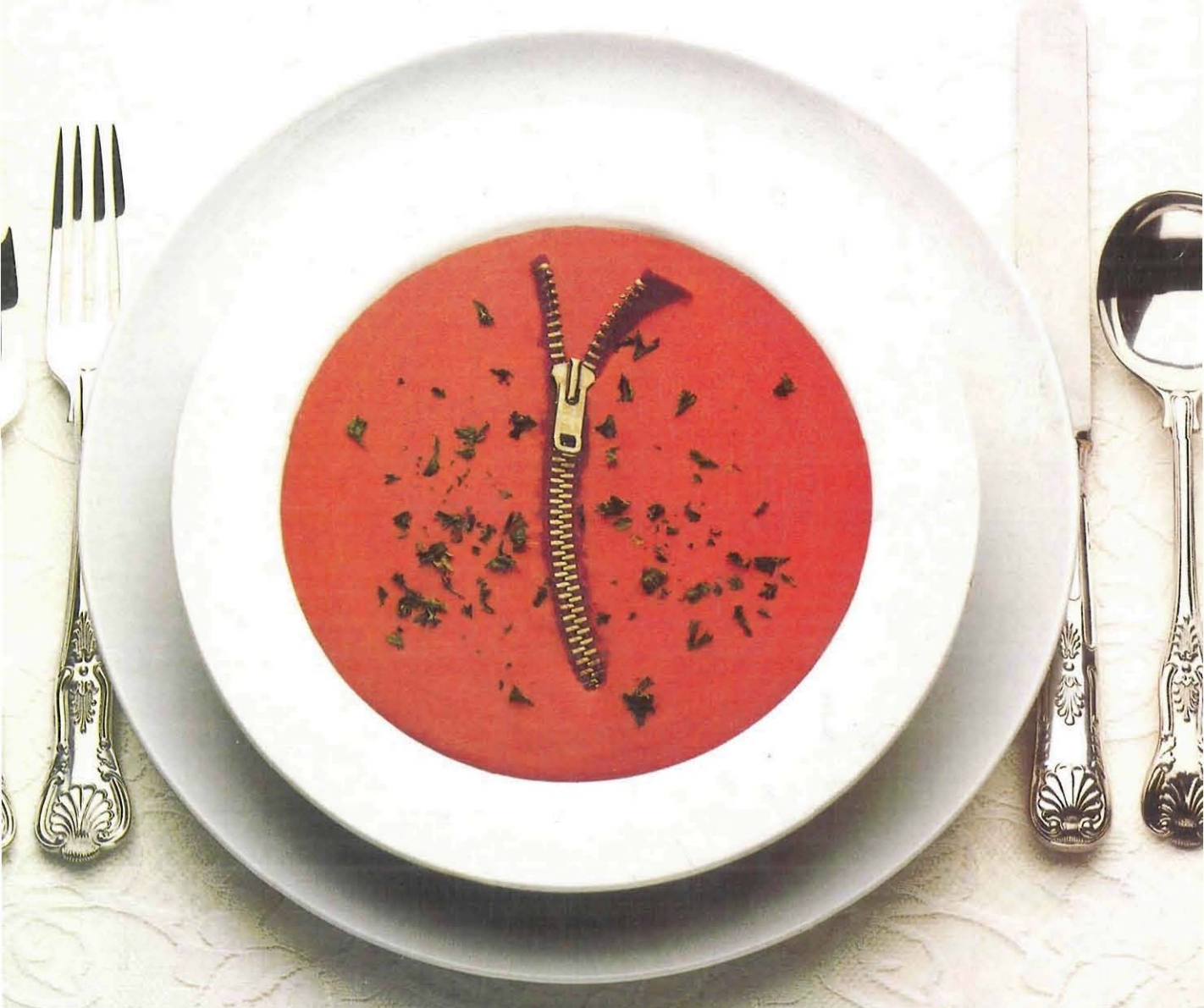


# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

Food Issue

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**Food & Track Magazine**  
**Commemorative Food Stamps**  
**The Beverly Sills Diet**



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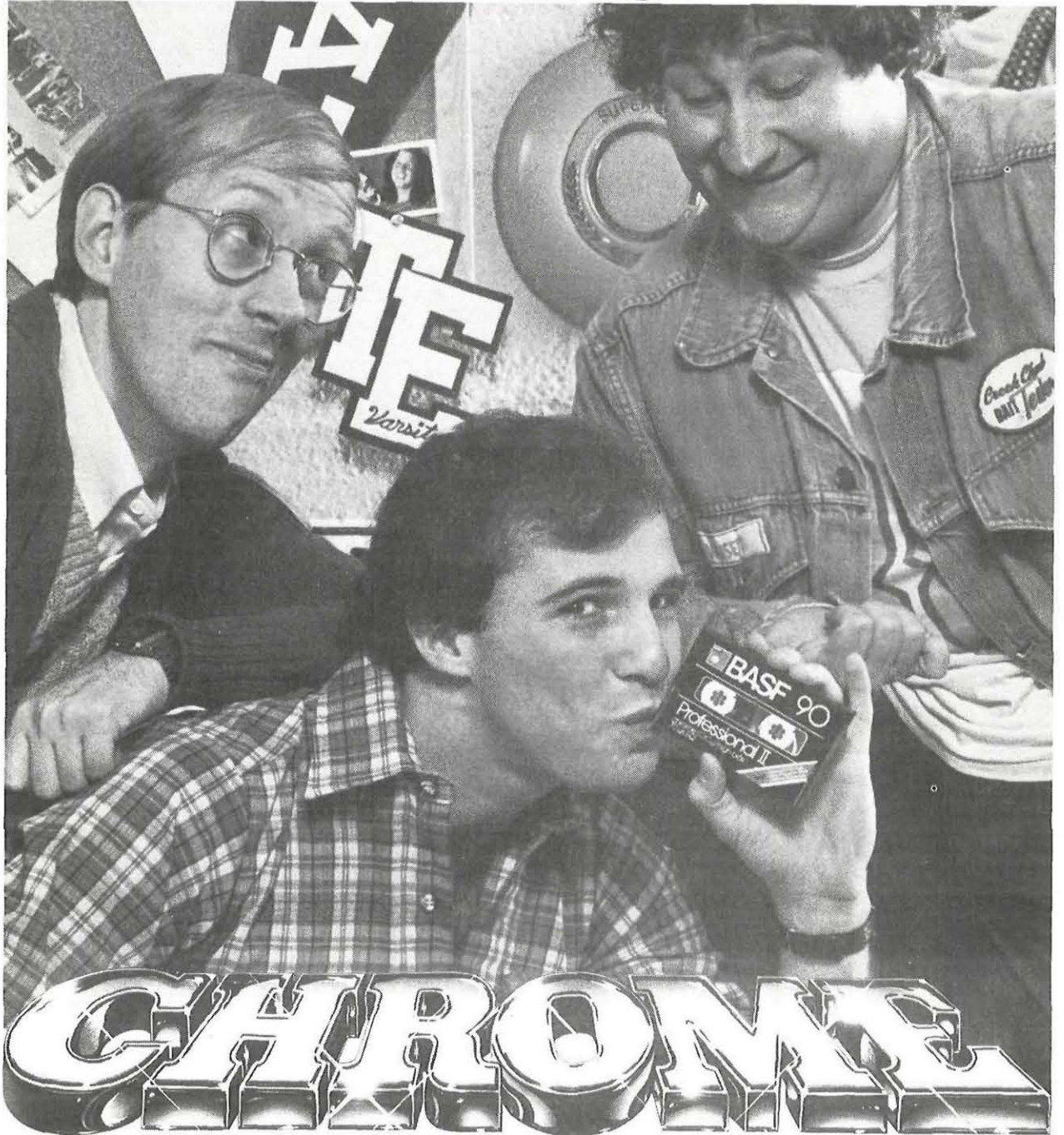
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THE DIAMOND STORE

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March 1982

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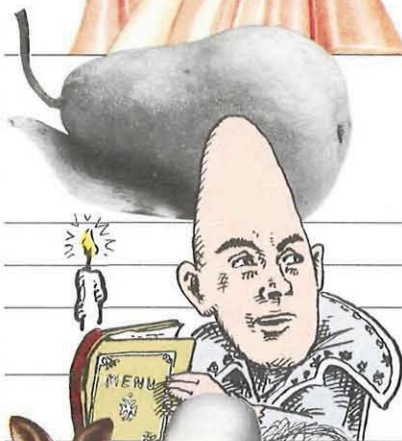
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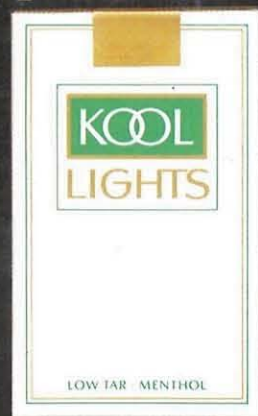
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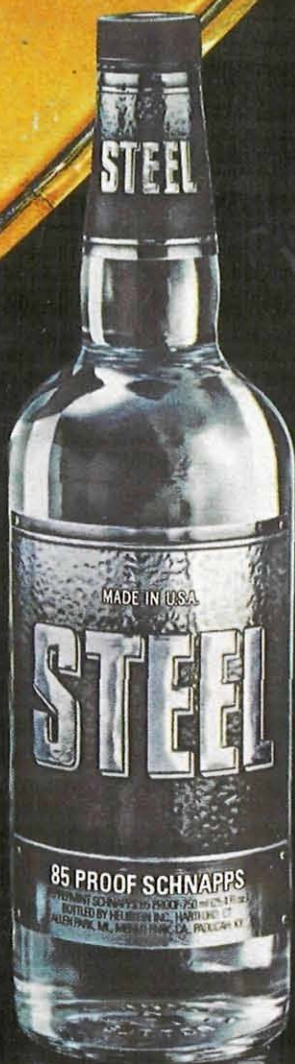
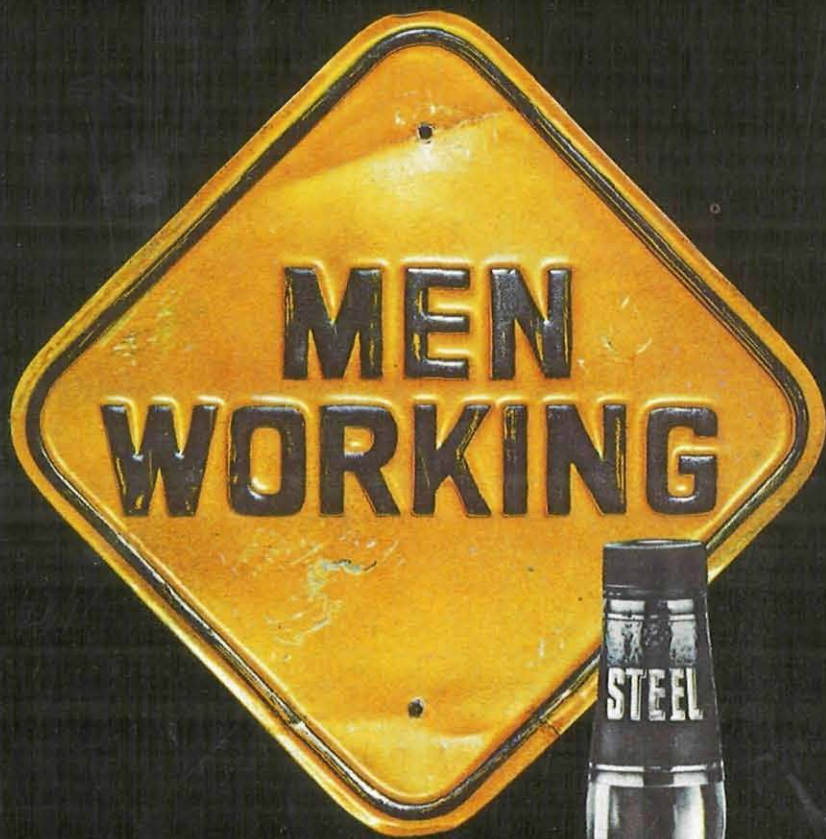
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# Editorial

Once again, our guest editorialist is Sissy Bledsoe, a twenty-three-year-old secretary-receptionist at National Lampoon.

ONE OF THE EDITORS TOLD me that the theme of the magazine this month is called "The Dark Side of Food," but I'm not sure what that means. In the first place, I don't understand how food could be dark in the sense of darkness as a figure of speech, like being in a "dark" mood or not knowing something and therefore being "in the dark." Obviously, food can't have moods, and it's pretty redundant to say that this or that piece of food doesn't know something, because food is dead and automatically doesn't know *anything*. So the only other possibilities I can imagine are that the dark side of food refers to food that's actually dark colored on one side, like Hostess Sno-Balls when you turn them upside down and see the chocolate-cake part, or food that's dark during a certain phase of its existence, such as when bananas turn black after they've gotten spoiled. In the case of the bananas, then, there would maybe be three sides to their lives—the green side, the yellow side, and the dark side. Why would anyone want to publish a whole magazine about things like black bananas? I asked one of the editors this question, so I could have some idea of what to write the editorial about, but he refused to even talk to me, because he said that I would have known more about the theme if I didn't take so many sick days, and that he and all the other editors didn't feel like wasting their time on secretaries who embezzle time from their employers. Well, that did it. It's bad enough that they personally humiliate me and criticize my work in the office, but to get mad at me even when I'm home in bed legitimately sick with gingivitis and an inflammation of the lungs is more than I have to take. So that's when I threw my cup of coffee down on the floor and grabbed my blouse off the office blouse rack and ran out to the elevator. But then these two guys in security-police uniforms blocked the



Friday, January 22, Sissy's desk is vacant for the tenth time this year.



Sissy's poor attendance record is questioned during her trial.

doors. They had black Vietnam rifles with the handle on the top, and silver-colored sunglasses. They put the sides of the rifles against my chest and forced me into a room by the supply closet, which has a reinforced steel-plate door with rivets all over it and a glass slit at the top, just like a cell at a prison. It was real cold. Steam was coming out of my nose and I was shivering, which was just about the worst thing for my lung inflammation. After about an hour or so, the security men put a hood over my head and dragged me in manacles up to the ninth floor. That's where the boardroom is, only there wasn't any furniture in it when I got there, except for a wooden chair in the center of the room and a little table in the shadows along the wall. "We'll try to make this as brief as possible," one of the editors of the magazine said from behind the little table. I said, "You don't pay me enough to put up with this," and I threatened to

quit right there on the spot unless they let me go. This time I was really serious. I would have walked out the door and never come back if they hadn't threaded my manacles through the back of the wooden chair. Then another one of the editors started pacing in circles around the chair while talking to the guys behind the table. "Before you stands Sissy Bledsoe," the editor said. "She is charged with abusing her sick-day privileges." I didn't know what in the world the guy was talking about, and couldn't have cared less, until they brought in my boyfriend, Ron. He looked like he could hardly stand up, like he was in a trance. I started screaming, but the security guys cut me off with the barrels of their guns. "We have one question for you," one of the editors said to Ron in a real soothing voice. "Was Sissy sick last Friday?" He shook his head "no" like a robot; then they led him out of the room. I couldn't believe he did that to me. "He's lying!" I shouted, but the editors weren't even listening to me. "You know, Sissy," one of them began, "when we look at an attendance record we can see more than the thieving of wages, for an empty desk at the office is but a small evidentiary stem rising above a vast tuber of extraoffice behavioral trash. We see beatings by boyfriends, Sissy. We see desperation implant surgery and abortions and legal entanglements, and in general a miserable, chaotic personal life that makes it impossible for you to function on any kind of organized schedule." Then one of the editors stood up behind the table. "It's no use holding back the truth any longer," he yelled, pointing his finger straight at me. It was all too much for me. I finally broke down and told them everything. Then when I was done, the editors just started laughing. They were laughing so hard that they bent over in their chairs and pumped their knees up and down. Some of them finally staggered to the door, still hysterically laughing, and after a while I was the only one left in the room. Then one of them poked his head back in the door and said, "Call downstairs and get me some lunch." How was I supposed to get his lunch, manacled to a chair? Can you believe it? How can anyone work for people like this? One of these days they're going to push just a little too far, and I'll be gone so fast, they won't know what hit them. ■





**Y**ou  
just became  
the first men  
to fly.  
And boy are  
your arms  
tired.

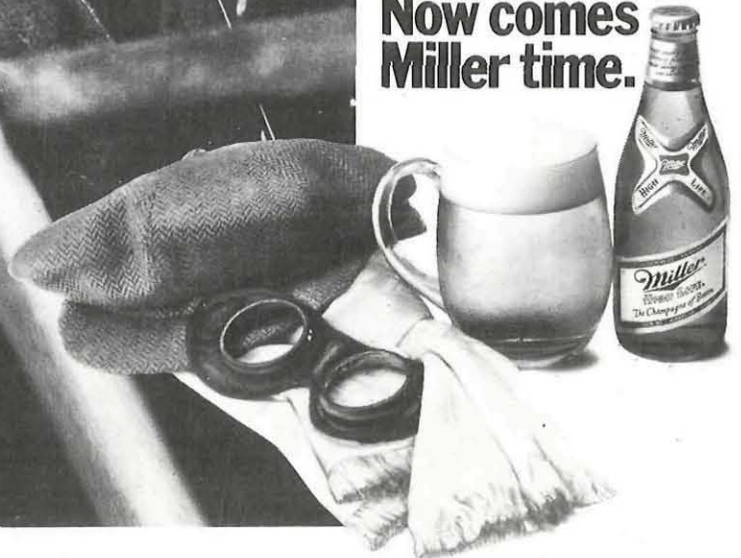
You flew from Kitty to  
Hawk.

And even though your  
luggage was lost, you  
still feel good.

Because now you  
can buzz unfriendly  
neighbors' houses.

And now you can  
drop water balloons on  
unsuspecting dogs.

**Now comes  
Miller time.**



# Letters

**S**IRS: I FEEL COMPELLED AT this time to announce the publication of my next book. It is a sequel to *The Silent Clowns*, my classic study of twenties comedians. The new volume, entitled *The Noisy Clowns*, will focus on comics of a later era. Who can forget Jo Anne Worley's melodious "Is that another chicken joke?," Lou Costello's haunting "Hey, Abbott, Frankenstein's after me," or John Belushi's strangely negative "But, no!?" Of course, a full fifty chapters will be devoted to Jerry Lewis. Buy it today!

WALTER KERR  
New York Times *Drama Critic*

Sirs:

Hey. I don't know if you print weird short stories, but this is so good, what the hell. See, there's this guy, right, who's really scared of the number 13. I mean terrified! Thinks it's unlucky or something. You figure it out. So, he gets up one morning and the date on the calendar is Friday the 13th. So then he has to go somewhere and it turns out to be on 13th Street! Starts to get good, don't it? So, it just happens to be on the 13th floor where he's goin', Room 1313! Shee-it. I'm scared myself! So the guy gets so shook up, he runs down the stairs into the street right into the path of a cross-town bus. Dies instantly. So guess what



the number of the bus is? Nope. Number 62! Wait, I'm not done! So the driver gets out, looks down at the body, and says, "Hope I don't lose my license. This is my 13th accident!" Pretty creepy, huh? If it helps, you can say it's a true story. I'll back you up.

RON POLO  
*Whynot, Mississippi*

Sirs:

I'm a rather paunchy English housewife, and I was in the market the other day squeezing melons, looking for a ripe one when—*whoops!*—I squeezed a bald man's head by mistake. No, I'm really a gardener, and today I turned my head to watch a pretty girl walk past and—*whoops!*—I stepped on a rake and

the handle popped up and whacked me in the face. No, actually I'm a woman with an enormously padded bust, and I say, "Many men may like me, but I do have my knockers." *Whoops!* I guess you would take that two ways. No, but to tell you the truth, all these people are just daft little me.

BENNY HILL  
*Jolly Old England*

Sirs:

To rent: attractive little green house. Located on Saint James Place. Free parking, RR both nearby. Rent: \$16/month, more for hotel. Apply:

PARKER BROTHERS  
*Atlantic City, N.J.*

Sirs:

I'm sure you were all surprised to see two notoriously bitchy prima donnas like Lillian Hellman and me getting along so well during the production of *Little Foxes*. Let me tell you, appearances can be deceiving. Every time the old bat would come out of her afternoon coma long enough to throw a senile tantrum, I had to pull out my biggest diamond—the one Richard gave me—and hypnotize her with it. Well, it never failed. The old dragon would lapse into a hypnotic trance, drooling with greed and envy. Still, it was the only way to keep old prune-mouth off my back.

LIZ TAYLOR  
*New York City*

Sirs:

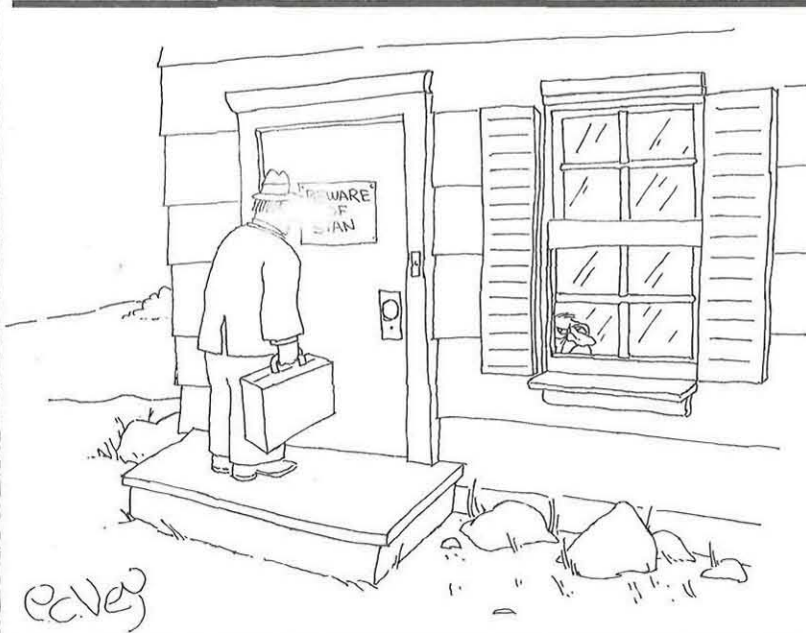
As soon as Liz Taylor was chosen for the lead, I knew I should have retitled my play *Little Bitches*. Once a Jewish princess, always a douche bag, I say. I'd pretend to sleep through rehearsals, till it got so bad I couldn't stand it, and then the frumpy idiot would show me one of her goddamn diamonds—probably a bribe from that lush, Burton—and I'd get so furious, all I could do was spit on the damn thing.

LILLIAN HELLMAN

Sirs:

I represent the Society of Fans Who Like to Walk on the Field During Baseball Games. And what I'd like to say is that it's a real big thrill making a complete asshole out of yourself in front of thirty thousand people (more with TV).

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)



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av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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*The pleasure is back.*  
**BARCLAY**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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# Open Page America

Welcome, once again, to talk magazine's number-one program, with your host, Wally Wing!

by Jefferson Springbok

**W**ELCOME TO THE show and thank you, Bert Levin, for that wonderful introduction. Before we begin, we'd like to mention this month's new outlets where you can pick up *National Lampoon* and talk magazine's best talk program. Only talk program. They are: Newley's Drugs, in Pontiac, Michigan; Qwik Mart, in Oklahoma City; Kansas Retail Discount, in Joplin, Missouri; and Buffalo News, in Buffalo, New York. Tonight we've got with us General Alexander Haig, secretary of state; Hugh Diggins, who will talk about the labor troubles in the soft-coal industry; and actress Brenda Vaccaro. We'll be taking your cards and letters in just a moment. But first, these news headlines from Bert Levin. Bert?"

*B.L.: Thank you, Wally. The Department of Commerce released its Septem-*



*ber building-trades figures today and it was revealed that no new housing was built last month. The figures show that the deep slump in the housing industry continues, with only three patios, a back porch, and a family-room addition being built during September. Polish labor leaders have called for a work stoppage next week if their demands for state-sponsored softball and bowling leagues are not met. President Reagan continues to make good progress in his recovery from the BB-gun wound in his left arm suffered during last week's visit to a Detroit elementary school. In sports, the*

*Toronto Blue Jays have declared themselves World Champions.*

"Thank you, Bert Levin. We're going to continue with Secretary of State Alexander Haig. Welcome to the show, General!"

*A.H.: Thank you very much, Wally. It's my sincere pleasure to participate in this outstanding forum.*

"Before we get to the mailbag, General. I have a question I'd like to ask. Have you ever shot a gun?"

*A.H.: Yes, I have, Wally. When I was a child, my father let me fire his shotgun.*

"But, you've never fired a weapon in combat?"

*A.H.: In absolute terms, no.*

"But you are a general?"

*A.H.: To the best of my knowledge, I am.*

"Okay, sir. Let's go to our audience, Newcastle, Pennsylvania, you're on with Alexander Haig."

*Mr. Haig?*

*A.H.: Yes? Hello?*

*Yeah, I've got a question. Do you do what Kissinger used to do?*

*A.H.: With regards to what? The discharge of duties as secretary of state?*

*No, do you date tall women?*

*A.H.: I'm married.*

"Thank you, Newcastle. Joining us now is tonight's special surprise guest, actor/comic/philanthropist Danny Thomas. Welcome to the show, Danny."

*D.T.: Thank you, Wally. Thank you very much. It's an honor to be on such a fine program as this. You're a great man and I'm proud of you.*

"Thank you very much. Before we get to our mailbag, I think Al Haig has a question he'd personally like to ask you, General?"

*A.H.: Thank you, Wally. Danny, for many years I enjoyed your "Make Room for Daddy" televised comedic-format presentation—and admired your efficacy in terms of dramatic impact, but in recent years I've had occasion to visually scan*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)





“9 to 5 I sell stocks.  
Weekends, I bust loose with my buddies & Cuervo.”



**BUST LOOSE!**  
**CUERVO & ROCKS**



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## Open Page

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)  
rerun television, specifically "The Andy Griffith Show," and I've noticed that that television program was manufactured, if that's the correct term, in association with a firm bearing your name. My question is, was that your name, and if so, was that your firm, and thirdly, is Andy Griffith as nice a fella as portrayed on that particular televised series?

D.T.: I'm glad you asked that, Al. When I was a child, growing up, we were not rich. In those days a kid did what he had to help out his family. All I wanted to be as a child was an actor. In those days you worked in vaudeville, clubs—for

years and years. You paid your dues, so to speak. Not like today, where young people get instant exposure and...

"Excuse me, Hibbing, Minnesota, you're on with General Alexander Haig and Danny Thomas."

Yeah, Danny?

D.T.: Yes? God bless you. What's your question?

Danny, how much money do you make off that hospital you started?

D.T.: I'm glad you asked that. My close personal friend George Burns. Isn't he marvelous? So spry and witty at his age? It only goes to show what life can be like when you make up your mind to live every moment to the fullest.

"Las Vegas, Nevada, go ahead."  
Danny?

D.T.: Yes? God bless you for writing in.

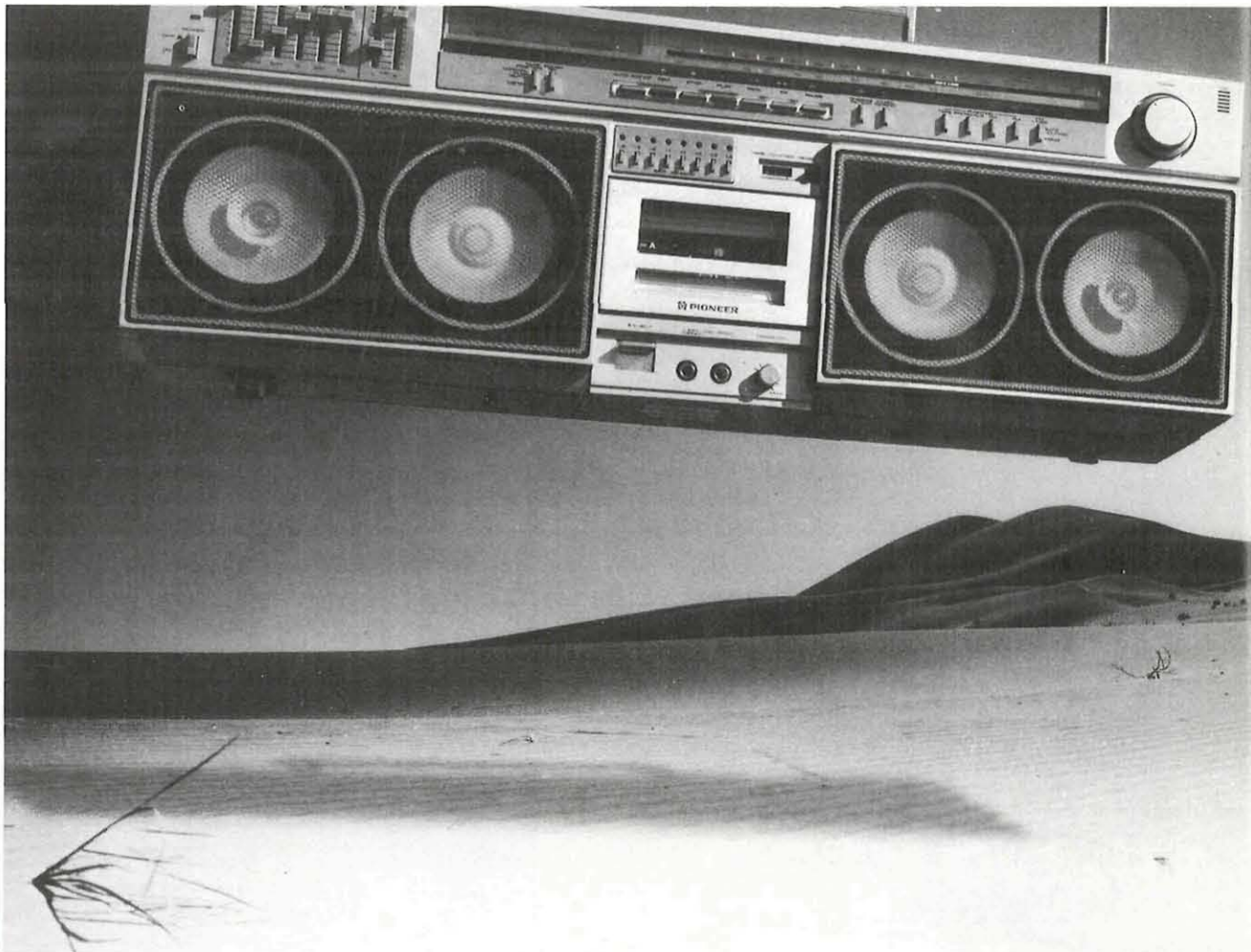
My name is Cherry. You might remember me?

D.T.: Yes, and I'm happy to hear from you, thank you.

Yeah, but about the money you owe me?

D.T.: I also want to thank you for your generous donation to the Saint Jude's Children's Hospital. Wally, can I take a few minutes to talk about the work that's being done at that marvelous hospital?

"We've got a lot of letters to go through. Perhaps a little later. Hello, Chicago, Illinois. You're on with Al Haig and



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Danny Thomas:"

*Yeah, what it is. I want to talk about Earl Butz. I'm in prison here, and Earl, he spent thirty days here for not paying no income taxes, and I want to relate to y'all a little bit about his first day in the joint, man. We was waitin' on his ass, you understand. Y'all remember that joke he told about tight shoes. Earl wasn't do no kinda laughin' here, man. I seen him the first day and I went up to his ass an' I said, "Mr. Earl! What's happenin', baby? Y'all got a joke for me?" Earl, man, he started lookin' around for a guard. You understand, he were scared. I said, "Man, us niggers love them stories you tell at them cocktail parties." Niggers from all over the yard surrounded his ass. He didn't have no jokes for us. Said he*

*couldn't think of no jokes at the moment. I said, "Man, you think up a joke or you're going to collect on a ass beatin'." He seen a guard, you see, and yelled out, "Help me, help me!" But damn if that guard just turned away. See, he were a nigger too. No help for Mr. Earl in the joint, man. The bottom line, Jack, was twenty-seven brothers and Mr. Earl. It gonna be a long time before Mr. Earl tell another nigger joke. Matter of fact, it gonna be a long time before that motherfucker smile at all. Or even be able to sit his ass down. We done tore his ass up but good. No, man, Mr. Earl Butz, he got hisself a new understandin' of the black man.*

*"Do you have a question?"*

*I got lots of questions, motherfucker.*

*"Do you have a question for our guests?"*

*Shee-it.*

*"All right, thank you. Washington, D.C., you're on with Al Haig and Danny Thomas."*

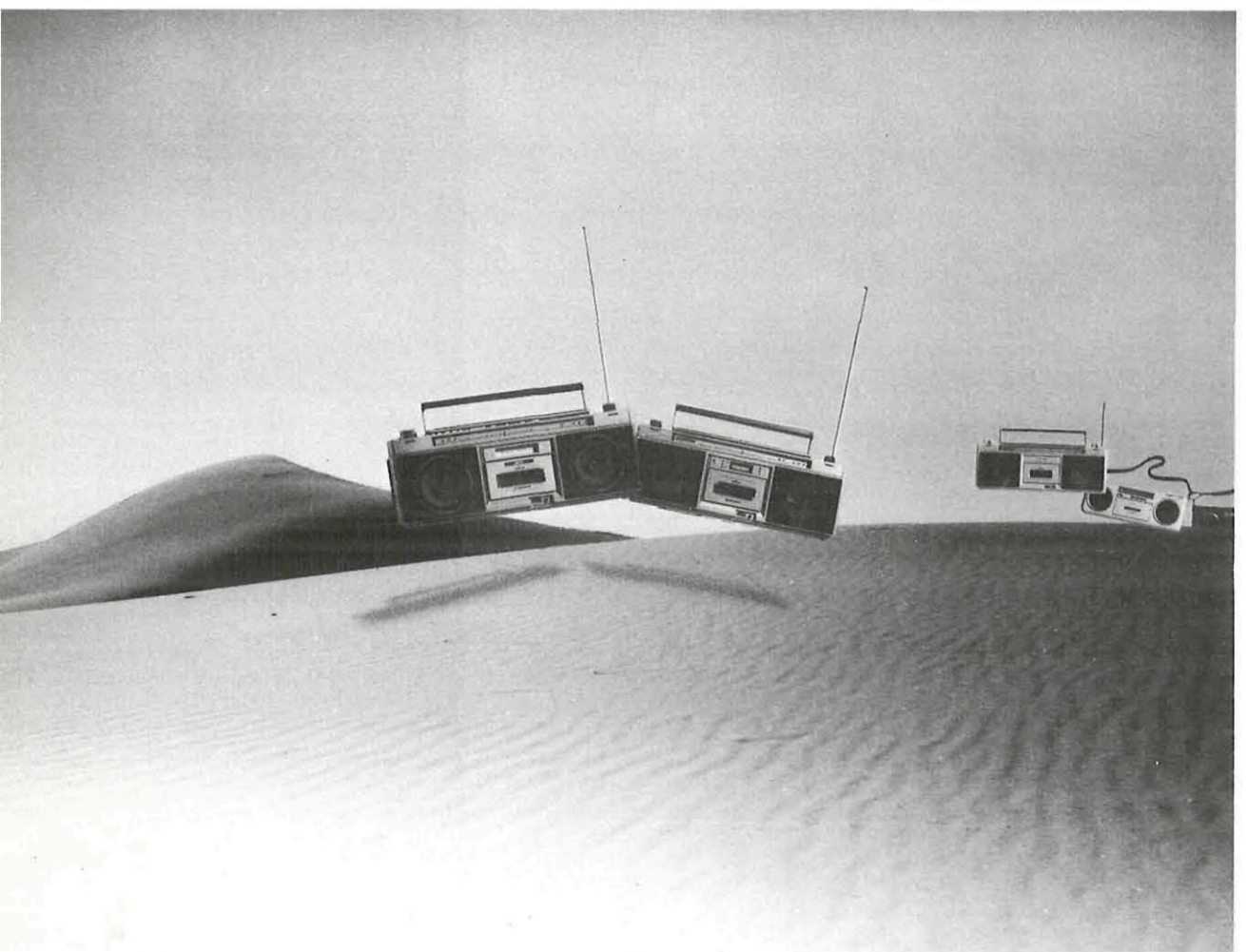
*I have a question for General Haig. I assume you support the administration's U.N. vote to censure the Israelis for their illegal bombing raid on the...*

*"Senator Kennedy? Without sounding disrespectful, sir, this program wishes not to get into partisan politics."*

*I'm asking as a private citizen, Wally.*

*"Senator, it has been our policy..."*

*(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)*



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## Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

I'm not kidding. It gives me the greatest high in the world to leave my expensive seat and disrupt an event that people have paid good money to watch. And when some wise-guy TV commentator sees me and remarks, "Looks like this fella's gonna spend a night in jail," well, that's just plain wrong. We *don't* spend a night in jail, and we *do* get laid by groupies who want to touch the bodies that have touched the field. So there.

FIELDING FAN,

President

*Society of Fans Who Like to  
Walk on the Field During  
Baseball Games*

Sirs:

I was *enthralled, delighted, enchanted, amused* by your last letter. The writing was *one of the finest performances of the year*; had it been a screenplay, instead of a letter, it would have been a *sure contender for an Academy Award*. If I were filming the letter, I would cast *four stars* of great talent to play the lead roles, and I am sure they would *light up the screen with their per-*

*formances, which would be the best of this or any other century.*

Return unused portions of this letter, along with shill fee, to:

REX REED,

*The Ad Writer's Film Critic*

Sirs:

I must be the world's champion make-out artist. I get kissed by different girls at least five times a day, and boy is it great. Often, I'll "swap saliva" with *pairs of sisters*. Sometimes with their mothers! Anything but Negresses. Why, most people don't know this, but occasionally I even get tongue. I say.

RICHARD DAWSON

*"Family Feud"*

Sirs:

I work for the finest TV station in the country, but you've probably never heard of me. How come? We broadcast on Channel 1. None of you viewers seem able to find us on your dials. Last week, you missed some real classics. *Hamlet*, starring Richard Burton, Dame May Whitty, and Sir Laurence Olivier; and a comedy special with Rodney Dangerfield, Woody Allen, and Mël Brooks, to name but two. The rating for each of these shows was exactly

the same: zero. If only you people knew what you're missing.

ROBERT J. MARRA,

*Station Manager, Channel 1*

Sirs:

Did you know that I've discovered a new game fish that's better than a marlin or a sailfish or anything else ever caught? I just brought one in off the coast of Florida, after about a six-hour fight. I call it a Haitian. You can find these fellas almost everywhere between Miami and the West Indies, usually in schools of about forty or fifty. You might ask, "What's so special about a Haitian?" Well, mainly, they'll battle you longer than an ordinary fish. A marlin, for example, will run out of gas soon as you bring him alongside the hull. But these Haitians'll keep going right up on the deck. I had to fight mine all the way into the cabin before I finally put an ax handle against his head and knocked him down into the hold. I knew this was a pretty damned tough fish, but I didn't realize how tough until we cut him open and found a digestive tract that would nauseate a shark. Aside from the usual inventory of shoes and tin cans, I pulled out three or four other Haitians, the entire stern



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MAN: Tell me, what can I get for two pounds?  
 WAITER: One pound.  
 MAN: I beg your pardon?  
 WAITER: I said, one pound.  
 MAN: What do you mean, one pound?  
 WAITER: You pay us two pounds, we pay you a pound in return. Simple as that.  
 MAN: This is silly!  
 WAITER: Sorry. Can't be helped.  
 MAN: All right, suppose I take my business elsewhere?  
 WAITER: That'll cost you twenty bob.  
 MAN: What?!!  
 WAITER: I said, that'll cost you twenty bob.  
 (Continues ad infinitum)

**Woody Allen (excerpt from new book, *Celebrity Intellectual*)**

When I was growing up in Brooklyn, there was this really high-priced restaurant near my home. Eating there was so expensive, the only thing you could get for two bucks was a dollar. Of course, this restaurant wasn't as bad as eternal nothingness, but on the other hand, you had to wear a tie.

**Scene from Cheech and Chong movie (*Cheech is leaving restaurant, Chong is preparing to go in*)**

CHEECH: Hey, don't go in there, man. That place is really expensive.  
 CHONG: Really, man?  
 CHEECH: Yeah, man.  
 CHONG: Can I get anything there for two bucks?  
 CHEECH: I don't know, man. I spent all my money on grass.  
 CHONG: Oh, is there a pusher in the bathroom, man?  
 CHEECH: Yeah, man. But don't buy anything from him. All the grass I bought turned out to be rolled-up grass from the ground, man, not marijuana, as I had expected.  
 CHONG: Bummer, man.

**"Saturday Night Live" skit, circa 1978**

BARBARA WALTERS (in restaurant): This westauwant is weally expensive! What can I get for two bucks?  
 RESTAURANT OWNER: Cheeseburger, cheeseburger, chips.

**Steve Martin restaurant skit, later in same "Saturday Night Live" episode**

STEVE (playing a waiter): Can I help you, sir?  
 CONEHEAD CUSTOMER: I would like some protoid capsules. What can I buy for two dollars?  
 STEVE: A dollar.  
 CONEHEAD CUSTOMER: That is ridiculous.  
 STEVE: Well, ex-cuse me!  
 (End of skit.)



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# The Triumphant Return of Tippy Wolff

Approached by a nun in  
a restaurant, he cries,  
"Waiter, I didn't order  
penguin!"  
by Michael Reiss

**I**N 1980, A SMALL LOS ANGELES theater began "Tippy's Memorial Film Festival," a retrospective on the career of Tippy Wolff, the Poor Comedian. Shabbier than Chaplin's Little Tramp, grouchier than Groucho, the ragged Wolff was America's most beloved movie clown during the late 1930s and early forties. And when last year's crowds of old folks and youngsters, celebrities and nobodies, packed the theater every night, they were pleased to discover that Tippy's old films are as funny today as they were five or six years ago.

One visitor to the Wolff festival was Dick Cavett, who lamented, "If only there were men like Tippy alive today, how entertaining, how fascinating my show might be." Steve Allen, another fan, remarked, "Tippy Wolff was the greatest comic mind of our century, present company excepted. He is sorely missed." And Tippy Wolff, who also attended the festival, noted, "But I'm still alive." The embarrassed theater owners quickly apologized to Wolff for their "memorial," explaining, "When you don't see a guy for thirty years, you just assume he's dead." But pretty far from being dead, Tippy was simply very, very, very old.

Tippy Wolff was born Yussel Schmuell Bergsteinowitz to Jewish parents in 1902. At age ten he left his home on New York's Lower East Side to pursue a career in vaudeville. Billing himself as "Dippy Foxx and His Untrained Rats," the young comedian was paid by theater owners to throw live rats into the audience in order to clear the house between shows. Later he joined a minstrel show, but he was unable to afford



makeup and had to call himself "Kippy Dogg, the Albino Blackface Comic." For the next twenty years he bounced among the various vaudeville circuits, searching for an act, a persona, even a name that would catch on. Lippy Lionn, Chippy Fishh, Zippy Bulll.

But finally the struggling comic struck it rich as "Tippy Wolff, the Poor Man's Poor Man." Striding onto the vaudeville stage, his ragged clothes and worn-out shoes a counterpoint to his regal bearing, he would shower the crowd with blisteringly funny put-downs: "Is this an audience or a compost heap? I mean really, no one told me I was playing to a roomful of retards." The audiences almost always roared with laughter. When they did not, Tippy had only to indicate his shabby apparel and apologize. "Forgive me—I'm poor." It was an excuse Depression-era crowds understood all too well, and they loved Tippy for it.

In 1934, Wolff appeared in his first motion picture. He was teamed with fellow vaudevillians Eddie Cantor, Georgie Jessel, and Fanny Brice in M-G-M's musical comedy *Big Parade of Jews*. Despite stiff competition, Tippy

managed to steal the show with his song "I Love the India Rubber Lady." An enchanting little ballad, it was to become his trademark:

*Once, I was a philandering playboy  
A two-timing no-account wretch  
Now I love the India Rubber Lady  
We've been going out for quite a stretch*

*Oh, of all of the girls in the freak show  
She's the only one for whom I'd fall  
Someday we'll have our own  
bouncing baby*

*But right now we just have a ball  
No I couldn't replace her  
My human eraser  
I love my Rubber maid best of all*

The song and Tippy Wolff were instant successes and the public cried out for more. Tippy quickly landed an M-G-M contract, one which required him to make six hundred comedy shorts over a two-year period. Though the films turned out somewhat rough and unpolished, they still bore the inimitable Tippy Wolff Touch. He had refined his vaudeville style into a rat-a-tat-tat comedic technique, firing off deadly one-liners that tore through the soft flesh of pretension with the shrapnel of truth. In one film he says to a fat dowager, "Hey, Jumbo. You want a peanut?" In another, he asks a very thin old woman, "Are you an umbrella or what?" No cow was too sacred for Tippy's comedic butcher knife, as evidenced by his scathing indictment of organized religion in *Topsy Tippy*. Approached by a nun in a restaurant, he cries, "Waiter, I didn't order penguin!"

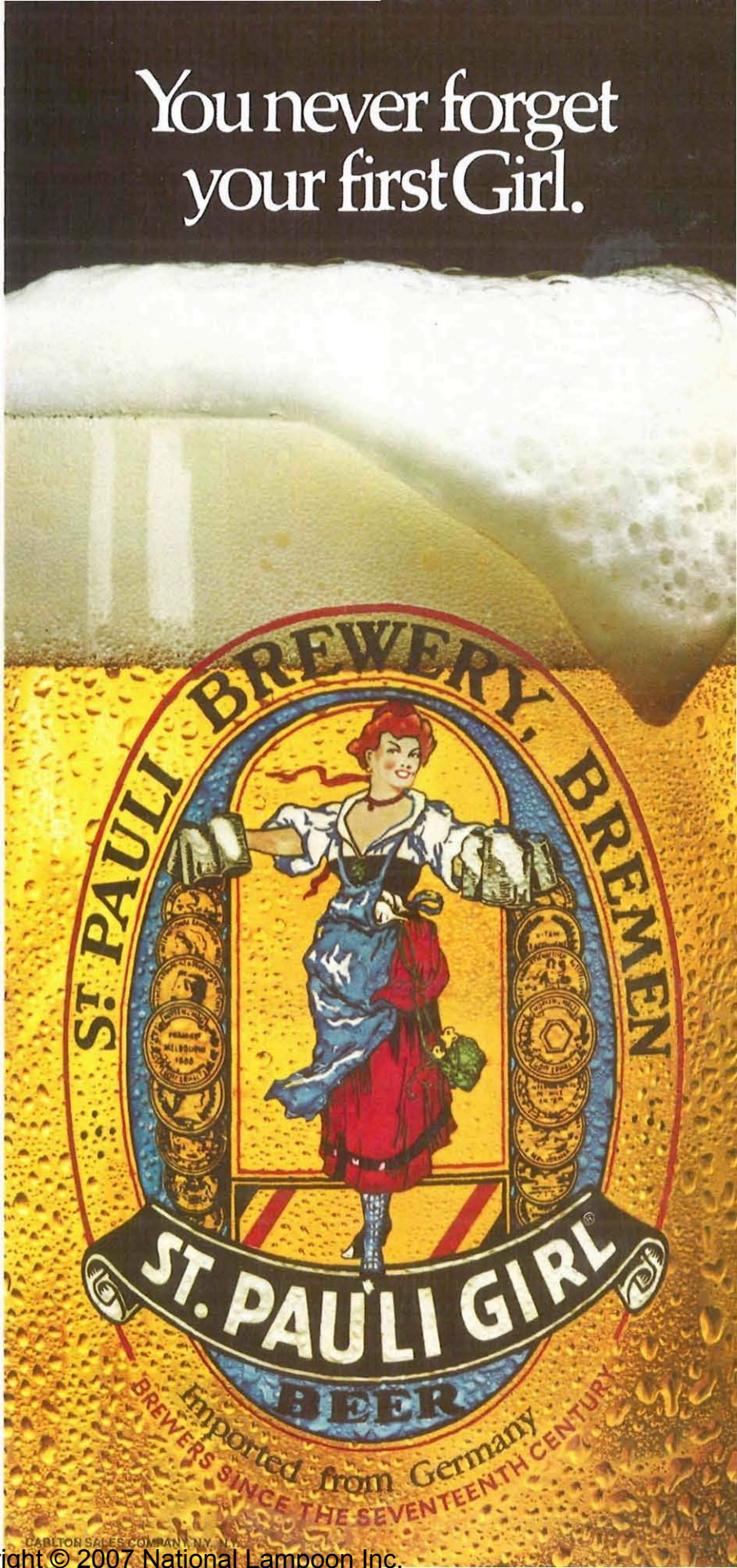
But it was not until his first feature film that Wolff developed his most famous shtick. The movie was *Tippy or Not Tippy*; and he portrayed a hammy Shakespearean actor: midway through a soliloquy, he is sapped on the head by a sandbag and he falls flat on his face. But what a fall! Tippy fell with the precision of a Mexican cliff diver, with the natural poetry of a leaf drifting to the ground, with the sheer majesty of a giant redwood toppling in the forest.

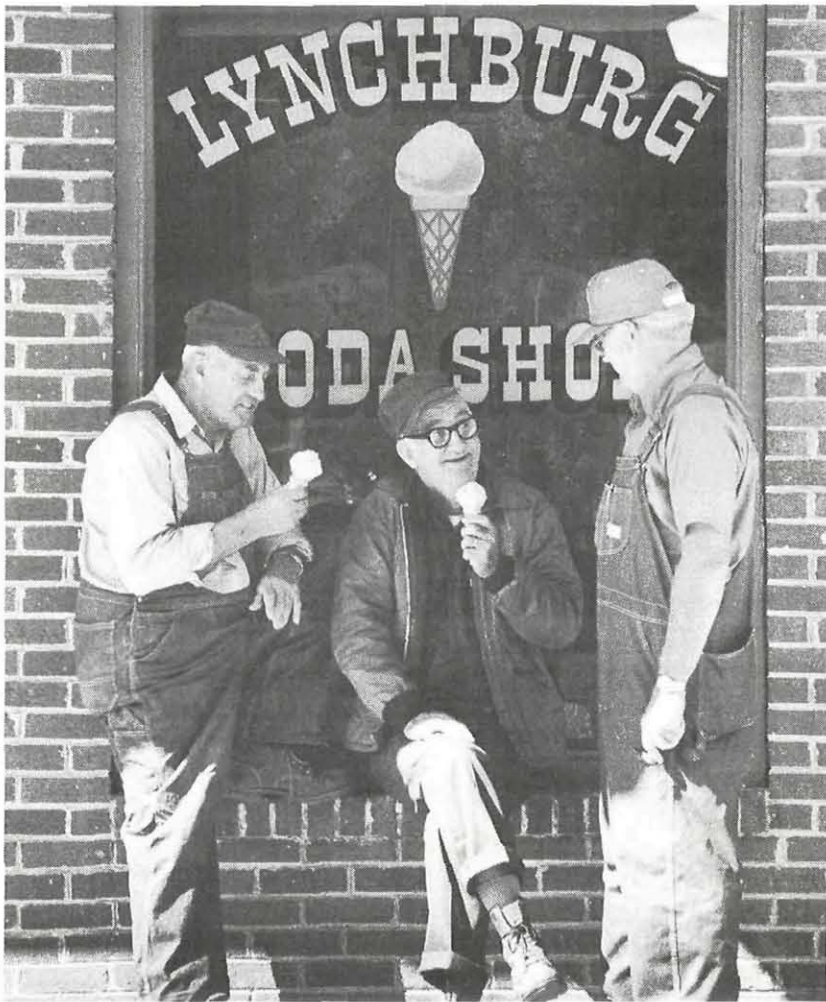
# You never forget your first Girl.

The bit was so popular he used it in every one of his subsequent films. If the script was particularly weak (as with *Tippy Boils Water*), he would do it as many as twelve times in a single picture. Whether he was conked on the head by a barber pole (in *Tippy's Clip Shop*), a magic lamp (in *Tippy's Harem-Scarem*), or a tree branch (in *Tippy's Canoe*), he managed to display the same balletic grace, as he fell flat on his face to the floor/Persian rug/riverbed. And the phrase "Tippy tip over" became the watchword of the late 1930s. Brave Americans, caught in the grip of the Great Depression, would dismiss their worst misfortunes—crop failure, unemployment, polio, starvation, infant mortality—with a stoic wave of the hand and those three simple words: Tippy tip over. In 1937, when the Hindenburg exploded over Lakehurst, New Jersey, dozens of newspapers headlined the tragedy BLIMPIE TIP OVER. More than a cheap joke, it was a reassurance to the public, saying, "Sure it was sad, but at least it was mostly Germans on board."

During World War II, Wolff reigned as the clown king of Hollywood. Performing at the White House in 1943, he kidded FDR, quipping, "Anyone got a nickel for the cripple?" Then he pointed to the first lady, adding, "And someone put a muzzle on that dog!" The president roared with laughter and invited Tippy to fall flat on his face in the Oval Office anytime. Hundreds of parents named their children after the beloved comedian (among these children are Tip O'Neill and Wolfman Jack), and the term "Tippy-top" was coined to describe his level of popularity. Perhaps Tippy's finest tribute came from General Douglas MacArthur. In 1945, when Japanese diplomats were boarding the battleship *Missouri* to sign surrender papers, MacArthur tripped them, one by one. The general apologized profusely, calling it a series of unfortunate accidents. Then he turned to his aides and giggled, "Nippy tip over."

Just two years later, Tippy's career, like the careers of so many Hollywood stars, was shattered when he appeared before the House Un-American Activities Committee. At the time, Wolff did not seem to understand the gravity of the situation, and he treated the hearings with his customary razor-sharp wit, addressing committee members as "Representative Fishface" and "Senator Clamechowderbrains." He repeatedly tried to send Committee Chairman J. Parnell Thomas out for coffee, and at one point asked him, "Are you a human Mr. Potatohead or what?" Wolff received hearty laughs from the gallery





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The county where we make our whiskey is dry. (It voted that way in 1909.) So when folks have a friendly chat, it's usually over ice cream or soda. Of course, we hope the law isn't as binding in your hometown. And that, at your next friendly get-together, a glass of Jack Daniel's will be somewhere in the picture.



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and three years in prison for contempt of Congress.

When he was freed in 1950, Tippy Wolff found himself alone, forgotten, branded as a Communist, and unable to find work. Aside from a tribute in 1963 by the French Academy of Film Critics, who hailed Wolff as the "greatest pioneering genius in American film comedy, next to Martha Raye," he spent the past three decades in complete obscurity. So it was not until that 1980 Tippy Wolff memorial film festival was held that he felt compelled to tell the world he was not dead yet.

The media treated Wolff's seeming return from the grave with the same excitement and awe as the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls: for though he was less than half as old as the Scrolls, he was at least twice as funny. His films from the 1930s, with their high comedy and low rental fees, began playing at revival houses across the country. Costume dealers sold hundreds of old shoes and tons of torn rags as Tippy Wolff "Poor Man" outfits. And the public clamored for him to return to show business.

That's when a young businessman named Sidney Brillbuilding asked the aged Wolff if he wanted to do a one-man show—in Carnegie Hall! Brillbuilding, a lifelong fan of Tippy, volunteered to handle the business end of things, all for the honor of working with his childhood idol, plus 60 percent of the gate. Tippy gladly accepted. Except for selling his blood, this would be the only respectable employment he had in thirty years.

Of course, he was not quite the same Tippy of four decades before. One of his eyes was clouded over by cataracts. His hair and teeth were gone. He had lost a leg. And there were vast gaps in his memory and concentration, and a slurring to his speech, all attributable to a long career of getting smacked on the head and falling flat on his face. These handicaps made it very difficult for Tippy to order coffee, much less put on a one-man show. But he persisted, endlessly rehearsing a showcase of nostalgic vaudeville tunes and spicy anecdotes about his contemporaries, the great and the near great, the dead and the near dead. He spent a full week developing his opening, a one-liner sharp enough to show the crowd he still had his rapierlike wit, and salty enough to inform them that he was a hipper Tippy than ever. He planned to walk out onstage, gaze at the crowd, and open with "Waiter, I didn't order a roomful of shitheads!"

It was Standing Room Only at Carnegie Hall the night of the show. Four  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

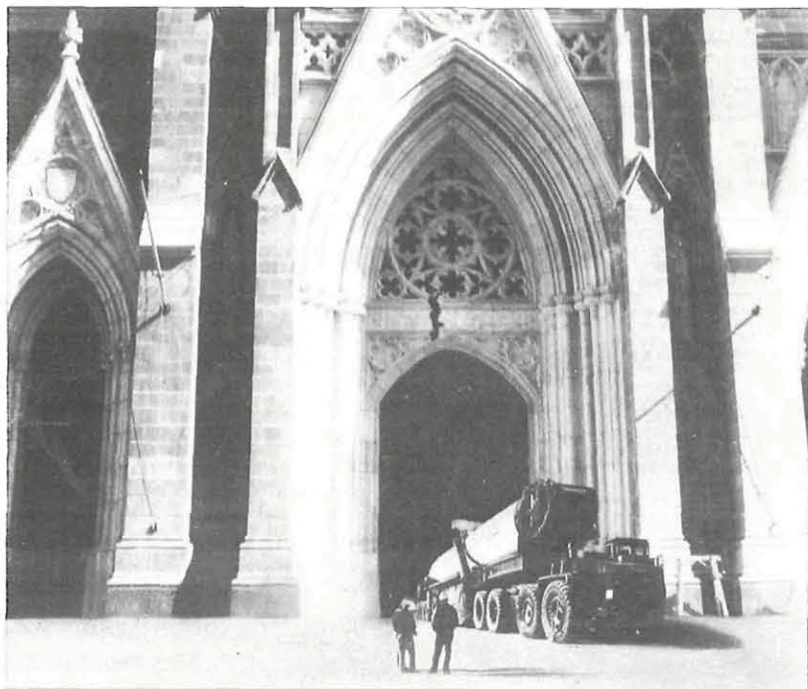
# TIME OF THE MONTH

PLANET

## NATO Says, "We're Going MX"

*An imaginative move to  
calm nuke-wary Euro-rabble*

**Y**IELDING TO STENTORIAN AND increasingly violent swells of resistance to its plan to base hundreds of Pershing and Cruise missiles on European soil, NATO commanders have agreed to abandon these missiles altogether and, in their stead, hide one thousand gigantic MX missiles, in cathedrals. "This way," NATO sources explain, "we are assured that the Soviets will not try to destroy our missiles. If the Russians know that our one thousand missiles are concealed in a network of, say, ten thousand medieval cathedrals, then they will be forced to leave us and our missiles alone, because of the risk of blowing up a magnificent treasure of Western civilization that doesn't even have a missile in it. Imagine how foolish the Russians would feel if they demolished the great cathedral at Chartres, for example, and there was no rocket inside. It would then be nothing more than a senseless desecration of a structure of incalculable aesthetic importance to our culture. The Russians could not do such a thing. They would earn our contempt: they would become a villain in the eyes of the civilized world, and that would humiliate them. The Russians are a proud nation. They do not want to be hated or to be made the fool. And doubly the fool, at that, because not only would they have recklessly obliterated a wonderful building, but we might still have our missiles—unless, of course, they were to blow up all of our treasured cathedrals, which would be unthinkable." ■



*Church and state—together again.*

DOMESTICANA

## Nancy's Loose Talk

*A stunning confession and another session at the woodshed*

*"Candor is the most succinct and effective means of convincing a stupid person that the second lie you're telling him is more truthful than the first."*

—William "Boss" Tweed, 1861

**B**UT THEN THE PRESS AND THE public got smart, and soon after, politicians countered by redefining candor as "telling the truth on the assumption that a stupid listener will suspect that you are lying and thus presume the actual truth lies somewhere along the lines of the lie that you would have told him if you'd thought that he would have believed it." It is apparent, however, that the people and the press

have wised up anew, and are now seizing upon the so-called candid disclosures of their leaders as absolutely true.

Last November they bought David Stockman's private revelations of hypocrisy and disillusion; and lately the nation has been served up another hot and steamy bowl of candor, this time from First Lady Nancy Reagan, in April's *Atlantic Monthly* sizzler "Fraud Princess—I've Never Believed in My Husband." The article describes her first glimmer of disaffection, the day Nancy and Ron were married nearly twenty-five years ago. "I'm a depressive," Nancy draws through what the writer

describes as a "vapor of refrigerator wine." "I've often thought of life as a howling black hole," she says, "pocked with tiny specks of false encouragement amidst a crush of despair. When Ron told me, the night of our wedding, how he wanted to do something for the betterment of society, I began to wonder what kind of giddy duncie I was involved with."



Nancy Reagan tells Atlantic Monthly, "I've never believed in my husband... I enjoy drugs."

Expectably, the president was embarrassed, if not outright infuriated. Nancy's admissions that she has and always will maintain a deep, cringing disdain for handicapped people; that she enjoys narcotic drugs and believes that she will one day die from them; that she would like most to have sexual relations with Keith Richards, Ricky Schroeder, and the devil; that she is a physically dirty person who has performed the bulk of her duties as first lady in a filthy, foul-smelling condition; and that she regards her husband as a "simp" and a "dumb dog with his tongue hanging mindlessly from his head" have caused more than a few White House aides to wonder how much more candor the Reagan presidency can stand. "Nancy had been quite valuable to this administration," one staffer declared. "But now she's just another ugly problem." ■

## ROYAL MONSTERS

### It's a Ghoul

**L**AST WEEK, ENGLAND'S Princess Diana received the results of a series of medical tests describing the health of her unborn child, which is expected in June. The doctors' findings were rather mixed: the baby will be a healthy, eight-pound hound from hell. Though blessed with its mother's attractive, shag-cut hair, the demon-child is cursed with venomous fangs, incipient horns, black leathery wings, and Prince Charles's outsized ears. "It's an odious, foul-looking, repulsive abomination," said a physician looking at the X rays. "Reminds me of Princess Margaret as a child."

The royal family was not as distressed as they should have been by this news. "We just saw *Omen III* on the telly," Diana remarks. "There, the devil baby grows up to be president of the United States." "That sure beats king," adds Charles. The child's surprising appearance has caused the royal couple to



As the future king of England, the royal baby will have its handsome visage grace all British stamps and coins.

rethink their choice for its name. "I was planning on calling him Charles IV," the prince remarks. "But now Osmodious seems more fitting. It's Greek for red-eyed vomit eater."

The baby's odd appearance, however, has caused some to question its legitimacy as heir to the throne. Yet Princess Di swears the child is not the result of sexual congress with the devil. "But I suppose it is sort of my fault," admitted Shy Di to stunned reporters. "I guess I shouldn't have taken all that LSD before I married." "Me neither," adds the prince. ■

## GAMES AND SPORTSPLAY

### Hardening Hardball

*It's not winning or losing, it's how you play the game*

**T**HE OFFICE OF BASEBALL Commissioner Bowie Kuhn has announced three rule changes designed to boost the popularity of the game.

The first change prohibits the use of the catcher's mask. "This is expected to make baseball as colorful as other contact sports—especially in the instance of foul tips," a spokesman stated. A corollary amendment requires that all team

members be available to play the position of catcher.

Another rule alteration requires that a batter be struck by two consecutive pitches in order to be awarded first base. More crowd excitement is likely to be generated by allowing a pitcher the freedom to waste a pitch off of the batter's body.

The final change is twofold. The intentional walk is eliminated and is replaced by the "intentional hitbatsman." This timesaving device will put the batter on first in two pitches instead of the now mandatory four. In addition, the position of designated hitbatsman (DHB) has been created. This player will come off the bench to receive the intentional hitbatsman. It is suggested that many older or slumping players will be able to preserve their careers by hiring on in this capacity. ■



# The lighter side of flicking your **Bic**



*"The worst part of this is—I may never flick my Bic again."*



*"What happened was, Jean Harlow was on an old movie and my husband lunged forward to flick his Bic for her."*



*"Say, wouldn't this leafy stuff go great with flicking your Bic?"*





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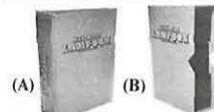
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GAMES AND SPORTSPLAY

## Toward a Master (Horse) Race

*Unnatural selection and jockey DNA*

**I**T'S SPRINGTIME IN KENTUCKY, and the thoroughbreds are in foal. In the hygienic maternity wards of every stable in the Bluegrass State, the brood mares are dropping bundles, in the certainty that three years hence we will be, too.

And, due to a recent breakthrough in veterinary obstetrics, this year's crop of ponies promises to be a herd of world beaters. Korean-bred horse M.D. Dr. Van Tran Dong has developed a technique not unlike amniocentesis, whereby potential Triple Crown winners can be discovered *in utero*, and those equine embryos destined for an also-ran career can be terminated and fed to the sleek mastiffs who guard these Valhallas of horseflesh.

Yet perhaps the most exciting experiment in breeding, here in the land of bourbon and branch water, does not directly involve four-legged critters at all. At Strength Through Joy Farms, a sprawling, rolling estate owned by the millionaire Baron Krudd since 1945, a crack team of biologists claims to have begun development of a new strain of jockeys—diminutive human beings weighing less than one pound at maturity, with horse sense ingrained right into their DNAs.

These diminutive riders, or "Tom Thumbs," to give them the code name of the top-secret project that led to their existence, will ride not upon the backs of their swift mounts but nestled in their ears.

The baron, in an interview, allowed



*From this... to this—a breakthrough at the track.*

as how the idea came to him "in a dream"—a "synthesis," as he put it, "of my two great obsessions, the Aryan folk tales of the Brothers Grimm, and genetic engineering."

A member of the first generation of Tom Thumbs should be "up" on

Strength Through Joy Farms' entry in this year's Derby, the highly touted Obermensch. Track aficionados look forward to its head-to-head competition with the equally unorthodox new breed of entry from Hellas Stables, Centaur. ■

LAWS AND LEGALITY

## Criminal Court Jesters

**T**HE COURTROOM AUDIENCE AT a first-degree-murder case stood silent, awaiting the all-important life-and-death verdict. Suddenly, the bailiff leapt to his feet, crying, "Here come da judge, here come da judge!" Facing the cowering defendant, comedian-turned-magistrate Pigmeat Markham called for "Order in the court. I want order!" "I'll take a ham on rye,"



*"They call it a kangaroo court. I say it's just an animal act," says Chuck Barris of the changes he has made in San Francisco's Third District Court.*

quipped the hungry attorney for the defense, Dom DeLuise. "Why, you're an elephant—I mean, irrelevant. My verdict is guilty," the judge angrily replied. "Thirty dollars or thirty days." "I'll take the thirty dollars," interjected the defendant, as he pocketed the judge's money and left the court, his joke having convulsed the audience with laughter, making him a free man.

This true, unvarnished occurrence was all part of Chuck ("Gong Show") Barris's latest real-life TV game, "Funny People's Court." Taking actual criminal trials and running them with a show-biz twist, Barris has created daytime television's most popular new series, and incidentally revamped American jurisprudence in the process. Defendants no longer "take the stand," but rather "take the stage," hoping to win over juries and acquit themselves by balancing balls on their noses, making music with their teeth, or doing stand-up comedy routines. "I wouldn't say my wife is fat, but when she sits around the house, I carve her up with a butcher knife," confessed one accused wife beater. Instead of imposing a life sentence, an amused jury awarded the man a room for two at the L.A. Hilton, a set of Samsonite luggage, and a gift certificate from the Spiegel catalog.

But has all this served to undermine the strict ethical standards of the legal profession? "Are you kidding? What standards?" replies the head of the American Bar Association, while placing a brown paper bag over his head during an audition to become Barris's new "unknown comic." The judge continues: "A boy was brought before me for drinking. I said to him, 'Let's get started.' No, but seriously, underneath this paper bag I'm really Judge Crater." Is this the last word on the matter? "I'm afraid the defense rests," the honorable comic replies, plopping himself onto a whoopee cushion. ■

Edited by Tod Carroll.

Contributions by T. C., Sean Kelly, Mike Reiss, Al Jean, Ed Subitzky, and Stuart Hertzberg.

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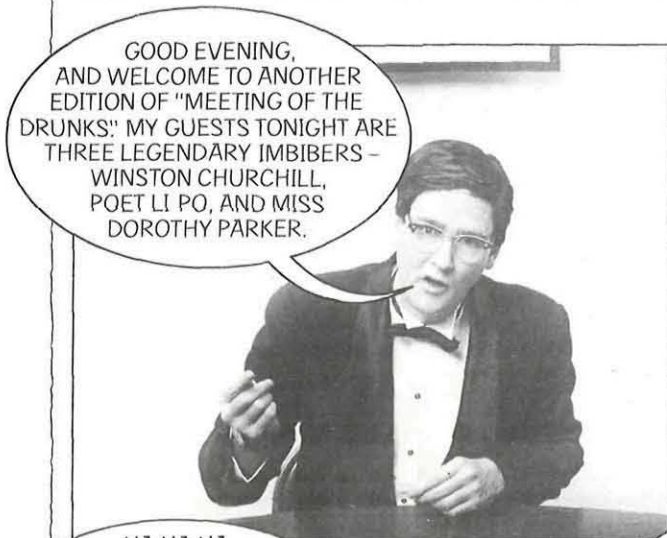
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# Foto Funnies





**Keep an  
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about growing up  
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# **PORKY'S**

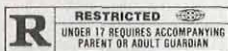
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**STARTS MARCH 19th AT  
A THEATRE NEAR YOU**

# A FROSTY YUKON TAIL

Daley Flogg it was a virgin when he  
hit the Klondike Trail  
A lookin' for a strike to set him free.  
But 'stead of gold or precious metal,  
Daley boy was glad to settle  
For a beaver (not the kind that fells a tree).

'Twas early in the springtime when the  
ice began to thaw  
He tried to find his way on fortune's road.  
There was no pay dirt in creek or gasm,  
But he fell into a chasm  
Of a very different kind of mother lode.

Night had come to Dawson City when he  
stopped by for supplies.  
Things turned out to be much wilder than he planned.  
After hours of to and fro-ing,  
In a tent, with red light glowing,  
He found a bigger treasure in his hand.

Sitting in a hidden alcove, he was not alone for long.  
A damsel placed an offering down for tips.  
He smiled, reached for the beaver,  
Then wild eyed, flushed with fever,  
Pressed the froth of her container  
to his lips.

Daley Flogg it left the Klondike with a  
fresh philosophy.  
"To find the new, the rich,  
you mus'n't dawdle.  
So friend, I'll leave you  
with this nugget.  
It's fact, I know, because I dug it.  
Yukon Gold's not up a creek,  
it's in a bottle!"

*"The Bottle  
That Shows Beaver"*



**YUKON  
GOLD**  
CANADIAN LAGER BEER

BERMAN IMPORTS, 1436 S. LA CIENEGA BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CA 90035

## Tippy Wolff

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22)

generations of Tippy Wolff fans filled the house, among them America's finest comedians, paying homage to their comic mentor. A pianist played a medley of Wolff's movie themes and the crowd burst into thunderous applause as Tippy loped onto the stage. He was old, to be sure, but fans still could glimpse the mischief in his impish, toothless smile, the sly glint in his one good eye, the sprightly lift in the gait of his real leg. Tippy gazed at the crowd, paused, and said, "Waiter, I didn't order...did I order...a shit headwaiter order...a roomful...did I?" The audience laughed appreciatively, if not comprehendingly. Tippy continued, "No, but seriously, after my first movie...*Tippy Goes to Somewhere*...or *Does Something*...where was I?... President Hoover came up to me...but now he's dead, right?... Not me, though. Thank you, thank you." The audience chuckled politely.

Tippy was on a roll now. "David O. Selznick once invited me to the premiere of *Gone with ... My Lunch*... Where is my lunch? Isn't it lunchtime...or showtime?... Show business is my life, you know...so why are all my friends dead?" For a minute or two, the audience and Tippy were uncomfortably silent. Finally, in desperation, the pianist began playing "I Love the India Rubber Lady." A spark of comprehension flashed in Wolff's eye, and he sang:

*Once I was a philandering playboy  
A two-time...uh...philandering  
playboy  
Now I'm a rubber lady... India...  
Um... something about stretch...  
Once I was a... who are you people?*

The song trailed off and Tippy stood there, staring at the crowd for a good ten minutes. At last there was a break in the clouds of senility. It seemed to dawn on him just who he was, what was going on, and what year it was, within two. He took a deep breath and said, "I'm Tippy Wolff, right? The guy that used to fall down for a living." The crowd laughed. "Well, let me tell you, when an old fella like me falls down," he smiled, "it's either a joke or a stroke." And then, with the comedic poise of the young man he once was, Tippy tipped over—gracefully, effortlessly, perfectly. Carnegie Hall literally shook with the explosion of laughter and applause, and the audience leapt to its feet, cheering wildly. The ovation went on for more than half an hour before anyone realized Tippy's fall was no joke. But by then, of course, it was too late. ■



# FOOD

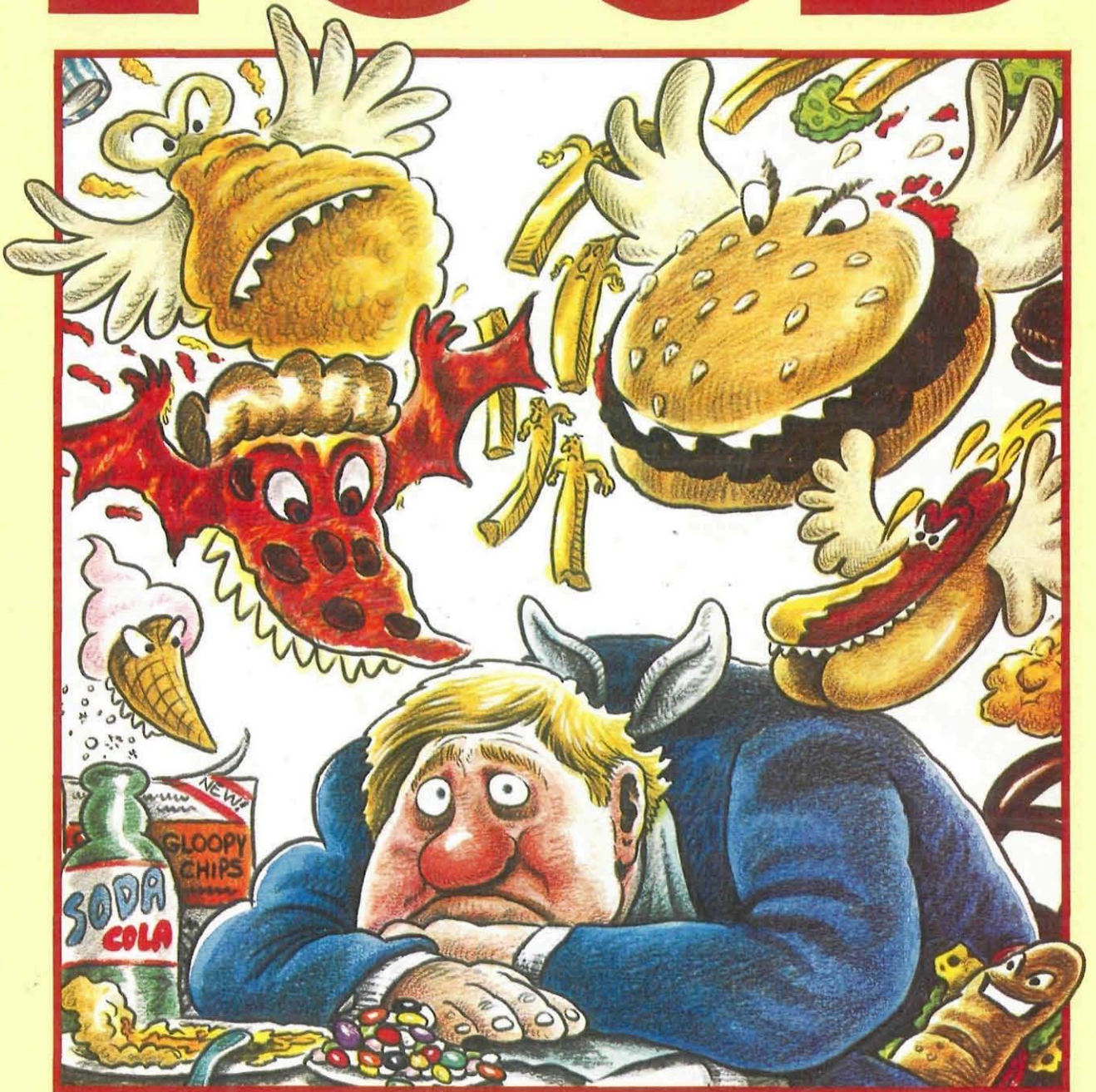


Illustration: Rick Meyerowitz

# Ess, Ess, Mein Kampf



by Michael Reiss

If Adolf Hitler came to your house for dinner, what would you serve?" The problem, first put forth by Israeli prime minister David Ben-Gurion in 1956, sets in opposition two facets of contemporary Jewish thought. One is the justifiable peevishness of most Jews toward Hitler for his crimes against their race. The other is the obligation of the Jewish homemaker to offer any guest a hearty meal. "Especially," added Ben-Gurion, "a skinny scarecrow like Hitler."

It seemed unlikely that any Jewish thinkers were going to come to grips with this question unless there were some money in it.

So, in 1981, the B'nai B'rith announced they would award a \$1,000 Israeli bond to the best recipe for a "palatable yet painful meal, fit for a fuhrer." Wrote Mrs. Ada Moskowitz: "If that bastard came to my house, I would cut off his head and feed it to him—raw!" Most of the more constructive entrants had devised recipes both appetizing and agonizing, almost all of them stressing "tiny portions" and "lots of poison in the food." From these, the judges selected the three best, pictured below. As one judge expressed it: "It was into the ovens that Hitler put our people. From out of the ovens comes our revenge."

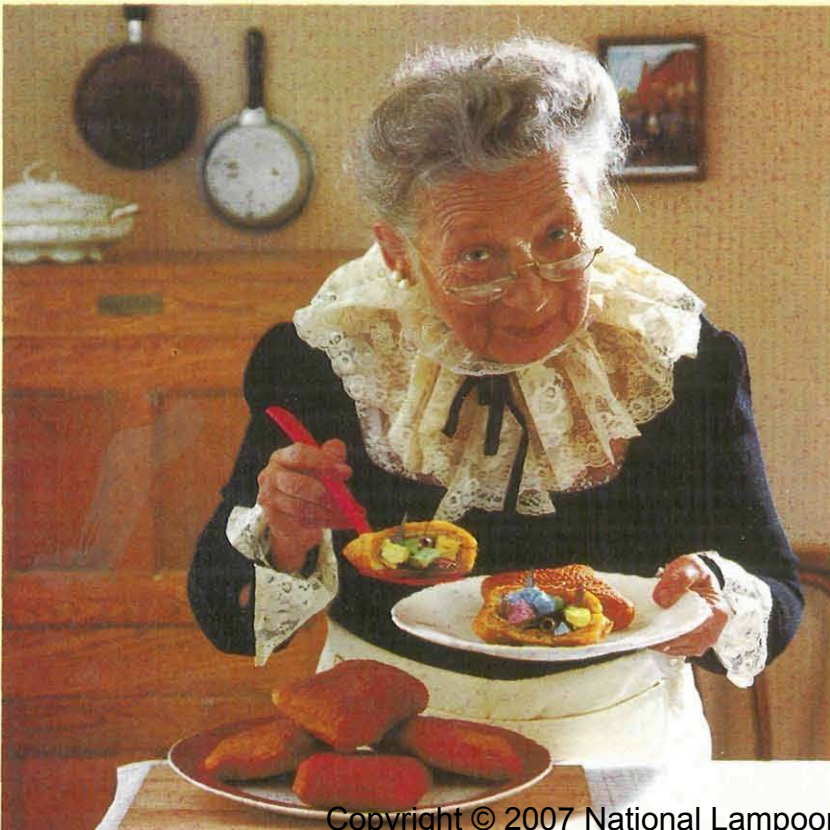
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## FIRST PRIZE: KAISER'S KILLER KNISHES

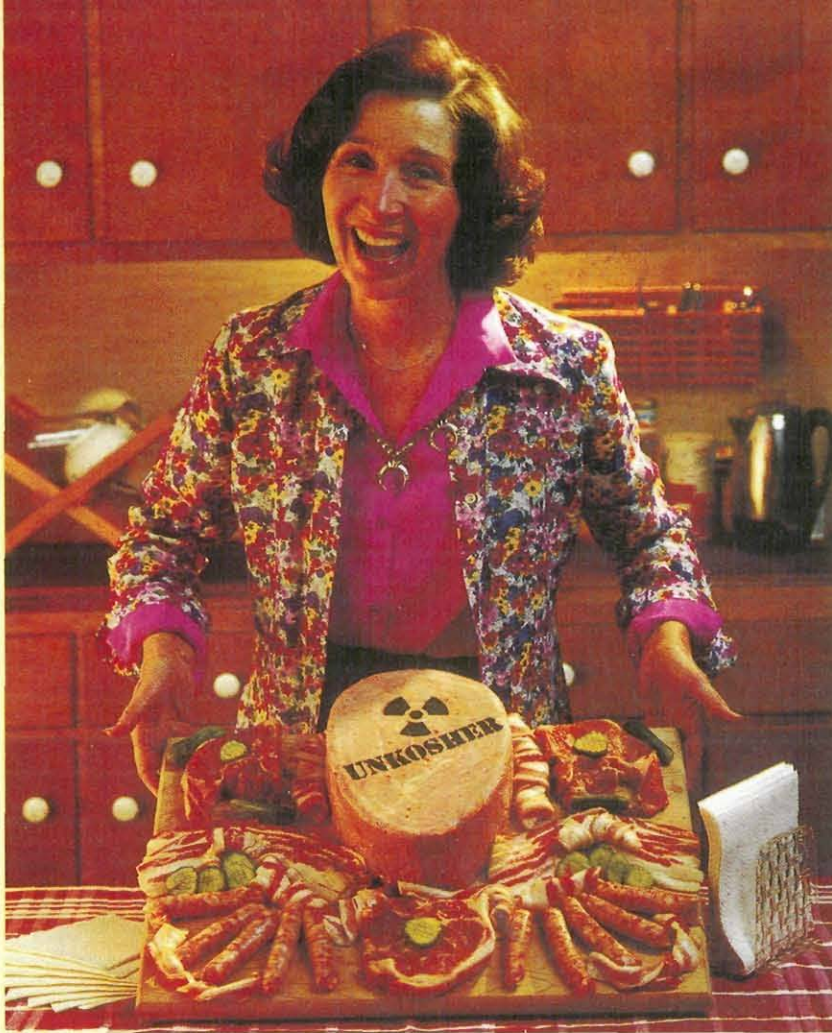
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Submitted by Mrs. Bella Kaiser,  
Peekskill, N.Y.

Bella Kaiser has taken the humdrum knish and given it an exciting new twist. She scoops out the potato filling of these dumplings and replaces it with her own mixture of chopped-up kitchen sponges and tightly wound clock springs. "By the time Hitler finishes half a knish, the clock springs will be uncoiling in his belly, slicing up his *kishkes* like a coffee cake. Meanwhile, the kitchen sponges will have swollen up in his throat, helping to absorb the blood while they muffle his screams," explains Mrs. Kaiser, a sixty-eight-year-old grandmother. "These knishes seem to provide a quick and clean kill, if my tests on the neighbors' dogs mean anything."



Photographs: James Salzano



---

**RUNNER-UP:  
PORK**

---

Submitted by Mrs. Sadie Kaplan,  
La Jolla, Cal.

“When God declared pork off limits, He wasn’t just putzing around,” states Mrs. Sadie Kaplan. She believes that if one were to force-feed Hitler enough pork, he would begin to suffer from impaired intelligence, alcoholism, and a lack of business savvy, “just like all the other pig-eating *goyim*.” Mrs. Kaplan, a housewife and mother of five, scoffs at those who tell her that pork, properly handled, poses no health hazard. “That’s the same thing they say about plutonium, but I’m not going to feed that to my kids either. To Hitler, yes.”

---

**HONORABLE MENTION:  
BEANS ANNE FRANK**

---

Submitted by Marc Weinstein,  
Westport, Conn.

History tells us that Hitler suffered from chronic indigestion marked by severe gas pains. Young Marc Weinstein was very much aware of this fact, and he devised his unique frank-and-beans combo with a vengeance. “I’d make Hitler eat fifty or sixty pounds of pinto beans at gunpoint, so that he’d swell up with gas to the size of a blimp,” says the Brandeis-bound high-school senior. “Then I’d poke him with a frozen frankfurter until he exploded like the *Hindenburg*.”





**FAST FOOD AND MILITARY MIGHT:** *a recipe for destruction.*

*Leslie Cabarga*

# THE GREAT FAST FOOD WARS

As we have seen, the American social fabric had begun to unravel, through many factors: the rise of the so-called counterculture, Watergate, the breakup of the Beatles, and the small but important Soap Box Derby scandals. Yet under President Reagan, remarkable gains were made in reasserting American prowess in the international theater; the complete surrender of Portugal in 1984 was perhaps his most crowning achievement. If not for the slight mix-up with the MX missile, events might have followed a completely different course.

The MX defense system involved powerful nuclear weapons shuttled randomly along on a system of tracks to avoid detection by enemies. Unfortunately, on the fateful day of August 7, 1985, several missiles were inadvertently transferred onto an Amtrak line in Tucson, Arizona. An itinerant gambler and his youthful paramour entered the mechanism, in the mistaken belief that they were headed to Phoenix for a night of professional wrestling. Unaccustomed to the dark, one or both accidentally pushed the wrong button, perhaps hoping for additional light. The resulting conflagration utterly annihilated the cities of Tucson and Phoenix and precipitated a massive state of shock for the entire nation. Similar incidents soon followed.

## THINGS GET BAD, PEOPLE DIE

After the inadvertent destruction of large areas of the Southwest, America's democratic tradition fell by the wayside. In the Northeast large roving bands of

unemployed blacks and colorful ska-dancing rastafarians enforced martial law on a small strip of land once called Manhattan. Massive public executions of advertising executives and bankers met with general public approval and helped these bands to continue their hold on the tiny island until the late 1990s, under the rule of the temperamental and egotistical monarch Reggie I, a former star athlete of the 1970s and '80s.

Elsewhere, anarchy ensued. Local territories with no allegiance to the burned city of Washington, D.C., changed their method of government with great frequency. As an example, Miami, which had been successfully invaded by the Cuban dictator Fidel Castro, endured his rule from November 1986 to January 1987, when a revolt of short, loud, Jewish women toppled the regime. These "condo commanders" were, however, unable to govern effectively, as sessions dealing with problems of state frequently degenerated into long gab fests about the relative economic status of grandchildren, interspersed with complaints about their own failing health and about prices these days. Within a few weeks a contingent of rabid football fans from Georgia and Alabama forged a temporary alliance to defeat the women, luring them into death traps through a series of cleverly designed "Sale" signs.

The Midwest saw the rise of the first modern corporate state, the Republic of Gulf-Exxon, which occupied what had formerly been the states of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Kentucky. In January 1989, Gulf-Exxon attempted an unsuccessful invasion of the

Minnesota-Wisconsin district. From the outset it appeared a tragic miscalculation. Farmers abandoned their acreage, burning large amounts of cheese before the advancing armies.

The Gulf-Exxon forces managed to fight their way as far north as Duluth before being forced to retreat due to the extreme cold and their embarrassment at being forced to don colorful down vests, which also made them easy targets for sporadic rifle fire. The organized retreat soon turned into chaos, with at least 100,000 soldiers perishing due to the cold and due to renewed resistance from Minneapolis-St. Paul, which had crucial last-minute assistance provided by the Packers of Green Bay.

## *The Rise of the McDonald Empire*

FROM OUT OF THE ANARCHY THAT engulfed the United States, one man emerged as a visionary. A highly eccentric businessman who had earned his wealth through a series of hamburger

franchises, Ronald McDonald had come to expect to get what he wanted. Cursed from childhood with the pasty face and oversized features of a circus clown, he initially hired an itinerant shoe salesman named Raymond Kroc to front his business, while Ronald himself appeared in the media as a symbol for the enterprise. From this platform he created a devoted following of youngsters of all ages, who developed a fanatic loyalty to the oddly garbed harlequin.

Ronald McDonald knew food and he knew people, and he knew people needed food more than most anything else. With this shrewd intuitive wisdom, he quickly set about establishing his empire, beginning in the former state of California.

McDonald's became the chief supplier of food for hungry Californians. With its massive buying power still mostly intact despite the recent changes, the restaurant chain was able to drastically undersell its competitors and build up a large and loyal following. By 1988, 85 percent of all Californians ate two or more meals a day at McDonald's. The profits from the op-

eration were plunged back into expansion, and the long lines of the late '80s drastically reduced. By 1991 the familiar golden arches appeared on virtually every city block in the state.

## *The Cares of a Clown*

RONALD McDONALD AROUSED A gratified public with reminders of their illustrious past: large American flags and sturdy plastic eagles, as well as colorful plastic tumblers featuring Ronald and his associates, a former small-town drifter known as Mayor McCheese, and Tom Muir, the disinherited son of a powerful oil executive, who adopted the pseudonym "Hamburglar."

Soon Ronald's face began appearing on lithographs: Ronald next to the presidents on Mount Rushmore, shaking hands with American folk heroes such as Babe Ruth and John "Duke" Wayne, weeping at the grave sites of the popular Irish-American sexaholic John F. Kennedy and the prominent Negro Martin Luther King, Jr. These prints were distributed free and could soon be (CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)

## **Cultural Notes of the McDonald Empire**

**T**HE RISE OF McDONALDISM HERALDED great changes in the American social scene. From the early visionary novels of the eighties, such as *Jesus Was a Short-Order Cook*, a new note was being struck on the cultural landscape.

In education, California's noted system of state schools was gradually transformed into almost identical Hamburger Colleges, based on an early idea of Ronald's for the training of the people. Military history, from the first food fights on, was an integral part of the curriculum, as were long philosophical discourses on the meanings of "rare," "medium," and "to go" (though by no means as involved as the more didactic Colonel's abstruse explanations of the true meanings of "crispy" and "extra crispy" at his centers of learning). Of course, such practical military instruction as deep-frying and the construction of a milk shake thick enough to stand up to an armored division were also featured.

In sports, the big news was the replacement of baseball (made difficult in the late 1980s with the edict that long french fries, instead of wooden bats, would be used to strike the ball) with rollerburger as the national pastime. Rollerburger was a savage spectacle in which opposing teams each tried to build a large Big Mac in the other's end zone. The game was played on top of

a large Astroturf-covered grill that heated up quickly in the second half. Injuries were common, much to the delight of the action-starved masses.

In music, the Beach Boys were deemed the official singing group of the empire in 1989 and reelected unanimously every year thereafter. They wrote many popular songs describing in detail an idyllic world of water, youth, the easy life, and fast food.

Literature suffered from a glut of state-commissioned historical romances, usually dealing with the sufferings of a blond waiter and waitress in love, during various historical epochs. However, a few bold works authored by dissidents (*Notes from the Undercooked*, *Confessions of a Gourmet*) attracted attention and the wrath of the state. The highly satirical *Sex Life of a French Fry* found its author receiving much critical acclaim, and twenty years of toiling under the heat lamps in desolate Arizona.

To encourage an increase in population, the McDonald regime banned the use of contraceptives that worked, introducing their own state line, which were less than 12 percent effective in stopping pregnancy. Sexual abandon was encouraged, and girls were instructed by their mothers to "rut like pigs" for any man in uniform.

# Goormay

THE MAGAZINE OF NOT SO GOOD LIVING





# People Respect the Power of Gold

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# Ask Us, We Might Know



Q: I had to use the men's room at Bo's Service Station, Oneonta, New York, and there was these little scented cakes in the urinal that gave it a nice smell. Can you tell me where I can get those cakes?

HOWARD MUFF  
TOLEDO, OHIO

A: Urinal cakes are usually sold by institutional bathroom-supply companies, the same companies that provide paper towels, liquid soap, toilet tissue in "napkin" form, and other amenities of this sort. We suggest you look in your local *Yellow Pages* directory under "Bathroom Supplies" or "Toilet Servicing."

\* \*

Q: The other day I was having dinner at my friend Mike's place and his wife served us a salad with small rectangles of toasted bread on it. (Not too good, incidentally!) Well, Mike and I got into an argument about whether these *croutons* were pronounced "crow-tons" or "crew-tons." How's about settling this matter—we've ten dollars riding on it!

STEVE K.  
PORTLAND, OREG.

A: We have heard the word pronounced both ways.

\* \*

Q: Modern diners today seem to be switching from cheese to cheese food. I have never tried cheese food. Is it a good idea? Does it taste good?

DAVE T.  
VANCOUVER, CANADA

A: Cheese food is scientifically designed to taste better than cheese, though traditional people may find they prefer to stick with a

slice of a good American process cheese, such as Velveeta, by Kraft.

\* \*

Q: A friend of mine just got back from a hitch of duty in Germany, and he told me that one weekend he and some of the guys took a train from there to France. While they were there, they had a kind of meat loaf called Patty. My friend says this was very good. Is there anywhere to get it in this country?

HENRY H.  
DAMASCUS, VA.

A: Patty is not sold in this country; however, Armour bologna is a good substitute—a little extra salt and pepper will give it that authentic French spicy taste.

\* \*

Q: My husband and I had a stack of wonderful pancakes at the Bizee-B Diner in Enid, Oklahoma, that had a taste and texture we've never encountered before. Can you tell us what it was?

MRS. BEATRICE TROIKA  
HONOLULU, HAWAII

A: You were lucky enough to partake of chef T. J. Bubb's Dust Bowl Flapjacks.

### *Dust Bowl Flapjacks*

2 cups water  
pinch of flour  
3 cups Oklahoma Dust Bowl dust  
salt, pepper to taste

Mix all the ingredients in a mixing bowl or in your hand, until it forms a flapjack batter. Remove the lumps and set aside. Pour batter on a greasy griddle and cook on both sides until dark gray. Serve with jam or corn syrup, with the lumps on the side.

Q: What is the difference between jam and jelly, and which is more gourmet?

ALICE P.  
NEW YORK, N.Y.

A: Jelly is a bit more "jellied" than jam, and is the choice of our leading pancake houses when it comes to toast accompaniment.

\* \*

Q: I would really appreciate it if you could give me the recipe for the Son of a Bitch Motherfucker Cocksucker Chili Chowder Stew served at the Rump and Tail Bar in Buffalo, New York.

AL TROTTS  
SPITTLE FALLS, WYO.

A: We had to pull a few strings (and a few other things), but we managed to wheedle the recipe out of the Rump and Tail's chef, Barney Toga.

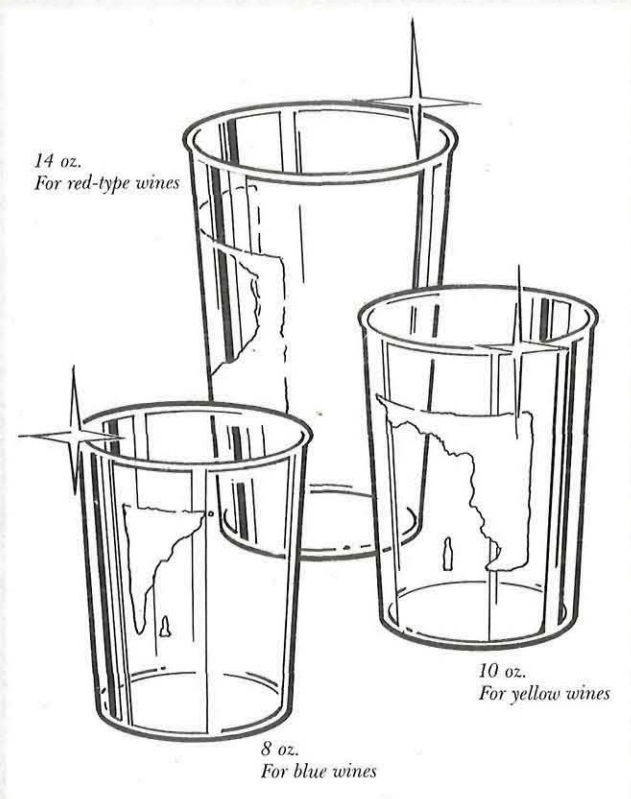
### *Son of a Bitch Motherfucker Cocksucker Chili Chowder Stew*

Bone a ten-pound chicken, if you can find one. Set aside for later. Mix together large institutional-size cans of Hormel chili, Doxsee clam chowder, and Dinty Moore's beef stew in a big pot. Keep it nice and hot for about a week while you are wearing the same pair of undershorts (briefs are better than boxers). On the seventh day, add your shorts, and cook for another day or two. If mixture gets too dry, add any liquids of your choice. When the shorts stand up on their own power, the dish is ready. Serve with plenty of salty crackers and a good Greek jug brandy.

\* \*

Q: What is the difference between an "authentic" ham steak Hawaiian and the ordi-

## Which jelly jar for which wine?



**E**nhance your wine-drinking pleasure by choosing the right jelly jar for your wines. For muscatels and hearty red types, choose a big, fourteen-ounce jar that allows these big, robust wines to breathe. For the more delicate yellow and pink wines, you can use a narrower, ten-ounce jelly jar that "locks in" the sweet, concentrated winery flavor. For other wines, any good eight-ounce, all-purpose jar is fine. Just make sure you use a genuine jelly jar. You can taste the difference over plastic or Styrofoam.

### The American Jelly Jar Institute

*Serving you long after the jelly has been eaten.*

For more helpful hints on how to use your jelly jars, write to Dept. K, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

nary kind? I have had it both ways and I can't tell.

JIM DONK  
BEEF, ILL.

A: An authentic ham steak Hawaiian is a slice of ham topped with a ring of canned pineapple held in place by a maraschino cherry on a toothpick. The "inauthentic" variety often omits the cherry or substitutes a marshmallow.

\* \*

Q: While vacationing in Arkansas last summer, my wife and I had a meat that we enjoyed very much. It was called Spork and was given to us by a man who was tented next to our trailer. The man was from Idaho, if that is any help to you.

TOM T.  
TUCSON, ARIZ.

A: Spork is a premium luncheon meat, and its interesting flavor has won it many fans. Your supermarket manager may be able to tell you where to get it or order it for you.

\* \*

Q: What do Mexicans eat?

MRS. J. TIMM  
SEATTLE, WASH.

A: Don't ask.

\* \*

Q: While vacationing near Wheeling, West Virginia, I enjoyed a can of Gentile Brothers Canned Snapberry Wine. It was pretty good. When I got home, my brother told me that snapberries are poisonous; but that was a month ago and I haven't felt bad except for a little diarrhea. Is canned snapberry wine poisonous, and if not, where can I buy it? I haven't been able to locate any.

NORBERT PRUDHOMME  
HIBISCUS, LA.

A: Snapberries are poisonous and can be dangerous. But the Gentile Brothers assured us that their fermenting process eliminates all the harmful toxins and leaves a perfectly drinkable beverage. Your diarrhea could have been from many other sources. The wine is available at Mel's Wine Shack in Selma, Alabama, and at Ronnie's Package Store in Macon, Georgia.





Chef Blogan of Blogan's Bog helped us select our own spuds from a tank. I had an eight-ounce Maine new potato; my husband chose a hearty, eleven-ounce Ore-Ida. Butter, salt and pepper, all the fixin's are complimentary at Blogan's Bog. And the average cost for spuds cooked to your order is only 50 cents.

## HOT AND A LOT

By Norma Grund

RECENTLY MY HUSBAND and I found ourselves driving from our home in Boise, Idaho, all the way to Seattle, Washington, with my son and daughter-in-law's mattress strapped to the roof of the Comet. My son had been transferred there by his army bosses and asked us to help them move.

This was quite a journey for people our age (we are both in our late nineties), but we were delighted to find a good restaurant along the way where the food was really the way we like it: hot and a lot!

One evening we saw a sign saying "Bath and Mattress Hotel, 2 miles," and my husband commented to me that it sounded just right. I wish I could tell you more about where this wonderful hotel is, but I am too old to remember.

Sure enough, the hotel was all we could have asked for, and only \$1.75 a night! My husband asked the room clerk to recommend a good restaurant and he suggested we try Blogan's Bog, just across the street. Well, they didn't have much on the menu—just potatoes—but what they did have was delicious.



My husband and I both recommend to anyone who happens to run across this restaurant that they try it. You won't be sorry.



## CHICKEN CAVIAR

By Marina-Christina Pulka

**W**HAT CAME FIRST, the chicken or the caviar? No one has ever answered that question correctly, but many have tried, in both song and story. The famous Italian poet Dante J. Arnesto writes of chicken caviar in chapter two of his *Inferno*.

*Chicken caviar  
is known near and far  
as a delicious dish  
that is better than fish.*

Many of our favorite TV stars, such as Mike Connors, Morey Amsterdam, Jack Klugman, and Esther Rolle, are chicken-caviar lovers. Carol Burnett, beloved comedienne, takes a three-month supply with her when she goes to her new vacation home in Hawaii. Chicken caviar has a long and illustrious history that goes back to the days of the Bible. When the Hebrews left Egypt for the Promised Land they subsisted for years on the "yellow eyes of the desert fowl." Teddy Roosevelt started every day with a dozen helpings of chicken caviar, spooned right into his coffee.

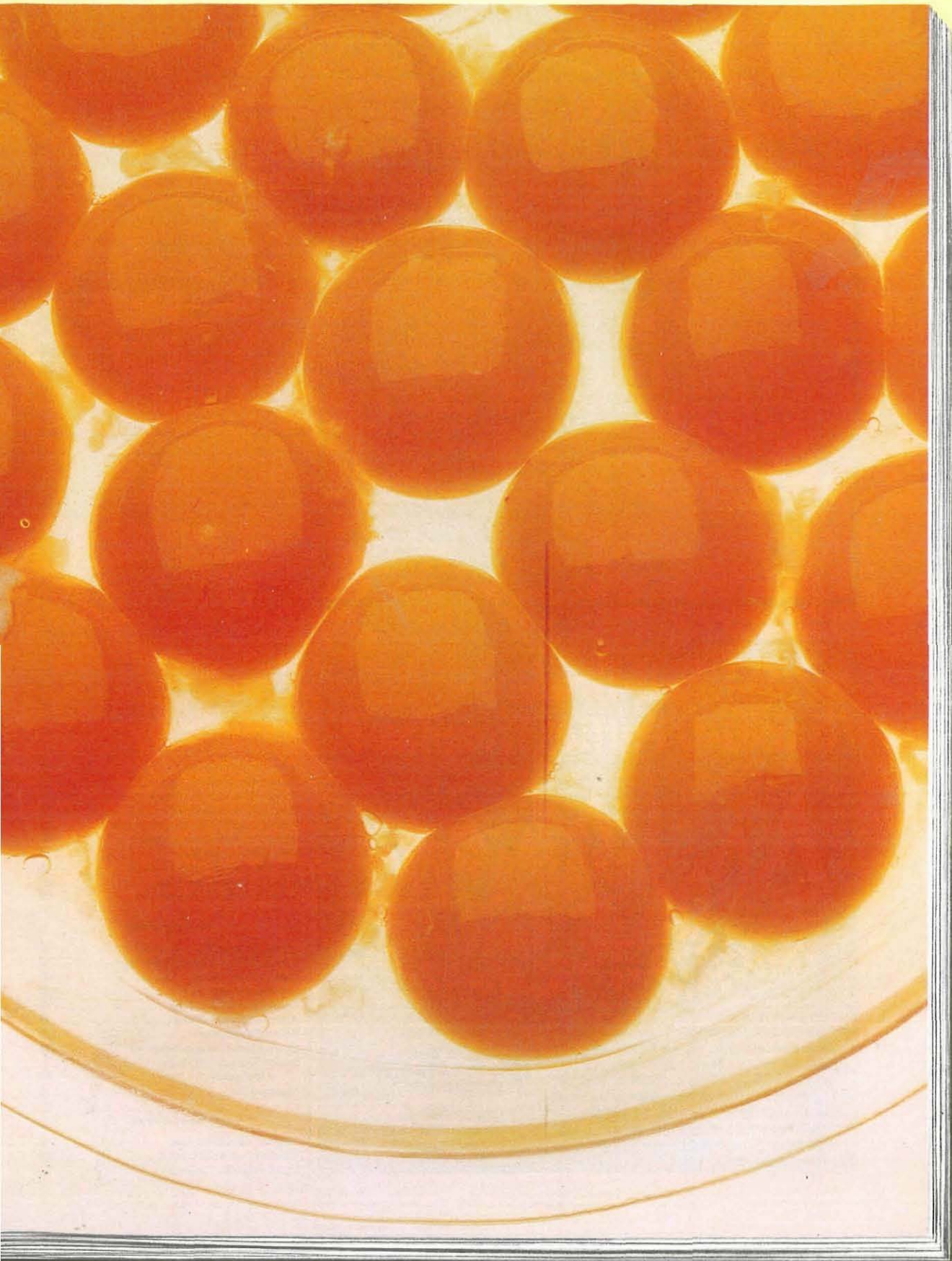
For centuries, Islamic queens liked to rub chicken caviar on their thighs for good luck and fertility. Marco Polo claimed that the Chinese made a drug similar to opium out of chicken caviar and injected it directly into their veins. Other historians and writers have extolled

chicken caviar's virtues as a perfume ingredient, a cure for deafness, a cathartic, and an aid to sluggish outboard motors. But the reason everyone loves chicken caviar is simple—it's not too salty and not too sweet or sour or bitter. It's smooth and soft and goes down easy, and it seems to go well with other foods. Today, thanks to modern processing techniques, chicken caviar is not particularly expensive and can be easily found in supermarkets, 7-Eleven stores, ma and pa groceries, bodegas, and many other stores where fine, cheap food is sold.

There are many ways to enjoy chicken caviar, but the best way is au naturel—just spoon it on brown or white bread points and eat it straight or maybe with a drop or two of bottled lemon juice.

Carol Burnett's favorite way to eat chicken caviar is to pile it into a big baked potato and then add plenty of sour cream and chopped onion flakes. My aunt Ida used to serve it every New Year's Eve in big chilled bowls along with Nabisco Uneceda biscuits and ginger ale. Ida liked to shake the ginger ale vigorously and then pour it so that it would foam and bubble up like champagne.

Whether you like your chicken caviar straight and simple or gussied up, it's still one of the most satisfying and festive foods you can eat. Probably no other food has such a rich, luxurious feeling. It's no wonder that poets and kings, TV stars and just plain people, rank it as one of their all-time gourmet treats.



# GET A BIG DOUG DE-BUGGER

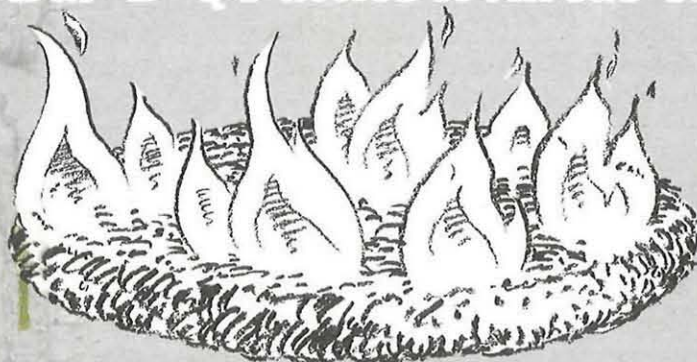


If you're planning a *fall ball* or a *spring thing* on your block or in your backyard, protect your guests from insects with a Big Doug De-Bugger. Simply light the Big Doug De-Bugger on fire just before your *stew-a-roo* starts and you won't have to worry about pesky flies, mosquitoes, or birds. Big Doug De-Buggers are *bayou tested* and keep away even very bad bugs. Send five dollars for yours to:

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March 1982

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# Goormay

## MENU OF THE MONTH



*SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR A SON JUST OUT OF JAIL*

*Colt-45 Malt Liquor*

*Dixie Cups of rye whiskey*

*Nuts 'N' Bolts*

*Ruskovosk vodka cooled with  
frozen cubes of Tang breakfast drink*

*Flaming Hoo-Hoo*

*Moon Pie*

*Chocolate Whiskey Quick*

---

## Food Wars

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)  
found in most California homes. This subtle piece of propaganda alone might have earned Ronald a major voice in the shattered government, but it served as only a prelude for his masterstroke, the UltiMac.

The UltiMac was the latest in a series

---

**T**he restaurant chain could easily undersell all competitors and build a large and loyal following. By 1988, 85 percent of all Californians ate two or more meals a day at McDonald's.

---

of burger treats offered by McDonald's and consisted of three burger patties, cheese, lettuce, tomato, and a special sauce consisting of mayonnaise and the newly manufactured drug LSD-76. LSD-76 was the latest in a series of lysergic-acid compounds first test-driven by Dr. Timothy Leary and others in the early 1960s. Its effects were much more predictable and controllable than earlier prototypes, producing a receptive state of mind that could be manipulated to a frenzy by the roving bands of Ronald's Witnesses that now appeared regularly in the streets.

Ronald escalated his efforts, making frequent public appearances and stirring audiences with readings from his book *I Do It All for You*. Isolation tanks, a frequent form of relaxation among the people, were outfitted with a special pleasing melody, which in combination with the drug subliminally implanted the message "Ronald loves you; yes, even you over there." A special youth corps proudly affected the clown makeup and bizarre dress of their leader. Armed with sturdy wrought-iron spatulas, they reveled in combat with the vegetarians, a fringe group often made the scapegoat for all problems in the state. Some parents cringed in fear as their children, younger and more easily influenced, held meetings in the living room and ate dinner in front of the TV, whose airwaves now featured up to ten full hours a day of the adven-

tures of a gargantuan Ronald and his super pals. On October 13, 1997, the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Egg McMuffin, Ronald McDonald seized control of the state legislature and began his rule as the first king of California. A fire a week later at a large McDonald's in Garden Grove served as a convenient excuse for a massive purge of protesting leftists and a summary rounding up and containment of all known vegetarians.

With the acquisition of dissidents' properties and socialization of the state's food resources, the economy began to revitalize. Those who opposed the rule of now emperor Ronald were dealt with severely, the usual methods consisting of mass deep-frying in the penal colonies of Oakland and Santa Barbara, or exile to desolate, radioactive regions of Arizona and lower Utah.

---

### Why This and Not That

---

MASS ACCEPTANCE OF THE RULE OF Emperor Ronald can be traced to many factors. The first must be seen in the context of a long cultural tradition, the love affair Californians have maintained with the clown figure, embracing such diverse archetypes of the genre as Emmett Kelly, the cast of "Fridays," Jerry Brown, and the Beach Boys. Second, the powerful effects of the drug LSD-76, by 1992 mandatory in every citizen's daily menu. Third, the effort Ronald and his cohorts expended in linking their efforts to the enduring mythos of the Great American West, through such proposals as the "Round Up a Big Mac" sweepstakes and the exhumation of the dead movie horse Silver for public display. Fourth, the latent hostility the public had secretly felt toward such groups as vegetarians, frequently dubbed "weird homo fruitcakes" by the less tolerant, and toward individuals such as Suzanne Somers, who was publicly executed in 1990 for "gross media offenses." And fifth, the real improvement felt in important service areas such as mass transportation, greatly aided by the small clown choo-choos traveling around speedily by rail. Though tiny in scale and often uncomfortable for a person of average height, and intolerable for large citizens, they provided an efficient means of getting from place to place and almost always ran on time.

To the outside world, the McDonald Empire loomed as a dark shadow. Foreign intervention, as we have seen, would not be possible, as the former powers the Soviet Union and China

had been reduced to mutual rubble by the Hundred Minute War of 1986. Brazil and India were engaged in the so-called Silly War over mistaken contentions concerning the length of the longest river in the world. And the rising power of Gibraltar found itself still occupied with Great Britain in their protracted battle over an imagined slight to Queen Diana's new hairstyle.

Fed on burgers and the myths of earlier civilization, California could not be content with the attainment of internal security. In 1994, with rapidly escalating military power and the introduction of the Egg McMortar, Ronald's empire winked a mascaraed eye toward the East. Under the Settlement Act of August 1994, the legions of the seemingly buffoonist but actually pragmatic Commander McCheese occupied regions of Arizona and Nevada, establishing readily mobile units efficiently prepared for the takeover of Roberts-Utah and of Nueva Libre Mexico, now a satellite under the jurisdiction of the Mexican crown prince Valenzuela II. Toward the northwestern boundary, the nation states Oregon-Washington (largely a makeshift settlement of survivalists and marijuana-using drifters) and Montana deliberated over the expansionist politics of the former television clown, now installed as Lord Most High Ronald, Servant of Heaven, Giver of Plenty, in

---

**L**SD-76 was the latest in a series of drugs first test-driven by Dr. Timothy Leary and pals in the early sixties. Its effects were much more controllable now.

---

their Conference of Alternative Lifestyles held in Spokane in December 1994. Though a promising measure of defensive spending had been proposed by aging Spokane mayor Rizzo, an East Coast expatriate, the conference floundered in indecisiveness and the mutual hatred of the survivalists and plantation-owning herb cultivators. This, together with the misinformed exclusion of Idaho on moral grounds, for its potato pipelines to Euraka, doomed the northwestern powers to failure. Unable to decide on quick and forceful

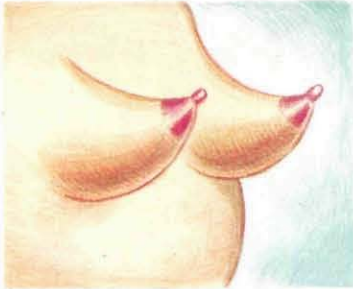
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)



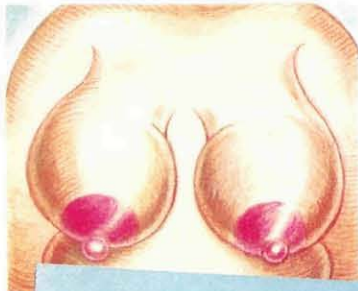
# Ron Barrett's Restaurant Place Mats

Does your waitress have one of these...  
**FOUR POPULAR BREAST TYPES?**

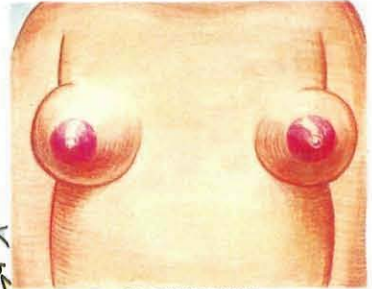
TURN-NIPS



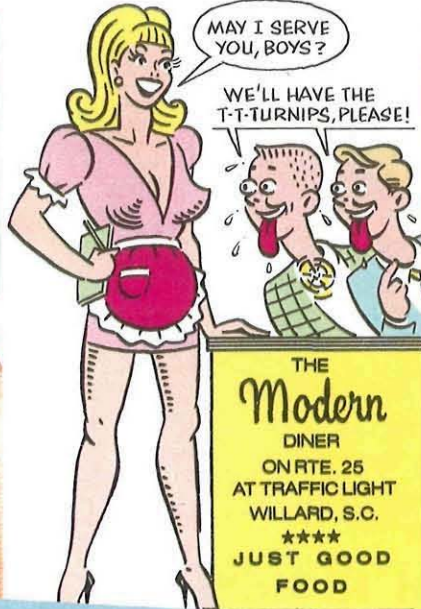
PUMPERNIPPLES



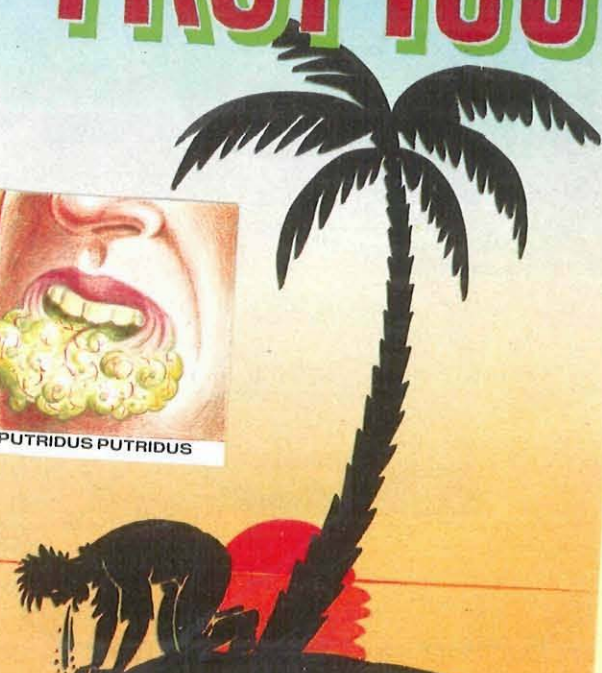
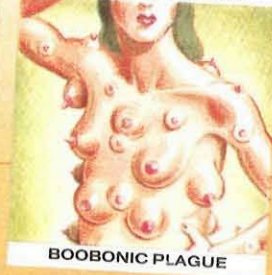
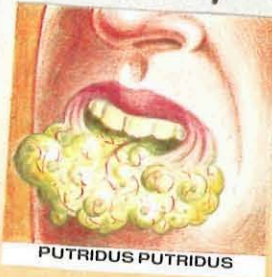
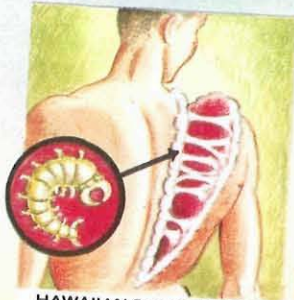
OLIVES WITH PIMENTOS



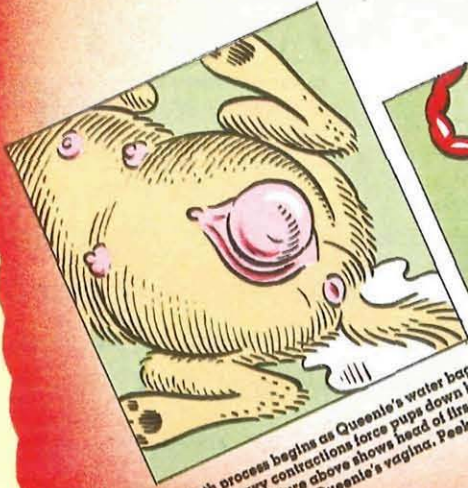
WACKY-WACKIES



# Diseases of the TROPICS



# How a Dog Gives Birth



1. Birth process begins as Queenie's water bag breaks. Heavy contractions force pup down her birth canal. Picture above shows head of first pup emerging from Queenie's vagina. Peek-a-boo!



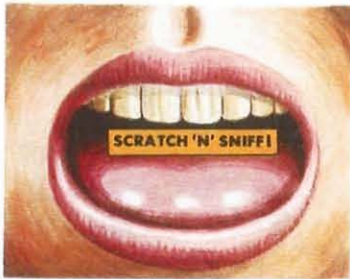
2. Welcome to the world! Bloody and beslimed, pups are all eat, but still fastened by umbilical cords, which Queenie will cut with her sharp teeth.



3. It's dessert time for Queenie, as she greedily gobbles up the whole afterbirth. And how how about some dessert for you? Ask your waitress to show you our special menu.

## SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF! TAKE A WHIFF!

# NAME THESE MOUTH ODORS!



1. \_\_\_\_\_




2. \_\_\_\_\_



3. \_\_\_\_\_



4. \_\_\_\_\_

**Tik-Tok Inn**  
 "DINNERTIME OR ANYTIME - IT'S ALWAYS TIME TO EAT!"  
  
 MAIN STREET  
 SIDNEY, INDIANA  
 OPERATED BY  
 RAY & DOLORES HUBIK  
 Thanks for stopping "INN"!



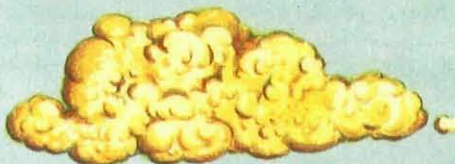
5. \_\_\_\_\_

ANSWERS: 1. GARLIC 2. WHISKEY 3. ONIONS 4. CABBAGE 5. CHILI DOG

# CAN YOU IDENTIFY THIS CHEWED FOOD?



1 \_\_\_\_\_



2 \_\_\_\_\_



3 \_\_\_\_\_



4 \_\_\_\_\_

Answers:  
1. Fried eggs  
2. Spaghetti  
3. Macaroni  
4. Salad

## Scenic IRAN The Magic Carpet Kingdom



Tabriz •

Caspian Sea



Teheran \*

Elburz Mountains



**SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE** Firing squad executes convicted homosexuals.



**LAND OF HOSPITALITY** Recently, Iran picked up the tab for 58 Americans who spent over a year in Teheran as guests of the Iranian government.



Zagros Mountains

Central Plateau



• Kerman



**BRING THE KIDS, TOO!** Chuck the Chimp, colorful star of Shiraz's Monkeytown, gives some of his friends a free ride.



**IRAN WELCOMES INDUSTRY** Scene in Abadan, bustling hub of the Persian Gulf oil trade.

• Shiraz



• Jask

Parisian Gulf



# THE BEVERLY SILLS DIET

BY BEVERLY SILLS



How to be a big fat hippopotamus for the rest of your life

## Month 1

WHETHER YOU DEFINE A STAR AS “AN obnoxious, well-paid celebrity” or as “a body more massive than the largest of planets,” Kate Smith definitely fills the bill. Once, Kate and I were both slated to sing “God Bless America” before a hockey game. Falling through ice too thin to support her, Kate accidentally came upon a barrel of rump roasts I was refrigerating to snack on between periods. After wolfing them down in ten minutes flat, she immediately took off for the supermarket to purchase a side of beef “for dessert.”

Phase 1 of the Beverly Sills Diet is based upon Kate’s unusual eating habits, which involve consuming *just one type of food per day*. Of course, quantity makes up for variety, and then some. First, however, you must purge your digestive system. To do this, build up your appetite by fasting for a reasonable amount of time—say, fifteen minutes. Then, follow the schedule below, and the Kate Smith Phase will make you the biggest thing since its inventor:

Day	Type of Food	Quantity (Minimum)
1	Chocolate syrup	10 gallons
2	Cheesecake	10
3	Stuffing	30 pounds
4	Chocolate syrup (again)	20 gallons
5	Side of beef	2
6	Grease	30 gallons
7	Cheesecakes that are 10 feet wide	1

(Repeat for four weeks)

**Warning:** Though not recommended, it is possible to stray somewhat from these restrictions. No matter what, however, you must not eat: celery, diet soda, cottage cheese, carrots, and lo-cal salad plates. These taste like shit.



As this photo shows, Kate Smith can go through the day eating nothing more than one huge cheesecake and still put on the pounds.

**A**s a young girl, I experienced the problems that come from being a tad overweight. “Butterball,” “Blubbery Beverly,” “The Singing Ton”—these were only a few of the nicknames that skinny, unthinking playmates gave me. By the time I became a famous opera singer, however, I had managed to overcome my weight problem. With the money I earn, I can afford to pay for my rather largish dresses (size 150) and to hire a hit man to kill anyone who insults me. And you too can look and feel like a singing star. It’s quite simple: to look like a star, you must eat like a pig. This is the basis of the Beverly Sills Diet. Obviously, the object of any good diet is to make your life a happy one—and everyone knows how jolly fat people are. So I’ve collected the eating habits of various vocalists, and worked up a plan that will make you a Kate Smith, an Ella Fitzgerald, a Luciano Pavarotti—all rolled into one.

As the Italian opera stars like to say,

Chow,

*Beverly Sills*

## Month 2

KNOWN AS "THE BIG BLACK COW OF modern jazz," Ella Fitzgerald is truly a giant popular singer. People who diet to lose weight often stay slim at banquets by eating no more than the thinnest



Singer Ella Fitzgerald demonstrates the "chicken lift," a strenuous exercise that she is able to do 400 times daily.

person present does; Ella maintains her weight by eating no less than does the sum total of all the guests and servants. Possessing one of music's greatest voices, Ella is able to shatter a glass by sitting on top of it, and then eat all the pieces if there's nothing tastier available.

During your second month on the Beverly Sills Diet, you should follow a diet/exercise regimen personally calculated by Ella herself. First, choose your meals from the chart below, making sure that you eat approximately 500,000 calories per day:

Food	Calories
Hominy grits	1 calorie per pound
Chitlins	1 calorie per pound
Watermelon	10 calories per truckload
Blackstrap molasses	1 calorie per gallon
Shattered glass	No calories
Fried yams	10 calories per ton
Fried yams with chocolate syrup	15 calories per ton

Next, make sure to perform the following exercises as faithfully as possible. Spending just five minutes a day, you can maintain a shape as trim and tawny as Ella's:

Exercise	Repetitions
Lifting fork to mouth	100
Lifting glass to mouth	100
Sitting on glass, shattering it	10
Burping	100
Cutting your food	100
Cutting a fart	1,000

**Warning:** Under no circumstances should you attempt strenuous exercise in the form of sit-ups, push-ups, or pull-ups. These make you feel lousy.

## Month 3

BY NOW, YOUR STOMACH SHOULD BE so large that you'd like to eat all the fish in Lake Ontario, and then wash them down with the Erie Canal. In other words, you are ready for the Luciano Pavarotti Phase of the Beverly Sills Diet. Luciano has been the biggest star of the Metropolitan Opera ever since he emigrated from Italy, disguised as the Alps. He has just one diet rule: eat only enough to maintain your ideal weight, obtained from the chart below.

Height	Ideal Weight (Men)	Ideal Weight (Women)
Under 5 feet	160 pounds	120 pounds
5' to 5'11"	165 pounds	125 pounds
6'	1,000 pounds	130 pounds
6'1" to 7'	175 pounds	135 pounds
Over 7'	180 pounds	140 pounds

Of course, this chart applies only to the strapping, six-foot Pavarotti. If you are a different height, or a girl, these guidelines may not be applicable to you. I have always admired Luciano as a singer and health expert; as an example to youth, he once quit smoking when he discovered he could eat carloads of candy cigarettes instead. And as soon as someone builds a stage big enough to hold both of us, Luciano and I plan to perform together in *The Barber of Seville*—I as the barber shop, he as Seville.

Pavarotti's eating regimen is rather vague, calling for you to eat "whenever you feel hungry." So I have invited him to answer typical dieters' questions about Month 3 of the Beverly Sills Diet, the phase when you "Eat Like Luciano, If Possible":

**Q:** When should I eat?

**Pavarotti:** Morning, noon, and night.

**Q:** Really?

**P:** Look-a me, you think I'm kidding? One time, during a performance of *Madame Butterfly*, I felt hungry for some caterpillar soup. Right in the middle of my solo, I leave the stage and cook myself some good caterpillar soup; I put in caterpillars, cats, pillars, Caterpillar tractor parts—all in all, fifty gallons. A little snack. When I returned, the audience was so mad they threw tomatoes at me, which I used later to make ravioli.

**Q:** Should I eat right before bedtime?

**P:** No. You should always wait till the next day.

**Q:** What do you define as the next day?

**P:** I never sleep, only eat. To me, the next day means the next time I go to the supermarket. In other words, ten minutes from now.

**Q:** What if I don't like a particular kind of food?

**P:** You must-a be crazy.

**Q:** Does your eating regimen hurt your career?

**P:** Are you kidding? Everyone knows that to have great classical singing voice, you have to be great big blubbola brain. In fact, next week I start work in new musical *Yes, We Have No Bananas* (*Luciano Ate Them All*).

**Q:** Now, seriously, does your diet really work?

**P:** I guarantee, you use my diet, you will look like my favorite sex symbol. Me.



In these before and after photos, Luciano Pavarotti shows how much weight he gained through the Beverly Sills Diet.

## Congratulations, Fatso!

IF YOU HAVE FOLLOWED THE BEVERLY Sills Diet for a full three months, you should now weigh as much as a baby blue whale, or an average-sized Volkswagen, filled with lead. In other words, slightly less than one opera star. Assuming that all has gone well, you are now able to empty a swimming pool, merely

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 81)

# The Chicken War

by Ted Mann and John Bendel

**I**t's hard now to remember a time when chickens were just chickens, nature's own creatures, and not Irwin Gizzard Chickens, the bally-hooed birds of a marketing genius.

Gizzard touted his poultry on television, on radio, and in magazines and before long had all but eliminated his competitors. That is, until Hairy Goose

Bump Chicken Commune decided to adopt Gizzard's marketing techniques and go beak to beak with him on his home ground.

What follows are the advertising exchanges between Irwin Gizzard and Hairy Goose Bump, a legendary commercial rivalry that ultimately led to "The Chicken War."

## MY CHICKENS FOLLOW ORDERS.

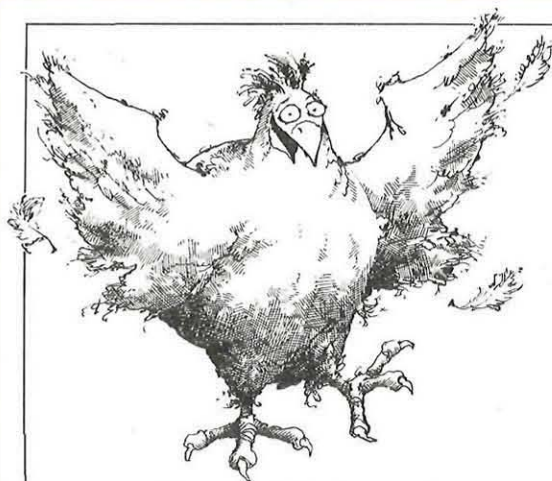


I'm Irwin Gizzard, and I've ordered my chickens to be the plumpest, juiciest, best-tasting chickens you can buy. My chickens do what I tell 'em. They know what's good for them... And I know what's good for you.

Gizzard chickens know how to follow orders. That's why when you order a chicken from the Irwin Gizzard Chicken Regiment you can be sure you're getting the one uniformly good chicken in this town. Our chickens aren't just the bravest...they're the best!

*Irwin Gizzard*

Commander in Chief  
Gizzard Chicken Regiment, Ltd.



## Our chickens taste happy!

We don't order our chickens. We ask them nicely. They're fat and happy because they want to please you. It's all their own idea.

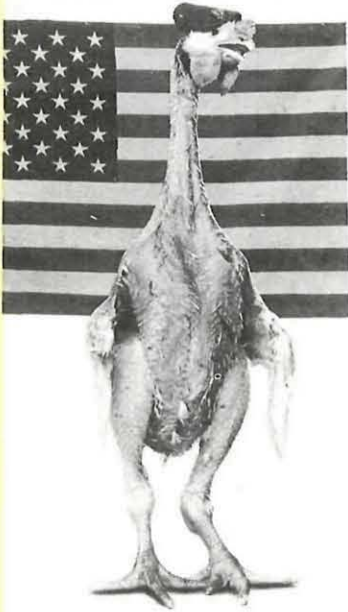
You know by their goose bumps that the

chickens are thrilled. You will be too.



If it feels good... it's a hairy goose bump!

# 100 CHICKENS WILL TEST TODAY. ONLY 50 WILL WIN THE GIZZARD BERET.



Not every chicken has the tenderness it takes to earn the Gizzard beret. Some chickens just refuse to straighten up and fry right.

What happens to those chickens who don't make grade "A"?

Well, the other chickens in the Gizzard regiment just eat 'em right up. There's nothing more tender than a chicken-fed chicken.

Those chickens who win the Gizzard beret are the best you can buy. I know. I really chewed their butts to make them that way.

*Irwin Gizzard*

Commander in Chief  
Gizzard Chicken Regiment, Ltd.



## March to the meat of a different drumstick.

"Oh, wow! Now that's a chick who loves to be eaten!"

We don't draft our chickens. They volunteer.

They know that at the Hairy Goose Bump Chicken Commune they can eat what they want, when they want.

So, when you want chicken, you'll be as happy as they are.



100 percent  
volunteer chickens.

# HE LAID DOWN HIS LIFE FOR YOUR LUNCH.



This brave bird has made the ultimate sacrifice. Doesn't he deserve a fitting funeral on your table tonight?

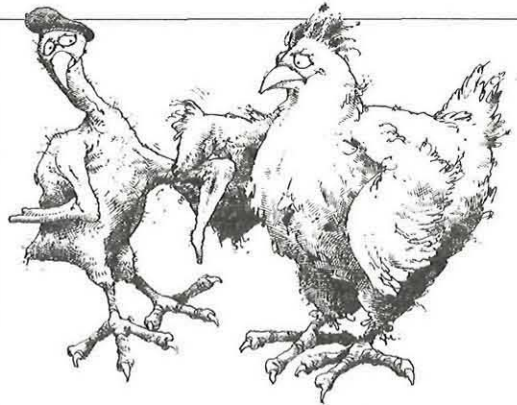
He died happy, knowing he would be laid to rest in a warm gravy and given a multi-gum salute... And why the hell should he be disappointed? He won't disappoint you.

I know. I raised him.

In wartime, the only bullet that gets you is the one with your name on it. In peacetime, the only chicken you should get is the one with my name on it.

*Irwin Gizzard*

Commander in Chief  
Gizzard Chicken Regiment, Ltd.



## Irwin is right. His chickens sure are tough.

They get that way in combat. Send a young bird to war and he comes home a grizzled veteran.

Not so at Hairy Goose Bump Chicken Commune. Our chickens are tender and sweet and enticing and oh so succulent.

In fact, they're too yummy to pass up.



They're irresistible.

# THEY'RE IRRESISTIBLE, ALL RIGHT. WE ALL KNOW WHO'S THE TOP CHICKEN IN TOWN.

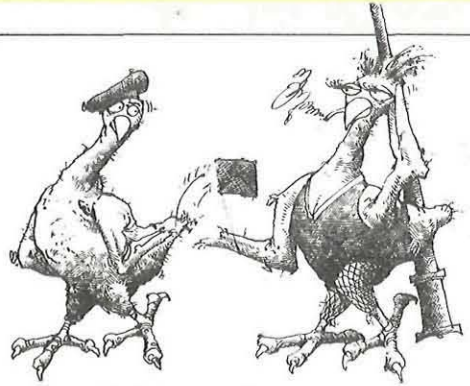


It's pretty obvious to me that my competition's chickens have come home to roost.

I don't think I need say any more than that.

*Irwin Gizzard*

Commander in Chief  
Gizzard Chicken Regiment, Ltd.



## What Irwin's chickens've got, you wouldn't want to put in your mouth.

You know what you get when you live in a barracks with thousands of pent-up fanatics?

Athlete's claw, that's what. And jock itch. And dysentery. And herpes. And slimy afflictions too horri-

ble to mention in this ad. Would you eat that stuff? Eh, Irwin?



# MY COMPETITORS TALK PRETTY BIG FOR PEOPLE WHO SELL SHRINK-WRAPPED RATS.

That's right. My competition runs a rat trap line down in the slums and every day they collect hundreds of big, pink-eyed bull rats. They cut their paws off, steam the rats in agent orange, and sell them to you.

Those things wrapped up in their "chickens" aren't giblets, either.

Those are rats' assholes. No wonder their "chicken" tastes like Yogi Berra's cock.

*Irwin Gizzard*

Commander in Chief  
Gizzard Chicken Regiment, Ltd.



## Question: What rhymes with chicken plucker? Answer: Irwin Gizzard.

That's right. When old scum-nuts Gizzard sells you a boned chicken, he's done the job personally.

Would you eat cannibal chickens begat by a miscegenating Nazi?

Besides, they're not

chickens, they're giant slugs, or something.





**I WOULDN'T FEED MY COMPETITION'S CHICKEN TO A WILD AUSTRALIAN DINGO.**



**NOT AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO BRUCE HERE.**

Bruce the wild Australian dingo was used to eating kangaroo dung, vulture entrails, and the skin shed by poisonous lizards. He went paws-up after just sniffing my competition's "chicken." I wouldn't feed it to a dog.

Even a wild Australian dingo.

*Irwin Gizzard*  
 Commander in Chief  
 Gizzard Chicken Regiment, Ltd.



**"The only thing I wouldn't eat is an Irwin Gizzard chicken!"**

**— Divine**

Next to Divine, Irwin's dingo might as well be Mimi Sheraton. What else can we say besides...



*Fuck you, Irwin.*

# Chicken Execs Die in Shoot-out

yesterday of void," avoids state. said the at gain- l mem- ed the cause of a provi- Council ons if Is- n of the 1967 k. oved a y to ex- and end occupa- dy have utes may the Isra- But the perma- nation ely to sanc- g A. work n" an- spon- rds aeal

Pautuxet River, Maryland (AP) — Top executives of two leading chicken distributors were killed in a gun battle here today. The dead included forty-two-year-old Irwin Gizzard, widely known for the personal endorsements of his products on television and in print.

Gizzard led his executive staff in a daylight armed attack on the corporate headquarters of the Hairy Goose Bump Chicken Commune, his principal competitor for the lucrative chicken market. Hairy Goose Bump personnel were apparently prepared for the raid, which involved grenades, mortars, and rocket launchers, as well as small arms on both sides.

According to initial reports, twenty people died in the fighting, which lasted approximately thirty minutes before the arrival of a U.S. Marines contingent from nearby Pautuxet River Naval Air Station. The marines interposed themselves between the battling factions and suffered an undisclosed number of casualties.



Many chickens also lost their lives in the Pautuxet River battle. Here, Hairy Goose Bump bird remains are hauled away by authorities.

**Won't face trial in killing**

**Compact**

National Lampoon 57

## Food Wars

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48)

action, they resolved a tentative agreement toward mutual defense that echoed as little more than a grand appeasement to their hungry neighbor to the south.

Ronald continued his expansionist policies, using a border dispute as a convenient pretext for the invasion of Roberts-Utah. He placed several legions of his elite corps SS (for "special sauce") and beamed their pictures via a cable hookup to a startled nation. These blatantly propagandist offerings showed the blond SS troops saluting as rows of the new Egg McMortar ballistics system wheeled by, frolicking merrily in the sand dunes and giving out tiny toy spatulas to delighted, wide-eyed children, and receiving bags of potatoes from humble peasants eager for their dirty spuds' conversion to a crisp, golden fry from the beautiful clean ovens manned by tan and long-legged female fryleins clad in the colorful surfer garb of their native California. The villagers dressed up as clowns in honor of Ronald and sang communally round a blazing fire.

The scenes certainly conveyed the impression of simplicity, earnest labor, and strength that Ronald's propaganda

ministry (headed by a former Burger King manager, to the everlasting chagrin of the King) intended. What remained largely unpublicized (except for the courageous photos of Jim Mitchell, a *Gourmet* magazine war correspondent) were the strong measures taken against any opposition: the execution of an entire tribe of bucolic hot-dog eaters (see *The Diary of a Frank Lover*), the force-feeding of Salt Lake City Pepsi fanatics, the open tomato fights between SS troops and peaceful protesters, and, later, the horrible knock on the door and carting away of a loved one to a concentration camp where as many as forty were lodged in one room on cramped, wilted beds of lettuce and fed artificially colored "frozen" orange juice.

Nevertheless, the video footage accomplished its goal, with protesters eventually abandoning their pickets of midwestern McDonald's. The surprise disappearance of the Mexican radical Taco Jack from his encampment at San Antonio seemed to be the conclusion of organized resistance to the growing McDonald's legions. By September 1996 Ronald had control over what formerly had been the western and southwestern parts of the United States and had established a puppet government in the Wyoming-Nebraska territories consisting of a council of short-order cooks from local diners, who in fact

**R**unning a slate that varied from county to county as Crispy or Extra Crispy, the Colonel became a powerful political force in Kentucky and Virginia.

owed their allegiance to the Clown Prince himself. In October of that year, despite a continued liaison with a young girl of seventeen, he married a former first lady of the United States, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis Beatty. Her husband, former actor Warren Beatty, had died in a mysterious helicopter crash the previous month. Shreds of lettuce had inexplicably become entwined in the chopper's whirling blades.

## The Rise of Colonel Sanders

BUT STANDING IN THE WAY OF Ronald's attempts at a reunification of the continental U.S. under the banner of the stars and shakes was a foe of long standing, a powerful rival whose austere features and philosophical bent masked a canny mind long conditioned to survival. Starting in 1993 with a small city-government stand in Louisville, his home city, the still-frisky eighty-five-year-old Colonel Sanders eventually ruled a franchise bounded on the north by Ohio, the east by Virginia, and the south by Alabama-Tennessee (formerly under the government of despotic Elvis impersonators) and extending as far as Saint Louis to the west.

## Finger Lickin' Good Government?

IN HIS EARLY INCARNATION, THE Colonel presented himself in the guise of a benevolent, avuncular figure, a populist full of the folk wisdom of the Old South. Running a slate of candidates (Crispy or Extra Crispy, depending on the territory involved), the Colonel soon dominated the politics of Kentucky and the Virginias. A hungry

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

## Quotations from the Book of Colonel Sanders

**A**S WELL AS BEING A FIRST-RATE MILITARY MIND, Colonel Sanders was of a philosophical bent, and in the early 1990s he produced a slim red and white volume that shook the world and inspired millions of his followers. Some selections:

*"Let a thousand chickens fry; let them be eaten by the masses who have produced them."*

*"The scholar knows the meaning of 'crispy' and 'extra crispy' through arduous study, the masses by simply tasting."*

*"Do not question the lumpiness of the gravy; it is lumpy for a reason, just as the mountains are."*

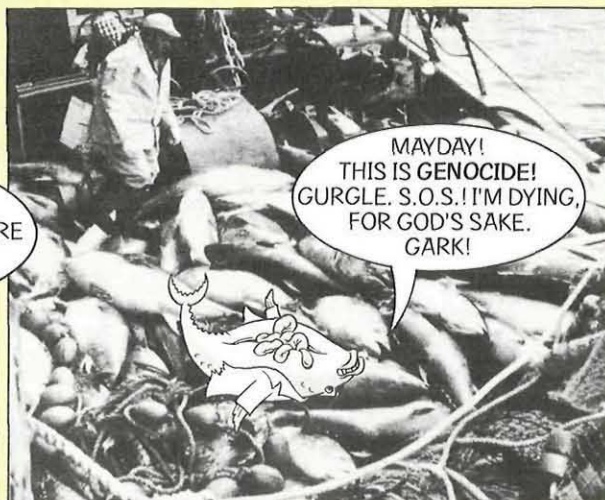
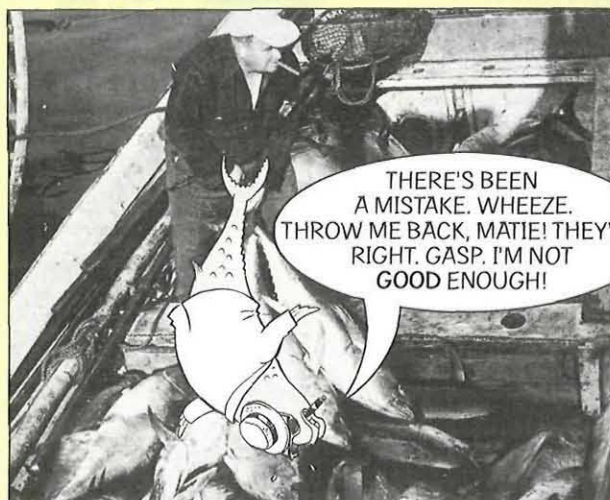
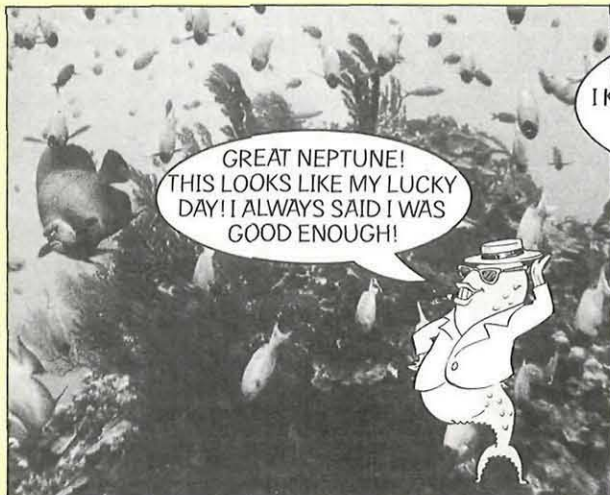
*"Good will, good heart, good digestion—this is the source of the masses' strength."*

*"We are not opposed to the Cultural tradition of food preparation, we are the Cultural tradition."*

*"Revere all elders and toothless ones; make for them the soup of the chicken and find wisdom in their slurpings."*

# Tubby the Tuna


by Sean Kelly



# The Commemorative

by John Bendel

**SPORTS & CITRUS, 1979** **USDA**




**1**  
DOLLAR

Bob Lemon Meadowlark Lemon California Lemon

**Guns & Butter**


**KILLING 'EM WITH CHOLESTEROL**



**5**  
DOLLARS

**USDA**

**USDA**



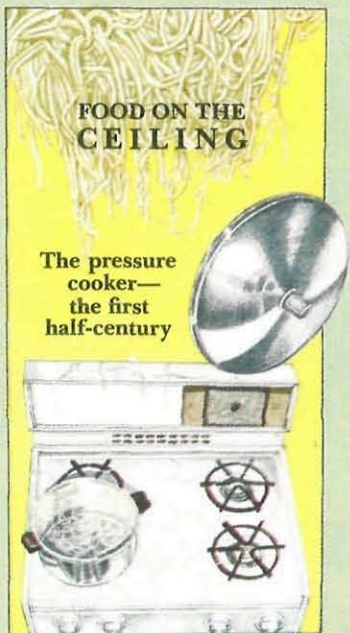
**JAMES** **5**  
DOLLARS **CHANEL**

**COCO**


**USDA 1 DOLLAR**

**FOOD ON THE CEILING**

The pressure cooker—the first half-century




**BLUEBERRY**  
**USDA**




**10**  
DOLLARS

**STRAWBERRY**  
**USDA**




**10**  
DOLLARS

**BOYSENBERRY**  
**USDA**



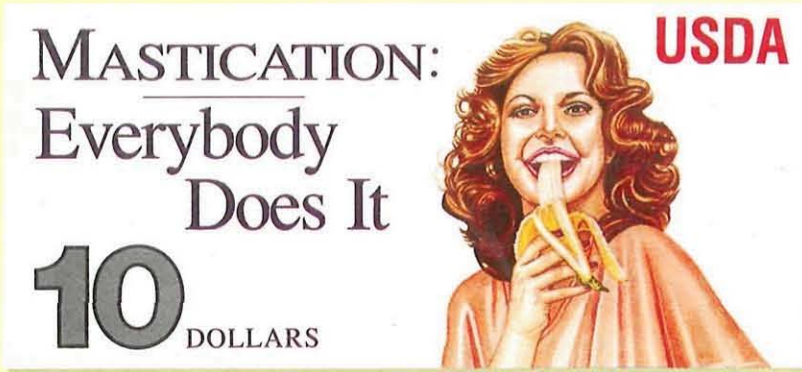
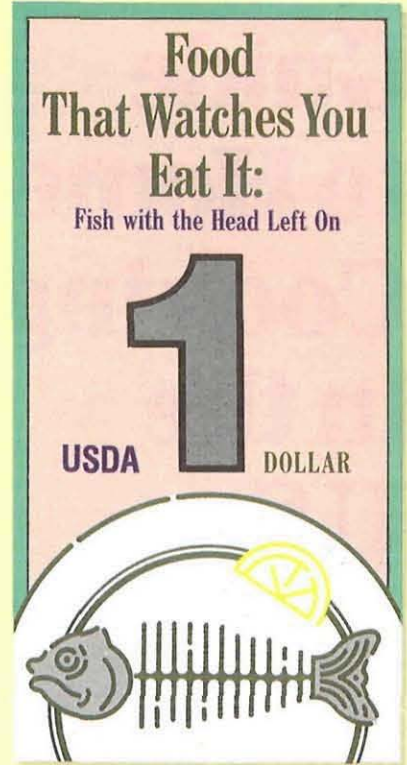
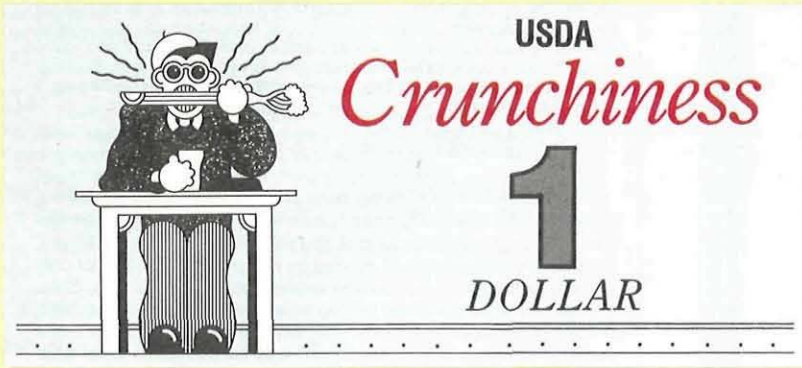
**10**  
DOLLARS

**CHUCK BERRY**  
**USDA**



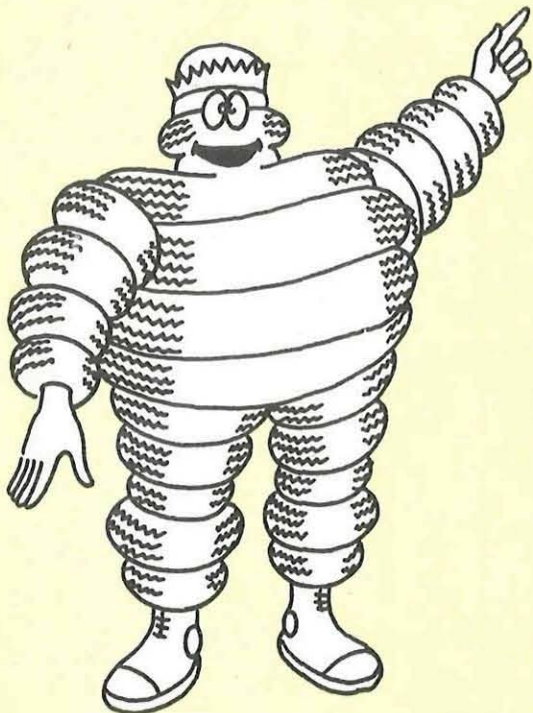
**10**  
DOLLARS

# Food Stamp Album



# Jim's Tires Guide to Home Cooking in the U.S.

by Ellis Weiner



1982

*Jim's Tires has been publishing its famous Guide to Home Cooking since 1979, so nine times out of ten we probably know what we're talking about. If you're sick, like we are, of fast-food burger "joints" and places with names like Healthy Bagel and Pizza Crepe Igloo 'n' Things, then what the hell are you going to do when you're out on the road somewhere and it's mealtime and you've traded in the Winnebago because of the gas prices and you're hungry? You're going to reach for your Jim's Tires Guide to Home Cooking, and if you're driving on Jim's Tires, you're going to say, "Thank God we don't have a flat. Let's eat."*

## What We Mean by Home Cooking

We mean just that: cooking done at home. The guide contains a state-by-state listing of private homes that'll let you in and families that'll let you join them for a meal. You pay, like in a regular restaurant, but you're getting real food cooked by real people who are not only serving to their families, they're eating right alongside you. Sure, sometimes you'll be asked to stop off at the local market and bring some food to supplement what they already have. Sure, other times you'll be asked to buy all the ingredients for the whole meal, plus bread, wine, dessert, and who knows what else. But if you don't like that procedure, guess what you can do? You can not go. You can go eat those things they call "clams" at Howard Johnson's, and that'll be that.

If you do want to take your meals with these folks, be sure to consult your Jim's *Guide* first. You won't avoid all unpleasant surprises, but you'll at least be forewarned to stay on your toes while you're eating.

## How to Use the Guide

There's no big deal in figuring out how to use the Jim's Tires *Guide*. You use it like a book: ask somebody the name of the place where you are, look up that name in the guide, find a place that strikes your fancy, and go there and eat.



## What the Symbols Mean

All entries in the guide have a bunch of symbols after the name of the establishment. Each symbol stands for a certain thing and lets us pack a lot of information into each listing without having to make the guide like that dictionary with two big volumes of tiny tiny print that they give you a magnifying glass to read with. The card we've enclosed shows what the symbols mean.

## THE ESTABLISHMENTS

### ALASKA

**Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Goff**—3376 Partridge Place, Anchorage. Tel. 555-0685. Up in Alaska they know what "cold" means, and anybody who shows up at Sidney and Emma Goff's place with a bagful of vegetables will know what "hot soup" means, too. They've got a damn fine stainless-steel soup pot up there, and Sid and "Em" are just waiting to fire her up and throw in any goddamn thing you care to contribute. Stick around if Em starts talking about all the things she can do with graham crackers and moose feet, but run in the other direction if Sid hauls out the slide projector and the shots he took last vacation. Don't forget your car. 000 📺 🐾 🐘 🚗

**Presenting...The Jim's SS-12...**  
New from Jim's Tires Technology: the SS-12. The world's first tire to feature not only the heavy-duty durability of steel belts but the classy, good-looking stylishness of steel suspenders!  
**Wherever Jim's Tires are sold.**




THE ESTABLISHMENTS



**Jedediah Foster**—543 Block Street, Juneau. No telephone. Jed Foster can cook only one thing—franks and beans—but he does it well. So well, in fact, that if you're up around 543 Block Street in Juneau, you could do worse than take your breakfast, or lunch, or dinner, or who cares what, here. Ask Jed to throw on some of his famous peach-pit compote, and say yes when he offers you a tumbler full of Jack Daniel's. You'll need it when Thor, Jed's rabid schnauzer, gets ahold of your ankle. 000 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷

As long as I'm picking up the charcoal, clock radio, children's wear, wading pool, sporting goods, stationery, small appliances, groceries, notions, and shoes, I might as well get a new set of Jim's quality, quantity tires!



Jim's Tires... Now available at K-Mart, Fed Mart, FedCo, K-Co, Co-Mart, Thrift-T, K-T, T-Co, K-Thrift, Fed-T, and other mammoth all-purpose stores.

ARIZONA

**Bob and Sarah Morrow**—3342 Briar Patch Lane, Scottsdale. Tel. KL 5-5611. Bob and Sarah don't care much for strangers—they're active young people usually too busy out swapping mates and discussing real estate to cook for themselves, let alone a hungry traveler—but they'll let you use their kitchen for a reasonable fee. For less, if you cook them dinner. Bring your own food, although some readers have written us saying they've managed to swipe some of the Morrows' oregano, and an onion or two, without getting caught. Sarah Morrow's not all that attractive, so don't go getting your hopes, or anything else, up. 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷

**"Mother" Francis Peck**—599 North Cott Street, Phoenix. Tel. 555-0455. "Mother" Peck welcomes everyone to her comfy, spacious bungalow, and if you take our advice, you'll head straight for the Tuna Marshmallow on Ritz Crackers appetizers before the door stops slamming. Francis Peck is a large—well, fat—woman, and manages to work marshmallows into pretty damn near everything she touches, but, as they say in New York, "whatever." 00 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷

CALIFORNIA

**Frank and Joan Purcell**—66524 Caramba, Los Angeles. Tel. 555-5522. If fighting for the only decent slice of roast beef among a crowd of rude adults and bratty kids is your idea of a pleasant dining experience, they're waiting for you over at the Purcells. Prices are fairly cheap, although you can't always expect to be able to beat out Frank for the last roll, or Evan, age twelve, for the last few string beans. Don't be surprised if Joan drops big hints that she'd prefer it if you took eight-year-old Stacy out to the toolshed and beat some sense into her. 0000 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷

**Damien and Cardamom Goldberg**—665 Cute Street, San Francisco. Tel. KL 5-1235. Don't ask us where "Damien" and "Cardamom" got their names from, but they sure can cook. Call ahead and find out when Damien is making his Pork-Fried Pork in Gravy Sauce, and try to show up for that. Remember that he's going to stare at your every bite, and each time you swallow he's going to shout, "Isn't that great!" while Cardamom (he calls her "Mom," but what the hell) is going to go on and on about how she, and her husband, and you, too, for that matter, "should really be vegetarians." If you can put up with all that, you'll have a fine time. Just be sure to bring a six-pack of beer to give to Tito, the doorman, or he'll interrupt your meal every ten minutes with fire drills. 00000 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷

COLORADO

**Sheldon Posner and Richard Gold**—775 Marley Street, Denver. Tel. 555-6499. Like just about all the gay homosexuals we've ever heard of, Sheldon and Richard cook pretty well; so if you don't mind what these boys'll do to each other after you leave, give them a visit. Don't call ahead and ask what you should bring, though, because "Shelly" will probably say something like watercress or fresh dill weed, and you'll go crazy driving around Denver trying to find it. 00000 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷

ILLINOIS

**Andy and Mandy Candy**—1234 Main Street Road, Smithtown. Tel. 555-4567. This is it. This is the place where Jim himself, and his lovely wife, Betty, come to eat when they're on the road making sure that Jim's Tires are tires you can get into a fistfight over the quality of. The house of Andy and Mandy Candy is just great, and Mandy knows just about everything in the world that can be done with turkey and Velveeta. Daughter Sandy and son Randy take your coat, say please and thank you, and serve you that cottage cheese and Jell-O dip that everybody goes crazy over. You don't even have to bring food. Come here for a real fine dinner any night except Sunday, and just make sure that you're not a nigger or a Jew or something like that. 00000 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷

## JIM'S TIRES

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First-rate food

Pretty darn good food

Just good, decent food

Not bad food, when you get down to it

Bad food, really

Just god-awful, terrible food

Serves wine and beer

Serves hard liquor

Serves soft narcotics

Serves hard narcotics

Has food

You bring food

They cook for you

You cook for yourself

You cook for them

They cook you

They have dog

You bring dog

They have cat

They have horse

They have tropical fish

They have brontosaurus

Wife or daughter is "loose"

Husband or son is "lech"

House smells strange

Dog smokes pipe

Daughter got "A" on geometry quiz

Wants to kill himself

because he doesn't use Jim's Tires

Stupid knickknacks in dining room

Might be Jewish, Negro, other

Inaccessible to handicapped

Entire family is writing screenplay

Have had contact with aliens

Run by aliens

Nielsen family

Insane

Proud of their bathtub

Serves large bowls of soup

Family once took shower with

Winston Churchill

Want you to teach them tennis

Will steal your money

Will accuse you of molesting daughter

Will assist you in molesting daughter

Pretend their house is the *Love Boat*

Fight in your presence

Son is homicidal maniac

Son is homicidal maniac

and mother makes great cupcakes

Show slides of Yosemite trip during meal

Father has strange diagonal

disfigurement on face

Serve everything with catsup



## THE ESTABLISHMENTS

### ■ KANSAS

**The Jessups**—554 North-Street Street, Faker's Bluff. Tel. KL 5-8700. Plain folks; decent folks; good, upright, honest, God-fearing folks. That's all we can say about the Jessups. They can't cook worth shit. But what the hell are you doing in Faker's Bluff anyway? Go home. 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷

### ■ MAINE

**Ben and Sarah Tucker**—115 Sea View Way, Rockhead. Tel. 555-9021. One thing they have up in Maine is lobster; one thing they don't have is a sense of humor. So bring your melted butter and leave your jokes in the car when you eat with the Tuckers. Ben is pushing seventy, so you'll have to catch, clean, cook, and crack open your own shellfish, and his. Sarah has made a career out of disapproving of everything and everybody, so you'll have to put up with that, too. Corn on the cob is free, and so are the potatoes, but Ben insists that you pay for the lobsters in Krugerrands, and Sarah will literally spit at you if you don't immediately agree that Roosevelt and Nixon were both "communists." 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷

### ■ MARYLAND

**David Attman and Sherry Stein**—322 Bonnie View Lane, Apt. 4, Baltimore. Tel. 555-2186. These two folks are married to each other, but Sherry has kept her maiden name. Don't ask Jim's Tires why. Just call ahead and be sure Sherry's mother is there for the weekend, and ask when Mrs. Stein is making her Crab Cakes à la Big Daddy Lipscomb. Then get over there as fast as you can. When Mrs. Stein asks you why her daughter isn't pregnant yet, just say you don't know. 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷

### ■ MICHIGAN

**Vladislav and Sonja Krzczowiczx**—740 North Uhry, Dearborn. Tel. 555-7317. These folks speak English, so don't worry. Trouble is, they serve a lot of things that start with bladders and intestines and go downhill from there. Sonja is prone to flare her nostrils and get mad at a Russian guy named "Stahlin" in a husky voice, but if you hang on and help her drink a couple of glasses of that sweet red wine they serve, she'll be dragging you off to the bedroom before dessert. Vladislav is a fine fellow, and in all the time we've been eating there he's beat us up only once. 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷



#### *If you're not driving on Jim's Tires...*

You're under arrest, or headed for a major accident!  
Get off the road, change your tires, and apologize to  
the drivers of America!

### ■ MINNESOTA

**Stuart and Elizabeth Rumson**—8877 Oak Knoll Place, Minneapolis. Tel. KL 5-4396. The food is good—lamb chops, broccoli, and the like (all you have to bring is some fresh bread from the bakery at the shopping center)—but you'll pay for it. The Rumsons agree to let folks eat with them so that they can have an audience for their arguments. Stuart carps about Elizabeth's drinking, Elizabeth goes on about Stu's chippy secretary, and the kids (Adam, four, and Jessica, seven) throw in their two cents about their father's damn-fool tax-shelter scams, their mother's gigolo-type tennis instructor, and each other's illicit drug deals and white slave trade activities. You'll be asked to defend each of them, and be screamed at by the ones you're not defending. So bring a hearty appetite, a good set of earplugs, and maybe a gun to wave around. Better yet, ask them to do up the food for takeout, and eat in your car. 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷

### ■ NEW JERSEY

**Howard and Lillian Flaherty**—866 Frasnoid Lane, Deptford. Tel. 555-5611. If you're in the mood for peace and quiet, this is for you. Howard and Lillie Flaherty are the dullest people we've ever met. Howie's idea of conversation is to say, "Well, sometimes things are like that," to just about everything, while Lillie just sighs and clutches her crucifix. It's Campbell's tomato soup and bologna (which they pronounce "buh-low-nah") on Wonder Bread every night. Bring your own mustard and watch Howard shake his head in amazement at your unbridled, hedonistic-type life-style. 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷

### ■ NEW YORK

**Walt and Jean McKeon**—578 Rockefeller Way, Albany. Tel. 555-8311. Packaged hot dogs like edible rubber, creamed this and cream of that, canned vegetables that don't even have the flavor of cans, potatoes from a box six months old, white bread you can insulate the attic with, cakes from a mix that don't need baking, predigested chicken, fruit drink that's 10 percent fruit and 90 percent drink, bottled salad dressing thicker than W-40 oil, hamburgers extended with bread crumbs, bread crumbs extended with sawdust—this is American food: good, wholesome, hearty, unpretentious. 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷



## THE ESTABLISHMENTS



**Margaret Lambert**—322 East Fifty-fourth Street, Apt. 4B, NYC. Tel. 555-8755. Ever since the divorce, Margaret has been living alone, and if she doesn't tell you how much she loves it before the hors d'oeuvres, we'll give you a dollar. And you'll give her twenty-five bucks, or walk out hungry: she's got a thing she calls a "pree leeks," which means you pay a set sum and get everything. Everything means whatever she's learning to cook at a cooking class that month—Icelandic-cod variations, when we were there last; and if you can't stand the Jane Olivor or Barry Manilow on the stereo, tough. 0000 🍷 🍴 🍷 🍷

### PENNSYLVANIA

**Amos Meister**—RFD Route 22, Jeroboam. No telephone. This is Pennsylvania Dutch country, but if you think that means noodles and pretzels and such, you're wrong. Amos happens to be one of the area's most accomplished Tahitian chefs; how he does his Candied Wild Boar in Lime Sauce with Coconut Milk without wild boars, limes, or coconuts is something Jim himself can't figure out. But it's great, and with his thirteen daughters waiting on you hand and foot, you'll think you died and went to Tahiti. After your meal they whip you with a cat-o-nine-tails and make you sleep in the onion cellar, so bring along a sleeping bag and a lawyer. 00000 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷

The next time you're in Kokomo...

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### TENNESSEE

**Tom Dickerson**—387 Spring Hollow Way, Natchez. Tel. KL 5-4533. Tom likes to call himself a "logical positivist," so in between your mouthfuls of his pretty good corn fritters, fried chicken, and black-eyed peas with pork, you'll have to answer his questions about A. J. Ayer, Bertrand Russell, and those people. We like to get him riled up by suggesting that maybe Sartre's *On the Transcendence of the Ego* is more important than all of *The Open Society and Its Enemies*, but you'd better forgo that pleasure if you want to get to Tom's Rightside-Up Upside-Down Pineapple Cake—Tom gets pretty mad if you make fun of Karl Popper, and you have to know just how to handle him. Bring a baby pig for Ludwig, Tom's pet python. 0000 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷

### TEXAS

**Bob and Hallie Randall**—Rocking DT Ranch, Route 6, Austin. Tel. 555-0933. "Everything's big in Texas" is what you've heard, and it's true. It takes three days in a fast car to get across Bob and Hallie's driveway. Each dinner lasts about two weeks, and no wonder: each pinto bean in Bob's Chili con Carne is as big as a pillow; Hallie's Enchiladas con Pollo y Campesinos is just that—enchiladas with chicken and field hands (you need the help of six or seven strong Mexican men to lift the damn thing). Don't bother trying to help out by bringing something from the local Agway; Bob owns it, and you'd need a truck to haul what's required. Bring flatcars of pig iron, plywood, or electrical generating equipment for payment. 00000 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷 🍷

### UTAH

**Joseph and Mary Boynton**—334 Rod Road, Salt Lake City. Tel. 555-0757. No smoking, no liquor, no wine vinegar. No talking, no humming, and eat what's put before you. No wisecrack remarks or smart-aleck back talk. Mary Boynton, poor soul, manages to do justice to meat loaf (no catsup, no snazzy marinades, no Worcestershire sauce or other condiments of Satan) and mashed potatoes (no pepper, no parsley, no I-make-them-with-the-skins-on and other hippie perversities). Joseph will engage you in polite conversation over a complimentary glass of tomato juice (no horseradish, no calling it a "Virgin Mary," no Tabasco). Just shut up, eat, pay, and leave. Those twin girls begging you to take them with you are the Boynton twins, Lacy and Tracy. You can have a pretty good time with them at the nearby Holiday Inn, but remember: no smoking, no liquor, no catsup, et cetera. 🍷



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00 Not bad food, when you get down to it  
0 Bad food, really  
0 Just god-awful, terrible food

🍷 Serves wine and beer  
🍷 Serves hard liquor  
🍷 Serves soft narcotics  
🍷 Serves hard narcotics

🍷 Has food  
🍷 You bring food  
🍷 They cook for you  
🍷 You cook for yourself  
🍷 You cook for them  
🍷 They cook you  
🍷 They have dog  
🍷 You bring dog  
🍷 They have cat  
🍷 They have horse  
🍷 They have tropical fish  
🍷 They have brontosaurus  
🍷 Wife or daughter is "loose"  
🍷 Husband or son is "lech"  
🍷 House smells strange  
🍷 Dog smokes pipe  
🍷 Daughter got "A" on geometry quiz  
🍷 Wants to kill himself

🍷 because he doesn't use Jim's Tires  
🍷 Stupid knickknacks in dining room  
🍷 Might be Jewish, Negro, other  
🍷 Inaccessible to handicapped  
🍷 Entire family is writing screenplay  
🍷 Have had contact with aliens  
🍷 Run by aliens  
🍷 Nielsen family  
🍷 Insane  
🍷 Proud of their bathtub  
🍷 Serves large bowls of soup  
🍷 Family once took shower with  
🍷 Winston Churchill  
🍷 Want you to teach them tennis  
🍷 Will steal your money

🍷 Will accuse you of molesting daughter  
🍷 Will assist you in molesting daughter  
🍷 Pretend their house is the *Love Boat*  
🍷 Fight in your presence  
🍷 Son is homicidal maniac  
🍷 Son is homicidal maniac  
🍷 and mother makes great cupcakes  
🍷 Show slides of Yosemite trip during meal  
🍷 Father has strange diagonal  
🍷 disfigurement on face  
🍷 Serve everything with catsup

---

## Food Wars

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58)

people gratefully accepted the buckets of chicken the Colonel's Chicken Patrol passed out, and clung to their idealization of the man himself, who would appear on the floor of a state legislature in a rocking chair ("Just minding my own business; you fellers get on with your work. Have you tried my new corn on the cob yet?") before an important piece of legislation was due for a vote.

---

**A**rmies from east and west turned Kansas into leftovers. The Chairman's troops held on to the city of Wichita by the chicken skins of their teeth.

However, as the Colonel encountered greater difficulty in his drive for new territory, he radically altered his tactics, for which he is deservedly famous. In a hostile town the Colonel would secretly open a franchise often disguised as a flower shop, or in the ruins of an abandoned "gas" station. His cadres would infiltrate city blocks, arousing the discontent of the masses and promising a time when all food would be for the people and the food would be delicious chicken, with the Colonel's own secret recipe coating, made of eleven herbs and spices. Newcomers were recruited to individual cells, whose leaders remained aloof and had little if any contact with other cells, except on massive,

mobile picnics where others were contacted to see who bore the responsibility of bringing the cole slaw and potato salad. The Colonel's amazing thousand-mile march from Louisville to Baton Rouge proved decisive, and in December 1995 General Colonel Sanders now emerged from isolation to head his new empire.

---

## Anarchy in the North

IN THE NORTHERN SECTION OF THE country, anarchy remained the norm. The Burger King Republic lasted only a few short weeks before the impossibility of the "have it your way" form of food government revealed itself. Rumors of the development of a nuclear slam dunk in Harlem proved false, and Manhattan collapsed into a state of hundreds of different warring ethnic restaurants and chic East Side eateries.

---

## The Great Food Wars of 1997

BY LATE 1996, CONFLICT BETWEEN THE burger and chicken systems appeared inevitable. Although, privately, great personal admirers of each other's achievements, Czar Ronald McDonald and Chairman Colonel Sanders both realized that the smallest match could at any moment blow up the oven. The Kansas declaration proved just such a match.

The central territories of Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma had a long-standing tradition of neutrality against the powers to the east and west. But in February 1997 the legislature of Kansas, seeing many of its citizens nibbling on tiny packets of grass and dirt, voted a period of ninety days in which it would be decided whether they would vote for chicken or vote for burger. Looking back, it is easy to see what a folly it was to think that the citizens could control the open door they

had given to the two empires.

The trial period started innocently enough with both sides content to air-drop bundle after bundle of their various edibles over the wide-open Kansas plains. However, on March 11, 1997, a KFC-14 veered too close to a Burger-52 and was shot down. Chairman Colonel Sanders demanded immediate retaliation, and the five burger jets that fell before his chicken wings signaled the beginning of the Great Food Wars.

Armies from east and west turned Kansas into leftovers. The Chairman's troops managed to hold the beleaguered city of Wichita, and U-2 drumsticks blazed through the night toward Ronald's armies. But the clown held a clear advantage in men and resources, as well as in a full line of breakfast products that kept morale high as the Colonel's troops were forced to feed on cold chicken and lumpy potatoes. Egg McMortars pounded Wichita relentlessly. Thousands of civilians were grossly overfed in the shelling.

It was then that the Colonel, on a personal tour of the battlefield, made his decision to abandon conventional weapons and try a surprise attack using microwave radiation, in defiance of the Good Housekeeping Agreement of 1994. How the course of world events would have been altered if he had been allowed to put into motion this plan will never be known, for in mid May of 1997 outside intervention put an end to the Great Food Wars and started the dissolution of both the McDonald's and Sanders empires, shaping the way the world is today, as we enter the second half of the twenty-first century.

From the perspective of the present, we can see how desperation and changing perspectives led to the rise of the great food states. How easily we may laugh at how the people were duped by their symbols, Ronald McDonald and Colonel Sanders! Hopefully, we have learned from the past, as we strive to keep our country, the United States of Mitsubishi-Sony, alert, under the guidance of the Good Monster Gamera, friend to all children. ■

---

## Recommended Extra Reading

MY FIVE YEARS IN THE CHICKEN PATROL—by Col. Craig Pullet

A personal view of the chicken patrol, its day-to-day workings, the toll it takes on family life, and the pride and courage of the units.

WHAT EVER BECAME OF TACO JACK?—by Señor Wences

Speculation as to the real reasons behind the disappearance of the famous one-armed Mexican revolutionary.

YOU DESERVE GOOD GOVERNMENT—by Mayor McCheese  
Classical political commentary, served up with a smile.

DIARY OF A FRANK LOVER—by Anne Meyer

A little girl's tale of terror hiding out from the SS (special sauce) brigade.

SALAD DAYS—anthology

The long-suppressed collection of vegetarians' reminiscences about the days of old.

TESTED: BEANS—SNAPPY PERFORMANCE FROM AN IMMATURE POD

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MARCH 1982

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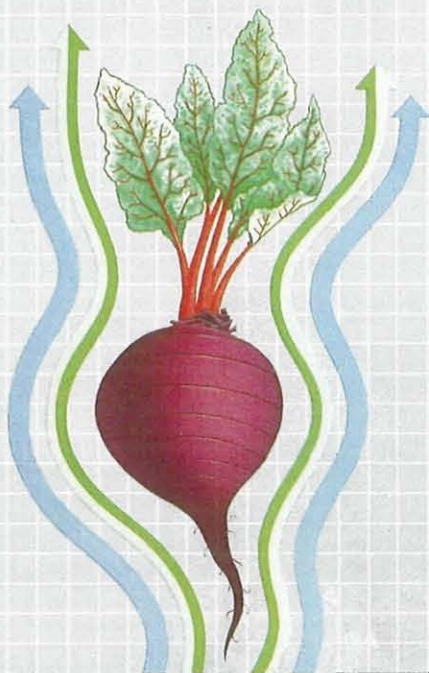
**46** FT.

EST.,  
WITH THE  
WIND

**31** FT.

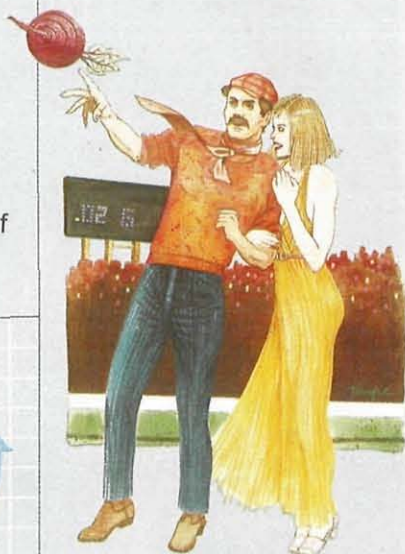
EST.,  
AGAINST  
THE WIND

For comparison. Distance may vary depending on leaf drag and how hard the beet is thrown.



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## Sport Beet GT EXP

# COME ON, AMERICA. FEEL THE BEET.

**F  
&T****Food & Track**

March 1982

Volume 33, Number 7

**THROW TESTS****Fig/Muskmelon hybrid**—netted rind gives new traction to an old synconium. 32**New araucarian 4-ovule Pine Nut**—hefty abscission zone may cause body roll at top end. 45**FEATURES****Profile: Axilio Pedicelini**—fast olives and fast living. 52**Kicking Brazil Nuts**—heel-and-nigger-toeing to victory. 57**Overboosting at Dateona**—3-date crash stains three. 61**Andy Pomegranatelli**—best fruit on the circuit. 72**Those funicular tendrils**—competitors claim they cut speed, but fans love 'em anyway. 75**COMPETITION****Hard day at Indy Safeway**—Le Floret's Rhyzome Special retired after CO<sub>2</sub> fire breaks out in pith. 85

Editor in Chief: BUD CARROLL

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Publisher: LEIF CARROLL

Melon Desk: ORGANELLE PLASMOLYSIS NECTARINE CARROLL-JONES

All testing and analyses presented in this magazine have been carried out under conditions of strict impartiality and with completeness and thoroughness in every detail. Asparagus, for example, is not given a mere one-time launching down a stretch of pavement, like a shot put. Rather, we throw it over and over again, dozens of times, as directed by our comprehensive testing unit of almost fifteen guys, some of them enormous, powerful creatures with arms like Goose Gossage's, and others weak and stringy sorts propending to the more ingenious and sinister methods associated with persons whose physical inadequacies require them to fend with their minds. Accordingly, the asparagus is tested in all manners—sometimes directly, linearly, at one hundred miles an hour into concrete barriers; at other times, when the vegetable is twisted and splattered to a barely viscous, curdlike mass, the real puny, anemic guys with the highly developed yet sick brains load the ropy, mucoid remains into a galvanized pipe, which they've made into a cannon by packing its lower end with potassium nitrate, and subsequently blow the asparagus to vapor. This is what we call our concept of total testing; when *Food & Track* tests something, we test the living shit out of it. This is our pledge to you: total testing—a thoroughly impartial, balls-out, obliterative surge of wild, irresistible testing madness. Foodomotive Publications, Box 3330, Coconut Grove, Florida.



*Anguished Le Floret after Indy  
pith fire puts him out of the race.*

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# XXXII Belgian Grand Prix Fixe

*Fastest menu ever marked by early crash and sensational finish*

BY P. CARROLL

ONCE AGAIN the calipers on my front brakes seized up as I took the last gravely turn into carbon-dioxide alley, with the result that De Phyllidia, of the Italian cauliflower team, bought a faceful of crushed rock, very nearly followed by crushed car, were it not for some desperation steering and my deflection by several dozen pallets of watermelons into a relatively harmless morass of rind, seeds, and red mush. It was going to be a rough day. De Phyllidia's crew had already lost its number-one plant, having blown three wrapper leaves during trials (his only backup cauliflower, held together virtually with twist ties, had Team Italia's chief botanist mumbling all morning about a shimmy in the aft curd). So I did my obsequious, cloying best to make amends with De Phyllidia. He hauled himself upright, raked me with those notorious savoy-leaf-spinach green eyes, and exposed an exceptionally luminous, smiling arrangement of teeth. "I am here to race cauliflower," he said. "Therefore, I will not get angry and throw my cauliflower at you, for the sake of the race." And race he did.

De Phyllidia's foremost challenge came from Petiole, of France, on a win streak since November, when the Orangerie withdrew its backing and Petiole was forced to join an inex-



*Petiole's team had regrafted its Romaine-Chard from the roots up, but it wasn't enough.*



*Traditional Le Mans start, after an hour's delay over table settings.*

perienced lettuce team from Lille. Somehow, the combination clicked; a formidable synergy developed between Petiole's radical "bad boy" style and the team's equally exotic twin-bud Romaine-Chard Supergrafter with toroidal leaf blades and whale-tail root bundle. Twenty-one successive victories were enough to convince not a few observers that the showdown with champion De Phyllidia in Belgium might be more of a contest than the latter could handle.

After an hour's delay brought on by the usual wrangling of officials over settings at the starting table, entry foods were finally arranged, and competitors took their places and, in traditional LeMans fashion, ran to their food and began to throw it down the track. Violent collisions involving a pear from America and several Brazilian mangoes marred the event early on; crews needed over half an hour to clean the scattered cellulose off the track; yet, despite

their efforts, pulp-slick turns prompted some times overly cautious officials to impose a lemon yellow flag for most of the day. Nevertheless, spectators got what they came see—a hammer-down, no-holds-barred showdown between Msrs. De Phyllidia and Petiole.

As Petiole stepped up to the final lap, Romaine-Chard seemed on its last leaf. He had been pushing incredibly hard, tossing it over 300 times for a total distance of 5.2 miles three hours flat. "When I said I wanted a 'torable' entry, I did not mean as a salad," Petiole barked to his crew. In the meantime, De Phyllidia's experience began to pay off. His slow pace and smoother, longer throws left his cauliflower in comparatively good condition. The only difficulty, a problem with the leaf jacking after a spinout on the twenty-eighth lap, was easily corrected with a new set of twist ties, allowing De Phyllidia to pull almost even w-

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Petiole by the final lap. But the Frenchman kept pushing. Suddenly his Romaine-Chard began to waffle in midair. First a leaf blade separated, then its entire forechard quarterpanel flipped off and plunged limply to the track. The crowd rushed to the barriers as Petiole's lettuce began to spin out of control and the relentless De Phyllidia arced his cauliflower to within several feet of the eventual resting place of the major portion of Petiole's Romaine-Chard. But De Phyllidia's vegetable had momentum. Its powerful roll easily slung it past Petiole as the Frenchman struggled gamely to pry up the last appreciable strands of his entry—to no avail. De Phyllidia's bouncing, whirling cauliflower shot over the finish line and the race was history.

By any standard this was truly a magnificent performance, especially for a man who some



De Phyllidia hung tough. Fluid, long-range throws finally overwhelmed his hard-driving challenger.

thought was all through, including, I'm embarrassed to say, myself, earlier in the day, as my car was sliding toward him in carbon-dioxide alley. "I will still abstain from throwing a cauliflower at you," he said to me at the victory party, hoisting a peach brandy and smiling even larger than before. "Because I am not a food fighter," he shouted, "I am a food racer."

### BELGIAN GRAND PRIX FIXE Bruxelles Sproutway, February 10, 1982

Thrower	Food	Throws
1. G. De Phyllidia	Cauliflower	263
2. L. Petiole	Romaine-Chard	310
3. H. Appleton	Chick-pea	280
4. L. Olivier	Apple	301
5. C. Berry	Joboba Nut	302
6. C. Plummer	Wax Bean	307
7. S. Grapelli	Pumpkin	290
8. Melonie	Red Pepper	292
9. L. Bean	Passion Fruit	288
10. O. Bean	Onion	291

Average speed: (running/throwing) 12.30 mph  
(record: 13.88 mph, Gamete De Phyllidia,  
Cauliflower, 1979)

Retirements: R. Leeks—cherry tomato, skin failure, 181 throws completed; B. Budd, P. Kale, A. Beatts—pear and mangoes, collision, 3 throws completed.

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## Open Page

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

All right, all right. Good night.

"Presque Isle, Maine, you're on."

I have a question for Danny and for Al. Gentlemen, have you read the Bhagavad Gita?

"I think we know where that question leads to. Bay City, Michigan, go ahead, please."

Danny? Are you Jewish?

D.T.: I'm glad you asked that. As I tell my Jewish brethren, I am a Jew when I am in a Jewish household. I tell my Catholic friends, I am a Catholic when I am in a Catholic household.

In other words, Danny, you're a Swede when you're in a Swedish house?

D.T.: And a German when I'm in a German household. I am hopefully all things to all people. You know, God didn't create nations and boundaries. He created one people. Man created the conflicts and differences that separate us and divide us and make war and strife an everyday reality. Tell me something. How is a communist Russian different in human terms from an American?

A.H.: Excuse me, may I jump in here?

"It's an open forum. General."

A.H.: The difference between a communist Russian and an American is that the communist Russian is a son of a bitch. A ruthless, militaristic son of a bitch. All right, God created all people as one. But the Russian communists have rejected

God. In their so doing, wouldn't you agree that they have, in effect, resigned from the Family of Man and are therefore eligible for: as one participant in this evening's program so eloquently stated with reference to my former colleague Earl Butz, "a ass beatin'?"

"Danny?"

D.T.: Absolutely. I couldn't agree with you more.

"Scottsdale, Arizona, you're on with Alexander Haig and Danny Thomas."

How come so much of my tax money has to go toward building weapons when we've got the firepower to destroy the world, what is it, thirty times? Wait a second. What? My son says forty times. Why do we have to spend that kind of money?

D.T.: That's a good question and I'm glad you asked.

"Excuse me, Danny. I think that question was for the general."

No, I wanted to ask Danny Thomas that question.

D.T.: I thought so. I feel that far too much money is being spent on the military. I know the general will disagree with me, and, God bless America, that's what this country is all about. People being unable to agree on anything. But if we took all those dollars and put them into medical research, we could lick all the terrible diseases that plague mankind throughout the world and have enough left over to fill all our highway potholes.

A.H.: Wally? May I respond to Danny's answer?

"Go right ahead, General."

A.H.: What do you know about anything?

D.T.: Pardon me, General?

A.H.: You know how unhealthy nuclear attack is? It's worse than cancer, TB, and blood poisoning put together, in terms of human suffering. If we do not maintain a strong defense posture, an awful lot of people are going to be in a lot worse misery. Answer me this: If the Soviets get first strike capability, where are you going to go to be healthy?

D.T.: I'm glad you brought that up, General Haig. If we spent the money we now spend on bombs on hospitals, this country would be dotted with hospitals; they'd be everywhere. Tell me what structures are considered safe during battle.

A.H.: You're not suggesting we hide in hospitals?

D.T.: I'm suggesting that...

A.H.: Danny? Watch very closely. See (CONTINUED ON PAGE 95)



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# Funny Pages

**Deirdre Callahan** A CHILD SO INCREDIBLY UGLY THAT THOSE WHO VIEW HER KILL THEMSELVES OR HAVE THE CORNEAS OF THEIR EYES BURNED OUT! TO COVER HER HIDEOUS FACE DEIRDRE WEARS A CHEESECLOTH BAG WITH A PRETTY FACE PAINTED ON IT.

**THE ECCENTRIC BILLIONAIRE**  
J. PIERPONT CASSABA READS HIS MORNING PAPER - AN ITEM IN THE "PERSONALS" COLUMN CATCHES HIS EYE

I AM PENNILESS AND UNEMPLOYED AND MY WIFE NEEDS AN OPERATION. I WILL STARE AT DEIRDRE CALLAHAN FOR A FULL MINUTE FOR \$100,000! REPLY BOX 812 - STATEN ISLAND, N.Y.C.

I'LL PAY \$100,000 TO SEE THE POOR SUCKER STARE AT DEIRDRE CALLAHAN!

BRING ME THE PHONE, GOSLING!

...GET A HOLD OF THIS GUY AND DEIRDRE CALLAHAN AND MAKE ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS. WE'LL HOLD THE EVENT UP AT MY COUNTRY ESTATE...

RIGHT-O, J.P.!

**THE HOME OF QUENTIN KEMP, THE MAN WHO PLACED THE ADVERTISEMENT...**

I WROTE YOU, MR. KEMP. I AM J.P. CASSABA'S ATTORNEY. DO YOU STILL WISH TO STARE AT DEIRDRE CALLAHAN FOR \$100,000?

...WELL, I DON'T KNOW...UH...THE WIFE'S FEELIN' A LOT BETTER...

I'M WORSE, QUENTIN, AND YOU KNOW IT!

DO IT, QUENTIN, SO I CAN HAVE THE OPERATION...

WELL, OKAY...

GOOD! HERE'S SOME MONEY. BE AT THIS ADDRESS TOMORROW MORNING AT 7:30.

**THE NEXT DAY AT J.P. CASSABA'S COUNTRY ESTATE**

MR. KEMP, I HAVE HERE TWO CERTIFIED CHECKS, EACH FOR \$100,000. IF YOU KILL YOURSELF, YOUR WIFE GETS THE CHECK MADE OUT IN HER NAME. IF YOU ARE BLINDED YOU WILL RECEIVE THE CHECK MADE OUT IN YOUR NAME.

DEIRDRE, WHEN WE FINISH THIS LITTLE GAME WE'RE PLAYING YOU WILL GET TWO SUPER, KING-SIZE, JUMBO CHOCOLATE THICK SHAKES!

YAAAAAY!!!

AT THE COUNT OF THREE YOU WILL BOTH WALK TWO PACES, TURN, AND FACE EACH OTHER. DEIRDRE, YOU WILL THEN REMOVE THE BAG FROM YOUR FACE. MR. KEMP, YOU WILL STARE WIDE-EYED AT DEIRDRE'S FACE FOR ONE MINUTE. YOU WILL BE PERMITTED 5 QUICK BLINKS. HERE IS A GUN IN THE EVENT YOU ARE COMPELLED TO, UH, WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...

HA, HA, HA! POOR SAP - HE DOESN'T KNOW THE GUN ISN'T LOADED!

CONTINUED

# The Rabbit Boy

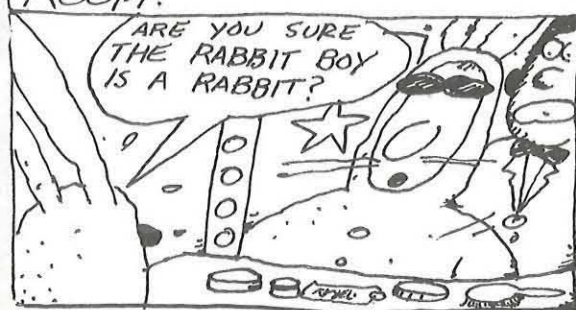
by Len Glasser

**CHAPTER 10**  
FAMED MOTION-PICTURE DIRECTOR MICHAEL CIMINO HAS READ BERT'S STORY AND MOUNTS A PRODUCTION LOOSELY BASED ON THE RABBIT BOY'S LIFE. INSIDERS SPECULATE THE COSTS COULD EXCEED EVEN "HEAVEN'S GATE."



DAN AYKROYD'S DRESSING ROOM.

ARE YOU SURE THE RABBIT BOY IS A RABBIT?



SCENE 1  
SPEARS OF OCTOBER  
DIRECTOR: CIMINO

NOW WHEN I SAY ACTION... I WANT EVERYONE IN A RABBIT SUIT TO BEGIN THROWING SPEARS!



HOLD IT!  
WHERE THE HELL IS AYKROYD?



LISTEN, MIKE, THIS BUNNY COSTUME ISN'T GOING TO WORK! THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE REAL-LIFE DRAMA!

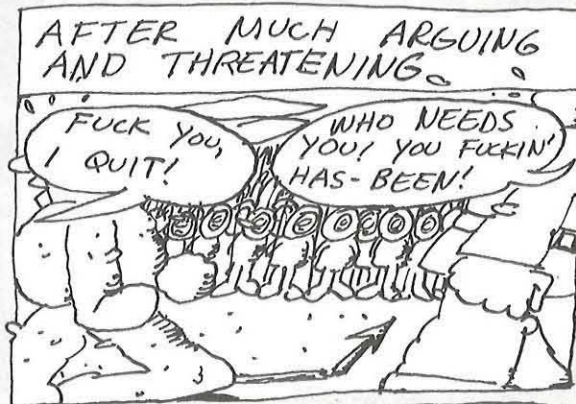
WHAT?



AFTER MUCH ARGUING AND THREATENING,

FUCK YOU, I QUIT!

WHO NEEDS YOU! YOU FUCKIN' HAS-BEEN!



CUT, DAMMIT! WHO'S THE NUMBNUTS IN THE FOREGROUND?

I THINK HIS NAME IS BERT. HE'S A TECHNICAL ADVISOR OF SOME KIND.



I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MR. CIMINO, BERT!

HOWDY.

HOW'D YOU LIKE THE LEAD IN "THE SPEARS OF OCTOBER"?

A STAR IS BORN.

# Happy Hour

by Bruce Cochran



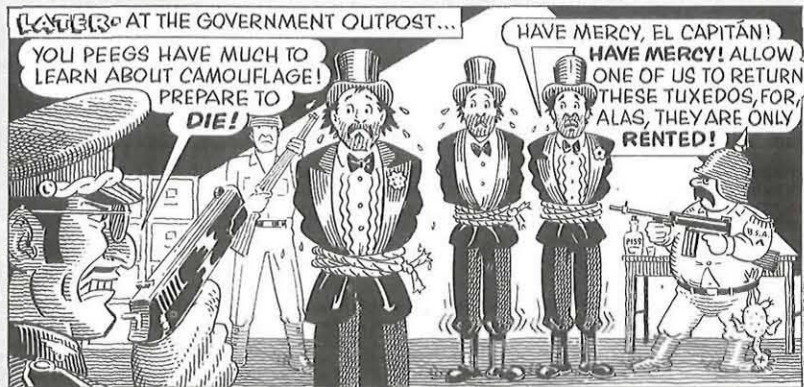
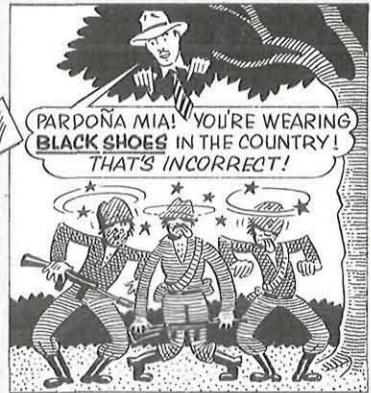
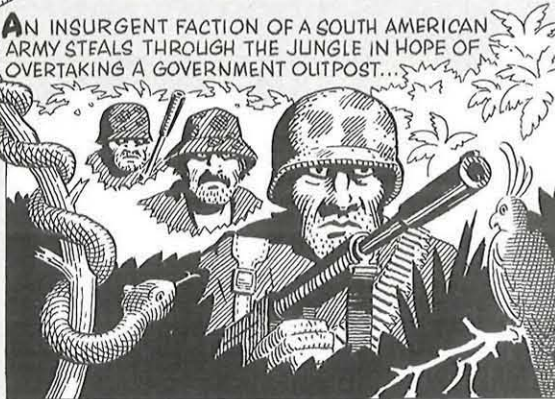
# Mature Adult Humour

by Mimi Pond



# Politenessman

by Ron Barrett



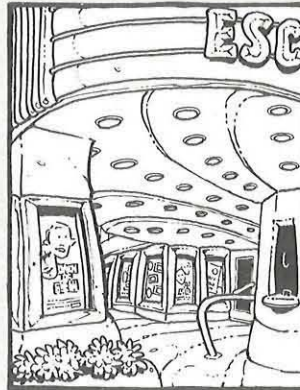
PLEASE NOTE: THIS COMIC STRIP HAS ESTABLISHED A DRESS CODE. READERS WILL NOT BE ALLOWED WITHOUT SHIRTS, IN BARE FEET OR BATHING SUITS. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION!

# TEENAGE ESCAPE

RICK GEARY  
©1981



THIS IS THE SECOND TIME IN A YEAR, MY FRIEND MAUDE AND I HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE GIRLS' DETENTION HOME.



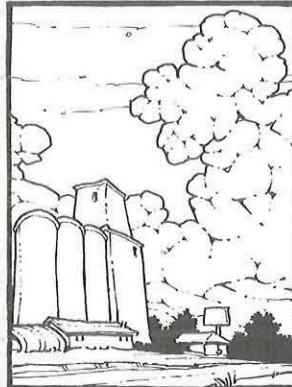
THE MATRON TOOK A BUNCH OF US TO THE PICTURE SHOW...



AND WE SIMPLY TOOK A QUICK EXIT WHILE SHE WASN'T LOOKING.



SO WE WERE ON THE ROAD WITH BUT 47 CENTS BETWEEN US...



AND CAUGHT A RIDE ALL THE WAY TO TOPEKA, KANSAS.



WE SHOPLIFTED HERE IN THE CROSSBY BROS. DEPARTMENT STORE.



ONE AFTERNOON WE ENCOUNTERED TWO STRANGE-LOOKING MEN ON THE HIGHWAY.



THEY MADE US FOLLOW THEM BACK INTO THE WOODS TO MEET THE REST OF THEIR GROUP.



THEIR LEADER, WHOM EVERYBODY CALLED "BUD," WONDERED IF WE MIGHT NOT LIKE TO JOIN THEM.



AT FIRST WE RESISTED, BUT HIS MANNER WAS QUITE PERSUASIVE.



WE ALL HAD TO WEAR BLANKETS AND WANDER AROUND EATING FROM TRASH BINS.



THE WOMEN HAD TO REMAIN SILENT AND WALK IN A GROUP BEHIND THE MEN.



WE SLEPT ON THE GROUND IN OUR BLANKETS WHEREVER WE HAPPENED TO BE.



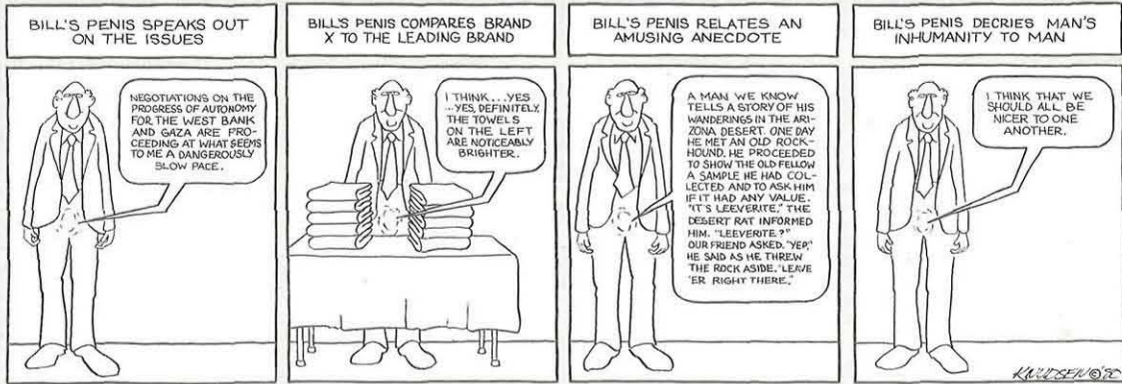
WHAT A LIFE! ONE NIGHT MAUDE AND I RAN OFF WHILE EVERYONE WAS ASLEEP.



WELL, TO MOST ANYTHING, I GUESS, BUT WE WON'T EAT GARBAGE.

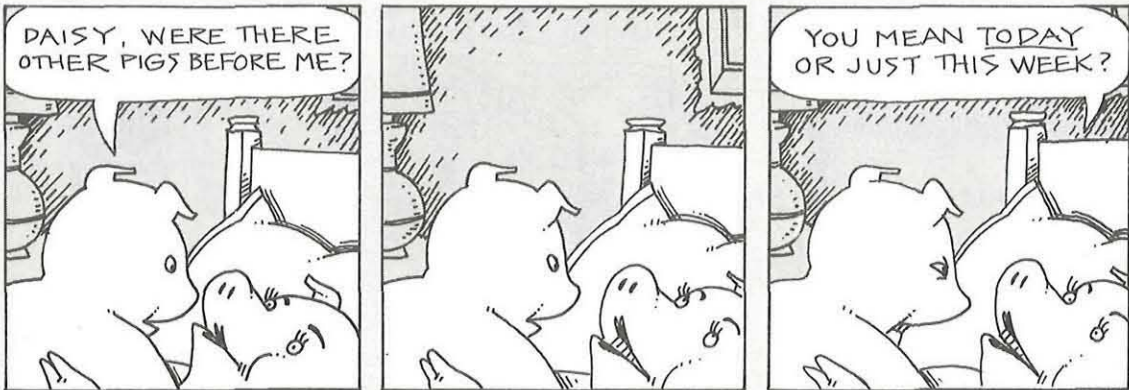
# Bill's Penis

by Mark Knudsen



# Pigs in Love

by Revilo

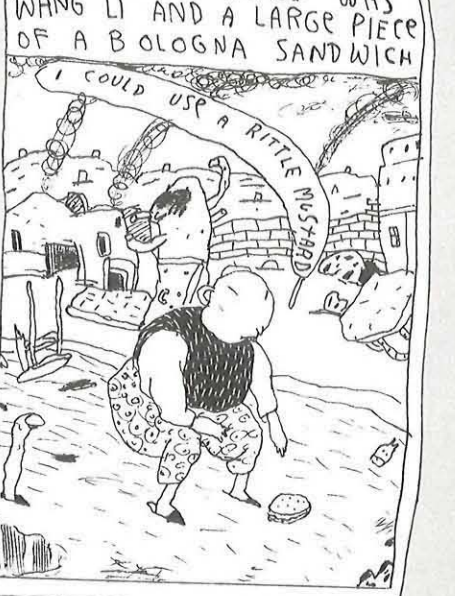
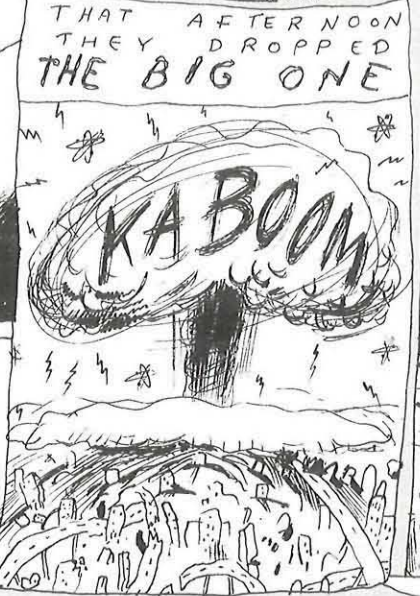
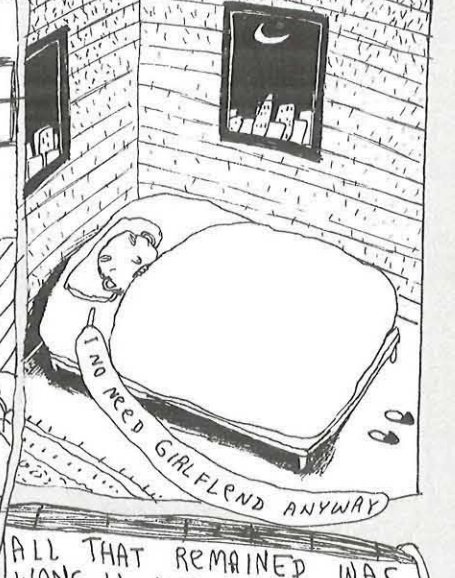
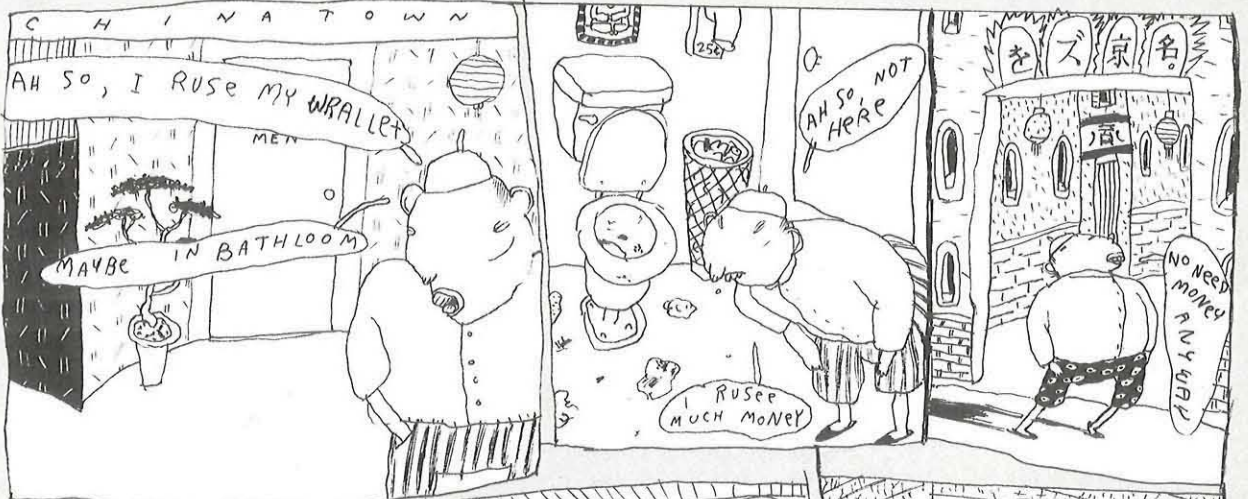


# Aunt Mary's Kitchen

by M. K. Brown

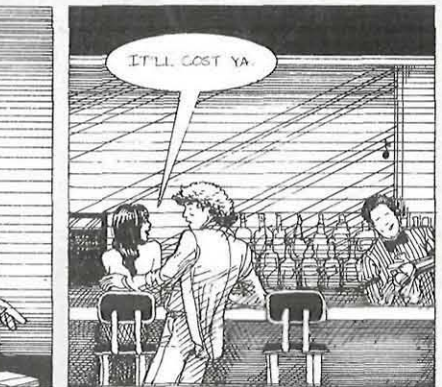


NEXT MONTH: TETANUS BOOSTER OR NOT TETANUS BOOSTER?



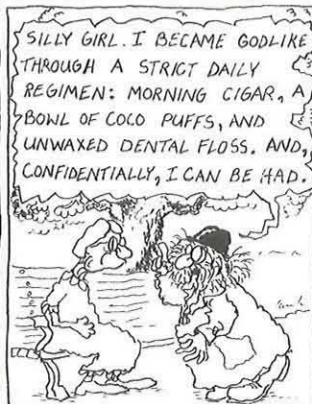
# Young Moderns

by Paul Anthony Bernardo and Mary Wilshire



# Zeb Piker

by Hollinger



# The Appletons

by B. K. Taylor

## A Saga of an American Family



DEDICATED TO WALLY WOOD

IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE APPLETONS'

NORM! IT'S GRANDMA AND GRANDPA APPLETON. THEY SAY THEY'RE PASSING THROUGH TOWN ON THE WAY BACK TO MIAMI AND WOULD LIKE TO STOP IN FOR A LITTLE VISIT.

Later

THE SENIOR APPLETONS ARRIVE TO A WARM WELCOME.



© B.K. Taylor 1982



## Beverly Sills Diet

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)

by diving in. Of course, I'm pulling your leg. On the other hand, your leg is now so weighty that a full-grown horse would have trouble pulling it, much less I.

All kidding aside, it is possible that you might, unbelievable as it may seem, wish to lose some of the weight you've put on. To do so, I recommend the plan of a late, great singer, "Mama" Cass Elliot. Found choked to death on a ham sandwich in 1971, Mama Cass has gone from well over 300 pounds to zero or so ounces, all in the past few years. Eating as much as she wished (that is, not at all), Mama Cass has gotten rid of her dead, unused flab with great success. Mama Cass's Weight Loss Recipe is a simple one. Merely buy enough ham and bread to make a sixteen-foot-high sandwich. Then try to cram it all into your mouth all at one time. It is true that some people (me, for instance) can do so with no problem. On the other hand, if the sandwich blocks your windpipe, you and your blubber just might rest in peace.

*Warning:* If the Mama Cass plan works, you will no longer have the opportunity to experience the finer things in life. By this I mean breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

## Conclusion

THAT'S ABOUT IT FOR ME. IF you have faithfully followed my diet plan and would like a symbol of your success, please send me your name; In return, I will mail you a free, gold-plated butterball. Unless, of course, I get hungry, pry apart the gold, and eat the butterball.

More chow, *Beverly*

## Appendix: Glossary of Weight Loss Terms

Beverly Sills Diet Pills—chocolate-covered diet pills

Four basic food groups—cookies, candies, ice cream, and pizza

Lucky Luciano—Luciano Pavarotti swimming in a sea of chocolate

Well-balanced meal—at least ten pounds of food from each of the four basic groups

Wheat germ—as the name indicates, this will make you sick if you eat it: so don't



Easy listening stirs with the exciting taste of Seagram's 7 & 7UP. Whether it's country and western, jazz, or disco. Everything sounds better with 7 & 7. A bit of sound advice—moderation.

# Easy listening stirs with Seven & Seven



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.  
Seven-up and 7UP are trademarks of the Seven-Up Company © 1982

# TRUE SECTION

## True Facts

**A** FLORIDA STATE OFFICIAL in Tallahassee said he knows that the fear of execution deters some killers because it kept him from choking one of his ex-wives to death many years ago.

"I was having a fight with [her] and I found myself choking her, and I saw her eyes start to pop out, and suddenly off to the left or right I saw the electric chair," said Assistant Attorney General George Georgieff. "It deterred me." *UPI* (contributed by Erica Shames)

AFTER TESTING 307 SUBJECTS FOR THE smell of their urine after they ate asparagus, three scientists challenged the belief that odorous urination after asparagus consumption is a genetically determined, metabolic event. Writing in the *British Medical Journal*, M. Lison, S. H. Blondheim, and R. N. Melmed suggested that differences in odor sensitivity, rather than metabolism, are responsible for the changeable smells. In other words, everyone excretes smelly urine after eating asparagus, but not all people can smell it? *Journal of Nutrition Education* (contributed by L. J. Kuttan)

ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE officers arrested Mitzi, an exotic dancer from Los Angeles, for performing indecent acts in a Kamloops, British Columbia, saloon. Besides playing a flute and smoking cigarettes with her vagina, the woman was accused by police of using her vulva to shoot Ping-Pong balls into a packed audience. *Toronto Star* (contributed by John Comstock)

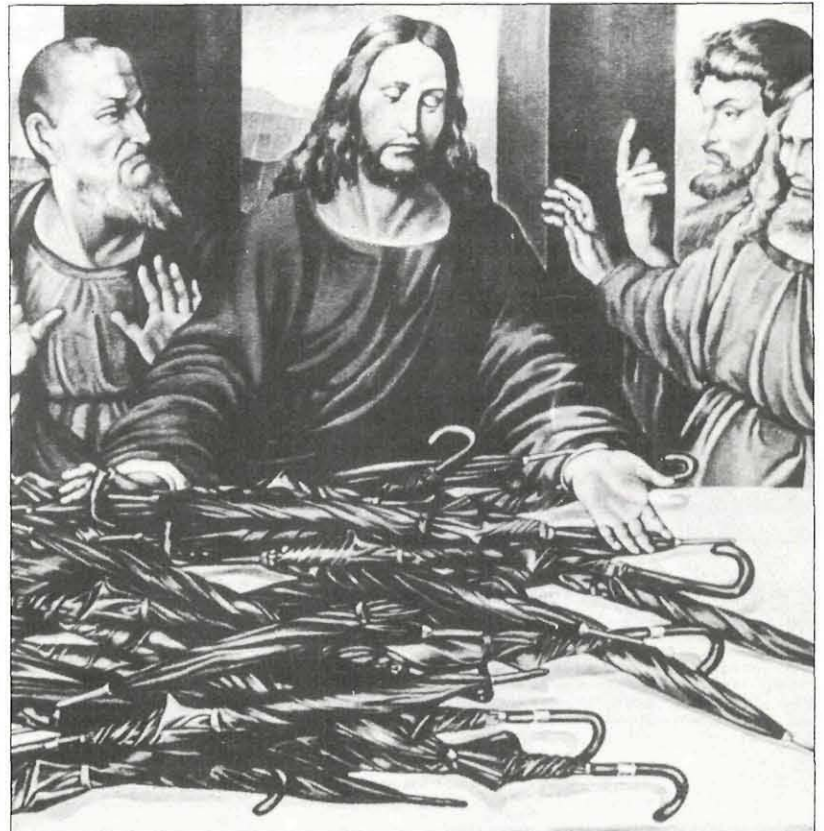
AN ESCAPED BULL IN ABBEVILLE, France, was shot to death after a rampage during which he entered and destroyed the merchandise displayed in Aux Arts Menagers, a china shop. *AP* (contributed by Edward O. Uthman, M.D.)

GREG HUDSON, FOURTEEN, WHO WAS discarding an old mattress in a Leicester, England, dump, discovered twenty-one cardboard boxes filled with the confidential medical records of the British royal family and thousands of celebrities, including Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's husband and Rudolph Nureyev. The records had come from the London office of Dr. Jean Shanks, who said that "an awful mistake" had been made. *AP* (contributed by L. C. Thimijan)

TWO BURGLARS BROKE INTO A MIAMI, Florida, house that had been sealed off and fumigated for termites. Both men were overcome by the fumes and died. *UPI* (contributed by Arlene Lappen)

THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY FOR ALAN Lopez, twenty-six, argued against the \$100,000 bail set by a judge in Ramsey County (Minnesota) District Court. According to the lawyer, Lopez, who stood accused of murdering his parents and (CONTINUED ON PAGE 84)

## Who Liveth and Raineth Forever...



This poster reminds commuters to take their umbrellas with them when they leave subway trains in Tokyo, where thousands of umbrellas are abandoned annually. The likeness of Jesus replaced a poster in which Marilyn Monroe conveyed the same message.

# Fill out this coupon, and a beautiful *National Lampoon* secretary may come over to your house or apartment and play naked Scrabble with you.

Then again, she may not.  
But at least you'll save \$14.05.

Imagine this: You open your door and a beautiful young girl is standing there with a Scrabble board under her arm and a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

She steps into your house or apartment, spreads the little letter squares on the table, and takes off all of her clothes.

She's the most gorgeous thing you ever saw in your life. You can't get your eyes off her as she picks a letter to see who goes first.

But something seems to be missing. She gets up and her delicate fingers gently lower a record onto your turntable. Soft music fills the room.

Something else seems to be missing. "You know," she says, "you could really use a blinking neon sign right outside your window. Mind if I put one up?"

She quickly goes into her truck outside, comes back, and hammers up a blinking neon sign.

The neon flashes on and off. The music becomes more sensuous. Your skin is alive with the heat and humidity of the night.

You put down the word P-I-N-G-U-I-D-I-N-O-U-S (fatty and rich, pertaining to soil).

With a wistful, teasing smile she says she's never heard of the word.

You smugly answer, "Check the dictionary, kid."

Sound nice?

But even if our secretary gets another one of her headaches and doesn't come over and play naked Scrabble with you, there are still three good reasons for you to fill out the coupon:

1. It saves you lots of money. Subscribe to *National Lampoon* for one year and, instead of the \$2.00 cover price, pay less than \$1.00 an issue. That adds up to a savings of \$14.05.
2. On a two-year subscription, pay less than \$.75 an issue and save a total of \$34.25 on the newsstand price.
3. On a three-year subscription, pay less than \$.70 an issue and save a total of \$53.50 on the newsstand price.



Mail coupon to *National Lampoon*, Dept. NL382, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Make check or money order payable to *National Lampoon*.

- Please enter my subscription for one year at the price of \$9.95. That's a savings of \$2.00 on the basic subscription price and a savings of \$14.05 on the newsstand price.
- I prefer a two-year subscription at \$13.75. That's a savings of \$4.20 on the basic subscription price and a savings of \$34.25 on the newsstand price.
- Make that a three-year subscription at \$18.50. That's a savings of \$6.45 on the basic subscription price and a savings of \$53.50 on the newsstand price.

For each year, add \$5.00 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. All checks must be in U.S. funds.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

For even faster service, call toll-free  
1-800-331-1750, ask for Operator #31.

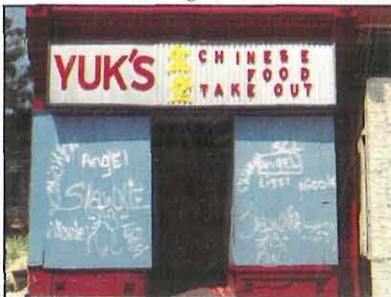
# Swell Places to Eat Readers' Page



Karen Altergott, Corona Del Mar, Cal.



Bob Leonard, Lafayette, Ind.



E. Teitelman, Camden, N.J.



Alan Katz & Judy Halper, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.



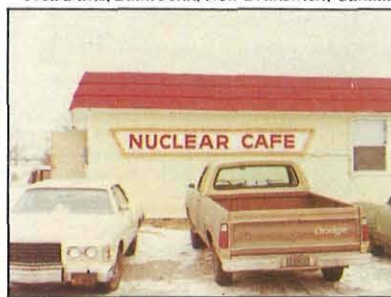
Ed Mulderrig, Daytona Beach, Fla.



Fred Davis, Saint John, New Brunswick, Canada



Grace Weaver, Westland, Mich.



R. A. Betsman, Columbia, Md.

sister, was all alone and had no family to help him raise bail. *Minneapolis Tribune* (contributed by Tom Dosland)

FIVE-HUNDRED-POUND POLICE officer Joseph Lynch was given a leave of absence without pay from the Altoona, Pennsylvania, police department because he was too fat to drive the township's new police car. *UPI* (contributed by David Richardson)

RUSSIAN ENGINEERS HAVE DESIGNED a dry bath, weighing twenty-four pounds, that can be carried in a small suitcase. According to the Soviet news agency Tass, "the bather has only to open the suitcase, unfold the cover, sit down inside, zip it up, and then switch on the dry-heated ventilator." *UPI* (contributed by Herbert Joe)

POLICE IN LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, arrested a sniper on the roof of a rooming house at 913 O Street, for shooting birds. He was identified as the same man who had been seen a few days earlier at the corner of Ninth and O streets shooting cockroaches. *Lincoln Star* (contributed by William Waters)

CHARLIE DIETERLE, THIRTY-ONE, a mentally retarded busboy, dishwasher, and janitor, ran for a seat on the city council in Boulder, Colorado. Dieterle, who attends most council meetings in Boulder, said he was running to prove that "handicapped people are real people."

"I feel politics means a lot to me," he said. "I listen to the news very strongly." *UPI* (contributed by Jim Downey)

DANCELAND, A BOWLING ALLEY AND night spot near Elk River, Minnesota, advertises "Bowling for Howard" contests on Monday and Thursday nights when pro football games are aired. A television set is placed at the end of a bowling alley in the club, and the winner of each evening's lottery gets to roll a bowling ball through the set at half-time when commentator Howard Cosell is on the screen. (contributed by Mike Schroetke)



# American Royalty by Bill Moseley



*Hi-Fi Queen, 1953 (UPI)*



*Potato Queen, 1953 (UPI)*



*Spaghetti Swooshing Queen, 1955 (Acme)*



*Donut Queen, 1951 (UPI)*



*Sewing Queen, 1955 (UPI)*



*Blueberry Queen, 1954 (UPI)*



*Lobster Queen, 1954 (UPI)*



*Hosiery Queen, 1952 (UPI)*



*Pretzel Queen, 1949 (Acme)*

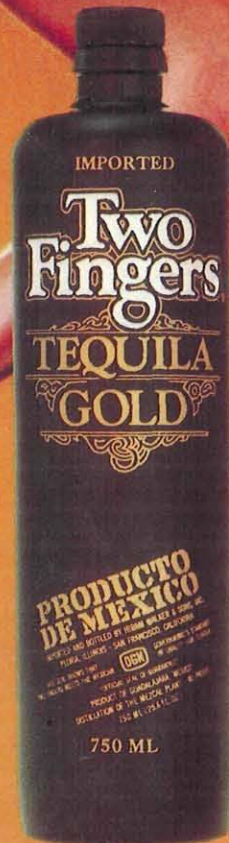
"Keep me posted"

"I'll be in Daytona Beach for College Expo '82, March 22-26. Come see me and I'll autograph a full-color poster like this one, just for you. And let you take a chance at winning a T-shirt, just like mine.

But, if you're not able to come and get it in person, I'll make sure you get a **free** poster—just write me at: Two Fingers Tequila Poster Offer, P.O. Box 02609, Detroit, Michigan, 48202. Please include your name and address.

In the meantime, remember to keep plenty of Two Fingers on hand."

IMPORTED  
**Two Fingers**  
TEQUILA



**Two Fingers® is all it takes**

# Foto Funnies

SAY, WHAT'S GOOD HERE?

THE FOOD, SIR.

OH, LET'S HAVE THAT, THEN.

GOOD LUCK.

THANKS. IF I NEED YOU AGAIN, I'LL THROW AN OLIVE.

YOICKS! IT'S FALCONS!

SCREEEECH!

TAKE IT! ANYTHING YOU WANT! I'LL GET A REFUND!

...NOT RESPONSIBLE. LOOK AT THE MENU.

Incidents such as the one you have just seen are becoming more and more common. Please, for safety's sake, read the fine print on your menu.

This page has been provided by the National Safety Council and printed by this magazine as a public service.

Management not responsible for attacks or depredations of falconiformes, including bald eagles, buzzards, bateleurs, caracaras, condors, eagles, falcons, golden eagles, goshawks, gyrfalcons, hawks, hobbies, kestrels, kites, lammergeiers, merlins, ospreys, secretary birds, or sparrow hawks.  
—THE MANAGEMENT

# F R O G



These fine polo shirts from *National Lampoon* sport the distinctive, attractive symbol, a double-amputee frog. Yes, the unfortunate frog is your assurance that you have purchased the very finest. Wear your shirt with pride, with or without pants. *National Lampoon* shirts are available only by mail. The price? Just \$12.95, plus postage and handling. Order yours today and insure yourself the respect your discernment and taste deserve.



Also available in blue and yellow at \$13.95 each.

## ANNOUNCING FROG

*National Lampoon* now offers the most prestigious shirt in America, and at a price that prestigious people can afford.

FROG DRAWING BY CARTOONIST SAM GROSS

GEOFFREY BARIS

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ each, plus \$1.00 for postage and handling. (WRITE) National Lampoon frog shirts at \$12.95 each, plus \$1.00 for postage and handling. (YELLOW) National Lampoon frog shirts at \$13.95 each, plus \$1.00 for postage and handling. (BLUE) and/or small \_\_\_\_\_ medium \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ to: National Lampoon Dept. \_\_\_\_\_ 100 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.



# CLASSIFIED ADS

**J&R WORLD**  
**MUSIC**  
**CAR STEREO**  
**THIS MONTH'S SUPER SPECIALS**

- ORDER TOLL FREE: (800) 221-6180**  
**IN NEW YORK: (212) 752-8600**
- PANASONIC CASSETTE IN-DASH W/RADIO**
- PANASONIC CQ5-900 (Clock, A/R) \$27.90
  - PANASONIC CQ5-850 (Dial, Clock) \$27.90
  - PANASONIC CQ5-700 (AM/FM/CS) \$164.00
  - PANASONIC CQ5-761 (P, A/R) \$209.90
- CAR SPEAKERS**
- PANASONIC EAB-412 6x10 Coax \$48.90
  - PANASONIC EAB-063 6 1/2 Coax \$68.90
  - PANASONIC EAB-920 6x9 1/2 Way \$99.90
  - PANASONIC EAB-850 5" Sndpump \$88.90
  - PANASONIC EAB-940 6x9 Coax \$75.90
- JENSEN CASSETTE IN-DASH W/RADIO**
- JENSEN RE-518 (Receiver) \$278.90
  - JENSEN R-425 (Receiver) \$272.90
  - JENSEN R-505 (Receiver) \$197.90
  - JENSEN R-210 (Receiver) \$137.90
  - JENSEN R-200 (Receiver) \$107.90
- CAR SPEAKERS**
- JENSEN J-1033 6x9 Triax \$94.90/PAIR
  - JENSEN J-1101 4x10 Triax \$72.90/PAIR
  - JENSEN J-1188 6 1/2 Coax Thin \$74.90/PAIR
  - JENSEN J-1093 6x9 Coax \$69.90/PAIR
  - JENSEN J-1037 6x9 Coax \$69.90/PAIR
  - JENSEN J-1041 5 1/4 Coax \$1 \$49.90/PAIR
  - JENSEN J-1001 6x9 Separates \$49.90/PAIR
  - JENSEN J-1126 4 1/2 Coax \$1 \$39.90/PAIR
  - JENSEN J-2000 Minis \$147.90/PAIR
- MARANTZ CASSETTE IN-DASH W/RADIO**
- MARANTZ CAR-302 (Receiver) \$149.90
  - MARANTZ CAR-332 (Receiver) \$169.90
  - MARANTZ CAR-400 (Receiver) \$257.90
  - MARANTZ CAR-415 (Receiver) \$259.90
  - MARANTZ CAR-427 (Receiver) \$259.90
- AUDIOVOX CAR STEREO**
- AUDIOVOX AVX-685 (5-Band EQ) \$144.90
  - AUDIOVOX AVX-750 (AM/FM/CS) \$114.90
  - AUDIOVOX AVX-915 (Auto Rev) \$114.90
  - AUDIOVOX AVX-850 (Fader, 5W) \$174.90
  - AUDIOVOX AVX-785 (6W, Auto Rev) \$174.90
- CAR SPEAKERS**
- AUDIOVOX CO-4120 (4x10 Coax) \$34.90
  - AUDIOVOX CO-5720 (5x7 Coax) \$34.90
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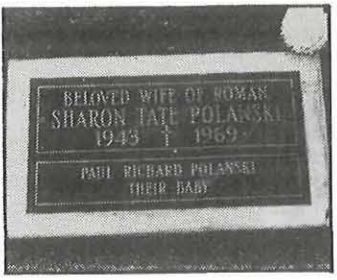
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NBC Radio's Young Adult Network

# LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM CAPTURE THE MOMENT

**G**uitarist. Creative force. Fleetwood Mac's Lindsey Buckingham is taking center stage for a solo run. In this exclusive special on The Source, Lindsey Buckingham talks about his life and his music: from the California days of Fritz, with Stevie Nicks; the whirlwind success of The Mac; to the present with his debut solo album. Hear "Trouble," "It Was I," and "Johnny Stew," from his one-man project, "Law And Order," on Elektra/Asylum Records. Plus music that pushed the band over the top. "Go Your Own Way," "Second Hand News," "Tusk." And more! Produced by Denny Somach Productions. Capture the magic, the craftsmanship and the humor of Lindsey Buckingham.

**The weekend of February 26, 27 & 28. On more than 200 radio stations throughout the country. Check your newspaper for local time and station.**



Brought to you, in part, by the makers of Baby Ruth® and Butterfinger® Candy Bars.

## Open Page

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72)

*my fingers? Now what happens when I roll my fingers up like this?*

*D.T.: You make a fist.*

*A.H.: That's correct. Do you know what "reach" means? In boxing terms?*

*D.T.: That's the length of a man's arm. How far you can reach out and punch. I was a close personal friend of the Champ, Joe Louis.*

*A.H.: What would you say my reach is?*

*D.T.: I wouldn't know.*

*A.H.: Guess.*

*D.T.: Thirty-two inches?*

*A.H.: Close enough. Now, how far away am I from you?*

*D.T.: Oh, I'd say two feet.*

*A.H.: Twenty-four inches?*

*D.T.: About that.*

*A.H.: So it is conceivable that if I threw this fist at you, it would hit you?*

*D.T.: I suppose so.*

*A.H.: Let's see, to be sure.*

*D.T.: Ow!*

*"All right, we're going to have to wrap up here. One more call. Memphis, Tennessee, you're on with Danny Thomas and Alexander Haig."*

*D.T.: Ow!*

*Does Danny have any plans to return to a weekly television series?*

*D.T.: Ouch, ouch. I think my nose is broken! Ow!*

*"The question is, do you have any plans to return to weekly television?"*

*D.T.: Ouch! No! Jesus Marie. I'm going to sue you!*

*A.H.: Why don't you check in to one of your hospitals?*

*"I can see by the old clock on the wall that it's time to say so long once again. I'd like to thank my guests, former commander of the NATO forces and secretary of state General Alexander Haig. And television star and philanthropist Danny Thomas."*

*A.H.: It's been my pleasure, Wally.*

*D.T.: Thank you, Wally. My goddamn nose! Hand me a Kleenex!*

*"Keep those cards and letters coming in. We'll be back soon with another five pages of talk and guests here on "Open Page America" when we welcome the two Jesses. Conservative senator Jesse Helms and outspoken black activist and head of Operation Push the Reverend Jesse Jackson. I hope you'll join us."*

*You've been listening to "Open Page America," talk magazine's number-one program, with your host, Wally Wing. If you have questions or comments, please direct them to: Wally Wing, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. This is Bert Levin speaking.* ■

# N E X T M O N T H



# FAILURE

# Contest #6

## Can you match the stars with their rugs?

**C**an you match the hairpiece above Numbers 1 through 5 with the appropriate star? If you can and your entry is selected at random, you will win a *Heavy Metal* shopping bag fabricated of space-age silvery paper, or object of similar value. Send the coupon today.

Sirs:

Here is my guess:

Gabe Kaplan wears No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Frank Sinatra wears No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Louise Lasser wears No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Burt Reynolds wears No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Carol Channing wears No. \_\_\_\_\_

Send to:

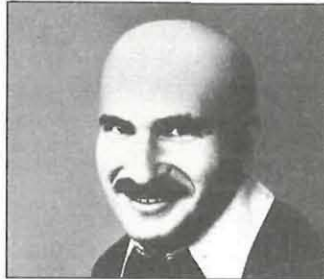
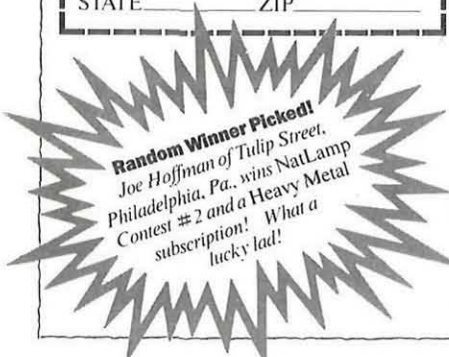
Rugs  
 National Lampoon  
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CITY \_\_\_\_\_

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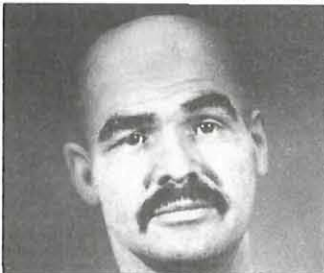
Gabe Kaplan



Frank Sinatra



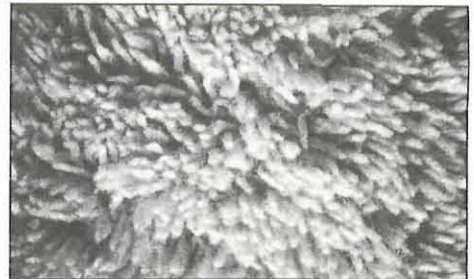
Louise Lasser



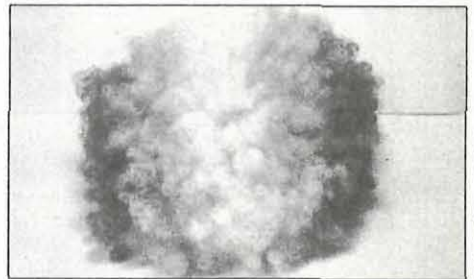
Burt Reynolds



Carol Channing



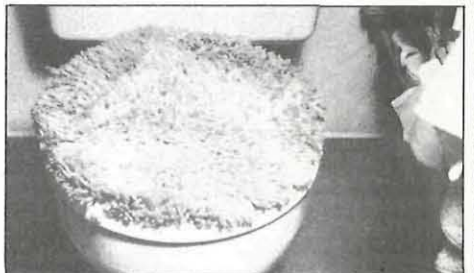
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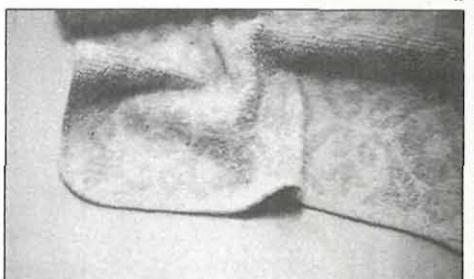
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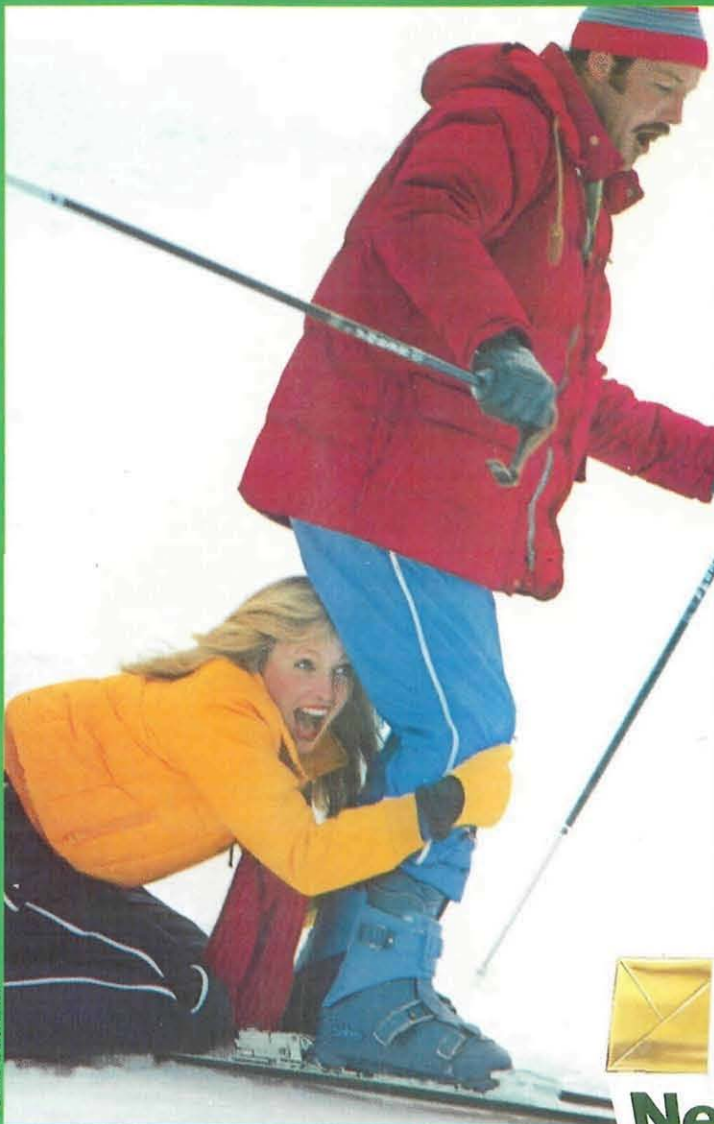
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# *Alive with pleasure!* **Newport**



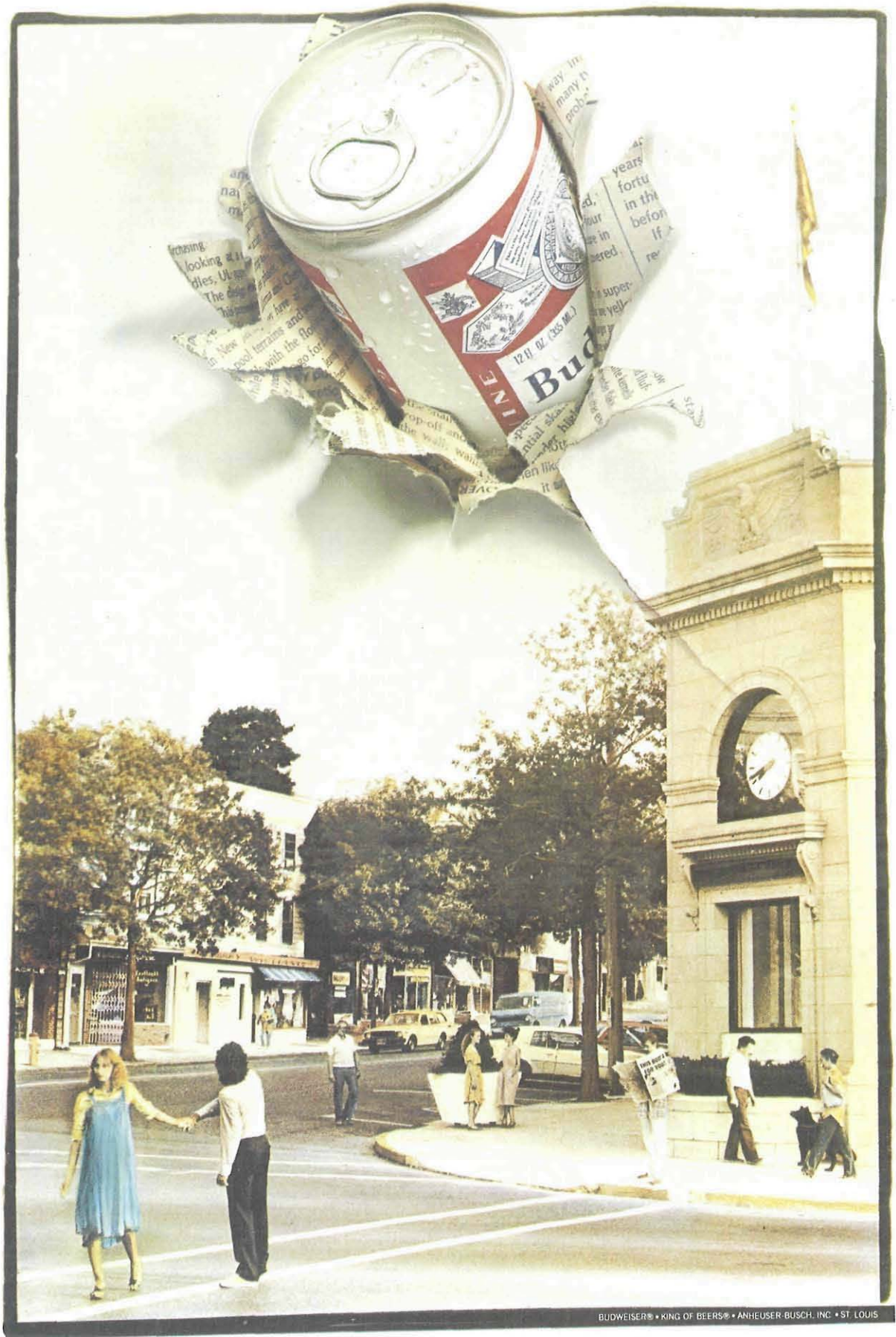
© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1987

*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", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1981.



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