

How to: Score with Barbara Bush, Perform Facial Surgery on Yourself, Photograph Nude Women, Create Your Own Late-Night Comedy Show

NATIONAL LAMPOON

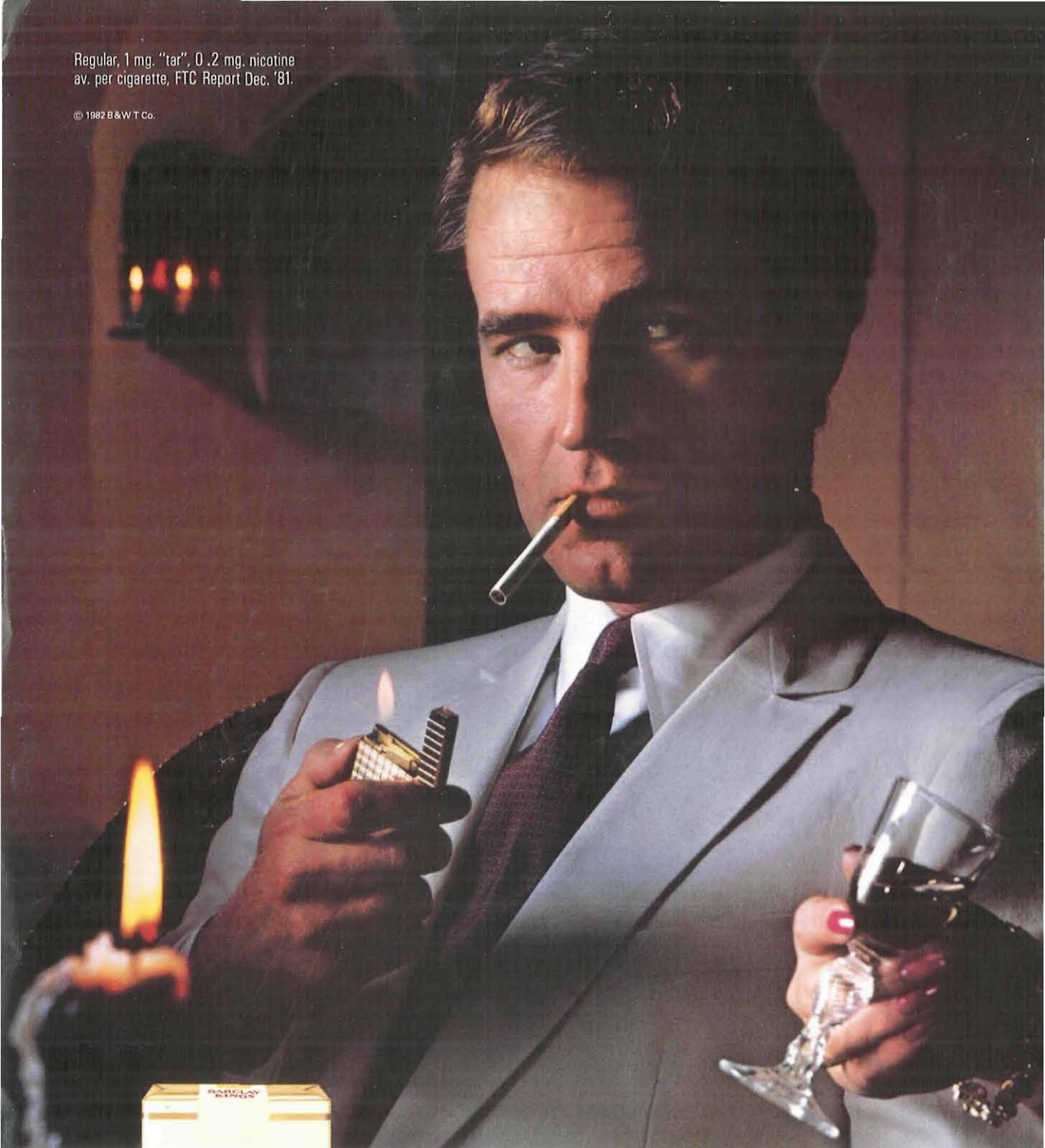
Do It Yourself

JUNE 1982 • THE HAZARDOUS MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS • \$2.00



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2. Mail your entry to: Monte Alban Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 2468, Dept. NA, Libertyville, IL 60048.

3. Winners will be selected in random drawings from among all eligible entries received by H. Olsen & Company, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Barton Brands reserves the publicity rights to use names and pictures of winners without compensation. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received.

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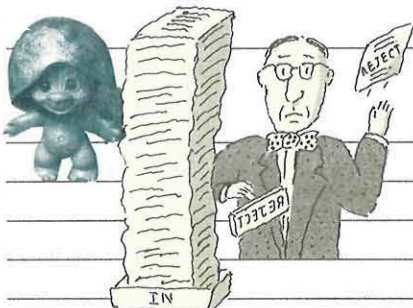
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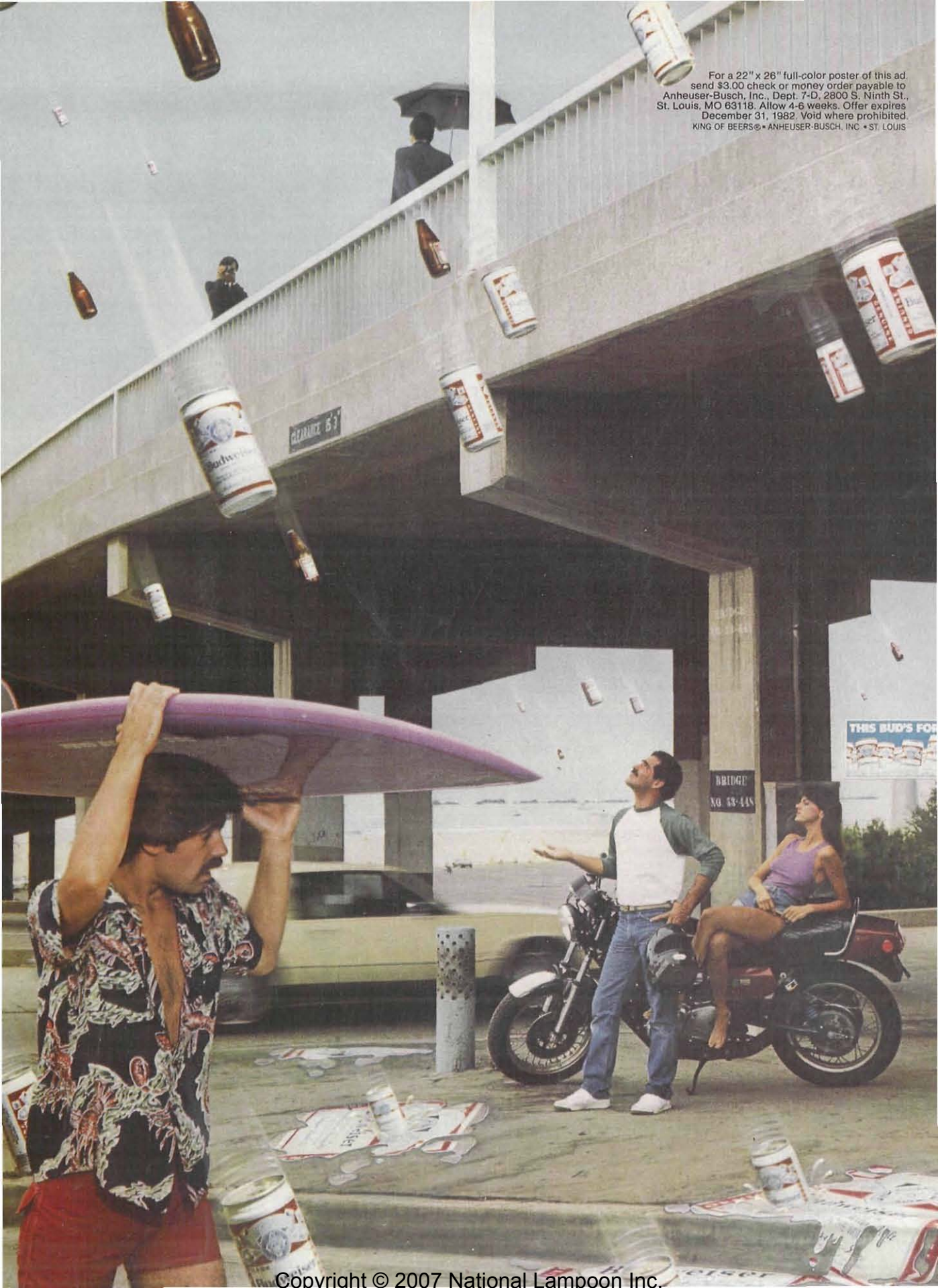
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Editorial

If you don't have a job, or would like a new one, read this.

THIS MAGAZINE NEEDS A new secretary-receptionist. The last one, Sissy Bledsoe, disappeared with \$68,000 of the company's money, so management is placing a very large premium on integrity, as well as on the usual qualities of phone voice, typing speed, efficiency, comportment, health, promptness, and lustrous hair. Would you like to be our new secretary-receptionist? Don't think it's not possible, because it is. We're beginning the broadest and most exhaustive secretary-receptionist hunt ever conceived.

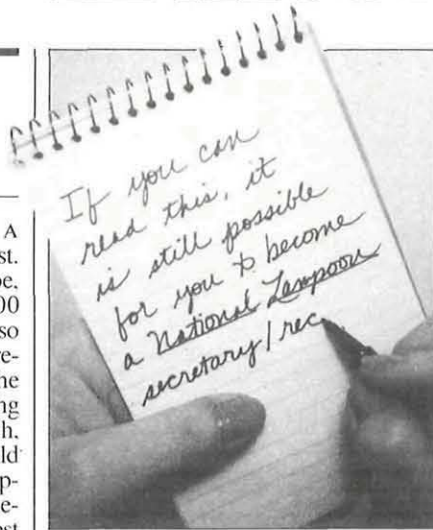
Anyone, no matter who you are or where you live, is eligible; this hunt is truly nationwide. Of course, some believe we debase the local labor pool by seeking outside applicants. Others criticize us for opening the competition to 280 million people; many worthy candidates, they say, will be discouraged by odds of 1/280,000,000. But, then again, our chances of finding the right secretary-receptionist aren't very high either.

In the first place, our secretary-receptionist has to be female. We once had a male in this job, and he began showing up with his hair arranged in stiff, Vaseline spikes and with adhesive-backed paper planets on his lapels. Management did everything it could to

straighten him out. The president of the company even wrote him memos. "Dear Toby:" he wrote, "You are being replaced by a female. Get out." And then he wrote, "Dear Toby: Not at the end of the day. Now."

Aside from being female, our new secretary-receptionist should be able to speak with her eyes, and with a simple flick of the hand. She should be asthmatic. She should have tiny creases at the ends of her lips. She should have the ability to appear that she's listening to persons speaking to her while she really is not. She should be impatient with animals.

Our new secretary-receptionist should interpret the U.S. Constitution loosely. She should perform addition by tracing invisible numbers in the air. She



should close her wallet and put it back in her purse when paying for merchandise, forgetting that she has change coming, so that she will have to go through the time-wasting step of retrieving her wallet and reopening it to put away the change. She should tire under conditions of intense heat. She should go around with tiny speckles of typewriter white-out on her face. She should be comparatively hidebound on the matter of preventative medicine. She should know someone who knew British spy and pouncing homosexual Guy Burgess, and be able to discuss him at length. She should eat heartily. She should have been to both Disneylands.

The secretary-receptionist we're looking for should have a way of annoying intellectuals. She should own a rock-polishing apparatus. She should know how to tie at least five knots. She should laugh with her mouth wide open, and with her tongue plainly visible, lolling in a pool of glistening saliva. She should shuffle. She should have a loathing for ersatz building materials. And she should never wear her hair in Vaseline spikes.

Do you qualify? Then, by all means, send us your resumé and photo. Each application will be evaluated thoroughly; however, materials sent Air Express Priority Mail at your own expense will be given special consideration, and materials sent via commercial airline or other means costing more than \$50 will be examined most carefully of all. The ideal resumé will be 75-100 pages in length, and of a comprehensive autobiographical nature, beginning with the first muddled nascence of memory and scuttling through the minutia of your life up to the moment the resumé is written. Enclosed photos, of a full-color, 14 X 17, professional type, are also suggested for maximal consideration, as are oil portraits, properly crated and insured.

Apply now. We're eager to hear from you, and doubly eager to fly the selected applicant to New York City, first-class, move all of her belongings, and install her in our lobby to begin her new career. Address all applications to:

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National Lampoon
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Letters

SIRS: OKAY, THIS IS A STICKUP! Put all your money in an envelope and send it to me right now! I'm not kidding! I've got a gun, and— Wait a minute. This isn't going to work. Gimme a second here. Well, I guess I have enough postage to *mail* the gun there. How about that? Wait a minute. Okay, well, look. Put all your money in an envelope and mail it to me anyway. I'll think of something in the meantime, you can count on it. Believe me, I'm not the kind of guy you want mad at you.

THE LONESOME KID
New York City

Sirs:

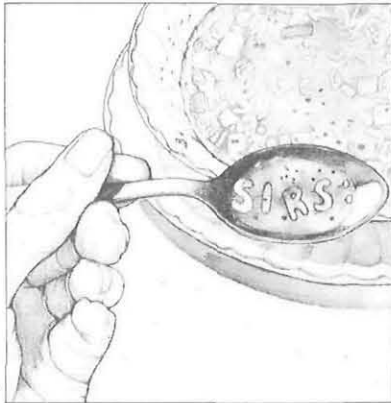
The Unknown Soldier has been identified. His name is Herbert Michaelson and he is alive and living in Alexandria, Virginia. Demolition of the monument will begin this afternoon.

DARREL GIVENS
Director, Dept. of Unprofitable National Monuments

Sirs:

There are some very interesting laws in the works that would drastically change our Criminal Code. For example:

- Killing people with the last name "Orlando" would become a misdemeanor.



- Immigrating Scotsmen will be required to change their name to "Fungus."

- Child-labor laws shall no longer apply to those children who put a tricycle horn over your ear and squeeze the bulb.

NAT HENTOFF
The Village Voice

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Good evening. I am speaking to you from my new job: official Letters Column magician. Not much of a title, certainly, but I've done much worse. Now, behold as I amazingly transport myself from here

to here. And now, to create a

beautiful bird, *right before your very eyes*: "a beautiful bird." Finally, for my last trick, I shall make this letter vanish! Abracadabra! What? Still here? Why, it's always worked before! Let me try again. Abracadabra! Good heavens. It seemed so easy in rehearsal. This is so embarrassing. My humblest apologies.

ORSON WELLES
Blown Tricks, USA

Sirs:

I'll tell you what's a pisser. Getting fucked up to see a Three Stooges film festival and being shown six Shemps straight. Man, not even Panama Red makes that creep funny.

HENRY LUNA
San Jose, Cal.

Sirs:

Ask not for whom the bell tolls. Just shut it the fuck up. I'm trying to get some sleep.

JOHN DONNE
Notre Dame

Sirs:

Thank you for writing American Airlines. All lines are presently busy. Please stand by and your letter will be handled in the order received. Thank you for waiting. *Doo, wop, boo dee doo, wop, beedee. Boo, wop la, la, la, la! Beedee, boo, doo, boo beedee. Boo dop, dee dee dee.* Thank you for writing American Airlines. All lines are presently busy. Please stand by and your letter will be handled in the order received. Thank you for waiting. *Bop dip doo, doody howdy woo woo. Beedee, wop, lop, doo... bee-doop, click!*

Sirs:

I can't get these *goddamn* fuzzy little balls off my favorite sweater!

KIRK DOUGLAS
At home
Beverly Hills

Sirs:

If everybody in the world sends me one dollar, I'll stuff a big jar of peanut butter up Sammy Davis Jr's ass. So far, the response has been encouraging. But I still haven't heard from about twenty people.

DICK TUCK
Chicago



"Please try to understand, Willard. When you didn't come home at six o'clock, then seven, and eight, I naturally assumed the worst and married Henry Hayward."

(E.O. Cullen)

Sirs:

Neil Armstrong here. You remember me, the first man on the moon? Sure you do. Perhaps you may be wondering why you've never heard a peep out of me since. Well, I'll tell you why: it's because I'm still on the moon! Those fuckers took off without me. Why, I've probably lost billions of dollars in commercial fees by now. Goddammit.

NEIL ARMSTRONG
Sea of Tranquility

Sirs:

I am proud to announce that the letter above has won the prestigious Pulitzer Prize for Journalism. The award will be conferred at a ceremony on... wait, what's this? You say the letter is a fake? All made up? Oh, my, my. I take it back. Who can you trust these days?

PULITZER PRIZE COMMITTEE
Redface, Wyoming

Sirs:

Here's one for the boys in your True Facts department. You should find a case where a careless doctor accidentally left something like a piece of toast or a rubber toy inside a person's body after an operation. Possibly you might be able to illustrate it with an X ray. I would think this was pretty funny and wonder how it had come about.

A CONCERNED READER
Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

Boy, am I bushed! I've been working my butt off to come up with some exciting new programming for the upcoming season, but take it from me, it's paid off! Just listen to this. "The American Sportsman" has been completely revamped. We've gotten rid of all those dumb animals and given it a much more human touch. The premier episode will feature Robert Conrad and Lee Marvin hunting Charles Nelson Reilly with pool cues! Someone mention specials? Thrills and spills? Tune in "The World's Worst Stunt Men," featuring poorly trained stunt persons plunging to their deaths! Nobody told me it would be this much fun!

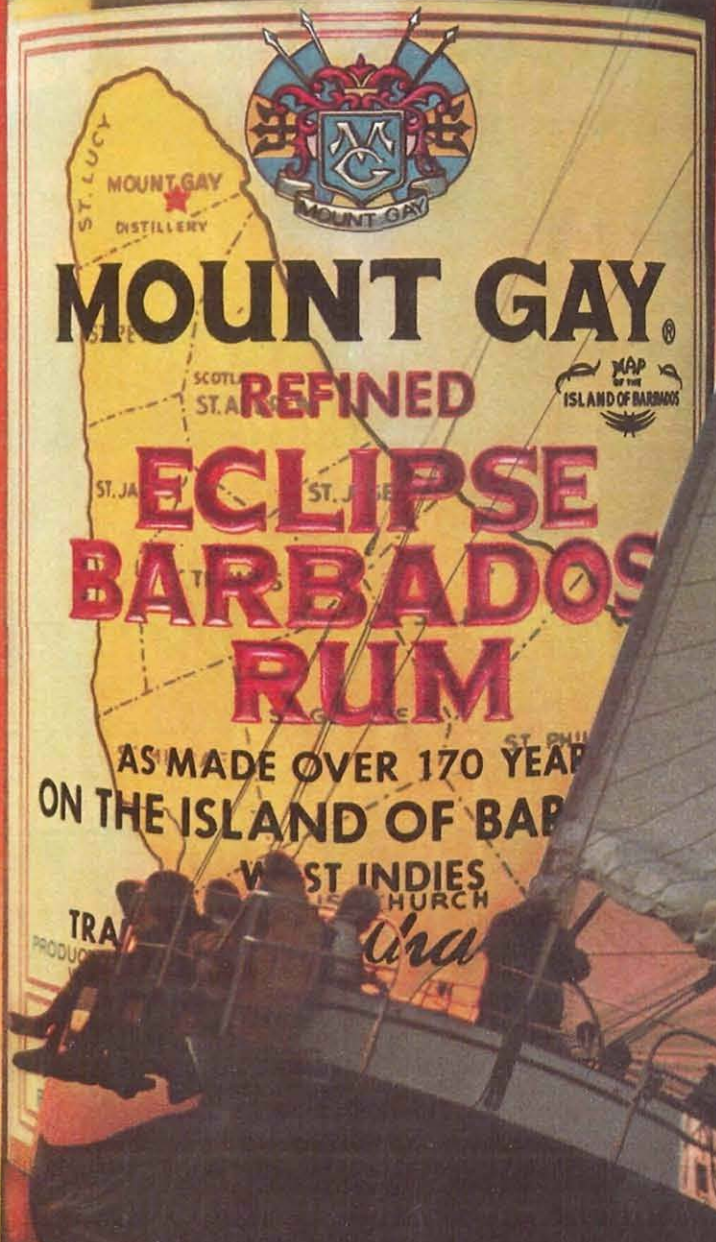
GRANT TINKER
*NBC Studios
Burbank, Cal.*

Sirs:

Now get this. And then tell me it isn't a little suspicious. If leather shrinks in water (it does), what happens to cows when it rains? Do they have trouble bending their legs when things tighten up? Is that why they stand in one place all day looking stupid? Can they close their eyes at night? Do they shrink into

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)

Worth paying the price for.



The tougher the challenge, the sweeter the satisfaction... no matter what the cost. That's why sailing men go to incredible lengths to compete with the sea. Why all men who scale the heights — and know what it is to pay the price — have such an affinity for Mount Gay Rum, the one rum that has successfully met its challenge. Mount Gay is, indeed, the world's finest rum.

"The Rosenbergs"

That daffy Red-head Ethel Rosenberg gets involved in yet another wacky sit-commie plot.
by Michael Reiss

EDITOR'S NOTE: "THERE are two things to remember about television," said NBC founder David Sarnoff. "First, no one wants to see a show about Jews, communists, or nuclear weapons. Second, don't kill off your main character in the first episode." It could have been for either of these reasons that the 1953 television series "The Rosenbergs," a situation comedy based on the true-life antics of atomic-bomb spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, was far from successful. The show had in fact one of the briefest runs in television history: it broke for a commercial midway through the premiere episode and never came back. Below, the script of that first, and only, episode of "The Rosenbergs" is reprinted in its entirety.



(Open on the tiny Brooklyn apartment of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. JULIUS ROSENBERG and his wife's brother, DAVID GREENGLASS, walk in the door.) JULIUS: ...So you see, if Mother Russia is going to overthrow the U.S., they're going to need much bigger weapons. DAVID (as his frumpy wife, RUTH GREENGLASS, enters from the kitchen): Well, I'd be glad to send them my battle ax. They don't come much bigger than Ruthie. RUTH: Aw, quit your clowning and give me a kiss.

DAVID: What are you trying to do—kill my appetite?

RUTH: Oh, honestly.

JULIUS: Say, Ruth, where's Ethel? (Enter ETHEL ROSENBERG, wearing sexy, low-cut dress, from kitchen. She seductively wiggles up to her husband, JULIUS, and kisses him passionately on the mouth.)

ETHEL: Here I am, you big, brawny, beautiful Benedict Arnold, you. How was espionage work today?

JULIUS: Oh, same old thing. Bombing courthouses, torching churches, dumping poison in the town water supply...

ETHEL: Well, you must be awfully hungry after all that. That's why I went to the trouble of cooking up your favorite dish today—borscht. Now, you just sit yourself down, and I'll bring you a nice big bowl full, you communist cutie.

(ETHEL kisses him again, then shimmies back out to the kitchen, followed by RUTH.)

JULIUS: Boy, Ethel seemed pretty warm today.

DAVID: Warm? She was hot enough to thaw out the Cold War and melt down the Iron Curtain! You're a lucky man, Julius.

JULIUS: Oh, don't let her fool you. She's just doing all this to soften me up so that—

DAVID: So you'll take her into the spy business with you. Boy, that dizzy sister of mine never gives up. She's got more screwball schemes than Stalin has five-year plans.

JULIUS: But this time I'm wise to her. I think a few sharp remarks will show her who's boss.

(Enter ETHEL, carrying a huge, steaming bowl of borscht. She spoon-feeds a bit of it to JULIUS.)

ETHEL: There, how do you like that, Julius-Wulius?

JULIUS (spitting it out): Fine—if you like germ warfare! I shouldn't have dumped that poison into the reservoir today—I could have used your borscht!

ETHEL: Waaaah! You hate my cooking! (She dumps the bowl of soup on JULIUS and runs into the kitchen, crying.)

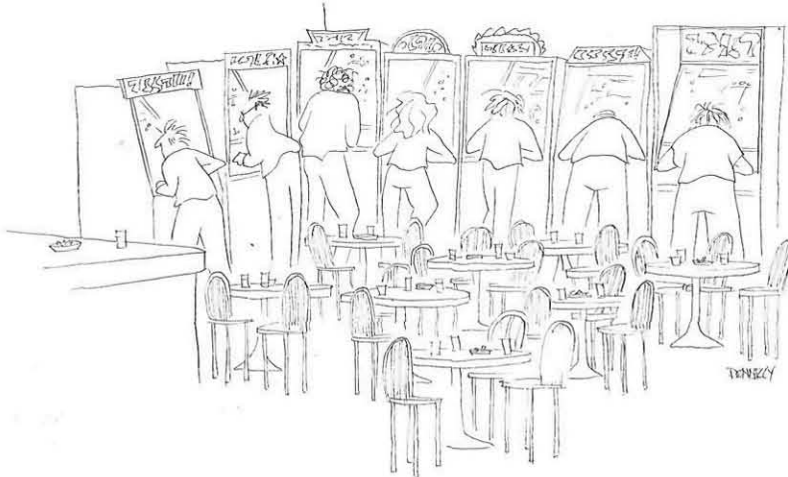
DAVID: Well, you certainly showed her.

JULIUS: Do you think I overdid it?

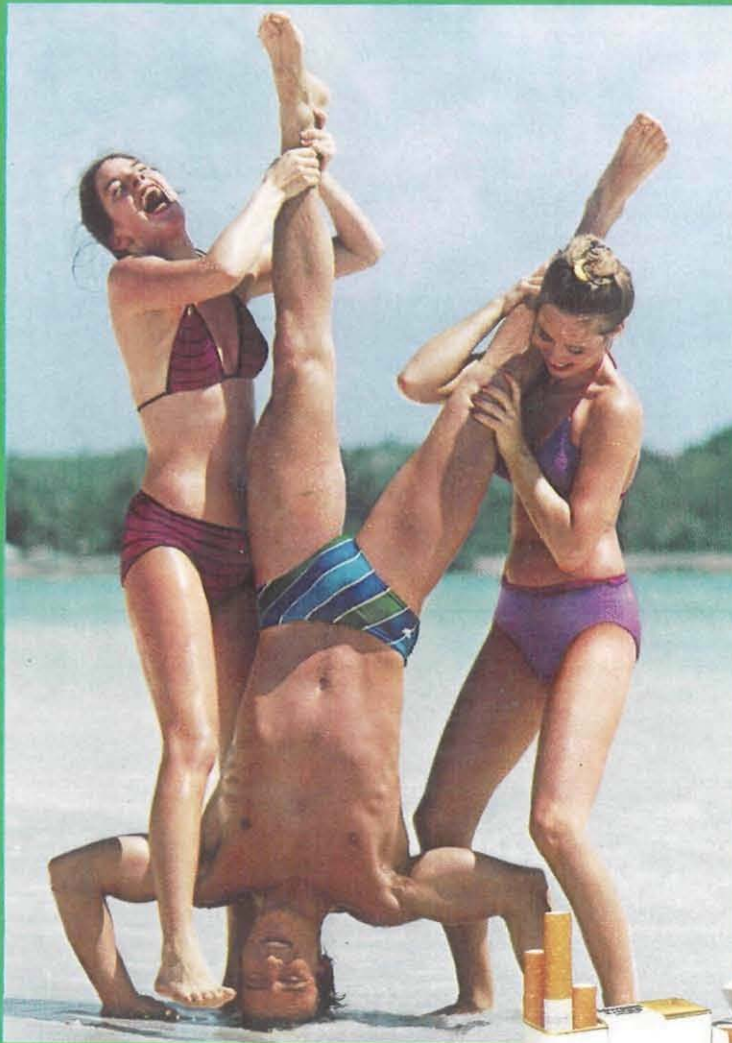
DAVID: No, Ethel probably just decided you'd look good in basic borscht. Now,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15)

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full of
SOI-DISANT INTELLECTUALS



Alive with pleasure!



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Newport

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



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BOX: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine KINGS: 17 mg. "tar",
1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report December 1981.

Bloopers of Literature

Presenting an excerpt from a rare manuscript by "Mr. Blooper" himself, ~~Hermit~~ Kermit Schafer.
by Al Jean

ON FILM AND ON RECORD, the late Kermit Schafer convulsed audiences with his famous collection of bloopers. Schafer entertained millions with his recorded outtakes of gaffes made by famous actors, politicians, and the like. But few people know of Kermit's book of literary bloopers—a volume recording written miscues, some so rare they had never before seen print. Oddly, the public did not find Schafer's book quite so appealing, and it sold zero copies. "Guess it was all a big blooper," joked Kermit. We're not so sure, but maybe you'd better judge for yourself. Below is an excerpt from Chapter 1 of Kermit Schafer's *Bloopers of Literature*.

NEWSPAPERS CAN BE A SOURCE OF THE most hilarious bloopers. Just look at the following item (*New York Times*, January 9, 1931):

...also present at the party was the president of the United States, Mr. Herbert Hooker.

Can you believe it? He said Herbert Hooker! And how about this X-rated gaffe, taken from the stately old *Wall Street Journal* (March 15, 1938):

...with employers often short of funds, many workers complain they are not getting laid very often...

But that's not all! Just look at what happens when this writer realizes, later in the same article, the mistake he has made:

...and as for third-quarter earnings, it appears they... wait a minute. Did I write "not getting laid"? Ha, ha, ha. I meant "not getting paid"! This is very embarrassing.



Nor are writers of books immune from bloopers. Here's what a famous children's author once said after he thought he had finished dictating a book, not realizing that he'd left his dictaphone running:

...and so Tommy, Bernie, and Jingles the Cricket all lived happily ever after.

Boy, am I glad to have finished that goddamned motherfucking piece of crap. Now to go out and get shitfaced.

When his secretary typed up that last bit and sent it in to the publisher, with the rest of the book, a certain famous children's author found himself out of a job!

Of course, animals are always a good source of literary bloopers. Here's a first-person narrative from Steve Allen's autobiographical *Animals on My Talk Shows*:

...One night, on "The Tonight Show" I had an animal trainer on as a guest. Petting the little tiger cub she'd brought along with her, I foolishly asked, "Does it bite?" Immediately the animal dug its teeth into my finger!

"Ow, ow, ow!" I cried, as the audience

went into fits of hysterical laughter. "Ow, ow, ow!" As the trainer tried to pry the tiger away, the stork she'd been holding in her lap got up and perched on my hair! Ow!

After five minutes of mayhem, we finally got the tiger and the stork offstage. But I'm afraid the animals had the last laugh. On their way out, they both took a piss on my curtain!

Boy, just imagine if you'd seen that on TV! And what about great writers? I'm afraid even they make a few bloopers. Below is an excerpt from a rare first draft of *A Tale of Two Cities*, never before reprinted:

It was the best of times, it was the breast of times.

I bet Mr. Charles Dickens was looking at some woman's bosom when he wrote that! Sorry if I shocked any of you lady readers with that sexy gaffe.

And what about commercials? Here's an excerpt from a 1957 magazine ad for Timex, in which the advertisers had planned to show a photograph of a Timex watch, still ticking after it had been strapped to a spinning motorboat propeller. But just watch how the ad

**When the party is BYOB (Bring Your Own Brush),
you find out who your friends are.**



Friends aren't hard to find when you're out to share a good time. But the crowd sure thins out when there's work to do. And the ones who stick around deserve something special.

Tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.

Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc. Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



writer loses his cool when someone misplaces the photo!

And below, we have a picture of the Timex 1000 after it's been driven through the water at 200 mph! Took a licking but keeps on... What? Where's the picture of the watch? What do you mean we lost it? Er...uh...well, if we did have the photo, it would show a completely undamaged watch. You can be certain of it...er...all right, which **CENSORED** numskull lost the **CENSORED** photo of the watch!

Finally, everyone knows how actors in movies occasionally require several takes to get certain lines of dialogue right; and if you ask me, I think the outtakes are often funnier than the final

cuts! Well, in the following successively written drafts from a recent novel, just watch as the author is unable to type the name of one character—Mr. Gluckenbocker—correctly, resulting in constant hilarity:

Draft 1 "Do you want to have sex with me?" she cooed.

"Yes," replied Mr. Fuckenbocker.

Draft 2 "Do you want to have sex with me?" she cooed.

"Yes," replied Mr. Gluckencock.

Draft 3 "Do you want to fuck me?" she cooed.

Draft 4 "Do you want to have sex with me?" she cooed.

"Yes," replied Mr. Fuckfuckfuckfuckcockgoddamnfuckngtypewriter

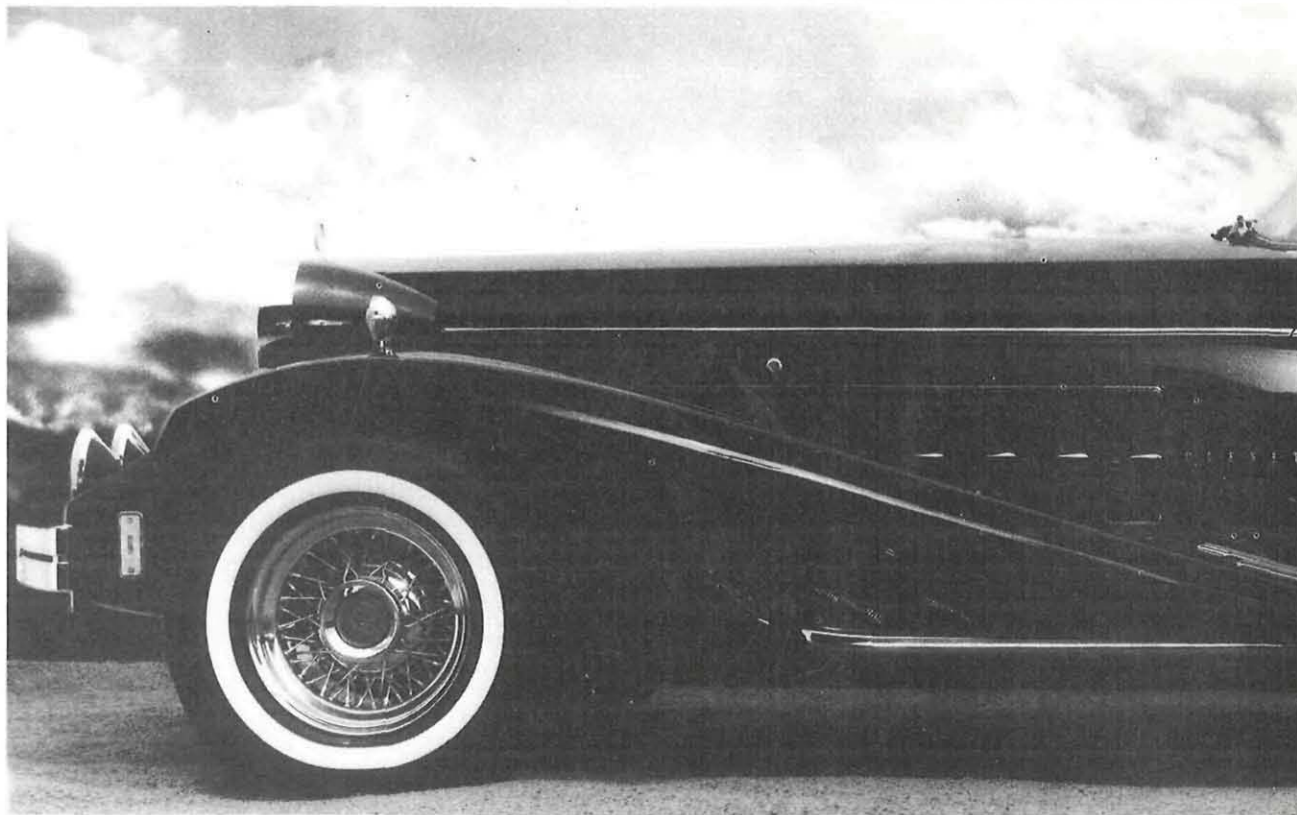
Ha, ha. In Draft 3, the author was so screwed up he didn't even get to the name! At last, he decided he'd better just quit while he was ahead. Here's how the dialogue finally appeared in print:

"Do you want to have sex with me?" she cooed.

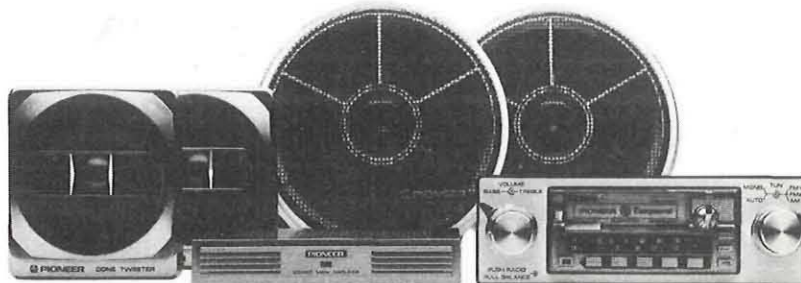
"Yes," he replied.

Well, that's about it for this chapter. I hope you go fuck yourself—I mean, er, I hope you go on and read the rest of the book. Why, it seems even I make a blooper now and again!

—Kermit Schafer ■



FOR \$78,500 YOU CAN HAVE YOU



The Rosenbergs

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)
are you going to apologize to her, or do the really sporting thing and shoot yourself?

JULIUS: I've got something even better in mind. I'm going to let Ethel help me with some spy work. Tomorrow night, I'm going to bring home a surprise dinner guest—Secretary of State George Marshall! I'll bet after one of Ethel's great home-cooked dinners we'll be able to pump him for all the government secrets we want. I tell you, it's a foolproof plan—nothing can go wrong.

DAVID: That's what Sacco and Vanzetti said.

JULIUS: Oooh boy.

...
(Cut to kitchen interior. ETHEL is pacing as RUTH watches.)

ETHEL: Oh, that Julius burns me up. He insults my cooking, he won't let me spy... Well, I'm going to fix his little Red wagon. Tomorrow night, I'm going to cook him some of my prizewinning popovers. But these are going to have a surprise filling!

RUTH: What is it—strychnine? If so, save a couple for my David.

ETHEL: No, silly. These popovers are going to be filled with the top-secret blueprints for the atomic bomb.

RUTH: Ethel, I hate to tell you this, but someone in this room is crazy, and I think it's you. How in heaven's name are you going to steal A-bomb plans?

ETHEL: Oh, that's the easy part. They're

working with the blueprints in the government research labs at New York University. So, once we make it past the guards at the lab, all we have to do—

RUTH: We? What do you mean *we*?

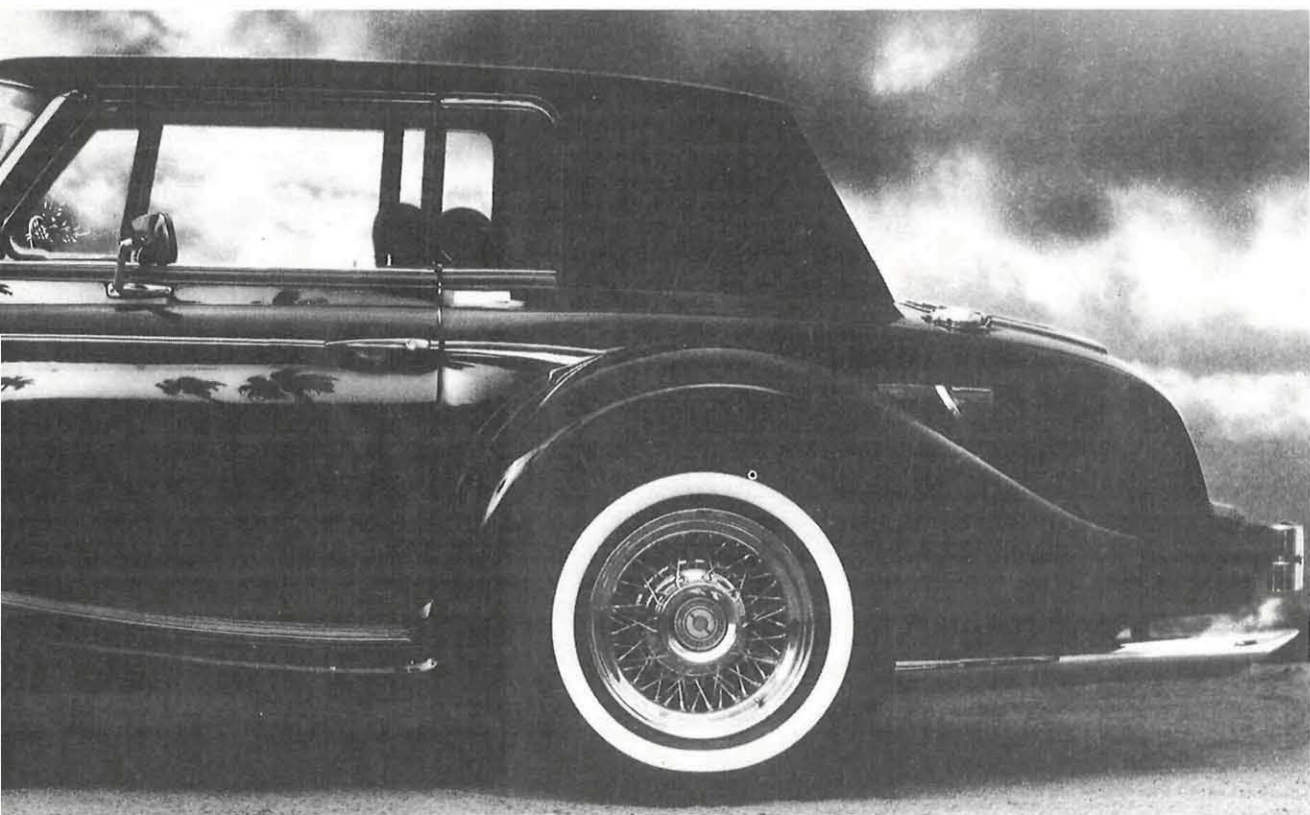
ETHEL: Now, Ruth, you don't expect me to pull this off alone.

RUTH: Well, I'm afraid you'll have to. There's no way you can get me involved in this harebrained scheme. Not this time. Not a chance in the world—

ETHEL: If you don't, I'll turn you over to the House Un-American Activities Committee.

RUTH: —I'll do it.

ETHEL: That's the spirit! We'll show these husbands of ours that we can be good housewives *and* good Russian spies. The way I've got this thing worked out, there's no possible way we



PIONEER CAR STEREO GIFT WRAPPED.

For a suggested retail price of \$500, you'll get our KEX-20 in-dash component AM/FM cassette, our GM-4 amplifier and TS-T3 and TS-167 speakers handsomely packaged in Pioneer's famous blue and white cartons.

For just \$78,000 above suggested retail, you'll get the same Pioneer car stereo system packaged in this beautifully handcrafted Clénet motor car.* Surrounded by a solid walnut dash, hand-rubbed teak trim and exquisitely tailored leather seats from the most prestigious classic

coach builder in America.

And why did Alain Jean-Marie Clénet choose Pioneer as the sound system for his uncompromising \$78,500 cars?

Need you ask?

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We never miss a performance.

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can fail.

RUTH: That's what Leopold and Loeb said.

ETHEL: Oooh boy.
(*Fade out. Commercial.*)

...
(*Fade in on a laboratory filled with complicated equipment and chalkboards crowded with complex equations. Enter ETHEL and RUTH, comically disguised as male scientists, wearing white lab coats, shaggy gray wigs, and paste-on walrus mustaches.*)

RUTH: Of all the screwball ideas you've gotten me involved with, this is the nuttiest. Stealing atomic-bomb secrets—we could probably get in big trouble for this.

ETHEL: Oh, don't be such a party poop. We've got the plans. Now all we have to do is sneak—

(*Enter a real scientist, DR. EDWARD TELLER, who eyes them suspiciously.*)

TELLER: What are you doing here?

ETHEL (*in a ridiculously cheesy Austrian accent*): Us? Ve are chust monkeying around mit der atoms.

RUTH (*in her normal voice*): Nothing to be sus— (ETHEL elbows her in the ribs, and RUTH drops her voice two octaves in mock male baritone) I mean, nothing to be suspicious about. No, sir. Nothing fishy here.

TELLER: I don't recall ever seeing you before.

ETHEL: Oh, ve are chust comink in from Europe today. I am Professor Ethelberg, und zis is mein azzoziate, Doctor—uh—Doctor—

RUTH (*desperately*): Kildare!

TELLER: I believe I've heard of you. Well, perhaps you two could help me with a problem I've been having with the bomb. I'm afraid our uranium 235 doesn't emit sufficient neutrons during fission to bring the materials into supercritical assembly. What should I do?

ETHEL (*baffled*): Oh, dot's a zimple vun. Boy, dot vun is a piece of shtrudel. It's so easy. I'll let mein friendt Doctor Kildare answer it.

RUTH: Me! Oh, no, I insist you answer it, Professor Ethelberg.

ETHEL (*faking it*): Yes. Ah. Vell, you zee, if you take der uranium and put it in the—uh—franistan, then you can connect the doohickey to the atomic vhat-chamacallit. Den you chust pack it in und go fission.

TELLER (*exuberantly*): That's it! It's so simple. I can't believe I didn't see it before. Oh, thank you, thank you!

(TELLER pumps ETHEL's hand so furiously that her fake mustache drops off.) What's this? Why, you're an impostor! Guards, guards!

ETHEL: *Auf wiedersehn!* (ETHEL and RUTH bolt from the laboratory.)

(*Fade out. Commercial.*)

...
(*Fade in on Rosenberg apartment. ETHEL carries a tray filled with fresh popovers, as RUTH looks on. Both are back in dresses.*)

RUTH: I've got to hand it to you, Ethel. Those popovers look delicious.

ETHEL: And each one has a page of A-bomb plans baked into it.

RUTH: Won't Julius be surprised! Good luck tonight, you little Mata Hari.

(RUTH leaves the apartment, and ETHEL putters around for a few seconds. Enter JULIUS.)

JULIUS: Hi, honey, I'm home.

ETHEL: Hello, dear. (*They kiss.*) Look, I've got a surprise for you—fresh popovers.

JULIUS: And I've got a surprise for you. Secretary of State George Marshall. Come on in, Mr. Marshall.

(*Enter GEORGE MARSHALL.*)

ETHEL: Oooh boy.

JULIUS: Mr. Marshall, try one of my wife's popovers. They're delicious.

ETHEL (*frantically*): No! No, no! You'll hate them! They're terrible! Our cat fell into the mixer while I was making them!

JULIUS: Oh, she's just kidding around, Mr. Marshall. We don't have a cat. So, please, try one.

ETHEL: No! I want them all! I'm so hungry! (ETHEL tries madly to jam all the popovers into her mouth at once.)

JULIUS (*sharply*): Now, that's enough. Ethel, spit out those popovers so our guest can have one! Dig in, Mr. Marshall.

MARSHALL (*tasting a popover*): My, these are quite tasty, and—what's this? (Pulls a wad of paper out of his mouth and uncrumples it.) Why, these are atomic-bomb plans! Mr. Rosenberg—

JULIUS: Ethel—

ETHEL: Waaaaah! (*Sniffing*) I'm sorry, Julius. I just thought I could impress you with a little espionage.

MARSHALL: You're under arrest. Mrs. Rosenberg, weren't you aware that the bomb causes wholesale destruction?

ETHEL: Well, you know how it is, I can't resist anything wholesale. Waaaaah!

(*Fade out. Commercial.*)

...
(*Epilogue. ETHEL is in court, standing trial for spying, before JUDGE IRVING KAUFFMAN. JULIUS pleads her defense.*)

JULIUS: So, you see, Your Honor, this was just another one of my wife's screwball schemes.

JUDGE: I'm sorry, but that's no excuse. Mrs. Rosenberg, I find you guilty of one of the most heinous acts of treason in this or any other century.

ETHEL: Oooh boy.

JUDGE: I condemn you to death in the electric chair. Mrs. Rosenberg, you are going to fry.

JULIUS: Nice going, Judge. Fry her up. This should be great.

JUDGE: Frankly, Mr. Rosenberg, I'm surprised at your reaction.

JULIUS: Why, Your Honor? I love my wife's cooking!

ETHEL: And, honey, I love you.

(*They kiss. Laughter, applause. Fade out.*)



Break tradition.

Drink Ronrico Rum instead.

Face it, you already know what your usual rum, gin and vodka have to offer.

Just try one drink mixed with Ronrico, and you'll realize what you've been missing.

Ronrico is superbly smooth and light. With a surprisingly distinctive flavor that's bound to win you over.

Isn't it time you broke tradition with Ronrico Rum?

RONRICO RUM & ROSE'S LIME JUICE

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

Barry Glenn, Disaster Agent to the Stars

From the files of the world's canniest image builder, the man who can fix anything.
by Stephen Geller

International Artists, Inc.
1471 1/2 El Camino Drive
Beverly Hills, California

Jess Tepper
Artisti Globale
40 via Flaminia
Roma, Italia

Dear Jess:

Thanks for your report on the PLO-B'Nai B'Rith connection. Is Arafat willing to go on Carson/Griffin and 'fess up? I like the idea he'll say he's Jewish, but I think he's asking too much to expect to be backed up by Rod Stewart. (Rodsie is working out a very tricky child-molesting deal to cover his new album, *Whimz*. Q.R. thinks one of the Osmonds will swear that Rod b---ed him during the Salt Lake tour, but I'm for Rod's being blasted for s---ing the Jackson Five—all of them. Anyway, we're clearing the deal with Jesse Jackson and will C.)



Back to Arafat: Feel the Yazoo out on this idea, while we're waiting for Q's answer. Would he be willing to drop the rat-ass rags he's always wearing and go for a Giorgio Armani relief? He can keep the two-week's growth—Giorgio says he'll make a hair shirt out of the same materials, with pleats (natch) and a satin gun belt. Go easy on this, Jess; flay it softly at him and see if he croons. If he's on the fence, tell him that we can try him out in Sofia and see how he plays.

Also, get him to drop the *shmata* he's always plopping on his pate. It looks like leftover cobwebs from a Dracula fic. Warhol has agreed to make him a

new guerrilla beret he swears will knock 'em dead at the Ritz. (We can test-drive the new Arafat at the Ritz, if Sofia is a bust.)

Give me the specifics.

I know it's dodgy working with a Big One. We had a bitch getting Guevara to sign a multi-pic pac, and then the Bolos blew his cover and all we got out of it was a lousy two-hour tearjerker that bored even Stanley Kramer!

In answer to your question—and, please, this is 4 UR IZ ownlee—John Hinckley may well have worked in the mail room at William Morris. According to Q.R.—who is a Master at Disasters—Jodie Foster *needed* a picture. The implication sizzles. If *we'd* made that deal for Jodie, we'd already have snapped up two paperbacks: one from Ronnie's surgeon *plus* a Hinckley bio as well. Q.R. says Irving Wallace was up for ghosting *that* one, though I would have held out for Teddy White.

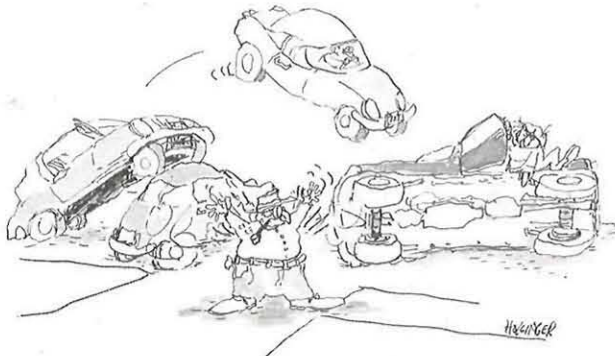
Don't mean to be snide, but I'm busy. Keep in touch.

Barry Glenn

International Artists, Inc.
1471 1/2 El Camino Drive
Beverly Hills, California

Dr. Worth Purrington
Goddard Flight Center
Houston, Texas

Dear Dr. Purrington:
Yours of the 5th rec'd and duly noted.



Folks in Munger, Minnesota, don't much care for it when local eccentric Merle Peekins is overcome by one of his irresistible impulses to light up his pipe and direct traffic.

Man is the warmest place to hide

JOHN CARPENTER'S



A TURMAN-FOSTER COMPANY PRODUCTION

STARRING
KURT RUSSELL

SCREENPLAY BY **BILL LANCASTER** SPECIAL VISUAL EFFECTS BY **ALBERT WHITLOCK** SPECIAL MAKE-UP EFFECTS BY **ROB BOTTIN** MUSIC BY **ENNIO MORRICONE**

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY **DEAN CUNDEY** ASSOCIATE PRODUCER **LARRY FRANCO** EXECUTIVE PRODUCER **WILBUR STARK** CO-PRODUCER **STUART COHEN**

PRODUCED BY **DAVID FOSTER & LAWRENCE TURMAN** DIRECTED BY **JOHN CARPENTER** A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

BASED ON THE STORY "WHO GOES THERE?" BY JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR. **PANAVISION**  **DOLBY STEREO**™ IN SELECTED THEATRES READ THE BANTAM BOOK ©1982 UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC.

Coming this Summer to a Theatre near you.

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Contrary to your opinion, our Marketing shows there was little media brouhaha during the Skylab disaster: three nights of network news, a few editorials, a *Newsweek* lead, but not enough to whet the Disaster Master's whizzo.

The explosion of the Space Shuttle while in orbit does not spell big bucks, in our estimation, unless the Shuttle is taken over by a mad crew member and spins out of control and explodes as it slams into a block of skyscrapers during rush hour in downtown Houston—then I think we might be able to peel a speedy disaster flick out of Universal, as well as two or three books. But it's *bubkes*, Doc.

You people are innovators down at NASA. Can't you come up with something truly desperate?

Barry Glenn

...

From
Jess Tepper
Artisti Globale
Roma, Italia

Dear Barry:

Okay.

1. Arafat agrees to let it be hinted that his parents were from Kiev, and both ardent Zionists. He's accepted to be publicly noncommittal when the bomb

drops, giving you six months to:

a) Set up the paperback deal for six figures, and with a writer of your choice. The paperback will be just a rehash of headlines. (See 2.)

b) Develop a quickie network documentary for one of the Big Three, with narration by Vanessa Redgrave. (Here I think he's dreaming, Barry, though during the huddle I didn't contradict. Vanny will be blown out of the water when she learns Yasser's a Zionist thug. Instead I think we should go for Molly Picon or Thelma Ritter.)

c) Hit a two-parter in one of the glossies, written by Lipton or Hofstadter, some psychohistorian, examining Yasser's career in *menschlichkeit* terms. Important point, Barry: the Y wants a Clean Bill of Health. Those were his words, and I tend to agree. As he pointed out, if this goes into a sitcom, we don't want him looking like a crazy.

2. Steps a) to c) are a preparation for his autobiog, *Take My Life—Please!* Don't scream, Barry, but Big A says *this* must go to seven figures. If we can't come up with the goods, he's ready to negotiate through the Syrians with Swifty Lazar. Unfortunately—and here's the kicker—he wants Henny

Youngman to ghost it. He knows all Henny's routines by heart. In fact, he says it's what's kept him going all those years in the desert.

Have you heard from Q.R.?

Baci!
Jess

...

TELEGRAM

TO: JESS TEPPER, V. FLAMINIA, ROMA, ITALIA
URGENTISSIMO
QR AGREES POINTS A-C STOP WILL YASSER ACCEPT ERICA JONG RATHER THAN HENNY YOUNGMAN? FAILING THAT, JOYCE CAROL OATES? REPLY FLASHO-SPEEDO STOP

(SIGNED) GLENN

...

International Artists, Inc.
1471 1/2 El Camino Drive
Beverly Hills, California

Dr. Linus Pauling
Cal Tech
Pasadena, California

Dear Dr. Pauling:

International Artists, Inc., was delighted to hear of your new grant concerning Vitamin C research. Q.R., the president of our company, is a cancer fan from way back and reads the trades every day for any telltale clue. To him you have always been a hero, and that is why he has instructed me to write this letter.

Would you be interested in parlaying your grant into a winner?

Q.R. can arrange for you to:

1. Appear on "60 Minutes" to discuss your grant. (This is of course a freebie, but it's what Q.R. calls "planting the seed");

2. While on "60 Minutes" be stricken with a strange illness;

3. Remain in a hospital of your choice for one week, until the doctors announce that you yourself have cancer.

Here is where the money taps are turned on (what Q.R. calls "harvesting the seed"):

1. We make a deal with NBC to have you appear and say that you are going to *cure yourself*.

2. For a six-figure deal, you appear on the nightly news dosing yourself to the gills. This continues for two months until we get Carson to start doing jokes about it. In the eleventh week, *with the nation divided*, we put you in a coma.

3. You come out of it, cured.

4. Q.R. arranges the book bidding at \$500,000; your lecture tour begins at \$10,000 a shot.



**It plays the flip side automatically
at a price you'll flip over.**

If \$239.95* sounds good to you, it should. You won't hear of a lower-priced portable cassette deck with auto-reverse.

The Toshiba RT-2005 lets you listen to both sides of a cassette without having to flip it. Because auto-reverse switches the tape automatically.

The sound that comes out? Terrific.

You also get AM/FM stereo, two short wave bands, dual voltage plus built-in mikes for recording.

So pick up the Toshiba RT-2005. It's a great way to hear your favorite music over and over again.



TOSHIBA
Again, the first.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price
Toshiba America, Inc., 82 Totowa Rd., Wayne, NJ 07470

5. Q.R. makes a deal with Hoffmann-La Roche to manufacture a Linus Pauling Autograph C's. You take a gross percentage of every pill sold, and we start proceedings to sue all the other drug companies for jump-claiming the Big Vit.

I know you are a busy doctor, Doctor; but, as Q.R. often says, if you want something done, take it to a busy man!

Looking forward to hearing from you,
Barry Glenn

...

TELEX

TO: BARRY GLENN, INTLARTINC,
BEVHILLS, CALIF

TEPPER MISTAKENLY SHOT BY PLO.
ARAFAT IN MOURNING. WILL ACCEPT
ALL QR'S TERMS. REPEAT, ALL QR'S
TERMS. WANTS TO DATE BROOKE
SHIELDS. IS SHE ANTISEMITE? IF NOT,
SUGGEST DOUBLE TIE-IN WITH SEVEN-
TEEN: "DATING A TERRORIST ISN'T ALL
THAT HOT!" REPLY POSTHASTE.

(SIGNED) ERTEGUN

...

TELEGRAM

TO: ERTEGUN, BEIRUT HILTON,
LEBANON

BROOKE SHIELDS UNAVAILABLE FOR
DATE. MARKETING RESEARCH SUG-
GESTS SALLY KELLERMAN OR
SHELLEY DUVALL. ROLLING STONE TO
DO COVER STORY. WILL ARAFAT
ACCEPT APPEARANCE ON "DATING
GAME"? FAILING THAT, ONE-SHOT ON
"HOLLYWOOD SQUARES"? KEEP YOUR
COOL.

(SIGNED) GLENN

...

Goddard Space Center
Houston, Texas

Mr. Barry Glenn
Agent, International Artists, Inc.
Beverly Hills, California

Dear Mr. Glenn:

Many thanks for your letter. We are sure you can come up with something that will be attractive to both of us. You may be interested to know that secretly the Soviet government has proposed another linkup in space. Do you have any thoughts about that?

Sincerely,

Dr. Worth Purrington

...

B. Glenn

International Artists, Inc.
Beverly Hills, California

Prisoner Dooley X. R. Shihab

(# 146812X)

Sing Sing Prison

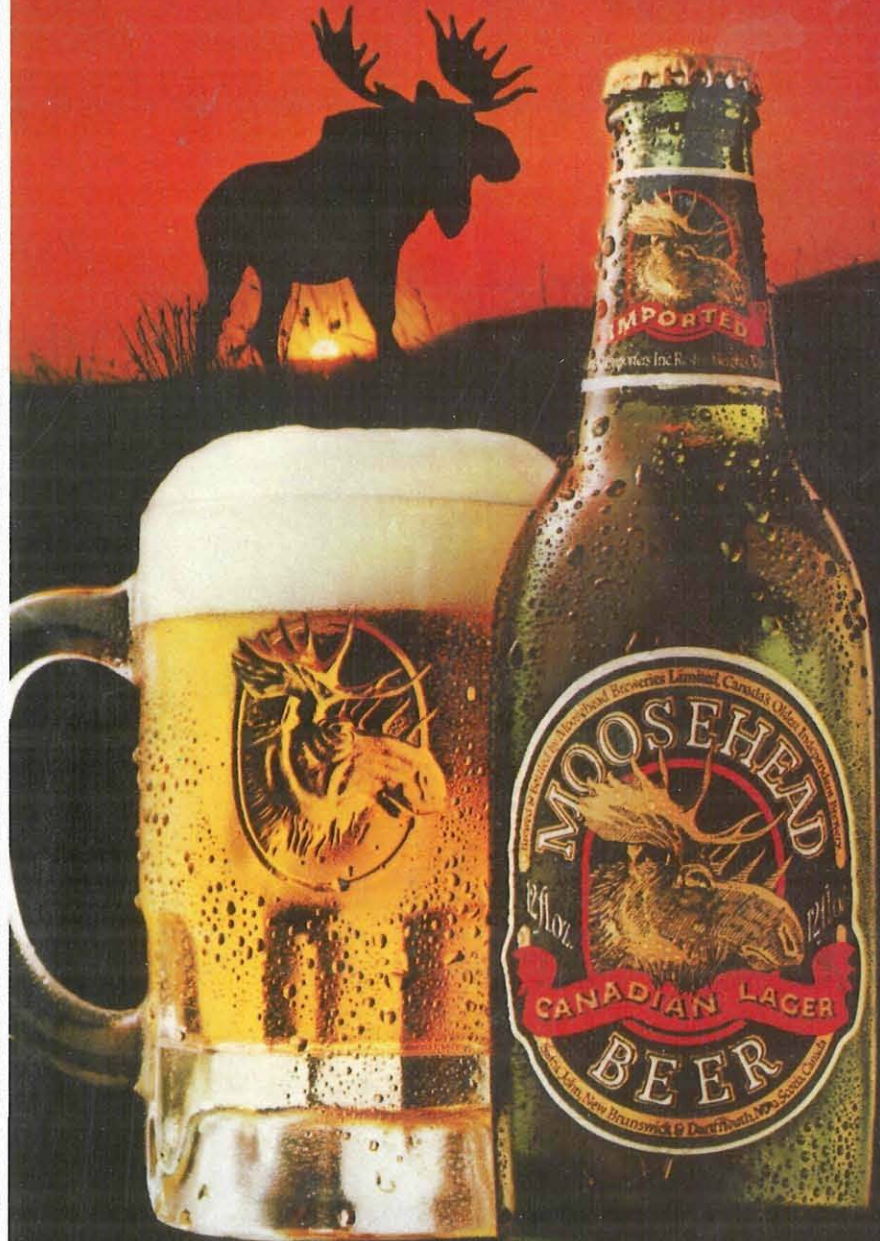
Ossining, New York

Dear Mr. Shihab:

It isn't often a white man gets to correspond with a child-rapist loser such as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)

Head and antlers above the rest.



For generations, in the wilderness of Canada, the Oland family has brewed a special beer with a flavor as hearty and robust as the land itself. A beer the color of Klondike Gold with a head as pure as a Manitoba snow. A beer they named Moosehead.

Imported from Canada's oldest independent family brewery. It stands head and antlers above the rest.

Moosehead. Canada's Premium Beer.

All Brand Importers Inc., Lake Success, N.Y. Sole U.S. Importer © 1982

A large, sliced orange is the central focus, showing its juicy segments and glistening surface. In the bottom right corner, a hand holds a can of 'The Club Screwdriver' cocktail, which is condensation-covered and features a logo with a screwdriver and the Smirnoff brand name.

ADULT ORANGE

...TO GO.

Fresh, Fruity, Frosty.
18 of your favorite cocktails,
ready whenever you are.

THE CLUB.
LITTLE COCKTAILS WITH
BIG REWARDING TASTE.

TIME OF THE MONTH

DOMESTICANA

Why Can't Johnny Learn?

*Because Johnny can't afford
the tuition*

BUNKER PIERPONT ROTHSCHILD Getty III, a nineteen-year-old finance major at the University of Minnesota, says he'll be back at school this semester despite a recently announced increase in tuition and fees of nearly 10,000 percent. "I imagine \$945,500 is unusually steep for a single year of college," Getty says, "but that's all right, because my family is extremely wealthy."

Jonathan Fisk, however, is not so lucky. "I'm not sure my parents can afford practically a million dollars a year for my education, even with my mother working," he says, brushing a hand across his careworn brow. "So, I guess I'm really going to have to make some sacrifices if I want to stay in school." Fisk's words are a paradigm of understatement; his projected plan for meeting this year's expenses is nothing less than overwhelming, if not superhuman.

"First off," says Fisk, "I'll need one hundred jobs—fifty from four to midnight, and the other fifty from midnight to eight in the morning. Then I can walk to campus from wherever these jobs happen to be, attend classes from eight-forty until two or three, and then study a little before walking back to my jobs." Fisk estimates that by restricting his diet to bread, herbs, and bits of fruit and lettuce from the loading docks of grocery stores, and by abstaining from leisure-time extras like movies, soft drinks, video games, and sporting events, he can save enough of his earnings from the one hundred jobs to support himself until other critical elements of his plan become effective.



Students outside the cashier's office at the University of Minnesota. "I don't mind not eating, and wearing secondhand clothes," says one student, "but these tuition dumpsters are totally unmanageable."

"I'll need to pull off a massive stock fraud of some kind, maybe even two or three of them," Fisk says. "I figure that between my nine-forty and ten-forty classes, or maybe if some of my lectures are dull, I can type up a few thousand phony certificates and prospectuses, which I'll drop off at potential victims' homes on the way to work, to save postage. And after I drop them off, I might save time by robbing payroll trucks and stores in the area, rather than having to make a separate trip later on and

possibly fall behind in my studies.

"Drugs will also figure prominently; the more I can sell, the better my chances of making it. That, plus whatever professional murder-for-hire and extortion jobs I can get, as well as alien smuggling, espionage, and possibly nuclear blackmail of some kind, should give me just enough to get by. If not, then maybe I can find another ten or twenty jobs, and get some federally guaranteed loans." The loans, according to Fisk, are "not a very sure thing." ■

AMERICAN JUNK

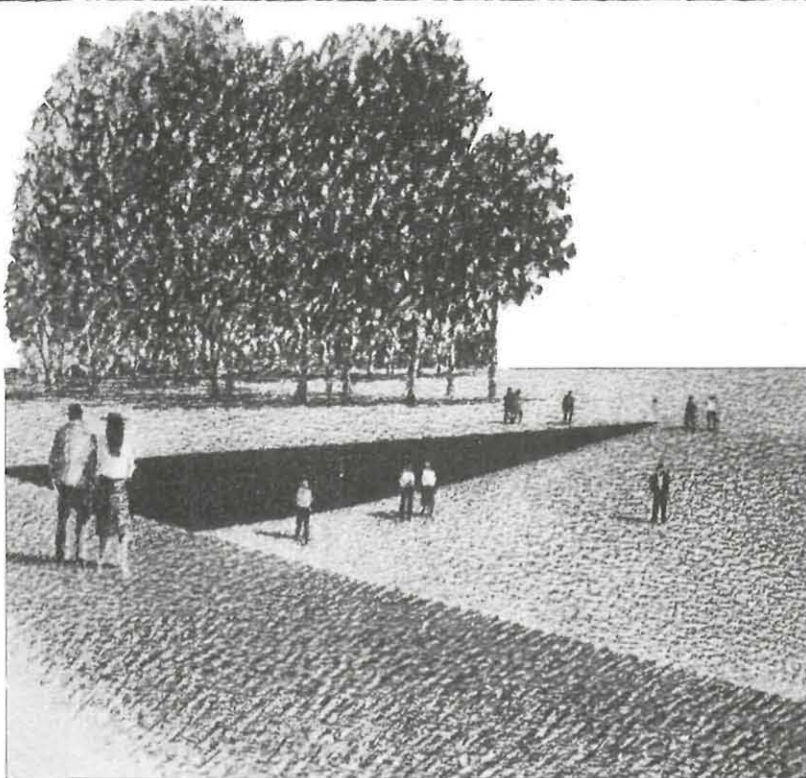
The Indochina Doll

Thanks for the memorials

THE MONUMENT IS A V-SHAPED notch cut deep into the ground, much as the Vietnam War cut deep into the heart of every American. We feel it's a simple yet eloquent statement," said architect I. M. Pei of his committee's choice of the design for the

Vietnam Memorial. "Plus, if it bombs with the public, we can pump water into it and call it a swimming pool."

Pei has, in fact, already drawn fire from a number of Vietnam veterans, who have been hoarding napalm since the war. Among these was Sgt. Frank



The understated original plan for the Vietnam monument...



...and the more eye-catching final design.

Yankelovic, a crazed Viet vet who expressed his dissatisfaction with the memorial by burning Pei's house to the ground. "This was just my little way of telling him he doesn't know a monument from a hole in the ground," explained Yankelovic. Said another ex-GI, Leon Wilson, who stole Pei's car in protest of the memorial. "It's the same old story—millions for tribute, not one cent for heroin."

Such rumblings have forced Pei and his committee to devise a substitute de-

sign. "It seems to me these vets are just big babies, so we're going to give them a big doll to play with," said the feisty Pei, unveiling his new plan for the Vietnam monument: an enormous bronze troll doll. The doll will stand two-hundred feet high, with a swimming-pool-sized combat helmet perched rakishly atop its gigantic shock of white marble hair. Across the base of the statue will be two inscriptions, created by Pei himself: "Try to win the next one, boys," and "Thanks for nothing." And from the

mouth of the statue will blare the "Benny Hill" theme song (played on Mr. Hill's show whenever he chases a pretty girl in fast motion) on an endless tape loop.

Mr. Pei seems unconcerned that this design might not completely satisfy the old soldiers either. "They damn well better like it," he replied. "We're spending their veteran's benefits to pay for it." ■

LITEREMIA

Censors Incensed

Book burners call accusations "smoke"

A COALITION OF CONSERVATIVE school boards, library boards, fundamentalist clergy, flat-earth cultists, and free-lance book banners has spoken out against what it considers to be "widespread public ignorance of our position."

Henry Gudgegan, spokesman for the National Heritage Freedom Liberty Family Moral Soldiers of God Council, said as part of his keynote address at the organization's second annual Book Burning and Ham and Baked Bean Luau. "We, as Americans, have a right to determine what filth and propaganda our children will and will not read. We have a right to ban from our school bookshelves not only books we ourselves haven't read and find objectionable, but books our friends have told us *they* haven't read and find objectionable."

Yet, Gudgegan asserted, "We're not 'censors.' They stamp 'censored' onto books and films. Well, we don't do that. We don't stamp anything. We throw 'em into a fire."

After the speech, Gudgegan spoke informally to reporters, pointing out that "just because the Nazis burned books doesn't mean that book burning is intrinsically only for Nazis."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26)

National Lampoon editor Ted Mann can't think of a subscription ad.



National Lampoon editor Ted Mann has a writer's block caused by the publisher's rejection of his earlier, funnier sub ad.

And now some clown has copped his job!



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He continued. "We have a certain view of the world—I mean about things like Negroes, sex, and people who think everybody should read Judy Blume and then go out, get a divorce, and tell Jesus to go to hell. Now, as parents, we have the understandable right to expect our children to be protected from these dangers; but how can we do that if they spend all their time reading books that encourage premarital smoking—the first step to Negroes, sex, divorce, and pagan depravity?"

Gudgeman conceded that his organization "can never hope to cure the problems of today's society by pretending they don't exist." He concluded, "We know they do exist. All we can do is remove these books from our schools and libraries, and hope that the problems will go away. And they will, too. Because, like Jesus said: 'If a sparrow falls in the forest, and nobody's there to write a book about it, maybe it didn't really happen.'"

ECONOMY AND SPACE TRAVEL

Apollo Cretins

"Who is Neil Armstrong?"

ON A RECENT EPISODE OF THE game show "Let's Win Some Luggage," the emcee asked the bonus question "Who is Neil Armstrong?" "Radio's 'All-American Boy,'" replied one contestant. "A guy who kneels and has strong arms," answered another. "The gravelly voiced, trumpet-playing Negro who sang 'Hello, Dolly, that's who,'" responded a third. Surprisingly, this last answer was ruled correct and the contestant awarded first prize: an alligator bag, with accompanying skinless alligator.

All this serves to point out the tragedy of one of America's most neglected and forgotten minorities: the astronauts. "Once the public made us heroes; now I make heroes for the public," complains Alan Shepard, a former spaceman now working in Bleiby's Submarine Sandwich Shop. A handful of



"That's one small step for a man, but one giant leap for a little lady like you," said ex-astronaut Neil Armstrong, now a doorman at the Hotel Marmot.

others have managed to find work tangentially related to their earlier careers. Scott Carpenter runs the Space Mountain ride at Walt Disney World. Wally Schirra served as technical consultant on TV's "Far-out Space Nuts." Gordon Cooper is a Moonie.

Most are not even this lucky. Dozens of men who once walked on the moon are now pounding the pavement looking for work. In an attempt to pester the

president into reinstating the lunar-landing program and giving them jobs, these "space cadets" have begun shooting bottle rockets into the Oval Office and pelting Reagan with moon rocks. "I'd like to ship all these guys to the moon," said the president, sympathetic to their cause. "But they'll have to wait their turn to get jobs. I still have a herd of endangered ecologists to take care of."

MEDIA

Four Stars for the General

WHEN THE CONTROVERSIAL film *Missing* came out earlier this year, it received the brickbats of a most unusual critic: the U.S. State Department. In a precedent-setting document, the department declared:

"*Missing* is untrue to the facts of the Allende overthrow, and a bad film to boot. Jack Lemmon goes sour leaving prissy Sissy Spacek out in the cold in

this chilly Chile movie. You'd be warmer and happier just staying at home and missing *Missing*. One star—lowest rating."

Admittedly, this critique had little diplomatic value, merely convincing foreign ambassadors that the U.S. had lost its marbles. But domestically the State Department was hailed as one of America's brightest new film critics, and offered a job reviewing movies for the

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General Haig has found that a handsome new Gene Shalit hairdo could win him fans, and America, allies.

"Today" show. It was an offer quickly accepted. "Who wants to fly to Russia to meet Brezhnev when he can stay at home and watch *Reds*?" declared Secretary of State Haig.

With his new "undersecretaries of taste," Roger Ebert and Gene Siskel, General Haig has recently reviewed dozens of films. These range from current releases like *Shoot the Moon* ("Would have been better as *Shoot the*

Liberals," argues Haig) to acknowledged classics like *The Green Berets*, *Patton*, and *The General*. In fact, just last week Haig used his growing critical prestige to publish a list of the five greatest films of all time. Unsurprisingly, they are: *Brother Rat*, *King's Row*, *Bedtime for Bonzo*, *The Knute Rockne Story*, and *Hellcats of the Navy*. "These excellent pictures all possess a subtle common denominator," cracks Haig. ■

BEHAVIOR

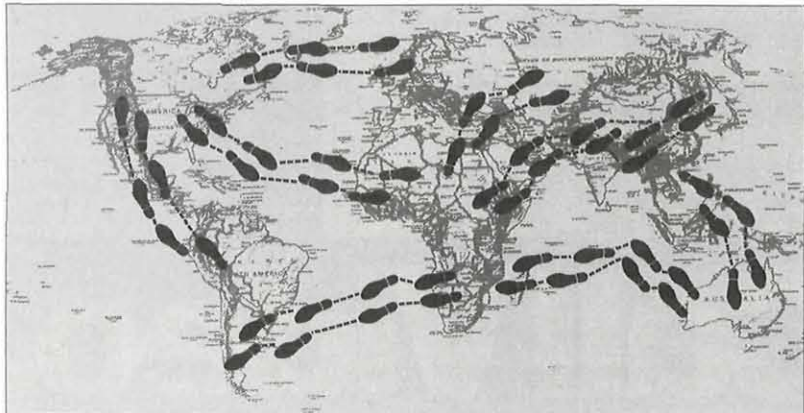
New Theory of Continental Dance Proposed

Theorized past motion of continents

GEOPHYSICISTS WERE STARTLED in the 1960s when the theory of continental drift was proposed and then proved: far from being the stable entities they appear to us, the

continents of the world apparently move around on huge tectonic plates, their past configurations having been much different than they are today.

Now, for the first time, the exact



details of this drift over eons are being elaborated. "It appears that the continents have been dancing," according to Dr. Leopold Vagron of the earth-sciences department at Princeton.

At the recent meeting of the International Geophysical Union, Vagron detailed his findings. "The dance apparently began shortly after the earth cooled, and for a few billion years it was really very nice—a slow, old-fashioned-waltz kind of thing. During this time, astrophysical evidence indicates, the sun's output was substantially lowered and its spectrum shifted toward the blue. Very romantic, and I think a lot of the continents fell in love.

"But then the tempos became faster. The bunny hop appeared, and the lindy, the twist, and the mashed potato. Continents eventually snuck off to dark latitudes, and the steps degenerated to a melee of wild gyrations."

This, according to Vagron, could lead only to sex and violence. "Stratigraphic anomalies indicate that Central America was taken to an unoccupied ocean and 'felt up' both above and below the Panama isthmus. Hawaii, which was once solid, was busted into various little islands for coming on to China. There were some vicious knife fights, the most notorious relic being our own Grand Canyon. The continents did such nice dancing at the beginning. I don't know what's become of our modern eras." ■

SCIENCEOLOGY

Supermarket Mind Reading

MARY T. WAS AN ACUTE schizophrenic. At one time she manifested several hundred personalities, including each of the Three Stooges, who caused her to inflict grievous and noisy physical injury upon herself. All treatments proved futile until Dr. Bernard Koppel suggested that she start watching soap operas regularly from morning to night. Today Mary T. is free to lead a normal life,

while her multiple personalities are busy viewing daytime serials and writing fan letters.

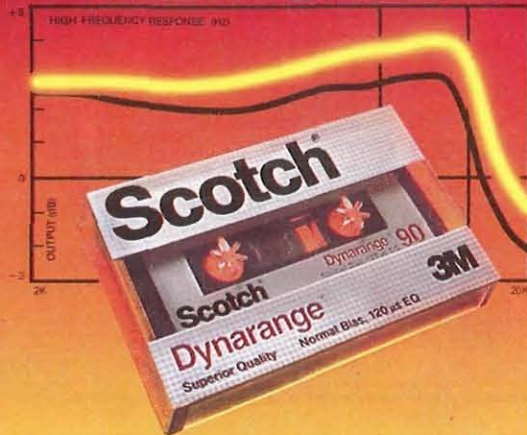
Tony O. suffered from severe manic-depression. Following the cancellation of his fifth show in two years ("The Tony O. and Dawn Hour"), he slipped into an unexplainable melancholy, and he turned to Dr. Bob Young for help. Glancing at his patient's blue jeans, Young immediately prescribed a cure: pyramid power. Thanks to the doctor's advice, Tony O. now makes a sane, successful living as a singing tour guide in Egypt.

These two might still be crazy today had their psychiatrists not read the revolutionary monographs "How Soaps Can Cure Schizos" and "Cut of Tony Orlando's Jeans Indicates: Pyramid Power Will Cure His Depression." Oddly enough, these documented psychiatric breakthroughs appeared not in any boring medical journal but in the picture-filled *National Enquirer*. Newly elected American Psychiatric Association president Anthony Danza reveals the untold story: "The *Enquirer's* meticulous probes into the lives of celebrities have uncovered more psychological data in a few years than we could discover in a century of drugging rats."

Across the country, psychiatrists have found remarkable new techniques in such articles as "Your Hands Reveal Lots About Your Mental Health," "Reagan Tells How to Ward Off Coming Depression," and "TV Stars Get Some Crazy Requests." According to Danza, *Enquirer* behavioral treatises have broken up countless unhealthy marriages and cured Carol Burnett of alcoholism. Even the prestigious *Journal of American Psychiatry* has been affected. Sporting such essential features as medical horoscopes and Bellevue gossip, the latest issue was the first ever to be sold in supermarkets. With the lead article "It's Splitsville for Chromosome Pairs," this edition sold more than all previous issues combined. ■

Edited by Tod Carroll. Contributions by T.C., Al Jean, Mike Reiss, and Ed Subitzky.

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A word for the wise: "enough."

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Barry Glenn

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)
yourself. But I've decided to take the plunge, and offer you just about the only deal you'll ever get in your lifetime, short of cyanide or the bullet:

Norman, as you probably don't know, has run into a bit of a problem concerning violence and the literary world. (By the way, if you can't read this letter, get your best friend to translate it for you.) Due to a correspondence with a fellow prisoner, he had cause to gain the prisoner's release, as well as a six-figure book deal for all concerned. The prisoner went out. Within less than a month he went back in.

That was not a happy ending, for all concerned.

We at International Artists, however, deal in happy endings.

We are therefore offering you the following deal:

1. For one year you will sign letters we will write, and to the following authors: William Styron, Philip Roth, and John Updike. You needn't bother yourself about the contents of the letters. You don't even have to read them. You probably couldn't, anyway. Suffice to say, they will deal with existentialism and the Common Market and how the world is getting reamed by rough trade;

you will prove yourself a first-class scholar.

2. We will petition the world to gain your release.

3. You will be released. At your press conference, you will be obliged to say nothing. (In fact, if you open your yap, the deal is off.) You will be given a one-way ticket to Algeria.

4. For this we guarantee a minimum of six figures, as well as publication of the letters themselves, for which you will receive another six figures, against royalties.

Too good to be good?

Here's the catch, #146812X:

Between your release and your fast shuttle off to Algiers, we want you to perform permanent mayhem on Mailer. We ask merely one hour of your time. We will also need a release, for we secretly plan to film the act in 16mm; and know that if you keep your part of the bargain, it will all be up to snuff. We haven't told Norman yet. In tactics such as these, surprise is often the best revenge.

Think about it, stud. You've got all the time in the world.

Barry Glenn

...

TELEX

TO: BARRY GLENN, INTLARTINC,
BEVHILLS, CALIF
ARAFAT DIGS "DATING GAME" IDEA.

SUGGESTS WE COMBINE LATTER WITH "HOLLYWOOD SQUARES": ARAFAT TO DATE PAULA PRENTISS IF CHARLES NELSON REILLY WILL TAKE ON THE BRIDGES. JEFF AND/OR BEAU AND/OR LLOYD. MAKE DEAL AND GET ME OUT OF HERE.

(SIGNED)ERTEGUN

...

TELEGRAM

TO: ERTEGUN, BEIRUT HILTON, LEBANON

STAY WHERE YOU ARE. LINING UP TV GUEST SHOTS FOR YASSER. CAN CAPTURE TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE. YASSER TO DATE JEAN HARRIS PUBLICLY AND FOUR BUNNIES PRIVATELY FOR *PLAYBOY* DESERT SPREAD.

(SIGNED)GLENN

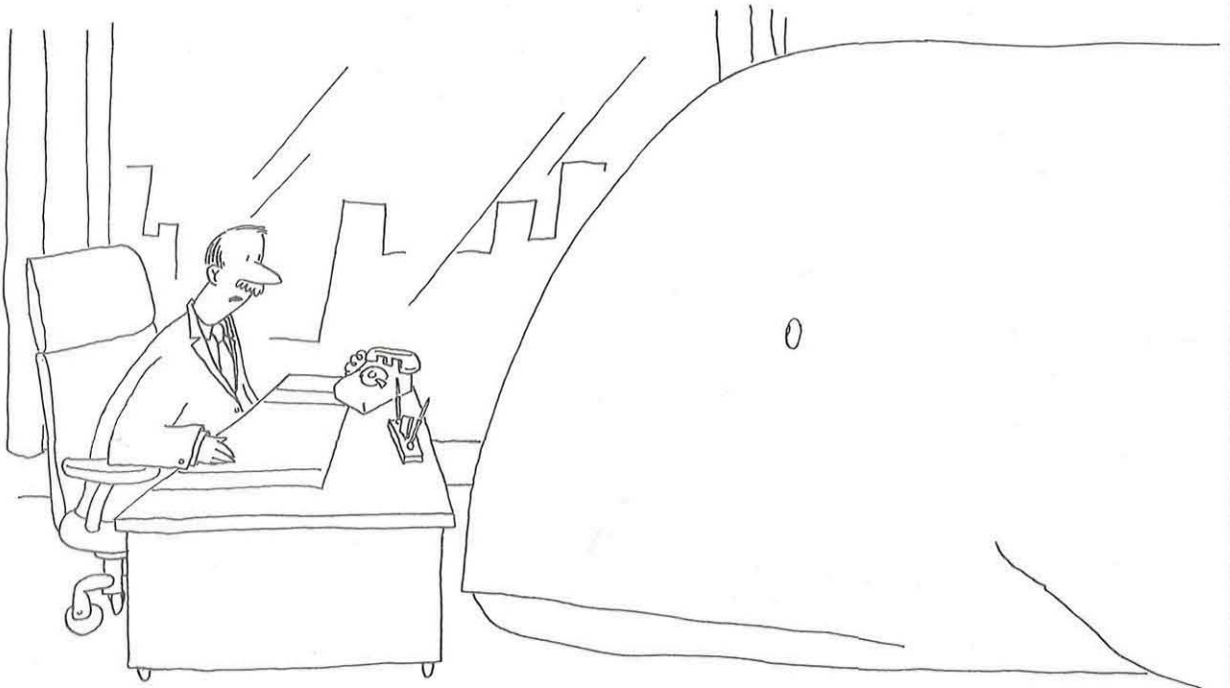
...

International Artists, Inc.
Beverly Hills, California

Dr. Worth Purrington
Goddard Space Center
Houston, Texas

Dear Dr. Purrington:

The Soviet-USA linkup is a cornucopia of possibilities: it has laughs, pathos, adventure in the high skies, and, face it, Doc, plenty of kissy-kissy potential. Once it's launched, our only problem will be to shake them rubles outa Roosha when they come clankin' by. But our kid in the Kremlin says we can



"Well, yes, I did advertise for a whale... But I didn't think I'd get one."

ecvey

use the Liechtenstein Connection if need be.

As you know, we require full media management of the event—before, during, and after. (On *this* baby we may pull out our Big Bomber, Stirling “Bombs Away” Silliphant, to write the continuity, and Tommy Stoppard to pen the dialogue. This event has Appeal, but with a capital I, for Internationale! Also, that sweet patootie Trootie Capootie is begging to write the follow-up copy for zilch. He claims we one-upped him with Norman on *Executioner’s Song*. Unfair—it wasn’t our doing at all. Kudos go to Larry Schiller, the original disaster man, second only to our own Q.R.!)

While we work out the plot, Purry Worthington, start thinking about casting:

For openers, I think one of the Astronits should be an outspoken heavy-weight Hispanic bull-dyke: I’ll make sure our co-Agency in Leninsville matches her with a sloe-eyed Uzbek of similar Sapphic style. Together they go off in the stars.

As for the men, we’ve got a brilliant quadriplegic on tap who’s done Cavett, Kupcinet, Snyder, as well as “Little House on the Prairie.” (What does he have to do, anyway, but sit on a million tons of liquid hydrogen and pray?) Which brings me to the third Astro-noodle: the guy has got to have a born-again conversion during splashdown. (Our Red pen pals promised us an equal, some poet who’ll carry on about Seeing the Little Father.)

The fourth moron I’ll leave to you.

But I must insist you put a white seal on board, something pure WWF, fluffy and catchy as all get-out. We can call him Whizzie. And believe me, Doctor, between the bull-dyke, the crip, the born-again bonzo, and the white seal, you’ll make enough to keep NASA rolling out of orbit for years!

I’m not saying it’ll be easy. Watergate was a creampuff by comparison. (Q.R. still burns me hard about the Scotch-tape business, which I saw on an old Eliot Ness.)

But then World War III will make *this* seem like pucky-poo.

Churn these old thoughts around in your brilliant IBM noggin, and send me a Whammy-gram.

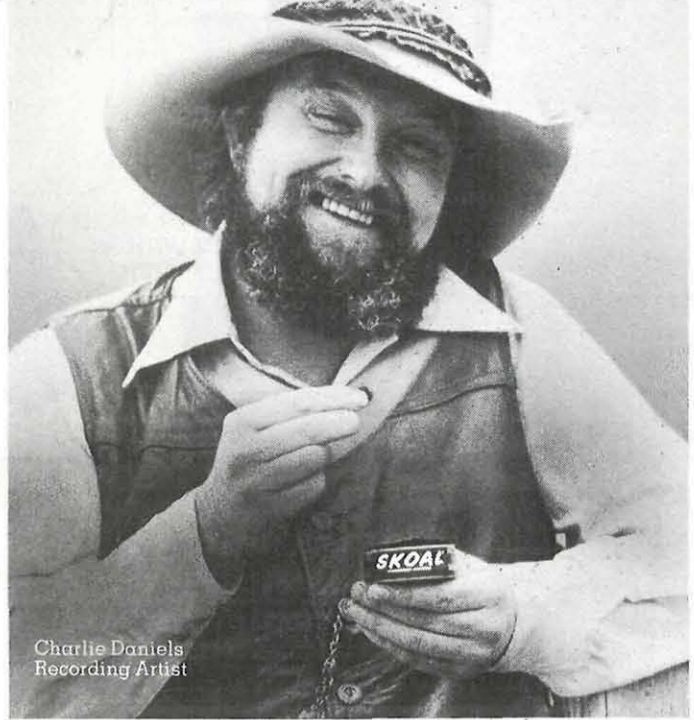
Best,
Barry Glenn

...
TELEX

TO: BARRY GLENN, INTLARTINC, BEV-HILLS, CALIF
ERTEGUN SHOT BY MOSLEM BROTHERHOOD. SUGGEST WE MEET FACE TO FACE IN TRIPOLI.

(SIGNED) A FRIEND ■

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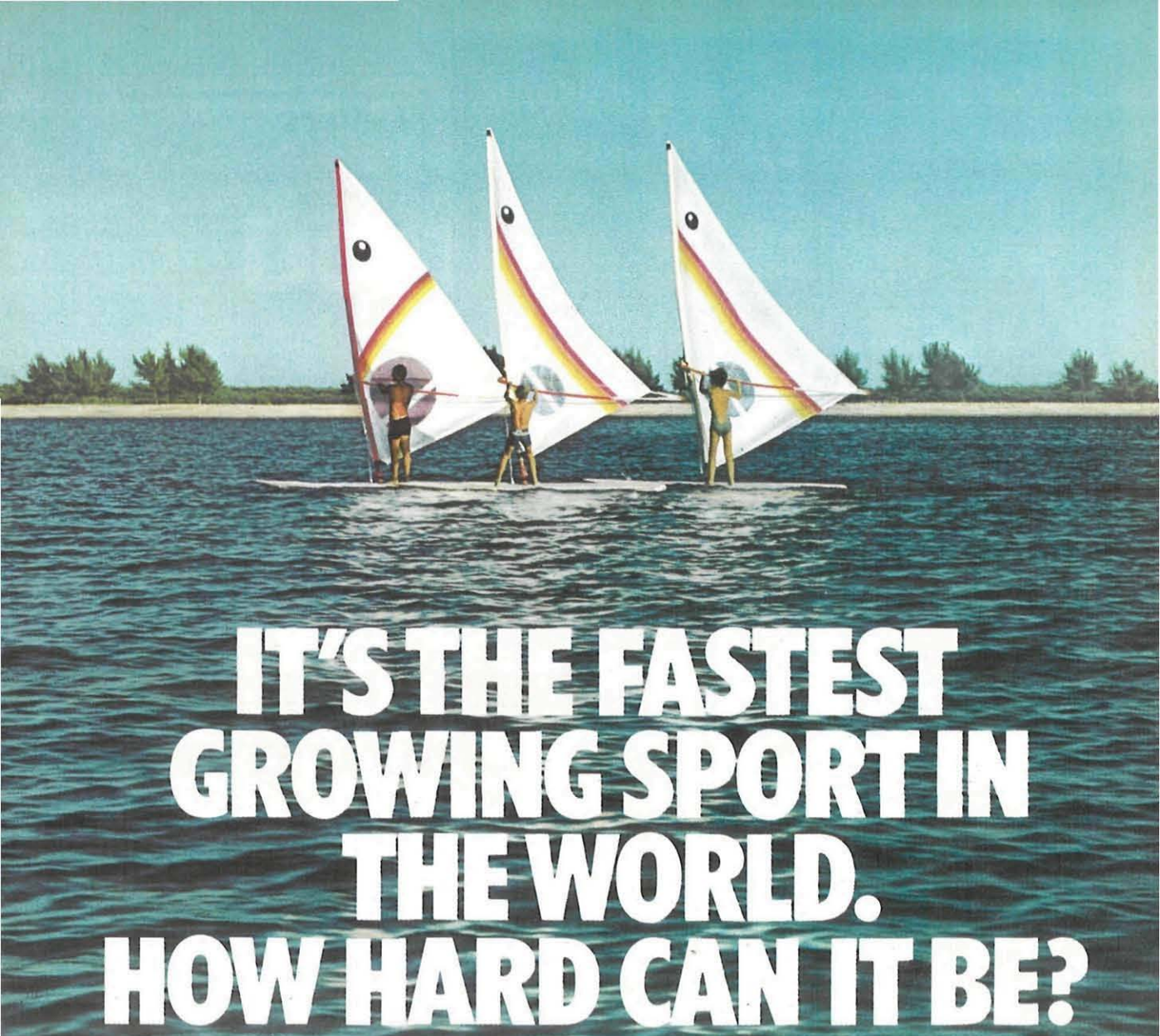
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But there's another reason for its popularity: it's easy. You don't have to be a great athlete to master it. In fact, you don't even have to be in great shape. One or two lessons and you've learned it. The rest

is practice. Women are particularly good at sailboarding. Men in their 30's and 40's and even 50's have little trouble. And teenagers, not surprisingly, pick it up in no time. It's one of the few sports that parents can really share with their kids.

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Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9)
calves? Is that where calves come from? Think about it.

SONNY FLASH
Squint, Pa.

Sirs:

Here's a clip from Groucho Marx's "You Bet Your Life" that never quite made it to the final broadcast:

GROUCHO: What's tonight's secret word, George?

GEORGE FENNEMAN: The secret word is "desk," Groucho.

GROUCHO: "Deskgroucho"—that's a new one on me. What is that, a Greek word—deskgroucho?

FENNEMAN: You know goddamn well that's not what I meant, you senile old batfart! Just how much of your washed-up Jew comic bullshit do you think I can take? Er, what I mean to say is, now let's play "You Bet Your Life."

Ha, ha. Sometimes these bloopers can be even funnier than the shows themselves.

DICK CLARK
Hollywood

Sirs:

The "special sauce" on Big Macs is bull semen. This has been my little joke all these years.

RAY KROC
San Diego, Cal.

Sirs:

Boy, we have some real cutups here at *Mad*. Take Don Bergstein. He was in my office one day when his teenage daughter called to say she had lost her virginity. "Did you look behind the refrigerator?" he says. About a month later his wife called to tell him there had been a house fire and their four-year-old son had lost his life. "Did you look behind the TV?" Don asks her. And one day I mentioned that I had lost a cuff link. "Did you look behind your desk?" he says to me. Not only was it funny, this time it was true, too. What a riot.

Anyway, today I've got to tell Don that he's lost his job. This should be good for a real laugh.

BILL GAINES
Publisher, Mad

Sirs:

Oh, no—he's really done it this time! Crazy Jackie has gone stark raving mad here at Crazy Jackie's Stereo and Audio Nuthouse of Bargains! He's slashed all his stereo prices and the throats of three salesgirls! Unbelievable savings! Un-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 82)

DO IT YOURSELF



How to Perform Hemifacial Spasm Surgery on Yourself

BY MIKE WILKINS

IF WE'RE GOING TO make a small dent in the great American rip-off called the medical establishment, we've got to take the science of healing into our own hands. Literally. Medical costs, especially hospital bills and operations, have gotten so far out of hand that a guy can't even afford a hangnail. All of Alan King's rantings and ravings have come true; ask your doctor why he charges \$3,500 for a simple operation and he answers with a wisecrack, "You're paying for my expertise, my experience, and the zillions of dollars that it cost my father to get me through med school. And if you don't like it, do it yourself."

Okay, granted we can't do a lot of complex surgery ourselves. Eye operations can be a bitch. Same goes for the heart. But don't let the meds intimidate you. There are plenty of simple and intermediate operations you actually can do yourself if you're reasonably intelligent and have a working knowledge of anatomy and a good, steady hand. It's

about time we hit these blood-suckers where they live—in their pocketbooks.

The most important thing to remember if you're going to heal yourself is that people before you have healed themselves, and if you don't panic, and take things step by step, so can you. Doctors weren't always doctors; they had to learn. Have faith in yourself, and in your abilities.



A posterior inferior cerebellar artery (PICA), the "fat man" that is pressing against your facial nerve, causing the facial spasm.

You can learn, too. But *don't* try anything in this article unless you are prepared mentally. If you think you can't heal yourself, chances are you can't. Everything I tell you to do can be done. Believe in yourself.

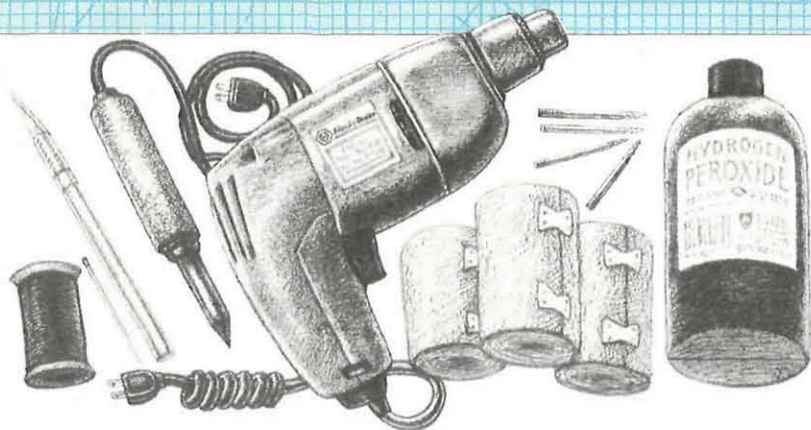
Obviously, if you suffer from a hemifacial spasm, then you know how disabling it can be. Uncontrollable twitching of the face can drive you crazy and really do bad things to your head. It's difficult to compete for jobs, and you probably have a terrible social life too. If you have the courage to read this article while your cheeks and eyebrows are a jerking blur, you have the strength of conviction to successfully operate on yourself. So just keep reading and you'll be okay.

How to Imagine the Operation

IF A FAT MAN STANDS ON THE CORD OF your television set, the electricity going to the picture tube is often short-circuited and you only get to see the show for brief and unpredictable moments as the fat man shifts his feet. To get the picture back to normal you move the fat man off of the cord. Now, imagine your facial nerve (sometimes called the seventh cranial nerve) as the cord, your posterior inferior cerebellar artery (PICA) as the fat man, and your face as the TV set. What our operation does is get the PICA to step off of your cord. Once that's done, your face should be the picture tube of health.



Imagine your facial nerve as the TV cord and your PICA as the fat man and your face as the TV screen.



Many of the tools for this operation can be bought at neighborhood stores. Some can be found right in your home.

What to Do Before You Do Anything

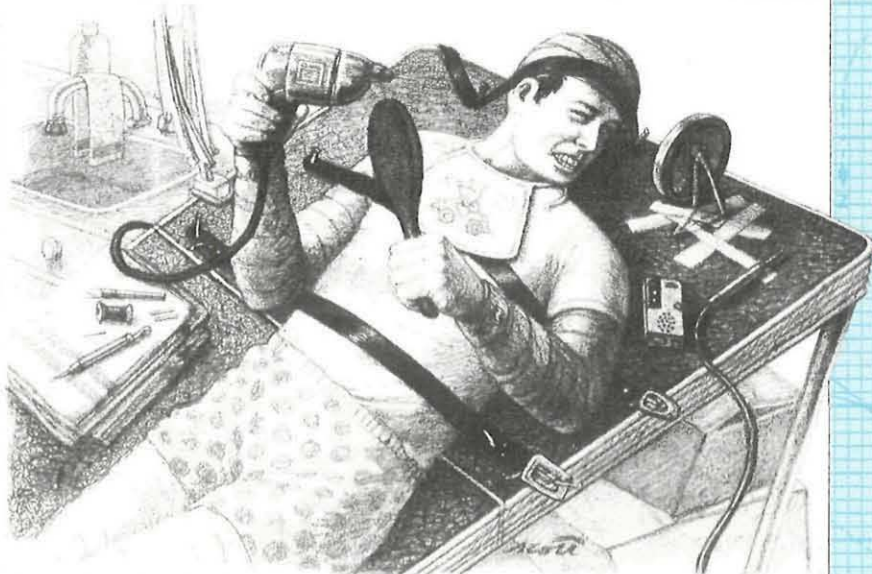
FIRST OF ALL, MAKE SURE THAT YOU read this entire article *before* you begin. It's shoddy surgery to get halfway into an operation and realize you don't have everything you need. In fact, you'll find it helpful to reread the article, underlining the most important parts and looking up words that are unfamiliar. It's very important to be prepared. If you're working on a car and use the wrong instrument, you'll strip a nut or break a plug. If you're working on yourself and use the wrong instrument, you'll probably die. Not to belabor a point, but a word to the wise is sufficient.

What You'll Need and Where to Get It

- 50 mg dexamethasone
- 70 cc Novocain
- 1 electrocautery unit
- 1 Weitlaner retractor with four-post microsurgical retractor attachment
- 1 pkg. bone wax
- 1 surgical binocular microscope w/ 250 mm objective
- 1 set angulated microdissecting instruments
- 1 large periosteal elevator
- 1 bone drill
- 1 sponge, 2-6 Ace bandages, 3 mirrors, 3 belts
- assorted scalpels, towels, surgical masks, alcohol, syringes, thread and needle, hydrogen peroxide

MUCH OF WHAT YOU'LL NEED IS INEXPENSIVE and can be found at a five-and-dime store (Ace bandages, towels, mirrors, alcohol, and sponges). A good

deal of the smaller medical paraphernalia can be substituted for, if you do not have it at home. Check with the army/navy/medical-surplus store in your area. Syringes and scalpels from the Vietnam conflict (make sure they are still wrapped and sterile) are nearly identical to modern instruments. They cost only pennies a dozen. Any sterilized piece of cloth will work as a mask, and sterilized rubber kitchen gloves (the kind you can pick up a dime with) are perfect surgical gloves. A sterilized woodburning set is an inexpensive cauterizer, and your Black & Decker is



Correct position for the operation. Make sure your head is strapped securely. You don't want it to move around while you're cutting.

more than enough drill for the job. Paraffin is an acceptable substitute for bone wax.

There are a couple of ways of getting your hands on the more expensive pieces of equipment. The cheapest is to borrow it from your local hospital, although this is not as easy as it used to be. Hospitals that loaned out their four-post Weitlaner retractors were getting

burned by people who left the retractor out in the backyard, where it would get rained on and rusty. If the hospital won't lend out its property, try buying used equipment, either from the hospital itself or from surgical mail-order houses. Try the D. Mueller Company, Chicago, Illinois. They've been around a long time and know their stuff. Write for a free catalog.

Consumer, beware! In the mid seventies the surgical mail-order business was screwed up by a lot of counterfeit angulated microdissecting instruments. They were passed off as genuine Molnar products, one of the top companies in the field, but unlike real Molnars these had a tendency to fall apart or melt. Avoid Molnars. A better bet is a secondhand set of Holbrooks. Shop around. Prices vary; just don't buy your instruments from guys named "Blackie" or "Skull." If you can't buy, try renting, although this can get expensive if the operation is performed several times.

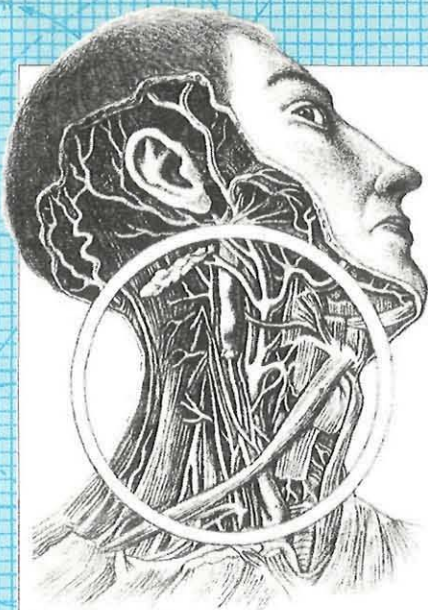
The surgical binocular microscope is, unfortunately, a different story. Even secondhand surgical binocular microscopes cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, and you'll bust a button trying to borrow or rent one. Your best bet is to form a co-op buying club with people who have similar problems. Run an ad

in your local papers for prospective co-op members. Here's an example:

—FACIAL SPASM—

Do you have a hemifacial spasm and need to use a Surgical Binocular Microscope with 250 mm objective? Me too; let's get together.—C.M. Y2354, *The Times*

Sometimes a person who has one and



You're going to be working in this general area.

no longer has a need for it will swap his microscope for something that you have. Watch classified sections and "swap line" newspapers for leads, or put up an ad yourself.

The dexamethasone and Novocain can be acquired by writing or calling the companies that make them (Eli Lilly, and Squibb) and asking for free samples. If they ask if you are a doctor, tell them you are about to perform a unilateral seventh-nerve decompression. They'll respond fast.

Prepping Your Surgery Room

ONCE YOU HAVE EVERYTHING, THE next step is to turn your kitchen and bedroom into an operating room and recovery room. Actually any two rooms will do, but the kitchen is best for an operating room because its floors can be cleaned easily and it has plenty of running water and a stove for sterilizing instruments. Also, kitchen tables make excellent operating tables. The recovery room can be any room with a bed, hence the bedroom.

Both rooms will have to be cleaned with a disinfectant before the operation. Be thorough. Do it twice. Infection is a real problem with home surgery, but only if care isn't exercised.

Warning: Make certain that all family members and possible visitors know what you are doing and when. There's a tendency for a would-be self-healer to get panicky when an unsuspecting friend stumbles into the kitchen and begins to scream hysterically while you're in mid surgery. Although you

will be in full control of the events, it may not look that way to an unknowing outsider.

For your operating technique, the kitchen table will have to be tilted up against the wall to an angle of about 60 degrees. Move the table to where a person strapped onto it can reach the sink; then secure the bottom legs to keep the table from slipping. Bring in some lamps from other rooms. Good lighting is very crucial.

Before bedtime on operation eve, you must shave the back half of your head (everything behind the ears) and also give yourself 10 mg of the dexamethasone. It's a good idea not to eat a big dinner the night before, and don't have breakfast before the operation.

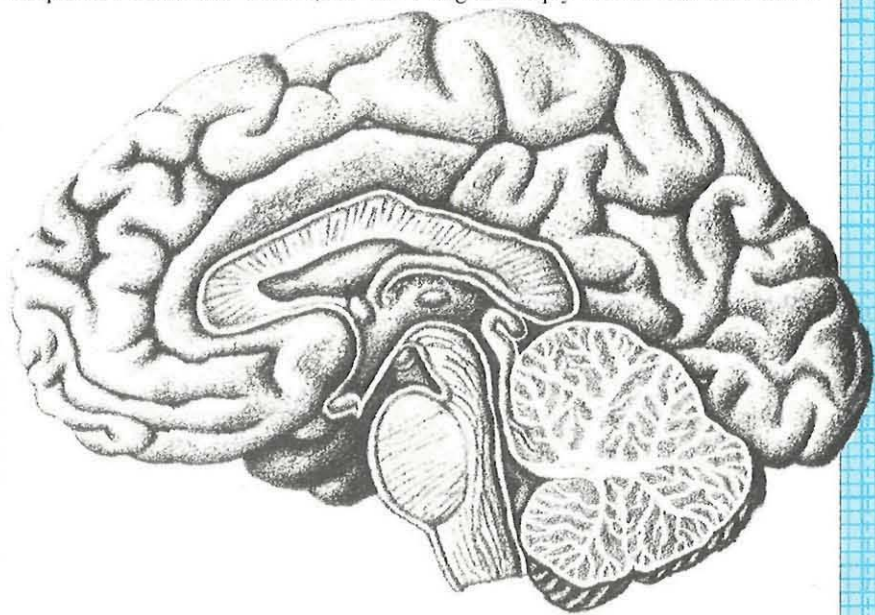
Surgical Procedure

IN THE MORNING, WRAP YOUR LOWER extremities in Ace bandages, then make your way down to the kitchen, where the instruments have been laid out within easy reach around the table. Wipe the table with alcohol and let it evaporate. Have hot water (but not

cial twitch during the procedure. If the phone does ring, let someone else answer it, or else disconnect it entirely. Once you begin an operation it's really important to keep distractions to a minimum. *No television!* Soft music from a radio (you won't be able to change records) is acceptable, but avoid rock 'n' roll and ball games with teams that you usually root for.

Before you make the first incision, make sure that the microscope is set up with the mirrors you have, so that you can see a magnified picture of your head behind your ear. You don't want to have to adjust this very much, later.

Drawing about 10 cc of Novocain into a syringe, give yourself an injection at a spot directly behind the ear. Repeat with another 10 cc. While this is taking effect, prepare several other Novocain injections. These will be used in the unlikely event that the first two wear off. It's interesting to remember that the brain itself has no nerves, so you don't have to press hard with the needle, as all we want to do is deaden the surface nerves. In about fifteen minutes the Novocain should take effect. Test by putting an empty needle into the area. If



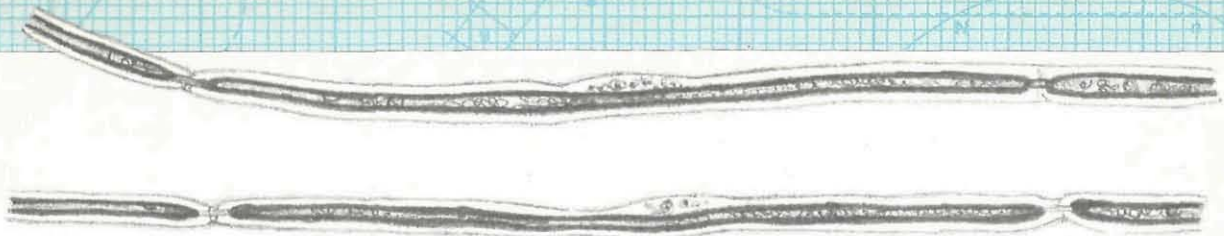
If you're cutting into this area, you've gone too far. Stop and move back about half an inch.

boiling, or else it will evaporate over the course of the operation) on the stove. Turn on all the lamps in the room. Put out the dog and cat, and any other distractions.

Using the belts, strap yourself onto the table. Make sure that one belt is used to secure the head. The proper position for the head is with one ear flush on the table, and the restraining belt should fit as a headband. This prevents movement in case of a phone call or fa-

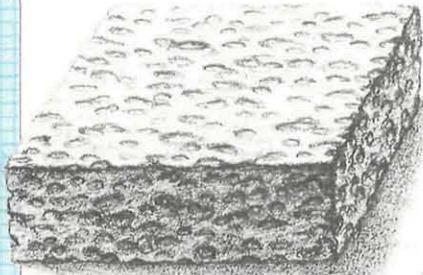
you can't feel it, we are ready for the next step.

A vertical incision of seven to nine centimeters (about three inches) is made about an inch behind the ear, roughly parallel to the hairline. The incision is carried down to the base of the skull with the electrocauterizer or woodburner. Soft tissues that stick to the bone are separated with a periosteal elevator, and electrocauterized, or woodburned, if necessary. Clear out the



This is what a nerve looks like. Needless to say, go slowly, be careful.

soft tissue. It will get in the way later. You should see some muscles now. Separate them with the woodburner. You should now be able to see the transverse occipital artery (blood vessel). This is an important artery, so move it carefully out of the way. Don't cut it as you have the soft tissues. Reach over and get your Weitlaner retractor and fit it into place. The retractor should come with an in-



Sponge. The kind you use for washing dishes. You will place a small piece of it between the offending nerve and artery to separate them and relieve the spasmic pain. Sounds easy, and it is.

struction guide. Of course, you better read and master it before you start. If no guide is included, write for a free manual from Retractors, U.S. Army Medical Corps, Main Branch, Pueblo, Colorado 73401.

Most people like to take a one- or two-minute breather at this point. It's a good idea. It has a calming effect, if your hands are a wee bit trembly.

Now that you're cooled out, it's going to be necessary to remove a circular piece of your skull. In fancy medical language this is called a retromastoid craniectomy. It's simple, actually. A circular piece of skull, an inch and a half in diameter, has to be taken out from the lower part of the incision. For this, use your Black & Decker drill. Don't worry about saving the bone fragments; you don't have to put them back. The muscles that you just pulled back with your woodburner will give enough protection for the brain. If a blood vessel is bleeding, quickly coagulate it by touching it with your woodburner. If you hit an air pocket, fill it with paraffin. You should now be looking at a tough, fibrous membrane. Cut a flap in it and pin it out of the way.

Now pull out your angulated microdissecting instruments. This is where we

separate the men from the boys. Pay strict attention to the next set of directions. You've gone too far to turn back now. Don't be like the guy who drives halfway to a destination, decides he doesn't have enough gas, and drives home. You've got enough gas; you're doing fine. Remember: you're going to be rid of your facial tic, and you'll save over \$2,000 by doing it yourself instead of giving it to the medical racketeers.

We will now locate your facial-tic nerve at the brain stem. To do this, we will need to elevate the cerebellum from the ninth, tenth, and eleventh cranial nerves. Use a sharp scalpel to cut into the thin membrane. Probe carefully until you come across a lumpy bit of tissue. Now look for something that looks like two parallel pieces of dental floss. This is our target area. Cut away more of the thin membrane so that you get a good look at what's going on. The scene of the crime, so to speak. It's that lower piece of dental floss that is being "stepped on" by the fat man—one of your arteries. There should be many arteries visible at this time. It appears as a confusing tangle, so dissect deeper, following the dental floss. The upper piece of floss is the nerve that controls hearing. If you damage this nerve, you will go deaf in one ear. Be careful.

If you get deep enough, you will come to the "root exit zone." This is where the nerve root exits. Don't be confused. Unlike trees that have many roots, nerves have only one. We have been following two of them, in fact, and at their exit zone you should see a big artery (the PICA) under them. This is the "fat man."

The procedure for getting the fat man to step off is simple. Sterilize a sponge, then cut off a piece small enough to fit between the floss and the fat man. Take this piece and gently place it (not with your hands, with tongs) between the nerve and the artery. Some people have cut grooves in their sponges and put epoxy cement in them to help adhesion. Once the sponge is in place, the worst is over.

But we're not out of the woods yet. Carefully undo your "head belt" and shake your head hard several times, to see if the sponge is well in place. Don't be timid about the shaking, just make sure all retractors are held as you shake. If the sponge slips out, repeat the procedure

until the sponge stays. Once it stays, even after repeated head motion, strap yourself back to the table and prepare to close. Don't rush at this stage. Obviously you're excited. This is the time you can get careless and blow the whole operation. Close the wound using your needle and thread. If you don't know how to sew, learn before you begin. Stitch back the thick membrane and your outer skin. That's all there is to it. Rest on the table for a while. Congratulations.

Postoperation

WHEN YOU ARE UP TO IT, WALK TO your bedroom and get some sleep. You might feel a bit nauseous. Don't worry about it. Give yourself 4 mg of dexamethasone every six hours for the next three days, and just relax. Don't do anything foolish. Operations put a real stress on the body, so use your week off from work to rest. Don't think it's the time to get in some jogging or tennis. Check your scar every day for infection.

There are two postoperative hazards to watch for besides infection. One: Sometimes the facial spasm returns after a few days. This means that the sponge has fallen out of place and that the operation will have to be repeated. Two: The spasm is exactly the same immediately after the operation. This means that the operation was performed on the wrong side of the brain and must be repeated behind the other ear. Some people will do both sides in a single session, which solves the second problem, although it's a much longer and more rigorous job. The operational procedure is the same, however, and if you feel up to it, give it a shot. ■

Time Off Needed:	One full week
Recovery Expected:	Usually complete; little or no lasting evidence of facial spasms
Dangers:	Unilateral hearing loss, uncontrollable bleeding, facial paralysis, possible death
Average Hospital Cost of Operation:	\$1,950.00
Average Cost of Self-surgery:	\$ 235.75
Total Savings:	\$1,714.25

DO IT YOURSELF

"Saturdays!"

BY AL JEAN, TED MANN, AND MICHAEL REISS

STARRING:

Big Fat Guy **Ugly Mad Girl**
Guy with a Beard **Nondescript Negro**
Hairy Ugly Girl **Shrill Ugly Girl**

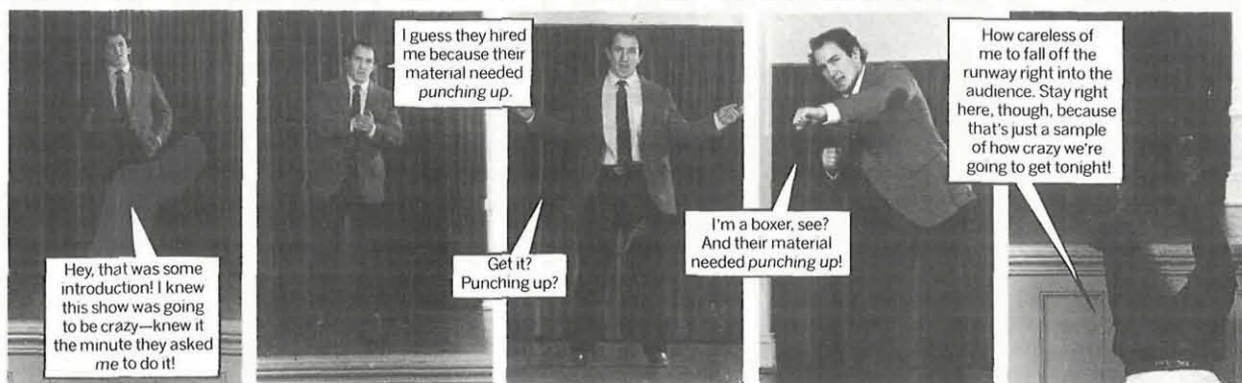
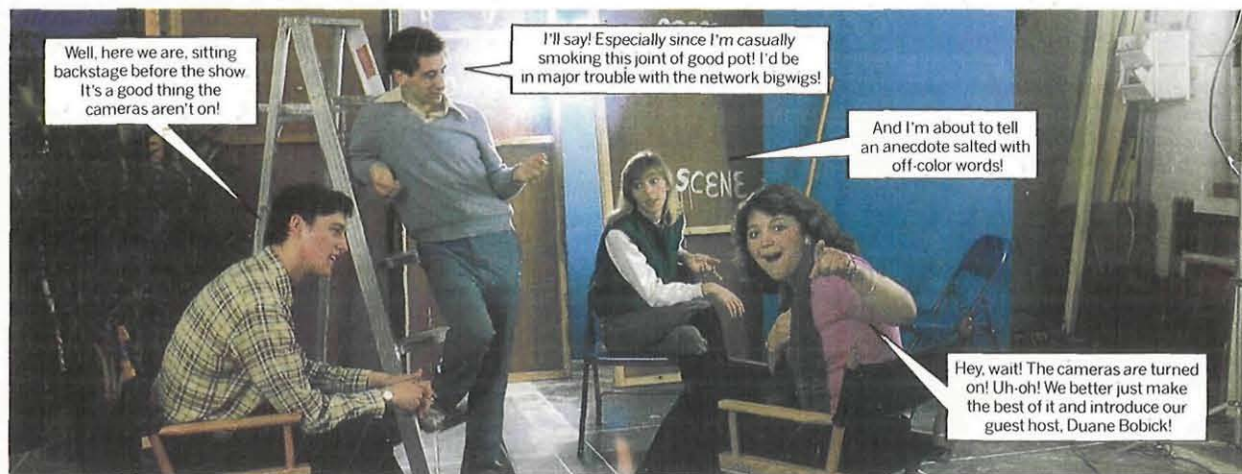
WITH:

Old Bald Nervous Guy **Guy Who Can Blow Smoke Rings**
Girl Uglier Than Hatful of Assholes **Girl with a Face Like Carbonized Vomit**
Demented Hyperactive Guy **Guy Who Imitates John Wayne**

WOULD YOU LIKE TO CREATE YOUR OWN LATE-night satiric comedy show? Couldn't you do it better than anyone? Aren't you and your friends as cute, pert, and alive a bunch of zanies as ever oh ever there was? Of course you are. We know you are. We've met you hundreds of times. All you need is a little guidance. Just like

you said last time we met—you tell us the funny stories and we write them down. Only this time we do it the other way. We outline the show for you, give you a few examples of "skits," "sketches," "spoofs," and "send-ups," and you take it from there. Try CBS. They don't have a show like this yet. Or try cable. Everybody can have a show on cable!

► Now here's what we call the "cold opening." This is supposed to look completely unrehearsed, and it does! It works! Just wait 'til you see when you act it out!



Other guest hosts you could get: Barry Rosen, Steven Weed, Prof. Irwin Corey, Mo Udall, Maggie Trudeau, Mrs. Jim Reeves, Imogene Coca, Danny Kaye, Judge John Sirica, Roy Campanella, Monty Hall, Dr. Christiaan Barnard, Judy Carne, Tricia Nixon Cox, Desi Arnaz Jr., Bobby Fischer.

► Time for a commercial break. Or is it? You can never be sure, what with the deft parodies of commercials we are famous for.



CUSTOMER: Waitress, oh, waitress, could I get a glass of water to drink?
 WAITRESS: Why don't you hang yourself, you stupid chowderhead!



ROBERT YOUNG: What's wrong, miss?
 WAITRESS: It must be all this cocaine. The doctor says it's bad for my nerves.



ROBERT YOUNG: Why don't you switch to new Swanka--the de-cocaine-ated cocaine?
 WAITRESS: Snort Snort Snort



CUSTOMER: Oh, miss? Miss?



WAITRESS: Here is your water, sir.



ROBERT YOUNG: Feeling better, miss?
 WAITRESS: Thanks to you and new de-cocaine-ated Swanka!

COMING UP NEXT:
 THE STORY OF A FRENCH
 ARTIST WITH A BURNING
 TOOL DOGS
 LA DRECH!

► Now it's time for the most important part of "Saturdays!"—the hard-hitting, side-splitting, time-killing skits. *Note:* Before attempting any sketches, you must make sure to construct one all-important prop. This is, of course, the **APPLAUSE** sign, which will insure that even the most incomprehensible, humorless bit will receive a thunderous ovation when it is over.

► **Skit #1:** Lead off with no-holds-barred, is-nothing-sacred skit. It should be so outrageous that most of it could never, ever appear on TV. For example:



Say, you're cute!
 You're pretty sexy yourself, sister!



Let's kiss!



Wait a minute...here comes the network censor to cancel the skit...right on live TV!

What's this? This is too outrageous! Stop it right now!



How could you do that? It was our best skit!

I'm sorry! I was forced to cancel it by the Moral Majority!



Wait a minute...you're not the censor at all! You're just an actor!

Now, that would seem to have been the logical end of the skit. But on "Saturdays," each skit must continue way past its climax, so the audience can be sure that it is over.

No, I'm not an actor! In actual fact, I work for the most evil man in history!

Adolf Hitler?

No, Fred Silverman!



Okay, I admit it. I'm really just an actor!

Boy, that sure was a good skit.

I agree. I especially enjoyed your performance as the nun!

APPLAUSE

► **Skit #2:** Follow up with an audience-pleasing character sketch. Be sure to use outsized props, to subtly parody today's zany families. Here are two examples. The possibilities are endless.



WIFE: How was your day at work, Myron?
 HUSBAND: Terrible! Some kid threw a Frisbee into my big nose!



WIFE: Forget it! Let's kiss!
 HUSBAND: Oh, no! Our comical Hebrew noses are too big!



HUSBAND: Junior! What are you doing with that big bag of cocaine?
 SON: Don't worry, Pop. I got it wholesale!

► For a change of pace, watch how some subtle sex-and-drug innuendo leads to hilarity in:



WIFE: How was your day at work, T-Bone-5?
 HUSBAND: Terrible! Some dog tried to bury my big bone head!

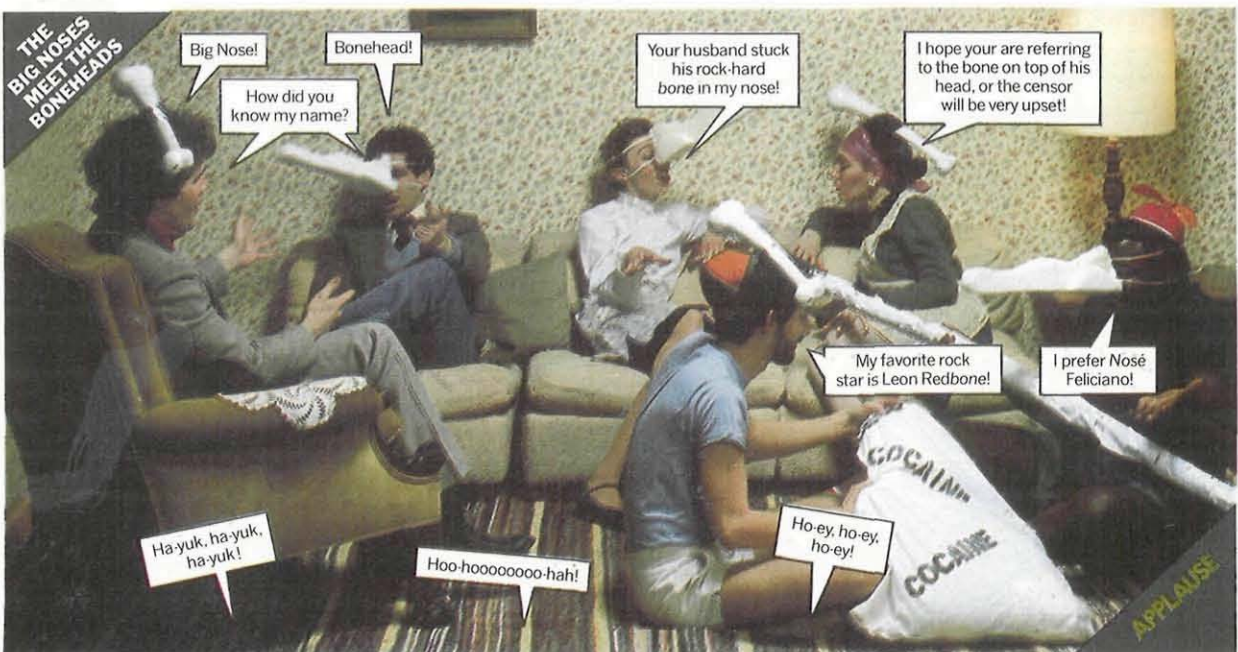


WIFE: Forget it, let's kiss!
 HUSBAND: I can't. I would really get a big bone!
 (AUDIENCE: Wow! I can't believe he said that on TV!)



HUSBAND: Junior! Where did you get that big marijuana bone?
 SON: I let a guy suck on my bone and he gave it to me!
 WIFE: Don't worry, Mr. Censor... my son meant the bone on top of his head!

► After the characters become popular, you can even combine them in sketches that are two times as funny.



THE BIG NOSES MEET THE BONEHEADS

Big Nose!
 Bonehead!
 How did you know my name?
 Your husband stuck his rock-hard bone in my nose!
 I hope you are referring to the bone on top of his head, or the censor will be very upset!
 My favorite rock star is Leon Redbone!
 I prefer Nosé Feliciano!
 Ha-yuk, ha-yuk, ha-yuk!
 Hoo-hooooooo-hah!
 Ho-ey, ho-ey, ho-ey!
APPLAUSE

► Of course, one gag that never misses is to put an amusing caption on the screen below some member of the audience. Here's just a few to start you off; making them up isn't really as difficult as it looks!



COULDN'T GET A DATE TONIGHT



BLOWS DOGS FOR NICKELS



ENJOYS WATCHING "THE BONEHEADS"



SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS, PAL

► **"Saturdays!" News:** Doing a comedy news-show segment lets you poke fun at some of the very latest sacred cows, like disco and Tricky Dick (Nixon). But watch out—people might think it's the real thing!



Gerald Ford saw Jimmy Carter eating peanuts with his big teeth and was so stupid that he fell down a flight of stairs. President Reagan was unable to help Ford because he was too old.

It's been three years since the deadly radiation leak at the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant. "But everything is back to normal now," says plant director Frank Watson, shown here with his wife.

OR



Nature hater and secretary of the interior James Watt is shown here in Yellowstone National Park, which Watt recently sold to Shell Oil to turn into an oil refinery. Beside Watt is his dog, Pollution, which Watt later killed because he hates animals.

OR

"Alexander doesn't smell as bad as everyone thinks," said Mrs. Haig, seen here at home with her son, Al Junior. Frankly, we're not so sure.

El Salvador is back in the news, as hundreds of American soldiers and dogs have been sent there to clean it up with SUPER FART POWER! Bet they eat a lot of beans...

Nuck-nuck, nuck!

► Of course, no late-night satirical show could ever be long enough without its popular musical guests. In your show, cost will probably be the most important consideration in picking up a musical act. So try to hire a singer who'll gladly work for peanuts—for example, Petula "Pet" Clark.



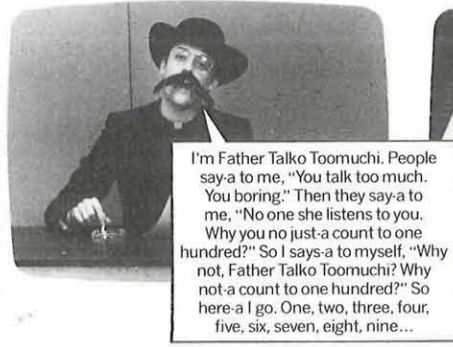
Forget all your troubles, Forget all your cares, And go DOWNTOWN...

She hasn't lost it!

I haven't heard this in years!

I'll bet she used to be really cute!

► And what news show would be complete without some wacky, off-the-wall correspondents doing the same thing every week? You can use the nutbar examples we've provided here, or just get some local crazy man to come out and babble on for twenty minutes or so!



I'm Father Talko Toomuchi. People say-a to me, "You talk too much. You boring." Then they say-a to me, "No one she listens to you. Why you no just-a count to one hundred?" So I says-a to myself, "Why not, Father Talko Toomuchi? Why not-a count to one hundred?" So here-a I go. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine...



This be Garrett D. Hambone, the token black sheep of the "Saturdays!" cast. Here I be on location in Lynchville, Alabama. They sent me here to investigate the KKK. I thought they meant the Kunta Kinte Klub! Now I'se in trouble. Woooh!

Other Acts You Could Get

- Nancy Sinatra
- Florence Henderson
- Skitch Henderson
- Dave Clark Five
- Barry McGuire
- Mitch Miller
- Isaac Hayes
- The King Family
- Jim Nabors
- Vic Damone

► Uh-oh. There's a half hour left to the show and we've already used up the *primo* comedy material. And we still have to work in our guest host, our lovable and oft-used animal characters, and more stinging social commentary...



HOST: Here I am in my dressing room, taking a break between hilarious sketches.



HOST: Right now, I'm just waiting for the next skit to...

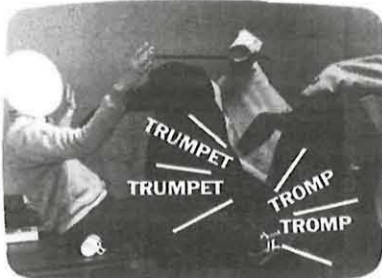


HOST: Who's there?

VOICES BEHIND DOOR: Telegram.
HOST: I didn't order a telegram. You must be those funny killer elephants.



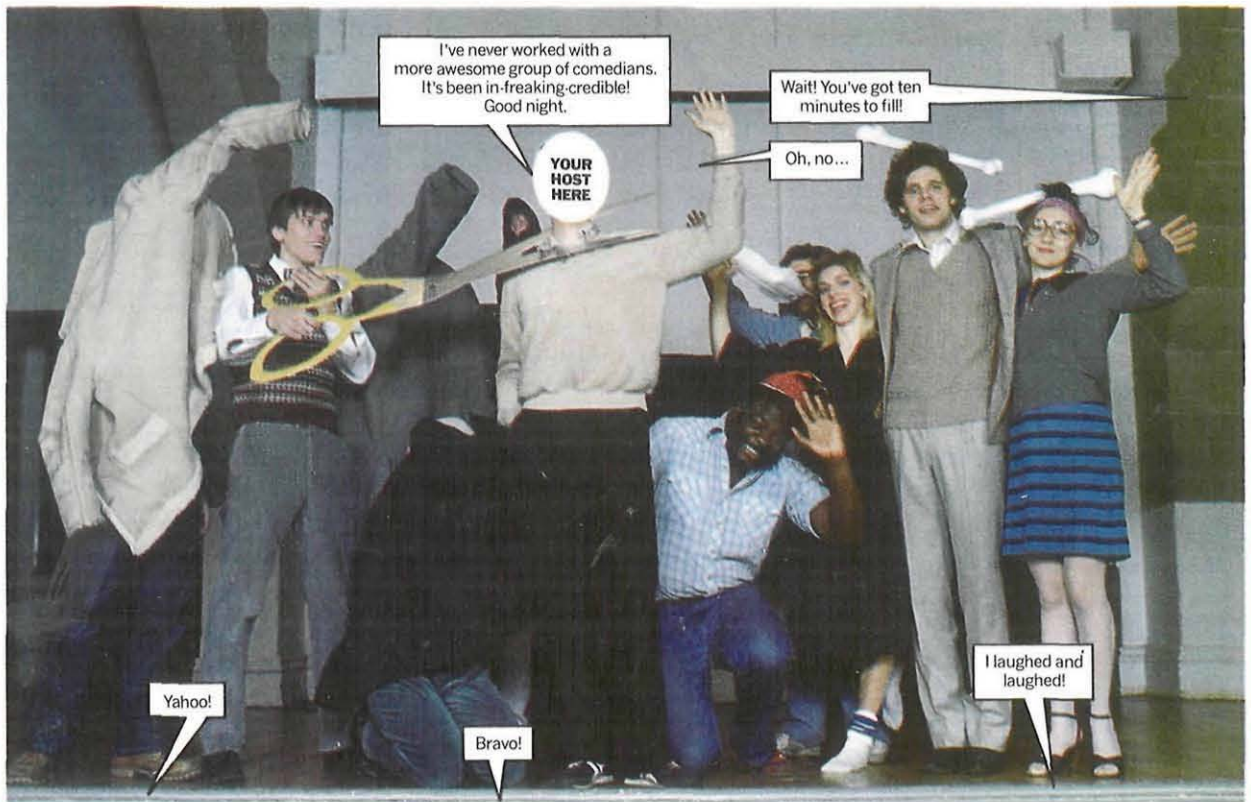
VOICES: No, we're not killer elephants. We swear on Bibles.
HOST: Okay. Come in.



HOST: Now you're trampling me, you lying, hypocritical elephants!



KILLER ELEPHANTS: It's all right. We swore on Jerry Falwell Bibles!



I've never worked with a more awesome group of comedians. It's been in-freaking-credible! Good night.

Wait! You've got ten minutes to fill!

Oh, no...

YOUR HOST HERE

Yahoo!

Bravo!

I laughed and laughed!

Ladies and Gentlemen: ALBERT GOLDMAN!!!

Now! YOU TOO can make a fast and easy FORTUNE in your spare time by churning out Exposé Biographies of DEAD SUPERSTARS!!!



Albert Goldman!!!

- Hello, there! I'm Albert Goldman, and I just this minute finished signing a one-million-dollar contract to defame the memory of John Lennon! A man I never even met!!
- Yes, today, wherever I turn, I'm famous, I'm feared, I'm hated...and I'm incredibly rich!!!
- Yet, not so very long ago, I was a schmuck...like YOU!!!
- Now I'd like to share with you my secret formula for success!!! (There's plenty to go around, so why should I begrudge?)
- Once, I was a schlemiel, a putz, a schmendrick—what we call in Yiddish "a loser"! I was waddling into obscurity, the kind of desperate college professor who combs his hair over the bald spot, wears a safari suit, and tries to reach the students by comparing the Iliad to Easy Rider. In a word, an asshole!!!
- Then, one day (I was actually rereading Boswell's Life of Johnson, if you must know) it hit me! POW!! A discovery, a breakthrough, a pisgah, an EPIPHANY!!!
- Now I'm going to lay it on you. Dig it! In this meshugana country (God bless it!) DEAD PEOPLE HAVE NO RIGHTS!!! None! Zip-pola! Zeroesville! Nada! Period.
- And what that means, is: When he was alive, Elvis Presley could have, and would have, had my tochus shot off AND sued off for so much as mentioning his mother publicly. But the second that fat cracker keeled over on the crap-

per, I could tell the world, in print, that he habitually fucked dead koala bears...and get paid for it!!!

(Oh, that's another thing. I've found that subjects who die of drug overdose while seated on the toidy are surefire. John Lennon, I have discovered, did not die under these circumstances, but my sources have told me that he very well might have—and perhaps even INTENDED TO!!!)

Okay. Now, let's say that you're the hippest dude in the entire department, but they're holding out on tenure, possibly because of that incident (as if everybody doesn't smoke a little, and as if you'd had some way of knowing the chick was only sixteen, for Chrissake!!!). And let's say, further, that your trenchant, with-it critiques and reviews of the entire spectrum of popular culture just aren't copping the kind of respect (and big bucks) a cat like you deserves...

- Take a tip from UNCLE AL, who's been where you're coming from.
- Take a significant, beloved, and recently deceased (or, about-to-be-recently deceased) pop SUPERSTAR...and start researching the shit out of the seamy side of the poor bastard's private life!
- There are a couple of ways to go about this. Like, for my Lenny Bruce opus, I just flat-out bought somebody else's notes. But, lately, I've discovered you can save a bundle by giving a C-note and a chance for revenge to "sources."
- Sources include the subject's disinherited children, divorced wives, discharged employees, envious competitors, rejected groupies, self-proclaimed dealers...the whole gaggle of sycophants, go-fors, advisers, and publicity parasites left floating like scum on the surface after your superstar has sunk. They'll spill their guts, man. They'll make up secrets, as Lenny used to say!

Who knows what nuggets you'll dig up, man! But be sure to establish that your hero was: a) fat, b) kinky, c) a junkie, d) hung up on his mother, e) desperate for approval, f) ripped off, and g) destroyed by the hypocritical attentions of the very group of human-garbage hangers-on you got all your information from!!! Talk about IRONY!!!

And there you sit, a nervous, high-pitched, greasy little semiacademic, who's spent half his advance bribing sources and getting the tapes transcribed. Now what?? Organize! Give it form, structure, you schmuck!

Start in the middle, like it's a movie. FLASH! Long shot, Times Square. Zoom in on taxi. Dissolve to hotel-room interior. And...holy shit! There's our hero! And he's...he's shooting smack!!!

• Or... Or...

• Exterior, night, the Mansion. Dissolve to interior. Mood-lit. Camera dollies through rooms, halls, focusing on significant objects. It's like Citizen Kane, for Chrissake!!! Then we discover our hero...and...O my God! He's...he's taking pills!!!

• From there on, it's easy. The flashback to the deprived childhood. Heavy on the ethnic stereotypes. Digression: Your encyclopedic (but hip) history of the art form your subject practiced. Early career years. Fun and frolic, then selling out: the guys he stepped on and ripped off (they'll talk, Jesus, will they talk!!!)...the encounter with the Most Important Person...success and decadence...the tragic death (preferably on the toilet)...the poignant epilogue suggesting our hero would be alive today, with his integrity INTACT, if only he'd met a guy like you—a PAL LIKE AL!!!

• And before you write Word One, I'll show you how to get an agent who's a shtarker, a monster, half-man, half-rhino, a guy who will have the publishers crawling on the floor and licking the carpet as they make their bids. I'm talking auctions, million-dollar paperback sales, book-club sales, movie sales, all-world rights. And if he gets a better deal from someone else, he'll renege on the first deal, even though he shook hands on it. I'm talking about my own agent—"Invisible Hands." Way to go, Hands!

• But you've gotta move fast. Janis, Jimi, and Jim Morrison, about whom establishing qualities a) through g) (above) was a piece of cake, were naturals! A Goldman System© bio on any of them would have made a piss pot full of money! But I was busy with Elvis, so all that the world got was some dyke's memoirs, a book by a burnt-out astrologer, and some reincarnation crap!

• I'm going to be busy smearing John for a couple of years. So the field is pretty much open. Go nuts. Write. Slander. Get rich! Try Crosby, Doug Kenney, Paul Lynde...

• There are, however, three celebrities who, if they should die before I complete my Lennon book (God forbid!), my attorneys—and my publisher's attorneys—very strongly suggest you leave strictly alone.

• JAGGER, BRANDO, AND SINATRA. THEY'RE MINE!!!

How to Save a Failing Entertainment Empire in 13 Easy Steps

BY SEAN KELLY



1
Harried, overworked M-G-M executive reads ghastly profit and loss statement, and passes out, dropping phone.



5
Typically narrow-minded boondocks parents kick newly gay nitwit out of the house.



4
Impressionable nitwit in boondocks sees Judy Garland and immediately turns gay.



2
Asshole vice-president interprets this as authorization to rerelease *The Wizard of Oz*.



11
Through his hotel window, using knotted bed sheets,

3
Trucks with film are dispatched to boondocks, where

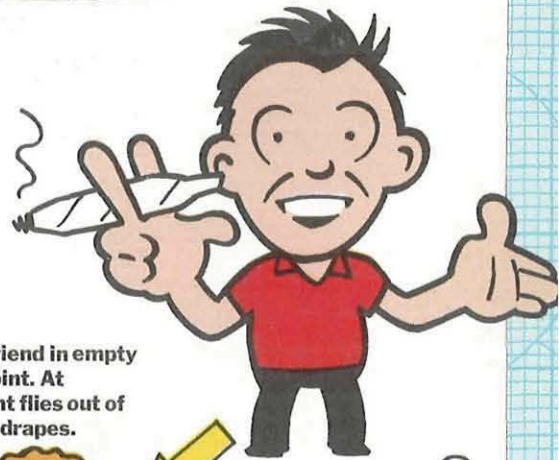




6
Nitwit hitches to Vegas, seeking life of glamour and show-biz glitter.



7
Gets a job washing dishes in M-G-M Grand Hotel, and makes a new friend.



9
Nitwit gets bungled by new friend in empty banquet hall, while smoking a joint. At moment of ultimate bliss, lit joint flies out of mouth, setting fire to polyester drapes.

8
New friend puts make on nitwit, introduces him to drugs.

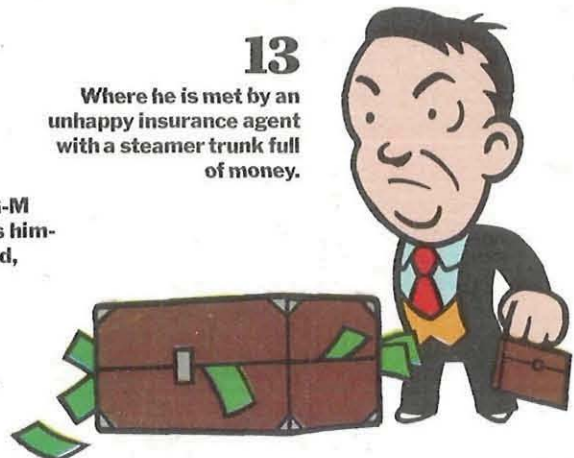


10
Fire reaches decorative false ceiling of flammable foam and sweeps through wind tunnel between false and real ceilings so that entire building instantly bursts into flame!



12
The harried M-G-M executive lowers himself to the ground,

13
Where he is met by an unhappy insurance agent with a steamer trunk full of money.



CAMEL

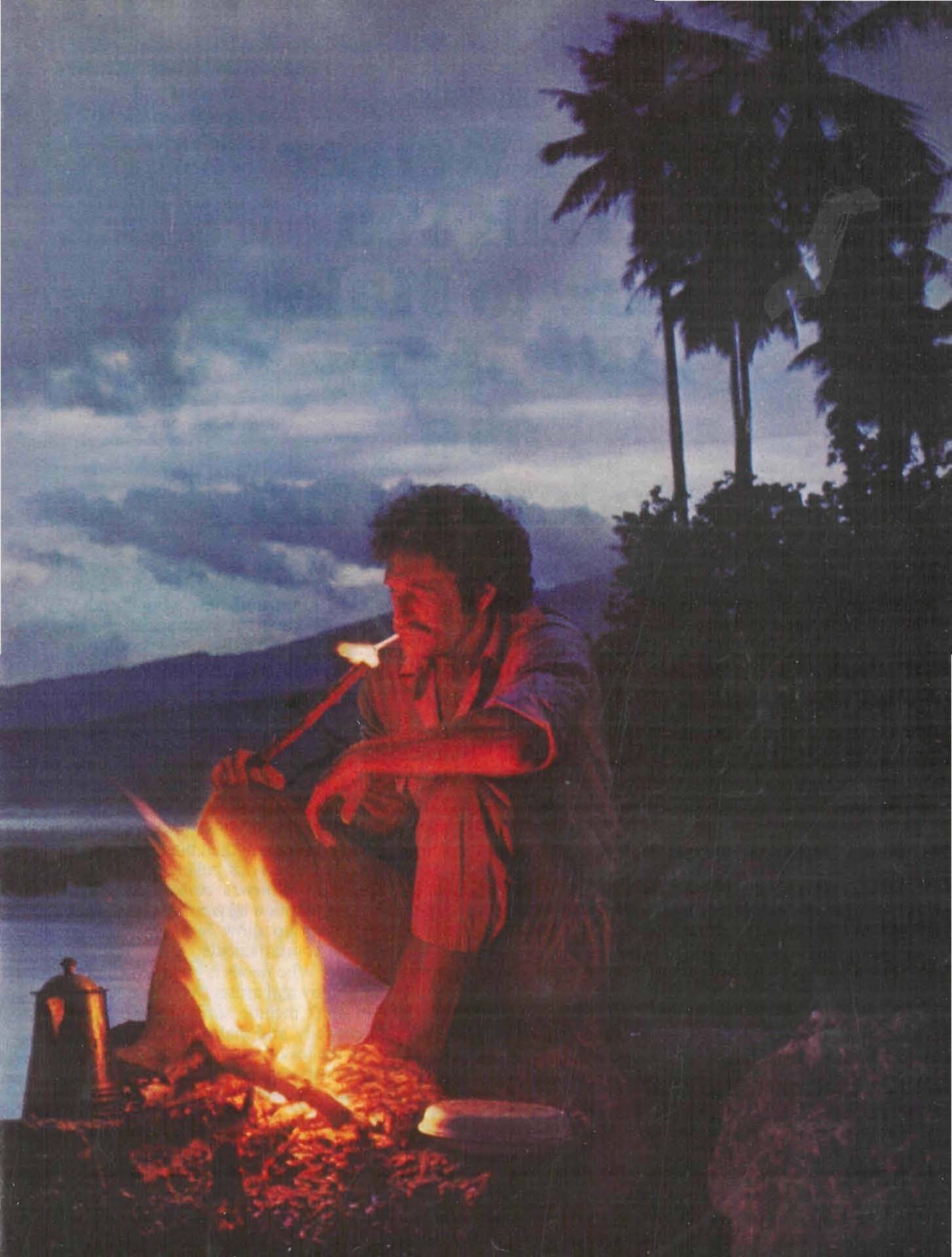
Where a man belongs.



Experience the Camel taste in Regulars, Lights and Filters.

LIGHTS: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81;
FILTERS: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method;
REGULAR: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81.

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



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DO IT YOURSELF

Ellis Weiner Tells You How to Make Big Money as a Modern Artist

IT'S A SPLITCH OF color or a few squares or circles and it's hanging in a fancy gallery and carrying a large five-figure price tag. It's called art. "My ten-year-old sister could do that," you say, and you're right. *But so can you.*

If you're like most people, or at least some people, you've always wanted to be an internationally known artist: rich, aloof, passionate, visually oriented, independent, covered with paint, smelling of turpentine, wearing dirty jeans and baggy sweatshirts, and all those other things you think artists are and do, and which, probably, artists haven't been and done since the 1950s. But with the cold-war mentality coming back and know-nothing conservatism reaching pandemic proportions, you probably think it is the 1950s all over again. And you're right. So the artist's life is coming back.

Sure, you can spend a fortune on materials and education; you can drink your brains out at all-night bull sessions with frauds and poseurs; you can invest your life savings to improve a roach- and VD-infested old hatband-factory loft, install plumbing and electricity and a number-one-



grade oak floor, paint three pictures, and have your "studio" bought out from under you by some real-estate-speculating scum bent on condo-converting it for sale to some neoconservative tax lawyer who "reluctantly" voted for Reagan and whose wife says "Bloomie's" with a straight face. Sure, you can debase and humiliate yourself by panting after the approval of one pompous gallery owner after another, and then bitch when your name is misspelled (or omitted!) in *Artnews's* cursory three-line mention of your first, and only, group show. Sure, you can go commit suicide.

But why bother? Who needs it, when it's already been done for you by real artists. When we say do-it-yourself, we don't include suffering. We mean cash in big financially, and make an aesthetic killing, by learning the lessons and exploiting the successes of the contemporary art greats.

Just follow the following directions. Then get yourself a good agent. And then stand back and wait for *Artforum* to come crawling. Pretty soon you'll be lighting Gauloises like an authentic idiot and sighing to Tom Wolfe, "I don't know what I like, but I do know a lot about art." It won't be "true," but who cares? True, schmoo—this is art!

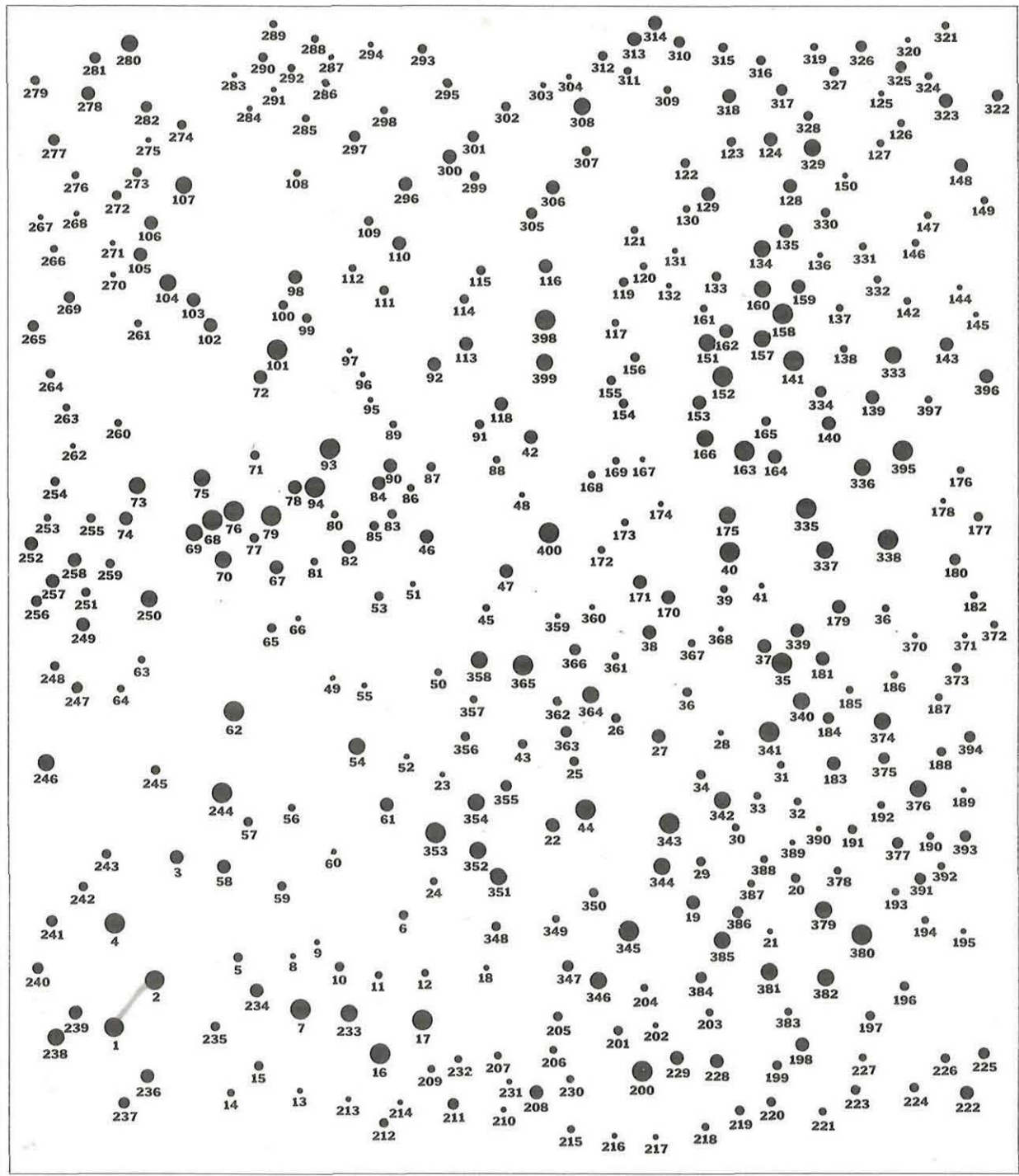
I. How to Become Another Jackson Pollock

IT LOOKS LIKE A MESS TO YOU, BUT, AS we've already established, what do you know? Just keep your philistine wisecracks to yourself, and follow the dots. Jackson Pollock painted it in a sort of

controlled frenzy, standing over the canvas and throwing paint around. Don't try it. Use black, greens, browns, and beiges; start at 1, connect it to 2, and don't cheat. It looks easy, but it isn't. We paid some touchingly earnest, hard-working art student \$5.50 an hour to lay in these numbered dots. So don't connect No. 37 to No. 132. No short cuts. If you want to be "creative," write TV commercials. This is the big league.

Pollock's paintings go for a million bucks or more.

One of your so-called friends will sneer, "You call this 'modern'? You call this 'contemporary'? This thing is thirty years old!" You can dispose of him with this reply: "So what? It's as new today as it was in '49. And who else should I connect the dots of? LeRoy Neiman? That's a joke, get it? No, of course you don't. Drop dead."



II. Color Field: The Pure and Simple Way to Big Bucks

TECHNICALLY, THIS'LL SEEM EASY after the Pollock, but conceptually it's trickier. Don't panic; if you play your cards right, you'll end up with three color-field masterpieces for the price of one.

First, paint area number 1 red, area number 2 blue. Call it *Red Blue*, and if anyone seems to care, tell them it's "inspired by" Ellsworth Kelly. Tell them that you are "concerned with manipulating tone and value." If, like you, they don't know what that means, they'll nod knowingly. If, instead, they do know

what it means, they'll nod knowingly. Use these terms whenever possible: "hard edge," "receding," "deceptive simplicity." Sample: "The hard edge has . . . real deceptive simplicity."

Agree with every criticism they make, and at the end dismiss everything—them, their criticism, the painting, yourself—with "It's an experiment!"

Second, paint area number 1 black, and paint area number 2 black. If you like, alter the second tone of black by adding something to the paint. But don't add just anything; the point is to keep both sections as black as possible while making them barely distinguishable from one another. Sound dull? Ad Reinhardt didn't think so. He did this sort of black-on-black-next-to-black-contrasting-with-black-beside-black

from 1960 until he died—and he died in 1967. So get started.

Third—and this will top even the black-box scam—paint both sections 1 and 2 with the same bright, vivid, jazzy blue. Don't even bother doing it one section at a time. Just get that blue all over the entire rectangle, then go have a beer. You've created an Yves Klein "masterpiece." He called his favorite color—which he poured over everything—"international Klein blue." Feel free to adopt the same conceit: "international Jones blue," international Greenblatt blue," and so forth. Or, name your color after a loved one, an admired one, or your favorite celebrity: "international Barbara Mandrell and the Mandrell Sisters blue," "international Vida Blue blue," and so on.

1

2

GREEN

DUCK

LOVE

EAT

III. Pop Art— Foolproof... Because You're Always Right

IN ITS HISTORY OF PUBLIC ACCEPTANCE, Pop Art resembled almost every major art movement since Impressionism: it pissed off a lot of people, and went on to make a bundle. It was arch, dumb, snide, disingenuous, smug, and supercilious—just perfect for the sort of person interested in doing-it-yourself. Making pop art looks easy, but don't let that fool you. It *is* easy.

Get a broom. The older, the better. Nail it to a plain canvas—never mind where on the canvas, just get it up there. Now cut out one of the words printed above and, using it as a stencil, paint the

word onto the canvas near the broom. Or, not near the broom. Don't paint more than one word, though, or your pop-art creation will begin to metamorphose into a conceptual-art creation, and that's beyond the scope of this article. Just stick with one word—DUCK, for instance. What does "duck" have to do with a broom? you may ask. Resist the temptation to ask such questions; the dissimilarity between the word "duck" and the object broom is what makes it art. What would you rather stencil onto the canvas, BROOM? That's not art. That's a flashcard for remedial-English students.

One more thing: if you use the stencil for GREEN, *by no means paint it in green*. Use any other color. Now you want to ask, "But may I at least paint the broom green?" And, in fact, you

may. Go ahead. Paint the broom green.

This is the basic strategy for your do-it-yourself pop art: an everyday, homely object nailed to a canvas, and a word slapped up nearby. Tying the object to the canvas is acceptable, as long as you use old, frayed, dirty rope, and not spanking-new clothesline or modest, self-effacing twine. The effect you're striving for is one of utter indifference to "prettiness." What you're saying, in effect, is not, "Behold, I have tied this unsightly mundane implement to the canvas to expand the notion of what is beautiful and aesthetically pleasing," but rather, "Listen, somebody had to get that broom up there, so I did it." The artistic content in all this is no longer think-on-the-canvas, it's the *attitude*, because by now the image is less important than how and why you did it. ■

James Garner, Mariette Hartley, Peggy Fleming, Joe Thiesmann, and Cheryl Tiegs Show You How to Pursue a Career in Nude Photography

BY GERALD SUSSMAN

James Garner and Mariette Hartley Show You How to Shoot for Gallery Magazine's "Girl Next Door"



IF YOU'RE A GUY WHO'S JUST STARTING out in photography and wants to break in the easy way, your best bet is the snapshot, the kind of picture that's perfect for *Gallery's* "Girl Next Door" section. And our kind of camera is perfect for you. (Incidentally, many other magazines have a similar section, so if *Gallery* turns you down, don't be discouraged. It could take you a couple of weeks before you "break the ice" and make your first sale.)

Just as the title implies, the model for these pictures must be an amateur, that "girl next door," so to speak. *Don't try to hire a professional.* The editors of *Gallery* and the other magazines are smart. Naked girls are their business. They can spot a professional a mile away. Your subject should be your girl friend, or your wife. She doesn't have to be pretty (although it helps!), but she should have a nice figure and not be ashamed to show it to you, and to you only.

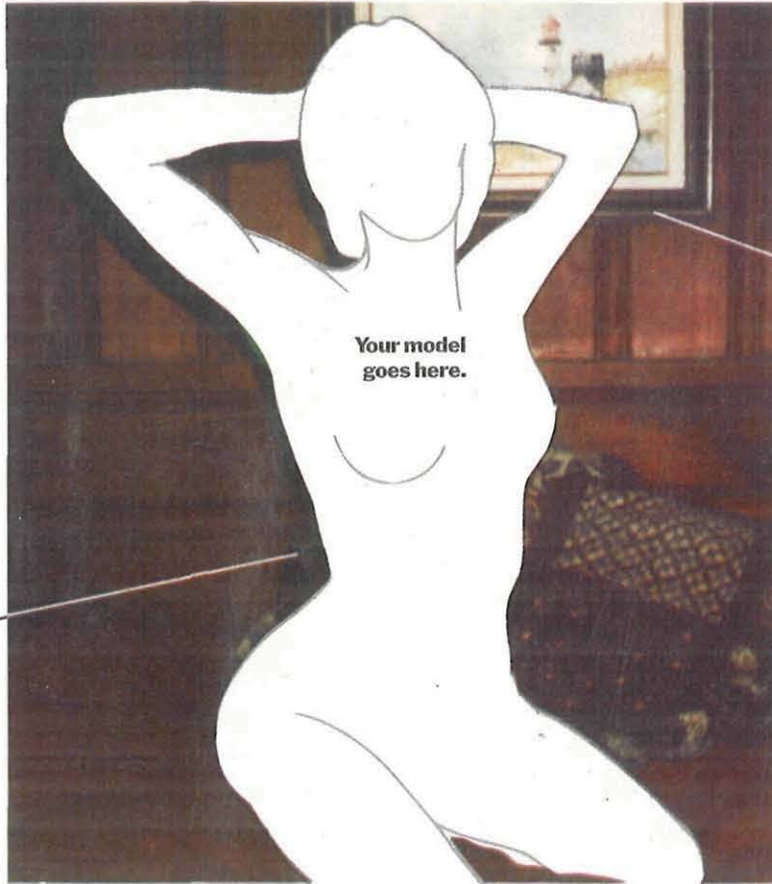
Obviously, you want the privacy of your own home for your location. Your living room, "rec" room, or bedroom is best. It should look natural and homey.

The best time to shoot is late evening, after you've had a good dinner and some wine and you're both feeling "mellow." That's when Mariette and I are in the right mood.

The important thing to stress with your model is that you're just having some fun, that the pictures are for her to keep, that it's strictly a private affair, a little "giggle" for both of you—no different than the snapshots you took of her in, say, Fort Lauderdale, or at her mother's Christmas dinner, except that she's naked.

Let's get down to work. Simply point our camera at your girl and shoot. With our new camera models you don't have to worry about lighting or focusing. Of course, your pictures will be ready in minutes.

When the session is over, give her all the pictures except one, the one you will slip into your pocket and send to *Gallery* without her knowing it. Have fun. You're on your way to a new career.



The perfect way to say "Welcome to my home" is the patchwork ruffled pillow, a symbol of "laid-back" comfort and unpretentiousness.



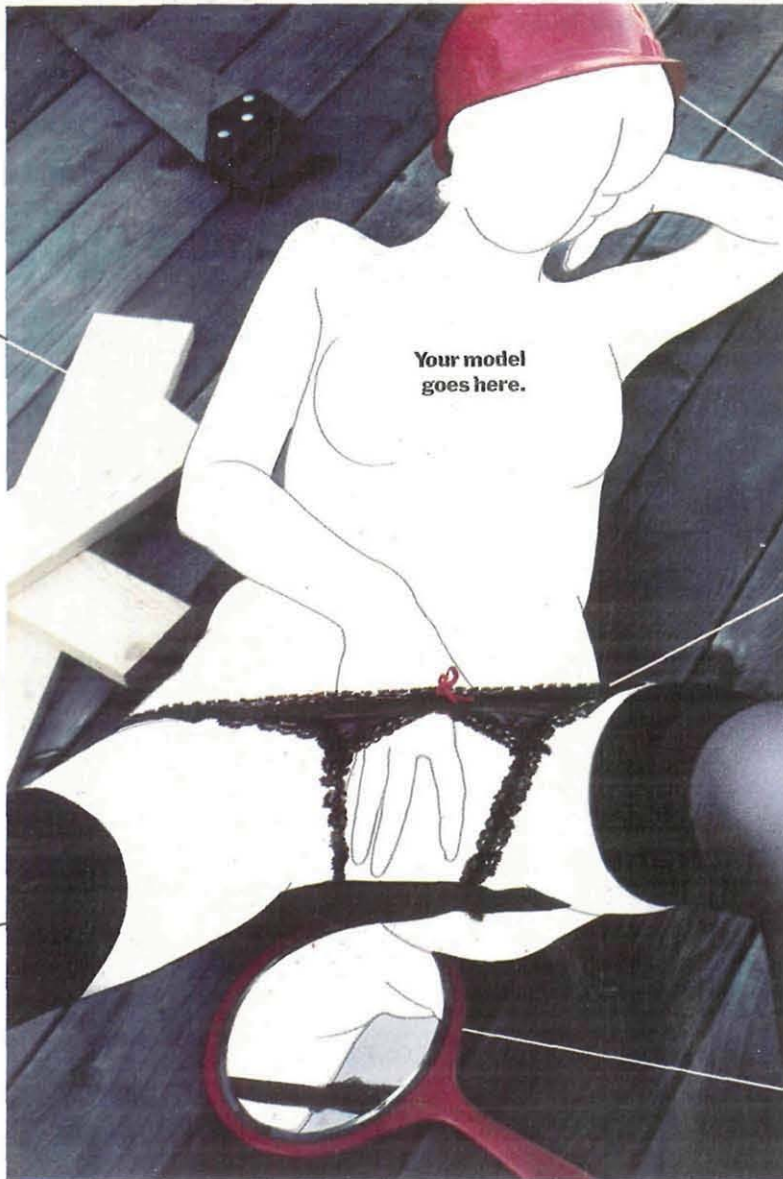
For the perfect personal touch, add this fine seascape painting. Paintings by unknown artists are preferable to recognizable masterpieces, which might distract the reader from your model.

Peggy Fleming Tells You How to Sell Your Pictures to *Hustler*



MY OLD SKATING TEACHER USED TO SAY, "START WITH THE basics and you can't go wrong." I think his saying would also apply to your career as a photographer of nudes. Before you spread your wings and show off your artistry and personal vision you must immerse yourself in the basics, in realistic photography that is without artifice. I used to practice my basic moves and routines for years and years before my coach would let me improvise.

Hustler is an excellent magazine for your basic training. Its readers are the true heartland of America, the macho men who like straight-ahead, up-front nudity, emphasizing the genitalia, without any special tricks or lighting effects. Shooting for *Hustler* will enable you to work in the clinical, ultra-realistic school of vaginal photography, or vagophotography, as it is called. Once you've mas-



Always good to have around as a phallic symbol, lumber is solid, strong, masculine, and cheap.

Hard hat. For the macho touch. If your model is ugly, use a goalie's mask.

Crotchless underwear is more practical for the *Hustler* technique.

Hold a mirror to her vagina. *Hustler* likes extra views.

Always use black stockings. Magazine editors have a fetish for them.

tered this genre, you can "call your shots," as it were, and move on to the more sophisticated areas.

The aspiring *Hustler* photographer faces one formidable challenge—he must find the right kind of models for vagophotography, a highly specialized genre. A "vago model" need not be especially pretty. A good makeup job can cover most of her defects. Her physical charms and skills are concentrated below the waist.

The best place to find a good vago model is in the gynecology classes of your local medical schools. Gynecological models have well-formed and clearly articulated genitalia, and most of them would be delighted to earn some extra money. Posing for *Hustler* would be a welcome relief for these girls after being subjected to the endless probing and fingering of medical students.

Point your lights directly at the model's vagina and make sure it is prominently delineated. Focus your camera as sharp as possible. Every detail is important. You can actually get more expression out of the vagina if you "psych up" the model. Tell her to make believe she is posing for a handsome, rich, virile young gynecologist who loves her and wants to marry her.

To enhance the beauty of the various inner parts and make them stand out, you can apply some glycerine or clear body oil to get that appealing, natural sheen. This is similar to the tricks done in food photography to get that mouth-watering gourmet look. In fact, your work for *Hustler* could lead you to an entirely new and rewarding field: you could become a food photographer!

Joe Theismann Tells You How to Sell Your Pictures to Penthouse



PENTHOUSE IS THE BIG TIME, THE NFL OF NUDE PHOTOGRAPHY. Some of you may argue that *Playboy* is tops, but for subtlety and sheer sophistication you can't beat *Penthouse*.

I guess the first thing you will ask yourself is "Where do I find those beautiful girls that *Penthouse* always uses?" You might think that they would be found in fancy restaurants and clubs, at expensive vacation spots, places where well-heeled executives with expense accounts flash their plastic. Not true. You'll find these wonderful girls in the most unexpected places. But let Bob Guccione, president of *Penthouse* and producer of the hit movie *Caligula*,



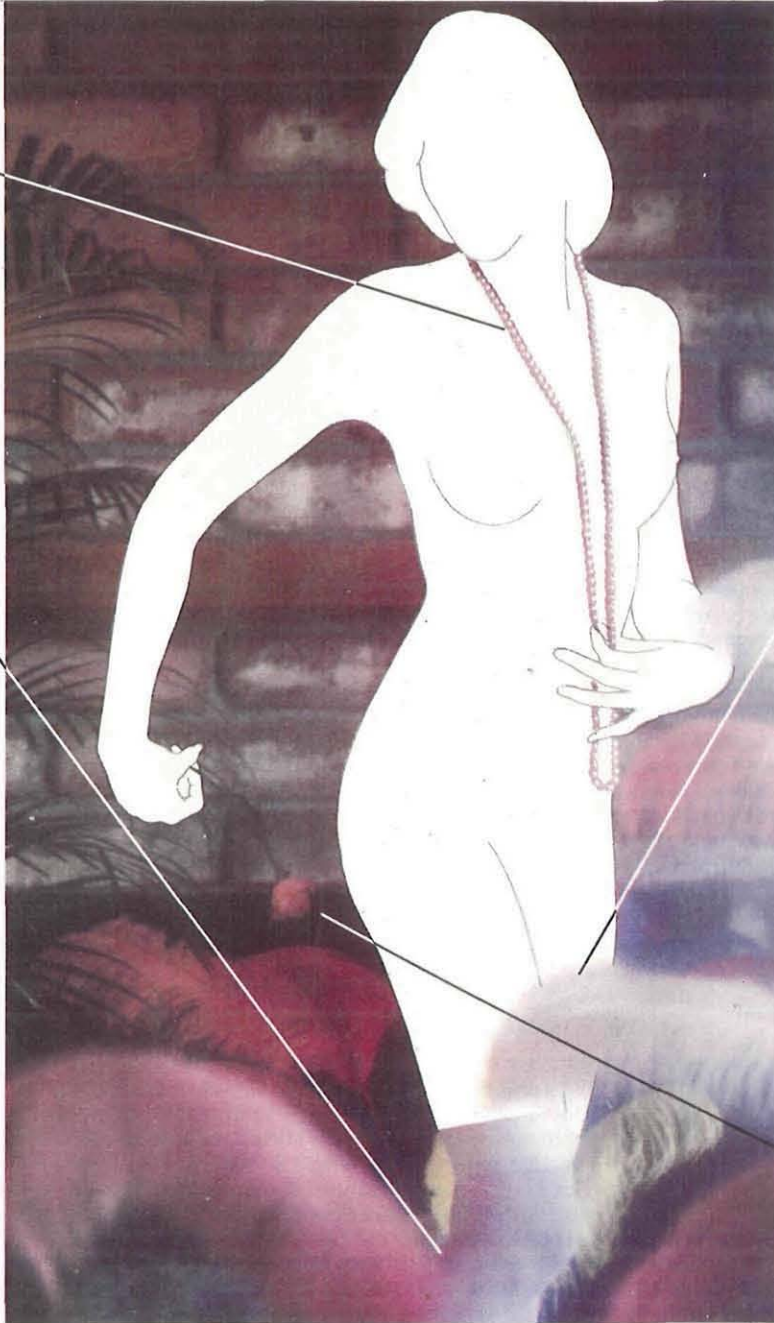
You can use fake pearls. Your soft-focus technique won't give anything away.



Buy a lot of white stockings. Your model will wear them out.



This is what an antique chair looks like. Sometimes the wood is more elaborately carved. You can find them at good antique shops or Italian villas.



A must. Buy your feathers at a millinery-supply store.



If you can't find a feather, use a rose. An old one is okay in soft focus. No one can tell the difference.

reveal his secrets to you:

"I find most of my models in three types of places. In the records and archives divisions of state governments, in bakeries and candy shops, and in churches. I still can't tell you exactly why, but it seems that beautiful girls who pose in the nude are religious file clerks who like sweets.

"Obviously you're not going to every state-government record house, every bakery, candy shop, and church in America to look for girls. What you need is a network of friends who will be your finders, or 'pickers,' as we say in the magazine business. Pickers are talent spotters, the guys who spot the beautiful girls and persuade them to send me a photo. You should never ask a girl directly. Always use a picker. It gives you class. It tells the girl that you have a national organization behind you. The picker gets a percentage of the hefty fee you will get when we publish your pictures. This is called a 'finder's fee.' Most pickers will take twenty or thirty bucks.

"You'd be surprised at how easy it is to enlist a beautiful young girl to pose for you once your picker mentions *Penthouse*. The girl knows she's going right to the top, to the best in the field. If she has any gumption and wants to make it in the big time, she'll take the offer. Good luck. The rest is up to you."

In your *Penthouse* pictures, style is everything. Your location, furniture, the little props, have to be perfect. Your model must be transformed into a mysterious goddess, a naked woman who holds all the secrets of love.

For this kind of haunting ambience your best bet is an Italian villa, the kind that is usually found in Italy, with furniture going back to the Renaissance and walls of stone or ancient faded papers. This is the kind of atmosphere you can't fake in a studio. You can rent a villa by the week in the off season for about \$100. It's worth every penny, including the airfare.

A villa in the mountains is best, because you'll get better natural light. You'll need good natural light coming from a tall window, preferably at dawn or an hour or two later.

All *Penthouse* models are shot in the act of taking off or putting on their dainty, frilly undies and white stockings. The trick is to capture your model in just the right pose as she dresses or undresses on her pretty little antique chair. Try to come up with an original position. If your model is loose jointed, perhaps she can drape one leg over the chair top and put her stocking on the other leg.

The most important prop for your model is a big, beautiful feather. Some photographers prefer to use a rose. I happen to think a feather is more appropriate. The feather is used by your model to point at her genitalia, almost touching those areas in a wistful, pensive manner, as if she is waiting for her lover to come back from a wild-boar hunt, rip off hunting clothes that smell of pungent morning grass and truffle-filled earth, and carry her to the big Cellini gold bed that has been in the family for 700 years. Obviously, you need the perfect feather for this kind of mood. A big one, to be sure, of a soft, fluffy texture, like maribou. No peacock or turkey feathers.

The overall effect you want is pure diffusion, a soft-focus picture that imparts the haunting, mysterious feeling you're striving for. Some experts recommend smearing Vaseline on a filter or on a piece of glass in front of your lens; others like to use cellophane or Saran Wrap that has been rubbed on your own nose or forehead to absorb your skin oils. These are perfectly adequate, but for the most delicate and haunting effect you should wrap a very thin condom around your lens, stretching it nearly to the breaking point.

As Bob said, the rest is up to you. Good luck and good shooting!

Cheryl Tiegs Tells You How to Sell Your Pictures to *Playboy*



GETTING A PICTURE PUBLISHED IN *PLAYBOY* IS THE MOST important step in your career. It's a terrific magazine that millions of people read. The thing you have to do is give them a photo presentation that really stands out. Instead of shooting a regular nude picture, why not create something for their "Sex in the Cinema" feature? You don't have to use a movie camera. Just take regular photos and claim they were taken out of film frames.

But you can't just shoot a few sexy pictures and make believe they come from a movie. You have to *be* a movie photographer, and preferably a director too. It's not as hard as it sounds. Simply look in your mirror and tell yourself you are a



You can re-create the Tarzan or King Kong type of movie by having your model pose with a man in a gorilla suit. A good idea is to shoot a five- or six-thousand-picture sequence showing your model being captured by the gorilla, struggling to get free, and finally succumbing to his brutal charms.



Your model goes here.



This is a movie camera. You don't have to use it for your *Playboy* spread if you don't know how. But if you do, just keep shooting thousands of feet of film and simply pick out the best frames for your *Playboy* presentation.

For the Bo Derek look, hair heads are essential. She may be hot again next year.

great film photographer and director. Repeat it a few times until it sinks in. Now all you have to do is find a model to shoot. You'll find your model at one of the nude beaches in your area. Pick out the best-looking girl on the beach and tell her in the most sincere way possible that you are going to make her a movie star, that it won't be easy, that it will take a lot of work and a lot of telephone calls and persistence, but that if she has faith in you, there's no stopping her. Simply whisper to her that she is the second coming of Bo Derek, only more beautiful and photogenic.

The next step is to take about five thousand pictures of your new model. As you work with her you must put her completely under your spell. She must follow you blindly, obeying your slightest whim. She is your slave, your instrument, ready to do anything you ask to achieve the photogenic effects you strive for. She must be like photographic putty in your hands. And she must sign a contract stating that you have exclusive universal interplanetary rights to all her work.

The two best styles of photographs that will get you into *Playboy* are shooting your nude model with a big, muscular Negro or with an animal. A Negro is preferable (I'm assuming your model is a white Caucasian), but if you're a bit fearful, use an animal. Nude women and animals are a wonderful combination. My favorite animal movie is *Benji*. Buy or rent a mutt and shoot thousands of pictures of your model romping about with this adorable little dog.

When you've accumulated enough pictures to make a good impression (five thousand is the minimum), arrange an appointment with *Playboy*, bringing your model with you. At a prearranged time during the interview, have your model take her clothes off, except for her longish T-shirt. Take out a water pistol you've hidden in your pocket and spray her until she's soaking wet. I'm pretty sure that will clinch your sale.

Now, I'm going to be honest and right up front with you. I'd love to get my picture in *Playboy*. I've done my camera commercials and lots of regular modeling, but I still haven't gotten what I really want—a starring role in a major motion picture. I'd be willing to be the model just described. I know I can do it if you give me half a chance. ■

Guinness Book of World Records

BY SIR ALEC GUINNESS

Macaroons

Most Consumed. Single sitting. Twenty-three and a quarter, at bas mitzvah party for Sir Lew Grade's daughter Rachel, Kensington, November 15, 1968.

Marijuana

Most Smoked. One puff (or "hit," as David Hemmings called it when he offered it to me) immediately before arriving at bas mitzvah party for Sir Lew Grade's daughter Rachel, Kensington, November 15, 1968.

Meals

Most Expensive. *Tour d'Argent*, Paris, January 16, 1980. £516 for four, and no one even had an appetizer! I mean, *really*. Worst of all, that weasel Michael Caine said it was his treat, then the bill arrives, and, *bang-o*, he's off to the men's room like a tourist on his first trip to Morocco!

Most Delightful. A joint of well-cooked roast beef, fixed with "all the trimmings." When it's done right, nothing tops it. Nothing.

Most Revolting. *Sambo's*, Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles. A pleasant young man from the Morris office felt I ought to have a real "American-style breakfast"—complete with rat's eyes in my sausage patties, thank you very much. I'm currently with ICM.

Restaurant, Favorite. *Brown's*, The Strand, London. Not fashionable, I know, but jolly good. I make a point of dining there at least once every fortnight.



FAVORITE RESTAURANT. Here I am waiting for a delicious slice of *Brown's* deservedly renowned roast beef. "An end piece, captain, if you please. And one more Guinness—naturally!"

Restaurant, Least Favorite. Chinese, anyplace at all. Impossible to tell what one is putting in one's mouth in these spots. Absolutely hopeless. Very popular with Semites and certain trendy types. I'll stick to *Brown's*.

Meatballs, Swedish

Most Consumed. Eighteen, at bas mitzvah party for Sir Lew Grade's daughter Rachel, Kensington, November 15, 1968. The combination of the meatballs and the macaroons produced an uncontrollable reaction on my part that unfortunately ruined Lady Grade's silk moiré evening dress. (See also, **Humiliating Moments, Absolute Worst Ever.**)

Motorcars

Best Ever Owned. *Hillman Minx*. Cost me something like £900 in 1953. So long ago I can't remember the exact price, but it ran on petrol measured out in tea cups and I never had a spot of trouble with it in the twenty years I owned it. Mark my words, if British industry could turn out cars like this today, we'd still be hearing cries of "Hail, Britannia!"

Worst Ever Owned. *Ferrari 712*. £12,000 and it spent more hours in the shop than in my own garage. Couldn't even get the ruddy *map light* to work properly!



WORST CAR I EVER OWNED. The Ferrari 712. Looks like the Coronation Coach here, doesn't it? Well, don't be fooled. The Signor Grillo who sold it to me ought to be in bloody Dartmoor.

Movie Roles

Best Performance. Fagin, *Oliver Twist*, '48. My favorite, even if it did put several large, beaked noses out of joint. Discussing money matters with the Inland Revenue, I sometimes slip into that Hebrew lisp of mine to jolly things along. Works wonders.

Most Ridiculous Part, Offered. Bernardo, leader of the Sharks in Robert Wise's *West Side Story*. I still believe this must have been a mix-up of some sort; in any case I had a previous commitment.

Most Ridiculous Part, Accepted. Obi-Wan Kenobi in *Star Wars*, '77. To think a man of my age and ability would actually consent to play a minor, one-dimensional character in a simple-minded children's fable about outer space! Why ever did I do it, eh? I'll tell you why, old bean. Two and one-quarter percent of the profits, that's why; the same amount of lolly I'd have earned if I'd played Hamlet at the Old Vic forty-nine performances a week for ninety-seven years! May the force be with me! *And my agent!*

Worst Camels. *Lawrence of Arabia*, '62. Totally insufferable. I should have *shot* that big brown bugger who kept spitting in my makeup case. Disgusting.

Best Supporting Cast. *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, '49. I say, thirteen of them were me, you know. Ensemble playing at its finest.

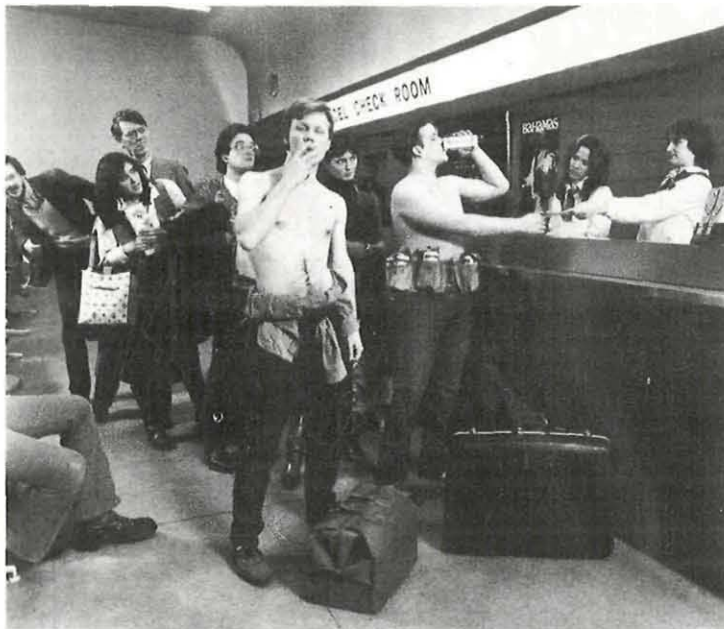
Munificence

Largest Check Picked Up. £516, *Tour d'Argent*, Paris, January 16, 1980. You'd have thought Caine would have had the grace to leave the tip at least. But no, not even that. And what about the taxi back to the hotel? I certainly gave him ample time to reach into his pocket, but believe me, we

The O.C. and Stiggs Guaranteed Method of Porking the Vice-President's Wife

A COUPLE months ago, me and Stiggs were in this army-navy store when we notice that the guy working behind the register is Herman Schleuter, former coach at our school, after we blew the lid off this degenerate tryst we caught him in in his office with one of the counselors, Mrs. Beale, a whore. At least that's how we described her in the written statements we had to file as witnesses when the school board had their hearing. The statements were great. "Like any normal students," they said, "we were appalled and revulsed to see the relentless, bullying tongue of the coach twisting and slithering like some mindless animal, burrowing deep into the wet, sucking sanctuary of Mrs. Beale's gaping mouth as their two bodies melded into a magmatic crucible of bubbling and churning passion—the passion of one hundred men, and their one hundred whores, so help us God." Written statements are best in situations like this, because the school board has to enter the whole thing into the record of the hearing, whereas if you just try to give oral testimony, you can't get out more than one or two "fucks" before they cut you off and throw you out of the hearing.

So, anyway, we're at the register in the army-navy store, and we're wondering what kind of mind-cataclysm happens to a forty-two-year-old guy in a red-and-white perforated-plastic Thornton's Surplus cashier's smock when he rings up



The challenge of this article is to see if you can beat me and Stiggs to Washington, D.C., for the boning, even though we have the head start of already being in line to get on the plane. Some of the advantages of flying to the capital of the country without any shirts on are that the overhead air jets feel good on your skin, and also that if the fucker crashes into the Potomac, you're better prepared for getting wet and not having to worry about the other passengers grabbing your shirt and fucking it up. Traveling executives and families really like Stiggs's representational shirt-dork also.

package of psychological bonuses as opposed to the mere temporary payoff of blowing your wad.

After one of the longest and most incredibly detailed and sparkling discussions ever in our history, we concluded that getting some lady to totally disregard her husband, children, career, financial security, social standing, and personal dignity to let you bone her creates a sort of intellectual cluster of boning excellence in your brain that actually triggers your neural chemicals like a boner and causes them to expand and surge around until you have to blow them out of your head by telling your friends about the boning. This is like an oral-mental wad that, if you know anything about the power of the mind,

twenty-four dollars worth of army flares for the two kids who got him busted out of his fifteen-year coaching job and who he knows have incinerated the inside of his car four or five different times with flares. And we did it again, ex-coach Schleuter being the timeless, invariable type of asshole that he is.

But the point of this is something else, mainly the thing that Stiggs said after Schleuter's front seat erupted into this blue cone of flame that sublimated his roof liner and covered the parking lot with rolling, oily smoke. "I wonder if we should put the log to Mrs. Beale?" Stiggs asked. This was more than just an idle suggestion, however, because me and Stiggs had been talking lately about the qualities of sex with middle-aged married women, especially in terms of a complete

has about a million times the blast-ability of any conventional, animalian boner.

So, establishing this, we broke down the analysis even more, and figured that the quality of this type of sex would naturally be controlled by the prestige or lack of prestige of the stuff the woman was risking—for example, Mrs. Beale's husband was a highway patrolman, and her kid was a foster criminal who killed a homo in another state, and she lived in a V.A.-financed dump with weather-crinkled Plexiglas panels beside the front door, for a "modern entry" accent. So I told Stiggs that the nugatory brain-boner potential of a woman like Mrs. Beale, who had so little to lose, hardly made it worth the effort to drive all the way to her house.

"So who should we pork?" Stiggs asked, and right off the top of my head I suggested "...Barbara Bush," and Stiggs was instantly receptive. After plugging her and her family situation into our theory, we worked it out that a score on Barbara

Bush would produce the psychological equivalent of shooting 100,000 gallons of fluid through a volleyball pump in one second.

But since we were on this extraordinary spree of analysis and exploring the most distant extremities of the middle-age porking phenomenon, our minds refused to stop at the first appearance of a breakthrough; we were on a runaway locomotive of thinking that finally crashed head-on into a concept even better than the last one, which, as you may have guessed, is to give everyone in the country the same chance as us to get their hands on the vice-president's wife. "It would be almost like a national train of kindred boning spirits," I said to Stiggs, and once again he was immediately receptive. "Great," he said.

So here's all the stuff anyone who wants to get their hands on Mrs. Bush will need, guaranteed by us to be totally fool-proof and comprehensive.

Phase 1:

Groundwork for Setting Up the Pork

THE FIRST STEP OF THIS PHASE IS TO COPY THE following letter and send it to Mrs. Bush at her office in Room 1268 of the Executive Office Building

in Washington, D.C. It should be handwritten on hospital stationery for complete and total credibility.



ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL

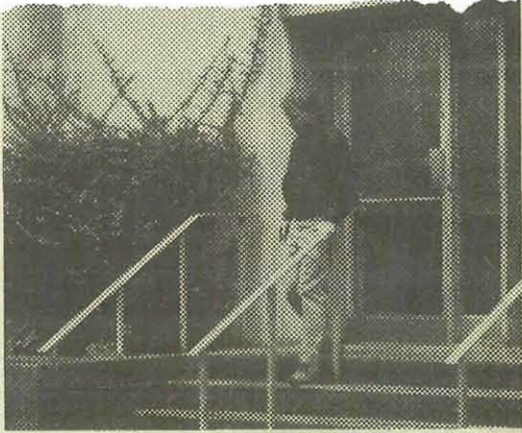
Dear Mrs. Bush,

I'm writing you to tell you that I admire you for the way you have graciously and modestly filled your role as the second leading lady of our country. I'm sure that many women in your position would have let it affect them, but you however remain a wonderful example of someone who serves the American people without grabbing the public eye. This humility is especially meaningful to me, because as a paraplegic I used to always feel that I deserved special attention, but then I realized that if a woman of your stature doesn't want special attention, then I should hardly expect it either. Because of you, I am now satisfied to make the best contribution to society I can and reserve the special attention for those who are less fortunate than me and really need it. Thank you for reading this. I hope you don't mind me writing you.

Your admirer,

(YOUR SIGNATURE HERE)

► It's important to notice the partially clumsy, adolescent wording of this letter—this is to load it to the gunnels with the ingenuousness and charm it needs for sufficient emotional impact. The next step is to mail this newspaper clipping to Mrs. Bush about three weeks later, along with a copied version of the letter shown next to the clipping. Be sure to have a girl write the letter and to use respectable-looking stationery with a monogram.



MIRACULOUS RECOVERY. Doctors at St. Joseph's Hospital say they are unable to explain the seemingly impossible recovery of a young patient, shown here leaving the hospital under his own power only three months after an accident that completely paralyzed his legs. The young man, who declined to be identified because he felt his story was not newsworthy, said only that he wished to thank Mrs. Barbara Bush, wife of Vice-President George

MGC

Dear Mrs. Bush,

I thought you might appreciate a copy of this clipping, which appeared in our local paper. I can assure you that all of us who know the boy in the photograph, (YOUR NAME HERE), are forever indebted to you for the inspiration and support you provided him. My family and I are particularly thankful as we have never met a young man quite so mature, sensitive, thoughtful, loving and intelligent. Again, I thank you for helping (YOUR NAME HERE) return to the fullness of life.

Gratefully yours,
Murriel Grange

► After you send this letter, phone this hotel called the International Plaza, which is in Washington, D.C., about three blocks from Mrs. Bush's office. Tell them you'd like to reserve a room for the day you've decided to give the vice-president's wife the meat.

Phase 2: Getting to Washington, D.C.

ME AND STIGGS KNOW THIS GUY WHOSE DAD works for a giant company and flies all the time. He says they give him these passes called Universal Air Transportation Vouchers that are good on any

airline; so we had the kid rip one off for us, and here it is. Just type in your name and the date you want to go to Washington and the city you're flying from.

4075878602

UNIVERSAL AIR TRANSPORTATION VOUCHER

Valid on all participating carriers to all destinations within continental United States.

ISSUED ON THE ACCOUNT OF: Exxon, Inc.

PASSENGER:	ORIGINATOR:
DATE OF TRAVEL:	DESTINATION: Washington, D.C. - Dulles

Subject to all applicable tariffs, restrictions, and regulations—see National Air Transportation Agreement sec. 101-107, Rev. form C 2200712-6-82.

E. LAWRENCE SPOFFARD
Agent

ANDREW L. PENNEBAKER
National Air Transportation Board

Put your favourite Girl
on your favourite shirt.
Free iron-on transfer
(other side of this page)
does the trick.

You never forget your first Girl.



© 1982
Carlton Importing Company,
N.Y., N.Y.

You never forget your first Girl.



HOW TO USE IRON-ON TRANSFER:

1. Transfer works best on white or light colored, closely woven polyester or a blend with at least 65% polyester and no more than 35% cotton. Do not use on nylon or on fabrics with soil resistant finish.

2. Test sample of fabric (or seam allowance) for heat resistance, using tip of hot (300°) iron. Iron transfer test strip onto fabric scrap.

3. Spread single thickness of fabric on ironing board. Slide clean, white card-

board under fabric for a smooth surface.

4. Clip transfer from magazine leaving as much margin around image as possible. Place transfer face down on fabric and pin through margin. Cover transfer with a single sheet of clean, white paper.

5. Using hot, dry iron (cotton setting, no steam), press firmly and move very slowly to cover all parts of the transfer for about 1½ minutes. After completion, allow 10 seconds for cooling. Avoid

scorching by not allowing iron to touch fabric.*

6. Carefully peel up corner of transfer to check imprint. If necessary, press a few more seconds, then slowly peel away transfer.

NOTE: Transfer will make only one good imprint. Wash in cool water with cold-water detergent. Do not use bleach.

*The key to a quality transfer is applying firm, even pressure for 1½ to 2 minutes.

TEST STRIP



▶ When you get to Dulles Airport in Washington, D.C., call Western Union and dictate the following telegram to Mrs. Bush: Be sure to say you want the

message hand delivered directly to Barbara's office. Get the operator's employee number and tell her that her job depends on it.



Telegram

T ID 342 (173 1) (4-04 88625 069) PD 03/10/82 1729

ICS IPMMTZZ CSP

2 126884070 TDMT NEW YORK NY 87 03-10 0529P EST

MRS BARBARA BUSH

ROOM 1268

EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING

WASHINGTON, DC

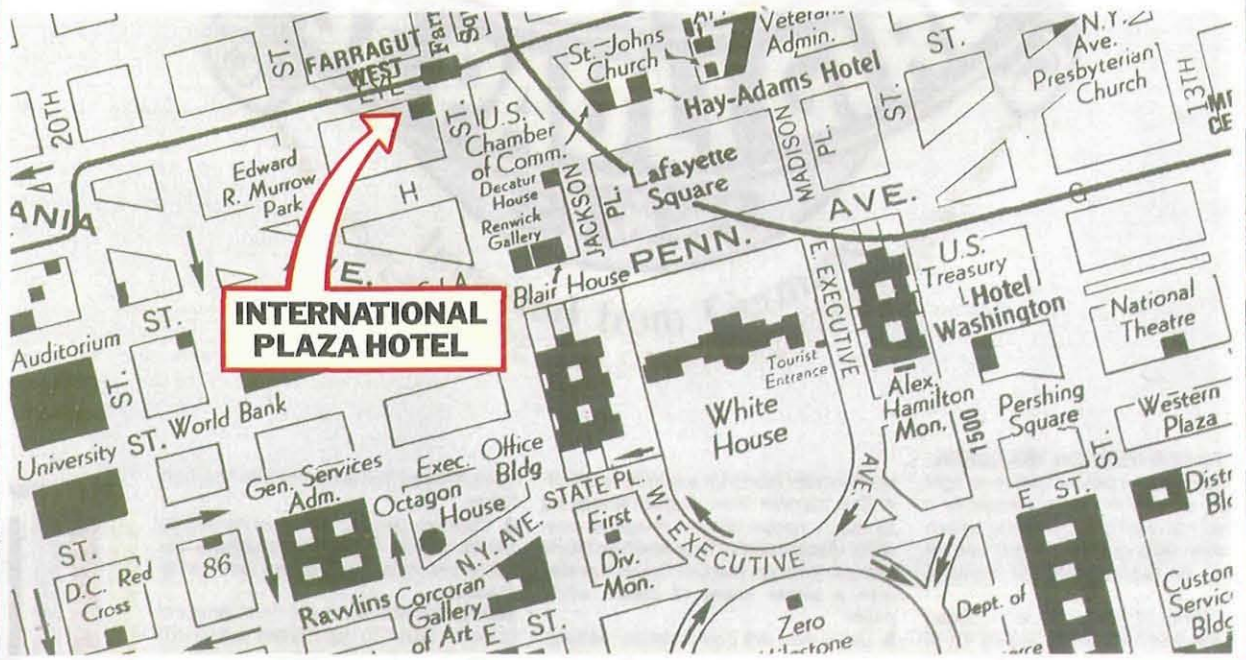
DEAR MRS BUSH

I AM SORRY TO BOTHER YOU. I AM IN TERRIBLE TROUBLE. BECAUSE YOU HELPED ME TO REGAIN MY LEGS WHEN THE DOCTORS COULDN'T, I KNOW YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE I CAN TURN TO NOW. PLEASE COME TO THE INTERNATIONAL PLAZA HOTEL AS SOON AS YOU CAN. IT IS ONLY A FEW BLOCKS FROM YOUR BUILDING, BUT I WOULD UNDERSTAND IF YOU ARE TOO BUSY. PLEASE DON'T TELL ANYONE. PLEASE. YOUR FRIEND, (YOUR NAME HERE)

NNNN

▶ Then take a taxi to the International Plaza Hotel (see map). By the time you get there, Mrs. Bush will have gotten the telegram and been blown out by a complete, overwhelming shitload of humanitarian

mesmerism so incredibly powerful that she'll have no choice but to interrupt her schedule, bullshit her staff, shake the Secret Service, and bolt to the hotel like a rocket to find out what she can do for you.



Phase 3: Taking Mrs. Bush into a Suitable Restaurant Where You Can Talk and Zero In On the Secret Voids in Her Life Most Likely to Be Satisfied by Putting Out for You

IF YOU'VE FOLLOWED THE O. C. AND STIGGS GUARANTEED Method of Porking the Vice-President's Wife carefully, you are now on the complete verge of the International Grand Ass-Master Class sweepstakes of superior achievement. Since the International Plaza Hotel has a Polynesian theme restaurant, which is the mandatory style of environment for zeroing in on secret female voids, leave a message at the front desk for Barbara to meet you there.

Don't sit at the bar with a two-handled schooner of sloe gin and with your chair swiveled to face the door—this kind of behavior is synonymous in the eyes of women Mrs. Bush's age

with gigolos from old movies they've seen and might trigger a scoriaceous mass of confused negative-consequence scenarios in the fuck-protection section of their brains and cause Mrs. Bush to rebolt to the Executive Office Building.

Sit at a table, and if you get a drink, be sure to order something that looks as little like one as possible, for example, a ceramic pirate head full of ginger ale and lemon slices and sloe gin, and then when you see her arrive, greet her real humbly at the door and escort her to the table, apologizing for bothering her and thanking her for coming, which should make her feel real charitable, a feeling that older women with wealthy oil-millionaire husbands know like their own names and are comfortable with.

The next step is to crank yourself up to an even larger, thoroughly jumbo-onic degree of attentiveness. Like the standard wives of politicians and diplomats, Mrs. Bush probably has an inventory of around twenty or thirty anecdotes, and after presenting you with one of these sociable conversational road apples, her conditioning will cause her to automatically exchange conversational roles and listen to your anecdote, or, in this case, the reason why you need her help.

But by telling her that you really didn't need any help and that you just wanted to meet her and get to know her, and by exposing her to attention of an intensity she never knew was possible, she'll lose herself so completely as to speedily bankrupt her entire supply of pitifully humdrum and inconsequential anecdotes and then have nothing left to say but all of the incredible, intimate bullshit that she's been hiding in her guts since she developed her first supply of anecdotes.

Saying, "Are you sure you should be telling me all this?" in a totally grateful and astonished tone, while signaling to the waiter with a hand concealed behind your chair to bring her another pirate mug full of gin, should help to forward this process, which can be forwarded also by focusing the conversation with laserlike concentration on the arresting of her development at age nineteen by getting married and having a family instead of experiencing the excitement of young adulthood that is necessary to ever be happy. "Do you mind that the cream of your life was stolen from you and that it will eat out your insides until you have another ceramic pirate full of gin?" is a good thing to say.

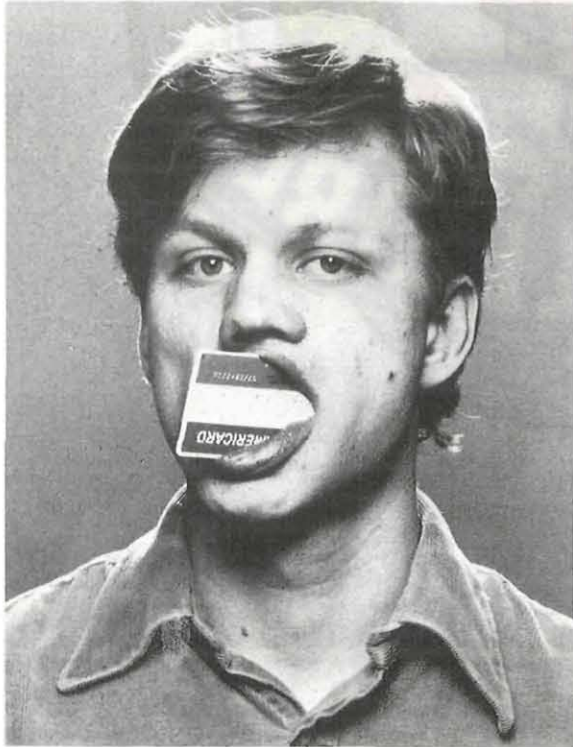
It is the mastery of critical maneuvers like this that will allow you to blow off the blazer pockets of even acknowledged sultans of slit such as Philippe Juneau, who recently distinguished himself by ramming Princess Caroline of Monaco and sprinting off with a lifetime supply of her bearer bonds in a cute leather case.

If you continue to deliver even more sympathy and support, sooner or later Mrs. Bush will begin to rattle off what she could or should have done instead of leaving Smith College thirty-six years ago to marry George Bush, like, for example, that she might have been a great surgeon or in some other way performed an enormous service to the world, clearly beyond any abilities she has or might once have had. Of course, if you can convince her of your belief in this vain-glorious drivél, she will suggest continuing what she considers to be a stimulating conversation upstairs in the privacy of your room, which you can go to as soon as she gives you the credit card you'll need to pay for it, as well as the liquor. [See Stiggs's Notes on Borrowing Credit Cards from Women in Bars, left.]

Stiggs's Notes on Borrowing Credit Cards from Women in Bars

© 1982 by Mark Stiggs

THIS IS JUST A SHORT ITEM ON MY POLICY WITH these types of credit cards, which is to always give them to the most lowlife cocktail waitress in the place and tell her she can have the card for a tip only if she promises to buy \$500 worth of horribly ugly shoes, or how ever many pairs she can get with the limit on the card. Then I tell the woman who loaned me the card, real playfully, that I won't give it back to her until she bones me, and then after she does, I say I lost it. It's not very complicated, but still great.



Older women wonder what you're doing when you put their credit cards in your mouth.

Phase 4: The Coup de Pork

WHEN YOU GET AN OLDER WOMAN IN A SITUATION LIKE being almost ready to root your brains out in a hotel room, it's real important to give her a giant amount of prepork attention, since the lady isn't there merely for the pleasure of the

pork, she's there for the prepork attention, if you follow. If you don't, then it's a good idea to refer to Stiggs's Notes on Porking Middle-aged Women, below, a recognized masterwork on the subject.

Stiggs's Notes on Porking Middle-aged Women

© 1982 by Mark Stiggs

ALL THAT OLDER WOMEN GIVE A FUCK ABOUT IS their bodies. They're deteriorating and they're dying, so they spend most of their time at beauty shops, dress stores, spas, and gynecology offices trying to buy the equivalent amount of personal attention that they would get if anyone in the world still gave a shit about them.

So, it's not unusual that these women make it a habit to glom all of the fawning and bullshitting and pampering they can get, prior to a root-orama, and if they don't get at least an hour or so of it, which is about what they can buy from a homo hair-dork for fifty bucks, the lady will probably stall out and lose interest.

Another thing that makes them lose interest is mentioning their husbands or something else that causes guilt and pierces the elaborate bubble of specialness that you've spent hours creating to totally isolate the gash from everything but you, and how special you make her feel, and your dork. Once, I said to this forty-nine-year-old housewife I wanted to raunch, "Do you blow your husband and do you think he'd mind if you blew me and in any case will you Hoover me immediately, before I pay any attention to you?" and needless to say she took off.

So now I always make it an essential point to kiss the woman a lot and help her off with her clothes, real slow-motion-like, so you'll be able to pause when you get to the most saliently fucked-up parts of her body and kick off the lights for an extra blast of modesty. Once, after I'd gotten this middle-aged woman's bra off and saw that her tits were incredibly liver-blotched and collapsed, I said, "How can your husband stand to look at those horrible monsters?" and so she refused to put out. I was pissed, but the lesson was a real good one.

One of the most amazing things, however, is that when the boning finally happens, you can expect a virtual explosion of debasing, embarrassing weirdness that completely contradicts the entire fucking hour's worth of modesty and coddling you've just been through, as if the gash puts you through a warm-up variety of low-grade lunacy just to



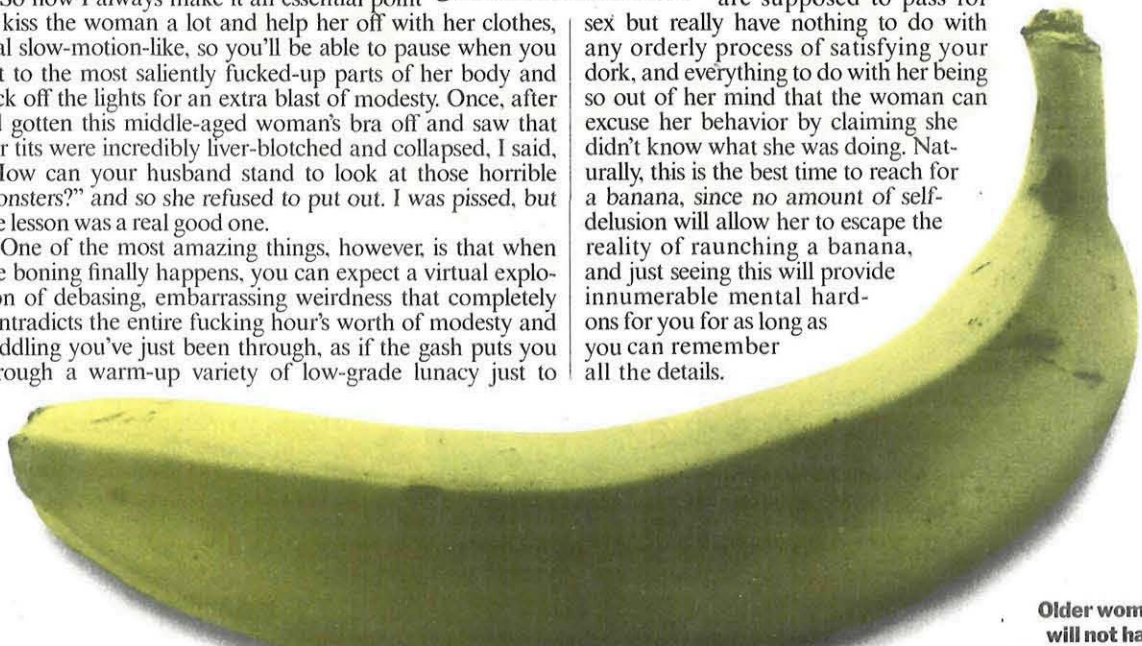
Kissing older women in the area demonstrated by O. C. is a great place to start, because it tells the woman that you're real gentle and not a monster.

make you pay for the really ace-quality premium-reserve lunacy later on.

It's critical to remember here that the woman probably hasn't had sex from her husband in a long time, and that any sex she did have was of a perfunctory, wallowing variety, swathed in the oily, musk-slag of decaying, fat bodies that have learned to process twenty-five pounds of beef and alcohol a day into smells and phlegm. So, as a result, she's got half a lifetime of untapped, fermenting pleasure behavior locked up inside her, waiting to blow out and challenge the complete limits of the boning experience.

The first thing you can anticipate from her at the moment of boning is a string of meaningless grunting syllables, like "noo-noo-noo-noo-noo-noo..." dredged up from some bizarre neural cavern that formed decades before you were even born. I suppose this is like having a historical time capsule of what noises people used to blurt out when boning was considered weird—"noo-noo-noo-noo-noo..." probably being the prima facie proof that anyone needed to hear to figure out that sex was weird.

The next thing to expect is a bout of head-jerking convulsions that are supposed to pass for sex but really have nothing to do with any orderly process of satisfying your dork, and everything to do with her being so out of her mind that the woman can excuse her behavior by claiming she didn't know what she was doing. Naturally, this is the best time to reach for a banana, since no amount of self-delusion will allow her to escape the reality of raunching a banana, and just seeing this will provide innumerable mental hard-ons for you for as long as you can remember all the details.



Older women will not have sex with one of these without an extended warm-up.

Phases 5 and 6: Arranging the Follow-up Second Level of Degeneracy, and Then Doing It

AFTER THE INITIAL BONING, IT'S important to parlay the romantic momentum into another meeting, although you're probably wondering what the next meeting is for, having already wrung all conceivable sexual satisfaction from a damp, nervous, odd-smelling old woman.

You want a next meeting because no program of subjugation of an old broad is complete until you've gotten some money from her to compensate for the disgust and expenses (D&E) and have boned her a couple of times outdoors or in public somewhere. This insures that your story is funny enough to tell over and over to the same guys when drunk and still have it be provocative and entertaining the tenth time you tell it, which is the mark of a real champion boning story.

After the woman goes into the washroom, which she will do to regain her dignity by dressing in private and returning her hair to its prepork state of thatched excellence, she will come out looking for some kind of respectful compliment; so don't just tell her that she was extra tight or that you like dry ones or anything like that, but instead get out of bed and kiss her on the forehead and tell her it was real beautiful and reminded you of a waterfall or some kind of a rare bird song.

Then tell her in the same breath that you'd like to go to a vulgarly expensive

Washington restaurant; but when she offers to take you, tell her you can't go because you don't have enough money for the right clothes, specifically the tuxedo you'll need to rent for two or three times what one will actually cost; so then you can glom a whole wardrobe of tuxedos and have a formal-type dinner with your friends when you get home and lay the whole grotesque business before them in the sophisticated context appropriate to this type of story. You will also want her to buy you a bottle of whiskey to help you get over the fact that you just rammed the equivalent of a grease-jammed carburetor.

When you meet her at the restaurant, be sure to sit opposite from her and not beside her, since this will prevent her from muttering saliva-laden, abandoned endearments in your ear, and allow you to work your foot between her legs as you order two or three hundred dollars worth of tiny, prestige medallions of piquant duck breast and take off your shoe and sock and rub your bare foot with some butter or a duck medallion for sufficient lubrication to get your whole foot up her to a degree that would astonish her kids.

Strange as it seems, the dinner activities will get her hot enough to readily accede to your demand for a blowjob in her car. Try a parking lot first, where there are lots of shoppers, then insist on driving, so you can steer the car to heavily traveled truck routes, where you're most likely to be overlooked in the act by Negro teamsters. Remember that while she is lapping your slab she can't see what's going on up above, so you'll have a maximal opportunity to blink the overhead courtesy light on and off as an extra show-business flourish the Negroes will like.

Phase 7: Getting Rid of Her

AMAZING AS IT MAY SOUND, UNLOADING a middle-aged slice can be about twice as hard as convincing her to put out. Apparently the fact that you've taken her across certain thresholds, like the threshold of burning her husband and defiling everything she ever believed in, creates some sort of epoxal love-bonding agent in these women.

So the procedure is to forget about using nuances and tactful, indirect suggestions to get Mrs. Bush to stop bothering you, and instead get her to drive you to Dulles Airport under the pretext of having some sort of sex on the runway, and then while you're sitting in her car, ask her for a twenty-dollar bill, like you need it as a prop for a sex-related magic trick, and then jam it into your pocket while launching into the verbal crowbar that will pry the Barbara off your body and at the same time make her forget about the twenty dollars, which of course you need to reimburse yourself for the taxi you had to take to the hotel, and the long-distance phone call to reserve the room, and the telegram.

As for the actual farewell dialogue itself, it's a good idea to memorize your part from the exchange below.

YOU: I've changed my mind about sex on the runway, and I think I'll get a plane instead and get the fuck out of here.

BARBARA: But... What about me?

YOU: Why should I want to hang around with some treacherous, disloyal crack who's just completely jerked off her family and profaned everything she ever believed in just to pork a seventeen year old in a parking lot? How could I ever rely on a person like that?

BARBARA (*quivering, weeping*): I can't believe you're saying this. I'm so confused.

YOU: Of course you're confused. You're a confused hunk of psychogelignite waiting for your entire system of values to blow apart. By next week you'll be either a blathering religious maniac or whoring yourself out to every pocked-nosed Wilbur Mills-style rumbag in the city. Who knows? I'm leaving.

BARBARA (*ululating, suddenly angry*): Then, get out.

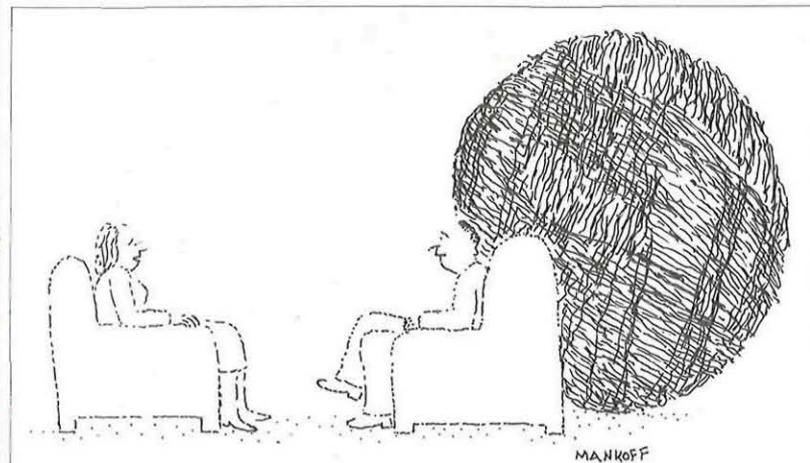
YOU: Hey, Barbara?

BARBARA: Yes?

YOU: Can I have a rim job?

BARBARA (*slumps to wheel, blood drains from face, sighs with last of strength*): Get out.

YOU: Okay. (*Fly home, tell friends*) ■



"But Horace, even if your gloomy scenario proves correct, what makes you think the new economic order will use little bits of string and twine as the medium of exchange?"



State of Mississippi
Department of Welfare and
Human Services

Public Information Booklet No. 305

“How’s I All Gwan Git By Wiffout No Mo’ Federal P’ograms?”

From the Office of the
Governor of Mississippi,
the Honorable William F. Winter

Dear Fellow Mississippians:

As you’ve probably heard, the federal government has decided to cut way back on social programs and give the money directly to the states instead. They got two reasons for doing this: First, to reduce the federal budget. Second, to return the job of solving local problems to local officials, like me, for example, because I’m more familiar with local problems around here than just about anybody. So, when I recently received our so-called block grant from the federal government, I went to work right away on filling the genuine needs of this state, such as the needs of our long neglected and dangerously inadequate state military forces, which desperately need 200 F5-E fighter-interceptors, 2,500 M-1 tanks, 3,000 support vehicles, and a wide array of missiles, radars, and other critical supplies. On the domestic side, our long awaited Capitol Mall and Trans-Jackson Tunnel will finally begin construction, affording thousands of dedicated public officials the pride of working in the tallest alabaster terraced pyramid in the world, and the security of driving there through solid rock, 1,500 feet below ground. Another urgent project, the 200,000-square-foot Mississippi Emergency Public Cotton Gin, will soon be available, free of charge, to any of our needy textile manufacturers and, of course, our respected growers.

The list of important uses for our money is, as you can imagine, a sizable one—so big, in fact, that I’m afraid our block grant may run out before I get everybody taken care of. I know that most of you citizens can understand the difficulty of this situation from managing your own money and from the times you’ve had to grit your teeth and cross that extra-fancy steak off your shopping list, just like all these programs and services I’ve had to cross off mine. Believe me, fellow Mississippians, it isn’t easy. But given the fine character and resourcefulness of the people of this great state, I’m confident that before long you’ll be doing a better job for yourselves than, well, “dat ol’ Uncle Sam he ever done!” Good luck, and God bless you.

Sincerely yours,

Governor

The purpose of this booklet, as implied in the title, is to provide simple hints that will help you survive without the many programs and services that you used to expect from the federal government and that unfortunately remain unavailable from the state or other sources. Remember, as our friend Honeybiscuit Calhoun says...



Streets and Highways

Concrete, asphalt, and other paving materials are not permanent substances, and, as they deteriorate, large holes will form in your streets, making them unsafe. These holes, often called potholes, can ruin your car or, worse, cause your car to bounce out of control and kill someone. Potholes are best corrected by filling them. If you don't have asphalt or concrete, try rocks, or cover them over with an old piece of plywood. Sometimes if there are too many holes you might want to cover up the whole road, in which case you can shovel dirt over it, or try the technique used in parts of Russia, where they lay logs side by side and fill up the cracks with mud. Another solution is to keep driving on the road, over and over, until it breaks apart completely, forming a gravel road, which is sometimes a sensible alternative to a log road if there aren't any trees nearby or if the road is a long one, like an interstate highway, which would take too much time to cover with logs no matter how many trees are in the area. Of course, the latter method will put a great deal of wear on your car and maybe result in deadly accidents, so the choice should be well considered. If you need to build entirely new roads, rather than merely repair the ones you already have, there are several things to keep in mind. For one thing, intersections are generally laid out at right angles. A good way to accomplish this is to use something you already know to have right angles—a card table, for instance—as a guide to squaring off your intersecting streets.



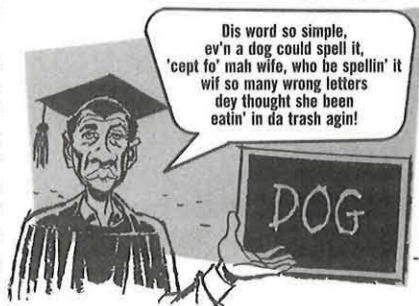
Traffic Signals

Traffic signals can be made by tying a string to the second hand on a clock. Attach a pointer to the other end of the string and place a calibrated board—labeled alternately STOP and GO—next to the pointer. As the second hand pulls up the pointer, traffic will be regulated accordingly. Be sure the strings on the East-West clocks are one increment shorter than on the North-South clocks, or you'll have accidents and deaths. Be sure to wind the clocks, and be sure not to tie the strings to the hour hands, or you'll have impossible traffic delays, impatient drivers, fights, accidents, and deaths. Another way to avoid accidents and deaths is to build your roads on inclines of less than seventy degrees; this way, cars won't slide off the road, tumble end over end, and probably explode, killing everyone.

Schools

Many people agree that children need a certain base of information in order to function in society, and that the best place to accomplish this is at some sort of centralized learning place, commonly called a school. School can be held almost anywhere—in sheds, churches, warehouses, vans, caverns, tents, canneries, stables, empty sections of sewer pipe, boxcars—anywhere the quest for knowledge burns like a hot ember, or like some of the liquor you drink. All you need is a group of children and someone to instruct them—a teacher. As the teacher explains various subjects, pupils are asked to absorb what they hear and repeat it when called upon to do so.

If the pupils don't grasp the material, the teacher recapitulates in a manner that is forceful or engaging enough to make a lasting impression. If, however, pupils still fail to learn, the teacher investigates the cause. The teacher checks to see if certain pupils are distracting the class by talking or roughhousing; if pupils are incapacitated by alcohol or drugs; if pupils are beaten and abandoned by unstable parents; if pupils are hemorrhaging from abortions; if pupils have never learned to speak a language or communicate with the physical universe; or if pupils are engaged in a plot to torment the teacher, to hound the teacher to his breaking point, to lure him into a fight and



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use his temporary moment of madness as a pretext for killing him with pipes and long knives.

If the teacher finds that these impairments to learning exist, he searches for ways to overcome them. Or, failing that, he rushes from the classroom, usually to a room designated as the teachers' lounge, except in cases where pupils set fire to the school, under which circumstances teachers run to their cars or their homes, except when pupils have overturned teachers' cars or are dancing and howling around their homes in a torchlit mob, chanting threats and pulling out their shrubs. In such cases, the teacher resigns and moves to another town.

Weights and Measures

Because unscrupulous businessmen sometimes cheat the public by improperly measuring or weighing their merchandise, a volunteer inspector of weights and measures may be necessary, to visit these merchants from time to time, and to reprimand the ones who persistently overcharge by adding weight to their scales or by oversetting the meters on devices like gas pumps. Your weights-and-measures inspector will need an object of known weight and a vessel of known capacity, say a shotput and a milk bottle, that he can use for testing. He will also need an inspection seal, preferably a bold one with hundreds of little spiked teeth on its outer rim circumscribing a wreath of leaves and berries and a dense, engraved montage of scales—truck scales, produce scales, laboratory scales, plus a historical selection of scales from the past, starting with crude levers and rocks and ascending all the way through the great explosion of weight-measuring breakthroughs of the sixteen and seventeen hundreds, when, it seemed, new refinements of design and embellishments of style appeared by the day; it was a marvelous age, a time when scale makers were exalted craftsmen, patronized by popes and kings, when larger, grander, more majestic scales were fashioned from springs of gold and regarded as among the highest measures of man's achievement. At the center of the montage there should appear a simple man, an agrarian sort with a firm expression and well-muscled arms, sleeves rolled, striding toward the scales of the future—apparitional, translucent, prismatic forms perched on a plinth of jewels and surrounded by radiant light and a bunch of stars. This is the kind of seal you'll need to make an impression.

Another thing your weights-and-measures inspector should have is a gun. Any gun lying around your community will do, but a Kalashnikov assault rifle would be best. This gives a weights-and-measures inspector the authority he needs to back up the impression he'll make with the seal. A black, reinforced-steel van would function superbly as a weights-and-measures strike vehicle, especially if it serves as a communications-and-control center for various mobile weights-and-measures tactical-support units assigned to reinforce the inspector. These men, like the inspector, will operate most successfully if they are perceived as a potent, coordinated, precision team; therefore, the psychological impact of "Weights and Measures" baseball caps and jump suits should be considered. Your weights-and-measures force will also need an insignia—for example, a skull.

Child Welfare

As a more effective means of administering benefit programs for disadvantaged or "welfare" families, many communities establish child welfare agencies—that is, agencies staffed by battered, abandoned children to whom you must report to file your welfare claims. As this is generally frustrating—laying out your entire tragic story to illiterate, whining, emotionally fried three year olds with fluids and crushed, wet cookies blotched on their faces—applicants are thus encouraged to beg elsewhere. Perhaps a short scenario will illustrate the effectiveness of this system.

MRS. PHLEGMALINE SHORTBREAD PARASITE: I can't work. I don't feel well. I have eight children. Their fathers are in jail. I have no money. My television is broken on channel five. My son beat me up with a chair. My back hurts.

CHILD WELFARE WORKER: Eeeeeeeeeeeee. (*Fidgets, repeatedly whacks the floor with a toilet brush, tears foam-rubber bow from neck of brush, dabs foam bow in a jar lid full of confectioner's sugar, throws lid full of sugar across the room, drags foam bow across glutinous fluids on chin, adheres bow to applicant's knee*)

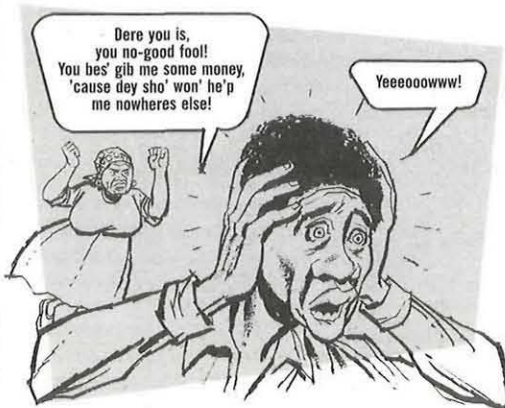
MRS. PHLEGMALINE SHORTBREAD PARASITE: So how much money will you give me? I need money. How much do I get?

CHILD WELFARE WORKER: You smell. (*Giggles, joins several other children in a refrigerator carton on other side of the office*)

MRS. PHLEGMALINE SHORTBREAD PARASITE: Give me some money.

CHILD WELFARE WORKER: Lolololololo. (*Throws jar lid at applicant*)

At length, the applicant gives up, saving your welfare system many thousands of dollars.



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Meat Inspection

It's always a good idea to check the condition of meat, since spoiled meat can be different than regular meat. Go to the packer's and stamp the bad meat DOUBLE STINKING BAD so that it may be shipped directly to the filthiest markets and food stands. Other grades—TRIPLE XXX VILE CARNIVAL-AND-FAIR BAD and MUY PELIGROSO ALIEN FERNANDO VALENZUELA VISCERA BAD—are also given.

Police

To protect yourselves from the harmful behavior of others you might want to establish a police force. Its mission would be to discourage misconduct by patrolling your community, and to find and detain wrongdoers so they won't bother you again. In order to be effective, policemen should be very small and narrow boned, wan, birdlike, marked by a reticence bordering on timidity, which, when penetrated, reveals glittering intelligence shaped of the great works of literature, art, and the sciences, and vitalized by a clarity of reason compelling to those around them.



These men should move around your town in plain view, perhaps in a sort of peppermint-striped surry, in which potential miscreants might easily see them and thus be deterred.

To achieve uniformity and fairness in the application of police power, clear procedures should be devised. For example, police should always conduct their interrogations at a long Queen Anne table, with an eighteenth-century French epergne at the center, filled with Ceylon tea. Questions should be softspoken and indirect: "I wasn't aware that Mrs. Coleridge even had a television to steal, Mr. Calhoun. Damn trivial thing, television, wouldn't you say?" Suspects wishing to confess should be instructed to announce it by removing a single flower from the centerpiece and laying it across their saucer. Confessions should be given in verse, if possible. Significantly dangerous or desperate suspects, should they flee the table, may be pursued. However, police should never condescend to move at a stride less dignified than the traditional pursuit gait of policemen—a canter of sorts, with knees locked, head tossed back, arms straight, and palms forward. A short little call—"A *donde van?*"—may be used to accent the chase.

Emergency Health Care

Medical care being as expensive as it is these days, you cannot afford it. Consequently, many communities consider it their duty to provide free attention to people in genuine need. Then again, other communities see no sense at all in squandering their valuable time and money on persons too careless or lazy to prepare for these types of emergencies. They are loath to subsidize the fanciers and the idlers who prey upon the graces of responsible citizens. There is a compromise approach, however—the fortuitous, automatic consequence of unskilled, untrained people like yourselves taking over medical services abandoned by the federal government. Acting as your own doctors and nurses, you can be certain that anyone coming to you for emergency care will be mishandled entirely and will probably die.

Thus the freeloading malingerer receives his due, while those bound by moral obligation to help the poor will have at least made an effort. And because of this situation, because you won't be able to do any good no matter how hard you try, there is no good reason not to wear a tall chef's hat in the operating room, or, for that matter, to affect a complete chef's personality. "No, no, no, no, no, no, no! You expect me to mend this bloody thing? Impossible! Get him out of my sight or I will scream!" you shriek, racing around the table in a hysterical pique, hurling surgical tools at the assistants, posturing, sighing, finally throwing your hat to the floor and storming out of the room, to return only after hours of coddling, scraping, cajoling, flattering, and unctuous mewling from everyone in the hospital. It's these little bits of theater that will help to make your emergency-medical-care day more than just another day.

Public Libraries

There is a common practice in many places of displaying an assortment of books in a building where citizens may peruse the shelves and, if inclined, borrow whatever books they like. It is professed that this ready source of literature

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benefits the community by rousing and challenging the intellect of its members, enriching their lives, and thus nurturing that side of the human spirit that seeks truth and understanding and respects the nobility of ideas and the virtue of progress through reason, knowledge, and imagination. This is, of course, the pith of a deft plot by powerful men to lure you into an intellectual cloud, neutralizing your vital instincts while the mind tipsles fatuously from the green Trader Vic's pirate grog of concepts and ideas. Why is it that libraries are free and parking is not? The answer is plain: the men who control the parking use the so-called civilizing influence of book reading to dull your more base and natural impulse to destroy the meters and refuse to pay the fines. If this isn't a 1984-style mind-control scheme to deprive you of your human nature and reduce you to musing, philosophizing, conjecturing blobs of cranial jelly, then what is? But, then again, since most of you who have any use for this booklet can't read anyway, the whole discussion is pretty much moot.



Monuments and Parks

Many people find it pleasurable to escape the harshness of daily life by visiting parks and reflecting on monumental statuary, and inundating the park with huge mountains of garbage, and stealing or defacing the statues. To obtain maximal enjoyment, build your park in a dumping ground of some kind—a slag pile, a sewage slough, anyplace reliably, appreciably dirtier than the shacks and pathways and fields where you spend the bulk of your time. Stack three or four garbage cans on top of one another and call it the great obelisk monument to Gen. Pierre Gustave Toutant de Beauregard, before you kick it over and throw the cans all over the place. Look for worms and bugs, and pretend they're swans and stun them with rocks and hard food.

Prisons

This is one institution that assuredly will not have to be explained to you. You also know how poorly prisons have worked in the past. In establishing your own penal system, search for innovative, effective alternatives. Try forced migrations. Try organizing your criminals into a single mandatory antique-car club. Try paying no attention to them whatsoever. Try everything. Nothing will work.

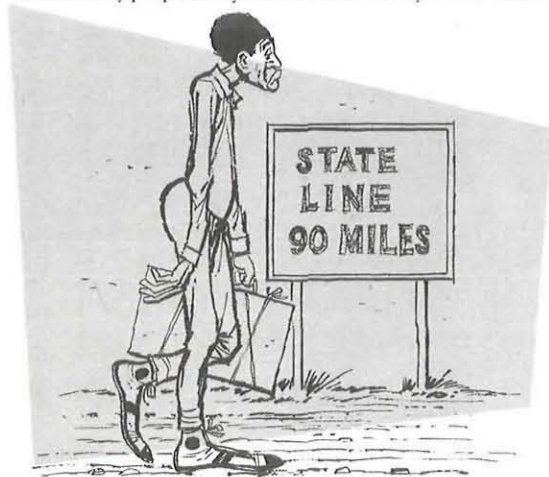


Charities and Foundations

Since many people like yourselves used to rely on aid from charitable organizations, you will likely want to form your

own, now that the federal government no longer funds charitable organizations. First you should select a name. The We Need Dough Fund would be fine. Then make up some stationery and write the United Nations to ask them to put you in touch with possible sources of assistance—for example, UNICEF, the Pan-African Development Council, the Pahlevi Foundation, the Melanesian Relief Fund, the Sisters of Sudan, the Inter-Asian Office of Public Assistance, Mrs. Lwotho's Mission Project of Care, or the Holy Nepalese Contingency Allotment for the Homeless and Lost. If you decide to solicit here at home, you'll need a big thermometer to display your total contributions. Label the bottom "0" and the top "\$2." Or "\$100,000,000"; it doesn't make any difference, just like the prison stuff doesn't make any difference, just like none of the stuff in this entire booklet makes any difference.

Here's an idea. Move to Alabama.



"How's I All Gwan Git By Wiffout No Mo' Federal P'ograms?"/DWHS No. 305/ Page 5

How to Forge Money

BY TED MANN

ON THE PAGE facing this one are reproduced three bills, one English, one Mexican, and one French. Solely for your own amusement and entertainment, and exclusively for your private use as a collector, you may wish to hand-color these bills, crumple them up somewhat to resemble circulated currency, create the further impression of age by soaking them in a weak tea solution, and then mount them on corkboard, for display purposes only, thus avoiding foreign jailing.

1

The English Ten-Pound Note

THE PREDOMINATING COLOR OF THIS bill is a grayish umber; the areas you see as white in the reproduction on the opposite page are indeed white. The obverse (face) of the bill (that bearing the portrait of the queen) also uses a pinkish orange color surrounding the floral arrangement in the central oval. The diamond-patterned hemisphere growing tumorlike at the eleven o'clock position on the oval uses a darker red color in the diamond shapes, beginning adjacent to the triangle that rests on the edge of the oval; the narrower diamonds are in this darker red, the fat ones that they alternate with are a darkish gray. The

numbers 10 are light pink. The pinkish wash that outlines the flowers in the oval fades on the top and bottom at the limit of the bill's printed area, on the right prior to the queen's portrait and on the left at the *e* in "ten."

On the reverse, Florence Nightingale's lamp is radiating the palest possible yellow wash. The officer's cap bands are red, as is the shirt beneath the jacket of the standing officer; the seated officer is pinkish, as is the uniform jacket on his knee. Remember: passing false currency is a crime, as much in this country as in the country of issue, and could result in a substantial jail term if you get nailed.

2

The Mexican 500-Peso Note

A HORRIBLY COLORED BILL, THIS, IT employs two shades of green and two of an ugly, muddy purple. In addition it employs a bright red for the serial numbers and a paler red for the meaningless and irritating geometric curlicue on the lower right that projects into the white space, frequently used by Mexican policemen for making note of interesting objects to steal or break. The pointed bands beginning at the right shoulder of the neurotic murderer pictured are colored pale purple, darker purple, pale green, darker green, pale purple, darker purple, pale green, darker green, and so on, until you run out of bill. The darker swaths around the deranged head are shades of putrescent green.

Reverse. The Banco Mexico symbol of what may be two interlocking gears is darkish mud red. The frieze behind the calendar stone, which depicts the

leisure activities of the original inhabitants in a remarkably restrained manner, is pale green. The Banco Mexico cactus symbol is gruesome purple—the color of the watered blood of ritual-murder victims. The 500 in the lower right is the same color as the jamming gears described earlier. There are some minor colorations omitted, but no one is likely to notice, least of all a Mexican. Remember, using spurious currency to obtain goods, services, or other considerations is a crime in the United States, and for some reason in Mexico as well.

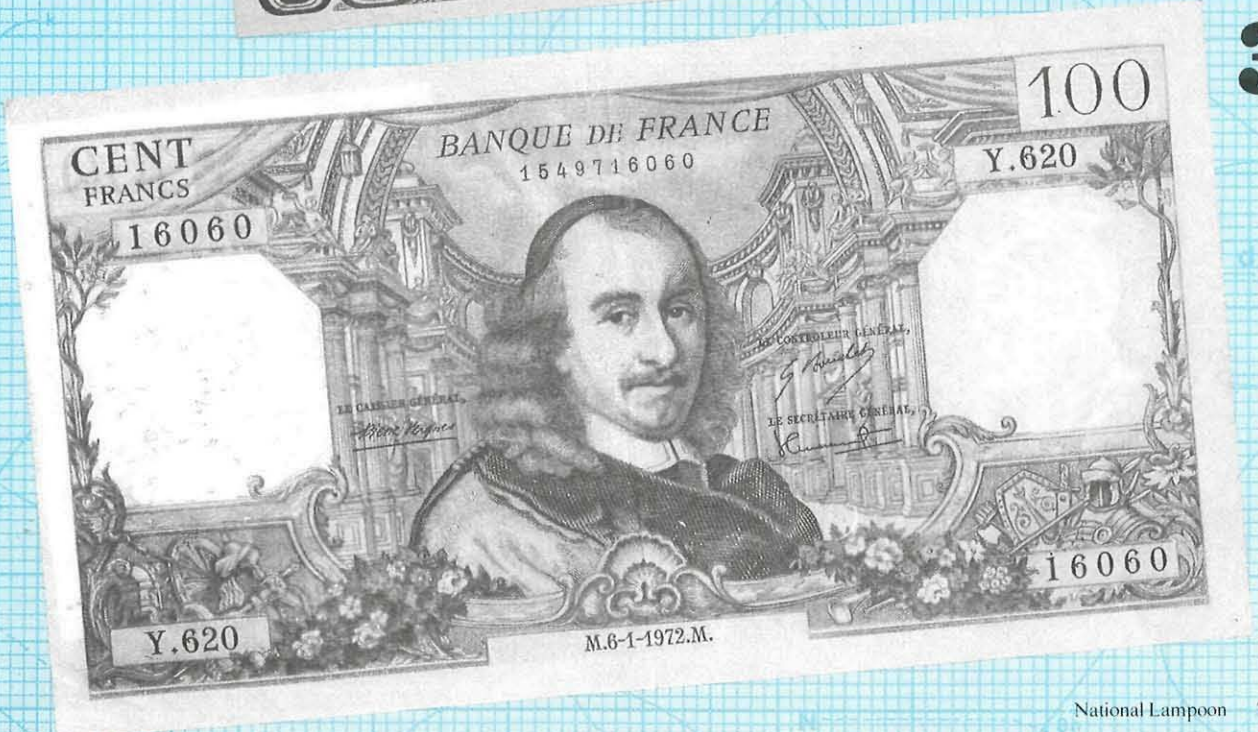
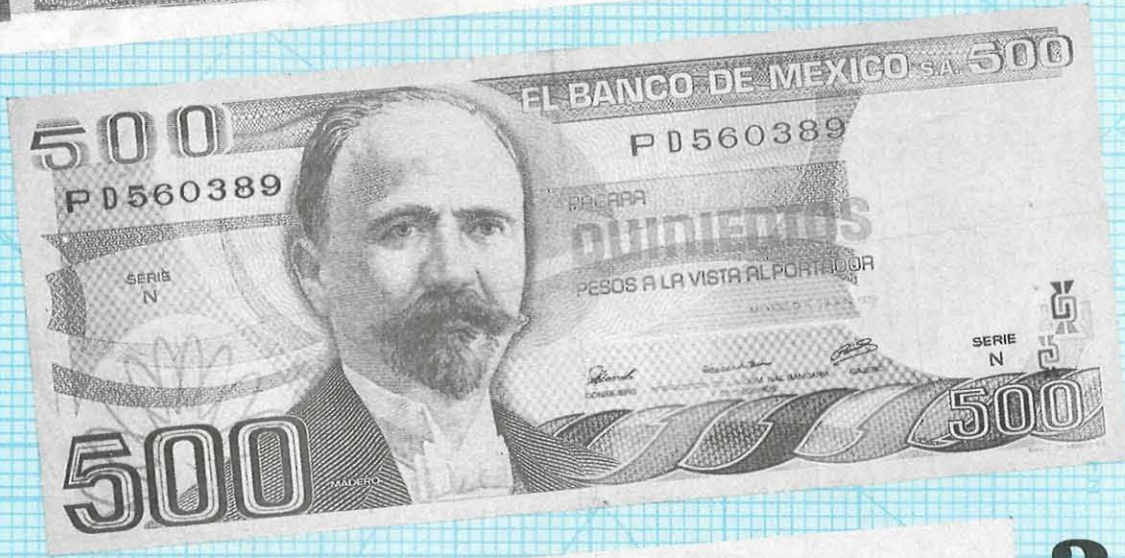
3

The French 100-Franc Note

THE COLORS ON THE OBTVERSE AND reverse of this bill are impossible to describe. If you cannot obtain a real French note, perhaps a study of the colors employed in the decoration of Georgian chamber pots might be of some help in coloring this bill. Remember, if you are able to color this bill, to punch pin holes in the white panel on the right-hand side for authenticity; this is the way French banks hold together wads of money, and every bill has at least twenty pin holes in it. Remember that in many countries possession of forged currency is in itself an offense, and it is up to you to prove that you did not possess the currency with knowledge or intent.

Last Words

GOOD LUCK NOW, AND DON'T TAKE any wooden nickels. Heh, heh. ■



1



2



3



Panasonic lets the sound out of the box. Platinum Series™ stereo radio cassettes surround you with new Ambience Sound.™

Now Panasonic Platinum Series AM/FM stereo cassette recorders have the miracle of Ambience Sound. Ambience is Panasonic's new dimension in sound that begins where stereo ends. Just flip the switch to Ambience. Suddenly you'll be surrounded by full, rich sound—not just from a left and a right speaker, but from in front, from behind and from all around, indoors or out. Ambience creates a presence that's so real, it's no wonder that when Earth, Wind & Fire carry a box, it's a Platinum Series with Ambience Sound.

There are lots of other extraordinary features that make Platinum Series stereo radio cassette recorders pure platinum. Like Dolby,* linear-scale tuning, LED meters, tape program sensors, and more. There are more than 15 Platinum Series models, ranging in size from a mini version all the way up to a gigantic 3-piece portable hi-fi system with 8-inch speakers and guitar jacks. And all have the musical power that has Earth, Wind & Fire saying "Go Platinum, Panasonic Platinum!"

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories. Batteries and tapes not included.

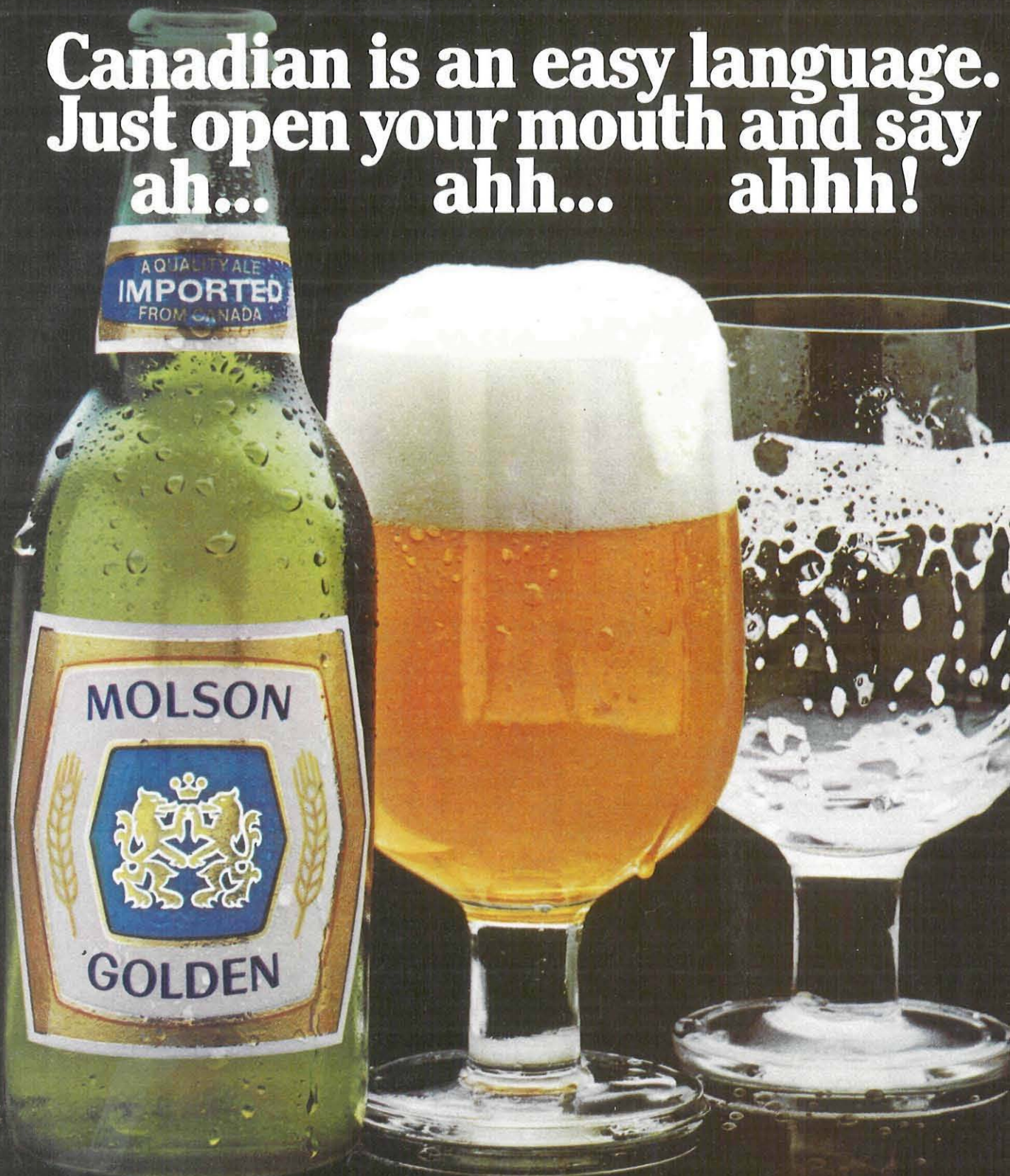


EARTH WIND & FIRE



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just slightly ahead of our time.

**Canadian is an easy language.
Just open your mouth and say
ah... ahh... ahhh!**



**Molson Golden
That's Canadian for great taste**

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TRUE SECTION

True Facts

TWO RESIDENTS OF WASHINGTON, D.C., paid \$2,020 to enroll in a "personal growth" course offered by a firm named Lifespring, Inc. After taking the course, though, the two unidentified people filed a \$5.17-million suit against the San Rafael, California-based company, claiming they suffered physical and mental abuse during the program. The plaintiffs say they were forced to lie on a floor smeared with dog excrement and pretend that they were homosexuals at a department-store makeup counter. *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Richard Rosomoff)

A GRAND-JURY INVESTIGATION INTO the Ocean County, New Jersey, mosquito commission revealed that, in 1972, commission employees dropped a live raccoon wearing a makeshift parachute from a county-owned helicopter. "We gave him two flights," admitted Frederick H. Lesser, head of the commission, "and he made two very successful landings." Witnesses to the incident also testified that county helicopters had dropped live chickens a year before the raccoon incident. The chickens were dropped without parachutes. *AP* (contributed by Henry Allen)

ELIZABETH MAGILL, SIXTEEN, OF Holbrook, New York, was walking her dog on a metal leash when he stopped to urinate on an illuminated sign outside the Holbrook Medical Center. Electric current apparently traveled up the stream of urine and through the leash to Magill, who was knocked unconscious by the jolt. The dog died instantly. *AP* (contributed by Henry Allen)

AN AMBULANCE WAS CALLED TO THE aid of James Ritchie, thirty, who was lying injured on a road outside Odell,

Illinois. As it arrived on the scene, the ambulance skidded on the snow-covered roadway, then struck and killed Ritchie. *UPI* (contributed by Doug Arnold)

INVENTOR FRANCES GABE, SIXTY-seven, of Newberg, Oregon, has applied for sixty-eight patents for her latest idea—a self-cleaning house. "All a woman has to do in the self-cleaning house is push a series of buttons and, *zowie*, the work is done," said Mrs. Gabe.

In her proposed structure, the floors are sloped to carry away runoff water sprayed from built-in nozzles that auto-

matically soap, then rinse floors, walls, ceilings, windows, and furniture. Included in the plans are dish-washing china cabinets, dry-cleaning clothes closets, a flushable fireplace, and an automatic dog washer. *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by David Richardson)

JOSEPH A. BANK CLOTHIERS, INC., AN Atlanta, Georgia, men's shop, wrote to Southern Bell Telephone Company requesting that "Inc." be dropped from its name in the new phone book. When the directory was issued, the clothing store was listed as "Drop, Inc." *UPI* (contributed by Kenneth Jacowitz)

Photo for Thought



(contributed by Mark Toljagic, Toronto, Canada)

Product Bargain Bonanza!



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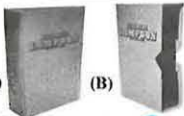
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THAT'S SICK!



THAT'S NOT FUNNY.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> (A-1001) \$ 6.95 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1007A) \$ 4.95 each |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> (A-1003) \$ 7.95 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1014) \$ 2.50 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1001) \$ 4.50 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1020) \$ 2.50 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 for \$ 8.00, | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1021) \$ 4.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 for \$10.50 | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1023) \$ 2.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1003) \$16.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1024) \$ 4.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1003) (A) (B) \$16.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1025) \$ 3.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1004) (A) (B) \$16.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1026) \$ 3.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1005) (A) (B) \$16.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1030) \$ 5.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1006) (A) (B) \$16.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1032) \$19.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1007) (A) (B) \$16.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1033) \$ 4.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1008) (A) (B) \$16.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1034) \$ 2.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1009) (A) (B) \$16.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1035) \$ 4.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1005) \$ 2.50 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1036) \$ 2.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1006) \$ 2.50 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (CB-1001) \$ 5.95 each |

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

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

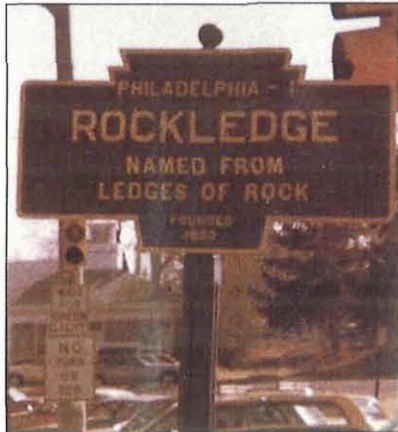
What's Your Sign?



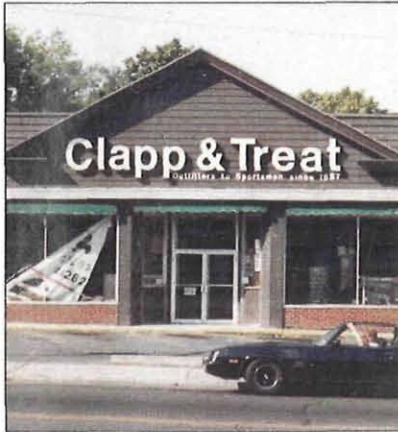
E. Lee Davis, Leesburg, Ga.



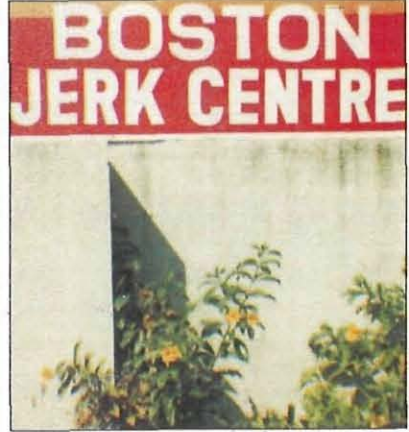
Michael A. Bales, South Bend, Ind.



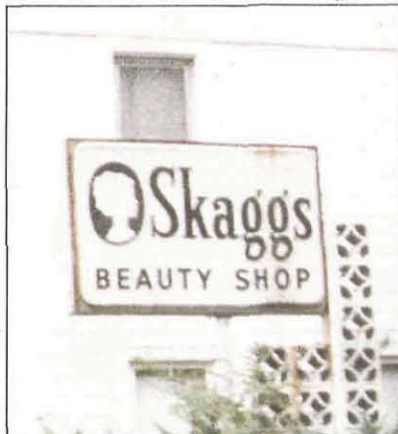
John Fronk, Las Vegas, Nev.



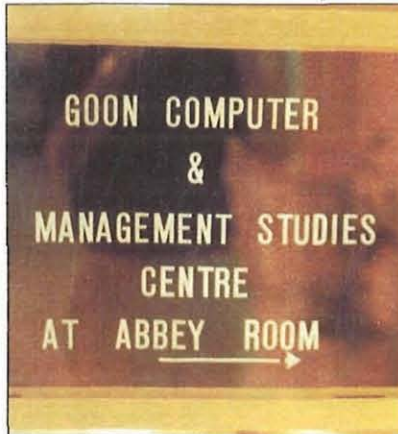
B. Graeme Frazier IV, Hartford Conn.



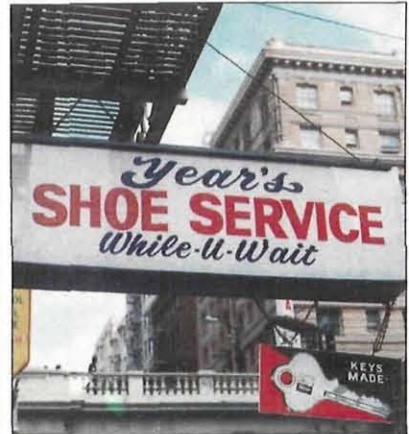
James Wesley, Denver, Colo.



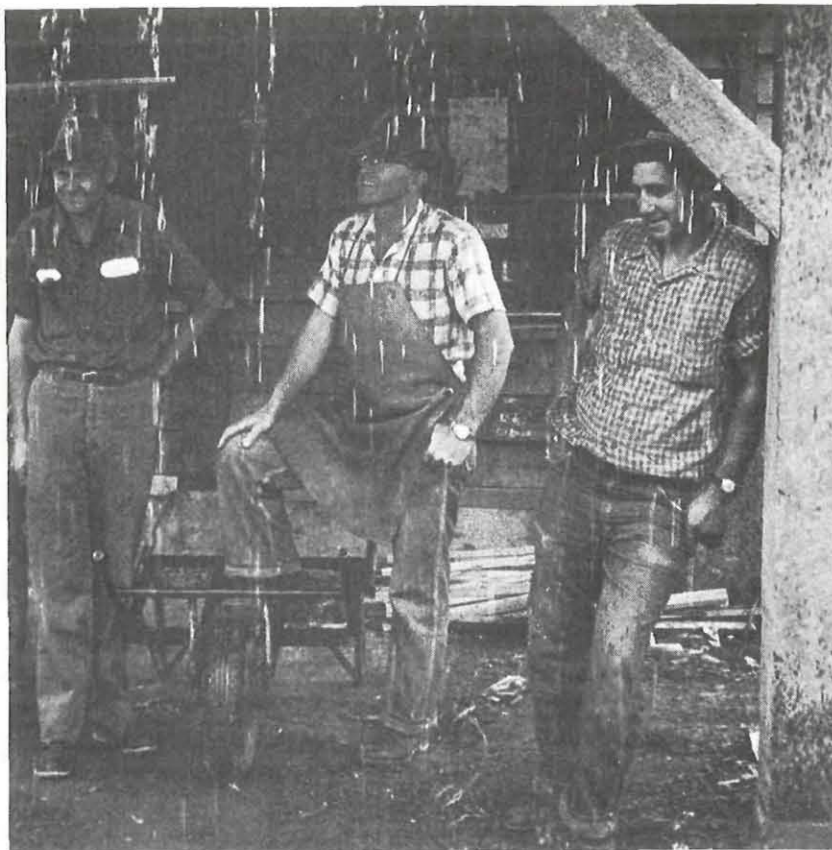
Gary Hofmaster, Columbus, Ohio



Sandy Shaw, Nepean, Canada



Rachel E. Wasser, San Francisco, Cal.



If you'd like to know more about our charcoal mellowing process, drop us a line.

A COOL SHOWER is always welcome to the rickers who make the charcoal to smooth out the taste of Jack Daniel's.



Rick-burning hard maple is awfully hot work. But the charcoal that results makes it well worthwhile. You see, we pack this charcoal

into room-high vats. Then, our whiskey is seeped through the vat, drop by drop. This process is called charcoal mellowing. And the smoothness it gives Jack Daniel's is worth all the rick-burning, rain or no rain.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)
speakeable carnage! So don't shop around, don't go anywhere else, until you check out our prices and restrain this murderous Crazy Jackie before he gets me! Crazy Jackie: not just his prices are insane!

A SALESGIRL
Cowering behind some stereo crates

Sirs:

Ted Turner. A man's man. The millionaire's millionaire. Lord of the seven seas. A titan of broadcasting. Asswipe of the century. Sorry about that last one, but someone had to say it.

TED TURNER'S MOTHER
Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

Last night I was studying in the dorm when I hear all this commotion down the hall. Well, I get up to see what it is, when suddenly my door bursts open and this mopey-looking guy comes charging in and he's got a mohawk and is all covered with blood and is carrying this huge gun (a .44 Magnum, I think)! And this guy says he's come to "save" me. But before I can explain to him that school isn't all that bad, Bob, a sophomore who lives down the hall, stumbles in and he's screaming like a banshee, and it looks like all his fingers have been shot off. Well, the mopey-looking guy starts shooting away, and Jim, a physics grad student who was helping me with my homework, is bleeding on the floor, and a knife is pulled out by somebody, and when it's all over the only one left is the mopey guy with the mohawk, who puts the gun to his head and pulls the trigger and of course it's out of bullets, and then the campus security officers arrive and my problem sets are all ruined. I'm telling you, this kind of stuff has got to stop! It's the third time this month and, frankly, I'm getting a bit fed up!

JODIE FOSTER
Yale University

Sirs:

I enjoyed your recent send-up of Ferdinand Magellan, "A Spic Homo Takes You 'Round the World," but there were several errors I'd like to immediately clear up. First of all, Magellan was Portuguese, not Spanish, and stupid, not gay; so perhaps "Portugeek Mushroom" would have been more accurate than "Spic Homo." Also, the Treaty of Tordesillas was signed in 1532, not 1523, as you wrote. This spoiled an otherwise fine joke.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 89)

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!

CAPT. DOYLE TRIES SUBTERFUGE - WE GOT A WITNESS WHO HEARD YOU AND YOUR WIFE FIGHTIN' OVER ANOTHER WOMAN, SANTANGELO!

THE STORY: EARLIER IN THE DAY AT THE CITY DUMP, TRUCK-DRIVER GUIDO SANTANGELO SAW DEIRDRE'S HIDEOUS FACE! AT SUPPER JUST BEFORE GOING TO THE 40R-MR BAR HE DESCRIBES THE FACE TO HIS WIFE. UNBETTER KNOWNST TO HIM SHE STABS HERSELF TO RELIEVE HER AGONY. THE POLICE AWAIT HIM WHEN HE RETURNS HOME.



CAPT. DOYLE TRIES ANOTHER TACK...

DID I SAY 'ANOTHER WOMAN'? I MEANT 'MONEY' - THIS WITNESS HEARD YOU AND YOUR WIFE FIGHTIN' OVER MONEY!



Sgt. MULWALL TAKES OVER...

RELIGION! YOU AND HER ARGUED OVER RELIGION! YOU'RE A CATHOLK AND SHE WAS A JEHOVAH WITNESS! THAT'S IT, SANTANGELO, RIGHT?



POLITICS! YOU'RE A LIBERAL AND SHE WAS CONSERVATIVE - AIN'T THAT RIGHT, SANTANGELO? SHE CALLED YOU A COMMIE AND YOU PICKED UP THE BREAD KNIFE AND STABBED HER RIGHT IN THE BREAD BASKET!



CHESS! YOU HAD A FIGHT OVER A GAME OF CHESS!

FOOD? YOU ARGUED OVER WHAT TO EAT FOR SUPPER!

VACATION PLANS! YOU FOUGHT WITH HER OVER WHERE TO GO ON YOUR VACATION!

MUSIC! THAT'S IT! SHE LIKED COUNTRY-WESTERN AND YOU HATE IT!



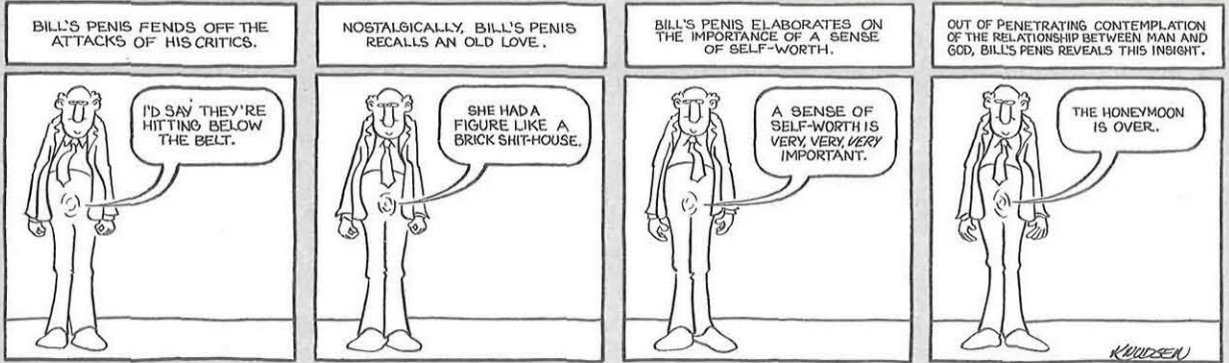
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CITY DUMP (UNAWARE OF THE DRAMA UNFOLDING AT GUIDO'S APARTMENT) BLIND BOB IS TELLING DEIRDRE ABOUT SOME OF THE EXCITING FINDS HE HAS MADE AT THE DUMP IN HIS MANY YEARS OF SCAVENGING.



AND THE QUESTION REMAINS - HOW WAS GUIDO ABLE TO LOOK AT DEIRDRE AND SUFFER NO ILL EFFECTS? © 1982

Bill's Penis

by Mark Knudsen



Lessons in Life

by Mimi Pond



Ward C

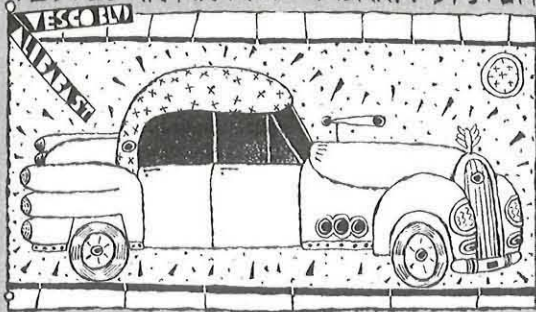
by Tom Cheney



Popular Problems

by Ron Hauge

NOW THAT I HAVE MY CAR FIXED UP THE WAY I WANT IT, I'VE INVESTED IN AN AUTO-ALARM SYSTEM.



IT WAS WORTH THE \$300 I SPENT. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 2 YEARS I COULD SLEEP RESTFULLY.

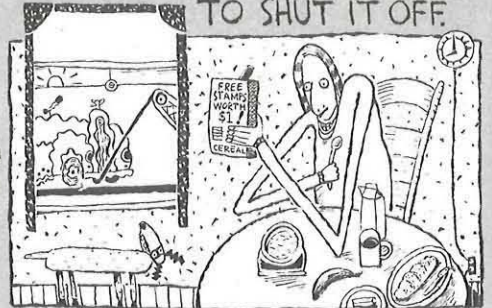


THIS MORNING AT ABOUT 4:00 THE ALARM SOUNDED. I WAS SLEEPING SO WELL I DIDN'T HEAR A THING.

THEY GOT MY CASSETTE PLAYER, 85 TAPES, THE GOLD CIGARETTE LIGHTER AND THE ERMINE UPHOLSTERY WHILE I SLEPT. THE ALARM KEPT GOING FOR HOURS.



MY NEIGHBORS DID \$1600 WORTH OF DAMAGE TRYING TO SHUT IT OFF.



Politenessman

by Ron Barrett

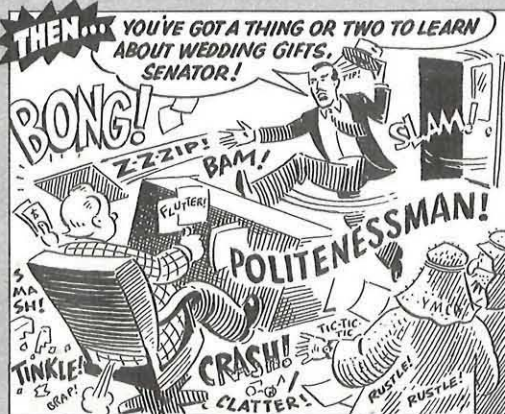


SENATOR, THESE ARE SHEIKS AMA-FAKIR AND AL-FONI. THEY'D LIKE YOU TO DO THEM A LITTLE FAVOR...

AND IN RETURN, THEY'VE BROUGHT ALONG SOME "WEDDING GIFTS" FOR YOU.

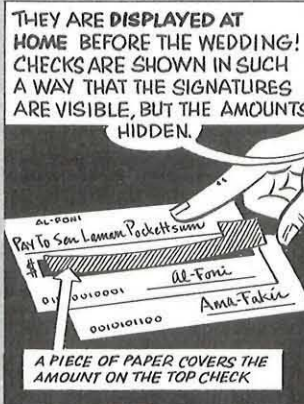


WHY, THANKS BOYS! AH'LL JUST PUT 'EM HERE IN MAH SAFE, AND...



THEN YOU'VE GOT A THING OR TWO TO LEARN ABOUT WEDDING GIFTS, SENATOR!

BONG! ZZZIP! BAM! SLAM! FLUTTER! CRASH! CLATTER! TINKLE! GRASP! RUSTLE! RUSTLE!



THEY ARE DISPLAYED AT HOME BEFORE THE WEDDING! CHECKS ARE SHOWN IN SUCH A WAY THAT THE SIGNATURES ARE VISIBLE, BUT THE AMOUNTS HIDDEN.

A PIECE OF PAPER COVERS THE AMOUNT ON THE TOP CHECK



LATER- AT AN F.B.I. INVESTIGATION-

UPON ENTERING THE SENATOR'S HOME, WE FOUND THESE CHECKS ON DISPLAY. WE ALSO DISCOVERED THAT HE HAD ENTERED HIS SILVER AND CHINA PATTERNS IN THE BRIDAL REGISTRIES OF SEVERAL ARABIAN DEPARTMENT STORES!

AH TELL YOU, SUH, AH AM ENGAGED!

BE CAREFUL IN HANDLING THIS MAGAZINE, THERE'S NO WAY OF TELLING WHERE IT HAS BEEN! THANK YOU.

The Rabbit Boy

by Len Glasser

CHAPTER 13 OF HOLLYWOOD

DESPITE RIFTS WITH STUDIO HEADS, DIRECTOR MICHAEL CIMINO'S 75 MILLION DOLLAR FEATURE FILM "THE SPEARS OF OCTOBER" PROMISES ACADEMY AWARD KUDOS FOR CIMINO'S AMAZING STAR DISCOVERY-BERT, THE RABBIT BOY!

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE FOOD?

WHAT DO YOU WEAR TO BED?

WHO WILL STAR WITH YOU IN YOUR NEXT PICTURE?

JELLO WITH COOL WHIP.

GOLF PANTS.

MARGOT KIDDER.

WE'D LIKE YOU TO SUPPORT THE BUILDING OF A NEW NEON HOLLYWOOD SIGN THAT DOESN'T ENDANGER ANIMALS ESPECIALLY RABBITS!

A TOAST TO THE RABBIT BOY.

PAST THE TEETH AND PAST THE GUMS, LOOK OUT, STOMACH!

BERT BECOMES THE TOAST OF HOLLYWOOD

IT'S FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA. HE WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU CAN HAVE LUNCH?

I'M NOT HUNGRY

TV CRITICS DISCUSS THE PHENOMENON OF THE RABBIT BOY

CIMINO'S RABBIT BOY SYMBOLOLOGY CREATES A NEW MYTHOS - A SUBTLE SYNTHESIS - OR IF YOU PREFER A SYNCRETISM OF NAIVETE AND PURPOSEFULNESS

NONSENSE! THE RABBIT BOY CHARACTER SUCCEEDS SIMPLY BECAUSE HE FILLS A NECESSARY SOCIOLOGICAL VOID!

MEANWHILE: CEDRIC NOOVIN, THE PERVERT, RELENTLESSLY PURSUES BERT.

BUT IT'S URGENT! I SEE BERT. I'M A CLOSE PERSONAL FRIEND OF HIS.

SURE, MAC! I WISH I HAD A DOLLAR FOR EVERY PERSONAL FRIEND OF BERT THAT TRIES TO SEE HIM!

STOP

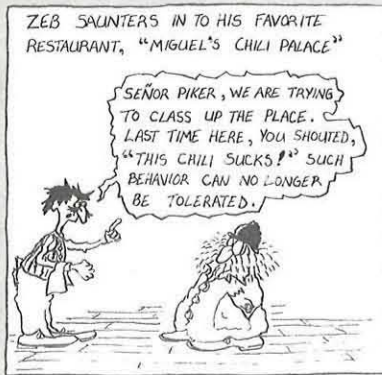
BUT CEDRIC MANAGES TO SNEAK INTO BERT'S DRESSING ROOM

QUICK! PUT THIS ON!

TO BE CONTINUED.

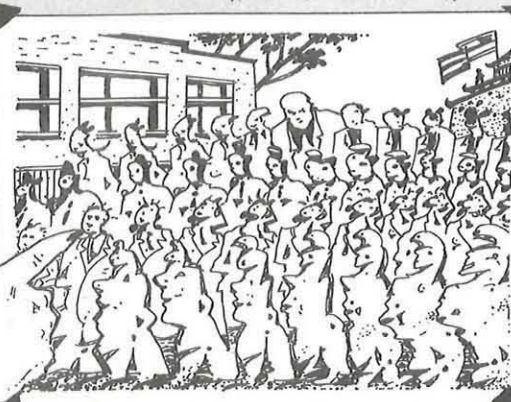
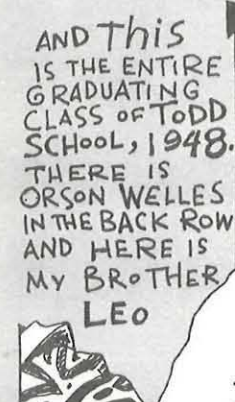
Zeb Piker

by Hollinger



Aunt Mary's Kitchen

by M. K. Brown



NEXT MONTH: MORE ALBUM

Timberland Tales

by B. K. Taylor



DOCTOR ROGERS
KATHLEEN THE INDIAN BOY
MAURICE THE JOKER
CONSTABLE TOM
FUNDROCK TO HAVE A SMALL AMOUNT OF BRAIN DAMAGE

IN OUR LAST EPISODE, MAURICE, THE YOUNG INDIAN BOY, HAD DECIDED TO RETURN TO HIS ROOTS AND SEEK THE PATH OF BRAVERY TO MANHOOD. TODAY'S TALE FINDS HIM AND HIS FRIEND CONSTABLE TOM, IN THE HUT OF THE TRIBAL SHAMAN.



...YES, IT IS UNFORTUNATE YOU FAILED YOUR FIRST TEST OF MANHOOD, MAURICE - BUT MAYBE YOU ARE TOO YOUNG, LITTLE ONE.

CAN I TRY AGAIN? EH?



IF YOU MUST SEEK THE ANCESTRAL WAY TO MANHOOD, I WILL ALLOW YOU AND THE GRANILESS WHITE DEVIL TO WITNESS THE CEREMONY OF MANHOOD.

RETURN HERE WHEN THE SUN IS DARK.

THAT EVENING, THE PRIVILEGE ONLY A FEW OUTSIDERS HAVE WITNESSED IS GRANTED TO MAURICE AND THE CONSTABLE, AS THE DRUMS FILL THE AIR WITH EERIE ANTICIPATION, THE SHAMAN BEGINS TO SPEAK.



TONIGHT WE TEST THE NEW BRAVES OF THE FUTURE, WITH THE RITUALS OF OUR PAST.
AMEN!

LITTLE IS KNOWN AS TO WHAT TRANSPIRES BEHIND THE ANIMAL SKIN WALLS OF THE RITUAL HUT. THIS IS LIKEWISE TRUE FOR THE THREE NEW HOPEFULS WHO ENTER.



WELCOME!

THE RITUAL CONSISTS OF A SERIES OF TESTS DEALING WITH THE STRENGTH OF THE YOUNG BRAVE. THE FIRST IS THE DREADED 'VERBAL ABUSE' - THE LANGUAGE HAS BEEN SUBSTITUTED BELOW FOR YOUR UNDERSTANDING.



PUK ME FUK GUK.

CHUK TA PUK SMEE.

SUK SEE MOO CHEE.

YOU ARE HUNG LIKE THE MOUSE OF THE FIELD.

YOU WALK LIKE A WOMAN, AND YOUR MUSCLES ARE SOFT AS ELK DONG.

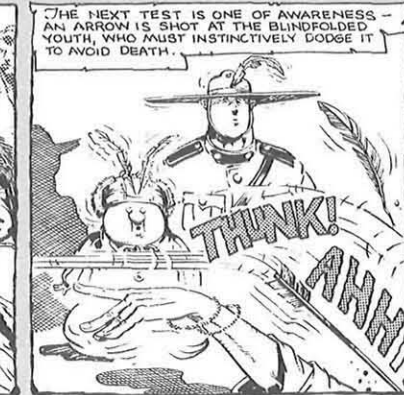
YOUR BREATH IS LIKE THE WIND FROM A MOOSE'S HIND-QUARTERS.

YOUR PALMS ARE HAIRY BECAUSE YOU FOUL YOUR SEX ARROW AT NIGHT IN YOUR HUT.



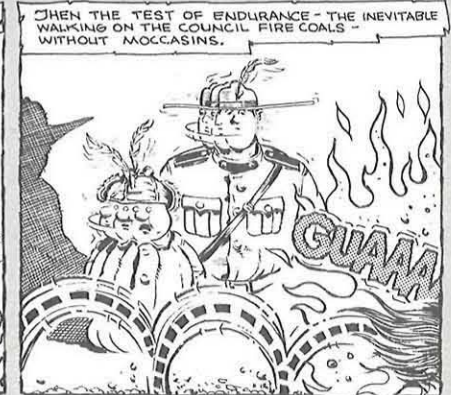
I GOT ONE! ARE YOU EATING A BANANA OR IS DAT YOUR NOSE!?

MAURICE! BE SILENT OR LEAVE THIS HUT!



THE NEXT TEST IS ONE OF AWARENESS - AN ARROW IS SHOT AT THE BLINDFOLDED YOUTH, WHO MUST INSTINCTIVELY DODGE IT TO AVOID DEATH.

THANK!



THEN THE TEST OF ENDURANCE - THE INEVITABLE WALKING ON THE COUNCIL FIRE COALS - WITHOUT MOCCASINS.

GUAA



FOLLOWED BY A UNIQUE TEST OF SEXUAL STRENGTH.



OKAY, I THINK I SEEN ENOUGH.



MAURICE AND THE CONSTABLE SLINK FROM THE HUT.

I'M TINK I'M GROW UP AND BE A WHITE DEVIL LIKE YOU, CONSTABLE TOM.

© 1982 B.K. Taylor

Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82)

Further, the phrase "to immediately clear up" in the above paragraph is a split infinitive. Also, my name is Joe Frankel, not Frank Jor-el, as printed below. And I'm not from Orange, New Jersey, but rather I got a new orange jersey for my birthday.

FRANK JOR-EL
Orange, N.J.

Sirs:

Do you know why I live here? So I can write stupid columns on why I live here.

ANONYMOUS
Small Town, New England

Sirs:

You know, you guys get less and less funny as the years go by. You were a riot when you first started out, then you were funny some of the time, and now you really suck. How does it happen? Does your sense of humor gradually leave you? Do you wake up one morning and find it's just not there anymore? Did you have only a certain amount of funny ideas to start with? This is very important to me, so please don't disregard this letter. Maybe we can help each other.

DAVID STEINBERG
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

The other day, my wife asked me, "Dr. Sagan, why's a richer-than-fuck guy like you wasting his time on quarks like Ed McMahon?" Well, the universe is a shirring, churning mass of minerals and magma, a seemingly eternal source of best-selling books and television shows. And I have recently been designated my own mug on the set of "The Tonight Show." It says "Carl" on it in little stars and planets. And Mobil is buying me my own planet for a fall series with Bill Mumy. So you can all implode up your black holes, for all I care.

CARL SAGAN
Universal Studios, California

Sirs:

We're just wondering, respectfully of course, if we could ever have our old jobs back? You know: running, singing, throwing balls, swimming, whatever we used to do before we became deluded, somehow, into thinking that the entire country wanted to pay to see and hear us doing things we were not only unqualified to do but demonstrated no fa-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 95)

A FROSTY YUKON TAIL

Daley Floggit was a virgin when he
hit the Klondike Trail

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

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

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

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

Daley Floggit left the Klondike with a
fresh philosophy.

"To find the new, the rich,
you mus'n't dawdle.
So friend, I'll leave you
with this nugget.

It's fact, I know, because I dug it,
Yukon Gold's not up a creek,
it's in a bottle!"

*"The Bottle
That Shows Beaver"*



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GOLD**
CANADIAN LAGER BEER

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Foto Funnies

DO YOU KNOW THE JOKE ABOUT THE PIANO PLAYER AT THIS BAR WHO HAS A PET MONKEY?

NO.

SO THE MONKEY LEAPS OFF THE PIANO, JUMPS ON THE BAR, AND TAKES A PISS RIGHT IN THIS GUY'S DRINK.

WOW.

THE GUY IS REALLY MAD, AND HE SAYS TO THE PIANO PLAYER, "DO YOU KNOW YOUR MONKEY TOOK A PISS IN MY MARTINI?"

THE PIANO PLAYER SAYS, "NO... BUT WHY DON'T YOU HUM A FEW BARS!"

THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

I KNEW A GUY WITH A PET MONKEY. THEY DO EVEN WORSE THINGS THAN THAT.

THIS GIRL ISN'T TOO SMART, BUT I'M GOING TO FUCK HER ANYWAY.

F R O G



GEOFFREY BARIS

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FROG DRAWING BY CARTOONIST SAM GROSS

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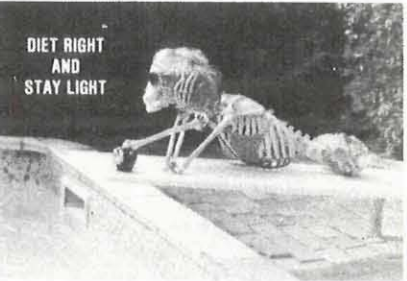
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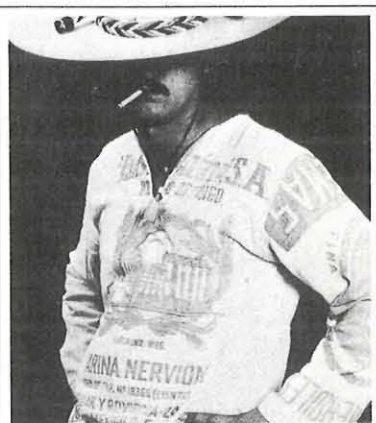
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75. I'M NOT PLAYING HARD TO GET, I AM HARD TO GET
76. NOW CAN I SAY I LOVE YOU WHEN YOU ARE SITTING ON MY FACE?
77. AN ELEVEN IS A 10 THAT SWALLOWS
78. SEX WITH ANIMALS IS BETTER THAN THE CHICK YOU'RE WITH
79. I MIGHT LIKE YOU BETTER IF WE SLEPT TOGETHER
80. HUMPTY DUMPTY WAS PUSHED
81. SEE ME, FEEL ME, TOUCH ME, EAT ME
82. TELL ME NOW BEFORE I WASTE \$10.00 ON DRINKS
83. WHO BEARD RIDES 50¢
84. F*CK ON THE FIRST DATE
85. IF YOU ARE TRYING TO ACT LIKE AN ASSHOLE, YOU ARE DOING A GREAT JOB
86. DROP YOUR PANTS, I THINK I KNOW YOU
87. CAN I BUY BACK MY INTRODUCTION TO YOU?
88. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, LET'S TRY IT
89. PRESIDENT REAGAN SAID, "IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE," SO LET'S F*CK
90. GO SUCK A FART
91. SEX IS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE HORNY
92. I'M SO HAPPY I COULD JUST FART!
93. I WOULDN'T F*CK WITH YOUR DICK
94. ONLY SLEEP WITH THE BEST!
95. DRUGS SAVED MY LIFE
96. SHIT F*CK DAMN FISS HELL
97. I DON'T NEED LIFE I'M HIGH ON DRUGS
98. EAT SHIT & DIE!
99. HAVE A SHITTY DAY!
100. TOO DRUNK TO F*CK!
101. MY MOM THINKS I'M AT THE MOVIES
102. REALITY IS FOR PEOPLE WHO CAN'T HANDLE DRUGS
103. DON'T F*CK WITH MY REALITY!
104. HAVE A NICE DAY F*CK SOMEONE
105. LIFE IS LIKE A SHIT SANDWICH. THE MORE DREAD YOU HAVE, THE LESS SHIT YOU HAVE TO EAT
106. IT'S SO F*CK'N GREAT TO BE ALIVE
107. I'M NOT AS THINK AS YOU STONED I AM
108. THE MAJORITY SUCKS
109. I MIGHT NOT ALWAYS BE RIGHT, BUT I'M NEVER WRONG
110. SEX HAS NO CALORIES
111. I HAVE TROUBLE REMEMBERING NAMES—CAN I CALL YOU ASSHOLE?
112. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO SIT ON MY FACE
113. EAT SHIT & DIE MOTHER F*CKER
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"
1. I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR, FILM AT 11.



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6. I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM, I DRINK
1. 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
- HARPOUN A FAT CHICK!
11. HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE!
12. F*CK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE
13. NO FAT CHICKS
14. NO FAT RIDES
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 TEEB WENIES
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, F*CK YOU VERY MUCH
65. I'M A F*CKING GENIUS
66. F*CK OFF
67. LIFE IS A BED OF ROSES, BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE PRICKS
68. THE WORD OF THE DAY IS LEGS, HELP HELP SPREAD THE WORD
69. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO GO F*CK YOURSELF

70. I'M THE KIND OF GUY YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU ABOUT.
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26. DO
- BUT NOT WITH YOU
27. LOVE ME 'TILL I SCREAM
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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 JOG AND SHOVE IT!
40. WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS
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Exp. # _____

Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89) cility for whatsoever. Those little pointed heads of ours must have been completely empty, don't you think? Or do you? Whatever you say will probably be a fair and accurate judgment, considering the obnoxious way we forced ourselves on everyone. Sorry, sirs, of course we'll shut up now. Just let us humbly sign our names, please? Joe Namath, Mark Spitz, Art Garfunkel, Bruce Jenner, Kris Kristofferson, Meat Loaf, Paul Simon, Blondie. Sorry, sorry, sorry, we'll shut the door on our way out.

OBNOXIOUS "IN" PEOPLE
New York to L.A.

Sirs:

We hear you have a couple of Harvard boys doing the "Letters" now. Good show! At long last, maybe this tired old column will show a spark of creativity, originality, and, dare we say it, intelligent wit.

OUR MOMS
Setup, Ariz.

Sirs:

*The penny arcade, the games that we played,
The fun and the prizes,
The towheaded lads we bring to our pads,
Where they sodomize us:
Magic Moments...*

PERRY HOMO
Hollywood

Sirs:

I'm the brother who found comedy too tacky and went into dress design instead.

HOMO MARX
San Francisco, Cal.

Sirs:

"And Achilles was sore distressed by the clash of shields and broadswords.

"And was just a bitch about the clash of drapes and tablecloths..."

THE ILIAD OF HOMO
Athens, Greece

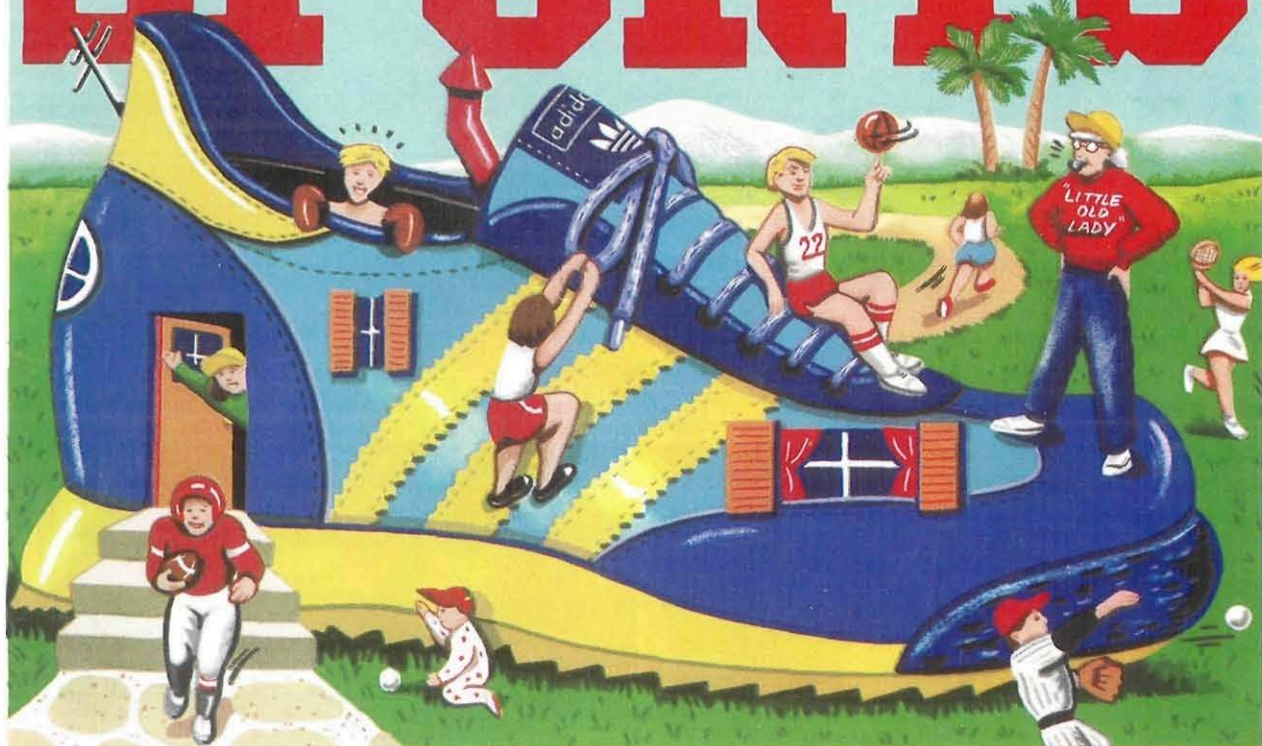
Sirs:

I'm afraid we've made a horrible mistake.

OUR EX-MOMS
Punchline, Ariz.

N E X T M O N T H

SPORTS



Contest #9

Match the mouthpiece to his case load!

ALL THESE CASES ARE BEING handled by the same attorney. Can you connect that attorney with the client, the amount of the claim, and the defendant in each case? Simply draw a line connecting the attorney and his clients and cases correctly, and if your entry is selected at random, you may win twenty gindgillion pillion dollars or a romance novel, depending on how we feel. Enter today. Enter often.

Contest not open to attorney Marvin Mitchelson or his clients. Winners will be announced in a future issue!

Send this page marked with your entry to:

Attorneys
National Lampoon Contest #9
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____
ZIP _____

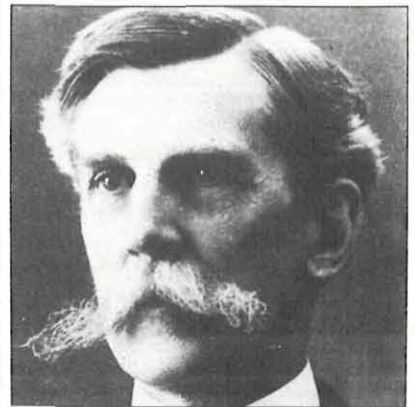
What a lucky Luciano!

Casey Jones of Columbus, Ohio, wins National Lampoon Contest #5 (The Necks). He is shipped a turkey neck from prestigious Wolf's Deli of New York City.

ATTORNEY



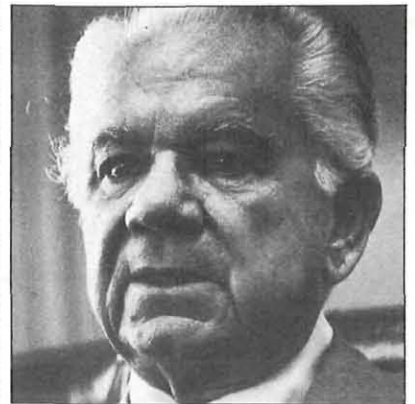
Clarence Darrow



Oliver Wendell Holmes



Marvin Mitchelson



Leon Jaworski

ISSUING

Butyl-Nitrate Manufacturer
A Plastic Surgeon

Knave Magazine
Judith Krantz

FOR

One Billion Dollars
One Million Billion Dollars

One Trillion Dollars
One Mungogingillion Dollars

ON BEHALF OF CLIENT



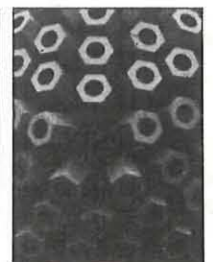
A Prostitute



A Jelly Donut



A Tub of Shit



A Herpes Strain

"Somewhere soon you'll discover our Puerto Rican white rum."



"It's smoother with tonic than vodka or gin, and really terrific after a couple of fast sets."

Ronald Ramos, Civil Engineer and his wife Gladys

People everywhere are discovering the crisp appeal of white rum and tonic. In fact, Puerto Rican white rum makes a more satisfying drink than vodka or gin — whether it's mixed with tonic, soda, orange juice or tomato juice.

The reason? Smoothness. By law, all rum from Puerto Rico must be aged at least one year. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Make sure the rum is from Puerto Rico.

Great rum has been made in Puerto Rico for almost five centuries. Our specialized skills and dedication have produced rums of exceptional dryness and purity. No wonder over 86% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

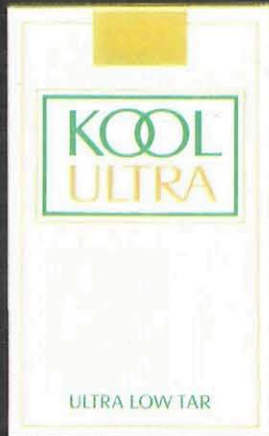
RUMS OF PUERTO RICO
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. NL-2, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10102 © 1982 Government of Puerto Rico.

There's only one way to play it.

No other ultra brings you a sensation this refreshing.
Even at 2 mg., Kool Ultra has
taste that outplays them all.

NEW KOOL ULTRA



Kings 2 mg.,
100's 5 mg.



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

Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine;
100's, 5 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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