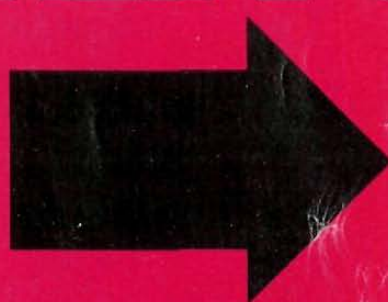


# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

© WPS 34490

MARCH 1983 • THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS • \$2.00

# WARNING!



**This FDA-  
approved  
tamper-proof  
safety seal  
must be  
intact!  
It is your only  
assurance  
of absolute  
purity!**





KING: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, 100's: 16 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# Winston. America's





# s Best.



Join the first team.  
Reach for Winston.



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

March 1983  
Vol. 2, No. 56

## 4 Editorial

## 6 Letters from the Editors



## 8 Puppy Love By Joey Green

## 12 The Elephant Man's Guide to Good Grooming

By Michael Reiss  
and Al Jean



## 14 Doctor's X Rays of the Stars

By Fred Graver

## 20 Rich Little's How to Imitate Celebrities for Fun and Profit

By Joel Kweskin  
and Cary Bayer

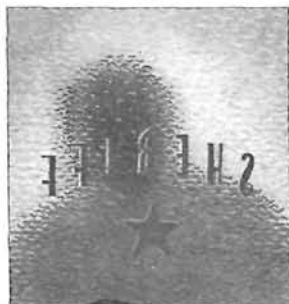
## 26 White Mischiefs By Charley Gordon



## 29 Time of the Month

## 38 Foto Funnies

## 40 High by Noon By Kevin Curran Illustrated by Dan Kirk



## 42 Other Products Besides Tylenol Capsules to Be Terrified Of

By Tod Carroll  
Photographed by  
James Wojcik

## 50 The Assassination of Garfield

By Joey Green  
and Fred Graver  
Illustrated by  
Warren Sattler



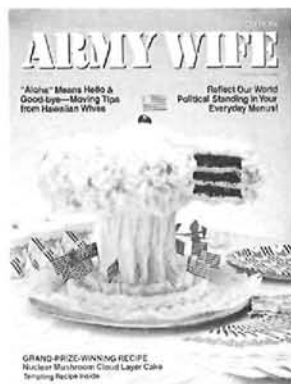
## 56 Laying Pipe in Siberia

By Dave Tynan  
and L. Dennis Plunkett

## 59 The Book of Onan

By Tony Hendra

## 63 Army Wife By Fred Graver Photographed by Dan Nelken



## 71 Herbert Crawley, Armageddon M.D.

By Tod Carroll  
Illustrated by  
Michael Golden

## 79 Foto Funnies

## 81 True Section

## 89 Funny Pages



## 96 NatLamp Contest #18

By Ted Mann



# Now from Leroux. The three great tastes in Schnapps. All naturally delicious.



## PEPPERMINT

60 or 100 proof.  
Cool peppermint taste,  
smooth and easy all the  
way. It's delicious straight, on  
the rocks, or with an  
icy cold brew.



## CINNAMINT

The spice of cinnamon,  
the natural flavor of  
peppermint. Drink it in  
the traditional ways, or  
in a steaming cup of hot  
chocolate. Delicious.



## SPEARMINT

A refreshing change  
of taste with the naturally  
fresh flavor of spearmint.  
Enjoy it straight, on the  
rocks, or in a delicious  
spearmint julep.

## LEROUX SCHNAPPS

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



# editorail

**A** GLANCE AT THIS MONTH'S issue and the real fan will flash that the *NatLamp's* zooming back to the top of the heap—and just one month since you-know-who took the helm. Check out those hotshot contributors: John "The Cat Hammer" Walker and Tony "The Bone" Hendra, a pair of all-time *NatLamp* All-Stars, are back in the mag!

(Okay, I know, it's not a Beatles reunion, but it's a start!)

Here's how it happened. Dig. I was shopping for Xmas prezzies—humor books, what else?—and there on display were Walker's *Bad Dogs* (Knopf) and Hendra's *Not the Bible* (Ballantine). Picked 'em up and thumbed through. Funny stuff. The old boys still have it!

And a couple of phone calls and a couple of lunches later, Hendra and Walker consented to submit. Or submitted to consent. Whatever.

But, man, it was *weird* in that bookstore! There were a couple of books by Emily Prager (a longtime regular here, and a militant feminist, now writing for *Penthouse*). Her latest is a searing indictment of the ancient Chinese practice of foot-binding. Right on, Em!

And there were no fewer than three best-sellers by my predecessor in this office, ex-editor Henry Beard: his fabulous *Miss Piggy's Guide to Life* (a huge hit with the sort of guy who finds the association of women and pigs too *amusant*), the monster hit *Sailing*, and its sequel, *Gar-den-ing*. When this season's volume, *Drink-ing*, is published, we figure Henry will have completed his "Hampton Trilogy" and be looking for work. Well, Hank, you old Harvard guy, you're welcome back here anytime!

Next to Henry there on the shelf was Bruce McCall's wry and glossy big hardcover blockbuster, *Zany Afternoons*. Real, affordable art that packs a humor wallop, by yet another former *NatLamp* regular. Hey, Bruce, c'mon home!

Of course, continuing contributors were there on display as well, with Mimi Pond's highly satirical *The Valley Girls' Guide to Life*, Joey Green's large and learned *Hellbent on Insanity*, Gerry Sussman's poignant and witty *Over-Extension University Bulletin*, Ted Mann and Sean Kelly's bit o' whimsy, *The Secret....*

And who knows what, in the way of literature, Doug Kenney and Michael

O'Donoghue might have produced, had they lived longer....

Now, you, shrewd reader, are probably asking yourself, "Hey! How come the old *NatLamp* didn't publish all those books, lending their prestigious logo to the dust jackets and sales potential of same, in return for a piece of the action?"

Well, it's a darn good question—which this particular new editor-in-chief intends to take up with the board of directors, right after we get the magazine shipshape and tip-top and restored to her former glory. And as you can see—we're well on our way! —L.D.P.

**Cover:** Wow, Plunk's got me at it too, and what fun! This month's cover was shot by **Ronald G. Harris**, the very same Mr. Harris who shot everyone's favorite *NL* cover of years past (hint: what has four legs, one tail, and six chambers about to be emptied between its two eyes?).

And it doesn't end there on the cover: Last month, L. had me ring up Shary Flenniken, and—lo and behold—Trots and Bonnie are back in all their glory. Next he's asked me to call Gahan Wilson, Jeff Jones...No problem, boss! But I'm leaving Vaughn Bodè to you.—M.G.

## STAFF

**Editor-in-Chief:**  
L. Dennis Plunkett

**Senior Editors:**  
Tod Carroll  
Sean Kelly  
Tod Mann

**Managing Editor:**  
Glenn Eichler

**Editors:**  
Kevin Curran  
Fred Graver

**Copy Editor:**  
Diane Giddis

**Editorial Associate:**  
Fannie N. Lau

**Contributing Editors:**  
John Bendel  
Michael Civitello  
Stephen Geller  
Joey Green  
John Hughes  
Chris Miller  
Bill Moseley  
Ed Subitzky  
Gerald Sussman  
John Weidman  
Ellis Weiner

**Art Director:**  
Michael Grossman

**Associate Art Director:**  
Arlene Lappen

**Art Associates:**  
Marianne Gaffney  
Timothy McCarthy

**Photography Coordinator:**  
Kate Gallagher

**Editorial Art Assistant:**  
Marilyn Rodan

**Contributing Artists:**  
Ron Barrett  
M. K. Brown  
John Caldwell  
Bruce Cochran  
Susan Falola  
Rick Geary  
Sam Gross  
Ron Haug  
Dan Kirk  
Rick Meyerowitz  
Howard Nostrand  
Mimi Pond  
Bob Rakita  
Charles Rodrigues  
Phillip Scheuer  
B. K. Taylor  
Peter Vey  
Jim Wilson

**Contributing Photographers:**  
Ronald G. Harris  
Dan Nelken  
Bernard Vidal  
James Wojcik

**Publisher:**  
Julian L. Weber

**Advertising Director:**  
Sena Harris Parker

**Production Consultant:**  
Camille Russo

**Advertising Production Manager:**  
Raymond Battaglino

**College Marketing Consultant:**  
George Agoglia, Jr.

**Press Coordinator/Office Manager:**  
Barbara Sabatino

Published by NL Communications, Inc.,  
a subsidiary of National Lampoon, Inc.

**Chairman:** President:  
Matty Simmons Julian L. Weber

**Chairman, Executive Committee:**  
Leonard Mogel

**Senior Vice-President:**  
George S. Agoglia

**Vice-President, Advertising Sales:**  
Sena Harris Parker

**Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales:**  
Howard Jurofsky

**Controller:**  
Debra A. Bruno

**ADVERTISING OFFICES, NEW YORK:** Debra J. Resler, Jed Horowitz, Stephanie Bass, Account Managers: National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-4070. **MIDWEST:** The Guenther Company, Inc., River Plaza, 405 N. Walsh, Suite 4509, Chicago, Ill. 60611 (312) 670-6800. **WEST COAST:** Scott, Marshall, Sands & McGinley, 3450 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 407, Los Angeles, Cal. 90010 (213) 382-6346 (Jim McGinley), or 433 California St., Suite 505, San Francisco, Cal. 94104 (415) 421-7950 (Dick Sands). **SOUTH:** Browne & Company, 5130 Boswell Rd., Marietta, Ga. 30062 (404) 998-2889.

**NATIONAL LAMPOON MAGAZINE (ISSN 0027-9587):** Published monthly by NL Communications, Inc. "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of NL Communications, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with the permission of The Harvard Lampoon, Inc. Copyright © 1983, NL Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** \$11.95 paid annual subscription, \$17.95 paid two-year subscription, and \$34.95 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$3.00 for Canada and Mexico, \$5.00 for other foreign countries. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

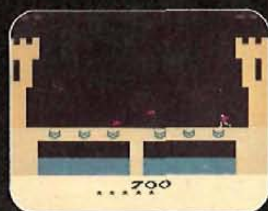
**CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Subscriber please send change of address to Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. **POSTMASTER:** Please mail Form 3579 notice to: Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

**ADVERTISING INFORMATION:** Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Exclusive of the *National Lampoon* True Section, all incidents, situations, and products depicted or described in the editorial pages of *National Lampoon* are fictional, and any similarity, without satiric intent, of characters presented therein to living persons is coincidental. The editors of *National Lampoon* accept reader submissions of photos, clippings, and other items for inclusion in the *National Lampoon* True Section. Upon receipt these items become the exclusive property of *National Lampoon*. Other than True Section submissions, *National Lampoon* does not accept any unsolicited manuscripts or art. The publisher assumes no liability for unsolicited material of any kind. We apologize for this policy, but our staff is too small to cope with the volume of material we receive.





# DAN SONNET THOUGHT HE COULD TAKE THE HEAT.



What's the matter, Dan? Having a little trouble keeping up with Imagic's® new game Dragonfire™?

But we thought you were so tough, so cool.

We never thought an expert like you would have so much trouble sneaking over the drawbridge to the castle.

Just look at you jumping and ducking and dodging that Dragonfire. Why, if we didn't know better,

we'd say you were scared out of your pantaloons.

Well, surprise, surprise. You made it inside the castle. Let's see how fast you can swipe that treasure before you get hit by the dragon's fireballs.

Ouch!!! Ooooch!! Aghhh!!

Shame on you! At this rate, Dan, you're not even going to make it past the first level.

You should know by now that Dragonfire and all Imagic games are created by experts for experts.

And frankly, Danny boy, you just don't qualify.



Created by experts for experts.™



**LETTERS**  
3/8/83

**S**IRS: STATES' RIGHTS. SURE, but what about steaks' rights? Filet mignon, T-bone, and New York cut get on the best menus in the best restaurants in America, while poor chuck steak is consigned to those mediocre, so-called "steak" houses. And the lowly sandwich steak? Forget it. The poor slob ends up in truck stops, hamburger joints, and some of the worst fast-food franchises in the country, where they're not even given the choice of being rare, medium, or well-done! Whoever said that ours is a classless society never ate at a Wendy's, that's for sure.

David Caldwell  
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:  
Do you know how we play Russian roulette here in Greenwich Village? One of the guys has teeth.

Allen Ginsberg  
Christopher Street

Sirs:  
Here are some words that are not in the dictionary: Hooku, beebiebee, stunny, asslab ish, brain-rain, eyekin, ij, and stample. A complete list of such words is available for six dollars. It is an invaluable reference for Scrabble players and people who just like to read stuff.

National Unreal Word Society  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:  
All I can say is that whoever was on duty on Ellis Island the day my great-grandfather arrived was one hell of a wise guy.

Nathan Fuckhead  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:  
We beat Hawaii to statehood, so now like a little kid they have to be first at everything else. Alaska was going to be the "Aloha State." They stole the name from us before we could make it official. Then, just as we're about to unveil Alaskan Punch, they strike again. We

can't seem to keep a secret from them. They're really overcompensating. I don't even want to talk about "Alaska Five-0."

An Angry Alaskan  
Juneau

Sirs:  
It's not enough that everyone calls me cold, and that when they have a party I'm always the one who gets stuck holding the mixer, but the ingrates never even invite me to sit down to dinner with them! And don't mention leftovers to me or I'll scream.

The Refrigerator  
In the kitchen

Sirs:  
Do rich blacks still buy limousines and then hire white people to sit in the back and look out the windows? Please let me know soon, man. I've got to do something with all this money.

Magic Johnson  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Sirs:  
You've heard of the Third World, right? And the First and Second Worlds, well, that's the U.S. and Western Europe and Japan and the U.S.S.R. and Eastern Europe, right? Well, we're the Fourth World. We're the countries that Bangladesh or Tierra del Fuego or the Knights of Malta turn to when they want to take out their frustrations. Yeah, we're really piss poor. Not only do we not own any territory, but we don't even possess names. A seat in the U.N.? Who are you kidding—they won't even let us

sit on the floor. We mean it—we're poor! Government? Hell, a band of gypsies stole the last one we tried to form. Flags? Are you crazy? We don't even have any wash to hang out. Some better jokes? Forget it!

The Fourth World  
Who knows where?

Sirs:  
What's the big deal about skeet shooting, anyway? The damn things taste terrible.

Marvin Stecker  
Nouveau Riche Ave.  
The Hamptons

Sirs:  
Shell No-Pest Strips and roofing tar are out, as are car air fresheners (skunk or pine). Mimeographed copies and medicine are in. Look for electrical fires to make a strong comeback in the winter. Save your Old Spice and Dippity-do.

The Arbiters of Smell  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:  
In *Rocky V*, Rocky, while training for his next championship fight, is alerted by his moose friend, Bullwinkle, that there is a plot hatching to steal all the water from Frostbite Falls, where Rocky is training. I'm not going to reveal any more plot, but watch for the big showdown fight with Boris Badenov. Oh, plus in this one I can fly.

Sly Stallone  
Hollywood Hills, Cal.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)





**T**his is top model Mean Jill Greene, togged up in the new *National Lampoon* football jersey (\$12.95). With her, wearing the very prestigious and very, very popular *National Lampoon* Black Sox jacket (\$31.95) is her number-one butt-girl Frankie, who travels everywhere with her and runs out for more makeup or eyelashes or foundation garments when Mean Jill's got a heavy fashion shoot on.

Mean Jill carries her necessities (for a night or a fortnight) in her *National Lampoon* duffel bag (\$13.95). You can get all these fine items by mail. See the coupon.



National Lampoon, Dept. NL 383,  
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

**I must have the following *National Lampoon* sporting accessories:**

\_\_\_ *National Lampoon* football jersey(s) at \$12.95 each.

\_\_\_ Small \_\_\_ Medium \_\_\_ Large

\_\_\_ Black Sox baseball jacket(s) at \$31.95 each.

\_\_\_ Small \_\_\_ Medium \_\_\_ Large

\_\_\_ *National Lampoon* duffel bag(s) at \$13.95 each.

\_\_\_ *National Lampoon* sweat shirt(s) at \$12.95 each (not shown).

\_\_\_ Small \_\_\_ Medium \_\_\_ Large \_\_\_ white letters on navy  
 \_\_\_ red letters on white  
 \_\_\_ black letters on gray

NAME (PLEASE PRINT) \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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

AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Include \$1.25 for postage and handling. New York residents, please add 8¼ percent sales tax.



**BE A  
SPORT**





Warning: You won't be able to put this story down until you actually set it on a stationary object.

## Puppy Love

BY JOEY GREEN

**I**T TOOK ME TWO WEEKS TO REALIZE fourteen days had passed. I can't tell you how I met Lori, but I can tell you this much: it happened at college, and since the phone never rang, I had little reason to pick up the receiver. I only answered the phone when the alarm clock went off, but I usually didn't bother setting it, since I had the bottom bunk, and my roommate Chris copulated with anything that moved. I often found myself jolted from slumber by the thrust of his pistons: Chris usually slept with foreign-made cars.

I was a firm believer in firm beliefs, and while Lori's parents could have easily named her Michelle, Gloria, or Peggy Sue, I settled for a girl whose name doesn't double as a song title. Still, I convinced myself that if we each learned to play an instrument, we could make beautiful music together. Iambic pentameters somersaulted, dactylic dimeters tap-danced across the tabletop, and anapestic trimeters swung from the chandelier. I guess you could say it was poetry in motion. In fact, I would have fallen head over heels for

her had such an acrobatic feat been physically possible. I was on cloud nine, but if I had known then what I know now, I would have chosen cloud seven or maybe cloud eight. Everyone was on cloud nine. I couldn't find room to breathe.

Looking back, I can only describe Lori with descriptive adjectives; I don't handle similes well at all. We spent a lot of time together—it was like money to us: forty-five minutes over drinks, two hours for dinner, and a fifteen-minute tip. But when I counted my change I always felt short-sheeted. I tried desperately to fit the pieces of the puzzle together, but I could never find the little piece with the yellow edge and the top of the mountain and the part of the sky.

At night, I dreamed of her. She was my pancake, my waffle, my French toast. I held her in my arms, and her body, coated with maple syrup, stuck to mine. But I could never really sleep. Chris pounded away in the top bunk like a pneumatic drill. Night after night I woke up to the sound of the springs squeaking rhythmically, building up speed before that final scream of ecstasy

from a carburetor. I knew then I had to win Lori or share the limelight with Chris as the butt of autoeroticism jokes.

But Lori couldn't say whether she had the same feelings for me as I had for her. I figured she had a speech impediment. She also had her heart set on getting a dog, but if she set her heart the way she set the table, the forks and spoons would be on the wrong side. She told me she wanted a puppy more than anything else in the world. "I want a puppy more than anything else in the world," she said. To me, that could only mean one thing: there was dual meaning in what she said. Well, if a dog was the key to her heart, I'd buy myself a choke collar and a leash. She never got the idea.

You can picture me carrying a large cardboard box decorated with a huge red ribbon up the creaky stairs to her college-town apartment. Of course, it didn't happen that way at all. She found a stray puppy in the street. But I just couldn't face up to that harsh reality. Tears start welling up in my eyes when I think back to the first time I saw that mangy mutt nuzzling up to her negligee. It all comes back now, clear as Day-Glo.

Sure, Ad Reinhardt could paint a pretty picture, but that didn't stop Lori from naming her puppy Jason after the argonaut of the same name. She was his Edith Hamilton. I couldn't help but picture the same scene over and over, again and again, around and around: my mind had become a rotisserie of jealous rage. I could just see Lori brushing his thick mane, stroking his back in slow, sweeping motions, and Jason lapping her face hungrily until, weak with longing, she took his leash in her delicate hands and walked him outside. I could see her creamy thighs undulating with anticipation as Jason pulled her to a familiar spot amidst the trees. When they returned to her apartment, Jason would curl contentedly at the foot of her bed, spent by his torrid passion.

My heart pounded violently as if it were going to explode. One night it did, and I felt as though my aorta had splattered all over the upholstery. If only I'd read the signs in front of me, I wouldn't have had a record of so many traffic violations. All I know is that if it had started raining at that moment, I would have been caught in a downpour without an umbrella. I knew then I would probably never live to see the word "esophagus" replace "throat" as a household word. I was coming apart at the seams; I had to find a good tailor. Enough is plenty, I philosophized. There was only one thing for me to do: climb to the roof of a ten-story building



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

LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 10 mg. "tar",  
0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

*You've got what it takes.*

# Salem Spirit

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





with a semiautomatic and vent my frustrations on the innocent passersby below.

But I was determined to win Lori's heart, not a door prize. There's more than one way to skin a cat. I kept telling myself, although I'm not particularly interested in exploring that field of endeavor. After all, two out of three is 66.6 percent; that's not just a fact, that's a piece of information presented as objective reality.

You see, I wasn't about to play second fiddle to a dog, because, as I said before, I don't play an instrument. The idea did appeal to me, however, because my screechy fiddling would severely affect Jason's sensitive canine ears. He would be driven mad and then to the Humane Society to be "put to sleep"—or "whacked with the mighty pool cue," to coin a more imaginative euphemism. I'd have Lori to myself.

Of course, I would never actually

fiddle with such an idea. That's just the way my mind was working. I guess you might say I'd lost my marbles. Well, better that than my ball and jacks. And so, in desperation, I devised a scheme—a game plan, if you will—a *modus operandi*, a *soupe du jour*, a *coup de ville*. Every dog has its day; so must every hydrant. Maybe I'm just being dogmatic, but I knew if Lori discovered that Jason was missing, she'd think he was lost. She would need my help to find her pup, and we'd be together once again. The plot began to thicken; I could always mix in another cup of water to slow things down.

My dog days were coming to an end. One afternoon, armed only with a box of Milk-Bones, I led Jason back to my dormitory room, breaking in on Chris, who was on the make with a cute little foreign number with a pair of bucket seats you could really sink yourself into. Chris was not particularly pleased to see

me with Jason; dogs, you'll remember, run after cars, and Jason proved no exception. And so I went off to find Lori, locking Jason in my room with Chris to chase after a Datsun.

I found Lori at her apartment and terribly shaken. She flung her arms around me, crying into my shoulder. At last, I had her right where I wanted her: wrapped around me. I decided to take advantage of the situation for as long as I could. I'd lead her on a wild-geese chase, despite the fact that there weren't any geese to be found for miles. I suggested we check the pound, but Lori didn't understand why. "Sixteen ounces is sixteen ounces," she insisted. It was then I realized I had been barking up the wrong tree.

Now I knew what it meant to be taken for a walk. I would have never gone after Lori's hand had I known the deck was stacked against me. You see, I'd been reading allegorical symbolism into a Hallmark greeting card. If I went swimming in Lori's deepest thoughts, I wouldn't get my feet wet. For all she knew, Samuel Clemens was a regular on "Hee Haw." I had put my heart through a meat grinder only to have it sold back to me at \$2.25 a pound.

I was heartbroken. What's worse, I plunged into the depths of despair without a snorkel. My friends and acquaintances continued addressing me by my first name, but there were still plenty of people who will forever refer to me as "sir," "buddy," and "pal." I had taken the Nestea plunge. Yet, one question remained unanswered: if the sun stops shining, will people buy more sun-lamps? Only time will tell, I guess—if indeed a continuum that lacks spatial dimensions can actually speak. Meanwhile, my world rotated around its axis. The climate was just right; I was in complete control of my thermostat. I had obviously read too much Carlos Castaneda for my own good.

But my melancholy bared little fruit the size of kumquats. Dejected, I returned to my room to free Jason, but not before feeding him a bottle of Kaopectate. That dog was finally doing to Lori as she had done to me. After all, there are plenty of other fish in the sea, dogs in the kennel, and cars on the highway. Sure, I'd walk a mile for a Camel, but when it comes right down to it, wouldn't you rather have a Buick? I know I would. That's why I've been seen in the company of a sharp-looking Skylark. If I'm going to be taken for a ride, I want good suspension and plenty of room in the trunk. There's only one thing still preying on my conscience. I'm still trying to figure out how Chris gets the Pennzoil out of his sheets. ■





JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1983 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

It's all true.



Cuervo  
Premium Tequila





If you're thick-skinned enough to take your lumps, we've got a hunch that personal growths can be yours.

## ***The Elephant Man's Guide to Good Grooming***

BY MICHAEL REISS AND AL JEAN

**N**OTE: "I ONCE SHOT THE Elephant Man in my pajamas," began a popular English joke of the nineteenth century. "How he got my pajamas on over his enormously deformed and growth-infested body I'll never know." With his gigantic, misshapen head, grossly gnarled limbs, and bulging, lumpy skin, John Merrick (known as the Elephant Man) could hardly laugh off such jokes—especially since his mouth was nearly sealed shut by festering bony protuberances. In fact, this constant derision drove the Elephant Man to the very brink of suicide. Only the kindness, patience, and generosity of a handful of friends made John Merrick realize he was not an animal—he was a human being. In fact, he soon began to think of himself as something of a Beau Brummell, only handsomer. And so he spent the last of his days typing, with his one undeformed finger, this handbook.

ASA TEENAGER, I WASN'T EXACTLY THE cutest guy in the world. So, like everyone else, I encountered a few typical problems. Mirrors shattered at my slightest glance. Clocks stopped when I got too close to them. Dogs turned to stone just by looking at me. So how, you may ask, did I become the dapper, jaunty Romeo I am today? Just read on and learn: I'll show you how to become a new man, from the top of your anvil-shaped head to the toes of your growth-covered feet.

### **Clothes Make the Elephant Man:**

People say I'm really good in the sack—the sack I use to cover up my entire head. But this kind of headgear isn't for everyone. Some people have oval-shaped heads, which look best in bowlers. For people with more angular faces, a top hat is in order. As for me, my head is shaped like a dented garbage can—so covering my face with a big garbage bag happens to be devilish-

ly apropos.

With the rest of your clothing, you should make sure to play up your best features. In my case, my best feature is a tiny, three-inch patch of undiseased skin on the small of my back. So I make sure to accent this highlight—which, if I may say so myself, is the envy of all who care to look at it. To emphasize this bit of skin, I have cut a three-inch, peekaboo patch in the back of my neck-to-floor cloak. Of course, not everyone is blessed with such a handsome, distinguishing feature. But don't let it get you down. After all, not everyone can be an Elephant Man (just me).

**Skin Care:** If you're like me, you've got yards and yards of excess skin hanging off you in great sagging folds. They say that beauty is only skin-deep, but in my case this can be a depth of up to eighteen inches. So it's necessary for me—and you—to keep every pound of flesh fresh and clean. After all, one never knows when an unsightly blemish might pop up and mar an otherwise perfect clump of fungoid skin. What I'm trying to say is, make sure to wash every day—but try not to lose the soap in the bony potholes that cover your skull.

**Posture:** A lot of girls come up to me and say, "Get bent, Elephant." Well, the joke's on them—I already am bent, and I'm proud of it. Good posture is a plus, and frankly, there's no better posture than mine. My spine has all the same gentle, sloping curves that make a spiral staircase so attractive. If you weren't lucky enough to be born with such intriguing twists, don't despair. Simply



attach a full set of encyclopedias to your shoulders and upper back, and carry them around for a few months. After that, I've got a hunch (if you'll pardon my little Elephant joke) that you'll have the sexy bearing of such big-name studs as Richard III, Quasimodo, and me.

**Tooth Care:** Tooth care cannot be emphasized strongly enough. I personally must take extra-special care of mine, since it's the only tooth I have. Actually, it's more of a tusk, so I have to constantly protect it from cavities, yellowing, and great white hunters who want to use the ivory for piano keys. I'm sure everyone has experienced similar problems at one time or another. So just remember, in tooth care cleanliness is next to godliness, and ugliness is next to impossible for a dashing hunk of handsome like me.

**Exercise:** In my youth I was in show business, but it wasn't as glamorous as you might think. Whenever I ate too much hay, fatty bulges would spring up and compete for space with my natural, well-groomed tumorous bulges. The freak-show owner would have to help me lose those stubborn extra pounds of flab, either by withholding my food or by horsewhipping me for hours on end. He had a point. I may look like an elephant, but I don't have to be as fat as one. Thus, each day I perform a strict regimen of exercises that I recommend to you. Try to stand up straight for up to a minute at a time. Do strenuous workouts with fifty-pound weights, like your head or right arm. Sweep up the glass from every camera you shatter with your looks. Run away from hunters who want to capture you for the zoo. Above all, remember to exercise each and every day—an Elephant Man never forgets.

**Bring On the Girls:** If you've been following my excellent advice, by now you should look just like me. Aren't you glad? But don't let your good looks swell your already big head. Personality counts for something, too—especially if it's the ladies you're after. To woo a member of the opposite sex it takes more than just a handsome, tusky face—it also takes charm. So regale the girls with entertaining stories about your neuro-osteo-muscular disease, or about your days in the freak-show business, or about all the peanuts you can eat, or even about where new spongy tumors have popped up on your body. With so many delights to offer the ladies, you should be able to take as many girls to bed as I have: zero. Oooh, I'm such an animal.



# Win a Silver 1982 Corvette

## PLUS THOUSANDS OF OTHER VALUABLE PRIZES!



**FIRST PRIZE**  
VHS Video System Retail Value \$2,500

**SECOND PRIZE**  
Nakamichi Audio Deck Retail Value \$1,000

**THIRD PRIZE**  
65,000 TDK Audio Cassettes  
Retail Value \$345,400

**BONUS DRAWING**  
Complete Audio and Video Home  
Entertainment Center Value \$7,800.

All prizes will be awarded. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Complete rules at participating stores. To obtain a free game card send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: TDK Game Card, PO Box 1148, Belmar, NJ 08031. Residents of the State of Washington need only send self-addressed envelope. Only one request per envelope which must be received by March 28, 1983. Void in Wisconsin and wherever else prohibited by law. All prices are manufacturers' suggested retail.

The 1982 silver Corvette with deluxe Alpine sound system is a Grand Prize worth \$22,500!

All you have to do to win the Grand Prize, or any one of more than 65,000 other valuable prizes, is to look for specially-marked TDK multi-packs of D, AD, and SA audio cassettes and T-120 video cassettes at your local participating TDK dealer. Inside you'll discover your "Pleasure Playback Game" card. It may make you an instant winner and qualify you for a second opportunity to win a total audio and video home entertainment center in our bonus prize drawing when you follow the instructions on the back of the card.

So visit your local TDK dealer today and play the "TDK \$350,000 Pleasure Playback Instant Winner Game." You're always a winner with TDK.



**TDK**





The chief internist of the Rodeo Drive Medical Clinic blows the lid off Hollywood's specimen jar.

## Doctor's X Rays of the Stars

BY DR. HOWIE LANCASTER.

**Y**OU KNOW, AS INTERNIST TO the stars, I am privy to the secrets of hundreds of celebrities. I know their diseases, their addictions, their pain. But it's not *always* a pleasant job. At times, I cover up for them, too, hiding the truth about the time bombs ticking away inside them.

Why do I cover up? Well, if you knew these people like I do, you'd probably do the same thing. They live under incredible pressure and tension. Their bodies are twisted with anxiety. Every day I see distended colons, hemorrhoids, bleeding ulcers. And the other doctors, my dear friends who get together with me at the Celebrity Doctors Club, they see it too. From the biggest stars to the lowliest extras, disease has riddled Tinseltown.

It's very frustrating to be an internist to the stars here. Everyone thinks that he knows his own body better than you do, everyone's trying to outguess you. And there's always some cheap swindler out there to prey upon the ignorant.

I give my patients the best advice. I pour out some of the finest diagnostic work in California, and what do I get? Maybe they listen and then do nothing. Maybe they listen and make an appointment for surgery, and then they cancel at the last minute.

Worst of all, they listen and then they go and get a second opinion from a studio doctor, or some quack that their agent has recommended. And I know how those quacks operate—I've seen how they get a percentage of the deal when they can deliver a diseased star to a working set! It's disgusting.

This morning, I looked at myself in

the mirror, and I said, "Howie, it's got to come to a halt. One man has to have the courage to stand up and say, 'You're killing yourselves, you crazy wonderful creative people. You owe it to your fans, to the public, to the industry, to stay alive.'"

So maybe I'm writing a one-way ticket out of this place. Maybe I'll never be able to look out at my reception area and see Shelley Winters and Charles Nelson Reilly chatting away. But I've got to let these people know how sick they really are. I want to thank this magazine for giving me the space to publish my prognoses from X rays of our most beloved stars—people who are unaware of, or fail to recognize, the serious implications of their horrible afflictions.

**Richard Pryor.** For years, I've never seen this guy far from a glass of milk, although I've often wondered why. One day, when Richard was in my office, I thought to myself, "Okay, the burns are healed, he looks good, I'm going to ask him."

Richard tried to tell me that he drank milk to soothe his stomach after all the spicy food he ate, but I convinced him to have a few pictures taken. What I found is absolutely astonishing.

Richard Pryor has had appendicitis for at least two years. This has also caused a certain amount of diffuse peritonitis. At this point, his appendix looks like a violently inflamed side of beef. I've spoken with Richard about it, but he refuses to go under the knife. I've even asked Gene Wilder to shout hysterically at him, but Richard won't budge.

Okay, if that's the way you want to be, Mr. Smart Ass, Mr. Negro Comic, then that's just too bad. You're too gifted an individual to let this slide by. One of these days, that thing is going to burst, and I don't want to stand around wiping up the mess, thinking that I could have done something.

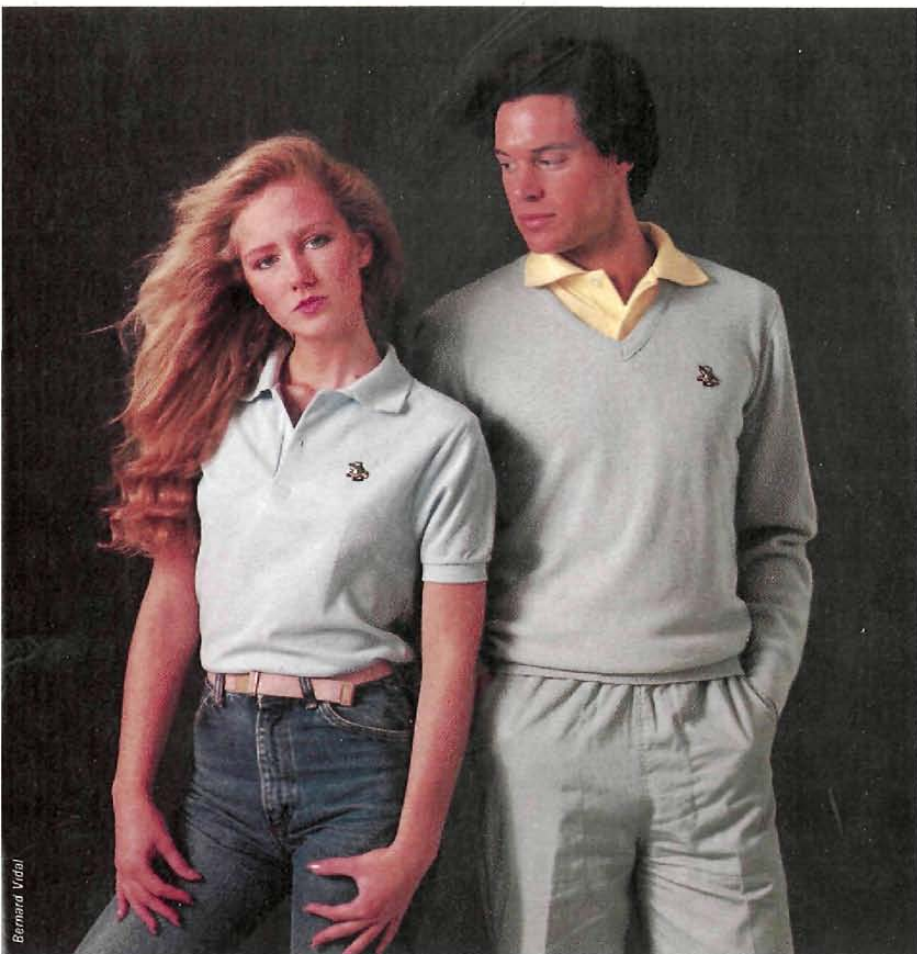
And a final word, to Warner Brothers. You're ready to sign this crazy black man to do more films after *Superman III*. Beware! I'd take a meeting with Eddie Murphy or Gregory Hines right now; keep them on the back burner. And don't look so innocent! I know you've had the commissary dishing out gallons of Maalox and Pepto-Bismol to Pryor for months now, with never a look to see if there is something seriously wrong. You should be ashamed of yourselves.

**Timothy Hutton.** God, I love this kid like he was one of my own, but this looks very, very sad to me. If you look



Now Offering Shirts and Fine Sweaters from

# FROG



The Frog family of fine apparel is proud to announce the introduction of the **Frog Sweater**. The Frog Sweater comes in three sizes and is a legend for its softness, warmth, and style. And Frog Clothing continues to offer the **Frog Polo Shirt**. Both shirt and sweater sport the distinctive symbol of the Frog line, a double-amputee frog.

The unfortunate frog is your assurance that you have purchased the very finest. Wear your shirt with pride—with or without a Frog Sweater over it—whether you yourself have legs or not.

Frog Sweaters and Shirts are available only by mail. The price? Sweaters are just \$19.95 plus postage and handling. Polo shirts are \$12.95 (white) or \$13.95 (blue or yellow) plus postage and handling. Order your sweater and/or shirt today and ensure yourself of the respect your taste and discernment deserve.

## FROG

National Lampoon offers the most prestigious shirts and sweaters in America, and at a price prestigious people can afford.

Please send me \_\_\_ (WHITE) National Lampoon Frog Shirts at \$12.95 each, plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

\_\_\_ small \_\_\_ medium \_\_\_ large

Please send me \_\_\_ (BLUE) and/or \_\_\_ (YELLOW) National Lampoon Frog Shirts at \$13.95 each, plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

\_\_\_ small \_\_\_ medium \_\_\_ large

Please send me \_\_\_ (GRAY) and/or \_\_\_ (BLACK) National Lampoon Frog Sweaters at \$19.95 each, plus \$1.50 for postage and handling.

\_\_\_ small \_\_\_ medium \_\_\_ large

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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

I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ to:

National Lampoon, Dept. NL383  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

New York residents, please add 8¼ percent sales tax.

Polo shirts available in:



White



Blue



Yellow

Sweaters available in:



Gray



Black

Frog logo  
by cartoonist  
Sam Gross



carefully at the X rays, you'll see that Tim is beginning to develop ovaries. There's every chance that, untreated, he will become a woman in several years.

Now, if you ask me, Tim will be a very beautiful woman, but I'm not so sure this will be good for his career.

To his mother, I say: Get him to see a good hormone specialist, one who can give him the shots he needs, make sure that his voice comes in nice and deep and he gets some hair on his chest.

To his agent: You can do the most good for Tim right now by signing some "insurance deals." These sex-change movies seem to be doing nicely at the box office right now, and you might be able to develop a nice vehicle for our young Mr. Hutton, just in case the shots don't take hold.

**Diane Keaton and Julie Christie.** I was having lunch one afternoon at Ma Maison with a good friend, Dr. Louis Shields, who is known around town as the Ob-Gyn Man to the Stars, and we got to talking about women. I had recently been wondering about something very unusual in the X rays of Diane Keaton and Julie Christie.

I'd found white spots above the uterus in their two X rays. I couldn't figure out what had caused them, until my colleague told me that the same spot appeared on Leslie Caron's X rays. Almost immediately we made the connection—Warren Beatty. Right there, we decided to call it "Beatty's Disease," and then we ordered dessert, a very good kiwi sorbet.

It seems that Warren's sperm is so strong that it mates with the egg and then drives it straight through to the lower intestine. What happens then is currently the subject of a major study being undertaken by myself, several students from UCLA, and John Carpenter, the director who remade *The Thing*. Carpenter is funding the entire project, and expects to find that any strange offspring of Warren Beatty's will eventually grow up to eat all of Hollywood.

**Donna Summer.** When Donna came into my office complaining of an empty feeling inside, I was completely flummoxed by the results of her X rays. To begin with, I have discovered why so many of her records have an echo-

chamber effect to them—she herself is hollow and echoes naturally.

But still, I wondered why. Basically, through a series of sophisticated tests, I've discovered that Donna has been reamed out by David Geffen. She has nothing left inside of her.

I've seen this kind of thing happen before in the music business. You have some artist come to Hollywood, and they're young and full of life, and then the money starts to get good, living's easy, and little by little they start to get emptied out; a prior commitment pulls them here, an old contractual obligation drags them over there; their lives are not their own.

The treatment for this is not easy, combining as it does a strict diet and the breaking of an addiction to the good life. But I've prescribed a long visit to an anorexia clinic for Donna, and hopefully she will come back as the sassy, classy disco queen we all knew and loved.

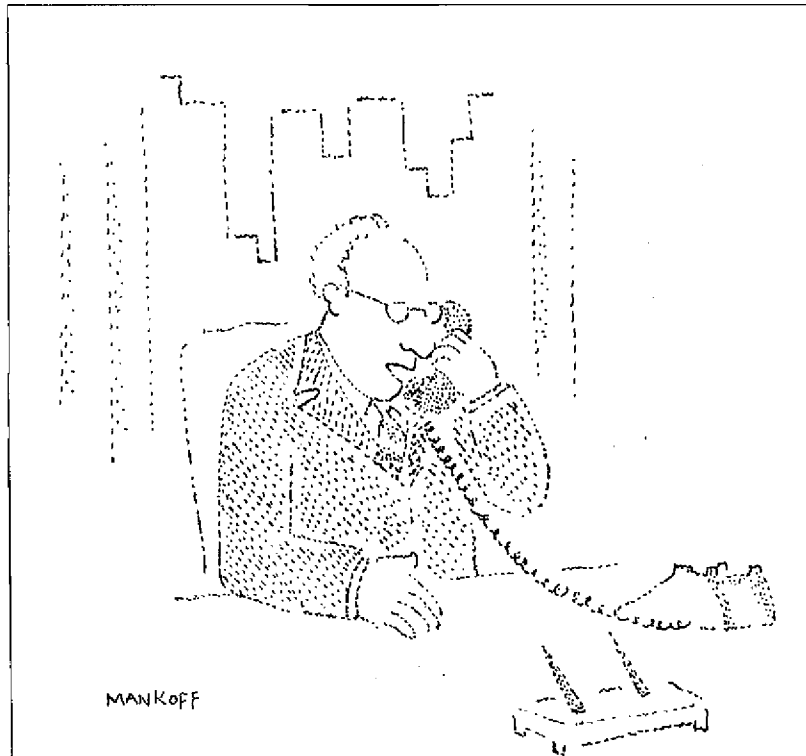
**Forrest Tucker.** Okay, so nobody asked me, and no one really cares, but this lovable guy has given his best to Hollywood, and I think that this town owes him something in return. What do I mean? Well, I'll be frank. Forrest has a terrible condition, and we are on the brink of curing it, but he's run out of money. All I'm asking for is a little work for the guy—a character bit in a feature, a shot on "The Love Boat"—so we can finish fixing him up.

You should see these X rays. Forrest has suffered recurrent hernias since he was in his mid-thirties. Why? He has an enormous penis. Picture a '74's landing gear on a Piper Cub. We've done everything we could—we've sewn up his abdominal muscles with steel-reinforced sutures, we've built him special trusses. Nothing works.

Finally, I've perfected, with my close friend the surgeon Dr. Roy Armstrong, a special surgery that will allow us to take out a large chunk of the middle from Forrest's unit. What the hell, I told Tuck, you only use the front anyway, right? Well, the old guy has agreed, and all we need to do is raise the cash. (I know a few of you directors out there who might have a personal interest in seeing this operation perfected, you know what I mean?)

Look, Forrest is a *great* character actor. So, casting people, give me a call (mornings are bad, but I do my film business in the afternoon) and we'll talk, okay?

In fact, I know of some parts that have opened up because of the death of an old friend of mine that Forrest would be just perfect for. ■



MANKOFF

*"Let's look at the facts, Stienfeld: Daily newspaper circulation is lagging behind population growth, gas was first used in 1915 to break the trench-warfare stalemate, the cassava is fast becoming one of the world's most important tubers, and finally, for God's sake, Stienfeld, apes have nails, not claws!"*



Ultra Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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

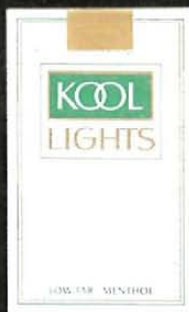


# There's only one way to play it...

Wherever the music is hot,  
the taste is Koal. At any 'tar' level, there's  
only one sensation this refreshing.



Original



Low 'tar'



2 mg.



# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

Sirs:

How do we account for the rapid proliferation of lawyers in this country? Well, most of them are just fucking each other in the old-fashioned way, but we suspect that more than a few of them are able to split in two, completely unaided. This last process would account for the excessive number of divorce lawyers, especially in the state of California.

Jerry Arncor  
*Arncor Research, Inc.*

Sirs:

I would just like to say a word about not kicking a woman out of bed for eating crackers. In 1981, 92 percent of all adult women who ate crackers—inside and outside the bedroom—admitted to leaving a trail of cracker crumbs in their wake. Experts now believe percentages inside the bedroom run slightly higher. Aside from the obvious physical discomfort and impaired REM sleep you experience, you are inviting into your love nest more than 180 varieties of household insects and rodents, many of

which carry disease, germs, and death. Next time say, "I wouldn't kick her out of bed for reciting Gibran," or "I wouldn't kick her out of bed for admiring Lorne Greene." But use a little common sense. She isn't worth turning your lovely apartment into a pesthole.

Brent MacGill  
*Lysol, Mich.*

Sirs:

People often ask me what the secret to being a good writer is. I tell them it's smoking a lot of cigarettes and getting a lot of pussy.

Fran Lebowitz  
*Greenwich Village, N.Y.*

Sirs:

When I was a lad back in the heyday of the 1930s, we didn't have blow dryers, and by gosh if we didn't need them. I can remember one wintry day when I had just come out of the shower and my aging mother, God rest her soul, asked me to go outside and repair the tin shingle that was the side wall of our modest home. Well, let me tell you, that was no easy task. My hair nearly froze clear through, and I had to spend the whole next day thawing it out. But blow

dryers or not, we all just buckled down and managed to get through the Depression with full heads of hair to boot.

Willis Weaverpoop  
*Indiana, Ohio*

Sirs:

I called an escort service the other day for a hooker, and who should they send over but my wife! It was really embarrassing. Anyway, I paid her fifty dollars, which we used for new bathroom curtains. So I guess everything turned out okay.

Richard Henderson  
*Flint, Mich.*

Sirs:

Here at Chrysler, we know we make good cars, so we'll do anything to get you to buy them. That's why we've started our newest buyer-incentive program. We've taken more than fifty Americans hostage and we won't let them go unless you all go out and buy Chryslers. And we mean lots of them—five or six cars for each family. If you don't, we'll kill the hostages, every one. It's *that* simple.

Iacocca Khomeini  
*Dearborn, Mich.*



For personally signed Ken Davies print, 18" x 19", send \$10, payable to "ANCO", Box 929-NL, NYC, 10268



Sirs:

You go six months without a monster hit, and all of a sudden none of the third-graders around the schoolyard wants your candy.

Barry Manilow  
*Weekend, New England*

Sirs:

I just saw *Annie* on Broadway and do you know what? There were no black people in the audience. Black people don't want to pay thirty dollars to see that shit. For twenty-five dollars less they can go to Forty-second Street and watch Charles Bronson shoot their relatives. Except for *The Wiz*. Black people loved that play. They would all chip in and send one specially elected Negro to see it and then come back and tell them if it was good enough to buy the soundtrack of. With all this in mind, I proudly announce my Broadway play *Little Nigger Annie*. The same shit as the regular play except all the actors are black and Sandy is a rat. Plus you'd have to change the names so the white version couldn't sue. Daddy Warbucks could be "Daddy Welfare Bucks" and Sandy could be "filthy rat." No? How 'bout *Little Spick Annie?* *Little Polack Annie.*

*Little Hitler Annie. Little Faggot Lesbo Annie. Little Elephant Man Annie.* "The sun will come out on the Elephant Man/Bet your bottom dollar that the Elephant Man will...uh...get a tan....I love ya, I love ya...."

Joseph Papp  
*Central Casting*

Sirs:

Here's a good one: Why was Christ crucified and not stoned to death? Give up? Ready for the answer? Okay—Christ was crucified and not stoned to death so that Christians could do this (very familiar hand gesture) and not this (incredibly funny and strange hand gesture). Thank you.

Clyde Kobberhall  
*Cincinnati, Ohio*

Sirs:

All right! Just what is Greenland trying to pull here? Iceland has got *ice*, and Newfoundland had to be *newly found* at some time or another. I guess, and America is full of *Americans*, but there is *no way* that Greenland is *green*.

Truth in advertising demands that we change Greenland's name to something more appropriate. I'd suggest Waste-

land, Shithole, Stupidia, or Freeze-yourassoffland—but Canada's already optioned those.

Andy Rooney  
*Overstaying his welcome*

Sirs:

You look like someone with intellect enough to recognize the name "Albert Camus."

Albert Camus  
*How do you do?*

Sirs:

Have you done any jokes about how Ted Kennedy thought Chappaquiddick was a car wash? Granted it's a little behind the times, but if you haven't done a joke like that, you know, thinking it was a car wash, maybe you should, because that would be good, a car wash.

Hymie Jowlsnout  
*Pinebluff, Mo.*

Sirs:

How come when I died, nobody wrote a headline saying "Colonel Sanders Kicks the Bucket"?

Colonel Harlan Sanders, Ret.  
*Heaven*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37)

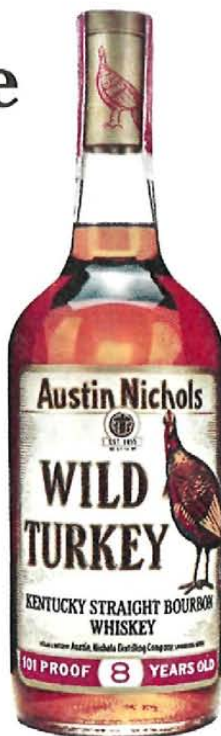


## Part Of Our National Heritage

In 1776, Benjamin Franklin proposed that the Wild Turkey be adopted as the symbol of our country. He pointed out that this majestic bird is native only to the American Continent.

It seems only fitting that the Wild Turkey later became the symbol of our country's greatest native whiskey.

**WILD TURKEY® / 101 PROOF / 8 YEARS OLD**  
Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky © 1981







You may not be cool enough to survive the urban jungle, but Jack Nicholson and Richard Pryor are.

# Rich Little's How to Imitate Celebrities for Fun and Profit

BY JOEL KWESKIN AND CARY BAYER

**H**OW OFTEN HAVE YOU SAID to yourself, after a particularly sensitive or unpleasant situation for which you were not prepared, "If only I had said *this* or done *that*?" Moreover, how often have you said, "I'll bet Clint Eastwood would've taken care of him, all right" or "Burt Reynolds would've known how

to handle her." The point is, we envy our favorite Hollywood stars and celebrities who know just what to do in every situation. If only we could be like them....

Well, now you can—and not just for the amusement of your friends at parties or at school or work. Rich Little, America's greatest impressionist, now shares his million-dollar secrets with you. As Rich himself says, "You've seen

how my techniques work for me in funny comedy sketches on Bob Hope specials. Now let it all work for you—in real life."

**Impressing Your Girlfriend:** Let's say you're out with your girl on Saturday night. You're not a kid anymore, you're a man—and you want her to know it, too.

So you take her to Burger King; you're old enough to have it your way. You want to impress her, so you tell her she can order whatever she'd like. She does. Now it's your turn. You look over the menu and order *exactly* what you'd like:

"I'll take a Double Whopper with Cheese. Hold the cheese, hold the lettuce, and hold the onions. Add a couple slices of bacon and toast it on the bread you use for your Specialty Sandwiches."

The girl behind the counter will look bewildered and probably say, "We only put bacon on Double Cheeseburgers, and we don't put no Whoppers on our Specialty Sandwich bread."

Your only reaction to such bureaucracy: intolerance.

Your only way to deal with it: Jack Nicholson.

You squint your eyes, bite your lower lip, and stretch your mouth into a full sneer. Now clear your throat, and with your best North Central Midwest twang—presto! You're Jack.

The line behind you will probably be getting restless, but you have a point to make, and darn it, you're going to make it! You look at the girl behind the counter and you say in a cocky, belligerent tone:

"Okay, I'll make it as easy as I can for you. You have a microwave oven of some kind? And that cheap bread you put your chicken and veal sandwiches on?"

The girl will probably remain bewildered. That's your cue to continue in soft, modulated, even tones:

"I want you to toast the bread. Then I want you to hold the Whopper between your legs—"

Before you have a chance to finish she will most likely become angry, point to the exit, and say, "Do you see that sign?"

Now comes the good part. As Rich Little says, "So much of being a good impressionist is not only achieving the verbal essence but the physical as well." Here's your opportunity.

You answer her snide question with: "You see this?"

Now take your right hand and sweep your arm across the counter so that everything—napkin and straw dispensers, plastic forks and spoons, and food



# National Lampoon goes BANANAS!

And You Can Take Advantage of Our Temporary Lunacy

If you subscribe now we'll give you \$5, \$6, or \$7 worth of merchandise from our "Product Bargain Bonanza" page.

**Subscribe** at our basic subscription prices of \$11.95 for one year, \$17.95 for two years, or \$24.95 for three years and **we'll give you \$5, \$6, or \$7 worth of your choice of merchandise.** (You may select a more expensive item and deduct the **\$5, \$6, or \$7** from the price.) You'll be saving up to \$47.05 over single-copy newsstand purchases.

And if that's not enough, we'll throw in the handling and postage charges on the merchandise.

Here's how to take advantage of our insane generosity.

## ORDER FORM

- Yes, I want to
- subscribe for one year at \$11.95 and take \$5 worth of merchandise.
  - subscribe for two years at \$17.95 and take \$6 worth of merchandise.
  - subscribe for three years at \$24.95 and take \$7 worth of merchandise.

Check one of the above and send check or credit card number to:

National Lampoon, Dept. NL 383  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

Specify at right your selected merchandise from our "Product Bargain Bonanza" page. Include excess over \$5, \$6, or \$7 in your subscription check. For each year add \$5 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. All checks payable in U.S. funds.

| Item # | Size | Price |
|--------|------|-------|
|        |      |       |
|        |      |       |
|        |      |       |
| Total  |      |       |

Payment enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**Charge to my:**

MasterCard # \_\_\_\_\_

MasterCard Interbank # \_\_\_\_\_

Visa # \_\_\_\_\_

Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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



waiting on trays to be served to the party in the line next to you—goes crashing to the floor. Then put on your sunglasses, take your lady by the arm, and stride triumphantly out of there.

(By the way, Rich Little recommends his Shades of Hollywood™ sunglasses, perfect for “doing” Jack Nicholson, as well as Stevie Wonder, Roy Orbison, Erik Estrada, and a host of other stars.)

In your moment of glory your girlfriend is sure to gush over you. To celebrate, you suggest the two of you hijack a bus carrying mental patients and drive it to a nearby marina. If this doesn't interest her, go into that famous Jack Nicholson Cheshire cat grin and say, “Trust me...know what I mean?”

She probably won't know what you mean. That's all right. If the words don't get to her, try the Nicholson eyes. To get that look “down,” turn from her a moment (pretend you just got something in your eye). Now place your thumbs under each eye and your fore-

fingers over the top socket bones. Quickly move the skin up and down and from side to side. This procedure, known as Rich Little's Jack Nicholson/Bruce Dern Wild Eyes Training Exercise,™ will instantly give you the desired beady-eyed look so essential to creating a most convincing Nicholson.

Now reach for the small hatchet you've concealed in your back pocket and raise it over your lady's head. If she runs away, chase her—hatchet held high—and bellow out “Mad Jack”'s deranged laugh. (Rich Little says, “Every good impressionist wants to ‘kill’ his audience, but remember, don't get carried away.”)

Now we leave the social world and enter the pulsating “street scene.”

**Avoiding a Mugging:** Say you're walking down the street late at night in a big city and from out of the corner of your eye you see something move. You hear a sound.... A figure suddenly appears

from the shadows. He is big, he has a tire iron...and he wants to mug you. What to do?

Well, with “Rich Little's How to Imitate Celebrities for Fun and Profit,” there is no need to panic. To avoid having your wallet stolen and perhaps your face squeezed in like an accordion, Rich suggests doing an imitation of “Mr. Unpredictable” himself—Richard Pryor.

“Doing” Pryor is one of the most versatile tools in an impressionist's arsenal, because the popular black entertainer combines a dynamic sense of humor with hostility and an unpredictable tendency to commit wild and violent acts at any moment.

Once your impression registers on the mind of your assailant and he no longer thinks you are, say, a yeshiva student or a computer programmer but that you really *are* Pryor, it is you who have him in a vulnerable position. Whereas a moment before you were the likely victim, now he's afraid you'll recreate a famous incident in “your” life, take out your .45 magnum, and shoot at his feet, thinking they are the tires of your wife's car.

At this point, to help convince your assailant that you are Richard Pryor, the “dangerous black comedian,” Rich Little recommends his “Think Black” technique, which involves repeating in your mind several times the words “shit” and “motherfucker.” (Rich Little says, “The word for stool should be pronounced ‘sheet,’ as in a sheet of paper.”)

To get that Pryor voice “down,” raise your own voice two octaves. Remember those old 1940s “C” movies with Stepin Fetchit? Remember the quivering, Jello-like obsequious tonal texture of his voice and the slurring of his words? That's Richard today. The progressive part of Richard, however, is his use of foul language. (Rich Little adds, “I personally never use words in my own act stronger than ‘damn’ or ‘hell.’ But if you're out to make a point because you're getting mugged, vulgar language need not, and should not, be censored.”)

Your voice and approach established, look at your perpetrator and determine if he is of the Negroid or Caucasian race. If he is black, say, “Whuh choo doin', brother, tryin' to mug me, Richard Pryor?! Get yo' ass outa here before I freebase you into a moving three-alarm fire, motherfucker!”

If the violator is white, say, “You mug Richard Pryor now, Jack, and you done got some serious shit comin' down, 'cause tomorrow night I be havin' ten niggers in yo' white ass!”

The white man will now try to convince you he was only kidding, and

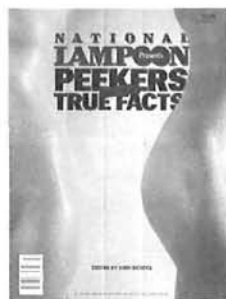


*“Instead of offering you a dopey little virgin, we thought you'd prefer an experienced woman who has been around!”*



BRIAN SAVAGE

# Product Bargain Bonanza!



● **National Lampoon's Peekers and Other True Facts** The latest special edition of the *Nat Lamp* presses. All of this stuff actually happened, although the book hasn't been notarized. (BO-1038) \$2.95

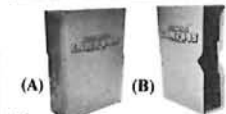
● **The Best of National Lampoon No. 5 1973-1974** Anthology (BO-1008) \$2.50

● **The Best of National Lampoon No. 7 1975-1976** Anthology (BO-1014) \$2.50

● **The Best of National Lampoon No. 8 1976-1977** Anthology (BO-1025) \$3.95

● **The Best of National Lampoon No. 9 1978-1980** Anthology (BO-1026) \$3.95

● **National Lampoon 1964 High School Yearbook Parody** Yearbook of C. Estes Kefauver High School in Dacron, Ohio. The funniest thing ever printed on these particular pieces of paper. Deluxe Edition (BO-1007A) \$4.95



● (A) *National Lampoon* vinyl binder with metal rods  
● (B) *National Lampoon* library case binder

● **National Lampoon Binder (A) (BN-1001)** \$4.50 each. 2 for \$8.00, 3 for \$10.50  
● **National Lampoon Case Binder (B) (CB-1001)** \$5.95 each.

● **National Lampoon 12 issues in binder**  
1975 (BN-1003) (A) (B) \$20.00, 1976 (BN-1004) (A) (B) \$20.00  
1977 (BN-1005) (A) (B) \$20.00, 1978 (BN-1006) (A) (B) \$20.00  
1979 (BN-1007) (A) (B) \$20.00, 1980 (BN-1008) (A) (B) \$20.00, 1981 (BN-1009) (A) (B) \$20.00  
1982 (BN-1010) (A) (B) \$20.00



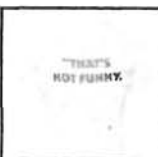
● **National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume I** This is half of our best tenth anniversary anthology ever. Not only that, it's the first half. (BO-1033) \$4.95

● **National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume II** The sequel is even better. (BO-1035) \$4.95

● **National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Deluxe Edition** Hardbound collection of the best material from the first ten years of *National Lampoon*. (BO-1032) \$19.95

● **National Lampoon Foto Funnies** Including Foto Funnies, Foto Fumettis, Photorama Picture News, and pictures of girls with their shirts off! (BO-1034) \$2.95

THAT'S SICK!



● **National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt** This is the shirt preferred by fans of the live theater and the criminally insane. (TS-1026) \$4.95

● **National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody** This is the sequel to the *High School Yearbook*. It is a complete Sunday edition of the *Dacron Republican-Democrat*, much in full-color. Critics say it is even funnier than the *Sunday New York Times*. (BO-1021) \$4.95

● **National Lampoon True Facts** A collection of the most hilarious, honest-to-goodness True Facts ever collected (BO-1036) \$2.95

● **Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print** A complete collection of diverse vulgarities. (BO-1030) \$5.95



● **National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket** Satiny fabric with a real cotton lining. (TS-1030) \$31.95

● **National Lampoon Duffel Bag** Beautiful heavy canvas Black Sox duffel bag goes well with your *National Lampoon* hat. Also excellent for smuggling drugs. (TS-1033) \$13.95

● **National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt** This gorilla looks more like a gorilla than a pair of socks does. (TS-1019) \$3.95

● "Voulez-vous Fugue?" T-shirt (TS-1024) \$4.95



● **National Lampoon Sweatshirt** Wear it for good luck. Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering. (TS-1034) \$12.95



● **National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey** Another style of *Animal House* baseball jersey, especially designed for "away" games. A must for those who play such games. (TS-1028) \$6.00

● **National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey** Hey, you! You Greek? Socrates a Greek! Maybe you want to go to Greek! Get one of these! Bend over! (TS-1031) \$6.00

● **National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt** Absorbs beer, regurgitation, and blood. Not bulletproof yet, but discourages people from shooting you. (TS-1029) \$4.95

● **National Lampoon's Animal House** Full-color illustrated novel from the hit movie, with instant replay. By Chris Miller (BO-1023) \$2.95

● **National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** On heavier paper that will last longer or something. (BO-1024) \$4.95



● **National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Team Jersey** Team jersey of the famed magazine league. Much like the one worn by pitcher T. Munn when he beached *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione in five successive times at bat. (TS-1027) \$6.00

● **National Lampoon Baseball Hat** To own one of these is to own a hat. (TS-1032) \$5.95

● **The Greatest Hits of the National Lampoon** Another great quality photographic product. (A-1002) \$7.95

● "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" *National Lampoon* comedy LP. (A-1001) \$6.95

● **National Lampoon White Album** New Comedy LP, including "What Were You Expecting - Rock 'n' Roll?" (A-1003) \$7.95

● **National Lampoon Presents Sex, Drugs, Rock 'n' Roll, and the End of the World** Our latest record album, featuring "Mr. Reagan's Neighborhood," "Apocalypse Now," and more. (A-1004) \$8.98

Indicate the products you wish to purchase, enclose check or money order, place in envelope, and send to:

**National Lampoon, Dept. NL383, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022**

Please enclose \$1.50 for postage and handling for each order under \$5.00, and \$2.00 for orders over \$5.00. New York State residents, please add 8 1/2 percent sales tax.

Name (please print) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

I have enclosed a total of \$ \_\_\_\_\_

- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> (A-1001) \$ 6.95 each          | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1007A) \$ 4.95 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1038) \$ 2.95 each |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (A-1002) \$ 7.95 each          | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1008) \$ 2.50 each  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (A-1003) \$ 7.95 each          | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1014) \$ 2.50 each  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (A-1004) \$ 8.98 each          | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1020) \$ 2.50 each  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (CB-1001) \$ 5.95 each         | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1021) \$ 4.95 each  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1001) \$ 4.50 each         | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1023) \$ 2.95 each  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 for \$ 8.00,                 | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1024) \$ 4.95 each  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 for \$10.50                  | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1025) \$ 3.95 each  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1003)-(A)-(B) \$20.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1026) \$ 3.95 each  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1004)-(A)-(B) \$20.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1030) \$ 5.95 each  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1005)-(A)-(B) \$20.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1032) \$19.95 each  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1006)-(A)-(B) \$20.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1033) \$ 4.95 each  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1007)-(A)-(B) \$20.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1034) \$ 2.95 each  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1008)-(A)-(B) \$20.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1035) \$ 4.95 each  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1009)-(A)-(B) \$20.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1036) \$ 2.95 each  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (BN-1010)-(A)-(B) \$20.00 each | <input type="checkbox"/> (BO-1037) \$ 2.95 each  |   |

- |   |          |
|---|----------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1019) \$ 3.95 each | S M L    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1024) \$ 4.95 each | S M L    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1026) \$ 4.95 each | S M L    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1027) \$ 6.00 each | S M L    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1028) \$ 6.00 each | S M L    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1029) \$ 4.95 each | S M L    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1030) \$31.95 each | S M L    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1031) \$ 6.00 each | S M L    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (TS-1034) \$12.95 each | S M L XL |

Color: \_\_\_\_\_  
 (TS-1032) \$ 5.95 each  
 (TS-1033) \$13.95 each

Circle one:



since you are his favorite comedian, would you please be so good as to autograph his tire iron?

If black, the mugger will say, "Sheet! Dat's you, Richard Pryor?! Hey man, I'm cool, I'm cool!" He will then clasp your hand in the traditional soul shake, put his arm warmly around your shoulder, and walk off with you to do whatever black people do with each other at night on the streets of our big cities.

Now, out of the "street scene" and into the hallowed halls of academia.

### Bluffing Your Way in the Classroom:

You're seated in a huge lecture hall, attending a philosophy class with two hundred other students. Some listen intently to the professor and take copious notes. Others, like you, are in a somnolent state, perhaps effecting a scenario similar to yours in which this coming

Saturday night you will have induced your date to place M&M's in each orifice of her body while you coax them all out with your tongue.

Naturally, it happens. The professor suddenly calls your name and asks you to rise and answer the question. Don't panic. With these few tips from Rich Little you'll not only meet the challenge of an unpleasant situation, you'll take full control and work it to your advantage.

First, ask yourself this question: What famous person might typically be associated with the subject of philosophy? If you answered "Woody Allen," you'd be right. "The Woodman," as Rich Little's funny show biz colleague, Bill Murray, calls him, has fashioned his humor around pseudointellectual, scholarly references.

Arm yourself by "doing" Woody, and

you'll disarm your opponent, earning considerable admiration and respect along the way. Here's how (note that it is helpful to be sartorially prepared; if possible, always wear to class a plaid flannel shirt, khaki pants, and sneakers, leave your hair uncombed, and wear glasses even if you don't need them):

To achieve Woody's timbre and vocal mannerisms, quickly think of how it would be if suddenly you were to start swallowing your tongue. The anxiety brought upon by this thought will give you the desired dry-throated texture and halting, clipped nasality to the tonal formation of the words. As you start to get more comfortable with the characterization, you may want to slide into a plaintive whine. Regardless, roughly every fourth word should be accentuated. For example, from one of Woody's funny nightclub stories (italics indicate increased emphasis): "So here I *am*, driving through the *Holland Tunnel*, with two *Jewish* people strapped to my *fender*." (Note: "Fender" should be pronounced *fen-duh*, to reflect Woody's Brooklyn accent.)

Now that you know *how* Woody talks, let's look at *what* Woody might say. (Remember, you've had no idea what the professor was talking about when he suddenly called on you to answer the question.)

Start off with: "That's, uh, that's an important question. It reminds me of what St. Augustine once said: 'The Highest Good is to be found in the contemplation of the One Mind—unless you're spending the weekend with two bisexual women.'"

A buzzing from the audience will usually follow at this point, so it's best to continue: "Whether you subscribe to the Aristotelian theory, or to the *Sporting News*, as I do, the essence of your question is: 'Are we alone, and if so, is it too late to get a date for New Year's Eve?'"

You're now on what we in the business call a "roll," so continue: "Can the Mind really know the Body exists, or must it have the Body pull over and take out its driver's license?"

Right about now, the professor will probably say, "What the hell are you—?!" but he will be silenced in mid-sentence by a growing surge of chuckles and guffaws from your classmates. You go on: "To see all things as One is the goal of the great mystics... though it is frowned upon by most optometrists."

By now, both professor and classmates will be laughing uproariously at your glib, well-timed remarks and your talent for impersonating one of America's best-loved Judeo-Urban humorists. *Mazel tov!*

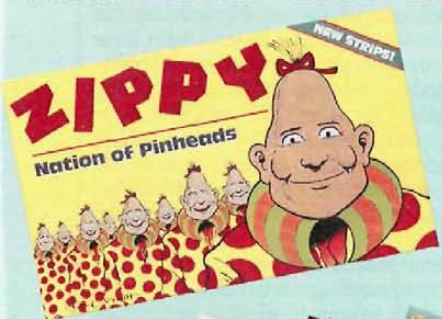


*John P. Walsh*

*Dog Leaping 250 Feet, Straight Up*

# ZIPPY

... AM I  
MERCHANDISED  
YET??



**NEW!**  
**NATION OF PINHEADS**  
96 pgs. of Zippyisms  
including "Arbitrary  
Donuts", "Zippy meets  
Godzilla", "Methodist  
from the Black Lagoon"  
& more!  
**\$4.95**

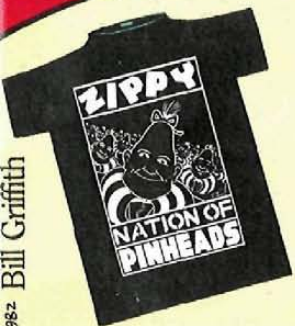
**FREE BUTTON**  
with Orders over \$10!!



**COMICS ZIP-PAK** 4 All-Zippy  
comic books: YOW#1, YOW#2, ZIPPY 3, ZIPPY SPECIAL  
All Four— **\$8.75**



**NEW!**  
**The 1983 ZIPPY  
CALENDAR**  
Enough DingDongs  
and Taco Sauce for  
the whole New Year!  
**\$5.95**



**ZIPPY T-  
SHIRT.** White  
on Black Shirt.  
Sizes S, M, L, XL.  
Ultra-cool!  
**\$9.95**



**NEW!**

**ZIPPY T-SHIRT.** Full  
color on white. Are you  
having fun yet? Sizes S,  
M, L, XL. **\$9.95**

**YOW!!** I want to join the Nation of Pinheads!  
Send me the item(s) checked below.

- Zippy Book \$4.95       '83 Calendar \$5.95  
 Comics Pak \$8.75       Black "T" \$9.95  
 4-Color "T" \$9.95      (Add \$1 Shipping per order)

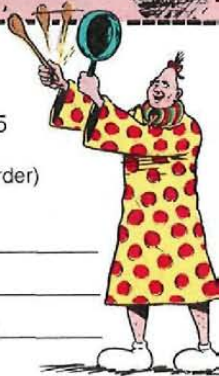
State T-Shirt size. S      M      L      XL

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Total enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_ MAIL TO:







CANADA

## House of Commons Debates

VOLUME 125 • NUMBER 396 • 1st SESSION • 32nd PARLIAMENT

Certain hon. members trade barbs re: tourism, ecology, economics, sex, and lunch.

### White Mischief

BY CHARLEY GORDON

**A**S WE GO TO PRESS, THERE is distressing news from the North. The political crisis in Canada's Parliament grows ever more heated (*Celsius*). Here, in our continuing series of excerpts from that body's august (actually, late April) proceedings, the Great Pipeline Debate continues....

#### NATIONAL PIPELINES AND BIG HOSES ESTABLISHMENT AND FINANCING ACT, 1956

MEASURE TO AMEND

The House resumed from Wednesday, November 24, consideration of the motion of Mr. McDumpty that Bill C-666, to amend the National Pipelines and Big Hoses Establishment and Financing Act, 1956, and to provide for the construction of certain instruments of conveyance, be read for the second time and referred to the Standing Committee on Energy, Snow and National Treasures.

Hon. Humpty McDumpty (Minister

of Energy): Mr. Speaker, I am pleased to be able to resume my explanation of this very important bill and to correct certain misimpressions that may have been transmitted through the press.

As you know, Mr. Speaker, there have been reports that this bill would render our country entirely ice-deprived by causing all of the ice produced by the great ice-producing glaciers of this country to be shipped to our friends in the United States. Mr. Speaker, nothing could be further from the truth.

What this bill would allow, Mr. Speaker, is for the government, through a crown corporation, Ice Canada Glacé, to destroy a few hundred weary and outmoded ice floes that are now past the ice-producing stage and serve merely to threaten sea lanes and needlessly endanger the lives of foreign movie stars who desire, for reasons of their own, to visit the annual seal hunt.

**An hon. Member:** I saw her in a movie. She was bare-ass naked.

**Mr. McDumpty:** That may well be, Mr. Speaker, but the fact remains that, in the opinion of this government...What movie was that?

**An hon. Member:** *And God Created Woman.*

**Mr. McDumpty:** Mr. Speaker, I thank the hon. member for his interest in this crucial matter. Now, when the movie stars come in to land with their helicopters, they are often discommoded by flowing ice floes. I'm sorry—floating ice floes. This has, on occasion, resulted in a failure to land and a failed opportunity to photograph the movie stars in our country, a failure that can cost millions of dollars in lost tourist trade.

Mr. Speaker, I would like to take the liberty of reading a letter that I received this week from a gentleman in California that illustrates only too dramatically the severe damage that these ice floes are causing. This man had journeyed thousands of miles in the hopes of seeing a movie star:

Dear Mr. President or Senator, or whatever you are [he writes]: I drove my car to your country because I was told there would be movie stars on the ice cuddling seals. I had my movie camera to take pictures of this, as I had figured there might be a market for photographs of this type, if you know what I mean. First thing that happened was that when I got across the border in British Columbo, or whatever you call it, I was informed that there were no ice floes there and I would have to drive all the way across the country to find any. Nobody had told me about this. Then, when I drove and drove and drove and didn't get to the other side of the country for many days, I was told that this was a very wide country and I would have to drive for days. Why wasn't I told about this? I want to tell you, Mr. President, that many Americans are fed up with how wide your country is. But that wasn't what I came to write you about. The trouble was that when I got to the other end, they said I had to take a boat to get the pictures of the movie stars and the seals. So I did that and your water is pretty rough out there. Mr. President, in case no one has told you that.

So when I get there, I find the movie stars aren't coming because there's too much ice and stuff. So I made this whole trip for nothing, and if you think I'm coming back, you need your head read.

Yours sincerely, etc.

Now, Mr. Speaker, surely we, as Canadians, can find it in our hearts to ease the task of people like this, welcome them into our country and facilitate their access to the great tourist attractions of this nation.

**An hon. Member:** Blow it out your ass!

**Mr. McDumpty:** My hon. friend says, "Blow it out your ass." I say to him,

with respect, blow it out your own ass, and let this government get on with the business of making this a more hospitable nation for the many friendly and big-spending people of the world who would visit us.

**Mr. Macdonald:** Hear, hear!

**Mr. McDonald:** Shame!

**Mr. MacDonald:** Same old bunch!

**The Acting Speaker (Mr. McSpeaker):** Order. This is no place for a debate.

**Mr. McDumpty:** Thank you, Mr. Speaker. I would like to conclude my remarks on this phase of the debate by pointing out to the House that revenue to be provided by the export of unwanted ice will be immense and will, our officials project, almost cover the cost of exporting it.

**Some hon. Members:** Hear, hear!

**Mr. McDumpty:** Hon. members will agree that this is almost unprecedented in our recent history. Furthermore, hundreds of jobs will be created in the construction of the pipeline. This will greatly reduce unemployment, which, as hon. members well know, has been intolerably high, particularly amongst supporters of our party.

Now, what about resident populations, I hear you ask.

**An hon. Member:** What about resident populations?

**Mr. McDumpty:** Thank you, Herb.

The answer to that, Mr. Speaker, is that no one will be unreasonably displaced by the pipeline construction. There will be, it is true, many reasonable displacements. But these have been projected, planned, indexed, seasonally adjusted, counterweighted, and placed on a sliding scale. The result, Mr. Speaker, is that those to be displaced are now only statistics. While there were once many people to be displaced, there are now only statistics to be displaced. Furthermore, many of these statistics are chronic bitches and whiners anyway. They will be happier as statistics, and cheaper to feed.

**An hon. Member:** When's lunch?

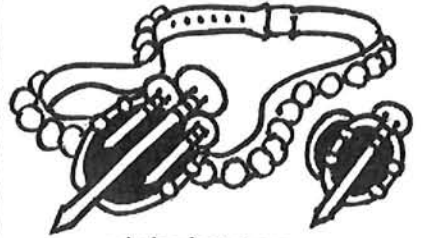
**Mr. McDumpty:** Mr. Speaker, I have more remarks with respect to this bill, which might be held over until Monday, concerning the climatic effects of the proposed pipeline. I wonder if we might call it four o'clock?

**The Acting Speaker (Mr. McSpeaker):** Is that agreed?

**Some hon. Members:** Agreed.

**The Acting Speaker (Mr. McSpeaker):** It being four o'clock, the House will now proceed to the consideration of private members' business as listed on today's Order Paper, namely, notices of motion, public bills, private bills, reading the newspaper, and waving to relatives in the public gallery. ■

# What's a Rusty Nail?



a) the hot new punk jewelry fad.



b) an exotic dancer from Philadelphia who has a special way with "Jingle Bells."



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



*"I don't go anyplace for the winter—  
they close the window for the winter."*



# WHO CARES?



Charles Bronson, actor and motorcyclist. *“Every weekend we can, the kids and I pack our motorcycles in the pickup*

*and head for the California hills. We enjoy the excitement and challenge of off-road riding. But we’re also aware of our responsibilities—to the land and whoever else might be using it. We stick to off-road parks and approved trails, use the right mufflers and ride safely. That way, everyone can have a great weekend.”*



**RIDE AWARE. SHOW YOU CARE.**

MOTORCYCLE INDUSTRY COUNCIL, INC. 

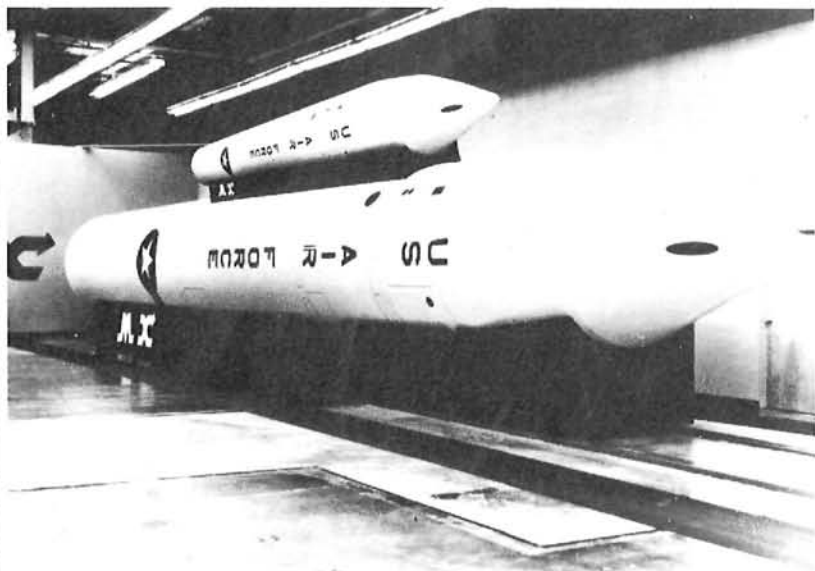
\*\*\*\*\*

America's Jolly Good

\*\*\*\*\*

# Time of the Month

MARCH EDITION



**Bonus pack:** So what if the Russians preempt our free, bonus missiles. We'll just replace them with the money we saved.

## Dense Pack: Making a Good Thing Better

FURTHER COMPOUNDING WASHINGTON'S long and labyrinthine debate over the basing of MX missiles, congressional leaders have introduced a number of plans which, according to their respective supporters, "elevate the dense-pack strategy proposed by President Reagan to a much keener state of refinement." Among the alternatives being considered are:

**Variety pack**—A dozen differently shaped, styled, and armed MX missiles are deployed in a single cluster. Striking Soviet missiles are thus presented with a deluxe assortment of targets which, although sure to please most of them, will inevitably lead to quarrels over being stuck with the last target—a particularly undesirable, mushy MX with prunes or bran meal in it that Russian missiles are certain to hate. Dissension results; invading rockets turn against each other and destroy themselves.

**Family pack**—A vast cluster of MX missiles, two or three times larger than any other cluster, is simply too big to destroy. Volume savings associated with family-pack merchandising will, of course, further deter the Soviets by suggesting to them that at such economical prices every American family can afford this type of deterrence.

**Blister pack**—Each MX missile is displayed in its own clear plastic pack-  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)

## CORRECTION

AN ITEM IN LAST MONTH'S "ENTERTAINMENT" section incorrectly identified Yoko Ono as a cannibalistic, grave-robbing gold digger greedily feeding on the shattered dreams of a generation. Miss Ono is a multimedia artist.

## Ted Kennedy Cites Wrongheadedness, Drunkenness, and Inability to Win; Withdraws from Presidential Race

FLANKED BY ADVISERS and members of his family, Massachusetts Senator Ted Kennedy declared that he will not seek the presidency in 1984. "I've considered a great many factors," Kennedy said. "For example, the factor that I drink a lot and have a near-psychopathic appetite for secretaries. I know that many Americans impose a special standard of behavior on the president and would not like to see me drunk and waving my arms all over the place in cellar nightclubs full of secretaries. Another factor I've considered is that when I'm really, really drunk, I want to give all of the money in the Treasury and in everyone's paychecks to poor people and Mexicans. Doing things like that, slurring and waving my arms around at a press conference with lots of squealing secretaries licking my ears, would probably outrage the public and, once again, fall outside the limits of presidential behavior. A third factor that's entered my mind, and a quite important one, is that no American, other than a poor one or a Mexican, would ever vote for me, because he already assumes that I'd be running gangs of secretaries in and out of the White House while drunk and waving my arms and giving all the money away. So I'm not running."







**Back pack:** Which pack has the MX missile in it? The Russians would have to kill every man, woman, and child in the U.S. to find out, which is unthinkable.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)  
age that would have to be cracked open in order for a Soviet rocket to get at its contents. The theory here is that Russia cannot slip enough personnel into American MX missile sites to pull apart the blister packs, especially if they are mounted on a stiff, hard-to-tear cardboard backing, without risking detection and reprisal.

**Value pack**—A scaled-down variant of family pack, geared to the many Americans who've chosen alternate lifestyles and thus refuse to buy MX missiles in family-size quantities. These citizens remain, nevertheless, bargain-conscious and will respond to smaller volume discounts, if available. Value pack clearly offers this incentive, further encouraging scenarios in the Russian mind of greedy Americans succumbing to the gimmickry of even greedier capitalist marketers, buying and selling far more missiles than anyone might conceivably need or, most significantly, than an aggressor can possibly destroy.

**Rainbow pack**—An array of many different-colored missiles is presented in each cluster, dazzling Soviet leaders with the enormous selection available to

### Jodie's World

JODIE FOSTER, SWALLOWING GOLD-fish and trying to forget the past, says, "College guys are the nads. They're cute as they come, and they've got the inside dope on Spinoza that makes a gal melt." Jodie, who received a gentlewoman's C in Drama for her paper "Good and Bad in Shakespeare's *Mighty Works*," thinks she'll eventually marry some guy with college under his belt. "Then we'll have genius babies," she sighs. ■

consumers in free-market societies, especially when compared to the Soviet Union, where long-range missiles are produced in one color only. No matter how callous or fanatic, Communists are forced to ask themselves whether the annihilation of such a dynamic economic system and its consequent effect

on the future happiness of mankind can be justified purely on the basis of personal cravings for power.

**Bonus pack**—Each MX missile has a smaller MX attached to it—a "bonus" missile which, if attacked and destroyed by Russians, will cost American taxpayers nothing, since it comes free with the larger missile. Soviets must then take into account the capability of Americans to muster huge numbers of replacement missiles with the money they save on the originals, and having taken such account, must conclude inescapably that the risk of attacking a nation armed with free missiles is unreasonable indeed.

**Back pack**—All Americans wear rucks on their backs, some containing tiny MX missiles. Russia would then have to launch 230,000,000 warheads to be assured of a successful first strike, a nearly impossible feat. ■

### Late TV Listing

8 A.M. (3) **A Ray of Light**. Guests this week will be the directors of *Project Hopeless*, a halfway house for junkies stuck in the other half. ■

### Andropov Entertains Afghani Measles Victims



ON HEARING ACCOUNTS THAT AFGHANI VILLAGERS HAVE BEEN EXPOSED TO a mysterious yellow gas that burns up neural fibers but results in nothing more than measles, Soviet leader Yuri Andropov visited sick wards in Afghanistan and entertained hundreds of victims with an act he performs as a jovial clown. Employing balloons, seltzer squirters, and a small electric fire engine, the ebullient Soviet joked about the unfortunate association between conventional red measles and the symbolic color of the Communist party. "That's why I'm glad your measles spots are big, glistening black ones," Andropov pattered, honking a horn.



# Break tradition.

Drink Ronrico Gold Rum instead.

Ronrico Gold Rum is a lot more than just provocatively flavorful. It's also smooth, mellow, and terrifically mixable.

Try it and chances are you'll be happily forsaking your traditional bourbon, blend, and Canadian in virtually no time at all.

Look, it takes some courage to try something just a little bit different, but how will you know what you're missing if you never take a chance?

## RONRICO GOLD RUM & CLUB SODA

1½ ozs. of Ronrico Gold  
Canada Dry club soda  
Place 2 or 3 ice cubes in an 8 oz.  
highball glass. Add Ronrico Gold.  
Fill with club soda. Stir lightly.  
Garnish with a slice of lime.



# RONRICO GOLD RUM

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Aged for smoothness and flavor





# May Poll Receives Government Grant

**P**OLLSTER GEORGE W. May of Dayton, Ohio, has received a two-million-dollar government grant to monitor political trends in America.

"Actually, I only requested two dollars," the surprised May commented, "but there was some kind of computer mix-up, and so I'm receiving two dollars a minute, every minute, for the rest of my life."

Previously, May's tiny operation had limited his samplings to a very small percentage of the country's population—specifically, his neighbor Carl Spudowski. "Spud is an accurate indicator of the pulse of this country," May claims, "but I had trouble computing his responses."

According to May, he's spent most of his grant money on upgrading his computer system, enabling him to "process

Spudowski's reactions to sensitive issues within a matter of days."

Some of May's findings have been startling. The May poll, for example, has revealed that if a presidential election were held today, Ronald Reagan would get 50 percent of the vote, Walter Mondale 30 percent, and Arlene Spudowski a surprising 18 percent.

The poll has also indicated that, while many registered voters do not recognize

Vice-President George Bush, almost all immediately recognize the face of Arlene Spudowski.

Just as interesting is the revelation that Dick Wynofsky—Spudowski's neighbor—surpasses Adolf Hitler and Idi Amin as the most hated man in history. Says George May, "The people of this country are finally beginning to wake up to the fact that Dick Wynofsky is a no-good scumbag." ■

## Nixon Was Up for Soviet Slot

EX-PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON, shortly after the death of Leonid Brezhnev, was offered the fallen comrade's job.

"I had sent them my résumé a few years ago when I was thinking of making a career move," Nixon claims, "and they knew my qualifications. We argued about whether or not I had ruled the greatest power in the world, but all in all the negotiations were friendly.

"It just goes to prove," he claims, "it pays to keep your options open." ■

## Japanese Fighter Planes Bomb Pearl Bailey

IN AN EERIE REPEAT OF HISTORY, miniature fighter planes from a leading Japanese toy manufacturer attacked Pearl Bailey while the jovial singer and makeshift ambassador of goodwill was attending an Eastern trade exposition in Tokyo. The attack was covered up "for reasons of national security." "This day will go down as a pretty bad day," quoted a spokesman for Miss Bailey, who revealed that the singer had also sprained her ankle later on in the trip. ■



Seeing double? Don't worry, many people make the same mistake.



## L.A. Butcher Is Celebrity Look-alike

MAC RUZICH LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE Victoria Principal that he once almost caused an auto accident.

Mac was walking in Beverly Hills one day when the driver of a car mistook him for the sultry star of TV's "Dallas" and nearly missed hitting a light pole as he gawked at the Los Angeles butcher.

"It happens a lot," Ruzich claims. "At first I was a little freaked out by it, but now I'm used to the autograph seekers, the folks who want to pose for a picture next to me, things like that."

Ruzich once met his "twin" while delivering a side of beef to Chasen's restaurant in Hollywood. "The chef came up to me while I was waiting for the bill to be signed, and he said, 'Ms. Principal,

your table is this way. You must be lost! He led me through the restaurant, and there she was. I tell you, she's every bit a lady, and we had a real laugh."

Ruzich has been hired for parties, supermarket openings, and health-club appearances. "It's a lot of fun," he says, "although some guys try to have a little too much fun, if you know what I mean. Then I have to draw the line." ■

**Time  
of the  
Month**

EDITOR:  
Tod Carroll

CONTRIBUTORS:  
Tod Carroll, Kevin Curran,  
Glenn Eichler, Fred Graver,  
Greg Lachow, Ed Subitzky



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

©1982 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

# CAMEL

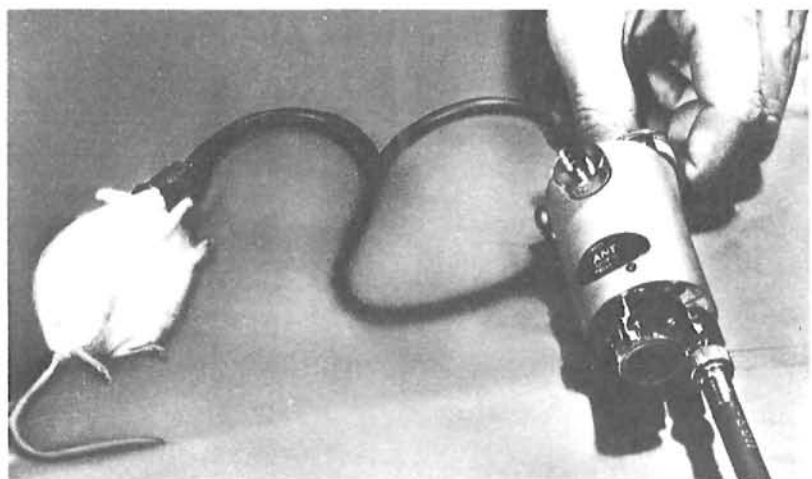
Where a man belongs.



Experience the  
Camel taste in Lights and Filters.

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





A commonly imbibed substance, but laboratory animals never lived through the experiment.

## FDA Withdraws Approval of Water

LIKE COMMON ASPIRIN, IT WAS ONE OF those substances that existed in the Food and Drug Administration's never-never land—consumed daily by millions of people, yet never put through a modern regimen of tests. “But,” according to FDA spokesman Earl Linden, “we were bound to catch up with it sooner or later. And let me tell you, we were shocked at the results.”

As Linden explained at a press briefing, “The reason we decided to test it now is that we finally took a long, close look at what was in it. It might not come with any ingredients label, as reliable products do, but we know that its formula is  $H_2O$ —in other words, it's com-

posed mainly of hydrogen, one of the most volatile substances in the universe, appearing not just once, but twice in each molecule. And what this hydrogen does is steal the very oxygen we breathe and then contaminate it the same way hydrogen contaminates the earth when it's released in H-bombs.”

Linden continued, “And if that isn't enough, consider where water comes from—the clouds. Clouds floating in air loaded with filthy particulates. As anyone who's ever wet a paper towel knows, water is a veritable magnet for particulates. And then, of course, this fouled cloud-water falls to the ground. Onto the dirt, rocks, humus, peat bogs, sulphur sloughs, pig runs, slag piles, and almost every other unsanitary place imaginable.

“Still,” according to Linden, “we wanted to be completely fair about our decision, so we ran it through our standard battery of tests. We force-fed the suspected substance to fifty rats via a standard garden hose, and we reached our critical point—half of them extinguished—in minutes. Next, we took cells from every human organ and tissue type and placed them in the substance, and, without a single exception, they shriveled to almost nothing. Under these circumstances, I really don't know how we can continue to allow water on the marketplace.”

### Aliens Kidnapped by Chicago Man

A FAMILY OF ALIENS CLAIMS THAT they were kidnapped by a man in Chicago and made to ride in his car for three weeks. “He was big and mean and fat and he made us sit in the parking lot while he ate doughnuts in a shop,” claims Xling/\*230, the father of the family from the planet Aulgli.

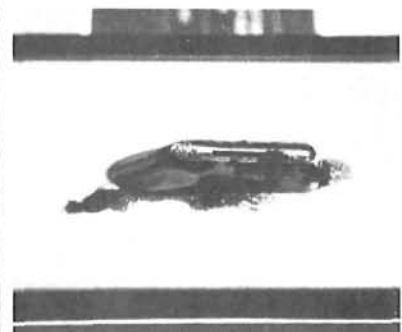
Chicago police report that they receive upward of 750 reports of this nature every year, although most are “the work of crackpots and nutcases,” according to police spokesmen. ■

## Teen Breaks Up Subway Rip-off

UNDERCOVER DETECTIVES IN NEW York City have succeeded in breaking up a ring of subway fare beaters, thanks to the work of a sharp-eyed high school student. According to Mayor Edward Koch, it was sixteen-year-old Rufus Abulabah who first tipped police off to the fact that someone was using slugs instead of tokens to get through subway turnstiles.

“I'm on my way down to Forty-second Street to catch a kung fu movie,” said Abulabah, “and I got on this really nice white Nike jacket, the kind with the built-in hood. I'm puttin' my token in the turnstile at One Hundred and Tenth Street, and I get on the train, right? Then I'm lookin' at the sleeve of my jacket and there's this slimy brown stuff on it. I called the transit police right away.”

According to Koch, a lab check of the offending stain quickly revealed its true nature. “Forensic told me there was no doubt about it,” the mayor said. “It was residue from a mollusk of the Gastropoda class, subclass Pulmonata. So we pried open the turnstile in question, and sure enough, right in the middle of



The mark of the slug. Highly organized slug gangs defraud coin-operated machines of millions of dollars each year, simply by cramming live gastropods into them.

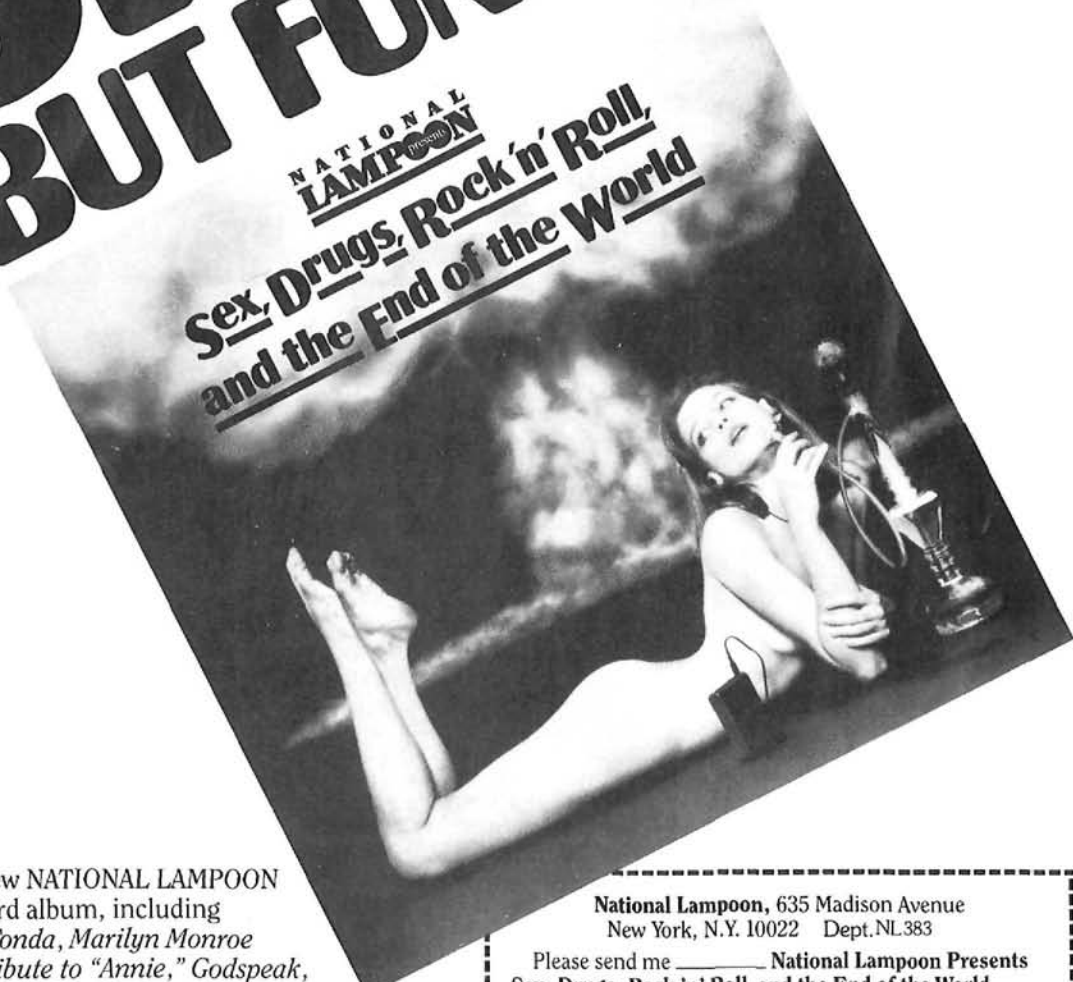
a big pile of tokens was a two-inch-long garden slug.”

After months of painstaking detective work, the slug ring was lured out into the open when a huge pan of beer was placed in the Times Square subway station. “We just left the beer there overnight,” said Koch, “and in the morning we had the whole gang wriggling around in the pan.” ■

# SICK BUT FUNNY

NATIONAL  
LAMPOON  
presents

## Sex, Drugs, Rock 'n' Roll, and the End of the World



A brand new NATIONAL LAMPOON comedy record album, including *Inside Jane Fonda, Marilyn Monroe Reborn, A Tribute to "Annie," Godspeak, A Night in Central Park, Apocalypso Now,* and other very funny bits. Featuring our new wave of outrageously talented comedy players.

It's a hilarious, sick, wicked, nasty...funny look at the world, its failings, and its future.

Now at record stores, or order today by mailing the coupon and your check to us.

National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022 Dept. NL383

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ National Lampoon Presents  
**Sex, Drugs, Rock 'n' Roll, and the End of the World**  
albums at \$8.98 each. I enclose a check for \$\_\_\_\_\_.  
(Please add \$1.00 for postage and handling.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

New York State residents: Please add 8¼% sales tax.

Marketed by JEM Records, Inc., South Plainfield, New Jersey



# Jeane Dixon Makes Retro- Predictions for 1982

PROCLAIMING THAT "SO MANY OF MY future predictions have turned out to be incorrect," famed prophetess Jeane Dixon has come out with what she termed "retro-predictions for 1982." The legendary mystic expressed confidence that "I'll have a much better track record with these, establishing my powers even to the most skeptical."

Dixon made her retro-predictions public at a special press conference. "I predict," she told the hushed audience, "that in 1982, Britain will have engaged in war with Argentina over a tiny group of islands, and will have lost. I also predict that Israel will be much more aggressive in the Middle East, actually invading the nation of Egypt. What's



**Brits lose war to Argentina in 1982... just as retro-predicted by Jeane Dixon.**

more, I predict that Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev will have recovered after an extended period of failing health, but will have been replaced anyway by someone who is a bit unclear to me now but who seems to have some kind of past relationship with the CIA. Further, I predict that there will have been a great surge of labor tranquillity in Poland, with one of the union leaders elevated to the rank of general and installed as head of state."

In a voice ringing with emotion, Dixon added, "Finally, it gives me deep joy to predict that, despite great international tension, there will not have been all-out nuclear war in 1982, which is not surprising after the terrible one in 1981." ■



**At last, a consistent U.S. foreign-policy maker.**

## Reagan Nominates Hinckley New Secretary of State

SAYING THAT "AMERICA NEEDS A MAN of action in the job," Ronald Reagan has nominated his would-be assassin, John Hinckley, for secretary of state.

"I admit it was a little hard for me to realize it at first," Reagan told reporters at a press conference, "but he's absolutely perfect for the position, with all the qualities it demands. He's a man of straight-line thinking. He's decisive and he has faith in his opinions. He's a doer who's not afraid to follow up his conclusions with a firm commitment to action. And he seems to have practical knowledge of working government gained from careful observation of officials on the go."

When questioned about the new appointment, Hinckley replied, "I'm honored and happy to take on the post. For years I've felt that the United States has been lacking a consistent foreign policy, and I've devoted considerable thinking to formulating one. For example, my foreign policy toward Russia, with its unprecedented military buildup and continual export of terror around the world, is to kill the Russians. My policy toward our European allies, frequently so uncompromising and intransigent, is to kill them. My policy toward the nations of South and Central America,

with their deep-seated political corruption and attendant social volatility, is to kill them. My Middle East policy will resolve ancient territorial conflicts by killing all the Arabs and Israelis. As for the Third World, my policy toward the emerging hordes of China, with their on-again, off-again attitude toward the U.S., is to kill them. My policy toward developing countries like India and Africa, unceasingly in demand of aid and assistance, is to kill them. I intend to deal with the Japanese threat to our country's economy, such as their government-subsidized auto exports and imminent superiority in the field of microelectronics, by killing the Japanese. Finally, I think the answer to our own country's complex problems of crime, inflation, and unemployment is to do a lot of killing here, too."

According to the president, Hinckley will be released to take over his new duties immediately. ■

### River Facts

IF ALL THE WATER IN THE MISSISSIPPI River were placed in a tank on the moon, there would be a big ditch running down the middle of the United States. ■

# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

Sirs:

Last night I played Pink Floyd's *Animals* for my new German shepherd puppy, Thor. When it got to the part when the dogs start barking, I turned it up real loud, and Thor put his ears up and started barking and yipping like there were real dogs in my speakers. So I clubbed him across the chops with my Dishwasher. Even a goddamned dumb-ass dog should know it's only a record.

Perry Lee

High Point, N.C.

Sirs:

It's pretty darn cold up here, so we were wondering if some of you girls would like to come up and sit on us for a while and keep us warm. We promise not to try anything funny.

A Flagpole  
New York, N.Y.

## Erratum

National Lampoon has issued the following letter of retraction and apology to Congressman Jonathan B. Bingham of New York:

Dear Congressman Bingham:

The purpose of this letter is to extend a full, formal retraction and sincere apology to you and your family for the manner in which your name was mentioned in the fictional Editorial published in the November issue of the *National Lampoon*. We also fully retract any reference to you and apologize for any conceivable implication that you were ever actually involved in such conduct.

As I told you during our conversation earlier this week, we did not intend to harm in any way your good name, character, or reputation by publication of the statement in the Editorial. We are certain that there is no basis in fact and there is not one shred of evidence in our possession that you have been involved in the kind of conduct described in the Editorial. When written, it was intended to be humorous, and your name was mentioned thoughtlessly and without any belief by our staff that the offending statement could be true.

Sincerely,

*Julian L. Weber*

Julian L. Weber  
Publisher

# BACK ISSUES



- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>OCTOBER 1972</b> /Remember Those Fabulous Sixties? | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>APRIL 1978</b> /Spring Cleaning                     | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JANUARY 1981</b> /Excess   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>DECEMBER 1972</b> /Easter                          | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JUNE 1978</b> /The Wild West                        | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>FEBRUARY 1981</b> /Sin   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>SEPTEMBER 1973</b> /Postwar                        | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JULY 1978</b> /100th Anniversary Issue              | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>MARCH 1981</b> /Women and Dogs   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>AUGUST 1974</b> /Isolationism and Tooth Care       | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>AUGUST 1978</b> /Today's Teens                      | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>APRIL 1981</b> /Chaos  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>SEPTEMBER 1974</b> /Old Age                        | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>SEPTEMBER 1978</b> /Style                           | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>MAY 1981</b> /Naked Ambition   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>NOVEMBER 1974</b> /Civics                          | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>OCTOBER 1978</b> /Entertainment                     | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JUNE 1981</b> /Romance   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JANUARY 1975</b> /No Issue                         | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JANUARY 1979</b> /Depression                        | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JULY 1981</b> /Endless, Mindless Summer Sex                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>MAY 1975</b> /Medicine                             | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>MARCH 1979</b> /Chance                              | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>AUGUST 1981</b> /Let's Get It Up, America!                             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>AUGUST 1975</b> /Justice                           | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>APRIL 1979</b> /April Fool                          | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>SEPTEMBER 1981</b> /Back to School                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>SEPTEMBER 1975</b> /Back to College                | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>MAY 1979</b> /International Communism and Terrorism | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>OCTOBER 1981</b> /Movies   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>DECEMBER 1975</b> /Money                           | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JUNE 1979</b> /Kids                                 | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>NOVEMBER 1981</b> /TV  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>APRIL 1976</b> /Sports                             | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JULY 1979</b> /Sports                               | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>DECEMBER 1981</b> /What's Hip?   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>OCTOBER 1976</b> /The Funny Pages                  | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>AUGUST 1979</b> /Travel                             | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JANUARY 1982</b> /Sword and Sorcery                                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>NOVEMBER 1976</b> /Special Election-Year Issue     | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>SEPTEMBER 1979</b> /Potpourri                       | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>FEBRUARY 1982</b> /The Sexy Issue                                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JANUARY 1977</b> /Surefire Issue                   | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>OCTOBER 1979</b> /Comedy                            | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>MARCH 1982</b> /Food   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>FEBRUARY 1977</b> /Kennedy Inaugural Issue         | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>NOVEMBER 1979</b> /Love                             | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>APRIL 1982</b> /Failure  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>APRIL 1977</b> /Ripping the Lid off TV             | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>DECEMBER 1979</b> /Success                          | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>MAY 1982</b> /Crime  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JUNE 1977</b> /Careers                             | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JANUARY 1980</b> /Fantasy                           | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JUNE 1982</b> /Do It Yourself  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JULY 1977</b> /Sex                                 | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>FEBRUARY 1980</b> /Tenth Anniversary Issue          | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JULY 1982</b> /Sports  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>SEPTEMBER 1977</b> /Grow Up                        | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>MARCH 1980</b> /March Miscellany                    | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>AUGUST 1982</b> /The New West  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>OCTOBER 1977</b> /Beatles                          | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>APRIL 1980</b> /Vengeance                           | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>SEPTEMBER 1982</b> /Hot Sex  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>NOVEMBER 1977</b> /Lifestyles                      | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>MAY 1980</b> /Sex Roles                             | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>OCTOBER 1982</b> /The Utterly Mind-Roasting Summer of O. C. and Stiggs |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>DECEMBER 1977</b> /Christmas in December           | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JUNE 1980</b> /Fresh Air                            | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>NOVEMBER 1982</b> /Miss Economic Recovery                              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JANUARY 1978</b> /The Role of Sex in History       | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JULY 1980</b> /Slime, Swill, and Politics           | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>DECEMBER 1982</b> /E.T. Issue  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>FEBRUARY 1978</b> /Spring Fascism Preview          | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>AUGUST 1980</b> /Anxiety                            | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>JANUARY 1983</b> /The Top Stories of 1983                              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>MARCH 1978</b> /Crime and Punishment               | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>SEPTEMBER 1980</b> /The Past and How It Got There   | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>FEBRUARY 1983</b> /Raging Controversy                                  |
|  | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>OCTOBER 1980</b> /Aggression                        |  |
|  | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>NOVEMBER 1980</b> /Potpourri                        |  |
|  | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>DECEMBER 1980</b> /Fun Takes a Holiday              |  |

Please indicate number of copies in each appropriate box.

### NATIONAL LAMPOON

Dept. NL383

635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

I enclose a total of \$\_\_\_\_\_ All issues are \$3.00 each. This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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

New York residents, please add 8¼ percent sales tax.



# FOTO FUNNIES

HEY, THIS IS INTERESTING! DESMOND MORRIS SAYS HERE THAT THE REASON GUYS GO FOR BIG BREASTS IS THAT THEY REMIND US OF *BUTTOCKS*!

YOU THINK YOU'RE SMARTER THAN *DESMOND MORRIS*? HE HAS A *PH. D.*, YOU KNOW!

BOY, THAT'S REALLY STUPID!

AND I CAN PROVE IT'S STUPID!



THERE!

NICE!!!

OKAY, MISTER SMART GUY. YOUR TURN!

WELL, I...JEEZ, I DUNNO...



HAH!

SO MUCH FOR DESMOND MORRIS!



## LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

Sirs:

We here at the Automobile Research Institute have discovered one of the reasons millions of people are killed in automobile crashes. If you wear racing gloves when you drive, **MAKE SURE THEY HAVE PERFORATED HOLES IN THEM.** There is a great danger that your hands will suffocate in gloves without adequate ventilation. If your hands stop breathing they will have no control of the steering wheel and you will crash and die.

Automobile Research Institute  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

If all the Chinese in the world simultaneously sneezed, and then all the Americans simultaneously exclaimed "God bless you," it would go a long way toward improving relations between these two superpowers. I have lots of good ideas like this one—just give me some time.

George Shultz  
State Department

Sirs:

We'd like to get something straight once and for all. The Moonies do not own Entenmann's Bakeries. We own them, and we're a pharmaceutical company, not a religious cult.

To let everyone know this, we've asked our public relations department to come up with a new marketing strategy. Their first suggestion was to give away free drugs with every box of baked goods. Unfortunately, this is against the law. So instead we decided to bake free samples of our products into every cake and cookie. This is perfectly legal, as long as the ingredients are listed on the package. Go into a store and see for yourself. Don't worry if you don't know what any of the listed ingredients are. We've been in this business a long time, and we know what we're doing.

Happy eating!

Warner-Lambert Company  
Exploding Chiclets, N.Y.

Sirs:

Does anyone out there have a photograph of a guy sticking his foot in his mouth? We'd like to put it up on the monitors while we say "Here's a fellow who really put his foot in his mouth" and then laugh our heads off. We'll send you a T-shirt for your trouble.

Skip Stephenson  
Real People

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 88)

"Listen to the wild.  
It's calling you."

Robert Service  
The Call of the Wild.\*



The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.

Discover Yukon Jack. Proud and potent at 100 proof. Yet so smooth, so flavorful, it tempts even the most civilized. Straight, mixed or on the rocks, Yukon Jack truly stands apart.

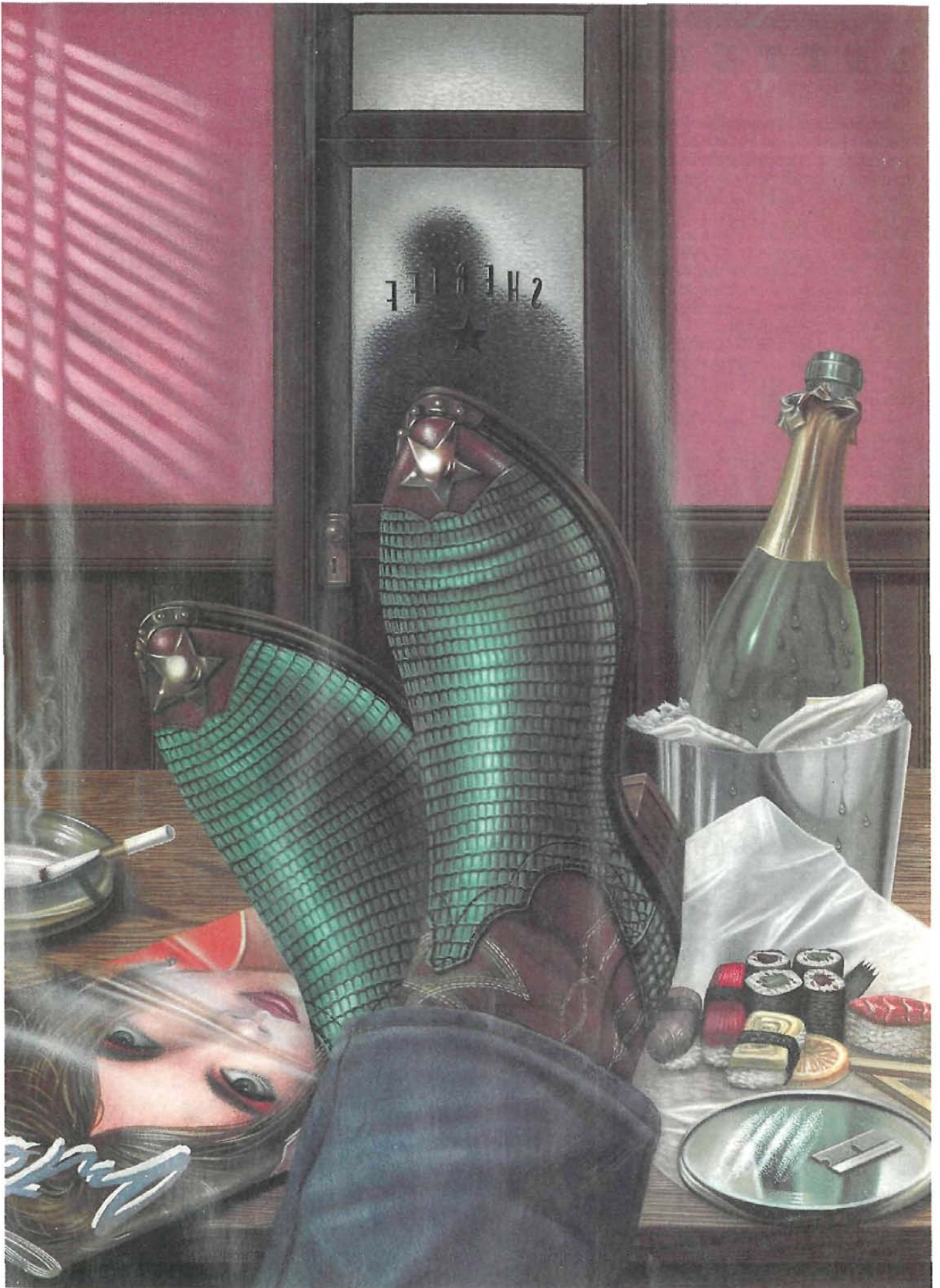
Always Smooth. Always Potent.

100 Proof.  
**Yukon Jack**®

Yukon Jack Liqueur. Imported and Bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A. © 1907 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

MARCH 1983 • NATIONAL LAMPOON 39





# High by Noon

ASPEN—STILL THE ROUGHEST FRONTIER TOWN around, a no-holds-barred, clenched-fist-to-the-gut kind of place, where a poor grasp of ski etiquette will leave you socially dead quicker than a boxcar of hepped-up rattlers could scare the boobies off an aged schoolmarm. Aspen—it makes the most demanding party circuit in New York or L.A. seem like a Sunday stroll in the sheets with an old high-school honey. Aspen—cold and windy, a city of deprivation, an often poor selection of raw fish, wholesale lifestyle rustling, random soreness due to the demands of high-powered sport sex, and a chronic shortage of cocaine dealers willing to return your calls at 6 A.M. These and other handicaps are what the weary, weathered settler must wake up to with his morning cup of muddy coffee, staring off toward windswept, battle-scarred ski lifts and listening to the voice in his mind that questions the decision to put his soul on the line as the last of a breed of daring pioneer.

## An Aspen Sheriff's Story

BY KEVIN CURRAN

A special town that demands a special kind of justice, sure and swift and playing no favorites. Aspen's sheriff has seen it all, and has carved out a record in blood and Bloody Marys as a stern enforcer of law and social order. Here's a sampling of the legend:

**T**HE COLD CREEPS INTO your house like a glamour girl into your bed, and there's nothing you can do about it 'cept pray to your maker for some understanding, cook up a mess of eggs Benedict, and strike on the track lighting, reaching a weary hand that's held too many whiskeys, bad cards, and Visa slips up to the thermostat for more heat. A lone coyote howls outside and a body reaches for the first few lines of the morning. Cut with mannitol, I reckon, but the new supply's not due in the general store for a good forty-eight hours. The hundred-dollar bill looks shabbier than a ten-dollar hooker from being in your wallet all week, but the banks don't open till noon on Warren "Doc" Beatty's birthday, and that's still a long thirty minutes off as the crow flies. But there's no use complaining about your life like some gin-soaked floozy or farmer without feet in a town like Aspen. I've never been one to sit around and spit while his champagne gets warm and there's a job to be done. I had Inoki, my Japanese servant, saddle up the Porsche, and with a shakerful of martinis and good intentions, I sped off to face a gang of frat boys out on the prowl for good times. I liked it less than a mountain man'd like snuggling up to a pillowful of tarantulas, but things got to be done, and dang if I'm not the one doing 'em most of the time, or at least talking it up pretty good.

The college kids came whipping into town dressed as fancy as an Irishman's vomit and commenced to rile up the local folks, undertipping from the moment they swaggered up to the bar, badgering people for the time of day, upsetting the tired ears of all around by yelling "Go for it" if one of their

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)



# OTHER PRODUCTS BESIDES TYLENOL CAPSULES TO BE TERRIFIED OF

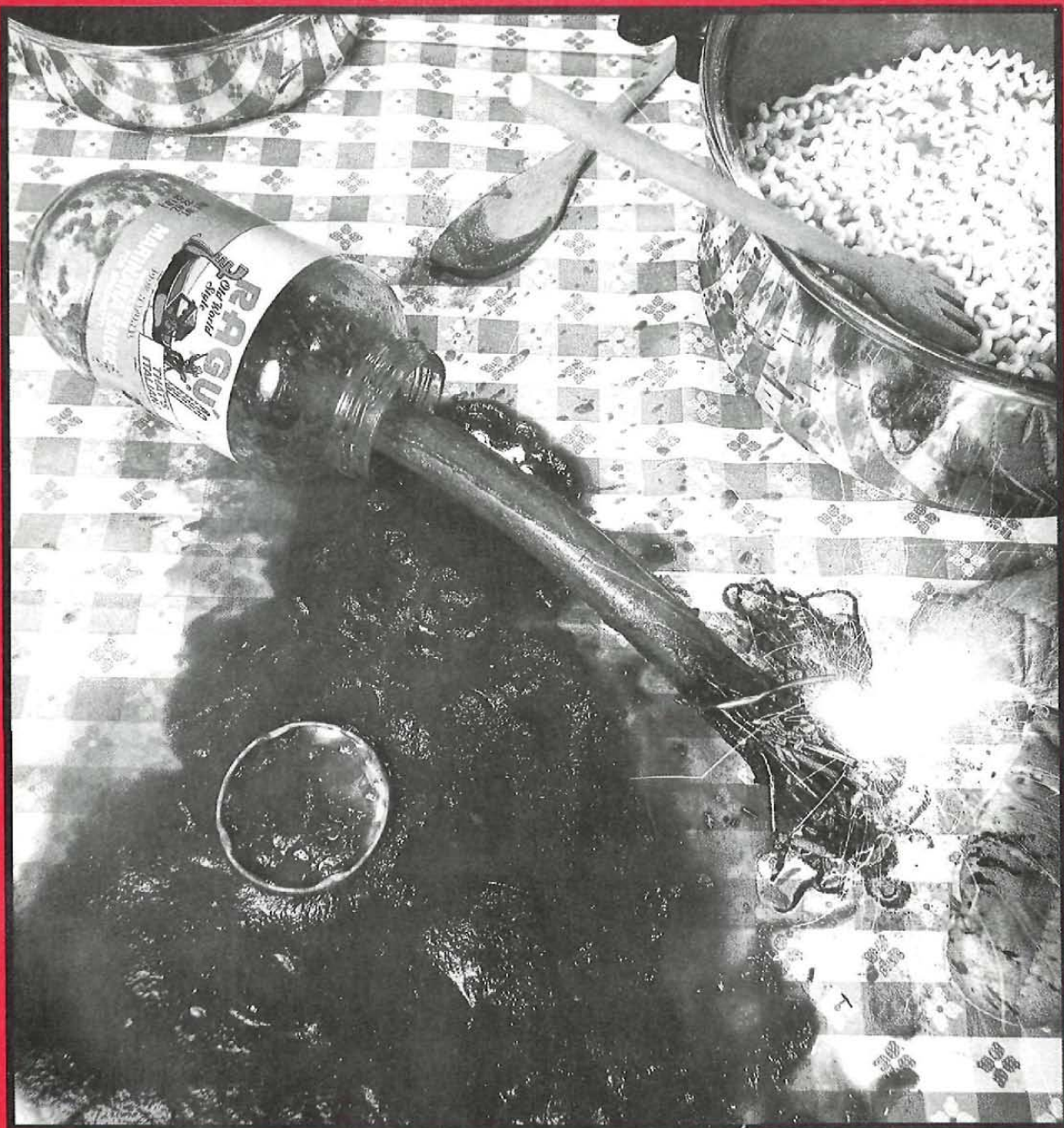
BY TOD CARROLL

**S**INCE CYANIDE-PACKED capsules of Extra-Strength Tylenol killed seven people last September, consumers have been concerned more than ever for their safety. Most concerned, of course, are clenched, unoccupied depressives with plastic

bandannas and incomparably powerful fingers that clamp around purses and money and anything else of value with the force of Gila monsters. These are the consumers who've predicted tragic holocausts of product tampering for many years, and in fact believe with all of their minds that Tylenol is only one of perhaps thousands of lethally contaminated bottles and boxes

and cans on America's shelves, poised to destroy us. Accordingly, a sampling of frantic churls of the sort described above were questioned on exactly which products the public should avoid—the five most alarmed responses being transcribed here as a public service.





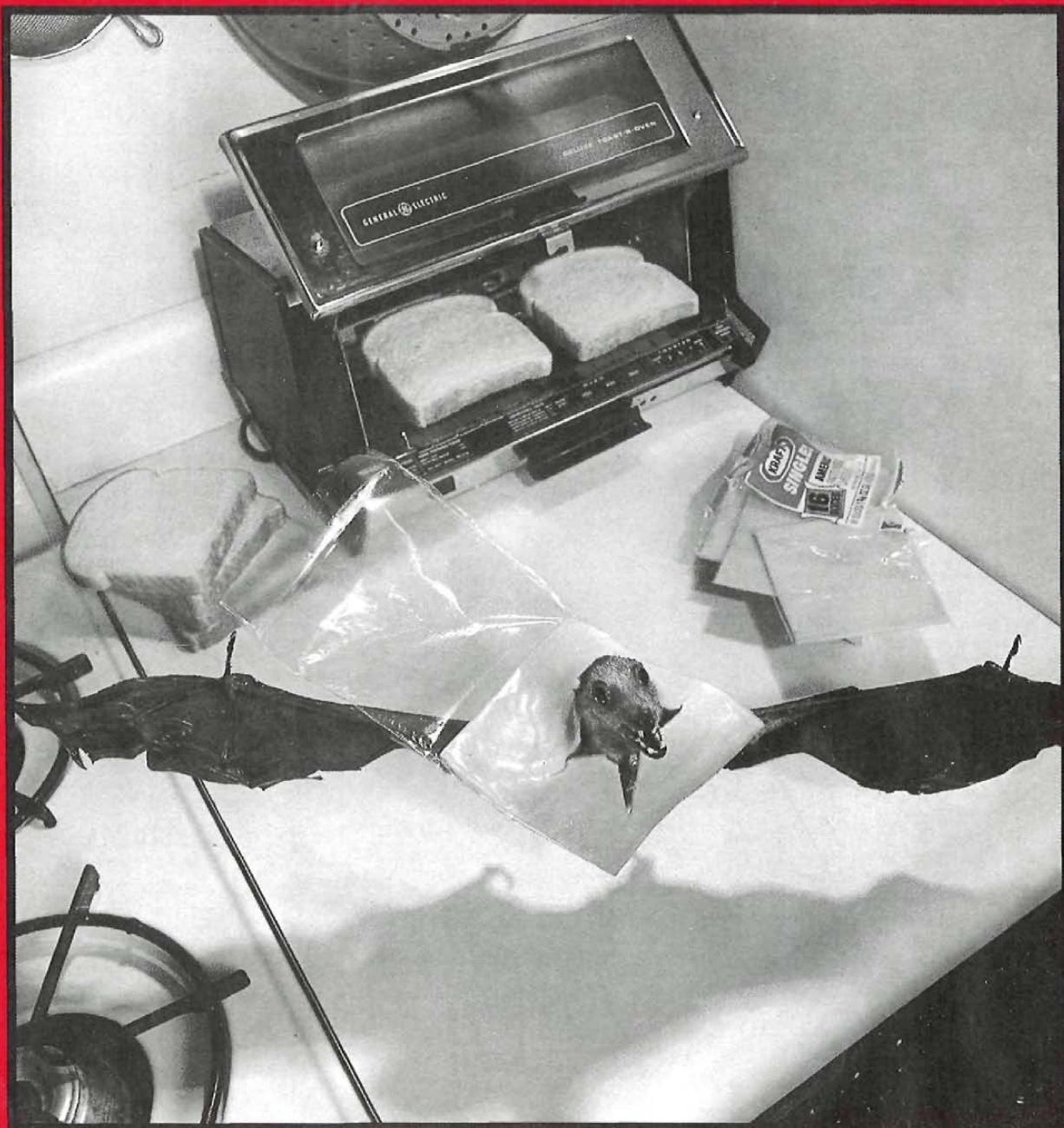
**Mrs. Anita Welch**  
Orlando, Florida

*"Watch out for*  
**HIGH-VOLTAGE  
POWER LINES IN RAGU  
SPAGHETTI SAUCE!"**

**T**HESE ARE THE HUGE KIND OF wires that you see coming from hydroelectric dams, only shorter, and hooked up to some kind of million-volt battery that a sick killer could hide in the bottom of the sauce. So when you pour the sauce into a frying pan, the wires drop into the pan and short out, causing a blinding flash and explosion that shoots hot metal and electrical fire into your face and kills you. The FBI should require all million-volt batteries small enough to fit in Ragu jars

to be registered so that persons who endanger consumers this way could be traced through a special computer. Also, Ragu lids should only come off with a special wrench that you would also have to register with the FBI."





**Mrs. Nora Beale**  
Fairfax, California

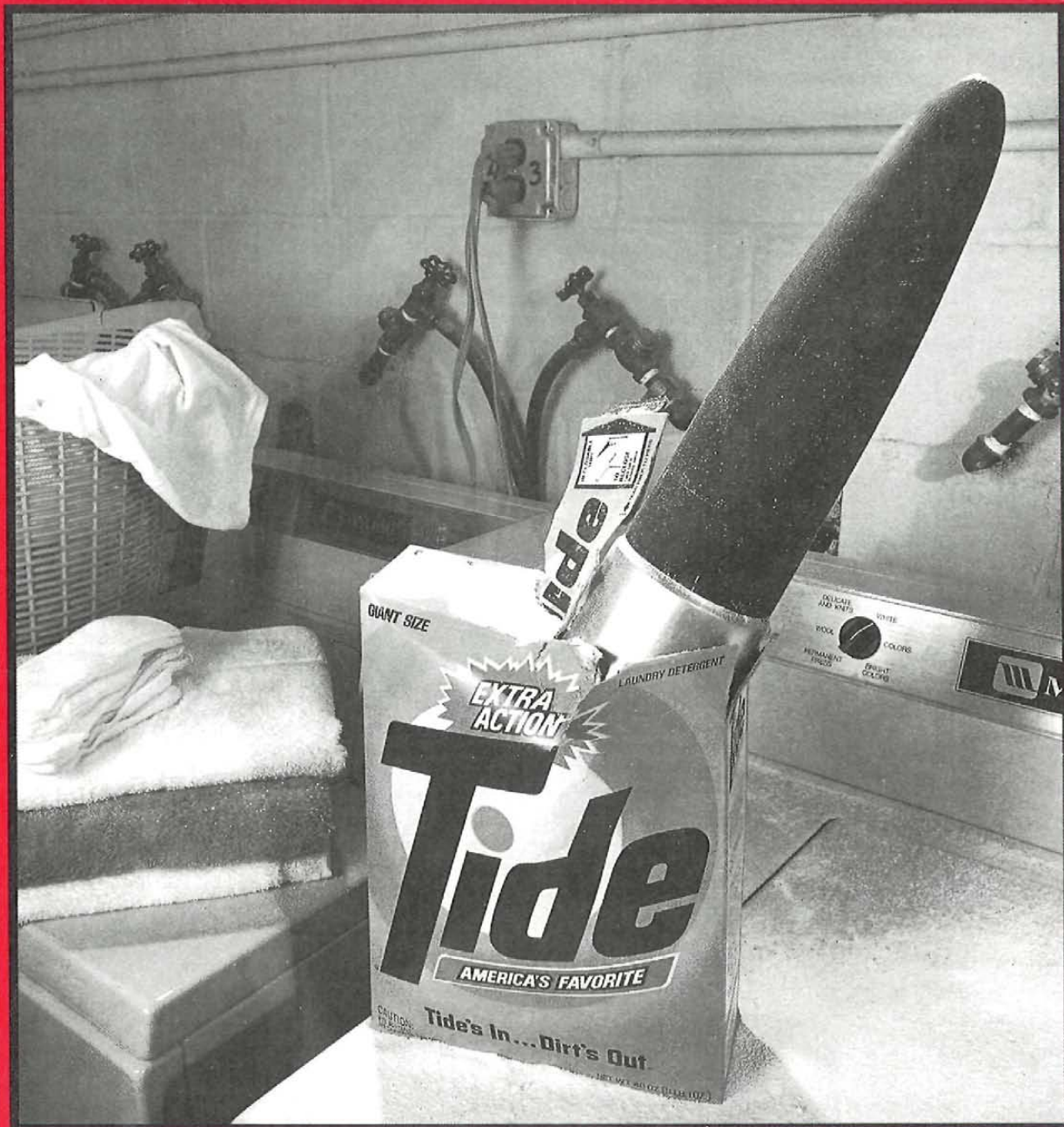
*"Everyone should be careful of*

**RABID BATS IN  
KRAFT AMERICAN  
CHEESE."**

**W**HEN YOU'RE PEELING THE wrapping off a slice of American cheese, a diseased vampire bat that someone has hidden underneath the cheese will lunge through it and bite your hand, sucking out your blood and infecting you with rabies, causing you to die. According to the twisted plan of the type of maniac who would do this, the bat will fold itself up real flat and hibernate while trapped inside with the cheese, and then when you open the cheese, the bat wakes up right away,

real hungry, and attacks. There should be regulations that force cheese slices to be wrapped in something harder than plastic that would squash the bat, or that has tiny needles on the inside that would stick into a bat and kill it."





**Mrs. Fay Turley**  
Wheaton, Illinois

*"All consumers should be on the look out for*

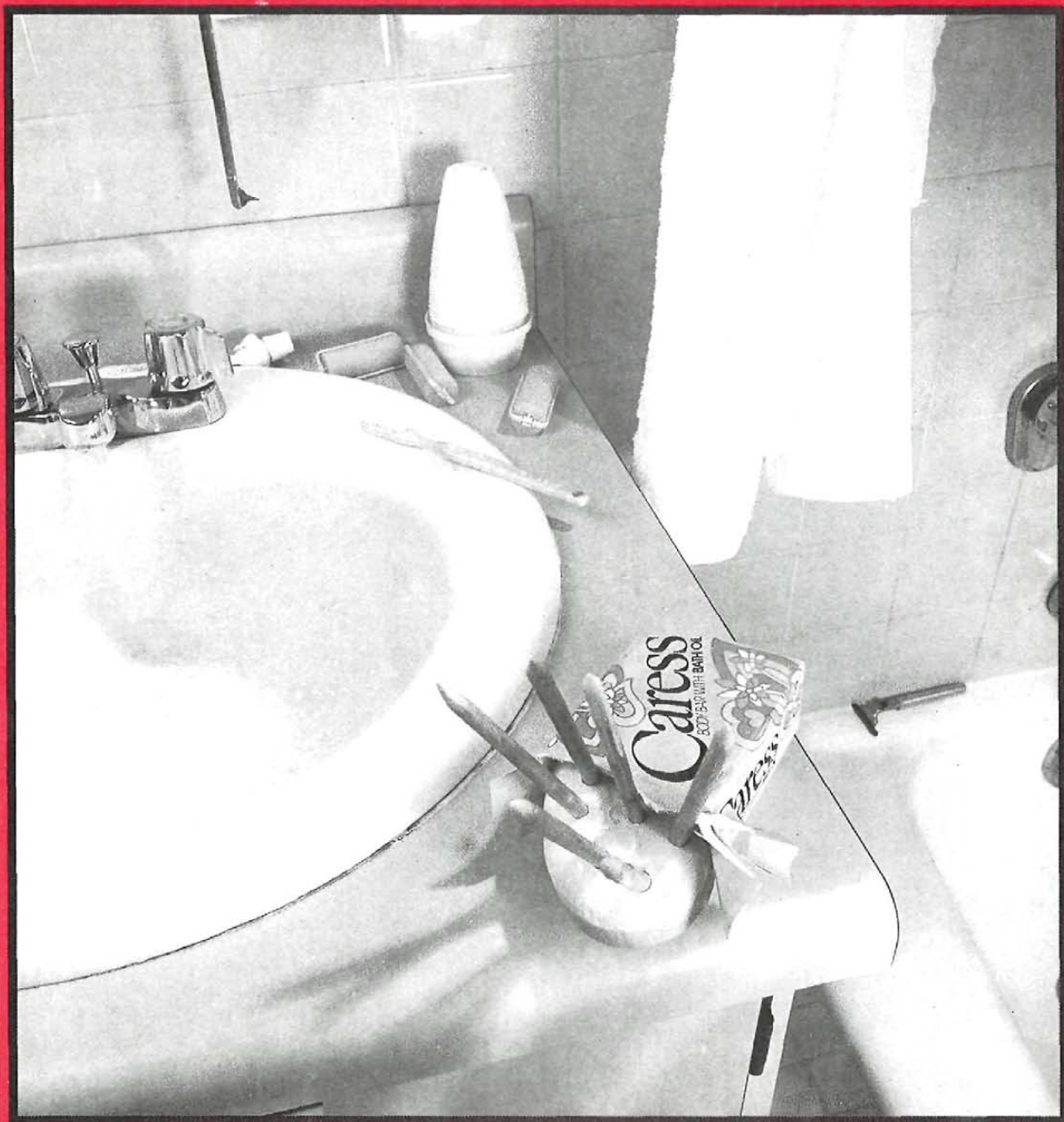
**155MM-NUCLEAR  
ARTILLERY SHELLS  
IN FAMILY-SIZE TIDE!"**

Artillery shell: Ken Miegel

**W**HEN YOU START TO POUR the detergent into your machine, these pointed shells weigh so much that they'll break through the top of the box and fall into the washer and explode, killing you. Any demented person could be responsible for this. All he would have to do is steam open a Tide box and dump out some of the soap and put the shells in and then glue the box back together. The federal government should pass a law that Tide boxes be made of solid steel and also

*have a window in them so you could be sure that a demented Tide worker didn't put nuclear artillery shells in at the factory."*





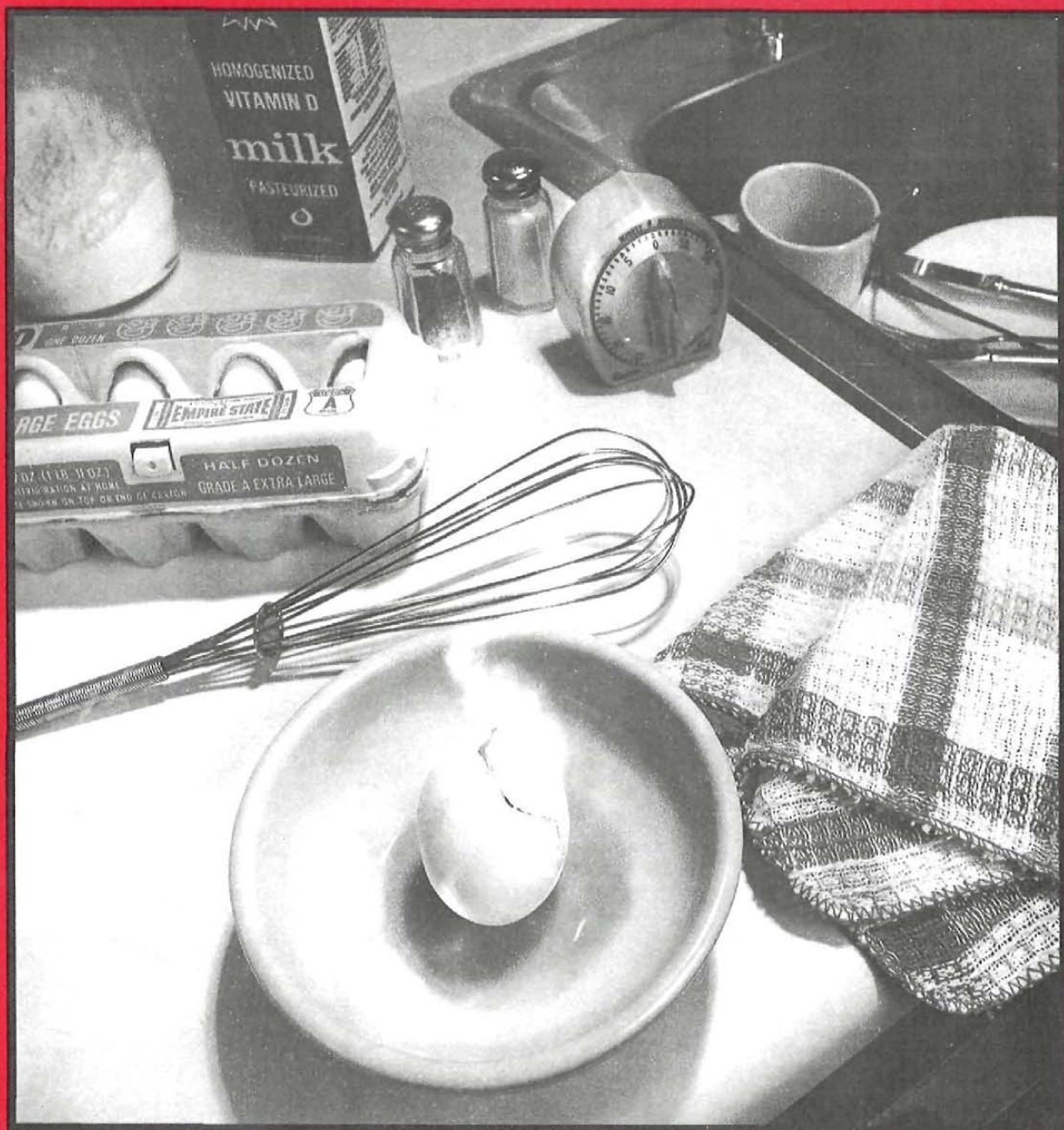
**Mrs. Varine Watkins**  
Stroudsburg,  
Pennsylvania

*"Beware of*  
**VIETNAMESE PUNJI SPIKES IN BARS OF CARESS SOAP."**

**A**LL ANYONE HAS TO DO IS unwrap a bar of Caress and sharp, urine-soaked spikes of bamboo hidden against the soap spring up and jam into you and poison you to death. The psychopath that does something like this is probably a veteran with special jungle training who has something against consumers and beauty soap. People with profiles like this should be registered at a government veteran-and-beauty-soap clearinghouse where information on the activities of these

people could be collected and evaluated around the clock for maximum public protection. You'd have to be a pretty desperate maniac to put poison spikes in a beauty bar if you know the government's already on your tail."





**Mrs. Carolyn Trowbridge**  
Eugene, Oregon

"I'm absolutely certain that someone has already put

**PHOSGENE GAS IN GRADE AA EGGS."**

**I**T TAKES A REALLY HORRIBLE deviate to do this kind of thing, which is to somehow get phosgene into eggs, which would then fill up your kitchen with gas when you cracked an egg open and immediately destroy your respiratory system and kill you. I don't know how anyone could do this without making a hole in the egg, unless maybe he gave phosgene to the chicken that laid it, but that would kill the chicken. It's possible, though, that a killer could shoot the gas into the egg with one of

those vaccination guns that the Army uses—that way there wouldn't be a hole. And if the killer is a farmer, there's no way you could stop him, even if you put protective steel jackets on the eggs, because a farmer could shoot the egg with the gas gun right when the hen lays it, before anyone could put the protective jacket on. The only solution is to completely ban eggs." ■



## The Michelob Drinker's Tear

*There are two kinds of Michelob drinkers. Those who mourn the passing of the final drop. And those who relish the anticipation of enjoying their next Michelob.*

*Both perspectives can be attributed to Michelob's unparalleled smoothness. A smoothness obtained through a unique brewing process perfected in 1896. A process governed not by production schedules, but by the instinct and experience of our brewmasters.*

*When the finest ingredients obtainable are brewed in this uncompromising manner, the result is a smooth, mellow taste that can only be called Michelob.*

*So whether the bottle is full or holds only a final drop, Michelob drinkers know...*



# Some things speak





*for themselves*

MICHELOB BEER BY ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS, MO • SINCE 1966

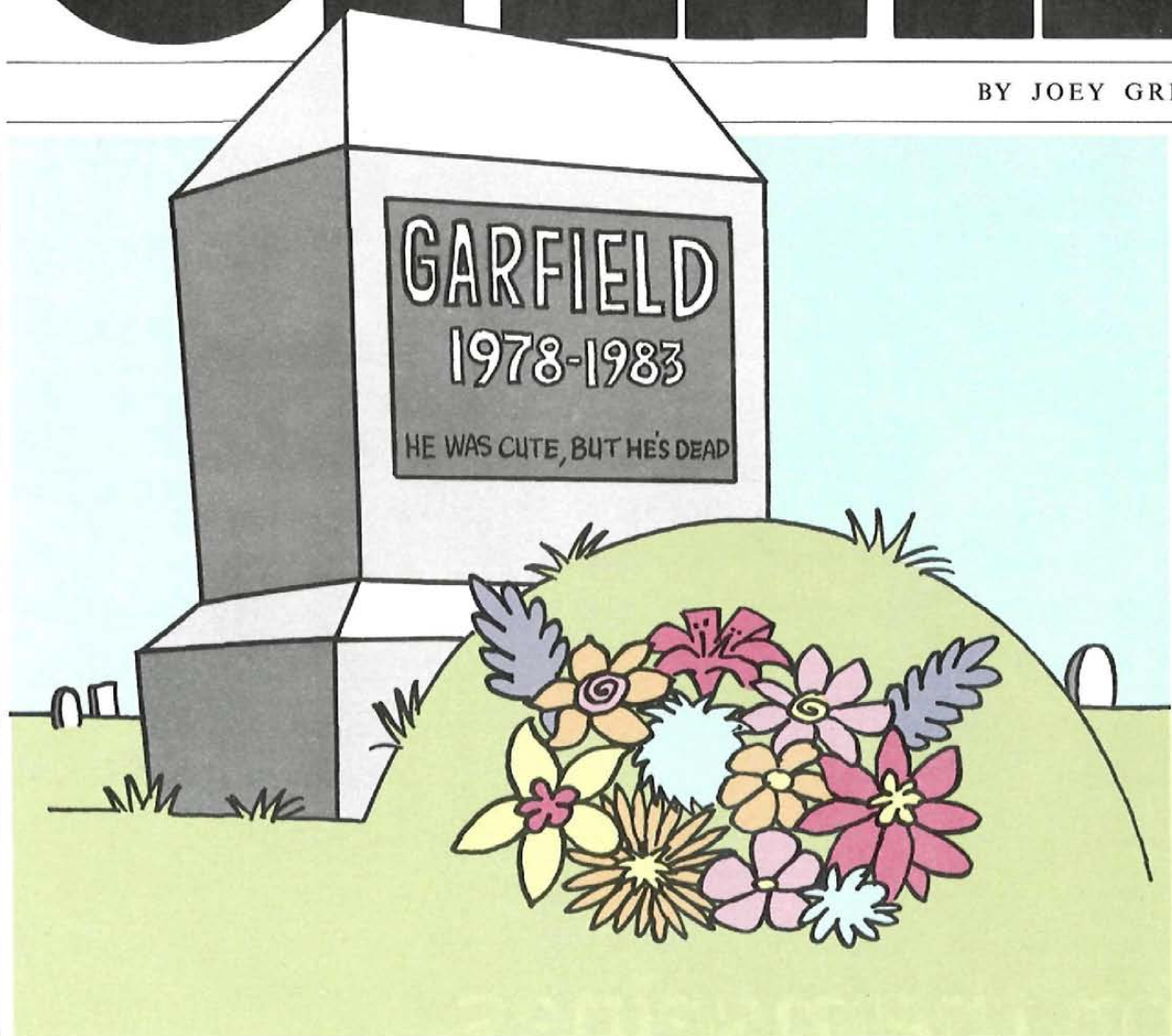
Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



# THE ASSASS

# GARFIELD

BY JOEY GREEN AND



# ANNIHILATION OF GARFIELD

BY FRED GRAVER

**O**NCE AGAIN THE hand of the assassin has struck—this time at America's most beloved and admired feline. The victim: Garfield, that adorable, bug-eyed heart-throb of the funny pages, ruthlessly slain at the peak of his career.

**Could this be the end of Garfield?  
You wish!**

If there actually had been any time in his short life when Garfield could have been saved, it was on February 11, 1983. On that day, without any explanation whatsoever, Garfield's daily strip disappeared from the funny pages of every single newspaper across the nation. Newsrooms were immediately flooded with phone calls from devoted Garfield readers demanding an explanation. Editors scrambled to find an update on that day's installment. But no such information could be obtained, and no one could come close to imagining the tragedy that had befallen the tubby tabby.

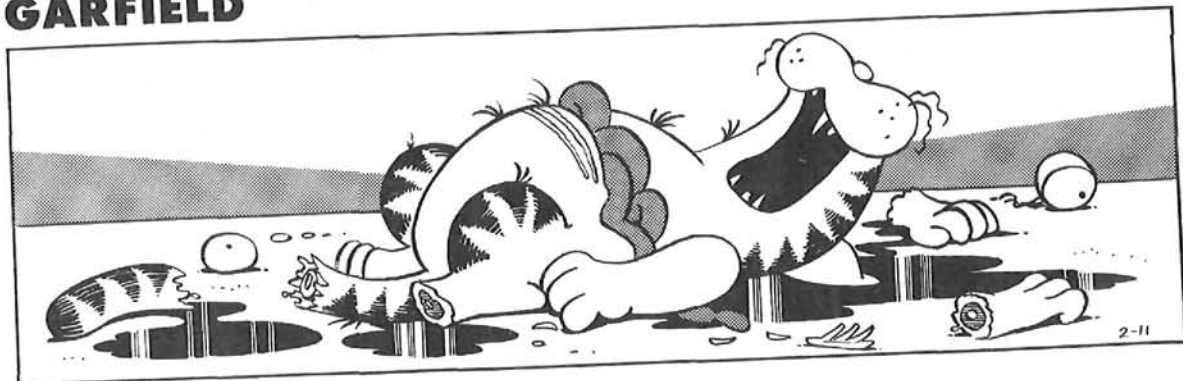
The next day, Garfield reappeared. It was then that a shocked America learned of his demise. Instead of finding

Garfield up to his usual shenanigans, stunned readers discovered, much to their dismay, a one-panel strip depicting a thoroughly gruesome scene.

Once again, America was forced to come face to face with cruel, senseless death. This was not simply another cartoon character whose life was wasted by drugs, drink, or ceaseless second billing. This was murder. Assassination. Deliberate annihilation. On that gloomy Friday morning in February, the horrid, graphic image of Garfield's tattered remains lay splattered across the funny pages—an image that drove hurt, pain, shock, and utter despair into our hearts.

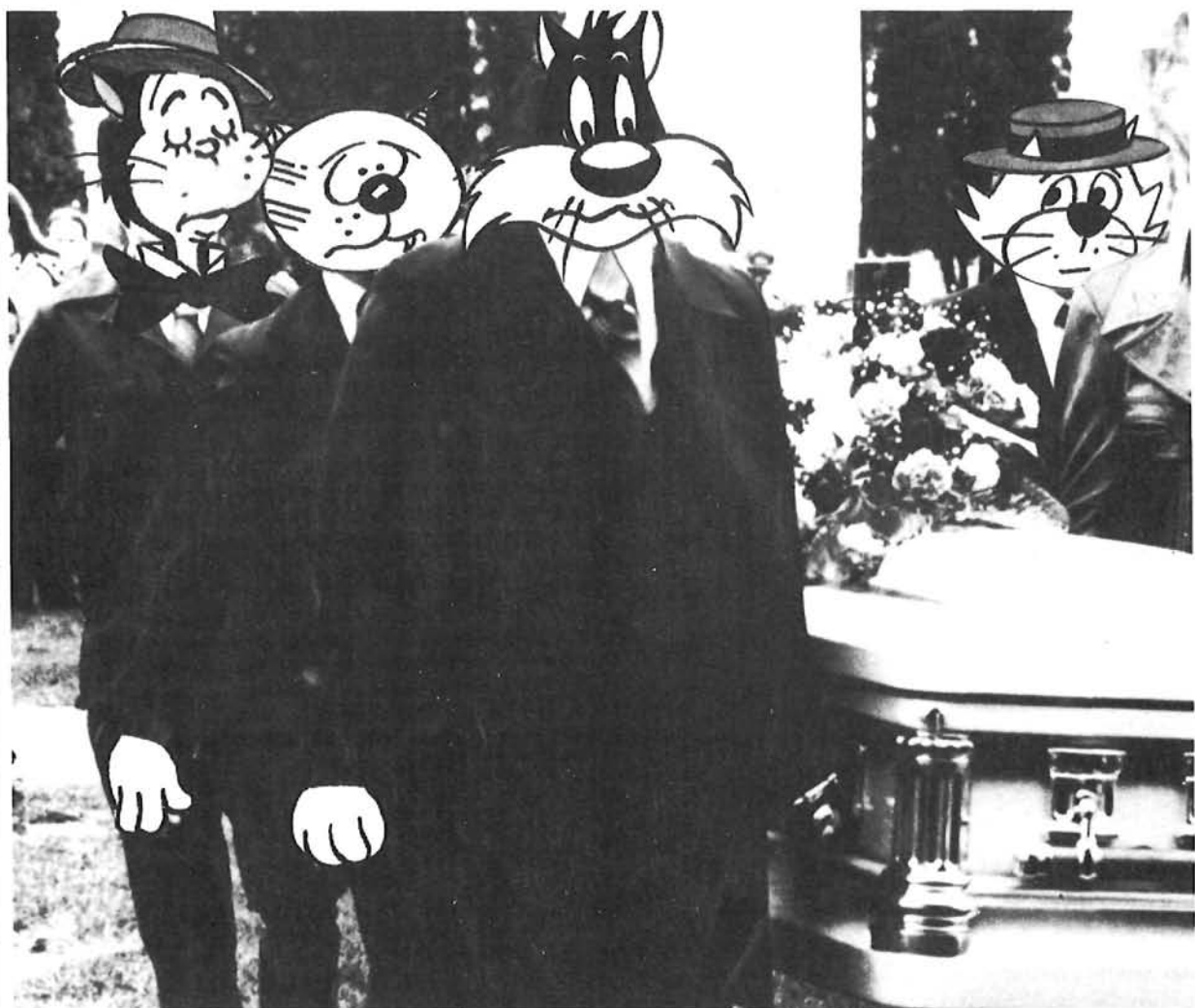
From across the globe came heartfelt condolences from the great and small.

## GARFIELD



—TOM SWARTZ





"I am deeply saddened," Princess Di told reporters. "The world has lost a household word." Ferdinand Marcos cabled from the Philippines, stating that "I have, all my life, attempted to model my life in public service after this small beast."

On the home shores, John Davidson delivered a tearful eulogy on the television screen. "First Bing Crosby," he cried. "And now Garfield. My heroes are dying."

Still, there were those who wondered if Garfield was, in fact, dead. "A cat has nine lives, we must remember," Rona Barrett wrote in her exclusive Hollywood newsletter. "Garfield may very well be with us." But, in the face of Miss Rona's optimism, the coroner's report confirmed what many Americans suspected—that Garfield's mangled body would not ever revive.

A wave of shock and dismay swept the nation. The cat who had spoken to *real* Americans—the housewife in the grocery store trying to decide between

**Top Cat, Heathcliff, Sylvester, and the Cat in the Hat lead the procession in tribute to America's number-one favorite pussy.**

Stove Top stuffing and potatoes, the man on the street corner waiting for the light to change, the tollbooth operator working the exact-change lane—had been sent to his maker by the hand of a sick and contorted mind. He would be missed. Garfield had never been one of those inaccessible highbrows, like Snoopy. No, Garfield was always down to earth, on the floor, under the table—and yet his wit transcended even the genius of the late Ernie Bushmiller.

America, on that gloomy weekend in February, turned its deep rage inward. Millions refused to mow their lawns, or even entertain the idea of mowing their lawns—insisting that, in the middle of February, a protest against mowing one's lawn was ultimate Garfield-ness. Those who did venture from their

houses slapped "Who Killed Garfield?" bumper stickers on their cars and prowled the streets in vigilante mobs, randomly slaughtering stray pets.

**T**HE MOUNTING CATERWAUL brought a swift response from President Ronald Reagan, himself a devotee of the famous feline. Addressing the nation on prime-time television that Sunday night, he claimed, "I, too, miss him more than words or even pantomime could suggest. I, too, want to find the no-good lousy bum or bums who did this."

"Garfield was the most human cartoon cat we have ever come to know, and now this comic genius is no more," the president sadly commented. At this point in his address, he illustrated his talk with specially prepared computer graphics depicting highlights of Garfield's career.

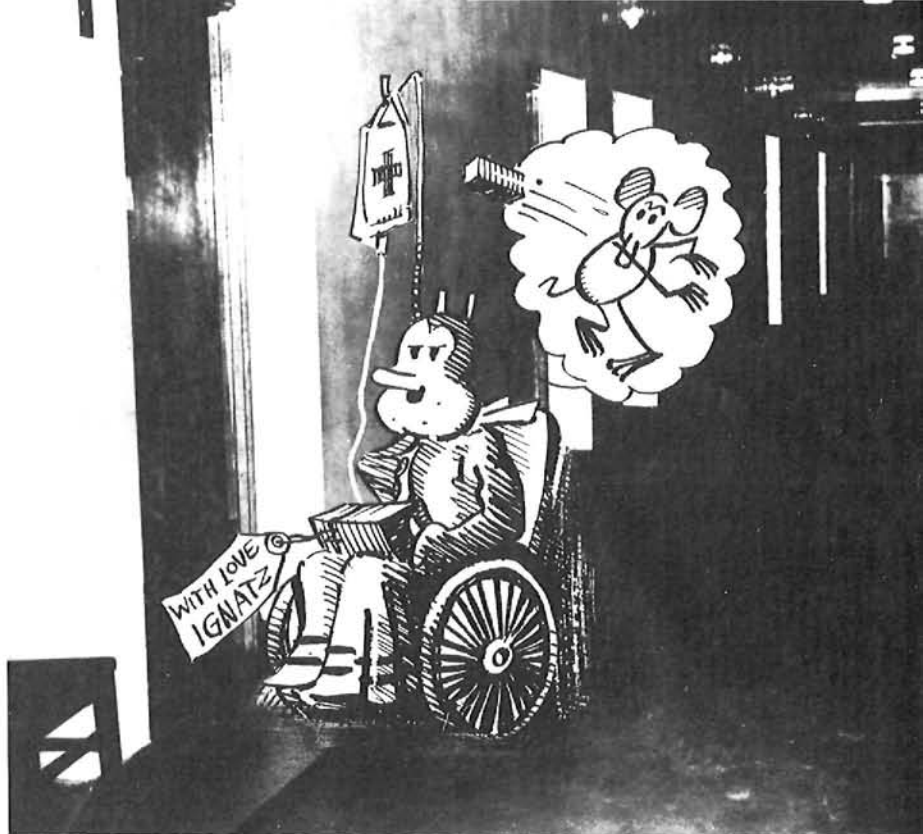
"Tomorrow morning," Reagan went on, "is Monday. And I want to take this opportunity to tell you that we'll all have

**Krazy? Or just senile? If you can tell the difference in your grandparents or other old folks, you might be able to help us figure out this stupid feline.**

to go back to work. You, me, everybody. Except for the millions who have no work to go back to. I'm sorry about you guys, believe me. But most of us, well, some of us will go back to work tomorrow morning, and the killer—or killers—must be found by our great system of law and order—the greatest system in the world!”

That evening, Reagan announced the appointment of a special panel to find the killer(s) of Garfield. Named the Morris Commission, the six-member board brought together the nation's most brilliant minds: former President Gerald Ford, cartoonists Simon Bond and Skip Morrow, Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi, and Morris the Cat.

The qualifications of the commission were impeccable. As a member of the Warren Commission in the early sixties, Gerald Ford had unearthed the indispensable fact that one inch equals 2.540 centimeters. Cartoonists Simon Bond (*101 Uses for a Dead Cat*) and Skip Morrow (*The Official I Hate Cats Book*) shared a deep understanding of the criminal mind, especially in the area of animal cruelty. Sandra Day O'Connor is a woman. Vincent Bugliosi was the prosecutor in the Charles Manson trial, and the author of *Helter Skelter*, as well as a known authority on the lyrics to every song the Beatles ever



wrote, and what they *really* mean. Morris, of course, had a highly developed facility for rooting out corruption, hypocrisy, and bad cat food at the highest levels.

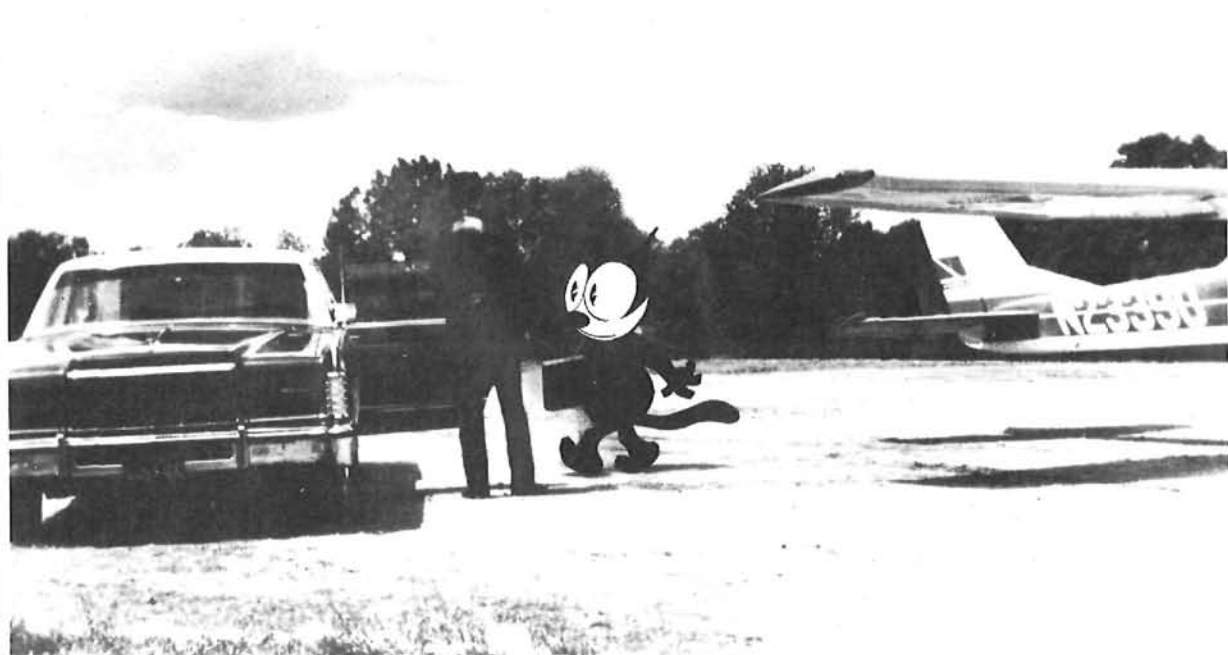
**T**HE MORRIS COMMISSION quickly announced that it would pursue two theories: the conspiracy theory, and the “single bully” theory.

While Americans sat glued to their

televisions, watching live coverage of the hearings, a seemingly endless string of felines testified before the panel. Among them:

• *The Kliban Cat*. If anyone had a motive for assassinating Garfield,

**“Garfield? Garfield who?” asks Felix the Cat, enjoying the splendor of his earnings.**



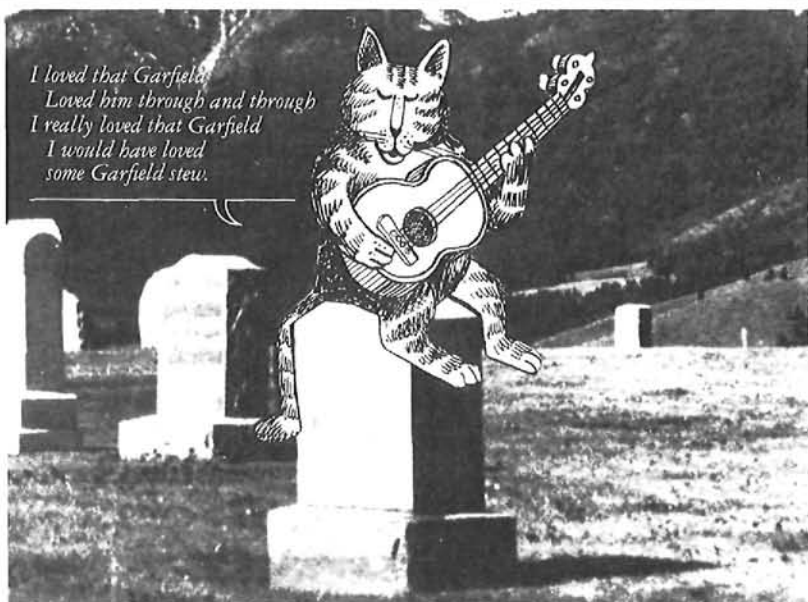


**Kliban's cat, whom you can read about directly below this caption, sang a loving song to the bloodied, bowed fur-ball.**

Kliban's creation did. The cat who had triggered a fifty-million-dollar merchandising empire and set off the original cat craze had in recent years seen Garfield ride to riches on his "tail." But in his testimony before the commission, Kliban's cat held no grudges. "We were the best of friends," he told the commission. "In fact, we were planning to do several projects together. We were signed to co-star in Spielberg's next picture, and we had just finished work on a TV special with Victoria Principal and Barbara Mandrell." In addition, videotapes of Garfield's funeral showed that Kliban's cat had actually sung a touching ballad at the service, bringing tears to the eyes of close family and friends in attendance.

*The Cat in the Hat.* Attorney Sam I. Am, on behalf of his client, delivered the most brief testimony before the commission when he delivered the following brief from the Cat:

"You're all half nuts  
You're off your butts  
That Garfield made my sleegle glutz.  
He was my favorite  
Is what I mean  
So find some other feline fiend."



*Felix the Cat.* The multimillionaire tabby was still riding high on his past popularity. He claimed to not even know who Garfield was.

*Krazy Kat.* Though the commission attempted to bring Krazy Kat before it, Krazy had been put in an old-age home many years ago, and even had difficulty recalling the name of her colleague, Ignatz.

*Sylvester.* Tweety Bird's arch-rival had

been filming a commercial in Hollywood as a spokesman for 9-Lives Dry Cat Food on the day of Garfield's murder. His alibi held.

*Tom.* The feline half of the unforgettable Tom & Jerry duo had been hospitalized for weeks following an accident wherein an explosive he had tossed into his adversary's mousehole had somehow ended up in his face.

*Fritz the Cat.* When the underground hero couldn't be located, it seemed as if the commission had finally hit upon a lead—until it was learned that Fritz, himself a victim of stardom, had been murdered by an ostrich several years before.

*Top Cat.* The commission discovered that T. C. had invested heavily in the Garfield Corporation, and when news of Garfield's death broke Top Cat had lost millions. Thus, T. C. was placed beyond suspicion.

*Fat Freddy's Cat.* The Garfield of the drug culture had, in recent years, sworn off drugs for the real high—real estate. On the date of Garfield's death, he had been at the site of a new condo development in Aruba.

A last-ditch probe into Cat Stevens's whereabouts proved incongruous, and the Morris Commission's investigation seemed to bear few insights into the Garfield assassination plot. What's more, Bugliosi had combed every

**Tom, immobilized in traction, was in no condition to perpetrate crimes of any kind, let alone chewing up stupid Garfield.**



**"Someone pinch me and tell me it's all a fur-coated dream." We heartily agree, goddammit.**

Beatles album for a possible reference to cats that might bring some light to bear on the case, and had struck out. A long and winding road lay ahead.

**S**UDDENLY, WHEN IT SEEMED THAT the investigation had reached a dead end, a startling piece of evidence surfaced in the pages of the *National Enquirer*: the missing Garfield strip of February 11, 1983.

Here at last was a complete record of the assassination of Garfield, portraying all of the agony, terror, and suffering of America's favorite feline's final moments. Under court order, the Morris Commission demanded from the *National Enquirer* the identity of the man who had sold them the strip. He was Charles Guiteau, an unemployed Dunkin' Donuts cashier living in Passaic, New Jersey.

Guiteau was soon apprehended and taken into FBI custody by order of commission member Gerald Ford. In Guiteau's apartment, authorities found a Cuisinart they said was used in the Garfield murder. Guiteau's home was also filled with an extensive collection of Garfield paraphernalia. His obsession with Garfield extended from T-shirts and books to stuffed animals and greeting cards. The final and most damaging pieces of evidence were the Garfield strips snipped from the local newspaper and tacked on the refrigerator door with small fruit-shaped magnets. Next to the strips was a cryptic list on a small piece of paper that read "Milk, butter, eggs, bread." What's more, Bugliosi was quick to point out that Guiteau's record collection included a worn-out eight-track tape of the Beatles' *White Album*.

All the while, Guiteau claimed that

# Garfield assassinated

—Garfield, known the world over as the happily overweight, mischievous cat with large bug eyes in the comic pages, died Friday from lacerations and wounds inflicted by an unknown assassin. He was five years old.

He had risen to fame and fortune as America's most popular cartoon cat. He is survived by his creator, Jim Davis, his owner, Jon Arbuckle, his canine adversary, Odie, and several easily forgettable supporting characters. Garfield kept his millions of avid readers in stitches with his daily antics.

He was known as a fat, lazy, cynical cat who loved lasagna and goldfish hung from the screen door, smoked, drank coffee, and hated cat food, diets, and dogs. His tastes were known worldwide, and he expressed them with unique inanity.

Garfield was also responsible for a seemingly endless stream of merchandise. At the time of his death, he was

the strip had been given to him while he was waiting in the back of the Dunkin' Donuts store where he used to work. "I used to go there late at night," he told the commission, "and wait for them to throw out the old doughnuts and coffee. One night, this striped cat just appeared next to me and gave me the strip."

In the end, the commission announced that, indeed, it had all the evidence it needed to prove the "single bully" theory. Guiteau, they insisted, acting alone and unassisted, had perpetrated the cartoon crime of the century. The cat was in the bag, in more ways than one.

**B**UT AMERICANS WERE UNCONVINCED. Perhaps the most damaging piece of evidence against the commission's findings was that it never considered the facts as they appeared in the missing Garfield strip itself: the famous grin vanishing into thin air in the final frame of that strip

indicates that Garfield had been the victim of a true madman—a psychotic the authorities would never be able to capture.

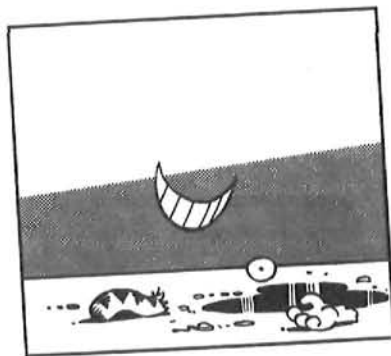
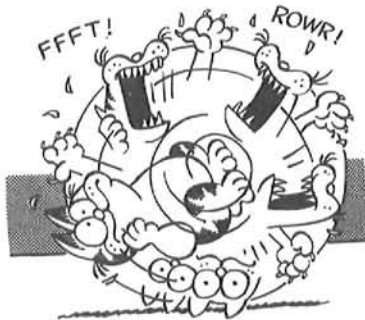
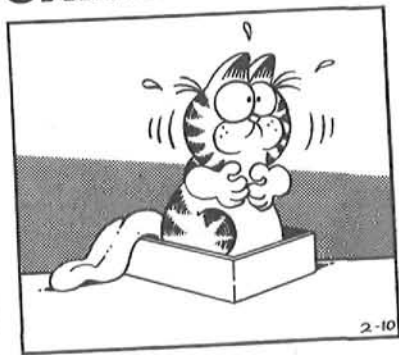
So, many questions remain. Many Americans suspect that Charles Guiteau is serving time for a crime he did not commit. Many wonder if commission member Gerald Ford confused Garfield the cat with Garfield the president, ordering the young Donuts cashier's arrest solely because Guiteau's name matched that of President James Garfield's assassin. And what of Heathcliff and Courageous Cat? It seems unlikely that these questions will ever be answered.

"We're all mad here," the Cheshire cat once told Alice. "I'm mad. You're mad." ■

**The strip that stunned America. Garfield, down and out, with only eight lives left.**

ct  
by  
hi:  
fo  
ar  
s'  
fo  
of  
ta  
gr  
  
stit  
tic  
is  
ha  
as  
car  
by  
hi:  
fo  
ar  
s'  
fo  
of  
ta

## GARFIELD



and  
you  
ie.  
y 20):  
who  
avel-  
  
e 20):  
could  
stmas  
  
y 22):  
when  
shop-  
  
22): A  
or the  
family  
  
4. 22):

STEVE ROPER



**I****N THE SILVERY HELL** that is the Soviet Arctic, pitiful, starving, emaciated—but very wiry—slaves labor to construct the biggest natural-gas pipeline the world has ever known. The gas, a by-product of the putrefaction of woolly mammoth carcasses beneath the limitless taiga of Siberia, will be piped to Europe. There it will fuel the peoples of the West, some or perhaps even all of the time.

Life, however, is not all work and no protein for the broken wretches who labor on the pipeline. If the weekly quotas are met, the skeletal waifs may elect to skip the ice-ball fight with the guards and lay a different sort of pipe.

Soviet planners realize that even subject peoples, social parasites, and hooligans, though raddled with vitamin deficiencies, require some form of sexual outlet if they are to achieve maximum productivity.

So it is that the daughters of the most powerful men in the Soviet Union often elect to spend their summers as "sexual volunteers" on the pipeline project. If their powerful parents knew what their daughters were doing their chests would swell with pride; medals and honors would pop off and shoot about as unpredictably as the early rocket launches of the Sputnik space program.

**P**olitburo wheel Andrei Gromyko's eighteen-year-old daughter, Natasha, is absolutely mad about Mongols. "They suck rivets, and the irregular ridges make their tongues as rough as rasps. They weigh only about fourteen pounds, but they're small and they have ways of bracing themselves so that they get a lot of leverage."

### NATASHA

**N**adya Grishin, daughter of a top cheese in Russia's ruling Politburo, is utterly undone by Uzbeks. "They're very hard workers, so their bodies are literally digesting themselves as they scavenge for nutrients. This gives them the most amazing smell—I think it's from the ketones. That and their incredibly bony bodies make it seem as if you're making love to something with an exoskeleton."

### NADYA

# LAYING PIPE

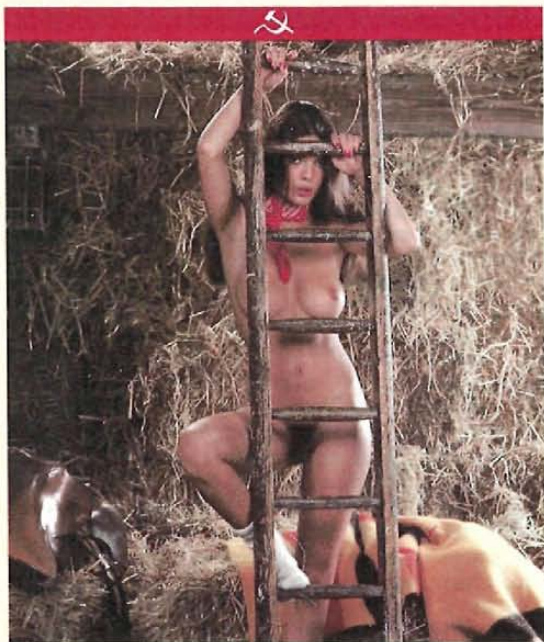
A FIELD REPORT BY DAVE





**S**vetlana Ustinov is proud of her father, the straw that stirs the drink in the governing Politburo. She's also proud of the number of Kazakhs she's made incredibly happy. "They've got skinny arms just like the Vietnamese, but their wrists are much bigger from tightening bolts with their fingers. When they put their arms up you it feels amazing, and they seem to enjoy getting their fingers warm too."

**SVETLANA**



**L** Lydia Shcherbitsky is the ten-year-old daughter of a Politburo big. She has a typical ten-year-old's enthusiasm for Moldavians. "They have more moles than anybody, and a real lot of them are hairy moles, and I think a lot of body hair means a lot of man, even if it's growing out of a mole."

**LYDIA**



# E IN SIBERIA

TYNAN AND L. DENNIS PLUNKETT



## High by Noon

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)  
number so much as tied his shoe as well as a drunken Indian. I was goin' to drag the bunch in for leaning on a Mercedes and possession of irregular dinner attire when I get a nasty report they was foolin' with Mr. Capote's sunlamp and turned it up a notch, throwing his tanning schedule completely off and sending him on a pill-and-booze spree so that he's back up in Ward D of the Claudine Longet Crack-up Center. There's no denying Truman's a strange flibbertigibbet, but he's regular Aspen from a ways back, got himself a front-row pew at Reverend Billy Kidd's Church of Our Lady of the Bronzing Gel, so let the fellow alone, I say.

I caught up with the frat boys at the Red Onion, and they were carrying on like they'd been chewin' binder dust for months, and hadn't seen a drink and a woman together since they were knee-high to a lecture stand. I had ol' Joe slip a few dozen knockout drops into their frosty drinks and had my deputies, Muffin and Adolfo, drag 'em back to the hoosegow for the night. Muffin cried when she put on their handcuffs, so I had to tie her up too so she'd feel better. It's not all beans and gravy being a lawman, let me tell you.

Next morning I took the ringleader, the Fun Drive chairman, I believe, and

gave the beady-eyed piece of business the works. I strung him up by the arms next to the lift by Buttermilk Mountain and let the little chalk-sniffer flap in the breeze awhile, whining about a phone call to his proctor and an overdue library book. I wished he'd taken his punishment like a man, but that's like wishing your good tux is back from the cleaners when you get an invite to the big Halston shindig. He was swinging back and forth like a fleshy Calder mobile, but I couldn't get him to stop gutty-wallerin' long enough to get the lowdown on why he'd hurt T. C. Truman could be a bit of a pig fetus at times, but he was our pig fetus, the way I look at it.

I get tired of poking the know-nothing in the down with a rubber ski pole, 'cause it looks like the Rockies could be scrubbed down to prairies by a cross-eyed washerwoman with half a Brillo pad afore he starts to talk human. So I head over to Bart's Bistro for a cup of white wine, and leave the bottle on the table, barkeep, thanks.

I get back and the kid's as quiet as Thursday in Seattle. He's also got a glittery Fiorucci blade deep under his rib cage, which gives me something to think about between grams on the way back to town.

Inoki's got the artichoke hearts and duck amandine on the fire, and a cider jug full of brandy Alexanders over ice,

so I sit down to open the dinner wine when the news bleares from the radio that Diana Vreeland's been found belly up at an after-hours club, snubbed to death and her neck snapped. I call for a new blazer and tell Inoki it's gonna be a long evening and to keep the aperitifs chilly till I get back. The Jap gives me his strange slantwise look, and I realize it's way past six and I'm wearing the brownest shoes a body could own. Funny how murder can stick in your craw for a bit and make the oldest fondue-scarfer forget the most elementary fashion rules.

**T**HE PORSCHE HAD THIS PITIFUL handdog look all over its hood, so I slid into the saddle of Becky, my ol' 250SL, and headed out toward the Warhol spread, a good place, I reckoned, to start this investigation. As I passed by the bars near the center of town, I could see people already lining up, shiverin' like bugs in a frozen daiquiri, all eagerly anticipating the turkey shoot outside the Pomegranate Hotel. This year the powers that be selected John Denver as the turkey. Matter of fact, it's been that way for about five, six years now, ever since we caught sight of him around here. The boy might not be able to sing to save his mother's horse, but an old range rider like myself has got to admire the way that pasty-brained guitar-lickin' wimp takes a shotgun blast to the mid-section with hardly a word of complaint, even when that Annie girl of his is the one with her hand on the trigger, blastin' away before dispensing favors to the Cratchett boys. The size of the crowd all gussied up in their Sunday-go-to-firin' best Giorgio Armanis told me that this year's Toot 'n' Shoot was gonna be bigger than breakfast, no questions asked.

But that festive occasion had to wait for the business I had at Andy's. Warhol's old Aspen, too, bought in back in the days when most townfolk thought Paul Klee was how a dirt farmer made his living. Ol' Andy charmed 'em, though, using their soup cans for picture paintin', getting their stories into his tape recorder and playing them back at night at double speed to scare off sidewinders and scalawags. And if a barn needed a coat of paint or two, or the preacher's wife wanted a signed lithograph for the Junior League's Deviated Septum charity fund raiser, he'd be the first one to jump in and lend a hand. Not like the Kissingers, who didn't even contribute a cheese ball when Keith Richard's mare birthed Spackles, the one-eyed wonder

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)



# The Book of Onan

BY THE REVEREND ORAL MCJORITY, D.D.

**T**HE WORD "SEED" APPEARS A LOT IN THE Scriptures. We hear of the seed of Adam, the seed of Abraham, the seed of Isaac and Jacob. Just about every normal, healthy biblical male had seed.

Now, "seed" here doesn't mean seed like you put in your lawn. It means something much dirtier, which should only be discussed in private, by qualified Christian adults. One thing we can say about seed, though, right out here on paper, is that it belongs in ONE PLACE and ONE PLACE ONLY.

And that's IN YOUR WIFE.

Luckily Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Company knew where to put their seed, or we'd be in plenty of trouble today! But there was one person back there who, even though he knew better, didn't put his seed in the right place. His name was ONAN, and he's one of the few real sinners in the Good Book. Instead of putting his seed where it belonged, he SPILLED IT ON THE GROUND!

Now, the so-called Old Testament only gives us one example of Onan's sin (seems he took a shine to his brother's wife and went ahead with some spilling), but there were many other examples of his disgusting behavior. Horrible and immoral though these were, we can learn from them. We can learn how not to get ourselves into situations where WE might be tempted to...SPILL OUR SEED UPON THE GROUND!

To get this point over, I'm going to give you these other examples, and after each one, I want you to say all together with me: "HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!"

We'll start with that little episode of his brother's wife so that you can get the idea. Okay? Here we go with:

---

*From the book Not the Bible by Tony Hendra and Sean Kelly. Copyright © 1983 by Tony Hendra and Sean Kelly. Reprinted by permission of Ballantine Books, a division of Random House, Inc.*





## THE BOOK OF ONAN

**N**OW there dwelt in the land of Canaan, the son of Judah, one Onan, and his brother was married to a wife named Tamar, who was right comely; and one day Onan took an augur and drilled a hole in Tamar's door while that she was shedding her undergarments. And putting his eye to the hole, he gazed upon his sister-in-law's naked loins and...[All together now!]

HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

AND another time, Onan was just sitting around the house doing nothing, although there was plenty to do, and he came upon some of Tamar's undergarments, the which she had laundered; and he fell to fondling them and caressing them, and pretty soon...

HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

YEA, Onan was an idle man and there were many things in his father's house that gave him idle thoughts, such as long fruits and vegetables, wineskins, and raw meat. These would he ponder and toy with and more often than not...

HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

ONCE he even stuck his finger in a clam and felt around inside and...

HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

NOW Onan was wont to go forth unto that part of the City where filthy tablets were permitted to be sold. These would he purchase and gaze upon. And some were of women which committed abominations with men...

AND HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

AND others showed women that lay with women...

AND HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

OR with dogs...

AND HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

YET loved he best that tablet wherein another man spilled his seed upon the ground...

AND HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

NOW in that same part of the City where it was permitted to sell filthy tablets were presented all manner of lewd shows. And one day Onan bought a ticket to a show wherein two women did wrestle in a tub of mud...

AND HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

AND then came one who mocked the God-fearing and advocated lewdness and used racy language...

AND HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

AND finally a band of musicians which were scantily clad and played loud music with a beat that was the beat of his heart so that the blood rushed to his privates...

AND HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

AND after the show did Onan go unto a party where he swore and cursed, using explicit sexual terms which inflamed him so mightily that...

HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

AND he drank of strong drink and put smokables in his

face, and drew smoke into his lungs which stimulated his glands, and again...

HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

AND all the women in that place eschewed restraining undergarments so that their parts were visible, especially their dugs, whereof the eager nipples strained against the tightness of their sweaters, and Onan...

SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

AND as if that were not enough, he went home to bed and what did he do?

HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

NAUGHT was sacred to Onan. Once whilst assisting at Divine Service Onan beheld a fair maiden in the front row; and though she was dressed modestly withal, yet could he discern that her dugs were huge. And he fell to thinking on their roundness and softness and right there in church...

HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

YEA, Onan became a desperate case! If he went walking in the woods and beheld a tree whereof the limbs were cleft and in the cleft was a knothole...

HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

AND if he went walking in the fields and beheld an ewe; and the ewe was white and woolly and her hindermost portions were towards him...

HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

AND if he went forth into the city and beheld a great pillar raised up to the glory of the Lord, and the pillar was round and long and thick and smooth...

HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

AND before long, any hole, or crack, or long thing or soft thing, yea, any *thing* whatsoever would put him in mind of fornication...

AND HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

AND first five, then ten, then a score of times each day would his hand seek his privateness...

AND HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

AND then his wife, who verily was an unfortunate woman, for that he put not his seed where it belonged, came unto him, crying "Onan, Onan, get a hold of yourself!" And he did...

AND HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

AND when the Lord saw that Onan heeded not the words of her wherein he should place his seed, the Lord determined to slay Onan, as an example to His people and to stop the terrible waste of seed. Yet Onan repented not; and even at the moment of his death, he grasped his manliness and, crying out with a great voice, said, "I'm coming, God! Oh God, I'm coming!"

AND HE SPILLED HIS SEED UPON THE GROUND!

AMEN

HERE ENDETH THE BOOK OF ONAN

# "THIS IS TIMMY. TIMMY IS AS BLIND AS A BAT.."



His IQ has dropped from 131 to 58 in just six short months. Timmy has to shave his right palm at least three times a day to prevent beardlike growth from engulfing his hand.

Why? Because Timmy is a chronic Onanist! Groping for that easy pleasure, that quick fix, that momentary "high," Timmy has reduced himself to a babbling vegetable, pumping out the precious fluid of his immortal soul by the bucketful.

Timmy was not always like this. Till recently his God-fearing parents had protected him from such un-Christian subjects as where babies come from and why his sister is *different* from him. But then his school—a publicly financed school, I'd like to add, financed by your taxes, just like I am—this school began a so-called SEX EDUCATION PROGRAM!! Daily, Timmy was encouraged to draw the private parts of young girls on the blackboard and fondle "anatomically correct" models of NAKED men and women! Is it any wonder that before long little Timmy was SPILLING HIS SEED like a lawn sprinkler?! There isn't much we can do for Timmy now. We can buy him a guide dog, trim his palm, padlock his pants. But apart from that, nothing. Timmy will die soon and go to hell. And all because some faceless bureaucrat thought he ought to know the difference between a v----a and a p---s!

Folks, let's prevent other young Christians from slipping into the slimy pit of onanism. Let's get sex out of education and back in the dark, where it belongs. The problem with sex is mounting all the time. But if we take it in hand we can beat it! One day, God willing, we'll even be able to lick it! But we need money, folks. Lots of it!

So send lots of money to me, Oral McJorrity, C/O

**THE ORAL STATE  
CENTER FOR SELF-ABUSE.®**

Thank You.



## High by Noon

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58)

that made roping history in these parts. Associating with a passel of slope leaders and crooked lawyers made Mr. K. all high-and-mighty, though I can't see the reason for that. I'd just as soon ski into a scorpions' nest as hang out with those geopolitical burro boners, though if you like to watch foreigners eat and belch, that's your affair.

Anyway, talk like that opens up a whole different tin of caviar. As soon as I stabled Becky I saw the gaunt figure of Warhol snapping Polaroids and supervising the mending of his barbed-wire fence by two Spandex-clad models (hired hands and legs, he calls 'em) up on the North 40.

Andy's face looked worn and weather-beaten from a lifetime of poor cleansing systems and slipshod skin peelings. I jangled my Guccis over the cold earth and was about to say my piece when Warhol, always quick with the lip, drew his tongue and spoke first.

"I heard about Truman and Diana. Tough break, I reckon." Andy always dropped his city-intellectual speech patterns when he came out here.

I measured my words like Iman does her waistline—careful and precise. "Andy, they say you and Truman can't stand the smell of each other anymore. And that you called Diana scum-sucking fluff-brained wrinkled lizard dirt, and worse. Some say you still hold a grudge about that mislaid social calendar."

"Stole, not mislaid." Warhol spat the words out, tougher than nails on snake-skin boots. "I can't forgive 'em that. No man could!" He looked off toward the sun-flecked purple mountains as the words came pouring out like a sixties amphetamine rap.

"I knew those two long time, back before Nico and the Velvet Underground, way before the Marilyn series, when I'd just staked out my claim at the Factory, when Diamond Lou Reed was still riding hobbyhorses up Queens way. And they do that to me. Well, a man learns plenty when he moves in the right circles, and if'n that's the way they want it, fine." He stuck his jaw out firm as he said the last. "Truman turned drunk fag, and Diana became a jowl-drooping cancerous pig fuck. But that's their business, and it don't concern me or mine as much as a torn canvas."



S. GROSS

"I did that once to a swan. It turned out to be Zeus."

**B**EFORE I COULD DECIDE TO believe the man or not, I saw a powerful vision that made my heart flip-flop to Martinique. Who come bounding out of the hacienda but Missy Bianca, Mick Jagger's ex-poke, lookin' prettier than a troughful of Dom Perignon. Bianca's a good woman, solid and sensible, never wears more than one pair of shoes at a time without good cause and orders all her own meals in restaurants. I guess half the guys in the valley have had a crush on her at one time or another. I remember falling for her at the Winter Brie Pull, and thinking about settling down. Twenty thousand bills a month plus an old shot-to-hell Mercedes are what these old bones get for their aches, and every once in a while they tell you there's got to be a better life. Gets so a body hankers after some peace and quiet, a few thousand acres of land, a penthouse here and there, maybe a record deal or two, massive personal fireworks displays, and constant sex in public places with an international celebfruck and her pals.

But I barely have time to splutter out a how-de-do when Zeb whizzes by, stammering that forty head of primo model have been stolen from the spread. The ranch hands had already corralled some shady-looking drifters from the Ford Agency. "Maybe a rifle butt will get the truth out," cackled the wizened, cologne-drenched Zeb, and Warhol nodded grimly.

"Drifters, sure, they might be lifestyle rustlers, but where'd they come up with the stomach and know-how to make off with a whole herd of full-length model? Most a drifter'll do unless he's got 'Quaa-lude courage' is snap a few photos for some paper down the trail, 'borrow' an accessory or two, and head on to Bev Hills, where the pickings're easy and the sunshine free. If they were hard men they could strip off their designer togs and leave 'em outside to face exposure, but it would be real desperadoes who'd face the penalty for that. And drivin' 'em from Aspen through Roaring Fork would be tougher than lighting Cherries Jubilee with a pickax."

Andy narrowed his eyes and gave me a look that would rattle a *Vogue* cover girl's poise. "You got twenty-four hours, Sheriff, and then I'm stringin' these boys up, law or no law?"

I gave him back as good as I got. "No man's above the society columns, Warhol. They'll talk you right out of Aspen, on a greased flight, tourist-class."

"Twenty-four hours," Warhol repeated, turning away and giving his camera a sharp click.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)

SHAPE UP, WOMAN! THE NEW BOOT CAMP DIET SHOWS YOU HOW

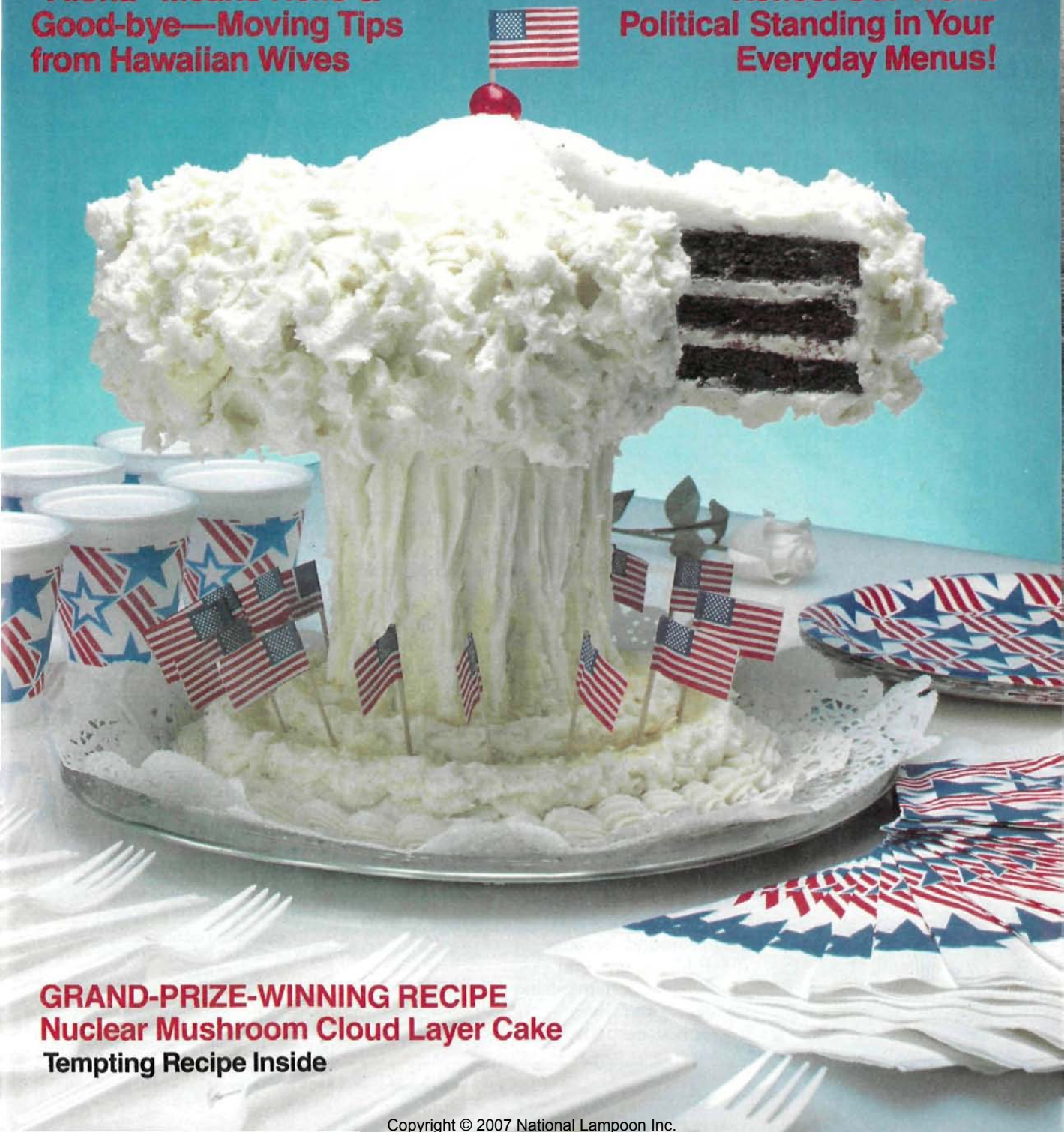
# ARMY WIFE

MARCH 14, 1983

69¢ (slightly higher on foreign bases)

**"Aloha" Means Hello & Good-bye—Moving Tips from Hawaiian Wives**

**Reflect Our World Political Standing in Your Everyday Menus!**



**GRAND-PRIZE-WINNING RECIPE**  
**Nuclear Mushroom Cloud Layer Cake**  
**Tempting Recipe Inside**



**“Well, I’m glad to see someone had fun.”**



**The Marching  
Orders for  
Every  
Successful  
Assault:  
R&R  
MIXERS**

When it's time for the boys to play, how do you make sure there's someone around to call retreat? If you're a successful party-giver, you've got R & R Mixers around, because R & R Mixers give you absolute freedom in mixing for officers and wives. Just look at how easy they are to use!

**R&R MIXERS**

**Boys**

**HOWITZERS**

4 bottles rum  
1 bottle R & R Sweet Lime Mixer

*Mix, and serve in a tall glass with a lemon twist.*

**TANKS**

2 gallons vodka  
1 bottle R & R Dry Tonic Mixer  
3 sliced oranges

*Mix, serve in tall glasses with cocktail cherries.*

**THE BAYONET**

2 jiggers R & R Carbonated Water Mixer  
5 bottles bourbon

*Stir, serve in tankards.*

**Girls**

**DERRINGERS**

4 bottles R & R Sweet Lime Mixer  
1 capful rum

*Mix, serve in demitasse cups with lemon slices.*

**JEEPS**

2 gallons R & R Dry Tonic Mixer  
Large splash of vodka

*Mix, serve over bowl of fresh cherries.*

**THE PENKNIFE**

3 cans lo-cal beer  
2 drops bitters  
4 sliced lemons  
4 bottles R & R Carbonated Water Mixer

*Mix, serve in tall glasses.*

\*R & R is a registered trademark of PX Group, a Leisure Time Division of the U.S. Military.

# The USO



**DEAR FRANCIE:** My husband was transferred to this base just last month, and up until now everything seemed to be going fine—up until a few days ago, that is. My son has developed some very

bad nervous problems, probably because he started going to school last week, and it's a new experience for him.

Little Roger has started wetting his bed. He doesn't want to leave the house in the morning, and his teacher tells me that he often breaks into tears in the middle of the day.

Also, his father backed the jeep over his dog last week.

What do you think is the problem?

—Distraught, Fort Chaffee, Ark.

**DEAR DISTRAUGHT:** Your son has serious mental problems and needs to be seen by an Army psychiatrist as soon as possible. I'll be perfectly honest about this and say that I really don't know what kind of advice to give you. But I can tell you that your son's problems are most likely serious enough to warrant a prolonged stay in an institution. Believe me, this will be the best thing for him, as it sounds like he is really a basket case. The important thing is, don't blame yourself. It sounds like your husband's career is going well, and that's what is important.

**DEAR FRANCIE:** I can't believe what is happening to me. For years I have believed that my husband was working on a secret project. He told me that he was developing a special weapon that could only be used at night, and that is why he hasn't been coming home.

Now I know differently. Last week a new woman moved onto our base. I met her at a coffee klatch through a close friend. When we were introduced, this new friend of mine practically turned white as a ghost.

"What is wrong?" I asked. She couldn't help but blurt out, "I'm sorry. I met your husband last night, and he introduced an incredibly sexy blond

woman as his wife."

A few nights ago I farmed our two small children out to my mother and followed my husband after he left the house. It's true; he is seeing another woman. What can I do?

—Horrified, Fort Dix, N.J.

**DEAR HORRIFIED:** Forget it. For all you know, this woman is a secret weapon, and your husband wouldn't be able to discuss it with you even if you confronted him with your findings. I suggest you enlist the help of Government Pamphlet #TO-90637, When Your Husband Is Working on a Secret Project and Can't Talk to You About It. And stop depending on your mother to baby-sit for the kids when you should be home taking care of them.

**DEAR FRANCIE:** My husband recently discovered some of my old clothes in a bag that I had meant to bring to the Salvation Army. I guess that wouldn't be a problem, but I am an escapee from the Weather Underground. My husband knew nothing about my past before he discovered those black turtlenecks and blue jeans, but now he has absolutely freaked out. He has had a high-level security check run on me, and my life has been hell.

Actually, the real problem is that I hate the military anyway. It is a racist, chauvinistic, imperialistic organization, perpetuating the myth of bloodlust and violence on the world, making the planet safe for corporate greed and American atrocities.

Although I hate the Army, I still love my husband. What can we do?

—Frenzied, Fort Eustis, Va.

**DEAR FRENZIED:** By the time you read this, you will be sweating it out in a hot cell somewhere, being attacked by sweaty lesbian criminals. Maybe you're happier that way. It's just a little late to be sorry about the past—if you've really left the past behind! Your security check, just between you and me, didn't look too good. I'm proud of your husband, and of the way he refused to jeopardize the fragile hold on freedom we have in this country for some "relationship."

MRS. GENERAL M. SIMMONS/Publisher MRS. CORPORAL L. MOGEL/Editor-in-Chief  
MRS. FIRST LIEUTENANT G. AGOGLIA/Managing Editor MRS. SERGEANT J. WEBER/Art Director  
MRS. COLONEL H. JUROFSKY/Business Manager and Advertising Manager

EDITORS: FOOD: Mrs. Corporal I. N. Zendo CRAFTS: Mrs. Lieutenant H. J. Branchusen FASHIONS AND HOME FURNISHINGS: Mrs. Major F. W. Olmstead SPECIAL FEATURES: Mrs. Second Lieutenant W. H. Rah TRUE STORIES OF REAL LIFE: Mrs. Rear Admiral C. F. Colwell

FOUNDER: Mrs. Brigadier General Elmo Blufenbacher (1902-1968)

ARMY WIFE is published monthly by Wife Magazine, Inc. for the wives of men married to their military careers. Address all queries, manuscripts, and other material to Wife Magazine, Inc., The Pentagon, Washington, D.C. All submissions must be accompanied by Form #398-057, "Approved Material Submitted by an Army Wife Which Does Not in Any Way Suggest That Being Married to a Military Man Might Be a Pretty Weak Excuse for a Human Existence." Material to be submitted to "Readers' Corner" may be submitted without Form #398-057, provided that the contents have been approved with the counsel of a supervisory officer by the Department of Inspectors General for Military Spouses, Fort Benning, Georgia.

We're there.  
You're not.





## The Long Vigil of Margaret Brick

She packed his overnight bag seven years ago. His mission continues; her life goes on.



**D**eath wears dress blues for the military wife. The archetypal image nestles ominously in the back of her head: two officers, dressed in full uniform, approach her front door. "We have news about your husband," one of them says.

Seven years ago, Margaret Brick saw death stroll up her driveway. It was the summer of 1976, America's 200th Birthday. Her life hasn't been the same since.

Oddly enough, death was the furthest thing from Margaret Brick's mind when she saw the two military representatives. "Jim had been drinking a lot that year," she recalls, "and I thought for sure they just had him rolled up in the back seat of their car and wanted to know where they should toss him. I opened the door, and I can clearly remember yelling upstairs to the kids, 'Dad's drunk and disorderly again.'"

The two officers who had come to the Brick house couldn't help but crack a smile. Colonel James Brick's reputation throughout the camp was that of a hell-raiser, a rough-and-tumble guy who had good times in his bloodstream. Just a few weeks before, Brick and a defense contractor who made prototype small jet bombers had

caused quite a stir when they took off on a drunken midnight ride from Fort Bliss, New Mexico, and tested the bomber's night scope on wetbacks crossing the Rio Grande. Brick spent three days in the slammer for that one, but was released with all charges dropped when the Border Patrol commended him for his discovery of a new weapon against illegal aliens.

"I'm afraid that's not the case," the younger of the two officers told Mrs. Brick. She felt the adrenaline pound through her system. "Your husband has been asked to join a top-secret government mission. He is alive, and on his way to join his colleagues. I've come for his travel bag, which by Army regulation should be packed and waiting for him at all times."

"Will that be the three-day bag or the one-week bag?" Margaret Brick asked, ever the efficient Army Wife.

The two soldiers could only stare at each other. Finally, the older officer spoke.

"Let's put it this way, Mrs. Brick. I don't think you should set a place for him this Christmas."

"Or next Christmas either, probably," the younger man blurted.

"My God, what has he become involved in?" Margaret knew that the information would most likely be con-

fidential, but she felt she had to ask.

"Mrs. Brick, I know that you probably had to ask," the older officer responded, "but that information is confidential. I am under strict orders to keep the details of your husband's movements under highest security. I'm afraid that all I can tell you is that I have been sent to retrieve his overnight bag, and that he will be in touch with you soon to inform you further."

Margaret gave the bag over to the officers—having slipped a small memento of herself into it, a photo of her and Jim on their honeymoon, when he hung her over the side of a helicopter by her ankles, just as a joke.

Colonel Brick has been gone for seven years. Since then, the Brick family receives only the rare phone call, letter, or scrambled-signal telephone call from him.

"It doesn't even sound like him," Margaret says. "They say that they bounce his calls off a couple of anti-counterespionage satellites or something like that. All I know is it sounds like they replaced his larynx with S.O.S. pads.

"We've gotten used to it, and in fact our youngest, little Jimmy, always gets a big laugh when he imitates Dad at the dinner table by talking and blowing bubbles in his water glass. Quite a cutup, that Jimmy. I wish his dad could see him."

What is most fascinating about Margaret Brick is that she has become a textbook example of what Army psychologists term the "advanced separation syndrome." This malady, which affects women who have been separated from their husbands for a particularly long time, moves in five stages:

- 1) Acceptance
- 2) Rejection
- 3) Fear for the husband's well-being
- 4) Insecurity about the future
- 5) Development of a total coping mechanism, coupled with a wish that the husband never return at all.

"Yep, stage five, that's me," Margaret Brick claims. "I really hope that this secret mission just keeps going on forever. I mean, I've got my feet on the ground, I'm happy, the kids are happy. Who knows what kind of animal Jim will come back as? It's not like I need the money or anything—they forward his paycheck right here."

And so we leave Mrs. Margaret Brick. "If you could give your husband a message, what would it be?"

"Have fun, enjoy yourself, we're fine. Don't feel you have to hurry back on our account. And whatever you hear about me and Corporal Riordan is absolutely not true."





**DEAR SGT. FIX-IT:** I recently purchased a build-it-yourself dinette set from a mail-order house. The set arrived at our home, after several months' delay, in terrible condition. Most of the pieces

were broken or scratched, and many of the small fasteners were missing. I phoned this mail-order house, and they told me that no refund was available. I believe they may have been laughing when they were talking to me, but I can't be sure, as *I* was crying.

My husband and I were recently married in a forty-five-minute ceremony following his graduation from the Army ROTC, and I blew all of the wedding-gift money on this set. I so wanted to impress him. What can I do?—Ripped Off, Fort Monmouth, N.J.

**DEAR RIPPED OFF:** You have learned a valuable lesson, and fortunately you have learned it early in your young life. If you had purchased your dinette set from your own PX or commissary, none of this would have happened. But what did happen? You were impatient. You believed the coupon from the mail-order house that said "Allow six weeks for delivery." Can you recall this coupon exactly? The coupon did not say "We will deliver in six weeks," did it? Of course not. But you thought that six weeks from some flaky civilian mail-order house was quicker than the time it would take Uncle Sam to deliver the same dinette set. Well, you have paid dearly, haven't you? Perhaps you will remember in the future to BUY GOVERNMENT ISSUE, won't you?

**DEAR SGT. FIX-IT:** We live in the base housing at Fort Bragg. Recently, our sink developed a deep reddish-brown stain. We've tried everything to remove this, but to no avail. Can you help us?

—Rusted, Fort Bragg, N.C.

**DEAR RUSTED:** You are in the possession of a regulation S-89 Stainless Steel Sink. When this sink was designed by the Army Corps of Engineers for use in the standardized housing of all United States military posts, there was no such thing as diet-cola carbonated soda beverages. I suspect that you or a member of your family is a regular consumer of diet-cola carbonated soda beverages. Perhaps the remnants of one of your partially consumed diet-cola carbonated soda beverages has found its way into your S-89 Stainless Steel

# We Pack Everything



Next time you're leading your troops onto a new beachhead, enlist the services of the mover that understands your special problems—Victory Movers.

We'll pack up the entire household, including plants, children, and pets—even the tropical fish! We'll transport them to your new home in specially designed living environments. We'll make the pit stops. We'll listen to the crying and the whining. And we'll keep them well-fed, busy, and happy.

Your precious ones will arrive at their new home as fresh and perky as the day you watched them stroll up the ramp. And the two of you will have had some very special time together.

**Remember — across the street or around the globe — to the Victor go the spoiled.**

**Victory Movers**



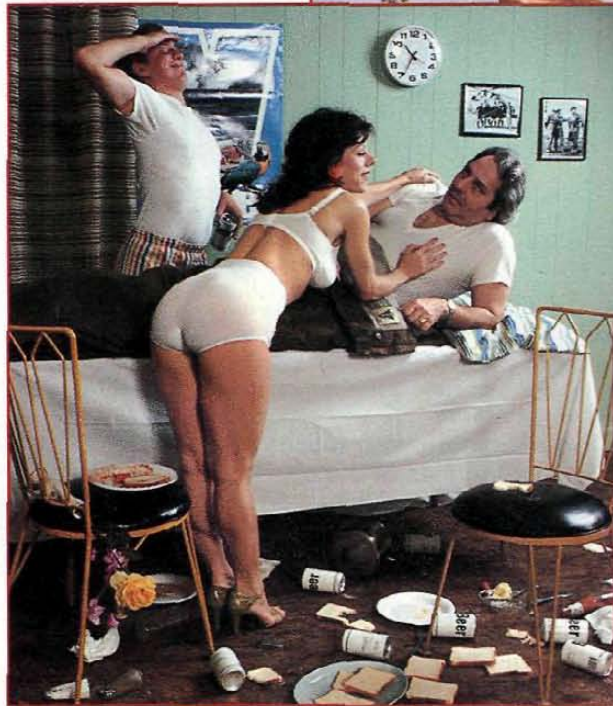
# ☆☆☆ TRIPLE-DUTY DINING ROOMS

This month, we turn our attention to regulation base-housing dining area #DR-9867. Our battalion of designers has really stormed the bastions of good taste to bring you a dining room that will not only double your living space, but will serve triple-duty in function as well.

All of the materials used here are available at your local commissary, and can be purchased for under \$87—a price you can surely afford on a month's salary, if you cut out one or two meals a day, keep the lights out at night, and get a part-time job.

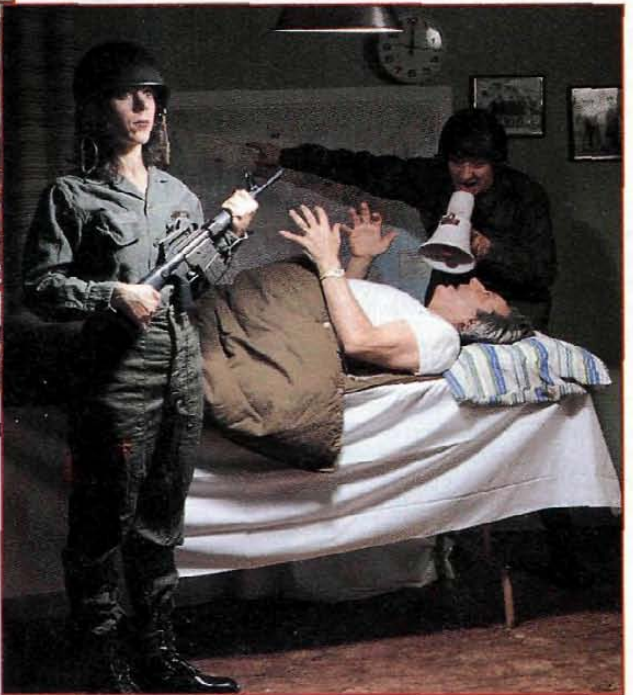
## ☆☆ DINING ROOM

When guests are over for dinner, this fabulous dining area serves with style. The dinette set is unit #KD-9870, and can be found in standard housing erected after 1962. Serving as a tablecloth is designer sheet #S-6, available on special order. The darling picture on the wall is available from any travel agent, absolutely free. Many wives like to coordinate their dinner menus with the poster. "Hot beans, anyone?"



## ☆☆☆ GUEST ROOM

Sometimes your guests plan to stay, sometimes it just turns out that way. There's no better way to play taps for your lucky guests than to roll out the welcome mat—right on top of dinette unit #KD-9870. The welcome mat is regulation bedding outfit #BO-87, and can be purchased from a surplus office anywhere.



## ☆☆☆ WAR ROOM

Red Alert! Whether it's the real thing or a realistic drill, you'll want to be ready to take on the world with plenty of style. You and your guest will be able to plan troop movements, make important strategic decisions, and commander counterattacks skill-

fully from this fully equipped war room. Your guests will never have to worry about sleeping through the war with this fully operational facility on your premises. The full outfit is available by mail or at your local NATO warehouse, for a low \$47.50.

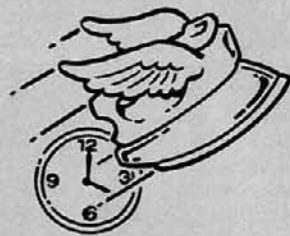


Sink, thus causing the stain.

The stain cannot be removed. Repeat. The stain cannot be removed. Don't worry. Thanks to a waiver granted by the Government Accounting Office, we will not seek the deduction normally levied against the salary of military personnel in cases involving destruction of government property. A new sink, we feel, is a small price to pay for your vigilance in maintaining proper weight load for a military wife.

To obtain a new sink, approach the purchasing officer at Fort Bragg and request Form #40989, "Request for a New Sink to Replace Model #S-89, Destroyed by Indiscriminate Disposal of a Diet-Cola Carbonated Soda Beverage." The form must be completed, in triplicate, in order for a new sink to be installed in your residence. Allow three years for delivery.

## READERS' CORNER



Although I followed regulation ironing procedures and even hand-starched my husband's uniforms, those annoying little wrinkles and creases still cropped up while they hung in the closet or lay in his drawer. When my husband noticed them, he would become deeply depressed, and often threatened to shoot me, the children, or himself. I also strongly feel that these wrinkles held him back from being promoted to the rank he fully deserves.

Now I iron his uniforms on the day that he wears them. How do I find the time? By getting up at 4:00 A.M. These quiet, peaceful hours allow me the opportunity to fully concentrate on my task, and I also find that the solitude helps me get in touch with myself a little better. I know that my husband has noticed the improvement in his clothes, and we're just waiting for that promotion to come through.

Mrs. Sgt. P. J. Riordan  
Bethesda, Md.

ARMY WIFE awards PX and commissary credit of twenty-five dollars for use of your suggestions in Readers' Corner.

# Can You Pass Inspection?

The Army provides a good living for a lot of you girls out there. But have you noticed how so many can't live up to the challenge of that lifestyle? Perhaps they have no regard for the American way. Perhaps they were brought up on the wrong side of the tracks. Perhaps now that they have a man on the hook they think they can dress, speak, and act as they damn well please.

On the other hand, perhaps they're Communist sympathizers. Perhaps they are anarchists. Maybe they are bent on weakening the strong moral fiber that holds this country together.

The fact is, it's impossible to tell who's a slob and who's attempting an overthrow of the Pentagon. So we all have to be on our guard—and look SHARP!

### LET ELMO SHOW YOU THE WAY

Now there's a book that will separate the Women from the Pinko Joy-Rags who are seeping into our ranks. Its author is none other than our beloved General Elmo J. Blufenbacher. Over the past four decades, as the husband of the beloved founder of *Army Wife* magazine and then as the widower of the beloved founder, Elmo has shared his wisdom, grace, and knowledge as chief of Army-wife protocol.

### BEING HOPELESSLY DULL AND STUPID REFLECTS BADLY ON YOUR HUSBAND

In *Passing Inspection*, Elmo shows you how to keep up a pretty profile all day, every day. Even if you were raised in a trailer court. Most Army wives who do their husbands great credit at official functions put that same good man to shame when they show their faces during the workaday week. It's a slipup that has cost many men their careers.

### HERE'S A QUIZ

What follows is a list of questions and answers, commonly known as a quiz. "But Elmo," you might say, "although I graduated with a Ph.D. in philosophy, I've been treated like such a nimwad all of my married life that now I can barely read."

To which Elmo says, "Do it now, woman, or give me fifty."

Take this quiz from Elmo's new book:

- It is acceptable to leave the house for errands in
  - fatigues
  - a delightful little frilly blouse and skirt, with your hair in a ponytail and just the right amount of makeup on your face
  - pajamas
  - a M\*A\*S\*H T-shirt
- Your husband is in the ninth month of his year-long mission to a far-off country. One of his best friends calls and suggests that you have him over for his favorite dinner, just the two of you. You should

## Is This You?



- make sure your authentic M\*A\*S\*H 4077 T-shirt is clean
- call his wife and find out what his favorite dinner is
- tell him to never call you again
- see if you can get him to take you out to a restaurant

3. Your husband has finally retired, and he now desires to spend a great deal of time with you. You should prepare to

- welcome him into your life, but set down a few guidelines about the way you run the house
- forget everything you ever knew about homemaking, since he'll probably spend the first six months telling you that you've been doing everything wrong for the last forty years

c) tell him to beat it and go work for a corporation or do something useful  
d) file for divorce

4. Everyone on base knows that your husband is involved with the file clerk in his office, and until you find out, they know that you are ignorant of his indiscretion. Finally, you find out—and everyone knows that you know that they know. Your public appearance should convey

- resignation and a touch of despair
- suicidal depression
- joy that your husband has attained a measure of happiness in this important area of his life
- a willingness to put out for any man who asks you

5. Forty-eight hours after moving onto a new base, your youngest child is accused of stealing two bikes from down the street. The bikes actually disappeared weeks before your arrival, and your child is too young to ride anyway. You should

- deny that he stole the bike
- wait for your husband to come home, and don't leave the house or look out the window until then
- accept this as the ritualistic humiliation that it is, and offer to buy new bikes for every kid on the block
- admit that your child stole the bike, and then send the child away to military school

### HERE ARE THE ANSWERS:

1.b 2.b 3.d 4.c and d 5.c

### THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE ETIQUETTE TUNNEL

Do some of these responses strike you as strange? Well, every one is based on accepted and proper customs in military life. Military etiquette, as you may already know, is about as easy to understand as the Code of Hammurabi in Sanskrit.

That's why you owe it to yourself to put this coupon and some cash in an envelope today and purchase a copy of Elmo Blufenbacher's *Passing Inspection: A Guide to Military Etiquette*.

Yes! I'm a hopelessly dull, stupid washrag of a housewife with a need to perk up my bod to keep my husband on the road to the Pentagon. I enclose \$14.95 plus tax (no stamps or PX credits, please) for each copy.

Check here and receive, absolutely free, Elmo Blufenbacher's "Hairstyles to Die For."

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



## High by Noon

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62)

I knew he meant business. A couple of lives hung in the balance. After dinner and dancing till dawn I'd drag my miserable bones away from brunch and look right into it.

**N**EXT MORNING I KICKED Muffin quietly out of bed and made a beeline to the cabinet to swallow some aspirins and Placidyls to get steady. With a 'baccy pouch full of coke and a breeze up from the Southwest, I cruised out to where the models had been grazing to see if I could find a clue—some heel tracks, a bit of broken fingernail, a mascara wand, anything. By the Givenchy creek I sniffed a hint of Opium in the air and figured I was closing in. Sure enough, around the next bend I come upon a fine handsome blonde shiverin' and shakin' on all fours, and looking more lost than a fur trapper in Bloomingdale's. Her lips were as dry as a tumbleweed's memories, and her face badly in need of a moisturizer. "I've been out here for days," she moaned, thrashin' about in the thistles. "Where's the mirror?"

After elementary makeup aid I coaxed out enough snide remarks and

pointed looks to get the lowdown. Seems she'd wandered off from the rest of the herd, grazing for fresh crudités and looking for a Perrier stream all by her lonesome. While cavorting back she saw a couple of ill-tailored louts loading her stablemates into large custom-designed vans labeled YSL. Saint Laurent originals dangled in front of their perfect noses, and there was quite near a stampege up the runway.

I gave the poor girl a canteen of white wine and directions to the nearest party and headed off to pay a visit to "Frenchy" Laurent, knowing I've got more to worry about than the price of a Rolls if Yves has mixed himself up in the model-rustling business. He'd always set traps to catch an assortment of brightly vested ski bums, but who didn't in these parts? Some things a sheriff's got to overlook if he's gonna get his job done and receive invitations to all the better parties. But model rustling from a fellow herder was a different bowl of gazpacho. That's the sort of thing that could bring the whole valley down in bloody fashion wars quicker than you could say "Perry Ellis."

I hopped on my skis and struck off toward Yves's spread, whizzing past acres of fallow tweed fields. Yves is a closet alkie like most Frogmen, so I'm hopping the whole business is his idea of

a joke, like the time he massaged some liver pâté onto Jackie O's breasts and told her she had the panache of a cigarette-stuffed can of malt liquor.

I guess it's true what they say about the French havin' the wit and style of a dog's insides, and their mothers' praying at birth for sons to attain the dignity and circumspection of an Algerian junkie's dental records.

But that and a twenty will get you a copy of *Edie*, so I dug in my poles and continued my trek past the sacred burial night spots of the Skidoo Indians, they of the fearsome ski mask and beer-filled cooler, ugly and misshapen brutes who drive as though born atop a snowmobile and who'd like nothing better than to plow your carcass under a snowdrift while out on one of their juiced-up midnight joyrides.

**I**RANG THE BELL OF THE STURDY mahogany cabin and followed the butler into a sunken nest of silk cushions surrounding a low glass table with a lot of parka skins strewed about for warmth. There were shelves of brass doohickies, and tapestries with flowers and birds, and silken screens, so that the whole place reminded you of a Korean cathouse durin' the war.

Yves entered, wearin' a birdshit-colored kimono and a smile he'd filched from a shoe salesman. He was dragging two leashed chows, and they was carrying on, yapping in that high-pitched insane squeak that is an insult to real dogs everywhere.

"The jig's up, Yves," I informed him. "I want those models. After drinks, of course."

Saint Laurent pulled a golden cord, and a tanned and topless blonde appeared to offer me a glass of whiskey with a hunk of sushi inside.

"You designers know as much about real drinking as I do about chicken wrestling," I muttered, downing the scaly highball in a gulp.

Yves trotted over to a lacquered chest adorned with scrollwork and withdrew a small box. "We know something about decoration," he said, gesturing toward a Ming vase. "And about—death!" he exclaimed, fumbling with the latch and eventually removing a gold-chambered pistol.

The missin' herd of model sashayed in from the cloth shed, carrying stacked cords of material. "It's to die!" cried a lanky brunette, poking her anorexic roommate in the shoulder. "Yves is throwing an outrageous three-piece snit."

My heart then fell like a ton of  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 77)





ARMAGEDDON HAS COME TO NEWBERG. THERE IS A HISSING OF HEAT AMONG THE RUBBLE, AN ACHE OF RADIOACTIVE DECAY. DEATH AND DISEASE CLAW THE COALS LIKE A BEAST, A TERRIBLE BEAST WITH NO NERVE ENDINGS IN ITS CLAWS, OR WITH AT LEAST SOME KIND OF PROTECTIVE COVERING ON THEM. OF THE FEW INHABITANTS OF THE CITY LEFT ALIVE, ONLY ONE MAN IS TRAINED TO HELP THEM SURVIVE THE HORRORS OF THIS HIDEOUS NEW WORLD. MEET THE LAST DOCTOR IN NEWBERG...

WHOOA, GIRL.

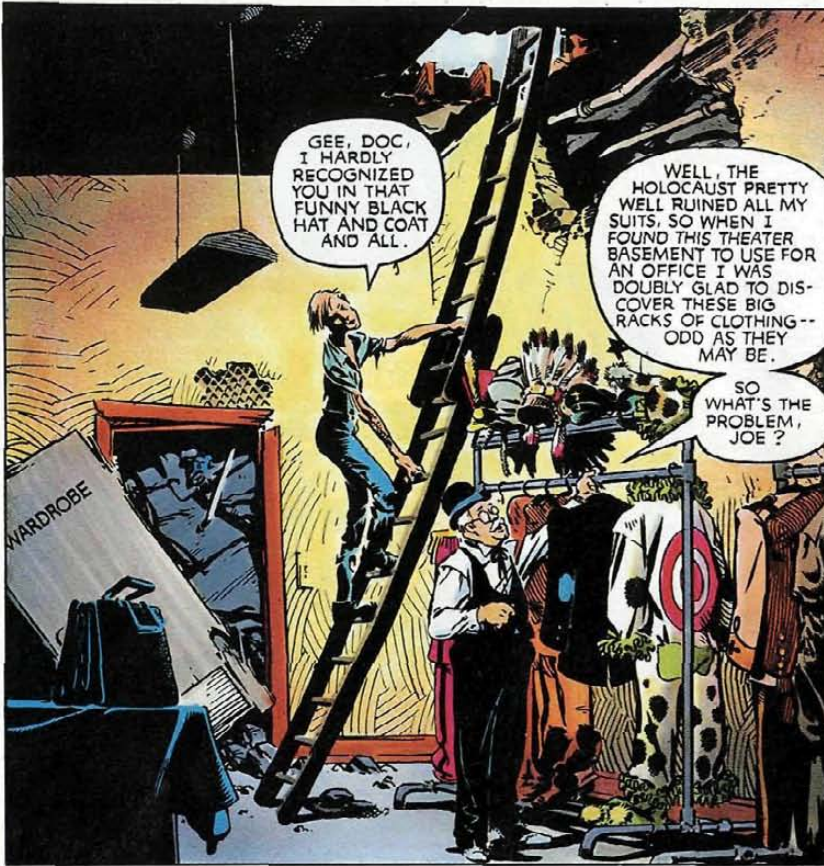
# HERBERT CRAWLEY, ARMAGEDDON M.D.

HEY, DOC. GOT A MINUTE?

SURE, JOE.

NEWBERG CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS





GEE, DOC, I HARDLY RECOGNIZED YOU IN THAT FUNNY BLACK HAT AND COAT AND ALL.

WELL, THE HOLOCAUST PRETTY WELL RUINED ALL MY SUITS, SO WHEN I FOUND THIS THEATER BASEMENT TO USE FOR AN OFFICE I WAS DOUBLY GLAD TO DISCOVER THESE BIG RACKS OF CLOTHING-- ODD AS THEY MAY BE.

SO WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, JOE?

WELL, I DON'T KNOW, DOC. THESE DAMN THERMIC-RADIATION BLISTERS HAVE BEEN KICKING UP AGAIN, AND MY RETINAS STILL SEEM A LITTLE TENDER, AND I FEEL LIKE MY IMMUNE SYSTEM'S NOT ALL THAT IT SHOULD BE. YOU KNOW, I'M GETTING MUCH MORE TUBERCULOSIS, DIPHTHERIA, TYPHUS, CHOLERA, AND PLAGUE THAN I'VE EVER HAD BEFORE, DOC, AND THAT'S NOT EVEN COUNTING ALL THESE BONE-MARROW INFECTIONS THAT KEEP BOTHERING ME. WHAT IS IT, DOC, AM I A WRECK OR WHAT?



SO, HOW'S BUSINESS?

OH, YOU KNOW, UP ONE DAY, DOWN THE NEXT. GOT A DEAL ON SOME APARTMENTS YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN, THOUGH. EIGHTY UNITS, BEYOND THE BLAST RADIUS. BUILDER WANTS SIXTEEN DOLLARS A FOOT, 30 PERCENT DOWN. HE'LL CARRY THE PAPER.



EXCUSE ME, DOC.

I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY BABY. CAN YOU HAVE A LOOK AT HIM?

OH, ER, I'M A LITTLE PRESSED FOR TIME, BUT SURE, BRING HIM IN.



MY GOODNESS! SORRY, DOC. HE'S SO DIFFICULT TO CONTROL.

WELL, HEH-HEH, THEY OFTEN ARE AT THAT AGE.

SCREEEE





TELL ME, MA'AM, HAS THERE BEEN ANY TYPE OF DISRUPTIVE OR ANXIETY-PRODUCING SITUATION IN YOUR FAMILY LATELY? YOU KNOW, DIVORCE, UNEMPLOYMENT, THAT SORT OF THING?

YOU MEAN, ALL THIS WILD ENERGY LARRY HAS COULD JUST BE EMOTIONAL?

COME TO THINK OF IT, HE DID TAKE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HIS FATHER AND BROTHERS AND SISTERS PRETTY HARD.

THEY'RE MISSING?

NO, VAPORIZED.

OH, SORRY TO HEAR THAT. VAPORIZING ISN'T EASY ON SOME CHILDREN. PERHAPS YOU SHOULD SPEND A LITTLE EXTRA TIME WITH LARRY, GET INVOLVED IN HIS LIFE, SHOW HIM THE WORLD ISN'T SUCH A BAD PLACE AFTER ALL.

SCREEE SCREEE



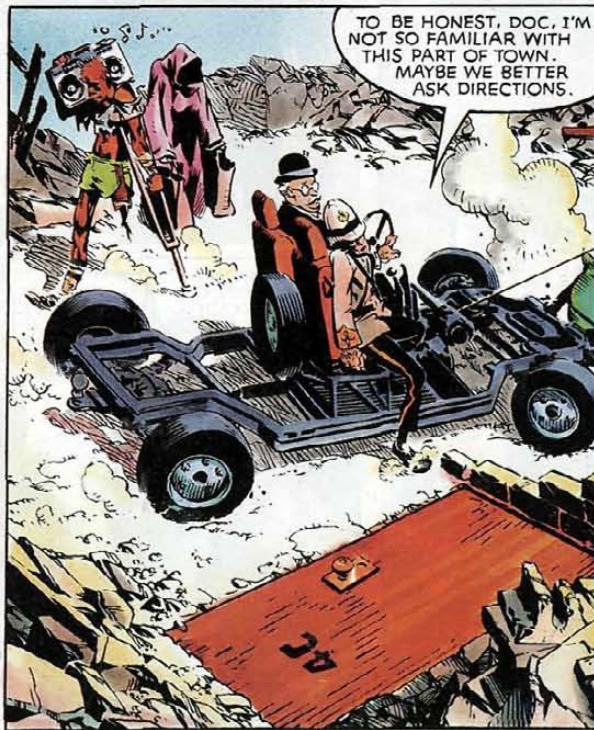
DARN GAS LINES. SAY, JOE, WHY DON'T YOU GRAB SOME FRESH CLOTHES OFF THE RACK HERE, AND WE'LL RUN BY THOSE APARTMENTS.



THANKS FOR THE CLOTHES, DOC. WHAT KIND OF CLOTHES DO YOU SUPPOSE THESE ARE?

NOT SURE, JOE.

THESE APARTMENTS NEARBY, ARE THEY?



TO BE HONEST, DOC, I'M NOT SO FAMILIAR WITH THIS PART OF TOWN. MAYBE WE BETTER ASK DIRECTIONS.



KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK





YES... MAY WE HELP YOU?

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU PEOPLE, BUT WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE RIDGEVIEW APARTMENTS. BRAND-NEW, VIDEO SECURITY, PRIVATE TERRACES...

OH, SURE, I KNOW THE ONES YOU MEAN. KIND OF RUSTIC-LOOKING, OUT-IN THE COUNTRY YET CONVENIENT TO DOWNTOWN. THEY'RE ABOUT THREE MILES UP THE ROAD -- JUST BEYOND THE BLAST RADIUS.

WHERE'D YOU GET THOSE CLOTHES? ARE YOU IN A BAND?

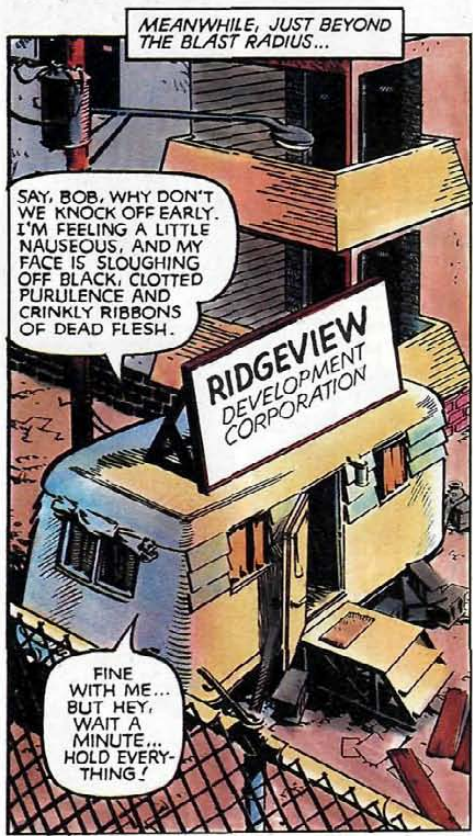


GEE, JOE, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE IN A BAND.

NO, DOC, IT WAS JUST A DELIRIOUS QUESTION FROM THAT KID IN THE TRENCH.

OH. I UNDERSTAND THERE'S A LOT OF MONEY IN THE MUSIC INDUSTRY. ANY WAY FOR AN INDIVIDUAL INVESTOR TO GET IN ON THAT?

I'LL CHECK ON IT.



MEANWHILE, JUST BEYOND THE BLAST RADIUS...

SAY, BOB, WHY DON'T WE KNOCK OFF EARLY. I'M FEELING A LITTLE NAUSEOUS, AND MY FACE IS SLOUGHING OFF BLACK, CLOTTED PURULENCE AND CRINKLY RIBBONS OF DEAD FLESH.

FINE WITH ME... BUT HEY, WAIT A MINUTE... HOLD EVERYTHING!



WHAT IS IT, BOB?

A DOCTOR! I SMELL A DOCTOR! GET OUT THE CONTRACTS AND THE CALCULATOR, PAL. I SMELL A DOCTOR!

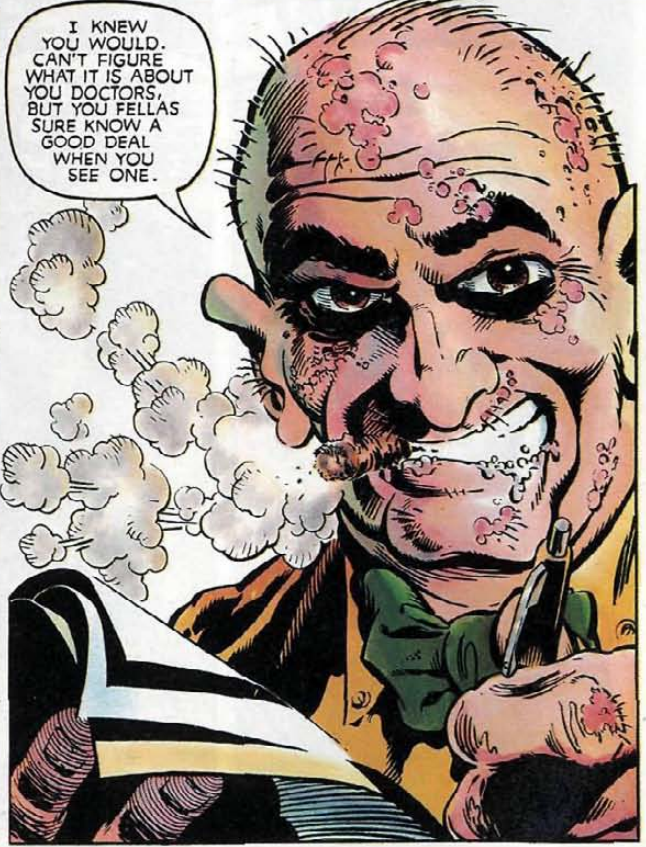
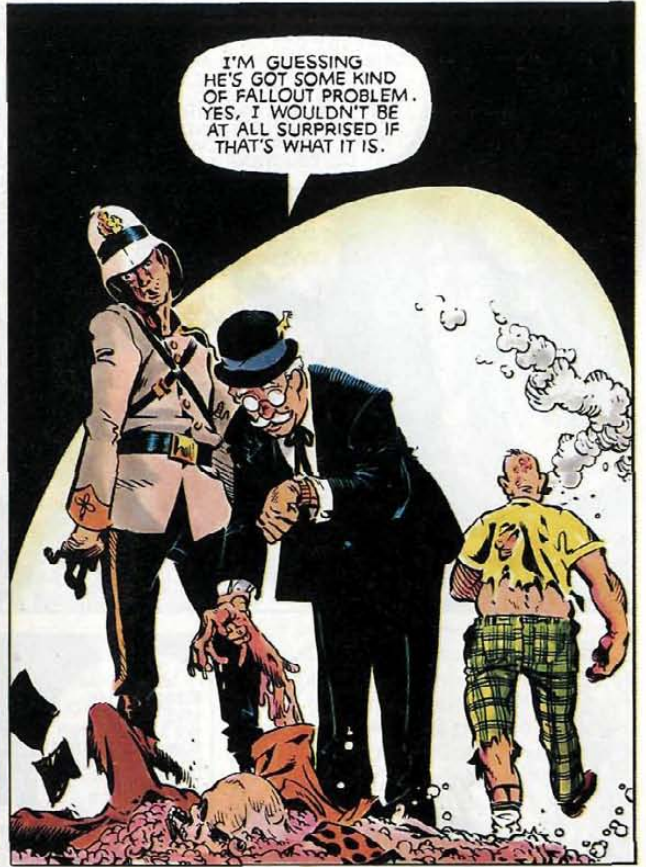


AS YOU CAN SEE FROM THE SIZE OF THE POOL, DOCTOR, EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS PROPERTY IS STRICTLY DELUXE.

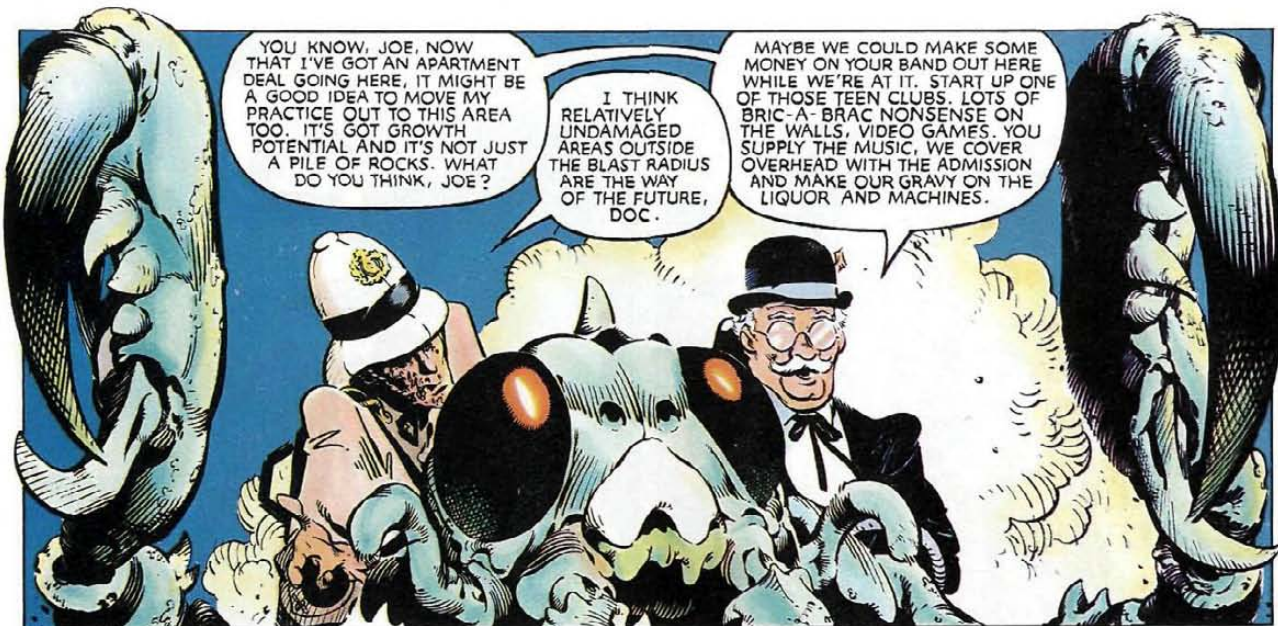
MM-HMM. TALK TO ME ABOUT DEMOGRAPHICS.

I'LL LET DON HANDLE THAT QUESTION FOR YOU, DOCTOR. DON?









YOU KNOW, JOE, NOW THAT I'VE GOT AN APARTMENT DEAL GOING HERE, IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO MOVE MY PRACTICE OUT TO THIS AREA TOO. IT'S GOT GROWTH POTENTIAL AND IT'S NOT JUST A PILE OF ROCKS. WHAT DO YOU THINK, JOE?

I THINK RELATIVELY UNDAMAGED AREAS OUTSIDE THE BLAST RADIUS ARE THE WAY OF THE FUTURE, DOC.

MAYBE WE COULD MAKE SOME MONEY ON YOUR BAND OUT HERE WHILE WE'RE AT IT. START UP ONE OF THOSE TEEN CLUBS. LOTS OF BRIC-A-BRAC NONSENSE ON THE WALLS, VIDEO GAMES. YOU SUPPLY THE MUSIC, WE COVER OVERHEAD WITH THE ADMISSION AND MAKE OUR GRAYV ON THE LIQUOR AND MACHINES.



BUT I DON'T HAVE A BAND.



OKAY, FORGET THE LIVE MUSIC. WE'LL PIPE IN SOME RECORDED STUFF. NO ONE'LL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE. WHY DON'T YOU CHECK IT OUT FOR ME?

SURE, DOC. I MIGHT HAVE TO HOLD OFF FOR A WHILE, THOUGH-- I'M FEELING PRETTY NAUSEOUS AND OXIDIZED JUST NOW.

NO HURRY, JOE. GET SOME REST. WE'LL GO OVER IT AGAIN WHEN YOU'RE FEELING MORE YOURSELF.

THANKS, DOC. I THINK THAT WOULD BE BEST.

END.



## High by Noon

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70)

Braques, as who should waltz down the runway but Bianca, flashing a grin.

**I**T'S A SIMPLE STORY," SHE BEGAN. "Yves and I need money. I have always wanted to be the most powerful Nicaraguan in the solar system, while Yves harbors a secret desire to be a fabulous Las Vegas performer."

Saint Laurent blushed like a backwoods schoolboy come a-sparkin' Ann-Margret. "Ever since I'm a boy, I love the impersonators. They mimic me so, thus." He demonstrated, puffin' out his little cheeks and patting his stomach. "I am Orson Welles, no? 'Where is the little sled that I have love for as a boy?'" He smiled like he'd just done in a nest of rattlers with a flip-top.

"I take the models and turn them to my show girls," he continued. "I fatten them up with buckets of cheesecake, until their bosoms go out and Americans become excited in the way of men over them and their new mounds of flesh, and with the feathers in their hair, perhaps the ice-skating horse or two with fire from the nose, and..." It wasn't until the horse part that Bianca took her knee to his plumbin' and told him to shush.

"Yves obviously needs the money to buy a casino to stage his own act," she concluded. She paused to examine her face in a small compact. "Sheriff, how long would you say Americans have been drinking in their cars?" The question caught me off guard, but she continued without a hoot from this end. "The United States has the world's most technically advanced automotive-bar technology in the world. I include, of course, accessories designed for the consumption of juices and dairy products. Countless countries are battling for this information. What type of alloy is most suitable for shaker construction for the urban driver? Why will this sixteen-ounce beer remain in its Porta-holder at eighty miles per hour, but spill out when the vehicle backs into a parking meter? Aspen is headquarters for eleven separate automotive-bar-accessories corporations. A gal does a little sleeping—whoops! I mean snooping—around, and she'll dig up a few facts people will pay for..."

"Japanese people for one," added a new voice.

Inoki came through the door, and this time it wasn't with a platterful of eggs or the newspaper. He spoke as pure an American as an Idaho farm boy. Maybe even better.

"Bianca's quite correct. My company, Asahi Journeycup,\* will take the information these two have gathered and mass-produce the finest highway- and road-drinking accessories the world has ever seen—bar none!" He laughed till he was about to lose his choppers at his own joke. "Truman snooped around, so we gave him the French-fry treatment. That should be enough. Diana was another story. The exploding fish egg didn't keep her off the trail, so we had to take more drastic measures."

I had as much chance as a hobo at a Newport social tryin' to pass hisself off in a tux made of dish towels, but I had to give it a try, so I reached for the vase and flung it straight at Yves. Sure enough, true to his profession, he drops the gun and holds out his arms to grab it. Of course, he missed, and there's Ming all over the floor.

I grabbed the gun and started to lay into that crowd.

"I just don't know what's got into you folks" was how I began. "Seems to me a man—or a woman for that matter—well, he's gotta do what he's gotta do. I'm sorry, gals, but you models could never be real show girls. It takes more'n cheesecake and fancy promises to turn

you into healthy chorusgirl types."

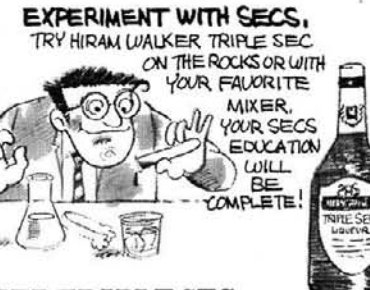
I turned to face Yves, lookin' as hangdog as if he'd ordered buffalo chips in a fancy-pants chow house. "Yves, your imitations are terrible. No one wants to see some lame Frog grinnin' and struttin' like a feather-mouthed coyote up onstage. Stick with what you know best—a needle and thread and puttin' your name on things."

I turned toward the girl who broke my heart. "As for you, Bianca, just stay the best whore in this whole jiz-soaked valley."

Well, the models whined a bit about how terrible it was to be back on diets, and Yves pouted awhile, but the lot of 'em took it pretty well. A couple of corpses had to be swept under the Oriental rug, but that's the way justice gets done. It ain't pretty, but it's Aspen.

I booted that connivin', deceitful Jap out of town myself, and he skedaddled from the territory. Some say he killed a man, but that's not the here nor there. This ol' gate-crasher ain't paid to think on such matters. I just grabbed my gun and put an extra blast into John Denver for luck, since there's no use fussin' about what's gone and done. ■

# A Hiram Walker course in Secs education.



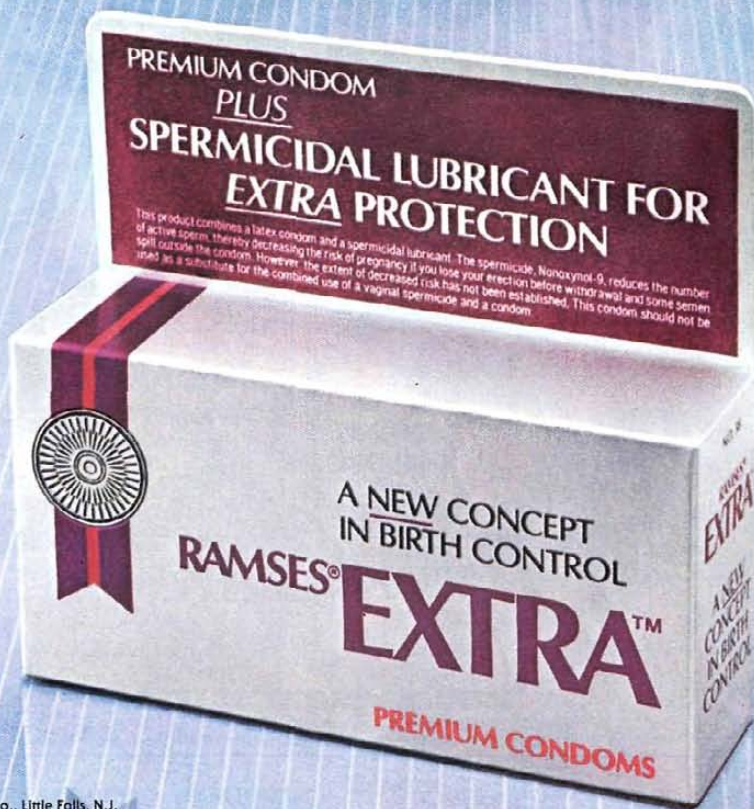
## HIRAM WALKER TRIPLE SEC

For a free recipe booklet, write Hiram Walker Cordials, P.O. Box 2235, Farmington Hills, Mich. 48018  
© 1982, Triple Sec, 60 Proof Liqueur, Hiram Walker Inc., Farmington Hills, Mich.



CONDOMS ARE CONDOMS.

**BUT**  
**NEW RAMSES® EXTRA** <sup>T.M.</sup>  
**IS A REVOLUTION.**



It's the most revolutionary advance since the invention of the condom. It's so different it makes all the others seem out-dated.

It's called new Ramses Extra. And the "extra" is a spermicide.

As you probably know, spermicides are designed to destroy sperm. Safely. Quickly.

And Ramses Extra is the first and only condom lubricated with a spermicide to give you that extra contraception. Extra confidence. Extra protection. Without any mess.

Yet Ramses Extra is thin, strong and very sensitive.

And that should make both of you feel extra comfortable.

**The most contraceptive condom ever.**  
**Now in the U.S.**

Each Ramses Extra is individually electronically tested.

# FOTO FUNNIES

WATCH OUT, THERE'S A *SHOCKING, UNEXPECTED TWIST* IN THE FIFTH FRAME OF THIS FOTO FUNNY.



BECAUSE OF ITS *STARTLING NATURE*, NO READERS WILL BE ADMITTED AFTER PANEL 3.



ANY READERS WITH *WEAK HEARTS* OR *NERVOUS CONDITIONS* ARE ADVISED TO TURN THE PAGE NOW FOR THEIR OWN SAFETY.



SO BRACE YOURSELF FOR THE *AWESOME SURPRISE CLIMAX* WHICH IS ABOUT TO COME.



*TA-DAAA!*



OF COURSE, SOME OF OUR MORE *ASTUTE READERS* MAY HAVE *SEEN* THAT COMING.







**A license to  
drive doesn't  
mean  
a license to  
drink.**

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

CERTIFIED  
**TRUE  
FACTS**

**T**HE SEATTLE TIMES published a listing of more than fifty special events scheduled throughout the state of Washington last fall, including the "Super Bullerama" in Benton City and the "Children's Salmon Derby" in Port Angeles. Also listed among the celebrations were a Snohomish, Washington, event called the "Airfield Fly-In and Corn Feed," and a gathering in Richland, Washington, billed as the "Christ the King Sausage Fest." (contributed by Carla Abrams)

ANGELO THURMAN, TWENTY-TWO, and his friends were waiting for a train at a Chicago subway station when Thurman suddenly said he would show his friends how to tell if a train was coming. Thurman then jumped down from the platform to the tracks and placed his ear to the electrified third rail. He was electrocuted. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Dolores Rider)

AFTER ONLY THIRTY MINUTES IN THE air, a Japan Airlines flight turned back and landed at New Tokyo International Airport, where an American passenger, Jacob J. Konikov of Anchorage, Alaska, was turned over to police. Konikov was charged with setting fire to sanitary napkins inside the plane's lavatory. *AP* (contributed by Peter C. Wallon)

TRADITIONAL TAXIDERMY IS BEING revolutionized by a modern freeze-drying technique already in commercial use. According to *Elastomerics*, an industrial journal, the process involves placing the dead animal in a vacuum tank where moisture can be boiled out of it at temperatures as low as forty degrees below zero. Because the tissue remains frozen as the moisture boils out, there is no distortion, shrinkage, or collapse of the tissue, though the freeze-dried pet weighs 70 percent less than it did alive. An average-size dog takes about six to seven months to freeze-dry, which costs about \$275. A Great Dane would cost about twice that amount.

Owners of dead pets are reportedly pleased with the new process. One woman who had her cat freeze-dried by a Bedford, Ohio, taxidermist said, "I can groom her just like I did when she was alive." (contributed by Fred Vigeant)

ROBERT TOBIAS, THIRTY-ONE. A former restaurant manager, was sentenced to life in prison as a habitual offender after his fifth conviction for a violent kidnapping and rape. Tobias was convicted despite his attempt to feign insanity by appearing in court with chunks of bologna in his hair. *Chicago Sun-Times* (contributed by Steffan Ohl)

LAST YEAR'S REDISTRICTING OF WASHINGTON State's legislative districts produced one precinct with no voters. The new district in Bellingham consists almost entirely of the Bayview Cemetery. There are three live residents in the new district, but none were registered to vote. "I guess it's kind of unusual to have a precinct that's made up of ninety-nine percent graves," said one official. *Seattle Times* (contributed by Bill Muse)

CBS RECORDS AGREED TO MAKE changes in the album *Combat Rock* by the Clash after a Passaic, New Jersey, firm filed suit in federal court claiming the album would harm sales of their toilet bowl cleaner, 2,000 Flushes. Flushco, Inc., makers of the product, objected to the reproduction of a com-

mercial for 2,000 Flushes in the middle of "Inoculated City," a song on the album. Claiming that his customers are traditional and patriotic, Flushco president Martin Katz charged that the music on the album was "highly anti-military in nature and calculated to bring the chain of military command into contempt and disrepute." Katz also pointed out that Flushco's customers "do not constitute a highly sophisticated segment of the buying public." *AP* (contributed by Herm Albright)

FATHER GREGORY A. BEZY, FOUNDER of the Sacred Heart Auto League, a religious highway-safety organization, died while on a visit to California. Father Gregory, as he was known, was responsible for creating the plastic statuettes of Jesus that proliferated on auto dashboards throughout the fifties and sixties. He was also responsible for removing the popular icon as the league's symbol and replacing it with a simple medallion in 1970. At the time, Father Gregory blamed the change on new windshield designs that sharply canted the glass and focused sunlight on the statuette, causing it to melt and grow squat. "It would look like a little Buddha sitting there," Father Gregory was quoted as saying. *UPI* (contributed by Sam Fields)

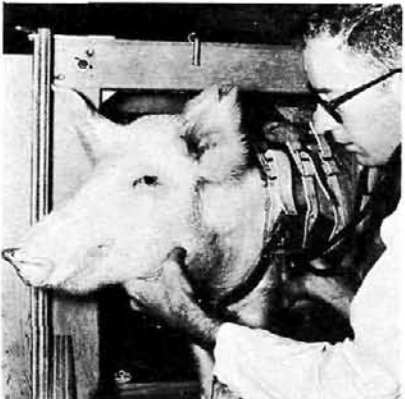
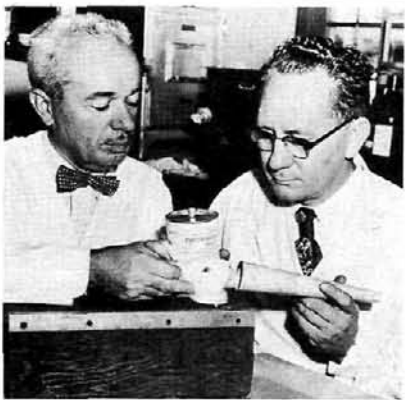
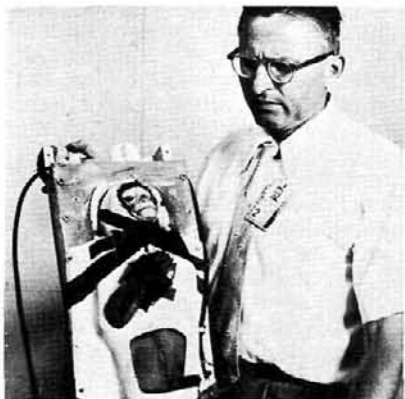
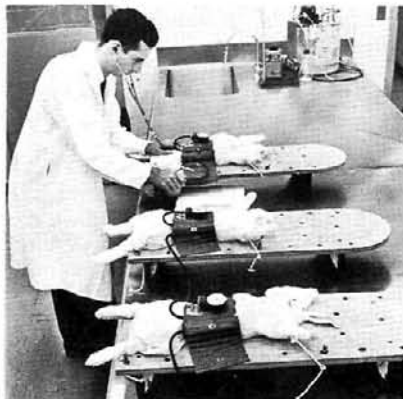
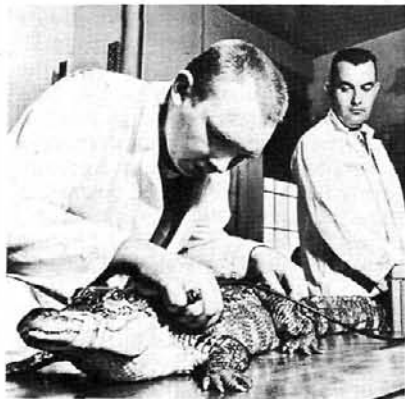
APPARENTLY ANXIOUS TO IMPRESS A potential customer, automobile salesman John Levandowski offered to take Bill Myers for a ride in the \$25,000

**Photo for Thought** Mark Chaplin, Minneapolis, Minn.





## Fun with Animals by Bill Moseley



sports car Myers was admiring. With Myers in the passenger seat, Levandowski blasted away from the Edwardsville, Pennsylvania, auto showroom and drove to nearby Wilkes-Barre at speeds of over one hundred miles per hour, pursued by police most of the way. Officers finally stopped the car and arrested Levandowski at gunpoint. "I couldn't believe the guy was a car salesman," said the arresting officer. *Grit* (contributed by Ron Hooker)

BEFORE SENTENCING A MAN FOR destroying the glass doors of the federal-court building in New York City, U.S. District Judge Henry F. Werker ordered him examined by two psychiatrists. Patrick McCarthy, the sixty-one-year-old defendant, had broken glass at federal courthouses twenty-five times in the past fourteen years, mostly in Manhattan, but also in Brooklyn and Oklahoma City.

"He's a legend around here," said one New York attorney. "There could be a Patrick McCarthy Club around here with all the lawyers and judges who've been involved with him."

McCarthy had recently returned to New York after serving a three-year term in a federal prison in Lexington, Kentucky, for a 1978 courthouse attack. He was allegedly drunk when he assaulted the courthouse door in Manhattan.

McCarthy's glass-shattering attacks were originally misdemeanors, but when the cost of replacing a broken glass panel reached \$100 a few years ago, his crimes became felonies. *National Law Journal* (contributed by Tom McCaffery)

OFFICIALS AT CENTRAL STATE HOSPITAL in Waupun, Wisconsin, recently acknowledged that a patient, James Multate, had been using the print shop of the mental institution to publish a twenty-two-page pamphlet. Multate had been selling his pamphlets at \$9.95 a copy through magazine advertisements since 1976.

The pamphlet described how to make knockout drops from toilet cleanser and outlined home recipes for substances like laughing gas and napalm. It was called *The Mad Man's Book of Formulas*. *UPI* (contributed by Jimmy Downey)

JULIAN C. LOHRE, FIFTY-SEVEN, committed suicide reportedly because he was despondent over the financial troubles of his Kingston, New York, retail business, the Happy House Shop. *Daily Freeman* (contributed by Bob Lusk)

**Where to Eat Out** Readers' Page



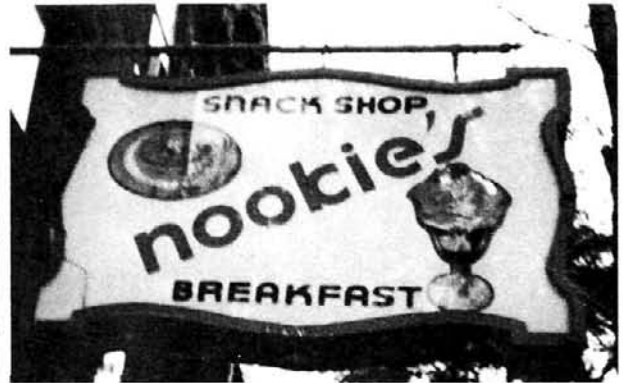
*John Eastman, Long Lake, Minn.*



*William M. Lougher, Sayre, Pa.*



*Jill Uptegrove, Estes Park, Colo.*



*Alida Marie Jatich, Chicago, Ill.*



*Ward Houfek, Madison, Wis.*



*Tom McDonnell, College Station, Tex.*



*Dan Wood, Kingsport, Tenn.*



*Steve Berman, Merritt Island, Fla.*



**Could it be? By George, it is!  
After a six month quest, a newsstand that  
hasn't sold out of Heavy Metal!**

Don't be without  
this month's  
*Heavy Metal*  
like this guy  
almost was.

When traveling around  
the globe, it's not as  
easy as one might think  
to find an issue of *Heavy  
Metal*. Selling like  
hotcakes, *Heavy Metal*  
is not always attainable  
at the corner shop. One  
snip of the coupon  
below, and your monthly  
issue will be sent  
wherever you please.  
Take a moment, and  
insure your delivery of a  
year's (or two, or three)  
worth of the world's  
foremost adult illustrated  
fantasy material.



Heavy Metal, Dept. NL-383  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10022

Three years (36 issues), regular price \$39.00. Now only \$29.00 (80¢ per issue).

Two years (24 issues), regular price \$32.00. Now only \$22.00 (92¢ per issue).

One year (12 issues), regular price \$19.00. Now only \$14.00 (\$1.16 per issue).

Please enter my *Heavy Metal* subscription for  
\_\_\_\_\_ 3 years, \_\_\_\_\_ 2 years, \_\_\_\_\_ 1 year.

Payment enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Charge to my

MasterCard # \_\_\_\_\_

MasterCard Interbank # \_\_\_\_\_

Visa # \_\_\_\_\_

Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Checks must be payable within U.S. or Canada. Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

If you do not wish to cut the coupon, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order.



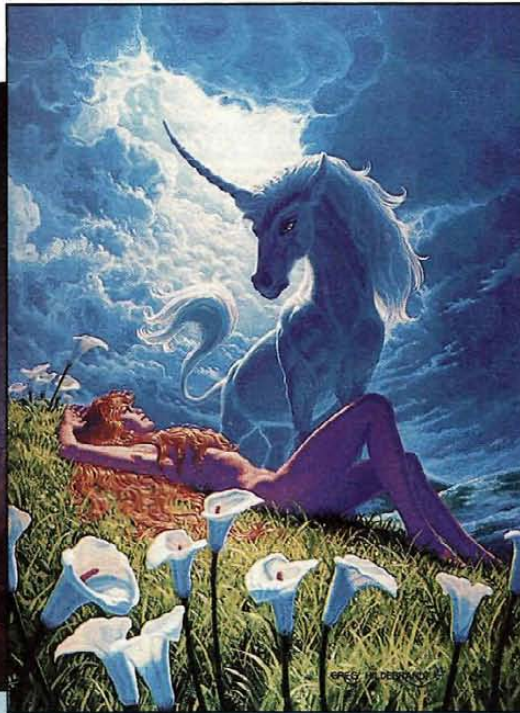
# Ah, those Brothers Hildebrandt!



**2**

**The Mutant Warrior  
by the Brothers  
Hildebrandt**

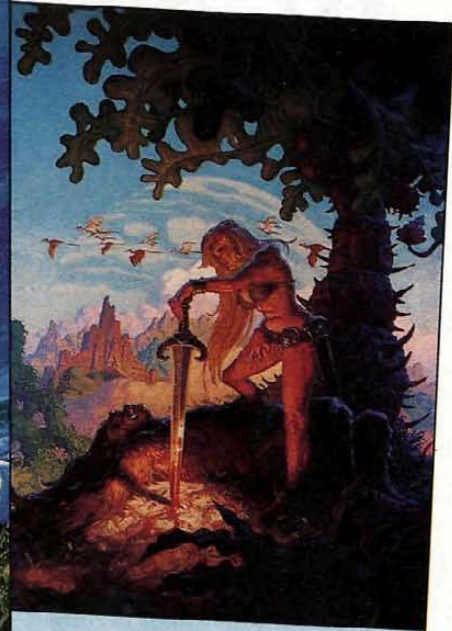
Available signed and numbered for \$9.95 (limited edition of 2,000). Unsigned \$5.95. 22" x 28" overall size on gallery-quality stock paper.



**1**

**Angel of the Gods  
by Greg Hildebrandt**

Available signed and personalized for \$9.95. Unsigned \$5.95. 22" x 28" overall size on gallery-quality stock paper.



**3**

**She of the Sword  
by the Brothers  
Hildebrandt**

Available signed and numbered for \$9.95 (limited edition of 2,000). Unsigned \$5.95. 22" x 28" overall size on gallery-quality stock paper.

The Brothers Hildebrandt  
Heavy Metal, Dept. NL383  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10022

Please send me the following:

Signed poster(s) for \$9.95 (plus \$2.50 postage and handling per poster): #1 \_\_\_\_\_ #2 \_\_\_\_\_ #3 \_\_\_\_\_

Unsigned poster(s) for \$5.95 (plus \$2.50 postage and handling per poster): #1 \_\_\_\_\_ #2 \_\_\_\_\_ #3 \_\_\_\_\_

I have enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_ total due.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Checks must be payable within U.S. or Canada.



# FIREWORKS!

Largest Assortment of Class C Fireworks in America...

## The Great American Tradition

- Fountains
- Skyrockets
- Firecrackers
- Sparklers
- Novelties

**Giant Color Catalog Kit**  
Refundable on 1st Order **\$2**



P.O. Box 3L  
Columbiana, Ohio 44408

Toll Free **800/321-9071**  
IN OHIO **800/362-1034**



Please send catalog(s) at \$2.00 ea. (Refundable)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

B. J. ALAN P.O. Box 3L Columbiana, Ohio 44408

## CONDOMS BY MAIL!

Sample Pack, Only \$5.00

Get the best condoms available today! Your choice of the latest Japanese brands (thinnest in the world!), textured condoms for maximum sexual satisfaction, slimmer condoms for a snugger fit, plus Trojans, FOUREX, more! Choose from 36 brands of condoms, including natural membrane, textured and

colored. Plain attractive package assures privacy. Service is fast and guaranteed. Free Brochure describes all the features and the differences between the brands. Sampler of 22 condoms and brochure: \$5. Money-back if not delighted.

DKT International, Dept. XNL-E  
212 Fifth Ave., Suite 412  
New York, NY 10010

Please send in plain package under your money-back guarantee to:

X05T Condom Sampler ..... \$ 5.00  
 Free Catalog

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

## FREE PHOTO BOOK!



To introduce you to Adam & Eve's exclusive line of sexual bastards, we're making an unprecedented introductory offer: a FREE 178-page book bursting with dozens of explicit, close-up photos of the most arousing sexual positions you've ever seen! Send just \$2 for postage and handling, and we'll rush your free photo book.

### BANNED!

The exclusive new Illustrated Kama Sutra is a picture book of sexual positions you will never forget! Dozens of positions for sexual intercourse, oral sex, sex with erotic sex aids and more! Each position shown with explicit, full-page photos. Incredible introductory price, just \$3.95 (money-back guarantee).



## CONDOMS BY MAIL!

Your choice of the best mens contraceptives — Trojans, Nuda, SCORE! Stimula, and 35 other brands! Plain package, satisfaction guaranteed. Sample pack of 10 assorted condoms — \$2. Catalog free with order.

Send this coupon along with Name and Address to: Adam & Eve, P.O. Box 900, Dept. NL-36, Carrboro, NC 27510  
 #F02 Photo Book (P&H only) \$2.00     #C9 Condom Sampler ..... \$2.00  
 #BK Kama Sutra \$3.95     #150 All 3 ..... \$5.00

## The One Thing Burglars Watch Out For...



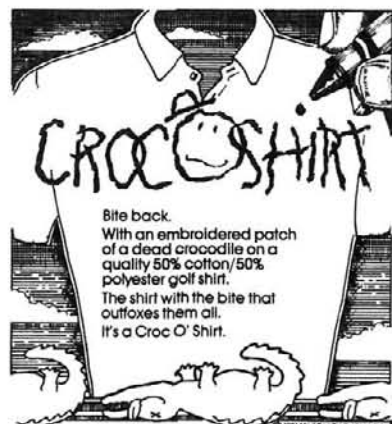
Burglary is today's #1 crime and you may be a victim if you don't take immediate action. You could lose your car, color TV, stereo, cash, jewelry, and other valuables. You also risk injury if the thief panics. Do you want to be the next victim?

Burglar alarms can be very effective crime-preventers, yet few people can afford expensive systems. Police research shows that burglar alarm decals alone scare off thieves. Burglars simply avoid homes and cars that they think have burglar alarm systems!

American Burglar Alarm is now offering these crime-stopper decals at the low price of 12 for \$3.98. Our burglar alarm decals are authentic-looking and will even fool police. Satisfaction is guaranteed or your money back.

Place these convincing burglar alarm decals on windows and doors of your home and car to STOP thieves! Aren't your valuables worth \$3.98. So order now!

Send order and make check to:  
**NATIONAL LAMPOON Dept. NL388**  
635 Madison Ave. New York, NY 10022  
Please allow three weeks for delivery.



# CROCOSHIRT

Bite back.  
With an embroidered patch of a dead crocodile on a quality 50% cotton/50% polyester golf shirt. The shirt with the bite that offoxes them all. It's a Croc O' Shirt.

NL7

Croc O' Shirt  
P.O. Box 57, Richmond VA 23201  
I know a good thing when I see it! Send me \_\_\_\_\_ Croc O' Shirt(s) as indicated below. I am enclosing \$\_\_\_\_\_ at \$12.95 plus \$1.50 postage and handling for each shirt (VA residents add 4% sales tax). I'm impatient but I will allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

|            |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |
|------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
|            | S     | M     | L     | XL    |       | S     | M     | L     | XL    |
| Light Blue | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ | Red   | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ |
| White      | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ | Royal | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ |
| Yellow     | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ | Navy  | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ |



*Imagine* serving your country in a lonely place and feeling forgotten.

USO helps make sure that our young servicemen and women aren't forgotten. Programs of all kinds — tours, classes, special events, celebrations — and more assure good use of off duty time. Community projects helping others get the servicemember involved in his new home or country and intercultural sports events provide healthy competition. At over 150 points worldwide, USO is there showing civilian concern.

Support USO through the United Way, OCF, or local USO campaign.

# 'FAWLT' TOWERS

Make Basil proud with your own "FAWLT TOWERS" shirt. T-SHIRTS ONLY \$8.98 ppd. SWEATSHIRTS \$12.98 ppd. Available in blue or royal blue. Specify size. Thank you so very very much.

Dept. NL1  
69-20 76th St.  
Middle Village  
N.Y. 11379

## COLLEGE STUDENTS

Improve your grades! Send \$1.00 for your up-to-date, 306 page, term paper catalog. 10,250 papers on file, all academic subjects.

Research Assistance 11322 Idaho Ave. #206NP, Los Angeles, CA 90025 (213)477-8226

## THE SOURCE

Direct free-port pricing  
American International Audio Video  
Dept. B10 745 Alexander Rd., Princeton, NJ 08540  
**1-609-452-7500**  
CALL OR WRITE FOR YOUR FREE BROCHURE  
WE BEAT ANY PRICE!

## LET A T-SHIRT STATE YOUR OPINION

1. Women should be obscene and not heard
2. They don't make Jews like Jesus anymore
3. Marijuana leaves no tum wronged
4. Everything you know is wrong
5. Lay Reagan off

(please state which number you want)

These are silkscreened cotton/polyester shirts

White adult sizes S,M,L,XL  
Indicate blue, black, or red print

Send \$6.95 + 50¢ postage  
(check or MO) to:

**T'D OFF**

P.O. Box 1356  
Fair Oaks, CA 95628  
(Calif. res. add 6% sales tax)

10. ME ♥ HINKLEE 17. PUNISH AUTHORITY 40. EARTHLING  
44. JESUS SAVES AT 111. FEDERAL 49. FREE THE SLAVES  
89. I'M BORED - LET'S HANG SOMEONE 96. FELATIO SUCKS  
108 U.R. HERE 112. U SMELL WET 114. LICK MY FINGER  
135. BUY MY DIARRHEA 139 OUTLAW F.M. 144. TOUCH IT AGAIN

210. T-SHIRTS 51 CATALOGUE BOX 330 MILW. WI 53201-0320  
IMMIGRANT THIEF LTD. PLEASE FONDLE. THANK YOU.

## Great American Lovers Association

How Do You Rate Your Lover(s)?

Show them you care! Surprise them with a T-shirt, \$9.50, or a membership card, \$5.50, or both for a total of \$12.50.

Color-Light blue with red imprint.  
Size-S, M, L, XL. Send check or money order to: Shumaker Enterprises, 6607 Zapata, Houston, TX 77083.



"A legend in a butt."

**White Castle.**  
This is the **WHITE CASTLE** shirt that some people just can't live without! Quality Hanes blue ringer/ white body t-shirt. Three color silk-screen. Specify size.  
**ONLY \$8.98ppd. or 3/\$25.ppd.**

**TERRIBLE IVANS**

Dept. NL 2  
69-20 76th St.  
Middle Village  
N.Y. 11379

THE ORIGINAL "GUMBY"

Flare opportunity. Hand painted wire reinforced molded gum rubber compound. Factory sealed mint packages, complete and original. Only \$3.75 each, plus 85¢ postage and handling. Also available "Gumby's Pal" BOBEY \$3.99 each, plus 85¢ p+h. Send name, address, check or money order to:

**UNKNOWN PLASTIC PRODUCTS INC.**  
P.O. Box 225-N, Midwood Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230

**Pee Wee Herman fans!**

**4-COLOR SILKSCREEN T-shirts, S.M.L., \$9 each plus \$1 post.** Pee Wee Herman Club forming; \$5 plus 50¢ handling; incl. photo, newsletter, wallet card. Check/M.O.: Pee Wee Herman Prod. Box 48243, 7610 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90048.

## This summer, take NATIONAL LAMPOON'S VACATION

"National Lampoon's Vacation does for the American family what National Lampoon's Animal House did for college."

—A highly placed source

## NATIONAL LAMPOON'S Vacation

Starring CHEVY CHASE

At theaters throughout the U.S. and Canada in June

# SEND Lombard's \$1. TODAY

## SAVE HUNDREDS ON GOLF, TENNIS AND RACQUETBALL TOMORROW!

The dollar gets you on our special mailing list. You'll receive our 16-page catalog plus periodic flyers featuring discounts of up to 40% and more on top brand golf, tennis and racquetball equipment. Save on Wilson, Spalding, MacGregor, Dunlop, Ben Hogan, Prince, etc.

Examples:  
\$600 Pro Golf Set.....\$275  
\$200 Tennis Rackets.....\$75

**MAIL \$1 TODAY!**  
My main interest is:

Please print  Golf  Tennis  Racquetball

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**Lombard's** Dept.  
1861 N.E. 163 St.  
No. Miami Beach, Fla. 33162

# FREE 240 PAGE AUDIO/VIDEO ELECTRONICS CATALOG

This is J&R's brand new 1982 FALL-WINTER AUDIO/VIDEO ELECTRONICS CATALOG, a complete source on over 10,000 products. It is more than a catalog, it is an encyclopedia of audio/video products. We have those hard-to-find and specialty items.

We have a **10 MILLION DOLLAR** inventory of the latest brand name, factory fresh merchandise including: audio, video, car stereo, blank tapes, video games & computers. It is **240 PAGES** filled with what you need to know about audio/video equipment. Be an informed customer. **CALL TOLL FREE FOR CATALOG.**

**FREE GIANT RECORD CATALOG**  
SEND FOR YOUR FREE 32 PAGE RECORD & TAPE CATALOG FILLED WITH OVER 10,000 DIFFERENT TITLES: MOST POPULAR ARTISTS & TITLES IN STOCK. POP, ROCK, JAZZ, COUNTRY & WESTERN

|                 |                |                 |                |                 |                |
|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|----------------|
| LIST PRICE 5.99 | 399 LP OR TAPE | LIST PRICE 8.99 | 699 LP OR TAPE | LIST PRICE 9.99 | 799 LP OR TAPE |
|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|----------------|

**(800)221-8180**

14-13 MUSIC WORLD  
23 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10038  
DEPT. NL  
240 PAGE AUDIO/VIDEO ELECTRONICS CATALOG  
32 PAGE RECORD CATALOG

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

**J&R MUSIC WORLD** 23 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10038 DEPT. NL

# LYNCHBURG HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE

60 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352

## JACK DANIEL BLACK LABEL T-SHIRT

I finally did it! I persuaded the Jack Daniel's folks to let me use their famous Black Label on a T-shirt. High quality black fabric (50%/50%) with white lettering. You know it's real, because it has Mr. Jack's signature on the back. A must for collectors and the ONLY T-shirt authorized by the Jack Daniel Distillery. Order S, M, L or XL. \$8.00 delivered.

Send check, money order or use American Express, Visa or MasterCard, including all numbers and signature. (Add 6 3/4% sales tax for TN delivery.) For a free catalog, write to Eddie Swing at the above address. Telephone: 615-759-7184.



# Is sex better with an expensive condom?

Once you've experienced a Fourex Natural Skin, you won't ask that question again.

You'll know the answer. So will your partner.

Fourex feels like a second skin. Because it is. And that natural lamb membrane is a superior heat conductor. So good, in fact, you'll feel there's nothing between you and her—except warmth.

Naturally, Fourex is expensive. But right now, you can experience it at a special introductory price. Use the coupon below and find out how much better better can be.

Please send me 2 (two) Fourex Natural Skins (one in the unique capsule, the other in a foil pack) for \$2.00.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to:

Schmid Products Company  
P.O. Box 738 Dept. #A5  
Riverton, New Jersey 08077

Offer expires August 31st, 1983.  
Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.



## LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

Sirs:

I had the strangest experience the other night. I'm in my room trying to do my homework when out of nowhere I start to hear the weirdest music, and I suddenly realize in a flash that it is the spirit of John Lennon trying to communicate with me from the dead. He wants to use me and my psyche as an instrument to continue to compose his music, though he is now on the nether plane, and so I rush to get a pencil and paper in order to record his unearthly melodies, when suddenly the music stops and I realize that it is only my little brother next door playing his Alvin and the Chipmunks "Chipmunk Punk" record. I could have killed him. I was so embarrassed.

Margaret Beltz  
Buffalo, N.Y.

Sirs:

Didn't you read the fine print on the package? It says: CLOSE PROXIMITY TO LEATHER MAY CAUSE DAMAGE TO THE LATEX MATERIAL OF THE CONTRACEPTIVE.

Hey, don't complain when you get around to using us after the five years we've been here and you find we're full of holes.

The Condoms in Your Wallet

Sirs:

I've got the shits and chronic insomnia. And all those idiotic housewives! All asking me how to save their marriages. It's not "Mountain grown," it's "Mount and groan," and it's "In the wretch's hind," not "It's the richest kind."

Mrs. Olsen  
Cappuccino, Tex.

Sirs:

What did the nose say to the handkerchief? Blow me! When is Chinese food happiest? When it's being eaten out! When is your hair happiest? When it's being blown dry!

Joeko McNuts  
Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

Please inform your readers that funny body jokes like the ones above are available for twenty-five dollars apiece. Send check or money order, along with instructions as to the particular part of the body you want involved in the joke, as well as which humor field you prefer (cock or cunt), to

Joeko McNuts  
Box 534  
Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

I have developed a Braille radar screen for the visually handicapped air-traffic controller. I am confident that when the system is put into use in early 1985, blind controllers all across the country will benefit. My next project is creating a louder, more effective horn for quadriplegic school-bus drivers.

Herman Weatherbee  
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Sirs:

I don't normally write letters, but for the first time in my life I feel I really have something to say. As Pop used to say, "When you feel you have something to say, say it." Pop was the smartest man I ever knew. And now, for the first time in my life, I have something to say, and so I am writing this letter. Of course, if somebody had told me last year that I'd soon be writing a letter to an editor, I would have said, "You're crazy, I don't have anything to say," because I really didn't have anything I wanted to say. But now I do, and so I'm writing to let you know what it is. Here goes. It seems to me that...ah, uh, um, shit, now I've forgotten what it was. Figures, doesn't it. Well, if the time ever comes again that I have something to say, at least now I know where to write. So long.

Fred Nickers  
Farmville, Ind.

Sirs:

Here is a joke: How many faggots does it take to screw in a light bulb? Answer: Two. And a bottle of corn oil.

Eddie Lepus  
Hoboken, N.J.

Sirs:

We don't condescend or patronize, because these street kids would see right through it. So we try to act like the real thing: we drive them twenty miles into the country and make them walk home; we blow down their houses of cards. And we punch them out in front of our friends and make them tell everybody they walked into a stop sign.

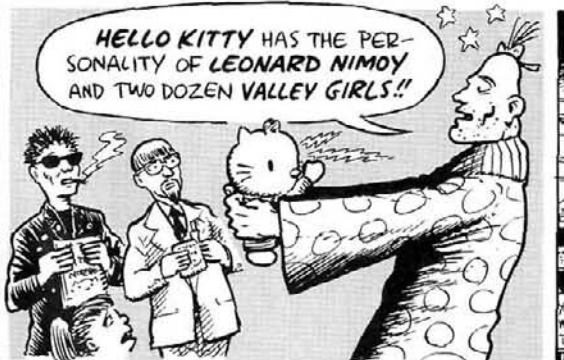
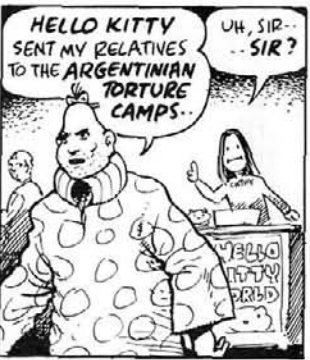
Big Brothers, Inc.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

The latest chat on Madison Avenue says Lorne Greene won't be doing any more Alpo commercials. First they caught him eating the stuff and put him under observation. A few days later he was lying on the couch licking his balls when he fell off and broke his neck.

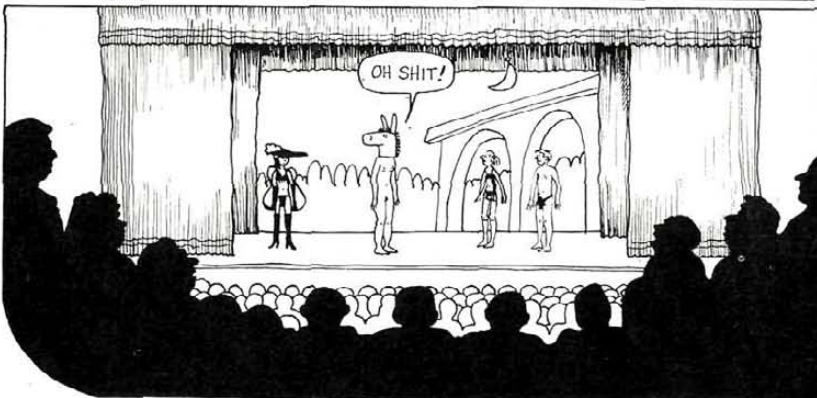
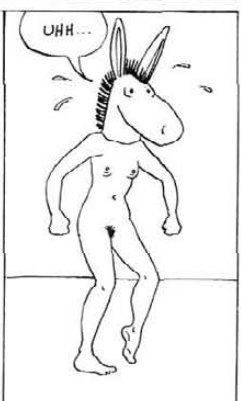
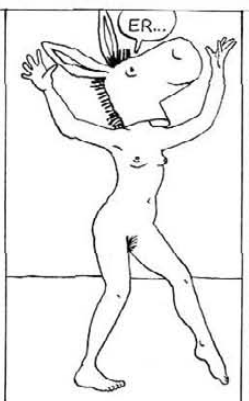
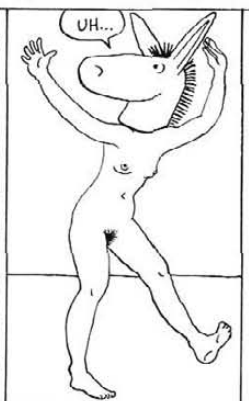
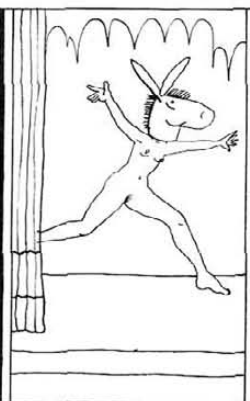
They almost had to put him to sleep.  
J. Walter Thompson  
New York, N.Y.

# FUNNY PAGES





# Trots and Bonnie



©83 SHARON FLENNIKEN

**GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?  
A WOMAN'S FATE HANGS IN THE BALANCE!**



**HOURS LATER - THE JURY IS WELL HUNG!**

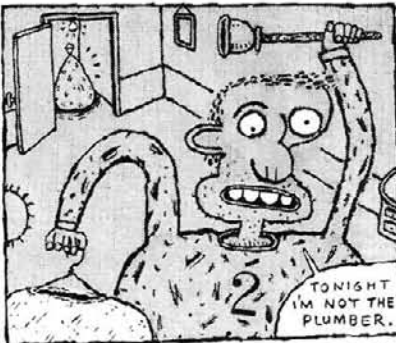


**FELLOW CITIZENS, YOU ARE ALL GUILTY OF RUDENESS IN THE FIRST DEGREE! YOU SHOULD NEVER KEEP A WOMAN WAITING!**



IF YOU RUN YOUR WRITING UP THE PAGE, YOU'LL PUT THE READER IN A RAGE! THANK YOU.

**POPULAR PROBLEMS** ©1983 RON HAUGE

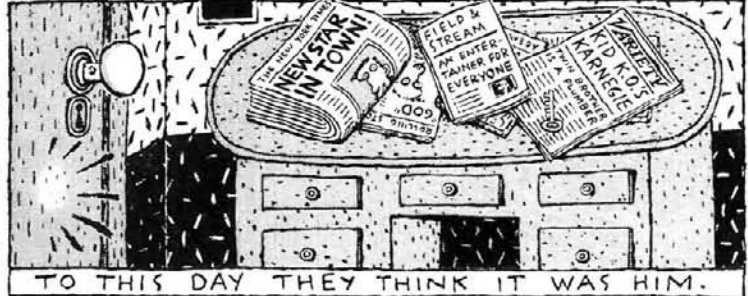


**MY TWIN BROTHER HAD OUTDONE ME FOR THE LAST TIME. ON THE NIGHT HE WAS TO APPEAR AT CARNEGIE HALL I TIED HIM UP IN THE CLOSET.**

**NO ONE COULD TELL US APART. I GOT ON STAGE WITH EASE.**



**F**OR MY FINALE I PUT WAXED PAPER ON MY COMBS AND HUMMED A "VENTURES MEDLEY."





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

RAY AND JOE ARE AT HOME WATCHING TELEVISION... THE TELEPHONE RINGS...



JOE'S INSURANCE CHECK CAME IN TODAY AND I THOUGHT WE COULD CELEBRATE—HOW ABOUT DINNER AT UMBERTO'S RESTAURANT? CAN YOU MEET ME THERE AT 8?



8 O'CLOCK IN FRONT OF UMBERTO'S

OH, RAY! DID YOU HAVE TO BRING HIM!?

WHADDYA MEAN, 'HIM'? HE'S YOUR LATE HUSBAND!



WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO CHECK YOUR DEAD FRIEND, SIR?

NO, I WANT HIM WITH ME...

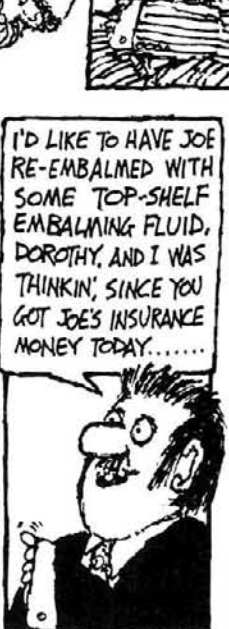
...AS YOU WISH, SIR... MARIO—A TABLE FOR THREE.



REMEMBER JOE'S DEATHBED, RAY? I FIXED IT UP NICE AND FRILLY AND ADDED SEXY SATIN SHEETS. WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME OVER LATER FOR A NIGHTCAP AND LOOK AT IT?...HMMMMM...?



STOP IT, DOROTHY! HOW CAN YOU BEHAVE LIKE THAT WITH YOUR HUSBAND SITTING THERE? JUST FORGET IT—I'M NOT THE KIND OF GUY WHO PLAYS AROUND WITH HIS BEST FRIEND'S WIFE!



Mimi Pond's  
**Famous Waitress**  
SCHOOL  
TODAY'S LESSON:

Dealing with Difficult Customers

STEP ONE: DON'T GET UPSET...

OH WAITRESS!

STEP TWO: BE PLEASANT...

YES, HONEY?

THIS BURGER IS COOKED MEDIUM RARE - I WANTED IT RARE!

STEP THREE: DON'T GET MAD—

WHY, YOU POOR THING, I'LL HAVE THE COOK MAKE YOU ANOTHER ONE RIGHT AWAY!

THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT, YOU LITTLE THING! I'M A BUSY MAN! I'M NOT PAYING FOR THIS!

STEP FOUR: GET EVEN!

GOOD! DON'T LEAVE ME A TIP EITHER!

MURMPH!

SPLAT!

REMEMBER, THE VIEWS EXPRESSED HERE ARE THE OPINIONS OF ONE WAITRESS AND MAY NOT REFLECT THE VIEWS OF SOME RESTAURANT MANAGERS.

BETTY?

HM?

YOUR ASS IS FIRED.

Z\* @!%''\*#&@\*#

**RICK GEARY**  
©1983

THIS MONTH:  
"THE BIG QUARTER"

COME ALONG ON A CROSS-COUNTRY JOURNEY ABOARD "THE BIG QUARTER."

IT'S MUCH LARGER AND SAFER, I'M TOLD, THAN THE OLD "BIG QUARTER"...

WHICH ENDED UP MURED ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI!

OUR ROUTE TAKES US THRU SUBURENA...

ACROSS THE GREAT PLAINS...

OVER THE ROCKIES...

AND FINALLY INTO SAN FRANCISCO BAY!

FOR SURVIVORS: COMPLIMENTARY CHAMPAGNE.

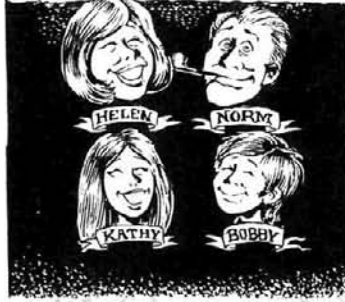
NOW LET'S TRY "THE BIG HAIRBRUSH!"





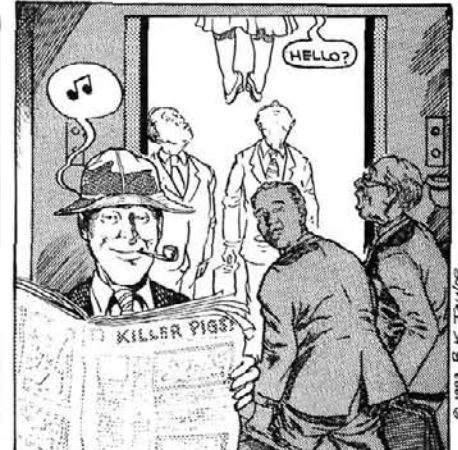
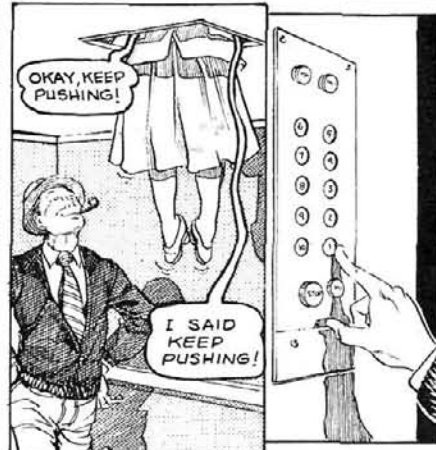
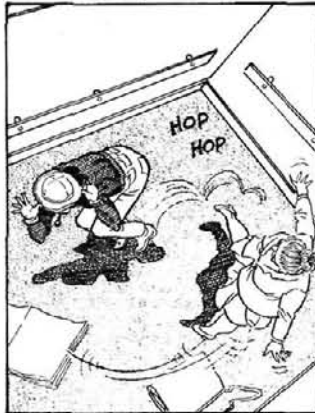
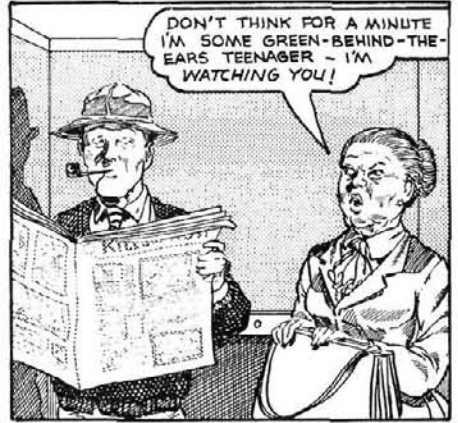
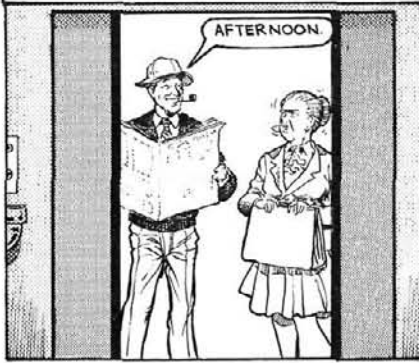
# THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



by B.K. Taylor

WE OPEN THE SCENE AS THE ELEVATOR DOOR OF A LARGE OFFICE BUILDING CLOSES ON MR. APPLETON AND A LADY PASSENGER.







# Can You Help President Reagan Base the MX Missile?

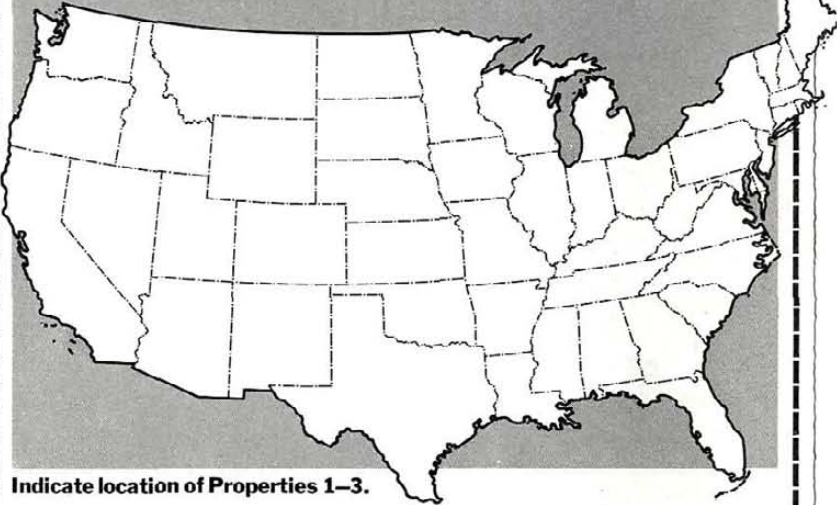
THE DENSE-PACK CONCEPT SEEMS TO be dead, and our president is having trouble finding bases for the new MX missile. Please take a pencil and mark on the map of the continental United States places where our nation can house the missiles. This can be on your own property or on the property of someone whose consent you have obtained. Be sure to get permission before suggesting the basing of missiles on property owned by relatives, employers, schools, etc.



THIS MONTH'S PRIZE is again 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.)

THIS CONTEST VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW

**"Won't you be a foster missile parent? Provide a home for a needy MX and plenty of jobs for men digging a silo in your yard. And the fence we build is free. Thank you."**



Indicate location of Properties 1-3.

**Property No. 1**

NAME OF OWNER \_\_\_\_\_ (IF YOU, STATE "ME.")  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
 NO. OF MISSILES THEY WILL TAKE \_\_\_\_\_

**Property No. 2**

NAME OF OWNER \_\_\_\_\_ (IF YOU, STATE "ME.")  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
 NO. OF MISSILES THEY WILL TAKE \_\_\_\_\_

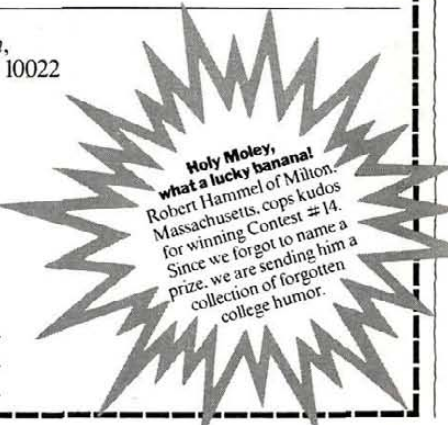
**Property No. 3**

NAME OF OWNER \_\_\_\_\_ (IF YOU, STATE "ME.")  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
 NO. OF MISSILES THEY WILL TAKE \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: MX Sites, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

I understand that this information becomes the property of the U.S. government and that I may be contacted by representatives of the Department of Defense. (As always, the contest winner will be chosen by random drawing, much as the Pentagon devises its budget.)

MY NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_



**Holy Moley, what a lucky banana!**  
 Robert Hammel of Milton, Massachusetts, cops kudos for winning Contest #14. Since we forgot to name a prize, we are sending him a collection of forgotten college humor.



# Newport



© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1982

*Alive with pleasure!*


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



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

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





The V.O. taste. So unexpectedly smooth. So surprisingly light. Mixed or straight, you'll taste the difference.

Of course, whenever you drink know when to say no. But when you do say yes, make it Seagram's V.O.

It's everything you never expected.

© 1988 SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS O.L.D. 86.0 PROOF.

*Break away from the ordinary. Discover the drink that stands apart.*