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APRIL 1970 TO SEPTEMBER 1983

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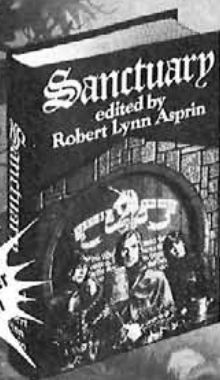
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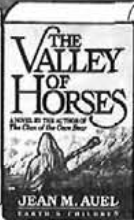
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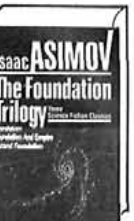
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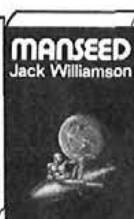
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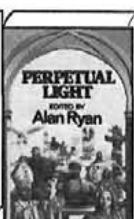
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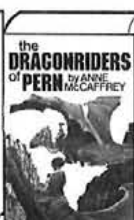
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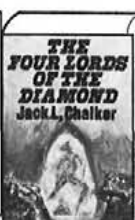
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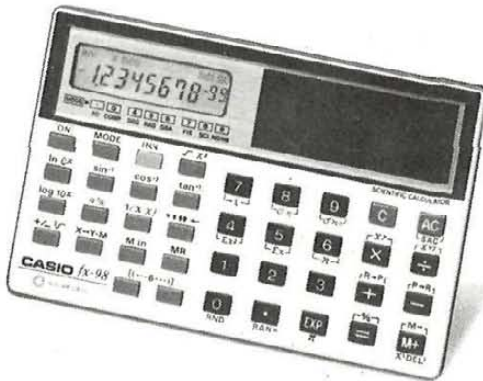
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#09NL

# editorail

**S**EPTEMBER. A MONTH OF births, a month of deaths, a month of statistically correct fluctuations in world population. September. Sep. Tem. Ber. A month of three syllables, each stunning in its Zen-like consonant-vowel-consonant symmetry, the last a homophone for the name of the man who shot Alexander Hamilton and later played a wheelchair-bound detective in a popular NBC-TV series. September. A month of songs. "Try to \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_ of September when \_\_\_\_ was \_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_ so \_\_\_\_\_." (Portions deleted to avoid copyright litigation.)

I was but a boy the first time I saw *The Fantasticks*. The mother of a schoolmate, believing that children and culture need not be mutually incompatible, had set up a limousine caravan down from Darien for her son's tenth birthday; I was among the invited. I remember little of that day, except for an extremely unpleasant incident in the men's room of the dank off-Broadway theater. Apparently the sight of twenty unblemished schoolboys had proven too much for the chap who accosted me there. But as our progressive school was very strong on Greek studies, and because he gave me

five dollars, I kept my mouth shut. So to speak.

I next saw *The Fantasticks* on the night of my high school prom. I viewed myself as an actor then, a thespian whose great talent and marketability were known only to myself—for the nonce. These were the rebellious sixties, and as I knew my life was about to become a mélange of fraternity rules meetings, pep rallies, and ROTC drills, I thought something radically different was in order. My date (a particularly attractive deb I'd met at the Eugene O'Neill Appreciation Club) and I hit upon the idea of purchasing the talents of the entire *Fantasticks* cast for a private midnight show. Again, I remember little of the performance itself, but the limousine ride back to Darien was one I shall never forget.

I have had little time for theater these past few years. Between the diplomatic corps, the work with Congressman Kemp, and my meteoric rise here at *NatLamp*, I've dreadfully neglected my pursuit of life's finer things. And yet, as the days grow shorter and the morning dew lingers a bit longer on the fuchsias, I find snatches of the *Fantasticks* score popping into my head at the most unexpected moments. Having reached the pinnacle of my chosen and beloved

profession, I have just begun to realize how much has been sacrificed to bring me to this place. Now, and only now, can I view *The Fantasticks* with an eye toward the intricacies of both its plot and its metaphorical message to my generation. I am ready—and yet I have virtually begged the other editors here to come to the show with me—my treat—and been laughed at for my pains.

September. Eulogist of summer, herald of winter. The month when an energetic, sought-after editor, whose life has heretofore been free of regret, wakes up at dawn mourning a soppy musical and wondering why his cherished life's work, the nation's only magazine of adult humor and satire, is racked on newsstands between *Honduran Hooters* and *Big Wet Furburgers the Way U Like 'Em*. Who woulda thunk it? I'm L. Dennis Plunkett. ■

**Answers to spot quiz:** 1) Mickey Rivers, Dixie Lee Ray. 2) Feet pressure. 3) The inside of someone's cheek. 4) With too much baking soda. 5) Gradually. 6) In Fleniken, Clara Bow. 8) She did. 9) Business. 10) 1978. 11) Pez. 12) With two hands. 13) Not without Vaseline. 14) Lavatives and plenty of exercise. 15) 59th and Lex. 16) No.-M.G.

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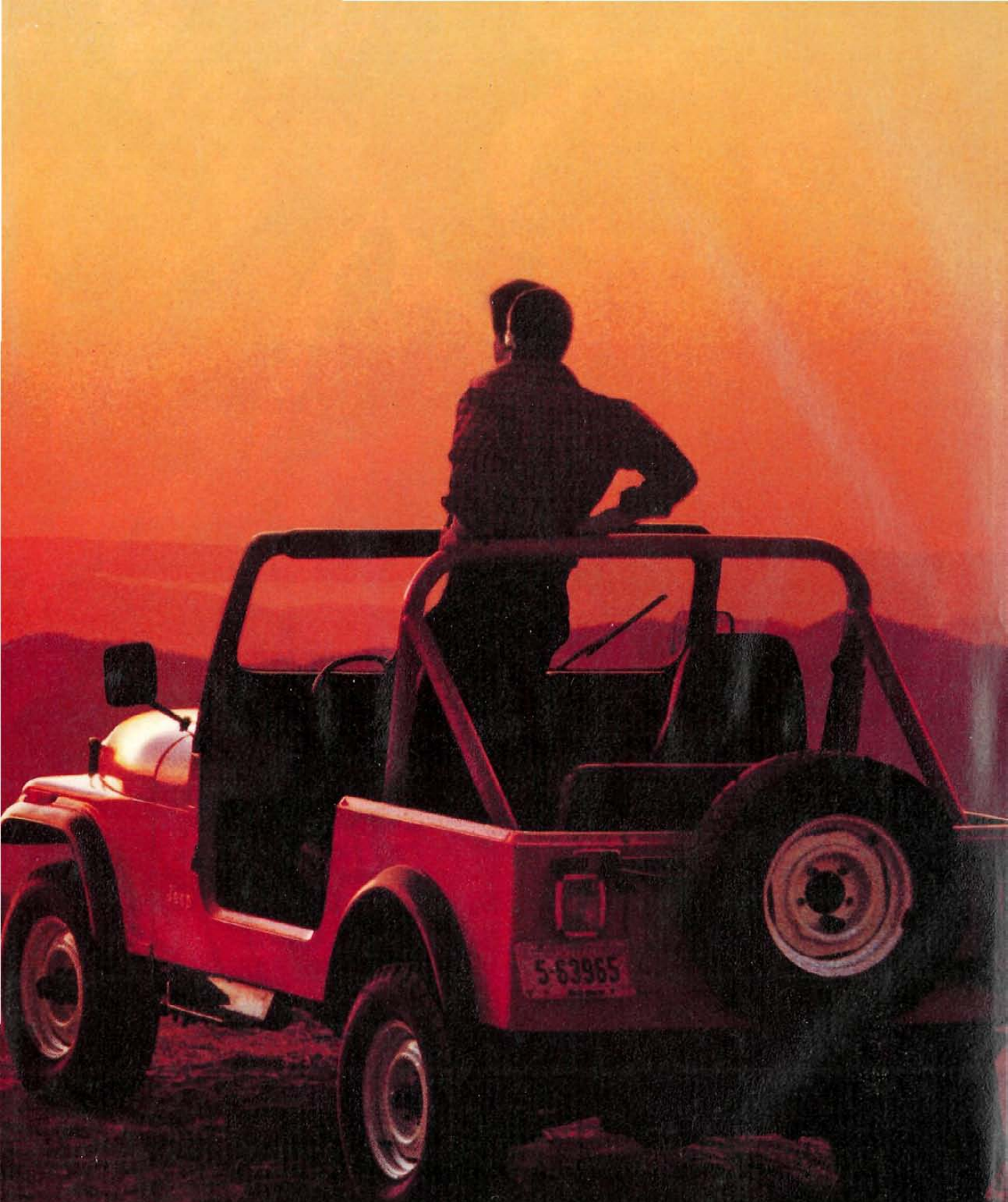
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A stirring ex-patriotic appeal for more Canadian state capitalism, free-market socialism, or something...

## The Mann on Horseback

BY TED MANN

**H**AVING STUDIED THE ACQUISITION of the British Petroleum service stations by the Canadian government and the subsequent management by the government of the Petro-Canada gas-retailing chain, I have some suggestions.

The first concerns the postal service. This much (and justly) maligned agency can be combined with a giant Amway Canada franchise. Each postman or woman, in addition to delivery duties, would also represent the Amway line of products.

"Madam, I have a special-delivery

letter here and, speaking of special deliveries, this squeeze bottle of green ammonia really delivers special cleaning power to your window through a dandy reusable pump handle."

Post office employees selling a fine line of household products have a real incentive to perform well and to not throw mail away, because letters really come in handy to get your foot in the door. "Say, does Mr. Jones really live here? He does! That's amazing—from the looks of those floors, I would have guessed no one had lived here for a long time. One of these fine 'dust-magnet'-treated mops will change all that fast!"

It will be much easier to recruit mail

carriers when you can promise them earnings of "fifty dollars, a hundred dollars, even sixty thousand dollars or more a week, depending on performance." Salaries could be phased out once the program had achieved its goals.

In keeping with the economic principle of using existing ministries to perform additional tasks, the Ministry of Fisheries will become the Ministry of Fisheries-Answer Canada, a giant national answering and message service that will also provide clients with wake-up calls, making full use of the time of desk-bound employees.

"Maclean residence, Ministry of Fisheries, Donald Nelson speaking" would be a pleasant response to callers seeking to speak with Mr. Maclean. In the morning sleepy Canadians could be awakened by the same cheerful civil servant in time to get to the Unemployment Insurance Commission office before closing. "Good morning, Mr. Maclean, this is Donald Nelson at the Ministry of Fisheries-Answer Canada calling. Rise and shine! Up and at 'em! Time to greet the new day!" Or "Bonjour, Monsieur Maclean. C'est Donald Nelson ici. Le Ministre de Poissons et Répondez Canada dit, 'Piche-toi, awai



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*dans, c'est le chanteur rouge gouvernemental!"*

Of course the wise governmental entrepreneur does not put all his eggs in one basket, nor invest all the taxpayers' money in one harebrained scheme. He invests in as many as possible. Falafel Canada springs to mind. Government could be self-supporting in six months if these pocket-sized pita-bread sandwiches from the Mideast became as popular as hamburgers have become. A huge promotional campaign could bring home to all Canadians the urgency of eating brownish bread bags jammed with pine nuts, yogurt, and other stuff favored by Middle Easterners and Middle Eastern livestock. Royal Canadian Mounted Police could be trained to make these delicacies and sell them from their cars while on patrol. The excellent Mountie radio-communications system could also be used to begin a home-delivery service serving hungry Canadians twenty-four hours a day. A promotional graphic showing a Mountie and his horse splitting a falafel sandwich would catch the eyes of the world. All traveling government employees would be required to subsist on falafel sandwiches, and a considerable saving could be effected by substituting this food for the ham steak Hawaiian usually favored by the traveling bureaucrat.

This system may yet seem a little too workable, so in order to ensure its adoption by the government of Can-

ada, it will be necessary to award each Crown corporation the right to use the other Crown corporations' lines of credit and to make deposits or withdrawals from the others' accounts if the lines are too long at the bank where a corporation conducts its business. This mare's nest of interconnected consumer-thrashing organizations must be administered by someone who thinks himself far superior to such tasks and would rather be doing anything else. Reaching into the hat, I come up with a name. An oddly familiar name, a name that I recognize with a start as my own.

Once again the people of Canada have not been given the opportunity to make the wrong decision for themselves. I have made it for them. I shall endeavor to be rash, panicky, and imprudent when dealing with the taxpayers' money, as I will be nasty, nit-picking, and impudent when dealing with the taxpayer.

I will begin immediately by setting up my Committee of Blame. This will be constituted of ailing, wretched, but respectable Canadians whom everyone will feel too sorry for to prosecute when I blame them for things and kick them down the stairs of my giant upside-down I. M. Pei glass triangular administrative office building full of wet bars, free-flying woodpeckers, and sullen timeserving functionaries (rendered less able to work than ever by the confusing environment).

Naturally I must advertise. To that

end I have come up with a slogan. "Our stockholders are the Canadians of Canada." This meaningless rubbish has a real governmental-timeserving-lackey-with-three-Adam's-apples kind of feel to it. It is important to remember that when you have a monopoly of a certain service, as many government corporations do in Canada, you should spend plenty of money advertising that service so that people who have no choice but to make use of it will do so. Does that make sense? If it does, take whatever sense it makes and use it to buy more advertising time.

Canadians have not made a mistake in choosing me to run the business of administering the goony get-rich-quick schemes of government.

I can see it now. After a Guinness-record-book-style wait in my outer office (where there are no chairs, just a sisal carpet to sit on), a taxpayer with a petition to place before me passes through the X-ray machine at my office door. Salaaming all the way, he crosses to my desk, which looks suspiciously like a Ping-Pong table. I hand him a Polaroid of his lungs. I motion him casually toward an infected, cracked leather hassock brought back by my beloved grandfather from Cairo fifty years earlier.

"Start talking," I say. When he does I direct a stream of ink into his open mouth from my fountain pen. Then I kick him out.

Well, Canadians? When do I start? ■



*"Looks like I overdressed!" "Looks like I overdressed!"  
"Looks like I underdressed." "Well, looks like I overdressed."  
"Well, looks like I overdressed!" "Looks like I underdressed!"  
"Well, looks like I underdressed." "Well, looks like I overdressed."  
"Well, looks like I overdressed." "Looks like I underdressed!"*

# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9)

Sirs:

What would you get if you crossed a pig and a cow? I don't know, either, but I'll bet Richard Burton marries it.

Heidi Abramowitz  
Joan's River, Calif.

Sirs:

The follow-up to "Circus of the Stars," "Circus of the Also-rans," will be appearing next fall on NBC. To keep viewer interest, the animals will all be drugged and encouraged to slap the also-rans around a bit. Not too much, mind you. Just a bit, for color. The real surprises start on "Circus of the Drunk Politicians."

The Powers That Be  
NBC

Sirs:

We were sitting around the other day talking about some of our favorite magazines from the old days, and the name of your magazine came up. Lots of reasons why it was our favorite were brought up, but since I'm writing this letter I thought I'd tell you mine: your typefaces. In the old days, that is. The typefaces were really hip, outrageous, and kinda sexy.

Can you go back to the old typefaces?

Kathy Boudin  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I like to go into a small-town diner, order a meal, and say to the waitress, "You're a wonderful waitress, and they're really lucky to have you. Now, do you want to fuck?" You'd be surprised at how often it works.

Al Fanelli  
Council Bluffs, Iowa

Sirs:

Suddenly, my spirit was transformed into that of a crow, and I could fly about the room and look at the other players' cards. Man, I must have made twenty-five grand in one night. It was great!

Carlos Castaneda  
Las Vegas, Nev.

Sirs:

I would like to propose a remake of *Gone With the Wind*, only this time starring hamsters. It could retain much of the flavor of the original, with slight modifications, as in the following dialogue:

SCARLETT: Why, I love you, Rhett Butler....

RHETT: Frankly, Scarlett, I don't give

a damn for women who eat their own young alive.

Interested producers are free to contact my agent.

William Goldman  
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

In view of serious unemployment affecting our auto industry, I say that it's high time we did something to get those auto workers off the dole. My plan is to hire all the black ones to carry white people around on stretchers, like they do in those jungle movies. We could have economical two-native models, big eight-native family sedans, and even nifty little one-native sports models. This would not only provide needed jobs for our "natives," who would feel right at home carrying around a white "bwana," but it would cut right down on pollution, too. Remember me on Election Day, y'hear?

Governor George Wallace  
Alabama

Sirs:

Candidate Wallace's proposal raises a plethora of problems regarding civil rights. For instance, what would these natives be paid? Would there be equal opportunities for male and female natives? Also, if a bwana had to come to a sudden halt to avoid an accident, how do we know he would not use abusive language on his natives? We have to think about this proposal some more. There is a strong possibility that certain rights could, under certain conditions, possibly be compromised, maybe.

Civil Rights Council of America  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Never mind the ethics of Governor Wallace's plan. What about our streets? We in New York have enough trouble with "doggie do." How would you like to clean up after an eight-native limousine model? Think, man, think.

Ed Koch  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Hold everything on the "native bearers" plan. My political advisers have just explained to me something they call a "black vote." I didn't know they *could* vote. Just for the record, what I meant by "native" was Puerto Ricans. Unless, that is, there's something called a Puerto Rican vote. There isn't, is there?

Governor George Wallace  
Alabama

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

# Break tradition.

Drink Ronrico Gold Rum instead.

## RONRICO GOLD RUM & ORANGE JUICE

2 ozs. of Ronrico Gold Rum in a highball glass; ice cubes; fill with orange juice; add a slice of orange.



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# RONRICO GOLD RUM

Nazi File No. 86 \$2.50

## FORCED TO SUBMIT TO THE NAZI DOGS



Our resident critic extols what may be the greatest literary examination of bigotry since *Mandingo*.

# The Book Report

BY JOEY GREEN

**Forced to Submit to the Nazi Dogs.** By Anonymous. 180 pages. Nazi File Books. \$2.50. Adults Only.

**W**HAT MAKES *FORCED TO Submit to the Nazi Dogs* such an unparalleled literary achievement is the author's zeal for passionately detailing sexual atrocities at great length and with little regard for other tiresome Nazi behavior. By embellishing sexual descriptions and adorning them with highly innovative alliteration and lucid physical imagery, the author brilliantly catapults the reader into a deep understanding of the brutal psychological degradation experienced by a young Jewish woman possessed of the courage to resist the Third Reich. We are made to feel the true horror of our protagonist's plight and to fully comprehend the subconscious conflicts that allow her to experience a seemingly endless series

of orgasms in the face of extreme sexual abasement. Not since *The Diary of Anne Frank* has such a scaring indictment of anti-Semitism been handled with such imagination and purpose. It is truly unfortunate that the author of this daring and ambitious work chose to remain anonymous.

The basic plot is provocative in its simplicity. Mabel Weintraub, a young Jewish woman married to Leutnant Hans Schilder, an aspiring SS man, sides with Resistance forces by refusing to provide sexual favors for her husband's superiors. Hans, eager to climb the ladder of command at any cost and urged on by his power-hungry mistress, reports his unwilling wife to his superiors. She is taken to the basement of Nazi headquarters, stripped of her clothing, and manacled to the stone floor, where she is sexually and physically abused by the Nazi dogs of the title (not German shepherds, as the astute reader might first suspect, but three Nazi officers—Oberleutnant Fritz Stein, Leutnant Smitt Probst, and a third man known only as Walter).

At first, when Fritz brutally ravishes her, "using his prick like a battering ram," Mabel agonizes. But when Smitt takes his place, Mabel consciously forces herself to experience arousal to transcend physical pain. Mabel then

learns of her husband's mistress from these men, and, wounded by betrayal, she plunges into deep emotional despair far surpassing the anguish she has suffered at the hands of her captors. But as Walter "cleaved through her pink tunnel of lust," Mabel's subconscious comes to her rescue, forcing her to surrender to carnal instinct. The author's turgid prose creates a scintillating psychological mosaic:

Mabel buried her consciousness in her cunt and allowed her womanhood to live its own life. She started to breathe in soft, feathery gasps as she felt the heat surging through her body. Her entrails felt as if they were melting, and as the pleasure built, the pain faded—even the anguish of betrayal. Her stuffed snatch seemed to suck on Walter's prick as he burrowed brutally into the teeming depths of her womanhood with increasing speed and strength. Her nipples puckered hotly on her melon-shaped tits as Walter's come-slit erupted with a frothy, slimy geyser of spunk.

Still, Mabel's ordeal takes its inevitable turn for the worse, at times making us more than just slightly uneasy. She now opens her eyes to find Fritz cracking a thick leather whip above her. "Now, Jew bitch," he exclaims, "you will tell us what you know..." Mabel



Leo Collins

"These are the Detricks—Ernest had a novel published this summer and Connie discovered Santa Fe."

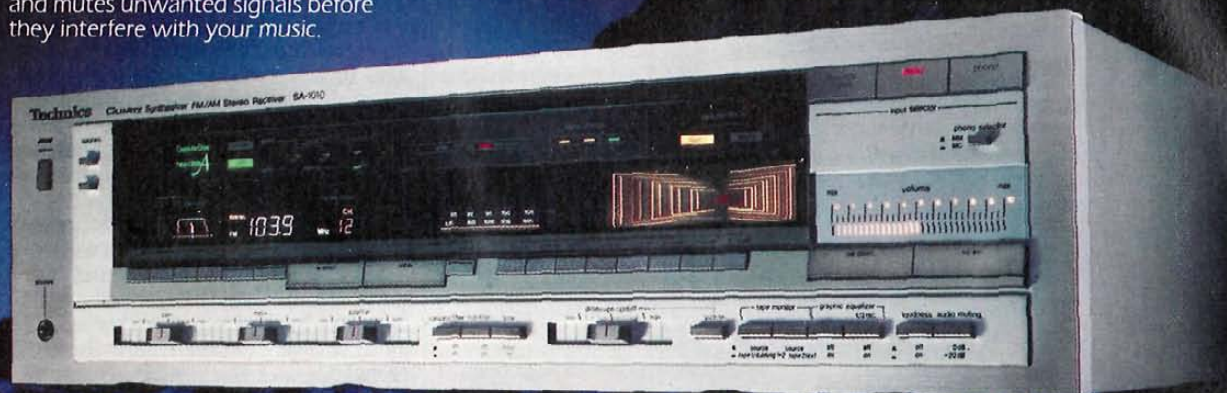


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The new Technics SA-1010 Computer-Drive Receiver. A receiver that combines so many technological advances it is the most sophisticated ever to carry the Technics name.

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And the SA-1010's intelligence touches other areas.

A microprocessor is also used in conjunction with Technics Random Access Tuning with auto memory. It allows you to pre-set and store up to 16 of your favorite stations. And to hear any one, in any order, at the push of a button.

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**Technics**  
The science of sound

refuses to talk—not simply because she doesn't have any information, but to defiantly display moral impregnability. Consequently, she suffers through an unspeakable series of sadistic beatings that welt "the resilient, supple flesh of her breasts and thighs," and leave deep psychological scars as well. But regardless of how she is treated by her interrogators, Mabel perseveres, possessed of a moral strength that reflects a depth of character unplumbed by any other author to date. The author then juxtaposes a gruesome scene (involving Mabel and a pair of burning branding irons) against a highly erotic vignette of her husband, Hans, copulating violently with his mistress to dramatically underscore the inhumanity and injustice inherent in fascism. One cannot but be reminded of the work of Joyce Carol Oates.

There's a frightening yet unforgettable moment when Fritz, in the novel's most surrealist sequence, brings a burning branding iron just inches away from Mabel's rectum, threatening to inflict permanent damage. But, having psychologically prepared his victim for the worst, the Nazi officer merely jams an extended finger up her anus, evoking a terrified scream. "Obviously an

ass virgin," he observes in a welcome moment of comic relief. He proceeds to anally penetrate Mabel, who discovers, in a particularly moving passage, that her body has a will of its own:

Her juices started to flow as Fritz buried his cock to the hilt in her bung hole. He started to move in her, pulling his prick out to the tip and then slamming it in again, piercing the depths of her bowels. The burning pain in her asshole started to fade as his inward thrusts continued to jam her pussy against the rough wood of the barrel. Even her breasts, also pierced by splinters, began to swell and throb with the carnal excitement that surged through her. Her rectal walls stretched to accommodate Fritz's prick more readily. His strokes became less jerky as he lunged into her, insulting her verbally the entire time.

"How does it feel, Jew bitch? This is the only way defective whores should be fucked."

He growled as his balls slapped against her nether flesh. Mabel felt her asshole walls tingling with a growing warmth. That warmth turned into a bizarre pleasure.

As the torment becomes more and more unbearable, Mabel delves further into her subconscious to experience

sexual release with enough intensity to override increasingly severe physical and psychological pain. No orifice is left untouched. She is forced to orally gratify Fritz while his cohorts take turns brutalizing her with a whip and anally penetrating her—a forceful allegory for the barbarianism unleashed by subservience to a totalitarian state, in imagery worthy of Márquez at his best. Again, the pain Mabel experiences slowly becomes pleasure, providing respite. For some reason which she is never able to explain, she climaxes through an endless number of rapes. Each orgasm becomes more powerful than the last until "she was frothing at the mouth with what, in her condition, was a murderous excitement—a carnal insanity brought on not by her own will but by the cruelty of degraded and degrading men." Mabel's moral strength provides her with a psychological escape hatch, allowing her to sublimate and endure physical suffering. "She no more had the ability to count the men who fucked her," the author tells us, "than she had the ability to discern the time." She finally passes out, however, after Fritz uses a lit candle to sear the flesh of some rather sensitive areas of her body.

Feminists might construe this book—and understandably so—as the work of a sick and contorted mind whose only purpose is to satisfy deranged sexual appetites by depicting perverse acts of violence against women under the protective aegis of Nazi cruelty. Such unstudied and unjust attacks hardly allow for the novel's highly sensitive and politically responsible tone. For readers whose sensibilities have yet to be awakened by the events that have befallen Mabel, the author now drives the message home by focusing on Hans.

Struggling with remorse, Hans returns to his mistress, Olga, whose desire to advance her social position through Hans is never more evident than when she greets him at the door to her apartment. "Oh, fuck me, Hans!" she pleads in her power-hungry passion, "fuck me!" He obliges. Yet the author carefully points out that "Hans was merely seeking forgetfulness as he pumped his prick in and out of Olga's wet, hot snatch." But he cannot find escape in sexual release. His remorse deepens when he returns to his office the next morning and learns of Mabel's condition at the hands of her interrogators. His remorse then turns to violent rage when he is informed that Smitt has been promoted to a position that Hans hoped to garner for himself. "His mind was like a radio," the author tells us in a straightforward and concise



*"I know they're a little bit damp, but that's because leather breathes and also has a tendency to cough, and anything that coughs will cough up something once in a while, and that accounts for the dampness you feel."*

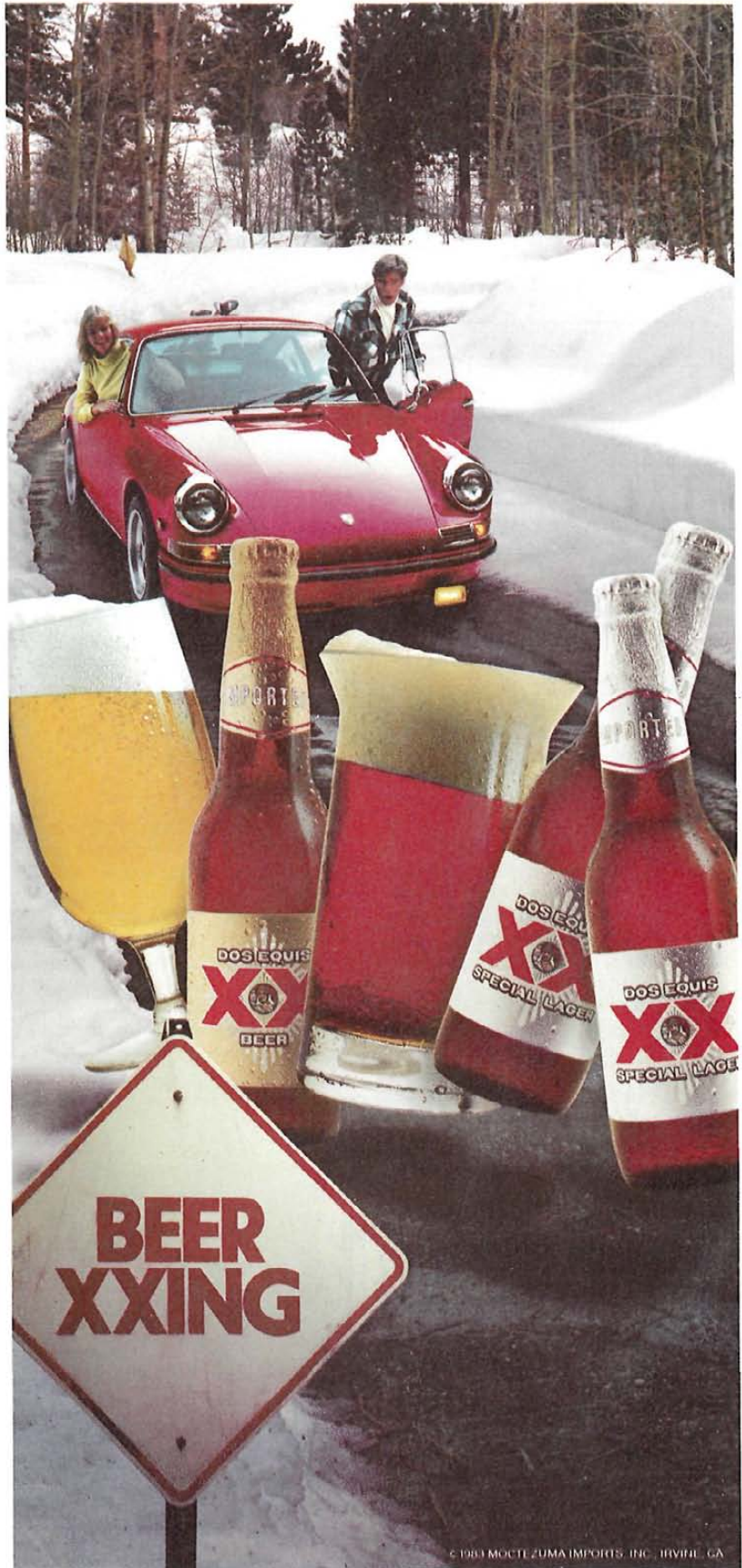
simile. "It received and transmitted factual information, but there was no faculty left of independent judgment.

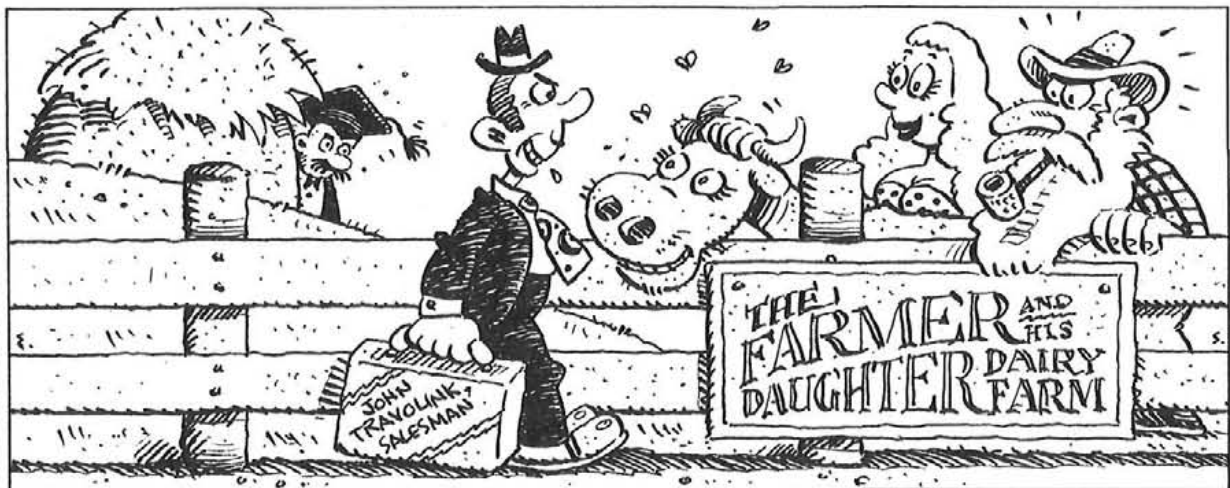
"He was exactly what Hitler and his minions wanted—a perfectly oiled cog in a big, mindless machine. A cruel machine, a bloody machine, a machine that knew no limits..."

The monster Hans has become evidences itself in action when he returns to Olga's apartment to discover her with Smitt. Instinctively, Hans pulls out his gun, kills Smitt, grabs Olga, and wrenches "her robe from her body, revealing her fabulous tits, her thickly furred golden muff." With gun in hand, he pushes Olga back on the couch and "buries himself balls-deep in her cunt." As Olga climaxes, pressing her head back against the pillow, her mouth gaping in a silent scream, Hans fires his gun into her mouth. To emphasize Hans's dehumanization, the author tells us that "he kept pumping into her pussy until he had emptied his balls into her dead cunt." Shortly after this nauseating but effective scene, Hans kills himself. Surely there has never been a clearer evocation of the horrors of fascism in literature.

This rich, absorbing allegory moves purposefully and quickly to a conventionally happy ending. We soon find Mabel aboard an ocean liner heading for America, in the company of two German scientists. The details of her rescue are sketchy, but we learn that one of the scientists, Martin Friedlander, had long admired Mabel for courageously refusing to provide sexual favors for her husband's superiors. A lengthy flashback detailing Friedlander's sexual encounter with a harlot (whom he then used to enlist Smitt's aid to rescue Mabel) emphasizes his commitment to the Resistance movement. Mabel's harrowing experience at the hands of the Nazis is behind her, and another life with Friedlander awaits, allowing the novel to end on a benign note, reinforcing the author's moralistic message.

*Forced to Submit to the Nazi Dogs* is a highly memorable and widely accessible narrative in which a sequence of events with little foundation in reality, highlighted by graphic sexual passages, consciously yields to a larger design of a highly moral vision. It is a measure of the author's skill that a novel in which scenes of sexual release are presented with more passion than are descriptions of Nazi atrocities should reveal myriad insights into the Third Reich and those with the moral strength to resist it. Literature has truly lost the identity of a remarkable talent. I recommend this book highly. ■





The only true punch lines are those found at wedding receptions and bar mitzvahs.

## Professor Kennilworth Considers the Joke

BY DAVE YUZO SPECTOR

**A** FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO me on the way to the university," began a colleague of mine. At that point, I punched him in the face. My lectures on why jokes are worthless drivel are falling on deaf ears, even amongst those I work with. Violence seemed to be the only alternative that afternoon, but I have since regained my composure. I will once again endeavor to disprove the theory of all humor through scientific reasoning, in the hope that legislation will someday erase it from society. Yes, there will be a quiz later.

EXAMPLE 1: Q: What's the difference between a Jewish American princess and a toilet?

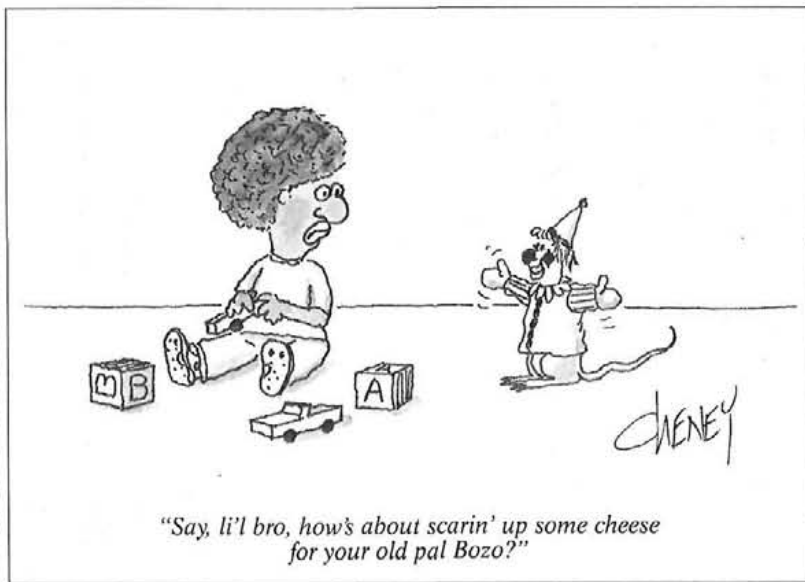
A: A toilet doesn't follow you around after you're through using it.

On the contrary. Plagued by a rare disease resulting in uncontrollable bowels, a wealthy Saudi Arabian sheikh once commissioned the Kohler Company, a respected American manufacturer of commode fixtures, to produce the world's first, and probably last, motorized toilet. After three years devoted to its design and one year to assembly, the finished unit was air-freighted to Sheikh Falafal, and none

too soon. Although the commode itself forwent the usual porcelain in favor of lighter fiberglass, the combination of a thirty-gallon water tank and a Volkswagen engine brought the unit to a net weight (before use) of 694½ pounds. The sheikh, understandably embarrassed by his unsavory problem in retaining waste materials, had the toilet move no closer behind him than one

hundred feet lest passersby make the connection, or worse, his picture appear in a cheap supermarket tabloid. This was accomplished by setting up a guidance system, not unlike those found in the Tomahawk and Trident cruise missiles, which honed in on the inflamed rectum of the sheikh. The motorized toilet is still in operation today with no reported repairs, save for the periodic rotation of the four lawnmower wheels. As Sheikh Falafal's 90-horsepower wonder proves, not only can a toilet follow you around like a Jewish American princess, it's probably a hell of a lot quieter, too.

EXAMPLE 2: On the eve of the Battle of Gettysburg, General Grant searched desperately for lodging for his weary troops. Having little luck, he dispatched Lieutenant Cox to check homes in one direction while he took the troops to a large mansion beyond the next hill.



# CAMEL

## LIGHTS and FILTERS



LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method;  
FILTERS: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '83.

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

Experience the  
Camel taste in Lights and Filters.

Grant knocked on the door of what turned out to be a huge brothel. The general explained the situation to the madam.

"Well, how many are you?"

"A hundred men without Cox."

"You gotta be kidding!"

Gangrene. The word alone frightened. During the Civil War, it became the real enemy. Families lost their boys gradually, limb by painful limb, until there was nothing left to drop off. The fatigued soldiers crumbled like a stack of Ritz crackers, and both the Northern and Southern armies lived in constant fear that the spreading affliction would hit them next. Consider this moving passage from the highly acclaimed *The Red Badge of Courage*: "Gangrene is barf city. I hope I never get it or anything." Civil War uniforms relied on old-fashioned button flies, which soon proved to be useless in rigorous battle action, exposing the naked penis to infection from nearby wounds. Field medics, hampered by the lack of medicine, resorted to amputating gangrenous organs in great number, resulting

in one unhappy group of men. Prostitution revenues hit an all-time low in 1864, with amputated penises the well-publicized cause. Given the widespread suffering in this era, the madam in this tale would have been too aware of the sensitive gangrene issue to show such callous surprise at the expense of the men's vanity. In addition, most prostitutes were just biding time before migrating to the South, where a whole new breed of customers waited, destined to become the forerunners of the owners of lime-green capes and leopard-skin car upholstery of the next century.

EXAMPLE 3: *Little Red Riding Hood was walking through the forest on her way to Grandmother's house with a basket of goodies. All of a sudden, the Big Bad Wolf appeared. He loomed above her and said with a snarl, "I'm going to eat you, eat you, eat you!"*

"Doesn't anybody just plain fuck anymore?" she replied.

As is the case with many such fairy tales, their retelling over the course of centuries has resulted in a misleading

and often unfair condensation. A dusty volume found at the Library of Canterbury at Oxford University revealed a bounty of facts surrounding this piece of folklore that were, I suppose, deleted more by timid parents than by responsible historians. One might first ask, how on earth did an underage girl with no reported income come by a loaded basket of expensive treats? Ask one Hy Welchman, the perverted village grocer, who had more than once been detained by the local constabulary for contributing to the delinquency of a minor. Welchman, impotent since birth, had little use for conventional sex and instead opted for kinkier variations, which were granted by the townspeople in exchange for their daily foodstuffs. Little Red Riding Hood was no exception, and Welchman's perversion, stemming from a cruel childhood, led to a secret pact between them: he indulged his infantile-regression complex and the girl was assured a free basket of goodies to cart to Grandmother every weekend. Welchman never touched his sexual accomplices; he only selfishly wallowed in one-way attention given to himself. Therefore, if history books are to be believed, the only acceptable retort Little Red Riding Hood could have given the wolf was "Doesn't anybody just put on real small latex dominatrix costumes with rubber-ball gags anymore?"

EXAMPLE 4: *A black woman was in a funeral home crying at the foot of her husband's casket. As she was about to leave, she noticed the casket of another black man nearby who was dressed in a white suit. This caused her to sob even more, saying, "My husband loved white suits. I'd give anything if he could be buried in a beautiful white suit like that one." Just then the funeral director walked in, and the woman begged him to somehow have her husband buried in a white suit.*

"Ma'am, I respect your desire to show your love by granting him this final wish. The additional charge will be only \$350."

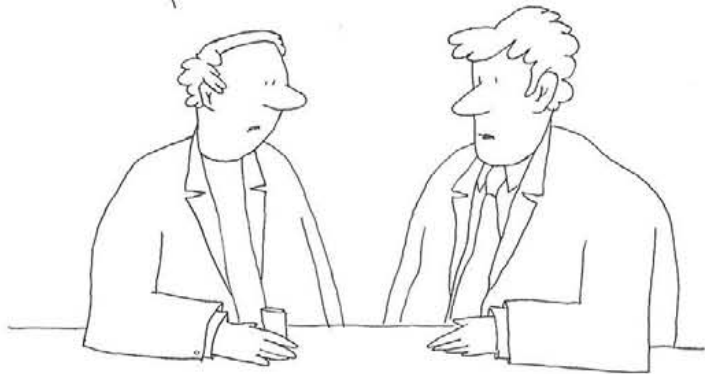
With tears of joy, the widow thanked him and went home. The funeral director picked up the phone and called his assistant.

"Hey, Marty, you wanna switch heads on those niggers?"

It would seem to the layman that the funeral director arrived at a highly convenient method for ripping off the bereaved customer. Yet most laymen are unfamiliar with a widespread practice in mortuaries whereby only the front shell of an artificial suit is used for burial purposes. Made of reinforced belt-

I WONDER WHERE MY  
BABY IS TONIGHT.

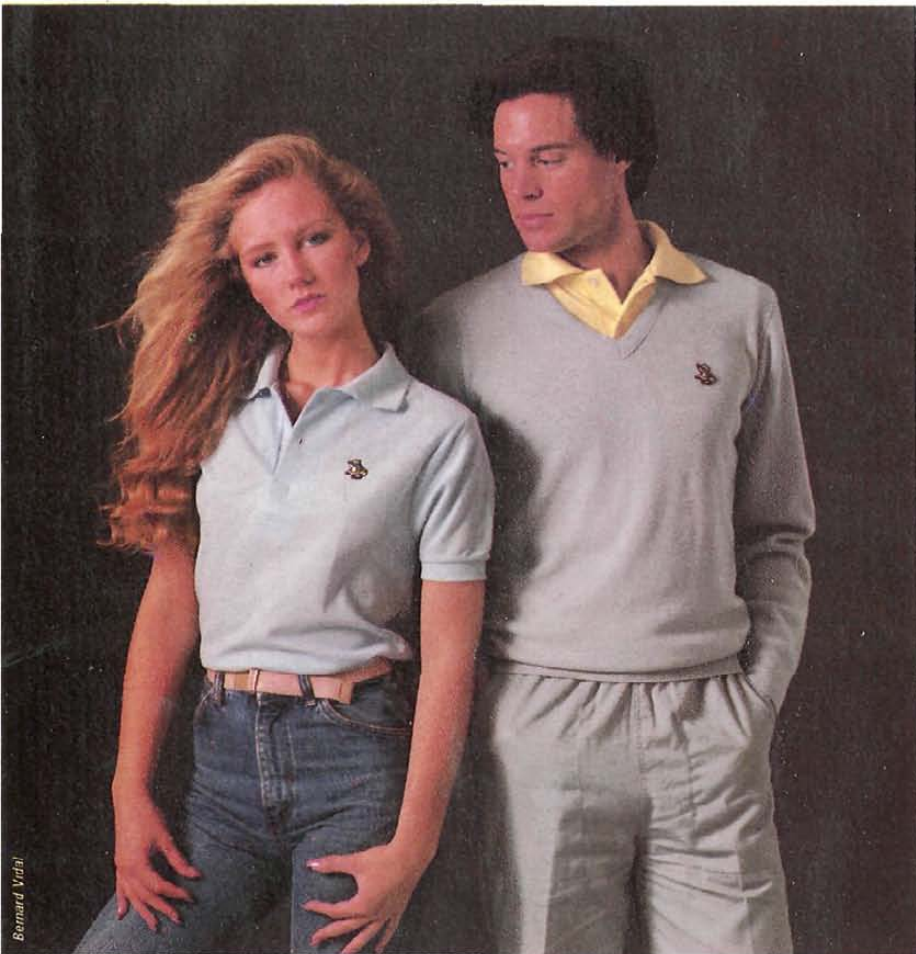
HEY — SHE'S IN THE  
ARMS OF ANOTHER MAN.



P.C. VEY

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Frog logo  
by cartoonist  
Sam Gross

ing material, the half-suit, or "halfy," as it's fondly called in the industry, is undetectable to the untrained eye, because the coffin's satin lining is used to camouflage the fake suit's outline. The shells are bought wholesale in lots of twenty for \$19.95 each, a fraction of the cost quoted to the customer of \$350. Should, for the sake of argument, the head-switching method be implemented, it is important to take into account that union embalmers receive an hourly wage of \$13.65, with a four-hour minimum per job. Thus, the labor cost of \$54.60 represents a decrease of \$34.65 in profit compared to the suit-shell method, making it an unlikely and downright messy choice.

EXAMPLE 5: A television producer was excitedly pitching an idea for a special to a network executive.

"I got Bernstein to compose the music."

"Leonard?"

"No, Joey Bernstein. Bright kid out of UCLA. He's written a couple of jingles. Then for director, I got Coppola."

"Francis Ford?"

"No, Ernie Coppola. He's young but

you'll like 'im. And for the singer, I got Goulet."

"Robert?"

"Yeah."

Here we have a distorted example of television logic, such as it is. The lack of a high-quality creative staff and meaningful star merely guarantees a ratings success, as proven every night across America. This is clearly illustrated in NBC's recent broadcast of "Battle of the Network Has-beens," which garnered a whopping 42 share and 12.0 point average. "If Bernstein's so great, what's he doing on PBS?" commented one industry spokesman. Said another: "Maybe I'd hire Coppola to do a musical comedy version of *Apocalypse Now*, but I doubt it." Taking this into account, the above dialogue could never transpire, although the selection of Goulet is certainly food for thought.

EXAMPLE 6: Q: What do they call a newborn baby in India?

A: Lunch.

Americans are rediscovering the wonders of Indian culture, largely as a result of the hit movie *Gandhi*. I saw this movie at the Loews II, where the

management forced patrons to beg for concessions at the candy counter for added realism. That impromptu social studies lesson rewarded me with a new appreciation for the famine-plagued Indians, and a box of Jujubes. Yet despite India's knack for keeping its masses on the brink of starvation, it is hard to accept that a helpless infant could end up as a casual luncheon entrée. Babies, which fetch as much as twenty rupees, depending on weight and caste, are considered too tasty a treat to waste on a midday meal, according to a 1955 *National Geographic* article. "A baby for lunch?" comments annoying musician Ravi Shankar. "Never. Brunch, maybe, but even that's, how you say, iffy. In our country, a plump infant is like Peking duck in China—a true delicacy, but without wings. We eat them only for dinner, preferably while listening to one of my albums, and all the maggot-ridden, bloated stomachs in India couldn't change that." Mr. Shankar's observations are only partially correct. The fact is, Indians refrain from eating babies during the lunch hour for only one reason: it's too damn hot. ■



"He followed me home, Mom. Can I keep him?"



From the Driving Force:

**A new angle in  
Panasonic speakers  
solves some old  
problems in  
car stereo performance.**

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Notice the unusual angle of the horn tweeter. It projects higher frequencies in music directly at the listener: frequencies sometimes lost within the confines of a car. At the same time, a diffuser channels

the lower frequencies down the length of the passenger compartment.

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**Panasonic car audio**  
*The driving force*



# FOTO FUNNIES



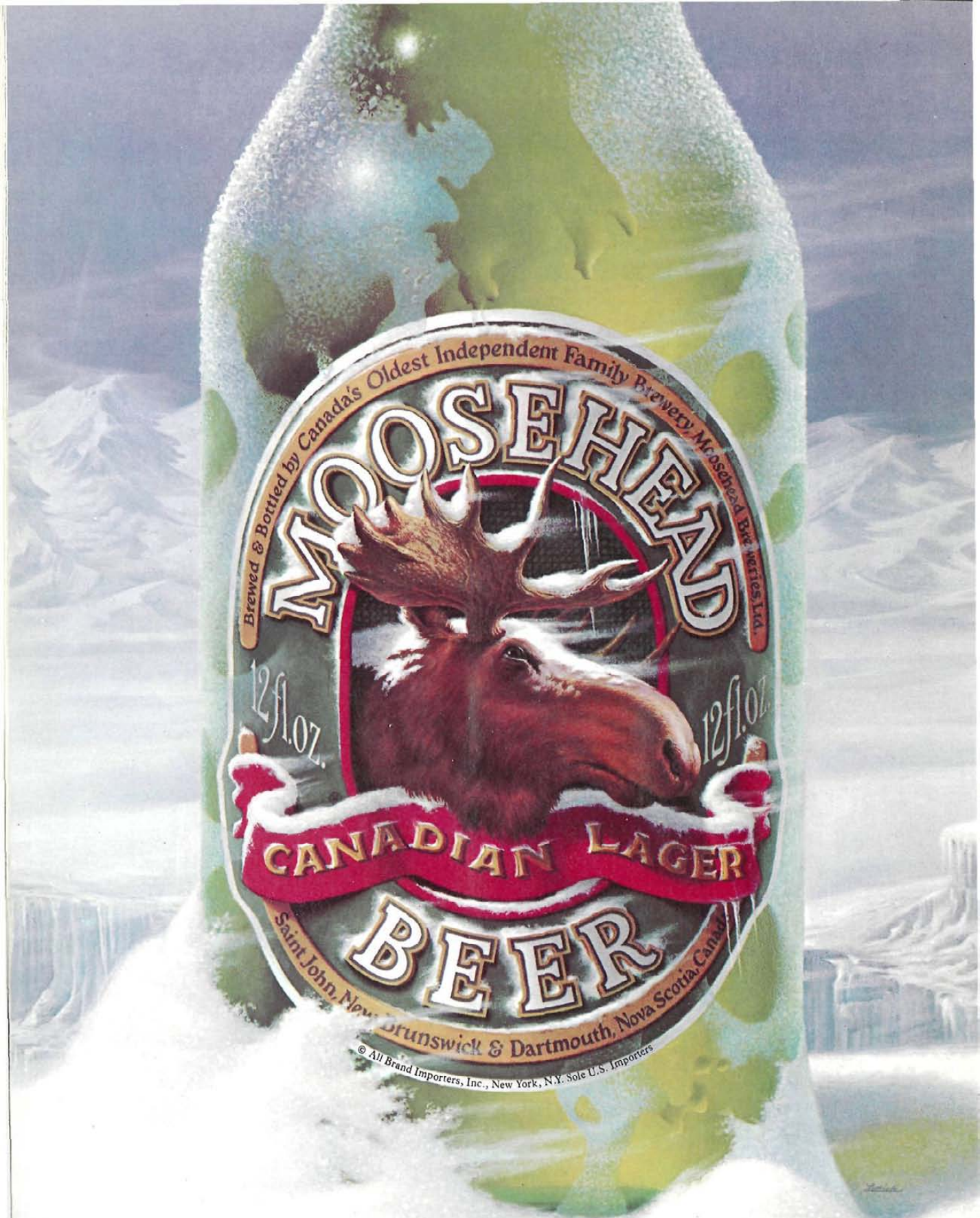
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Premium Tequila

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**Stands head and antlers above the rest.**

**IMPORTED MOOSEHEAD. BREWED BY CANADA'S OLDEST INDEPENDENT FAMILY BREWERY.**

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America's Jolly Good

\*\*\*\*\*

# Time of the Month

SEPTEMBER EDITION

## Reagan Won't Run for Reelection in 1984

He'll stay the course indefinitely

**Y**OU COULD HAVE HEARD the proverbial pin drop in the White House briefing room as President Reagan told a startled press conference that he positively will not run for reelection in 1984. But he quickly added, "I don't have to run, because, when I won the election in 1980, I really won several consecutive terms in a row."

Reagan said that he based his reasoning on a new, more mathematically

sophisticated analysis of the previous election results. Explained the president, "You see, in the last election, I won 489 electoral votes, and Carter won only 49. Now, it's apparent that all I needed was 50 votes to beat him. Then what about the additional 439 electoral votes that I won but didn't need? They made no practical difference in the election, yet surely they must count for something—after all, they come from citizens who are entitled to have their say. Numerically speaking, my additional 439 electoral

votes represent eight additional victories over Carter's 49 votes, and not to make use of all my votes would be to unconstitutionally disenfranchise millions of qualified voters. Therefore, I'm entitled to serve eight more terms, or a total of nine in all." Reagan paused and added, "However, I understand that an amendment prohibits a president from serving more than twice, so for now I'll just serve out the first two of my terms

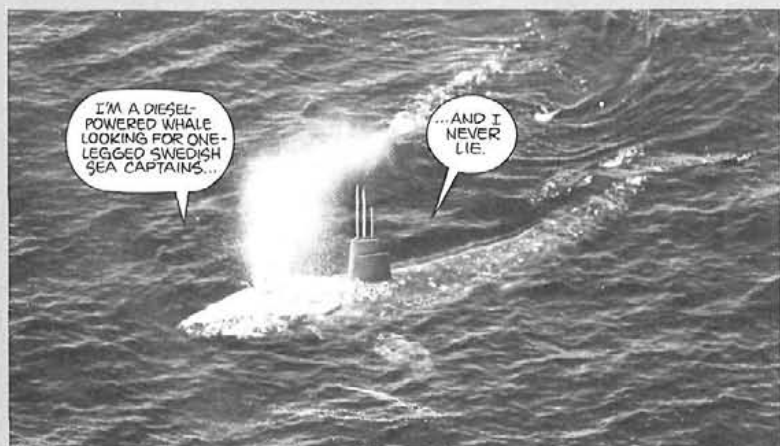


**Stay-the-course nonvictory celebration over the president's discovery that he doesn't need to run.**

and later, in 1988, I'll let my lawyers worry about the remaining seven."

Reagan expressed his firm belief that not having another presidential election in 1984 would be good for the country. "For one thing," he said, "it'll benefit our troubled economy. Both parties, Republican and Democratic, will be able to hold on to millions of dollars in campaign funds instead of putting them in circulation to fan inflation. It'll be good for our national spirit, because it'll mean that the 1984

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)



**A frightening development not even alluded to in this story.**

## New Russian Military Gambit

A RUSSIAN SUBMARINE STUNNED VETERAN ONLOOKERS OF THIS TYPE OF THING by wandering into its own territorial waters last month. After frantic telephone consultations with top Politburo honchos, the startled Soviets sent out a flotilla of fishing boats to depth-charge the wayward sub. "There was no precedent for this," declared a leading Soviet general, "so we decided to take the action that would make the most noise."

In other sub-related news, Sweden sank its fifth whale of the year. "Ve taut it vas the undersea boat, yah," said the top-ranked Swede, speaking queerly. ■

## Hoffman Inks Deal

IN THE WAKE OF THE PHENOMENALLY successful *Tootsie*, Dustin Hoffman has signed a contract to play another cross-dressing role: that of U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Jeane Kirkpatrick in the upcoming film bio *Jeanie*. Says Hoffman, who endured grueling four-hour makeup sessions to become Dorothy Michaels, his character in *Tootsie*: "This one will be a piece of cake. All I have to do is wear shoulder pads and grow a goatee." ■

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

TV season won't be preempted by all those political speeches and League of Women Voters debates, so Americans will be able to watch their favorite shows without interruption. And it'll help improve the quality of our nation's manufactured goods, so vital in these days of intense competition with Japan. For example, would you want to buy an 'election-year car' built by an assembly line of conscientious citizens who, instead of concentrating on their work, were trying to untangle complicated issues and decide whom to vote for?"

In the meantime, Democrats have reacted cautiously to the president's declaration. Said Senator Robert C. Byrd of West Virginia, "Believe me, we're going to check on the legality of this thing very closely. However, I must admit Reagan may have himself a point here. While the Constitution does say that each president can only serve a term of four years, it doesn't actually say how many four-year terms he can be elected to at once. It doesn't seem to make that point about congressmen, either, so we figure maybe Reagan is right on this one, and those of us who won big in the past have a lot more terms ahead of us than we realized." ■



## Doubleheader Snowed Out

THE CONTROVERSY SURROUNDING cocaine use by professional athletes resurfaced this weekend when a sneezing fit by Kansas City outfielder Gunk Whiteout forced postponement of a doubleheader with Milwaukee.

"Guess I did a few too many lines in the clubhouse," said a sheepish Whiteout. ■



For a good checkup after a nuclear attack.

# President Reagan Calls For Fluoridation of Cities to Guard Against Nuclear Attack

**D**ECLARING THAT "IT'S IMPORTANT to be protected in every way possible against the devastation of a nuclear attack," President Reagan has called for the immediate fluoridation of "all buildings, dwelling places, and other major structures in America."

The president explained at a press conference, "Why, we all know the way fluoride helps protect teeth against decay, and I can't think of any kind of decay worse than that caused by nuclear weapons exploded over our cities. Ever since my family started brushing with fluoride, we've had far fewer cavities, and I don't see why regular treatment won't also help to protect our nation's homes and offices from crumbling away in the event of nuclear war."

Asked how his plan would be implemented, the president said, "According to the Army Corps of Engineers, it seems that the best approach would be to create gigantic brushes—strong ones, with at least eight rows of firm bristles—and give our skylines a good going-over once in the morning and again at night. We'll have to brush very carefully, of course, and get at all those little cracks between the buildings, especially those easily missed buildings

on the sides of the cities."

The president concluded that "aside from providing an important added protection in the event of nuclear attack, such regular brushing will have the extra benefits of making our skylines brighter and more attractive and giving them a pleasant, clean odor. After all, none of us want to get close to, or actually spend time inside, a building whose ventilation system is offensive due to lack of proper daily hygiene."

Although some members of Congress have questioned the president's proposal, it was quickly endorsed by the American Dental Association. In an official statement, the association said, "We believe it [fluoride] will be shown to be an effective destruction-preventive citifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of structural hygiene and regular antinuclear care." ■

Time  
of the  
Month

EDITOR:  
Ted Mann

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Dave Tynan

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# Italian Top Job Vacant

ITALY'S PRIME MINISTER, ITS 7,239TH since World War II, has resigned in disgrace. The scandal surfaced when it was disclosed that Prime Minister Antonio Cornuto Rigatelli had served in office twice more than the sixteen times the Italian Constitution allows: in 1963 for a two-day period, and in 1959, when he held office for approximately fifteen minutes.

The eleven Opposition parties demanded Rigatelli's resignation, charging him with being a fascist, communist, Antichrist, Nazi, pope, and Republican, with CIA and Mafia ties. The fifteen-party coalition government accused Opposition members of being obstructionist, monetarist, anarchist, fascist, communist, atheist, Democratic, and drunk on the job.



Venetian gondoliers, said by English homosexuals to be the most promiscuous in the world, have, to a man, refused the prime ministership.

Prime Minister Rigatelli claims he simply "forgot" the two extra terms in office. Until the resignation, his present government had been considered the most stable in Italian history, having remained in power a solid five weeks. The situation is critical, because the Italian Parliament can't locate a politician who hasn't been prime minister the maximum sixteen times al-

ready. Worse, they cannot locate any Italian citizen who will accept the job. Unemployed Italians cited such factors as "low pay," "no job security," and "too noisy" as reasons for refusing to lead the country.

To resolve the stalemate, Parliament will have to amend the Italian Constitution, if they can find it, to allow up to ten more terms as prime minister. ■

## Sunglasses Make Reading Easier



From Kant to Camus, dark lenses cast new light on literature

SCIENTISTS AT UCLA'S EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH Laboratory have announced the results of a new study that proves conclusively that sunglasses increase reading speed and comprehension four to five times above previous levels.

In a research project initially aimed at discovering the correlation between bathing suits and intelligence, Dr. Jared Kline, chief of the Laboratory, was



Charise Trent, fashion model and subject of the UCLA Educational Research Laboratory project, reading a copy of *To the Lighthouse* by Virginia Woolf to demonstrate the miraculous power of sunglasses. At left, unaided by the glasses, she struggles with even simple passages; at right, she digests the text with ease.

amazed to discover that an uncommonly stupid, squinting, functionally illiterate fashion model who appeared no smarter in ordinary swimwear was able to read Thucydides' *History of the*

*Peloponnesian Wars*, Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, and—as a control—*Mandingo*, *Slave Monster of Lust* in less than an hour after putting on her sunglasses.

Dr. Kline's next project will be to test the effect of sunglasses on young children, in hopes that they might be taught to read faster and better than millions now emerging from schools with hardly any reading ability at all. "I can see a day when the entire world will be wearing sunglasses all the time," Kline predicts, "and we will all be so smart that all our problems will be solved, and we'll be happy all the time." ■

### Watt????

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR JAMES Watt today announced that, in the midst of the great Beach Boys controversy several months ago, he completed the sale of Yosemite National Park to Hi-Level Condo Developers of Paramus, New Jersey. "I meant to tell you about it," he said, "but with that Beach Boys thing going on, I just figured you'd rather not be bothered." ■



# Anne Frank's Diary Faked?

IS THE MOVING JOURNAL OF A YOUNG Jewish girl written during the Nazi occupation of Holland an "idiotic, monstrous, fraudulent outrage"? These were the astounding claims of an elderly man with a marked German accent at a press conference held in Iquitos, Peru, recently.

Leaning on the arm of a burly bodyguard, the elderly gentleman harangued reporters for over an hour. Punctuating his talk with flamboyant gestures, searching looks, and rhetorical pauses, he cited as evidence "the known fact that little girls in 1944 did

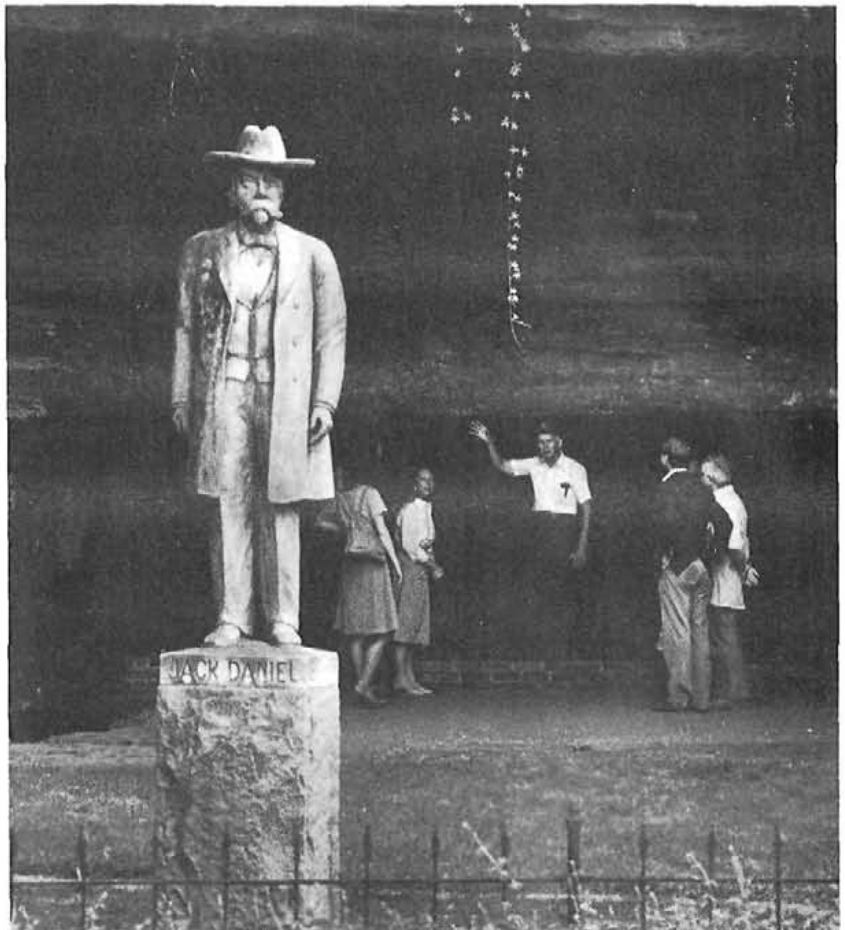


The tent where the press conference was held in Iquitos, Peru. Photographers were not permitted to photograph the actual conference on pain of being destroyed with their cameras.

not dot their *i*'s with smiley faces," though he claimed that British agents frequently did, naming Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean, and Kim Philby. He further suggested that little pink books "sealed with a kiss," as the Frank diary was, were also a hallmark of British intelligence and in particular of the three operatives named above.

The anonymous gentleman went on to suggest that a portion of the millions of dollars earned by the diary's publishers be paid to surviving members of the organizations "grossly and unfairly libeled by the book." When questioned as to what organizations he referred to, the elderly gentleman stamped his foot, saying, "The Gestapo, the SS, and the Amsterdam city police, of course." With that he brought the conference to an abrupt close.

Several European governments and Israeli officials have expressed a strong desire to meet the mysterious man and engage in "further dialogue." ■



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# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

Sirs:

Our latest video game is called "Don King Kong." Two gorillas fight each other in the ring while Don and the woman wait outside in the limo.

Atari, Inc.  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

As you may have noticed, the inflation rate is now very low—under 6 percent, in fact. Now, President Reagan has been taking all the credit for this, which strikes me as patently unfair. The major reason for the drop in the inflation rate is clear—the WIN buttons are finally taking effect! These buttons were one of the major innovations of my administration, and "Whip Inflation Now" has at last become a household phrase. The power of an idea whose time has come is enormous, don't you agree?

Gerald R. Ford  
Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

To err is human. To pick up pieces of dog shit and stick slabs of meat between your legs is Divine.

John Waters  
Walking Freak Show, Ind.

Sirs:

While stationed in India many years ago, I had the honor of personally knowing Mahatma Gandhi. Once I asked the great humanitarian what unique spiritual and intellectual qualities his wife possessed that he could be so satisfied with her company. "Becud," replied the little brown man with the penetrating wisdom that made him the spiritual leader of a half-billion human beings, "she has got such gigantic dits, by goodness me!" He was nobody's fool, let me tell you.

Col. Jeremy Thorpe (Ret.)  
British Army

Sirs:

Sure, it was fun at first. I was a good-time forest girl who didn't mind bedding down with a few colorful characters. But then the good times stopped, and they wouldn't let a gal say no. I screamed till I was pink in the face, but I still had to do it with the old geezer.

Smurfette  
The Forest

Sirs:

It was after a rough fuckin' day at work and I set myself down to make myself this here sandwich, when I

hears this little nasal-shit voice squeakin' out:

"Butter."

Well, I looks down at that there tub of margarine—'cause that there's where it come from—and I says:

"Listen, you little fuckhead! I ain't in no fuckin' mood to fuck around. So shut the fuck up!"

It says: "Butter."

"Okay, fuckface," I says. "You say one more fuckin' word, and it'll be your last fuckin' word!"

"Butter," it says.

So I grabs that there fuckin' tub of margarine and throws it in that there oven, and switches it on to 500 degrees. Hell! You shoulda heard that fuckin' shit scream its fuckin' ass off! I nearly laughed myself to fuckin' death as I scraped that there melted plastic off the grill!

Don't fuck with me when I'm pissed.

Max Brown  
Easton, Pa.

Sirs:

Sure, Dr. J is impressive, but how good would he be if he had to wear skates?

Wayne Gretzky  
Edmonton, Canada

Sirs:

Let me clear up a few things. I never lived in New Jersey—I grew up in Southampton. My dad never worked in a factory—he's a vice-president at IBM. I don't even know how to drive—I've always had my own chauffeur. And an American Express card since I was thirteen. But poor kids are a lot more interesting to write about, and somehow they always have enough money for records.

Bruce S.  
Bev Hills

Sirs:

I don't see what all the fuss is about with these toxic-waste dumps. I think the EPA should just use some of that Superfund money to buy about a hundred thousand gallons of Massengill douche, and they'll have the place smelling fresh as a daisy in no time at all.

Viola Crumgash  
Times Beach, Mo.

Sirs:

As an interesting footnote for you literary "sleuths," the working title for *Portrait of an Artist As a Young Man* was *Portrait of a Derby Dame with Big Jugs and Hot Buns*. Just thought you'd like to know.

James Joyce  
English 101

Sirs:

All you folks who don't eat certain foods because of what the Bible says—e.g., God kills you if you eat pork—will be happy to hear some good news uncovered by the latest biblical research. The Bible says nothing about Popsicles. That's right. You can eat all the Popsicles you want and it's okay. Pepsi is fine, too. Also pretzels and chocolate meringue pie. So come over to my place after church on Sunday and we'll stuff ourselves till we explode.

A Fat Religious Guy  
Natchez, Miss.

Sirs:

I thought the previous letter was bright, witty, amusing, and full of good laughs. I give it a yes.

Gene Siskel  
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

I have to disagree and give that letter a no. I found it pointless, dreary, and tired. I thought it dragged on and on and didn't go anywhere. I vote thumbs down.

Roger Ebert  
The Windy City

Sirs:

I must say, Roger, your letter above didn't impress me at all. It was obvious, hackneyed, and a cheap shot. There was no acting, no plot, and frankly, I couldn't recommend that letter to anybody.

Gene  
Chi Town

Sirs:

Gene, you can take your review of my letter and hang it in your ass. I give it "Dog of the Week."

Rog  
Ill.

Sirs:

Here at the Neurological Research Institute, we've developed a highly specialized sense of humor. We get our laughs from looking at the brain-scan readouts from the EEG machines. This does not mean that comedians, for instance, necessarily have the most amusing readouts. The funniest I ever saw, for sheer absurdity, was Spiro Agnew's. Second funniest was Andy Warhol's, which is—get this—absolutely flat. Also, the brains themselves can be pretty funny when you see them.

Some of the former presidents have real howlers. Why, I still pull out the jar with Eisenhower's in it whenever I need a good chuckle.

Dr. Simon Whittle  
Neurological Research Institute  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Sure, it looked like the perfect life being part of a big star's family, but in reality, it was a living hell in the Crosby house. I was beaten, yelled at, forced to walk on all fours and even eat off the floor. It was a horrible, humiliating, degrading experience that haunts me to this day.

Gary Crosby's Dog  
Beverly Hills Shelter

Sirs:

I thought I'd better clear something up. You know how during the seventies and late sixties a lot of people were involved in the so-called sexual revolution? Well, what those people really did was adultery, and they are all going to hell.

God  
Heaven

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35)



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BY SEAN KELLY

**E**ARLY THIS SUMMER, THE Roman Catholic bishops of the nation gathered, meditated, agonized, debated, and in the end concluded that blowing up the human race was almost certainly immoral.

Of course, it took a while. Had the theological question under consideration been whether or not it is a heinous mortal sin to kiss girls, the bishops could have reached instant unanimity. But on the issue of laying nuclear waste to the planet, there were clearly subtle issues to be considered. One American prelate, dissenting from the majority, observed that had these new rules been applied back then, "we wouldn't have won World War II," thereby raising the alarming possibility that it was not the Allies (to whom the Axis surrendered), nor even the Americans (who triumph over Nazi evil unaided again and again in the movies), but the Roman Catholics who actually won the Big One. (Including the Italian Catholics? The German Catholics? Who *lost*? The atheists in foxholes?)

(And speaking of the retroactive application of new liturgical regulations, did all the souls suffering eternal torment for eating meat on Fridays get sprung when that commandment was played?)

Anyway, to the chagrin of Chairman Bill "Bill" Buckley and all other members of the faith "more Catholic than the pope," as the saying goes, the good R.C. bishops finally got their position on "the sacredness of human life" consistent, and after only two thousand years. At last, it is considered unethical to murder children who have been born, as well.

Well. The Aged Incumbent (whose papist ancestor changed the spelling of his name and turned his coat after leaving Ireland) was not pleased. Nor were Old-Wooden-Cross-Headed Christians of the Falwell persuasion, now con-



firmed in their conviction that the Catholic Church is a Commie-front organization. And Chairman Bill, who *still* doesn't eat meat on Fridays, just in case, and prefers the Latin Mass, which was good enough for Joe McCarthy, by God, immediately began wittily fulminating against this clerical betrayal of Thomistic principles, the Just War, etc. (Chairman Bill, much of whose vast income derives from clipped coupons, chooses to more liberally interpret Aquinas's frequent condemnations of usury.)

Even the *New York Times* editors were outraged, not simply at this crass violation of the First Amendment (which clearly says that the State has the exclusive right to end your life, and *then* the Church takes over), but at the idea that these old bachelors, with no more experience of real life than a lifetime of philosophical study and hearing confessions, could presume to know as much about these things as a clever politician—or, for that matter, a *New York Times* editorial writer! (Consistent with this new "Cobbler, stick to thy last" policy, by the way, *New York Times* editorials will in future deal only with the thorny problem of how to get a good table for lunch at Le Perigord.)

But here's the beauty part. Directly beneath the *Times*'s ponderous admonition to the radical bishops appeared—yes, another editorial, this one urging,

advocating, nay, demanding...gun control!

Yes, folks! There's no percentage in urging the half-dozen well-known statesmen with their fingers on the Nuclear Triggers to cease and desist from crisping humanity; that's one of your starry-eyed utopian fantasies. But let's get every crackpot, crook, off-duty cop, mugger, terrified householder, redneck mother, junkie, Luger-collecting freak, pistol-packing momma, groundhog sniper, pickup cowboy, bodega owner, Klansman, Weatherperson, and the Elderly Incumbent's own ax-faced wife to turn in their gats (no questions asked) at the offices of Punch "Punch" Sulzberger of the *Times*. Tomorrow morning, at the latest.

One wonders how the *Times* would have responded to a more moderate demand from the synod of bishops—say, that nuclear arms be *registered*....

Meanwhile, the Aged Incumbent soon thereafter appeared before a bund rally of the NRA, announcing his wholesale support for its "Guns don't kill people—food stamps kill people" slogan, and in their presence advocated the repeal of even such toothless gun-control laws as already exist, thereby demonstrating that his position, while diametric to that of the bishops, and utterly, brainlessly, heartlessly wrong, is, at least, like theirs... consistent. ■

# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

Sirs:

I'm not so sure about these young female astronauts they have these days. When I recently asked one if she was ready for launch, she said, "Sure, your pad or minc?"

Sen. John Glenn  
*Washington, D.C.*

Sirs:

I thought Las Vegas was supposed to have such great entertainment. But I went up and down the Strip and nowhere could I find such great groups as the B-52s, Oingo Boingo, or AC/DC. By the way, who are Steve and Eydie?

Rob Junquist  
*Torrance, Calif.*

Sirs:

Is it possible to have an out-of-letter experience? Where one letter gets up and floats into another letter?

Greely Horn  
*Bigstown, U.S.A.*

Sirs:

Hey, did you hear the one about the Polish fire hydrant? Seems every time a fire broke out an out-of-letter experience? Where one letter gets up and floats into another letter? when he saw a dog on the hook 'n' ladder!!

Spooky Yump  
*Drybird, Calif.*

Sirs:

I accepted the job with Cable Network News not just because I like to ride on Ted Turner's boat and handle his mizzenmast, but primarily for the opportunity to realize a longtime career goal: to interview Gloria Steinem on national TV and say, "And now, Gloria, why don't you just shut up and show us your tits."

Pat Buchanan  
*Atlanta, Ga.*

Sirs:

I understand that during the last months of his life Lou Gehrig couldn't even tie his own shoelaces. Shoot, man, I cleared that hurdle when I was twenty-three.

Mr. T  
*A-Team, Calif.*

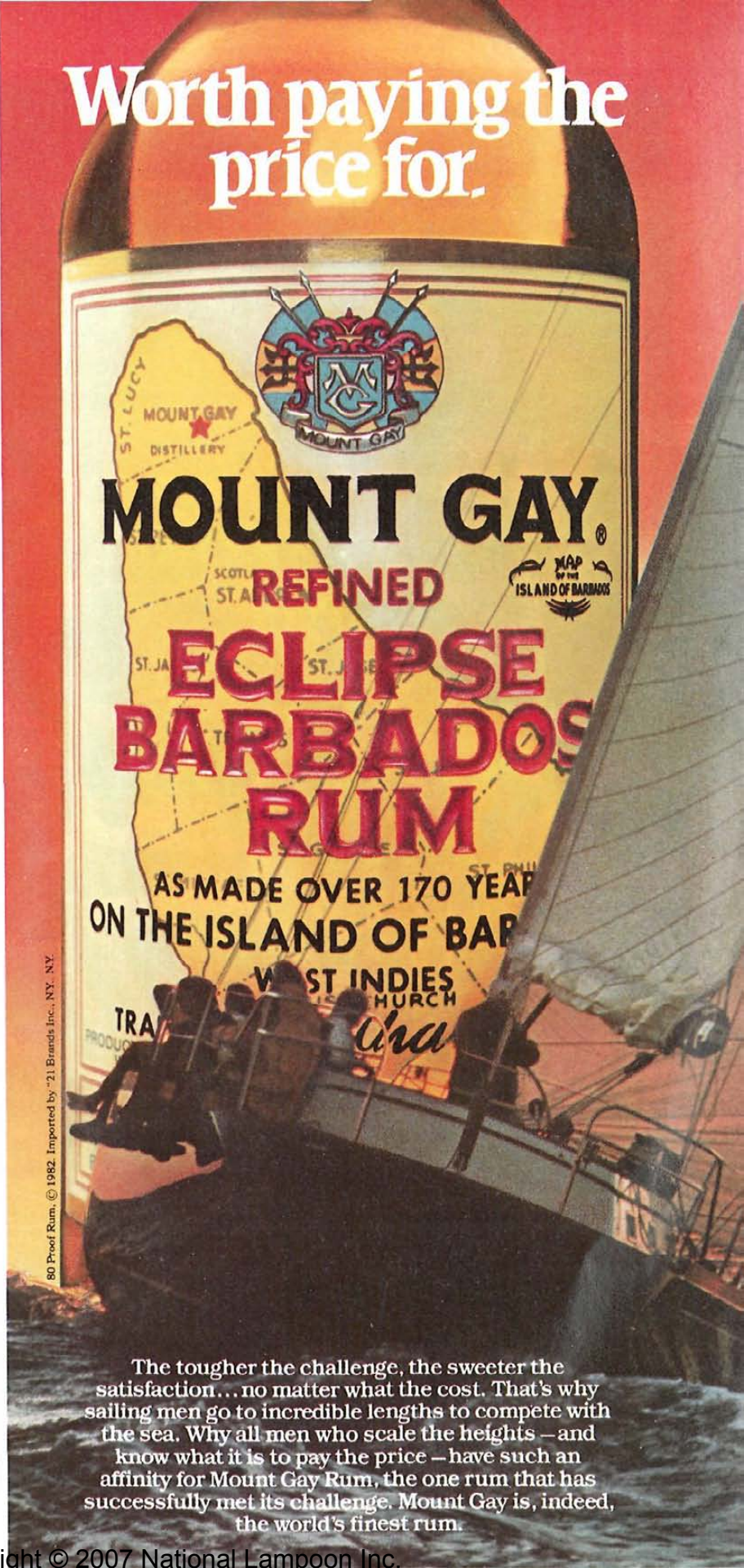
Sirs:

If I had had Ed McMahon instead of Hermann Göring, I'd have won that damn war.

Adolf Hitler  
*Lima, Peru*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)

# Worth paying the price for.



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# BUCKLEY IN BRAZIL

BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.,  
AS TOLD TO ELLIS WEINER

**S**UNDAY—THE PLANE, A DC-10, begins its landing approach to Rio's Galeão Airport. For fun I activate my stopwatch to time its descent. Interesting: several years ago this model aircraft had rather more fatal crashes than someone—Ralph Nader, one imagines—thought appropriate. This prompted many fliers to take their custom elsewhere, thank you, and the airlines flying the DC-10 suffered accordingly. With so many of their potential customers litigious, frightened, or dead, the makers of the plane did the sensible thing, and made the necessary improvements. Now ridership is back up. Thus, as always, the market solution proves the most efficacious.

American industry has its faults, but one thing it does know is that death is, quite simply, bad for business. It depletes the pool of potential customers. Ergo, most corporations do not need governmental agencies to tell them to make safe products; they willingly police themselves, once the number of casualties threatens the size of their market.

The flight from New York's international airport—I avoid employing that facility's current (and, one hopes, temporary) proper name—was uneventful. As we touch ground I offer a silent word of thanks to my Maker. I really must pray more, I think, and make a note of it on my pocket calendar.

On the plane I was able to catch up

on various matters, including writing a memo to William Rusher, publisher of *National Review*. I sought his opinion concerning the intriguing notion that all food-stamp programs might be eliminated in favor of disbursing to their beneficiaries corresponding quantities of government-held surplus (powdered milk, soybeans, okra scum, etc.). The savings, I tell Rusher, would be considerable, with the net nutritional effect certainly comparable to that which currently obtains. ("Rusho" is Bill's nickname—that is, the one I have for him. He, in turn, calls me, after my initials, "Whiffle Ball.")

I debark and am met at the gate by Nelson, my host's punctual, rather imposing driver and bodyguard. Nelson speaks no English—indeed, he speaks no language at all, having been raised in the Mato Grosso by a herd of wild boars (does one call a group of such beasts a "herd"?). While waiting for him to fetch the car I jot a note employing the term "wild boars"

and "Democrats" in jocular juxtaposition, intending to exploit the homonymic ambiguity of "boars" and "bores." Fun.

We ooze through the clogged traffic of Rio, pausing only to examine the possible damage to the car caused by a rather dilapidated guava cart which had the sheer bad luck to present its side to our front grille as we accelerated to catch a changing traffic light. Happily the car suffers no disfigurement. We search for the cart's owner to so inform him, but are unable to dis-

**Sun. Sea.  
Sacrificial squab.  
A stimulating  
sojourn for the  
sovereign  
of sociopolitical  
stalwartness.**



tinguish between his remains and the mangled guavas. I express regret to a nearby policeman who, after learning of the identity of my host, minimizes the severity of the event, assuring me that during Carnival season the killing of produce vendors is considered good luck.

I am privately dubious of this; right reason suggests that there is in fact no such thing as "luck." (What is right reason? It is that faculty the use of which guides men toward belief in God and a life of virtue by—the coincidence is humbling—thinking and believing exactly as I do.) Nevertheless, I thank the officer, and we proceed.

In his attractive high-rise condominium, my host, Renaldo da Silva, greets me warmly. Renaldo is the brilliant and perspicacious editor of *Punho*, a journal of conservative Brazilian political opinion much like our own *National Review*, except that his editorial staff comprises mostly ex-Nazis. (Ours does not.) I have visited Rio each of the last four years, always staying with Renaldo and his beautiful, gracious wife, Monica. These brief but revivifying vacations would be all but unthinkable without their hospitality and discretion.

"You are here for your customary *rito*?" Renaldo asks jokingly, employing the Portuguese word for rite. I nod, and as he leads me into an excellent dinner in which shrimps are featured to great advantage, he reaffirms his pledge that my yearly indulgence will be kept in strictest confidence.

**M**ONDAY—THE DAY BEGINS WITH an informal brunch at the National Armory, attended by a distinguished array of leaders from the government, industry, and the military. I greet, among others, General Armando Pereira, the brilliant tactician and linguist, who virtually single-handedly invented a new—and surprisingly workable—definition of the word "torture." We discuss, as best we can in the noisy, excited crowd, the advisability of countering Communist moves in El Salvador with the large-scale nuclear destruction of the area.

"Just be sure your president aims at the San Salvador over there, and not the one in Bahia!" the general jokes. I laugh, and assure him that there are several White House aides whose job it is to compensate for just such defects in the president's consciousness.

Following the brunch I join Renaldo and Monica for a helicopter ride around the city. Sugarloaf, with its huge statue of Christ, extrudes. Ringing the downtown of the city are the famous *favelas*, the slums, and they are of course terribly moving. I pause to reflect that in each of those one-room shacks that encrust the hillsides live families of many children, and probably many adults. Coming from a rather large family myself (we were ten children altogether), I can sympathize.

Following the ride we repair, as we do each year, to a delightful café. I am as a rule not a big drinker, although I do confess an addiction to certain Bor-

deaux that have been properly cellared. However, as tonight's events will require an inordinate degree of stimulation if they are to work, I proceed to order two, three, possibly four, more accurately five drinks of the native rum, a stringent yet sweet brew fermented from sugarcane called *cachaça*. It has a potency comparable to that of tequila, and by the time I have consumed all six glasses I am rather significantly intoxicated on my posterior.

Renaldo looks at me intently and says with winning solicitude, "Are you all right, Beel?" ("Beel" as a nickname? I must develop that. I consider the Latin Americanization of all our nicknames, my sister Priscilla, whom I call "Pitts," becoming "Peets," my son Christopher's "Christo" becoming "Chreesto.")

I smile at the impressively erudite Renaldo, and at the waiter, who has been most efficient, and at my spoon, which is very shiny, and I say, "Ah ha! Oh ho!" and, interestingly, fail to perceive the palindromic value of the expostulations.

Renaldo helps me to my feet. "Come, Beel, I will take you to the place." We go outside into the twilight, and I take a deep breath of the Rio de Janeiro (Rioian?) air. This is the evening before Carnival, and the streets are swarming with tourists and natives, alike excited over that somewhat overblown and (oh, let's admit it) infantile festival. We have to force our way through the crowd to get to our destination, but so what? So, in a manner of speaking, big fat what? If we do not push them, I am quite certain that they will push us. (As they should, since in such a crowd to be pushed yet not to push oneself is a denial of self-interest, and as such is wrong reason and is therefore arguably immoral.)

Renaldo says, "Here is the place, Beel," and looks into my eyes, which are perfectly open, and I grin and think that I have a thought, which is: James Kilpatrick's nickname is "Kilpo." Thus: Ask Jeane Kirkpatrick if I may call her "Kirkpo." More: Find someone, a cultured and brilliant conservative, if possible, named So-and-So Alpatrick, and call him (her?) "Alpo."

Renaldo leans me against a shoe-store window. "I will pick you up here in several hours," he says, and disappears into the surging crowd. One hears various strains of music—insistent, and crude, in the sometimes bracing sense of that word—from here and there, and of course one realizes this is Brazil, and Rio, and so I rock against the window and sing to myself, "Tall and tan and young and erudite..."

A young boy, about ten, with large  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44)

## DECLINE OF A PORN STAR

AS HER FLESH BECOMES MORE FLACCID, MONA IS REDUCED TO PLAYING CHARACTER PARTS.





*Jensen & Jensen Laboratories Presents*

# BOB BARKER'S BIG BOOK OF BODILY HYGIENE

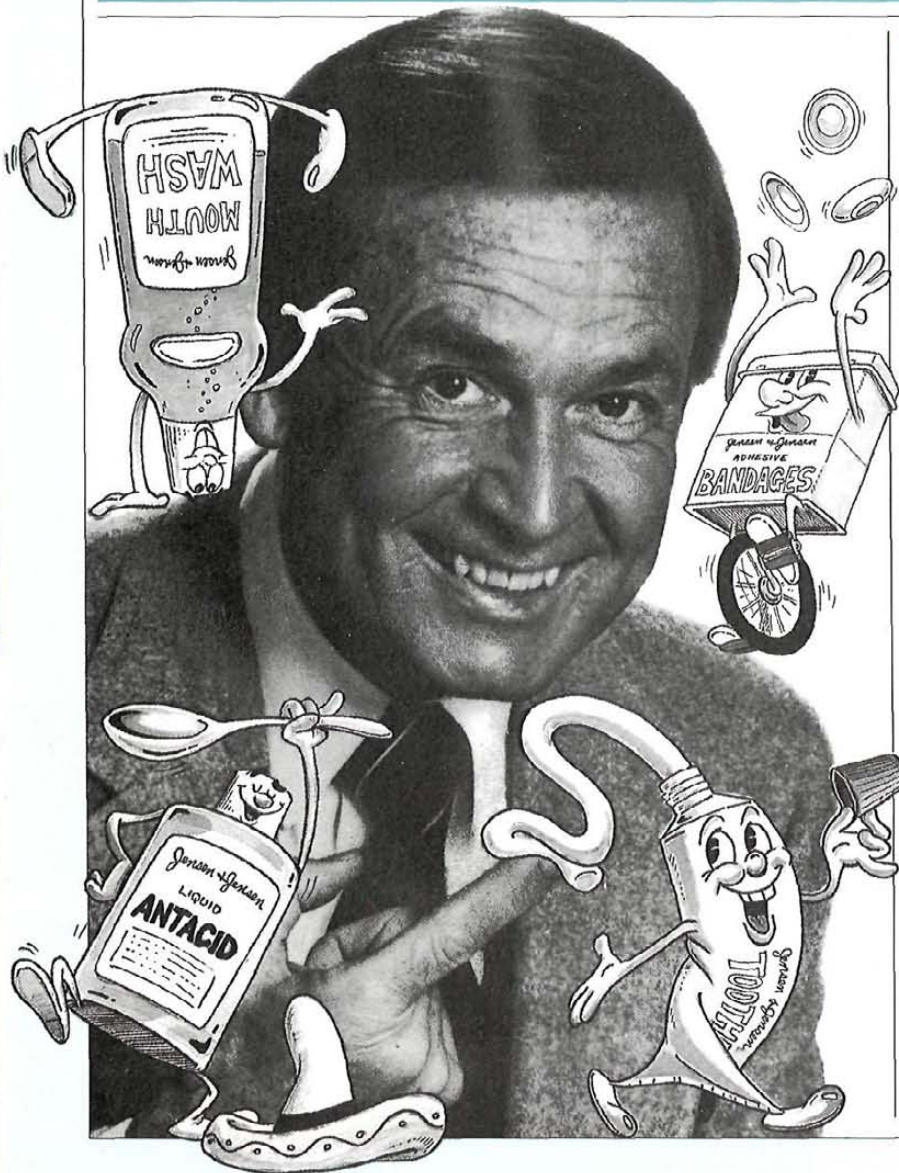


## THE INTRODUCTION IS RIGHT!

With everything from finger grease to wire pore scrubbers, America has the largest supply of personal hygiene aids in the Free World. But with so many nose polishers, ankle disinfectants, and tummy colognes glutting the market, how does the average consumer know what's right for him? As my great-uncle Charles "Bunny" Barker said to me very shortly before his stroke, "Bob, it's a real Invasion of the Body Products out there...OOooauughh, my brain, it hurts!"

Although he mentioned very little to me afterward (indeed, most of his time was spent trying to color Bossie Cow in Peter Marshall's Big Coloring Book of Farm Animals for Stroke Victims), I could tell by the oft faraway look in his drooping eyes that he wished me to undertake this valuable project. And so I enlisted the aid of Jensen & Jensen Laboratories and my friends the game-show hosts for this little booklet. I know the whole J & J family from years of use, and these stalwart men as kindred souls on the TV battlefield. Each of them is a very clean man, as well as a fine television personality.

Game-show hosts, although revered in society as demigods somewhere between the Muppets and Mamie Eisenhower, are real human beings, with very real odors, stains, and drippings. To stand up to the pressure of "Lights, Camera, Quips!" requires a great dedication to personal hygiene, as well as brainpower. If genius, as cocky ol' Tom Edison once crowed, consists of 1 percent inspiration and 99 percent perspiration, then just the opposite or more, plus a friendly smile and a down-home manner, is the game-show-host success formula. It works for thirteen weeks, and for Life.



## RICHARD DAWSON *on the Mouth*



Name a contagious oral disease that is easily transmitted by kissing. If your first impulse was to say chancre sores, you would have matched 60 percent of the people who answered our "Family Feud" survey, although you would have been wrong—chancre sores are a symptom, not a disease.

Oddly enough, sores are *not* my big-

*The specter of contagious disease, passed on through pustules, chancres, and other open sores, looms large over every episode of "Family Feud."*

gest worry as host of "Family Feud." I undergo a rigorous oral hygiene program every day to prevent my becoming infected. The keystone of that program, of course, is the phalanx of J & J oral hygiene products: dental floss, plaque tablets, and fluoride treatment. Combined with massive doses of vitamins C and A, they have enabled me to sustain a disease-

free mouth for the entire run of "Family Feud." As a matter of fact, my biggest worry right now is being able to control those wildly enthusiastic tongues that thrust themselves through my lips now and then. Don't let anyone tell you that there aren't a lot of sexy grandmas out there!

We use a lot of ethnic families on the show, and although this great melting pot we call America is built on diversity, I have to admit that I have my favorites among the ethnic mouths of America: the fresh, warm lips of young Franco-American nymphets and the saucy, thick lips of Italian grandmothers. Try some and you'll see what I mean. On the other hand, the great majority of women who come on "Family Feud" could do with a case or two of J & J Dental Floss and Fluoride Treatment.

## ALL IN THE FAMILY!

The producers of "Family Feud" often recall one of the funniest things ever to happen on their show. One day, Richard kissed a woman who later was discovered to be a carrier of a rare tropical disease that destroys gum tissue. Thanks to his rigorous oral hygiene program, Richard did not become sick. But a woman from the *other* team playing that day did lose all her teeth within several weeks. It seems that Richard's mouth had carried the disease across the stage without itself becoming infected!

## BILL CULLEN *on the Colon*



*It's not uncommon for the high-anxiety pressure and tension of the game show to affect the host. The result: huge heaves.*



Hey, thanks for taking the time to read this, and now let's play our game.

A certain part of the body is the recipient of nervous enzymes and digestive tension. Often, this part of the body will refuse to work anymore, as a result of incredible tension. For fifty points, name this part of the body.

Okay, so it wasn't that hard to answer, because you already know I'm talking about the colon. But I did get you to pay attention, right? So there's a little leaf from the quizmaster's notebook for when *you* have to address a large audience: start off with a question.

You know, life for a game-show host used to be a hard, long road. I know. I traveled that road. Of course, today things are different. Game-show hosts are loose, able to go with the flow, freewheeling, and full of themselves. That's not the tradition I grew up in. In my day, the host knew his place. He stood behind the podium, asked his questions, and—well, he *did his job*.

And that's never been easy. As any of

you who have to maintain your cool in the midst of hysteria and frenzy know, the pressure and tension can often become internalized. I hear it all the time, from security guards, referees, doctors, policemen. They tell me, "Bill, it hits me in the colon, and it just won't quit!"

Over the years, I've hosted a lot of game shows—"The Price Is Right," "Three on a Match," "Concentration," and a few dogs like "You're Putting Me On," "The Love Experts," and "Pass the Buck." Interestingly enough, my first show was in fact my toughest—

"The Price Is Right." As housewives mounted to a climax, writhing and moaning in ecstasy and excitement all around me, shrieking "Higher! Lower! Hold it! Hold it!" my colon would become as twisted as an overused phone cord. Not a minute would pass between the end of the show and when I would find myself puking my guts out in a nearby toilet. The gritty determination and steely intensity that grew on my face during every game wasn't because I loved the show—I was in pain!

Since then, I've seen 'em come and go

in this business. A lot of them don't survive a season before their digestive track resembles some kind of mangled, chewed-up piece of dog meat. (You might not believe this, but Tom Kennedy has had three operations to remove worn-out chunks of colon.) Fortunately, medical technology has discovered a way to beat the high cost of tension. And now J & J has made that discovery available to everybody: J & J's Stomach Reliever. Sure, it hasn't got a glamorous name. But the name tells it all. It's a perfect replacement for high-priced surgery and medical care.

## ALLEN LUDDEN *on Fingernails*



*The following words of advice were excerpted from a personal letter that Allen Ludden sent to me, Bob Barker, before he was dead and when he was still hosting "Password." As you'll see, these words still ring true.*

...

Okay, you've got ten seconds to guess which word is on my mind. Me: Hands. You: Tips. Me: Polish. You: Protein. Me: Trim. You: Clip. Me: Brokennnn... You: Fingernails! That's right—fingernails!

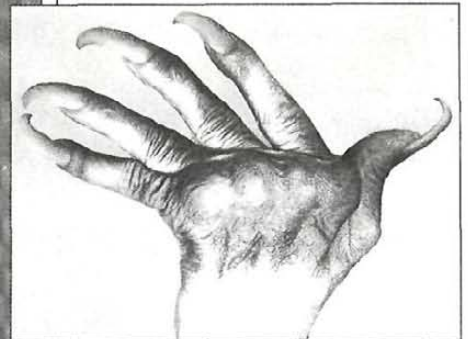
Hands were always an important part of playing "Password," if only because you

weren't supposed to use them when giving clues. I don't know how many times I had to caution big stars like Tony Randall or Betsy Palmer about using their hands in suggestive gestures to their partners—and especially when we were playing the game. Often they would say to me, "But Allen, I was just biting my nails. The pressure on this show is terrific!"

Even worse was the problem we had with our leather-bound clue holders, the ones I would hand out to each team at the beginning of a "Password" round. You wouldn't believe how many people would

start cleaning their nails with the corners. We went through thirty or forty holders a year because of this.

One night I was talking with my wife, Betty White, and it occurred to me that I rarely had these kinds of problems when I hosted "The GE College Bowl." Why? I wondered. Perhaps it was because the college



*If the dead Allen Ludden were still hosting "Password," his fingernails would be this long.*

students were cleaner, more careful about the important social obligation of cleaning and manicuring the fingernails. (Remember, this was the early sixties, when college student *meant* clean-cut. Me: College student. You: Clean-cut!) Ever since I had this insight, I have insisted that contestants receive a complete manicure before coming on the show.

Of course, a complete manicure at home—even if you do own an adequate supply of a certain dishwashing liquid—isn't always possible. So the next best thing, in my book, is to use J & J's Cleansing Soap. The specially formulated soap molecules just reach in to your fingernails and drag that dirt out, no matter how hard it kicks and screams and says it doesn't want to go. (That's just a little joke.) Actually, the dirt is pretty stubborn, since a lot of it originates from inside the finger, according to scientists, and not from external sources. And *that's* a fact even a "College Bowl" whiz kid might not know.

## GENE RAYBURN *on the Teeth and Skull*



*Hometown boy makes good, and boy, do those teeth sparkle.*

Sexy Sarah said, "I don't know what to do. At the office, Bob asked if I'd like to make whoopee with him behind the file cabinets. I told him that first I'd have to brush my BLANK."

If you answered "teeth," good for you. It's a fine answer. Of course our panel of six



self-serving, anything-for-a-gag celebrities responded with everything from "furburger" to "bust of Cesar Romero." How would you

like to try and appease some poor slob of an accountant from Chagrin Falls after a celebrity's ex-wife has just ruined his chance to put a few extra bucks in his pocket? Well, that's my job, and to do it right, I make sure I brush and floss every morning, after lunch, and before bedtime. I mean, the last thing this guy needs is the sight of a hunk of baked roast beef and onion between my teeth after being gypped out of a pile of dough by some smartass. Sexy Sarah uses J & J toothpaste and floss regularly, and so do I. You should too. Do it now.

Feel better? Good. I do too, and would feel 100 percent super-peachy if those two scandal sheets, *Natural History* and *Scientific American*, would stop trying to prove that I'm the missing link in man's evolutionary development. So what if my skull looks a tad Neanderthal in profile? Haven't they ever heard of a bad side? And I *was* born in Bamboo, Wyoming, not "up a ways in a secluded rain forest where the Tigris meets the Euphrates." My birth and dental records were destroyed in a fire, and that's the truth, so help me Great Moon Spirit. So knock it off, guys, okay?

## PETER MARSHALL *on the Underarms*



Life on the set of "Hollywood Squares" is no game. Ten minutes till taping, and those frisky stars are up to their old tricks again. "George Gobel just wrote 'Slut, whore, roach fuck' on my dressing-room mirror again," wails Rose Marie. "It's true," says George slyly, "and I meant every word."

"Did my agent call?" asks cutesy Karen Valentine, her deer eyes larger than basketballs from some prankster's addition of Methedrine to her morning cup of Sanka. Poor kid, her last real agent dumped her two years ago, and she's currently managed by a Taco Pup owner.

"The ghostly ghost of Charley Weaver



*Without underarm protection, Peter Marshall would have to face this five mornings a week.*

haunts this place," laments a Hudson Brother too heavily steeped in the occult and cheap wine. "There are bugs all over my microphone," declaims a bejeweled and befuddled Charo. "Where's the pole for my seat cushion?" quips a dapper Charles Nelson Reilly. "I'm hungry.... I'm thirsty.... Feed me.... Pet me...."

On and on it goes, and my only protection from these third-rate dinner-theater refugees is the spray, stick, or roll-on protection of my J & J Deodorant and Antiperspirant. A little spray in the morning and I'm protected from remarks like "Ho, it's smelly" or "Are you hiding Toluca Lake under your arms?" A little spray in the face of the louder stars, or a bop on the head with

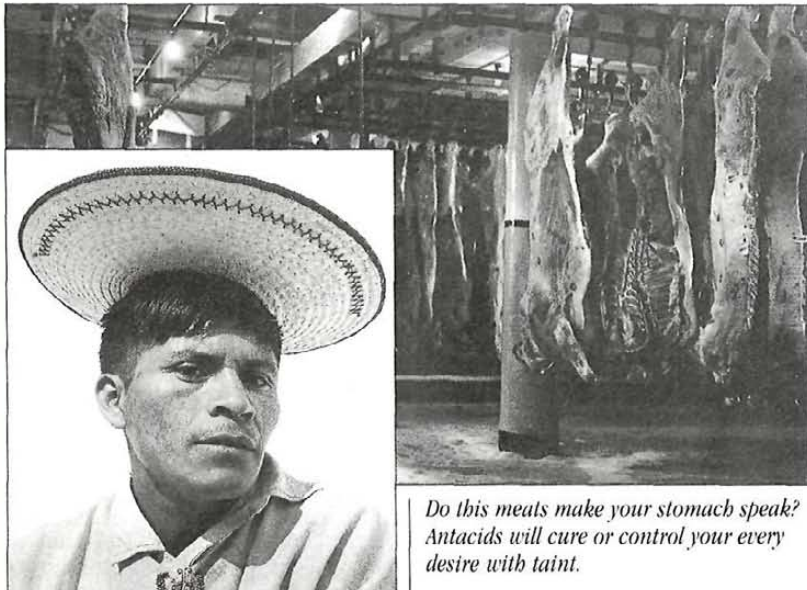
the J & J stick for those who like to talk with their fists, and the hooligans are soon under complete control. Scurrying back to their hothouse, carbon-dioxide-filled cubicles, they are soon ready for another fast-paced game in their slow-lane lives.

So if you want a deodorant that works more often than any of the stars, as well as one that comes in a well-molded, extra-strength container, then hop on the J & J bandwagon. It's a better feeling than a night out with Marlo Thomas. Believe me.

### NO SQUARES HERE!

When her nearsighted agent accidentally booked jammin' Joan Jett, punk-rock queen and vocalist of "I Love Rock 'n' Roll" and "Crimson and Clover," on "Hollywood Squares" instead of the Roxy a few miles away, the whole set was in a commotion for a week. "I put a safety pin in my finger once when I was babysitting for Fang's sister, and believe me, for fun I'll take Vegas," cackled grizzled corpse impersonator Phyllis Diller. "Is it a boy or a girl?" lamented wacky mixed-up celebrity retard Harvey Korman. Joan took the good-natured ribbing well, and left behind motorcycle tracks across several stars' dressing rooms as her way of saying "Thank you" to her new celebrity pals.

## PEPE QUINTAS, *host of "You Too Can Own a Garden Hose," on the Digestive System*



Perhaps you reading these are not so familiar with my face, I am Pepe Quintas, host of Mexico's very fine program for all, "You Too Can Own a Garden Hose." Top prizes are given, including more or less a pot and shards to put into it, the two of almost-new penny loafer, chewing gum, and more, leading to the great fury at the last, the great-

*Do this meats make your stomach speak? Antacids will cure or control your every desire with taint.*

est excitement of watching contestants old and young dig, dive, and scamper this way and the other to see who becomes the best or king of that show and brings back to his home a super new garden hose with extra water action. Many frantic good wills and calamities befall those who for themselves wish to gain this honor. Out of Nogales we

beam like a rocket or superhorse to the delight and great amazement of our excellent viewers in the districts surrounding. Many cards come to Pepe offering him their congratulations on forcing himself into their rooms, two, three times a day.

So I am well qualified with the professional status to speak to you of the digestives juice and how to tame them without sword or bemusement. J & J antacid capsules or liquids will relieve you of most menace to enjoy your life to the greatest happiness. So enjoy your fantastic life. Many a prizewinner has used them to a good turn, while losers chomp at the trough to recall greater pain. If the beef and horse parts act like this to bedevil you or cause bad dreams, be a good person and take these great aids. Display them as you would old coins or long-lost friends in your medicine cabinet, for they will not fail to restore at once the old luster. So be smart like the man of millions who uses them with the regularity of the fanatic, and with contempt for the others who would steer him to the wrong side.

### ¡EL GRANDE DE SUPERSHOW!

Once, on the nighttime version of "You Too Can Own a Garden Hose, P.M.," one contestant refused to go onstage unless Pepe let him take his burro, Bonita, with him. The man was taken backstage and beaten with sticks.

## The Big Wrap-up by Chuck Barris

Hey, wasn't that really something? I bet you learned a thing or two from this little volume. I know I did. But then, I can learn a thing or two from reading the sides of tires.

Hey, don't tell Bob, but this whole thing was my idea. Well, actually, doing the book wasn't my idea, but doing a game show based on embarrassing body noises and stuff *was*. Americans are just so hung up on body stuff—they always use dandruff stuff, mouth-washes, deodorants, foot pads, douches, all that stuff. You know what I think? I bet you do! I think it's all a bunch of baloney. In my mind, the real points in life aren't scored with what comes out of your pores, but



what's inside that's forcing it out. You know what I mean? Of course you don't. But then again, you *don't* know what's important about the backs of cereal boxes.

What I'm really trying to say is, whether you're playing "The Dating Game," "The Newlywed Game," or whatever, let up on yourself. Don't "Gong" yourself out of the

fun before the music starts, ya know? Of course you do, 'cause you are *so* beautiful, to me.

Your friend,

*Chuck*

Chuck

# BUCKLEY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)

dark eyes and wearing khaki shorts and a T-shirt, motions for me to follow him. He goes up an alley where there is a Jeep with two teenage boys in it, one of whom says, "Get in." I do, and sit back, dizzy, since one has drunk rather something to drink, after all, and the Jeep, with a noise, moves, and goes, moving as it does so. For fun I decide to time the journey. I activate my stopwatch for this purpose, think "Aha!," then pass out cold.

**M**ONDAY NIGHT—NINETY-TWO minutes later we stop in a clearing in the forest on the outskirts of the city. It is approximately eight-thirty. Before me is a sort of walled house. We enter into a narrow courtyard and thence into a large room filled with many native Brazilians of mostly working-class origins. The disorienting effects of the drink have somewhat ebbed, and I am much clearer of mind, so I send one of the boys for more, and drink it right from the bottle.

The air is pungent with incense, and many lit candles stand all around the

room. I am guided to an area where the spectators are seated on long wooden benches. As always, I am gratified to observe on the walls figurines of a distinctly Christian nature—Jesus Christ, St. George slaying the dragon, San Sebastian pierced with arrows, et al. It matters that what is about to take place have roots firmly embedded in the soil of Roman Catholicism, in order that what I experience this night be theologically valid even though I am really, really drunk.

In the other half of the room are a few men in white pants and shirts, and many women wearing cotton skirts and puff-sleeved blouses and white turbans. They are barefoot, and walk on bare ground packed hard and covered with fresh-cut leaves. I am a fresh-cut leaf, I muse, and then decide, No, that isn't accurate, and make a note to that effect in my book. ("Self not fresh-cut leaf.") The floor is covered with odd chalked diagrams, and there is an altar of sorts.

A small middle-aged woman with wonderfully fine bone structure greets me. She is Mother Maria Teresa, the *Mãe de Santo* of this *terreiro*. This is a place of worship of, and consultation with, the gods of the syncretistic Brazilian religion known variously as Macumba, Umbanda, or Candomble. She

is its equivalent of a priest.

"Senhor Buckley," she smiles. "You have come again."

I kiss her hand. "Thank you, Mother," I say, giggling rather tipsily. "I hope you can help me once more this year."

She laughs gently and says, "It is not I, my son. It is the gods." She moves on to greet others.

Three men carrying different conga-like drums appear and set up their instruments in a central place off to one side. There is some preliminary greeting and announcing, during which I finish off the *cachaça*. There is a drum-roll, and the names of various gods are invoked: Oxala, Oxossi, Xango, et al. It matters that one remember that each of these deities has its Catholic counterpart. Otherwise I should not take part in this ceremony, no matter how detachedly. As proof of my seriousness, I decide to activate my stopwatch. (I'm not sure why, but I assume I will find something to time.) But in fact I am too drunk, and instead activate my tie.

The drums then commence a turbulent rhythmic tattoo, and the barefooted women drift to the center of the room and begin to dance. They sing to the gods and dance in a circle around Mother Maria Teresa. The beat accelerates, and the dancers quicken their movements.

Suddenly one of the dancing women separates herself from the group. She cries and nearly stumbles, her features contorted in a most expressive ecstasy. She falls onto a diagram on the floor. A man staggers and also cries out, and begins to laugh loudly. A fat black woman stops dancing and seizes a cigar from a box on the altar, lights it, and proceeds to blow smoke into the faces of all the dancers. One by one the dancers contort, as each in his or her turn is possessed by one of the gods of Macumba. Mother Maria Teresa circulates among them, calming the agitated and smoothing over the rough transitions that inevitably accompany divine possession.

The drums become louder, and faster. I gaze with admiration at the talented percussionists and realize that soon it will be my turn to approach one of the mediums. I am hoping this time to speak to the goddess Iemanjá ("yeh-mahn-JAH"), Queen of the Sea, and put to her several questions concerning my upcoming trip on *Patito*, the thirty-six-foot sloop I bought last year. It is all in good fun, of course—tropical religions are little more than the naive projections of an unsophisticated animism, lacking the concepts of sin, redemption, and communion with the body of the Lord via transubstantiation necessary for a mature religious sys-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)



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# Jo'BURG

## From Tree House To Our House

**Black Power Comes to South Africa**



By Tom De Wolfe

# It's National Race Week at Racy's!!!



Yes, it's that time of year again, when everyone in South Africa pledges to be nice to the ethnic group directly below them. The very mention of National Race Week conjures images of Whites inviting Coloureds to dinner, Coloureds bringing bags of leftovers to Asians, and Asians bringing the empty bags to little Black children for toys.

"But what can I, the average Joe de Blow, do?" you may ask.

We at Racy's are making a very special offer during National Race Week. For every appliance you purchase, Racy's will donate—free of charge—the empty box to some needy Zulu or Thonga family.\*

That's the same big, roomy, accommodating box we ship your refrigerator, washer, or dryer in. Imagine the smiles on some Black family's faces as they tack that big box onto their corrugated-iron and wood-chip hut. It's big enough to become a family room, rec room, or even that needed bedroom for the eight older children.

Sure, it's a great offer. But we're only celebrating a great country.

\*Supplies are limited. Coloureds and Asians need not apply. Not available in our Transkei or Lesotho stores.



racy's  
JOHANNESBURG



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By Joseph Draak

People think of Elaine's as a cliquish, snotty place where only a certain crowd is privileged to get overcharged. That may be true in less civilized cities, but here any burgher with a fistful of gold can wander drunkenly in, throw \$400 pasta at queers, bounce a rugby ball off Elaine's head, smash the place up, and be given red-carpet treatment. Bloody 'ell right.

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## Hunting: The Wino Rhino

By Elliot Gildersnogs

This brand of rhino will overturn your car, steal your liquor, show up improperly dressed at your club, and try to feel up your teenage daughter—if you let him.

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Cover: Ronald G. Harris.

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# INFORMER

## Toiletgate?



**Comfort station:** A heliport may help.

LOCAL POLICE ARE NOW SAYING privately that what they thought were a few isolated instances of restroom-privilege abuse may in fact have been the tip of a huge subversive iceberg.

According to Detective William Reinert, it was several months ago that the first report of a Coloured using the Whites-only comfort station at the corner of Smith and Victoria streets came to his attention, and he dismissed it as a fluke. "We followed standard procedure, had the man beaten severely, and forgot about it," Reinert told us.

After several more such incidents, however, the detective is expressing concern. "That particular comfort station is perhaps the dirtiest one in the city," he said, "because the area is such a slum. A sewer regularly overflows into the stalls, most of the toilets don't flush, there is usually at least one rat cadaver rotting on the floor, and packs of wild dogs roam the neighborhood. For these reasons, we know for a fact that no White person has used the bathroom there in more than thirteen years.

"That's probably how these natives got the idea that they could take advantage of that facility with impunity," Reinert added. "Since no White

person would ever find them in there, or in fact set foot within a mile of the corner, they've defied the law and overstepped their bounds. We have evidence that it's an organized effort, and believe me, it's going to be stopped."

Plans are already under way to demolish the facility and replace it with a Whites-only heliport. "No White person in his right mind would drive through that neighborhood, let alone land a helicopter there," said Reinert. "But let's see the Bantu try it."

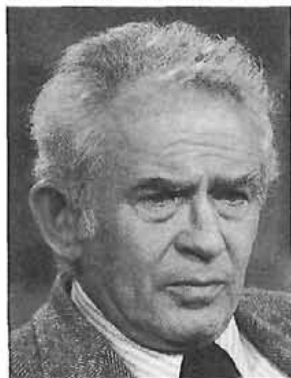
## Morass Over Mailer Monograph

ON THE FACE OF IT, IT looked like quite a coup for the Dutch Reformed Church Press when its officers announced they'd obtained exclusive South African publishing rights to *Ancient Evenings*, Norman Mailer's novel about pre-Christian Egypt. According to publishing industry scuttlebutt, however, the Mailer they published is not the Mailer Mailer wrote.

Insiders are claiming that a number of Mailer's sentences were cut or rewritten, citing as an example a passage found on page 287 of the book's American edition: "Then, still holding my hair, He threw me to my knees, grasped me about the waist, and with not a scruple, thrust up the middle of me tearing I know not what, but I heard a clangor in my head equal to the great door of a temple knocked open by the blow of a log carried forward at a run by ten good men, it was with the force of ten good men that He took me up my bowels..." The corresponding passage found on page 36 of the South African edition reads, "He said I had nice

hair, and then He kissed me on the cheek, and in ten minutes we went bowling."

Suspicious about censorship arose immediately upon the 215-page book's publication, since the American edition is known to have run more than 700 pages. A spokesman for the publisher denied any tampering, however, saying that "some of the page proofs got coffee



**Mailer:** *Disemboweled?*

spilled on them and they smeared, so we had to rewrite from memory, but basically it's the exact same book with smaller type, really. I swear."

## Coke Rethinks Campaign

AFTER SPENDING MORE than \$5 million to promote its new low-calorie Diet Coke here, the Transvaal Division of the Coca-Cola Company is apparently having second thoughts.

Diet Coke has been available to South African consumers for more than six months, but the beverage has captured only .005 percent of the soft-drink market nationwide. Meanwhile, its chief competitor, Pepsi Light, has obtained a 70 percent share of the market, far outstripping all other soft drinks and even being nominated as



**Diet Coke:** *To be reborn.*

the Official Drink of South Africa in Parliament. Coke

officers now believe that their product's name is the source of its problems.

"We may have been a bit arrogant in assuming that people here would respond to an imported product without first studying their likes and dislikes," said Coke spokesman John Maelstrom. "Our studies show that the name Pepsi Light has a special appeal to South Africans, connoting sun and fun, fitness and well-being. Accordingly, we're rethinking our marketing strategy."

The conglomerate is expected to reintroduce its diet drink shortly under the new name "Caucasian Cola."

BY MOLLIE GRUBER

Theater/John van der Simon

## THE COMEDY OF COLORS

“...The show soared from the opening ‘We t’ink we don’t like you, spearchucker,’ the audience roaring its approval...”

**Jungle Buddies**, THE WHITE-AND-BLACK comedy revue featuring Pieter Bree and Mugumbi that has been leaving them in the aisles from Pretoria to Cape Town, has come to our own George Harrison Dinner Theater for a limited run. The comedy duo’s material wittily plays off differences in skin tone. The show soared from the opening moments when Bree, dressed in constable’s uniform, cried, “We t’ink we don’t like you, spearchucker” and proceeded to bop Mugumbi repeatedly on the head. Hard. The audience roared its approval, and the team was off and running.

The variations are endless. There is “The Bantu in the Dentist’s Office” sketch, in which the nearsighted D.D.S. almost takes Mugumbi’s head off with a pair of pliers. Mugumbi also portrays the skilled Zulu hunter who is shot by an excited Bree, who mistakes him for a gorilla. In the skit featuring Bree and Mugumbi as sewer workers, Mugumbi repeatedly falls into an open manhole that Bree is continually rearranging, much to the dusky’s chagrin. The “topper” to this particular gag comes when Bree, noticing that Mugumbi has been screaming more excessively than usual after his last fall, looks down into the hole. His eyes light up as he purses his lips and giggles, “Crocodiles.” There is something of the naughty little boy in Mr. Bree’s delivery, suggesting the kind of child who would pull a few mischievous pranks now and again but whose heart is really solid gold underneath. The sketch concerning Bree as the con artist and Mugumbi as his singing, screeching monkey was also delicious entertainment.

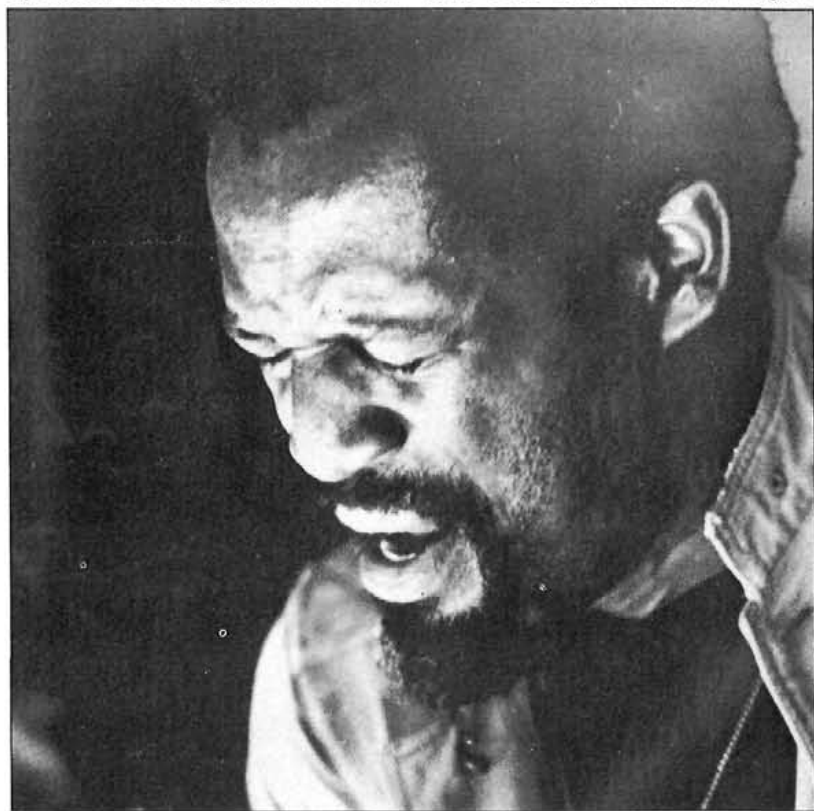
Although the humor is by and large slapstick, Mr. Bree plays it with effortless grace and turns in a fine, seamless performance. Mugumbi’s efforts are a bit more strained, and on more than one occasion he appeared out of breath and a bit disheveled. Toward the end a fainting Mugumbi turned a sketch dealing with police bureaucracy into a real “blackout.”

The Amazing Puff Adders and Cobra Circus added to the evening’s entertainment. The things those snakes can do with women volunteers is extraordinary.

The Wild Pheasant Show was also on the whole a pleasant divertissement, except for the rather gruesome moment when a high-stepping bird got a wee bit too close to a coiled puff adder from the previous act. It was not a sight for the squeamish, or for magazine critics who

that included the use of Mugumbi’s head as a soccer ball.

After the show I spent some pleasurable minutes chatting with Mr. Bree. His partner excused himself to apply a few cold compresses to the more tender areas of his body. “It’s all in a night’s



**Fun and maims:** Jungle Buddies’ Mugumbi reacts to another flesh wound.

had just digested a hearty meal.

The lovely Sally Brook, the blond nightingale of song, next entertained with a selection of favorites designed to charm the khakis off any stalwart son of South Africa. These included “The Man With the Golden Gun,” “Band of Gold,” “Silver Thread and Golden Needles,” and a particularly moving rendition of “Old Black Joe.”

Kerry Koetzee, ace forward of the Transvaal Booters soccer club, also appeared briefly, and even participated in the shenanigans, performing in a sketch

work,” commented Bree, flashing a winning smile. “It takes a lot of hard knocks to get to the top.” Finding himself too suddenly serious, he giggled infectiously and asked, “What’s black and white and red all over?” When I replied that I didn’t know, he smiled and said, “I don’t care, as long as it’s no relation of mine.”

*Jungle Buddies* is playing Monday through Saturday at the George Harrison Dinner Theater, on Jeppe Street. All major credit cards and nuggets accepted. The bomb threat usually occurs about 40 minutes into the show. ■

# Our American Friend: Dick de Koons

By Piers Peter Haammell



**D**ICK DE KOONS CAME TO THIS country of South Africa five years ago, with only his good name to trade on and a handful of connections with the Wall Street types he left behind in America. Today he drives a monstrous car, has a 650-acre ranch, and is a pillar of the community.

"I understand this country," de Koons likes to tell American visitors like this reporter. "There's a story I like to tell my friends. I'd like to tell it to you," he says, wheeling his auto toward his ranch, which is south of Johannesburg.

"There was this little Black kid visiting the zoo with his parents one day, and he came up to a guy selling those helium balloons. He stood there for a while, just

staring and staring, and then he said to the guy, 'Do they all float?'

"Well, the guy looked at him and said, 'Yes, they all float,' and then let go of a handful of balloons to prove it. 'They all float,' the balloon guy repeated. 'Yellow and red, white and green, even those black ones float.'

"'Why?' the little kid asked.

"'Because I don't take out my pistol and blow 'em away, the way I would if your average Black guy started to rise up,' he answered."

No matter how often he tells this joke, Dick de Koons still finds deep pleasure in it. He laughs heartily as he pulls his car down the road leading to his ranch house. On all sides of the road are large, colorful pieces of modern sculpture. "I bought

these to put in when I had the shanties torn down," he says.

"My favorite is that one over there. Now, it looks like thousands of whirling razor blades cutting savagely through the air. But in reality it represents peaceful coexistence. It reminds me of South Africa."

When we arrive at his home, I am surprised to see a little Black child break away from the cluster of Blacks working on de Koons's garden. "Bwana, bwana, can I swim lesson now?" the child asks.

"If you'll excuse me," de Koons says to this reporter. "This will just take a minute. I'm teaching this little guy to swim, just the way I'm teaching his elders to deal with the world of business."

I follow de Koons and the child to the



**Home on de range:** "You wouldn't have recognized this place before we had the tribesmen thrown off," says de Koons (inset).

back of the house, where there is an Olympic-size pool. Lovingly, de Koons picks the child up. "Ready?" he asks, and the child nods. De Koons then hurls the child into the water.

For a few moments, the child sinks. Then he fights his way to the surface, sputtering and gasping for air, his arms flailing. De Koons leans down. "Did you bring your money?" he yells. "Give me your money."

The boy goes below the surface again, but in a few moments his hand breaks through, weakly tossing a handful of coins to the poolside. De Koons picks them up and counts them. Then, smiling, he tosses a nearby rope to the boy, who grabs it and allows de Koons to pull him to safety.

As the boy gasps for air, barely supporting himself on all fours, de Koons picks him up again. "You were short three rand," he says, and tosses the boy back in.

"Let's go," he says to this reporter, and heads for the house. "Business is a difficult art to master, as is swimming. But I'm careful that my students in this country learn their lessons well."

**I**T IS A PERFECT SOUTH AFRICAN EVENING, and de Koons and his lovely wife, Kugel, are entertaining on their back patio. "I've been reading the Hitler diaries," Kugel says. "I know that some say they are fakes, but they make good reading nevertheless."

"Yes, he wrote some good things," Dick agrees. "I like him almost as much

as James Michener."

Finally, the evening begins to wind down. A discussion of the local Dental and Medical Clinic, which has just hired a Pakistani dentist, is fueled by good South African beer. Jan Smut de Voerstertrekker, a local farmer, is complaining to de Koons. "We fought this battle two years ago," he claims, "when we made the dentists boil their hands before going from a Coloured mouth to a White mouth. This is just going to make it worse."

"I know how to handle this," de Koons says. "We'll see how much that Pakistani has to pay for the gold to fill teeth with."

As he shows this reporter to his room, one gets the feeling that de Koons knows how to handle many things in this magical city of gold and springboks. ■

# BOSS BITS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do when you can't afford to go someplace else.

By Nancy Noord and Corky van der Weeat



## Prez Credentials

The young (and the young at heart) will have another reason to line up outside the White Flags Over Johannesburg theme park this week when the Abraham Lincoln Pavilion makes its debut. The exhibition features a fully automated mechanical figure of the United States' sixteenth president; six times a day, Mr. Lincoln reads a book, shakes his head from side to side, stands up to face the audience, and says, "Who did you say I freed? What? When did I do this—last night? I was drunk out of my head last night, I can't believe you released a statement! That's the dumbest thing I ever heard of!" THE LINCOLN PAVILION/White Flags Over Johannesburg/Daily 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.



## Objets D'Ark

Don't be put off by the cumbersome title; "The Way You Like to See 'Em," the new exhibit at the Museum of Advertising and Tripe, is a delightful experience. The curators have gathered successful consumer products from around the world in a collection proving that the image of a smiling, subservient native spurs people to open their hearts and pocketbooks. Among the products represented are Aunt Jemima's Pancake Mix and Uncle Ben's Rice, both from the U.S.; Wog-Tarts Breakfast Treats, from Great Britain; and Capitalists Want Your Daughter to Marry One of These spark plugs from the U.S.S.R. THE MUSEUM OF ADVERTISING AND TRIPLE/200 Della Femina Avenue/Weekdays noon to 6 p.m.



## Pigment Freed

Spend an hour too many on the Sun City beach last weekend? Fear not. Rays Away, the new reverse-tanning salon, has just the thing. Rays Away's customers have their choice of antipigment techniques, from 30 minutes in the Paleface Isolation Tank (water extra) to the more radical Peel 'n' Heal skin-shaving technique. If you buy an annual membership you're also entitled to 24-hour access to the Cheap Cigar Smoke Room, which has been scientifically proven to induce wanness even in Bantu warriors. RAYS AWAY/17 Alkali Avenue/55-98-46/Treatments from \$10

# JO'BURG

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## A Complete Entertainment Guide for the Week Beginning September 15

### Restaurants

#### KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

FP	Free parking for diners
CR	Car returned after meal
DR	Dress restrictions
W	Wheelchair-accessible
DW	Drinking water
BS	Bomb shelter
RB	Rugby brunch
C	Coloureds allowed
B	Blacks allowed
B/H	Blacks allowed to handle food
A	Afrikaner Express
C	Carte Blanche
D	Diners Club
J	Just money
G	Gold nuggets
S	Silver
E	One "E" ticket

All information in the listings is supplied to Jo'burg by the restaurants, and we cannot guarantee its accuracy. In case of bombing or other destructive acts, please notify police first. Jo'burg does not assume liability for physical damage incurred by diners during meal. *Bon appétit.*

**VORSTER'S**—21 Bree St. 90-61-43. A bustling, warmhearted place with food to fill and thrill. A drinking trough, daily rugby matches, and attractive waitresses with more than a large tip on their minds. Specialties include prime rib, New York sirloin, London broil, and Johannesburg white rhinoceros. FP, DR, RB (A,D)

**THE SILVER SHACK**—37 Brimbo Dr. 68-75-10. From the unique piano bar (fresh ivories are brought in every month and diners can see and hear the excruciating process) to the enchanting experience of dining in an actual defunct silver mine. The Silver Shack is a special place to eat. Featuring seafood and steaks that occasionally arrive with a thin layer of dust, but are well worth the brushing off. CR, DW (C,G,S)

**THE LAST STAND**—66 Armageddon Plaza. 58-71-50. Favorite hangout of the stars of the Johannesburg political arena and their friends in the Bureau of State Security and the Permanent Force. Is that the prime minister and our own police chief conferring, tight-lipped, in the corner? Attentive service, with the number of burly waiters exceeding the number of diners. Steaks and ribs a specialty, cooked to your order and teated at the table by your own state-approved taster. White wine only. Reservations and identification mandatory. CR, BS (C,D)

**TOP OF THE MARKSMAN**—61 Vander Vooven St. 60-44-37. Located far above the masses, 30 floors up in the Joubert Building. Croques, light nouvelle African cuisine (tuskless elephant, hornless antelope). Dancing in the Wild Dog Lounge. Private shooting gallery for members only. High turnover of personnel, but consistently excellent. DR, BS (A,C,D)

**BRANDY PIETS**—565 Phalarope Sq. 90-11-53. Informal, friendly dining spot. International menu, with everything, including dessert, roasted over an open pit in the center of the room. Favorite of Afrikaner farmers in from the hinterlands and those looking for a good feed and willing to put up with a bit of soot and ash. FP, DW, C (J)

**CANNIBAL JOE'S**—56½ Voovenvander Blvd. 78-51-13. Native cuisine done in an authentic manner by an experienced and helpful staff. Bark soup, thorn bushes simmered in wine, and a rack of assorted grasses make for an unusual and memorable dining experience. C, B (A,D,G)

**JUNGLE CRUISE**—Durban Dock #46. 83-43-68. A delightfully offbeat meal on a boat leaving from Durban and cruising up the coast. Diners feast on the snakes that regularly drop from high overhanging branches onto the craft. They are roasted to taste, and yes, there is a discount. DW (E)

**BIKO'S**—98 Rubberhosens Blvd. 90-77-77. A large and detailed menu; earnest and inquisitive waiters (here called guards) who like to find out more about the people they are serving. A flashing siren announces the arrival of the meal to your table. Specialties of the house include potatoes whipped and mashed, steak bound and gagged, calves' brains lightly beaten to an unusually springy and resolute pulp. FP, DW, C, B/H (A,C,D)

**DOC TARI'S**—37 Sambo Ave. 68-35-43. Feed with the animals at Doc's. Large jungle beasts roam freely from table to table. Harmless fun for the whole family. Except for a few overly publicized exceptions, the beasts get along famously with the diners. Vegetarian dishes only. W, C, B (J)

**MUGABE'S PLACE**—Founders St., back of the alley, knock three times. 46-73-21. Unpretentious dining in a dark, romantic atmosphere. Largely canned goods, some vegetables from the countryside. Low conversation, as if everyone were exchanging secrets. The exotic smell of gasoline pervades the atmosphere. No smoking. DW, BS, B (J,G,S)

### Places of Interest

**THE TRAINABLE THORN FOREST**—80-42-53. The largest collection of thorn plants and scrubby undergrowth this side of South Africa. Run the Gauntlet of Fear, have a thorn cone, learn how brambles get their name. A picnic area makes this the ideal family getaway spot.

**BANTU-LAND**—92-16-80. Johannesburg's largest amusement park, located in the middle of a Bantu containment area. Organized safaris, native hunting, all sorts of rides for the kids. Learn your fortune from a real witch doctor. Drinks at Le Spearhucker. Authentic shrunken heads for the youngsters. Sure, you're all grown up, but what can be more fun than acting like a kid again?

**FORSTER GAME PRESERVE**—83-41-71. Wild animals in a natural setting, including rarities from all over the world; American sheep and pigeons, a house cat from England, some guppies, and an Irish setter are just some of the exotic fauna.

**THE TUSK MUSEUM**—90-16-53. Tusks, tusks, and more tusks. Some with elephants attached, often *au naturel*. The better to spear you with, my dear.

**MINE YOUR OWN BUSINESS**—83-17-76. Exhibition of mining equipment from the 19th century to the present. Put your ears to the past, and keep your head to the future of this all-important industry. Keep your hands anywhere you like, but not too close to the marrow-shredding machinery.

**TURFFONTEIN RACECOURSE**—54 81 00. A day at the races brings relief from day-to-day anxiety and provides the opportunity for a possible run of goldbacks. This Friday at 1:30, see celebrity stars of the movie "The White Stallion."

**GEORGE HARRISON DINNER THEATER**—63-21-53. "Jungle Buddies," comedy-variety revue starring Pieter Bree and Mugumbi. Black-humored look at

situations today. See review this issue.

**EL OFF STREET PLAYHOUSE**—55-21-86. Through the month, "Black Like Him," a new play by Jan Kruger.

### Movies

**QUEEN VICTORIA QUAD CINEMAS**—89 Rivonia Rd. 43-11-91. #1—Thru Sept. 20: "In the Heat of the Day"; "Guess Who Thinks He's Coming to Dinner." #2—Thru Sept. 19: "Birth of a Nation." Sept. 20: "The Bride Wore Coloured." #3—Thru Sept. 17: "Birth of a Nation." Sept. 18: "Pride in Prejudice"; "The Cheese Wiz." Sept. 19: "Shatt Gets His." #4—Thru Sept. 20: "White Christmas" (78th week); "Go Tell It on the Mountain and Then Stay Up There."

**MOVIES FOR COLOURED'S**—356 Poorly Lit St. 98-24-45. Thru Sept. 20: "Big Tanks That Could Hurt You"; "Move Along."

### Other Events

**CITY MARATHON**—This Tuesday, through the downtown area. Competing again will be last year's Grand Prize Winner Ray Smythe (White division, 2 hrs., 20 min., 73/10 sec.), and also Alan Bokasson (Black division, 1 hr., 53 min., 42/10 sec.)

**CHILDREN'S CIRCUS**—Sun Valley Square. (90-71-80). Thru 11/15—The De Villiers Brothers bring the magic back with their annual circus. Featuring The Dance of the Chained Gnomes, The Peculiar Mr. Wintergarden. Pin the Tale on the Ducky, Bobbing for Kruggerands, and more....

**SWAPO BAKE SALE**—Somewhere in the forest. Cakes, pies, and delicious nigger-chip cookies make a delectable background for a large-scale police bash-up. Watch out for the Famous Amos Gas Grenades.

**EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS CAR WASH**—Ogden Junior High. (80-13-07) 9/18. The Ogden Oddmen hold their annual fund raiser for graveyard flowers to honor the man who dared tell the truth about deepest, darkest Africa. Special celebrity guest Ron Ely.

**IT'S ZOORIFIC**—Johannesburg City Zoo. (90-23-10). Thru 10/15. Orangutans compete in their own beauty and talent pageant. Who will be this year's "Sammy Davis Jr.?"

### Hangings

**HONGU SOMA**—Auxiliary Gallows. (71-23-26). 9/17. If you're going to take a jar of pork flavored beans from a high-security supermarket without paying, you'd better have a better excuse than "My family, they starve, maybe die without." Mr. Soma is going to learn that little lesson the hard way. Incidentally, the man can't weigh more than 85 pounds, so he ought to be a real "yo-yo."

**ZOALI BOPHAASU**—Municipal Gallows. (71-23-25). 9/18. Student exchange programs are not all they're cracked up to be, judging from Bophaasu's experience. As a one-semester student at some American place called Tufts last year, he had the bad judgment to attend a concert featuring terrorist crooner Gil Scott Heron. Bophaasu's been in prison since his return—sans degree, by the way—but this week he gets a crash course in the School of Tight Hemp. Should be a good one.





I Don't Drive in Your Toilet,  
Don't Take a Piss in My Car

**MY OTHER CAR  
IS JIMMY HOFFA**

*I'D RATHER BE SAILING  
with Jesus*



*Virginia Is for F♥ckheads*



**BOWLERS  
HAVE BIG BALLS**

*Ask Me  
About My Autistic Grandchildren*

# On the Trail of the Secret Snail

BY MIMI POND

**B**Y SOME STRANGE—AND PERHAPS SINISTER—COINCIDENCE, ALL THE BOYS were absent from school due to a) mumps, b) a death in the family, or c) Opening Day when the teacher gave the only class ever on a) converting fractions to decimals, b) the use of the pluperfect, and c) what girls are about. These subjects have remained lifelong mysteries to man.

Decimal points and the use of the past participle we cannot help you with. But Mimi Pond, famous waitress and former Valley Girl, is about to publish a book, *Secrets of the Powder Room* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), which tells us guys... well, let Mimi explain: "Taking pity on the vast majority of misguided male youth, I have compiled this guide, which will tell them everything they will ever need to know about the fair sex. Copulation, conjugation, coitus—these are just a few of the topics I cover; plus I impart some pretty dark secrets held sacred by women for thousands of years. I figured it this way—if it wasn't me, it'd just be some other loudmouth." She's Mimi Pond. I'm—L.D.P.

## Good Ways to Get a Woman's Attention A Quiz



*Answers*

IF YOU GUESSED "NO" TO AT LEAST TWO OF THESE QUESTIONS, YOU ARE PROBABLY ONE OF THE FEW SUAVE AND DEBONAIR MEN ON THE PLANET TODAY, POSSESSED OF SEDUCTIVE SKILLS SO FINELY HONED THAT WOMEN FALL AT YOUR FEET CONSTANTLY.

**CONGRATULATIONS!**



# CAN YOU

WOMEN TEND TO COMMUNICATE MORE INDIRECTLY THAN MEN DO. THIS ACCOUNTS FOR MANY CROSSED SIGNALS....

IN A BAR...

HEY THERE!  
HIYA, BEAUTIFUL!  
WOW, CAN I BUY YOU  
A DRINK? WHERE JA  
GET THEM EYES?



MY HUSBAND IS THE BOUNCER. HECK, I DON'T CARE IF HE'S THE PRESIDENT- YOU'VE GOT A BODY LIKE-



QUESTIONS

- 1 IS THE WOMAN GIVING THE MAN SIGNALS THAT SHE WOULD LIKE TO "GET TO KNOW" HIM BETTER?
- 2 DOES HER "BODY ENGLISH" SUGGEST THAT SHE IS INVITING HIM TO MOVE CLOSER?
- 3 DOES SHE SEEM TO BE OPEN TO NEW AND DIFFERENT EXPERIENCES?
- 4 IS THE MAN PUTTING HIMSELF IN A VULNERABLE POSITION?

IF YOU ANSWERED "NO" TO QUESTIONS 1, 2, AND 3, AND "YES" TO QUESTION 4, YOU HAVE SHARPLY HONED INSTINCTS. IF NOT, HAVE YOU SPENT ANY TIME IN HOSPITALS?



## A Woman and Her Lingerie



HERE HITE SAYS WOMEN RARELY ORGASM. SO MEN WANT TO KNOW, "WHY DO THEY KEEP GOING TO BED?" ONE COULD SAY THAT IT IS THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THEY WILL EVENTUALLY GET TO SLEEP, BUT THIS IS OVERSIMPLIFICATION. WOMEN HAVE AN INHERENT NEED FOR MEN TO ADMIRE THEIR UNDERWEAR.

THEY COULD SHOW IT OFF TO THEIR GIRLFRIENDS, BUT AS ANY WOMAN CAN TELL YOU, IT'S NOT THE SAME.



FOUNDATION GARMENTS ARE 90% OF FOREPLAY, WHICH IS SIMPLY ANOTHER VERSION OF "HIDE-AND-GO-SEEK."



REMEMBER, THE SOLE REASON THAT A WOMAN WEARS A GARTER BELT IS BECAUSE IT MAKES HER FEEL NASTY.



SHE PAID ONE-QUARTER OF LAST WEEK'S PAYCHECK FOR THOSE SKIMPY LITTLE ITEMS, AND ALL FOR YOU. ADMIRE THAT UNDERWEAR!



GET DOWN ON YOUR HANDS AND KNEES AND WORSHIP THAT UNDERWEAR! AND WHILE YOU'RE DOWN THERE...



# TAKE A Hint?

WOMEN ARE COMPLEX CREATURES CAPABLE OF STRANGE SUBTLETIES THAT OFTEN ESCAPE MEN....

## AT A PARTY...

GOSH, I SEE YOU'RE WEARING LEATHER PANTS TOO. I THINK LEATHER IS SO SENSUOUS...



I ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF TWO PEOPLE WEARING LEATHER PANTS STARTED RUBBING AGAINST EACH OTHER. I MEAN, WOULD THEY STICK TOGETHER? WOULD THERE BE STATIC CLING? DO YOU THINK IT WOULD SWEAT?



GEE. I DON'T KNOW. DO YOU KNOW WHERE THEY KEEP THE ICE?

## QUESTIONS

- 1 IS THIS WOMAN JUST MAKING "PLEASANT CHATTER"?
- 2 IS SHE JUST TRYING TO MAKE OTHER GUESTS FEEL "AT EASE"?
- 3 SHE PROBABLY IS JUST TRYING TO BE "POLITE," RIGHT?
- 4 IS THE MAN GAY, OR IS HE JUST STUPID?

IF YOU ANSWERED "NO" TO QUESTIONS 1, 2, AND 3 AND "YES" TO QUESTION 4, YOU HAVE A REFINED SENSE OF INTUITION. IF YOU DIDN'T, YOU PROBABLY NEED MORE THAN THIS BOOK HAS TO OFFER.

# ALL WOMEN HAVE ... PREGNANCY ANXIETY



# HOW YOU CAN TELL IF SHE'S In Love WITH YOU



WEARS A SLACK-JAWED EXPRESSION.



I ALWAYS SAID MANSON TOOK A BUM RAP!

LIKES ALL YOUR FRIENDS.



ARMED ROBBERY? \$10,000 BAIL? YOU POOR THING! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN TO THE STATION!

DOESN'T CARE A FIG ABOUT YOUR LITTLE FAULTS.



GOTO THE SOUTH BRONX TO BUY YOU DRUGS? WHY NOT? IT'S ONLY 2 A.M.!

IS EAGER TO DO FAVORS FOR YOU.



A SECRET MISSION? HONEY, YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOU WERE AN F.B.I. AGENT!

BELIEVES YOU WHEN YOU LIE.



SO THEY WOULDN'T LEAVE SNAIL TRAILS? OH, YOU KILL ME!

LAUGHS AT ALL YOUR JOSES.

## 7 POST BREAK-UP Tips!

THE ROAD TO ROMANCE WAS ROCKY, NOW IT'S OVER— TIME TO INDULGE YOURSELF!



1 GO WITHOUT SHAVING FOR SEVERAL WEEKS!



2 CHAIN-SMOKE!



3 START DRINKING THE MOMENT YOU WAKE UP!



4 CONSIDER MOVING INTO A SEEDY HOTEL.



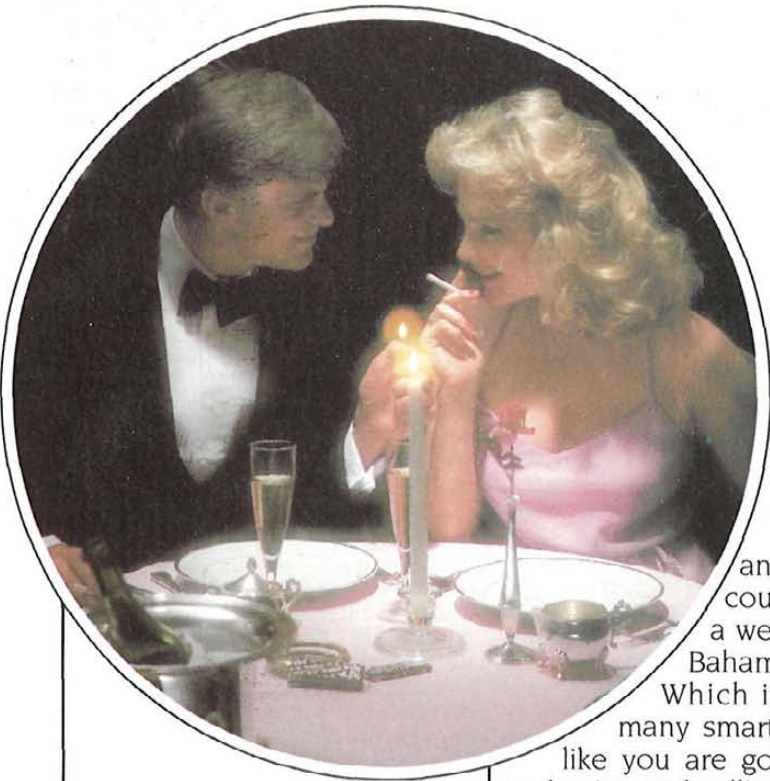
5 DON'T GO TO WORK. INSTEAD, STAY HOME AND LOOK AT DIRTY MAGAZINES ALL DAY!



6 MAKE SURE HER FRIENDS SEE YOU GOING INTO A PEEP SHOW!



7 ALMOST PICK UP A FLOOZY, DECIDE AGAINST IT. WOMEN— THEY'RE ALL ALIKE, RIGHT?



# Why smart smokers are going back to basics.

and a friend could spend a week in The Bahamas.

custom-rolling a try. It's the intelligent, natural, economical and fashionable alternative to the high cost of smoking.

Which is why so many smart smokers like you are going back

to basics and rolling their own cigarettes with e-z wider rolling machines, papers and filters, along with their favorite brand or blend of fresh tobacco. They know that a custom-rolled cigarette is the most naturally satisfying smoke. And with savings of up to \$300.00\* per year (compared to the cost of store-bought cigarettes) the economics speak for themselves. *Plus*, custom rolling allows you to vary the tightness, length and thickness of your cigarettes to suit your individual preference.



For today's smart smoker, back to basics means finding a more natural and economical cigarette.

One without all the chemicals and preservatives found in store-bought smokes.

A cigarette which is fresher tasting, more aromatic and slower burning.

One that satisfies completely without requiring an extra trip to the bank every week. Because if you're smoking 2 packs per day, you're probably paying over \$800.00 a year for commercial cigarettes.

That's much too much. In fact, for that kind of money you

In today's economy it really makes sense to give

*Try it out.* A complete roll-your-own kit including e-z wider rolling machine, cigarette papers and 50 filters, only \$3.00 (Not for sale to minors.) Send your check or money order to Rizla Products, U.S. Inc. P.O. Box 1046 West Caldwell, N.J. 07007. Allow 8 weeks for delivery. Offer limited to U.S. New Jersey residents please add sales tax.

\*Depending on the thickness of the cigarette rolled, you can get more or fewer cigarettes. The figures we offer are for comparison only.



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# BUCKLEY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

tem. Nonetheless I am impatient to speak to Iemanjá, so to distract myself I activate my stopwatch—

But something evidently happens—I mean a certain abridgment of consciousness on my part, for the next thing I know I am surrounded by the dancers, and Mother Maria Teresa is calmly speaking an incomprehensible prayer to me and blowing pipe smoke in my face. As best I have been able to reconstruct it, this is what occurred:

I staggered out into the middle of the floor, threw my hands up, and began babbling in a sort of pidgin Brazilian/English/Latin/Yoruba. I spun as though mad, spied a diagram on the floor, and pounced upon it. A cry arose from several of the onlookers—"Santo Bruto! Santo Bruto!"—which was explained to me as being a phenomenon in which one of the gods possesses someone other than a qualified and trained medium.

Evidently the god Oxala ("oh-sha-LA" is the accurate pronunciation) saw fit to inhabit my body (I found the choice apposite; he is the god of intel-

lectual activities and is associated with Jesus Christ). Under his influence I counseled several members of the audience who had come to the ceremony seeking help. I told one man to light a white candle before a bowl of plain rice consecrated to "me;" let it burn out, and in that way secure his nephew's release from the military authorities. I was, I am told, "very majestic and wise." I advised a woman that she would win the lottery if she sacrificed in "my" name a chicken.

Although not consciously present during that episode, afterward I feel tremendously refreshed. Soon the audience leaves the *terreiro*, and the dancers are released by their possessors. Mother Maria Teresa smiles at me as I collect myself, and I take her aside and offer her several hundred brand-new *cruzeiros* from my wallet—my customary contribution.

She takes them with a smile and says, "Whatever you wish to give is always appreciated, my son."

"That has never happened to me before, Mother," I say.

"A Santo Bruto is rare, but it is not unknown."

"Is there any means by which you can guarantee its happening next year...?"

She shakes her head. "You must trust the gods, my son. It is up to them, as always."

Fair enough—and a neat way of both disclaiming personal responsibility and ascribing impiety to a request not meant as such. I take out my notebook and scribble a memo on it. "I have several influential friends on the International Monetary Fund," I tell her. "I'm going to put in a good word for Brazil when I return to New York. I think they should be able to find some way to manage your country's enormous debt."

"You are very generous."

"By way of *quid pro quo*, Mother, I wonder if you would mind conferring with the relevant gods to arrange a Santo Bruto for me next year."

Extending her hand for me to kiss, she says, "I shall convey to them your request."

I thank the woman and am driven back to the shoe store by the boys. Rinaldo meets me as per our arranged itinerary, and I conclude my visit to Rio the next day. I have no desire to remain for Carnival (I think the Lord is best worshipped in peace and quiet, in Connecticut), but I do opt to remain long enough for a stimulating—and impressively thorough—tour of the airport's interrogation facilities. ■

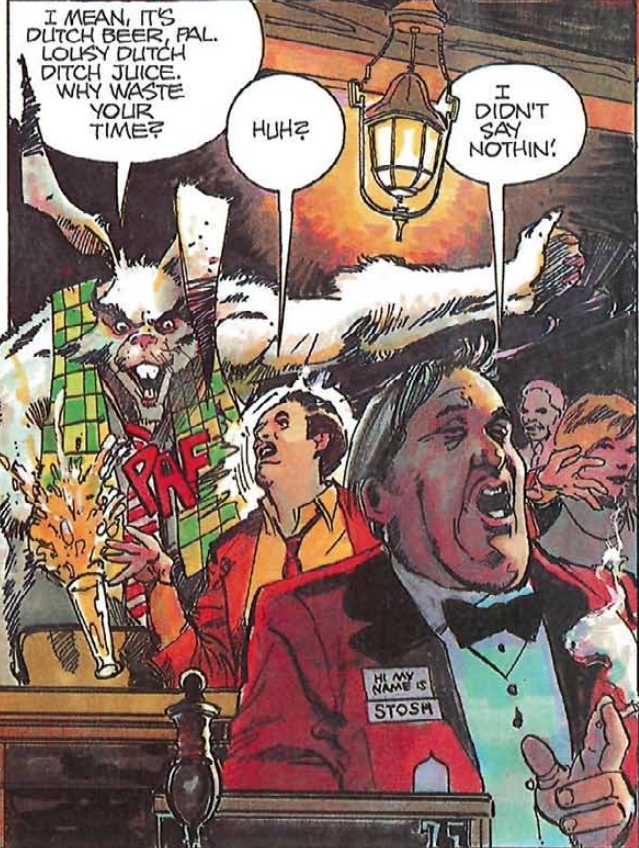




# HARVEY



HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DRINKING THAT FOR?



I MEAN, IT'S DUTCH BEER, PAL. LOUSY DUTCH DITCH JUICE. WHY WASTE YOUR TIME?

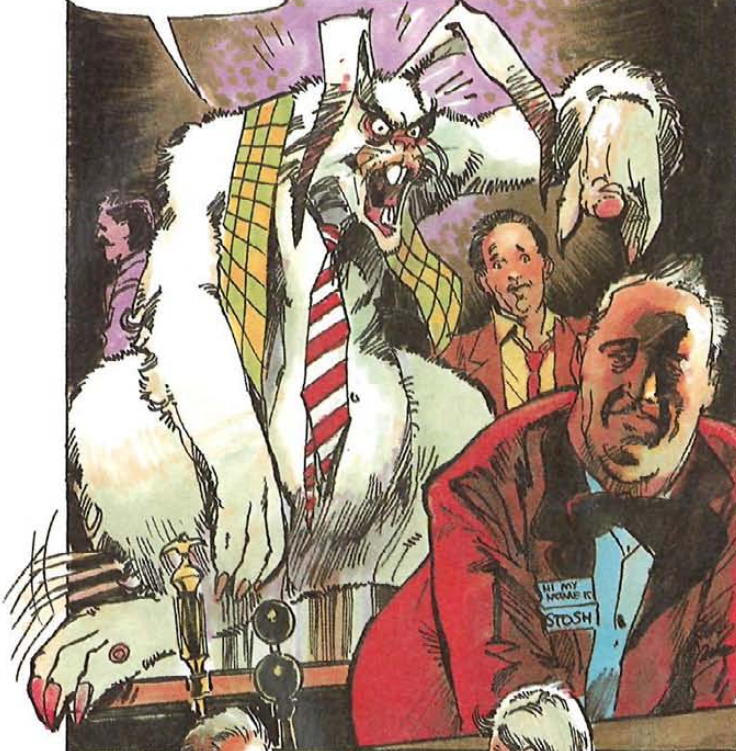
HUH?

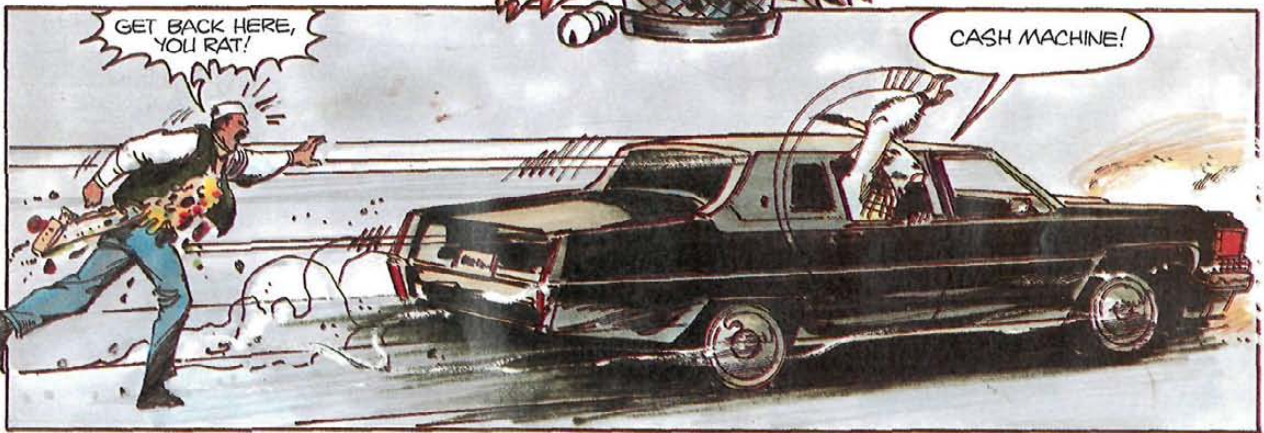
I DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN!

LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF-- I'M HARVEY THE GIANT RABBIT. NO ONE CAN SEE ME EXCEPT YOU, WHICH IS A PRETTY GOOD DEAL, SINCE YOU'RE GETTING THE EXCLUSIVE BENEFIT OF MY ADVICE ON THAT GASEOUS, ANEMIC PISS YOU JUST KNOCKED OVER. IT'S THE BEVERAGE OF INFERIOR PEOPLE, PAL--DEGENERATE CIVILIZATIONS--TULIP HAWKERS, CHEESE MONGERS, AND WINDMILL OPERATORS WITH SLIVERS IN THEIR FEET FROM THEIR PLYWOOD SHOES, SITTING ON SINKING CANAL BARGES DRINKING WHAT YOU'RE DRINKING --DUTCH BEER.



BUT DON'T GET ME WRONG, PAL, IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. IT'S THIS GOON RIGHT HERE, THE GUY WHO SERVED IT TO YOU. HE'S THE GUY WHOSE FAULT IT IS. HE'S TREATING YOU LIKE A GODDAMN COMMON TOLTEC INDIAN, AND I THINK YOU SHOULD CALL HIM A SHITHOOK AND STIFF HIM ON THE TIP.







IT'S SAFER IN HERE--WE CAN TALK MORE FREELY.

ABOUT WHAT?

ABOUT THE NIGHTCLUB WE'RE GOING TO. IT'S GOT ROOMS IN THE BACK WHERE THE MUSICIANS AND ALL OF THEIR PATHETIC, POKED, BOTTOM-FEEDING FRIENDS SIT AROUND ON INSTRUMENT CASES AND DO DRUGS. SCUM ALWAYS HAVE THE BEST DRUGS, REMEMBER THAT. DESPERATE, DEATH-HEADED SKELS WHO'VE DECIDED THAT MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE THEY'D RATHER FAWN AFTER JUNKIE MUSICIANS IN STINKING CELLS IN THE BACK OF NIGHTCLUBS WITH STUPID NICKNAMES AND DRAWINGS OF PENKES GOUGED ALL OVER THE WALLS AND EXPOSED PIPES EVERYWHERE AND RIPPED-OUT SNARLS OF CHICKEN WIRE AND PLASTERBOARD HANGING FROM THE CEILING.



COME ON, WE'RE HERE. LET'S GET OUT.

WHOOOAA

SMASH!



HERE THEY ARE, PAL--TOTAL MUSIC SCUM. ASK THEM FOR DRUGS.

HEY, YOU THE MANAGER, MAN?

NO... I...

HEY, IF YOU'RE THE MANAGER, MAN, GREGG, LIKE, WANTS A LOCK ON THE DOOR THERE--SEE, MAN? THERE AIN'T NO LOCK, MAN, SO, LIKE, GET IT TAKEN CARE OF BEFORE GREGG AND THE BAND, LIKE, FINISH THEIR FIRST SET, MAN, OKAY? IT'S JUST, LIKE, A SIMPLE COURTESY, MAN, OKAY?



WHAT DO I SAY?

TELL HIM EVERYTHING I TELL YOU.

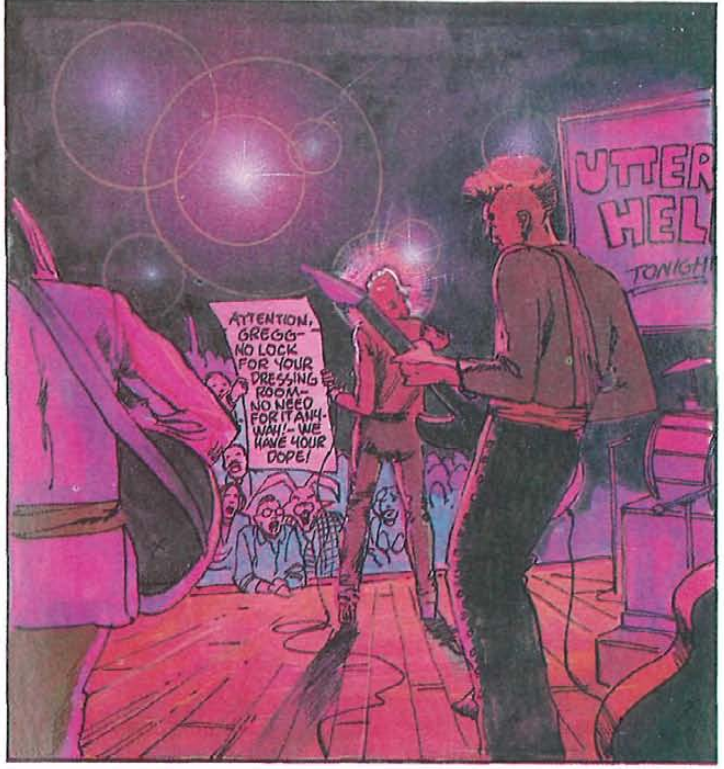


EVEN THOUGH I IMAGINE YOU'RE GOING TO HONK OUT SOME VERBAL WRIT OF MANDAMUS ESTABLISHING YOURSELF AS A BOTTOM-FEEDING DICK-HEAD, SUB-POTENTIARY, AND BUFFER-SKEL FOR GREGG AND HIS BANDFUL OF JUNKIES, IN MY CAPACITY OF NIGHTCLUB MANAGER TREATING THE ISSUE OF JUNKIE-MUSICIAN LOCK COURTESY, I HAVE TO INSIST ON TALKING TO GREGG PERSONALLY....

FORGET IT, MAN, GREGG'S ONSTAGE, AND, LIKE, THE LOCK HAS TO BE ON THE DOOR FOR THE BREAK, AND IF IT ISN'T, THEN GREGG SPLITS, MAN. THAT'S THE WAY IT IS.



HEY, YOU GOT A MAGIC MARKER OR SOMETHING?



NOW THIS IS A REAL FIDUCIARY'S BUZZ, HEH, PAL? NONE OF THAT YEASTY DUTCH BEER FOR YOU, RIGHT?

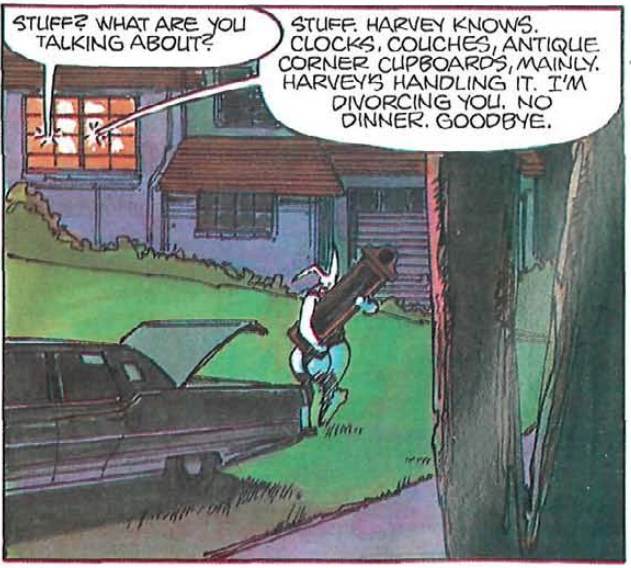
RIGHT.

RIGHT. NOW, TELL THE DRIVER TO TAKE US TO YOUR HOUSE. WE NEED SOME STUFF.



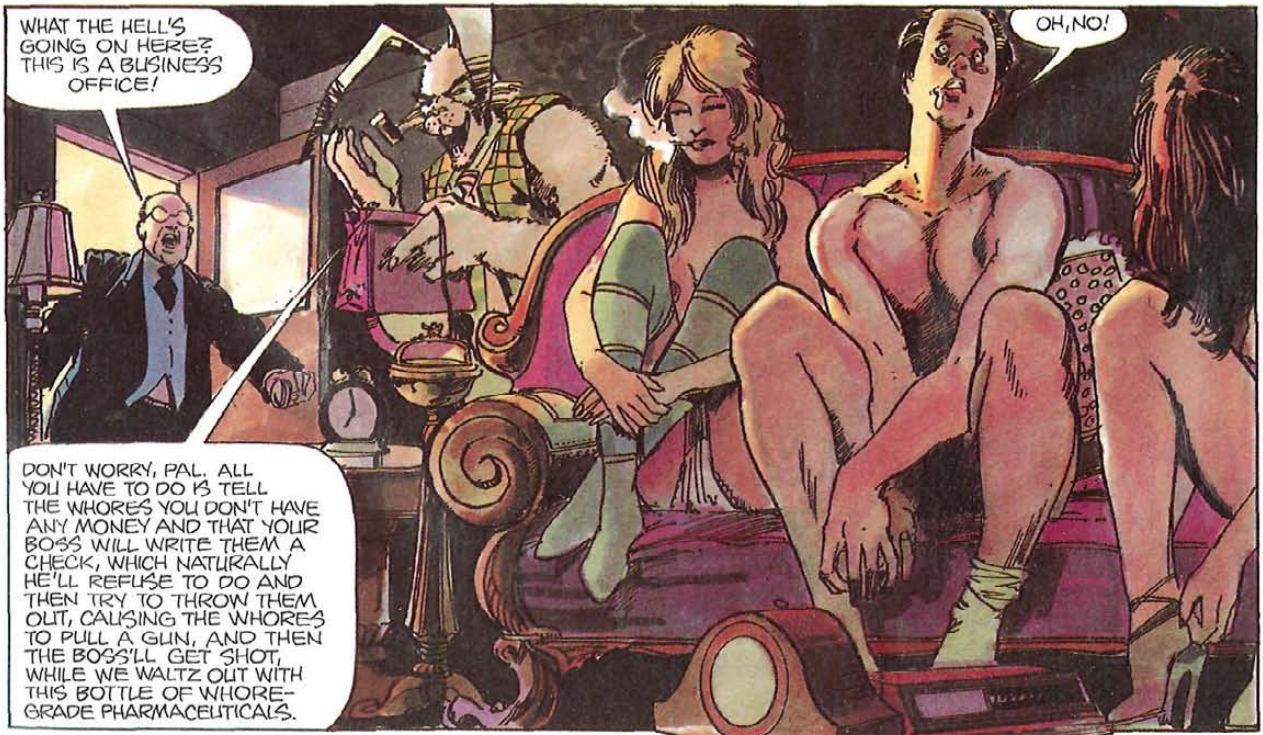
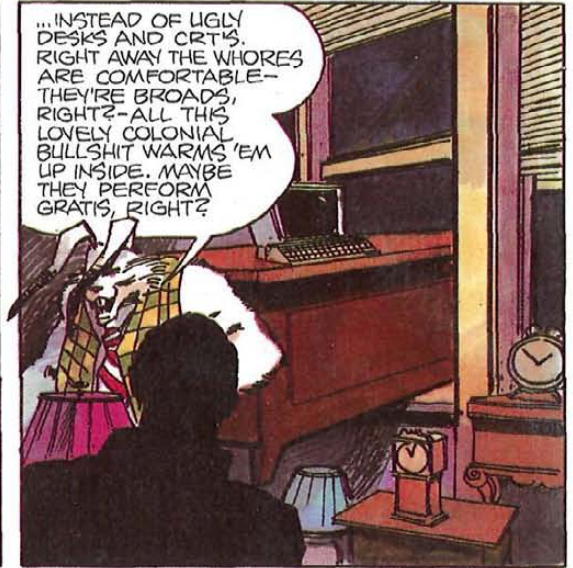
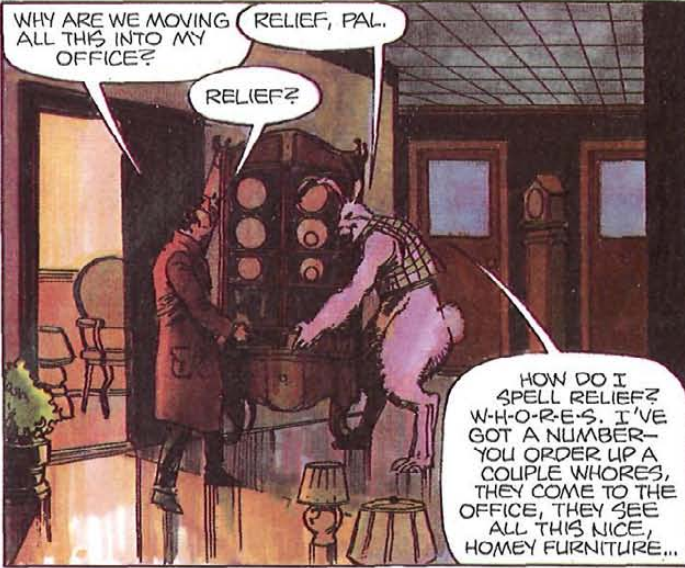
CARL, YOU'RE LATE. DID YOU FORGET ABOUT THE DINNER PARTY?

NO DINNER, ONLY STUFF.



STUFF? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

STUFF. HARVEY KNOWS. CLOCKS, COUCHES, ANTIQUE CORNER CLIPBOARDS, MAINLY. HARVEY'S HANDLING IT. I'M DIVORCING YOU. NO DINNER. GOODBYE.





I'M HUNGRY. YOU HUNGRY? TAKE THESE PILLS AND LET'S EAT.

**BLAM**

OKAY, HERE'S THE SITUATION AS I SEE IT. THERE'S ALL DIFFERENT KINDS OF FOOD IN THIS TOWN, BUT MY PERSONAL CHOICE IS HOSPITAL FOOD. WE COULD CHECK IN LIKE REGULAR PATIENTS, BUT IT MIGHT BE HOURS BEFORE MEALTIME. OR WE COULD GET INTO THIS AMBULANCE...



...AND DRIVE DIRECTLY TO THE EMERGENCY ROOM. THAT WAY YOU CAN SAY WE GOT EMERGENCY APPETITES AND GET FOOD RIGHT AWAY.



I THINK I'M FIRED.

SO YOU'RE NO LONGER WORKING FOR THE TEACHERS' UNION—THE AMERICAN EDUCATION SYSTEM SUCKS THE LONG WET ONE ANYWAY.



DO YOU THINK GREGG'S STILL PISSED OFF, MAN?

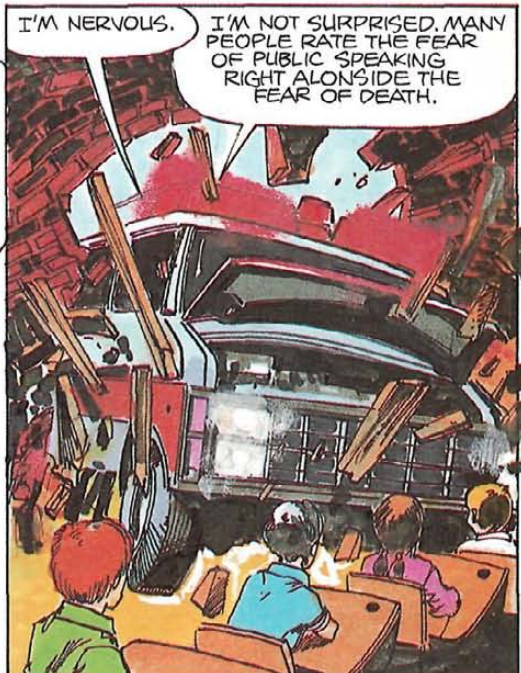
I DON'T KNOW, MAN. MAYBE WE SHOULD TRY TO BUY HIM SOME MORE DOPE AS, LIKE, AN APOLOGY.



I MEAN, WHAT'S A KID KNOW WHEN HE GETS OUT OF SCHOOL?

ARITHMETIC?

MAKE ME LAUGH! NOT ONLY DOES HE NOT KNOW ARITHMETIC, OR LITERATURE, OR HISTORY- HE DOESN'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT THE REAL WORLD. PULL OVER AT THE NEXT SCHOOL YOU SEE-WE'LL STRAIGHTEN A FEW OF THOSE LITTLE BONE-HEADS OUT.



I'M NERVOUS.

I'M NOT SURPRISED. MANY PEOPLE RATE THE FEAR OF PUBLIC SPEAKING RIGHT ALONGSIDE THE FEAR OF DEATH.



TELL 'EM, CARL.

YOU BONEHEADS DON'T KNOW ANYTHING!

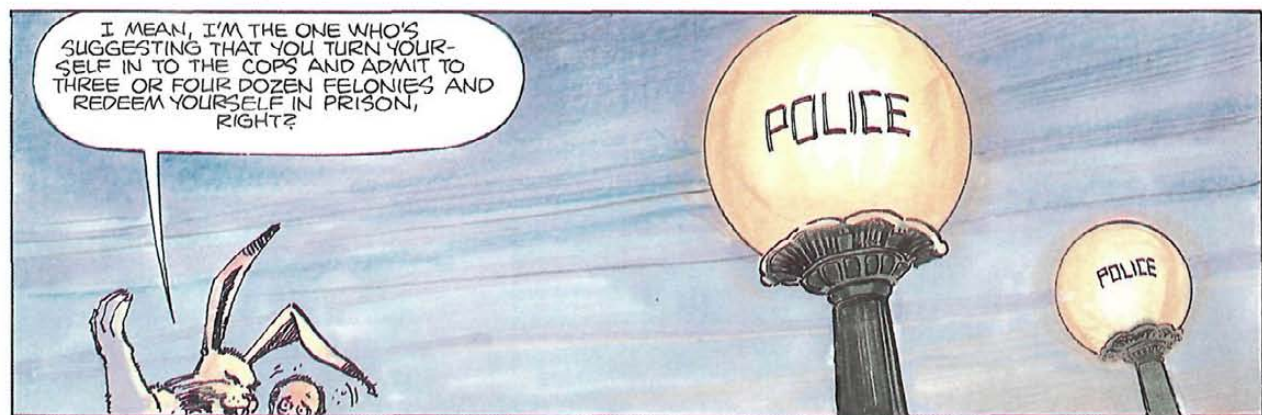
AMBULANCE

EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WE THINK YOU'RE A CRANK.

YEAH-A HALLUCINATING EXECUTIVE CRANK- THE WORST KIND!

GET OUT.

OKAY, PAL. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING- I'M SOME KIND OF APPARTIONAL POOKA WHO POLICES ON RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE AND GETS THEM TO DO DRUGS AND WHORES AND RUINS THEIR TRENCH COATS AND HAS THEM DRIVE AROUND IN STOLEN AMBULANCES UNTIL THEIR LIVES ARE WRECKED AND THEN ABANDONS THEM, BUT THAT'S PRETTY NARROW THINKING.



I MEAN, I'M THE ONE WHO'S SUGGESTING THAT YOU TURN YOURSELF IN TO THE COPS AND ADMIT TO THREE OR FOUR DOZEN FELONIES AND REDEEM YOURSELF IN PRISON, RIGHT?

POLICE

POLICE



AND I'M THE ONE WHO'S RIGHT HERE WITH YOU EVERY STEP OF THE WAY AND SUGGESTING THAT YOU TELL THIS FOUL-SMELLING, FAT KILLING MACHINE TO GET OFF YOUR BUNK, RIGHT?



RIGHT. NOW STAY PUT WHILE I GET SOME BAIL.

GET OFF MY BUNK, YOU FAT, SMELLY KILLING MACHINE!



HEY! HEY!  
RICHARD BURTON!



WHAT HAVE I BEEN UP TO? NOT A DAMN THING, PAL. HOW'S THAT EX-WIFE OF YOURS? WOMEN GET TO BE THAT FAT, THEY'RE EITHER ON THE BOTTLE OR ON SOME CRAZY CHARITY RAMPAGE. DON'T MATTER WHICH, YOU END UP PAYING THROUGH THE NOSE, RIGHT? HOW ABOUT A POP, RICHARD—WHADDYA SAY?



A COUPLE DRINKS, DRUGS, WHORES—YEAH, RICHARD, THIS IS GONNA BE GREAT.



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MICHELOB  
*Light*



# FOTO FUNNIES

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A BROAD DON'T MEAN YOU GET SPECIAL TREATMENT. YOU'VE GOT TO CARRY YOUR OWN WEIGHT AROUND HERE—JUST LIKE ONE OF THE GUYS!

YES, SIR!



GOD \*%##!!



MOTHER ##%&\*!!



NOTHING LIKE A COLD BREWSKI TO WASH DOWN THE CHOW.



HMMM...

CLUG CLUG CLUG



YOU'RE DOING FINE, DOLL... JUST LIKE ONE OF THE GUYS!

I WONDER HOW FAST I CAN TEACH HER TO WORK A JACKHAMMER?



You have the *Return of the Jedi* drinking glasses!  
 You have the *Superman* jockstrap!  
 You have the *Tootsie* bra!  
 Now you can have the  
**National Lampoon's  
 Vacation T-shirt!**

**N**O T-SHIRT COLLECTION WOULD BE complete without this one, adorned, as it is, with the movie logo and a picture of the "Walley World" moose—two precious souvenirs of the summer's biggest comedy hit, *National Lampoon's Vacation*.

Comes in Byron "Whizzer" White, with art and letters in bright moose colors. Small, medium, and large sizes.

If you liked the movie, you'll very possibly like the shirt. Remember, no other shirt can say "National Lampoon's Vacation" and "I'm On My Way to Walley World."



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 add 8¼ percent sales tax.

**LETTERS**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

Sirs:  
 Grown-ups think it's cute when I say precocious things like "Give me a break" or "Grow up." Steven thinks it's adorable when I call him a "lousy lay."  
 Drew Barrymore  
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

Sirs:  
 Why you telling me that? You mean you want to get it on with your momma? Shee-it, that's the sickest thing I ever heard of. I'm getting out of this business. Don't come 'round here no more.  
 Dr. Hambone Freud  
*Watts, Calif.*

Sirs:  
 As 1984 and the Olympics approach, I wish to report a flagrant violation by the East Germans and Russians. They have been giving illegal help to their Special Olympians. First, I think they've cured cerebral palsy, so that when the athletes are checked before the races they look sick enough, but then their scheming scientists operate and cure them by race time. And if that isn't bad enough, they have these schools that turn their retarded into normal-thinking people. Our boys don't stand a bloody chance. But fortunately, I have smuggled out from behind the Iron Curtain several bottles of "smart pills" that I purchased posing as an instructor at a recent Special Spartakiade in Berlin. Personally I'm against using them, a retarded athlete should be just that, but hell, fire with fire.

Hamilton Coffen  
*Palo Alto, Calif.*

Sirs:  
 The Bible is just too goddamn long to read all the way through, and I'm trying to develop a Messiah complex, so can you tell me how it ends?  
 Jesus H. Christ, Jr.  
*Bethlehem, Pa.*

Sirs:  
 Certain false claims from mail-order companies have recently come to our attention. Among them are:  
 1) Their tiny presidential figurines have actually been elected to our nation's highest office.  
 2) Their cheese balls make excellent holiday gifts. Beware of companies that make these all-too-attractive claims.  
 U.S. Postal Service  
*Washington, D.C.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 80)

CERTIFIED  
**TRUE  
FACTS**

**W**HILE THE AUDIENCE waited for the curtain to rise on the last act of the Passion play being performed by a traveling troupe at Selma (Alabama) High School, a scuffle broke out behind the closed curtain. After refusing to mount a cross erected for him because he felt it wouldn't hold his weight, Jesus was apparently knocked to the floor by a stagehand.

"I knew something was wrong," high school principal Roy Wilson said later. "One of the kids told me something like 'David and Jesus had a fight.' It was some mix-up."

Jesus suffered a minor head injury in the incident and retired to his dressing room, but the play went on, with Judas taking his place on the cross. *AP* (contributed by Ed McIntyre)

TESTIFYING AT A CUSTODY HEARING IN Lagos, Nigeria, a woman described the dissolution of her marriage, attributing it to the condition of her genitals.

"It looks funny," she told the Shomolu customary court, going on to say that her former husband had often complained that her "private part was too wide, watery, and not enjoyable."

It was so wide and watery, according to the woman, that her husband usually stopped during sex to dry her off with an electric fan. *Lagos Weekend* (contributed by S.W.D. Banks)

WHEN TREVOR PARKER PLUNGED OVER A 150-foot seaside cliff in Cornwall, England, he was thrown clear of his car, which exploded in flames as it hit a rocky outcrop. Parker landed in the ocean. However, because of Britain's compulsory seat-belt law, Parker was fined eighty dollars for not wearing his seat belt, which would have killed him. *UPI* (contributed by Jim Downey)

WOULD-BE BURGLAR STEVEN LITTLE, thirty-two, had drunk thirty-five dollars' worth of beer before his attempt to break into a boot store in Longmont, Colorado, so it wasn't until he began

trying to pry open the front door with a crowbar that he realized the shop was still open and people were staring at him from inside. Little made off empty-handed, but was later found by police asleep in his van. *Rocky Mountain News* (contributed by Cindy Jones)

BRITAIN'S NATIONAL MARRIAGE GUIDANCE Council is deleting certain diagrams of sexual positions from its sex-advice books. Some people are made to feel inadequate by the diagrams, explained a council spokesman. "They can't perform in some illustrated positions because they are too fat." *Reuters* (contributed by Henry J.E. Nowak)

SCIENTISTS AT KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY claim they have crossed the tomato with the potato to produce a hybrid plant that produces tubers underground as well as a small, yellow, seedless fruit that smells like a tomato. However, says plant physiologist James Shepard, researchers suspect the new fruit may be poisonous. *UPI* (contributed by Laura M. Ellis)

ACCORDING TO *ADVERTISING AGE*, MANY Japanese manufacturers feel that English-sounding names add prestige to products marketed inside their country. "If it has a nice foreign sound to it, they use it without looking it up in the dictionary," said a Japanese advertising executive. This has resulted in such products as a brand of jeans called Trim Pecker, lawn fertilizer called Green Piles, Cow Brand shampoo, Shot Vision television sets, Carap

candy, Pocket Wetty premoistened towelettes, and a fingernail cleaner called Fingernail Remover. Two top beverages are named Calpis and Pocari Sweat, while a non-dairy coffee lightener is called Creap.

Slogans, too, are sometimes printed in English, such as this on a deodorant container: "Sweet Medica—it frees you completely from the smell of your underarm sweat." Or this on a bottle of nose drops: "Nazal—for stuffed nose and snot." (contributed by Neil Callari)

A JAMAICAN LIVING IN PHILADELPHIA, twenty-eight-year-old Isaac Reid, claimed that he shot and killed his wife because she was practicing witchcraft on him. He became convinced of her spell, he told a Common Pleas Court, when he was suddenly inspired to watch "boring" television shows like "Nova" and "Masterpiece Theatre." *Philadelphia Inquirer* (contributed by Rich Silverman)

ACCORDING TO STATE PRISON OFFICIALS, two convicts at the Georgia Industrial Institute at Alto turned out eighty thousand dollars in counterfeit twenty-dollar-bills in the prison print shop. *Miami Herald* (contributed by Joey Green)

STEVEN M. ALLEN, TWENTY-TWO, LIMPED into a Columbus, Ohio, dairy store, pulled a revolver, and announced a stickup. On his way out with the money, Allen paused to shove the pistol into his belt, but the weapon fired, wounding him in the groin. After his

## Free Parka-ing Peter Cohen, Boulder, Colo.



**Missing Letters** Readers' Page



Wayne Cartwright, Smyrna, Tenn.



Greg Clemens, Las Vegas, Nev.



Bill Crupe, Fraser, Colo.



Robert Buentello, Detroit, Mich.



Roland Leiser, Silver Spring, Md.



James M. Ford, Green Bay, Wis.



J. Glenn, Ronkonkoma, N.Y.



A. B. Konstant, Little Rock, Ark.

arrest, police discovered that Allen was also suffering from a wound in his left foot, where he had accidentally shot himself during another holdup the previous evening. *Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch* (contributed by Robert Lubbers)

**BUDDHIST PRIEST NG PUI LAM, EIGHTY-one,** filed a one-million-dollar libel suit in a San Francisco court against Taoist master You Che Joy, who, according to court documents, had written, "In the previous life of Ng Pui Lam, he was old and diabolical. It is a pity that he returned as a human being." Ng also claimed he had lost followers after the Taoist accused him of drinking, womanizing, and associating with "brazen-faced, wolf-hearted persons." *UPI* (contributed by B. Schwartz)

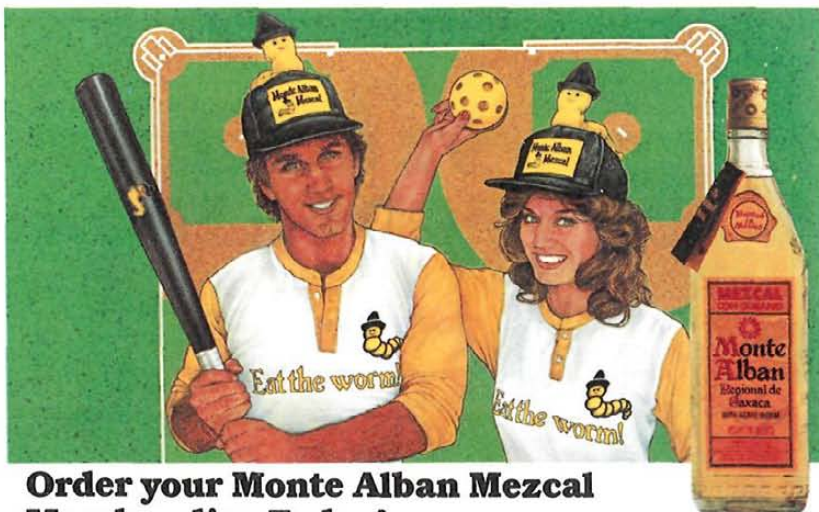
**POLICE IN NAIROBI, KENYA, ARRESTED** a man who broke into a glass display cage in front of the tourist ministry there and attacked the stuffed lion inside. The man told arresting officers that after a lion killed his brother, he had vowed to kill a lion with his bare hands. *UPI* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

**ACCORDING TO THE PASCO COUNTY** sheriff's office, an unidentified Holiday, Florida, woman suffered a bite on her lip when she tried to administer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to an unconscious bat. *St. Petersburg Times* (contributed by William C.M. Bissell, Jr.)

**THE REVEREND EVERETT SILEVEN,** pastor of the Faith Baptist Church in Louisville, Nebraska, spent four months in jail for operating an illegal church school. On his release, the pastor publicly prayed to God to intervene and prevent further interference from those who had put him behind bars. This could be accomplished, he suggested, by "either converting them or restraining them or removing them or killing them." *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by P.C. Barbour)

**ACCORDING TO COURT RECORDS** in Phoenix, Arizona, Thomas Jacobs, head of the Child Welfare section of the state attorney general's office, has had his pay garnished three times in one year to pay support for his own children. *USA Today* (contributed by Dolores Rider)

*Contributions:* We will pay ten dollars for every item used, twenty dollars for photos. Send to: True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. In case of duplication, earliest postmark is selected.



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### Monte Alban Worm Hat, only \$6.95! (above)

One-size-fits-all adjustable head size. Black with yellow. The mighty Monte Alban Worm is perched on top to show you're a winner.

### Monte Alban Bat & Ball, only \$3.95! (above)

Lightweight but ultra-durable bat and ball set of tough polystyrene. Bat is black with heavy-duty white tape on handle for better gripping. Ball is Monte Alban yellow for good visibility.

### Monte Alban Cooler, only \$15.95!

19 1/4" x 12 3/4" x 14" sturdy polystyrene cooler. Fire engine red with white top. Heat up your get-togethers with this cool deal.



### Eat the Worm!

©1983. Monte Alban Mezcal. 80 Proof. Imported exclusively by Stuart Rhodes Ltd., New York, NY.

### Score with these values!

- Please send \_\_\_\_\_ coolers at \$15.95 each.
- Please send \_\_\_\_\_ jerseys at \$7.95 each.
- Jersey Size:  Small  Medium  Large  Extra Large
- Please send \_\_\_\_\_ hats at \$6.95 each.
- (One size fits all)
- Please send \_\_\_\_\_ bat and ball sets at \$3.95 each.

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

Address \_\_\_\_\_

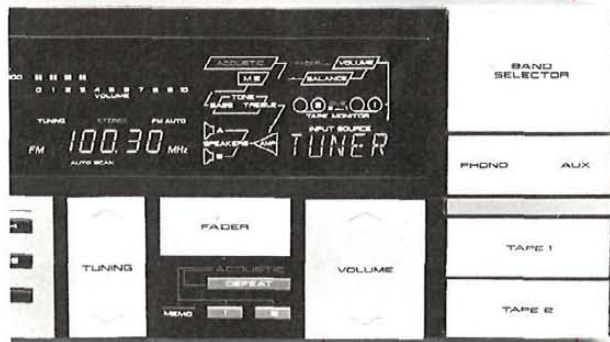
City \_\_\_\_\_

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

To: **Monte Alban Mezcal Baseball Offer**  
P.O. Box 2416, Dept. NL 3  
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# AKAI CHANGES THE FACE OF AUDIO.



And the new AKAI AA-R42 receiver boldly lights the way.

With a fluorescent display screen that instantly monitors all functions.

With amazingly accurate, drift-free digital quartz synthesized tuning. Plus a hefty 60 watts per channel (RMS)\* and 20

station presets. And all without a single knob to clutter-up its pretty face.

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For more enlightening details write:

AKAI, P.O. Box 6010, Compton, CA 90224.

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Hi-Fi & Video. // //

\*at 8 ohms from 20,000 Hz with no more than 0.08% THD

**IF YOU'VE GOT A RADIO,  
YOU'VE GOT A FRONT ROW SEAT.**



Photography by Herbert Worthington.

Check your area's weekend radio listing for participating stations. Air Supply Live In Concert is produced exclusively for RKO by Patrick Griffith Productions and sponsored in part by Jordache.<sup>®</sup>





# BREATH FRESH SOE

A SOBERING EFFECT MOUTHWASH

## NEW DISCOVERY!

Has a sobering effect on you in just minutes.

This result-proven, newly discovered mouthwash is now available to the public. Use like a mouthwash before drinking as a preventative, or after to save you embarrassment, time and money. Proven to help you beat any breath analyzer.

Put yourself in control.

Money back guarantee.

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So. Pasadena, CA 91030

## FREE PHOTO BOOK!



To introduce you to Adam & Eve's exclusive line of sexual bestsellers, we're making an unprecedented introductory offer: A FREE 176-page book bursting with dozens of explicit, close-up photos of the most arousing sexual positions you've ever seen! Send just \$2 for postage and handling, and we'll rush your free photo book.

## THE COMPLETE MANUAL OF SEXUAL POSITIONS

Brand new book of sexual positions with over 200 photos — many in blazing color — features foreplay, P.C. muscle, throesomes, and a multitude of positions for couples including anal and oral positions.

EXTRA! At the latest detailed information on the Grabenberg Spot. When proper-



ly stimulated, this "G-spot" can lead to intense, unique orgasms of a power never before thought possible.

Explicit 7" x 10" paperback is the most complete picture book of sexual positions ever offered. Nationally advertised at \$14.95, now available for just \$9.95 with money-back guarantee.

## PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

Europe's best selling sex manual. A step-by-step specific course, through clear concise full-color photographs of how to engage in the many forms of physical love and sexual intercourse. 223 pages. Just \$7.95 with money-back guarantee.



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Adam & Eve P.O. Box 900, Dept. NL-46 Carrboro, NC 27510

- Please send in plain package under money-back guarantee:
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  - #26G Complete Manual of Sexual Positions \$ 9.95
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  - #22H All 3 Books Plus FREE GIFT \$16.95
  - #C9 Condom Samples \$ 2.00
  - #11N All 4 Products Plus FREE GIFT \$18.25

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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Over 900,000 Satisfied Customers

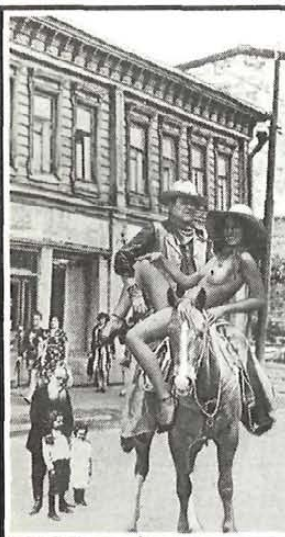
## QUARTERS... GRAB YOUR FRIENDS. GET SOME BEER THE OFFICIAL QUARTERS GAME-GLASS IS HERE!!!



Featuring: 13 oz. capacity, heat treated dish washer safe, pre-measured skill lines (for accurate chugging), complete rules and history, plus a certificate of authenticity.

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(meet some Americans)  
21 1/2" x 36" POSTER

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## JACK DANIEL OLD-FASHIONED BASEBALL SHIRT

Here's a good-looking 50% cotton/50% polyester shirt that is certain to be the center of attention no matter what kind of team you are on. Traditional black and white in color, it has 3/4 length sleeves and carries the Jack Daniel name on both sides. Please state size (S,M,L or XL) when ordering. My price of \$15.00 includes postage and handling.

Send check, money order or use American Express, Diners Club, Visa or MasterCard, including all numbers and signature. (Add 6 3/4% sales tax for TN delivery.) For a free catalog, write to Eddie Swing at the above address. Telephone: 615-759-7184

## 101 SEXUAL POSITIONS



That's right! Over 100 illustrated sexual positions are included in this all-new photo book of sexual love. In 101 Sexual Positions, you will learn techniques handed down through the ages and lavishly illustrated in dozens of never-before-published photos. 160 pages. Introductory price — only \$2.98!

## KAMA SUTRA

The exclusive new Illustrated Kama Sutra is a picture book of sexual positions you will never forget! Dozens of positions for sexual intercourse, oral sex, sex with erotic sex aids and more! Each position shown with explicit, full-page photos. Incredibly introductory price, just \$3.95 (money-back guaranteed).



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## LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74)

Sirs:

What is the difference between a water buffalo and the trajectory of the bullet that killed John F. Kennedy in Dealy Plaza? Give up? Well, a water buffalo is a large, oxlike draft beast found in Southeast Asia, and a bullet trajectory is merely the path a bullet takes traveling through the air. Bear it in mind.

Edwin Newman  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

While certainly we continue to point out the dangers of smoking in bed, we

feel there is much less danger in that than in having a campfire in bed. While only a minuscule .009 percent of all the people who smoke in bed have died, a resounding 16 percent died while having a campfire in bed. A noteworthy 4 percent have succumbed while having a barbecue in bed, and all 100 percent of people who set off a phosphorus bomb in bed have wound up dead.

The Kleinsleep Commission  
*Limiting your fun in bed*

Sirs:

Did you ever wonder what happened to me? Did you ever stop and say to yourself, "Hey, whatever became of what's his name?" Well, it's a long story. I got busted for possession in '68 and

they gave me a choice of the state pen or the Army. So I did a two-year stint in Nam, where I made a name for myself by burning an entire village single-handed and leaving no survivors. Things were tough when I got back home, but I survived by dealing junk to school kids. You might remember reading my name in the papers shortly after that in connection with that bus-driver murder, but they couldn't get a conviction. I lived in the city for a while and collected welfare. Recently I've been shackled up with a girl half my age whose parents are loaded. I guess it's been a good life, all in all.

Anybody You Ever Admired When  
You Were a Kid

Sirs:

Where did John Holmes get his education? Give up? The school of hard knockwurst. That's what I said, the school of hard knockwurst.

Indigo Paddle  
Ravus, Tenn.

Sirs:

War is really bad, you know, and you could die from it. So let's not make any more bombs, and also, like, don't give us too much homework so we can spend more time watching MTV.

Children for a Nuclear Freeze and  
Less Homework and More MTV  
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

I'm a little confused. Did I grow a mustache and play Uncle Tonoose on "Make Room for Daddy"? Or was that before my time?

Donald Sutherland  
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Hey! Come on, guys! Let's knock off all this idle talk! I mean, all our hotels have emptied, downtown's been turned into a ghost town, and the local high school football team won't even schedule home games anymore. Bad press is bad press, but this is ridiculous.

Mayor Felix Benton  
Armageddon

## CREDITS

**Pages 39-43:** illustrations, Dean Yeagle; photographs, Movie Still Archives, Wide World, FPG, Pictorial Parade, Timothy McCarthy; **page 45:** Jo'burg logo, Dennis Ortiz-López; **page 47:** illustration, Phil Scheuer; **pages 47 and 48:** photographs, Wide World, Timothy McCarthy; **page 49:** photograph, Movie Still Archives.

# The truth about condoms and herpes.

It's been estimated that up to 20 million people in the U.S. have genital herpes. The figure is growing in epidemic proportions.

At the moment, Herpes Simplex II is incurable. However, there is a product which will significantly reduce your chances of contracting and transmitting this disease.

A Trojan® brand condom.

Many public health authorities and private physicians now feel that the condom, when properly used, effectively aids in preventing the transmission of herpes of the penis, cervix and vagina.

Use Trojan condoms. No other condom has been proven more effective. You'll find them in the Trojan display at your local pharmacy.



YOUNG'S DRUG PRODUCTS CORPORATION  
P.O. Box 385, Piscataway, N.J. 08854 © Y.D.P.C. 1983

While no contraceptive provides 100% protection, Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, effectively aid in the prevention of pregnancy and venereal disease.

# FUNNY PAGES



# TROTS AND BONNIE



©83 SHARY FLENNIKEN

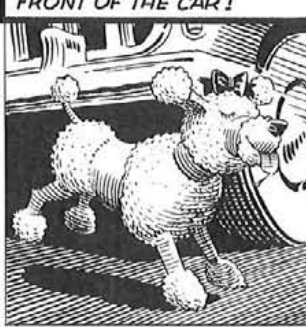
# Politenessman

A DRUNKEN DRIVER CAREENS THROUGH THE SLEEPY STREETS OF DULLSVILLE!

WHEN SUDDENLY, A PERKY PET POODLE PUP PRANCES IN FRONT OF THE CAR!

IT IS STRUCK & SQUASHED!

AND THE AUTO SPEEDS UNHEEDINGLY ON!

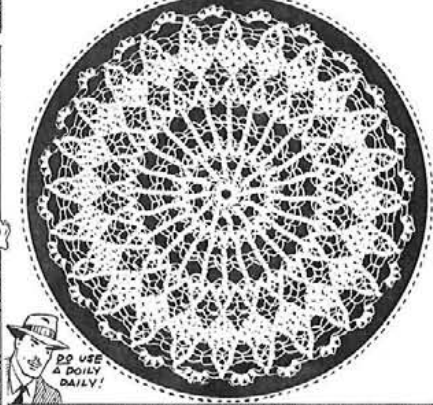


THE PET OWNER IS TAUGHT A SWIFT LESSON IN STEEL...

BY **POLITENESSMAN!** CHAMPION OF CHARM!

MADAM, EVERY THING LOOKS BETTER ON A DOILY!

HE'S RIGHT! A DOILY DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE!



READERS: HERE IS YOUR OFFICIAL POLITENESSMAN DOILY!

**POPULAR PROBLEMS** ©1983 RON HAUGE



I PAID \$200 FOR AN AFTERNOON FISHING TRIP. THEY NEVER SAID THIS WOULD HAPPEN.

I DRIFTED FOR FOUR DAYS BEFORE THEY RESCUED ME. ALL THAT KEPT ME GOING WAS THE THOUGHT OF SEEING MY WIFE AGAIN.



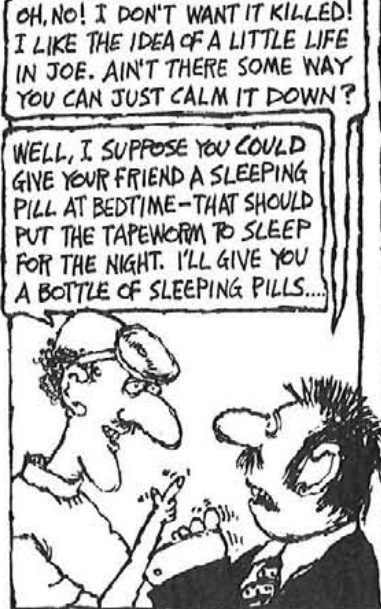
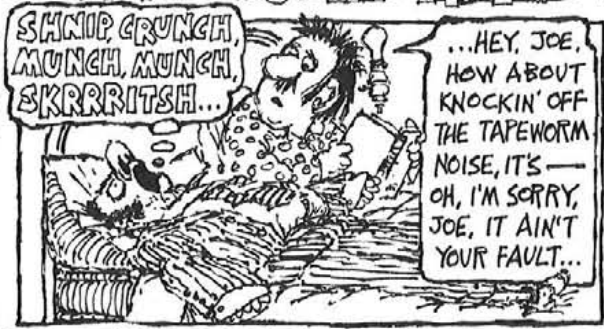
I HAD A LOT OF TIME IN THE HELICOPTER TO THINK ABOUT HER. I VOWED TO MAKE OUR LIFE TOGETHER BETTER IN EVERY WAY.



BY THE TIME I GOT BACK HOME SHE HAD ALREADY REMARRIED.

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

**THE STORY:**  
THE ENIGMA OF THE FAINT HEARTBEAT EMANATING FROM THE DEAD BODY OF JOE IS RESOLVED. IT IS THE HEARTBEAT OF JOE'S TAPEWORM!



CONTINUED

**Mimi Pond's**  
**Waitress**  
**SCHOOL**  
 TODAY'S LESSON

LISTEN, BUD—

**Hard-boiled Waitressing Part Two**

MIMI POND © 1983

**IMPORTANT TO HAVE**

AW, WE BUSTED UP

**HARD-BOILED HEARTBREAK**

ANOTHER GREEN CHARTREUSE, PLEEZ.

**A DRINKING PROBLEM**

CHRIST ONNA CRUTCH.

**A '61 CHRYSLER**

**ALL-PURPOSE EXPRESSIONS**

IF IT WAS A SNAKE, IT WOULD A BIT YA.

AW, MY DOGS ARE KILLIN' ME.

AW, NUTZ.

AW, DON'T GET SORE.

**WHAT TO CALL MEN:**

COOL YER TOOL, JACK.

**WHAT TO CALL WOMEN:**

JUST HOLD YER WATER, BABE.

**HARD-BOILED GROOMING ESSENTIALS**

- 1 LIPSTICK, RED
- 1 EYE SHADOW, SKY BLUE
- 1 ROUGE, TOO MUCH
- PEROXIDE, 1 BOTTLE
- 1 PERFUME, EVENING IN PARIS

**RICK GEARY**  
© 1983

**THIS MONTH:**  
BEVERLY HILLS

GOOD LORD! WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS?

STUCK-UP PAINTED-FACE WOMEN...

AND DRIED-UP OLD MEN ARM IN ARM WITH GALS A FRACTION OF THEIR AGE.

NOT TO MENTION THOSE ARAES FLEERING AROUND LIKE THEY OWN THE PLACE.

EVEN THE DERELICTS WEAR DIAMOND RINGS.

THE STORES SELL RATTY-LOOKING CLOTHES AT PRICES YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE!

ONE CAFETERIA SERVES ONLY FRENCH FOOD!

A MERE CUP OF COFFEE COSTS THREE NINEY-EIGHT.

BELIEVE ME, I WAS GLAD TO GET BACK TO THE U.S.A.

MR. MAREK  
© 1983

# NEW WAVE COMICS

THE NEXT STEP IS SETTING UP THE "ACCIDENTAL" DEATH OF THE INNOCENT POOCH

MPL PLUMBAKER IS A CRUEL MAN, A HEARTLESS MAN, ...

AND ONE DAY HIS CRIMPS WILL CATCH UP WITH HIM

EACH WEEK HE TAKES OUT AN INSURANCE POLICY ON HIS PET DOG OR CAT

THINK HE WOULD JUST THE PLAN DOABLE FOR YOUR DOBLE

HERE, PEPE THAT'S A GOOD BOY

THIS WEEK IT'S PEPE

AFTERWARD, OF COURSE, HE COLLECTS ON THE INSURANCE POLICY

SO I SAID TO DOLORIS...

OCCASIONALLY THE INSURANCE COMPANY STARTS TO GET WISE TO HIM...

"YOU SAY HE'S HAD 314 CATS, 231 DOGS AND OVER THE PAST YEAR..."

BUT PET PROSTITUTION IS LUCRATIVE ENOUGH TO TIDE HIM OVER UNTIL THE PRESSURE DIES DOWN

## Aunt Mary's KITCHEN

M. K. BROWN © 1983

WELL, IT'S ALMOST A RELIEF TO BE COOKING AGAIN AFTER ALL THE WEIRD THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN GOING ON AROUND HERE LATELY.

AND NOW THE NEWS

TODAY WE'RE MAKING CHOCOLATE MOUSSE, IF I CAN FIND THE CHOCOLATE. I KNOW IT'S HERE.

STAGES ERRORS IDLE

ALL RIGHT, FIRST WE MELT THE CHOCOLATE IN A DOUBLE BOILER.

ES ALONG THE BORDER... IMPAND TOXIC PITS... IMP OF FREE CHELSES... THEN LEANE... ET R... PUBLIC HEALTH... BILLION BUDGET... BILLION... THESE... INCREASE TAXES BY...

THEN, IN A SMALL SKILLET, WE THERE'S THE DOORBELL. I HOPE IT ISN'T THE MORONSONS.

LEO!

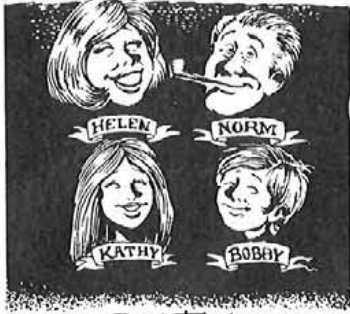
HI, MARY! I'M CURED! THE HOSPITAL JUST RELEASED ME! THIS DOG FOLLOWED ME HOME!

NEXT MONTH: CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

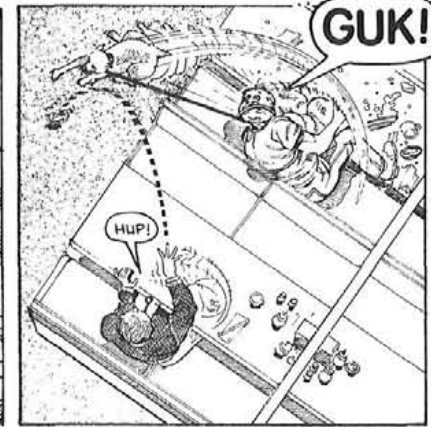
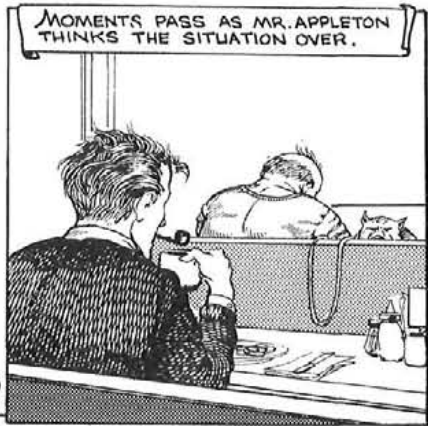
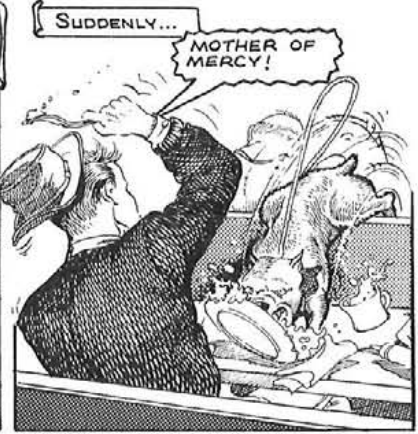
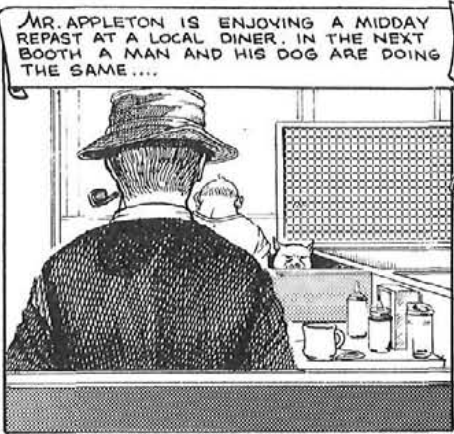


# THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



by B.K. Taylor



© 1983 B.K. Taylor



**Which Famous  
Sixties Activist's  
Head Is Too Big  
for Moses Malone  
to Slam Dunk?**

**W**HEN MOSES MALONE gets up a full head of steam, it's like trying to stop a commuter train full of briefcase boys on its way to the hoop. Dr. J says, "I bet he could slam dunk all those heads. And Bella Abzug's, too." Andrew Toney comments, "Ain't no head too big for Moses. He'll just squeeze it up in his hands and smush it right through." However, scientific studies made by geeks with many degrees reveal that Moses would be chagrined when trying to jam one of these babies. Help Moses find it so he can substitute a smaller one.

**ATTENTION,  
MATERIALISTS!**



AN AWFULLY DANDY prize is being offered to competitors in *National Lampoon* contests. It is the sort of prize to delight the hearts of Caucasians, Negroes, Orientals, American Indians, and others. It is a sailboard. A *National Lampoon* sailboard. If you win her you can christen her with the name of your choice, breaking a bottle of our advertisers' liquor over her bow. This contest void where prohibited by law.

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Jerry Rubin



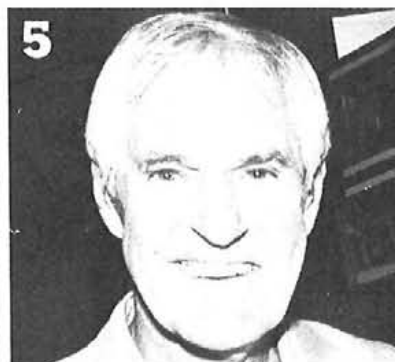
Tom Hayden



William Kunstler



Abbie Hoffman



Timothy Leary



Benjamin Spock

IT'S SO INCREDIBLY BIG I SPOTTED IT AT once. I really hope it doesn't roll off a cliff and into my home, it's that big. And I think it's growing (circle one):

**1 2 3 4 5 6**

Send to: Big Head  
National Lampoon  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

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

**Stuck in his thumb  
and pulled out a Blum!**  
Debbie Blum of Los Angeles, California, has won a vox box for show-biz tox by finding Larry Hagman's missing prescription bottle. Call us, Debbie, we'll have lunch.

# SOLAR FOX™

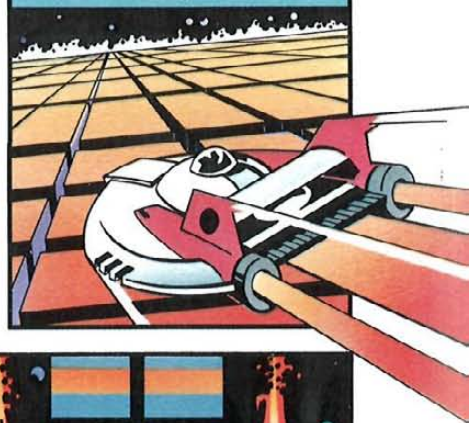
**SPEED AND STRATEGY ARE ALL YOU HAVE AND THEY JUST MIGHT BE ENOUGH!**

EARTH IS DESPERATE FOR ENERGY, SOLAR FOX, YOU'RE MANKINDS ONLY HOPE! GET THE SOLAR CELLS EARTH NEEDS TO SURVIVE. JUST WATCH OUT FOR THOSE DEADLY FIREBALLS.

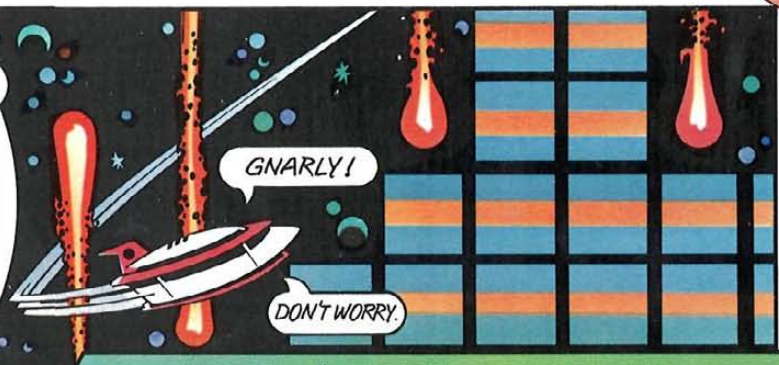


THERE ARE LIKE MILLIONS OF THEM SOLAR FOX, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DOOO?

YOU TAKE EVASIVE ACTION AND START STREAKING THROUGH 26 FIELDS OF SOLAR CELLS. YOU'LL MAKE IT ON SKILL AND GLITS.



AWESOME.



GNARLY!

DON'T WORRY.

AND IF YOU'RE REALLY FAST YOU'LL SKIP AHEAD TO EVEN TOUGHER FIELDS!

LOOKS LIKE HOME FREE. BUT WAIT! THE SUPREME TEST AWAITS IN THE MYSTERIOUS CHALLENGE FIELDS. ... WILL YOU MAKE IT?



LIKE-CAN I DRIVE?

WHAT A SPACE CADET!

WILL YOU SAVE EARTH? FIND OUT. GET BEHIND THE JOYSTICK OF SOLAR FOX!



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say the hint of tropical coconut is what makes it so smooth.*

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