

Coeds on the Moon, Irish Sex, Minority Education, Soviet  
Humor, Reagan's Accomplishments, and Other Fantasies

# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

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

## E.T. and John Glenn: Remarkable Coincidences, or What?

◀ Came from outer space to earth  
Went from earth to outer space ▶

◀ After movie of his adventures,  
became household word  
After became household word, movie  
made of his adventures ▶

◀ Fabulous, glowing smile looks  
good on posters, lunch buckets  
Fabulous, glowing smile looks good  
on posters, lunch buckets ▶

◀ Cute, bald, bland, and bug-eyed  
Cute, bald, bug-eyed, and bland ▶

◀ Concussion in kitchen  
Concussion in bathroom ▶

◀ Apolitical, but meaningful  
Political, but meaningless ▶

◀ Something to say, can't use phone  
Can use phone, nothing to say ▶

◀ Highly intelligent, curious, confused  
Curiously confused ▶

◀ Rumored to be a mere puppet,  
controlled by cynical, powerful  
big-money interests...

Ditto ▶



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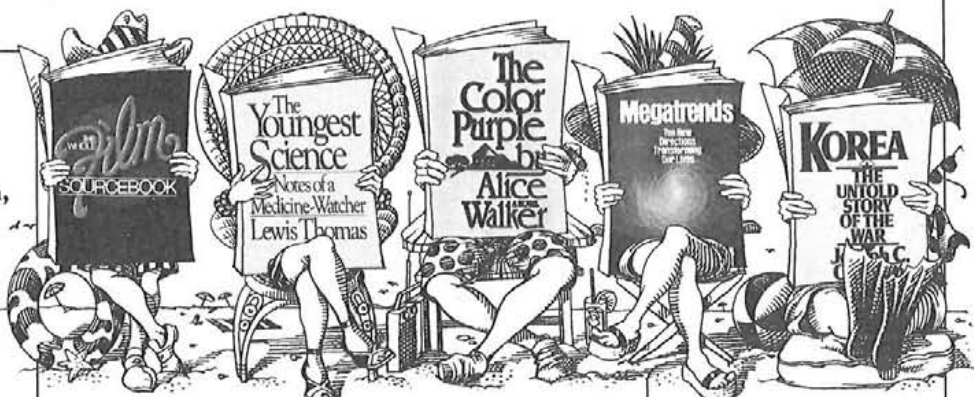
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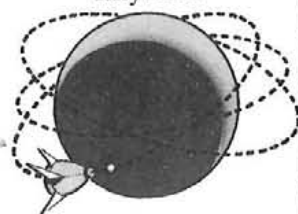
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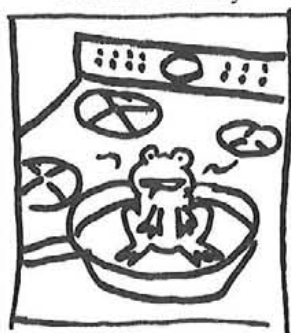
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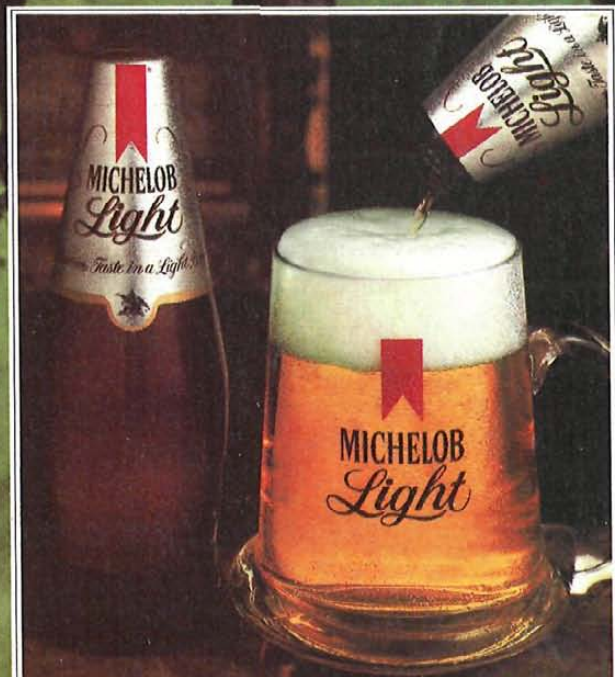
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# editorail

**S**CIENCE AND BAD MANNERS" is the focus of this month's issue. After rejecting seven separate manuscripts that began "In space no one can hear you put your finger up a dog's ass," we banded together to produce the rib-ticklin', space-food stickin', shuckin' 'n' shuttlin' menagerie that you find here, or a few pages in.

If you are a scientist, there is no excuse for having bad manners. You are trained to observe phenomena closely and carefully, so you should observe people who eat and speak well and imitate them, chimpanzee fashion, until you get things right. There are a few Nobel Prize winners I could mention that should take this advice to heart. Linus, there are better places to wipe your nose.

Cities, like scientists, are also afflicted with bad manners. New York, the Pittsburgh of the Northeast, contains many rude, groping, bantering figures unfit for duty as lab-animal substitutes in even the least-endowed Third World sterilization-research center. If you're considering a move here, don't. You can have more fun anywhere else in the world, with the possible exception of a sewer in Hong Kong at three A.M. If you graduate from a prestigious law

school and gain a position at a top Wall Street law firm, you will have enough money for a candy bar at lunch to go with your sandwich, if you bypass the soda machine. If not, perhaps the job you acquire messengering cold sores between ad agencies will pay enough for you to rent an apartment you'll later be killed in.

People come up to me and say, "Hey, well, L.A. is so plastic, I mean, hey." These people are goons, not worth their weight in Styrofoam. I use them to sand my shelves. There is no comparison between an American city that allows you to drive freely to the beach in a large car without having to pay three hundred dollars a month to park it somewhere and a dog-vomit metropolis where cat meat is regularly sold on sticks in the street. Where bums disguised as indoor/outdoor carpeting sit outside your place of employment, each day oozing another festering body part onto the sidewalk to be swept away by the largest, most ineffective corps of tax-funded labor ever assembled in one area. I don't need it. I TELL YOU I DON'T NEED IT.

Everybody who's now here should leave. Especially the owners of the men's store down the block with the window display featuring tit clamps and leather

underwear. Shooo...

Everybody else stay where you are. Or move to a nice city like Tucson. Get a good education, take drugs, sun yourself, go to the dog track, mingle with Americans, but don't come here, to this land of fashionable haircuts walking dogs the size of HO trains, slutball herped-to-the-max swingles, spooky foreigners who use the eyes of animals in their dishes, glue-headed punk riff-raft who throw malt-liquor cans at cripples, hydra-headed venomous matrons toting the latest in designer chocolates... Yes, Officer, I am moving along, I was just thinking out loud. What? Just try it. I have major medical insurance. I eat in places where sandwiches cost twelve dollars. Why, you civil servant, I'm L. DENNIS PLUNKETT.

**Cover:** Aably painted by **Sean Early** in New York, New York, which, as FCC equal-time statutes require us to mention here, is certainly the greatest city of our time, and arguably the greatest of all times, unless of course you happen to be a wistful Quaalude-gobbling Angeleno with a vague memory of having meant something to someone once, somewhere between an off-ramp and an on-ramp. —M.G.

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THE THIRD DIMENSION IS TERROR.

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ALL NEW

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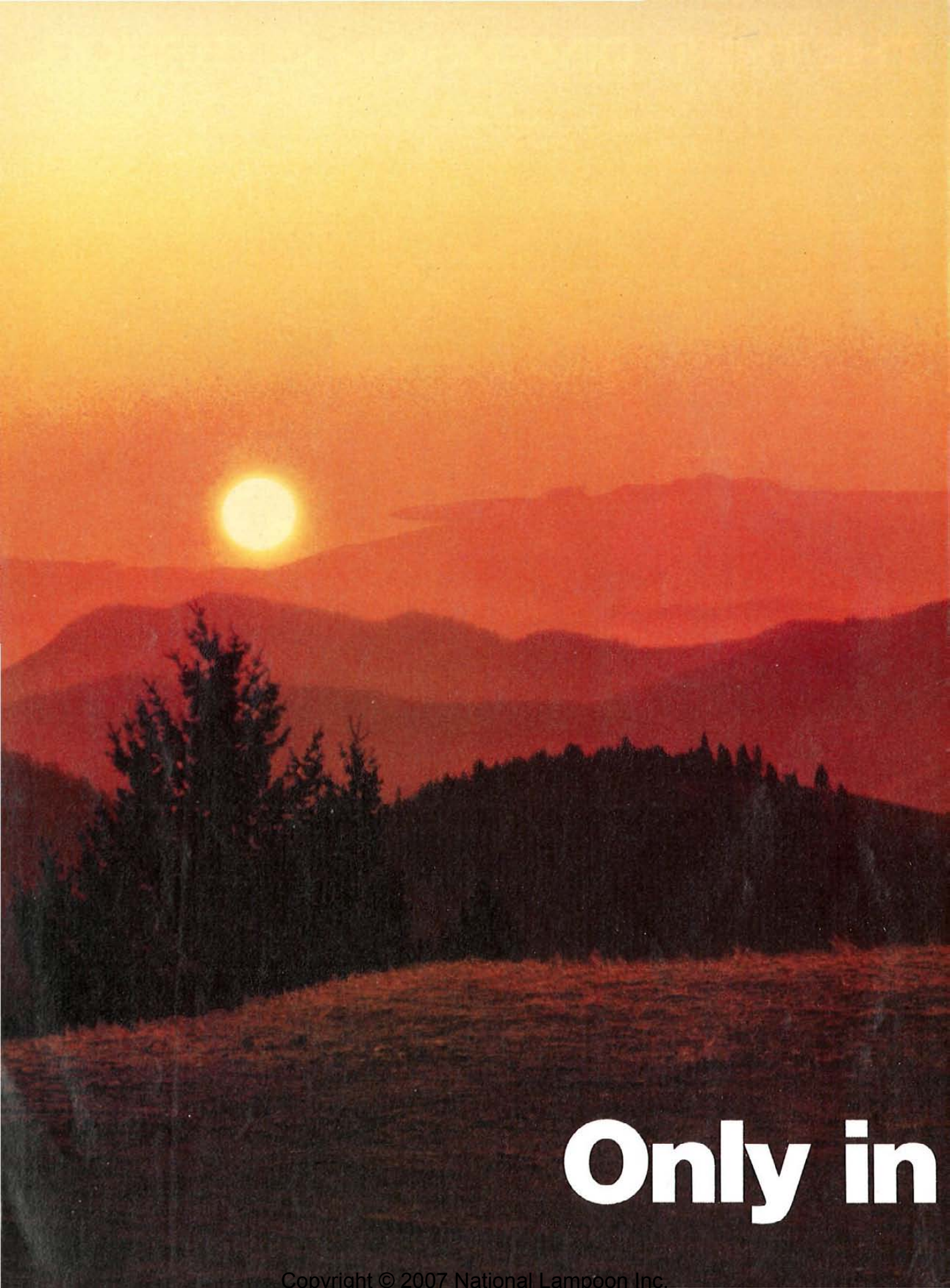
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Sirs:

Be with us next week when I do my theme show on theme shows. Our director was sort of confused and things got a little out of hand when I wound up interviewing myself and Jerry Van Dyke slipped his hand down the front of Phyllis Diller's shirt and screamed, "She has no tits!" We'll be right back.

Merv Griffin

*Keeping a low profile 'cause I'm short*

Sirs:

Okay, I've got a good one for you: What do Leonard Woodcock and Pinocchio have in common? Think about it.

Gepetto

*Nambla, Mass.*

Sirs:

Gotta tell you about this caper I pulled at this all-star bowling tournament the other day. The purse was about two hundred thousand dollars, and all the stars of the game were there, like Earl Anthony and Marshall Holman and all the rest. Anyway, it's the last frame of the last game and the whole pot is on the line. Anthony rolls the ball and leaves a split. Now, get this.

I rush down to the lane and press the reset button. This clears the alley and resets the pins. Utter confusion. Finally after a long argument they decide to start the whole frame over again. This time Anthony rolls a strike. So instead of losing, he wins fifty thousand dollars. His opponent comes after me with a knife. But Anthony steps in and talks the guy out of killing me. Later I see Anthony in the bar and he gives me five thousand dollars as a tip. I got my picture in the papers and everything, although I didn't tell them about the extra five thou Earl threw my way. Anyway, it was a hell of a week and I'm sure glad I went. Next week I'm flying down to the Masters Golf Tournament, where I'll be standing by the eighteenth hole. I just can't wait for the fun to begin.

Rod Screbby

*Chicago, Ill.*

Sirs:

Why did Yankee Doodle go to town? Why was he riding on a pony? Why did he stick a feather in his hat? And, most intriguing of all, why the fuck did he call it Macaroni?

A History Major

*American University*

Sirs:

We've been telling old people recently that the wearing of bifocals, cardigans, and dentures greatly increases the risk of congestive heart failure and cancer. It was easy to draw up the charts that make it look that way, and it was all in fun, you know. Anyway, to keep our little joke going, please tell your readers that if any shivering old people end up on their doorsteps because they're not wearing glasses and don't know where the hell they are, and their lips are all flabby, and they're making all kinds of slobbering noises trying to talk, tell them how healthy they're looking, and bet that they'll never have a heart attack. Thanks for your help.

The Surgeon General's Office

*Washington, D.C.*

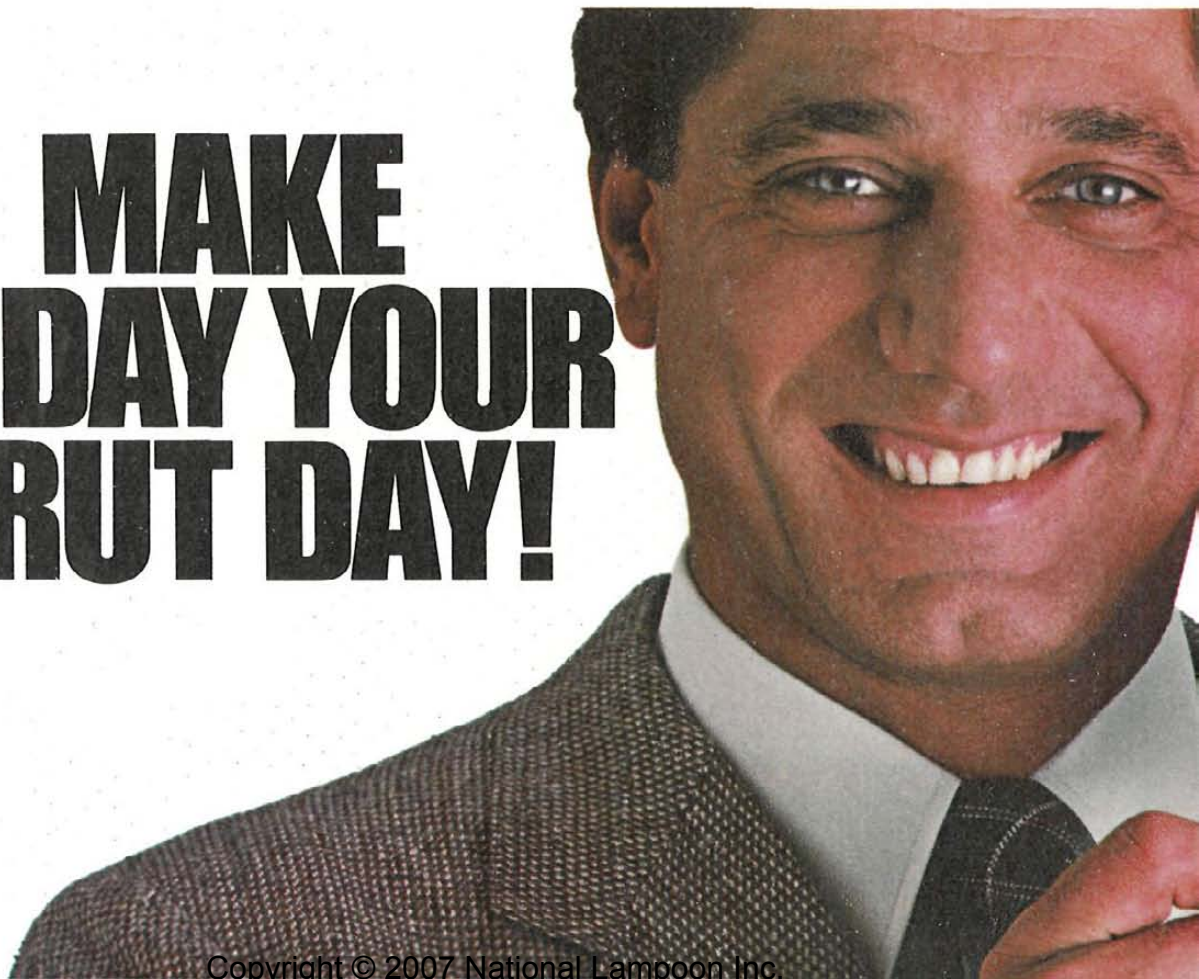
Sirs:

Hey! Just droppin' you a line, lettin' you know that the country's funniest rock 'n' roll group is still doing their thing. We're doin' "Land of a Thousand Antses," and "Surfin' Beer Bottle Safari," and all your favorites. We'll play anywhere, anytime, 'cause we're...

Curtainhead Joe and the Rods

*Montauk, N.Y.*

**MAKE  
TODAY YOUR  
BRUT DAY!**



Sirs:

Do you know how sometimes with time, certain people become sort of...parodies of themselves? You know, like: Hey, man, I'm a PARODY OF MYSELF, MAN! Can you dig what I'm saying?

George Carlin  
*Las Vegas*

Sirs:

Jesus, we're feeling the cutbacks, too. I just got a look at the new twenty-dollar bills from the mint. My three-year-old could have done better! For starters, they're black and white. And the paper feels like one of those cheap Xeroxes you get from the copier at K mart.

Donald Regan  
*The Treasury*

Sirs:

Here at Ultra-Labs we've developed what may well be the ultimate commuter vehicle—a lightweight, gasoline-powered unicycle. Powered by a peppy little 50cc Honda engine, the UL-TRAPED 50 is capable of a top speed of nearly ninety-five miles per hour, gets more than six hundred miles per gallon,

and is a heck of a lot of fun to drive! In fact, I'm riding one *right now*, as I write you this letter! My throttle is stuck wide open!! I'm not sure, but I'll bet that when I hit the brakes my face will be dashed into the ground at eight thousand miles per hour.

Call the guys at Ultra-Labs and tell them I'm heading east on the turnpike outside of...uh-oh, looks like a toll-booth. Gotta go.

Gordon Smelk  
*Ultra-Labs Test Driver*

Sirs:

Here's an idea for a clever cartoon. There's a picture of a clothes brush, and next to it is a picture of our common perception of the personification of Death. The caption reads: A Clothes Brush with Death.

B. Kliban  
*Catburg, Calif.*

Sirs:

I think what the world really needs is a metric system for measuring sexual energy. We could start with a basic unit—oh, let's say we call it the Margaret—the amount of energy it takes to fuck all of the Rolling Stones in a single

trip to New York. That's actually one thousand times the energy it takes an average woman to perform a single sexual act, so we'll say it takes a woman one milli-Margaret per sexual act, and so on. You guys work out the details. Just remember to use the name Margaret.

Pierre Trudeau  
*Canada*

Sirs:

Personally, we think you should use a shorter word. One syllable that just rolls off the tongue. Like "Britt." Yeah, call it the Britt.

Peter Sellers  
Warren Beatty  
George Hamilton  
Rod Stewart  
*Europe*

Sirs:

I went out of business in three short hours selling posters with cute little sayings on them. But I don't blame myself. It's this economy.

"Bob" Roberts, President  
*"Thank God It's 3:42 A.M.  
Sunday Feb. 29" Enterprises*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)

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With Hollywood's fatal lure behind them, our heroes now face the clutches of sinister Bee-girls.

## On the Road with the Killer Bees (Part 3)

BY GERALD SUSSMAN

**O**UR STORY SO FAR: TOTO, leader of the South American killer bees, is sent on a sacred mission by his aged mother, Queen Fofi, to find the magical waters of the Fountain of Youth, which is somewhere in Florida. Toto recruits a crackerjack army of bees and moves northward to Brazil on his long, arduous journey. In the Brazilian Amazon country he meets the German film director Werner Herzog and his star, Klaus Kinski. Herzog is fascinated by Toto and his bees and wants them for his new movie. The bees agree, but on the first day of shooting they realize that the long, slow routine of moviemaking will overtax their patience. When Herzog insults them they resort to their primitive killer state and annihilate a million-dollar German-restaurant set that Herzog had specially built for the movie in the jungle. Toto and his bees are thoroughly disillusioned with Herzog and the movie business and realize it is time to move on and search for the Fountain.

TOTO IS MAKING UP FOR LOST time, driving his army, pushing and prodding them to cover great distances. The Amazon jungle is dense and lush

with exotic flora and fauna, but the bees ignore everything in their single-minded quest.

By the fourth day some of the younger bees are weakening, and by evening they can be heard thrashing and making odd sounds while the others are trying to catch a few precious hours of sleep. One of the executive officers, Bokar, who specializes in medicine, diagnoses the problem as jungle fever. The young bees are damp and flushed, their bodies burning with heat in the middle of the cool night. The next morning Toto decides that he cannot nurse the sick ones. There is no more time to be wasted. The friends of the sick ones plead for a few more hours. They will find the medicines that Bokar needs. Toto refuses.

Instead the friends carry the sick ones on their backs and somehow manage to fly in formation. But at the end of the day everyone is exhausted, drained of all strength and feeling, except for Toto, who insists on making a few more miles before darkness falls. The rest of the army is stunned. They beg Toto to stop and rest. He finally relents. "My guilt over the movie business with Herzog was overwhelming me," Toto confessed later. "I had to push myself. I was

seduced by his charisma, his storytelling powers. Now that I look back on it, his movie was probably unreleasable. Where could he get financing for a bee movie?"

Toto now decides that his army can use a little extra sleep, that perhaps he has driven them too hard in order to atone for his own sins. Bokar reminds him that he will cover more distance in the long run if he paces himself. If not, he must be prepared for more dead bees and a possible mutiny.

That night, the sound of the sick bees is worse than ever. Their moans and thrashings wake up the entire army. When Toto investigates the noise he is amazed to find that the poor souls are not dying, they are screaming in orgasmic delight while having sex with the most voluptuous female bees he has ever seen. The young, fevered bees have been cured. They feel better than ever. "They were horny," says Bokar. "Now they are sated."

From the dense foliage, a huge black bee with odd stripes and a strange hybrid structure emerges. He calls himself simply "Mr. B." The girls are his jungle walkers, just run-of-the-mill types—nothing special. But he thought the young lads needed servicing. He is a smooth-talking bee who combines an easygoing Latin charm with a hint of menace in his incredibly large form. He invites Toto and the army to be his guests at Madame Zezi's, a bee brothel he owns in partnership with the madam. "One night at Madame Zezi's and you'll all be in tip-top shape for the rest of your trip," says Mr. B. He echoes the advice of Bokar, the medicine bee, stressing the need for proper pacing, the importance of rest and relaxation, or what he calls "B and B"—banging and buzz jobs. The heat and rich smells of the exotic jungle walkers cast their spells on the tired Toto. He agrees to a night at Madame Zezi's.

Toto is prepared for a little "B and B" but not for Madame Zezi's. "There must be something about the bees of the Amazon. They have a crazed, insatiable quality that seems to draw upon resources you never thought you had," said Toto. "Since it is so warm in the Tropics, the girls wear the *tonga*, the Brazilian bikini, which is nothing more than a string. Their rears are enticingly exposed and constantly dance to the sensuous rhythms of the *Xeucoco*, an Amazonian samba. It is surely the most entrancing scene."

The evening at Madame Zezi's turns into a longer stay. Somehow, the killer bees, and Toto himself, always find an excuse for not leaving. The rainy season is imminent, why risk the danger? The



girls have more new tricks to show them. How can they resist? The magical Fountain will not disappear. It can wait. Many excuses are offered. Besides, Toto and his army are hypnotized by the girls, the atmosphere, the food, and the Amazonian mead that is quaffed like water. Individual romances are soon replaced by group sex, marathon orgies of debauchery with tawny young bees who seem to have no limit to their appetites. Always it is "tomorrow" for the day of departure, and tomorrow never comes.

One night Toto has a dream. He is being carried on a purple velvet cushion and presented to his mother, the queen. The queen takes a long knife and cuts off his stinger while cursing him for his disloyalty and utter failure to carry out his sacred mission. He is then carried off and sentenced to a lifetime of hard labor on the royal-jelly plantation.

When he wakes up he knows that the dream is a sign. Somehow his mother knows everything. Her royal vengeance will be cruel and quick if he does not act immediately and rouse his army. That morning Mr. B. presents Toto with a bill. Toto is amazed and angry. No one mentioned anything to him about bills. He owes Mr. B. 132 kilos of honey.

Toto has lost count of how many days they've spent at Madame Zezi's. It could be months. His men have grown fat and sluggish from their whoring and drinking. He, too, has lost his fine edge as a warrior. He summons all his reserves of strength and addresses his men. The time has come to leave. He tells them of his dream, of Mr. B.'s bill. There is no more tomorrow—only today. Obviously, if they do not pay the

bill Mr. B. will keep them in bondage. Mr. B. has a much bigger army.

Toto's men grumble and whine about leaving. Surely Mr. B. can wait for his bill. Somehow they will pay it. Why leave when the rainy season will start any day now, which will make the trip extremely difficult? Toto rails at them for their stupidity and sloth. Surely they are not foolish enough to believe that Mr. B.'s hospitality comes from pure love? He is a dangerous man when aroused, and he was in one of his dark moods when the bill was presented. "The honeymoon is over," says Toto. "And no pun is intended. We have all been blinded by the temptations of these females who lure the naive ones like us into their traps, who satisfy our wildest dreams and then dispose of us, either to die or to work in abject slavery for the rest of our lives. This is not the life of a warrior, of a member of the killer elite, a bee on the sacred quest for the Fountain of Youth. The time has come to rouse yourselves from your stupor and sting a little ass!"

Just as Toto predicted, Mr. B. is now showing his true self. The brothel is guarded by a vast army of crack soldiers. Escape will be extremely difficult. Only those who know the password can get through the guards.

A Brazilian bee, no matter how tough and loyal he may be to his boss, is still a Brazilian at heart. He is by nature convivial and easygoing, and he likes nothing more than an all-night party. Toto takes advantage of this and finds one of the more friendly, sympathetic guards. It turns out that Mr. B.'s army has no access to Madame Zezi's girls. They are not allowed to mix. "We can't

even look," sighs the guard. Toto understands. It is a disgrace. If the Elite Military Corps cannot have their pick of these fine women there is no justice in the world. He is in a position to do the guard a little favor, as another "male bee of the world." One of Madame Zezi's girls is infatuated with him, mad about him, and will do anything for him. "Anything?" asks the guard, catching the drift of Toto's favor. "Exactly," says Toto with a tiny wink.

The guard, whose name is Bom-Bom, agrees to the favor, and a meeting is arranged. Toto's plan is simple. He will disguise himself as a female, as "Maria Cecilia," seduce the guard Bom-Bom, and get the password. No one but a true warrior can enter the guise of a woman and still be pure in mind and body. It is his responsibility.

Luckily, being a little overweight makes Toto look more female. With clever makeup and disguise he looks attractive. Bom-Bom thinks he looks magnificent. The poor, sex-craved guard is ravenous with desire. Using all his guile, Toto begins to tease the drooling bee, whispering one new delight after another as the rewards for one little favor—the password. "You see, even we girls cannot go out. Only Madame Zezi and Mr. B. himself. We have to go out, even for just a brief period, or we will go mad from enforced seclusion. We will lose our sexuality and bite each other to death." Toto cries and pleads, twisting his body into erotic contortions as he toys with the emotions of the guard. Each plea is accompanied by a small taste of the sex that is being promised. Finally the guard cannot stand it any longer. He whispers the password to Toto and pulls the disguised bee to the ground. Before the crazed guard can do anything Toto annihilates him with stings. The job is done, and his virginity as a "female" is more or less intact.

A band of tired, overweight, hung-over bees follows Toto as he makes his way to the outer ring of guards. A large, surly black bee demands the password. "Death or chi-chi," says Toto. The guard nods and allows them to leave. Summoning all their flying powers, they cover an enormous distance in one night and continue into the next day. They still have a long way to go and a lot of weight to lose.

"The flesh is weak," sighs Toto as they stop for their first rest later that evening. "There will be many temptations. We must learn from this one. We were lucky. Perhaps the bee gods are being kind to us. But who really believes in bee gods these days?" ■

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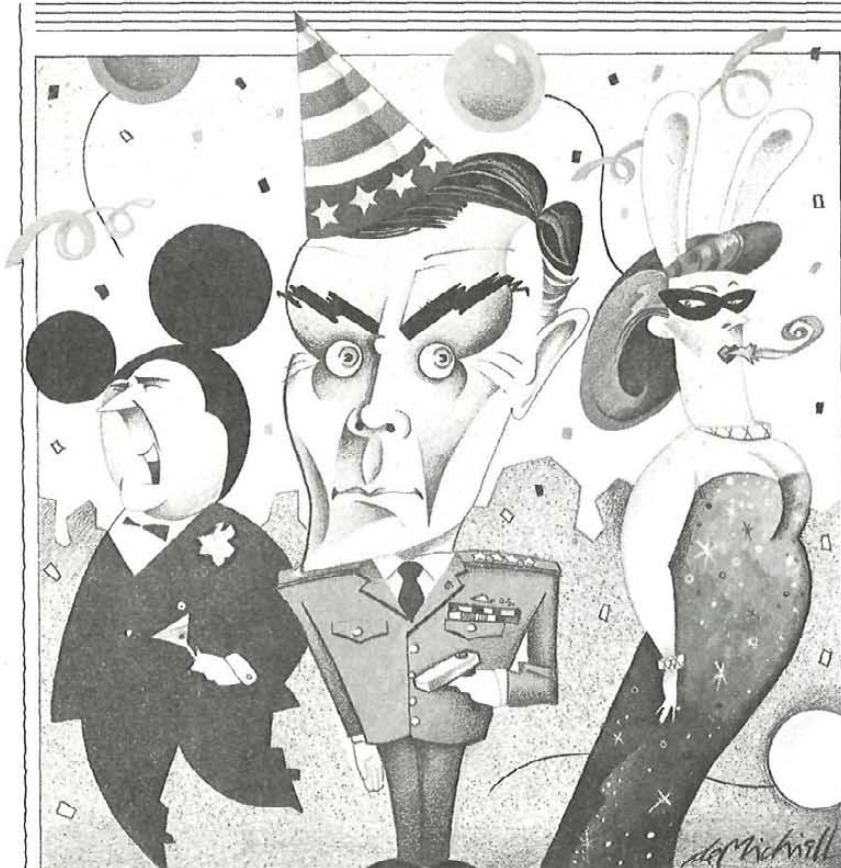
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To be a truly effective supremo,  
one must also be a party monster.

## Generally Speaking

BY GENERAL ALEXANDER MEIGS HAIG,  
JR., U.S. ARMY, RET.

**I** RECEIVED THIS MORNING AN epistle from my colleague General William Westmoreland headed with the affectionate computer-generated salutation "Dear Fellow American."

When I power off an epistle myself I generally employ the recipient's name in the salutation—something on the order of "Dear Pete"—and I then go on to display some familiarity with the individual's life history, such as "Sorry to hear about the DWI convictions, that makes three, doesn't it?"

It is precisely this sort of personal touch that has vaulted me to the popular pinnacle of politics where I stand today, surveying the scene with the hauteur of a Siamese cat perched on the back of a brocade chair, utterly satiated with a *déjeuner* of bluebottle flies.

Don't get the wrong idea. I am not ashamed to be an American, or a fellow,

like Alan Alda. My fellow American militarist General William Westmoreland wrote to me in a tone of controlled outrage how Mike Wallace, the fellow from the "60 Minutes" TV show, shot a rocket up my fellow national defender's ass. Apparently this Wallace fellow made some foul allegations about how Bill had counted the bodies of the dinks way over in the best-forgotten land of Vietnam.

Now, even though Westmoreland blistered his shoulder boards pretty bad by losing the police action over in Nam, it's damned unfair to go slamming him for an arithmetical error in the number of enemies we turned into paddy mulch.

A general in command cannot be expected to personally inspect every Communist corpse. Age-old systems of battlefield accounting, such as rifle-barrel-notch counting, are at best unre-

liable, and in the heat of battle the charred stump of a tree is often indistinguishable from the charred stump of a neck. In any case, counting corpses in a firefight comes a distant second to creating them. This is traditional military wisdom. General Westmoreland, I know for a fact, once attempted to defy this principle by sending a battalion of Jews against the Seventeenth Regiment of North Vietnamese Regulars. The survivor gave a very accurate body count indeed, reporting that his entire battalion had been wiped out, himself excepted. This was a statistical triumph but a military defeat. It also led to some very unpleasant insinuations of anti-Semitism being leveled against General Westmoreland, and as a result this tactical innovation was abandoned.

In any case, this Wallace fellow has got General Westmoreland's ass hairs twisted into pretty tight braids, and the general wants all good, right-thinking Americans to send tax-deductible contributions to his fund to make journalists and TV-casters and so forth tell the truth. As a potential candidate for the presidency, I am foursquare against this, for reasons that should be obvious.

I myself have only seen the "60 Minutes" show the general speaks of once or twice, as by the time of night such shows appear I am generally waist-deep in more manly activities than watching television. However, that show I saw in which a fellow with white hair, maybe this Mike Wallace, tricked a Dixie gas jockey into admitting he had destroyed motorists' battery terminals with a screwdriver seemed admirable. It is precisely this sort of exploitation and mistreatment of the vacationer that I stand firmly against as an undeclared presidential candidate.

As a former secretary of state and a military man, I am often asked by the common voter on the street, "General Haig, Retired, sir, what's going on in the Iran-Iraq war? How come we don't hear no more about that bangle?"

The reason that squat is being bruited about that particular conflict is a simple one, at least to men of my big-top-like cranial capacity.

While our embassy personnel were being held hostage in Iran, that conflict (I will not dignify it with the title of war) had a direct bearing on American interests. On both sides casualty figures were exaggerated daily in an effort to lift U.S. spirits. Once our hostages had been rescued by a unit of elite green-fedora negotiators, American newspapers ceased to waste front-page space on conjectural wog-warrior viability.

Weekly casualty figures still appear in



many newspapers on the second or third page of the sports section, boxed under the heading "Arabs Killed." The numbers of the knocked-off are usually small, as you might expect in a conflict between two peoples more accustomed to snapping their fingers, cursing, and ferociously flicking their teeth with their thumbnails than to anything we civilized people might call mass homicidal conflict.

When I was secretary of state I often wondered why the Arab world demands so much of our great nation's diplomatic time and effort. The troubles caused us by Arabs were out of all proportion to the amount and purity of the crude oil we extracted from their sand.

In my opinion we should charge, and charge plenty, for our efforts to resolve the innumerable, intricate, and nonsensical squabbles between myriad tribes of neolithic desert zealots.

If the American people in all their prudence and wisdom elect me president, I am going to back-bill for every hour of diplomatic time wasted on the attempted resolution of their petty insoluble blood feuds at the same rate any decent Washington law firm with a few senators on the flagstaff charges. I figure the bill should come to something over twice the national debt, the wiping out of which should make me a pretty popular president. If I am indeed a popular president, I pledge right now that I will not (like John Kennedy) take advantage of my popularity with your wife or girlfriend in storage areas or on top of piles of coats at the many parties to which I will be inviting my supporters.

It was, if reference books serve me, President Andrew Jackson who held the last national open house after his election. It is my intention to reestablish this practice, throwing open the doors of the White House and buying drinks after the manner of the openhanded and grateful supremo that the American people deserve.

Wednesday nights will be ladies' and lobster night, but the rest of the week anything goes. In my opinion and that of several of my advising council of buddies, the blast should last a full six months to adequately celebrate the truly incredible historical good fortune of my accession to the position of supremo of the United States of America.

After that, one night a week. Looking forward to seeing you then, and don't worry, we will suspend all driving laws in the District of Columbia for the duration of the celebration. Bring some mixer if you want, but everything else is on Sam. Here's blood in your eye! ■

# You never forget your first Girl.



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# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

Sirs:

I have always felt that the purest goal in life is for one to pursue happiness in the context of one's own determined talents and potential—no matter what historical, societal, or existential pressures demand. But lately, since I've been dead, I've realized that it doesn't really seem to matter what the fuck one does.

Ayn Rand  
*Fountainhead Cemetery*

Sirs:

This is to the man who pretended his belly was swollen from starvation, then overturned his table by sucking in air. Look, I had other orders too, you know!

Wanda the Waitress  
*Al's Clam Shack  
Klocktock, S. Dak.*

Sirs:

We are a nomadic tribal group in Central Africa. There are six of us: Ngurombe, Mburote, Mguromo, Nburombe, Nmurobo, and Mnuroto; and we are aged from eighteen to seventy-two. We have a movable hut composed of hides, and a number of horns that have been fashioned into vessels for drinking and portage. Our diet is rudimentary and often scant, consisting usually of roots, tubers, insects, and blood when it is available. As for the point of this letter, we have decided after many years of hardship and isolation that the presence of a small child among us might provide a joyful diversion. It is unfortunate, however, that malnutrition and physical adversity have brought fallowness to our women; thus, we are required to plead for the donation of a third-party infant, which we would happily raise as our own. Will you help us by publicizing our situa-

tion? Please tell your readers that although any child will be appreciated, a healthy white baby of affluent Jewish stock, preferably from Shaker Heights, is most acceptable. We would like the child to be extraordinarily high-strung, squeamish, allergic...an advanced intellectual type with poor eyesight and porcine features. We believe these characteristics will provide an enjoyable counterpoint to the general makeup of our group and to the Central African landscape as a whole. A special postal box has been established for replies: Jewish Babies in the Jungle, Box 101, Mbaiki, Central African Empire. Kindly accept in advance our gratitude for your assistance in this most important matter.

Ngurombe, et al  
*Africa*

Sirs:

It's a terrible tragedy to see people afflicted with a disease that makes them comatose even as they speak. I'm speaking about Hugh Downs Syndrome.

Geraldo Rivera  
*New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:

This Russian fella, the new premier, Andropov, is that his name? The one from the KGB? Nobody would tell me what those letters mean, so I figured it out for myself. It means he's a *cagey bastard!* That's a good one, isn't it? I could be a lot funnier in my speeches if the staff would let me. But if I say just one word that isn't on the cue cards they shoot me in the neck with a Thorazine dart and make me take lots of naps. But look, you seem like a nice bunch of boys, why don't you come visit me sometime and I'll tell you about Hollywood in the old days. Before these business people bought my contract. Uh-oh, somebody's coming. I'll have to hide this under the covers and pretend I'm asleep. Bye for now.

Ronald Reagan  
*The White House  
Washington, D.C.*

Sirs:

Don't go telling *me* what to do, buddy! How would you like it if I filled your radiator with piss? Maybe I'll just cross your spark-plug wires, or maybe you'd like it if I sliced your brake lines! Maybe I'll strip your transmission, or loosen your lug nuts, or put some dog shit in your glove compartment! I'll do whatever the hell I feel like doing!

Mr. Badwrench  
*Goodyear, Pa.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25)



MANKOFF

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Remember “a silly millimeter longer”? A certain unscrupulous prime minister does.

## Metric Madness

BY BOB POMERANTZ

**I** WANT THIS HUSHED UP,” THE Right Honorable Pierre Elliott Trudeau told his Royal Canadian Mounted Police top brass. The prime minister’s eyes radiated mischief. “Do what you have to do. If this ever leaks, it’ll make the baby-seal hunt look like a Tupperware party.”

They trotted out blackmail threats (“We’ll get films of your sister mounting a wolverine”). They tempted with Big Money, willing ladies, and a better delivery route. They burned his shoes.

But Canadian postman Rocques La Douche would not budge: “No fuckin’ Mountie horseman strong-arms La Douche,” he told a hastily called press conference. “Canada mus’ know da facts; I now spill beans, dasforsure.”

And when La Douche started spilling, the scheme Trudeau had hatched thirteen years ago exploded in his face.

La Douche described to reporters how he grew suspicious when he could no longer push letters through the slot at 11 Pemican Trail, Pefferlaw, Ont., and how, with all his northern might, he tackled the front door, to send a mountain of mail scattering.

It was a queer sight he saw in the hallway of the small bungalow. Vomit covered the floor. A cadaver, dressed in World War II army fatigues, lay on the soiled carpet—a yardstick protruding from its blue lips.

Its right hand, stiff with rigor mortis, clutched an envelope labeled “I swallowed my pride for Canada.”

The mailbag dropped from his shoulder. Trembling, horror-struck, La Douche inched up to the stiff. Somehow, he found it within himself to pry apart the locked fingers and tear open the suicide note.

La Douche wiped the sweat off his

brow and cleared his mind. He was no longer in the house of the dead man, but baking under camera lights behind a podium, in Ottawa.

“Dis note,” he shrieked, waving the envelope furiously before the news-hounds, “dis note will make da baby-seal hunt look like a Tupperware party, dasforsure!” So he read it:

My name is Hector (Hecky) McNab, Canadian. Never before have I taken mine own life or intentionally broken any other law of the Dominion. But I had no choice.

Metrication, the mandatory conversion from imperial to metric measurement, has driven me to commit this desperate act!

Trudeau and his gang of jackals are poisoning the land I fought for with their damn metrication! They lied when they



“Here is His Excellency’s confession. Please indicate a suitable penance and give me a receipt.”

The good news is Jonathan's having his first affair.

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The bad news is she's his roommate's mother.

# CLASS

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said, "Don't fret. Canada, going metric will be a piece of cake, you'll hardly even notice it."

At first that was true. Commerce at Hecky's Texaco carried on, my gasoline and diesel fuel pumped in gallons.

Mine was a simple, honest existence. I drove my Pontiac the legal highway speed of sixty miles per hour. Every night I brought home a pound of back bacon—Clara's favorite—and the wife always poured me a frosty cool one when I walked in the front door. Life was fine.

Then the craziness started. eh? In '77, they took down the normal road signs and put up them kilometer signs. They said you could go one hundred. Seven times the Pefferlaw police cited me for speedin', and one of them times, I plowed the Pontiac into a snowbank and nearly broke my arse.

Meanwhiles, the radio and TV were broadcasting the temperature in Celsius. It drove Clara nuts—she'd be putting on long johns all the time they said twenty-five degrees and go outside and sweat her buttocks off in the heat.

Clara used to be quite the little sewer, but no more. She went down to the House of Textiles to buy fabric for new drapes and they pulled it off the bolt in meters. The wife took a lot of pride in her sewing and she spent hours measuring and fitting the meter cloth with her yardstick.

"Nine bucks' worth of fabric down the tubes," she cried when the drapes came out looking shit crooked.

Anyone will tell you Hecky McNab doesn't snap easy. I was at Dieppe and learned how to cope with problems. So I coped when they started putting my Molson in 341-milliliter bottles and didn't bitch when Rudy the Butcher sold me pork by the kilogram. (Who could tell whether that crazy German was putting his thumb on the scales? Not me!)

Then the scuttlebutt started—rumors that the damn metrification was going to spread right up the bung hole of the Dominion. Rudy was convinced the feds soon wouldn't be lettin' him sell pigs' feet. "Ach, das feetsies isn't metric," he kept saying.

I heard tell Canadian football was schemin' to do away with fifty-yard lines and rename the sport toe ball. And no foot-logs in the stands, I suppose!

My world caved in on me the day a Metric Commission inspector phoned the Texaco. "Hecky," he told me, "you start selling the gas in liters or, by Jesus, we boot your arse in front of a magistrate lickety-split!"

I told Clara, and that night she had a vicious nightmare, which caused her going to the puzzle factory. She dreamed an Eskimo 'poooned her with his blubber stick, but the magistrate set him free and arrested Clara.

"Rape or no rape, you were using a yardstick to make drapes. And by federal law," the magistrate told Clara in her dream, "it's worse using a yardstick than a blubber stick!"

I snapped when they carted Clara off in a confinement jacket. I phoned the Metric Commission boys long-distance in Ottawa and said it was their fault Clara went mental. I swore I'd never change Hecky's Texaco to metric!

The next day, a puke-faced metric inspector sealed my gas pumps and said next time I'd pay a thousand-dollar fine. Worse still, the inspector was a fuckin' Eskimo. I socked him one good in the puss.

After Rudy bailed me out of the Pefferlaw bucket, we had a long talk. He said Canada was going metric to get in line with Europe and make trading easier.

I said, "You don't see the Americans kissing Europe's arse. You don't see Yankees putting their squaws in metric brassieres. A stacked American is still 36-24-36. Up here now it's 91-61-91, the measurements of a cow!"

Even though it tastes like puppy pee, the Americans can still buy their ale in honest twelve-ounce bottles. They can wear ten-gallon hats, can go to ball games at Mile High Stadium, can... Then it hit me.

"Rudy," I says, "do you know the real reason we're going the metric way? It's 'cause Trudeau wants a bigger dick size than Reagan. In metric, Pierre can hang at least a ten-er!" That crazy Nazi just laughed in my face.

So I went home, put on my old army uniform, and decided to eat Clara's yardstick. If this nation's going down the tubes 'cause of Trudeau's dick size, I'm not going with it.

Clara's gone, my Texaco station was bought by Arabs, and I'm too old to go metric. Today is my sixty-ninth birthday, long enough to live.

I'm swallowing the stick now. Have a frosty cool one on

Hector (Hecky) McNab, Canadian

From behind the podium, Rocques La Douche produced the obsolete yardstick. "Mes amis, dis here is the fateful weapon dat killed Hecky McNab, dasforsure. I 'umbly sugges' Canada knows where to shove dis t'ing nex'!"

The newsmen rushed to their telephones. The press conference was over.

**Editor's note:** Hector McNab was buried in a nonmetric grave, six feet under. The next day, the governor-general called an election, and it looks like Canada may for the first time elect a postman prime minister.

Clara McNab, still confined to a mental institution, is not entitled to cast a vote.





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# FOTO FUNNIES





# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

Sirs:

I'd be in great demand even if I weren't seven feet two. Listen to this one:

So the termite on the backboard says to the ref, "Pardon me, sir, is the goal tender here?"

See what I mean?

Thank you, ladies and germs, thank you very much.

Ralph Sampson  
Charlottesville, Va.

Sirs:

I just had a horrible thought. What if hostile aliens from outer space looked just like Muppets? They could have telepathically instilled their likeness in Jim Henson's mind, preparing us for the invasion. Imagine trying to defend your home against an onslaught of fuzzy frogs: "No, Daddy! You can't shoot Kermit!" In no time at all, Muppet-like aliens could decimate our cities, rape our women, demoralize our youth, and eat all our cookies.

Walter Krupp  
Carbondale, Ill.

Sirs:

There's this guy in town, Walt, who's going around saying that aliens who look like Muppets are preparing an invasion, and they've started by telepathically implanting their image in Jim Henson's brain. I say, what if they're already here? What if the Muppets are really aliens and Jim Henson is a big latex puppet with an alien inside? Or maybe they look like E.T., and Steven Spielberg is in their telepathic control. No, that wouldn't work. They wouldn't have to invade America then—they could just buy it.

Bob Szczewski  
Carbondale, Ill.

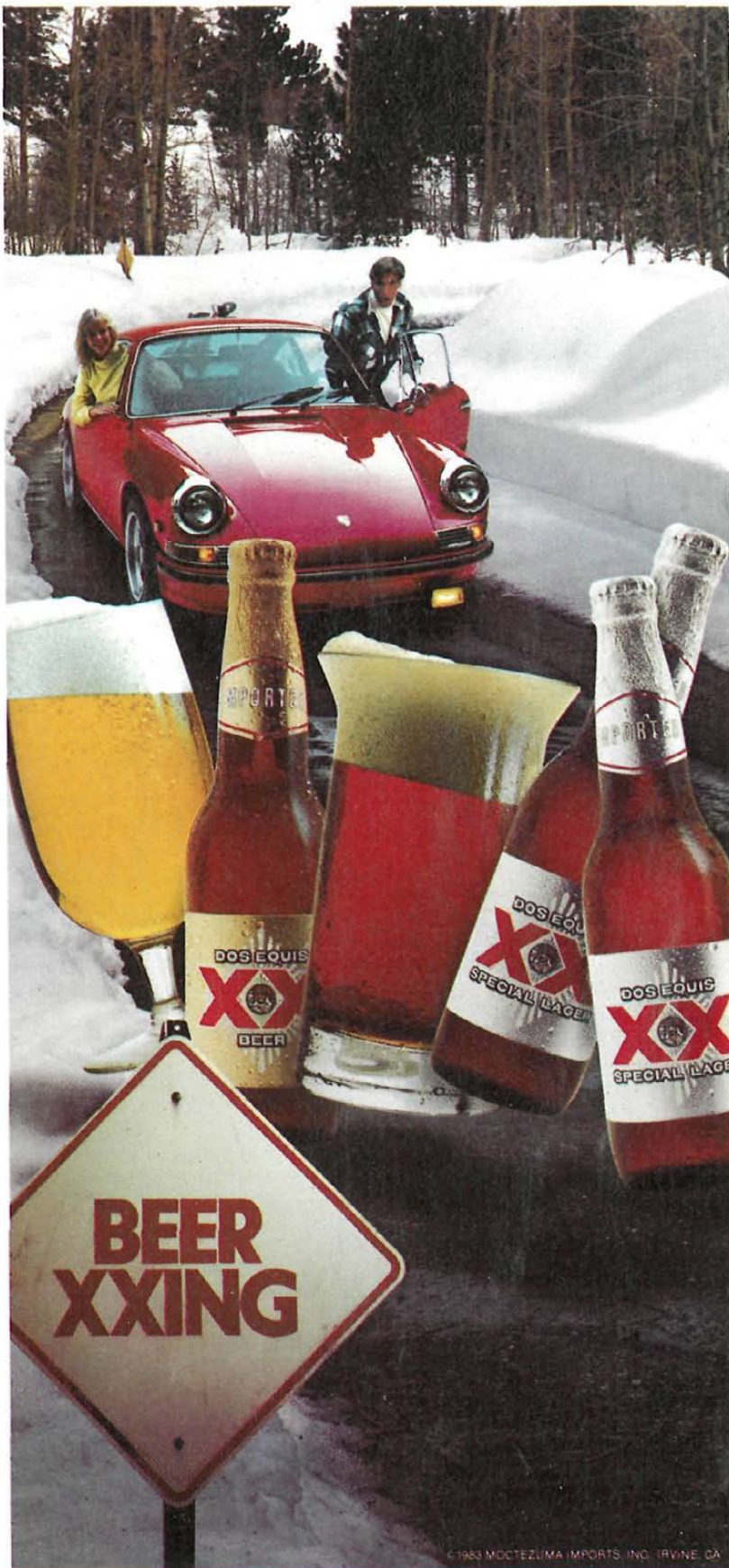
Sirs:

Ever since I died, they've been dragging my name through the mud. Every day I read another column on what a disagreeable guy I was to live with. Some of the stories are out of context and in need of clarification.

For instance, the one about me slapping up Ali MacGraw. Well, that was the day they told me I had terminal cancer. I go home feeling like shit, so when I get in, I slam the door and go right to my room. Ali walks into my room and says, "What's eatin' you?" I went nuts and cracked her (open hand, of course).

Steve McQueen  
Purgatory

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35)



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**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.



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# Time of the Month

AUGUST EDITION

## Congress Pays Itself Not to Make Laws

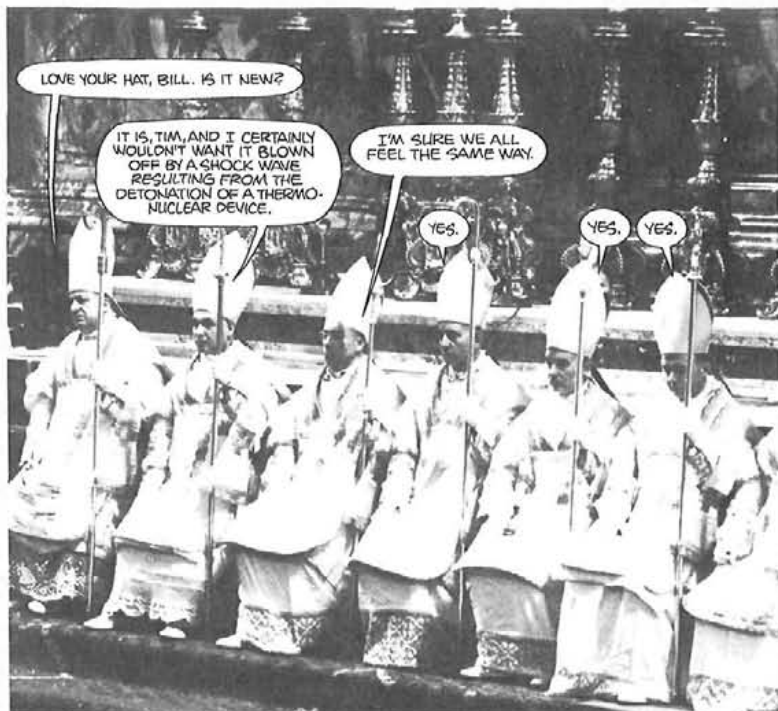
**D**ECLARING THAT "THE U.S. HAS a serious surplus of laws," Congress has announced passage of a new subsidy program under which it will be paid not to make laws. Explained House Speaker "Tip" O'Neill, "It works just like the farm subsidy program, whereby we pay farmers not to grow crops. We feel it's a vital step to take now because, in recent years, Congress has been far too fertile in creating laws. In fact, there are so many laws covering every little thing that people are too confused to obey them, and the result has been rampant lawlessness."

According to O'Neill, "The way the program operates is simple. In a legislative session, Congress typically enacts,



Congress obeying its own law.

say, one thousand laws. From now on, for every law we don't enact, each member will receive a hundred thousand dollars, which is approximately what he



"Plagues and famines and earthquakes and sticks that poke out your eyes and kill you on jungle trails are okay," European bishops have decided. The bishops stated that such things "came from God." "Nuclear bombs would be okay too," the bishops stated, "but only if God dropped them."

## European Bishops Join Nuke Debate

SNIPING LIGHTWEIGHT EUROPEAN BISHOPS, AFTER ENCOURAGING THEIR followers to slaughter each other for hundreds of years and resolving nothing, have turned their huge-hatted attention to nuclear arms.

"It is only by taking incomprehensible stands on utterly unmanageable issues such as nuclear arms and expressing them tentatively in pastoral letters to our dwindling congregations that we can get any press at all these days," said one wretched, half-mad French prince of the church.

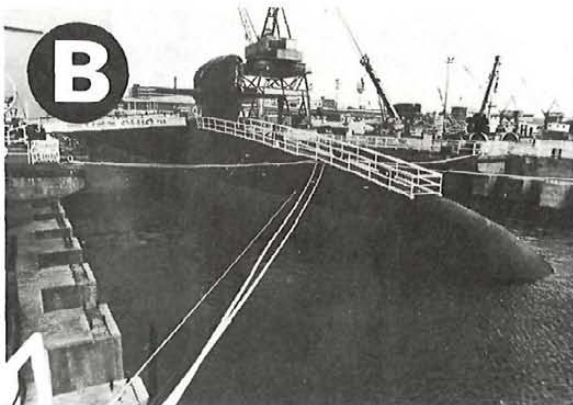
would have made in things like free lunches, campaign contributions, and outright gifts in order to pass the law. And, to be certain that Congress lies completely fallow, we won't meet anymore. We'll just come in once a year and officially adjourn until the next year. Of course, in addition to the subsidies, we'll also earn our regular salaries, and that should be just enough to pay for the vacations we'll have to take to be sure we don't hang around Washington and be-

come tempted to start making laws again."

Concluded O'Neill, "Most laws, which cater to special-interest groups, are bad for the country anyway, and maybe without them the common good will have a chance, and we'll be able to clear up some of our problems. Also, I think that Americans will sleep easier at night now, knowing they won't have to wake up in the morning suddenly not able to do something they want to do."

Smart sub shoppers! Compare and decide before you invest!

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**A single Trident nuclear submarine,** which may or may not work—and if it *does* work, its only function is to blow away many people—costs more than \$1,500,000,000.00! Not even a congressional committee can estimate the price of a dozen of them—and they aren't even funny!

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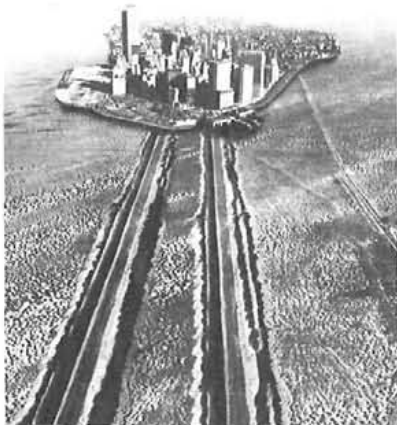
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Left: New York City in its usual location. Right: Same city en route to the West Coast, leaving nothing for Soviet missiles other than a worthless vacant lot.

## Reagan Calls For Duplicate Cities to Fool Russian ICBMs

**A**DMITTING THAT "PERHAPS MY plan for demolishing incoming Russian missiles by laser rays was a bit farfetched after all," President Reagan has now called for what he termed "a more passive, smoke-screen approach" against a Soviet attack—the construction of exact duplicates of major U.S. cities to be set as decoys

around the real ones. The president explained, "They'll be life-size, with all details correct, but they won't put a strain on our military budget because they'll be made of inexpensive, easily available Styrofoam. From reconnaissance photos, the Russians won't be able to tell the fake cities from the true ones, so they won't know where to aim their

missiles. They'll either have to give up in frustration or else waste precious time nuking strategically useless masses of plastic-like material while we retaliate."

Construction of the bogus cities will begin immediately, the president said at a press conference. "For example, we'll have twenty duplicates of Washington, and we're going to sprinkle them liberally all around the D.C. area. To confuse the enemy still more, we might even place a couple of them out in California. That way, the Russians will think that they're wildly off course, or that all of their maps of the U.S. are completely wrong." Other cities to be duplicated include New York (twenty copies), Detroit (fifteen copies), Los Angeles (fifteen copies), Boston (ten copies), and Chicago (twenty copies). Eventually the program will be extended to medium-size cities like Scranton and Toledo, and ultimately to the smallest villages. Opined Reagan, "It is my fervent hope that, by the year 2000, there won't be a single populated area in the United States that isn't safely nestled among several identical decoys."

At the same press conference, the president announced that he was also considering other plans to foil Russian ICBMs. In one of the alternate systems, major U.S. cities would be placed on wheeled platforms and set on what he termed "enormous train-track-like things." The cities would then be moved back and forth across the country twenty-four hours a day. "That way," Reagan said, "the Russians could never successfully attack a city, because they could never be sure just exactly where the city was." ■

### "Fantasy Island" Looks for New Tattoo

THE PRODUCERS OF ABC'S "Fantasy Island," according to people who work in the same building with them and have access to phones, will soon conclude their months-long search for a new Tattoo.

Herve Villechaize, who left the series earlier this year after these same producers refused to pay him twice as much money as he had been getting for standing next to Ricardo Montalban and announcing the arrival of a film clip that featured an airplane landing on an island, will be replaced by one of Hollywood's most famous actors—either Robert Redford, Sylvester Stallone, or Robert Conrad. The latter, however, is considered a "dark horse." ■

### Big Stars Assail Supreme Court

THE U.S. SUPREME COURT, ALREADY submerged under a tidal wave of litigation, now has a new flood of requests to contend with: big Hollywood stars with important personal lawsuits.

In a trend begun when Mickey Rooney threatened to return his Oscar if the Court refused to hear his case against the major Hollywood studios, several other celebrities have attempted to blackmail the Court into ruling on their cases.

Recently, Pia Zadora threatened to give back her coveted Golden Globe

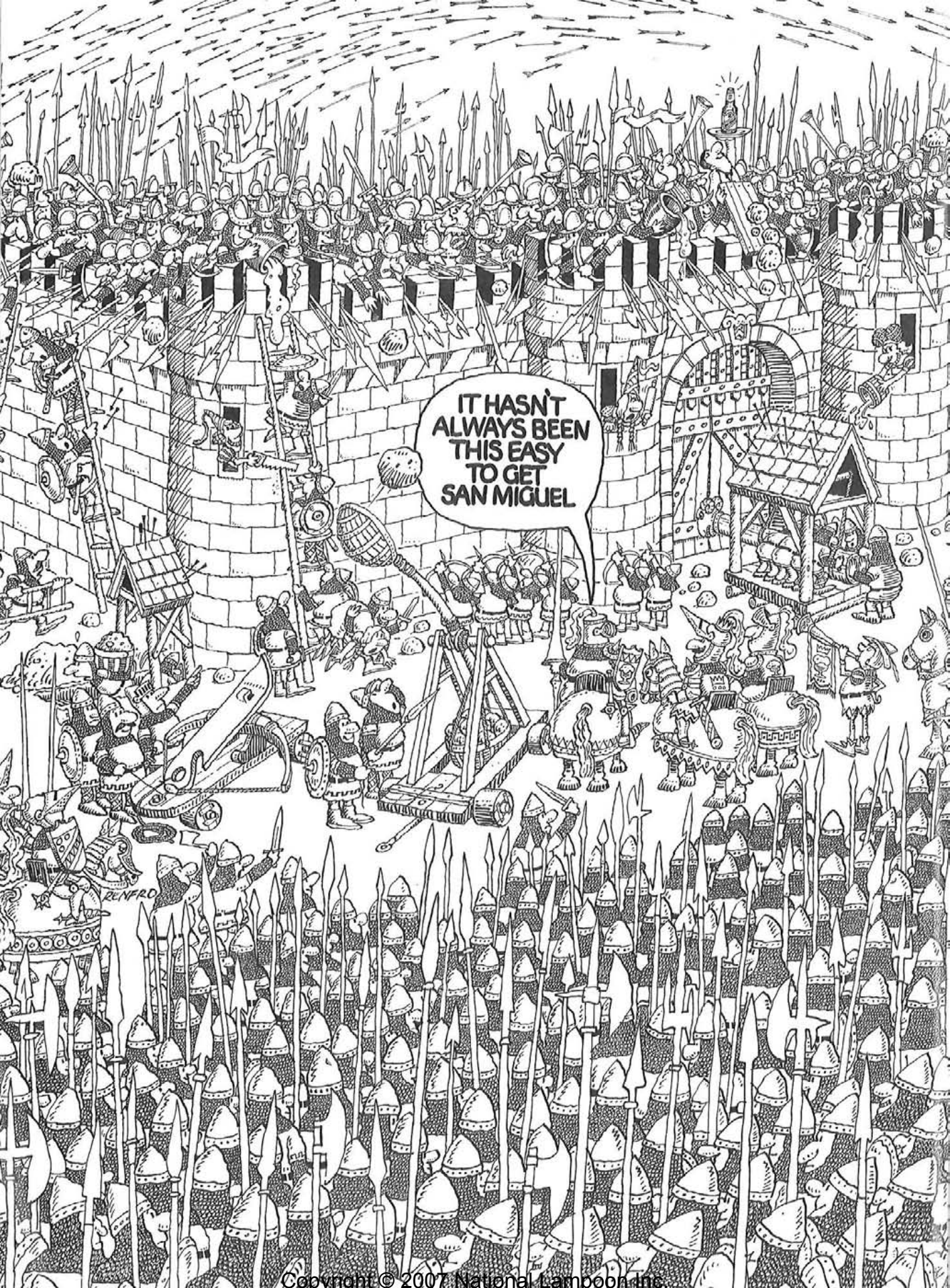
award for Best New Entertainer of 1981 if the Court did not hear her malpractice case, in which she has charged a plastic surgeon with making her rear end look like a straining, bulky Hefty bag.

In addition, television star Bonnie Franklin has threatened to return her *People* magazine "Who's Hot" plaque of 1980 unless the Court passes its own amendment to the Constitution granting itself the power to issue judicial decrees and then issues a decree stating that "men exploit women, and women have a right to do something about it." ■

**Time  
of the  
Month**

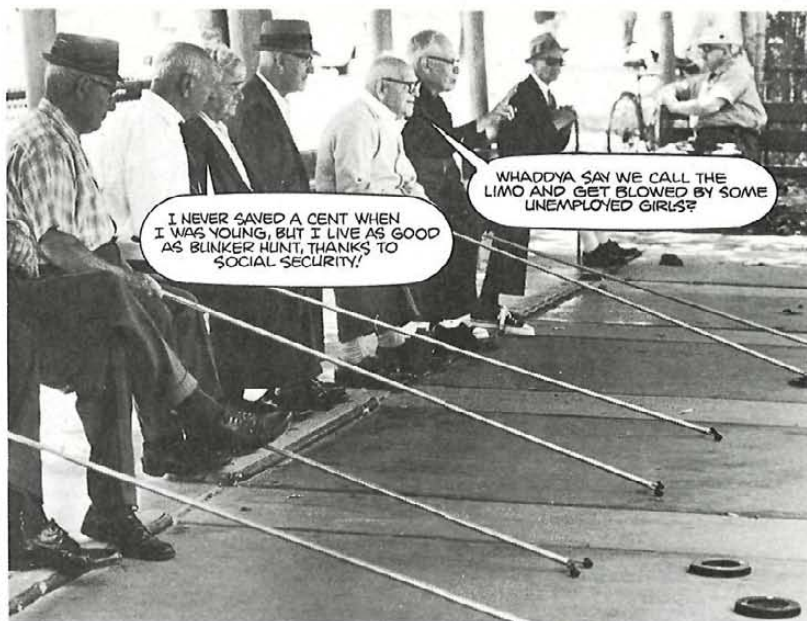
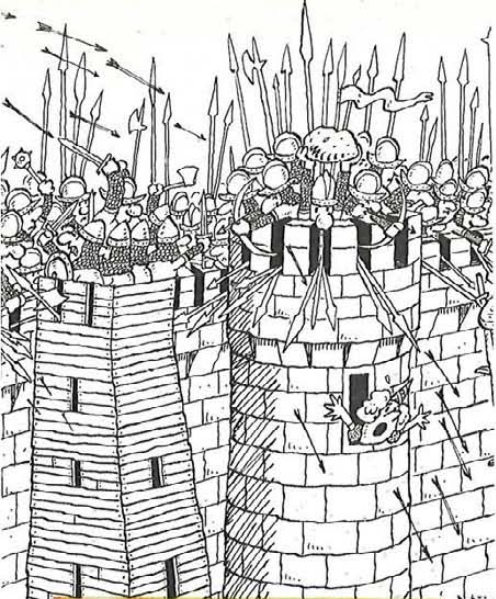
EDITOR:  
Tod Carroll

CONTRIBUTORS:  
Fred Graver, Mat Jacobs,  
Ted Mann, David Sahlin,  
Ed Subitzky



IT HASN'T  
ALWAYS BEEN  
THIS EASY  
TO GET  
SAN MIGUEL

RENPRO



I NEVER SAVED A CENT WHEN I WAS YOUNG, BUT I LIVE AS GOOD AS BUNKER HUNT, THANKS TO SOCIAL SECURITY!

WHADDYA SAY WE CALL THE LIMO AND GET BLOWN BY SOME UNEMPLOYED GIRLS?

Endless game playing will no longer be subsidized by the U.S. government.

## Congress Cuts Social Security, Finding Old People Wasting Nation's Money

"NO WONDER OUR SOCIAL SECURITY system is in trouble—we take good, valuable money from the nation's Treasury and give it to old people, and what do they use it for? Things like playing checkers, phoning unresponsive grandchildren, and seeing third-rate movies." So spoke Senator Robert K. Dole, chairman of the powerful Senate Finance Committee, after reading a newly released congressional report on the state of the ailing U.S. Social Security system.

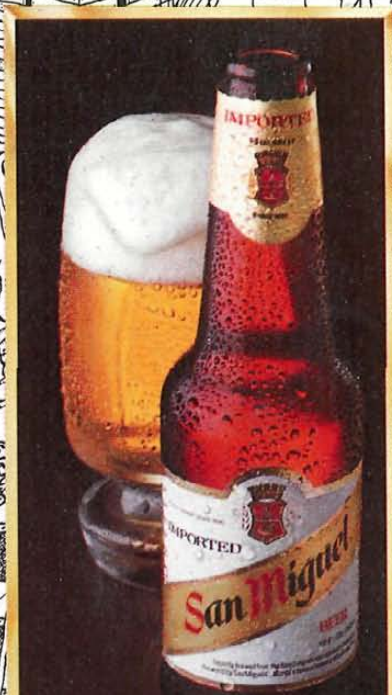
According to Dole, the report surveyed literally thousands of old people and, as he told a press conference, "found them, to an individual, not putting the money into anything useful whatsoever. For example, some use it to grow scraggly little plants that they put on their windowsills. Others take courses in foreign languages they'll never need to speak. Some go out and buy hopelessly unfashionable polka-dotted dresses, while others squander

unconscionable sums in beauty parlors when the simple truth is that, at their advanced age, no treatment whatsoever is going to get them looking better." Dole concluded, "It's one thing for people to waste their own money, but quite another to waste the nation's money. If the U.S. is considerate enough to give them all this money after they reach sixty-five, and month after month at that, the least they could do with it is contribute in some meaningful way to the national welfare."

Dole then called upon Congress to completely reexamine the basis of the Social Security system, and a new bill was written and passed immediately. "From now on," Dole said, "old people will receive a government stipend of ten dollars a week. That's what a typical teenage kid gets as an allowance, and it should suit them nicely for their silly, childlike pursuits." ■

### Dairy Indian Death

LITTLE SUAVILOQUENCE, THE SIXTY-three-year-old Cherokee Indian who posed as the "Land O Lakes" lady for as many years, was found dead, an apparent suicide, on top of her butter box, police said today. According to friends, Suaviloquence had been depressed for quite some time over her role as a "gussied-up squaw" hawking salted and unsalted dairy products, and felt violated every time purchasers adjusted the cardboard flap, turning her knees into breasts. ■



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# Supreme Court Ruling Frees All U.S. Prisoners

IN AN HISTORIC, PER CURIAM OPINION resting primarily on a strict interpretation of the Eighth Amendment and its proscriptions against "cruel and unusual punishment," the U.S. Supreme Court has ordered that all federal, state, and local prisoners be released immediately. "After due examination of the American penal system," the opinion reads, "we conclude that prisons and jails inherently apply not just one but both forms of this type of punishment."

Speaking for the Court, Chief Justice Warren Burger explained, "Consider, for example, taking a man or woman and placing him or her in a tiny cell no larger than most people's front porch; housing them with people they don't know and may not even like; forcing them, no matter what their natural occupation, to perform menial tasks such



The Court's ruling sends millions hurrying home.

as doing laundry or making license plates; and depriving them not only substantially but entirely of the company of members of the opposite sex. Is there anywhere a citizen who, if subjected to this kind of treatment, would not regard it as cruel?"

The Chief Justice continued, "As far as the second constitutional criterion is concerned, this Court ordered a survey taken and determined that fully 99.9 percent of all Americans do not live in tiny cages; that they select for company whomsoever they wish; that they do not make their living doing laundry or manufacturing license plates; and that they spend numerous hours a week among, or domiciled with, members of the opposite sex. Statistically, therefore, the life of a prisoner must be deemed unusual. Thus we find the constitutional prohibition of 'cruel and unusual punishment' to be doubly and manifestly flouted."

When informed about the rulings, Attorney General William French Smith said, "We'll just have to accept the Court's decision and see what happens. But, as I see it, this action could help make America safer from crime. With all the ex-prisoners roaming the streets, from now on any would-be criminal will have to reckon with the fact that his intended victim might turn out to be one of them, and a real tough cookie at that. That'll make the criminal hesitate, I'm sure." ■

## Canadian-Rain Treaty Talks



Thousands of deaths in the U.S. are directly or indirectly attributable to "frozen rain" drifting down from Canada. Canadians, however, are reluctant to assume responsibility or take corrective action.

**E**PA CHIEF WILLIAM RUCKELSHAUS CONTINUES TO DISCUSS THE highly charged acid-rain issue with Canadian environmental authorities. The Canadians have charged that sulfur-dioxide and nitrogen-oxide emissions originating in the U.S. are destroying life in Canadian rivers and lakes and seriously damaging forests.

"I told the Canadians we'd be happy to stop the SO<sub>2</sub> and NO if they'd agree to stop sending us snow and freezing rain and cold air and so on. That stuff costs U.S. taxpayers a goddamn bundle every year," said Ruckelshaus caustically. ■

## State Mix-up at State

SECRETARY OF STATE GEORGE SHULTZ admitted that one reason why the U.S. has been unable to make any progress in its negotiations in the Mideast is that he had somehow got things all confused and had been working to bring peace to the Midwest instead. "I guess all those secret trips to Cairo, Illinois, didn't do much good with the Israelis and the Palestinians and the Lebanese," conceded the visibly embarrassed Shultz. ■



Every summer Chevy Chase takes his family on a little trip.  
This year he went too far.

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# New Reagan Tax Proposal Calls for Closing of "Low-Income Loopholes"



Free lunch and then tax breaks for dessert? No more.

STATING THAT "IT'S ABOUT TIME WE took some of the burden off our rich by seeing to it that poor people finally pay their proper share of taxes," Ronald Reagan has presented Congress with a wide-ranging tax-reform bill. In a dramatic plea, the president called for "closing, once and for all, those low-income loopholes that have created drastic inequities in the ways in which the

rich and poor pay their taxes."

Reagan detailed his program at a special press conference. "For example," he said, "consider that deduction for children. Some poor people, I understand, have seven, eight, even nine children, and they get an exemption for each, something that the wealthy, who are accustomed to limiting their families, can never take full advantage of.

The poor also get deductions for things like union dues, but since rich people are hardly ever members of unions, they can never share in this kind of deduction, either. The poor can deduct interest on their loans even though rich people, of course, don't need loans and so can't enjoy this type of deduction. What's more, the poor get deductions for things like medical bills, a particularly flagrant inequity because, as everyone knows, the poor get sick far more often than the rich. Why, they even get deductions for keeping aged parents around the house, another thing the rich can't benefit from because most rich people's parents have their own houses."

Reagan added angrily, "As I understand it, last year millions of poor people didn't pay any taxes at all. To make up for years of tax discrimination against the rich, I'm also calling for a degraded income tax whereby rates get lower as income gets higher, as well as special exemptions for things like owning a Rolls-Royce, just one of which can cost more to maintain than having several children." ■

## Reagan Creates Agency to Protect Nation's Supply of Rich People

WARNING THAT "ONE OF AMERICA'S great natural resources is in serious danger," President Reagan has announced the creation of the MPA, or Millionaire Protection Agency.

Making his remarks at a brief ceremony, the president stated, "We have to recognize the fact that the very welfare of our nation depends upon this small but important species. They create the products that make our lives easier, run our companies, and build our homes. They design the drugs that cure us and produce the movies and TV shows that entertain us. They contribute to the political campaigns without which there could be no government. They're such a vital link in our larger ecosystem that if we let them perish, we would all cer-

tainly perish with them."

The president blamed the current threat to millionaire population levels on what he termed "selfish depletion of their natural resources in these economically troubled times." He also decried "an age in which crassness and lack of elegance have defoliated many of their traditional grazing areas—for example, Palm Beach—which provide the deli-

cate support systems they need to mate and reproduce. Their favorite nesting sites are also constantly being encroached upon by fierce, competing foreign species such as the Arabs." The president added sadly, "As a result, many of our country's finest lines of millionaires, including those that took centuries to evolve, are in danger of extinction." ■



Endangered species to be protected by the president.

# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

Sirs:

Please visit us on our isolated atoll here in the Pacific. We don't get many tourists, and we are always glad to increase our relations with outsiders. Your readers may be interested to know that it is a tradition on our island to allow a visitor to sleep with the wife of any of our natives. In exchange, all we ask is that the tourist leave a small gift of some kind. A hundred bucks should do it.

Chief Man'ou'wela  
Island of Bulky Broads

Sirs:

I've been on the air a while and I'm running out of people to humiliate. We've been through all the old kinescopes of dumb commercials and had the guy who shows all those bad movies that were never released and interviewed all the Chinese waiters in New York already. Got any ideas?

David Letterman  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I'm writing to relay a story that has the literary world here in Britain fairly buzzing.

It seems that a janitor over at Stratford-on-Avon was sweeping out the basement one night last week when he uncovered a "dusty old book" that, in fact, turned out to be the oldest manuscript in existence of *Romeo and Juliet*—penned in William Shakespeare's own hand.

Well, remember the scene in the Capulets' orchard where Romeo watches from the shadows below as Juliet, on her balcony, gazes wistfully at the stars and finally sighs, "O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?"

Well! In fact, as it turns out, what the fair maiden *actually* said was, "O Romeo, Romeo! where *fart* thou Romeo?" Whereupon the startled Romeo, farting away in the bushes, tried frantically to collect his thoughts—*(Aside.)* "Shall I fart more, or shall I speak at this?"—but truly was *totally* aghast at being discovered, dropped his pants, and fell prick-first into a bushel of ripe poperins (pears, as you call them). Then, just as Juliet began screaming hysterically "Get that fucker out of here!" a Chinese gardener rounded the corner and, with the aid of a hefty shovel, chased the errant Romeo straight off the grounds, and he was never heard from again.

Apparently, the entire conclusion of *Romeo and Juliet* as known to the modern world simply does not exist—experts

here now believe it to be the forgery of a cheeky impostor and most definitely *not* the work of Shakespeare.

In any case, it's been quite a chaotic and interesting week here, as you might well imagine; I'll keep you posted on further developments.

Malcolm Mulridge  
Warwickshire County  
England

Sirs:

How come no funny letters from us?

Biafra Jagger  
New Jerzy Kosinski  
Ravi Chancre  
"Ms. Ojinist Magazine"

Sirs:

Wanna hear what happened to me once? I was walking in New York City and this bum stopped me. He put both hands on his belt and he screamed at me, "Give me some money or I'll shit on your shoes!" I said, "I'll save you the trouble, scumbag!" and me and my

buddies beat the livin' crap out of him.

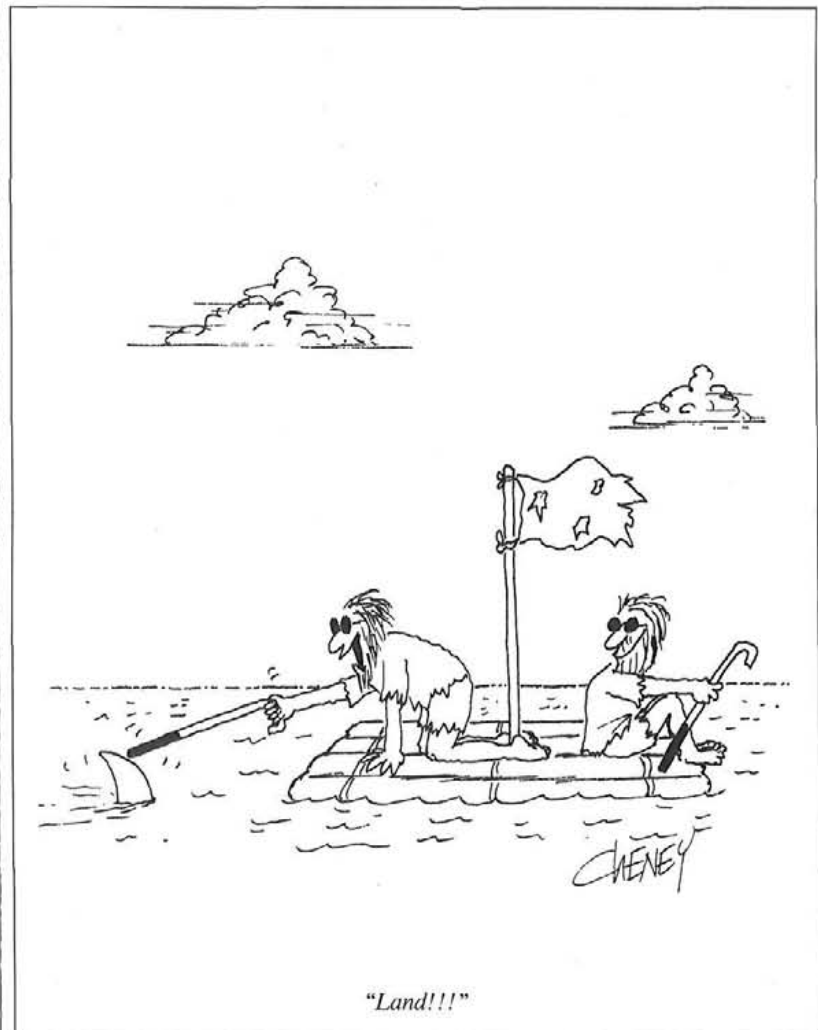
I was gonna send this in to *Reader's Digest's* "True Humor of New York" column, but I thought I'd give you guys first crack at it.

Lester Cool  
Chester Square, N.Y.

Sirs:

Now, since I have changed my life so much, nobody wants to write about me or shoot me with a TV camera. But if you send down your best reporting people to interview me, I promise it will be exciting. Most washed-up athletes only want to talk about their LeRoy Neiman prints, their ex-wives, and Jesus. But with me the change is so different that my chat with the writing people will be wonderful, I promise. Then, perhaps afterward, we can all go shopping or I can do somebody's wife's nails or something.

Roberto Duran  
Prop., Bobo's Hair Salon  
Panama City, Panama



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Sirs:  
This view of the city I get from standing on the edge of my crib and looking out this twelve-story window is really beautiful. Oops! WAAAAAA-UUUUUGGGGGHHH!!!  
Hank Williams, Jr., Jr.  
*Smashed-up Face, Ga.*

Sirs:  
I used to get drunk a lot, and boy, did some wacky things ever happen! One time I found myself stark naked in the middle of the South Bronx, surrounded by a crowd of wide-eyed, grinning Negroes. Another time I accidentally knocked my wife unconscious with a porcelain raccoon. There was one whole week when I couldn't for the life of me name a single Supreme Court justice, living or dead, and I believe I went for months at a time without voting for elected officials.

On one occasion, shortly after leaving the Navy, I threw up on some fat guy that friends later told me was Henny Youngman. There was a period when I regularly built pyramids of empty beer cans and scrambled to the top of them, only to have them all collapse beneath me, sending me sprawling to the floor. My kids used to love that!

It was great!  
Why did I finally give up drinking?  
Beats the fuck out of me.  
"Wild Man" Lansdale  
*Scranton, Pa.*

Sirs:  
If you put your head on a stamp you're a hero, but if you put a stamp on your head you're not fit to clean Teddy Roosevelt's spectacles. That's the way the old saying went when I was growin' up, and I see no reason to change it now.  
Lou Grogg  
*Point Blank, Mo.*

Sirs:  
You always hear about the Holocaust, but what about the six million pieces of toast that have been burnt to a crisp every year by Fascist housewives since 1940? And they say special interests don't control the media.  
David Whitebread  
*Rye, N.Y.*

Sirs:  
You may think the music my band plays is "fuddy-duddy" and that we're "old fogies," but at least I never had to get a rabies shot for biting the head off a bat.  
Lawrence Welk  
*Sherman Oaks, Calif.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 80)



BY SEAN KELLY

**S**EVERAL POLITICAL SEASONS ago, we, the laugh merchants of America, united to create a small, little-known, but remarkably effective action group known as SNIGGER (Satirists determined that Nixon Is Going to Get Endlessly Relected).

Before us, in those times, loomed the grim specter of Hubert Humphrey as president, and the dim, awful possibility that some of the more grotesque and absurd excesses of U.S. foreign and domestic policy would cease or decrease. Our satirical sinecures, our

very livelihoods were threatened! So every one of us, from slapstick Yippie goof to arch and whimsical op-ed pundit, put aside our petty differences, banded together, and made a fierce, determined—and successful—effort to return to the Highest Offices in the Land King Richard the Turd and his pack of ludicrous poltroons. The rest was...comedy.

(One immediate and tangible result was the now-famous Watergate Hearings, the most popular TV sitcom in the history of entertainment.)

Well, gang, the whoopee cushion summons us again! Once more, in clear and present danger stands the Republic (which is to say, the Republicans). Despite the manifest recovery of the economy (the rich are getting richer again); despite the diplomatic achievements of the administration (the peasants of the world are twitching in their sleep once more, dreaming of our military might); despite all the delightfully transparent lies and goofy blunders, the fickle ingrate great beast of an electorate is evincing signs of disenchantment! If something is not done—and soon—there is the distinct possibility that they will go out and elect some bland, decent, possibly even semi-intelligent and/or (G\*d f\*rbid!) conscientious candidate from...the *other* party!

It is time to rally 'round the flag of Enlightened Self-Interest (an elephant rampant in a field of chickens) encore!

Can we really afford to lose the likes of James Watt, the biggest bozo in D.C. since Spiggy nolo contendere-ed off to natter with the nabobs? Can political lampoonery as we know it long survive without policymakers as manifestly corrupt, hypocritical, dangerous, and downright hilarious as the present cabal? Can we professional reflectors-upon-the-foibles-and-follies continue to practice our art without hawkish arms negotiators? an EPA operated by PR agents for pollution? fascist ambassadors to the socialists? more missiles justified in the name of fewer missiles? the Year of the Bible? Gary Coleman, narcotics adviser to the First Lady? the presidential keister?

You bet your sweetened laugh tracks we can't!

Already such farsighted wits and wags as William F. Buckley, Jr., William Safire, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., and Bob Hope have endorsed the return to office of our ludicrous leader and his supporting cast of boffo zanies. Like these esteemed humorists, we believe all Americans have an inalienable right to sneer, giggle, and guffaw their way into the Nuclear Apocalypse. Laugh? I think we'll die!

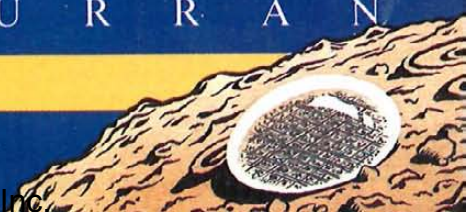




# A TALE OF SORORITY GIRLS ON THE MOON

“Things, things, things. How did I ever get so many of them?” thought Susie, slowly blinking in astonishment as Kappa Alpha Theta’s spanking-new antigravity chute deposited her personal belongings through the window of her new room on the second floor of the sorority. Sunlamps, a medically approved skin-care system, porcelain pigs, cat picture books, vitamins that let you see in the dark, a multicolored wardrobe of natural fabrics, and more gently floated out of view. Quickly catching a glance at the full-length mirror, Susie felt a surge of pride in having almost com-

B Y K E V I N C U R R A N



pletely watched her diet all summer.

The makeup kit was heavy, but Susie could never trust any chute to deliver it to the top. Huffing and puffing up the stairs, she paused to hear the irksome, pulsating bass line that meant songs played by minorities and scruff. Her own tastes ran toward sad-eyed female vocalists who had been hurt by a tragic and cruel life that made them wear braces, or men who sang like boys about everlasting love and dance parties.

As she got closer, she realized that her room was where all the noise came from. Falcone, a Uruguayan transvestite, was screaming the words to his latest hit, something about former president Glenn putting on makeup in outer space to go out dancing with an alien. Susie had always let out a little shriek and quickly switched stations whenever it had come on during her last shuttle voyage. Had her roommate, Janice Morton, gooned-out on amaretto and milk, slipped over the edge this summer?

With the determination that being first vice-president of the moon's oldest sorority brings to a golden-haired, pert-

nipped coed, Susie entered her room, only to find a strange girl washing down some shiny black capsules with a swig from a quart bottle of beer. Susie noticed at once that the girl was pretty, and seemed to weigh less than she did.

Her black hair hung long, and she wore jeans, a halter top, and cowboy boots, which she rested on top of her desk. In the corner was what looked like an aquarium, only without any water. A pair of large black speakers rumbled like witch doctors on Susie's desk.

"You're not Janice," said Susie.

"Nope," replied the dark-haired intruder. "She died last week from a disease that dissolved all her bones. She got it from carrying makeup cases around and wearing fluffy sweaters. House plants cause it, too," she added, eyeing the ferns coming in through the window. She took a long pull on the beer and then smiled in a friendly way.

"My name's Maggie. Wanna party?" she asked, offering Susie the beer.

Susie stared blankly ahead, her eyes focused on the hypnotically whirling turntable.

"That's okay," said Maggie, sensing

Susie's discomfort and wishing to intensify it slightly. "Me and the tarantulas can finish it off by ourselves."

**J**ANICE MORTON HAD NOT died from a bone-dissolving disease, but as the weeks wore on Susie wished she had instead of taking the year off to help excavate the obliterated city of Manhattan for archeology credit. Life with Maggie Williams was like a combat zone or a madhouse, thought Susie as she stuffed empty beer cans and the overflowing contents of a half-dozen ashtrays into a large garbage bag. Susie even found a few butts chucked into her hanging plants, which hung above some of the red-and-black panties Maggie tossed freely about.

"Like panties, like self," mused Susie later to fellow sorority sister Helen, a fat girl, thinking about the stream of riff-raff that had flowed through the room since day one.

Yet even as Susie lay on her bed, head under the pillows, attempting feebly to block out the varied whoops, screams, and blasts produced by drug- and alcohol-addled teens who spill beer on state-of-the-art sound and video equipment, she wondered if a life of nutritious meals and good grades was all that it was cracked up to be.

**B**UT SUSIE WAS NOT A GIRL to shirk and sulk when down. The annual Kappa Ceiling Dance and Earth Day were coming up, as well as the Chevy Chase Film Festival, which last year had netted well over one hundred dollars. Susie put most of her energy into the Adopt-a-Doll Drive that the sorority conducted annually. Each girl in the house was given a fuzzy wool moppet of her own to care for as if it were a real live baby. The girls took the mock infants to all their classes and activities and asked for spare change to "feed the baby," a cute way of getting people to donate money earmarked for the Wives of Moon Miners Who Died in Horrible Accidents, an old and distinguished lunar charity. "It proves that helping others is the most fun," said Susie, who was chairman of the drive, to the editor of the school newspaper, even as Maggie was dousing her doll with gasoline and setting it on fire for the amusement of a small circle of friends.

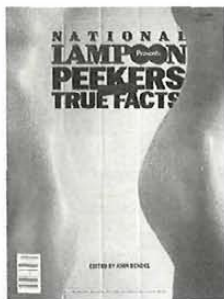
The cash collected was placed into a special lavender "money barrow" and wheeled across campus in a parade on the second night of the yearly "Shoot

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)





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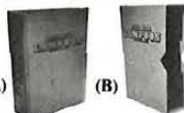
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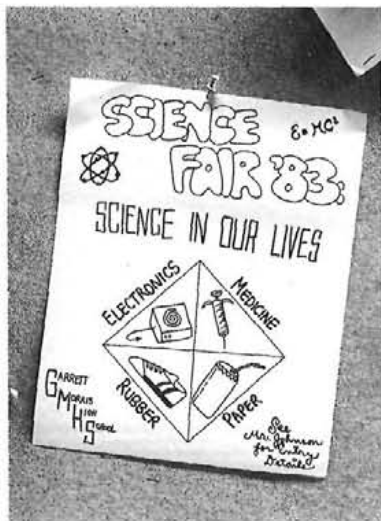
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# HIGHLIGHTS OF THE INNER CITY SCIENCE FAIR

BY MICHAEL REISS AND AL JEAN

**T**he Inner City Science Fair was held this year at Garrett Morris High School in the Bronx. As the principal of the school, Pigion Johnson, states: "We want to prepare our students to be great men of science, like George Washington Carver and...well...and other great men of science. Using laboratory rats, which we have been generously endowed with, we have begun to use the natural resources of our school to develop the scientific potential of our students." Following are the highlights of this year's fair.



Because of space limitations, the following Merit Citation winners are not shown here:

*7 Come 11 at the 7-Eleven:  
Gambling Odds Behind the  
Local Party Store  
Who Do Voodoo? We Do  
Voodoo!  
Numbers: Running  
TV's I Have Stolen*

*The Search for Extraterrestrials:  
I Got an E.T. Doll at  
Woolworth's  
Curvilinear Projection of a Com-  
pact Spheroid: Jump Shots  
from the Top of the Key  
Our Friends the White People  
The Effect of Drugs on Me  
The Letter M  
I Got a 250 on the SAT!*

*Probability and Statistics:  
Drawing to an Inside Straight  
Advanced Econometrics: Blow-  
jobs Are Expensive These  
Days  
A Lot of Garbage*



## TECHNOLOGY

### New Uses for the Space Shuttle

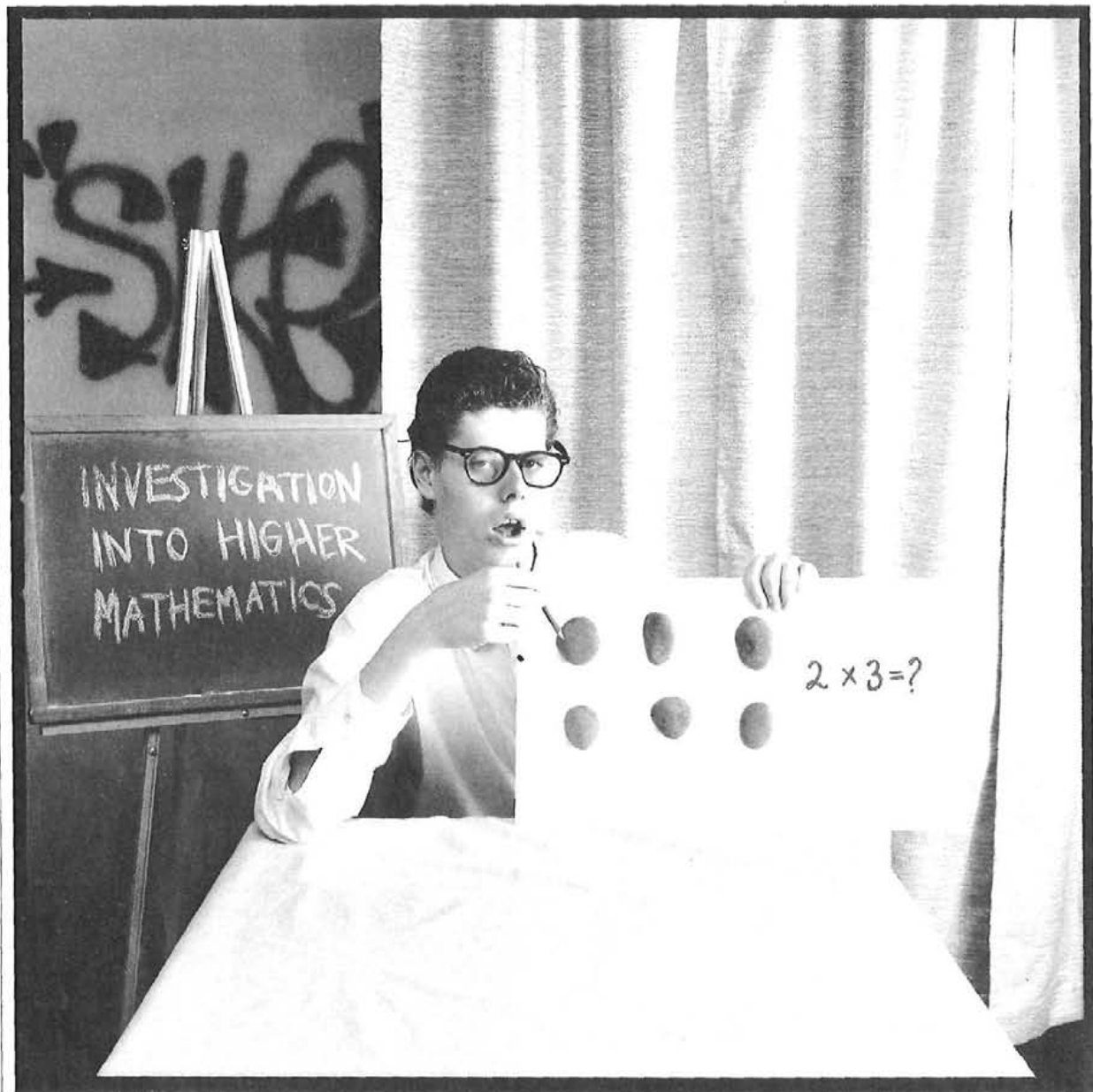
by Arturo Gonzalez, age fifteen

SECOND PRIZE

"Here is a model of what I would do if the government decided to give me the space shuttle. First, I would be very surprised. Then I would take off them big tires and put the shuttle up on blocks. I would sell the tires and use the money to buy some leopard-skin pillows and tiger-skin upholstery for the driver's seat. The shuttle

must have a big motherfucking radio to pick up earth stations in space, so I would take out the radio and carry it around on my shoulder so all my friends would see me and go "Oh, yeah." Then I would let all my friends spray-paint their names on the shuttle, but if my enemies tried it, I would fry their asses with a laser

beam. And since the shuttle can hold sixteen people, I would move my papa and half my family into it."



## THEORY

### Investigation into Higher Mathematics

by Lester Bodeen, age nineteen

HONORABLE MENTION

"For my project I decided to answer the question: What is two times three?"

"STEP 1: I ask my classmates. They don't know.

"STEP 2: I ask my teachers. They don't know, either. Uh-oh.

"STEP 3: I make a guess. Two times three equals five.

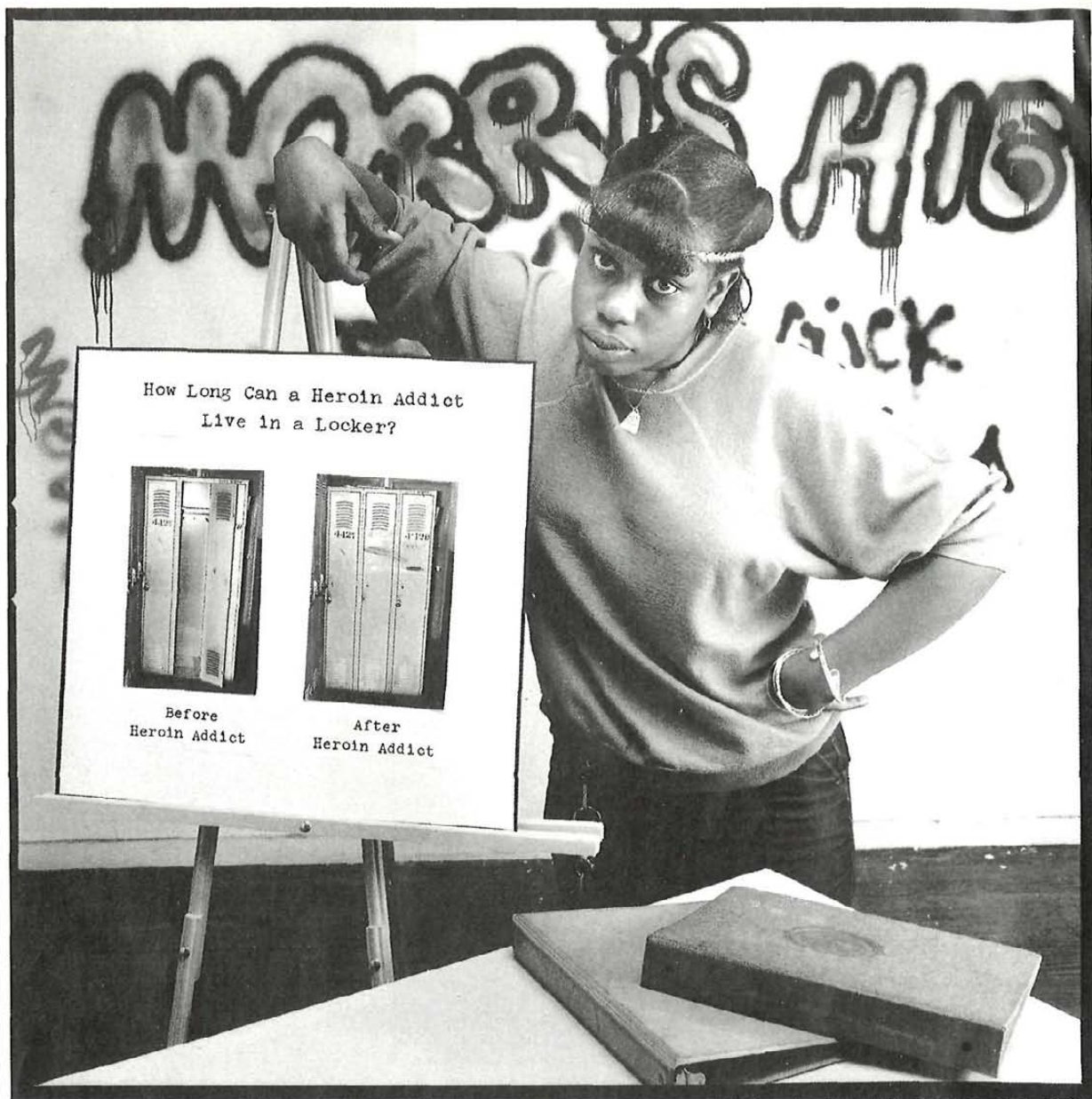
"STEP 4: I have an idea. I get

three piles of rocks, with two rocks in each pile. I can't figure out what to do next.

"Therefore, two times three equals five, more or less. I figure this method will work for bigger numbers, but that is beyond the scope of this project."

(Mr. Bodeen was disqualified.

*Though his reasoning was flawless, it was discovered that he received extensive help from his parents in the preparation of this project.)*



**HABITAT**

**How Long Can a Heroin Addict Live in a Locker?**

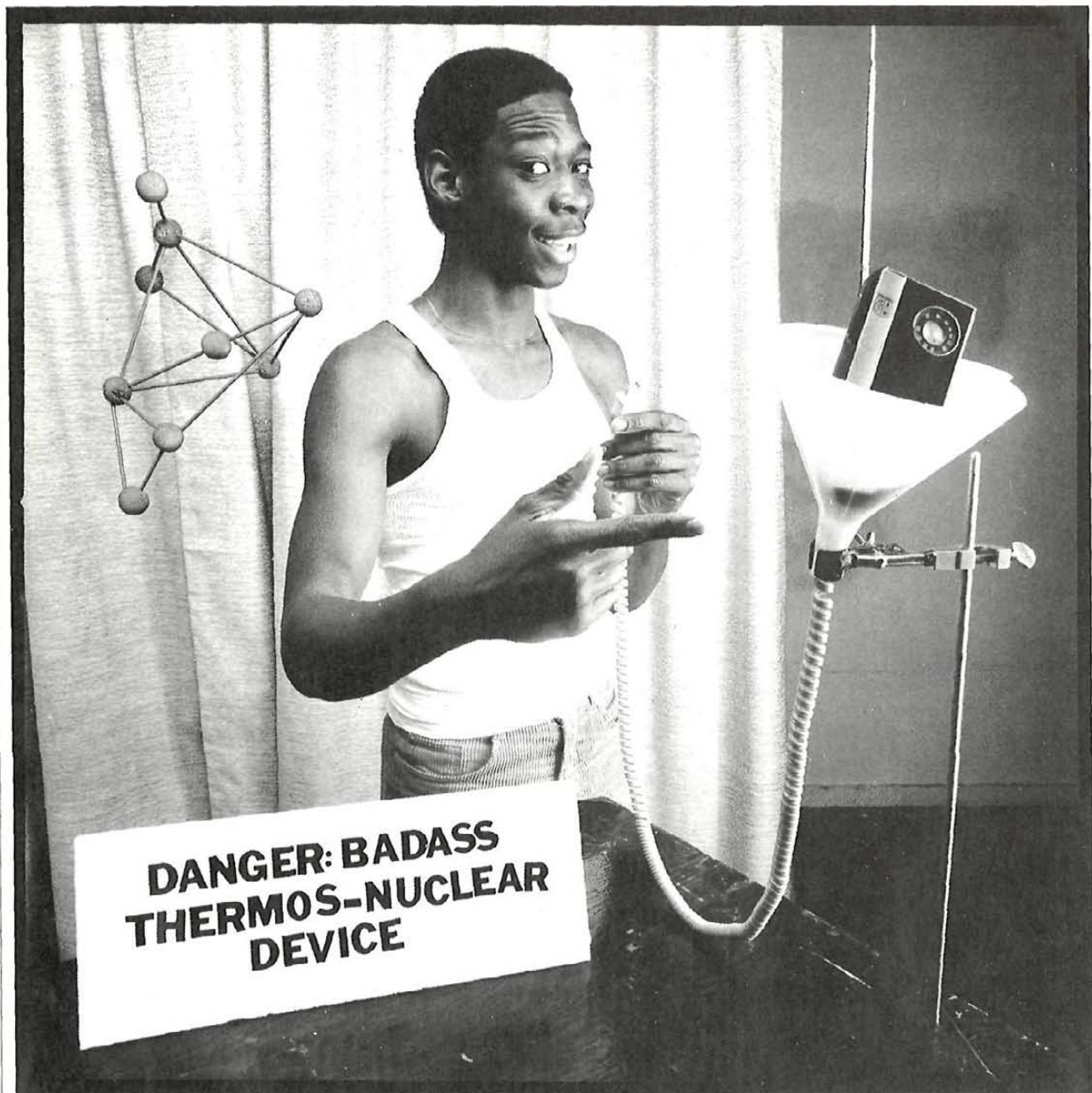
*by Coretta Jackson, age sixteen*

**HONORABLE MENTION**

"This heroin addict, she was always busting my ass. She'd follow me to school, eating the chewing-gum wrappers I dropped on the way. So one day I restyled her greasy hair with a tire iron that was laying in the hallway at school. Then I locked her in my locker, and it was such a tight fit that there wouldn't be

no room for my books if I had any books. But I'll bet it was still bigger than her apartment. Anyway, she woke up and started screaming until I couldn't stand it no more, so I left school for three weeks. When I came back the bitch had stopped screaming because she was dead. So now you know how long a

heroin addict can live in a locker. Less than three weeks."



**DANGER: BADASS  
THERMOS-NUCLEAR  
DEVICE**

## PHYSICS

### Practical Nuclear Fusion

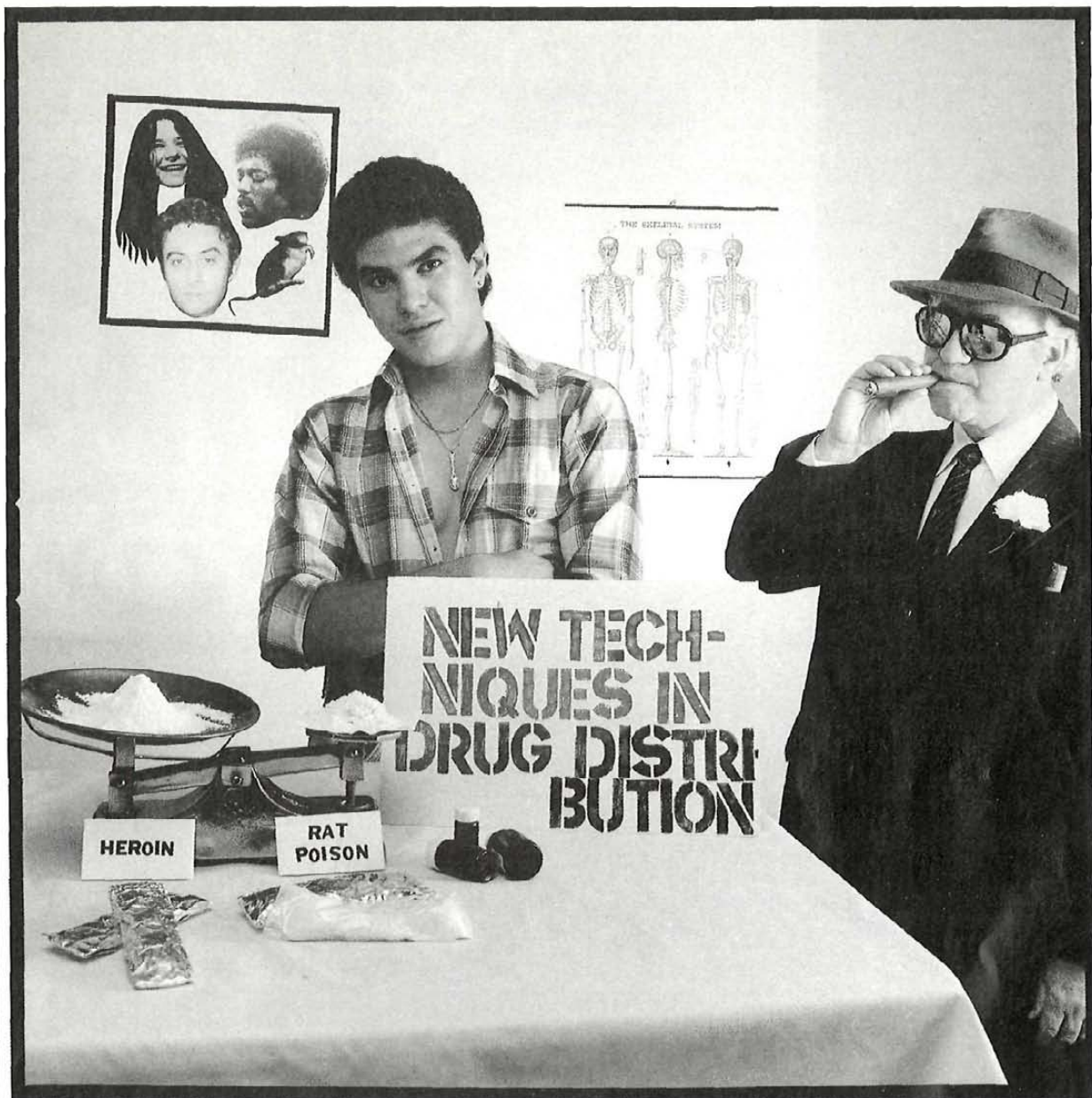
*by Billy Dee Wolf, age seventeen*

THIRD PRIZE

"This thing will do nuclear combustifying in your own bad house. First, turn up the radio to get some radioactivity until the frequency is truly bodacious. It'll start shucking off photons and electrons and hardons and bonbons and other subatomic particibles. These are called nuclear fallout, because they fall

out of the radio into the condensating-collectifying-plastical-funky funnel. From there it goes through an extendable cord as a string of atomic energy called mononucleosis, and it will power a color TV for a thousand years, no shit. I invented this nuclear retractor and it be real safe, unless you use it in the bathtub,

so I'll sell it to you for fifteen dollars. Okay, eleven dollars."



## MEDICINE

### New Techniques in Drug Distribution

by Pedro Veganova, age twenty-three

WINNER: THE GINO AND VINNIE CALUCCI PRIZE

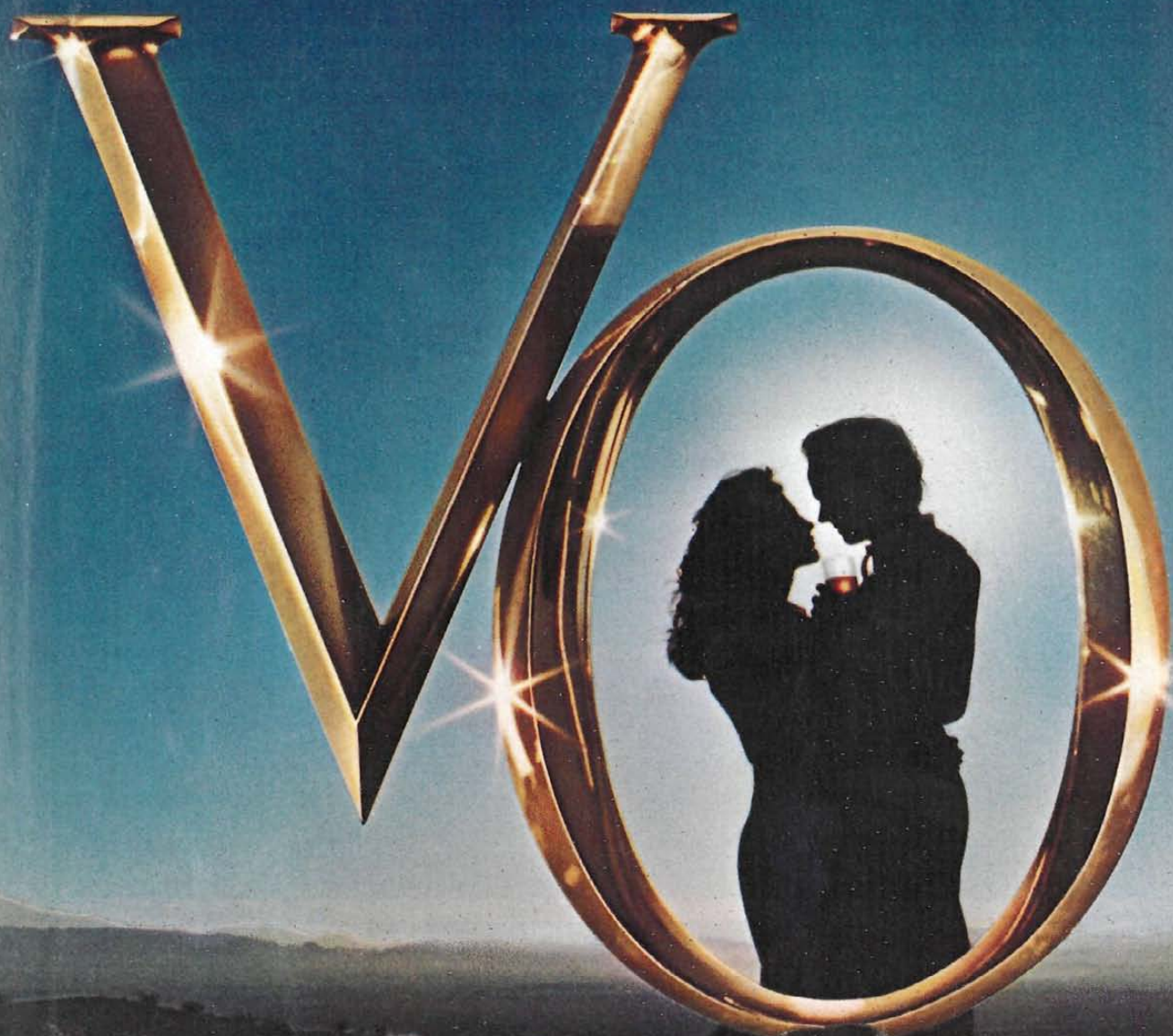
*(The Calucci Prize is awarded each year for outstanding achievement in a pharmaceutical vein. The winner will become a branch manager at one of the Calucci's "Drugstores Without Walls" on the street corner of his choice.)*

"To double your profit margin on heroin sales, cut your product

fifty-fifty with a look-alike heroin substitute. I recommend rat poison, which is cheap, easily obtainable, and nearly identical to the narcotic. Sure, it's dangerous, but so is heroin. And if your customer complains that there's weird junk in his junk, what can he do? Go to the Better Business Bureau? Not likely!

And if he dies, well, who gives a royal fuck? You? Not likely!" ■

# *The V.O. Break away*





# Sweepstakes

## \$200,000 in Prizes



**3 Grand Prizes of \$25,000** Start dreaming about how you would break away from the ordinary if you were a winner of one of these Grand Prizes. Where would you go? What would you do? How would you break away with \$25,000?



### 5 First Prizes

Sony home entertainment centers. Each entertainment center contains a projection TV with giant 50" screen, a portable videocassette recorder, and a video camera. It's the big break away you've been waiting for in home entertainment.



### 100 Second Prizes

Sony Watchman TVs. The dramatic new pocket sized television with its incredible 2" screen will let winners break away from ordinary home viewing.



### 1000 Third Prizes

AM/FM electronic clock radios with built-in telephone. Now, you don't have to break away from the music when the telephone rings.

#### SEAGRAM'S V.O. "BREAK AWAY" SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL RULES

1. On an official entry form or plain 3" x 5" piece of paper, print your name, address, zip code and the name of the former Governor General of Canada whose name appears on the Seagram's V.O. label. You can obtain this information by looking at any V.O. bottle at your favorite liquor store or bar or by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Seagram's V.O. Label Request, P.O. Box 82320, St. Paul, MN 55182. 2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be properly completed and mailed in a separate envelope and received by September 15, 1983. Your entry must also include the correct answer to the question on the entry form. Prizewinners will be determined in a witnessed random drawing of entries received by Siebel/Mohr, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. 3. Grand Prize Winners (3) will each receive \$25,000 to be used for a "Break away" vacation of their choice. All prizewinners will be notified by mail. Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the prizewinner. 4. Prizewinners must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home states. Only one prize per family or household. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All prizes, approximately valued at \$200,000, will be awarded. 5. Sweepstakes open to residents of the continental U.S., Hawaii and Alaska. Employees of Seagram Distillers Co. and their families, its affiliates and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, advertising agencies and judging organization are not eligible. Sweepstakes void in Ohio and Texas and where restricted or prohibited by law. All federal, state and local laws apply. Prizewinners are required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release, including publicity rights to use names and pictures of winners without compensation. 6. A list of major prizewinners may be obtained after October 15, 1983 by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: V.O. "Break away" Sweepstakes Winners List, P.O. Box 82341, St. Paul, MN 55182.

#### SEAGRAM'S V.O. "BREAK AWAY" SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

MAIL TO: SEAGRAM'S V.O. "BREAK AWAY" SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. BOX 82347, ST. PAUL, MN 55182

I have read the sweepstakes rules and would like to enter the Seagram's V.O. "Break away" Sweepstakes. I certify that I am of legal drinking age in my home state.

To enter the sweepstakes, take a look at any V.O. label. You can see that V.O. is distilled, aged, blended, and bottled under the supervision of the Canadian Government. But every label also includes the name of Canada's former Governor General. What is his name?

ANSWER \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_ SEX \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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

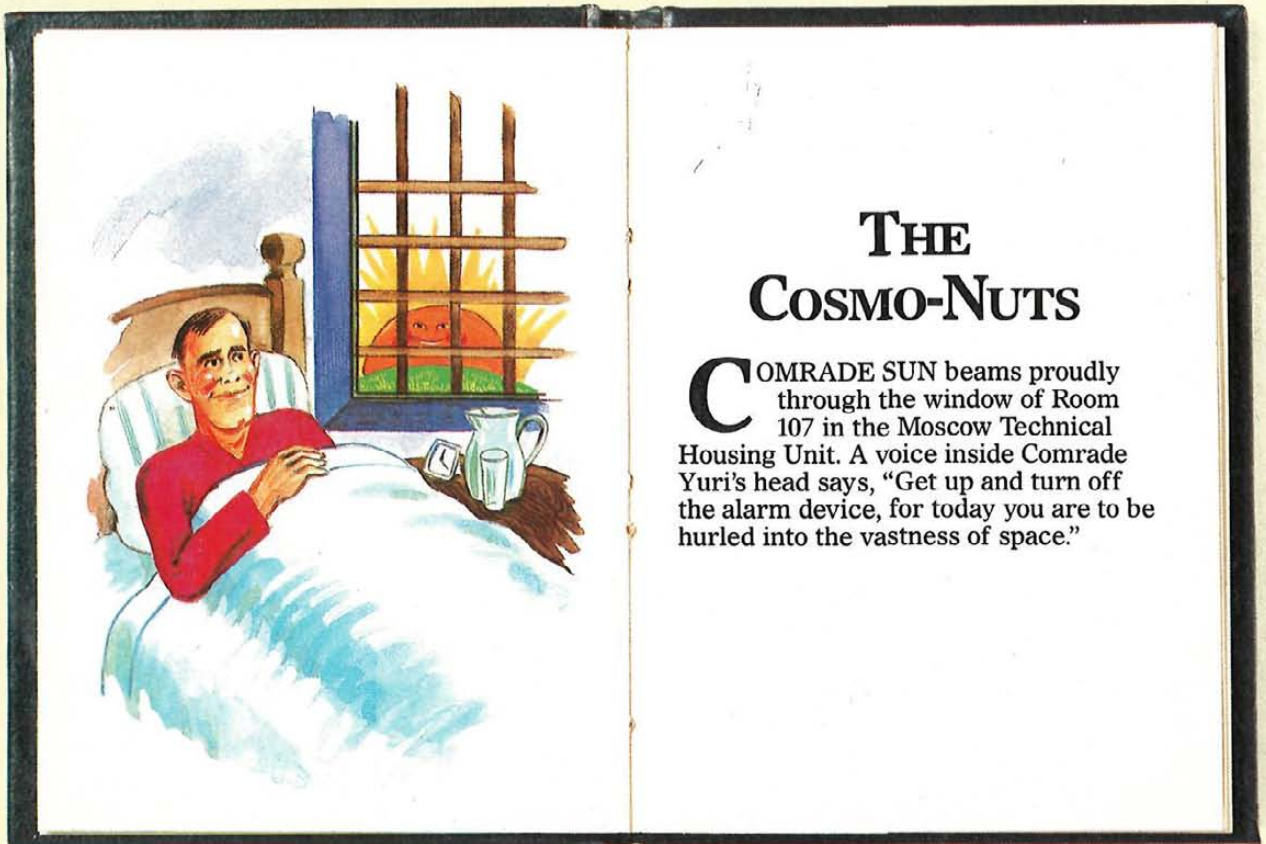
NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

# The Cosmo-Nuts

BY FRED GRAVER AND KEVIN CURRAN

Comrades Karl and Yuri, the Cosmo-Nuts, are the most popular figures in Soviet children's literature. And why not? In their series of adventure books, the first of which is reproduced here, they show Soviet children that, in fact, there is nothing to fear from the capitalist menace. With the honest labor of dedicated workers, and a special assist from a furry buddy, Karl and Yuri teach the imperialists a lesson in living, socialist-style.

You will enjoy this book now.



## THE COSMO-NUTS

**C**OMRADE SUN beams proudly through the window of Room 107 in the Moscow Technical Housing Unit. A voice inside Comrade Yuri's head says, "Get up and turn off the alarm device, for today you are to be hurled into the vastness of space."

In line at the Breakfast Center, as Comrade Yuri waits for "the usual"—a delicious heel of brown bread and a mug of coffee as strong as a summer whiff of the Volga, he meets Comrade Karl.

"Hello, Comrade Yuri," says Karl. "Although I am but a butcher, and not a cosmonaut, thanks to the high level of Soviet technical advancements, I will also be hurled with you relentlessly through the universe. Say, I find it interesting that we both enjoy heel of bread."



Faster than you can say, "The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggle," the merry duo is propelled efficiently into space.

"What a view," Comrade Karl exclaims. "But what is that debris in our spaceship?"

"That is your breakfast," explains Comrade Yuri. "You tossed your blinis after lift-off. Rule number one in space: Clean up after yourself."

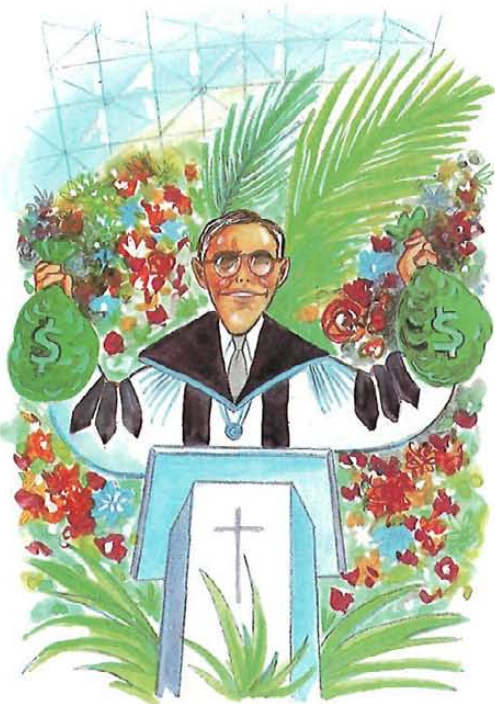
"What is that noise?" exclaims Comrade Karl.

Suddenly, the door to the zero-gravity toilet flies open, and behind it stands Comrade Gogi, a big white space bear.

"Greetings, fellow travelers," he declares, extending a large furry paw. "I have been sent by scientists to see how bears act in space. Let us celebrate this glorious achievement by drinking vodka from this tin drum."

Oh no! Comrade Gogi has fallen victim to the seduction of the cult of consumerism. He has pulled the "down" switch, and has endangered the mission.

"Not to worry, Comrade Karl," Comrade Yuri says, thinking to himself that these are certainly some mushroom brains he is mixed up with. "This fine ship can withstand the actions of any spirit-inflamed zoo animal."

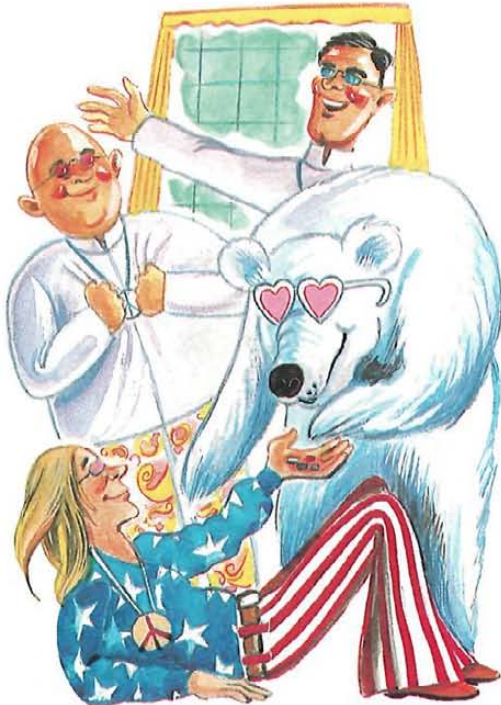
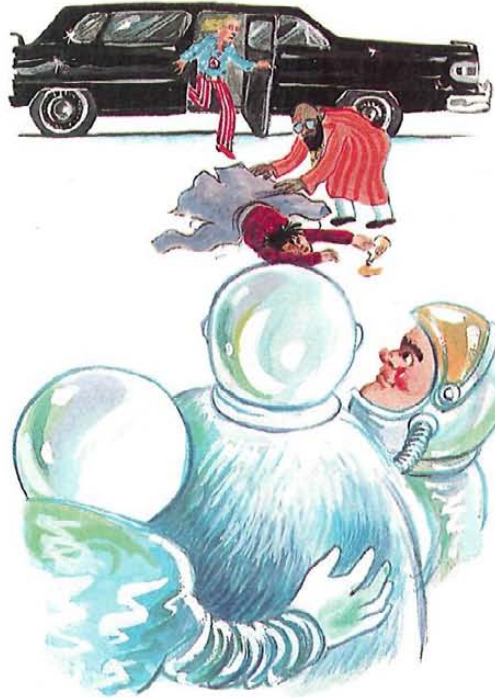


Meanwhile, in Garden Grove, California, at the Crystal Cathedral, an American clergyman preaches the false hopes of deism to Americans parked in their automobiles. Comrades Yuri, Karl, and Gogi land near the site.

"A sign from God," proclaims the false prophet, thinking, "With this happy coincidence I can extort more money from the deluded workers with which to purchase whipped cream and then cover teenage girls before sexing them."

Upon landing, the comrades learn of this great deception and attempt to re-educate the masses to the wonderful liberation of Marxism. But, in the supposedly free state of the American people, this leads to squadrons of police leading them into jail. There they are beaten with rubber hoses, ridiculed for their accents, and released, bruised and shaken (but not in their beliefs), onto a typical American street.

After giving the last of their rubles to a poor street urchin, the comrades continue on their journey. Suddenly, a large limousine pulls over to the curb. It is the automobile of a rich rock musician, who is much impressed with the craftsmanship and zest of the Soviet space suits—especially that of Comrade Gogi.



The rock star lives in a huge mansion high in the hills overlooking the city. The comrades exchange their space suits for hip “gear” manufactured by oppressed masses living in Hong Kong and New York’s Seventh Avenue—all save Gogi, who keeps his fur, and by growling a fine Soviet bear growl acquires a pair of heart-shaped sunglasses.

“Hey, Yogi,” says the rock star. “Let’s take some drugs.”

“This capitalist pig has dangerous ulterior motives,” Comrade Karl warns the others. “We must escape his grip.”

As they attempt to walk out the door, they are met by a United States senator.

"Hey, wow, man," the rock star calls. "Have you brought me money for my lyrics, which encourage bourgeois young proletarians to retain their oppressed status by drugging themselves?"

"You bet," says the senator.

Soon the rock star and the senator are becoming satiated by massive applications of drugs to their systems.

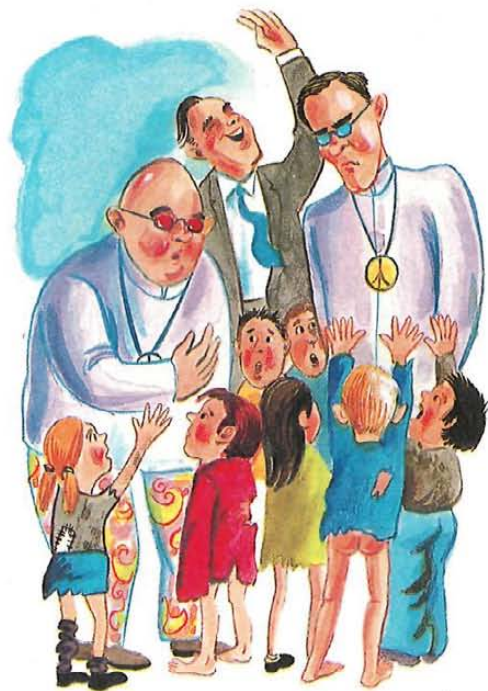
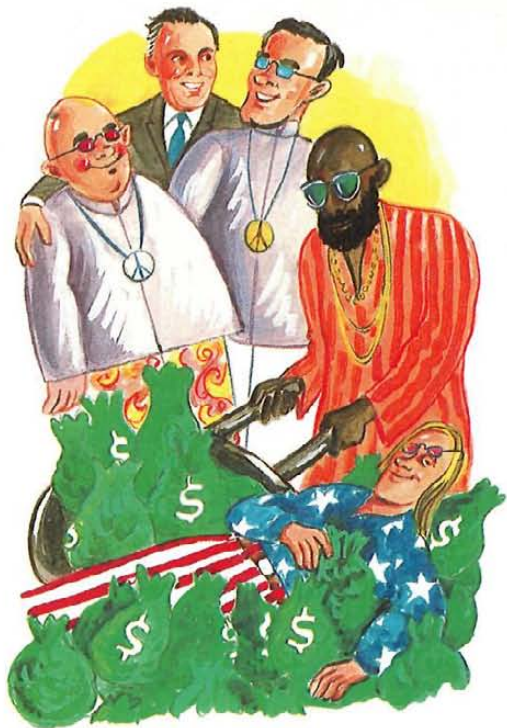
"Is our chance to escape," Comrade Yuri says.

"Not so fast," hollers the senator. "You are to become my personal guests at a welfare motel for children."

"Arrrrrrgh," says Comrade Gogi. "Now we will sing the executioner's song."

Comrade Karl attempts to tell the senator that, under international law, he will be severely punished for exploiting and mistreating Soviet military personnel by enlisting them as welfare children and then cashing their monthly checks.

"Cosmonauts!" the senator laughs. "You look more like cosmo-nuts to me."



With that, he locks them in a small room filled with starving, abused children. "There's plenty of room for you in there," the senator chortles. "I think that only twelve children have been assigned to those two beds."

The next morning, Comrade Yuri is in tears. "I cannot help it," he tells Comrade Karl. "I am feeling so oppressed. This Amerika is alienating my spirit. We must plan an escape."

"No plan necessary," laughs Comrade Yuri. "Gogi slept so poorly last night, he is one fighting-mad space bear."

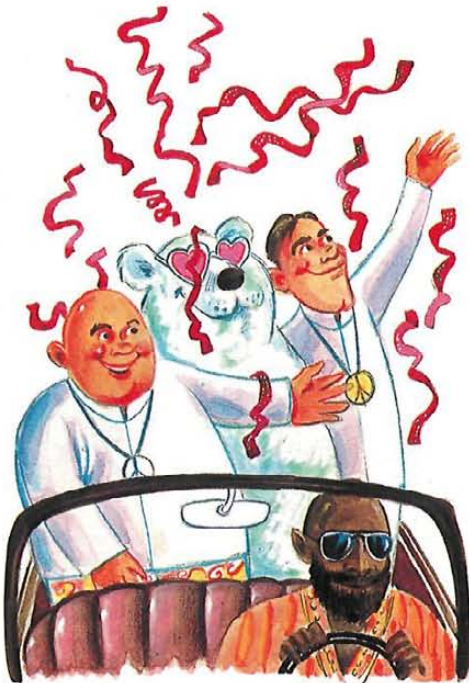
But before they can overthrow the hotel establishment, they hear a familiar voice.

"Hey, Comrade Dudes. Get yo' Soviet asses over heah." It is the chauffeur, come to rescue them.

Comrade Karl is proud. "This is a red-letter day in the history of the masses," he tells the chauffeur. "You have nothing to lose but your chains."

The chauffeur drives our cosmonauts to their spacecraft. When they arrive at the Crystal Cathedral, the spaceship is surrounded by American government puppets. "Clear out," yells the chauffeur, "there's a rock star in the back seat."

And so, clever manipulation of the bourgeois-philistine cult of the personality saves our heroes.



When they arrive back in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the people make them heroes, and also make them a full-scale red-tape bureaucratic parade.

Our crazy cosmonauts have survived the imperialist onslaught, and will live on for many new historical events.

THE END

# SORORITY GIRLS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40)

the Moon" carnival and rodeo show. Susie had the honor of wheeling the money to Mrs. Spencer, who peered through thick rimless spectacles and called you "dearie" and then gave the heartfelt thanks of all the widows of the men who had been crushed to death.

The honorary chairman and guardian of the money barrow, which was locked inside his cage, was Pippie the talking monkey, an incredibly rare and valuable orange and brown creature. His real name was RE-467, and he was the property of the biology department and the U.S. government, but he was called Pippie because he resembled the owner of Pippie's Restaurant, a campus hangout that seldom checked IDs. Pippie spoke four languages, could perform intricate math calculations, and played Rolling Stones songs by tapping on a toy xylophone with a small rubber hammer.

Even though he wasn't human like a real person, Susie knew that Pippie experienced feelings and dreams just as she did. She liked it when Pippie gaily called out her name when she came in at night to deposit the bucket of change and bills that had been collected during the day. "More money, more money, more money," Pippie would squeal, doing a little dance in his cage. Then

he'd hum a short piece from Mozart while helping Susie with the accounting problems that gave her so much irritation. "Sometimes," opined the girl wistfully, tapping the furry calculator on the head and feeding it a piece of shortbread, "sometimes I think you're my best friend in all the world."

**T**HE LIGHTS WERE turned low as Susie exited the harsh blue interior of the vacutube and headed toward a warm meal. She had spent a lousy hour over drinks with Buzz Sklyrb, captain of the undefeated orb-fall team. He leered at her like a Rocket Lesbian, thought Susie, shuddering at the recollection of the horrid gang that terrorized the moon, abducting innocent girls and forcing them into unnatural acts in secret craters where they kept their homes and bowling alleys.

Susie entered the shag-carpeted common room to find Maggie and a few other girls chatting with a handsome stranger. "I wonder who let him in here," thought Susie, involuntarily twisting the second button from the top on her cotton blouse. Before she could summon another thought, Bert Jenks, thirty-four, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, and a dozen other towns, introduced himself as one of the stars of the rodeo, and remarked on what a pretty first vice-president she was.

"Well," thought Susie, "rodeo work is hard, and I bet he could use a good dinner." Like the majority of her sisters, she took pride in Kappa's garbanzo-bean-filled-salad bar and bottomless mug o' coffee.

During the meal-size and nutritious meal, Susie kept sneaking glances over toward the drifter, which he returned with a big smile. Betsey Greene began chattering to him in such a ridiculous fashion that Susie was forced to knock a bowl of split-pea soup onto her lap. She made sure no one knew she did it on purpose, and took Betsey's place right across from Bert.

"Tell me," said Susie, chewing seductively on a celery stick, "what's it like to brand a cow?"

When Susie tried to explain her feelings to Maggie later, things didn't come out quite right. "When he passed the potatoes at dinner he didn't just pass them. He was really sincere."

"Susie, why don't you just say you want to fuck him?" asked Maggie devilishly.

Susie went "Maggie!" but wasn't really offended. "If she didn't call our professors 'shit-eating dogfuckers' and 'ass-faced slimeballs,' I bet we could be good friends," thought Susie.

She kicked her Adopt-a-Doll out of bed and dreamed exciting dreams.

"Well," said Susie to Val, her brainy sorority sister and History 201 classmate, "I think I'm ready for the midterm now. But was it the AIDS that made everyone leave New York, or was it Margaret Trudeau?"

Val started to speak but thought better of it. "Look, Susie," she said, nudging her with a well-placed elbow, "isn't that the rodeo guy you were talking to last night? The one that made you spill the soup all over Betsey?"

All pretense of interest in Earth history faded when Susie saw Bert. They chatted a while and arranged to meet later in the evening.

"And to think I never liked men who spit out tobacco juice before," thought Susie.

**H**IS WONDERFUL, MAGGIE," said Susie as she roused her groggy roommate from her well-deserved drunken slumber. Maggie groaned, reached for her matches, and struck one for light. Susie's face loomed over hers, flushed with a bright and eerie happiness.

"He lives in a trailer by the edge of the dome, and it's really neat. It's got a bar and this huge bear rug and old whiskey bottles and a bunch of rodeo

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)



"Before I go on, you're not one of those guys who blames the messenger for bad news, are you?"





	Mercury	Venus	Earth	Mars
<b>MEAN DISTANCE FROM SUN—(MILLIONS OF KILOMETERS)</b>	57.9	108.2	149.6	227.9
<b>PERIOD OF REVOLUTION</b>	88 days	224.7 days	365.26 days	687 days
<b>ATMOSPHERE (MAIN COMPONENTS)</b>	None	Carbon dioxide	Nitrogen, oxygen	Carbon dioxide, argon (?)
<b>HOW JANE WOULD FEEL</b>	Hot, older	Merry, a bit warm	Frightened	A bit chilly
<b>HOW JANE WOULD LOOK AT 7:00 A.M. (EST)</b>	Flushed	Nice	Tired	Better
<b>WHAT EXCUSE JANE WOULD GIVE FOR NOT COMING IN</b>	“It’s very hot here—too hot for me to pick up my car keys”	“I’m over forty million miles from the studio”	“I’m being shot into space next week”	“My furniture is coming today”
<b>HOW JANE WOULD SPEND HER DAY</b>	Sunning	Reading “The Thorn Birds”	Shopping	Waiting for furniture

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57.9

108.2

149.6

227.9



**PERIOD OF REVOLUTION**

88 days

224.7 days

365.26 days

687 days

**ATMOSPHERE (MAIN COMPONENTS)**

None

Carbon dioxide

Nitrogen, oxygen

Carbon dioxide, argon (?)

**HOW JANE WOULD FEEL**

Hot, older

Merry, a bit warm

Frightened

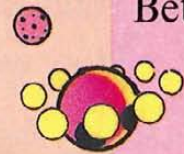
A bit chilly

**HOW JANE WOULD LOOK AT 7:00 A.M. (EST)**

Flushed

Nice

Tired



Better

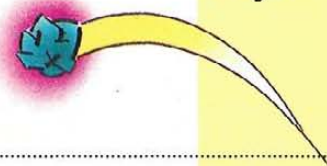
**WHAT EXCUSE JANE WOULD GIVE FOR NOT COMING IN**

“It’s very hot here—too hot for me to pick up my car keys”

“I’m over forty million miles from the studio”

“I’m being shot into space next week”

“My furniture is coming today”



**HOW JANE WOULD SPEND HER DAY**

Sunning

Reading “The Thorn Birds”

Shopping

Waiting for furniture


Jupiter	Saturn	Uranus	Neptune	Pluto
---------	--------	--------	---------	-------

778.3	1,427	2,869.6	4,496.6	5,900
-------	-------	---------	---------	-------



11.86 years	29.46 years	84.01 years	164.8 years	247.7 years
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Hydrogen, helium	Hydrogen, helium	Hydrogen, helium, methane	Hydrogen, helium, methane	None detected
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Younger, downright spry	Alone, but adjusting	Distant 	Much the same as on Uranus	Brittle
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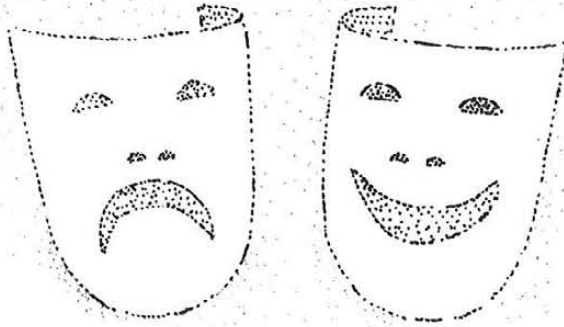
"I'm not even going to get up at seven"	Dependent on hairstyle	Blue	Blue, with patches of ice	Iced over
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"I'm using the helium in the atmosphere to blow up balloons for blind children and dogs"	"I'm overworked"	"I can't move most parts of my body"	"Brrr" 	Not able to move lips
--	------------------	--------------------------------------	--	-----------------------

Counting known satellites	Writing letters	Reading "The Thorn Birds"	Going "Brrrr"	Freezing
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# YOUR PROBLEMS THEIRS

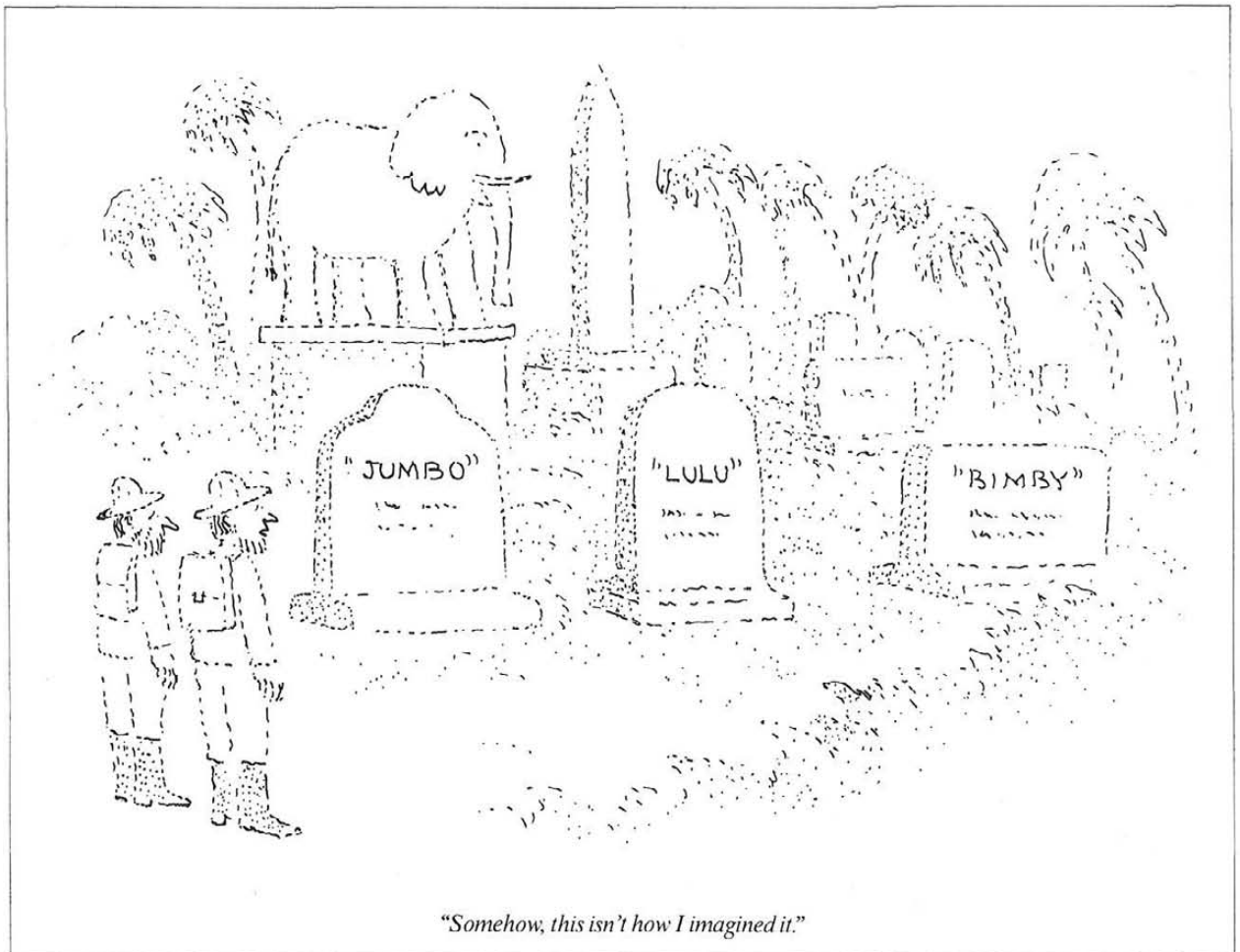
**E**ACH ROBERT Mankoff cartoon reproduced here is composed of hundreds of tiny dots and short, irregular lines. These markings are organized by the visual cortex into recognizable patterns, and these patterns taken together represent familiar situations and activities—a man typing, for example, or making use of an



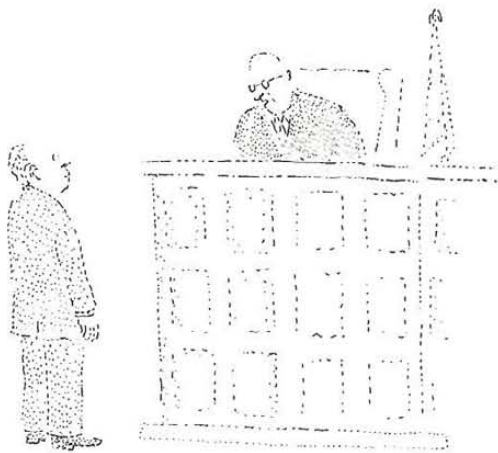
BY ROBERT MANKOFF

intercom. Different people may perceive each image in a slightly different way. For example, one editor of this magazine (me) thought he detected a man flensing a horse amidst a cluster of small dots.

When the editor pointed this gruesome image out to Mankoff he said, "Too bad for the readers—it's not your problem, is it—it's theirs." I had to laugh.—*T. Mann*



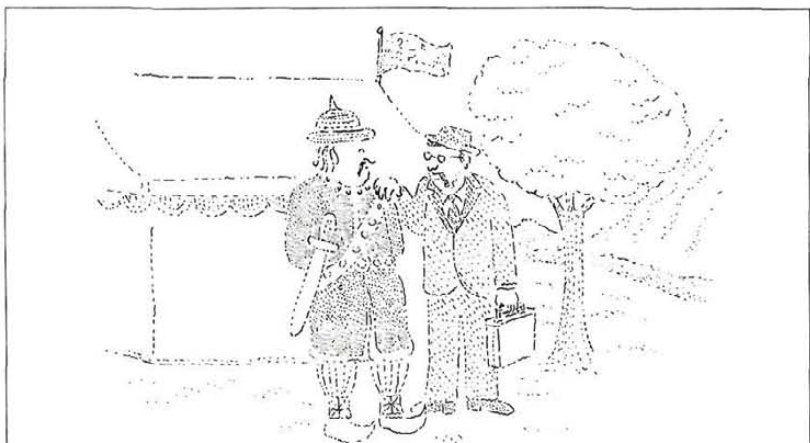
*"Somehow, this isn't how I imagined it."*



"You were found sleeping in your car in the middle of the day. How do you plead to the charge of impersonating a police officer?"

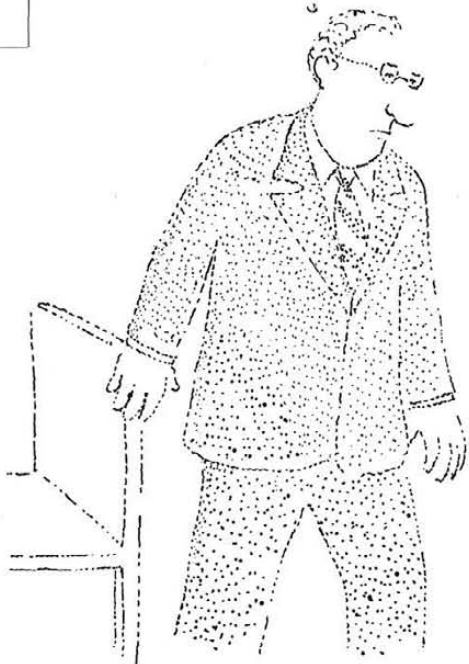
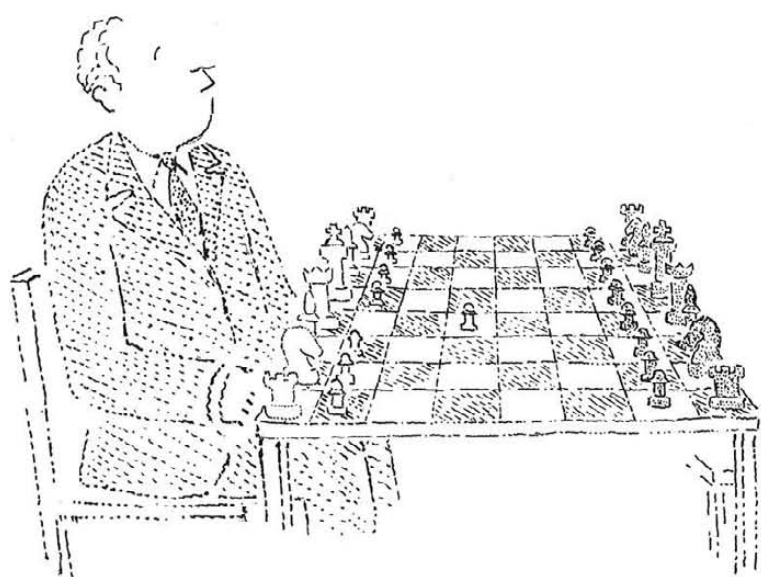


"Don't look so astonished. The crystal ball is not sacrosanct. For the professional, a well-maintained electric pencil sharpener is perfectly adequate."

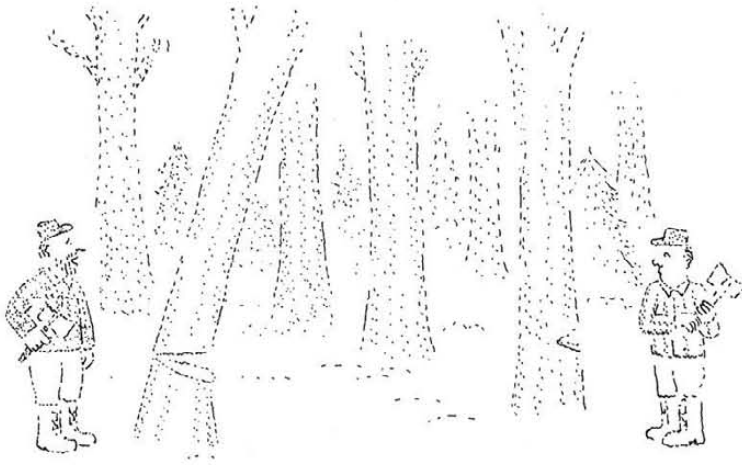


"Kubla, baby, decree or no decree, no stately pleasure dome is going up, in Xanadu or anyplace else, until interest rates come down."

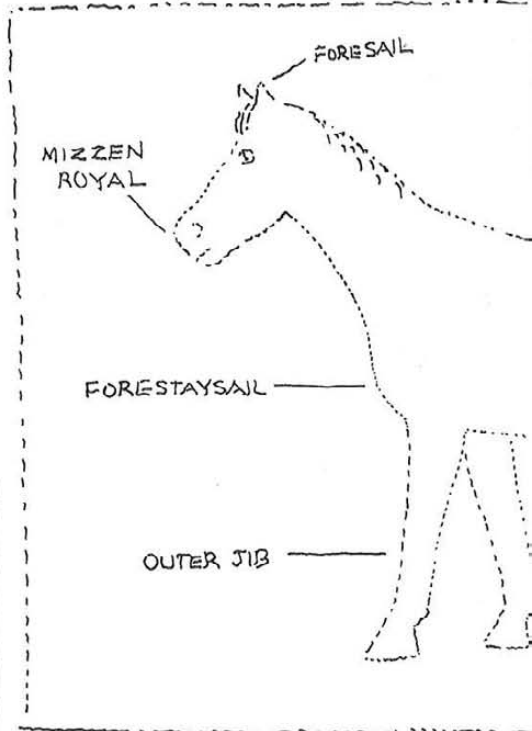
- | WHITE      | BLACK |
|------------|-------|
| 1 P-Q4     | P-Q4  |
| 2 P-K3     | N-KB3 |
| 3 B-Q3     | P-K3  |
| 4 P-KB4    | QN-Q2 |
| 5 N-Q2     | P-B4  |
| 6 P-B3     | PxP   |
| 7 KPxP     | B-K2  |
| 8 KN-B3    | P-QN3 |
| 9 N-K5     | NxN   |
| 10 BPxN    | NxQ2  |
| 11 Castles | P-QR4 |
| 12 Q-N4    | P-N3  |
| 13 B-B2    | B-N4  |
| 14 N-B4    | PxN   |
| 15 BxB     | Q-P2  |
| 16 RxP     | KxR   |
| 17 R-B1    | K-N2  |
| 18 B-R6    | KxB   |
| 19 R-B7    | Q-Q1  |
| 20 RxP     | KxR   |
| 21 QxNP    |       |
- CHECKMATE!



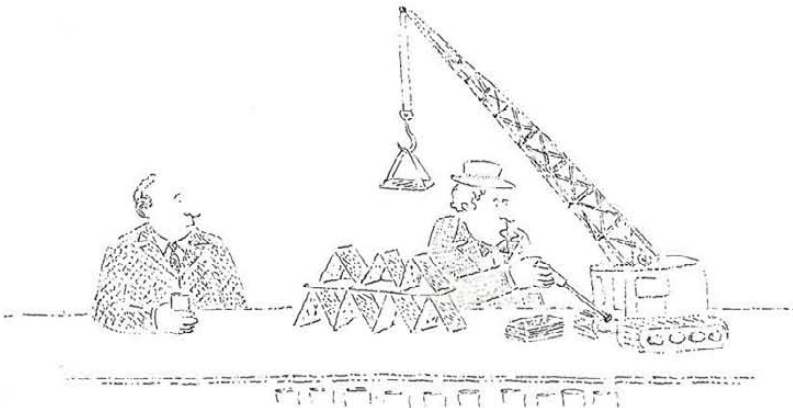
PROPOSED REVISION  
CONFORM WITH



"Jake, what's the word that means 'wood suitable for building houses, ships, et cetera, whether cut or still in the form of trees,' but in this context is taken as a warning that a cut tree is about to fall?"



"Your present state is caused by a hypersensitivity to existentialist thought. I'm recommending megadoses of pragmatism as a therapeutic counteractive."

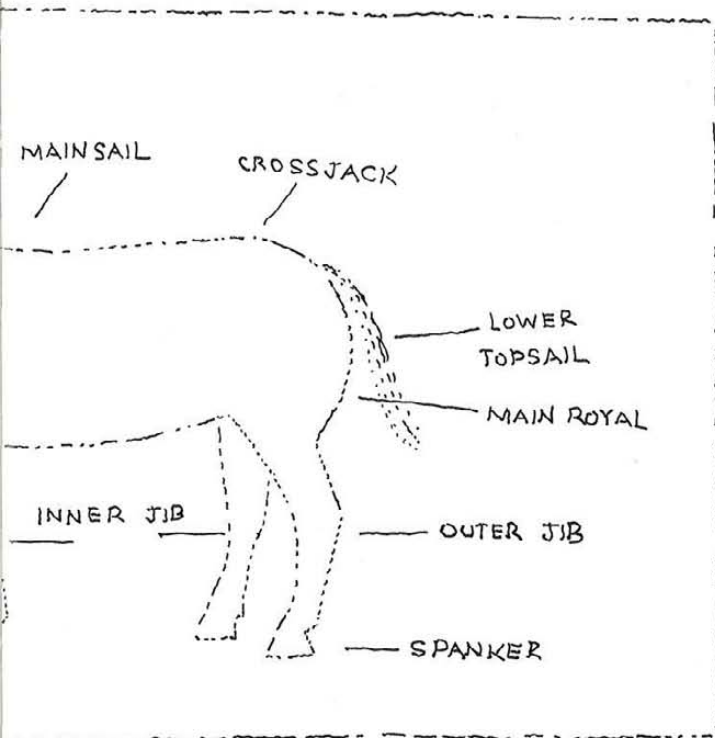


"You think I don't have both oars in the water, right? Wrong, both oars are in. Or that I'm not packing a full duffel. Once again incorrect—duffel is fully packed. Or perhaps that I'm not playing with a full deck. Well, count 'em if you want. No, Mac, my problem is right over here on the crane. I got a screw loose."

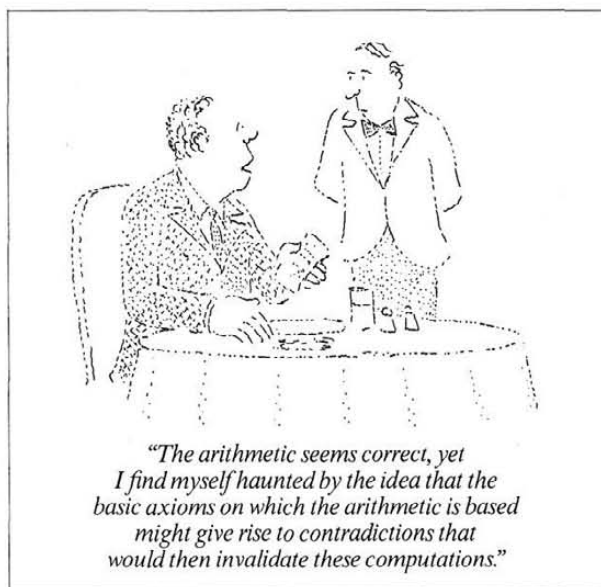


"Miss Braverman,

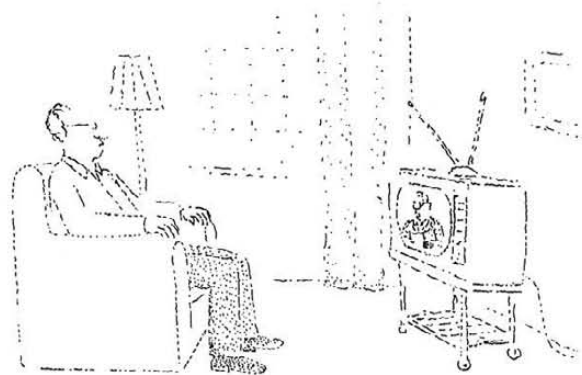
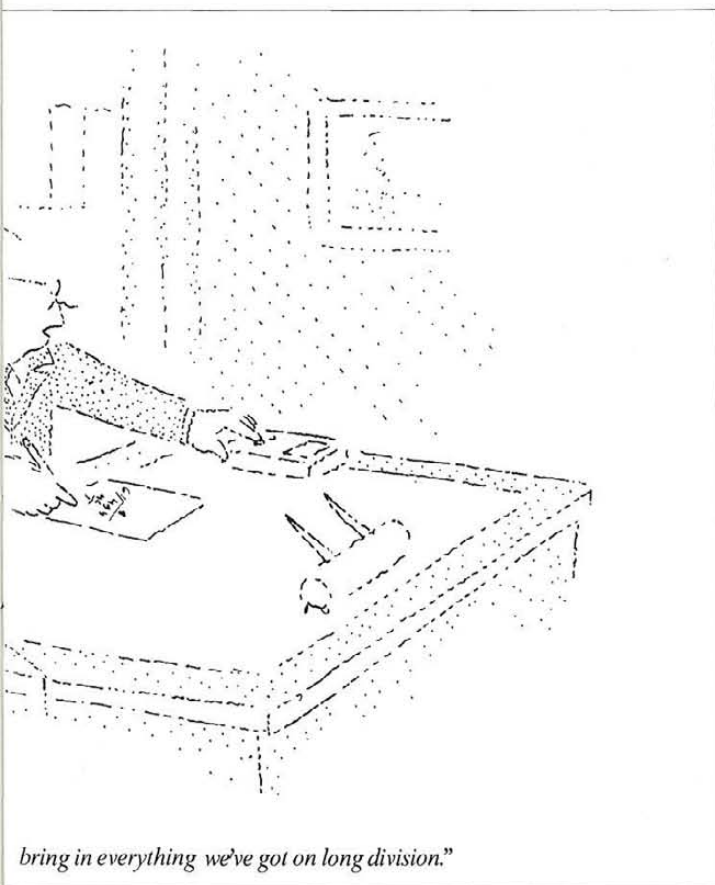
OF EQUINE TERMINOLOGY TO  
MARITIME NOMENCLATURE



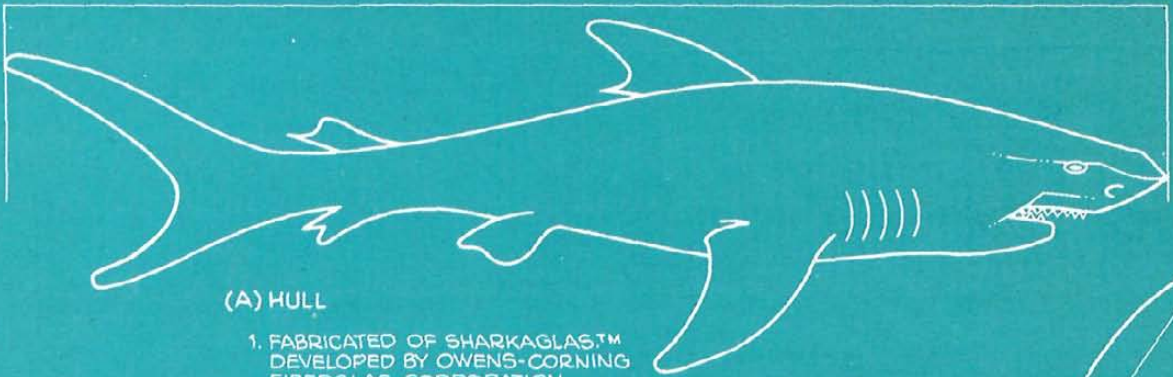
*Author's Query:*  
For an autobiography of the journalist, wit, author, and amnesiac Harlane Sedgwick, I would greatly appreciate any information.—Harlane Sedgwick



*"The arithmetic seems correct, yet I find myself haunted by the idea that the basic axioms on which the arithmetic is based might give rise to contradictions that would then invalidate these computations."*



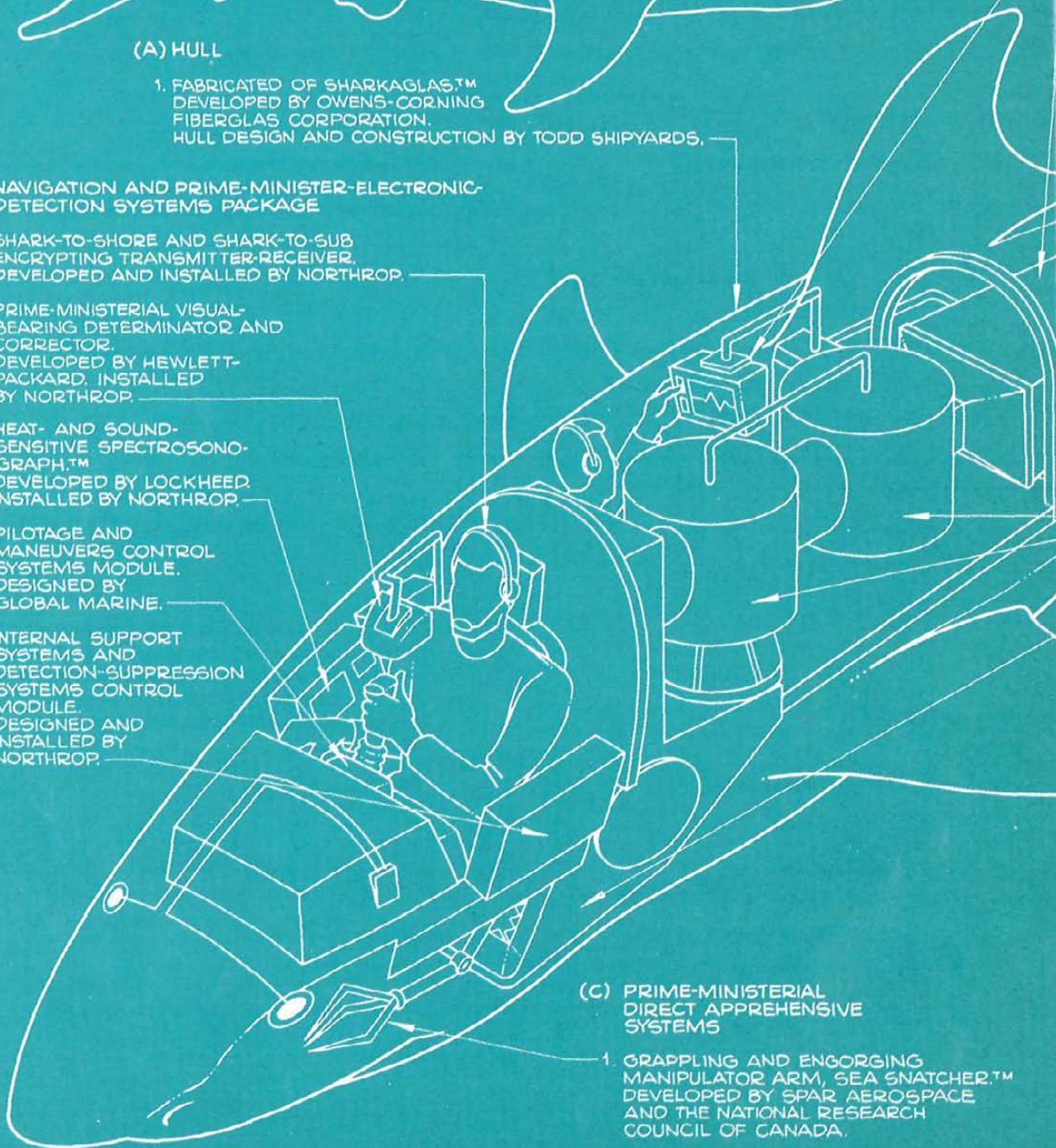
*"On Wall Street today, the stock market was up in early trading but closed down sharply on rumors that a rich man can as easily enter the kingdom of heaven as a camel pass through the eye of a needle."*

**(A) HULL**

1. FABRICATED OF SHARKAGLAS.™ DEVELOPED BY OWENS-CORNING FIBERGLAS CORPORATION. HULL DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION BY TODD SHIPYARDS.

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2. PRIME-MINISTERIAL VISUAL-BEARING DETERMINATOR AND CORRECTOR. DEVELOPED BY HEWLETT-PACKARD. INSTALLED BY NORTHROP.
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5. INTERNAL SUPPORT SYSTEMS AND DETECTION-SUPPRESSION SYSTEMS CONTROL MODULE. DESIGNED AND INSTALLED BY NORTHROP.

**(C) PRIME-MINISTERIAL DIRECT APPREHENSIVE SYSTEMS**

1. GRAPPLING AND ENGORGING MANIPULATOR ARM, SEA SNATCHER.™ DEVELOPED BY SPAR AEROSPACE AND THE NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL OF CANADA.



- (E) INTEGRATED LOWER-BOWEL SIMULATOR SYSTEMS. ALL BY RAYTHEON
1. PRIME-MINISTERIAL SHARK-RESIDUE ODOR AND CONSISTENCY VERIFICATION AND MODIFICATION SYSTEMS MONITOR.
  2. PRIME-MINISTERIAL SLUDGE PACKER AND FECE-FORM SHAPER.
  3. POST-PROCESS PRIME MINISTER NODULE EXPELLER.



The Office of Commander S. W. Goatlips IV  
National Security Agency  
Washington, D.C.

RE: PROJECT "SCREAMING HOLT"

Dear Ted:

I have been able at long last to obtain for you a rough schematic of the Selachii I, the shark that consumed Australian prime minister Harold Holt whilst the statesman was swimming in Port Phillip Bay, Australia, December 16, 1967. It has been known or at least suspected for years that the agency was involved in this man's demise, and since it is known that the Russians have developed similar systems for disposing of heads of friendly states, there is no problem releasing this less-than-specific diagram.

I have been awful busy here at the NSA (I left the Pentagon last October, but I suppose you knew?), but I hope to get a chance to see you when I am next in the city.

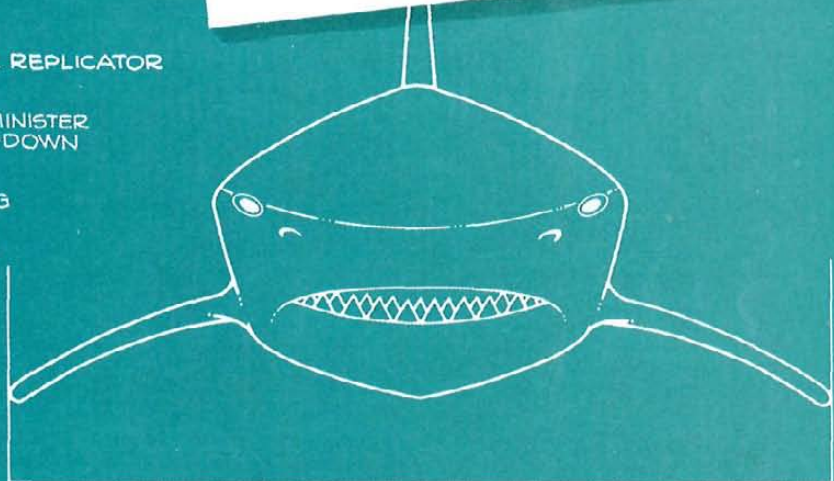
Yours truly,

*S.W. Goatlips IV*

Commander S.W. Goatlips

(D) SHARK DIGESTIVE REPLICATOR PROCESS

1. ACIDO-ENZYMATIC PRIME-MINISTER DIGESTING SOLUTION. DRIP-DOWN DRUMS BY TRW.
2. GRINDING AND MASTICATING DUPLICATOR BY TRW. CAN ACCOMMODATE UP TO 270 POUNDS OF PRIME MINISTER PER LOAD.



11' 5"

Page

1

of 15



Title

SELACHII I

MARINE-MARINE PRIME-MINISTER-SUPPRESSION SHARK SIMULACRUM

Contractor

PRIME CONTRACTOR: ROCKWELL INTERNATIONAL

Approval

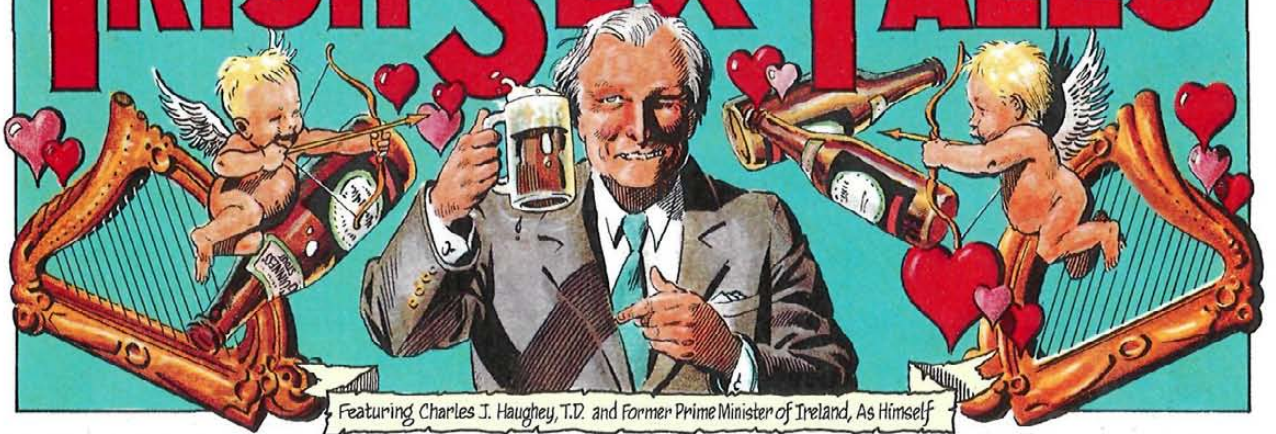
*Richard M. Helms*

11/9/1966

Drawn by

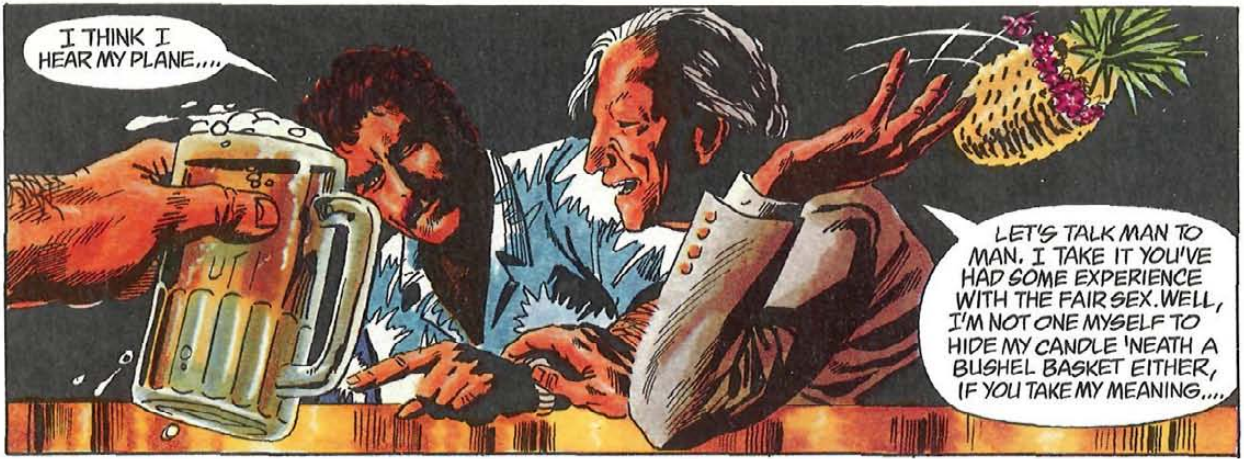
PETER THORPE

# CHARLES J. HAUGHEY'S IRISH SEX TALES



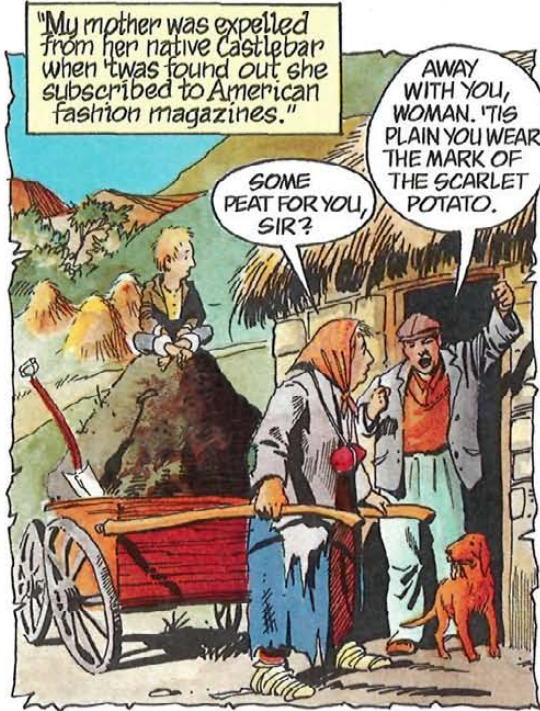
IN THE DUBLIN AIRPORT OF THE OULD SOD, A POPULAR TELEVISION PERSONALITY STRIDES PURPOSEFULLY DOWN THE CORRIDORS....





I THINK I HEAR MY PLANE,...

LET'S TALK MAN TO MAN. I TAKE IT YOU'VE HAD SOME EXPERIENCE WITH THE FAIR SEX. WELL, I'M NOT ONE MYSELF TO HIDE MY CANDLE 'NEATH A BUSHEL BASKET EITHER, IF YOU TAKE MY MEANING,...



"My mother was expelled from her native Castlebar when 'twas found out she subscribed to American fashion magazines."

AWAY WITH YOU, WOMAN. 'TIS PLAIN YOU WEAR THE MARK OF THE SCARLET POTATO.

SOME PEAT FOR YOU, SIR?

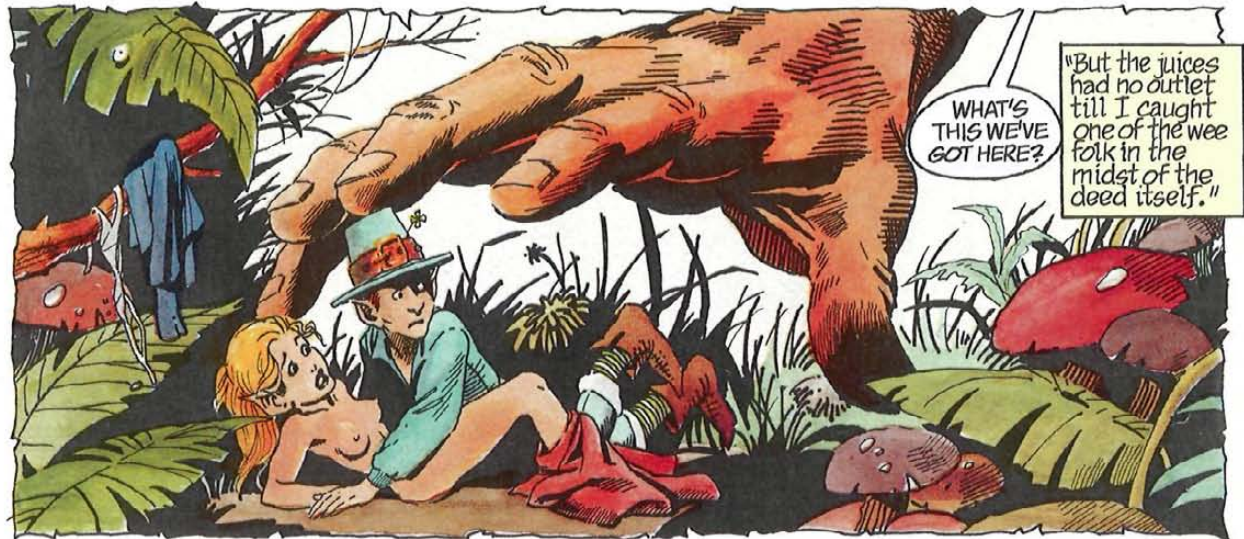


"So great was our disgrace that when we did find a place to settle, no man would work for us, and we had to make do with a hired woman. We did not prosper,..."

OOOH, ME BACK,...



"Being a young and vital lad, I soon found the juices of manhood flowing within me."



WHAT'S THIS WE'VE GOT HERE?

"But the juices had no outlet till I caught one of the wee folk in the midst of the deed itself."

"According to legend, a leprechaun caught in the act had to deliver the whereabouts of the three loose women of Ireland."



"Just to be sure, I took Finn (for so he wished to be called) with me on my journey."



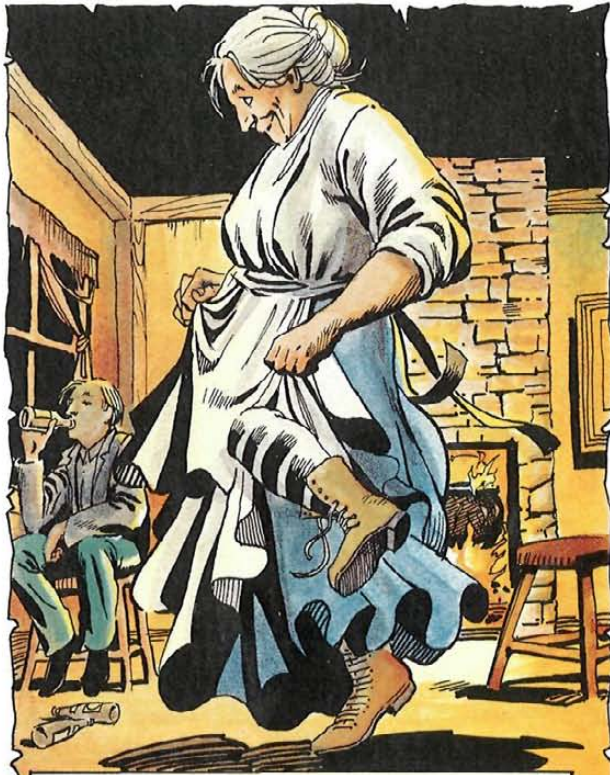
"I was soon on my way."





"She was a very large woman, this Mary O'Connor."

NO!!!



"Cursing my luck and the leprechaun, I made my excuses and left after a bit. I later called the guard, who arrested her for ugliness."

"I pulled Finn's hat over his eyes for spite and headed on."



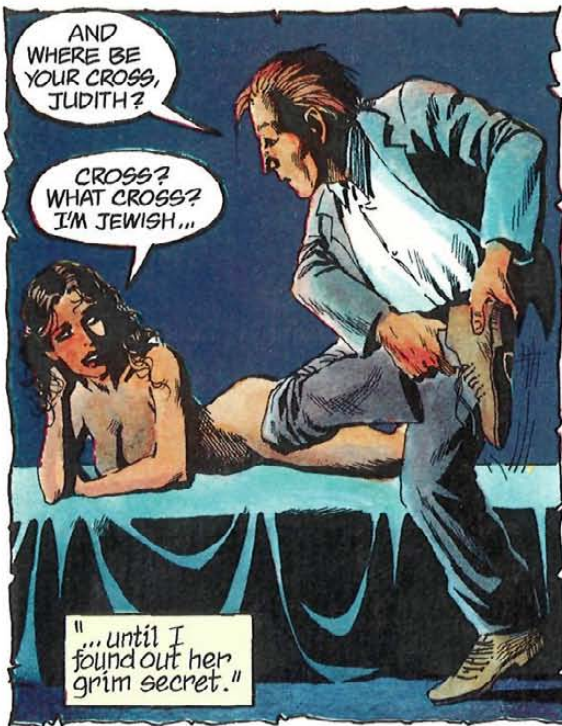
"The second woman was an American tourist over for the summer, an assistant professor of English at NYU who loved James Joyce."

NO, I NEVER READ THAT FILTHY RUBBISH.



"Nature took its course..."

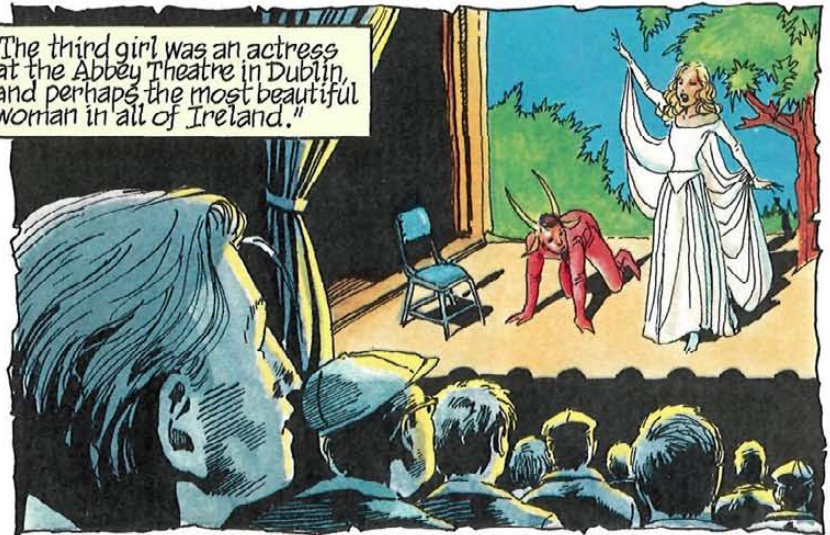
OH, MOTHER OF GOD...



"So wrathful was I that I reversed Finn's jacket and untied his shoelaces-- a very big deal to the Little People..."



"The third girl was an actress at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, and perhaps the most beautiful woman in all of Ireland."



"I presented her with flowers after the play, and soon we were in her room."





"Soon I had her in the palm of my hand, and I gleefully went after what I had come for-- some bare tit."



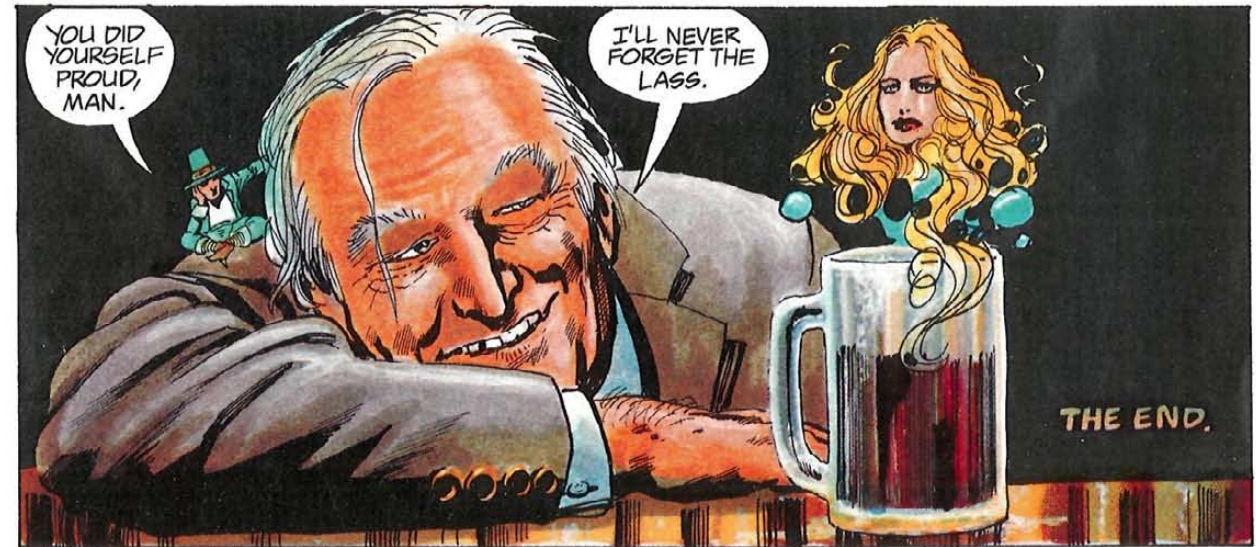
"I thanked her quickly and sped off into the dark cover of the night."



SOME STORY, EH, MAGNUM? SAY, I COULD GO FOR SOME MORE O' THAT STUFF TONIGHT. WHAT SAY WE GO AND GET US A COUPLE OF AMERICAN STEWARDESSES?

I'VE REALLY GOT TO GO NOW.

YOU'VE A FINE COUNTRY HERE.



YOU DID YOURSELF PROUD, MAN.

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE LASS.

THE END.

## SORORITY GIRLS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56)  
awards, including Best Bucker?

"That's nice, blondie," said Maggie, going back to sleep after deciding that suffocation would be too much effort.

**S**USIE FELT DARING AND adult, sort of like an article from *Cosmopolitan*. Her friends all seemed immature now. Who had time for a fat girl like Helen when there were all these new things to do? She enjoyed the stares she received from her housemates as she returned from the Happy Traveler Trailer Park in the early morning. Ever since the authorities had rounded up the loose biology experiments, there had been no need for a curfew.

But in the back of her mind was always the dread thought that when the rodeo left town, Bert would be leaving, too. She combed her hair and tried to sort out her thoughts. If they could only get some money, they would be able to put a down payment on that ranch in New Mexico that Bert had talked about for so long. New Mexico, a land of enchantment and sagebrush, where Susie's new turquoise ring on an adjustable band had come from.

Susie put down her brush, hurried into a sweater, and ran out the door of Kappa House. It was after midnight, a time when neither snoops nor busybodies would interfere with her plans. Couples would be at the bars or at Memory Crater, the late-night make-out site for blow-dried superstud and gals with a yen to pet.

Susie soon arrived at Pippie's cage. Trembling, she dropped the key on the ground, and it jangled sharply. Pippie half opened a furry eyelid and looked quizzically as Susie once more entered

his smelly domain. His stomach thought it would be nice if she had brought a cookie.

Susie didn't notice the hungry simian as she struggled to get the money barrow rolling. She nervously grabbed it by the handles and pushed. If she could just get it started, it looked easy...

"Susie, Susie," Pippie squalled when no treat was forthcoming. "How are you? Bring money, bring money..."

Susie yelped with fear and dropped the barrow. Pippie, confused by her actions, picked up his hammer and began playing "Under My Thumb" on his xylophone. Susie couldn't find her way out in the darkness, and turned to face Pippie, who was dancing happily and tapping with his hammer.

"Not now, Pippie," shushed Susie, tensing muscles acquired during years of cheerleading practice. Scooping up a handful of coins, she winged them at the annoying, musically inclined animal. Pippie, confused over whether this was a new type of game, jabbered and lunged wildly from the bars of his cage, landing on Susie's back and playfully digging his claws in her neck.

Susie screamed hysterically, and the claws dug deeper, tearing the pretty powder-blue blouse. She whirled repeatedly to try to get Pippie, who was now foaming at the mouth, off her back. The crazed monkey mistook her hand for something edible and sank his teeth into her right index finger.

Susie managed to grab hold of a leg, and eventually had the bloodlusting animal by the scruff of the neck. Still foaming, with bloodied fangs and screaming insanely in English, French, and Spanish, he was more than she could take at the moment. She hurled Pippie hard against the bars of his own cage, and with a thud followed by a tiny whimper he slid down to the floor, next to his bowl of fruit and bilingual dictionaries. A pool of blood slowly encircled his small head.

"Monkey dead—killed monkey. Monkey dead—killed monkey." The intoxicating chant repeated itself over and over in Susie's mind as she wheeled the money barrow toward Bert's trailer. Her blouse was in shreds and her finger was throbbing from the death battle with Pippie. Halfway down the narrow trail she lost one of her pink espadrilles and didn't dare stop for it. Cuts and bruises couldn't halt her progress.

Dirty, sweaty, disheveled, bleeding, and possibly infected with the germs of a dead monkey, Susie finally arrived at the door of her lover's trailer. Mustering all her strength, she rapped on the door over and over. At last it opened for her.

"Why, Susie," said Maggie, adjusting the towel around her waist. "What a pleasant surprise!"



"Oh wow, Professor Ingersoll from Juilliard!  
Long time no see."





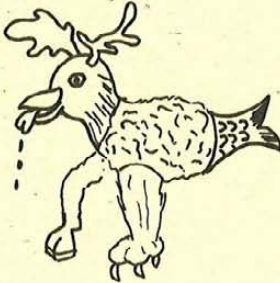
# Lab Animal Fancier

The official newsletter of the Lab Animal Fanciers Association

AN OPEN LETTER:

THE FLUB-A-DUB  
FIASCO

BY Larry Grola,  
YOUR EDITOR



Let's lay it on the line: How much of an experimental animal has to be dead before it is completely, totally dead?

Yes, I know it's a stupid, inane question. But I didn't bring it up. The LAFA judges did -- when they gave Bob Shanks the Golden Guinea Pig. It was clear to everyone that the beast was at least 30% on its way to the great lab in the sky. But the judges wouldn't listen.

Where are we? Karen Anne Quinlan's bedroom? Maybe the judges were doing this out of self-defense, because their brains are about 30% dead.

I've been told not to make a stink about this, but I'm going to. We have to get this out in the open. Sure it will stink at first, but so do most animals when you open them up, right? This is what we're all about! Let's fight it!

## HOLD THE PRESSES!!!!

As this issue of the LAFA Newsletter went to press, we learned that the Organization of Hamster Exporting Countries (OHEC) plans to raise the cost of foreign hamsters by \$4 a barrel. We will bring you more details about the chilling effect of this hike in a special issue next month.

ANNUAL CONVENTION A BIG SUCCESS;

BOB SHANKS'S "FLUB-A-DUB" EARNS TOP AWARD;  
CONTEST, JUDGING DISPUTED

Our third annual convention was held this year from April 2-9 at the Orlando Marriott. Among the highlights of the week was a panel on "When Your Experiment Becomes a Loved Companion" and the wide variety of projects, products, and innovations displayed on the exhibition floor.

The convention was capped off with our third annual LAFA awards dinner and costume ball. This year's winner of the Golden Guinea Pig was Bob Shanks of Albany, NY. Bob surgically connected eight animals and successfully kept them somewhat alive for the entire week of the convention. He called the animal "Flub-A-Dub," after the character on the old "Howdy Doody" show.

A storm of controversy arose over the judges' decision. Many members of LAFA pointed out that several parts of the animal were, in fact, dead -- including the fish tail and dog tongue. The judges countered by pointing out that the bird's head and fetal pig digestive organs were still alive, and this constituted life. The subject will be discussed in full at our LAFA meeting in December.

Second prize in the LAFA competition was given to Larry Grola of South Bend, Indiana, for the successful transfusion of frog blood into a rhesus monkey. The monkey lived through the entire convention, although it developed quite a taste for dead insects. The animal unfortunately passed away at the Motel 6 in Atlanta while being transported to its home.

In the Junior Division, 16-year-old Jeanne Sims of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, was awarded first prize for her experiment entitled "What a Hamster Does If You Line Its Cage with Dead Hamsters."  
(more inside, p. 3)



Dear Beagle,

I am enclosing my lease. Here is my problem: I am currently involved in experiments testing the effects of stress on purebred Rhodesian Ridgebacks. This necessitates raising the Ridgebacks and then disposing of them when the stress gets to be too much.

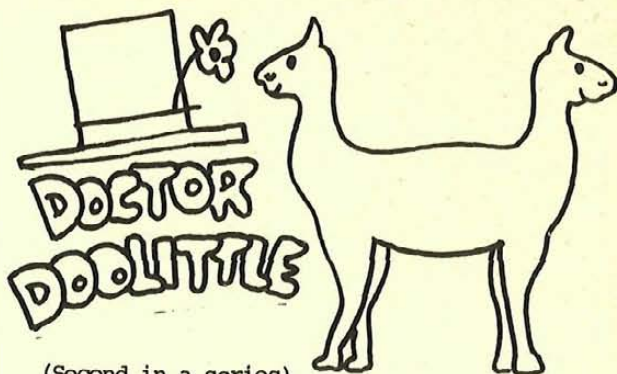
My landlord refuses to dispose of the waste product from my experiments. Is this legal?

R.K., Conn.

Dear R.K.,

The landlord is legally obligated to dispose of the waste. You have to be careful, though, that he is not seizing on this issue when he may in fact be protesting the noise, the number of animals, or the smell. In that case, you might not have a good defense, since your lease plainly states, "If I catch you torturing animals, I will ask you to move."

Thanks.



(Second in a series)

And so, if you find yourself coveting your neighbor's pet, the best thing to do is to acquire one exactly like it. This will save you both a great deal of time and trouble.

I have also been hearing of people who attempt to borrow a pet from a neighbor. The most frequent "scam" of this sort comes from the people who "baby-sit" pets while the owner is on vacation. I personally find this distasteful, unless you can be sure that the pet will be returned in the same condition.

I was once involved in an experiment where I was attempting to breed a 4-nippled Spaniel and noticed a neighbor's dog that had unusual nipple patterns. I "baby-sat" for the beast and mated it with a female Spaniel, successfully, I might add. No harm done, you might think. But I could not resist testing the animal's response to having its hindquarters flowing with 1700 volts of AC current, and this did do some damage. So, since it is hard to draw the line, don't enter into temptation.

THE FIRST TIME ... True Stories of Lab Animal Fanciers' Early Experiences



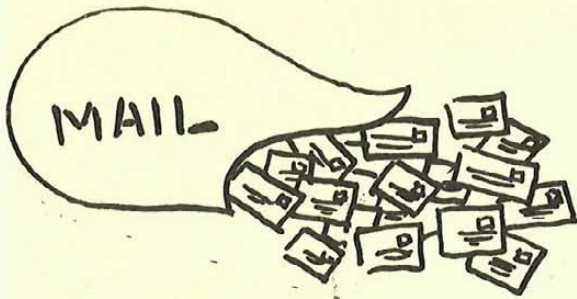
MY BALL HAD BOUNCED INTO MR. THOMPSON'S BACKYARD.

THE YARD WAS FILLED WITH FROGS.

MR. THOMPSON HELPED ME NOT TO BE AFRAID.

FROGS WILL SIT IN A HOT FRYING PAN UNTIL THEY DIE.

THEY WILL SMOKE UNTIL THEY EXPLODE!



## READING THE ENTRAILS

-- Letters from YOU --

I am mating Pandas with Minks, and would like to discuss both or same with others involved with either. Address replies to Box 16, LAFA Newsletter.

Pete McKay  
Snowshoe, PA

People who have experienced problems with the way Sloths climb over everything in sight will be glad to hear that I have found two solutions to the problem.

1. Cut off their paws. If you think about this, you'll realize that it doesn't hurt most experiments a bit.
2. Place a solid branch in their cage lined with powerful electrodes. This gets them out of the climbing habit -- FAST!

Shirley Veerns  
Oakdale, CA

I want to give a big tip of the LAFA hat to Art Blankfield, who showed us so much hospitality when my family and I were stranded in Orlando after the convention. Thanks, Art. The hamsters are fine now. And your portable iron lung is on its way back to you.

Bill McClint  
New York, NY

## CONVENTION HIGHLIGHTS; SHANKS RUINS EVERYONE'S FUN

(cont. from p. 1)

The controversy, while stormy, did not rain on the big parade that is our annual costume ball. Entertainment was the main body of that animal, and it was a-live. Unfortunately, our featured guest and animal lover, John Denver, had to cancel at the last minute. But one and all enjoyed the performance given by Steve Goodman, a man who -- by his own admission -- owes his life to research.

On the exhibition floor, the big hit was PSICO Industries' "Porta-Lab," a kit that contains everything a vivisectionist-to-go needs while on the road. They sold a lot of them.

All in all, as members of LAFA left the Orlando Marriott, many were heard to claim that this year's convention was "the best," although others were heard to say that it was "not really the best, but okay."

---

## RABBIT THRIVES ON FECAL MATTER; Dies When Eating Pellets

An experiment conducted in Knoxville, Tennessee, has produced unexpected and puzzling inquiries into the digestive processes of that most popular of lab animals, the white rabbit.

Shelly Heimle, 12 years old, fed one white rabbit a normal diet of rabbit pellets and vegetables for one year. She then fed a second rabbit the feces of the first, with water. The first rabbit grew normally. The second grew to three times the size of the normal rabbit.

The experiment was terminated when the first rabbit died of a cold, and the second rabbit was transferred to a normal diet. The normal diet produced death in the second rabbit in two weeks.

In addition to her prominent scientific contribution, Shelly should be congratulated for showing that there's a new generation of Lab Animal Fanciers out there who will thrive if they can grow, like their ancestors, unfettered and uninhibited, free in their pursuit of knowledge.

(advertisement)

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You Can Buy 'Em by the Horde!

Special Offers,  
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Microbes -- Living Microbes, Shipped in  
Dry Ice. Available Now: Plague,  
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for AIDS. Call for Prices.

Rubber Gloves -- Never Run Out Again!! We  
Sell Them by the Gross.....\$6.00

Industrial-Strength Disposal Bags --  
Leak-Proof, Odor-Resistant, Heat-  
Resistant. Meet all U.S. municipal  
requirements. Pretty flowers on  
the outside throw neighbors off the  
scent. You'll wonder how you lived  
without them. By the case only....\$87.00

Oscilloscopes -- Used by the military in top-  
secret animal experiments, so you  
know they're the tops! .....\$95.00

Porta-Lab -- We are the exclusive distributor  
for "Vivisection-to-Go." The same  
kit you saw at the convention!....\$75.00

Probes -- Our Best-Seller! On Sale. \$2.00

Surgical Lamps -- Unique Hospital Design.  
You'll never suffer from high-intensity-  
desk-lamp squint again. Fits all  
electrical currents. \$587.00

Headphones -- Creates the space where no one  
can hear them scream! Tune in white  
noise, the radio, or your favorite tape.  
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LARRY MONGOL'S HOUSE OF LABORATORY SUPPLIES  
Queens, New York

(advertisement)

AMORY WATCH  
AMORY WATCH  
AMORY WATCH  
AMORY WATCH  
AMORY WATCH  
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AMORY WATCH  
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AMORY WATCH



Bleeding-Heart-Cry-for-the-Poor-Baby-Seals  
Liberals still insist on subjecting them-  
selves to the most horrible torture imagin-  
able by inviting Cleveland Amory to address  
their lunch and dinner groups. But we're  
on to him! Cleveland will be in India-  
napolis, Atlanta, and San Diego this summer.  
Watch for him! Go to his talks! Throw  
a dead animal on his plate!  
LAFA members are invited to join the Amory  
Watch. Send us Cleveland's latest goings  
and comings. We'll be ready for him!

MEDIA LISTINGS

The following will provide Lab Animal  
Fanciers with fine entertainment.

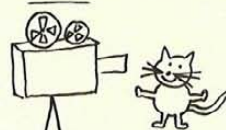
TV



Wild Kingdom -- Still the tops in my book, but  
many people prefer ...

Life on Earth -- Nonstop animal action, and  
full of new ideas for genetic experiments.

FTIM



The Road Warrior -- Go for the random violence and  
stay for the dog and the feral child.

Sophie's Choice -- Starring Hollywood's biggest  
dog, it also shows what can happen when genetic  
experiments get out of hand.

Would you like to keep pets and plants in your apartment, but don't have the space? Well, help is on the way, from LAFA member Rich Harrington in Chicago. Rich has just finished developing a line of PLANTIMALS. What are PLANTIMALS? They're animals in flower pots! They never move, but act like



real animals in every other way. Rich has bred the following, and they can be ordered through the

Newsletter:

- Cat-Cus (Cat and Cactus)
- Dog-Woods (Leafy Branches and Stray Canines)
- Palm-Ingos (Palm Trees and Flamingos -- These need lots of light.)

PLANTIMALS eat Rich's blend of Tendrill Vittles, and you have to change their soil twice a week.

INNOVATIONS: New Equipment for the Lab Animal Fancier ....

By Larry Grola, YOUR EDITOR

Can you believe what some people lay down their hard-earned cash to buy? I can't. The other day a friend showed me a fancy three-hundred-dollar doohickey guaranteed to deliver a monster shock to anything inserted into it! Well, I showed him!

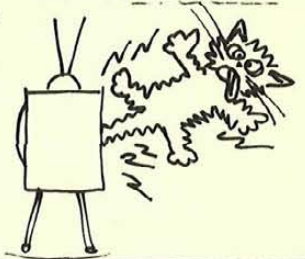
First, I went up to his living room and made the kids clear

out. Then I got a screwdriver from his basement and took the back off his TV (after I unplugged it, of course).

As you can guess, my host got the idea pretty quick. So when I plugged the set back in and grabbed his cat, he showed himself to be a true scientist and gentleman. I fried his cat to a crisp in the

back of the set, and then we watched the football game.

So look, if you need a shock box, use your TV set, okay?



CLASSIFIED CLASSIFIED CLASSIFIED CLASSIFIED CLASSIFIED CLASSIFIED

T-Shirts! Now Available-- "When Vivisection Is Outlawed, Only Outlaws Will Be Vivisectionists," "Nuke the ASPCA," "I Keep Mine in a Cage." Box 17, LAFA.

Flatworms!!! A bumper crop of Flatworms means big savings for you. Of the finest breed. Don't delay. Box 18, LAFA.

Will the woman with the poodle who left her scalpels at my table in the convention center please contact me? I think I'm in love. Box 76, LAFA.

You can answer the eternal question yourself; find out if Lobsters scream when you cook 'em with the new Lobster-Phone. Also available: tape recorder attachment. Box 36, LAFA.

"When the Other Kids Make Fun of Your Child." New book by top psychologist offers unique advice to LAFA parents. \$14.95 to Box 4, LAFA.

Hamster, Guinea Pig, etc. --- All-Rodent Food, sold at wholesale, in quantity. We pay freight. Box 72, LAFA.

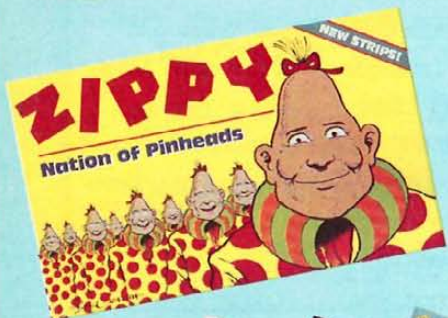
Make Money at Home! This is not an envelope-addressing scam, but something uniquely tailored to LAFA members. Send \$4.95 to Box 9, LAFA. You won't have to spend another penny!

Lonesome? Like to work with little beasties? Young man would like to meet woman who fits this description. Box 17, LAFA.

INNARDS  
Lab Animal Fancier is published quarterly by Larry Grola and his daughter, who does the drawings.

# ZIPPY

... AM I  
MERCHANDISED  
YET??

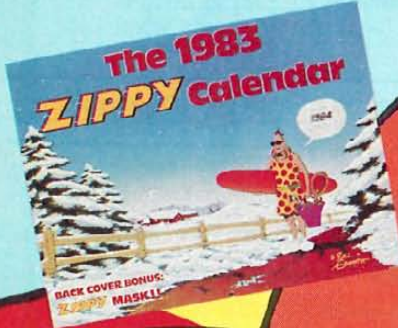


**NEW!**  
**NATION OF PINHEADS**  
96 pgs. of Zippyisms including "Arbitrary Donuts", "Zippy meets Godzilla", "Methodist from the Black Lagoon" & more!  
**\$4.95**

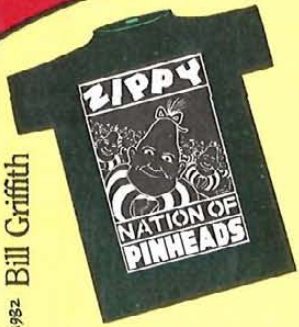
**FREE BUTTON**  
with Orders over \$10!!



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

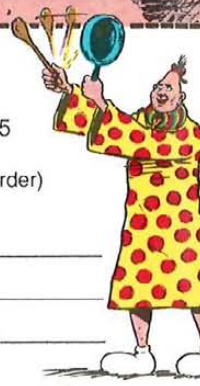
State T-Shirt size. S    M    L    XL

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

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



© 1982 Bill Griffith

# FOTO FUNNIES



# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36)

Sirs:

Instead of buying new birthday cards for friends and relatives, I recycle old ones by using Wite-Out to cover the signature. You'd be surprised at the money I save.

Dorothy Drud  
Elgin, Ill.

Sirs:

In our ever-expanding plan to bring comfort to everyone, we are adding a new feature to our services. It's called next-to-last rites. It's for those who aren't really dying, but just feel bad.

The Priests  
Jesusville, N.J.

Sirs:

To celebrate the final episode of M\*A\*S\*H here at Oneonta State we all dressed up as our favorite characters and whooped it up for the better part of the evening. At about three we thought it would be a good idea to perform emergency surgery on Alan Bookbinder to remove a severe "assholic abscess" from his lower abdomen.

Binder had passed out after drinking three "Hawkeye Specials," so opening him up and extracting most of his internal organs was a cinch. Getting them back in sort of sobered us up, though.

Michael "Trapper John" Bosley  
Oneonta State College  
Oneonta, N.Y.

Sirs:

Here's a story.

Betty wants a Raygun but I think we'll have to Cart 'er away. "We can't a Ford it," said her dad. "Nix on that," Betty replied. "John's son has one. Ken Eddy have one, too?"

Pretty good way to learn about presidents, huh? I had to stop when I got to Eisenhower, though.

Ida Ho  
Alaska When I See Her

Sirs:

You can talk all you want about democracy and individual liberty, but I've ruled my little country as a monarch for more than thirty years, and I wouldn't have it any other way. I'm a firm ruler, but my people love me because I am fair, and I hardly ever have to torture them. Except the shags, of course. The

shags are crude and primitive, and sometimes they have to be dealt with on their own brutal terms. Like once a shag tried to kill me with an X-acto blade. He was shouting, "Kill the dictator pig before he nails us to the floor!" Ha! He sang a different tune after we stretched his jute backing on the rack for a while. Then there was the attempted coup by the indoor/outdoors with the self-adhesive backings....

Ned "The Karpel King" Fuller  
Karpeland  
Des Moines, Iowa

Sirs:

How come one never sees Ted Nugent and Truman Capote together in the same place? It's certainly something to think about.

One Who Thinks About This  
Waco, Tex.

Sirs:

We all rive in a yerrow submaline, a yerrow submaline, a yerrow submaline! We all rive in a yerrow submaline, a yerrow submaline...

Chinese Sperm  
Dong, China

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 86)

## Don't take the sun lying down

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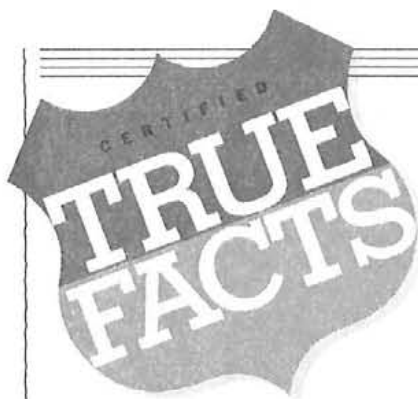
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Enclosed is my payment of \$\_\_\_\_\_ checks payable to: East Coast Sports, Dept J-2, 191 Post Road West, Westport, CT 06880. (CT. residents add 7.5% sales tax.)

Visa or Mastercard Number \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Specify type of card \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. date \_\_\_\_\_





**S**AMUEL HARRIS, TWENTY-three, of Fairbanks, Alaska, was charged with kidnapping, third-degree assault, and misconduct involving a weapon after he allegedly abducted a woman in his car and took her to a church, where he forced her to memorize the Lord's Prayer. *Fairbanks Daily News-Miner* (contributed by Thomas McHone)

THE CANADIAN HEARING SOCIETY, A charitable organization, lost nearly two thousand dollars to players in a fund-raising bingo game held at the Gold Rush Hall in Peterborough, Ontario, when it had to pay five dollars each to the holders of more than 385 winning bingo cards in one game. There were 235 players in the hall at the time of the big payoff. "Everyone started yelling 'Bingo' at the same time," said one witness. "I've never heard anything like it." *Ottawa Citizen* (contributed by David Richardson)

ACCUSED OF EXPOSING HIMSELF TO A pregnant woman in whose home he was shampooing carpets, Lloyd Moore of Brandtford, Ontario, Canada,

claimed it was an accident. Despite previous convictions for the same offense, the fifty-six-year-old Moore testified that he had accidentally lost control of the rug shampooer, which hit him in the groin, undoing his zipper. *The Brandtford Expositor* (contributed by David L. Sheppard)

CALIFORNIA GRAPE FARMER TOM Hagopian wrote and published a Spanish phrase book to help farmers communicate with their migrant laborers. Hagopian, who hires about fifty migrants a year to work on his farm, hoped to sell five hundred copies of the book to other farmers, but was swamped with more than seven thousand orders from universities, agriculture departments, and individuals around the country.

Along with such phrases as "What is your name?" and "This is a herbicide, keep it off the vines," the seventy-two-page book, called *Spanish for the California Farmer*, also contains such entries as "son of a bitch" and "wetback" and "Don't throw beer bottles in the field" and "Clean up this camp, you live like a fucking pig." *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Paul Osterhout)

AFTER DEACON OSCAR MCALISTER criticized the sermon preached by the Reverend Murphy Lee Paskell in a Stockton, California, church, the minister produced a pistol and shot McAlister four times. *AP* (contributed by John Tymczyszyn)

AUTHORITIES INVESTIGATING THE escape of a Florida State Prison inmate concluded that Myran Fleming, forty-three, had simply walked out the gate

after painting his prisoner's clothes brown, the same color as the guards' uniforms. *UPI* (contributed by David Richardson)

AT THEIR ANNUAL CONVENTION, THE Nebraska pork producers chose their 1983 Pork Queen, an eighteen-year-old high school senior from Creston, Nebraska, named Patty Boning. *Omaha World-Herald* (contributed by Daniel Roberts)

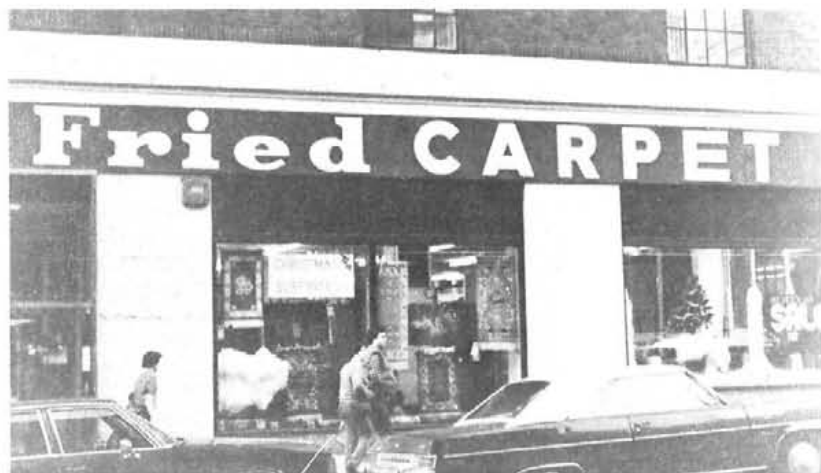
GEOFFREY RONALD EVANS, TWENTY, of Nyora, Australia, was fined seven hundred dollars in Korumburra Magistrates Court for attacking a kangaroo with a wooden stick. The kangaroo, which lived in a fenced enclosure, suffered a broken nose, jaw, and shoulder bone in the assault. When asked by police why he had beaten the kangaroo, Evans explained, "Just to stop it so we could pat it." *Canberra Times* (contributed by G. Cameron)

RESPONDING TO A READER WHO COMPLAINED that his radio had been in a repair shop for two years, the "Action Line" reporter for an Ottawa, Canada, newspaper, *The Citizen*, claimed it had taken another area resident seven years to have a black-and-white television set repaired.

According to the story, the set was stolen from the repair shop, then had to be held as evidence in the thief's trial. After it was returned to the repair shop, the shop owner died, and while his funeral was going on, thieves broke into the store and stole the set again.

After being recovered by police once more, the TV was returned to the original owner, who took it to another repair

## Edible Floor Covering



George Smith, Myerstown, Pa.



Mark Mattison, Oslo, Norway

## In Full Swing by Bill Moseley



A news story accompanying the first photo claimed that Dizzy Gillespie's bebop had just reached France, and that the art students seen here dancing were wearing "existentialist clothes."

shop, but that business went bankrupt, and the receivers liquidating the shop's assets sold the set accidentally. After being informed of their mistake, the liquidation company bought the set back and was delivering it to its owner when it accidentally rolled onto its face and the picture tube broke.

After a lengthy debate over responsibility for the accident, the liquidating firm finally agreed to pay, but by then the original manufacturer of the set had gone out of business and replacement parts were hard to find.

Nevertheless, seven years after it first broke down, the set was finally repaired. However, on his way home with the TV in the trunk of his car, the owner was struck from behind by a careening pickup truck. The set was demolished. (contributed by R. J. Lemaire)

WILLIE MOYERS, FIFTY-TWO, OF KNOXVILLE, Tennessee, woke up to the sound of his telephone ringing, picked up a .22-caliber revolver from his bed table instead of the phone, and shot himself in the ear. *Nashville Banner* (contributed by Jerry Shelton)

NEW YORK STATE POLICE IN SARATOGA, New York, received a phone call from a conscience-stricken man in Virginia who described himself as a born-again Christian. The man confessed that while driving to a revival meeting in New York State, he had exceeded the speed limit by as much as ten miles per hour, and he was finding it hard to live with his sense of guilt. However, troopers declined to issue him the traffic ticket he had called to request. *The Trooper*

ORGANIZERS OF THE REGENCY PAGEANT, which draws tourists to Brighton, England, have been persuaded to mollify French visitors by altering their mock Battle of Waterloo. On at least one day the French side will win. *Daily Telegraph* (contributed by Vernon Coleman)

LURAL K. LLEWELLYN OF WAILUKU, Hawaii, filed suit after being denied unemployment payments. The benefits had been denied Llewellyn by the state department of labor on the grounds that she had refused to adhere to company policy regarding appearance.

Llewellyn was fired after she refused a company order to shave under her arms, pointing out that shaved armpits were not required of male employees.

Llewellyn, twenty-five, worked for a charter-boat firm as a deckhand. *Honolulu Star Bulletin* (contributed by John Fujiyoshi)

**We'll Clean Your Dirty Whatever** Readers' Page



Aaron Emke, Louisville, Ky



W. Abduraman, Detroit, Mich.



Dylan Birkett, Newtown, Conn.



Hay it here

Ann Weatherhead, Cleveland Heights, Ohio



Jeffrey Melfert, San Antonio, Tex.



Cole Raftery, Toronto, Can.



Josh Wallace, Cohasset, Mass.



Mark G. Silberger, Rochester, N.Y.

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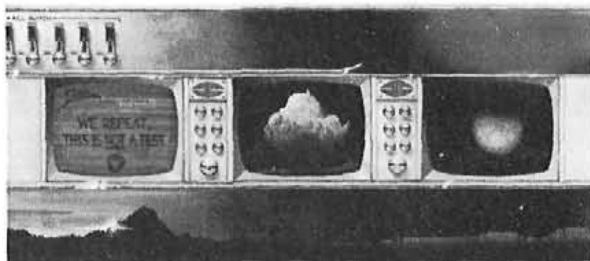
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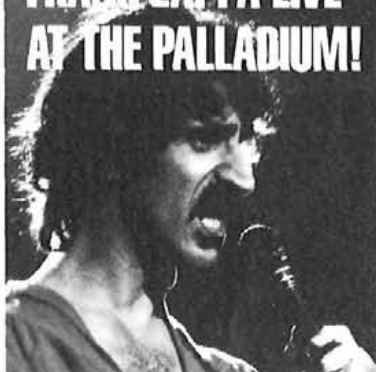
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## Many Happy Returns



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in America.



# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80)

Sirs:

We put it to a vote and it was unanimous: we would rather *starve to death* than spend another minute listening to Sally Struthers whine.

The Starving Children  
*The Third World*

Sirs:

Because a number of straitened and laggard segments of the population are apparently stirring among themselves and in certain political circles in Washington, we suppose it's time to explain the president's economic program to these people, fully and in terms all of them can understand. We'll begin with inflation and the money supply. What is inflation? Inflation is any increase in the money supply. What is the money supply? It's the amount of money in circulation, plus demand deposits—that is, funds people have in their wallets, and funds accessible to them by writing checks or filling out withdrawal forms. The government is empowered to regulate the money supply as it sees fit. This is done in one of two ways. First, by or-

dering citizens to remove money from their wallets, and second, by calculating the money supply after three P.M. and on weekends, when banks are closed and no one can demand deposits, except from mechanical twenty-four-hour tellers. Money dispensed by these machines is important because of its form—paper dollars, or, more correctly, Fiat currency, issued by the government to pay the national debt. These bills, once backed by gold and silver, are now backed by Fiats. One dollar U.S. represents 1/32 troy ounce of a Fiat; \$6,599 may be redeemed at any Federal Reserve bank or Fiat dealership for the entire car. Thus, when the Treasury wants to increase the money supply, it merely raises the price of Fiats, forcing citizens to withdraw larger amounts of Fiat currency from banks and their wallets. Critics say inflation—any expansion of the money supply—causes the value of money to decline. But how can money value decline when each rise in its supply accompanies an increase in the cost of the Fiats backing it up? Obviously, a \$6,599 Fiat today is more valuable than the \$3,999 Fiat of five years ago—otherwise citizens wouldn't be willing to pay the higher price.

In any discussion of money supply, we must also mention *velocity*—the speed with which money moves through the economy. Because of the rather light and inert nature of paper dollars, their velocity tends to be slow, especially in enclosed areas where there is no updraft or wind. Fiats, however, have a velocity upward of seventy miles per hour—a rate swift enough to propel our free-market system with a maximum of efficiency, style, and ease. Of course, we cannot maintain this velocity without adequate and reliable supplies of fuel—that is, oil. To pay for this oil, we must, perforce, increase our money supply and, ipso facto, our Fiat reserves. Naturally, a large-scale purchase of Fiats for this purpose by the Treasury is likely to drive the price of a Fiat even higher; but as we have shown earlier, the more valuable they become, the better off we are. The president has, in fact, concluded that by careful implementation of his economic program, Fiats will cost \$9,590 by 1984, and \$17,900 by 1985—indeed a hearteningly encouraging precursor of prosperity and hope for all of the nation.

Your Government

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 95)



## HOW COULD A CONDOM SO THIN BE SO STRONG?

You're looking at a photograph of a typical Sheik® Condom being used in a rather untypical way.

While we may be stretching the point, we are doing this to prove that each Sheik Condom is very thin yet very strong.

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In fact, Sheik Condoms are actually rested up to seven different times by advanced scientific techniques—including electronic testing.

And that's important, because before we let you put a Sheik Condom to your test of sensitivity, we have to know it can pass our seven tests of strength.

Now there are five strong sensitive Sheiks to choose from, including Sensi-Creme Lubricated, Ribbed, Reservoir End, Plain End and New Fetherlite®.

Introducing Fetherlite®, the newest Sheik of all. Fetherlite is snugger than regular condoms and provides a closer fit for sensitivity. Its contoured shape offers both partners a new level of comfort.

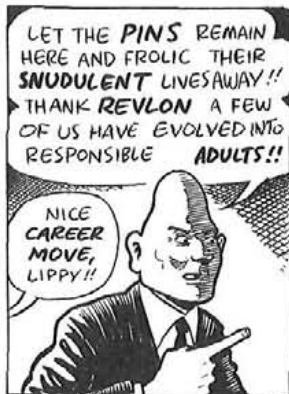
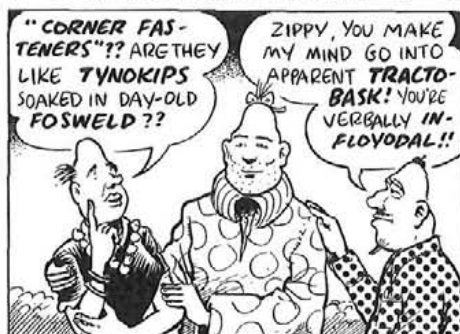
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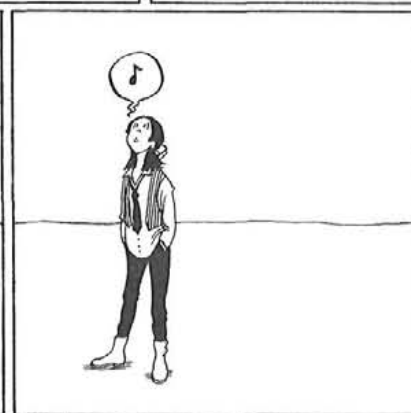
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Condoms have been shown to be a physical barrier to the genital herpes virus.

# FUNNY PAGES



# TROTS AND BONNIE



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# POLITENESSMAN

OUR STORY OPENS IN THE POSH CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS OF A MAJOR CORPORATION....



LIKE TO EARN SOME OVERTIME, HONEY?



YOU GOT SOME NERVE, YOU LECHEROUS OLD FART!



SUDDENLY, POLITENESSMAN ENTERS AND FELS THE YOUNG WOMAN WITH COURTESY FUMES RELEASED FROM HIS BOUTONNIERE!

MISS TITZBIGG, I HAVE THREE WORDS FOR YOU: ONE, "RESPECT." TWO, "YOUR." THREE, "ELDERS."



COME ON NOW, MISTER PWIMULA, BACK ON THE COUCH... AT \$4.75 AN HOUR, WE BEEN AT IT FIVE HOURS... THAT'S...

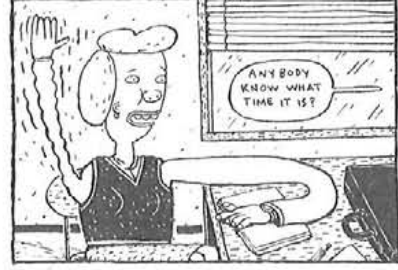


IF YOU SHOW OTHER DINERS FOOD YOU'VE CHEWED, YOU'LL BE DOING SOMETHING EXTREMELY RUDE! THANK YOU.

## POPULAR PROBLEMS

©1983 RON HAUGE

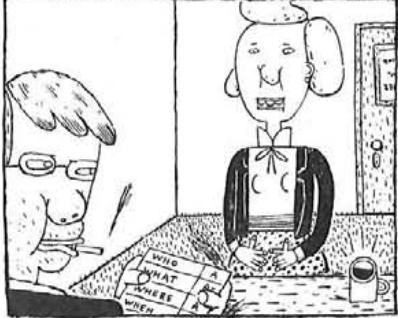
I GRADUATED AT THE HEAD OF MY CLASS IN JOURNALISM SCHOOL...



BUT IN FOUR YEARS OF WORKING FOR THE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER I NEVER GOT THE HANG OF REAL-LIFE REPORTING.



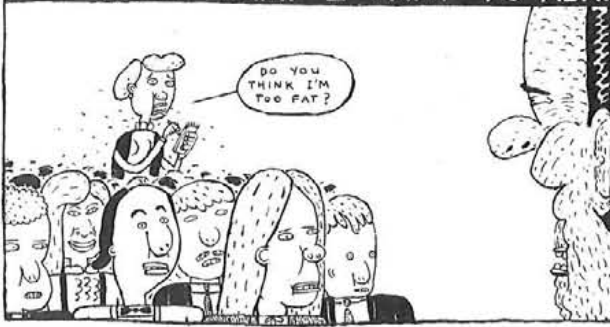
STILL, THE EDITOR OF THE "TRIBUNE" WAS IMPRESSED WITH MY ACADEMIC RECORD. HE HIRED ME AS A POLITICAL REPORTER.



MY FIRST ASSIGNMENT FOR THE PAPER WAS MY BIG CHANCE TO PROVE MYSELF.



SOMETIMES WHEN I'M NERVOUS I FORGET WHAT I WANT TO ASK.



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

**THE STORY:**  
 RAY'S DEAD FRIEND JOE IS HIT BY A CAR. RAY IS ARRESTED FOR DISORDERLY CONDUCT AFTER REPEATEDLY INSISTING THAT JOE HAD BEEN DEAD FOR MONTHS. A MEDIC AT THE SCENE PLACES HIS STETHOSCOPE ON JOE'S CHEST AND DETECTS A FAINT HEARTBEAT!

I'LL RADIO THE HOSPITAL TO BE READY FOR AN ACUTE CARDIAC CASE...

OFFICER, CAN I PLEASE GO ALONG WITH MY FRIEND?

WELL, OKAY, I'LL GIVE YOU A BREAK, BUT YOU MAKE A STINK DOWN THERE, I'LL HAVE YOU LOCKED UP!

THE CARDIAC ROOM OF ST. PILEMBIAL HOSPITAL

I'M A FRIEND OF HIS, DOCTOR, AND I TRIED TO TELL THEM THAT HE'S DEAD...

OH, YES, THEY TOLD ME ABOUT YOU! WELL, HE'S HOOKED UP TO THIS HEARTBEAT-DETECTING MACHINE AND WE'RE GETTING A FAINT HEARTBEAT...

IT'S A LONG STORY, DOCTOR...

WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, I'M A DOCTOR, A MAN OF SCIENCE--SEE THE NEEDLE ON THE MACHINE--SEE IT QUIVERING? IT'S REGISTERING A HEARTBEAT!

DON'TCHA UNDERSTAND? HE DIED ON NOVEMBER 6TH, 1982, AND A COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER HE BEGAN TO SMELL, SO I HAD HIM EMBALMED!

IF HE DIED, WHY WASN'T HE BURIED?

... AND THE RULE AROUND HERE IS, IF THE NEEDLE MOVES, THE PATIENT IS ALIVE! NOW, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE WAITING ROOM--I'M GOING TO OPEN HIS CHEST FOR AN OPEN-HEART HEMOCLAPTATION PROCEDURE.....

TEN MINUTES LATER...

SIR, I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY... YOUR FRIEND JOE IS DEAD AND OBVIOUSLY HAS BEEN FOR MONTHS!

BOY, I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT! I THOUGHT I WAS GOIN' NUTS WITH THIS HEARTBEAT BUSINESS!

...BUT THERE IS A HEARTBEAT...

WHAT?

IT'S HIS TAPEWORM.

YES, THE HEARTBEAT IN QUESTION IS FROM THE HEART OF YOUR DEAD FRIEND JOE'S VERY MUCH ALIVE CESTODE WORM--ALSO KNOWN AS A TAPEWORM!

...GEE... IT'S... IT'S LIKE PART OF JOE IS ALIVE! THAT'S NICE, DOCTOR, THAT'S REALLY NICE!

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CONTINUED

Mimi Pond's **Famous Waitress School**  
 TODAY'S LESSON

86 JACK

*The Hard-boiled School of Waitressing*

MIMI POND © 1983

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THE JADED LOOK

PRACTICE TEN MINUTES EACH DAY IN MIRROR

THE JADED ATTITUDE

AW, CRY ME A RIVER.

TODAY'S SPECIAL

GOT A DIME? CALL SOMEONE WHO CARES.

IT'S COMIN'?! JESUS CHRIST, SO'S CHRISTMAS!

NEXT MONTH: HARD-BOILED GROOMING-MUSTS, AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!

Aunt Mary's Kitchen

M.K. BROWN © 1983

SAY! HOW ABOUT ANOTHER CUP OF YOUR GOOD COFFEE, MRS. SALADINO?

WHY, SURE, TONY, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW YOU EVER HAD A SECOND CU

IT'S BETTER WITH THE SOUND OFF

VOL. [Volume knob icon]

FRANKIE! GET OUT OF MY BEGONIA!

NEXT MONTH: CHOCOLATE MOUSSE



THIS MONTH:  
HOMETOWN NEWS

RICK GEARY ©1983



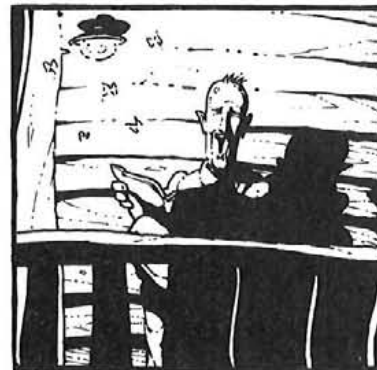
I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT THE NICEST FOLKS  
ON EARTH ARE RIGHT HERE IN MY  
HOMETOWN.



MY NEIGHBORS AND I ARE ALL GOOD FRIENDS  
AND GO OUT OF OUR WAY TO HELP EACH OTHER.



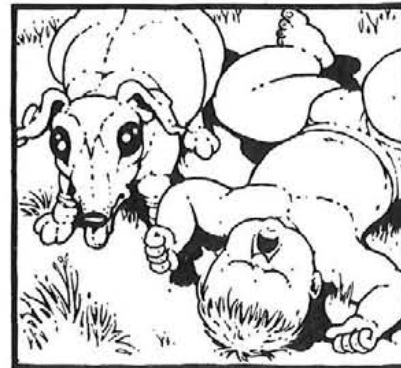
EVERY DAY I MEET ALL KINDS OF NICE,  
INTERESTING FOLKS — ESPECIALLY ON AN  
EARLY-MORNING STROLL.



ALSO, I LIKE TO RELAX ON THE PORCH OF  
AN EVENING AND CHAT WITH PASSERSBY.



RECENTLY, AN UNUSUAL COUPLE MOVED  
INTO A HOUSE DOWN THE BLOCK.



THEY APPEAR TO HAVE NO FURNITURE OR  
BELONGINGS AT ALL — JUST KIDS AND PETS.



THEIR LIGHTS REMAIN ON ALL NIGHT, AND  
I SOMETIMES HEAR A HAIR-RAISING  
WHOP FROM THAT DIRECTION.



IN THE AFTERNOONS THEY SIT IN THEIR YARD  
AND I USUALLY WANDER OVER TO CHAT.



THEY'RE FROM OKLAHOMA, AND THEY BOTH  
APPARENTLY HAVE HAD VERY DIFFICULT LIVES.



THEY'RE CERTAINLY THE TALK OF THE  
NEIGHBORHOOD, AND SOME OF MY  
FRIENDS HAVE LATELY TAKEN TO LOCKING  
THEIR DOORS.



BUT I FIND THEM TO BE NICE ENOUGH  
FOLKS — JUST TRYING TO GET BY LIKE  
THE REST OF US.

SPECIAL NEWSMAKER REPORT



P.M. NIGHT NEWS

AS PART OF OUR EFFORT FOR IN-DEPTH NEWS COVERAGE, WE TAKE YOU TO THE SCENE OF A CRIME BEFORE IT HAPPENS...

GOOD EVENING, THIS IS JUD SPUDDING ON THE SCENE FOR "P.M. NEWS". RIGHT NOW IT IS QUITE PEACEFUL HERE AT STEINMAN AVENUE AND EAST 49<sup>TH</sup>, BUT IN MOMENTS THE PEACE WILL BE SHATTERED BY A VIOLENT HIT-AND-RUN AUTO ACCIDENT INVOLVING AN ELDERLY WOMAN AND HER GRAND SON



Let's see if we can get a word with the victims

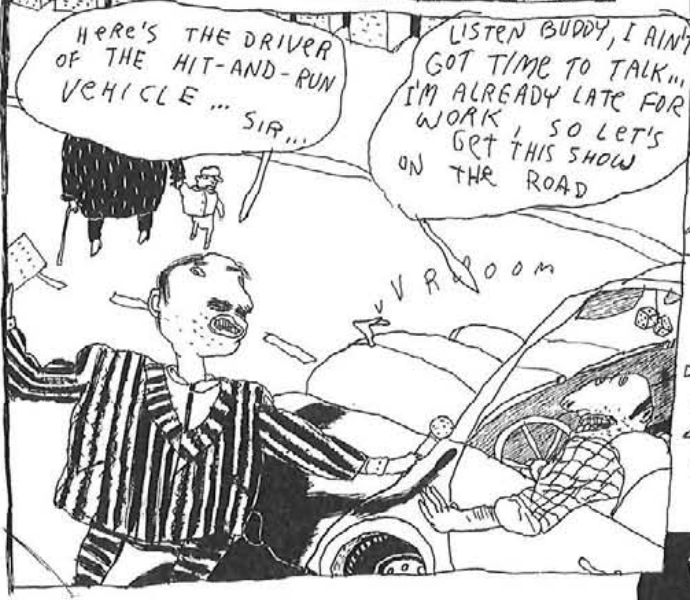
MRS. RONSONIO, HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT ALL OF THE ATTENTION?

WELL, OH MY ... I'M REALLY VERY NERVOUS I'VE NEVER BEEN ON TELEVISION BEFORE CAMERAS, YOU KNOW, ... MAKE ME NERVOUS



AND HOW ABOUT YOU LITTLE TYKE... THE WORD IS THAT YOUR BODY WILL GET PINNED UNDER THE CAR AND DRAGGED FOR FIVE BLOCKS

NO COMMENT



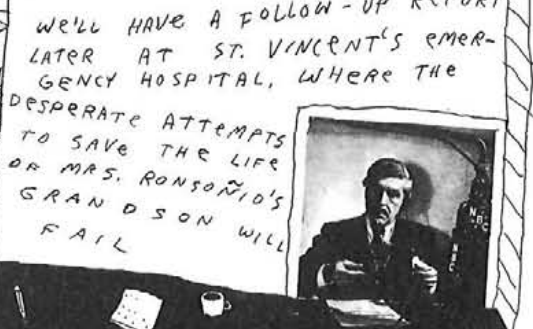
Here's the driver of the hit-and-run vehicle ... SIR...

LISTEN BUDDY, I AIN'T GOT TIME TO TALK... I'M ALREADY LATE FOR WORK, SO LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD



MOMENTS LATER... AS YOU CAN SEE, THE DRIVER IS SIMPLY NOT LOOKING WHERE HE IS GOING

SCREEECH  
AAAA  
VVRROOOM  
DRAGGG  
AAAA  
NOO NO!

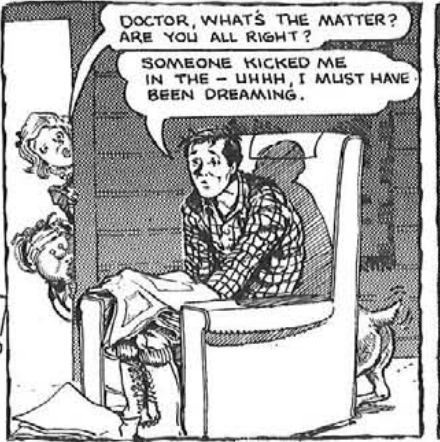
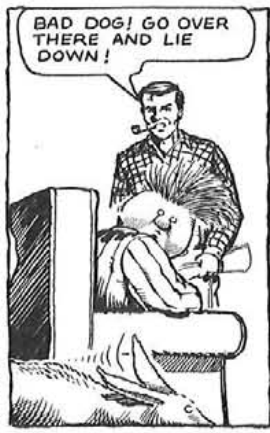


WE'LL HAVE A FOLLOW-UP REPORT LATER AT ST. VINCENT'S EMERGENCY HOSPITAL, WHERE THE DESPERATE ATTEMPTS TO SAVE THE LIFE OF MRS. RONSONIO'S GRAND SON WILL FAIL

NEW WAVE COMICS ©1983 MARK MAREK

# TIMBERLAND TALES

by B.K. Taylor



# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86)

Sirs:  
What do inmates and guards have in common? They're both lousy screws.

David Berkowitz  
*Doing time*

Sirs:  
I'm the youngest of seven children, and I've finally found the perfect way to get even for all the shit my brothers and sisters lay on me. When they're all asleep, I go to the medicine cabinet and switch their contact lenses. So the next morning Roger has Susie's left lens, Louise has George's right one, etc. It takes them hours to straighten everything out, and in the meantime their eyes burn like hell.

Bobby Horvath  
*Chattanooga, Tenn.*

Sirs:  
I know this might not be the proper time or place to mention it, but I can't help but be puzzled by our nation's rather deadpan response to the Polish crisis. I mean, I understand that this is all very serious, and that we can't let the Russians get away with doing anything they want, and that a lot of people are suffering or in prison, and all that, but maybe you guys at least have noticed a sort of humorous inevitability to the whole business. Let's face it, what do you expect from a lot of dumb Polacks but that they'd screw up their economy, and what do you expect from a whole army of dumb Polacks but they'd end up conquering their own country? I mean, with all due respect to the Polish people and their valiant struggle against economic and ideological repression, what are you going to get when you put millions of people, who traditionally haven't been able to even screw in a light bulb except in twos, into an enclosed area but humor on a truly global scale! How can anybody take all of this seriously? Come on, guys! This is funny!

You don't get it, huh? Well, just forget I even mentioned it, then.

Curt Runnels  
*Bloomington, Ind.*

Sirs:  
You've heard of the Invisible Hand, right? You know, the one Adam Smith said was the key to a free economy? Well, I've discovered that the Invisible Hand doesn't just regulate markets and set prices. It also fixes baseball games, dents new cars, leaks secrets to the press, and steals ice cubes from people's freezers without refilling the trays. And that's only the beginning; I've also got

evidence that proves that the Invisible Hand committed the Jack the Ripper murders, caused the Roman Empire to decline and fall, and poisoned Marilyn Monroe. But what can we do? Without the Invisible Hand, the free-market system would collapse, plunging us into economic chaos, so we really have no choice but to put up with all its shit. Sure, it's infuriating that the Invisible Hand knows it has us over a barrel and is taking advantage of the situation, but at the same time, so long as it does its job and keeps up its end of the economy, I guess that what it does in its free time is really none of our business.

Milton Friedman  
*Stanford, Calif.*

Sirs:  
Ah'm sho glad de Reagans is now firmly ensconced in de White House, cuz dat sho make mah gardenin' job lots easier. Why, back when brother Billy was visitin' de Carter fambly, come mornin' time dere was always a mess o' dead yellow patches on de lawns. An' Billy, he di'n't have no dawgs neither, no matter what dat Jody Powell fellah was confabulatin'. An' dere weren't no little flyin' saucers landin' on de lawn like

Miss Amy was sayin'. No sir! It was de beer landin' on de lawn, is what it was. Scuze de grammaticals.

Elwood Jeffrey Deakins  
*White House Gardenin'*

Sirs:  
How do I arrive at my Solomonic decisions? I flip a coin.

Judge Joseph A. Wapner  
*"The People's Court"*

Sirs:  
Here is our list of the five people least likely to get the giggles on a crowded elevator: George Steinbrenner, Demond Wilson, coach Ray Perkins, Nancy Reagan, and Roberto Clemente, because he's dead.

The List Makers  
*Making Lists, N. Y.*

Sirs:  
No bugs will get me this summer, because I am prepared. I'm wearing a flea collar around my ankles, I'm taping flypaper to my nose, and I've just swallowed a bottle of Raid. Nobody's gonna sting this dude.

Sweet Lou Anderson  
*Tupelo, Miss.*

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# CONTEST

23

## Pick the Lampoon Editor Who Won't Quit, Get Fired, or Get a Divorce

**I**T'S A CHANGING EARTH, AND the staff of this magazine changes right along with it, and ultimately into it when they die. Test your powers of prescience by staring into the futures of these wise, gentle, laughter-loving men.

If you accurately or inaccurately draw aside the veil of time to reveal the gaunt, warty face of things to come, perhaps the future may hold something for you.

Like a prize and a divorce, or a prize and unemployment.



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



**1** Ted Mann, hard-driving Canadian import, has even insiders guessing as well as asking who Nick Lowe is. Railbirds' choice.

**2** Tod Carroll is holding his cards close to his chest, but was recently reported lunching with arms dealers at Hassidic men's clubs. Bears watching.



**3** Sean Kelly refuses to publicly commit himself to any course of action. He would not wish you to infer this as support for a course of inaction. He's got 'em guessing.



**4** Glenn Eichler, brooding, formerly saturnine, managing editor, was seen slapping a green bankbook against his knees recently and chuckling in a knowing fashion. Hot Tip Harry has Glenn to show...



**5** Kevin Curran longs for cleaner, greener climes and has stated he would kill three people to get there, or up to seven old people. Some Vegas action on this one.



**6** Fred Graver has been having hushed telephone discussions with unknown parties. Considered a hot property by the law firm of Jacoby and Meyers. Pick 'em.

I KNOW AN EDITOR WITH A STABLE personal and professional life when I see one, and even if I don't it doesn't matter, because the winner of this contest will be picked completely at random. The guy whose world won't come crashing down around him is (circle one).

**1 2 3 4 5 6**

Send to: Them Changes  
National Lampoon  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

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

**Snow-capped winner!**

Joyce Vordahl of Snohomish, Washington, you have just won Contest #19, gaining a squawk box by Audiovox. If we were you we'd jump up and down and squeal like stomped-on rats!



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# *Newport*

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



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

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine;

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 1983.