

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

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Raging Controversy!

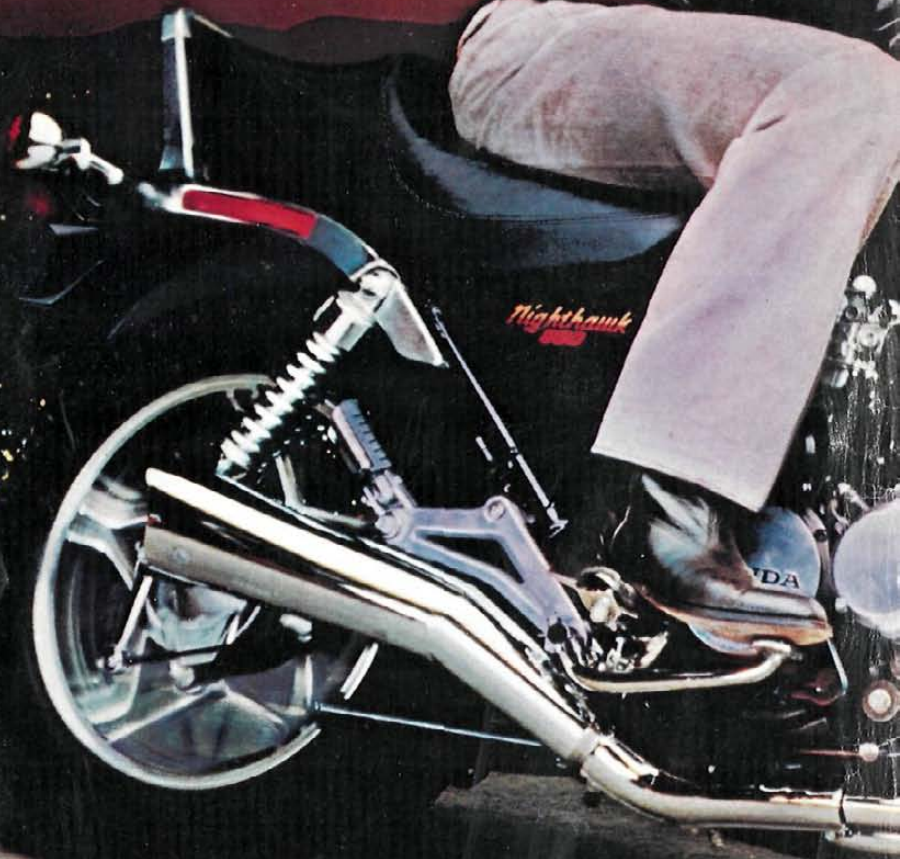


**Bag it,
Kimberly—
I disagree
to the
max!**

**Like, the
government's
nuclear evacuation
plans are totally
barfed out,
unworkable, and
mega-stupid—
I am so sure!**



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Introducing a motorcycle that can take you through a quarter-mile very quickly.

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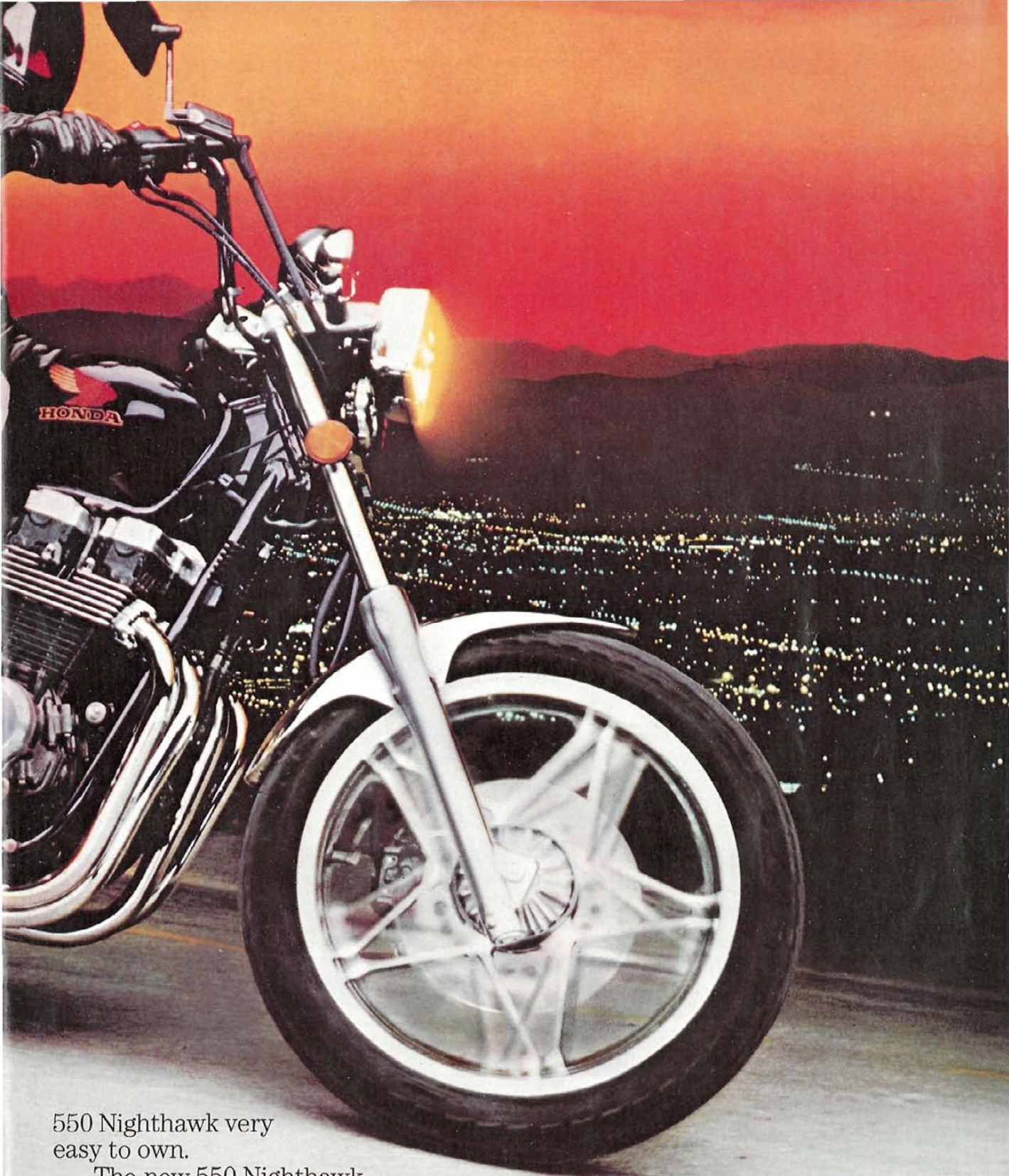
It's powered by a radically new engine. An extremely compact, smooth in-line four that delivers an incredible 64 horsepower†, and unbelievably

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550 Nighthawk very
easy to own.

The new 550 Nighthawk.
Ride one and find out how
far motorcycling has come in
12.4 seconds.

HONDA
FOLLOW THE LEADER

February 1983
Vol. 2, No. 55

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Contest #17**

By Ted Mann

INTRODUCING A TURNTABLE THAT KNOWS A GOOD SONG WHEN IT SEES ONE.

In the history of recorded music, there have probably been one... maybe two people who liked every song on a record.

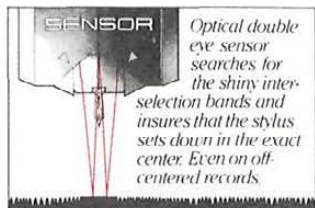


If you're not one of them, chances are you'll take an immediate liking to the new Pioneer PL-88F turntable.

It's programmable.

Which, simply put, means that your index finger can now spare your ears from a less-than-favorite tune. Just push a button or two, and the turntable will play only the cuts you select. And skip right over the ones you don't.

Of course, before you know what order to play them in, you'll want to know what order they're recorded in. And for that, there's Index Scan, which plays the first ten seconds of each cut.



What makes this turntable so smart?
A brain.
A tiny microprocessor that works in

conjunction with an optical double eye sensor. The sensor actually "reads" the record grooves to carry out the commands you've programmed into the turntable.

That same microprocessor even makes the PL-88F smart enough to improve your recordings. A

special deck-synchro system sees to it that the tape deck is placed in the pause mode whenever the turntable tone arm lifts off the record.



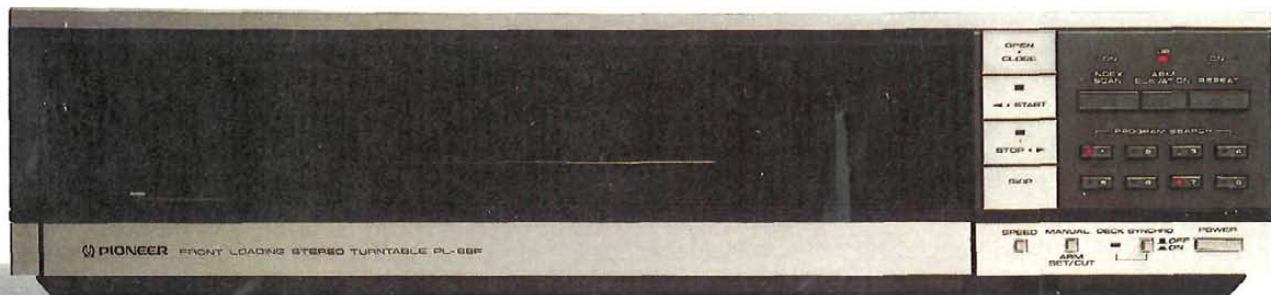
At the touch of a button the PL-88F's platter glides out. Drop a record on, push the button again and the platter retracts and starts to play automatically.

(Providing that you're smart enough to use a Pioneer Auto Reverse Tape Deck.)

Of course, the most impressive part of the new PL-88F turntable comes when you put on your favorite record, sit down in your favorite spot, relax and do something you've probably been too busy to do with your ordinary turntable.

Listen to music.

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Because the music matters.



8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81.



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

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Where a man belongs.



Camel Lights. Low tar. Camel taste.

8 mg tar.

editorail

HELLO, MY NAME IS L. Dennis Plunkett and I'm your new editor-in-chief. Like the first editors of the *National Lampoon*, I'm barely out of school; unlike the first editors, I'm not dead or worth millions in real estate. I'm just a guy with the usual sort of education (Harvard, 1976-77; Brown, 1977-78; Columbia, 1978; University of San Diego, 1979-80; Mississippi State Teachers College at Hattiesburg, 1980; Autonomous University of Guadalajara, 1981) and the usual sort of attitudes (love helicopter gunships, hate pain). I don't have any radical plans to change the magazine. Except for changing it to a gushing quarterly literary and art journal with a cover price of eight dollars that gradually evolves into a women's magazine and then, after a few years, ends up as a small daily newspaper, probably in Hawaii.

I say "probably" because I've never been to Hawaii and hate to commit before I know more about the place. I mean, really *know* the place, not as a tourist, but as something more substantial, like an indentured cane-cutting stoop laborer, for example. Just me, my blade, and my cane. Well, obviously,

someone else's cane, but when I'm toe to toe in the field, slashing, hacking, snapping thick, tall stalks to the ground as if they were criminals—at that moment, it's *my* cane. Especially if one of the beautiful brown women of the region is nearby. "Have a stick," I tell her. "I got plenty more where that came from."

"You big hooka-hooka freeholding cane master?" she responds shyly, confidently gnawing the tip of the five-foot stalk I've just thrown her. I give her an arrogant curl of the lip and begin to nibble the other end. Inch by inch, the sap and sinew of the yellow-white shaft between us disappears down our throats, drawing our faces closer...closer still...four feet apart...now a little bit less than four feet...an hour later, even closer than that, almost three feet...two...still chewing...one...the sun goes down...it comes up...three inches...two... We tumble in a lather of sugar and black volcanic dirt. "I've got this humor magazine I'm thinking of converting to a women's magazine and then a small newspaper." I whisper to my swarthy soul mate in an arrestingly low register. "You may have heard of it—*National Lampoon*."

"That's pretty funny malookazine."

she says. We're in love. Which reminds me, Valentine's Day is coming up. I suppose that means there should be some kind of heart piece in this issue. Maybe, but not while I'm in charge. "Give me hard, acrid, hot, timely, adzelike real-politik PLO sitcoms and Phlegmish painters who paint with phlegm," I said. "And redesign the magazine while you're at it. Make the headlines real big and at forty-five-degree angles, and give me twelve pages of Catalina swimwear at the Acropolis, just for fun. I'm L. Dennis Plunkett." ■

Cover: This month's award winner was photographed by **Bernard Vidal** (clothing courtesy Fiorucci, Suzuya, and Alexander's, New York). Tod Carroll and Ted Mann refuse to claim the accolades due them for the sterling idea, but such is not the case with **Jim Parkinson**, gifted letterer, whose able rendering of our logo has graced each month's cover (not to mention countless disposable lighters doled out by *National Lampoon* sales reps everywhere to anyone with even the slightest influence over advertising dollars aimed at The Young Male Market) for almost a year now, uncredited. Jim's a real nice guy, and hasn't complained once. Till now.—M.G.

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VIDEODROME

First it controls your mind

**A
SHOCKING
NEW
VISION**



Then it destroys your body

PIERRE DAVID and VICTOR SOLNICKI Present A DAVID CRONENBERG Film "VIDEODROME"

Starring JAMES WOODS SONJA SMITS and DEBORAH HARRY as NICKI

With PETER DVORSKY LES CARLSON JACK CRELEY LYNNE GORMAN

Special Makeup RICK BAKER Associate Producer LAWRENCE NESIS Produced by CLAUDE HEROUX

Executive Producers VICTOR SOLNICKI and PIERRE DAVID Written and Directed by DAVID CRONENBERG

A FILMPLAN INTERNATIONAL II Production A UNIVERSAL Release [Read the Zebra Book]

PRODUCED WITH THE PARTICIPATION OF THE CANADIAN FILM DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION AND FAMOUS PLAYERS LIMITED

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STARTS JANUARY 28th AT SELECTED THEATERS

LETTERS
3/8/7

SIRS: I HAVE A REALLY GOOD idea for a cheap new way to get your mail overnight. Winos will do anything for a quarter, right? So when you have a really important letter that has to be there the next day, what you do is, you go down to your local skid row and give it to a wino, give him really good directions, and give him a quarter. This could put Purolator out of business, don't you think? I'm going to call it Night Train Express Mail.

Dick Van Dyke
Drying out at Carl Reiner's

Sirs:
How many of you went to high school? Anybody here ever been on a date? Raise your hands if you've ever watched television.

A Bad Comedian
The Comedy Store

Sirs:
The best way to disarm the Russians is to project a giant video image of a girl's vagina onto the moon. When the Russians run out of their factories and missile bases to gawk at the mysterious moon pussy, we'll sneak in and remove their weapons, and those Russians will be caught with their pants down in more ways than one! Believe it or not, they pay me huge amounts from your tax dollars to come up with stuff like this.

A Strategist
The Rand Corporation

Sirs:
How do you keep an elephant from charging? Shoot his fucking legs off.

Marlon Perkins
Omaha, Nebr.

Sirs:
This is just a friendly reminder before graduation, as we wish to avoid the unpleasantness that marred last year's ceremony. Your mortarboards are not to be used as Frisbees directed at the head of the district superintendent. During the singing of our national anthem, we

would appreciate it if you do not play kazoo's in a discordant attempt at accompaniment. Please be sure to wear something underneath your graduation gowns, so we can keep the police department out of the proceedings. Your cooperation in these matters would be appreciated, you totally amoral, out-of-control, spoiled little bastards.

Melvin Goldberg
Your Principal

Sirs:
Is a dork always a bad thing to be, or are there good dorks and bad dorks? What about geeks? Is geek bad? Or bimbo, what's a bimbo? I'm getting called these words rather a lot lately, and I was wondering if it means something.

Jeanne Kirkpatrick
United Nations

Sirs:
I drink, I smoke, I take drugs. I guess you could say I live life to the fullest.

A Schmuck
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
Maybe the Jews really are God's chosen people. I mean, he not only gave 'em Israel, but I was on the East Coast last week and it seems God gave 'em New York, too. You don't suppose he gave 'em Texas, do you? There's been a lot of short, funny-lookin' people

walkin' around my ranch lately, talkin' about some hollow-cast. What's a hollow-cast? Is it like a spin-cast or a dry-cast? They don't look like fishin' types, and there ain't no water here anyhow.

Wayne Drygulch
Abilene, Tex.

Sirs:
You always see folks in wheelchairs who go twenty-six miles and then claim they've run a marathon. Well, the damn gimps haven't run anything. They've just rolled twenty-six miles, and I for one don't give a shit.

Alberto Salazar
Eugene, Oreg.

Sirs:
The U.S. Postal Service is pleased to announce the issuance of a commemorative stamp honoring prostitution. It costs twenty cents, but it's an additional ten cents if you want to lick it.

Postmaster General
Washington, D.C.

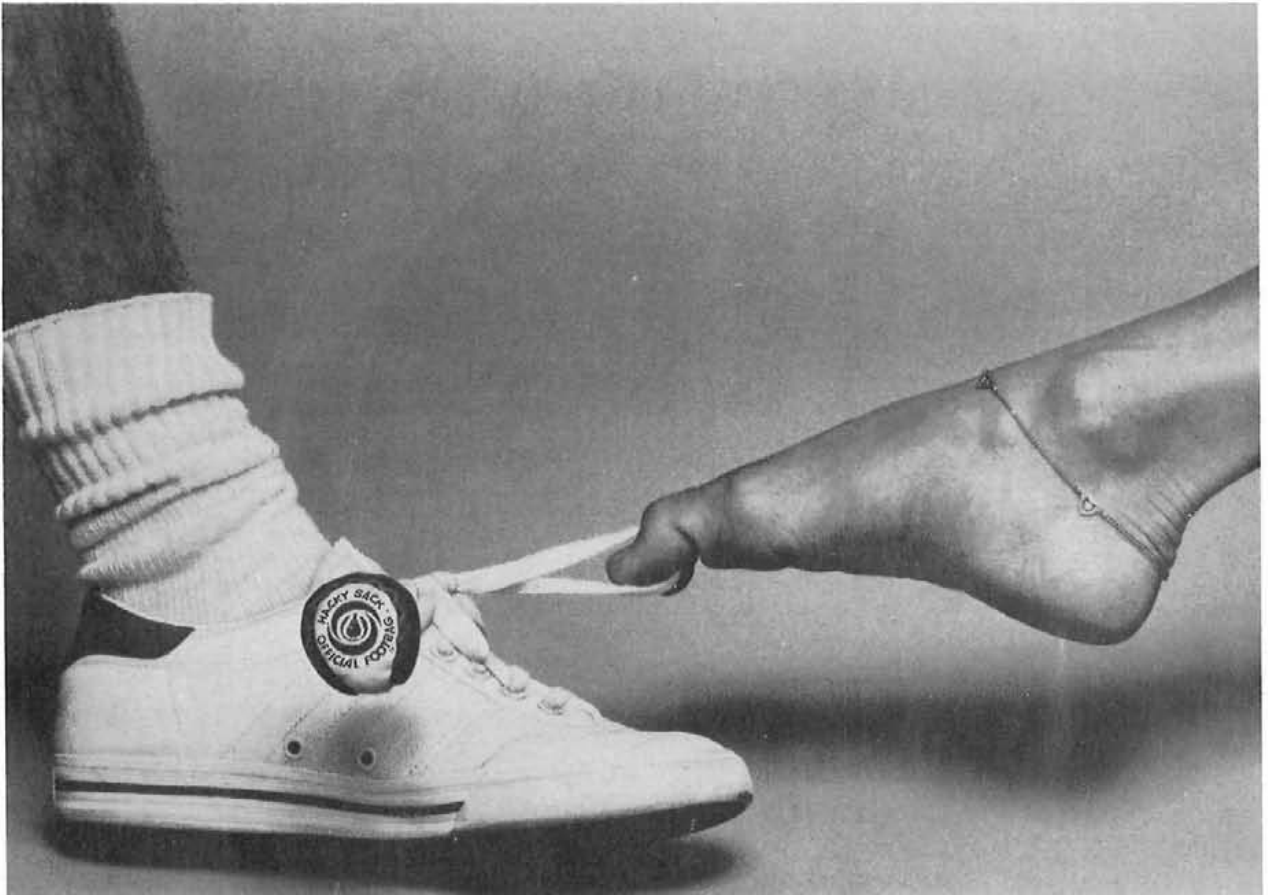
Sirs:
I fail to see how we will ever be able to establish a meaningful dialogue with the Russians, because: (a) the assholes don't speak English, and (b) I, for one, refuse to stand up at a summit meeting and gargle like a blender full of bananas.

A. Diplomat
Washington, D.C.



"When the doctor told us you were fading fast, we all ran home and committed suicide so that we could surprise you here!"

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Introducing the Hacky Sack® footbag and footbag games. Be it for fun or fitness, our footbag games are becoming a popular recreational pastime and one of America's fastest growing sports.

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Sirs:

We all know the economy sucks, so the question is, what are we going to do about it? I suggest we all lower our standards. I've written a number of articles on the subject. Among these are Ten Meals You Can Make for Under Two Dollars That Taste Like Shit, Sew Your Own Clothes and Look Like an Asshole, and Cheap, Shitty Places You Can Go on Your Vacation. Would you guys have any pull with the editor of *Family Circle*?

Ray Bramper
Indio, Cal.

Sirs:

Many mothers have asked me when it was that I suspected some kind of problem with the chemical dumps in the neighborhood. Well, it was a combination of things. Our top layer of skin kept coming off and clogging the drain in the shower. And my husband developed a real sick thing for the dog (which I haven't really forgiven him for yet). Finally, one afternoon Sally just burst into flame when she was playing in the creek over by the sandbox. Well, after that, I decided somebody had to find out what was going on.

No. I haven't gotten any satisfaction, although Dow Chemical has offered to put in bigger drainpipes.

Sandy Litotes
Frank's River, N.J.

Sirs:

Who is the guy who comes to get you at night? Is it the Bogey Man or the Boogie Man? Dizzy Gillespie and I have a bet riding on this.

Jack Nicklaus
Par Four, Fla.

Sirs:

There should be rules against allowing people to gamble while they're drunk. We all know that drunk driving can be deadly, but drunk gambling can be just as fatal to your pocketbook! I speak from personal experience.

Broke and Busted in Vegas

Sirs:

Are we going to allow the ravings of a few hysterical individuals from a fringe element to hinder the rights of all Americans to gamble drunk, with dignity, if they so choose, especially in my casino? Remember, an America free to gamble drunk is a *strong* America. Say YES to

drunk gambling! It's part of our national heritage.

Wayne Newton
Las Vegas

Sirs:

Would you trust a man who's forty-three and still puts on his mustache with a pencil? I say drunk gambling is a disease, and the following measures ought to be enacted right away: (1) Heavy fines for gamblers caught with blood-alcohol readings over .08 percent. (2) Air-cushion bags to prevent inebriated gamblers from crashing their faces into roulette wheels. (3) No gambling for anyone over sixty-five. (4) No gambling for anyone under sixty-five. (5) No gambling, period. Individuals must be protected from themselves. I speak from personal experience.

Broke and Busted in Vegas

Sirs:

Look, would the guy who sang "Danke Schön" lie to you? Drunk gambling is good for you. The problem is really *food*. Food interferes with drunk gambling in the worst way, sobering you up and making you overly cautious so you start worrying about teensy little



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things like money, so that you're put in a highly stressful situation. Alcohol relieves that health-threatening stress, and I say we should put a stop to the consumption of food during gambling by taking the following steps: (1) Mandatory alcohol consumption for anyone with a blood-protein level over .05 percent. (2) Sequence-combination locks on slot machines, so that if you're sober enough to press the buttons in the correct order, the machine won't accept your coins. (3) Seat belts at all gambling tables so that nagging wives won't be able to drag away innocent drunk gamblers. (4) No food served in gambling establishments. (5) No religious nuts allowed in gambling establishments in Las Vegas. (6) No broke or busted people allowed in Las Vegas, period.

Wayne Newton
Las Vegas

Sirs:

Never leave an eggplant in the oven too long. If you do, don't leave it in till it explodes all over the inside of the oven. If that should happen, make sure you clean it the same day. If you're silly enough to forget, at least don't leave it in there while you go on a three-week

vacation to Hawaii. And if *that* happens, never, ever, open that oven door when you return from your vacation. Never. Take our word for it. Just get a new oven.

H. and L. Mathias
Vancouver, Canada

Sirs:

My kid brother just gave my pet turtle a bath in Mom's new pressure cooker, and I was wondering if anyone knows a good recipe for turtle soup. Or kid brothers.

Darryl McGuane
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

It was tough in Beirut while the Israelis were hitting us with scatter bombs, shrapnel bombs, and vacuum bombs, but the most terrible secret weapon of all was Uri Geller, the amazing Israeli psychic. Hardly a day would go by without Geller psychically bending our knives and forks out of shape, making it impossible to enjoy a decent lunch or dinner. During particularly savage attacks Geller would make our watches run backward, so that we were continually late for appointments and

even missed some meals altogether. Be warned! This was contrary to the Geneva Convention, and the United Nations will be notified of the violation.

Yasser Arafat
Chairman, PLO

Sirs:

I was laid off, so our family was unable to take our regular summer vacation. Usually we go to the mountains or the beach, but this year we decided to have our vacation right at home. We slept late, took the bus over to the municipal pool for a swim, ate at good local restaurants, visited the town park, and in general pretended we had spent all that money on a regular vacation. And you know what? It turned out to be the worst vacation we ever had.

Joe Taylor
Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

From now on, when you play the game Simon Says, you will have to pay me a royalty. I may be simple, but I ain't stupid.

Simon
Simpletonville

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23)



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To see a Wild Turkey rising from the forest floor is an awesome sight no man is likely to forget. The bird's wing-beats resound like thunder claps, and its feathers fan out in grand display.

The Wild Turkey is the largest native bird capable of flight and an apt symbol for America's greatest native whiskey—Wild Turkey.

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Brooke, Tatum, and Kristy on cute psychotic killers, the best funny sex costumes, and getting monkeys drunk.

Life with the Teen Starlets

BY KEVIN CURRAN

BROOKE SHIELDS: BROOKE. A mood. A star. A legend. Girl on the go, gal on the move, money in the bank, man on the moon. Owner of the world's largest privately owned collection of moon rocks, and things that rhyme with "pink." (Hockey rinks? Brooke's got four, including one stashed away in the Painted Desert.) How do you interview an angel, we thought, exiting the bus near her home. Put salt on its wings till it crashes back to earth?

We all know the public Brooke, cute as a button, but less round and considerably larger. Yet there's a Brooke whose babblings we can hardly fathom without knowing the tragedy in her life—the death of Big Bird, well-known aviary inhabitant, frequent escort at Big Apple soirees, and perhaps her best friend in the business known as "the business."

"For consolation, I turned to the writings of Dwight D. Eisenhower," Brooke declares, "another large-boned biped struck down in his prime." Brooke finds the golf parts the most consoling in the general's twin opi, *My Life* and *Ready, Set, Go Goofy!*, though admiring *The Boom-Boom Stories* for their literary merit.

Brooke, vivacious in tan slacks and matching body, clowns to help us relax. Putting on the funny ears. Israeli nose, and elongated floppy shoes of her Vegas

revue, she cracks jokes and knuckles while juggling Mom's priceless dinnerware.

"And so he says, 'How'd you know I wanted cream in my coffee?'" Six hours, a gravy bowl, three gin glasses, and a small grease fire later, the fun ride on the Brooker-coaster has yet to stop. Sedating her intravenously proves the ticket, and soon the nimble teen, seated

beneath the photojournalist's standard high-intensity lamps and whirling hypno-disc, warms to our questions.

"My favorite flying animal to imitate during sex adventure is the 'bowser.' I have never been one for costumes of an outlandish nature, yet a simple seventy-nine-cent 'Bouncing Bowser' Bulldog mask, found in many Circle K convenience stores toward the approach of Halloween, has in the past given me great pleasure."

Brave talk for one so young, but it's a brave girl who slumps across from me, carefully cutting the crusts off sandwiches "to donate to the Insect Drive as softball diamonds for needy potato bugs."

"May I have some more Secondals and doughnuts?" she demurely questions as we wolf down cheese bunnies (a special Brooke treat made with "cheese, eggs, toast, and, let's see, cheese"). The gorgeous eyes cross se-



*Alive
with pleasure!*
Newport

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1982



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

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar",
1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report December 1981.

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

ductively and moistened lips part, fuzzy tongue uttering the words that let you know she'll soon be a woman: "Pennsylvania is the state and penicillin the drug, right?"

"You know," she continues, feeling her head for bearings. "I'm glad we're not living in a communist land where they make you bounce up and down on barbed wire before you get a breakfast of poorly made tools and auto parts."

To emphasize her ideological position, Brooke jumps up and down on the couch, snagging imaginary wrenches and fan belts from the air, gobbling them down in a nonce. Having offered her view on the outcome of Marxism, she shows us a more personal side.

"I always sew buttons on my socks so I'll have Sock Puppet pals on all day long." Shoes sail into the air, and soon Biffy the left foot and Mr. Toestoyevski the right have launched into an impromptu presentation of *The Iceman Cometh*. "I love O'Neill," the Brooke declares, preening wisely. "Nobody wrote better for feet."

"Wheree...Jiffy Pop time!" Brooke's exultant cry is tempered by the fact that she has accidentally lit herself on fire once more. "Smoking's for losers," she wails impishly. Not to worry. A few rolls

on the carpet and the flamboyant flames are extinguished, the tattered remains of a pink party dress giving Brooke the castaway look that's been wowing them since *Robinson Crusoe*. "My breasts are a sooty mess," she moans, post flambé. "These doughnuts are rubbery. Barf-a-roo."

"You know," she yells from a distance as I realize I've absentmindedly locked her out of the house. "I go on tons o' dates, but they're not always a lot of fun. Sometimes Mom makes me go just to be polite, like when Tanzania asked me out last Friday. I said, 'Mom, not another emerging nation low in industrial production, please! Like snoresville, right? But you know Moms.... Do you know how hard it is to find a reservation for 1.8 million people and several thousand wild goats in the L.A. area? We had to go halfway to Orange County. Cocktails and small talk about crop rotation—I mean, really. How socially uncool!"

Brooke purses her lips, concentrates, and soon retrieves a file from Brooke central.

"Girls who hang out with undersea creatures/Are not showing off good dating features! Tennyson," she declares, "and that's the name of that tune."

Next Brooke, as bouncy as a kitten shot from a rocket, recites a list of pet peeves. "Grouchy neighbors, loud or vulgar rocks, Tupperware sandwiches, dolphins who give someone a 'party girl' rep—scratch that last one..." Finally we get to the nitty-gritty, something that's been biting her britches for awhile—"lazy letters of the alphabet who act like they're on welfare or 'doped up.' I'm not naming names, but someones we'll call 'X' and 'Q' better get their act together before I call the president."

Any psychotic killer favorites? "I don't know. I guess John Wayne Gacy," she states, after only a slight hesitation. "He really liked to make people laugh."

Tatum O'Neal: Tatum. A word. A noun. A name. Short for "Tater," superstar dad Ryan's favorite breakfast dish. "He likes 'em half baked," says the pint-size, sawed-off, shoot-'em-up cowgirl. "Just like his kids."

Tatum is bold and brassy as a nail gun, with talent that can't take no for an answer. "Listen," she snarls, grabbing the photojournalist by the lapels with a little girl's insouciance and a truck driver's grip. "some of the months of the year are getting way out of line. I say we drop February and October and go with a year 306 days per. Pay off the birthday boys, grease the right palms, and the punks will never be missed!" She pounces on a ringing phone like a cleaning lady on a quarter. "Plutonium? Naw, fresh out—for you guys. Bring some real blatin' bucks and we'll talk turkey—turkey." Slamming down the receiver, she is once again very much the little girl. "No one plays fair," she pouts. "Let's go get some monkeys drunk and watch 'em fight."

The drive down Sunset provides an apt occasion for a session of "mooning" and a resultant slice of the Tatum philosophy. "This really blasts the phonies and the queers," she beams, readjusting her Levi's. "It gets 'em where it really hurts."

Minutes later we are in the exclusive Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel, downing 'tunis with fourteen specially selected "Jungle Darlings"—chimps who howl, scream, and bare their teeth as unobtrusive, formally dressed waiters force bottles of wine down their throats. "Chuggin' chimps!" bellows Tatum, nearly busting a gut with glee. "What's funnier than a drunk monkey? A dozen drunk monkeys!" And if you like your bar noisy and your drinks spilled on the floor, she might just be right. The alcohol-crazed simians are soon knocking over tables and other diners in their bloody, foaming frolic. Hurling bowls



"Oh, thank God! It's Batman!"

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Frog logo
by cartoonist
Sam Gross

of the Polo Lounge's justifiably famous chili seems to only further enrage the beasts. "Let's blow this popcorn stand!" snickers Tatum, handing over Pop's Visa to pay for the damages.

Her favorite Halloween costume to don when feeling lovey-dovey? "That's my own business," snarls America's heartthrob, adding, however, that "the Flintstones might be a fair guess." Wilma? Betty? Perhaps that lovable dog-osaurus Dino? "You're so far off it's not funny," sighs Ryan's hope, startling passersby with a loud "Yabba-dabbado." "Say ace," she croons, whapping the photojournalist's nose lightly but firmly with a rolled-up newspaper. "Let's go to that new Swedish South Seas restaurant, scarf down some flaming meatballs with tiki-tiki sauce, and have a few drinkaroos."

Grabbing tight onto the photojournalist's earlobe later at Trader Johann's, Beverly Hills' latest, she gingerly offers a confidence.

"It's tough being a stacked babe in this town. Men just want one thing—to fuck my dad. Har, har, just kidding."

We gently guide the conversation toward mad-dog killers who rip out organs and such from their unfortunate victims. Any faves? Son of Sam? The Zodiac Killer? Charles Manson?

"Chuckles? Forget it. Gone. Forgotten. Nowhere. In the dumper. Out to

lunch. Stuff it, stamp it, and send it out fourth-class. No way, no how, no where. I'll take Gary Gilmore any day. Look, there's Pia Zadora coming down the slip 'n' slide. Hey, Jugs, how they hangin'?"

Finding the men's room window expendable, we took leave for our next appointment.

Kristy McNichol: Kristy. A sigh. A scent. A smell. A girl who collects anecdotes about spring and construction-accident clippings. A tragic childhood in Seattle where all she collected was dust and bile when unknowing parents mistook her for a radiator, plopped a metal shelf over the top, and proudly displayed photo-cube pictures of more favored brothers and sisters.

"I wanted to cry, to sing, to let off a little steam," recalls the older, wiser, colder Kristy. "But all I received were periodic knob adjustments or the cruel feel of a coffee cup across my bars and the sound of 'Hey, screw' when Daddy and everyone played Family in Prison." A wistful look passes over the androgynous face of the girl hailed by some as "the Kim Darby of the eighties."

Frustrated by the entire scene, Kristy fled to New York, land of overpriced restaurants and hip accountants. "I landed a job as a prop in a few non-Equity productions. But I was still so poor I had to rent food."

In time Kristy tired of living that way, too. "I took down my shelves and hanging plants, hopped on a bus, and headed out to L.A. Almost right away I got a few gigs posing as ice sculpture for Hebraica catered affairs. Then I did some pool cleaning. I was so naive I showed up during one of Chuck Heston's pool parties with a mop and a bucket of Windex to throw on the water. Nothing much happened, though, until I started twirling around in the Jacuzzi as a human sprinkler to cool off the crowd—which, to my surprise, really made them sit up and take dictation."

From there it was a hop, skip, and a lunge to a featured role in the TV series "Family." "Ironically," recalls Kristy, "the series originally focused on the madcap adventures of the Manson family."

"My own favorite psychotic killer? Jack La Lanne."

Next it was a return to the big screen for a role in a quickie summer drive 'n' drinker, *Teenage File Cabinets*. "When the sun goes down the files come out," Kristy winces, recalling the pic's suggestive ad campaign. "I mean, really. They made a nice good-time furniture flick seem like *Humiliated, Fucked Office Equipment* or something."

Then came a shot at the title role in *The Blue Lagoon*. "I said forget it—I want the girl's part. My agent backed me up one hundred percent. Did you know the lagoon itself is actually a glass of water standing on a milk carton?"

Kristy found herself in a duel with Brooke Shields for the role. "I thought I had a better read-through, but she won the cow-tilting contest hands down."

Any unusual garb when up for more than a good-night kiss?

"When I get gooey-gammed over some hunkbar I like to dangle popcorn balls on strings around the rooms in our house or that of a mutual acquaintance. When Thunderchops goes to grab it, I jerk the string so he follows around the corner. That's when he gets the big surprise—me dressed to the hilt as Mr. Peanut in black leather and spiked walking stick. Kinky, but cute."

Like Kristy herself. With the grit of a tooth-marked piece of tinfoil trying out for Miss Sexy Sandwich Wrap, Kristy has pursued her career to its climax—a starring role as Gemini Cricket in the big-budget *John Glenn Story*, set for lensing early next fall. From radiators to rocket ships, Kristy's journey has mirrored that of a generation. "It's all a sandwich come true," says Kristy, gobbling down a ham-and-Swiss on rye. As Hollywood has discovered, here's a girl who'll make her lunch and eat it, too. ■



"No, we don't collect Art Deco. We're just too poor to buy new furniture."

Th' First Presbyterian Bank o' Scotland

"Ye kinna save yer soul—but ye can save yer money"

QUESTION: WHO CAN I TRUST WI' MY MICKLE O' MONEY?
ANSWER: LET US JUST SAY, "WHO E'ER HEARD O' TH' SACK O' EDINBURGH?"



Typical day in Edinburgh's business district, headquarters o' th' First Presbyterian Bank o' Scotland.



A business day in Rome should na inspire confidence in a canny investor.

Sacked by:	Scotland	Rome
Goths	No	Yes
Vandals	No	Yes
Burgundians	No	Yes
Carthaginians	No	Almost

SECURITY

Deposits in th' First Presbyterian Bank o' Scotland are protected by huge hairy-legged clansmen, who scant years ago were squatting in smoky caves gnawing on th' warm organs o' travelers and listening t' a savage music played on their victims' hollow thighbones. Their diet o' fermented porridge brose has doubled their vigilance and ferocity. Armed



with powerful teeth, th' very grinding o' which is enough to deter most thieves, they supplement this weaponry with th' claymore, an exploding sword used for perimeter defense in Vietnam.

Deposits in other banks are "prrrrotected" by such dainty wee laddies as this "Swish" guard. These fellows lack th' backbone to walk th' woods unaccompanied by huge drooling two-toned dogs, and they are so feeble that they force th' dogs t' carry liquor casks for them, from which they continually sip t' fortify what little courage they hae. Th' First Presbyterian Bank o' Scotland would na entrust such fellows t' guard dead rats.



STATEMENTS

Th' First Presbyterian Bank o' Scotland issues statements every month. Th' Roman church banks issue statements "periodically"—and take a look at yon statements.

Th' First Presbyterian Bank o' Scotland has nothing t' hide, as these clear statements show.

Who can make sense o' this other church bank statement—it would appear to be in "Rrrrrroman numerals."

OVERHEAD

Th' chart below, as any idiot can ken, displays th' fixed costs o' th' First Presbyterian Bank o' Scotland in contrast to certain Rome-based church banks.

Wee White Jeeps

Rome 🚗🚗🚗🚗
 FPBOS 0

Opulent Purple Wall Hangings

Rome 🏠🏠🏠🏠
 FPBOS 0

Costly Perfumes and Incense

Rome 🕯️🕯️🕯️🕯️
 FPBOS 0

Fresco Maintenance and Restoration

Rome 🎨🎨🎨🎨
 FPBOS 0

Charwoman

Rome 0
 FPBOS 🧹🧹

Graven Images, Idols, Relics, and Humberg Panoply

Rome 🗿🗿🗿🗿🗿🗿
 FPBOS 0

Perpetually Burning Candles

Rome 🕯️🕯️🕯️🕯️🕯️🕯️
 FPBOS 0

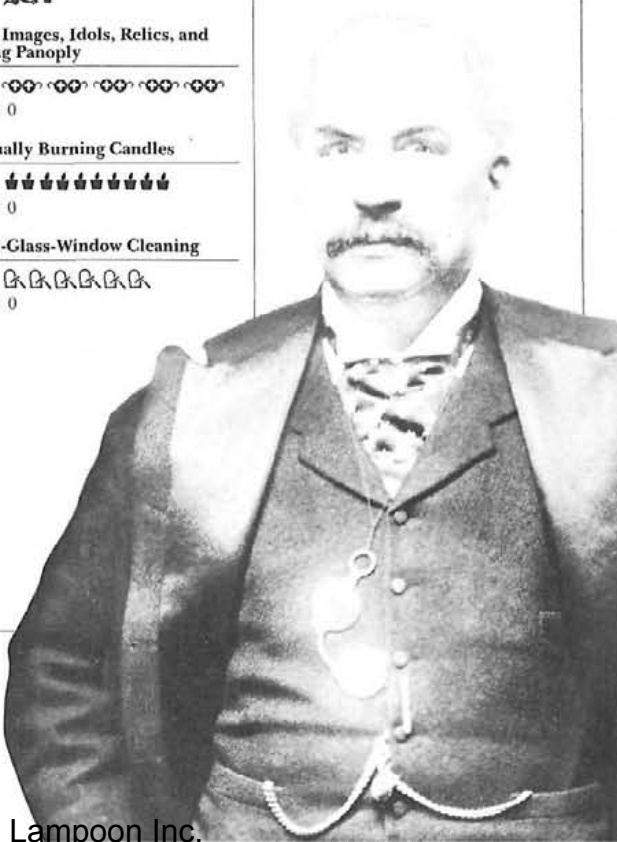
Stained-Glass-Window Cleaning

Rome 🧼🧼🧼🧼🧼
 FPBOS 0

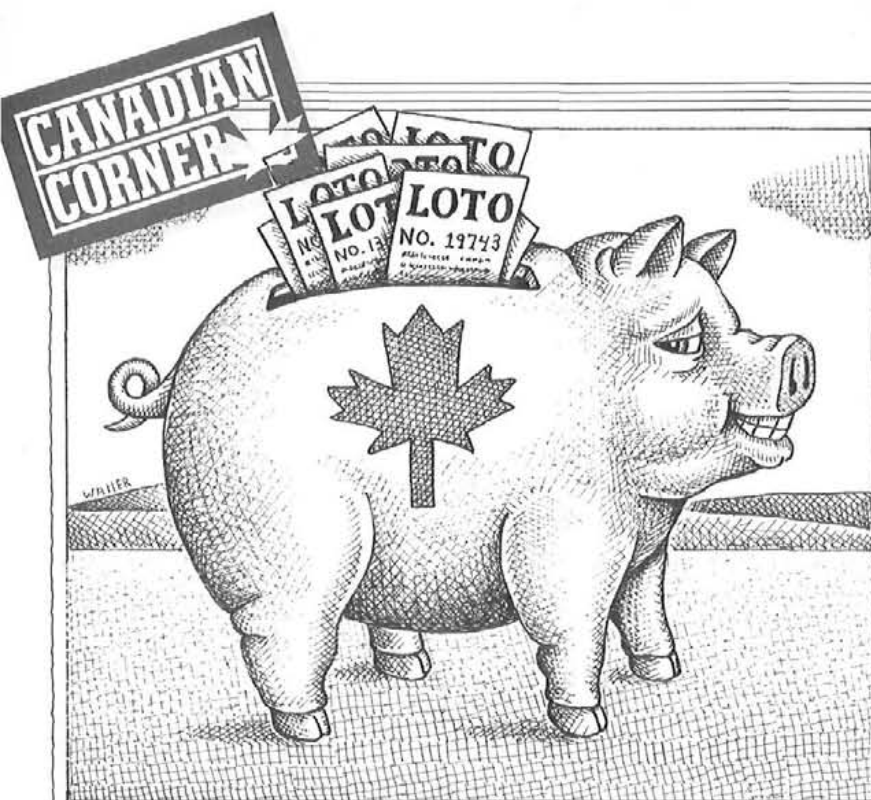
LOAN POLICIES

Th' loan policy o' a bank determines th' future prosperity o' th' bank as well as th' safety o' th' depositors' money. In th' opinion o' th' presbyters o' th' First Presbyterian Bank o' Scotland, some Rome-based church banks hae na been too "prrrrudent" in this regard.

Loans Outstanding	Rome	FPBOS
Loans t' Central American corporations owned by bank officers	Lots	None
Secret agreements t' indemnify other banks loaning money t' terrorists	Plenty	None
Unsecured loans t' men with mirror sunglasses and accents	Numerous	None
Loans t' unknown parties	God Knows	None
Loans for liquor	Untold	None



Men o' Property Say: "Th' canny man keeps his money in sheep—or he keeps it in th' First Presbyterian Bank o' Scotland."



It takes a great man and a great lottery to bring a great nation to economic greatness.

Sweep!

BY BRIAN SHEIN AND DAVID YOUNG

FLEEING CAPITAL. A CRUMBLING industrial base. Too many dollars chasing too few goods. The decks are awash with red ink! Forget about our Western trading partners—the world's second largest country can't go stride for stride with city-states in the Far East! Singapore's pulling way ahead, Taiwan's a speck in the distance! SWEEP! SWEEP!

Glenn Hodges projects amazing energy. One minute he's shadowboxing with Canada's economic dilemma, his sinewy face a mask of concentration, the next he's loping handily across the ice, barking out commands to his championship curling squad. Glenn Hodges—few Canadians would recognize the name, while those who do merely hint at his mysterious behind-the-scenes role in trying to salvage a foundering economy. For weeks I'd been on his elusive trail, trying to pin down high-level rumors of a startling shift in government fiscal policy. Broken appointments in three cities. Empty conference rooms with cigarette butts smoldering in the ashtrays: dead camp-

fires still warm to the touch. Always riding the up elevator while Glenn Hodges was heading down, the best I could do was random conversations with a protective perimeter of second-echelon technocrats who did everything but talk into their wristwatches. Now, strangely, I found myself standing on a sheet of ice inside an enormous Quonset hut: a curling rink in Warton, Ontario. Outside, townsfolk were wearing shorts in the sweltering summer heat. Inside, grown men in tam-o'-shanters and bulky cardigans were chasing a rock with tiny brooms.

"Sweep!"

Hodges's crew scuttled past me, polishing the ice with a furious whackety-whack.

"Draw!"

They pulled back in the same instant. Hodges paced his stone into the circle, shot me a big grin as it clacked an enemy stone out of scoring position.

"Know how this works?" He was back at my side, relighting his pipe. "The brooms heat up the ice, enhance the stone's radial coefficient... Where was I?" He fell silent, drawing on his Heather Mixture. "Oh yes, the crisis of

confidence. Well, what are the options? Gnaw off the paw or open the trap? What about the concept of *money*?" Hodges plucked a crisp twenty-dollar bill from his khaki Windbreaker. "The man in the street doesn't believe in this stuff anymore. To him"—he crumpled the fresh bill like a candy wrapper and tossed it onto the ice—"it's just paper."

He eyed me, letting the pause deepen in his glacier-blue eyes. Then twinkled: "What do people believe in? Of course in the hinterland you've got your barter economy making a comeback. Eggs for shoes. You shovel my walk, I'll fix your teeth. A Band-Aid solution—mere survival. We should be setting our sights on the far end of the range, don't you think?"

He was waiting for an answer. I bluffed: "The Josephson Effect?"

His craggy face broke into a boyish grin. "Precisely. I take it you were at the Rice Lake Conference?"

I nodded. "I've heard the theory explained a dozen times. What I can't understand is the precise application to our—"

Glenn Hodges interrupted with a flourish of his hand. He was waving a rainbow-hued lottery ticket in front of my eyes. "Lottery tickets! *The currency of dreams!* The million-to-one shot. The freezer full of steaks. The strip of Costa Rica shoreline." His voice fell to a harsh whisper. "People... believe... in... lotteries! It's the national pastime. Five years ago we started with one, Loto Canada. That little sweetheart paid for the Olympic Games. Everybody played it! Coast to coast—it brought the country together! Now the people want more. It's the itch you can't scratch, the Chinese-food effect. They've got the Pot o' Gold, the Nine Lives, the Wintario, the Cash for Life...and all the people want is more—*more!*"

I nodded. "Alberta's got the Gusher..."

"Right! Then the Cancer Society stuck their big fat paw into it." Hodges tapped off an endless list of names on his fingertips. "Multiple Sclerosis...the book publishers...the auto workers... It's the last economic frontier! The only chance we've got to leapfrog over inflation!"

He paused, nudged the crumpled twenty an inch across the ice with the tip of his mukluk. "That's Ottawa money. Printer's ink and a picture of the queen. But *this*"—he tucked the Cash for Life ticket into my breast pocket, smiled secretly—"this is People's Money."

A whistle shrilled at the far end of the rink. He was off again, scooting himself across the ice toward echoing voices

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Share the refreshment.
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and the distant clack of curling rocks. Lottery tickets? *People's Money*? Was this the real story of the Rice Lake Conference, the hidden agenda behind all that scuttlebutt about devaluation, currency controls, and radical intervention in the money supply? The Josephson Effect, whatever that was, had been a background murmur in the cedar-scented corridors of Waka-Tanka-Hogan Lodge. Bush-jacketed government mandarins traded their analogies: goats and monkeys versus cryogenic chips, demand-side firebreaks against tree-topping stagflation—a dozen scenarios that would allow the consumer to grab the Laffer Curve like a cottonmouth and snap its head off. And now Canada's lanky Swiss gnome was handing out lottery tickets to the press. *The currency of dreams?*

I heard my name echo high against the corrugated tin roof. Glenn Hodges was waving me over to the boards.

"I love this game," he confided, gesturing across the rink. "The cold really gets the old synapses firing." He furrowed his iron-gray hair with the stem of the briar pipe. "The beauty part is, we don't even have to wean people off the money that doesn't work. They

don't have it. What they do have is lottery tickets."

"Yeah, until they don't win, then—"
 "That's just the point, son!" Hodges shook his head passionately. "You don't have to win to *win*! In my system it's the *losing* tickets that count!"

He grinned. He knew he had me now. "Got a pen?" I nodded. "Good. I'm a highly placed government source, okay? And this is a leak. Take it down."

He leaned back, arms crossed, dictating while I scribbled furiously.

"We're bringing all the lotteries under one umbrella. It's called LotoWinks. What's a LotoWink? A losing lottery ticket. What's it good for? It's negotiable at fifty percent of face value—a two-dollar losing ticket buys you a buck's worth of stuff. We'll be moving in phases. First the peripherals—sundries at the corner cigar store, things you don't even realize you're buying. A little further along the time-line we're strolling down Main Street. Need a pair of work boots? Winter coat for the wife? Skidoo suit for the little guy? No-o-o problem. And by the mid-eighties, when little Judy wants that Hammond organ, the LotoWink program will have enough momentum to stock your bungalow with all those

big-ticket durables. It's economic eugenics—selective breeding of the fittest currency! And the final kicker?" Glenn Hodges waited until I'd stopped scribbling, then banged me on the shoulder. "We feed the fire this time! We let Mr. and Mrs. Canada cash in their losing tickets for a fresh chance at a big win! And there'll be millions more LotoWinks in every jackpot!"

Hodges reached over the boards to retrieve an art director's binder, stuttering with excitement as he flipped the acetates for me. Anne Murray, smiling and beautiful in tweeds against various Country Life backdrops, skimmed past on every page as Hodges rattled off the slogans. "LOTOWINKS—IT'S YOUR MONEY—USE IT! FUN MONEY FOR FUN PEOPLE! MAKE MINE A WINK! I SPENT IT MY WAY! EVERY TIME YOU LOSE—YOU WIN!"

I kept nodding, equally bewildered and impressed. Hodges leaned into me, tapped my elbow with the stem of his pipe, and muttered: "Ripple effect. We're going to take that cargo-cult mentality and put it to work. Fifty-four years old, and this idea makes me feel like a kid again!"

He leaned closer, jabbing at my chest where the Cash for Life ticket nestled. "Glenn Hodges was *born* in this country. He *knows* it can be great. We are going to scare...the...living...shit out of Hong Kong. Those gooks are still using *dollars*!"

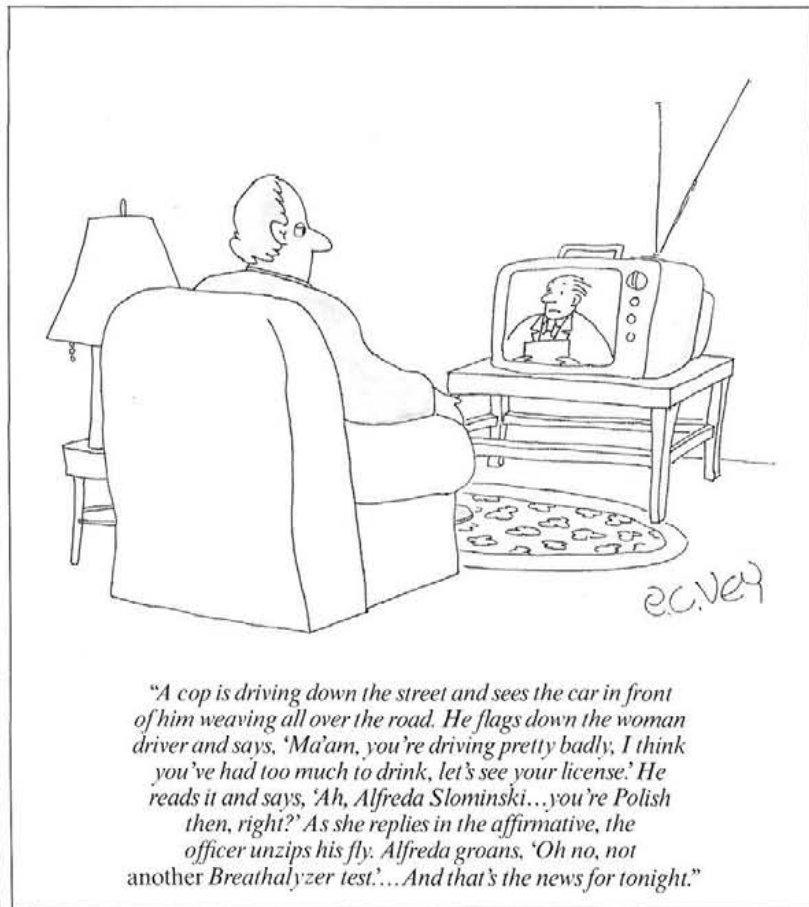
Tracers of spittle grazed my earlobe. "Now, I've told you what you can write. Here's what you can't write, at least not yet. Calendar devaluation. We trim minutes off the odd-numbered months. Then hours. Days. Tighten the time frame around the work force. Outflank the Japs on hourly productivity. We'll be jumping years ahead! Sounds winky? What time is it now?"

I shrugged apologetically, pointed to my empty wrist.

"You see?" Hodges grinned comfortably. "Nobody keeps track. We just change the clocks at the radio stations. Painless progress. SWEEP! SWEEP!"

Whackety-whack. The brooms swept past us in a crisp staccato. Glenn Hodges went slipping and sliding after them, then paused to call back over his shoulder: "Remember! You and I didn't talk!"

"I'll remember," I called after him, my voice sounding smaller and smaller as it echoed away in the cavernous arena. At the far end of the rink the stones kissed with a parting clack. The twenty-dollar bill Glenn Hodges had dropped to the ice was cold to the touch. I could feel it in my pocket all the way home.



"A cop is driving down the street and sees the car in front of him weaving all over the road. He flags down the woman driver and says, 'Ma'am, you're driving pretty badly, I think you've had too much to drink, let's see your license.' He reads it and says, 'Ah, Alfreda Slominski...you're Polish then, right?' As she replies in the affirmative, the officer unzips his fly. Alfreda groans, 'Oh no, not another Breathalyzer test.'...And that's the news for tonight."

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

Sirs:

1. Mornings are spent over coffee, more coffee than is probably good for me, strictly speaking. Whenever I go to the store (which is not so much anymore since the headlights went out on the Oldsmobile), I look for those butter streusel coffee cakes, but usually all I can find are the butter pecan ones, which I don't like as much.

2. At 3:00 P.M. I look in on Jim Rockford and company, courtesy of WINC, Channel 2, broadcasting out of nearby Syracuse.

3. Hardly an evening goes by that I do not call up "Blisters" Saugerson and try to get him over for a round of cribbage.

There you have it.

Morris Dardeo
Binghamton, N.Y.

Sirs:

We've been locked up like animals for weeks now! And we don't even know what for!

Please send help!

Millions of Raisinets
In unopened boxes

Sirs:

Perhaps you have read the news stories about how we here in China are having difficulties with inflation. Well, in case you're concerned, I'm writing to let you know that life is still cheap.

Hua Guofeng
Beiping, China

Sirs:

I don't care what happened to the cast of "Leave It to Beaver." I don't care, I tell you!

A Pretty Cool Guy but There's a Limit
Manhattan Beach, Cal.

To Our Readers:

We are pleased to announce a new service, available to every *NatLamp* subscriber. The service is our new *National Lampoon* laugh track, which will assure that all of you can enjoy our articles as much as you enjoy today's popular situation comedies. Just send us your name and address and five dollars, and our official *National Lampoon* Laugh Track Person will call you up and laugh while you read every piece in the magazine. As an extra bonus, he'll even explain the occasional joke or two that you may not understand. Offer limited to the continental U.S.

The Editors
National Lampoon

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| <input type="checkbox"/> JULY 1977 / Sex | <input type="checkbox"/> DECEMBER 1979 / Success | <input type="checkbox"/> NOVEMBER 1981 / TV |
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It's kind of a dirty job that isn't very dangerous and doesn't pay too much, but somebody's got to do it.

Spud S., Small-Job Hit Man

BY TOD CARROLL

WHEN I RETIRED I didn't know what I was going to do. I had a little money saved up, but not enough to travel or build a dream house or anything, so I tried to figure out some kind of work I could manage without screwing up my Social Security. I took a shot at all the usual stuff—handyman, lawn maintenance, anything where I could get paid without the government knowing about it. One day, while I was fixing this lady's lawn-sprinkler system, I noticed the roots from her neighbor's tree had gummed up one of the pipes. I told her the only way to make sure the line stays fixed is to get rid of the tree. Well, it turns out the lady hated the tree because it was always shedding leaves that blew into her yard, so she calls me into her house and says that she's willing to pay me to "take care of" the tree. At first I refused, because it was against the law and all that,

but the lady egged me on, saying that if I did it clever enough, nobody would ever know. Finally I agreed, and she gave me fifty dollars and promised me another fifty after the job was done. That night I waited in the alley behind her neighbor's house, and when I was sure everyone was asleep, I doused the tree with aviation gas and set it on fire. Although the method wasn't very sophisticated, it worked, and pretty soon I started thinking about how burning down a tree was the easiest dough I ever made."

—Spud S., Sante Fe, New Mexico

A SURGE OF WIND SPLIT THE CURTAINS in Spud's hotel room; lambent morning light clipped his face as he rustled through the final seconds of a dream. He opened his eyes wide and stared at an alarm clock on the nightstand, following the sweep hand until it disappeared behind an ashtray and a small gray notebook.

It was nearly eight o'clock. Spud slid out of bed, opened his notebook, and dialed the phone. "Yes?" a woman answered weakly. Spud cleared a well of fluid from his throat and said, "Mrs. Palmer, I understand you have something you'd like to discuss with me." The woman paused for a long time, then inhaled a cigarette.

"I don't know....I'm..."

Spud quickly soothed her. "Don't worry, Mrs. Palmer, everything is under control. All you have to do is bring me the down payment." Spud was accustomed to the last-minute equivocations of his clients. He had developed an oily, modulated patter to tranquilize them, especially virtuous and easily flustered

matrons like Mrs. Palmer who made no distinction between men like Spud S. and the devil.

"What should I do?" she whispered nervously. Spud gave her directions to a BART station in Oakland, and a signal each of them would use to recognize the other.

He hung up and shuffled to the closet. Although Spud possessed the verve of a man much younger, his body seemed to petrify a little more each year. He often tested its limitations in the manner in which one might experiment with a radio to see how many components can be removed before it dies.

Spud lifted a small aluminum suitcase from the top shelf. Inside was a molded foam slab cushioning the disassembled, twelve-gauge Remington over-and-under shotgun he intended to use to murder a chocolate-brown and white cat that had been shredding Mrs. Palmer's bougainvillea vine and incessantly clawing at her back door. The job was comparatively routine. Spud had executed at least a hundred cats during the last several years, and in each instance the pattern was much the same. Spud once described it to a friend: "I generally check out the cat's immediate territory and pick a spot where it's likely to show up, like a flower bed or a garbage can. Then I hide someplace nearby where I can grab the cat by surprise. They always look at you real funny once you get hold of them—you can tell from their eyes that they know their luck's just run out. I understand professionals like myself sometimes have a peculiar word or phrase they say to their victims before they put them



"Finish him off, kid... tell him the stone had a booger on it!"

away—you know, like their own mother's name or 'Jesus help me'—but I don't. I just stroke the cats on the head a couple of times, then toss them in the air and pull the trigger."

Spud met Mrs. Palmer as planned. She explained that the cat belonged to her landlord, and that she hated her landlord, and that she had to do something before she had a mental breakdown, and... The story evanesced into a rehash of all the other desperate, guilty explanations that Spud had blankly endured before he drove to Mrs. Palmer's house and blasted the cat to a bloody drizzle.

Spud S. was not unknown to authorities. Investigative agencies in Western Europe, Canada, Asia, the United States, and even the Middle East still maintain files on him; Interpol surveilled him regularly and transmitted reports of his activities to member nations. Even though most officials never classified him as a major criminal, they were privately embarrassed by the frequency and ease with which he operated. He managed to function almost totally unmolested until the spring of 1979, when he was hired by a group of Parisians to blow up a ham radio antenna that obstructed their view of the Sacré-Coeur. The antenna, as it happened, belonged to Alex Reynard, an inspector with the French Sûreté.

Inspector Reynard recognized Spud's work from dozens of Interpol dossiers and reports that had crossed his desk, and decided to set after him on his own. That was why he had come to San Francisco. He knew about the Palmer

job, but Spud, as was so often the case with him, was a step ahead. Spud was already somewhere over the Pacific, mulling his next job, a big one in a far-away place—the Portuguese colony of Macao.

A young Macao man called Lim greeted Spud as he disembarked from the jetfoil at Shan Tak pier and walked him to a dented 1966 Chevrolet Malibu, which the man claimed had been fitted with a Datsun engine. As they jounced through a maze of crumbling, narrow streets that were more squalid than sinister with the undersized motor rattling and coughing as if the next twist of the throttle might finish it, Spud examined a folder containing fifty thousand Macao patacas and a photograph of the parrot. "As you can see, the bird is quite colorful," Lim said with a warbling Mandarin accent. Spud studied the picture silently, then squared the bills into a neat stack.

"I understand they keep the bird in a store," he said. "Is that right?" The driver rounded a corner onto the Rua do Estalgers and parked near a collapsed Chinese temple.

"Yes, at 1016 Avenida de Amizade," Lim answered. "But the shopkeepers bring it to their home next door to me at night, where it is continually screeching and saying the most offensive things. I realize you are the expert, Mr. Spud, but I must warn you the animal is very excitable and will probably make a terrifying racket if and when you attempt to seize it." Spud opened the door and got out, then winked at Lim through the windshield. "Don't worry," he said,

"everything is under control."

He watched as Lim drove off, then wandered up the temple steps past a group of tourists listening to a guide tell them Commodore Perry had been there in 1844. Among them was Alex Reynard. He watched Spud for a very long time as the aging master ran over the situation in his mind. A few things concerned him; for example, Spud knew an unmoneyed commoner like Lim would never spend fifty thousand patacas to murder a neighbor's pet unless the creature was unusually annoying and nearly impossible for an ordinary man to kill.

The following day, Spud cased the store where his victim was caged and made scrupulous notes on the comings and goings of the store owners, the flow of customers, the layout of the block, and the size and disposition of the bird. As days went by, Reynard became impatient. He had anticipated a quick shotgun execution as in San Francisco and so many times before.

A search of Spud's room at the Lisboa hotel was fruitless; there were no weapons and no clues as to what Spud intended to do.

Macao police had in the meantime been notified of Spud's presence in the colony. They photographed persons coming in and out of the store and also searched his room. Still nothing. Then, on April 13, 1979, a woman entered the shop pushing a baby buggy. While both clerks were in the back room receiving their weekly delivery of merchandise, the woman sprayed the parrot with a can of powerful bug spray that induced nauseous convulsions while oxidizing the victim's entire nervous system. She then tied the bird inside a pillowcase, hid it beneath a blanket in her buggy, and walked to an alley five blocks away. Spud had gotten away clean. He removed his female disguise and laid the pillowcase with the shrieking, thrashing parrot inside it on a stone slab and beat the creature to paste with the buggy.

Within a half hour, Spud was on the jetfoil back to Hong Kong. Inspector Reynard was called back to Paris the next morning. He wondered when he might get another chance.

The chance never came, however; Spud S. retired a little more than a month later. "I just ran out of steam," he said. "I knocked off an outdoor patio speaker in Pennsylvania about a week after I got back to the States, and took care of a couple of other little things after that, but the parrot affair really took it out of me. I finally had to face the fact that I was sixty-seven years old and the small jobs weren't so small anymore."



LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

Sirs:

Remember me? I was the dumb kid in school, the butt of everyone's jokes, the guy who once got a 12 on a math test, the boy that everybody said would probably wind up a janitor his whole life. Well, I've got some news for you. I was a janitor. But no more. I just got laid off.

Louis Bresnahan
Lobotomy, Tex.

Sirs:

You've got to get one of these great new video-disc players. I'll give you 20 percent off. Okay, half off. Okay, you drive a hard bargain. Just cart the damn things out of here, because they're taking up valuable shelf space. Please hurry.

Al's Stereo
Larchmont, N.Y.

Sirs:

Why are people always wanting to know about us? Basically, we're pretty boring. We fly around, say hi to our friends, sleep, etc. Nothing special, really. We're just folks.

The Birds and the Bees
In the sky

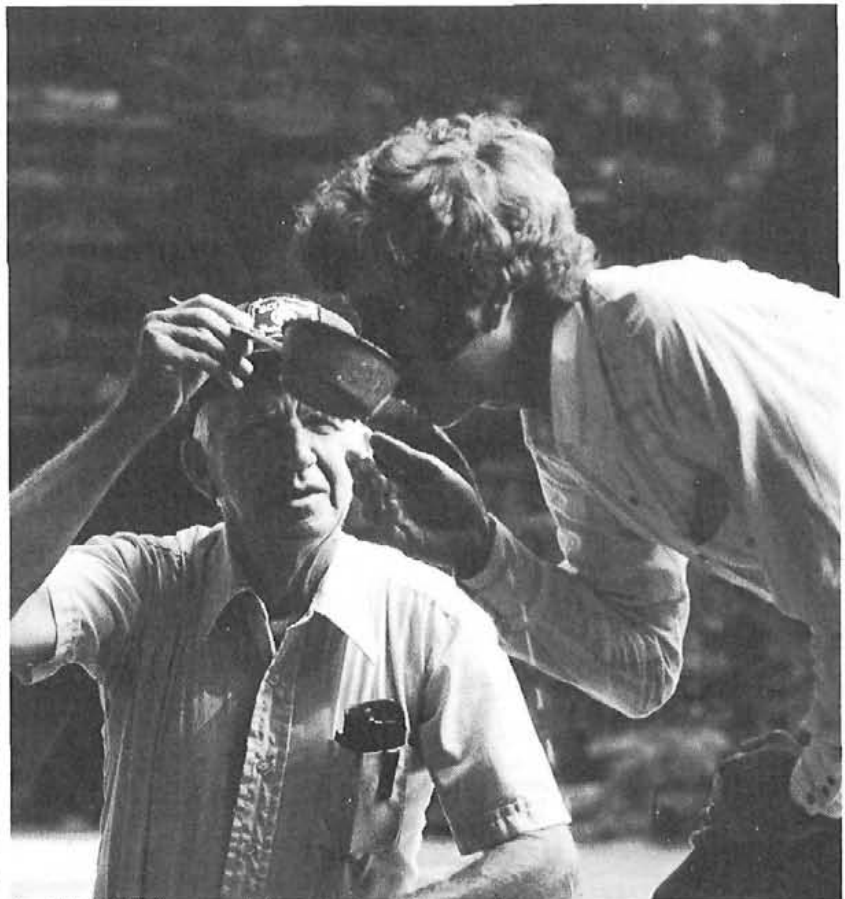
Sirs:

Here are seven comforting facts that will make you feel not quite so worried about the state of the world and all those terrible things you read in the newspaper and see on TV:

1. That Middle East stuff isn't half so scary when you realize that Libyan strongman Mu'ammarr al-Qadhafi is really none other than actor Stuart Margolin of TV's "Love, American Style" and "The Rockford Files."
2. China may have a hell of a lot of people, but not one of them is much over four inches tall.
3. According to a recent poll, inner-city blacks feel they have enough TV sets already and don't plan on taking yours.
4. Interior Secretary James Watt is one of Jim Henson's Muppets.
5. Radioactive fallout from atomic weapons is harmful, but only to Orientals and sheep.
6. The number-one killer of young adults today is a virus that can only be transmitted through anal intercourse.
7. Of the roughly half a billion children that will go to bed hungry tonight, virtually all are Negroes.

Feel better now?

Rush Harp
Woodstock, N.Y.



If you'd like a booklet telling you more about our water and our whiskey, drop us a line.

YOU CAN TASTE a secret of Jack Daniel's Whiskey without putting liquor to your lips. Visit our Tennessee distillery and Lamont Weaver here will take you to an unusual cave. It's fed by an underground stream of iron-free water never exposed to outside air. And this is the only water we've ever used for making Jack Daniel's. Just a dipperful from our spring and you'll know why Jack Daniel settled here. Just a sip of his whiskey, and you'll be glad we've never left.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

Sirs:

Let's see. "Amid the cocaine-en-crustured rings of Saturn, the frolicking coeds in their fluffy sweaters dashed hither and thither." No, that's no good. "'Drink up, mateys!' the clown seemed to be saying, but Jake noticed that it had an ice pick concealed under its snowsuit and, as he put it later, *a mighty strange gleam in its eyes.*" Fuck it. Where's the liquor?

One of Your Writers
Where you'll never find me

Sirs:

Does Joanie really love Chachi, or are they merely actors pretending?

A Concerned Citizen
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sirs:

And then about two dozen white chicks wearing cheerleader uniforms come running in, only I know they're not cheerleaders because they've forgotten to take off their boxing gloves. And then I'm on this boat with Shirley Temple and I have to dance, except that it isn't really a boat but a big turtle, and I have to take off my tap shoes so I don't wake him up. Suddenly this giant go-

rilla appears out of nowhere and starts hitting me on the head with a Styro-foam bat, and then the gorilla turns into Bobby Kennedy, and I'm running and running but I can't move. And then I wake up.

Martin Luther King, Jr.
*Dreams Explained
Birmingham, Ala.*

Sirs:

So glad to be here tonight! Wasn't for you people, might be out with wife. *Hopa!* Actually, wife not so bad. Many men remark her mustache nicer than mine...*Hopa!*

Thomas Orestes
*Battle of the Greek Comedians Hour
Public Television*

Sirs:

Say, you like Greek food? I know, we all do. Me too, for sure. Other day I'm at Greek restaurant—you know the one, Paleneides—and waiter ask me will I have gourmet Greek dessert. So I say, what's a gourmet Greek dessert? Waiter say, chocolate *mous-saka*. *Hopa!*

Nick Babalos
*Battle of the Greek Comedians Hour
Public Television*

Sirs:

Speaking Greek food, why the Greek chef is just like Popeye the Sailor Man, huh? You give up, I know, brother Delios give up too. Ask why? Because both always eating Olive Oil! *Aieeee!*

Socrates Pothithos
*Battle of the Greek Comedians Hour
Public Television*

Sirs:

You great audience tonight! Best ever, no kidding. I guess no Turks out there, huh? Hey, no clap, please. Just send the clean undershirts. *Hopa!* And remember...*fuck the Turk*, right? Good night, and send votes for best of fine Greek comedy men!

Emcee Jimmy Apostolitas
*Battle of the Greek Comedians Hour
Public Television*

Sirs:

After months of trying, I finally had an out-of-body experience the other night. While my body was lying in bed, my soul transported itself to K mart, where it picked up three dish towels and walked out without paying. Weird.

Frank Spanger
Van Nuys, Cal.

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There's only
one way to
play it...

KOOL ULTRA

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



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

Sirs:

Q: What would you get if you crossed two people's names to form an unfunny word?

A: A job writing for Johnny Carson.
Christopher Craft
Sailing

Sirs:

I'm sick of hearing how great the Rolling Stones are. If people would bother to listen to their records carefully, they'd realize how overrated this band is. In fact, they're downright sloppy musicians. And there are a lot of other sloppy bands around, too: Bob Seger's Silver Bullet Band, and Rod Stewart's, and—although you might not believe it—the Moody Blues.

On the other hand, there are some rock groups that are extremely neat and clean. The Go-Go's, for instance, always pick up after themselves, keep their dirty laundry in the paper bags we provide just for that purpose, and usually leave a nice tip. And—surprise, surprise—the Clash is the nicest, neatest group I've ever had the pleasure of cleaning up after.

That's right, I'm a hotel maid, and I've seen 'em all come and go. (Did you

know that filthy, disgusting Keith Richard often replaces his used bathroom glasses in the plastic bags, and also likes to go to the toilet with the paper strip left on the seat? What a pig!)

Please print this letter, as I know a lot of hotel and motel maids read your magazine when it's left behind in the rooms once in a while. I am currently forming an association to boycott sloppy rock groups, and would appreciate hearing from others on the subject.

Ruth Ebeling
The Holiday Inn
Just outside of
Urbana, Ill.

Sirs:

.....
.....

Samuel Morse
Charlestown, Mass.

Sirs:

Do you realize there are *billions* of Mexicans working in this country illegally, and that more are sneaking across the border while you're reading this? I've seen them trying to get in every way you can imagine, and then some. One of the tricks they use is to strip naked

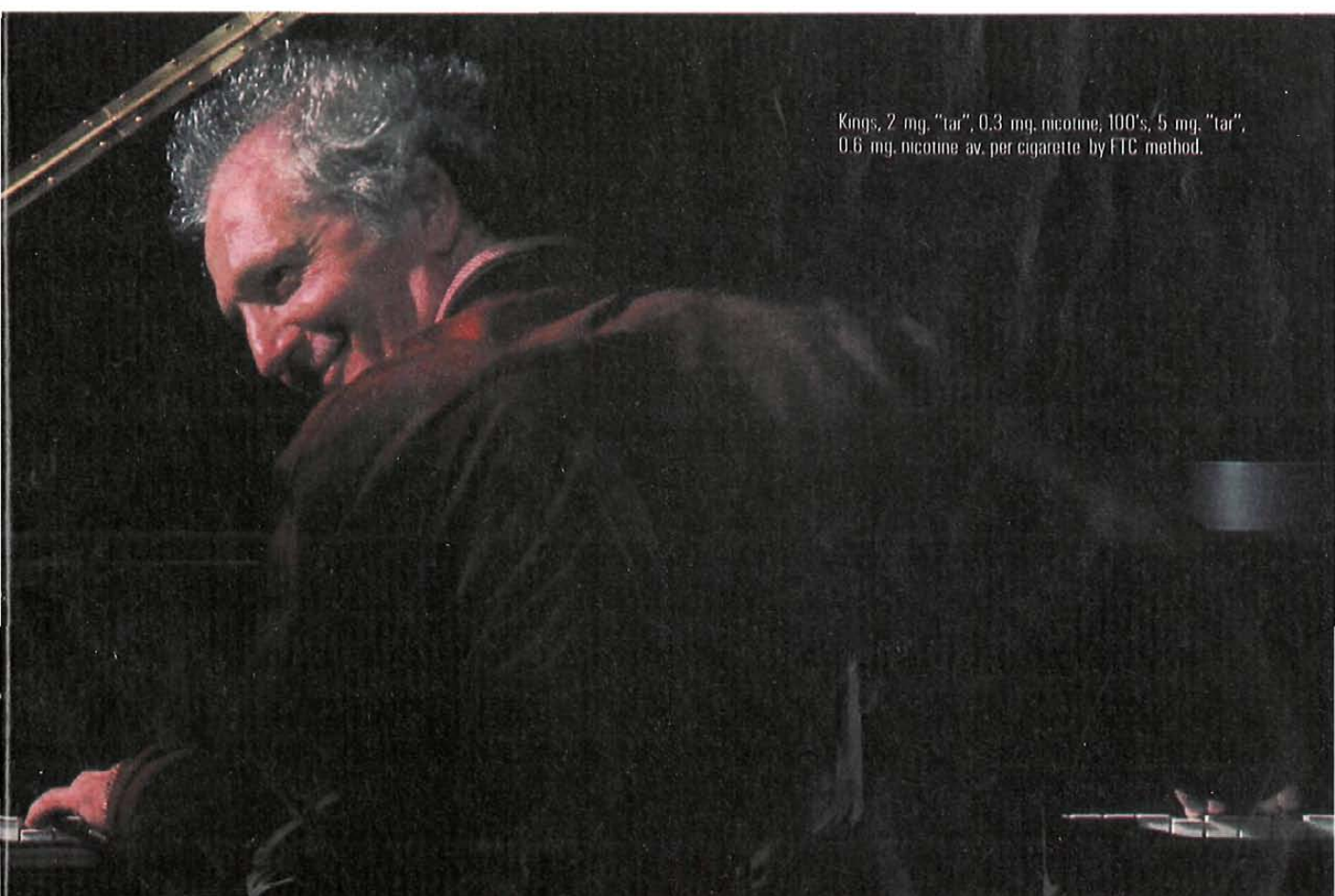
and then wrap themselves around the wheels of cars, pretending to be rubber tires! All the driver notices is a bumpy ride, but once he's over the border the Mexicans unwrap themselves, and, bingo, more illegal aliens! We only discovered this latest ruse when one of the Mexicans posing as a Cadillac tire got a punctured lung and went flat. Those Mexicans will do *anything* to get in here. no kidding.

Bob Truskle
Dildo, Tex.

Sirs:

You can't just sit on your ass in between Olympics. That's, what, three or four years? But I keep busy with little jobs. Really, I get by. I did twenty paintings of a horseshoe tourney for a retirement magazine, and sketching the local bowling finals is always fun. It's not so awful, really. And I got to meet Walter Keane, the American painter, who's like a real hero to me. He was in the audience at a dominoes exhibition match. He gave me some good advice about my faces.

LeRoy Neiman
The Mini-Golf Clubhouse
Lake Tahoe



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

Sirs:

I just gotta write to you and tell you that, like, the magazine just isn't what it used to be in the old days, you know? Why don't you run the poster art from Marboro anymore? I really used to look forward to those postage-stamp-size reproductions of "Big Mama" and "Ushi."

Your magazine also used to be a great place to keep up on the latest records coming out, because you used to run full-page articles with pictures of the records and the rock stars who made them. That was very informative.

Not that everything is so bad about your magazine. I like all the full-page rum articles you run now. They are very informative.

Jerry Rubin
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I'm a widow, and under the Democrats, I was forced to subsist on Purina Cat Chow. But now, under the Republicans, I'm forced to buy the generic brand.

Louise Marsh
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

You want to laugh? Get this! Okay, it starts on the fifteenth floor of this big office building, see. So, this nun gets on the elevator going down; she's all alone at first. Then the elevator stops on the eleventh floor and a Methodist minister

gets in, lugging a steaming bucket of shit. Did I mention that the nun has her period? Okay, so the nun and the minister are in the elevator and it stops on the eighth floor and a rabbi gets in carrying a dead mackerel on the end of one of those giant backyard barbecue forks. Now it's the nun, the minister, and the rabbi. So, at the fourth floor the elevator stops again and in walks the pope, dragging a big bag of wet garbage. So the elevator finally gets to the first floor and just as the doors open the pope turns to the nun and says...um...uh...hmmmm...aw, hell! Let me get back to you on the punch line, okay?

Harry S. Mulebuyer
Wagon Trail, N. Mex.

Sirs:

The other day I had the germ of an idea. Luckily it didn't infect me. Now I've been immunized and I no longer have to worry about germs. Thank goodness for thought vaccine.

Dick Ebersol
"SNL," NBC, NYC

Sirs:

You probably never think about it, but wouldn't you be just a little bit interested to know that the rest of the country thinks that New York City is a place where breakfast in a decent coffee shop costs eight or nine dollars, beer in a nice bar goes for at least two, the combined state and city sales tax represent an involuntary tithe on every purchase, and

the cops don't bother to type up a crime report unless the loss is over fifty dollars or a serious injury is involved? You must be shaking your heads and chuckling over these twisted notions and wondering how they ever got started.

Everybody Who Ever Went There
and Lived to Talk About It
Safe at home

Sirs:

Careful reading of this column over the years has convinced me that you print letters only from celebrities and lunatics. When this magazine was founded more than a decade ago, it was my fervent hope that this column might serve as a legitimate forum for the genuine opinions and concerns of your readership at large. Am I to conclude that your readership consists solely of celebrities and lunatics, or is it more likely that you simply *invent* the great majority of these letters? The latter alternative suggests itself more strongly, particularly since I was a close (although admittedly never intimate) friend of the late Princess Grace of Monaco, and, knowing her as well as I did, I doubt very much she would have used the term "degenerate cunt-lapping dike" in reference to her daughter Princess Caroline in these pages. Nor would she likely have referred to her beloved husband, Prince Rainier III, as "that palsied buggerer of schoolboys."

If you choose to print this letter, please do not publish my name, as it could only serve to lend credence to the idea that might be taking shape in the minds of some of your readers that *this very letter is itself fraudulent and thus its very serious claims may be disregarded as the inane speculations of a non-existent mind.*

Senator Barry Goldwater
Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

I don't miss the city life at all. Back there, when I got a promise, I had to run down to the drugstore and shell out three bucks for a lubricated prophylactic. Here I just lop the head off a rattlesnake and remove the entrails. *Bingo!* One desert tickler.

"Cactus Leo" Palmieri
Buffalo Chunks, Ariz.

Sirs:

Did you hear the one about the Nazi bitch who was being raped by ten Russian soldiers? "Nein," she kept screaming, "nein!" So one of them left!

We must keep a sense of humor.

Simon Wiesenthal
Buenos Aires, Argentina



"I'm going to do something a little different tonight—I'm going to ask all of you who haven't pledged to smack yourself in the face."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 79)

FOTO FUNNIES

OF ALL THE PEOPLE TO RUN INTO IN A BAR—RONALD REAGAN! IF ANYONE EVER TOLD ME I'D WIND UP IN BED WITH THE PRESIDENT, I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT!

IF MY PARENTS COULD SEE ME NOW, THEY'D BE SO PROUD!



YOU SEE, I'M NOT REALLY THE PRESIDENT...

CYNDI, MY DEAR, I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE.

IT WAS ALL JUST A FIENDISHLY CLEVER DISGUISE.



GASP!

DOES THIS MEAN I'M NOT REALLY THE FIRST LADY?

YOU'RE DEFINITELY THE FIRST LADY TO FALL FOR THIS TRICK.



WELL...

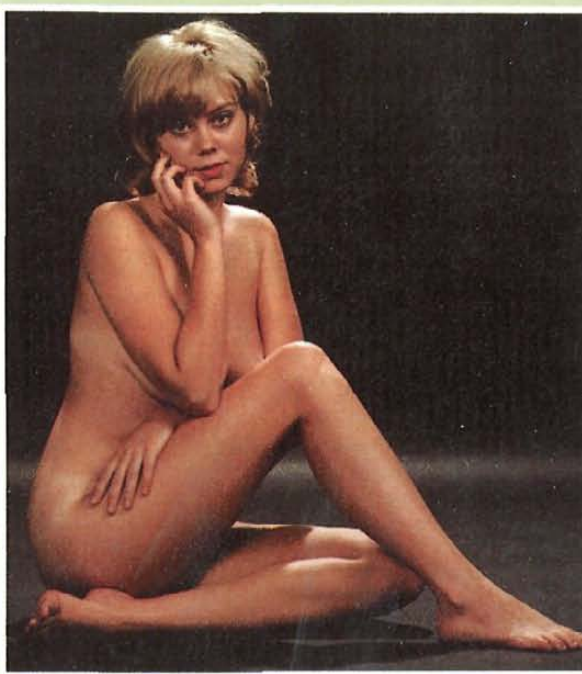
By subscribing to *National Lampoon* you can help us settle a terrible argument between Mandy and Candy.

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 283, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Make check or money order payable to *National Lampoon*.

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

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

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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

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 283, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Make check or money order payable to *National Lampoon*.

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

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
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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."

America's Jolly Good

Time of the Month

FEBRUARY EDITION

Supreme Court Rules Abortion Legal Until 21



Legally abortable fetus Johnson.

WHEN DOES A fetus become a human being? The question has confounded philosophers, scientists, and religious leaders since the birth of mankind.

Now, in the case of *Ohio v. Johnson*, the Supreme Court has considered the issue yet again. According to Chief Justice Warren Burger, who wrote the unanimous decision, "The Court has made a detailed examination of the stages of fetal growth, beginning at the age of one year. Having recorded signal and indisputable instances of crying, gurgling, spitting, belching, and uncontrolled elimination, it is clearly observable that creatures of this nature are not human beings."

Continued Burger, "Subsequently, our research was expanded to the fetus at five, wherein study groups were discovered to be running rampant throughout their homes, refusing to respond to the lawful commands of their superiors, riding tricycles over decorative vegetation, and persisting steadfastly in the watching of television programs wherein animated characters

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)

Moynihan Pushes Chin Bill

U.S. SENATOR DANIEL PATRICK Moynihan has introduced a bill in Congress to base the salaries of all federal employees on the number of chins they possess. The measure is expected to have greater success than House Speaker Tip O'Neill's "Bulbous Nose" bill, which died in committee last year. ■



I WANT YOU
FOR U.S. ARMY
NEAREST RECRUITING STATION



YOU AND
ME, BABE

In what has been called "the most significant shift in American policy in this century," President Reagan has announced the forced retirement of Uncle Sam.

UNCLE SAM TO BE RETIRED

Government plans to replace him with "younger man"

THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT of Symbolic Rejuvenation has announced the retirement of America's historic representative, Uncle Sam. A new figurehead has been named to succeed Sam, Uncle Bud.

According to a department spokesperson, "We have noticed over the past decade a marked decline in Sam's appeal. Because of Vietnam, Watergate, the erosion of traditional values, and America's drop in world esteem, we needed to find someone who could touch the hearts of America once again."

Just as Uncle Sam embodied the spirit of a capitalist, jingoistic America in the days of Manifest Destiny, the War to End All Wars, and subsequent national crises, Uncle Bud conveys a new

spirit. "We see him as assertive rather than aggressive," Vice-President George Bush commented to reporters. "He's successful without being totally unethical, fun-loving without being destructive, and just a great guy you'd like to help out whenever you can."

The many facets of Uncle Bud will begin to appear as early as this March, when he'll not only replace the old Uncle Sam on posters and stamps, but take new form as a radio and television personality as well. In a Radio Free Europe program entitled "Have a Beer with Uncle Bud," for example, Bud will let the world know what America is really thinking as he "knocks back a few frosty ones" with his guests. Scheduled for the first broadcasts are Nancy and Ronald Reagan, Malcolm Forbes, and comedian Steve Allen. ■

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)
struck each other with clubs. Again, such life forms cannot logically be classified as human.

"Nor can the fetus at seventeen, being dermatologically contaminated, reeking of alcohol and lower forms of cologne, stealing to lavatories for cigarettes, and denting automobiles, even those of its own parents. Can anyone call *that* human? This Court certainly can't.

"Consider the fetus at twenty. In college, most likely, obsessed with toga parties and rock bands, critical of society, buying and selling illegal drugs of every description, expending what demented energy it has left on sex. Human? The Court scoffs. And it continues to scoff until the fetus becomes human at twenty-one, when, with a degree of luck, it goes out and buys itself a decent suit of clothes and gets a job. Until that point, the fetus is plainly undeserving of constitutional protection, and abortion remains purely a matter of individual taste and conscience." Added the chief justice, "Additionally, abortion after nine months has been shown to be absolutely harmless to the mother." ■



Andropov Clowns for Cameras

FRESHMAN SOVIET PREMIER AND Party Secretary Yuri Andropov puts on a funny face for photographers while strolling near the Lenin Mausoleum. "The man is a natural clown," says Marshal Dmitri Ustinov, defense minister. "He has a face like elastic, which, just when one least expects it, he'll twist into some impossible shape that the beholder can scarcely believe." Andropov, who claims he developed the talent during his tenure at the KGB, is also fond of humorous calling cards, his favorite bearing an official-looking illustration of a badge and the lettering: "OFFICIAL STATE PUSSY POSSE. Let me buy you a drink or I will have someone jam an electrified bolt into your ear." ■

More Soviet Subs in Sweden



NEBRASKA-CLASS SOVIET ATTACK SUBMARINE *MALENKOV* LYING OFF THE parliament building in Stockholm, Sweden. Under a new treaty between Sweden and Russia, the Swedes have agreed to stop chasing and bombarding Soviet submarines in their territory in exchange for Russia's pledge not to blow the top one hundred feet of Sweden's land mass into the atmosphere and fill in the entire country with water from the Baltic Sea.

Unemployment Highest Since 1608

Reagan, federal government furloughed indefinitely

U.S. UNEMPLOYMENT FIGURES ROSE to a 375-year high of 100 percent last week in an admitted setback for administration economic policy. A spokesman for the Council of Voluntary Economic Advisers said that while the new figures were "disturbing," it should be noted that inflation has at the same time dropped to an annual rate of only .01 percent. "Reaganomics is working," the spokesman said, "even if no people are." President Reagan and the nine justices of the U.S. Supreme Court, who had been the last employed persons in the U.S., received dismissal notices last Friday. The notices said that the main operating facilities of the U.S. government were being moved to South Korea, as labor is much cheaper there. The new U.S. president, for instance, an actor named Sun Han Sook of Seoul, will receive a salary of only \$2.15 an hour and is expected to work much harder than the former American president. Congress, which was relocated to

Taiwan three months ago, is reportedly producing six times as much legislation as the old Washington plant, while wages, including gifts and perquisites, are at less than 10 percent of former levels. In an interview, President Sook said his first priority will be to lower inflation. ■

Pumpkin Breakthrough

PUMPKINS ARE ACTUALLY ROCKS, reveals a research team at Stanford. "They're all soft and squishy inside, but don't let that fool you," commented the head of the project. ■

**Time
of the
Month**

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"You blinked; that's another ten years."

Trillion-Year Sentences Instituted in Florida

"AND BY AUTHORITY OF THE REVISED Statutes of the State of Florida I sentence you to a trillion years in prison." "...Say what?" This is the usual reaction of convicted murderers and career criminals to Florida's recently enacted "Silly Sentences" law. The law, which came to State Senator Ed Citriculture "in a dream" and was approved unanimously by the legislature, metes out ridiculous, stupid sentences in the hope that offenders will kill themselves when they realize, in the words of Citriculture, "that nothin' don't mean anything anymore." Among the sentences specified: "You're a free man once you throw a million dice in the air and they all come up boxcars," "Every time you blink we'll add another ten years to your time," and "We'll let you out when Daniel Webster asks us to." In addition, prisoners awaiting sentencing are to be provided with knives, razor blades, jute nooses, tanks of carbon monoxide, thousands of sleeping pills, and contaminated shrimp. ■

Marathon Winner Drowned

AN AUTOPSY PERFORMED ON DICK Beardsley, who died after winning the Rhode Island Marathon with a 2:12:38 time, has revealed the cause of death of the world-class runner to be drowning. The Rhode Island Road Runners Club has pledged to consider altering the course for the race, which, because of space restrictions, finishes up three miles out into the Atlantic Ocean. ■

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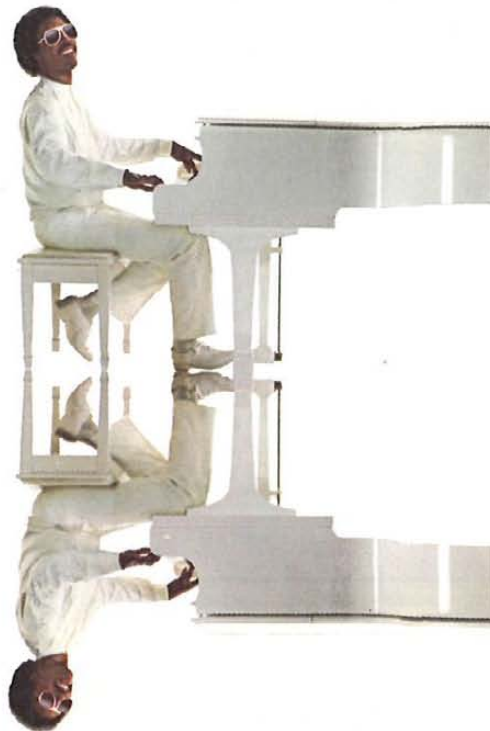
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Terrorists Often Make Demands

• A RUSSIAN PROTEST GROUP CALLING itself the Up at Dawn Society recently issued its demands. In return for the release of several bottled flies the group demanded that the government of the Soviet Union immediately and utterly disestablish itself and that the country return to its pre-1917 style of czarist government.

• In Italy a secret society known as the Slender, Intense, Hairy Schizophrenics made good on its promise to throw a half-dozen books borrowed from a government office into the Tiber when its demands were not met. The group demanded the immediate and utter disestablishment of the Italian parliamentary state and a return to the imperial theocracy of two thousand years ago.

• The East German government recently received the demands of the

Numberless Men Without Number, which organization vowed to cancel the plane and hotel reservations of traveling bureaucrats if its demands were not met. The group insisted on the immediate and utter disestablishment of the East German state and a return to a clan-led tribal system of government such as that practiced by the Alemanni.

It may be preposterous to imagine that one can affect the policy of a nation consisting of tens of millions of people by such insignificant threats, yet analysts find the trend to violence and vandalism alarming.

"Certainly," said international terrorist specialist Dave Beria, "the death of three flies is not going to topple the government of the Soviet Union. At least not yet. But supposing it had not been just three flies. Suppose it had been three million grain storage and preser-

vation experts? The country might have starved. The tendency is there and must be checked."

According to terrorist Oleo Tribeca, an escalation in the ferocity of terrorist measures is inevitable if demands are not met. "Look at the Polish embassy seizure last fall. The Polish government



A member of Russia's Up at Dawn terrorist society flaunts his open coat on the day of Leonid Brezhnev's funeral. Slovenliness begetting disrespect begetting revolution.

Ten Good Ways to End the Nuclear Arms Race

by Ted "This Insanity Has Gone On Long Enough" Mann

- 1 Tie our president to a big bomb so if he wanted to blow people up he would blow himself up.
- 2 Put all the bombs into a mine and then shoot the mine into space so it can't damage the mentality of the babies of people like us.
- 3 Make the scientists who made the radiation in the bombs eat it and see how much they like that.
- 4 Put everyone who wants to fight nuclear wars into straitjackets because that's where mental people belong.
- 5 Dress all our children up in flower suits and paint "Don't Drop an H-bomb on Me" and wave them in front of TV cameras to let people know what is going on.
- 6 Make all our bombs so they can't blow up and then give them to the United Nations right in front of the Russians so they can see that we can be trusted.
- 7 Put our Pentagon in Hiroshima so all our generals can see every day what happens if a bomb goes off.
- 8 Stop calling the Russians dictators for Afghanistan when we're doing the same thing in Puerto Rico.
- 9 Have more peace movements with stations all along the march where people can get safe things to drink and tie up traffic until politicians get the message that we don't want to be hit with H-bombs.
- 10 Elect Ed Asner or another responsible intelligence to be the president before aliens step in to take over because we are not responsible enough to run our planet.

failed to disestablish itself utterly as requested, and though the terrorists were captured, they did not give up. They are still insisting that their demands be met."

What new terrorist activities might the future hold? According to Tribeca, the possibilities are virtually without number. "We might flood Holland," he says, "or we might just say we are going to flood Holland, and while the world is distracted we might hook a car exhaust up to a basement window of the UN Building and put the entire General Assembly to sleep.

"We cannot help but prevail," says Tribeca ominously, "so you must therefore meet our demands." ■

Shatner and Greene to Speak

ACTORS WILLIAM SHATNER AND Lorne Greene have been named as substitute keynote speakers for the fifteenth annual International Wigmakers Symposium. Burt Reynolds, who had been scheduled to address the group, canceled because of a conflicting commitment with the Plastic Surgeons Association of Southern California. ■

SICK BUT FUNNY

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Jane Fonda Calls for "Aerobic Electricity" Instead Of Nukes



JANE FONDA, LONG-time foe of nuclear energy, has now called for the complete shutdown of all electric generating plants, including coal- and oil-powered ones. "They're not necessary," she

said, "because I've come up with a much better way to generate all the electricity we need that will improve our bodies and make us better-looking at the same time."

Ms. Fonda says that she got the idea for her system when someone told her that, to generate electricity, something has to move in a magnetic field. "Now," she said, "I may not know what a magnetic field is, but I know all about moving from my exercise program. Every time we do a sit-up or a jumping jack we move our bodies, and there's no reason why all this motion should go to waste. I say, let's harness it and turn our body-building efforts into the kind of good, wholesome, natural electricity generated by beautiful people improving themselves, which is a lot better than the kind of electricity they make at those polluting oil-burning plants, or those nuclear plants that keep melting down or blowing up or whatever it is they'd do if people like me didn't stop

them from being built in the first place, or those glary solar collectors that make people squint when they're driving by."

Asked how she knew that her method could create enough electricity to meet all of the nation's diverse needs, from powering bustling steel plants to light-

ing more than a hundred million homes, Ms. Fonda replied, "Well, thanks to my recent best-selling book, more Americans are exercising now than ever before. So if they just do it near magnets, then all our problems are solved." ■

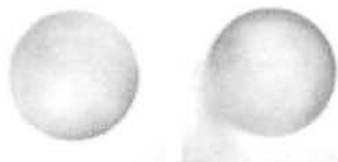
Jane Fonda Devastated by Scientist

A SCIENTIST REPORTEDLY DEVASTATED actress and longtime foe of nuclear power Jane Fonda by sneaking into her palatial home and informing her that her body was made out of protons and neutrons just like the ones in nuclear-power plants.

"You should have seen her," the anonymous scientist told reporters. "She turned pale and shouted, 'No, no! It can't be true!' I told her that it was true, that, in fact, her body contained about 10^{12} neutrons and protons—a very large number, untold trillions."

According to the scientist, Ms. Fonda moaned, "I'm unsafe! Hide me in cement or something!" Then, regaining some composure, she asked him, "If a person slims down, does she have less of those terrible, dangerous protons and neutrons in her?"

The scientist answered yes, and Ms.



Neutron from nuclear-power plant and from Jane Fonda's breasts. Devastatingly identical.

Fonda rushed to her exercise bicycle. While pedaling frantically, she asked him, "Tell me—my breasts and thighs, all the things people like to look at while they're pretending to pay attention to me. Are they made of protons and neutrons, too?"

The scientist informed her, "Yes, we're all made of atomic particles. We can't get around that." ■

U.S. ECOSYSTEM IS COLLAPSING

Scientists predict American life will cease in five years

A TEAM OF ECOLOGISTS ASSEMBLED on the site of a soon-to-be-completed shopping mall in Danbury, Connecticut, has announced that, due to indiscriminate spraying of insecticides and the absence of rusting beer cans, the ecosystem of the United States will most likely collapse completely in five years.

"It's not going to be a nice time," Dr. Felix Salter, head of the team, told reporters. "We'll start feeling the effects of this within the next few months. By next year, all plant life on the planet will be dead. At this point, we will all be eating synthetic foods and canned goods. Okay, that sounds easy. But our water supply will dry up shortly after, and the ozone layer will go two years after that, at the most."

Using a complex series of biological, mathematical, and chemical equations, Dr. Salter outlined the origins of our planet's destruction.

"Primary blame lies with the Schiavone Construction Company," Salter said, "which cleared the shopping mall site and then sprayed for pest control before beginning actual construction. They were using an insecticide that contained powerful pheromones, and it just drove all the bugs and some of the small animals sexually crazy. They began mating with each other constantly—flies with grasshoppers, centipedes with fungi. Some of them died from exhaustion, some of them ate each other during sexual congress, and some spawned wildly mutated offspring, which they also ate, or which ate them and which then ate each other."

The orgy left the Danbury site completely without insects. Higher animals dependent on them for food, according to Salter, soon starved to death. The supply of carbon dioxide dried up, suffocating all the plants, and thus, within a month's time, there was no life whatsoever. "Naturally," says Salter, "the circle of extinction has begun to expand as species feeding on the shopping-center-site species go hungry and die, and

so it will go, until the entire nation is dead."

Ironically, the one thing that could have prevented the insects from mating has been outlawed in Connecticut for years. "We stopped allowing people to toss out their old beer cans," Salter claims, "and thus there was an absence of the crucial oxidized compounds that might have neutralized the pheromones in Schiavone's insecticide." Asked if Americans could still control the destruction by filling their property with empty beer cans, Salter replied, "Possibly, but who would want to live like that?"



Kohl Attempts to Strengthen Image

STRUGGLING TO OVERCOME PROBLEMS of style and charisma in his first six months as chancellor of West Germany, Helmut Kohl has grown a Hitlerian mustache and changed his name to Adolf Hitler. "The chancellor hopes his countrymen will now consider him in a more forceful and decisive light," one of his advisers stated.

What's a Rusty Nail?



a) that thing in the living-room that holds up Grandpa Kelly's picture.



b) shortstop for the 1958 Kansas City Athletics.



c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Drambuie and scotch over ice.

JOODY BLOOM'S

So I Guess I'm Not Such a Shlub After All

1

**"You get
an allowance,
right?"**

WHEN WE MOVED to Summit Valley, the first thing I hoped was that everyone wouldn't start calling me the nickname I had in my old school. Just because my last name is Cohen, everybody thought it was funny to call me Cohenhead. They got it from some aliens on TV. The TV show is called "Saturday Night," which is weird since it's shown on Fridays at eight o'clock on the junky channel.

The other thing I hoped was that my parents wouldn't start yelling at me about how shy I am. I mean, I am sort of shy. But lots of people are. Besides, it doesn't exactly help to have your mother scream at you about it.

"Stuart, there are some boys over in that yard," she said a few days after we had moved in. "Go make friends."

"Don't nag the kid, Jeanette," my dad said.

"I'm not nagging him, Marvin," my mom said.

"Okay, okay!" I said. "God!"

"Don't 'God' me," my mom said.

"I wasn't 'Godding' you," I said.

Across the street and behind some houses there was a bunch of kids playing whiffle ball. I walked over there, but I was nervous.

They all looked about my age, which is thirteen. One kid looked a little bigger than the others. His team was up, so he

was standing around while another guy was at bat. He saw me watching everything and came over.

"Hi," he said. "You just move in?"

"Yeah," I said. He seemed pretty nice.

"My name's Jeffrey Feinberg," he said.

"My name's Stuart Cohen," I said. Naturally I didn't tell him about Cohenhead.

"You wanna play?"

"Sure!"

"Need any smack? Angel dust? Wanna cop some ludes?"

"Huh?"

Another kid called. "Hey, Feinberg,

**She was looking at
me with wide eyes and
a sort of dopey look....
"This is some crazy
game," I said.**

ya douchebag! You're up!"

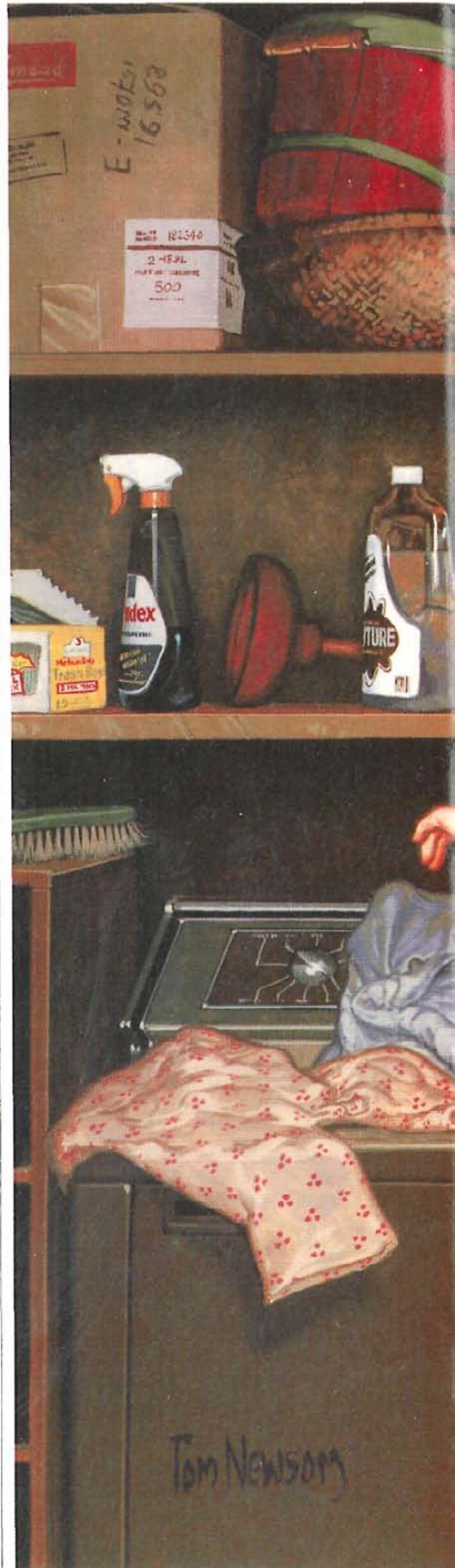
"Anything you need, I got it," he said.

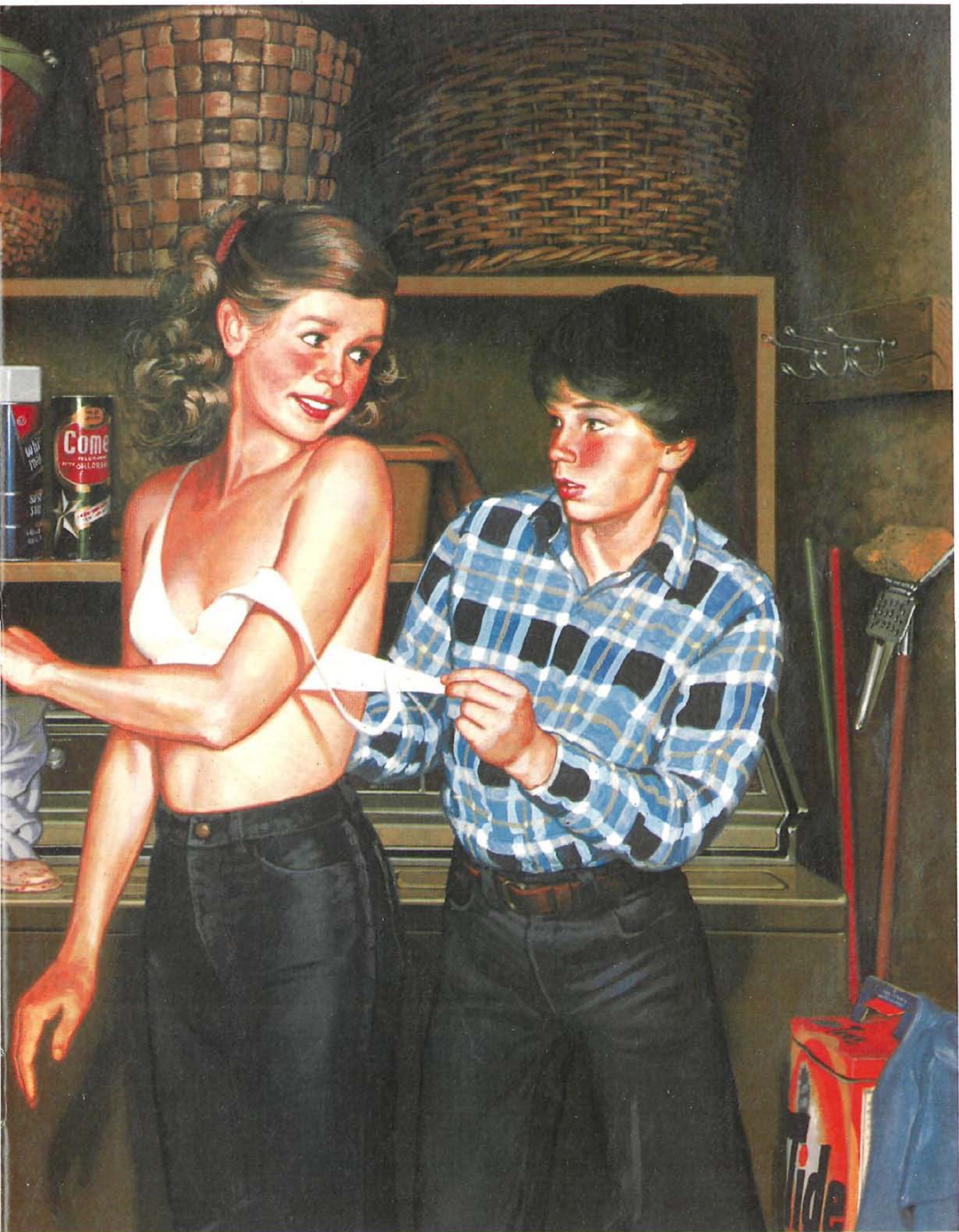
"You get an allowance, right?"

"Yeah."

"Okay."

He introduced me to the other guys, and I played the next game. I got two hits! I don't know what he meant by copping ludes, but I think it was a whiffle ball term in that neighborhood. Actually, I bet that's one of the reasons I'm sort of shy. You never really know what language is going to be spoken by people you've never met before. I don't





know why Jeffrey called me Angel Dust. It sounded like a nickname for a Puerto Rican boxer. Maybe he thought I was a Puerto Rican boxer. Boy, would that be weird! Still, it's better than Cohenhead.

2

"Boner!"

There was this one girl, Yvette Muzio, who wore a lot of makeup and these tight sweaters and jeans all the time. She was sort of scary, but I always looked at her and wouldn't be able to take my eyes off her until she looked back at me. I sometimes got hard when I looked at her. Wasn't that weird!

Jeffrey said, "Muzio'll blow you for a dime and give change," but I was afraid to ask what that meant. She walked around the halls with a ninth-grader, this real tough kid named Frankie Thomas, who wore his hair long and slicked back and smoked cigarettes all the time.

There was this other girl in my English class. Her name was Janet Greenberg. She was sort of thin, and she wasn't all curvy like Yvette, but she smiled at me in class. I don't know why. I think she got hard when she looked at me. She sat next to Howard Fields, this fat kid who was pretty smart. The girls said he was gross because he had this real bad skin, and he giggled like a

maniac all the time. But after school one day he showed me how to open the door to the faculty lounge with a plastic wallet calendar.

English is probably my favorite subject. My English teacher was this tall lady named Mrs. McKenna. She was sort of beautiful, and wore perfume like my mom wears when my parents go out for dinner. I didn't get hard when I smelled her, but sometimes I thought that any minute a baby-sitter would come into the classroom and we would all get into our pajamas and watch TV.

One day Mrs. McKenna was telling us about gerunds when there was a knock on the door. We all looked over and there was Mr. Ochs, one of the history teachers. He was younger than most of the teachers, and a lot of the girls had a crush on him. He smiled at us and said, "You kids mind if I borrow Mrs. McKenna for a second?" Everybody laughed.

Mrs. McKenna said, "Excuse me, kids," and went out into the hall.

Jeffrey whispered to me, "Ochs probably wants to slip the meat to her in the faculty lounge."

That wasn't news to me, since I knew that Mrs. McKenna and Mr. Ochs had lunch in there every day, so I just nodded and said, "Yeah, they eat in there every day. Mr. Powers and Miss Garcia slip the meat there, too." Jeffrey must have known that, too, because he just gave me this strange look.

From out in the hall we heard Mrs. McKenna say, "Oh, God, Peter, not here. Stop it!"

Mr. Ochs said, "Will I see you Sunday, Linda?"

"I told you, Peter. I can't!"

"Jesus, Linda, don't do this to me."

"Please, Peter. I promised Peter I'd go with him to visit his mother."

"You mean your husband, Peter, Linda?"

"Yes, my husband's name is also Peter, Peter."

Then I guess they did some aerobic exercises, because we couldn't hear anything except a lot of breathing. Then Dennis Foy yelled, "Boner!" and then Mrs. McKenna came back.

3

"You made Janet cry, you creep!"

A COUPLE OF weeks later Janice Vogel had a birthday party, and a lot of the kids in my classes were invited.

I went, although I spent most of the time sort of hanging around the table where the drinks and pretzels were.

I know I'm supposed to talk to people and make new friends, but I really get nervous when I think about it.

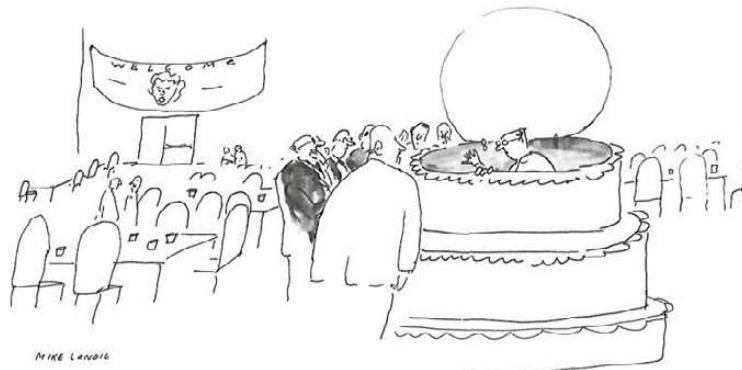
I was wandering around the Vogels' basement when I went into the office that Dr. Vogel uses when he isn't working at the hospital. Jeffrey was there, on the telephone. He motioned for me to go away, but then I heard some of what he said. "Well, fuck, Muzio, that's your fault," he said, so I guessed he was talking to Yvette. "Oh, yeah? What'd Frankie say?... Of course, asshole. You're the one who's in trouble. Bullshit...bullshit he don't have the money. He just don't think he's the father, that's all....Fuckin'-A you need money. Me? Forget it! Well, then, you gotta find some jerk and get it from him...."

Then I left the room. I wondered what Jeffrey meant, and whose father needed money, but just then everybody started getting together to play Switch, and I got so nervous I forgot about everything else.

Switch is this game where a boy and a girl go into a closet or another room and turn the lights off. And they have to take off their clothes and put on each other's clothes as fast as they can. Everybody else times you, and the couple who switches clothes fastest is the winner. The only trouble is, once you're in a dark room with a girl, and you both take your clothes off, you probably really get nervous.

The first couple turned out to be Bobby Kelley and Jennifer White. They were in the laundry room for about a minute. Then Tim Diener and Kimberly Sonnenfeldt went in, and they

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46)



"Was there ever anybody in there? What do you think, Harold?"

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

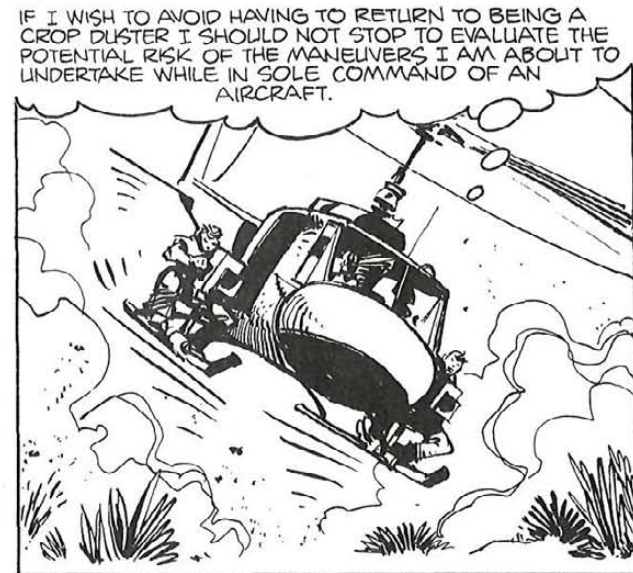
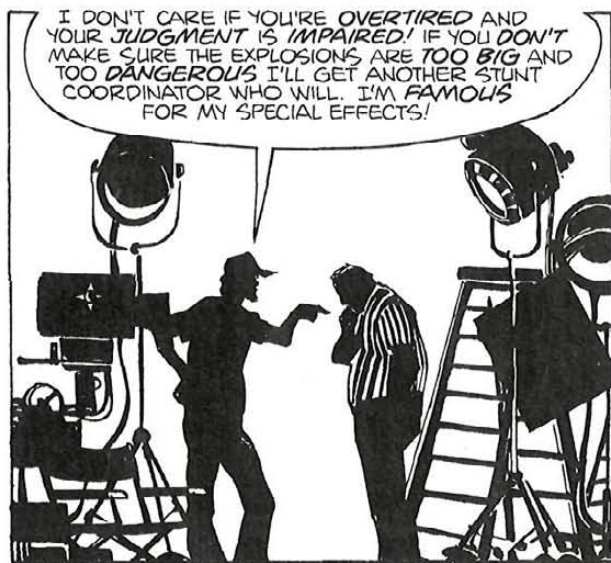
STUDIO LAWYER ROBERT KRAMER, ACCUSTOMED TO THE CLEAR, FRESH SEAS OF CERTAINTY AND TRUTH IN THE FILM INDUSTRY, SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF PLUGGED INTO THE STAGNANT SARGASSO SEA OF DECEPTION, EVASION, AND NEGLIGENCE THAT IS PART OF AN OCEAN OF LIABILITY LOCATED IN... THE TWILIGHT ZONE.

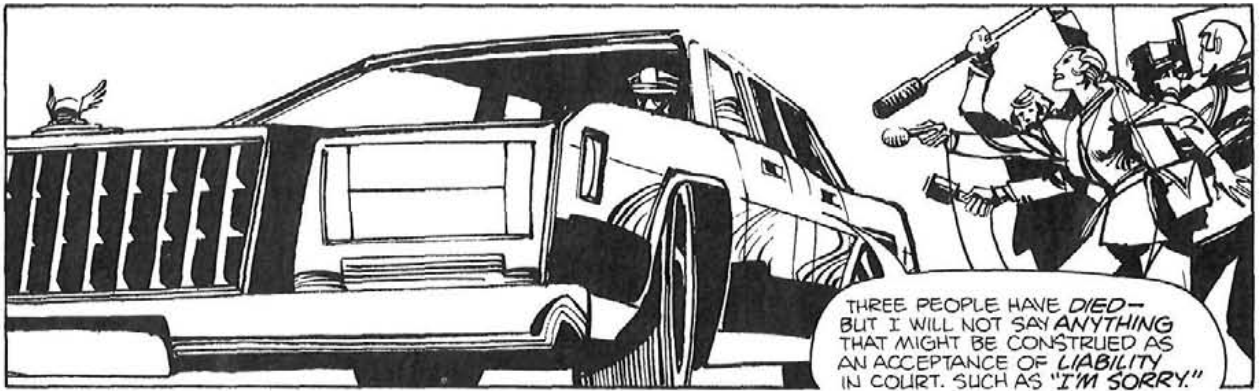
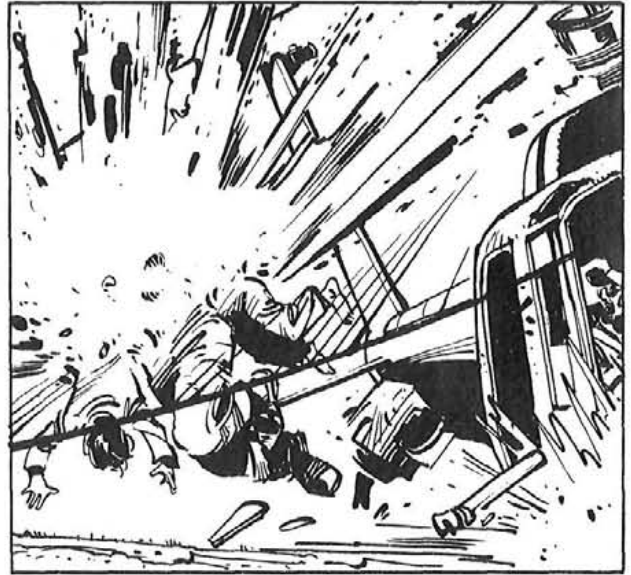
ACCORDING TO A SENIOR DEPUTY STATE LABOR COMMISSIONER, YOU DID NOT APPLY FOR AN EXEMPTION TO ALLOW THE TWO VIETNAMESE CHILDREN KILLED IN THE HELICOPTER CRASH TO WORK PAST 7 P.M. THE CRASH OCCURRED AT 2:30 A.M.!

I THOUGHT I HAD A NOTE... ABOUT THAT... SOMEWHERE... NOW WHERE... IS IT...?

PANTS ON FIRE!

BUT HAVEN'T WE GONE FAST FORWARD HERE? LET'S REWIND THIS REEL AND PICK UP THE STORY A LITTLE EARLIER.





Shlub

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42) were in there for about five minutes! Finally, when they came out, they still had their own clothes on! Everybody was laughing and making noises—me, too. I mean, how long does it take to put on somebody else's clothes?

Then, of course, my name came up with Janet Greenberg's. I could really feel myself blushing as we went into the laundry room. I hadn't wanted to play, but everybody made me. And now here I was in this dark little room with Janet! I was really nervous.

I could hear her giggling sort of quietly when they closed the door behind us. She said, "Hi, Stuart."

"Hi, Janet."

"I guess we should start getting undressed."

"I guess so...."

I couldn't see too well with the lights off, but I could see that Janet was unbuttoning her shirt. So I started unbuttoning mine. Then Janet took hers off, and I could just barely see her bra. It was white and had lace around the edges. It wasn't very big, but it was the first time I had ever seen a girl in a bra, and I stared at it.

"Do you...?" Janet said. She seemed nervous, too. "Do you...do you want me to take it off?"

"Huh?"

"My bra. Should I take it off?"

My mouth got all dry all of a sudden. I didn't know what to say.

"Maybe I should take it off," Janet said.

"Uh...yeah..." I said.

She turned around till her back was to me. "Would you unhook it, please?"

I found the little hooks in the back and undid them. The bra sort of came away from my hands when the rubber part pulled away, and Janet turned back to face me, and it was off. Her breasts were small and really white in that darkness in the room. She was looking at me with wide eyes and a sort of dopey look.

"Stuart...?" she said, really softly.

"Yeah...?"

She took one of my hands. "Why don't you..."

"Are you sure it's okay?" I asked her.

"Are you sure you want me to?"

"Oh, yes, yes..."

I just couldn't move! Finally I said, "Let me take my shirt off first."

"I'll help you." She let go of my hand and unbuttoned the last two buttons on my shirt, and I took it off. Then we were both standing there practically without any clothes on, except for our jeans and socks and shoes. Our shirts and her bra

were in a little heap on top of the dryer.

"This is some crazy game," I said, and tried to laugh. But it came out like a cough. She smiled and nodded. By now my eyes were pretty used to the dark, and I could see that her mouth was open a little, and she seemed to be breathing like she'd just played a whole game of basketball. I love basketball.

"Come on, Stuart," she said, all breathy, and again she took my hand. "We don't have too much time...."

"Oh, yeah," I said. But I was looking at her breasts again. They were really pretty. "Are you sure it's okay?" I said.

"Yes, yes, it's okay! Come on!"

Some people might think that I was being shy. But I don't think so. After all, what we were about to do is sort of not nice, if you know what I mean. I never discussed it with my parents or anything, but there are certain things you just somehow know are not nice. So the reason I kept asking Janet if it was okay wasn't because I was shy. I was just being careful, that's all. Once she said "Come on," I figured it was okay to go ahead, so I did.

I reached over and got her bra and put it on myself. I had a lot of trouble with the hooks, and it took about a whole minute. Then I gave her my shirt and said, "Here. Better hurry up." She looked really upset, which I guess was because it took me so long to get her bra on. Finally we made the switch, and I pushed her out ahead of me into the basement. Everybody laughed when they saw me in the bra, but I tried to remind myself that that was the whole point of the game. I was really embarrassed, though. Plus, we were in there for about five minutes, so we didn't come close to winning.

After we played Switch Jeffrey came up to me and said, "Hey, Cohen, I got big news. Muzio's really hot for you."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

He laughed. "Yvette, man. She likes you. She craves your bod. She told me to tell you to meet her at her house after school on Tuesday. Her whole family's going to be out of town, so it's cool."

I didn't really understand. "What does she want to see me for?"

"She thinks you're really interesting. Like, you're real smart. She wants to discuss something with you. Gerunds and shit. Hey, I don't know, man. Ask her yourself. Meanwhile, you want anything? Dope, or booze, or shit?"

I never understand when Jeffrey starts talking like that, so I just said, "No, thanks," and he shrugged.

Then Phyllis Walker came over to me. She's Janet's best friend, and she looked sort of mad.

"You're really a creep, Stuart!" she

said. "You made Janet cry. You creep!"

I looked over to where Janet was, and she was crying. Not like a major flood of tears or anything, but sort of weeping quietly. I turned back to Phyllis and said, "Well, if she didn't want me wearing her bra, she shouldn't have played the game!"

That's why I think girls aren't really good in sports. They forget it's a game, and it has rules, and they take everything personally. Maybe the next time we play Switch it should just be guys. Yeah, but it wouldn't be the same, probably. It just wouldn't be as funny, because guys don't wear bras.



"We can talk about current events and shit."

JANICE'S PARTY was on a Saturday, and the Monday after that I saw Yvette in the hall in school. She was walking with Frankie, and he had his arm around her, like always. She looked sort of like a witch, with a lot of black eye makeup and this short black hair with a little bit of blond above her forehead. She was chewing gum and cracking it about a million times a second.

"Hey, kid, I hear you're coming over tomorrow," she said. She called a lot of guys kid, even though she was the same age as they were.

"Well, I don't know," I said. I started getting nervous, of course. "Can't we talk about gerunds at lunch?"

She gave a little laugh, while Frankie slapped his thigh and started roaming around the hall saying, "Jesus Fucking Christ! I don't believe this guy!"

"Hey, don't worry about him," she said, pointing to Frankie. Then to Frankie she said, "You're such an asshole!" She turned back to me and said, "Come on over, we'll be more comfortable. We can talk about anything you want. Current events and shit."

"Well," I said. "I don't really know that much about current events."

"Who the fuck does?"

Then she gave me this little look, and walked away. It was like a quick little kiss, except she didn't actually touch me. But I almost passed out. I know I said she looked like a witch, but there was something else about the way she looked that made me feel hot and all excited. I got so mixed up I was almost late for history.

I made it just as the bell rang. Mr. Ochs wasn't there yet, which was weird, since it was his room and he was always

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

POSTAGE & HANDLING

FEBRUARY
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No wonder the busy traveling businessman skips breakfast. If room service isn't too late, the food is cold. If the food isn't cold, the order is wrong. If the order isn't wrong, the whole thing is just too damned expensive.

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A Letter from the Publisher

Hello, and welcome to another issue of **POSTAGE & HANDLING** magazine.

You know, I get many, many letters from our readers telling me how wonderful the products featured in the magazine are, how much time they save in using them, and what a delight it is to receive the magazine and the prompt shipment of these products every month. That makes me a very, very happy publisher.

Just last week I received a letter from a management-efficiency expert in California. Just for fun, he told me, he had calculated the efficiency of **POSTAGE & HANDLING** magazine. Do you realize that it will take you twenty-seven minutes to read this magazine, and if you ordered only *half* of the products featured, you would save an average of eighty-nine minutes *per week*? The mail holds as many surprises for me as it does for you.

But a publisher must satisfy his higher instincts as well, and this month I am very proud to publish the work of a great American storyteller, Edgar Allan Poe. This is Ed's first appearance in **POSTAGE & HANDLING**, and we're sure from this stunning debut that ours is going to be a long and happy relationship. In coming months, you will be seeing other great American storytellers in our pages, including Edna St. Vincent Millay, Mark Twain, and Herman Melville. In this way, **POSTAGE & HANDLING** is able to make you not only a more successful and professional businessperson but a more educated one as well.

And that makes me very happy, too.

Finley J. Vintage

Finley J. Vintage
Publisher

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This Little Bag Can Hold All of This Clothing and Still Have Room for Souvenirs! It's Mind-boggling!

For years, you could hear rumors whispered on the Concorde, on the Washington—New York shuttle, on the L.A.—New York red-eye, or in the lounges at O'Hare. Everyone wanted to know if it really existed—the amazing travel bag that could hold up to eight weeks' worth of clothing and business needs and still fit, fully packed, into your smallest pocket.

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Our Customers Are Satisfied

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How to Order

Simply send a money order or cash—no checks or credit cards, please—to Gly-Tex Industries, 18 Industrial Park Place, Frango, Illinois 00265. We will ship your order as soon as it is received.

But if you are not satisfied, if you don't believe that this is the most amazing bag you have ever owned, borrowed, or even heard about, send it back. We will eagerly refund your money.

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THE TELL-TALE HEART

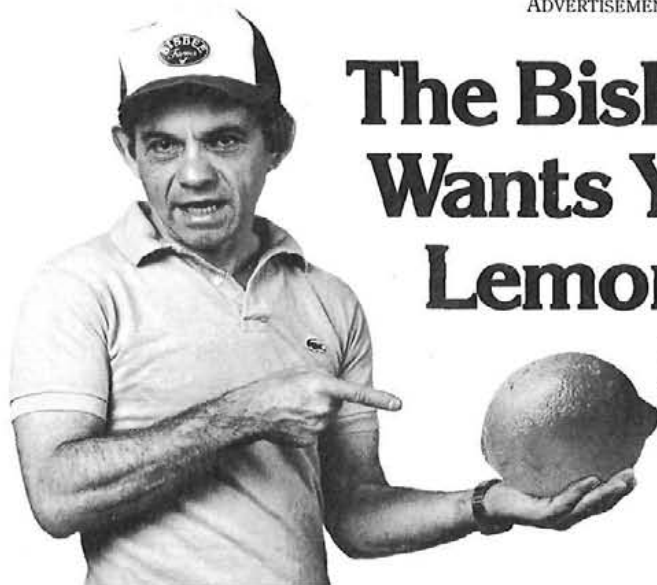
America's Master of Fear Spins a New Web of Terror

By Edgar Allan Poe

T rue!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye for ever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha!—would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked)—I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for



The Bisbee Family Wants You to Taste a Lemon As Sweet As Sugar Itself!

Dear Friend,

If you're like most people I know, you've never been really happy with the lemon. Now, there's a little fruit that can really make me mad! It's small. It's got a thick, inedible skin, and, worst of all, it tastes terrible. Let's admit it once and for all—the lemon is not one of Mother Nature's gifts to mankind. My goodness, every time I think of it, my mouth puckers up and my tongue shrivels and turns as dry as a desert spider!

Well, one day I decided to do something about the sad state of this fruit, and I started experimenting with different kinds of lemons, lemons that hopefully could be eaten like real fruit. I tried crossbreeding them with all kinds of good sweet fruits, but the little yellow devils just wouldn't take.

I almost gave up until one day I had this crazy idea. **Maybe my kind of lemon doesn't belong on a tree. Maybe it should be planted in the ground.** I worked for years trying all sorts of ways to "bud" my lemons into the ground with, say, honeydews or cantaloupes so that the lemons might emerge as sweet as those wonderful melons. But nothing much happened except a lot of ruined melon patches. My dad, Earl Bisbee, Sr., was getting hopping mad at me for messing up some darn good melon land, and I couldn't blame him. But the Bisbees are a stubborn lot. We won't give up when we get a good notion in our heads.

So I staked out some land of my own and continued my experimenting until I was pretty nearly at my wits' end. Even my own family was beginning to poke fun at me, calling me a "mad scientist," a "Dr. Frankenstein" who was going against nature's grain, trying to create a "monster lemon." And believe me, there's nothing sorer-looking than a puny lemon plant trying to be something it isn't. I suspected that I was the laughingstock of Fort Chenango.

One day I got so desperate that I took a fifty-pound sack of sugar and dumped it all over my experimental lemon patch and worked it deep into the ground. I must have been almost out of my mind, because I thought, if I can't make my lemons sweet, I'll bring sweetness to my lemons! After I deposited the sugar into the earth I walked away from the lemon buds and let them fend for themselves.

By now you can almost guess what happened. At the appointed time of blooming, there were my lemons, sprouting up like some kind of newfangled fruit, as big and plump as honeydews! Somehow, the sugar, the soil, and the lemon buds interacted

to form this wonderful new creation.

When I saw them I knelt down in the soil and cried. And my tears of joy changed into the biggest smiles you ever saw when I tasted one of those lemons. I thought I was eating a combination of manna from heaven and pure ambrosia!

What did this lemon taste like? Well, first of all, you bit right into it, and ate it skin and all. The skin was firm, but had a delicious sweet syrup oozing out of it. The inner meat of the lemon had some of the sweetness of a great Cranshaw melon combined with the richness of a mango. But it also had a fruity, citrusy taste as well, so it gave you some real snap and bite, yet was always perfectly sweet. It had what I can only describe as a powerful combination of tastes that left you totally satisfied. It almost made me swoon with



Others

Ours

delight. It was the most complete and perfect fruit I ever ate! When my dad and mom and sisters tasted my lemons they went into a kind of trance of ecstasy and rolled their eyes heavenward and promised never to make fun of my planting experiments again!

As you can imagine, it's not easy to raise lemons like these. It takes a lot of year-round care, a lot of good weather, plenty of pure cane sugar, and the perfect soil mixture. The ratio of sugar to soil is always variable, and I still have to do a lot of experimenting to get a decent crop out. My supply is limited because I'm never sure just how many of these incredible lemons will sprout up.

So if you want to share with me in this eating experience of a lifetime, I strongly urge you to send back the attached coupon and receive your free sample lemon.

First, let me tell you what to expect when your first lemon arrives:

- Each one is big—bigger than your head. They weigh between seven and ten pounds each.
- When you slice into them be prepared to jump out of the way fast, or you'll get hit by a spray of wonderful ambrosia—my lemons are that juicy! And not that pale sickly lemony color, but a rich deep purple-red, like a fine burgundy wine.
- My lemons are so sweet you'll think you're

eating something that might have been grown in the Garden of Eden.

- My lemons are so edible you can even eat the skin. In fact, the skin is sweeter than most of our finest melon meat.
- My lemons have no seeds, no pulp. Just pure, unadulterated sweetness. They will come to you at the peak of ripeness and will last indefinitely.

Remember, the first lemon is on me. It's absolutely free. If you don't agree with me that this lemon is the most perfect fruit of all time, the fruit of the gods, then just forget the whole thing. Don't bother with it. Pretend the whole thing never happened. I won't get sore or anything. Some folks may not have a taste for my kind of lemons, or the shock might be too much for them.

If you do agree with me about this miracle fruit, I will send you a shipment of approximately one dozen a month for the next nine months. **By the way, each lemon comes in its own handsome red-plaid nylon tote bag, similar to a bowling-ball holder.**

So if you feel about the ordinary old lemon the way I did, you owe it to yourself to taste my version. There's just no comparison. Remember: The Bisbee family just doesn't make anything that isn't the best eating experience of its kind!

Sincerely,

Earl Bisbee, Jr.

Earl Bisbee, Jr.
Fort Chenango, Florida



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Hmmmm. I want to know more. Please send me a free lemon today!

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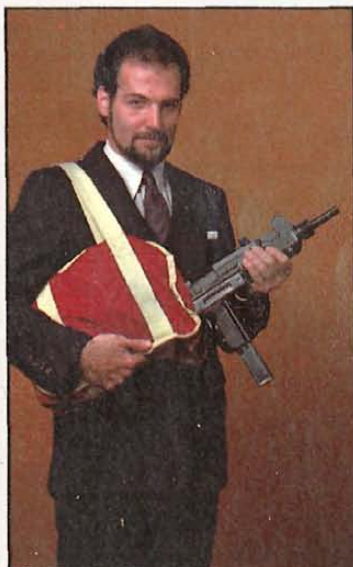
or write to: Pfluger of Omaha, Box 230, Omaha, Kansas 00103

Airline Travel Breakthrough

How many times have you walked through the security-check station at the airline terminal and picked up that familiar *beep-beep* that says you're carrying metallic devices, devices that could be annoying or embarrassing for you to reveal to the authorities. Now a revolutionary breakthrough in anti-metal detection has been developed by Topaz Laboratories, a leading research-and-development company and supplier to many foreign governments.

SPACE-AGE FABRIC: The new discovery is a unique miracle fabric that has thousands of tiny microcomputer chips embedded into the weave that act as anti-metal deterrents. The fabric itself looks just like ordinary cloth, the kind that is used for tote bags, handbags, or small carryalls. Yet you can pack the bag full with all sorts of highly metallic objects—items of a highly personal nature—and you won't get a *beep* out of the security check!

Our Anti-Metal Detector Bag is guaranteed or your money will be cheerfully refunded. Send only \$39.95, in cash, check, money order, or stamps, to: Spectre Research, Box 980, Ritz, Ohio 00714.



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seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I felt the extent of my own powers—of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out—"Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was sitting up in the bed listening;—just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain.

to be continued

We'll run the thrilling conclusion to Edgar Allan Poe's The Tell-tale Heart next month, space permitting. But there's no reason you should have to wait thirty days to learn whether or not our hero was able to overcome the Evil Eye.

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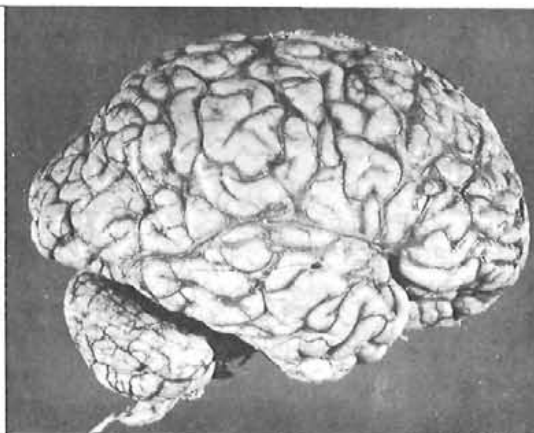
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Shlub

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46)

there because of the class before ours. We sat around talking, and Howard Fields ran up to the blackboard and drew a picture of a flying saucer blasting Mickey Mouse to pieces. Then Mr. Ochs came into the room, and he looked sort of angry.

"Whose report is it today?" he said, and you could tell he wasn't in a good mood. "William Schneider, is it yours? Let's go."

Billy Schneider went to the front of the room and started giving his report on the settling of the Jamestown colony. But we could all see that Mr. Ochs wasn't listening. Then all of a sudden he looked up toward the door, got up, and walked out into the hall without saying a word to us.

"Don't play games with me, Linda," we heard him say.

"Peter, keep your voice down!" someone else whispered. We could all tell it was Mrs. McKenna.

"Look, Linda, I *know* you have a husband. It just so happens I have a wife."

"I know, Peter. Her name is Linda, isn't it?"

"You know it's Linda, Linda."

Then they started whispering again, and we couldn't hear anymore. When Mr. Ochs finally got back he looked really worried, and the only thing he said after Billy Schneider gave his whole long report on Jamestown was, "So. Can anybody tell me why those nine hundred people committed suicide, then?"

Nobody knew what he was talking about, and then the bell rang.

5

"You're kind of cute."

o'clock. She lived near school, so I could just walk there by myself.

It's funny about different people's houses. They all have a different smell. Yvette's house smelled sort of funny. Like someone had made a huge Thanksgiving dinner and then scrubbed the floor with a lot of Comet.

Yvette was wearing some kind of bathrobe when she answered the door. She smiled and said, "Hey, you're looking real hot, Stuart."

"Thanks," I said. "So are you."

"Ah, I just like to be comfortable, that's all," she said.

I asked her why she hadn't waited for me after school to walk home together, and she said, "I cut my last class. It's only math, so fuck it."

She looked kind of grown-up, with that makeup and also this really red lipstick. I could smell that she had perfume on, too.

She said, "Let's go sit in the den."

I said okay, and we went to this room with wood paneling and a wooden TV set that was about as big as a car. I sat down on these purple-and-gold cushions on this couch, and she sat right next to me.

"Shouldn't you get your English notebook?" I asked her.

"Huh? Oh, yeah. I'll get it later. Let's

I WAS REALLY NERVOUS when I walked to Yvette Muzio's house after school the next day. I told my mom that I was going over to her house to work on a school project, and that she could pick me up there at five

just talk for now."

"Well...okay..." I'm not that great at talking to girls. They make me nervous. But I don't think Yvette was even interested in talking, because just then she started running her hand through my hair and unbuttoning my shirt with the other hand. "You're kind of cute, you know?" she said. I couldn't say anything, but I started to squirm around a little bit. This wasn't exactly talking about gerunds!

Then a weird thing happened. She stuck the tip of her tongue in my ear, and I practically blew up. My penis got really hard, and I started breathing like some kind of animal. My eyelids got heavy, too. She started moving her hand up and down on my penis, rubbing it, and I reached my hand over to her. That's when I found out that under that bathrobe she was completely naked!

"Come on, baby, let's have some fun," she said. Her robe came untied, and I could see her whole body. It was amazing! I had never seen a whole girl naked before. Even Janet Greenberg had her jeans on when we played Switch. I couldn't believe this was happening! This never happened in our old neighborhood.

I touched her vagina, which was all covered with black hair. "Ooh, yeah, do that," she said, and started unbuckling my pants. I liked touching her. It was nice. Then I thought it might be nice to kiss her, so I leaned toward her to do that. She fell back, and I fell on top of her.

"Hey, not so fast, lemme get your pants off," she said. She tried to wiggle out from under me. But all that wiggling just made me want to press myself into her, so that's what I did. I rubbed myself against her back and forth, once or twice, and she said, "Whoa, wait a minute—" Then the most amazing, spectacular thing that ever happened to me in my whole life happened.

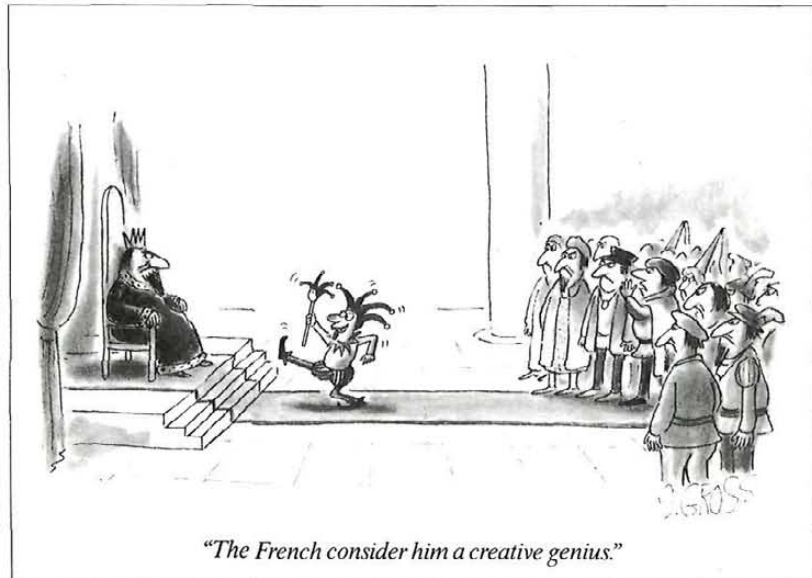
My penis started firing like a gun, and the whole rest of my body turned into one big stiff knot. I couldn't move a muscle, but I started shaking back and forth while this really great thing was happening to my penis. I couldn't think about anything or see anything or do anything except lie on top of Yvette. While it was happening I held onto her and sort of tried to bury myself in her.

After that I think I fell asleep for a few minutes. When I woke up she was sitting there smoking a cigarette. Her robe was back on, and she looked mad about something.

"Listen, kid, you better go," she said.

"Don't...don't you want to talk about gerunds?" I asked.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

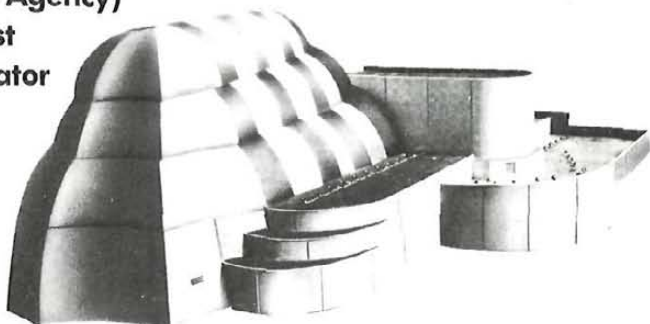


"The French consider him a creative genius."

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Evac-U-Matic, the finest
nuclear-emergency evacuator
in the world.

The *Evac-U-Matic* is years ahead
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You Will Discover Many Uses for the *Evac-U-Matic*

* Whether for a Crisis, a Limited Exchange, or a full-scale Nuclear War, the **Evac-U-Matic** can perform wonders. Use it whenever nuclear activity may result in the unwanted loss of persons, property, or the civilized world.

* As a "weapon" in the nation's arsenal, the **Evac-U-Matic** provides a desirable alternative to obsolete shelter-type refuges. Simply tell people where to go, activate the evacuator, and watch for the results of this excellent appliance.

Truly, this is quality. Though a duly kept secret, the **Evac-U-Matic** may be pointed to by you with pride before the enemy and say, "With the **Evac-U-Matic**, you cannot harm us, to an unreasonable extent." Thus, deterrence is had, and nuclear activity becomes impossible "in the first place."

Why Evacuation?

Many people have the misconception that all nuclear-emergency appliances are alike; nothing could be more incorrect.

During nuclear activity, many nuclear-emergency appliances cannot evacuate. They merely *hide* populations in shelters, which are usually federally maintained skyscraper basements, subway stations, etc., to which populations are shifted in a haphazard kind of way. These areas are unpleasant



and produce *population disgruntlement*.

Furthermore, usually these shelters are *within the area of nuclear activity itself*. The result? The activity destroys the shelters and annihilates the populations. The appliance is then useless for future activities.

Only an appliance that *evacuates* populations, *removing* them from the affected, vaporized zone of damage, can assure that they will remain free of the harmful effects of annihilation. And only an evacuator can be used again and again, nuclear war after nuclear war.



Why the F.E.M.A. *Evac-U-Matic*?

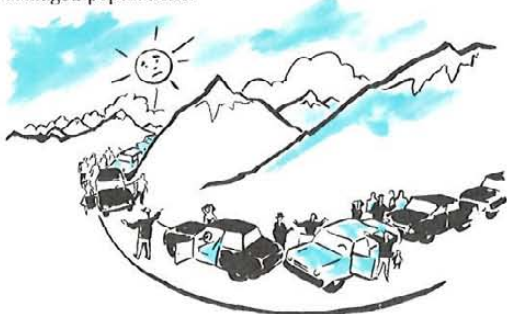
NOTE: 1) An evacuator never creates populations. It can only evacuate populations that already exist. 2) An evacuator adds nothing to the inherent quality of the population itself. Thus, a population cannot be improved by running it through the appliance.

However, an evacuator that will work with a minimum of disruption and inconvenience will produce a happier, more manageable population than other, inefficient evacuators that leave much of their populations in the annihilated areas.

The finest evacuation method on earth is Host Area Assignment, and the F.E.M.A. **Evac-U-Matic** is the most advanced Host Area Assignment evacuator made.

Why Host Area Assignment Is Better

Other brands of evacuators dispose of populations in random, unspecified extra-urban localities such as "the country," "the mountains," "somewhere away from downtown," and so forth. Evacuation is often confusing. Many people, who do not want to be annihilated, panic, which is undesirable. This causes jam-ups in the operation of the appliance, which leads to evacuation inefficiency. And loss of efficiency can lead to damaged populations.



The **Evac-U-Matic** disposes of populations in specified Host Areas. Each population automatically goes to its Host Area according to a detailed scheme built into the device. There is no reason or chance to panic. There is no jam-up. There is no loss of efficiency. No matter what the setting (Test, False Alarm, Low-Level Emergency, Full-Scale Threat, Unimaginable Holocaust), the **Evac-U-Matic** functions perfectly, which is so desirable.



Not Old-Fashioned

The F.E.M.A. **Evac-U-Matic** has the Host Area Assignment feature built in, and requires no additional parts. Its Krowd Kontrol® attachment works according to recognized emergency-management principles. Its Host Areas are attractive, normal zones where people are happy to live, and in fact some already do on a daily basis. Thus, population disgruntlement is minimized, and complete comfort and safety are assured.

Ease of Operation

Other nuclear-emergency appliances require expensive maintenance and upkeep procedures. They necessitate stores of food and water, medical supplies, etc. These mean additional cost, and must be maintained year after year.

The F.E.M.A. **Evac-U-Matic** does away with all unnecessary extra equipment and supplies. Food, water, and lodging facilities are built in, and come with every Host Area. And **Evac-U-Matic's** ease of operation is so simple.

Just Follow This Three-Step Procedure

- 1 KEEP THE EXISTENCE OF THE EVAC-U-MATIC A SECRET.** Populations are best evacuated if the enemy does not know their plan of evacuation, or their site of disposal. Even the most advanced evacuator cannot function properly if the enemy is able to retarget his weapons to pursue and annihilate the evacuating populations, or those already processed and, supposedly, safe.
- 2 THOROUGHLY PUBLICIZE THE EVAC-U-MATIC.** An evacuator is only effective if it, and its plan of operation, is familiar to the evacuating public. Therefore, be sure to inform all populations of their Host Area Assignments before operating the appliance. No special equipment is needed for spreading this information; just use the media as you normally would.
- 3 AT THE START OR THREAT OF NUCLEAR ACTIVITY, TURN ON THE EVAC-U-MATIC.** Populations will automatically go to their assigned Host Areas, thus surviving.

Questions and Answers Concerning the F.E.M.A. *Evac-U-Matic*

Q. HOW DOES THE EVAC-U-MATIC EVACUATE POPULATIONS?

A. The **Evac-U-Matic** does away with federally bought or rented buses, trucks, trains, and other expensive additional attachments, because it evacuates populations using the cars and trucks inherent in the populations themselves. Thus, there are no options with the **Evac-U-Matic**, which lowers operating costs.

Q. WHAT ARE HOST AREAS?

A. Host Areas are towns, hamlets, and other small municipalities outside larger cities and towns. When populations are evacuated with the **Evac-U-Matic**, they go to Host Areas, which are scientifically selected as centers not subject to dangerous annihilation.

Q. ARE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN HOST AREAS CONCERNED ABOUT THE LARGE POPULATIONS THAT WILL INFLUX ON THEM WHEN THE EVAC-U-MATIC IS OPERATED?

A. No. Most people living in Host Areas do not even know that their zone has been designed as a Host Area, and therefore they do not experience unnecessary worry or fear.

Q. WHEN THE EVAC-U-MATIC IS OPERATED, HOW DO HOST AREA POPULATIONS REACT TO THE ARRIVAL OF THE EVACUATED POPULATIONS AFTER THEY HAVE BEEN PROCESSED THROUGH THE APPLIANCE?

A. They freely welcome them and permit smooth influx, because they do not want them to be annihilated.

Q. HOW ARE POPULATIONS PRESERVED AFTER THEY ARE EVACUATED?

A. They live in hotels and motels and other public lodging facilities inherent in the Host Areas. They eat at restaurants, diners, luncheonettes, and other public eating establishments, and in private homes. No special lodging or dining attachments are necessary, or available.

TROUBLE SIGN	PROBLEM	SOLUTION
Backup of evacuation flow, populations not reaching Host Areas smoothly.	Populations panicky, terrified; paralyzed or irrational with fear.	Soothe populations with appropriate reassurances via media. Remove any malfunctioning individuals from flow. Use federal troops (included in package) and local officials (not included) to maintain evacuation processing.
Erratic evacuation flow, disorder within population.	Federal troops and/or local officials panicky, terrified; paralyzed or irrational with fear.	Apply strong leadership. Threaten severe reprisals. Cite duty, professionalism, patriotism, prison, etc.
Stalled evacuation process. Backup of populations.	Malfunctioning vehicles.	Keep all vehicles in proper working order. Remove from road all faulty vehicles, reassigning their occupants to working vehicles after levying faulty-vehicle fine.
Evacuation arteries jammed with slow-moving vehicles when appliance is not in operation.	Normal rush-hour commuter activity.	Follow customary rush-hour traffic procedures. Allow arteries to clear and rush-hour to terminate before engaging in nuclear activity and operating appliance.
Lack of populations after appliance has been operated. Absence of Host Areas.	Annihilation of populations, obliteration of Host Areas.	Adjust Evac-U-Matic to reassign remaining populations, if any, to new Host Areas, if any.

The Evac-U-Matic Has Many Uses

- ✓ **BEFORE NUCLEAR ACTIVITY**, use the Evac-U-Matic to reassure populations that they will not be annihilated.
- ✓ **DURING NUCLEAR ACTIVITY**, use the Evac-U-Matic to win any nuclear conflict in which it is operated.
- ✓ **AFTER NUCLEAR ACTIVITY**, use the Evac-U-Matic to provide for the survival of the national way of life.

At F.E.M.A., we are dedicated to developing the most versatile, affordable evacuators on the market. The Evac-U-Matic is the largest in a line of nuclear-emergency devices manufactured by Federal Emergency Management Agency (formerly United States Civil Defense Agency). We go back to the first bomb, with decades of population experience.

Welcome to the
Evac-U-Matic age!



THE LAWYER AND

BY TED MANN

TERRY RICHARDSON HAD JUST HAD A WORD with the managing partner of his firm. It was regarding a client's overdue account. The money the client owed the firm was over fifty thousand dollars, and although Terry was not strictly responsible for the account (it was handled by another partner), he was concerned. Terry Richardson had a reputation for meticulousness, which was justified. He was the firm's expert on conflict of laws. He had been with Turner and Moody for fifteen years. He shared in the firm's profits with the other seven partners and felt it was his duty to do what he could to keep overhead down, and help out where possible with difficult collections. Last year Terry had made just under two hundred thousand dollars. He had a large blond wood desk, a slim blond wife, a fifteen-year-old son, a twelve-year-old daughter, a home with dozens of sun decks and hundreds of small multi-angled decorative windows, and a golden Labrador retriever. Terry was thirty-seven years old.

Brian McDonald had just left a large package, protectively cocooned in huge swaths of brown wrapping paper bound with string, with the receptionist at the firm of Turner and Moody. He was confident that the receptionist was watching him with an appreciative eye as he practiced palsied arrhythmic striking motions, the untested elements of a fighting system akin to kung fu that he had personally developed. Brian was waiting for the elevator, which would take him back to Mr. Moonan, the dispatcher at the Atomic Eagles messenger service.

In contrast to Terry Richardson, just emerging from the interior of his offices and heading toward the elevator, Brian McDonald was not particularly dedicated to his work. He had been reprimanded by his boss several times for slow deliveries after he had stood for an hour outside a card-shop window watching a small bird with a fuzzy beak as it bobbed its head up and down, drinking, it seemed, from a glass of water. Last year Brian had made fifteen hundred dollars in addition to the money he received from the government in the form of disability checks, which were awarded to him because he was mentally incapacitated. Brian had a Bendix two-speed bicycle with an enormous basket of woven metal laths mounted on the handlebars. Brian was unmarried and lived in a single-room-occupancy hotel in a very depressed neighborhood. Brian was thirty-seven years old. If he had

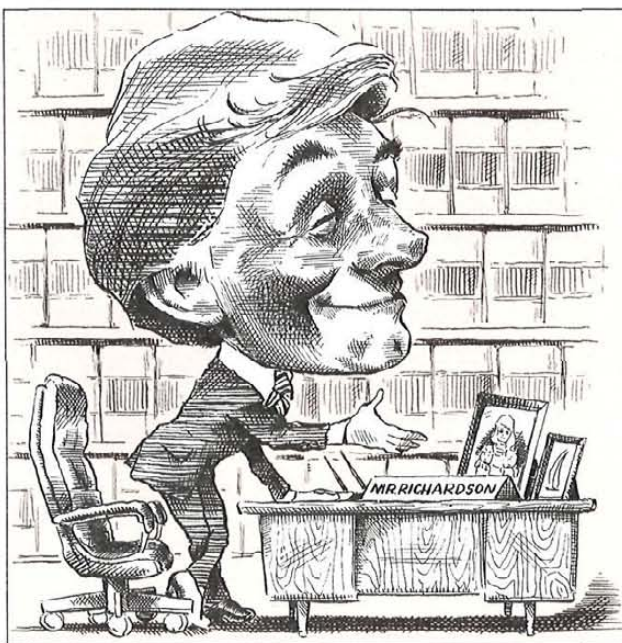
washed, had asked the barber for a "trim" instead of a "mad Mohawk," and had been wearing a gray herringbone suit, he would have been identical to Terry Richardson.

As the elevator door closed on the lawyer and the messenger, Brian said, "Rennet! Rennet! That's it!"

"What?" asked Terry.

"The active ingredient in cheese!" said Brian, and the elevator plunged three floors, breaking legs, bruising ribs, and knocking lawyer and messenger senseless.

Terry Richardson was a lawyer...



Esteban Ortiz, one of those men paid to hang about in the lobbies of office buildings and rake the sand in the standing ashtrays, heard the elevator crash to the basement. So he ran away.

Penny Sumac, a secretary, waiting in the lobby for an elevator, also heard the crash. She immediately began looking in her purse for a dime with which to phone for assistance. Finding she had only a quarter, she rushed out onto the street and began crying, "The elevator, the elevator has crashed!" Within minutes the lobby was filled with shoppers, street vendors, flyer distributors, and sample girls. It was one of the latter who had the idea of reporting the incident to a bus driver, who radioed his superior, who called the police,

who dispatched an emergency rescue team to the scene.

It took the emergency rescue team of Paulo and Vinnie one hour and thirty-five minutes to free the lawyer and the messenger from the wrecked elevator and get them loaded aboard the ambulance. As both victims of the plunge were only semiconscious, Paulo, who rode in back with them, took the opportunity to plunder their wallets. He would later split the money with Vinnie, holding back a ten or so because "I do most of the work." Paulo inadvertently returned Brian's fat plastic bezipped billfold stuffed with newspaper clippings to Terry's pocket and stuffed Terry's slim exotic leather wallet into Brian's pants.

Half an hour after they arrived at the hospital Brian was identified as a prominent attorney and transferred to a good private hospital in another part of town, where he was washed, clothed in a fine hospital gown, and accorded the best of treatment. Terry was identified as an impoverished messenger with a history of mental illness and was transferred to a notoriously brutal public psychiatric hospital whose meager staff were specialists only in bus injuries to derelicts. There he was clothed in a yellowish-gray tunic of some rough cloth and strapped into a chair unattended for five hours while the hospital administrator attempted to verify that some

THE MESSENGER

level of government would pay for his treatment.

Dr. Stevenson, examining Brian at Silven Elm Hospital, assumed that his "mad Mohawk" haircut was the result of some incompetent emergency-room procedure at the other hospital and ordered that the patient be barbered by the staff stylist, formerly with Sassoon.

Terry's head was shaved as a precaution against lice. He was given a timed-release spansule of prochlorperazine, seventy-five milligrams. This was completely irresponsible, as the drug's antiemetic effect would mask many indications of brain injury, but the orderly who administered the drug thought it would be better than having to clean up puke. Within a few days Terry had a host of tics and twitches, rashes, and dry mouth, as well as a completely thrashed endocrine system. He had several seizures, and alternated between periods of frenzied activity and prolonged stupors.

Over the same period of time Brian had almost completely recovered, or at least returned to his former level of mental and physical decay. His new wife Anne Marie visited him every day and was both affectionate and loyal—acceding with a certain reluctant understanding when Brian gripped the nape of her slim neck and pushed her head into his crotch, bowing compassionately to his requests for magazines dealing with mercenaries and their alleged exploits in far-off jungles, and trying by means of her conversation to restore the memories scoured from his mind by the head injuries.

"Terry, try to remember," she would say. "Gladys was Sally's bridesmaid, when she married your cousin Arthur last year in the Vineyard."

"Hey, how about another one of those blowjobs?" Brian would say.

"An increase in libido is not uncommon in head injuries," said Dr. Stevenson, "though as far as we can see there is nothing organically wrong with his brain. I think the best thing to do would be to get him into the home environment as soon as possible. The familiar associations should help to bridge the mnemonic gaps."

FULL-BENEFIT COVERAGE HAS ALMOST RUN OUT ON McDonald. I suggest we treat him as an outpatient, get him out as soon as possible." So said the administrator at Terry's hospital. So Terry went home, too, to Brian's room at the Cobalt Hotel. If he lay in bed on his right side he stared at a close-up color picture of a Congolese rebel, half his head

blown off, lying on the jungle floor. If Terry lay on his left side he saw an array of plastic medicine bottles, all tall, some fatter than others, sitting on Brian's pitted, chipped, and off-painted nightstand. If he lay on his back, as he preferred, he looked at the white lines of the cracks on the dark ceiling. He thought sometimes their outlines suggested a small Caribbean island archipelago. Other times they seemed to move and drift about, reminding him of the sky. Sometimes he thought they

were the sky. Terry kept taking his pills. A doctor had told him to take the pills. Something was wrong with him. He did not know what, but he was responsible and he took his pills. Sometimes he wondered where he was, and what had happened to his wife and his children and his job. He felt his only hope of restoring himself to a normal life was to keep taking his pills. Terry never lay on his stomach. Once when he had, another resident of the hotel had entered the room and done something to his ass. "He fucked me," thought Terry afterward. Then he had forgotten. But still he didn't sleep on his stomach.

Some days after Brian was released from the hospital, old Sam Moody phoned him at Terry's home. "Terry, I talked it over with the partners. We want you to take all the time you need to get

better. Your pay will hold where it is, and don't worry, the firm's making more than enough to cover for you. This may be our best year ever."

"Hey, thanks, Mr. Moonan—I mean boss. You mean I still get my check like I was still working?"

"That's about the size of it, Terry," said Sam Moody gently.

"Now you get well soon. Take it easy, hey?"

"Sure. Sure I will! I'm gonna get another blowjob, too!"

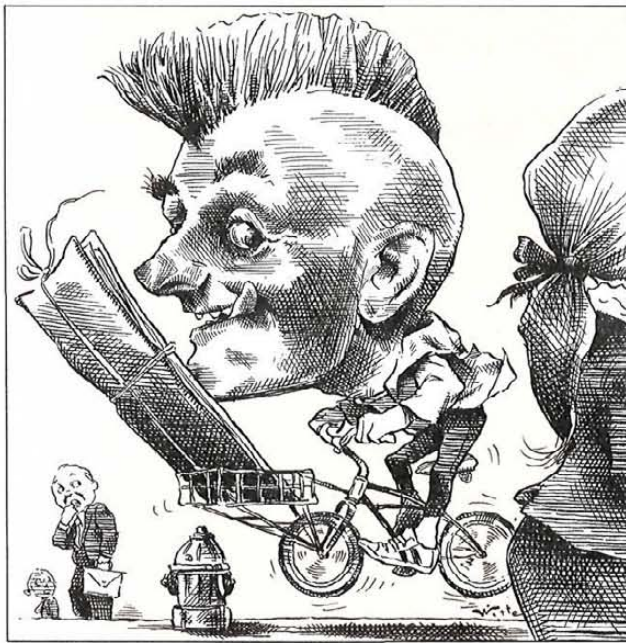
"I think his head's totaled," said old Sam Moody to another partner later.

WHILE BRIAN WAS LOUDLY ENCOURAGING TERRY'S wife to "swallow every drop," Terry was receiving his first visitor, Ken, another employee of the Atomic Eagles messenger service.

"I hear youse hurt your head up pretty bad, huh, Bri? Youse sure are twitching a lot."

"Yeah. I can't remember things very well and I'm dizzy sometimes if I get up. I don't know where my family is. I'm taking my pills every day."

"That's good," said Ken, "take your pills. You can't get better really without, so you take them. Remember what happened when youse didn't take them last time? Youse and your



Brian McDonald was a messenger...

bicycle got stuck in that revolving door in the Twitterton Building.”

Terry thought for a moment. “No, I don’t remember,” he said.

“Well,” said Ken, “it don’t matter. Mr. Moonan is asking when youse gonna be back at work. He wants me to ask you.”

“I don’t know. I don’t feel so good.”

“Don’t worry, he says, he’ll start youse off on just local deliveries. He wants youse in tomorrow. Otherwise he says he can’t keep the job for youse. Okay? I’ll stop by and pick youse up.”

“Okay,” said Terry doubtfully.

BRIAN WAS UP PRETTY early at Terry’s house. He didn’t sleep so well when he wasn’t taking his medication. Anne Marie rolled over and looked at him as he rose. “Wha, what are you doing, honey?” she asked.

“Looking for a hammer and nails. Got to do some work.”

“On the boat?” asked Anne Marie, the boat being the only thing her husband ever worked on. Brian looked out the window toward the bay, now recalling mention sometime earlier of a forty-foot sailboat lying at his dock. Terry’s son Mark had made Brian promise to take him sailing. Later. Later. First, the hammer and nails. Got to get this house secure from the rapists, rats, and burglars. Can’t sleep with all that scum on the streets and no protection.

“Well,” said his wife, “your tools are all in the shed by the side of the house. You remember, don’t you, dear?”

“Sure, right in the shed for a hammer and nails,” said Brian, and he left the bedroom.

When Mrs. Richardson arose she found that her husband had nailed L-shaped cradles and bars onto the bedroom doors, and boarded shut all the entrances to the house except for the basement door. He had also put up pictures clipped from mercenary magazines around the breakfast table before stuffing five loaves of bread and a family-size bottle of ketchup into a green double-ply Glad bag and taking Mark, his son, out sailing. “I do hope they’ll be all right,” said Anne Marie to her daughter Jennifer, and she gave the girl permission to take down the “gross” pictures.

LOOK,” MR. MOONAN, THE OPERATOR OF THE ATOMIC Eagles messenger service, said to Terry, less than patiently. “This address here is where you pick the delivery up. This is where you deliver the delivery. The phone numbers of the destination and point of origin are on the slip. If you get confused call me. Got it? Pick up the package! Transport the

package! Deliver the package! Just remember PTD—pick up, transport, deliver. Can you do that?”

“But it seems like a messenger’s job,” said Terry.

“And just what the fuck are you,” said Moonan through clenched teeth, “a fucking fellow of the Hudson Institute?”

“A lawyer... I’m a lawyer,” said Terry, who was having difficulty standing.

“Well, maybe you didn’t hear. We had a revolution. This is what the fucking lawyers do now. They ride around on fucking bicycles and deliver sketches of talking frankfurters for slimebucket admen, see?”

“I don’t understand... I... I...” said Terry, sweat breaking out along his hairline, his face as white as Crisco.

“Of course you don’t understand, counselor. You’re a fucking messenger now. All you have to understand is PTD. Pick up, transport, deliver. Now go!”

“Okay, okay,” said Terry, and he left the dispatch office for his bicycle.



But they were both in this accident...

MARK HAD SHOWN THE man he believed to be his father where the sail locker was.

“Which is the biggest sail?” asked Brian.

“Jeez, the spinnaker, Dad, you know that,” said Mark.

“Okay. Let’s get that up the mast here,” said Brian, and began rigging the spinnaker upside down where the mainsail should be. After ten minutes of confused tinkering the huge sail billowed and flapped ludicrously as Brian studied it with satisfaction.

“Gee, I don’t think that’s right, Dad!” said Mark.

“Never mind, it’ll do,” said Brian, steering the boat away

from shore, past yachts at anchor and other sailors who waved, laughed out loud, or blew their air horns at the sight. Brian had discovered a flare gun in a zippered weatherproof pocket in the cockpit. “Stop your honking,” he shouted at one sailboat he passed at a fifty-foot distance. When they honked again he pumped two red fireballs into their mainsail, one punching a large hole, the other scattering into a multitude of chunks of burning phosphorus and raining down on the boat’s crew.

“I’m calling the Coast Guard,” screamed a man on the other vessel’s deck.

“Your girlfriend’s a dog!” screamed Brian McDonald.

TERRY HAD BEEN GIVEN A YELLOW PLASTIC RAIN slicker of the type they sell in stadiums. “Atomic Eagles” was printed in block letters across the back. When it rained he pulled the hood up. When it stopped raining he let the hood fall back, and it was in this garment that he made his way back and forth across town. He was unsteady on his bicycle, and cab drivers shouted at him a lot.

At lunchtime he met Ken at a Burger King restaurant. Terry had a hamburger but Ken had six wax-paper bags of French fries. “That’s all I eat. Fries,” he said, dumping the con-

tents of the six bags directly onto the Arborlite tabletop and squeezing ketchup from fifteen foil pouches over the resultant mound.

"Youse shouldn't eat those hamburgers," said Ken. "There's a kind of nutrition that they give to the cows that will make youse mental. This nutrition makes the cows really big but it also makes them mental, and it can make youse mental too when it gets into your blood. You can tell when your sweat smells like steel!"

After lunch Terry delivered a package in an office building next to the building where he had formerly practiced law. He gave the package to the receptionist at a small mail-order firm. The firm sold ampules of imitation brand-name perfumes and monogrammed Handi Wipes for use as guest towels.

"What have you got to say about my Visa card?" asked the receptionist after he handed her the package. "Suppose you tell me where it went?"

"Visa card? I don't know anything about your Visa card."

The receptionist curled her lips and sneered, "IIIIII' mmm ssssssuuurrrre! Now suppose you give me that card right back or you'll be sorry, *Danny! Danny!*" A large black man emerged from a door marked "Mailroom" across the lobby.

"Danny," sobbed the receptionist, "he took my Visa card and now he won't give it back! I know he did because I had it out this morning to show it to Sally from accounting. I just got it a week ago. And then I went to the washroom and when I came back it was gone from my purse and now he says he didn't take it and I know he did because these messengers are always lurking and hanging around the halls and now my card's gone!"

The black man approached Terry and seized him by the neck. "Now suppose you give the lady back her card, buddy."

Over the black man's shoulder Terry could see the receptionist's head bouncing. "Make him give it back, Danny!" She had a look of vengeful satisfaction on her face.

"I don't have any Visa card," said Terry in a strangled voice.

"We'll see about that," said the black man, and he began roughly to search Terry's pockets, throwing their contents—change, half a comb, and a package of matches—onto the floor. "He doesn't have it, Laverne!"

"He must have it, it's gone!"

"Well, it's not on him." He turned to Terry. "Okay, buddy, suppose you just get the fuck out of here." An elevator door opened behind him, and the black man threw him into the elevator. Terry, on his hands and knees, tried to grab some of his change through the closing elevator doors, but the black man kicked his hand back.

In the moment before the elevator began its descent he heard Laverne the receptionist say through the closed doors, "Oh, here it is! It was on my desk all the time!"

BRIAN AND MARK HAD HAD AN ACCIDENT ON THE SAILboat. Brian had attempted to sail under a drawbridge with an eight-foot clearance and had demasted the vessel. Climbing over the shattered mast and tangled lines, Brian jumped down into the waist-deep water and reached up to help Mark. Brian looked at the boy's tanned thighs running into his tight blue French-cut bathing suit. "Hey, you know you got a nice ass there, son. At your age you better watch it or some guy'll make you his punk. I seen it happen on the streets a thousand times. Then, once you get a taste for it, bang! You're gone!"

"What do you mean, Dad?" said Mark.

"Christ, you know," said Brian cryptically, "homoed out to the max."

"Had a little accident with the boat, left it anchored somewhere," said Brian to Anne Marie when they got home. "Hey, you look great" he said suddenly and, taking her hand, he led her into the pantry off the kitchen, closing the door behind them. He flipped her skirt up and bent her over before him; she placed her hands on a shelf for support, her head resting amid numerous packages of Total breakfast cereal. "Excuse me for shanking you up the dirt chute like this, but watching Mark today really turned me on. Better you get bombed in the brown than him, hey?" He didn't seem to expect a reply; she offered none.

Then the sprung pantry door swung open of its own accord, and the kids saw the startled face of their mother, her

cheek flat against the pantry shelf,

Dad's hand gripping her hair at the back of her neck as he plunged into her from the rear.

"Terry! The children!" she gasped.

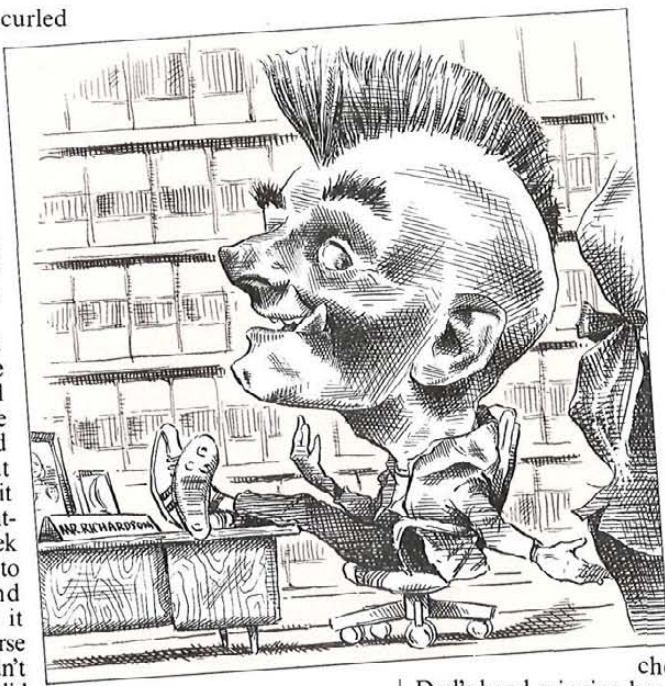
"What the hell!" said Brian without breaking stroke. "they gotta learn about the facts of life sometime, don't they?"

TERRY, HAVING COMPLETED HIS FIRST DAY AS A MESsenger, fell asleep. When he awoke he was in his home and his wife Anne Marie was bending over him, giving him a wake-up kiss. He put his arms around her, scared. Was everything all right?...A dream, he had had a dream...a terrible dream. His wife, misinterpreting the hug, said, "Not now, Terry, you promised to take Mark sailing this morning, and you know old Sam Moody is coming for lunch at twelve with that *impossible* wife of his..."

It was all right! Everything was fine! It had been a dream! He was going sailing!

Then Ken clattered into the miserable hotel room and shook him awake. "Hey," he said, "wake up, youse is making us late for work!"

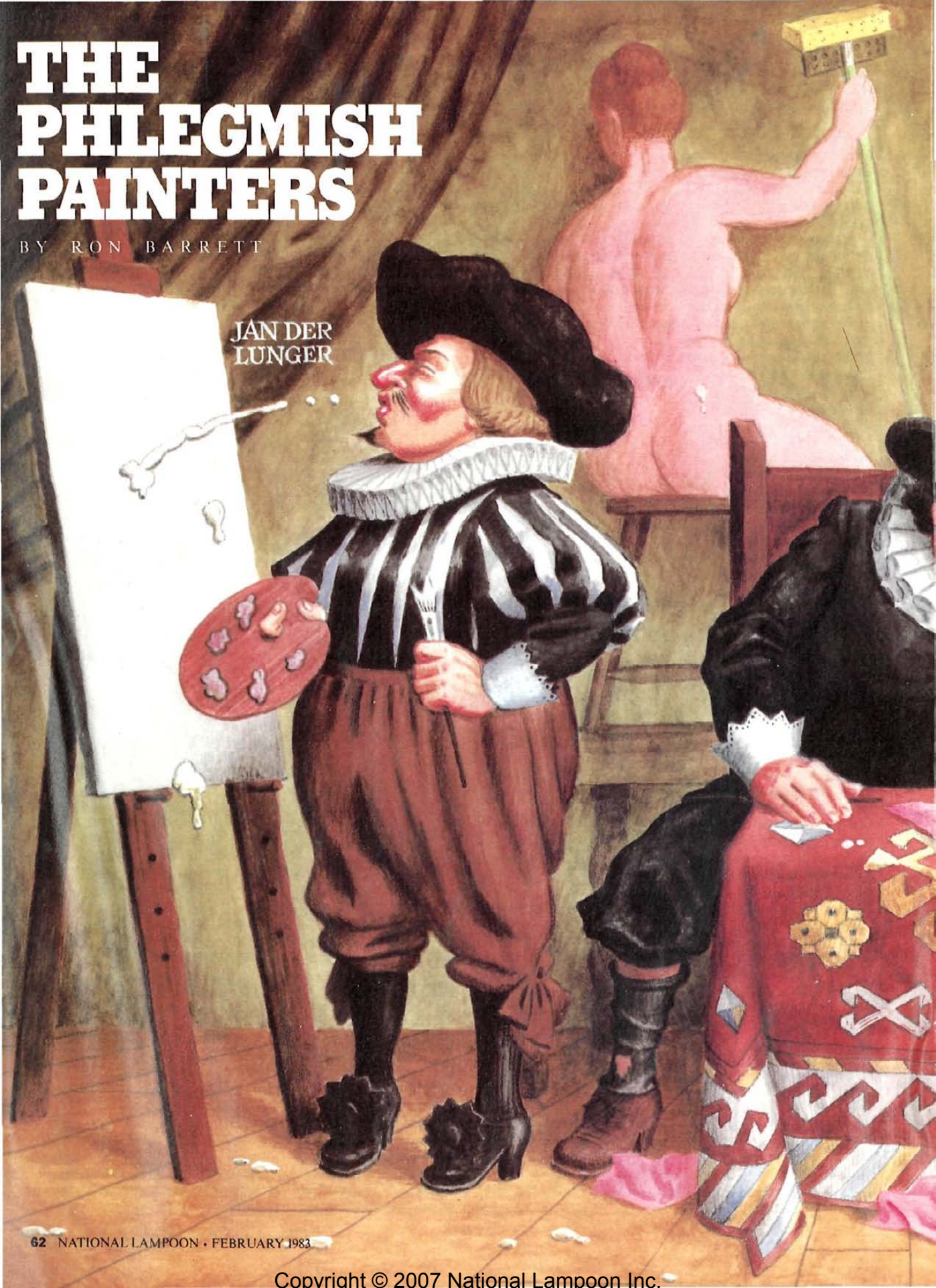
and things got mixed up.



THE PHLEGMISH PAINTERS

BY RON BARRETT

JAN DER
LUNGER





MUCUS VAN
DER OYSTER

FRANS
SPUTUM

REMBRANDT
VAN SPYTT

THE EXPULSION
OF MUCUS

Shlub

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54)

"I don't want to talk about nothing," she said. "Just go, okay?"

I got my books and said good-bye to her, and thanked her for a great time. She just waved me out the door, and before I knew it I was outside.

Wow! I couldn't believe it! I actually did it! And with Yvette Muzio! If you do it with a girl as tough and scary as her, that must mean that you're pretty cool. So maybe I was cooler than I thought I was! What a day! Of course, I still had an hour and a half before my mom would come and pick me up, so I went back to the school and helped Howard Fields clean up the chemistry lab for Mr. Stears. I knew my pants had this big stain on the front, where my penis was, so I pretended to spill water on them right away so I'd have an explanation for it.

6

"You're the father."

NEXT DAY IN school Yvette came up to me in the hall and said, "I wanna talk to you," so at lunch I sat beside her at the tough kids' table. Frankie Thomas wasn't there, because I think he had B lunch. It made me nervous, sitting near all those tough kids, but then I remem-

bered what happened the day before, and felt good.

After we bought our milk and opened our lunch bags, Yvette said to me in this real hard voice, "Listen, Stuart. You made me pregnant, and now I need money for an abortion."

"Huh?" I said.

"I missed my period this morning, so that means I'm pregnant. And you're the father, 'cause I didn't have any relations with any guy yesterday except you."

I felt sick, like I was going to throw up. "But..." Something seemed wrong. I knew I wasn't exactly sure how girls get pregnant, but this seemed crazy. "But...I mean, we didn't actually—"

"You came, didn't you?" she said. She looked sort of wild. She was eating this tuna sandwich in fast little nibbles, like a rat. "I need one hundred dollars for the abortion. You have to give me one hundred dollars. That's what the man has to do when the woman gets pregnant."

"WHAT! Where am I going to get a hundred dollars?"

"Your friend Feinberg says you get an allowance, don't ya?"

"It's five dollars a week!"

"Ask your folks for an advance, or something. Tell 'em it's for a science project or some crap like that."

"They'll kill me!"

"Listen, you little twerp, do you want me to bear this child?" She shook her head while she nibbled the sandwich.

"No way. And you better not tell anybody about this, or I'll be humiliated!"

Then she gulped down some milk and took out a cigarette and lit it. The smoke came out through her nose. A teacher walked into the cafeteria just then, so Yvette said, "Shit," and put out the cigarette on the underneath side of the table. Then she gave me this phony smile. "Come on, Stuart. You get the money, and then maybe we can have fun again. Okay?" Then she kissed me on the cheek and got up and went over to some other people.

7

"I want you to take the extra dollar.."

THE WHOLE REST of the day it was like I was sick with the flu. I couldn't talk to anybody, and everybody said I looked sick. Everybody except Jeffrey Feinberg, that is. He came up to me after lunch in study hall and said, "Tough luck about Muzio, man. Better get the bread." I don't know how he knew, since she told me not to tell anybody, but he did. I was starting not to like Jeffrey very much. So I didn't discuss it with him.

That night at dinner my mom said, "Are you making new friends at school, Stu?"

I just said, "Yeah."

That night I prayed to God to send me a hundred dollars for Yvette's abortion. But I really didn't think that would solve the problem. I wondered who I could talk about this with, and the only ones I could think of were Mr. Ochs, Janet Greenberg, and Howard Fields. But Mr. Ochs had gotten really strange lately. He looked nervous and like he never slept, and he'd started saying weird things in class. Like that day when Abby Sherman was giving her report on the Stamp Act, and he jumped up and said, "Excuse me, kids. I have to see somebody about a *commitment*, God damn it." And then he ran out of the room.

Janet was still mad at me, so that left Howard Fields. I knew he was sort of a nerd, but he was also pretty smart, and I thought I could trust him. So after school the next day I found him in Mr. Stears's chemistry lab again. I explained the whole thing to him while he was washing out some test tubes.

"That's very irregular," he said. "Getting pregnant the day after you do it with someone. Usually girls get pregnant nine months after they do it."

"I'm not sure we really did it right." I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)



"You're in luck, Mr. Lemon. Our company is, at present, intensively recruiting people with fruit surnames."



APPROVED BY THE UNRECOGNIZABLE UNIFORM WITH NO INSIGNIA CODE OF MILITARY JUSTICE

FEB. NO. 1

HASSAN'S HEROES



60¢

BUT COLONEL X-- JUST ONE LITTLE TEENSY TRANSMITTER FOR OUR MARCONI BROADCAST SCIENCE CLUB?

HASSAAAAAN! THIS IS A PALESTINIAN CAMP I'M RUNNING HERE, NOT A RECREATION CENTER!

CAMP X



URGENT INTELLIGENCE FOR PLO COMMAND

ISRAELI TROOP STRENGTH

ISRAELI MORALE

TOTAL NUMBER OF ISRAELI PLANES

FOR PLO HEADQUARTERS ONLY

TINY BITS OF SEEMINGLY UNRELATED INTELLIGENCE WERE TOO CRUDE TO UNDERSTAND

THIS MONTH:

"CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS"

HASSAN'S "CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS" HEROES IN

STORY: TOD CARROLL & TED MANN • ART: FRANK THORNE • COLORS: STEVE OLIFF • LETTERS: TODD KLEIN



"MERCHANT"-- HE'S GOT A WILD SENSE OF HUMOR, EXCEPT WHEN IT COMES TO SELLING QUALITY MERCHANDISE AT A FAIR PRICE.



COLONEL HASSAN-- CAPTURED BY THE ENEMY AND HELD AS PRISONERS OF WAR SOMEWHERE IN LEBANON, HASSAN AND HIS PLO FREEDOM FIGHTERS CONTINUE TO FURTHER THEIR CAUSE, DISRUPTING COMMUNICATIONS, SABOTAGING BRIDGES, GATHERING INTELLIGENCE, COOKING LIVE DOGS, AND FOULING THE CAMP SO BADLY THAT THE ENEMY GETS SICK AND LOSES HIS WILL TO FIGHT.



"STUDENT"-- OWNING A TRI-COLORED DEGREE FROM PATRICE LUMUMBA U., THIS YOUNG MAN KNOWS STUFF ABOUT SOCIAL ECONOMICS MOST PEOPLE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF.



"DRIVER"-- HE KNOWS HOW TO DRIVE MOST ANIMALS AND ALSO A JEEP.



"BOY"-- HE SMELLS GOOD.



"WATERFINDER"-- PRETTY GOOD AT FINDING WATER, EVEN BETTER AT PUTTING IT IN BUCKETS.



"THROWER"-- THROWING CHUNKS OF MOLDING AND RUBBLE A LONG WAY IS HIS SPECIALTY.



"BEARER"-- NOT VERY MANY LOADS ARE TOO BIG FOR HIM.



I HAVE SMUGGLED ANOTHER DOG FOR US, SIR.

DALMATIAN AGAIN?

CAN IT, MERCHANT. THE LAST THING WE NEED AROUND HERE IS COMPLAINING.

EXCEPT BY THE ENEMY WHEN THEY SMELL OUR DINNER, HEH-HEH-HEH.

HA! MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY.

NICE WORK, BEARER. BUT BEFORE EATING, LET'S HEAR WATER-FINDER'S INTELLIGENCE REPORT.

YES, COLONEL--



--WHILE POSING UNDER THE COVER OF MY DAILY ROUTINE OF WATER FINDING, I HAVE SECRETLY PLACED THE OTHER END OF THIS WATER HOSE IN THE COMMANDANT'S OFFICE.

SO NOW WE CAN EAVESDROP ON ALL OF HIS PLANS!

BRILLIANT!



BUT THE COMMANDANT IS NOT EASILY FOOLED.

THE IGNORANCE AND CLUMSINESS OF THOSE PLO BLUFFONS ARE MATCHED ONLY BY THE UTTER FUTILITY OF THEIR SCHEMES.

HEH-HEH-HEH, PERHAPS WE SHOULD GIVE THEM A LITTLE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE, HEH-HEH-HEH. RIGHT, MY COMMANDANT?

RIGHT!



THE SERGEANT INCHES THE HOSE THROUGH A SHELL HOLE NEXT TO THROWER'S BUNK...



THE SCENT OF YOU, YOUNG BOY, MAKES ME FEEL INSIDE LIKE A THOUSAND NUCLEAR BOMBS.



HEAR ANYTHING, WATERFINDER?

YES, BUT THEY MUST BE SPEAKING VERY SOFTLY... SOMETHING ABOUT... ONE THOUSAND NUCLEAR BOMBS.

SAVAGE, GENOCIDAL THUGS, ALL OF THEM!



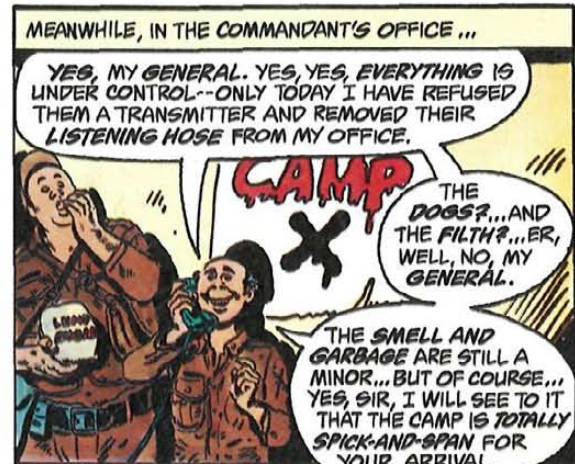
ALL RIGHT, MEN, THIS INTELLIGENCE ABOUT THE ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND ENEMY NUCLEAR BOMBS IS OBVIOUSLY TOO IMPORTANT TO SIT ON.

PERHAPS WE SHOULD STAND ON IT, THEN, HEH-HEH-HEH.



STOW IT, MERCHANT.

WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO GET THE INFORMATION TO OUR UNDERGROUND CONTACT IN BEIRUT, AND FAST.



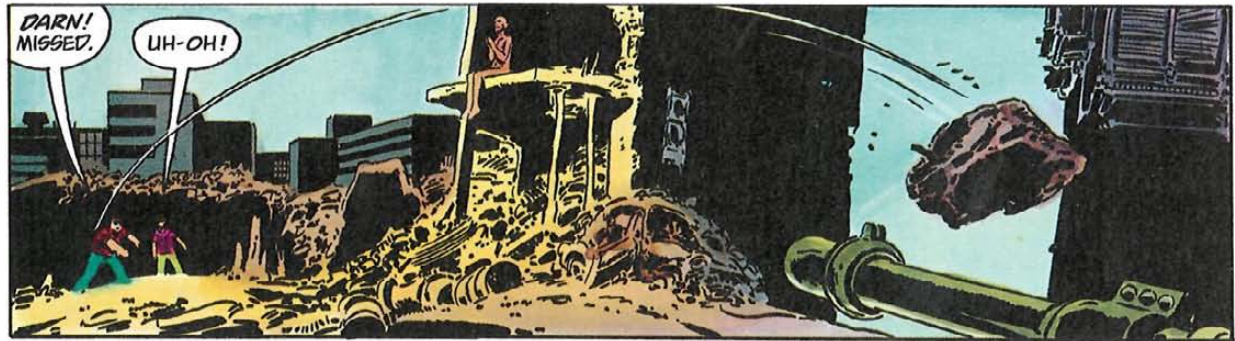
MEANWHILE, IN THE COMMANDANT'S OFFICE ...

YES, MY GENERAL. YES, YES, EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL--ONLY TODAY I HAVE REFUSED THEM A TRANSMITTER AND REMOVED THEIR LISTENING HOSE FROM MY OFFICE.

CAMP X

THE DOGS?... AND THE FILTH?... ER, WELL, NO, MY GENERAL.

THE SMELL AND GARBAGE ARE STILL A MINOR... BUT OF COURSE... YES, SIR, I WILL SEE TO IT THAT THE CAMP IS TOTALLY SPICK-AND-SPAN FOR YOUR ARRIVAL.



LATER THAT NIGHT, AFTER HASSAN AND THE OTHERS HAVE RETURNED FROM THEIR MISADVENTURES AND CALLED IT A NIGHT...



HEY, DO YOU BELIEVE IN DREAMS?

NOT REALLY. WHY?

THAT'S A NICE DREAM.

I JUST DREAMED I HAD TWO ORANGES.

GOSH.

I JUST DREAMED MY WIFE HAD TWO ARMS.

I JUST DREAMED I HAD TWO WIVES AND BOTH OF THEM HAD TWO ARMS, TWO LEGS, TWO DOGS, TWO CLAYMORES, TWO PANS, AND A TOTAL OF TWO HEADS.

GEE, THAT WOULD BE SOMETHING.

CAN THE CHATTER, MEN. DREAMING'S FOR PEOPLE WITH HOMELANDS.

HOW ABOUT PEOPLE WITH APARTMENTLANDS, HEH-HEH-HEH...OR MOTELLANDS, OR...HEH-HEH-HEH...



THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR YOU, MERCHANT.

SUNUP, AND THE COMMANDANT IS ANGRY...

LOOK AT THIS PLACE! THE GENERAL WILL BE HERE IN ONLY FOUR DAYS, AND IT'S STILL A MESS. CAN'T WE RELY ON THESE PALESTINIAN PIGS FOR ANYTHING?

I'M AFRAID SO, SIR.

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO CLEAN UP THE CAMP OURSELVES.



BUT WE DON'T HAVE MUCH IN THE WAY OF CLEANING SUPPLIES, SIR.

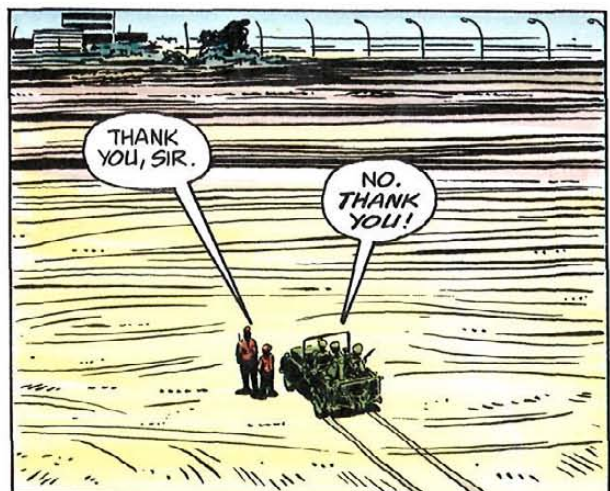
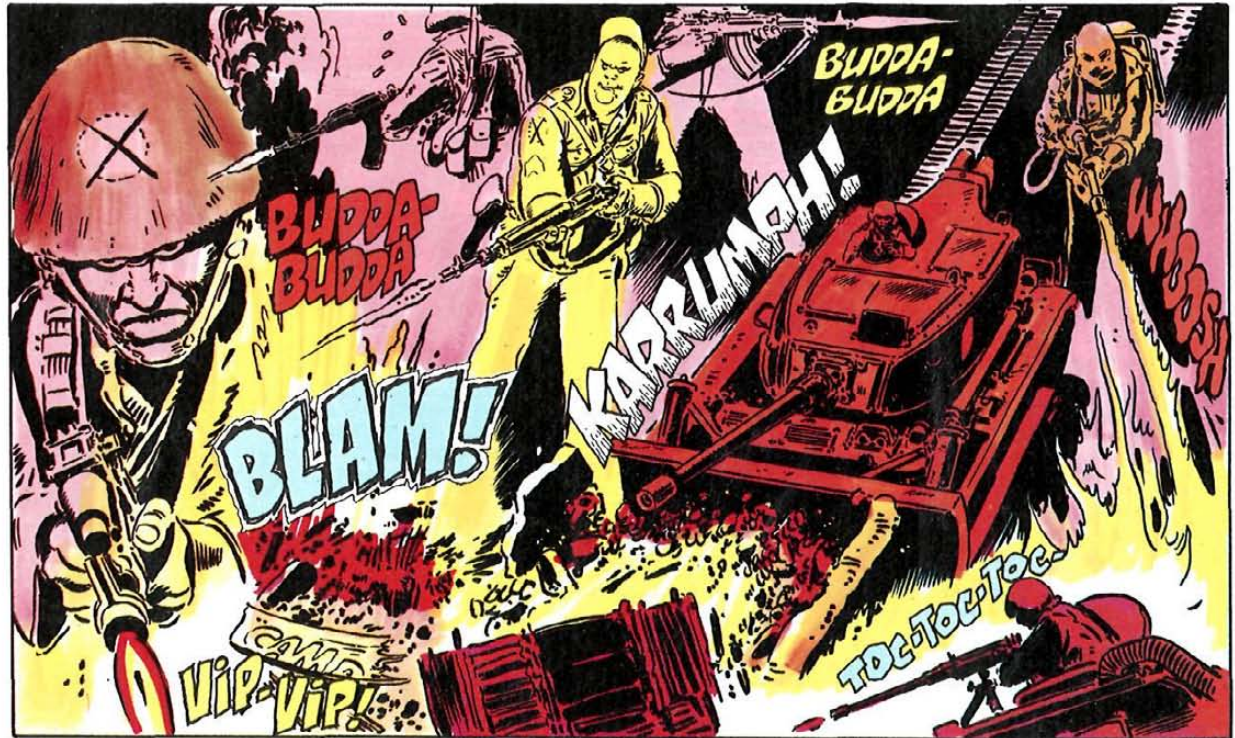
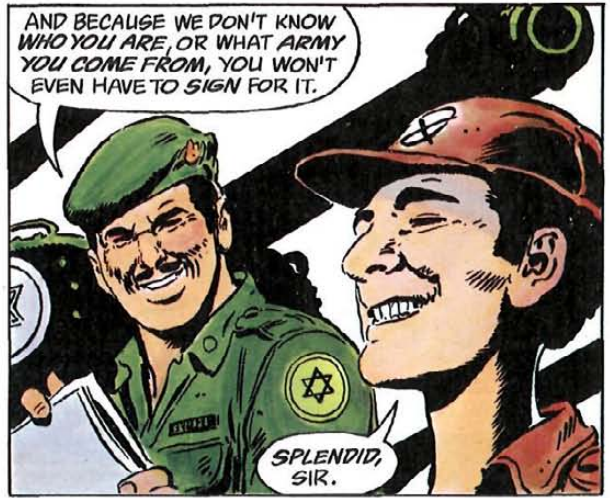


WELL THEN, SERGEANT, WE'LL HAVE TO FIND SOMEONE WHO DOES...

WELL, I THINK WE CAN HELP YOU OUT WITH MOST EVERYTHING ON YOUR EMERGENCY REQUEST FOR CAMP CLEANING SUPPLIES, COLONEL X--

--THE PHOSPHORUS GRENADE BROOMS, THE 9MM CARTRIDGE BROOMS--





Shlub

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64)
said.

He nodded. "Maybe that's why she got pregnant so fast," he said. "You didn't do it right."

We sat down and tried to think of how I could get a hundred dollars. Getting a job would take too long, robbing a bank was against the law, and we didn't know anyone I could borrow it from. Suddenly I thought, "Ever since we moved to the suburbs my life has been full of crazy stuff. Maybe we should have stayed in our old neighborhood."

Then Howard said, "Maybe we can get some money from the Coke machine in the faculty lounge." I thought, "That's stealing!" I didn't say it, though. I guess I'm still shy.

We went to the faculty lounge, and after we waited for a teacher to walk past, Howard used his plastic calendar to get in. There's a little hallway from the door to the rest of the room, and when we got inside everywhere was dark. I started to go over to the little alcove where the Coke machine was, when just then we heard a weird sound.

It was a lady saying, "Yes... yes... yes..." like she was having trouble breathing. Howard tiptoed over to where the little hallway opens into the room, and I was so scared I ran over to be with him. We looked around the corner into the room.

It was sort of dark, but we could see Mrs. McKenna and Mr. Ochs on the couch, stretched out. Mr. Ochs was on top of her, and was moving back and forth. Her legs were up in the air and his pants were all crumpled up around his ankles. She said, "Oh God, baby, Peter, oh God, baby, Peter..." And then guess what? I got hard!

But it was also sort of scary, so I grabbed Howard's arm and pulled him out into the hall.

"I think they were doing it," he said. I nodded. We both started walking back toward the lab. Howard kept saying, "Wow!" But all I could think about was how doing it was getting me in real trouble, unless I could find a hundred dollars.

Suddenly Howard said, "Hey, I got it!" He told me this great idea he had. At first I didn't want to do what he said, because I was just too shy. I mean, it's one thing to talk to your teachers in class, or at lunch. But it's different to go up to them after school while they're doing it in the faculty lounge. But Howard said, "Listen, Cohen, it's your only chance." So I said I'd try.

We walked back to the lounge. All

the way I kept trying to tell myself that I wasn't shy anymore. Didn't Yvette Muzio sort of do it with me? Didn't that mean I was at least a little cool? By the time we got to the lounge I thought I could accomplish my mission.

Howard let me in with the calendar. I sort of hoped that Mr. Ochs and Mrs. McKenna had stopped by now, but it would have been better for me if they were still going strong. Anyway, I turned on the lights when I went in. They're these white fluorescent kind that go on with a lot of little blinks. When that happened I heard Mrs. McKenna say, "Oh, my God, Peter."

I was really scared. But I decided I just wasn't going to be shy anymore. I said, "Excuse me, Mr. Ochs. But I just saw you and Mrs. McKenna doing it just now."

He was still lying on top of her. He squinted at me and said, "You what?"

I tried to remember what Howard told me to say. "I just saw you and Mrs. McKenna doing it in the faculty lounge just now, and it's against the law to do it with somebody who's not your wife, and also to do it in a room in an educational institution. So if you give me a hundred dollars I won't tell the police or Mr. McKenna or Mrs. Ochs, your wife, or the principal, Mr. Lindley." I got it out all in one breath.

"A hundred dollars? Are you out of your mind?"

"Who's that?" Mrs. McKenna called from underneath Mr. Ochs.

He looked at me when he answered her. "It's little Stuart Cohen, Linda. He's blackmailing us for a hundred bucks."

"What?"

"Be quiet." He said to me, "Do you know how much trouble you can get into with this little scheme of yours, Stuart?"

I remembered what Howard told me to say. "I know, Mr. Ochs. But I knocked up Yvette Muzio. I'm a desperate man."

He looked at me like I was crazy for a second, then he broke into this great big laugh. He laughed so much his face got red, and he rolled off Mrs. McKenna onto the floor. She put her legs down and tucked her skirt around her and sat up.

"He's a desperate man!" Mr. Ochs said, laughing from the floor on his back. "He's shaking us down for a hundred bucks to get his thirteen-year-old mistress an abortion! *Thir-teen!*"

"Well, now, Stuart," Mrs. McKenna said in a very teacherish voice, like we were in class. "A hundred dollars is quite a lot of money. Couldn't you settle for fifty?"

"No, no!" Mr. Ochs said. "This kid's

got nerve, he deserves the full amount." He got up, pulled his pants up, and came over to me. "Stuart, you're a smart little operator. But you have a lot to learn. I'm going to give you a hundred and one dollars. I want you to take the extra dollar and go to the drugstore and ask the pharmacist for a pack of rubbers. Do you know what they are?"

I nodded.

"Good. Make sure you use them next time, so this doesn't happen again. Come see me after class tomorrow."

"Thank you, Mr. Ochs," I said. I went to the door to the hall.

"You're welcome, Stuart," he said. "But if you don't keep your end of the bargain, and you tell anyone at all about Mrs. McKenna and me, I'm going to give you an F in history, and then do you know what I'm going to do?"

"What?"

"I'm going to break both your arms. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Good," he said, and closed the door. The last thing I heard him say to Mrs. McKenna was, "We split this fifty-fifty, Linda."



**"Hey, kid,
you're all
right."**

MR. OCHS GAVE ME the money and I gave it to Yvette. She couldn't believe it. She said, "Hey, kid, you're all right." I didn't care anymore, though—I didn't like her. Oh, I was glad she helped me get rid of some of my shyness. But I was still kind of shy, and when the spring dance came around, it took me three weeks to get up enough nerve to ask Janet Greenberg.

A month after that Jeffrey Feinberg told me that Yvette caught a venereal disease from somebody and gave it to Frankie, and he got really mad and beat her up. So she didn't come to school for about a week, and when she did she looked like she had been run over by a bus.

Jeffrey's parents got a divorce and he had to move away with his mother to Juneau, Alaska. Mr. Ochs and Mrs. McKenna ran off together two weeks before the end of the school year, so we had substitutes.

I'm not as shy as I was when the year began. Maybe Yvette had something to do with that, and maybe Mr. Ochs and Mrs. McKenna did, and maybe Howard did, too. Or maybe I'm growing up. At least nobody calls me Cohenhead anymore. ■

Water's for washin'. Dickel's for drinkin'.



Don't let water, ice, or anything come between you and your first taste of George Dickel. Because when you start out with a whisky that's been properly gentled in the first place, you don't have to half drown it or throw rocks at it to make it behave. Later on, if you feel compelled

to splash on a little water—or your favorite mixer—well, we try to be open-minded about such things.

After all, a whisky that tastes as good as Dickel does all by itself, is going to taste pretty great no matter what you do to it. For smoothness, it's in a class by itself.

GEORGE

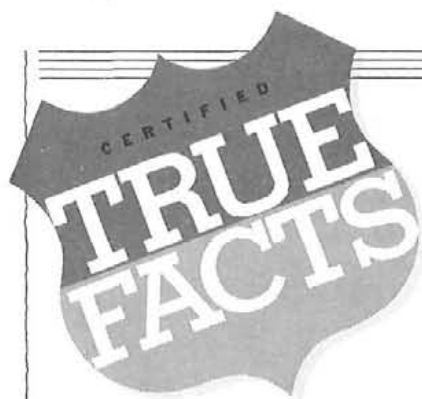


DICKEL

T E N N E S S E E

W H I S K Y

S O U R M A S H



RESIDENTS AROUND HAMELIN Bay, about 192 miles south of Perth, Australia, notified authorities that the floating carcass of a whale was the source of a foul odor discernible for up to a mile from the bay. Local officials contacted the Australian navy, which promised to send a squad to get rid of the whale. When it arrived, the navy squad—a demolition team—attached explosive charges to the dead whale and blew it up, showering rotten whale blubber on the adjacent community. *UPI* (contributed by Dave Smith)

IN AN EFFORT TO CLARIFY AND defend military policies, two-star general John S. Crosby, deputy chief of personnel for Forces Command, stated that the army has aggressively tackled issues involving women and harassment, even though the service isn't really interested in soldiers' social lives. "The basic purpose of the United States Army," General Crosby explained, "is to kill Russians." *Detroit Free Press* (contributed by Debbie Perron)

ROBERT BURRIS, AN ANIMAL TRAINER with the Hoxie Brothers Circus, suffered serious injuries while unloading elephants in Tipp City, Florida. As Burris helped the pachyderms from a van, one knocked him down; but his injuries were sustained when a second elephant, seeing Burris lying on the ground, performed a headstand on his chest. *Journal Herald* (contributed by Scott Reaisony)

CLAIMING HE DESERVED COMPENSATION for anxiety he suffered at the temporary loss of his pet, night watchman T. J. Stephenson demanded \$5,001 from Dade County, Florida, police who had towed away his car with Whisker, a stuffed German shepherd, in the backseat. A taxidermist had preserved Whisker in a sleeping position after Stephenson's longtime pet died.

After towing the car away, officers took the stuffed dog to the Humane Society shelter, where it remained for

three days before being returned to Stephenson. *UPI* (contributed by S. Anthony)

JUANITA DARMAGNACH DROVE INTO A police parking lot on Goldsberry Street in Worcester, Massachusetts, hit two police cruisers, then drove up an embankment, through a hedge, striking three other police vehicles and coming to rest partially on top of one. She also flattened a signpost. Darmagnach told officers she was "just trying to take a shortcut to Boylston." *Worcester Evening Gazette* (contributed by Daniel Duffy)

I.T. NEW WORLD, A GAS-OVEN-MANUFACTURING firm in Warrington, England, wrote to Dublin, Ireland, for the birth records of Matt Brooks, an employee who had requested early retirement, claiming he was sixty-three years old. Four months later a reply arrived saying that Brooks was actually seventy-nine years old and should have retired fourteen years earlier. "It has come as a terrible shock," said Brooks. "I feel years older." *AP* (contributed by L.C. Thimijian)

AN UNEMPLOYED CARPENTER, PETER Stoker, pleaded guilty to stealing twenty-five front doors from dwellings in Brisbane, Australia, between January and June of last year. The local magistrate levied a fine on Stoker, ordering him to return the doors to their rightful owners. However, eleven of the doors

were never reported missing. "If you see a house without a door," the prosecutor asked the public, "please draw this to the attention of the householder." *Sydney Morning Herald* (contributed by Bruce Cumming)

BISHOPS RECENTLY MADE THE NEWS in Greece and Zimbabwe.

In Patras, Greece, Bishop Ambrosios Lenis was charged with physical assault after he smashed a television set two nuns had smuggled into their prayer cell to watch a soccer match. The nuns reported Lenis to police and demanded compensation for the TV.

Meanwhile, in an unrelated incident, differences between Bishop Donal Lamont and an unidentified local priest over church matters in Umtali, Zimbabwe, came to light when the bishop spent three days in the hospital recovering from fractures of the ribs and arm. The seventy-three-year-old prelate reportedly suffered the injuries when the priest attacked him with a chair. *Reuters, CP* (contributed by Iva Sedlacek and Kerry Knoll)

IN AN ACTION APPARENTLY TIMED TO coincide with the thirty-seventh anniversary of the atomic attack on Hiroshima, Japan, a city councillor in Marlboro, Massachusetts, issued an order amending the city code to ban atomic explosions in Marlboro. According to the new code submitted by Councillor Thomas J. Byrne, the "dropping of nuclear bombs or similar de-

Photo for Thought *Don Liverani, Sarasota, Fla.*



Who's in the Box?



vices is prohibited within city limits." Violators, according to the code, will be fined an amount "equivalent to the value of damages caused." The code also provides that "each violation shall be considered a separate offense." *Marlboro Enterprise* (contributed by Douglas Bailey)

WHEN AN OFFICIAL OF THE THAI GOVERNMENT answered reporters' questions about homosexuals in Thailand by saying that homosexuality was not a problem of great importance, the questioning quickly turned to Prime Minister Prem Tinsulanonda. The official was asked why the prime minister has not taken a wife. "Perhaps he doesn't want one. Or possibly he gets annoyed being with women," the official replied, only to be asked why the prime minister dresses so primly and why his bedroom is painted pink. Trying to end the news conference, the official noted that those who are close to General Prem "know that he is a masculine man." To stress General Prem's masculinity, the official added, "Sometimes when someone says something improper, General Prem will shout at them." *Bangkok Post* (contributed by Douglas Harold)

IN MID-AUGUST OF LAST YEAR, WHILE Nancy Reagan was away from the White House, the following item moved on the UPI wire: "Onlookers burst into laughter as the president walked out of the White House for his vacation. Mr. Reagan wore forest-green double-knit trousers with a short-sleeved dark blue pullover slashed with broad red and white stripes. First Lady Nancy Reagan, who reportedly advises the president on his clothes, was away from home." (contributed by C. A. Brown-Bender)

THE CITY COUNCIL IN THUNDER BAY, Ontario, Canada, voted to notify the Ontario Censor Board of its objection to use of the word "whorehouse" in the title of the film *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. However, one alderman, Rita Ubricco, objected to the move, pointing out that it was similar to the recent action of a nearby board of education that had "damned *Lord of the Flies* because they thought it had to do with men's trousers." *CP* (contributed by James Nadler)

AFTER THE THEFT OF SIXTY POUNDS of hamburger from a home in Boyertown, Pennsylvania, police arrested and charged a man from the nearby town of Barto, twenty-three-year-old Ronald McDonald. *Reading Eagle* (contributed by Ted Robidas)

Photo key: A. Errol Flynn, 1959 B. Dwight D. Eisenhower, 1969 C. Nikita Khrushchev, 1971 D. Eva "Evita" Peron, 1952 E. Freddie Prinze, 1977 F. Jimi Hendrix, 1970 G. Sandra Ilene West, dressed in a nightgown and seated at the wheel of her blue Ferrari, 1977 H. Man of War, 1947 (all photos: UPI)

Grave Concerns Reader's Page



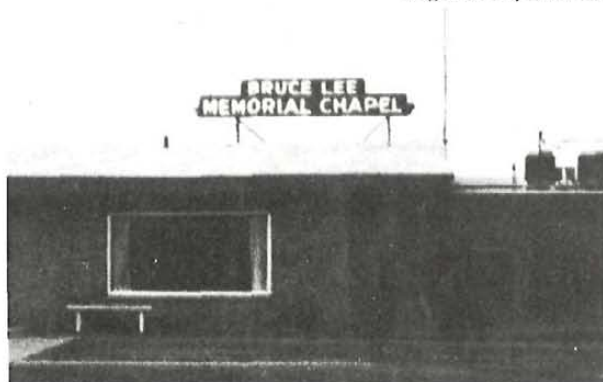
Bob Dollenmayer, Cincinnati, Ohio



Greg Blair, Emporia, Kans.



David Bischofhausen, Sheffield, Tex.



Gary J. Hagen, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho



Brad Irons, Mattoon, Ill.



Joe Treacy, Narberth, Pa.



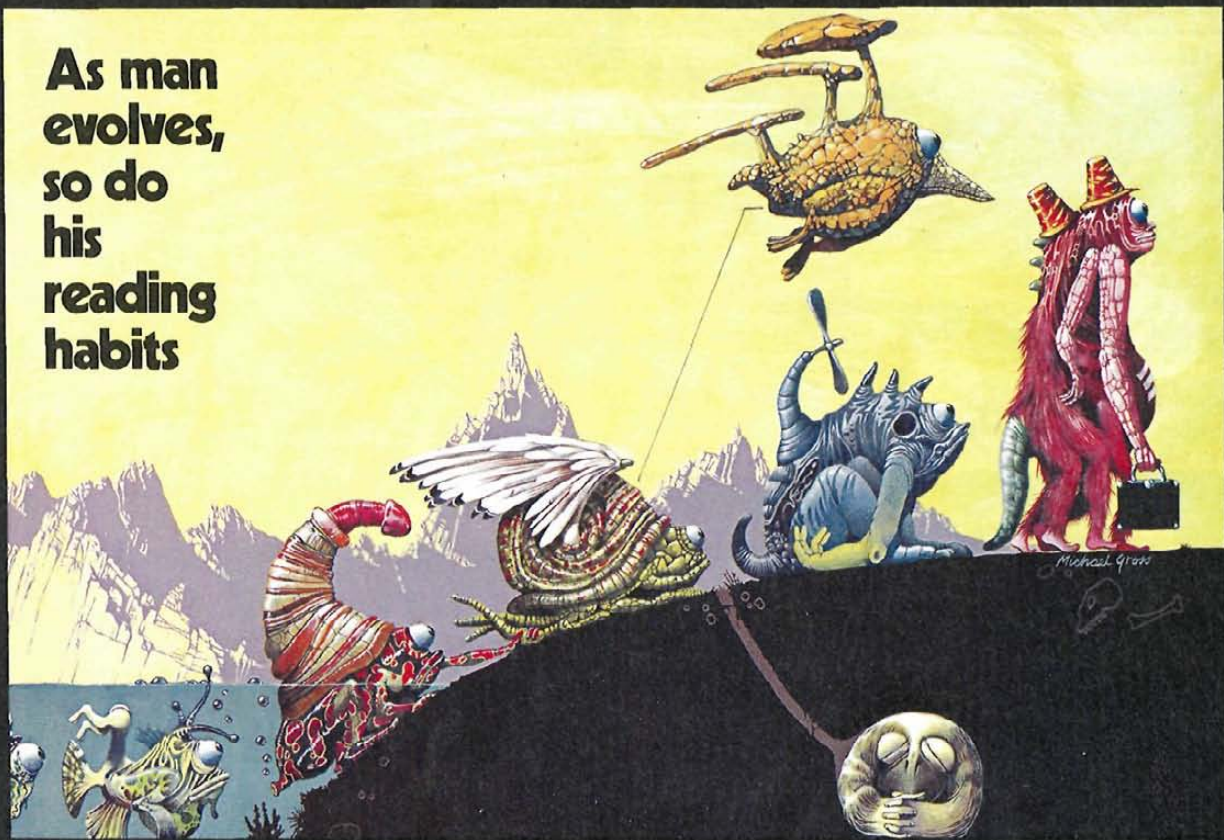
William A. Magnussen, Schenectady, N.Y.



Bruce Allemanni, Austin, Minn.

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LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

Sirs:
Please i The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog. THE QUICK BROWN FO X JUMPED OVER THE LAZY DOG NOW IS THE TIME FOR AGLL GOOD MEN TO COME TO THE AID OF THEIR PATY.
NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL ODD MEN TO COME TO THEAID OF THE PARTY
PARIS IN THE
THE SPRING
PARIS IN THE
THE SPRNG
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Thank you, / typewriter is working now. If you need further service, don't hesitate to call me.
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Sirs:
I'm part of an elite, supersecret unit within the police department that checks up on other policemen by committing crimes. In our unit, we have policemen who steal, rape, and even murder, all in an effort to see how efficient the police department is in catching criminals. If any of us get caught, we just tell the D.A. about our unit, so all charges are dropped. It's the latest thing in crime fighting; so the next time some-

body holds you up or steals your stereo, don't worry, because it's probably one of us cops.

Sal Vitosi
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
We're cleaning out the files here at the Central Intelligence Agency and are wondering if any of your readers would like to have tapes of their phone conversations from 1969 through 1975. Thank you.

Bobby Ray Inman
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:
Can you make jam out of anything? Like, can you have cheese jam? Or would it still be cheese? What about meat jam? Is that jam? Or how about, uh...I know! It just came to me. Can you have blood jam? Would it be real jam, or would it still be blood? It would probably be jam, right? I bet it would. And menstrual blood would be a kind of jam too, wouldn't it? Christ, I really hope so.

Wally Banger
Plains, Ga.

Sirs:
You want to know what's embarrassing? I'll tell you. Last week I went to a Times Square strip joint and my son was there. Wait! You haven't heard the worst part. I caught his fucking garter.

Bob Guccione
New York, N.Y.



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Sirs:

As for this recent wave of violent crime in the nation, I would suggest that we catch the bastards, slice open their scrotums with Bic shavers, and remove their testicles and feed them to the offenders' next of kin. Raw. Just an opinion.

Warren Burger
Supreme Court Bench #1
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Howdy, folks! It looks like a posse of Polish soldiers have lassoed some more of our Solidarity workers and thrown 'em in the calaboose. But here comes Deputy Lex Walesa to set free them oppressed dogies and hog-tie those sidewindin' military Pole-cats with their own lariats! Yahoo!

Rodeo Free Europe
Warsaw, Poland

Sirs:

I fuck all the fashion models. The big names, the ingenues—at one time or another I've had 'em all. That's not so unusual. I mean, somebody's got to fuck them. But *me*? What could these amazons see in an old Jewish fellow like me, with my prostate trouble and my cigar breath? Maybe it's my wry sense of humor, tempered by years of loss and personal tragedy. Maybe it's my

strength of character, forged by decades of persecution and intolerance. Maybe it's the fact that I'm a buyer for one of the country's largest retailers. Who knows? Anyway, I never thought I'd have anything in common with those meshuganas Mick Jagger and Keith Richard.

Slammin' Solly Sakowitz
Herald Square, New York

Sirs:

If Barry Manilow is middle of the road, then why doesn't someone just run him over?

Ranci Arronger
Queens, N.Y.

Sirs:

Okay, this is a joke: Five guys go into an acid-rock bar because they're completely on acid. The first guy says to the bartender, "Okay, I'm tripping pretty hard on acid. I'll just have a glass of water." The second guy goes, "Yeah, I'm seeing tracers and meltdowns. I'll just have a glass of water, too." The third guy says, "All right, this is really hard for me. I only want a glass of water." Then the last guy goes up to the bartender and smiles and says, "I just ate three half-inch slivers of windowpane. I want a pitcher of unleaded gasoline." Then he just laughs, and opens his mouth to show the bartender he's actually been

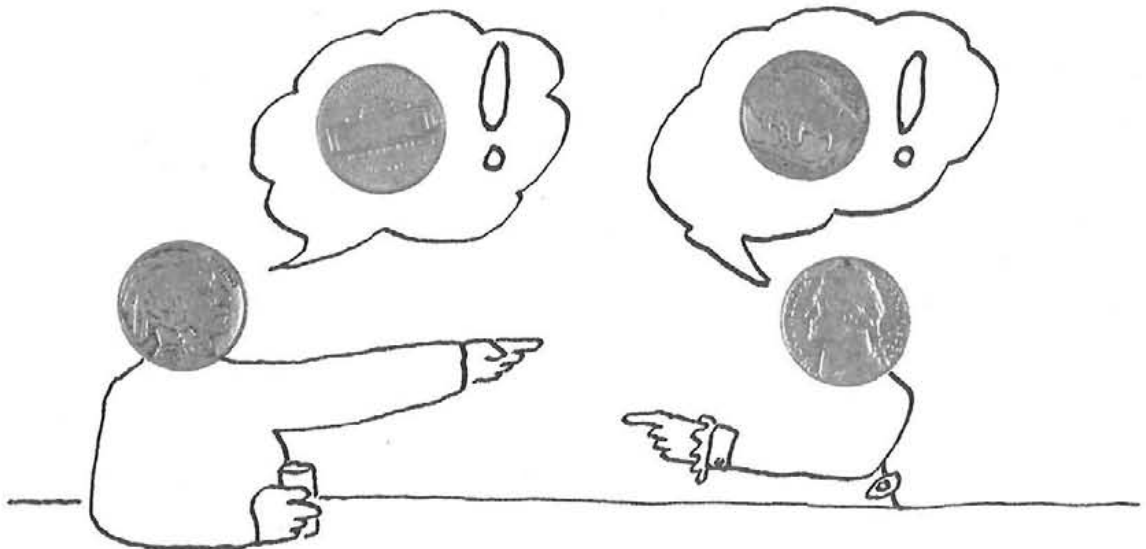
sucking on four hits, two emerald and two purple. But just when he thinks he's blown the bartender's mind, the bartender opens his mouth to show that he's been sucking on four giant hits of blotter, and then he sticks two more hits in and just laughs. Then the guy realizes he's starting to peak, because people in the bar start coming up to him and opening their mouths, and they're all sucking on acid. Everybody in the bar is tripping. So the police come to bust the place, but someone makes them open their mouths, and every single cop is sucking on seven or eight hits of star blotter. Then all the cops just laugh and tell everybody in the bar that everybody in the entire city is tripping, so it's cool. Everybody is on acid. And drunk.

This Other Guy on Acid in a
Bar Full of Guys on Acid
Mindville, Space

Sirs:

To further shed my innocent Mary Poppins image, in my next film I plan to suck off a donkey. In the film after that, I'll pick up quarters with my snatch, and fellate the entire Notre Dame football team. After that, I plan to do even worse things. Nothing is too low for me now.

Julie Andrews
"It's all right, my husband writes these movies"



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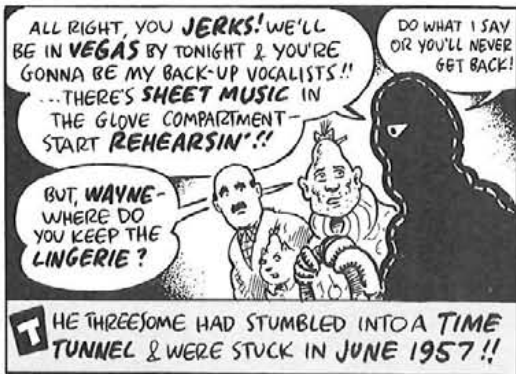
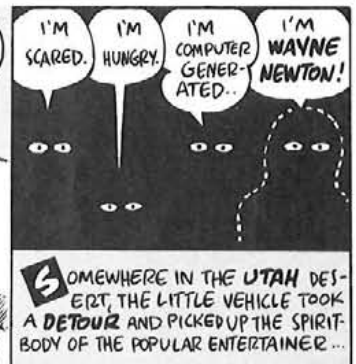
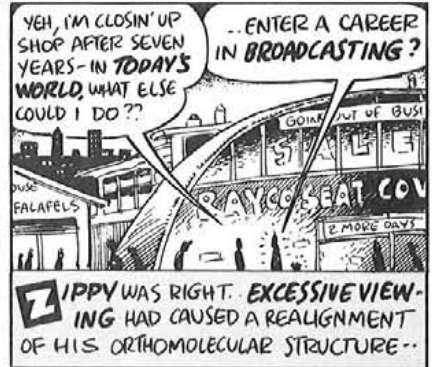
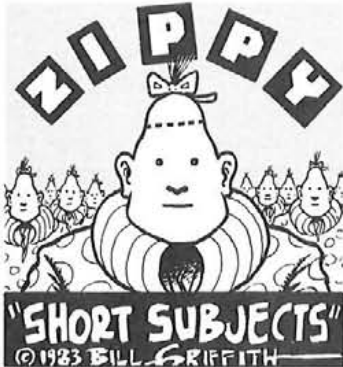
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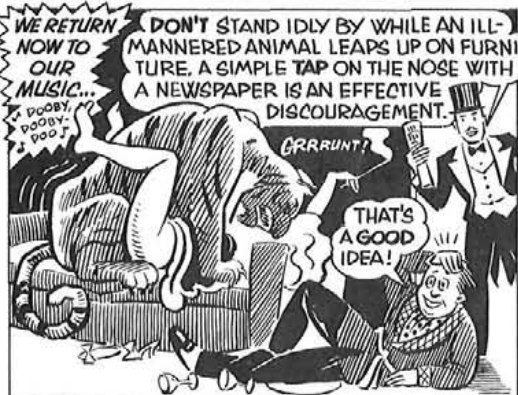


TROTS AND BONNIE

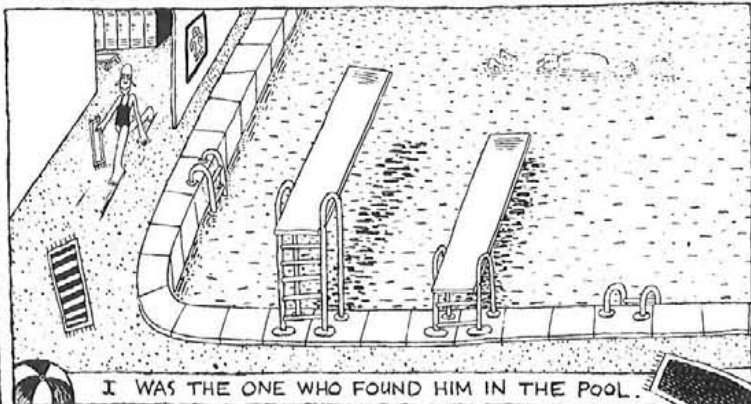


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Waitress Lingo

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FINGER PIES

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1 PINT ICE CREAM
 $\frac{3}{4}$ CUP SHAVED SWEET CHOCOLATE OR
 $\frac{3}{4}$ CUP FINELY CHOPPED WALNUTS OR
 $\frac{1}{2}$ CUP DRY COCOA

ALLOW ICE CREAM TO SOFTEN SLIGHTLY

WITH BUTTER KNIFE SPREAD ICE CREAM NEATLY ON COOKIE, ABOUT 1" THICK
TOP WITH ANOTHER COOKIE

ROLL SIDES IN SHAVED CHOCOLATE, CHOPPED WALNUTS, DRY COCOA, OR ALL THREE!

SERVE IMMEDIATELY, OR WRAP IN FOIL AND STORE IN FREEZER FOR THOSE UNEXPECTED GUESTS

WOW SOMETHING SMELLS GOOD! I'M STARVING

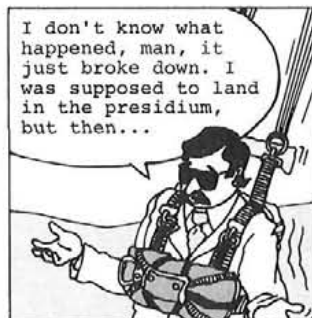
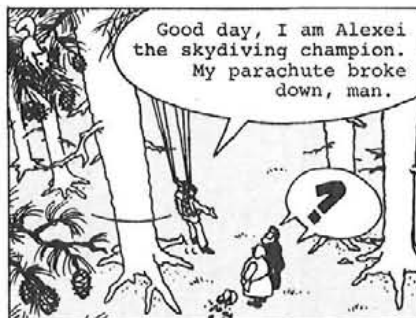
So am I, Mary, but I'm on a diet but so what hahaha



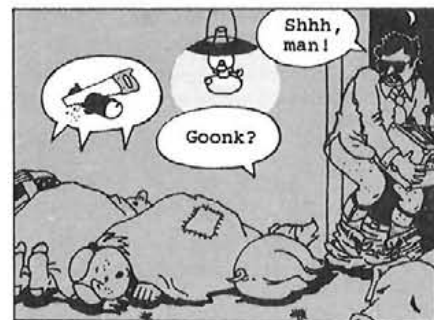
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EXCURSIONS

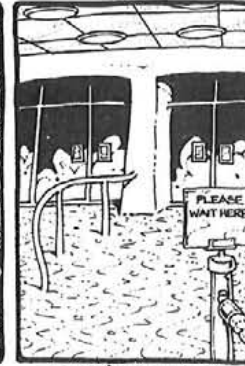


RICK GEARY
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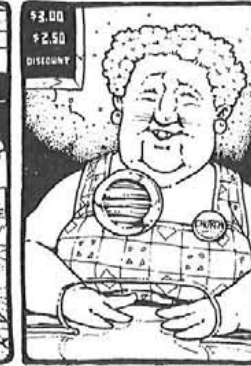
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BACK TO CHURCH



THE CHURCH OF MY YOUTH, AS I RECALL, WAS GILDED AND AWESOME.



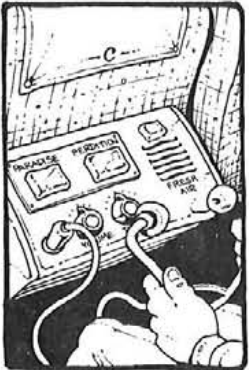
TODAY'S OPERATION APPEARS TO BE MORE STREAMLINED.



FIRST OF ALL, INSTEAD OF A COLLECTION, EVERYONE PAYS ADMISSION.



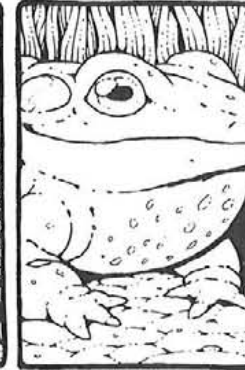
COME AS YOU ARE! (FREE COFFEE AND SINKERS)



ALL SYSTEMS GO!



CONVENIENCES, THANKFULLY, WITHIN EASY REACH.



INSTEAD OF A SERMON, A SHORT DOCUMENTARY FILM IS SCREENED.



EVERYONE RECEIVES A SMALL GIFT.



SPIRITUAL RENEWAL IN 20 MINUTES, TOPS!

HOW TO WIN AT THE RACES

BY THE PHANTOM HANDICAPPER

LESSON 1
WHAT ARE YA LOOKIN'?

CALDWELL

WHAT ARE YA LOOKIN'? SIX PANELS? SEVEN? WHAT IS IT, A ROUTE?

YA LOOKIN' WORKS? WHAT? YA GOT A 4/8 FOR THE HALF? BREEZIN' AROUND THE DOGS?

YA GOT A DROP? YA GOT GOOD NUMBERS IN ALLOWANCE COMPANY?



SO YOU'RE LOOKIN' CHARTS! WHAT ARE YA LOOKIN'? BLOCKED LAST TIME OUT? GOOD STRETCH DRIVE? EVEN RUN? WHAT?

YA LOOK EARLY SPEED? 22 AND CHANGE? YA LOOKIN' LATE-COMER?

WEIGHTS? YA LOOKIN' WEIGHTS?

HOW ABOUT POST?



SO WHO'S UP? YA LOOKIN' EXPERIENCE? YA LOOKIN' HOT BUG BOY? WHAT ARE YA LOOKIN'?

WHAT ABOUT TRAINERS? YA LOOKIN' GOOD TRAINER? 20 PUG PERCENTAGES WHAT ABOUT BREED?



YA GOTTA LOOK BREED! YA LOOKIN' GOOD BARN? YA LOOKIN' AGE? YA LOOKIN' CONDITION? YA GOT MAIDENS? YA LOOKIN' DIRT? GRASS?

CRISSAKES! YA GOTTA LOOK THIS STUFF?

DON'T BE A DUMB SHIT!



WHAT ARE YA DOIN', WHEELIN'? WHAT THE HELL FOR?

NEXT MONTH!



RAY and JOE. THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS DEAD FRIEND...

HELLO, SIR, I'M FROM THE GREAT FIDELITY INSURANCE COMPANY. YOU TELEPHONED FOR AN AGENT TO DISCUSS A POLICY?

YEAH, COME IN!



RAY EXPLAINS THE UNUSUAL SITUATION

...IT'S A GOOD THING YOU CALLED ON US, SIR. IF YOU DIE, THEY'LL TAKE YOUR DEAD FRIEND JOE HERE AND BURY OR CREMATE HIM, OR THEY MIGHT EVEN STICK HIM IN A CARNIVAL FREAK SHOW!

OH, YEAH?! WELL, LET ME TELL YA, IF I DIE, THEY'LL DO THAT OVER MY DEAD BODY!



UNLESS YOU HAVE ENOUGH INSURANCE TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!

LISTEN, HOW MUCH INSURANCE D'YA THINK I'LL NEED TO TAKE CARE OF JOE IN CASE I DIE?



WELL, LET'S SEE--HOW LONG DO YOU THINK HE'S GOT BEFORE HE--YOU KNOW, BEFORE HE BEGINS FALLING APART?

THE EMBALMER SAID HE'S GOOD FOR TEN YEARS.



FOR A PREMIUM OF \$63.82 A MONTH, YOU COULD BUY ENOUGH INSURANCE TO KEEP HIM IN A NICE UNFURNISHED ROOM, SEATED IN A CHAIR BY A WINDOW FOR APPROXIMATELY TEN YEARS.

HE DON'T NEED NO HEAT...



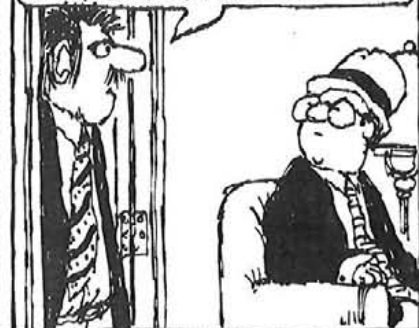
LOOK--I'D LIKE TO TALK THIS OVER WITH JOE--WILL YOU EXCUSE US FOR A FEW MINUTES?

OF COURSE!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

IF I DIE, JOE WOULD LIKE TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS TIME IN A ROCKIN' CHAIR ON THE PORCH OF AN OLD SEA CAPTAIN'S HOUSE UP IN MAINE OVERLOOKIN' THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. WHAT WOULD SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT COST?



TIMBERLAND Tales

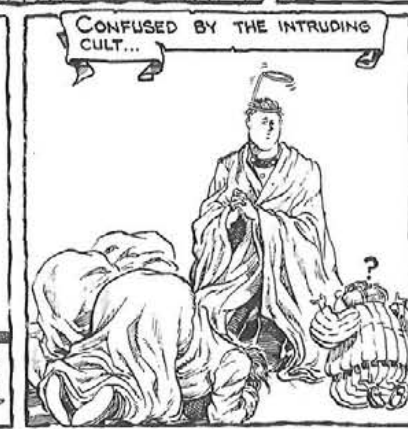
by B.K. Taylor



AT THE CABIN OF KATHLEEN, MAURICE AND CONSTABLE TOM HAVE PERMISSION TO RUMMAGE THROUGH THE CLOTHES CHEST IN HER ABSENCE AS THE TWO FRIENDS PLAY DRESS-UP.



SUDDENLY...
KNOCK KNOCK

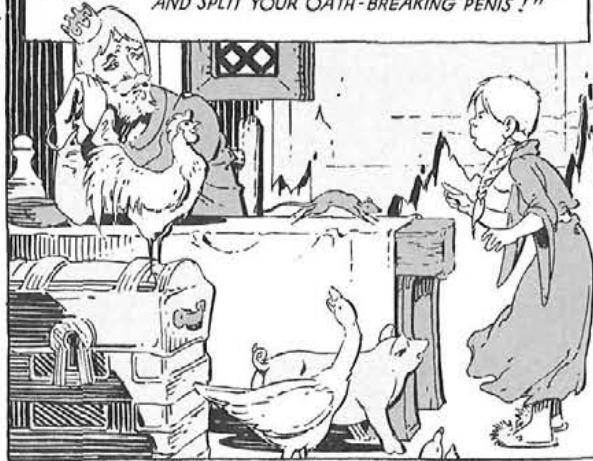


King of the Castle

IN DAYS OF OLD WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD AND CONDOMS NOT INVENTED



Thus far our tale: SIR WILLIAM KING, BART., HAS RAISED THE WRATH OF HIS CHILD BRIDE, THE PRINCESS DELPHINA, BY HIS SUPPOSED ATTENTIONS TO THE MAID MIRIAM. DELPHI THREATENS TO VISIT UPON THE KING THE VENGEANCE OF HER FATHER, KING KOIN. "MY FATHER IS YOUR LIEGE LORD! HIS MEN WILL SAVAGE YOUR CASTLE AND SPLIT YOUR OATH-BREAKING PENIS!"



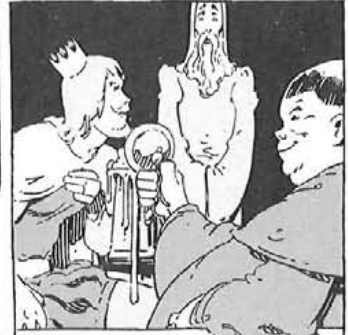
ABBOT COSTELLO, PRIOR OF THE POWERFUL NASTURTIUM ORDER (SWORN TO PERPETUAL INEBRIATION), AND LEARNED CALORIC THE WISE, ALCHEMIST, COUNSEL THEIR MASTER. "SEND KING KOIN MUCH GOLD," ADVISES THE ABBOT. "THAT WILL SAFGUARD YOUR LANDS AND PENIS."



SIR WILLIAM KING, BART., INQUIRES OF LEARNED CALORIC THE WISE HOW FARES HIS METALLIC-TRANSMUTATION RESEARCH PROJECT.



CALORIC EXPLAINS THAT HIS ATTEMPTS TO TRANSMUTE BASE METAL INTO GOLD HAVE AS YET YIELDED LITTLE: ONLY A MACHINE WHICH STAMPS PARCHMENTS, A TUBE OF AIRS- WHICH GLOW, AND A NOISOME CYLINDER WHICH THROWS LEAD AT WALLS.



"I WAGER YOU BELIEVE YOURSELF ONCE AGAIN ON THE VERGE OF A BREAKTHROUGH," JESTS SIR WILLIAM KING. "YOU WILL NEVER TURN LEAD INTO GOLD. IN SOOTH, THOU ART JUST A BONEHEAD," CRIES ABBOT COSTELLO GLEEFULLY.

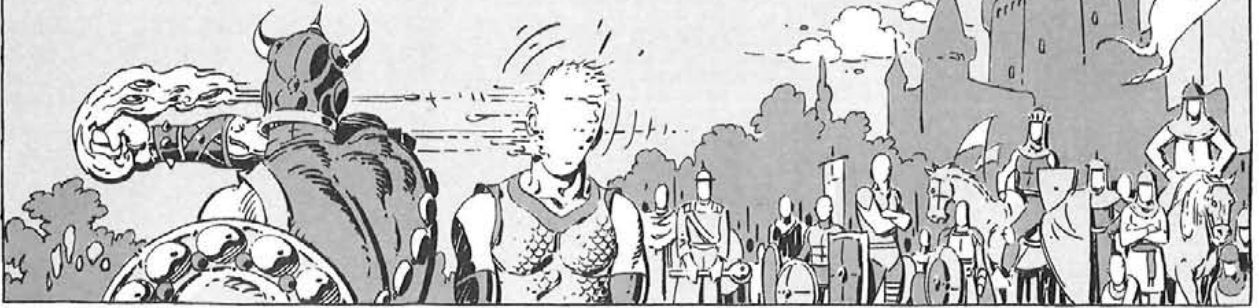


KING KOIN AND HIS FACELESS KNIGHTS PILLAGE EVEN THE RIVERS THEY CROSS, SO GREAT IS THEIR RAPACITY. PITY SIR WILLIAM KING, BART., WHO HAS SUCH A LIEGE LORD AND IN-LAW!

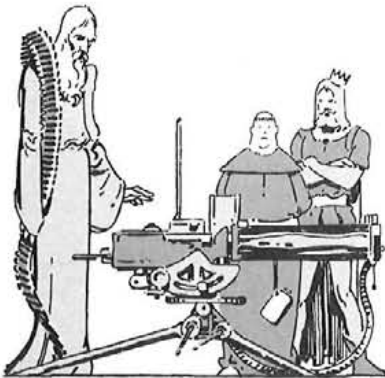


SOON WILL KING KOIN LEARN OF HIS DAUGHTER DELPHINA'S ANGER, FOR SHE HAS SENT A MESSAGE BY CARRION PIGEON.

THE FACELESS KNIGHTS OF KING KOIN OFT HAVE THEIR VISAGE STRIPPED FROM THEM FOR THE MOST TRIFLING OFFENSE AGAINST THEIR IRRITABLE LORD. HERE WE SEE WHAT BEFALLS A FIGHTING MAN WHO TALKS WITH A FULL MOUTH.



LEARNED CALORIC THE WISE REDOUBLES HIS EFFORTS TO TRANSMUTE LEAD INTO GOLD IN ORDER TO APPEASE THE WRATH OF KING KOIN. "THE LEAD IS EJECTED IN SMALL CHUNKS FROM THE CYLINDER BY THE FORCE OF EXPANDING GASES. WHEN IT STRIKES YON WALL IT SHOULD BE SHOCKED INTO GOLD," SAYS LEARNED CALORIC THE WISE.

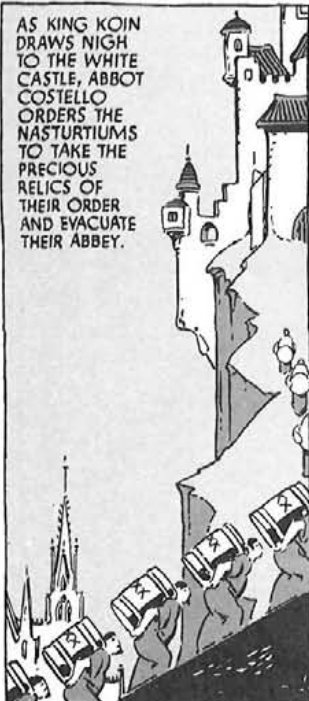


THE EXPERIMENT IS A FAILURE. ALAS! WITHOUT THE GOLD, HOW CAN SIR WILLIAM KING, BART., HOPE TO FORFEND THE WRATH OF KING KOIN AND HIS FACELESS KNIGHTS?

RUMORS OF THE APPROACH OF KING KOIN AND HIS FACELESS KNIGHTS REACH SIR WILLIAM KING, BART., AT THE WHITE CASTLE. THE RUMORS ARE HARD TO DISMISS.



AS KING KOIN DRAWS NIGH TO THE WHITE CASTLE, ABBOT COSTELLO ORDERS THE NASTURTIUMS TO TAKE THE PRECIOUS RELICS OF THEIR ORDER AND EVACUATE THEIR ABBEY.

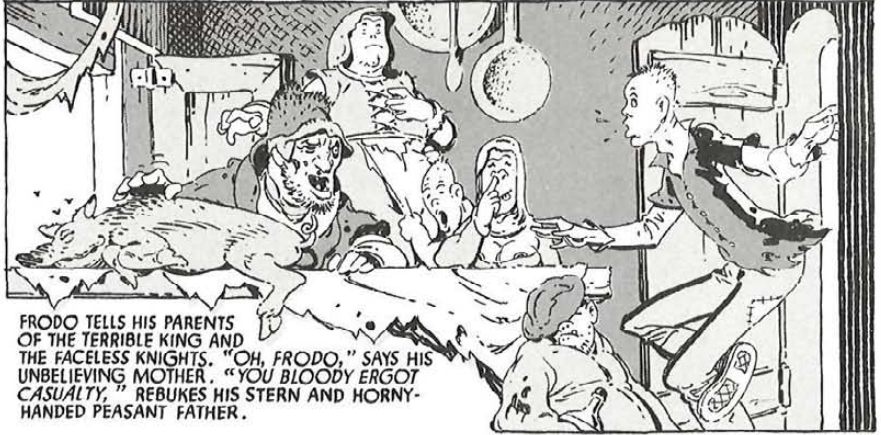
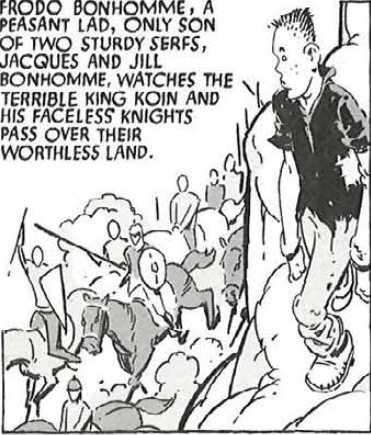


SIR WILLIAM KING, BART., CONSULTS HIS FRIEND AND HOSTAGE, THE BLACK PRINCE (SWAIN OF THE MAID MIRIAM, OF WHOM PRINCESS DELPHINA IS SO UNREASONABLY JEALOUS). THE MOOR, OSTENSIBLY HELD FOR RANSOM THESE ELEVEN YEARS, HAS LONG SINCE BEEN FREED, YET REMAINS BY CHOICE. "YOU BETTER BE GETTIN' YOUR NINE-YEAR-OLD LADY'S HEAD STRAIGHT" IS HIS SUGGESTION.

SIR WILLIAM KING, BART., PLEADS WITH HIS YOUNG SPOUSE TO CALM HER SIRE'S RAGE. "FORGET IT, FALSE, UNFAITHFUL KNIGHT! YOUR TREACHEROUS PORK SWORD WILL FEEL THE SLASH OF MY NOBLE FATHER'S TOLEDO BLADE," HISSES HIS JEALOUS CHILD BRIDE.



FRODO BONHOMME, A PEASANT LAD, ONLY SON OF TWO STURDY SERFS, JACQUES AND JILL BONHOMME, WATCHES THE TERRIBLE KING KOIN AND HIS FACELESS KNIGHTS PASS OVER THEIR WORTHLESS LAND.



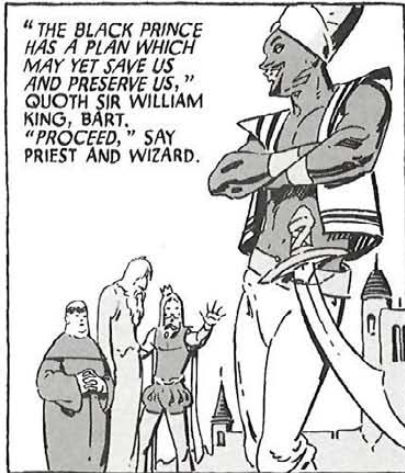
FRODO TELLS HIS PARENTS OF THE TERRIBLE KING AND THE FACELESS KNIGHTS. "OH, FRODO," SAYS HIS UNBELIEVING MOTHER. "YOU BLOODY ERGOT CASUALTY," REBUKES HIS STERN AND HORNY-HANDED PEASANT FATHER.

LEARNED CALORIC THE WISE, EMPLOYING THE PRINCIPLE OF LIGHT AMPLIFICATION BY STIMULATED EMISSION OF RADIATION, MAKES ONE LAST ATTEMPT TO TURN LEAD INTO GOLD. THEREBY TO APPEASE THE WRATH OF KING KOIN. HE FAILS AGAIN, TO HIS GREAT DESPAIR.



KING KOIN AND HIS FACELESS KNIGHTS LAY SIEGE TO THE WHITE CASTLE OF SIR WILLIAM KING, BART. IT IS A FEARFUL SIGHT, ESPECIALLY TO THOSE WITHIN.

"THE BLACK PRINCE HAS A PLAN WHICH MAY YET SAVE US AND PRESERVE US," QUOTH SIR WILLIAM KING, BART. "PROCEED," SAY PRIEST AND WIZARD.



KING KOIN STANDS WITHOUT THE MAIN GATE OF THE WHITE CASTLE AND DEMANDS ITS SURRENDER. "I HEAR YOU KNOCKIN', BUT YOU CAN'T COME IN," REPLIES THE BLACK PRINCE FROM WITHIN. "WHY NOT?" BELLOWS KING KOIN, ENRAGED AND WITH THE BLOOD MADNESS ON HIM.

"WE GOT THE BLACK PLAGUE!" REPLIES THE DUSKY MOOR, AND THE BESIEGING ARMY FLEES IN FEAR!



NEXT MONTH: THE ARRIVAL OF SAMUEL THE AMUSING.

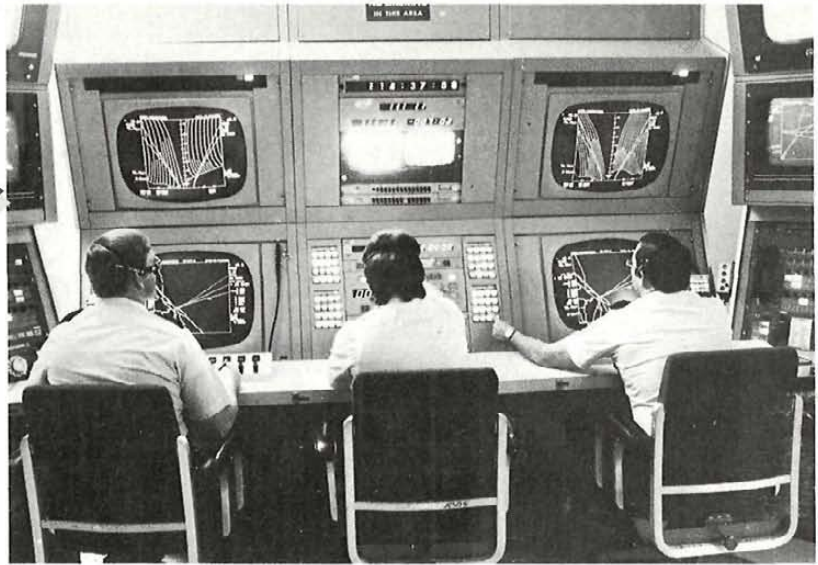


How Big Would the Space Shuttle Fireball Be If Detonated on the Launch Pad?

IF THE RANGE SAFETY OFFICER flipped the switch to explode the space shuttle at the moment of lift-off, the fireball would consist of (approximately)

- 226,698 pounds of liquid hydrogen (external tank)
- 1,343,730 pounds of liquid oxygen (external tank)
- 3,230.7 pounds of purer liquid oxygen (power reactant and storage distribution system)
- 1,113 pounds of hydrazine (auxiliary-power units and hydraulic system of solid boosters)
- 12,282 pounds of monomethyl hydrazine (reaction control system and orbital maneuvering system)
- 20,265 pounds of nitrogen tetroxide (oxidizer for orbital maneuvering system and reaction control system)
- Total propellants: 1,607,318.7 pounds

Engineers, physicists, and ditch-diggers are invited to submit their estimations of the size of the space shuttle fireball. The best guess (accompanied by calculations) will receive a color poster of the Thoiokol space shuttle solid-rocket-motor static firing, as well as a genuine real prize.



This is where the range safety officer sits, his finger poised to fireball the Space Transport System if anything goes wrong.

PLEASE FIND MY ESTIMATION OF the size, temperature, and duration of the shuttle-ball, accompanied by my calculations. I understand the winning calculations may be published.

Send to: Shuttle-ball
National Lampoon
 635 Madison Avenue
 New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____ ZIP _____

C A L C U L A T I O N S :

THIS CONTEST VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW

Attention, Prize and Puzzle Lovers!



AT LAST, GENUINE prizes will be given to randomly selected winners of *National Lampoon* contests. So even if the contest is lame, the prize won't be. This month's prize is the

Audiovox AT-20 cordless telephone. The best and most expensive of all cordless telephones we tested, it has a range of seven hundred feet, works with rotary and touch-tone systems, has a lockable handset, a redial feature, a page device, and several other FCC-approved qualities that make it worth winning. Remember, you need no skill to win this contest, as the winners are picked at random. (Audiovox Corporation, which donates these prizes, is located at 150 Marcus Blvd., Hauppauge, N.Y. 11788, and does not necessarily approve of or even like this contest.)

New Englander hits home run!

P. C. Bennison of Chestnut Hill, Mass., is no loser. P. C. figured out Mr. October and won Contest #13. P. C. gets a used baseball hat, which should be a joy for an hour.

Make it Schnappy!



HIRAM WALKER
**Peppermint
Schnapps**

*Made by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc.
Peoria, Illinois - San Francisco, Calif.*
750 ML • 60 PROOF

HIRAM WALKER
**Spearmint
Schnapps**

*Made by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc.
Peoria, Illinois - Burlington, Calif.*
750 ML • LIQUEUR
60 PROOF

HIRAM WALKER
**Cinnamon
Schnapps**

*Made by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc.
Peoria, Illinois - Burlington, Calif.*
750 ML • LIQUEUR
60 PROOF

HIRAM WALKER

What a difference a name makes.

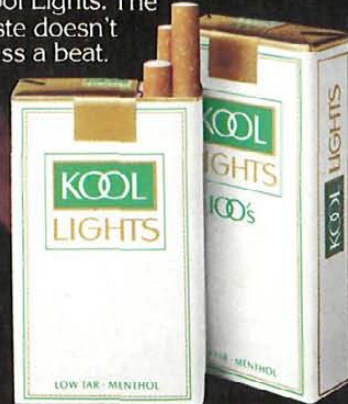
FOR A FREE RECIPE BOOKLET, WRITE HIRAM WALKER CORDIALS, P.O. BOX 2235, FARMINGTON HILLS, MICH. 48019

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**There's only one
way to play it.**

There's only one sensation
this refreshing. Low 'tar'
Kool Lights. The
taste doesn't
miss a beat.



KOOL LIGHTS

Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; 100's, 10 mg. "tar",
0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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