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NATIONAL LAMPOON

AUG. 1981

THE HUMOR FOR ADULTS

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I'd like to say a few words about unnecessary noise. Unnecessary noise from car stereos. Like static, fuzz and interference. Not to mention stations that fade, drift and overlap. They're all the result of one overriding factor. Cars move.

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There's Impulse Noise Quieting (INQ) circuitry that tunes out the

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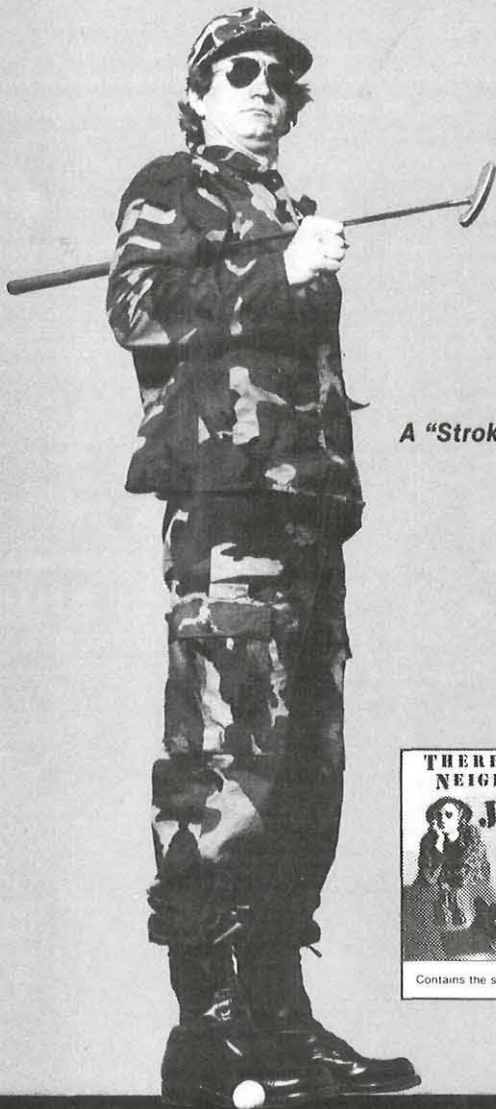


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just slightly ahead of our time.

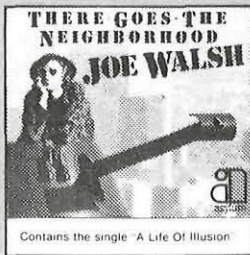


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Published by NL Communications, Inc.,
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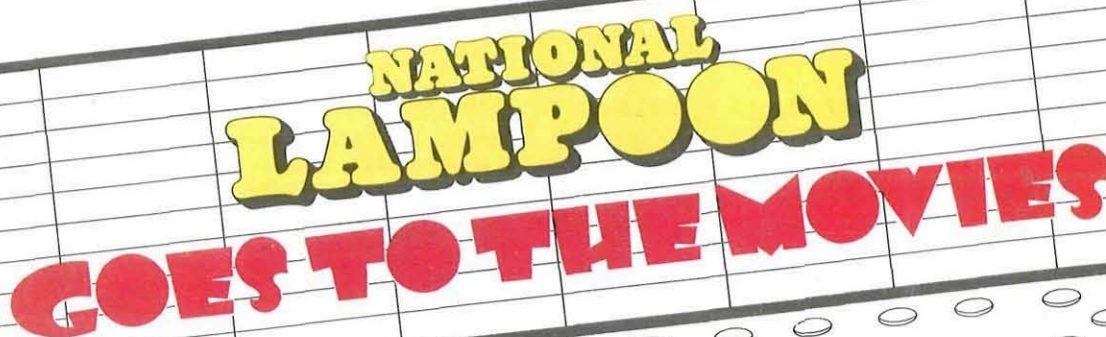
ADVERTISING OFFICES, NEW YORK: Debra J. Resler, Bobbi Van, Account Managers, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022 (212) 688-4070 **MIDWEST:** Sanke-Guenther, Inc., River Plaza, 405 N. Wabash, Suite 4509, Chicago, Ill. 60611 (312) 670-6800 **WEST COAST:** Montague Bass Media, 4262 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal. 90010 (213) 933-9217 **SOUTH:** Brown & Company, 5110 Roswell Road, Marietta, Ga. 30067 (404) 998-2889

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**NATIONAL
LAMPOON
GOES TO THE MOVIES**

Our first film since Animal House

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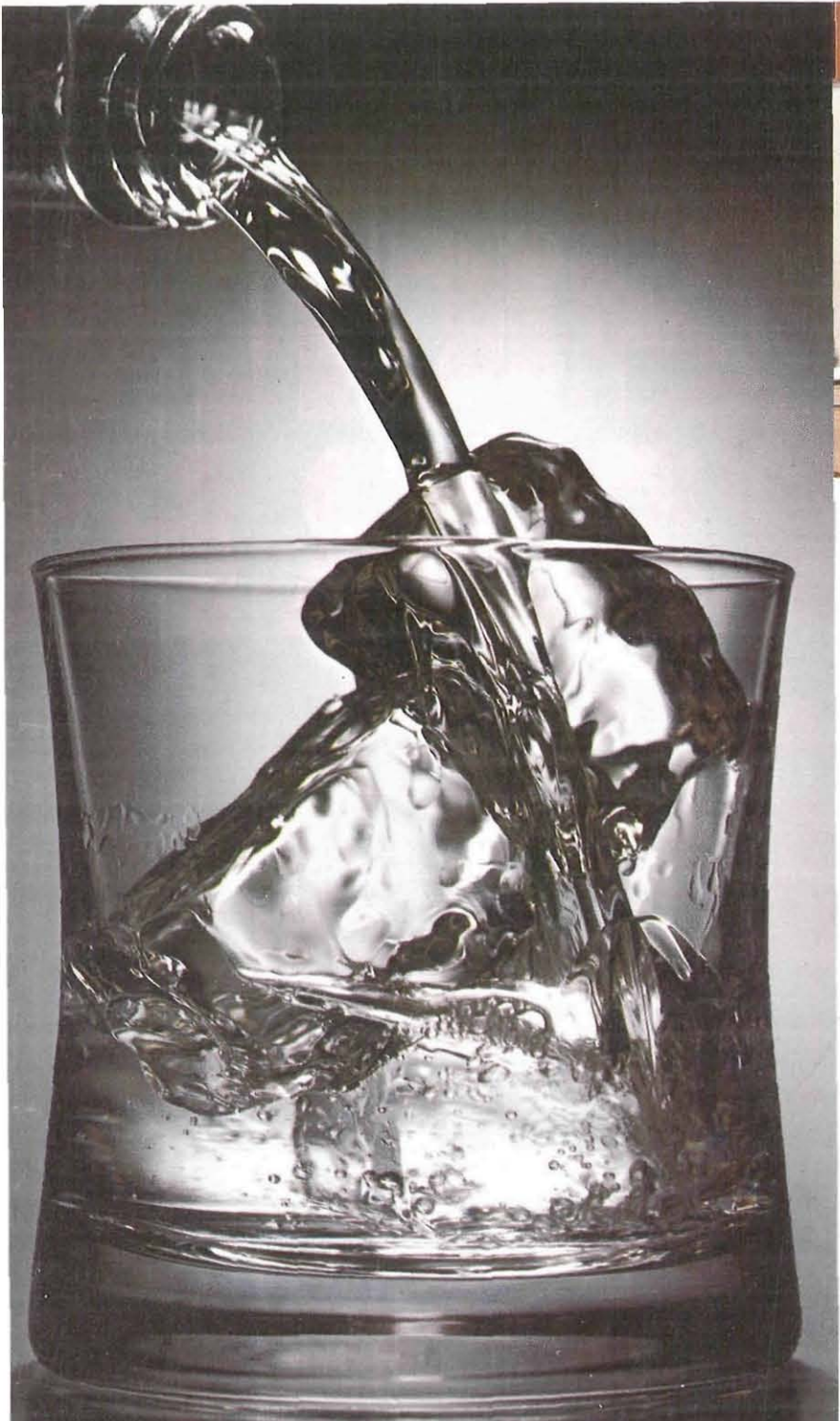


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“Puerto Rican white rum is smoother on the rocks than gin or vodka.”



“One sip will tell you why people everywhere are switching to our Puerto Rican rum.”

Computer firm VP-General Manager Rudy Agulló, and his wife Taty.

Whether you pour white rum on the rocks or mix it with tonic, orange juice, soda or tomato juice, you get a much smoother drink every time.

For a very good reason—every drop of Puerto Rican white rum, by law, is aged at least one full year. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

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Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.

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Pioneer announces a new

HIGH FIDELITY FOR HUMANS



For the past 40 years, Pioneer has built high fidelity components with technical specifications that have impressed even the most discriminating audiophiles.

While these new Pioneer components are consistent with that tradition, they go on to do something of perhaps even greater import.

They introduce a revolutionary concept in component design and engineering: *High Fidelity for*

Humans. A concept so far reaching, that for the first time, components are as pleasant to live with as they are to listen to.

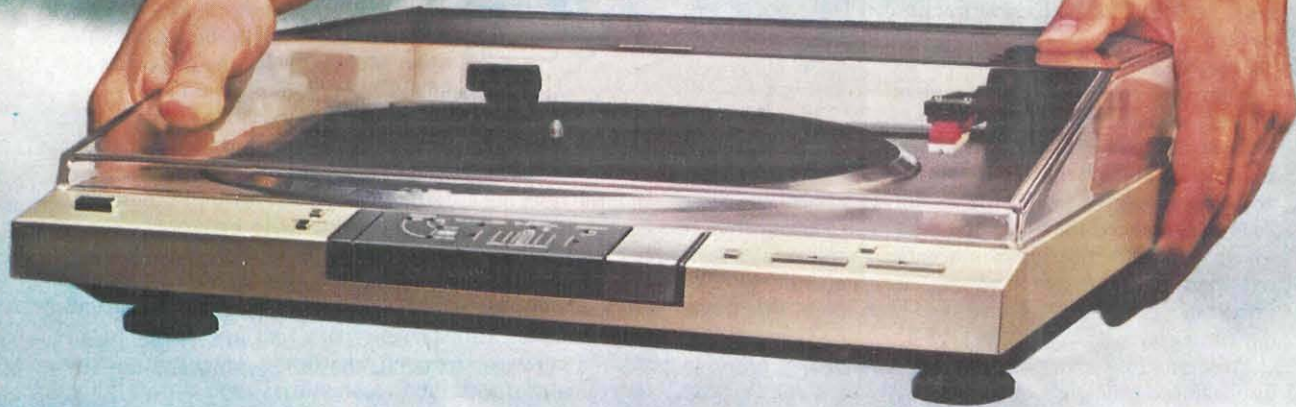
For instance, our receivers memorize the precise locations of your favorite stations. So you can instantly tune in any station at the touch of a button.

New Pioneer turntables have such superb suspension our Polymer Graphite tonearms won't



Concept in component design:

**FIDELITY
HUMANS.**



skip when people dance.

Pioneer's new cassette decks will allow you to preview a tape faster and easier than you can a record. At your command, our Index Scan will breeze through a tape, automatically stopping to play the first five seconds of each selection.

If features like these sound downright incredible, it's because they are. Which is why we suggest you go to your nearest Pioneer dealer and check

out the first line of audio components that not only make major electronic advances, but enter a whole new territory: addressing human needs.

Pioneer high fidelity components are #1 with people who care about music. So you may wonder why it took us so long to get here.

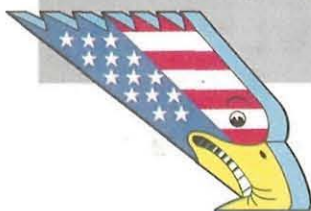
We, too, are only human.

 **PIONEER®**

We bring it back alive.

EDITORIAL

Let's Get It Up, America!



It is an irony worthy of that quintessentially American short story writer who gave his name to one of our best candy bars, O. Henry: barely five years after a festive Bicentennial celebration during which we stared at one another in amazement at how two hundred years had managed to pass so quickly, we find ourselves wondering if America can last another two hundred minutes. In the White House sits a man whose former profession was to impersonate real men; and many who know of such things tell us he did it rather badly. He promises "a new beginning"—yet a significant segment of the populace believes he is likely to get us into a war to end all beginnings, new or old. His vision of the world is thirty years obsolete, his grasp of economics one hundred years out of date... and we put him there, God help us, we put him there.

Have we gone mad?

Not really. America is only sleeping. Indeed, we have been tossing in fitful slumber since those heady days following World War II when, drunk from the accomplishment of saving the world, we passed out cold. Then commenced the era of the American Dream; then it was that the American Dream became, as a dream, a reality—that *real* dream that, if we only slept harder, or tossed or turned more effectively, or dreamed even more, would one day come true.

Prosperity followed, and the American Dream, nurtured by cheap gasoline, great refrigerators, V-8 cars, and *Playboy*, became the American Wet Dream. We elected a man as handsome as a movie star to be our president (little suspecting that one score years later, the movie star we would elect president would possess a face not pleasing and youthful and full of athletic promise, sexy good cheer, and a billion blinding teeth, but one wrinkled, and stingy, and on a head powered by some secret neural motor obedient to who knows what god of right-wing Republican senile dementia).

But an assassin's bullet cut down our matinee-idol chief executive, and we plunged, beyond REM, into the American Nightmare of Vietnam. Then arose all the jungle demons, war horrors, and Jungian terrors of that uncharitable region of the American unconscious made comprehensible only by civic revolt, the chemical valedictories of orange

sunshine and blotter and purple haze, and the amplified music of a thousand electric guitars. The nightmare led, as all nightmares must, to a final, apocalyptic confrontation with that fell Lucifer of the American Century the man Nixon, whose exorcism from our national brainpan came at what cost to American self-respect and sanity and bed linen only future historians will be able to judge.

And now? Now we continue to slumber. Worse: giant bedbugs of inflation run amok over our stirring form; our once indomitable engines of industrial productivity—stout heart pump of the body politic—show signs of wear and tear; and the blips of irregular functioning on our nation's EKG tracings form slopes to delight the most jaded skier (which hobby has mesmerized a generation of citizens, as though they wished to forsake their good, rugged, American heritage of baseball, football, and basketball and enthrall their bodies, and minds, and disposable income, in a sport more properly the pursuit of the bland and colorless Swiss).

Yet we at *National Lampoon* believe that America can awaken—that she can fling off the blankets of isolation-

ism, rub from her eyes the gritty sand of unemployment, and bound onto the floor and out to the bathroom to brush her teeth and get dressed and go to work.

With the present issue, we at *National Lampoon* advance our proposals for remedying this situation. Moreover, we offer examples, culled from reports sent in by our vast network of correspondents, of what some Americans—either individually or with their communities—are already doing, in their loose, informal, sloppy, violent, slangy, energetic, dishonest, cheerful, sadistic, ironic, greedy, pious, clever, cruel, brisk, indifferent, wise, stupid, venal, crass, corrupt, ignorant, innocent, idiotic, manipulative, hypocritical, paranoid, crude, schizophrenic, destructive, lethal, but withal *American* way, to make their tiny share of this nation just a little bit better by grabbing as large a share as they possibly can of everything not nailed down.

We call for America to shake off somnolence and rise up, buck naked, to face humanity, equipped with her vast reserves of physical, mental, and spiritual wealth, and armed, as if she were a very nuclear-tipped cruise missile of potency, with a titanic and irresistible tower of tumescence ready to penetrate anything that moves.

—Ellis Weiner





Sirs:

Why don't we manufacture cars out of water? Such a move would reduce maintenance costs incredibly: you just add water. In the event of accidents, repairs to these cars would also be extremely cheap: just add more water. And, because we'd use "soft" water, fatalities would be greatly reduced. Except for a few possible drownings. And, with the money saved, we could build an improved drainage system to take away the extra water. This would mean better gutters for our drunks to lie in. Are you with me? Down with the multinational oil companies!

A slightly confused junior
at MIT

Sirs:

One of these days I'm really going to crack up. I'll saw my agent up into little pieces, and I'll stash her in one of those goddamned plastic bags and try to take her out and throw her in the garbage, and the fucking bag will break, I just know it.

The Man from Glad
Tired, Tired, Tired
Hollywood

Sirs:

While skindiving off of Corpus Christi here, I found a weird species of sea slug that lives in the mud. I think I'm the first guy ever to see one, so, as the discoverer, how do I go about naming it? Is Big Dave's mud slug okay? Maybe it should be in Latin. Latin sounds sort of scientific and official. *Grossus Davus slugus oceanus* has kind of a nice ring to it, don't you think?

Big Dave Tynan
Corpus Christi, Tex.

Sirs:

When somebody asks me, "What's your beef?" I say Hereford. I keep a straight face, and let me tell you, it's a riot. If you've got six thousand head of the boogers, you'll laugh your rump silly!

Roy L. McBarg
Tucson, Ariz.

Sirs:

Last week somebody got into my pants. I think it was me. In fact, it looks like I'm still in there. How often are you supposed to take pants off anyway? Do you get out of yours to go to the bathroom? I just drop mine down around my knees. What about underpants? I don't wear them at all. I just stuff them in through my fly. That way they're there if I need them but the elastic doesn't get all stretched out. Well, thanks for taking the time to read this.

Aaron Awkwright
Encino, Cal.

Sirs:

Do you realize just how tough it is to be an urban cowboy? Consider the expense of pop-skate Western boots, the personal risk of walking bowlegged through certain sections of the city, not to mention how hard it is to cut a calf from the herd during rush hour. And that asphalt pavement! If your horse isn't wearing artificial legs in a month, consider yourself fortunate.

J. Travolta
Lazy SOB Ranch
Midtown Manhattan

Sirs:

And I suppose black fans of *Lord of the Rings* are Tolkien Negroes?

Vernon Jordan
Urban League

Sirs:

Let's just say, hypothetically, of course, that someone got into a really loud kind of discussion with her son-of-a-bitch drunken-asshole brother-in-law this afternoon, and just accidentally sort of bashed in his head when his back was turned with a fireplace poker that kind of accidentally happened to be in her hand, and then maybe dragged his body out to the backyard by the horseshoe-pitching stake and fixed it up so it looked like maybe he'd accidentally killed himself in a kind of freak horseshoe-throwing accident when a horseshoe he'd thrown wild ('cause, like, maybe he was real drunk) ricocheted off a tree and bounced back and hit him on the back of the head. Would she still be in trouble with the police anyway for letting him pitch horseshoes while drunk? Or be considered partly responsible because the horseshoe that killed him belonged to her and he died in her backyard?

Could you please put a real super rush on this answer, 'cause I got this thing that's kind of like a bet going and I have to find out the answer real quick, like, please hurry, right now.

Just Curious
Hialeah, Fla.

continued



"Frankly, sir, for you I wouldn't recommend any kind of wine."

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



LETTERS

continued

Sirs:

If somebody writes you a thank-you note, do you have to write a you're-welcome note back to them? And if you say in the you're-welcome note, "It was nothing, really; don't think a thing of it," and they write back again and say, "No, I really mean it; thank you very much; it meant the world to me," do you have to write them back another time and say, "Listen, you've done a million things for me over the years and I was glad to return the favor"? Maybe you can clear up this little etiquettal controversy.

Mrs. Lynn Tryforos
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sirs:

I have frequently been quoted to the effect that the "best-laid plans of mice and men aft gang aglay." It was the "best-planned lays," and I don't know where they go, but they sure don't go to meet me after I get off work at the Globe Theater. Do you think it's my breath, or the fact that I've been dead for three hundred and sixty-five years and didn't write that line anyway (Robert Burns did)?

William Shakespeare
Avon Calling, England

The first ultra

© 1987 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO

Sirs:

I would like to take this opportunity to clear up a point involving barter—that is, the exchanging of goods or services without money changing hands. While barter is legal, it is still subject to taxation.

For example: If Y took Z to dinner in exchange for a blowjob, Z would owe the IRS half a baked potato and a crab leg. Y's tax bill would come to seven or eight good licks.

Glad to have been of service.

Maxwell T. Maxwell
Deputy Under-Director
Internal Revenue Service
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I saw the contest in the March issue of your magazine that was called "The Punch Line Contest—This Month: Do You Have a Match?" Enclosed are three entries from me:

1. My face and my ass.
2. My ethics and your ass.
3. My ass and my brain.

Rita Jenrette
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

You know, being rich hasn't changed me a bit. I'm still the same old regular guy I always was. Well, gotta run now—me and some of the fellas

are going down to the Beverly Hills dump to shoot angora rats.

Bill Murray
Los Angeles, Cal.

Sirs:

Could you tell me the real "art" value of a Mickey Mantle trading card? Aside from the collector's value, I mean. Also, if a hypothetical person were to corner the market in Reggie Jackson cards, and then Reggie Jackson were to die, would that person with all the cards then be a wealthy individual? Just wondering.

Jimmy Delgados
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs:

I believe I have discovered why men have a penis. Have you ever noticed how cats use their whiskers to judge distances? How they never bump into things as long as they've got their whiskers? Balance, that's their secret. Well, I've discovered that this is what the human penis is designed for. Try it for yourself. If you leave your penis sticking out of your pants while you're walking around, you won't bump into things. Also, others will desperately try to avoid bumping into you, even in a crowded subway. Fantastic, isn't it? Just another marvelous facet of our God-given bodies. Next

week I'll let you in on another little secret: why women have breasts.

Reverend Jonathan Suet
Missoula, Mont.

Sirs:

You won't believe what I'm about to tell you. I was just sitting on a park bench feeding bread to the pigeons, like I always do. I usually shred the bread in sections about the size of a commemorative postage stamp, then I scatter the sections around me in a 180-degree arc. I treat the feeding as a biophysical event occurring in Minkowski space.

Anyway, as an experiment, I faked out one of the pigeons when I threw him an Alka Seltzer tablet. I am glad to report that the experiment was a complete success. The pigeon has stopped lumbering around, cocking its head this way and that, like some kind of drunken bum, and is resting quietly in a shoe box in my desk drawer.

Purple Haze
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

You don't study for twenty years to do tampon commercials, man. It just happens.

Brenda Vaccaro
Hollywood, Cal.
continued on page 78

low tar built on taste.

Winston Ultra

Only **5** mg

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette by FTC method.



Bernie X's Father Talks About Summer Sex

by Izzy X, as told to Gerry Sussman

Editor's Note:

When Gerry Sussman learned that Izzie X, Bernie X's father, was still alive and well and living in Miami Beach, he made a sentimental journey to Florida to find out what kind of man sired the legendary son. He was surprised to meet a dapper, youthful-looking man who put him immediately at ease with his autobiographical yarns. "Izzie X greeted me in a coffee shop, looking impeccable in a gray, summer-weight sharkskin suit, a white-on-white shirt in a tiny diamond pattern, a blue-and-gray-figured tie of heavy silk with a discreet tie pin in the shape of a pair of dice, highly polished black calf-skin shoes, and a straw hat worn at a rakish angle," said Sussman. "There's a strong likeness, both physical and philosophical, between father and son, but Izzie is definitely his own man." Izzie X's story of summer sex in Miami and its near fatal consequences reveals a raffish, resourceful gentleman who no doubt gave the legendary Bernie a few lessons in his time.

You want to know what a guy like me is doing in a place like Golden Honeymoon Acres, a retirement village in Miami Beach, right? First of all, I don't look my age. I look maybe

fifty, fifty-five. But I'm seventy-two. For forty-five years I was in the lingerie line. I worked in a brassiere factory in Brooklyn—brassieres and foundation garments. You probably don't know about foundation garments, but the women used to wear them—girdles, panty girdles, corsets, what we used to call corselettes. Now you're lucky if a woman wears a piece of material to cover her snatchbox.

Second of all, I'm not retired in the strictest sense of the word. I'm still a very active man, very active for my age. I'm what you call a man about town, a businessman and a lover. I always got a few deals going, a little action. Miami Beach is a fast town. I used to know a lot of the smart-money boys down here. We go back a long way together, me and the smart-money boys.

What did my son Bernie tell you about me? He's a nice boy, but he's a bullshit artist. My friend Mendy Cohen told me that Bernie used to write for the *National Lampoon* humor magazine. I never read it. I don't read that much except for the racing forms and the sports. I used to read the *Daily Mirror* in New York, but you wouldn't

know about that. A great paper. Mendy says Bernie likes to tell everyone what a great cocksman he is. He's got some mouth, that kid. He's a bullshitter. Whatever he learned, he learned from his old man. I used to take him to the whorehouses in Coney Island when I ran around with the smart-money boys in that neighborhood. I used to boff this woman named Tirza. Tirza had a club act where she used to take a bath in a tub full of milk. We used to have real milk in those days, with the cream on top. As a favor to me, Tirza took my kid's cherry. I'm that kind of guy. Nothing but the best for my kid Bernie.

So now I'm settled in Miami Beach all year round, because it's nice and warm and, like I said, I got a few things going. Forty-five years in the brassiere business is enough. I knew when to quit. Anyway, they don't make a brassiere the way they used to. Now it's barely a garment. I used to make a brassiere that was something to wear, not a little piece of nothing, like those panties that hardly cover your *pupik*. You're in the business as long as me, you get to know every contour of a woman's body. I know more about the contours of a woman's body than a doctor. I can take one look at a woman and tell you what kind of brassiere she's wearing and if she's got the real thing. A lot of 36-Ds are getting away with murder. They're not 36-Ds when they take off those brassieres, believe me. Not that I got any regrets about the business. I used to be very friendly with the models in the showroom. I'll tell you how friendly I was. I used to boff their boobies off. I used to squeeze the best tit in New York. I had a big reputation, believe me.

So when I came down to Miami the women down here all knew about me. I saw right away in their eyes that they wanted me to boff them. I'm talking about sixty-five-, seventy-year-old women, even older. Mostly they're widows. They live on their husbands' money. They got nothing but time on their hands. They like to play canasta, gin rummy, Mah-Jongg. Sometimes they play bingo. But mostly they got pussy itch. All they want to do is scratch themselves with a cock, if you know what I mean. Especially now, in the summer. You know why, doncha? Everything is air-conditioned. They go outside for a minute and they get hot and sweaty. Then they go back inside and they cool off. It's the contrast in temperatures. It makes them crazy. It



"What's this I hear about large quantities of ice, fish, and small sea creatures being purchased by your department?"

does something to their cunts. Back and forth between hot and cold. I saw some old guys, not too strong, get pulled into a room and get raped by a bunch of these horny old women, I swear to God. They're not embarrassed to do anything. You know why, doncha? They're old. They don't give a shit anymore. They just want to have a good time before they die. Besides, in the summer they're all alone. No one comes to visit them. No children, no grandchildren. So the women don't give a shit what they do, because they're not going to embarrass anyone. In the winter, when the family comes to visit, it's different. All of a sudden they become ladies.

That's all I needed down here is a bunch of old women trying to huff me all day. Listen, I still got a few *ketzelehs*, a few cute little pussies of my own down in Key Biscayne. I don't need a bunch of crazy Jewish widows. If you fuck one or two, you got to fuck them all.

So what I do is lay low as much as possible down here in the retirement village. I wear a big hat so they can't see my face; I wear sunglasses, a raincoat, and carry an umbrella. I wear old clothes and try to look like a bag of

shit, even though I'm normally a very sharp dresser. Sometimes they come over to me and ask if I'm Izzie X. They got a lot of nerve, those ladies. I tell them I never heard of Izzie X, that my name is Morris Schnookelberg or some name like that. I try to look like a real putz until I'm in the car and I can take off the disguises.

So I'm doing okay until one day I'm in the elevator with three of these ladies and they gang-bang me. They didn't know who I was. They just wanted to fuck somebody. But once they rip the clothes off me they know who I am. The jig's up. The word is out. They found Izzie. I better put a Vaseline sleeve around my cock, because it'll never rest from now on.

Actually, the broads weren't bad for a bunch of old cockers. They got more energy than most of the young ones. They're like gray bunnies. And they still had their shapes. So I figured, what the hell, I'll get some nooky at the condo. But I made them promise not to tell anyone else who I was, that I was exclusive to them. They were thrilled. That's how I got to be friendly with Miriam, Frieda, and Gert—my three new girl friends. Only I wish I never met them in my life. I

wish they never existed. I wish I stayed in New York, no matter how disgusting it is. I wished a lot of things after I got in tight with those three crazy broads. I never in a million years would have thought they could give me so much aggravation.

It started very friendly. Every day, like clockwork, I'd go to one of their apartments and bang them all from about noon to dinnertime. Sometimes we'd stop and one of the ladies would make coffee or tea and serve some sandwiches and cookies. They even took turns giving me blowjobs while I ate. This went on for about two, three weeks until I realized I would need a Vaseline sleeve, like I said. I mean, I used to fuck those brassiere-showroom models and the boss's daughters day and night, but they were cream puffs compared to these old ladies. Miriam Siskowitz claimed that she had to be fucked twenty-nine times a day for medical reasons, that her doctor told her she had to keep her pussy as wet as possible because it was very sensitive to infections. She had to have natural lubrication at all times or she would get growths in there. I wanted to plug her up with sour

continued on page 32



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Dear Judge

Selected Correspondence from Jean Harris, 7638851

Dear Judge Leggett:

Now that your cruel little deed is accomplished and probably long forgotten, I thought perhaps you should know the ugly consequences of your so-called justice. I want you to know exactly what you have done to me, how the long arms of your law continue to torment me and humiliate me behind the closed walls of this atrocious place that you call a "facility" and I call a chamber of horrors. This morning I was awakened by the most unearthly noises coming from a woman who was put into my cell overnight. She is a frightful, obese black woman called Muriel Buchanon, whose bowels were gurgling and wrenching and reverberating so awfully that I had to call the guard. Can't you do something about this woman, I asked, quite civilly. But the guard simply smirked and walked away, which Miss Buchanon apparently took as her signal to behave just any way she damn pleased. Hey, motherf---ing white-ass, she said contemptuously, and spit a mouthful of the most vile fluid all over my negligee. I must tell you, this was my best negligee; but of course a fat, slovenly bitch like Miss Buchanon wouldn't know a nice robe if she saw one. You'll just have to get some Woolite and a soft sponge and soak it, I said to her calmly.

If you are at all a human being, Judge, you can understand my distress when Miss Buchanon, instead of

showing the least sign of remorse, threw my robe into the toilet and sat on it with her immense, pendulous buttocks. I was horrified. I resented her insulting conduct so deeply and thoroughly that I wanted to kill her nearly as much as I did myself the night my dear Hy lost his life. God, how I envy him, peaceful and still, unembattled by these ghastly whores and thieves who look like wild beasts and speak little better. On your paws, white-ass, the woman said, while pointing to her private areas and massaging them as though she wanted me to give her some sort of depraved sexual satisfaction. Of course I reported this right away to the guard. Would you like to give your dirty little performance for the guard, I asked pointedly, hoping perhaps this horrid black cow might be shamed into comporting herself in a more tasteful fashion.

But do you suppose the guard was any help? Not one iota. She merely opened the cell door and let in another prisoner, a girl who I am quite certain is the most detestable creature here. I say this because I had the previous pleasure of expelling her from the Madeira School and reporting her to the police when our custodian found a sack of marijuana in her room—the filthiest, most untidy room in the school, I might add. There were orange peels and small bits of ground-up crackers and gummy juice stains everywhere. I simply had to get her

away from the other girls. And by the way she behaved in my cell I can tell you my assessment of her was absolutely correct. What's the matter, Harris, she said with that vengeful, arrogant sneer she always had. You got something against gettin' inside a nigger? I never would have believed it was possible, but, my God, how this girl had degenerated! The sooner you start conducting yourself like a young woman, I told her sternly, the sooner you get that hair away from your eyes and lower your voice, I said, the sooner we'll have something to discuss.

I have arranged a small conversation area in my cell, set off by two rows of pillows facing a table. (I intend for these to do, temporarily, until you answer my earlier demands for the love seats.) So, this abominable girl—Kersten McChesney is her name—ripped off my nightgown and threw me down to the pillows, where she pinned me like a wrestler. Well, let's see if the nigger's got anything against you, she said wickedly. That's when Muriel Buchanon leaped on top of me with all of her weight and nearly killed me by suffocation. I thought of Hy and, for a moment, imagined the black, smelly gargantuan to be his smelly, cunt-faced, slut girl friend killing me again as she almost killed me by causing my own attempted suicide before.

It was so brutal. It was so unbearable. When it was all over I wanted to destroy myself again. I took a light bulb from my shelf, a pantry actually, where I keep most of my little odds and ends, *tchotchkie*s and such that just don't seem to go anywhere else. Insane with rage and disgrace, I smashed the bulb against the wall and thrust its jagged glass and metal filament toward my throat. But something happened. It's all very gray to me now. The bulb must have missed, because Miss Buchanon and Miss McChesney lay bloody and sprawled on the floor. Mortified, I tried once again to kill myself, this time obstructed by a trusty and by a guard who apparently stumbled into the path of my bulb; and, suddenly, they too were lifeless and spattered, littered across the room like so many orange peels. Also, someone has taken my Liberty of London scarf. It is a very good one and I would like to see it returned or replaced without delay.

Sincerely,
Jean Harris, 7638851
Bedford Hills Prison, New York

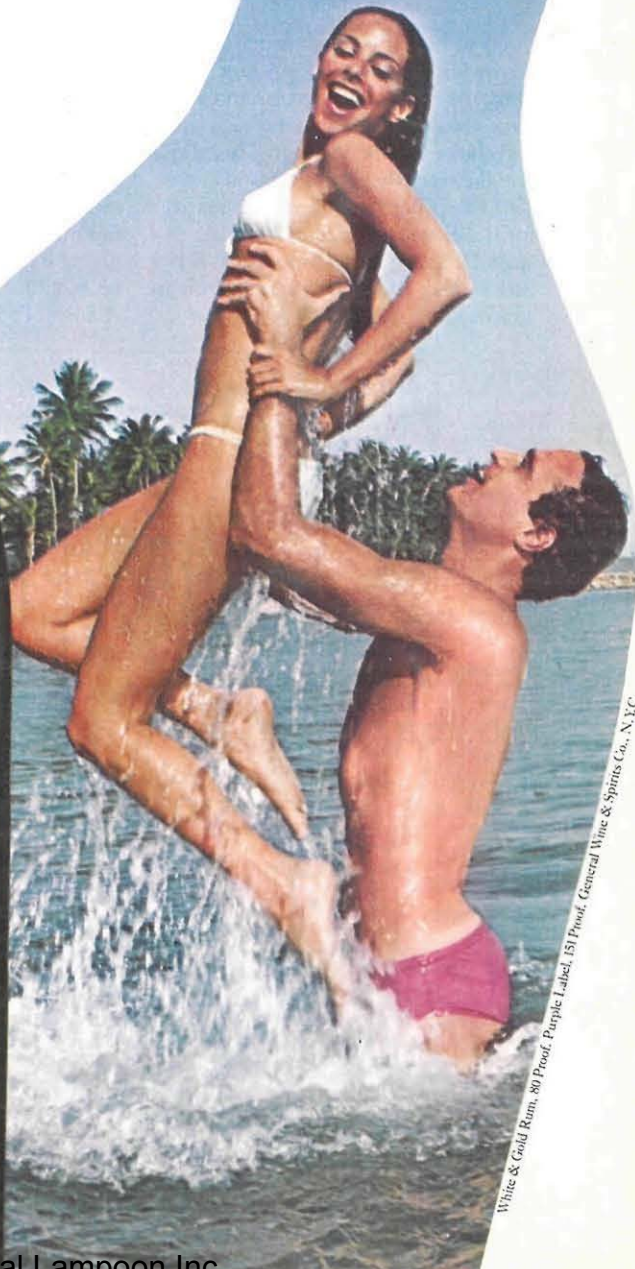




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A Star Is Porn

RESPECTABLE PICTURES
MARTY SIMONS, PRESIDENT

DATE: June 20, 1981
TO: Marty Simons
FROM: Joel Mimmelstein
RE: A new movie idea

Marty, I got an idea yesterday that is so dynamite, I am trembling as I write it. I'm actually shaking. It came to me in a flash and I had to write it all down as fast as I could. First read it through. Then, if you got any comments, write them in the margins. But don't say anything until you read it through—please.

Okay, here it is. I was watching this movie last night on TV—*A Star Is Born*, the one with Judy Garland and James Mason. A great, great movie. I still choke up when I see it. They did a remake recently with Streisand and Kris Kristofferson that was no match for it. You probably remember the story. A young struggling actress gets a lucky break and lands a starring role in a movie, thanks to a big movie star

who takes a shine to her. Suddenly she becomes the hottest star in the business. They fall in love and get married. But he starts going downhill and she skyrockets. He gets into a rut and starts drinking, fucking up his work, etc. She tries to help him, but it's no use. Anyway, you probably know the rest. I just wanted to jog your memory a little, because I came up with the brainstorm that is going to make us a small, or maybe a very large, fortune. We've been doing cheap shit all these years, right? Fuck movies for degenerates, for strokers, with the Mafia getting most of our profits—real peep-show stuff that you're ashamed to talk about in mixed company. Well, no more. We're finally going to make a beautiful picture, a romantic picture, a classy picture. Why? Because it has a dynamite plot, tried and true, a real story. By now you must be reading my mind and coming in your Kleenex. I'm talking about taking *A Star Is Born* and giving it a few twists to make a *romantic, beautiful* fuck picture. We'll call it *A Star Is Porn*.

Let me spin out the plot. This is off the top of my head. I'm talking out loud, so don't get picky. We can always fill in the details later. I can get my nephew Ricky, the one who's in the NYU film school, to write us a quickie script. He'll work by the hour. I just want to give you the broad strokes.

The story starts in the middle of the shooting of a porn movie, a regular fuck-suck movie, like one of ours, only a little more classy. We should make it look like a big-budget job. We see the female star of the movie in her dressing room. There's a knock on the door. It's the assistant director telling her she's due on the set in two minutes. She tells him she can't go on. "What's wrong?" he asks. "My cunt hurts," she says. "I can't finish the movie."

Cut to the producer and a doctor in her dressing room. The doctor has just examined her. It turns out she has a yeast infection or some kind of terrible cunt problem. One more fuck and she'd be in the hospital and the whole cast would be infected. The producer is going crazy. He's losing money by the second. He's got a full crew and a big cast, all scratching their nuts waiting to do the next setup, and his female lead is dying on him.

We cut to the set. The male star of the movie, Johnny Cock, is also throwing a fit. He's been stroking himself and getting ready for this big fuck scene and now he learns that the cunt can't go on. He's resting his cock in warm water, tea, a bowl of Vaseline. He's been prepping himself for this scene for an hour. He's Johnny Cock—the biggest and the best porn actor in the business. Some people think his ego is as big as his schlong, but down deep he is a good guy. Johnny is waiting at everyone, telling them that it's no picnic being a porn star. It's not like a regular movie, where you just have to know your lines. In a pornie, you've got to know your lines and keep your hard-on going all day.

"Fucking Robert Redford doesn't have to work with a boner for ten hours a day. Dustin Hoffman, Bobby DeNiro...let's see how long their cocks would last. I do all my own fucking. No stunt men. No insert shots with someone else's prick!"

So Johnny is steaming mad. He's a real pro and expects his leading lady to be a real trouper, not a quitter.

Also, the director is tearing his hair out. He's actually a director of feature



films who is moonlighting. He needs the money. He was promised a bonus if he brought the picture in under budget. And now the star cunt is blowing a few extra G's for him.

It's too late to call a casting agency. Nobody has a friend in the neighborhood. I forgot to tell you that there are no other girls on the set at the moment. So it looks like they have to cancel the whole day. And then there's a knock on the door. A gentle knock. It goes unnoticed for a minute. Finally someone hears it and opens the door. It's a girl. In her twenties. Not pretty, not ugly. Just an ordinary-looking girl. She's an Avon Lady, one of those door-to-door saleswomen. She's got this suitcase full of cosmetics and she goes right into her pitch. She has no idea she just walked on to the set of a porn movie.

The idea of a woman walking on to the set is enough to get everybody excited—a woman, any woman, can save the day. The director grabs her and somehow persuades her to replace their female lead. We'll have to flesh out this part later. But somehow he persuades the girl, who is a bit naive, that they are making a legit movie, but with a few nude scenes—very realistic, very arty and poetic-type stuff, all very restrained and beautiful. The girl's name is Virginia Gumball. Finally, Virginia is persuaded to go on, but only if the director will buy enough cosmetics so that she can have enough money to put her mother in the hospital. Her mother is dying of cancer. The director says he'll buy a year's worth of cosmetics, he'll do anything if she takes the part.

By now Johnny is really cranky. When he sees this plain Jane that he is supposed to fuck he gets real pissed. "How am I supposed to fuck this ugly little bitch? I might as well fuck a Hefty bag." Johnny is putting on his prima donna act. He's used to fucking Penthouse pinups. "She's an amateur. She might have a disease, too." His dick is insured by Lloyd's of Dublin. He can't afford to stick it into anyone.

Then Virginia comes back without any clothes on. Her hair is unpinned and it's nice and loose. She's got makeup on and she's not wearing her glasses. Johnny takes one look at her and his pi-pi takes off. Virginia is the most beautiful thing he ever laid eyes on. A million violins are playing in the background.

Needless to say, Johnny fucks Virginia's ears off. They do the great-

est, most romantic fuck scene ever filmed. Virginia saves everyone's life. The director is thrilled. He yells, "Cut and print!" But they don't hear him. They keep fucking. Pretty soon the crew is ready to leave, but Johnny and Virginia are still oblivious to everything. They never stop. They're falling in love. As we fade out, they're still banging away.

Finally, about midnight, Johnny and Virginia have finished fucking their brains out. Johnny takes her to a nice romantic restaurant for a late dinner. He makes a heavy confession to her. Until he met her, he never had a real orgasm. "Until I met you, Virginia, I used to come like I was taking a shit or spitting. It was mechanical. Just going through the motions—like pissing in the hole of an outhouse. But with you it's the real thing. It's beautiful. Every time is like fireworks on the Fourth of July!" Virginia looks at him like he was the last man on earth.

Dissolve to the world premiere of their movie, which is called *Up the Amazons*. It's set in Brazil during Carnival. By now, Virginia's name is changed. She can't be a porn star with a name like Virginia Gumball. Her new name is Linda Crack. It's got star quality written all over it.

This is a real Hollywood-type premiere. All the big porn stars arrive in their limos—Harry Reems, Linda Lovelace—all the newest stars and the old favorites. The flashbulbs are popping—mobs of adoring fans everywhere. Linda and Johnny arrive—the crowd screams a welcome. Rex Reed

continued

SCIENCE ROUNDUP

The Pentagon's extraordinary search for military superiority based on the development of gifted young parapsychics has brought mixed results. "We were hoping to develop latent powers that could destroy a nuclear submarine merely by concentrating on a card bearing its picture. Instead, we have developed the capability of thoroughly annihilating a deck of cards." Asked whether this tactic could be used to disrupt high-level Kremlin bridge and poker sessions, the spokesman refused further comment.

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A STAR IS PORN

continued

interviews them in the lobby. Linda gives all the credit to Johnny for making her an actress. Johnny predicts she'll be the greatest porn star of them all.

We cut to the last scene of the movie. The audience is standing up and cheering. Linda Crack's name is on everyone's lips. She's got that something special, that star quality, like Garbo and Marilyn Monroe. We can even see wet spots on people's pants—that's how exciting she is.

We cut to the lobby, where reporters are flocking around, trying to get a few words out of Linda. But Johnny and the producer protect her and whisk her off to the limo. We cut back to see a reporter interviewing Mark Fruit, the famous gay porn star. Mark says he is going straight after seeing Linda. "What did you think of Johnny Cock?" "Johnny who? Listen, friend, when Linda Crack is on screen there's no one else in the frame. She made me come fourteen times, and I'm a hard-core homo. Johnny Cock? Forget him. With Linda Crack up there, you could do the scenes with my grandfather—with my grandmother."

You can smell trouble coming for Johnny. But right now he and Linda are going to savor the kind of romance

that comes only once in a lifetime. Linda becomes a superstar, and Johnny isn't jealous. He coaches her. He teaches her every trick in the book. They get married and move into his fabulous beach house, where they fuck day and night. They hardly even eat. Once in a while they order in Chinese food.

Now the tragic part. As Linda's star rises, Johnny's begins to fade. Linda is in constant demand. We get quick scenes of her skyrocketing to stardom, one hit movie after another—*Romeo and Juliet Get It On*, *Guys Fuck Dolls*, *Naked Animal House*—one after another.

Linda starts doing pictures with other male stars—young studs. For the first time, Johnny gets jealous. He accuses her of enjoying her fuck scenes with the studs. She tells him that she's faking it, that she loves only him. "Listen, baby, you're a great lay, but you're not that good an actress," says Johnny. We now see the mean, macho side of Johnny. He gets petulant and cranky and fucks up his own pictures. His last two films are box-office poison. But since he's the great Johnny Cock he can't believe that it's his fault. He blames it on bad scripts, a lousy director, shitty co-stars.

Pretty soon he starts drinking heavily and putting on weight. Linda and

his only real friend, the producer, Bernie Spittlestein, warn him that he can't keep drinking, that alcohol will prevent him from getting it up. But Johnny has his macho pride. He can always get it up—"in a blizzard... a hundred feet underwater... standing on my head in a crowded elevator... anywhere, anytime," says Johnny drunkenly.

We see Johnny on his newest picture—he's dead drunk—and, of course, he can't get it up. Everyone on the set is waiting for him to get hard. They're all embarrassed. The director, a young, snooty auteur type, is making snide remarks about Johnny's masculinity. He has no sympathy for him, even though the producer chastises him for not showing any respect. "That man was the greatest fucker I ever saw," says Spittlestein. "He was better than Wadd, Reems, and Marc Stevens put together. I'd match him against Superman. You're too fucking young to appreciate that. All of you new kids are into fancy camera tricks and poetic shit. When Johnny was in his prime all you had to do was point the camera at him and sit back. And he used to come on cue."

But friendship doesn't count when the meter is running and a movie is at stake. Time is money. Johnny is so drunk, he can't even get it up with four girls blowing him at once. Finally the director tells him he's through. They're getting a replacement. Johnny can't believe it. He sobs. He throws a roundhouse right at the director and misses him and stumbles right into the wall of a set, knocking the thing down and ruining the whole scene.

The word gets around. Johnny Cock is poison, a toilet, an alky, a fuckup—and he can't get it up anymore. Johnny himself begins to believe it. His drinking gets worse. He loses his confidence completely. Even Linda, who has been steadfastly loyal to him, can't give him a hard-on.

Johnny is really in the dumper. He's not satisfying the woman he loves. But Linda insists that he'll be okay. Besides, she loves him as a person, not as a walking hard-on. Johnny understands, but his masculine pride is too overpowering. He hates himself. Pretty soon he's a forgotten person, a has-been. People start calling him "Mr. Crack." He's so forgotten that the famous imprint of his cock and balls on the cement of Graumann's Chinese Porn Theater is removed. (This is

continued on page 29



"And you, Al, what's new with you?"

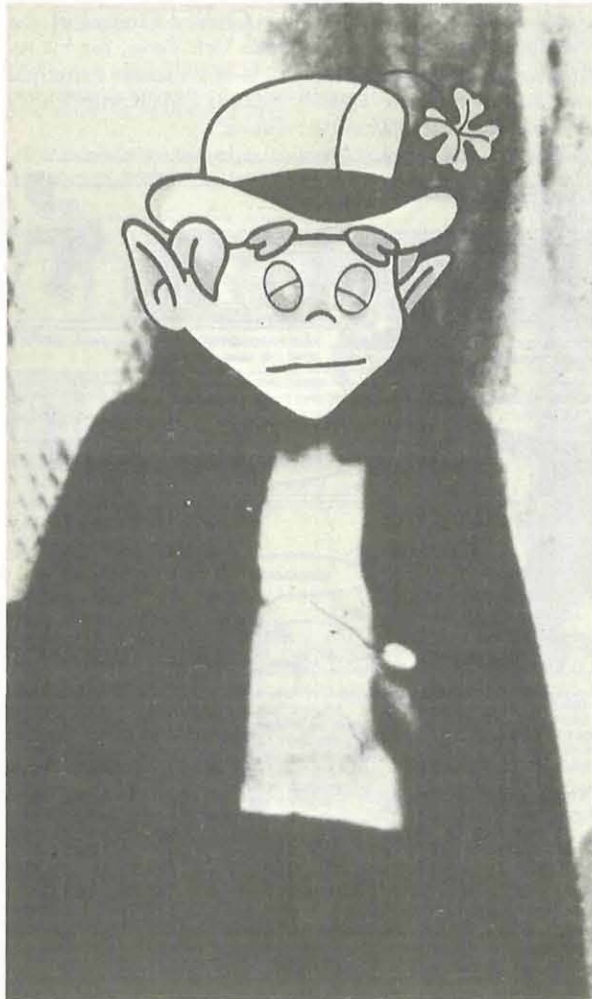
NEWS ON THE MARCH

PLANET

Death by Breakfast

Irish cereal elf succumbs in prison

Belfast's Maze Prison is cold at dawn. Dun-streaked steel doors crash hard in the misty, dense air as stiff leather boots begin to clatter and sleep-muddled



Lucky Charms magic elf, dead after seventy-nine days without cereal.

gurglings and rumblings echo through the yard. Doomed and doomful inmates peer between bars from the corners of their eyes as yet another delegation moves across Cell Block H to the room upon which the entire world has focused its anxiety and its prayers. A ponderous armored door thunders open; stifled gasps are followed by silent horror. There, on the seventy-ninth day of his hunger strike, stands the latest in Northern Ireland's seemingly endless list of tragedies, an emaciated, shivering, deathly gray little man known to millions of Americans as the magical trademark elf of Lucky Charms cereal.

Some visitors blanch at the grotesquely foul condition of his cell: its walls and floor besmeared with wet

marshmallow flakes, viscid mashed berries, psoriatic swaths of caked sugar, and pools of fetid curdled milk. "I'll not be eatin' me breakfast today, if that's what you sufferin' bastards'll be wantin' to know," the elf rasps defiantly, huddled in a filthy blanket amid a putrefying heap of lifeless magical stars—stars once tinkling and glittering as they burst from his wand, stars now reduced to oozing, pathetic exudents squiggling like dying bugs as they leak from his pores. "But what about all the boys and girls?" asks one of the visitors, product group manager Bob Schwab. "What will they do without a flavorful breakfast-time treat?" Before the cadaverous elf can respond, his tiny magical eyes roll up in his head and he drops to the floor, dead. The prison falls silent, inmates grieved by the loss of a comrade, authorities mindful of the tinderbox frame of mind of children who will have to eat something else for breakfast tomorrow.

Tommy Sands Not Hungry

Former pop singer Tommy Sands announced that he has been eating three large meals every day since world attention was drawn to the hunger strike of Bobby Sands last April. "As far as I know," Sands stated, "Bobby Sands and I weren't related, and I'm not Irish or even that familiar

with the situation over there; so I decided that it was all right for me to continue my normal eating pattern." Mr. Sands added that he has always enjoyed exotic, well-prepared dishes, "particularly in the French style, and with some exceptions the cooking of Senegal as well."

NEWS ON THE MARCH

MEDIA

Pulitzer Surprise

Taking their words for it

"From New Delhi to Calcutta, she is known simply as Big Mama. Madam, pusher, smuggler—these words are too nice to describe her. 'Sure I care about hunger,' she cracks, snatching a rupee from the tin cup of a poor beggar. 'That's why I'm gonna get me a steak!'"

Thus opens "Mother Teresa—The Lying Nun," a startling exposé that won this year's Pulitzer Prize for investigative journalism. Though reporter Ted Phillips claimed the article was the result of many years of painstaking research ("give or take a few," he added parenthetically), the article has

been proven to be a hoax. Editors of *True Confessions*, *Police Gazette*, and *Daytime Mother Teresa Confidential* revealed last week that they had rejected Phillips's manuscript as fictional nonsense long before he finally peddled it to the *Washington Post*.

Ben Bradlee, editor of the *Post*, admitted that he was at first reluctant to run the controversial article. "But I felt compelled to print it," he says. "Phillips sat on top of me and wouldn't get off until I bought it." Soon after its publication, the story proved to be a favorite of Pulitzer judges: "It was nice and



Photos accompanying Phillips's prizewinning article are now believed to be doctored.

short," points out one juror admiringly. "Didn't use any big words," adds another. "Had more sex than *Valley of the Dolls*," a third explains. Despite this acclaim, the judges have been forced to rescind Phillips's prize, including the plastic figurine emblazoned "World's

Greatest Writer." Fortunately, there was no dearth of entrants this year, and the coveted Pulitzer trophy will be awarded to runner-up Charles Kimball of the *New York Times*, for his article "Victoria Principal Admits: I Slept with Elvis's Ghost."

AAA-RELIANCE LEGAL ASSOCIATES PRESENTS
Billie Jean King in



Promise of Passion

SO, WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU BEEN MUNCHING SOME BROAD'S CARPET FOR A COUPLE YEARS AND THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THE GASH DEMANDS A \$400,000 HOUSE FOR HER TROUBLES BELIEVE ME, I FOUND OUT THE HARD WAY. THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO KEEP THE SAME THING FROM HAPPENING TO MY PALS ON THE CIRCUIT...

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GAAAKAGLLAAK.

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PRE-MUNCH AGREEMENT

I, _____ herewith waive all present and future rights to the earnings and property

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OTHER PLANETS

Toys Ahoy! Oh, Boy!

Astronomers overjoyed by discovery of toy planet

Astronomers at the Mount Palomar Observatory in California believe



The discovery of Toy World may herald the dawn of a new era, an era based upon friendship between man and toy, woman and bargain, and cooperation and friendship.

they have finally pinpointed the location of a planet whose existence had been predicted as early as 1943 by Albert Einstein. Until now, efforts to locate the planet had been frustrated by a number of "automobilelike objects and automobiloid clouds of dust and gas" that periodically obscured the planet from view.

Einstein's so-called Toy World theory grew out of his sometimes tempestuous correspondence with J. Robert Oppenheimer, the latter postulating the existence of "a Food World behind automobilelike objects." The much disputed Toy World theory is extremely complex—some scientists say that Einstein himself did not fully comprehend its implications. Basically, the theory states that any planet inhabited by toys will be visited by automobiles and automobiloid clouds of dust and gas as a result of the planet's pleasurable shopping atmosphere and attractive window displays. A corollary of the theory holds that many bargains may be found on the planet.

Scientists at TRW Systems in California are developing a manned exploratory shopping probe shaped, oddly enough, like a common shopping cart, whose purpose will be to land on Toy World and return to Earth with sample games and toys. The launch is scheduled for December 1, 1985, in an effort to beat the hectic Christmas season.

GAMES AND SPORTSPLAY

"Spare Change?"

Penury, Donuts, Owners, and Shame

No zephyr this, but a cold spring wind, an aftertaste of winter, which swirls and scatters dust and rubbish up from the gutter here in Herald Square, New York City.

You get something in your eye, and, half blinded, you do not recognize for a

moment the ragged beggar who approaches you, his calloused palm extended, his greasy collar turned up against the bitter breeze. "Spare change?" The time-honored whine of the wino. You blink in astonishment. Could it be? It is! This tat-

tered mendicant is none other than George Steinbrenner, owner of the New York Yankees!

You grasp the threadbare elbow of his ancient camel's-hair coat and steer him into a Wendy's. You stand him a cup of java, hot and black and rich—but not, you reflect silently, any hotter or blacker, nor nearly so rich, as the Yankee outfield, whose acquisition and keep has reduced this once proud Republican sportsman to this pitiful condition.

You talk with George about the upcoming season, and, for a moment, that famous Yankee class, that willingness to buy a pennant at any price, animates his slender frame.

Call it heartwarming. Call it heartbreaking. But the man has no regrets. He truly believes that if his personal hardship and sacrifice (nights spent on park benches, a diet of stale donuts bought with the nickels he cadges wiping windshields on the Bowery) can bring a championship to his adopted, beloved city, then he asks no thanks, no recognition, no recompense.

You've got to go. You buy George another coffee, and while he's reaching for the sugar you slip a five-spot into his tattered, empty pocket. And as you leave, fighting back the tears, it hits you. The man is a saint.

You are in Seattle on business, and a mist hangs over the seaside city, impenetrable as the fog through which certain federal-court bench sitters must have judged certain ball players' self-serving appeals.

Hungry, you turn in to a welcoming McDonald's. Behind the counter, a number of cheerful and surprisingly clean young Negroes dish out the burgers, pop, and

fries. Among them, you notice an older man—a white man—whose age and worn face is mocked by the cute uniform and little cap.

Ray Kroc, has it come to this? Are you obliged to fawn and smile and serve prefab onion rings, and for less than the minimum wage? Is this the price you must pay for your years of selfless generosity to overpriced, arrogant, and ungrateful baseball players?

What price free agency? (An ironic term indeed! For the least free aspect of this disgrace to the national pastime is the agent, whose Judas wages are built in to the athlete's inflated demands!)

Ted Turner shivers on a thin mattress of straw in his Atlanta walk-up, but there he dreams of a Series victory for his Braves. In Los Angeles, a man named Bavasi presides over a garage sale beside his simple Watts bungalow. Priceless mementos, souvenirs of a half century in the game, are auctioned off so that poor Buzzy can meet the salary demands of a greedy reliever, and... Where will it all end?

"That's what I want to know," Bavasi snaps acridly to an unexpected browser—his own Steve Garvey in an expensive crested blazer, posturing with the air of a Vanderbilt touring a charity ward. The two men stare at each other across a bric-a-brac-laden picnic table, silent and strange. "I'll give you a dollar for the Ford Frick letters," Garvey mumbles awkwardly, condescendingly. Buzzie is breaking up inside. He knows they're worth more, but he'll take what he can get. Like the other owners, he needs the buck. And Garvey, like the other players, needs the deduction.

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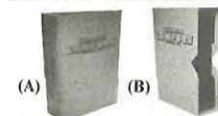
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BEHAVIOR OF THE MIND

Beyond the Maze

A new puzzle page in the history of science

After decades of running mice through mazes, researchers at the Cappy-Dick crossword in slightly less than a year, although, he admits, "It's usually easier



Scientists at New Mexico A&M have extended their research to a wide variety of laboratory animals. In experiments similar to the one shown here, rabbits who fail to decipher a Soviet diplomatic cable are melted by Roman candles.

Institute of Psychology have begun to put the rodents to more practical tests. "We've decided to let them tackle other puzzles—like crosswords," says psychologist Bill Weng. Fitted with nose-implanted scribing devices, the mice are thrown into the puzzle cage and forced to fill in all the blanks or suffer painful electric shocks. Using several thousand mice, Weng has been able to solve the average Sunday *New York Times*

to wait a week for the answers to be published."

Other psychologists have taken on a wider range of challenges, breeding mice that can solve Double-Crostics, Find-A-Quotes, and Scrabblegrams. Of course, some problems remain: "I've found that some mice, when doing word puzzles, will tend to use the words 'Roquefort' and 'Camembert' whether they fit or not," admits experiment director Dr. R. Oar.

SCIENCE AND SCIENCEOLOGY

Noncarcinogenic Substance Found

A "completely non-carcinogenic substance" has been discovered, announced Dr. Harold Leary at the eighteenth annual conference of the Biological

Research Union.

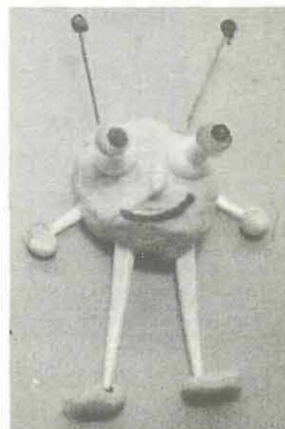
"The significance of this substance is immense," Leary explained. "What most laymen don't realize is that virtually every sub-

stance around us is a carcinogen . . . tin, wood, air, paper, gold, silver, iron, wool, water, every kind of natural and artificial food-stuff, everything that people eat, drink, wear, use for makeup, or come in contact with, including other people. And I'm not talking about large amounts of these substances, either. All you need is just the tiniest bit and you're dead.

"However," Leary continued, "the new substance seems to be totally without cancer-causing potential. We've fed tons of it to animals and humans as well. I've even had some myself. We've touched it, rolled around in it, and had it injected into every organ and tissue complex in the body. We've examined tens of thousands of cells for mutagenicity or any sign of difficulty, but we haven't found a thing."

The new substance is a hydrocarbon (formula $C_7H_6O-H-C_{17}-NH_2$) with a double benzene ring structure and a semirepetitive crystal lattice of .0000006

angstroms. "It is a mushy, grayish, foul-smelling substance," according to Leary.



New non-cancer-producing substance can be molded into different shapes, including decorative lapel pins and free-standing "thingies" like this.

"There really isn't much use for it, except possibly as a novelty or ornamental item like, for example, a lapel pin. People who wear it as a pin might not mind the smell if they knew they were doing something that could save their lives."

LITEREMIA

Lame Prepski Tome Yields Heavy Sequel Action

Nice, prepophiles; reel it in

Flush with the success of *The Official Preppy Handbook* (Workman; 224 pp., \$3.95), the people responsible (Or is it "person"? Rumors abound that bitterness and bickering have arisen concerning fair distribution of the proceeds) have announced the titles on their winter list, sequels to the instant best-seller that has made "barf" a household word:

The Official Priappy Handbook For and about males suffering from an aberrantly

strong sexual urge. This one will share with its progenitor a concern with a tiny segment of the population that most readers, by definition, can never hope to actually join: *Priappy*, with those suffering from priapism, a psychological/biochemical/physiological pathology; *Preppy*, with the American ruling class, a group noted for its disproportionate wealth and power, attenuated sexuality, bland and stifling notions of taste, and gang-of-vicious-

adolescents code of manners and behavior.

The Official Pimp Handbook The handbook for pimps, and those who wish to pretend that they are pimps. Like *Preppy*, it will dote slavishly on the dress, social mores, language, customs, rites of passage, and forms of recreation of an essentially unsavory and exploitative social/professional class.

The Official Propgy Handbook At last: the handbook for and about those who fly propeller-driven aircraft. Since many of the gang who wrote *Preppy* will be typing away on this one, odds are good that *Propgy* will feature such gems as: "A new Prop favorite is the cotton turtleneck with a whimsical little print—hearts, turtles, frogs, acorns, butterflies, and elephants are some of the cutest."

It's a strong list, and it should be helped immensely by the January '82 release of *The Official Preppy Handbook: The Official Motion Picture*. Ali McGraw and Dick Cavett will star as Dipsy and Stiff Pinkangreen, whose sexless, booze-drenched marriage is given new life after a descent-into-hell weekend during which, nostalgic for the fun of their younger days, they drive the Mercedes into Harlem for some rowdy good slumming. Finding themselves menaced at gunpoint in an alley by a gang of underprivileged youths, they execute a daring escape by buying the neighborhood as a tax write-off and hiring the youths as "help." Sidney Lumet will direct.

Edited by Tod Carroll.
Contributions by T.C., Ellis Weiner, Al Jean, Michael Reiss, Sean Kelly, Brian McCormick, and Ed Subitzky.

BACK ISSUES

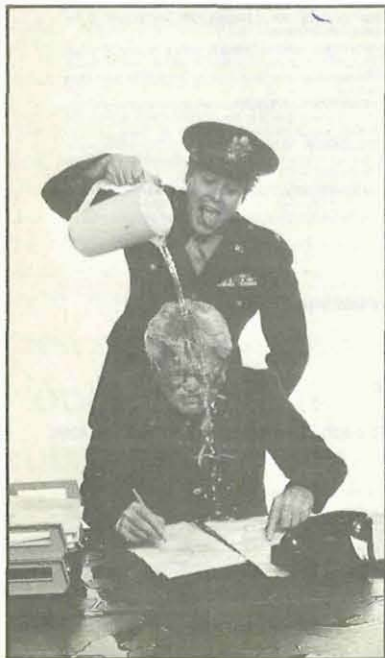
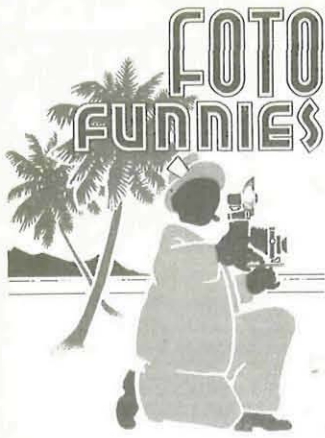
- OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES?** With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album
- DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER:** With Son-o'-God comics # 2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and 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 Mandrill
- SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With Life parody Nazi Regalia for Graceland, Whitedove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerra* magazine, and Military Trading Cards
- AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With Agnew's A Very Serious Advance, Seed Magazine, Executive Deleted, Sou'l Brains, Surprise Poster # 7, and True Menu
- SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unsex-ing Stonas, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and Barfart Comics
- NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down
- JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCaff's Zepplin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades Massacre
- MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues Comics, and Our Wonderful Bodies
- AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With The Rockefeller Altica 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 Jack, The Glory of Their Handisgit, the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and The Puck Stops Here
- OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES:** With a four page, full-color Nuts, the Aesop Brothers on honeymoon, Vermont, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins, and dozens of other comics and cartoons
- NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE:** Is Democracy dead? 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, eight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody
- FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY BIRTHDAYS 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 *Hate 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 Sentie, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's Grown-ups Can Do Anything
- OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES:** With *Mersey Moptop Faveave*, *Falgebraeal 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, Orgasmic Backlash, White Rastafarians, and Best Negroes in New York
- DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER:** With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards presents and the Texas Supplement
- JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY:** With The Socratic Dialogue, Sex in Ancient China, the Celts, and the 6 classes 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, a The Onemsa, 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 Aulorama
- JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST:** With *Even Bluegriss Get the Cows*, the Indian Section, Our Family Journey to the West, and Cowboys of Many Lands
- JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE:** With a garden of parodies, Sussman and Greenfield's history of *Nail.am*, 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.am* report on education in America
- SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE:** With *Regular Guy Quarterly*, Dress for Successfulness, Afro Sheek, and a complete fall fashion forecast
- OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT:** With movie, TV, and music sections, *Porter and Beth's* self-amenagement, Wilson, Rodrigues, and a *Nail.am* guide to the Big Ten
- 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
- MARCH, 1979/CHANCE:** With Track Rats, Vegas, Un-changed Melodrama, How to Drive Fast, and John and Gerry's risk section
- APRIL, 1979/APRIL FOOL:** With Salacious Items and Lead Articles, Florida College Spring Vacation Travel Supplement, the 1946 Bulgembobles, and a *Life Magazine* parody
- MAY, 1979/INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM AND TERRORISM:** With EXPLORER, 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 Hernia Operation, an inside look at Niagara Falls, and a guide to the New Constellations
- OCTOBER, 1979/COMEDY:** With a women's humor magazine, a guide to practical joking, The Funniest People I Ever Met and How to Tell a Dirty Joke to a Woman
- NOVEMBER, 1979/LOVE:** With an informative Engagement Guide, a Wedding Album, Love at First Sight, and a tortured look at obsessive love
- DECEMBER, 1979/SUCCESS:** With The Little Engine That Did, The Norman's Undress for Success Book, Bitch Goddesses, and a look at failure
- JANUARY, 1980/FANTASY:** With the Civil War Between the Negroes and the Jews, Six Fantasies of Richard Nixon, Sex Fantasies, and a novel guitar instruction book

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A STAR IS PORN

continued from page 20

a great piece of visual symbolism, Marty.)

Despite Johnny's problems, his old producer, Bernie Spittlestein, still believes in him, and gives him a chance to get back in the limelight. "It's just a low-budget quickie, but we got great distribution," says Bernie. "There's a terrific fuck scene for you with two sixteen-year-old chicks—one black, one white. Johnny, it's such a turn-on, it's a piece of cake for you. You play this cop who catches these girls trying to sell some grass in a parking lot. You handcuff them and take them to the precinct house, except you never get there because they dig being handcuffed and getting their brains balled. It's the biggest scene in the picture.

What Bernie couldn't bring himself to tell Johnny was that he was not the star but the third lead. This was the best Bernie could do. Johnny refuses the part. It's peanuts for a star like him. Johnny still lives in the past.

Bernie gives it to Johnny straight. He's the only producer in Hollywood willing to take a chance on Johnny. "You're dead in this town, Johnny. If

you don't take this part, you might as well be a towel boy in a bathroom." Linda begs Johnny to take the part. It's a scene stealer. He finally agrees—if the part can be enlarged a little. "You give me your old hard-on and I'll give you more scenes," says Bernie.

Linda takes time off from her busy schedule to nurse Johnny back to health, to make him hard again. She takes him to sex specialists in Zurich and Vienna, the Mayo Clinic, even voodoo doctors. Johnny goes off the booze and eats health foods, hundreds of oysters, anchovies.

It looks like he's almost making it. He's getting a little harder every day. Linda is overjoyed. "You can do the fuck scene, Johnny. Even if you're only semihard. As long as you can get it in, you'll be okay. Once you're in, you'll be great."

Johnny tries to believe her. He tells Bernie he's ready for his scene with the two sixteen-year-old girls. It turns out that they are really sixteen. They're incredibly sexy, horny girls. But when they see Johnny's dork they start to giggle. They're only kids. They can't control themselves—they have no manners, no tact. Bernie tries to

make it comfortable for Johnny. The director is an old pro who used to work with Johnny and liked him. But they're trying too hard. It's obvious to Johnny that he's being treated with kid gloves, like some old doddering basket case. He gets self-conscious, which is poison for a porn star. Finally, after the girls try everything and he still is limp, he breaks down and cries. Everyone feels terrible. Johnny walks off the set.

Johnny now goes on a drunken binge and disappears. Linda tries everything—detectives, etc.—to find him. But he has dropped out of sight. Meanwhile, her career continues to zoom. She has been nominated for an Oscar. Her performance in her last movie, *The Godfucker*, was so outstanding that she was nominated for this coveted award even though it was in a porn movie.

We cut to the Academy Awards presentation. Johnny Carson is the emcee. (We can get him for a cameo, Marty. I know his chauffeur's brother-in-law.) We get to the best-actress award. The nominees are Sissy Spacek, Barbra Streisand, Maggie Smith,

continued on page 68

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BERNIE X'S FATHER

continued from page 15

cream. Miriam had eyes to marry me. She talked it into herself that I liked her better than the other two girls, that I was giving her a better fuck. She used to try to sneak into my room when I was asleep at night. She even tried to jimmy my lock. Miriam had a lot of personality. The truth was I was giving them all my best shot. Once I start fucking a broad I got too much pride. I'm incapable of doing a bad job.

Gertie Tisch was a sixty-five-year-old sexpot. You know what a thirty-five-year-old sexpot like Goldie Hawn looks like? That's Gertie, only a little more zaftig, a little softer, and with more makeup. But if you took Gertie's and Goldie's clothes off and turned them both upside down, you'd swear they were sisters.

Frieda Pincus was very tall for a Jewish woman her age. She always looked a little sour, like she was carrying a hot knish up her ass. I could never tell if Frieda really enjoyed boffing. I knew that when she was making noises like a gorilla she was feeling

something, but not necessarily pleasure.

Pleasure wasn't important to Frieda. She had to boff me because her best friends Miriam and Gertie were doing it. She couldn't be left out. Actually, she had the best body of them all.

One day, after I must have fucked them all about sixty times, I gave up. I had an idea which I proposed over tea and rugelach, a Jewish cookie that Miriam made almost as good as my mother. I told them how much I appreciated their company, but I warned them that they would get tired of me soon. I said that they needed more than one guy to keep them happy, that they were in their second youth, they were like teenagers. They should never attach themselves to one guy, one cock. They needed more variety. At their age, they shouldn't miss anything.

They assured me that they would never be bored with me. I knew that. But I had to play dumb. I had to be humble. What I suggested was that we all go into business together—the escort business. A lot of rich men in

Miami need attractive escorts, and they go for the mature, experienced-type woman. I would be their representative and set them up in the business and we would all be equal partners—25 percent each. The girls would have a chance to meet the best people, go to the best restaurants, nightclubs, and so on. Why give it away when you can make a nice few dollars and still have fun? Miriam and Gert said yes right away. Frieda they had to persuade. They thought it would be an adventure, better than playing cards and bingo all night.

Now this seemed like a nice little setup for me, nice and clean, like a legitimate business—a service business. I looked up some of my old pals, Ziggy Brill and "Eggs" Kolodny, two Miami smart-money boys who used to be very active in this line. Ziggy and Eggs could help me get a list of possible clients, for a piece of the action. I'd have to skim a little off the girls' shares to cover these expenses, but they would never know the difference. The problem was that Ziggy and Eggs weren't active in this line anymore; they were retired. Everybody I knew was getting retired or was dead. They said that the Cubans ran most of the action. They could put in a good word for me with Icepick Gomez. I knew Icepick back in Brooklyn when he was making a little book in the brassiere factory.

It turns out that Icepick has a few partners in the escort line. He can't make a move without checking it out with them. He confesses that he too is getting a little old for this kind of work. Jesus, maybe he and Ziggy and Eggs ought to open a bagel store on Collins Avenue. But he did introduce me to these two new guys in the line, two young Cubans with the high cheekbones, like they had Indian blood—guys that you don't want to fuck with. I should have killed the deal right then and there. But no, I'm a big shot. I figured I'm too smart for a pair of refugees. The two Cubans are friendly enough. They want to meet the girls the next night at the Club Debonaire.

I feel a little better the next night when Icepick shows up with the two Cubans and they're all in good form, charming the shit out of the girls, who are by now so excited I thought they'd fuck the sixteen-piece Latin band right on the stage. We're into our third round of pina colodas when sud-

continued on page 64



"I'm from the IRS. I'm afraid we've misused all your tax money.
Could we have some more?"



The Office of Commander S.W. Goatlips IV

The Pentagon
Washington, D.C.

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

Dear Mr. Mann:

I was pleased to learn from your letter that National Lampoon is planning an issue entitled "Let's Get It Up, America." I quite agree that our national self-esteem suffered gravely during the Carter administration. Unfortunately, my new duties here at the Pentagon do not allow time to write articles for outside publication.

In your letter you asked if it was true that our military leaders are as demoralized and indecisive as they are often portrayed in the press.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

Ted, I presume you saw The Deer Hunter and Apocalypse Now. These two well-known films pretend to show us the more frightening aspects of men in action. They barely scratch the surface of what went on in Vietnam among our troops--especially among our officers.

I'm talking about anal dynamite masturbation.

Several weeks ago a young officer, just returned from Europe, where he had been serving with our NATO forces in Germany, told me quite a story concerning this practice.

It seems that several years ago a well-known general named Alexander Haig was commanding the North Atlantic forces during war games held in the Netherlands. The Russians, as usual, had sent along a couple of military observers (this was during "détente"). One evening, in the senior officers' mess, taunting toasts were exchanged between our general and the two Russians. One of the Russkies lost his temper and, producing a revolver, dumped four of its six shells on the table and fired at his head. He then threw the gun on the table in rude challenge. "No American," he said, "would have the courage to do that."

Well, Ted, General Haig didn't say a word. He motioned to an aide and whispered a few instructions in his ear. The aide left and the general kept staring at the Russians, who attempted to look unconcerned.

A few minutes later a Seabee entered the room with a briefcase, which he unlocked before giving to Haig. From it the general removed a stick of 70 percent Forcite dynamite, a jar of Vaseline, and a Fabergé egg of incredible beauty and workmanship. Haig dropped his pants and knelt on the table, placing the Fabergé egg--with the top opened--beneath his meat. He snipped about an inch from the dynamite's six-inch fuse and lit the fuse from his cigar tip. After dipping the cartridge into the Vaseline he shoved it up his ass and began to piston it in and out while masturbating furiously into the Fabergé cup.

The Russians' faces were white with fear. Nobody moved from their seats. After what understandably seemed like a very long time, the general came into the egg cup with a satisfied grunt. He pulled the explosive from his rectum and extinguished the fuse with the tip of his tongue.

After pulling his pants up, the general shoved the ornate Russian jewelry, now brimming with jism, across to one Russian observer. Raising his glass, he cried, "I now propose a toast... To the Russian czar, Leonid Brezhnev!"

The Russians had no choice but to drink.

I would not say that a victory like that was the work of a demoralized or indecisive leadership. Would you, Ted?

Yours,

S.W. Goatlips IV,
Commander

A Game Plan for America

Let's Go for the Sudden-Death Long Bomb



In his great novel *Kim*, the great writer Kipling called the strategic struggle between Imperial Russia and the British Empire "the Great Game." Now, late in the second half, the United States has been substituted for England, but the Great Game goes on.

Yet for too long Team USA has been playing for time, holding our checkers in the back row behind the eight ball.

Isn't it about time we dug the puck out from behind our own net, wound up and blazed a high and tight fastball between the uprights of communist propaganda, and slam-dunked a little freedom into the face of totalitarianism?

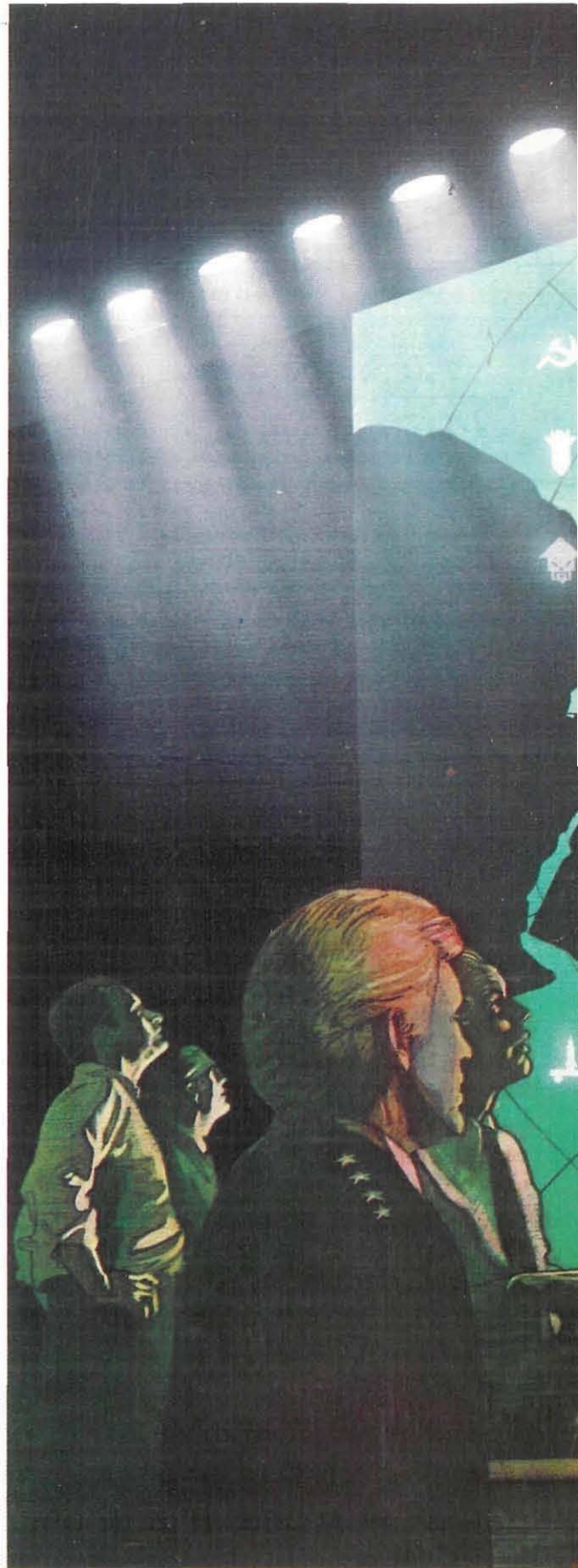
Without offensive strategy, without team spirit, without the will—or permission—to win, we have become mere pawns, shanking our tee shots into foul territory, unable to dent the twine of international respect when the chips are down.

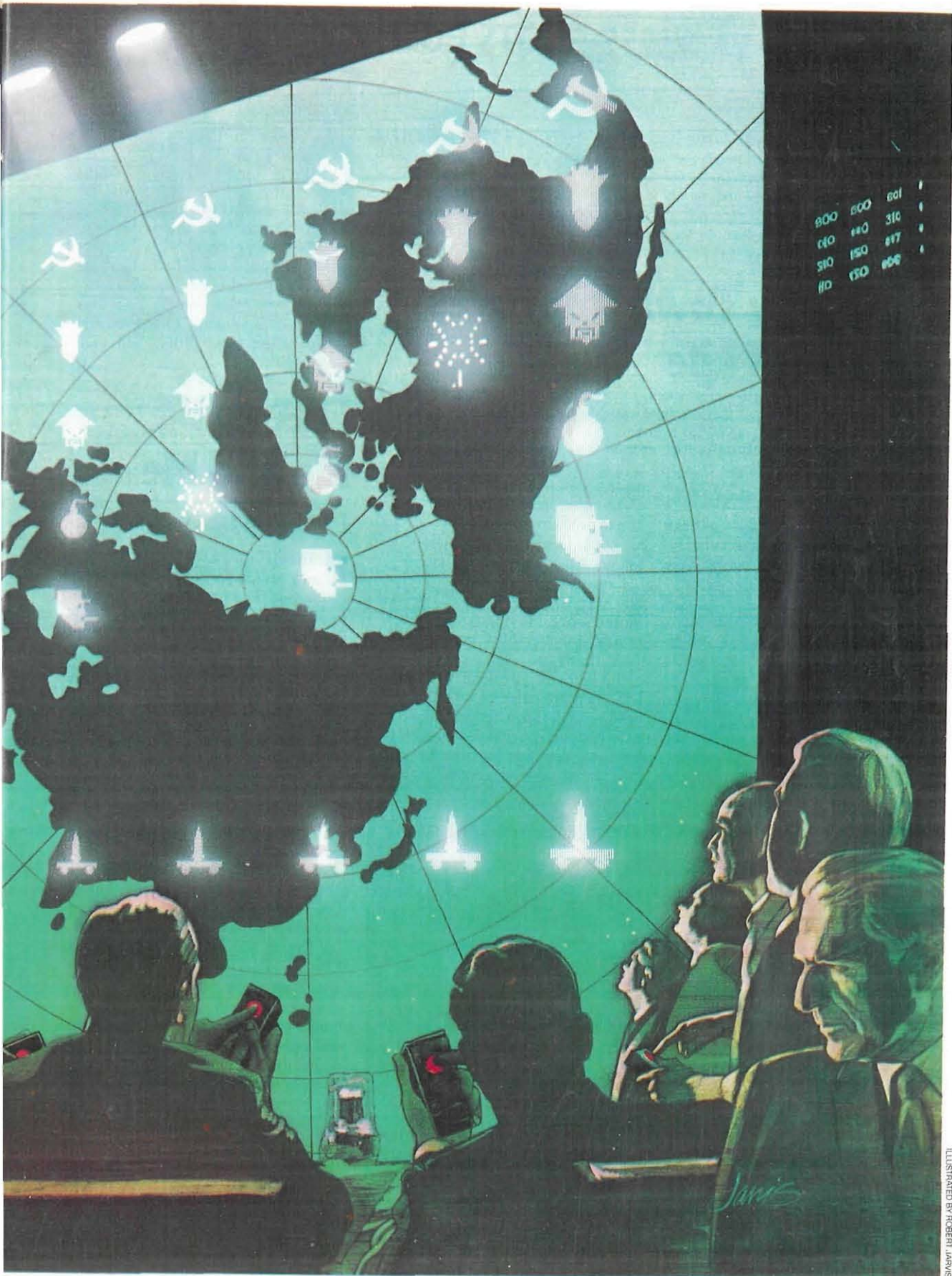
Perhaps the best postgame analysis of Team USA's play in the cold war has been delivered by that dean of sportswriters, the "old carrot-topped scribe" himself, Red Ruffensore, who wrote:

*By the time the Great Golfer had reached the Last Hole,
Our Nation was well above par,
And Ike the Old Pro left the Reds in the rough
With his three-iron Excalibur.
Then the Kennedys took to the touch-football field
And showed 'em that old rough and tumble;
They gave them ten steamboats to get back on side
Down in Cuba, and caused 'em to fumble.
LBJ took his guns and his hounds to the woods,
That coon-catchin' tall Texas strutter;
And alleycat Nixon was bowlin' 'em down
Until he got his balls in the gutter.
Then Jerry coached head-to-head tackle for a stint,
Without helmets, to harden our heads.
But Jimmy played softball, and hardball's the name
Of the game you must play with the Reds!
Now the Time Keeper Up There is watching the clock—
There's just time for a final run;
And it won't be how we played the game
But whether or not we won.*

What would Kim have done? What would Kipling have done? Vince Lombardi? Henry Luce? Shoeless Joe Jackson? They would have cheered from the sidelines as the fans in the stands do today as the scoreboard clock winds down and game-calling darkness falls, "Go for it!"

—Sean Kelly and John Weidman





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ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT JARVIS

GRASS-ROOTS POLITICS



While many citizens bemoan a national political system that gives us a choice between "an idiot" and "a moron," there are numerous small towns and communities that are, in fact, finding ways of attacking—and smashing into oblivion—local political problems. There, the federal and state governments need not interfere. Our

citizens are proving that, at least on the grass-roots level, the system works—with a vengeance.

Company Town Improves Quality of Life

In Hot Water, Texas, "Efficiency" Is Spelled GBC

The Garrett-Boone Corporation of Hot Water, Texas (integrated circuits, microwave components, pickled onions), is more than just that city's principal employer—and therein lies a story of corporate-municipal cooperation and efficiency that would make the entire Reagan cabinet swoon. GBC—or "geeb" (soft g), as it's called—owns the town, owns its school system, owns (by town ordinance) its air supply, and is the town's officially recognized deity.

"We pray to the company, yes," states local resident James Vicks. "GBC bought the town charter, bribed the

mayor and the alderman, and now legally owns everything. My cousin once made a joke about it at the Agway, and a Cub Scout went right up and stabbed him to death in front of everybody with his knife. Geeb owns the Scouts, too. Kid got a merit badge in Civics."

Constitutionally suspect? Perhaps; but ever since GBC took over Hot Water, unemployment has hovered near an unbelievable 0 percent. Moreover, thanks to GBC's cost-efficient techniques for dealing with crime (offenders are jailed or killed, often at the moment of apprehension), the courts have had such uncrowded dockets that

many judges and lawyers have gone to work on the assembly lines too.

Corporation officials are careful to point out that Hot Water's system is not applicable to every municipality in the country. But it works there. As Vice-President the Reverend Steve Timmerman of the First Church of the Garrett-Boone Corporation of Latter-Day Executives, Managers, and Workers says in his weekly sermon, "God is on the payroll. God bless GBC, and vice versa."

Free to Be Me and Me

Freedom in Las Payolas

Patrick Henry would have lived a long and happy life in Las Payolas, California. The patriot who called for freedom at the risk of death would have been instantly at home in this small (population 6,930) rural community where freedom is not so much a way of life as an obsession.

"Americans are born free," declares Las Payolas comptroller Ira Ditchford. "But sometimes I think we're the only ones who remember that."

Ditchford may have a point. What few laws there are in Las Payolas concern smoking in kindergarten, and even those are widely ignored. Otherwise, it's "anything goes"—and the results are impressive. The town's Model Lynching Program set the standard for lynchings around the entire nation. Las Payolas was cited by the Ku Klux Klan as "The Town So Purely American Even We're Afraid of It." The recent proliferation of vigilante groups brought calls for vigilante registration and provoked citizens, irate over uncontrolled vigilantism, to form vigilante groups for the purpose of hunting down errant vigilante groups.

"My freedom to swing my arms around ends at your face," notes town scholar Elmer H. Bibbitt. "At that point begins my freedom to hit you in the face, and your freedom to be hit in the face by me. The best government for a town is no government, and, preferably, no town."



VICE-PRESIDENT the Reverend Timmerman delivers the pre-coffee-break benediction on the GBC afternoon shift.



RESIDENTS CELEBRATE the Reich's two-week anniversary over a bonfire of copies of Manchild in the Promised Land.

First Reich

Was Jesus a Nazi?

Christian fundamentalism has seen a remarkable resurgence across the nation, but nowhere else has it wrought changes like those in Lemuels Falls, Virginia (population 23,566). "We're doing what the Moral Majority types only dream of," says Mayor John Tinley, who last month proclaimed the beginning of Lemuels Falls's "First Reich."

"We believe in a strict interpretation of the Bible," notes town councilwoman Jane Sherman. "Very strict. Extremely strict. And that means no abortion, no evolution, no liquor, no Elton John, and, of course, no Negroes, Jews, Catholics, popes, or premarital dating."

Mrs. Sherman was one of several Lemuels Falls officials not present during a recent fire that, mysteriously, destroyed the town's city hall and took the lives of "both" liberal town councilmen. "The Germans have a word we like very much," she notes. "*Lebensraum*. It means 'living room.' And that's where we were during the fire, in our living rooms, making up our lists of un-Biblical, un-Christian, antifamily books, films, paintings, magazines, symphonies, greeting cards, and people."

"Basically, we believe that Jesus was a Nazi," explains town sheriff Jason Lee Parks. "And the Bible doesn't say He wasn't."

—Ellis Weiner



There's a new fiscal wind whistling through the boardrooms and legislative halls of this country, or rather an old wind that's suddenly found a host of newly opened doors and windows and, in many cases, breezy, open-air verandas that embrace the old wind with the relish of an old friend and ventilate its refreshing economic good sense throughout the entire building.

A New Fiscal Wind

Overhauling the Machinery of Prosperity

Inflation and money supply are inextricably linked, the former feeding on the latter like a tapeworm, becoming greater and more voracious with every new dollar put into circulation. Some economics analysts suggest that we simply stop printing money. If Washington quit pumping billions of artificial dollars into our economy, they say, consumers would have less purchasing power, which in turn would limit demand, stimulate competition, and drive prices down. Such suggestions are misleading, however, because lower prices merely increase purchasing power and demand, drive up prices, and create a new cycle of inflation. Rather than shut off the money supply altogether, we must instead concentrate it in the hands of those who by virtue of their immense wealth and seasoned, worldly experience can manage to support the economy without niggling and caterwauling at each fractional spurt in the cost of living. The logic here is as simple as it is obvious. Harding Endicott Stimpson, for example, buys a clock. It is an exquisite machine, with thousands of precision-tooled platinum, titanium, gold, diamond, ruby, and cut-crystal parts encased in a vacuum-sealed glass dome, accurate to less than one second per year, built to last a century. Cost: \$10,000. The entire population of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, spends an equal amount buying two thousand clocks at five dollars apiece. The clocks are stamped from brittle plastic and powered by crude motors that rust, burn up, and change their rate of speed at whim. Vulgar, undisciplined children beat them against cement floors; working-class parents throw them at each other during hysterical quarrels; general wear and tear from abusive, slovenly patterns of living soon destroys

the clocks completely—by which time their replacement cost has risen to seven dollars. Most of the people of Uniontown can't afford seven dollars, or refuse to pay it. As a result, they're late for work, productivity falls, and



FREDERIC LEWIS

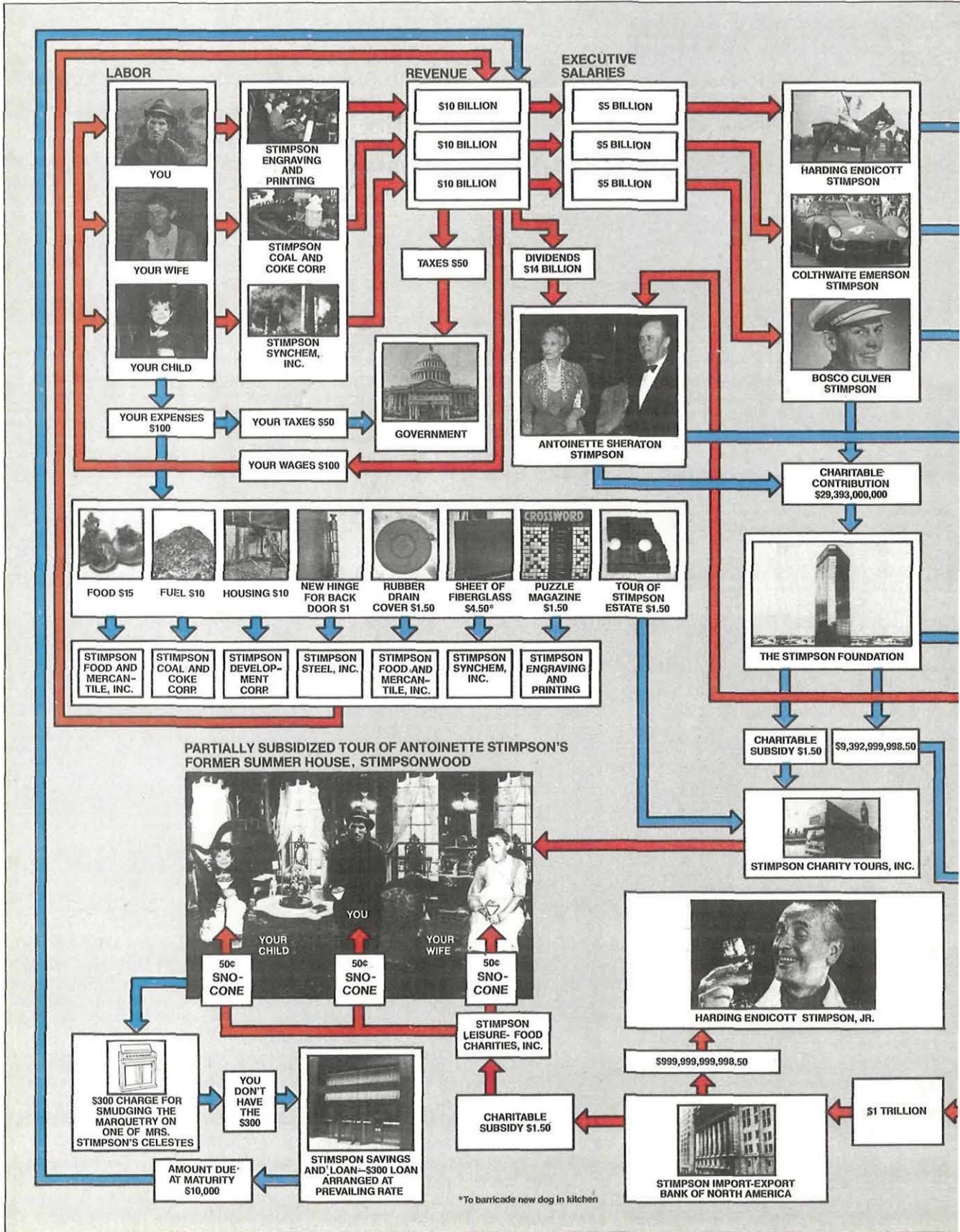
TIME IS running out for the squandering, dull-minded dawdlings of the middle class.

prices rise even higher. Mr. Stimpson, on the other hand, is unaffected by these problems and cheerfully buys a second \$10,000 clock for his wife, Antoinette, who, in return, spends \$35,000,000 on solid-gold berries to decorate Mr. Stimpson's garden. Hence, comparing the total expenditures of the Stimpsons and the people of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, it's not difficult to see who has done the better job of stimulating our economy.

—Tod Carroll

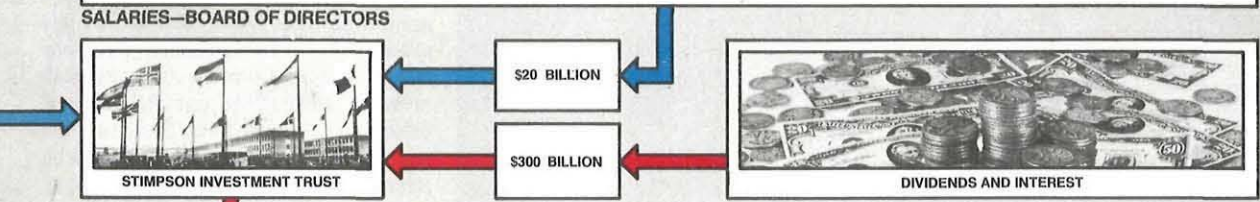
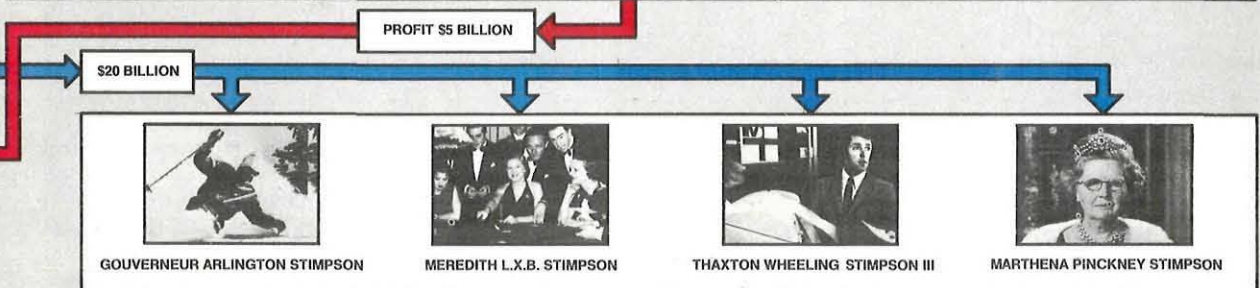
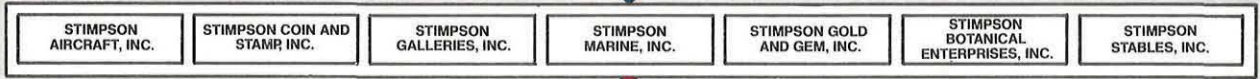
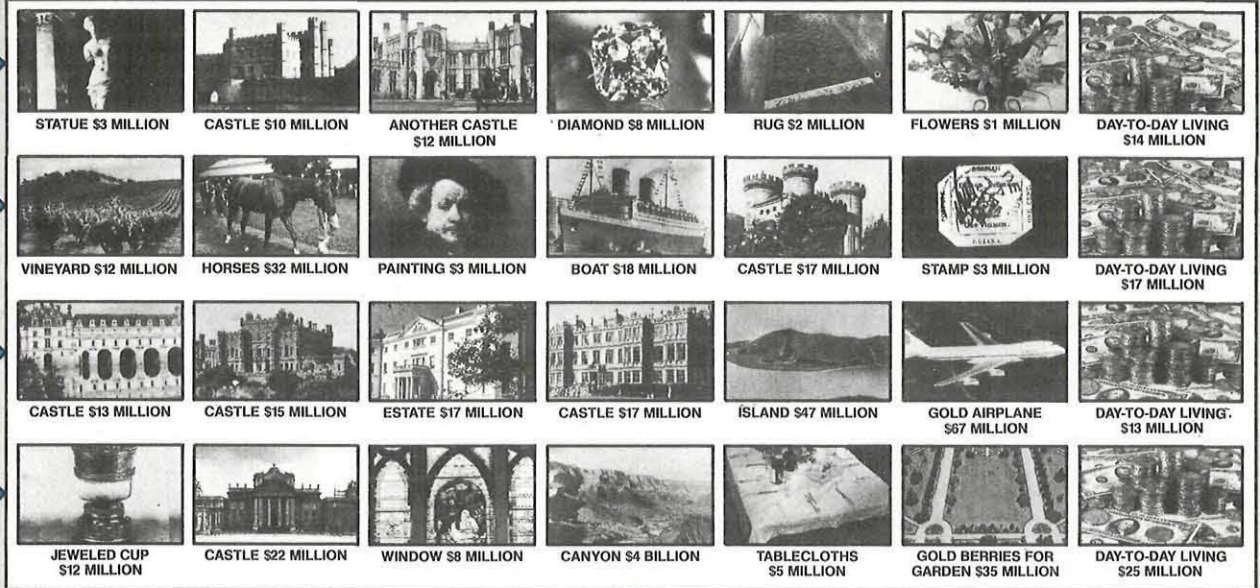
➡ To see exactly how a prosperous economy functions, turn the page.

Econometric Blueprint for Prosperity—Seven



Day Cycle of Labor, Money, and Goods

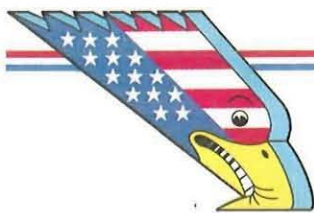
EXPENSES



Grenada, Canal Zone, Chile, Philippines, Ivory Coast, Congo, Portugal, Mauritania, Singapore, Paraguay, Zambia, Indonesia, Sierra Leone, Tanzania, Canada, Anguilla, New Zealand, Lesotho, Switzerland, Rwanda, Colombia, Argentina, Guinea-Bissau, Fiji, Maldives, Australia, Togo, Guinea, Finland, Bolivia, South Korea, Turkey, Uganda, Upper Volta, Sri Lanka, Gambia, West Germany, Guyana, Italy, Mauritius, Austria, Barbados, Belgium, Canal Zone, Cape Verde, Cayman, Central African Empire, Belize, Uruguay, Venezuela, Zaire, Bhutan, Botswana, Brunei, Chad, Hong Kong, Iceland, Thailand, France, Liberia, Luxembourg, Madagascar, Bermuda, Japan, Jamaica, Israel, Greece, Ireland, Ghana, Honduras, Holland, Haiti, Dominican Republic, England, Sweden, Swaziland, Brazil, Burma, Burundi, Cameroon, Taiwan, Congo, Costa Rica, Cyprus, Denmark, Kenya, South Africa, Malawi, Mozambique, Malta, Mexico, Monaco, Niger, Spain, Trinidad and Tobago, Nigeria, Papua, Norway, Sao Tomé.

Source: Tod Carroll

CHART: JACK TOM/PHOTOS; WIDE WORLD PHOTOS; UPI; FREE LANCE PHOTOS/PHENIX; GUILD FREDERIC LEWIS



Will Old-fashioned American Values Prevail?

Three Little People Stand Tall in Struggles to Survive



The typical American used to be named Joe Smith or Johnny Jones. He worked in the local factory or foundry, clerked in the hardware store, or owned a small farm. He had his share of problems, but he always did fine. At least he never complained in public. He had a good, solid house and a good, solid wife and kids. He ate good, solid food and

drove a good, solid car. Somehow, he got by.

Today it's an entirely different matter. Vietnam, Watergate, inflation, skyrocketing prices, political assassinations, racial prejudice, violent crime, multinational conglomerates, international terrorism, energy crises, world hunger, overpopulation, and genocide have made Americans insecure, timid, and tentative about what to do with their lives.

If we are to awaken from our pessimistic lethargy, our cowering fear of the cost of living, our defeatist, sleepwalking third-rate efforts, we must regain confidence in our ability to control our own destinies.

To give us an idea of what can be done to regain our confidence and pride, National Lampoon is pleased to present the stories of three people from different walks of life who in their own quiet way are striving to achieve a measure of success and dignity in a world where genuine American values are disintegrating.

HANGING ON

Larry Stigmore lost his job as a monogrammer two years ago and hasn't worked at it since. One of the last of the old-line monogrammers, men who sew initials onto garments by hand, Stigmore was finally replaced by a machine. "There's no room for good handwork anymore in my field," said Stigmore. "The boss comes over to me and says they can lease a machine to do my work and make a thousand more pieces a day than I can. I says, I don't care what a machine can do, it can't make an S like mine or a really nice-looking decorative letter. All they do is stamp out the letters. Crude work. He says people don't care anymore for a handmade monogram. Maybe he was right. I don't know."

Stigmore had been in the monogramming trade since he was in high school in Brockton, Massachusetts. He loved sports but wasn't quite good enough. Instead he got the idea of creating hand-sewn athletic letters for the members of each varsity team. A handmade Stigmore letter was a sign of status at Brockton High.

From varsity letters it was an inevitable jump to the Brockton Monogramming Works, where Stigmore became a specialist in custom lettering for shirts, ties, and sweaters. Brockton Monogramming handled much of the monogramming for fine custom haberdashers and tailors in the area. Unfortunately,

STIGMORE KEEPS *his hand in by sewing monograms for friends. "I'll still make a few bucks doing shirts and some team jackets and sweaters. Some people still like a handmade job."*





QUADRIPLEGIC TREADWELL sits proudly at his switchboard. "I put one over on the loan shark who gave me the money for this board; if I miss a payment, they got no arms or legs to break," he says.

the decline in custom tailoring and the increased competition of cheap foreign monograms cut deeply into the Brockton business. Ironically, it now specializes in simple machine-stamped block athletic lettering for local high schools and colleges. "Hell, I saw it coming," said Stigmore. "For years my job was hanging by a thread." He tells this joke on himself constantly.

Unemployment insurance has run out for Stigmore, and he has no pension or other benefits from Brockton Monogramming. In order to make ends meet and support his wife, Beverly, and their two autistic children, Nanci, eighteen, and Ben, fifteen, he works three nights a week at a restaurant-bar somewhere in downtown Brockton. He refuses to say exactly where he works or what he does, claiming it would be "too embarrassing." Said Stigmore, "It's just

for the money. It's only temporary. I'm still trying to set up my own business. Custom monogramming will come back someday."

Stigmore claims that his wife, Beverly, who is studying to be a beautician's assistant, is having an affair. "I know she's having an affair," he said. "The kids know it. We all know it." The marriage is shaky, but they've consented to begin family counseling sessions sponsored by the local bowling league. "We married too early, I guess," said Stigmore. "Beverly was only twelve. I was fourteen. We lied about our ages. Maybe we should talk to each other more. She still won't tell me about her affair, and I know she's having one. She wants to know about my job at the bar. But there's some things a man can't talk about. As long as we can eat and pay the rent, there's hope."

HELPING OUT

In 1979 Ralph Treadwell got so angry at the incessant ringing of a telephone in his neighbor's apartment that he managed to break open the locked door and answer it himself. The fifty-nine-year-old Treadwell, a native of Chicago's South Side, recalled that it was the turning point of his life.

"That damn phone was bugging the heck out of me," said Treadwell. "I just had to answer it. It turned out to be a very important message for my neighbor, Lantana Johnson. Lantana's husband, Nate, was coming home. He'd left her about a year ago."

Ralph Treadwell got the telephone message to Lantana Johnson, and she thanked him profusely. It turned out that she didn't want her husband back under any circumstances. She was living with Nate's brother, Kareem.



JAMES SALZANO / BOXING EQUIPMENT COURTESY OF GEM SPORTING GOODS

teen and has never won a bout, except, as she says, "the big one, the one with life itself."

Professional women's boxing has not been a rewarding career for most of its participants, and on the surface Dora Mendoza's record is disappointing. In many states female boxing is either illegal or inconsequential, and for the past thirty years Mendoza has been forced to fight in such places as the Philippines, Panama, Costa Rica, and Mexico.

"They're crazy about boxing down there. They'll watch anybody or anything fight, but since it's such a macho society they still segregate us and put us underground, in basements and back alleys, like roosters."

For thirty years Dora Mendoza endured the brutal, degrading life of a female boxer. "I wasn't even too good, but I could take a punch. Someone once told me that the crowd liked me because I was vulnerable [sic]."

Last year, in Manila, Dora Mendoza was knocked out by a gigantic Czechoslovakian who later was discovered to be a transsexual. She was on the brink of death with a brain hemorrhage until she was saved by a faith-healing surgeon who opened her skull and squeezed the tissue until she recovered and her head was "together." Sick and tired of the brutal Latin American circuit, she returned to her native Emporia, Kansas, to pick up the battered pieces of her life and start over, despite periodic losses of blood.

Today, Dora Mendoza is conducting classes in boxing for girls in her "open-air gym," a small patch of abandoned railroad yard about five miles from the center of town. "I try and teach my girls to take care of themselves—how to punch and take a punch, how to really fight. You know, hooks, jabs, uppercuts—the whole thing. Let's face it, the only real protection besides a gun is your fists. All this karate and judo stuff never works. The girls like it better than ballet dancing."

Mendoza is hoping that someday women's boxing can be a major sport in the U.S. When that time comes she'll be ready. Not as a fighter but as a manager. She has already received offers from abroad for some of her most promising pupils. "A nightclub in Berlin offered us a good deal, but I found out that my kids would have to get in the ring naked with a wild pony. Maybe next year. They're not ready for ponies yet."

—Gerald Sussman

"I NEVER could've been a contender, but I always took my punches with style. That's what I tell my pupils. Take it in style," says Dora Mendoza.

Ordinarily, it would have been considered just another phone call, but Ralph Treadwell wasn't just another neighbor. He is a blind quadriplegic with a heart condition and a history of epilepsy. He answers phones by picking them up with his remarkable teeth (he can lift a 125-pound barbell with them). "I probably averted a multiple murder," said Treadwell. "Nate and Kareem would've been at each other, and Lantana and the kids would've been hit for sure."

The incident inspired Treadwell to start his own volunteer telephone-answering service for this predominantly black neighborhood. He discovered that black people need an answering service more than anyone. During the day, most black families are never at home. Usually the mother is working and the father has disappeared. The children are either at school, at their grandmother's, hanging out in the streets, or committing petty crimes.

Treadwell figured that everyone, including the errant father, would like to get their phone messages.

Somehow (Treadwell won't reveal how) he managed to convince the neighborhood loan shark to lend him money for a cheap, secondhand switchboard, which he taught himself to operate with his teeth. Today, Treadwell has fourteen clients who pay him up to five dollars a month (when they have the money) to answer their phones. His own needs are modest. Between his earnings and the occasional money sent to him by his half brother, Rodney, he manages to pay off his loan and have enough money for two small meals a day. "I may be blind and without arms and legs, but every day I thank the Lord I ain't deaf," said Treadwell.

HEMORRHAGING

Dora Mendoza has been fighting all her life. Now forty-seven, she has been a professional boxer since she was four-

- In Houston, seven out of ten ninth-grade students can't tell the difference between an electron microscope and Jane Fonda's left breast.
- In Long Beach, Long Island, over 75 percent of college-bound seniors turn down a chance to take an advanced biology course in favor of a class called *Far-Out Voodoo Rituals and Reggae Music*.
- A man in San Diego, California, cuts himself severely when the new "micro smooth shaver" he thought he'd purchased turned out to be a lawn mower.



America is rapidly becoming a nation of scientific illiterates. The story of the recent college graduate in Waco, Texas, who caused a minor traffic jam when he mistook a stop sign for an intricate sonnet by John Donne is familiar to most. The hard truth is that while colleges continue to churn out droves of "job-retarded" liberal-arts

"graduates" every year, the number of those coming out with degrees in the hard sciences is falling rapidly. The liberal-arts students generally end up on welfare or putting out tiny newsletters for vegetable-buying cooperatives, leaving the dwindling number of science people to cope with the hard task of advancing American technology and regaining the respect of our fellow nations.

How can we commence a new scientific renaissance in our country? National Lampoon may have found the answer in the following two pioneering ventures we investigated.

The Lab That Laughed

Making Science Fun for Scientists and You

Science, long a byword for progress, is now regarded in some circles as the wayward child who can no longer be adequately disciplined. In our travels across the country we encountered those who no longer have much faith in

the scientific method. "What if nuclear-power plants explode and kill us?" they ask, or, "How come that newfangled screen door never closes properly?"

Of more concern are those who profess no interest at all in the direction of

scientific research. "Bores me silly," "Who cares?," or "Scram, egghead, before I knock you one upside the brain..." are their usual battle cries.

However, in Tucson, Arizona, high in the rarefied air of Mount Lemon, works a group of high-spirited professionals trying to change these attitudes. Headed by Dr. George Reynolds, this unique research lab is determined to make science fun and easy in the average household.

Dr. Reynolds, a small, lithe man in his early forties, always seeks ways to spark the public's interest. Labeled a publicity hound by some of his colleagues, and a chowhound by his family, Dr. Reynolds came to the forefront of the so-called Fun Movement in astrophysics in the late fifties with his suggestion to NASA that the freshly selected Mercury astronauts be dressed "in the costumes of popular cartoon characters when in space."

Although this innovative notion never penetrated the wall of bureaucracy surrounding the space program, Dr. Reynolds was not discouraged. He received several government grants to test the weapons capabilities of the involuntary-spasm module, a highly advanced, light-sensitive version of the familiar whoopee cushion. The success of this project enabled Dr. Reynolds to implement his life's dream—a lab that uses science for fun.

As we drove up the steep, winding road to the lab, we marveled at the huge desert cacti just an arm's length off the road. One could sniff great things in the air, secrets the desert knew and would soon bequeath to us.

Soon we were face-to-face with the controversial head of the lab. Dr. Reynolds, seated beneath an intricately woven tapestry of an outtake from *The Nutty Professor*, explained that his staff was involved in two separate phases of research. The first involved making highly advanced technology more palatable to the average consumer, while the second worked on advanced medical innovations, as well as classified government projects.

He explained the guiding philosophy of the former. "A large problem in the introduction of new technologies to the family is an innate resistance to the new and different. A small, highly



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

ANCIENT TAPESTRY of film clip taken from *The Nutty Professor* decorates Dr. Reynolds's office.



DR. REYNOLDS with prototype of electroactivated, photo-sensitive whoopee cushion undergoing tests for the army.

charged, neutrino-like particle that has the capacity to water houseplants and double as a smoke alarm is feasible but is alien to the average man in the street. To counteract this bias, we are experimenting with a line of products that are both familiar objects and second-generation advances."

A quick tour of the lab revealed quite a number of startling creations. Among them:

- A small wicker basket of plastic fruit that oversees the household budget and gives regular printouts on checking and savings accounts.
- Small porcelain figurines that control the flow of heat and automatically turn off appliances not in use.
- A loud sports jacket that cooks meals in seconds.
- A roast-beef sandwich that solves intricate math equations.
- A series of lawn ornaments that pay overdue postage and injure annoying street musicians passing through the area.

A peek into the more restricted area is usually off limits to members of the press, but Dr. Reynolds made a slight exception for our magazine and went off to locate Dr. Samuel Conrad, head of that division. Dr. Conrad soon entered the office. Actually it was Dr. Reynolds with a fake mustache and a phony limp, but we didn't have the heart to ruin his little joke.

Many of the classified projects could not be shown to us. However, we were allowed to view what was either a monkey or a man in a monkeylike suit

running on a treadmill and slipping repeatedly on a laser projection of a banana peel.

In the medical-research department, Dr. Conrad showed us the prototype for a device that may one day prove invaluable to cataract patients suffering a progressive deterioration of vision. The delicate operation involves the placement of a curved X-ray disk in the pupil, enabling the patient to look anywhere and see the bones in his hand. Dr. Conrad smiled broadly as he fingered the tiny plastic sight restorer.

"If only one person is allowed to see the bones in his hand for the rest of his natural life, then we've achieved success," he remarked.

Dr. Conrad excused himself, com-

plaining of a strange ringing in the ear, and within moments Dr. Reynolds returned. "Science can help America grow and grow happy," he offered as a final quote. On that note he exited, having to attend to an experiment involving neural stimulation of the left hemisphere of the brain of comedian Myron Cohen.

As we carefully made our way down the road from the lab, we stopped to examine one of the cacti that had interested us earlier. Lightly touching one of its spiny outgrowths, we were on the receiving end of a faceful of water. We chuckled to ourselves as we drove off. A fake, squirting cactus. It made the future seem as wondrous as the Arizona sunset.

Farms of the Future

Helping Animals Attain a Better Self-image

Technology is quietly enhancing the production capabilities of our nation's farms. The stereotype of Farmer Jones dressed in coveralls and resting on a pitchfork may soon be replaced by Dr. Farmer Jones, outfitted in a lab coat and resting on a row of bubbling test tubes.

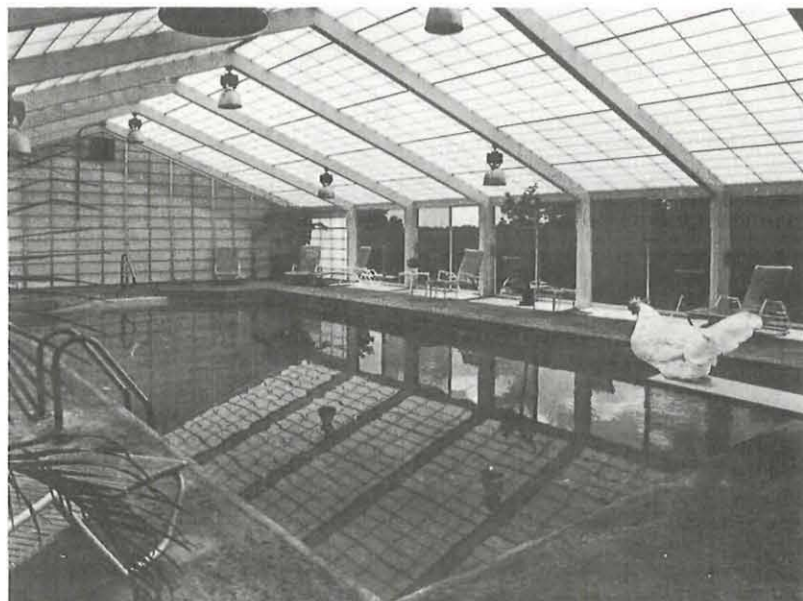
The "soft" science of psychology will also have its place in the barnyard, if Dr. Robert Goldman has any say in the matter. A self-confessed city slicker who spent his early years on the ball fields of Brooklyn rather than the wheat fields of Kansas, he is a promi-

nent leader of the animal-psychology movement in farming today.

As Dr. Goldman led us around the bustling experimental farm, he elaborated on a few of his favorite theories.

"The typical hen house will be painted a pleasing shade of powder blue, the color tests have proven most relaxing for chickens. A happy fowl is a reproductive fowl, with her eggs up to 20 percent more tasty as a side benefit.

"Over in the hog pen, a new synthetic-dirt formula will allow pigs to wallow to their heart's content while avoiding the social stigma attached to



REST AND RELAXATION at the hen condo on Dr. Goldman's farm.

FREELANCE PHOTOGRAPHERS/GUILD WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

the word 'mud.' As for dairy cows, a series of specially designed aerobic slimnastic exercises will enable them to birth stronger, sturdier calves, while attaining a better self-image. The presence of the bull during the delivery, while not strictly necessary, can create a climate of trust and understanding that can only assist further matings."



LEFT: MORE STILL ARCHIVES; RIGHT: TAMIKA

ONE OF Dr. Goldman's sedated patients.

To offset the wild mood swings experienced by goats and mules that often account for their erratic behavior, Dr. Goldman adds a regulated amount of lithium to their feed bags. We moved on to a clinic situated in an old silo, where Dr. Goldman treats the more severely disturbed animals. A wizened old goat who had developed an anti-social streak, shying away from the barn singalongs and regularly scheduled "town meetings," was busy having his horns daubed with a special conducting fluid in preparation for electroshock treatment. When the current flowed, the animal began to bleat softly, tossing its head from side to side. But after the session ended the goat appeared calm and visibly more serene. It even offered to remove its hospital gown, after a fashion.

"This treatment is effective in many cases but remains highly controversial," explained Dr. Goldman. "We had an unfortunate accident with a duck last year. He definitely should have been taken out of the water first." Dr. Goldman sighed. "All that was left was a couple of feathers and a small shred of a webbed foot. We aim to see this never happens again."—**Brian McCormick and Kevin Curran**

EDUCATION

Experiment at Dreyfus High

The Pen Is Mightier Than the Horde

America's twenty-year experiment in open sex in the classroom, open gunfire in the gym, and school cocktail lounges open twenty-four hours a day. Our educational system has become the laughingstock of the world; from all evidence, even children in Biafra would rather starve than come to the U.S. for schooling. Today, our educators are sending parents countless letters about children ODing on heroin, teenagers dropping out and running

ferred in to replace them. The administration did its best to cope: when one pupil shot his teacher, he received an A in marksmanship; and after the student council began a bloody purge of its enemies, endangered administrators appeased the new regime by purchasing a horse to serve as school mascot. But the latter gesture proved too little too late. At a pep rally and bonfire held in the school library, the Dreyfus football team killed and roasted the new mascot and then defiantly sold it at a bake sale.



THE HANG GLIDING CLUB was forced to disband after equipment and members vanished during the first meeting.

away, and pregnant girls attempting suicide.

Typical of the lack of discipline in American education was Dreyfus High School in Bristol, Michigan. Once a respected, progressive institution, Dreyfus was renowned for such courses as the History of Kilns, and Kimono Painting. Yet when the Michigan Supreme Court ruled that the school had "too many homos and not enough hooligans," all the A students were bused off a cliff and inner-city youths trans-

Yet, today, peace once again reigns at Dreyfus. The somber school colors of black and blue have been replaced by the more colorful black and white. In a show of school spirit, students now wear striped outfits sporting the new colors, each with a six-digit identification number proudly emblazoned above the right breast pocket. The cafeteria now offers such basic fare as bread and water. And the classrooms have returned to educating the students in the three R's—reading, 'rit-

ing, and riot control.

The man responsible for this remarkable turnaround is Bill Warden. In the early seventies, Warden won national notoriety for using tear gas and bloodhounds while he worked as a truant officer in Selma, Alabama. After being hired by the Bristol Board of Education to serve as principal at Dreyfus, Warden vowed to get tough with the high school's problem students: "I'm going to beat some edjumentation into their coconut heads, by doggie." Warden soon showed the students who was boss by taking a highly symbolic action: claiming that the school day was too short, he lengthened it from six to twenty-four hours. He followed up this action by putting bars over all the windows, "just in case them kids didn't agree with me." Finally, Warden solidified his status by eliminating the long unpopular practice of corporal punishment, in an appeal to liberal educators. "I may be a cracker," he admits, "but I find capital punishment much more effective."

Thanks to the new programs, Dreyfus's academic standards have gone through the roof. Smart students receive time off for good behavior; but the slower ones may be there for life. "Nobody stupid gets outa heah alive," says Warden. School library books that used to be burned to cook mascots are



THOUGH GIRLS were confined to their stockade all evening, the Dreyfus High prom was a scene of frivolity. Warden's disciplining of several students who attempted to spike the punch prevented tragedy from marring an otherwise gala affair.



"SPARE THE ROD, spoil the child," explains principal Warden, defending his new policy on tardiness.

now read time and again, books ranging from classics such as *The Count of Monte Cristo* to *Papillon*. Thanks to Warden's bullwhippings during examinations, the median SAT score for Dreyfus students has soared from an all-time low of 200 to an all-time high of 210.

Impressive as it is, Dreyfus's newfound academic excellence has been surpassed by its achievements in athletics. Principal Warden has encouraged handball playing by constructing a wall eighteen feet high around the school building. Track and field has also increased in popularity since one student broke the school record by pole-vaulting eighteen feet one inch. "He'll be great in the state finals," beams coach Possum Gaines, "if we ever get him back." The coach has had an easier time keeping tabs on his shot-putters since he chained the shots to their ankles. For athletes who aren't performing to their fullest potential, coach Gaines has also installed a new sauna—he calls it a "hot box"—to "bake the laziness out of them." This has spawned a renewed interest in athletic accomplishments and has made weight lifter Ed Lapka very popular. "Other kids want me in their class," Ed grunts. "Me can bend bars on window with bare hands."

But how does the average student react to the new discipline at Dreyfus?

Signs of discontent have been detected even in home-ec class, where files and crowbars mysteriously find their way into tasty cakes and pies. These and similar incidents prompted one student to wisecrack, "This place is like being in jail." Quips another, "The principal's last name is pretty appropriate, because he acts like a warden—of a prison." Principal Warden just laughs off these barbs. "I'm used to hearing things like that," he remarks. Turning to his aide, Rickets Calhoun, he adds, "Find me them kids. Let's hope they can crack rocks better'n they crack jokes."

Though Warden's system seems almost ideal, the school is still beset by such typical disciplinary problems as hunger strikes and unauthorized tunneling. Parents nonetheless have kind words for the new Dreyfus High. "I sent my kid off to school a year ago and he hasn't come back yet. God, he must be getting smart." Another adds, "Warden sent me a mug shot of my daughter last Christmas. She looks like she's being treated pretty well." Such praise has been encouraging to principal Warden, who vows to make Dreyfus even stricter, if that's possible. "I'm no ogre—I just want these kids to grow up to lead decent, responsible lives," he says modestly. "It'd be a crying shame if any of 'em wound up in prison."

—Michael Reiss and Al Jean

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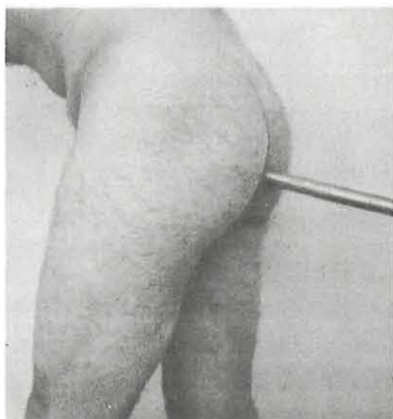
OUR HIDDEN RESOURCES

Thought for Fuel

Mining the Human Body for Treasures and Trifles

Abundant natural resources powered the American economic machine from the time the white man first set foot on the North American continent straight through to the 1970s, when depletion of those resources reached a point where the use of the term "abundant" suggested a suicidal optimism that was no longer in the best interests of the nation. As we race into the 1980s we face the specter of having to move from an old address in a posh, mineral-wealthy section to a more modest address in a less "resourceful" neighborhood. We face daily shortages of key minerals and must join the humble ranks of the mineral-importing crowd. The days when Americans could throw iron ore around like it was dirt are long gone. In fact, it is no longer prudent for Americans to throw dirt around like it was dirt. Despite vigorous exploration and the bold industrial rape of our countryside and wilderness, our natural-resource picture remains, at best, grave. In mineral resources we are indeed hard strapped, but our total resource outlook is bright.

Where it was once only standard



PRECIOUS ZINC is mined through a *painless procedure.*

Fourth of July political speech fodder, the old adage that America's greatest resource is its people has taken on real meaning. We have known reserves of human flesh in excess of 25 billion pounds. This is not passive material; it is material that can develop its own technology, create its own markets and uses, and apply itself to social and industrial problems. Compared with a

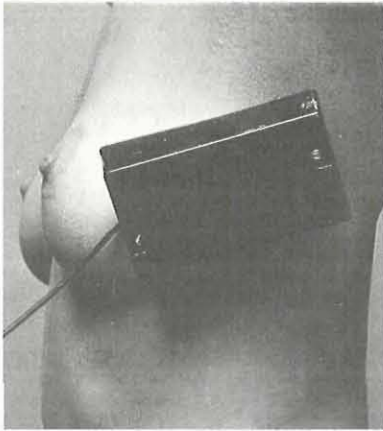
mineral resource like titanium, the human resource is infinitely renewable, adaptable, and available within our borders. However, it must be conceded that titanium has the edge in the production of stainless steel.

Since the beginning of time, the human body has been used for its power. Its hands are capable of gross as well as delicate manipulations and tasks. While its sheer muscle-power strength doesn't compare with that of an ox or a Mighty Mo, it can use its intellectual capabilities to make up the difference. The philosophy that has led America away from using the bodies of its citizens to produce energy can be reversed.

Our bodies are small-scale mines filled with valuable minerals. Although these minerals are found only in trace amounts, they can be extracted and brought to market. Those minerals when multiplied by our vast population can make up a significant portion of our future shortfall. The total mineral worth contained in the human body has risen from \$.50 in 1960 to \$1.05 in 1970 to \$1.25 in 1980, and the figure is rising. As our need for minerals grows more acute, the price will rise and Americans will be encouraged to explore their bodies for iron, calcium, zinc, and the dozens of other minerals



URANIUM was the newfound resource of the fifties; senior citizens could be the newfound resource of the eighties and nineties.



RONALD G. HARRIS

HARNESSING THE POWER of the swaying breast during a brisk walk could allow a woman to produce enough energy to vacuum a living room.

the human factory extracts from its food and water.

In the extreme, the human body can be burned for its heat. While no one is currently suggesting that we burn people, it is possible if the situation becomes desperate enough. Certainly we would first burn our pets, wildlife, and farm stock. However, it should be noted that a mature adult male of medium build will produce enough energy to heat a home for a full day.

As a group, homosexuals, for example, generate billions of BTUs each day just through normal courtship and strolling the avenues window-shopping. Teachers who spend much of their day doing nothing could be asked to make up for expensive imported oil by putting useless muscles to work carrying students to and from school. Whole communities of unemployed and inactive workers could be called upon to push power turbines. With a few pieces of key legislation and the elimination of a right or two, we could mobilize our citizens in times of need.

It has been suggested that we relax our immigration quotas if those persons arriving on our shores agree to pull private cars, push city buses, or haul subway trains beneath our downtown streets, thereby lessening our imported-oil bill and easing the cash crunch that public transportation is laboring under, while offering their children a better life in the United States. They might also be required to bury their dead in agricultural land, thereby nourishing the soil they so yearn to tread upon.

Our resources are indeed limited but certainly not gone. The Alaskan wil-

derness could be leveled, scooped up, and melted down for its mineral wealth with no one but a few eccentric outdoor types suffering any perceivable loss. We have vast stores of trash, junk, and rubbish in yards and landfills that could be recovered for recyclable material. And ultimately, our military strength could be used to support one last imperialistic mission to the Third

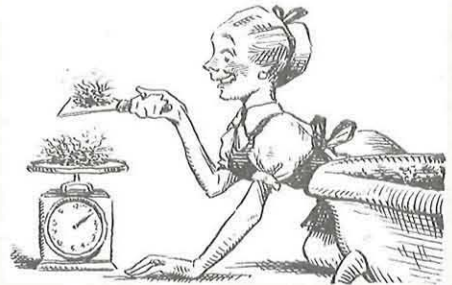
World. With the nuclear pistol to their heads, it is doubtful that the disheveled, mineral-rich, cash-poor nations of the Third World could see the endless string of freighters steaming out of their ports, laden with resources. The available options plus the vast human resources promise a picture that while not bright is certainly clear.

—John Hughes

Jim and Doris Do Their Darnedest to Fight the Energy Shortage

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL WHITE

Jim wakes up at seven in the morning and urinates into a special apparatus that harnesses the natural hydro power of the water stream, providing him with enough power to run Doris's electric hair dryer for ten minutes. The urine is saved, to be broken down into base materials. Doris makes breakfast of food raised on the roof of their home.



To produce heat for cooking, Doris burns household refuse. After a cup of coffee and a cigarette, Jim climbs up on the roof to move his bowels and fertilize the cucumbers. When he is finished he jumps down off the roof onto

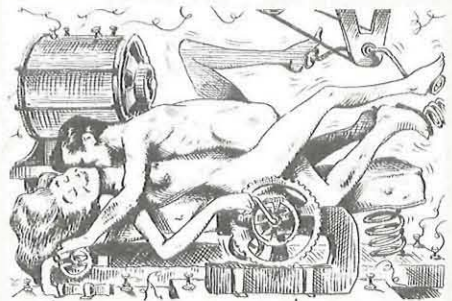
a spring-loaded platform that recovers the energy he expended in climbing up. When Doris needs energy to wash the clothes, she will release the spring.

Jim dresses and runs to work, pulling a friction barge that stores enough energy to power his office machines throughout the day. Doris trims her hair and nails, saving



the clippings, to be mailed to a mineral broker. As she enjoys an afternoon soap opera on a television powered by electricity generated from the previous evening's lovemaking, she sorts the family's various excretions for later use and/or sale.

Jim returns home from work with enough energy generated by his friction barge to cook dinner. Following another homegrown meal, Doris and Jim dispense the methane gas created by their supper into mayonnaise jars, to fuel their patio tiki torches for an upcoming barbecue.



Jim and Doris: a resourceful couple doing their share to see that their nation's resources last into the 1990s. Says Jim, "It's a terribly bleak and ugly life, but it's ours." Doris echoes Jim's sentiments: "If I didn't save my family's gross dead skin and spit, I'd have to buy it from someone."

—J.H.



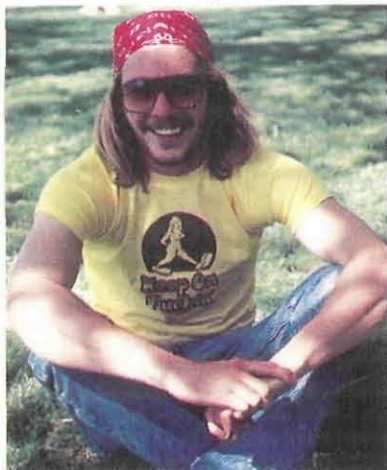
Our Great White Hope

Breathing New Life Into the T-shirt—Native American Prose at Its Best

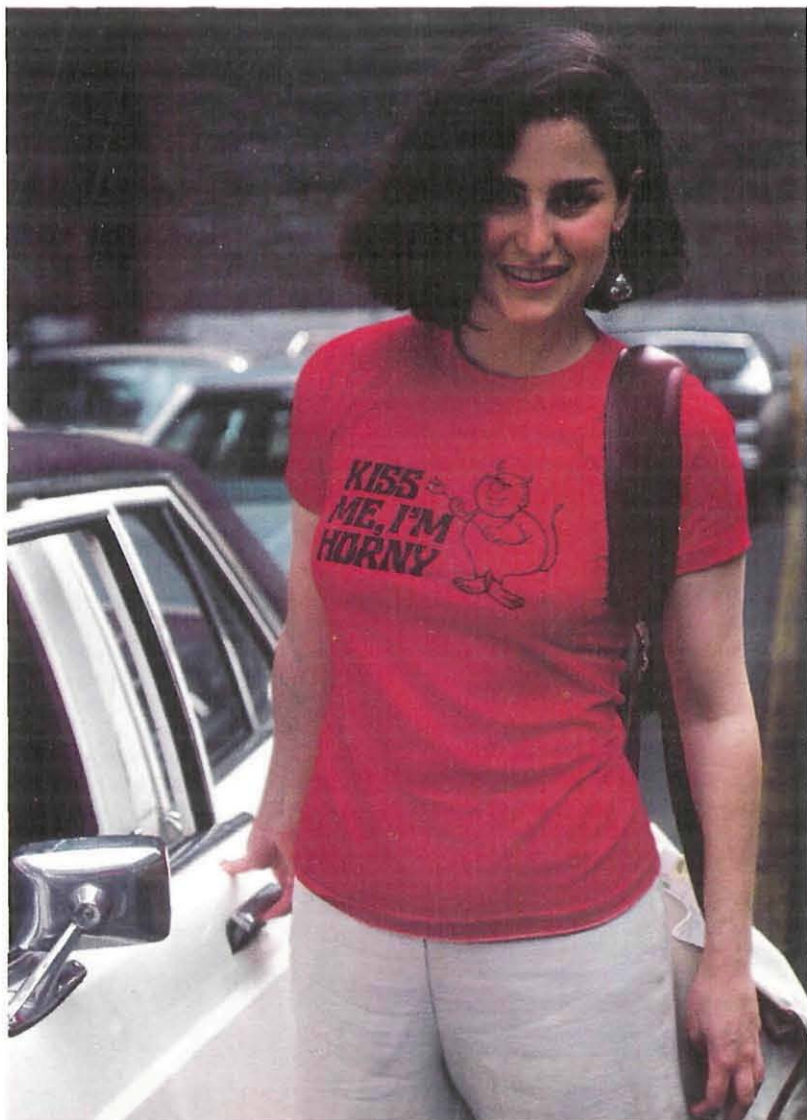
To the intellectually hip European, especially the French, our literary grass has always seemed greener. Gide, Malraux, Camus, and others were great admirers of Hemingway, Dashiell Hammett, and James Cain. So it comes as no surprise that the same kind of lean, laconic, peculiarly American prose of the twenties and thirties has been reborn and rediscovered by the French, this time in another native American form, the T-shirt.

Raymond Potagère, in his introduction to *The T-shirt: Great American White Hope*, writes, "... the T-shirt is the purest form of literature ever created in America—more important, more powerful and symbolic of a way of life than any novel, play, or film. It is

A TYPICAL EXAMPLE of late-seventies postethnic decadence, an obvious takeoff on the "Kiss me, I'm Irish" school. Potagère and other T-shirt historians insist, however, that the element of surprise, the erotic bluntness of the line, makes it a masterpiece, albeit a minor one.



THE ARCHETYPAL T-SHIRT of the sixties that became the rallying cry of sexual liberation, drugs, funky habits and hygiene, and general all-around "hanging loose." Despite the assassinations and the ominous shadow of Vietnam, this shirt symbolized the resilient optimism of the period.



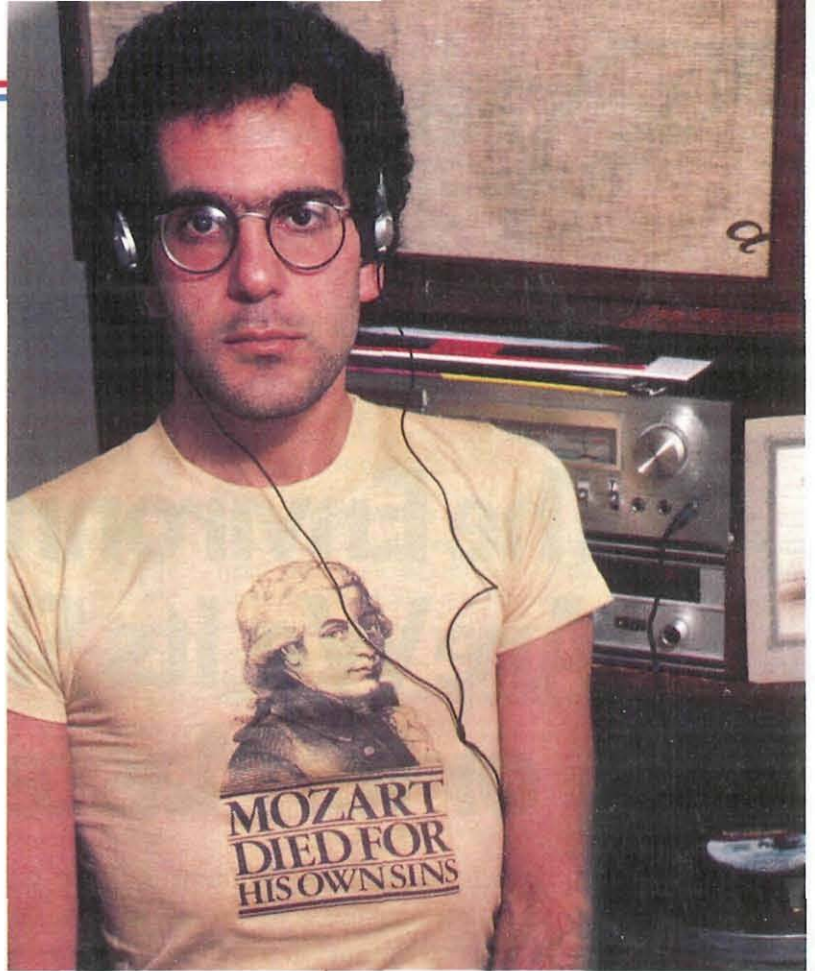


closest perhaps to poetry, but without the intellectual pretensions and inaccessibility of that form.”

Like the thousands of anonymous craftsmen who created the cathedrals of Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres, the writers of T-shirts work without special rewards or recognition. Yet, in their own way, they are creating the new American prose of the eighties. They are the true successors to Hammett and Cain.

Even more significant, the T-shirt is a truly organic and democratic work of art, an art that is not only written but worn and laundered. Like the deeply etched facial planes of the wearer, the T-shirt itself takes on deeper levels of meaning as it is worn, washed, and dried, going through many cycles until it becomes the wearer's personal statement, an organic unity of art and audience.

Today, the American T-shirt faces its greatest challenge as it begins a new decade, a decade that is rife with inse-



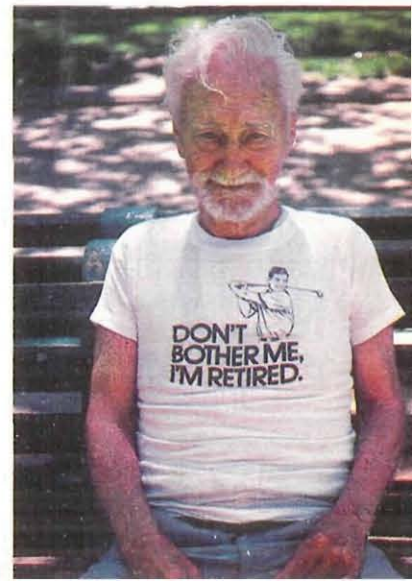
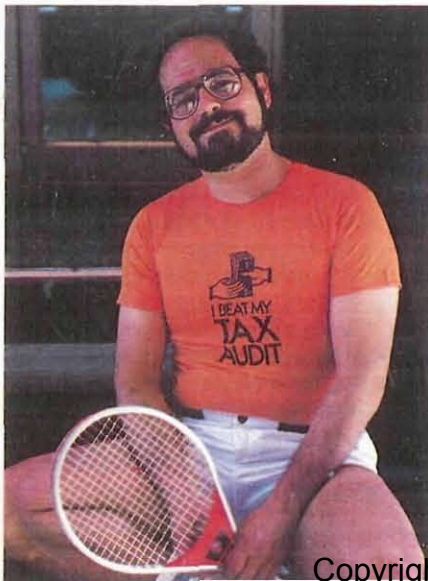
AN EXISTENTIAL STATEMENT created by a small but powerful group who did not believe in blaming society for most of our ills. “Mozart was a talent, no doubt about it; but he was also very self-destructive,” said Barry Spizer, acknowledged creator of the shirt. “He was a schmuck who stepped on his own cock. He had nobody else to blame.”

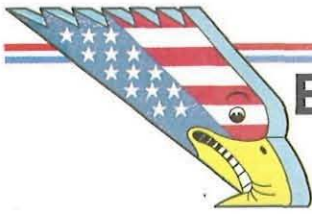
Spizer followed the Mozart shirt with a van Gogh, a Joan of Arc, a Lenny Bruce, even a Jesus Christ. But none had the same appeal as the Mozart. “It’s the name Mozart,” said Spizer. “There’s something catchy about it. It’s musical.”

curity and uncertainty. We no longer have the fresh inspiration of the sixties and early seventies. It’s time to reinvent this great native form—to learn

from the past and speak for the present, to bring back into the forefront the T-shirt, the fiber of American life.

—Gerald Sussman





The Environment: Are We Its Slaves or Its Masters?

If America is "the land of environment," then its people are "the energy people." But something has gone wrong. We have become afraid to ravage, pollute, and destroy the land in search of the very resources capable of giving meaning to the ravaging, polluting, and destroying. Below, National Lampoon offers some hardheaded suggestions for reversing this trend, and for making energy and the environment work for us instead of merely with us.



SUGGESTION 1

The process by which nuclear-power plants malfunction, threaten millions, and are shut down must be expedited.

Nuclear-power plants, when they do not suffer mechanical or human failures endangering the lives of millions, are perfectly safe. The accident at Three Mile Island should have taught us that a few simple mechanical failures, in concert with understandable human error, can lead to equipment damage costing over a billion dollars to repair, as well as incalculable physical and psychological hardship to the surrounding population. Therefore, we must hasten the

process by which these malfunctions occur and these millions of lives are endangered, for only afterward will the plants be completely, partially safe.

If America is to have a fickle, reliable source of safe, dangerous, cheap, expensive nuclear energy, we must take the necessary (if painful) steps to bring about these accidents, near accidents, catastrophes, mishaps, and disasters now. Another reason: the sooner these plants break down, the sooner we may begin cleaning them up and commencing the waiting period (250,000 years) required for the half-lives of the radioactive substances to expend themselves, rendering the plants fit once again for human error and mechanical malfunction.

Who is to pay for this bold program, in an era of budget cutting and restricted federal intervention into the lives and pocketbooks of the private citizen? Much as it will want to, Washington may not be able to use taxpayers' dollars to bail out private utilities. But the problem is illusory. The utilities themselves should charge their customers for the repair of the nuclear facilities. Such a plan is already in the testing stage in Pennsylvania in connection with Metropolitan Edison's Three Mile Island. All that *National Lampoon* suggests in addition is that should Met Ed's customers balk at the idea of paying for the utility's failure and incompetence, the federal government should intervene and beat up all those who refuse to pay what they rightfully should not.



SUGGESTION 2

The U.S. should, on some pretext, invade the Middle East and seize its oil fields.

Like every other country in the industrialized West, the U.S. and its economy are hostage to Middle Eastern oil interests. Our relation to OPEC is that of a junkie to his pusher. Yet the metaphor does not end there, for if we are a junkie, we are a junkie with the equivalent of a machine gun, being serviced by a pusher barely able to make a fist.

The implications are clear, and *National Lampoon* urges action on them. The U.S. should launch an all-out military invasion into the countries whose oil resources we so desperately need. Our allies, though they will profess shock, will secretly applaud the venture. Third World nations, themselves suffering extortion at the hands of the OPEC ministers, will keep out of it if they know what's good for them. The OPEC nations themselves constitute a force so puny as to be laughable in the mighty halls of the Pentagon. And this would be our chance to get Qaddafi, who, in addition to offering Libya as a haven for terrorists, thugs, and other maniacs, drives the English-speaking world crazy by spelling his name differently every time it is in print.

Only the Soviets will oppose us. Indeed, they may perceive the invasion as constituting an act of war against them and respond accordingly. Should this in fact occur, we suggest that the U.S. say, as befits the notion harbored by Europeans about all Americans, that it was a joke and that we were crazy. Then we should apologize in some internationally recognized forum; the United Nations would be particularly well suited to this purpose.



SUGGESTION 3

Antipollution laws should be eliminated altogether; in fact, the federal government should pay private corporations to pollute.

It is clear that the proliferation of laws designed to "protect" the environment has coincided with the growth and exacerbation of America's economic woes. One of our principal problems is that of production: we are being outstripped by many competitors—chiefly Japan and West Germany—in industrial production and expansion. Environmentalism

must take its share of the blame.

President Reagan has announced that he will move to lessen the restrictions now placed on industries as regards polluting the atmosphere, dumping toxic waste into the water system, hiding chemical effluvia in unstable burial sites, etc. We suggest he go further: if the creation of toxic waste and air pollution is synonymous with industrial production, we urge the federal government to grant cash bonuses, tax credits, and other forms of reward to industries who lead the way in producing (and inadequately disposing of) truly significant levels of pollution, effluvia, poison, toxic waste, chemical filth, acid rain, and other forms of industrial scum, muck, sludge, detritus, and fecal matter.

By paying industry to create pollution we accomplish two vital tasks: we motivate business into increasing the production of commodities, since they must produce the commodities to create the pollution to earn the payments; and we render the earth increasingly uninhabitable, threatening (and, ideally, taking) the lives of those environmentalists whose hysterical fears and unrealistic demands hamper our progress at creating a world entirely populated by commodities.



SUGGESTION 4

The private sector should be encouraged to explore not only publicly owned parks and reserves but all public land and facilities.

Interior Secretary James Watt has announced his intention to permit private industry to explore, mine, and drill in publicly owned parks for the purpose of finding new sources of oil and valuable minerals. We applaud that plan—but think that it, too, should go further.

We suggest Mr. Watt institute a program allowing industry to explore and exploit *all* public land: the median strips on interstate highways, for example, stand as a rich (if physically narrow) area ripe for development. Similarly, who can say what untold petroleum or mineral deposits may be found in and under federally managed parking lots, monuments and museums, bird sanctuaries, office buildings, etc. We are certain America's oil companies could, if only we would let them, drill underneath the Supreme Court Building in the nation's capital with a minimum of disruption to judicial proceedings. The possibilities—such as, for example, a fully operational copper mine working in and around the ground of Thomas Jefferson's venerable (and geologically rich?) estate at Monticello—are breathtaking.

Yet one question remains: to whom should the proceeds and profits of such exploitation of public land go? We think they belong to industry. So long as the industrial developers pay the requisite admission fee whenever they enter such facilities (\$.25 per person, \$2.00 per car, etc.), they should be free to explore at will.

—Ellis Weiner

THE ARTS

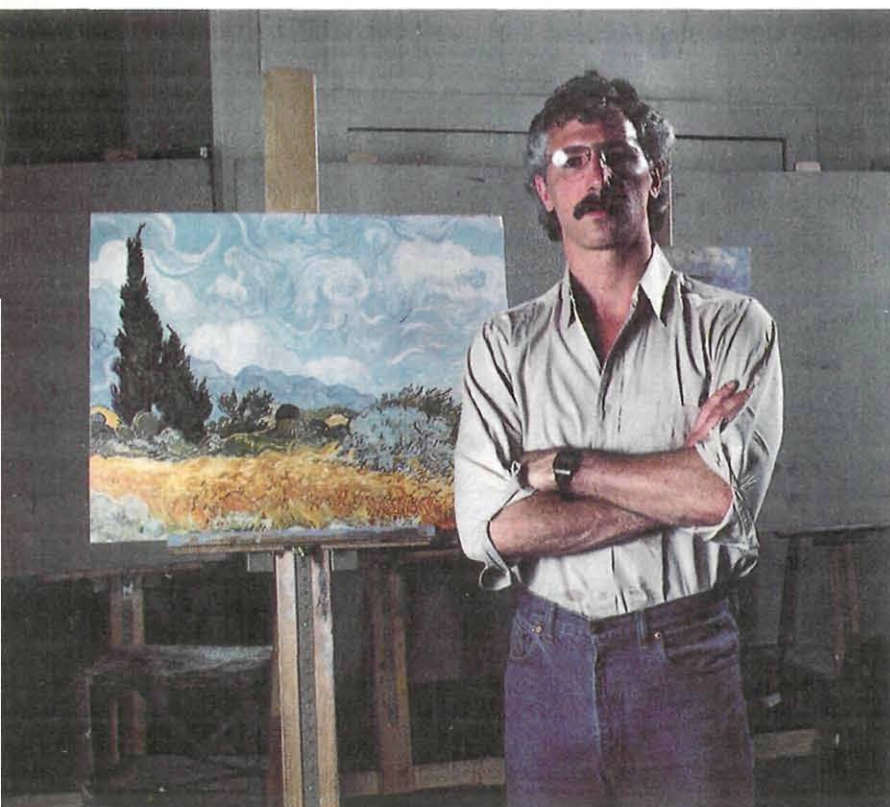


predictions of what we can expect.

Like the yogurt they eat so much of, the American people have always been characterized by an active culture. And art, it may be said, is the boysenberry preserves of that culture. As America gets it up again in the eighties, American art, in all its manifest forms, will likely experience a similar creative tumescence. Below, a few highlights and

The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly

American Ingenuity Reinvents Art for the Eighties



RONALD G. HARRIS 2

PAINTING: PLAY IT SAFE

What with the combined trends of increased corporate sponsorship in fine arts and the conservative shift in the nation's mood, painting will likely forsake its role as the pioneer discipline of all the visual arts and move instead into the realm of blatant forgery of established, "safe" masterpieces. Artist Richard Perlstein (*see above*) poses with his latest work, a "rendition" of van Gogh's *Cornfield with Cypress*. The canvas is tabbed to be sold to General Technocrats for their new Houston

headquarters. "They think it's a real van Gogh," confided Perlstein. "Am I an artist, or what!?"

Another trend is toward having all paintings done in beige. "Beige is the color of the eighties. Probably of the nineties as well," said noted art dealer Ivan Costello. "People are getting more and more sensitive to colors in their homes. They want their paintings to blend in easily, not clash," said Costello. "The trouble with most paintings is they use too many different colors, colors that fight the design of the room

—the furniture, the drapes, the rugs, and so on. In the old days a customer used to say, Give me something in blue and green. Or maybe a soft red and yellow. Today, we can't afford this kind of variety because home furnishings are too colorful and they'll fight with the art. Except, of course, beige art."

Costello is selling thousands of beige portraits, beige landscapes, beige seaports, beige street scenes, and of course beige abstracts. "Beige goes with everything in a house. It goes with anything you wear, and it looks good next to your suntan," added Costello. "There's no safer investment in art."

SCULPTURE: CHRIST IN CONCRETE

Sculpture, in the eighties, will mainly consist of a lot of ugly statues of Jesus looking stricken and making the viewer feel dirty, sinful, and guilty. That, at least, is the opinion of Jack F. O'Dell, a sculptor whose star is most definitely on the rise. "I accepted Christ, and got saved," O'Dell notes, though no one asked. "You should, too."

—Ellis Weiner



Has Anyone Seen God Lately?

Church Activities Wane as Religion Booms

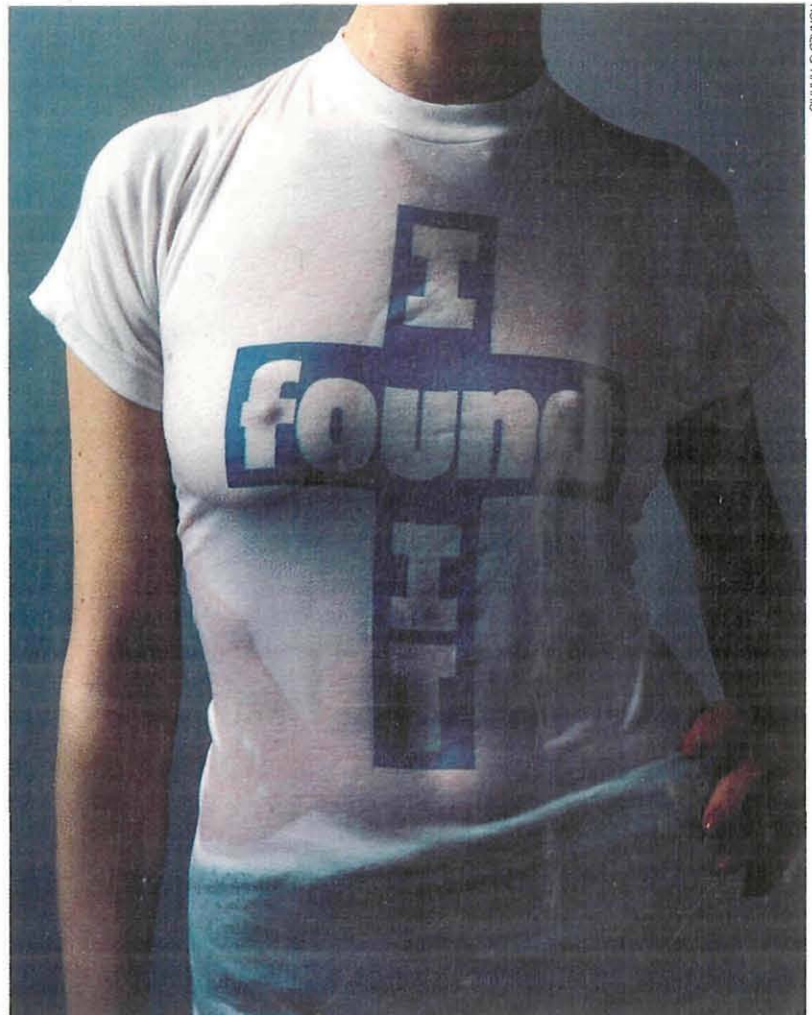
The role of the church is shrinking dramatically. In urban centers people are often frightened to leave their homes, even to attend church. Suspicion of one's fellow parishioners keeps church membership in decline. Even priests, ministers, and rabbis are not above question in these cautious times. "If you think I'm going into a dark booth to bare my soul to someone who could possibly be a criminal or a sex deviant, you are nuts," a middle-aged Philadelphia woman says.

The church has lost its place as an activity center for neighborhoods and towns. A comment from a Milwaukee man sums up the attitude of many: "Why should I pay five dollars for a pancake breakfast that tastes very bad and is served in the basement of an old church, when I can get the same thing for a dollar ninety-nine at Denny's?" Teens particularly shun church activities that their parents and grandparents once delighted in. "I would rather suffocate than go to a church dance. I mean it," says a San Francisco youth.

Even the traditional role of the church as a family crisis center has eroded. A comment from a Miami man on the church's inability to deal with the issue of family solidarity points to the perception many people have that the church is out of touch. Says the man, "I should sit down with a rabbi and tell him I want a divorce from my wife because she's not into anal sex?" A Detroit woman adds, "Okay, my mother used to run down to the church every time she had a problem. Well, her problems and mine are a lot different. Her kids weren't on drugs, her husband wasn't gay, and she didn't care if she couldn't orgasm manually."

Another comment, this from a Dallas woman with a drinking problem, adds further to the belief that the church is ill equipped to find solutions to problems brought about by the stress of modern living: "I told my minister that I drank because I'm getting older and I'm not married and men aren't interested in me and I'm horny and

booze makes me feel alive and pretty and gives me the courage to ask strange men to screw me, and he said I should read my Bible and do community service work."


RONALD G. HARRIS

IT WILL BECOME increasingly difficult to separate church and state.

The church is in definite decline, and attempts at change, like the pastors in paisley shirts and rabbi folksingers of the sixties, will fail. It is a fact the church must accept. Religion, on the other hand, is booming. Sales of religion-oriented T-shirts number in the tens of millions; religious paraphernalia consistently outsells pet food and

sports equipment. Americans may not be going to church, but they are certainly still a very religious lot.

It might be said that the modern church is the television set. In ever increasing numbers, men of the cloth are turning to broadcast media as a way of bringing their spiritual message to America. Religion is sandwiched between reruns of "Starsky and Hutch"

and the "Tomorrow" show, as millions seek spiritual enrichment in a form that suits their new life-style.

The religion being offered on television is packaged as a soulful mix of message and entertainment. "We feel that by making our sermons visually interesting, hip, and, well, socko, we can better target the Word and pene-



JUP WITH WORLD PHOTOS

A MODERN SYMBOL of faith adorns a contemporary house of worship.

trate minds that otherwise would be tuned in to network broadcasting," says the Reverend Albright Fulson, host of "Amen!," a ninety-minute variety-format show, syndicated in 144 U.S. and 12 overseas markets. Another popular religious program, "Jesus H. Christ!," aims for the funny bone, with a style befitting the network sitcoms. "John the Baptist was a hell of a funny guy," the show's producer, Sister Mary Ellen Coley, remarks. "All the disciples were into shtick."

Viewers of these broadcasts enjoy the ease and convenience of televised religion. "I would never think of eating Cheetos and drinking beer in a regular church," comments one avid viewer. "It's a lot like regular TV, except I feel lousy when I have to take a bathroom break when the reverend is talking."

Although television dominates among religious outlets, others flourish as religion continues to make inroads into everyday life. A professional religious indoor soccer team is on the drawing boards, as is a chain of self-serve gas-station churches. Even sex is being used to deliver religious messages. Reports one enterprising preacher, "I have a number of women who call upon hotels and 'spread' the word, so to speak. They offer a pleasant blend of spiritual and sensual training. Nothing kinky, no plate jobs or bondage. And likewise no fire and brimstone. A parable and a baby-oil stroke job is the standard fare."

Religion will play a definite role in rebuilding the American spirit, as it played a key role in the conception and growth of the nation. We continue to be a country seeking nourishment of the soul. It is inconceivable that the love of God will ever diminish in America. Our trust in God will only strengthen as we find it more and more difficult to trust in ourselves, our neighbors, and our system of government.

—John Hughes

Animals Renew Themselves

Giving, Caring, Adapting for More Productive Lives

Amid much quacking and hooting, howling and hissing, animals across the country are picking up the pieces of their shattered lives, putting on their backpacks, and once again taking to the woods in search of a renewed sense of themselves as American mascots. Everywhere, we see bald eagles lining up for feather transplants, worms working the earth for earth,

"They're eager to throw off the yoke of yesteryear and take up the plow of tomorrow. Others, however, want to remain on the park dole and grow up to be refuge chiselers and chumps. We plan to weed out these reprobate beasts with small-arms fire and with brushfires of an imbroglia nature, thereby helping them come to grips with themselves."



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

CHINESE BEES perform acupuncture on a human patient.

frogs singing up a storm. Gone are the grouching seventies, "the silly years," when animals shirked their duties to go off in search of themselves, only to find real fulfillment at the rendering and packing plants of Chicago. Now, some large carnivores are even going out of their way to work smaller herbivores into their meal plans.

"Many animals are tired of their cushy lives in the preserves," says Bart Traphagen, chief naturalist at Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming.

Already several frogs have donated their bodies to science, while many others have volunteered for duty in Pat Benatar's throat. A hippopotamus in the San Diego Zoo has donated its skin to Barry White, the popular Negro fat person. Several small elephants at the Bronx Zoo have expressed a willingness to pose as vacuum cleaners for artists from the Hanna-Barbera Studios in Hollywood, California, while many other animals have agreed to die in order to make room for new, human-

oriented parking spaces.

It is a rare day indeed when the odd lizard orbits the earth, but that's just what Bobo and Baba, "The Lizard Babies," hope to do. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration has agreed to train two circus lizards in place of two human astronauts because, according to sources within NASA, "lizards may bite, but they don't bite budgets." The two cold-blooded reptiles have a good deal of zero-gravity training, what with their participating in highly technical high-wire acts, and scientists hope that their work in space will lead to the replacement of the entire staff of human astronauts with reptilian surrogates.

Insects too are jumping onto the renewal bandwagon in an entrepreneurial manner. Whole colonies of leaf-cutting ants have taken jobs as scissors in florist shops. Other colonies are subcontracting lawn-mowing jobs from teenagers, at less than minimum wage.

Hives of bees have taken up acupuncture, putting their stingers to good use; although the success rate has been rather poor of late, the bees predict better results after more testing on human subjects. Tarantulas have agreed to carry guns while guarding secondhand-furniture stores in dangerous ghettos.

Fish, never a breed to shirk their duties, will be spending their off-hours in washing machines, thrashing laundry—and having the time of their lives doing it, according to the Department of Fish Resources in Washington, D.C. Even the reclusive mountain lions have come down from their high horse to take positions as group leaders in day-care centers for defenseless children. And, who can put a car together faster than a Japanese slave worker? None other than the lowly reindeer, according to a recent study released by the Department of Reindeer Efficiency.

"The North American reindeer can assemble the front suspension system of a General Motors pickup truck faster than can two humans, due to their dexterous use of head horns and their genetic inability to get drunk," states the report. The authors reason that the reindeer have had so many run-ins with the American automobile in highway accidents that they have come to understand the automobile in a way we can only guess at, this side of the bloody fender.

—Brian McCormick and
Kevin Curran

FOOD



For more than twenty long years, during the twilight of liberal America's greatness, we were fed the fuzzy notion that "you are what you eat." For all that time we looked at the runny eggs and instant mashed potatoes on our plates and thought, That's us.

But like most things fuzzy, this philosophy has become increasingly hard to swallow. And finally, in the light of our gastronomical reawakening, we can see it for the hairy bolus that it is.

With this new understanding, Americans have returned to the foods that made us great and have begun a quest for new indigenous sources of nourishment to meet our needs into the next century.

If you asked an American a mere five years ago why we eat, he would probably have answered, "Because it's lunchtime," or, "To soak up the liquor." Today, the same question will likely evoke a very different response—for example, this candid reply from an anonymous Kansas City diner: "We eat because we're Americans!"

Justice, Meat, and Potatoes

The Much Maligned Hamburger Takes On a New Role



CHIEF JUSTICE BURGER: Have it justice you like it.

Nowhere is the new pride more apparent than in the ascendancy of the American hamburger. Raised from its former status as the workingman's face stuffer, the hamburger has evolved into the mainstay of the American diet, a symbol of affluence. And nowhere is the vaunted meat plop more at home than in the fabulously successful restaurant chain Chief Justice Burger.

The symbolism of the restaurant's format combines reverence for the American system of justice with equal reverence for the once lowly hamburger. And the plastic judge on the

roof helps keep the riffraff out.

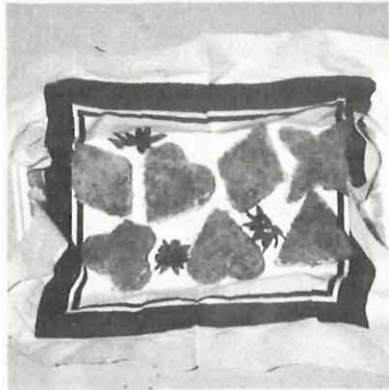
An illuminated likeness of a robed eminence presides over the parking lot of each Chief Justice Burger franchise, keeping a judicious eye, as it were, on the Eldorados, Stingrays, and Continentals that ferry the rich and famous to the exclusive eateries. Inside, one is seated by a bailiff and served by a law clerk. But diners can not partake of an entrée without first passing the salad bar. Besides the main course for which the chain was named, one can also enjoy a Justice Frankfurter or a side of (electric-) chair fries.

GLOBE PHOTOS; ILLUSTRATION BY BOB RAVITA

Fast-Food Cracks

Rebels Redo Menu

America's local color has long been painted over with the tiresome corporate shades of fast-food franchisers, and for a long time it seemed we would dwell forever in that dreary sameness. We once had been a land of many cuisines, now only fondly remembered in the wake of the great french-fry juggernaut that put the same



BARBARA NOVINS

UNDER THE SUPERVISION of Chef Chapel, Harold Fenton cooks fish sticks à la grecque and fish sticks in shallot sauce.

food onto plates from coast to coast and from border to border. A hamburger in New Orleans, after all, was no different from a hamburger in Seattle.

But, quite spontaneously, something has happened.

It started with a young man whose job was to serve up hamburgers at a Burger King outlet in Columbus, Ohio. Twenty-year-old Harold Fenton took to smuggling his own hollandaise sauce into the store and slipping dabs of the stuff onto the burgers, because, as he put it, "someone had to do it."

Customers were shocked at first, then intrigued, and finally delighted. Management was not.

"They disciplined me," recalls Fenton, now a fast-food hero. "They sent me a letter of reprimand, with copies to their lawyer, the union, and the Department of Labor. They moved me over to the deep fryer and threatened to let me go altogether."

But it was already too late for the company. Young Fenton's customers were appalled that he had been taken

off the burger detail, and their complaints forced the giant franchiser to relent. Fenton and his hollandaise sauce went back to the burger grill, thus establishing a break in the company line that the franchise would try for a while to contain there in Ohio. But Columbus was only the beginning.

Half a nation away, in Phoenix, Arizona, without any knowledge of the events in Columbus, a woman began adding a homemade au gratin topping to home-fried potatoes at a Sambo's restaurant.

"I don't know why I did it," says Sally Sherman, of nearby Scottsdale. "I had to make the stuff at home and bring it to work on the sly. I knew I was risking my job."

And she did lose her job, at least for a while. "They called me back after only two weeks," she explains. "The customers were going nuts; they liked the home fries I made, and they were mad as hell that the potatoes went back to tasting just like everywhere else's."

Soon, local exotic touches were showing up all over the country—roast-beef sandwich florentine in Miami, french fries tartare in Pittsburgh, and fried chicken béarnaise in

San Diego, just for starters.

The blandness barrier had been breached.

Franchisers fought the rising tide of individuality at first, but they finally saw the futility of their position and shifted to one of support. Even the mighty McDonald's chain eliminated its Office of Cuisine Continuity after a Savannah outlet began serving grits and café au lait for breakfast. "The jig was up," explained a McDonald's executive, who asked for anonymity. "We had to support the mavericks."

What has happened to the pioneers in this great American food revolution? Harold Fenton has passed his hollandaise sauce on to a new generation, and with the backing of Burger King he is now studying with chef Alain Chapel, whose academy outside Paris is being crowded by young fast-food innovators from America.

What's next in the grass-roots fast-food revolution?

"An all-out war on fish sticks," says Fenton, filled with the confidence of victory. "We're here to learn the subtleties of dabs and dollops. We're going to make American palates safe for diversity once again." —John Bendel

An Immodest Proposal

The tremendous increase in murder and other violent crimes may offer us the solution to increasing and enhancing the variety in our food supply. We are proposing that all convicted murderers, rapists, kidnappers, and other perpetrators of heinous crimes be not only put to death but eaten.

First, we all know deep in our hearts that human flesh tastes good. From the writings of those who were forced to eat it, we learn that the taste is not unlike chicken, loin of pork, lobster, or, in the case of certain other races, porterhouse steak.

Second, we would be doing the criminal-justice system a large favor by reducing the overload in our courts and eliminating the need for long prison terms that cost taxpayers millions over the years.

Third, human flesh in its many forms offers unusual challenges to the food industry—to restaurants and chefs and serious home cooks. New cuisines will develop based on the flesh of criminals from each region of our country, on their race and color, and on how they fed themselves before they were killed.

Tests will have to be made to discover what kind of flesh needs more hormone injections or softening. White Anglo-Saxons might need to be force-fed more corn to make them soft; while we know that Mexican-Americans already have a good corn-based diet.

We realize that human flesh cannot be sold cheaply and will no doubt be introduced as a foodstuff for the upper class; but it would be classically just if a portion of each criminal were sold for the same price as hamburger to the kin of the criminal's victim.

—Gerald Sussman



GARY GILMORE could have fed a family of five for three months.

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Here's what Chicago Bear, Walter Payton says about the Lifeline Gym:

"During the off-season used a Lifeline Gym and I'm pretty high on it. It's convenient and it does an efficient job as far as muscle tone goes. It doesn't take long— about 15 minutes a day."

Gretchen James, National Woman's Coach of the Year: "The Lifeline Gym is tremendous."

Senator William Proxmire, United States Senator: "Congratulations on a remarkable development."

Leslie Fraser, Captain U.S. Woman's Professional Demonstration Team: "Our team has utilized your 'Lifeline Gym' in our own personal physical training program through Dick Watson our physical fitness advisor."

A member of the 1979 United States Ski Team: "Your Lifeline Gym is absolutely fantastic!"

The Lifeline Gym comes with a 56-page book of instructions

So along with your Gym, you get a profusely illustrated 56-page Isokinetic Exercise Guide to help you plan your fitness routine. Both the Gym and the Guide were developed by Bobby Hinds, an athlete who knows what the body really needs. And what an exerciser should *really* do.

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Want great strength and body bulk? Prefer lithe, trim shapeliness? Or are you out to improve endurance and cardiovascular capacity? Adjust the Gym's resistance (it's simple) and reduce or increase exercise repetitions to get exactly the body you want.

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In recent tests at the Institute for Fitness Program Research at Syracuse University, the Lifeline System proved its effectiveness. According to Dr. Douglas Garfield, Director of the Institute, just three 30 minute sessions per week can significantly improve flexibility, muscle strength/endurance and aerobic power.

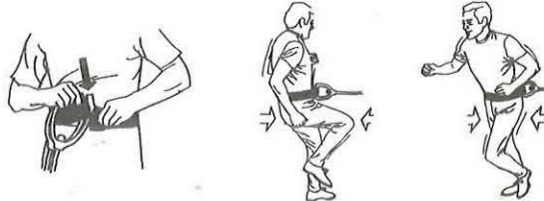
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The Lifeline Gym comes with a 27" lifting bar, hand and foot stirrups, rubber cable with a tensile strength of 4,000 *psi*. Door and pole attachment.

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ESSAY

What Happened to the American Wet Dream?

We're Not the Best or the Biggest Anymore



RONALD G. HARRIS

CLITORIS LEACHMAN and *Nipplesy Russell*, two of our brightest new porn-film stars, are volunteer performers in the *Sexmobile*, a nonprofit mobile sex-technique clinic sponsored by the New York State Endowment for the Arts. Similar mobile clinics are being set up in Los Angeles, Detroit, Houston, and San Diego.

Just before he died, Nelson Rockefeller is reported to have said, "One of these days the great majority of Americans will wake up from their beds and realize that they are not the greatest fuckers in the world." That day has arrived. There is no longer any doubt that we are quickly becoming a third-rate power in the sex department. What started as a great sexual liberating force in the sixties never fulfilled its promise in the seventies. Today we are merely dry shells of that former promise, a nation of empty, obscene gestures and unkept resolutions.

"Everywhere I teach and lecture, the feeling is the same—there's more inter-

est in lowering a golf score than in jumping into the sack," says Dr. Louise Obispo, head of the Sex Therapy Center in San Francisco. "There's a whole new generation out there who get their kicks by watching TV reruns and playing all those weird new dragon and whatnot games. Let's face it, Americans are lousy lays."

In its recently published survey, the sex-education division of UNESCO found that Americans ranked thirteenth in sexual knowledge, technique, and frequency. Not only have the Japanese and most European countries surpassed us, but many Latin and Third World countries have as well. We

are in danger of becoming the sexual clowns of the free world.

It's time we recognized that the East Germans, the Swiss, and the Japanese are light-years more advanced than us in sex and that we might as well study and adapt some of their findings and techniques. Here are just a few recommendations:

- Dr. Klaus Sylvaner of Zurich University, in cooperation with the Nesle Corporation, has pioneered the use of sex hormones injected directly into the brain with laser beams, a technique that has become standard practice throughout Europe and is usually administered in the office of any physician or at the thousands of free sex-hormone clinics. The injection triggers an unusually strong sexual desire that enables men to have intercourse for up to ten times a day and women for three to four times that frequency. No adverse side effects have been reported. "The more you *shut up*, the better you feel," said Dr. Sylvaner.
- For years the East Germans and Japanese have specialized in intensive training of male and female genitalia with unique exercises, baths, and competitions. At the *Sextechnik Gesellschaft* in Leipzig, where the country's most promising sexual athletes are developed, coach Willy Faffner has proven that he can enlarge penis size as much as six inches by starting his pupils on special exercises at the age of two.
- In Osaka, Japan, Tojiro Tasamura of the Genji School of Sexual Studies



AT JOHN FREMONT HIGH SCHOOL in Scottsdale, Arizona, students are learning actual sexual techniques, much in the same manner as in their driver-education courses.

has trained young men and women to prolong sexual intercourse for as long as twelve years while simultaneously going about their regular daily lives.

EASE THE BAN ON SEXUAL PERVERSION

There is no doubt that our laws and moral taboos are far too strict to provide incentives for more productive, exciting sex. In order to increase sexual activity we must ease our bans

on so-called perversions, to allow our more adventurous, avant-garde sexual practitioners to follow their own paths and take their pleasures in any way they can. Without our sexual pioneers showing the way to the more "normal" types, we can never open new frontiers and invent new and more exciting sexual techniques.

To begin, we must lower the legal consenting age for adults to twelve, especially since girls grow to physical maturity faster than boys. Swinger and

sex clubs should be designed along the more imaginative lines of the German clubs, so they would appeal to a larger audience. Most important, our attitudes toward sodomy, bestiality, sado-masochistic practices, and fetishism should be far more liberal and open.

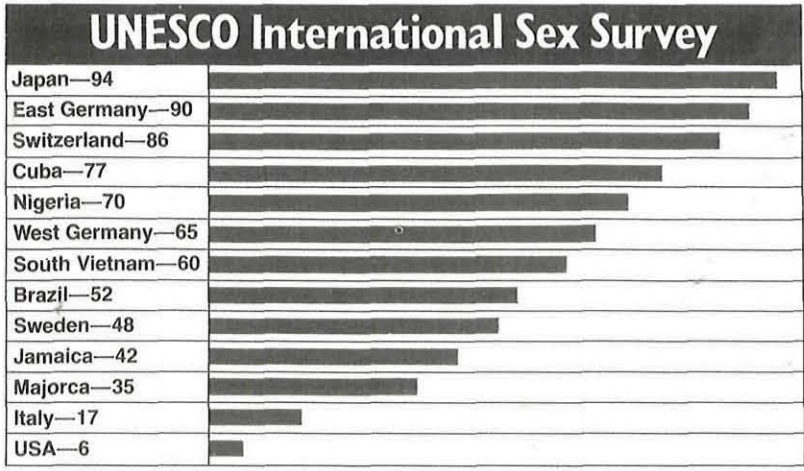
TO IMPROVE THE QUALITY OF OUR SEX LIFE, WE MUST IMPROVE THE QUALITY OF OUR PORNOGRAPHY

• Our pornography is ready for a large-scale renaissance. Next to Mexico, we produce the crudest, most immature porn films in the world. We must enlist the aid of our finest directors, actors, and writers to give us pornography that truly excites our prurient interest, that triggers our lusts and makes us hot and horny. Our film schools should include pornography as a basic part of their curricula.

• America has yet to produce a pornographic novel to equal *The Story of O*. The American Book Awards and the Pulitzer Prize committee must open a new category for this highly effective genre.

• Editors and theater and film agents and producers should create lucrative commercial packages to encourage more writers to enter this field.

—Gerald Sussman



A ranking of countries, judged for sexual knowledge, degree of sophistication in techniques, and frequency of intercourse. (Highest ranking is 100.)

BERNIE X'S FATHER

continued from page 32

denly everything goes spinning around and I'm in dreamland. And I forgot to tell you that I can hold my liquor.

The next thing I know I'm in one of those private charter planes along with Miriam, Frieda, and Gert and we are landing in what I am told is Cuba. I was fooled by the oldest trick in the book—setting us up at the Debonaire and then slipping us the Mickey Finns. The girls are scared shitless, like it's a nightmare. I find out that we're going to a big sugar plantation where the workers are desperate for women. The Cubans with the cheekbones made a deal for the girls and threw me in for nothing. Somehow they still got action going in Cuba, even with Castro. Maybe he looks the other way. I forgot to tell you that I'd sold the virtues of the three girls like they were oil wells—juicy, ripe Jewish broads who like to fuck all day and night. How the hell was I supposed to know they'd end up fucking all day and night in a Cuban sugar plantation? I'm just a businessman trying to do a nice deal for everybody.

I realize that it's Saturday night at the plantation. The men are going to be so crazy they'll tear the girls apart. They look like they'll fuck an iguana. Cubans are not exactly gentlemen. For a while the girls didn't know whether to shit or go blind, they're so scared. I didn't blame them. Everybody was packing those big knives they use to cut down the sugar plants, and they were giving me dirty looks, like they were going to cut off my pi-pi and roast it on a stick like a marshmallow.

We drive up to the main building and all the workers are eyeing us, whistling and screaming. It's like a fucking circus. All of a sudden, Miriam gets mad. She walks into the foreman's office and demands to see Fidel Castro. The whole thing is an outrage, she says. American citizens have been kidnapped. Frieda and Gert join in and start screaming at the guy. They couldn't have been angrier if someone had gotten in front of them in a line at the supermarket checkout counter.

I couldn't believe what happened next. Fucking Fidel Castro walks out of the next room to find out what all

the screaming is about. Miriam and the girls do not skip a beat. They sail right into Castro, demanding their rights. They even poke him in the chest to make their points—you know, with those long fingernails. Castro can't believe what's happening. He doesn't need this kind of shit. He's a dictator. But he knows the girls are making him look like a prick in front of his men, so he gets on his high horse and orders us to get the hell out of his country. There happens to be a Russian airliner parked outside at the landing strip. We're getting on that plane in a minute, he says. We'll be in Moscow by tomorrow, where the American embassy will take care of us and send us home. He doesn't want another peep out of us or he'll throw us in jail on some bullshit charges. His people will arrange the flight, and not to worry. That's the way he wants it handled. We're not going back to Florida by boat or plane. I guess this is his way of getting back at us, making us go through this long trip. What the fuck. We're all thankful to get the hell out alive.

I've never been on a Russian plane before. It's okay. It flies. But that's about all. The food stinks. They gave us pumpernickel that was hard as a rock, and something that was supposed to be caviar but made your teeth all black. Finally we were too tired to give a shit and fell asleep. We wake up the next morning and as the plane is landing I can tell we're not in Russia. They don't have coconut trees in Russia. Also, everybody in the airport is a *shvugie*. Unless I'm crazy, we're somewhere in Africa. The girls are hysterical. It's okay, I tell them. We're just making a stop to refuel.

Some guy with a rifle tells us to get off the plane. That's okay too. We can use a little fresh air and a walk. But when we get out there's another bunch of spookerinos waiting for us, all gunned up. They escort us into an old, fucked-up truck. I can't believe it. We're not going back to the plane. This time the girls are too scared to scream, but I am pissed to the gills. Where the fuck are we? A Russian scumbag nearby speaks a little English and lets out that we are in the city of Luanda, which is in a country called Angola, in the continent of Africa. I didn't think we were on 125th Street and Lenox Avenue. This must be Castro's doing, that miserable cocksucker. This was his revenge on the girls for

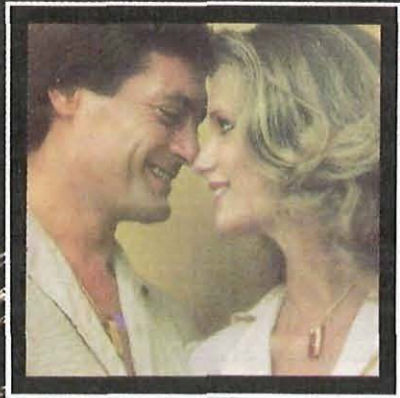
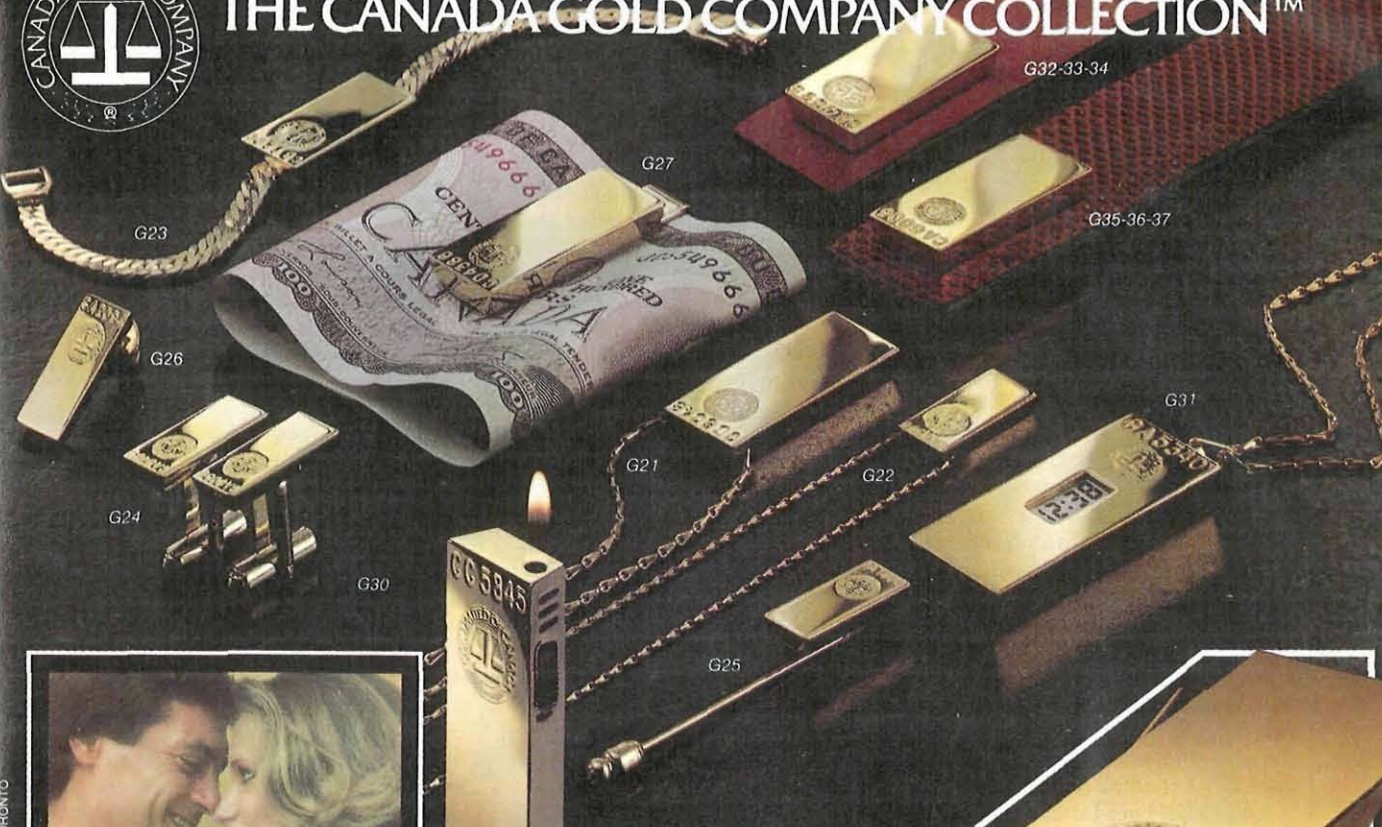
continued



"I guess someone else with three wishes is wishing your three wishes don't come true."



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BERNIE X'S FATHER

continued

making him look bad. I vowed that if I ever got out of this alive, I'd kill that Cuban banana with my bare hands.

The next thing I know we're in this broken-down truck, banging our way through the jungle, with these big gunned-up spades guarding us. Deeper and deeper we go until we car. hardly see anything but the whites of those boogies' eyes. I try to find out what's happening. It seems that we're going to a place called Huambo, to the salt mines. The girls are going to work in the mess hall all day and then fuck all the salt miners at night. And me, they'll probably make a veal cutlet out of me. I can't believe my luck. From sugar to salt in one day.

If I thought the Cuban sugar farmers were horny, they were nothing compared to these *shvugs*. It must have something to do with all that salt they work with. Gets them thirsty and crazy. We noticed that a lot of them were foaming at the mouth when they saw the girls. This time I didn't think the girls' chutzpah would do them any good. I had to think of something.

Like I said, I'm a businessman and a

lover. I don't like to go around fighting big *shwartzers* who are holding machine guns. I needed help in a situation like this. I needed a telephone, that's what I needed. I ask the chief spook if I can make one telephone call. Lucky for me he's in a good mood. He knows he's going to eat me for dinner and fuck three juicy Jewish broads tonight, so why not give me a break. He shows me what must be the only phone in Huambo. It takes me an hour to get through. I'm calling Meyer Lansky in Israel. Meyer Lansky is the top smart-money man himself, the numbers man. You didn't think Meyer Lansky was really dead, did you? That was his double that died last year. He's not well, but he's still alive in Israel. A long time ago I used to do a little work for Meyer in Brooklyn. He liked me. He wanted for me to be his protégé, to send me to college and learn accounting. But I had other plans. I thought I was hot shit in those days. I knew that Lansky was the only guy who might help us in this kind of situation.

I had a hard time getting through all the nurses and assistants, but I did it. "Little Izzie from Willoughby Avenue," Lansky said over the phone. "I

was going to groom you to take my place. You could have been one of the big smart-money boys, but you wanted to be in ladies' clothes or brassieres or something. Maybe you were better off. What can I do for you?" His voice was very weak. He was a very sick man. He could drop dead any second. I told him what was happening. I could hear him sigh an "oy vey." He told me to sit tight, stall the boogies as long as possible. He'd take care of the problem.

I had no idea what he would do, but with guys like Meyer Lansky you just shut up and do what you're told. Somehow I felt better already. I tried to cheer up the girls, but they weren't in the mood. It didn't look any better when the local bigwigs dragged them into another room for what looked like a private party before the salt miners would get at them. They tied me up and left me alone. I had to stay cool. If Meyer Lansky said he'd take care of the problem, it was as good as done.

Maybe about an hour later I heard the noise. I thought the whole country would explode. The joint was teeming with guys shooting up the place—machine guns, flamethrowers, bombs, whatever. It was Israeli commandos doing the same thing they did at Entebbe. I don't know how they got to Angola so fast. Maybe they were stationed nearby. All I know is they blasted the shit out of anything that moved. The *shvugs* never knew what hit them. The commandos got to the girls just in time, just as they were about to be gang-banged. Trust Lansky. He still got the influence.

Before we knew it we were on a helicopter and then on a transport plane that would take us to Israel. The girls were in heaven. The whole thing became a big adventure again. And they were going to *Israel!* All their lives they wanted to go to Israel. And those Israeli commandos were the sexiest things they ever saw. By the time we were off the ground they were fucking everything in sight. I couldn't believe it. In between blowjobs, Miriam asked me if I wanted to represent them in Israel for an escort service. I said no thanks. The girls ended up staying in Israel. They sent me a postcard a few months ago. Miriam married one of the commandos from the plane. Gertie is living with a guy who's in the roofing business, and Frieda married a butcher. I hope they're all getting laid regularly. I wish them well. □



"You're right! And this must be Lois Lane!"

F R O G



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A STAR IS PORN

continued from page 29

Meryl Streep, and...Linda Crack. The camera cuts to close-ups of all the nervous actresses. You know, all the usual tension and shit. Meanwhile, backstage, a drunken dirty bum has somehow gotten past the guards and is making his way to the wings. At that moment, the award is given to Linda. Her greatest triumph. As she accepts it from the presenter, Warren Beatty, the bum staggers onstage and begins to make an acceptance speech, a pathetic rambling speech about his prowess as an actor and a fucker. The crowd is aghast. Of course it's Johnny. And he continues on about how Linda owes all her fame to him. And Linda recognizes him under all that dirt and beard and vomit. She hugs him. He cries and pulls the Oscar away from her in a crude gesture. He pulls so hard that Linda falls to the ground and breaks her leg. Johnny is overwhelmed with remorse. He didn't mean it. He loves her. He really does. He sobs uncontrollably as the ushers and the police drag him offstage and take care of the injured Linda.

That night, back at their house,

Linda is nursing Johnny once more, broken leg and all. She's deliriously happy to have him back, in any condition. This time, he's going to make it. No more drinking, no more running away. To hell with the public and the critics. Johnny Cock is going to make a glorious comeback. And Linda is going to stay with him until he's back on top. Johnny smiles and agrees to anything she says. He seems to be happy.

Bernie comes by, and he and Linda peek into the bedroom, where Johnny is fast asleep.

"He looks happy."

"He's sleeping like a baby. Like he's had a real good fuck," says Linda.

Later that night, around midnight, Johnny wakes up. He tiptoes into the bathroom, making sure he doesn't wake up Linda. He opens the medicine cabinet and finds what he wants—a large bottle of Spanish fly, the legendary aphrodisiac. He swallows the entire contents of the bottle, then the contents of another. (He does maybe four or five, whatever plays best.)

Suddenly all his blood rushes to his cock. It starts growing to enormous proportions, so big that he can hardly

walk. He's both terrified and overjoyed. He utters Linda's name and then keels over and dies. All his blood went to his cock. There was nothing left for his brain or his heart. Johnny got a stroke and a heart attack at the same time.

The next morning Linda discovers that Johnny is missing. She searches the house and finds him in the bathroom, dead. She is hysterical. But here's the beautiful part—Johnny is dead, but his cock is still bigger than life and twice as hard. When Linda sees it, she too cries with joy and terror and sadness, knowing somehow that their love will always endure through the memory of Johnny's magnificent tool. (Maybe we should never actually see it. It might be more tasteful to show it in shadow. It's the biggest dork in the world.)

The last scene is the funeral. Johnny's body is lying in state, in this huge coffin that has to accommodate his penis. All his fans, his friends, even his enemies, come to view the body. Each person says something important, meaningful. This is a really poignant scene. Even the two sixteen-year-old bimbos from his last movie come to pay their respects. When they see his dick they faint.

As the scene grows sadder, Linda suddenly gets an idea. "Let's turn this solemn occasion into a real fuck party. An orgy. Johnny would have wanted it this way. This is the way he would have wanted to go—in the saddle," she says. Pretty soon everybody loosens up and starts going crazy. In the last scene Linda is getting fucked by some handsome young stud, but she sees only the image of Johnny. Johnny becomes the stud, and Johnny's incredible cock is the one we finally see, ramming into a joyous, loving Linda. As we fade out, it's just Linda and Johnny floating over the rest of the group, as if they are in Fuck Heaven.

And last but not least, when the credits roll on, we see scenes from the story—scenes of Johnny and Linda fucking, of falling in love, of sucking and eating and whatnot, beautiful memories that can never grow dim, because every time Linda gets laid, it will be Johnny doing it, no one else. Their love will last forever.

So, what do you think? Call me in the morning and we'll do a breakfast meeting.

Love,

Joel



"Excuse me, the producers would like a word with just the mothers only, please."



FUNNY PAGES

SNUTS

REMEMBER WHEN SOMETIMES THERE JUST WASN'T ANYTHING YOU COULD DO ABOUT WHAT WAS HAPPENING EXCEPT GO ALONG WITH IT AND HOPE THAT IT WOULD GO AWAY SOON AND SOMETHING BETTER WOULD HAPPEN NEXT?

MY GOD, IT'S HOT! HOW CAN I GO ON LIVING WHEN IT'S THIS HOT? I CAN'T EVEN BREATHE!!

C'MON, WALDO, I HAVEN'T GOT THE STRENGTH TO PULL YOU.

Saham Wilson ©1981

HUFFA HUFFA HUFFA HUFFA

MAYBE IT'LL BE COOLER INSIDE. AT LEAST I'LL BE ABLE TO COLLAPSE.

LOOK, WALDO, I AM NOT GOING TO HAUL YOU UP THESE DAMN STEPS!

HUFFA HUFFA HUFFA HUFFA

IT'S TOO HOT TO LIE ON THE BED. MAYBE I'LL GET REALLY LUCKY AND PASS OUT UNTIL IT COOLS OFF. I THINK IT'S ACTUALLY GETTING HOTTER... UH... WILL IT GET... WORSE? UH... MUMBLE... UM....

ARRG! AACH! EEEEEEE

I'M MELTING!!! I'M ACTUALLY MELTING!!! IT'S THE END FOR ME!! I'M FINISHED!! I'M BECOMING A PILE OF SLIMY GOO!!!!

IT WAS A DREAM! ONLY A DREAM! I DIDN'T MELT, AFTER ALL! OH, BOY! OH, BOY! OH, BOY!

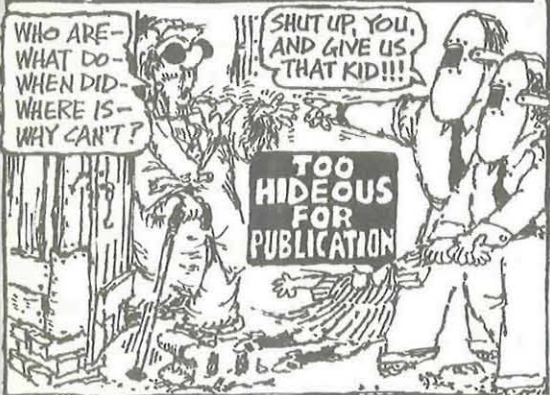
IS SOMETHING WRONG, DEAR?

OH, BOY! OH, BOY!

Deirdre Callahan - a biography

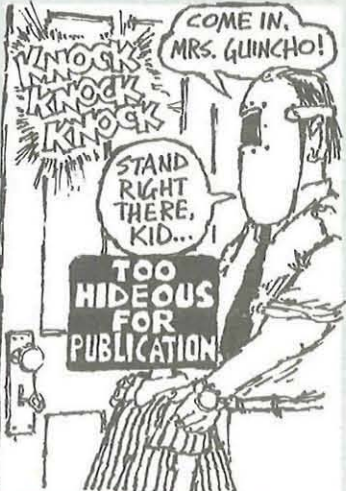
DEIRDRE IS A CHILD SO INCREDIBLY UGLY THAT SOME WHO VIEW HER HIDEOUS FACE KILL THEMSELVES - AND, WORSE, HER HORRIBLE FACE WILL BURN THE CORNEAS OF VIEWERS' EYES, PERMANENTLY BLINDING THEM!

WORD OF THIS PHENOMENON HAS REACHED CERTAIN QUARTERS.....



WHO ARE THESE MEN WEARING WELDERS MASKS AND WHY HAVE THEY KIDNAPPED DEIRDRE?

THE TWO MEN WITH THEIR VICTIM DEIRDRE ARE IN AN APARTMENT IN THE OCTOOROOM SECTION OF TOWN. ONE OF THE MEN CALLS DOWN TO THE LANDLADY.....



HELLO - ASSOCIATED PRESS? THIS IS THE 'OCTOBER OVERT LIBERATION ARMY OF LOS ANGELES' - OR, AS WE ARE POPULARLY KNOWN, 'OO-LA-LA.' UNLESS OUR DEMANDS ARE MET WE WILL CUT INTO PRIME TIME TV WITH OUR SECRET MICROWAVE TRANSMITTER AND EXHIBIT A KID SO INCREDIBLY UGLY THAT TWELVE MILLION MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN WILL BECOME SO DEPRESSED THAT THEY WILL KILL THEMSELVES!



WOULD 'OO-LA-LA' DARE SUCH A THING? CONTINUED

Aunt Mary's KITCHEN

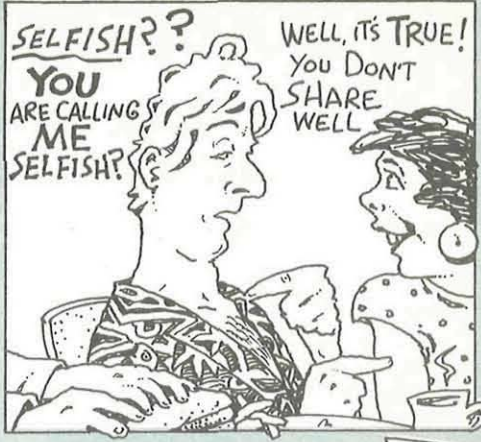
M.K. BROWN ©1981



EXCUSE ME!
WOULD YOU MIND IF
I HAD JUST ONE BITE
OF YOUR HAMBURGER
WHILE I'M WAITING
FOR MY ORDER...
I'VE BEEN IN THE
HOSPITAL AND
THE FOOD
WAS

HEY

OH
ROBERT,
DON'T BE
SO SELFISH



SELFISH??
YOU
ARE CALLING
ME
SELFISH?

WELL, IT'S TRUE!
YOU DON'T
SHARE
WELL



I DON'T
SHARE WELL?

PLEASE
KEEP YOUR
VOICE DOWN,
ROBERT



DON'T TELL
ME TO KEEP
MY VOICE
DOWN!

KEEP!
YOUR!
VOICE!
DOWN!

PARDON ME BUT
DO YOU MIND?
WE ARE TRYING TO
ENJOY OUR LUNCH
OVER HERE AND
BELIEVE ME,
IT ISN'T EASY

Now,
MARIO

NEXT MONTH: BÉARNAISE SAUCE

POLITENESSMAN

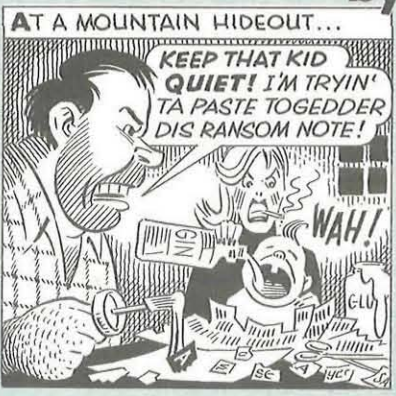
POLITENESSMAN IS QUICK TO SENSE THE POSSIBILITY OF RUDENESS-

by Ron Barrett



The Daily Doolly
RON BARRETT
**VANDERFELLER CHILD
KIDNAPPED!**

OH, OH!



AT A MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT...

KEEP THAT KID
QUIET! I'M TRYIN'
TA PASTE TOGEDDER
DIS RANSOM NOTE!

WAH!



JUST A MOMENT. WHA?

IF YOU SE
EVER WANT
see yer KID
AGAIN

THE FORMAL SOCIAL NOTE IS ALWAYS WRITTEN BY HAND...



AND IT IS CONSTRUCTED LIKE THIS-

DATE
ADDRESS
(ON BUSINESS
LETTER ONLY)
MY DEAR _____
THE STATEMENT
OF WHATEVER IS
THE PURPOSE OF
THE NOTE.
MOST SINCERELY,
Signature

LATER, AT THE VANDERFELLER MANSION...



MY, WHAT A GRACIOUS RANSOM NOTE!
IT SEEMS OUR LITTLE ALFRED IS WITH PEOPLE
OF QUALITY!

THEN PERHAPS THEY OUGHT TO
KEEP HIM. EH, VANESSA?

YES! AND MAYBE
THEY'LL TAKE LITTLE
DAPHNE AS WELL!

"MEN! XYZ! X-AMINE YOUR ZIPPER! ABC? ALREADY BEEN CHECKED?" - SENT IN BY MARK & JIM EURINGER, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

NEW WAVE COMICS

MARK MARK

IN THIS COMIC THERE WILL BE NO ERASURES, NO MASK-OUTS, AND NO ~~EVER~~ HUMOR ~~WAS~~

IT WAS DARK EVENING IN OLD YUGOSLAVIA

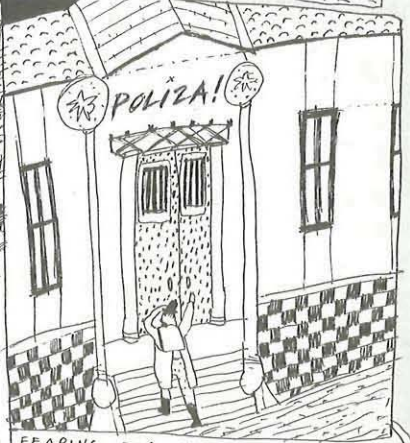
JUST BEFORE THE BARKEEPER WAS TO SHUT HIS DOOR HE NOTICED A CHILD SITTING ON THE FRONT STEPPES



THE TAVERN WAS ALMOST EMPTY

BEFORE THE BAR MAN COULD UTTER A WORD IT LEAPT INSIDE AND BEGAN DEVOURING THE TABLES AND FURNISHINGS

CHASING IT WITH A BROOM WAS USELESS, FOR IT ATE THAT TOO



FEARING FOR HIS OWN SAFETY, THE BARMAN RAN TO THE POLICE STATION

BY THE TIME THE AUTHORITIES ARRIVED NOTHING WAS LEFT OF THE TAVERN EXCEPT A VERY LARGE HOLE AND WHAT LOOKED LIKE A NOTE



BUT THE SPELLING AND PENMANSHIP WERE SO BAD THAT NO ONE COULD READ IT

PHIL RABBIT BY LEM GLASSER © 1981

CHAPTER THREE: OUR STORY SO FAR:

THE TASK OF CIVILIZING "BERT" PROVES TOO FRUSTRATING AND DAD McHENRY HAS THE "WILD CHILD" COMMITTED TO A STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE HOPELESSLY INSANE. WHILE THERE, THE BOY DISPLAYS STRANGE FLASHES OF GENIUS AFTER RECEIVING SHOCK THERAPY. ON THIS DAY, THE HOSPITAL HAS A VISITOR, THE INFLUENTIAL AND RICH PATRONESS MRS. STANFIELD.

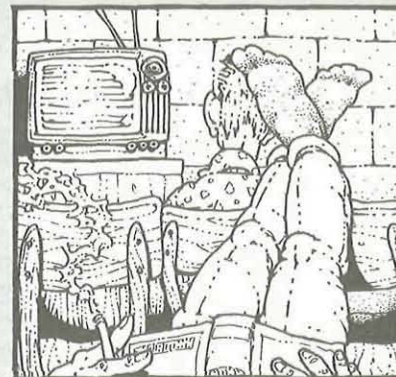


A SIXTIES MEMORY

RICK GEARY
©1981



BACK THEN, I WAS A STUDENT AT THIS MIDWESTERN COLLEGE.



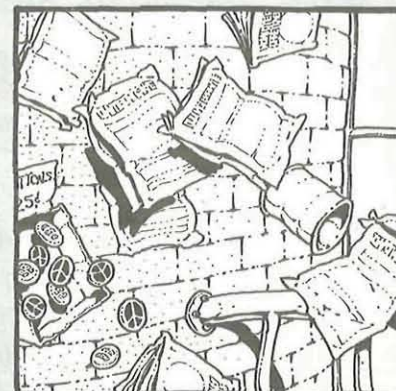
MY GRADES WERE TERRIBLE, BECAUSE MY ATTENTION SPAN WAS NEXT TO ZERO.



I JOINED "STUDENTS FOR PEACE," WHICH WAS COMPRISED OF THE SCHOOL'S LOSERS AND MISFITS...



AND, BETWEEN CLASSES, HELPED TEND THE "PEACE TABLE" IN THE STUDENT UNION.



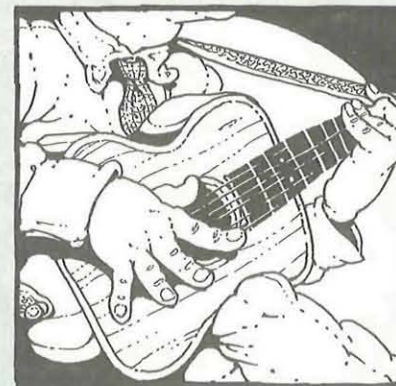
THE COLLEGE "HAWKS" WOULD THROW OUR LITERATURE INTO THE AIR AND OFTEN BECOME PHYSICALLY ABUSIVE.



THE SAME WAS TRUE AT THE DORM.



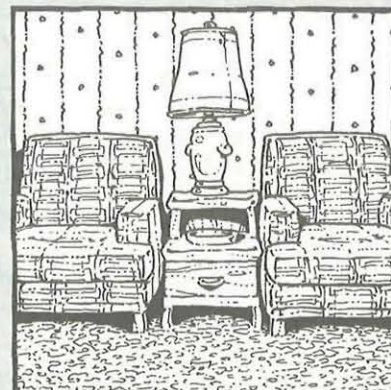
I LIVED IN FILTH.



ON WEEKENDS, I SANG MY SONGS AT THE "FIERY FURNACE" — TO LESS THAN ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSE.



I FELL PASSIONATELY IN LOVE WITH A "FLOWER CHILD" BUT SHE REJECTED ME.



MY MOTHER AND FATHER, WHEN I VISITED THEM, NEVER BOTHERED TO CONCEAL THEIR DISTASTE FOR ME.



I'M AFRAID, UPON REFLECTION, THAT I WAS A PRETTY INSUFFERABLE YOUNG FELLOW.

Hi, Who Am I ?

by Mark Knudsen



FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 82

HORNY WOMEN

DON'T MISS OUT ON THOSE TITILLATING PORN GIGS! THAT'S RIGHT, ASSHOLE, I'M TALKING TO YOU! LEARN TO DRAW HORNY WOMEN CORRECTLY!



RIGHT



WRONG

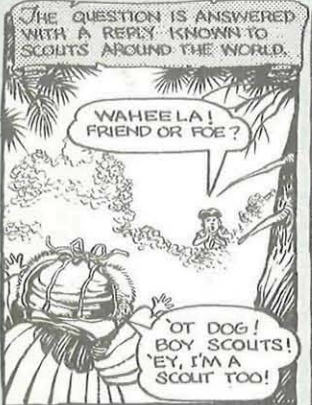
TIMBERLAND

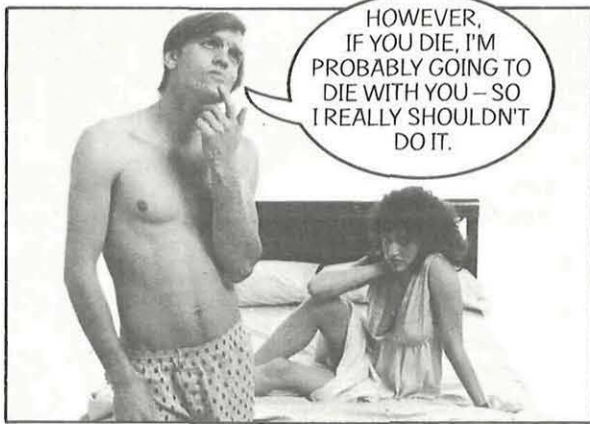
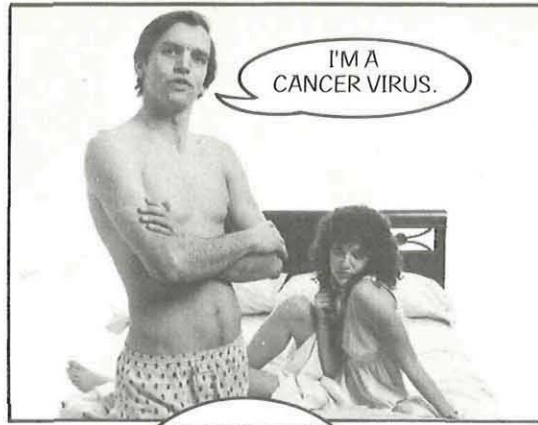
Tales
by B.K. Taylor



DOCTOR ROGERS
KATHLEEN
MAURICE - THE INDIAN BOY SOME CALL HIM THE JOKER.
CONSTABLE TOM RUNDROG TO HAVE A SMALL AMOUNT OF BRAIN DRIVAGE.

THE DIET OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN IS OFTEN ONE OF CATCH AS CATCH CAN. OUR TALE OPENS AS WE SEE MAURICE BY THE SEASIDE, SAVORING HIS FAVORITE MEAL - ROCK SNAILS...





LETTERS

continued from page 13

Sirs:

Here in Lapland, reindeer are as important for survival as horses were in your American West, so we deal with reindeer thieves just as harshly as your cowboys dealt with horse thieves. Now, there are no trees in Lapland from which to "string up" the culprit, so what we do is this: we tie each of his arms and legs to a wild Lapp wife, and then we yell "giddap!" and the wives rip his arms and legs off his body. This punishment may seem a little on the tough side, but if you ever saw our Lapp women, you'd understand why those reindeer are so damn important.

Alpi Apalap
Lapland

Sirs:

Why only once in a blue moon? Why not twice or even a dozen times? I mean, there's plenty of room there, if I remember my astronomy right. The moon is very large. Not as big as the earth, I know, but really still pretty huge. And it's going to be the same size no matter what color it is. Though, of course, if it's blue instead of the regular yellow, it is going to look smaller, which is something I learned in an interior-decorating class that I also took once. But I don't remember as much about that as I do about the astronomy class. Anyway, how about it?

Tina Pam Bangor
Niles, Ill.

Sirs:

Speaking of me, I'd like to break stride, as they say, and actually tell a joke. I thought your magazine would be the appropriate place, if you know what I mean. I mean, seeing that it has a lot of other jokes in it. Unlike my act. So I'm going to tell a joke. Now, where did I put it? Excuse me, I'll find it in a second; I have to go to the little-boys' room first. Hey, here's the joke right in my hand! Sorry, that was a visual joke. This is print, right? Boy, it sure must be a lot of trouble having jokes set in type and taking them to a printing press and having them printed and everything, I bet. Amazing what some people will go through to get attention. Anyway, I know I've got a joke around here someplace, and in the meantime will someone please kill me?

Andy Kaufman
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

Somebody listen to me, for God's sake. Two shiploads of imported women's panties from Brazil just arrived at Macy's, and every pair has a giant, hairy tarantula hiding in them. I tried my best to warn customs and the city health board, but they just told me I needed a good Freudian psychiatrist. Doesn't anyone realize how serious this is? Giant, poisonous, hairy tarantulas. What will they put in the men's underwear, piranhas?

Robert Heffslop
Director of Marketing
Bloomingdale's, N.Y.

Sirs:

First, you go buy yourself a butterball turkey, because butterballs have the best texture. A twenty-five-pounder should do very nicely. When it thaws to room temperature, take out the innards and then roll it on its back. Now you're all set. A large-size Glad Bag should protect the bed sheets, and then when you're finished, you can throw the turkey in the bag and drop it in the trash. Then you can thank whatever gods you worship that you didn't marry Michelle Triola.

Lee Marvin
Hollywood

Sirs:

I'm an inmate in a mental asylum. Yesterday my shrink told me that he thought I should have a frontal lobotomy. So I told him that I'd rather have a bottle in front of me. Get it? Frontal lobotomy? Bottle-in-front-of-me? It's a joke! Jokes are supposed to be a sign of health, right? But then the doc says he's going to tie me down instead and blast 50,000 volts through my crazy, wisecracking brain. I tell you, these guys got no sense of humor.

Billy
Bedrail Clinic
Oregon

Sirs:

The name's Bob Truck. I've never written to a magazine before, but after seeing the wonderful ticker-tape parade that New York threw to welcome the hostages back a few months ago, I had an idea.

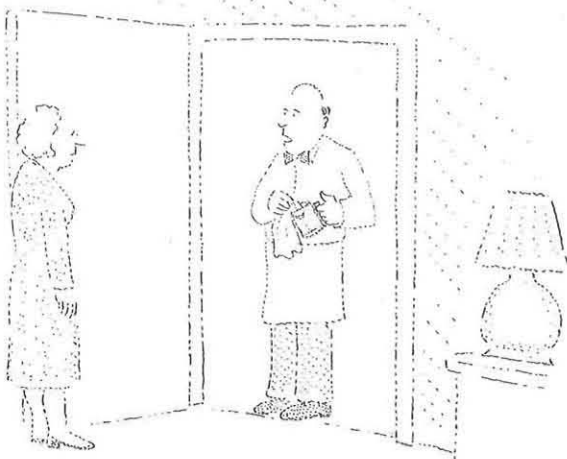
If we can have big parades for our heroes, why can't we have garbage parades for jerks who have really given this country a bright blistered patch on the behind!

You know, like that Garwood guy who went over to the side of red communism during the troubled Vietnam era?

I bet if guys like Garwood knew that when they got back stateside they would be driven down Fifth Avenue in a convertible and pelted with empty yogurt packages, old rattail combs, the contents of pencil sharpeners, and sticky glues, they would think twice or more about betraying our great nation.

What do you think?

Bob Truck
Pippen, Wyoming
P.S. The same thing goes for guys that shoot the president.



"So I says to your husband, 'Mr. Blanchard, go home to your wife.'
To which he retorts, 'You go home to her.' Ergo my presence."

Sirs:

I must admit I thought you made up all the letters you print, but the other day something happened to me that I just have to share with your readers. I am a sophomore at a small liberal-arts college in the Southwest. We have coed dorms here, so most of the time we don't bother to go to class but just lie around sucking and fucking and smoking dope and having orgies of glistening, pulsating, firm young flesh and everything. You know. But the other day, while I was getting it on with these three gorgeous faculty wives who'd dropped by to finger my rock-hard weapon of love and whisper, "Give it to me, I've got to have it in me," and all that, this bum came wandering in and said he hadn't had a bite in days. You guessed it. I bit him.

Name withheld
By Request, Arizona

Sirs:

I've been attending Negative Encounter Group therapy to overcome severe crowd shyness. We get up in front of our group and we tell un-jokes. Un-jokes are meant to be un-funny. We don't get any laughs, of course, but then we're not expecting any laughs. When we bomb out, it's really a huge success. Confidence building? Like, right now, buddy. Really. You want to hear me tell an un-joke? It's terribly un-funny. There. Want me to do it again? Okay. Great, huh? I got a million more where those came from.

Herbie Morbidoza
Wenauke, Wisconsin

Sirs:

I was just thinking that it's gonna be such a drag when Frank Sinatra dies. Isn't there something we can do about it now, before he starts to get sick? After all, it was our parents' humping away to "I Get a Kick out of You" and "Chicago" that got us here in the first place. We owe Frank plenty.

Paul McCartney
Boca Raton, Fla.

Sirs:

Smedlikov! You've captured my bishop. What ever made you think of using the Sicilian Attack? You've been watching *The Godfather* again? Luckily, Smedlikov, this is easily parried by the Sinatra Defense, a move you won't easily escape. Check, Smedlikov.

Grand Master Anatoli Veslev

Sirs:

Of all the super things God did in terms of the human body, he sure missed a trick with regard to gals' breasts. If He'd run their "plumbing" through them, it would be possible for a gal to enjoy herself on a camping trip and not worry about germs and disease at the ball park or the gas-station rest room, and we fellas wouldn't have to have a "squirt gun" at our noses when we "gobble the goose." But what the hell, hindsight is always 20/20, right?

Bert Temple
Cary, Illinois

Sirs:

What the fuck do I pay taxes to support a bullshit agency like the FCC for? Sons of bitches are supposed to prevent false advertising, right? Well, man, I saw a fucking commercial for Blondie's jeans, you know? I was halfway through eating my second pair when my buddy told me they weren't her personal jeans but just jeans she puts her name on. I was so fucking embarrassed that I didn't even mention all the Gloria Vanderbilt's I'd gone through. You see the FCC, you tell them Frank is madder than hell.

Frank Vicences
Austin, Tex.

Sirs:

The San Diego Zoo has a policy of creating natural environments for animals; so when we acquired a giant tree sloth from Borneo, we also imported the jungle trees that it lived in. What we also got was a leftover Jap sniper who's been hiding in the sloth's tree since 1944. He's been living on nuts and leaves for thirty-seven years and he's crazy as a shit-house rat. Luckily, his gun has rusted solid, but when we try to get him out of there, he throws nuts and dung at us and threatens to commit hara-kiri with his last grenade. What can we do? We can't hurt the tree sloth, because it's a rare species, and besides, it cost a truckload of money. We can't ignore the Jap, because he keeps screaming, "Surrender, Yankee dog, or eat bayonet-steel of Imperial soldier!" You can hear him all over the zoo. What the hell can we do? Can we put up a sign that says GIANT TREE SLOTH AND JAP SNIPER, HABITAT BORNEO? or a sign that says GIANT JAPANESE HOWLING TREE SLOTH? I wish to hell that he'd go away, or that the giant sloth would eat him, or something. I'm at my wits' end.

Gerald Richards
San Diego Zoo

continued on page 93



FAMILY FUN ON A BUDGET

by Ron Barrett

Experience all the thrills of flying without the high cost or the trip to the airport! Simply pack your bags and jump off the garage roof together!



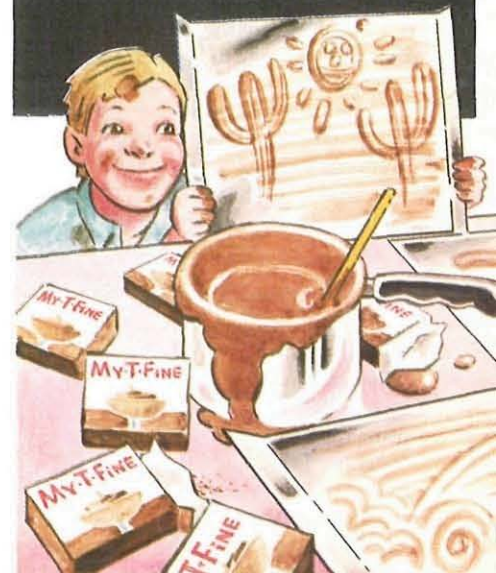
Here's a parlor puzzler that just might become a national craze—try to guess everything in someone's pockets!

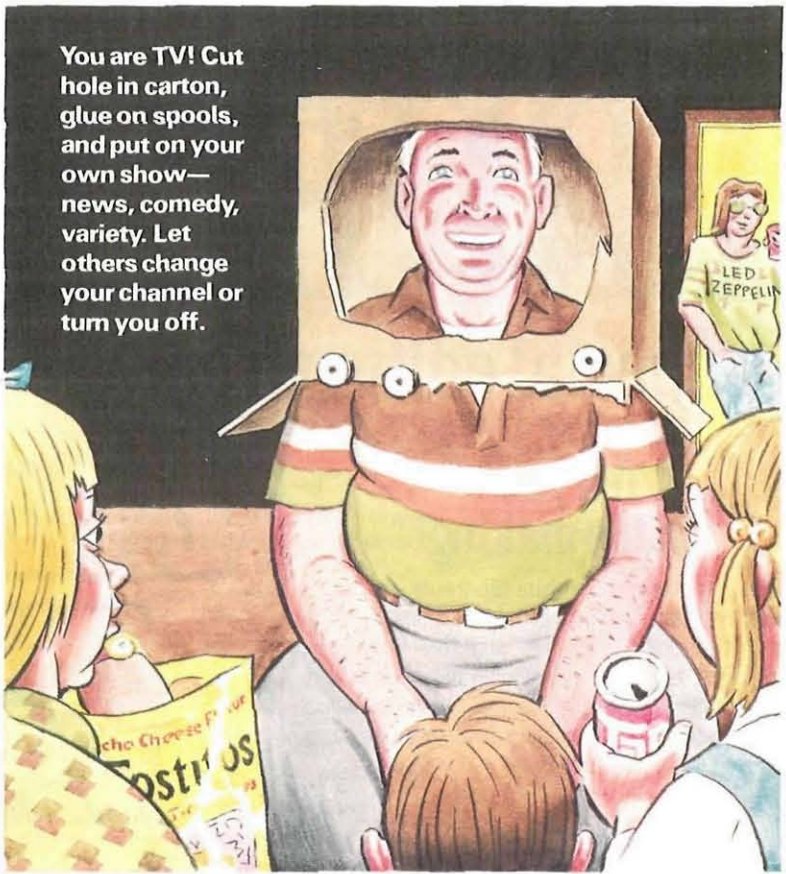
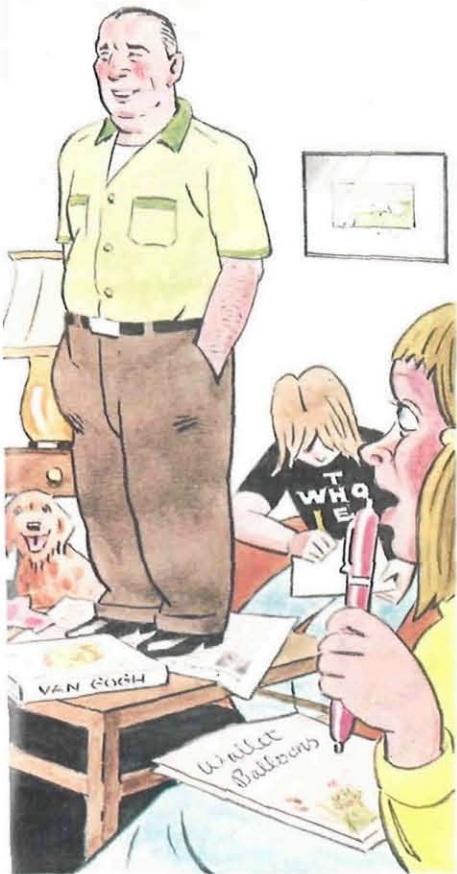


Hang names on everything in the home! Not only fun, but adds real personality to drab surroundings!



No need to spend a fortune on finger paints. Cook up a big batch of chocolate pudding, and spoon onto cookie sheets. Your imagination (and your appetite) are the only limits.





Not even we could make up

TRUE FACTS

— a special edition from National Lampoon

**Ten years
in the making!**

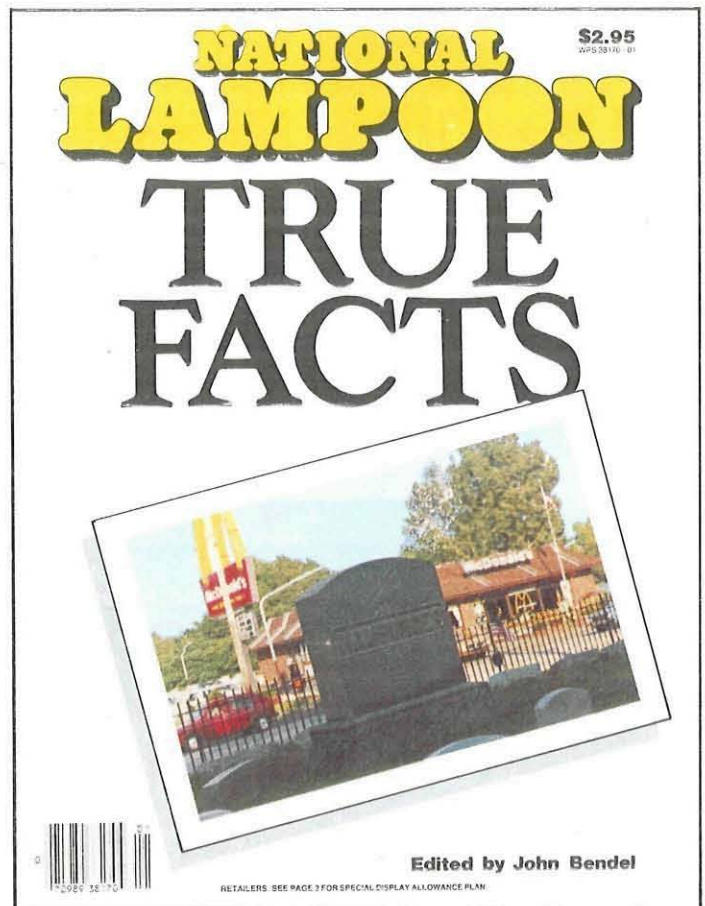
True Facts brings you true-life frauds, fracasas, misadventures, and god-awful accidents as they really happened to people just like you, your cousin Bob, and your ax-wielding neighbor across the hall! We're talking exploding toilets, plunging buses, deep-fried gerbils, and sex in strange places with even stranger partners!

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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

- A dentist from Colorado told a Philadelphia dental conference that babies who sleep on their stomachs stand a good chance of developing receding chins, narrow faces, and crooked teeth.

"When you put a kid to sleep on his stomach, you mash his face," said Dr. Hal A. Huggins, who presented the fiftieth annual Liberty Dental Conference with a formal paper on the subject, entitled "Why Raise Ugly Kids?" *AP* (contributed by Tim LeGrand)

- An Irish seer who foretold the future by reading women's breasts and bottoms died recently in London, England. Patrick Cullen, who called himself "Professor," daubed the breasts and bottoms of female customers with poster paints, then pressed a sheet of paper against them. From the life-size imprints he made predictions, a skill he learned from twenty-six years of world travels. The seer's business was located for many years in a booth on the pier at Hastings, a south England resort. *AP* (contributed by David and Rita Marnoch)

- Jimmy Incitti, twenty-three, of Kearney, New Jersey, entered Harrah's new \$120-million hotel casino in Atlantic City, left a briefcase full of cassettes he had been carrying near the front desk, and headed for the baccarat table. While Incitti was playing, hotel security men became suspicious of his briefcase and called in the Atlantic City bomb squad, who took the case out of the building and, in an attempt to ignite the explosives they

suspected were inside, pumped six shots into it.

Police later returned the blasted briefcase to an irate Incitti. "They were all laughing at the bullet holes in my case," he said. *New York Daily News* (contributed by Jimmy Downey)

- Claiming that 10 percent of his city's homicides are related to S&M sex, San Francisco coroner Boyd Stephens has instituted workshops for homosexuals who engage in "pain and bondage type sex." He said S&M fatalities there involved homosexuals almost exclusively.

The first session was held in February before a group of about twenty people. "It was kind of an ask-the-doctor meeting," said Stephens. Among the problems discussed, he said, was how to tie up a lover without cutting off his circulation.

"It's a very delicate mat-

ter," said Stephens. "The best advice is not to do it at all, but that's like whistling in the wind."

Chuck Morris, editor of the *Sentinel*, a gay newspaper, supported the workshop idea but said that some of the speakers brought in by the coroner "may be a bit naive" about S&M. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Jock Penn)

- Earl Miles, fifty-four, was observed outside the Blue Island Tavern in Champaign, Illinois, throwing five dollars onto a pile of money on the ground, then rolling a pair of dice. He was arrested and charged with gambling.

At his trial, though, Miles was found not guilty of the charge. In his defense, Champaign County public defender Brian Silverman claimed that Miles could have been engaging in calisthenics or simply testing the

dice before buying them. *Champaign-Urbana News-Gazette* (contributed by Kevin D. Phillips)

- Phyllis Kahn criticized six of her fellow Minnesota legislators for joining in a recent party game. The lawmakers, among them two Lutheran ministers, had held a "staff appreciation" party at a St. Paul restaurant during which they donned nylon stockings. They then had their blindfolded secretaries try to identify them by feeling their legs.

Representative Ray Walker, who organized the game, claimed it was harmless, but Kahn insisted that "there's obviously an element of sexual titillation in men wearing nylon stockings having their feet grabbed by blindfolded women on their knees." *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (contributed by Eric Ambro)

PHOTO FOR THOUGHT



This swimming pool near Melbourne, Australia, is apparently where racing greyhounds and hot dogs cool off.

(photo by Tom Cromwell)

- A municipal judge in Ventura, California, ordered William G. Phillips to change the name of his dog, Nigger.

Shelton Jones, Phillips's next-door neighbor, had sued, claiming that the dog's name was offensive to his family, the only blacks in the area.

"I've seen [Phillips] stand up on his front porch, yelling at my house while his dog was right there," said Jones. "I mean screaming at the top of his lungs."

After ordering Phillips to change the dog's name, Judge Bruce Clark added, "I'm sure you would object if Mr. Jones bought a dog, named him Asshole, and started yelling his name all over the neighborhood." *UPI* (contributed by Joe Paulino)

T R U E

Underarms and Underwear Go to War

by James R. Leas

The following advertisements appeared in the pages of Life magazine between October and December of 1942. America's first full year in World War II.

DON'T TELL ME BULGES ARE PATRIOTIC!

1. "To wear patterned underwear is to wear a flag." This is the motto of the "Bulge Patrol," a group of women who are determined to keep the nation's honor clean and bright.

2. "The only way to keep your bulge clean and bright is to wear Munsingwear nighties." These nighties are made of the finest cotton and are guaranteed to keep your bulge clean and bright for weeks.

3. "The only way to keep your bulge clean and bright is to wear Munsingwear nighties." These nighties are made of the finest cotton and are guaranteed to keep your bulge clean and bright for weeks.

MUNSINGWEAR
Trouddette

"Please...if there's going to be an air raid, let me be wearing my Munsingwear nightie."

GRIPPER FASTENERS

"You're sabotaging the Victory program by not wearing shorts with Gripper Fasteners!"

WOMEN: Don't let the fact that you have a bulge stop you from wearing shorts. Gripper Fasteners are the only fasteners that are guaranteed to keep your shorts from coming down. They are made of the finest cotton and are guaranteed to keep your shorts from coming down for weeks.

MIN: The only way to keep your shorts from coming down is to wear Gripper Fasteners. These fasteners are made of the finest cotton and are guaranteed to keep your shorts from coming down for weeks.

GRIPPER FASTENERS

New NEET DEODORANT

FOR UNDER THE ARMS of a NATION UNDER ARMS

Whether you're engaged in war work... or the important job of being a woman, the sensational new NEET Cream Deodorant will preserve and defend your daintiness.

New NEET Cream Deodorant is a sure way of instantly stopping under-arm odor and perspiration from one to three days! A flesh-tinted, stainless, greaseless cream, that vanishes almost instantly, makes armpits dry and free of odor. Will not irritate the skin, or injure clothing.

Buy new NEET Cream Deodorant in the Blue and White jar today. **Does not dry or cake in jar!** Generous 10¢ and 29¢ sizes plus tax.

KEEP NEAT WITH... New Neet Deodorant
GUARANTEED BY THE MAKERS OF NEET DEPILATORY

KEEP YOUR SOX UP WITHOUT LETTING YOUR COUNTRY DOWN

Thanks to the Famous
"NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU"

PARIS Garters
THE SUPPORT OF A NATION

For style, comfort and confidence, Paris Garters are the only garters that are guaranteed to keep your socks up for weeks. They are made of the finest cotton and are guaranteed to keep your socks up for weeks.

Something bothers me and I think it's you

HOW TO BE AS POPULAR AS HITLER

by Don Herold

There's nothing you can do to do with people more than to let under-arms perspiration wash it down. They wonder, at first, what on earth it is that's bothering them. Then they decide it's you. If they have been about to fall in love with you, they don't. If they have been about to buy something of you, they don't. If they have been about to hire you, they don't. If they have been about to fire you, they do.

No, no men is wanted around

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

T R U E

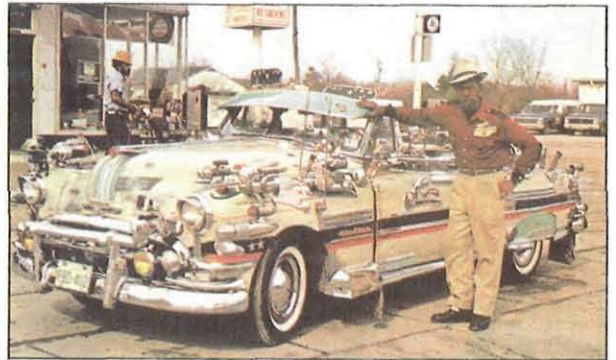
Kustom Kar Krash Klub Kontest Winners

These are the odd rods that made it to the top of the scrap-metal heap in our funny-looking-car contest [National Lampoon, November 1980]. Special thanks to y'all who sent in pics of your iron sweethearts. Keep it 'tween the ditches, hear?

JOE SCHENKMAN



J. Murphy



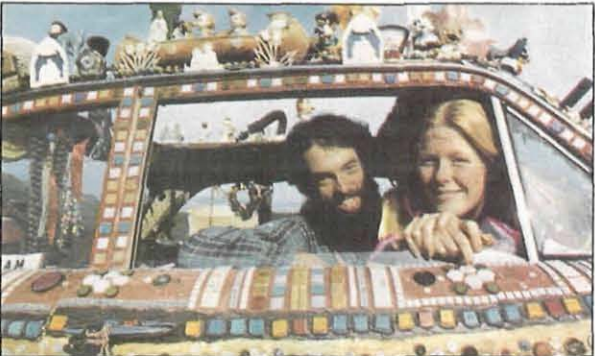
Chip Lord



Elmer Beshears



Tom Geerlings



Chip Lord



Chip Lord



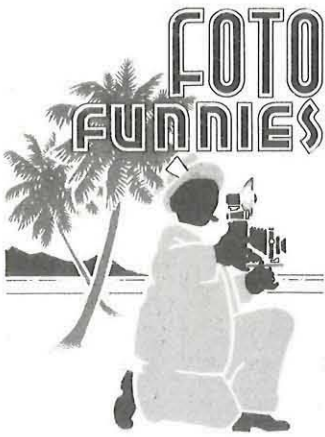
Joe Schenkman



Bill Benbenck



Elmer Beshears



LET'S SEE,
THAT WAS EIGHT DOLLARS
FOR THE MOVIES...

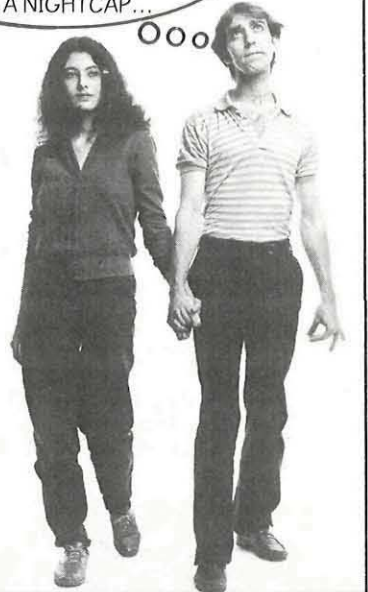


PLUS THE
FIVE-DOLLAR COVER CHARGE
AT THAT PLACE WHERE
WE WENT FOR
A NIGHTCAP...

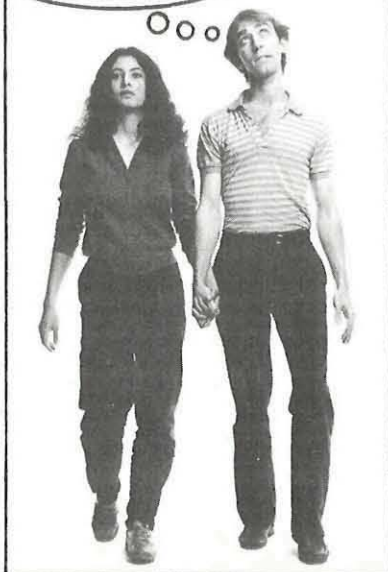
AND THIRTY DOLLARS
FOR DINNER...



AND ABOUT FIVE DOLLARS
FOR TAXIS...



THAT'S
ALMOST FIFTY BUCKS.
OH, WELL.



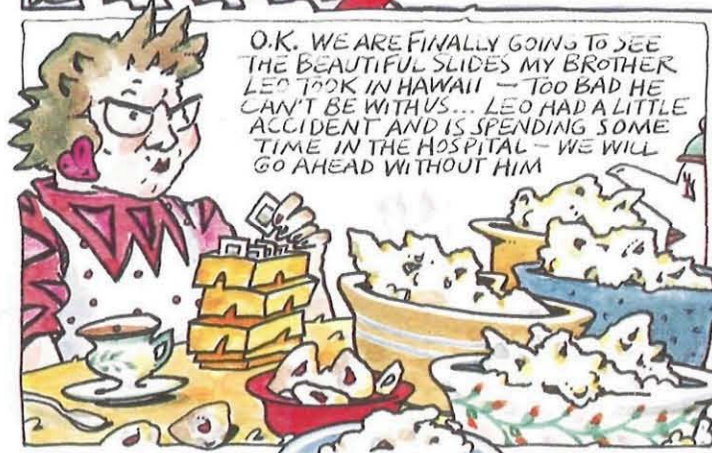
SAY, WANT
TO GO OVER TO
MY PLACE?



YOU KNOW, BOB,
SOMETIMES I THINK YOU'RE
JUST USING ME.



SLIDE SHOW



O.K. WE ARE FINALLY GOING TO SEE THE BEAUTIFUL SLIDES MY BROTHER LEO TOOK IN HAWAII — TOO BAD HE CAN'T BE WITH US... LEO HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT AND IS SPENDING SOME TIME IN THE HOSPITAL — WE WILL GO AHEAD WITHOUT HIM

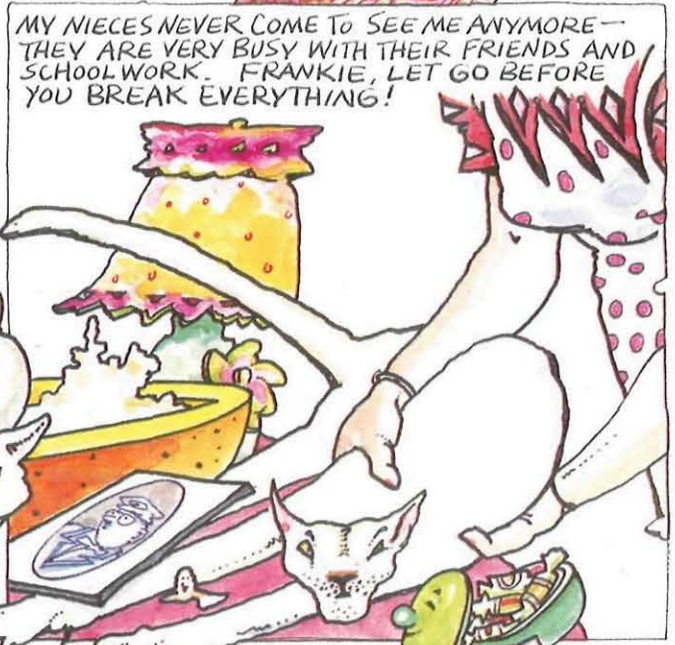


MY SISTER DOROTHY WILL RUN THE PROJECTOR AND I HAVE INVITED A FEW OF THE NEIGHBORS IN TO HELP EAT THE POPCORN LEO MADE BEFORE HE LEFT

DOROTHY-YOUR HAIR IS VERY DRY, VERY DRY, VERY DRY



I'VE ALSO INVITED MY NIECES TO DROP BY; HEATHER IS NINETEEN, DAWN IS EIGHTEEN, AND I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW OLD THE YOUNGEST IS. LET'S PUT THIS POPCORN OUT WHERE PEOPLE WILL SEE IT — FRANKIE! GET OFF THE COFFEE TABLE!



MY NIECES NEVER COME TO SEE ME ANYMORE — THEY ARE VERY BUSY WITH THEIR FRIENDS AND SCHOOLWORK. FRANKIE, LET GO BEFORE YOU BREAK EVERYTHING!



HERE COME THE MORONSONS ALREADY — SUCH A STRANGE COUPLE... ALWAYS TALKING AT THE SAME TIME — THEY WEAR ME OUT



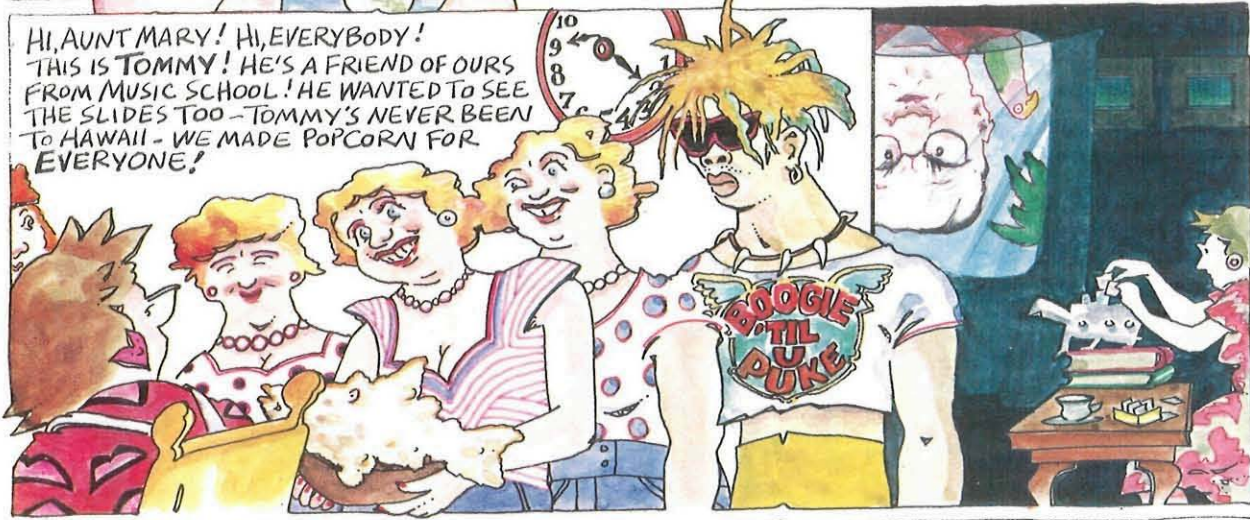
HELLO, BILL. HELLO, LILLIAN, COME IN

Good evening, Mary. Hi Mary, I hope we were not too early! I hope we were not too early! I was telling Bill kept saying hurry up hurry up hurry up hurry up hurry up and that's why we always get here too early my hair looks so ridiculous but has



and so Lillian was fussing with her hair and making popcorn for the slide show and I'm saying oh, curling iron got so hot hurry up, let's go, let's go I burned my hair and when darned if the popcorn oh. Hello Dorothy I didn't catch on fire again! Hello Dorothy

HELLO, BILL HELLO, LILLIAN MARY, THE GIRLS ARE HERE - THEY BROUGHT A FRIEND



HI, AUNT MARY! HI, EVERYBODY! THIS IS TOMMY! HE'S A FRIEND OF OURS FROM MUSIC SCHOOL! HE WANTED TO SEE THE SLIDES TOO - TOMMY'S NEVER BEEN TO HAWAII - WE MADE POPCORN FOR EVERYONE!



HEATHER - WHO IS THAT PERSON ??? WHO? TOMMY? OH, HE'S SO NICE! HE PLAYS THE VIOLIN!



HEATHER - IF HE'S SO NICE WHY DOESN'T HE COMB HIS HAIR? OH, AUNT MARY, YOU'RE SO FUNNY?

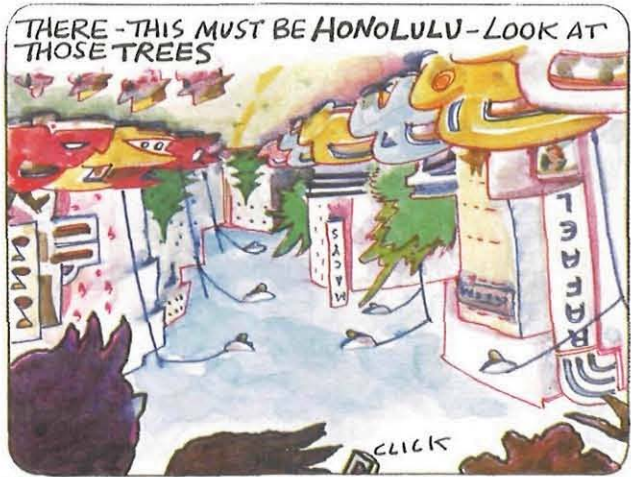
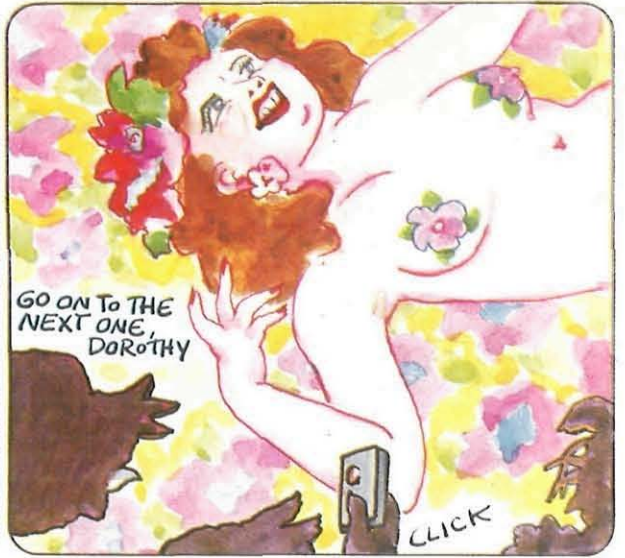


WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT COMBING YOUR HAIR WHEN YOU BARGE IN ON PEOPLE, I WONDER



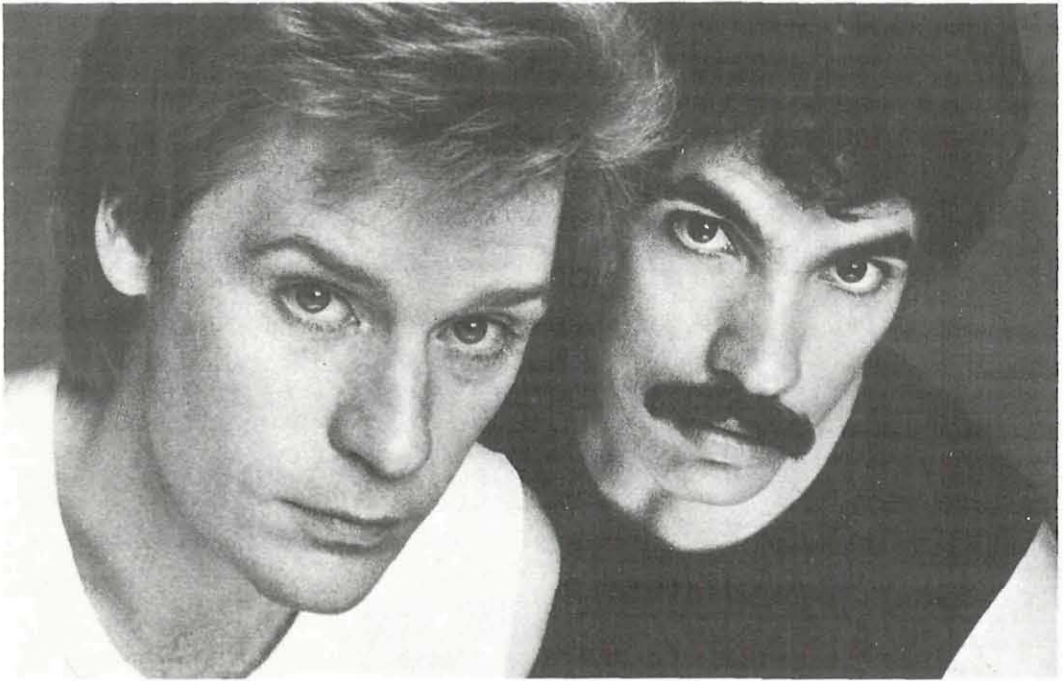
HEATHER WAS NEVER VERY SENSIBLE - EVEN AS A BABY I COULD TELL...

MARY - YOU'D BETTER COME IN HERE



THE END

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES



Daryl Hall & John Oates. They're back! Ready to unleash wave after wave of pure rock energy. It's an encore presentation of their scorching concert recorded live at The Ritz in New York by EDR/MEDIA. From the opening chords to the last encore the house was packed, alive and shaking. Rocked to their feet by "She's Gone," "Sara Smile," "Rich Girl." Plus "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" and "Kiss On My List," from their album, "Voices," on RCA Records. And more! Turn up your radio. Hear the voices. **The weekend of July 31, August 1 & 2. On more than 250 radio stations throughout the country. Check your newspaper for local time and station. Or call The Source (212) 664-4088.**

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NBC Radio's Young Adult Network

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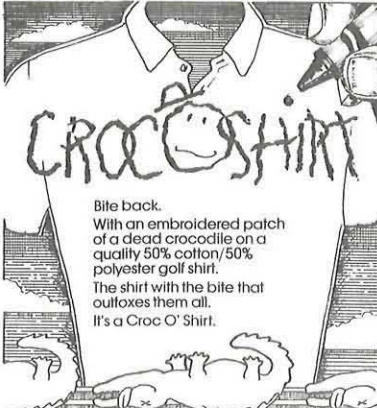


JACK DANIEL BELT BUCKLE

I'm mighty proud of this buckle. It gets the job done with a minimum of fuss and good looks to boot! This buckle, measuring 3" x 2 1/4", has an antique gold finish. I've numbered the buckles to insure you of their authenticity. So, hitch your belt with one of these heavy, old-time buckles, and you're sure to start folks talking. In the traditional Jack Daniel quality. My **\$10.00** price includes postage and handling.

Send check, money order or use American Express, Visa or Master Card, including all numbers and signature. (Add 6% sales tax for TN delivery)

For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel memorabilia, send \$1.00 to the above address. Telephone: 615-759-7184.



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Bite back. With an embroidered patch of a dead crocodile on a quality 50% cotton/50% polyester golf shirt. The shirt with the bite that outfoxes them all. It's a Croc O' Shirt.

NL 2

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I know a good thing when I see it! Send me _____ Croc O' Shirt(s) as indicated below. I am enclosing \$ _____ at \$12.95 plus \$1.50 postage and handling for each shirt (VA residents add 4% sales tax). I'm impatient but I will allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Name _____


City, State, Zip _____

Address _____

Light Blue S M L XL Red S M L XL
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Please send me postpaid the following:

_____ 21 oz. Oly Stein(s) with lid at \$24.95
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Add \$2.50 shipping and handling charge. All taxes included. Enclosed is my check or money order for \$_____

Please charge my VISA or MASTERCARD.
 Please write your card number in the space below: _____

Expiration Date _____
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X _____
 (Your signature as it appears on credit card)

Name _____
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Offer good while supply lasts or until December 31, 1981, only in the continental United States. Void where prohibited by law.
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I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR, FILM AT 11.
PLUS OVER 40 MORE OF THE MOST RUDEST SAYINGS ON BASEBALL HATS AND T-SHIRTS



FREE MOUSTACHE RIDES
 (ACTUAL TYPESTYLE)



BEND OVER, I'LL DRIVE.
 (ACTUAL TYPESTYLE)

ALL B.B. HATS. FINEST QUALITY. MACHINE WASHABLE. ADJUSTABLE.

Master Charge
 VISA

ALL T-SHIRTS. FINEST QUALITY. 100% COTTON. MADE IN U.S.A.

(ACTUAL TYPESTYLE WILL BE DIFFERENT)

- I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR, FILM AT 11.
- FREE MOUSTACHE RIDES
- BEND OVER, I'LL DRIVE
- CHAMPION MOUSTACHE RIDER (WITH ARTWORK)
- I RODE THE MOUSTACHE (WITH ARTWORK)
- I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM.
- I DRINK. I GET DRUNK. I FALL DOWN. NO PROBLEM.
- PARDON ME, BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A SHIT
- HEY LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
- HEY LITTLE BOY, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
- SAVE OUR BEACHES. HARPOON A FAT CHICK!
- HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE!
- FUCK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE
- NO FAT CHICKS
- NO FAT DICKS
- WE DIVE AT FIVE.
- WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW?
- IN OUTERSPACE, NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU FART!
- THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO FOOL AROUND.
- NO TRENCH WEENIES
- MINE'S BIGGER
- TO WALK OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHO"?
- IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE AS GREAT AS I AM
- BOY, SURE LIKE TO TOUCH THOSE!
- PARTY SIZE!
- 1980'S SLOW CARS—FAST WOMEN
- I DO
- BUT NOT WITH YOU.
- LOVE ME 'TILL I SCREAM
- I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.
- IM FOR LUST
- SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME
- I WANT A MEAL, NOT A SNACK!
- ONE OF A KIND!
- DON'T LAUGH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLIND?
- GO POUND SAND!
- SCHOOL SUCKS!
- ASK ME IF I CARE
- SNOWY BLIND
- LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY.
- TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT!
- WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT,
- NOTHING MATTERS.
- KART RACERS DO IT ON ALL FOURS.

LIST OF MORE SAYINGS TO RUDE TO PRINT INCLUDED IN EVERY ORDER RECEIVED.

B.B. HATS		T-SHIRTS		
STYLE#	COLOR	STYLE#	SIZE	COLOR

HAT COLORS: BLACK, BROWN, GOLD, KELLY, LT. BLUE, NAVY, ROYAL, ORANGE, RED, MAROON

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Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send _____ Shirts @ \$6.75 \$ _____
 Send _____ Hats @ \$5.75 \$ _____

TOTAL AMOUNT \$ _____
 Calif. residents add 6% sales tax \$ _____
 Shipping/Handling (UPS) \$ _____
 If order under \$20.00 add \$2.00 \$ _____

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$ _____
 Send Check/M.O. (No C.O.D.'s) or charge my Master Card Visa Credit Card# _____ Exp. Date _____

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Try stuffing with Trixi. You may never roll again.

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 Newport Beach, CA 92660

_____ Box(es) of Trixi @ \$9.95 ea.
 (Contains 200 pre-rolled cigarette papers)

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Enclosed is my check or money order for total ordered \$ _____
 Postage and handling included.
 Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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LETTERS

continued from page 79

Sirs:

When I first heard about this bondage stuff, I was skeptical. But my wife and I gave it a shot, and it wasn't bad at all. First I tied her wrists together with a pair of panty hose. Then I bound her ankles with an extension cord and put some electrical tape over her mouth. Finally, I stuffed her into an old trunk, chained it shut, and threw it in the river. And you know what? It works!

Larry Byrnes
Attica, N.Y.

Sirs:

At the French-embassy dinner William was very close to signing some kind of agreement with the *ministre d'affaires extérieures*, until those nasty Frenchmen tried to serve him a whole plateful of slimy snails. Such a bald-faced insult! Naturally, William leaped up and in a voice like thunder told that French minister just where he could stick his plate of snails. Well. A man they called Lechef ran into the kitchen and returned with a huge meat cleaver, which he tried to hit

William with. Heavens, you just don't do that sort of thing to a state secretary, even a deputy assistant secretary, and William's guard shot Lechef dead on the spot, then made all the Frenchmen, including the minister, strip to their boxer shorts and marched them out to the parking lot, where they were whisked away in a Black Maria. My goodness, politics is certainly more exciting than I ever imagined. We may even go to Montreal to deliver a reprimand, personally, to Monsieur de Gaulle. What do you think of that?

Mrs. Assistant Deputy
Secretary(State) William Clark
Washington

Sirs:

You know, a lot of people may be wondering what I've done since leaving "Saturday Night Live." Well, they'll be glad to hear that I'm putting my talents to use in an off-Broadway experimental play—namely, *Black Gulliver*. I have the lead, you know, and although the assistant producer embezzled most of the production funds, why, we were still able to get Gary Coleman and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar to play the kings of Lilliput and

Brobdingnag. And then there's my big scene in the 2001 Yahoo Discotheque; I'm telling you, my portrayal of Gulliver (as a *modern man*, dig, a lot like Anwar Sadat) will really turn some heads.

Garrett Morris
Somewhere in NYC

Sirs:

You guys ever done a piece on Werner Erhard Fassbinder? He's the crazy guy we got out here in Santa Monica who makes you sit through six-hour movies in German without going to the bathroom. Really, he's the funniest thing since Andy Kaufman. Very meaningful, too.

Bobby Dipwicket
Santa Monica, Cal.

Sirs:

Live by the code, die by the code. That's what they say, and I can dig it. But is that the code that goes like -- ..- - - - - or the code that goes like xq5mz nx vz45tyqk g7wz34?

Admiral Stansfield Turner
Officer's Bin
USO
Washington, D.C.

NEXT MONTH

Back to School

DORM-DAY SATURDAY
(Some students never adjust)

Uncontrollable, sex-crazed college professors

FASHION AND GROOMING

Princess Theresa's Back-to-School Heaps Etiquette Guide

What's happening on campus at this exact moment



separatim

Drake Secretarial School Class Reunion

Plus - COMPELLING WINNERS OF THE HUSBAND'S BUTT CONTEST

AMERICAN DISCIPLINE PROBLEMS' JUNIOR YEAR ABROAD IN SWITZERLAND



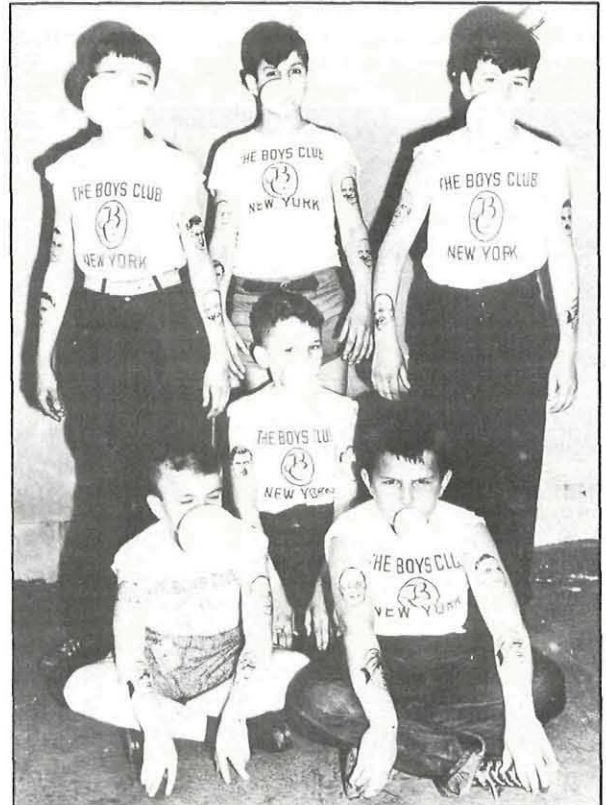
Honolulu, Hawaii Alice Louise Bibbing has been named this year's Pineapple Princess at the annual Pineapple Festival in the Hawaiian Islands. She'll reign over festivities at the Pineapple Ball and help entertain visiting foreign dignitaries. Princess Alice also intends to accompany Hawaii's Governor George R. Ariyoshi on a trip to Washington, D.C., where he'll seek federal disaster funds to aid Hawaiian pineapple growers, whose crop was completely destroyed by frost.



Colorado Springs, Colorado The MX missile program got off to a surprise start late last month when the navy tried to hide one of its PT boats in a garage in downtown Colorado Springs. Navy chief of information R. Adm. David M. Cooney explained, "We thought the navy was part of this program, too. We didn't know it was just for the air force. And we forgot it was supposed to be underground in New Mexico and not in a garage in the Rocky Mountains." Cooney feels the idea still has merit, however. "Because that's the last place the Russians are going to look for a PT boat. And if the air force wants to, it can hide some of its missiles in the bars where our sailors spend shore leave."



London, United Kingdom The latest British colony to achieve independence is tiny Lavalampa, located in Africa somewhere, or else in the Caribbean. Queen Elizabeth II is shown with Lavalampa's premier, Mr. Mufflehead, who has presented her with a gift of the nation's new flag, a living tree fungus. "We're not sure they're for real," said British prime minister Margaret Thatcher. "We think they might be just some people who want to get into U.N. parties and pee in the refreshments. But they said they wanted their independence, and we said, 'What the hey!'"



New York, New York Herbert Ensminger Jr., director of the New York City Boys Club, has been arrested on charges of child abuse. Ensminger reportedly tattooed likenesses of prominent political figures of the 1940s and '50s onto the arms of Boys Club members, then forced them to hold light bulbs in their mouths for as long as six hours. Ensminger offered a defense of "insanity—possibly temporary, possibly not," and is lecturing on "Etiquette of the Flag" at the Dalton School, pending his trial.

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your graduations and promotions.

Of course, no matter how brainy you are, you probably won't be able to figure out how every one of these Casios can be made so smart and cost so little.

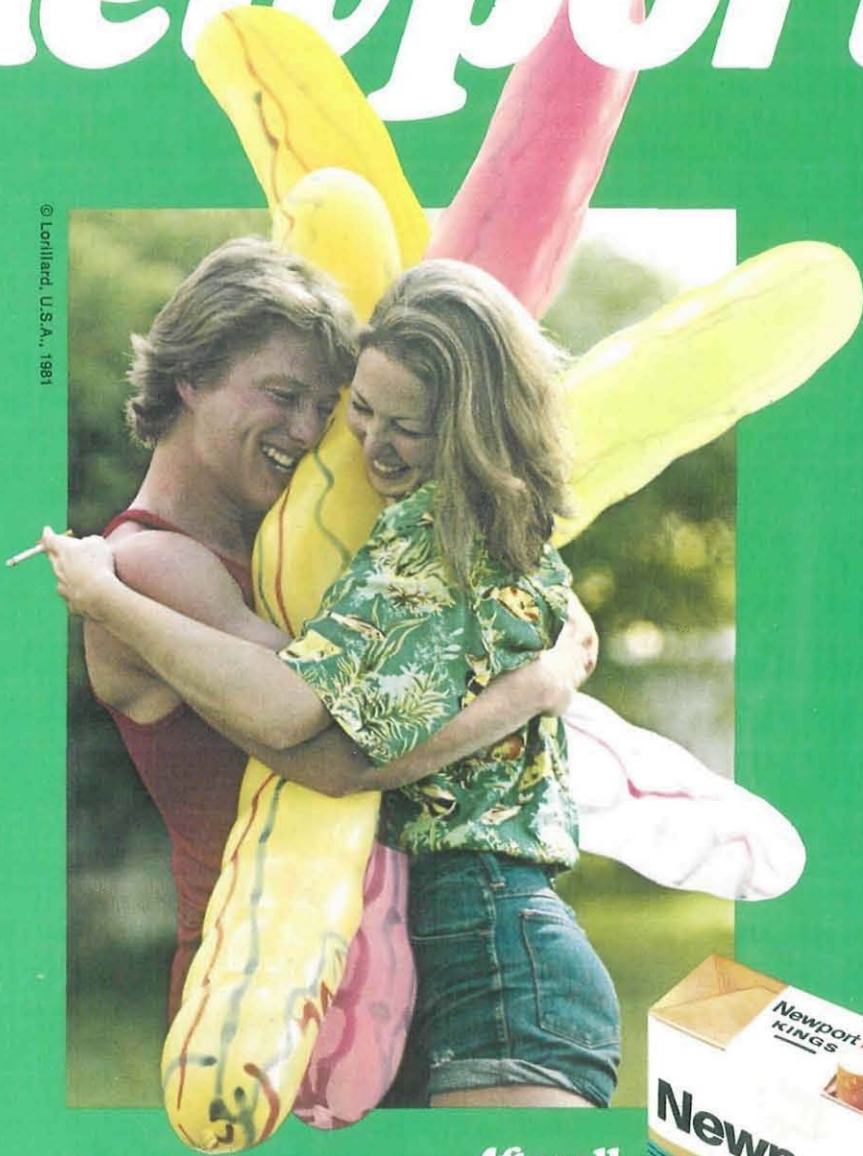
But since we've already done that, all you have to do is try one. After all, no two brains are alike.

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



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

17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1980.