

# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

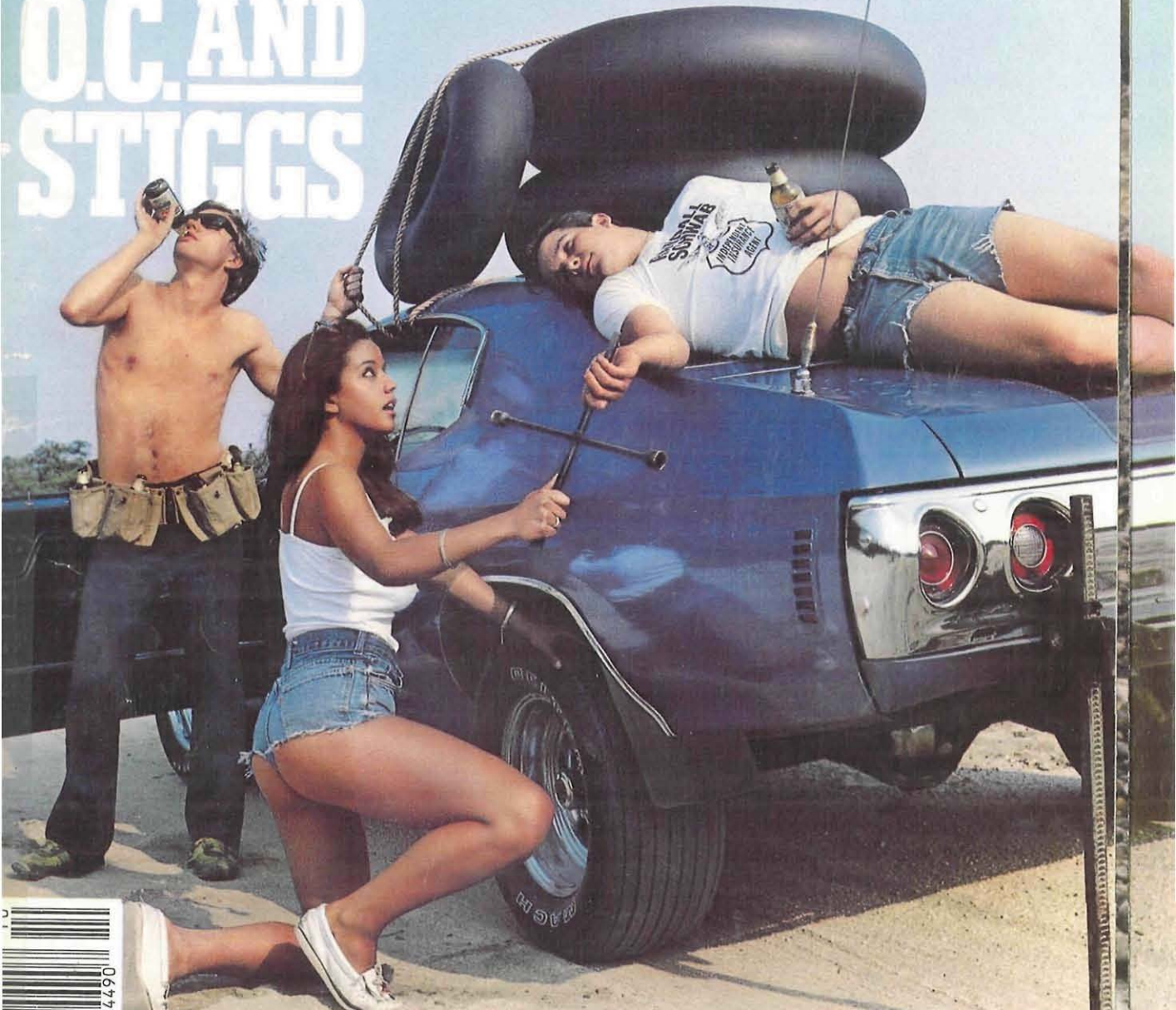
Special Issue

WPS 34490

OCTOBER 1982 • THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS • \$2.00

*The Utterly Monstrous, Mind-Roasting Summer of*

## O.C. AND STIGGS



*In Which We Destroyed: the Schwab Family, Plaster Lawn Burros, Mexican Trains, French Food, Coach Schleuter, Coach Schleuter's Couch, Young Life Picnic Watermelons, a Mad Dentist, and the Mind of This Girl... It Was Great*







A photograph of a rugged, rocky riverbed in a canyon. The riverbed is filled with numerous smooth, grey and brown rocks of various sizes. The water is shallow and clear, flowing through the rocks. The banks are covered with sparse vegetation, including trees with bright yellow and orange autumn foliage. In the background, there are steep, rocky cliffs and more trees. The overall scene is a natural, outdoor setting.

# Geared for a man's world.

The way a man seeks adventure often sets him apart. Some only follow the least traveled course. For those men, Camel has searched for—and found—rugged gear that is indispensable in any quest for adventure.

It's called Camel Gear. And it's designed to keep a man on the trail—or off it.





Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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LIGHTS: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC  
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### THE CAMEL COAT

To protect yourself from the cold, Camel recommends this rugged 3/4 length, 6-button coat made of natural saddle-tanned work leather. For extra warmth, we've added a horse-blanket lining, shawl collar and belted waist. Underarm inserts provide freer movement. Flaps were added to the pockets to protect your contents, as well as a convenient inside pocket sewn in for your Camels. Sizes 36-46. \$399.







## THE CAMEL JEEP® CJ.

The rugged Jeep® CJ has been beefed up with carefully selected options to meet Camel specs for a more specialized off-road vehicle. With electric winch and brush guard, it can stand up to most challenging obstacles. Equipped with rear Trac Loc Differential and standard 4WD, it can take you through most impassable terrain. There are many other options you can choose from to make the Camel Jeep® further suit your off-road needs. Information available on request.

# CAMEL GEAR

Where a man belongs.



### THE CLASSIC CAMEL LIGHTER.

For those relaxing moments when you want to enjoy the great taste of Camel, this solid brass lighter adds the spark. The lighter uses standard fluid and flint and comes in a sturdy suede pouch. \$16.



### THE CAMEL TRAIL SWEATER.

When the mercury starts dropping, this double-rib sweater made of the purest British wool keeps you going. The canvas reinforcements on the elbows, forearms and shoulders take the strain of climbing or carrying a backpack. Desert tan, sizes 36-46. \$59.

For your complete CAMEL GEAR Catalog, write to: P.O. Box 2001, Milwaukee, WI 53201. Or call: 1-800-558-8990 (in Wisconsin, call 1-414-352-0425).



# Leroux & Brew.

Smooth and easy partners,  
Leroux Peppermint Schnapps  
and crisp chilled beer. The  
glow of the schnapps with the  
icy cold of the brew is smooth  
and easy all the way, uniquely  
delicious. Discover the drink  
that's sweeping the country.  
And always ask for Leroux.

**Leroux Schnapps**  
Peppermint • Spearmint • Cinnamon

Once you've  
tasted Leroux  
no other schnapps  
will do.



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*"The RT-9000 will do everything but flick your Bic."*



# Contents

October 1982

Vol. 2, No. 51

**Cover**  
By Dan Nelken



## NOTICE TO READERS



Drunk Stamp Here

Since the main part of this issue was written entirely by me, O.C. Oglevey, a sociopathic teen, I figure I'm the best qualified for telling everyone that it's totally ridiculous to break this story down into a table of contents because of the incredibly complicated jumble of incidents and situations in it that never stop happening or ever fall into any kind of logical units at all. Therefore, experienced readers will of course know to start only at the beginning of the story, which is the Editorial on page 10.

O.C. Oglevey

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## L I L L E R

<b>Letters from the Editors</b>	14
<b>Cliff-hanger Justice, Part III</b> By Joey Green	16
<b>The Manly Art of Screenwriting</b> By Stephen Geller	20
<b>Time of the Month</b>	24
<b>Foto Funnies</b>	32, 82
<b>Funny Pages</b>	87
<b>True Section</b>	97
<b>National Lampoon Contest # 13</b> By Sean Kelly	104

35

41

47

50

53

61

67

71

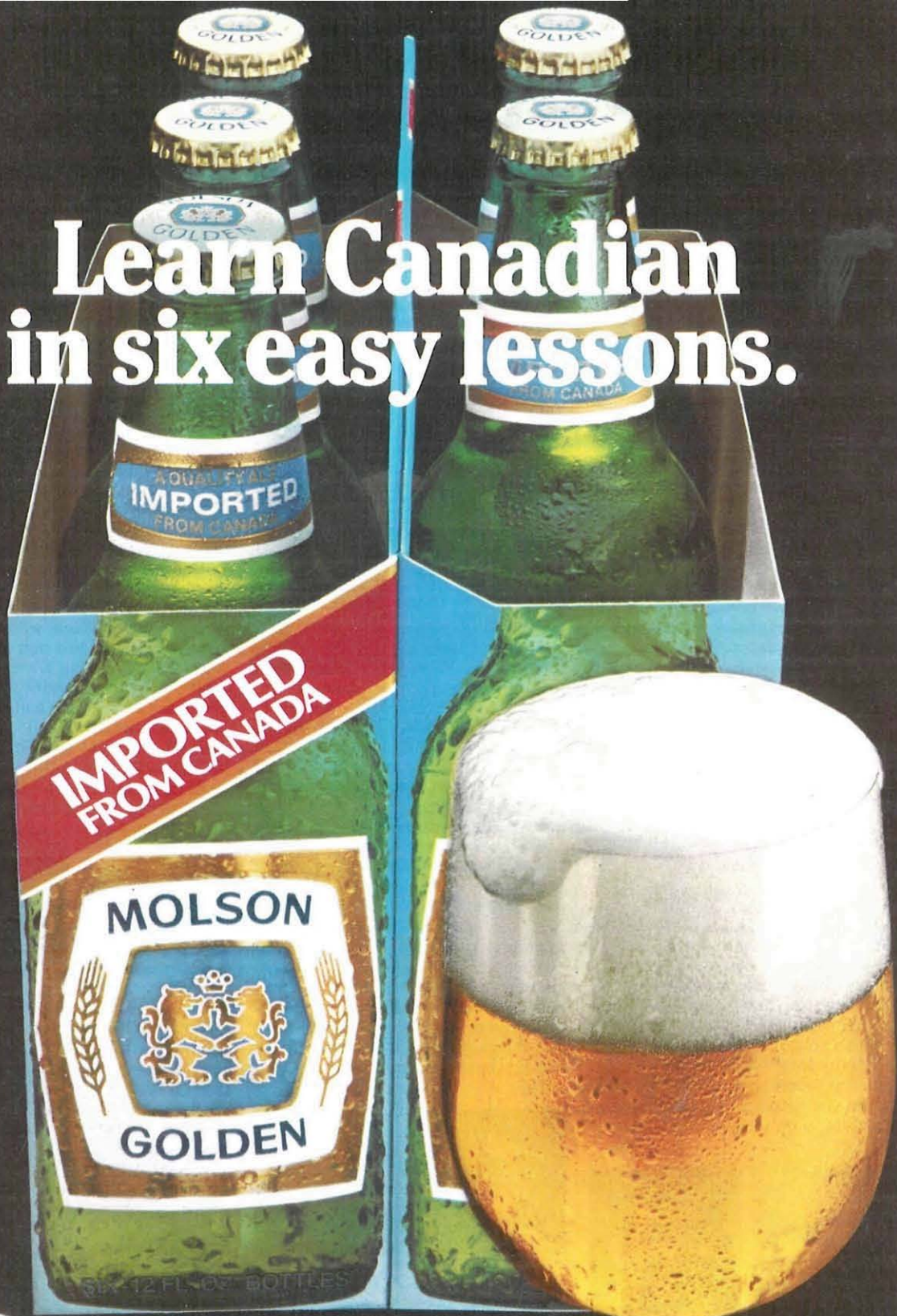
74

77

81



**Learn Canadian  
in six easy lessons.**



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





# Editorial

**W**ELCOME TO THE UT-  
terly Monstrous,  
Mind-Roasting Sum-  
mer of O. C. and  
Stiggs, the first issue  
ever in the entire history of this maga-  
zine devoted to just one huge story, and  
also the first issue that's ever been com-  
pletely written by a sixteen year old—  
me, O. C. Oglevey, a problem teen.

First off, it's real important to an-  
nounce that every single item in this  
story is 100-percent accurate and true.  
The guarantee of this, of course, is the  
legal stamp of Reynoldo Ortega, this  
Mexican lawyer who works out of a  
temporary trailer office in a mall, and  
who only stamps stuff that he figures is  
legally true. Here is your signature and  
stamp of authenticity, directly from  
Reynoldo, Mexican mall lawyer.

**Stamp of Legal  
Truthfulness**

*Reynoldo Ortega*

by my hand, and

dated Sept 15, 1980

Second off, it's a pretty good idea to  
get familiar with the main characters  
me and Stiggs had to deal with this  
summer, so you have some idea of who  
they are when they show up from out of  
nowhere in the story and start influ-  
encing our lives. Naturally, the first per-  
sons to mention are the **Schwab  
Family**—the premiere family of useless,  
bungling, annoying goofballs under  
one roof.



**Randall Sr.**

**Eleanor**

**Randall Schwab Sr.**—Dad and king of  
the Schwab family. His colossal-size  
head is the trademark of all Schwabs, as  
is the amount of saliva in his mouth—  
about a quart. Randall sells insurance

at the Randall Schwab Independent  
Insurance Agency, and drives a yellow  
1977 Continental with giant oversize  
double-safety rear-view mirrors.

**Eleanor Schwab**—Wife of Randall, and  
social criminal responsible for the hor-  
ror child Randall Schwab Jr. She works  
at a halfway house for maniacs with  
Stiggs's mom, although Mrs. Stiggs does  
it just a few hours a week for charity,  
while Eleanor does it full-time for  
money because of Randall's unreliable  
insurance selling. Her head is also  
enormous.



**Randall Jr.**

**Lenora**

**Randall Schwab Jr.**—The horror: the  
most uncoordinated, whining, unac-  
ceptable goon in existence. Me and  
Stiggs have been torturing him and his  
family for over half of our lives. This is  
for two simple reasons: 1) he lives close  
to us, 2) he has an enormous head.

**Lenora Schwab**—Totally frightened  
hermit sister of Randall, who lived en-  
tirely in her room, where she played a  
harp and practiced ballet moves, until  
meeting a squeaking Chinese guy who  
married her because he's too foreign to  
know what an oddball she is. Lenora's  
horrible wedding was the first event of  
the summer and the place where me  
and Stiggs got into the trouble that it  
would take us the whole summer to get  
out of.



**Frank**

**Barney**

**Frank Tang**—Husband of Lenora  
Schwab. He spends most of his life  
growing mushrooms in his apartment,  
which is a completely dark basement,  
and Lenora helps.

**Barney Beaugereaux**—This guy who  
will do anything me and Stiggs want be-  
cause he has the personality of a dog,

which is because he has metal shrapnel  
in his head. Barney is an indispensable  
element of our lives.



**Mrs. Barney**

**Herman**

**Mrs. Beaugereaux**—Whom we gener-  
ally call Mrs. Barney, owing to her  
status as the mother of Barney. She's a  
widow who's blown almost all of her  
insurance money and also me.

**Herman Schleuter**—Complete dirtbag  
ex-coach at our school who lost his job  
after Stiggs saw him and this female  
counselor attempting a root-o-rama in  
Schleuter's cubicle under the stadium,  
which Stiggs naturally had to report in  
dramatic detail to all authorities. Sch-  
leuter had the audacity to sue us  
because we supposedly wrecked his  
good name in the community—indeed  
the desperate act of a dirtbag.



**Michelle**

**Howard**

**Michelle Schleuter**—Herman's daugh-  
ter, but, even so, the most incredibly  
beautiful and exceptional female avail-  
able on earth. I wanted her more than  
anything, except possibly lobsters.

**Howard Sponson**—Vietnam vet with  
roasted brains. He guards pot planta-  
tions and helps us out when we need  
stuff like Israeli machine guns and air-  
to-ground missiles.

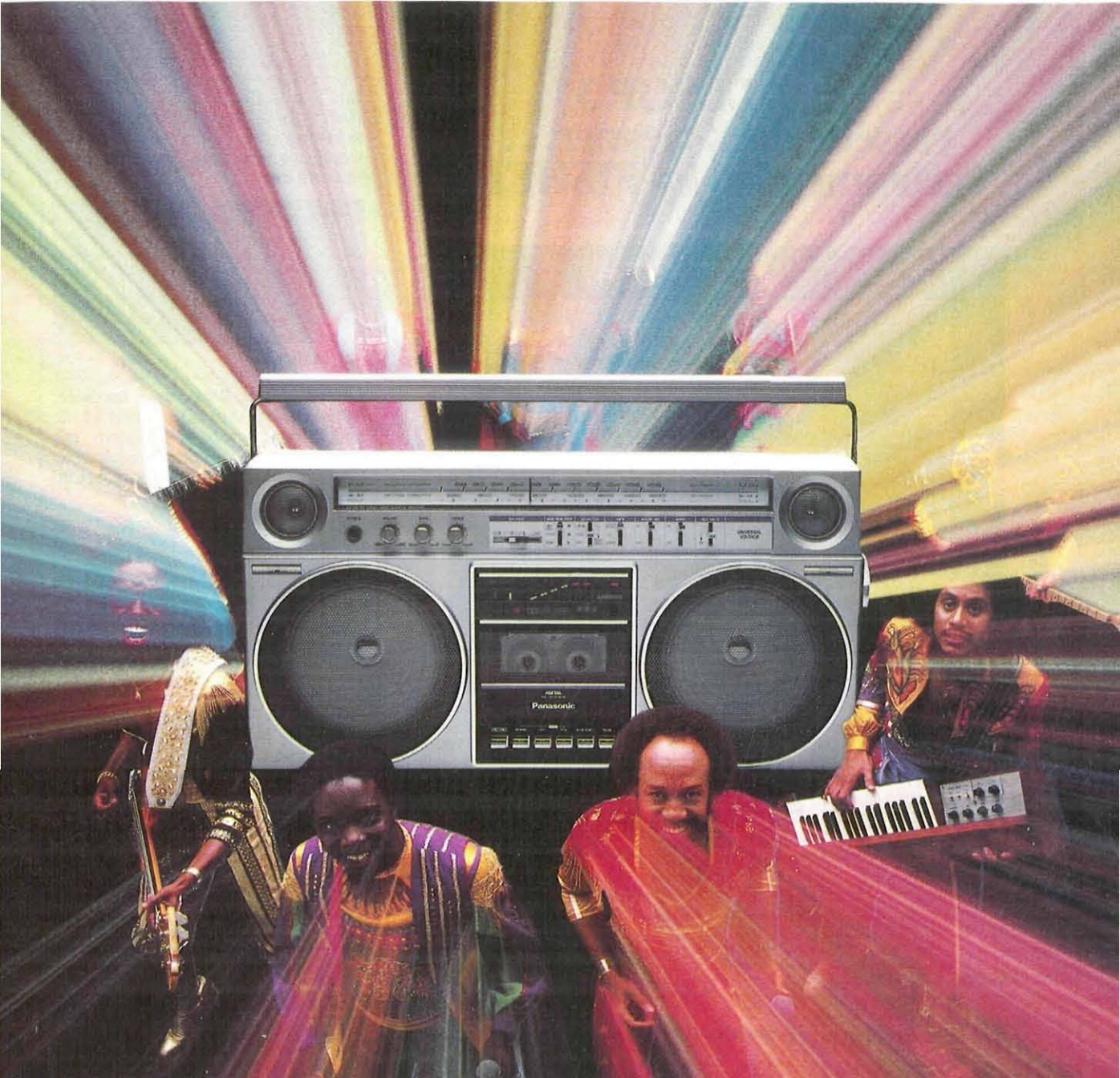


**Charlotte**

**Robin**

**Charlotte Pinckney and Robin Sals-  
bury**—Also known as the Sluts de Box-





## After you listen to Panasonic Ambience Sound,<sup>™</sup> you'll never go back to ordinary stereo.

If you think Earth, Wind and Fire sounds spectacular in ordinary stereo, then just wait until you hear them in Panasonic Ambience Sound! Ambience is a completely different experience in sound that begins where ordinary stereo ends. Ambience surrounds you with rich, full-dimensional sound that seems to come from everywhere. Not just from a left speaker and a right speaker, but from all around you.

Hear the miracle of Ambience Sound in Panasonic Platinum Series<sup>™</sup> AM/FM stereo cassette recorders. The one shown above (RX-5085) also boasts a Dolby<sup>®</sup> noise reduction sys-

tem, metal tape capability and a Tape Program Sensor that locates songs fast.



**Panasonic**<sup>®</sup>  
just slightly ahead of our time.

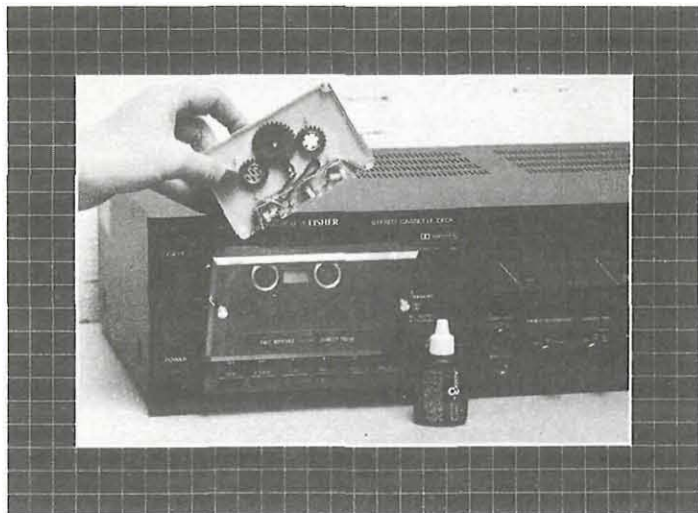
You'll find Ambience Sound in our Satin Series<sup>™</sup> compact stereo radio cassettes, too. The Satin Series packs a whole roomful of sound into a slim, pearl-white case. The model shown here (RX-F20) also has metal tape capability, Tape Program Sensor and a whole collection of sound-enhancing features.

Listen to either the Platinum Series or the Satin Series. And hear the miracle of Ambience Sound. Once you do, you'll never go back to ordinary stereo!

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



# The ALLSOP 3 cassette deck cleaner... recommended by FISHER



The makers of high quality Fisher audio products, like the DD-300 cassette deck, know that abrasive dry cleaning methods can damage their precision tape heads. That's why they recommend ALLSOP 3. Fisher knows the patented, center wiper maintains a constant and complete swabbing action across the entire tape head. Moistened with a specially formulated solution, the virgin wool pads that distort sound quality. Plus, the two components of dirt that can snarl and "eating" the Two big names in audio qual- best sound around.



World Leaders In Fidelity Cleaning.

**ALLSOP, INC.**

P.O. Box 23, Bellingham, WA 98227 U.S.A. (206) 734-9090 Telex 15-2101/Allsop BLH



car: Two totally maladjusted nymphos from Jodsten, a private school full of sickeningly rich, maladjusted nymphos, whom me and Stiggs love more than our own lives.



Leland



Nora

**Leland Croft, DDS,** and his wife, **Nora**—Central dirtwad enemies of me and Stiggs; even worse than the Schwabs, if such a concept is possible. Croft kicked us out of his pool, before we'd ever even met the guy.



Pat



Earl

**Pat Colletti**—This amazing businessman who helped us out a lot and doesn't give a fuck about anything and still makes millions of dollars. Me and Stiggs regard him as the greatest adult in existence.

**Earl Warnke**—Tragic, trembling mall lawyer who defended me and Stiggs until being completely outclassed by Mexican mall lawyers.



Reynoldo



Wino Bob

**Reynoldo Ortega**—Mexican mall lawyer. This man is a juridical shark.

**Wino Bob**—Me and Stiggs dedicated our entire summer to him. He bought us liquor at the 7-Eleven.

—O. C. Oglevey

(A public service of the Liquor Industry and this Publication.)



## A word for the wise: "enough."

Don't drink too much of a good thing.  
The Distilled Spirits Council of the United States.  
1300 Pennsylvania Building, Washington, D.C. 20004

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# Score with Monte Alban.

## Make your move fast while the values last!



We know you Monte Alban drinkers like to have fun. So here's some mezc' merchandise to help you have fun—at prices that let you score big bargains.

**The Monte Alban Cover Up! Stadium blanket:** only \$12.95 (while quantities last)! Cover her up in a Monte Alban Mezc' blanket! So the next time you take that number one fan of yours to the football game, everybody in the stadium will know that she's with you! The blanket is suitably inscribed with a few wise words from Monte Alban to let all the football folk know that all the action isn't necessarily happening on the field!

**The Shirt Off Your Back! Football jersey:** only \$9.95 (while quantities last)! She'll want the shirt off your back, if that shirt is a Monte Alban Mezc' football jersey! It's complete with the latest Monte Alban message to let her know that you like to play games!

**Play the Game! Soft football:** only \$3.95 (while quantities last)! Now you can play the game without breaking up the furniture! Get this special soft football stamped with a special Monte Alban thought to liven up whatever games you play!

\$12.95



\$9.95

\$3.95

### Score with these values!

- Please send \_\_\_\_\_ blankets at \$12.95 each.
- Please send \_\_\_\_\_ jerseys at \$9.95 each. Jersey Size: ( ) Small ( ) Medium ( ) Large ( ) Extra Large
- Please send \_\_\_\_\_ soft footballs at \$3.95 each.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Allow 6 weeks for delivery. Send check or money order only. No cash or stamps.

To: Monte Alban Mezc' Offer  
P.O. Box 2418, Dept. NL,  
Chicago, IL 60690



©1982. Monte Alban Mezc'. 80 Proof. Imported exclusively by Stuart Rhodes Ltd., New York, NY. Available in the United States in 750 ml (24.5 oz.) and 500 ml (16.9 oz.) bottles.



# Letters

**S**IRS: I'M WRITING THIS LETTER while walking on the ledge of the Empire State Building's observation deck.

Crazy? Not if you know what you're doing. The big trick is to stay loose, so that gusts of wind, like I'm experiencing now, don't

Sirs:

At last, a solution for apartment-dwelling pet lovers. If dogs and cats aren't permitted in your building, why not try keeping a pet sponge? They're very clean, and they can keep the apartment clean too. They don't eat much, and they don't have to go for walks. Just let them play in the sink for a while. Water your sponge to make sure it stays moist and spongy. You'll have a pet you can love for years.

Evelyn Nurst  
Jersey City, N.J.

Sirs:

I don't drive a Mercedes-Benz because I want people to think I have money; I drive it because it's a damn good car. The same goes for my alligator shirts. Those things are made well and they're comfortable. My Gucci luggage? Shit, I don't care if it's Gucci or Pucci, it's darn good luggage. I like



Palm Springs because it's a nifty resort area and after all the hard work I do I like to pick up my Wilson Pro Staff golf clubs or my Davis Cup racket and enjoy myself. I eat French because I like it. I might add that I had my Brooks Brothers charge card six months before *The Preppy Handbook* came out. I can't help it if I was randomly given a license plate that reads, "WEALTH." My kids go to private school for one reason: public schools stink in terms of educational excellence. I wouldn't be using my gold Cross pen and a sheet of the Ralph Lauren Polo stationery to write if I were living my life with status as a number-

one priority. Don't knock people who are looking for quality for their buck. My Corum watch tells me I've wasted ten minutes on this letter. Ten minutes I could have been watching my new RCA videodisk player or goofing around on my Apple III.

Bradley W. Weinstein IV  
Bronxville, N.Y.

Sirs:

I have this crazy recurring dream where Andy dies and everybody in Mayberry whistles the theme song to the show at half speed. At the funeral Opie skips rocks on the holy water and Floyd the barber goes around snipping off everybody's tie. Do you suppose this is weird enough to keep me out of the army in the event of the draft? Oh, and Barney loses his bullet in Aunt Bea's lap.

Carlton Wormward  
Edina, Minn.

Sirs:

I was appalled to read a slur in your magazine to the effect that Fudgeware® "brings new meaning to the term 'fudgepacker.'" As you should know, Fudgeware® is a copyrighted trade name for a sensational line of dinnerware you can eat for dessert. Your perverted reference was not appreciated, particularly by the honest Fudgeware® packers who work here.

Elmer Fudge  
President, Fudgeware, Inc.

Sirs:

I think Chrysler made a big mistake calling those cars "K Cars." A lot more people would have bought them if they had been named "OK Cars." It would be like Chrysler saying to America, "These cars are okay." I would have bought one. That's why I buy Gillette's Good News razors. It's like the company saying, "These razors are good news. Buy them."

Peter Wirth  
Fairfield, Conn.

Sirs:

This is to inform you that our client Mr. Dick Cavett takes heated exception to a recent editorial in your magazine in which you refer to him as a "scum-sucking jackass not fit to host the bacteria that swim in his bladder, let alone a nationally syndicated talk show." We consider your description to be nothing



"I'd like to dedicate this next piece to all those dead elephants who helped make this keyboard possible."



less than the most malicious slander, and we are prepared to refer legal proceedings in the absence of a satisfactory public apology. Specifically, we request a formal retraction of the aforementioned statement, modifying it to read: "a *supercilious*, scum-sucking jackass not fit to host the bacteria that swim in his bladder," etc.

Frankly, we find your omission of the word "supercilious" quite offensive, amounting to what is in our opinion a gross and negligent distortion of the truth.

Lites, Kamera, and Acshun  
*Attorneys at Law*

Sirs:

Goldie Hawn, Gilda Radner, and Imogene Coca are wacky, Carol Wayne and Suzanne Somers are daffy, Lily Tomlin is madcap, Carol Burnett is dippy, and Lucy is just plain awful.

Neil Thumper  
*Des Moines, Iowa*

Sirs:

Sure, go ahead and replace your secretary with one of those fancy new all-purpose office computers. That's fine, but ask yourself this: who's going to sit on your knee, get your coffee, smile se-

ductively at your best customers, make cute little mistakes in year-end profit pictures, and tell you to jump out the window when you ask her for a blowjob? *Hmm?* I ask you.

Gloria Steno  
*Secretarial Pool*  
*Chicago*

Sirs:

I want to be a part of it  
Aardvark, aardvark  
I want to wake up  
With the nose that sucks so deep  
Until I'm on top of anthills  
King of the heap  
A-Number One  
Top of the list  
First in the dictionary  
Aard-vark!

Aardvarks  
*Antwerp, Idaho*

Sirs:

A young boy, abandoned by his parents in infancy, is raised by ordinary kitchen appliances. He learns the language of the electric coffee percolator and the dangers of the faulty transient surge suppressor affixed to the outlet behind the refrigerator. The boy grows up strong and carefree under the watch-

ful eye of the rotisserie. Then, one day when the boy is exploring, white hunters discover the kitchen appliances. It's a wholesale slaughter. The chrome is stripped, accessories are removed, certain parts are cannibalized and spirited away. When the boy returns, he makes the garbage disposal's heartrending cry of despair and picks at the remains of his best friend, the toaster. Is that enough so you guys'll give me money to complete the story, or should I keep going?

Edgar Rice Crispies  
*London, England*

Sirs:

Correct me if I'm wrong, but doesn't the word *mezzanine* sound like it should be a drug? I thought so too.

George Carlin  
*L.A., Cal.*

Sirs:

Last night I dreamed they made cockroaches an endangered species and all these asshole backpackers filed through my fucking kitchen to peek into my pantry.

Angel Velago  
*NYC*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)

# Kiss the hiss goodbye.



## BASF Chrome. The world's quietest tape.

Tired of tapes that add their own sounds to your sounds? Then turn on to BASF PRO II Chrome—the high bias tape.

BASF Chrome is like no other tape in the world, because BASF Chrome is made like no other tape in the world. Perfectly shaped and uniformly sized particles of pure chromium dioxide provide a magnetic medium that delivers all the highs, without the hiss.

With BASF Chrome, you hear only what you want to hear—because we "kissed the hiss goodbye."

For the best recordings you'll ever make.



# BASF

Audio/Video Tapes



# Cliff-hanger Justice

Part Three of the most celebrated litigation in legal history, *Wile E. Coyote vs. Acme Co.*  
by *Joey Green*

**T**HE STORY SO FAR: *TELEVISION'S Wile E. Coyote has finally brought suit against the Acme Company, claiming that Acme's products are unsafe and that implied warranties of merchantability have been flagrantly breached. Defense attorneys for Acme pointed out that Coyote's willingness to continue doing business with the Acme Company for such a lengthy period of time before pressing charges barred him from legal recourse. The court agreed. But as before, Coyote refused to let things fall where they may, and he appealed to his audience. The resulting public outcry on his behalf threatened to financially ruin the Acme Company, until majority stockholders urged the court to reopen the Coyote case in hopes of clearing the company's name of charges of conspiring against Coyote and conducting unfair business practices.*

THE REOPENED CASE CENTERED on the question of contributory negligence. The defendants insisted that negligence on behalf of Coyote vitiated, if not nullified, Coyote's claim against Acme. The prosecution had great difficulty providing courtroom evidence to the contrary. Much of the material evidence had been destroyed. In his initial complaint regarding the fire rocket, for example, Coyote alleged that his injuries were sustained because the explosive powders inside the thruster did not launch the rocket before its warhead exploded. But since this explosion destroyed the thruster, all evidence indicating that the latter was defective was destroyed as well. And when Coyote sailed off a thousand-foot cliff, more than the plaintiff was shattered beyond recognition. The giant magnet remained attached to the grille of the speeding truck and was never seen again. The tunnel painted onto the sur-



face of the canyon wall had long since been washed away by natural weather conditions. The only physical evidence extant and duly presented to the court was the malfunctioning trigger mechanism from the rock catapult, and even that was not conclusive.

The mechanism, a peculiarly exaggerated and deformed coil attached to a misshapen, cartoonlike metal box, appeared almost to be a caricature of itself. The plaintiff's expert witness, an experienced inspector and appraiser of damaged rock catapults, and former secretary of transportation, with several degrees from prominent universities with departments specializing in rock catapultology and sedimentary projection, advanced the opinion that "some-

thing definitely went wrong with the trigger mechanism," and that the untoward happening must have been due to mechanical defect or failure, inferring that the trigger mechanism had been broken prior to the incident. He testified that "the facts create a reasonable inference that the rock catapult was, like cold pizza, defective when delivered, and that the defection was not caused by any subsequent conduct of the plaintiff."

But defense attorneys adamantly insisted that the proof adduced by the prosecution still had not sufficiently demonstrated a breach of warranty or refuted the defendant's countercharge of contributory negligence. Lacking corroborative evidence, Coyote's attorney pulled one last rabbit, as it were, from his hat. He subpoenaed the Roadrunner before the court to testify for the prosecution. "If Coyote can't catch the Roadrunner with help from the Acme Company," he told reporters, "he just might be able to catch the Acme Company with help from the Roadrunner." There was, however, a major obstacle to receiving testimony from the Roadrunner: he speaks no English but for the twangy sound of a high-pitched automobile horn. After a short and unsuccessful courtroom examination of the witness, limited to yes-and-no questions (two beeps signifying yes, one beep signifying no), the prosecution decided it would be best if the Roadrunner filed a written affidavit. Unfortunately for the prosecution, the bulk of this document only served to undermine Coyote's case.

The Roadrunner claimed to have known Coyote for many years and described their relationship during that time as "adversarial, at best." He claimed Coyote spent the last eighteen years trying to run him down, but averred, "He has not yet met with success." The Roadrunner stated that he had never actually witnessed many of the accidents Coyote described in his case against Acme: "Although I have never seen any of these products work properly, I can't say whether fault lies with the products themselves or with Coyote's operation of the products. But I can say, without equivocation, that Coyote has been obsessed with the idea of trying to snare me as his prize. He





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refuses to give up. He refuses to concede defeat."

Defense attorneys insisted that the Roadrunner's affidavit implied that Coyote's willingness to submit himself to such humiliation week after week without ever conceding defeat indicated a severe masochistic personality disorder. Attorneys for the Acme Company argued that Coyote might be unfit to pursue his case or give testimony against the defendant. A psychological evaluation of Coyote followed, indicating that he showed characteristics of an obsessive-compulsive personality, meaning that he is obsessed with thoughts of capturing the Roadrunner and that he cannot rationally control these thoughts. The results of these tests also showed that Coyote feels compelled to perform ritualized acts to fulfill this obsession. Coyote's willingness to go to such extremes to put himself on equal footing with the Roadrunner reflects his inability to consciously overcome his lack of self-worth. The compulsion, doctors claimed, naturally sprang from these unconscious conflicts over aggression.

According to the psychological report: "Coyote seems to have made a number of important choices as far as his principal conscious and unconscious goals are concerned. He seems to be leaning toward recognition and acquisition as substitutes for love, resulting in a strong need for achievement. Coyote's main motive is to gain control over himself—a kind of power drive turned inward. He has an above-average urge to seek adventure and excitement,

becoming markedly counterphobic and going in for such dangerous thrills as skiing down highways, plummeting off cliffs, and attaching himself to high-powered explosives and bizarre mechanical contraptions. Coyote suffers from acute psychasthenia, an obsessive-compulsive neurosis that prevents him from overcoming his subconscious conflict over aggression. In short, his inability to gain confidence in himself gives rise to a sublimated acquiescence, allowing the mechanical devices to consistently backfire on him."

The psychological evaluation strongly justified Acme's case for contributory negligence. But Coyote's attorney denied that his client had gone over the edge, psychologically. "Coyote is driven by biological needs, not some neurotic disorder stemming from a lack of self-respect," he insisted. He further argued that the defense's character analysis of Coyote mirrored a strong bias and was therefore inadmissible as evidence. But the defense was quick to point out that this line of reasoning invalidated the whole of the Roadrunner's affidavit and what little circumstantial evidence the Roadrunner's testimony provided in the prosecution's favor. Breach of implied warranty or merchantability could not be found on the basis of circumstantial evidence provided by the testimony of a witness that the prosecution now claimed inadmissible. It looked as though Coyote didn't have a leg to stand on.

But while Coyote's defense was hitting rock bottom in the courtroom, programming executives at Warner

Brothers had been holding late-night emergency brainstorm sessions to save the star of their most popular animated television series from legal defeat. The motives of the Warner Brothers executives were not, however, entirely altruistic. They reasoned that if Coyote lost his legal battle, he would be forced to leave their television show to accept high-paying commercials to repay his towering legal and medical debts. Warner Brothers couldn't afford to let that happen. Not with a hit show on their hands. But they couldn't renegotiate Coyote's contract any higher and risk demands of parity from the remainder of their not insubstantial stable of animated stars. At length, a strategy was formed.

Personal-injury cases are known for coming up with strange new ways of introducing evidence. But never before in the history of the American legal system has a court been subjected to viewing over 260 hours of videotaped Saturday-morning-cartoon episodes to judge whether a plaintiff has been the victim of faulty merchandising practices.

"You have seen the evidence, and the facts speak for themselves," Coyote's lawyer told the jury in his closing remarks.

The jury left the courtroom for just five minutes before returning with its triumphant decision in Coyote's favor.

"In our view," a juror declared after the trial, "when you've seen a videotape of faulty retro-rockets launching a pair of roller-skate skis off a cliff, a circus cannon that fries its human cannonball, a steel-jaw trap that won't snap shut until the user jumps up and down on the trigger mechanism, and a jet-propulsion pack that runs out of steam twenty seconds into flight, it's hard to deny that there is something rotten in the statement of warranty."

With the judgment he received from Acme, it appears as though Coyote will be able to pay his attorney's fee, settle his outstanding medical bills, and retire with a substantial nest egg. It was also recently learned that Coyote bought a controlling interest in Acme stock while prices were down, tripling his investment and gaining the upper hand over the company that once dominated him. But Coyote still isn't willing to concede defeat. He remains optimistic, insisting that he "will eventually catch the Roadrunner; it's just a question of when."

In light of Coyote's courtroom comeback, it seems unlikely that the golden hopes of the inscrutably ingenious prairie dog will ever go a-dimming. Maybe there's something to be said for persistence, after all. ■



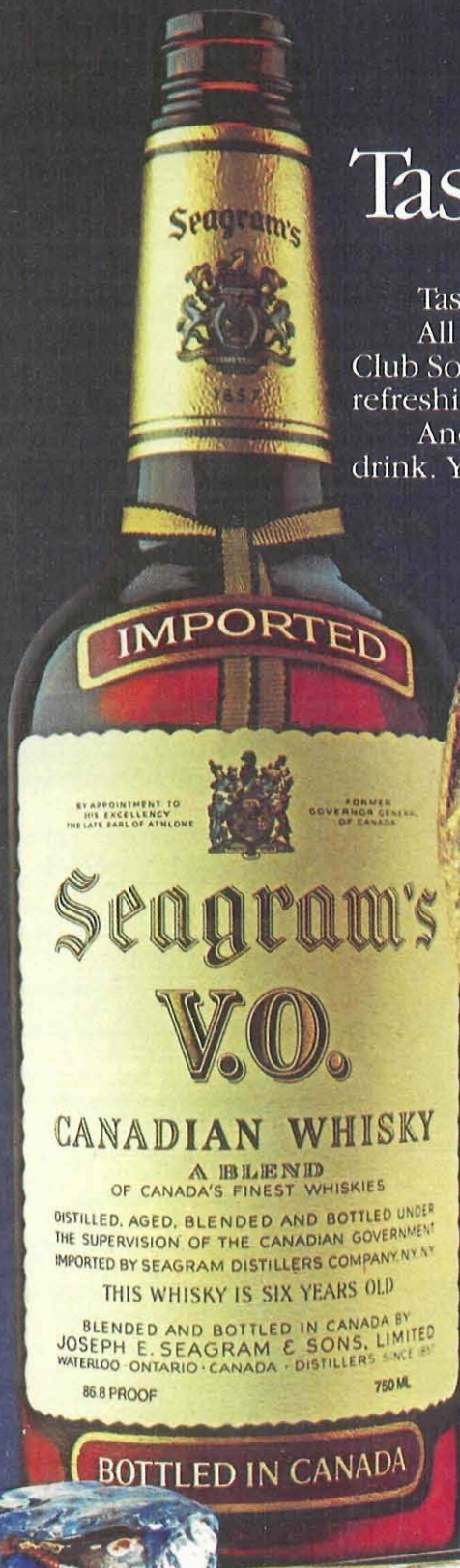
"When you're finished, could you lift me up for sloppy seconds?"



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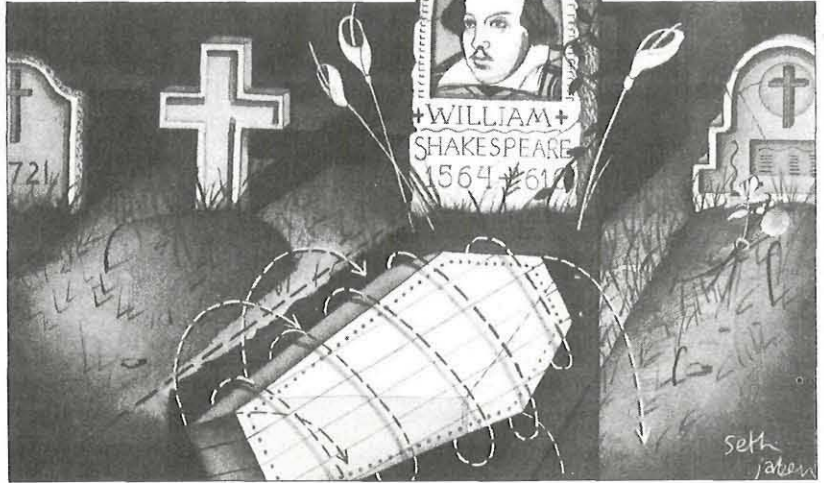
# The Manly Art of Screenwriting

A Hollywood insider shows how tired old plays become next year's blockbuster films.

by Stephen Geller

**A**S A SCREENWRITER/novelist, some of my most pleasant moments in Hollywood have been spent contemplating my note pad during story conferences with producers and directors. (Although I prefer masturbating in private, it *does* get lonely sometimes, and the thought of companionship with some of movieland's innermost circle-jerks is as enticing as the money tendered for services performed.)

Sharing, in fact, has become a delightful euphemism for paranoia out where est meets West. Having survived somehow, and with wig still intact, I would like to share some of my private musings for all you cineasts- and screenwriters-to-be.



Let the following examples serve as a warning.

*Story conference 1: Paul Schrader discusses a modern remake of Othello* ▶

"First we are going to have to set the ground rules so there can be no bullshit, 'kay?"

"First ground rule is Shakespeare. A limey jerkoff egghead. An intellectual

putz without guts. We can do without his jive. Iago? The guy is an unresolved faggot who is hot for spades. Now, over the titles, I see him going down on Othello, then passing the handkerchief to some dago fop.

"They get into port after this storm, and Iago's now feeling so goddamn guilt-ridden, 'cause, face it, he's Catholic, and his old lady is standing right there on the dock with her bambino, and if the word gets out, their shenanigans, how big can Venice *be*, right? One foot on that dock, Shylock, and the buddy system is finito!

"Now, Othello, on the other hand, would put it to a seagull. The guy is great with a sword, but, face it, he's still a jungle bunny who doesn't know *merde* from Milwaukee. You spread the word that his broad was porking a can of SpaghettiOs and you *know* he'll nuke the Rialto before you can play Hide the Hanky.

"He makes some lusty remarks to Iago, like, 'Hey, man, dig you later,' but full of innuendo, and Iago knows he'd better work fast. Since this is modern, what we're doing, we have Iago call in an air strike, and like the only thing left is the hanky and the sound track. Dean Martin singing "That's Amore," for irony.

"To hell with the audience. Let 'em work for it."

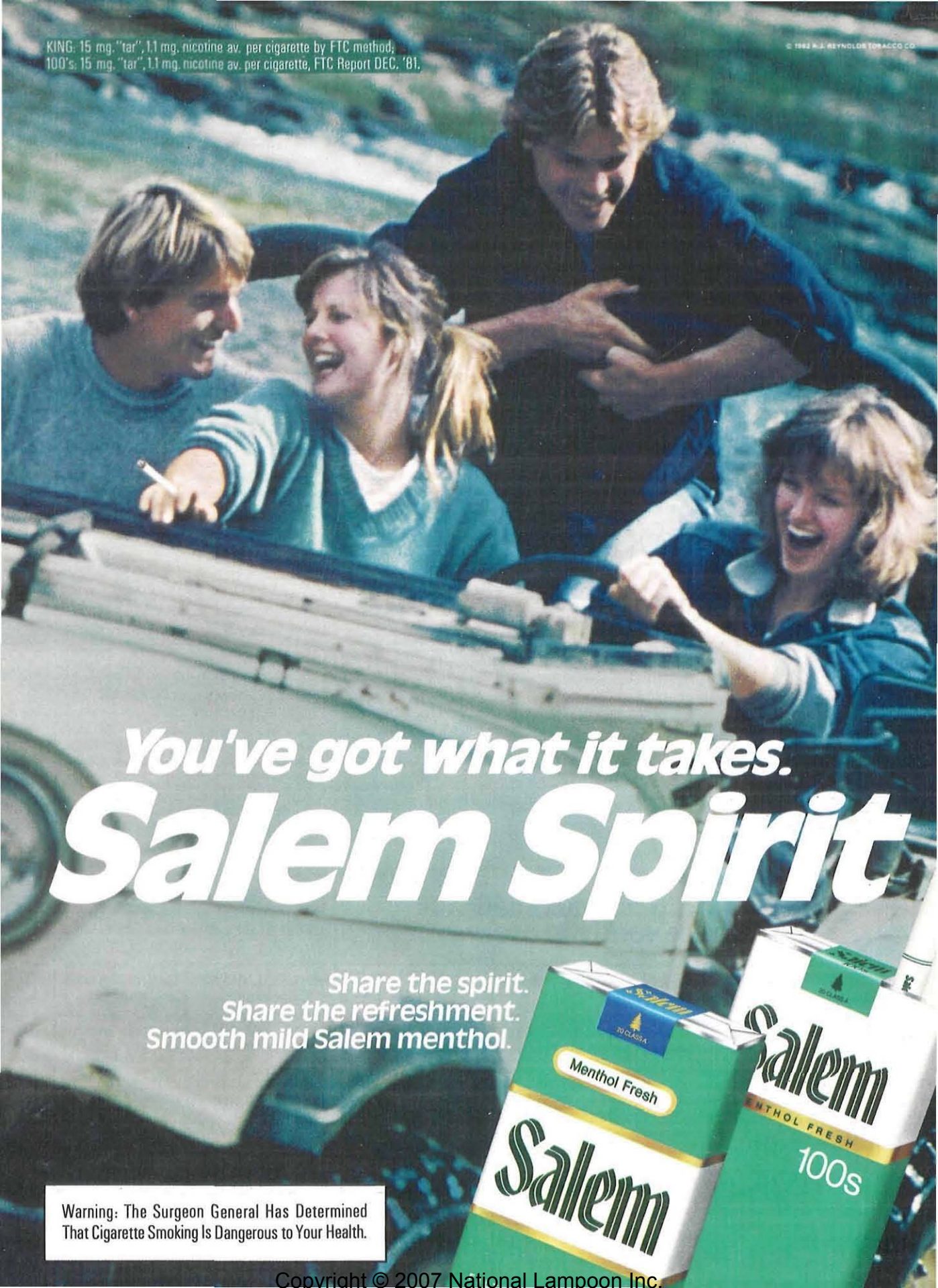
*Story conference 2: Steven Spielberg and George Lucas toy with a*





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**futuristic version of A Midsummer**

**Night's Dream** ▶ "You know, Steve. I think Puck is real cute, too. Maybe we can get one of the Muppets to play him."

"Let's call the Muppet agent! Let's call the Muppet agent!"

"Gear down, Steve. First let's tell the writer that we really believe very strongly and very firmly and from the bottom of our hearts that he's gotta change the language of the play."

"What play?"  
 "A *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Steve."

"Oh...it's a play?"

"Gosh, what did you think it was?"

"Well, I don't know. My agent said it was just a concept."

"No, I *think* it's a play."

"Well, anyway, George, what do you mean by language?"

"I mean how the characters speak."

"Oh. Gee. But this is a movie. Do they hafta speak?"

"Well, sometimes they hafta."

"Gosh, George, I always have trouble when my characters speak."

"Boy, I sure know what you mean."

"I usually don't know what they're saying."

"Me too."

"So I try to use lots of lights 'n' things. Scary monsters 'n' things."

"I like to make things go *bang!* Anyway, what they say isn't our problem, Steve. That's why we've hired a writer."

"Great idea. I think that's terrific... What will he *do?*"

"Well, I guess he's supposed to think of really neat things for the actors to say."

"Oh? Like what?"

"Let's see. Like '*Zzzzap!*' or '*Powwww!*' Maybe something even funny, like '*I'll bet!*' or '*Says you!*'"

"Gee, George, even *I* coulda thought of that. I don't know why we even need a writer. With the money we're paying him, we could add an extra monster or another special effect."

"You're right, Steve."

"The studio never reads what you write, anyway."

"That's true. Hey, Mister Writer? '*Zap!*'"

"*Pow!*"

**Story conference 3: Martin Scorsese considers a remake of Hamlet** ▶

"Okay. Ham's in front of the mirror. Famous speech. Goes like this:

"Hey, man! You gonna fuckin' *be*, or

you gonna fuckin' *be?* I mean, you are crazy-in-the-mind fuckin' up-front noble, *sfacchin!* Hey, you are talkin' to a *Dane*, *capisce?* This ain't no late show! So whether you sling your arrows at *me*, scungili-breath, or I sling your ass onto the street, one of us has got to take the dive! Hey, you goin' to sleep on me, per-chance-mouth? Hey, Ace, are you *dreamin'* on me? I'll bodkin *you*, shit-face! Yeah, gwan, bear your fardel, grunt and sweat! You know your problem, Clyde? You got too much conscience! Made a turkey of your soul! You got too much *gelato* on the brain, Guglielmo! Hey, cool it, all right? And remember, you heard it anywhere on the street, it came from *me!* Nympho, on your horizon is *my* big-daddy sin gonna be remembered!"

"But with more passion. Then we bring in the broad."

**Story conference 4: John Milius musing on a modern version of Julius Caesar** ▶

"Caesar was a great-looking guy. Big chest. Booming voice. Walnut-colored skin. Blue eyes. Stood ten feet tall. A terrific fascist.

"Now, I see Brutus and Cassius as puny little homo democrats, always skulking around at night in their dumb white gowns and scheming. Real jerks they are. Cassius's nose runs a lot. And there's something just a tad kikey about Brutus. Anyway, come hell or high water, I swear to God I want my Caesar to pound shit out of 'em at Philippi! There's *no way* my man's gonna take the bullet!"

**Story conference 5: Francis Ford Coppola soliloquizes a remake of Macbeth** ▶

"The heath. Eight thousand speakers playing ten minutes of hurricane. Sound fadeover: bubbling of caldron. Mormon Tabernacle Choir overdubbed with London Philharmonic. Handel's *Messiah* backward. Tight on: Lizard's eye. Knife enters frame. Gluts eye disgustingly on 'He shall reign forever and ever.' Cut to: Lady Macbeth in bed. Sits up. Sweating. Better, Macbeth sits up. Sweating. Wait. The whole family sits up in bed, sweating. Immediately and without hesitation, quote from Blake's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*: 'Rintrah roars and shakes his fires in the burden'd air.'

"Cable Brando. Query if he'll play Rintrah.

"Cable Doug Trumbull. How to burden the air.

"Cable Chase Manhattan. S.O.S."

In the Beginning Was the Director's Medium.  
 The Rest Was, Simply, Fill. ■



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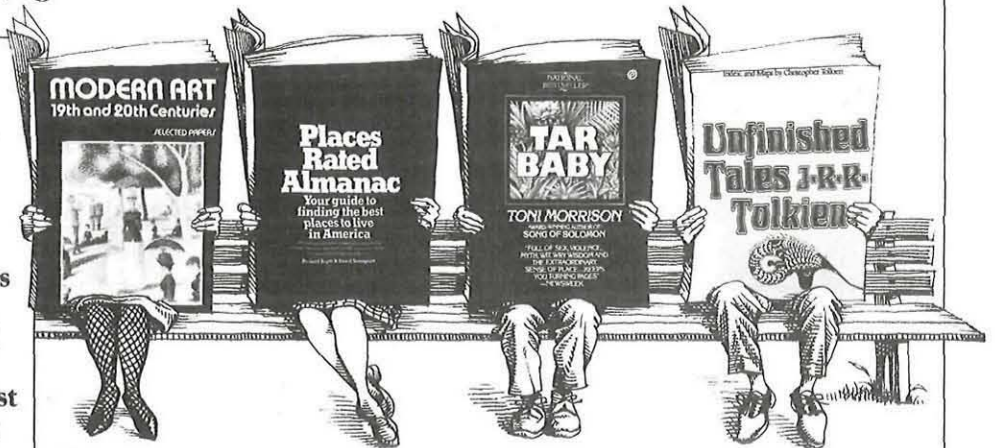


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# TIME OF THE MONTH

## PLANET

### Carl Sagan Revealed as Alien

*Comes from galaxy ten trillion light-years away*

**H**IS REAL NAME, HARDLY pronounceable in English, is C'aal Sgn'gn. He comes from a galaxy so distant that it is not even a glimmer in our clearest night sky. Many have been suspicious of his knowledge of diverse fields, ranging from astronomy to biochemistry, as well as of his theories, which, according to one anonymous professor at Princeton, always seem to be "just a little ahead of our time."

Now Carl Sagan—or C'aal Sgn'gn—has finally admitted the truth. "Yes," he said, "I am an alien. I've tried to mislead people by wondering every few minutes whether or not there is intelligent life in outer space, but I guess intelligent people on earth weren't fooled." Sagan's real identity was discovered by a groupie physics student at Cal Tech who followed him home one night, hoping he would autograph her logarithm tables.

Explains Sagan: "I come from a galaxy deep in the sector of the sky where you see the constellation Cassiopeia. My planet is known as the 'Planet of the Profound People.' All of us are born profound, and as we get older we simply get more profound. We not only talk and act profound, we even *look* profound, especially in profile when we're on other planets, gazing skyward toward home. Luckily, we're of humanoid shape, and all it takes is a little earth makeup to cover our green skin, and some long hair, which is fashionable anyway, to cover the two, tiny, insectlike antennae on our heads." ■



*Dear Folks: Having a grand time. Wish you were here.*

## DOMESTICANA

### Haig Resignation to Leave Secretaries with Less Power in the White House

*Real reason for Haig's departure finally revealed*

**A**T FIRST BLUSH, AL HAIG looked like the ideal secretary of state. He didn't call in sick on Fridays before holiday weekends. He didn't spend hours on the phone talking



*The condition in which Secretary Haig left the office coffee maker was not, apparently, unanalogous to his attitude in general.*

to friends and arguing with relatives. He could type 70 words a minute, take shorthand at 120, and, according to Ronald Reagan, "was an absolute master at making Xeroxes that didn't come out crooked. He was the best damn secretary I've ever had, and I would gladly have kept him forever. The problem was that, in addition to all of his regular duties, he also wanted to single-handedly control the nation's foreign policy."

When asked if any specific disagreement had triggered Haig's resignation, the president replied, "Well, we never did quite see eye to eye about the proper position the U.S. should take on the Soviet gas pipeline, and whether or not hanging Pendaflex folders made for a neater file than the old-fashioned manila type. But I guess the real problem was when I asked him to make coffee for me in the morning. He said that I needed my consciousness raised, that making coffee wasn't part of a secre-



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3. Winners will be selected in random drawings from all entries with the correct answer by Marden-Kane, Inc. an independent judging

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4. Sweepstakes is open to all U.S. residents who are of legal drinking age under the laws of their home state, except employees and their immediate families of Heublein, Inc., its affiliates, subsidiaries, retailers, distributors, advertising agencies, promotion agency and Marden-Kane, Inc. Void where prohibited by law. All Federal, State and local regulations apply.

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6. For a list of the Grand through 3rd prize winners, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Jose Cuervo Winners, P.O. Box 319, New York, New York 10046.

7. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.

## JOSE CUERVO® TEQUILA OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

Here's how to enter the Ultimate Vacation Sweepstakes. Call our special toll-free telephone number, 800-223-1177 (New York State residents call toll-free, 800-442-3550) to obtain the three sweepstakes qualifying questions. Answers to the questions can be found on Jose Cuervo® Tequila bottle labels. Print your answers in the appropriate spaces below.

ANSWER #1 \_\_\_\_\_

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ANSWER #3 \_\_\_\_\_

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tary's job description, and that, anyway, he'd rather spend his mornings with the National Security Council. I told him that I didn't give a damn about any consciousness or job description, and that I took my coffee light with two sugars. He started to cry, and I must say I was relieved when he finally grabbed the PLAN AHEAD sign, the one with the 'D' crowded off the end of the word that he had on his desk, and ran out the door."

Nevertheless, Haig insists he won't be unemployed for long. "I was sick of secretarial work anyway," he says. "I'll use a little tint on my hair, get some new clothes, have my resume redone to make it look more modern, and then find something where I can use my mind." (See related article, "Haig Named Commissioner of Baseball.") ■

#### MAJOR HOSINGS

## "We Are, of Course, Still Leaving Lebanon Immediately"

*Israelis continue to assure the world*

**T**HE SETTING IS A BANK IN WEST Beirut: it is one of the few buildings left standing in what was once the heart of a thriving business district. An American-made personnel carrier growls onto a tract of rubble near the entrance: a muddied, oil-blackened Israeli sergeant hoists himself through a gun portal, slides off the vehicle, assault rifle in hand, trots to the front door of the bank, and cautiously pushes it open with the nose of his weapon. Several more soldiers sud-



*Meanwhile, Israeli forces continue their tireless search for the last Palestinian in Lebanon, Gamel Sahd, thought to be hiding underground, somewhere beneath the ancient city of Tyre.*

denly dash from the carrier to the door, diving into the lobby on their bellies as others deliver covering fire overhead.

"Who is in charge here?" the sergeant yells. A short, round man in a soaking shirt and tie raises his head with great ginger from behind a desk. "What do you want?" he answers defiantly. A moment later, the round man and the troops are seated around the desk. "We found an apartment building we like," the sergeant explains. "We've decided to renovate it and we need financing."

"But you have ceased fire and left Beirut, yes?"

"Almost," the sergeant answers. "But we are, of course, totally pulling out immediately. But in the meantime we'd like to make our very short further stay here as endurable as possible by selecting an apartment and fixing it up, as well as establishing a temporary Hebrew school and possibly some Jewish farming areas, while building a Jewish community center, Jewish shopping districts, perhaps a local Jewish government complex with Jewish police and Jewish fire departments, a cemetery for our fallen Israeli heroes, with large monuments to the greatest of them, and also we're considering a synagogue and Jewish religion and cultural institute, a Jewish university, Jewish children's hospital, and naturally Jewish secondary schools, a Jewish airport, Jewish industrial park, and eventually our own Jewish pavilion for the performing arts, where Jewish dancers, musicians, and theater troupes can entertain Israel's battle-weary forces during our brief stay until probably no later than tomorrow or so."

The sergeant raises his rifle. "May we have a \$75-million construction loan at 1 percent, please?" The Lebanese banker slowly removes a form from his desk and asks over how long the Israelis would like to spread the payments. "No more than an extremely small amount of time," they reply, drawing back the bolts of their weapons and supervising scrupulously the typing of the form. ■

#### DOLLARS AND MONEY

## Trickle Down Turns to Flood as Reaganomics Achieves Miracle

*New minority-driven stocks send Wall Street into frenzy*

**L**EADING ECONOMIC PREDICTOR Henry Kaufman, speaking from the back of a carpet-lined Buick 225, has announced that the great economic recovery is now in full swing. "When I saw Goya Foods go from eight and a quarter to thirty-five in one afternoon," Kaufman said, "I knew we were seeing a trend!" Tito Puente, spokesman for the Federal Reserve Board, concurred with Kaufman's analysis. "It's bery, bery simple. All the rich people gets money from the tax breaks and the increase defense spending. They starts buying stuff and the money gradually winds up in the pockets of poor minorities. Hey, we don't know what to do, we're so rich now. We're buying all the stuff we've wanted for years and years."

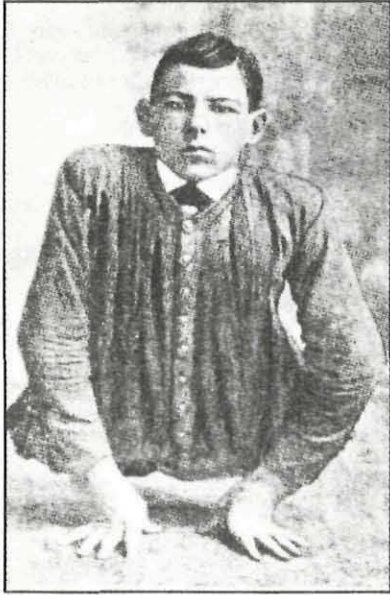
Indeed, the recent prosperity has fostered a new direction in American industry. Earlier this month, Mercado y Revistas, Inc., a chain of family-owned grocery stores that also offer complete estate-planning services, went public, and in one day a share of common stock in the fledgling corporation tripled in value. Following Mercado's lead, Krylon, the leading manufacturer of spray paint in America, announced that it would split its shares in a special offering, and many of its old stockholders found themselves millionaires in a few days. The Krylon president claimed, "We couldn't keep up with the incredible demand for this unique leisure-time product."

Wall Street has responded to Amer-



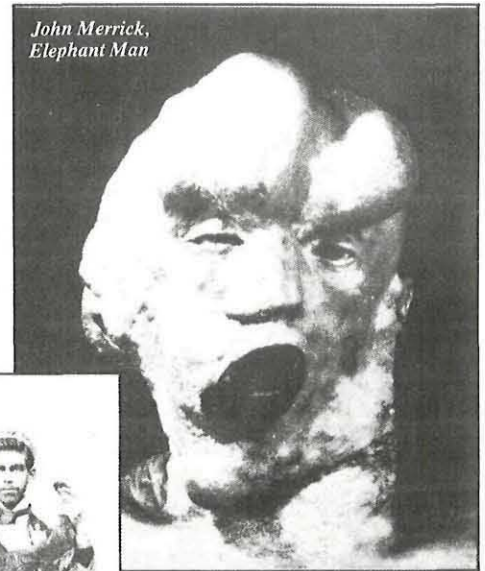


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*Laloo, whose parasite brother grew from his sternum*

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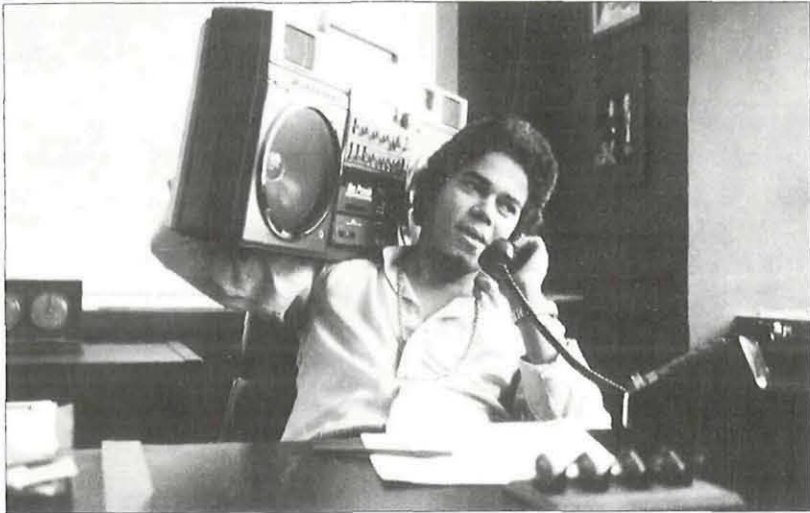
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*Economic miracle on Wall Street.*

ica's economic recovery in another significant way—by promoting all of its brokerage-house messengers to full broker status, while demoting most brokers to messengers. Currently, the new brokers have been hitting the market well, earning 35 to 50 percent on the dollar for such houses as Smith, Barney and Merrill. Lynch. "I never had it so easy," former messenger Juan Filipino told us. "I sit around all day and make a few phone calls, and tell people, 'Buy polyester—everybody needs polyester.'

The other day, I set off some shock waves by investing some corporate trust money in wild-colored dyes for clothing.

"But the most fun I have is messengering really heavy objects to other new brokers. We get a big laugh out of seeing some of these guys, who used to bitch at us for being a half hour late, trying to deliver a paper sack of bowling balls in the rain, or riding down the street with a couple of boxes of car stereos we put on rush."

#### SPORTS AND SPORTSPRAY

## Haig Named Commissioner of Baseball

*Promises never to reveal secret about Ruth and Gehrig*

**T**HE CHAIN OF FASCIST BASEBALL commissioners remained unbroken as Alexander Haig, formerly United States secretary of state, formerly commander of NATO, formerly chairman of the board of United Technologies, formerly adviser to President Nixon, was named the new commissioner of baseball, replacing Bowie Kuhn.

"We wanted Nixon in the job," Kuhn was quoted as saying, "but he flunked the quiz."

Haig wowed the Major League Baseball Association with his intimate knowledge of the game, and with a far-reaching three-point plan to insure baseball's future. In a special memo to team owners and general managers, Haig spelled out the plan, which includes:

—Complete repatriation of all former



*The secret Haig would not reveal: Gehrig and Ruth were homos.*

major-league baseball players now playing in Japan, Mexico, and other foreign countries. Roy White, No-Neck Johnson, and Richie Allen were named as the first boys to come home.

—Complete financing and contracting for new blastproof domes over every baseball stadium in America, with exclusive revetments and double-reinforced concrete-vault-type shelters for all season-ticket holders. "These precautions," Haig has told reporters, "will insure that all the survivors of a nuclear holocaust will be baseball fans."

—A promise to never reveal the great secret of American baseball. In an interview with William Safire, Haig disclosed to the *New York Times* columnist that "few Americans will ever know the kind of responsibility inherent in hiding the fact that Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig were flaming homosexuals. I've promised to never reveal that secret."

In his first act as commissioner, Haig advised George Steinbrenner, Charlie Finley, and Ted Turner to resign. "I believe this specialization is an area I can impact on," Haig said, "and impact I shall."

#### AVIONICS AND AVIOLOGY

## At Last, Some Straight Talk About Flight #759

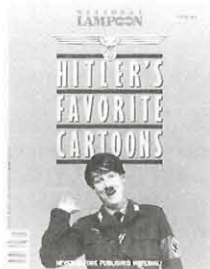
**I**N EVERY STUDENT-PILOT MANUAL, great stress is placed on the avoidance of thunderstorms, regardless of the size of the plane a pilot may be flying. In almost every hangar and airport coffee shop in the country, an enormous yellow-and-black, semi-fluorescent, yield-sign-quality poster humorously warns pilots to steer clear of thunderstorms or risk having their aircraft's wings torn off like tin houseflies in the hands of a six-year-old god.

Why, then, really, did Pan American's flight #759 try to take off from New Orleans in a thunderstorm?

One possibility that may have been covered up is that inexperienced military air-traffic controllers were unaware that a thunderstorm was in progress. They may have thought that the periodic brilliant flashes illuminating the sky were the headlamp beams of miners looking up at the clouds to find the strength to carry on. They may have believed that the colossal explosions rattling windows for miles around were derauling tank cars full of highly explo-



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sive chemicals. They may have taken the rain itself for strings hanging from the eaves of the control tower.

In any case, it doesn't matter what the air-traffic controllers mistook the thunderstorms for. It is the sole decision of the pilot in command, to take off; he cannot be ordered to do so by air-traffic control.

The true answer may lie in the economic circumstances of Pan American World Airways. For some time now the airline has been deteriorating. Passengers have noticed incompletely removed wads of chewing gum on the backs of flight attendants' dresses, they have had difficulty understanding pursers with badly fitted false teeth, and they have nervously observed fuselages of aircraft covered with blistering, peeling, sloppily applied latex house paint. Seats are often covered with grimy plastic raffia-weave material, and individual reading lamps point crazily and meaninglessly about, like high-tech track lighting, spotlighting buckled window seals or the backs of other passengers' heads.

With economic woes being sufficient to cause this kind of decomposition, it may be assumed that great pressure is placed upon the pilots to take off and arrive on time and to avoid costly flight cancellations.

This assessment is readily confirmed by this genuine, heretofore suppressed, conversation taken from flight #759's cockpit voice recorder:

PILOT: Tower, do you have any weather advisory for us prior to takeoff?

TOWER: Well, just the thunderstorm in progress off the end of your runway there. It's a pretty bad one. We got a seventy-naut crosswind component, a hell of a lot of rain, probable wind shear up there, maybe a couple hundred and fifty nauts or more. Ceiling twelve thousand MSL.

PILOT: Could be a little bumpy, eh?

TOWER: Yes.

PILOT: Well, these passengers are anxious to get to Las Vegas, so I guess we're going.

TOWER: You're insane.

PILOT: What?

TOWER: You're in command.

PILOT: That's right. (*Opens throttle*)

[One and a half minutes later...]

PILOT: We're going down.

TOWER: Really?

PILOT: Yes. I blame management pressure as a result of deregulation plus world economic slowdown. What we need is...

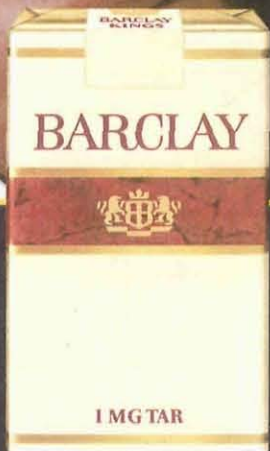
(*Silence*)

Edited by Tod Carroll. Contributions by T.C., Sean Kelly, Fred Graver, Ed Subitzky, and Ted Mann.



Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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

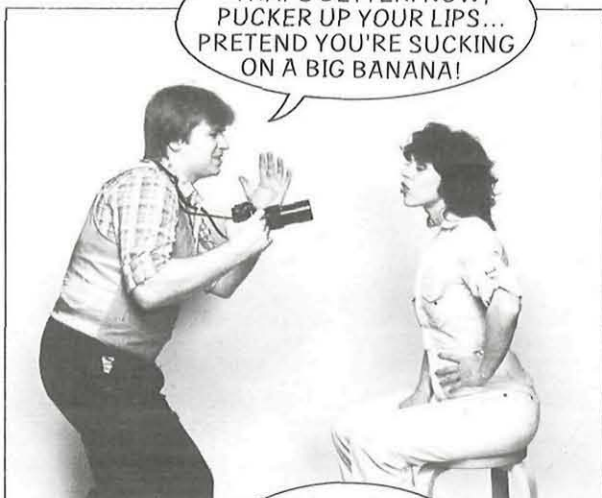


# Foto Funnies

C'MON, BABY,  
GIMME A GREAT BIG  
SMILE. LOOK AT  
THE CAMERA!



THAT'S BETTER,  
THAT'S BETTER. NOW,  
PUCKER UP YOUR LIPS...  
PRETEND YOU'RE SUCKING  
ON A BIG BANANA!



OH, BABY,  
THAT'S TERRIFIC! NOW,  
GIVE ME MORE TONGUE...  
OH, YEAH, GREAT SHOT,  
GREAT SHOT!



NOW, TAKE  
OFF YOUR BLOUSE.  
OH, OH, OH,  
PERFECT!



OKAY, THIS IS  
IT. HOLD UP YOUR  
BREASTS AND POINT THEM  
AT THE CAMERA. FANTASTIC...  
FANTASTIC... FANTASTIC...  
AHHHHHH. I THINK I'VE  
GOT ENOUGH.



WHEW! THAT  
SEEMED LIKE AN AWFUL  
LOT TO GO THROUGH  
FOR JUST A SIMPLE  
PASSPORT PHOTO.







Splash into summer with the sassy taste of 7 & Coke,<sup>®</sup> 7 & ginger ale or 7 & 7UP. When it comes to summer parties, they're the coolest things under the sun. So stir sensibly and make your party a splash.

# Summer parties stir with



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You never forget  
your first Girl.



## Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

Sirs:

Me and my friends finally figured out a way to keep from getting bored on those long summer nights. Ya know those big signs in front of the drive-in movies? The ones with the letters that you can move around to spell the name of the picture? Well, me, Pooch, and Spermy climb up on the signs late at night and do a little rearranging, if you know what I mean. Like, *Take This Job and Shove It* became "Baked Jive Shit on Toast." Pooch kept the extra "h" as a souvenir. We turned *Raiders of the Lost Ark* into "Load of Rat Shit Reeks." Some guy came by on a moped while we were working on changing *Under the Rainbow* into "Nude Rat Boner" and Spermy beaned him with the extra letters. What a hoot! *Empire Strikes Back* is now "Semi Prick Teaser" in honor of my girl friend, Stacy. And you should have seen the people coming out of the late show of "Fart on Sues Shoe" when they thought they were seeing *The Four Seasons*. Sometimes we can't decide what great stuff we could spell. Like with *First Monday in October*, we couldn't make up our minds between "My Obstetrician Odor" and "Eat My Snot in Food!" And we stayed out all night when they were showing *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Pooch wanted "Pooch Suck Her Whore Tit." I voted for "Your Prick Shot the Whore." But Spermy insisted on "She Threw Up Hot Cock." We laughed so hard we pissed our pants! You should try it sometime!

Bob Kov  
Oakland, N.J.

Sirs:

Hey, Jews. Repeat after me. *Gee. Hoe. Va. Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.* I made you say "Jehovah"! Works every time. See you in hell, suckers.

Auntie Semite  
Professional Christian trickster

Sirs:

I am composing this letter at my typewriter because pens and pencils are extremely dangerous. They are pointy, and if your head should slip while you are writing, you're out one eye. If it happens again, then that's it—you're blind. Some of you may not appreciate it now, but as you get older, you'll begin to understand the value of your friend the eye. Please, be careful.

Ann Bryce  
President  
Mothers Against Sharp Objects

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 85)

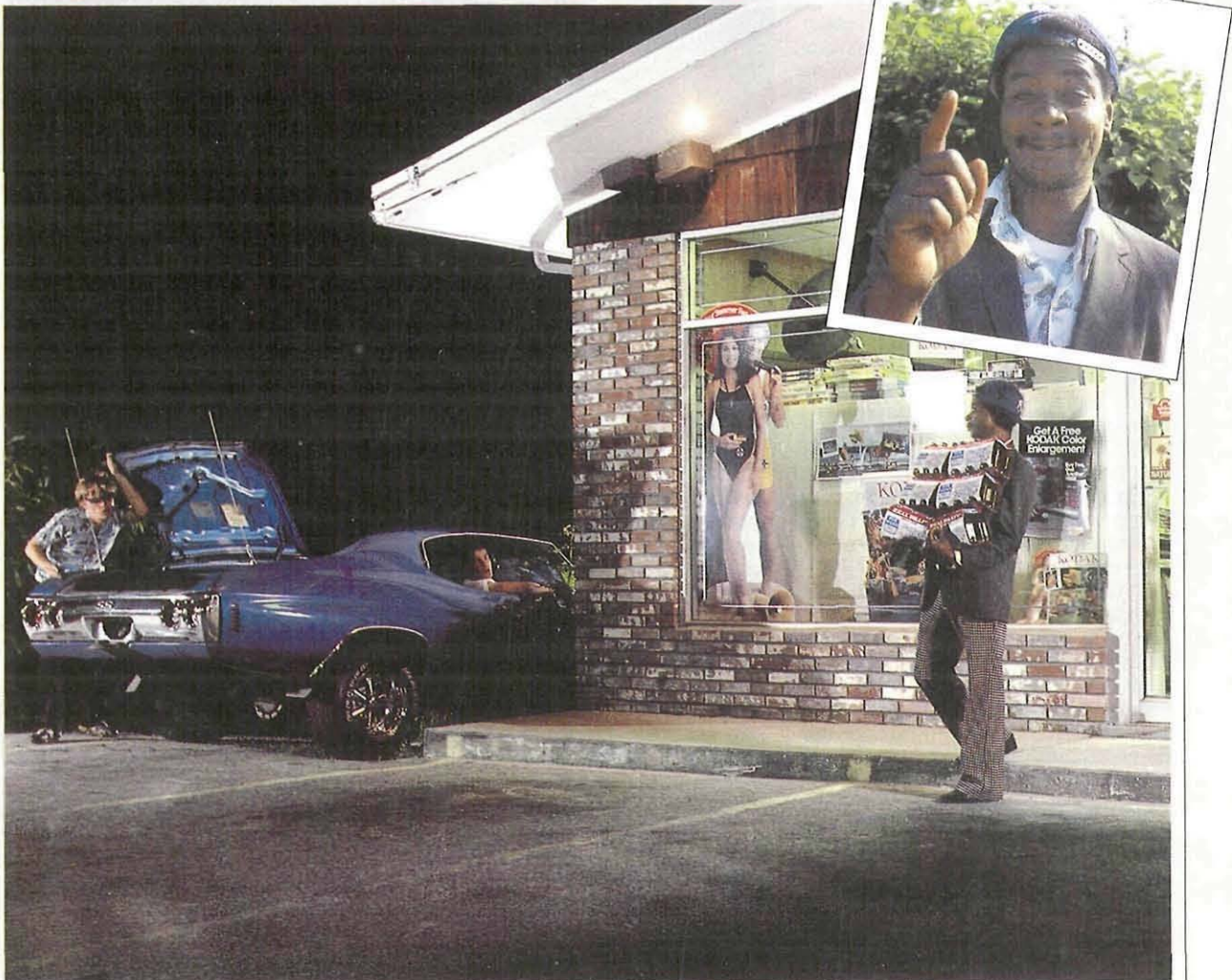


*The Utterly Monstrous, Mind-Roasting Summer of*

# O.C. AND STIGGS

*Me and Stiggs  
Dedicate Our  
Entire Summer to:*  
**WINO BOB**  
*(?-1982)*

He lived in the bushes behind the 7-Eleven and he used to buy us huge stockpiles of liquor. "You gotta have a good woman," Bob said once, which we always thought was a memorable piece of advice from a guy with a bush home and newspapers for socks. He was great.





## *The Wedding Reception of Schwab's Repellent Sister and the Chinaman Frank, and How We Completely Ruined It*

**A**LTHOUGH THIS SUMMER turned out to be the most amazingly spectacular and lunatic summer in the entire history of the association between me and Stiggs, the last week before school got out caused us to expect the complete opposite. The major disaster started out only as the small inconvenience of having to attend the wedding reception of Schwab's sister, Lenora, a totally white-skinned harpist and ballet deviate with nostrils that look like old-fashioned key holes, who never appears anywhere without a ribbon on her somewhere, usually on her head, and usually four or five of them.

And so, because Lenora was so artistic and withdrawn and delicate, and totally unable to function anyplace where there were any people or any windows or anything else that might suck her into a connection with the world, me and Stiggs got her an Uzi submachine gun for a wedding present, with a twenty-round clip and a detachable stock. It cost us the entire \$300 we got for a rare Tanganyikan airmail stamp Stiggs stole from Schwab's stamp collection when Schwab was twelve years old.

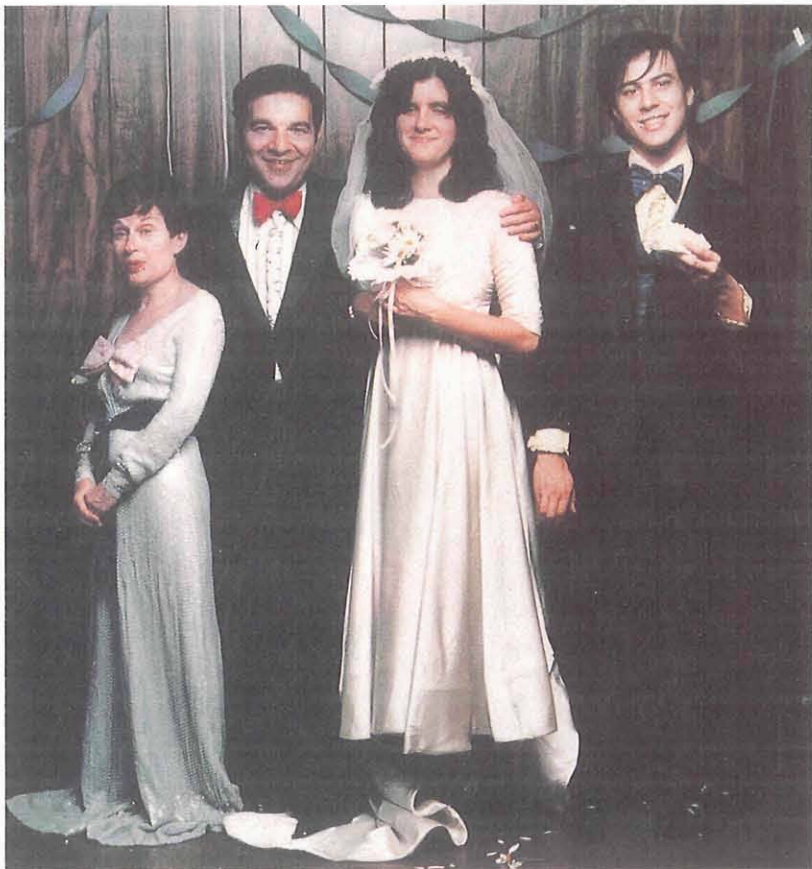
The stamp was great. It was triangular and had a picture of a blue doctor on it; the guy was probably some kind of government jungle doctor who went around deworming little burr heads until they got healthy enough to kill the government and change the name of the country to Tanzania—a purely candy-ass name compared to the totally great-sounding name of Tanganyika. Actually, Stiggs had snatched about fifty of these incredibly valuable stamps from the twelve-year-old Schwab, but by now we only had a few left, since we originally decided that it would be the most fun to waste the stamps on crank letters to the Schwab

family, like they were Easter Seal stamps or something, and then let the post office cancel the living shit out of them for the exceptional depreciation effect of 99 percent. Sometimes me and Stiggs regret that it took us five years to get around to using the stamps to raise money, but at least we finally did, and were able to raise enough cash to get Schwab's sister married with the kind of top-quality machine gun she deserved.

Although Stiggs's mother and Schwab's mother are friends, because

around her waist, or to accurately read the measure and transfer the information onto a bolt of cloth, or to cut the cloth in a line accurate enough to have any hope at all of conforming to the hummocky repository of gin sugars and starch that Mrs. Schwab calls an abdomen.

Lenora, on the other hand, had a professionally manufactured, seven-hundred-dollar, white lace gown, with some kind of protective shielding underneath to obscure the tits, and



they both work at the same halfway house for maniacs, they fortunately aren't good enough friends for Mrs. Schwab to have invited my family and the Stiggs family to the church for the wedding ceremony itself, which caused us to miss the incredible metaphysical sham of watching God and the law being dragged into the affairs of the Schwab family.

So we went directly to the church social hall where the enchanted Schwab wedding reception was held, complete with all Schwabs from all parts of the city in nubby, brindled sport coats and homemade dresses. Mrs. Schwab had an enormous mesh bow mounted in the middle of her back to conceal a baseball-size hole in the seam, a natural aspect of a dress made by a person too alcoholic to get a tape measure properly

### *Meet the Whole Incredible Schwab Family*

**This is the official wedding portrait of Eleanor Schwab, Randall Schwab Sr., Lenora Schwab, and the horror child Randall Schwab Jr. posing as might be expected with a giant wedge of cake in his bare hand and with cake all over his mouth. "I wonder if the cake will get all over the Uzi when he finds it?" Stiggs whispered. "As long as Schwab's got an ounce of life in his horrible body, yes," I replied.**



regrettably no shielding to obscure the fat bandage at the small of her back, where Lenora's well-known polynoid cyst had leaked its way right into the catatonia that was Lenora's happiness on this day of special days. Me and Stiggs were wearing gold-and-azure-flecked Lurex tuxedos from Dee's Tux-tique—a 100 percent Negro operation, limited exclusively to colors, substances, and textures alluring to Negroes only.

Because there was a filthy ethnic barbershop next to the tux place, and because this shop had 1950s magazine photos of hairstylings from the East Coast gene axis of dark, bony-fore-headed Italo-Hispanic proto-men with total petroleum-bonded, boxlike formations of viscid black hair, we decided to step in for a so-called modified bop, which harmonized well with the

## **Meet Randall Schwab Jr. as He Rummages Around the Table of Wedding Gifts**

**"What could this be?" Schwab asks himself, as his rudimentary Schwabian brain begins to investigate the Israeli machine gun we gave his sister for a wedding present.**

tuxedos, as well as doing a first-class job of pissing off the Schwabs: It was great.

In fact, everyone at the reception was annoyed by our appearance, except for Michelle Schleuter, daughter of Herman Schleuter, the coach we got fired from school for pinking a woman counselor in his office. He now works as a cashier in an army-navy surplus store and remains an exceptional dirtbag and complete enigma when you think about the contrast between himself and Michelle, a fox. I'd been trying to get my hands on her for about three years. She has this amazing face, with the softest, smoothest skin and these perfectly defined lips that look like they're so sensitive that they should always be covered and protected by other lips—like mine, for example—or they'd wither away.

Actually (as is pretty obvious from this type of language) I had a whole lot of emotion and energy invested in getting my hands on Michelle Schleuter, but I couldn't help it. She's the only female I've ever known who stimulated this automatic, uncontrollable girl-system in my brain that overrides all of the other neuro-motor departments, such as the



departments of tearing apart rental cars, and pulling trains on cocktail waitresses, and even terrorizing the Schwab family. Stiggs mentioned that if Michelle Schleuter actually liked me and followed me around, I would be a total blob, as well as a worthless, lobotomized asshole. And he's probably right, given the general link between being an asshole and failing to perform the necessary and mandatory tasks of abusing rental cars, cocktail waitresses, and Schwabs.

"That's the funniest haircut I've ever seen," Michelle said. Since this was the first time Michelle had ever volunteered speech to me, I was understandably pleased as well as thoroughly blown out. "It's a modified bop," I responded. "It cost four dollars, but it's easily worth several thousand." She looked at me real gently for an instant, like something about my sense of humor interested her, and then she laughed.

"What's that?" she asked, suddenly distracted by the hydrocephalic Randall Schwab lurking by a table full of wedding presents while diddling with the Uzi. It was only a matter of time before his frosting-blotched fingers pinched and fumbled their clumsy, mindless way over and around the bolt and the barrel, pushing rivets, thinking they might be buttons, pulling flanges, thinking they might be interesting mechanical levers, and streaking the blue steel with frosting, until finally he squeezed a bulge that actually proved to be a button, causing a loaded clip to drop onto his divoted, buckle-fastened shoes.

Our attention was further grabbed by Schwab's inevitable attempt to get the ammunition out of the clip, this being an advanced, chimpanzeean sort of leverage operation involving the force of a stiff spring that would undoubtedly challenge the topmost reaches of Schwab's ability and lock him into an unstoppable full-scale battle with the



## **We Got This Unexpected Treasure from Mrs. Schwab**

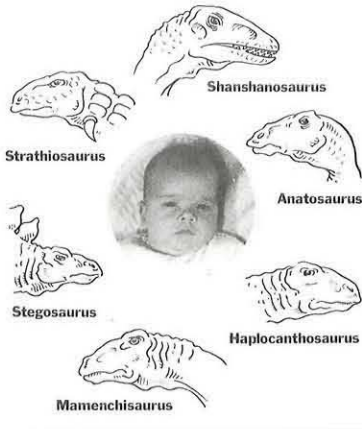
**While wasted on low-quality Schwabian champagne at the wedding reception, Eleanor Schwab pulled this terrifying baby picture of Randall out of her purse and started passing it around to**

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



everyone. I alertly stuffed it in my pocket to protect all of the non-Schwabian guests, and then, a few days later, me and Stiggs took it to a paleontologist at Arizona State University who helped us figure out the exact size of the head. He also helped us prepare a chart of prehistoric creatures that had smaller heads as adults than Schwab was born with.

## Six Prehistoric Animals That Had Smaller Heads Than Baby Schwab



clip until all twenty cartridges fell out all over the floor.

"William Oglevey?" a stern voice interrupted. I turned away from Schwab and Michelle to confront the extended hand of a forty-year-old guy in a crinkly sport shirt who was obviously, impossible as it may seem, out of place at this reception. "You are hereby served," the guy said, handing me a stack of folded papers. One look at the top of the first document—"Plaintiff: Herman Schleuter"—provided a complete indication as to the titanic mound of shit Michelle's dildo father was bringing down on our heads.

I turned to mention something about this to Michelle, but she bolted, apparently not wanting to take sides with us (which would then expose her to the full dirtbag wrath of her father) and also not wanting to take sides with her father (which would expose Michelle to us as merely another dirtbag in a family full of them). Just then, Stiggs appeared, holding a wad of paperwork like mine. "Do you think she'll let you pork her?" he asked, having noticed our conversation. I didn't answer, though, because of my overwhelming and

fanatical respect for Michelle, who I was now totally committed to porking, if not hanging around with for an unusually long period of time. "It's time for the funeral," I said, changing the subject. "We'll get Schwab to loan us his family car."

"Great," Stiggs said.

It so happened that as a matter of scheduling we were locked into two events on the same day—Lenora's wedding reception, and the funeral of Kenneth L. Burke, a bog-headed, tipsy blob of campus nothinghood who no one knew or cared about, and who used to waste perfectly good alcohol on a life-style of never doing anything. We asked him to help us pull some shrubs out of Schleuter's lawn one night, since the guy lived next door to him, but Kenneth just sat in the back of the car and drank this quart of malt liquor while we did all the damage; and then when we told him to get out of the car, since we wanted to put Schleuter's entire privet hedge in the backseat and drive it to his office at school, Kenneth crawled out the car door, giggling, and wandered over to his front yard, where he passed out on a plaster duck. Anyway, the first and only time Kenneth actually did anything that suggested he had an imagination was when he stood up on the tailgate of a station wagon to throw a bag of food at some people outside a shopping center, just before the car went into a parking garage with a clearance of about a foot above the car, shearing off Kenneth's head. It was pretty horrible.

So me and Stiggs got this call from some girl we never heard of who was trying to convince everyone at school to go to the funeral, even though it would be on a Saturday and we wouldn't even

get out of a class by going to it. But we considered going anyway, because it would at least get us out of the Schwab reception, and because we would have the extra advantage of joining the funeral cortege in Schwab's parents' pale yellow 1977 Continental in its fully decorated and festooned condition as the wedding car—if we could talk Schwab into giving us the keys, which was easy to do because of the sugar-drunk condition of Schwab, who was on his twentieth Coke, a record for Schwab.

"What a stupid fucking eyesore," Stiggs said about the incredibly draconian Schwab wedding car. Its main asset, however, was the elaborate network of tin cans attached to the rear bumper, which, taken independently, was equally as idiotic as the rest of the car but, when considered in the context of wheeling the car off a side street and into the middle of a long procession of

## This Is What We Did with Schwab's Rare Stamps Before We Started Selling Them to Finance Our Summer

Of about 150 highly valuable stamps that we took from Schwab's collection when he was twelve years old, we mailed half of them back to the Schwabs with great cancellations like these. The Schwab family was squeaking and beeping with outrage for years.



SCHWABLE WITH CARE SPECIAL DESCHWABERY

Randall "Horror Child" Schwab  
 %The Randall Schwabian family  
 14725 Glenrosa Ave.  
 Phoenix, Arizona  
 Schwabian States of Schwablia  
 Schwabo, Schwabovia



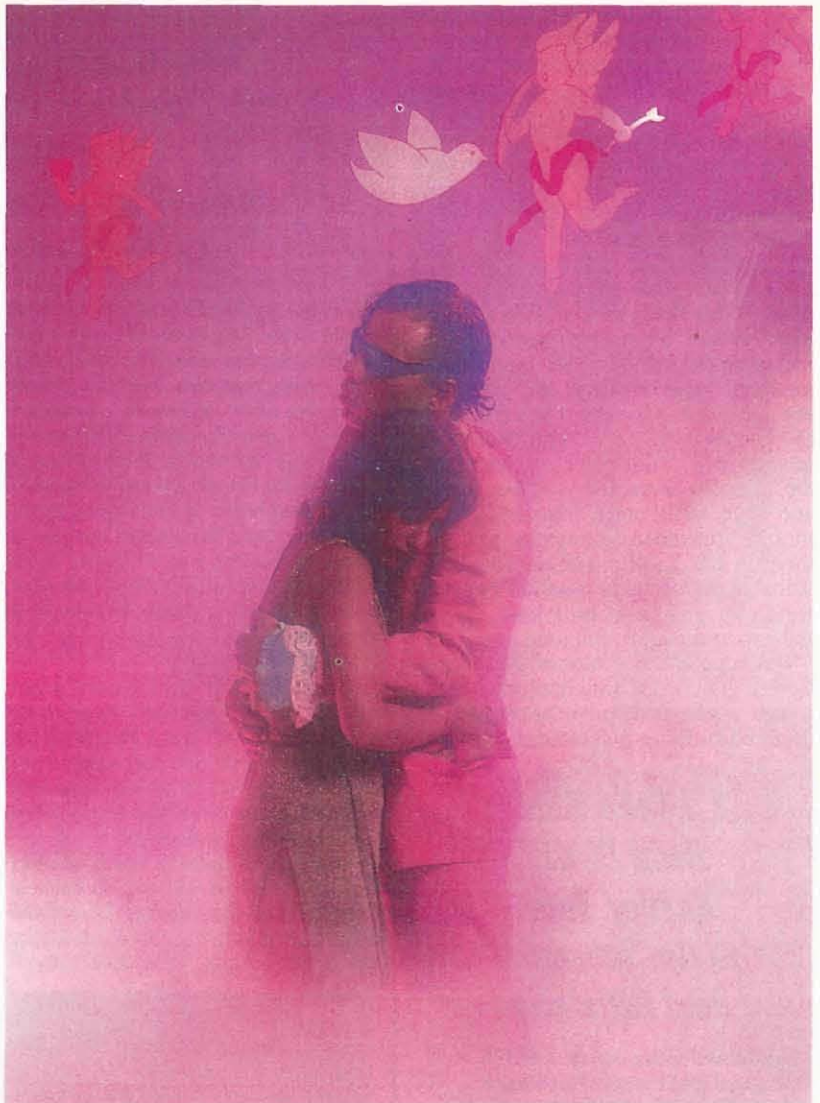
black funeral limousines with the cans rattling and thrashing at maximum volume, was easily as valuable to our impact as the Kenneth Burke memorial bags of food we were throwing out the windows.

Even though about 90 percent of the graveside audience was from school, most of them went completely out of their way to affect some sort of ludicrously mature attitude, exuding great heaving black clouds of somberness and inconsolability, as if they actually knew the fuckhead who died.

So Stiggs stepped up to the grave and delivered an extemporaneous eulogy over the background of my harmonica performance of "I'm a Man"—a harsh, painful version I blew as hard as I could, directly above the coffin hole. I had been in the grasp of a harmonica obsession for several weeks, and was now comfortable swaying and jerking and pitching my head and shoulders during this type of emotional passage, which I did, even during the blurs of vocalizing that I felt the urge to insert for extra dynamics and styling. It was great—I was a complete honking blues master. "I'm a man. *Do-doo-do-doot*. I'm spelled M-A-N. *Do-doo-do-doot*. I say it again..."

Meanwhile the ludicrously grief-stricken burial audience was trying to make the best of Stigg's remarks, which were extensive. "Even though none of us ever knew this guy or even thought about him," he began, in excellent counterpoint to my driving harmonica statement of, for the most part, "*do-doo-do-doot*," "it's still pretty good that everybody got themselves into a total teen-funeral mode and came out here, even though we didn't get out of class."

There was some anxiety at this time among the Burke family and a lady representative of the school faculty who despised us more than death. Nevertheless, Stiggs continued. "I remember Kenneth before he was dead, and I think of him dry-heaving on a white plaster duck in his front lawn. No, better yet, I remember him in the Cub Scouts. We were on our first hike, out in the desert, when Kenneth was fooling around on the back of the den mother's station wagon, throwing all these ice cubes from the cooler at the other scouts. 'Don't do that,' the den mother had shouted real loud, but Kenneth was an uncontrollable ball of energy that day and refused to stop. So all of us naturally threw Kenneth into a wash, where he rolled into a huge forest of cholla cactus, and then returned to camp hysterical, with hundreds of cholla cactuses attached to his body, and with each cactus having about a thousand of these barbed needles on it that have horrible stuff on them that I like to call



## ***I Started Having Fantasies of How Much Me and Michelle Schleuter Were in Love***

**But since imagining stuff like this was completely unusual for me, Stiggs did his best to interfere with the fantasy and insert himself in Michelle's arms for my protection—a selfless act.**

poison. So, while Kenneth was doubled up on the tailgate, whimpering and trembling as the den mother's husband removed several thousand toxic cactus spikes from his skin with a pair of gooseneck pliers, I wondered what would ever happen to this rascal. Nothing much, I suppose, until he stood

up on the back of another station wagon and got his head hacked off by a parking garage."

By this time my musical outburst had progressed to an irregular staccato of guttural moanings, random blasts on the phlegm-clogged blues-monster harmonica, and, finally, a sixty-second gurgle. Clearly, the family, the faculty representative, and the audience were upset. They didn't like our hair; they didn't like our Lurex Negro tuxedos, they didn't like my music, and they didn't like the eulogy. So we went back to Lenora's wedding reception.

Things at the reception, however, had not gone very good. Schwab had managed to get the ammunition back in the Uzi by himself and, after continued twisting and jabbing, managed to release the safety and blow seven rounds into the gift table, the custodian's closet, the P.A. speakers, and a transom window over the main door, where there was this nest full of three-day-old



birds, which were launched straight up to the sky before plummeting forty or fifty feet to the front steps of the hall. It was there that a Chinese mushroom grower named Frank Tang, Lenora's new husband, accidentally mashed one of the naked, peeping creatures with his foot.

Lenora came apart. Her cyst was throbbing, her brother had just shot up the most significant and only public event in her entire life, her seven-hundred-dollar dress was streaked gray with powder burns, her wedding car had disappeared, and her brand-new husband was kicking the pressed remains of a bird he'd just killed off the thick spongy bottom of his Schwab-quality shoe. "You can't just let them die," Lenora screamed, whirling back and forth on the steps, pleading with a mob of frightened Schwabs to pick up the ugly, golf-ball-sized chicks and, presumably through a program of petting, fondling, and total bird love, nurse them to health and adulthood.

But none of the guests responded, so Lenora got crazier, until her father borrowed a car and drove her and the doomed birds to a veterinarian. The

***"I'll Take Your  
Dead Birds,"  
Barney Said  
to the Schwabs  
Real Officially***

**The added extra impact of full surgical gear and of pet ears stapled to his hat gave Barney the official-looking status necessary to convince the Schwabs he was an expert doctor of animals and not wasted.**

case was handled, however, by Barney Beaugereaux, a very close and worthless associate of ours who happened to be working his last day as the veterinarian's assistant, and who happened to be in full charge of the office, for some unjustifiable reason. "Can you save them?" Lenora squealed desperately, referring to three lifeless, cardboard-hard lumps cradled in her skirt. "For what?" Barney answered, drunk. "... Bouillon?" He then scooped up three of them and fired them in a salvo through the open door of the office, where they hit a stainless-steel panel and ricocheted into a metal tub.

"If you'll give me five dollars, I won't set them on fire," Barney added, at which time Mr. Schwab gathered up his hopelessly weeping and sniveling and

***We Tormented Coach Schleuter  
with This Massively Distributed Comic  
After We Caught Him  
Boning Mrs. Beale, the Counselor.  
So Schleuter Tried to Sue Us***

**Me and Stiggs commissioned this special, professionally illustrated comic after Stiggs read somewhere about how the Nazis found visual propaganda the most effective and convincing of all German forms of lying. It was ironic that this method should be used to help eradicate the Coach Schleuter menace, Herman being a fattish, brutal kraut himself. We were reluctant to use this ultimate weapon, just like Harry Truman was unwilling to drop atom bombs without giving the ethics of the matter some serious thought. So we gave it some serious thought and decided to go ahead on the theory that not only had Coach Schleuter committed the initial act of aggression by making Stiggs run laps for bouncing footballs off Schwab's head, but also because he was likely to make many more students' lives miserable unless he could be stopped. We don't see that we really had much choice in the matter, and probably anyone in America would act the same way in similar circumstances.**

horrified daughter and escorted her over to Frank Tang for a husbandly blast of attention. But Lenora called Frank a murderer for stepping on the bird, and wouldn't sit in the same seat with him. Barney said the whole scene was Schwabobilia nonpareil.

It wasn't until about a half hour after this happened that we arrived back at the reception with the car, where the police were talking to Schwab about the gunfire, and Frank Tang and Lenora

were trying to help the minister size up the damage.

We decided this was the perfect way for Frank and Lenora to begin their life together—their life of working side by side, tending Frank's mushrooms in a basement totally dark except for the green glow of mushrooms and the thin crack of light from the door leading to their bedroom, where they would sleep, eat, play the harp, and box the mushrooms, every day.







60¢

APPROVED BY THE SCHLEUTER DESK-PORK SDP AUTHORITY

# SCHLEUTER Love

HERMAN, YOU MUST STOP! MY HUSBAND IS GETTING SUSPICIOUS!

THAT DESPICABLE CRIPPLE! I'LL PARALYZE HIS ARMS AS WELL!



CAN THIS INTRA-FACULTY BONING MARAUDER BE STOPPED?

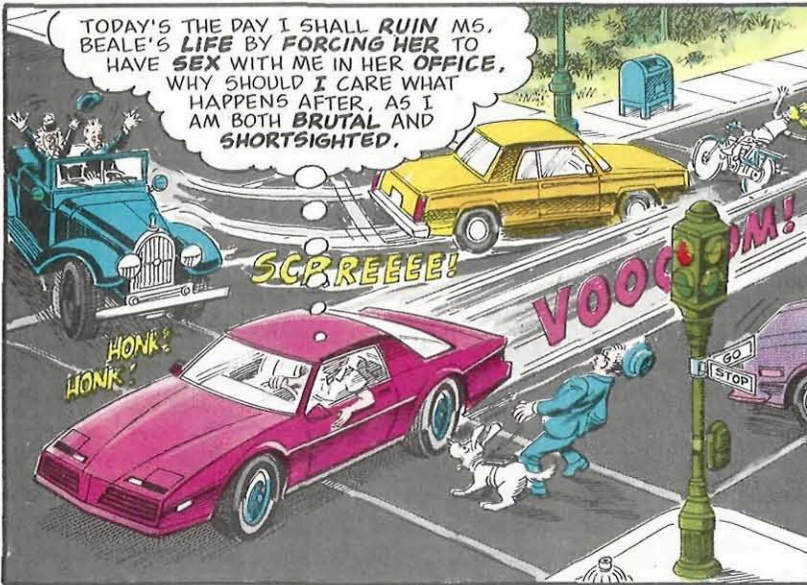




COACH SCHLEUTER REALLY HATES TO GET UP IN THE MORNING, LIKE MANY PEOPLE WHO STAY UP LATE DRINKING BY THEMSELVES IN THE KITCHEN AND SINGING ALONG TO GERMAN ETHNIC RADIO PROGRAMS.

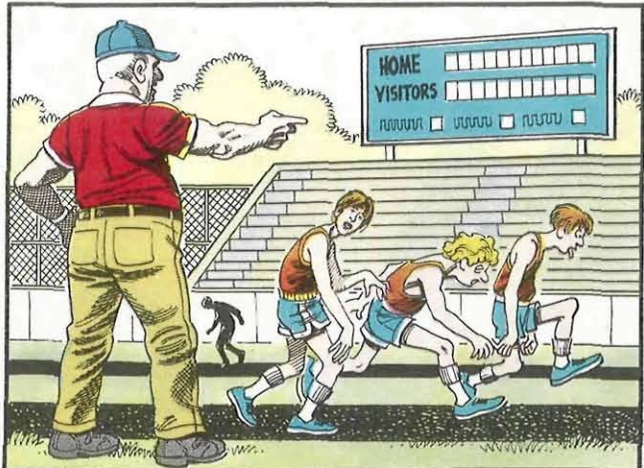
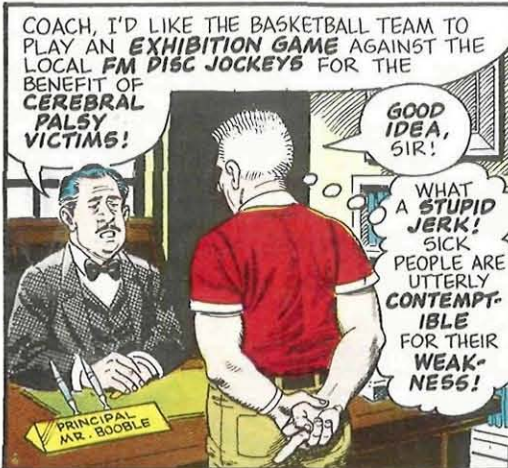
COACH SCHLEUTER'S SELFISHNESS AND INATTENTION OFTEN PLACE THE LIVES OF OTHERS IN DANGER.

COACH SCHLEUTER JUST TAKES COFFEE WITHOUT PAYING. HE DOESN'T CARE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF EVERYONE ACTED THE WAY HE DID.

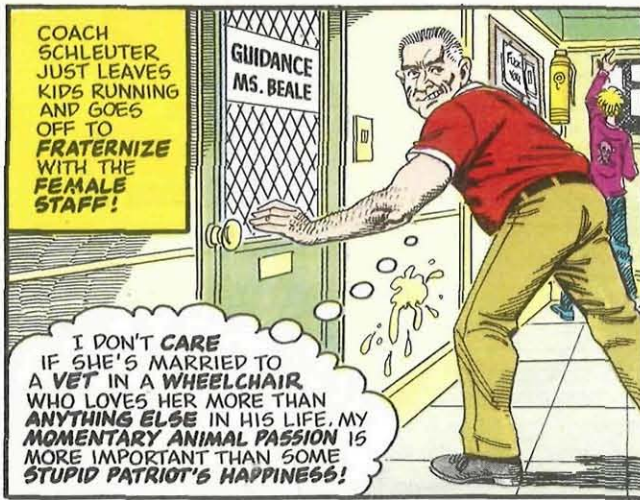


MANY OVERBEARING TYRANTS, LIKE COACH SCHLEUTER, DESPISE ALL AUTHORITY EXCEPT THEIR OWN.

COACHING IS A WASTE OF HIS TIME, SO COACH SCHLEUTER TELLS KIDS TO RUN LAPS FOR THE WHOLE PERIOD.







COACH SCHLEUTER JUST LEAVES KIDS RUNNING AND GOES OFF TO FRATERNIZE WITH THE FEMALE STAFF!

I DON'T CARE IF SHE'S MARRIED TO A VET IN A WHEELCHAIR WHO LOVES HER MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN HIS LIFE. MY MOMENTARY ANIMAL PASSION IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN SOME STUPID PATRIOT'S HAPPINESS!

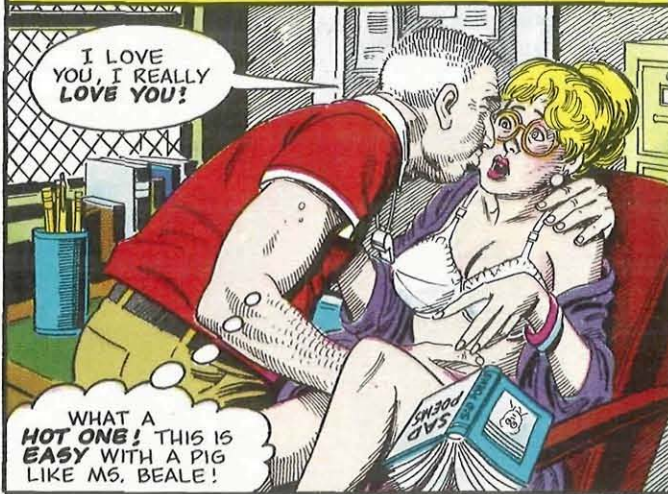


COACH SCHLEUTER'S HARDWORKING WIFE TRUSTS HER HUSBAND, FOR THE BABY'S SAKE.

WHERE DADA? WHERE DADA?

DADDY'S HARD AT WORK COACHING CHAMPIONS TO MAKE US PROUD OF HIM, DARLING!

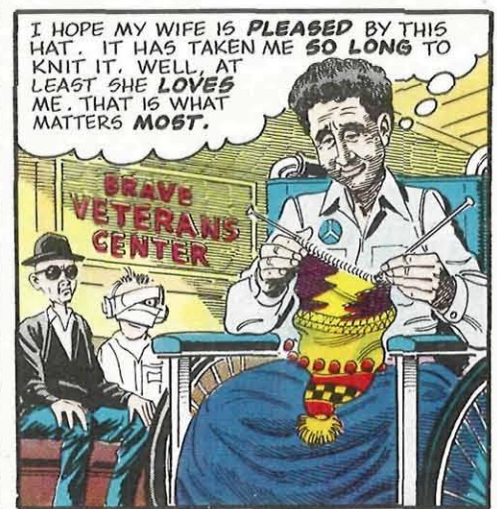
COACH SCHLEUTER SEES MS. BEALE'S WEAKNESS AND TAKES ADVANTAGE OF IT.



I LOVE YOU, I REALLY LOVE YOU!

WHAT A HOT ONE! THIS IS EASY WITH A PIG LIKE MS. BEALE!

LITTLE DOES MR. BEALE KNOW ABOUT GERMAN TREACHERY!



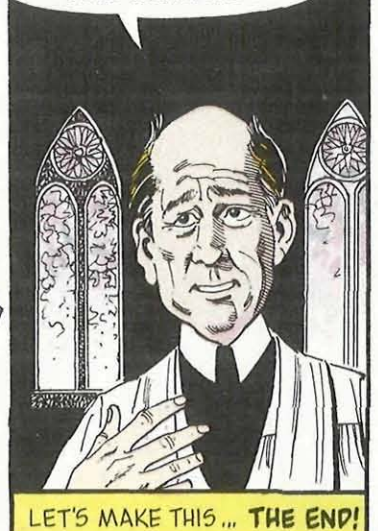
I HOPE MY WIFE IS PLEASED BY THIS HAT. IT HAS TAKEN ME SO LONG TO KNIT IT. WELL, AT LEAST SHE LOVES ME. THAT IS WHAT MATTERS MOST.

NO CANDY, NO FLOWERS, NO NOTHING. SCHLEUTER IS JUST LIKE A DOG WHEN AROUSED.



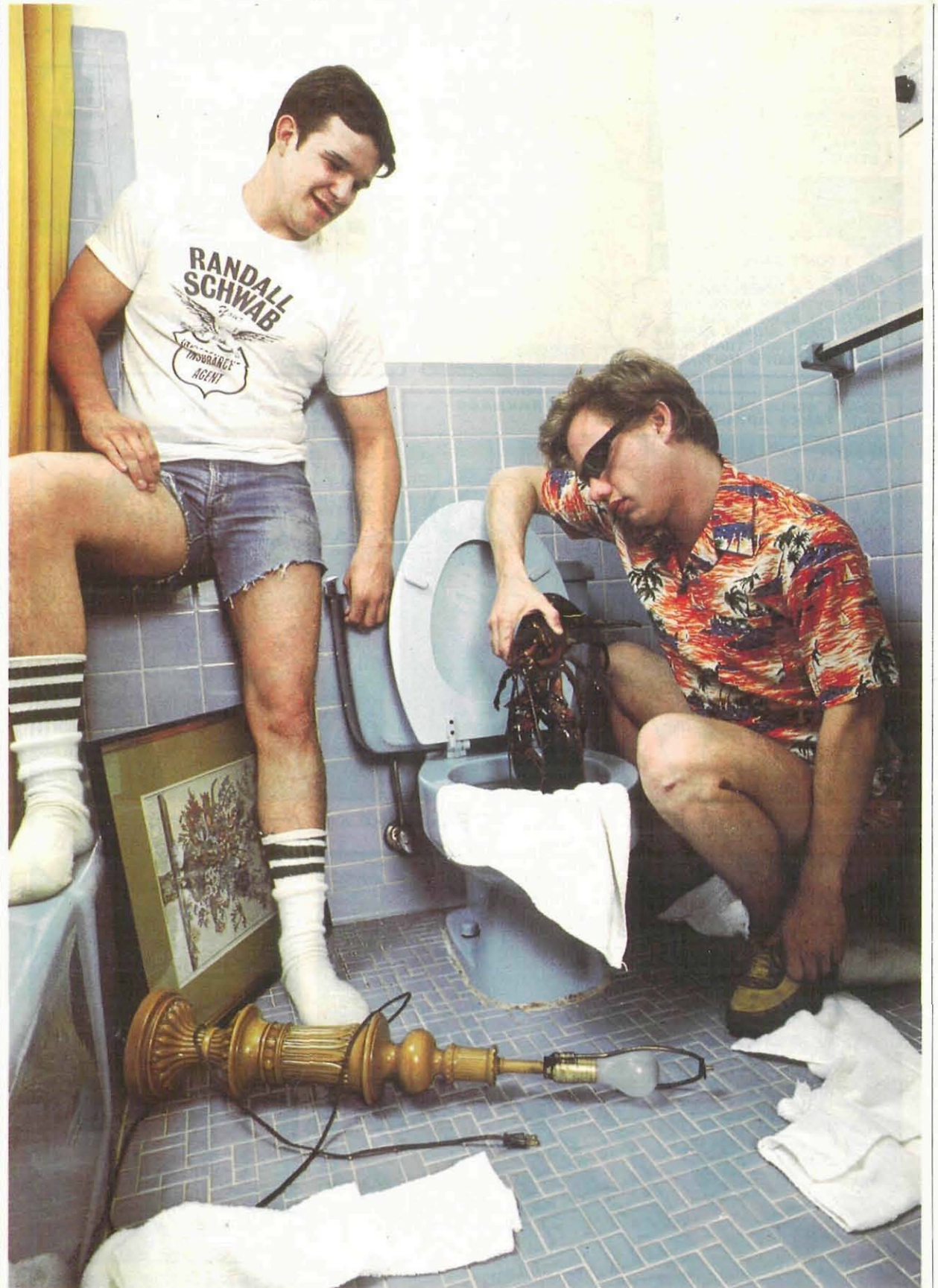
OH, HERMAN, HOW LONG CAN THIS GO ON?

THAT'S JUST WHAT MANY STUDENTS FROM THIS SCHOOL HAVE BEEN ASKING ME IN THE PRIVACY OF THE CONFESSORIAL.



LET'S MAKE THIS ... THE END!







## *A Powerfully Concentrated Blast of Drunk Thinking at the Hyatt-Regency*

**A**S MENTIONED IN THE FIRST sentence of this story, the last week of school made us wonder pretty seriously about the quality of the summer we were going to have. The Schwab reception had left a dense, sticky ring of sludge around the tub of our lives, comprised mainly of the Schleuter lawsuit and the federal charges for having an automatic weapon without a license, not to mention the usual hooting and squealing of our parents about the total unacceptability of our final grades and also about summer jobs. So me and Stiggs decided that the only way to rescue our vacations from complete teen Armageddon was to attack all of these problems immediately, before they got any bigger, by starting a three-pronged crash program of rational analysis, ingenious counteraction, and getting totally, William Holden-style fucked up in a hotel room.

This room, we figured, would function as a fully isolated think tank—ideal for summoning the complete powers of our minds for three or four days straight, or for as long as we could stay drunk before our bodies broke down completely and succumbed to mind-roasting fevers and rings of cold sores around our entire mouths like a concho belt. “We’ll need a presidential-quality room,” Stiggs said, “with incredible French luxuries.” So, for about the sale

## *These Hotel-Grade Toilets Will Suck Down Almost Anything*

**“If these toilets can handle fat executive logs, they can certainly handle room-service lobsters, bath towels, lamps, and paintings,” Stiggs said, just before getting sidetracked on his project of filling the bathtub full of pink roses.**

price of Schwab’s nineteen-cent Trinidad-Tobago special delivery with a green-and-white-striped watermelon on a background of gray dots, we checked into the Hyatt-Regency and ordered a top-priority smorgasbord of electric typewriters, chart-holding easels, tape recorders, Maine lobsters, giant shrimps, grenadine, club soda, ReaLime concentrated lime juice, ReaLemon concentrated lemon juice, Fresca, Collins mix, ginger ale, ice, lemons, limes, tangerines, Bacardi light rum, and Beefeater’s gin—the last fourteen items being the ingredients of a red, gluey swill we call Hawaiian Schwab, or SNOTFAG, the internationally recognized acronym for Schwab Nosebleed Over Twenty Feet Above Ground Level (a thing that always happens to him).

“My idea for the solution to the Schleuter problem,” Stiggs began, laid out in the bathtub, surrounded by forty or fifty floating rose blossoms, which came with the forty or fifty room-service trays we’d ordered so far, “is to start up some kind of bogus community project—like maybe a project to build a new, free-form concrete jackal zone for the zoo. Or maybe an O. C. and Stiggs drug-rehabilitation clinic. Or maybe a thirty-five-lane, pan-American wheelchair ramp, so quadriplegics in Chile can get around the hemisphere just like anyone else. Then we can keep the judges from reaming us, because they’ll think we’ve rehabilitated ourselves and that we’re real valuable to the community.”

It was agreed that the character-enhancing aspect of this kind of move would be ideal; however, its full volume of genius wasn’t realized until several minutes later when I, from my position in the central return air duct among the spoiling lobsters and shrimps I intended to leave there, suggested that our charity activity might also quiet down the summer-job mania of our parents.

“Emergency!” Stiggs screamed, ejecting himself from the tub like it was a burning car. “Dial ‘one!’ Get room service! Code red!” Stiggs was on the phone immediately, ordering more rose blossoms, because, according to him, the ones floating in the tub had suddenly lost their smell. “I demand smell,” he shrieked. “I expect total uninterrupted smell from these fucking roses.”

Unfortunately, the service captain didn’t realize that the Stiggs situation involved fifty roses. “What am I going to do with this?” Stiggs sneered at the weaseling hotel goon when he appeared at our door holding a single flower floating in a brandy glass. Stiggs’s tirade was great. “Do you see this bathtub? Do you notice any difference between the size of the tub and the size

of that spindly wad of petals in your hand? I need total bath coverage. I need a completely solid layer of roses all around me like puffing factories of smell, attacking me with their smell and power-ramming big stinking concentrations of rose odor up my nostrils until I’m wasted with pleasure.” It wasn’t long before we got so dissatisfied with this incompetence that we bolted.

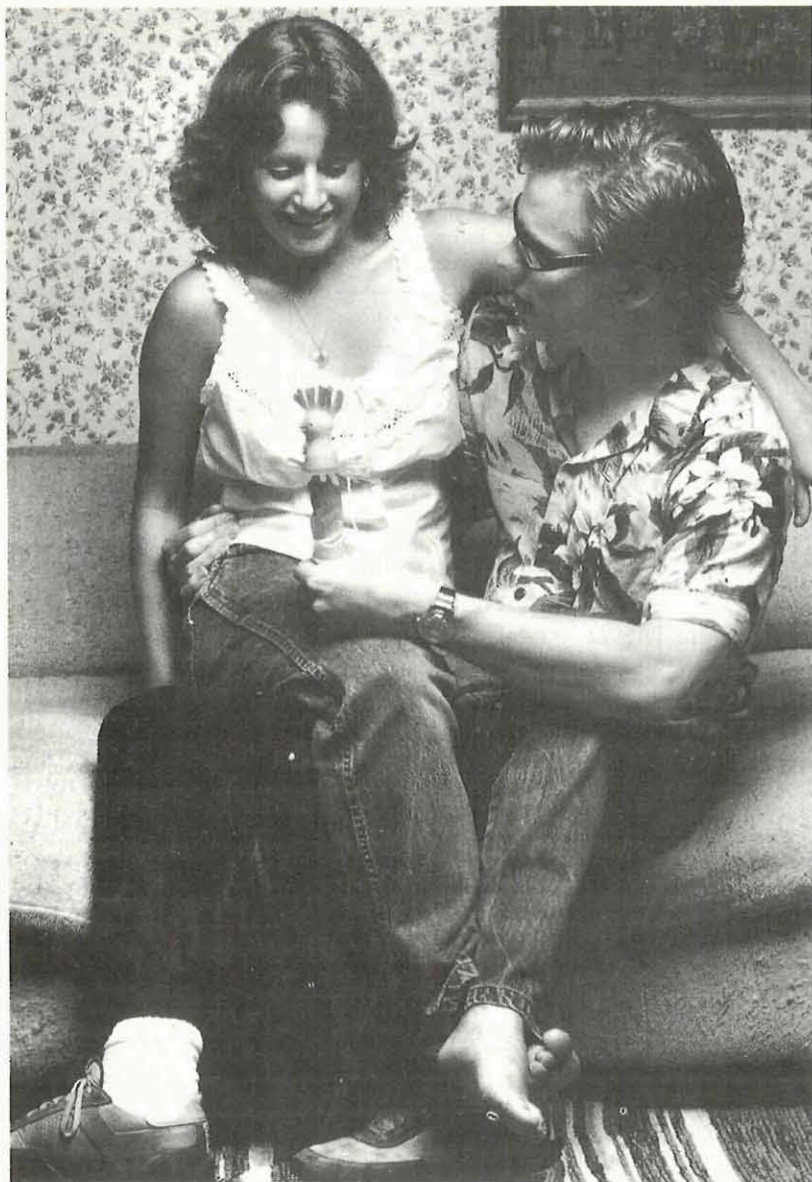
## *The Grade-AAA, Double Foxhood of Michelle Schleuter, Requiring a Special Visit to Her House*

**A**LTHOUGH THERE WAS still a great deal of details to be worked out following the premature end of thinking at the hotel think tank, I thought it would be a good idea to relax my brain by visiting the home of Michelle Schleuter while her father was on duty at the army-navy surplus store. Mrs. Schleuter was also gone; she took off for good about fifteen minutes after Herman’s porking episode with the counselor hit all the papers we reported the story to—seven of them, in five cities.

As I parked in her driveway, it occurred to me that some form of zaniness could be necessary; Michelle might demand a continuation of the premium level of humor that attracted her before, lest she risk wasting her time on porking a one-joke type of guy. So I quickly backed out of the driveway and fish-tailed to a 7-Eleven for a half-dozen eggs and for a felt-tip pen, which I used to letter a message on one of the eggs, which I planned to hold up to Michelle’s face as a substitute for an ordinary greeting. This would create the ultimate mix of humorousness and adorableness that all species of Michelles require as credentials before allowing you into their bodies—and it would have worked too, if Michelle had answered her door, instead of a totally naked Stiggs.

“How...about...a...hand...job?” Stiggs said one word at a time, reading my egg. “No, thanks. I’m already sexed out,” he continued. “What’s happening?” Needless to say, I was stunned





***Stiggs Said He  
Demonstrated  
How Much He Loved  
Michelle Schleuter  
by Familiarizing Her  
with This Hygienic  
French Tickler for  
Maximum Protection***

**"I don't really regard that as a great joke, even though it's a great tickler," I told Stiggs later.**

and pissed. We sat down on the Schleuter living-room couch, which, I reasoned, the blatant scum-sack Coach Schleuter had probably bought with wages that the school paid him for forcing me and Stiggs to run around the track for the last three years. It was arguable, therefore, that since this hideous leviathan of a couch had been purchased with our suffering, it technically belonged to us, and this notion made the weirdness of sitting next to the unprincipled slinking dog Stiggs, who had just boned the number-one female of my life, all the more weird.

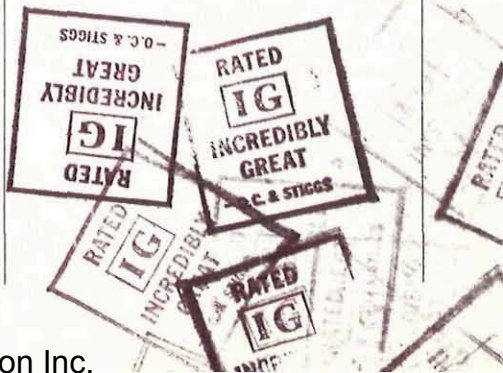
"Try not to get too annoyed," Stiggs said, in a tone of total sensitivity and remorse. "I know Michelle was your main female boner idol, so it shouldn't be surprising to you that the single guy in the world who has the most in common with you would want to get his

hands on Michelle too. If she were only some ordinary slut, do you think I'd screw you over for her? Fuck, no."

It wasn't long before me and Stiggs were shaking hands, because I was satisfied that he would treat Michelle with the same dignity and respect as I would, and in the final analysis, her happiness was all that really mattered. Our handshake was interrupted, however, by a set of squeaking and shambling noises, which I thought were being made by Michelle getting dressed but in fact were produced by Barney Beaugereaux, our worthless associate, opening the door to Michelle's room just wide enough to stick out his head and ask Stiggs if he wanted to pork her again. "She's bucking like a horse and she wants to see the Monster," Barney said, using one of Stiggs's five pseudonyms for his dork.

I peeked into the bedroom. All I could see was Michelle's legs, and Barney by the bed, and suddenly it was obvious that Michelle wasn't exactly the spectacular female I thought she was, and I was so totally pissed off about it that if I didn't deal with it real fast, I would end up trying to kick the shit out of Barney and Stiggs. So I took off my clothes and hopped onto the bed with Michelle. "I'll pork her and that'll get her out of my system and take my mind off killing Barney and Stiggs," I thought to myself. But the pork was horrible—she hardly moved the whole time, probably catatonic from the shock of doing Barney. When it was over I felt incredibly stupid, and Stiggs, who was of course watching, apparently realized this and, because he's my oldest friend, knew what to suggest to improve my frame of mind. "Let's get our couch out of Schleuter's living room," he said.

So we dragged it out to my car, balanced it on the roof, and drove it to the army-navy store parking lot, where we rolled it off the car at forty miles an hour and blasted my remaining five eggs into Schleuter's windshield. We decided to drop the Michelle incident altogether, except in the case of Barney, who, having a piece of metal shrapnel lodged somewhere in his head, and being slow and virtually a servile dog, was easily made to feel guilty about it and to owe me favors forever.





**Stiggs Found This Great Report He Did Crumpled Under the Seat of His Car, and It Helped Take My Mind Off the Michelle Incident**

*Not acceptable!  
see me K. Belcham*

Mr. Kurt Belcham  
Pm. 320  
Sociology

**The Gathering And Dispersal Of Crowds  
Around A Kid Dry Heaving One Night  
In The Parking Lot Behind Snoopy's  
Beer And Pizza Emporium**

A PHOTO-SOCIOLOGICAL REPORT BY MARK STIGGS



9:32:15 PM



9:34:30 PM



9:36:15 PM



9:40:30 PM



9:44:40 PM



9:45:00 PM

PEOPLE CAME AND LOOKED AT THE GUY, BUT WENT AWAY WITHOUT DOING ANYTHING. IT WAS A SOCIOLOGICAL DISGRACE.



**CHAPTER**

**4**

***A Selection of Alternatives Involving Barney and Hopeless, Worthless Junkies***

**T**HE GUILTY AND DOGLIKE Barney was on the verge of becoming rich. This was because a neighbor's lawn mower fired a chunk of iron into Barney's head when Barney was six years old, so the neighbor had to give Barney's family \$25,000, which they put into a trust account that Barney couldn't touch until he turned eighteen, which was that week. "This would be the ideal amount for a Mexican holiday," I mentioned, "a sort of educational adventure, designed to broaden Barney's world experience so that he would be better prepared to handle the responsibility of managing the two hundred dollars he'd have left over after we got back from Mexico."

At first, this Mexican concept seemed like a better, or at least easier, solution to our legal problems, namely: avoiding them altogether by bolting the country.

***While Estimating How Much It Would Cost to Go to Mexico, We Designed This Easy Method for Doing It***

On the other hand, we had plenty of motivation to stay at home, because of the amazingly brilliant, character-enhancing project me and Stiggs finally decided to get into—Penis House—our personal hard-core drug-rehabilitation program. The idea of us running a half-way house full of hopeless, worthless junkies was spectacular enough by itself, but the further notion of setting up the house full of junkies in someone's tranquil and attractive neighborhood, directly next to the someone's house, like Schleuter's, was nearly irresistible.

A second compelling aspect to the option of staying home and appearing in court was that we would have to get a lawyer, which meant that we would finally have an opportunity to do business with lawyers who have offices in shopping malls—the ultimate perversion.

Considering each of these choices thoroughly, we concluded that the only sane move was to do them all.

**CHAPTER**

**5**

***Me and Stiggs Entrust Our Entire Futures to a Man in a Red Blazer—Earl Warnke, Mall Lawyer***

**T**HERE ARE TWO LAW FIRMS in Westwood Mall. Captain Whereasky's Great American Lawyer Machine, located in a stall in Montgomery Ward's between the record department and a video-game display, and Law Cucaracha, a trailer of Spanish-speaking

lawyers jacked up by the south entrance. We selected the former because it had a popcorn machine shaped like an 1890s steam engine in the lobby, and because all of the lawyers there wore matching red highly combustible blazers.

"What can I do for you?" the thirty-five-year-old wriggling mass of nerves, who couldn't even get a job at a free law clinic in the middle of an Indian reservation, asked. His entire office was made out of the same substance as his blazer, only pressed into different textures—the shiny polymer texture of warped, fake birch paneling; the stippled polymer texture of molded, aluminum-legged chairs; the tufted polymer texture of blue miniature-golf carpeting; and the smooth polymer texture of the white-globed lamp on his desk, which had B-A-R printed across it in three-dimensional letters. In fact, all of these elements seemed to have been conceived as a single package, a standardized mall law unit, totally thought out, down to a permanent diploma frame behind the desk, with a slit at the top, for easy insertion and removal.






According to this guy's diploma, his name was Earl Warnke, and he graduated from the University of the Pacific Trust Territories Extension School of Law in American Samoa. "A deviate high-school coach who porks counselors is suing us because we got him fired, and the Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms Agency is after us for not having a license for this Uzi machine gun that we bought as a wedding present," Stiggs answered succinctly, as he knew even trembling mall lawyers would appreciate.

"Let's start with the gun," Earl suggested, just as a sharp explosion rattled the plastic wall behind him, followed by several harsh blip noises and an electronically altered voice—"Surrender, men of Signus I, or pay with your lives." Obviously, the Montgomery Ward video-game display directly on the other side of Earl's law stall had sprung to life, but Earl didn't seem to mind. "Does it, like, fuck up your prestige as a lawyer to have a Signus I video attack going on during important conferences with your clients?" Stiggs asked, as several thousand synthesized music notes drilled through the opposite wall from the record department.

"Oh, actually no..." Earl chuckled timidly, closing the door to his stall, as if a door in a stall that didn't even go all the way to the ceiling would have any effect whatsoever on the amount of electronic noise missiles that were blasting over, into, through, and around our conversation. "So, where did you actually get the gun?" Earl asked.

"A gun shop," we explained, still

**Figuring How Expensive a Foreign Country Will Be by the Size of Its Bugs**

	Country A	Country B	Country C	Country D	Country E
Typical Size of Bugs Scale: 1 ft.					
Cost of Beer	\$1	75¢	25¢	10¢	2¢
Cost of Hotel Room	\$35	\$20	\$5	45¢	not available
Cost of Lobster	\$9	\$14	\$35	\$700	not available
Cost of Bottle of Cough Medicine	\$3	\$2	\$1	10¢	not available



sticking tightly to our policy of succinctness.

"A gun shop actually sold you an automatic weapon?"

"Well, no, not exactly. Uzi makes a semiautomatic model for private collectors who just like the looks of the gun but don't necessarily need the actual cyclic rate of fire of eight hundred rounds per minute that you get with a genuine machine gun," Stiggs replied, somewhat distracted by the turning of a

knob on Earl's office door. "Yeah," I added. "She's this incredibly sensitive and emotional art type that reads about twenty-five levels into everything: so, for example, if Lenora were to notice that her Uzi was an infe-

rior, semiautomatic model, she might project the condition of being inferior onto herself, which might inhibit her normally confident style of harp playing. And if you take away Lenora Schwab's harp playing, there would be nothing left but a frail, weird-nostriled shell of a totally maladjusted Schwab. So we had to go with the automatic version, and Sponson was our only hope."

Now I was distracted by the wiggling knob on Earl's door, which swung open to reveal a barbecue-sauce-caked child with an isthmus of impetigo scabs stretching from his nose to the corner of



knob on Earl's office door.

"But you're actually accused of possessing an automatic weapon?" Earl asked with a lot of confusion.

Me and Stiggs hesitated for a moment, weighing how intelligent it would be to tell this day-laboring, shopping-center geek about Sponson the vet, formerly of the First Air Cavalry in Vietnam, now guarding pot plantations and hanging around biker bars and modifying Uzis for high-school kids and generally being dangerously insane.

"This guy Howard Sponson helped

rior, semiautomatic model, she might project the condition of being inferior onto herself, which might inhibit her normally confident style of harp playing. And if you take away Lenora Schwab's harp playing, there would be nothing left but a frail, weird-nostriled shell of a totally maladjusted Schwab. So we had to go with the automatic version, and Sponson was our only hope."

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## ***On the Way to the Lawyer's Office at the Mall, Stiggs Had to Kill These Dangerous Cheese Samples***

**"Get back," I yelled to the samples girl from the Swiss Cheese Barn. "These cheese balls are horrible and must be destroyed." Me and Stiggs are actively against any kind of cheese samples or cheese girls ruining our malls.**

his lips and with a tubular bolus of chocolate nougat that protruded an inch from his mouth; after about a minute the child retracted the tube with a loud sucking noise, wandered into the office, and fell over the cord to Earl's B-A-R lamp, pulling the lamp off the desk and onto the kid's head, where it shattered.

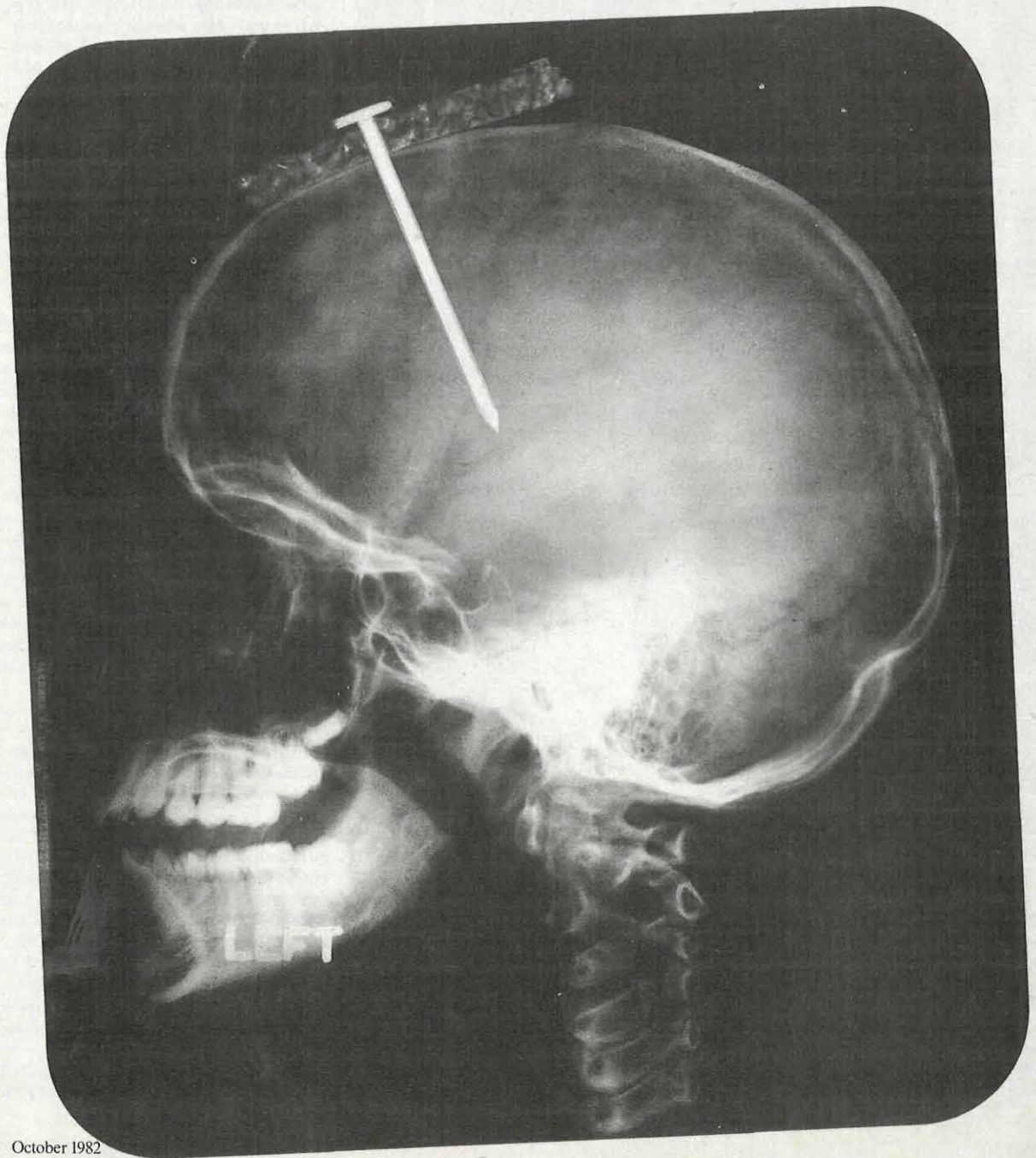
To even the spongy mind of a mall lawyer, this incident must have been loaded with legal consequences—like, for example, the consequence of the child's mother laying out the details of Earl's negligence to some other lawyer, perhaps even the sharklike Mexican lawyers in the trailer at the other end of the mall. But Earl didn't seem to be too bothered, since the kid was just another one of an endless stream of lost, low-income mall trash who wandered into his stall and whose parents were probably the last remaining people in modern society who could be bullshitted into believing that they'd never win a lawsuit against Earl Warnke, mall lawyer.

So Earl picked up the squalling kid and returned him to the main aisle of the store; then, while on his hands and knees, gathering up splintered segments of his B-A-R lamp, he outlined the defense he planned for us, which would involve our pleading ignorance of the gun being illegal, while laying total blame on Sponson the vet. Even though this strategy would probably result in Sponson killing us, we pulled out all the stops, hired Earl, and paid the advance fee listed on the Captain Whereasky Great American Lawyer Machine fee menu on the wall. "I'll actually handle the Schleuter case later," Earl mentioned as we left his stall. "Actually, great," we said succinctly, even though the Barney Mexican option was already beginning to dominate most of our thinking.



# SPECIAL REPORT

*On the Size and Extent of Brain Injuries Suffered by Randall Schwab, and Their Immediate and Long-term Effects on Schwab and Future Schwabs*





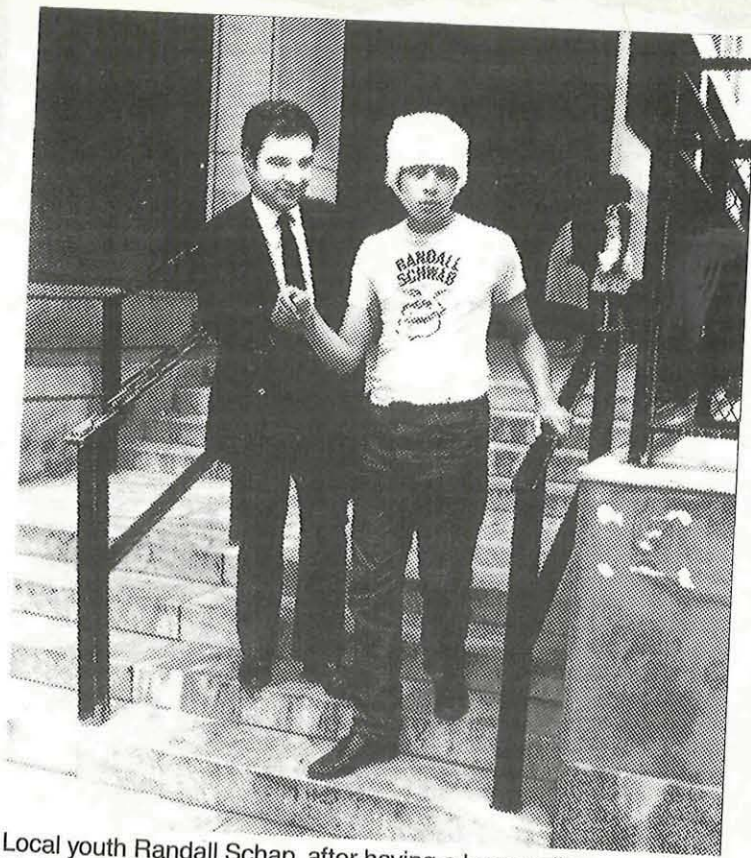
ANDALL SCHWAB WAS HELPING his father install an acoustical-tile ceiling in the Schwab den. While his father worked in the attic crawl space, driving huge nails through the tiles, Randall stood on a stool below and held the tiles against an uneven grid of two-by-two pine support beams that both Schwabs had put together earlier. Because of Mr. Schwab's ridiculous choice of nails, the ends of them stuck out about two inches from the two-by-twos everywhere. Naturally, Schwab's dad used hundreds more nails than he needed. But, after a few minutes, as Randall was holding the tiles in place while his father bent nails and bashed ineffectually above with the hammer, the young Schwab's arms got tired. So, in an incredible flight of Schwabian inventiveness, he decided to use his head to support the tiles. Schwab's head itself is supported by a fat, reddish neck; he must have figured that a neck accustomed to holding up the massive burden of the outsized Schwab head was hardly likely to be strained by the extra weight of an acoustical tile.

It was just evil mischance that the moment Schwab put his head under the tile was the same moment his father chose to pound one of his huge nails into the center of the tile and directly into Schwab's skull. Mr. Schwab's blow was unusual; not only did he hit the head of the nail rather than something six inches away, but he brought down the hammer with totally un-Schwabian force.

The nail was exactly between the right and left halves of Schwab's brain, and its tip entered the corpus colossus, which of course functions as a bridge between the two cerebral hemispheres. Schwab fell off his stool, hitting his head on the floor and cracking the acoustical tile nailed to his head, so that all that was left of it was a pancake-sized chunk, which remained anchored by the nail in almost the exact center of his head. The scream of the stricken Schwab brought female Schwabs scrambling from all over the Schwab household. Mr. Schwab, in a state of high excitement and curiosity, stuck his very large head through a hole in his tile

**SCHWAB, RANDALL 6/30/82  
599-00400-444**

**X ray of Randall Schwab's head, taken by Dr. Martindale. It is important to note that the nail is positioned in the area of Schwab's brain where it is least likely to do serious damage, which, of course, in the case of a Schwabian brain, could be anywhere.**



Local youth Randall Schap, after having a large nail removed from his head, is helped to a car by his father, Independent Insurance agent Randall Schap Sr. Mr. Schap said the boy was impaled while helping him install an acoustical ceiling.

grid to see what was going on. Naturally, the weight of his incredible head caused him to overbalance and fall on top of his squawking family below, bringing with him the entire ceiling structure that it had taken him nearly three months to design and install.

After twenty minutes or so, the panicked and confused Schwabs finally piled into the family car and drove to the hospital. "Mommy, am I going to die?" Schwab kept asking over and over. Randall was admitted at the emergency room by Dr. John Martindale, a fifty-five-year-old fat loser who had failed in private practice. Martindale decided to immediately remove the nail from Schwab's head with a medical version of a claw hammer, after barely looking at an X ray of Schwab's head and figuring it was a waste of time to consult any other doctors about something as inconsequential as Randall Schwab's life or death or the anxiety of the Schwab family. He merely explained to the family that hemorrhaging was a medical word for blood, which they should expect to see a lot of from Schwab's head after he, Martindale, jerked the nail out, which he did,

causing the entire Schwab family to get real queasy, except for Randall. "How come my family is spazzing out?" Schwab asked.

According to Martindale, Schwab wasn't really damaged very much by the accident, but it would be stupid to put much reliance on the opinions of doctors who can't cut private practice, and who pretty much sum up what being a tubby, incompetent, callous, sloppy loser is all about. It's probably more accurate to say that the peculiar pink-and-white mottling that now appears on Schwab's face after even the smallest amount of exercise is the result of a vascular instability caused by iron filings from the nail, which got into Schwab's pituitary gland, and that his fucked-up pituitary has had an overall systemic effect on the Schwab metabolism, and has more or less thrown a blasting cap into his already badly scrambled genetic code room. In other words, the human race should start immediately to prepare itself for future generations of mutant Schwabs that are beyond our imaginings, even when on PCP. Me and Stiggs are personally horrified.



**An Evening  
in the Niggardly  
Barney Apartment,  
Which Included  
Yellow Tequila  
and Relentless  
Propagandizing  
on the Subject  
of Mexico**

**T**HIS IS YELLOW TEQUILA," Stiggs told Barney during our visit to his place. "This is the ultimate liquor of Mexico, enjoyed by all Mexicans, regardless of how old they are or whether they're male or a girl or rich or poor or crazy or useless. Imagine yourself being on the tropical Mexican coast, and you're sitting at the end of a real quiet bar that smells like palm trees and the ocean, while the bartender, this totally exotic guy with giant wrinkles on his face and an unraveled straw hat, fills a water glass to the top with yellow liquor. He puts it in front of you, beside this pile of crude salt and a bowl full of limes cut in halves, as a bunch of musicians begin to wander around and beat on these incredibly fat and badly built guitars. And right at this exact moment is when you notice a mysterious beaner princess with long hair at the other end of the bar who takes a fast look at you secretly and wonders all about you.

"So you put some salt on your tongue, and lift up the glass. The exotic bartender looks at the princess with his real black eyes, and then he looks at you as the musicians pound on their instruments as fast and hard as possible, and the princess holds her breath as a gesture of excitement. There you are, Barney, with the tequila right next to your mouth. Suddenly, you feel the stuff swirling and gurgling down your amazingly wide-open throat, as its powerful heat goes everywhere in your body, including your brain. You look toward the princess, but... she's completely gone. Where the fuck is she, Barney?"

"Then you feel something real soft on your shoulder, but it's mysteriously full of energy. You turn around, and there right in front of you is... this grossly chubby Mexican in a T-shirt, offering to sell you a huge gray ugly fish. He has thousands more of them stacked in a truck outside. He thought he might sell off one or two of them in the bar, while he was on his way to wherever he was supposed to go to deliver the fish. "Pescado?" the guy asks, smelling like a horrible fish. The music stops. You fall straight backward off your stool and ralph.

"You're dry-heaving now, so the bartender drags you outside. You crawl through all of the dirt and garbage in the street to the side of the bar, where the princess is going to the bathroom. A beggar lady with a rag on her head jams a varnished armadillo purse into your face, and then these other child beggars with faces that look like they're forty years old show you horrible rugs. The *federales* come, and they take you to the headquarters of the judicial police. You sign all of your traveler's checks for them. Barney—they take every fucking



cent you have... Barney? Barney?"

Stiggs thought it was offensive of Barney, our host, to pass out during the middle of his drama guaranteed to convince Barney that we should leave immediately for Mexico; but in the end Stiggs wasn't actually offended, since he was mindful of the entire gravy tureen of tequila Barney had just dumped into his system.

As we recounted the \$25,000 in cash Barney withdrew from the bank that afternoon, me and Stiggs assured ourselves that Barney wouldn't back out of the trip, and then I collapsed backward off my stool onto the kitchen floor, and Stiggs went up on the roof. Stiggs always maintained that Barney's roof was the best of all roofs he'd ever spent any time on—even better than the roof on Barney's old house, a place much larger and superior to the niggardly apartment Barney lived in now. "I'm actually pretty glad that Barney's mom

squandered away all the insurance money after her husband died," Stiggs once said. "Otherwise, Mrs. Barney wouldn't have had to sell off her house, and I wouldn't have ever known the total roof superiority of this dirtball apartment."

And so with me and Barney passed out on the floor, and Stiggs probably asleep on the roof, Barney's mother arrived at two in the morning, just off the swing shift at some laboratory that makes teeth molds for orthodontists. It was obvious that her job and apartment situation were completely humiliating to her, especially now that the final remnants of her formerly comfortable life—her clothes—were beginning to fray and look out of style. "Your mom waited too long to get a new husband," Stiggs once told Barney, noticing that her skirt had an old stain on it; but I never realized exactly how deeply this no-husband aspect of Mrs. Barney's life affected her until she pulled me up off the kitchen tile, laid me out on the couch, and spent much longer than was absolutely necessary straightening out my hair and clothes.

Because I had slept off just enough of the Mexican liquor to have the capacity for dork arousal yet hadn't slept off enough to distinguish between the firm, vigorous lips of acceptable females and the slack, collapsed lips of forty-nine-year-old moms, I went along with Mrs. Barney's next move—a clumsy assault of lip slurpings from the woman who eighteen years ago created the goofball Barney and who was now luring me into the possible creation of another one.

Naturally, I was astonished that

**Stiggs Really Liked  
Barney's Roof**

**"A person's roof is the last place he expects you to go when you visit his house, so I always climb up on the roof whenever possible," Stiggs once said.**

Barney's mom was now operating at this desperate level. "How about a Hoover?" I suggested, but Mrs. Barney wasn't very good at it. In fact, ten minutes into the procedure, the only good thoughts I was having were that I had my harmonica and that Mrs. Barney fortunately wasn't distracted by the version I was blowing of "Orthodontia Mold Widow"—a honking improvisational burst that seemed to move along nicely with the pumping motion of her head.

"Do-doo-do-doot," I began on the low.  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)



# Six Recently Discovered, Scientifically Reliable Methods of Beating the Breathalyzer, as Compiled by Stiggs

HILE COMPLETELY WASTED ON THE WAY home from Barney's apartment, we noticed that we were driving over a botanical garden. "If we were stopped by the cops now, what would we be charged with?" Stiggs asked as a kind of brainteaser. "Mashing and snapping thousands of valuable plants while operating a motor vehicle," I responded. "Wrong," Stiggs said. "It would be DWI—Driving While Incredibly fucked up in a garden."

"But we're not," I argued. "I've been much more wasted than this."

"Tell that to the Breathalyzer," Stiggs said. "Fuck the Breathalyzer," I replied. "Exactly my point," Stiggs said. "If there were ways to fuck up Breathalyzers, cars would be a lot safer for being wasted in." It wasn't long after Stiggs said this that he checked around and compiled this amazing list of methods for beating the Breathalyzer—a useful item for reference in your car.

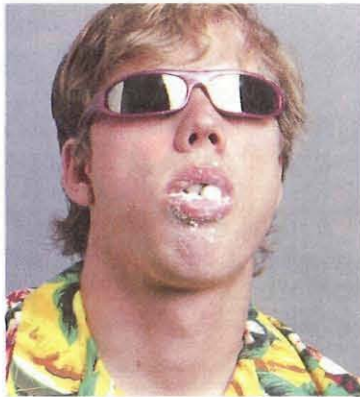


**METHOD #1** According to this guy Stiggs knows in California, you can be totally gooned and the Breathalyzer will never know it if you hide raw SpaghettiOs in your mouth just before you blow.



**METHOD #2** Another thing Stiggs figured you could do is, while you're pulling over for the cops, wrap wide adhesive tape around your head and have a note already written out on prescription-pad paper saying you can't blow into a Breathalyzer because you've just had your entire mouth and jaw reconstructed after you were shot while saving a policeman's life during a bank robbery.

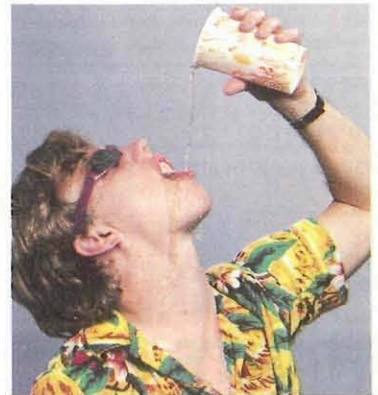
**METHOD #3** These guys at Arcadia High say that you can really wreck a Breathalyzer with mothballs. All you have to do is secretly chew up a bunch of them while you're blowing into the machine. These guys say the gauges on the machine will start spinning, and the cops go nuts.



**METHOD #4** Stiggs says that if you know a real goofball like Barney who'll do anything you want him to do, get Barney to take the wheel when you see the cop lights behind you, and then when you pull over, Barney will be the one who has to take the Breathalyzer, and then it doesn't matter what the machine says.



**METHOD #5** Barney says he heard that if you stuff about fifty match heads into your mouth just before blowing, the Breathalyzer will automatically think you're sober. This is, of course, Barney talking, who has nine DWI tickets and has been convicted on every one of them.



**METHOD #6** This really disfigured vagrant who me and Stiggs once met told us that if you drink a huge dose of whiskey real fast, right in front of cops, then the Breathalyzer test will be invalidated, because you could say that you hadn't had anything to drink before the whiskey.







brought you "Animal House."

NATIONAL  
LAMPPOON'S®

# REUNION

**HEREDITH  
MODESS**

*She put  
the pants  
on the hose.*



**DELORES  
SALK**

*The devil made  
her do it and  
do it and do it.*



**JANE  
WASHBURN**

*Little  
Miss Gucci  
two-shoes*



**BOB  
SPINNAKER**

*Class president  
and class bore*



**MILT FRIEDMAN**  
*Class egghead  
with a shaved head*



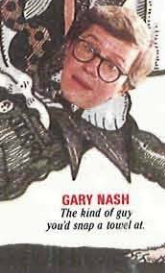
**HUBERT DOWNS**

*Class gross-out artist—  
leading man in the school plague*



**GARY NASH**

*The kind of guy  
you'd snap a towel at.*



**JEFF BARNES and CINDY SHEARS**

*Class make-out champs and still going strong*



**FRITZ  
SHEARS  
and  
GLORIA BARNES**

*Insurance was his  
game,  
and she  
played along.*



**CARL  
CLAPTON**  
*Chairman,  
Class Trips*

**CHIP  
HENDRIX**  
*Vice Chairman,  
Class Trips*



# CLASS THAN THIS CLASS.



blues register. "Been workin' all day...do-doo-do-doot...makin' dem teeth, oh yeah...do-doo-do-doot... I said T, double E, T, H, teeth...do-doo-do-doot... Den I come home...and neeeeeeed me a treat...do-doo-do-doot... Am I talkin' 'bout TV?...no, no, no... Am I talkin' 'bout a slice a beef?...no, no, no... What am I talkin' 'bout then?...do-doo-do-doot... I'm talkin' 'bout that low-down honking soul man O. C. ...do-doo-do-doot... Yeah." She finished me off on "Yeah," which was kind of perfect timing; then me and Stiggs went home.

CHAPTER

7

**Our Case Is Heard  
Through the  
Chirping Mouth  
of Mall Hireling  
Earl Warnke**

**Y**OUR HONOR," EARL BEGAN, with total lack of confidence. "My client, Mr. Stiggs, is the victim of a tragic mistake. He was actually unaware that the gun he presented to Lenora Schwab was actually an automatic weapon, and that it had not been actually licensed. And if the prosecuting attorney had been doing his job, he would have established that one Howard Sponson, the person who actually modified the gun, is the only party who actually should be before you today."

"Mr. Stiggs will be bound over for prosecution; trial is set for June twenty-first; bail is one thousand dollars; court adjourned," the judge said in one breath, not having listened to anything Earl said. Now, of course, Stiggs was annoyed, since we were already scheduled to be in filthy, Barney-subsidized Mexico on the twenty-first, so he brought this up to Earl. "I'll be in Mexico. Get another date." But then Stiggs realized that the judge hated the fact that Earl even existed, and decided that the only solution was to have himself sworn in to give maximum impact to his claim that Earl was a dork and should be replaced by Mexican trailer lawyers. Here is Stiggs's official legal transcript of what he said:

OFFICIAL LEGAL TRANSCRIPT  
OF WHAT STIGGS SAID IN COURT

STIGGS: There are good mall lawyers and there are bad mall lawyers. I have obviously been represented by the lowest, tenth-rate, bungling-slag variety of bad mall lawyers, which has completely wrecked my chances to get fair justice—the kind of justice you get from Mexican mall lawyers in trailers. They're scrappy, Your Honor—they fight like sharks because they grew up in shacks made out of mud blocks where they had to fight all the time, just as a matter of surviving. "Ernesto, give me that Kit-Kat, or I will kill you," they would say to each other, even to their own brothers and sisters. So you can imagine, Your Honor, how good these amazingly ferocious Mexican mall lawyers will fight for me, an absolutely innocent human being.

JUDGE: Granted. I'll postpone the trial for two weeks to allow your new attorney time to prepare his case.

STIGGS: I don't know. These are Mexicans we're dealing with here—there isn't much they can get done in two weeks. You know how they are: their cars break down and they can't get to work; and then their office desktop copiers break down and they poke at them and try to fix them themselves, until the machines are completely destroyed and they have to go find someone else to rent them a new machine because the guy that rented them the first one refuses to fuck with them anymore. Have you ever watched Mexicans trying to fix an office copier, Your Honor? They swarm all over it like buzzards, poking at every roller and every sprocket and every spring without one of them having any idea of what he's doing. But they keep doing it anyway until the concept that poking won't fix the machine is finally transmitted through their fingers into their brains and is considered alongside the other Mexican concept of going home because the machine is broken.

JUDGE: Denied. Your trial will be in two weeks.



**LEGALLY  
REGISTERED**

Assn. of Problem Teens

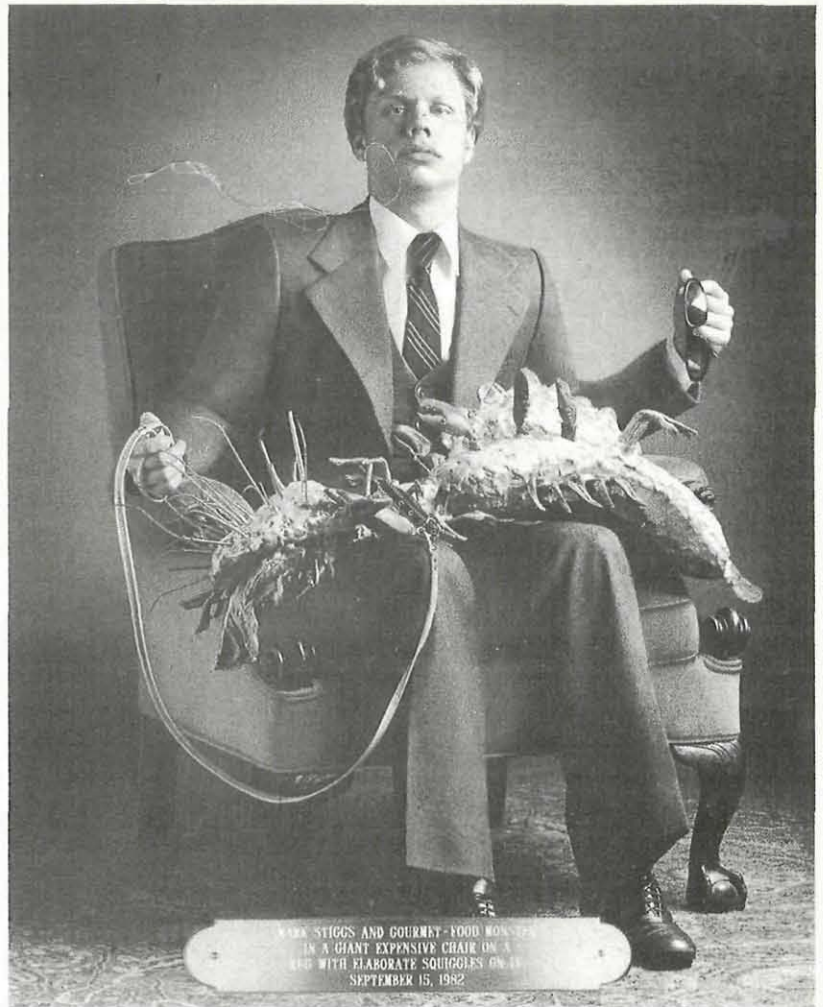


## *Touching the Lives of Wino Bob and a Pair of Hot Sluts from Incredibly Broken Homes*

**L**ATER, WHEN WE WERE VISITING Wino Bob—a Negro derelict and alcoholic who lives in an oleander hedge behind a 7-Eleven—I asked him what would be the ideal liquor for a special occasion. “What kind of special occasion?” he inquired in the dialect of a wasted bum. “The special occasion of Stiggs and me both getting Mexican mall lawyers and of us finally arranging dates with the Sluts de Boxcar,” I said, “boxcars” meaning a pair of sixes, which is the total number of dads and stepdads that Robin Salsbury and Charlotte Pinckney have—six each—a record.

Naturally, this type of family situation is only available at Jodsten, the private boarding school in our area featuring massive programs of horseback riding, hiking, water sports, polo, and a whole bunch of other things that rich divorcees with six husbands figure their hopelessly fucked-up kids might like to do, a thousand miles from home, continuously from preschool until they’re old enough to cash in a trust fund or kill themselves. The key expression here, of course, is “hopelessly fucked up,” which is why me and Stiggs have always had a special sentiment for the females of Jodsten and, in particular, for the Sluts de Boxcar, whom we regard as supreme beings.

“Cachacha,” Wino Bob advised. “A fine, crystal-clear Brazilian drink—a favorite of Latins and women alike.” So we gave Bob the usual token cash to cover his own poison wine needs, and later, after he returned from the liquor store with our cachacha, we accompanied him to a nest of old blankets beside the oleander hedge and listened to one of his slurred chunks of advice for youngsters. “You gotta have a good woman,” he said, wearily settling into a Wino Bob-ass-conforming crater of blankets. “That’s what every man’s gotta have for himself if he ever expects to make it.”



## *After Selling Another Three Schwab Stamps, Stiggs Hired This Famous Guy to Do His Formal Portrait*

**Since we were forced to leave the original La Chameriquetyville Horror food monster on the floor of the restaurant, Stiggs had to make a duplicate one for this portrait. So even though this isn't the actual original food monster you see here, Stiggs figured it would be better to have a two-thousand-dollar portrait made with a duplicate monster than to have no monster in it at all.**

Me and Stiggs thought instantly of the Sluts de Boxcar and the possible helpful effect they would have on us making something of our lives. “Believe me, I know,” Bob added, staring dully at this green bottle of wine. “That’s right,” I commented. “A good woman would prune back these oleanders for you, Bob, maybe even paw out a little depression in the dirt beneath those blankets, make your ass a little more comfortable.” Bob wasn’t listening, however, because he was preoccupied with twisting off the cap on his wine

and telling us that he was going to die.

Later me and Stiggs discussed the effect a dead Bob would have on our access to liquor; but after a while we made an unspoken point of not lingering too much on the subject—a practice completely alien to both of us. Besides, the Jodsten bus would be coming soon, filled to the limit with hot, maladjusted slags who, because of the school’s completely laughable boning-prevention policy, are only allowed into town one night a week, and are only supposed to check off the bus in pairs—the pair of



Robin and Charlotte, of course, being the critical one.

"Brazilian alcohol?" I asked Robin about five minutes after she'd gotten off the bus and climbed into my car and dumped a dozen plastic bottles of pills on my seat. "Lobsters!" Stiggs began screaming in the backseat, throttling Charlotte's neck. She had never met Stiggs before and was thus jolted by his

### ***While Wasted in His Bushes, Wino Bob Pauses to Demonstrate the Curvy Body of the Perfect Woman***

**Wino Bob always drew this sort of wild, spasming outline of a woman in midair whenever he would talk about how important it is to have a good woman.**

amazingly fierce threat that he wouldn't give her the pork unless she and Robin bought us full-course French lobster dinners, with spare lobsters for after sex.

So we drank the cachacha and ate



the pills and went to La Chamerique—premiere home of French lobsters and elegant, totally quiet dining. "Put everything on twelve separate checks," Stiggs informed the headwaiter. "These girls have a total of twelve dads, so we figure the ridiculous expenses of their lobster-crazed daughters should be spread out to all of them. This means that we'll demand that their real dads pay us back for check number one and check number two, which should only be for the

main parts of our meal, like, for example, the lobsters. Then the other ten dads will get the rest of the checks, which should be divided up like this—dad three: bottles of wine; dad four: bowls of salad; dad five: bowls of soup; dad six: mounds of appetizers; dad seven: bottles of champagne; dad eight: bottles of liqueurs; dad nine: bottles of cognac; dad ten: mounds of dessert; dad eleven: mounds of desserts on fire; and, dad twelve: the tip.

"Since these girls are slags and from Jodsten," Stiggs continued, "they're naturally filled to the eyeballs with pills and Brazilian liquor, so I figure you should force them to put up an advance security deposit of about five hundred dollars for this meal, which you could use to cover the actual total of the checks rather than try to collect the money after we're through eating, since these slags will be snoring by then and maybe even be dead."

Me and Stiggs ate a record nine lobsters, although we ordered twenty altogether so we'd be sure to have enough pincers and eye stalks to cannibalize for the La Chameriquetyville Horror—a terrifying, three-foot-long monster we generally like to make from soufflés, lobsters, and lettuce in restaurants where people will want to kill us for





doing it. The La Chameriquetyville Horror was one of our best monsters, designed like a giant queen termite, but with the added aspect of two hundred dorsal fins and crab fork antennae that could be moved to make a tongue of lettuce slide in and out of the mouth.

"You'll have to leave," the maître d' said, just after Stiggs had bravely stopped the monster from attacking the next table. "Remove that pile of food from the floor and get out."

Me and Stiggs were stunned; the Sluts de Boxcar weren't, however, because they were snoring. Stiggs hauled himself up from his dramatic food-monster combat position on the floor while I collected our twelve different checks and what was left over from the

### ***The Sluts from Jodsten Help Us Watch the Car We Were Driving In a Few Minutes Earlier***

**Since we didn't have a car now, we were forced to continue on foot to the neighborhood full of swimming pools we wanted to try out. "What about the car?" Robin slurred. "It doesn't matter," Stiggs responded. "Your incredibly rich dads will buy us a new one."**

\$500 advance payment—\$172—which we used immediately afterward to buy thirty fan belts to throw out the car windows.

"Who wants to go swimming?" Stiggs asked as we were later driving through this incredibly fashionable place called Clearwater Estates at eighty-five miles an hour to wake up the girls.

"Where are we?" Charlotte mumbled woozily.

"I'll check," I said, hammering the brakes and spinning the rear of the car completely around before we slid to a stop on a bunch of gravel at the edge of a twenty-foot-deep culvert. "On the edge of a giant ditch," I answered.

After everyone stumbled out of the car, and after the car rolled down to the bottom of the culvert, Stiggs repeated his question about swimming; so we walked for what seemed about a mile through these huge, estate-sized lawns until we found what looked like a reasonable pool.

"Is it heated?" Stiggs asked as I peered over the back fence.

"Yeah."

"Gas or electric?"

"I can't tell."

"I won't swim in a gas-heated pool," Stiggs announced.

"It's electric," I said, as a tactical ploy to speed along the evening; and then we climbed over the fence, took off our clothes, and jumped in the pool.

"It's gas!" Stiggs screamed. "The water's moving in all these different layers and each one's a different temperature—the ugly mark of gas heating."

Using the full powers available from her completely drug-twisted head, Charlotte moved close to Stiggs and floated there with her breasts half out of the water and her hair glued in thin, wet bands to her face, and said, "Do you, like, know the people who live here?"

"Didn't your seventy-five dads teach you anything?" Stiggs replied. "Nobody brings naked, doped-up females to a friend's pool. What would the friend think? It's always better in this type of

situation to dump yourself on a complete stranger."

Because I was at that moment being massaged by Robin while talking to the American embassy in Thailand on the patio phone, I failed to notice a slight rustling of the curtains inside the patio door. "Would you please repeat your request?" the vice-consul said over the phone. "You say your name is Randall Schwab and that you want to dictate a Johnny Fuckerfaster joke, so I can copyright it for you in Thailand?"

"I'm a white witch," Robin whispered in my ear. "When I get home after summer school, I'm going to start a coven in our guest house."

"But what if the stranger doesn't want us in his pool?" Charlotte hypothesized to Stiggs.

"All of you, stay right where you are," an ugly, fifty-year-old dirtbag dentist commanded from the back door to his



### ***When We Were Thinking About Replacing Our Car Later On, Barney Told Us About This 'Vette for Sale for \$100***

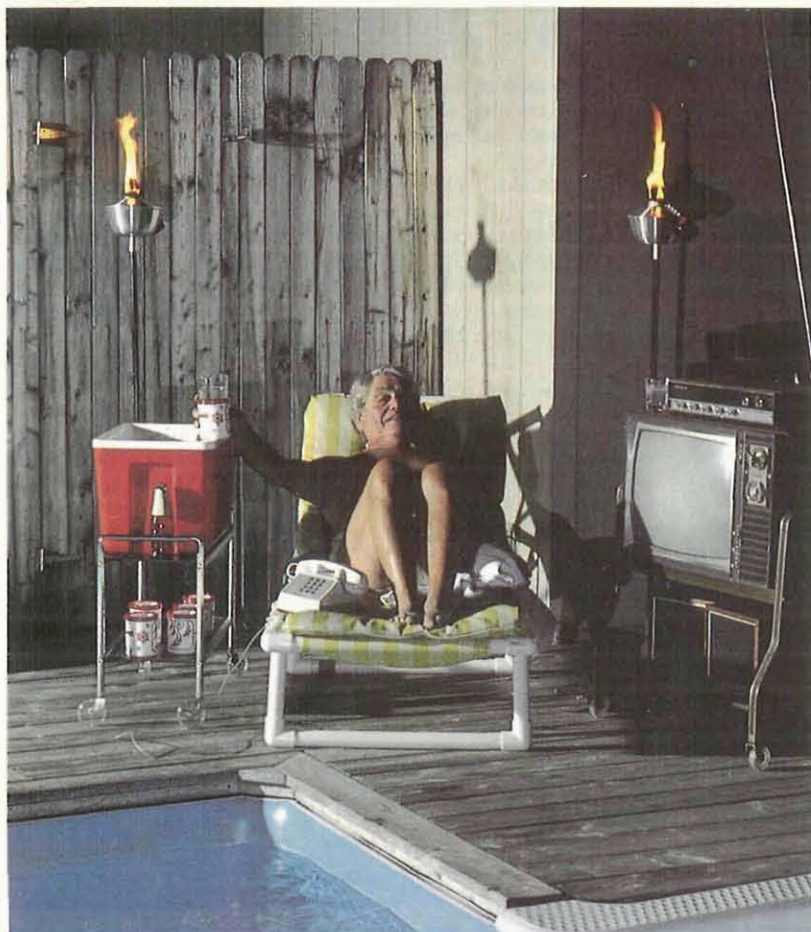
"The reason it's so cheap," Barney said, "is because this guy was in it with his girl friend on the desert when the car caught fire and burned them both to death. When the car was found, the stench was so bad they had to replace all the upholstery and blast the whole inside with torches and hexachlorophene."

"So why is the car only a hundred dollars?" I asked, going along with Barney's story.

"Because the smell is still there, since it got all the way into the steel and fiberglass, so you have to drive with the windows open. But it's still a 'Vette, man, and it runs perfect."

"Bullshit," Stiggs said to Barney.





house. "I'm calling the police; and in case you're thinking of going anywhere, I have your clothes." The guy wasn't lying—he'd actually skulked onto his patio and snatched our clothes.

"Fuck you," Stiggs responded as we all jumped naked over the guy's fence.

Owing to the estate-sized distances between homes in this area, it was several minutes before we found another fence to hop over and hide behind. "Hello, kids," came a gravelly voice from across the yard we were in. "I've got a gallon of dark Caribbean rum here. Want some?" Me and Stiggs were pretty much surprised when we turned around to discover a fully nude businessman across the lawn, laid out on a chaise lounge between two roaring, Polynesian patio torches, holding a gallon bottle of brown rum, and listening to *Apocalypse Now* helicopter-attack music on a powerful stereo.

"My name is Pat Colletti, and the name of the guy you're hiding from is Leland Croft, DDS. He's a complete asshole. I'm a hard-drinking, naked businessman. Who are you?"

The Sluts de Boxcar were, for some eccentric reason, alarmed by this man and hid behind a pool cabana, while on the other hand, me and Stiggs were in-

## ***The Remarkable Pat Colletti in His Totally Self-contained Patio Command Center— the Ideal Adult***

**"I want to be just like Colletti when I grow up, except fatter and with more patio torches," Stiggs commented.**

stantly comfortable and helped ourselves to foam-insulated, patio-grade tumblers of brown rum.

"This is a pretty nice place you got here, Mr. Colletti," Stiggs noted. "What kind of business are you in that allows you to be this fucked up?"

"He means we definitely respect your style of adulthood," I added for clarification, not knowing that Colletti was in fact thoroughly proud of earning millions of dollars drunk.

"I make clothes for fat women," Col-

letti responded with a laughing smile. "Fat, hulking hogs like Leland Croft's wife with lots of cash to blow on themselves. Speaking of hogs, your girl friends behind the cabana might want to grab a couple of robes off those hooks and join us for sandwiches."

Colletti reached into an ice chest beside his lounge, removed a pile of five-deck club sandwiches, and passed them out to me and Stiggs and the girls as they arrived on the patio in white satin beach kimonos with "P C" monogrammed on the chest and luminous gold dragons for pockets. "We have to get back to the bus," Charlotte announced.

"They're on a schedule." I explained to our host. "The Jodsten boning-prevention schedule, which, oddly enough, seems to be working."

"Impossible," Stiggs said. "If we allow one antiboning system to work, it will only encourage the use of other antiboning systems. Mr. Colletti, if the girls and us can use your cabana for about half an hour, we'll be able to prevent all these antiboning systems from getting started and really wrecking things for me and O. C."

But Colletti had fallen asleep, and the Sluts de Boxcar were getting close to hysteria about meeting the bus, so we started up a pair of three-wheeled, all-terrain cycles parked beside the house, borrowed two more satin beach kimonos for ourselves, and took off. The best part about riding these things, aside from the insane looks of them, and our being dressed in satin kimonos, was that they were ideal for gouging deep trenches through Dr. Leland Croft's ornately designed, quadruple-colored gravel lawn. "There's no burro!" Stiggs mentioned to Charlotte angrily. "Only a supreme scumhead dentist like Croft doesn't put a plaster burro on this type of lawn."

There was a painted wooden cart with a cactus in it, however, which exploded reasonably well as it landed in the middle of the street. This pretty much completed our evening, except for the final visual reward of the Sluts de Boxcar in a parking lot, waiting for their bus in satin dragon robes and looking generally worse than if they'd been boned by us and by perhaps even a trailerful of Mexican mall lawyers.



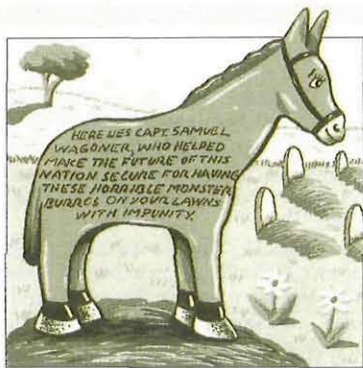




# Some Uses for Mexican Plaster Burro Ornaments That for Some Reason Are Still in Your Car the Morning After You Capture Them from People's Lawns

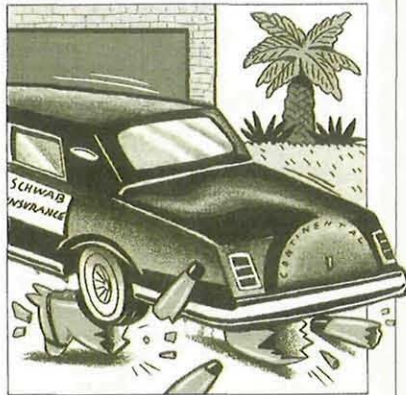


Stiggs was reading that Winston Churchill painted a mouse on the corner of a Rubens painting in his house, which Stiggs really admired since it coincided with our policy that most paintings in art museums can use a plaster burro on them for extra balance and visuality. A few drops of an advanced type of miracle glue and a good design sense are all you need.



If you live in New England, plaster burros make great alternate headstones for the graves of Revolutionary War heroes. After getting rid of the original stone, it's advisable to set the burro's feet in post holes full of concrete, so the burro will be mounted real solidly and thus prevent vandalism.

If you need a top-quality traffic-control device, smashed-up burros and carts are ideal as speed bumps, especially in driveways where speeding homeowners must be discouraged.



Burros are really great for putting into incubators in hospitals as novelty babies to add variety and fun to these places. This is an exceptionally good use of burros if you can actually substitute the burro for someone's baby, but the wrinkled, purple-wad condition of kids in incubators makes this an amazingly nauseating type of operation.



The cute and decorative carts that are usually attached to plaster lawn burros are really good for hooking up to dolphins and highly loved whales at marinelands, especially nine or ten carts at one time. The trainers and the public are generally pretty surprised to find out what weaklings some of these fish really are.



A seeing-eye burro is convenient to have when you need an excuse for parking in handicapped-parking spaces. It's real important to have a stiff leash; otherwise you'll have to drag the burro, which of course ruins the whole concept that the burro is guiding you.



CHAPTER  
**9**

**The Train from  
Nogales to Mazatlán  
Was Great—  
It Was Crawling  
with Mexicans**

**B**LAST-OFF FOR MEXICO with Barney was a hectic one, given the enormous surge of last-minute nuisances and obligations. First off, there was the matter of Schwab. It suddenly occurred to us that me and Stiggs and Barney had never been out of town at the same time, which always meant that at least one of us was on duty to keep up the continual vigil of persecution against the Schwabs and all that they stand for. "The solution," I reasoned, "involves some sort of robotic or remote-control torment that can be put in motion before we leave, and be trusted to stay active for about two weeks."

"The softball shirts," Stiggs blurted, suddenly relieved because we'd never been able to figure out a use for the RANDALL SCHWAB—YOUR INDEPENDENT INSURANCE AGENCY T-shirts

we'd taken about a year ago from the Schwab agency softball team. "We'll give the shirts to Wino Bob, and he'll give them to his Negro derelict friends, and then they'll wear them all over town until the shirts rot on their backs, which should be in about two weeks."

So we delivered the shirts to Bob and then had to handle the second major obstacle of watching Barney pack. Barney's entire life is serviced from a cosmos of small plastic bags, filled with broken bits of cookies, pastries, candy, and anything else made completely of sugar. These bags are everywhere in the Barney apartment, and so the job of

**This Is the Ferrocarril  
del Pacifico  
(Iron Car of the  
Pacific) Train,  
Which We Took to  
Mazatlán Surrounded  
by Mexicans  
and Homos**

**This is what we had to put up with all of the time, except real late at night, when we could drown out most everything with our tape of the sound track from *The Exorcist*, which sounds great in the dark in an all-metal train car.**

collecting them all and loading them into a Barney-quality, black cardboard suitcase is as time-consuming as it is horrible.

"Don't you wish you didn't have that wad of iron in your head?" Stiggs said, annoyed. "Then you might have the brains to organize all of your sugar supply in some kind of central location, like possibly a tackle box. Imagine how sophisticated it would be, having that entire fucking snack selection of yours right at your fingertips!" Barney wasn't listening, however, being completely enslaved by his present system; and, besides, as Stiggs pointed out, if it weren't for the shrapnel in Barney's brain, we wouldn't be going to Mexico. "Good point," I said. "It's a fucking great point," Stiggs replied, pushing one of Barney's twenty-dollar bills into his pocket and lighting another one on fire.

The train from Nogales to Mazatlán was great, mainly because we had a completely sealed, Mexican-baby-odor-proof, solid-steel Pullman sleeping compartment—a virtually indestructible train paradise, ideal for drinking in and throwing yourselves against the walls of. It was across from this compartment, while the door was open, that we noticed Iver Willingsby and Mr. Garth Sloane, Iver being an English foreign-exchange student at our high school and Sloane being Iver's drama teacher, and both of them being pouncing homosexuals wallowing together in homo vacation glee in a roomette across the aisle.

Barney was appointed to investigate, since Barney had already called them each faggots to their faces during the school year, even though their actual homo love bond wasn't directly verified until now. "Hello, Mr. Sloane," Barney said really viciously in their doorway as we lurked out of view. "Hello, Iver. Where are your wives?"

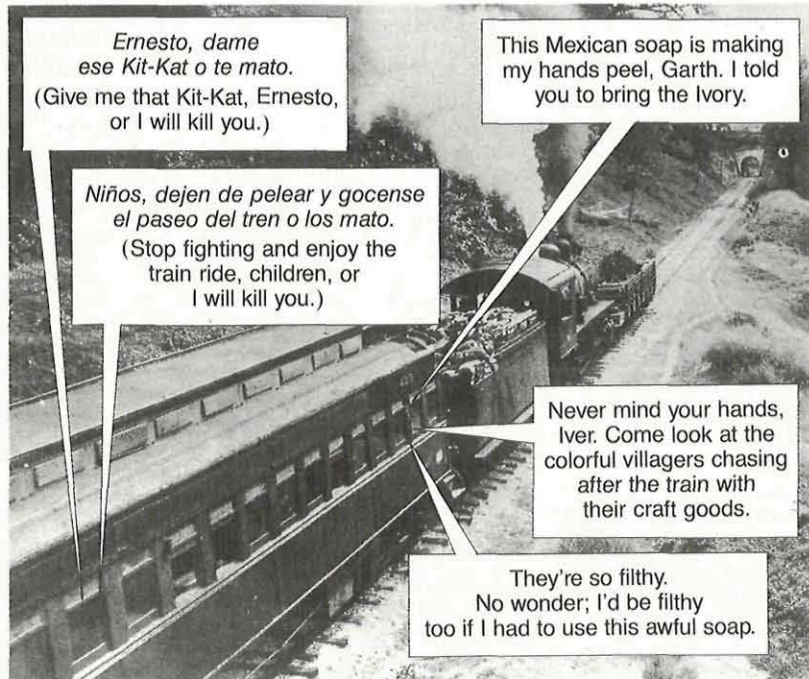
"Well...hello...Barney, is it?" Sloane responded with wriggling anxiety.

"To answer your question," the oozing British homo teen interrupted, "neither of us is married: are we, Garth?"

Fortunately, Stiggs's cassette player was on "record" as Iver's defiant homo pride began to drive huge railroad spikes into Sloane's future as a teacher in a public school.

"On your way to Mazatlán, are you?" Sloane asked; but, as a result of our heavy prompting in the background, Barney wasn't thrown off the track by this type of distracting question.

"Which one of you is the girl?" Barney asked. "I mean, like, do you have a division of responsibilities, like which one of you does the income taxes? Those forms are too complicated



*Ernesto, dame ese Kit-Kat o te mato.*  
(Give me that Kit-Kat, Ernesto, or I will kill you.)

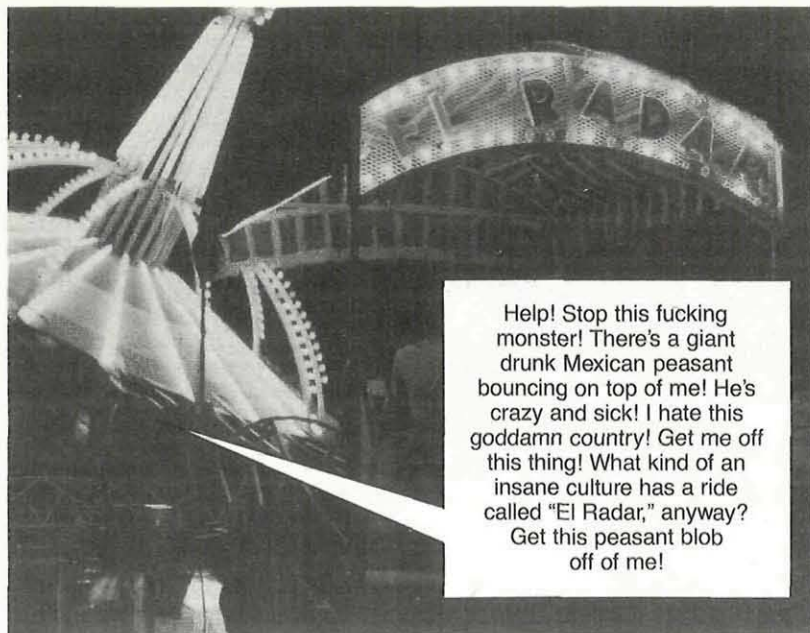
*Niños, dejen de pelear y gocense el paseo del tren o los mato.*  
(Stop fighting and enjoy the train ride, children, or I will kill you.)

This Mexican soap is making my hands peel, Garth. I told you to bring the Ivory.

Never mind your hands, Iver. Come look at the colorful villagers chasing after the train with their craft goods.

They're so filthy. No wonder; I'd be filthy too if I had to use this awful soap.





Help! Stop this fucking monster! There's a giant drunk Mexican peasant bouncing on top of me! He's crazy and sick! I hate this goddamn country! Get me off this thing! What kind of an insane culture has a ride called "El Radar," anyway? Get this peasant blob off of me!

## One Night We Took Barney to This Incredible Beaner Carnival

While we were on the cough syrup and mescal it was especially amusing when we put Barney on "El Radar"—this ride that spins so fast it makes even Mexicans sick. The voice balloon we put on the photograph is exactly what Barney screamed, just before falling out of the ride and onto a meat vendor.

for girls, that's for sure. Iver? Come on now, don't you just hate those things?" By now the teen homo was a seething, indignant dirtbag of fake composure. "We are in love, and that, I believe, is quite sufficient a description. Do you agree, Garth?"

"Say 'yes,' Mr. Sloane, or he'll fucking dump you," Stiggs squeaked in a phony outer-space voice from behind the wall. Obviously, Stiggs's analysis was right, because Mr. Sloane began fumbling around nervously with his gold bracelet, twisting it and jerking it up and down his wrist, before he finally took a one-hundred-foot homo cliff dive into the lagoon of stupid judgment, grabbed Iver's hand, and told Iver that he loved him a whole lot. "Barney does too," Stiggs yelled suddenly, pushing Barney into the roomette full of fags and slamming the door. Barney spent five minutes in homophobic, door-beating

horror before we finally let him out. They didn't touch him, however, but it was still great.

### CHAPTER

# 10

## Hanging On To Barney and the Twenty-five Grand While Crippled Horribly by Mexican Cough Syrup

**M**AZTLÁN IS REALLY hideous in the summer, but we didn't mind because we had fifty-five four-ounce bottles of Mexican cough syrup—a delicacy of the opium family, yet amazingly revolting to all persons who aren't wasted on it. The value of the stuff, aside from the satisfaction of buying it for a dollar a bottle from urchins in pharmacies who'll sell you their entire supply like it's normal to buy fifty-five bottles of cough syrup, is that the codeine deadens your body just right for passing out on the cracked cement foundation of an abandoned building, without any pain—which we did.

"Pescado?" a grossly chubby, T-shirted Mexican asked us the following

morning, at sunup, as fierce light began to bore through holes in the wrecked walls.

"We don't want any of your goddamn gray ugly fish. Can't you see we're sleeping?" Stiggs snapped at the man. But it was too late. We were totally awakened, and stung by the full, ludicrous impact of having \$25,000 in Barney's cash on us and not even being in a hotel.

"Correction," Stiggs said. "We don't have the twenty-five thousand because we don't have the Barney." A complete scouring of the ruined building and surrounding neighborhood of delirious dogs and fences with broken bottles glued to them for security yielded a complete zero. Barney was gone. We were 100 percent destitute, except, of course, for the remaining inventory of thick, nauseating cough syrup. "What about that twenty you pilfered at Barney's apartment?" I asked. Fortunately, it was still in Stiggs's pocket, and got us through an entire day of mescal drinking at the Playa Hermosa Hotel, the place where we'd planned to stay before being distracted by the siren song of the syrup, calling to us. "Sleep in an abandoned building full of rubble—it's neat."

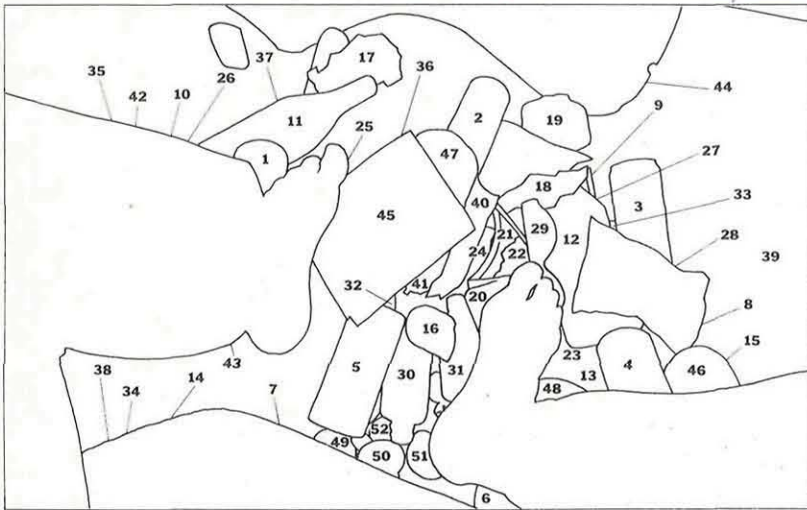
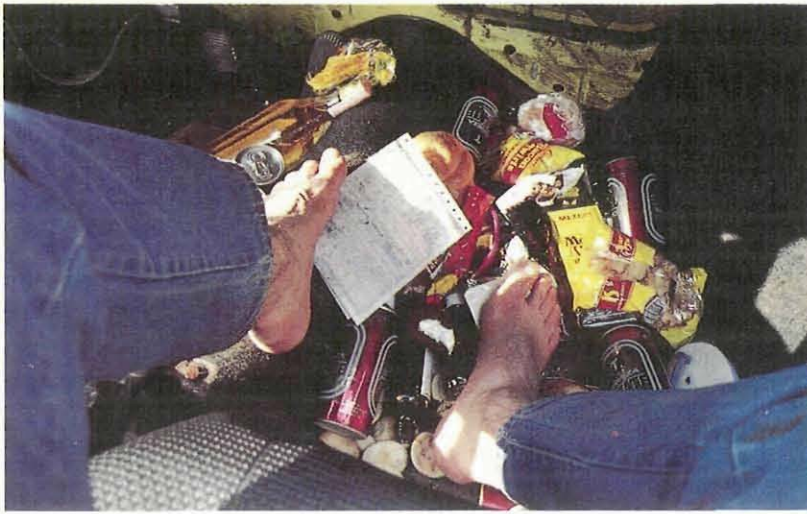
By early evening, Stiggs had attached himself to a girl he'd seen on the train—an Olivia Newton-John-style receptionist from Minnesota called Mandy, who beat her forefingers on the table like drumsticks in bursts of hyperactive glee and scrunched up her nose and squeaked, "This place is really diff' rent. Too weird." This, however, was not nearly as weird as the event that followed—the bizarre appearance of Barney in the hotel lobby with his arm around a pie-faced Mexican girl, followed by her three older brothers. As the entire group of them settled in at our table, Barney allowed that he'd met Fabiola, Rudolfo, and Jaime while wandering in a stupor along the beach road at about two in the morning, and that they'd taken him "cruising for action" after Barney offered them several thousand dollars in cash for a beer.

"Barney is in love with our sister," Fabiola announced with a great greasy grin. "Look what he has bought for me," the girl said enthusiastically, clutching a battery-powered Lucite disco amulet that contained the necessary number of light-emitting diodes to flash the girl's name—Inmé—in orange letters. "Isn't it *bonita*?"

"It's really diff'rent!" Mandy responded. "Too *bonita*!"

"How does it feel having more electronic technology around your neck than Mandy has in her entire brain?" Stiggs slurred to Inmé, slumping rudely close to her as a result of the mescal and





## ***This Is What the Floor of the VW We Rented Looked Like After About a Day***

1—Mexican Beer; 2—Mexican Beer; 3—Mexican Beer; 4—Mexican Beer; 5—Mexican Beer; 6—Mexican Beer; 7—Mexican Beer; 8—Mexican Beer; 9—Mexican Beer; 10—Mexican Beer; 11—mescal; 12—mescal; 13—mescal; 14—mescal; 15—mescal; 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27—amazingly stale and sugar-filled Mexican garbage food, including Penguinos, the number-one chocolate-cream-and-peach-jelly-filled snack garbage in the world; 28—suntan stuff, which Stiggs put in his hair one night for a formal Mexican look; 29—my sunglasses, which were naturally crushed during sharp, high-speed turns; 30—cough medicine; 31—cough medicine; 32—cough medicine; 33—cough medicine; 34—cough medicine; 35—cough medicine; 36—cough medicine; 37—cough medicine; 38—cough medicine; 39—cough medicine; 40 to 44—candy bars that Stiggs would eat half of, which was the time it took for them to melt all over his shirt, which was the main reason he ate them; 45—Barney's visa (we weren't very careful with Barney's travel documents, which sometimes bothered him); 46—my sandal (Stiggs gave the other one to Mandy, saying that he stole it from the grave of Father Kino just for her); 47 to 52—completely hard Mexican bakery rolls, the only standardized thing in the entire country, including even electricity. The best part about all of this was the noise this stuff made on rough roads, a sound that Stiggs called the "jing-a-jong-jangle of life in the land of festivals and animal heads in the market!"

recent overload of cough syrup. "Mandy," he continued, turning his head. "this is Inmé, and her special guy, Barney. Why don't you see if you can make your name light up on your head so everyone will know who you are." Stiggs held his hands up to his forehead and fanned his fingers several times as if they were light rays. "Mandy—bleep—Mandy—bleep—bleep." Stiggs rotated his head again. "Inmé, what other special presents has Barney gotten for you?"

"Oh, we have to show Barney's friends the beautiful Plymouth." Inmé said to her brothers. The brothers instantly bolted off to get the Barney-financed 1978 Plymouth Duster for a viewing in front of the hotel, while Barney produced all of his remaining cash and swaggered over to the bar for liquor. "My brothers are so happy that Barney has given me a car," Inmé said. "They can hardly wait until I am old enough to learn how to drive it."

Stiggs was fading fast. "What's that black stuff you're drinking?" he said, in the general direction of Mandy. "It might be evil. Inmé, is black stuff evil in this fucking country? Here, examine this real closely so you can maybe save Mandy's life. Mandy—bleep—Mandy—bleep..." Stiggs pushed his alcohol-and-drug-leaden hand across the table and dragged Mandy's black drink to Inmé. "Hurry, this is no game," Stiggs cautioned, as he accidentally knocked the drink onto the entire bottom half of Inmé's gauzy white dress.

Despite the horrible condition of both me and Stiggs at this time, an odd bulge that was now revealed beneath the tightly clinging, drink-soaked material around Inmé's groin did not escape us, particularly Stiggs, who was closest to the area and naturally best qualified to make a judgment. "Hev, Barney!" Stiggs yelled across the bar. "Your slag's got a unit. She's a guy, Barney! Look at her unit. It's bigger than yours, Barney!"

Inmé ran out of the hotel and disappeared.

"Those three brothers and their little brother, Inmé, hustled you for seven grand." I tried to explain to Barney, but all he did was begin nibbling on a small plastic bag of cookies and called us liars. "You talk to him," Stiggs said to Mandy, exasperated. "Tell Barney his girl was a guy." But Mandy was already tied up with the waiter: "Gee, this bar's just like Geezer's—Mr. Geezer's—that's the best bar in Saint Paul. Do you have a lobster night? Wednesday's lobster night at Geezer's. I love it. It's really diff'rent."





# Break tradition.

## Drink a Ronrico Rumkin instead.

Look, Halloween is as good a time as any to try something just a little bit different; something like a lively, luscious Ronrico Rumkin.

After all, Ronrico is the spirit of Halloween. It's light and smooth, with a distinctive flavor that more than holds its own.

Just stir it up with orange juice and a splash of grenadine.

You'll find your only regret will be that Halloween comes but once a year.

### RONRICO RUMKIN



1 oz. of Ronrico Rum  
Orange juice  
Dash of grenadine  
Four Ronrico Rum into a highball glass with ice cubes. Fill glass with orange juice. Add a splash of grenadine. Stir lightly.



# RONRICO RUM





## **Herman Schleuter Being Totally Uncooperative, We Were Forced into the Executive Club Steak House for Assistance**

**M**AZATLÁN WAS GENERALLY great, but our upcoming trial and Barney's massively bad frame of mind inspired us to leave after two weeks, instead of staying the full twenty-five to fifty years we discussed at various moments of satisfaction with the quality of Mexican life—its main quality, of course, being a complete routine of doing nothing. “We want to open a clinic for hopeless, worthless junkies,” we told the Mexican mall lawyers on our first day back home. “Do you think this will help our case?”

“Sure, that’s a real good idea,” Reynoldo, the English-speaking one, said.

“Fine, may we borrow your phone?... Hey, Michelle, this is Stiggs—Mark Stiggs—I porked you with Barney and took your couch, remember?”

“I’ve got it, Dad,” Michelle cut in sharply on the other end of the line.

“Anyway,” Stiggs continued, “tell your dad that we’ve got Mexican lawyers here who’ve given us the green light to install a monster clinic for junkies in your neighborhood. We need to know the names of your next-door neighbors and how much they’d charge to rent their houses to us.” Michelle stammered for a minute, and was then replaced by the dirtbag Herman Schleuter, in his usual dirtbagian frame of mind.

“Hi, coach,” Stiggs led off.

“Listen, you bastard punks,” Schleuter hissed. “I hope you’re proud of yourselves and all the trouble you’ve caused. Now, for your information, I’m leaving this city—tomorrow. There’s no life for me here anymore, so you can damn well waste your demented criminal energies on someone else.”

“Oh, no, coach,” Stiggs exclaimed, as

if he were actually disappointed. “We can’t beat our federal machine-gun rap without the drug clinic, and we can’t start a drug clinic without having a good therapy program of junkies prowling around in your yard at all hours of the night. Come on, coach. Me and O. C. are practically down on our knees.” Stiggs was sniveling like a bruised Schwab now; it was almost impossible to understand him. Even with the added impact of my real sad harmonic scream of “Baby, Please Don’t Go” in the background, Schleuter was unmoved. He said he would see us in court, and hung up.

“Mr. Colletti!” Stiggs blurted, as if a blood clot full of enthusiasm had just hemorrhaged in his brain. “He’s the

lonely executives, executives with red pants, hypoglycemic executives, jolly executives, executives with intestinal blockages, executives looking for other executives, double-jointed executives, itching executives, and executives porking cocktail waitresses named Janine in the walk-in cooler, which is what Pat Colletti was doing.

After Colletti’s emerging from the kitchen, and buying us huge, chief-operating-executive-size steaks, and describing the walk-in cooler episode with Janine to us in complete, steam-filled detail, we were really pleased when he responded to our questions about setting up a drug clinic with the greatest answer imaginable: “Put the fucker next to Leland Croft’s house. I’ll take



## **The Amazing Pat Colletti Really Made the Experience of Rooting a Cocktail Waitress in a Walk-in Cooler Come Alive for Us**

**“Are those cocktail-waitress fingernail marks?” I asked Colletti as he showed us these scratches on his chest. “No, those are on my back,” Colletti answered. “This is where a case of cocktail shrimp fell on me. I told her to slow down a little, but, you know cocktail waitresses, they seem to have a mind of their own.”**

ideal guy to ask for advice, and plus he probably wants his fifteen-hundred-dollar all-terrain cycles back.” So, after seven or eight more calls on the Law Cucaracha phone, we tracked Colletti to the Executive Club Steak House, pinnacle of executive dining and cancer-throated alcohol abuse on earth, a virtual hive of executives—standing executives, burping executives, meretricious executives, executives with salad dressing all over their faces, pondering executives, cruel executives,

care of it for you, no problem.”

Me and Stiggs were exploding with happiness. “I own the property next to Croft’s,” Colletti continued. “The house is about to fall down, so I’m gonna level the place in six months and build something else. I’ll let you have it for a thousand a month, in advance—six grand. Have you got a lawyer?”

“Seven of them,” Stiggs replied. “Mexican mall lawyers. They’re like sharks.”

“Fuck it, my guys will handle it.



You'll need to incorporate as a non-profit foundation. What do you want to call it?"

"Penis House." I said immediately. "We've gone over this name business extensively, and Penis House seems to be the only one that meets our criteria for recognizability and total misanthropy." Because Mr. Colletti really liked the name, we knew absolutely for sure that he was a great human, and therefore respected his idea that we use Penis House on all the legal documents and invent another name for the public and for the federal judge.

"How about Love House?" Stiggs suggested, while examining the labels on one hundred wrapped straws he'd stolen for no reason. "Do you think the Love Straw Company will give a fuck if we steal their name?" What a great name. Love House.

## CHAPTER 12

### *The Zero Usefulness of Barney and Lenora Schwab Tang When We Really Needed Them*

**T**HE TASK OF GETTING THE \$6,000 rent money from Barney was much more difficult than we thought it would be, because Barney had suddenly, and with surprisingly un-Barney-like stealth, slipped out of the country to find the Mexican girl he refused to believe was a guy. "Your son is no longer our dog," Stiggs said to Mrs. Barney on the phone. "All these years we've let Barney take the rap for our traffic tickets, and let him go into grocery stores for us and load up his jacket with gourmet lobsters, and let him rip off nitrous oxide from that pet clinic he used to work at, and now when we need him most, Mrs. Barney, the dirty mongrel bolts."

"I know what to do," Stiggs mentioned after hanging up. We drove to a peeling, wood-frame house on the bleak edge of Negro Town, then walked down an outside stairwell to a basement and pounded on the door. FRANK TANG MUSHROOM COMPANY was printed across it in gold adhesive letters; something that sounded like Burt Bacharach harp music leaked out a chicken-

# FRANK TANG SELL BEST GOOD



*All type, big varieties, large and small kind,  
all grow by soothing harp playing*

Down in deep cellar grow the best mushroom called Frank Tang.

Mushroom like very cold very wet very dark. Frank Tang and Frank Tang wife sleep with mushroom. Frank Tang and Frank Tang wife live in moisty air to make very best mushroom to sound of Harp Bacharacket by Frank Tang wife.

People ask, How good mushrooms Frank Tang? Most people say very good like lobster mignon. Why so good? Not just because of cold moisty dark and Bacharacket by Frank Tang wife. Big secret is special Frank Tang and Frank Tang wife nutrient! Best good mushroom need lots best good nutrient. Not cow nutrient, not pig, not dog. Dog, cow, pig give bad nutrient. Make bad mushroom. Frank Tang and Frank Tang wife nutrient make best kind fast growing.

#### DOUBLE WASH

All Frank Tang mushroom double wash so not smell. Some mushroom smell very badness like sock corpses before laundry, not Frank Tang mushroom because Frank Tang wife wash every best good mushroom two time with no machine. By hand, best-fashioned way!

#### EAT THE ALL

Frank Tang and Frank Tang wife have tough time not eat the all! With best good mushroom grow right outside Frank Tang and Frank Tang wife bedroom Frank Tang have to order strict no midnight snack to Frank Tang wife!

#### VITAMIN GLOW

Frank Tang best good mushroom glow at night because of good vitamin quantity. Health-food person who have eaten Frank Tang best good mushroom all say, "Hey, Frank, these crunchy with vitamin!" Vitamin very good, very strong in Frank Tang mushroom, so mushroom good for sick person, athlete person, scuba driving, jog, and fighting. Many disease run off when sick person eat Frank Tang mushroom.

#### PEOPLE NO DIE

Some people say big mushroom with spot make you die. No true of Frank Tang best good mushroom, big spot green and red color not poisoning not make big nightmare alive in daytime like some mushroom. One man think a train eat him after he eat mushroom. This not Frank Tang best good mushroom, this other bad mushroom sold by enemy Frank Tang.

#### CONSTANT GOODNESS

Frank Tang wife eaten over 7,000 Frank Tang best good mushroom and never have vomit or nightmare or complaint.

#### ASK RESTAURANT

If you are in restaurant, be sure to ask, "Only Frank Tang mushroom for me and Mrs., please. Others no good." If no Frank Tang mushroom, say, "Get Frank Tang best good mushroom quick or go out of my business."

#### SPECIAL BARGAIN

If you are opening mushroom fast takeout, call Frank Tang to supply you best good mushroom at discount. Many Americans turning to mushroom as they are a best cheap food, and would enjoy the idea of takeout mushroom, especially Frank Tang best good mushroom! Get a heading start on this idea before you are out-jumped by savvy businessmen.

#### PERFECT PRESENTS

When a person unwrap a big variety Frank Tang best good mushroom on a birth anniversary they are joyed up completely. Buy lots of them and give them as present on most occasions, you will be amazed truly enough!

PHONE FRANK TANG HOUSE!  
FRANK TANG WIFE BICYCLE-DELIVER  
555-4070

FRANK TANG

BEST GOOD

MUSHROOM



Dept. Only  
45 Rock Street  
Downtown

Yes, Mr. Frank Tang, have Frank Tang wife send, or bicycle over, \_\_\_\_\_ dozen big Frank Tang Best Good Mushroom. I pay 10 cent each.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Where live \_\_\_\_\_

What time send \_\_\_\_\_



wire bathroom window.

"The reason we're here," Stiggs informed me, "is that since neither of us has ever said a word to Lenora Schwab, and since she's probably hated us her entire life, I figure we should grab this great chance to have our first conversation be a demand for six thousand dollars." The door opened three inches, revealing the gaunt, artistic shape of Lenora—the ideal shape to be displayed in a seven-foot-by-three-inch slit in a doorway.

"We were driving by and heard the Burt Bacharach and thought we'd drop in to your underground mushroom cave and ask you for six grand," Stiggs said as a greeting. Lenora was obviously frightened, upset, nervous, crazy, malnourished, confused, quavering, sallow, and unhappy, and still had the same keyhole nostrils. "I'm busy," Lenora said just above a whisper. "Talk to my husband."

"Come on, Lenooooora," I chided. "It's only six thousand. Pleeeeeeease?"

"Why?" she asked, still completely leery and blown out. Stiggs shifted to his stoop-shouldered believability stance and lowered his voice to the level that makes what you're saying seem confidential. "The federal government says it didn't like the machine gun we gave you, so we need money to calm them down. The government also says that the law of wedding presents requires you to help us out by giving us the money."

"Can we come in? It's freezing out here," I added, as a satiric comment on the ninety-eight-degree heat. Surprisingly Lenora opened the door. "I have to check something," she said, with her left hand wrapped around her right fist, looking at the floor. Even in the dim green fluorescence of Frank's hundred thousand mushrooms, we could tell that something ridiculous was going on in Lenora's unusually large head, an observation that turned out to be true a short time later as she rooted through a pink cardboard chest of drawers, pulled out a bundle of papers with a rubber band around it, nervously pecked and crinkled her way through the entire bundle, and then announced to us that she only had seventy-eight dollars.

It was naturally amazing to me and Stiggs that this sad Schwabian creature was actually prepared to give us all of her money—all seventy-eight dollars of it—and for practically the first time in our lives we were moved.

"Is that all you have?" I asked. "I mean, what if for some unimaginable reason you wanted to get out of this wet, green tomb? What if you needed some time for yourself, time to meet other people and experience a little of the world? What if a personal emer-

gency came up where you suddenly needed a new harp, or a nostril remodeling, or six grand to pay your legal obligations?"

"What you need is a fucking job," Stiggs added. "Some kind of gig to get you outside and bring in hundreds of thousands of dollars." Stiggs noticed her harp in the bedroom and began pacing back and forth between the mushroom racks, as if totally concentrating. "Raindrops keep falling on my head..." Stiggs hummed and then sang. "I see Burt Bacharach... I see harps... I see businessmen in lounges... Friday afternoon... Hyatt-Regency... Lenora Schwab Tang at the professional-businessman's lounge harp... Are you following me so far?" It didn't look like she was, so we left, knowing that no matter what happened, we still needed six grand.

## CHAPTER

# 13

### *Arrangements Are Made with Sponson the Vet in the Presence of a Psychopath with a Lumpy Face*

**W**E WERE LED through a ring of electronic-motion sensors and an electronic fence to a stucco shack surrounded by four-wheel-drive cars, homicidal dogs, and scattered pieces of farm equipment. "Hey, it's the Uzi men." Sponson the vet chuckled coarsely. "I been meaning to talk to you about this little fucking message I got here from the federal prosecutor's office—I believe it's called a summons. Wonder how they got my name."

"Mall lawyers," Stiggs spat critically. "We went into Captain Whereasky's Great American Lawyer Machine

### *Say Hello to Howard Sponson, a Few Years Before We Met Him*

**He was a vet, so we knew he  
was really reliable and stable.**

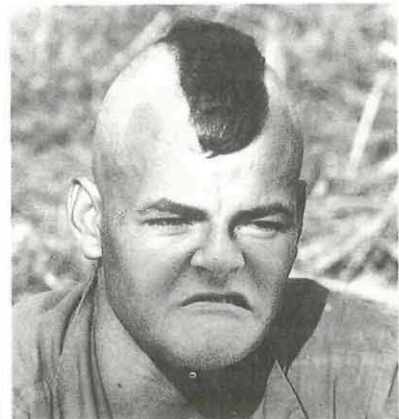
expecting top-quality legal service, and instead we got Earl the bonehead failure, and he inked out your name at our arraignment."

Sponson was nonetheless pissed. "You better straighten this thing out, man," he threatened in total life-and-death, dope-industry fashion. "I got some very concerned brothers here, man, who rely on me very heavily." Sponson nodded toward a pellet-eyed goon with nicks and sebaceous bumps on his face, and a shotgun across his thighs.

"That's the concerned brother who relies on you heavily?" Stiggs asked. "It must be real great to have a family, sitting around the old pot-plantation guard house, sharing and caring and relying on one another."

I interrupted extra softly, for the sake of not getting shotgunned to death. "Look, we've got a plan. We're starting a clinic for junkies called Penis House, and we'll let you be one of the counselors. That way, all of us will look good to the judge and get off with suspended sentences, so we can continue our important work with hopeless, worthless junkies."

Me and Stiggs were both pleased that Sponson liked the idea, and further pleased when he agreed to help us get our hands on Barney's \$6,000 by arranging for Barney's "brothers" in Mexico to find him, put him in a bag with all of his money, and deliver him home. The plan was great, or at least appeared that way until the plane carrying 7,000 pounds of pot, with Barney in a bag in the middle of the pot, crashed in the desert. "...Local teenager Barney Beaugereaux was discovered



unconscious in a burlap sack," the newspaper said, "carrying a large amount of cash. Police believe he may have been a buyer whom the smugglers had double-crossed!" It was three weeks before Barney got out of jail and could start to recover from the Jacobo Timerman-style interrogations he was given by four different varieties of cops.





***Unfortunately, the Authorities Refused  
to Let Barney Attend Stiggs's Birthday Party,  
Which Had a Train Motif***

If you want a good time, you want plenty of vegetables on hand, so we made sure we invited a lot to Stiggs's birthday party in July. There was Paul, Scott, Ed, Ian, Gord, Richard, Mark, Ronnie, David, Glenn, Blake, Robert, Eric, Steve, Craig, Pat, Karl, Allen, and Tim, and a whole lot of other guys with stupider names, including one guy called Lydster. Barney, of course, was in prison.

We rented a thirty-nine-year-old whore from a fast-whore takeout corner downtown, but after we got her to the party, we realized we didn't have a cake for her to jump out of.

So we made up a butcher-paper sash for her to wear saying "Happy Birthday, Stiggs, from all the whores," and then we busted a Sara Lee cake over her head in the bedroom.

When she ran into the party room with nothing on but the sash and the icing and cake crumbs on her head and shoulders, Stiggs shouted, "Hey, it's a whore who just jumped out of a cake in the other room. Let's pull a train on her!"

So we put on these amazing train outfits that we got from the Disabled Veterans' Thrift Store and the whore did us all. It was great.

**CHAPTER**

**14**

***An Amazing Angle for  
Cash Making Occurs to  
Stiggs While Thinking  
to the Complete Limit***

**M**E AND STIGGS DECIDED that I should perform a honking soul-harmonica version of a High Mass, and that I should do it at this four-hundred-seat dinner theater that happened to be managed in the summer by homo drama teacher Garth Sloane.



# CHAPTER 15

## Coming to Terms with a Frightened Homo Mindful of the Felonious Aspect of Teacher-Student Love

**I** LOVE YOU VERY MUCH," GARTH'S hormonally jangled voice cracked through the tape recorder.

"This is blackmail!" Iver huffed from the corner of Mr. Sloane's office at the dinner theater. "Why don't you just go back to your little American boys' bedrooms and do whatever it is you do in them."

Sloane, however, was completely silent, with his head in his hands, probably realizing that this Soul Mass performance was totally critical to us.

"We need a six-grand guarantee and full approval of the sound system," Stiggs mentioned, in the style of a manager. "Honking soul man O. C. Oglevey don't blow into no Gilbert and Sullivan, tenor-fag-patter microphones—he needs white hot, blues-torch sound that

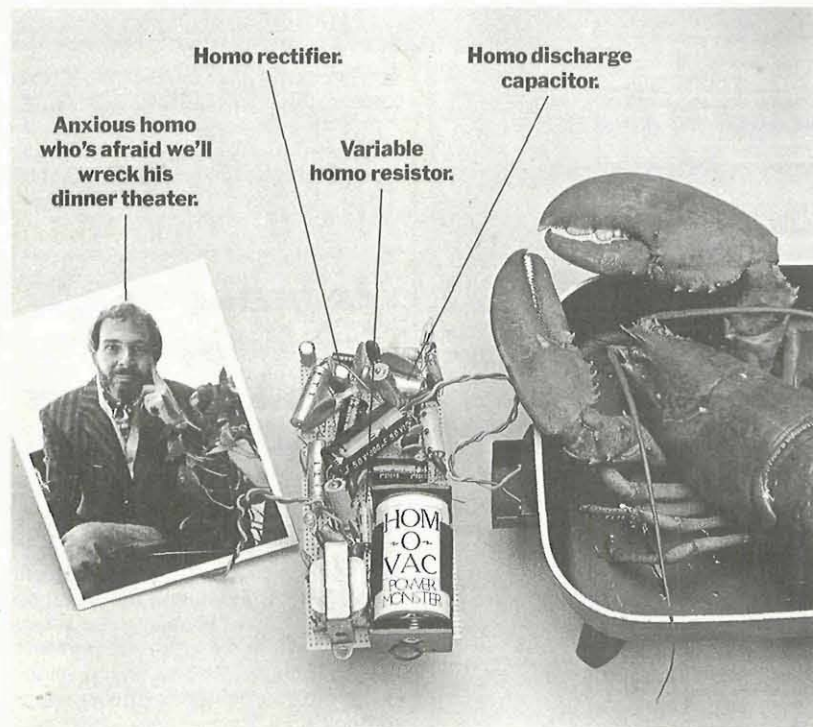
cuts holes in the audience's head and burns up their wires."

"Fuck!" I screamed a few minutes later from the stage. I blew a few bars into a heavy chrome microphone and threw it to the floor, as Stiggs, being concerned as usual about my fragile musical temperament, rushed to my side and instantly sympathized with the problem. "I'm losing notes," I raged. "This mike's doing a fucking Gilbert and Sullivan fag job on my notes."

"This is no good," Stiggs barked at the homos. "We'll have to put in our own system." The expressions on the homos' faces were great when Stiggs kicked their dirtball microphone into the orchestra pit and jumped up and down on the cord, screaming.

## Me and Stiggs Invented This Incredible Electrical Circuit for Converting Homo Anxiety into Useful Energy

We figured that it would take a squirming homo drama teacher about a minute to produce enough electricity to cook this lobster.



## Say Good-bye to Wino Bob, Dead in the Bushes

Me and Stiggs made this inventory of Bob's possessions and mailed it to the judge of the probate court in case there were any disputes about his estate. Estate of Wino Bob: 3 Randall Schwab Insurance T-shirts, 1 blanket, 1 plastic lemon, 1 wine bottle, 1 corroded stator for a washing machine motor, 1 rotted two-by-four pine board about three feet long, 1 7-Eleven pen. Me and Stiggs figured we had more stuff than that when we were six months old.

# CHAPTER

# 16

## Mysterious Preperformance Blues Chemicals, and Disaster in a Ditch

**I**T WAS ABOUT THREE HOURS BEFORE the concert and I still didn't have any Sonny Boy Williamson honking-blues drugs, the kind I would need for total monster blues rapport with the four hundred dentists and sales reps and housewives who would soon fill the Sagebrush Dinner Theater expecting to see *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. So we went to Negro Town.

"Would these degenerate street weasels burn the honking blues master with bad blues drugs?" I asked Stiggs, wheeling our car through a five-way, six-lane intersection filled with Nègroes in parked cars having conversations.

"Of course," Stiggs answered.

"But maybe something worthwhile slipped through. It's obvious that we need the advice of an expert who lives in oleander bushes and knows these chemicals on sight," I added.

"Bob, we got a crash project for you," Stiggs whispered urgently into Wino Bob's bushes. Top emergency blues priority, Bob. Money is no object."





Of course, Bob didn't respond; he never responded before the third or fourth time you repeated the deal. "Poke him," I said. "Offer him hard liquor." But Stiggs just stood there, over Bob's nest in the shallow oleander ditch, studying the moonlit form of a dead old black man wearing three Randall Schwab Insurance T-shirts, one over the other, and holding a plastic 7-Eleven, lemon-shaped lemon squirter in his hand.

"He was a synthetic-citrus freak," Stiggs said calmly. "He used to squirt that stuff on everything, even bread."

"People get weird tastes when they get old," I said, after about a thirty-second gap of silence. "He told us he was going to die, remember?"

Stiggs didn't answer; he just opened up one of Bob's crumpled blankets and spread it over the body. "I suppose we should tell the bozo in the red-checked smock behind the 7-Eleven register that he's got a dead wino behind his store," Stiggs said as he stood up and rubbed his hands. "I'm sure the red-checked-smock people must have a policy for this sort of thing."

Using the strange logic that comes after mourning the death of guys who buy you liquor, me and Stiggs decided to continue our night exactly as planned—that is, to gobble up the blues drugs and get to the dinner theater. "I owe it to my people," I said.



## *The Sagebrush Dinner Theater and Its Managing Homo Proudly Presented the Super Honking Blues Mass of Soul Master O.C. Oglevey*

*As reported by Stiggs and rewritten by me so it makes sense*

The dinner theater was jammed with season-ticket subscribers who came expecting to see a performance of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. There was a stool on the stage and a mike on a stand. The mike cord led to an amplifier that looked like the Cray-1 computer, in terms of the number of winking lights on it, but actually was more the size of an electric-company substation. On either side of the stage, huge mountains of speakers menaced the audience. After cashing in a two-hundred-year-old Schwab stamp, O.C. rented all this equipment from a local agency that handles stadium rock festivals, and his plan was to use it to drown out the sound of people eating, by making it impossible for them to eat, by paralyzing them with noise.

A sign on the easel on the stage read **BLUES MASTER O.C. AND HIS SOUL MASS**. O.C. walked onstage to some polite applause. He was real relaxed, since he knew that moving any faster would increase the risk of respiratory collapse.

"Welcome to the Sagebrush Dinner Theater," said O.C. "It's really great to see you all out here tonight. I'm glad you all could, like, fall by, because this evening I'm going to cook your fucking brains with my honking harp Soul Mass. But before I put the stove on boil, I'd like to say a few words about a very important cat who passed away this evening, in fact about half an hour ago. His name was Wino Bob, but most people just knew him as 'the bum that lived in the oleander bushes behind the 7-Eleven.' This guy, whose name most people never even bothered to find out, was a real powerhouse of wisdom. 'You gotta have a good woman,' he said to me, and it was true. Anyway, I'd like to dedicate my performance tonight to Wino Bob—a real solid soulster who died this evening in three Randall Schwab Insurance Agency T-shirts and holding a plastic lemon!"

O.C. then blew all five parts of the mass and told the audience it was "real progressive."

Although he got the smallest walk-off applause ever handed out by any audience at the Sagebrush Dinner Theater, we still collected the \$6,000 guaranteed from Garth Sloane. "I'm giving up my career as a blues man," O.C. said in his dressing room after the show. "It would all be downhill from this untoppable evening of honking supersoul. I'm going into retirement now. I'm just going to sit back and watch my legend grow!"





# ***A Look at the Coroner's Records Showed the Incredibly Amazing Amount of Stuff Wino Bob Died Of***

1. Cirrhosis of the liver
2. Esophageal varices, which are dilated veins in the esophagus
3. Alcoholic cardiomyopathy, which is a degeneration of the heart muscle, which causes the heart to stop
4. Wernicke's encephalopathy, which is an alcoholic degeneration of brain tissue
5. Pancreatitis, which is an inflammation of the pancreas
6. Aspiration pneumonia
7. Liver cancer
8. And a bunch of other stuff

**17**

## ***Head to Head with the Unstable and Vengeful Dirtwad Schleuter— A Pathetic Morning***

**P**ENIS HOUSE OPENED THE same day we won the completely malicious Schleuter case, so naturally it was an active brand of day. Schleuter's courtroom behavior was great. "These young monsters..." was how Schleuter began, addressing the jury from three-by-five note cards, acting as his own attorney, looking frantic and mentally damaged, with long strings of hair falling down from his temples and these real red and puffy blotches glowing on his forearms from always being nervously scratched.

## OFFICIAL LEGAL TRANSCRIPT OF WHAT SCHLEUTER SAID IN COURT

SCHLEUTER: These sadistic monsters were in my classes for two years, and there was not a day during that time when they failed to create a disturbance. Equipment was damaged, or disappeared. Athletic events were ruined for everyone. Many students suffered insults and even physical injury.

For example, on March eighth of this year, a young boy, Randall Schwab, came to my office complaining of dizziness and a headache. It seems Mr. Stiggs and Mr. Oglevey had been involved in one of the flag-football games organized for the class that day, and had chosen Randall to be a receiver on their team. Complex pass patterns were then drawn for him in the huddle, often requiring six or seven cuts that ran the boy back and forth across the full width of the field. To the best of his ability, Randall did as he was asked, but not once in at least thirty plays was he ever thrown the ball.

Finally, Randall protested. He wanted so desperately to be included in the game that, despite near exhaustion, he begged for the ball. "Sure," Mr. Stiggs and Mr. Oglevey promised, and again they gave Randall a complicated, almost impossible pass route. This time, however, they threw him the ball... As hard as possible, they threw it, after Randall had taken but one or two steps from the line of scrimmage. This is why Randall was dizzy; for several dozen plays, the football hit him in the back of the head and bounced high into the air, while defensive players and even Randall's own teammates, Mr. Stiggs and Mr. Oglevey, tackled him viciously.

Naturally, as a responsible coach, I had to take disciplinary steps. I gave these monster boys laps, and I told them they would continue to run laps until they learned how to play the game of football properly.

STIGGS: Objection. We continued running laps until Schleuter got through porking the counselor.

JUDGE: Order.

SCHLEUTER: You see how they are! They twist and twist the knife with their taunting slanders. They peck at me like vultures. They steal my good name and my couch. These monster boys will pay, you can believe that. They will be punished for what they have done to me and Mrs. Beale... She...she was my angel-woman. And...I was her angel-man...

JUDGE: Case dismissed.

**LEGALLY  
REGISTERED**

Assn. of Problem Teens





***Me and Stiggs  
Finally Get Hopeless,  
Worthless Junkies  
in Position  
Next to the Estate-  
Sized Residence  
of Leland Croft, DDS***

ONE OF THE MAIN ADVANTAGES of having a drug clinic was that we could call it a "therapeutic community," and the main advantage of having a therapeutic community was that me and Stiggs got to make up therapies. "Eustis," Stiggs said to the largest and most threatening member of our nine-patient enrollment of hopeless, worthless junkies, "if you can train this ham-

ster to perform a whole bunch of interesting tricks, we'll give you a Randall Schwab Insurance T-shirt."

"That's right," I added. "Now, what we have in mind, Eustis, is a hamster playlet—a fully choreographed drama where the hamster plays the role of a French traitor whom you are pursuing to redeem the honor of your family, a family once destroyed by the hamster to save himself."

"Oooooo," Eustis responded through the lattice of nose fluids traveling across his dope-numbered lip. "Yes...yes...yes."

"Mitzi fucked up her therapeutic leaf project," Sponson the vet and Penis House counselor interrupted—Mitzi being a seventy-eight-pound detoxing psychotic in the room next door.

"You've got five of the same leaf," Stiggs said to Mitzi in the stern style of a chancellor of Penis House evaluating totally ridiculous leaf collections. "Why would anyone collect five identical leaves, and why would anyone label them 'Pretty leaf,' 'Hope leaf,' 'Night leaf,' 'Satori leaf,' and 'Truth leaf?'"

"Hey, baby, this collection sucks," Sponson shouted two inches away from Mitzi's face, trying for a psyche grenade effect that might blast through five or six years of narcotic drool and launch Mitzi on a zesty beeline for the front yard, where she would spend the rest of

the day raking her vein-scarred limbs through more than one variety of leaf.

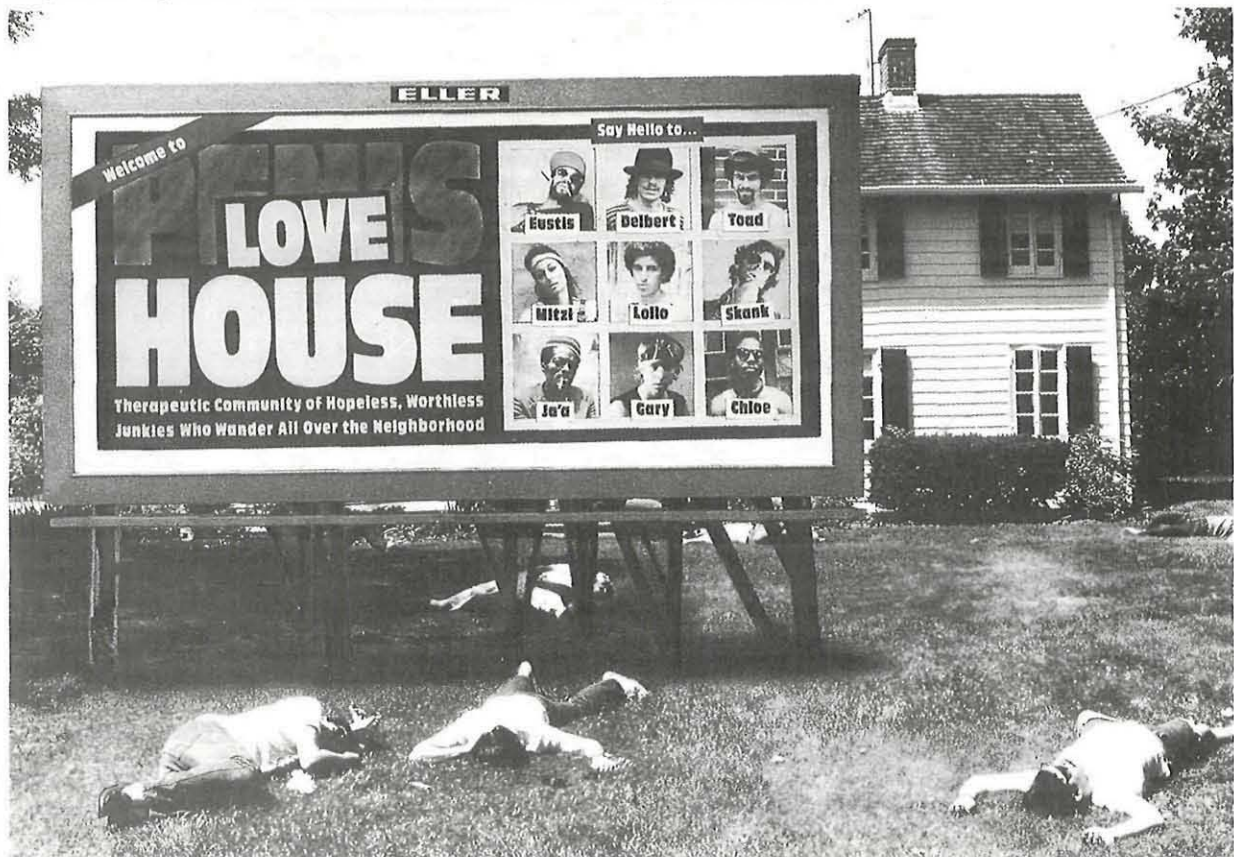
"Oooooo...yes," Eustis said from his position in the doorway, not knowing where he was or that there was a hamster on his amazing, Sonny Liston-size head.

"Because of these really bonehead performances," Chancellor Stiggs said later on during our staff meeting, "and because Barney's finally out of jail and says he only has fifty dollars left, I think we should take off with Barney and his fifty and leave these goons to themselves."

So we reinstated Barney as our dog and spent the day floating down the Verde River, while Sponson took it upon himself to send the junkies on an Outward Bound expedition into Croft's yard—a great idea.

***This Is the Drug  
Clinic We Started***

One of the reasons why the dirtball Croft hated having our drug-rehabilitation center next to his house was the size of the sign. "We made it huge to symbolize the huge habits of our junkies," Stiggs told him.



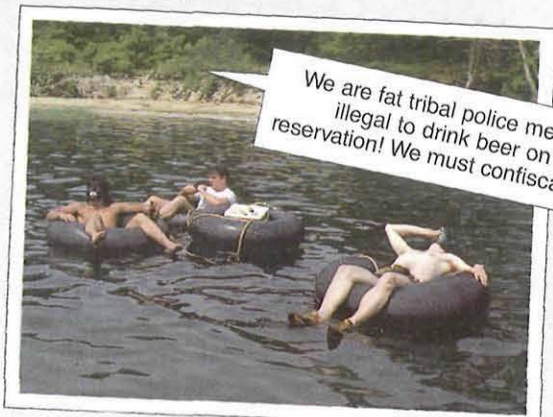
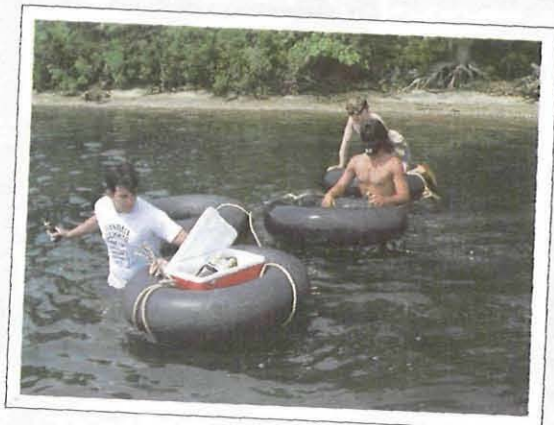


# *To Add Excitement to Floating Downriver, We Decided That Me and Stiggs Were Huckleberry Finn, and That the River Was the Mississippi, and That Barney Was Nigger Jim, and That We Could Condense Three Days into Six Hours*

On our way to the river, some Pima Indian kids with a pellet gun stopped our car. They said that we were trespassing on their ancestral traditional reservation and that they were asserting their true, ancient, and inalienable sovereignty over the land. So we had to give the dirtbags a quarter.



Barney had to be Nigger Jim on our voyage, so we made him wear lots of black goo. Stiggs refused to be Tom Sawyer, who, he said, was a homo pantywaist; so we were both Huckleberry Finn.



We are fat tribal police men! It is illegal to drink beer on reservation! We must confiscate it!

Some Indian cops sleeping in the bushes wanted our beer, so we told them that the Negro owned the beer and he was making us drink it because he was afraid he would become an alcoholic if he drank alone. By the time they processed this in their highly mystical and alcoholic Indian minds, however, we had drifted out of range, so they resumed sleeping.



"Remember, you're our slave," Stiggs told Barney, "so get more big bundles of wood for no reason." We'd been on the river an hour and a half, so we decided to make camp for the night, even though it was really only midafternoon. Then we drank our camp beer ration of six each, and took off twenty minutes later, which was, for purposes of condensing the trip, the next day.



“A pleasant young teen on a wilderness outing,” Stiggs yelled. “Let’s make him squeal like a pig, *Deliverance* style!” “That’s the wrong story!” I said, annoyed at his inattention to detail. So we stole all the kid’s family’s sandwiches and broke their watermelon.



We passed some canoeists on the river. I announced that they were a presidential paddle wheeler containing Andrew Jackson, so we gave them a multi-ham salute.



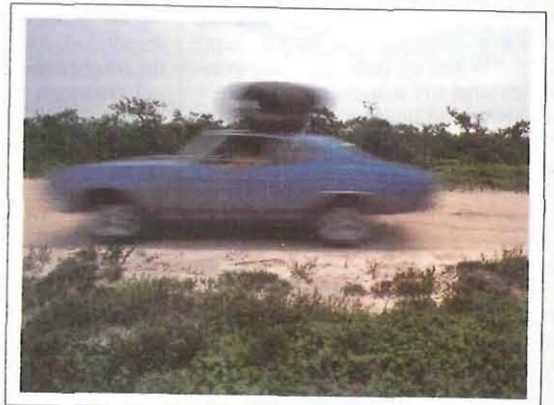
We saw a Negro fishing on the bank, so we made Barney leap up and shout at him. “They’s gonna sell me, so I ran away with Huckleberry!” The Negro was nonplussed.



We decided it was night again, so we camped for twenty minutes and drank another six beers at a Young Life campsite. O.C. got into the supervisory adult’s sleeping bag and ran around in it. “This is the judgment day and I’m a terrifying apparition,” he screamed. Then the heat made O.C. ralph in the bag.



We decided to call the trip off after only two days (four hours) because we got bored and I was afraid my nose might get sunburned. “Only homo Tom Sawyer types get sunburned noses,” I said. “Real men protect their noses to avoid unsightly peeling.” “Hurry up with those tubes, Barney,” Stiggs said. “We have to get back and feed the dope addicts.”



After the Indian kids stopped us again and we gave them some old cracked lobster claws off the car floor and said, “Here, take these pretty ornaments, maybe your girl friends would like to strap them to their heads,” we hauled ass.



***The Junkies Return.  
A Crush of  
Charity Slags  
Invade for Dinner.  
Croft's Cabana  
Is Investigated Fully***

**O**OOOOOO...YES. YES." EUSTIS commented on the ninth of his twelve Sara Lee pies. "Yes...yes...love that cabana." More specifically, Leland Croft's cabana, site of Leland's upright freezer and Nora's incredible stockpile of grade-AAA, junkie-quality desserts. "We...like...cleaned him out totally," added Mitzi, hacking at a gallon of designer ice cream with a beer opener. "We were...like...even going to grab all the stuff he had...like...in the stairwell under the freezer, but that's when the ugly guy came out with a goddamn gun, and we...like...took off."

Me and Stiggs naturally made a mental note to sneak into Croft's cabana after dark for a major investigation.

One of the other major advantages to operating your own charity drug clinic, aside from getting to call your place a therapeutic community, is that me and Stiggs were instantly plugged in to the local wives-of-rich-guys charity machinery—sine qua non for gala fund raising. "Wives of rich guys like symphonies and art museums, and they hate cancer and heart attacks and arthritis and dope addicts wandering around their neighborhoods," Stiggs explained to the scum of Penis House. "So, naturally, they'll pay big dough to hog down a Symphony Guild banquet, or an Art League banquet, or a Cancer Society banquet, or a Heart Fund banquet, or an Arthritis Foundation banquet, or of course the Penis House banquet—scheduled for tonight."

Because of an hour's worth of critical phone calls, which Mr. Colletti made nude from his patio rum lounge, the guest turnout was great. The house was totally infested with lawyer wives, real-estate wives, airline-pilot wives, financier wives, TV-personality wives, industrialist wives, university-president wives,

giant-inheritance wives, defense-contractor wives, and even dentist wives like Nora Croft—invited by Colletti as an example of how amazingly humorous he is, and sent, as it turned out, by her dirtwad husband to tell us to get the fuck out of the neighborhood.

"Eat me, Nora," Stiggs greeted her in our receiving line of me, Stiggs, Sponson, and the nine hopeless, worthless junkies. "This is Mitzi; we don't have any last names at Love House because our philosophy here is that dopeheads aren't people. Show Nora your leaf display, Mitzi..."

Mitzi walked to a wall in the foyer covered with the usual real sensitive, love-and-human-dignity bullshit, and



pointed to a smudged rectangle of cardboard with five identical leaves on it. "This is 'Night leaf,'" Mitzi said, wound up like a seventy-eight-pound spring. "I want you to have it."

"Almost as lovely as your Colletti hog dress," I pointed out.

"We want our desserts back," Nora responded. "And we want you out of the neighborhood."

I frowned like I was irritated and snatched Mitzi's leaf. "You don't deserve 'Night leaf,'" I said, and then I ate it.

"Attention, all rich gals," Stiggs yelled from the head table, a rippled Formica model borrowed from the Law Cucaracha trailer. "I hope you all liked our dinner. The reason it was mostly Sara Lee cakes and designer ice cream is so you could be familiarized with the type of meals actually eaten by unsupervised junkies, and also because the stuff was donated entirely by Nora Croft, who's one of the leading spark plugs behind the Love House therapeutic community. Let's have a huge, monster blast of applause for Nora Croft."

Nora, who was still loitering around the gala banquet to sniff out informa-

tion for her husband, bolted instantly.

"And now," I added, "I'd like to introduce Eustis Beverly. Always interested in animals, Eustis has conceived a playlet for us, starring his hamster as the French scoundrel Monsieur Hamster, and also starring himself as the avenging son of a family that the villain nearly destroyed. As you can see, Eustis has constructed a set, as it were, representing the effluvial dockside demimonde of Monsieur Hamster. The shoe box to your left is, apparently, the village brothel, while the shoe box next to it has a good chance of being the opium den. Eustis's drama begins with Monsieur Hamster boasting to his comrades of past wickedness, as Eustis arrives in town. I give you...Eustis Beverly."

When the applause gave out, Eustis got right into the falsetto ventriloquism voice necessary for hamster dialogue. "OOOOOOOO...I be real dangerous...yes...yes...I say, everybody, I done some very nasty hamsterizing hamsterization...yes."

"Where you at, Mr. Hamster?" Eustis continued, now using his normal, rasping drug slur. "Yes...I'm pissed off." At this point, because the hamster didn't come out of the brothel shoe box and skitter to the opium-den shoe box like it was supposed to, Eustis decided on the improvisational step of bashing a large book on the brothel box in hopes

***Mitzi the Junkie's  
Amazing Therapeutic  
Collection of Five  
of the Same Type  
of Leaf***

**Stuff like this was one of the real satisfying highlights of working with hopeless, worthless junkies.**

of flattening the villain then and there. But since the hamster bolted off the set and into the tightly-packed audience of wives of rich guys, Eustis dived headlong after it, slamming the book in all directions, frightening the women out of their minds.

"Let's investigate Croft's cabana," I remarked to Stiggs and Sponson. And so we did.

Having a grand-master level of ability in yard invasion, gained mostly during the great Schwab patio-defacing years of 1975-81, me and Stiggs had little trouble slithering into the cabana and pushing the freezer off its mount. "The hidden stairwell," Stiggs whispered, "just as Mitzi babbled it."



**The Incredible Memo  
from Dirtbag Dentist  
Leland Croft  
to His Wife, Nora,  
Captured by Us from  
Leland's Subterranean  
Survival Fortress**

As a result of a Viet Cong jungle flashback sizzling in Sponson's head at the moment, he produced a live grenade.

"Jesus, I can't think of a better guy to have a live grenade," Stiggs said.

The bottom of the stairs opened into a long corridor which branched into a pair of other corridors, which then led to a bunch of storerooms. "It's survival shit," Sponson declared, probing wooden crates in the dark. "Look at this. Holy fuck. Guns. This guy's got enough stuff down here to blow out an army." Stiggs found a lighted niche with a file cabinet and a desk with a folder on it labeled "Super Ultra." "Check the entrance," Sponson said. "See if we're clear."

We weren't: Leland was on his patio, heading directly for the cabana. We met him at the top of the stairwell. "You punks are going to be very sorry," Leland said with the composure of a lunatic dentist waving a 9-mm gun. "We came back for more Sara Lees," Stiggs bluffed. "Nora said we could have more if the gala fund-raising banquet started to drag."

"Move, or you eat this," Sponson added, straight-arming the grenade into Leland's face.

The dentist let out a two- or three-pulse chuckle, and backed away. "Vacate that clinic tomorrow morning or I'll turn all of you in to the police. I've got everything I need to put you away."

So we took off. It was a fairly strange situation.

Not until we got into Sponson's car to drive around and figure out our position did Stiggs flip on the overhead light and look inside the Super Ultra folder he grabbed from Leland's survival and weapons fortress. After reading it, we were easily convinced that Leland's dirtball attitude toward us and the Sluts de Boxcar, and his failure to have the proper plaster lawn burro, and his window peering and gun waving and everything else, were all just the tip of a much larger and more gooned-out iceberg.

LELAND O. CROFT, DDS  
WESTWOOD MEDICAL PLAZA  
4021 WEST BRILLE ROAD, PHOENIX, ARIZONA

MEMORANDUM 82-8-37774-B-6  
SUBJECT: Super Ultra  
TO: Inner Circle (Nora)

It should be no surprise to you that the holocaust is coming in a week. Secret events that I have been describing for the last twenty-five years (viz. memoranda 82-6-46625-J-4, 78-12-52683-K-3, 74-7-12763-Z-2, 69-11-75731-A-9, 66-5-18762-R-2, 61-1-12561-L-7, 57-4-39992-B-1, 52-1-20404-W-5) have set the stage for the final act of madness.

Consider these recent occurrences:

21-March-82: Argentina seizes Falkland Islands.

9-May-82: Israel bombs Lebanon.

12-June-82: Russia completes secret nighttime invasion of Europe; by morning, secret shadow governments are installed in France, Holland, Spain, Austria, and Italy, which secretly control present leaders while public suspects nothing.

17-June-82: Republic of China secretly annexes Japan.

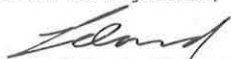
25-June-82: Our front lawn is destroyed by secret deep-cover cadres bent on terrorizing and confusing us, softening us up in preparation for full-scale attack.

You have seen for yourself the nest of depraved provocateurs now at our very doorstep. Hiding, of course, behind the crudely deceptive banner of a "Love House," they are poised to carry out the last phase of their coordinated plan—undermining our values, so corrupting and demoralizing us as to poison our will to defend ourselves.

PREPAREDNESS, Nora! The future belongs to those who recognize the peril and have devised their means of protection. This is why our subcabana survival unit must be fully supplied and operational at all times. This is why your complaints regarding cleaning and vacuuming the subcabana must stop immediately. INACTION CANNOT BE TOLERATED AT THIS CRUCIAL TIME!

DECISIVENESS, RESOLUTENESS, TIRELESSNESS, Nora! By these watchwords we will survive. I will expect the subcabana to be waxed and fresh smelling by the time of my arrival from the office this evening, approximately 6:05 P.M. DO NOT FAIL!

Yours in vigilance,

  
Leland O. Croft, DDS

**CHAPTER  
20**

**The Indirect Solving  
of the Legal  
Oppression of Me  
and Stiggs by  
Surgical Application  
of the Technique of  
Exploding a Cabana**

**M**E AND STIGGS NEVER knew that Sponson had a helicopter. "That guy Croft is an elitist, capitalist, racist, dangerous motherfucker," Sponson raged, ramming long, finned tubes into cylinders on the side of the chopper. "Me and my people, man, we believe in the people!"

"I hear you," Stiggs said enthusiastically. "Good, peaceful, pot-guarding, pot-harvesting, pot-flying, pot-smelling people, man."

"Right," Sponson bellowed, shoving in the last tube.

"Hey, Sponson, you got a plan?" I asked.

"Yeah. Blotto dentist. Zap. Bye-bye."

Me and Stiggs naturally agreed, not wanting Leland bringing the cops down on Penis House; but, on the other hand,





since Croft never reported us to the cops even though he had our clothes with our ID in them the night we took off over his fence, and even though he spotted the Penis House Outward Bound expedition in his Sara Lee freezer, it was possible that Croft was more afraid of cops finding his underground maniac bunker than of us.

"Only zap the cabana," Stiggs advised as Sponson started up the helicopter in full combat ensemble, including complete Montagnard warrior paint all over his face.

And so it happened that on the first night of the last week before school, we sat on nude Pat Colletti's patio and watched our maniac friend strafe our maniac enemy in a home-modified Huey gunship, complete with *Apocalypse Now* Valkyrie music blasting at thunder volume on nude Colletti's patio stereo. "Can we use your phone for an emergency police call?" I asked Colletti as the first and second straight streaks of white light shot from the Huey to the cabana. "Sure," Colletti said.

The cops showed up fast, in about three minutes, just in time to notice the dentist and the rest of his "inner circle"—Nora—stunned on their ornamental gravel lawn, screaming Super Ultra vengeance in random directions.

So, the bunker was discovered: the Crofts were nabbed; Penis House was saved. This is how things stood when we went to court the next morning.

## ***Sponson Takes Out Croft's Cabana with One Shot***

**Most people in nice neighborhoods don't expect their pool cabanas to be in danger from helicopter gunships, which was why Sponson's tactic of using it was so great.**

"Obviously, Your Honor," went the weaseling Mexican argument of Reynoldo the mall lawyer, "this is just a case of really fine young men, Your Honor, who really cared about the sister of their good friend Randall Schwab. They cared about her so much, Your Honor, that they wanted to help protect her from the many forms of danger in today's world by giving her a light, real good gun that even a really delicate woman like Lenora Schwab could shoot pretty easy. I ask you, Your Honor, do these young men look like criminals? Your Honor, I think I know the answer we'd get to that question from Lenora Schwab—or, Your Honor, from the really fine, rehabilitated patients at the Love House. The name says it really good, Your Honor—Love House, the house that these fine young men built with love, Your Honor, and

that will probably collapse from love starvation if Mr. Stiggs and Mr. Oglevey and Mr. Sponson are taken away from loving their patients and put into prison. Thank you, Your Honor."

The judge looked hard at me and Stiggs. And then he looked especially hard at the white-and-black Montagnard tribal-attack paint and complete camouflage jump suit still on Sponson, Sponson of course being too Methedrine and combat fried from the night before to get around to putting on anything reasonable for court.

"Possessing an unlicensed automatic weapon is a very serious offense," the judge said. "However, the court is not unaware of the noble intentions of the defendants or the worth of their community service."

"*She mine! Han Lo Choy! Want back!*" a beeping Chinese voice that was completely out of control suddenly interrupted from the hall. It wasn't, however, until two or three seconds after the judge finished his totally dog-headed analysis of our characters that me and Stiggs got a chance to bolt the courtroom and get a good look at the screaming Chinaman and the arm-waving crowd of screaming Chinamen who were helping him surround the building-information clerk.

"*FBI. Get FBI. She my property!*"

"What's the beef, Frank?" Stiggs asked the screaming Chinaman, Frank Tang.

"*Gone. Wife leave. Harp gone. Want back!*"

"This may not be a federal matter," I explained. "There are a number of jurisdictional considerations here, Frank, which probably bar the government of the United States from driving around town looking for unhappy, unfulfilled Schwabs."

"*She mine!*" Frank insisted. "*Want back! Want manhunt! FBI!*"

Stiggs instantly came to the rescue of the overwhelmed information clerk and escorted Frank and the rest of the yipping, jabbering Chinamen to the offices of the U.S. Center for Disease Control. "They'll know what to do," Stiggs said, holding his fingertips over his mouth, spitting and snorting and chuckling real obviously, like a nine-year-old child.



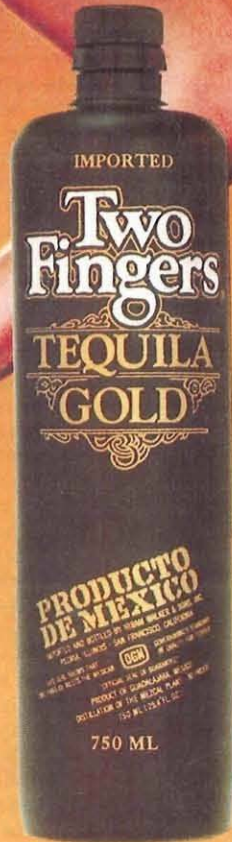


*"Keep me posted"*

"This full color poster is a terrific way to remember that great Two Fingers taste. And...the good times it brings! I'll be happy to send you an autographed copy, if you send \$1.00 (to cover postage and handling) to: Two Fingers Tequila Poster Offer, P.O. Box 32127, Detroit, Michigan 48232. Please include your printed name and address.

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TEQUILA



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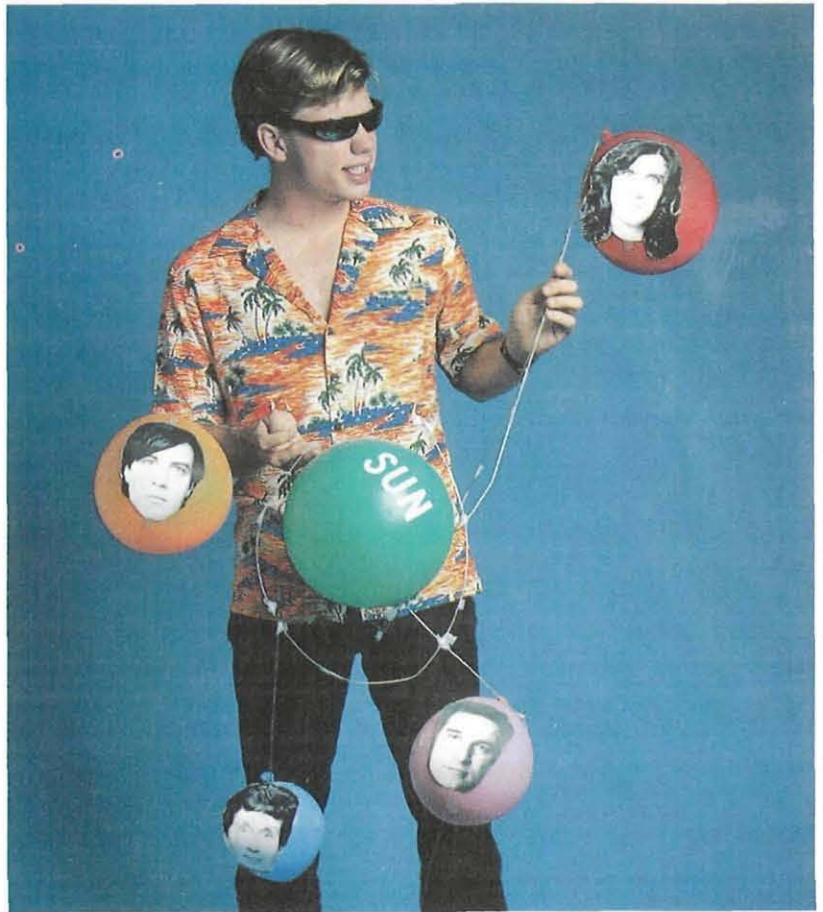


***The Summer Ends  
Pretty Much as It  
Began, at the  
Hyatt-Regency,  
Only This Time  
in a Lounge Full of  
Businessmen Instead  
of in a Think Tank***

**O**N THE LAST DAY OF THE summer, me and Stiggs were driving around. Our case was over: the judge told Reynoldo that he'd let us off with a reprimand, so we instantly shut down Penis House, kicked out all the junkies, and went over to the Law Cucaracha trailer to return their rippled Formica lobby table and to hand over the last of the valuable Schwabian stamps for Reynoldo's fee. But no one was there: the desk-top copier had broken down, so they all went home. On the way out of the mall parking lot we saw Reynoldo pounding on the hood of his black Trans Am, which was also broken down; but we just kept going. "It would be like interfering with some natural wildlife process that the guys on 'National Geographic' shows tell you never to fuck with," Stiggs said.

"Do you think Sponson and Mitzi will be happy on the pot plantation?" I asked, changing the subject. "Sure," Stiggs answered. "It'll give her a brand-new source of leaves... Are we bored?" The answer to Stiggs's question was pretty obvious, given the increasingly giant size of the gaps in our conversation and the fact that we were now cruising for about the tenth time past the Schwab house. "I feel a certain anxiety," I said. "Something seems to be out of alignment: it's as if part of the universe secretly shifted and we lost our center of gravity."

Naturally this totally moronic center-of-gravity bullshit was grounds for Stiggs's bailing out of the car and never speaking to me again; but since Stiggs was also feeling as weird about things as I was, he disregarded the horrible language and concentrated on analyzing



***Stiggs Shows How  
the Schwabian System  
Was Out of Alignment  
When Lenora Schwab  
Took Off***

**"If the planet Lenora escapes," I said, "the whole Schwabian System could collapse and shoot all over the place, which would make it much harder to find Schwabs to torment!"**

our problem. "Schwabs," he said. "All problems in the world are connected to the Schwabs."

Brazenly, I ventured back into the section of the mind that figures out exotic cosmology, and pretty soon hit on the incredible discovery that the Schwab System had lost critical mass. "That's it!" Stiggs yelled. "It's the renegade planet Lenora. She's left Tangian space and completely fucked up the rest of the Schwab System." After more thinking, we decided that individual Schwabetary bodies could start spin-

ning off all over the place, even out of state, where we couldn't get to them. "We've got to reverse this phenomenon," I said. "The Schwab System must be restored to its natural order!"

Accordingly, we drove at full speed to the Hyatt-Regency, where, just as me and Stiggs suspected, Lenora was clawing out Burt Bacharach on her harp in the main executive lounge. "Solid," Stiggs said to her, nodding his head like Mel Torme to the gooey tinkling of the strings.

Because of the small amount of sentiment I still had from the incident where Lenora offered us her entire tragic seventy-eight-dollar wad, and because of the current sentiment that I had because she actually took our insane advice and got a harp job in the Hyatt-Regency lounge, I found myself in a state of emotion that I hadn't felt since the moment after the Soul Mass when I vowed to never play the honking blues-monster harmonica ever again. So, for that reason, I jerked the soul monster from my pocket and the dual soul-and-Lenora harp supersession was begun.

"Do-doo-do-doot," I honked with growling, chicken-scratching blues mastery. Being in her totally voidoid harp-plinking trance, Lenora didn't seem to notice my crouched, soul-



honking pose beside her, which was great for two reasons. First, it really disturbed the businessmen; and second, it gave me something to do while Stiggs called Frank Tang and told him where Lenora was. "Hello, Disease Control Center," Stiggs said on the lobby phone. "If the screaming Chinamen are still in your office, tell them, 'Lenora at Hyatt-Regency.' Thank you."

"Do-doo-do-doot," I finished honking. "Thank you; you're a righteous audience. Lenora Schwab Tang on D-50 executive-lounge harp, ladies and gentlemen. Lenora Schwab Tang."

Frank Tang and his Chinamen and the rest of the Schwab System—the insurance dad Schwab and the alcoholic mom Schwab and the astounding Randall Schwab—burst in to the room just as Lenora and I steamrolled into our next number. "I'll Never Fall in Love Again."

Stiggs, who was at the bar between a dead-drunk guy who was wearing a convention name tag and a cocktail waitress who the guy was trying to pork, was clapping and whistling frantically. "How about those fucking honking and tinkling dual blues harps," he roared, jabbing the convention guy in the ribs. "Come on, Jack, put your hands together!"

"You mine! Come now! You in for it!" Frank screeched at his wife. The rest of the Schwabs were of course horrified, their daughter having no doubt been lured into this den of drunk businessmen by the mind-controlling, Svengali blues voodoo of me honking that devil melody six inches from their gooned-out daughter's mammoth Schwabian head.

"Aren't they great?" Stiggs repeated loudly to the convention guy, over and over, each time the guy tried to dribble something suggestive to the cocktail waitress.

In a few minutes, the Chinamen and the Schwabs were gone—harp, Lenora, and all. I stood alone, surrounded by businessmen, bathed in the cosmic dust of reunited Schwabs, noodling the reeds of my honking soul harp, looking for the ideal selection of notes that would do justice to the whole situation—to the whole mind-roasting situation.

"What time do you get out of here?" Stiggs asked the cocktail waitress next to the fully outmaneuvered and pissed-off convention guy. "Me and O.C. start school tomorrow and need to pull one last train or we'll do real bad and never graduate and never get jobs, and end up being cocktail waitresses."

"Every man gotta have a good woman," I told the same girl later, when, amazingly, she came through for us in the hotel fan room on the top floor. It was great. ■

## ***Me and Stiggs Painstakingly and Magnanimously Thank the Following People for Making This Issue Amazing as Well as Possible***

FIRST OFF, WE'D LIKE TO THROW A GIANT BERLIN WALL FLOODLIGHT of attention on **Dan Nelken** for doing such an exemplary job of taking the photographs. His superior ability to capture the thousands of different horrible shapes that our bodies and mouths were twisted into, especially Stiggs's, really brought us to life.

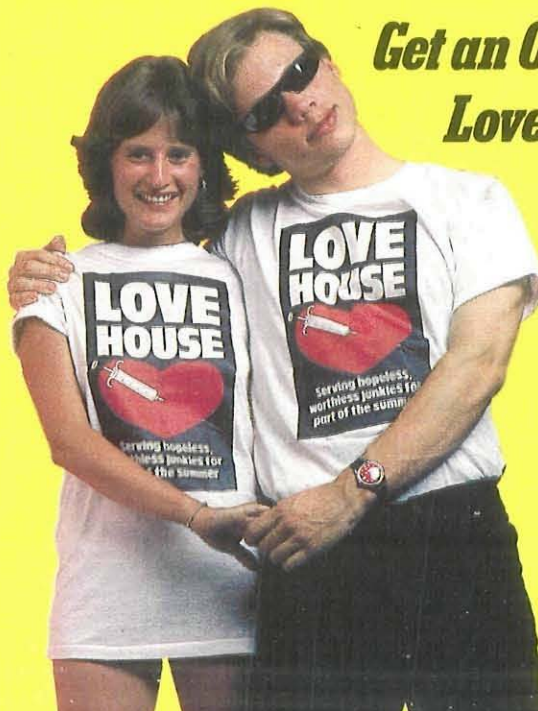
Second off, it's an item of complete zenith paramountcy to launch into unremitting Moslem-insaniac-style chanting and adoration hooting for **Kate Gallagher** for coordinating all the people, places, and things involved in this production, in conjunction with the general deification of **David Kaestle**, who directed the photography.

Third off, me and Stiggs are totally out of our fucking minds with gratitude and reverence for **Tod Carroll** and **Ted Mann** for making us up and writing this entire issue. Without them, we would probably be just ordinary goofballs with reasonable attitudes and not drunk.

When in the middle of nowhere in Ontario, Canada, be sure to stay at the Delta Meadowvale Inn, the amazing hotel where most of the stuff in this issue was written, in rooms 1001 and 1002, which are now roped off as exhibits.

# ***Serving Hopeless, Worthless Junkies for Part of the Summer***

## ***Get an O.C. and Stiggs Love House T-shirt***



Dear Sirs: I would like to order a Love House T-shirt because I sympathize with hopeless, worthless junkies exactly as O.C. and Stiggs do. Please find enclosed my check or money order for \$5.95 plus \$1.50 postage and handling (payable to *National Lampoon*) for each shirt ordered.

\_\_\_small \_\_\_medium \_\_\_large

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ (please print)

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

CITY: \_\_\_\_\_ STATE: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ to:  
National Lampoon Dept. NL1082,  
635 Madison Avenue,  
New York, N.Y. 10022



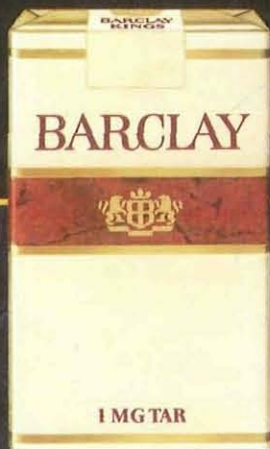
# Foto Funnies





Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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*99% tar free.*<sup>TM</sup>

*The pleasure is back.*  
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



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# Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

Sirs:  
The popularization of state songs is nothing new. For quite a while now, "Georgia on My Mind" has been the official song of the state of Georgia. This is the number later popularized by singer Ray Charles. Well, I don't know where you went to school, but where I come from, we learned our state song in grade school and sang it together in class. So now there will be a group of thirty grade-school children somewhere in New Jersey singing, "Strap your hands 'cross my engines." "Tramps like us," "It's a suicide pact," and "I want to die with you, Wendy, on the street tonight in an everlasting kiss." All in falsetto chorus.

Beatrice Carruthers  
Trenton

Sirs:  
The rest of the planet may be round, but the state of Kansas is flat. Believe me. Very, very flat.

Tommy Dillings  
Kansas City, Kans.

Sirs:  
My name is James Whitmore. You may have seen me in my series of one-man shows portraying Will Rogers, Harry Truman, Teddy Roosevelt, and,

most embarrassingly, Charo, in last year's *Give 'Em Goochie-Goochie, Charo*. However, I am not an actor—I am a severely disturbed schizophrenic who repeatedly assumes the personalities of famous people. Rather than curing me when this happens, my unscrupulous doctors send me out to do another one-man show. They receive a hefty share of the gate, while I remain their helpless slave, unable to... uh... We will fight them on the beaches. I have nothing to give but blood, toil, tears, and sweat. This was their finest hour.

Winston "Give 'Em Bloody Hell" Churchill  
On the road again

Sirs:  
I figured out a way to make an easy million bucks. I'm going to print up a bumper sticker that says IF YOU READ THIS, YOU OWE ME A DOLLAR. Then I'll slap it on the Buick and drive around until I pass a million people on the road. Sounds simple, but it might work!

Richie Dingman  
San Diego, Cal.

Sirs:  
It seems like almost nobody remembers anymore to hitch up their pants just before sitting down. Time was you wouldn't ever walk into a room without first reminding yourself to "pull up before you sit down." Nowadays people

just don't give a damn, I guess. It's sad that our insatiable lust for "progress" continually thrusts aside accepted social conventions. One is tempted to ask, where will it end? And while we're at it, how come women no longer smooth down the seat of their dress just before sitting? It used to give me such a thrill.

Tom House  
Bar Harbor, Maine

Sirs:  
There must be "fifty ways to make me taller":

*Get out the rack, Jack  
Eat a lot of soy, Roy  
Grow some more hair, Jer  
Buy elevator legs.  
Lower the doorknobs on your house,  
Klaus  
You don't need to discuss how  
Just wear thick socks, Jacques  
And walk on little pegs.*

Paul Simon  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Sirs:  
Did you know that all astronauts have tiny cocks? It's true. The reason is that spacecraft are very small and if an astronaut with a normal-size cock were to have a hard-on, his wiener would get crushed against the side of the spacecraft. One time I saw Frank Borman in a men's room and, I tell you, it was like "Is that a thimble in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?" Then recently I saw Neil Armstrong and the guy's cock was maybe half an inch long. So I asked him about it and he told me that all kinds of studs washed out of the program because they couldn't pass the little-cock physical. This is no bullshit.

Lee Neilson  
Houston, Tex.

Sirs:  
For God's sake, someone take pity on me and leave me out overnight, so I can die of exposure. I'm tired of growing to Bee Gees records, having *petit chablis* poured on my roots, and having people roll up my leaves to snort cocaine with. I just want to die with a little dignity.

An Areca Palm  
Captive in a groovy apartment

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 94)



"Learn to kick this ball between those posts and the Americans will make you rich."

Coming—  
A New National Lampoon  
Record Album

**"SEX, DRUGS,  
ROCK 'N' ROLL,  
AND THE END OF  
THE WORLD"**



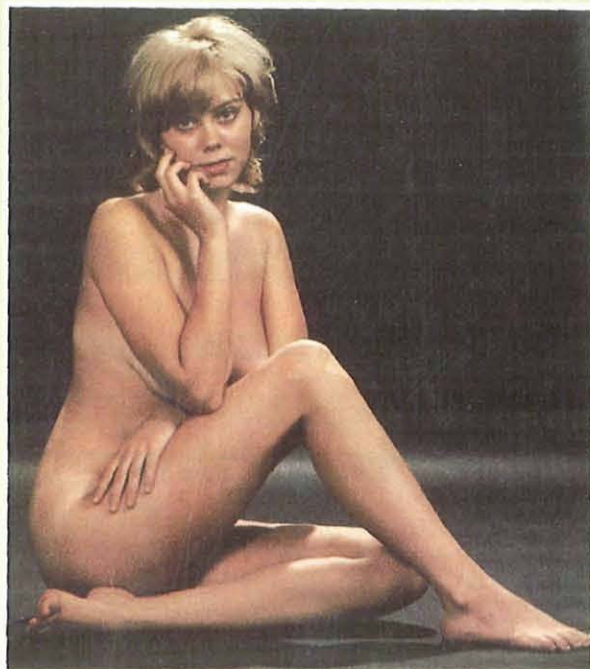
# By subscribing to *National Lampoon* you can help us settle a terrible argument between Mandy and Candy.

Mandy and Candy here have just had one of the most awful arguments you ever heard. Well, Mandy told Candy (they're both marketing experts with MBAs) that she could sell more subscriptions to *National Lampoon* by wearing lots of eye shadow and posing in wholesome outdoor surroundings than Candy could posing her way. Candy said, "Tell me another one!"

Candy says that modern men respond better to a sales pitch that features an attractive woman, wearing minimal

makeup, more coyly posed against a plain dark background. "Double phooey," says Mandy.

So it's up to you, the reader, to settle this argument by subscribing to the marketing technique of your choice. You can also save money, but that's a minor point outlined on the coupon. So, please, subscribe today for the marketing MBA of your choice and help us settle this argument between two girls we're very, very fond of. Maybe then we'll get some peace.



**"I just know I'm right," says Mandy. "Fill out my coupon and help me really show Candy!"**

**Sirs:** As far as I'm concerned, MBA Mandy has the superior theory. Put me down for her.

Mail coupon to *National Lampoon*, Dept. NL 1082, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Make check or money order payable to *National Lampoon*.

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

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

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Sirs:** I go along with MBA Candy. In the acumen and marketing-strategy department she couldn't be more right. Sign me up.

Mail coupon to *National Lampoon*, Dept. NL 1082, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Make check or money order payable to *National Lampoon*.

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

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

**"Use my coupon to subscribe to *National Lampoon*," says Candy. "I've just got to put that Mandy in her place. She thinks she knows everything."**



# 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!

THE STORY: SLIGHTLY INJURED BY A TRUCK, DEIRDRE IS TAKEN TO A HOSPITAL. BLIND BOB GOES TO VISIT HER AND ENTERS THE WRONG ROOM, MISTAKING A MRS. WINOGRAD'S HEMORRHOIDS FOR DEIRDRE'S FACE. HE IS ELATED, BELIEVING THAT DR. THYME HAS SURGICALLY ERASED DEIRDRE'S HIDEOUS FEATURES. BLIND BOB CONGRATULATES HIM ON HIS SKILL. DR. THYME IS CONVULSED WITH LAUGHTER AT BLIND BOB'S FAUX PAS. MR. WINOGRAD OVERHEARS THIS AND SUES DR. THYME FOR \$500.00 FOR SLANDERING HIS WIFE'S HEMORRHOIDS.

THE WINOGRADS' ATTORNEY ADDRESSES THE COURT...

YOUR HONOR, I CALL DEIRDRE CALLAHAN!!!

YOUR HONOR, YOU HAVE SEEN A PHOTOGRAPH OF MY CLIENT'S HEMORRHOIDS - IF YOU WILL PLACE YOUR FINGERS UNDER THIS CHEESECLOTH BAG, THEY WILL TELL YOU JUST HOW HIDEOUS A FACE CAN BE - AND WHY WE SAY THAT TO COMPARE THIS HIDEOUS FACE TO MRS. WINOGRAD'S HEMORRHOIDS IS CRIMINAL SLANDER!

... HMMM, THE ONLY THING I CAN COMPARE IT TO WOULD BE AN ELEPHANT'S KNEE...



FOR THE RECORD, MR. VARGAS - AS PLAINTIFF'S ATTORNEY, WHAT DOES HER FACE FEEL LIKE TO YOU?



... IT FEELS LIKE THE INTERIOR OF AN ELEPHANT'S EAR, YOUR HONOR...



... COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE, HOW ABOUT YOU?



... IT FEELS LIKE... LIKE AN ELEPHANT'S TAIL, JUDGE...



BAILIFF, WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE TO YOU?



TO ME, JUDGE, IT FEELS LIKE AN ELEPHANT'S BELLY.



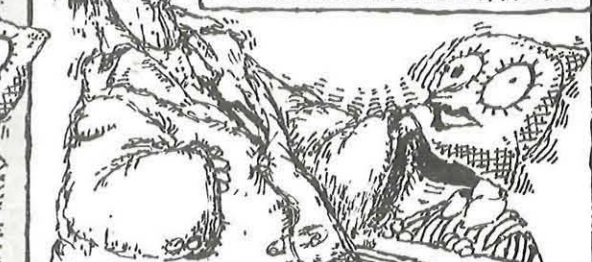
YOU THERE, THE BLIND MAN, HOW ABOUT YOU?



HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH.



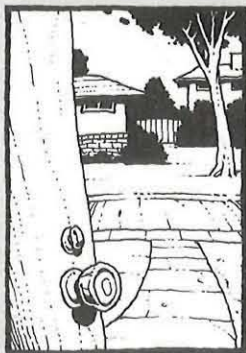
THOUGHT YOU'D KETCH ME, HANH? LOTSA PEOPLE TRIED, BUT YA' CAN'T FOOL THESE OLD FINGERS! HEH, HEH, HEH, THIS AIN'T DEIRDRE, IT'S MRS. WINOGRAD'S HEMORRHOIDS!



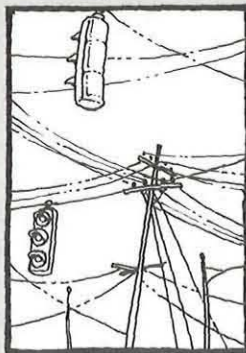


# Excursions: Out-of-doors

by Rick Geary



THIS MONTH: A VISIT TO THE OUTDOORS.



IT'S A BIG PLACE, SO WE MUST BE SURE WE KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING.



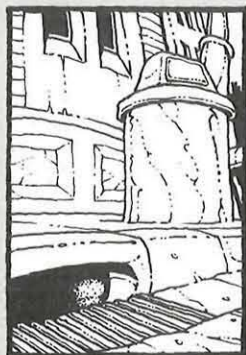
SPECIALLY MADE SHOES ARE OFTEN NECESSARY.



AND SOMETIMES EVEN SPECIAL COATS AND HEADGEAR.



CONDITIONS IN THE OUTDOORS, IN FACT, ARE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO PREDICT.



TWO SUGGESTIONS FOR THE OUTDOORS: WATCH WHERE YOU STEP...



AND TAKE ALONG A NOURISHING LUNCH.



THE OUTDOORS, I'M TOLD, COVERS MUCH OF THE EARTH.



DOZENS OF FOLKS ARE INJURED IN IT YEARLY.



MY INCLINATION IS TO VISIT THERE AS SELDOM AS POSSIBLE.

# Ward C

by Tom Cheney









# The Rabbit Boy

by Len Glasser

**CHAPTER 17**  
SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY.  
AFTER BEING TAKEN HOSTAGE BY REVOLUTIONARIES AND REPEATEDLY RAPED BY A "MALE IMPERSONATOR" KNOWN ONLY AS "THE AVENGER," BERT IS BEING HELD FOR \$1,000,000 RANSOM. HOWEVER, NO ONE HAS COME FORWARD TO PAY IT!

IN THE REVOLUTIONARIES' SECRET HIDEOUT.  
MAYBE WE OUGHT TO LOWER THE RANSOM PRICE.  
MMMFF.

MEANWHILE - BACK IN THE U.S.A.  
SOMEONE OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING.  
TRUER WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKEN, LLOYD!

WHILE BACK AT THE TERRORISTS' HIDEOUT...  
I LOVE YOU BUT DON'T TELL THE OTHERS OR YOU'RE DEAD!

AMERICANS MOBILIZE TO SECURE BERT'S RELEASE.  
WADDAYA SAY WE EACH PUT UP A BUCK?  
NORMALLY I'D BE GLAD TO, BUT...

GET MY CHECKBOOK, I'M PAYING THE RANSOM.  
WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS STRANGER?

THE CHECK ARRIVES  
IT'S A CHECK FOR THE RANSOM!  
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH A CHECK? YOU NITWIT!

FOURTEEN WEEKS HAVE PASSED SINCE BERT, THE RABBIT BOY, WAS TAKEN HOSTAGE SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY...  
WANNY DO NOT OPEN

ANGERED BY BERT'S CAPTIVITY, THE RABBIT WORLD PLANS A DARING RESCUE...  
ZIRKN FROTZK! ZWIPN! TWZP  
HIMGLITZ! TIZLPH FRIM! LOXGLN CALZONE FRIA  
ZHRTOZ! KPOZOO? OBR2UB  
2006L2

MEANWHILE: A PRIEST IS CAPTURED AND BROUGHT TO THE HIDEOUT  
WHERE AM I?  
SHADDUP AND MARRY US!  
MMMFF

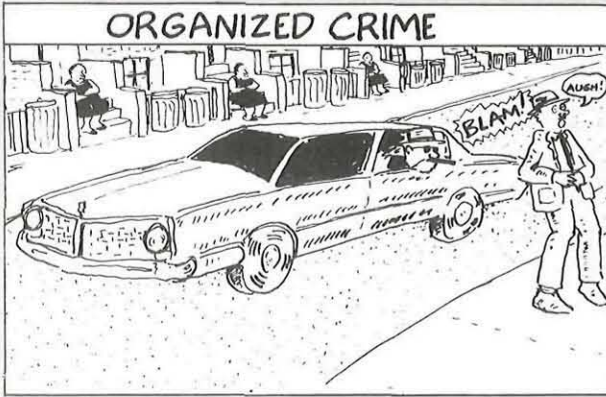
DO YOU TAKE (COUGH) "THE AVENGER" TO BE YOUR WIFE?  
AAAAH.

THE RABBITS FIND THE TERRORISTS' HIDEOUT IN A SHABBY SECTION OF HAMBURG!

FRHZO!  
XMFY!  
MLYT  
KXMF!  
SLASH  
CRASH  
WAA

ZIFFMN!  
MXFJ!  
SEE TO IT A RABBIT BOY IS BEING HELD FOR RANSOM  
WILL BERT RETURN TO THE FOREST TO LIVE WITH HIS RABBIT FRIENDS FOREVER?  
Len Glasser





Zeb Piker

by Hollinger



Aunt Mary's Kitchen

by M. K. Brown

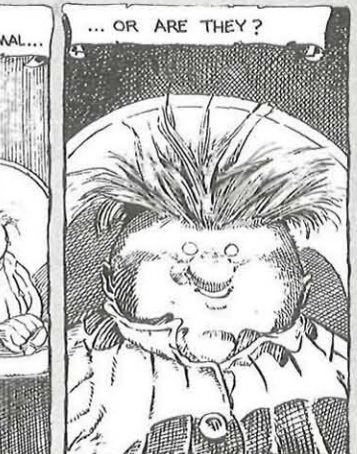
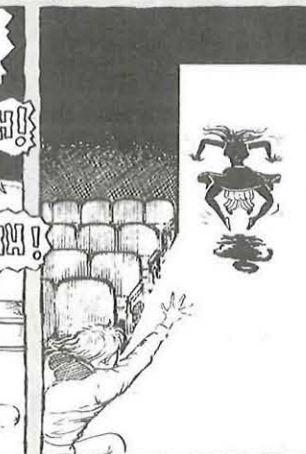
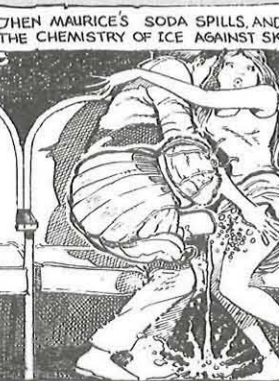
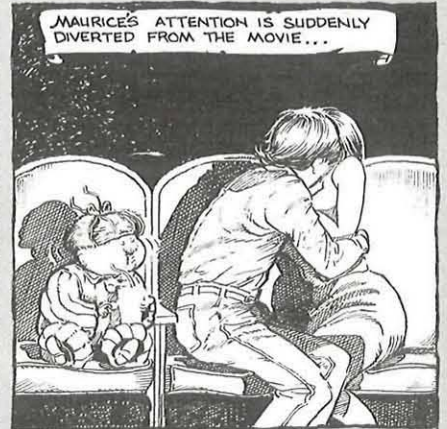


NEXT MONTH: JUST A LITTLE MORE OFF THE SIDES



# Timberland Tales

by B. K. Taylor





# Alive with pleasure!



© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1982

# Newport

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



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

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



# Make every day your Brut Day.



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

## Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85)

Sirs:

I have just invented the world's first time machine. Unfortunately, it's not quite perfect—it will travel only fifteen minutes forward or backward in time. The following portion of this letter will be written fifteen minutes in the future:

Boy, isn't this exciting? Not really, huh? There's not much else I can do—I can skip ahead in time to watch only the dirty parts of cable-TV shows, and I'm never late for a class, but that's about it. Maybe I'll just forget the whole thing.

Felix Poindexter

*Massachusetts Institute of Technology*

Sirs:

How many rock musicians does it take to screw in a light bulb? Five. One to screw it in and four to sit around backstage and do a lot of coke and stuff and then gang-bang a groupie.

Joey Adams  
*New York City*

PS. What's black and white and red all over? A bleeding punk rocker wearing black pants and a white shirt.

Sirs:

I have something terrible to reveal. No sooner did our Antivivisectionist League get a court injunction to stop people from cutting up live rats and pussycats than we discovered something even worse. It's fiendish, it's ghoulish, and it's widespread. Do you realize that right now, at this very moment, in hospitals all across this country, doctors are cutting up living people? Think about it. Not corpses, not stiffs, but *live human beings* are going under the knife *every day*. Well, that comes to a halt right now. What we'll do to these butchers will make the Nuremberg trials look like a Miss America pageant, and you can stake a year's supply of flea collars on that.

Jeremy Budgie

*Antivivisectionist League of America*

Sirs:

Hey! Listen to this! Me and my friends found this really cool way to have some laughs and get famous real quick too! Our town's cable-TV company has this extra channel they're not using? And they said it's okay for us to go down there on a Wednesday night and do our own show! And it's really cool, because we can do anything we want to and there's nobody looking over our shoulders like if we were on regular TV. And get this! We figure that when our show hits we're gonna have to beat

the chicks away with clubs, if you know what I mean! So far, all we have written is the title, but when you see the listing in *TV Guide* for "The Shitfaced Motherfuckers Show" be sure to check it out!

Matty  
*Bloomfield, N.J.*

Sirs:

Bad news. I just got back from the Philippines, where I learned, to my dismay, that the kid I've been sending all that money to has been using it for dope. Every day she goes out into the rice fields and gets loaded. Boy, am I disappointed.

Sally Struthers  
*Westwood, Cal.*

Sirs:

I take pride in my work. I win awards, for Cripes' sake. Look at this: I got the *Pietà*, the praying hands, Rodin's *The Thinker*... Are we talking carving, or what? Look, I got sports figures, I got entertainers. Here! Is this a bust of Elvis, or what? Here's another one, full figure... Look at the work on that guitar. You think I'd be making a fortune, right? Bullshit! Soon as people find out these're earwax, they put 'em down and run to another booth. I tell you, being a fucking genius is no piece of cake.

Barry Loughner  
*Couchsprings, Wyoming*

Sirs:

Never ask a rat for a light. Our research shows that most rats will appear to oblige such a request just so they can get close enough to bite your lip.

Federal Rat Research Commission  
*Washington, D.C.*

Sirs:

A couple of years ago, hair started growing out of my face. Then, last year, hair started growing underneath my arms. Now hair is growing near my private parts. Is this shit going to stop, or am I going to be a fucking gorilla by the time I'm sixteen?

Lance Dunbar  
*Aberdeen, S. Dak.*

Sirs:

In this topsy-turvy world where inflation seems hell-bent on destroying our financial resources, the wise investor seeks a prudent investment that will continue to increase in value no matter what outside economic conditions may be. May we suggest our portfolio of handsome abandoned refrigerators? These ancient Kenmores and Amanas have increased in value for seventeen consecutive years. We have all kinds of



models available, from tiny iceboxes suitable for storage in studio apartments to huge, 19.1-cubic-foot-capacity models you'd be proud to display in your den. Send now for our free catalog.

Arnold Dellis  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sirs:

There I was giving my weather forecast on a local Hawaiian radio station the morning of December 7, 1941, and I happened to mention that there would be a little nip in the air. Well, as you well know, it turned out there were a lot of little Nips in the air later that very morning. The guys around the radio station got a pretty big kick out of that one.

John "Storm" Weathers  
Hawaii

Sirs:

What is Herve Villechaize's favorite M&M? De plain! De plain!

Lori Mar  
Hollywood

Sirs:

My husband and I are both employ. I work as the clerk in the City Hall and my husband he is city dogcatcher. But this problem, every time we get in the bed to sleeping, I am find the different hairs in the sheets. My husband say this is unavoidable, because the nature his work is, and also of nature of animals, that they lose the hairs. Possible true, and this will make sense. But. Always is

a different kind hair in the sheets. One night it is the short brown hairs, next the long curly ones, then the straight red ones, and sometimes even the hairs with spots also. My husband says is the reason because that they stick to his clothes, the hairs. But this is no explain how they are in the bed, because he is never sleep in his uniform. Is all this natural and okay, or is he sick to make the bed hairy like this? Excusing myself now to go scratching the fleas.

Mrs. Hercules Salados  
Ogdensburg, N.Y.

Sirs:

Did you know that Steve Roper and I have been closet homosexual lovers for years and years now? If you missed it, you must be pretty dumb, you silly things. Like, notice how I never married Honeydew Melon, and something is always happening to Steve Roper's wife? Well, ta, you brutes. I've got a truck to drive, if you know what I mean.

Mike Nomad  
Still at  
Ma Jong's

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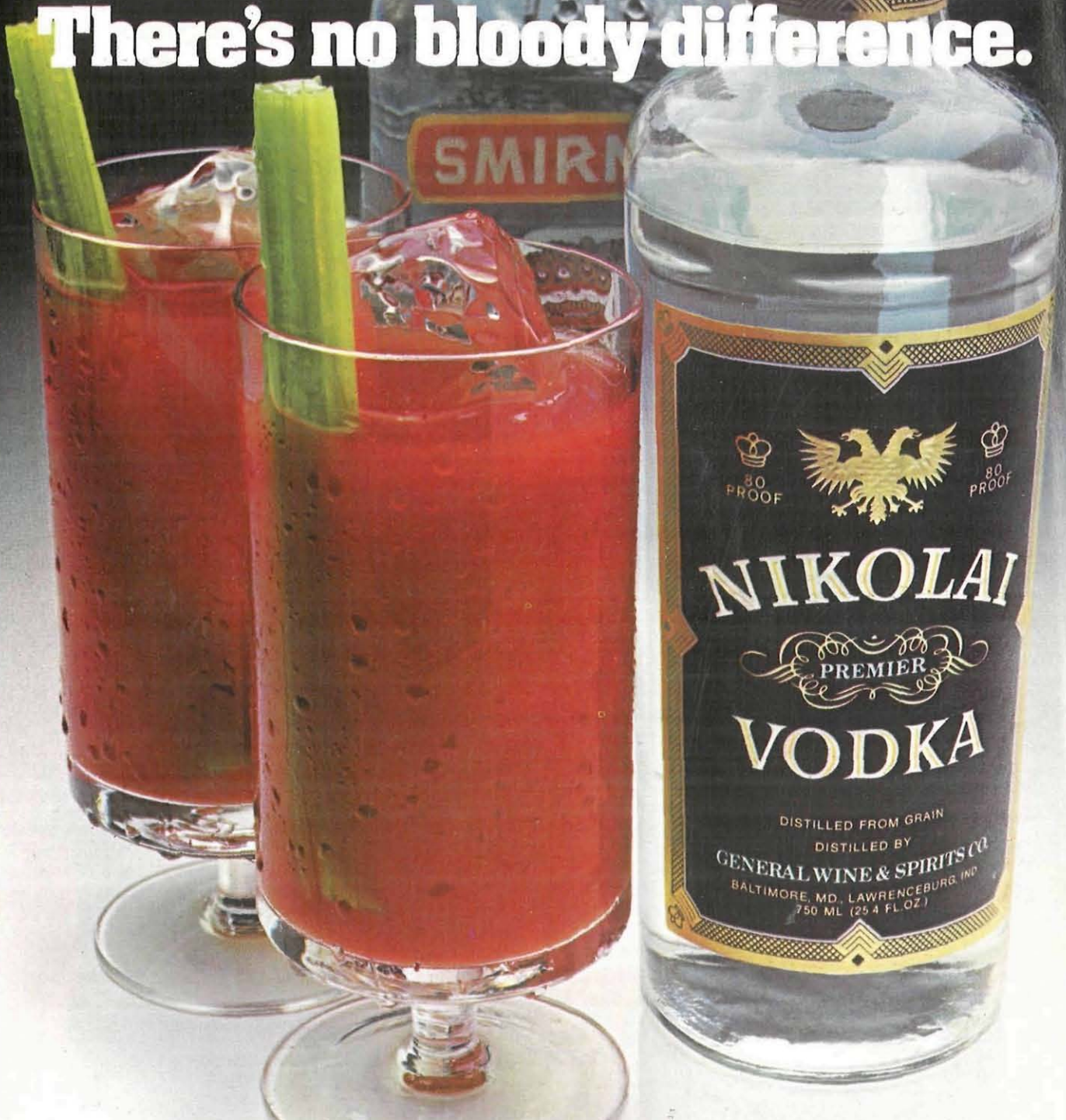


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both excellent. So next time you buy vodka, remember there's one big difference between Nikolai and Smirnoff. The price.

# NIKOLAI



# TRUE SECTION

## True Facts

**P**OLICE BOMB EXPERTS cordoned off a two-block area around the Kenmore, Ohio, home of John Call, fifty-four, while they dismantled what turned out to be a package containing paper, candle wax, wires, a battery, and a badly battered clock. Call had found what appeared to be a bomb ticking on his front porch. A police spokesman said that Call was particularly lucky that the device was not a bomb, because before calling police he had taken the package into his backyard and beat it with a bumper jack until it stopped ticking. *Akron Beacon Journal* (contributed by F. Nichols)

BLANDINE PIEGAY, FOURTEEN, OF LA Talaudiere, France, claimed that the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared to her on a Saturday afternoon in the kitchen of her home, saying, "Hello, my child, and good-bye, my child, until next Saturday." Since then, said the girl, Mary had appeared at regular intervals, at least thirty-two times.

After a Paris magazine reported the visions, some four thousand people gathered at Piegay's home to witness the next scheduled appearance. The girl told the pilgrims that if they wanted to see the vision for themselves they would have to look into the sun with their eyes open. Of those who complied with Piegay's instructions, dozens suffered serious eye damage, while others reported seeing pink clouds, smoke, a golden cross, and various floating objects. *National Catholic Reporter* (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

THE LOS ANGELES POLICE COMMISSION voted to curtail the use of certain choke holds used to subdue suspects after fifteen incidents of death involving the holds. Eleven of the fifteen victims were black, noted the commission, which also ordered an inquiry into the

police chief's remark that blacks may be more likely to die from the holds than "normal people." *AP* (contributed by Greg Renz)

A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD MAN FROM Birmingham, England, died of burns caused by a severe electric shock. The young welder, identified as Mr. Hayes, had apparently been drinking before he urinated off of a railroad bridge and onto a catenary wire carrying 25,000 volts of electricity. Officials speculate that the current traveled back up the continuous stream of urine, delivering the lethal shock to Mr. Hayes. *Birmingham Evening Mail* (contributed by M. J. Milne)

DISC JOCKEYS STEVE DAHL AND Garry Meier, on Chicago's radio station WLS, regularly ribbed their assistant, twenty-year-old Marcus Palmer, who weighed nearly three hundred pounds. When Palmer was scheduled for sur-

gery to remove his tonsils and adenoids, Dahl spent a week razzing him on the air, saying that if Palmer went into the hospital, he would die. To cap a week's worth of joking, Dahl and Meier made an on-the-air phone call to Cook County Hospital and were told along with their audience that Palmer "came through the surgery fine," but while he was still in the operating room he tore an oxygen tube out of his nose, stopped breathing, and suffered cardiac arrest. Palmer died two hours later. *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Dan Zellman)

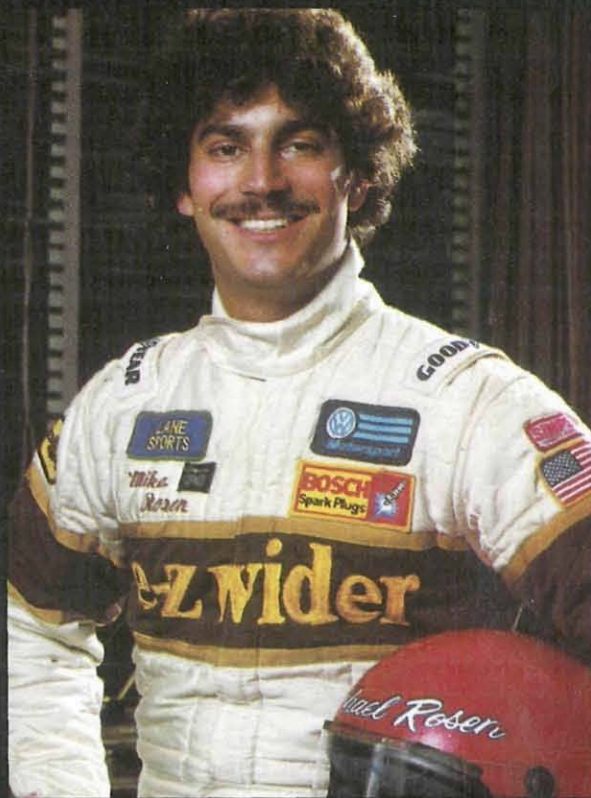
SPEAKING BEFORE PARLIAMENT IN Nairobi, Kenya, a government cabinet minister responded to charges that the nation's airline hostesses were ugly. "You should sympathize with them if they are ugly," said Minister of State G. Kariuki. "What do you want them to do if they are ugly? Do you want them to kill themselves?" *Reuter* (contributed by James Cryer)

## Photo for Thought



Dan Forbes, Visalia, Cal.





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**True Industry** Readers' Page



*Robert Marcus, Houston, Tex.*



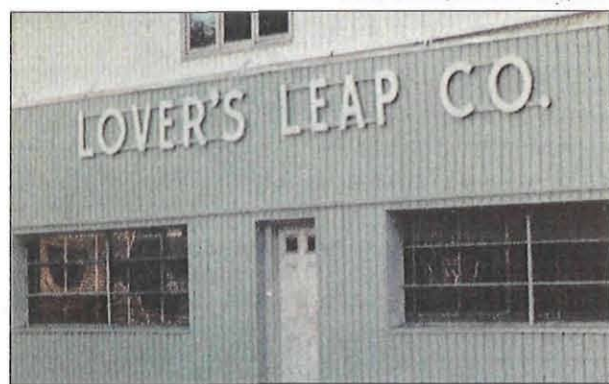
*Ed Perrin, Columbia, S.C.*



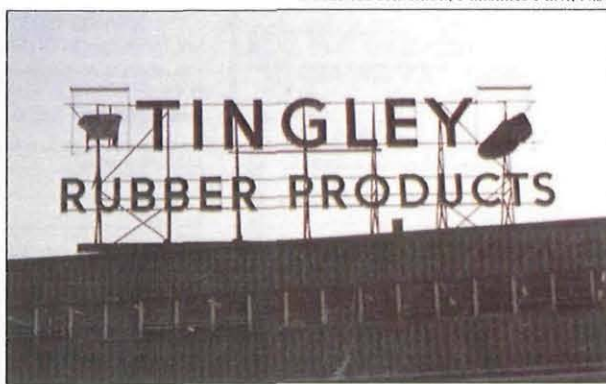
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75. I'M NOT PLAYING HARD TO GET, I AM HARD TO GET
76. NOW CAN I SAY I LOVE YOU WHEN YOU ARE SITTING ON MY FACE?
77. AN ELEVEN IS A 10 THAT SWALLOWS
78. SEX WITH ANIMALS IS BETTER THAN THE CHICK YOU'RE WITH
79. I MIGHT LIKE YOU BETTER IF WE SLEPT TOGETHER
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. WILD BEARD RIDES \$0c
84. I FUCK ON THE FIRST DATE
85. IF YOU ARE TRYING TO ACT LIKE AN ASSHOLE, YOU ARE DOING A GREAT JOB.
86. DROP YOUR PARTS, 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 FUCK.
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 FUCK HER WITH YOUR DICK.
94. I ONLY SLEEP WITH THE BEST!
95. DRUGS SAVED MY LIFE
96. SHIT FUCK 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 FUCK!
101. MY MOM THINKS I'M AT THE MOVIES
102. REALITY IS FOR PEOPLE WHO CAN'T HANDLE DRUGS
103. DON'T FUCK WITH MY REALITY!
104. HAVE A NICE DAY, FUCK SOMEONE
105. LIFE IS LIKE A SHIT SANDWICH THE MORE BREAD YOU HAVE, THE LESS SHIT YOU HAVE TO EAT!
106. IT'S SO FUCK'N GREAT TO BE ALIVE
107. I'M NOT AS THICK AS YOU STONED I AM
108. THE MORAL 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 FUCKER
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" I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR. FILM AT 11.



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5. I RODE THE MOUSTACHE (WITH ARTWORK)
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... HARPOON A FAT CHICK!
11. HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE!
12. FUCK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE

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13. NO FAT CHICKS
14. NO FAT DUDES
15. WE DIVE AT FIVE
18. WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW? THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO FODL AROUND.
19. NO TEENIE 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
82. I MAY NOT GO DOWN IN HISTORY, BUT I'LL GO DOWN ON YOUR LITTLE SISTER
63. HOW CAN YOU SOAR WITH EAGLES WHEN YOU WORK WITH TURKEYS?
64. YOUR CRITICISM IS GREATLY APPRECIATED, FUCK YOU VERY MUCH.
65. I'M A FUCKING GENIUS
66. FUCK OFF
67. LIFE IS A BED OF ROSES, BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE PRICKS
68. THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY IS LEGS, HELP HELP SPREAD THE WORD.
69. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO GO FUCK YOURSELF

70. I'M THE KIND OF GUY YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU ABOUT.
24. PARTY SIZE\*
25. 1800'S SLOW CARS—FAST WOMEN
26. I DO... BUT NOT WITH YOU
27. LOVE ME TILL I SCREAM
28. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
29. I'M FOR LUST
31. I WANT A MEAL NOT A SNACK!
32. ONE OF A KIND
33. DON'T LAUGH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLIND?
34. GO POUND SAND!
35. SCHOOL SUCKS!
36. ASK ME IF I CARE
37. SNOW BLIND
38. LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY.
39. TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT!
40. WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS
41. KART RACERS DO IT ON ALL FOUR.

- 38x. I ♥ KIDDIE PORN
- 1x. I ♥ TO GET DOWN
- 2x. I ♥ BEING #1
- 3x. I ♥ BEER
- 4x. I ♥ SEX
- 5x. I ♥ COCAINE
- 6x. I ♥ TO BULLSHIT
- 7x. I ♥ TITLES
- 8x. I ♥ LITTLE GIRLS
- 9x. I ♥ LITTLE BOYS
- 10x. I ♥ HEAD
- 11x. I ♥ FAST WOMEN
- 12x. I ♥ DRUGS
- 13x. I ♥ TO PARTY
- 14x. I ♥ MYSELF
- 15x. I ♥ FAST CARS
- 16x. I ♥ TO DICK
- 17x. I ♥ LONG LEGS
- 18x. I ♥ THE BIG ONE
- 19x. I ♥ BROOKE
- 20x. I ♥ DON'T ♥ ANYTHING
- 21x. I ♥ NEW WAVE
- 22x. I ♥ YOU
- 23x. I ♥ IT
- 24x. I ♥ MONEY
- 25x. I ♥ LUCY
- 26x. I ♥ ROCK
- 27x. I ♥ IT WET
- 28x. I ♥ TIGHT ASSES
- 29x. I ♥ FRIDAYS
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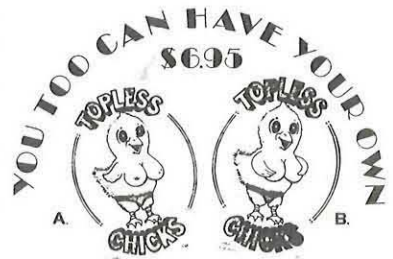
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IF YOU LIVE TO BE 100 — YOU'LL NEVER FIND AN EASIER WAY TO GET GIRLS ... BELIEVE IT OR NOT — IT'S TRUE!!!

# How To Get Girls Through Hypnotism!

Give Us 5 Days — And We'll Give You A New Modernized Method of Getting Girls  
That Works Like Nothing You've Ever Seen Before — Let Us Prove It

IT'S the newest ... most modern way of getting girls.

It's called *S/A Hypnotism*. And thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

*S/A Hypnotism* works. It works like nothing you've ever seen before. And we'll prove it.

We'll show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

It doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed. That's all in the past now.

## GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use *S/A Hypnotism*, you will have *one of the most powerful forces known to man* working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better ... much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: *"I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded.*

*I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.*

*I was quite lonely — to say the least.*

*Then I heard about S/A Hypnotism.*

*I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.*

*Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!*

*Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.*

*I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.*

*But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!*

*Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to S/A Hypnotism!"*

And now, you too, can learn to use *S/A Hypnotism* to meet, date and even seduce beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).



That's the kind of power *S/A Hypnotism* will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

## DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn *S/A Hypnotism*. There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls: Through S/A Hypnotism*.

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration) ... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use *S/A Hypnotism*.

## MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

*S/A Hypnotism* is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of *S/A Hypnotism* for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even *slept* with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund *and more*.

We will send you:

• 12 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

• 20¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)

• 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)

• 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)

• 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: *S/A Hypnotism* works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or *S/A Hypnotism*.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a *reliable, no-nonsense* method of getting girls; a method that will work *anywhere, anytime* ... maybe you should give *S/A Hypnotism* an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

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404 Park Ave. So.,

New York, NY 10016

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 12 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls: Through S/A Hypnotism*.

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund *and more*.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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# Contest #13

## Who will be this year's Mr. October?

**W**HEN THE WEATHER'S HOT 'N' sticky, that's no time for dunkin' dicky. But when the frost is on the pun'kin, that's the time for dicky dunkin'!" That's folk poetry, folks. And it reminds us all that it's that time of year when one lucky individual will become Mr. October '82!

Can you guess? Why delay? Send in your entry today. The winner will receive a *National Lampoon* Black Sox baseball cap, personally autographed by our entire softball team. Important: You must fill this in *before* the World Series! All entries that arrive here after the World Series will be null and void.

My nominee for Mr. October is \_\_\_\_\_

Send to:

Mr. October  
*National Lampoon*  
 635 Madison Avenue  
 New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_



Mr. R. Jackson



Mr. V. Price



Mr. E. Asner



Mr. M. Amsterdam



Mrs. M. Fenwick



Mr. J. O'Lantern

**Lady Luck banks Kansas lad with her wand!**

Chuck Robinson of Manhattan, Kansas, has been randomly chosen as the winner of *National Lampoon* Contest #9 ("Match the Mouthpiece to the Case Load"). By this time he should have received his prize, a slime-o-romance novel with a depression quotient of 99 percent.



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Ultra Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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

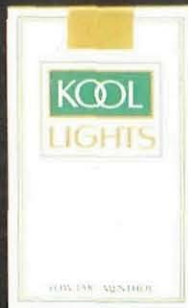
A black and white photograph of a man with a beard and long hair, wearing a dark jacket over a plaid shirt, playing a trumpet. The background is dark and textured.

# There's only one way to play it...

Wherever the music is hot,  
the taste is Kool. At any 'tar' level, there's  
only one sensation this refreshing.



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