 QPB: \$5.95

619. *Doonesbury Classics.* (4 Vols., Boxed) Garry Trudeau. QPB: \$12.95

184. *Everyone's Money Book*
Jane Bryant Quinn
Hardcover: \$14.95 QPB: \$7.95

363. *The Dieter's Guide to Weight Loss During Sex and The Dieter's Guide to Weight Loss After Sex* (2 Vols.) Richard Smith
QPB Ed: \$5.95

246. *The Ambidextrous Universe: Mirror Asymmetry and Time-Reversed Worlds.* (Second Revised, Updated Edition.) Martin Gardner
Hardcover: \$12.50 QPB: \$3.95

275. *The Tokyo-Montana Express*
Richard Brautigan
Hardcover: \$10.95 QPB Ed: \$5.95

Join now. Pick any 3 books or sets for \$1 each—with no obligation to buy another book.

111. *The Search for Alexander An Exhibition.* Contributions by Nicholas Yalouris, Manolis Andronikos, and Katerina Rhoimtopoulou. (Photographs)
Hardcover: \$22.50 QPB: \$9.95

121. *Gödel, Escher, Bach: An Eternal Golden Braid.* Douglas R. Hofstadter. QPB: \$7.50

126. *The Arbor House Treasury of Modern Science Fiction*
Compiled by Robert Silverberg and Martin H. Greenberg
Hardcover: \$19.95 QPB: \$7.95

368. *The Techno/Peasant Survival Manual: A Catalog of the Future.* Collette Dowling. QPB: \$7.95

371. *Concise Oxford Dictionary of Music.* (Third Edition)
Michael Kennedy
Hardcover: \$19.95 QPB: \$8.95

624. *The Bantam Great Outdoors Vacation and Lodging Guide Eastern United States and Western United States and Alaska.* (2 Vols.) Val Landi. QPB: \$13.50

604. *The New York Times Complete Manual of Home Repair*
Revised and Updated.
Bernard Gladstone
Hardcover: \$14.95 QPB: \$5.95

Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club, Inc., Middletown, Pa. 17057. Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below. Bill me \$3, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for 6 months. If I have not bought and paid for at least 1 book in every six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment. QPB112-4

Indicate by number the 3 books or sets you want

Name _____ 1-16

(Please print clearly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

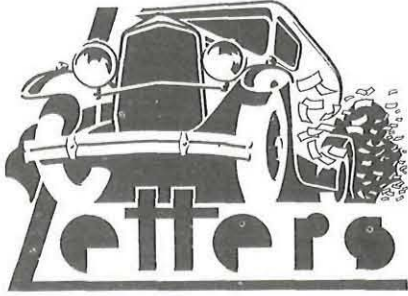
How membership works.

1. You receive *QPB Review* 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a new **Main Selection**, plus scores of Alternates. All Main Selections with established publisher's prices are offered at *at least* 20% discount off that price.
2. If you want the **Main Selection** do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Bonus books for Bonus**

- Points. For each book or set you take (except the first 3 you get for \$1 each), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of the books we offer; you pay only shipping and handling charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the **Main Selection** without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in every six-month period.



The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.



Sirs:

We went to a baseball game today and had a blast drinking beer and eating hot dogs and popcorn while yelling and screaming, but most of all we went because we like to watch guys wiggle their behinds. We love those tight stretch pants they wear with the green stains on all the sexy places. You know what else is cool? The way they swing those three big sticks before trying to knock the ball down at house plate. Only, how come they don't play in fishnet uniforms, or wear pastel V-neck sweaters, so we could see how hairy they are underneath? If they would take off their clothes before jumping into a fight with the fat priest in the black suit behind house plate, then it would be sexier. Those guys are really dishy, compared to our nerdy boyfriends. How come they

won't share their bods with us? I mean, why else did we buy tickets, anyway? Baseball sure is a crummy sport.

Sue, Shannon, Posie, and Pam
Houston, Tex.

Sirs:

Here's one. What does Pat Benatar want for Christmas? A staple gun and a bottle of iodine. Not bad for my first joke, eh? I'm in for armed robbery, so it's not really my subject matter.

349876

New York State Prison

Sirs:

You know all that steam and spray that comes from Niagara Falls? Well, it's not steam and spray. The river is so saturated with chemicals that nitroglycerine molecules are forming in it spontaneously. All that noise you hear, and all that white stuff you see, is caused by water droplets blowing up when they hit the bottom of the falls. We don't need newlyweds here, for Pete's sake, we need a bomb-disposal squad with raincoats and lead-lined umbrellas.

Joyce Clary

Niagara Falls Chamber of Commerce

Sirs:

It is raining outside like a cat and dog attack; I am not sure how long I will survive the small, terrible space of this room, but there is conspicuously no other choice to be made for the minute. I am of course fully bored at a moment like this, so I gradually wander into a pit of lively memories, as if my eyes were sucked into the backward-spinning clock of time, where items return to the mind like they are realistically happening. Calcutta, 1978. My lepers are everywhere. Sitting on the ledges. Plugging the doorways like melted mounds of gauze. A scaly, dermal slough forms by the chute for debris as I shovel another accumulation of fingers and ears and unidentifiable leavings of the inmates from the floors and the other horizontal surfaces. Then the famous prize came to me, and the instant and sizable notoriety, followed by ceremonies, interviews, conferences, and personal appearances in all sections of the world. Excuse me, a clanking and chirping of roustabouts in the adjoining room has now jostled me from the clock of recollections and I must again cope beneath the reality of nothing to do until the raining stops and the parade of the rodeo begins. Being parade marshal for the Calgary Stampede is naturally an uncustomary experience to me, though nevertheless I am preferring most all of these new situations instead of the filthy, leprous one in Calcutta. Suddenly the revelers in the next room have subsided, and so perhaps I will now drop back into the bed for the time being. I must however send a note to myself to replace this travel robe of mine. It is certainly much too bulky.

Mother Teresa
On the road
Calgary, Alberta

Sirs:

Because the chief, Mother Teresa, has been absent on the tours to worldwide ceremonies and conferences, we are finally rid of her metal-fisted tyranny of foolish rules and vile squealings at us for no purpose. For example, many of us have formed a new-wave musical crowd we call the Hansel and Gretel Disease Forest, which practices during all hours of the night at powerful volumes while creating wild hopping and surging disturbances of the excited inmates, who finally have expressed themselves now

continued on page 61



"Wally was a crazy, wonderful bastard."

**“Last year I switched to rum.
This year I graduated to the flavor of Myers’s.”**

Drench your orange juice, cola, and tonic with the one rum that dares to be delicious. Myers’s Rum. In any kind of mixer, even by itself.

The reason? Myers’s master blending. It makes the rum smoother, softer. For the ultimate in rum taste, try Original Dark Myers’s Rum.

What makes Myers’s precious imported rum cost more, makes Myers’s taste better.



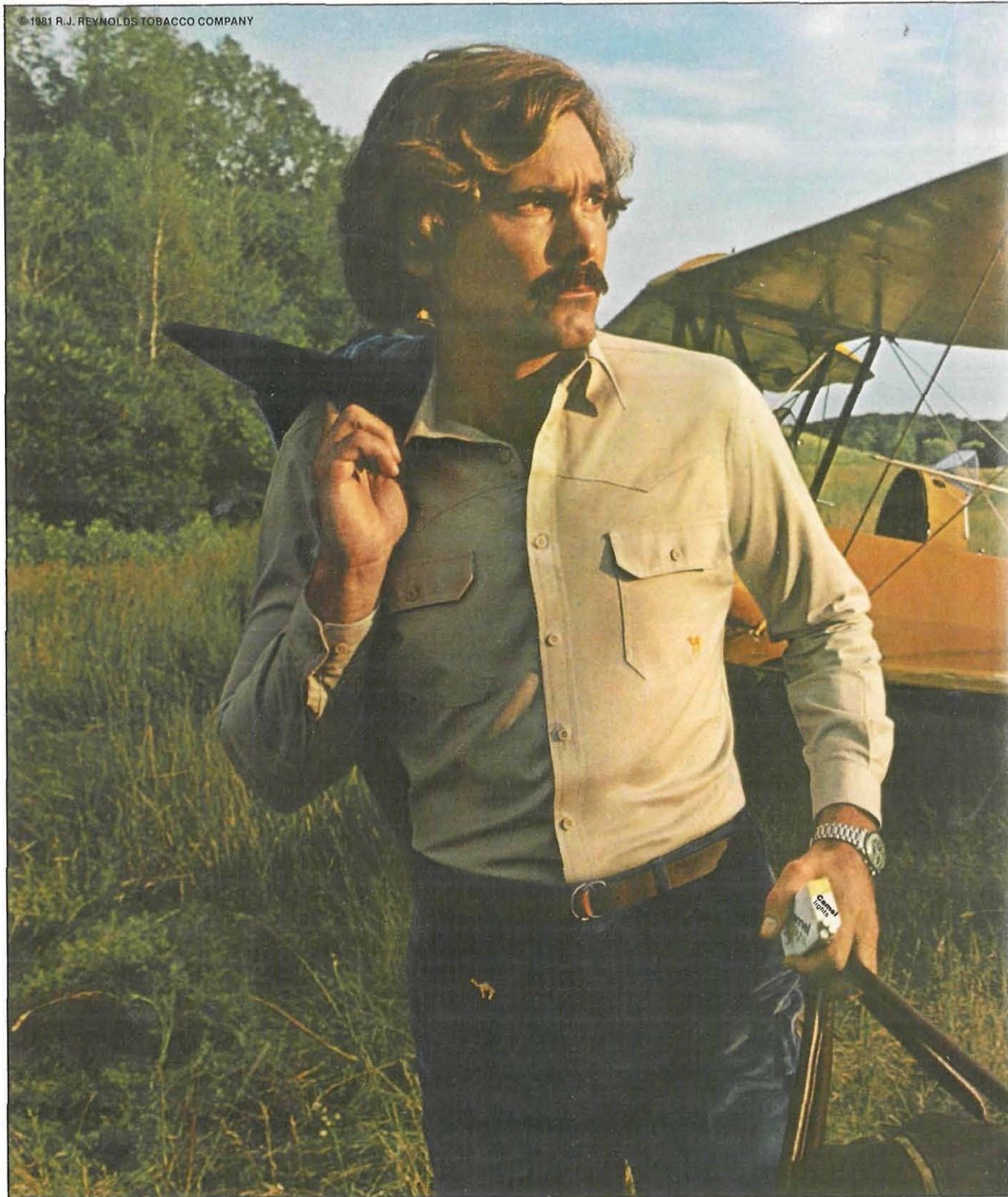
Free Recipe Book, Write:
Myers's, PO Box 4605, Westbury, New York 11590.

IMPORTED AND BOTTLED, FRED L. MYERS & SON CO., BALTIMORE, MD.



The Camel arrives in a classic chino shirt of meticulously tailored 100% cotton. With button-thru flap pockets and rugged styling. It's the shirt that gets better with age. Suggested retail about \$22.50. At fine stores everywhere or write John Henry, 1271 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10020.

© 1981 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY



Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

Free Catalog

If you'd like to see the entire Camel Collection, send for your free Camel Collection Catalog today. Just print or type your name and address on this form or a plain piece of paper and mail to: Camel Collection, Dept. 1404, 6 Commercial St., Hicksville, NY 11801. In a hurry? Call toll-free: 800-331-1750. (In Oklahoma, 1-800-722-3600.) Ask for Operator 188.

Name _____

(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

(Required)

8 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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



CAMEL

COLLECTION

Where a man belongs.

Mrs. Reagan's Diary

Ever since I was a little girl I've wanted to live in a big white house. I have to pinch myself every few minutes to make sure I'm not in a dream or a motion picture. I am living in the biggest and whitest house in the world. It's marvelous! Except for the powder-room shortage and the Vegas flock wallpaper everywhere. But not to worry; what goes up can certainly come down, and I'm sure we can find some budget fat to spend on a rest facility or two.

Not to sound like Pouting Patty, but, gosh, for a national shrine the place is not what I imagined it to be. Do you know that they have tours through the downstairs at *all* hours of the day? People stand at the fence and look in. Sometimes I feel like I live in the zoo. But I guess all great positions have their drawbacks.

Now, about the Carters. Lovely people, truly sweet people. I have always thought it to be in the worst taste to talk about people behind their backs, but can I say a thing or two about the way the previous administration left the White House? Wads of coat hangers on the closet floors, drawers left open, rust rings in the commodes! And the room where they kept the elderly grandmother! Great, huge, yellow toenail clippings just everywhere! Amy is a lovely youngster,

and I guess like all youngsters she has things on her mind other than keeping a tidy room, but there's no excuse for some of the mess. Example—snarls of red hair under the bed. Peculiar? Yes, ma'am. I'm sure that Washington was a shock to their systems, and I'm sure that they will be much better off being "plain folks" down at their peanut ranch. I know it's a great burden off Bill's shoulders that his brother is out of office. I believe Ronnie's brothers are dead. No, come to think of it, I think one still survives. Don't quote me. At any rate he won't be driven to drinking like a fish and crying on Tom Snyderman's shoulder on national late-night TV.

I could not be more delighted that Bill Simon said no to Ronnie about the treasury job. Bill is a sweet man, a real hardworking, honest sort, but his mouth! I choke to think he puts his food in there. The stories that man tells. I know he's a real pro when it comes to the economy, but if I had to endure another of his "bawdy tales," I swear I'd jump up and down until my hose bagged at the knees. He told one story about a hussy with a prosthetic eye who took it out to entertain men, and I felt my veal Orloff flip right over! P.U. to you, Bill Simon!

Another thing I will not tolerate in my husband's government is cigar

smoking. To me a cigar is a cigarette that hasn't learned any manners. Pewy, stinky things they are. One of the press fellas dared light one in an airplane hangar up in New Hampshire, and—I don't care that I was a hundred yards away—I had Don, the Secret Service man, tell him to put it out or get a punch in the breadbasket! If Ronnie has any plans to normalize relations with Cuba (which I don't think he has, since he's been telling friends that if Russia trips, Cuba falls), I hope he'll inform old Mr. Castro that his beard and cigar won't get across the U.S. border. Ronnie knows that if he doesn't, he'll have to fold his own socks!

Speaking of Communists. I am not looking forward to meeting Mr. Brezhnev. Betty (that's Ford) told me that when she met him he kissed her for the longest time and put his leg against hers. When Ronnie talks about a strong defense against the Russians I hope he remembers that defense starts at home. I think a rude rub deserves an embargo of some sort.

First thing in the morning I'm going to find out what I have to do to get Toni Tennille on a coin or a stamp. She's been such a dear and long hard supporter! Her husband is a real supporter too. Betsy Bloomingdale, my dearest and oldest friend, is slated for a submarine—the U.S.S. *Betsy Bloomingdale*. Can you imagine the kooky promotional tie-in at her department store? It could be just marvelous. For my hairstylist, a new kind of tank, maybe? Ronnie said I'm going off the deep end in a barrel with my idea for a line of missiles named after clothes designers. He's right, though. I think it's more fitting that they just profit from association with the First Lady. We shall see!

Wait'll you hear this one! Guess who wrote a congratulatory note to Ronnie! Jane W-y-m-a-n! The gall! If this were not 1981 I'd have her tax forms audited so bad she wouldn't know whether to spend or charge!

We had the George Bush family for dinner. Ho hum. Nice folks, but ho hum. George Jr. is so jealous of Ron Jr. that he could just burst. Ronnie said it's probably just George Jr.'s disappointment at being vice-president's son instead of being First Son, but I think it runs deeper than that. Mrs. Bush is a lovely woman although a bit of a "wide load" and certainly no blue-ribbon winner in the clothes de-

continued



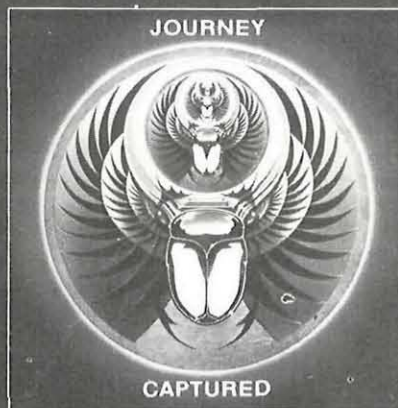


JOURNEY "CAPTURED!" AND BROUGHT BACK LIVE

Last year Journey's live show captivated almost two million people. With sell-out crowds everywhere the band played.

Now the excitement of those concerts comes alive again on "Captured!" Four power-packed sides of your favorite Journey classics, plus two new songs never before recorded.

Featuring the single, "The Party's Over (Hopelessly In Love)!"



"CAPTURED!" THE LIVE TWO-RECORD SET.
NEW FROM JOURNEY ON COLUMBIA RECORDS AND TAPES.

Produced by Kevin Elson Journey Management and Direction Herbie Herbert, Nightmare, Inc. San Francisco, CA "Columbia" is a trademark of CBS Inc. © 1981 CBS Inc.

MRS. REAGAN'S DIARY

continued

partment. George is handsome and pleasant, but, my goodness, what does he have in his pockets that makes him keep his hands in there all the time? Bill Simon (yes, *that* Bill Simon) once said George was a great pocket-pool player. Maybe he has a couple of balls in there. Who knows?

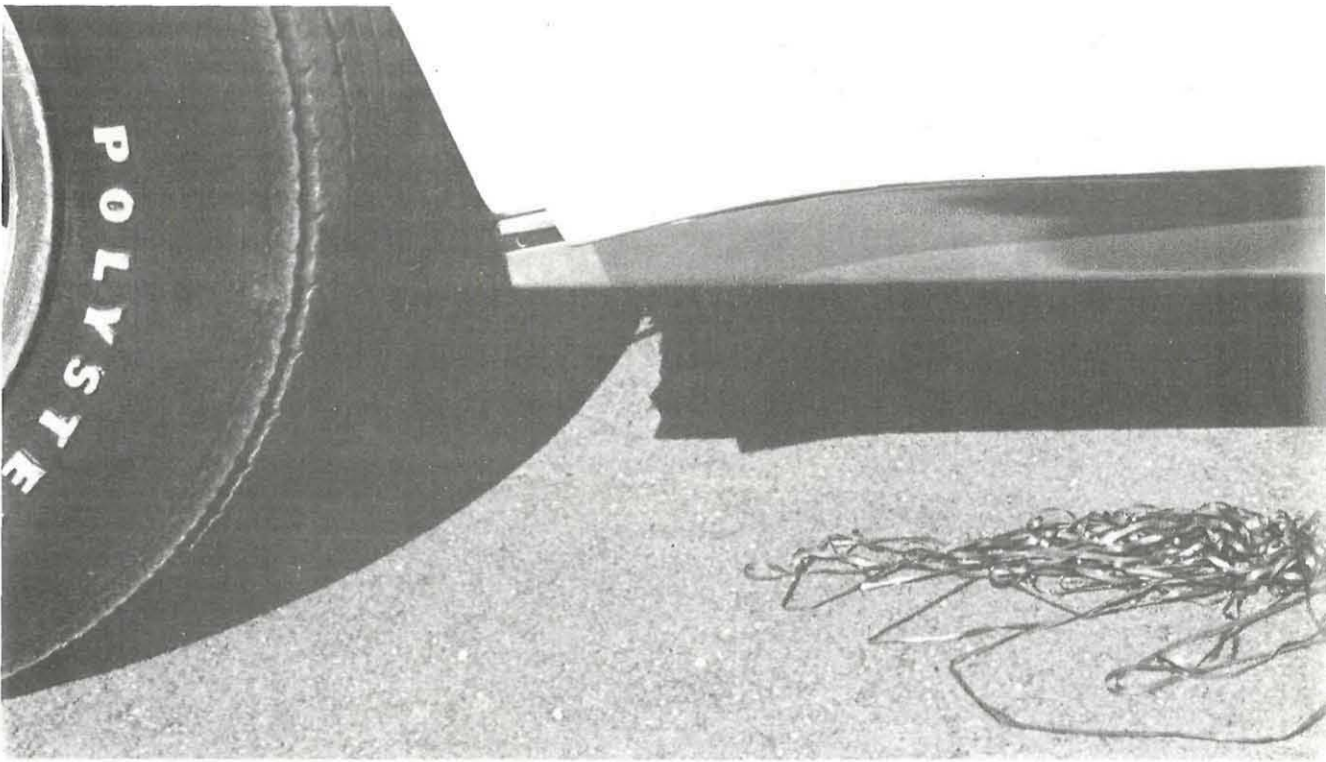
So Bill Casey's going to head the CIA! Good choice! Bill is one of the sneakiest little dickens you'll ever want to meet! I say that with the greatest of respect. I sincerely love Bill and I admire his stealthiness. You can be riding in a car with Bill and ask him what kind of gas station will be coming up next, and he'll grab the car

phone and find out right away. Not only will he find out the name, he'll find out whether or not it's self-serve. He's also super at hiding. Just kiddingly I said to him, "Gee whiz, Bill, you'll be no fun on Easter, you'll know a week in advance where all the eggs are hidden!" Well, let me tell you, that made everyone laugh themselves silly, even Caspar Weinberger, who only laughs at his own jokes!

This whole business of picking a cabinet was a crashing bore! The whole time it was going on, Ronnie was a grouch and the phone wouldn't stop ringing long enough to rest its little bells! And this picking-a-minority-person jazz! I told Ronnie from the start to pick a Dane or a Finn

or a Welshman. Those are your real minorities. You know, being in a minority doesn't mean you have to be colored or Mexican. "Minority" simply means that your type of people are not terribly predominant.

I don't hear the media people carping for a handicapped cabinet member. I'm sure there are jillions of qualified handicappers who would be tickled to death to work at the White House. Speaking of handicapped, one of the things Ronnie and I want to do as a sort of an official hobby is help the mentally retarded. Ronnie said it best: "Mommy, we speak their language!" And gosh darn but somebody ought to help them out, more so than the people who come to these shores



Does your car



looking for a handout and a nice cushy prison cell.

On to something more important! First Dog! Ronnie and I still have not decided what to do about an official U.S. pup. All the transition fellas have been so busy with the cabinet search and hooking up copy machines and buying office supplies that Project Pooch has kind of fallen between some aide's crack. However, Ronnie and I have it narrowed down to a couple of sets of parents. There's Pepper Hill Rita of the Pepper family of Jack Russell terriers, and Aspen Ridge Boy of the Virginia Aspen Ridge family. They are a lovely couple, and if they like each other enough to have a little puppy love, then they may

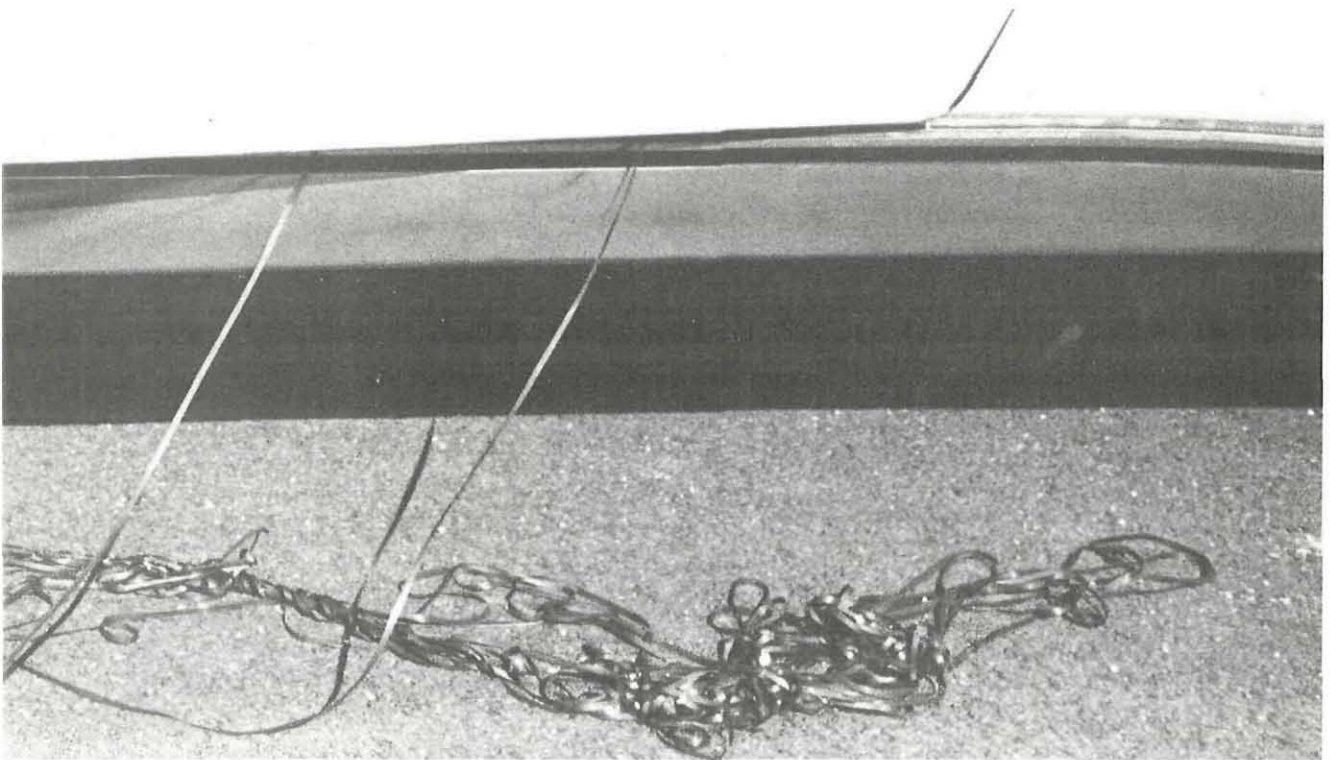
find their son or daughter representing the nation's dogs in Washington. The other consideration is that if Ronnie isn't able to find a woman for a cabinet post, or if they find a woman who is sort of manly, we just might take any old girl pup that comes from a good family, to take a little "heat" off the women's-rights brouhaha. First Horse is no problem. Back in 1976 Ronnie and I flipped a nickel to see whose horse would get the honor in the event that we should win the Big One. I won the toss, he won the election. Doesn't everything just work out fine?

I'm so delighted that Patti's career is taking off. And it's nice to know that it's *not* because Ronnie is president. She's changed her name to Davis and

is singing as herself—not as First Daughter. Ronnie and I are very proud—so proud that I've even laid to rest my old quarrel with Patti's spending the evening unescorted with that fella who plays accordion in the rock ensemble the Eagles. (Or is it the Eagle People?)

Oh, those poor, poor, poor souls in Italy. First they get hit with all that European-style communism, and then the strikes, a spate of horrible movies, Sophia Loren's tax troubles, and now a couple of big earthquakes. After living in California I know how an earthquake can rattle your nerves! I'd be glad to send some old clothes, but who in the world over there is a size

continued on page 24



stereo get car sick?

You know the nauseating facts.

You're cruising down the highway all set to hear your favorite cassette when suddenly it's devoured.

And when you go to its rescue, your car stereo simply belches out a floor full of tape.

But you can solve all that with a Pioneer Auto Reverse car stereo with ATSC. Our new Automatic Tape Slack Canceller feature.

It automatically loosens tight tape and tightens

loose tape before play. Which guarantees your music will be heard and not eaten. So you'll always have your music the way you want it.

Coming out of your speakers.
And not your dashboard.

 **PIONEER**[®]
The Best Sound Going.

©1980 Pioneer Electronics of America, 1925 E. Dominguez Street, Long Beach, California 90810

The Custom Budget Motel

by John Bendel

"Hello, sir. Hello, ma'am. Welcome to the Custom Budget Motel."

"We'd like a room, please."

"Certainly, sir. Fill out this card, please. What kind of a room would you like?"

"Kind of room?"

"Yes, sir. We have many kinds of rooms here at the Custom Budget Motel."

"Uh, well, what kind of rooms do you have?"

"Oh, we've got large and small rooms. We've got square rooms, round rooms, rectangular rooms. We could even put together a trapezoid or parallelogram for you, sir."

"Harry, what kind of place is this?"

"Don't worry, honey. Uh, look, what's your least expensive room?"

"A square room, sir."

"Fine. We'll take a square room."

"Very good, sir. What size?"

"Well, what are the prices?"

"The smallest square rooms are five dollars, and the prices go up from there."

"That's a good deal. We'll take a five-dollar square room."

"Very good, sir. Then you won't be needing a bed."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said you won't be needing a bed, right?"

"Of course we'll be needing a bed!"

"Oh, I'm sorry, sir, but a bed won't fit in our five-dollar square room. You'll have to take at least a seven-dollar square room to get a bed in there."

"Harry, I don't think I like this place."

"Look, honey, everything's going to be fine. At these prices you've got to expect a little inconvenience. Uh, okay, we'll take a seven-dollar room."

"With a bed?"

"Right."

"Okay, that will be three dollars extra."

"You mean it costs three bucks extra for a bed in a motel room?"

"Well, sir, you can see how low our rates are. We have to charge for the extras."

"Okay, okay, I guess it's still a reasonable deal."

"Right, sir. Now, what about walls?"

"Walls?"

"Yes, sir. Would you like your room to have walls?"

"You mean our ten-dollar square room with bed doesn't even have walls?"

"I'm sorry, sir. I should have explained. Of course it has walls. Your room has basic toilet-divider-type walls. They do the essential job, but they don't go all the way to the ceiling or the floor."

"Harry. I really don't like this place at all."

"Wait a minute, honey. Uh, how much extra is it for walls that go all the way to the ceiling and the floor?"

"Only another five dollars."

"Look, honey, that still comes to only fifteen bucks, and we're here already. I mean, you've got to be home in a couple of hours, and...uh, er...I mean, we don't have all night to find a place to stay, if you get my drift. Let's just take the room."

"If you say so, Harry."

"Okay. Fifteen dollars. We'll take it."

"Fine. Now, will you be wanting a window?"

"Is that extra?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I suppose we can get along without a window."

"Right, sir. Then you'll be needing a door."

"A door?"

"Oh, yes. We recommend a door when you've got ceiling-to-floor walls and no window. It makes it much easier to get in and out of the room."

"Please, Harry. I don't want to stay here. Let's sleep in the car, if you know what I mean."

"Well, sweetheart, if you feel that way about it, okay. We could save a lot of money if we did that."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, sir, but we've already rented your car."

"You've what?"

"Rented your car. You see, in order to defray costs and provide you with a bargain-priced service here at Custom Budget Motel, we rent your car while you spend the evening with us. You signed the contract when you filled out the registration card. I'm so sorry."

"Do you mean to tell me that we can't leave here?"

"Of course you can, sir! You're free to leave anytime you like, but you'll have to come back in the morning for your car."

"Harry, oh, God! Do something!"

"Look, buster, you can't get away



"Oh, no! My best friend and my best friend's wife!"

with this! Either you produce my car immediately or I'll call the police!"

"I'm so sorry you feel that way, sir, especially since you agreed in writing to our car-rental arrangement. But if you want to call the police, you can use my phone. Please, go ahead. It's all right."

"Harry! No! Don't call the cops! My *usband-hay* is an *op-cay*!"

"Oh, shit. What are we going to do now?"

"Excuse me for butting in, sir, but I think you should go ahead and take a room. At least that way you'll get a good night's rest while you're waiting for your car."

"He's right, honey."

"Oh, Harry. I'm so upset!"

"Now just try to calm down, honey. Look, pal, we'll take the room, okay?"

"Right, sir. Just one more thing—we've got a special this week on sheets, pillows, blankets, and heat."

"Oh, great. How much?"

"Only twenty dollars, sir."

"Okay, okay. Is there anything else?"

"Well, I should tell you that Custom Budget Motel is built on a landfill."

"So?"

"Well, sir, the dirt floors tend to have a rather strong aroma. But for only twenty dollars more, I'll throw in a wood floor, and for another five dollars, I'll give you wall-to-wall carpet."

"Okay, buddy. Here's sixty bucks. Let's get this show on the road."

"Right you are, sir. Oh, by the way, will you be going to the bathroom during your stay with us?" □

NATIONAL
LAMPOON
GOES TO THE MOVIES

Imagine the funniest
movie you've ever
seen — now multiply
by four.

COMING THIS SUMMER FROM
UNITED ARTISTS.



Discover surprising space in 7 lbs. of expedition quality.

Caddis

It's the tunnel design — only better. A larger center hoop adds space without compromising stability. Conveniences include twin track zippered doors at both ends, no-see-um netting, shock



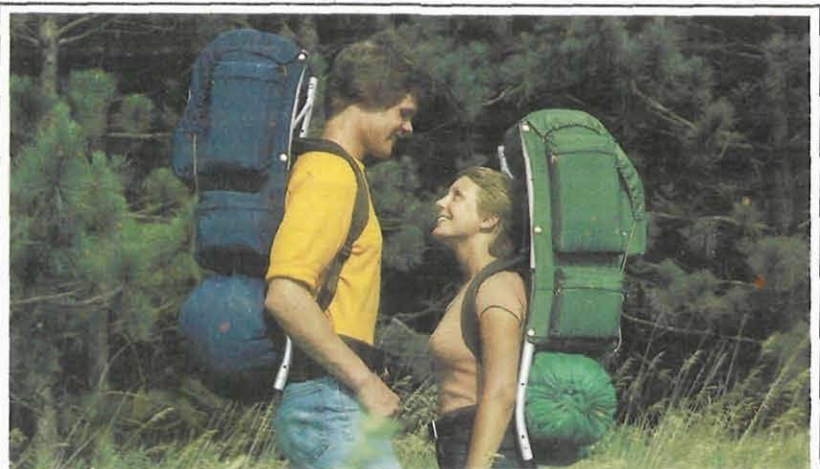
cord-connected frame, web and buckle adjusters for the fitted fly. And more. Eureka! Caddis: Lock-stitched expedition quality that's a pleasure to live with — and in. Two and four person sizes.

Eureka! Tent
Box 966-A, Binghamton, NY 13902
Please send \$0 for catalog.

Eureka!

a Johnson wax associate

Tentmaker for expeditions,
backpackers and campers
since 1895



6'4" TO 5'4"

Camp Trails 'Adjustable' fits.

With 6 vertical and 3 horizontal adjustments at the shoulder plus 3 more at the hip, a Camp Trails Adjustable pack is great for growing bodies. And for families that share. And adults who trade summer shirts for

Camp Trails
Box 966-M, Binghamton, NY 13902
Please send \$0 for catalog.



heavy winter wear. It adjusts — without compromise. Because the heliarc-welded, V-truss frame set new industry standards. Try a top-loading Adjustable II, or panel-loading Adjustable I — and feel the comfort of Camp Trails' fit.

a Johnson wax associate

Diagnostic Doctor

by Ed Subitsky

Most doctors, because they know so little, are afraid to diagnose in print. But the author of this column got a B+ in high school biology and has read a lot of health books, many of them several hundred pages long. Send confidential inquiries to: *Diagnosis*, c/o National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

Q: I have a splitting headache.
R.V., Owensville, Oreg.

A: If you're not allergic to it, take two aspirin.

Q: Is my knee broken?
J.H., West Islip, Mont.

A: If it hurts a lot, it may be.

Q: I've got this bad pain in my side.
L.E., Tufton, Vt.

A: If it doesn't go away, it might be something serious.

Q: I've been coughing a lot.
C.L., West Falls, Ontario

A: You could have anything from a simple infection to a dread disease. Try to keep warm.

Q: I discovered these funny warts on my ears.
S.N., Casper, Wyo.

A: That's not as nature intended.

Q: My joints have been hurting a lot lately.
C.S., Sutton, W. Va.

A: They probably hurt worse when you move, so try to stay still.

Q: I've got this sharp pain in my right side.
L.L., Macon, Ga.

A: It could be appendicitis. But if you've had your appendix taken out, it's something else.

Q: I feel dizzy sometimes.
K.V., Pineville, Oreg.

A: Healthy people don't feel dizzy. It sounds to me like you've got something wrong with you.

Q: There are these tiny red spots all over my body.
D.N., Edson, Alberta

A: Send me a color photograph. By the way, if you shop around, you can probably find a camera store that'll give you a free coupon toward a box of personalized Christmas cards.

Q: I get nauseous in the mornings.
B.N., L.A., Cal.

A: If you were a woman, you could be pregnant. But because you're a man, you're probably sick.

Q: I've got this terrible pain in my lower back.
R.K., Corbin, Ky.

A: See if you can't keep your mind off it. Try guessing the answer to this riddle: "What has twenty-two legs and catches flies?" It's a tricky one and you should be able to concentrate on it for a long time.

Q: Lately I don't seem to have any energy. Is this serious?
R.B., New Haven, Conn.

A: Sometimes, depending on what's causing it.

Q: My vision has been blurry for several days, and it's getting me worried.
T.W., Minot, N. Dak.

A: Don't worry. If it's something serious, you'll find out soon enough.

Q: I'm forty-seven years old, and my friends say I don't look so good these days.
E.M., Hagerstown, Md.

A: It could be just a vitamin deficiency. But if you are eating three squares a day, you probably have some kind of disease.

Q: I've always had beautiful skin. But when I woke up this morning, I had these strange scaly patches.
V.C., Mullen, Nebr.

A: I didn't wake up with any. So I guess you have something wrong with you.

Q: I have this horrible cough that I can't get rid of. I've been smoking two packs a day for over twenty years, and, frankly, I'm terrified of lung cancer.
B.A., Rocky Ford, Colo.

A: Maybe I can cheer you up with a good joke. Why are Polacks such poor duck hunters? Because they can't throw the dogs high enough!

Q: I've been vomiting and my throat is sore. Is this contagious?
V.B., Lakeland, Fla.

A: I don't know anyone who has it. But, then, I don't know that many people.

Q: The other day, in the middle of my housework, I fainted for no apparent reason.
S.K., Litchfield, Ill.

A: You've got something.

Q: Everywhere I go, there's this ringing in my ears.
H.J., Tularosa, N. Mex.

A: Uh-oh.



Benedictine.

The near-perfect mixer.

Club soda.

Punch.

Bach.

Ice cream.

Picnics.

Milk.

Pretzels.

~~Prunes.~~

Byron.

Espresso.

Vodka.

Tonic.

Cider.

~~Bagels.~~

O.J.

Chess.

Late news.

Nuts.

Burgers.

Puzzles.

Chips.

Cola.

Eggnog.

Satchmo.

Seltzer.



Imported from France by Julius Wile Sons & Co., Lake Success, N.Y. 80 Proof.

LIGHTS: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method;
LIGHTS 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.

Nobody does it better.

Winston Lights.

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



**This is your world.
This is your Winston.
Taste it all.**

J&R "RATED NO. 1 FOR SERVICE & RELIABILITY"
THIS MONTH'S SUPER SPECIALS!

Audio & Video

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------|
| VIDEO | |
| SONY SL-5400 Betamax | \$799 |
| JVC HR-6700 Video Rec. | \$799 |
| ZENITH VR-9000 Beta Vid. Rec. | \$699 |
| RCA VCI-250 Video Rec. | \$775 |
| RCA VCR-150 Port. Vid. Rec. | \$729 |
| SONY KV-1914 19" Col. TV | \$439 |
| PANASONIC CT 9010 19" Col. TV | \$359 |
| PANASONIC CT 289 17" Col. TV | \$279 |

| | |
|----------------------------|-------|
| AUDIO | |
| TECHNICS RS-M45 Cass. Deck | \$225 |
| B.I.C. 1-2 Cassette Deck | \$159 |
| DUAL 606/55 1 T. W/Cart. | \$219 |
| TECHNICS SA-202 Receiver | \$165 |
| PIONEER SX-3700 Receiver | \$259 |
| TECHNICS SL 02 Turntable | \$109 |
| AKAI JCU-2 Micro Int. Amp | \$159 |
| TECHNICS ST-1 Tuner | \$115 |

CAR STEREO

| | |
|---|----------|
| PIONEER CASSETTE IN-DASH W/RADIO | |
| KP-1500 | \$4.90 |
| KP-2500 | \$9.90 |
| KP-4500 | \$14.90 |
| KP-5500 | \$24.90 |
| KP-8500 | \$41.90 |
| KE-2100 | \$174.90 |
| KE-3000 | \$209.90 |
| KE-20 | \$214.90 |
| KP-3500 (req. car) | \$144.90 |
| KP-4500 (req. car) | \$144.90 |
| KP-8000 | \$154.90 |
| KP-X9000 (req. amp) | \$176.90 |

| | |
|--|----------|
| JENSEN CASSETTE IN-DASH W/RADIO | |
| R-402 receiver | \$174.90 |
| R-406 receiver | \$199.90 |
| R-410 receiver | \$219.90 |
| R-420 receiver | \$259.90 |

| | |
|----------------------------|----------|
| CASSETTE UNDER DASH | |
| KP-373 | \$4.90 |
| KP-575 | \$9.90 |
| KP-500 | \$129.90 |
| KP-560 (req. amp) | \$78.50 |
| KP-770 (req. amp) | \$84.90 |
| KP-880 (req. amp) | \$99.90 |
| KP-600 | \$154.90 |
| KP-707G | \$144.90 |

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| SANYO IN-DASH CASSETTE | |
| FI-1496 | \$179.95 |
| FI-1498 | \$219.90 |
| FI-1499 | \$119.90 |
| FI-1495 | \$224.90 |
| FI-1497 | \$49.90 |
| FI-CA | \$4.90 |
| FI-CA | \$4.90 |
| FI-CB | \$9.90 |
| FI-C10 | \$109.90 |
| FI-C16 | \$147.90 |

| | |
|------------------------------|---------|
| POWER AMPS/EQUALIZERS | |
| BP-320 | \$49.90 |
| AD-30 | \$9.90 |
| AD-50 | \$41.90 |
| GM-46 | \$9.90 |
| GM-120 | \$69.90 |
| CD-5 | \$9.90 |

| | |
|------------------|----------|
| BLAUPUNKT | |
| CR-2001 | \$238.90 |
| CR-3001 | \$332.90 |
| CR-4001 | \$459.90 |
| CR-5001 | \$337.90 |
| BEA-100 | \$109.90 |
| BEA-150 | \$174.90 |
| BEA-50 | \$74.95 |

| | |
|---------------------|-------------|
| CAR SPEAKERS | |
| IS-M2 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-13 | \$3.90 PAIR |
| IS-107 | \$7.90 PAIR |
| IS-167 | \$4.90 PAIR |
| IS-168 | \$5.90 PAIR |
| IS-905 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-906 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-907 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-908 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-909 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-910 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-911 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-912 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-913 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-914 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-915 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-916 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-917 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-918 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-919 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-920 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-921 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-922 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-923 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-924 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-925 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-926 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-927 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-928 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-929 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-930 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-931 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-932 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-933 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-934 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-935 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-936 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-937 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-938 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-939 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-940 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-941 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-942 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-943 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-944 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-945 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-946 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-947 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-948 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-949 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-950 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-951 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-952 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-953 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-954 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-955 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-956 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-957 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-958 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-959 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-960 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-961 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-962 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-963 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-964 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-965 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-966 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-967 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-968 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-969 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-970 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-971 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-972 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-973 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-974 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-975 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-976 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-977 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-978 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-979 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-980 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-981 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-982 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-983 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-984 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-985 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-986 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-987 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-988 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-989 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-990 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-991 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-992 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-993 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-994 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-995 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-996 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-997 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-998 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-999 | \$2.90 PAIR |
| IS-1000 | \$2.90 PAIR |

| | |
|---------------------|---------|
| CLARION | |
| PE-950 programmable | \$59.90 |
| PE-956 | \$19.90 |
| PE-958 | \$17.90 |
| PE-959 | \$17.90 |
| PE-954A | \$9.90 |
| 100C83 | \$7.90 |
| 300C87 | \$13.90 |

BLANK CASSETTES

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| AUDIO | |
| AMPEX GRAND MASTER I OR II C90 | 2.99 |
| BA5F PRO. I OR II C90 | 2.99 |
| HUI FX I OR II C90 | 2.99 |
| SCOTCH HIGH TAKE-2 C90-3/4K | 2.99 |
| MEMOREX HI BIAS C90 | 2.99 |
| SCOTCH MASTER I OR II C90 | 3.25 |
| SONY IXC C90 | 1.64 |
| IDK HD II DEMAGNETIZER | 1.19 |
| IDK D-C60 | 1.68 |
| IDK ADC-20 | 2.45 |
| IDK ADC-30 | 2.45 |
| IDK SAC-20 | 2.15 |
| IDK SAC-30 | 2.45 |
| IDK MA C90 (METAL) | 6.25 |
| IDK MA C90 (NORMAL) | 7.99 |
| MAXELL UD 1000 UD-100 | 1.00 |
| ALL OR WHITE FOR PRESS. ADVERTISE | 1.00 |
| SANSUI AUD 58 Int. Amp. | 274.00 |
| TECHNICS SA-303 Receiver | 199.00 |

| | |
|--|---------|
| VIDEO | |
| WE CARRY VIDEO TAPES BY AMPEX, BASF, FUJI, JVC, MAXELL, PANASONIC, MEMOREX, TDK, SCOTCH, SONY, RCA, AND QUASAR | |
| ALL BETA I 500 | 10.95 |
| ALL BETA I 750 | 13.95 |
| ALL VHS I 120 (EXCEPT HGT) | 14.95 |
| MATTEL INTELLIVISION | 219.90 |
| ATARI VIDEO GAME CARTRIDGE | 14.95 |
| SPACE INVADERS CARTRIDGE | 23.00 |
| PANA. PV-1400 Video Rec. | 889.00 |
| ZENITH VR-9750 | 1020.00 |

WE STOCK RAW AND COLOR TV'S, VHS AND BETA VIDEO RECORDERS, AND MOVIES FROM ALL MAJOR HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

MINIMUM ORDER 12 TAPES
 100% GUARANTEED

ACCESSORIES

| | |
|------------------------|---------|
| CAR ACCESSORIES | |
| FUZZBUSTER ELITE | \$34.95 |
| FOX XR RADAR DETECTOR | \$9.95 |
| FOX XMR (remote) | \$9.95 |
| SUPERFOX | \$24.90 |
| PAGE ALERT 400K | \$14.95 |
| BEL 810 (Superhet) | \$5.95 |
| HAR FA-80 (Ant.) | \$3.95 |

| | |
|----------------------|---------|
| HEADPHONES | |
| KOSS PRO 4AAA | \$6.50 |
| KOSS TECH VFR | \$6.50 |
| KOSS HVLC | \$6.90 |
| SENNHEISER HD-420 | \$24.90 |
| SENNHEISER HD-430 | \$22.50 |
| AUDIO 110 (Superhet) | \$4.90 |
| PIONEER SE-205 | \$2.95 |
| SONY MDR-3 | \$4.50 |
| SONY MDR-7 | \$4.95 |

| | |
|--------------------------|---------|
| MISCELLANEOUS | |
| BIC FM-8 BEAM BOX | \$4.90 |
| BIC FM-8 BEAM BOX | \$4.90 |
| BIC FM-10 BEAM BOX | \$4.90 |
| CASIO C-80 Calc Watch | \$4.90 |
| CASIO ML-81 CALCULATOR | \$1.95 |
| CHESS CHALLENGER X7 | \$7.90 |
| BACALAWATCH CHALLENGER 7 | \$5.90 |
| BSR X10 (KII) | \$8.95 |
| BSR X10211 (Timer) | \$9.95 |
| BIC B-1 | \$1.95 |
| SONY FONE RADIO | \$3.95 |
| SONY IPSL2 PORT. STEREO | \$79.95 |

| | |
|--------------------|---------|
| CARTRIDGES | |
| SHURE M91ED | \$19.95 |
| SHURE M95ED | \$29.95 |
| SHURE V1551SV | \$9.90 |
| PICKERING XSV 3000 | \$3.95 |

RECORDS
 ALL ROCK, JAZZ & CLASSICAL
 A7 98 List A8 98 List A9 98 List Cass & B-Track
 Same Price as LP: Minimum Order: 5 Records or Tapes

PRICES MAY VARY ON IMPORTED RECORDS. We Stock all Major Labels
 HOW TO ORDER BY MAIL: For prompt shipment send money order, certified check, cashier's check, Master Charge or Visa (include card number, expiration date and signature). Shipping, handling charge extra. Total or \$3.95 minimum. (\$5 additional for orders outside of Continental U.S.) N.Y.S. residents add tax. No C.O.D. All merchandise 100% guaranteed brand new and factory fresh. 3 weeks delay on personal checks.
 ORDER TOLL FREE (800) 221-8180 Customer Service Dept. (212) 233-0857
 For more information call 732-8600

J&R MUSIC WORLD
 23 PARK ROW, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10038 DEPT. NL
 SEND FOR OUR 200 PAGE FREE CATALOG

MRS. REAGAN'S DIARY
 continued from page 17

six? Everyone I've seen on the news is at least an eighteen.

What on earth has the colored people in such a tizzy? They act like Ronnie is some kind of woodburning KKK grand marshal! I've even heard it said that he is downright anti-pro-civil rights, and that's a boldface fib! Ronnie has said time and again that if a person is civil, then by golly they deserve some rights! Now, if the colored are really and truly cheating on welfare or eating more food stamps than they should or are trading them for radios or drugs or pornography, then they should be in a tizzy, but in my heart of hearts I believe that a) the vast majority of colored men and women are pretty darn good people and b) they don't want to be the way they are any more than anyone wants them to be. "Nuff" said on that.

Down with the trees, up with the rigs! Ronnie said that a couple of nights ago. It's great to see that he hasn't lost his sense of humor. He's still a card. Being an environment type myself and a great lover of our boundless natural wonders, I told him, "Take down the trees, but don't hurt the animals. They are people too!" Ronnie said neither he nor the oil people had any intention of hurting animals or wildlife. And I believe him. We have an "I Brake for Animals" bumper sticker on our highway back at the ranch.

I make this pledge right here and now. I will not be a police nag. I was not elected to first ladyship, I was elected to first ladyship. My business is not to tell anyone how to run their world. So, I will not attend any cabinet meetings unless they have trouble with the seating arrangements or someone needs a pair of slippers or a comforter.

Everyone knows that when I get mad, I like to sit in the tub and fume and fuss. Well, on that long, grueling campaign trail I found it a little inconvenient to sit in a tub every time I got a bee in my bonnet. So I found that a long sitting in the powder room, drumming my fingers on my knees, does the trick. But don't you say a word!

Ronnie promised he would retire if he got senile. It was terrible that Mr. Carter made him say that, but I'll tell Jim and I'll tell everyone that Ronnie is too smart to get senile. And even if he did, he wouldn't let it show.

Well, Pat Nixon called yesterday. She said she was calling to find out what happened to Ruth on "All My Children" (which I do not watch anymore). But then she starts in on Dick. "Oh, he's so bored, he doesn't know what to do with himself. He just mopes around the co-op. He's tired of writing books and he doesn't have anyone to play the electronic-battle-ship game David and Julie gave him for Xmas with." And blabbdy blab-bidy blah! I said to her, "Pat, I'm the First Lady now, I have a jillion and two things to do; get to the point, dearie!" So she says, "Well, could Ronnie possibly find something for Dick to do in government?" I felt so sorry for her, what with the stroke and that bubble hairdo, that I said I'd put a bug in Ronnie's ear. At dinner tonight I asked him if he could give Dick a job of some sort. I told him that Dick wasn't interested in a big salary or a slew of benefits, just something to occupy his time. Ronnie said, "Gosh, Mommy, I'd like to help a friend in need, and Dick is a friend in need, but ...but...well, he still wears that dirty Watergate laundry around his neck." I asked if there was some way he could send Al Haig or someone from the Defense Department up to Washington to play electronic battleships with Dick. Ronnie said, and it hurt him to say it, "I think the best thing for Dick right now, Mommy, is if he stayed at home and played with himself." Even though that sounds like pretty harsh medicine, I think it's good for Dick. I think it's good for all of us once in a while. As I was taught as a very young girl, if you can't play with yourself, how can you expect to play with others? And on that note I sign another entry in the diary of a White House wife.

NATIONAL LAMPOON GOES TO THE MOVIES

National Lampoon's first film since Animal House.

COMING THIS SUMMER FROM UNITED ARTISTS.

NEWS ON THE MARCH

PLANET

The Vision of the Reformistas

A Surprising New Force in Strife-Torn El Salvador

Forty-five miles west of San Vicente a rocky footpath splinters from the main road and swerves north into lightless jungle. The path is unmarked save for a squat, brutish man barely visible within the brush. His name is Sixto, and he'll take you to the Reformistas if you have business with them, and he'll eviscerate you on the spot with a machete if you don't. The camp, known as Rancho San Bernardo Estates, is a principal base of operations for the founder and leader of the group, Gilberto Ortiz León. "We want land reform," León barks through puffy, oil-soaked lips and a ragged mustache latticed with glistening filaments of raw white meat. His teeth are bunched at the front of his mouth, jutting at sharp angles to one another as if they were arranged more for the purpose of deadening sound than cutting through the flesh of partially conscious birds. "Come with me," he growls slowly, with a crude sweep of his stubby, cracked, and contused hand. "I will show you something."

León and a humus-caked, insect-poisoned coterie of lieutenants scuff across a can-strewn clearing to a low hut of sticks and scraps of

tin and cloth. They are drenched with sweat; rank, steamy islands of wet khaki peer between the myriad crisscrossings of grenade belts, rifle straps, and *bandoleras*. "We are the *Reformistas!*" León bellows menacingly. "And we will fight until the land is reformed." He shatters the neck of a mescal bottle against the wall and drains the better

part of its fluid into his vast dark mouth. The men laugh lustily; León draws back a tarpaulin curtain, revealing a spectacular collection of plat diagrams, elevations, site plans, blueprints, and three-dimensional models—his complete vision for the land reform of El Salvador. "The shopping areas will be here," he announces, jabbing his finger into a large

map of the country. He traces a kidney-shaped line near the western coast. "This will be 'Casa del Nuevo,' a discrete residential development—two-, three-, and four-bedroom models; pool and multi-use recreation areas; private, man-made lake; horse privileges; and so forth."

"Show him the 'Del Mar!'" one of the men cries out excitedly. The others hoot and jabber their concurrence, then quickly fall silent as a young, tar-haired woman is dragged into the room, thrashing and inveighing fiercely against her



Reformista León and his "Del Mar."

captors. "She's a spy!" one of them yells. Léon, instantaneously flushed with rage, sprays a mouthful of viscous liquor on her face and bludgeons her across the cheekbone with the barrel of his .45, then orders her to be fastened to a pole and shot. "Yes, the 'Del Mar,'" he says, having suddenly reverted to a mood of immense pride and satisfaction. "This will be the most popular model in all of the nation." An uncommonly swarthy and frightening guerrilla appears with the floor plan and elevations on a poster-sized foam backing. "As you can see, there is a large, ninety-foot frontage, with a center-axis breeze-way through the atrium to the rear deck area and a completely fenced lawn. The second story is cantilevered to shade the patio, which has a servethrough into the kitchen as well as full open access to the master bedroom. It's definitely an indoor-outdoor type of house."

The temper of the men is

once again quick-flashed to terror and violence as mortar shells slam into the camp. White tendrils of smoke and flame bolt across the clearing; burning huts and vehicles quickly disgorge hundreds of shouting, half-clothed Reformistas as the explosive concussions grow louder and stronger. "The Federal pigs!" Léon screams, moving frantically to pack up the plans and models and submerge himself into the jungle, as he has done many times before. "You will never stop the 'Del Mar!'" he roars defiantly at the unseen attackers, backpedaling into the bush, firing wildly with his .45. Those are his last words before a whining swarm of shrapnel jackhammers him to the ground. All appears lost, until an exhausted, battered comrade risks his life to rescue the specs and drawings from Léon's bloody hand. "The war will end," he proclaims with weary, hate-filled eyes. "But never the land reforms of Gilberto Ortiz León."

DOMESTICANA

Killing 'Em on the Coast

L.A.'s New Breed of Murderer, Neither Mexican Nor Maniac

We've seen them all before—the paunchy, stoney-eyed detectives; the callow, workaday medical men; the photographers; the cops; the orderlies; the horrified relatives; and the murdered corpse. It's a crowd that collects and disperses continually in Los Angeles, more than ever before, and for increasingly bizarre and senseless reasons. "Homicide used to be a fairly orthodox crime," LAPD lieutenant Warren Hardaway says thoughtfully, "in the sense that it was most often committed by individuals without money or breeding—coarse, irresponsible types, aboriginal savages totally beyond the influence of civilization." Hardaway surveys an impeccably furnished living room. There are no cracked sinks here, no scabrous ill-fed children, no bare mold-stained floors. There is, crumpled in a rigid heap beside the couch, thirty-one-year-old Ted Parks, a \$42,000-a-year patent attorney, dead. A camera strobe flashes; the room demurs to the clicks, scrapes, and murmurs of methodical men ferreting clues to confirm what Hardaway already suspects.

The story really begins several months earlier, with a turn in the lives of Steve and Melanie Cole. White and affluent, like Parks, they and tens of thousands of their class began to look for something new—daring, chic entertainments to replace the sex that had grown ordinary and the heroin and cocaine that had almost done the same. Melanie Cole tells what they

found: "I first heard about murder from a friend, a marketing specialist I work with. He would say, 'Come on, Melanie, try it! I'd been arguing with my husband and feeling kind of down, so one day I said okay and met some of the people from the office in an alleyway near Westwood. We all chipped in thirty dollars to buy an unregistered gun, and then we went over to my friend's house and shot his maid. At first I felt sick, but after a couple of weeks I joined them again, and it felt pretty good. It was exciting, an escape, you know. So I told my husband about it, and, well, he was pretty skeptical at first. But eventually he saw how much I enjoyed it, so we scored some guns on our own and did it together. We bought a supply of really high-grade guns for three or four hundred dollars, and then one weekend we invited several of Steve's old medical-school friends over and murdered them in the garage. Pretty soon we were up to five or six killings a week. We started doing them on our lunch hours, anywhere we could—in old warehouses, abandoned buildings, taxi cabs, even right on the sidewalk. It got so we needed hundreds of dollars a day for our guns, and when we ran out of money and couldn't borrow any more, we started stealing guns from our friends who were into murder too. That's why we killed Ted Parks. He was having this big murder party, see. All kinds of big executives and prominent politicians were

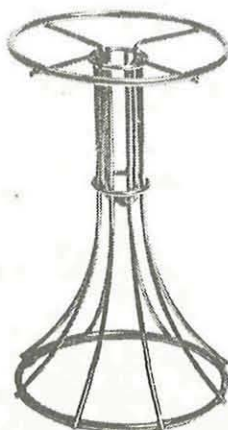
continued

OTHER PLANETS

Chicken Again!

Vertical Fowl Roasters on Feta-Six

A prototype of the Vertical Fowl Roaster has been constructed on Feta-Six in the Crab Nebula, Zone Three. Inhabitants report a revival of interest in leisure pastimes resulting from the "smell emanations" emitted by the roasting chicken, the first chicken to be roasted on Feta-Six since the Pi-Meson Wars of Triton destroyed three-quarters of the Fetan people. Vertical Fowl Roasters have been used on Earth since 1953, when the French chef Pierre Outré made one from a coat hanger while cooking in the Bois de Boulogne.



Artist's conception of the Vertical Fowl Roaster stimulating leisure activity on Feta-Six.

Now You Can Subscribe to National Lampoon and Save Forty-Seven Dollars and Five Cents



The cost of a three-year subscription to *National Lampoon* is now \$24.95. If you bought each of those copies from your magazine dealer over the next three years, you'd pay \$72.00, a difference of \$47.05. Subscribe today and save all that money.

or,

save \$30.05 by subscribing to *National Lampoon* for two years at \$17.95.

or,

save \$12.05 by subscribing for one year at \$11.95.

PROTECT YOUR WALLET AND YOUR LAUGH QUOTIENT; SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Here's my check or money order, payable to
National Lampoon, Dept. NL481, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

3- year subscription—\$24.95 (basic subscription price; a saving of \$47.05 over single-copy purchases).

2- year subscription—\$17.95 (basic subscription price; a saving of \$30.05 over single-copy purchases).

1- year subscription—\$11.95 (basic subscription price; a saving of \$12.05 over single-copy purchases).

For each year add \$3.00 for Canada and Mexico, \$5.00 for other foreign countries. All checks must be payable within continental U.S. and Canada.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

there, and they'd gotten some mob connection to supply dozens of pizza-delivery kids and caterers and parking valets to kill. It was a real scene. Parks had huge salad bowls full of guns in every room—like they were candy. So, after the party broke up, well, that's when

by a young patrolman—a stiff, mechanical L.A. cop, almost as stiff as the cadaver on the floor. "You're wanted on the radio," he says. The inspector threads his way between his fellows, and their long metal boxes of the chemicals and instruments of their trade



Surf, sand, and homicide. All part of the fun in L.A.

Steve and I decided to make our move. We had to have the guns, you know; we were hurting real bad. But Parks was hooked real bad too. When he saw us, he went crazy; he went for one of the guns, and so, well, we murdered him."

Hardaway is interrupted

and, eventually reaching his car, is informed that a carload of Mexicans has shot a man two blocks away and burglarized his house. Hardaway is noticeably, if not somewhat macabrely, gratified. For a quarklike moment, something makes sense.

BELIEF

Crossroads of Easter

Of Eggs Ecumenical in a Basket Full of Danger

Once again it is the feast of Easter, a season, throughout Christendom, of renewal, hope, and colored eggs.

We lift our eyes, and glimpse wings gilded by the rising sun, a French-built Israeli Mirage fighter-

bomber swinging low over Jordan. It calls to mind the guardian Seraphim of Holy Writ, and the need for strategically defensible borders.

The cruciform shadow of the jet swoops and flickers on the roofs, domes, and steeples below, where lies

Jerusalem, blue and gold, snuggled among the hills for all the world like a hidden egg. Jerusalem, the Mother City, who in her time has given birth to no fewer than three of the world's great religions: Avarice, Nationalism, and Paranoid-Schizophrenia.

In this sacred city, on this Sunday morn, pilgrims from many lands awaken to a triumphant, brass-throated hallelujah chorus of bells, and the rattle of police small-arms fire, and they make their way, like Magdalen, to the Tomb, and, like her, find it empty.

The crude rock grotto that once served as a pauper's grave for the disgraced and executed Carpenter's Son is their destination—surrounded and adorned as it is now by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, that vast and ornate structure to rival a pyramid in size and a palace in splendor.

By tradition and agreement, the many and various sects and creeds of the area take turns here, each Easter, conducting services, collecting admission fees, hawking relics, and, if need be, holding the sacred site for ransom.

On this year's anniversary of the Resurrection, the location of Christianity's Central Miracle is in the custody of the Cryptic Shambalites, a militantly orthodox order of Christian Muslims, the cornerstone of whose faith it is that Christ was the parent of Muhammad.

The Paschal Mass is offered by Bishop Clyde, bearded patriarch of the Shambalites, a negroid Karl Marx look-alike. Clyde dispenses Holy Communion with style. He tosses the wafers, with uncanny accuracy, from the altar some twenty yards onto the waiting tongues of the congrega-

tion. This, according to Clyde, is in commemoration of the Manna from Heaven passage in the book of Exodus, the prelate's personal favorite.

The communicants eat it up.

For most of them, this is their first meal in the Holy Land since Thursday evening, when they "pigged out" at the traditional Pass-over Seder and Last Supper Memorial Ecumenical Smorgasbord and Unlimited Salad Bar at the Jerusalem Hilton.

"Good" Friday was devoted to the penitential procession along the *Via Dolorosa* (life of Dolores). This parade, with floats and marching bands, meanders along the curiously serpentine route—veering, as it does, to pass every gift shop in town—by which, in Biblical times, convicted thieves and messiahs were obliged to bear their crosses from the courtroom to the place of execution.

There the pilgrims sat or knelt all afternoon on the slopes of Mount Calvary and attended a moving sermon by a visiting American evangelical preacher on the moral necessity for capital punishment; but the promised picnic lunch of loaves and fishes failed to arrive, due to a wildcat strike by the country's left-wing fishermen's and bakers' unions, so all returned to their lodgings Friday night edified but peckish.

Saturday's highlight was a nonscheduled rocket barrage staged by the PLO, which, while both exciting and educational, confined most visitors to their hotel rooms, where, it being the Jewish Sabbath, room service was not available.

No mystery, then—in this place of mystery—that the hungry members of this Easter Sunday congregation

continued

Product Bargain Bonanza!



● **National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Deluxe Edition** A collection of the best material from the first ten years of *National Lampoon*. Material taken from when it was real funny, not so funny, and a whole bunch from when it was funny again. (BO-1032) \$19.95

● **The Best of National Lampoon No. 3** Anthology of *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

● **The Best of National Lampoon No. 5** 1973-1974 Anthology (BO-1008) \$2.50

● **The Best of National Lampoon No. 7** 1975-1976 Anthology (BO-1014) \$2.50

● **The Best of National Lampoon No. 8** 1976-1977 Anthology (BO-1025) \$3.95



● **National Lampoon 1964 High School Yearbook Parody Yearbook** of C. Estes Kefauver High School in Dacron, Ohio. The funniest thing ever printed on these particular pieces of paper. Deluxe Edition (BO-1007A) \$4.95

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

● **National Lampoon 12 issues in binder** 1975 (BN-1003) \$16.00, 1976 (BN-1004) \$16.00, 1977 (BN-1005) \$16.00, 1978 (BN-1006) \$16.00, 1979 (BN-1007) \$16.00, 1980 (BN-1008) \$16.00



● **National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume II** This is half of our best tenth anniversary anthology ever. Not only that, it's the *first* half. (BO-1033) \$4.95

● **National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume II** The sequel is even better. (BO-1035) \$4.95

● **National Lampoon Foto Funnies** Including Foto Funnies, Foto Fumettis, Photorama Picture News, and pictures of girls with their shirts off! (BO-1034) \$2.95

● **National Lampoon's Book of Books** Jeff Greenfield's ultimate coffee-table book (BO-1031) \$8.95

● **Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print** A complete collection of diverse vulgarities. (BO-1030) \$5.95

THAT'S SICK!



THAT'S HOT FUNNY!

● **National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!"** T-shirt This is the shirt preferred by fans of the live theater and the criminally insane. (TS-1026) \$4.95

● **National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody** This is the sequel to the *High School Yearbook*. It is a complete Sunday edition of the *Dacron Republican-Democrat*, much in full-color. Critics say it is even funnier than the Sunday *New York Times*. (BO-1021) \$4.95

● **National Lampoon Encyclopedia of Humor** Amusement in alphabetical order. (BO-1005) \$2.50

● **National Lampoon Presents French Comics** (BO-1020) \$2.50



● **National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket** Satiny fabric with a real cotton lining. (TS-1030) \$29.95

● **National Lampoon Duffel Bag** Beautiful heavy canvas Black Sox duffel bag goes well with your *National Lampoon* hat. Also excellent for smuggling drugs. (TS-1033) \$13.95

● **National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt** This gorilla looks more like a gorilla than a pair of socks does. (TS-1019) \$3.95

● "Voulez-vous Fuque?" T-shirt (TS-1024) \$4.95



● **National Lampoon Sweatshirt** Wear it for good luck. Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering. (TS-1034) \$12.95



● **National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey** Another style of *Animal House* baseball jersey, especially designed for "away" games. A must for those who play such games. (TS-1028) \$6.00

● **National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey** Hey, you! You Greek? Socrates a Greek! Maybe you want to go to Greek! Get one of these! Bend over! (TS-1031) \$6.00

● **National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt** Absorbs beer, regurgitation, and blood. Not bulletproof yet, but discourages people from shooting you. (TS-1029) \$4.95

● **National Lampoon's Animal House Full-color illustrated novel** from the hit movie, with instant replay. By Chris Miller (BO-1023) \$2.95

● **National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** On heavier paper that will last longer or something. (BO-1024) \$4.95



● **National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Team Jersey** Team jersey of the famed magazine league. Much like the one worn by pitcher T. Mann when he bearded *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione in five successive times at bat. (TS-1027) \$6.00

● **National Lampoon Baseball Hat** To own one of these is to own a hat. (TS-1032) \$5.95

● **The Greatest Hits of the National Lampoon** Another great quality phonographic product. (A-1002) \$7.95

● "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" *National Lampoon* comedy LP. (A-1001) \$6.95

● **National Lampoon White Album** New Comedy LP, including "What Were You Expecting—Rock 'n' Roll?" (A-1003) \$7.95

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

National Lampoon, Dept. NL481, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022

Please enclose \$1.00 for postage and handling for each order under \$5.00, and \$1.50 for orders over \$5.00. New York State residents, please add 8 percent sales tax.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ I have enclosed a total of \$ _____

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> (A-1001) \$ 6.95 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1007A) \$ 4.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (A-1002) \$ 7.95 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1008) \$ 2.50 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (A-1003) \$ 7.95 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1014) \$ 2.50 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1001) \$ 4.50 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1020) \$ 2.50 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 for \$ 8.00, | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1021) \$ 4.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 for \$10.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1023) \$ 2.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1003) \$16.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1024) \$ 4.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1004) \$16.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1025) \$ 3.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1005) \$16.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1030) \$ 5.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1006) \$16.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1031) \$ 8.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1007) \$16.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1032) \$19.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1008) \$16.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1033) \$ 4.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1003) \$ 2.50 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1034) \$ 2.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1005) \$ 2.50 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1035) \$ 4.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1006) \$ 2.50 each | |

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1019) \$ 3.95 each | Circle one: |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1024) \$ 4.95 each | S Middle line: |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1026) \$ 4.95 each | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1027) \$ 6.00 each | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1028) \$ 6.00 each | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1029) \$ 4.95 each | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1030) \$29.95 each | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1031) \$ 6.00 each | S M L |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1034) \$12.95 each | S M L XL |

Color: _____

- | |
|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1032) \$ 5.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1033) \$13.95 each |

receive with great zeal these flying matzoh saucers, snapping them out of the incense-laden atmosphere like zoo seals snagging kippers.

"Take, eat," intones Bishop Clyde, in his rhythmic, Ethiopian Yiddish dialect, "for this is the body of the Blessed Christ, the Mother of the Prophet."

"Amen" respond the rav-

enous believers—and then, from their midst, a child walks, a wide-eyed, tow-headed boy-child. A holy hush descends as he approaches the Celebrant and echoes the words spoken so long ago by another young man, whose life has been written, told, and retold in story and song down through the ages. "Please, sir, can I have some more?"

past month, with extremely rude Korean greengrocers reporting record profits as consumer demand for stupid, exotically named weevil-ridden leafs and shrubs has soared. Hairy white roots shaped like penises have been market leaders, as have smelly gourds with waxy purple skins. Nasty, curt Hungarian greengrocers anticipate record profits this month and project continued high demand. "I sold my compost heap," said one with a sneer.

Many analysts are predicting an end to rocketing consumer prices, which they say will be forced down gradually at gunpoint. This Keynesian analysis is disputed by monetarist economists who hold that consumer prices will not come down unless large weights are placed on

top of them. Neither group can reach a consensus on the cause of the recent sharp upturn—the Keynesian blaming it on "smart alecks and fart breaths," the monetarist stating, more reticently, that "it may have to do with religious Negroes." Time will tell.

Wide swings in the commodities market over the past month can be attributed to cyclical fluctuations in the value of "objects," "items," "doo-hickeys," and "things," all of which are jointly traded under the heading of commodities. This fluctuation is blamed on variations in the demand by consumers for "articles." Until consumers learn to buy steadily at ever increasing prices, these fluctuations are likely to continue, say knowledgeable traders.

BUSINESS AND DOLLARS

Losses and Gains Prevail

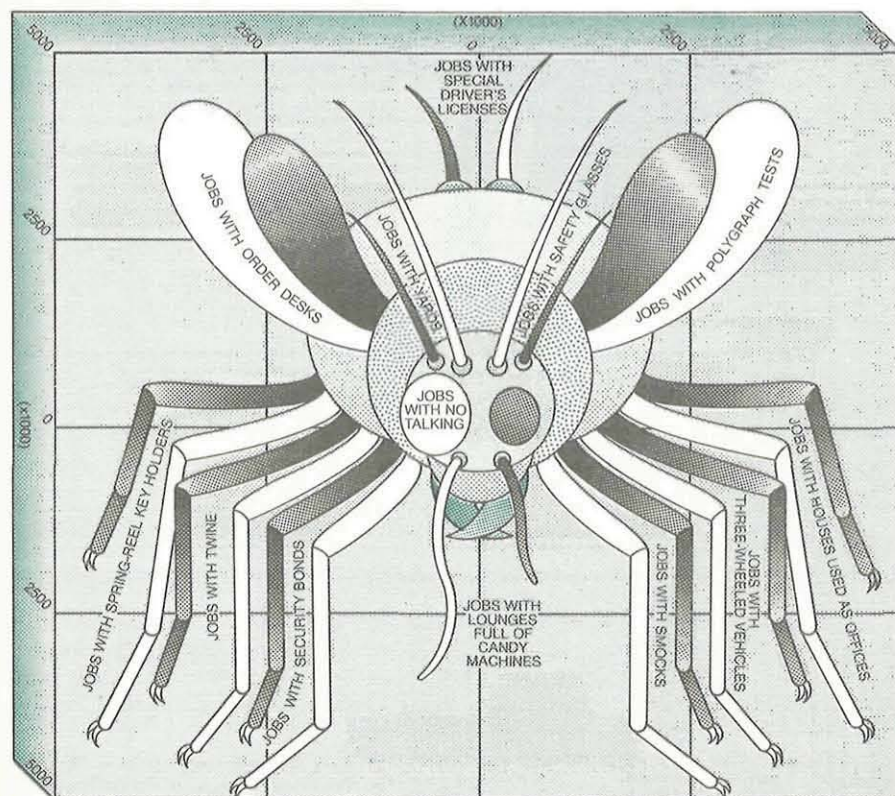
Investment Yields Are to Be Had, If Fortunate

The economy generally has been extremely firm, with market weakness being largely absorbed in losses taken by "the little guy." Other investors who lost big on last month's market were the so-called in-

stitutional investors—that is, investors confined to mental institutions who purchased stock haphazardly, often from laundry or fast-food joints.

Produce markets have been up generally over the

JOBS IN THE U.S.—MUTANT INSECT OF DISPARITY



Source: Time magazine.

DAWDLING, OBESE EMPLOYEES WITH SHRILL LAUGHS

HIGHLY ATTRACTIVE EMPLOYEES WITH PROFESSIONAL DEGREES

In Las Vegas, high-flying gambling stocks fell precipitously for the second month in a row when, once again, earnings fell short of projections. Investor confidence was only partially restored by a general upturn in profits from prostitution, "skimming off the top," and blackmail operations and by encouraging reports from liquor-service divisions, who indicate that the policy of adulterating drinks has at last begun to pay off. Cloakroom thefts continue to provide steady dependable revenue, as do drug sales. Nevertheless, lackluster performance in the growth area has cut heavily into these stocks' value, and although arson is the traditional solution to these sorts of problems, it is now a double-edged sword, with personal-damages awards being so large that it may be wiser to ride out the storm and avoid such drastic action. Waiting at least until the final settlement of suits against the MGM

Hotel casino in Las Vegas would seem the most prudent course.

MINORITY PROFITABILITY CHART (1981)

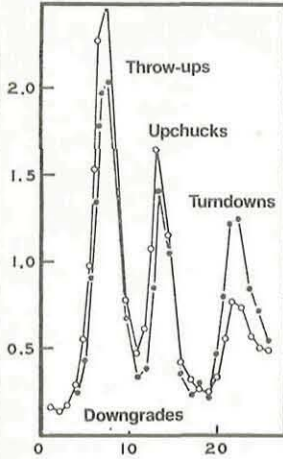


Chart shows pretty much what's goin' down financially for minorities in the economy.

This tip from the prestigious Kiplinger Report. Get that pencil and paper ready:

You may talk of two for one
 When the bears are on the run
 And the bulls stampede the brokers to the phones,
 But when the market drops
 And the margin buying drops
 And Mr. Dow won't talk to Mr. Jones,
 Then it's sell sell sell...
 We won't bottom out 'til hell,
 Nor mutual nor pension funds invest in...
 When the traders go to war,
 Then they call out from the floor,
 "You're a better stock than INCO, GlfWstn!"

News on the March edited by Tod Carroll; contributions from T.C., B.McC., T.M., Ellis Weiner, and Sean Kelly.

BACK ISSUES

- 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
- 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
- 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
- SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With *Life* parody Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitedove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre* Magazine, and Military Trading Cards
- JULY, 1974/DESSERT:** With *Famine Circle* Magazine, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues, Gastronomie Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches* Magazine
- AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With *Agnieszka*, A Very Scatible Advance, Speed Magazine, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #7, and True Menu
- SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unexciting Stones, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and *Bartlett Comics*
- NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With *The Rockefeller Art Collection*, Prison Farm, *Constitutional Comics*, and *Watergate Down*
- JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Neighly Mother* Magazine, Bruce McCall's Zepplin, First High Comics, *Watergate Trivia Test*, and *Night of the loless Capades* Massacre
- MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*, Terminal Futuence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedics, and *Our Wonderful Bodies*
- AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With the *Rockefeller Attica 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 Ploys*, and the *Esquire* parody
- DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY:** With *The Great Price War*, *Entrepreneurs*, and a *Fortune* parody
- APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With *Dogfishing*, *Silver Jock*, *The Glory of Their Handsight* the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and *The Puck Stops Here*
- 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 hammer
- OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES:** With a four page full-color Nuts, the Aesop Brothers on honeymoon Vermin, *Shesman the Tank*, *Odd Bodkins*, and dozens of other comics and cartoons
- NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE:** Is Democracy toxic? 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
- APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV:** With *T-Bird and Monza*, *TV 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 *Life Report* parody, *What Every Young Woman Should Know*, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the *Last True-Life Western Romance*
- SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP:** With the health facts, insurance madness, *Gidget Goes Senile*, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's *Grown-ups Can Do Anything*
- OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES:** With *Mersey Moptop Faverave Fabgarbat* 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 Hashtafarians*, 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 *Cretens*, and the 6 *Blunders of the Ancient World*
- FEBRUARY, 1978/SPRING FASCISM PREVIEW:** With *National Socialist Review*, the *Toronto Supplement*, *Euro-nazis*, *The Real Adolf Hitler*, and *Fascist Food*
- MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT:** With *Short Hairs*, the *History of Crime in the Cinema*, the *Maltese Canary*, *Pointless 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*
- JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST:** With *Even Bluegirls Got 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 *Nail.amp*, *Born Again* on the Fourth of July, and comics by Wilson, Rodrigues, and Subitzky
- AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS:** With *Savvyteen* and *Real Teen* magazines, comics by Wilson and Flenniken, *Then and Now*, a *Field Guide to Young Teen-age Girls*, and a *Nail.amp* report on education in America
- SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE:** With *Regular Guy Quarterly*, *Dress for Successfulness*, *Alro Sheek*, and a complete fall fashion forecast
- OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT:** With movie, TV, and music sections, *Porter and Beth* self-entertainment, Wilson, Rodrigues, and a *Nail.amp* guide to the *Big Ten*
- NOVEMBER, 1978/THE BODY:** With *Memoirs of a Surgeon*, *Pot Mews* and *Coke Alley*, *Captain Cadaver* by Gahan Wilson, *How Our Bodies Develop*, and a *True Body Section*
- DECEMBER, 1978/FOOD AND FESTIVITY:** With *Modern Menus*, *Food of Many Nations*, a *General History of Food Fighting*, a *Gourmet Guide*, and a *True Food Section*
- JANUARY, 1979/DEPRESSION:** With *Psychopages*, *What I Got for Christmas*, *New Year's Eve*, special *Cheer Up* section, and comics by Gahan Wilson, Subitzky, and Flenniken
- FEBRUARY, 1979/HETEROSEXUALITY:** With *Very Married Sex*, a look at bachelors, *Planet of the Living Women*, *Screwing Your Best Friend's Wife*, and a profile of Mr. Right
- MARCH, 1979/CHANCE:** With *Track Rats*, *Vegas*, *Unchained Melodrama*, *How to Drive Fast*, and *John and Gerry's risk section*
- APRIL, 1979/APRIL FOOL:** With *Satucous Items* and *Lewd Articles*, *Florida College Spring Vacation Travel Supplement*, the 1946 *Bulgemobiles*, and a *Life Magazine* parody
- MAY, 1979/INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM AND TERRORISM:** With *EXPLO '79*, *Boris Bond of KGB*, *Girls of the Communist Bloc*, and the ultimate *Commie* guide the *Pink Pages*
- JUNE, 1979/KIDS:** With *Alice in Regularland*, *Young Burns*, *Big Boys*, *Child Pornography*, and comics by Shary Flenniken and Gahan Wilson
- JULY, 1979/SPORTS:** With *Action Golf*, *Game Bunnies*, *Weekend Athletes*, and a special *Encyclopedia of Participatory Sports* by the editors
- AUGUST, 1979/TRAVEL:** With *A Girl's Letters Home from Europe*, *Vacation Travel Then and Now*, *Traveler's Aid*, and *Where to Get the Best Sex in Europe*
- SEPTEMBER, 1979/POTPOURRI:** A miscellany of humor with *Vacation '58*, *Stan Mack's True Herma Operation*, an inside look at *Niagara Falls*, and a guide to the *New Constellations*

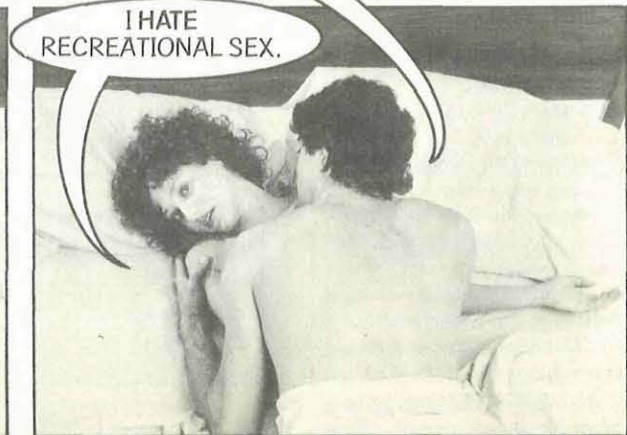
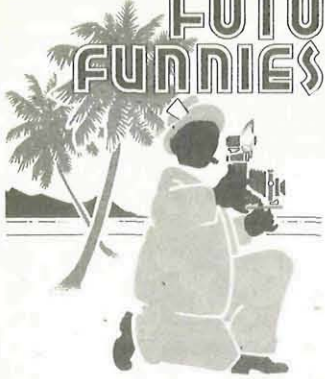
Please indicate number of copies each in appropriate box.

NATIONAL LAMPOON
 Dept. NL-4-81
 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

I enclose a total of \$_____. All issues are \$3.00 each. This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____

FOTO FUNNIES



Special Clarion offer on in-dash AM/FM stereo cassettes

Three good reasons to invest in quality now!

Buy any of the twelve Clarion in-dash AM/FM stereo cassette combinations before May 16 and get Clarion quality backed with a FREE THREE-YEAR WARRANTY and a FREE ALLSOP 3 CASSETTE DECK CLEANER.



1.

Clarion Quality

All Clarion stereo cassette combinations are precision engineered to fit shrinking in-dash spaces and incorporate advanced audio technology to bring high fidelity sound alive in your car.

The Clarion line goes from simple self-contained units to high-powered, ultra-sophisticated models with electronic scanning or computerized, fully programmable capabilities.

Many models feature Clarion's Magi-Tune™ FM with improved Signal Actuated Stereo Control (SASC) that locks into stations even in the worst reception areas.

The options are yours... Dolby® noise reduction, separate bass and treble controls, loudness control, auto reverse, tape equalization, sendust alloy heads... you name it, Clarion's got it.

Clarion systems are priced to fit every pocket, from less than \$100 to over \$1,000.

*For the name of your nearest Clarion dealer call toll free (800) 421-2119; in California (800) 272-1721. 800 numbers will be discontinued after May 16, 1981.

2.

Free Three-year Warranty

Clarion backs up its product reliability by picking up the tab for the Clarion warranty extender on tape/radio combinations (parts and labor) for a total of three years.

You save \$7.50 on the extender, but the real value is Clarion's commitment to your trouble-free listening pleasure.



3.

Free Allsop 3 Cassette Deck Cleaner

We'll pay you to take good care of your Clarion with the Allsop 3 Cassette Deck Cleaner.

Its patented action gently and effectively cleans the head, capstan and pinch roller simultaneously. Allsop 3 also eliminates dust, dirt and oxide buildup on the pinch roller, reducing "tape eating" and slippage.

You save another \$6.95 and gain added insurance for your cassettes while you maintain your Clarion's optimum performance.



Hurry — Offer limited!

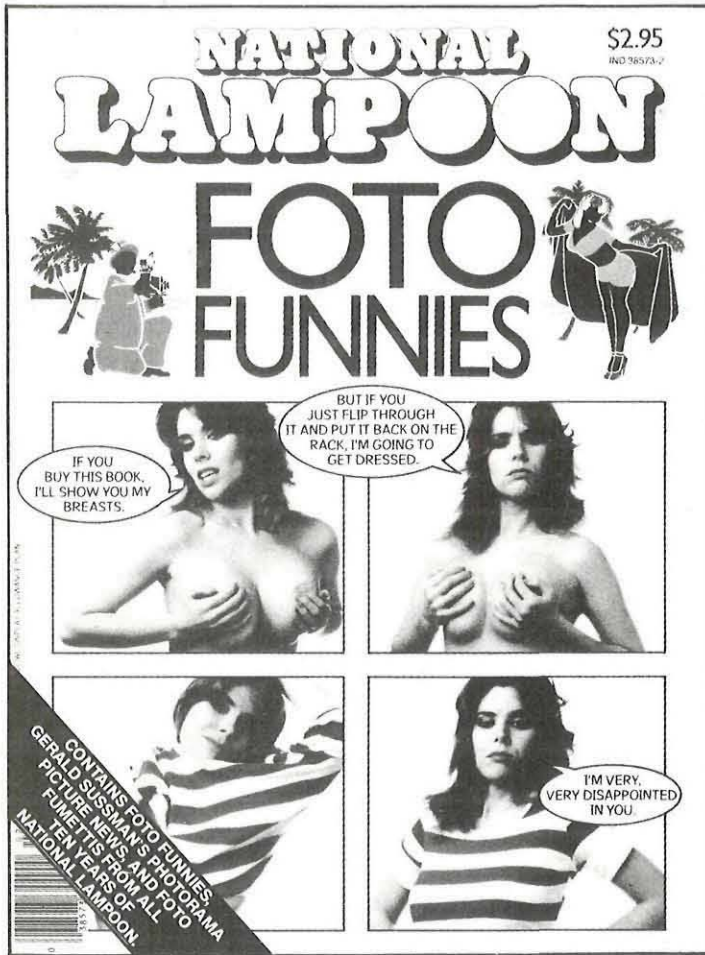
This special offer will be available at participating Clarion dealers* for only 60 days... from March 16 through May 16 (inclusive). Save money and protect your investment by taking us up on our offer now!



Clarion

It's a great deal

**NATIONAL LAMPOON HAS
PUBLISHED A LOT OF VERY
INTELLIGENT MATERIAL—**



**INCISIVE
SATIRES,
THOUGHT-
PROVOKING
PARODIES,
DEEP AND
FEARLESS
PEEKS
INTO THE
HUMAN
PSYCHE.**

**NONE OF
THOSE ARE
REPRINTED
IN THIS
BOOK.**

Please send me _____ copies of *National Lampoon Foto Funnies* at \$2.95 each.

Enclosed is my check or money order, payable within the continental USA or Canada, made out to:

**National Lampoon Dept. NL-481,635 Madison Avenue,
New York, NY 10022**

Please add \$.50 per order for postage and handling in the US, \$1.50 for outside the US.

New York residents, please add 8 percent sales tax.

I enclose \$ _____

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ADVENTURES OF THE PRESIDENT'S SON

\$1.00

FEDERAL DANCE AUTHORITY

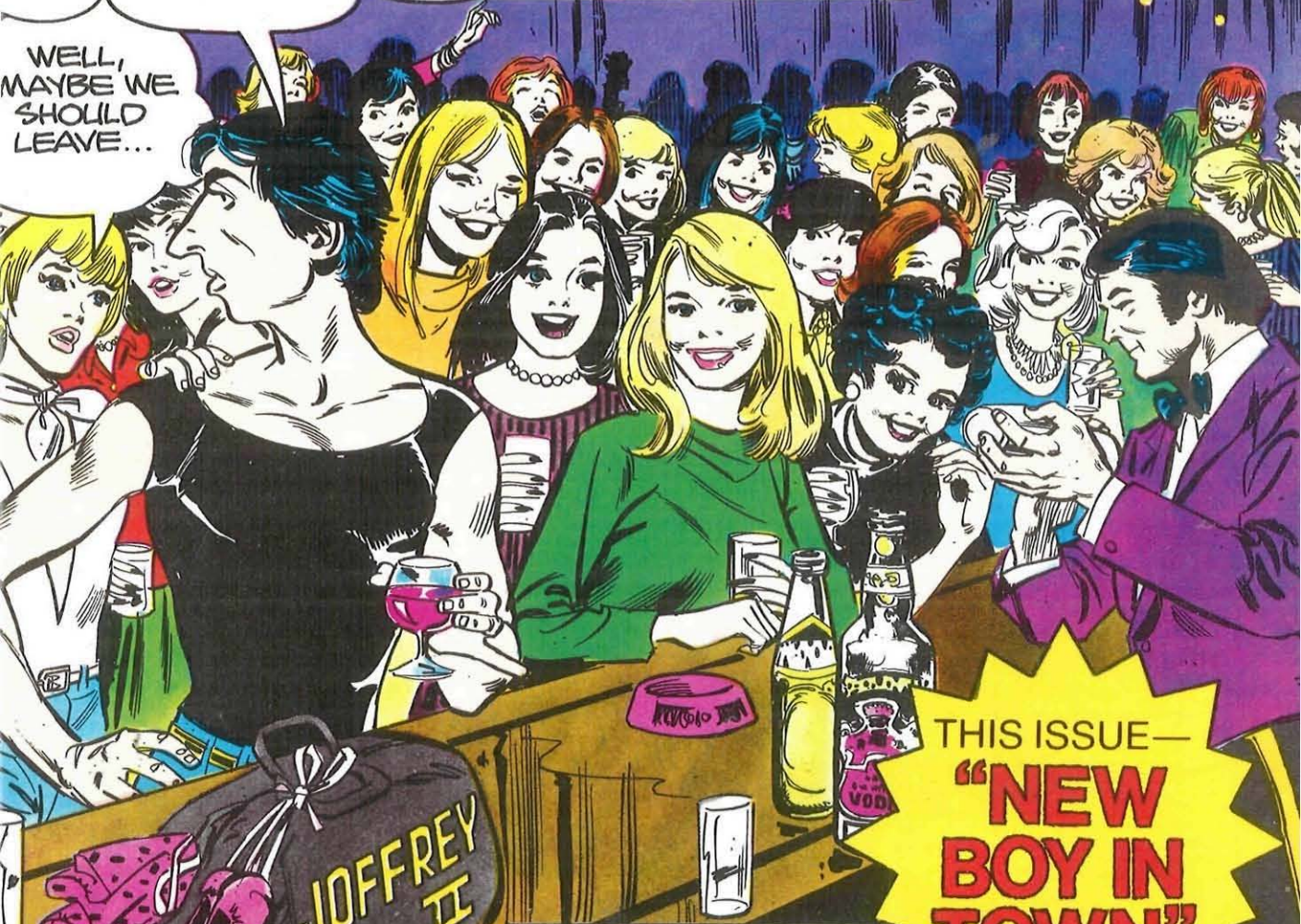


FDA SEAL OF AFFECTION

YOUNG DRON COMICS

WHERE'S ALL THE GASH IN THIS PLACE, BUD? I WAS HOPIN' TO LAY A LITTLE PIPE WHILE THE MRS. IS OUTTA TOWN.

WELL, MAYBE WE SHOULD LEAVE...



THIS ISSUE—
"NEW BOY IN TOWN"

Written by Ted Mann and Tod Carroll
Drawn by Frank Springer

KIDS 10 to 13 Years Old!

HEY

Young Ron Reagan's Big Brother Mike Invites You to...

SELL GASOHOL!



Imagine yourself as an official Junior Merchant Representative of the fuel of the future! Hi, I'm Mike Reagan, and I want to put spending money in your pocket while helping our country run on its own energy without having to import any!

Top that tank off for you. -Mrs. Jones?

Oh, thank goodness for you, Timmy! Fill 'er up!

Sounds like a terrific opportunity, doesn't it? Sure deal— just listen to what these Mike Reagan Gasohol Merchants have to say:

LARRY D.

"Mike Reagan supplies the gasohol, and I supply the smile. It's a cinch!"

JIMMY B.

"It's easy as 1-2-3 for sure. All my parents' friends and the neighbors really like the gasohol concept, and they like the convenience of me bringing it right to their houses. I can hardly keep up with the orders!"

RICKY J.

"As a Junior Gasohol Merchant, I'm really a somebody in the community. Thanks for helping us keep American dollars home where they belong." customers tell me, or, "I'd rather you have money for a new bike than an Arab have money for a new bank."

JOHNNY M.

"I made \$17.25 the first day! I couldn't believe it! Before, the other kids would buy big sixteen-ounce Cokes for themselves and I could only get a small one or nothing at all. Now, I buy sodas for the whole gang and have money left over!"

Write me today for your first shipment of top-grade gasohol (delivered right to your house), free gasohol cans, official order book, and my great, illustrated sales guide called "There's Nothing Corny About the Way It Sells!"

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? SIGN UP NOW!

**Mike Reagan Junior Gasohol Merchants Assoc.
635 Ocean Avenue, Ocean City, Cal. 90909**

Dear Mike:

Hurry and send me

100 200 500 1000

gallons of pure gasohol and all of the gas cans and everything. Enclosed is my \$100 security bond in the form of a certified check or federal bank funds.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

The Company Store

Dept.—1201, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022
America's Favorite Mail-Order Ballet Fun House

Hypno-Tiara

Silverlike tiara looks real enough for any performance yet has secret 3-D trance-inducing jewel that hypnotizes every dancer onstage. Command the prima to hop like a frog, bark like a dog! Comes with 50 quick-hypnosis hints, gags. *Amazing!*



No. 280, Hypno-Tiara\$1.50



Disgusting!
Nauseating!

"Barre Stool"

Turns any exercise barre into a filthy curbside dunghap as dancers put their hand or foot right in it! Special goopy urethane compound looks and feels just like the real thing. Self-adheres to any style exercise barre—watch 'em R-E-T-C-H!

No. 101, Barre-Stool \$1.00, 3 for \$2.50

BLOODY LEG

WARMERS

Eeeeeeeek!

The regisseuse will shriek like a bat when she sees gray, mangled viscera gurgling out of your legs. Unbelievably lifelike! Put on several sets for X-tra horror!



No. 200, Bloody Leg Warmers \$3.00 pair

Secret Spy Spud Slippers



Real ballet slippers with hidden spud gun! Stun other dancers, audience members, anyone, with high-velocity potato pellets fired clandestinely from your toes. Virtually impossible to detect source of shot. Durable and fun!

Sizes S—M—L
No. 202, Spud Slippers \$3.50

Hideous Mashed Agnes DeMille

60-inch phony rubber. Looks like she just got run over. *Yeeeeech!*



No. 333, Mashed Agnes DeMille\$8.95

Exploding Rosin

One step into the rosin box and Boom! Fake white powder goes off like a land mine. Produces thick, acrid clouds of orange smoke, fills entire rehearsal hall or theater! Wow!



No. 444, Exploding Rosin \$1.00



Russian Ballet Cuffs

Sturdy, chrome-plated steel. Specially designed for small "dancer" wrists.

No. 801, Russian Ballet Cuffs (with keys)\$6.95

Order Today!

THE COMPANY STORE

Dept.—1201, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

| ITEM NO. | HOW MANY | PRICE |
|----------|----------|-------|
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |

Wow, I can hardly wait to get in on this offer that's good until March 2001. That's why I'm enclosing a total of \$_____ for all of this great stuff!

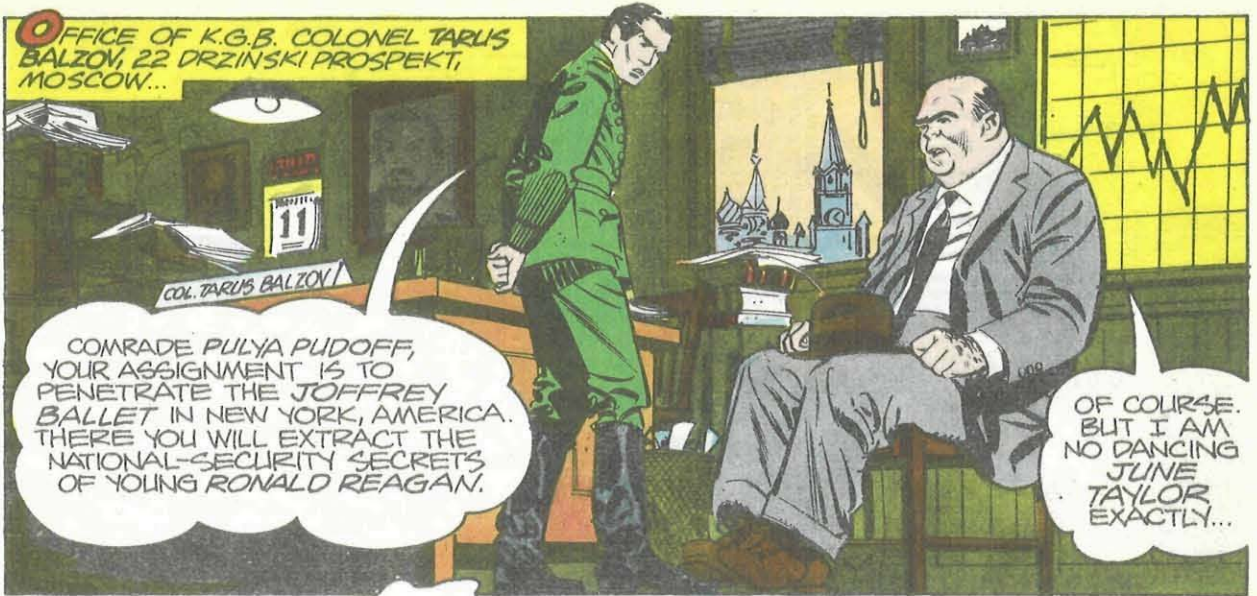
NAME _____ COMPANY _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

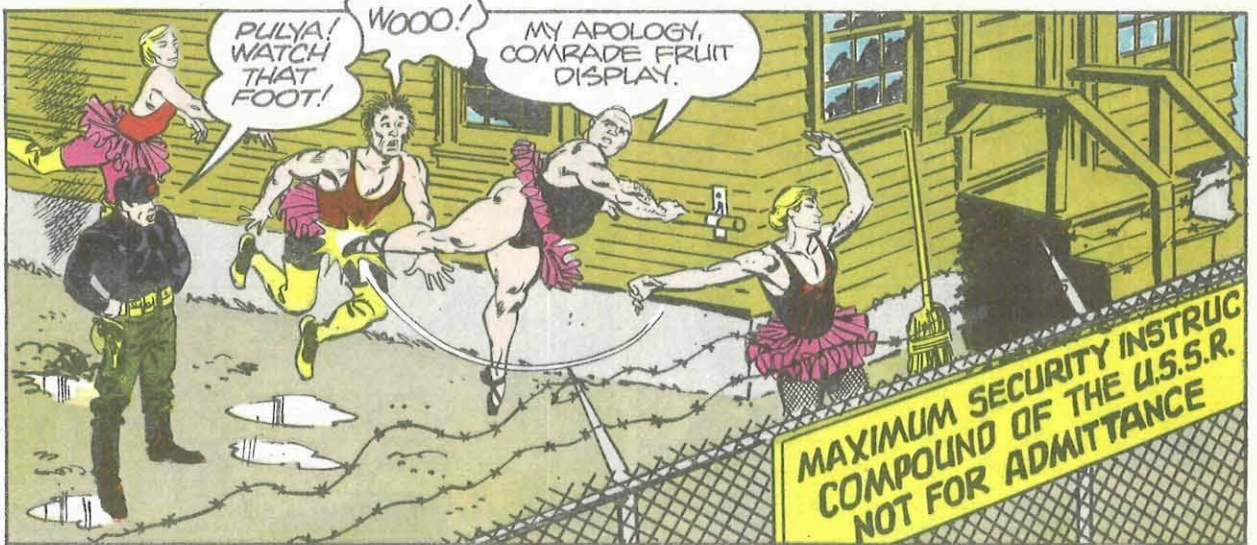
OFFICE OF K.G.B. COLONEL TARLUS BALZOV, 22 DRZINSKI PROSPEKT, MOSCOW...



COL. TARLUS BALZOV

COMRADE PULYA PUDOFF, YOUR ASSIGNMENT IS TO PENETRATE THE JOFFREY BALLET IN NEW YORK, AMERICA. THERE YOU WILL EXTRACT THE NATIONAL-SECURITY SECRETS OF YOUNG RONALD REAGAN.

OF COURSE. BUT I AM NO DANCING JUNE TAYLOR EXACTLY...



PULYA! WATCH THAT FOOT!

WOOO!

MY APOLOGY, COMRADE FRUIT DISPLAY.

MAXIMUM SECURITY INSTRUCTIVE COMPOUND OF THE U.S.S.R. NOT FOR ADMITTANCE

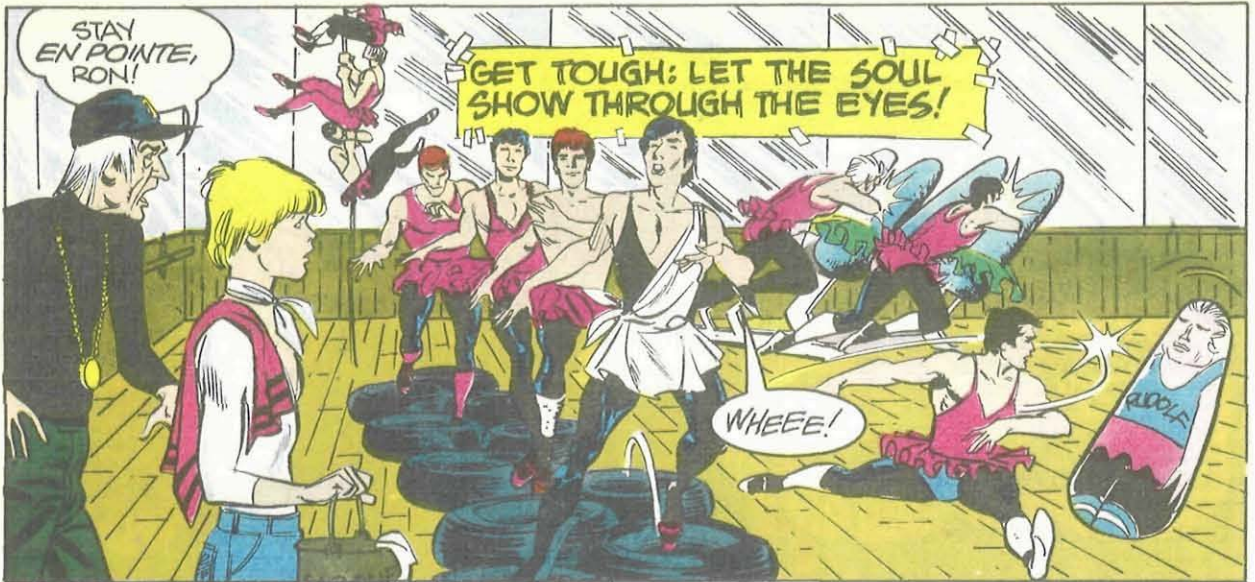
LATER, AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY IN MOSCOW...



TRAVEL RESTRICTIONS? OY, WHAT TRAVEL? I BARELY GO FROM ROOM TO ROOM AND THERE'S A SCHLEP THERE NO END TO THE SUFFERING OF OUR PEOPLE?

IT'S A CAR AND BOAT SHOW FOR ME WHEN I AM AMERICAN. HOW ABOUT YOURSELF?

OH, YES!





RUSSIAN BALLET STAR PULYA PIDOFF, RECENTLY GRANTED ASYLUM BY THE U.S., HAS ARRIVED IN NEW YORK TO BEGIN HIS NEW CAREER.

THIS PLACE IS REALLY DEAD. LET'S GO TO MY PLACE FOR BRUNCH AND A BUTTFUCK.

WHAT?



THE NEXT DAY...

UNCONVENTIONAL... BUT GOOD, GODDAMN GOOD.

NO SHIT!

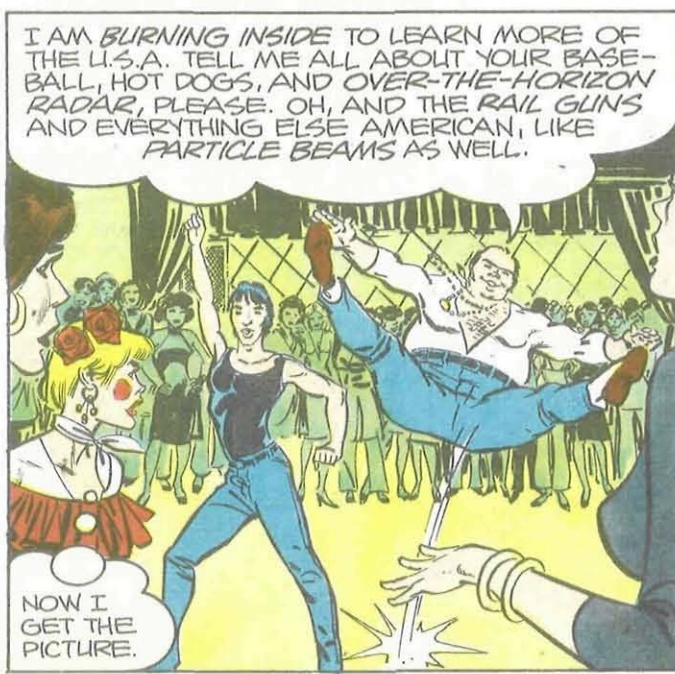
I DON'T LIKE THIS. NOT ONE LITTLE BIT.



CONGRATULATIONS ON THE JOB, PULYA. LET'S YOU AND ME RUSTLE UP A LITTLE CRACK TO CELEBRATE, WHAT SAY?



THIS IS ALL HAPPENING SO FAST...



I AM BURNING INSIDE TO LEARN MORE OF THE U.S.A. TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR BASEBALL, HOT DOGS, AND OVER-THE-HORIZON RADAR, PLEASE. OH, AND THE RAIL GUNS AND EVERYTHING ELSE AMERICAN, LIKE PARTICLE BEAMS AS WELL.

NOW I GET THE PICTURE.

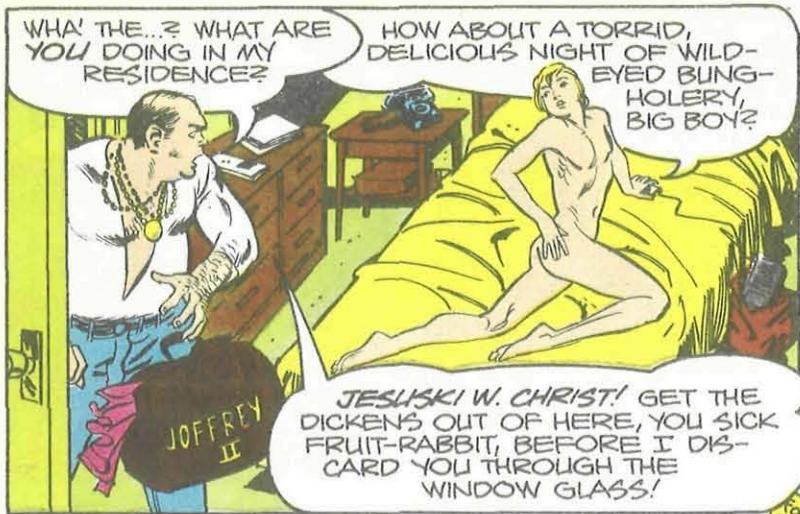
BUD, DESPERATE TO SAVE HIS FRIEND AND HIS COUNTRY, PREPARED TO LAY DOWN HIS BODY TO EXPOSE THE IMPOSTER ONCE AND FOR ALL.



GOOD NIGHT, MY FRUIT BEAR. I AM LOOKING FORWARD SO EXCITEDLY TO SEEING YOU TOMORROW AND LEARNING ABOUT AMERICA FROM THE FILE'S IN YOUR FATHER'S OFFICE.

GOD, IT SEEMS I CAN DENY YOU NOTHING, YOU MASTERFUL DEVIL!

MASTERFUL, INDEED! WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!



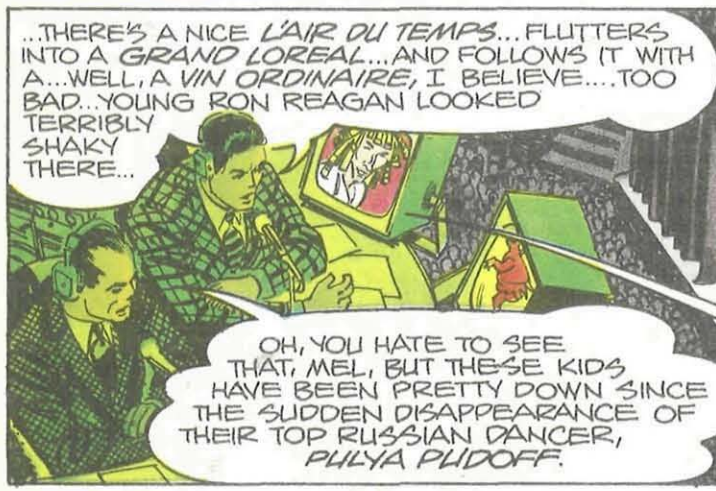
WHAT THE...? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY RESIDENCE?

HOW ABOUT A TORRID, DELICIOUS NIGHT OF WILD-EYED BUNG-HOLERY, BIG BOY?

JESUSKI W. CHRIST! GET THE DICKENS OUT OF HERE, YOU SICK FRUIT-RABBIT, BEFORE I DISCARD YOU THROUGH THE WINDOW GLASS!

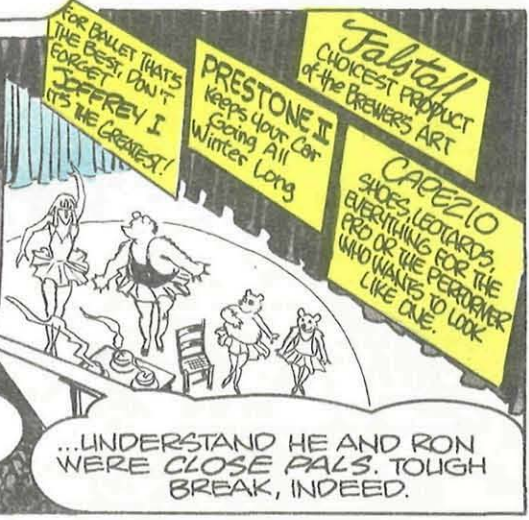


FAKER! FAKER! A REAL DANCER WOULD NEVER SAY NO, YOU FAKER! NOW YOU BETTER PACK YOUR BAGS BEFORE I TAKE THIS TAPE STRAIGHT TO THE FEDS!



...THERE'S A NICE L'AIR DU TEMPS... FLUTTERS INTO A GRAND LOREAL... AND FOLLOWS IT WITH A...WELL, A VIN ORDINAIRE, I BELIEVE... TOO BAD... YOUNG RON REAGAN LOOKED TERRIBLY SHAKY THERE...

OH, YOU HATE TO SEE THAT, MEL, BUT THESE KIDS HAVE BEEN PRETTY DOWN SINCE THE SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF THEIR TOP RUSSIAN DANCER, PULYA PUDOFF.



...UNDERSTAND HE AND RON WERE CLOSE PALS. TOUGH BREAK, INDEED.



OH, RON, DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD. IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH, I THINK WE'RE BETTER OFF SINCE THAT MAN'S GONE.

AAAAAH, SHIT, WHATTA YOU KNOW?

MORE THAN YOU THINK...

WHAT?

OH, NOTHING.



THAT'S RIGHT, YOU DON'T KNOW NOTHING. BUT, WHAT THE FUCK, HUH?



GIRL AGENTS FROM ATLANTIS-XXX TOO MANY GIRLS FOR DR. PETERS-GIRLS UNDER GUARD-XXX

LET'S SAY WE TAKE IN A SHOW AND FORGET THE WHOLE THING, OKAY?

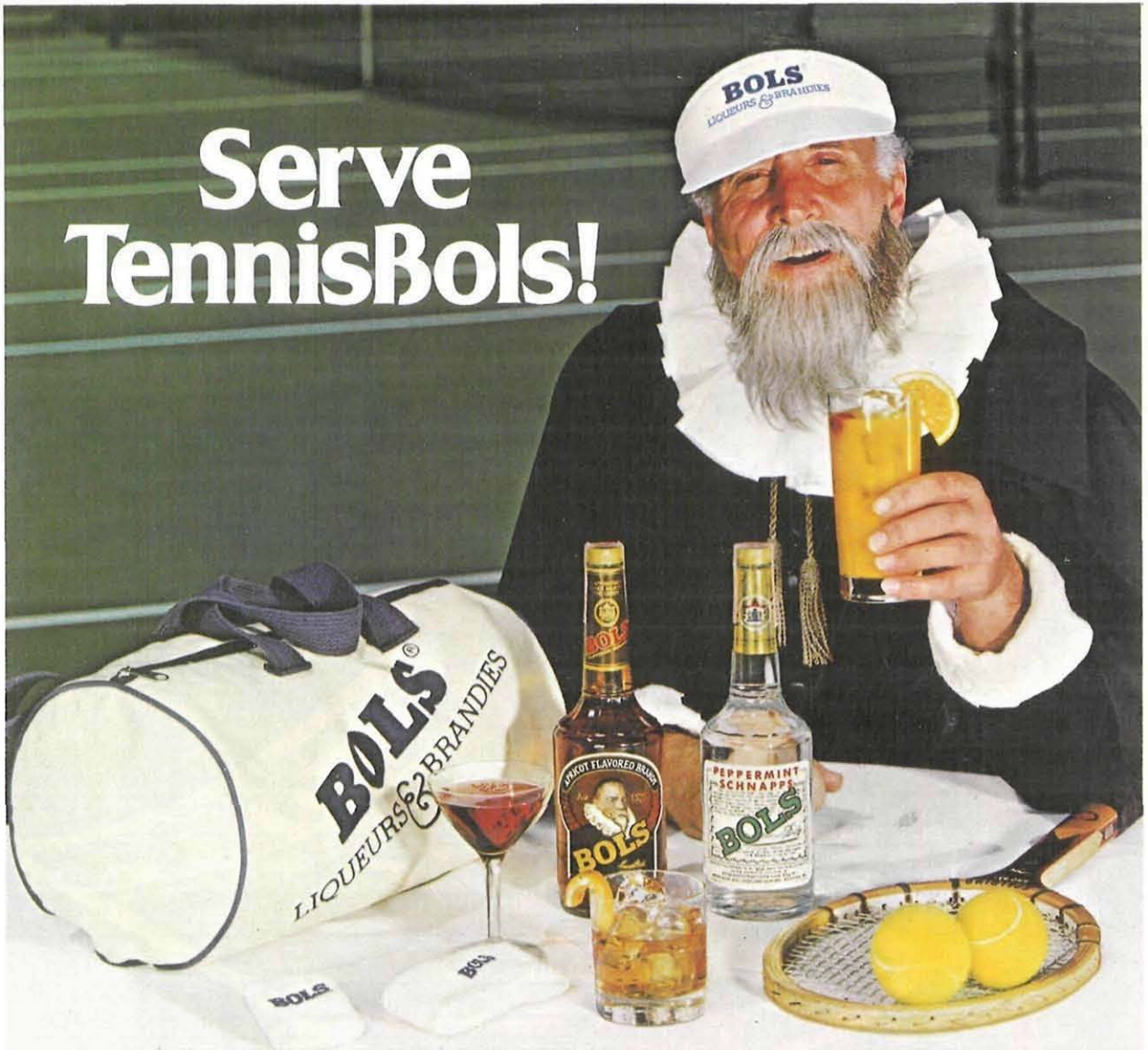
FOREVER?

SURE. YEAH. FOREVER.

NEXT MONTH: THE RETURN OF YOUNG RON'S WIFE.

END

Serve TennisBols!



When you replay the match at courtside, serve Bols...it's the sporting thing to do!

After several hard-played sets of tennis, there's nothing as uniquely refreshing as frosty cold drinks made with Bols liqueurs or flavored brandies.

There are literally dozens of exciting ways to serve Bols. We have taste sensations to brighten any courtside gathering or round robin party.

Next time the neighborhood tennis set gets together, bring out the Bols.

Try Bols liqueurs and brandies, the perfect serve...since 1575.

BOLS

LIQUEURS & BRANDIES
SINCE 1575

Great taste and tennis get together in this fashionable TennisBols offer!

| | | | |
|--|--------|--|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> TennisBols Canvas Tennis Bag | \$8.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> TennisBols Visor | \$2.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TennisBols Headband and Wristband set | \$3.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> TennisBols Drink Recipe Book. FREE! | |

Send to: TOTAL \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Make check or money order payable to TennisBols Offer. New Jersey residents add 5% sales tax. Price includes postage and handling. Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Offer good for limited time only while supply lasts. Offer void in Kentucky and in all other states where prohibited by law. Mail to TennisBols Offer, P.O. Box 6787, Bridgewater, NJ 08807.

Enjoy more than 30 BOLS liqueurs and brandies 30-78 proof. Produced and bottled in the U.S.A. under the personal supervision of the Amsterdam Directors, Erven Lucas Bols Distilling Company, Louisville, KY.

TOD CARROLL'S COSMOS

If we were to pierce the impalpable apertures, twist through tendrulous, vermiform chasms, and scrupulously root out the innermost chancels of the human brain with a small vacuum cleaner, perhaps of the modern twelve-volt portable type that may be powered by the cigarette lighter of a car, we might collect in our vacuum bag a trillion cellular recordings of all the mind has seen; and if we carefully incised the bag with a fine, stainless-steel knife and voided this neural bounty into a trillion plastic containers sealed tight to lock in the freshness, and preserved them in an immense, double-door refrigerator, and if we could then, one by one, extract the individual experiences bound up in each of these minute, organic chestnuts of the mind, it is entirely possible that at least one of them would squirt out a profound yet unnoticed clue to the understanding of our universe. Imagine the prickly sting of exhilaration riddling our chests and throats as the illimitable, dazzling clockwork of the *Cosmos* piously issues from its plastic tub into a vastness of flashing, whirling, purring sensors, computers, and video screens before us. There, chromatized directly from a single forgotten memory, is reproduced the image of a man with an Eveready flashlight battery on his shoulder, secured fast against his shirt by the permeant twine of gravity as the inertial force of a solid, moving fist prepares to intervene. What a marvelous demonstration of the play of energies in our universe—matter against matter, pressure against resistance; star against star.



Let us visualize this same battery fixed atop the tawny, sweat-dappled torso of Democritus of Abdera, who is submersed in brisk colloquy with his Ionian fellows sixteen centuries before the first long-lasting alkaline cell was available in the stores. How raptured and amazed the ancients would have been! "Observe the shadow this battery casts against my shoulder," Democritus might have begun. "Now, when I stand at a point south of here at this same time of day, I notice that the silhouette of my battery is shorter, and this tells us that our planet is a sphere."

"Good heavens!" the merchants and the seamen and the politicians exclaim. "This means we can trade batteries with the East by sailing west!" Of course, such a development would have accelerated the progress of our species by nearly a thousand years, to the conceivable extent that an inter-

stellar journey through refulgent, frothy nebulosities whorling like colossal bottle rockets through space might seem as commonplace today as loading a fresh, dependable battery into a flashlight. An apt comparison, for an expedition to this cosmic hinter-space seems infeasible at speeds less than the speed of light. And therein lies our dilemma. Imagine a flashlight pointed toward our destination, hurtling numberless billions of photonic particles in a beam alongside our craft, exhorting us to "Hurry along! Hurry along!" while our laws of relativity stiffly adjure that we cannot obtain the speed of light without staunching time and compressing ourselves into an infinitely dense and intangible mass. It's as if our flashlight were the starting line for a race of network superstars; the brightest names in television—Loni Anderson, John Ritter, Jamie Farr, Penny Marshall—they're all on hand, radiating like a multitude of eager, charged-up photons set for the million-trillion-mile dash. *Click.* The flashlight is on, and the celebrities are off. They careen past us, churning, jostling, battling, breathing the hard, difficult breaths of stars in competition. But as the superstars streak into the far distance, we notice that they grow smaller in our field of vision and their velocity appears to wane. After a time, our network personalities become mere specks, fading and static, lost in the void. And such is the phenomenon of the speed of light—cold robot of the *Cosmos* indiscriminately shrinking celebrities to nothingness without regard for their careers or their disappointed fans.

continued



VistaColor



We desperately accelerate to rescue the stars, but must fall back, lest we too are destroyed. "Emergency," the amber lamp blazes curtly on our variegated, polygonal console designed exclusively for us' by men from Los Angeles who are masters of control panels with flickering buttons and dials on them, in the sleek fashion of the future, which we are, of course, supposing to be the present as a result of Democritus's experiment with the gleaming, silver-nubbed Eveready battery one thousand years before its actual invention. We instantly determine from a complex gauge that our vessel is being pulled off course. The force is overwhelming; even the ray from the flashlight is bending. *Whuuump*. The ship has literally been seized. We are jouncing and tumbling furiously. Of all the luck—a black hole. Every atom in its grasp will be sucked into an eternally dark, collapsing funnel of blankness and ultimately wrenched through a narrow passage we call a "wormhole" to the other side of time and space. But what if the channel is too small for us? Will our vessel become lodged forever at the base of this awesome vortex and eventually clog the black hole with great mountains of asteroids and cometary strays that pile up behind us like vegetables in a sink? Happily not, for the same reason that plump, hothouse tomatoes have been shown by a nationally known manufacturer of catsup to enter the slim mouth of a catsup bottle and survive intact. Although this phenomenon was last broadcast on network television several years ago (the brand is now advertised in a different manner), the illustration continues to serve us well.

Indescribable fear and wonderment still us against clear ports set like gems across the brow of our ship as unknowns from new dimensions rear from their lightless pool. What *Cosmos* is this? A reverse, perhaps, of our own? Possibly we apprehend a white sphere, dense and imposing, dwarfing the Mercury Lynx parked to the left of it, rather than the right, where we have seen it before. Oh, what ecstasy this car and its advanced technologies would have brought the great scientist Democritus and his friends! Imagine them breathlessly drawing compact Grecian hands across its upholstery, starting up the engine, driving with giddy stupefaction across the plains of Samos, through the markets, the temples, and

the theaters, waving to everyone, pleasuring their voracious scientific minds with fervid testings of all the controls, probing the frontiers of gravity and natural forces yet unknown to them with daring experimental speeds and turns and powerful centrifugal spins that propel them over the seats and against the doors like weightless dolls. Suddenly, a lynx cub bounds onto the sphere and we wonder if he will slide off and hurt himself in this secret, oil-black pale of the beyond, where physical laws may not decree the gravitational adhesion a young animal needs to stay on top of a sphere. And we wonder, if a popular make of television set were to spontaneously burst from the ether and if the characters in its logotype were to rocket into the foreground with spectroscopic smears of light trailing behind them like a brilliant solar wind, would the letters read backward, or would the picture appear simulated, or real and upside down, or not at all?

Perhaps a greater question concerns the span of this place: does it mirror the incomprehensibly large type of universe to which we are accustomed, or is it an exquisitely small, atom-sized world that seems large to us only because we have become smaller—the way Loni Anderson became small when she ran away from us. What of the latter, this notion of an infinitesimal *Cosmos*, a *Cosmos* possibly hidden within our own? And if the notion is true, then where are we? Maundering among the eerie nuclear jungles of this question mark? Marooned within the glinting, oyster-white enamel of Loni Anderson's famous smile? Such delight these privities and postulations might have brought to inquisitive men of the past, immersed and fitfully moiling within the knotty lattices of the great scientific mysteries of their time, when Loni Anderson suddenly materializes before them with word of a fourth dimension in her mouth. Imagine Johannes Kepler, peerless astronomer and mathematician of the Renaissance, fiery and obsessed as he struggles to reconcile his calculations on the five perfect solids, when one of the highest-rated performers on twentieth-century television interrupts him with the news. "Good heavens, Loni," the fascinated scientist might have replied, "do you realize what this

means to the future of the world?"

"I think so," she might have answered, lowering herself fluidly onto a bowed, hardwood bench across the table. The unctuous, lemony flame in Kepler's lantern would have jiggled frail shadows across the hillocks, clefts, and hollows of her keenly chiseled face. "You'll need entirely new forms of mathematics, engineering, and maybe even philosophy," she continues. "Oh, yes!" Kepler might have agreed, gazing distractedly at the lamp, then shifting toward Loni's summoning smile. "Forgive me. Can I get you a drink?" Her mouth would have slowly dropped behind the milky crown of her shoulder as she blew away a fallen hair and lowered her eyelids as if to take her decision in serene seclusion. When she finally reopened them, halfway, but in a manner that seemed to turn up the corners of her eyes like moist, ocular smiles, it probably was obvious to the great scientist that her answer was yes.

After a time, however, Kepler would have begun to look for symmetry in Loni's new *Cosmos*, being, like all of us, a creature of balance, componentially bound up in a universe where there is a fist for every battery and a sphere for every Lynx. Perhaps, then, this foreign dimension is not randomly ensconced in a question mark or a tooth but in someplace more profound. Someplace at the very pith of life, where life begins, the light at the end of the wormhole where we were reduced to the formless nakedness of singularity—the seed of all that lives. Of course, we know it better as deoxyribonucleic acid.

Negro football players stoop over a nationally advertised computer game to ask with astonishment and not a little suspicion, "Who's in there?" and we logically posit their similar reaction to a molecule of DNA. "You're right, men," we tell them, "there is someone in there."

"Of course!" one concurs sharply, arcing his finger downward, like a kingfisher diving into the water. "How else could it know where to put all the nucleotides?" Let's return to our conjectural voyage, deep within the spongy, multifarious caldera of a *Cosmos* we call DNA, and test our hypothesis by actually building a Negro football player, snatching a billion nucleotides to encrypt the ideal size, speed, and quickness, the competence to cut across the flow, concentrate, keep

continued on page 93



She
can be
found in
**HEAVY
METAL**
magazine

Three years @ \$39.00 less \$10.00. I pay only \$29.00 for 36 issues (80.5¢ per issue).

Two years @ \$32.00 less \$10.00. I pay only \$22.00 for 24 issues (91.6¢ per issue).

One year @ \$19.00 less \$5.00. I pay only \$14.00 for 12 issues (116¢ per issue).

Please enter my *Heavy Metal* subscription for 3 years 2 years 1 year.

Payment enclosed: \$ _____

Charge to my _____

Master Charge Card # _____ Master Charge Interbank # _____

Visa Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Mailing Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

76 ©

Heavy Metal Dept. NL481
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Checks must be payable within US or Canada. Add \$3.00 per year for Canada and \$5.00 per year for other foreign countries.

Life Stories

by Mimi Pond



“Well, who comes in the other day but God’s Gift to Women. I’m talking about God’s Gift. This one had blond hair, blue eyes. Standard equipment! Left a trail of swooning waitresses in his path. Then what do you know but he sits in my station. I must tell you that I’ve got this theory. I am a ‘blondist.’ That means that I think that blonds are inferior to those of us with dark hair. Anyone with eyes can tell they’re insincere. They may have more fun, but it’s only because they like to go around fooling people, never meaning what they say. Now, just think about it, who do you think’s more sincere, Andy Gibb or Sylvester Stallone? I had two blond boyfriends, so I know. Anyway, God’s Gift orders a patty melt, all the time giving me this look, like, ‘I know you’re going to faint over precious me in my itty-bitty jogging shorts, so you might as well get it over with.’ Well, first off, I know God didn’t give him those thighs. Jack LaLanne did. I didn’t faint, but I did forget to ask him how he wanted his patty melt done. I came back and looked him straight in the eye and I said, ‘You know, you got me so excited, I forgot to ask you how you wanted your burger cooked.’ I’m surprised little frogs didn’t jump out of my mouth. For a minute there he couldn’t decide was I foolin’ or what? Then he gets this real satisfied look on his face, smiles, and says, ‘Why, medium rare.’ I said ‘Thank you.’ Well, after he’s done with his patty melt I come up and say, ‘You sated your savage appetite yet?’ He says, ‘Oh...uh, yeah,’ s-m-i-l-e-s, one of those professional smiles. I smiled right back. My crocodile smile. He left me a big tip, but he didn’t have me fooled for one minute.”



“I’ve been so worried about my roommate lately. Men have been calling her day and night asking for dates. I can’t believe how popular she is. I mean, it can’t be healthy, being that social. Parties every weekend, dinner out every night. Out with the girls too, shopping, doing this, doing that. Personally—and I might suggest this to my roommate, too—I have been considering the advantages of the Roman Catholic faith lately, particularly the Carmelite order of nuns. Those are the ones who stay inside all the time. I mean, I was raised a Methodist, but if nobody’s going to ask me out anyway, I might as well devote myself to a lifetime of cloistered solitude. God knows, I’ve practically been a novice for months. I wonder if it’d count retroactively if I joined now. I’ve got at least two semesters of ‘Beginning Nun’ under my belt, so to speak. Don’t you think I’d look cute in black and white? Only my immediate family could come to visit me. We’d be so cozy. Them on one side of a foot-thick panel and me on the other, sounding so holy. Oh! What was that! I think I just saw a vision just now! I saw...the Virgin Mary going out on a date and me staying home!”



“Well, you know how Darla is always late? Yesterday I went to pick her up for the sale at Hudson’s and I told her, now be ready. I wanted to be there when the doors opened at ten. When I arrived, do you know what she was doing? Plucking her eyebrows! She says, ‘Hold on just a minute or I’ll be lopsided.’ I told her it was her own fault for starting such an ambitious project so late and she’d just have to go out uneven because I was leaving. I wanted to get there while there was still a pair of size-16 proportioned slacks left. I swear, every woman in this town wears a size 16 except Darla, who wears an 18. I’m sorry, that’s catty. Well, she starts whining, says, ‘It’s not my fault God gave me only one eyebrow all the way across!’ I said, ‘Look, Darla...blind people get around with canes. Cripples have wheelchairs. I fail to see how one eyebrow is going to keep you from going to the month-end sale at Hudson’s. I mean, you can still shop with one eyebrow!’ Of all the times to start trimming that hedge of hers. Oh, I don’t mean to be cruel. I mean, you can’t blame the girl for wanting to look like a human being. But those 50 percent-off sportswear separates were not going to last through Darla plucking her eyebrow. You know what? I am not a gossip, and I do not harbor ugly rumors, but one of the operators at the Cut ‘N’ Curl told me that Darla’s mother bought her a gift certificate to their electrolysis clinic and Darla hasn’t even used it once. Sometimes I think she just keeps that eyebrow for sympathy. It’s no good feeling sorry for her, because she just wallows. No, now don’t even breathe the word Nair, because she tried it once and it took off everything, including her widow’s peak and her eyelashes. She looked like something off of ‘Star Trek,’ only fat. I said, now look, Darla, just thank your lucky stars you don’t have a mustache, like your cousin Shirley.”

The DECLINE and FALL of the MUPPET EMPIRE



by Gerald Sussman
Illustrated by Randall Enos

A SMALL MOTEL NEAR PITTSBURGH, 1990.



MISS PIGGY: Ever since we were dropped from the show it's been nothing but one lousy job after another.

KERMIT: Yeah, well, you better lay off the bottle. We got a bar mitzvah to do tomorrow. (To himself) God, do I feel sick.

MISS PIGGY: I never liked Cleveland. Remember that lounge we played in Cleveland? We had to open for the Sophisticates. Weren't they disgusting?

KERMIT: We're not in Cleveland. We're in Pittsburgh. You're getting senile.

(The phone rings.)

MISS PIGGY: It's Jim! And Frank Oz! Kerm. they want us back! Kerm...they don't want you. They...they just want me. I'll tell them no.

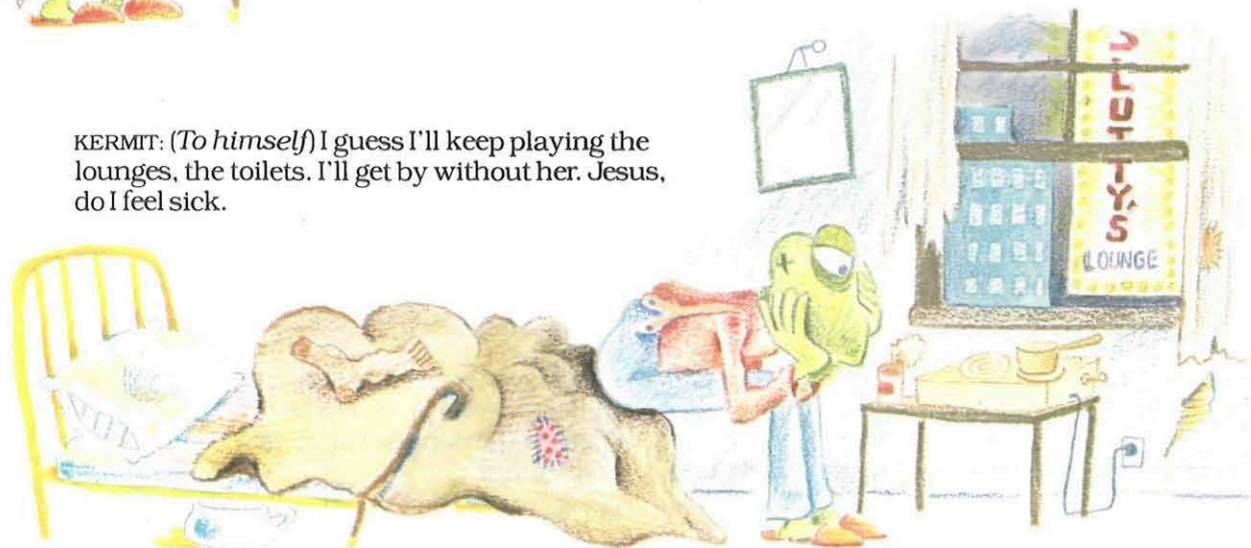
KERMIT: Are you nuts? This is your chance for a big comeback. Maybe you can save the show. I heard it was dying.



KERMIT: I can do a single. Don't worry about me.

MISS PIGGY: You're sure? Oh, Kerm, this is my big chance, my comeback! I'm still a star, aren't I?

KERMIT: (To himself) I guess I'll keep playing the lounges, the toilets. I'll get by without her. Jesus, do I feel sick.



THE NEXT DAY.



FOZZIE: Gee, it's great to have you back, Miss Piggy, but the show is dying.

ZOOT: It's a cancer.

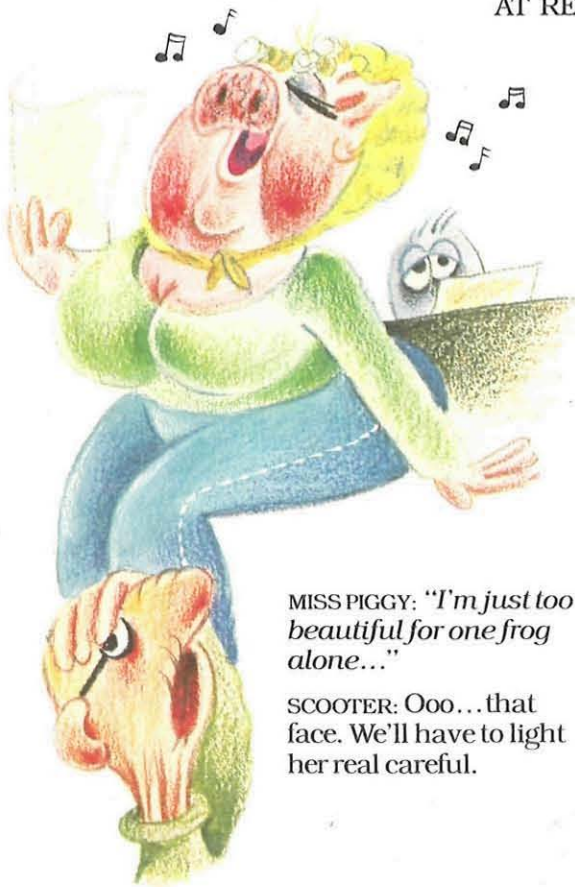
SCOOTER: We got all these new shows ripping us off—the Shmuppets, the Moppets, the Pippets...

FLOYD: Man, it's the writing. Our material sucks.

ROWLF: And Gonzo's dead.

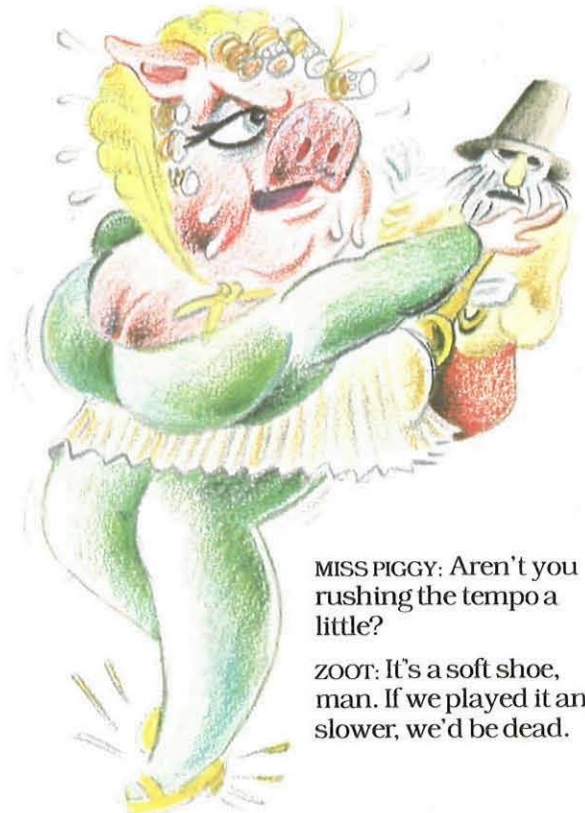
MISS PIGGY: Don't worry, mesdames and mes-sieurs... *Miss Piggy is back!*

MISS PIGGY IS DETERMINED TO SAVE THE SHOW. SHE GIVES IT EVERYTHING AT REHEARSALS.



MISS PIGGY: *"I'm just too beautiful for one frog alone..."*

SCOOTER: Ooo... that face. We'll have to light her real careful.



MISS PIGGY: Aren't you rushing the tempo a little?

ZOOT: It's a soft shoe, man. If we played it any slower, we'd be dead.

MEANWHILE... KERMIT IS TRYING TO MAKE IT AS A SINGLE.

KERMIT: ... it's a pleasure to be here at the Tinkle Club. And now, my impression of Gregory Peck imitating Humphrey Bogart.

A DRUNK: You stink! Why don't you frogs go back to France, where you belong!



A BAR MITZVAH IN STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.

KERMIT: I was bar mitzvahed, too, y'know. My real name is Kermit Frogstein.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: Oy, does he stink!

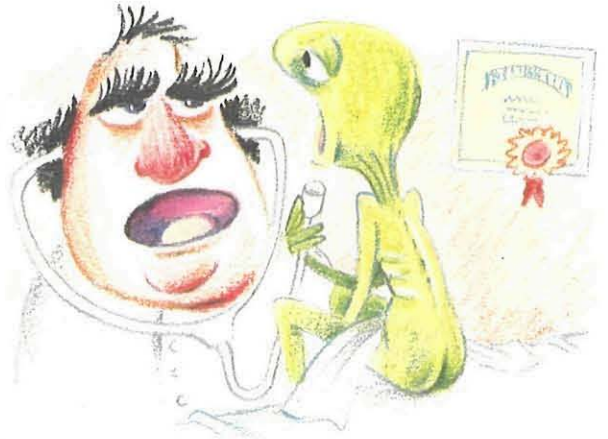


THE NEXT DAY, KERMIT IS SO SICK, HE HAS TO SEE A DOCTOR.

DOCTOR: How long have you felt like this, Mr. Frog?

KERMIT: Years. Is it bad?

DOCTOR: I'm not sure. We're going to take some tests.



THAT NIGHT, AT THE MUPPET STUDIOS. ONE MINUTE BEFORE SHOW TIME.

MISS PIGGY: Kermit is dying. He's in a hospital near Scranton, Pennsylvania. He wants me.

FOZZIE: What's wrong?

MISS PIGGY: TC.

FOZZIE: Oh, no!

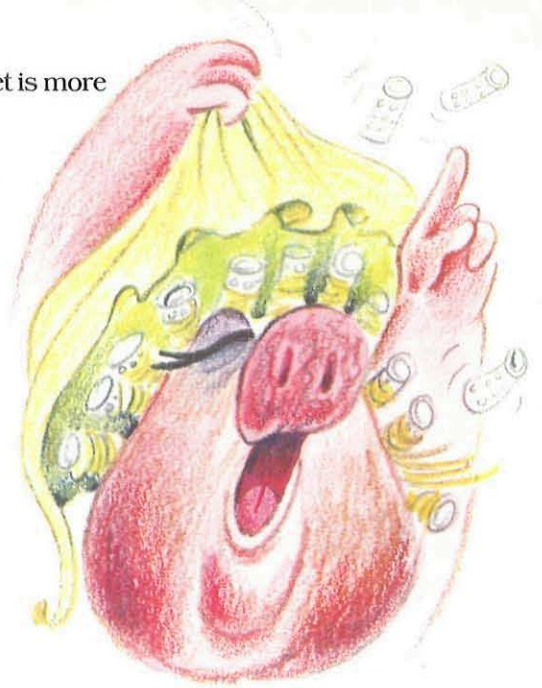
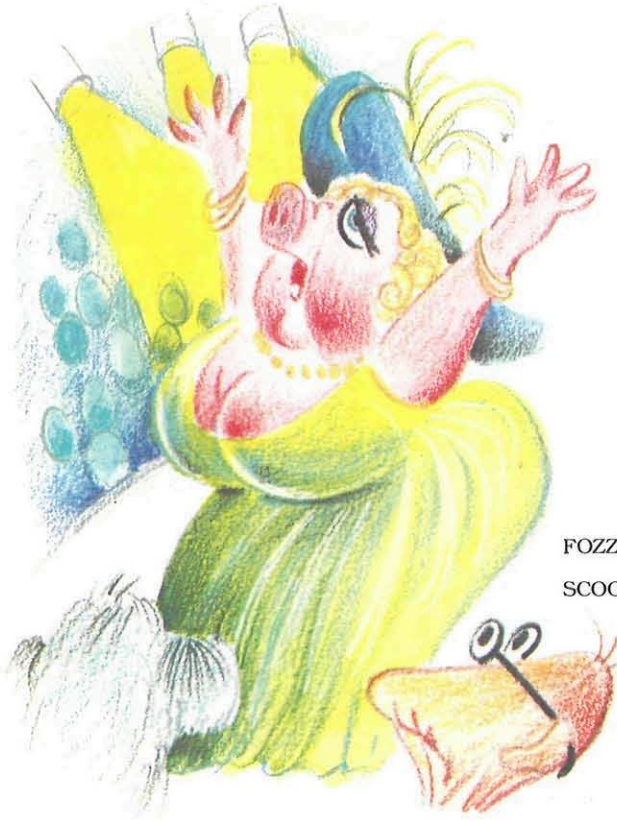
MISS PIGGY: Terminal Cuteness.

FOZZIE: Why Kerm? Why couldn't it have been one of those stupid rabbits? A nobody.

SCOOTER: Or Rowlf. He's much cuter than Kermit.



MISS PIGGY: But the show must go on. No single Muppet is more important than the team...even if he is dying.



FOZZIE: She's even worse than I thought.
SCOOTER: We'll get killed in the ratings.

THE NEXT DAY.



TOTALLY CRUSHED BY HER COMEBACK FAILURE AND THE CANCELING OF THE SHOW, MISS PIGGY FLIES TO THE SISTERS OF FROGS HOSPITAL IN SCRANTON, TO BE WITH KERMIT.

DOCTOR: It's too late. He's dead.



It's E-Z When You Know How

It isn't easy to keep it all together when you're learning to rocket over four foot waves in 20 mile per hour winds on a sailboard.

But with practice, you learn what's right for you. Like e-z wider—because they're superfine lightweight rice paper—pure white, slow and even burning, and edged with the lightest line of pure, natural gum arabic.

What more could you ask for? You could ask for e-z wider in your favorite size: 1¼ size, 1½ size, or the original double-width e-z wider.

So it isn't hard to get the best. In fact, it's e-z when you know how. And if your local retailer doesn't offer e-z wider in the sizes you like, use this coupon to order direct.

For Ken Winner, 2-time World Freestyle Champion and 1978 National Windsurfer Champ, it's e-z.



MAIL TO:
RBA/RIZLA, 133 CENTER STREET,
EL SEGUNDO, CA 90245



- I certify that I am at least 18 years old.
- Please send me the following boxes of e-z wider cigarette rolling papers:
 - ___ Boxes, 24 bklts 1¼ size @ \$ 9.60
 - ___ Boxes, 24 bklts 1½ size @ \$ 9.60
 - ___ Boxes, 25 bklts double wide @ \$10.60

- Money Order VISA/BankAmer # _____ Exp. _____
- Check Master Charge # _____ Exp. _____

SIGNATURE _____

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

(Calif. residents add 6% tax) Total \$ _____

UNITED NATIONS APRIL 1981 Newsletter



Symbolizing Our Never-Ending
Search for Global Peace

"In-house news for people who work here."

—U Thant
(from the Preamble to the Newsletter Charter)

There Are People Living in Ecuador

by Victoria Puffball, Field Representative



"Hola, Ecuadorian inhabitant!" On the left is a map of Ecuador (not the Equator, as we had thought before visiting the country!), and on the right is a person who lives in Ecuador (not on the Equator).

Ecuador. For most of us the name conjures up rolling plains of wheat and corn, highways that lead to Chicago, perhaps a river known as the Mississippi. But you would be wrong to think this. Actually, it is a nation of contrasts.

Night and day, cold and dark, dark and dry, Ecuador has all of these things, and more. For one thing, we found out that there are people living there, not just inhabitants. These are people beset by many problems.

First of all, there is the language problem. This they solve with traditional native intelligence, by all agreeing to use words, like a commune. Then there is food. Or rather, there isn't! What would you think of a place where there are no checkout lines, no aisles packed with people struggling to get sales items? You would think it was paradise. But you would be wrong. Instead, it is just Ecuador all along.

My native friends taught me many things, not just their problems, by which they are beset by many. For instance, the sky is their "television set," with certain "stars" above, and the clouds are their "commercials." That's one TV set that can't break down! They even made me watch it during a rainstorm, so I would believe them.

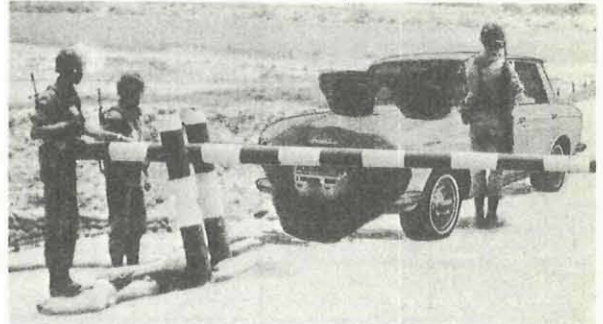
Also, when they put on a sweater inside out, they do this because "the room is cold," so the room is wearing the sweater, or so they say, not them, even though you might think they are from looking at them. No wonder they have no heating bills! In many ways they are wiser than us.

One of their poets once said, "Hola, puta, quierote," which my native friends tell me means "The rivers are our plumbing, the United Nations is as a god to us." I was touched by this sentiment and so gave them my car. They said they would use it as the town tractor, and the young people of the town drove it away for that purpose. Then tragedy struck. They accidentally left it in Quito, and so another U.N. automobile is lost to the cause of brotherly love.

Then there is religion by which they are beset. Their priest told me over a bottle of *agua caliente* ("burning water") that he believes in the United Nations and also that man is descended from sea monkeys. He also said he thinks that America was invented by Columbus and that President Ken-

edy's ghost sleeps with his sister. He said that he has sold plans for the U.N. irrigation system to the Russians. As far as I know, he is wrong about most of these things.

So, I formed a U.N. Mothers-in-law Club designed to head off the problem. When I got back to New York, I felt as if I had lost a great deal of weight. That's how relieved I was!



"Halt! Who goes there?" Members of the terrorist Palestine Liberation Organization slipped through U.S. security last week in a car disguised as Fidel Castro. "I thought it looked kind of suspicious, but I couldn't be sure," said U.S. guard Ralph Toro. "How was I supposed to know it was carrying three tons of nitro and a PLO death squad? Nobody tells me these things."

New Program for a New Decade: An Editorial . . .

by Fanya Friendly

1975-1985 has been the Decade of Women. We have all participated in the continuing emancipation of women all over the world biosphere with such powerful and prevalent programs as the Year of Women on Bicycles, the Year of the Sanforized and Perma-Press Fashion Explosion, and the Year of Women's Fur Purchasing Needs. Many of us recall with fondness the picnic protest held in honor of the Year of Adhesive Substances.

Yet there are those who would see an end put to our movement. We have seen the tanks roll in the streets of Moscow on the first of May in a (useless) attempt to put us in our place. We have planted flowers in Vietnam, thereby saving lives. We have single-handedly kept the Portuguese *escudo* from going under in the world money market. Many of our eating habits make front-page news.

Some of you have taken in laundry to keep our projects from failing. The more suds, the better, say I. Already it is 1981. Soon it will be the 1980s. These suds will remind others to prepare for the coming Decade of Progress with Regard to Water Resources and Steam-Related Sanitation Methods (1981-1983).

Already it is known to our scientists in the field that hydroelectricity is the best-quality electricity, because it is made naturally and in the old-fashioned way. Coal-generated electricity is not so good, because it is barbecued and therefore carcinogenic. With proper use of sanitation methods, most of the electricity inside of water can be rinsed out hydroelectrically. Then the spare water can be put to good use in our land-based laundry effort.

Why isn't someone doing something about this instead of just sitting there? That's my opinion.



What to Do About Nothing: U.N. Calendar of Events

APRIL



| Sunday | Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday |
|---|--|---|--|--|--|--|
| | | | 1 East Asian Fish and Folk Dance Club greets new members in the plaza fountain at dawn. | 2 Cine Club will show <i>Mondo Cane</i> and <i>They Saved Santa's Brain</i> in the U.N. Vision Habitat. A discussion of the work of the Italian director will follow. Next month: <i>The Day the World Threw Up</i> . | 3 Ballet Club will exchange prisoners with the Guitar Society. | 4 "Dag Hammarskjöld — The Man, the Hero," a slide lecture in the memorial library, by Androcles Kophkos. |
| 5 <i>Negro Alert</i> . | 6 Guido Venucci will be exposed as a NATO spy for East Germany. | 7 Guido Venucci will be found floating in the plaza fountain by the Fountainers White Water Society, or the East Asian Fish and Folk Dance Club, it depends. | 8 U.N. Revivalist Meeting. Topics: Will the Mosque of Omar be destroyed before or after the Rapture? Will Russia invade Israel before the Tribulation of Ar-ram begins? Will children under the age of thirteen be allowed to take part in the Rapture without parental guidance? | 9 Russian Book Club. Members will share the book. | 10 Diplomatic Couriers Hallowed-Out-Book Club. Bring the gold. We have the documents. | 11 Metric Appreciation Outing. A roundtable discussion of Metrecal, the once-popular breakfast substitute. Members will measure their rulers. |
| 12 Today's General Assembly meeting on world health crises will feature ambassadors dressed in the style of the Old West. Those for world health will dress as good guys, those against, as bad guys. Those abstaining will dress as Injuns. | 13 Today's theme: "Cold or My World." Assembly singing. | 14 Roger Whitaker will sing "It's a Cruel World After All," and the UNICEF children will donate a box of rain to the drought-stricken nations of Africa. | 15 Esperanto Season Opens. Bag limit: 2 males, 1 female. | 16 Meeting of the Social, Humanitarian, and Dance Committee. Members will vote on: "The International Dress Code — Should People Be Allowed to Wear Hats, and Why Not?" | 17 Dedication of U.N. Plaza. | 18 Dedication of U.N. Plaza. |
| 19 Dedication of U.N. Plaza. | 20 Celebration of Dedication of U.N. Plaza. | 21 Realization that today is the day after Adolf Hitler's birthday. | 22 Drafting of a Letter of Universal Outrage at the fact that today is two days past Adolf Hitler's birthday. | 23 Ceremony celebrating Adolf Hitler's birthday and the founding of the U.N. by Adolf Hitler, without whom there would be no U.N. To be held in the Arab shanty town on the twenty-seventh floor. | 24 Former Israeli ambassador Schlomo will explain why he can't get any peace with his son playing that loud rock music all the time and why isn't the U.N. doing something about it already? | 25 International Year of the Month Day; free Third World Funkadelics concert to be held in the General Assembly Room. |
| 26 Symposium hosted by Merv Griffin: "What Does Japan Think of the American Public's Day-time Television-Viewing Habits?" | 27 Meeting of SMERSH and KAOS. Mandatory viewing of <i>Our Man Flintstone</i> . | 28 "Fin Rot in the Canadian Moose": a wine-and-cheese discussion group will exchange phone numbers, line up dates for the evening, and go bowling down the center aisle of the General Assembly. | 29 Amateur Negro Meeting. Bring your spats. | 30 Ambassador McHenry will do his favorite scenes from "Mission Impossible," taking the role of Barney. | 31 (A day only if delegates are from New Zealand or Japan.) New Zealandese diplomats and their Japanese counterparts will rig the Security Council with listening devices and secret maps of New Zealand. | |



Last W.W. II Clown Surrenders



A Transcript of Ambassador Kirkpatrick's Speech to the Extraordinary Plenary Session on World Arms Control

Ambassador Kirkpatrick:

"Good evening, ladies and germ-warfare specialists. *Haw-haw-haw-haw*. That brings to mind a funny story I heard the other day. Do you know the one about the traveling arms salesman? Stop me if you've overheard this one. Seems this traveling salesman was trying to sell a Presidential Command Strato-Fortress to a kangaroo, who was a rabbi. — No kidding, this actually happened. Anyhow, the arms salesman says, 'We don't get many rabbis in here.'

"So the kangaroo turns to the arms salesman and says, 'Oy, at these prices, you'll be getting a lot more!'

"No, but honestly, folks, I've got a plan to head off World War III. Here it is: orbiting tollbooth attendants. You heard me, I said orbiting tollbooth attendants. Incoming nuclear missiles fired from the attacking nations will be forced to go through a series of tollgates until they run out of change and have to go back to the attacking nation to cash a check. Once they touch ground, they'll detonate, taking the attackers with them.

"Hey, it's so crazy, it just might work! I mean it, ladies and germ-warfare specialists, the United Nations audience is the greatest audience in the world. . . Good night, everybody!"

In an ironic counterpoint to the recent festivities surrounding U.N. World Peace Day, a Japanese man claiming to be the last of the Kabuki theater clowns of World War II walked out of the jungles of Malaysia last week to surrender himself to a routine Malaysian patrol. The clown had been on an entertainment tour through Japanese-held territory when American troops took the Malaysian capital in 1944. At that time, he and a small family of fire eaters, acrobats, and lion trainers vowed to never surrender to the Americans. "We live in jungle, swallow grenades thrown at us, train lions to hunt for us, frighten wily American Joes with tricks and jokes," said Won Lost. "At night I get into cannon, light fuse, boom, blow up American Joe ammo dump. Then I climb into cannon, boom, land in American Joe HQ, create disorder with cream pies." Truly this is a sad day for world entertainment. Won Lost will address the General Assembly during International Paycheck Week (April 23-30), where he will walk across a high wire while twiddling a parasol.

NO COMMENT

—The Pakistani delegation wishes to know who has made off with the water buffalo that share the fourteenth-floor water trough with the Pakistani team attending the International Footballers Council meetings.

—*Urgent*: Human skulls and pikes are needed for the World Health Organization's annual children's puppet show. Donations will be appreciated.

—Secretary Waldheim would appreciate it if members refrained from switching seats during speeches. Switching seats and changing nameplates, no matter how much fun, is a dangerous practice that may inadvertently set off World War III. The secretary wishes to congratulate the Polish delegation for its success in curtailing the popping of milk cartons during the speeches of Ambassador Gogokovich of the Soviet Union. Popping milk cartons is an alarming and reprehensible practice that could lead to accidental assassinations and World War III.

—*A note to chauffeurs*: There has been a general recall of all 1979 Fleetwood limousines, as the booby traps are not functioning properly under test conditions.

—Please assist the New York City firemen in their attempt to keep the John F. Kennedy Eternal Blaze from spreading to the thirtieth floor. Last week a series of small firestorms swept through the Ladies Lingerie department and several firemen were injured in the ensuing melee. In the future, patrons should be advised that all U.N. lingerie is made from the parachutes of the now-defunct Cambodian army. The material is not flammable. A word to the wise!

—*Betting-pool reminder*: The number of casualties resulting from the Iraqi-Iranian engagement at Abadan last week numbered 345 on the Iraqi side, 781 on the Iranian side. Although the Bolivian mission came closest to a correct prediction of the losses for both sides (350 for the Iraqis, 800 for the Iranians), their total was off by 700. Please remember to add casualties resulting from both sides. Last week's prize money was awarded to the Chinese delegation after the Bolivian forfeit.

—*Note to the French delegation*: In the event of a sudden depressurization of the cabin of the SST Concorde during an air-locks malfunction, nasal overtones to the French language will be discontinued. Any call for the gendarmes will be ignored by flight attendants, who will themselves be screaming in fear of imminent disaster. Halloween masks will drop from cubbyholes in the ceiling; please put these on so that you will look ridiculous when rescue workers dig your bodies out of the wreckage.

—The U.N. Bake Sale raised \$153.26 this year, a new high! Proceeds will go toward paying off the huge debt we owe to the United States and the World Bank. Everyone's favorites this year were the mud pies baked by our friends in Botswana. The diamond-chip flavor seems to perk up everyone's appetite. Keep it up, Botswana!

—The Festival of Nations That Have More Refrigerators Than People will open with the raising of a maple-wood-finish, counter-height fridge to the top of the U.N. flagpole.

—*Lost*: One of the U.N. attack peacocks was let off its leash during last week's flag-washing ceremony. If it's found, please return it to the U.N. Security peacock pound. Approach the animal with caution, however; it is trained to peck as well as hoot.

—There is a continued shortage of rocks in Australia. The rock mines gave out some time ago, and paperweight production is down by 80 percent. Member states are requested by the Bureau of Rocks to please save paperweights

and pebbles found in their shoes so that they can be sent back to Australia and planted there. The Australian Geological Survey teams will then plant the paperweights and pebbles, hoping to grow a bumper crop of mountains in the coming years. Good luck to our upside-down friends!

Spy Ring Uncovered by U.N. Guard

Another spy ring has been smashed by our trusty guard, Fred Knobber. The ring, thought to be the last of the master-spy network set up by the Kremlin in 1965, largely consists of Soviet agents posing as tourists.

"They work in groups of twenty or thirty, coming on to the tour guides as tourists," says Knobber. "They follow the tour guides around until they suck them dry of information, much of it having to do with the U.N."

"I first noticed them when one of them asked me for information that might lead him to the U.N. men's room, which is off limits to spies. I gave him a false lead, sending him to the Security Office instead. Then we let the Chilean delegation talk to him. He came around to our way of thinking pronto."

Fred will be awarded the United Nations Peace Medalion during next week's Peace Parade, to be held at the Peace Plaza near Peace Headquarters in New York.

IN MEMORIAM:

Profile

in

Courage



Like most people who give a lot of their time to their fellow human beings and make life a bit brighter for others, Donna Thorpe has an apparently inexhaustible supply of craven, lickspittle aphorisms she seems willing to spew all over people until they come to despise her for the simpering, mewling little hunchback she is.

For the last thirty years, Ms. Thorpe has followed her fellow workers around, making what she thinks are helpful, worthwhile contributions to their daily lives. But in fact she is a living sump of human venality. Oh, yes, she makes a fine secretary attachée to the assistant nearby secretary-general. Who wouldn't, with that mouth? With a tongue like that, she could lick a nickel off a sewer bottom.

And don't let the smiles, the pert little "thank you's" fool you. She's a conniving, presumptuous tart without a stitch of pride to wear over that whoring soul of hers. There isn't a person here on the eighteenth floor who hasn't felt a wave of revulsion when she brings us our coffee in the morning all dolled up like some Hong Kong pig-in-a-blanket.

Oh, sure, she ran the Thrift Shop . . . into the ground. She could have sent some of that clothing to earthquake victims in Peru. She could have, but instead she donated it to her favorite cause: of Numero Uno. And how about that little plastic beachball with the picture of the dinosaurs chasing each other's tails on it? We found it in her wastebasket the day she was supposed to offer it to the people of Ireland as a token of our gratitude for all they've done to ruin Ireland. Donna Thorpe, you mealy-mouthed, ungrateful pool of steaming sewage.

Good-bye, Donna. Even your death has made the world a little bit brighter.

Signed,

The Staff on the 18th Floor

LETTERS

continued from page 10

that the supervision is gone. Yes, we are using all of the typical immola-tions and more, including the pene-trating of thick plumbing pipes and chair legs through our faces and hurling our teeth across the recreation facility during the best songs. Not even the most complete new-wave per-sons anywhere can beat our style. Please call us the newest-wave lepers from Calcutta, who are happy to be reckless, irresponsible, and crazy now that the shriveled bat Teresa is away from our backs.

Si'taj Electricity
111 Colony Street
Unit B
Calcutta, India

Sirs:

I have a unique problem, which you just might be able to solve. You see, four of my patients in the mental ward have delusions that they are Napoleon Bonaparte, William Shakespeare, Jesus Christ, and Albert Einstein, re-spectively. What they need is to find someone crazy enough to believe he's Steve Allen, so they can all play the home version of "Meeting of the Minds." Look, we've even got some typical dialogue written:

SHAKESPEARE: Say, Albert, what do you think of *Romeo and Juliet*?

EINSTEIN: Great play, William. I es-pecially enjoyed the scenes with all the relatives.

STEVE ALLEN: Hee hee hee.

Now, we certainly don't want that to go to waste. Perhaps one of your readers could be of help.

Dr. Tom Dooley
Bellevue Hospital
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Tell me a good one, will you? I haven't laughed since 1352.

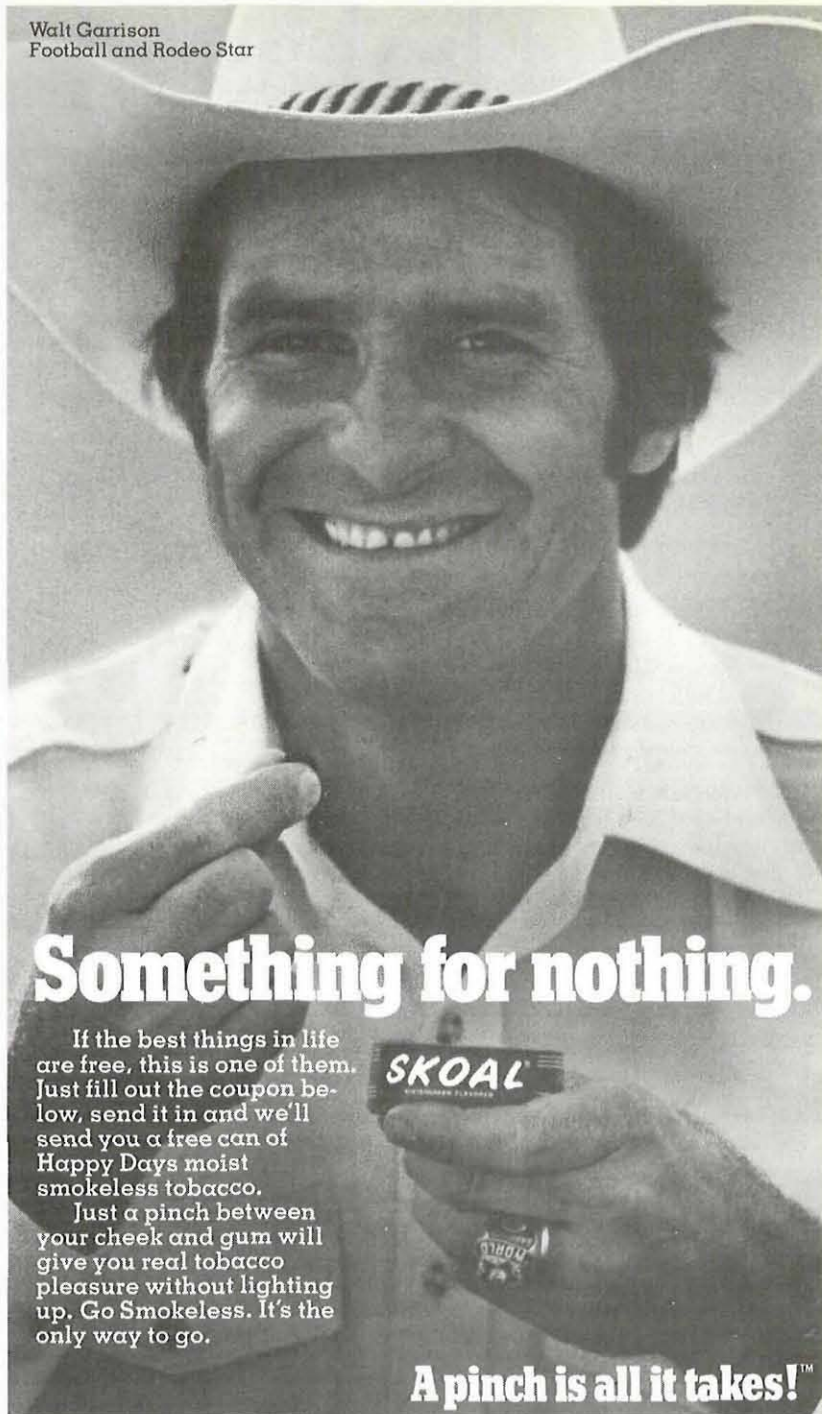
The Black Plague
Europe

continued on page 30

NATIONAL
LAMPOON
GOES TO THE MOVIES

COMING THIS SUMMER FROM
UNITED ARTISTS.

Walt Garrison
Football and Rodeo Star



Something for nothing.

If the best things in life are free, this is one of them. Just fill out the coupon below, send it in and we'll send you a free can of Happy Days moist smokeless tobacco.

Just a pinch between your cheek and gum will give you real tobacco pleasure without lighting up. Go Smokeless. It's the only way to go.

A pinch is all it takes!™

SEND ME MY FREE CAN OF HAPPY DAYS.

Fill out and send to: "Smokeless Tobacco,"
P.O. Box 2900, Dept. NL 101, Greenwich, Conn. 06830
Name and complete address must
appear on outside of envelope.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____ Age* _____



Limited to one sampling per family. *OFFER NOT AVAILABLE TO MINORS.

©1981 U.S. Tobacco Company

NATIONAL LAMPOON 61



The Last Century

by Sean Kelly

Like the vast majority of rhyming prophets, the great Nostradamus tended toward the cryptic. No honest reader can deny the uncanny accuracy with which the Oracle foretold the infamous Defenestration of Prague:

*A plethora of cabbages
When moons are on the wax,
Conflicting pithy adages
And graduated tax...*

(Century 5, verse 72)

And this fully sixty-five years before the actual event!

There is no debating that the Ancient Magus foresaw the rise to mercantile power of the United States, although, in fact, his oft-quoted

*A Spanish Woman with huge hips
Shall suffer to be built three ships,
In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
Columbo sails the ocean blue*

(Century 1, verse 19)

is in no way remarkable, the discovery of the New World having taken place eleven years before the Sage's own birth. (Serious scholars have, however, noted that the apparent misspelling of Columbus's name may be a "hidden" or "secret" prophesy concerning the future popularity of detective shows, or yogurt.)

Like many other prophets and thinkers of enormous importance (Freud and Marx come to mind), Nostradamus was, perhaps, limited—overly concerned with events and personalities in a small and tedious area of Europe. In his work, the nation of China, for example, is barely alluded to—mention of "a Sickly Dragon breathing fire" (Century 6, verse 56) is, indeed, taken by some to prophesy in summary the modern history of the Far East, but by others is interpreted as an allusion to the bilious lap dog belonging to an obscure Hapsburg duchess.

Working within the admitted limitation that Nostradamus did not know anything about anything about which we know anything, dedicated students have ascertained that steam power will be harnessed, wars will break out, and the French will have a succession of leaders, some better than others.

And yet an enigma has remained, teasing, flickering, tempting, dropping its hankie or blowing (as it were) in our ear: What about us? What about now? What about me!?

For down the centuries have come the whispers, the echoes, the taunting, sibilant lips of rumors of ... an undiscovered book, the so-called "Last Century." (Nostradamus wrote his prophesies in "centuries," or collections of 100 quatrains, which do not correspond to actual "centuries," or hundred-year spans. Or perhaps they do. Who knows?) Have we not all heard the legend of a final, lost or hidden book that will tell us everything we need to know about what's going to happen, more confidently than a Kiplinger Newsletter, more personally than our own biorhythm chart, more certainly than Jimmy the Greek?

And lo! It has come to pass! Do not ask, gentle reader, how this occult manuscript came into our hands. Enquire neither whence nor wherefore. What though it was dictated via spirit writing through the trance medium of an acid-casualty barfly?

The point is: here we have Nostradamus's final prophesies for the (so to speak) foreseeable future! Read ... and heed.

The Riddles

*And then how paradoxical
The nightly news grows daily
When all the anti-Semites
Are fiercely pro-Israeli.*

*When timid Liberals toe the line
Within the institution,
Conservatives aspire to
A total revolution.*

*Perfumed, long-tressed bejeweled men
In silks and velveteens
Gaze upon brush-cut sodomites
In boots and denim jeans.*

*When men conclude that hate and war
Are mere repressed concupiscence,
Women shall write great books to show
That sex is based on violence.*

*Behold the unborn foetus and
Weep salt tears crocodilian:
All life is sacred (save, of course,
An enemy civilian).*

*And those who cannot write will learn
From those who cannot read,
And those who do not own will sell
To those who do not need.*

*And worse shall follow better
As disease shall follow cure,
As power makes them helpless
And money makes them poor.*

*The Whale and the Mighty Elephant
They'll fearless slay, but by my troth
The germ and atom still shall be
Leviathan, and Behemoth.*

Seven Kings

*After a long and bloody war
A General, no Democrat,
Shall be elected leader.
What could be worse than that?*

A Papist then shall buy their votes
Whose wife shall wear a pillbox hat.
They'll kill and make a Saint of him,
And what is worse than that?

A barnyard clown shall take his place
Half oaf, half wily alleycrat,
To wage another bloody war.
There is no worse than that.

Yet there shall follow, dark and wet,
A weasel posing as a rat
Who'll lie and steal and then...resign.
Could there be worse than that?

A grumpy foster father next,
A bumbling bonehead bureaucrat,
Who'll bless and pardon all before
And that is worse than that.

A grinning, sanctimonious fool,
A clumsy stumbling Dixiecrat,
Shall then make straight the highway for
A thing that's worse than that.

A mummy with a lust for gore,
A mummer—emptors, caveat—
He shall be just what you deserve.
There's nothing worse than that!

The Last Century

The final Century shall be
The biggest bestest least and worst,
A people stunned with knowledge
And starving fit to burst.

Ten centuries times two from A.D. one
Will prove most astrologically auspicious,
Just twenty years from the millennium
Folks turn more vain and vacuous
and vicious.

Then shall they poison swill
And dine on junk
And praise whatever's
Real, authentic punk.

And they shall drop great metal balls
On little yellow men,
Who'll shape them into chariots
And sell them back again.

The last tree pulped to print the law
That makes all lumbering illegal—
Beneath their living letterhead
The quite exterminated eagle.

The rivers flame, the mountains burn,
The sky is black at noon,
The birds are burning in the rain,
There's garbage on the moon.

And darkness over Europe spreads
To everyone's chagrin,
Without the Polish workers
To screw the bulb back in.

There shall be wars for rice and gas,
For creed and class and race,
For sticks and stones and principles,
For fish and outer space.

A mighty Persian shall rise up,
His beard as white as snow,
And he will drive the Yankees out
But will not let them go.

The slow-digesting Chinaman
Feels periodic urges
To fertilize his history
By means of massive purges.

Confronting awful Albion,
Her power, pomp, and pelf,
Each Irish rebel shall arise
And stoutly starve himself.

Now South, now North America.
Come, tell me which is which:
Religious, Spanish speaking,
Run by soldiers for the rich.

The Century winds up—or down—
For it shall come to pass.
No bang, no whimper at the end,
But simply, Out of Gas.

NEW MAN

NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR SINGLE MEN

Help is on the way...

... for the single, successful, independent and upwardly mobile man on his way to achieving personal and professional fulfillment.

HELP for the bachelor by keeping him informed of the latest in products for the home

HELP for the single man in managing his financial affairs

HELP for the traveler looking for the unusual adventure

HELP for the sensual man in finding and maintaining relationships

HELP for the socially active man in determining the best entertainment and recreational values available

HELP for the working man considering career changes and advancements

HELP for the single man in maintaining his health and in creating a personal style with clothes and grooming aids

Tightly written, well thought-out articles to help the single man. In-depth interviews/profiles with America's leading men in sports, entertainment and politics; thorough research studies on vital personal concerns such as prolonged virility, psychological independence and hair replacement; behind-the-scenes reports on travel, fashion, money, health, home, politics and current trends.

WITH FASCINATING AND HELPFUL STORIES SUCH AS:

- Do Virility Drugs Work?
- Cooking For One
- Are You A Closet Chauvinist?
- What To Do When The Bars Close
- The 15-Minute-A-Day Shape-Up
- The Club Med Experience
- How To Ask For A Raise
- Coming To Terms With Loneliness
- The Successful Gigolo
- Overlooked Investments: Antique Cars
- How To Pack For A Business/Pleasure Trip
- Rating The Scotches

... AND MANY MORE

NEW MAN MAGAZINE
250 West 57th St., New York, NY 10019

NEW MAN

NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR SINGLE MEN

On Top Of It!

COUNTER INTELLIGENCE:
Managing The Bachelor Kitchen

TURNING HEADS:
The 15-Minute-A-Day Shape-Up

HARD CORPS:
The Making Of A Marine

BICOASTAL GAMBLING:
A Tale Of Two Gaming Cities

FASHION EXCLUSIVES:
Egon von Furstenberg Special Spring

We know that you have the attitude for success and are on the threshold of its rewards. All you need is a little help. And here it is—the chance for you to achieve your ultimate fulfillment. We are offering you a never-to-be-repeated Charter Subscription Offer so that you won't miss a single exciting issue of the magazine conceived and developed just for you.

Help can be on its way to you for only \$14.99. That's the low price for a full year's subscription to the most helpful magazine around—*New Man Magazine*. And you'll be saving \$5.01 off the newsstand price.

Get help today! Check the "Yes" box on the coupon and accept our introductory offer for a charter subscription.

You may never need help again.

YES I am in tune with *New Man Magazine*. Please enter my charter subscription for one year at just \$14.99. That's a savings of \$5.01 off the newsstand price. (You may use the toll-free number listed below with either your Visa or MasterCard number).

Payment enclosed; or bill my Visa or MasterCard account; or bill me.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Account Number _____

Signature _____ Exp. Date _____

Special offer limited to U.S. only. Regular subscription price is \$20/year; Canadian subscriptions—\$26/year; all other countries—\$32. Mail to: New Man Magazine, 250 W. 57th St., Suite 219, NY, NY 10019.

Call Toll Free 800-227-1617 ext. 192



ENUTS

REMEMBER HOW SOMETIMES YOU REALLY WONDERED AT HOW DUMB YOUR DREAMS COULD BE, SINCE YOU KNEW YOU COULD MAKE UP BETTER ONES AWAKE ANYTIME WITHOUT EVEN HALF TRYING?



Aunt Mary's KITCHEN M.K. BROWN ©1980

TODAY IT'S FIG BARS FOR MY BROTHER LEO WHO IS STILL IN THE HOSPITAL

LEO IS IN A "COMA" WHICH MEANS THE DOCTORS WILL PROBABLY EAT THESE, BUT EVEN SO...

ONE CUP SUGAR, THREE EGGS

THEY SAY THAT LEO HAS BEEN DANCING ON HIS BED AND UPSETTING THE NURSES BUT I DON'T BELIEVE THAT AS LEO WILL NOT DANCE

ANYWAY-ROLL OUT THE DOUGH, SLICE THE FIGS AND SIMMER UNTIL DONE

THIS IS THE PART I LIKE THE LEAST

THEN SPREAD THE FILLING ON THE

PHEW THIS IS TOO HOT

NOW DOT WITH BUTTER AND BAKE AT 350° FOR AN HOUR OR SO FOR SOME DELICIOUS FIG BARS

I HATE TO THINK OF DOCTORS EATING THESE

NEXT MONTH: DOCTORS EAT THE FIG BARS

MOOSE MODEL

BY WOODMAN

WANTED MOOSE MODEL AT JOE'S BARBER SHOP IN TOWN →

COME IN MOOSE.

JOE'S BARBER SHOP

WANTED MOOSE MODEL

WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

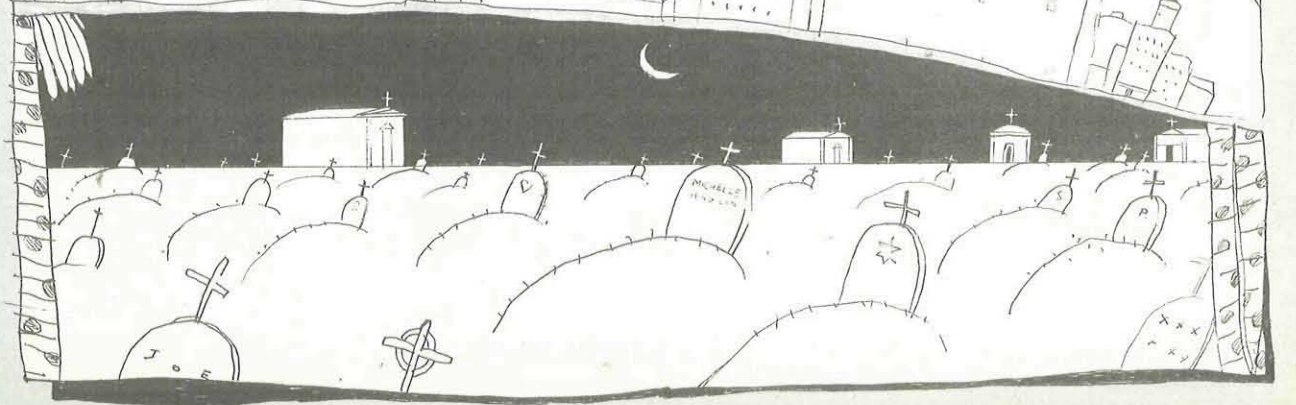
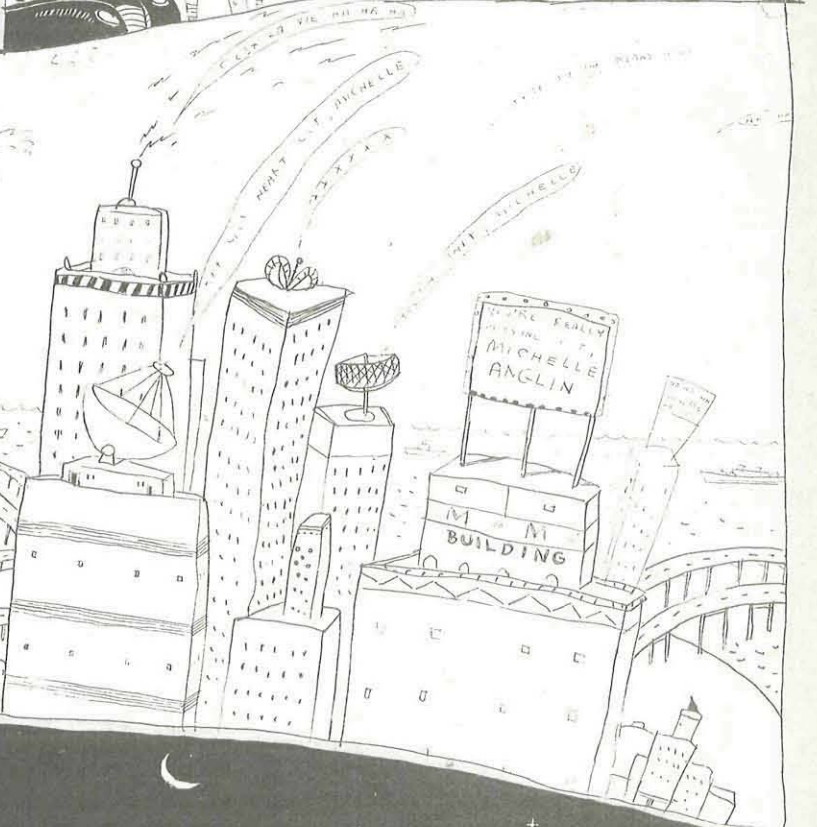
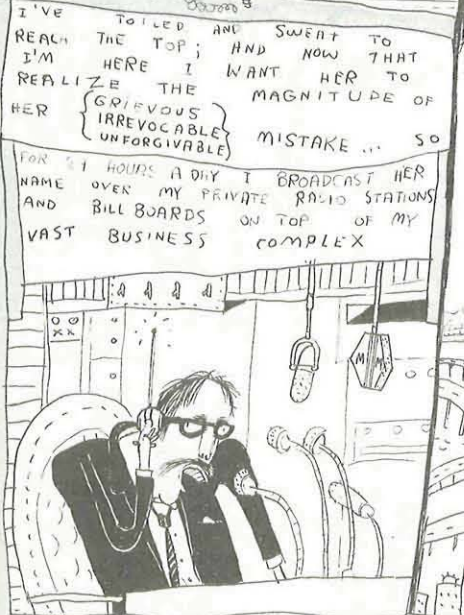
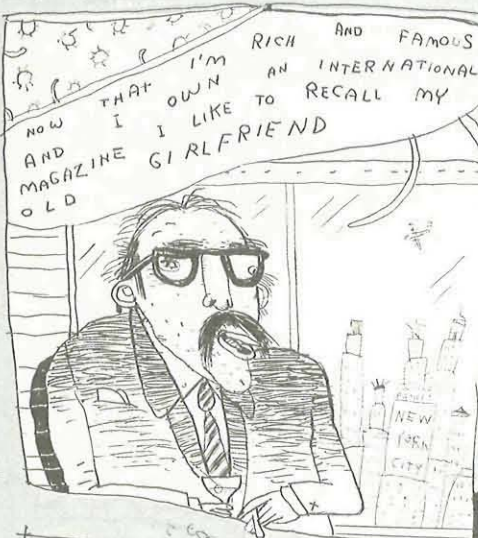
IT'S OKAY, I GUESS.

WHAT DO YOU PAY A MOOSE MODEL?

BEARS ME.

NEW WAVE COMICS

MARK MARK



Deirdre Callahan a biography

LITTLE DEIRDRE WAS THROWN INTO A GARBAGE CAN BY HER MOTHER BECAUSE SHE WAS VERY UGLY.



BLIND BOB WHO IS BLIND LIVES AT THE PUMP AND BEFRIENDS DEIRDRE.

DEIRDRE, I HAVE A NEST EGG PUT AWAY-I'LL FIND A DOCTOR WHO WILL MAKE YOU INTO A PRETTY LITTLE GIRL.

AM I VERY UGLY, BLIND BOB?



THE OFFICE OF DR. AARON PLASTIC SURGEON.

HMMM... LUCKY YOU'RE BLIND. THIS IS ONE GODDAMN UGLY KID!



MERCY HOSPITAL A FEW DAYS LATER...



3 WEEKS LATER DEIRDRE'S BANDAGES ARE REMOVED...



DOCTOR, SHE'S UGLIER THAN BEFORE! WHAT HAPPENED?

WHAT HAPPENED? HOW THE HELL DO I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!!! THINGS LIKE THIS HAPPEN. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED!



SOME MAKEUP... A LITTLE LIPSTICK... A NEW HAIRDO PERHAPS...

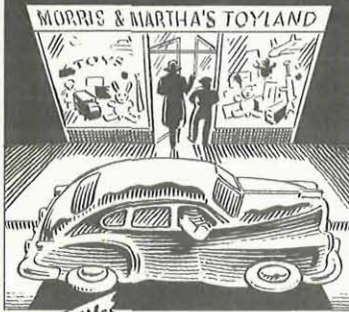


COPYRIGHTED 1931 AND ALSO CONTINUED!

POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett

TWO MEN LEAVE A SLEEK BLACK SEDAN AND ENTER "MORRIS & MARTHA'S TOYLAND"...



YOU BETTER GIVE US A LITTLE GIFT, OTHERWISE THIS STORE MIGHT HAVE A LITTLE FIRE.



HERE, MISTER, PLEASE ACCEPT THIS CHATTY CATHY DOLL AND A NICE COMPUTER HOCKEY.



BUT THEN - JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE!



DON'T YOU KNOW THAT MONEY IS ALWAYS A POPULAR AND APPROPRIATE GIFT? EASY TO GIVE, EASY TO GET!



FIVE BUCKS! THAT CHEAPSKATE! PUT THE TORCH TO IT, BOYS!

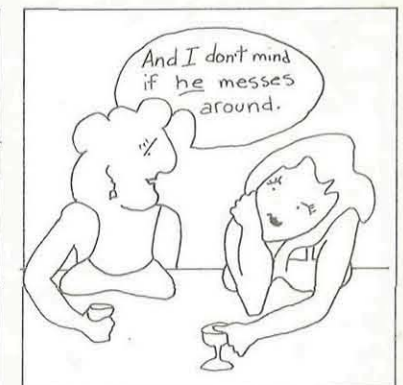


©1981 RON BARRETT

"IT'S NICE TO BE NICE" Official Slogan, New York Taxi Drivers Association - DON'T YOU AGREE?

BAR BELLES

©80 jane brucker

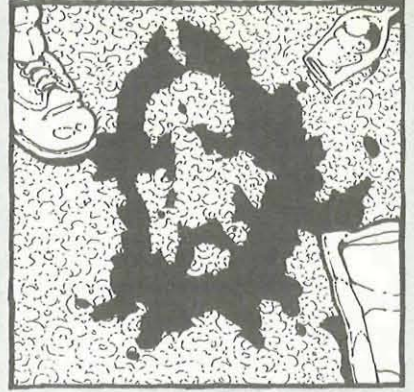


THE MIRACULOUS IMAGE

RICK GEARY
©1981



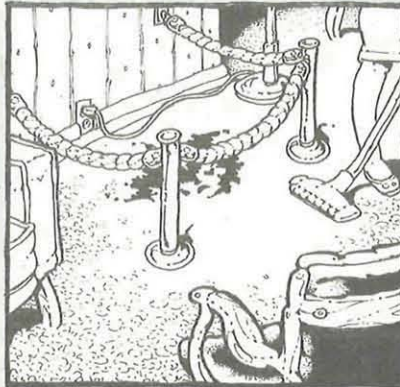
ONE NIGHT TWO YEARS AGO, MY WIFE, COLEEN, UPSET HER GLASS OF RUBY CABERNET.



IT FELL ON THE CARPET, LEAVING A STAIN IN THE DISTINCT IMAGE OF OUR SAVIOR.



FATHER PARO WAS IN AWE AND ADVISED US TO LEAVE THE STAIN AS IT WAS.



SO WE REARRANGED THE LIVING ROOM TO FAVOR IT, AND EVEN, AT HIS INSISTENCE, INSTALLED A BARRIER.



ON SUNDAY, OUR HOME WAS FEATURED IN THE DIOCESE BULLETIN.



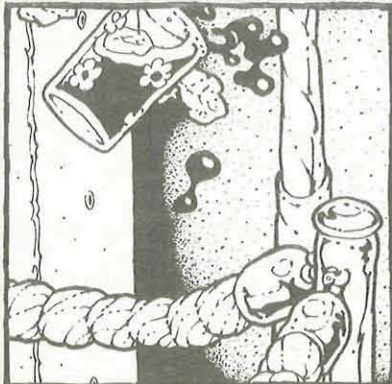
BEFORE LONG, WE WERE VISITED BY DOZENS OF FOLKS DAILY, ONE FAMILY FROM AS FAR OFF AS CARACAS, VENEZUELA.



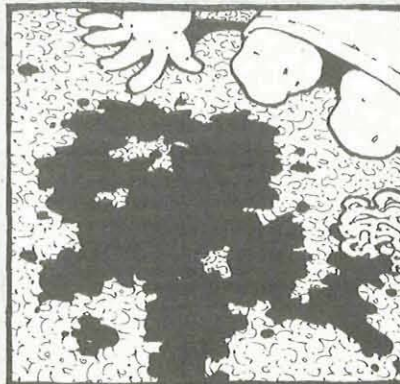
WE SOLD THREE VARIETIES OF POSTAL CARDS...



AND HAD OUR SHARE OF HEALINGS AND TRANSFORMATIONS.



THEN IN OCTOBER OF '79, COLEEN AGAIN SPILLED HER DRINK—THIS TIME CHERRY SODA.



MAKING OUR STAIN NOT ONLY LARGER BUT QUITE INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM ANY OTHER.



LIFE IS QUIETER NOW, THOUGH CERTAINLY LESS INTERESTING.

TIMBERLAND Tales

by B.K. Taylor

DOCTOR ROGERS KATHLEEN MAURICE THE INDIAN BOY SOME CALL HIM THE JOYNER CONSTABLE TOM RUNGRED TO HAVE A SMALL INCLINE OF BRAIN DAMAGE.

IT IS THE SIXTH LONG DAY OF BLIZZARD WEATHER OUTSIDE THE CABIN OF KATHLEEN. WITHIN, OUR FRIENDS ATTEMPT TO AMUSE THEMSELVES WITH A GAME OF SCRABBLE. AFTER LONG MOMENTS, MAURICE, THE INDIAN BOY, MAKES HIS MOVE.

DERE. I'M SPELL "AT."

AT! HUMPH?!

JENSON FILLS THE AIR AS CONSTABLE TOM BEGINS HIS TURN.

AT...!

BOYS!

WHAT'S DA MATTER WIT' AT?

LONGER MOMENTS PASS UNTIL, FINALLY, THE CONSTABLE FINISHES HIS WORD.

WHAT KIND OF A WORD IS ZBLETISMAPIX!!!??

I CAN'T STAND IT! TRAPPED LIKE A RAT!

HE'S GOT... CABIN FEVER!

SHOO WHOP DA DIDDY WHOP OOOO OO WEEE.

GOOD HEAVENS! HE THINKS HE'S ONE OF THE TEMPTATIONS! WE MUST HUMOR HIM...

AND SO... SHOODUM DA WHOOM BA LAM BA... ♪

SHOOO ...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ARE YOU ALL CRAZY!?! ...GRRRRR

WOOF

MY LORD! NOW HE THINKS HE'S A DOG!

OH, BOY! CAN WE KEEP 'IM?

DOCTOR ROGERS! DOCTOR...

'ERE, BOY!

FETCH!

MAURICE! NO!!!

THE WIND HOWLS MOURNFULLY AS THE GROUP WATCHES IN AMAZEMENT.

Later

OH, DEAR, I DO HOPE THE DOCTOR FINDS HIS WAY HOME!

IF 'E DOES, WILL WE 'AVE TO PAPER TRAIN 'IM?

**HAVE AN
EXCITING,
INDISPENSABLE
PRODUCT?**



**Sell a lot
of it
through
National
Lampoon
mail-order and
unclassified
advertising.**

Send to:
National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022
Attn: Robin Parks
or call (212) 688-4070

THE STRONG, SENSITIVE TYPE.



Sheik® gives you the two most important things you look for in a condom: strength and sensitivity.

Sheik's strength is actually tested up to seven different times by the most advanced scientific techniques—including electronic testing.

Yet, with all this proven strength, the material used in a Sheik condom is only three one-thousandths of an inch thin! It feels so natural, you'd swear you weren't wearing a condom at all. And as far as your partner is concerned, the feeling is mutual.

So depend on the strong, sensitive type—Sheik condoms. They've got everything you want in a condom, any way you want them: Sensi-Creme Lubricated, Ribbed, Reservoir End, and Plain End.

SHEIK

Schmid Products Company, Little Falls, N.J.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

UNCLASSIFIED ADS

Join the Army



travel to exotic,
distant lands; meet
exciting, unusual
people and kill them.

T-SHIRT white design on hand screened 100% cotton. Shirt colors: navy, red, black, \$6.95 + \$1.00 P&H. **SWEATSHIRTS** (navy only) \$12.00. **BUTTONS & BUMPER-STICKERS**, \$1.00 each. PLEASE PRINT COLOR, SIZE AND ADDRESS. **PEACEMEAL GRAPHICS, P.O. BOX 172-NL, Pittsburgh, PA 15230.**

© 1979 PEACEMEAL GRAPHICS

THE "4" CYLINDER HEAD PIPE

Check It Out !!

It's a "4" cylinder car head made easily into a PIPE that up to four people can smoke on. Send for your step-by-step instructions and "Free Pin-up Poster" today!! Be the first to freak your friends out with your GENUINE "HEAD PIPE."

Send \$13.50 to: Headgear, P.O. Box 13263, Tallahassee, Florida 32308 (Cashier's Check or Money Order only) Allow 2 to 3 weeks for delivery.



BIOHAZARD

Recombinant T-Shirt?

A must for genetic engineers and biodegenerates alike! The universal biohazard warning silkscreened on the finest (money back guarantee) all-cotton T. Navy shirt with gold design s/m/l/xl. Send \$6.95 + \$1.00 P&H. Graphics East, Box 2112 Pensacola, FL 32503

Offer not valid where prohibited

Fireworks

LARGEST VARIETY OF CLASS C FIREWORKS IN USA!
Fountains, Sky Rockets, Firecrackers, Sparklers, and Novelty Assortments
Send \$2.00 for our Giant Color Catalog
B.J. ALAN CO. FIREWORKS
3800-W Southern Blvd
Youngstown, Ohio 44507
216/482-5595 or 216/782-8714
(800) 321-9071
Toll free outside Ohio except Alaska & Hawaii

KEEP 'EM GUESSIN' with your



T-SHIRT

Black, Red, Navy, Tan, Light Blue, Yellow, White-s/m/l/xl
Send \$5.95 + \$0.50 postage to:
ROCKY MOUNTAIN T-SHIRTS
649 S. College, Ft Collins, Co. 80524



Southern Comfort Bridge Cap



Our distinctive Bridge Cap sports gold-embroidered oak leaves on the visor and a Southern Comfort Riverboat emblem, with the title "Captain." Blended gabardine, in traditional Navy Blue or Dress White. Only \$9.95 (includes shipping). Money-back guarantee. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Void where prohibited by law

THE PADDLE WHEEL SHOP 61
P.O. Box 12429, St. Louis, Mo. 63132

Please send me _____ Southern Comfort Bridge Caps at \$9.95 each (includes shipping). Check or money order enclosed. Or charge my MasterCard Visa

CREDIT CARD # _____

INTERBANK # (MC) _____ EXP. DATE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

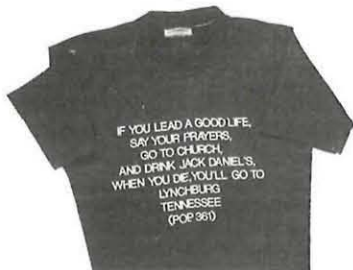
CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Please send the Paddle Wheel Shop Catalog at \$1.00 (enclosed) or Free with merchandise order.



60 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352



EDDIE'S FOLLY T-SHIRT

Right now I'm having to eat my words because I told my partner that his new T-shirt would never sell. I was wrong. You can read for yourself what it says... black shirt with white lettering. It's 50% cotton-50% polyester, and we think you'll have some fun wearing it around. Order S, M, L and XL. \$6.00 delivered.

Send check, money order or use American Express, Visa or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.

(Tennessee residents add 6% sales tax.)
For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel's memorabilia, send \$1.00 to the above address. Telephone: 615-759-7184

WHY PAY MORE!

| | | |
|---|--|--|
| Technics \$260 New Intelligence RSM 51 | Sansui Sansui Digital Call for the Price 59002 | Sony Sony Beta III SL5600 \$944 |
| Pioneer Reel to Reel \$566 RT 909 | Tape Specials Sony EHF 90 \$25 Chrome Bias Tape Case of 10 Video Tape \$1350 T-120 | Jensen Jensen Receiver \$119 R400 |

TOLL FREE 800-356-9514 Weekdays 9-9
Saturdays 9-5

Over 100 Brands like:

- | | | | | |
|----------|----------|------|----------|-----------|
| Technics | Maxell | Sony | Cerwin | Acutex |
| Pioneer | Empire | Teac | Vega | Craig |
| Marantz | Altec | Akai | JBL | Scotch |
| Kenwood | Sharp | Dual | Audio | B.I.C. |
| Sansui | Phillips | Koss | Technica | Stanton |
| Jensen | Shure | TDK | Clarion | Pickering |



WISCONSIN DISCOUNT STEREO
2417 w. badger rd. madison, wi 53713

UNCLASSIFIED ADS

The first American offering of England's
COX CONFECTIONARY CO. LTD.'S

COX SUCKER* T SHIRTS



1
Tan shirt with green & yellow artwork

2
Black shirt with orange & red artwork

* T.M. Applied For.

| Design No. | S | M | L | XL |
|------------|---|---|---|----|
| 1 | | | | |
| 2 | | | | |

Send _____ Cox shirts @ \$6.99 ea. \$ _____
 Postage/Handling \$ 1.00
 NY Residents add 7% Sales Tax \$ _____
 TOTAL ENCLOSED Check/M.O. (No COD's) \$ _____

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

MAIL TO:
 Mirand Marketing Co.
 P.O. Box 22715
 Rochester, NY 14692
 Exclusive N. American Agents

REPRODUCE YOUR FAVORITE BODY PARTS!

Immortalize any part of his body or yours with this great, easy to use molding material. Cool, quick-setting molding material is fun to use, and gives you a flexible, non-toxic mold to make life-like reproductions with the pink casting material we supply, or even with chocolate, jello or candle wax! Medically approved, each kit contains enough material for 3-4 molds and castings. It's great fun and it's safe - order today!

To order, send \$9.95 plus \$1.50 postage and handling along with check, money order or VISA/MasterCharge authorization to

LASTING IMPRESSIONS™
 1342 E. Chapman Ave., Orange, CA 92666
 Toll Free (800) 854-0561, ext. 864
 In Calif. (800) 432-7257, ext. 864

VISA # _____
 MasterCard # _____
 Expiration Date _____
 Signature _____
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
NL Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

1. I USED TO BE DISGUSTED NOW I'M JUST AMUSED

2. PARDON ME BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A SHIT

3. We'll get along fine as soon as you realize I'm God

4. Life is like a shit sandwich. The more bread you have the less shit you have to eat.

5. I don't know I don't care And it doesn't make any difference

6. Those of you who think you know everything are very annoying to those of us who do

7. Sounds Like BULLSHIT To Me

8. QUESTION AUTHORITY

9. HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY

10. "SO?" 11. "When choosing between two evils I always like to try the one I've never tried before." 12. "It's not that you and I are so clever, but that the others are such fools." 13. "Just because you're PARANOID doesn't mean everyone isn't out to get you." 14. "Don't ask me any questions. I just might tell you the truth." 15. "IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS" 16. "If you can't dazzle 'em with brilliance, baffle 'em with bullshit." 17. "I'm not cynical. Just experienced." 18. "I know you think you understood what I said, but what you heard was not what I meant." 19. "ASK ME IF I CARE" 20. "If you have to ask you'll never know." 21. "THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS" 22. "There are no rules." 23. "If I tell you you have a beautiful body will you hold it against me?" 24. "MURPHY'S LAW: Whatever can go wrong, will. And at the worst possible moment." Silk screened blue on tan or white on black. First quality 100% cotton Hanes t-shirts. S,M,L,XL. **MONEYBACK GUARANTEE**

IMAGE DESIGNS, Dept. NL4
 2054 East 115th Street
 Cleveland, Ohio 44106

YES! Rush me these t-shirts: (Use another sheet of paper to list more shirts)

| QUANTITY | | | | QUANTITY | | | |
|----------|------|-------|-----|----------|------|-------|-----|
| No. | SIZE | BLACK | TAN | No. | SIZE | BLACK | TAN |
| | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | |

I am ordering _____ t-shirts @ \$6.95 ea. = \$ _____
 postage & handling = \$ 2.00
 OH Res. add 5 1/2 % sales tax = \$ _____
 TOTAL ENCLOSED = \$ _____

1 dozen or more just \$6 each postpaid!

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
 U.S. FUNDS ONLY DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED NO COD's

* Flatus Machine

You'll blow anyone away with the incredible new **FLATUS MACHINE!** This mechanical flatulence producing machine sounds exactly like you are really ripping one! Thousands of laughs!

It sounds so real you can almost smell it! At last you can be the life (or death) of any party!

Vinyl carrying case and hilarious instruction booklet included.

Send your name and address and only \$5.95 (includes postage) to:

BRIDGE PRODUCTS
 4946 Sepulveda
 Las Vegas, Nevada 89118

Satisfaction or your money back (not a cushion toy)
 Dealer Inquiries Invited

*FART

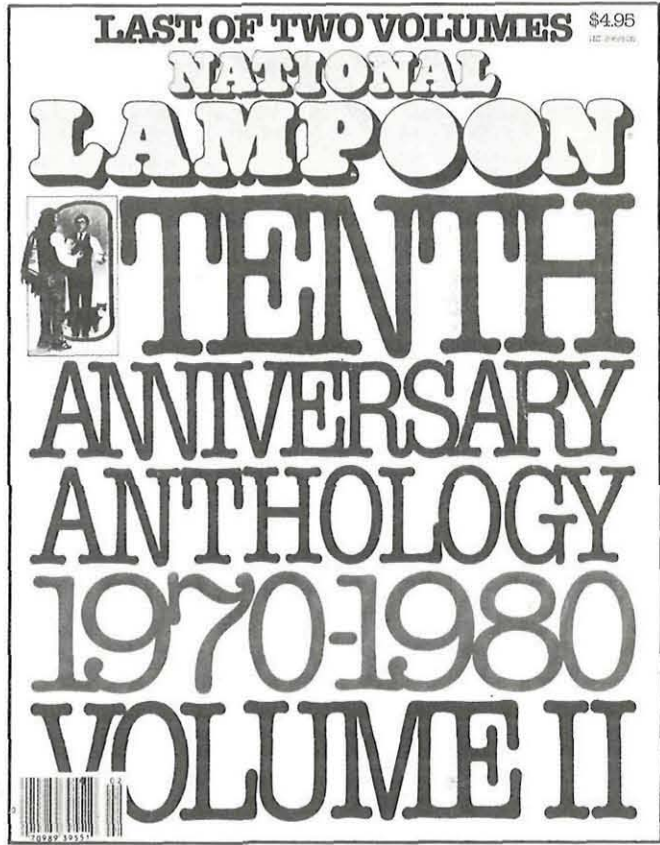
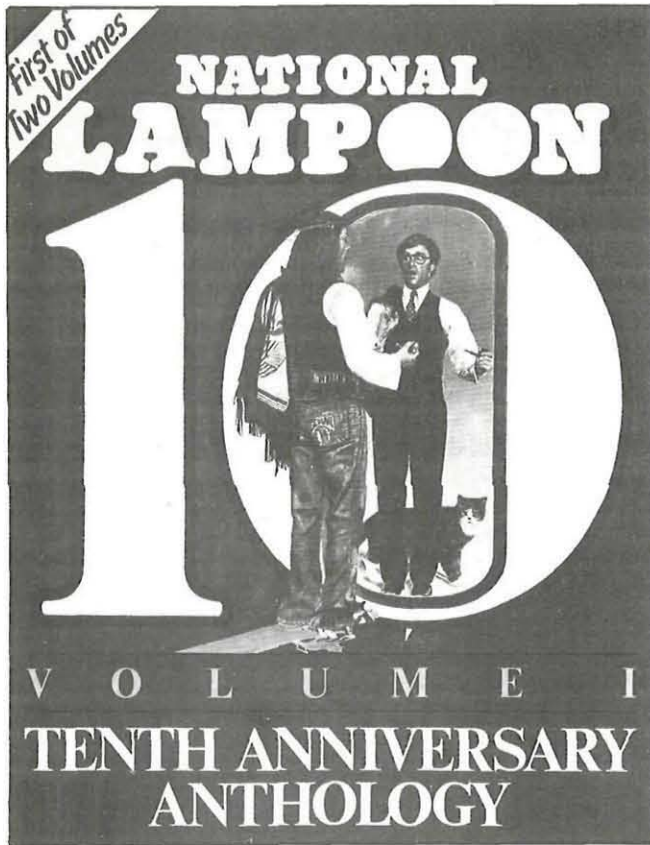
We've got the SEXIEST XXX Video Cassettes at the lowest prices!!!

CLASS X VIDEO

And that's not all... We've also got over 400 great VIDEO Cassettes! Great old TV shows, features, cartoons that will make you want to dance, and a million surprises! TWO separate catalogs: **XXX adult** (full color) **General Fun** (72 pages) \$1 each (or both for \$1.50)
 Money back guarantee!

CLASS-X VIDEO Stevensin, Conn. 06491 Tel. 203-268-9699

Special Sale on National Lampoon's Tenth Anniversary Anthologies



How do we do it? Volume.

That's right. We sell so many copies of Volume I and Volume II of National Lampoon's Tenth Anniversary Anthology that we can afford to give you a whacking great discount. Now, for an unlimited time only, you can order both volumes of National Lampoon's Tenth Anniversary Anthology, containing the best material from the first ten years of the magazine, for the low, low price of \$6.95 the pair. If you wish to purchase just one volume, it is yours for \$4.95.

Now, we don't have to lock you in a dog kennel and feed you electricity for you to appreciate what a great offer this is. Do we?

Send today. Or it's kennel time for you.

- Please send me both volumes of National Lampoon's Tenth Anniversary Anthology for \$6.95.
- Please send me Volume I for \$4.95.
- Please send me Volume II for \$4.95.

(Please enclose 75¢ for postage and handling. New York State residents, please add 8 percent sales tax.)

I enclose _____

Send to: National Lampoon Dept. NL 481
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The WAR DECORUM PRIMER

by John Bendel

INTRODUCTION



The reputation of warfare, built over centuries of organized armed conflict, has been sullied in recent times, particularly in the course of small wars between newly independent nations—those often called the third world. Many parvenu leaders burst upon the scene, anxious to make their mark in war. Few of them have the breeding or character to conduct their forces or themselves with style. The result? Too many potentially splendid little wars have been unforgivably ill-conducted. Many potentially memorable warriors have been forgotten. Pity.

In bygone days, princes were groomed in the art of war long before they became kings. But in today's egalitarian times, no one knows who tomorrow's leaders will be. Some have been rat catchers or bicycle repairmen; some have been illiterate tribal strong men. Given the undistinguished and uniformly humble backgrounds, it is little wonder that some have behaved badly.

It is hoped that this illustrated, large-type edition of the world-famous War Decorum Primer will help even the basest new leaders in their quest for respect and social acceptance.



This man has an army, but does he know how to act?

STARTING A PROPER WAR



One tells the world a great deal about oneself by the way one starts a war. Despite a recent slump in popularity, declarations of war remain a sign of social assurance and good breeding and are much preferred to sneak attacks. Here are four simple rules for declaring war with grace and aplomb:



This maladroit commander-in-chief declared war at a private party and was not taken seriously ever again.



This war, declared from the steps of the post office, was well received by friend and foe alike.

1. Declare war from a public building, or at least on public property, such as a park or a zoo. One never declares war in a car.

2. Proper dress is a must for war declaration, and if television cameras will be present, one should shower and shave as well. If one is overweight, one should wear a coat. A tightly buttoned military jacket can be very unflattering.

3. One should write down one's declaration of war and keep it in a safe place. Make photostatic copies of the declaration of war. One could lose the original in the confusion and hubbub of the crowd.

4. Keep the declaration of war simple and straightforward. Don't give the impression of pushiness or arrogance. For example, "We are declaring war on Paraguay."

5. Say nothing you might regret if you should lose.

ONE'S FIRST INVASION



With no sense of military formation, these troops are creating a bad impression among the local population.

regular rows. In case of invasion by sea, try not to

No one cares for a disorderly invasion with soldiers running around willy-nilly. One's invasion should be kept orderly. One's troops must have clean uniforms and walk in

litter the beach. People might want to swim there someday. If invading by air, one should pick a convenient place for one's troops to meet after the drop—a popular restaurant, perhaps, or, in the case of rural landings, a well-known estate or sporting field. Not only will stray soldiers find the rendezvous with less difficulty, but troops waiting for them will also have a pleasant place to pass the time.

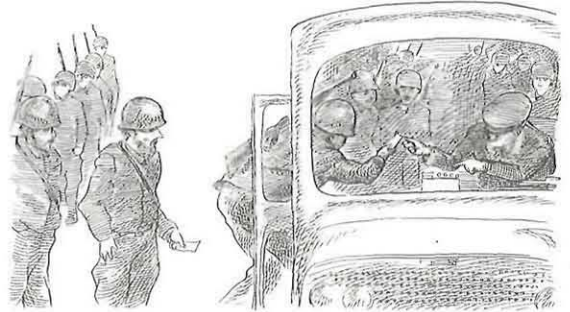


These soldiers are conducting themselves in a tidy military manner. It is a good idea to have the men take numbers while they wait in line, in the manner of bakeries and other popular retail shops.

PROPERTY RIGHTS IN COMBAT

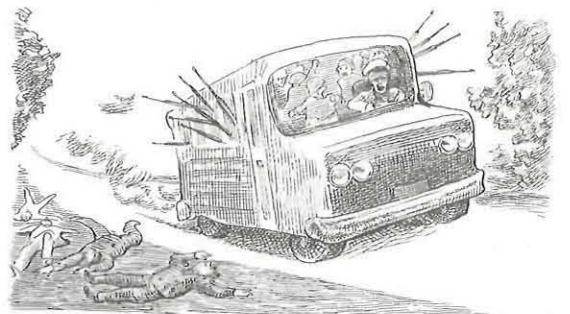


Attitudes toward private property will vary with the ideology of the army in question. One should not promulgate rules for all armies in this case, since such rules might themselves cause a war. It is enough to say that if one's cause is socialist or pro-



In their battle to maintain the rights of the individual, these troops pay their own way to the front.

letarian, one's army may take what it wants and enjoy it in the name of the people. On the other hand, if one's army is upholding the right of private property or a similar principle, troops should be instructed to keep their sticky fingers to themselves.

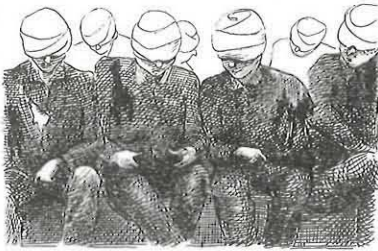


This war broke out over a material dispute involving consumer goods. Therefore this army unit is entitled to commandeer whatever it wants.

CARING FOR THE WOUNDED



Leaders who espouse one of today's popular leftist ideologies should try to insure that bandages and drugs are distributed equally among all soldiers, whether wounded or not. As it is impossible to insure that all soldiers will be wounded equally, the soldiers may wish to barter or otherwise redistribute the bandages themselves. A wise strong man leaves this entirely up to them.



The soldiers of collectivism must be treated equally. Here all wounded troops receive head bandages whether they need them or not.



Here, casualties in the cause of individual freedom gracefully defer to power and privilege, just as they should.

More traditional leaders will insure that the richest, most loyal, and strongest soldiers receive the most medical attention without regard for the seriousness of their wounds.

More traditional leaders will insure that the richest, most loyal, and strongest soldiers receive the most medical attention without regard for the seriousness of their wounds.

A WORD ABOUT PRISONERS



They eat one's food, take up space, and perform poorly whatever task is set them. No matter how civil one is to them, they reply only with name, rank, and serial number. This is rude and unfeeling.



Here, prisoners are delivered to a POW camp behind the lines.

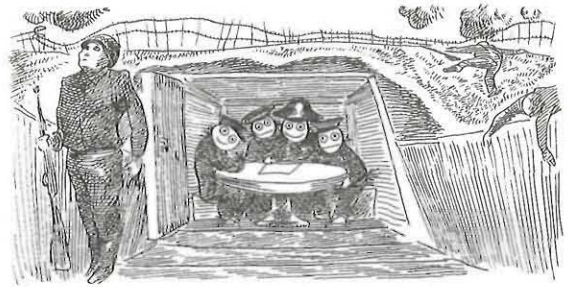
There is only one solution: they must be killed.

Encourage them to commit suicide by giving them poisoned whiskey, for example, or shoot them while they are trying to "escape." This can be done by announcing that the prison has been moved and that since they are no longer in it, they must be trying to escape.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF DEFEAT



Nobody likes to think about defeat, but it does happen. And when it does, one must be concerned with the feelings of one's subordinates and followers. When fleeing a besieged capital, for example, one must take care not to upset the remaining defenders unnecessarily. With death imminent, they don't want to worry about where their leader



It is not polite to leave rear-guard troops with the impression that they have been abandoned. One can spare their feelings by leaving behind lifelike replicas of oneself and one's staff.

has gone or when he'll be back for them. This is one case in which it is perfectly permissible to leave without saying good-bye.

Also, one might find that decisions one makes during a war are viewed critically by a victorious enemy. In such cases it may be necessary to deny responsibility. In the process one might have to incriminate subordinates, allies, or close friends. These things happen; one should not torture oneself over them.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF VICTORY



One must consider one's followers in victory as well as in defeat, except that in this case one's obligation is to provide them with vicarious elation. They deserve to see their leader savoring triumph, and the greatest faux pas one could commit would be to deny them this pleasure.



In victory it is one's duty to share the people's joy.

Make every day your Brut Day.



Great Days seem to happen more often when you're wearing Brut® by Fabergé. After shave, after shower, after anything.*

LETTERS

continued from page 61

Sirs:

After having grown up at thirty-seven to become the font of all earthly wisdom at forty-two, I feel well qualified to decry your journalistic rag for its unforgivable glorification of the macho, he-man mystique. The way you *National Lampoon* writers of the male persuasion exploit the female form within your pages—often even showing the female in provocative poses and in various stages of undress—is a crime! I am enclosing a copy of my new book, *The War Between the Sheets*. In it, I explain how the chest-beating, womanizing brand of machismo that you *National Lampoon* writers promote is just a coverup. That's right; you men probably don't realize it, but you're all fairies! *Honest!* It says so in my book, right on page 199.

You guys at *National Lampoon* are nothing more than brutes and savages whose macho posing is debasing the modern male image. What you all need is a good role model, someone like myself, who will liberate you from your self-imposed shackles of chauvinism and teach you how the *real* man of the eighties should behave.

Just do what I do. Wear tight Calvin Kleins without any underwear beneath so that everyone will know your tiny penis does not bother you in the least and certainly does not determine your degree of "maleness." Buy the rest of your wardrobe from the pages of the latest *Gentlemen's Quarterly* and pin up any pictures of the male models whose style happens to strike your fancy. Marry an ex-Atlanta debutante and get a \$15,000 advance to write a book about what unbelievable beasts men are to women. Then, let your wife (or lover) beat you over the head with a rolling pin and piss in your mouth. Believe me, it'll make a man out of you.

Jerry Rubin

Still stoned on carrot juice
Manhattan

Sirs:

Well, now that I've finally made it to the big time, can someone explain to me what the letters GOP stand for? Also, those designer bathrooms Jimmy showed me when he gave me a tour of the place don't seem to be working, and I was wondering if someone could come check the plumbing;

that convenient office shower seems to be broken—no matter how many times I dial "hot water," the only thing that comes out of the red showerhead is the voice of some grumpy foreigner; and the specially designed toilet in the drawing room just will not flush, no matter how hard I press middle C.

Ron
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Somebody get me the patent office in a hurry! One of our kids at the Poughkeepsie Junior Science Fair has just invented a blowjob pill. You just take the pill and you get a blowjob right away. Don't ask me how. Who cares? Just be grateful it works. Now get me that patent attorney!

Delbert Giddy
Junior Science Fair
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sirs:

My name is Alfred and I'm so happy I finally completed seven long years of psychiatric therapy that I celebrated by boiling my neighbor's baby in a tub.

Alfred Cheezer
San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Sirs:

The Albuquerque Witches Coven would like to announce our new spring lineup of celebrity curses. For you guys: being Erica Jong's husband, having Donald Sutherland's wee-wee, going to bed with Billy Joel. For you girls: being Charles Bronson's wife, getting Barbie Streisand's face but not her voice, going to bed with Barry Manilow. For anybody: being either Fidel Castro's facecloth or Marlon Brando's toilet for one day.

Of course, we've got nice curses too, like being Steve McQueen's beneficiary, or never having Steve Martin or Bette Midler ever know where you live. We're what you call white witches, see? So please print this letter, or I'll put a Brando curse on you, Mexican style.

Derek
Albuquerque, N.Mex.

Sirs:

Oh, when those cotton balls get rotten, you can't pick very much cotton. Plus, it makes it difficult to spread Cloverine Salve. That's why I periodically inspect our medicine chest to make sure the cotton balls aren't rotten.

Senator Herman Talmadge
Too Drunk to Give a Fuck, Florida

Sirs:

I have a question. It costs two dollars to cross the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco, round trip. Now, if you tell them in advance that you'll be jumping, will they let you on for half price?

Michael Cimino
Hollywood

Sirs:

I had this really vicious pair of designer jeans that I just couldn't relate to. I tried and tried to be nice to them, but the damn things just kept shrinking on me anyway. It was real frustrating. I pleaded with them, washed them by hand, massaged them, and spent hundreds of dollars taking them out to night spots and for expensive meals at fancy restaurants, but all to no avail. Nothing seemed to please them; they just kept getting smaller and smaller.

Finally we went to a clothing-consciousness group together, and did it ever help! I learned to look at the problem from the jeans' point of view for a change, and I became attuned to their biorhythms. We still have our problems, and they still shrink sometimes, but now we're both much more understanding of the other's head space.

Shirley Tooter
San Francisco, Cal.

Sirs:

Columbia Pictures is shooting yet another remake of *Class of '62*. You know, a movie about a class of willful, brilliant Vassar graduates who get together for a reunion and get catty about each other's failures and indiscretions. This one is called *Class of '75* and stars Cheryl Tiegs, Ursula Andress, Annette Funicello, Deborah Harry, Jody Foster, Lucille Ball, and me. Jody's the replacement for Mae West. Do you think audiences will believe that Lucille Ball graduated in 1975? She's a good actress and all that, but, I mean, she's got all those stretch marks on her neck.

Marie Osmond
Columbia Studios

Sirs:

Sometimes, when it gets late, I'll put on Bowie's "Young Americans," and when he sings, "Do you remember... President Nixon?" why, I sing, "Oh, do you remember... me?"

President Nixon
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

If any senile or retarded people happen to find old paintings by guys named Rembrandt or van Gogh in their attics, remember: artists with funny names were invariably foreign, queer, and insane. Act quickly. I will take those worn-out, dangerous paintings off your hands for a modest charge. Be on the safe side and call me at the office, collect. Remember: queer and insane.

Harold Jenkins
Jenkins Art Gallery
Chicago

Sirs:

I been doing some checking up and I found out some pretty disgusting things about the country of Italy that shows you just how low-down and conniving them fucking dagos can be. Talk about one-upmanship!

On February 15, 1898, the U.S. battleship *Maine* blows up in Havana Harbor and 266 Americans get killed, right? *Only eight years later* the Italian steamer *Sirico* gets wrecked off Cape Palos and *three hundred and fifty* Eye-ties get killed! In 1889, Pennsylvania has the Johnstown flood that kills 2,200 people. Seventy-seven years later, they gotta have an even *bigger* flood over in Florence and Venice. In 1906, we get the San Francisco earthquake that kills 452 people. In 1908, they gotta have an earthquake that kills *eighty-three thousand* people! This year we have the Mount Saint Helen's volcano that kills hundreds of Americans. So what do they do? They gotta have an earthquake that kills *thousands* of dagos!

You see the pattern? It just goes to show you that those pope-loving, spaghetti-drooling, wine-guzzling greaseballs will do *anything* to make the United States come off second best.

Bobby Joe Plunkett
KKK Lodge 965
North Hills, Pa.

Sirs:

To borrow a phrase from Her Majesty, the late Queen Victoria of England: "We are not amused." Not only that, but we are not "amusing," and we will never be "amusing." And that is why we will never, ever, order a subscription to your magazine, let alone appear within its pages. Swill that one across your palates, dearies.

The Royal Family
England

Give it your best shot.



Deodorant Spray
with the great smell of Brut.[®]
by Fabergé.

Gen. Alexander Haig's
1981 Republican Party
Atlas of the Known World
 Copyright 1980 through 1984
 Republican Party National Committee
 Made in, for, and by the USA.



MORE ASIA

UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS
 (they mean Russia)

ALASKA
 (belongs to us)

CANADA
 (most of which also belongs to us)

NORTH

PACIFIC OCEAN

AMERICA

THE UNITED STATES

MEXICO

THIS IS CHINA, TOO
 (up to a point)

Bad Korea
 Good Korea

JAPAN

BHUTAN

WHATYACALLIT

BURMA

LAOS

THAILAND

VIETNAM

CAMBODIA

PHILIPPINES

INDONESIA

NEW GUINEA

OTHER ISLAND

NEW ZEALAND

CHINA

Taipei

Manila

Singapore

Jakarta

Port Moresby

Wellington

Canberra

San Francisco

MIDWAY

HAWAII

WAKE

BIKINI ATOLL

TARAWA

FIJI

SAMOA

TAHITI

ALL OF THIS IS THE UNITED STATES
 PACIFIC TRUST TERRITORY
 Or, if it isn't, it ought to be, because we won
 World War II practically single-handedly,
 except for some help from England

POLITICAL DIVISIONS

- The U.S.
- Just Like the U.S.
- Just Like the U.S. as Soon as We Send Some Marines There
- This is the Way We Could End Up If We Aren't Careful
- Our Allies
- Were Our Allies. Last Time We Checked
- Will Be Our Allies If They Discover Oil There
- Would Be Our Allies If We Didn't Had a Democratic Congress for 26 Years
- Would Be Our Allies If They Could Vote
- Our Allies, and Fortunately They Can't Vote
- Places Where There's Too Much Voting Entirely
- Members of the Warsaw Pact
- Countries That Ought to Watch It, or Else
- Places the Cubans Had Better Get Out Of
- Countries Where Everybody is Dead
- Funny Countries That Don't Matter
- Good Arabs
- Bad Arabs
- Notten Unkiss Arabs Without Any Oil
- Used to Be Our Friends Then They Were Our Enemies Now They're Our Friends Again But They're Going to Be Enemies Some More Pretty Soon If They Don't Increase Their Defense Spending
- The French They Are a Funny Race. They Fight with Their Feet and Make Babies with Their Faces, or Something Like That
- No Respect for Human Rights
- Too Much Respect for Human Rights
- No Humans
- Countries Ho State Department Clean Forget



Gen. Alexander Haig's 1981 Republican Party Atlas of the

| Region, Political Division, or Place | Native Population | Form of Government | History |
|--------------------------------------|---|--|--|
| FRANCE | Nice, but too many French people. | Arguing, yelling, weeping, and long essays in newspapers. | Had too many kings named Louis, so they killed them all and got themselves Napoleon for a while. After that, they lost a number of wars to the Germans. |
| SUN VALLEY | Not the sort of place anyone is actually from. | A large, resort-owning corporation. | Pretty much always has been the place to go and still is—what with all the Kennedy children littering up Aspen. |
| RUSSIA | People enslaved by communism, plus some communists. | Worst imaginable. | Used to be a gigantic country ruled by people without any sense, and still is, but now they have H-bombs. |
| HILTON HEAD | Very nice people. | Sensible zoning laws. | Used to be you could pick up land around there for fifty dollars an acre—no kidding! |
| GEORGETOWN | Very nice people, but a disenfranchised minority population of Democrats can be troublesome. | Republican. | The last four years have been too awful to recount. |
| LATIN AMERICA | More than they can feed. | They show poor form in practically everything. | Very little of note so far, but there's always the terrible possibility they'll start making some. |
| MARTHA'S VINEYARD | Far too many writer types. | A part of Massachusetts, but whether or not that state can be said to be governed, in the dictionary sense of the word, is debatable. | One of the most important events in American history, the Chappaquiddick incident, took place on Martha's Vineyard. |
| PALM BEACH | Very nice; some Jews, but not the pushy kind. | Some very nice form, no doubt. | Founded by nice people in 1893 and kept that way ever since. |
| MAINLAND CHINA | They look like they're all Chinese. | Communist, but not bad communist, like Russia, although it's still communist, so it must be pretty bad, but it might turn out to be not all that bad, considering it's no good... | China has a long, long history; almost all of it is Chinese history, however, and does not concern us. |
| THE JUNIOR LEAGUE | Everybody's wife and most daughters. | Squabbling, probably. | There doesn't seem to be any "Senior League," and the Junior has been around for as long as anyone can remember, so who knows? |
| AUSABLE RIVER | Trout fishermen. | Nasty looks at people who use live bait. | Used to be Indians around there, but they couldn't tie flies. |
| ENGLAND | For foreigners, they are very close to being regular people. | They have a queen instead of a vice-president to christen ships and cut ribbons at supermarket openings; otherwise it is very like a real government, though it used to be wickedly socialist. | They were part and parcel with our country, but they balked at that and since then have pursued a course of becoming prematurely involved in world wars and giving far too much away to welfare mothers. All this has brought them to grief. |
| THE FOUR SEASONS | Powerful lawyers, agents, and other evolutionarily advanced primates who are host to a number of parasitical life forms called clients. | Government by maitre d'. | Formerly a restaurant, now the physical location for a "power lunch." |
| BEVERLY HILLS | Lots of very, very nice people and a few pushy types. | Government is by bank loan. | It used to be so much fun in the old days when they were really making movies. |
| THE 7TH FLEET | Sailors and marines. | Commands, whistles, shouting at illiterate enlisted men. | Used to guard Quemoy and Matsu, is now supposed to be somewhere around the Persian Gulf. |
| NEW YORK CITY | Lots of pushy types and a few very, very nice people. | Federal assistance. | Not really part of America; must have floated over from Europe by accident when no one was looking. |
| THE MIDDLE EAST | Viola-nosed goat pilots with their heads wrapped up in somebody else's kitchen dish towels, plus some Jews where everybody wishes they weren't. | A subject comparable to quantum physics in its complexity and to sewage in its charm. | There are things about which no decent man speaks in mixed company. |
| THE PLAZA | All too native—not what it once was. | Once governed by the principles of good taste, but no longer. | Yes, lots of it; but nowadays the Carlyle is a much better hotel. |
| THE THIRD WORLD | Unruly, unclean, and uncountably numerous. | They cannot govern themselves and will not allow anyone else to do it for them. | We conquered practically all of them once, but they were so dirty we had to let them loose. |
| YALE | Better sort of college student, plus a few of the very intelligent kinds of Negroes and girls. | Deans and proctors and so on. | Yes, and Poli Sci, Medicine, and Law also. |

own World—WORLD POLITICAL INFORMATION TABLE

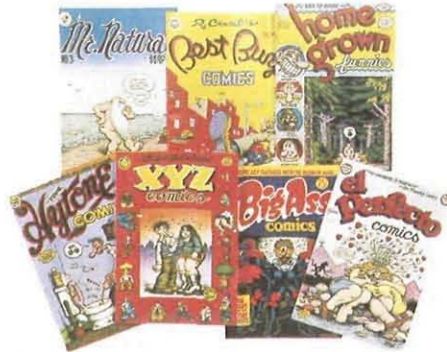
| Natural Resources | Economy and Trade | Natural Features | Wildlife and Vegetation |
|---|---|--|---|
| cheese, wine, spurious titles of nobility. | The principal export is names for food—hors d'oeuvres, for instance, or boeuf Bourguignon. | None: some unnatural features, however, of considerable interest. | Immense underground truffle forests. |
| now. | Snow, followed by immense amounts of alcohol. | Snow. | Six-foot, drug-bearing ski instructors can be dangerous game when pursued by daughters and wives. |
| bombs, the U.N., college students innelly countries everywhere. | Import wheat and export international terrorism. | Many prison camps, very few automobiles or TV sets. | Political dissidents lead lives like animals; it is not known what kind of lives the animals lead. |
| trific golf course. | Mergers, acquisitions, stock deals, but no business chitchat while others are putting. | Terrific golf course. | None of that sort of thing allowed. |
| large corporations, banks, fundamentalist political-action committees, and support of the National Rifle Association. | Look for an upturn at the end of '81. | Blue eyes, nice fans, good teeth. | Jody Powell has been run out of town—so much for wildlife; but some of the houses have very pretty little gardens. |
| he still own most of them, thank God. | They practice no economies and trade mostly insults. | Loud music, dirty naked children, kidnappings, and assassinations. | Too much of both—almost none of it edible. |
| rious beachfront properties open toondo development, as soon as certainerals become as bankrupt financially; they are politically and philosophically. | Persons interested in either go to Dark Harbor in Maine or visit the Forbes family on Naushon Island. | Lillian Hellman's nose. | The Kennedy family provides examples of both wildlife and vegetable matter. |
| est Palm Beach—which gives the helpmeplace to live. | Most people are retired now. | Its own ocean, which is conveniently located right on the beach. | The gardener takes care of that sort of thing. |
| is a natural resource the Chinese have, imarily, a great many Chinese. | They all seem very busy, in their antlike fashion. | A very long wall; but since there is nothing but more China on either side of the wall, it is very hard to say what the Chinese are walling in or walling out. | They ate it all, a long time ago. |
| an awful lot of money from charitytills—all of it paid by husbands andthers. | It's the husbands and fathers who work. | A whole lot of women. | No noticeable wildlife, but an awful lot of damn expensive flower arrangements at those dances. |
| out stream. | Trout fishing. | Stream full of trout. | Trout, and a bunch of overhanging branches to foul your line in. |
| he world's best peppermint-creamafers, an excellent golf course in Scotand, some oil, and those wonderful Britn accents. | Imports include all machinery with more than two moving parts; exports focus on television miniseries based on all those novels written by <i>Cliff Notes</i> . | Pale complexions, weak chins. | Some birds, many bird-watchers, privet hedges, and the yew. |
| small salads, fluffy omelets. | American Express, Diners Club, Carte Blanche. | Don't let them seat you in the Pool Room at lunch; it's even more demeaning than the Party Room at Elaine's. | Smoked salmon and vegetable crudités. |
| beauty and popular appeal, whichostly take the form of real estate. | Entertainment, which mostly takes the form of talking about real-estate deals. | A lot of really valuable real estate. | The wildlife is all up in the canyons; vegetation, on the other hand, is a more or less permanent state for many residents. |
| whole lot of atom bombs and not quite many helicopters as it used to have. | Yes, and it better continue or we'll have to bomb the crap out of somebody. | Commands, whistles, shouting at illiterate enlisted men, a whole lot of atom bombs, and not quite as many helicopters as it used to have. | Some sodomy and a great deal of marijuana hidden under bunk mattresses. |
| ome Jewish people who have converted to Republicans. | Most residents are employed in either crime or international finance; the two professions can be differentiated according to size. | The areas outside Manhattan Island and above Ninety-sixth Street have not been explored as yet by an English-speaking white man. | Doubtless some of both is available for sale, since everything else here is. |
| ore than enough has been printed on is subject already; suffice it to say, these countries do <i>not</i> sit astride the world's largest deposits of blackboard ate or commercial-grade billiards talk. | We give them money, they give us trouble. | Sometime—no doubt within the next decade—all the natural features of this region will be suffused with a brilliant radioactive glow. | There is little wildlife or vegetation in this area, and soon there will be less. |
| he Palm Court, the Oak Bar, Traderc's. | Certainly does not represent an economy, and far too many of the guests are engaged in trade. | Get a suite overlooking the park. | Call room service. |
| ore than they deserve or have anyea what to do with. | If we quit giving them so much food, maybe they wouldn't have the strength to riot so often. | A boundless sea of sullen, dusky faces waiting for more communist-made automatic weapons before they pour forth and inundate civilization as we know it. | Most common flora is our wheat; most common fauna is the disease germ. |
| William F. Buckley and alumni in theate Department and the CIA. | That sort of person should go to Harvard or Ohio State. | Train to New York. | There's the Skull and Bones initiation, if that counts. |

HEAVY COMIX!

From the depths of the 'underground' comes the most amazing adult cartooning available. Thrill to fabulous tales of future worlds, topical humor and scathing satire by America's foremost adult cartoonists, printed in the original underground comix, exuberant and uninhibited. You must be 18 or over to order these collections of outstanding comic art.



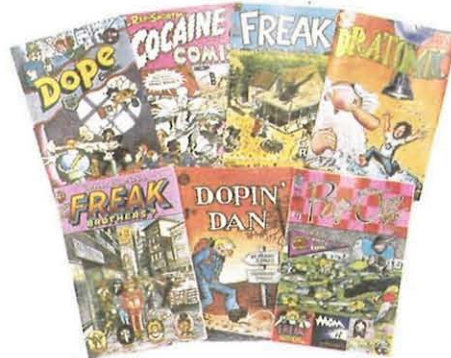
Comix Assortment Package. A little of everything to serve as an introduction to this unique art form. 6 comix. \$6.75



Crumb Comix Package. 7 comix from the master of the underground with familiar characters in the panels that made them famous. \$6.75



Comix of the 80's Package. Recent quality releases that prove these artists are still going strong and pulling ahead. 6 titles. \$8.00



Dope Comix Package. 7 of the best collections about dope and dopers. Light up and read. \$8.25



New Sex Package. 4 unbelievably unrestrained comix plus a special 160 page book to set fire to your libido. \$8.45

Yes! Send me some of the most amazing adult cartooning available.

I certify that I am 18 years of age or older.

- _____ New Sex Package @ \$8.45 (KG37)
- _____ Dope Comix Package @ \$8.25 (KG44)
- _____ Crumb Comix Package @ \$6.75 (KG47)
- _____ Comix of the 80's @ \$8.00 (KG51)
- _____ Comix Assortment Package @ \$6.75 (KG40)

Please add \$1.00 for postage and handling. All checks must be payable within the continental U.S. (New York State residents, please add 8% sales tax).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send to: **Heavy Metal Comix**
Dept. 481
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

ECONOMIC SURVIVAL

BY JOHN HUGHES

A

SCENARIO A: Inflation continues at present rate; oil prices rise steadily without any major supply breaks. President Reagan maintains a cool head; unemployment holds steady at current level. Prime rate steady at 16 percent. Stable global political activities. Economic indicators level or head upward at a modest rate.

STRATEGY A: Make your wife get a job. If she has a job, have her put in for more overtime or quit and get a better-paying job. Teenage children should be put to work. If they complain that they will be mocked and ridiculed, ask them what they would rather have: a full belly and warm bed, or a group of people to hang around a shopping mall with. If they answer to the latter, show them the back of your hand. Insulate your home and mete out stiff punishment for leaving the door open when someone goes out for the paper or brings in groceries. Become a boring old energy miser; walk

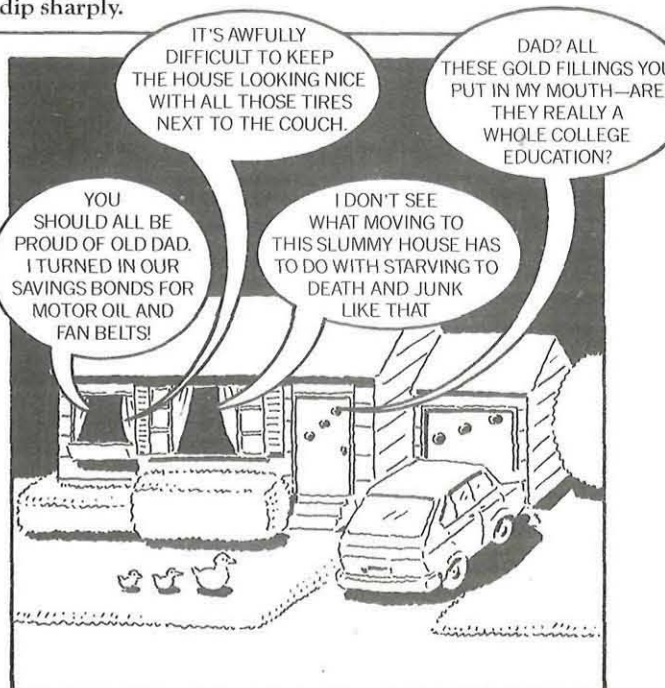
around turning off unnecessary lights, clicking your tongue, and mumbling numbers and figures. Forbid your wife to give gifts to friends. Get your hair cut at a regular old barbershop and never pay more than four bucks. Cut out unnecessary frills like vacations; you never went to the Bahamas and you grew up all right. Don't entertain; don't lend goods or money to anyone, even your mother. And while you're busy not lending things, go next door and get your aluminum extension ladder back. In a time of economic calamity, your neighbor may nationalize it.



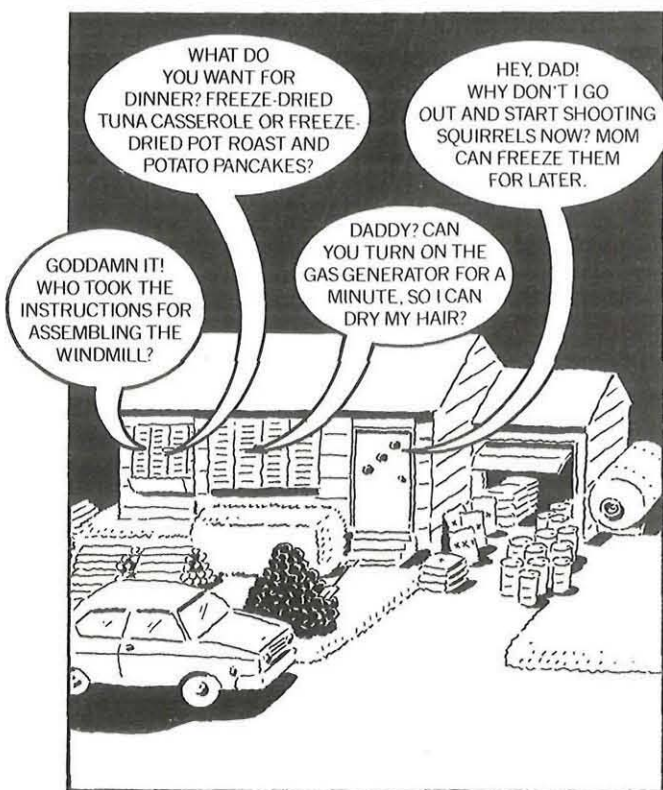
B

SCENARIO B: Inflation tops 20 percent; oil shoots over \$45 a barrel, with frequent but temporary supply cutoffs. President Reagan concedes that he cannot slash taxes, promises to cut them, and ends up raising them. Unemployment inches over 10 percent. The prime rate climbs to 21 percent. The Russians invade Poland. Economic indicators dip sharply.

STRATEGY B: Convert cash reserves to a mixed bag of pre-1964 U.S. silver coins, Austrian Krugerrands, maple leaves, Austrian coronas, Oriental rugs, and Chinese art. Bury the metals in the yard. Forbid your wife to shop for groceries on an empty stomach and arm her with coupons even though she protests that coupons are an admission of poverty. Call in all debts, including the loans your children have outstanding to friends, regardless of how small they might be. Take the dog for a walk and come back with an empty leash. Start saving newspapers and metal cans. Buy a second set of tires, a gross of light bulbs, a case of Charmin, and a pellet gun. Winterize your summer cabin. Act calm and collected and don't let your friends see you taking the tires out of the trunk of your car. If they catch on that you're stockpiling, they'll start stockpiling and you won't be able to stockpile any more yourself. Outlaw fast food, convenience food, and all forms of entertainment. Pay off your mortgage. If that's not possible, sell your house and buy one you can pay off. Take away your children's driver's licenses to save gas. Buy dead bolts for the doors and window locks for the windows. Take advantage of all health-insurance benefits, having all nonemergency medical problems taken care of. Don't roughhouse in good clothes or walk around in your stocking feet, and learn to shave with soap.

**C**

SCENARIO C: South American-style inflation strikes at levels approaching 35 percent. Oil tops off at \$75 a barrel, when it's available. President Reagan consults with Rep. John Anderson about the mechanics of his proposed fifty-cents-a-gallon gas tax. Unemployment creeps toward 20 percent. Iran and Iraq team up against Saudi Arabia, and the Strait of Hormuz is mined with U.S. naval hardware given to Oman and sold to Iran. System for recording economic indicators is revised to show improvement. After two months, new indicators tumble.

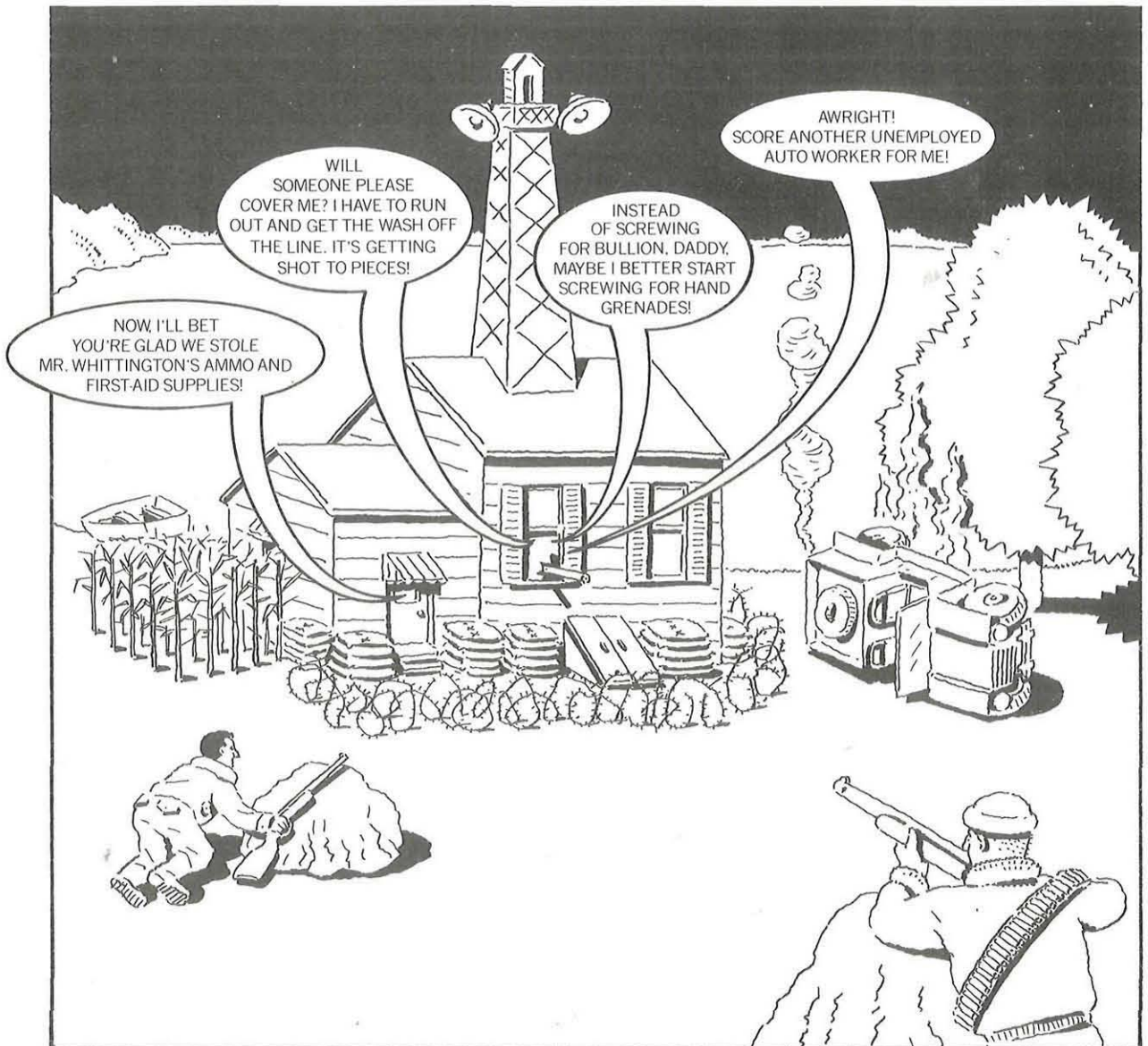


STRATEGY C: Dump all paper currency, even the dollar autographed by Al Kaline that your dad got for you in 1963. Liquidate all paper holdings and convert cash to freeze-dried food, warm clothing, foul-weather gear, and agricultural supplies. Slowly and secretly move those goods to your summer cottage. Buy a pair of Dobermans, abuse them, stick burrs up their fannies, and leave them to protect the goods. Inventory your workshop and make certain you have every tool outlined in your *Better Homes and Gardens* fix-it book. Those tools that you don't have, borrow from friends and neighbors, and emboss your name on them. Have your telephone number changed and keep the new number unlisted. Break relations with relatives beyond your immediate family unless a) they own farm land, b) they are wealthy, old, and self-sufficient, or c) they hold high-ranking positions in government, the armed forces, or law enforcement. Cash in your life insurance and buy a fuel-storage tank for your current home and one for the cottage. Stockpile cordwood, coal, bottled gas, canned goods, fertilizer, and seeds. Renew all drug prescriptions and contact your physician for additional medical supplies. Run your credit cards to the maximum credit limit, purchasing guns, ammo, clothing, building supplies, batteries, bedding, auto parts, and toiletries. Take delivery on your commodities, using your garage, if necessary, to store your 100-ton lot of soybean meal. Set up a rifle range in the basement and teach the family to defend themselves and their property. Prepare them for the eventuality of having to shoot, snare, or hook their meals.

D **SCENARIO D:** Hyperinflation of 80–100 percent results in currency reform and issuance of fiat currency that the general public rejects. Monetary structure breaks down. Government seizes control of the production and distribution of all materials, closes banks and security exchanges, suspends redemption rights, and freezes prices and wages. The flight of capital across U.S. borders is blocked. Oil rockets to over \$200 a barrel. Japanese and West German economies collapse along with the British, Italian, French, and all South American economic systems. President Reagan almost dies in office, and while he's in a coma, the Russians advance their interests in the Middle East, Eastern Europe, Southeast Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Cities become battlegrounds for racial, social, and ethnic conflict. Vital services cease; widespread shortages become commonplace; black markets develop; crime is rampant. The American standard of living bottoms out.

STRATEGY D: Fortify your residence, sealing off all but the kitchen and the stairs to your basement bunker. Move all valuables, food, and barter items to the bunker and devise a code-word system to avoid accidental shooting of family members. Prepare your family to kill or be killed. Post prominent signs warning trespassers, and be ready to back up your threats with swift action. Under cover of darkness, travel to your cottage and put in crops. Return home and prepare for your departure to the cottage permanently when the seedlings come up. Steal whatever you safely can from friends, neighbors, stores, shops, and

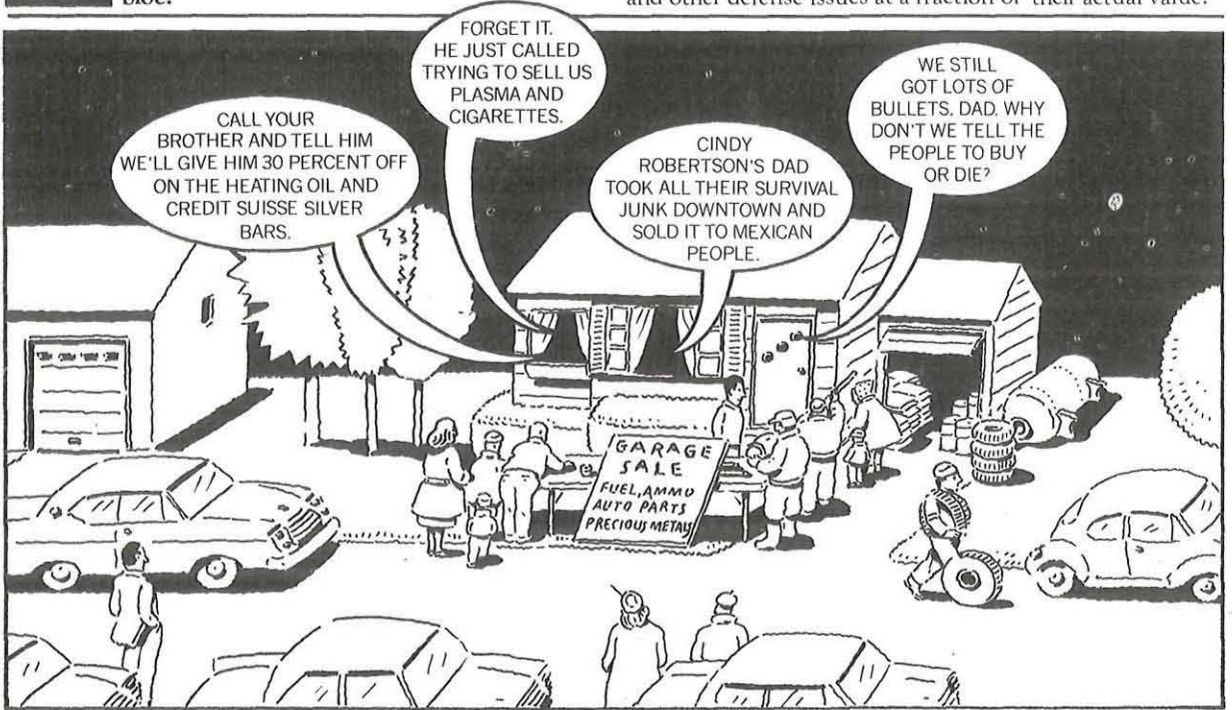
strangers. Put the family on strict rations. If they complain, shoot to wound. Offer shelter and food for hard currency only, and charge what the market will bear. Identify persons with valuable goods, and a) attack them, b) provide a service in exchange for the goods, or c) offer your daughter's body. If necessary, raid a local farm, zoo, or animal shelter for fresh meat supplies. Abandon principal residence for the summer cottage. If the situation exists longer than food and barter items do, consider cutting your family loose and moving to the high country, where game, firewood, and fresh water will be in good supply.



E

SCENARIO E: President Reagan recovers, finishes his term, is elected to serve another four years, and declares war on the Soviet bloc.

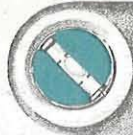
STRATEGY E: Unload remaining supplies of food, ammo, medical supplies, fuel, tools, etc. Put proceeds into TRW, General Dynamics, Boeing, Chrysler, U.S. Steel, and other defense issues at a fraction of their actual value.

**F**

SCENARIO F: President Bush refuses a Soviet surrender and vows to fight until every last communist is dead and capitalist systems are installed in every nation on the face of the earth. The economy booms; resources and energy are in abundance, thanks to technology breakthroughs and the discovery of massive deposits of oil and gas in the Baltimore Canyon and in the Overthrust Belt. Products and services are in abundance for the older, smaller, and more prosperous American population.

STRATEGY F: Memorialize the American war dead, including your own son, with a magnificent resort and hotel in the South Pacific built with McDonnell-Douglas dividends. Spend your remaining years in the splendor of your mountaintop estate, shooting exotic game from the windows of your sixteen-cylinder Cadillac Palais and boring your grandchildren to death with tales of your survival during the Bad Years.





TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

• Edward R. Brown, thirty-seven, of Columbia, South Carolina, unlocked the door to a crawlspace beneath his house to allow exterminator John Garner, thirty, to make a termite inspection. But once Garner was under the house, Brown locked the door and ordered Garner to remove his clothes and throw them outside. Garner complied, waited a bit, then tried to force the door open. But Brown fired a shot through the door and three into the air, thwarting the escape attempt. Hours later, Brown placed a loudspeaker outside the crawlspace and began playing music. He demanded that Garner keep banging on the wall to prove that he was still there. After twenty-five hours, the naked exterminator was released. Brown was arrested and charged with kidnapping. *AP* (contributed by S. B. Curtis)

• Workers at the Syntex Chemicals plant in Cuernavaca, Mexico, walked off the job demanding a 35 percent pay hike and special protection for those workers in a section of the plant that produces female hormones for birth-control pills. According to union leader Salvador Buenostro, more than thirty male workers there have started growing breasts. *UPI* (contributed by Michael McMahan)

• Richard Healey, a Liberal-party spokesman in the Australian parliament, charged that prison authorities had purchased "French-type underwear" for transvestite inmates. He also claimed that female impersonators had been hired to instruct prisoners on makeup techniques.

Anthony Hague, corrective-services minister, denied any knowledge of female impersonators giving makeup instruction to inmates, but he acknowledged that there are about twenty transvestites in New South Wales prisons and that they are allowed to wear makeup and female underwear. *UPI*

• Between listings for "Phone Company" and the "Physician's Optical Service," the Saint Augustine, Florida, telephone directory lists the following subscriber: "Phuchurselve Mahbelle, State Rd 207." (contributed by David Goff)

• Radio preacher Carl McIntire denounced fellow evangelist Oral Roberts after Roberts claimed to have seen a nine-hundred-foot-tall vision of Jesus. After publicizing the vision, Roberts reportedly received \$5 million in contributions toward

completing a building project where the vision occurred. McIntire, who took exception to the nine-hundred-foot-tall vision, said, "We don't know how tall he [Jesus] was, but we think it was under six feet." *AP* (contributed by Peggy Bendel)

• Ninety-one-year-old Adelaide Douglas, a florist in Queensland, Australia, complained to authorities when she received in the mail, instead of a Virgin Mary statuette she had ordered, a nine-inch dildo and a sex manual. Mr. Darryl Christmas, a spokesman for AVA Enterprises, acknowledged the mistake, explaining that the mail-order firm deals in both sex aids and religious trinkets. "We are serious people," he said in his apology. "I am the secretary of the local Vegetarians Against the Nazis group." *Australia Express* (contributed by J. C. P. Brown)

• Thirty-one-year-old construction worker Kiyomitsu Watanabe returned to his Tokyo apartment after a bout of drinking and found it overrun by cockroaches. He tried to burn the insects with his cigarette lighter but set the apartment on fire. Then, distraught at his humiliation by the cockroaches, Watanabe slit his wrists. He survived with "minor injuries," and was arrested for arson. *AP* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

• Divorce lawyer John T. Holt and his wife, Phyllis, sued their La Jolla, California, neighbors Helen and William Hawkins, Jr., claiming that Hawkins and other neighbors had trimmed shrubbery, visible from the Holt home, into sexually suggestive shapes. The Holts demanded removal of trees and hedges trimmed to resemble "phallic symbols." *San Diego Union* (contributed by Craig Leimkuehler)

• According to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, two Seattle women died from the effects of coffee enemas during the past two years. One woman was reportedly given ten to twelve enemas in one night, then one each hour for a number of days, as a home remedy for gallstones. Another received four coffee enemas a day for fourteen days at a Mexican cancer clinic. But the coffee itself was not the cause of death in either case. John Eisele of the Kings County, Washington, medical examiner's office said: "The lethal effect... was due to the vast volumes of enemas given rather than coffee per se." *Science News* (contributed by Al Kriz)

ON-THE-JOB PHOTO DEPT.



Firemen of the Carol Stream Fire Protection District in suburban Illinois pose before a burning building.

George Thompson, Suburban Trib. (contributed by Lee M. Leinweber)

T

R

U

E

Great Places to Stay

Readers' Page



Ron Ownby



Ernest Mainzer



Edward Underkoffler



John Sernick



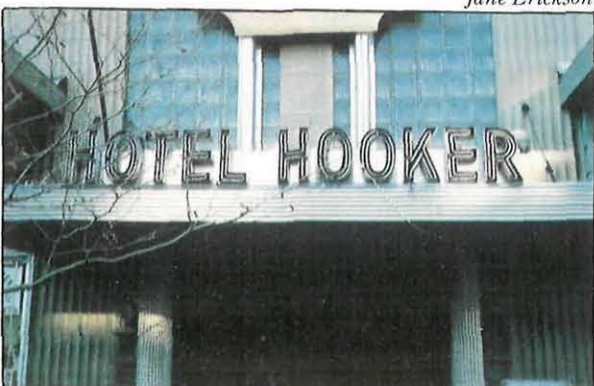
Alex Eldridge



Jane Erickson



Bob Leafe



Alan Rose



Ace Holleran

COSMOS

continued from page 46

low to the ground, and hold on to the ball, and the proper mental attitude—that uncoachable ability to prevent the frustrations, misfortunes, sexual assaults, creditor liens, badly conceived drug transactions, illegitimate children, and tax frauds of personal life from interfering with his performance on the field. “Let’s give him tusks,” one of us quips brightly, to illustrate that all living things are made from the same DNA. “Hold on!” another of our crew roars back. “That sounds like genetic engineering to me!” Indeed, we now own the deific power to build the toughest running backs ever known, hundreds of pounds larger than anyone else in their league, with osseous, reptilian plates rising from their spines and long, stinging tentacles strung to their loins like a Portuguese man-of-war’s. Or instead we might construct a thousand Loni Andersons and John Ritters and all of our other favorite stars, and endow them with the intelligence and smallness of size to play computer football with the Negroes from inside the computer. “It’s me, Loni Anderson!” she might reply to their question. “I’m in here!” Gradually the tenor of the *Cosmos* begins to resolve and congeal into a crisp, fathomable

union of appearance and fact; machines that seem to have people in them, actually have people in them, and the Negroes are put at ease. They feel somehow *connected* to the universe, linked to its scheme through football computers sensibly populated with tiny mutant forms of their best-loved celebrities, produced from fourth-dimensional nucleic acid by travelers from the present through infinities where Ford Mercuries may possibly float on the wrong side of their spheres and black, sucking, irresistible cones narrow to holes in the universe smaller than tomatoes. That is the glory and the grace of the *Cosmos*, the interlocking order of its constituent parts, the imperishable ligatures of time bonding the genius of Democritus to a Lynx that might have transported him to the edge of knowledge. We imagine Democritus and his comrades banking and sliding through the centuries, stopping every so often to pick up brother in science Johannes Kepler, for example, before they finally lurch into our driveway like so many cock-a-hoop desperadoes. “It’s good we could all get together,” the vigorous Ionian bellows between tall, ceramic flasks of wine and massive constructions of the five perfect solids he has wrenched from the trunk. Soon we are eating and talking in a grand,

cosmic social of all that is and ever was. The Lynx is outside, gleaming the proud, lucent luster of deep wax and advanced paint. The big-screen TV is on. The birds are singing, and the sun is fusing helium.

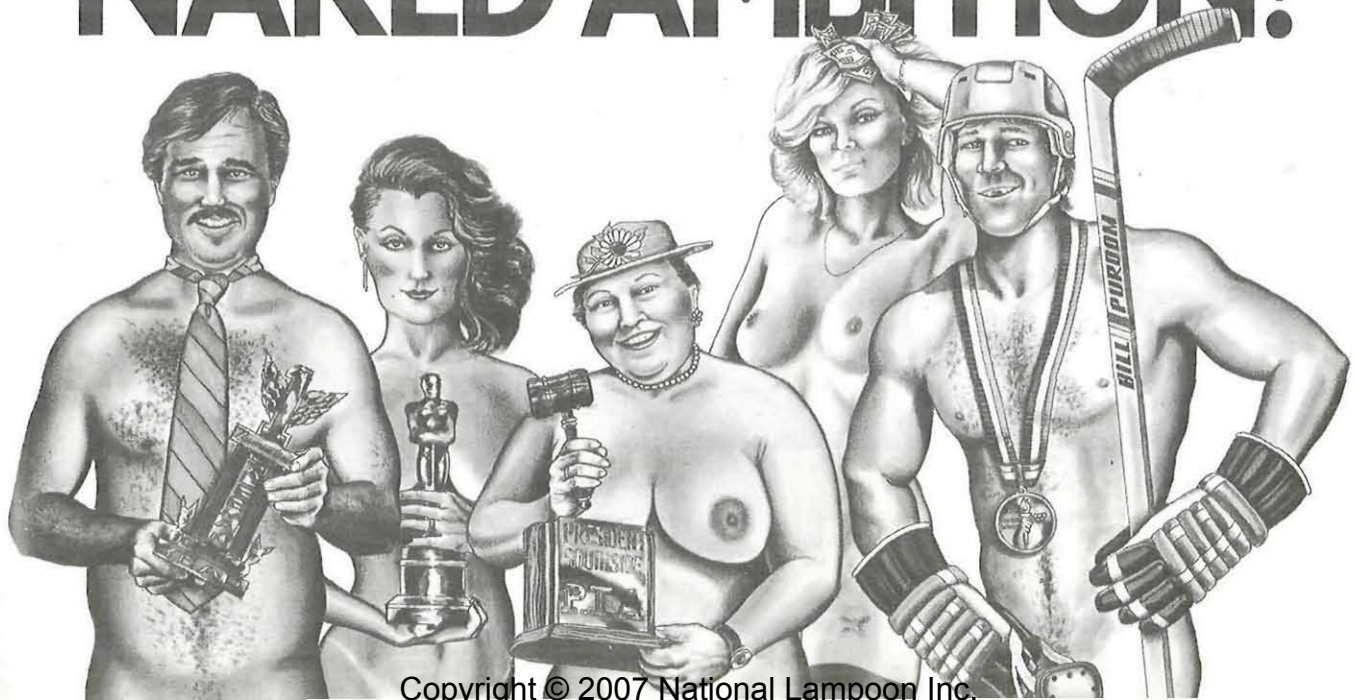
“Anyone want to play?” one of us calls out, waving a pocket-sized football computer in his hand. Kepler is instantly drawn to the device and inspects it with the solicitude of a great astronomer. “Who’s in there?” he asks with urgency. “It’s me. Loni!” responds the familiar voice inside the case. “Remember? Prague, 1620, drinks in the laboratory?” Kepler frizzles the tips of his wide mouth into a grin of fond remembrance and marvels at the ultimate relationship between all things—long-dissolved galaxies and rocks in the patio, he and Loni Anderson from TV. “What a *Cosmos!*” he shouts passionately and triumphantly, and everyone cheers. □

NATIONAL
LAMPOON
GOES TO THE MOVIES

**One movie about
four films.**

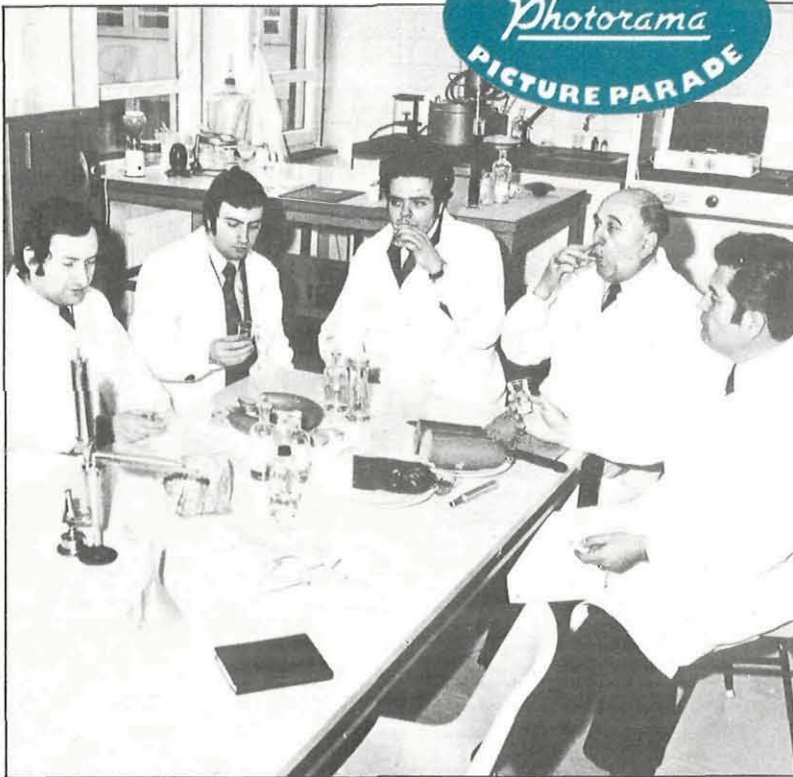
COMING NEXT MONTH IN THE MAY NATIONAL LAMPOON

NAKED AMBITION!

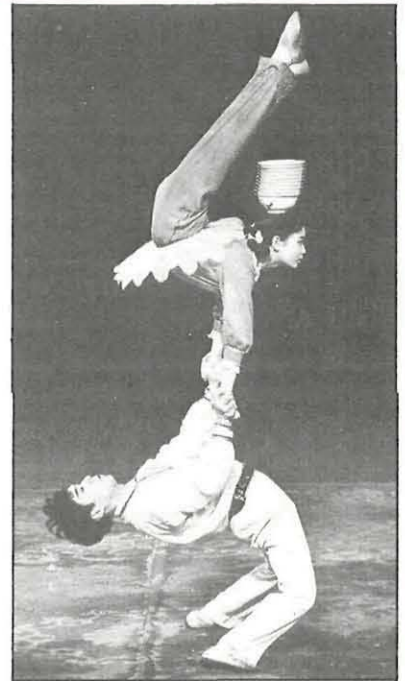


Photorama

PICTURE PARADE



New York, New York Kidney specialists at world-famous Mount Sinai Hospital gather this month for their annual Spring Urine Tasting. "We've been holding this event for six years now," says Urology Department head Kevin Herdle. "The idea is to take two dozen patients with different types of kidney disease and attempt to correctly diagnose each of them on the basis of urine flavor and bouquet alone. No other testing methods are allowed. The winner gets three weeks at a well-known Long Island golf clinic with all expenses paid."



San Francisco, California Fat Lilly's House of Hong Kong may be the worst Chinese restaurant in the world. Owner Lilly Choy doesn't deny it. "Our food is terrible," she says, "but we try to make up for it with unusual and amusing table service." Here a waitress-and-busboy team delivers a bowl of "bowl soup" to a waiting customer.

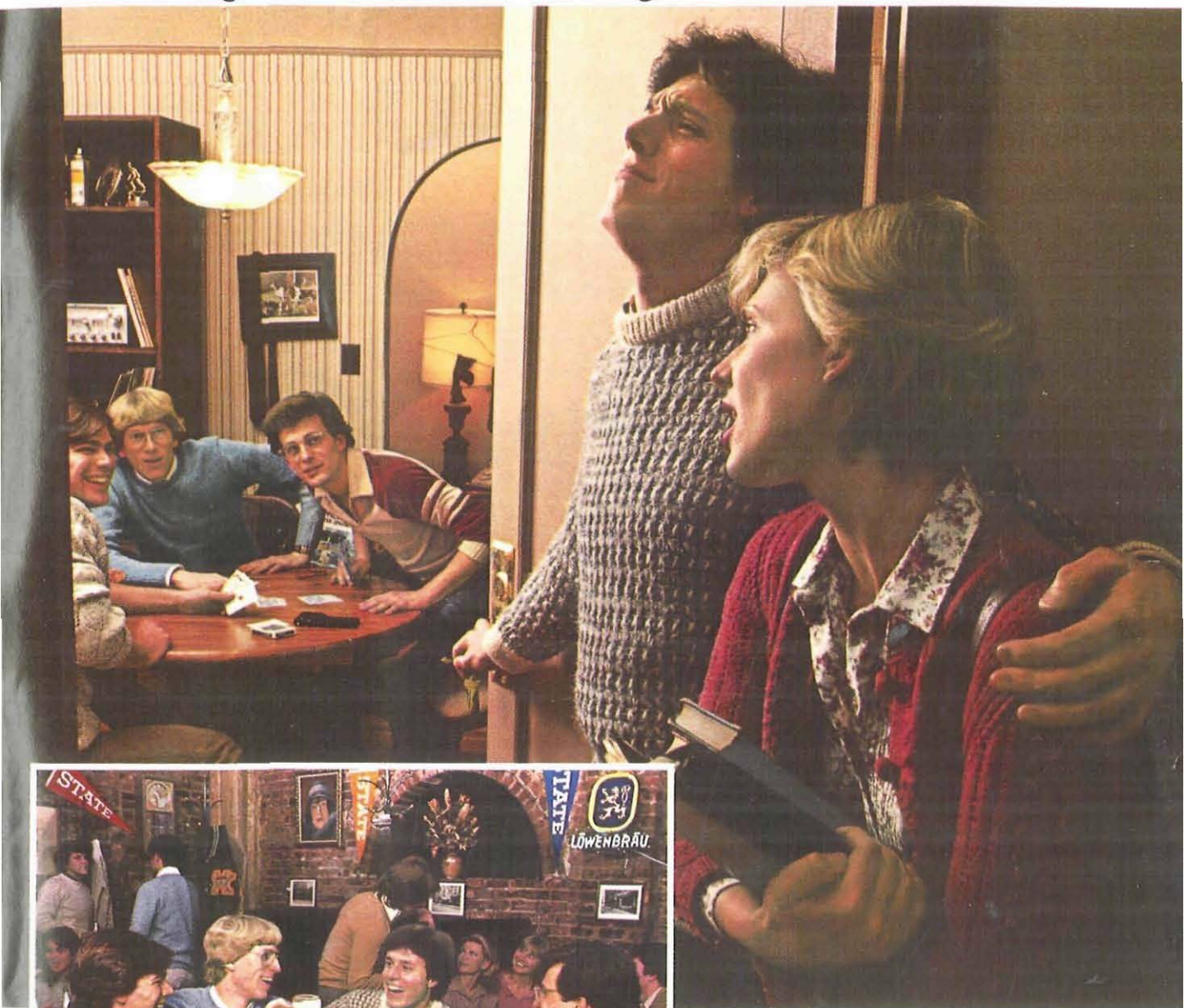


Gdansk, Poland Members of the Polish National Figure Skating Team practice for the forthcoming 1984 Winter Olympics. "We practice in our underwear," explains team captain Wladyslaw Wyszynski, "because that way when we wear our scanty figure-skating costumes they will seem thick and warm to us. And we practice with these great big wooden skates because that way when we put on our little wooden skates they will seem so light on our feet. However, it appears that all our ice has been melted."



Palermo, Sicily Italian authorities have sent Police Corporal Salvatore Vespucci here to investigate alleged threats to government officials by the so-called Mafia, or Black Hand, criminal organization. But Corporal Vespucci has found himself with little to do and fills his time painting bottles. "There is no 'Black Hand' in Sicily," he says. "That is just a silly, silly rumor. I have been here for three months and surely I would have heard about the Black Hand by now if there was such a thing, but there is not. It is just some newspaperman fudgerol!"

**You told her you have
your own place.
Now you have to tell your roommates.**



You've been trying to get to know her better since the beginning of the term. And when she mentioned how hard it is to study in the dorm, you said, "My place is nice and quiet. Come on over and study with me."

Your roommates weren't very happy about it. But after a little persuading they decided the double feature at the Bijou might be worth seeing.

They're pretty special friends. And they deserve a special "Thanks!" So, tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.



Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.

© 1981 Beer brewed in U.S.A. by Miller Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Every KOOL lives up to the name



C'mon up!
to the coolest taste around

Super Lights Kings, 7 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '80.

© 1981 B & W T Co.

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