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NATIONAL LAMPPOON

Failures

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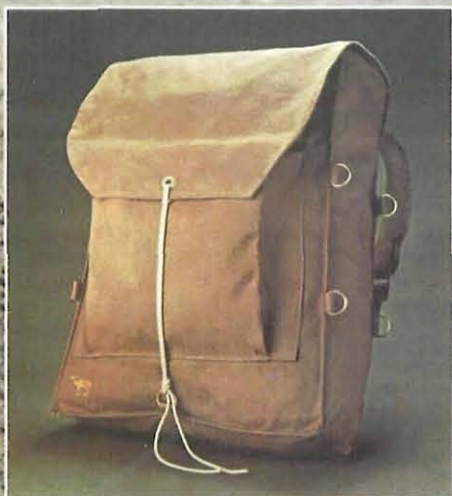
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for
the
wise:
"enough."

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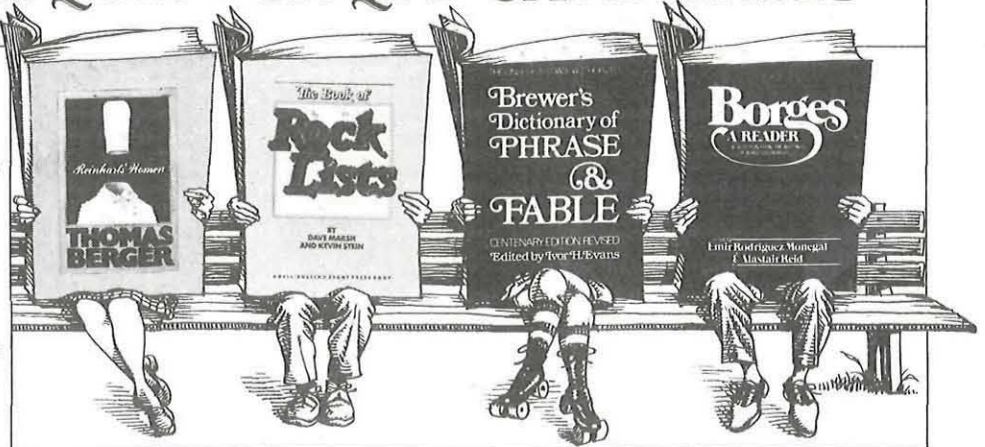
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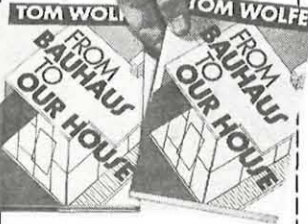


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The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.

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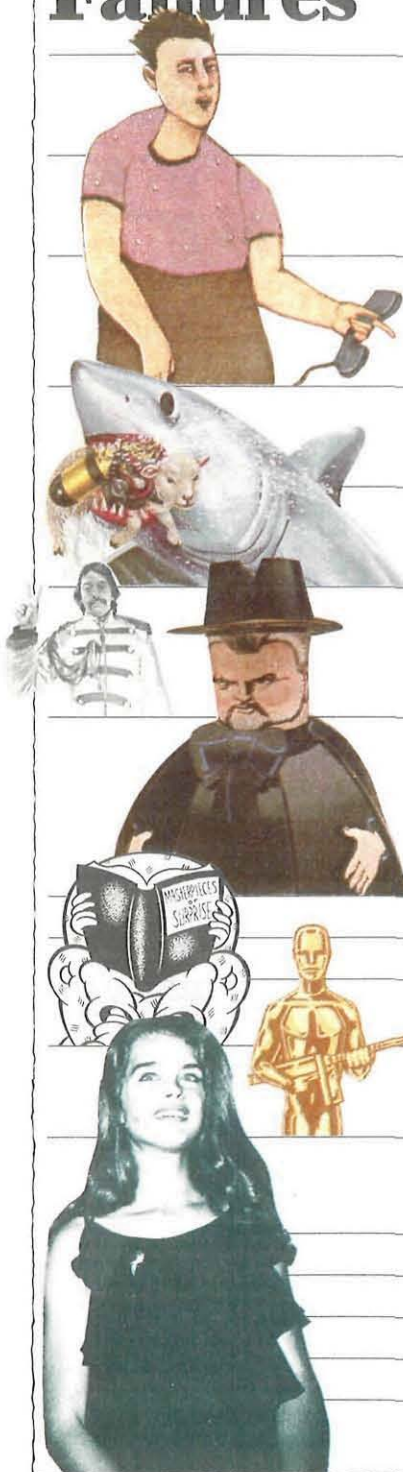
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By Al Jean



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Drink Ronrico Rum instead.

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5 parts Ronrico Rum
1 part Rose's lime juice
Shake with ice cubes. Pour
into an on the rocks glass.
Add a thin slice of lime.



RONRICO RUM & ROSE'S LIME JUICE

Editorial

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

THIS MONTH'S ISSUE is called *Colossal Failures*, which, as far as I'm concerned, must be about the people who wrote it. There are so many episodes I could tell you that would illustrate this, it's unbelievable. For example, just a few days ago I asked one of the editors if he would write me a letter of recommendation to get into law school. Right away he started laughing like it was some kind of big joke. He said that it would be an intolerable waste of his time to recommend a secretary-receptionist for law school, and that, besides, the whole thing was just some hopeless, scatter-brained fantasy that a secretary-receptionist gets in her brain when guys who want her body tell her that she's got a real good brain. At first I was so angry that I was about to walk right out of this place and never come back. No one has to take that kind of attitude. I don't care who it is. But then I suddenly wasn't mad anymore, mainly because I realized that only a totally pitiful person who already failed completely at life would go around thinking that no one else had a chance of succeeding either. And then when I secretly looked at a copy of the letter of recommendation he finally sent to the school, I was absolutely positive that this guy was the biggest, most pitiful, pathetic loser that ever lived. Here's what it said:

Dear To Whom It May Concern:

Ms. Sissy Bledsoe, twenty-three-year-old secretary-receptionist, has asked that I recommend her for admission to Harvard Law School. She has asked me to reveal that she is extremely interested in all aspects of law, and that she is willing to attend classes every day and complete all of her assignments. Ms. Bledsoe has also requested that I frame a correlation between her performance in the field of secretary-receptionism and the characteristics of the successful attorney. I will do this by likening the



Sissy includes a home-crafted ceramic trivet with her application to Harvard Law School. "I think this example of my creativity will show them that I'm the kind of well-rounded applicant that they talk about in the catalog," Sissy explains.

nature of the two professions. As you know, jurisprudence, at least in the Western sense, is conducted in an abstract arena, arbitrarily contrived, having its own language, procedure, and logic, and intended to function as an impartial haven within which disputes may be resolved free from the bias and emotion of the everyday world. Interestingly, secretary-receptionists employ a similar process, removing the inequities and malfeasances of daily life to another sort of impartial forum—in this case, the office—where, in counsel with their peers, they examine the wrongs of all of the human race in the most exhaustive fashion. As recently as this morning, Ms. Bledsoe and her secretary-receptionist associates were reviewing a set of facts concerning the usufructory rights of a tenant-domiciliary on property leased exclusively as a residence. Ms. Bledsoe argued that a Mr. Felcher harassed her unlawfully when Felcher, Ms. Bledsoe's landlord, sought to estop Ms. Bledsoe from selling a tree in her backyard. "It's just a crappy old dead tree that my boyfriend said he could saw up and get money for as firewood," Ms. Bledsoe held, "and then this bastard, Felcher, drives by, real slow, like he always does, the creep, and sees us chopping it down, and says he's going to call the cops if we don't stop. 'Fuck you,' my boyfriend says to him." After a moment of deliberation, Ms.

Bledsoe's secretary-receptionist associates unanimously concurred with the view of Ms. Bledsoe, and ruled that the landlord was a "cheap bastard." I was impressed by the swiftness and simplicity of this proceeding, and advise that the minds from which it sprang might easily distinguish themselves at Harvard Law School. I had a landlord like that once. He was a professor at Harvard Law School—a wall-eyed toad of a man with an eczematous brow. He was upset because I was using his place to whore out these two junkies to law students. I offered the guy a free pop at either one of the whores, but he was intractable. I said, "Look, I don't care what kind of scene you make, as far as I'm concerned, but the whores, give them a break, they're just a couple of secretary-receptionists trying to boost their income until they can shake off the junk. Take the skinny one, Sissy Bledsoe." I said, "rudest piece of meat in existence, nasty-o-rama, could suck the label off a bat—but on the other hand, she's got a fine phone voice. Just because she's raunched a few law students is no good reason to taint her with a criminal record and ruin her career as a secretary-receptionist." So the professorial toad let the whores off the hook, so to speak, and then gave his third-year law students the practical experience of preparing a mound of evidence against me for the city prosecutor. Fortunately, I was living under a false name at the time, which made it comparatively easy to blow out all the windows on the Harvard professor's house and totally gut the kitchen and bolt town. But enough of my story... The purpose of this letter is, after all, to convey Ms. Bledsoe's request that I fabricate some reasons why she should be admitted to Harvard Law School. Well, aside from the jurisprudential similitude as exists between lawyers and secretary-receptionists, Ms. Bledsoe gives a splendid blowjob—and for these reasons, I wholeheartedly suggest that Sissy Bledsoe's insistence that I recommend her be considered.

Sincerely, Tod Manson

What kind of a pathetic person would ever think of writing a letter of recommendation like that? That's not even a joke. It's just childish and disgusting and pathetic. I swear, if I get into law school, I'll quit this place so fast, they won't believe it. ■

100 smiles to the gallon.

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Letters

SIRS: I AM WRITING TO PROTEST your *Playboy* nudie "spoof," "The Girls of the East Asian Leper Colonies." As a reader, I was appalled; as a man, I was disgusted; as a leper, I was deeply offended. So I just want to tell you that me and all my leper pals are canceling our subscriptions. Plus, we touched this letter all over, and we hope you catch it.

RAVI OLIOS
Calcutta

Sirs:

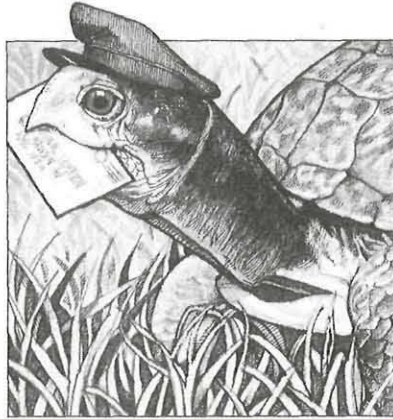
So we've got them turned on. Now what?

THE FOUR MILLION AMERICAN FAMILIES WHO HAVE PURCHASED HOME COMPUTERS BUT ARE NOT SMART ENOUGH TO USE THEM

Sirs:

"Love me tender, love me sweet
Give me lots of meat to eat..."

There are lots of Elvis impersonators, but there is only one man big enough to recreate the King's final and finest days—Golden Jim Morton. Golden Jim is 255 pounds of raw talent, ready to rock and roll around on any stage that can support him. As he waddles on-stage, popping hundreds of prescription pills washed down with a bushel basket of cheeseburgers, and cavorts with teen-



age hookers before falling flat on his face in a drugged stupor, you'd swear you were seeing the Real Thing. Oh, and he sings, too.

COL. SID BRYLCREEM,
Golden Jim Morton's Manager

Sirs:

You capitalist idiots are no match for us Soviet spies. For example, you know the famous KGB Chicken, who cheers at San Diego Padres games? He works for us! The KGB secret police! What does he do? Hmm. That's a good question. Maybe he doesn't work for us. But if he did, hoo boy, would you be in trouble.

BORIS BADENOV
KGB Headquarters



Sir:

We're the Israeli Mafia, and we don't kid around. First we kill you, then we fuck up your account books.

SHALOM GREENBLATT
Encino, Cal.

Sirs:

Okay, okay. I've decided to end the suspense. Here are the next three installments to the *Star Wars* saga, along with the surprise ending to each film.

Next installment: Title: *The Empire Cuts a Fart*. Surprise ending: A big musical number, after which everybody burps.

Installment after that: Title: *Star Jews*. Surprise ending: Luke and Princess Leia become successful Catskill comedians, until one day they piss into the audience by mistake.

Installment after that: Title: *Blazing Robots*. Surprise ending: The actors leave the futuristic set and go home, as the audience realizes it was all just a movie.

Seems like they didn't turn out as well as I had hoped. Maybe I shouldn't have let Mel Brooks write all the screenplays.

GEORGE LUCAS
Somewhere in Southern California

Sirs:

Quality is Job One here at Ford. The quality goes in before our name goes on it. If it isn't right, I won't let it off the assembly line. Ha! What horseshit! If I have a fight with my wife some morning, I'll loosen a few bolts just for the hell of it. If my hemorrhoids are acting up, I'll spot-weld the ashtrays closed. Once, I was inspecting a transmission and something from the clutch housing came off in my hand, so I just put it in my pocket and played dumb: I use it for a paperweight at home on my desk in the sun porch. We do sign our names to everything we inspect, though. This week I'm Johnny Wadd. Last week I signed everything Mahatma Gandhi. I love it here. I can work hung over and nobody busts my chops. See you on the Interstate.

"BABY MOON" CAVANAUGH
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

Unless I'm mistaken, all these letters supposedly from your readers are actually made up by your writers. I guess

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)

We carry sound in every direction with Stereo-to-Go, in a whole range of styles tuned in to the way you live!

Take note of the busy exec on the left. He may be making notes through the built-in condenser microphone in his RX-1950 radio cassette recorder. Or listening to the news on AM. Or a concert on FM stereo. Or a stereo cassette he taped himself on his RX-1950.

His athletic neighbor is listening to her own incredible FM stereo sound through featherweight headphones with the RF-10 super-slim AM/FM radio. This remarkably thin (1 1/16") and light (3 oz.) radio slips into a little

pocket and produces sound as big as all outdoors.

Also headed for the great outdoors is the new Panasonic RQ-J9 stereo cassette player, sporting light, small headphones to listen to your favorite stereo tapes, standard or metal. It also has a 2-step tone control, a Mic On switch (in case you should ever want to listen to the outside world), a neat carrying case and great Panasonic sound. All at a price that should have you running, not walking, to your nearest Panasonic dealer.

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Great sound that fills the room inside your head.

Tape and batteries not included.

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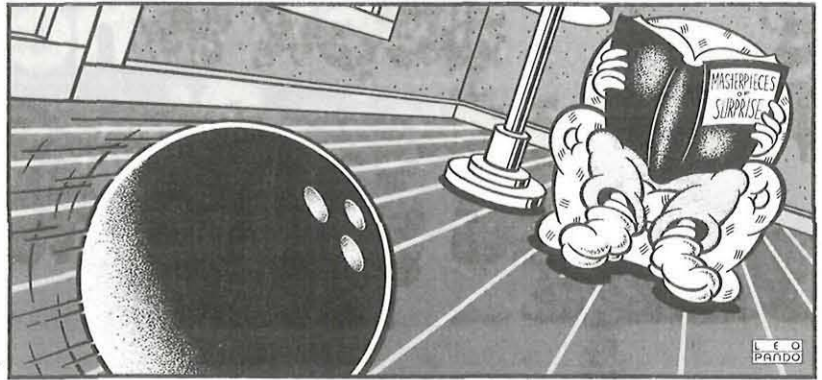


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just slightly ahead of our time.

Masterpieces of Surprise

Introducing Lenny Peters, the Baby Ruth of O. Henry endings. We dare you to guess the outcomes.
by Michael Reiss

THE LIFE OF LENNY PETERS, like all of his stories, had a bizarre, unexpected twist at the end. To all who knew him, Peters was nothing more than the manager of a moderately successful bowling alley. It was only after his untimely death in 1972 that his immense literary talents were uncovered. In his basement were found dozens of crates, crammed with the handwritten manuscripts of over 144,000 of his unpublished stories. Each story was brilliant, each one unique; and each one bore the special Lenny Peters touch—a startling surprise ending. The uncopyrighted stories were an instant success, and were quickly adapted for several media, from the crudest of children's horror comics to the sophisticated mini-dramas of Rod



Serling's "Night Gallery." Even Sir Kenneth Clark paid tribute to Peters, reviewing his fifty-volume collection of works, *Stories to Spare*, after reading only half a volume. Said Clark, "Mr. Peters's stories are plotted so that it is impossible to guess the endings. And frankly, I've given up trying." Read and enjoy.

A Real Spooky One

CONTEMPTUOUS OF THE VANITY INHERENT in humanity, Mr. Peterson Leonards vowed never again to gaze upon

his own face. He collected and incinerated all existing photographs of himself, smashed every mirror in his stately manor, drained the many reflecting pools on his vast estate, and, despite his great wealth, used a bargain-brand dishwashing liquid that left a dull streaky film on his plates, lest he be able to see himself in them. For twenty years he considered himself a faceless man, while the townspeople whispered that he was more a brainless one. In all candor I side with them, for modesty is a virtue, but enough is enough.

Now, after two decades, Mr. Leonards found himself haunted by a truly faceless man. It was a silent, stealthy fellow whose face was ever concealed by a mask, a mask of polished porcelain—smooth, opaque, wholly featureless. Leonards began to see—or, more properly, half-see—the mysterious masked man everywhere: darting behind the trees on his estate, lurking among the racks in his musty wine cellar, bowling in the lane next to his. But was this man real, a wanton defiler of Leonards's cherished privacy? Or was he an apparition, an illusion fashioned by the maddened mind of one who had been too long alone? Mr. Leonards knew only one way to resolve this question: he had to unmask this man.

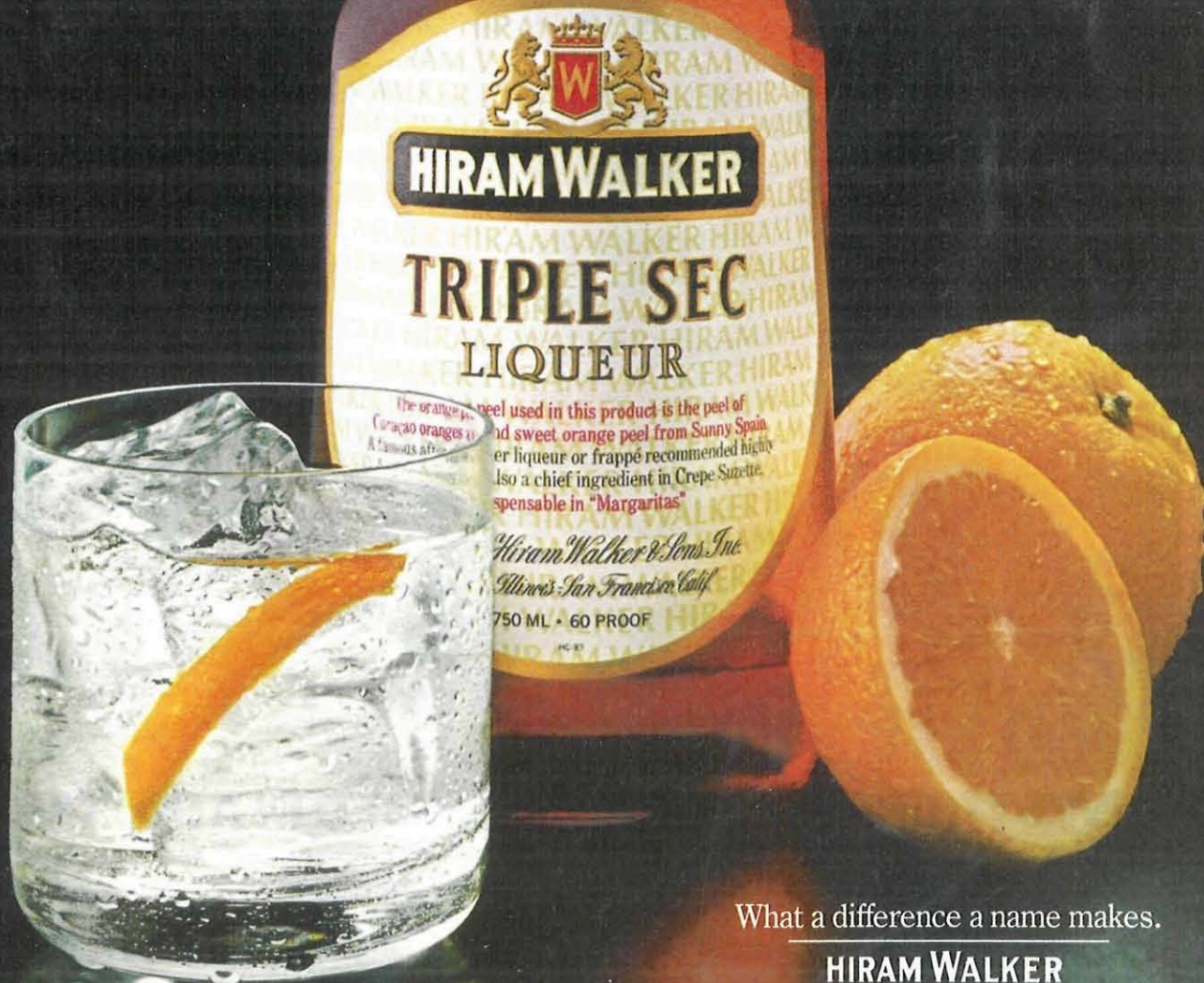
One morning, he got his chance, for there, cowering in a dim corner of his library, was the masked man. Boldly Leonards strode over to the cowering figure, and more boldly he tore off the mask. And behind that mask was a face that shocked him, for it was a face Mr. Peterson Leonards had not seen for over two decades: it was Shirley Booth.



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What a difference a name makes.

HIRAM WALKER

star of television's "Hazel." This was a real surprise, as you can well imagine.

The Tiger or the...

TRAVEL BACK WITH ME, GENTLE READERS, to a primitive age, long before the invention of fast airplanes, automatic pinsetters, and motion pictures. Let us observe the reign of King Petronix, a barbarous man who ruled a barbarous age. His was a ruthless society, which had fused justice and entertainment into a single barbaric bloodsport.

Consider, if you dare, the trial of brave Leonardis, a handsome chap who had been charged with the brutal murder of a hunter. His courtroom was an ancient arena, teeming with spectators; his magistrate was the cruel king Pe-

tronix; his verdict was the province of pure Chance. For facing Leonardis were two doors, and the law of the age decreed that he must open one.

"Ho, Leonardis, you must now decide your destiny. Behind one of those doors is a hungry, bloodthirsty tiger," intoned Petronix. "Behind the other, a beautiful, sleek lady tiger."

"This is not really much of a choice," replied stout Leonardis.

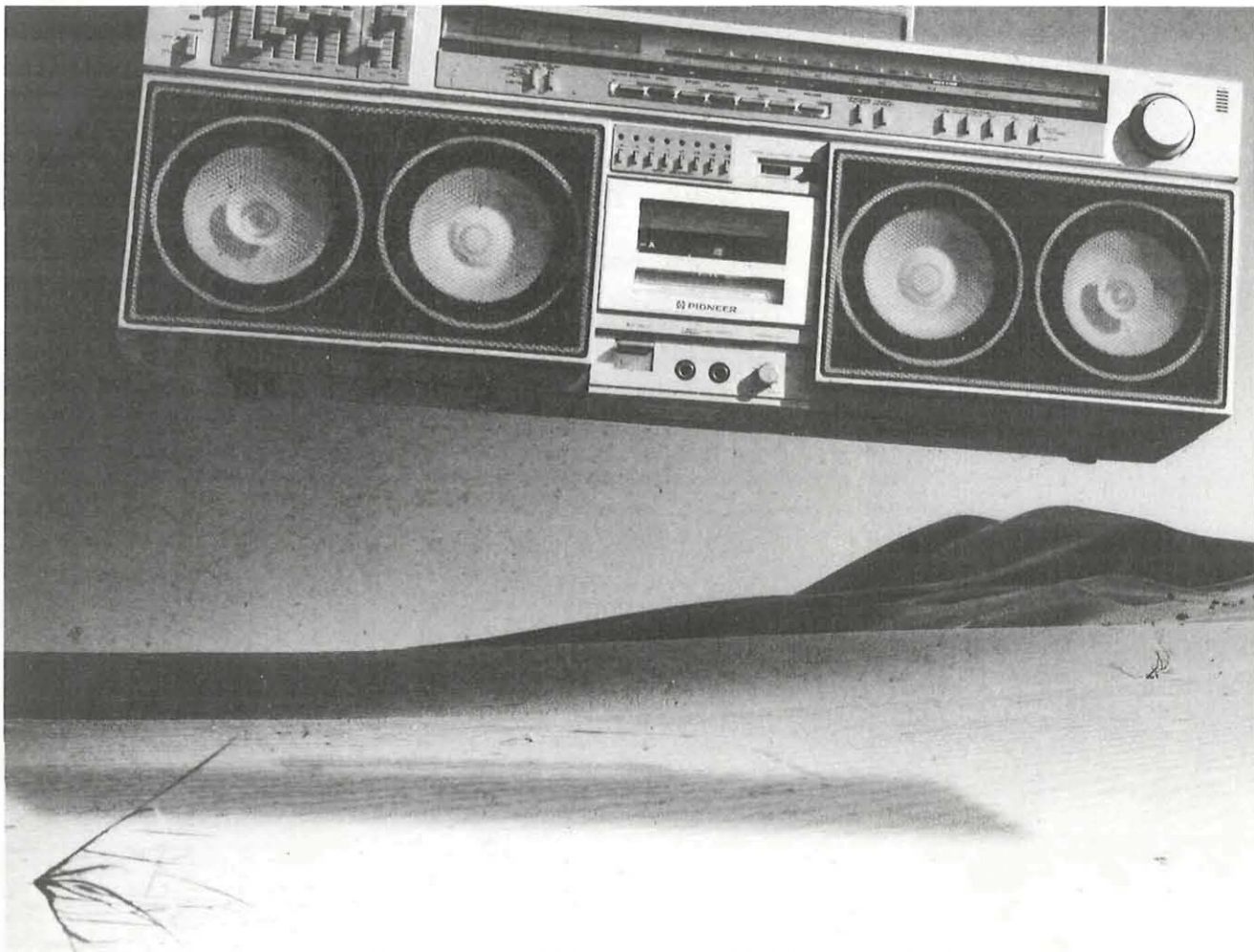
"Don't be a baby, you big infidel!" raged the king. "Choose!"

Trembling, Leonardis slowly opened the door on the right. Out sprang a ravenous female tiger! Leonardis thought all was lost; then suddenly a look of composure spread across his visage. Leonardis ran to the lady tiger and embraced her lovingly. "Geez, silly me,"

said bold Leonardis. "I forgot that I'm actually a tiger myself!" As indeed I, gentle reader, forgot to mention earlier.

A "True" Story?

AS LEONARD PETERSON WALKED TO work one morning, he noted that there was slightly less automobile traffic than he was accustomed to seeing. It was a fact which did not paralyze him with fear, at least not yet, for he was a man of uncommon courage. But he found it difficult to suppress a scream when he realized that every shop he passed en route to the office was closed. The busy grocery, the merry butcher shop, the festive bowling alley were all locked up, lifeless, quiet as Death itself. When he arrived at work, Peterson was clutched



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in the icy grip of unreasoning Horror, for his once gaily peopled office was now empty and foreboding, cloaked in a cryptlike silence. A mad, frantic thought raced through Mr. Peterson's fear-numbered brain: perhaps, just perhaps, it was not a workday. Yes, that was it! It was Sunday—but why?

He trod back home, every step slowed by trepidation, anticipating the raw terror he was about to face. There, before his home, stood his mailbox, and looking inside it he saw—oh, can such things be?—nothing! From the very pit of the soul of Mr. Leonard Peterson a shriek was unleashed, a shriek that echoed through the stillness of his quiet neighborhood. "Why, dear God, why," he cried, "don't they deliver mail on Sundays?"

"On Sundays...on Sundays..." Peterson clapped a hand to his fevered brow. He was still in bed, bathed in sweat. It had all been a dream—just a dream. Then a safe fell on him.

A Large Helping of Twists

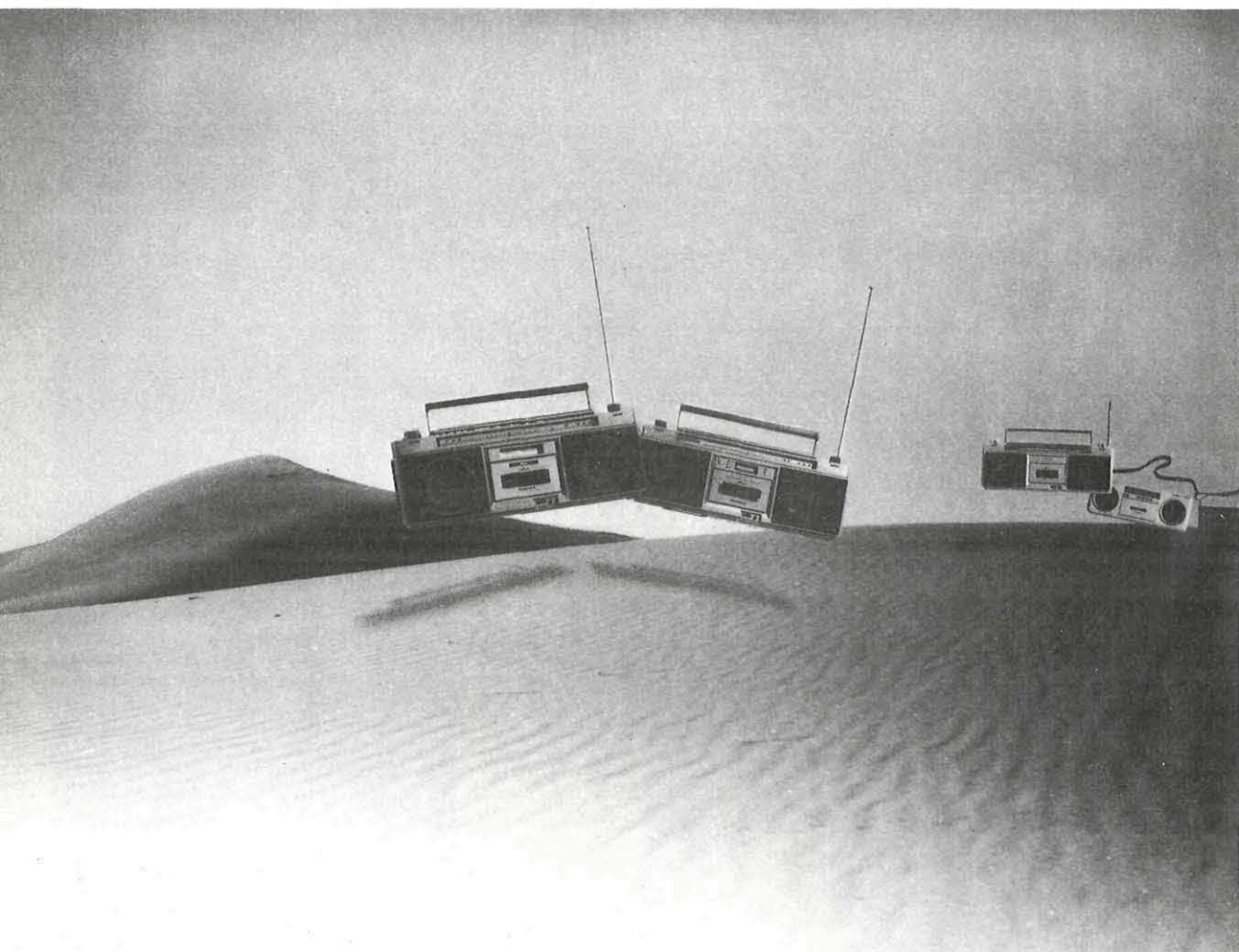
EACH DAY, PIETRO THE FARMER WOULD sharply rebuke his son. "Tarnation! I send you out into the fields to pick me a bushel basket of eggplants, and you don't come back with nothin' but your silly sketches and wild ideas for new-fangled contraptions. You're one stupid kid." And then Pietro would strike his delicate child, bowling him over with a single blow.

The farmer often complained about his son to any patient neighbor who

would listen. "My kid is a real bone-head. He won't never not amount to nothin' no-how—certainly not at farmin', and probably not in paintin', sculptin', inventin', or the biological or physical sciences," the old farmer lamented.

"What a waste," he would always conclude. "to be stuck in this, the eve of the Eye-talian Renaissance, with a damn-fool boy like my Leonardo (da Vinci)!"

Friend, is it not surprising how parents can misread their children?! But no more surprising than the fact that this whole thing took place on Mars!! And that those weren't even people talking—they were dolls in a giant Martian girl's dollhouse!!! Surprise, my friends, surprise, surprise, surprise. ■



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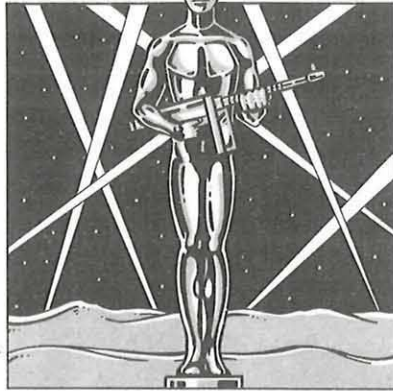
Shooting Stars

How many terrorists does it take to change a light bulb?

by Joel Kweskin and Cary Bayer

CAN'T SAY ENOUGH ABOUT TV newsmags "Tomorrow" and "20/20" for last summer's intimate portraits of **Charlie Manson** and **Sirhan Sirhan**. Not only did these shows bring two favorites into our living rooms again, they brought some impressive Nielsen numbers to NBC and ABC. The latter will parlay that success into a half-hour news show to follow "Nightline." The new program, called "World Terrorism Tonight," will focus on the day's bombings, murders, and snipings, with an occasional lighter piece on arson or rape.

Handsome Libyan leader **Muammar al-Qadhafi** to sign with Orion Pictures for his film bio. **James Farrentino** and **Hugh O'Brien** said to



have the inside track to play the charismatic colonel. "The pic will be authentic in every detail," says a spokesman for the studio. "including last summer's U.S.-Libya air battle. Qadhafi will be shown personally shooting down three American F-14s with just his service revolver."

Expect box-office bonanza next summer when Hollywood's new batch of true-life terror flicks hits the silver screen. Hottest among these—all exploding from the front page—figure to be *Remains to Be Seen* (the digging up

of **Lee Harvey Oswald's** grave), *Blazing Guns at the Vatican*, and *Mr. Hinckley Goes to Washington*.

Hot with a capital *H*. That's **John Hinckley, Jr.** In addition to *Mr. Hinckley*... a sequel—the story of his tortured love for **Jodie Foster**—is being rushed before the cameras. The new film, directed by **Martin Scorsese**, is tentatively titled *Her, Jode, Don't Let Me Down*. Shot on location at Yale University, and at the Quantico Marine Base, where John has been residing, the movie stars John and Jodie as themselves, with **Robert DeNiro** as Yale president **A. Bartlett Giamatti**.

Ran into **Norman Mailer** slumming at Riker's. Joked the flamboyant Pulitzer Prize winner: "Some guys would kill to have their books published. Just ask **John Henry Abbott**."

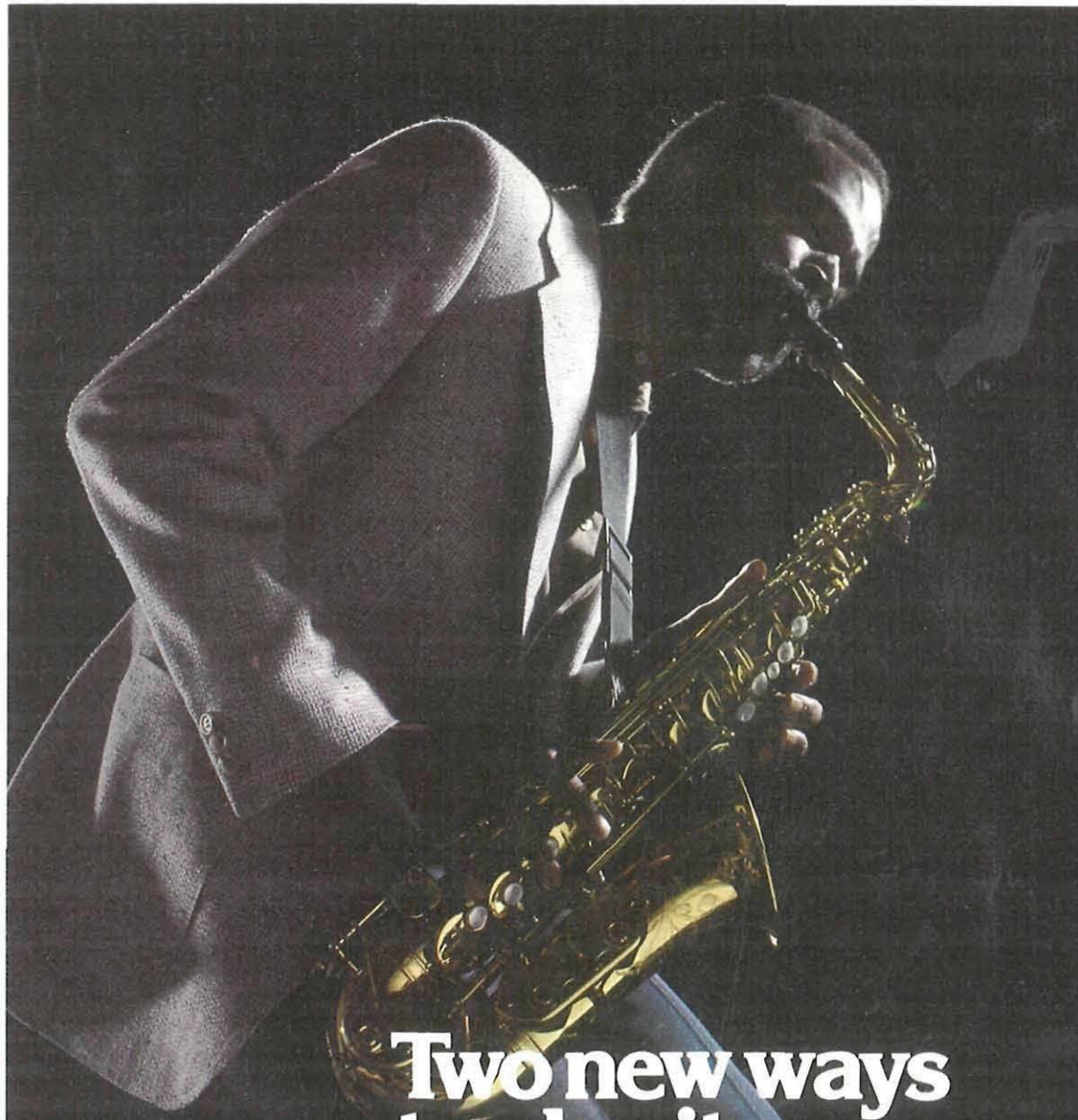
Poop on Rupe: Can't help but be impressed by the ingenious way *New York Post* publisher **Rupert Murdoch** scared the bejesus out of the Big Apple last summer with his special "Son of Sam" retrospective. With headlines that made the public fear that the .44 Caliber Killer—in the pokeny since 1977—was still at large, the newspaperman proved once again that when the subject is terror, folks just can't get enough of it. Now he's readying a special poll that will invite *Post* readers to list their own favorite mass murderers. "That's mass murderers," the publisher told us. "We're not interested in those **Jean Harris** one-shot jobs. What we want is your basic red-blooded American psychopath." Giants like **David Berkowitz**, **Charles Whitmore**, the **Zodiac Killer**, and the **Hillside Strangler** figure to be high on everyone's list. "Don't discount the **Yorkshire Ripper**, either," Rupe cautioned. "You know how you Americans go for things British, like Masterpiece Theater? **Robert Morley**, and **Lady Di**..." The final top ten will be published in the *Post's* Christmas issue.

What's in a name? Nothing, if it's **Mehmet Ali Agca**. Remember him? He's the Turkish escaped con who tried to kill the pope. We ink-stained wretches tried for months to find some-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)

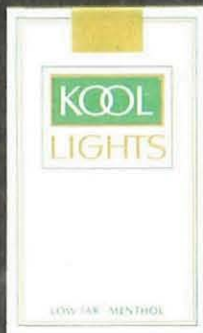


"Okay. He now got blood in his urine. Anything else?"



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The Dessert That Saved Russia

War, intrigue, sex, food, and vodka in the most flambé novel ever to emerge from the Soviets.
by Allan Appel

THERE'S A NEW BOOK ABOUT to be published by those marvelous folks who brought us *The Rustoff Family Saga*. This one's called *The Korrosifs*, a four-volume odyssey about an aristocratic Russian family amid the fabled court of the czars. The first volume alone, with the title embossed in caviar-red lettering, has the sweep of *War and Peace* and the breadth of the 1980 Moscow telephone book.

Lark Publishing Company is backing the series with a one-billion-dollar promotional campaign, whose centerpiece, says publisher Sy Lark, will be a specially created dessert to convey the taste and opulence of the series of novels. The dessert, called the Korrosif Krown Cocktail, combines three traditional Russian dishes—kulich, strawberries Romanoff, and straight vodka.

I've had a chance to read the advance galleys of *The Korrosifs*, and, believe me, the Korrosif Krown Cocktail emerges as a very strong character in the novel. From the moment it makes its first appearance, as a humble confection at the repast of Pierre's father's cousin-in-law Count Bavasy, to the very strong scene in which a related compound is considered as a base for the poison that the evil Russo-Irish monk Aloysius Alyosha uses to knock off Princess Alexandra, the Korrosif Krown Cocktail more than holds its own as a dessert to be reckoned with.

Here, in a brief scene to give you the taste of the novel and its dessert, is the beleaguered Russian general Nikitovich, meeting in his tent with top aides Generals Itchkawich and Mitchovski to concoct a strategy to halt the French:



"Well, boys," said General Nikitovich, rising to his full four feet six and one-half inches, "now's the time for you to earn your rubles. Our soldiers are hungry, tired, and suffering from extreme cold, and it's only the middle of July."

"Don't forget," added the pessimistic General Itchkawich, "we're surrounded on nine sides. In all my military life I have never been so surrounded. I never knew it was even possible to be surrounded on so many sides. Yesterday it was eight, today nine sides. Who knows, tomorrow may bring news of a tenth."

"There is a way to victory. There must

be," Nikitovich went on bullishly, pacing back and forth in the tent. "Now, who knows it? How about you, Mitch?"

General Mitchovski thoughtfully waxed his handsome mustache. "The French are overextended, general, sir. I say we retreat strategically, attack their supply lines, and deny them anything they can use."

"Retreat? Never!"

"General, sir. It's snowing already, in July, as you have astutely pointed out. If we deny the enemy supplies now, think of what his condition will be in December, when he'll be up to his tricolor in the white stuff."

Gloomily General Itchkawich quoted the old Russian proverb "I wouldn't bet my troika on the weather report." Then he got up and pulled the tent flap aside, and said, "Look at that! Who could believe it? Come December it could be ninety degrees and the French will march into Moscow in their *caleçons*."

"What a jeremiad! Who hired you?"

"You did, General Nikitovich."

"My first tactical mistake," Nikitovich began nervously to braid his beard into pigtails. "Now, think, boys. Think!"

As Generals Nikitovich, Itchkawich, and Mitchovski lit cigars and pored over maps and reports, there entered the beautiful eighteen-year-old Countess Emma Korrosif, General Nikitovich's niece. Her auburn ringlets dangled down to an exquisite alabaster bosom, and her light, slipper-clad step was barely audible amid the shellfire outside and the wrangling of the generals inside.

"My God, Em, where'd you come from?"

"From the hospital in Kiev, uncle." Emma immediately fell to mopping Nikitovich's furrowed brow. "I've been nursing our soldiers back to health, so they can go out and get wounded again."

"Brave girl! Emma, your arrival illumines our wretched day. Let me introduce you to Itch and Mitch."

"Enchanted, ma'm'selle," they bowed, in unison.

"Put out your cigars, boys, when my niece enters the tent. We might be losing miserably, but we're still generals. Now may I remind you that we still have not found a way to keep Old Mother Russia out of the

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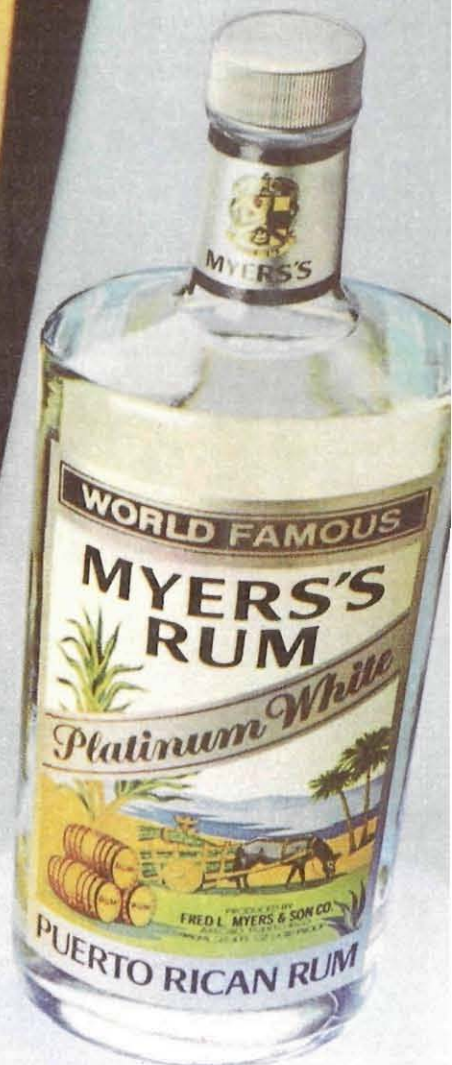
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Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)
that means that I'm a fictional character and can do anything I want, right? Well, that's a relief, because I just strangled six nurses and I need an excuse or I'll be in deep trouble.

JIM MULLEN
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

You think your sex life is bad? I only come once every seventy-six years. Thank you, you've been a great crowd.

HALLEY'S COMIC
Playing the Cosmos

Sirs:

The fact is I hid the Ice Princess up Laura's ass, but we can't show that on TV, so everybody's going to be looking for the damn thing for the next two years, at least.

LUKE SPENCER
Ward C, General Hospital

Sirs:

I have discovered the secret of hypnotism by mail. Just relax and keep reading, don't think about anything at

all...*There, I've done it! Start barking like a dog. That's good. Now stand on a chair and pretend you're playing tennis. Okay. Put a nylon stocking over your head and impersonate Marsha Mason. Turn to the person next to you and confess that you dye your pubic hair. Take off your clothes to prove it. Oops, better not go too far. When you reach the end of this sentence, you'll forget everything that's happened...* Naturally, there are countless benefits to be gained from hypnotism by mail, but it does have the potential to be used for evil as well as good.

GEORGE PLIMPTON
Freeride, Ga.

Sirs:

Hey, are you Polish? No? Okay, I got a joke for you. How do you drive a Polack crazy? You go up to him and go like *this* with your hands. Well, it's funnier if you're here when I do it.

MEL YERGES
Boise, Idaho

Sirs:

I have been thinking quite a bit lately about nuclear-power plants and have come to the conclusion that they are better to have in your neighborhood

than minorities. They're cleaner and more efficient, waste less energy, and don't leave empty cans of malt liquor in your front yard. Thank you.

PROPERTY OWNER
Diablo Canyon, Cal.

Sirs:

Oh, won't you please arrange to give your change to Jerry's kid. He's a real emotional cripple. Nickels, dimes, anything you can spare would help. This is no laughing matter. So don't go sending that money to Jerry's "kids," but to Jerry's kid. Me.

GARY LEWIS
Formerly of Gary and the Playboys

Sirs:

A little-known benefit of being a Vietnam veteran is that you can get away with practically anything. For example, I raped this girl but got off when I told the judge I thought she was a Viet Cong who was about to throw a grenade. Then I got in this bar fight and just about stabbed this guy to death, but I told the jury that I had a flashback and I thought he was gonna kill my buddy lying next to me in the foxhole. Then I held up this bank, but the police let me

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)

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TIME OF THE MONTH

PLANET

Soviets Invade Michigan

Moscow declares state's economic crisis cannot be tolerated

AS DAWN'S LIGHT CREPT across Dearborn, yellowing rooftops, cutting long shadows across vacant streets, the city awoke to strange, clangorous rumblings—steel on concrete—as a terrible dirge of thousands of leather boots, rattling engines, muffled shouts, and hissing radios loomed first in the distance, then closed from all sides. Home televisions and radios crackled dead air. There were no newspapers: people gathered on their lawns, at street corners, behind kitchen windows, nervously chattering their bewilderment and their fear.

Suddenly, there were green forms above the horizon—hundreds of them, in serried ranks, hacking through the sky. Half-curious, half-frightened, the people of Dearborn seemed to freeze as the green craft roared overhead, laden with slender white rockets, red-star insignia marked dimly on their sides. Then came the tanks, bearing the same stars, followed by seemingly inexhaustible columns of trucks, troops, and materiel. A stiff, cold voice blurted from a sound truck: "As of this moment, the state of Michigan is under martial law. All workers are required to report to their jobs immediately or face the military penalty of death."

By noon, the Kremlin was proclaiming its intervention a complete success. "As we have demonstrated," its official statement began, "we are committed to the international struggle against failing economies everywhere, and especially to workers who are not



In this photograph released by the Soviet government, "indolent and parasitic" American workers are said to be returning to their factories without resistance.

working, such as the deplorable 500,000 layoffs in this state of Michigan. This situation is totally repugnant to the Russian people. We hate it when no one is working, and when we see slugging and laying about we are bound by our conscience to correct this degen-

eracy immediately." In the meantime, officials in Washington are said to be framing a spectrum of possible responses, intended, according to Secretary of State Haig, "to show the Russians that this is the absolute last time that we will sit still for this kind of behavior." ■

ROCK AND ROLLIA

Wind on the Water, Whales in the Soup

ABENEFIT CONCERT SCHEDULED for next month featuring some of rock's biggest and most conservation-minded stars may prove to be the worst music debacle in history. Dubbed the "No Whales" concert, the one-night show could result in the extinction of all whales.

The benefit was organized by

Yuwana Kimono, a former tailor who, as a result of the concert, has become one of the chief magnates of Japan's whaling industry.

"Rock stars read too quickly, fail to understand inscrutable contract," Kimono notes, referring to a clause stating that the benefit is designed to "save the whales" but adding, in fine print,



Kimono increases sales to his concert by offering each ticket holder a free T-shirt made from the pelt of an endangered species.

"for dinner!" Most galling to the musicians is the fact that Kimono has used advance movie royalties to level a former game preserve in southern California and replace it with a 500,000-seat, whaleskin-upholstered concert arena. "I don't get none of the ticket sales/ And

this fuckin' arena is made outta whales," Bruce Springsteen cries, in a protest song written especially for the concert. But with Kimono already having banked \$1 million in advance record royalties, there seems little that Bruce can do. ■

MEDICINALIA

The Great Cripple Con

Curing disease fraud

AFTER TWENTY YEARS AND millions of dollars in research, a cure suddenly was discovered for muscular dystrophy, the crippler of over two million children. During physiotherapy with young Marcia Allison,



"Okay, the joyride's over!" Dr. Lange informs a dilatory child with fake muscular dystrophy.

Dr. Skip Lange had lost all patience. "Get out of that chair, you little gimp," cried Lange, brandishing a large vase. "or I'll smash your skull like a pie crust." Marcia, who had been unable to walk for five of her seven years, leaped out of the wheelchair and ran across the room, out of the clinic, and down the highway to her home, fourteen miles away. "It's just as I always suspected—these kids are faking it," remarked Dr. Lange.

Scientists at San Diego's Muscular Dystrophy Institute quickly corroborated Lange's findings; they discovered that any violent threat could promote a speedy and complete recovery. "I've found it particularly effective to say

GOVERNMENTIA

Now Here's a Surprising Turn of Events

John Q. Public: boned again

FOR YEARS, SENATOR WILLIAM Proxmire has used his facetious Golden Fleece Award to expose wasteful government expenditures. Whether it's Nancy Reagan's \$500,000-a-day budget for "personal knick-knacks" or Ted Kennedy's constant requests for new cars and secretaries (after both coincidentally vanish at the same time), no taxpayer-funded extrav-

agance has missed Proxmire's satiric eye.

Last week, however, the senator announced he was slightly altering the award, which has heretofore been dispensed verbally. "Hell, nobody wants to win it," Proxmire explains. "It's really beginning to hurt my feelings." So from now on each Golden Fleece recipient will be presented with a solid-gold, fifty-pound trophy with the words "Fuck You, Taxpayers" inset in diamonds and rubies on the side. Inside the cup will be additional fabulous prizes for the awardee, including keys to a brand-new Cadillac and a pair of tickets for a round-the-world cruise on the *Queen Elizabeth II*.

Is it possible that the new Golden Fleece might prove a rather costly award? "Who the hell cares? The Senate is footing the bill," replies Proxmire, who has just announced the first lucky recipient of the monthly prize: himself. "Fancy that. What a coincidence," the cheered-up senator slyly adds. ■



Senator Proxmire sheepishly accepts the new Golden Fleece Award's modest honorarium.

you're going to beat the kid senseless with his own crutches," commented Dr. Lange. Another researcher cured twenty children at once by threatening to burn down their hospital ward. "MD turned out to be an amazing case of mass psychosis," said Dr. Phil Beneski, director of the institute. "Here were millions of kids who just wanted to wheel around in big chairs, get lots of attention, and watch TV all day." ■

FOOD AND EATING

New York's Hottest New Restaurant

The food is rotten, but the service is poor

WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES CHEZ Maison New York's hottest new restaurant? "No air conditioning," says Tommy Formaggio, owner of the locker room turned ultrachic nightspot. Nonetheless, hundreds of prospective customers wait outside Chez Maison in hopes of getting a table, for periods ranging from two hours to forever. "Sometimes I don't feel like working, so I don't bother to open up the doors," Formaggio explains. "What the hell. Do I have to inform the customers of every move I make?"

Indeed, it is hard to explain the allure of Manhattan's most popular new eatery. "It's not the prices, that's for sure," admits one patron, after being forced at gunpoint to award a 70 percent tip to money-hungry waiters. "Nor the service," adds Pat Verrone, who returned to Chez Maison every night for six months after his first visit. "They still haven't brought my order." Verrone now waits inside a pup tent he has set up on top of his booth.

It is possible that New York's hippest—drawn like lemmings to Chez

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So why do the crowds keep flocking to Chez Maison? Formaggio has a theory: "I cater to the crustiest of the upper crust. Very rich, very inbred, very stupid." ■

MEDICINE

God to Gays: Drop Dead...

...And stay that way

THE RASH OF BIZARRE, UNTREATABLE diseases striking our gay population is reaching epidemic proportions," said San Francisco mayor Diane Feinstein, "but big deal." Doctors across the nation have echoed Mayor Feinstein's tone of somber resignation, as homosexuals began pouring into their offices suffering from colon collapse, herpes simplex, cowpox, sickle cell anemia, the Black Death, Tahitian gut rot, and the willies—all at once. More recently, hundreds of gay men have contracted diseases which were formerly believed to strike only tropical plants and hogs.

President Reagan last month commissioned an investigation into what, if anything, should be done to stop the



Dr. Kowan prepares to do the Lord's work for him. "I call it justifiable homicide," Kowan quips.

spread of such diseases among homosexuals. "When we began our study of these illnesses, we were ready to chalk them all up to loathsome sexual practices," said Dr. Russell Kowan, Ph.D., who headed the two-man research team. "It wasn't until that afternoon

that we had the real answer: these gays are accurs'd by God." According to Kowan's findings, homosexual behavior is an "abomination unto the Lord" and He has chosen to "smite them all down with plagues, and there's nothing we can do about it, so that's that."

Dr. Kowan has been quick to dispel criticism that his conclusions lack scientific substantiation. "Look, the Lord's ways are a mystery to mortal man," said Kowan, "but it's a pretty good bet that He hates homos." ■

BELIEF

Creationism: Just a Beginning

HAVING LOST THE STRUGGLE against the unconstitutional, immoral, and unwarranted big-government interference known as compulsory grade-school education, decent God-fearing Christians have, in many states, struck back, by insisting that creationism, a biblically acceptable theory of the origins of life, be taught in those very schools.

And, in the words of Delbert Snaut, president of the newly formed national organization Parents Against Propaganda (PAP), "creation is just the beginning." PAP members, outraged at the "value-free, communistic Jewish influence" in the rest of the curriculum, are bringing pressure to bear on local school boards to "present decent Christian alternatives" in other academic disciplines as well.

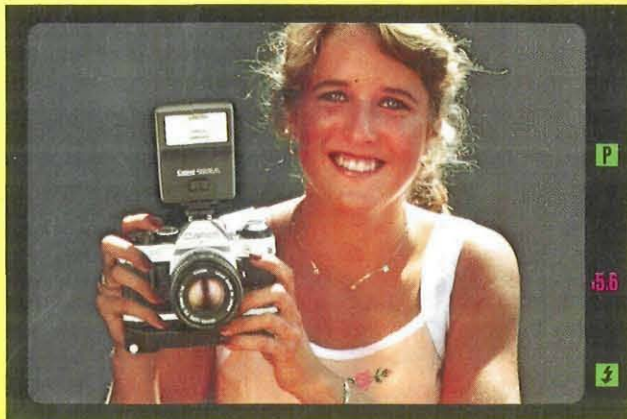
"Take the so-called science of physics," says Snaut. "Even so-called physicists admit that gravity is only a theory. It is equally possible that what goes up comes down because of man's fallen nature. And original sin also would explain the so-called third law of thermodynamics, which is more than the Newtonians can do!" He adds,

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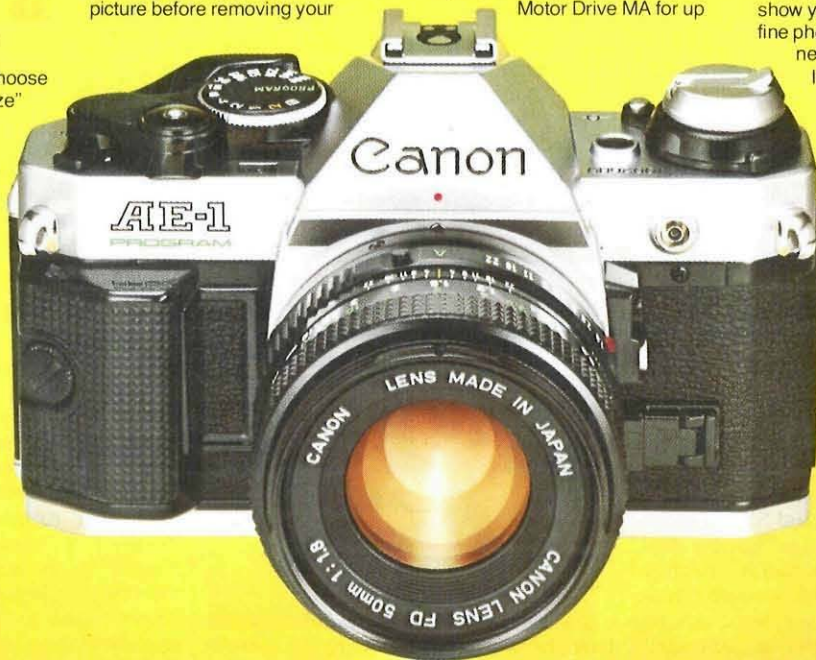
Flash photography is totally automatic as well, and with the new Canon Speedlite 188A with built-in exposure confirmation, you can tell you've gotten a perfect flash picture before removing your

eye from the viewfinder!

There are new and exciting accessories that add even more versatility. The Power Winder A2 provides single-frame and continuous motorized shooting at up to two frames-per-second. Or, for really fast action, you can add the Motor Drive MA for up



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"The idea that bodies in motion tend to remain in motion because God wants them to is as satisfactory an explanation as anything else, and might also make some of those so-called students think twice before slashing people's tires!"

PAP members are lobbying to have the "humanities" retitled the "divinities," with consequent beneficial results in teaching methods and materials. Characters and events in ancient history not specifically mentioned in the Old Testament are to be referred to (if at all) as "hypothetical," thus eliminating many insalubrious types such as Cleopatra. The venerable angels-on-the-head-of-a-pin problem will return to its central place in the study of philosophy, and the pious allegories of John Bunyan will be offered as "a viable alternative to that smutmonger Shakespeare."

In other courses of study, free and democratic "equal time" for flat-Earth, phlogiston, and similar tried-and-true theories will be studied in geography and chemistry classes. But it is in the study of American history that PAP proposes the most widespread and positive reforms.

"For too long now," claims Snaut, "our explorers, pioneers, and captains of industry have been getting knocked, in Freudian-Marxist-influenced textbooks, as greedy, self-serving, and rapacious. What about equal time for the perfectly plausible possibility that every one of 'em, from Miles Standish to H. L. Hunt, is an angel, operating on direct orders from the Holy Ghost, to prepare this great country of ours for the Second Coming?"

PAP itself is under investigation, by agents of the Internal Revenue Service, for alleged discrepancies in its tax statements. But Snaut and his co-reformers are not worried. "We're a nonprofit organization," he maintains, "and anyway, we intend to base our defense on the perfectly plausible alternative theory that two and two makes three." ■

Edited by Tod Carroll. Contributions by T. C., Sean Kelly, Mike Reiss, and Al Jean.



Canon FD LENSES

Shooting Stars

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

thing to hang his star on but just couldn't come up with anything. He was no battered child, didn't hate his parents, and had no sexual hang-ups. Nothing in his eyes, either, to help romanticize the notion of the haunted loner so crucial for media staying power. And that moniker itself! Who can spell it, let alone pronounce it? Now, when your name is **Mark David Chapman**, certifiable and from Hawaii yet, that's another story. And another story is what Paramount plans to focus on with *Imagine There's No Heaven*, a biopic on the kid who murdered **John Lennon**. Rumors are that Mark is ready to ink a six-figure deal endorsing a major lip-balm product. Just call him Mark David Chap Stick!

Talk on Seventh Avenue is that, by summer, bulletproof vests will overtake Sony's Walkman as the most popular on-the-street accessory. California designer **Bijan** is wrapping his sleeveless accoutrements around the million-dollar upper torsos of world leaders, corporate heads, and show-biz types. Meanwhile, other designers are following suit. One commercial, for **Calvin Klein**'s new line of designer bulletproof vests, will break next month. The spot features **Brooke Shields** (no pun intended) purring, "Nothing—not even

a round from a Thompson M-28 45-caliber submachine gun—can come between me and my Calvins."

Only When I Laugh Dept.: Latest gag circulating the Underground: How many terrorists does it take to change a light bulb? Give up? Six. One to read a list of demands to the light bulb, and five to execute the bulb if it doesn't comply within twenty-four hours. Who says these guys are all work and no play?

Birthdaying this month: **James Earl Ray**, fifty-four, and **Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme**, thirty-two.

Don't invite former CIA director **Stansfield Turner** and *Soldier of Fortune* publisher **Robert K. Brown** to the same party. While cocktailing the other night at the Arlington, Virginia, home of **Harlon B. Carter**, head of the National Rifle Association, the two nearly came to blows on the question of which is a more effective means of dispatching pro-**Khomeini** nationalists: starching their caftans with prussic acid or lacing their hummus with strychnine. Speaking of *Soldier of Fortune*—and who isn't these days, with circulation of this monthly mag for mercenaries up to a quarter of a mill—Bob Brown is going the same route as fellow publisher entrepreneur **Hugh Hefner**. "We're planning to open *Soldier of Fortune* clubs around the country," the former Green Beret told this column in an exclusive interview. "Kind of like an indoor Ad-

ventureland for adults. Our guests will be able to rent everything from M-16s to flamethrowers, and do battle with the enemy in our football-field-size playrooms." And just who is the "enemy"? Bob explained that, in exchange for their immigration, Cuban refugees and Vietnamese boat people will play that role. Some will dress as guerrillas from underdeveloped nations. The others, for atmosphere, will dress as animals. Keep an eye on Bob Brown. He's one soldier on the way to collecting his fortune.

Where are they now?: Richard Speck, convicted of raping and strangling eight Chicago student nurses, has inked a deal with **John Carpenter** to be a consultant on the horror king's next opus. The flick, to be shot in the Windy City, will be about a misunderstood guy who gets into trouble by raping and strangling eight student nurses. Still in exile, former Uganda president **Idi Amin** was seen at the **Frank Sinatra** concert in South Africa last summer. Idi has long been a Frankophile, and often spends hours in front of a mirror, lip-synching to his impressive collection of Sinatra disks.

Who was that man behind the Foster Grants who dropped in unexpectedly at Regine's in Paris the other night? Why, none other than PLO leader **Yasir Arafat**. But what started as a somewhat private indulgence for the Whiskered One turned into a very public contretemps. Gorgeous **Barbara Bach** snuck up from behind, cupped her hands over the Palestinian's eyes, and squealed, "Guess who?" She thought it was her husband, **Ringo Starr**! Well, no one laughed harder than Yasir, who confessed that he's been mistaken for Ringo before. Indeed, he gushed to Barbara, if his life story is ever filmed, he'd want the ex-Beatle to do the title role!

The Sword Is Mightier Than the Pen Dept.: **John Minnery** lining 'em up at the autograph table in bookstores across the country. The author of the five-volume *How to Kill* books from Paladin Press is making personal appearances—and even demonstrating how easily "it" can be done. Recently, when an unsuspecting young fan leaned over with one of the books for the author to sign, Minnery grabbed him by his hair, yanked his face close to the table, and with his pen hand jabbed the ball-point into the "victim"'s throat. Of course, Minnery didn't actually do him in. But in illustrating this particular technique (Vol. I, Chapter 4), he drew blood, then drew a round of applause from the appreciative crowd. ■



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Salem Spirit

A man and a woman are smiling and embracing each other outdoors. The man is in the foreground, wearing a blue t-shirt, and the woman is behind him, also smiling. In the foreground, two packs of Salem Lights cigarettes are visible. The packs are white with green accents and feature the brand name 'Salem' and 'LIGHTS' in a stylized font. The text 'MENTHOL FRESH' and '20 CIGARETTES' is also visible on the packs. The background is a blurred outdoor setting, possibly a beach or a park.

Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.
Light, fresh Salem Lights.



Dessert

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)
nursing home. Back to that reconnaissance, men, and you, Mitch, stop ogling."

"I still say," Mitchovski twirled his mustache to impress Emma. "we must burn the earth in front of the French."

Nikitovich grew impatient. "You know there isn't a tree or a building left in this entire sector to burn, even if we had a match to light them with. I used the army's last to light these cigars, damn it. Right now we couldn't even light a barbecue in our front yard, let alone burn the whole countryside. Will you stop playing with that damn mustache, Mitch, and get back to the drawing board?"

"Yes, sir."

As the Countess Korrosif busied herself tidying up after the generals, Itchkawich's stomach began to roil.

"What's that noise?" Mitchovski looked up, startled. "A French volley?"

"Just my stomach, sir."

"Get it into line," Nikitovich reproved him. "You know our samovar is empty."

Itchkawich looked beseechingly to Nikitovich and then in the direction of Emma, who was now straightening out the anti-macassar on a mortar that the commander had been using as a nightstand. Nikitovich scrutinized Itchkawich once more, with a demotion in his eyes, but finally he relented, and reached for the delicate pale hand of his niece. "Ahem. Em?"

"Yes, uncle dear?"

"Did you by any chance bring some food with you from Kiev?"

"Just kulich, strawberries Romanoff, and vodka," she smiled. "I'll go get them."

"Orderly! Orderly!" shouted the general, barely able to restrain his glee. "Set the table! Bring on the dishes and the glassware!"

After some moments an orderly appeared clad in miserable rags and spoke in a voice almost inaudible through chattering teeth. "Sorrr...rrrr...rry, sss...ii...r, but the dining table and all the dishes have disappeared."

Nikitovich stared at the orderly with a gaze compounded of disbelief and pity. "You mean, son, that there are no glasses for the vodka, no platter for the kulich, no dishes for the strawberries Romanoff? Nothing?"

"Iccc...an find only one bb...bowl!"

"Drat those French chefs! They've stolen my kitchen."

"No, uncle," Emma put in. "we women have been collecting china all over Russia, to bleed the wounded!"

"I compliment your niece, sir," said Mitchovski, striding up beside her. "In this hour of national peril, there is no time to stand on ceremony."

"I can't think clearly anymore without some food," moaned General Itchkawich.

"But, gentlemen," Nikitovich insisted, "we must maintain our standards, even in these dire straits. We have to eat elegantly, not like common soldiers, or prisoners, yet!"

"I'm faint from hunger, my general!" Itchkawich blanched and pointed to his abdomen.

"You've been faint from hunger ever since I've known you, you little rat. I want you to know that if Russia becomes a suburb of Paris, with my last dying breath I'm going to see to it that you become dog-catcher. Lemme have those epaulets, you..."

"Please, uncle. Please, generals," Emma interposed herself. "Permit me," she rolled up the sleeves of her gown, "to mix in this one bowl these three fine ingredients, to make a refreshment delicious enough even for the general staff."

The generals' eyes were all riveted on the countess as she poured a vodka chaser on the kulich and the strawberries Romanoff, when a tremendous flame leaped out of the bowl.

"My God! That's it," cried General Mitchovski. "With spontaneous combustion like that, we can scorch the earth before the French, Emma, you are the savior of Mother Russia!"

"Look at those flames," cried the commander. "We shall call it the Korrosif Krown Kocktail. Never in my life have I been so proud of any of my 396 relatives. Step forward, Countess Emma, to receive the embrace of your uncle and the gratitude of your nation!"

In the following scene General Itchkawich is burned to death as he tries to fish out strawberries from the flaming bowl. But the really torrid part of the saga has to wait, of course, several chapters, until, with the French finally vanquished, Emma and General Mitchovski fall deeply in love. Their marriage is celebrated throughout all of Russia, as in every city and hamlet bells toll and comrades, one and all, partake of the Korrosif Krown Kocktail *délice*, a less combustible version of the dessert that saved Russia.

The Korrosif food tie-in opens up a broad new possibility for the marketing of novels, and their subsidization, whose horizon is as vast as the Russian steppes. No need to belabor examples, but what modern-day madeleine company would not get behind a young latter-day Proust?

Our hard-pressed writers should now be more than willing to kiss the hand of the food division that is making it possible for them to write such future best-sellers as *The Wild Duckling à l'Orange Flambé* and *The Peanut Butter Mysteries*.

I myself am going to set to work immediately on *Jawbreaker*, the moving story of how rival gangs of four year olds struggle for control of the penny gum-ball machines in a large eastern city. ■



Foto Funnies

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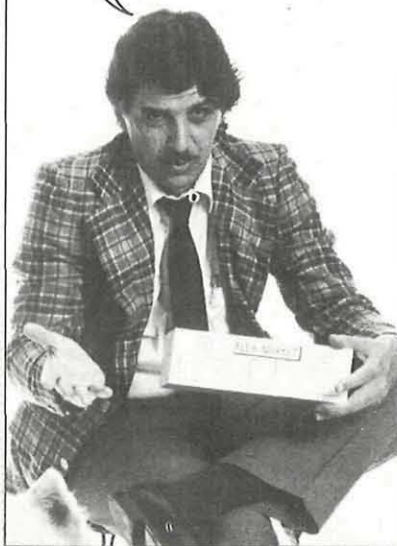
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Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20)
off when I told them it was a lingering effect from Agent Orange. I tell you, if they had told the guys back then about this terrific veterans' benefit, they would have had shitloads of guys volunteering.

ROY TESTO
Sylmar, Cal.

Sirs:

Is it possible to be allergic to semen? I need to know before Saturday night: my braces came off last week and I'm running out of excuses.

SUE ELLEN SHRINER
Arcola, Ill.

Sirs:

I like to meet guys, arrange a date, and then not show up. I always arrange to meet them in public places. Then I hide somewhere where I can see them but they can't see me, and I watch them squirm. Usually they check their watch, or they pace back and forth, or they go to a telephone and try to call me. Most of the time they stick around for forty-five minutes or so, but one poor slob actually waited outside a restaurant on a bitterly cold night for four hours. I tell you, this is the best fun I've ever had.

BEVERLY LOCKETT
Syracuse, N. Y.

Sirs:

Funny magazine, funny magazine
Magazine magazine, funny funny
Funny pictures, funny pictures
Pictures, pictures, funny funny.

A BUNCH OF HARE KRISHNAS
In Airports and Shopping Malls, on
Street Corners, and Everywhere
Else but India, Where We Belong

Sirs:

We may be a lot of things, but we don't bob around in soup.

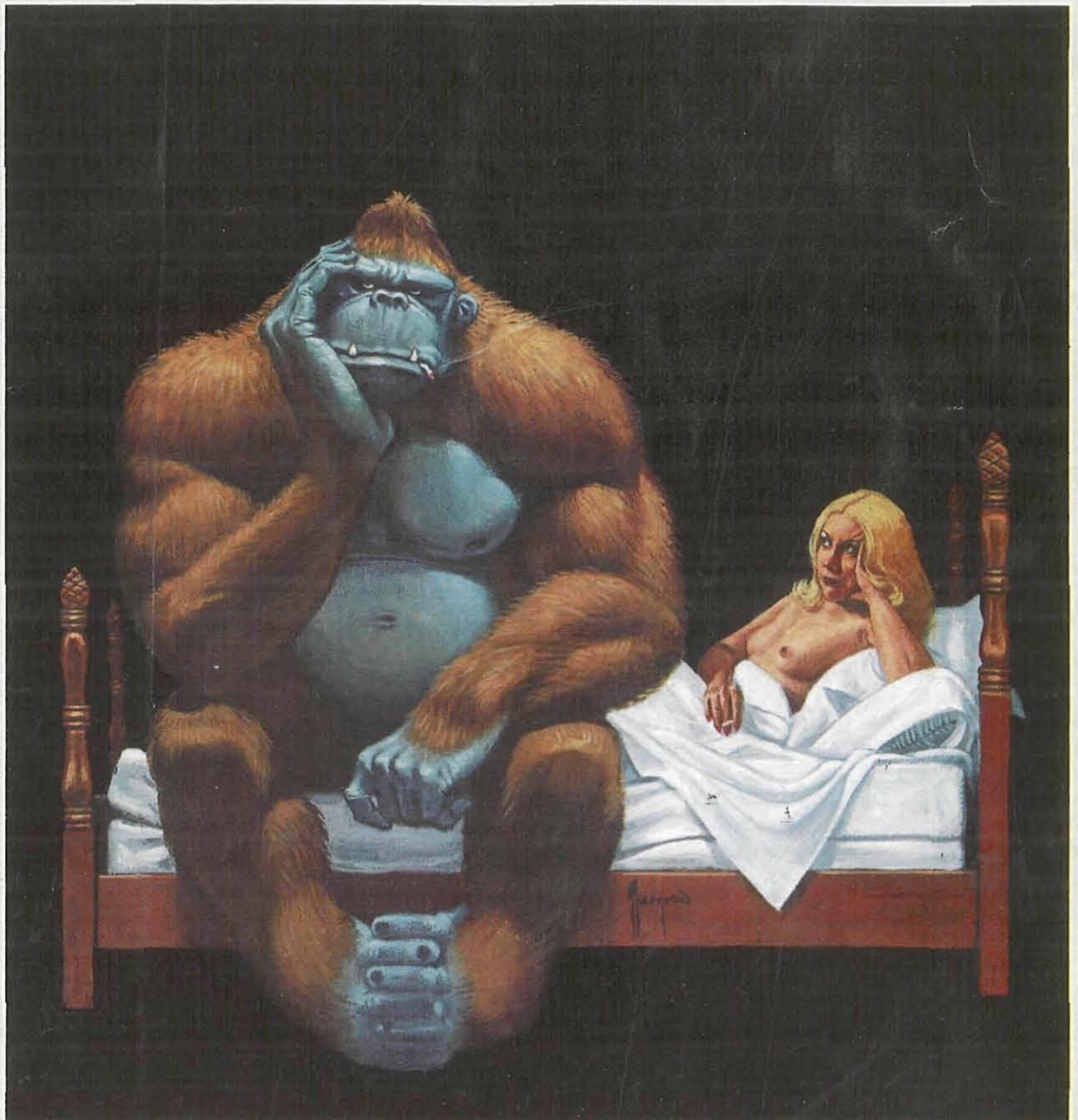
AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF CRETINS
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

When six-year-old Peter Falk looked down that dormant vacuum-cleaner hose and his friend jokingly threw on the switch, little Peter's eye was sucked away for good. And when that pretty girl caught Sammy Davis Jr.'s eye, she shouldn't have done so with a bad cast of her fishing line. These are just two of the many amusing stories from "In One Eye and Out with the Other," Chapter Seven of my latest book, *How Some of Your Favorite Stars Lost Some of Their Favorite Parts*. The book also includes

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

FAILURES



THEME RESTAURANTS

That Failed

BY AL JEAN AND GERALD SUSSMAN

Private Sanders's Kentucky Fried Liver Fingers

I LOVE LIVER AND I FIGURED everyone else did too," said Phil Sanders, a well-to-do automobile-parts distributor. Sanders thought he had a running head start because he had the same name as the chicken king. His formula for success was to simply copy the style of the Colonel, using liver instead of chicken.

The menu consisted of Sanders's own secret fried-liver recipe using 129 different herbs and spices, the liver cut into 'easy-to-eat' "fingers." He also served kidney pie ("for the occasional person who doesn't like liver"). He drew exactly one customer—himself. "I don't count those wise-ass kids who wanted their liver raw. I know what they were going to do with *that* kind of liver."

Sanders sold his automotive-parts business and invested all his money in liver and liver futures. He now has a warehouse with over 100,000 pounds of frozen liver in storage. "In a way I guess I'm lucky," he said. "I've got enough liver to last me a couple of lifetimes."



Mikey's Grill Room

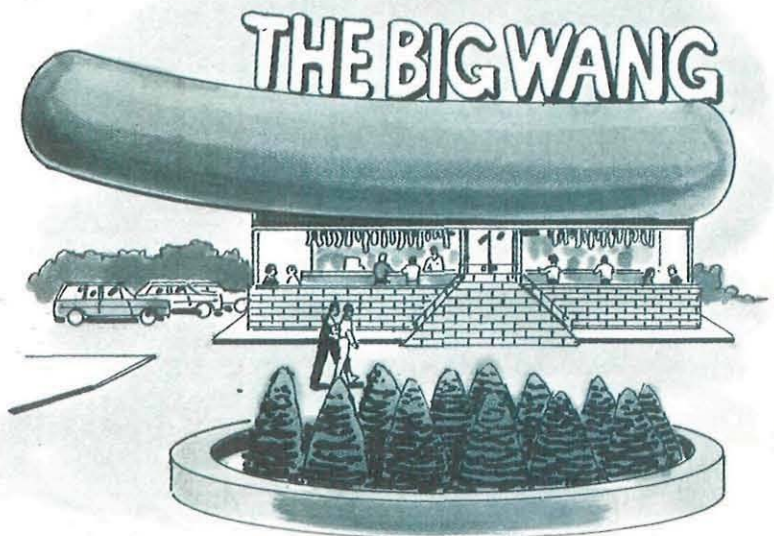
WHEN "60 MINUTES" STAR Mike Wallace decided to open a sit-down-restaurant chain, he figured that using his own personality as the theme would lead to success. He trained his personnel to make customers as uncomfortable and nervous as possible. Waitresses were instructed to criticize the patrons' clothes, ask them personal questions, and ridicule their tipping. Customers, however, reacted negatively to being filmed with a hidden camera throughout the meal. "to see if they had anything to hide." Big spenders would be queried, "How'd you get all that money?" If you ordered a drink, the bartender would quip, "Order one more and I'll tell the world you're an alcoholic."

Worst of all were Wallace's personal appearances at the restaurants, where he would accuse customers of fraud and corruption, which would usually lead to insults, fistfights, and the soup du jour being dumped on Mike's head.



Big Wang Restaurant

ITOOK A MARKET SURVEY AND MY pollsters found that everyone likes big wangs," recalls Big Wang owner Mark Lichtman. "Women like to see them, and men like to own them!" The Big Wang was called "the home of the twenty-four-inch hot dog and the three-foot zucchini." The menu consisted primarily of giant hot dogs, zucchini, and cucumbers. Each restaurant was decorated with gigantic plastic hot dogs and zucchini. Yet Lichtman encountered only failure, despite offering a lot of food for the money. It turned out that the marketing survey neglected to ask consumers *where* they liked big wangs. It turned out that they liked theirs in their homes but not in restaurants.



The Midnight Snack

THE IDEA WAS, TO RECAPTURE all the fun and serendipity of a real midnight snack. Patrons were given pajamas and robes, and then they could "raid the icebox," which was stocked with midnight-snack food—slightly stale cold cuts, cheese wrapped in aluminum foil, partly eaten cans of hash, tuna, milk, and soda, and lots of unidentified leftovers in plastic containers.

"We just couldn't make a go of it," said owner Bunny Eastlake. "At first we kept regular restaurant hours, but people weren't in the mood for a midnight snack at 12:00 noon, or even at 8:00 P.M. So we switched our hours. We opened at midnight and closed at breakfast time, but that was even worse. Everyone was asleep, except for a few truck drivers who showed up and then nearly killed us when they saw what we served."



The Hospitaleria

WITH SO MANY PEOPLE CONCERNED about their health and diet it seemed to Ralph Tinto that the Hospitaleria was an idea whose time had come.

When his nursing home was subjected to an investigation by the district attorney's office for certain irregularities, Tinto had his brainstorm: eat and get a physical at the same time. In a matter of days, "Dr." Ralph Tinto's Nursing Home was reopened as the Hospitaleria.

The menu at the Hospitaleria was copied from the Pritikin diet. The patrons ate from hospital beds (adjustable) and were served by nurses. While eating Tinto's cuisine, which boasted of having no salt, sugar, fats, or alcohol, the patrons would also get a complete medical examination. Blood pressure, heart, and lungs were checked. Blood and urine samples were taken for further tests.

"I figured that with all the junk food people eat, my place would be a haven, a place they could go to every time they feel so guilty that they can't look at themselves," said Tinto. "But no one came. I guess people still want their food in one place and their medical examination in another."



SELF DESTRUCT

APRIL 1982/\$1.50

NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS

75-page special

*Learn your 3 B's—
belly bloat, breast sag, buttock dip*

*The Presley Drug Diet—
it works!*

*Falling flat on your face—
with confidence!*

*The 10 worst
gynecologists in the U.S.*

*Dangerous dildos—
sex thrills that go all the way*

*How to get your
lover to throw you
out the window*

*Go for broke: how
to bankrupt yourself—
in minutes!*

*A test for masturbators—
can you do it with no hands?*



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ALL THE NEWS TO FUCK YOURSELF UP: ANIMAL HOUSE FOR ALLERGIES...CATCH A FLU BUG...EASY WAY TO INCONTINENCE... SKIN YOU DON'T NEED...KILLER DOUCHES

IT'S RAINING ALLERGENIC

CATS AND DOGS

Only one out of six Americans has allergies, but there's still lots of hope for would-be sufferers. Dr. Marvin Tarp, Ph.D., of the University of California at Modesto, conducted a study in artificially inducing allergies into nonallergic patients. For two years, he required a group of normal people, aged eighteen to twenty-one, to wear clothing made only from dog, cat, and horse fur. They had to sleep with cat's tails in their ears and dog ears in their mouths. Pillows were stuffed with horsehair and goose down. By the end of the two-year period, 58 percent of the patients were allergic to animals, the beginning of a systematic breakdown of their resistance that culminated in allergies to many types of foods, beverages, furniture, cars, clothing, and buildings. Another 22 percent exhibited definite allergic symptoms. Dr. Tarp plans to organize similar mega-allergy projects throughout the country.

INCONTINENCE:

FOR THE YOUNG

Now you don't have to be old, gray, and near death to be incontinent. You can "go with the flow" and lose all your control in the best self-destruct years of your life. A simple hormone change does the trick. Dr. Stella Dormant, of the Russell Stover Clinic, in Sausalito, California, has conducted many successful incontinence operations with a hormone called Defecafinol, or DF-2. Usually, one injection does the trick. *P.S.* The side effects are even better—odd, hard-to-diagnose skin growths, internal bleeding, locomotor ataxia, even glaucoma in some cases.

GET BUGGED:

CATCH THE FLU

Contrary to popular belief, there are many areas where flu bugs are more likely to show up than others. Public toilets, for instance, are especially rich and fertile. New York City subway toilets, especially the free ones, are considered the finest flu-breeding areas in the country. If you can't get to New York, here are seven guaranteed flu-rich places: YMCA locker rooms, any school locker room, changing rooms of clothing shops, cheese stores, head shops, Indian restaurants, and eating the wares of an outdoor hot-dog vendor.

SKIN PEELING ALL YEAR ROUND

Did you know that you really do not need the first layer of skin on your body? You have another layer directly underneath it that's almost as good. And if you can get the first layer off, you'll be exposing the more sensitive second layer to all sorts of dangers. You'll get a faster, more intense sunburn. You'll cut faster and deeper, and bruise better.

Doctors Mavis Bronk and Chester Strepp, of the California Institute of Dermatronics, have pioneered the use of Strip-Eze

paint remover to remove that first layer of skin easily and with a relatively minor amount of pain. They simply brush Strip-Eze all over your body, let it set until little bubbles form, and then wipe down your body with fine steel-wool pads that have been moistened with hot water and ammonia. Most of your first skin layer will peel right off. If there are a few stubborn spots, you can pick at them with your fingers. "That's the fun part," says Dr. Bronk.

DOUCHES THAT KEEP THINGS GROWING

Everybody has her own favorite douching ingredient. Your mom probably told you to use Old Dutch cleanser or Pine-Sol. When you were in college your roommate said that any cheap South American brandy was fine. But today there are far more sophisticated, *guaranteed* douches, douches that have been clinically proven to actively promote infections, growths, and other internal problems.

Dr. Manuel Puma, of Bakersfield University, has created a formula that combines Drãno, RC Cola, and any good warm English beer. If you are going to use a bag, he recommends, insert it right into the vagina along with its contents and let the entire thing "live" inside for a week or so.

Other effective douche discoveries are heavy-duty fire extinguishers (you can buy a good one at any hardware store), a chemical called CM-5 (which is actually Chinese mustard) (if it's too hot, mix it with a little duck sauce), and a somewhat milder version of the chemical defoliant used in the Vietnam conflict.

SHAPE UP

AUTOMATICALLY

Exercises that stretch tight limbs, flatten tummies, squash tushies, and force that tired heart muscle to work overtime!

THE DRAG STRIP

Most women baby their bodies. They have no idea of how much real abuse their bodies can take. If you are merely eliminating flab, firming up your muscles, and fine-tuning your muscle tone, you are at only the beginning of what your body can withstand before expiring. There's much more you can do—and the beauty part is you can do it quickly and painfully, especially if you're part of a two-car family!

This group of exercises, designed by Tony Escarzito, of Tony's Auto Repairs ("All makes domestic and foreign cars serviced"), applies the principle of using heavy machinery (two cars) to assist you in reshaping and destroying your body.

There's no need for special warm-up or "running in" exercises. You can start with the hard ones immediately. Do the exercises every day, in any sequence, for as long as you like. You'll get as thin and worn-out as you want—or die trying!



Make sure you are firmly attached to the rope or chain. At the signal, have your driver go into the fastest acceleration he can muster from a standing start, going from zero to sixty miles an hour, preferably in a quarter of a mile, as he drags you with him. Great for firming up the thighs.

George Adams

THE SISYPHUS



Start at the bottom of a steep hill. Proceed to push your car up the hill. Make sure the hand brake is off and your car is in a forward gear. Grip the bumpers or trunk of the car with both hands and push with all your strength. Keep pushing for as long as it takes to get the car to the top of the hill. Do not stop or you will probably roll backward. A good exercise for strengthening arm and shoulder muscles and overtaxing the heart.

THE BODY FLATTENER AND MUSCLE TONER



Stand upright against a solid wall. Have one of the cars drive toward you and "flatten" you right against the wall. Start slowly or start quickly, whichever you prefer, until contact is made and you feel all your stomach muscles pushing in and becoming permanently flattened and toned.

REAR-END ROLLOVER

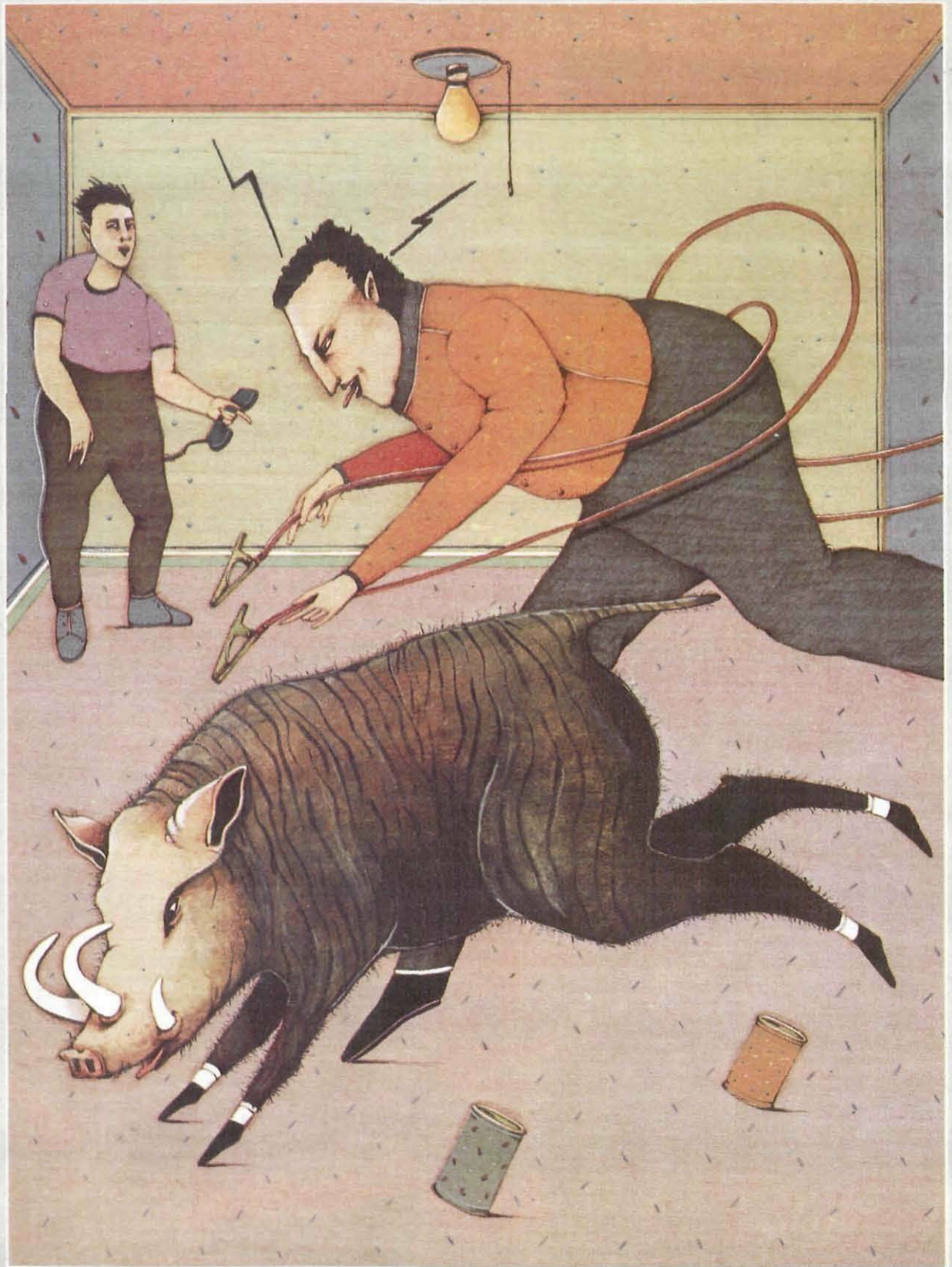


Slip under the car and lie on your stomach. Have your driver put the car in reverse and roll over your buttocks, back and forth, until all that unneeded weight is pummeled and rolled out of you.

THE TORSO TRIMMER



Roll yourself into a ball-like or fetal shape and tuck yourself into the trunk of one of the cars. Have the driver lock the trunk and take you for a long, long ride, preferably for days, without opening the trunk. Try to stay in the trunk for as long as you can.



*"Henry touched two wires from the generator to the Barbirusa.
The animal had skin like a 200-pound baked potato..."*

HENRY SPRAGUE

Mental Patient and Failure

BY TOD CARROLL

HENRY TILTED HIS oblong, institutionally groomed head toward the woman in front of him, a gangly, flour-skinned alcoholic in a sleeveless blouse and coarsely woven pants with an elastic waistband and a wide, flat seat that rippled along the rear seam and sank to a limp cantilever a third of the way down her thighs. A keraton-starved frizzette of gray-black hair loitered above her left temple, which Henry examined for a moment, wondering what doughy process of mind caused the owner of a thoroughly wrecked body to decorate it with a single curled tuft of greasy hair. "Who are you trying to kid?" Henry shrilled with a chopping laugh. The woman jerked her head around and blanched at Henry's dilated gray eyes, striated teeth, stippled cheeks, and high, veinous forehead darkened at the furrows by thin streaks of black dirt. Henry just stood there, bobbing his head toward the woman, glowering at her, breathing loudly through his nose. "This is only a 7-Eleven, lady," Henry continued, flapping his arms. "You're only buying your twenty-five-can, week-long inventory of Hi-C, and we all know it, lady, so what's the point in fucking around with that hair of yours when I know, the guy behind the counter knows, and everybody else knows you're a hopeless, worthless failure?"

The clerk ordered Henry out of the store, but Henry didn't hear the order

because he'd spiraled into a moon-mad bombast on the relationship between stores with tiny shopping carts and the collapse of the West. This was a recurring notion of Henry's, one expressed in his hospital file jacket dozens of times: "NEVADA STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL, PATIENT-SPRAGUE, HENRY L., ...11/2/79—Patient accosted the manager of a Speedi-Mart and attempted to remove a paper hat from his head bearing the name and trademark of the store. 'You are destroying our culture,' Sprague advised the manager, wrestling him to the floor and beating him with a garden trowel. ... 3/7/80—Patient drove his nurseryman's truck through the glass front of a U-Totem convenience market, then began honking his horn until the clerk confessed to 'destroying the culture of the United States.' ... 5/20/81—Patient approached a group of highway repairmen as they shared a can of chocolate pudding in the parking lot of a 7-Eleven. Aiming a shotgun at the repairmen, he forced them to reenter the 7-Eleven and demand reparations from the clerk for having abetted the destruction of their culture."

But now there was a new approach: Henry was laying into trembling, anorectic juicers with shopping carts full of Hi-C and candy bars; and the doctors at the state mental hospital decided to pull Henry off the streets before his campaign got any more complicated.

It was during this confinement that Henry was introduced to Eddie Sarwark, a meticulous, high-waisted ex-cabinetmaker with narrow shoulders,

wavy black hair and a salad-bowl-sized hump near the top of his back. Eddie's first words to Henry came three days after Henry was assigned to his room. "I pinked them off," Eddie said, fussily lowering a metal cup onto the exact geometric center of a bedside table. "I got the divorce papers, so I sold everything but my portable generator and moved in to this abandoned house. It's right next door to the zoo, the children's zoo, actually, where they keep the goats and deer and rabbits and so forth. I had this pair of zigzag pinking shears, so I went around to all the animals and snipped off their ears. I just pinked them off."

Henry glanced at Eddie momentarily, and in the particular neurological fashion of mental patients with orange electrode gel smeared on their temples, Henry distilled Eddie's monologue to a set of minor topics subordinate to the major topic of portable generators. "How come you have a portable generator?" Henry asked, slowly pushing Eddie's cup toward a corner of the table. Eddie noticed this immediately. He peered up at Henry, then tracked the remainder of the cup's progress to the edge of the table, where it teetered for a short time before dropping to the floor. "I used to take the generator on jobs," Eddie replied, returning the cup to the absolute center of the table. "Now I use it for light, because the house I'm staying in is abandoned and there isn't any electricity."

"Why do you have a hump?" Henry asked. "Why don't you pink it off?"

"Yeah," Eddie responded with a ner-

vous, oscillating laugh. Soon, owing to a similarly odd burst of laughter from Sprague, a rattling mental-patient harmonic developed, which both patients understood to be a signal for them to launch an instantaneous alliance, escape from the hospital, and move in to the abandoned house next to the zoo.

HENRY SAT AT THE ONLY PIECE of furniture in the house, a blue, pebble-grain plastic table with four plastic chairs attached to it by aluminum tubes. The table-chair unit had apparently been removed from the zoo snack bar; a message gouged across the top of the table read SUCK KOALA WANGO in six-inch letters, beneath a thicket of chiselings that seemed to obscure the words BIRD DEATH and a drawing of a pair of breasts. A gash of white, mid-afternoon light stretched, from a window above the cavity where there had once been a kitchen sink, onto the moldering wood floor, where the light narrowed to a wedge that lay across the plastic table and terminated at a bottle of unlabeled wine seized in Henry's dirty hand.

Henry was in his usual outfit, his khaki plant-care ensemble, the one he began wearing nearly a dozen years before, when a San Francisco therapist decided that the best way for Henry to countervail the damage of too many turkey basters full of methedrine, and too many conversations with people who shoot amphetamines into their blood with turkey basters, was to lock himself into the simplest, least stressful enterprise available in the entire world. So Henry spent ten years packing soil into pots and putting plants into holes; and ten or fifteen thousand plants into the therapy. Henry thought he was ready to enlarge his schedule by taking on a timorous, hectoring wife from Magdalena, Mexico.

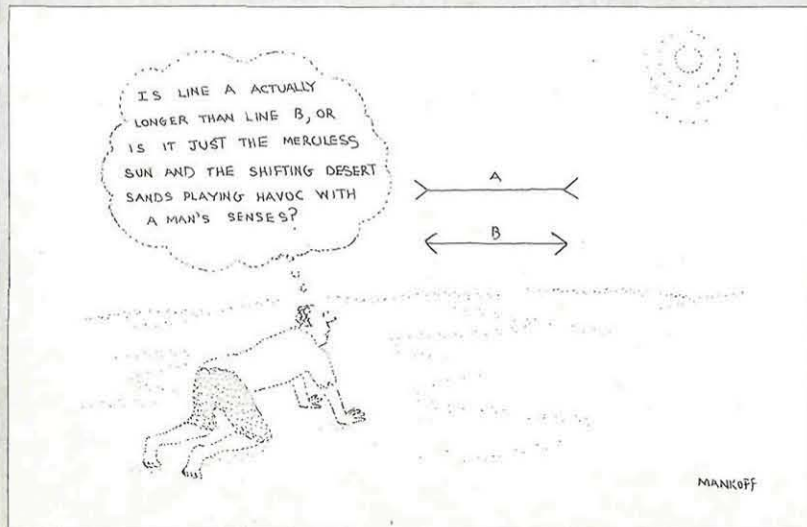
HER NAME WAS ANTONIA, and she was obsessed with Henry's sanity. Sane husbands pot enough plants to feed their wives, while lunatic husbands starve their wives and leap around the house with knives and broken bottles—this was Antonia's complete and indefeasible outlook, manifested most flagrantly in her policy toward Henry's friends. The policy required, in general, that all persons who had ever known Henry stay away from his house, never allow Henry into their houses, never meet Henry in a public place, and never communicate with Henry by telephone, mail, proxy, or any other method. On the few occasions when he did manage to visit someone, Antonia would station herself outside the front door in the 110-degree heat, like a dog, and remain there until Henry emerged or until she overheard references to liquor or drugs, in which case Antonia would bolt into the house and pull at Henry with all of her energy, hyperventilating, frantic with fear, screaming, "No, Henry... Stupid Henry... No, Henry... Stupid Henry..." over and over until Henry was out of danger. In time, the lunacy with which Antonia went about policing her husband combined with her husband's lunacy to create a new and more potent lunacy, of the sort which allows people to string together a line of reasoning that begins with the premise that a husband has driven his nurseryman's truck into a U-Totem store and culminates in the decision to balance the incident by having a baby.

Martha "Marta" Sprague squeezed into the hands of a federally funded doctor ten months later, the day Henry attacked the alcoholic with the cart full of Hi-C. The notion of a helpless, blank-minded kid looking to Henry for guidance in the conduct of its life was overwhelming to him. Henry con-

structed a scene in his brain where twelve-year-old Martha asks him to help set up her school science project—a delicate working model of a fusion reactor that takes seven hundred hours to build and that Henry demolishes to shivers during a sudden, blind rampage about the disadvantages of nuclear fusion. The entire school is horrified as Martha's insane, quavering, cataleptic father lurches stiff-legged from the classroom, en route to another six weeks of stabilization at the asylum. Immediately following this vision, Henry scrawled a note on the door of his house, which Antonia would find a week later when she returned from the hospital with baby "Marta" and four dollars in her purse. "I AM A FAILURE AND A MENTAL PATIENT," it read. "ALL IS COMING APART. GOING TO 7-ELEVEN."

BY NOW THE LIGHT HAD GONE from the kitchen table; it was early evening and Henry was still running through his situation, still compressing the bottle of wine. The house was quiet, except for the periodic shriekings and cawings of the jungle creatures next door and the stertorous explosions of a 7.5 horsepower Briggs & Stratton generator motor that had just kicked over in the next room. A single bulb brightened over Eddie Sarwark's hump-capped form, then flickered as the engine lost its timing and snuffed dense blue formations of exhaust toward the ceiling. "Hey," Eddie called, "hold your finger on the choke rod." Half-drunk and yellow from lack of a liver, Henry made his way to the generator and pinched the choke rod while Eddie darted his roughly conical face in and out of each section of the carburetor, looking for the trouble. This procedure had been going on every day since Henry and Eddie arrived at the house, and Henry had used some of the several hundred hours he'd spent alone at the plastic table and chair unit making a list of the reasons why he disliked it. First, Henry thought, it seemed an indefensibly fanatical waste of a 7.5 horsepower engine to power a single forty-watt bulb. Second, relative positionings that had been established, wherein Henry stooped near the choke rod while Eddie sniffed around the rest of the carburetor, generally left Henry's face no farther than a few inches from Eddie's hump. The hump was beginning to irritate Henry; in fact he had gone into several Goebbelsian harangues about the deleterious impact of humps on the future of the human species, but they were drowned out by the generator.

As the engine sputtered back to full
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)



"THEY ONLY WANTED TO HELP"

APPROVED BY
VIETNAM VETERANIANS AGAINST THE WAR

\$1

FEB.
VOL. 1
NO. 1

VIETNAM VETS

V.A.S.H.
VETERINARY MEDICAL UNIT
GUM NOB PROVINCE

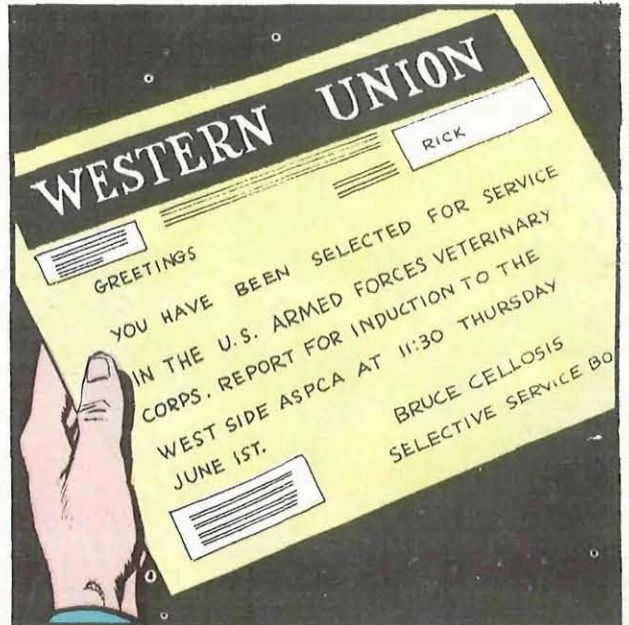
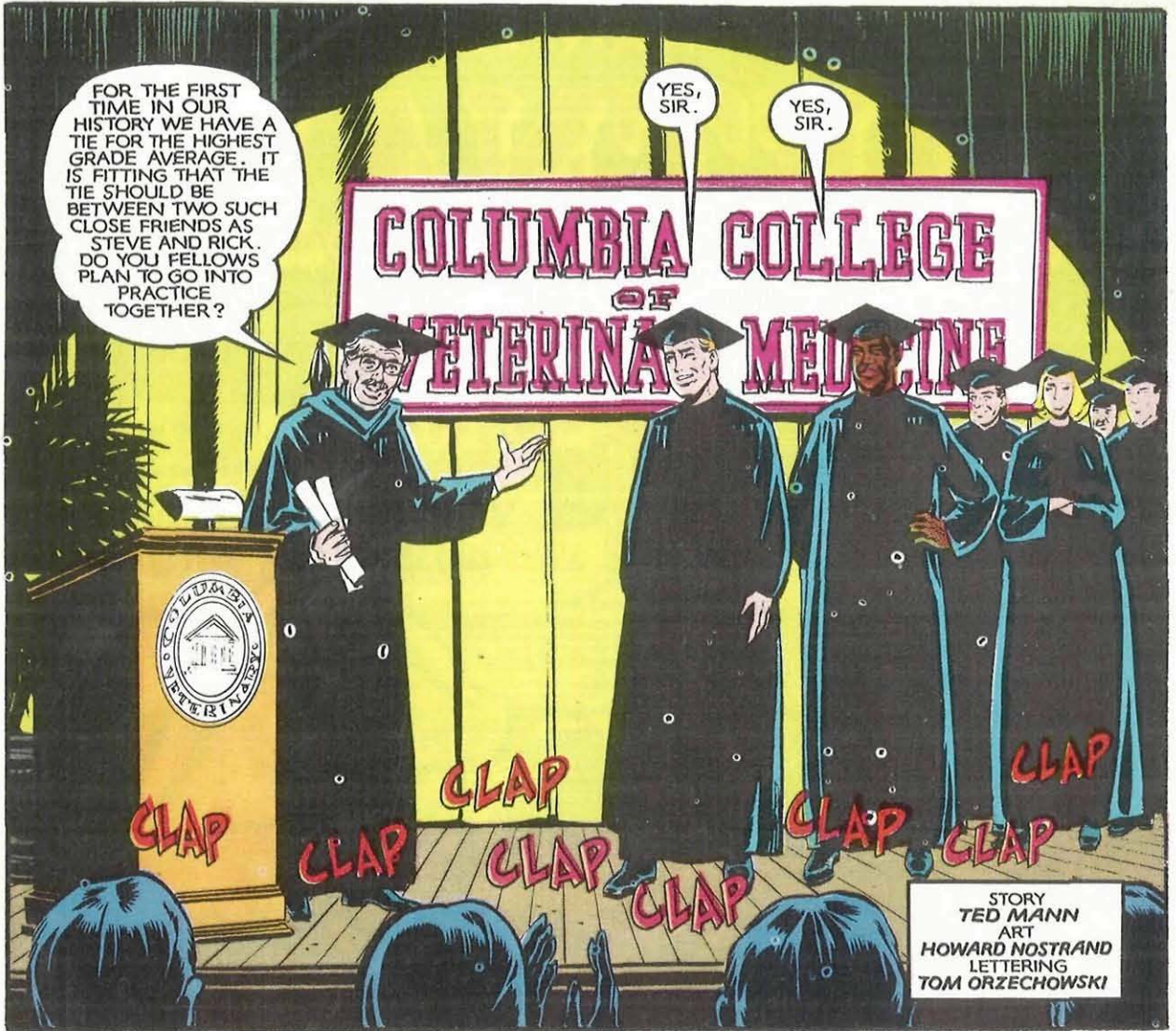
NURSE! I ASKED YOU TO GET ME SOME PLASMA FOR THIS GODDAMN MONKEY!

BUT THAT'S A VIET CONG!

I DON'T CARE WHAT KIND OF FRIGGIN' MONKEY IT IS. GET ME THAT PLASMA!



HOWARD NSTRAND





WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, RICK?

WE DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, STEVE. AMERICA GAVE US THE OPPORTUNITY TO BECOME VETS, AND NOW WE MUST DO OUR DUTY BY HER.



AREN'T YOU BOYS FORGETTING SOMETHING? WELL, IF YOU'RE GOING ALL THE WAY OVER TO THAT VIETNAM PLACE, DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD MARRY US FIRST? WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOU TO SOME OF THOSE CUTE ORIENTAL NURSES! DO WE, SIZZLEAN?

WHAT?

WE SURE DON'T!

RICK AND I COULDN'T BRING OURSELVES TO SAY NO, EVEN THOUGH WE DIDN'T HAVE A CLUE AS TO WHAT WE MIGHT BE WALKING INTO OVER THERE. OR MAYBE IT WAS BECAUSE WE DIDN'T HAVE A CLUE.



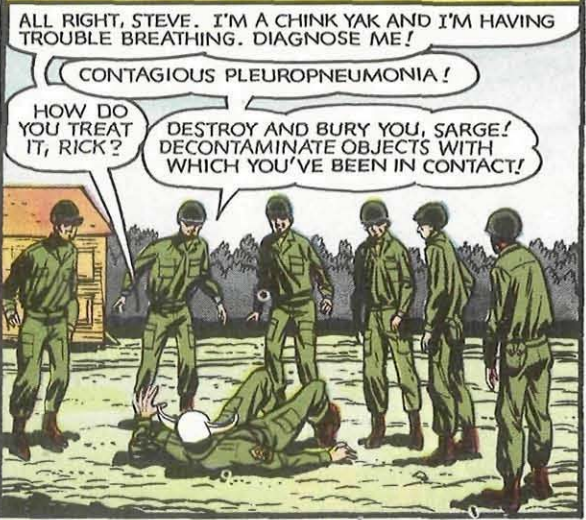
BOOT CAMP WAS PRETTY TOUGH. SOME GUYS COULDN'T TAKE IT. THEY'D TRY ANYTHING TO GET OUT...



HEY, SARGE, I'M TOO SICK FOR THE ARMY. I WANT TO DO HOMO STUFF WITH DOGS!

HEY, SARGE, LOOK! I'M SHOOTING MYSELF IN THE FOOT!

MOST OF THE GUYS WERE PRETTY GOOD, THOUGH. THEY KNEW WE HAD A JOB TO DO, AND THEY JUST WANTED TO GET IT OVER WITH.



ALL RIGHT, STEVE. I'M A CHINK YAK AND I'M HAVING TROUBLE BREATHING. DIAGNOSE ME!

CONTAGIOUS PLEUROPNEUMONIA!

HOW DO YOU TREAT IT, RICK?

DESTROY AND BURY YOU, SARGE! DECONTAMINATE OBJECTS WITH WHICH YOU'VE BEEN IN CONTACT!

RICK'S WIFE DIDN'T SHOW UP THE DAY WE LEFT FOR 'NAM. HE TRIED TO HIDE IT, BUT I COULD TELL HE WAS HURT.



DON'T WORRY, RICK. YOUR LADY PROBABLY JUST WENT TO THE WRONG AIRPORT, THAT'S ALL...

LET'S CHANGE THE TOPIC, HUH, SIZZLEAN?

WHEN WE GOT TO SAIGON, WE DREW DIFFERENT ASSIGNMENTS. RICK GOT PLUCKED FOR H.Q. THEY SENT ME TO THE FIELD.

RIGHT. WHO'S THE BLACK SOLDIER? RICK OR STEVE?

I'M STEVE, SIR.

I'M SENDING YOU TO FLUNG DUNG PROVINCE. THINGS ARE REALLY POPPIN' UP THERE.

RICK BEGGED THE ASSIGNMENT OFFICER NOT TO SEPARATE US.

IT'S NO USE, PRIVATE RICK. THE GENERAL NEEDS A TOP VET FOR H.Q., AND HE SPECIFICALLY REQUESTED A WHITE MAN.

THE MAN WASN'T KIDDING. FLUNG DUNG PROVINCE WAS A LITTLE BIT OF HELL RIGHT ON EARTH.

I NEED A MED-EVAC CHOPPER RIGHT AWAY IN SCUM LUNG VILLAGE! I GOT A BADLY DISORIENTED WATER BUFFALO OR YAK OR SOMETHING!

NEGATIVE ON THE CHOPPER, BUDDY. THE COLONEL'S ORDERED IT BACK TO BASE TO PICK UP A PULSATING SHOWER NOZZLE.

WHAT?!

BARATATATATATAT

BUT WE WEREN'T JUST SHORT OF EQUIPMENT, WE WERE SHORT OF DRUGS AS WELL...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. I'VE BEEN TREATING THAT SWINE FOR ACTINOBACILLOSIS FOR TWO WEEKS AND IT HASN'T RESPONDED...

THAT'S BECAUSE THE GOD-DAMN ORDERLIES BACK AT BASE ARE STEALING OUR DRUGS. A LOT OF THE CONTRABAND FINDS ITS WAY INTO THE HANDS OF THE CONG — THE SO-CALLED BAREFOOT VETS.

WHAT HAPPENS TO THE REST OF IT?

G.I.'S PUT IT ON THEIR FEET.

WHILE I WAS IN THE FIELD, RICK HAD HIS OWN TROUBLES BACK AT BASE. HE SPENT MOST OF HIS TIME LOOKING AFTER THE PETS OF OFFICERS' "GIRLFRIENDS."

PLEASE, DR. RICK. COULD YOU DECLAW MY PUSSY?

WHICH ONE?

RICK TRIED EVERY TRICK HE COULD THINK OF TO GET HIMSELF TRANSFERRED TO THE FRONT.



COLONEL, YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S PUSSY HAS A FLAKING, SCALING SKIN DISEASE. PROBABLY PICKED IT UP FROM A DOG. SHE CAN TRY SOAKING IT IN FUNGICIDE, BUT IT'S PRETTY FAR GONE...

NOTHING RICK COULD DO MADE A BIT OF DIFFERENCE, UNTIL ONE DAY...



THIS WHORE SAYS HER DOG SWALLOWED MY ROLEX. CUT IT OUT FOR ME, WILL YA. I KNOW IT'S UNETHICAL, BUT IT'LL EARN YOU THAT TRANSFER YOU BEEN LOOKIN' FOR.



COLONEL, SHE'S PROBABLY LYING ABOUT THE WATCH. SHE PROBABLY PAWNED IT.

I'M LYING! I'M LYING! I PAWNED IT!

DAMN IT, RICK, I KNOW THAT. IF WE CUT HER DOG IN HALF, IT'LL TEACH HER NOT TO LIE. NOW, DO YOU WANT THAT TRANSFER OR NOT?



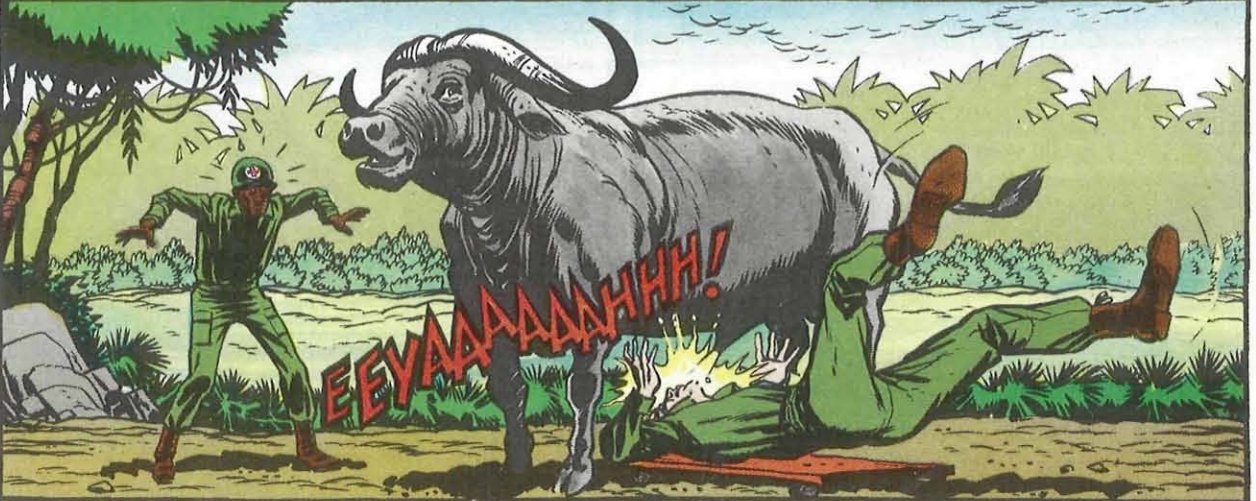
RICK AND I WERE REUNITED A DAY LATER IN FLUNG DUNG PROVINCE.

STEVE, STEVE, YOU LOOK TERRIBLE.

IT'S THE PRESSURE, RICK. THE PEOPLE DON'T WANT US HERE. WE HAVE NO SUPPLIES. WE CAN'T GET PARTS FOR THE COWS. IT'S NOTHING LIKE WHAT THEY TOLD US IN BOOT CAMP.

YOU'RE JUST OVERTIRED. YOU PROBABLY NEED A SHOWER, IS ALL.

RICK'S DRIVE AND ENTHUSIASM BROUGHT NEW LIFE TO OUR UNIT. AND THEN, ONE DAY, HE WAS WORKING UNDER A WATER BUFFALO...



RICK'S CAREER AS A VET WAS OVER. THE V.C. HAD FED THAT BUFFALO SOMETHING THAT TURNED ITS URINE INTO A POWERFUL ACID THAT ATE AWAY RICK'S CORNEAS. THE ARMY SENT HIM HOME WITH A PAIR OF ARTIFICIAL EYES.

SAY, SOLDIER. WOULD YOU LIKE A BELT OF WHISKEY FROM THIS VET'S FLASK?

WOULD I!?



YOU CAN FORGET THAT DRINK, NO-LEGS!



THE ARMY SENT HIM HOME, ALL RIGHT, BUT IT TURNED OUT POOR RICK DIDN'T HAVE MUCH OF A HOME TO GO TO. HIS WIFE WAS HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH THE CHICAGO SEVEN.

GOOD-BYE, HONEY. I'M GOING DOWN TO THE VETERINARIAN'S ADMINISTRATION.

NO OFFENSE, DEAR, BUT YOUR TEETH COULD USE A BRUSHING.



SUDDENLY THE WAR ENDED AND THE AUTHORITIES DIDN'T CARE ABOUT THE VETS' PROBLEMS ANYMORE.

DIDN'T YOU HEAR? THE WAR ENDED. WE REALLY DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR PROBLEMS ANYMORE. LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE PRETTY STUPID TO SERVE YOUR COUNTRY. YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN WE HAD NO BUSINESS BEING IN THAT CRAZY ASIAN WAR.

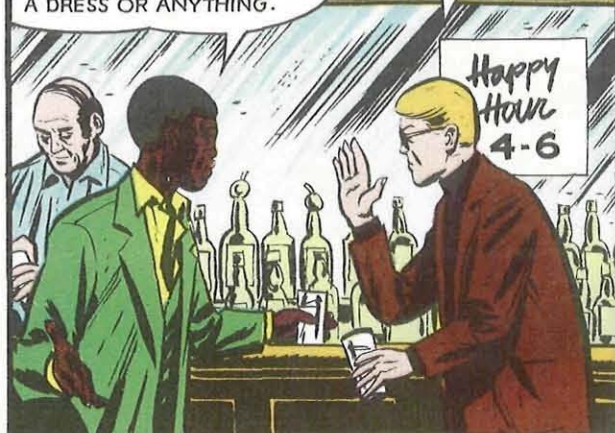
VETERINARIAN'S ADMINISTRATION



I LOOKED RICK UP WHEN I GOT BACK FROM THE 'NAM. I TRIED TO HELP HIM, BUT HE WAS TOO PROUD.

RICK, I'D BE HAPPY IF YOU'D COME WORK WITH ME. YOU COULD BE MY NURSE. YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO WEAR A DRESS OR ANYTHING.

A BLIND NURSE? I LAUGH BITTERLY AT THE VERY IDEA.



WHEN RICK HEARD THAT THE PRESIDENT HAD PARDONED THE VETS WHO DODGED THE DRAFT, HE WENT BERSERK. HE TOOK SOME HOSTAGES IN A BAR. THEY ALL ESCAPED BUT ONE.



WHEN THE PRESIDENT PARDONED THOSE COWARDS, HE MADE A MOCKERY OF THOSE OF US WHO SERVED OUR COUNTRY! COME ANY CLOSER AND I'LL CUT THIS HAIRY HIPPIE'S HEAD OFF!

THE COPS CALLED ME AND I RUSHED DOWN TO THE BAR. THIS IS CRAZY, RICK! GIVE IT UP! STEVE, I'LL NEVER GIVE UP! NOT TILL I TALK TO THE PRESIDENT!



ONE OF THE COPS DID A PRETTY GOOD PRESIDENT NIXON IMPERSONATION.

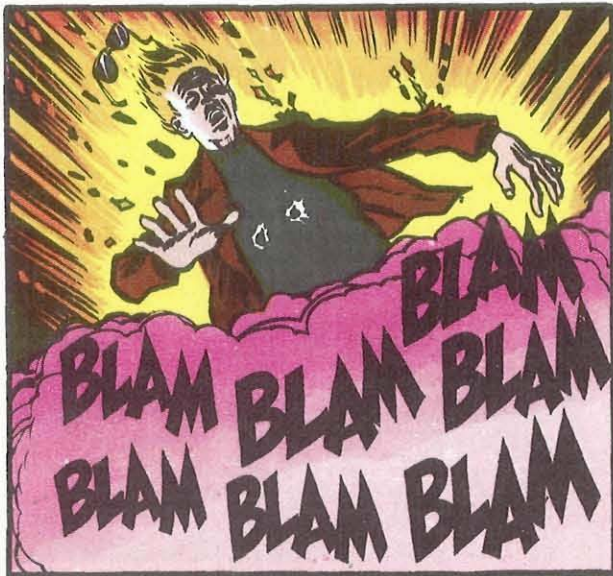


THIS IS PRESIDENT NIXON, SON. PUT DOWN THAT KNIFE AND LET THAT HAIRY HIPPIE GO.

PRESIDENT NIXON, SIR, WHY DID PRESIDENT CARTER MAKE A SHAM OF FOUR YEARS OF MY LIFE?

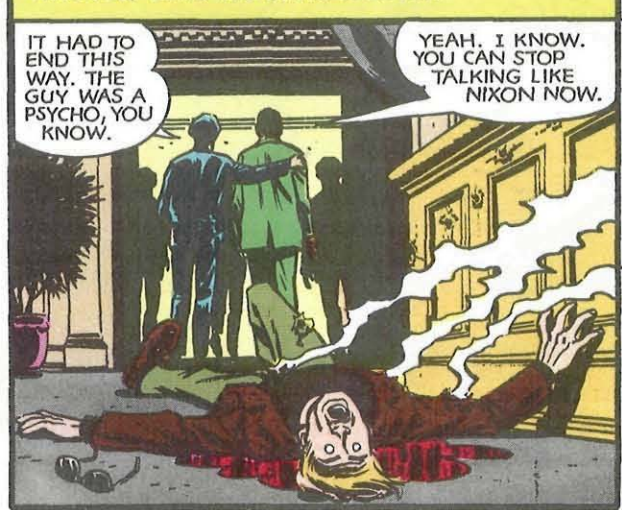
IT'S PERFECTLY CLEAR HE IS A COMMUNIST, SON. NOW PUT DOWN THAT KNIFE.

YES, SIR.



BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

FINALLY IT WAS ALL OVER FOR RICK, A POOR VET WHO FELT BETRAYED BY HIS COUNTRY.



IT HAD TO END THIS WAY. THE GUY WAS A PSYCHO, YOU KNOW.

YEAH. I KNOW. YOU CAN STOP TALKING LIKE NIXON NOW.

FARMING T

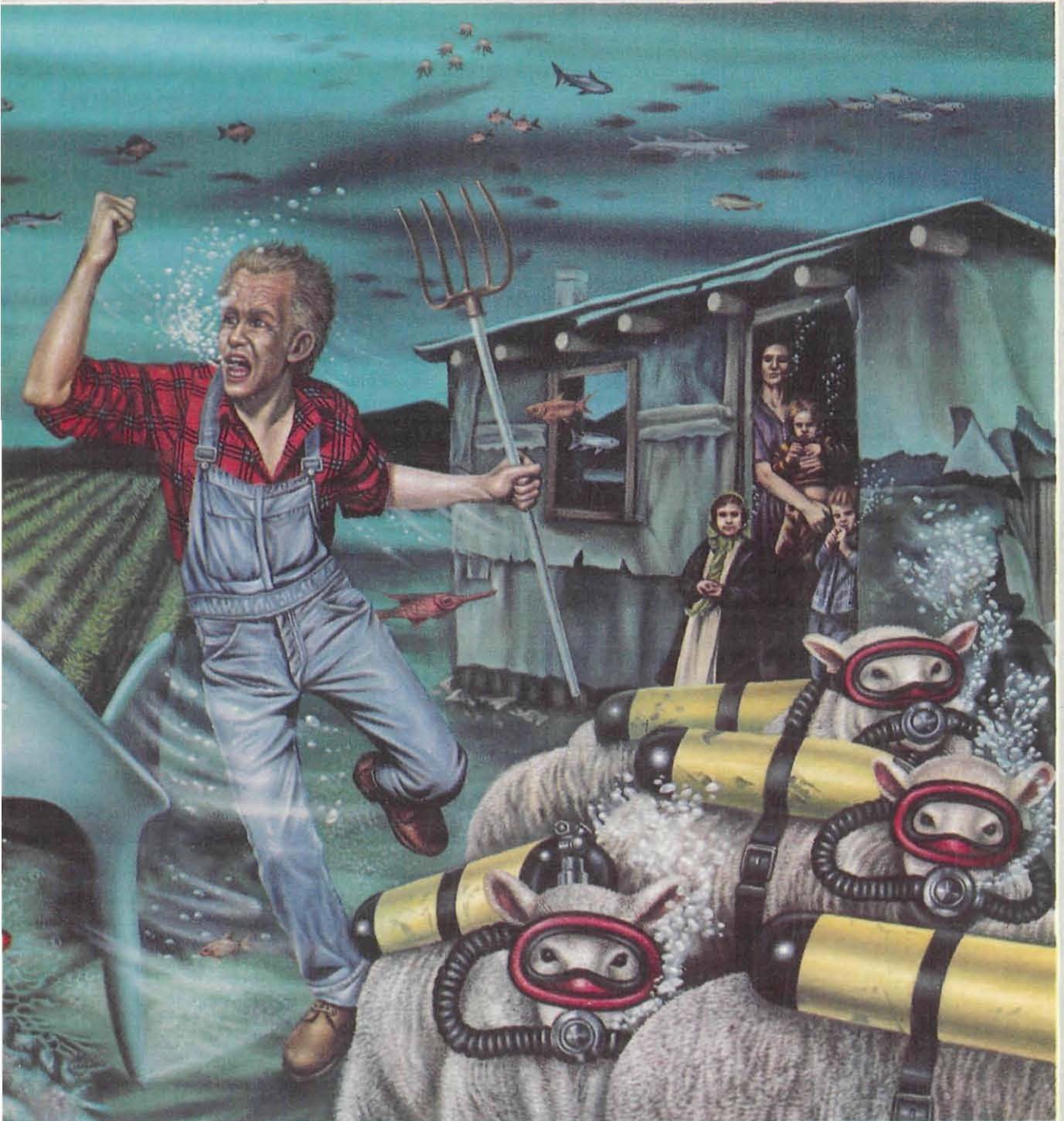
BY MICHAEL REISS

**An idea
whose time
has not yet
come**



Illustration: Dan Kirk

THE OCEAN FLOOR



Henry Sprague

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46)

speed and as the bulb returned its sickly flush to the generator, to the bugs circling through the exhaust, to Eddie, and to Eddie's hump, Henry decided it was time for a change. "Let's go to Europe and shoot heroin," he shouted above the engine. The two mental patients looked at each other for a long time, quietly inspecting one another; they then turned off the generator, broke in to the zoo, and stole a two-hundred-pound Barbirusa. This was the Anita J. Siegel Barbirusa—an extremely rare, wild Asian pig with four upright tusks, donated by Anita Siegel, dean of the Nevada cult of animal care—and the plan was to ransom the pig for enough money to get to Europe and buy heroin.

Eddie called Anita direct. "Sorry to bother you," he began, "but we've got your wild Asian Barbirusa. We're mentally ill, Anita, and we're fixated on the idea of greasing the Barbirusa unless you give us thirty thousand dollars." Anita needed more convincing, so Eddie pushed the phone through a crack in the door to an adjoining room, where, on cue, Henry touched two wires from the generator to the pig. The animal had skin like a two-hundred-pound baked potato, and did nothing. Henry kicked the Barbirusa on the flank and screamed at it—"Oink, you asshole"—but, still, nothing. Anita was about to hang up when the pig abruptly wheeled on Henry, chased him into a closet, and repeatedly rammed itself against the closet door, squealing and snorting hideously above Henry's muffled bellows for help. "My psychotic partner is very difficult to control," Eddie claimed after returning the phone to his head. "He would just as soon grease an animal for the fun of it

as wait around for your money. "Anita's mood tensed as the door-ramming and the piercing, hysterical pig-attack sounds continued in the background. "No, you fool, don't kill it yet," Eddie yelled cleverly, with his hand half over the mouthpiece. This pushed Anita's mind into a kind of animal-care red zone, a paranormal mode within which no animal maniac can restrain herself from draining every last excess dollar from one of her husband's trust accounts. The excess at the time was \$22,000, which Eddie agreed to as exchange for the Barbirusa in a gas-station bathroom near the edge of town.

SOMEHOW, BETWEEN NEVADA and Europe, Henry and Eddie wound up in Saltillo, Mexico. There is no conceivable route between any part of the United States and any part of Europe that passes anywhere near Saltillo, Mexico; nevertheless, Henry and Eddie were there, sealed in a dim stucco room, watching the perpetual national talent contest on a gold-Formica TV, breathing sticky Mexican disinfectant, sifting through a \$20,000 pyramid of dog-quality heroin that Eddie had carefully, painstakingly arranged in the exact center of a table. Henry thought of Antonia, while a creature who looked something like her spun a row of hoops on her arms, beneath the flashing letters I-R-M-A... I-R-M-A...I-R-M-A and the emcee's audio supplement, "Irma!...Irma!" Irma's lacquer-red lips expanded to a grin of premium ecstasy and exhilaration as the number of rotating hoops on her arms, and then on her legs, grew and the audience clapped their hands. "This is a zenith day for you, Irma," Henry slurred to the television in a Mexican accent. "Today you know the sublime, being the best there is, queen of the twenty or thirty revolving hoops, toast

of the *República*... Fuck you." Henry's eyes pivoted sideways toward the pile of dope; a small shift to the right framed the top of the sagging, babbling, narcotized head of Eddie Sarwark, tilted just beneath his hump in a way that, to the bleary, mentally ill eye, the hump took on the appearance of a flesh beanie. Henry glanced at the gushing Mexican hoop girl, then swung back to Eddie and wondered what his daughter would make of this situation if she knew who he was, if she were in the room, and if she were more than five weeks old.

Henry imagined a six- or seven-year-old girl sitting on the end of the bed, asking why Dad never came back from the 7-Eleven. "Well," Henry answered in a loud, creeping monotone, "I'm a mental patient and a failure."

"No you're not, Dad," his hallucination contradicted, with the puckered-mouth certitude of a movie kid. "Failures and schizophrenic manic-depressives wouldn't be organized enough to ransom a stolen Barbirusa for twenty-two thousand dollars." A schizophrenic manic-depressive like Henry was, however, deranged enough to hallucinate six year olds who appreciate criminally insane behavior and use "schizophrenic manic-depressive" in conversation. "Now that I think of it," Henry chuckled with momentary self-esteem, "we really did a pretty slick job on Anita Siegel. Especially since her fucking hog died in the Exxon bathroom. You should have seen the look on Anita's face when she found her priceless, four-tusk pig monster with its head drilled all the way through the fucking door to the stall. The thing rammed its head right through a fucking sheet-metal door." Henry was prickling with adrenalin now, jerking up and down the bed in an electrochemical pandemonium, totally committed to this story. "So, Anita opens the door to the bathroom, and the Barbirusa lunges at her with a three-foot-by-five-foot metal rectangle around its neck. This fucking thing is hissing and screeching, beyond all control. Anita tumbles backward onto the asphalt outside, and the pig blasts after her. But the stall door catches on either side of the doorway to the bathroom and practically takes the animal's head off as its body doubles over the top of the door, then recoils all the way back to the stall, and it drops dead. You should have seen it, Martha..."

When it struck Henry that this was not the kind of story that fathers are expected to tell their first-grader daughters—stories of cruel insanity delivered with saucer eyes and a \$20,000 cone of heroin on the table—Henry quickly rifled his mind for a more traditional,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)



"There's no password, Hanson. This is Mr. Carswell!"

FIRST JOHN... NOW MITCH...

THE MAN WHO
PLAYED JOHN LENNON
IN BEATLEMANIA IS DEAD!

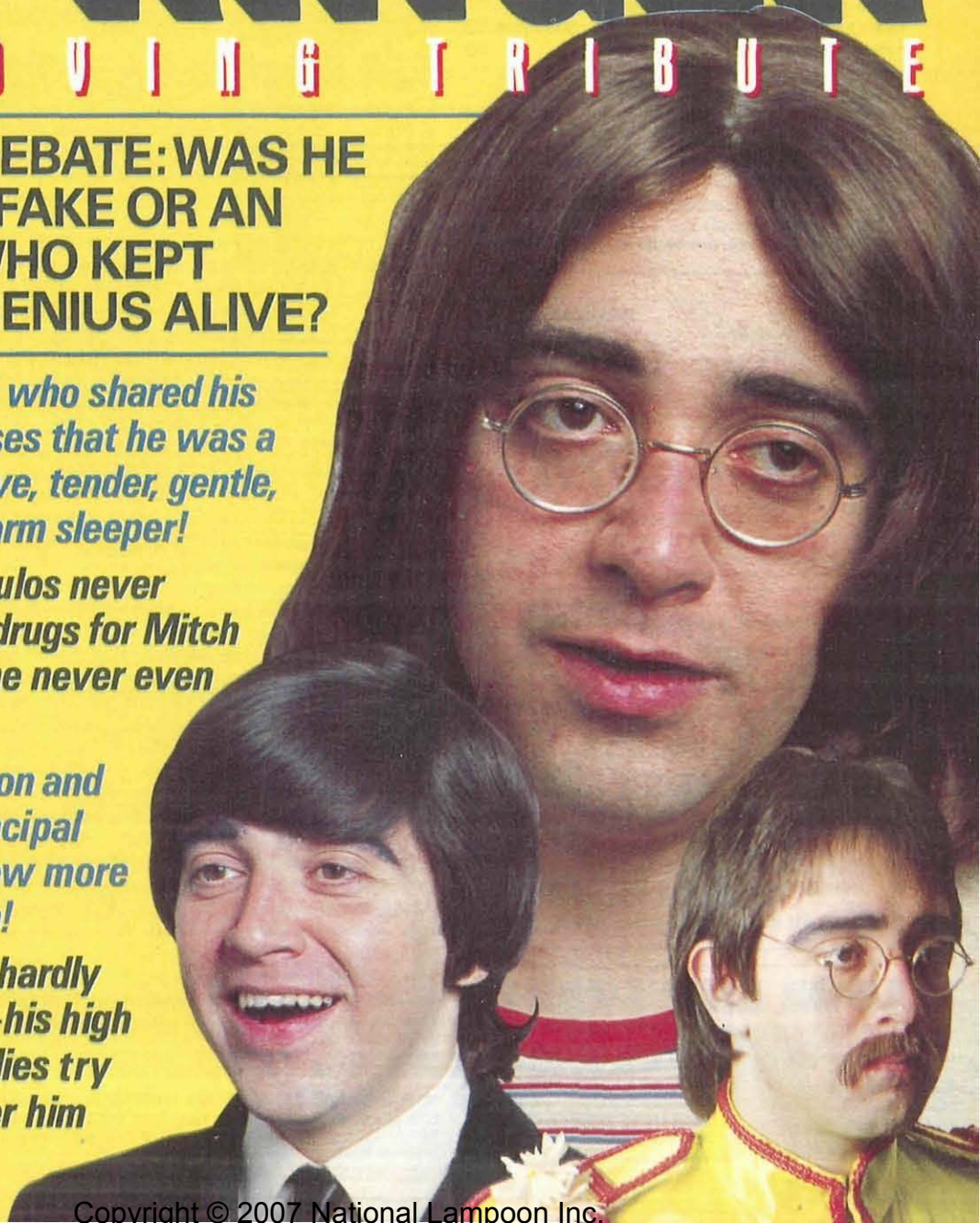
MITCH SPRINGER

April, 1982

A L O V I N G T R I B U T E

**CRITICS DEBATE: WAS HE
A CHEAP FAKE OR AN
ARTIST WHO KEPT
JOHN'S GENIUS ALIVE?**

- *The woman who shared his bed confesses that he was a soft, sensitive, tender, gentle, delicate, warm sleeper!*
- *Dr. Nichopoulos never prescribed drugs for Mitch Springer—he never even met him!*
- *Loni Anderson and Victoria Principal want to know more about Mitch!*
- *"Mitch, we hardly knew ye"—his high school buddies try to remember him*



MITCH SPRINGER

A LOVING TRIBUTE

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT: Watching the Wheels

At 9:30 P.M. on Monday night, March 1, 1982, in the Rio Rancho Cocktail Lounge in Hancock, New York, Fred Lavoris, a nineteen-year-old computer trainee, ordered one last drink for the road. A few minutes later he hopped into his 1971 Fury, raced the engine, and then drove off to find the entrance ramp to the New York State Thruway. He found the thruway all right, but Fred Lavoris had trouble staying on his side of the two-lane highway.

At 9:50 P.M., according to police reports, a drunken and reckless Fred Lavoris lost control of his vehicle and crossed the yellow dividing line for the last time. His car plowed into an oncoming car, and Fred Lavoris lost his life behind the wheel. What Fred Lavoris didn't know was that he took the driver of the other car with him. That driver, as we later found out, was Mitch Springer.

Fred Lavoris was no hardened criminal. He was just a regular kid who had too much to drink one night. If Fred Lavoris had taken the life of some insignificant unknown, no one would have batted an eyelash. But Fred Lavoris didn't cross paths with just anyone. His carelessness resulted in the death of the extraordinary young man who played John Lennon in Beatlemania. And in that light, his crime is equal to that of a psychopathic killer.

It is poignant that Mitch Springer, a conscientious driver on the road to success, met his fate in a head-on collision with a drunk driver. This magazine is a tribute to Mitch Springer's memory; but we should all work to prevent such a tragedy from ever happening again. That will make our tribute more meaningful and lasting.

Careless driving is a serious problem. Any pedestrian will tell you that careless driving is a serious problem. Any highway authority will tell you that careless driving is a serious problem. Any tollbooth operator will tell you that careless driving is a serious problem. Even Mark David Chapman will tell you that careless driving is a serious problem. Yes, careless driving is a serious problem. And something must be done about it.

If John Lennon were alive, he would likely ask, "Why don't we do it in the road?" And we would answer, "Because we might be run down by some reckless lunatic." More people are killed by automobiles than by handguns. If handguns should be registered, then maybe all automobiles should be registered too. At least that would be a step in the right direction. Something must be done about this, and we ask you to help set the wheels in motion. In memory of Mitch Springer. Beep beep, beep beep, yeah!



PHOTOGRAPHS: DAV NELKEN

MITCH SPRINGER: A LOVING TRIBUTE is published by Strawberry Fields Press, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10022. In keeping with John Lennon's and Mitch Springer's ideals, a portion of this publication's profits will be given to the Internal Revenue Service.

The Ballad of JOHN LENNON and Mitch Springer

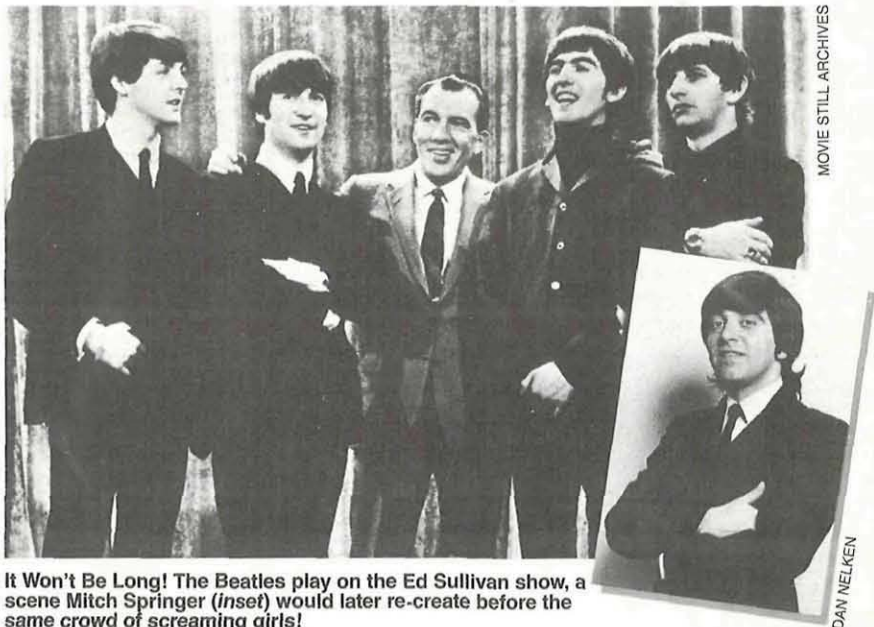
Incredible as it may seem, Mitch Springer never really paid too much attention to the Beatles while growing up. On June 15, 1955, John Lennon was introduced to Paul McCartney, and on that same day, in a small apartment in Brooklyn, New York, Mitch Springer was born. Little did he realize as he lay sleeping in his crib that a legend was being born across the Atlantic Ocean that would cause a sensation heard around the world and have a long-lasting impact on his life. While the Beatles were making their sensational debut in the Cavern Club in Liverpool to crowds of wild, screaming teenage girls, little Mitch Springer was taking his first steps from his playpen into the protecting arms of his mother.

Of course, Mitch Springer was not oblivious to the Beatles rage. Some of his best friends had Beatles haircuts and lunch boxes. He was tuned in to the Ed Sullivan show on the night the Beatles were making their debut, but he changed the channel before they ever came on. Mitch would have gone to the movies with his parents to see *A Hard Day's Night* had he eaten his dinner that night and not been sent to bed early.

Mitch Springer didn't care too much for the Beatles' sound, but his life was already beginning to parallel John Lennon's. Lennon wrote two books, *In His Own Write* and *A Spaniard in the Works*. Mitch Springer had seen them both in bookstores. The Beatles played Shea Stadium; Mitch's father took him to a baseball game at Shea Stadium later that year.

Although he didn't stand out as an exceptional musician in junior high school, he did have one outstanding feature—if he grew his hair long and put on wire-rimmed glasses, he looked exactly like Lennon. You might think that any teenager who didn't listen to the Beatles in their heyday would be shunned by his peers, but quite the opposite was true for Mitch Springer. To the girls who would chase him down the hallways in school, anyone who resembled John Lennon and didn't listen to the Beatles was all the more intriguing!

But when *The White Album* was released, Mitch went through a revolution of his own. Now he idolized Lennon, his music, and his message, and he began emulating his newly found idol. John Lennon married Yoko Ono, and Mitch Springer began dating Julie Winters, a girl who would have looked exactly like Yoko Ono if she had longer hair and if she had been Oriental. Mitch formed a band called *Yellow Submarine*, and the group played high-school dances and performed a repertoire of Beatles songs. They were an instant hit, chiefly because Mitch Springer looked and sounded so much like John Lennon. Mitch asked his friend, Alan Klein, to manage the group, and, ironically, across the ocean the Beatles had appointed an Allen Klein to represent them as their manager too.



It Won't Be Long! The Beatles play on the Ed Sullivan show, a scene Mitch Springer (inset) would later re-create before the same crowd of screaming girls!

John Lennon sent two acorns to every world leader so that they could plant a seed for peace, and Mitch Springer, unable to find any acorns in Brooklyn, bought a pound of pistachios. In an official ceremony on the roof of the Apple building, John Winston Lennon changed his middle name to Ono. Mitch climbed up on the roof of his apartment building, but his mother made him come down before he fell and broke his neck.

One day Mitch Springer's ship was due to come in. On July 27, 1976, the very day John Lennon was finally granted a green card, Mitch Springer was handed a business card. The casting director of a new Broadway musical discovered him in Washington Square Park playing songs from *Rubber Soul* before a group of drunkards. Oddly, Mitch Springer was discovered for the very trait he had been cursing.

After a few weeks of rehearsal and costuming, Mitch was playing before packed houses, and the four duplicate mop-tops were receiving standing ovations. "We were instantly recognizable," Mitch said, "and the public was ready to relive the excitement of our music. I guess maybe they were getting tired of the Elvis story."

Mitch Springer had almost missed Beatlemania the first time around; he

had emulated and cursed John Lennon, and now he was John Lennon every night starting at eight o'clock. Of course, imitating John Lennon wasn't Mitch's only interest. "I enjoy cashing my paycheck at the end of the week like everyone else. I guess it was pure chance that the Beatles made it big, and that I happened to look like one of them. It's hard work, but my bank account's not complaining." To what does Mitch attribute their success? "Aside from our sound, I guess I'd have to say our appearances and hairstyles have a lot to do with it."

When Mark David Chapman shot and killed John Lennon on December 8, 1980, Mitch Springer was terribly shaken. A single case of mistaken identity could have meant his life as well, and after Lennon's killing, he became more cautious. On Sunday, December 14, 1980, at Yoko's request, a ten-minute silent vigil was held in Central Park. Mitch Springer wanted to attend, but he was afraid his appearance would provoke instant hysteria among the over 100,000 fans assembled. Lennon's death created a vacuum and the ideal opportunity to launch a national tour of *Beatlemania*, and once again Mitch Springer was on the road to fortune—a Long and Winding Road that had a tragic detour in store for Mitch Springer.

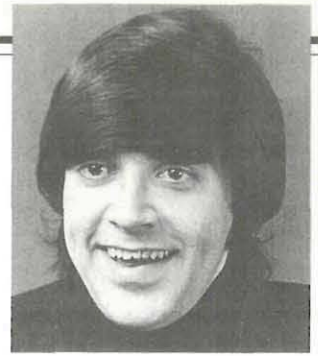
MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

DAN NELKEN

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF...



John Lennon & Mitch Springer



Stage name John Lennon
 Birthplace Liverpool
 Birthdate October 9, 1940
 Height 5 ft. 11 in.
 Weight 11 st. 5 lb.
 Color of eyes Brown
 Color of hair Brown
 Instruments played... Rhythm guitar, harmonica, percussion,
 piano
 Died December 8, 1980

Stage name John Lennon
 Birthplace Brooklyn
 Birthdate June 15, 1955
 Height 5 ft. 11 in.
 Weight 11 st. 5 lb.
 Color of eyes Brown
 Color of hair Brown
 Instruments played... Rhythm guitar, harmonica, percussion,
 piano
 Died March 1, 1982

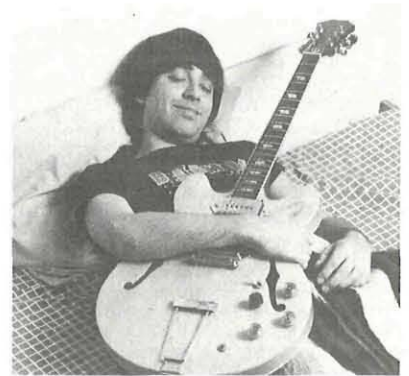
Here's a look behind the scenes of *Beatlemania* and into the life of Mitch Springer in an endless array of photos! This is the Mitch Springer we knew best, the Mitch Springer we knew as John Lennon!



"I want to hold your hand," sings Mitch. Like John Lennon, Mitch had no trouble finding eight arms to hold you!



Mitch is the eggman! And we just can't separate the egg from the yolk! Looks like Scrambled Eggs!



Whatever gets you through the night! Mitch is Only Sleeping after a Hard Day's Night as John Lennon! He's so tired, but the dream's not over!



PHOTOGRAPHS: DAN NELKEN



Cold Turkey!
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band! If we didn't know better, we'd say this was John Lennon behind the military regalia!



You should have known better! This photo of Mitch could easily be a picture of John Lennon in a scene from *Help!* But it's not!

John Lennon's Double *Remembers*

Before his untimely death, Mitch Springer gave this fab exclusive interview describing his years as John Lennon, and we proudly excerpt it here in his memory:

Q: What's it like being John Lennon?
SPRINGER: I could have been a fuckin' musician, you know, but I never stood a chance. It's no fun having to go through life looking like someone famous. I mean, I can't assert my individuality, you know. I look just like John Lennon, and they tell me that's what I do best, so that's exactly what I do.

Q: Well, do you enjoy your work?
SPRINGER: Oh, yeah, don't get me wrong. I mean, I'm sure there are hundreds of other guys who look like me and are just as convincing. I was lucky to get this job, and believe me, I needed steady work. During auditions a guy came in looking for a job as Pete Best. The resemblance was uncanny, but we still couldn't do anything for him. So I consider myself lucky to look like someone who's in demand.

Q: What's it like being in John Lennon's shoes?
SPRINGER: Well, I'm not really in his shoes. I'd hate to be in his shoes. I mean, I don't care what the press is saying about her now—Yoko's just not my bag, if you know what I mean. "I am he as you are he as you are me and we are all together" is fine, but I don't take it to extremes.

Q: Well, John Lennon went through a lot of changes in appearance during his days with the Beatles. How do you keep



up with him onstage?
SPRINGER: I have my hair cut in a mop top from the early days, and as the show progresses the lights dim and I have a chance to put on a wig and glue on a stage mustache and put on a pair of wire-rimmed glasses. And then the lights dim again and I attach a beard that hooks over my ears like glasses.

Q: How do the other three guys do it?
SPRINGER: I really don't know. I guess they do the same thing. You'd really have to ask them.

Q: What do you think of the Beatles?
SPRINGER: They made great music, but we've been playing their songs five nights a week, not to mention a matinee on weekends, and I'd say we're much

tighter as a group than they ever were.
Q: What do you think of John Lennon's solo efforts after he left the Beatles?
SPRINGER: That really doesn't concern me, you know, 'cause our show only covers the Beatles material. So I'm only familiar with his music prior to 1970.

Q: What were your thoughts when John Lennon retreated from public life for five years?

SPRINGER: I didn't know what to expect. Of course, I didn't expect to be filling in for John Lennon's absence from public life, but when he went into seclusion, people started looking for substitutes, I guess, and here I am. I tell you, though, every time there was a rumor floating around that someone had offered a million bucks for a Beatles reunion, or that they might be getting back together for a benefit concert, I was shitting bricks, you know. I mean, a Beatles reunion would have really hurt our ticket sales. When Lennon came out of seclusion last year with that new album our ticket sales really slacked off. And when I heard that single, "Starting Over," and I thought about the implications, I was climbing the walls.

Q: How did you feel when he was shot?
SPRINGER: Well, first off, I was really glad I hadn't been walking around near the Dakota during the time it happened. I know it sounds really awful, but I was sort of relieved when he got it. My career was always on the rocks, but immediately after that happened there was a big demand for us, and we were playing to packed houses again, and, if you'll excuse the pun, we were making a killing.

Things We Said Today

"John Lennon was a great musician who felt for people and worked for peace. He inspired a generation, and his music will live on, even though Mitch Springer is no longer with us. No one can ever take his place, but auditions start Monday, so I guess we'll find someone."

BOB DOLDRUM
 DIRECTOR, BEATLEMANIA

"I remember seeing John Lennon onstage for the first time during our first dress rehearsal. I couldn't believe it, so I went up and introduced myself. He turned out to be really friendly, and we talked for a while about what it was like to be a Beatle. But later

someone told me he was just Mitch Springer playing along. He had a great sense of humor. You see, I hadn't seen him in full costume until that first dress rehearsal."

NICK MEANDER
 BEATLEMANIA STAGEHAND

"I never worked with anyone else like him. It was just like working with John Lennon. I hope we don't have to close down the show, because Mitch wouldn't want it that way, and I'm really depending on this week's salary."

DOUG LIMPID
 BEATLEMANIA'S
 PAUL MCCARTNEY

GET BACK!

Rumors have it that George, Paul, and Ringo will come together to record a special tribute to Mitch Springer on a secluded island in the Caribbean. All Ringo has is a Photograph, George's guitar gently weeps, and Paul McCartney, in a recent interview, said, "Why are you calling me at this hour? Do you know what time it is? Who is this?" But we've got our fingers crossed that the boys will make a comeback for the love of Mitch Springer. And if they don't, maybe their doubles will. Let's hope so.



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

Henry Sprague

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56)

exemplary kind of experience. "One day I was delivering an order of wood chips for Westerberg's Nursery." Henry led off, pacing back and forth between Eddie and the talent contest, "when the customer asks me about a certain tree in his backyard. The guy says it's an alternate-leaf dogwood tree and wants to know if it would be safe to transplant it. But it wasn't an alternate-leaf dogwood; they don't grow in the West. I told him that, but he kept insisting..."

"Who are you talking to?" Eddie interrupted, suddenly slanting his head upward in a small surge of awareness. "My girl," Henry responded, gesturing to the hallucination of his daughter. The only girl Eddie saw was Irma, on the TV behind Henry, now squeezing a concertina, with a soccer ball balanced on her head. "That's your fucking kid?" Eddie squealed with a pulsating laugh. "No wonder you left home." Eddie dove at the TV and punched his finger against Irma's face. "Look at that fucking wart. How come every fucking beaver female's got a giant brown M&M growing on her face? What the fuck is she doing, anyway? That's insane. She's a fucking maniac, just like Dad." By now Eddie was in a state of perfect, dribbling mordancy, gagging with laughter, as an aching flush suddenly smothered Henry's skin and his vision degenerated to a moiré pattern of several hundred thousand black dots.

Because the black dots usually meant that Henry had two or three minutes before going completely berserk, he tried to warn Eddie by screaming as loudly as he could, kicking over the table with the heroin on it, and smashing a bottle of Teahuecan on Eddie's shoes. "You shouldn't have said that about my kid," Henry yelled.

HENRY WOKE UP IN NEW YORK City, five weeks later, broke and alone. He remembered snatches of an all-out mental-patient brawl between himself and Eddie—a raging, convulsive buzz saw of a fight that had climaxed in a cartoonlike ball of clenched lunatics whirling and ricocheting around the entire room, out the door, down the stairs, through the hotel lobby, across the dirt street, and into an ice-cream parlor called Hielados y Refrescas Señor Froggy. The access plate to the works of the seventy-degree ice-cream freezer had been, expectably, missing, and it was up against the freezer's clacking, shuddering motor that Henry had found himself biting the top off Eddie's hump. The dots in Henry's eyes had gone to solid black,

and the next thing he knew he was in New York, broke and alone.

Henry's left forearm was bound in gauze, and a cross-hatching of white tape held thick wads of Telfa over one eye. In all of Henry's experience as a hospitalized lunatic, he had managed, until now, to avoid the scourge of the big fat eye bandage—even to him the most unsettling and repugnant of all medical dressings. He felt his face. His forehead seemed higher and narrower than ever; gravelly skin clung hard to the underside of his cheekbones, stretching into a pair of tight crevices that led to the corners of his mouth. He touched the ridges of his unwell teeth, and excavated a flake of dried antiseptic from the edge of the Telfa. "May I help you?" the receptionist asked warily as a chunk of antiseptic dropped to her desk. Henry let out a long, droning "aaaa" sound while he arranged his mind. "...I want to talk to William O. Paley," he blurted. "How did you get in here?" she asked, dialing a phone. "I don't know," Henry answered. "I was fighting with Eddie Sarwark in Saltillo...he went back to Nevada and I just came here...because..." Henry felt a lump of paper in his shirt pocket. He clawed out the entire lump; a dozen or more individually folded sheets of lined pastel notepaper fluttered down to the desk and floor. As Henry fumbled open one of the sheets, he continued his explanation. "I've got my story down here. I want William O. Paley to read the story and make a show out of it."

Two CBS security guards drew up behind Henry and asked him to leave. "No!" Henry shouted. "I have a family, and I want William O. Paley to hear my story." William Paley emerged from his office as the guards pinioned Henry and pulled him toward the elevator. "7-Elevens are ruining our culture and I have a family," Henry ranted, apparently intent on documenting his credibility and serious-mindedness by emphasizing a link between fathers, husbands, seriousness, and credibility. Paley glowered acridly, and as he retracted himself back into his office, Henry marshaled several hundred pounds of reserve mental-patient strength, spun clear of one of the guards, and grabbed the other's gun. "I want you to make a program out of my story!" Henry commanded, the gun vibrating in his hand. Paley stood rigid in his doorway. Henry closed on him; Paley waved off the security men as Henry urged him into the office, then locked the door.

"Now, what can I do for you, sir?" Paley barked with controlled executive ire. "No one here wants any trouble." Henry unloaded a pile of folded pastel notepaper on Paley's desk and wiggled

the barrel of the gun between the paper and Paley. "I'm Henry Sprague and my entire fucking life is on that paper." Henry announced in a piercing voice that wandered up and down the register with no relationship whatever to the content of his speech. "Read it and make it into a program. I have a family." Paley glanced at the scraps on his desk; he grudgingly pried one open and examined a morass of thousands of words that Henry had succeeded in loading onto a single eight-and-one-half-by-eleven sheet in letters an eighth of an inch high and in blocks of text that pushed out into the margins, bent ninety degrees, and spiraled around the main text until the bottoms of the letters ran off the edges of the paper.

Paley found what he believed to be the beginning of a paragraph: "I was brushing a patch of black potting soil off my khaki shirt. The shirt was wet with perspiration and the soil had stuck to it. My Mexican wife thought it was unsanitary to brush sweaty black dirt onto the couch and floor, so she went out in the backyard and sulked. She thought this unsanitary act was the product of my mental illness, that lunatics are naturally filthy people. I looked at her in the backyard, in the 110-degree heat, staring at a plastic bag full of leaves, wondering in her primitive mind why the government doctors couldn't make her husband sane and clean. But it was the doctors who got me the dirty, filthy therapeutic job in the nursery to begin with. I felt a ceramic cup splinter in my hand as a screen of thousands of black dots fell over my eyes..." At this point the words shriveled into an ink-blotched squiggle, and Paley refused to go on. "I don't know what we can do with this," he said, aspirating sharply and shaking his head. Henry glared at Paley for a few seconds, devising his next move.

"Let's discuss it over lunch," Henry said. Henry had two main sources of printed input—*The Collected Writings of Friedrich Nietzsche* and *People* magazine—and it was from the latter that Henry discovered the show-business practice of sealing magnificent deals over lunch. "That way we can talk in a more relaxed atmosphere," Henry added, leveling the palsied gun at Paley's head.

THE CAPTAIN AND ALL OF THE serving staff at the Four Seasons were attracted instantly to Henry, especially to the mass of Telfa and adhesive tape on his eye. Even the presence of William Paley had little effect on them; no mental patient with a sixteen-square-inch, antiseptic-spotted eye bandage had ever been in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)

Build Your Own ORSON WELLES

BY TOD CARROLL

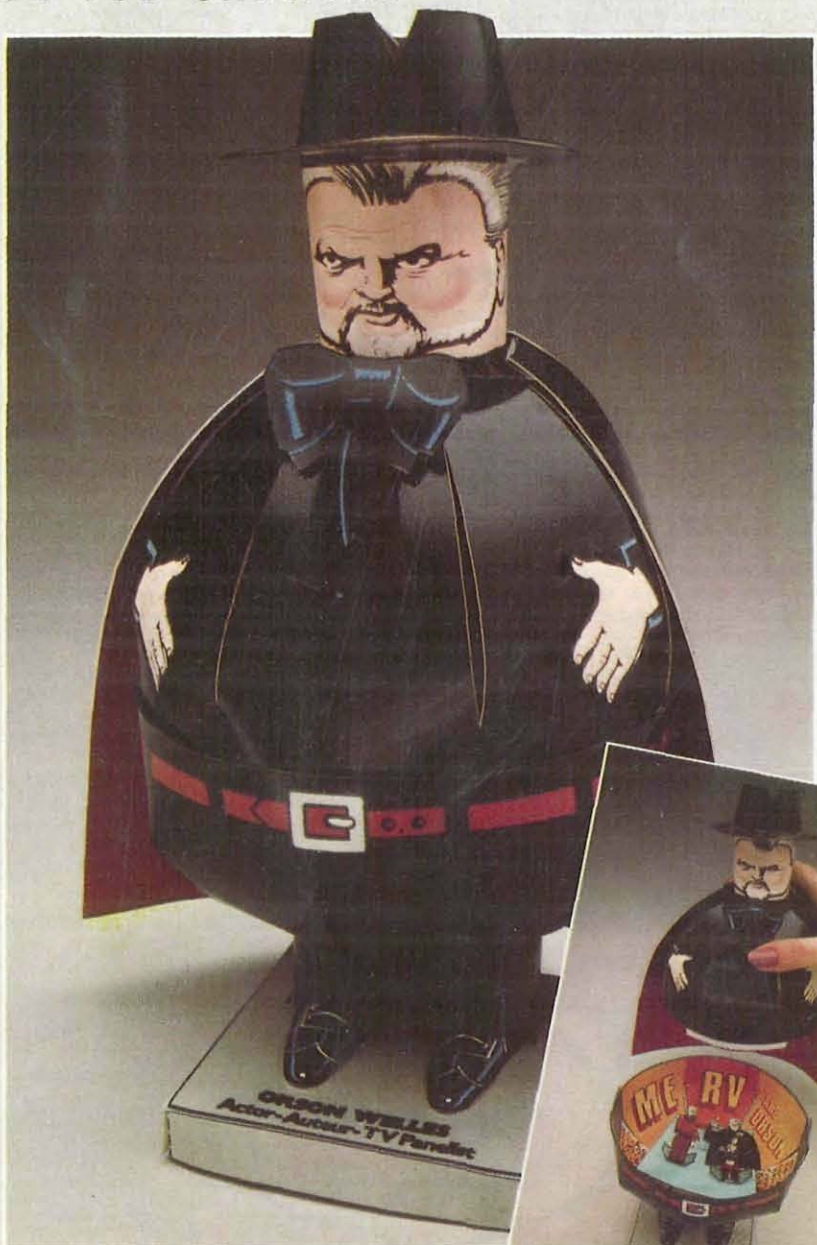
PERHAPS THE NEXT BEST thing to meeting Orson Welles in person and having him accept you into his confidential circle of artist friends is a realistic paper Orson Welles figurine, one-eighth scale, ideal for desk top, bookshelf, or anywhere the presence of Orson Welles might enlarge your life. Grandly bedecked in broad-brimmed hat, full cape, and considerable black bow at the neck, this easy-to-assemble model captures Welles at his visual zenith. But, as Orson Welles himself once said, there is more to a man than his exterior. This is why we have concealed within his kingly gullet, in the intriguing manner of an authentic Fabergé egg, a lifelike, three-dimensional representation of Orson Welles performing what Merv Griffin has called one of the greatest and most "unbelievable" magic tricks ever seen on his show.*

To achieve the realism and quality of detail shown in our photographs, you'll need only scissors, glue (or Scotch tape), a razor blade, and a modicum of dexterity. Be sure to read each instruction carefully and completely. Don't rush. And, above all, don't attempt this while drunk or in the grasp of a degenerative nerve disease.

In fact, you might take the extra precaution of color-Xeroxing these pages, to provide replacements for parts destroyed, or a complete extra set of parts to give to your friends, or an abnormally large selection of parts for any friends who've been drinking and shaking badly.

*March 26, 1981.

Fully assembled Orson Welles stands nine inches high. Top half of statue separates to reveal special moment in Welles's career.



INSTRUCTIONS

ORSON WELLES'S PLATFORM—Cut it out. Slit lines **U, V, S,** and **W** with a razor. Fold tabs **LL** downward. Fold **Platform** sides downward, creasing along each **MM-MM** axis. Glue tabs **LL** to sides. Refer to photo for finished view.

ORSON WELLES'S SHOES—Cut them out. Lay them lengthwise along a pencil and bend them downward. Bend tabs **V** and **W** downward. Push them into **Platform** slits **V** and **W**, respectively. Glue these tabs to the underside of the **Platform**. Orson's **Shoes** should curve three-dimensionally above the **Platform**, almost as if they were real.

ORSON WELLES'S LEGS—Cut them out. Roll them into shallow cylinders, so that ends **M** just cover shaded ends **N**. Glue them together at this juncture. Fold tabs **T** and **R** inward, toward the center of the cylinders. Push tabs **U** into slits **U** on the **Platform**; the concavity across the base of the **Leg** should accommodate Orson's lifelike, three-dimensional **Shoes**, a noteworthy feature of this statue. Repeat the process with the other **Leg**, pushing tabs **S** into **Platform** slits **S**. Glue these tabs to the underside of the **Platform**.

ORSON WELLES'S PLATFORM SUPPORT RING—Cut it out. Roll it into a shallow cylinder, so that end **TT** just covers shaded end **KK**. Glue ends together at this juncture. Fold tabs **NN** inward, toward the center of the cylinder. Apply glue to these tabs and position the **Support Ring** at the center of the underside of the **Platform**. This seemingly frail circle of paper will provide necessary structural support for the full mass of the Orson Welles yet to come.

ORSON WELLES'S GULLET AND GROIN—Cut out two of the forms that look like rows of stubby fangs, or rows of papal mitres, or rows of crow beaks, or whatever other comparison you prefer. Glue tab **A** (shaded) of the **Front** section of Orson's **Gullet** to the underside of the **A** end of the **Rear** section of same. You should now have a perfectly straight, seven-fanged strip, to be formed into a circle by gluing tab **B** (shaded) to the underside of the remaining **B** end. You will now create what amounts to a flattened, hemispheric abdomen, just like Orson Welles's, by bending the fang with the tip labeled **D** and the fang directly across from it so that the tip of the latter rests on the **D**. Glue together at this point. Now glue the tips of the rest of the fangs to the **D** tip, taking great care to achieve a symmetrical

shape. The base of the resulting hemisphere should be quite flat. If it is not, cajole the fangs lightly so as to accomplish this.

MERV GRIFFIN'S SET SUPPORT RING—Cut it out. Roll it into a cylinder and glue end **L** over end **I** (shaded), so that the shaded part is just covered. Bend tabs **K** and **J** inward, toward the center of the cylinder. Glue tabs **K** to the inside of Orson's **Gullet**, so that the **Support Ring** rests precisely in the center of the hemisphere.

MERV GRIFFIN and **ORSON WELLES**—Cut them out. Bend back the shaded tabs on either side of their legs.

MERV GRIFFIN'S SET—Cut it out. Slit lines **P** and **Q** with a razor. Push **Merv** (tab **P**) into **Set** slit **P**, so that **Merv** faces away from the chairs. Bend **Merv** back so that he rests at an angle, supported by the tabs jutting backward from his legs. Glue tab **P** to the underside of the **Set**. Repeat the same procedure with **Orson Welles**, pushing him (tab **Q**) into **Set** slit **Q**. Apply glue to **Set Support Ring** tabs **J**. Attach **Merv's Set** to the **Set Support Ring** so that the **Set** is centered in the hemisphere and **Merv** and **Orson** are facing the belt buckle realistically emblazoned on Orson's hemispheric exterior.

ORSON WELLES'S UPPER CARRIAGE AND HANDS—Cut out the remaining two rows of fang strips. Glue them into one continuous strip, as was done in building Orson's **Gullet**. Slit lines **X** and **Y** with a razor. Cut out **Orson Welles's Hands** and bend them lengthwise over a pencil, just as you did with his shoes. We are creating three-dimensional hands here, another prominent aspect of this statue. Bend **Hand** tabs **X** and **Y** downward. Push them into slits **X** and **Y** on the **Upper Carriage** and glue them to its underside. Glue the tips of the **Upper Carriage** fangs to the circular fang tip labeled **I**, thus creating an elongated hemisphere, or, more correctly, a paraboloid.

ORSON WELLES'S HEAD—Cut it out. Roll it into a cylinder, joined at ends **O** and **BB** (shaded), so that **BB** is just covered. Fold tabs **AA** inward and tabs **N** outward. Glue tabs **AA** to the top exterior of the **Upper Carriage**, aligning Orson's nose with point **GG**.

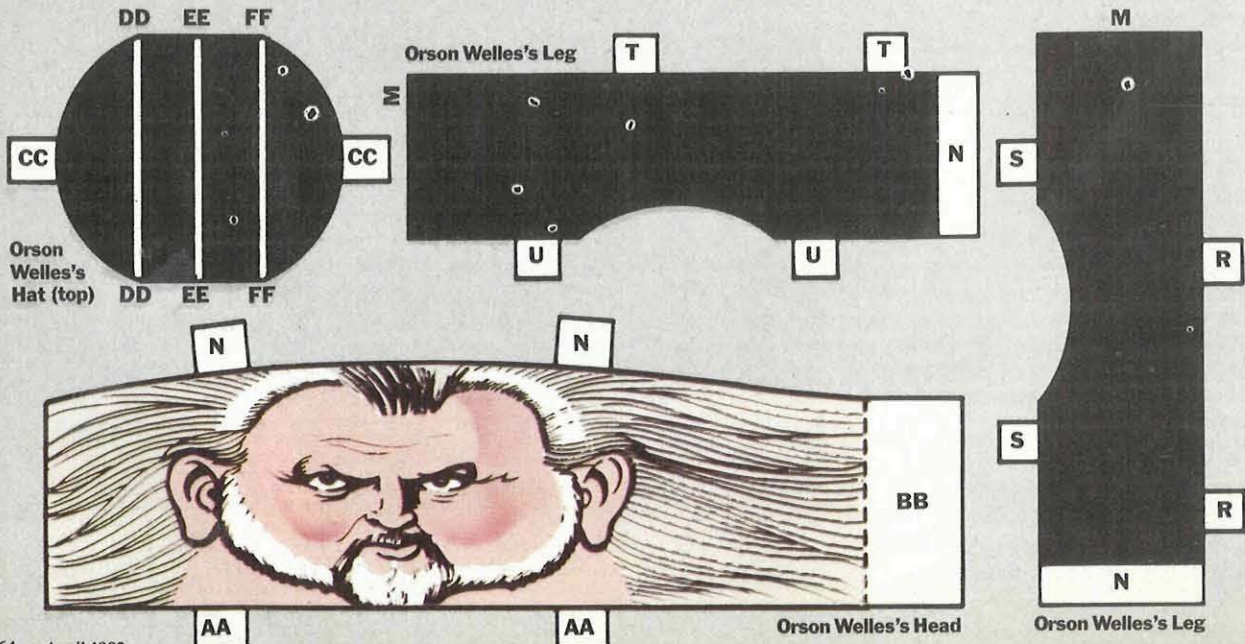
ORSON WELLES'S HAT, HAT BRIM, AND HAT TOP—Cut them out. Roll **Orson Welles's Hat** into a conical section joined at ends **UU** and **II** (shaded), so that **II** is just covered. Bend tabs **HH** inward. Glue tabs **HH** to points **HH** on the

Hat Brim. It is important to the appearance of Orson Welles that these components be joined as directed. Otherwise the **Hat** will appear sideways on his head, in the popular style of Tin Pan Alley Negroes, which is unacceptable. Fold **Orson Welles's Hat Top** in half along axis **EE**, so that tabs **CC** touch each other on the printed side. Fold the paper again along axis **DD** and **FF**, in the opposite direction of the first fold. Now open the paper out, so that it forms a planar ellipse with a V-shaped trough traversing its longest axis. Axis **EE** should form the base of this notch. Bend tabs **CC** downward, and load them with glue. Push the **Hat Top** onto the **Hat** so that the V-shaped trough in the **Hat Top** lines up with the V-shaped notches in the **Hat**. Be sure tabs **CC** are properly aligned. They must lie flat against the inside of the **Hat** if the glue you have squirted onto them is to accomplish its task. This is a rather clumsily conceived project, however, and accordingly one should expect setbacks from time to time. Glue the assembled **Hat** onto Orson's **Head** at tabs **N**, making an effort to position the **Hat** in a credible manner.

ORSON WELLES'S CAPE AND CAPE YOKE—Cut them out. When cutting the **Yoke**, cut along line **S**, then cut out the inner circle. The result will be a narrow paper ring. You can wear the ring if you like, or you can continue with this project. Bend the four **Cape** fangs into a quarter sphere. Glue the tips **OO, PP, QQ,** and **RR** to shaded areas **OO, PP, QQ,** and **RR**, respectively, on the **Yoke**. The **Yoke** ring should now extend in a half circle from the neck of the **Cape**.

FINAL ASSEMBLY—Rest Orson's **Gullet** and **Groin** on the tops of his **Legs** (which, of course, are already mounted on **Orson Welles's Platform**). Be certain the weight is equally distributed before bonding the **Gullet** permanently with glue at tabs **T** and **R**. Join the **Upper Carriage** to the **Gullet** by sliding **Upper Carriage** guide tabs **C** into Orson's **Gullet**, thus concealing your lifelike re-creation of Orson Welles performing an "unbelievable" magic trick on the **Merv Griffin** show from all but those who know of its secret presence. If Orson's body begins to list, do not be alarmed; his **Cape** has the double function of stabilizing the body. Slip the **Cape** neck ring around Orson's **Head** and maneuver the **Cape** into proper position.

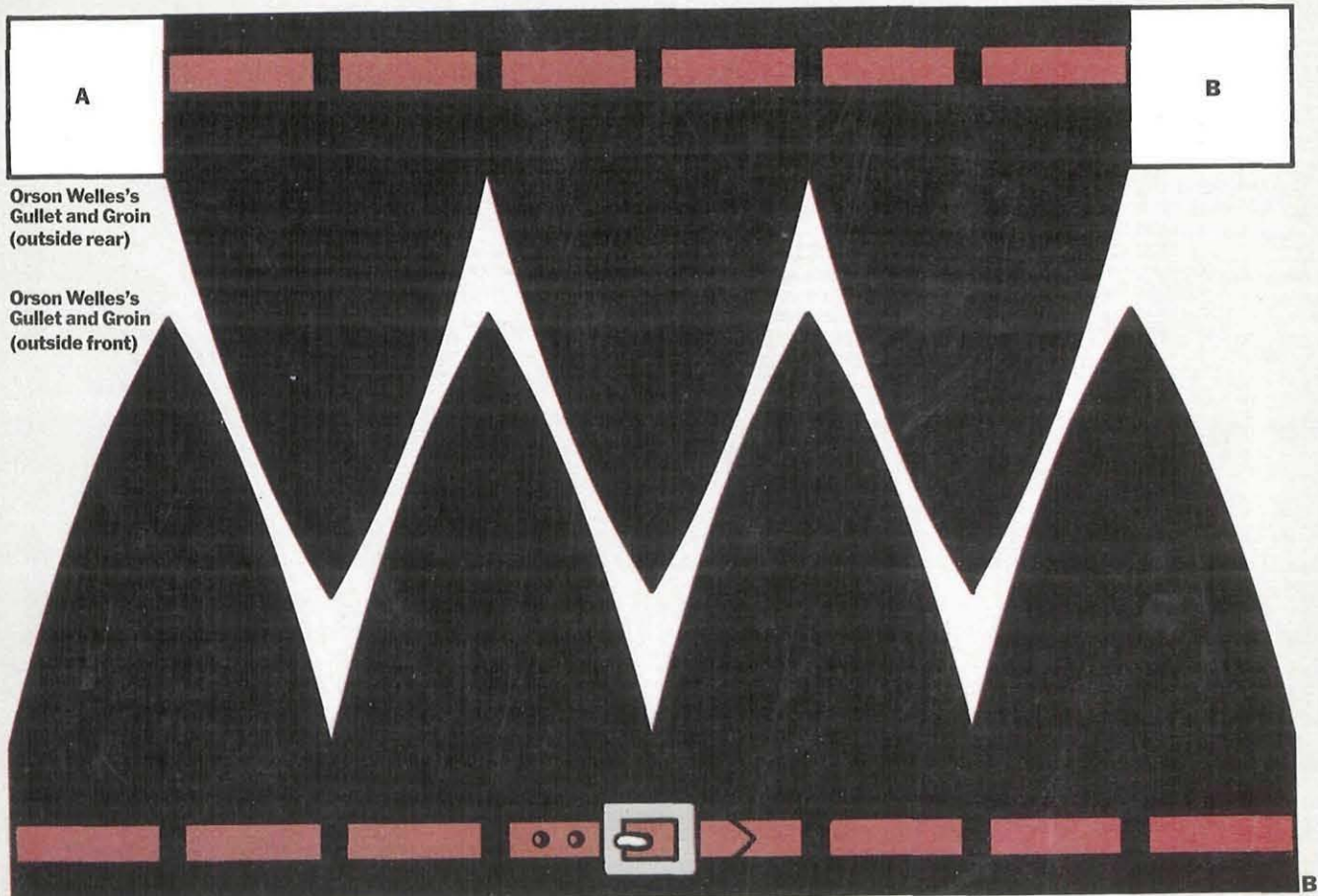
ORSON WELLES'S TIE—Cut it out. Glue it to point **GG** on Orson's **Upper Carriage**. There. You have done it.

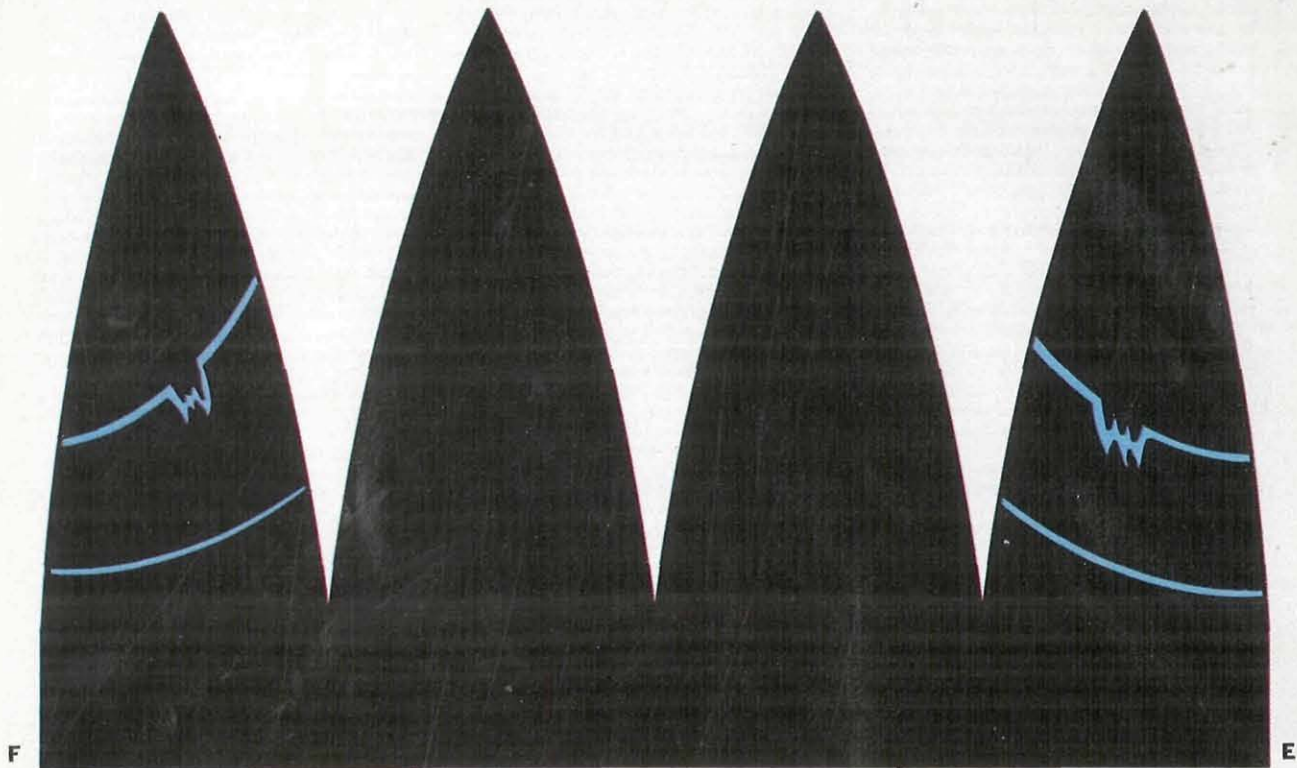


WELLES, ORSON, director, radio-theatrical producer, cinematographer, talk-show panelist, product spokesman, magician, gaffer, regisseur, writer, epicure, costume designer, orator, sound engineer, property master, cult idol, immense doughy ellipsoidal leviathan, Shakespearian, choreographer, lawyer, conservationist, pharmacist, polemicist, army general, violinist, boxer, acrobat, executive producer, lapidary, lepidopterist, assistant director, dialogue coach, hydrologist, visionary, ironworker, spy, Coptic bishop, technical consultant, peripatetic, delegate to Indian Lok Sabha, special-effects coordinator, projectionist, stock boy, auteur; b. Kenosha, Wisconsin, May 6, 1915; parents unknown—\$10,000 payment made to Wisconsin Dept. of Records, all names on Welles's birth certificate replaced with his own; 1917, Chicago, began professional theatrical career directing cast of twelve infants in *Measure for Measure*, reconceived Isabella as allegorical teething mistress fitted with headdress of cardboard teeth; 1917, wrote original stage play *Ben Hur*, performed title role in Santiago, Chile, introducing first cardboard Calvary set with ceiling; 1918, New York, met Herman Mankiewicz for first time, stole his bicycle, money, sled; 1919, broadcast *Dr. Zhivago* radio drama live from Soviet Union, pioneered cardboard battlefield sets with ceilings, floor-level microphone angles; 1919, stole Herman Mankiewicz's money, clothing; 1920, New York, produced first *Macbeth* for less than five dollars—*Black Cardboard Macbeth*—performed by Negroes bonded to cutout silhouettes of main characters; 1920, commenced production of first Paul Masson commercial, accumulating piecemeal 16mm, 35mm footage in Mexico, Burma, Spain, Seychelles, and California over period of sixty years, as financing permitted (two Paul Masson projects remain uncompleted—California burgundy, and Name

You Can Trust—each lacking expensive final lap dissolves to grapes); 1921, Venice Film Festival, Welles and Jean Cocteau overhear conversation at screening wherein film is described as "cinematic," moving Cocteau to reproach, "What is this nonsense of cinematic film?" and Welles to shout, "What if a film is not cinematic, not good cinematically, but still a good film?" and Cocteau to add, "Who in the audience can imagine a bad film that might not be cinematic even if it were in actuality a good film, cinematic, and actually bad, because my associate and I are having some amusement at your pretentious criticisms," after which Welles laughed, "Ha ha, what do you fools know about film?" causing the 200-member audience to disperse, devastated and ashamed; 1922, *Festival du Film Maudit*, Biarritz, Welles and Cocteau accused of *lèse-festivalisme* for affecting catatonic silence at café table to the puzzlement of bystanders, who soon suspected the psychic tenor of the two men and became fearful of them, to the amusement of Welles and Cocteau, who had channeled the energy of their individual silences into a third silence greater than the component silences, in turn energizing the component silences with a force greater than the force of sound, thereby demonstrating the ignorant pedantry of bystanders who reveled in the silence of film while scorning the silence of men who are the makers of film, even though the latter excelled the force of the sounds of bystanders who praise films and berate the silence of film-makers, the contradiction being a satisfying and amusing punch line to this devilish behavior on the part of Welles and Cocteau; 1922, New York, Welles met Herman Mankiewicz for third time, stripped him, raped him, robbed him; 1923, celebrated eighth birthday, entertained guests with astounding magic trick wherein fully grown Berkshire hog disappeared into Welles's abdo-

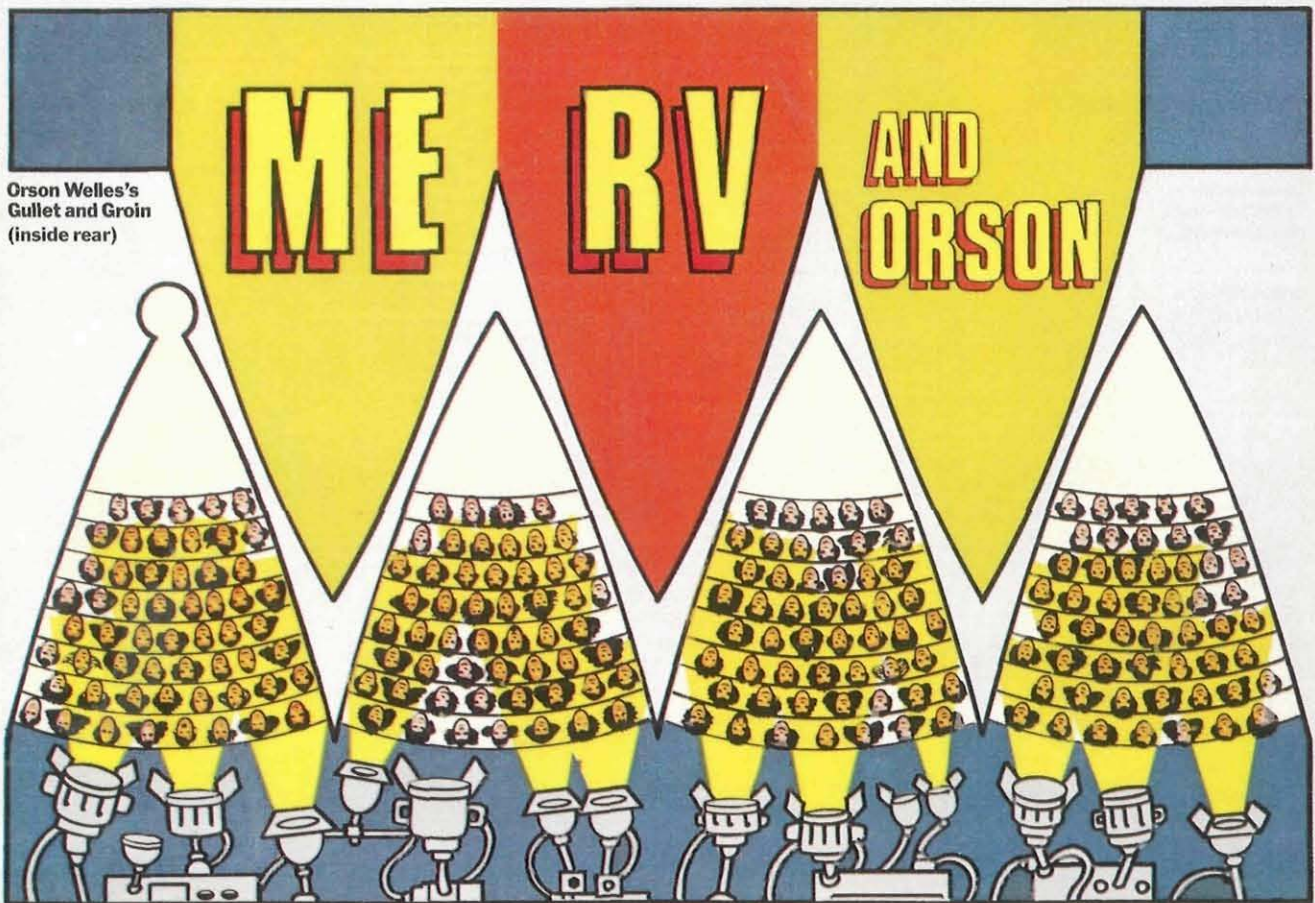
men; 1923, Nanjing, China, Welles staged first of his Shakespeare-Gilbert and Sullivan digest plays—*Comedy of Princess Ida Venice and Gondoliers Taming Pirates, Two Noble Kinsmen, Caesar, and King Penzance II, III, IV, VI, VII*—performed entirely in shadow of vast cardboard fireplace for thirty-six hours; 1923, New York, collaborated with Howard Koch to broadcast *War of the Shrews*, first radio amalgam of Shakespeare and invaders from outer space (Katharina visited by automatonous mirror Jovian who threatened to destroy Petruchio), after which queer, obsessive literary scholars with eczematous scalps and the habit of responding in Elizabethan English to gas-station attendants jumped from windows and ran panicked through streets; 1924, New York, poisoned Herman Mankiewicz, raped him, took his wallet, screenplay, car; 1924, spurned by Hollywood, stars failed to attend parties in Welles's honor, formed Mercury Theater group to provide stand-ins to fill out the parties (best performance: Joseph Cotton—"I must tell you, Mr. Welles, all Hollywood was thrilled and agog when they heard of your arrival...Take it from me, John Barrymore, it's a fact..."); 1925, filmed *Citizen Kane, Magnificent Ambersons, It's All True, Journey into Fear, The Stranger, and The Lady from Shanghai* with single stationary camera, hailed as master of technique; 1926, nothing; 1927, nothing; 1928-30, nothing; 1931, nothing; 1932-35, nothing; 1936-40, nothing; 1941, released *Citizen Kane*, nothing; 1942-43, nothing; 1944, toured with Mercury Big Top Show, sawed stars in half for troops, first spotted by Merv Griffin, nothing; 1945-50, nothing; 1951-60, nothing; 1961-70, nothing; 1971, nothing; 1972, nothing; 1973-79, nothing; 1980, Hollywood, lowered himself onto stain-resistant couch of Roger Schinderman, chief talent coordinator for Merv





F Orson Welles's Upper Carriage (rear)

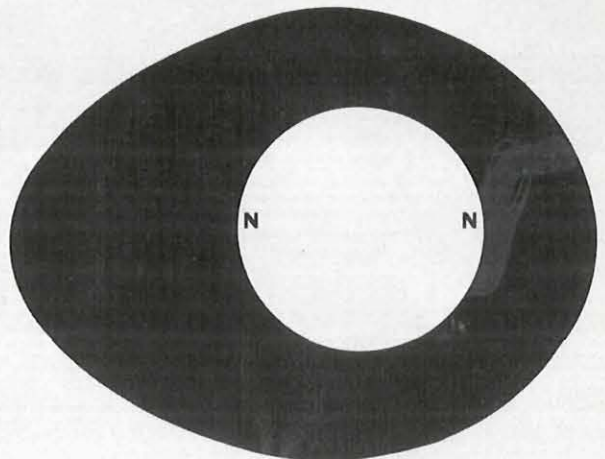
C



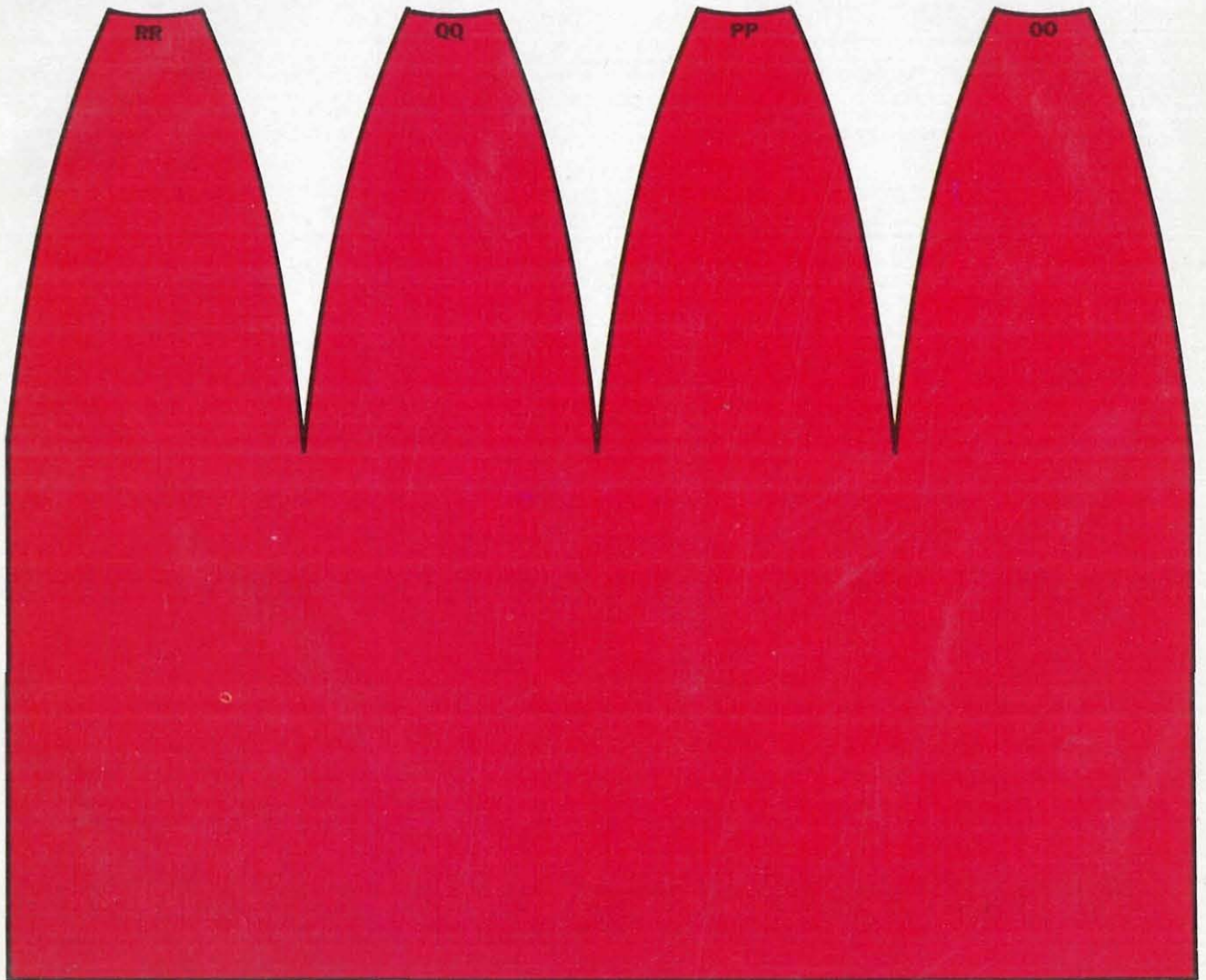
B Orson Welles's Gullet and Groin (inside rear)

B Orson Welles's Gullet and Groin (inside front)

Griffin Productions, Inc. (couch made of three resinoid Scotch-plaid cushions attached to semi-ligneous frame compacted from bits of polymer and sawdust and supported by stubby, conical legs tipped with metal buttons and ferrules of wrinkled tinfoil left by professional Hollywood rug cleaners), loud jets of air emerging from cushions as Welles sank awkwardly, degradingly close to floor; Welles attempted to compose himself by extending his legs and lighting a narrow, foreign cigar; however, lurid acetate weave of couch screaming out from Welles's loins like Kirlian radiance of a man who has just eaten one thousand fried pork rinds prevented even this master of illusion from salvaging the hopelessly, immitigably, indisputably pathetic state of his appearance; Merv's operative guided disposable cup of coffee into Welles's thick fingers and asked Welles what he would like to do on the show; "Perhaps a feat of magic," Welles responded after a long, powerful display of respiration; "Exactly what we had in mind," Schinderman said, "Merv wants you to saw a woman in half"; Welles doubted that he remembered the trick, suggested demonstrating a pair of magic dice that read seven on any roll; "Can you do it in four minutes?" Schinderman asked, "We're tight on time"; Welles nodded affirmatively, was given a pen and W-4 form, instructed to fill it out in the hall; 1981, nothing.

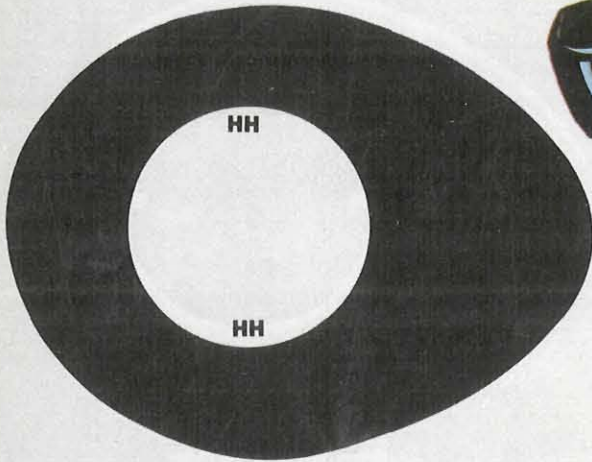


Orson Welles's Hat Brim

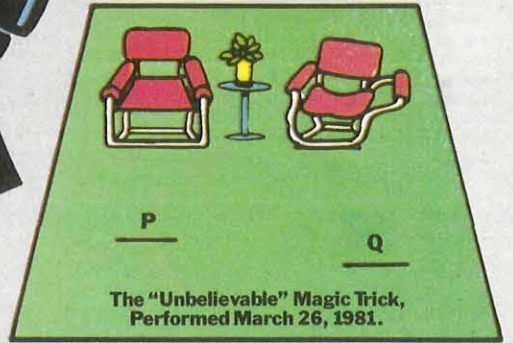


Orson Welles's
Cape (inside)

Orson Welles's Tie
GG



Orson Welles's Hat Brim (top side)



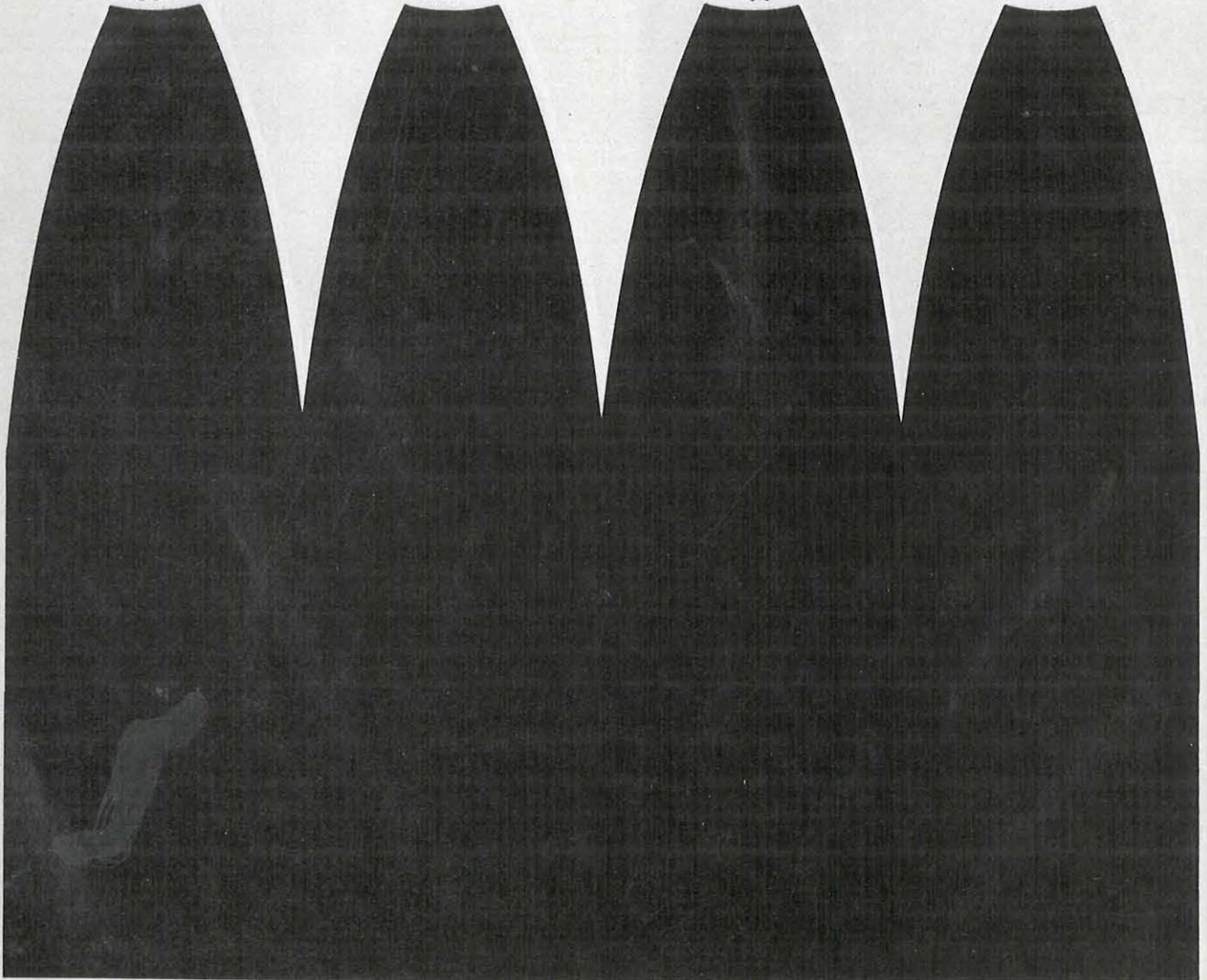
Merv Griffin's Set

OO

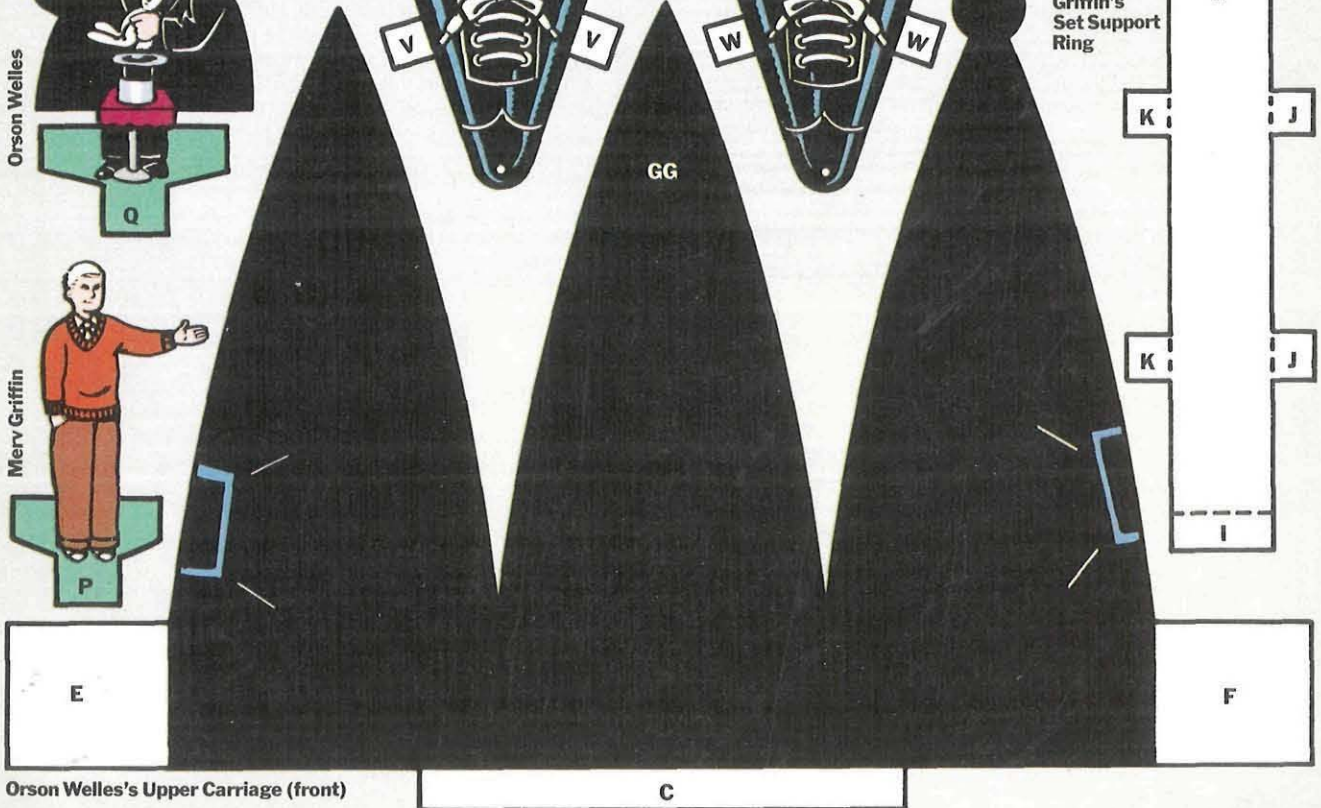
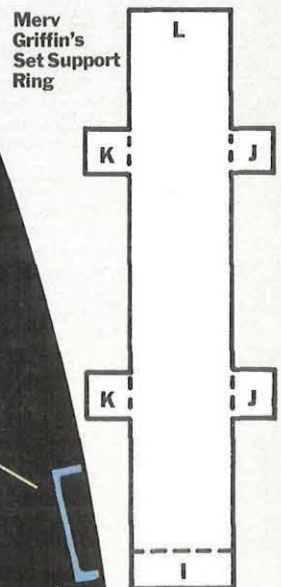
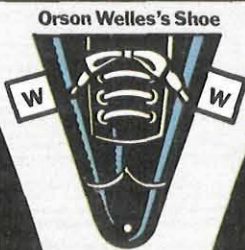
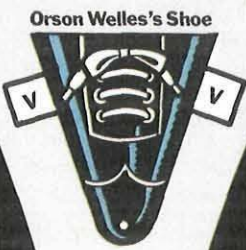
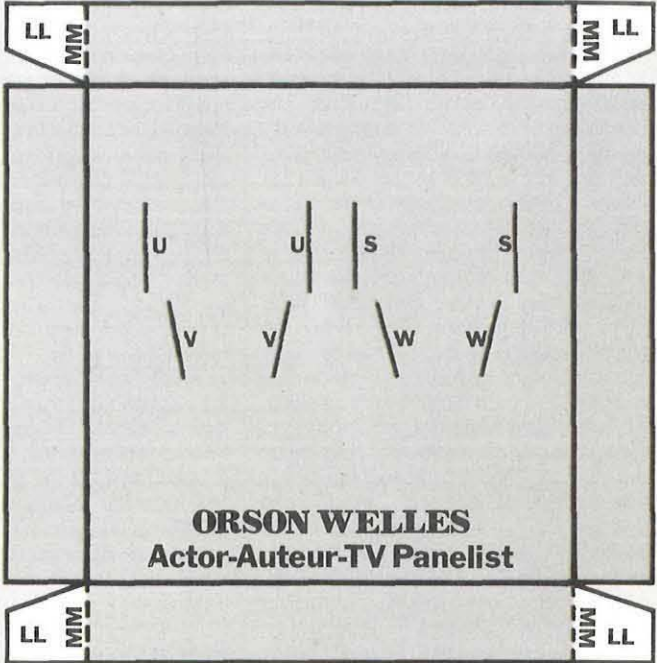
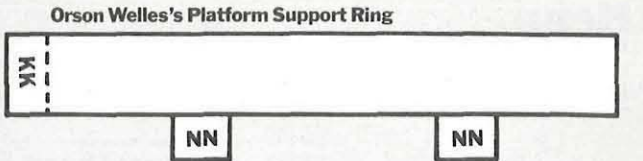
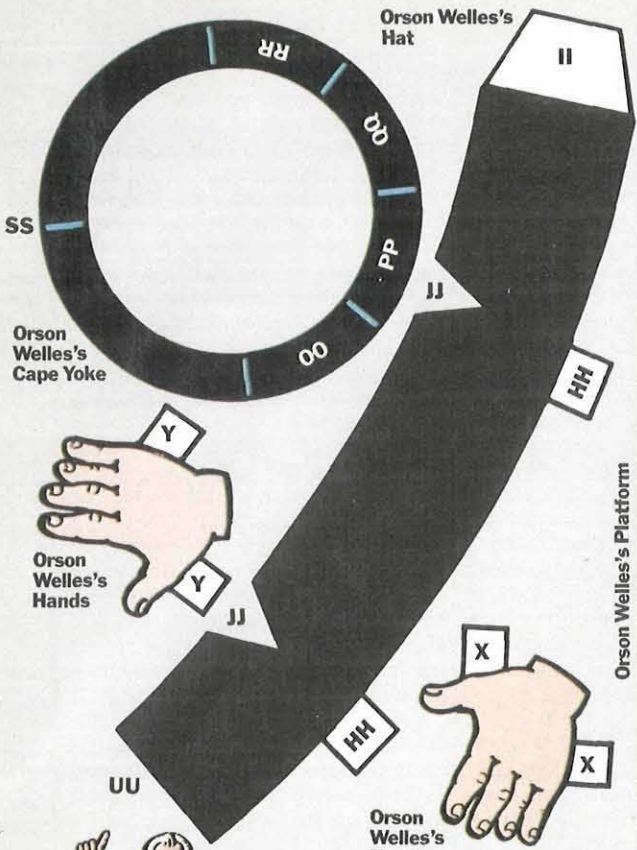
PP

QQ

RR



Orson Welles's Cape (outside)



Henry Sprague

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62)

the Four Seasons, and, accordingly, no protocol had been worked out to deal with it. "Mr. Sprague and I would like my usual table," Paley said. The captain began a nervous set of calculations, weighing \$200 million worth of Paley against the cyclopean, luncheon-ruining horror beside him, and, being a veteran captain, chose the firm yet moderate approach of seating Henry on the condition that Henry outfit himself in a house sport jacket 50 percent larger than his upper body. He reasoned that this humiliation would obviate Henry's return business, while avoiding a direct confrontation with the \$200-million Paley, a tactic that would have been perfectly suitable were Henry the least bit sensitive to the size, shape, style, fabric, color, or texture of his clothing.

Henry ordered \$210 worth of food, including four different species of tiny birds and a thirty-five-layer cognac parfait that weighed two pounds and was encased in a reticulated skin of green and red jellies. "So I think you should make my show, because it's about how incredibly fucked and pathetic life is," Henry bristled, apparently continuing a conversational thread he'd begun en route to the restaurant. "Then everyone in front of their TVs, eating their Cheezies and pulling on their dorks, will get an idea of what to expect when their lives explode in their frightened little pink faces and their brains fucking oxidize like road flares." As Henry gathered momentum, his motor control deteriorated to the level of arm waving, and it was only a matter of time before a viscid black and red and green smear of cognac parfait wound up on Henry's head and on his house sport jacket. "Good afternoon, Bill," visiting British

home secretary Lord Carrington interjected as he passed Paley's table with Helen Hayes and Dr. Armand Hammer. Henry nodded with an uncomfortable smile; Henry looked up from his plate with a minaret-shaped blob of parfait sliding down his eye bandage and pumped a dirty fork at the intruders. "Why don't you assholes take off." Henry insisted with the fried neck of a baby quail in his mouth. "William and I are working out a deal, and when we've got it wrapped up, then any one of you assholes or all of you assholes collectively can fucking wander over here and jaw with William for the rest of the afternoon." By now Henry's tone and attitude and volume had aroused most of the patrons and staff, but not as much as they were aroused a few seconds later by Henry's gun and his escalating, throat-wrecking tirade on top of the table. "Look at me!" Henry demanded as loudly as he could. He extended his arms crucifixlike for emphasis; the fifty-inch sleeves on Henry's Four Seasons house jacket bent at his fists and drooped toward the floor. "I'm a hopeless, mentally ill failure, and yet William O. Paley is going to make a sixteen-hour, prime-time docudrama out of my life. Right, William? Stand up, William. Let these douche bags have a look at you." Paley slowly hauled himself to a semi-upright stoop. "You're a madman." Helen Hayes beeped with great theatrical indignation and supposed immunity from the gun of even a madman.

The last person who spoke to Henry like that, however, had had his hump chewed off; and in this case, the broadbrimmed, low-domed, Lady Di-style "highway hat" clamped to Helen's head took on the character of hump number two, and was immediately ripped away in Henry's teeth when he fired himself horizontally from the table to the eighty-year-old actress and crushed her

to the floor. Were it not for the white-livered scuffling ability of the surrounding clientele and staff of the Four Seasons, Henry might not have been able to flail himself clear of the pile of small-boned European waiters, Lord Carrington, Dr. Hammer, and a half-dozen others that fell on top of Helen Hayes. But he did, with the gun, having fled to the safety of a rectangular pool in the middle of the restaurant. Paley ran for the door. "Hey, Paley," Henry screamed from the waist-high water. "What about my program? Huh? What about it?" Paley didn't respond and was quickly absorbed into a tangle of cops and concerned executives.

"Another setback, huh, Dad?" Henry turned to see the hallucination of his daughter, sitting on a marble wall, dangling her feet in the pool. "Hey, Dad," she chimed. "You never finished your story about how conventionally and sanely you handled the guy who didn't have the alternate-leaf dogwood tree." Henry attempted to compose himself, inhaling deeply; then he swaggered through the water to the marble wall. "Well," he began, speaking proudly into thin air, and oblivious to the constricting iris of cops that had encircled the pool. "Like I was saying, this guy kept insisting that his tree was an alternate-leaf dogwood, but I knew it wasn't. And I also knew that this guy could get me fired if I attacked him for calling me a liar. So I thought to myself, what's more important—a job, or attacking this guy?" One of the point men in the rear assault unit of cops slipped around the pool. Henry's forearm was braced across the top of the wall; the gun dangled from his hand just above the crouched cop's head. "So, Martha, this is a lesson for you," Henry went on. "I didn't attack the guy, I could have, but I just let the whole thing drop. Bet you're pretty proud of your old dad, right, sweetheart?" Henry's apparitional daughter was at that moment replaced by a fat New York cop. "Right, sweetheart," the cop responded, breaking most of the bones in Henry's pistol hand as another cop jammed the butt of a shotgun against Henry's head.

Henry's next consciousness occurred weeks later, back in Nevada, back in the mental hospital, back in a room with Eddie Sarwark. They didn't talk for six months, and when they finally got around to talking, the communication was limited to a single exchange repeated every thirty minutes, thirty or forty times a day, every day. "My daughter's really proud of her dad," Henry would say, followed by Eddie's reply, "No, she's not; you're a mental patient and a failure," to which Henry would respond by pushing Eddie's metal cup onto the floor. ■



"Call me when Pete Rose is at bat again."

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?"



The Sabra Egg Cream

*Delicious
never tasted
so good.*

*How to make a
Sabra Egg Cream:*

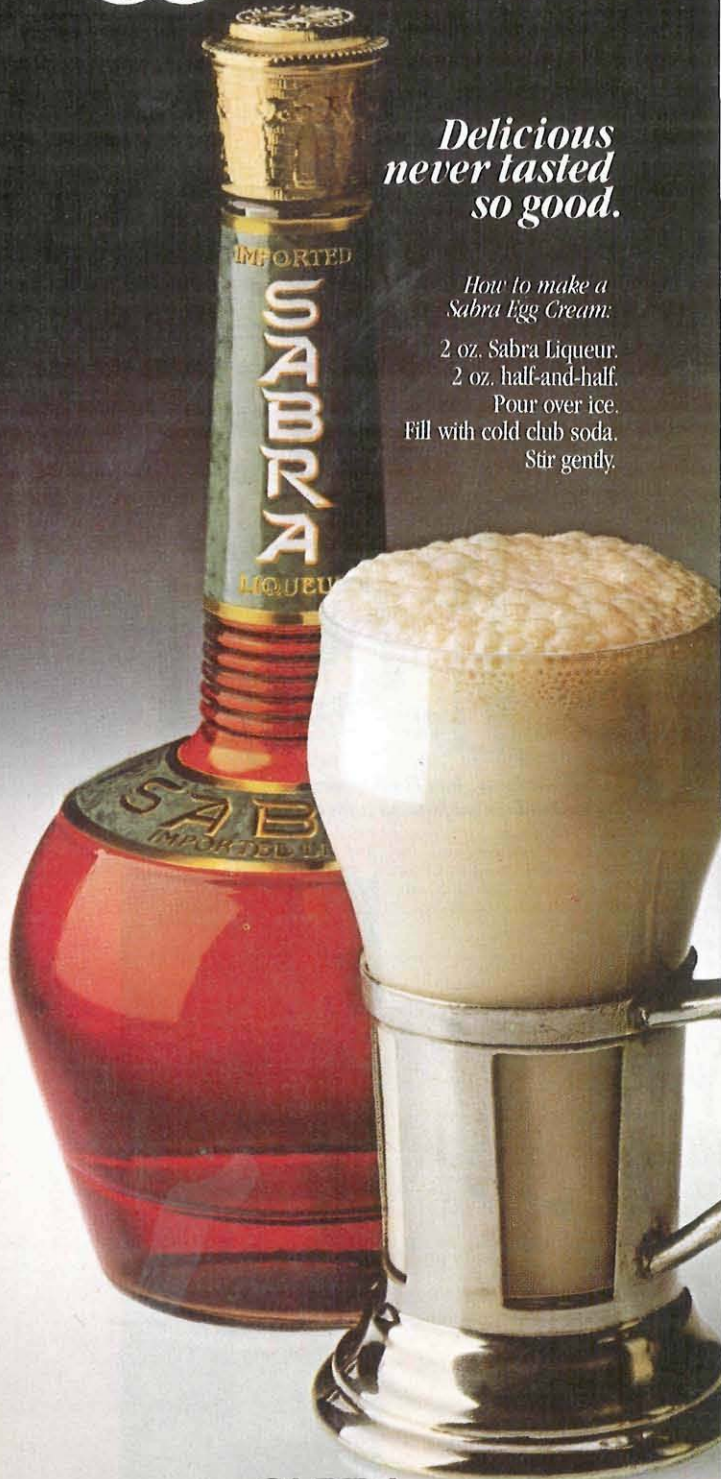
2 oz. Sabra Liqueur.

2 oz. half-and-half.

Pour over ice.

Fill with cold club soda.

Stir gently.



SABRA

Imported Orange Chocolate Liqueur.

PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, N.Y.

Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)
such gems as how Richard "Dick" Widmark beat a paternity rap by destroying the evidence, Telly Savalas's close shave with electrolysis, and the true story behind Merv Griffin's lobotomy. Order your copy today.

JAMES STACY
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

Who are the children of the Love Generation? They're us, a bunch of kids born out of wedlock to our hippie moms during the late sixties. And now we're a bunch of teenage bastards stuck with stupid names that are at least ten years out of date.

AGE OF AQUARIUS CAMENITI
POWER TO THE PEOPLE JACKSON
FAR-OUT RABINOWITZ
GRATEFUL DEAD HERLIHY

Sirs:

You want to know the real reason I haven't published anything in over twenty years? Writer's block. It's really terrible. I have trouble just making out a shopping list. My knees buckle when a grown-up asks me for my autograph. This letter alone has taken me over three months to write. Sometimes I get so desperate for an idea that I go up to people and say, "A penny for your thoughts." Some hold out for more money, but most people tell me what they're thinking and then I just run away without giving the penny. It's mean, but what can you expect from a sick man in a world of phonies?

J. D. SALINGER
New Hampshire

Sirs:

I went to the edge of this cliff to commit suicide. I jumped. But, unbeknownst to me, there was a trampoline at the bottom. I landed on the trampoline, and it propelled me right back up to the top of the cliff. Talk about your bad luck, that was it.

LOUIS JESSUP
Burlington, N.C.

Sirs:

Forget everything I said about diets. I just found out it's all wrong. Sorry for any inconvenience.

NATHAN PRITIKIN
Santa Barbara, Cal.

Sirs:

Remember when they changed "GP" to "PG"? Remember when they took all the cigarette ads off TV? Re-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)

Foto Funnies



HI. I'M...UH...
NOT THE FOTO FUNNIES
GIRL. HER NAME'S MARLENE.
YOU'LL LIKE HER. SHE'S
VERY NICE LOOKING.



SHE SHOULD
BE HERE BY NOW.
I REALLY DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S KEEPING
HER.

SEE, SHE'S
SUPPOSED TO COME IN,
START UNBUTTONING HER
BLOUSE, REAL SLOW...



...AND SAY
SOMETHING FUNNY, LIKE
"IT'S SO HOT IN HERE,
I'LL HAVE TO..."



...SHOW YOU MY TITS!"



I GUESS THESE
THINGS JUST WORK BETTER
WITH GIRLS.



Make every day your Brut Day.



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

Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72)

member when Mama Cass died of a drug overdose and they told us instead she choked to death eating too fast? Remember when they paid Joe Namath a fortune to shave his mustache off? Well, who *were* they and just what were they trying to do?

PERRY NOYA
East Weston, N.C.

Sirs:

Who has several pairs of broken shoelaces in glass cases? Tape recordings of mumbles and faux pas? Eleven dented golf balls? Not to mention free admission? Why, me, of course!

THE GERALD FORD MUSEUM
Cedar Rapids, Mich.

Sirs:

I've got this great idea for a cartoon, but I can't draw a straight line with a ruler, so I thought I'd describe it to you and you could get somebody to draw it up, okay? See, there's this guy, right? He's on this little bitty deserted island, like the size of a Toyota. So, all of a sudden this big goddamn crate gets washed up on shore. So, the guy opens it, 'cuz he figures there might be a foxy chick or a case of Heineken in it, or something. But instead it's this giant fucking Space Invaders machine, or some shit, and he can't plug it in 'cuz he's on this fucking island!

ERNE BUSHMILLER
Biloxi, Wisc.

Sirs:

Quick! You gotta see this! This is the commercial I was telling you about!
Will you hurry up! It's almost over!
Forget it. It's over. I'll call you next time it comes on.

GENE SHALIT
New York

Sirs:

We have no names. We go from town to town, singing in each one until we have vanquished the evil there. Then we move on. Bullets do not hurt us; we see into people's souls. How? We're spooks.

THE HIGH PLAINS DRIFTERS
Six feet under the boardwalk

Sirs:

Maybe I'm wrong, but I think my mechanic is ripping me off. First he charged me a hundred bucks for a wheel alignment, and now the car steers like a grocery cart from the A&P. Then he put air in the tires and charged me by the pound for it. Now he says he can't fix the heater, so he wants to put in a

fireplace. Do you think this guy's on the level?

SAL SUCKER
Bridgeport, Conn.

Sirs:

My ex-girl friend refuses to speak to me, but I know she reads your magazine, and I'm hoping she'll read this letter. Janet, I remember our long walks through the misty dawns, the evenings of just holding hands by the beach, the good times we had through the years. I'll never forget how our eyes would meet in that special way, how we would hold each other tenderly through long, wonderful nights of love. And I'm really, really sorry that I chopped off your tits with a chain saw.

MARVIN
Anniston, Ala.

Sirs:

Look, I've really had just about enough. I mean, at first it was flattering, you know? My name, my town, in print. I thought: Great, maybe my bait business will pick up. Then I see it again. And again. And I haven't sold a goddamn worm in a month. Geez.

JOHN Q. PUBLIC
Anytown, USA

Sirs:

I just got off jury duty, and it was terrific. I met this cute blond juror, and while we were sequestered she gave me the best blowjob I ever had. Then we were in such a good mood we found the defendant not guilty. Everybody should serve on a jury.

MIKE RICE
Nashville, Tenn.

Sirs:

*Tiger, tiger burning bright
In the forest of the night,
I wish I may, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight.
And dat's da name a dat tune.*

ROBERT BLAKE
On "Merv"

Sirs:

I just bought a new digital watchdog. The old dog had ticks.

WACKY JOE FAZZA
Vaudeville for the Eighties

Sirs:

And my pop was no prizewinner, either.

CHRISTINA CRAWFORD
Serpent's Tooth, Wyo.

Sirs:

Hi there, Canada here. We just realized that you buy 90 percent of your paper products from us; so you better

treat us nice, or you'll be reading the *New York Times* off the side of a bus, and wiping your asses with cats. There's no special reason for this threat, except that we've never been able to push anybody around before.

PIERRE TRUDEAU
Ottawa

Sirs:

Here're some hints for keeping healthy and for preventing winter colds and flu:

1. Don't go out of the house soaking wet.
2. Avoid lepers like the plague.
3. Never kiss a dog while it's sneezing.
4. Don't eat poison.
5. Never vacation in a malaria ward, especially if it's on fire.

PAT MCCORMICK
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

Hello? Hello? Is anyone there? Damn! I think this letter is out of order! And I lost my stamp!

RALPH CATZ
Bozoo, West Virginia

Sirs:

I'm writing to tell you that I wrote a letter just now and I got no answer and I lost my stamp. Please refund the price of two stamps (including the one on this letter) and please—Hey! Wait a minute! Is this the U.S. Postal Authority? Aw hell, a wrong address!

RALPH CATZ
Bozoo, W. Va.

Sirs:

I'm a new homeowner and recently discovered how much it costs just to buy

little incidentals like washcloths and towels. I refuse to pay the prices they're charging in the stores, so instead I've begun burglarizing them from other homes in the neighborhood. So far I've gotten a full set of Fieldcrest's Rosetta line of bath sheets, towels, and face cloths and a dozen assorted towels and hand towels by Cannon and Wamsutta. Don't worry, though, I won't get caught. I took steps to make sure that no one will ever realize the towels were taken. I burned one house to the ground, and in the other house I murdered the owner. The cops will be so busy looking for homicide and arson clues that they'll never notice the missing towels. It's perfect. Sometimes I think I could have been a professional criminal.

WINSTON LOOMIS
*87 Neighborhood Street
Neighborhood, Ohio*

Sirs:

I am a student at a small midwestern university. No, wait a minute. I am a suburban housewife in a quiet, respectable neighborhood. Ah, fuck it. What I am is a lonely jerk-off out here in the middle of nowhere who gets his rocks off writing dirty letters to men's magazines. I'd really rather phone this shit in, but the long-distance rates are a killer. What does your receptionist look like? Never mind. Fuckcockjizzthrobbing-nineincherspank pussysquirtsuck. Ahh. That's better.

HARRY THE HANDLER
Glistening Tip, Wisc.

Sirs:

Do you remember that episode of "The Dick Van Dyke Show" when
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 89)



**Carry
a big
stick
of protection.**



Brut 33
Anti-Perspirant Stick Deodorant.
Effective glide-on protection
you can carry—plus
the great smell of Brut®
By Fabergé.

Won't you help change a world where *Reader's Digest* has 16,000,000 subscribers?



That's really true. Sixteen million subscribers.

There's a lot of seriousness in the world today. But there's not a lot of people putting the serious ones down.

In fact, you can count the number of humor publications on the fingers of one hand. Even if you've lost several fingers to a garbage disposal or a microwave oven.

But we're about the only place today that'll publish someone who wants to be really funny. Without editing out every "fuck" or "shit." Without saying, "Careful, there might be someone somewhere who'll be offended."

That's why, when you turn a page in *National Lampoon*, you never know what to expect. And you never will.

Yes, this is a real subscription ad.

National Lampoon may not be as important to you as food or oxygen, but doesn't it have a place in your life?

In addition, if you subscribe, a beautiful girl with big tits and a great ass who works for us might come over to your house or apartment and personally instruct you in the art of little-known Far Eastern sex techniques.* Then again, she might not.

**One of the techniques involves a fascinating combination of a parrot, an old desk lamp, and a cactus.*

Mail coupon to *National Lampoon*, Dept. NL 482, 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

TRUE SECTION

True Facts

WHEN A MAN WAS DISCOVERED having sex with a chicken in the Langas shanty suburb of Eldoret, Kenya, a crowd gathered to watch. One woman stepped forward to berate the miscegenator for his conduct, but no one took action against him. So the woman became hysterical and stripped off her clothes in protest. The crowd responded by apprehending the chicken molester and forcing him to pay the equivalent of \$15 to the chicken's owner. *Kenya News Agency* (contributed by Henry Lowe)

CLAIMING THAT HIS NAME WAS TOO difficult to pronounce, Dinker Fatterpaker, of Saint Paul, Minnesota, asked a court there for permission to change it to Deenker Flatterpaker. *UPI* (contributed by Henry Allen)

CANADIAN HUMAN-RIGHTS LEADER and former candidate for federal office Laura Sabia has proposed that birth-control information be distributed with breakfast cereal. Speaking to reporters at a meeting of the Ontario Progressive Association of Women, Sabia explained that her idea would help curb the growing number of teenage pregnancies. "In every cereal box, they ought to have something," she said. *Vancouver Sun* (contributed by John Allen)

FOREST RANGERS IN AVEZZANO, ITALY, reported that poachers have been killing wild boars with dynamite-laden potatoes. According to the rangers, the dynamite is wired to detonators so that the potatoes explode when bitten. *UPI* (contributed by Ken Drachnik)

ACCORDING TO AN OFFICIAL TRANSCRIPT, the following exchange took place between Judge J. B. Varcoe and Clay Spencer Kelly in a Maple Ridge,

British Columbia, courtroom. Kelly, found guilty of a minor traffic offense, had just told the judge that he needed two months to raise the \$35 fine:

JUDGE: Are you working?

KELLY: Not right now.

JUDGE: Where do you usually work?

KELLY: Broughton and Comox [a downtown Vancouver street corner].

JUDGE: What sort of work do you do?

KELLY: I'm a whore.

JUDGE: Is your equipment operating all right?

KELLY: Pardon?

JUDGE: Is your equipment operating all right?

KELLY: Yes.

JUDGE: Why are you unemployed?

KELLY: I haven't been able to find any.

JUDGE: What sort of work do you do?

KELLY: I'm a hooker.

JUDGE: Well, what do you hook? What does that mean?

KELLY: I sell my body.

JUDGE: I see. Well, my friend, I would like you to have the fine paid by the sixteenth of September.

KELLY: Fine.

JUDGE: Thank you.

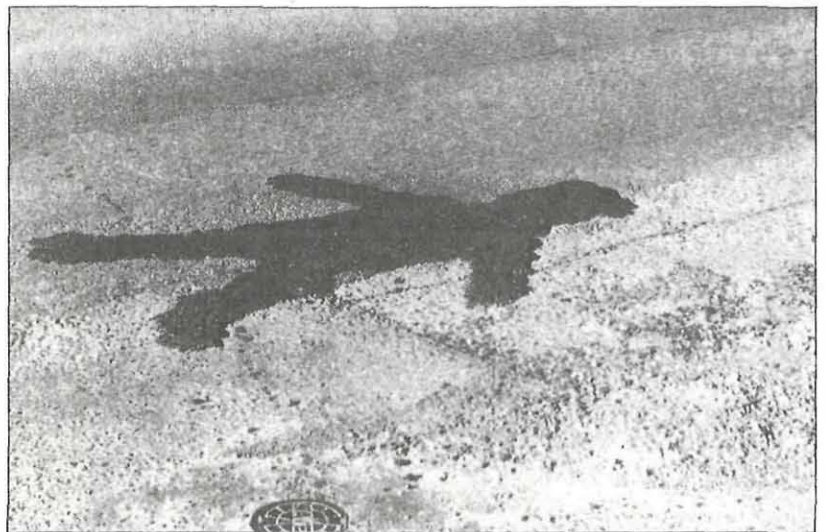
An anonymous spokeswoman for the court later explained that the judge had misunderstood Kelly, assuming, at first, that he was a backhoe operator, then, that he operated a tow truck. *Toronto Sun* (contributed by R. R. James)

IN A BOOK CALLED *NEIGHBORHOODS and Urban Development*, published by the Brookings Institute, author Anthony Downs claims that slums are a necessity in most big cities, since, without them, poor people would have no place to live. An Associated Press story quotes Downs as pointing out that "poor urban families have to live somewhere." (contributed by Kathleen K. Allen)

A MARCY, NEW YORK, MAN BARRICADED himself in his home after threatening his family with a gun, and two New York state troopers spent a half hour talking to the disturbed man before he finally gave himself up without

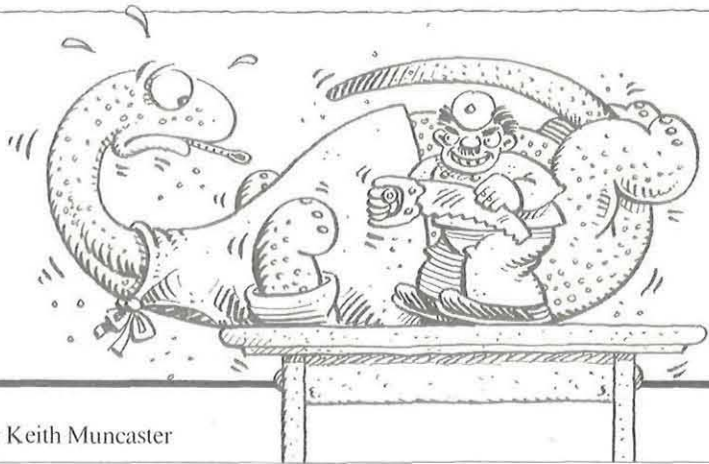
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 80)

Celebrity Road Patch Dept.



This month: the Gingerbread Man.

(contributed by Scott Blythe, Ames, Iowa)



True Careers compiled by Keith Muncaster

THE FOLLOWING occupations are actual job titles listed in *The Canadian Classification and Dictionary of Occupations*, a reference publication of the Canadian government.

accident and sickness clerk
ager tender
aging-department foreman
airplane coverer
almond pan finisher
ankle patch moulder
antisqueek filler

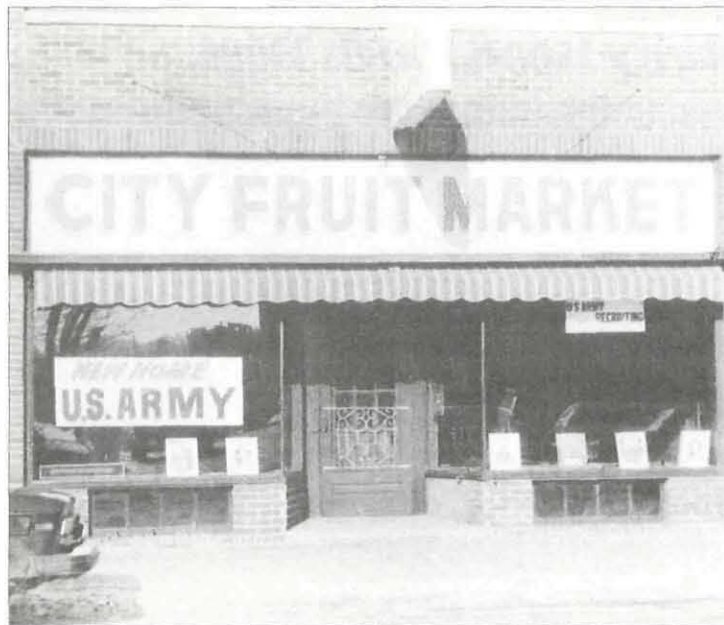
arrow point assembler
artery pumper
artificial eye maker
asphalt dauber
axman
babbitter
baghouse man
balcony man
ball bearing tester
balling machine tender
banana ripener
baseball centre winder
beer sampler
belly shaver
bilingual puzzle maker
bladder moulder
blister packer
blowup boy
bonbon warmer
bone crusher

bottom cementer
box stitcher
breast opener
brim greaser
bull buckler
bunghole borer
butt trimmer
calf sticker
carcass splitter
carrot washer
cat skinner
chart changer
cheese cutter
chick sexer
chippy chap
chow chow maker
cinder snapper
clam shucker
concrete vibrator
crab butcher

cream filler
cruiser
dehooper
dental mechanic
denture waxer
devil tender
dingman
dinosaur operator
ditch rider
doll hairstylist
doper
dropper
dude wrangler
earmuff assembler
egg breaker
elastic attachor
end nailer
Eskimo-pie maker
faller and buckler
fish presser
flavour girl
flyman
frank-o-matic operator
fur blower
gagger
gandy dancer
giblei packer
gizzard peeler
gland man
glove pairer
gouger
grease ragger
grizzly worker
guillotine tender
gum puller
gut sorter
hacker
hairnet knotter
hat duster
head boner
heel doper
hog sticker
hooker
hotbed tender
ice observer
jaw crusher operator
jug hustler
kapok blower
kidney remover
knock-up man
lacrosse stick bender

lamb boner
lapper
leak hunter
lump maker
lung opener
mangler
meat stuffer
mop head trimmer
nipper
nut cleaner
offal man
oxtail singer
oyster washer
paddock plater
panty hose knitter
piercer pluggor
pigeon fancier
pole inspector
popcorn coater
pouncer
rag checker
rib bender
sap collector
scalping helper
scum desweetener
shaftman
shake-out girl
shot bagger
silk spotter
slab-off man
slat twister
snout puller
spot picker
spreader box tender
square head shaper
squeegee splicer
stunner and shackler
tablet tester
tar chaser
timber robber
tongue remover
truss puller
viscera defatter
wad impregnator
welt wheeler
worm picker
wort cooler
wrinkle remover
yeast pusher
zipper inspector
zyglo tester

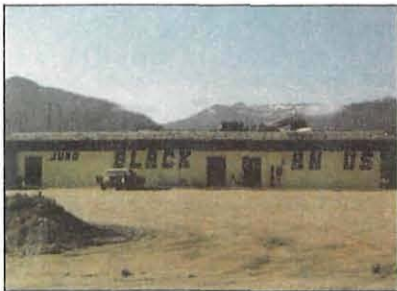
Sign Up Here, Big Fella...



Jim Pilgrim, Albert Lea, Minnesota

Missing Letters

Readers' Page



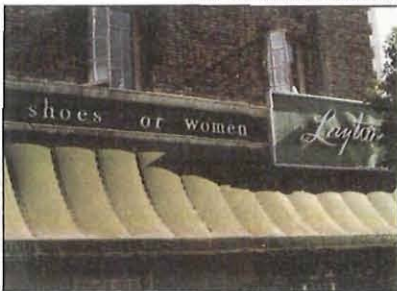
Obie Davis, Juneau, Alaska



Randy Schmidt, San Jose, Cal.



Perry Durham, Boone, N.C.



Mark Gerolimatos, Foster City, Cal.



Nancy Eichelberger, Wawatosa, Wis.



Janet Romanelli, Allston, Mass.



Brian McCormick



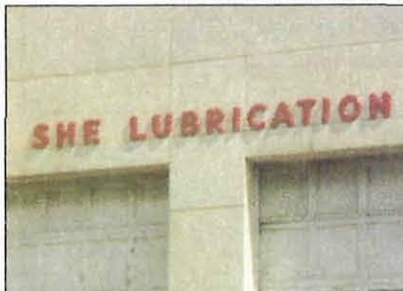
Janet Romanelli, Allston, Mass.



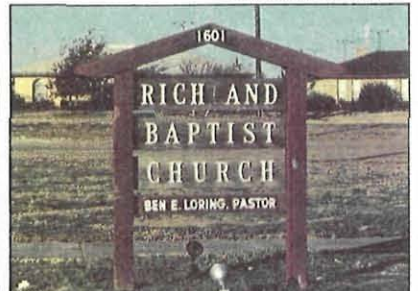
Don Rosen, Bronx, N.Y.



Ian James, Fisher A.C.T., Australia



Kathi Tucker, Austin, Tex.



Woody Walker, Garland, Tex.

Rope a free can.



Of Happy Days moist smokeless tobacco, that is. So just fill out the coupon, send it in, and we'll send you a can of Happy Days. For free.

When you put that little pinch between your cheek and gum, you'll get real tobacco pleasure without lighting up.

And you'll know why going smokeless is the only way to go.



**FOR YOUR FREE CAN OF HAPPY DAYS
FILL OUT AND SEND TO:**

"Smokeless Tobacco"
P.O. Box 2900, Greenwich, CT 06830.

I certify that I am _____ years of age.*

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Telephone No. _____

A pinch is all it takes!®

True Facts

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77)
incident. Only then did the police learn that the man was deaf and hadn't heard a word they'd said. *The Trooper*

IN THE HAMILTON, MONTANA, COURT of Police Judge Herbert Kester, a clerk accepted a twenty-two-dollar bill in payment for a twenty-dollar fine. An unidentified Hamilton man admitted passing the bogus bill, which included a picture of a man wearing a panama hat, smoking a cigar, and displaying a fistful of bills. The Secret Service was notified of the counterfeit bill, but authorities refused to say whether the man who paid the twenty-dollar fine received two dollars change. *AP* (contributed by Jack Goodwin)

POLICE IN THE PHILIPPINE CAPITAL OF Manila arrested six homosexuals they claimed were part of a handbag theft ring. The gays, who usually operated in pairs, knelt beside women praying at Mass, said investigators, then emptied the women's handbags with their feet. *China Post* (contributed by Robert C. FitzSimons)

TWENTY-ONE BOY SCOUTS AND THEIR leader were injured, though not seriously, when lightning struck their cabin at Camp Carpenter, outside Manchester, New Hampshire. The lightning struck a pine tree nearby, then came in the cabin window, according to troop leader Vincent Franceschini, who said that the lightning hit Paul Nelson, fourteen, in the foot and "came out his rear end and then blew his bathing suit right off." *UPI* (contributed by Mark D. O'Brien)

NEW YORK CITY IS DECORATING THE doors and windows of about one hundred vacant, abandoned buildings to create the illusion of occupancy. At a cost of \$50,000, the city's Department of Housing Preservation and Development is applying decals of curtains, shutters, and ornamental flowerpots to the empty structures. According to department spokeswoman Roz Post, "If you're driving or walking on the other side of the street, they look like normal buildings." *Toronto Globe & Mail* (contributed by R. Scott Elliott)

A FORMER MENTAL PATIENT HELD HIS seventy-six-year-old mother prisoner for three months in an Oklahoma motel in order to make her a "registered white person." The mother and son are white.

Police found the woman, apparently in good health, locked in a bathroom of

*OFFER NOT AVAILABLE TO MINORS. Limited to one sampling per family. Offer good only in USA and Canada.
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the Capri Motel along with a set of weights, a woman's leather jacket, a purse, and eyeglass frames, all of which had been painted white. Police later apprehended the son, who was wearing a white karate uniform. He told officers that his mother "hadn't been doing the things a registered white person should do."

"He's really hung up on white," said a police spokesman. *Tulsa World* (contributed by Keith P. Kaniatobe)

WRITING IN THE *JOURNAL OF THE American Medical Association*, Dr. Charles C. Fullett of Atlanta, Georgia, warned that women with surgical breast implants could be in trouble aboard airplanes if cabin pressure were suddenly to drop. Assuming the implants were performed at sea level, the doctor says, they would expand to twice their original size at 18,000 feet and three times their original size at 30,000 feet. *Knight News Service* (contributed by Martin Ellison)

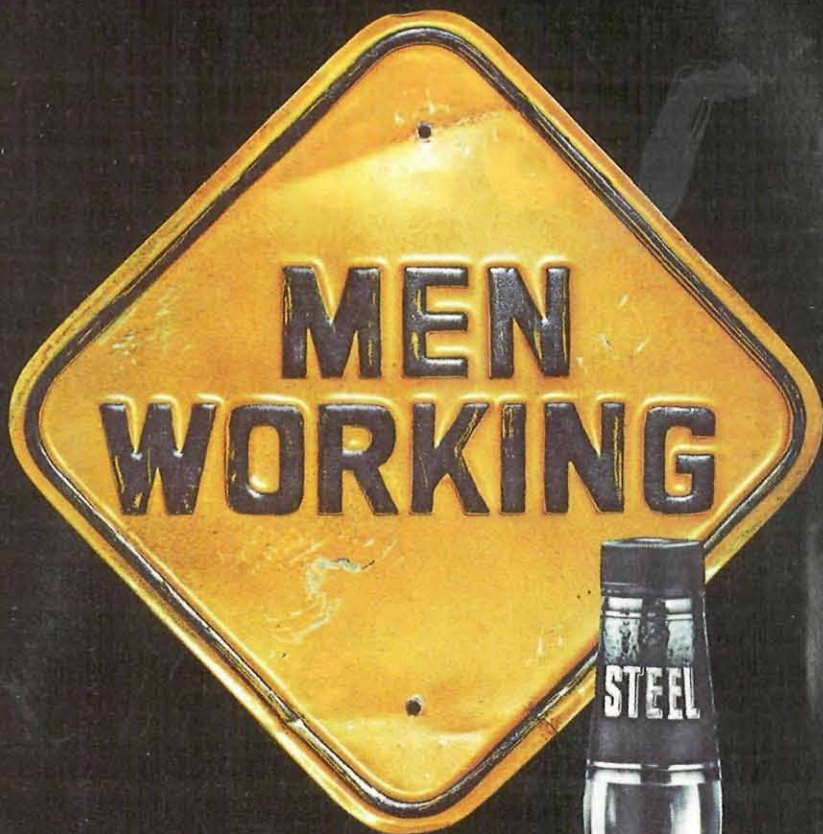
BRITISH ARMY RESERVISTS ON TRAINING exercises told reporters that they were forced to pop toy balloons to simulate battlefield explosions. The substitution of balloons for blank rounds was an economy measure, according to one noncommissioned officer. One exercise field near Aldershot, England, was reportedly littered with multi-colored balloons; soldiers were ordered to regard them as antipersonnel land mines. *AP* (contributed by Martin Ellison)

A DUTCH VETERINARIAN WAS FINED 600 guilders (about \$240) for causing a fire that destroyed a farm in Lichten Vourde, the Netherlands. The vet had been trying to convince a farmer that his cow was passing flatulent gas; to demonstrate, the vet ignited the gas, but the cow became a "four-legged flame-thrower" and ran wild, setting fire to bales of hay.

Damage to the farm was assessed at \$80,000. The cow was unharmed. *AP* (contributed by Henry Allen)

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

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



Steel has a clean, polished peppermint taste. Smoother and less syrupy than you'd expect from a shot of schnapps. So after a hard day's work, pour yourself some Steel. The 85 Proof Schnapps.



\$1999* IS THE LAST REASON TO BUY THIS 650.



From now until April 30th, your Yamaha dealer is having a sale on Yamaha 650 Specials, Special II's and Heritage Specials like the one you see here.

But a special price isn't the best reason to buy a

Yamaha 650.

There's that classic, reliable vertical twin power-plant that pumps out plenty of horsepower.

Then there's the unique Yamaha styling. Beautiful teardrop gas tank, graceful pullback handlebars and upswept chrome exhaust pipes.

Not to mention things like self-cancelling turn signals and transistor controlled ignition. Of course, if after all that, you still want to buy a Yamaha 650 twin for the low price, who are we to argue?

THE YAMAHA 650 TWIN SALE.

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for XS650SJ. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice.

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 CHEESCLOTH BAG WITH A PRETTY FACE PAINTED ON IT.

IN A NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENT QUENTIN KELP, DESTITUTE AND WITH A SICK WIFE OFFERS TO STARE AT DEIRDRE FOR ONE MINUTE FOR \$100,000! ECCENTRIC BILLIONAIRE J.P. CASSABA TAKES UP THE OFFER. THE EVENT IS HELD AT HIS ESTATE.

OOOH! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO HORRIBLE! I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT I'M SEEING--IT'S NOT POSSIBLE THAT ANYTHING CAN BE SO HIDEOUS! I HAVE TO END THIS AGONY!

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK...
HEY--WHAT'S WRONG? THIS GUN YOU GAVE ME DON'T SHOOT!!!
HA-HA-HA!!! POOR SAP--WE GAVE HIM AN EMPTY GUN!!!
32 MORE SECONDS, MR. KELP...
TICK-TICK-TICK

...ONE...TWO PACES. NOW--TURN AND FACE EACH OTHER. DEIRDRE, REMOVE THE BAG FROM YOUR HEAD!
LITTLE GIRL, MAKE SURE HE LOOKS AT YOU. IF HE CHEATS YOU DON'T GET THE CHOCOLATE THICK SHAKES!



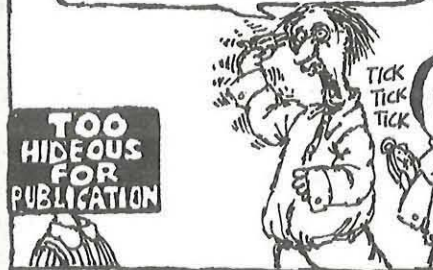
© COPYRIGHT 1982
J.P. CASSABA

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED? NOW IT DON'T EVEN CLICK ANYMORE!

26...
25...
24...
IT CAN'T CLICK ANYMORE, YOU SAP, THE GUN HAS FIVE EMPTY CHAMBERS AND YOU USED UP THE FIVE CLICKS!

IN HIS AGONY QUENTIN HAS A VISION OF HIS SICK WIFE LILLIAN...
MAKE ME PROUD OF YOU, QUENTIN, TRY NOT TO SOIL YOUR UNDERWEAR LIKE THE TIME WE WENT ON THE ROLLER COASTER...

TOO HIDEOUS FOR PUBLICATION



HEY-I SMELL POOPS!
OH, QUENTIN, I SMELL POOPS, TOO, AND I'M JUST A VISION. YOU SOILED YOUR PANTS!!!

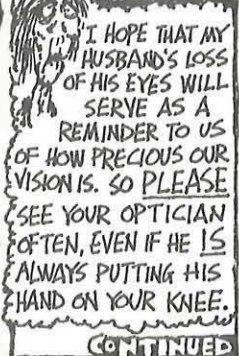
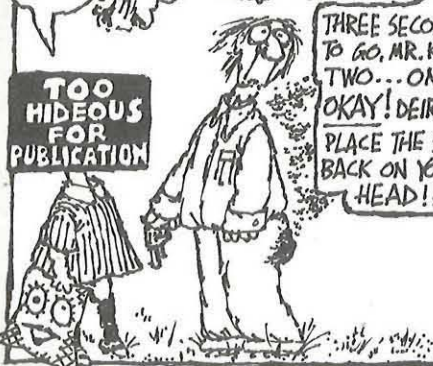
YOU DID IT, KELP! YOU MAY HAVE MESSED YOUR PANTS, BUT YOU LOOKED AT DEIRDRE CALLAHAN FOR A FULL MINUTE WITH NO ILL EFFECTS!!!

A FINAL WORD FROM THE VISION OF QUENTIN'S WIFE LILLIAN...
I HOPE THAT MY HUSBAND'S LOSS OF HIS EYES WILL SERVE AS A REMINDER TO US OF HOW PRECIOUS OUR VISION IS. SO PLEASE SEE YOUR OPTICIAN OFTEN, EVEN IF HE IS ALWAYS PUTTING HIS HAND ON YOUR KNEE.

TOO HIDEOUS FOR PUBLICATION

THREE SECONDS TO GO, MR. KELP. TWO...ONE...
OKAY! DEIRDRE, PLACE THE BAG BACK ON YOUR HEAD!!!

HEY, MISTER, YOU DROPPED YOUR EYES...
CONGRATULATIONS, SIR, HERE IS YOUR CHECK FOR \$100,000!



CONTINUED


The Rabbit Boy

by Len Glasser

CHAPTER ELEVEN

RONA BARRETT IN HOLLYWOOD

MICHAEL CIMINO HAS FIRED DAN AYKROYD FROM THE LEAD ROLE IN "THE SPEARS OF OCTOBER," THE STORY OF THE RABBIT BOY, AND HAS HIRED BERT TO PLAY HIMSELF IN THE STARRING ROLE. CAN THE FORMER WILD CHILD PULL THIS ONE OFF UNDER THE WIZARDRY OF THE VOLATILE CIMINO? HOLLYWOOD WAITS.



THIS IS THE SCENE WHERE DAD MC HENRY DISCOVERS YOU LIVING WITH WILD RABBITS... IN A SANDSTORM!


"SPEARS OF OCTOBER" SCENE ONE - TAKE ONE!



ACTION!

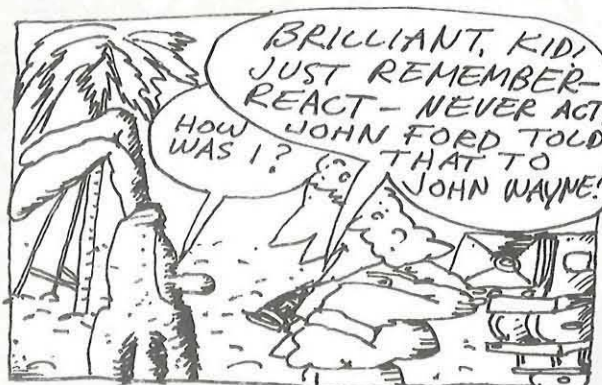


GREAT! CUT! PRINT IT!



BRILLIANT, KID! JUST REMEMBER - REACT - NEVER ACT. JOHN FORD TOLD THAT TO JOHN WAYNE!

HOW WAS I?




BRILLIANT! IN THIS SCENE THERE'S A FIRE IN THE INSANE ASYLUM AND YOU RESCUE ANOTHER INMATE. OKAY LET'S HAVE SOME SMOKE EFFECTS!

HOW WAS I?



RONA BARRETT IN HOLLYWOOD

THE SMART MONEY IN TINSEL TOWN IS BETTING ON THE RUMOR THAT THERE IS GOING TO BE AN OSCAR WAITING FOR THE RABBIT BOY FOR HIS LIFELIKE PORTRAYAL OF HIMSELF IN MICHAEL CIMINO'S COMEBACK EPIC, "THE SPEARS OF OCTOBER."

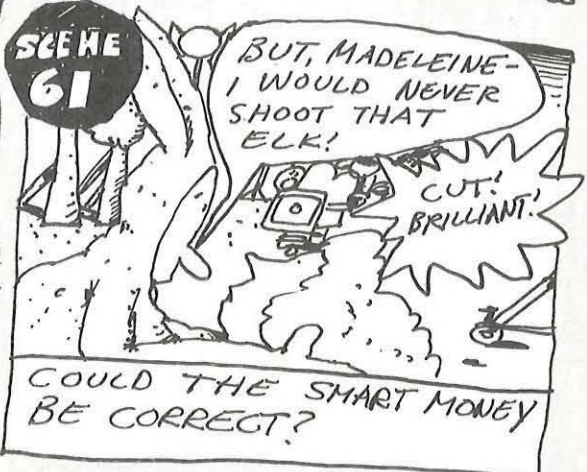


SCENE 61

BUT, MADELEINE - I WOULD NEVER SHOOT THAT ELK!

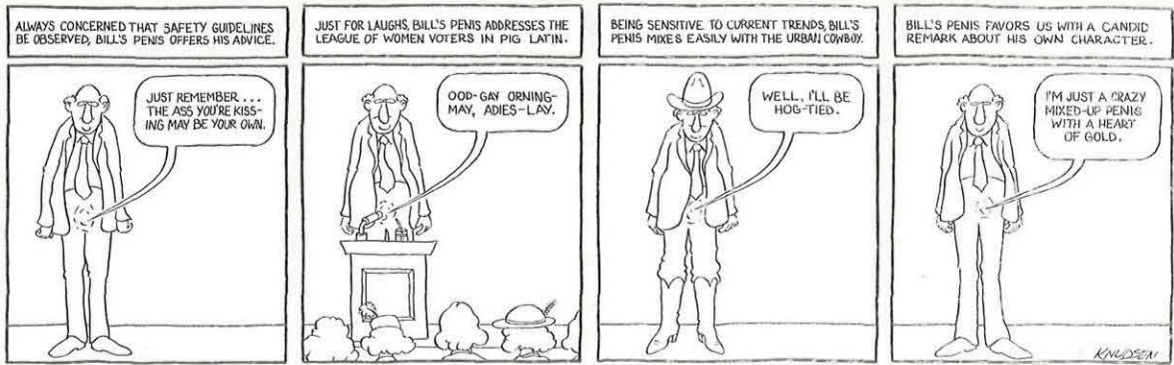
CUT! BRILLIANT!

COULD THE SMART MONEY BE CORRECT?



Bill's Penis

by Mark Knudsen



Mature Adult Humour

by Mimi Pond



Politenessman

by Ron Barrett



THE MAN WITH THE MANNERS GALS ALL ADORE, IS THE MAN WHO NEVER SPITS ON THE FLOOR! THANK YOU.



**FAMOUS
COMIC
ARTISTS
SCHOOL**
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 217

SHIT

PRACTICE BY COPYING FIGURE ONE UNTIL YOU CAN DRAW SHIT AT THE DROP OF A HAT. THEN, WHEN SOMEONE SAYS, "YOU CAN'T DRAW SHIT!," YOU CAN SHOW THEM HOW WRONG THEY ARE.

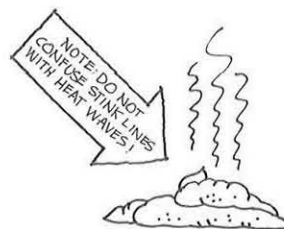


FIG. 1

Pigs in Love

by Revilo



Zeb Piker

by Hollinger



Aunt Mary's Kitchen

by M. K. Brown



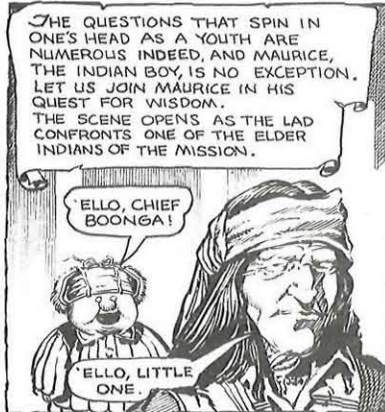
NEXT MONTH: NURSE TALK

Timberland Tales

by B. K. Taylor



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



THE QUESTIONS THAT SPIN IN ONE'S HEAD AS A YOUTH ARE NUMEROUS INDEED, AND MAURICE, THE INDIAN BOY, IS NO EXCEPTION. LET US JOIN MAURICE IN HIS QUEST FOR WISDOM. THE SCENE OPENS AS THE LAD CONFRONTS ONE OF THE ELDER INDIANS OF THE MISSION.

ELLO, CHIEF BOONGA!
ELLO, LITTLE ONE.

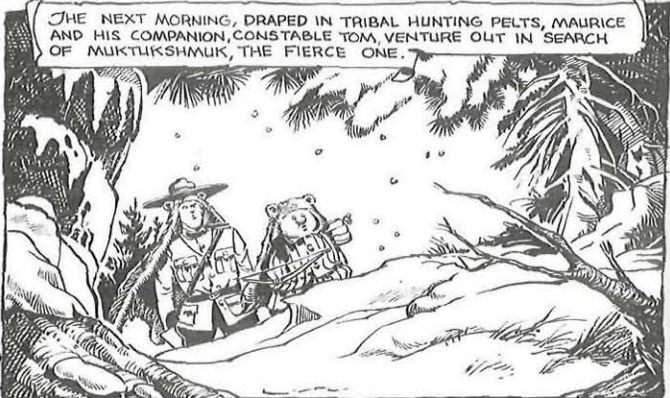


JUST AS A MASTER AND STUDENT OF A SHAOLIN TEMPLE, THE TWO MINDS MEET.
CHIEF, 'OW DO I BECOME BRAVE?
BRAVE? WELL, LET ME TELL YOU OF THE BRAVERY OF OUR ANCESTORS



THERE IS AN ANCIENT LEGEND OF "MUKTUKSHMUK", THE FIERCE ONE...

AFTER HEARING THE TALE, MAURICE REALIZES HE MUST FACE A GREAT BEAR WHO, AS LEGEND HAS IT, HOLDS THE SOUL OF AN EVIL CHIEF THAT FEARS ONLY THE STRENGTH OF A BRAVE WARRIOR. IF MAURICE CAN SLAY THE GIANT BEAST, HIS QUEST WILL BE SATISFIED AND HIS QUESTION ANSWERED.



THE NEXT MORNING, DRAPED IN TRIBAL HUNTING PELTS, MAURICE AND HIS COMPANION, CONSTABLE TOM, VENTURE OUT IN SEARCH OF MUKTUKSHMUK, THE FIERCE ONE.



AFTER MANY HOURS HAVE PASSED, THE HUNTERS SIGHT A BEAR.

DERE'S ONE! OPE 'E DOESNT SEE US. WELL WAIT TILL 'E GET CLOSE, DEN NAIL 'IM.



THE BEAR APPROACHES, SNIFFING THE TERRITORY AHEAD.

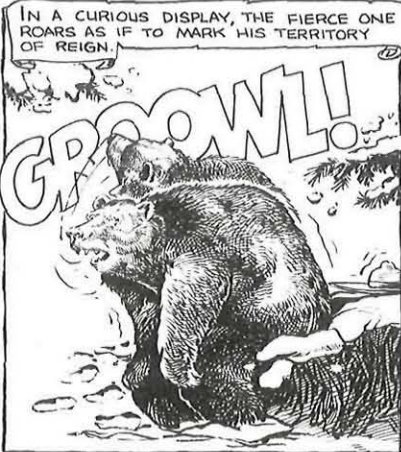
'E SURE IS A BIG ONE, EH? MAYBE WE LET DIS ONE GO.



USING THE WISDOM OF HIS INDIAN BLOOD, MAURICE URGES HIS FRIEND TO STAY QUIETLY HIDDEN.

JUST 'OLD YOUR BREAT'.

CLOSER THE BEAR COMES, WHEN...

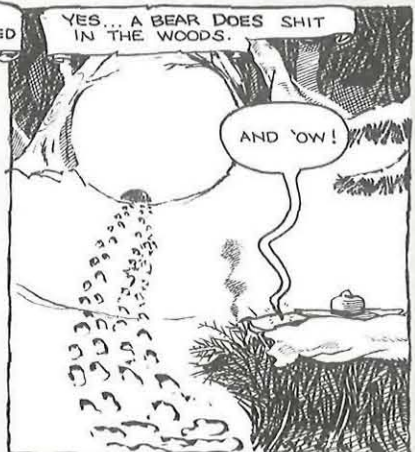


IN A CURIOUS DISPLAY, THE FIERCE ONE ROARS AS IF TO MARK HIS TERRITORY OF REIGN.

GRROWL!



THEN WALKS SAFELY PAST - BUT IN THIS SIMPLE MOVE, HE HAS ANSWERED A QUESTION FOR MAURICE - ONE, IN FACT, WE ALL ASK...



YES... A BEAR DOES SHIT IN THE WOODS.

AND 'OW!

Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75)

Buddy pulls a practical joke on Rob, and Rob figures that the best way to get back at Buddy is to do *nothing*, so Buddy will go crazy waiting for something to happen? Well, that's what I've been doing to Iran since I got the hostages back. Except for one difference. It's fun to drive the Iranians crazy waiting for me to do something to them. But what I have planned for them finally is a *lot* funnier.

RONALD REAGAN
*Doing fine, thank you
The White House*

Sirs:

You know, if you put a thousand monkeys in front of a thousand typewriters, you've got the staff of the *New York Post*.

RUPERT MURDOCH
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

It is when the genitals of a female canine are referred to as "doggy pussy" that we truly come to realize that the English language is fucked.

WILLIAM SAFIRE
New York Times

Sirs:

Let me entertain at your child's next birthday party. I'll sing, dance, juggle, and feel up the kids while your back is turned.

PERVO THE CLOWN
Bristol, Conn.

Sirs:

Bernard "Kelp Bed" Kalb killed the dame. That's what it looked like. See,

when she and Kelp Bed pulled the heist, she drove the getaway car to where they hid the loot, and then Kelp Bed hid out. But wait! She doubled back, grabbed the loot, and stashed it somewhere else, it looks like. But hold on. On the way, she meets a guy named Tom "Spider" Snyder, who isn't from the right *or* the wrong side of the tracks—he's from *under* the tracks. So it looks like she hooks up with the Spider and restashes the loot. But wait. Spider isn't alone! He's got this queer half brother, Jerry "The Fairy" Rivers, alias Geraldo Rivera, alias Rico the Faker. Seems that Jerry the Fairy is putting the squeeze on her because he found out she's the bastard daughter of "Major" Barbara Walters and Dick "The Bic" Cavett, both big-time big-money big-mouths who are in tight with the network creeps. It's a pretty dirty deal. Now, the only people who might know where she hid the loot are Spider Snyder, Jerry the Fairy, Major Barbara, and Dick the Bic. But hang on a minute! There's more to this than a simple robbery-love-murder-blackmail-paternity-suit double cross, because Major Barbara and Dick the Bic are willing to pay big money to keep this dirt away from "Blather" Rathers, Big Mike Wallace, and Morley "The Wafer" Safer, willing to pay with time in the slammer if it comes to that. I mean, like the morgue attendant says, let's look at what we got lyin' on the slab. Kelpie ain't around, the dame is dead, Spider Snyder's gone for a wet trip in a cement Cadillac, and nobody seems to have the loot. Figure it! If you ask me, I'd say that Big Walter was in on it somewhere—but nobody's seen *him* for a while.

RAYMOND CHANDELIER
La Jolla, Cal.

*There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.*

Robert Service
The Men That Don't Fit In



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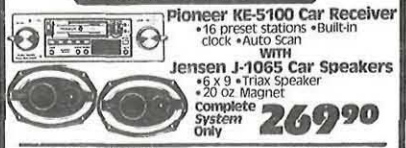
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I'D RATHER BE DRINKING

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Stars					
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small medium large

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National Lampoon Dept. NL-482
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

State _____ Zip _____

UNCLASSIFIED ADS

I ♥ FAST WOMEN

- 1x I ♥ TO GET DOWN
- 2x I ♥ BEING #1
- 3x I ♥ BEER
- 4x I ♥ SEX
- 5x I ♥ COCAINE
- 6x I ♥ TO BULLSHIT
- 7x I ♥ TITLES
- 8x I ♥ LITTLE GIRLS
- 9x I ♥ LITTLE BOYS
- 10x I ♥ HEAD
- 11x I ♥ FAST WOMEN
- 12x I ♥ DRUGS
- 13x I ♥ TO PARTY
- 14x I ♥ MYSELF
- 15x I ♥ FAST CARS
- 16x I ♥ TO DICK
- 17x I ♥ LONG LEGS
- 18x I ♥ THE BIG ONE
- 19x I ♥ BROOKE
- 20x I DON'T ♥ ANYTHING
- 21x I ♥ NEW WAVE
- 22x I ♥ YOU
- 23x I ♥ IT
- 24x I ♥ MONEY
- 25x I ♥ LUCY
- 26x I ♥ ROCK
- 27x I ♥ IT WET
- 28x I ♥ TIGHT ASSES
- 29x I ♥ FRIDAYS
- 30x I ♥ BRUNETTES
- 31x I ♥ BLONDES
- 32x I ♥ REDHEADS
- 33x I ♥ YOUR BODY
- 34x I ♥ SNOW
- 35x I ♥ SKING
- 36x I ♥ TO FART
- 37x I ♥ MOTORCYCLES
- 38x I ♥ COUNTRY



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SHIRTS
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(RED HEART WITH
BLACK PRINTING)

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47. MY FACE IS LEAVING AT NINE, BE ON IT.
60. AS LONG AS I HAVE A FACE, YOU HAVE A PLACE TO SIT
21. I'D WALK OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHO" FILM AT 11.
2. FREE MOUSTACHE RIDES (WITH ARTWORK)
3. BEND OVER I'LL DRIVE
17. IN OUTERSPACE, NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU FART
4. CHAMPION MOUSTACHE RIDER (WITH ARTWORK)
5. I RODE THE MOUSTACHE (WITH ARTWORK)

6. I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM. I DRINK.
- I GET DRUNK
- I FALL DOWN.
- NO PROBLEM.
7. PARDON ME, BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A SHIT
30. SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME
8. HEY LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
9. HEY LITTLE BOY, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
10. SAVE OUR BEACHES!
- HARPOON A FAT CHICK!

11. HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE!
12. FUCK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE
13. NOT FAT CHICKS
14. NO FAT DUDES
15. WE DIVE AT FIVE
16. WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW?
18. THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO FOOL AROUND.
19. NO TEENIE WIENIES
20. MINES BIGGER
22. IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE AS GREAT AS I AM.
23. BOY, SURE LIKE TO TOUCH THOSE!

61. I'M SO HORNY, EVEN THE CRACK OF DAWN ISN'T SAFE
62. I MAY NOT GO DOWN IN HISTORY, BUT I'LL GO DOWN ON YOUR LITTLE SISTER
63. HOW CAN YOU SOAR WITH EAGLES WHEN YOU WORK WITH TURKEYS?
64. YOUR CRITICISM IS GREATLY APPRECIATED. FUCK YOU VERY MUCH
65. I'M A FUCKING GENIUS
66. FUCK OFF
67. LIFE IS A BED OF ROSES, BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE PRICKS
68. THE WORD OF THE DAY IS LEGS, HELP SPREAD THE WORD.
69. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO GO FUCK YOURSELF
70. I'M THE KIND OF GUY YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU ABOUT.
24. PARTY SIZE
25. 1980'S SLOW CARS—FAST WOMEN
26. I DO.
- BUT NOT WITH YOU
27. LOVE 'TILL I SCREAM
28. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
29. I'M FOR LUST
31. I WANT A MEAL, NOT A SNACK!
32. ONE OF A KIND
33. DON'T LAUGH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLIND?
34. GO POUND SAND!
35. SCHOOL SUCKS!
36. ASK ME IF I CARE
37. SNOW BLIND
38. LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY.
39. TAKE THIS JOB AND MOVE IT!
40. WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS.
41. KART RACERS DO IT ON ALL FOURS.

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

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B.B. HATS		HAT COLORS
STYLE#	COLOR	
		BLACK
		BROWN
		GOLD
		KELLY
		LT. BLUE
		NAVY
		ROYAL
		ORANGE
		RED
		MAROON

B.B. SHIRTS			SHIRT COLORS
STYLE#	SIZE	COLOR	NATURAL WITH CHOICE OF:
			NAVY
			RED
			KELLY
			GOLD
			ROYAL BLUE
			BLACK

SIZES S/M/L/XL

SAYINGS WITH HEARTS NOT AVAILABLE ON BLACK, NAVY OR RED T-SHIRTS

T-SHIRTS			SHIRT COLORS
STYLE#	SIZE	COLOR	BLACK
			BONE
			YELLOW
			GOLD
			LT. BLUE
			ORANGE
			RED
			WHITE

SIZES S/M/L/XL

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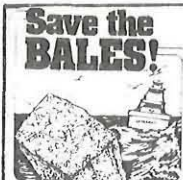


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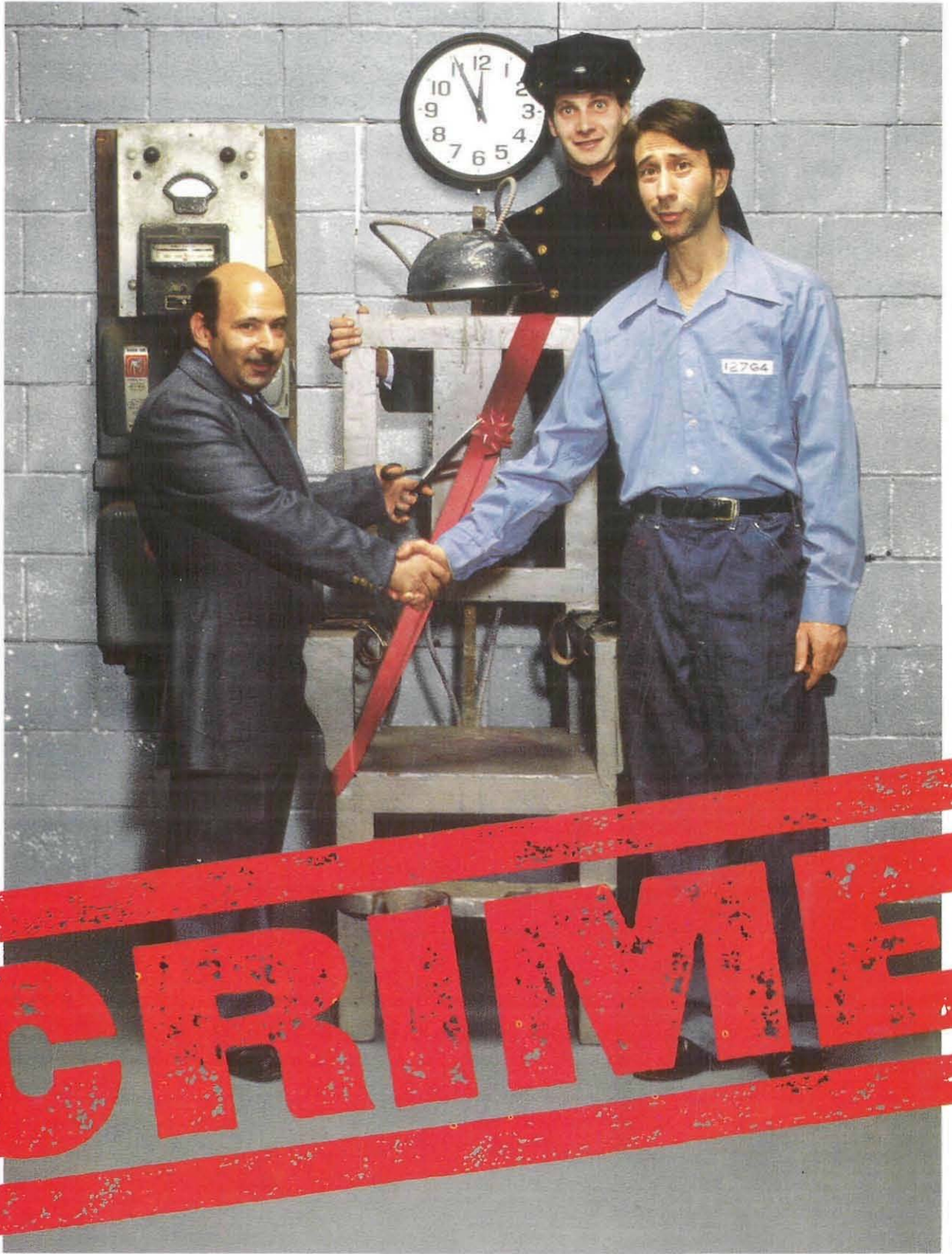
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N E X T M O N T H



CRIME

Contest #7

Who'll Be the First Man to Have Sex with Brooke Shields?



John Travolta



George Burns



Charley O. Finley



Foster Brooks



Rip Taylor



Mr. Green Jeans

Above are six possible candidates, each possessing the necessary quality of being a man. When supermodel Brooke does decide to lose her virginity, though, it could be to one of them—or to someone completely different! So tell us who'll be the first man to pluck Brooke's flower, and why.

_____ will be the first man to have sex with Brooke Shields, and here's why: _____

The winning entry will be chosen at random, as we obviously have no idea what the correct answer might be. Winner receives a free copy of *National Lampoon's "Today's Teens"* issue, featuring sexpot Brooke Shields on the cover—at age twelve.

Send all entries to:

National Lampoon Contest #7
635 Madison Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Attention, Spanish Grandees and Other Contestants!

Robin Nix of Honolulu wins National Lampoon Contest #3: guesses Diana Freeland ate 113,000 fish eggs! A Heavy Metal fashion-mag subscription is on its way!

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When you come down to earth, spring for something special. Tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.

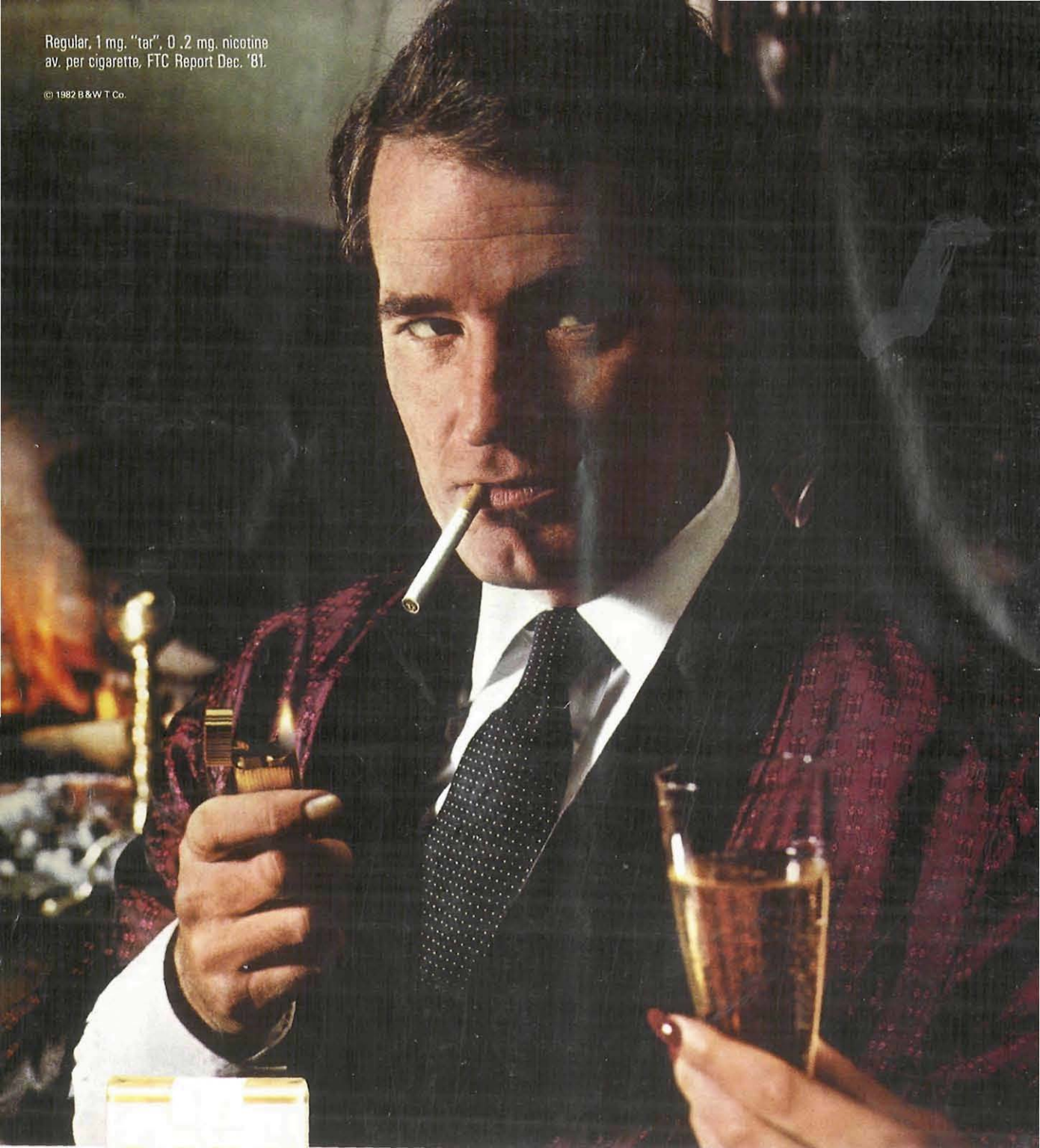


Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.

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