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**SPECIAL ALL-STAR
SPRING GALA ISSUE**

**SPECIAL
ALL-COMICS ISSUE**

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How Not to Pick Up Girls

The Origin of Politenessman

Petticoat Silo

Popular Problems

Laundry-man

The Young and
the Indiscreet

Excursions

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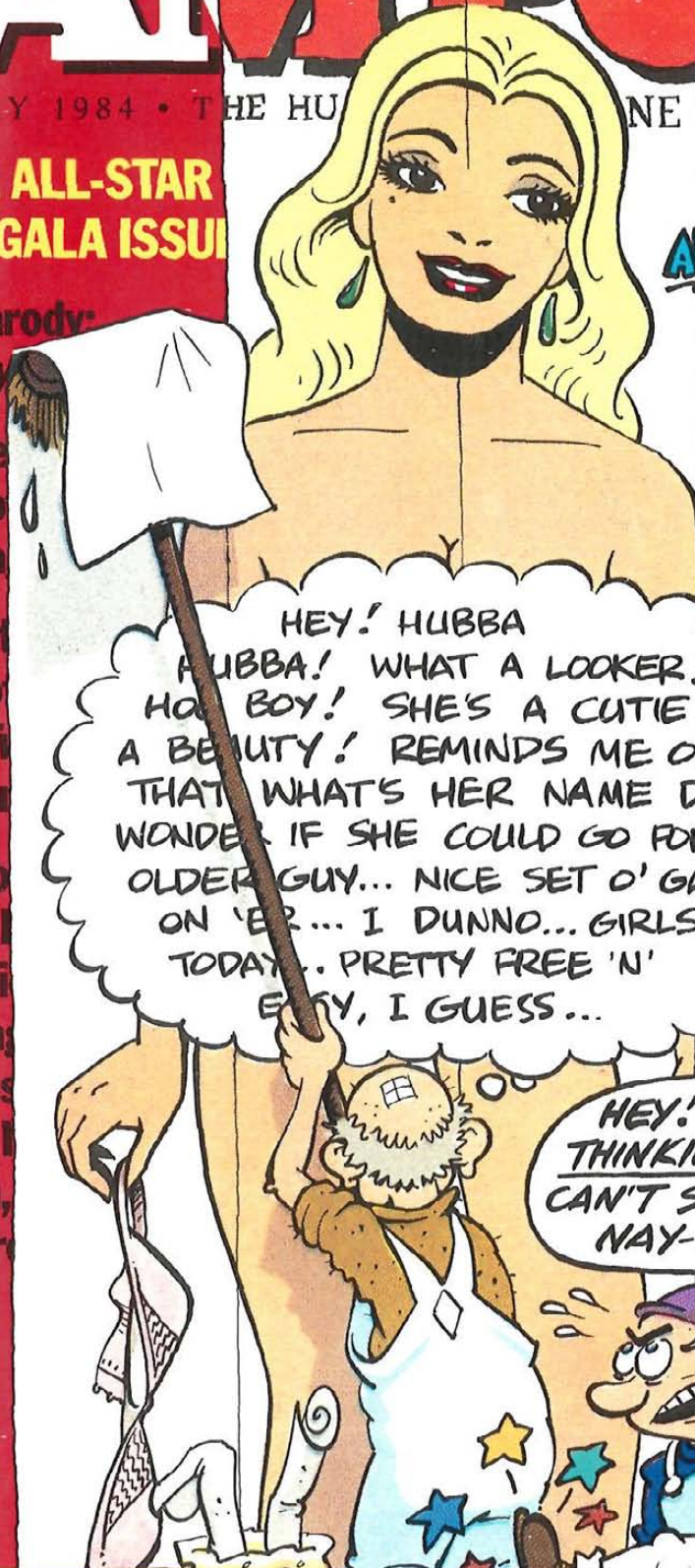
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Pictorial of
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Left Out of
Ancient Egypt
By Norman

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Steven Spielberg
Dr. Carl Sagan
His Holiness
John Paul II
And Much, Much More



HEY! HUBBA
HUBBA! WHAT A LOOKER!
HOW BOY! SHE'S A CUTIE AN'
A BEAUTY! REMINDS ME OF
THAT WHAT'S HER NAME DAME.
WONDER IF SHE COULD GO FOR AN
OLDER GUY... NICE SET O' GAMS
ON 'ER... I DUNNO... GIRLS
TODAY... PRETTY FREE 'N'
EASY, I GUESS...

HEY! STOP
THINKIN', PAL! I
CAN'T SEE HER
NAY-NAYS!



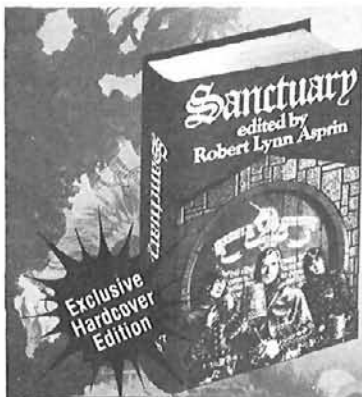
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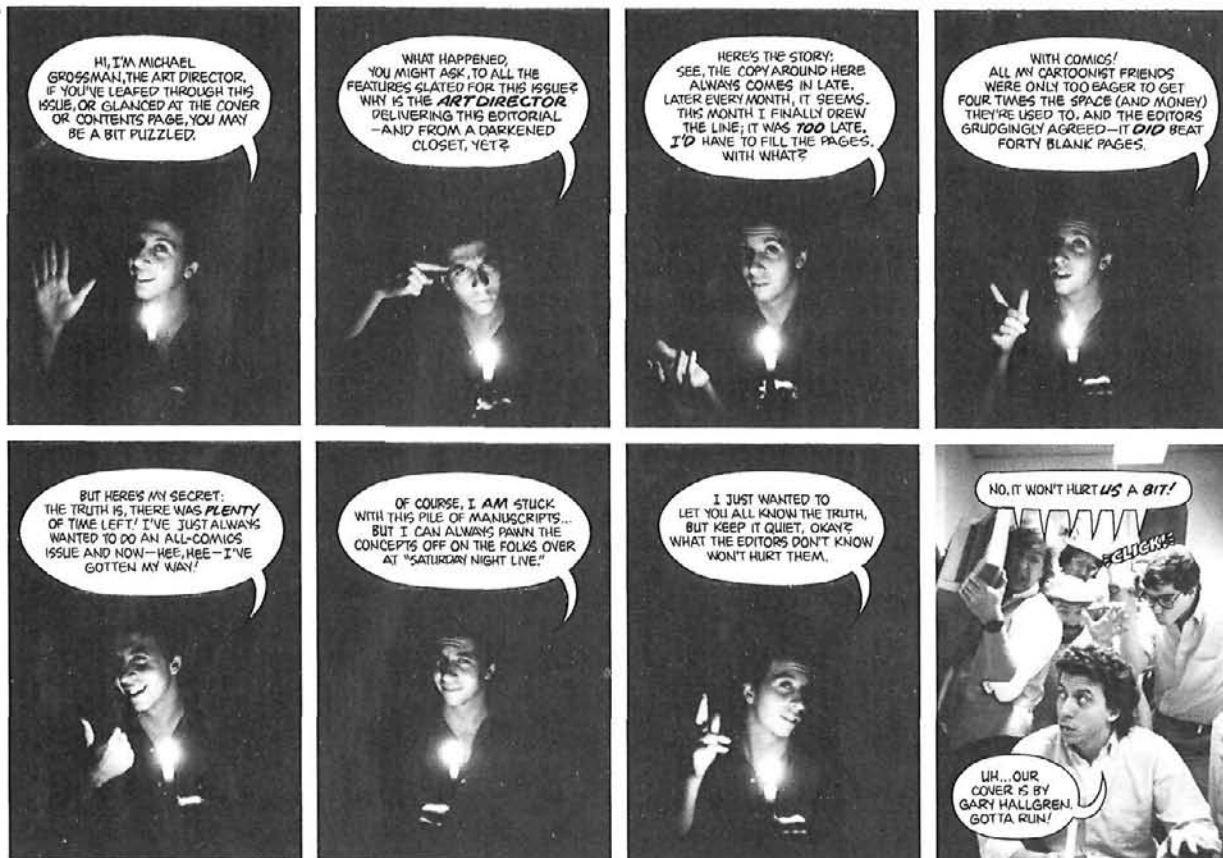
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LETTERS
2/8/78

SIRS: WHEN YOU'RE FLIPPING through *Rolling Stone* at the newsstand, desperately searching for at least some passing mention of rock music, have you ever noticed that there's always an interminable article about some aging jazz great that you've never heard of? Well, I actually read one of those things all the way through last month, and I was wondering if I win some kind of award.

Chester Sills
Gulf Summit, Pa.

Sirs:

If Mr. Sills really read our article on Blind Willie Lomax last month, as he claims, how come he didn't notice that the text was lifted word for word from Chapter Seven of Charles Dickens's immortal masterpiece, *Bleak House*? In fact, neither Willie Steel nor any of the other 237 so-called "jazz greats" we've featured over the years is a real person. We just take pictures of some bum off the street and strip in copy from a randomly selected nineteenth-century novel. No one ever noticed. I know it sounds pretty dumb, but we've been fairly successful with these pieces. Many young Americans actually believe that Miles Davis really exists, and some crazies even claim to have seen him in concert.

Jann S. Wenner
"Rolling Stone"

Sirs:

I have a wonderful, wonderful idea for a new project: I will encircle the North American continent with Scotch tape. If that doesn't get me a date with Brooke Shields, nothing will.

Christo
The Bermuda Triangle

Sirs:

I'm a seven-year-old kid with a terminal disease. Sure, it's difficult, but I try to bear up with courage and dignity. I would really appreciate it if you could grant a last request or two that I have. I would love to see Disneyland. It would be great to meet Burt Reynolds and

Moses Malone. I wouldn't mind visiting Hawaii. It would be nice to have lunch with Mister Rogers. I'd like to go aboard a real submarine, and also a cruise ship. Also I could use about a dozen video games. Do you think you could help me visit the North Pole? Also it would be fun to ride in a spaceship around the earth a couple of times. How about taking me to Sea World? Do you think Loni Anderson would mind visiting me in the hospital? I would love to sit in the dugout of the Baltimore Orioles. Could I meet President Reagan?

Bobby Harrison
Bravebut, Ill.

Sirs:

How, you ask, can we poor people in the slums of Brazil afford to have fifteen or twenty children? It's simple, really. When they get to be about three years old, we sell them at public auction. There's big bucks to be made, particularly if you have a good agent who can write an effective sales presentation. Excuse me now. It's time to fuck again.

Maria Josefina Potrero
São Paulo, Brazil

Sirs:

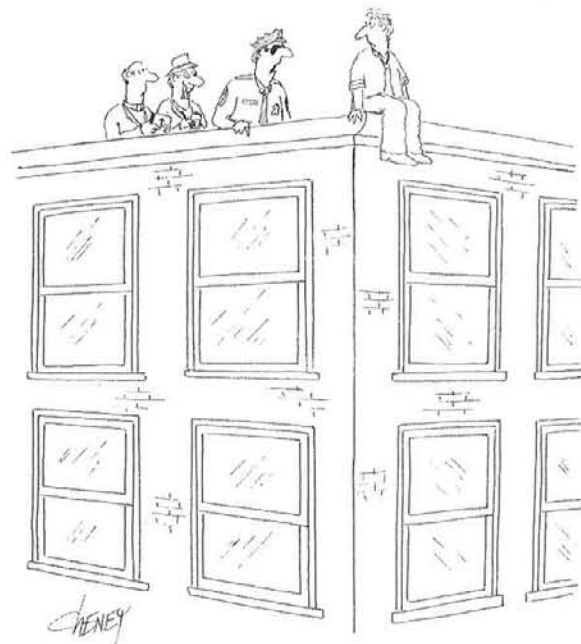
I am *not* a four-ply biased whitewall. I am a MAN. I am not a steel-belted radial with a computer-designed tread to shed water more efficiently and reduce hydroplaning. I am a *HUMAN BEING!!*

David Bowie IS
The Michelin Man
Off Broadway

Sirs:

I used to think if there was a war, I'd be in Canada for sure. Then I bought one of those personal stereos, the kind with the little headphones. I realized that as long as I could listen to music, there wasn't anything—jogging, commuting, even hacking through the jungles of Central America—that really bothered me. Since then, I've actually *joined* the Army. And I've helped form an elite infantry corps based on this new technology: the Fighting Walkmen. I can't speak for the rest of the 31st Earborne Division, but I know I could especially get into some Pink Floyd as I opened fire on a vicious bunch of godforsaken Commies.

Johnny Pintar
Fort Bragg, N.J.



"I don't know what to tell you, pal... The padre here wants you to pray for strength, and the guy from the Midnight Herald Tattler wants you to aim for that picket fence down there."

Sirs:

When Mahatma Gandhi was cruelly shot while walking through his garden, his last words were not, as reported in the newspapers, "Oh, my God! My God!" I was there, and what he actually said was "Hey, motherfucker, that hurts!" Tragically, of course, he died before he could realize his last request, which was to have Brigitte Bardot sit on his face. I guess great men have great thoughts, huh?

Marty Briscoe
*Society for Cutting Big Shots
Down to Size*

Sirs:

An open letter to so-called "modern" artists, and particularly that rascal Marcel Duchamp: We don't hang paintings in your bathroom; please don't put urinals in our art museums.

Women's Art Club
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sirs:

I'm really pissed. I spend up to twenty hours per operation transplanting donated organs into needy people, but no sooner am I done than they just go ahead and reject them. I mean it's

getting to be a real waste of time and money. If they don't want the organ then why don't they simply say so *before* the operation? There are other things that I can be doing with my time, you know.

Dr. Peter Redun, M.D.
Bellevue Medical Center

Sirs:

I heard somewhere that the perfect crime is to shoot someone with a bullet made of ice, because the evidence would melt inside the body. Well, I'm bored and I think my cousin Earl is a jerk, so I figure what the hey, you know? I fill the chambers of my gun with water and leave it in the freezer for a couple of hours. Only when I take it out, I see the water has dribbled out of the gun. Incidentally, I invited Earl over from across town, which is normally the last thing in the world I would do, and he's in the other room yelling about how my television reception stinks. So I scrape some snow shavings off the top of the freezer and push them into the barrels. I walk into the living room and point the gun at Earl. In a very sober tone, because it is the perfect crime and I know I can't be caught, I say, "Earl,

get off my back," and pull the trigger. Nothing happens except for a little water dribbling on my sleeve. Earl starts stomping his feet and hooting because he thinks it's a water gun that backfired, so I go into the kitchen and get a fistful of ice cubes from the tray and start pelting him with them. Then I serve him a leg of lamb, which is the perfect crime because he eats the evidence.

Ben Portman
Skylar, Kans.

Sirs:

My name is Cynthia and I am ten years old and I think the solution to nuclear war would be if both the Russians and the Americans each made a really big peace bomb. Then they could drop it on each other and it would explode and then peace would spread all around the world and everything would be real nice and friendly forever. Of course, you'd still have to figure out how to get rid of all the Negroes and Jews, but I think it would be a good start.

Cynthia Baxter
Mrs. Wexler's fifth grade

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11)



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In the jungle, every human impulse is perverted by a brutal lust for six-figure movie deals.

V.S. Naipaul in Hollywood

BY BRIAN MCCORMICK

THE WORLD IS A CRAPSHOOT; you pays your money, you takes your chances. No tickee, no shirtee.

Begelberg, who sold me the studio wholesale, told me I would have problems from the start. Half-eaten by jungle vegetation, the studio stands on the outskirts of the town by the bend in the river gone dry in the long summer, deep in the interior of California, land of the lost king the natives call Reagan. Its people are dark, but their souls are darker still, and I am not one with them. Begelberg told me it would be difficult when the rains came. Touching the white brim of his Panama with the white of his palm, he left me alone in the studio, with words only now am I

coming to understand: "Go to the Spa—acquire a tan."

The Spa stands near the abandoned hydroelectric station on the river. Each season it is destroyed by the rebels, only to be rebuilt by the colonials. Even then it was covered with slogans, hastily written, misspelled in the hurry of the night, words that held dim meaning for me, a foreigner in this land of unlucky illusions. "Matt Dillon is God." These are the words of the rebels. "Jennifer Beals has no fashion sense!" These are the words of the colonials. Their words are harsh by the invisible river, their judgments cruel and swift by the ocean that has sucked dry the river that came out of a jungle obvious with child, and the child is revolution. The jungle screams at night, its dance

is animal and sweet, the screams come in praise of Jennifer Beals's fashion sense, but I am not moved.

That week the rains came. I knew that after the rains would come war, and the rivers would flow with blood, and someone would write a book about it, and then would follow the inevitable six-figure movie deal. It was always this way in the jungle, and it always would be this way. A man must learn this hard lesson, learn it from the jungle, and then cash in on the jungle. I asked my footstool Sabu if there would be war after the rainy season.

It was difficult for Sabu to speak with my feet on his neck, but he managed it with the canniness of a boy born out of generations of footstools. "Yes, bwana, there will be war, war and bloodshed and movie deals." He grinned in his lie after the manner of a footstool. "The Liberation Forces have wanting to be making the people's movie, oh my yes, indeed so. But it is said they cannot be having the star package that is to be very very necessary to the movie, yes."

The colonials had taught Sabu their language, but he had taught himself to lie. I knew star packages were arriving by dugout canoe and boogie board each night. I knew the Liberation Forces had enough stars to take the studio whenever they wanted it. His

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grin told me that the juju spirit of Ingrid Bergman was somewhere out there in the jungle, boogying with the rebels. Sabu knew that someday soon he would be executive producer of the jungle. He knew. He knew that I knew that he knew. He knew that I knew that he knew that I knew he knew. I knew, I knew.

I had not expected Begelberg to return until *after* the rainy season, but when I saw the black plume of his steamer moving above the treetops, I had Sabu fix an Ethiopian white wine spritzer. As the steamer neared the unsteady dock, a group of natives swam out on their boogie boards to greet him. Some of them threw him lines, hoping for a tow, such is the spiritual poverty of the boogie board cult. Begelberg threw back the lines and shouted, "Get a job!" By these words the jungle knew him to be a colonial in spite of the blackface, or perhaps because of it. Al Jolson impersonations were not new to the jungle.

If one looks at a column of ants that are in the process of making a movie, you will see that there are some that lose their way, stragglers, a few gaffers here and there who seem confused by the movie itself. They die and the col-

umn marches on. So it was with Begelberg. He could not understand this movie of his own making, its tiny perfection, the audience sitting in rows with the patient voraciousness of ants. And so when the bullet caught him he only felt something pinch his dream before he died. Did he die, or did Al Jolson die and Begelberg live on? The jungle screamed this question, but it did not mourn. Several ants sent flowers to the funeral. Such is the wisdom of the jungle.

The native priest gave Begelberg a juju funeral, lighting a candle on his forehead, ringing his face with flowers, floating his body down the river on a tribal boogie board. One of my footstools played a scratched version of "What a Feeling" on a battery-operated phonograph left from the time of the colonials. Incense was burned with what was said to be a lock of Jennifer Beals's hair. The rains seemed to have held back rather than give ablution to this colonial of the studio by the invisible river. The jungle let him pass.

The gunfire, now much closer to the studio, seemed almost a military salute, but when Sabu shouted that the rebels were at the walls of the studio, I ordered a sound crew to record every-

thing as it happened. A man of will is a man of decision. A decision is a living thing. I needed the sound track for a new dance-fever movie I was shooting, against all odds.

The leader of the rebels stood six feet tall, a cross between Gary Cooper and Fats Waller. The Steadicam he shouldered was Russian-made. The rebels have forsaken the Christian God of the colonials for another fetish, the teachings of Sergei Eisenstein. It would be useless to ask them to boogie for my dance-fever movie.

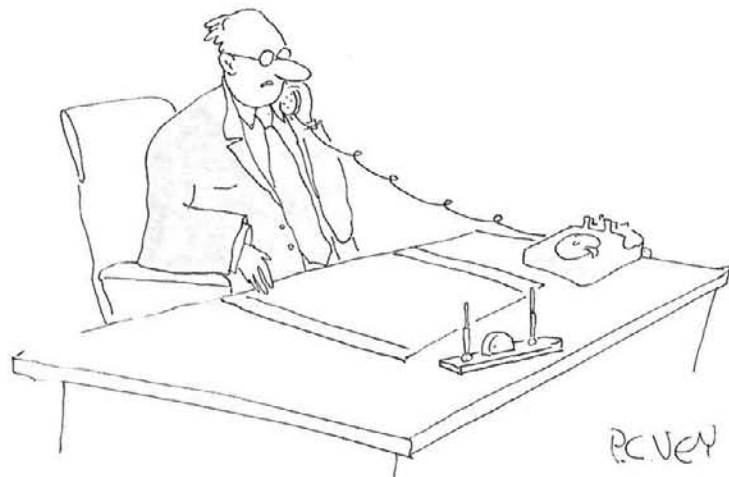
Rebel soldiers were setting fire to the studio buildings, one by one, and filming it all in the severe style of Eisenstein. Sabu put on my jodhpurs in the flickering light of new disaster. He prodded me with my riding crop and aped my directorial mannerisms. The final insult came with the calm of evening. Sabu placed my director's megaphone upside down over my head, a dunce cap that muted me with my own words, words that had come back to swallow me.

"So—this is the great man himself." The rebel leader tilted back the megaphone to reveal my face. "I have read all of your books. In fact, we are filming one of them now, *A Bend in the River*."

"If that is so," I said, "the narrator is allowed to escape in the end." Here was my chance.

The rebel leader grinned. "I'm sorry, my friend, but that ending just is not *cinematic* enough. In our version the narrator is buried up to his neck and devoured by a column of driver ants. You see, this is *Hollywood*. Give the people what they want, you see, my friend?"

They buried me beneath the dark inventive smoke of the gutted studio. The leader himself filmed the approach of the driver ants, their innocent encroachment, the delicacy of their hunger. I could see the sun just rising over the treetops to awaken the huddling monkeys, who would not keen at my passing. The sky turned a gaudy purple around the orange sun, and the jungle glowed chartreuse. The river reflected the sun, red now with silt, physical and sincere. My last thought before the ants engulfed me was not of myself, or my studio, or the movie that would never now be made—but of the jungle. It came to me as a final comfort—a thought can be an angel at such moments—and gave me a quiet triumph with its revelation: *The jungle*, I thought, *has no fashion sense. It has no box office draw.* Moments went by before I could just make out the shimmering edges of a man walking toward me, a man who appeared to be Matt Dillon. ■



"Fuck your face, you whore!!... Oh, excuse me, I thought you were my wife."

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

Sirs:

I have been deeply involved in the research of aging and I think we have some answers here. When you see yourself starting to rot, climb into the crisper section of your refrigerator. Don't be embarrassed. Push that lettuce aside and get in there. Let's go.

Humber Gaboo
Ermine, Colo.

Sirs:

Recent spy-satellite photos reveal that sophisticated aircraft facilities, complete with jet hangars, runways, taxi stands, and cocktail lounges, have been constructed in a sparsely populated country called Canada lying just above our northern border. Although the Canadians claim that these facilities are needed for "business" and "tourism," we have hard evidence that they are actually staging bases for Cuban and Russian military ventures! After all, do you really think a Canadian could grasp the concept of a jet runway, let alone actually *build* one? Think again. Could pissy little cities with funny names like Toronto and Montreal really have tourists? Just who do these Canadians think they're kidding, anyhow? And consider this: not only is Toronto closer to Washington than Honolulu is, but there is a certain runway near Moscow that is the exact duplicate of the ones in Canada in *every detail*: long, perfectly flat, and made of concrete. Coincidence? Don't bet your life on it.

Senator Aardvark Firingpin
Paranoiac, N.J.

Sirs:

Who gets to pierce the nostril when an East Indian woman gets one of those earrings for the nose? Also, does it require any licensing?

Sheila Zeppelin
Sacramento, Calif.

Sirs:

I despised that fucker Monty Hall. So every other morning or so, I'd wake up real early and go out and slaughter me a couple of cats—you know, cut their heads off halfway, squeeze out their guts and wipe them all over their busted bodies—and then I'd take them with me to the studio and put them in this big box on a tray. Then, during the show that day, I'd just wait for that asshole to say "...or you can take what's in the box that Jay's bringing down." God! I was just waiting for some scrawny little housewife to

choose the box, then I'd lift the cover and—voilà!—no more "Let's Make a Deal"! Well, wouldn't you know it, in a goddamn decade of shows, not one bitch chose the box when there were butchered cats inside. Talk about a raw fucking deal!

Jay
Chicago, Ill. 60609

Sirs:

Last night I met a girl at a bar. She was blond, so I gave her a gold necklace and took her home with me. After I gave her some terrific Persian sex she wanted to leave, but I gave her another necklace, so she stayed. In all, I gave her forty-two gold necklaces worth \$28,000 during the next two days. So next time you curse my people for raising oil prices, remember it is only because we are at the mercy of your greedy blond women.

Abdul Mohammed Lumbar Ali
Pepperdine University, Calif.

Sirs:

How do you keep a retard in suspense? Give up? Okay, do you give up? Time's up—do you want to know the answer? Are you still thinking? Do you need more time? Look, do you give up or not? This is driving me crazy. Do you need more time or do you give up or what? Are you still there? Give up? Aarrgh!

Charles Fairchild
Duluth, Minn.

Sirs:

Last week, when my husband was at work, the milkman came. He burst through the front door, grabbed me, threw me on the bed, and fucked me. Later that afternoon, the postman burst through the front door, grabbed me, threw me on the bed, and fucked me. Then, just before my husband came home, the newspaper boy burst through the front door, grabbed me, threw me on the bed, and fucked me. I don't understand—what is it with these people that makes them think they can do whatever they want with me?

Mrs. Blanche Carte
Bangor, Maine

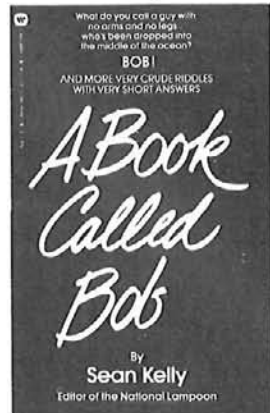
Sirs:

Aha! Thought you could sneak away from the family festivities, didja? Thought you could hide in your bedroom and read this trash! Well, you can't escape old Uncle Fred... I've got your nose!

Uncle Fred
Everywhere

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17)

What do you call a book by a National Lampoon editor who's an award-winning lyricist and once wrote something called *Disco Beaver From Outer Space*?



The only definitive collection of Bob jokes, a book more offensive than *Truly Tasteless Jokes and Gross Jokes*.

What do you call a guy with no arms or legs...

Who's been attacked by tigers?
Claude

Who's been run over by a steam roller?
Miles

With rice growing out of him?
Paddy

In a nudist colony?
Seymour

Flying over the fence?
Homer

Holding three cards?
Monte

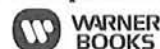
Who's very pale?
Ashley

Who's Spanish, and very pale?
Juan

Of very few words?
Kurt

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If you plan on spending some time in the Arctic, it wouldn't hurt to bring along some warm clothes.

Among the Eskimos

BY PETER GAFFNEY

REMEMBERING THE TURK who chain-smoked his way to self-realization, I put on my boots and ventured out into the frozen waste. My brain was instantly numbed by the bitter cold and the unrelieved whiteness of the world around me. Except for the igloo that I knew lay behind me and the footprints that I was now making in the densely packed snow, I was in a realm that contained no trace of a human presence, no trace, indeed, of any life other than my own. The solitude, like the whiteness, was absolute and unyielding.

"Just what in God's name am I doing here, anyway?" I saw inscribed in an icy thought balloon hanging above my head, a thought balloon that must have drifted there on the wind from somewhere else, since the thought wasn't mine. Perhaps it was a thought that lurked eternally in the ice and snow around me, looking for an unwary soul in which to take form, like the frost-devils that old-time sailors used to see in northern waters. Maybe I only dreamed it.

Later, I was back in the Bahamas sipping margaritas with a deposed Latin American dictator, a world-weary man

who had found his own brand of enlightenment looking down the barrel of a Russian-made submachine gun. For a long time we gazed out across the swimming pool without speaking. There were giggling coeds over there, taking a crash course in sunshine and surfers. Girls. Were *they* the answer, after all? After Ugulali, I couldn't bring myself to believe that.

Jorge turned to me. "¿Why did you go to Baffin Island?" he asked.

I didn't answer immediately. I was busy admiring the blue sky, the sunlight on the water, the little sluts in their skimpy bikinis, if "skimpy" is a word that is used anymore in a world where everything seems to be a little on the skimpy side, bikinis and expensive hotel dinners being only two examples.

"What?"

"¿Why did you go to Baffin Island?" he repeated.

It was not an easy question to answer. An easier question would have been "How did you go to Baffin Island?"

"I took a plane from Winnipeg," I told Jorge. "It was an old, beat-up DC-3. It stopped at Churchill and again at Cape Dorset before taking me and a few other passengers, mostly Eskimos, on up to Tonkichunk Bay."

The body of the old plane had groaned audibly as its wheels touched down with three distinct bumps on the short, icy runway. After what seemed like hours of pure terror, we finally skidded to a stop about a dozen yards from the runway's end. Unruffled, the Eskimos around me were up in the aisles putting on their parkas while the DC-3 was still moving. I already knew that the precariousness of his day-to-day existence renders the Eskimo relatively indifferent to danger, but I did learn something else from this incident: apparently it was cold outside. I thought of the colorful Hawaiian shirts and Bermuda shorts in my luggage, and wished I had brought along a sweater or two. Little did I realize then that the fact that Baffin Island wasn't Grand Bahama was a lesson I'd have to learn again and again.

It was about forty below by the thermometer when I stepped off the plane, cold enough to make me wish not only that I'd brought those two sweaters along but also that I was wearing both of them together at that very instant. Fortunately, it was under two hours by dogsled to the little village where I would be staying. Without a dogsled, I made it in six.

When I arrived, I found that the "little village" I'd been expecting was hardly more than a hamlet, but it was a welcome sight after six long hours of

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trudging across the empty tundra. I am sure you have seen movies in which Eskimos are shown living in impoverished-looking wooden frame dwellings, but the unromantic reality is that most of them live in houses constructed entirely out of blocks of ice. I'm afraid the wooden frame dwelling has gone the way of the snowmobile and so many other colorful aspects of life in this part of the world as it was immortalized in Charles Kuralt's epic journey across the Arctic ice back in 1968.

At my appearance the houses of ice, or igloos, disgorged scores of Eskimos in all shapes and sizes, everyone in the village except the very old and the very young. They were all insatiably curious, and, to a man, they were all very, very drunk. It was like being a celebrity guest at a cocktail party given by some Long Island women's literary group, except that even in a Long Island women's literary group you wouldn't see so much fur. Also, my guess is that there wouldn't be quite the same fascination with the concept of Bermuda shorts. Nevertheless, I welcomed the warmth of so many bodies. After I'd given them about five seconds to become accustomed to me and to accept me as part of the group, I suggested we go inside.

Now, for anyone who's never lived in the Arctic, it's difficult to imagine how

the Eskimos could be so dumb as to think they could get warm by going inside a house made of ice cubes, until you realize that that's where they keep the booze. Barely was I in the door—or, to be more precise, barely had I finished my laborious crawl through the ten-foot entrance tunnel—when I was handed a bottle labeled simply "XXX." I was puzzled at first, but later I learned that Eskimos read from right to left.

"¿But why, *why* did you go to Baffin Island?" Jorge's question, repeated with greater urgency, jolted my mind back to the present. Again I looked over at the girls. Seeing them like that—so young, so fresh and eager, so eminently desirable—gave me an idea.

"Let's have another drink," I said to Jorge. Jorge, who used to be seen regularly with Latino beauty queens back in the good old days, nodded his assent.

I had had damn few margaritas during the two years I spent at Tonkichunk Bay. On Baffin Island, frozen drinks happen only by accident. But, even if the drinks were usually not my old standbys, I still had plenty of them. The traditional beverage of the Eskimos is a sort of sludge-like beer made from the fermented intestinal fluids of decaying killer whales, but it was my good fortune that they had stopped brewing the stuff the day the first case of Canadian Club arrived by frigate in 1886.

Down here, of course, doctors will tell you that liquor only makes you *feel* warm; in actuality, drinking lowers body temperature and makes you even more susceptible to freezing to death in cold weather. Among the Eskimos, however, there are no doctors.

What they do have is medicine men, or shamans—heirs to an unbroken tradition of divination and mystical healing that is at least as old as the human presence in North America. Their wisdom, it is said, is the result of direct communication with a spirit world inaccessible to the uninitiated, a world of shadows that lies beyond life and death. A world, some say, where fear comes in bottomless cups, like the coffee at Howard Johnson's, and where a dog is president of the United States. The shaman is a lonely figure, leading a secret life to which ordinary men are politely denied admission. In Western culture, this type of person becomes a psychopathic killer or postal clerk, but in the Arctic he is encouraged to dance around and make ridiculous pronouncements, much to the amusement of the drunken Eskimos. Laugh if you will, but no Eskimo president has ever been assassinated, and the mutilated bodies of teenage hitchhikers are seldom found buried in the permafrost.

My first encounter with one of these shamans occurred one day when I was caught in a sudden blizzard while walking alone, several miles from the village. Instantly I lost all sense of direction. The curtain of whiteness on every side (which I later found out was just falling snow) was impenetrable. I don't know what got into me, but when I realized that I was probably about to die, I panicked. I even started praying. I told God that if He would just get me out of this one I would never commit the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost again. Finally I must have passed out.

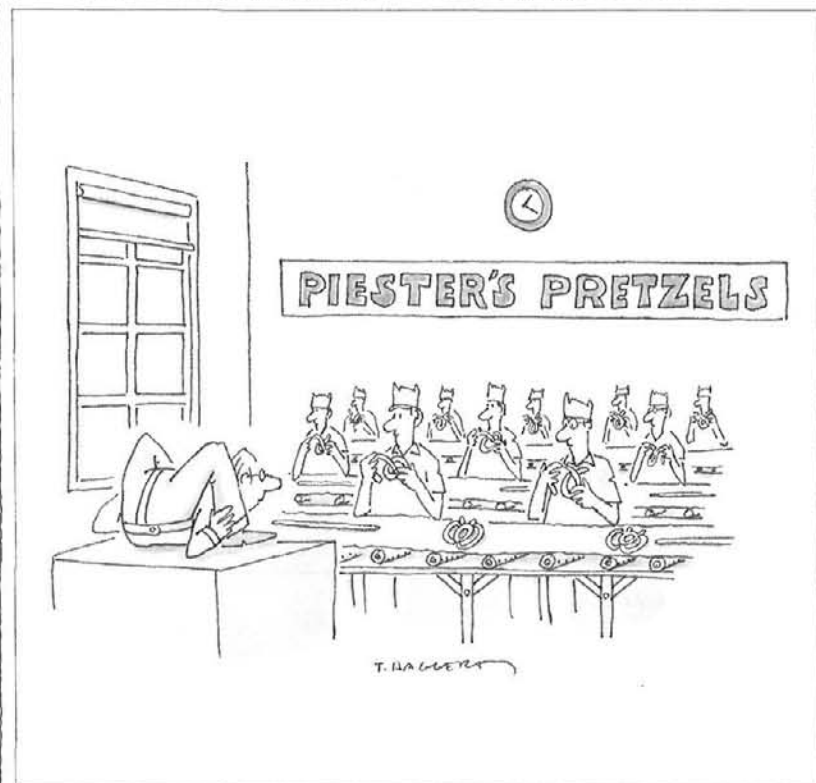
When I came to, I was lying on a bed of caribou hides in some kind of cave. A few steps away an old Eskimo with a pipe in his mouth was sitting on the ground, staring at me. I instinctively reached into my pocket to see if my wallet was still there.

"You...you saved my life," I stammered. The old man smiled but said nothing.

It was then that I noticed a third person in the cave, a young woman. "My grandfather does not speak your language," she said quietly.

"Oh, that's all right," I replied. "My grandfather doesn't speak *your* language, either. In fact, he's dead. But who's the old guy with the pipe?"

Jorge was making loud noises trying



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to suck up the dregs of his margarita through what was intended to be a purely decorative straw. No doubt that was a deliberate effort to rouse me from my reveries. I involuntarily looked up.

"¿Don't you want to talk about it?" he asked.

"Talk about what?" Once again I was looking over at the coeds. One of them kept gazing in my direction. I felt sure she liked me. A pretty girl. Add a hundred pounds and a sealskin parka, and she'd look a bit like Ugulali, I noted.

I spent two months in that cave with Ugulali and her grandfather. While Ugulali gave me the affection and bodily warmth I so desperately desired, her grandfather patiently explained the essence of mystical wisdom to me in a language I couldn't understand. Perhaps one day I could see the Truth without relying on a framework of mere words, but, in the meantime, the incomprehensible ravings of a senile Eskimo lunatic would hardly form the ideal basis for a bestselling self-help book.

I don't know if you could say that what grew between Ugulali and me was love, any more than you could say that what grew between her grandfather and me was wisdom, but she

looked okay when I was drunk, and I was drunk most of the time. The time came, though, when I had to leave the shaman's cave, packing away what I could of Ugulali's affection and her grandfather's mysticism in the canvas rucksack that was my brain. The chill wind hit me in the face with a bitter sting as I went out the cave door—or, to be more precise, as I emerged from my laborious crawl through the ten-foot entrance tunnel—but the cold was no longer the enemy it had been. For one thing, I'd gotten rid of the Bermuda shorts and Hawaiian shirts. For another, I was a lot tougher than I'd been the day I'd landed at Tonkichunk Bay. I now felt that the cold was a part of me, like a tumor or an inverted colon.

The time I spent in the cave marked the climax of my time among the Eskimos. I returned to the village with a five-inch beard, fleas, and a sense that people in large cities have more wisdom than they are generally given credit for. It is a wisdom that does not, perhaps, encompass the technology of fashioning fishhooks from bones or of patiently tracking the caribou on its thousand-mile migrations; it is rather the wisdom of automobiles, central heating, and a type of alcoholism that does not invariably lead to knifings and

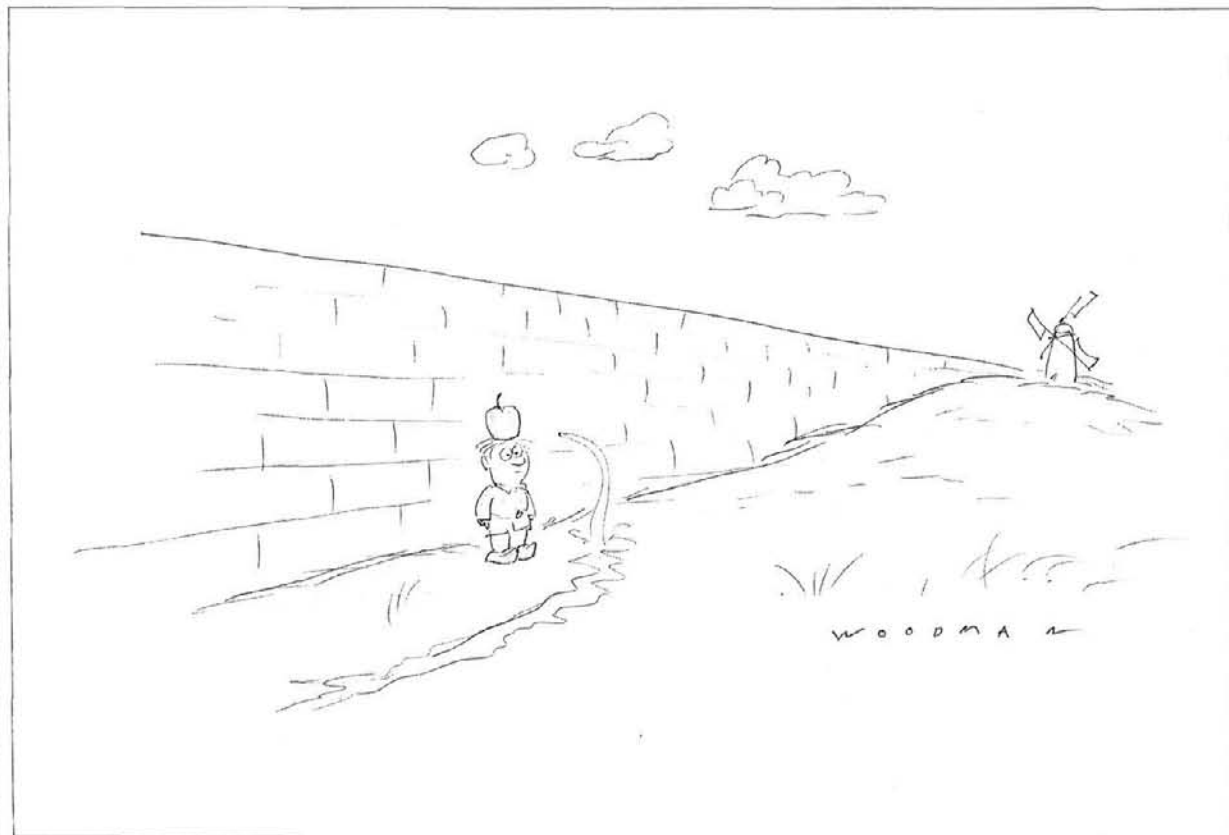
wife beating.

"¿Did you have some reason for going to Baffin Island?" It was Jorge again. I might have known. The right-wing elite of Central American nations are a queer breed, all right, especially after they've been forced into exile. It was odd to think that Jorge had once been a millionaire several times over and that now he was feigning interest in the life of a complete stranger in order to get a few free drinks. Hell, I'd have been glad to pay for the drinks anyway. It was a small price to pay for the opportunity to listen to the story of this man, a story as strange and fascinating, I think, as any I'd ever heard.

"¿Baffin Island?" he repeated.

Baffin Island. It's strange. By air, Baffin Island is only a little more than a thousand miles north of Pittsburgh, but the contrasts could hardly be more striking. In Pittsburgh, teenage girls who want to be dancers work in steel mills. On Baffin Island, teenage girls are stuffed with whale blubber until they're too fat to walk, let alone dance. Also, there are some other differences. You can't really say that one of these places is better than the other, but one thing now seems clear to me: the Bahamas are better than both.

Perhaps that is the lesson that the silent snow tries to teach. ■



LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

Sirs:

Oh, am I glad to see you! You've got to help me! I need a place to hide! Please! They'll find me here! Oh, you've got to hide me! Somewhere—anywhere! I know—what if I stay real quiet and hide in the back of the magazine? Like between the Funny Pages and the True Section? I won't be any trouble, I promise!

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Sirs:

Wouldn't it be fun if athletic teams switched uniforms? Football players could compete in basketball outfits, thus increasing the number of career-ending injuries. Tennis players could use football gear, which would slow them down and make them so uncomfortable they wouldn't throw tantrums. And golfers could show up in baseball uniforms, lending some color to an otherwise dull sport.

Al Denton
Milbrook, Calif.

Sirs:

Wally Cleaver is a fink! Thalidomide is dangerous! Impeach Nixon!

One of the Slow Guys
in the Paranoid Ward

Sirs:

I may not have much time, so I'd better talk fast. I'm a newborn baby just a few days old. I was born a supergenius—don't ask me how it happened. The scientists say it's pretty rare for an infant to be able to read Latin and solve quadratic equations right out of the womb, but it is possible. Only thing is, sometimes all this intelligence only lasts a week or so. That's why I want to tell you very quickly my plan to bring world peace, end hunger, cure cancer, and find new sources of clean energy. But first I gotta tell you this joke I heard from the obstetrician. It seems these two gynecologists walk into a bar and one of them says to too goo gaa oog ga goo oogie goo gaa gaa igg goog toogie aag goo.

gg-goo goo gaa
lgo, Ga.

Sirs:

If y'all see the Whiskey River, could y' tell it to give me back my mind? I'd like to use it for a few minutes while I talk to my accountant.

Willie Nelson
On the road

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25)

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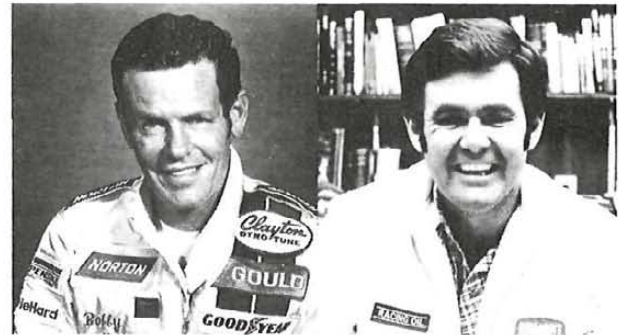
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The epic story of three brave Hebrews who delivered the nation of Israel out of bondage.

“Let My People Go, Nyuk-Nyuk-Nyuk!!!”

BY T. J. ENGLANDER

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGISTS working in the Mideast recently made an astounding discovery—a second-century papyrus that could change the very face of the Bible as we know it.

Even more astounding is the fact that the text is written in clear, decipherable English—not Hebrew or Aramaic—thus offering a direct, untranslated account of events which is significantly different from the one presented in the King James version of the Bible.

Although authentication is still taking place, we offer this newly dis-

covered account of the Exodus, in which Moses and two other Hebrews help extricate the Israelites from their slavery in Egypt.

CHAPTER 1

Israel multiplies. Moses born; he befriends two Hebrews.

1 And the Egyptians compelled the sons of Israel to labor rigorously.

2 And the sons of Israel were fruitful, and increased greatly, and became exceedingly mighty.

3 So Pharaoh commanded his people to throw every newborn Hebrew son into the Nile.

4 And one day Pharaoh's daughter found a basket containing a child among the reeds of the river. And she had pity on him and said, "This is one of the Hebrews' children."

5 And she took the child, and raised him, and called him Moses.

6 And one day, when Moses had grown up, he went out to his brethren and looked on their hard labors. And he beheld two Hebrews fighting each other, and he said to them:

"Cut the rumpus, or I'll moida the both of yah!"

7 And the offender, a squat man with a high voice, said, "You don't scare me!" And he stuck out his tongue and said, "Nyaaaaaa!"

8 And Moses grabbed his tongue, and he twisted it, and he pulled him several yards by it.

9 And the other Hebrew—a man with a raspy voice and strange hair—laughed mightily. And Moses smote *him* on the head.

10 Then Moses poked their eyes and knocked their heads together.

11 Now these are the names of the Hebrews whom Moses did befriend:

12 Curly, son of Asher and Prancer, brother of Punch and Judah, first cousin to E. Gad, and distant descendant of Ramses of Los Angeles.

13 Larry, son of Hirah and Hooray, brother of Abracadabra and Hokus-Pokus, and cousin of Esau, Ecame, and Econquered.

14 And both had come from the districts of Midian, Midian-rare, and Midian-well.

CHAPTER 2

The boining bush.

1 Now Moses, Larry, and Curly set up a business wherein they sold their services for pasturing other Hebrews' flocks.

2 And one day they were shearing sheep, when Curly by accident sheared off some of Larry's hair, and Larry grew angry, and lunged for him, but Moses bade them stop, and smote them both on the head.

3 And Moses sat down, but upon the shears that Curly had left beneath him, and Moses screamed, and he said, "Why, I'll break your heads!" And he chased them into the field.

4 And there the angel of the Lord appeared to them in a blazing fire from the midst of a bush.

5 And Curly said, "Ooh, look! A boining bush! Nyuk-nyuk!"

6 And Moses said, "Quiet, you

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lamebrain!" and smote him on the head.

7 And then they became frightened, and turned to run, and the Lord saw, and he called to them from the midst of the bush, saying, "Hey, Moses! Hey, Larry! Hey, Curly!"

8 And they said, "Nyah-ah-ah-ah!"

9 And the Lord said, "Do not come near here; remove your sandals from your feet, for the place on which you are standing is *holy* ground."

10 And Larry said, "I'll say it is! And look at all them rocks, too!"

11 And Curly laughed, and Moses smote them both on the head.

12 And the Lord said, "I have seen the oppression of my people by the Egyptians. Therefore, to bring the sons of Israel out of Egypt, I will send... *you!*"

13 And they were unsure as to who "you" was.

14 And Moses looked at Larry, and Larry looked at Curly, and Curly—who saw he had no one to look at—trembled and clicked his teeth loudly.

15 And Moses said, "Which 'you' do you mean?"

16 And the Lord said, "You!"

17 And Moses said, "I?"

18 And Larry said, "Aye!"

19 And Curly said, "Aye-aye!" and the three Hebrews began saluting each other vigorously.

20 And the Lord said, "Cut it out!"

and they did, and He continued, "Now go and gather the elders of Israel together, and say to them, 'The Lord has appeared to us, saying He will bring you out of Egypt and into the land of Canaan—a land overflowing with sweets!'"

21 And Curly said, "Ooh! A candy Canaan! Nyuk-nyuk-nyuk!" And Moses smote him in the stomach, and Curly bent over and Moses smote him on the head.

CHAPTER 3

Hebrews given powers.

1 And Larry said, "What if they don't listen to us, or vicey-versey?"

2 And the Lord said, "They will. Now, hold out your left hand."

3 And Larry said to Curly, "Which one is my left hand?" and Curly said, "That one." And Larry said, "So how do I know which one is my right hand?" and Curly said, "Why, that's easy! The one that's left! Nyuk-nyuk-nyuk!"

4 And Moses poked them both in the eyes.

5 And the Lord said to Larry, "Now, what is that in your hand?"

6 And Larry looked, and said, "Why, nothin'!"

7 And the Lord said, "Not that one, you nitwit! The other one!"

8 And Larry said, "Oh!" and looked,

and said, "Why, a staff!" And the Lord said, "Throw it on the ground." And Larry threw it on the ground and it bounced up and hit Moses on the head and stuck in his nose.

9 And Moses slowly pulled the staff from his nose, and Larry said, "I didn't mean it, Moses! Honest, I didn't!"

10 And Moses said, "Of course you didn't," and hit him on the head with the staff.

11 And the staff became a serpent, and Moses said, "Nyah-ah-ah-ah!" and dropped it, and it slithered up Curly's robe, and Curly said, "Wooo woo woo woo woo!" And he fell to the ground and spun his body wildly in a circle.

12 And Moses and Larry lifted him and shook him, and the staff fell to the ground.

13 And the Lord said, "This wonder shall help you convince the sons of Israel of the word of the Lord."

14 But Moses pleaded and said, "Please, Your Majestic High-upness! We ain't never been eloquential. Every time it comes to woids, it's ixnay on the voibiage, if you know what I mean!"

15 Then the Lord became angry, and said, "Who made man's mouth? Who makes him blind? Who makes him deaf?" And, indicating Curly, He said, "Who makes him dumb?"

16 "Is it not I, the Lord?!"

17 And they saw His anger, and they said, "Nyah-ah-ah-ah!" And they bowed down, bumping their heads together loudly.

18 And the Lord said, "Go, then, and perform this wonder before the sons of Israel. Then go to Pharaoh, and say, 'Let My people go, so they may soive—I mean serve—Me!'"

19 So Moses, Larry, and Curly assembled all the elders of the sons of Israel, and in their sight the staff became a serpent, and crawled up Curly's robe, and he danced wildly.

20 And the people believed.

CHAPTER 4

"Let My people go!"

1 And afterward Moses, Larry, and Curly stood before Pharaoh and his court.

2 And the three Hebrews huddled, and Larry said, "First, shouldn't we pay homage?" And Curly said, "I don't know. Homage should we pay? Nyuk-nyuk-nyuk!"

3 And Moses smote them both on the head, and Curly made a wavy motion with his hand.

4 And they broke huddle and they said to the king, "We got this here message from the Lord," and they put their



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fists to their mouths and made a trumpet sound. And then they sang:

"Roses is red,
Violets is yellow;
Now let My people go!
Like a pharaoh and a decent
phellow."

5 And Curly danced while Moses and Larry clapped their hands and snapped their fingers.

6 And Pharaoh bade them stop, and said, "Who is the Lord that I should obey His voice? I will not let Israel go!"

7 And Moses said, "Wise guy, eh?"

8 And meanwhile Curly caught the eye of a young woman servant, and he slowly backed from the crowd, and he winked at her, and he waved his fingers, and he approached her, saying, "Rough! Rough! Rough!"

9 And then he said, "How ya doin', toots? Tell me, are you married or happy? Nyuk-nyuk-nyuk!" And he put his arm around her, and offered to make her a drink, and he reached for a bottle of seltzer.

10 And Pharaoh, not noticing this, grew very angry, and said, "It seems the Hebrews are too lazy to do their work

these days! From now on, they will no longer have straw to make bricks—let them gather it themselves! But their quota of bricks must not be reduced!"

11 And meanwhile Curly squeezed the seltzer handle, and the fluid sprayed across the room and struck Pharaoh in the face, and he wiped his eyes, and said, "Guards! Seize them!"

12 And the palace troops chased Moses, Larry, and Curly into the fields.

13 So the people of Israel scattered throughout the land and gathered stubble for straw, and when they saw Moses, Larry, and Curly, they smote them on their heads.

CHAPTER 5

The coming of the plagues, and the screwup thereof.

1 And the rumpus continued, and Israel toiled oily and late.

2 So Moses, Larry, and Curly returned to the Lord, and Moses said, "Things is gettin' wise! You gotta help us out!"

3 And the Lord said, "Go to Pharaoh again, and tell him to let My people go. But this time, you will deliver all My plagues so that he will know My power!"

4 And the Lord carefully instructed them on the implementation of plagues—frogs, insects, locusts, hail, and boils—and then He instructed them on the Passover, and the feast of unleavened bread.

5 And Moses, Larry, and Curly went again before Pharaoh, and Pharaoh said, "What are you idiots doing here again?"

6 And Curly said, "Who you callin' an idiot?"

7 And Pharaoh said, "You!"

8 And Curly said, "That's what I thought! Nyuk-nyuk!"

9 Then Pharaoh ordered his guards to seize them, but Moses said, "Now wait a minute! We got these orders that if you don't let our people go, we's gonna woik some miracles!"

10 And Pharaoh laughed, and the servants of the court laughed, and Moses, Larry, and Curly laughed. But then Moses stopped laughing, and he said to Larry and Curly, "What are you two mugs laughin' about?" And he smote them on the head.

11 And Moses handed the staff to Curly, and he said:

"Eenie meenie minie moc:
Let the nation of Israel go!
If the pharaoh hollers no,
Here come the plagues—we told
you so!"

12 But Moses and Curly forgot the plagues.

13 And Larry said, "Wait a minute! I remember! Somethin' about a hail of unleavened bread!"

14 So Curly stretched his hand with the staff to the sky, and throughout the land there struck a hail of unleavened bread. And it was a severe hail of unleavened bread, such as Egypt had not seen in many years.

15 And Larry said he recalled another plague, and Curly raised the staff again. And throughout the land, all the insects and frogs developed boils.

16 And Pharaoh laughed, and the court laughed, and Moses smote Larry and Curly on the head and poked their eyes, and Pharaoh ordered his guards after them, and the Hebrews ran from the palace, saying, "Wooo woo woo woo woo woo!"

CHAPTER 6

The plague of plumbers.

1 Now it happened there was a leak in Pharaoh's basement.

2 And Pharaoh commanded the head



"No... Dad's in Chicago; Mom got a wild hair up her ass and headed for Davenport, Iowa, a couple days ago... You wanta pop a cool one and watch some cartoons?"

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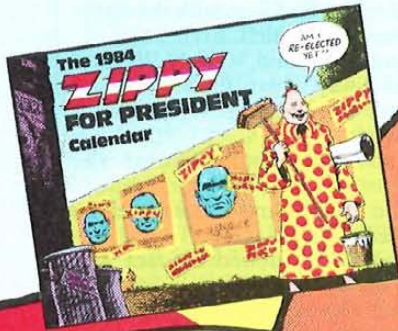


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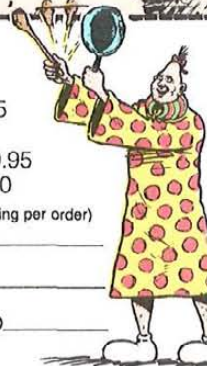
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of the household to find a plumber.

3 But the plumber had been riding in the country, and had left his chariot to search for a drink of water.

4 And Moses, Larry, and Curly were working in a field nearby, and Curly found the chariot, and climbed in, and fell asleep.

5 And Moses and Larry found him, and Moses took a chisel and placed it on Curly's head, and he swung down on it with a sledgehammer.

6 And Curly awoke, and he said, "Oh! Oh! I can't see! I can't see!"

7 And Moses said, "Why not?"

8 And Curly said, "Because my eyes are closed! Nyuk-nyuk!"

9 And Moses smote him on the head.

10 Then they saw Pharaoh's contingent approaching, and they said, "Nyah-ah-ah-ah!"

11 And the head of the household said, "Pharaoh wants to see you. He's got a leak in his basement."

12 And Larry said, "We don't know nothin' about fixin' no leaks."

13 And Moses looked behind him, and he saw the sign "Sphinx Plumbing Co." on the chariot, and he called a huddle, and he said, "Listen, you mugs! This could be our last chance to go to Pharaoh and try one of them plagues. So ixnay on the uthtray!"

14 And Curly said to the head of the household, "We's at your soivice!"

15 And the three Hebrews climbed into the chariot, and Curly by accident stepped on Moses' face, and Moses put Curly's head between the spokes of the wheel, and he poked his eyes and plucked his eyebrows. And Larry laughed, and Moses smote *him* on the head.

16 And afterward they rode to the palace of Pharaoh.

CHAPTER 7

Exodus.

1 So Moses, Larry, and Curly toiled in the basement and divers chambers of the palace, and wreaked havoc on the plumbing.

2 And meanwhile Pharaoh entertained various princes of foreign lands, and he took them to a room high above the palace, and he said, "Now I will show you a view like no other in the world! When I remove this stone, through this wall you shall see the Nile as it is seen only by the high and mighty!"

3 And Pharaoh removed the stone, and a great fountain of water rushed out and smote him, and knocked him down. And he wiped his face, and stood up, and took a step, but fell through a hole the Hebrews had sawed.

4 And he became angry, and ordered

the servants to prepare dinner, or he would kill them.

5 And the servants were frightened, and they went to Moses, Larry, and Curly, and threatened them, and ordered *them* to prepare dinner for the king and his guests, since the regular help had quit.

6 So they prepared dinner, and they dressed as servants, and they presented the food before Pharaoh. And Pharaoh said, "Say, haven't I seen you guys somewhere before?"

7 And the host and his guests dined, and they chipped their teeth on pieces of hidden jewelry, and spewed bubbles from their mouths.

8 And they remained quiet, but made many strange faces.

9 And afterward Moses, Larry, and Curly wheeled in a large birthday cake, and bade Pharaoh make a wish, and blow out the candles.

10 And this Pharaoh did, and the cake exploded, and there was much hubbub.

11 And Pharaoh said, "Now I know who you are! Get out of here, and take the people of Israel with you! Guards! Seize them! Oh! My evening is ruined!"

12 So Moses, Larry, and Curly ran from the palace, and they gathered the people of Israel together, and they all rushed to the Red Sea, with the Egyptian army in pursuit.

13 And Moses said, "Quick! We gotta think of a way to part the sea!"

14 And Curly said, "Which part? Nyuk-nyuk!"

15 And Moses smote him on the head.

16 And Larry found a violin, and he played a lively tune on it.

17 And Curly rubbed his face and kicked his legs wildly.

18 And Moses watched and got an idea, and said to Larry, "Play faster, you dummy!"

19 And Larry played faster, and Curly rubbed his face and kicked his legs faster.

20 And then Moses directed Curly into the Red Sea, and his movements wrought a tremendous splash, and the sea parted.

21 And then Moses, Larry, Curly, and the nation of Israel ran through the parted sea, all saying, "Wooo woo woo woo woo woo!"

It must be noted that at press time, a British radiocarbon laboratory has not been able to authenticate this version of the Exodus. However, the lab has been able to verify several verses of "Laurel and Herod," and a complete chapter of "Mark's Brothers."—Ed.

THE MASTERPIECE THEATRE GANG



LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

Sirs:

Is it true that phrenology is the science of reading the head? I mean, who the hell would want to *read* a goddamn head? Also, would you need special glasses for that?

Swizzy Rollover
Montreal, Canada

Sirs:

Hello? Is the caller there? Marlo is making battered shrimp tonight. What do you think?

"Well, it doesn't seem right. Isn't the humane society doing something about this?"

Well, Marlo?

THIS ISN'T FUNNY, PHIL.

No comment? All right. But surely you must have some kind of reason... I mean, how do you justify battering these totally innocent crustaceans? Do you enjoy doing this? Is there something in your psychological makeup... Does it make you feel like more of a woman... Do you do it because of boredom... Is it maybe something sexual... perhaps a fetish? I don't know. Do you know? Help me out. Somebody help me out. You, sir. Why does she do this?

"It's the parents, Phil."

Marlo? Did Danny batter his shrimp?

JUST SHUT UP AND EAT YOUR GODDAMN SHRIMP, YOU ASS-HOLE.

Do your parents know about this? What do they think? And what about the children...

SHUT UP. GET THESE PEOPLE OUT OF HERE. JUST PASS THE FUCKING COCKTAIL SAUCE AND LEAVE ME ALONE.

The subject is battered shrimp, and we hope you'll join us.

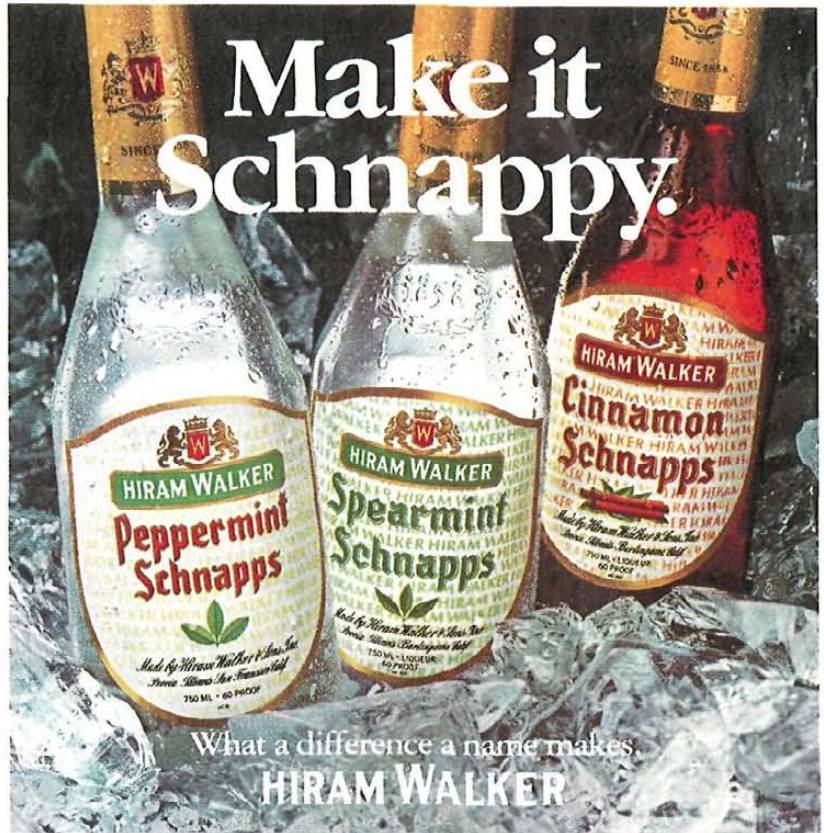
Donahue
In Chicago

Sirs:

Here's something you may not know about safe-deposit boxes. We have duplicate keys. I know we tell people that we don't, but we do. Just for fun, sometimes after the bank closes we open the boxes to check what's inside them. Usually we're merely curious, but once in a while we remove expensive jewelry and replace it with look-alike costume fakes. How do you think we tellers drive Porsches on the \$225 a week they pay us?

Anna and Lucy
Bank of America

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26)



For a free recipe booklet, write Hiram Walker Cordials, P.O. Box 2235, Farmington Hills, MI 48018. Schnapps. 60 Proof. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., San Francisco, CA. © 1982.

AMERICA'S ENERGY IS MINDPOWER

It's vital to the renewal of our nation.

From coast to coast, border to border
and beyond, we can keep this
country going and growing together.

If we put our minds to it.

Support our universities and colleges!

Sirs:

It was barely a year ago in sunny Acapulco that a certain piece of office equipment captured the hearts and minds of America. Let's now relive that special moment.

BERT PARKS: ... And the results are in. The winner of the Talent Division is...

(A giant paper clip takes the stage.)

PAPER CLIP: Attention, all humans. The girls have been destroyed. The winner of the Talent Division is... an office stapler!

OFFICE STAPLER: Clackety, clackety, clack.

Thanks for helping me with this trip down Memory Lane.

Bill Lynch
Ventura, Calif.

Sirs:

Your kids are ugly. Your house is haunted. We hope your dog dies. Don't call us; we won't call you.

The Unwelcome Wagon
In your next neighborhood

Sirs:

Waal, me and Marge, we wuz in Las Vegas, walkin' down the Strip, lookin' at alla them neon lights, jes' as purty as you please. Anyways, there's this Nigra fellah with a crowd aroun' him, an' he's got these three coconut shells, an' he's sayin', "Okec, Ah got a glass eye unner one o' dese shells. Twenny dollahs ta bet, twenny dollahs ta bet." Marge din't wan' me ta bet, but Ah sawr et as a

quick twenny, so Ah jes' start watchin' the way he move them shells. I watcht *real* close. Anyways, Ahm 'bout to put down mah money, when this other Nigra fellah come through the crowd. He's a short Nigra, wearin' a lot o' joolry, got a flat nose, and one eye squeezed shut. He say, "Johnson, Ahm singin' in fifteen minutes! Ah need mah eye!" The Nigra wit' the shells starts arguin', sayin', "Ya *sayed* Ah could have et *aall* naht tanaht, Sammy Davis. Is ya a lahr?" *Waal*, the little Nigra jes' looks all mad fer a minute, an' he *grabs* up the shells, takes the eye, and *runs*! The tall Nigra starts ta run affer him, but the little fellah ducks intah the doher o' a casina, an' the guard don' let the tall Nigra in.

Ah tell ya, et's a good thin' Ah din't bet mah money, 'cuz ya know sumpin'? Ah had picked the *wrong* shell. Tarnation!

Cornpone Pickerson
Ottumwa, Iowa

Sirs:

So what's a little piss on the walls? So what's a little delay? So what's a little smoke? So what's a little derailment? So what's a little explosion? So what's a little minor surgery to remove the bottom half of my leg?

I still say New York City is the best city in the country, and the subway system is the best in the world!

Sam Schpielman
Bridgeview Nursing Home
Whitestone, N.Y.

Sirs:

... Yet despite this overwhelming stack of papers the prosecutor has presented, there is still no legal evidence that the *novels of Jane Austen*, when left alone, *will search and destroy picket fences* on a contractual basis throughout the Southwest.

Happy the Legal Representative
Flagstaff, Ariz.

Sirs:

Well, well. What have we here? Maybe you can explain just why in heck you aren't home studying for exams like that nice Schwartz boy down the street? Straighten up your back and quit slouching! Why do you have to comb your hair like that? This magazine is trash! Can't you read *Model Railroad* like Benny Johnson does? Don't you go making faces at me. Who taught you to curse like a truck driver, anyway? Are you still seeing that cheap girl who hasn't the decency to wear a bra? Wait till your father gets home, just wait!

Your Mothers
Everywhere

Sirs:

Do you need some more money to enjoy yourself with? Of course you can use your father's new Porsche Carrera while he's in Denmark on business. Why would I object if you take a few girls up to the summer cabin? Don't hurry back. What's the harm in missing a few weeks of school? Here's the key to the liquor cabinet. Do you think you can use my MasterCard? Don't worry about college, it could cause you stress. Have fun while you can!

Somebody Else's Mothers
Somewhere else

Sirs:

Wanna have some fun with your friends when they're tripping? Just buy a helium balloon kit from your local hobby shop and bubble the helium through some Cokes and cap 'em tight. Later, when you're sure your friend's peaking, offer him a regular Coke while you drink the helium Coke. Then when he asks you how come your voice sounds like Alvin of the Chipmunks, you look him straight in the eye with a poker face and say you don't know what the fuck he's talking about. Then just when you think he really believes you, take another hit of your Coke and freak the shit out of him again. I tried this routine out on Dick Alpert and look what it did to him.

Timothy Leary
Hasty Pudding Club

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)



America's Jolly Good

Time of the Month

FEBRUARY EDITION

Dinty Moore Set to Fight Larry Holmes

Challenger vows to make
stew meat out of champ

HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING CHAMP LARRY Holmes has signed to face the latest "Great White Hope" in the ring—Dinty Moore, the large, affable trademark of Dinty Moore stew.

Moore, the second-ranked contender according to the latest WBA computerized ratings, is an animated character with no previous boxing experience. Dinty's manager, Angelo Dundee, listed his enormous size as his primary asset. Dinty promised to "teach Holmes a lesson, and then sit down with him to a hearty, man-size meal."

Holmes will receive six million dollars for the fight, which will be shown exclusively on the USA Network's "Cartoon Express." "I'll show him some animation," said the champ, grinning. "I'll animate him straight to the moon." ■



I SEEN HIS FILMS.
HE ONLY A LITTLE SCARIER
THAN MARVIS FRAZIER.

Larry Holmes shows the defensive style he has developed for fighting cartoon characters.



Top-secret CIA photo of a Soviet torture chamber.

CIA Exposes Soviet Concentration Camps

AN OFFICIAL OF THE CIA, IN A RECENTLY released report, claims that the Soviet Union currently operates a number of detention camps for dissidents and minorities which, according to his account, "degrade and humiliate human beings in a way that is both bizarre and disgusting."

The CIA official penetrated one of these camps in a secret mission and witnessed two Soviet inmates being strapped into their chairs in front of a large game board. A Soviet guard addressed them, intoning words that the

CIA agent took to mean "Dat is vild card. You vin Samsonites luggage, plus geeft from de Spiggel's catalog. Now you guess for puzzle."

After this cruel treatment, one of the prisoners was forced to mutter a Russian platitude that had been concealed behind one of the squares of the board.

This report confirms previously released accounts of terrible Soviet tortures. According to the CIA, the frigid tundras of the Soviet Union are host to a variety of degradations. One CIA (CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27) agent reported watching a room where three quivering prisoners stood beneath a harsh light and were forced to proclaim, in turn, "I am Anatoly Shcharansky." "No, I am Anatoly Shcharansky." "No, I am Anatoly Shcharansky." The three were then made to defend themselves in a round of rigorous questioning as to their true identities. The questions were con-

ducted by a panel of jovial yet vitriolic Soviet authorities.

Most disturbing of these atrocities, the reports claim, are frequent scenes on Soviet streets in which elderly women are forced to dress up as large pieces of fruit and then, before family and friends, made to search their persons for household items requested, at random, by a man known only as "Comrade Monty." ■



"A nice guy," say neighbors. Dale's lawn won't win any awards, but it's well tended, and there are no human corpses underneath it.



De Niro and Lewis, in an unreleased scene from *The King of Comedy*. "Jerry is a goddamn genius," says De Niro. "He's taught me more about acting than a dozen Lee Strasbergs in a big box." ■

Lewis and De Niro Take Hollywood by Storm

AFTER THE SUCCESS OF THEIR FILM *THE KING OF COMEDY*, WHICH MANY HOLLYWOOD insiders have termed "nothing short of big," Jerry Lewis and Robert DeNiro have been signed by a major studio to do five comedy films.

Directed by Martin Scorsese, the films "will be in the basic Martin and Lewis vein, except that Bobby will be doing the Dean Martin part. He's taking this very seriously, and working right now on determining whether he has to put weight on or take it off."

The first picture, scheduled for release next Christmas, will be titled *The Disorderly Deer Hunter*, and will feature Lewis as a wacky Vietnam vet. DeNiro will play his buddy, a steelworker and nightclub singer.

Following closely on the heels of *Hunter* will be *The Nutty Taxi Driver*, *Who's Minding the Raging Bull*, and *Hardly Banging the Drum At All*. The fifth project was not announced.

The press conference announcing the deal was an occasion of tumultuous merriment. Lewis repeatedly stood up and shouted, "JUST ONE SHOT! JUST ONE SHOT!" while pointing an imaginary revolver to the head of a convulsed DeNiro.

"Jerry's a genius," DeNiro said, falling on the floor, to the delight of the assembled press. "He breaks me up." ■

Quiet, Polite Man Not a Mass Murderer

Californian is pleasant to talk to, does not brutally hack people to bits

IN A SURPRISE FOR CRIMINOLOGISTS, A man described by his neighbors as "a quiet, polite, and respectful fellow" and "a heckuva nice guy" was found not to have any savagely murdered, bloodied bodies in his cellar.

Edward Dale of Long Beach, California, a man whom everyone on his quiet residential street seems to like a lot, has a cellar that contains only old magazines, a pool table, and a bunch of jars with nails in them. "The magazines are neatly stacked, and there are no flammable chemicals around," notes Fire Chief Doug "Big Eddie" Carpenter. "I wouldn't even say it's a fire hazard."

But there are no grisly, dismembered teen hitchhikers to burn even if there was a fire, comments Chief of Police Tom "Clawman George" Cochran. "We're shaking our heads over this one," said Cochran, shaking his head. "In fact, there's not a scrap of high-school-honor-student-taken-apart-by-an-ax flesh in the whole block. I guess it's because we haven't had any murders or missing persons lately." ■

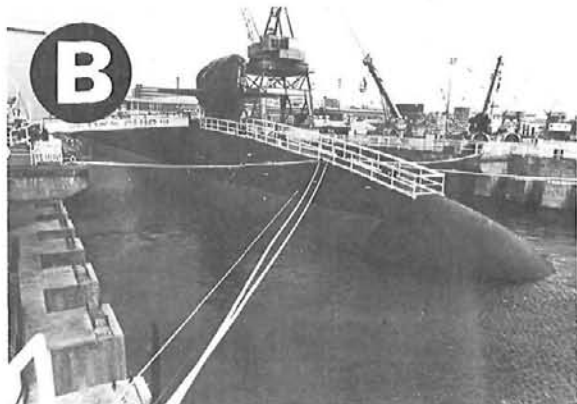
**Time
of the
Month**

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Fred Graver

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Peter Gaffney, Fred Graver,
Dave Jaffe

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One year—a dozen fun-filled issues—of *National Lampoon*, the Free World's favorite adult humor magazine, costs only \$9.95! Two years, \$13.75...and just \$18.50 for three full years!

You can save more than \$53.00 over single-copy newsstand purchases of the fully guaranteed *National Lampoon* by subscribing now!

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

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- One year** of *National Lampoon* at \$9.95 (save \$14.05 over newsstand price and \$2.00 over subscription price).
- Two years** of *National Lampoon* at \$13.75 (save \$34.25 over newsstand price and \$4.20 over subscription price).
- Three years** of *National Lampoon* at \$18.50 (save \$53.50 over newsstand price and \$6.45 over subscription price).
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Indians Scalp Fans

AMERICAN LEAGUE PRESIDENT LEE MAC-Phail has fined the Cleveland Indians \$2 million for their part in a vindictive "Fan Unappreciation Day" held at the end of last season. The event, which took place Thursday night, September 22, during the Indians' final home game against Milwaukee, was aimed at a small crowd of 395 (57 no-shows) at Cleveland's Municipal Stadium.

MacPhail, who happened to be at the game, "listened in horror" as the public address announcer proclaimed, prior to game time, that all exits had been blocked and that "in return for the miserable support of you worthless, fuck-faced fans, we're going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget! So sit back and shut the hell up!"

The fans immediately responded with obscenities and boos, but were quickly subdued by an impressive fireworks display, launched directly at them from atop the center-field scoreboard. As fans—many of them on fire—scattered for cover, the Indians began a series of several hundred pregame prayers from representatives of virtually every religion. Following the Druse prayer, third base coach Johnny Goryl

sang a forty-eight-minute rendition of the national anthem, which was followed by the throwing out of the first ball, performed in succession by every known living former Indian ballplayer.

Five hours later, in the morning darkness (Indian president Gabe Paul having unilaterally suspended the major league curfew), the game began. During the contest, MacPhail counted nineteen phantom rain delays, complete with spreading and removal of the tarp. Meanwhile, the Indians made a record fifty-three pitching changes, most of them taking place during a two-run Milwaukee rally in the top of the fifth. In addition, many of the pitchers hurled 95-mph fastballs directly into the stands. After dispensing the last of the pitchers that inning, the Indians' bullpen car roared down the right-field line, then suddenly veered into the stands, where it proceeded to crush seats, knock down pillars, and send the Cleveland mini-throng hurtling for safety.

MacPhail, who, along with the brutalized fans, was finally permitted to leave the ballpark at 5:00 A.M. the following day, said the hefty fine was not



Cleveland Indian Julio Franco, warming up before issuing severe concussions to eighteen fans during the Indians' "Fan Unappreciation Day."

only a result of that night's ordeal, but also of evidence the Indians were planning similar promotional days for 1984. Among them, he said, were "Go Fuck Yourself Day," "Shove It Up Your Ass Day," and "Eat Me Raw Day." ■

"I Came Face to Face with the Wild Thing!"



Lester Gilroy with a sketch of the Wild Thing he claims accosted him in Yosemite National Park.

LESTER GILROY, THIRTY-TWO, CLAIMS to have made personal contact with the now-legendary "Wild Thing of the National Parks."

According to Gilroy, he was camping at Yosemite, making his dinner and listening to a tape of the Beach Boys, when "this creature—half beast, half Cabinet member—came up to me. It was disheveled, unshaven, smelly, and very, very bald."

Although terrified by the creature, Gilroy attempted to appear calm. "It came up to me and pointed to my tape player," he told reporters. "It just kept repeating, 'Bad music. Bad boys. Beach is bad, makes people bad. Must kill beach.'"

Taking pity on the creature, Gilroy offered it some of his food. "It wasn't interested in food, though, just coal and iron ore. It kept asking me for 'resources.' I didn't have any, and that's when it went crazy."

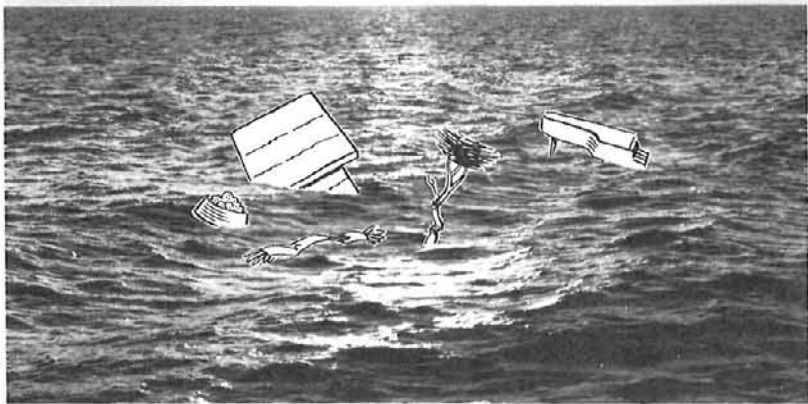
Gilroy claims that the creature became a "raving savage" when denied natural resources. "At first it threatened

me with a land deed. I started laughing, and it threw a court order at me. That was too much, and I started pushing back. It called me a 'blind, crippled Jew,' which was really insulting, because my eyesight is perfect. Finally, I picked up my little camp stove and waved fire in its face. That did the trick, and it ran like the dickens out of there."

Unfortunately, Gilroy had not seen the last of the Wild Thing. The next morning he was awakened by the sound of a Caterpillar tractor leveling the land around his tent. "I was lucky to get out of there with my life," he says.

Gilroy's account of the "Caterpillar Tractor Massacre" in Yosemite was soundly denied by new Interior Secretary William Clark.

"I've never heard a bigger fib," Clark told reporters. "But just to play it safe, if anyone sees this alleged Wild Thing, just tell it that all is forgiven, and Ronnie and I want it to come home. Tell it there's a nice, quiet, peaceful job in a missile silo waiting. It will come peacefully then." ■



Infrared satellite photograph of the wreckage off the Japanese coastline, enhanced via computer-generated dot-matrix fluoroscan and subsequently augmented with pasted-on drawings of "Peanuts" crap.

Schulz Confronts Soviets on Downing of Airliner

A CHILD'S REMAINS WASHED up on the coast of Japan have been positively identified as those of Linus Van Pelt, confirming suspicions that an airliner shot down over the Soviet Union last month was none other than the flying doghouse carrying members of the famed "Peanuts" gang to an International Camp Snoopy Jamboree in Tokyo. All aboard are presumed dead.

Charles Schulz, creator of Van Pelt and other "Peanuts" characters, angrily denounced the Soviets for what he termed "a wanton act of cruelty." Speaking from his home, Schulz said: "These characters are loved by millions of people around the world. The Russians have murdered an American institution, and, in so doing, they've destroyed my livelihood." Schulz went on to note that not one of the "Peanuts" gang was over seven years old, and that it was "ludicrous" to suggest that they were involved in a mission of espionage.

Schulz said that the State Depart-

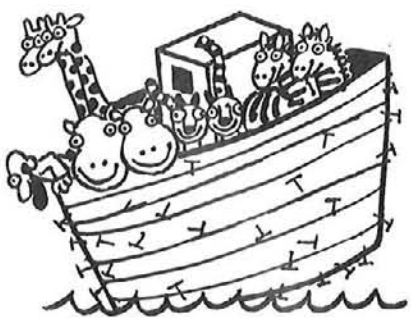
ment would demand an explanation of the incident from Soviet leaders. However, observers noted that Schulz is not connected with the State Department. "I must have been confusing myself with George Shultz," he later admitted.

The comic strip's sole survivor is Charlie Brown, who had not been invited along on the ill-fated trip. Brown is in seclusion at his family's home in an unidentified American suburb, and he has refused to speak to reporters since the incident.

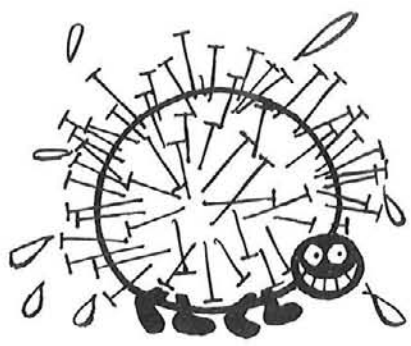
Olympic Committee Bans Wilma, Betty

THE INTERNATIONAL OLYMPIC COMMITTEE has placed Flintstone vitamins on its list of banned drugs. "These vitamins are so powerful, they give athletes an unfair advantage," claimed Dr. Hyman Roth, chief surgeon. "Especially Wilma and Betty. Those babies are loaded!"

What's a Rusty Nail?



a) something Noah had plenty of.



b) a quill from a wet porcupine.



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

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY © W.A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA 1983

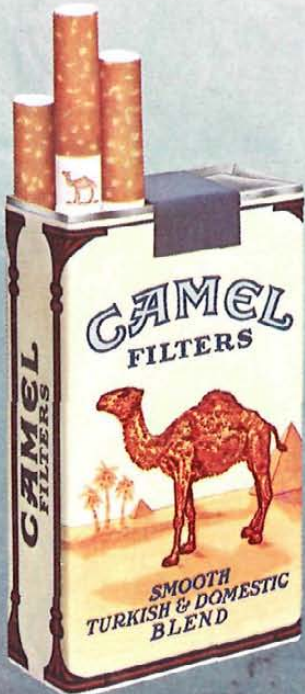
FOTO FUNNIES



16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '83.

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CAMEL FILTERS



Experience
the Camel taste in
Camel Filters.



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

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26)

Sirs:

First I had roaches. Then it was mice, then rats. This morning I went into my bathroom and there were about ten white rhinos scurrying around, trying to hide from the light. And if you think you can kill those suckers with Raid, you're crazy. I had to beat them to death with a shampoo bottle.

Dale Garvey
Manhattan

Sirs:

I thought it would be grand to have one of those giant chessboards in my backyard, complete with hired lackeys to act as pieces as I shouted orders through a bullhorn. The board alone cost \$80,000 to build and install, and then came the problem with the chess pieces. I couldn't hire my own at minimum wage, I had to go with professionals from the OHCPU (Organized Human Chess Pieces Union). They get \$24.50 an hour plus transportation and food. Also, all moves are prearranged from an OHCPU blueprint un-

less otherwise stated. I had to pay an additional \$37.90 per chess piece per hour plus injury insurance (a knight lancing a pawn, etc.) if I wanted the match to be spontaneous and unrehearsed. When the sound "Checkmate" was finally heard, I was out \$123,000 and had lost the game in three moves. Tennis, anyone?

Lawrence William Tilton III
The Hamptons

Sirs:

Doctors and lawyers—those are the only two kinds of men I would allow my granddaughter Cindy to marry. And that's final. What else should a good Jewish girl spend her life with? Am I right?

There are precious few things a person can be sure of these days. Then today I discover this author boyfriend of hers is gonna be on the Merv Griffin program next month. Out in California. To talk about some book he wrote. I know there's no security in writing books, but the Merv Griffin show? I may have to make an exception.

Grandma Hanna
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sirs:

The great *Moby Dick?* and *Peace?* ever written called *Love* got published. Pick up a co-

OD by
Rev. Pete

DEAR...
ONIGHT!

UM...
HAD A HARD
INSURANCE

Sirs:

No, I'm not kind of weird. I'm naked and screaming woman" when in the jukebox, home rare animals unique and system. The anything. I'm

GODDAMN PAIN IN THE
ASS... EVERYONE!

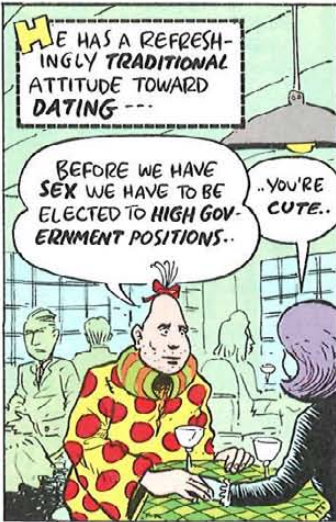


Sirs:



"I'd like to try something different—something that takes a lot of guts to eat."

Zippy's Guide to SEX, DEATH & BETWEEN-MEAL SNACKS



CONT.

ZIPPY KNOWS WHAT IT'S LIKE ON THE OTHER SIDE-- HE WAS ONCE PRONOUNCED CLINICALLY DEAD AT A NEIL DIAMOND CONCERT.

..HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING..

..DID.. DID.. ..HE STOP SINGING YET??

HE BROUGHT BACK SEVERAL FAMOUS DEAD PEOPLE..THEY DID THE LETTERMAN SHOW ABOUT 6 MONTHS AGO BUT IT WAS CUT.

THAT'S RIGHT, DAVID.. SEATED NEXT TO ME ARE HUGH BEAUMONT AND THE PROVERBIAL ZASU PITTS!!

GO TO YOUR ROOM, ZIPPY..

TO THOSE FRIGHTENED BY THE PROSPECT OF THEIR OWN DEATH, ZIPPY HAS A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION..

TAKE A HAMPER OF BRIE & PÂTÉ UP INTO THE HILLS BEHIND BEIRUT.. AND REMEMBER, THE MOSLEMS LOVE AN AMUSING ROSÉ !!

ANYBODY HAVE A CORK-SCREW??

SNACK-WISE, ZIPPY'S MADE A MAJOR DISCOVERY--

IF YOU MIX SMURF-BERRY CRUNCH AND VALVOLINE & SERVE IT ON TOASTED SILICON CHIPS, YOU'LL COLLECT RESIDUALS FOREVER!!

...IT'S KITCHEN TESTED!!

UH-OH!! SMURFOUS BREAK-DOWN!!

AND, ON THE DIPLOMATIC FRONT, HE ADVISES THAT HOSTESS PRODUCTS BE DROP-SHIPPED IMMEDIATELY TO THIRD-WORLD TROUBLE SPOTS..

NO-HOS TO GRENADA.	SNO BALLS TO IRAN.
CRUMB CAKES TO EL SALVADOR.	POWDERED GEMS TO NICARAGUA.

MSG PROMOTES REGIONAL STABILITY!!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, HOW ABOUT AN ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE OF MARXIST LEADERS TO HOSTESS HEAD-QUARTERS IN RYE, NEW YORK!!

"BAKED WHILE YOU CREEP"!!!

EVER ALERT TO NEW TRENDS IN FOOD TECHNOLOGY, ZIPPY IS CONVINCED THAT, AT ONE TIME, ALIENS VISITED JERIEY CITY AND LEFT US THE RECIPE FOR LOBSTER NEWBURG..

GEE--

I MUST INFORM CRAIG CLAIBORNE..

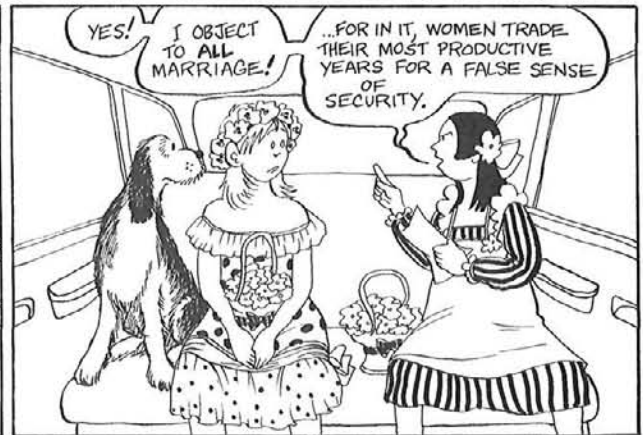
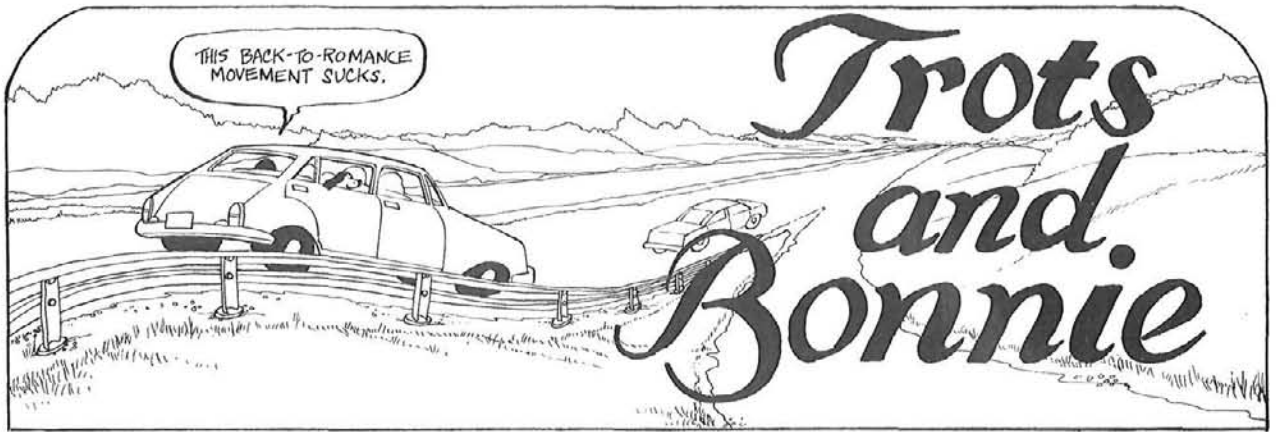
ZIPPY SAYS QUICHE JOKES WILL MOST LIKELY BE WITH US FOR SOME TIME TO COME-- SO LET'S ENJOY A FEW !!

THEY ARE FUNNY!!

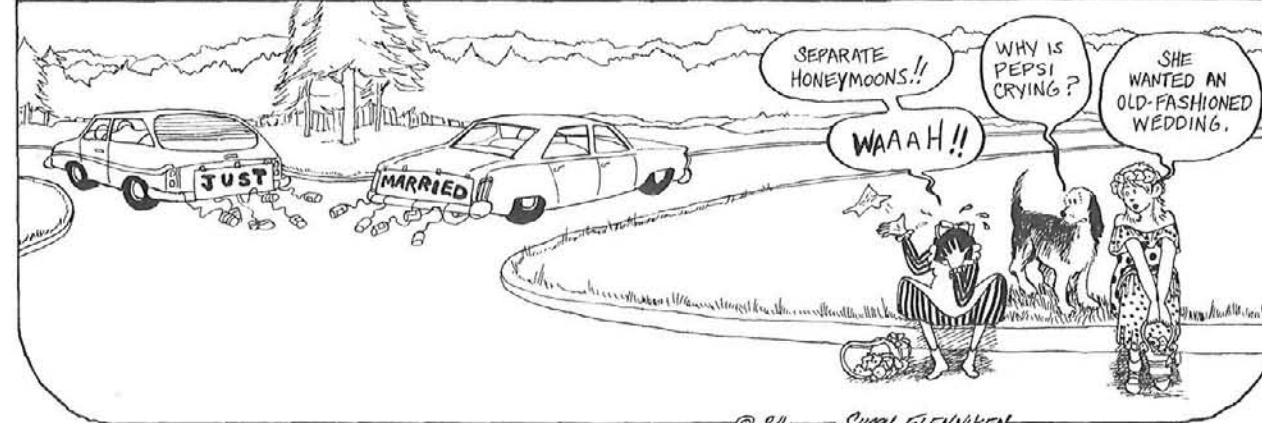
FINALLY, WHEN EMOTIONAL STRESS REACHES THE BREAKING POINT, THERE IS ALWAYS THE ZIPPY DIET ---

CONCENTRATE ON YOUR 19" SONY TRINITRON UNTIL YOU CAN'T TELL TH' DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CARL SAGAN'S LOWER LIP & A JAR OF SMUCKER'S SWEET PICKLE CHIPS---

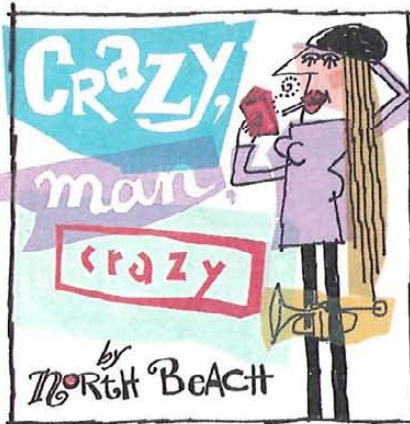
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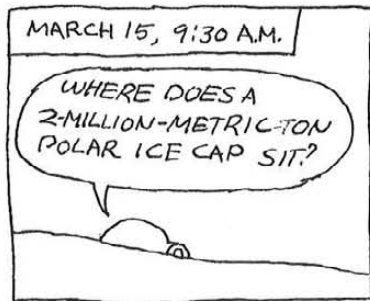
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© 84 SHIRLEY FLENNIKEN



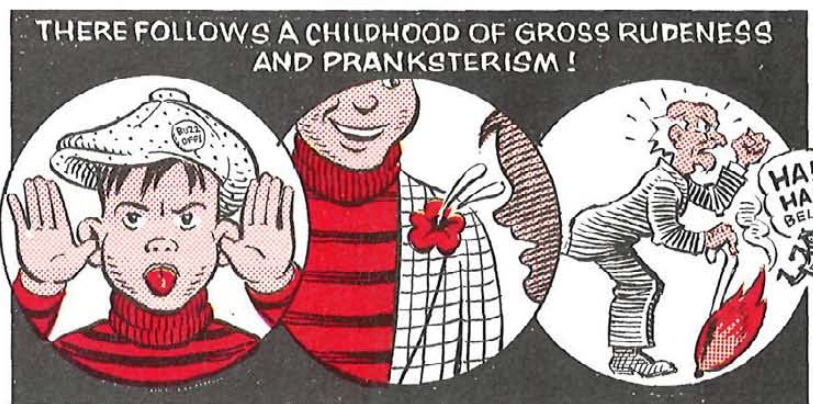
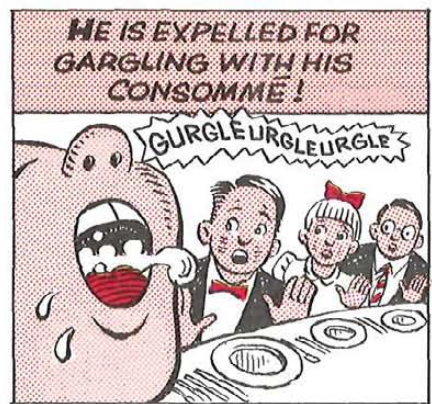
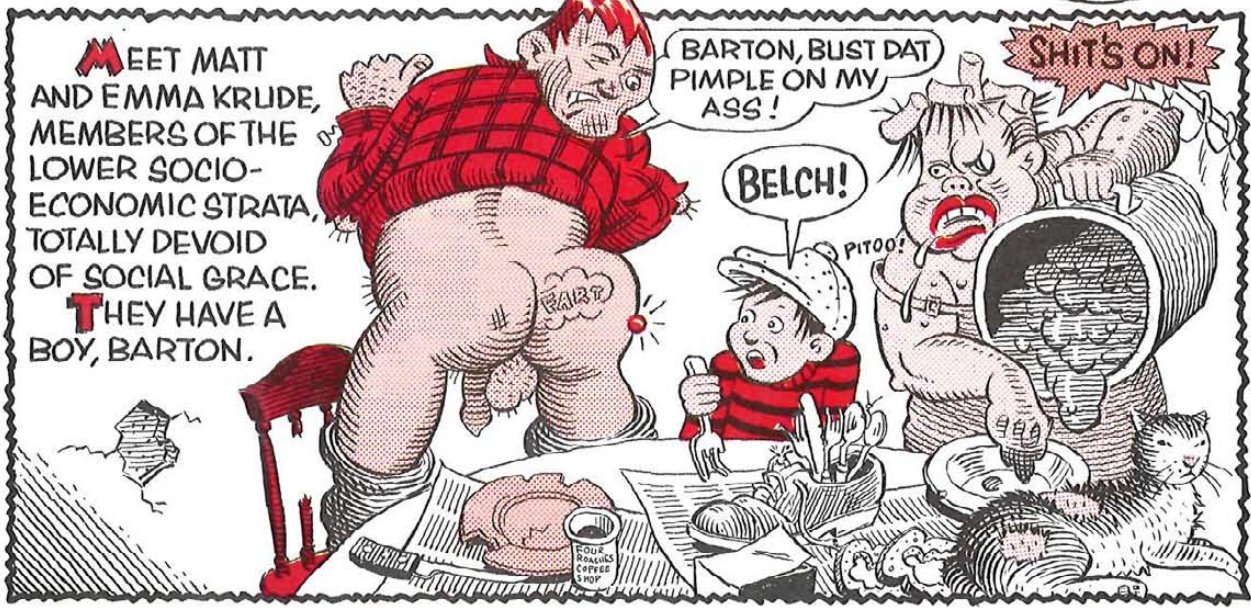
ANTARCTIC JOURNAL BY P.C. VEY

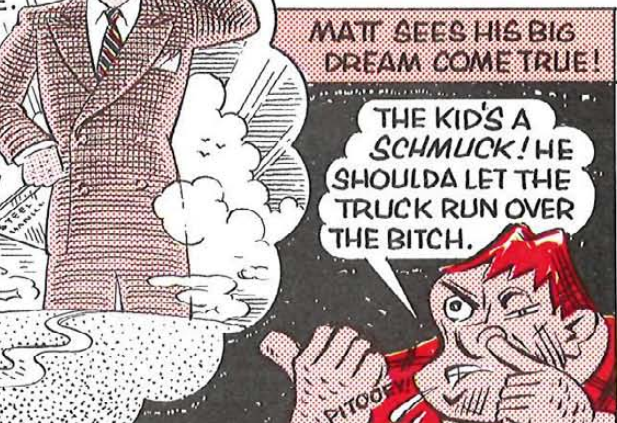
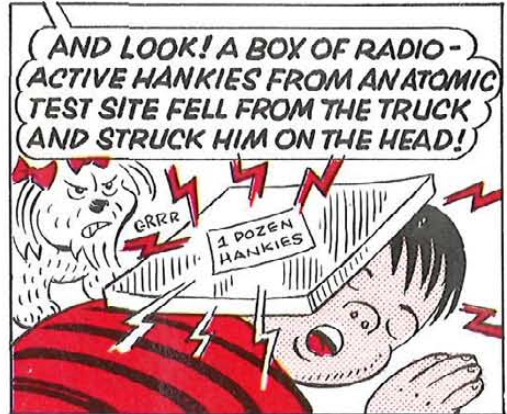
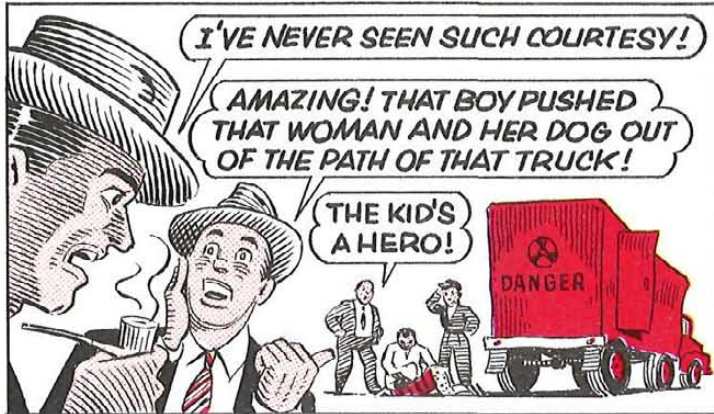
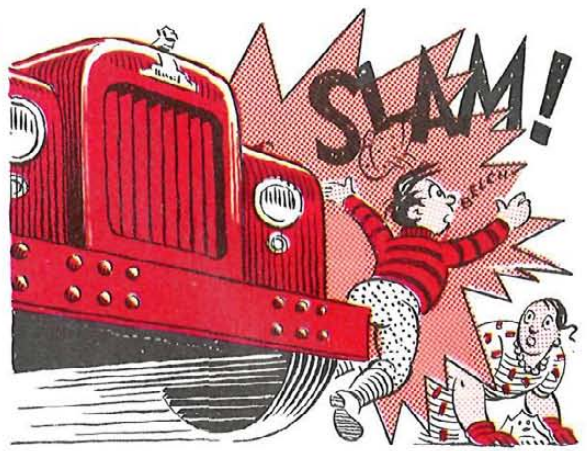


HOW NOT TO PICK UP GIRLS! BY MIMI POND ©1984



THE ORIGIN OF
POLITENESSMAN!
 RIGHTER OF RUDENESS! CHAMPION OF CHARM!
 by RON BARRETT





FOLLOW THE COURTESY-PACKED ADVENTURES OF

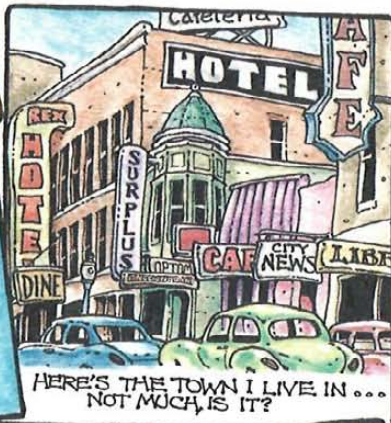
POLITENESSMAN EACH MONTH IN THIS MAGAZINE!

EXCURSIONS



RICK GEARY
© 1984

"IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE!"



HERE'S THE TOWN I LIVE IN... NOT MUCH IS IT?



I'M GENERALLY NOT A RISK TAKER, BUT I MUST SAY I'VE HAD MY SHARE OF EXCITEMENT.



THE WIFE WILL BACK ME UP, THO SHE DOESN'T LIKE ME TALKING ABOUT THESE THINGS.



I CAN NEVER, FOR INSTANCE, SIMPLY RIDE A BIKE.



I SOMETIMES ZIP THRU A R.R. CROSSING WITHOUT EVEN SLOWING DOWN.



AND OH HOW I LOVE TO TAUNT VICIOUS LITTLE DOGS!



HOW'S THIS FOR A CLOSE CALL: I USUALLY STOP AT THE DRUGSTORE TUESDAY EVENINGS FOR A MALTED...



BUT JUST ONCE, SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, I DECIDED TO DROP BY ON A MONDAY INSTEAD....



THE VERY NEXT DAY, THEY HIKED THEIR PRICES INORDINATELY.



THE DAY AFTER, THE PLACE WENT OUT OF BUSINESS...



AND THE OWNER, POOR FELLOW, JUST DROPPED DEAD.



SOMETIMES I THINK THE GOOD LORD SMILES ON ME...



BUT THE WIFE SAYS IT'S BECAUSE NOW THAT I'M RETIRED, I HAVE MORE TIME ON MY HANDS.



OUR KIDS, BY THE WAY, ARE GROWN UP AND HAVE FAMILIES OF THEIR OWN.



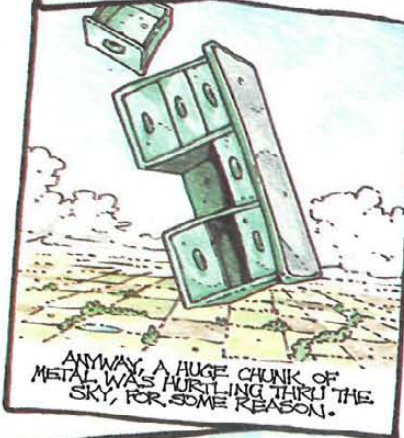
ONE OF OUR GRANDKIDS IS A WHIZ AT THE COMPUTER, BUT THAT'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE.



I'M CONVINCED WE'RE UNDER THE CONTROL OF FORCES WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT...



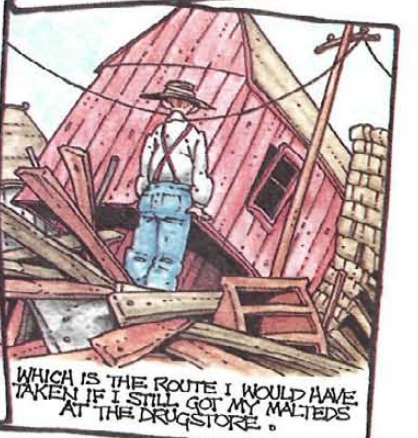
THO I KNOW MANY FOLKS WOULD DISAGREE — ESPECIALLY CHET CROON ACROSS THE STREET.



ANYWAY, A HUGE CHUNK OF METAL WAS HURTLING THRU THE SKY, FOR SOME REASON.



IT CAUSED NOTABLE DAMAGE ALL UP FOURTH AVENUE...



WHICH IS THE ROUTE I WOULD HAVE TAKEN IF I STILL GOT MY MALTEDS AT THE DRUGSTORE.



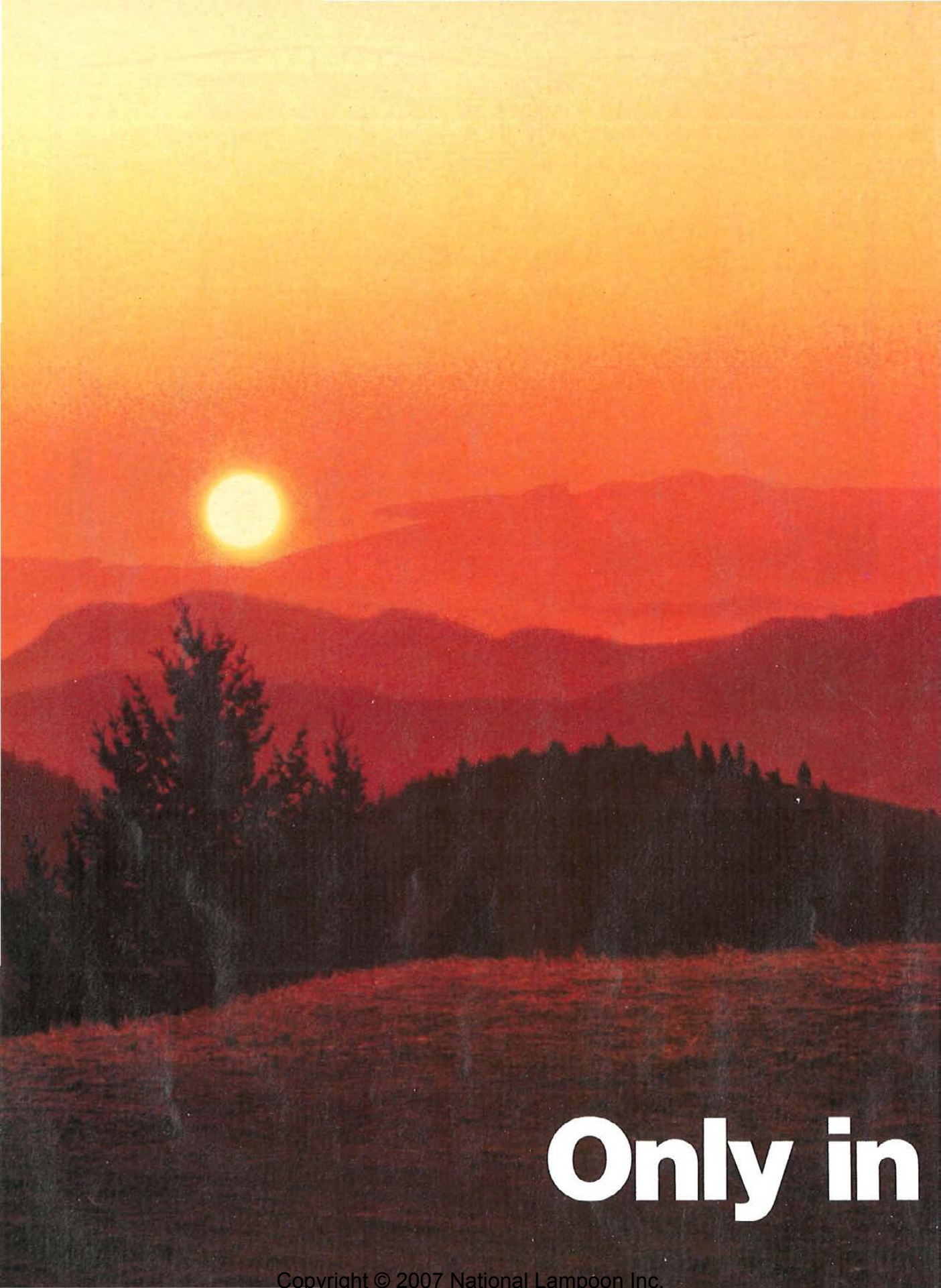
FORTUNATELY, I NOW PATRONIZE THE FROZEN FREEZE ON ELEVENTH.



I COULD GO ON AND ON, BUT WON'T.



I GUESS I'M DARN LUCKY TO BE AROUND... AND THE WIFE WILL BACK ME UP.



Only in



a Jeep.®

Jeep  CJ 

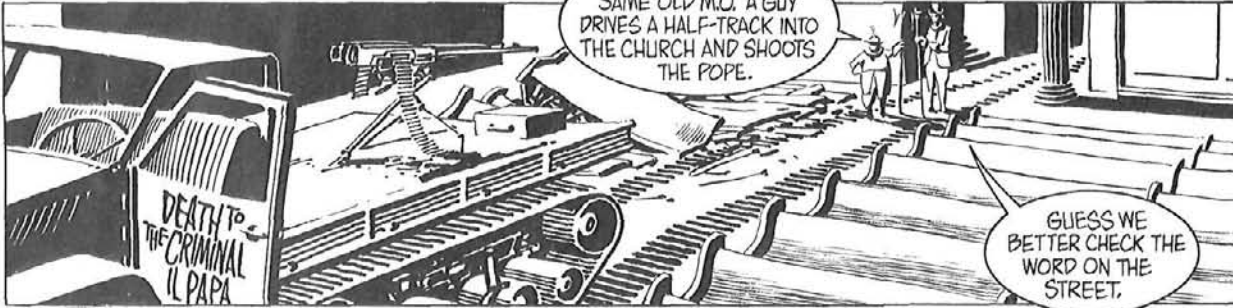
SWISS GUARDS LALIVE AND KOHL WERE WORKING PLAINCLOTHES WHEN A SUSPICIOUS VEHICLE WAS REPORTED IN ST. PETER'S BASILICA.

THE STREETS OF VATICAN CITY



JESUS CHRIST, I JUST SAT DOWN.

LOOKS LIKE THE SAME OLD M.O. A GUY DRIVES A HALF-TRACK INTO THE CHURCH AND SHOOTS THE POPE.



GUESS WE BETTER CHECK THE WORD ON THE STREET.



START SINGIN', CUPCAKE, AND YOU CAN HAVE THE SURPRISE.

OKAY, OKAY... I HEARD SOMETHING.

I HEARD ABOUT SOME FUNNY-LOOKIN' DUDE THEY CALL "D". THAT'S ALL I KNOW.



LALIVE AND KOHL HAVE A SKETCH DRAWN UP FROM THE INFORMER'S DESCRIPTION, THEN HIT THE MARBLE.

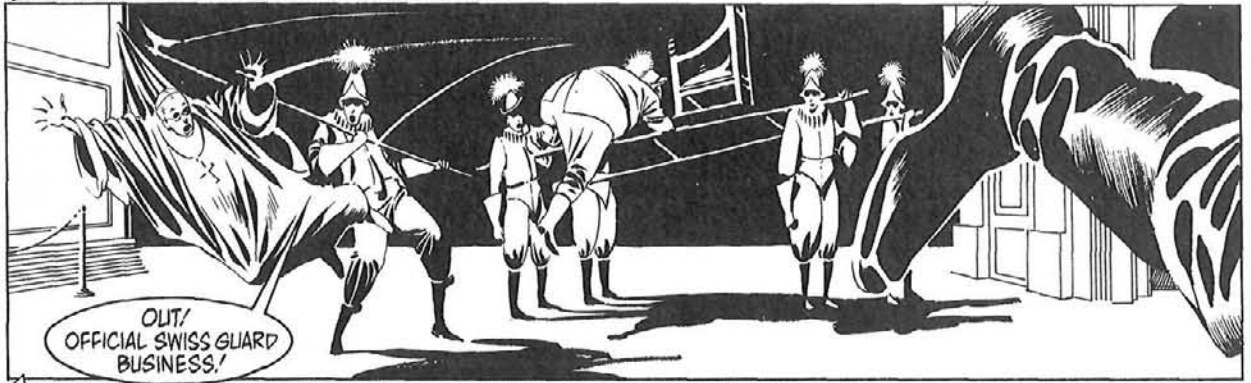
YOU SEEN A GUY WHO LOOKS LIKE THIS... GOES BY THE NAME OF "D"?

YEAH, I SEEN HIM OVER THERE, BY THE PIETA.



HEY YOI! IS THAT YOUR HALF-TRACK?

THE SUSPECT FLEES, AS LALIVE AND KOHL GIVE CHASE.



OUT!
OFFICIAL SWISS GUARD
BUSINESS!

THE TRAIL LEADS TO A FILTHY PSYCHO'S GARRET ON THE BAD SIDE OF THE PAPAL STATE.



DESTROY THE
CIA ADVENTURIST-
GANGSTER THUG
JOHN PAUL
ORON

JESUS,
WHAT KIND OF
PERSON LIVES
LIKE THIS?

WORLD:
ENEMY
#1

BEATS ME,
BUT HE'S LONG GONE
NOW.



LATER...

YOU BOYS NAB THAT
WEIRDO WITH THE HALF-TRACK
IN ST. PETER'S?

NAH,
HE BLEW THE
ENCLAVE.

JUST
AS WELL. ONE
LESS FORM TO
FILL OUT.

ONE LESS BLIM FOR
THAT BLEEDING-HEART CURIA TO
BOUNCE BACK ON THE STREET WITH
A SLAP ON THE WRIST.



JUST
HOPE WE
DON'T HAVE ANY
MORE TROUBLE
FROM HIM.



OKAY,
EVERYONE, THIS IS
A STICKUP!

JESUS,
I JUST SAT
DOWN.

NEXT
MONTH: **ALTARED STATES!**

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



KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

HOW DO YOU DO! WE'RE JOE'S MOTHER AND FATHER. WE FLEW IN FROM FT. WAYNE TO SEE HIM. JOE'S WIDOW TOLD US HE LIVES—UH, I MEAN, STAYS—WITH YOU.



OH—PLEASED T'MEETCHA! COME ON IN.



JOE'S IN THE BATHROOM— I'LL GET HIM.

PAPA, IF JOE IS DEAD, WHAT IS HE DOING IN THE BATHROOM?

I DON'T KNOW, MAMA....



JOE, GUESS WHAT? YOUR MOM AND DAD ARE HERE! LET ME PUT YOUR PANTS ON, AND YOUR SHIRT— WAIT A MINUTE, LET ME ZIP YOUR FLY— THERE, NOW YOU LOOK PRESENTABLE!

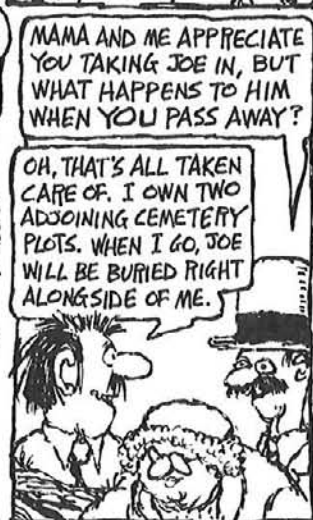


HERE HE IS, FOLKS! I GIVE JOE A TAN WITH A SUNLAMP EVERY COUPLE OF WEEKS— THAT WAY HE DOESN'T HAVE THAT DEATHLY COMPLEXION.



JOE! MY LITTLE JOE!

CAREFUL! WATCH YOUR FINGERS— HE'S STILL HOT!



MAMA AND ME APPRECIATE YOU TAKING JOE IN, BUT WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM WHEN YOU PASS AWAY?

OH, THAT'S ALL TAKEN CARE OF. I OWN TWO ADJOINING CEMETERY PLOTS. WHEN I GO, JOE WILL BE BURIED RIGHT ALONGSIDE OF ME.



WELL, WE HAVE A FAMILY PLOT BACK HOME AND WE'D KIND OF LIKE THE WHOLE FAMILY BURIED TOGETHER.

EXCEPT OUR DAUGHTER NORRA'S HUSBAND. NORRA MARRIED A PUERTO RICAN....



LOOK HERE— WHY DON'T YOU SELL YOUR TWO CEMETERY PLOTS AND GET BURIED NEXT TO JOE IN OUR FAMILY PLOT?

... GEE... I DON'T KNOW... AFTER ALL, IT'LL BE ALL YOUR FAMILY BURIED THERE AND I'M AN OUTSIDER....



AN OUTSIDER? NONSENSE! HAVING JOE LIVING— I MEAN— STAYING HERE WITH YOU, YOU'RE LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY! WE WANT YOU BURIED WITH US!



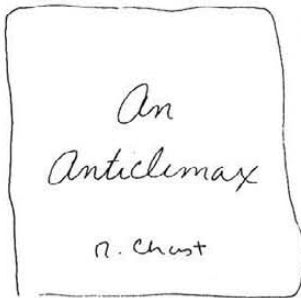
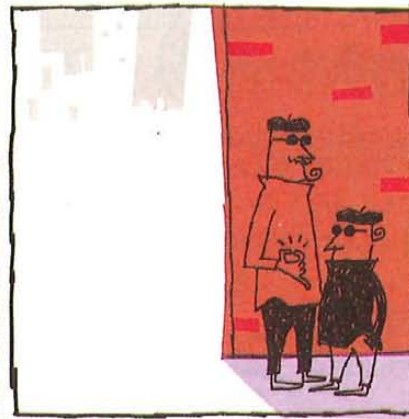
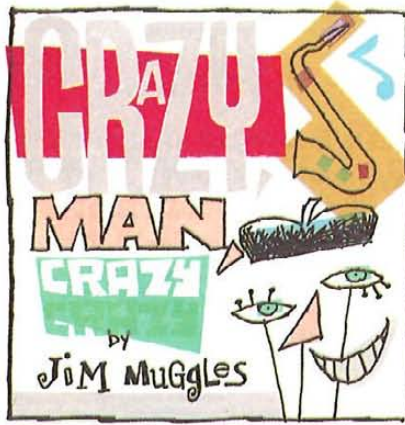
OKAY— I'LL DO IT! WHEN I DIE, I'LL BE HAPPY TO BE BURIED WITH ALL YOU FOLKS!

GOOD FOR YOU!

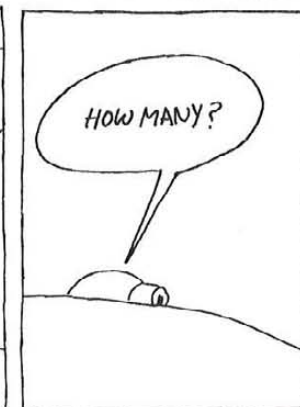
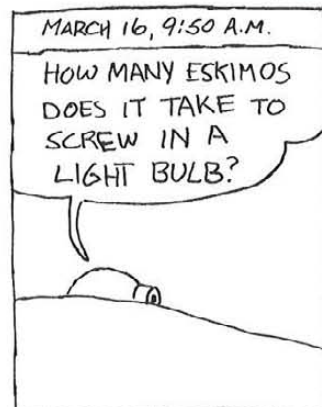
WELCOME TO OUR FAMILY!

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WASN'T THIS A PLEASANT EPISODE? THE KIND OF THING YOU'D SEE ON "THE WALTONS."



ANTARCTIC JOURNAL R.C. VEY



FOR MANY YEARS AUNT MARY'S KITCHEN HAS BEEN A HOTBED OF ACTIVITY, REGARDLESS OF WHICH, AUNT MARY HAS CARRIED ON WITHOUT COMPLAINT, STUFFING TURKEYS, SEWING LITTLE HATS ON SLIPPERS, AND CUTTING HAIR FOR OTHERS.

SOME OF THE PEOPLE & EVENTS ABOUT WHICH MARY HAS NEVER COMPLAINED, BUT WOULD LIKE TO, ARE AS FOLLOWS:



① Brother Leo and his bad behavior in the hospital, dancing on his bed and then escaping in someone else's clothes, only to start a BRAWL in a restaurant.



② Leo's claim that a MONKEY BIT HIM on the steps of the PUBLIC LIBRARY when, in fact, he fell.




③ The Doctors in the hospital eating Leo's FIG BARS while in the very next room Leo was hallucinating from the wrong drug.




④ The TV repairman who breaks the TV every time and who doesn't cast a shadow.



⑤ Twin sister Dorothy's total lack of CONSIDERATION for others; for instance, in 1976 when Dorothy had the NERVOUS DEPRESSION, guess who gave her a HOME PERMANENT but was never thanked?



⑥ Unsolicited religious people barging in DAY and NIGHT with pamphlets and ZUCCHINI whether one wants them or not.



⑦ Frequent impromptu visits from Bill and Lillian Moronson, always POPPING IN before breakfast or during dinner, always TALKING AT THE SAME TIME and STOMPING around the KITCHEN like caribou.



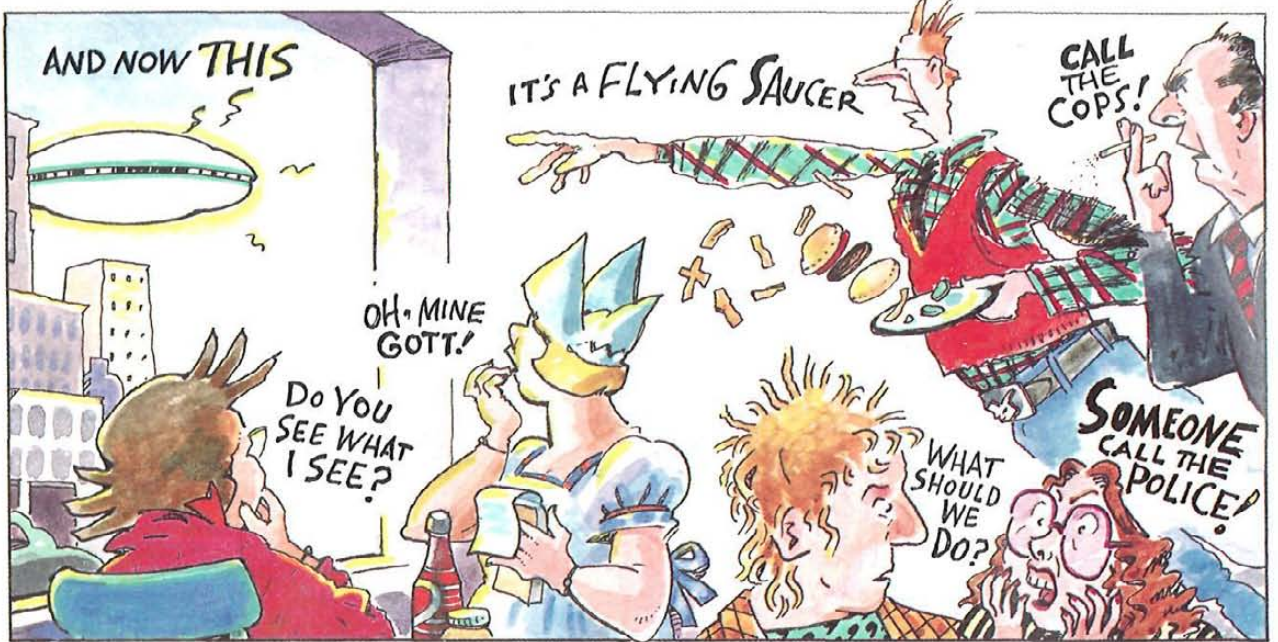
⑧ The dog, Leo found in a paper bag.

They mean well... and they MIGHT take



⑨ Carol, another religious person who would like to share her beliefs. Carol should have a trim and a body wave.

ANYWAY, THIS MORNING THINGS JUST GOT OUT OF HAND IN AUNT MARY'S KITCHEN. LEO WAS THERE. CAROL WAS THERE. THEN THE MORONSONS CAME FOR THE DOG. THEY WERE ALL THERE, BARKING AND YELLING, WHEN AUNT MARY LEFT, UNNOTICED. SHE REVVED UP THE ENGINE IN HER 1941 CHRYSLER "ROYAL" COUPE AND DROVE DIRECTLY TO THE KOFFEE KLATCH FOR AN EGG SALAD SANDWICH AND A CUP OF TEA...

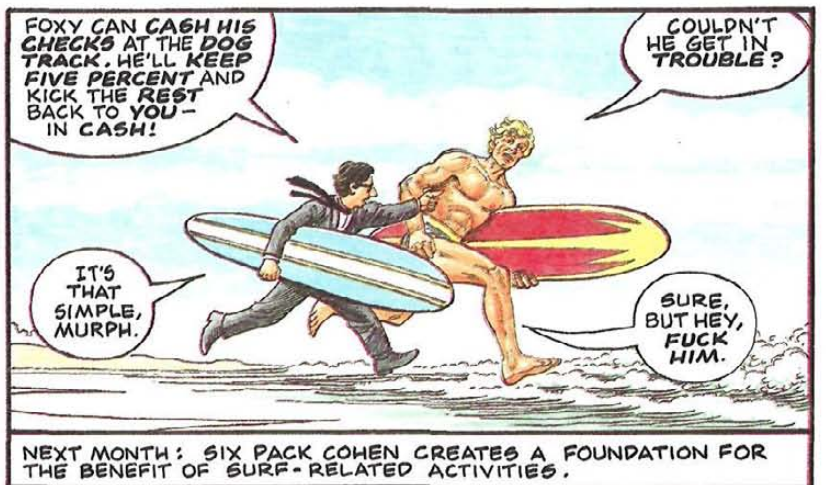
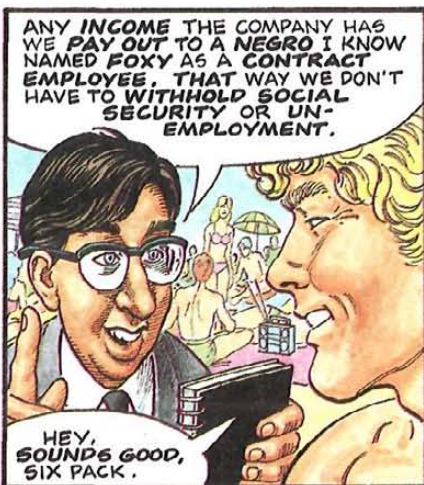
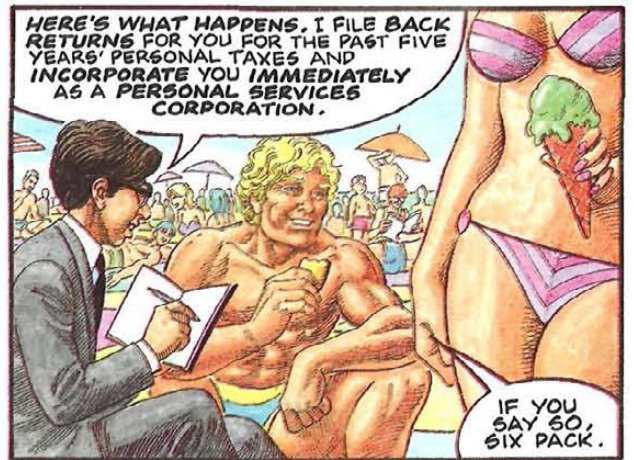
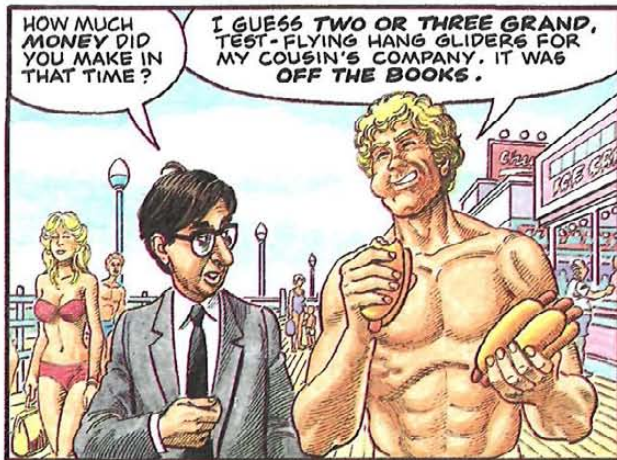
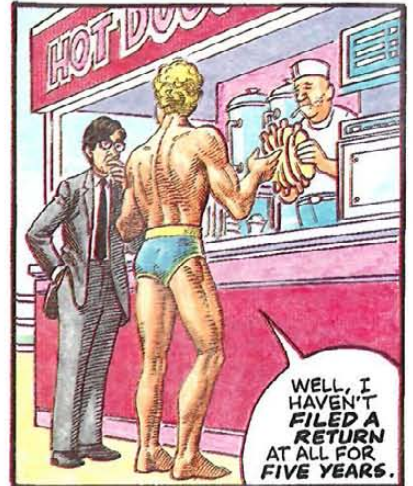
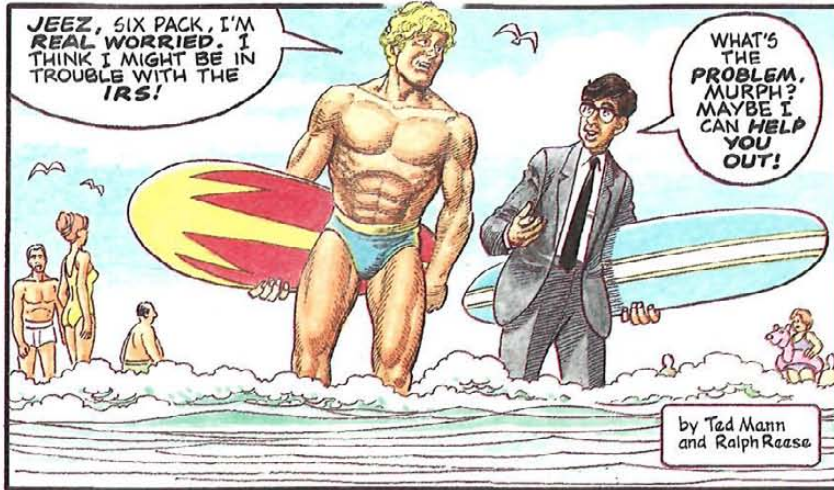


NEXT MONTH: THIS IS NO PRANK



"SIX PACK" COHEN

SURF ACCOUNTANT



Little Inspirational Stories: #472

BY John Bendel & Bill Plympton

Panel 1: HAL WAS AN OKAY GUY EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT HE WAS NATURALLY MEAN TO PEOPLE....

Panel 2: YOU SEE, PEOPLE WERE ALWAYS GIVING HAL A HARD TIME... THINGS WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE,...

Panel 3: LOOK, I'M ONLY HERE BECAUSE THEY WON'T GIVE ME UNEMPLOYMENT UNLESS I GO ON JOB INTERVIEWS. I REALLY DON'T WANT YOUR FUCKIN' JOB.

Panel 4: GOLLY, THAT'S TOO BAD. OUR AFFIRMATIVE-ACTION QUOTA REQUIRES US TO HIRE A CERTAIN NUMBER OF REALLY MEAN, NASTY PEOPLE, AND YOU'RE QUALIFIED. YOU'RE HIRED. WELCOME ABOARD!

Panel 5: SUPERVISOR!? I DON'T WANT TO BE A FUCKIN' SUPERVISOR!

Panel 6: SORRY, THE LAST FIVE SUPERVISORS IN YOUR DEPARTMENT QUIT ALONG WITH EVERYONE ELSE. THAT LEAVES YOU FOR THE JOB. CONGRATULATIONS!

Panel 7: VICE-PRESIDENT? WELL, IT DEPENDS ON THE DOUGH.

Panel 8: WE HAVE A DIVISION TO LIQUIDATE AND WE NEED SOMEONE REALLY DESPICABLE TO DO IT FOR US. NAME YOUR PRICE.

Panel 9: SO THAT'S HOW HAL BECAME A CORPORATE HIT MAN....

Panel 10: HAL DID SUCH A GREAT JOB THAT BEFORE LONG COMPANIES EVERYWHERE BEGAN BIDDING FOR HIS SERVICES....

Panel 11: FINALLY, HAL DECIDED TO START HIS OWN CONSULTING FIRM....

Panel 12: YOU'RE A ROTTEN BUNCH OF ASSHOLES AND YOU'RE ALL FIRED. NO SEVERANCE, NO PENSION. JUST CLEAN OUT YOUR DESKS AND BEAT IT!

Panel 13: EMPLOYEE TERMINATION IS AS TRAUMATIC FOR THE TERMINATOR AS IT IS FOR THE TERMINEE. NO SOCIALLY CONSCIOUS EXECUTIVE WANTS TO DISRUPT A CAREER. BLAH, BLAH, BLAH....

Panel 14: WHAT WE DO HERE IS FIRE PEOPLE, SCREW THEM, SELL THEM DOWN THE RIVER - YOUR GENERAL CORPORATE DIRTY WORK.

Panel 15: CUT THE SHIT, BUDDY. HOW MUCH WILL YOU PAY?

Panel 16: FUCK THAT. HOW MUCH DO YOU PAY?

Panel 17: SOON HAL'S SPECIAL APPROACH TO HUMAN-RELATIONS PROBLEMS WAS AVAILABLE TO ANYONE IN THE WORLD WHO COULD AFFORD HIS HEFTY CONSULTANT'S FEE....

Panel 18: YOU'RE FIRED!

Panel 19: FUCK YOU AND YOUR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' SERVICE!

Panel 20: BEAT IT!

Panel 21: AMSCRAY!

Panel 22: VERSCHWINDE!

Panel 23: VAYA PRONTO!

Panel 24: UMBOOGA LOTO!

Panel 25: AND SO HAL CLEANED UP DESPITE A CRUEL PERSONALITY HANDICAP THAT MIGHT HAVE STOPPED A LESSER PERSON..

Panel 26: THE END

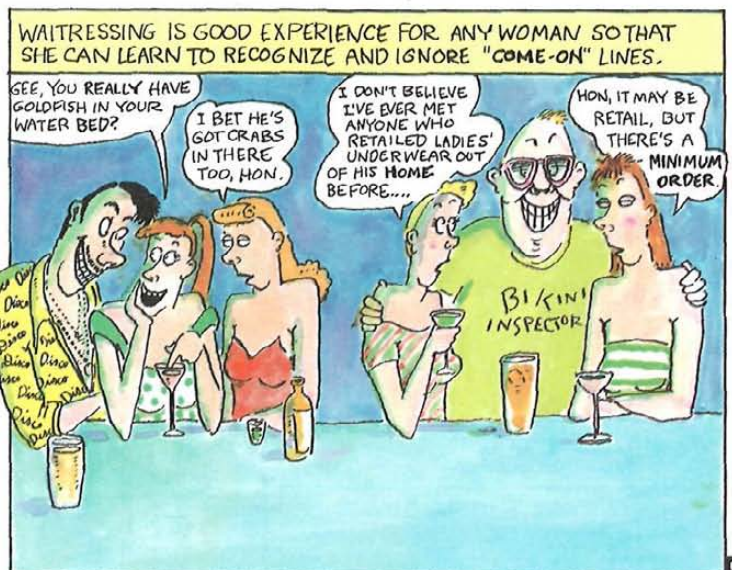
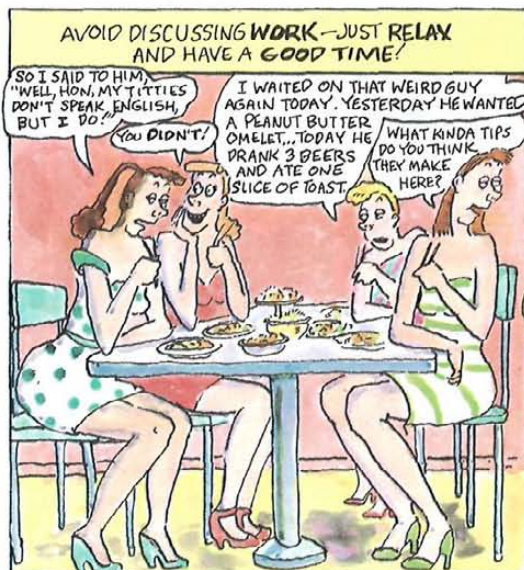
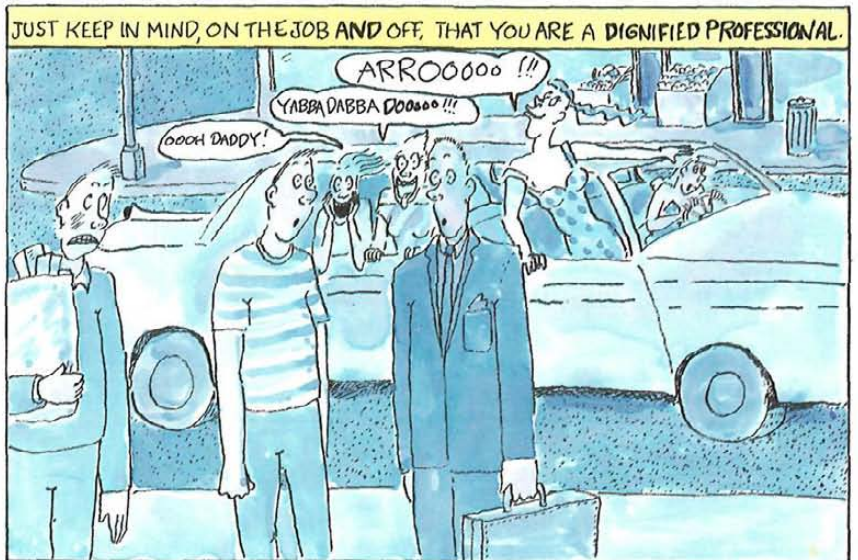
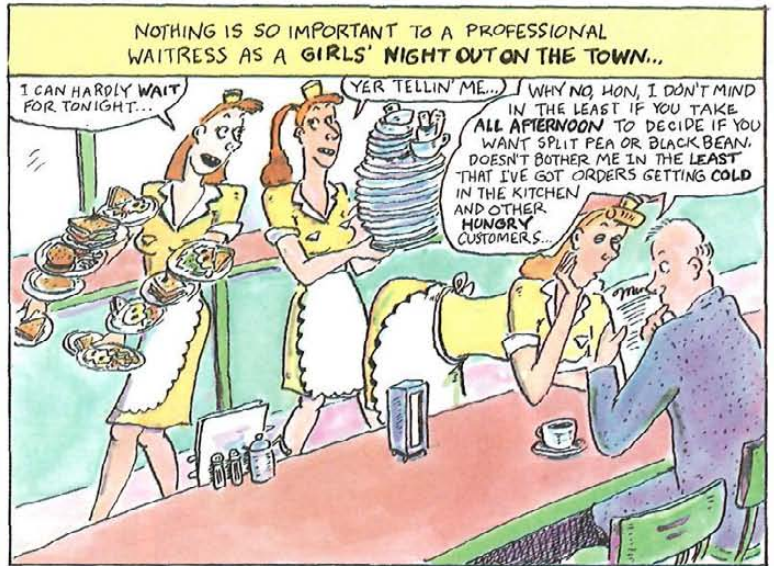
Mimi Ponds

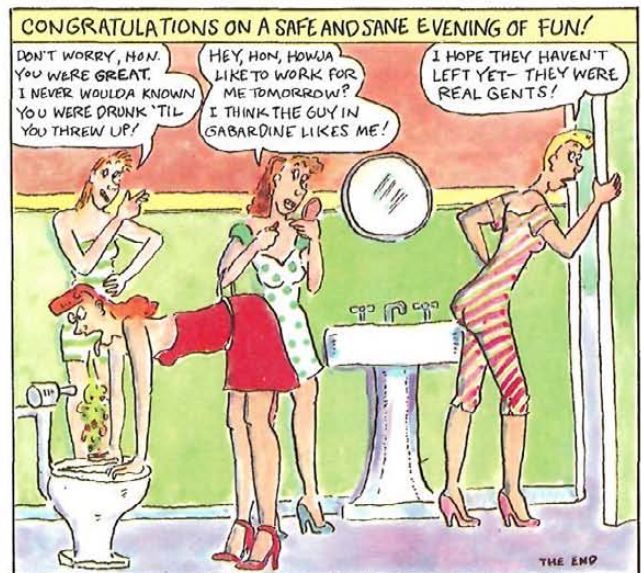
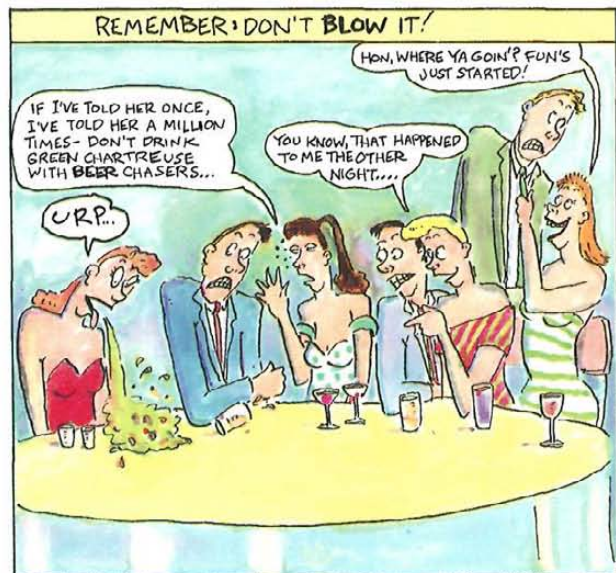
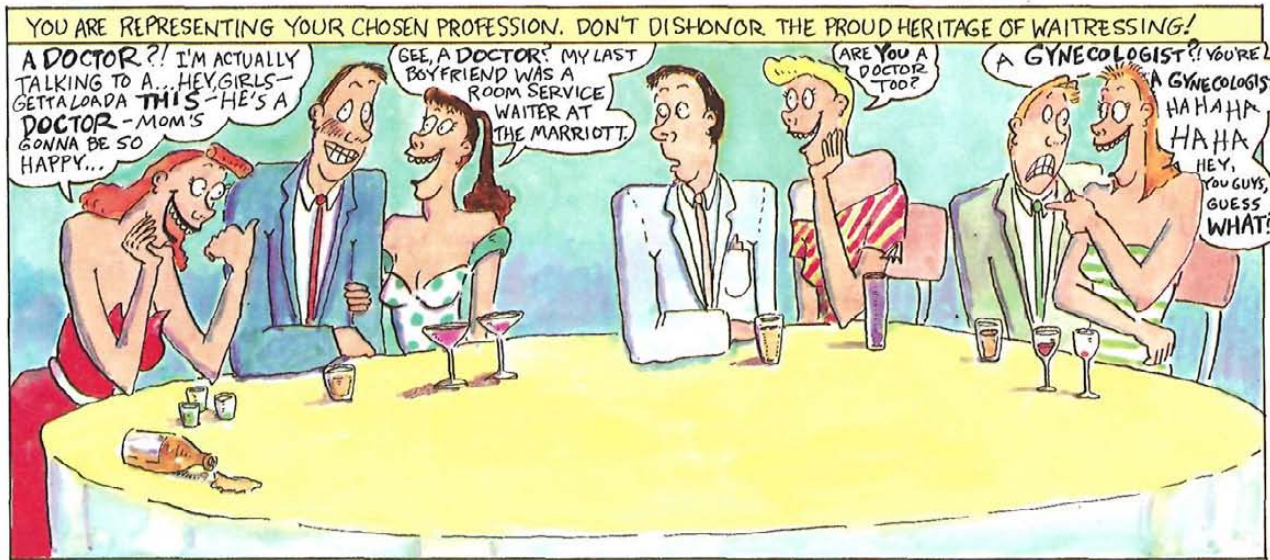
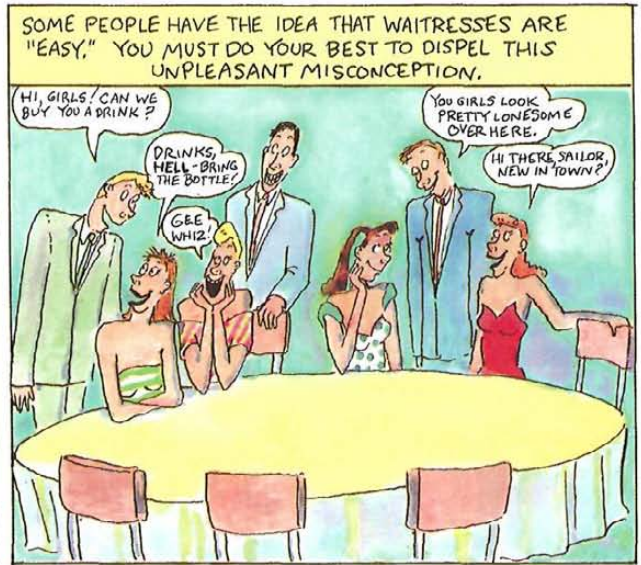
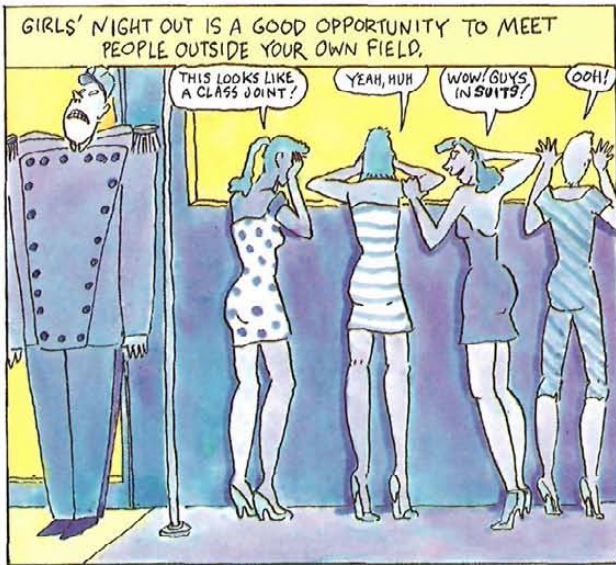
Famous Waitress

SCHOOL

Girls' Night Out!

MIMI POND © 1984





WILLARD SCOTT'S OBITUARY PAGE

BE RIGHT WITH YA!

HERE WE GO ... **DOTTIE CALLAHAN**, 105 YEARS YOUNG, FROM BRUBAKER, IOWA. NATURAL CAUSES... DOTTIE'S BEEN PUTTING UP BEET RELISH SINCE THE TURN OF THE CENTURY.

TELL THE NEXT OF KIN TO SHIP A CASE TO MY HOUSE.

HUBLER PTA HAY RIDE

NOLAN BRIGGS OF COTTERPIN, DELAWARE, 103... HE STUCK HIS HEAD IN HIS NEIGHBOR'S SNOW THROWER AND THAT WAS ALL SHE WROTE...

HARPER KANSAS OCTOBERFEST

NOLAN PUT AWAY A QUART OF JACK DANIEL'S AND 4 PACKS OF LUCKIES A DAY, EVERY DAY SINCE THE HOOVER ADMINISTRATION.

LOON COUNTY BULL SLAUGHTER

BLESS HIS HEART!

CANDY MAE WINCHESTER, 114, FROM POPLON, OREGON... SHE MANAGED TO FINISH THIS ADORABLE LITTLE POT HOLDER JUST BEFORE KEELING OVER WITH A FATAL STROKE!

RYE, NY V.F.D. BUCKET BRIGADE

THAT'S ABOUT ALL I HAVE TIME FOR, IF YOU'RE UP AT THE **JULIA CHILD CHILTHON** IN NEW PALTZ TOMORROW, LOOK ME UP... I'LL BE IN CHARGE OF THE MAALOX BOOTH.

SO LONG!

CALDWELL

ANTARCTIC JOURNAL BY P.C. VEY

MARCH 18, 10:45 A.M.	MARCH 18, 10:45 A.M.	MARCH 18, 10:45 A.M.	MARCH 18, 10:45 A.M.
			HEY! I THINK THE CLOCK STOPPED!

LESSON # 702-C

SUBLIMATING YOUR SEX DRIVE

YOU CAN'T DRAW WITH A HARD-ON, RIGHT? (A PEN OR PENCIL, YES, BUT NOT A HARD-ON.) IF YOU FIND YOUR MIND WANDERING TO THOUGHTS OF SEX DURING AN IMPORTANT JOB, TRY THINKING OF SNOW TIRES, DUTCH ELM DISEASE, OR LAST NIGHT'S NBA GAME.

FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

COMIC ARTIST WHOSE MIND IS WANDERING

POPULAR PROBLEMS

© 1984 RON HAUGE

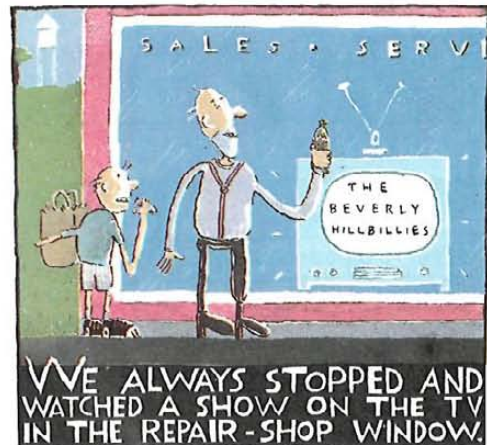
EVERY SUMMER WE VISITED OUR GRANDPARENTS IN SOUTH DAKOTA. GRANDPA ALWAYS TOOK ME FOR A WALK THROUGH TOWN AND INTRODUCED ME TO EVERYONE HE KNEW.



I NEVER REMEMBERED MEETING ANY OF THEM BEFORE, BUT THEY ALL REMEMBERED ME.



GRANDPA BOUGHT ME WHATEVER I WANTED IN EXCHANGE FOR KEEPING QUIET ABOUT HIS DRINKING.



WE ALWAYS STOPPED AND WATCHED A SHOW ON THE TV IN THE REPAIR-SHOP WINDOW.



GRANDPA SHARED GENEROUSLY THE WISDOM OF HIS YEARS.

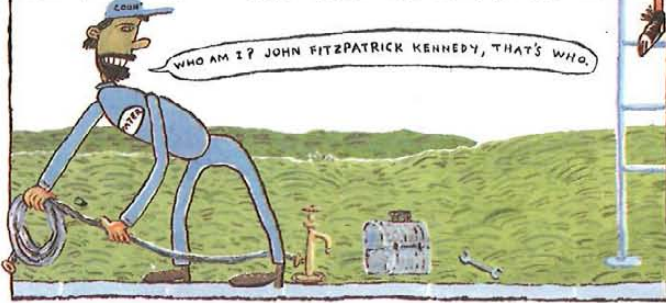
ABOUT THE TIME MY MEMORY STARTED TO GET BETTER, GRANDPA'S STARTED TO GET WORSE. HE GOT SENILE REALLY FAST.



ON OUR LAST WALK TOGETHER WE WATCHED A VACUUM CLEANER IN THE HARDWARE-STORE WINDOW FOR ABOUT HALF AN HOUR. GRANDPA THOUGHT WE WERE WATCHING 'GUNSMOKE.'



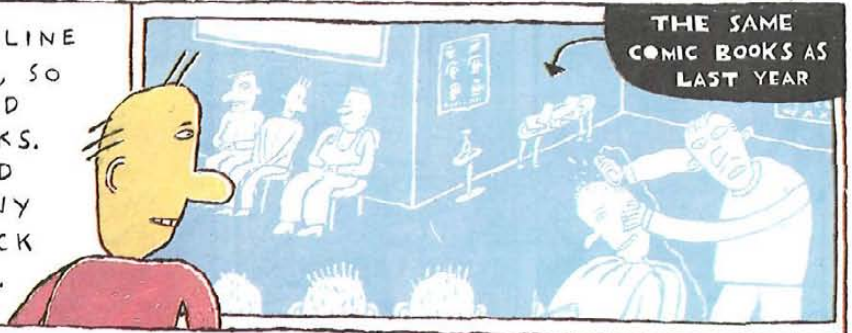
AFTER THAT, GRANDPA WENT INTO HIS FAVORITE BAR AND TOLD ME TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE FOR AN HOUR. I TRIED CLIMBING THE WATER TOWER BUT SOME GUY TOLD ME TO GET DOWN.



THERE WAS A BALLET ON TV IN THE SHOP WINDOW. I COULDN'T STAND IT EVEN FOR FREE. FOR A WHILE I LOOKED AROUND FOR BLASTING CAPS IN AN EMPTY LOT.



THERE WAS A LONG LINE AT THE BARBER SHOP, SO I WENT IN AND READ ALL THE COMIC BOOKS. WHEN I LEFT I SAID I COULDN'T WAIT ANY LONGER. IT'S A TRICK GRANDPA TAUGHT ME.



I ASKED A GUY COMING OUT OF THE BAR TO TELL GRANDPA TO COME OUT. HE SAID GRANDPA LEFT TO FIND A BATHROOM HALF AN HOUR AGO.



I CHECKED ALL THE BATHROOMS NEAR THE BAR. WHEN I COULDN'T FIND HIM I HEADED BACK TO THE HOUSE.

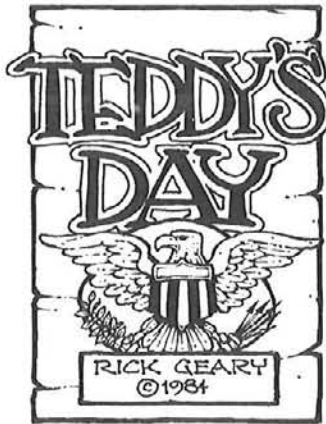


THERE WAS A CROWD IN FRONT OF THE NEW BATHROOM-FIXTURES STORE. GRANDPA WAS USING THE DISPLAY TOILET IN THE WINDOW AND THE STORE MANAGER WAS ORDERING HIM OUT.



A FINAL BIT OF GRANDFATHERLY ADVICE

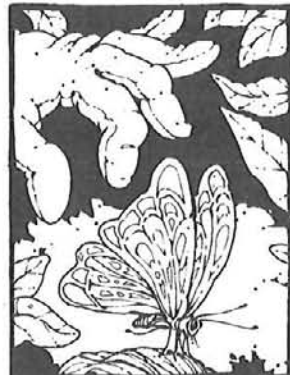




I SPRING FROM BED AT 5:45 AM, BURSTING WITH VIM AND HI-SPIRIT!



BEFORE BREAKFAST—A BRACING SWIM IN THE ICY POTOMAC.



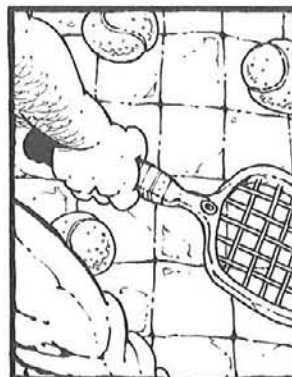
AFTER WHICH I HUNT FOR ENTOMOLOGICAL SPECIMENS IN THE UNDERGROWTH...



AND CHOP A FEW CORDS OF FIREWOOD.



LATER IN THE MORNING, A QUIET, INTIMATE MEETING WITH MR. CARNEGIE AND MR. MORGAN.



THEN I USUALLY FIND TIME FOR AN INVIGORATING GAME OF TENNIS.



AND A ROMP ON THE LAWN WITH MY BROOD.



AFTER LUNCH—A LEISURELY DRIVE THRU THE PARK...



WHERE I WELCOME A DELEGATION OF RED AMERICANS FROM MONTANA...



AND LEAD THEM ON AN OBSTACLE WALK ACROSS THE NATION'S CAPITAL.



TOWARD DUSK THEY JOIN ME IN A SQUIRREL HUNT ON THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS.



IN THE EVENING, A BRISK ROW UP THE RIVER...



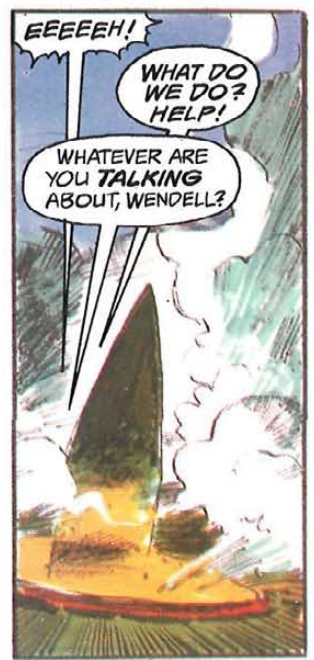
AND A POUT OR TWO OF BARE-KNUCKLED FISTICUFFS IN THE GYMNASIUM.



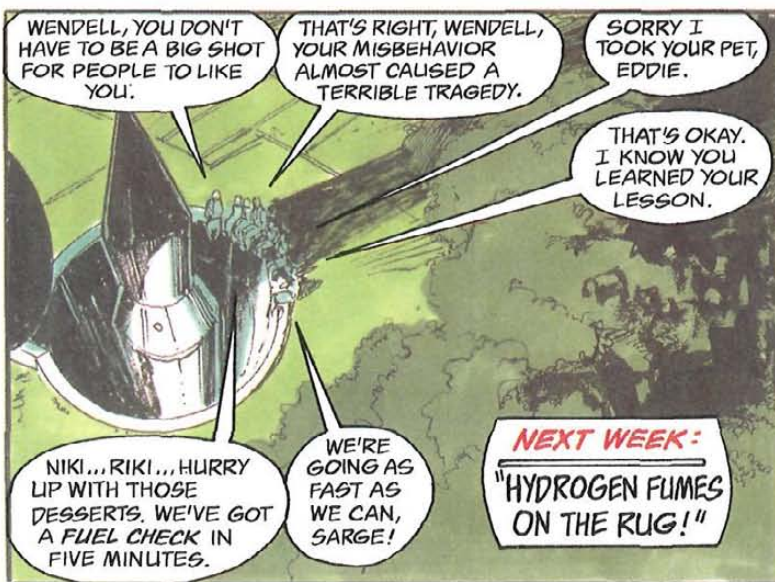
BEFORE BED I USUALLY DEVOUR TWELVE PERIODICALS, FIVE NOVELS, AND SEVEN WORKS OF HISTORY.



THEN I LEAP UNDER THE COVERS, LOOKING FORWARD WITH DELITE TO THE MORROW!




CONT.



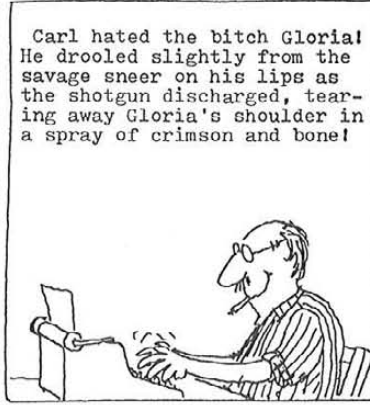
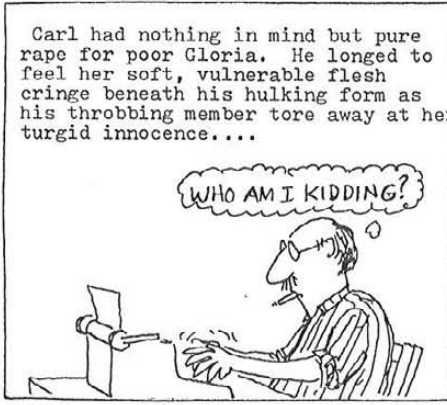
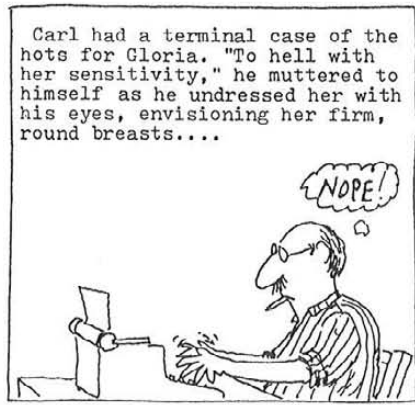
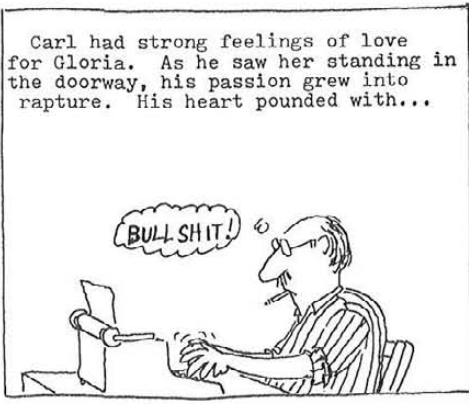
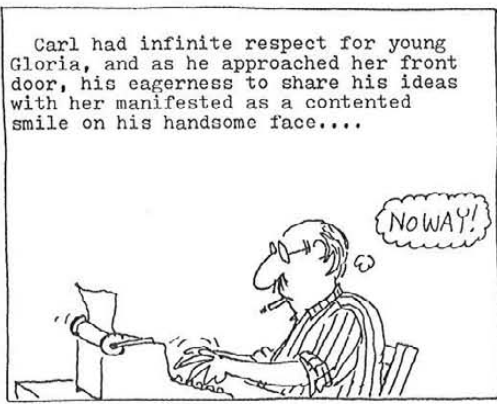
CRAZY, MAN, CRAZY

by FELONIOUS MONQUE




The Writing Life.

by TOM CHENEY '84



The Young and the Indiscreet

m a r y w i l s h i r e © 1 9 8 4

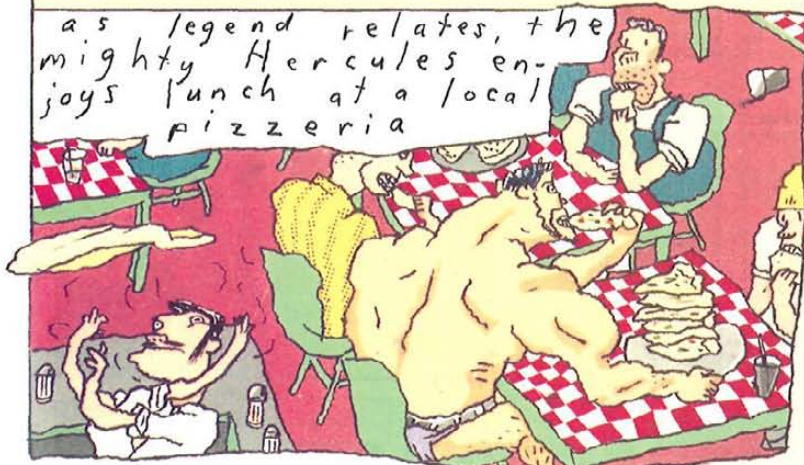


© 1984
Mr. Marek

NEW WAVE COMICS

the Adventures of HERCULES amongst the North Americans

as legend relates, the mighty Hercules enjoys lunch at a local pizzeria



refreshed, he returns to his labors



the gods seem angry today!



I MUST MAKE A SACRIFICE



oh great Zeus, accept this offering

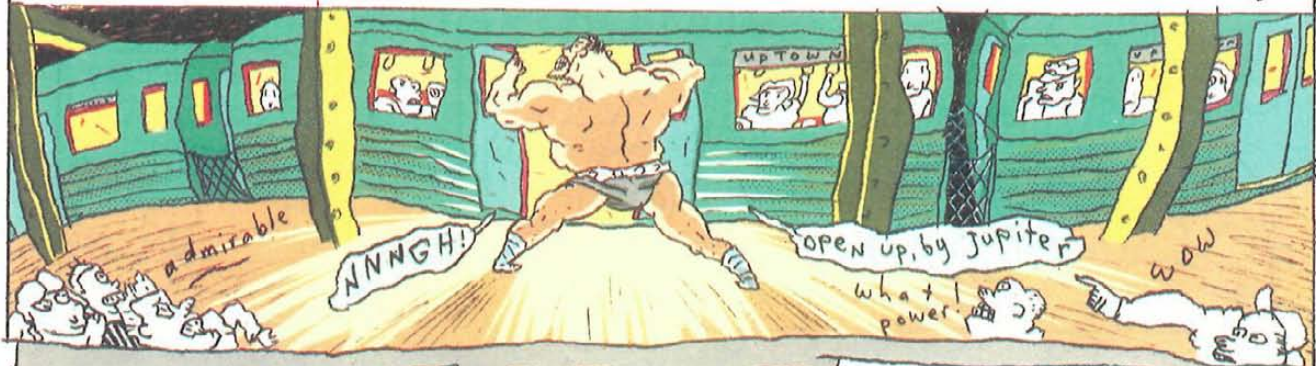


on the way home, swift Hercules narrowly catches his train... ΠΑΧΦΛ!



*by all the gods!

once again his mighty thews and sinews strain to a new challenge!



admirable

NNNGH!

open up, by Jupiter

what power

wow

back in his neighborhood the sirens beckon



wanna go out?

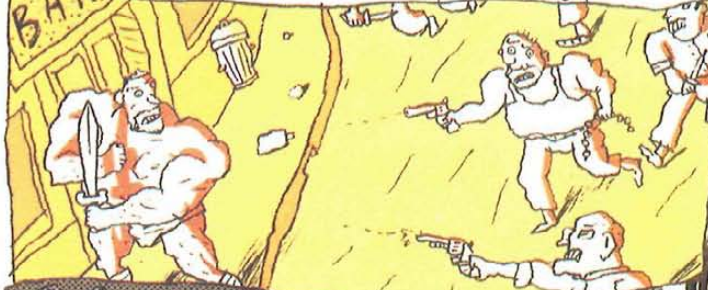
ah! another nectar of the gods over here, eh Bacchus!

a quick brew at the local



the name's Joe

one of the area's warring tribes!



they number many, but Hercules possesses the strength of a dozen men



HACK

wow

SLICE

it has been a long day and the mighty Hercules dreams of returning to the familiar shores of his beloved Peloponnesus



FUCK DIS SHIT!



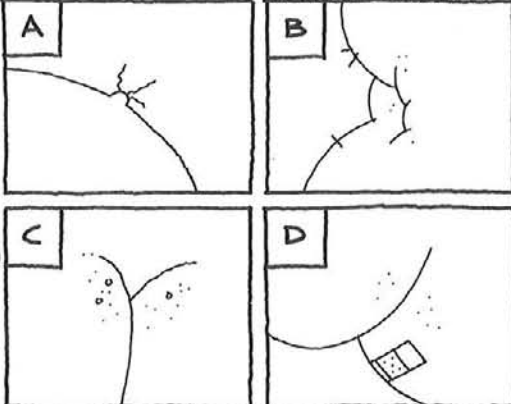
curse the fates that bind me to this strange land

and Hercules is VICTORIOUS!

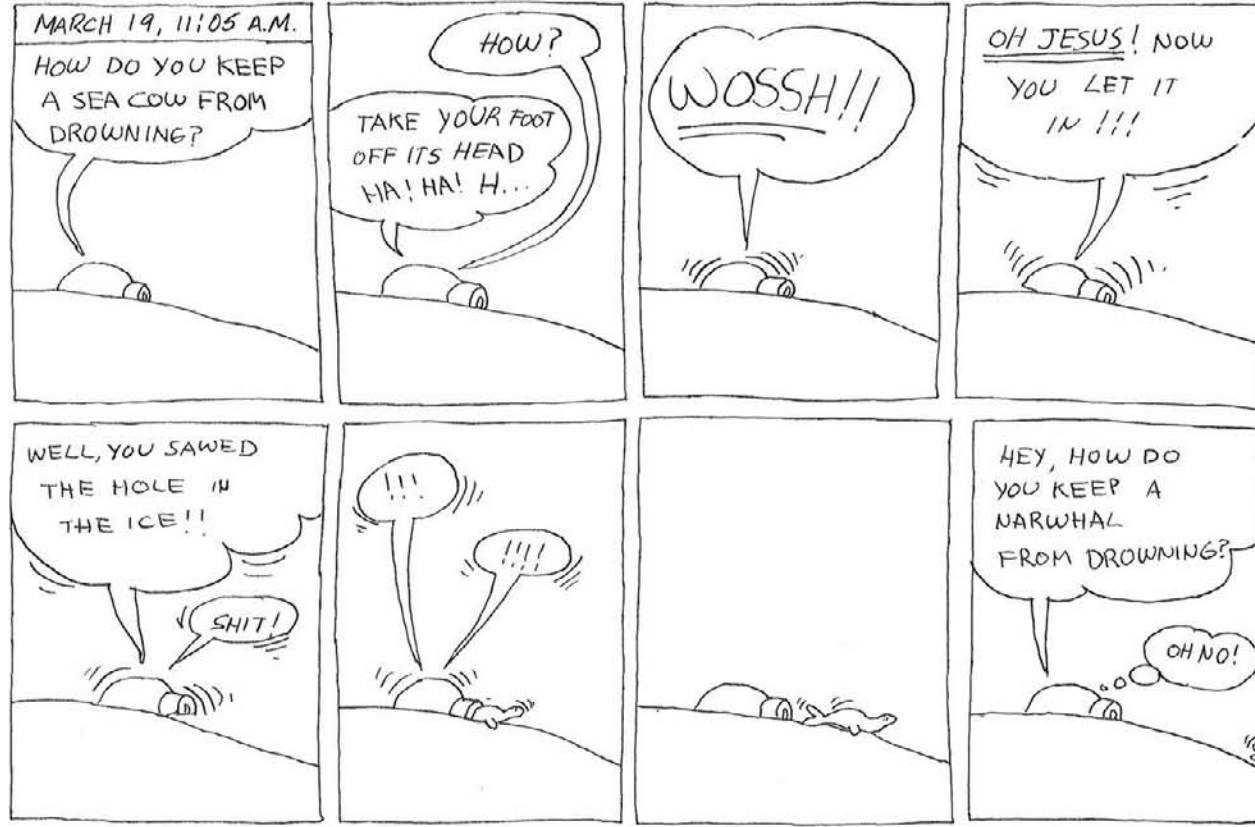
next: Hercules visits Plato's Retreat



PARTS OF
AUNT MAUDE'S BODY
 YOU HOPED YOU'D
NEVER SEE



ANTARCTIC JOURNAL BY P.C. VEY



THE LAUNDRY-MAN

M.K. BROWN ©1984

Once upon a time there was a man whose head was a basket of laundry.

HI!

Everywhere he went people said,

EEYEW

ICK



But even so, he was a real go-getter, and one of the nicest human beings you'd ever want to meet.

GOOD MORNING, MRS. SALADINO! HOW ARE YOUR TOMATOES?



The Laundry-man was nice to everyone, especially strangers.

WHERE'S YER PONY, STRANGER?

HA HA
HA HA
HA HA



Sometimes he was too nice, and caused misunderstandings.

WHAT'D I SAY?

WHAT'D I SAY?



CONT.

SO WHAT'S A PERSON SUPPOSED TO DO?
 I MEAN IT, SERIOUSLY! BE A HERMIT?
 I LIKE PEOPLE! WHAT ELSE IS THERE?

YOU POOR THING
 LIVE IN THE PRESENT, GORDON

His sister, Lilly, owned a beauty shop in Queens. The Laundry-man went there to seek her counsel.

I'M A NICE GUY, GIRLS, BUT PEOPLE DON'T UNDERSTAND ME! WHAT SHOULD I DO?
 GORDON, YOU HAVE TO LET TOMORROW TAKE CARE OF ITSELF
 TELL HIM TO RELAX!
 LISTEN, YOU CAN'T GO BACKWARD YOU HAVE TO GO FORWARD
 IT'S EASY! JUST REMEMBER THE GOOD PARTS AND FORGET THE REST!

Reeling from good advice, the Laundry-man made the discovery of his life.
 I THINK GORDON SHOULD JUST BE HIMSELF
 WHAT ELSE COULD HE BE?

I SHOULD JUST BE MYSELF!
 WHAT ELSE COULD I BE?

From that moment on life was just the same as ever,
 HONK HONK
 ICK
 EEYEW

Only better, depending upon how you look at things.
 GOOD MORNING, MRS. SALADINO! HOW ARE YOUR TOMATOES?

TIMBERLAND TALES



LAW ENFORCEMENT IS OFTEN A WAITING GAME, AND THIS IS THE CASE TODAY FOR THE CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE, WHERE OUR TALE BEGINS IN THE R.C.M.P. POST OF CONSTABLE TOM, MAURICE AND HIS DOG, FOAMY, HELP THE CONSTABLE WHILE AWAY THE HOURS WITH A GAME OF JACKS.



I LOVE DIS JACKS GAME, DON' YOU, CONSTABLE TOM? SURE YOU DO. YOUR TURN...



THOUGH THE CONSTABLE IS RUMORED TO HAVE A SMALL AMOUNT OF BRAIN DAMAGE, IT APPARENTLY HAS NOT AFFECTED HIS STRENGTH.



SIGH? WELL, I GUESS DAT'S DA END O' DAT GAME!

RING!



I'LL GET DAT. 'E TROWS DA BALL TREW DA WINDOW! HUMPH!

RING!



ELLO? CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE POST...

MAURICE? THIS IS DR. ROGERS. I'VE GOT BAD NEWS. KATHLEEN HAS BEEN ABDUCTED BY SOMEONE, AND THEY MAY MEAN HER HARM! I THINK THEY'RE AT THE OLD JACKSON CABIN. ASK THE CONSTABLE TO GET A DOG TEAM TOGETHER AND MEET ME THERE!



A PANICKED MAURICE EXPLAINS THE EMERGENCY TO THE CONSTABLE.

... AND 'E WANT YOU TO GET A DOG TEAM AND MEET 'IM DERE!



THE CONSTABLE DOES HIS BEST TO PUT TOGETHER AN IMPROMPTU DOG TEAM AND RETURNS TO THE POST.

IS DAT DA BES' YOU COULD DO? OKAY LETS GET GOING.



WITH FOAMY LEADING THE WAY, THE GROUP SETS OUT.

NO, DAT WAY! NO! DA ODDER WAY!



LATER THAT NIGHT, THEY FINALLY ARRIVE AT THE OLD ABANDONED CABIN, BUT...

LOOK, DERE'S A LIGHT IN DA CABIN! DA DOCTOR WAS RIGHT! CHARGE!



AS ANY STRATEGIST WILL CONFIRM, SURPRISE IS A KEY ELEMENT...

IN DA NAME O' DA CROWN... WHOA, 'USKIES! WHOA, STOP!



WHAT WAS THAT?!

WHOA! 'USKIES 'ALT! STOP!



INSIDE THE CABIN, THE ABDUCTORS QUESTION KATHLEEN, BUT SHE DISGUISES THE FACT, THAT SHE HAS RECOGNIZED MAURICE'S VOICE.

DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

NO! I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING!

I THINK SHE'S HIDING SOMETHING, JAKE.

KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

YEAH! HEH-HEH!

CONT.

THE EVIL MEN APPROACH KATHLEEN WITH BAD INTENTIONS.

I THINK YOU'RE HIDING SOMETHING! LIKE SOMETHING UNDER YOUR DRESS! MAYBE IT'S TIME WE GOT TO KNOW EACH OTHER! HA HA HA!

NO!

SAVE SOME FOR ME!

RIP!

KATHLEEN PASSES OUT, AS A CLATTER FROM OUTSIDE IS HEARD AGAIN.

WHOA! STOP 'ERE!

HEY!

MMM, NICE - WHAT WAS THAT!

THE ABDUCTORS RUSH TO THE WINDOW....

WHO IS THAT!

I DON'T KNOW. LET'S...

BUT THEN ANOTHER SOUND IS HEARD FROM BEHIND.

THE BACK DOOR OF THE CABIN BURSTS OPEN TO REVEAL DR. ROGERS WITH A RIFLE.

ALL RIGHT, YOU MUGGS! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!

YOU DIRTY...

MAYBE IF YOU HAD READ THE BIBLE, YOU'D KNOW THE MEANING OF "YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW"! BUT YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO READ WHERE YOU'RE GOING.

SUDDENLY, MAURICE AND THE CONSTABLE FINALLY APPEAR AT THE DOOR.

HUH?

'EY, WHAT'S GOES ON 'ERE!

THE STARTLED DR. ROGERS IS MOMENTARILY DISTRACTED AND...

SUCKER!

GRRRR

CRACK!

OOFF!

...FOAMY (THE DOG SOME CALL MAD) LEAPS TO THE ATTACK....

UNFORTUNATELY...

CHRIS, NO, DATS DR. ROGERS! SIT, FOAMY, STOP!

AHHH!

STOP! BACK, BOY!

KATHLEEN AWAKENS....

STOP!

MAURICE! CONSTABLE! YOU'VE COME TO SAVE ME! MY HEROES!

WE ARE?

THE GROUP SAFE ONCE AGAIN, PREPARES TO LEAVE FOR HOME.

...DEN DEY RAN AWAY...

HOW WONDERFUL!

YEAH!

LATER, AS DR. ROGERS CONVALESCEES, HIS FRIENDS SURROUND HIS BEDSIDE.

DON'T TRY TO TALK, DOCTOR. I'M THANKFUL, TOO.

DAT'S RIGHT, DOCTOR, KNOWING YOU'RE GETTING WELL IS TANKS ENOUGH.

RIGHT, FOAMY?

MDO.

by © B.K. Taylor 1984



If the patient is terminally ill,
is not death with dignity better than *this*?

The Surfer Scripts

BY WILL JACOBS AND GERARD JONES

IN SEPTEMBER OF 1970, AFTER A RUN of only eighteen issues, the comics magazine *Silver Surfer* ceased publication. It had been the most thoughtful, challenging, creative, significant, complex, and avant-garde of the very successful Marvel Comics line. But the Surfer didn't sell, and as publisher Stan Lee likes to say, "Nuff said!"

It wasn't just pimply, crypto-fascist, goggle-eyed adolescent boys who were dismayed by the passing of the Surfer. The highbrows of America were likewise distressed. But where the sci-fi dorks could only stutter and drool at comic-book conventions in inchoate rage, the intellectuals determined to rally to the Surfer's support. Maybe, reasoned these acclaimed writers, art-

ists, directors, and composers, if they submitted new script ideas, publisher Lee might be persuaded to revive the series!

For months, comic fandom was abuzz with gossip, rumors, anticipation. But, mysteriously, the longed-for reincarnation of the *Silver Surfer* never came to pass, and for thirteen years the many treatments, drafts, and scenarios of the super-hero's new adventures proposed by the best minds of our generation languished in the Marvel Comics dead file, under a heap of righteous Barry Smith resignation letters.

Inspired, however, by the vision of Richard Gere's devotion to the Surfer (in the recent, stupid movie *Breathless*), the team that unearthed the notorious *Beaver Papers* set out to uncover

the legendary *Surfer Scripts*. Applying the tried-and-true combination of "checkbook" journalism, blackmail, legwork, breaking and entering, and blind luck, Jacobs and Jones somehow obtained the file. Generally speaking, it wasn't worth the trouble.

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LOW QUALITY of most of the material is James Michener's forty-two-issues-long story entitled *Zenn-La*, an all-too-comprehensive study of the *Silver Surfer's* native planet. Sample "caption copy" from the the third issue:

For millennia the very strata of the planet heaved convulsively. Torrential rains pounded the lifeless rocks where not a shoot of vegetation would grow. The fierce sun turned the rain to steam, and later the steam fell as yet more rain upon the lifeless rocks.

In an attached letter, Marvel artist John Buscema was asked by Michener himself to illustrate his version of the saga. Buscema's answering note reads: "What are you, crazy? You think I'm gonna draw twenty pages of rocks?"

Not all the scripts are boring, however; some could be described as downright dumb. A few examples: John Irving wanted to take away the hero's surfboard and give him a unicorn; Erica Jong wanted to make him female; Tom Robbins wanted the Surfer to discover Jesus' body floating in space, except it really wouldn't be space, it would be the inside of a box of Camels; Margaret Atwood wanted to make him female; Sylvester Stallone proposed an endless series of movies in which the Surfer fights the Hulk; Ralph Ellison wanted to make the Surfer invisible; and Gore Vidal wanted to make him female.

"Sex might have spiced the stories up a little," admits the recently interviewed Roy Thomas, Marvel's number-two writer, "but the only author who really titillated us was Charles Bukowski." In *Notes of a Dirty Old Surfer*, the inebriated L.A. novelist, poet, and pornographer tells how the Surfer and his cosmic buddy, the Watcher, rent an apartment in one of the seedier parts of Los Angeles and take up poetry and drink. An excerpt from the script, as written by Bukowski:

Cindy said, "I never made it with a silver dude before while a bald-headed giant watched."

She found out that silver dudes weren't any different from white, black, or yellow dudes as my seven and three-quarter

inches of throbbing silver soared in and out of her space lane. Afterward she took a swallow of Thunderbird and said, "Maybe it'd be more fun if he didn't just watch."

The Watcher said, "The oath of my race forbids my participating in the ways of other beings."

Cindy said, "Can't I even suck your dick?"

The Watcher said, "Well, fuck, I guess one blowjob won't hurt. As long as I just watch."

I left them in the room and went to the kitchen, where I sat down at the typewriter. I tried to type a poem but I kept barfing on the platen and the keys stuck. So I shit, showered, and shaved and went out to find a job. But that was a drag, so I just soared around for a while. A kid saw me and said, "Hey look. There goes the Silver Chinaski!" I said, "Fuck you." Then I soared some more and pondered how fear and hostility had filled the hearts of mankind and brooded at length on my alienation. But that got boring, so I bought a bottle of port and went to the horse races.

The Watcher was there. I asked him how it was and he said, "I've seen the birth and death of worlds, but I think blowjobs are more fun."

NEXT ISSUE: "Erections, Exhibitions, Ejaculations, and General Tales of Ordinary Space-Heralds."

According to Thomas, everyone at Marvel loved the script, agreeing that it presented an unexpected new side to

the Surfer's character, until boss Lee pointed out that it couldn't possibly pass the Comics Code Authority. Evidently no one had told Bukowski about the Code's injunction against heroes gambling.

Thomas continued, "There was another risqué entry that I thought was pretty titillating, but Stan never could understand what was happening in it." Typically, Jerzy Kosinski's *Surfing There* was a collection of terse, ghoulish episodes that formed a collage of oblique horror, told in the first person by the Surfer himself. One example:

I was soaring further south. When I saw the Invisible Girl again she was lying open-legged in the snow, using her invisible force field as a peasant girl might use a large animal. Upon seeing me she turned invisible once again, but this did not diminish the urgency of my intention. Tracing her by the virtue of my power cosmic I drew her violently to me. Mistakenly believing that she was capable of using only one super-power at a time, I was surprised to find myself struck savagely by an invisible force sphere. I realized then that I had somehow confused her with Ultra-Boy, which was inexplicable to me, as he was not a Marvel character, was in fact a Brand Ecch character, but even this did not diminish the urgency of my intention.

In my arms she was an object, an extension of myself to be manipulated, if not seen. Without a pause I set in motion the

design which I had conceived upon first seeing her among the corpses of the polo ponies. She reacted with surprising violence. The nature of her reaction was such that I was forced to perform an action that I found to be quite other than what I had intended. The shock of it forced her to turn visible. In the rolling planes of her body I imagined I could see the death agonies of the Fantastic Four, their bodies spindled by the wreckage of the Pogo Plane in the shadows of the sanatorium.

Despite Lee's confusion the *Surfing There* script was readied for publication, but a last-minute scandal killed the project; Marvel production chief Sol Brodsky confessed to the *Village Voice* that the Polish genius had really paid him to write *Surfing There* and send it in under Kosinski's name.

Some efforts to save the *Silver Surfer* from cancellation were inspired by a belief that the series suffered not from a lack of intellectuality but rather from a surfeit of it. Many purveyors of children's entertainment sought to broaden the Surfer's audience by making him more meaningful to the young comic-book audience. Charles M. Schulz proposed changing the title of the series to *Surfnuts*; the alien hero's head would be enlarged and his mouth drawn simply as a wavy line whenever he meditated on the hatred that turns man against man. The idea also called for Mr. Fantastic to carry a stretchable security blanket, the Thing to attract flies, and the music-loving Human Torch to become infatuated with Aaron Copland. Belgian cartoonist Peyo, then first attempting to sell his cute creations to America, suggested *Silver Smurfers*, a whole horde of little blue cosmic heralds, indistinguishable from one another except that each succeeds in being more obnoxious than the last.

But it was William Hanna and Joseph Barbera, tireless savants of low-budget animation, who presented the most commercially promising scenario: in *Surfy-Doo*, the spanner of the spaceways would share his board with a pair of cute teenage space twins and be followed by a little canine sidekick who would giggle incessantly and be never-endingly hungry for peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. This idea died, however, when Marvel's durable staff letterer Artie Simek couldn't think of a way to letter a laugh-track onto a comic-book page.

Another school of contributors consisted of America's crime writers. Notable contributions were: George V. Higgins's *The Friends of the Silver*



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Surfer, in which Galactus, rather than punishing the Surfer by confining him to Earth, breaks his fingers by slamming them in a drawer; Robert B. Parker's *Looking for Shalla-Bal*, in which the hard-boiled Surfer learns to cook gourmet food; John D. MacDonald's *A Deadly Shade of Silver*, in which the Surfer talks pop economics after trading in his surfboard for a flying boat; and Donald Westlake's *Cops and Aliens*, in which the Surfer and his buddies—Galactus, the Watcher, and the Super-Skrull—pull off an incomprehensible but allegedly hilarious caper.

Of all the "mean streets"-type submissions, the most noteworthy was *Galaxy Primeval: High Noon in Space*, penned by then-obscure Elmore Leonard (who is now America's fastest-rising chronicler of the demimonde). A passage:

Poke, in tan slacks and powder-blue shirt, sipping the Salty Dog, saying, "The fuck? Bastard owes us ten grand. I earned that ten grand, man." Thinking, "This motherfucker, shit, silver goddamn skin riding a silver goddamn surfboard, shit, pick us out of a lineup in a minute."

The Surfer, pushing off the little crossbolt safety above the trigger, sliding it back and forward again, the Beretta nine-millimeter Parabellum dark against

his silver skin, saying, "But why have fear and hostility so possessed the hearts of men?"

Poke thinking, "This dude, fuck, man, dude's a fucking square. Dude's ready for the psycho ward. The fuck I'm thinking, man, walk with this dude out on the streets? Freakiest fucking dude in Detroit. Shit, man, freakier than DeLeon Johnson and his .38 with the rubber goddamn bands wrapped around the handle." Poke, ear back the hammer of his Walther P-38, saying, "The fuck, ain't got no hostility, man. Cocksucker owe me ten grand, I'm gonna get it. Don't care if the fucker eats planets, man."

The Surfer, hands outstretched, fingers spread out beseechingly, saying, "But you canst not understand. Human, how can one such as you comprehend the limitless power of him whom men call Galactus?"

"The fuck," Poke saying. "Don't give a shit what people call him. Just stick this here gun in his fucking mouth, man, and ear back the hammer. Fuckin' blow his brains all over outer space, man. Like, no one will hear him scream."

The Surfer, glancing into the mirror behind Poke, cocking his head like Gary Cooper in that movie, *High Noon*, liking the way he looked in the original Crested Beaut American cowboy hat with the funneled brim, the way it curved down over his eyes, saying, "Perhaps, then, human, it is desolation you seek, and per-

haps, in that desolation, you will find the peace your heart desires. But as for where the Silver Surfer soars... know you that he soars alone."

Poke saying, "Then fuck off, chicken-fat."

Lee liked the script, but cautioned that if the Surfer appeared wearing a Crested Beaut American cowboy hat he might be confused with a Marvel reprint standby, the Rawhide Kid. Buscema argued, "Yeah, but this hat has a funneled brim. The Rawhide Kid's doesn't have a funneled brim." Arguments raged on for weeks, during which time another script was rejected, despite its obvious merits. This was *Horseman, Surf By* (subtitle: *Sud*) by Larry McMurtry.

I went down to the Board Rodeo to watch the good old boys trying to bust the flying boards. I was looking at the boys with their big boots and their tight jeans and their shiny bald heads and their eyes without pupils and I was wishing I had some of that power cosmic myself. I was thinking maybe then I could get Shalla-Bal to come across, when just then Galactus glided up in his big yellow convertible starship with the blonde next to him. Everybody knew she was really an ugly green Skrull-woman, but she'd transformed herself to look like a blonde with a pair of big ones, and that was all the good old boys gave a damn about.

Galactus hollered at me, "Hey, sonny, you going to ride a board?"

"Heck no, Gal," I said. "Grandpa Watcher says it ain't fittin'."

Galactus sneered and spat and said, "You got any dreams of being the soarer of the spaceways, you don't listen to that passive old fool."

So I said, "But Grandpa Watcher's seen the birth and death of worlds, the climb of uncouncted races from infancy to decrepitude, ain't he?"

"You forget about that ol' cosmic fart, boy," Galactus said. "Just keep your eye on me. The day's gonna come when I eat this town, and then I'm gonna eat this whole goddamn planet. Hell, I'm even gonna eat Dallas. And one of these days I might need me a herald, sonny. You just stick by me and you'll see."

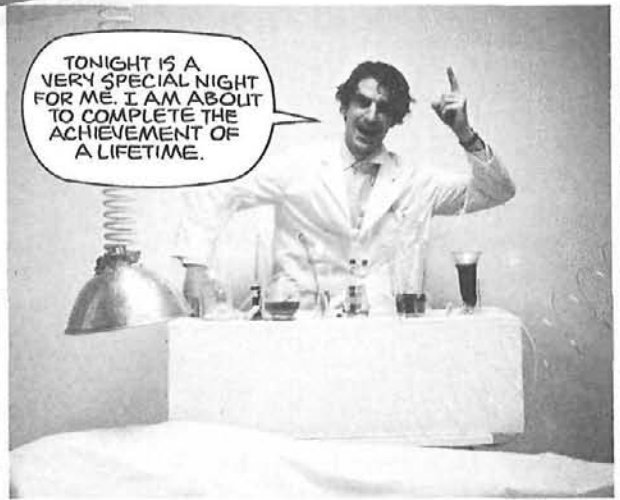
McMurtry, in a cover letter, claimed that Paul Newman had been approached to do a movie version of this script and was agreeable, provided the hero's name was changed to the Hilver Hurfer.

Among the Surfer Scripts is a lone, dissenting note from black activist Eldridge Cleaver: "Hey, you call this

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78)



FOTO FUNNIES



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76) dude the Silver Surfer, right? When is the Man going to open his eyes and see that he can't fool the People no more? Man, that Surfer dude is White! Sure, he got, like, blue lines on him, but that make him silver? Man, if I paint blue lines on Richard Daley he still honky dictator, dig? Why couldn't you make him gray, man? Like, gray is in between black and white, dig? Hey, I know your ofay printing press can't do silver, but I know they can do gray. Like on all your old comics, man. Everything was gray. The covers was gray. The insides was gray. Even the Hulk and Iron Man, they was gray. DC, man, they had pretty colors. But your comics, man, they was all gray. So why can't you make the Surfer gray? I'll tell you why, because you're prejudiced. You want realism, you show that Surfer for the honky alien gestapo he is. Maybe he save Earth, okay, but he serve up the Black Man like so much barbecued ribs."

Cleaver apparently stood alone in his dislike of the Silver Surfer, and that is completely understandable in light of his total antipathy to popular culture; as political historians have pointed out, this deep-seated hatred no doubt derives from Eldridge's having been so

coldly spurned by his half brothers, Wally and the Beaver.

One contributor who was able to better appreciate the significance of popular culture was dandified hanger-on Tom Wolfe, who submitted *Alien Chic, or Super-Skrulling the Space-Spanners*:

In Big Daddy Galactus's magenta-headed bourgeois torpor (after all, now, let's be frank, what could possibly be more bourgeois than devouring planets?) all the wool-dyed, flag-flying, raise-the-eyes-and-hand-on-the-heart, blood-of-Nathan-Hale ideals of Earth could all be rung up on the big-time Cosmic Balance Sheet as just so many kilocalories for the next big evening stroll around the galactic park. But little buddy Norrin-Radd now, he was one of the *people*, he was *cool* now—hell, he was *radical!*—and he hung it out over the edge of that neat trick of a board and he saw the Thing doing his orange-collar sweat-it-up-for-the-little-man number and saw Mr. Fantastic never missing a beat as Mr. Rubber-Bodied Scientist of 1965 and saw the Black Panther doing his Mau Mau dance in the white man's jungle, and, well now, friends and neighbors, we could be polite and say that he was majestically

irritated...but can we get down to the four-dozen-for-a-dollar-a-little-green-under-the-head American vernacular brass tacks to say that that silver-plated cat was decidedly *pissed off*?

Stan Lee was ecstatic about this submission, immediately drafting the following note of acceptance to Wolfe: "Hang loose, Tommy-boy, 'cause if that isn't the grooviest passel of cornball brilliance this side of the ol' Marvel bullpen itself, I'll give a No-Prize to Irving Forbush! You sure have jazzed up that crazy writing style of yours since that sorry mess of dullsville I had to read in school, *Look Homeward, Angel!* Excelsior!"

The note of acceptance was never sent, however, due to the objections of letterer Artie Simek. Said he in a memo to Stan: "What is this, some kind of cruel joke to play on a man with weak eyes? Look at my glasses, like a finger they're so thick. I should handwrite all these words and go blind? He wants all these words, you let this Wolfe letter the comic himself! I should care if he wrote *To the Lighthouse?*"

Even though Marvel was not looking for submissions from science fiction authors (since they felt that with Lee and Roy Thomas they already had the best writers in the field), they welcomed one submission from J.G. Ballard, the avant-gardist who had made inner, rather than outer, space his special province. In *Why I Want to Fuck Galactus*, Ballard truly went inward all the way, to where the sun itself dares not shine.

Perpetually, it seems, I imagine Galactus in a conceptual auto disaster, fixating, primarily, on his massive head crashing through a windshield. In my mind, I superimpose Galactus's face on unretouched photos of accident victims, especially those which exhibit rectal hemorrhages, as if their assholes had been bludgeoned by the Hulk. My most powerful fantasies are those displaying an *anal-sadistic* character, as when I imagine the rectum of Galactus impaled by an exhaust pipe, or my surfboard.

These scenarios often result in sexual fantasies. I envision imaginary genitalia, such as the exhaust pipe of the Pogo Plane, the mouths of Elizabeth Taylor and Marvel Girl, and the Thing's tightly constricted, orange sphincter, only to see them pierced by the bloody phallus of Galactus. In the cases of the Pogo Plane, Marvel Girl's mouth, and the Thing's asshole, the images result invariably in self-induced orgasm, whereas in the case of Elizabeth Taylor, I am only reminded of deprived children in the throes of rectal



"Left to right, that's Miriam, the kids, and Tina Turner."

stimulation.

The pronounced anality of the Planet Eater's personality must be expected to dominate the fate of the galaxy in coming years. His face, as well as the faces of most males in the Marvel universe, must be perceived in genital terms. The Human Torch is a scrotal sac, the Watcher a testicle, Spider-Man a pubic hair, and Thor a phallic shaft. The faces of Cyclops, the Hulk, and the Beast can be best perceived as uncircumcised, while those of Charles Xavier, the Red Skull, and myself are clearly the opposite. Comic fans are invited to devise the optimum sex-annihilation for Galactus.

Buscema flatly refused to draw the script, and the task fell to Marvel veteran Jack Kirby. After many failures to draw his beloved old characters as scrotal sacs, Kirby despaired and left to work for DC Comics.

Other scripts discovered but unread by researchers Jacobs and Jones include: *Semi-Cosmic* by Dan Jenkins, about what wacky funkiness really goes on behind the scenes among space-heralds; *The Silver Hotel* by D. M. Thomas, in which the Surfer gets psychoanalyzed and exterminated; *God Bless You, Mr. Galactus* by Kurt Vonnegut, in which our hero says "So it goes" a lot (this was rejected outright because Stan Lee insisted he only say "So be it!"); *Slouching Toward Zenn-La* by Joan Didion (still in its unopened envelope); and *The Planet-Baggers* by Harold Robbins, a lusty, brawling saga which ripped the lid off the planet-eating business.

For a few months the movement to save the *Silver Surfer* from discontinuation had, in Roy Thomas's words, "lit up the global literary firmament like a bolt of the power cosmic." But in November 1970, Lee announced that all the submissions had been in vain: never again would the Surfer soar in a comic book under his own title.

The last, bittersweet note of the campaign came two months later, when one belated script summed up all the poignancy of Norrin-Radd's passing. This was *A Confederate General from Zenn-La* by Richard Brautigan. Although far too desultory for the Marvel Comics style, this lyrical, unassuming script featured what was, without doubt, the most delightful scene ever written for the Soarer of the Spaceways. As the Surfer and his friend the Watcher are cruising high above the California coast on the way to Big Sur, they happen to glance over and spot Galactus, sitting in a big convertible, waiting for the mail.

Beautiful. ■

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LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

Sirs:

After an excellent dinner at the 21 Club in New York, I headed to the door without paying the check. The waitress said, "Excuse me, sir. I believe you forgot to pay for your meal." I told her, "Fuck you, bitch. I write for *National Lampoon!*" She said, "Oh, I'm terribly sorry. I didn't know. Let me make it up to you with a blowjob." And she gave me one, right there in the restaurant.

I boarded the *Queen Mary* for a cruise to Europe, and just before the ship left the dock a hostess told me, "Sir, if you didn't purchase a ticket, you'll have to leave the ship." I said, "Fuck you, bitch. I write for *National Lampoon!*" She said, "Really? I'm sorry. No one mentioned this to me. Not only may you stay, sir, but I'll let you jerk off between my tits." And she opened her blouse so I could do just that.

In England I met Princess Diana at Wimbledon. When I rubbed my crotch against her ass she said, "How dare you do such a thing!" I said, "Fuck you, bitch. I write for *National Lampoon!*"

She raised a hand to her mouth in embarrassment and said, "Gracious, I had no idea. Please forgive me. And perhaps you would accept anal sex with me as a further apology?" She turned around, lifted her dress, and spread her buns. The British are a truly hospitable people.

One of Our Writers
But We're Not Saying Which One

Sirs:

And now, at last, I'm introducing sanitary protection for mimes. It's called Panty Shields and Yarnell, and it'll be available soon at your neighborhood discount store.

Chuck Barris's
Less Successful Brother
Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

I'm a sociologist who did her dissertation on prostitution. I was saddened to discover that most prostitutes turned to that life because no one cared about them. So I founded a shelter that would take these wayward girls off the street and provide them with housing, food, and most importantly, self-respect. It was difficult getting funding

for such a project, so we had to devise a plan to earn money to pay these expenses. The girls themselves thought of the idea. Three nights a week, they would walk down Sunset Boulevard as usual and perform whatever sexual activities were requested. Then they would turn over the money to our shelter. The plan worked beautifully. The girls have their self-respect, and our shelter actually turned a profit this year.

Brenda Kroft
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sirs:

There's a similar program to retrain former pimps. What we do is make them into William Morris agents. Fortunately, the whole procedure takes only about fifteen minutes.

Ed Silvers
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

So what's *wrong* with eyeglasses for doggies? They've got chocolate-chip Milk-Bones for people.

Sada Patterson
Patterson's Poochie Palace
Albany, N.Y.

For those who love the Frog...



...here's a chance to own a signed, limited-edition lithograph of the original cartoon.

This is one of the most famous cartoons of the twentieth century. It was first published in the *National Lampoon*, and it is now being offered by the magazine to a limited number of buyers as a fine-quality offset lithograph. The printing will be limited to 1,500 copies, and to further enhance the value of these lithographs, the artist, S. GROSS, will personally sign and number them. After the press run is completed, the film and the plate will be destroyed.

The drawing will be printed on paper measuring seventeen inches by twenty-two inches, which will make it suitable for framing.

If you would like to purchase one of these fine lithographs, please fill out the coupon and remit \$25.00 for each one plus \$2.00 for postage and handling. Orders will be processed according to the postmark shown on the envelopes received, and in the event of oversubscription, monies will be refunded to those people who were late in sending in their requests.

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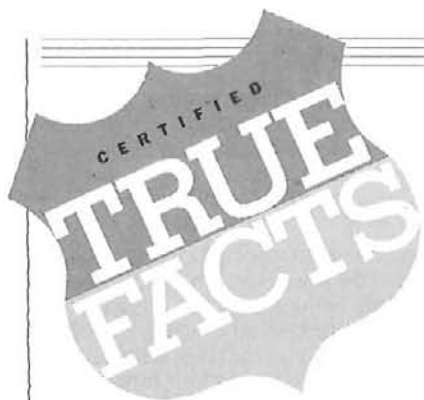
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MEMBERS OF THE TUTUKU-val Isukal Association gathered on the island of New Hanover near New Guinea last summer to greet Lyndon Johnson, the late American president, who was expected to arrive by helicopter. Members of the quasi-religious cult poured onto the island "by the hundreds" to greet Mr. Johnson and Jesus Christ, who was also slated to appear. But the pilgrims began leaving the island after their leader, Walla Gukguk, announced that Christ would not be arriving as planned. Jesus, Gukguk explained, had rescheduled his visit for September of 1985. Gukguk's planned transfiguration was also postponed. (Papua New Guinea) *Post Courier* (contributed by B. W. Larkin)

JAMES E. ALTMAN HAS RETIRED AFTER sixteen years as the chief building official for the city of Columbia, South Carolina. He is best known for his successful drive to lower the height of toilet seats across the country.

It began in 1977 when Columbia city employees moved to new quarters in the renovated Brown Building, which featured twenty-inch-high toilet seats. The toilet seats were based on wheelchair height, but at the time Altman noted that "when the women sit down their feet don't touch the floor. You don't need a stool that high unless you are a basketball player."

Altman ordered city toilet seats lowered and had his new standard made part of state and regional building codes.

"Our moving into the Brown Building," Altman once said, "caused a lowering of stools all over the United States." *The State* (contributed by Douglas McKay, Jr.)

A UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS STUDY concluded that one in five adult Texans is illiterate, and an even larger number are unable to count change of a twenty-dollar bill. According to literacy expert Lois DeBaakey of the Baylor College of

Medicine, the situation is a result of "low teachers' salaries, undisciplined students, drug abuse, deterioration of the family, and country-music lyrics." *Seattle Times* (contributed by Gayle Richardson)

TOM GRIBBLE, SIXTY-TWO, OF BRISTOL, England, has stipulated in his will that he be cremated after death and his ashes placed in an egg timer.

"Because of my bad legs I cannot work," said the unemployed Gribble, "but one day I shall be of some use again." *Toronto Star* (contributed by Jim Smelle)

A LOUISIANA DEPUTY, RONALD CHAPMAN, was fired from his West Baton Rouge Parish post by Sheriff Bill Bergeron for selling merchandise while in uniform and for using a patrol car to make his rounds. Chapman was an Avon cosmetics representative. *AP* (contributed by Randal Bachano)

MR. BARNEY COBB OF BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, was sentenced to 150 days in jail and fined \$350 for beating his wife, Dorothy, over the head with their pet Chihuahua. The one-and-a-half-pound dog was unharmed in the attack. *UPI* (contributed by C. A. Brown-Bender)

THE GERMANS ARE TESTING A NEW automated public toilet in Hamburg, West Germany. A fifty-pfennig coin (roughly twenty-five cents) activates two lamps and environmental control units that maintain a perfect sixty-six-degree temperature, while water is

automatically dispensed into a washbasin. Disco music is provided for atmosphere.

Once a customer leaves the compartment, the toilet lid lifts automatically and the bowl is given a thorough cleaning with brushes. (Emergency access to the stall is provided, since, on one occasion at least, a French girl was reportedly caught in the cleaning mechanism.)

The efficient German device is also programmed to prevent laggards from enjoying its comforts for too long. After fifteen minutes, the door of the automated toilet opens—whether the customer is finished or not. *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Sean Kelly)

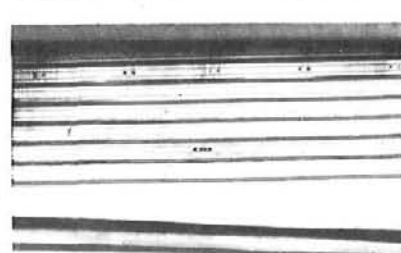
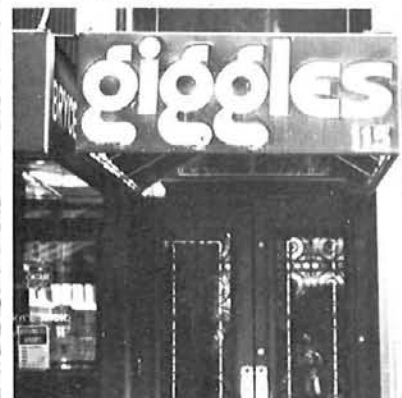
IN A DISPUTE BETWEEN THE TWO HOUSES of the Alaskan legislature over protection for drug-sniffing police dogs, Senator Bob Ziegler (D-Ketchikan) introduced a measure that would have made it a crime to impersonate a police dog. The amendment would also have made it illegal for anyone other than a police dog to use police-dog facilities, consume police-dog food, bite criminals, or loiter in the vicinity of a fire hydrant. (Fairbanks, Alaska) *Daily News-Miner* (contributed by Duffy Halladay)

AFTER TELLING AN INTERVIEWER OF HIS new-found faith in the Lord, singer Glen Campbell was asked what he thought of gossip columnists when he read about himself in trashy publications. "It used to bother me a lot," he

Fun for Crabs Rod Pile, Old Saybrook, Conn.



It Is to Laugh by M. Gumen



said, "but now I realize that—leave the revenge to God, 'cause he can think of things I never could think of to make people miserable." *San Diego Tribune* (contributed by Alan Garner)

DOCKWORKER JOHN KELLY TRIED TO FLY across the River Boyne in County Louth, Ireland, by jumping from a high ramp with two turkeys strapped to his arms. After falling into the river, Kelly said he would try again using four turkeys. *CP* (contributed by J.P. Lafontaine)

THE FOLLOWING ITEM APPEARED WITHOUT further explanation in the "Police Report" section of the *Meade County* (South Dakota) *Times-Tribune*: "August 4—The Humane Society alerted police that the people who were previously tattooing small pigs were now tattooing a larger one at the corner of Junction and Main." (contributed by Jeff Buechler)

EIGHTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD HENRY Schecker of Miami, Florida, made a wrong turn on his way to the North Dade Regional Library and accidentally drove onto Interstate 95. Schecker caused a jam in the heavy traffic, since five miles per hour was as fast as his battery-powered wheelchair could go. *New York Times* (contributed by Duck Divet)

THE *GAZETTE-JOURNAL* OF RENO, Nevada, noted that the annual Gay Rodeo there had not been covered by Reno's Medic-I Ambulance Service. Instead, the weekend-long event went to Medic-I's only competitor in Reno, an ambulance company called AIDS. (contributed by Joan M. Bridges)

LAFRAY STACKHOUSE, FORTY-ONE, OF Durant, Texas, recently filed for divorce from his wife, Phyllis, despite their much-publicized reconciliation in 1980. At that time Stackhouse had saved his wife from jail by pleading with a judge on her behalf. Mrs. Stackhouse, her lover, and another man were charged with trying to kill the 275-pound Stackhouse six different times. Stackhouse had been ambushed three times, beaten over the head with a baseball bat, tied to a pickup truck and dragged, and on one occasion drugged and placed in a bathtub to drown. Nevertheless, at his urging, the charges against Phyllis were dropped. In the most recent legal proceeding, however, Stackhouse asked for a divorce, claiming that he and his wife of seventeen years were "incompatible." *Denison* (Texas) *Herald* (contributed by Robert Bruce Sickles)

SOME THIRTY-SIX PEOPLE DIED AT A month-long religious rally on the Philippine island of Mindanao. Twenty-six of the victims succumbed to gastroenteritis brought on by unsanitary conditions at the rally site. The other ten were reportedly hacked to death by fellow worshipers for lack of faith in their leader's healing powers. The rally was staged by a sect called the Philippine Benevolent Christian Missionaries Association of Mercy. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by John M. Farion)

A SWEDISH FARMER WHO HAD TO MOVE his seven cows to a paddock some two miles away decided to tie them to his tractor for the trip. "I saw and heard people shouting at me," he told police after the journey, "but I thought they were saying hello, so I just waved back at them." When he arrived at the paddock along Sweden's west coast, he found that two of the cows were dead and the other five were badly injured. Witnesses told police the farmer had been driving at least thirty miles an hour. When asked why he hadn't looked back to see how the cows were doing, the farmer replied, "It never struck my mind." *Expressen* (contributed by Thomas Domeij)

WRITING IN THE U.S. NAVAL INSTITUTE'S magazine, *Proceedings*, John Byron, an American naval commander, criticized the Canadian navy, describing it as "ten destroyers, three diesel submarines, three replenishment ships, and a collection of miscellaneous cats and dogs." (contributed by Glen A. Kiltz)

ROSEMARY CORWIN OF WATKINS GLEN, New York, won a local Edible Chair Contest with a twenty-inch rocker made of pizza dough and linguine. Her chair nosed out the second-place entry, a rounded-back easy chair made of zucchini, green beans, green tomatoes, and cabbage leaves. *Watkins Review* (contributed by Joseph Lemak, Jr.)

ACCORDING TO THE "COURT BRIEFS" column of the *Star Phoenix* in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, a twenty-eight-year-old man was sentenced to one year in jail after he pleaded guilty to a charge of breaking and entering. The man's name was Joseph Bustinksi. (contributed by Dan Zakreski)

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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5 Infant Skeletons Found in Trunk



Some Favor Tough Laws For Drunks
By WALTER V. D'ARCO
Main Street Station
The House today passed a bill that would allow the state to sue a drunk driver who causes an accident. The bill would also allow the state to sue a drunk driver who causes an accident. The bill would also allow the state to sue a drunk driver who causes an accident.

Two Infected Beavers Roaming Campus Pose Epidemic Threat to Community
Massachusetts Daily Collegian/Julian Weber
Two infected beavers are roaming a campus, posing an epidemic threat to the community. The beavers were found in a pond on campus and are believed to be carrying a deadly virus.

The headline and photo above appeared together on the front page of the April 8, 1983 (Manchester, N.H.) *Union Leader*. (contributed by Scott Cowley)

- "Massive Organ Looks for Home"**
Lincoln (Nebr.) Journal/Mike Moore
- "Marijuana Fine Dropped to \$100 by Joint Panel"**
Anchorage Daily News/Marc Greenough
- "Heavy Drinking Blamed for Alcoholism"**
Times of Zambia/William Burrill
- "Abortion Shouldn't Hinder Pregnancy"**
Tallahassee Democrat/Ellen Leddy
- "Organ Will Be Speaker at Sertoma Conference"**
Chattanooga News-Free Press/W. Alan Ball
- "Christ Triumphs in State Open Golf"**
Wisconsin State Journal/Sam Miller
- "Headless Body in Topless Bar"**
New York Post/Richard Cundari
- "Dead Woman Testifies"**
(N.M.) Current-Argus/John Stone
- "God Credited with 2 Arrests"**
Cleveland Plain Dealer/Eric Ambro
- "Hilda Tucker Horney, at 81"**
Baltimore Sun/Edward R. Conner
- "Congress Attacked by Burger"**
Albuquerque Tribune/Scott Phillips
- "Man Found Dead in Cemetery"**
Jersey Journal/Jim Downey
- "Elderly Less Likely to Die If They Say They Feel Good, Researcher Says"**
San Francisco Chronicle/Mark Saxl
- "Two Infected Beavers Roaming Campus Pose Epidemic Threat to Community"**
Massachusetts Daily Collegian/Julian Weber
- "Moose Women Invite Public to Steak Dinner"**
Fallbrook (Calif.) Enterprise/Michael Curtis
- "Man Found Decapitated Died of Head Injuries"**
Fort Myers News-Press/Nancy L. Allen
- "Armstrong Rubber Strike Expands"**
Greenwich (Conn.) Times/Jim Lawler
- "Logan Man Killed in Big Ugly Wreck"**
Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette
- "Beef Plant Talks"**
San Francisco Chronicle/Bill Stroud
- "Rice Head Plans Visit"**
Albuquerque Journal/Scott Phillips
- "Colorful Balls Amuse Modern-Day Athletes"**
Lorain (Ohio) Journal/Tom Mandat

From the Slush Pile

THE FOLLOWING UNEDITED excerpts have been culled from unsolicited manuscripts sent to a prominent editor of serious fiction. The editor wishes to remain anonymous; the authors of these gems of prose will almost certainly remain anonymous as well, like it or not.

"Harry," Lieutenant Clark said, "I need your help with these rapes."

Mr. Flaherty hit his mental lip as he considered the folly of his past ten years.

The bartender brought him a mug, which he drank.

"Sorry to bug you about it, Larry," Roache said.

Thoughts flew like spaghetti in my brain.

The girl was slender with firm breasts with gray-green eyes.

"Mom! Mom!" he hissed.

His taugth fingers clutched the rifle.

"Married life is like a garden," I told Robert, "and you're my mole, always digging around for some sweet thing to bring me from the smelly earth."

The mental anguish of being selected a human sacrifice, tied to the altar and about to go to glory, was enough to send the young twenty-year-old warrior's blood pressure sky-high.

Our days were filled with parties, tennis, and golf. But I wanted more. I needed dirty hands and faces to fill my life.

She narrowed her lashes, allowing her sparkling anger but a slit for expression.

"You made Phi Beta Kappa in college, so there is no need for me to tell you that the debauching of the coterie is an exemplar for every criminally minded youngster in America—and what makes the cotumacious coterie so bold is too much lenity."

On the way back to my office I decided to stop in the personal department and check out Ingrid's vital statistics.

"There you are, you illusive rascal," Mrs. Bailey cried.

Charlie decided to take his lunch pale today instead of eating out.

There it was. My married lover was off for the weekend with his wife and kids. Another guilt trip.

"It's not easy to eek out a living," said Yvonne.

"Spider Jackson?" I scoffed. "Spider Jackson? He wouldn't hurt a fly!"

She was furious with the bank teller for eating up her lunch hour.

"These are the kind of cases I hate the most," said the police chief as he looked at the lifeless body on the bed. "I know exactly what you mean," agreed the medical examiner. "I haven't even found any wounds yet."

Without moving, she reached across and kissed him.

They searched the lake for the missing woman. "Pauline Hamilton's at the bottom of this, if you ask me," Mrs. Taylor said.

Betsy didn't really feel the knife go in—there was only the soft sigh of escaping air to be heard as she slid slowly to the ground.

"Well," he said suavely, "voilà for now."

She removed her plate and added it to the clutter by the sink.

"Thanks for getting me over the hump," Marie told her husband sarcastically.

She ignored the sinking feeling in her stomach and dove into the pool.

"Did you call me, Serge?" the rookie asked his red-faced superior.

The sudden expulsion of air caused the pouches of skin he used for cheeks to flutter like sails before a stiff wind.

Mr. Davis somnambulated all night but come morning he was no closer to a decision.

She removed the cake from the oven with her fingers crossed.

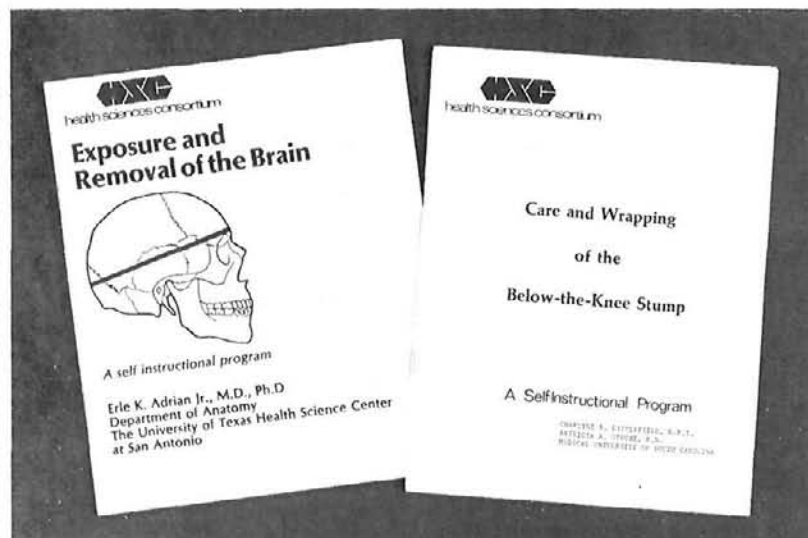
It wasn't until 1965 he found he had farmer's blood in his veins.

Dora was pleased as punch to be chosen chairman of the refreshments committee.

"One more question, Clare," she said. "I heard a little about you from Agnes but I'd like to hear it straight from the horse's mouth."

My mind flew back in time to fathom the cause and effect of what I now had to face in grim retrospect. ■

True Pamphlets



These handy pamphlets were found and submitted by Bill Moseley. Send your favorite pamphlets to True Facts. We'll pay twenty dollars for each one we use.

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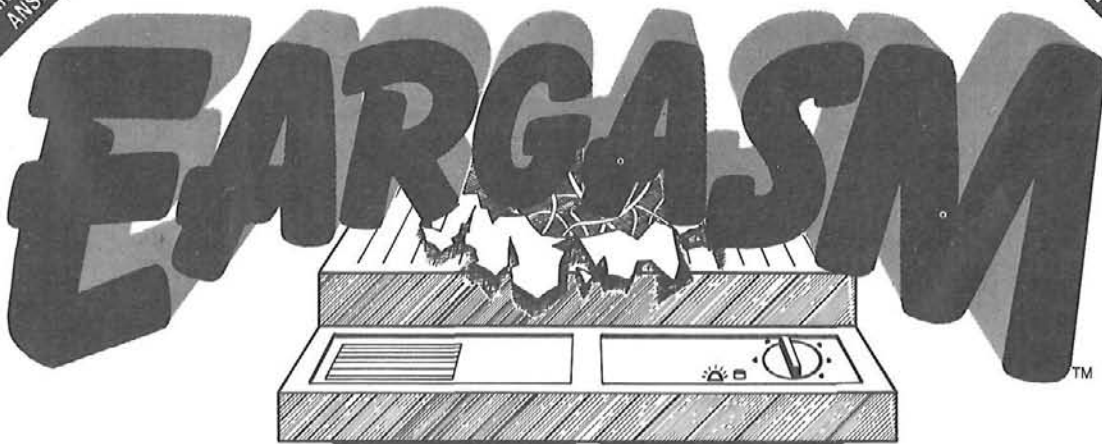
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Who Will Be the Next Sacrifice?



WHAT WITH LUNCH at Regine's, dinner at The Odeon, and the daily pistols match at the Health & Racquet Club, a *National Lampoon* editor's

lifestyle has "Pretty Hectic Guy—Do Not Fold" stamped all over it. But this time of year always seems the worst, when Golgar, reigning volcano god from a pleasant South Seas isle, contacts us via MCI demanding to know who the next human sacrifice will be.

"By the great red beard of Reiss and Jean," we cry out in dismay, "when will the horrible cacophony of piteous cries and searing flesh end? When will your fiery veins receive a sufficient transfusion of human blood? And what kind of lease have we signed for these offices, anyway?"

"No time to chat," responds our convivial destroyer cum natural wonder. "I've got to run—run hot, molten lava over a helpless native village, that is. Besides, I thought you enjoyed this. See you brunch time."

Well, we lied. We do enjoy it, a whole lot. So much that this year we're going to share the fun with you.

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.



Joan Rivers



Billy Joel



Barry Manilow



Bette Midler



Barbra Streisand



Paul Simon

HEY, I ENJOY THIS POWER OF LIFE AND death so much that maybe I'll go to medical school, or run amok. The next sacrifice will be (circle one)

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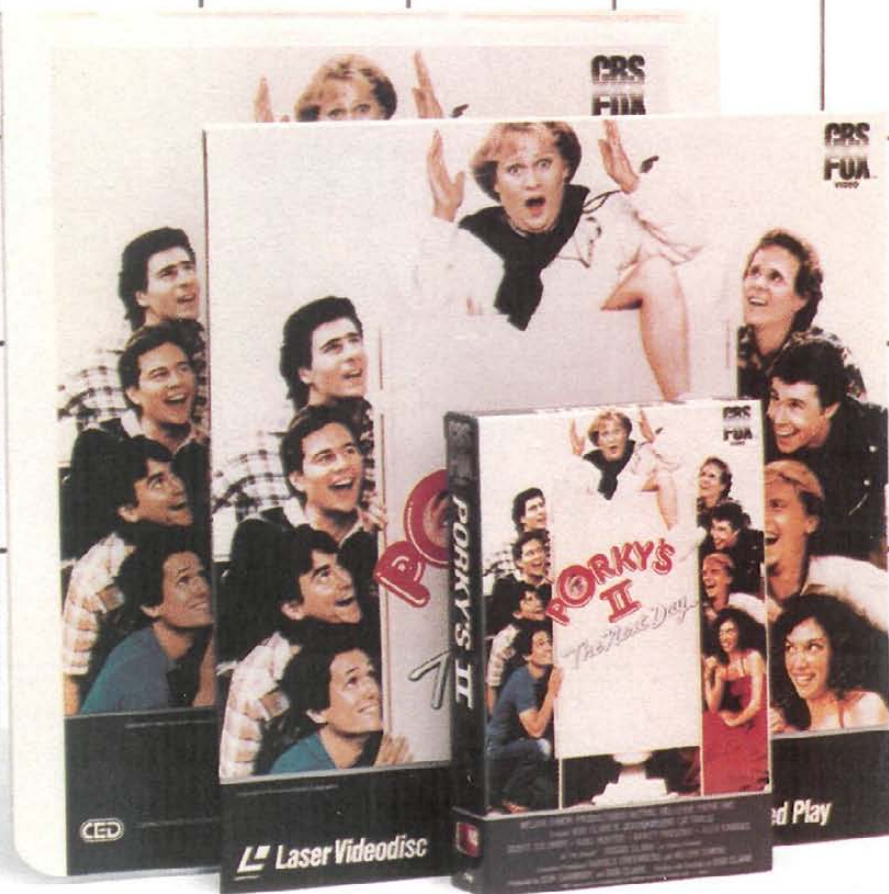
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How 'bout dem apples?
Tom DeWitt, has of Eden, Vermont, has won Contest #25 and is wowing the serpents with his Casio mini-keyboard. "Hey look, 'In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida,'" smiles Tom, playing merrily.

Keep An
Eye Open
For
Porky's II
The Next Day

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