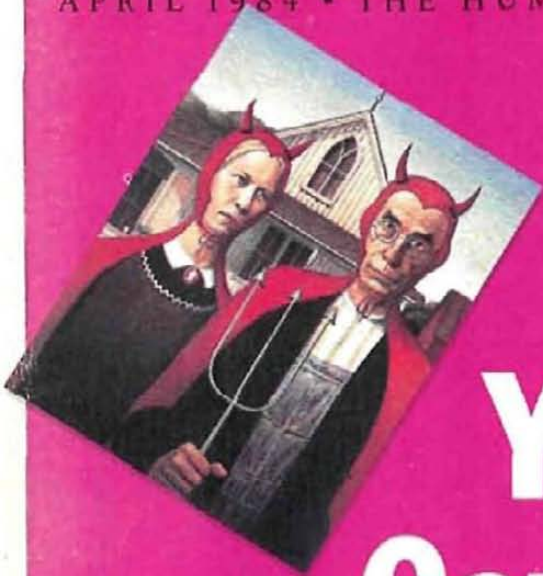


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You Too
Can Parody
Anything!



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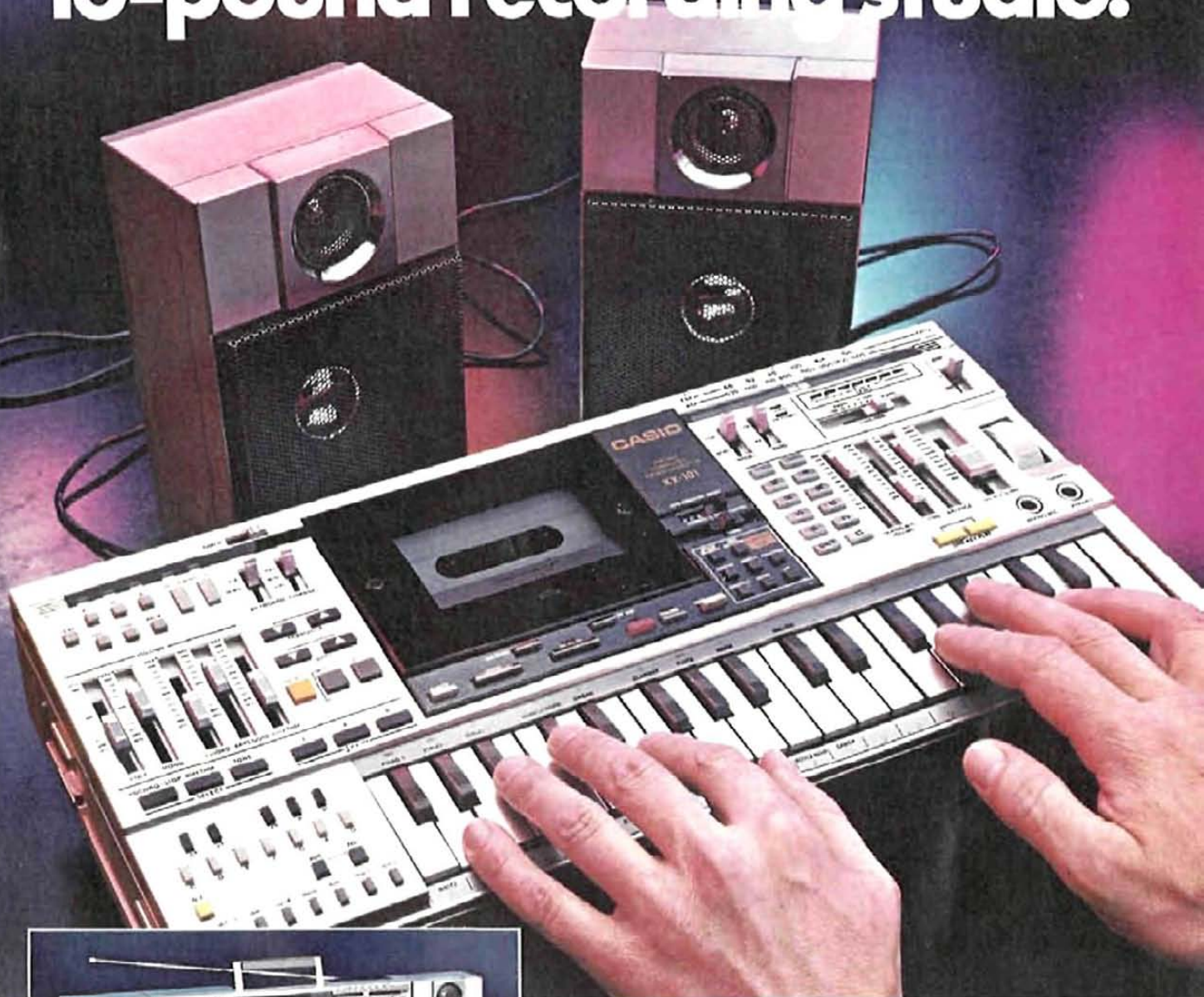


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**NatLamp
Contest #31**

By Kevin Curran

Casio introduces the 16-pound recording studio.



The Casio KX-101.

Casio's new computerized audio system does more than just double on keyboards. It lets you record your own hits.

For Casio has packed a complete audio entertainment center into 16 portable pounds of state-of-the-art wizardry.

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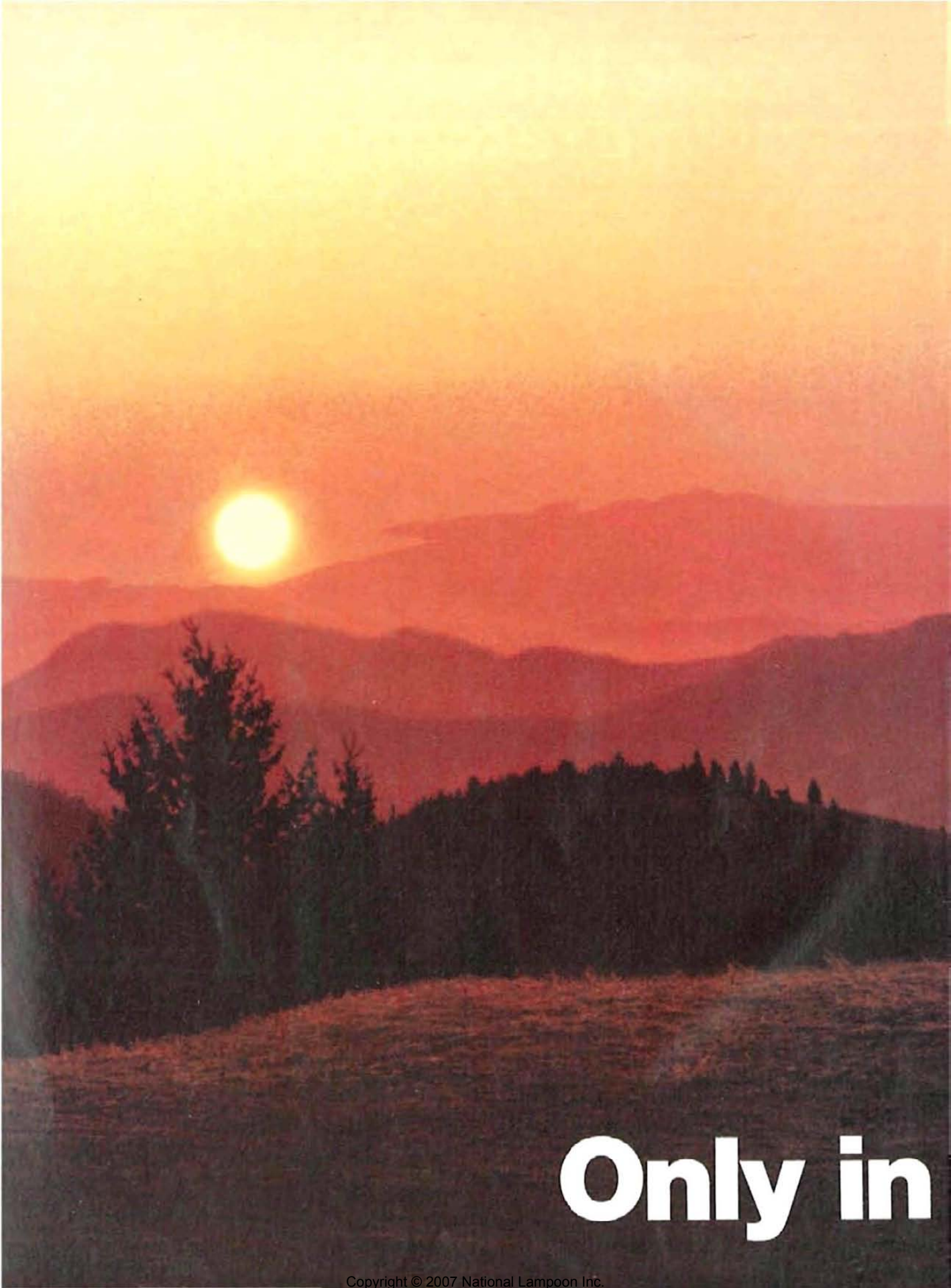
So you can not only tune into some beautiful music—you can make your own. The 37-key keyboard has monophonic and polyphonic channels that let you record melodies, chords, and accompaniment—then dump them

onto a cassette tape for storage.

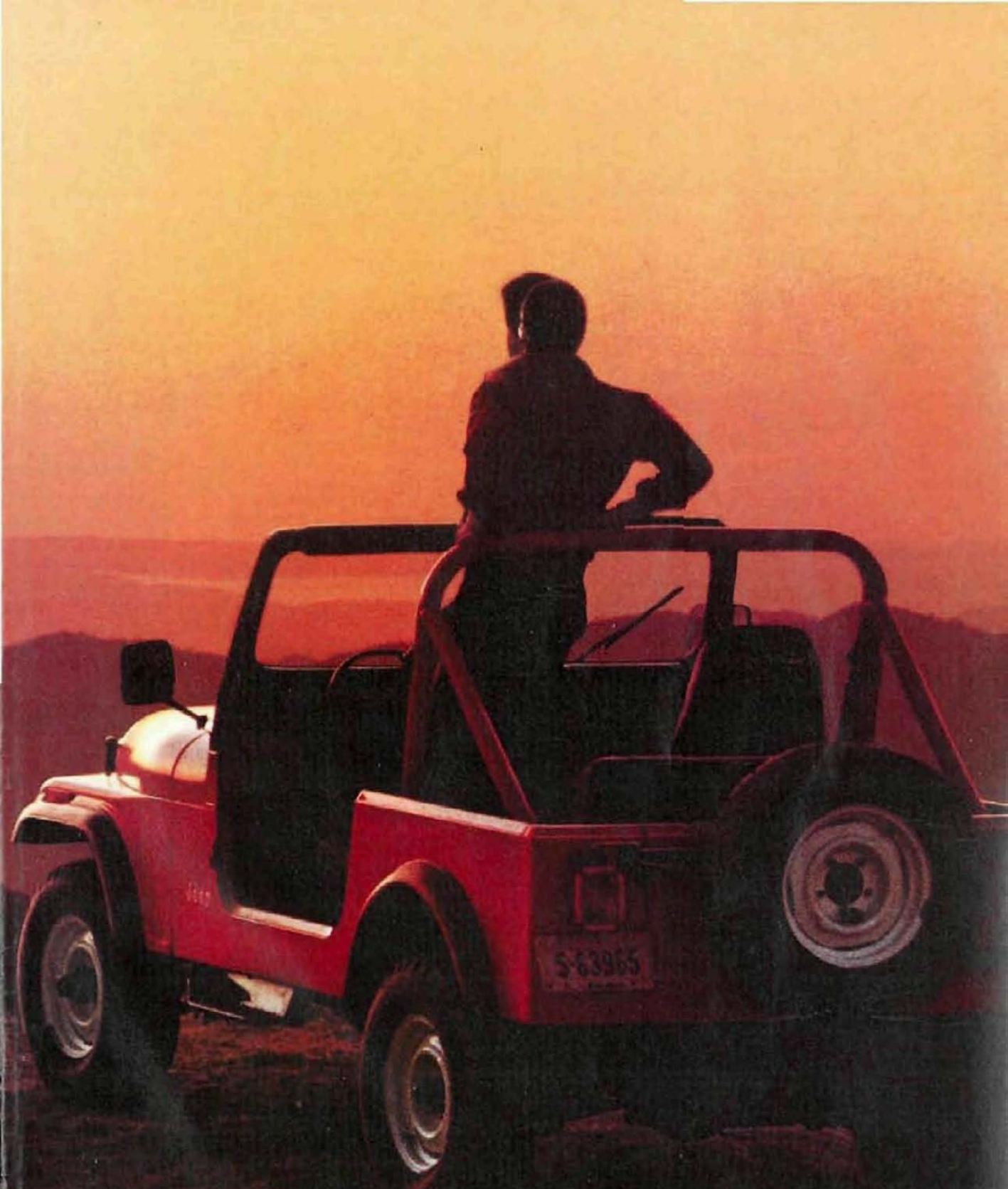
And the computerized tape recorder's nine different automatic scanning functions allow you to program and play back your tapes in a variety of ways.

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editorail

THE RUMORS OF THIS MAGAZINE'S purchase by the Australian razor-backed monster Rupert Murdoch have, in fact, turned out to be true, thus ending a bloody takeover battle between Murdoch and the stockholders of NatLampCo. (A battle that was decisively turned in Murdoch's favor when, in his suite at the Plaza, he ripped a sofa apart, producing the \$8.75 in loose change necessary to topple all other bidders.)

"And so!" you bellow. "That's what all this bellyrot about repositioning and finding a new market was all about last issue. You're selling out, aren't you?"

Get off it! Do you think for a minute that a man as savvy as Rupert Murdoch would have purchased the most unique, irreverent, outrageous publication in America today just to turn it into a toadying, wheezing pile of claptrap, bad jokes, tit pictures, and ridiculous contests? Look, pal—Murdoch knows which side his American bread is buttered on, even if the Australians *do* butter theirs on the other side and eat it from the bottom.

Under Murdoch, there are no major changes planned for the magazine, al-

though we will be making some very strong moves, as Rupe says, "to reinstate the traditional emphases, and make the magazine a little more lively."

In layman's terms, that means some real excitement for you. For example: •The Letters section will no longer consist of letters made up by the editors. Instead, we will run *real* letters from our readers, commenting on past issues, discussing various jokes in the magazine and whether or not they succeeded, and considering the general state of humor in the free world.

•The news feature, Time of the Month, will from now on employ the vast resources of the Murdoch newspapers. We will reprint articles from the *New York Post*, *Boston Herald American*, *Chicago Sun-Times*, *London Sun*, and the *National Enquirer*.

Pretty funny, huh? Why didn't we think of this before? Beats me.

•The articles in the magazine will remain the same, but will be written by celebrities. "Burt Reynolds, Barbra Streisand, Liza Minnelli—they're funny people, and they move a hell of a lot more magazines than Peter Gaffney or Fred Graver or Glenn Eichler! Get 'em in the mag!"

Anything you say, Rupe. •The Foto Funnies will be replaced by a

big picture of a girl sunning herself on an Australian beach, reciting a knock-knock joke. "Kind of like you're knocking her up," Rupert quips. "Or knockers up, or something."

•The Funny Pages will be rewritten by the current staffs of "Saturday Night Live," "Late Night with David Letterman," and "The New Show." "I think they're on to something, the way they don't let the jokes get in the way of delivering an entertainment format. This might be just the circulation boost we need," Herr Murdoch has said.

•We had a bit of controversy about the True Facts section. Murdoch refused to believe the items were true, even after we showed him letters from readers offering the items. "People don't act like that," Rupe said. "They're too busy eating their own children and committing bizarre sex acts. But if it sells magazines, we'll run it."

And so, the *National Lampoon* prepares to be Rupertized. Or so it seems.

By the way—April Fool!!! —E.G.

Cover: It's easy—anyone can do it! You can do it! But what's this?! Seems **Sean Early**,⁶ **Philip Scheuer**,⁷ and **Timothy McCarthy**⁸ beat you to it. Let's move a little faster next time, huh? Jeez... —M.G.

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Anything
can happen.

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LETTERS
4/8/84

SIRS: I'M A PRACTICAL JOKER, SO I hop into a cab on First Avenue and tell the driver to take me to 34 Piedmont Street, which is in England. And damned if he doesn't go straight to the docks and drive right off a pier. And damned if the cab doesn't float all the way to England. And damned if when we get there the cab fare isn't \$1,894.40. And damned if I don't pay it and leave a two-hundred-dollar tip. And damned if I don't ask him where a good steak house is. And damned if he doesn't take me to one and I eat the best steak of my life. And damned if I don't ask him where a guy could get a good blowjob. And damned if he doesn't climb in to the backseat and give me the best darned

blowjob I've ever had. And damned if I don't throw him another thousand bucks for taking such good care of me. And damned if he doesn't propose on the spot. And damned if I don't marry the sumbitch. And damned if we don't get a quaint little town house on Piccadilly Square.

Damned Right
London, England

Sirs:

Eddie Murphy thinks he's so bad. He's not so bad. If that dude's so bad, how come he's never had his own TV series, huh? Now that's bad.

Flip Wilson
The Church of What Happened?
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

California is going to drop into the sea. You can get AIDS from toilet seats and herpes from shaking hands. Brian De Palma and Jerry Lewis are geniuses. There will be a nuclear war. All your old friends are turning queer. Somebody gave Charles Manson your home address. That stuff they put in drinking water does make you impotent. There, is that enough? What? Whoops. I thought I was addressing the Pessimists Club of Little Rock, Arkansas!

Gee, I hope I didn't bring anybody down. Sorry again, and try to have a nice day. If you live.

Jeffrey Bleak
Little Rock Pessimists Club

Sirs:

You probably are not aware of this, but I don't exist at all. Actually, I'm a corporation. The actor you see on TV lives on Social Security and doesn't even collect residuals for the commercials.

Sorry.

Orville Redenbacher
Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

It's my belief that some CPR training is better than no CPR training at all, and let's be honest; how many of you are really going to go to one of those first-aid training classes and learn it? Not many, I'd bet. So basically what you want to do is this: first of all, don't move the victim. Put his or her head on a pillow and raise the feet so that they're above the head. Apply mouth-to-mouth. What? No, you're right. I don't really know what I'm talking about. But heck, if my loved one is stricken by it in a restaurant you can bet I'm going to do more than bend over her prostrate body and poke at it with a fork.

Dean Smithers
Cruellers, W.Va.

Sirs:

Is it just me, or does anyone else notice that all the crazies and freaks go to Sears? I'm not talking about run-of-the-mill amputees or Communist bag ladies. I'm talking about people with withered heads. Is that normal, or what?

Monty Ward
In shopping malls
throughout this fine,
normal country of ours

Sirs:

I bet you've often wondered what kind of television scripts never made it onto the air. Here's an excerpt from a "Batman" script that was never filmed.

ROBIN: Gosh, Batman, the Riddler's escaped from jail!

BATMAN: There's only one thing to do, Robin, and that is for you to suck my big Bat-dick.

The writers really made a slipup on that one! I think they were just playing a joke, though.

Art Patterson
Director of Batman Archives

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 121)



"I do think it was terribly sweet of you to have our initials strip-mined in the Nevada desert, but Mr. Hargrave, I already have a boyfriend."

CAMEL

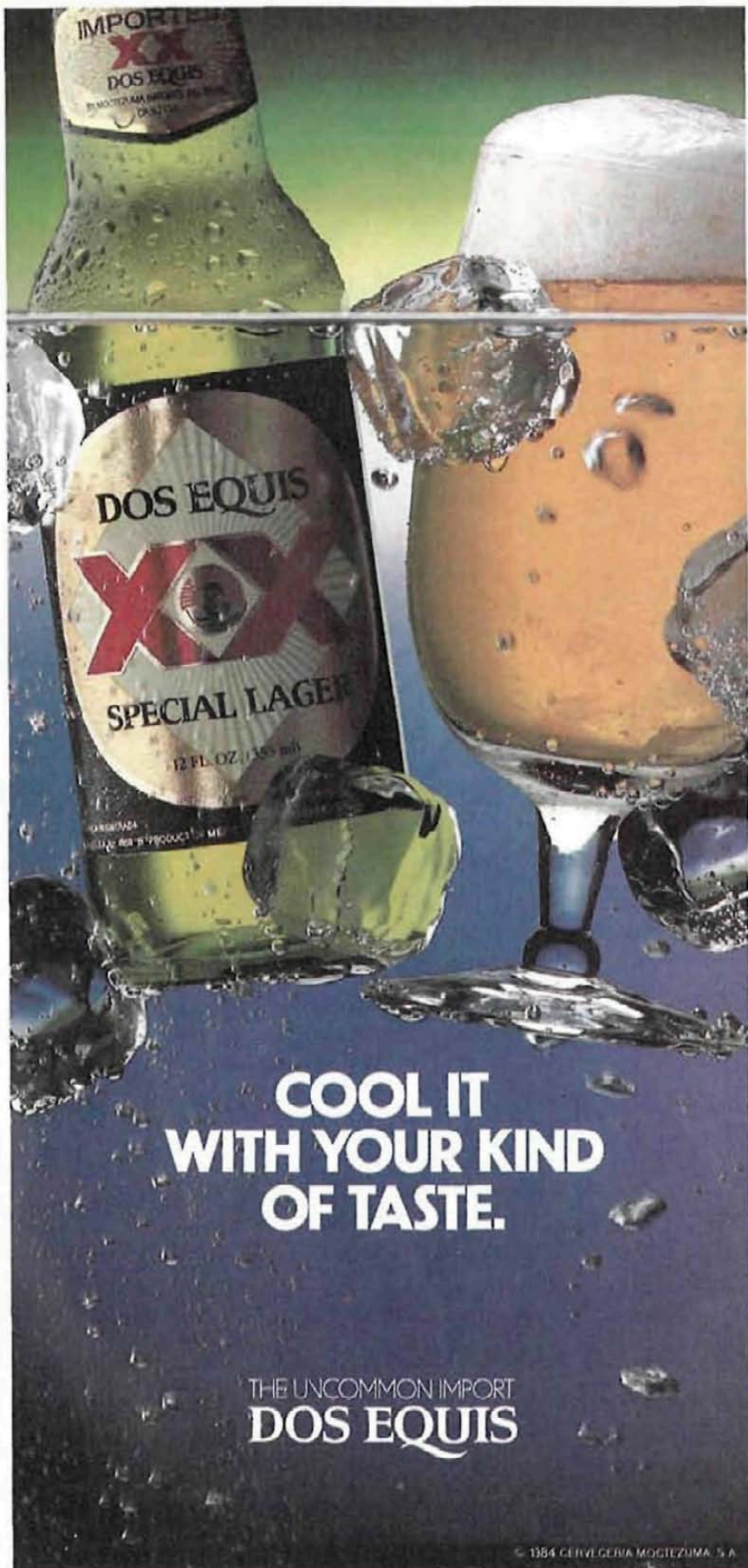
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THE UNCOMMON IMPORT
DOS EQUIS

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Sirs:

Don't be fooled by the appearance of us nerds. The real reason we wear those stupid shorts with the long legs is to hide our immensely big penises, and we wear the mismatched checked shirts and the black socks with the brogue shoes because girls are secretly driven mad with desire by them, and we really need those dumb briefcases we're always carrying to hold the amazing number of condoms we go through every day while we're boning the best-looking girls in town, including your sisters. And all this time you thought we were just being nerds! Ha-ha-ha!

The Nerds

High schools and colleges everywhere

Sirs:

What do we at the Census Bureau do between censuses? Mostly, we write letters, make personal phone calls, clip our toenails, and otherwise busy ourselves. Excuse me, I've got to take a nap now. Wake me up in 1990.

Al Hilliard

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I've been hearing a lot about how President Reagan doesn't do well with women. I think it's his hair. Women don't like pompadours no more. And he wouldn't have no gender gap if he put his arm around them and whispered stuff in their ears like "Who's my baby?" Or maybe it's the music he plays for them. He should get some Prince, or the Buzzcocks. I don't know, he ought to do something, because you really have to do well with the ladies.

Vincent T. Spinozo

Mel's Garage

Astoria, N.Y.

Sirs:

Real men don't eat quiche. What real men eat is *shit*. Every day of their lives. And let me tell you, the taste hasn't been improving.

Real Men

In real life

Sirs:

You know how they always say that you shouldn't use the elevators to get out of a tall building if there's a fire? Well, there was a false alarm in my apartment building this evening, and I found out why they always say that. It's so they can be sure of having access to the elevators so they can get out the fastest while you're taking the stairs thirty-seven flights down.

Sheila Duigman

Exhausted

Sirs:

You've probably noticed that the breasts of modern film and TV stars are considerably smaller than the huge bazonks that were mandatory in the old days of film. You may have concluded that this is because today's producers are less sexist than they used to be. But that's not why. It's because today's producers have smaller hands to work with than the old ones did.

Female Stars
Stillgroped, Calif.

Sirs:

Why don't you just change the name of your magazine to the *Condom Monthly*, for chrissake?

Ed Lincoln
Lincoln, Nebr.

Sirs:

Christ! You know what tees me off? When you pull into a parking space, and someone pulls up into the space next to you, and opens his car door, and scratches your car. Then he walks away, without so much as an "I'm sorry." Then he returns a minute later with a sledgehammer, and smashes in your windshield and headlights, and yanks you out of your car, and kicks you in the balls, and knifes you in the stomach. Hey, I don't know about you, but I really get steamed every time this happens.

Bud Meltzer
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

What's out? Sushi, Ralph Lauren, sensitivity, and Alan Alda. What's in? Porterhouse steak, American convertibles, baseball, and hunting. We figured it's about time we gave you guys out there a break—you've taken enough abuse in the last few years. Oh, and don't be surprised if the next war the U.S. fights is not so much another Vietnam as another Spanish-American War.

Your Pals
The powers that be

Sirs:

You know all that Negroesque dancing and strutting shit I've been doing onstage for the last quarter of a century? Well, I've hated every minute of it. I just do it for the money. Actually, my favorite music is country and western. There's nothing I enjoy more than spending a quiet evening at home listening to an album of Porter Wagoner or Ernest Tubb. Sure, I've been on "Soul Train" more times than I can count, but my lifetime dream is to some day appear on "Grand Ole Opry."

James Brown
Harlem, N.Y.

Sirs:

A message to those guys who think they're not getting any action because there's a girl shortage: there is no girl shortage. What there is, though, is *short girls*. Try looking down for a change. We've been down here all the time, staring at your crotches and getting horny as hell while you dopes are wandering around saying "Where are they?" Well, we're right here, and we're not gonna wait much longer, let me tell you! There's a lot of midgets out there, and they're starting to look pretty damn good.

The Short Girls
Down here

Sirs:

I'm clean, man. I didn't do the San Francisco job, and I wasn't anywhere near Los Angeles for that shakedown. Hell, I ain't never even been in Alaska, man. So lay off.

San Andreas
California

Sirs:

Why You Should Use Our Law Firm to Solve Your Legal Problems: Reason #16—The Speeding Ticket. Our patented defense focuses on the inalienable right of drivers to travel a distance of fifty-five miles within the time span of one hour while on our nation's high-

ways. Can the arresting police officer testify under oath that he followed you for one full hour to see whether you exceeded this distance limit? Although you may have been stopped for going 95 mph, can the officer testify that ten minutes earlier you did not stop for doughnuts? This tricky defense, along with a modest honorarium for the judge, adds up to victory.

Herman Lowe
Lowe, Down & Meane

Sirs:

If a girl gives a guy a blowjob and nobody gets it on videotape, then could you still say that blowjob actually happened? If there was no one else to see it, I mean? This one has our whole philosophy class stumped. I mean, you can't know this one a priori, right?

Elwood "Hi" Jinks
Philosophy 500

Sirs:

How many fingers am I holding up? Right, five! What color is this tie? Right, red! What nation are we in now? The U.S.A., that's good. Have you ever knowingly killed a public official? No? Fine. And finally, how many legs do you have? Two? That's very good.

The New, Rigorous Army Exam
Finding smart soldiers everywhere
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)





Hello, Nikita? Do you have a Communist bloc?
Well, try prune juice! Ha-ha-ha. Click.

Project Fish: The April Fools' Day Capers

BY BOB POMERANTZ

EDITOR'S NOTE: AMERICA HAS been shocked and shamed in recent years by revelations that the Central Intelligence Agency is not quite the lily-white defender of freedom we once thought it was.

Numerous ex-CIA spies have, to the chagrin of the cloak-and-dagger community, published scathing accounts of unscrupulous intelligence operations that portray the agency as a hornet's nest of paranoia and chicanery.

No book has ever stirred more controversy than the most recent—*May Day in April*, the memoirs of Walter Wily (Alfred A. Knopf, 819 pp., \$21.95).

In it, Wily, a twenty-eight-year veteran of the agency's Clandestine Services (read: Dirty Tricks) Division, discloses the CIA's most classified,

most mind-boggling, and longest-running espionage effort—"Project Fish: The April Fools' Day Capers."

Born at the height of the Cold War, "Fish" was an ongoing exchange of devious practical jokes between the CIA and the Soviet Union's Committee for State Security (KGB). Waggishly dubbed "prankplomacy," this bizarre brand of banana-peel-on-the-brinkmanship was intended to undermine and humiliate the respective superpowers.

Even before the ink was dry on Wily's publishing contract, terrified American and Russian spy masters began using, to quote a Knopf spokesman, "every filthy trick in the book" to silence Wily and stop release of *May Day*, but to no avail. A last-ditch bribe effort by President Reagan to appoint Wily "secre-

tary-of-whatever-the-fuck-you-want" failed, and Wily is currently being sequestered in a cabin hideaway in upstate New York, while his tell-all tome climbs the charts.

Here are a few of the more electrifying excerpts from the book. We apologize in advance to the families of those who will invariably be state-liquidated or shamefacedly moved to suck cyanide capsules as a result of Wily's expose:

Beginnings April 1, 1954, will go down in history as The Fools' Day It All Began. On that day President Dwight Eisenhower signed into existence the U.S. Air Force Academy, and Russia didn't like it one little bitsky. Our nation then already enjoyed a formidable edge in air-strike capability, and the Commie "spooks" were convinced this new "West Point of the Air" spelled more trouble.

The KGB had been officially founded on March 13 that very year and was just itching to prove itself. Eisenhower handed them the perfect opportunity. An exploding fountain pen was forthwith spirited by Russian agents into Ike's briefcase. When it came time to sign the historic document, he removed the cap from the pen and—KABOOM!!—it blew up, sending indelible red ink everywhere. The document was a write-off, and a red-faced president wanted fast answers.

When it was discovered that the pen concealed a strip of microfilm reading "April Fools' Day Greetings from the Red Menace," Director of Central Intelligence Allen Dulles was livid. The trick pen proved there were deep-cover Commie agents in the White House—damned effective ones.

That night, Dulles called an emergency meeting of the Company's top brass. I was just a rookie, but was summoned to the gathering as well.

"Kid," Dulles told me, "word has it you were quite the card at spook school." I could hardly deny I'd always had a penchant for practical jokes and that, at the Farm (CIA training school in Williamsburg, Virginia), I'd once short-sheeted the bed of my counter-surveillance teacher.

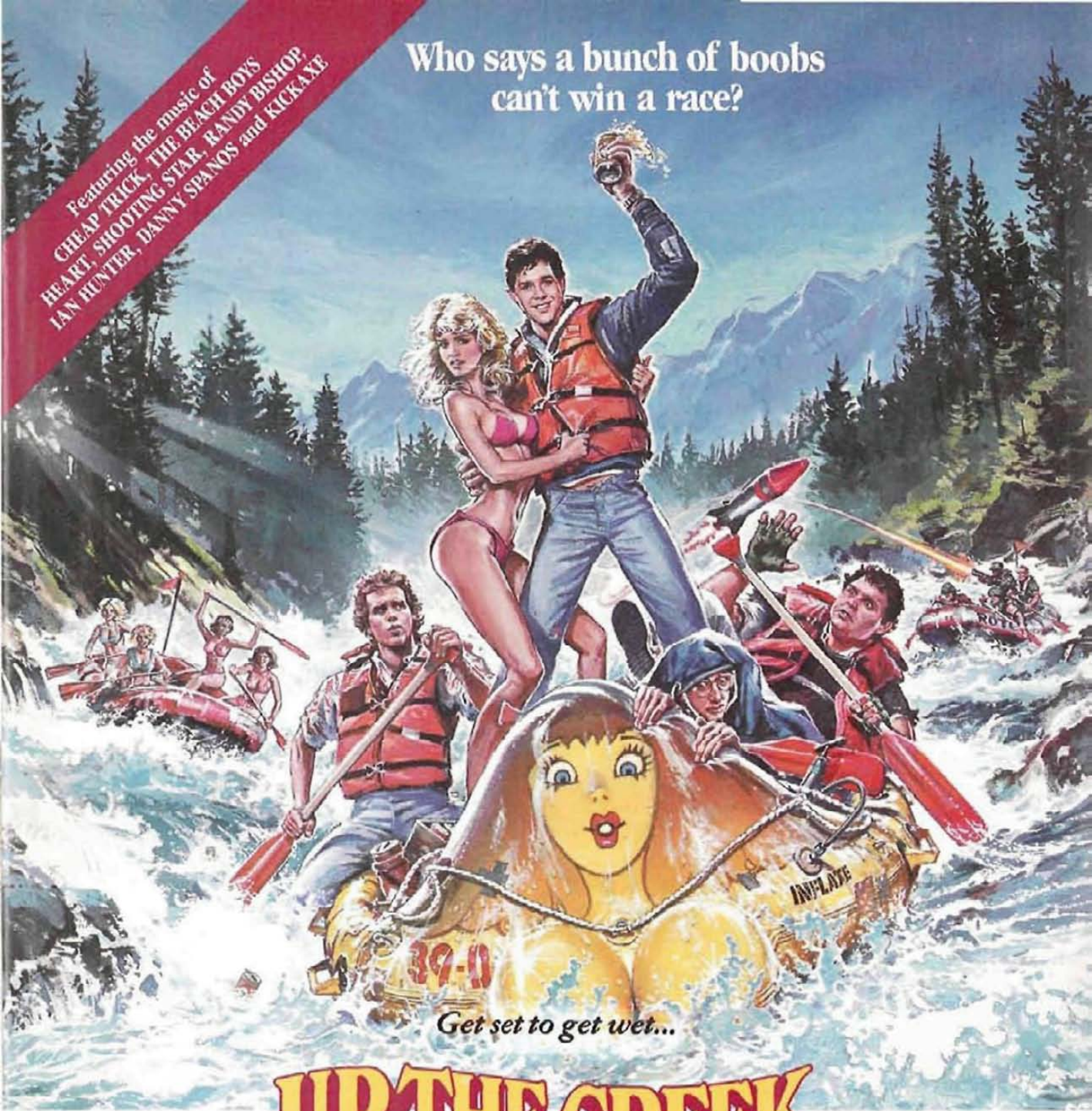
"Kid," he continued, "how'd ya like to cut your teeth on something of VITAL IMPORTANCE TO NATIONAL SECURITY?" Naively, I agreed.

I would head up a new subsection, he told me: Clandestine Pranks (Clanpran), a division of Clandestine Services. Our sole responsibility was the administration of Project Fish: The April Fools' Day Capers.

Simply put, this entailed the annual design and deployment of a really cun-

Who says a bunch of boobs
can't win a race?

Featuring the music of
CHEAP TRICK, THE BEACH BOYS,
HEART, SHOOTING STAR, RANDY BISHOP,
IAN HUNTER, DANNY SPANOS and KICKAXE



Get set to get wet...

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OPENS FRIDAY, APRIL 6 AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU.

ning stunt against the Russkies. Nothing fatal; it was, rather, a sustained campaign to poke thorns in the paw of the Bear.

I had only one question of the DCI: "Sir, must the operation be effective only on April Fools' Day?" I'll never forget his reply. "My son, we play hardball here. When it comes to saving democracy, EVERY DAY IS APRIL FOOLS' DAY."

Our First Counter-Prank We struck back in June '55, when Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov (of cocktail fame) was scheduled to stage a goodwill tour of America. We'd make sure it was a trip Comrade Molotov would not soon forget.

We wanted something with style. Planting cheese blintzes in his underpants was out; so was blowing up his luggage with a Molotov cocktail (such a cliché). Then it hit me—we'd mix the pompous foreign minister another sort of cocktail!

June 27, Chicago, a formal dinner for Molotov: A waiter (one of ours) served him a vodka martini—in a dribble glass! You should have seen the look on Ol' Firebomb's face when he rose to toast "the dignity of the Socialist Republics" and spilled his drink, olive and all, down the front of his tuxedo. "Feel like spilling any more state secrets, Comrade?" yelled a Pentagon wag. Molotov's fat peasant face radiated humiliation; that dribble glass

would prove to be his ticket to an ambassadorial posting in Mongolia and later expulsion from the party.

Goulash, Dog Turd, and the Rest of the Fifties The Molotov affair moved the KGB to set up an equivalent department to Clanpran: SNOT (Secret Noxious Offensive Tomfoolery), which would administer Russia's version of Project Fish—"Operation Mischief."

Clanpran and SNOT traded pranks and counter-pranks for the remainder of the decade. On the occasion of the Russian invasion of Hungary in October '56, we spiked all the goulash in Budapest with Ex-Lax. The Reds retaliated in November by planting whoopee cushions at the Eisenhower-Nixon presidential victory sit-down dinner party. A year later, the Comms put a dog in space aboard Sputnik II, but not before we had tied a can to its tail.

SNOT didn't get its licks in again until Khrushchev's visit to America in September '59. During a golf game between Ike and Nikita, the president reached down into his golf bag for some balls, only to find his hand wrist-deep in dog shit. The puppy turds were contained in a rusty can bearing the inscription "A souvenir from space."

Chaos in Camelot: The Kennedy Years My department's budget tripled during the JFK administration. What really got the ball rolling was the CIA-backed failed invasion of Cuba at Bay of Pigs,

April 17, 1961. What pissed off Kennedy was the parcel that arrived a week later from Havana. It contained a pig's penis and a note reading "You blew the Bay of Pigs; now blow this."

John went on the warpath. He fired Dulles and talked only of "squaring things with El Fuckface." The word came down—Clanpran was expected to deploy a superior prank "soonest!"

My options were limited. The Company's Special Operations (read: Assassination) Division was already hard at work scheming to KILL Castro, and had requisitioned first dibs on exploding cigars and herpetic beard lice.

We knew JFK wanted action and we knew the combined Get Fidel effort was code-named Operation Mongoose. What we didn't know was what prank to use.

Didn't know, that is, until E. Howard Hunt, Jr. (of subsequent Watergate fame) traipsed into my office one day and shouted: "Hey, Wily, seeing we're calling it Operation Mongoose anyway, what say you scrotums do some shtick with a mongoose?"

April Fools' Day, 1962: Doctored photographs were released to the Cuban press of El Supremo romantically dancing the frug with an actual mongoose. Until he could get the newspapers to print a retraction ("What looked like a mongoose was actually Bella Abzug"). Fidel was the laughing-stock of Havana, and, to this day, he harbors a morbid fear of discotheques.

Castro and Khrushchev were both humiliated the following October during the Cuban missile crisis, when Kennedy's ballsy brinkmanship forced them to remove intermediate-range rockets from Cuba. We knew a major counter-prank was in the offing; what we didn't know was...when.

They finally struck on July 12, 1963, just days after the installation of a Hot Line between the White House and the Kremlin.

SNOT spies plastered D.C.-area men's lavatories with the Hot Line's unlisted telephone number and the words "For the world's finest piece of ass, call Jacqueline."

Only one call actually made it through (at 3:00 A.M.), but it would prove to be the prank phone call of the century. Kennedy jumped from his bed and answered the Hot Line on the fourth ring. Here is the official White House transcript of the conversation:

JFK: "Hello, Nikita? What the hell's wrong?"

Caller: "Nah, this is Wilbur. Put Jacqueline on."

JFK: "Wilbur? Who the [expletive dele-



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ted] is this and how did ya get this number?"

Caller: "Never mind, buddy. Just tell Jackie I'm hung like a horse and I'm dying to stick my [expletive deleted] into her tight, warm juicy [expletive deleted]!"

IFK: Click.

A devastated Kennedy got wise to SNOT after the White House switchboard traced the call to a pay phone on Capitol Hill. The caller turned out to be Representative Wilbur Mills, who, a decade later, would be chided by Congress for his much-publicized affair with Argentine striptease dancer Fanne Foxe.

The King and the Cabbage: The LBJ Years The Johnson administration was unremarkable in the life of Soviet-American prankplomacy, save for two inspired practical jokes.

In 1964, after the passage of the Civil Rights Act, Lyndon threw a small soiree for Martin Luther King, Jr. Johnson thought the civil rights leader particularly uncivil that night. It wasn't until the next morning that the president discovered a sign pinned to the back of his formal trousers reading "Kiss my grits, King Coon."

Another winner was the '66 May Day military parade in Moscow. The night before, Aleksei Kosygin and Leonid Brezhnev had been fed a triple portion

of CO₂-hypoed cabbage borscht by a clandestine Clanpran chef. When the leaders of Russia rose in the May Day reviewing stand to salute the troops, they let out a barrage of cannon-fire farts that was reportedly heard from Minsk to Siberia.

Double Dick Trick: The Nixon Years President Richard Nixon and Director of Central Intelligence Richard Helms were like two peas in a pod—actually, more like two Dicks in a daisy chain. Practical jokers both, the Double Dick Trick personally co-engineered Sixty-niner, the April Fools' Day character assassination of Brezhnev.

Sixty-niner had nothing to do with oral sex, plenty to do with destroying Brezhnev's reputation as the Casanova of the Kremlin. On April 1, 1969, Soviet writer Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn (who freelanced for Clanpran) mounted a soapbox in Red Square and announced that Comrade B. was a transvestite, and that the Soviet premier regularly pranced about his country dacha in a Bolshoi Ballet tutu, plucked his eyebrows, and wore pink peekaboo pajamas to bed. (Alex did hard time in the gulag for that one, and was later deported in '74.)

Brezhnev vowed revenge, and had SNOT work double overtime to find a way to rain on America's upcom-

ing extravaganza, the Apollo II moon mission.

July 20, Cape Kennedy: The launch was delayed one hour while NASA personnel scurried to find a new flag to plant on the moon. During a final check of the spacecraft, it was learned the original flag had been replaced with a Black Sambo jockey lawn ornament.

Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin made it to the moon okay. But when Armstrong began his slow descent down the lunar module ladder to take man's first historic steps on the lunar surface, he discovered that his space boots were stuck to the rungs: SNOT had slathered the ladder with black-strap molasses. The bottle of 200-proof bourbon in Buzz's knapsack quickly dissolved a sticky situation, or it could have been one small step backward for man, one giant fuck-up for the free world.

We retaliated September 11, 1971, the day Khrushchev died. Clanpran planted a phony Khrushchev diary with *Pravda*, revealing that the late leader had been secretly under contract to Columbia Pictures in the early fifties as a stand-in for Curly of the Three Stooges. Suffice it to say that Nikita was buried sans full military honors.

SNOT would, in the words of former KGB chief Yuri Andropov, "strike back with Confucian cunning" during Nixon's much-heralded visit to China in February '72.

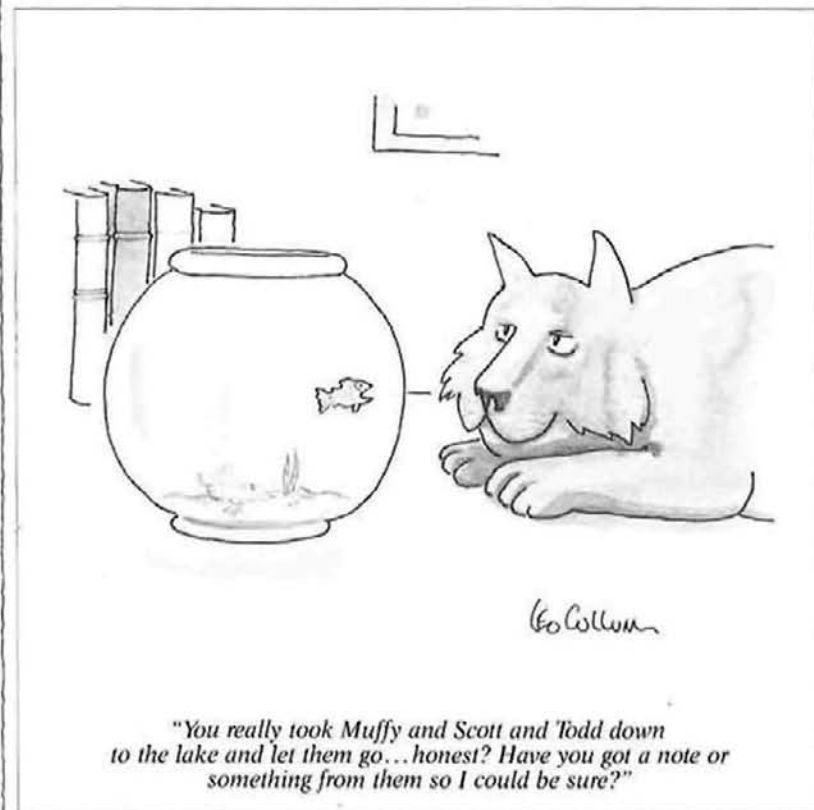
At his welcoming banquet in Peking, an eager-to-please Nixon was determined to speak in the language Mao understood, Chinese. But, thanks to the clever Soviet switching of speech texts, Tricked Dick would not praise Mao, but bury any immediate chances of bettering Sino-American relations.

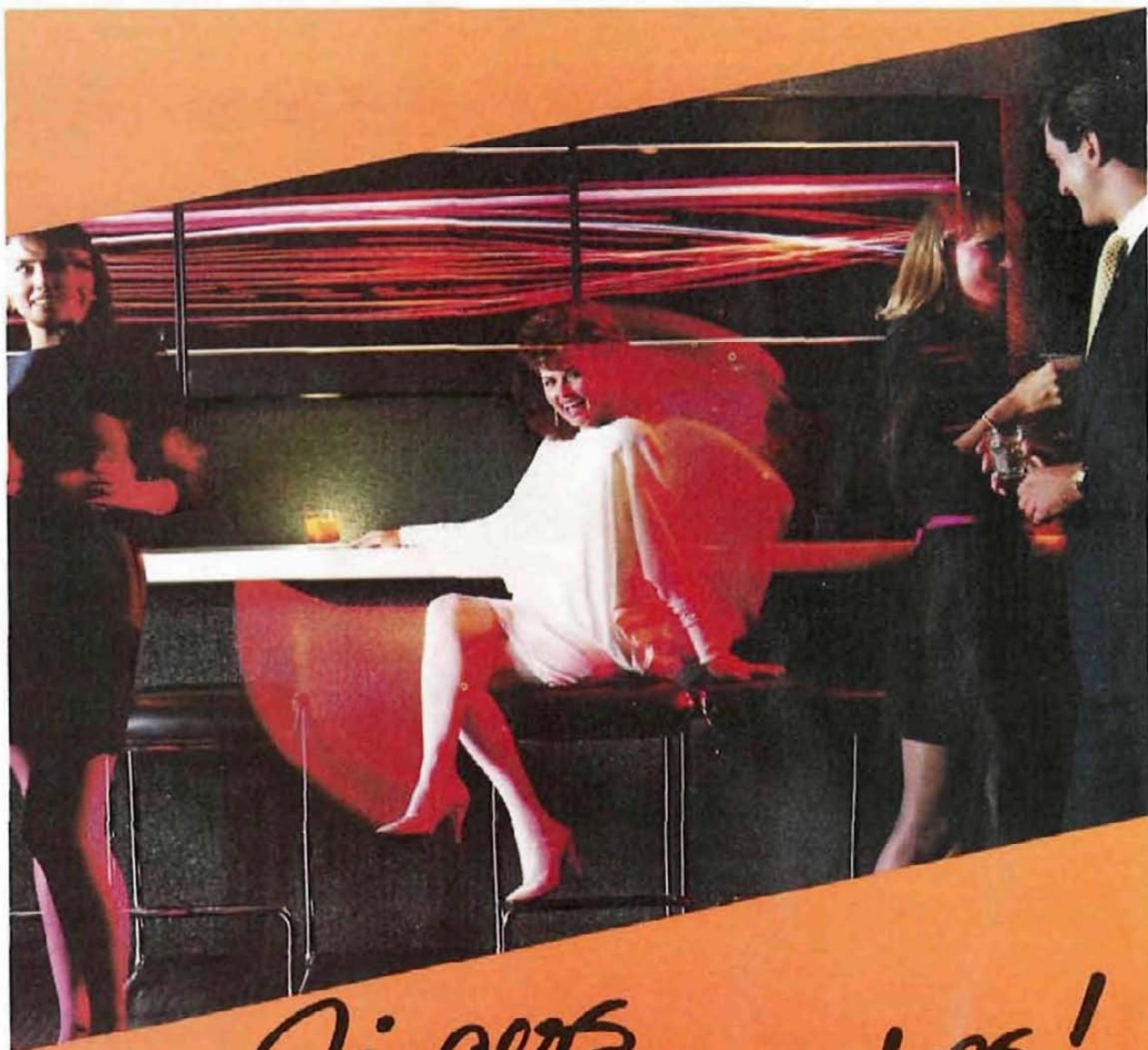
The duped prez stepped up to the bamboo podium and said: "I would like to salute the chief slopehead, Mao, who has butchered millions of innocent Chinks and given new meaning to the term 'male pattern baldness.'"

"I am also miffed to make the acquaintance of Mao's wife, Chiang Ch'ing, whose snapshot is found in Webster's American Dictionary under the word 'repulsive.'"

"My dear friends, the United States of America would like nothing better than to poison your rice paddies with Coca-Cola and hang Minute Rice billboards all across the Great Wall of China. In conclusion, I urge you all to shove your chopsticks where the slanted sun never shines."

The damage was irreparable. From that day forward, Chairman Mao took to wearing silk hair replacements, and it would be another seven years before





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the U.S. established diplomatic relations with the People's Republic.

The Joke Was on Us: The Ford Years

Gerald Ford didn't need any help from SNOT to make a fool of himself, stepping in dog turd one day, getting gum caught in his hair the next. The KGB just sat back and let it happen.

Anwar, Menachem, and the Whole Damned Thing: The Carter Years

Clanpran mistakenly assumed the cease-fire would continue, as President Carter's brother, Billy, was unilaterally embarrassing the U.S.A. on an almost-hourly basis.

How wrong we were! While the Bear feigned hibernation, it was actually busy at work sabotaging the single most prestigious event in Carter's tenure, the September '78 Camp David Summit. SNOT would play on the mutual suspicions of Egypt's Anwar Sadat and Israel's Menachem Begin like a pair of finely tuned violins.

September 5, the Camp David mess hall: The first day of talks ended with an informal Chinese (kosher) dinner. Clanpran had scrupulously checked that no shellfish had found its way into the dishes. But, DAMMIT!, we hadn't thought to inspect the fortune cookies.

The scene is indelibly etched in my memory. There was Anwar, puffing contentedly on his pipe after savoring a splendid meal. But when the Egyptian leader broke open his fortune cookie,

the pipe dropped from his mouth and a white-faced Sadat bolted from the table. The message had read "Beware of smoking peace pipe with four-eyed Jew."

The superstitious Arab would only return to finish his cookie after frantic assurances by Jimbo that Begin was a recent convert to Roman Catholicism.

Menachem wasn't so easy to reassure the next day, after the pious Israeli PM rose to recite his morning prayers. The Torah on his night table had been exchanged for a copy of *An Egyptian Stud's Guide to Porking Jewish Virgins*. ("Porking" was the word that offended Begin the most.)

It took everything Carter had (not the least of which were forty-three Phantom fighter jets and a private admission that most Arab men were camel sodomizers) to get Begin back to the bargaining table.

Now, being a deeply religious man, Carter frowned on prankplomacy, and was even willing to forgive SNOT its trespasses into Camp David. But by the end of 1979, after the Iranian hostage crisis and the Russian invasion of Afghanistan, the Man from Plains was singing a different tune: "Let's get those godless Commies, y'all." Clanpran was back in business—the dope business, to be exact.

July 19, 1980, Moscow, opening day of the summer Olympics: Though many right-thinking nations had boycotted the event, the Reds were still

hell-bent on salvaging the games and had spent millions to make it a class act. There was even an official mascot, Misha, the smiling Russian bear cub.

Two hundred and fifty kilos of Afghanistan hashish had been smuggled in small quantities from Kabul to Moscow and covertly stashed in the Sacred Olympic Firepit. When the Olympic torchbearer stepped up to light the flame, the sweet fumes of the narcotic began filling the stadium.

Within minutes, the place smelled like a Mexican hat factory, and the orderly ceremonials turned chaotic. Javelins were hurled into the stands, the East German track-and-field team mooned Brezhnev, and Misha, the multimillion-ruble public relations mascot, put to rest the myth that a bear only shits in the woods.

The Soviet censors quickly pulled the plug on the satellite feed, but not before millions of TV viewers caught a fleeting glimpse of the biggest hash party in Russian history.

Rompin' Ronnie and the End of Prankplomacy I became thoroughly disillusioned with my job soon after President Reagan rode into office. This guy's idea of a harmless practical joke is stuffing a Halloween pumpkin with dense-pack missiles.

The straw that broke my back came when then-Secretary of the Interior James Watt, acting on Ronnie's instructions, ordered me to torture and kill every bear in Yellowstone Park on April 1, 1981. "A sign to the Russian bear we mean business" were Watt's words.

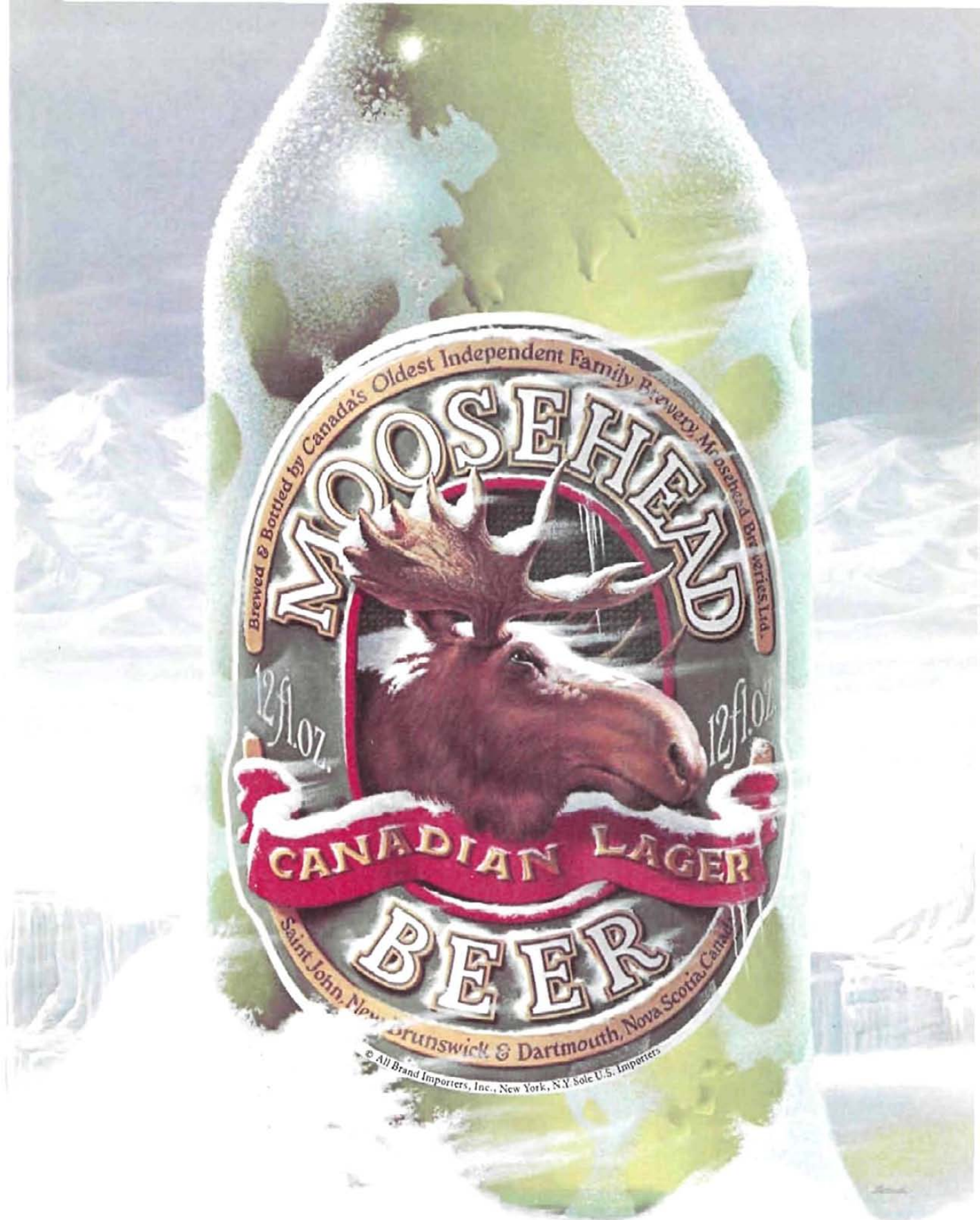
I refused, and was then informed that my career was finished if I didn't snuff the Yogies. I telephoned George Bush (my old CIA boss and good bud) and begged him to intervene on my behalf. "No can do, amigo" was all the vice-president said.

That night, I cleaned out my desk at Langley and left the agency forever. I took with me all the incriminating documents and a firm resolve to spill the beans.

Epilogue The bears were never killed, but my department was. In fact, Clanpran and SNOT were both dismantled on April Fools' Day 1983. Andropov's health was declining and, on that day, in a weak moment, he picked up the Hot Line and pleaded with Reagan that "the pranks should stop before I die." Ronnie grudgingly agreed, and the final chapter was officially, if secretly, written on the April Fools' Day Capers. Maybe.

Personally, I think Andropov was kidding. I'm sure Reagan was.





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As I always say to Mummy, a Bush in the living room is really for the birds. (I made that up, too.)

Ronald Reagan, Pen Pal (Part 2)

TRANSCRIBED BY LEE FRANK

MUMMY SAYS THAT I SLEEP too many hours at night, and what with all the catnaps sprinkled throughout the day, she says I spend more time snoozing than being president. Well, Mummy may have plenty of horse sense and she can surely talk your ear off with all the names and dates she remembers, but the one thing she doesn't know beans about is that a man can do some of his best thinking right before he dozes off. For instance, this afternoon I grabbed

forty winks during a national affairs briefing, and I got to philosophizing that there are basically three ages a fella goes through in life. The first years are when you're some wild buckaroo and all you think about is getting as much sex as you can however you have to trick a gal into it. Then come the greed years, when your mind is set on making as much money as you can possibly get. The final period in a fella's life is when all you think about is having a successful bowel movement.

I nearly had one this morning, but outside the bathroom window I spot-

ted some cockamamie television camera crew all pointing at me, and that put the kibosh on what I was doing.

I didn't feel any one bit better either when Mummy came in and announced that I had a breakfast meeting set up with George Bush. So I says:

"For the love of Pete, Mummy, where in the Constitution does it say that I have to preside over steak and eggs with a smug know-it-all like George Bush?"

"George Bush comes from a refined background," says Mummy.

"It didn't stop him tearing into me like gangbusters back during the primaries. You remember that 'voodoo economics' guff!"

"Okay, Daddy, and back then I took exception with his clamor," says Mummy. "But the fella's from the upper crust. What's more, he knows how to treat a First Lady. And besides, it wouldn't hurt us to start going around with a smarter crowd of people. Folks whose appreciation for the finer things of life is the same as ours."

Well, there she goes again. Straight away I could see that Mummy was having one of her Bright Ideas. And when she gets her mind set on a Bright Idea, there's no amount of arguing can talk her out of it. But I was just fed enough to ask her that if all these society folk were so high and mighty, then how come they were always grafting off of us for grub?

"Daddy," she says to me, "I know you. The only reason that you're getting your back up over such a matter is because you're suffering from irregularity."

"Not so!" I says.

"Gracious me. You've been sitting on the potty all morning, haven't you? And it's all because you missed your glass of prune juice last night."

"Mummy, it's just that since we moved into this White House here, I never met a bigger gang of spongers! These bigwigs will come all the way from Wichita for a free meal."

"Well, they sure aren't coming for lively conversation with such a disagreeable sourpuss as you."

"They don't seem to have much to say when they get here, Mummy."

"What matters is that they have plenty to say when they leave," she tells me.

If that gal doesn't take the cake, I don't know who does.

Well, I wasn't sorry that I kicked up my heels about George Bush. He's been coming over here to eat all the time, but has never once returned the favor and invited Mummy and me over to his place for repast. So I wasn't feeling too neighborly, and I suppose I was

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speaking pretty candidly to Mummy. Then George Bush barged into the room, and Mummy jabbed her elbow into my ribs and gave me the evil eye so that I shouldn't say anything that George Bush would overhear.

But he was too busy yakking and gossiping away to have heard any of the honest truth anyway. George Bush is such a snitch that I can rightly see how he made director of the CIA.

He said that Cap Weinberger had got in a scrape with a taxicab driver who was pretty handy with his fists. At least that's the gist of what he said. I was born with a cheap set of ears and don't fathom maybe 75 percent of the highbrow words George Bush uses. Mummy said Cap was probably all hepped up on account of the few stiff ones he tosses back upon awakening. I had sensibility enough to clam up and not take sides. George Bush soft-soaped Mummy a bit and complimented her on her spiffy-looking dress. It was, in fact, a red sports suit that she's worn plenty of times before. Then Mummy left us boys to eat while she checked in with the Strategic Air Command.

Now, when you talk to a man who's under you, you have to take charge of the conversation from the very begin-

ning. That's what they teach you at the Shriners. So I told George Bush that I wanted him to do something for me. I had a dandy idea, and I wanted George Bush to pull some strings at NASA, the National Air and Space Association, and tell them my idea, and they were free to use it if they wanted.

First I reminded him that it was President Kennedy who said that this nation must control outer space in order to maintain our air superiority.

"Why do you think he said that, George?" I asked. But he was too busy shoveling food into his mouth to answer. "Toll roads, George. The nation that controls outer space is the one that builds the toll roads. Space stations one day, George, tollbooths tomorrow. The money we could collect from the Russkies alone could pay for our own space program."

George Bush went on at some length about gravity this and gravity that. He was always rubbing it in about how he went to an Ivy League college, but his smart-aleck chatter sounded like a lot of hooey to me. All the while he was giving his highfalutin speech, he was practically licking his plate clean, like they never fed him before.

"Did you enjoy your breakfast?" I asked him. For the same meal as he

had, I used to pay eighty-five cents at the Warner Bros. commissary. Hard cash. That's how everyone paid. Women-folks, too. I used to eat at the Warner Bros. commissary all the time. And I happen to know that the prices at the White House are even stiffer. Though the chow's not nearly as good and the portions are kind of puny. So it costs as much as a simoleon to feed George Bush here. Plus, they serve a bottomless cup of coffee at the White House, which George Bush takes no small advantage of.

"Well, Mr. President," says George Bush. "I don't know how to thank you for such a delightful breakfast."

"One hundred cents legal tender would be fair," I tell him.

George Bush began to laugh, like I said something comic. I would have told him some amusing things about his table manners and his chatterbox wife, but a bevy of photographers cantered into the room, so I dummied up. George Bush and I smiled at each other while the photographers clicked their snapshots. I couldn't wait till the whole thing was over so that I could get in a catnap before the rummy game. The national affairs briefing was next on my agenda, so that's where I decided to grab forty winks.

Ed Meese, Jimmy Baker, and me try to sneak in a few hands every afternoon while no one is looking. Kind of a letup from the pressures of the job. It is also the one place in town where I can be assured of getting the straight goods.

Ed Meese dealt, and I asked: "What's all this hubbub I hear about some wise hombre trying to monkey with Cap Weinberger?"

"Cap accused some darky of taking the long way around," says Ed, "and they duked it out. Cap would have shown him, too, but an off-duty Secret Service fella broke it up. Cap's got a shiner as big as a sugarplum."

"We're going to have to keep him out of public exposure until the eye heals," says Jimmy Baker. Jimmy's got a boy out in Wichita who is quite high up in the Shriners.

"A snow job, hey?" I tell them both. "I'd have busted his jaw."

Ed says, "Turned out the darky was taking the shortest route. Cap wants Bill Webster over at the FBI to explore the angle that the driver was trying to tie him up in traffic. But Bill Webster says Cap was soured."

"Hail Columbia!" I say. "I'd have shellacked him."

"Rummy!" says Jimmy Baker. Then I rummied out, and that left Ed with such a populated hand, there wasn't



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any point in tallying up the score.

I dealt the next hand, and I told Ed and Jimmy about my idea of having toll roads in outer space and I asked them their opinion on the matter. "We could collect enough from the Russkies alone to pay for our own space program," I say.

Ed and Jimmy both said they thought it was a dandy idea, unlike George Bush, who is about as big a naysayer as they come. And Jimmy made what I thought to be a very inventive suggestion. In fact, it was tip-top. He said that on the next space shuttle flight we could have an astronaut wear one of those mechanical change-maker gadgets in order to test how it operates in deep space. I made a mental note to discuss it with George Bush, although sometimes I think that when I talk to that guy, I just "ain't gettin' through!"

Ed Meese rummied out and then Jimmy Baker did and then I did. I had a weak hand from the deal and I only played it out to be a good sport. I told Ed and Jimmy that Mummy had made arrangements to view the Duke Wayne movie *True Grit* tonight, so I asked

them if they wanted to see it. Unfortunately they had already made plans.

When I came back for supper, Mummy knew for a positive thing that Cap Weinberger had been belting down the liquid stimulants. That toady George Bush must have squealed on his way out this morning.

"Cap was stinko," she says.

"Hold your fire, Mummy," says I. "The darky driver was trying to buffalo him!"

"Just the same," Mummy says, "I'm looking forward to a respectable evening with Barbara and George Bush."

"Man alive!" I say. You can imagine my surprise. "I just had breakfast with George this morning."

"That's when I extended the invitation," she says.

"Well, didn't you hear what I said to you about those Bushes? Mummy, I'm not talking to you just to blow around the wind."

Well, that set her off on a real tizzy, and we had a pretty good quarrel. She argued that it isn't fair that I get to play rummy with the boys but she hardly ever gets to mix with high-society folks,

even though all she does is gab with them whenever she does.

"How did you find out about the rummy?" I asked, kind of on the side, not fessing up to nothing. "George Bush was the blabbermouth, right?"

"Daddy, you simply reek of cheap cigars."

Then she put the whammy on me, like she could have said something only she didn't, and I ought to be grateful and hold my tongue. Well, the fact is she could have crabbed about the rummy game and seeing as she didn't, I thought I'd compromise a bit on Barbara and George Bush. Maybe I wouldn't have if I thought I could beat the rap. But I told Mummy where I drew the line and that Barbara and George Bush could come only if we still got to see the Duke Wayne movie. I told Mummy:

"I stand pat."

"For heaven's sake, Daddy. They're coming to watch the Duke Wayne movie and to have some hors d'oeuvres afterwards."

"Well, at least they aren't coming for supper," I tell her. "The two of them think they've put in a great day if they can eat you out of house and home."

"Daddy, you behave yourself! I want to have a dignified evening, and I don't want you to ball it all up."

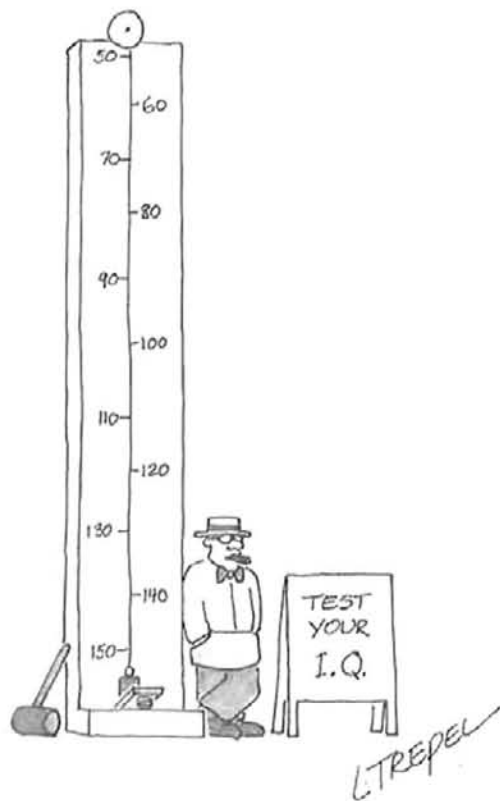
"I'll behave myself, Mummy, just so long as Barbara and George Bush don't behave like nitwits."

"Daddy, if you want to see a nitwit, just look in the mirror," says Mummy. "And I'm the bigger nitwit for marrying you."

"And there's no bigger nitwit to whom I'd have preferred to get spliced," I say. Then we sort of held hands and sat on the couch, and I suppose we kind of spooned for a while and got somewhat gushy.

We had a scrumptious dinner which included Rice-A-Roni and decided to have our dessert by the television. We watched Kermit's monologue, which was quite witty. He made some choice remarks on the subject of management which reminded me of a Shriners speech I once heard back in Wichita.

Then who should arrive about half an hour early but Barbara and George Bush. Will wonders never cease! When I made mention of the time, they said that the clock in their Studebaker must be on the blink. "More like their stove," I whispered under my breath to Mummy, who busted an elbow into my ribs. Then she asked Barbara and George if they wanted any dessert. As if it weren't crystal clear why they came early in the first place, Mummy turned the boob tube to some sort of arty singer while



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we waited for the domestic to rustle up some additional dessert.

They each had about two helpings apiece, all at taxpayers' expense. And they would have eaten more, except it was time for the Duke Wayne movie to begin. You should have seen old Rooster Cogburn chase down those roughnecks! Without so much as a posse. Duke Wayne, now there was an actor! But even old Rooster himself couldn't compete with Barbara Bush jabbering throughout. George must have told her that he was going to watch the movie with his eyes shut, seeing as Barbara kept describing to him every little detail that happened. I leaned over to Mummy and whispered, "That woman's tongue does more flapping than Old Glory over the Capitol building." Mummy elbowed me one in the ribs, but I could tell she saw my point.

Well, it turned out that Barbara Bush was just warming up, because by the time the hors d'oeuvres got under way, she was speaking more gibberish than a turkey. Then Barbara and George made a big hoopla when they handed over a bottle of champagne and a tin of the smallest portion of comestibles I ever saw. "They must have had to look around the supermarket pretty hard in order to save a penny," I whis-

pered to Mummy. She poked me in the gut, but I was getting a titter out of her sure enough.

There was a lazy Susan platter just teeming with pigs-in-the-blanket and clam dip and Fritos, plus Barbara added on their tin. It looked as though neither Barbara nor George had eaten the slightest bit of supper considering the way they delved feet first into the grub. First George talked while Barbara ate, then Barbara talked while George ate, then they switched back again. They must have had the whole thing figured out beforehand.

It turned out the tin was filled with blueberry jam, and you could tell by the foreign-looking letters on the label that it came from overseas. Anyway, it tasted fishy to me. I prefer the good old American variety. Same goes for champagne. Even the experts say California wine is some of the best when it's fresh.

Now Barbara Bush was polishing off the pigs-in-the-blanket while hubby George was going on at some length about AT&T. I told him:

"I had the opportunity to buy AT&T stock when it was six and some-odd cents a share."

Mummy dropped her hand to my knee and says, "George is talking about

the AT&T monopoly." So I says:

"George, your side is kind of monopolizing the lazy Susan, isn't it?"

Well, Barbara practically spit out her cocktail frank. Mummy jabbed me a good one in the ribs, but I didn't care. Barbara dropped her frilly toothpick and announced that they had to leave now because George had an early appointment with the French ambassador.

"Too bad it's not the stove repairman," I say.

Mummy gives me the evil eye, and we say goodnight to Barbara and George, pretending we all had a grand time. No sooner did they step out the door than Mummy began to bawl me out for the remarks I made. I guess she didn't find them as comic as I thought she did. But I wasn't in any mood for a tongue-lashing. So I told her:

"Mummy, I wouldn't give a plug nickel for all the hoity-toity folks in town. So you can stop carrying on like the bottom has fallen out of the earth."

"Tarnations, Daddy! I know you. The reason you're so irascible is because you didn't have a good B.M. this morning. Your tomfoolery in front of Barbara and George Bush was indecent. They're posh people!"

"Well, the only reason neither of those so-called posh people looks like a tub of lard is that they burn off so many calories exercising their vocal cords."

"Generally speaking, Daddy, you're not going to neglect your nightly glass of prune juice hereafter."

"Generally speaking, Mummy, when Barbara and George aren't eating, they're generally speaking."

"Daddy, you're getting to be an ugly customer."

"Hail Columbia!" I say, but Mummy cuts me off.

"I won't hear such language under my roof," she tells me. Then she gives me the cold shoulder all night. Finally, in the morning, she must have screwed up enough courage to try to smooth things over, because she says:

"Look here, Daddy, this is a silly quarrel and we ought to just make it up. I propose we smoke the peace pipe."

Well, I wasn't going to give in like any baby. So I says:

"It raises your dander, doesn't it, Mummy, that I didn't buy those AT&T's at six and some-odd cents?"

"Well, I can see there's no point talking to a crusty old rattlebrain such as yourself," she says. She was madder than a hornet. And that was the last she as much as looked at me for two whole days. ■



America's Jolly Good

Time of the Month

APRIL EDITION

Meese Claims He Sees No Evil, Hears No Evil, Therefore There Is No Evil

ATTORNEY GENERAL EDWIN Meese, who last year stirred violent controversy by claiming that he would not accept hunger as a fact of life in this country until he had "authoritative evidence that there are hungry people in this country," has reassured his supporters that "my new position will not in any way hinder me from continuing to foam at the mouth."

Since his appointment, Meese has volunteered a number of observations on world events. Among them:

On death squads in El Salvador: "We cannot rule out entirely the possibility of mass suicides occurring on an al-



Edwin Meese, not going hungry.

most daily basis in El Salvador. I have never had a right-wing death squad burst into my home, or ever met someone who had, so I don't believe it's happening."

On nuclear disarmament: "I have seen nuclear weapons, so I know they exist."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)



Newly realigned U.S. allies at a summit meet.

Britain, Grenada Head List of State Department Gaffes

THE STATE DEPARTMENT HAS REVEALED that the deployment of cruise missiles in Britain and the invasion of Grenada—both apparently successful undertakings—were more problematic than had been previously thought.

"The fact is," announced a department official, "we got our islands switched around. We installed the cruise launchers in, uh, Grenada, and we, um, invaded England. Okay, we blew it. These things happen from time to time."

U.S. intelligence first became suspicious while reviewing film footage of the Grenada invasion. Under close scrutiny the footage revealed that all the captured "Cuban" prisoners were actually tall, very white men wearing bowler hats and carrying umbrellas. A subsequent examination of a high-ranking "coup leader" was carried out, and documents in the prisoner's portfolio revealed that he was not, as had been believed, a large, bearded, homi-

cidal, Communist Hispanic, but was actually Mr. Denis Thatcher, husband of the prime minister of Great Britain. According to the official, Mr. Thatcher was "fairly upset" by the mistake.

Retrieval of the deadly cruise missiles—now installed in Grenada and under the control of ill-clad, untrained Marxists close to the U.S. mainland—is considered too risky, so U.S. foreign policy has been drastically altered to accommodate the snafu.

Under the new setup, the nations of the Caribbean basin will be formally recognized as Western Europe, while Western Europe will become the Caribbean. This means that England is now officially Grenada, Margaret Thatcher will remain under house arrest as a coup leader, and the former Grenada is now Britain, our staunchest European ally.

Similarly, Trinidad will become France, Germany Haiti, Barbados Sweden, and so forth. Cuba, of course, will become Poland.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

Well, I take that back. I've seen big rocket-powered things that are all shiny and kept in silos all over America. Well, I take that back. I saw one in a silo in Arizona. And who knows if that was a big nuclear bomb? You just don't know about these things. So who even knows if there's a threat of nuclear war. Hiroshima and Nagasaki happened a long time ago, and who knows if there were only a couple of bombs. Some things just are not knowable."

On gravity: "I believe that, at this time, there is sufficient evidence. At least, all the evidence we have at this time points to the presence of a force that one might call gravity on this planet."

On Reagan's reelection: "Now here's a man who knows what's in front of his face, and by virtue of his career in Hollywood, knows that what is behind the front can be anything. He's a man for our times, because he knows that what is knowable is very limited, and he acts on that limited knowledge." ■

New Tonka Death Truck

THE TONKA MANUFACTURING COMPANY today unveiled plans for a new toy line of terrorist and anti-terrorist miniature vehicles.

"We're proud of the whole damn line, but the Tonka Death Truck is the toy that really excites us," noted sales

vice-president Tom Updegrave. The Death Truck, modeled after the TNT-laden vehicles that crashed into the U.S. and French barracks in Beirut, does indeed look to be a winner for Christmas '84. The truck comes equipped with explosives and will actually detonate upon impact. "Kids can use it in tandem with our Model U.S. Embassy and Modular Concrete Barrier Set, or they can just buy it separately and roll the thing into Mommy's bedroom door," Updegrave explained.

Other toys featured in this line include the Tonka Bulletproof Mercedes-Benz Diesel, the Tonka Bomb-Removal Robot Vehicle, and the highly praised Tonka-S.W.A.T. Team Water Cannon. The Water Cannon also comes in a set with either Miniature Anti-Nuke Demonstrators or Miniature Solidarity Demonstrators and Poland Water. ■



The new Tonka Death Truck.

Nuclear Blast Is TV Bonanza

FOLLOWING ON THE SUCCESS of recent post-nuclear-war docudramas, CBS has announced plans for a children's version called *It's the Day After Charlie Brown*.

The show will star Charlie Brown and the whole "Peanuts" gang as they

struggle up from the radioactive debris of their neighborhood and try to recreate a semblance of civilization while having fun doing it.

Illustrator Charles Schulz, who created the "Peanuts" characters and will animate the feature, initially opposed the program, said CBS spokesman

Terence Wasteland. But later Schulz got behind the project after he was given "an incredible amount of money, his own nuclear device, and some women," said Wasteland.

The whimsical cartoon begins with Snoopy's Sopwith Camel doghouse being mistaken for a Pershing II missile by Soviet interceptors, who retaliate instantly.

Such large-scale cataclysms as mushroom clouds and fireballs are never shown. Instead, the effects of the war are brought home in poignant scenes such as one in which little Schroeder, seated at his toy piano and plinking out a Beethoven symphony, is slammed against the wall by a super-hot wind and suffers burns over 95 percent of his body.

"Our aim here is not to frighten," explained Wasteland. "We wish to educate—to teach children that they should be good and work hard in school and be honest with adults or they'll die horribly in the tragic desolation of a shattered world they never made." ■

Three Months After *The Day After* Poll

IN A FOLLOW-UP TO THEIR PRESENTATION OF THE FILM *THE DAY AFTER*, ABC commissioned a poll to see how the public's attitude toward nuclear weaponry had been affected. Respondents were asked what they had learned, what they remembered, what they feared. Selected poll results follow. (Not included below are a few more specific results. For instance, among bald people, 88 percent felt that nuclear blasts would not affect their lives in any way; in addition, 98 percent of respondents replied "Yes" when asked if they thought Henry Kissinger's glasses were several sizes too small for his head.)

Poll Results	YES	NOT SURE	NO
If you duck under a car dashboard, you will not be harmed by a nuclear blast.	83%	10%	7%
If you have to go marketing, it is a good idea to go to the supermarket before word of war spreads, because afterward shopping will be a bitch.	70%	26%	4%
A nuclear bomb will break one lens of your plastic-frame eyeglasses.	53%	18%	29%
If a bomb falls on Kansas, cows will die and Jason Robards will lose his hair.	78%	22%	—
If you look like JoBeth Williams before the blast, your looks will not be affected by radiation.	98%	1%	1%
There will be fewer commercials on TV after the bomb drops.	66%	3%	31%

**Time
of the
Month**

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Recent investigations have revealed that many flights of the space shuttle have not gone as smoothly as believed. Shown here, the last flight of astronaut John Young, who in fact has yet to return to Earth.

NASA Reveals Long List of Space-Shuttle Screwups

LAST DECEMBER, WHEN THE SPACE shuttle *Columbia* suffered two computer failures, a navigation-instrument shutdown, and a small explosion in one of the rear compartments, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration launched an extensive investigation of the entire space-shuttle program. The investigation was concluded last month, bringing to light some startling information.

Perhaps the most surprising revelation was the fact that in over half the space-shuttle flights that have taken place since the program was inaugurated in April of 1981, at least one member of the crew has failed to return.

"We really have no idea what's happened to them," commented Francis Bradley, head of the investigating committee. "Their fellow crew members are, naturally, a bit embarrassed about discussing the whole thing now."

NASA officials are probably even more embarrassed about the fate of the space shuttle *Excalibur*, launched in February of 1982, which has thus far failed to return at all. *Excalibur* is believed to be in a "holding pattern" somewhere above the Eastern Hemisphere.

This is just one of countless generally unnoticed gaffes that have plagued the program for years. In January of 1983, when space shuttle *Challenger*

inadvertently landed in the middle of Chicago's bustling O'Hare Airport instead of the target site, Edwards Air Force Base in California, surprisingly little attention was given to the incident. Likewise, when the crew proved to be carrying strange, unidentifiable, and possibly lethal organisms im-

planted in their flesh, the press and public took small notice. (The eggs eventually hatched into life-forms that NASA scientists are reasonably certain would have proved to be harmless had they not escaped almost immediately.)

When asked why such occurrences have been practically ignored, Bradley was quick to respond. "Americans are easily jaded," he pointed out. "Everyone's sick of the whole space program by now, so they don't pay much attention to what we do. When that Korean airliner got shot down by the Russians there was a big stink, but did anyone even notice when space shuttle *Came-lot* was vaporized by a laser satellite last year? Nobody gives a damn anymore. We might as well spend the money on big parties. Maybe we will." ■

NASA Announces Shuttle for Hire

IN THE WAKE OF THE LUCRATIVE launching of a communications satellite funded completely by the government of India, NASA has announced plans to raise revenue for the troubled shuttle program by offering the space shuttle as a launching vehicle to anyone who can meet their price. And the price? "How much you got?" says shuttle engineer Dr. James Yoder.

The space agency has already signed the following "passengers" for future flights:

- Timex Corporation has paid \$65 million to strap its entire line of timepieces to the fifty-foot robotic shuttle arm.
- Fotomat Corporation, looking ahead to increased passenger traffic in space, has paid \$80 million to send up a prefabricated, manned Fotomat booth.
- The Hoover Company has paid \$200 million to NASA to send up half a

dozen 1985 model vacuum cleaners, launch them into orbit, and collect them on a later flight. The purpose: to see, once and for all, if a vacuum exists in space.

• General Motors has paid \$2 million to launch a 1958 Corvette convertible.

In addition, anonymous donors have contracted to have a number of large animals launched, and a construction concern in New Jersey has paid an undisclosed sum to launch "some big cement blocks, no questions asked."

Dr. Yoder has expressed indignation at the seemingly capricious nature of some of these requests. "But, on the whole, the scientists are powerless," he said, although if things get much worse, "we're planning to do an experiment to determine if the shuttle, which has been landed during the daytime and at night, can be landed at 'some other time.'" ■

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Critics Select Top Ten Movie Reviews of 1983

CITING "SUPERFLUOUS ELOQUENCE of language, needlessly extended sentence structure, ability to find profundities in trivialities, and best use of a motion picture as a springboard for an extended discussion of one's personal philosophy," the National Academy of the Movie Critic Industry has announced its awards for 1983. At a lavish ceremony, winning reviewers stepped up to accept their coveted golden statuettes.

It's Rules of the Road for Shiite Moslems

U.S. MARINE COMMANDANT GENERAL Paul X. Kelley announced recently that the new security measures being imposed in Beirut, Lebanon, will include driving lessons for Shiite Moslems.

The courses will teach the Shiites "how to signal turns, how to read road signs, when to yield, and when not to drive vehicles full of explosives into U.S. installations," Kelley said. ■

Heard Hurt

ACTRESS CORDISS HEARD WAS SHOT RECENTLY as she emerged from the "D through H" line at a Screen Actors Guild royalty-check window. Several innocent bystanders, including actress Mary Beth Hurt, were injured in the melee that followed. Ms. Heard, the sister of actor John Heard, is resting comfortably; Ms. Hurt, ex-wife of actor William Hurt, was not seriously wounded.

Suspicion immediately centered around actors William Hurt, John Hurt, and John Heard, but police have been stymied in their investigation because of an inability of witnesses to tell one actor from the other.

According to a detective, "I've never had a case like this in my life. There were dozens of witnesses to the crime: casting directors, agents, even other actors. But *nobody* can tell these guys apart. We show them a picture of Bill

The most prestigious award, given for the category "Best Review of Motion Picture, American," went to critic Alfred Penrose of the *Denver Times* for his November 21 review of *Terms of Endearment*. In what the judging committee termed "a breathtaking, evocative masterpiece," Penrose's review began, "Sensuous yet virulent, haunting yet energetic, bold yet subtle, dynamic yet ironic, cruel yet seductive, passionate yet innocent..." According to the committee, the review didn't even mention the movie until "after it had been continued on three different pages, a splendid accomplishment."

The award for "Best Review of a Film, Foreign" went to Michael Caiston of the *New York Times* for his review of *The Return of Martin Guerre*. According to the judges, "The review had a slow start, making one wonder if he could live up to his past triumphs. But then came this knockout of a paragraph: 'The camera cuts sharply from his eye to hers, from hers to his, as they gaze at each other through the fluid, inky skies, lit only by the lazy smile of a lantern, as if man could somehow fold back the tempestuous limits of his own dark personality, lighting at long last the quivering, uncertain lamp of

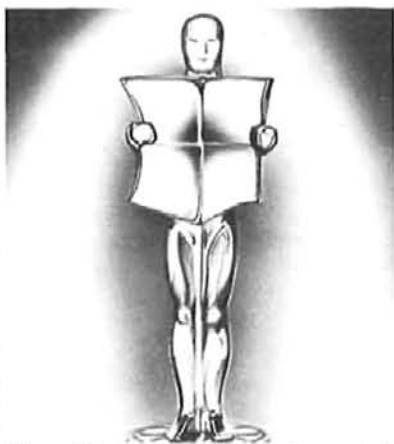
Hurt, they say, 'That's the guy... that's the guy.' I say, 'Are you sure?' They say, 'Of course I'm sure, that's the guy, the one who was in *The Elephant Man*.'

"Only thing is, John Hurt was in *The Elephant Man*. Bill Hurt was in *Cutter's Way*. No, wait a minute, John Heard was in *The Elephant Man*... John Hurt was in *Altered States*... no, wait..."

The police subjected all three actors to a lineup at the Screen Actors Guild, but when three dozen eyewitnesses were unable to make up their minds, the actors were released on their own recognizance.

John Heard, when reached at home, was still audibly shaken by the tragedy. "I don't know for sure," Heard said, "but I heard that John Hurt was trying to hurt Bill Hurt, but missed Hurt and hit Ms. Heard instead."

John Hurt angrily denied Heard's charge, claiming, "I'd no more hurt Hurt than I'd hurt Cordiss Heard, Mary Beth Hurt, or even John Heard, the asshole." ■



The critic industry's most coveted award.

knowledge, burning softly now, like the first glowing embers of a fireplace, but then quickening, brightening, reaching giddily for its full radiant potential, however ironic. Then he killed her."

The award for "Best Review, Use of Color" went to Barton Gernstein of the *Seattle Inquirer* for his review of *Star 80*. "The review has already become a cult classic," said the committee, "a fine example of writing suffused with wit, action, and irony, as in this sentence: 'Suddenly he ran after her, breathing heavily, his red intestines spewing over the bright green grass.'" The spokesman went on, "There wasn't a scene like that in the movie, as we recall." ■

Weinberger Decries Budget Critics

AN OUTRAGED CASPAR WEINBERGER has angrily denounced critics of the Pentagon's Spare Parts Acquisition and Supply (SPAS) program. "It's very easy for the press, and Johnny Carson, to make fun of us for spending \$764 for a screwdriver, but they are not giving the full story.

"In the first place, those screwdrivers are not standard screwdrivers. They are Phillips screwdrivers. With those little crosses at the tips. Everyone knows those run a little higher than straight-edge. Secondly, these are the best damn screwdrivers available, bar none. They've got rubber handles—the works.

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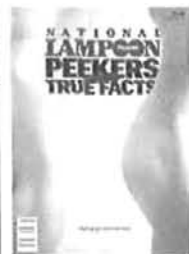


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- MARCH 1976/In Like a Lion
- APRIL 1976/Olympic Sports
- MAY 1976/Unwanted Foreigners
- SEPTEMBER 1976/The Latest Issue
- OCTOBER 1976/The Funny Pages
- NOVEMBER 1976/Is Democracy Fixed?
- DECEMBER 1976/Selling Out
- JANUARY 1977/Surefire Issue
- FEBRUARY 1977/IFK Reinaugural
- MARCH 1977/Science and Technology
- APRIL 1977/Ripping the Lid off TV
- JUNE 1977/Careers
- JULY 1977/Nasty Sex
- AUGUST 1977/Cheap Thrills
- SEPTEMBER 1977/Grow Up!
- OCTOBER 1977/All Beatles
- NOVEMBER 1977/Lifestyles
- DECEMBER 1977/Christmas in December
- JANUARY 1978/The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978/Spring Fascism Preview
- MARCH 1978/Crime and Punishment
- APRIL 1978/Spring Cleaning
- MAY 1978/Families
- JUNE 1978/The Wild West



FEBRUARY 1978



JUNE 1979

- JULY 1978/100th Anniversary
- AUGUST 1978/Today's Teens
- SEPTEMBER 1978/Style
- OCTOBER 1978/Entertainment

\$4.00 EACH

- JANUARY 1979/Depression
- MARCH 1979/Chance
- APRIL 1979/April Fool
- MAY 1979/International Communism and Terrorism
- JUNE 1979/Kids
- JULY 1979/Sports and Games
- AUGUST 1979/Summer Vacation
- SEPTEMBER 1979/Potpourri
- OCTOBER 1979/Comedy
- NOVEMBER 1979/Love
- DECEMBER 1979/Success
- JANUARY 1980/Fantasy
- FEBRUARY 1980/Tenth Anniversary
- MARCH 1980/March Miscellany
- APRIL 1980/Vengeance
- MAY 1980/Sex Roles

- JUNE 1980/Fresh Air
- JULY 1980/Slime, Swill, and Politics
- AUGUST 1980/Anxiety
- SEPTEMBER 1980/The Past
- OCTOBER 1980/Aggression



FEBRUARY 1980



MAY 1981

- NOVEMBER 1980/Potpourri
- DECEMBER 1980/Fun Takes a Holiday
- JANUARY 1981/Excess
- FEBRUARY 1981/Sin
- MARCH 1981/Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981/Chaos
- MAY 1981/Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981/Romance
- JULY 1981/Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981/Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981/Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981/Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981/TV and Why It Sucks
- DECEMBER 1981/What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982/Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982/The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982/Food Fight
- APRIL 1982/Failure
- MAY 1982/Crime
- JUNE 1982/Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982/Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982/The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982/Hot Sex!
- OCTOBER 1982/O. C. and Stiggs
- NOVEMBER 1982/Economic Recovery
- DECEMBER 1982/E.T. Issue

\$3.00 EACH

- JANUARY 1983/The Top Stories of 1983
- FEBRUARY 1983/Raging Controversy
- MARCH 1983/Tamper-Proof Issue
- APRIL 1983/Swimsuit Issue
- MAY 1983/The South Seas
- JUNE 1983/Adults Only
- JULY 1983/Vacation!
- AUGUST 1983/Science and Bad Manners
- SEPTEMBER 1983/Big Anniversary Issue
- OCTOBER 1983/Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983/No Score
- DECEMBER 1983/Holiday Jeers
- JANUARY 1984/Time Parody Issue
- National Lampoon Binders Vinyl binders with tough metal "rods." \$4.50 each, \$8.00 for two, \$10.50 for three. —Quantity
- National Lampoon Case Binder Fits many types of magazines. \$5.95 each —Quantity
- National Lampoon Binder With all twelve issues from a given year. Well, not exactly given.
 - 1975 —1978 —1981 —Vinyl binder
 - 1976 —1979 —1982 —Case binder
 - 1977 —1980 —1983 —\$20.00 each

NATIONAL LAMPOON



BY SEAN KELLY

"Those who cannot learn from history should probably transfer into sociology or some other gut course."

—The Old Professor

MANY OF OUR NATION'S newspapers fill a column of their otherwise dreary "op-ed" pages with an edifying and amusing syndicated featurette concerning "this day in history"; you know, last year a record snowfall caught us by surprise, ten years ago today the mayor was impeached, a hundred years ago today the mayor was impeached for causing a record snowfall, etc. But so far, nobody has thought to present the news of a thousand years ago. Shall we?

BYZANTIUM, IN 984, ONCE AGAIN HAD AN emperor to be proud of—Basil the Bulgar Slayer, as he was known. He had succeeded an unpopular and somewhat wishy-washy character, much given to policies of conciliation and land reform. Basil put an end to all that, conscious as he was of the threat to imperial security posed by the neighboring Bulgars (a bunch so nasty that our word "bugger" derives from theirs), and he spared no expense to rearm the empire; nor paid he heed to the carping whines of local clergy and philosophers who claimed that by so doing, Basil was creating a new class of aristocrats, an unholy alliance of the very wealthy and the military establishment.

One result of Basil's virile, no-nonsense imperial policy was that large landlords continued to buy out small ones, creating a vast underclass of unemployed and destitute peasants—but then, many of these saw fit to join Basil's new Bulgar-slaying armies, so things worked out just fine.

Personally, Basil was remarkably ungenerous and uncultured, if not crude, even for an emperor, but he

sponsored and seems to have enjoyed the cult of his own greatness.

His reign marked the onset of the West's final decline.

Meanwhile, in China, a new dynasty, the Northern Sung, was experimenting with paper money, and attempting to consolidate and expand by means of trade. Basil paid no attention to them.

Concerned as he was with Bulgar-bashing, neither had Basil any interest in events in far-off Southeast Asia, where the Nam-Viet were at war with the neighboring Khmer Empire; nor in the native Irish, then foolishly deploying terrorist tactics against their rightful Viking overlords.

Basil—or one of his courtiers—might have been aware that the Persians (or Iranians) were once more at odds with the Arab nations around them, and threatening war, but an emperor has better things to think about; he was well-nigh obsessed with his own Mideast policy—that of maintaining

an armed presence in Syria, to which end he ordered numerous forced marches from Constantinople to Antioch, at considerable cost in lives to his own troops.

Basil broke off negotiations with the Russians, deeming them untrustworthy—and when local clergy took exception to his policies, he invariably appealed directly to the pope.

This very day, one thousand years ago, Basil won his greatest battle against the Bulgars; by his command every soldier in the defeated army was blinded, save every hundredth man, who was left with one eye.

Except for this single act of weak-kneed pacifism, Basil II of Byzantium might be said to serve as the prototype for our own beloved leader, the Aged Incumbent; and there is little question that he, and indeed all of us, will provide a similarly instructive history lesson for mankind one thousand years from today.



YOU TOO CAN PARODY ANYTHING

BY AL SIEFFERT AND "WACKY JACK" RAMBLER

AL SIEFFERT AND "WACKY JACK" RAMBLER BELONG TO A NEW BREED OF American parodists. They were raised and educated in the Midwest, far from the closed (some would say "incestuous") world of New York literati, and their humor has its roots more in the American Experience than in the English Satiric Tradition. They are closer, perhaps, to Mark Twain and Will Rogers than to Jonathan Swift and Tony Hendra. Unlike the scathing, anti-Establishment, often Canadian parodists of the late sixties, they are as at home in the boardroom as in the back of a broken-down school bus painted in Day-Glo paint with Communist slogans. They are keenly aware that the business of American parody is business. We welcome the opportunity to share their insights with the reading public.

Hello.

I'm Al Sieffert, chairman of the board of the American Parody and Trickery Company. Perhaps you know me better as

Al Seafood, the publisher of *By God It's Meat Places*, that zany, irreverent, outrageous, satiric, off-the-wall parody of *Vegetarian Times*.

Well, excuse me, "Wacky Jack." I thought I was going to write this introduction. Ladies and gentlemen, in case there's a soul out there not completely "clued in," that's my editor-in-chief and head crazy, "Wacky Jack" Rambler.

Not necessarily a great introduction, Al. Perhaps we should both write this article for a while....

Then where would we publish it? In *Not the Reader's Digest*?

How about that parody of *Omni* we're doing, called *Omlette*? Or *Sports Irrigated*? Or *Better Homes and Cartons*? Or *Not Necessarily Another Playboy Parody*?

Well, it doesn't matter as long as it's hard-hitting satire. What "Wacky Jack" means to say is that in the current parody boom, there are more markets than you can count on your

hands and feet.

Or that parody of your hands and feet called "my legs and arms."

That's right, "Wacky Jack." Perhaps I should start out by mentioning some of our qualifications. We started out together in college...

College? More like not necessarily a college, but more like a brewery, judging from all the beer we drank.

Beer? More like a parody of beer, so poor in quality it was. Be that as it may, it was in college as humor editors for *The Chunk* that we learned

the fundamental rules of parody. It's also where we met Pierre, a foreign exchange student who became our friend and art director.

BONJOUR! I AM PIERRE, WHO HAS ART DIRECTED MANY PROJECTS, INCLUDING THE GREATEST MEN'S PARODIES IN ALL OF FRANCE. I WILL SPEAK LATER TO ALL LOVERS OF THE JOKE AND PRAT-FALL THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THE SPECIAL BOX. AU REVOIR...



That Pierre, he really is a card.

Not necessarily playing with a full deck, some would say.

How's that? Anyway, after joking and spoofing our way through four years of so-called education, we found ourselves faced with the painful necessity of making a living.

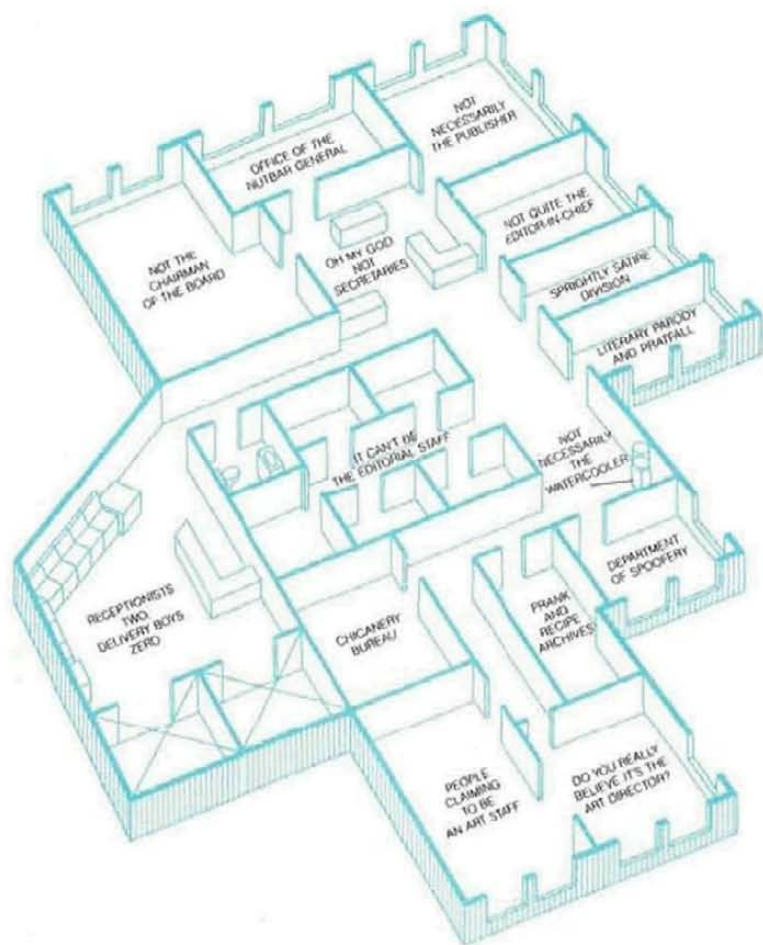
"You can't be a clown forever, Alfred Ernest Sicfert," Mrs. Akins told me in the seventh grade, but I guess I proved her wrong when "Wacky Jack" and I formed the American Parody and Trickery Company and issued our first spoof, *Not the Graduation Program*. That one made a bundle—and it's still selling.

That's right. Say, Al, I think I'll go out and get a sandwich. Think you can handle the show here?

Sure thing, "Wacky Jack." With relish.

SETUP OF THE AMERICAN PARODY AND TRICKERY CO.

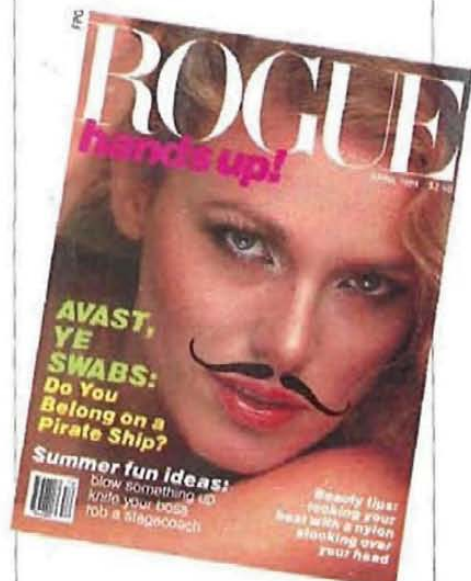
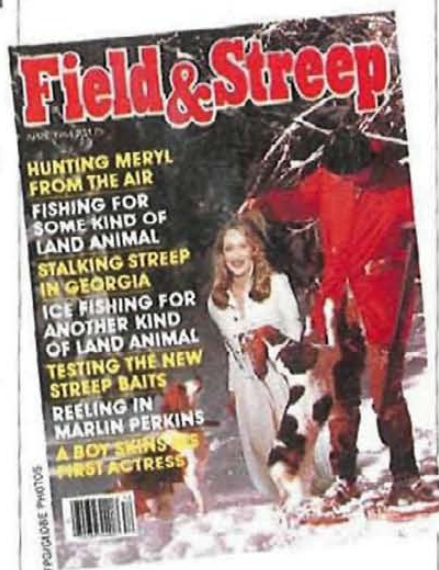
The Chuckles Building, One Trillion Madison Avenue, Not New York, Not N.Y.



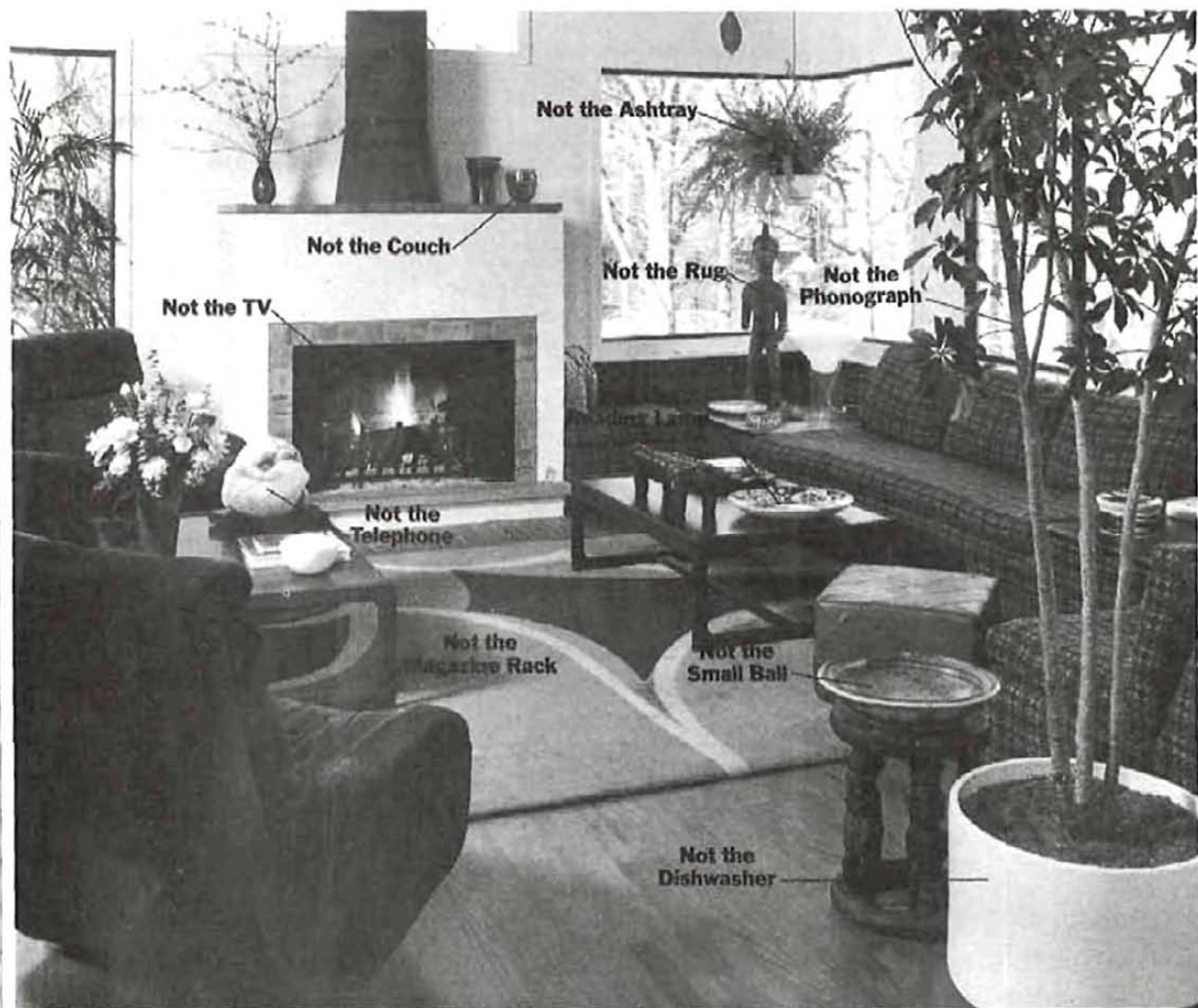
PETER THORPE

A PAGEANT OF PARODY OF MAGAZINE COVERS

AS PROFESSIONAL PARODISTS, WE'VE done spoofs of more than a hundred national and local publications, from *Arizona Highways* (we called our parody *Arizona Anyways You Can*) to *The Zorro Fan Club Newsletter* (we called it *Hey, It's Richard Nixon Behind That Stupid Black Mask*). Here are the covers from just a few of them:



THE PERFECT PARODY ROOM



Relish on a tuna sandwich? You must be crazy.

Oh, that "Wacky Jack."

PARODY OF THE GODS?

Parody has a long and distinguished history. Some maintain that the mighty Romans themselves were actually just a parody of the Greeks. In the end, they conquered the known world. But let's go back even further in time.

Neanderthal man, our kook of an ancestor, was a masterful early parodist as well as toolmaker. Anthropologists have unearthed cave etchings that colorfully depict the route to a stockpile of mouth-watering fruits

and meats. Yet if some other tribe had followed these directions, it would have unknowingly shambled into the lair of a savage saber-toothed tiger. How about that?



A group of scientific speculators contend that Stonehenge was built by master jokesmiths from a distant

galaxy who were parodying a pavilion from one of their more recent World's Fairs. Whether this is true or not, thousands flock to the site each year to share in the mystery.

As man progressed from rock and branch to hammer and quill, the art of parody progressed also. With the advent of the first great works of literature came the first great works of parody. In fact, after Homer finished the *Odyssey*, legend has it that he stiffened up in his chair, felt around for his pen, and began the parody himself. Originally titled *Not a Very Long Trip At All*, it has come to be known, of course, as *The Utterly Monstrous, Mind-Roasting Decade of Ulysses and His Men*. Other great works of literary parody include *King Leer*, *The Merchant of Venice Beach*, *Paradise Misplaced*, *Freddie Prinze and the Pauper*, *Can't You Bury That*

Tail?, Bleak Horse, The Rime of the Ancient Marine Corps Recruiter, She Stoops to Go Down for a Quarter, The Millionaire on the Floss, Gulliver's Travel Agent, Man and Batman, The Aspen Papers, Notes from the Underwear, and Not the Brothers Karamazov.

HOW A PARODY EVOLVES

It's not as easy as it looks, I'll tell you. Back in 1981, "Wacky Jack" and I had the great idea to write a parody of *The Godfather*. We holed up in our offices for days as we tossed out various ideas, such as *The Oddfather*, *The Godbrother*, *The Godführer*, *Got a Father?*, *The Cod Barterer*, and *Don Corleone*, *Fashion Designer*. We were just about to give up when "Jack" came up with what we call a "big money" idea. The moment is still clear in my mind when he jumped up from his desk yelling "*Not the Godfather!*"

The rest is history.

GOOD TARGETS

Magazines, books, plays, songs, motion pictures, television series, ads, and slide shows are all good targets for the beginner. But the professional must learn to grow quickly. Last year the American consumer had 457 different nationally circulated magazines to choose from at his local rack. At the same time there were 673 different parodies of these same magazines. While this is evidence of the great parody boom, observers feel the market may be reaching its saturation point. The answer for the knowledgeable pro—you can parody anything.

HEY, YOU, ANYTHING GOES

Once you have thoroughly mastered the fine art of *parodismo*, there

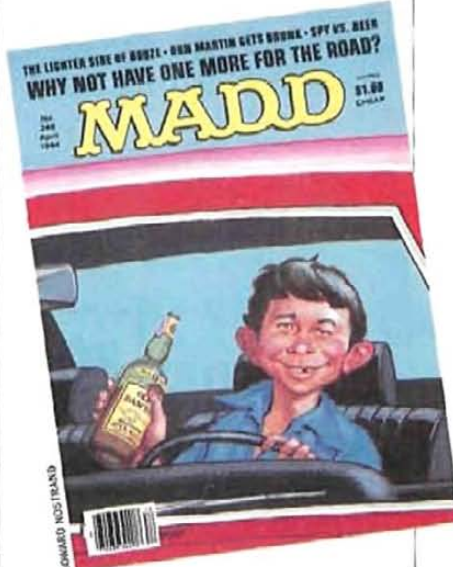
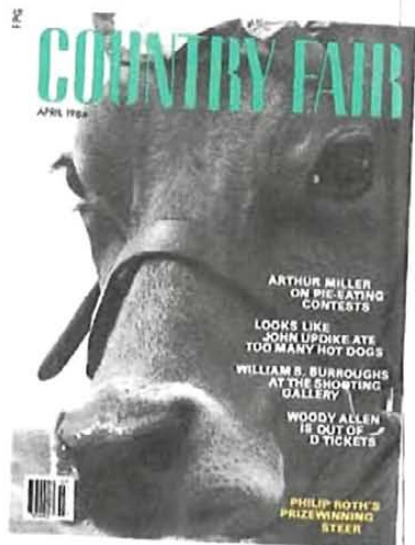
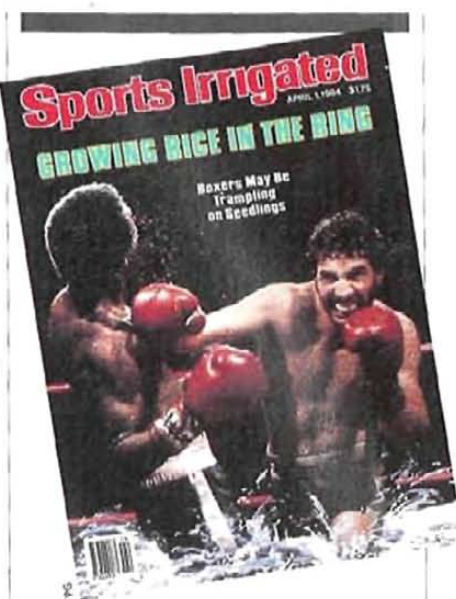
ANATOMY OF A PARODY COVER

AFTER THE RUNAWAY SUCCESS OF OUR VIDEO PARODY, *HARDLY BONANZA*, WE TURNED our roving satirical eye back to the print medium and a little nutrition magazine called *Vegetarian Times*. All we did was immerse ourselves completely in the *Vegetarian Times* mentality—upscale, liberal, health-conscious, and, if you want our opinion, just a bit silly—and then take things a quarter turn... in the direction of absurdity.

We bounced around a number of possible titles for our spoof—*Not So Vegetarian Times*, *Vegetarian Sometimes*, and *Vegetarian Times?* were a few we considered—but when Bob tossed *By God It's Meat Places* off the top of his head at one of our intensive parody meetings, well, we knew right there we had a winner.

Take a look at the two magazine covers below. The one on the left is from the sample issue of *Vegetarian Times* that came to our office and got the idea going. The one on the right, of course, is from our parody, which is selling like hotcakes on the newsstand even as I write this. Notice the similarities... and the differences.

GLOBE PHOTOS/IPC



THIS IS OUR MEAT MAP

SKILLFUL PARODY NEEDS TO BE RIGHT ON TARGET, OF COURSE, but that is not to say you shouldn't be downright outrageous once in a while. For example, although *Vegetarian Times*

does not normally carry a schedule of vegetables, our spoof did feature this wild and crazy map of meat places in the continental U.S.



PETER THORPE

is no need to stop with just the more common applications. The owner of a famous disco recently came to us looking for a special Tuesday night parody. We came up with the idea of everyone wearing shoes on his hands, gloves on his feet, and dancing only in the elevators and behind the bar. We called it "Studio 54, People 0"—and made a bundle.

So let your mind soar. How about a parody of the Brooklyn Bridge called the Bronx Tunnel? Or a parody of pizza called "cold, crusty sauce on a quarter"? The sky's the limit when you can parody anything.

PARODY IN EVERYDAY LIFE

In fact, parody can help you in virtually every aspect of your day-to-day life. Suppose you wake up ready for a good, hearty, he-man breakfast, only to find that your wife has burnt the bacon and overcooked the eggs to a

pulpy, nearly unrecognizable mass. With the simple words "Here's your special parody breakfast, George," she has made everything right once more.



"Boss," you might say later that same day on the telephone, "I'm going to do a parody of work called 'staying home and watching a good deal of TV.'" "Sure thing, George, or whatever your real name is," he's sure to say. "When you come in tomorrow, be sure to pick up your parody of a

salary called 'cocktail napkins featuring the presidents' faces.'"

And so the great chain of parody is forged, and forges on.

NOT NECESSARILY THE CLOSING PARAGRAPH

We hope you enjoy the gentle art of parody and apply it to your life at work, at play, while driving and raising your children. Remember, until you get "joke smart," handle parody and all forms of humor with care.

Sure wish I'd handled my lunch with the same care, Al. That tuna melt was Not a Decent Meal. I mean, it was Off the Stomach Wall.

Oh, "Wacky Jack."

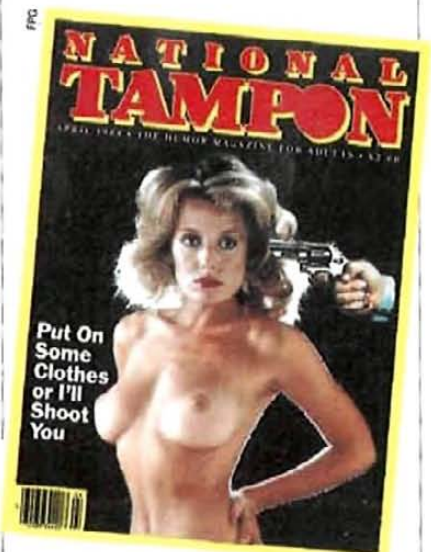
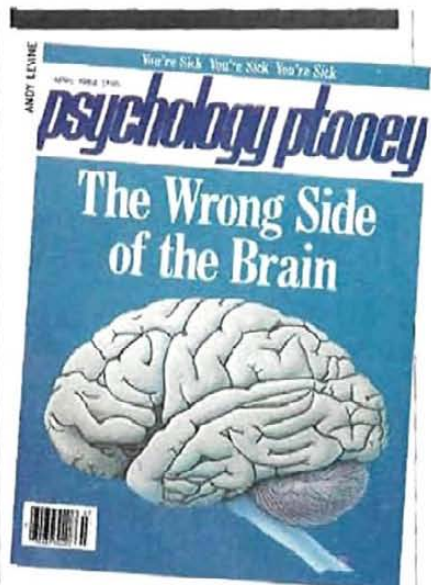
IT'S ALL IN THE NAME

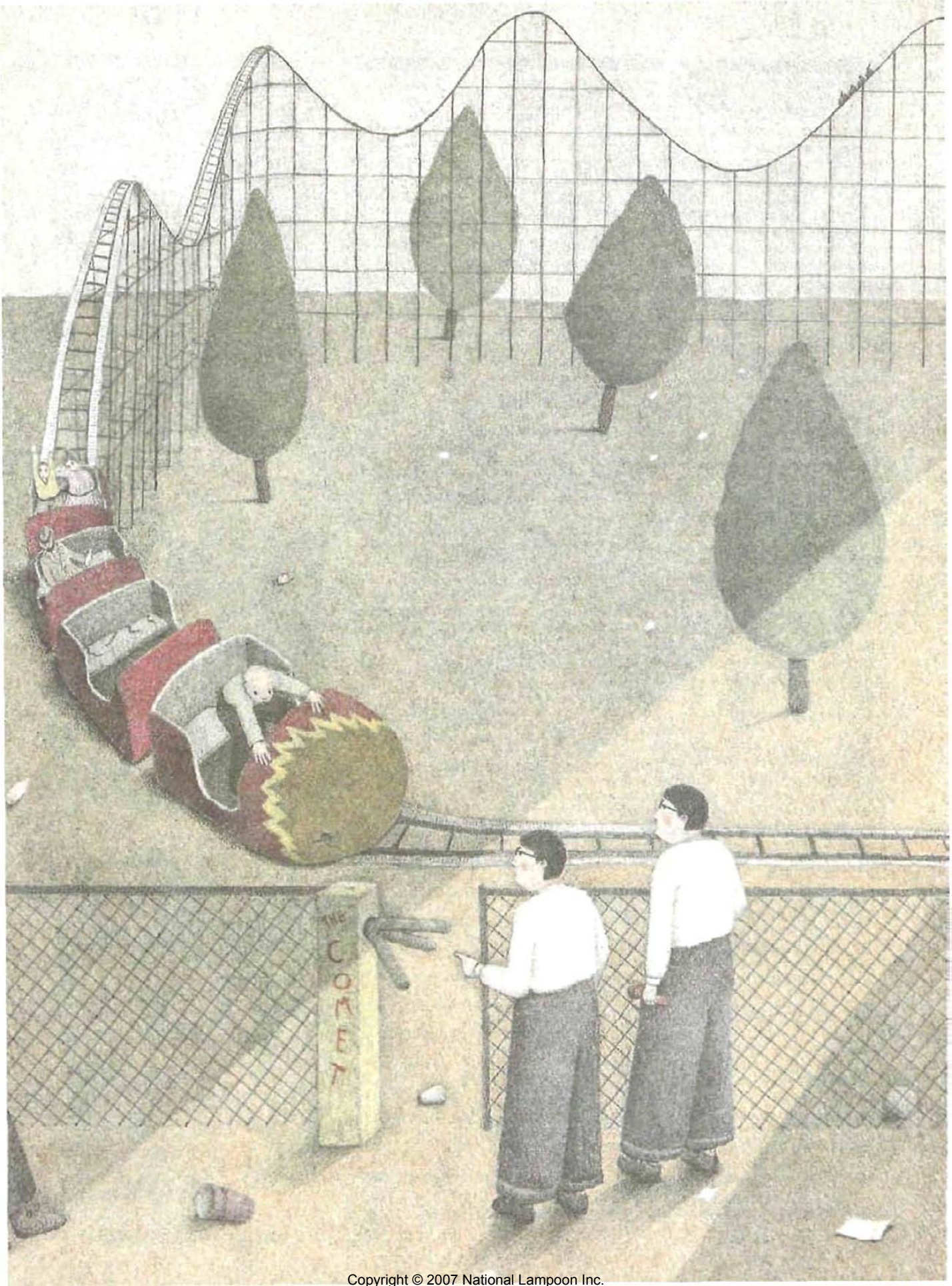
THERE'S ONE QUESTION WE GET ASKED OVER AND OVER AGAIN: "HOW IN THE WORLD do you guys come up with those crazy parody titles?" Well, I guess the process must seem pretty mysterious to the uninitiated, but titling parodies becomes almost second nature when you've had as much practice as we have.

Just to demonstrate how it's done, I gave "Wacky Jack" a list of a hundred items — books, movies, Broadway shows, household objects, etc. — and I asked him to come up with a concept or name for a parody of as many of them as he could. I gave him a time limit of one hour. Amazingly, he was able to come up with parodies for fifty-three of those hundred items. And here they are:

A Parody of:	Called:
"Little House on the Prairie"	"Big House in the Sun"
Scarface	Pizzaface
Howard Cosell	Not Necessarily Howard Cosell
Ordinary People	Ordinary Apemen from a Distant Galaxy
"The Muppet Show"	"The Fucketts' Salute to Crusty McJeerber"
<i>How the West Was Won</i>	<i>How the East Was Two and a Half</i>
Harvard-Yale Game	Musty-Stale Game
<i>Finnegans Wake</i>	Sssh . . . <i>Finnegan's Taking a Nap</i>
Japan	Korea
"The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour"	"The Hey, Let's Have a Snack Show"
"The Gentleman from West Virginia"	"The Furry Gentleman from West Furginia"
Muhammad Ali	Bowling Ali, the Fighter Who Never Wins
The Grenada Invasion	My Ford Pinto Has Been Ticketed and Towed Away
<i>You Can't Take It with You</i>	<i>Hey, Put That Wallet Back</i>
<i>Off the Wall Street Journal</i>	<i>Not Necessarily Tony Hendra's Bank Account</i>
John Belushi	Jim Belushi
The Rockettes	Rocky and Bullwinkle's Dance Magic
<i>Torch Song Trilogy</i>	<i>Child Molester Trilogy</i>
<i>Death of a Salesman</i>	<i>Oh My God, They've Shot the President</i>
"The Flying Nun"	"A Frying Pan"
The Cabbage Patch Kids	The Cabbage Putsch Nazis
A Frying Pan	The Flying Nun
"Three's Company"	"Yipes, There's a Hundred People in My Apartment All Pretending They're Fags"
<i>My Wife</i>	<i>Your Daughter</i>
<i>The Glass Menagerie</i>	<i>The Plastic Bin of Animals</i>
"Happy Days"	"The Fonx Just Ran Over My Sister"
"Saturday Night Live"	"It's Sunday Morning and I've Killed Five"
Normal, Okla.	Messed Up on 'Ludes, Wis.
<i>Long Day's Journey into Night</i>	<i>A Short, Happy Hop to the 7-Eleven, Where There's a Guy Standing Next to the Potato Chips Coughing As Though He Has TB</i>
<i>Parade</i> magazine	<i>Rolling Stone</i>
Lite Beer	Heavy Whiskey with a Malty Aftertaste
<i>Ah, Wilderness!</i>	<i>Ah, Go Fuck Yourself!</i>
Pia Zadora	Pizza Adorable and Her Magic Band
"Kung Fu Fightin'"	Kung Pao Chicken
<i>Far from the Madding Crowd</i>	<i>Very Close to That Annoying Little Man Who Keeps Poking Me in the Ribs with His Umbrella</i>
Bob Dylan	Bob Dylan
<i>Annie</i>	<i>Annie Sprinkle Goes Down on "Big" Daddy Warbucks</i>
<i>Heavy Metal</i>	<i>The Naked Girls with Wings Monthly</i>
Instant Replays	LSD Flashbacks
Toaster	Metal Box That Sits on Your Counter Making Rude Comments About Your Wife Putting On Weight
"The Beverly Hillbillies"	"The Beverly Sills/Billy Martin Variety Hour"
"Revolution #9"	"Working Within the System #6"
The Catholic Church	A Really Boring Cracker and Wine Party That Seems to Last 2,000 Years
<i>The Bridge of San Luis Rey</i>	<i>Sugar Ray Leonard's Dental Work</i>
<i>The Bridge on the River Kwai</i>	<i>Mickey Rivers's Den'al Work</i>
Marriage	Living with Some Slut After Spending a Day Together in Traffic Court
<i>Altered States</i>	<i>Ken Alder</i> ¹
Shaving Cream	Raving Queens Under Pressure
China	Hey, Honey, There's a Billion People in the Cabinet Where We Used to Keep the Plates
<i>War and Peace</i>	<i>If You Serve Peas Once More This Week, I'm . . . I'm . . . Going to Invade Russia!</i>
Helen Hayes	Not Helen Hayes
Lillian Gish	Some Old Bitch
"Hello Kitty"	"We're Not on Speaking Terms with That Darned Cat"

¹Ken Alder is a friend of ours from college who used to get pretty wild sometimes.





THE ALTAR BOYS' PICNIC

BY FRED GRAVER



HERE were days when Leonard Zagreb felt that he alone carried on the tradition of the Zagreb twins. Days when he felt he couldn't count on his brother, Stephen, to do his part in keeping the Zagreb twins on the

road to being *the best kids in the entire world*. Days like today.

Here it was, the day of the Altar Boys' Picnic, the annual day of reward for getting up at 5:30 in the morning and stumbling around St. Christopher's altar for the benefit of a few feeble-minded religious zealots, the day when all two dozen altar boys would find themselves plunked down in the middle of the granddaddy of Chicago amusement parks, Riverview. And Stephen was still in the shower! He had already taken two minutes more than the twins' schedule board had allotted for showering.

New Leonard would have to select the day's clothing alone, a task he found especially difficult, since it was

Stephen's job to remember if dark colors absorbed or reflected heat.

The Zagreb twins' wardrobe consisted almost entirely of long cotton pants with cuffs, long-sleeved white shirts, and thick-soled black shoes. It was their mother's way of dressing her twelve-year-old boys like "little men." The Zagrebs did their part to help mom out, and thus maintain their identities as *the best kids in the entire world*, by topping off the entire ensemble with a healthy dollop of Brylcreem on their flattops. The Zagrebs, it could be said, had a certain style all their own.

"Come on, Stephen, we are going to be very late," Leonard called into the shower. Both Zagreb twins possessed

adenoidal voices, so that Leonard actually said, "Cuhm ong, Stephun, we ur goingng to be vury laydt."

Opening the bathroom door, Leonard found himself blinded as a cloud of steam bullied his eyeglasses into opaque shells. In the shower, Leonard could hear Stephen singing his favorite song.

"Water Boyyyyy! In his Water World!!!!" Stephen sang in a singsong, fit-the-melody-to-the-lyrics chant. "Wherever there's a small fire! And it's too small to call a fireman! But if you didn't do something about it quick! It would get really big! Call on Water! Water! Water! Water Boyyyyyyy!"

Behind the curtain, Leonard knew that Stephen was letting the water run down from the shower head onto his shoulder and then drain along his arm down to his fingers, and imagining as hard as he could that, walking down the street, or in a classroom, spotting a small fire on Marcia Obszynski's desk, he could summon those magical powers and become Water Boy!

So Leonard waited until Stephen finished the verse he always sang about putting out the fire on Marcia Obszynski's desk, and then said, "I am only here to remind you that Father Zamboni will not hold the bus for laggards, Water Boy!"

"Right, Leonard," Stephen said, snapping the curtain back and reaching for his glasses. "It wouldn't do for me to miss the picnic and have someone put three and one together and realize that I was late for the bus because I was on special Water Boy business."

WHILE THE ZAGREBS dressed, their mother worked downstairs, preparing a hearty breakfast. Life in the suburbs had done a lot to Americanize this

Polish immigrant, but she was still adamant about sending her boys out the door with more than a glass of frozen orange juice and a frosted Pop-Tart in their bellies.

"Hurry down, Leonard and Stephen," she called to them, heaping sausages, scrambled eggs, and potato pancakes onto their plates.

In no time at all, Leonard and Stephen were downstairs, filling their mouths with food. Plates clean, they began the long process of chewing and swallowing the thick wad of breakfast, a means of eating they had acquired from watching their father, a man widely regarded to be *the best plumber in Oak Hills*.

"Is special day for you," Mrs. Zagreb said, sitting down at the table with them, her purse in her lap. "You have, I know, been saving monies for special day for altar boys, but Papa Zagreb and I want you to have something. How do game-show men say it—'super cash bonus for time of your life'? Papa saw an ad on TV that said a week in Disneyland cost three hundred and fifty dollars. He says each of you must have fifty dollars for your day at Riverview."

"But, Mom!" Stephen said.

"No buts about it," Mrs. Zagreb insisted, secretly delighted at her mastery of certain American slang. "Plumbing

has been good to Papa Zagreb. You have a time of your life, okay?"

Outside, a car horn blared. Leonard and Stephen leaped up, hugged their mother, and pocketed the crisp bills.

"You're the best mom in the entire world," Stephen called.

"And you are best boys," Mother Zagreb answered.

"We're working on it!" Leonard cheered.

Inside the Cadillac Fleetwood on the Zagrebs' driveway, Ricky Higgins waited in disgust. He would rather have licked the Zagrebs' greasy hair than ride in a car with them, but he didn't have much choice. His mother had taken pity on Mrs. Zagreb shortly after the woman had moved to Oak Hills, pregnant with the twins, left alone in the house every day by Papa Zagreb. Every evening Mrs. Zagreb would pull a lawn chair up to the end of the driveway and wait for some neighbors to come by and chat. No one did, though, since the nearest neighbor was an acre away, behind a row of bushes.

One late afternoon, coming home from some luncheon or other, Mrs. Higgins decided that *she* would stop and talk to this woman. She introduced herself and said, "You know, life in the suburbs is very different from life in the city. You should get in your car and meet your neighbors!"

"I don't drive," Mrs. Zagreb said. "And besides, what would my neighbors be doing in my car?"

Mrs. Higgins realized, at that moment, what it must have been like for Margaret Mead to come upon the Samoans. This woman was an absolute primitive. She had no idea what the large appliances in her basement were for, but thought that the garage was a perfect place to wash and hang her laundry. She pulled the carpeting up every week in her living room to wash the floor under it. And she had turned the backyard into a potato patch.

That's when Mrs. Zagreb and her twin boys became Mrs. Higgins's personal charity cases, in a life filled with more charities than Lady Astor's.

One of the reasons Mrs. Higgins worked so hard on her charities was that she so incredibly disliked being the mother of Ricky Higgins. It wasn't that she lacked maternal instinct; it was because Ricky was *so mean*. Ricky Higgins had been born totally hairless, and hadn't grown a hair on his entire body in his short life. This congenital curiosity made him meaner than hell, and incredibly fond of Indian rope burns. And so it was that Mrs. Higgins was chauffeuring the Zagreb twins and her mean little son to the altar boys' picnic, and Ricky was in the backseat twisting

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50)



"Oh, you silly girl, you! Don't tell me you brought home another husband."

THE MARTIN LUTHER KING PARTY TAPES

U.S. Senator Jesse Helms invites you to become a charter member of
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Greetings! My name is Jesse Helms, and you probably know me as a renowned statesman, senator, Southern gentleman, and racial bigot. But I am also—like you—a connoisseur of fine sounds. And it is as all of the above that I urge you to begin your personal valuable heirloom collection of expensive, unique wiretapped Americana. Send today for Volume I of the absolutely incredible, hysterical, historical MARTIN LUTHER KING PARTY TAPES. Thank you. I appreciate it. Damn white of you....





Yes, friends, while the Soviet Union was achieving superiority in ground-based missiles and space technology, while our forces were being humiliated in Vietnam, and while organized crime was outgrossing the Fortune 500, your Federal Bureau of Investigation was making use of your tax dollars funding hundreds of agents employing state-of-the-art acoustical equipment to surreptitiously and semi-legally record every public speech, sermon, private conversation, telephone call, sneeze, fart, laugh, and orgasm of the notorious civil rights activist Dr. Martin Luther King!

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The cast of characters, whose famous voices you'll instantly recognize, reads like a Who's Who of duped, doped, and depraved blond bimboes and big scary Negroes: Tuesday Weld and Isaac Hayes, Mary Travers and Eldridge Cleaver, Sally Struthers and Sonny Liston, Joanne Woodward and Idi Amin, Yvette Mimieux and Pigmeat Markham, Gloria Steinem and Cannonball Adderley, Marion Javits and H. Rap Brown, James Brown, and Jim Brown, Kim Novak and Sammy Davis Jr., and a special guest appearance by Jean Seberg and the Oakland Black Panthers. All recorded live and in performance!

Side One Features:

Uncle Tom's Cabana: Uncensored highlights of the high-spirited Kennedy White House swimming party, the evening Dr. King was pushed into the pool and everyone jumped right out—except for sister Pat, who set a new underwater endurance record on the spot.

Black, White, and Red All Over: Excerpts from intercepted shortwave-radio broadcasts in which Dr. King warned Fidel Castro of our upcoming Cuban invasion, utilizing a complex code (only recently deciphered by the CIA) known as "Bay of Pigs Latin": "Ello-hay. Idel-fay? Atch-way out-ay, aby-bay! Enceremos-vay!"

Now Wait a Minute, Coretta Honey, I Can Re-splain Ever'thin'!: A candid moment actually taped in the sanctity of Thurgood Marshall's chambers in which Dr. King asks the colored chief justice for advice on a sexual harassment charge then pending against him and



receives the delightful response "Hmmm... let's see, now... let's look it up in da big book heah... Hemm... Well, Dr. King, is you de raper or de ra-pee?"

Jane's First Workout: Hear, with your own ears, how in a moment of postcoital candor, Dr. King disparaged the dangerously radical Ms. Fonda's upper-thigh cellulite, then personally recommended and demonstrated a few strenuous positions and exercises.

How Swede It Is: Recorded live at the Stockholm Hilton, Dr. King celebrates his Nobel Prize with a case of aquavit, a platoon of black Nam deserters, Liv Ullmann, and a veritable smorgasbord of less famous blond Swedish masseuses.

And on Side Two, You'll Find:

Afro Aphro: The transatlantic phone call (at taxpayers' expense) between Dr. King and Patrice Lumumba (the black Rasputin of Kataranga) as they exchange aphrodisiac recipes. Here's a sample:

KING: Hey, Patrice, how many o' dese rhino balls I gotta put in my fo'mula to make dose white ladies all hot an' botha'd? Dey is mighty big balls!

LUMUMBA: You don' put in de real balls, Martin! You gotta cook 'em an' dry 'em an' grin' 'em into powda 'fore you make de fo'mula!

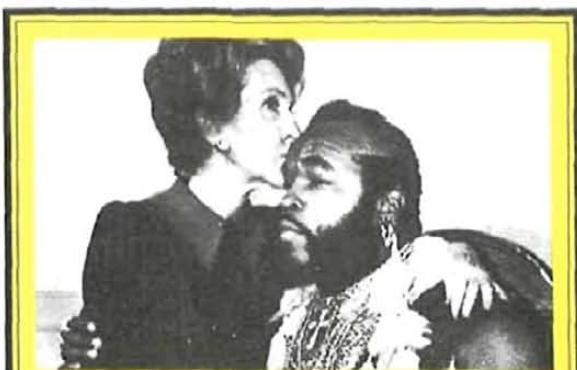
KING: Sheeeit! Dat take too long. I gonna wear 'em instead!

Vodka and Red Herrings: You'll be an FBI-planted "fly on the wall" at King's all-night eating and drinking orgies with Nikita Khrushchev, and hear the chocolate Benedict Arnold offer a toast to Communism and lady gymnasts with hair under their arms!

The Fabulous Spinners: Highly prized (dubbed off an accidentally left-on Dictaphone) observations by Dr. King on the use to which he preferred to put junior-petite white girls.

A Medley of Dr. King's Presidential Favorites: "Bess, You Is My Woman Now"... "Once in Love with Mamie"... "Hit the Road, Jackie"... and "Once, Twice, Three Times a Lady Bird"... His nostalgic tributes to the late Mrs. Bing Crosby ("The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down") and to white female artist O'Keeffe ("A Rainy Night in Georgia").

Plus: The album closes with an extraordinary trio: Dr. King, a U.S. president, and a famous Hollywood sex symbol in a three-way effort we've entitled "Marilyn, Martin, and John."



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ALTAR BOYS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46)

the hairs on Stephen Zagreb's arm, grinning fiendishly at Leonard.

"See, Leonard," Ricky chided, "you try to act like the boss of the Zagrebs, but Stephen is tougher than you are. You're a weak little pussy, but Stephen is tough."

Tears welled in Stephen's eyes, and a little squeal of pain squeezed through his lips. Ricky dropped his arm in disgust. "You're a pussy, too, Stephen," he hissed. "You let me down."

"How much money you guys bring?" Ricky said after a moment.

Stephen grinned. "Fifty dollars," he boasted.

Jesus, Ricky thought. If I can stomach being with these two long enough, I can soak them completely, have a great time, and then ditch them in the afternoon.

"Each," Leonard added.

Ricky put his arms around the Zagreb twins. "You guys ever been to Riverview?" he asked. The boys shook their heads. "Stick with Ricky, I know where to have a good time."

"Better hurry, boys," Mrs. Higgins said as she pulled up alongside the school bus in the St. Christopher's

parking lot. "It looks like Father Zamboni's ready to leave."

The Zagreb twins and Ricky Higgins rushed out of the car toward the bus. Suddenly, Ricky halted dead in his tracks.

"Leonard! Stephen! Stop," he said, pointing to the bus. "Look at that... bus number 666! Mark of the beast, mark of the beast! We'll be driven straight to hell."

"Oh, cut it out, Ricky," Leonard said. "Why don't you get serious once in a while?"

"Hey, Leonard and Stephen," Father Zamboni called. The young, slender priest, dressed in a windbreaker and chinos, strolled over to them. "I didn't think you'd make it. I've got something for you." He reached into his pocket and produced two one-dollar bills. "Here you go—this year's perfect-attendance reward! That makes three years in a row, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Father," the boys chimed.

"Well, don't spend it all in one place," Father Zamboni chuckled, and chucked the boys on the shoulder.

Inside the bus, Ricky Higgins had made a beeline for the backseat. If the Zagrebs' reward was a dollar bill for perfect attendance, Ricky got his year's reward by sitting next to the school janitor, Mr. Farris. All year long, the nuns at St. Christopher's made Mr. Far-

ris wear long-sleeved shirts to cover his tattooed arms. But on the day of the Altar Boys' Picnic, Mr. Farris wore *short sleeves*. While Father Zamboni would lead chorus after chorus of "One Hundred Bottles of Beer" at the front of the bus, Mr. Farris would supply the thrills in the back, displaying the wonder of his illuminated arms.

THERE WERE BETTER AND flashier amusement parks than Riverview in Chicago in 1965. But Riverview had tradition. It had grandly presided over a bank of the Chicago River for generations, and although the city fathers had attempted to improve the city by reversing the course of that river, in 1965 the course of the city could not be reversed, and Riverview was on its last legs. Sure, it still had the 100-mph Comet, the incredible Parachute Drop, and the bizarre inner recesses of Aladdin's Castle. But the neighborhood around it provided more thrills and chills than the amusement park, offering visitors the chance to navigate burnt-out cars and buildings, and a heady mixture of urban blight and desperation.

Father Zamboni had chosen Riverview as the site of this year's Altar Boys' Picnic out of sentimentality. Riverview would be torn down next year, and the good father offered the parents of these boys a chance to give their kids some of the thrill they had experienced as part of growing up in the city, before the suburban exodus.

As the school bus pulled off the expressway for the short drive through the ghetto to Riverview, Father Zamboni stood up and, stooping a little to keep from hitting his head on the roof of the bus, issued a little warning to his altar boys. He had friends in the seminary who had ended up here. He knew what to say.

"Fellas, this is kind of a rough part of the city," he told them. "I want you to close your windows and keep your heads forward. Don't say anything to anyone who might come up to the bus. But most of all, don't worry or be afraid. We'll be through here in no time."

The boys obeyed, except for Ricky Higgins. At the first stoplight, he leaned out of his window. "Hey, cooooooon!! Hey, jungle bunny!" he screamed. In a flash, Mr. Farris's illuminated arm, the one with the girl who lost her swimsuit in the water when he flexed his muscle, slammed Ricky's head against the wall of the bus.

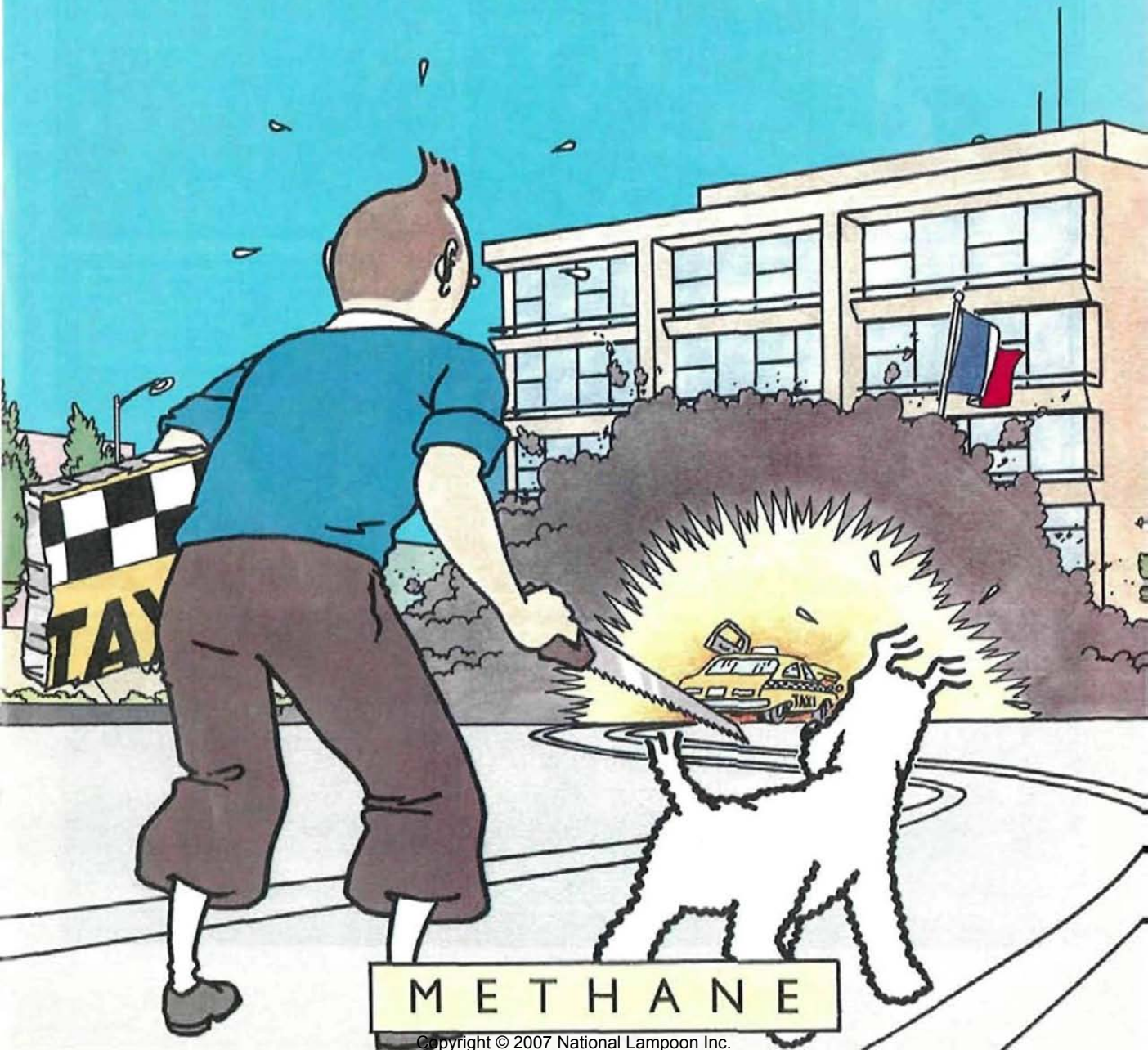
"You ignorant slob," Farris screamed. "Wait till the light changes, fer chrissakes."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)



- S H E R G É -

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
★
TINTIN
IN LEBANON

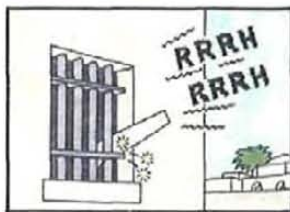


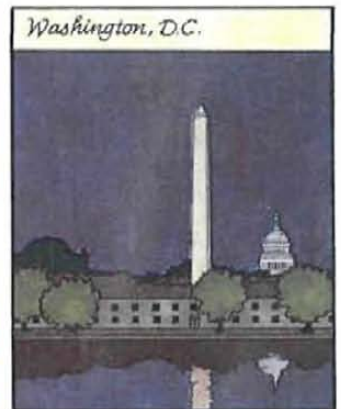
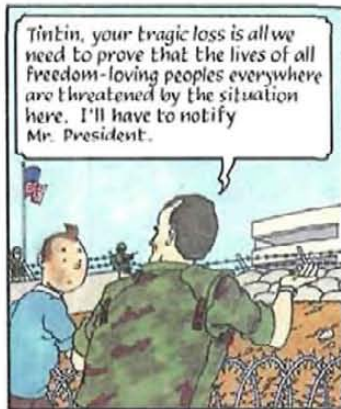
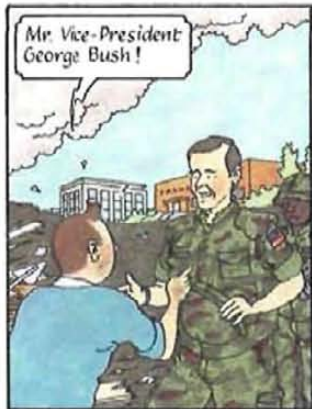
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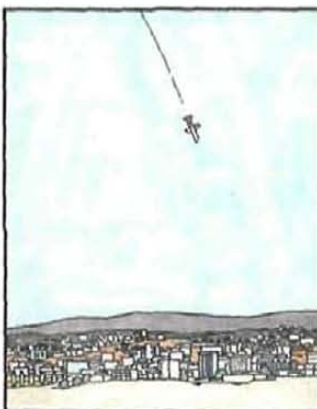
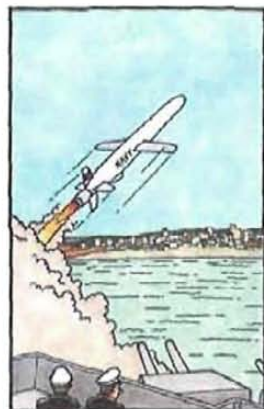
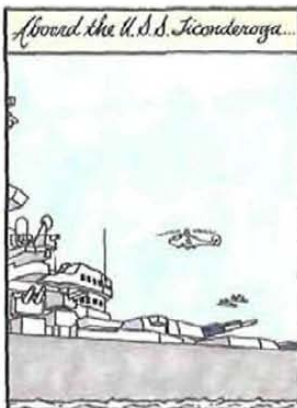
TINTIN IN LEBANON











THE END

ALTAR BOYS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50)

WHEN THE BUS FINALLY pulled into the parking lot at Riverview, the boys flew from it like buckshot. The thrill-seekers headed straight for the Comet, the less hearty for Aladdin's Castle, and the total wimps for the Spinning Teacups. Ricky Higgins led the Zagrebs to Carny Row.

It was a peculiar leap of philosophical understanding that allowed the Zagreb twins to hang around with Ricky Higgins. If they reasoned, they were going to be *the best kids in the entire world*, and if being a kid meant getting into trouble now and then, and if Ricky Higgins knew how to get into trouble better than anyone else they knew, then it logically followed that *the best kids in the entire world* would have to get into some of *the best trouble in the entire world*, just to fulfill the requirements.

"You boys up for doubling your cash?" he asked, striding past rows of wooden milk bottles, guess-your-weight booths, and test-your-strength scams.

"If you are planning to take our money and fold it over again," Leonard said, "we're not gonna fall for it."

"Hey," Ricky answered, "trust me. Gimme five bucks." Stephen handed the money over, and Billy strolled over to the wheel of fortune. He was the only player at the table, but the barker gave it all he had.

"Startin' off easy, gettin' in the winnin' habit," the barker called, speaking into his microphone. "Spinnin', spinnin', spinnin'." Ricky laid the five on the "odd" square.

"Wheel spins....E-ven!" cried the barker, pocketing the cash and simultaneously producing a small TV set from under the counter. "Look, kid, you want a better chance? Play one more time. You *already* lost, what more can happen?"

Ricky reached into his own pocket and pulled out a quarter. The barker gave the wheel a jerk, and Ricky laid his money on odd.

"Wheel spins....27! We got a winner!" the barker cried out. Ricky spun around to see Leonard and Stephen jumping up and down.

"You boners," Ricky sputtered. "What are you doing? You ruined my system."

"Okay, twins, you got yourself fifteen points," the barker said, pocketing their dollar. "You can take a spider ring

or a rubber snake, or you can try to parlay it. What'll it be?"

Leonard reached for another dollar and laid it on number 12. The wheel spun around, came up 84, and the Zagrebs stood frozen in defeat.

"Sorry, boys," the barker said, reaching behind him. "Just to show you I'm not a bad sport, here's a plastic flashlight for you."

Stephen picked up the flashlight. "Hey, there's no batteries."

"Batteries one dollar extra," the barker informed him.

Leonard faced the barker boldly. "You must think we are pretty stupid," he said. "First you take our money, then you try to gyp us with a crummy flashlight, then you try to charge us too much for batteries. You know those batteries don't cost more than seventy-five cents!"

Leonard struck a better battery deal with the barker, and he, Stephen, and Ricky were on their way.

"We could have gone for the TV," Ricky said. "I think you guys were on a roll."

THEY BEGAN WALKING DOWN the midway and were suddenly halted by the call of another barker, standing in front of a freak-show tent.

Behind him, a belly dancer moved sinuously across the stage. The barker whispered mysteriously into the microphone, his voice rasping exotically.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the beautiful Ambrosia presents just one of the

highlights of Riverview's eighty-seventh annual show. This is not a freak show but a demonstration of the outer reaches of human existence. Inside you will meet extraordinary people whose bodies have been pushed to the limit by disease, by accidents, by genetic permutations. But they maintain their essential humanity, be they the Dog Woman, the Lizard Woman, or the Amazing Popeye. Inside you will meet Pedro the Human Dispose-All. And, boys and girls, you will meet the real-life Flintstones, people who come to us from the Stone Age. All of this is inside, all of it for a quarter."

The Zagreb twins and Ricky moved with the flow of the crowd and found themselves inside the tent, listening to a short, dumpy woman whose skimpy sequined bikini showed a body covered by the worst case of eczema the world has ever known.

"It does not embarrass me," she intoned through a microphone wrapped in a plastic bag, "that my fellow performers demand that the microphone be covered with a special hygienic shield when I speak into it. That is my lot in life. And it does not bother me that doctors have told me that within five years my body will be entirely covered with lizard skin, and that I will begin to behave as a lizard does, long-ing to sit in the sun all day long and crawl occasionally into a muddy pool of water. I am preparing for that day by asking for your special donations. But do not think that I am playing on your charitable impulses to set up my Flor-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)



IN THE PANTHEON OF COMEDY THE POSITION OF THE Marx Brothers is secure. They belong with Chaplin, Keaton, Fields, Laurel and Hardy, and a few other classic performers. The Marx Brothers were the first pure anarchists, and any comedian who goes against the grain, who beats the system—a Bill Murray, a Monty Python, a Lenny Bruce—owes a spiritual debt to the three brothers who started it all... At least that was what we thought, until a man who calls himself Boffo Marx appeared recently and revealed an entirely different picture of the legendary comedians.

Boffo calls himself "the unknown Marx Brother" and claims to be the creator and guiding genius behind his famous brothers' zany comedy routines. Whether his story is true or not, it is known that a certain Benjamin Marx was born to a certain Minnie Marx in New York City on April 2, 1925. Little else "official" about Benjamin is to be found, and no public mention of him was ever made by anyone in the Marx family. Yet his story has an authentic, disturbing quality. Some of the highlights of the alleged "Boffo" Marx's life were revealed in a recent interview with *NL* contributing editor Gerald Sussman. (The complete story will be divulged in Boffo's memoirs, *Brothers Dearest*, soon to be published by Pessum Press.)

Lampoon: When did you get into show business?

Boffo: When I was born, I popped out of my mother's womb and did a spit take. At least that's what I've been told.

Lampoon: What's a spit take?

Boffo: It's like a double take, only on your second reaction you spit into something, instead of doing a "skull"—you know, a facial reaction. Danny Thomas made it famous on "Make Room for Daddy." You remember the scenes where Danny is having coffee and his wife comes in and says she just wrecked the car? Danny's sipping his coffee and reacts with a little quiet nod or a smile, absentminded... then he realizes what she just said and he spits a whole mouthful back into his coffee cup and then usually drops the cup. It's hilarious. Anyway, when I was born I looked at the doctor, paused a beat, and spit. I still do a great spit take, by the way.

Lampoon: What were your early years like?

Boffo: I must have been something very special, because I was making funny faces and noises when I was a few weeks old. The family was already watching me and taking notes.

Lampoon: How do you know? You were only two weeks old!

Boffo: Many, many years later, Groucho confessed all this to me. When he was retired, just before he became senile. He told me all the facts, everything I was too young to remember. He wanted to get it all off his conscience, I guess.

Lampoon: So you were doing comic "business" in your cradle?

Boffo: Exactly. By the time I was six months old I was putting

THE UNKNOWN MARX BROTHER

BY GERALD SUSSMAN

**They got the show. He got...
the business! "Boffo,"
the sole survivor of the
zany clan, blows the whistle
on his celebrated siblings.**

sentences together and sort of free-associating my first comedic efforts. You know, non sequiturs like "Why a duck?"

Lampoon: You said "Why a duck?"

Boffo: Absolutely! And even before I was verbal I was raising comic havoc all over the house, real lunatic stuff—knocking things over, eating shoes, anything, I mean *anything*, for a laugh.

Lampoon: Groucho verified this?

Boffo: Are you kidding? This is how the real Marx Brothers started—with my infantile non sequiturs and my hell-raising. My brothers weren't even a comedy act yet. They were a music act. Chico played a little flashy piano, and Harpo faked it on the harp, and Groucho sang. They were terrible. Then one day my mother, Minnie, was about to spank me for some funny piece of business that I was doing. I think I was setting fire to her girdle or something. But Groucho stopped her. He was always the smart one, Groucho. He thought it might be interesting to just watch what I was doing for a while. What I was doing all alone in my room was mimicking my brothers in a wildly exaggerated way. I was funny as a bitch. It broke Groucho up. Soon even Minnie caught on and knew what had to be done. Her beloved sons could become world-famous comedians by picking up my little act—my moves, my lines, the whole thing! Minnie the Mocher. I used to call her after that. Some mother!

Lampoon: What I'm getting is a picture of a child prodigy—a kind of Mozart of comedy...

Boffo: It would not be an inappropriate comparison. My brothers tried out some of my little bits one night in

Lafayette, Indiana, and the audience fell on the floor laughing. Now my mother and my brothers *knew* they had some kind of genius on their hands. Minnie would offer me a piece of candy, some cheap crap, and right away I would do a comedy bit, a shtick, a few jokes—the old work-reward routine. She fucked up my teeth for life with that candy! I didn't know that at the time. I was only an infant. My brothers would study me, take notes, and go onstage and do all my stuff.

Lampoon: It sounds like the grossest kind of exploitation of children—a violation of child-labor laws.

Boffo: What did I know? Like young Mozart blew music, I blew comedy.

Lampoon: Your family reminds me of Salieri, a contemporary of Mozart. Did you happen to see *Amadeus*?

Boffo: Sure, I saw it. And that's what they were, all of them—jealous, like Salieri was of Mozart. My mother had already worked her ass off for Groucho, Chico, and Harpo's careers. She didn't want an infant to upstage them. So they just stole everything from me.

Lampoon: Your family conspired to thwart your God-given talent? They denied you the chance to develop your own comic genius?

Boffo: They were cruel, selfish. But I'll tell you something—they had to be to survive in show business. You've got to have big balls and a thick skin to survive. My brothers had big balls. My mother too.

Lampoon: So you actually developed the comic style of the Marx Brothers?

Boffo: By the time I was three or four I had created their comic personas—or is it personae?—the Groucho mustache, the famous walk,

Harpo's silent character. Chico resisted a lot of my better suggestions and paid the price. He was always the weakest. But Groucho and Harpo knew they had a gold mine in me. So I had to travel with the act.

Lampoon: You were only a baby.

Boffo: Yeah. And they didn't want anyone to see me. They knew if I got any kind of exposure I'd overpower them. So Groucho got the idea of making me their pet, like a mascot. I became their gorilla. They traveled all over the vaudeville circuit with me as their little pet gorilla, Boffo. They put me in this gorilla suit and made me wear it all the time.

Lampoon: I wore a gorilla suit once, as a gag. It was horrible. You sweat like a pig in it. You must have suffered.

Boffo: Tell me about it. I was breaking out in hives. I caught a bad case of ringworm from it. Whoever wore it before me must have been a carrier. And I wasn't even toilet trained.

Lampoon: I don't want to hear any more about the suit.

Boffo: They had big balls, my brothers. They were cruel to me and I made them famous. I can't forget the suit. The gorilla suit actually turned me on and made me do even sillier, zanier stuff. Chico used to say, "Put on his funny suit, we need more material." That's how they got most of their stuff

for *The Cocoanuts* and *Animal Crackers*. George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind were given credit for those shows, because my brothers didn't want anyone to know that a five-year-old kid in a gorilla suit actually wrote them. It was only when they toured in *The Cocoanuts* that they started showing me off. Before that I had to stay in the hotels all day and night.

Lampoon: You were locked up like a prisoner?

Boffo: Absolutely. They would have someone send up food from room service. They had to bribe a lot of people at the hotels not to talk about me. When they finally started taking me out and around, they would show me off as their pet, which they said they'd got directly from darkest Africa—a little wild, but gradually learning the ways of civilized man. It must have been very impressive, very wacky and in keeping with their image.

Lampoon: The image you created!

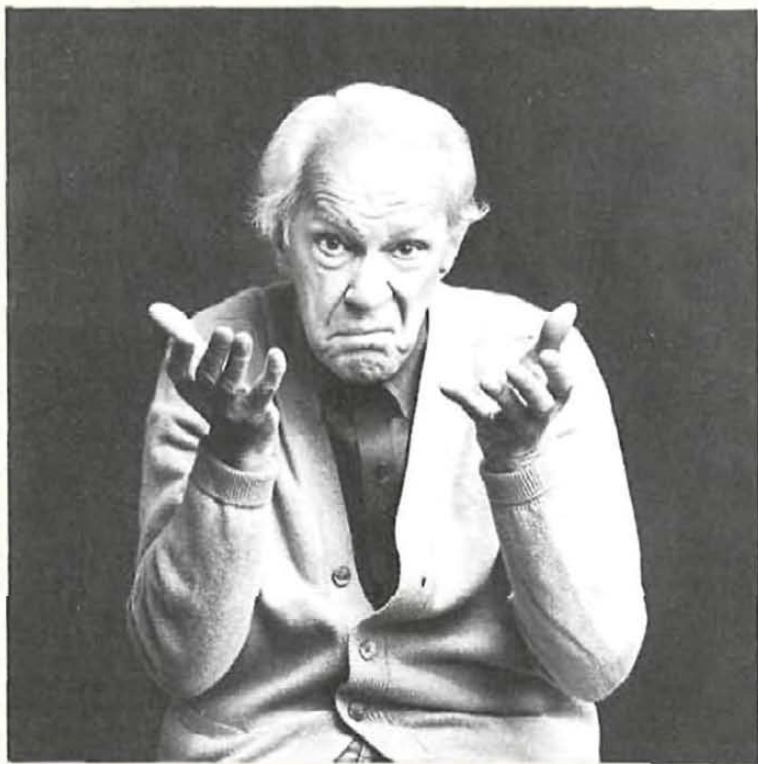
Boffo: Exactly. Groucho liked to take me to bars and speak-easies and do the usual

number. You know—"A martini for me and one for my gorilla." I was drinking martinis and Manhattans when I was five.

Lampoon: You actually drank hard liquor?

Boffo: I had a little hot-water bag hidden inside my suit. I would make believe I was swallowing the martini, but actually I got most of it down the bag. The rest sloshed all over me. By the end of the night I was drenched in bootleg gin and my suit stank unbearably.

Chico found an interesting use for me. He was a big womanizer, you know. He could fuck mud. He'd take me along when he picked up a strange girl in a strange town.



ON VAUDEVILLE:

**"I'll tell you something—
you've got to have big balls
to survive in this business.
My brothers had big balls.
My mother, too."**

He'd introduce me as his bodyguard, trained to protect him from danger—a genuine African gorilla he had personally tamed, like Frank Buck. The local girls in all these whistle-stop towns were very impressed. Chico made me do a few gorilla-type tricks and this impressed the girls even more and made them hotter for Chico.

So Chico used to take the girls to their place and fuck them while I was supposed to stand guard and watch for their husbands or boyfriends. Chico did a lot of his fucking in the late afternoon, while the husbands were still working or something. If I spotted someone entering the house I was supposed to make like King Kong, pounding my little chest and screaming, to alert Chico. It usually scared off the guys, so Chico could finish fucking. Even a little gorilla is scary to most guys. Except this guy in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. My brothers were playing Sheboygan and Chico found some very hot number at a local beauty shop. Chico used to hang around the small-town beauty parlors. He figured that the best place to find a beautiful girl was a beauty parlor. He usually did.

So anyway he takes the girl home, with me in tow in my gorilla suit as his bodyguard, and he fucks her. But suddenly the girl's husband shows up. I go into my King Kong act, but the guy doesn't scare. Instead he pulls out a gun and shoots me.

Lampoon: Just like that? He shoots you?

Boffo: I guess he carried a gun and he figured it was self-defense. He got me right in the head. I'm dying on the spot. Blood is pouring out of my head. I manage to pull off my gorilla mask and the poor guy sees who I am, just a five-year-old kid. He got me to the hospital, where they had to do an emergency brain operation on me, only they didn't have any brain surgeons in Sheboygan. Luckily, they saved most of my brain and got me pieced together again.

Lampoon: What happened to Chico?

Boffo: He probably jumped out of the second-story window and ran like hell, naked, right to the theater. He was Chico Marx. He always did zany things.

Lampoon: What happened next?

Boffo: I stayed in the Sheboygan hospital until I was pro-

nounced fit. The guy who shot me felt so guilty that he paid my hospital bills. His name was Earl Tevis.

Lampoon: What about Chico and the brothers?

Boffo: They left that night for the next city on their tour—Waco, Texas, I think. Although it could have been El Paso.

Lampoon: When did they send for you?

Boffo: That's what I was coming to. They never sent for me. That was it. I was finished. Fired. They left without me.

Lampoon: You must be kidding.

Boffo: I told you they were cruel. They had big balls, those guys. They had a show to do that evening and a train to catch that

night. The show must go on, right? They must have figured I had died. They didn't want the embarrassment of acknowledging me. And as I said, by that time their act was perfected. They were cocky—on top of the world. They didn't need me anymore.

Lampoon: So they just left you for dead.

Boffo: They were very tough motherfuckers. Don't be fooled by all that zany lovability. They were survivors. The act came first.

Lampoon: Did you try to reach them, to find them?

Boffo: Yeah. The nice people in Sheboygan chipped in and bought me a train ticket to Hollywood, where my brothers were going to do a picture called *Duck Soup* for Paramount. It was announced in all the papers. Somehow I had convinced Earl Tevis and his friends that I really was one of the Marx Brothers, by doing some of the routines for them. So they bought me a one-way ticket to Hollywood. In those days a kid could travel by himself. They gave me money for a cab to get me to

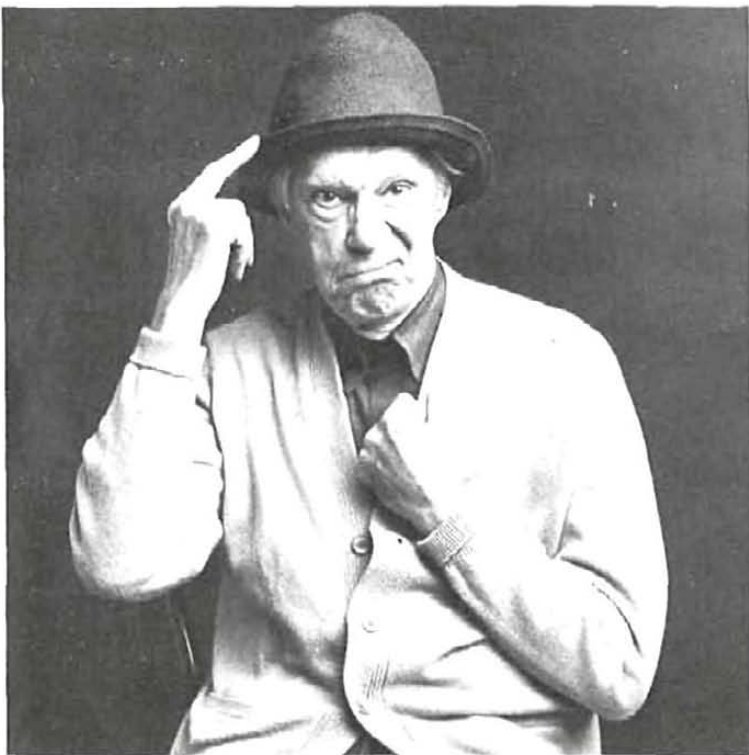
the Paramount studios. Naturally, when I got to Paramount, no one would admit me to see my brothers. So I was out on the street in the middle of what was certainly nowhere to me.

Lampoon: You were really still just a baby.

Boffo: I could hardly tie my own shoelaces. I had no idea what life was about. All I knew were trains, hotels, and my brothers. I had no education, formal or otherwise.

Lampoon: What did you do?

Boffo: I sat on the street corner and did Marx Brothers routines—all the routines I had created. People gathered around to listen to me. They were fascinated. I must have



ON CHICO:

“He did a lot of his fucking in the late afternoon, while the husbands were still out working.... He always did zany things.”

performed for a long time. Then I got very dizzy and nauseous and I fainted. When I woke up I didn't know anything. I didn't know who I was.

Lampoon: You had amnesia.

Boffo: Yes. A delayed reaction from the amateur brain surgery. The next thing I knew I was in an institution. Somebody must have committed me. I was told that I behaved very strangely when I woke up—that I thought I was King Kong. I don't remember that. But I guess they were right. I was committed to the Pomona School for Odd Boys, a nice name for a lunatic asylum.

Lampoon: How long did you stay at the asylum?

Boffo: I'm terrible at dates, but I think it was about seven, eight years. From 1933 to 1941. I had a rough time at first. My memory would come back in flashes and I would tell them who I really was—Boffo Marx. That only made things worse. No one believed me. There was no Boffo Marx. And when I wasn't myself I was King Kong, which didn't help my case either.

Lampoon: It sounds like you had a one-way ticket to nowhere.

Boffo: Exactly. Except I was saved. I owe my life to a man named Dubin, Al Dubin. Al Dubin worked at the Pomona asylum as the assistant supply manager. He believed me. He took me under his wing and eventually made a man out of me. He taught me how to dress myself, how to eat with a knife and fork, how to maintain good personal-hygiene habits—all kinds of things I never knew. He wasn't a fag or a weirdo. He kind of adopted me. Maybe he liked kids. He got me on the right track and my mind started clearing up. At this point he sprung a surprise on me. Somehow he got in touch with my brothers. He got Groucho to visit me. The son of a bitch actually tried to cover up his negligence and guilt with a barrage of wisecracks. Then he confessed that the script for *Duck Soup* was a piece of shit and would I mind rewriting it? He just happened to have a copy. So I rewrote most of *Duck Soup*. The funny parts in it are mine.

I did the same with *A Night at the Opera*. I wrote most of it in Pomona. I didn't get any credit, but Al Dubin came to my rescue and made my brothers pay me. I got seventy-five dollars a

week for five weeks' work, which Al put in the bank for me.

Lampoon: Very generous.

Boffo: They weren't very nice. Most people in show business aren't, as I've learned through the years. And after *A Night at the Opera*, which was probably their best picture, they fired me for good. I was getting too old and might make trouble someday if they continued to use my stuff. They had to go it alone, without me. And if you remember, all their pictures got progressively worse after they fired me.

Lampoon: That's true. *A Day at the Races*, *Room Service*, *At the Circus*, *Go West*...



ON GROUCHO:

“He confessed that the script for *Duck Soup* was a complete piece of shit, and would I rewrite it? The funny parts are mine.”

Boffo: *The Big Store*, *A Night in Casablanca*, and *Love Happy*. All ranging from fair to terrible. All done without me.

Lampoon: It's hard for me to conceive of your brothers being that cruel and callous, treating you the way they did...leaving you for dead in Sheboygan, ripping you off...

Boffo: It's hard to conceive of Adolf Hitler, but he was cruel and callous too. No, but seriously, a lot of people in show business do what my brothers did. Irving Berlin used to have a little colored boy who wrote all his hit songs.

Listen...a lot of people can have a good time in life even though they're very cruel and callous. My brothers were like that. They lived the high life in Hollywood and New York while I was in the asylum. They behaved like lunatics and got paid for it.

Lampoon: It's the most amazing story of injustice in show business I ever heard. And what happened to you at Pomona?

Boffo: I told you that Al Dubin made a man out of me. Well, the inmates at Pomona changed my whole outlook on comedy. All my life I'd been writing for my brothers. I lived and breathed Marx Brothers. I didn't know any other kind of comedy existed. I was working in a vacuum cleaner.

Lampoon: You mean a vacuum.

Boffo: No, I mean a vacuum cleaner. Working for my brothers was like being sucked into a vacuum cleaner.

Lampoon: I see what you mean.

Boffo: It was like what Mozart did when he grew up. He went to Vienna and was exposed to what was happening in music. At Pomona I was exposed to what was happening in

comedy. Lunatics are the funniest people in the world, the most natural, intuitive comics. They're light years ahead of anyone in the outside world. You can't generalize, but Pomona had two broad categories—the physical comedians and the cerebral. The difference was that the cerebral types were on more tranquilizers. We even had a few lobotomies who were very funny, very influential on me. Almost everything in contemporary comedy has its parallel in the inmates at a lunatic asylum.

Lampoon: One never thinks of the insane as founts of humor...

Boffo: That's where you're missing the boat. They're naturals. Obviously, in the physical stuff they do, like poking the fork in the cheek, spastic moves—they were pulling that kind of stuff long before Jerry Lewis discovered it. Pratfalls, head banging, great slapstick—they could do it all. They had no fear. I never thought banging your head against the wall could be funny, but it was when they did it.

Lampoon: I wish I could have seen these guys myself. As a visitor, of course.

Boffo: They did it all. Lunatics say anything they want. They have no taste. They did black humor before the outside world knew what sick was. You name it—Jews, spics, spades, wops, cripples, druggies, caca—the sickest. And no one could be more conceptual than a funny lunatic.

Lampoon: They were doing this kind of stuff in 1937?

Boffo: Absolutely. You just had to be patient and very alert to catch them at the right time, when they were on a roll. One guy, Bobby Flagg, could go for months without saying a word, much less anything funny. Then one day he'd snap out of it. He'd be wearing a sheet and chanting, "Toga, toga, toga."

Lampoon: You said you listened and learned. Did you create any humor of your own at the time?

Boffo: Mostly I hung out. That brain operation in Sheboygan was giving me a lot of ups and downs. Al Dubin helped me overcome the problem. I'd forget who I was and fall asleep a lot, you see—for days at a time.

Lampoon: Sounds like you went into a coma.

Boffo: A mild coma. But Al thought the whole thing was peculiar, so he had me examined by a doctor he knew in

Glendale. The doctor had me X-rayed and discovered a piece of metal that had been left in my head. Whenever it got dislodged it would knock me for a loop. He had me opened up and found a wedding ring. I guess one of the brain surgeons in Sheboygan accidentally dropped it into my open skull. In a little while the sleeping sickness and the dizziness went away. I was almost as good as new.

Lampoon: Al Dubin must have been quite a guy.

Boffo: He became my manager. In 1941 I was approved for release and Al started to get me some bookings at the nightclubs and lounges in the Los Angeles area. Al wanted me to

start slow, maybe do some of the material I wrote for my brothers, but I told him those days were over and gone. I could never write or perform that kind of stuff again, no more "tootsie-frootsie ice cream" and "party of the first part" jokes. I was undergoing a deep, profound change.

Lampoon: What was your act like?

Boffo: It was a kind of free-association thing. I just did whatever came into my head and wove it into a running monologue. Something about the pope called Religions Unlimited, bits with an arrow through my head, a little reading from *The Sun Also Rises*, something about why Jews can't play football, and I challenged any woman in the audience to a tug-of-war contest with a rope. I not only bombed, I nearly got killed. Somebody threw a big alarm clock at me, one of those Big Bens. And then they threw radios—Philcos, Emersons—and not table models but consoles! Nobody understood what I was doing. I was about forty years ahead of my time.

Lampoon: I understand. The public was geared for the likes of Abbott and Costello, the Ritz Brothers, Jack Benny...

Boffo: All respectable comics, but very mainstream. I could've come from Mars for all they knew. Al Dubin understood me, though, and he got me a few more jobs, but the audiences didn't respond. The hecklers and the killers were still after me. I played towns like Long Beach, Bakersfield... tough oil towns... I got a little nervous and my memory started failing again. My punch lines got mixed up. My last job was canceled. It was on December 7, 1941. The next day Al Dubin enlisted. I was out a manager. He died shortly after. Poor Al.



ON HUMOR:

Almost everything in contemporary comedy has its parallel in the inmates of a lunatic asylum. Lunatics have no taste."

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Lampoon: Killed in action?

Boffo: No, in basic training. A pin in a live hand grenade got stuck and the thing blew up in his hand.

I tried to enlist in the Army myself but they wouldn't take me because of my stay in Pomona. I was 4-F. So I got a job at the Lockheed plant.

Lampoon: What happened to your work, your comedy?

Boffo: I got a bit discouraged. I started to drink. Not booze. I hate booze. It has no taste. I drank soda pop. I'm talking about real soda, not that diet crap they got now. We had real flavors in those days. I blew up from drinking soda. I went up to three hundred pounds, I couldn't work at the Lockheed plant anymore. I was too fat to fit into the work area of the plane. I got a job in a paint store, made a little extra money selling black-market paint. It wasn't a nice time for me.

After the war I met a girl named Sugar, she was a dancer. Actually, she was a stripper. I lost 134 pounds for her and we got married. She used to read and listen to my work. She didn't understand it but thought it was brilliant and begged me to go back to comedy. But I didn't want to go back to full-time comedy until I had perfected my work. I was beginning to move away from pure stand-up comedy to the more narrative form, particularly to film. I was writing scripts and doing video art. The foreign filmmakers were coming in and they influenced my work—De Sica, Fellini, Bergman. Bergman was the funniest. He used to put me on the floor. He's still a bitch. Did you see *Cries and Whispers*? A riot. I saw it eighteen times and I still laugh out loud.

Anyway, I was getting involved in writing for films. I wrote twenty-seven scripts over the next few years. *Annie Hill*, which was about my life with Sugar, was my favorite. Although Sugar liked my first one, *Take the Cash and Run*.

Lampoon: When did you write *Annie Hill*?

Boffo: 1958.

Lampoon: What were some of the others?

Boffo: *Snoozer*, *Papayas*, *Play It Again*, *Sal*. My last one was *Zaftig*, a fake documentary I did in 1966. They're all a bit autobiographical.

Lampoon: Were they ever released?

Boffo: They were never made.

Lampoon: That's the film business. Nothing ever gets made.

Boffo: Tell me about it. I finally had to make my own movies—in Super-8. It's hard to edit on Super-8.

Lampoon: It's hard to do anything on Super-8. Where did you go from there?

Boffo: I did a little improv, wrote some plays and a satirical revue and a really first-rate novel. I pulled back a little and refined my instrument. My trouble was I was giving too much. I was emotionally exhausted. Not burnt-out, but exhausted. I got a divorce from Sugar, worked at a lot of odd jobs.

Lampoon: Did your brothers ever talk to you?

Boffo: Oh, they all tried to get me to write for them again. Groucho especially. Groucho got very bad, very senile. Long before he had that female companion who was taking his money. At the end he reminded me a little of Bobby Flagg, the same kind of catatonic style. How do you write for a senile old man?

Lampoon: You put in a lot of long pauses.

Boffo: Not bad. I'll remember that.

Lampoon: So there was no tearful reunion of the brothers, no apologies, nothing.

Boffo: Nothing. Groucho upped his offer to a hundred a week and he asked me if I still wore the gorilla suit.

Lampoon: You were still the baby brother.

Boffo: Absolutely.

Lampoon: The plays, the novel, the revues... what happened to them?

Boffo: I got a few nibbles but no sales. Maybe I was too... ahead of everyone. I swear I don't even remember how I supported myself through

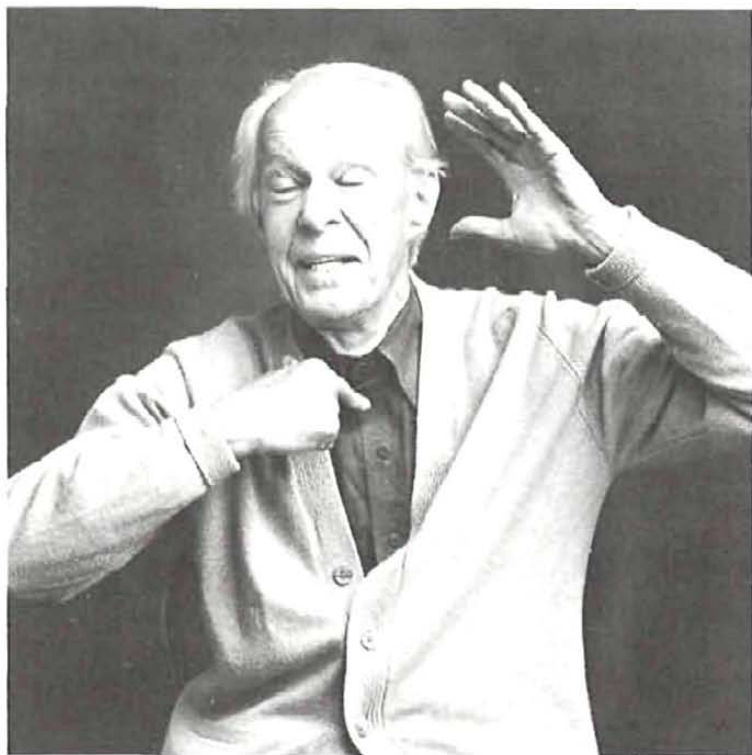
the seventies. Everybody was making it big in comedy with stuff I did decades ago. I drifted. I did a little ghostwriting. I lived in Rumania for a while. It's very cheap to live in Rumania. I may go back someday.

Lampoon: What are you working on now?

Boffo: I'm going back to basics—pure, simple comedy. I'm reworking old burlesque routines, giving them a revisionist slant—a little Brechtian, I'm putting a message in them.

Lampoon: What kind of message?

Boffo: Very simple. I've only got one thing to say—"Fuck show business."



ON FILM COMEDY:

**Bergman was the funniest.
Did you ever get to see
Cries and Whispers? A riot.
I saw it eighteen times and
I still laugh out loud.**

ALTAR BOYS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57)

ida retirement home. Those who wish to donate will be allowed to touch the lizard skin." She rubbed her hands sensuously across her belly. "You will find that I am cool to the touch, as my blood has become as that of a lizard..."

"Gosh, Ricky," Leonard muttered, looking at the floor, "this is really gross."

"Leonard, this is real life," Ricky insisted. "That's your problem, you're afraid of real life."

"And now," the Lizard Woman proclaimed, "may I present my esteemed colleague, a man who has entertained the crowned heads of Europe—the one and only Popeye."

Popeye bounded onto the stage with the energy of a stand-up comic. A husky black man, he looked like a cross between Nipsey Russell and the Tex Avery wolf, all bug eyes and teeth.

"Hello, boys and girls, moms and dads, and a big how"—his left eye thrust toward the audience—"de"—his right eye thrust toward the audience—"dooooo." His eyes popped in and out of his head.

"I was born to a wonderful woman, and was afflicted with my curious malady at birth," Popeye said, crisscrossing the stage. "You might know the expression 'You'd forget your head if it wasn't attached.' Well, boys and girls and moms and dads, in fact I would forget my eyes every morning, and sometimes do, because they are, in fact, *not* attached." At this, Popeye thrust his head forward, popping his right eye toward a cupped hand, as if he were going to toss

it from his head.

"What a phony," Ricky muttered. Ricky's comment did not go unnoticed. "Young man," Popeye said, walking toward Ricky and the Zagreb twins. "Would you like to hold my eye in your hand?" Popeye rolled his eye around in its socket, letting it hang halfway out of his head. He moved his face toward Ricky, twirling his orbs in opposite directions.

Stephen broke away. "I think I'm gonna throw up," he said, rushing for the exit.

"He was a fake, Stephen," Ricky said when they reached the midway. "What were you so afraid of?"

"It was sickening," Stephen said. "That place was really pukey."

Ricky pointed to the far end of the midway. "Let's take that flashlight of yours and give it a workout in the old tunnel of love."

"That's disgusting!" Leonard laughed.

"No, really," Ricky insisted, leading them to the boats. "It'll be fun."

They bought their tickets and maneuvered themselves on the line until they were right behind a pair of lovers. Hopping into a boat a few seats behind the couple, Ricky motioned for the Zagrebs to crouch down behind the seats. Above them came an incessant chant from the loudspeaker. This being the days before recorded messages, the speaker was forced to change the emphasis of each phrase to maintain his interest. "Don't rock the boat," he proclaimed. "Keep your hands inside the boat. Don't rock the boat. Keep your hands *in*-side the boat. Don't ROCK the boat."

Slowly, they glided into the deepest recesses of the tunnel. Ricky held the

Zagrebs down while he peeked over the top of the seat. "Gimme the light," he whispered. Just as they reached the darkest part of the tunnel, Ricky leaped up and screamed. "Soul kiss! Soul kiss! Give her the tongue! Give her the tongue!"

The man in the front jumped up, trying to reach Ricky, who flashed the light in his eyes. "Get back," Ricky said. "I'm an escaped psycho with a gun. Watch out for me!" Below him, the Zagrebs sputtered, trying to keep from laughing. The man crawled back to his seat, waiting until they reached the daylight.

Ricky and the Zagrebs jumped onto a small rail on the side of the tunnel and let the boat pass, then caught a ride on the next one. As soon as they exited the tunnel, they made a break for it.

"You know, Ricky," Leonard said when they finally slowed down, "you do look a little bit like an escaped psycho."

"Yeah," Ricky said. "It's because I'm bald. I'm bald because my brain hormones are growing so fast that I'm already old before my time. And smarter, too."

Riverview had begun to pale for Ricky Higgins. In the back of his mind, there was a bigger thrill lurking. When they had driven into the park, Ricky had spotted a tavern with a sign in the window that read "Buy Fireworks Here."

"Hey, Zagrebs," he said. "How about some lunch?"

"Sounds great, Ricky," said Stephen. "Let's get some hot dogs."

"Forget the hot dogs," Ricky said. "I know a great place around here that serves really big cheeseburgers and"—he hoped that this would work the magic on the Zagreb twins—"bottomless Cokes!"

"We're not supposed to leave Riverview, Ricky," Stephen warned.

"Hey, Leonard, whaddya think of that?" Ricky said. "I never thought I'd hear a Zagreb twin turn down some excellent food."

"Well, Ricky..." Leonard wavered.

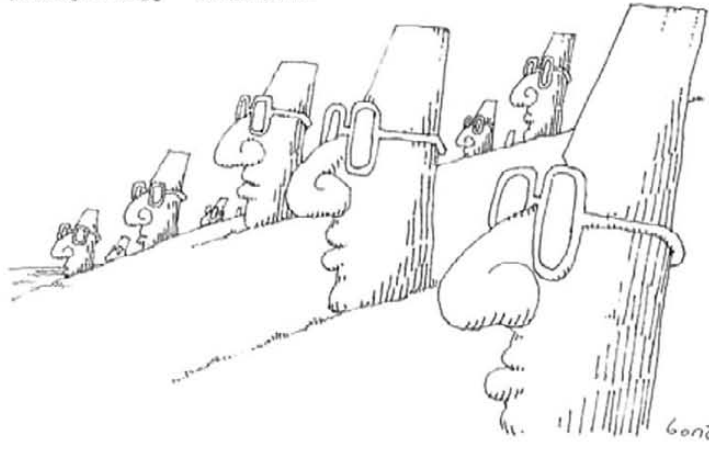
"Then let's go," Ricky said, leading the twins into the heart of the Chicago darkness.

MITZI'S BAR AND GRILL was a workingman's place, serving shots and beers and a couple of slices of roast beef on a piece of bread for lunch.

"What the fuck do you kids want?" Mitzi called from behind the bar as Ricky and the Zagreb twins walked through the screen door. Ricky strode

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)

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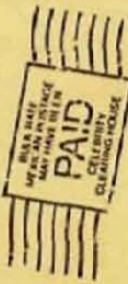
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A very special message for MR. NAT LAMPOON from Orson Bean

Dear NAT ,

Hey, get with it, NAT ! The LAMPOON family has been specially selected by Celebrity Clearing House to participate in our biggest celebrity giveaway ever. You have already won the opportunity to enter. There is no fee or obligation to buy anything. All you have to do is send back the enclosed entry form.

Here's what you could win: an all-expenses-paid trip to Disney World for the entire LAMPOON family, accompanied by singer-songwriter Don McLean and actress Ali MacGraw. Or you could win a vacation home in the Poconos to share with Brenda Vaccaro.

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And there are at least 400 other prize packages, worth a combined total of 20 trillion dollars! Some of these prizes will be given away to people just like you! Others will be lost in the mails or given to relatives of our employees. Still others never really existed in the first place, but there's no way to prove it!

But listen, NAT , you can be a winner even if your number doesn't come up in our sweepstakes, since through Celebrity Clearing House you can buy big-name celebrities at a fraction of their original prices. For example:

	<u>elsewhere</u>	<u>our price</u>
Ben Gazzara	\$50 - \$60	\$29.95
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Seals and Crofts	\$15	\$9.50

*Get a load
of those
low prices!*

Isn't about time that MR. NAT LAMPOON became a winner for a change?

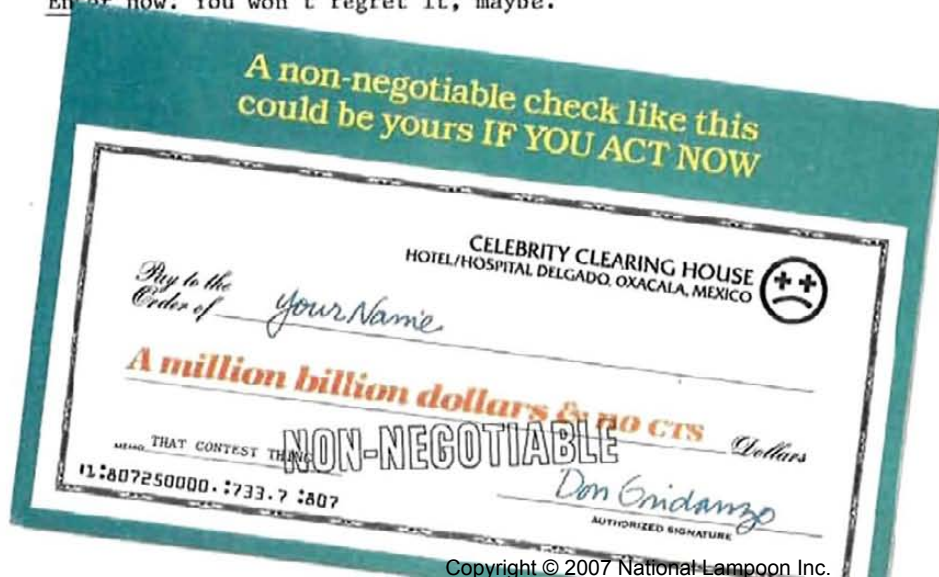
Sure, it sounds like a crazy dream now, but that's just the way it sounded to Emma and Roger Zlitt of Columbus, Ohio, two years ago, when they received a letter just like this one, signed by my good friend Jack Carter. Unfortunately, due to an error in our mailing division, the letter came unaccompanied by an entry blank and the Zlitts threw the whole thing out. If we hadn't goofed up, the Zlitts would now be enjoying a real French chateau with none other than golfing great Lee Trevino. Like everybody else, we make mistakes. But don't let our sending this letter to NAT LAMPOON be one of them. Enter now! You won't regret it, maybe.

Good luck,

Orson Bean

Orson Bean

*Orson Bean?
Oh yeah,
I remember
him!*



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HER ONLY GROOM TO COLLECT ON SOMEONE WHO CALLED

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HE'S BEEN THE SAME SINCE HIS GALT

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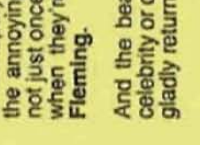
Gabe Kaplan



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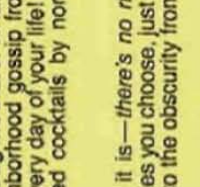
John Denver



HE'S NOT JUST A SONG BUT A WAY OF LIFE (LAST NIGHT)

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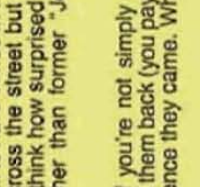
Chuck Mangione



HE'S SENSATIONAL (WITH THE OFFICE)

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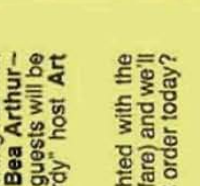
Marsha Mason



FAKING FAST BUT GLAD TO BE PRO OF THE SHOW

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Charo



SOME BELIEVE CONSIDER TO WRITE AND DO SOME TEACHING

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Katharine Ross



LESS POPULAR BUT PROBABLY MORE TALENTED THAN MOST OF HER OLD SONS

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Carrie Snodgrass



WASN'T LOSE HER LOOKS

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HE HAS FINISHED HIS SWIMMING AND IS NOW A MAJORITY

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SHE HAS BEEN DOING BARKER BUCKLE UP FOR A LONG TIME

YOU PAY ONLY \$788

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JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY



HE HAS BEEN AS WELL AS THE BASKETBALL LEAGUE

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HER RECORDS ARE AS WELL AS THE RECORDS OF THE BELL

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HE IS NOT AS WELL AS HIS FATHER

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HE IS FREE TO BE A WHITE AND BLACK MAN

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HE IS ALWAYS IN THE NEWS

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HE IS ALWAYS IN THE NEWS

YOU PAY ONLY 51¢

MEMO
FROM THE PRESIDENT OF
CELEBRITY
CLEARING HOUSE

Dear MR. NAT LAMPOON

Well, I guess you've made up your mind by now. I don't know. I've been thinking about trying to get out of this business myself. Maybe you didn't hear that I had a heart attack a couple of years back. My doctor says I should take it easy, but that's hard to do in the hectic sweepstakes industry. I'd like to move on down to the Southwest. Lord knows the climate down there would be a whole lot better for my health than Chicago.

The thing is, it's going to take money. Right now I've got a terrific backlog of celebrities in inventory, and I've got to find a way to unload them and cut my losses. If you could find it in your heart to enter our contest, and maybe pick up a couple of yesterday's stars while you're left of it, well, it would certainly be a godsend for me and my family, what's

But, hell, why am I telling all this to you, NAT LAMPOON, a perfect stranger. I'm sure you couldn't care less about my problems. I guess you have problems of your own. Well, let me just say that I appreciate your hearing me out, and, whatever you decide, God bless you.

Don Gridanzo
Don Gridanzo
President
Celebrity Clearing House

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BOBBY VAN



A VEGETABLE BUT DEAD TO THE WORLD

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719 X
Lee Van Cleef



HE ONCE SHOT A MAN JUST FOR SHOPPING

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518 X
Van Johnson



SHE IS AS MANDIBLE BUT NOT DOING ANYTHING IN THE DARK

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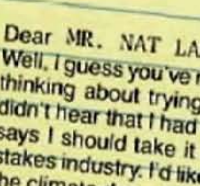
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HE IS NOT AS WELL AS HIS FATHER

YOU PAY ONLY \$635

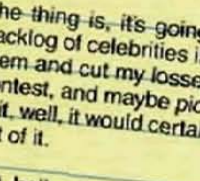
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HER RECORDS ARE AS WELL AS THE RECORDS OF THE BELL

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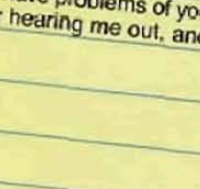
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HE HAS BEEN AS WELL AS THE BASKETBALL LEAGUE

YOU PAY ONLY \$709

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SHE HAS BEEN DOING BARKER BUCKLE UP FOR A LONG TIME

YOU PAY ONLY \$788

789 X



HE HAS FINISHED HIS SWIMMING AND IS NOW A MAJORITY

YOU PAY ONLY \$344

879 X
MAYN HAMLISCH



HE FORGOT IT, BUT YOU CAN BE THE FORGOTTEN

YOU PAY ONLY \$119

94 X
JIMMIE "JJ" WALKER



HE WAS ABSOLUTELY NOT CONCEPTS

YOU PAY ONLY \$411

729 X
Flip Wilson



HE WAS NOT ENOUGH TO BE ABLE TO MAKE ONE THING AND THEN

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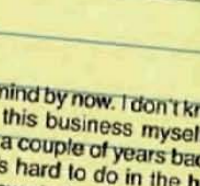
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HE IS NOT AS WELL AS HIS FATHER

YOU PAY ONLY \$377

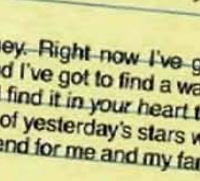
533 X
BARRY WHITE



HE IS NOT AS WELL AS HIS FATHER

YOU PAY ONLY \$787

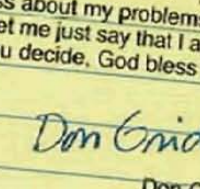
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TONY ORLANDO and Dawn



HE COULD HAVE BEEN AS WELL AS HIS FATHER

YOU PAY ONLY \$1499

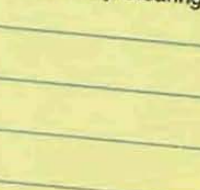
869 X
PINK LADY AND JEFF



HE IS NOT AS WELL AS HIS FATHER

YOU PAY ONLY \$1066

879 X
HUGH HEFNER



HE IS NOT AS WELL AS HIS FATHER

YOU PAY ONLY \$344

ALTAR BOYS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64)
boldly to the bar. The Zagrebs stood timidly next to the bowling machine.

"Tell your fucking buddies to get their little dinguses out of my bar, and you too," Mitzi growled. "Mr. Lightbulb Head!" The patrons laughed.

"We wanna buy some fireworks," Ricky told her.

"The guy's not here now. Get out before I lose my license."

"How about if we eat some lunch while we wait for him?"

"How about if you kiss my ass, Uncle Fester. You heard me."

A man sitting at the side of the bar, smoking and reading the racing form, spoke up. "C'mon, Mitzi, give the kids a break. They just want some firecrackers."

Ricky walked toward a table. "And gimme a beer, too," he said.

Mitzi headed back for the kitchen, and the guy with the racing form brought a glass of beer over to Ricky. "Here, kid, drink it up before Mitzi gets back." Ricky gulped the beer down and wiped the foam from his lip with his hand.

As the guy walked back to the bar, he looked over his shoulder. "I'll get ya another in a minute."

Leonard and Stephen looked on in amazement. "Are you drunk now, Ricky?" Stephen asked.

"Hell, no, I can handle this," Ricky said.

THREE SANDWICHES AND four secret beers later, Leonard and Stephen were throwing the metal puck at the back of the bowling machine again and again and again, waiting for Ricky and the racing-form guy to finish buying fireworks from an old black man who had come into Mitzi's carrying a shopping bag full of the stuff.

"What time is it?" Stephen asked Leonard.

"I don't know."

"It's your job to wear the watch," Stephen said angrily.

"Well, sorry for being alive," Leonard whined.

"Ricky, it's getting pretty late," Stephen said.

"Just a minute, Steverino," Ricky slurred. "You think I should buy the M-80's or the cherry bombs?" he asked the salesman.

"Your cherries can do a lotta bad, bad things," the black man said, "but your 80's, they mothers. You got someone you might be wantin' to hurt?"

Ricky thought for a minute. "Gimme a dozen."

THE SCREEN DOOR OF MITZI'S slammed shut. Mr. Farris walked across the floor, heading straight for Ricky Higgins.

"Well, well, well," Farris snarled, grabbing Ricky by the ear and pulling him out of his seat. "Look what we have here. I've been looking for you for two hours." Farris looked over at the Zagrebs. "You boys do a shit job of picking your friends," he said, and spat on their heavy rubber-soled shoes.

Mr. Farris settled Ricky's tab with Mitzi and paraded Ricky and the Zagrebs back to Riverview. He brought them straight to the Comet.

"Been drinking, huh, Ricky?" Mr. Farris asked as they stood at the ticket booth. He handed the little bald guy a string of tickets. "I don't want you to get off that thing until you've been around five times. I'll be watching."

The Zagrebs stood on the platform as Ricky was loaded into the front car of the Comet. As the roller coaster took off, Leonard turned to Stephen and said, "He looks pretty green, doesn't he?"

The first time Ricky came back he was completely pale, and a thick sheen of sweat had broken out on his scalp. The second time, he was flushed. "Looks like he's been crying," Stephen whispered to Leonard.

Mr. Farris rocked back and forth on his heels. "Well, if I reckon correctly," he said, "this round should do him in."

Sure enough, on the third trip in, Ricky was slumped over in his seat.

"Looks like he lost it," Stephen said.

"Hey, Ricky," Mr. Farris yelled,

laughing, "don't let the stuff spray back on your face, okay?"

Ricky slept through the next two rides, passed out on the floor of his car. Mr. Farris slipped the attendant a five to hose Ricky out of the car.

Drenched and drained, Ricky was led back to the school bus by Mr. Farris. When the door was opened, a wave of heat blasted out of the baking tube of metal and glass.

"What do you say, Zagrebs," Mr. Farris laughed. "About a hundred in there or what?" He tossed Ricky into the bus and locked the door shut. "That should dry him out."

"Mr. Farris," Leonard spoke up. "I think I should tell you that it was Stephen's and my idea to go to that place for fireworks. Ricky just came along."

"Sure, Leonard," Mr. Farris smiled. "I'll believe that when hell freezes over. Now you boys go have a good time, and be back here at three."

THE DAY COMPLETE, THE school bus dropped the altar boys off in the St. Christopher's parking lot. All the mothers were there to pick their kids up except Mrs. Higgins, who was, as usual, late. Leonard and Stephen sat down on a bench next to the sickly and weak Ricky.

"Hey, Ricky," Leonard said. "I'm real sorry you got caught."

"Yeah, Ricky," said Stephen. "After you were in the bus we went on all the neat rides. They were okay, but you were right—you really knew where to have a good time."

Ricky looked up through glazed eyes at the twins. "Leonard and Stephen," he mumbled, "you guys are still pussies," and fell over onto the asphalt. ■





THE MEMORIES OF MY FAMILY outings are still a source of strength to me. I remember we'd all pile into the car—I forget what kind it was—and drive and drive. I'm not sure where we'd go, but I think there were some trees there. The smell of something was strong in the air as we played whatever sport we played. I remember a bigger, older guy that we called "Dad." We'd eat some stuff, or not, and then I think we went home.

I guess some things never leave you.

IF THEY EVER COME UP WITH A SWASH-buckling School, I think one of the courses should be Laughing, Then Jumping Off Something.

I GUESS I KINDA LOST CONTROL, BECAUSE in the middle of the play I ran up and lit the evil puppet villain on fire.

No, I didn't. Just kidding. I just said that to help illustrate one of the human emotions, which is freaking out. Another emotion is greed, as when you kill someone for money, or something like that. Another emotion is generosity, as when you pay someone double what he paid for his stupid puppet.

WHEN YOU'RE RIDING IN A TIME MA-
chine way far into the future, don't
stick your elbow out the window, or
it'll turn into a fossil.

I THINK THERE SHOULD BE SOMETHING in science called the "reindeer effect." I don't know what it would be, but I think it'd be good to hear someone say, "Gentlemen, what we have here is a terrifying example of the reindeer effect."

I SAW ON THIS NATURE SHOW HOW THE male elk douses himself with urine to smell sweeter to the opposite sex. What a coincidence!

IT TAKES A BIG MAN TO CRY, BUT IT TAKES a bigger man to laugh at that man.

AT FIRST I THOUGHT. IF I WERE SUPER-
man, a perfect secret identity would be
"Clark Kent, Dentist," because you
could save money on tooth X rays. But
then I thought, if a patient said, "How's
my back tooth?" and you just looked at
it with your X-ray vision and said, "Oh,
it's okay," then the patient would prob-
ably say, "Aren't you going to take an

DEEP THOUGHTS

BY JACK HANDY

X ray, stupid?" and you'd say, "Aw, fuck you, get outta here," and then he probably wouldn't even pay his bill.

IF I LIVED BACK IN THE WILD WEST DAYS, instead of carrying a six-gun in my holster, I'd carry a soldering iron. That way, if some smart-aleck cowboy said something like "Hey, look. He's carrying a soldering iron!" and started laughing, and everybody else started laughing, I could just say, "That's right, it's a soldering iron. The soldering iron of justice."

Then everybody would get real quiet and ashamed, because they made fun of the soldering iron of justice, and I could probably hit them up for a free drink.

IT MAKES ME MAD WHEN I GO TO ALL THE trouble of having Marta cook up about a hundred drumsticks, then the guy at Marineland says, "You can't throw that chicken to the dolphins. They eat fish."

Sure they eat fish, if that's all you give them! Man, wise up.

I THINK IT'S HIGH TIME WE STARTED questioning the old clichés like "Grunt big for Daddy."

ONE THING KIDS LIKE IS TO BE TRICKED. For instance, I was going to take my little nephew to Disneyland, but instead I drove him to an old burned-out warehouse. "Oh, no," I said. "Disneyland burned down."

He cried and cried, but I think that deep down, he thought it was a pretty good joke.

I started to drive over to the real Disneyland, but it was getting pretty late.

ANYBODY WHO HAS AN IDENTITY PROBLEM had better wise up and get with the program!

A GOOD WAY TO THREATEN SOMEBODY IS to light a stick of dynamite. Then you call the guy and hold the burning fuse to the phone. "Hear that?" you say. "That's dynamite, baby."

I THINK A GOOD WAY TO GET INTO A movie is to show up where they're making the movie, then stick a big cactus plant onto your buttocks and start yowling and running around. Everyone would think it was funny, and the head movie guy would say, "Hey, let's put him in the movie."

TONIGHT, WHEN WE WERE EATING DINNER, Marta said something that really knocked me for a loop. She said, "I love carrots."

"Good," I said as I gritted my teeth real hard. "Then maybe you and carrots

would like to go into the bedroom and have sex!"

They didn't, but maybe they will sometime, and I can watch.

I CAN STILL RECALL OLD MR. BARNSLOW getting out every morning and nailing a fresh load of tadpoles to that old board of his. Then he'd spin it round and round, like a wheel of fortune, and no matter where it stopped he'd yell out, "Tadpoles! Tadpoles is a winner!"

We all thought he was crazy. But then, we had some growing up to do.

I THINK THEY SHOULD CONTINUE THE policy of not giving a Nobel Prize for paneling.

HERE'S A GOOD JOKE TO DO DURING AN earthquake: Straddle a big crack in the earth, and if it opens wider, go, "Whoa! Whoa!" and flail your arms around, as if you're going to fall in.

ONE QUESTION THAT'S NEVER BEEN ANSWERED to my satisfaction by the "Playboy Advisor" is "What kind of stereo system works best in hell?"

WHY DO PEOPLE IN SHIP MUTINIES ALWAYS ask for "better treatment"? I'd ask for a pinball machine, because with all that rocking back and forth you'd probably be able to get a lot of free games.

I'D LIKE TO BE BURIED INDIAN-STYLE, where they put you up on a high rack, above the ground. That way, you could get hit by meteorites and not even feel it.

A FUNNY THING TO DO IS, IF YOU'RE OUT hiking and your friend gets bitten by a poisonous snake, tell him you're going to go for help, then go about ten feet and pretend that you got bit by a snake. Then start an argument with him about who's going to go get help. A lot of guys will start crying. That's why it makes you feel good when you tell them it was just a joke.

FOLKS STILL REMEMBER THE DAY OLD Bob Riley came bouncing down that dirt road in his pickup. Pretty soon, it was bouncing higher and higher. The tires popped, and the shocks broke, but that truck kept bouncing. Some say it bounced clean over the moon, but whoever says that is a goddamn liar.

JUST AS IRRIGATION IS THE LIFE BLOOD OF the Southwest, lifeblood is the soup of cannibals.

IN SOME PLACES IT'S KNOWN AS A TORNADO. In others, a cyclone. And in still others, the Idiot's Merry-go-round. But

around here they'll always be known as screw-boys.

I BET WHEN NEANDERTHAL KIDS WOULD make a snowman, someone would always end up saying, "Don't forget the thick, heavy brows." Then they would all get embarrassed because they remembered they had the big hunky brows too, and they'd get mad and eat the snowman.

I WISH I LIVED BACK IN THE OLD WEST days, because I'd save up my money for about twenty years so I could buy a solid-gold pick. Then I'd go out West and start digging for gold. When someone came up and asked what I was doing, I'd say, "Looking for gold, ya durn fool." He'd say, "Your pick is gold," and I'd say, "Well, that was easy."

Good joke, huh.

I GUESS WE WERE ALL GUILTY, IN A WAY. We all shot him, we all skinned him, and we all got a complimentary bumper sticker that said "I Helped Skin Bob."

I THINK SOMEBODY SHOULD COME UP with a way to breed a very large shrimp. That way, you could ride him, then, after you camped at night, you could eat him.

How about it, science?

I THINK A GOOD PRODUCT WOULD BE "Baby Duck Hat." It's a fake baby duck, which you strap on top of your head. Then you go swimming underwater until you find a mommy duck and her babies, and you join them. Then, all of a sudden, you stand up out of the water and roar like Godzilla. Man, those ducks really take off!

Also, Baby Duck Hat is good for parties.

LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH, THIS IS WHAT I tell myself whenever I dress up like Bozo.

FEAR CAN SOMETIMES BE A USEFUL emotion.

For instance, let's say you're an astronaut on the moon and you fear that your partner has been turned into Dracula. The next time he goes out for the moon pieces, wham!, you just slam the door behind him and blast off. He might call you on the radio and say he's not Dracula, but you just say, "Think again, bat man."

ANY MAN, IN THE RIGHT SITUATION, IS capable of murder. But not any man is capable of being a good camper. So, murder and camping are not as similar as you might think.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)

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I WISH A ROBOT WOULD GET ELECTED president. That way, when he came to town, we could all take a shot at him and not feel too bad.

THE PRINCE DECIDED HE WOULD LEARN anger. So he gathered his subjects together outside his balcony. "Who would teach me anger?" he said.

"Fuck you!" somebody yelled.

"Okay, how about algebra?" said the prince.

I WISH I HAD A KRYPTONITE CROSS, BECAUSE then you could keep both *Dracula* and Superman away.

IF YOU GO TO A PARTY, AND YOU WANT TO be the popular one at the party, do this: Wait until no one is looking, then kick a burning log out of the fireplace onto the carpet. Then jump on top of it with your body and yell. "Log o' fire! Log o' fire!"

I've never done this, but I think it'd work.

TOO BAD YOU CAN'T BUY A VODOO globe so that you could make the earth spin real fast and freak everybody out.

I BET THE MAIN REASON THE POLICE keep people away from a plane crash is they don't want anybody walking in and lying down in the crash stuff, then when somebody comes up act like they just woke up and go, "What was that?!"

AS THE SNOW STARTED TO FALL, HE tugged his coat tighter around himself. Too tight, as it turned out.

"This is the fourth coat crushing this

year," said the sergeant as he outlined the body with a special pencil that writes on snow.

I DON'T THINK I'M ALONE WHEN I SAY I'D like to see more and more planets fall under the ruthless domination of our solar system.

I READ THAT WHEN THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS dug down into the ancient cemetery, they found fragments of *human bones*! What kind of barbarians were these people, anyway?!

I'LL BE THE FIRST TO ADMIT THAT MY idea of God is pretty different. I believe in a God with a long white beard, a gold crown, and a long robe with lots of shiny jewels on it. He sits on a big throne in the clouds, and He's about five hundred feet tall. He talks in a real deep voice, like "I...AM...GOD!" He can blow stuff up just by looking at it.

This is my own, personal idea of God.

MARTA SAYS THE INTERESTING THING about fly-fishing is that it's two lives connected by a thin strand.

Come on, Marta. Grow up.

HERE'S A GOOD TRICK: GET A JOB AS A judge at the Olympics. Then, if some guy sets a world record, pretend that you didn't see it and go, "Okay, is everybody ready to start now?"

TOO BAD WHEN I WAS A KID THERE wasn't a guy in our class that everybody called the "Cricket Boy," because I would have liked to stand up in class and tell everybody, "You can make fun

of the Cricket Boy if you want to, but to me he's just like everybody else." Then everybody would leave the Cricket Boy alone, and I'd invite him over to spend the night at my house, but after about five minutes of that loud chirping I'd have to kick him out.

Maybe later we could get up a petition to get the Cricket Family run out of town. Bye, Cricket Boy.

THE WHOLE TOWN LAUGHED AT MY great-grandfather, just because he worked hard and saved his money. True, working at the hardware store didn't pay much, but he felt it was better than what everybody else did, which was go up to the volcano and collect the gold nuggets it shot out every day.

It turned out he was right. After forty years, the volcano petered out. Everybody left town, and the hardware store went broke. Finally he decided to collect gold nuggets too, but there weren't many left by then. Plus, he broke his leg and the doctor's bills were real high.

IF I HAD A NICKNAME, I THINK I WOULD want it to be "Prince of Weasels," because then I could go up and bite people and they would turn around and go, "What the—?" And then they would recognize me, and go, "Oh, it's you, the Prince of Weasels."

THE PEOPLE IN THE VILLAGE WERE REAL poor, so none of the children had any toys. But this one little boy had gotten an old enema bag and filled it with rocks, and he would go around and whap the other children across the face with it. Man, I think my heart almost broke.

Later, the boy came up and offered to give me the toy. This was too much! I reached out my hand, but then he ran away. I chased him down and took the enema bag. He cried a little, but that's the way of these people.

AS THE SLEEK NEW SPORTS CAR WOUND its way up the tortuous road, Henri thought back to the torture he had received ten minutes ago. "Ah, air conditioning," he thought as he aimed the vents toward the numerous whip marks on his legs, chest, and groin area.

I HOPE, WHEN THEY DIE, CARTOON characters have to answer for their sins.

MARTA WAS WATCHING THE FOOTBALL game with me when she said, "You know, most of these sports are based on the idea of one group protecting its territory from invasion by another group."

"Yeah," I said, trying not to laugh. Girls are funny. ■

GREETING CARDS

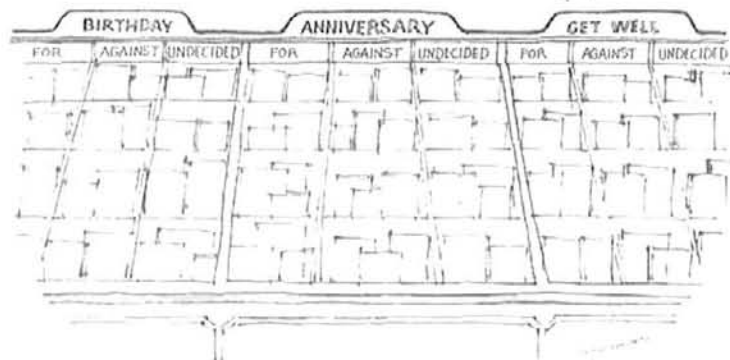


FOTO FUNNIES

THAT WAS ELTON JOEL...



...AND THIS IS JACKIE ST. JAMES, YOUR TOPLESS D.J. AT WTIT, THE HOME OF "TOPLESS 40"!



AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR SOME MORE ELTON JOEL.



OH, HI, BOB. ANY WORD ON THE RATINGS?



WELL... NOT VERY ENCOURAGING. I'M AFRAID.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT... THIS TOPLESS THING SEEMED LIKE SUCH A GREAT IDEA.

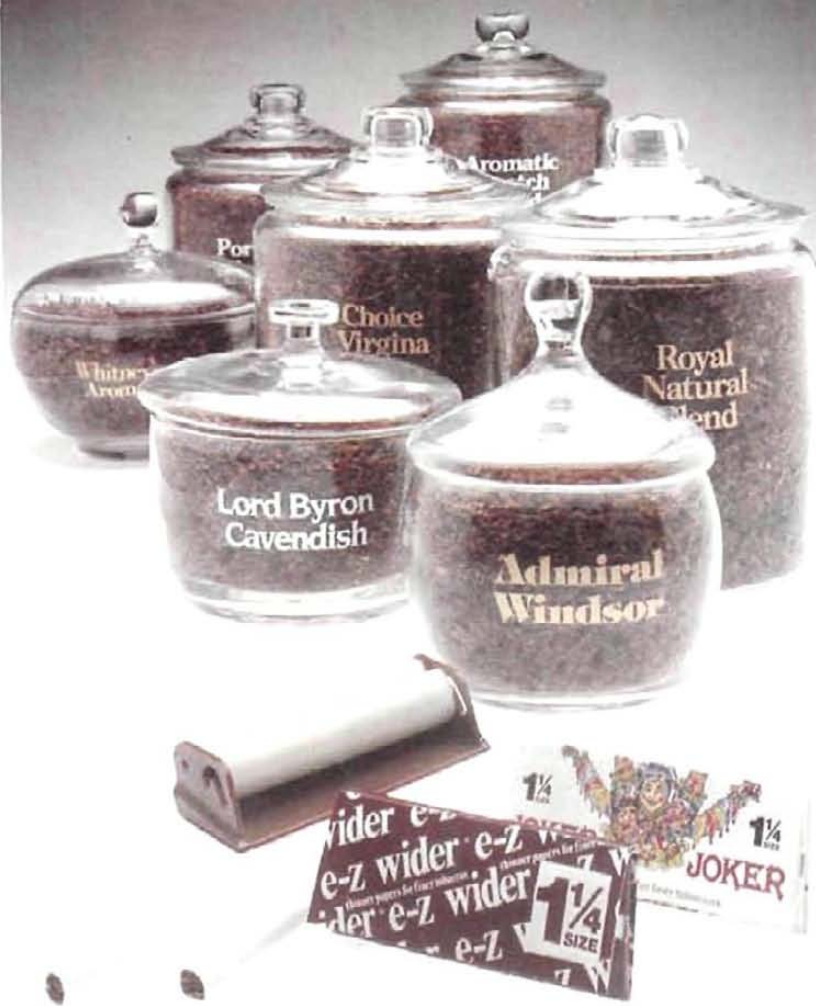


WELL, LET'S GIVE IT ANOTHER MONTH...

IF THE POINTS DON'T PICK UP, MAYBE YOU COULD MAKE A FEW PUBLIC APPEARANCES OR SOMETHING.



Like all the finer things in life,
what you get out of it
depends on what you put into it.



Roll your own, It's e-z.

Yes, I want to roll my own the e-z way with Joker and e-z wider. Please send me the following item(s). I understand that you will refund my money if I am not completely satisfied. I certify that I am at least 18 years of age.

_____ e-z wider roll-your-own cigarette rolling kit(s) @ \$3.50 \$ _____ Total
 _____ 3-pack(s) e-z wider filters @ \$3.00 \$ _____
 _____ pack-a-pack 10-booklet assortment(s) e-z wider and Joker @ \$5.00 \$ _____
 Total Order \$ _____

Signature _____
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 I enclose _____ Check _____ Money Order _____



Mail to: The House of Rizla, P.O. Box 1046, W. Caldwell, N.J. 07007-0829. Offer limited to U.S. New Jersey residents please add sales tax. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

© The House of Rizla 1984

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

Sirs:

I just thought of something. What if the cure for cancer is something really ridiculous and can't be discovered in hospital research. Like what if the cure for cancer is: "Put a croissant on a tractor." Or: "Rub your head with grass." Or: "Put your nose hairs in a paper bag." You can make up some yourself. Who knows? They might be the cure for cancer.

Earl "The Oyster" Medding
Hoover, Mich.

Sirs:

We keep the speckled pink blob in the attic these days. You're darned right he isn't as cute as he used to be.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Reese
Hams spread, Mich.

Sirs:

That red maple in your backyard—I think it leans just a little bit too much to the left. And that sycamore by the driveway—maybe its bark is a little bit worse than its blight, if you get our drift. And keep an eye on that weeping willow—it may be growing just a bit too quickly for its own good. We're quite sure you'll join us in keeping an eye on these developments.

The John Birch Tree Society
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

If you get a chance to visit San Diego this year, you'll undoubtedly want to see the world-famous zoo. There are many fine hotels right along the beach. Dinner, a stroll by the ocean, an enema, and then bedtime...

Denver? Where the Old West meets the New. A Denver Broncos football game, drinks at Top of the Sky, a Mile High enema, and a relaxing stroll back to the hotel...

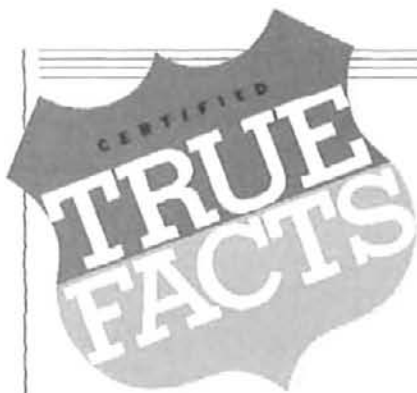
Honolulu? Perhaps you'd like to stay at the Hyatt. Romantic ocean breezes, a lingering sunset. Puka Puka enemas, outrigger canoe races...it's a dream come true.

Competent Travel Agent
with a Small Problem
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I would like someone to please explain to me why, when a magic fairy appeared before me and granted me one wish, one wish for anything in my wildest dreams, I asked for a spice rack.

Herman Quid
Why did I do that?



POLICE IN ISLAMABAD ARRESTED 450 lawyers who were demonstrating for an end to military rule in Pakistan. When the lawyers were locked in a court building, they split into two groups and began throwing rocks and bricks at each other.

Twelve lawyers were hurt, three seriously. *USA Today* (contributed by Denis J. Navarro)

IN SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA, SUPERIOR Court Judge William Sheffield dissolved a temporary restraining order that had barred Dr. Robert Andrew Leslie from practicing medicine. The order had been granted after the state attorney general claimed the doctor, a general practitioner specializing in geriatric care, was psychotic. In his ruling, however, Judge Williams said he was not convinced that Dr. Leslie's illness posed a threat to the public.

Dr. Leslie, fifty-two, had reported seeing drug-dealing frogmen emerging from the ocean. *Sacramento Bee* (contributed by Carmelita Zoffman and Ed Bunnell)

THE DENVER, COLORADO, FIRE DEPARTMENT called out a hazardous-materials team to clean up the blood of an AIDS victim injured in a car crash. *Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel* (contributed by Jim E. Sober)

OSCAR A. DEJESUS, WHO CLOSELY RESEMBLES Philadelphia Phillies shortstop Ivan DeJesus, allegedly ran up debts of almost \$30,000 while posing as the ballplayer in Hawaii.

According to Honolulu Detective Michael Orian, the impostor borrowed \$25,000 from the father of a girlfriend and had \$3,000 in dental work billed to the baseball team. To explain why he stayed in Hawaii while the Phillies played their regular season on the mainland, DeJesus told the family that his contract called for another player to fill in using his name and uniform.

"He even took the girl and her father to a game in San Francisco between the

Phillies and the San Francisco Giants and made them sit high up in the bleachers while he supposedly went to play," said Orian. "The real DeJesus was hurt in the chest during the game, and afterwards, he told them his chest was sore." *San Diego Union* (contributed by Brad J. Cronk)

ROY CLEVELAND SULLIVAN, SEVENTY-one, a former Shenandoah National Park Ranger, died recently in his Waynesboro, Virginia, home. Sullivan, who made the *Guinness Book of World Records* for having survived seven separate strikes by lightning between 1942 and 1976, shot himself to death. *New York Post* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

BILLY JACK SHELBY WAS SENTENCED TO life in prison by a Nashville, Tennessee, court for beating his wife to death with a flashlight. Shelby is a double amputee, his wife Mary Hilda was a dwarf. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by D. Kosinski)

THE FOLLOWING LETTER TO THE EDITOR appeared in the *Anchorage Daily News*: "I have an idea for prisoners on death row. I think that the prisoners should be put in the movies to do the dangerous stunts like jumping out of an airplane and going splat on the pavement so that they can die doing something good, but it should be on a volunteer basis.—Ramon Reyes." (contributed by Mrs. B. Franklin)

WHEN A BRITISH AIRWAYS BOEING 737 airliner in Sydney, Australia, failed to start, mechanics had to dismantle the starter assembly. Inside they found a pair of frilly woman's panties.

"We don't know whose panties they were," said an airline spokesman, "but we do know it cost 20,000 pounds to fix." *Sydney Morning Herald* (contributed by Charles Baker)

A TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD MAN WITH A hole in his forehead walked into Linden, Ohio, police headquarters and requested an X ray in order to locate his brain. The unidentified man had inserted six inches of wire through a hole into his skull in an attempt to find his brain, but had failed. He told police that he had made the hole with a power drill. *Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch* (contributed by James D. Abel)

LUCY AMIL HARRIS OF ASHLAND, Virginia, filed a federal suit against the Pink Panther. In her complaint, Miss Harris alleged that the cartoon character, owned by United Artists, was being used for various unclear and unlawful purposes. She asked that the Pink Panther be removed from movies, greeting cards, coloring books, jigsaw puzzles, and magazines. *Richmond News Leader* (contributed by Carleton Bailie)

GERALD MARS, WHO HEADS THE Middlesex Polytechnic Center for Occupational and Community Research in

The Jolly Green Jogger

5 lb. 9.99 Pr. **24.99!**
10 lb. 15.99 Pr.



100% ACRYLIC WARM-UP SUIT

- Top quality warm-up suit
- Great for today's jogger
- Machine washable
- Full length zipper on jacket

REG.
19.99

15.44 SET

This was part of a department-store ad that appeared in the *Kansas City Star*. (contributed by James Mercer)

England, studied workers in thirty job categories for ten years before issuing a study of crime in the workplace. In the study, called "Cheats at Work," Mars concludes that crimes like stealing of office supplies and cheating on expenses are healthy and should continue. (New York) *Daily News* (contributed by Jim Downey)

INSTEAD OF REPORTING FOR WORK TO the head custodian at Redford High School in Detroit, substitute janitor Andrew Ransom went to the school office, where he was assigned to teach two social studies classes. Ransom did what he was told.

"I wondered why he asked if I wanted anything cleaned," said department head Viola Chambers, who assigned Ransom the classes.

"I heard he did real good," said Principal Walter Adams. *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by John and Ruth Tribou)

MAUREEN GLEDHILL, TWENTY-EIGHT, admired an abstract painting she saw hanging in a London, Ontario, pet store, so she paid the store's owner, Ernie Cleverley, \$185 for it. But after friends pointed out the similarity between her new painting and bird tracks, Gledhill called Cleverley, who

admitted the work had been done by a duck with paint on its feet.

Nevertheless, Cleverley refused to return Gledhill's money.

"I didn't really want to sell it, but she insisted," he said. *Toronto Star* (contributed by Joanne Bridgen)

A LOW-FLYING AIRPLANE CRASHED AT the Sandwich, Illinois, airport after it struck a portable toilet. (DeKalb, Ill.) *Daily Chronicle* (contributed by Lou Vitiritti)

AFTER HIS ESTRANGED WIFE SPURNED A twenty-thousand-dollar offer for her "share" of a two-year-old mongrel named Runaway, wealthy California construction executive Rex Wheatland sued for custody of the dog.

"Runaway was the nucleus of our family," Wheatland told a Santa Ana court, complaining that when he and his wife, Judi, split up, she ran away with Runaway. "I had to tail her to find out where the dog was," he said. "All I want is my visitation rights."

Runaway, a mixture of spaniel and poodle called a cockapoo, reportedly eats lobster, scallops, steaks, and salad with Roquefort dressing.

Judge John Wooley ruled that Runaway was a child substitute and that the

couple would share the dog on a monthly basis in accordance with California child custody laws.

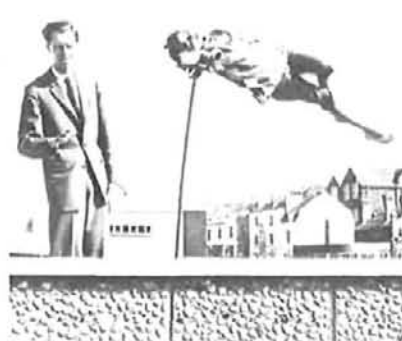
While Mrs. Wheatland left the court in tears after the ruling, Mr. Wheatland was waiting with Runaway's toys—a rubber hamburger, a rubber hot dog, and a blown-up portrait of another cockapoo. *New York Times* (contributed by Julian Weber)

POLICE IN WINNIPEG, CANADA, WERE called to stop a gasoline price war that began when a new gas station posted sharply lower prices as a promotion. Two nearby stations matched the prices, and all three stations began lowering prices "by the minute" until regular leaded gas was selling for 1.6 cents a liter. At that point the new station began giving its gas away, and, just before the police moved in, had created a public hazard by paying customers 0.3 cents a liter to take its gasoline. *Toronto Star* (contributed by Stephen Weir)

UNDER THE HEADLINE "DIES AFTER PICKING Blister," this news item appeared in the *Evening Globe* of Hagerstown, Maryland, on October 14, 1909:

"Camden, N.J.—After several days' suffering, Andrew Redgate, forty years

Suspending Disbelief by Bill Moseley



old, of 778 Line St., died of blood poisoning. Shortly after pulling a hair out of his nose several days ago, Redgate struck a match to light a pipe, and a spark landed on the sore spot, causing a blister. The following day he picked the blister, and a few days later the nose began to swell, and it was found that the poisoning had developed." (contributed by J. J. Fulton)

DEATH-ROW INMATE MANUEL QUINTANA, thirty, refused a request by the state of Virginia that he undergo a \$55,000 heart operation. Authorities wanted Quintana to have the operation so he'd live long enough to be executed in the electric chair. AP (contributed by Fred Matison)

GERRY TREMBLAY OF BRACEBRIDGE, Ontario, was taken to a Toronto hospital in serious condition after provincial police removed him from the helm of his boat on the Muskoka River. Police had to disconnect Tremblay from his artificial arms, which had been welded to the boat's steering wheel by a bolt of lightning. CP (contributed by Dave Barrett)

AN OFFICIAL OF THE RAND McNALLY Publishing company agreed to recheck his firm's latest Illinois road map to find out if Westdale, shown as a town of 10,300 people in the southwest suburbs of Chicago, actually belongs there. Officials in the nearby towns of Bensenville and Franklin Park claim that Westdale doesn't exist. "It doesn't sound good," the Rand McNally executive told reporters. AP (contributed by Richard O. Smith)

TODD KAPLAN, DRESSED AS SMOKEY THE Bear, was arrested while demonstrating for the ouster of then-Secretary of the Interior James Watt. After his release he was advised that he had broken the law by dressing up as Smokey, a character owned by the U.S. Forest Service, a branch of the Department of Agriculture.

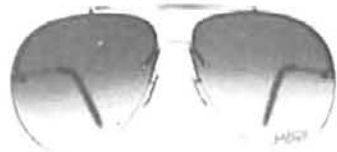
"You would not have been permitted to use Smokey in this manner if you had requested permission," said a letter from the department. "You must immediately cease wearing a bear costume and being identified as Smokey." *New York Times* (contributed by John C. Frazier)

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.

What? And Leave Show Biz? by M. Gumen



LYNCHBURG
 HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE
 60 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352



JACK DANIEL SUNGLASSES

These are some of the best looking sunglasses you'll ever find. "Jack Daniel's" is engraved right into the lens in gold coloring. We're offering these in traditional "aviator" styling. Please specify either smoke or bronze tint. My price of **\$10.00** per pair includes postage and handling.

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

GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST!

Express yourself with one of our T-shirts.

Each only \$9.95.
 Order S-M-L-XL.
 Specify color preference (we'll do our best to comply):
 Light Blue (L),
 Grey (E), Tan (S).



The following sayings are available	Style #
Haven't I Slept With You Somewhere Before?	TS201
Everyone needs to believe in something.	
I believe I'll have another beer	TS203
CONFIRM, GO CRAZY, OR BECOME AN ARTIST	TS204
I may be getting older, but I refuse to grow up!	TS206
The More We Talk, The Less Time We Have To Fool Around!	
So?	TS211
HOW CAN I LOVE YOU IF YOU WON'T LIE DOWN?	TS213
BETTER DEAD THAN MELLOW	TS214
If you think you know what's going on, you're probably full of shit	TS216
Life's A Bitch and Then You Die	TS219
He Who Dies With The Most Toys Wins	TS220
	TSE63

Please send me the following:

Qty.	Styles	Size	Color	Price

Mail your order to: **Krupp Mail Order** • Dept. OR935 • P.O. Box 9090 • Boulder, CO 80301 Shipping \$1.50 Total

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____

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 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Telephone _____ (AREA CODE)

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 Lander, Wyoming 82520
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Fireworks

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GIANT COLOR CATALOG \$1.00

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VOID WHERE PROHIBITED

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Sell it through

NATIONAL LAMPOON

Call (212) 688-4070

FREE PHOTO BOOK!

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

NEW CATALOG!

Adam & Eve's all new 1984 catalog is now available: 48 pages bursting with sexy ads, sexy lingerie, erotic books with explicit photos to turn you on, plus the world's most exciting selection of male contraceptives (both pessaries and pills) - test here first, more! Send just \$2.00

CONTRACEPTIVES BY MAIL!

Your choice of the best male contraceptives - Triptans, Nats, SCORE!, Stimula, and 35 other brands! Plain packaging, satisfaction guaranteed! Sampler pack of 10 assorted condoms - \$2

Send this coupon along with Name and Address to Adam & Eve, P.O. Box 900, Dept. NL-54, Carrboro, NC 27510

#187 Photo Book (with easy \$2.00) #189 Condom Sampler \$2.00
 #999 Catalog \$2.00 #84 All 3 Just \$3.00

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

NO T-SHIRT COLLECTION WOULD BE complete without this one, adorned, as it is, with the movie logo and a picture of the "Walley World" moose—two precious souvenirs of the summer's biggest comedy hit, *National Lampoon's Vacation*.

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

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



Please send me _____
National Lampoon's Vacation
shirts @ \$5.95 each plus \$1.00
for postage and handling.
___Small ___Medium ___Large

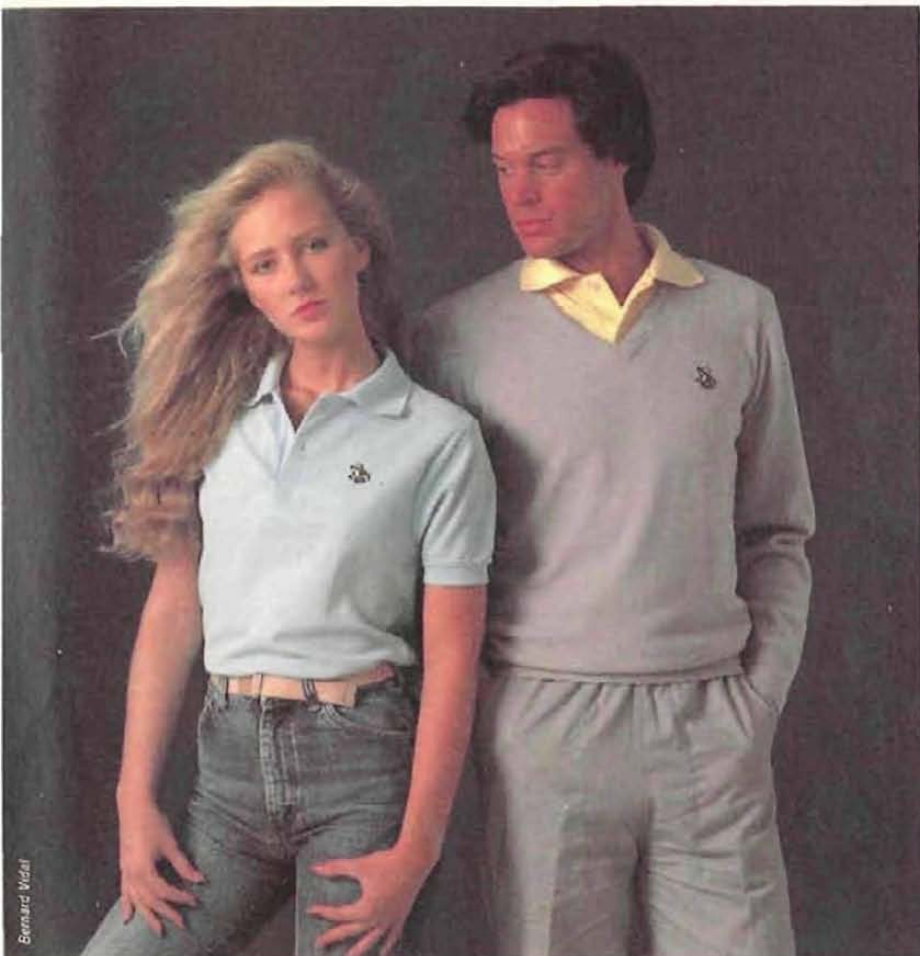
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send to *National Lampoon*
Dept. 484
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

New York residents, please
add 8¼ percent sales tax.

Now Offering Shirts and Fine Sweaters from

FROG



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

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

Frog Sweaters and Shirts are available only by mail. The price? Sweaters are just \$20.95 plus postage and handling. Polo shirts are \$14.95 plus postage and handling.

Order your sweater and/or shirt today and ensure yourself of the respect your taste and discernment deserve.

FROG

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

Please send me ___ National Lampoon Frog Shirts at \$14.95 each, plus \$1.50 for postage and handling.

WHITE: ___ small ___ medium ___ large
 BLUE: ___ small ___ medium ___ large
 YELLOW: ___ small ___ medium ___ large
 GREEN: ___ small ___ medium ___ large
 GRAY: ___ small ___ medium ___ large
 CAMEL: ___ small ___ medium ___ large

Please send me ___ National Lampoon Frog Sweaters at \$20.95 each, plus \$2.00 for postage and handling.

GRAY: ___ small ___ medium ___ large
 BLACK: ___ small ___ medium ___ large

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

I enclose \$ _____ to: _____

National Lampoon, Dept. 484
 635 Madison Avenue
 New York, N.Y. 10022

New York residents, please add 8 1/4 percent sales tax.

Polo shirts available in:



White

Blue

Yellow



Green

Gray

Camel

Sweaters available in:



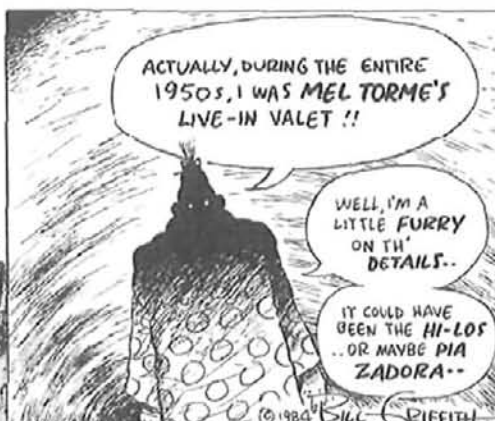
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Black

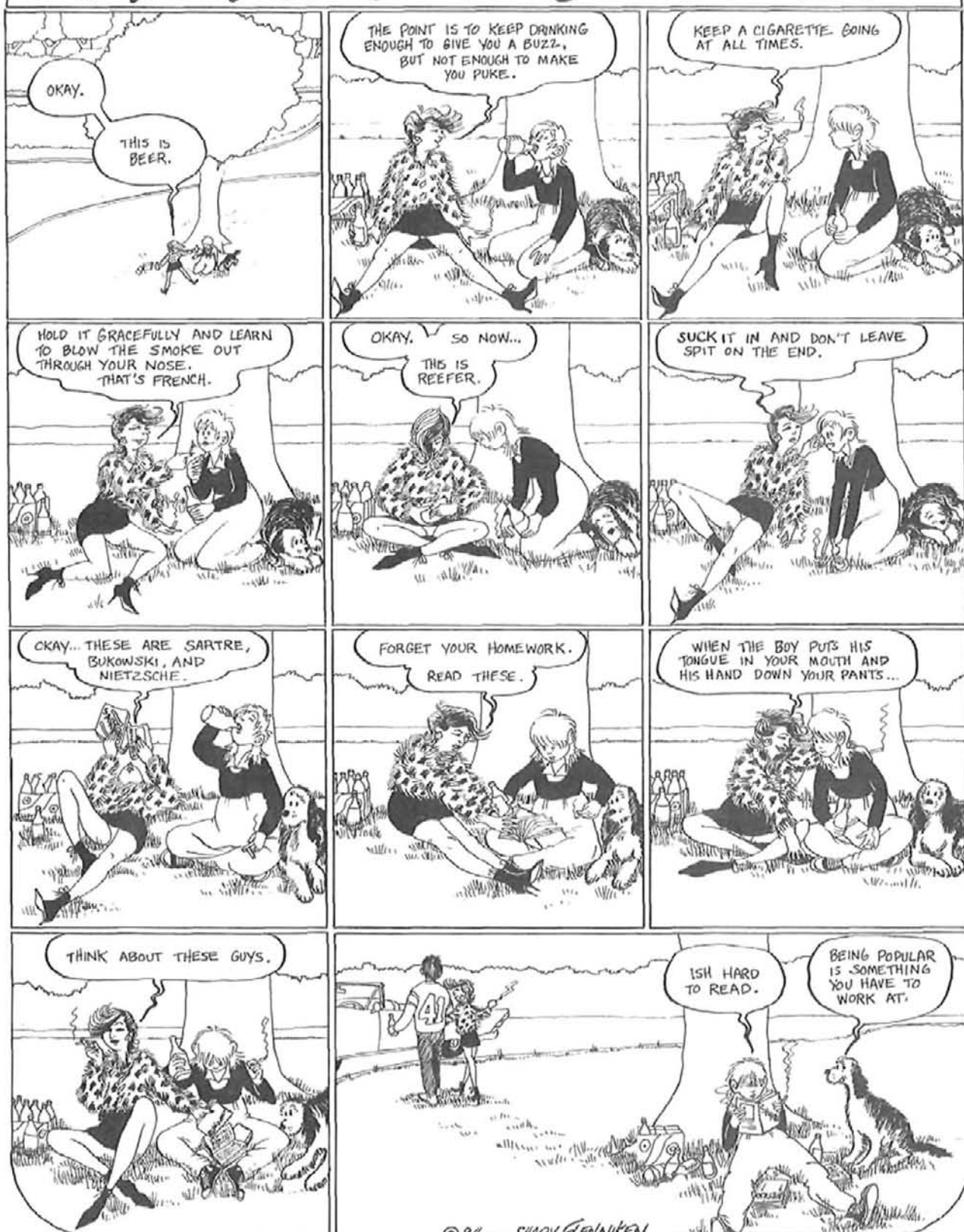
Frog logo
 by cartoonist
 Sam Gross

FUNNY PAGES

The
TOP SECRET
Zippy
FILES
DECLASSIFIED
4 · 1 · 84



Trots and Bonnie



OKAY.

THIS IS BEER.

THE POINT IS TO KEEP DRINKING ENOUGH TO GIVE YOU A BUZZ, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU PUKE.

KEEP A CIGARETTE GOING AT ALL TIMES.

HOLD IT GRACEFULLY AND LEARN TO BLOW THE SMOKE OUT THROUGH YOUR NOSE. THAT'S FRENCH.

OKAY. SO NOW... THIS IS REEFER.

SUCK IT IN AND DON'T LEAVE SPIT ON THE END.

OKAY... THESE ARE SARTRE, BUKOWSKI, AND NIETZSCHE.

FORGET YOUR HOMEWORK. READ THESE.

WHEN THE BOY PUTS HIS TONGUE IN YOUR MOUTH AND HIS HAND DOWN YOUR PANTS...

THINK ABOUT THESE GUYS.

ISH HARD TO READ.

BEING POPULAR IS SOMETHING YOU HAVE TO WORK AT.

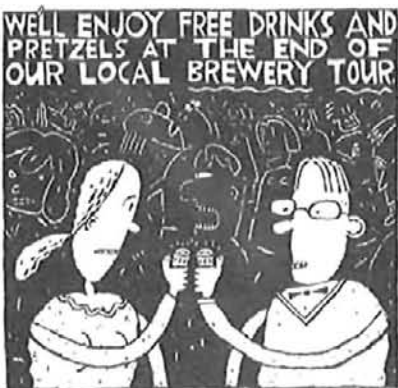
©84 GARY FLENNIKEN

Politenessman

IF PEOPLE GASP WHEN YOU ENTER A ROOM, PERHAPS YOU USE TOO MUCH PERFUME! (OR TOO LITTLE! HA HA!) THANK YOU!



YOUR dream date with POPULAR PROBLEMS



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

THE STORY:
RAY'S DEAD FRIEND JOE IS KIDNAPPED. THE KIDNAPPER TELEPHONES DEMANDING A \$5000 RANSOM. RAY ANGRILY REFUSES. HE THEN RECEIVES A PACKAGE CONTAINING JOE'S SEVERED NOSE! THE KIDNAPPER WARNS OF FURTHER MUTILATIONS UNLESS THE RANSOM IS PAID!

HOLDING JOE'S NOSE, RAY PONDER'S HIS DILEMMA
I WON'T PAY ANY RANSOM, I WON'T! BUT IF I DON'T, HE'LL DISMEMBER JOE—PIECE BY PIECE.

U.P.S.! GOT A PACKAGE FOR YOU—SIGN HERE.

IT'S JOE'S EAR!

RING, RING, RING!

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

DIDJA GET THE FOOT, SUCKA?

FOOT? NO, I GOT AN EAR!

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

I GOTTA HANG UP, SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR.
IT'S PROBABLY U.P.S. WITH THE FOOT.

U.P.S.! GOT A PACKAGE FOR YA. SIGN HERE.

OH...

RING, RING, RING!

WAS IT THE FOOT, SUCKA?

NO, IT WAS A BAMBOO STEAMER I ORDERED THROUGH THE TV...

...LOOK—I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' ON, BUT I DIDN'T SEND YOU NO EAR! I SENT A FOOT AND YOU DIDN'T GET IT—I'LL GET BACK TO YOU AFTER I CHECK WITH U.P.S.

RING, RING, RING!
NOW WHAT?

DID YOU RECEIVE MY EAR, MY DARLING?

WHAT? WHO IS THIS?

...THIS IS YOUR SECRET ADMIRER AND I LOVE YOU AND JUST LIKE VINCENT VAN GOGH, I HAVE CUT OFF MY EAR AND HAVE SENT IT TO THE ONE I LOVE—YOU!

...BUT YOU'RE A GUY!

CONTINUED

RICK GEARY
©1984

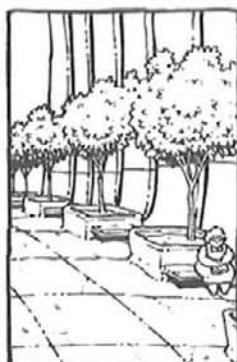
**THIS MONTH:
A MYSTERIOUS
LADY**



HERE'S A LADY
SUPPOSEDLY OUT FOR A
DAY OF SHOPPING.



LET'S FOLLOW HER AND
SEE WHAT SHE REALLY
DOES.



FIRST OFF, FOR NO
DISCERNIBLE REASON, A
SOLID HOUR SITTING HERE.



WHAT MAKES HER BOARD
THE No. 25 BUS AT THIS
PARTICULAR MOMENT?



IT TAKES HER CLEAR OUT
TO THE THRIFT-STORE ON
ROUTE 74.



DO YOU THINK SHE
KNOWS SHE'S BEING
FOLLOWED?



A SINGLE PURCHASE!
WHAT ON EARTH CAN IT
BE?



FOR SOME REASON, SHE
RETURNS TO HER HOME.



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE
SHE'S DOING NOW?

**Maunt Mary's
KITCHEN**

M.K. BROWN ©1984

**GOOD AFTERNOON!
THE WORLD HAS NOW CHANGED.
SOME SAY FOR THE BETTER.**

**NOT FIVE MINUTES AGO
A HUGE SILVER DISC
APPEARED IN THE SKY!
IT IS HOVERING DIRECTLY
OVER CENTER BLVD.
EVERYTHING IS VIBRATING!
EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED.**

**INSIDE THE CRAFT ARE DOZENS OF SMALL
IRIDESCENT PEOPLE WITH PEAR-SHAPED BODIES,
PLAINLY VISIBLE TO ALL BELOW!**

**WHAT
CAN WE
MAKE
OF THIS?**

**LET'S HEAR
WHAT OTHERS
HAVE TO SAY.**

**I SAY IT'S
FOR THE
BETTER!**

*I'm
very
worried*

**HELP!
I'M VIBRATING**

*I think it's
wonderful
what people
can do these
days.*

**WHAT
DO THEY
WANT?**

MEANWHILE, IN THE KOFFEE KLATCH.

**DIANE,
LET'S GET
MARRIED!**

**HELP!
I CAN'T THINK!**

**WHAT
A DAY**

NEXT MONTH: MAN OVERBOARD

the Adventures of **HERCULES** amongst the North Americans © 1984 MR. MAR EK

as legend would have it, Hercules checks his baggage for flight 341 to California

I'm sorry, sir, but you're only allowed 50 pounds

courteous service, Olympian-sized meals
Gratis

GADZOOKS!!

TOO CLOSE TO THE SUN!! SURELY OUR WINGS WILL MELT!

BASH!
What the hell

as HERCULES struggles with the crew, the jet swerves recklessly, hitting a small commuter plane...

FLIGHT 341 COME IMMEDIATELY
I HEAR YOU, OH GREAT APOLLO! I implore thee... guide us in on your winged chariots

It's too late, the wings are melting! Abandon ship!

As masterly as any that Hercules ever made along the Aegean coast during the Age of Falafelonus

A MAGNIFICENT DIVE!

Watch those rocks!

once again the gods have chosen to gaze favorably upon the mighty Hercules, sparing him for even more challenging exploits

TIMBERLAND TALES

by B.K. Taylor



DOCTOR ROGERS

KATHLEEN

MAURICE

CONSTABLE TOM

THE DOCTOR

THE BOSS

DOES CALM HIM

BLUNDED TO LIVE

A SMALL AMOUNT OF

DRINK GAINING

EXCITEMENT IS IN THE AIR IN TIMBERLAND AS ONE OF THE LARGER TOWNS BEGINS ITS CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION. PEOPLE ARE DRAWN FROM MILES AROUND AND DR. ROGERS, KATHLEEN, CONSTABLE TOM, AND MAURICE ARE NO EXCEPTION. THE RIDE TO THE FESTIVITIES HAS BEEN ONE FILLED WITH ANTICIPATION.



THE CAR COMES TO A STOP AS WE HEAR...

...OKAY, WE'LL BE BACK TO PICK YOU UP AT NINE O'CLOCK. HAVE FUN!

YOU BET!

BE CAREFUL!



THE TWO HAPPEN UPON A LADY OF THE EVENING, WHO MOMENTARILY PANICS AT THE SIGHT OF THE CONSTABLE'S UNIFORM.

...AH... HEY! LOOK, OFFICER, DON'T GET THE WRONG IDEA. THIS ISN'T WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!

I, UMM... AIN'T YOU GONNA SAY NOTHING?

OH, I GET IT! YOU WANT A FREEBIE, RIGHT? ... I SAID RIGHT?

THE SILENT TYPE, EH?



GETTING NO RESPONSE FROM THE CONSTABLE, SHE DRAWS HER OWN CONCLUSIONS AND ESCORTS THE BOYS UPSTAIRS.

C'MON, YOU GUYS. YOU KNOW, I STILL THINK IT'S SICK TO BRING A KID ALONG. BUT I'LL PLAY YOUR GAME.

WHAT GAME?



ONCE IN THE ROOM

LOOK, I HAVE TO FRESHEN UP SO TAKE YOUR CLOTHES OFF, SHERLOCK - AND I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

TAKE OUR CLOTHES OFF?



THE TWO ADVENTURERS DO AS THEY'RE TOLD, UNWARE THAT THEIR NEW FRIEND HAS MADE A PERMANENT EXIT.

DIS IS SOME KIN' STRANGE CENTENNIAL, EH, CONSTABLE?



TIME PASSES.

I SIGH. DIS IS BORING.

HEY! LOOK AT DIS!

A TREASURE CHEST!



WOW! LOOK AT DIS STUFF! WE CAN PLAY STAR WARRIORS! 'ERE, TRY SOME DIS STUFF ON!



SO THE FRIENDS TRY OUT THEIR NEWFOUND TOYS...

...AND LOOK 'ERE, A RUBBER LADY! WE CAN MAKE 'ER DA PRINCESS OF DA EMPIRE!

YOU'RE STRONG, YOU BLOW 'ER UP, OKAY?



LATER

I THINK MAYBE DAT'S ENOUGH...



DATS ENOUGH!



IT'S NINE O'CLOCK, AND DR. ROGERS AND KATHLEEN ARE WAITING IN THE CAR, CHATTING, AS MAURICE AND THE CONSTABLE ENTER....

WASN'T THE PARADE JUST WONDERFUL?

...YES! AND THOSE CLOWNS WERE SO - OH LOOK! HERE THEY ARE! WELL, LADS, DID YOU HAVE ...



...A GOOD TIME?

YEAH! LOOK WHAT WE FOUND! BUT I CAN'T GET DIS RUBBER LADY OFF MINE 'EAD!



Find a New Nickname for the Big Apple

NEW YORK, NEW YORK. THE city so noisy they named it twice, land of broken dreams and glass, has for some inexplicable reason been dubbed the Big Apple. "More like the big, the big, the, you know, sleepy, good night, everybody," mumbles Tom the Bucket, an old acquaintance, as he moves his possessions (comb, cracker pieces, bits of string) into a spanking new Chem-Bank-financed cardboard box near Times Square.

Suggestions around the office include "Scumville," "The Big Hunk of Streetmeat," "Glenn Eichler, U.S.A.," and "San Juan." Knowing that there must be more fertile ideas out in the heartland, we turn to you.

"You gotta be in it to win it, gotta be in it," eerily croons Tom the Bucket, waving his arms wildly while attempting a variation on an odd Appalachian clog dance. Take this stellar folk poet's advice, and enter today.

Outerwear Riot!

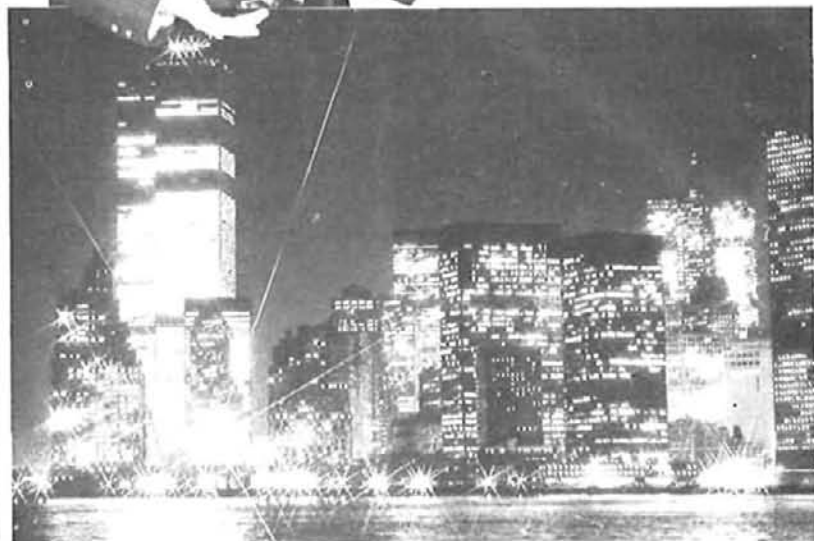


NOTHING LIKE LOVIN' like somethin' from the oven, so we'll be sure to heat up this new *National Lampoon* Black Sox baseball jacket before sending it to the winner of this contest. This prize has it all—fabric, lining, snaps, sleeves—and will probably cause a windfall of entries heretofore undreamed of, at least by common houseplants.



"Won't you please help me and my town? I'm so frazzled I can't decide what TV show to appear on next."

—New York Mayor
Edward I. Koch



New York at night: A city skyline searches bravely for a nickname that can measure up to its famous mixture of Squalor, Hypocrisy, Filth, and Greed. And, of course, a little thing called Hope—crushed to death under the wheels of a speeding F train last Thursday.

I'VE KNOCKED MY SOCKS OFF TO COME UP WITH A NEW NICKNAME FOR NEW York, and here it is. If chosen, I pledge to silk-screen it on T-shirts until I go broke.

New nickname for New York _____

New nickname for Boston (optional) _____

Your nickname as a child (for security reasons) _____

Which agency do you feel Mayor Koch should sign with to help him serve our city better:

William Morris ICM

Send to: Apple a Day
National Lampoon
655 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

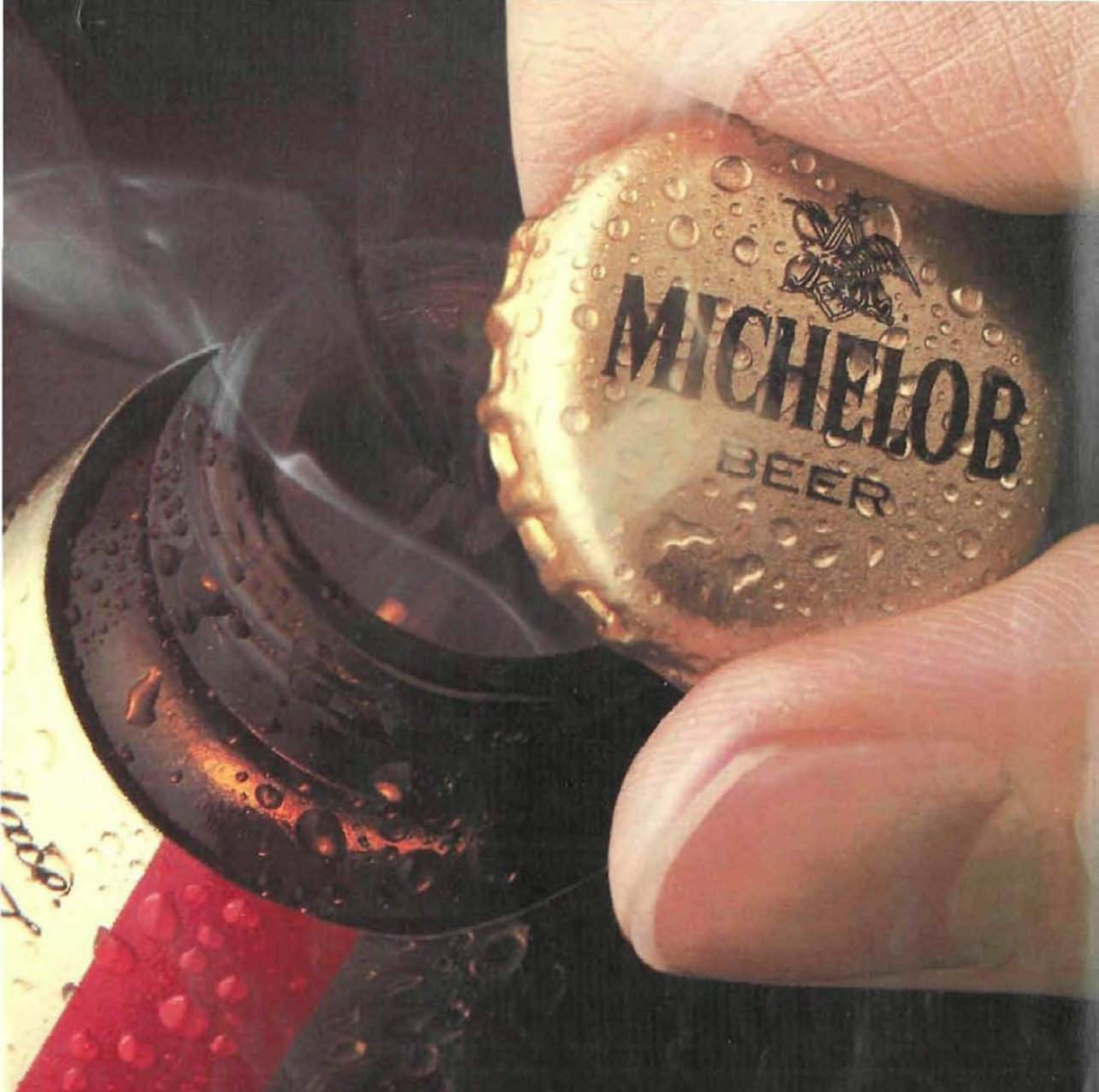
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

McCall's Gravy!
Ken McCall of Ocala, Florida, has won Contest #27 and hisself a Casio PT-50 to play and leave out in the hot sun. Who Ken McCall a nicer winner?



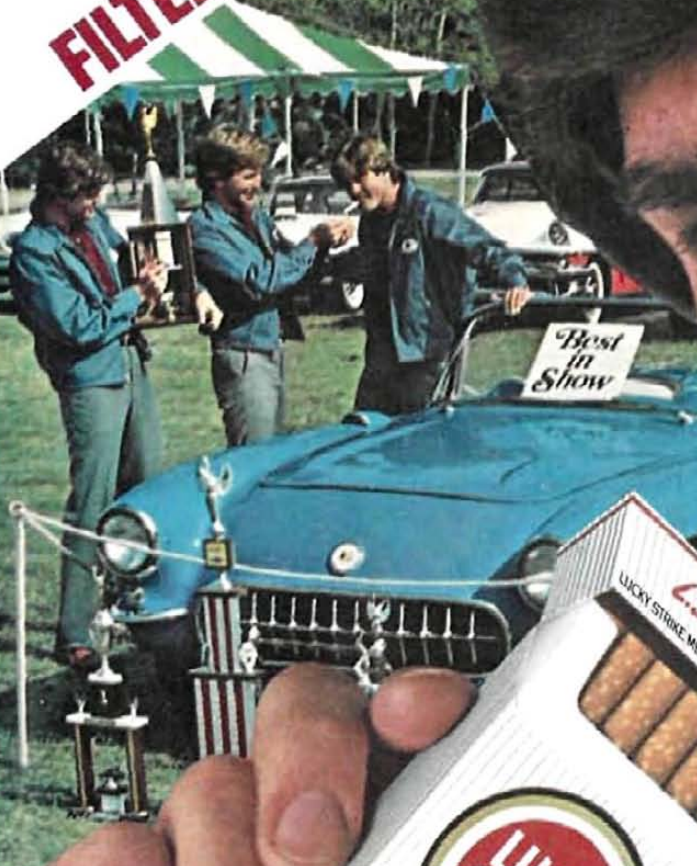
Music To The Michelob® Drinker's Ear.

The sound of a Michelob being opened may escape the attention of most beer drinkers. But it does not go unsung by the Michelob drinker.

The suggestive tone created as the bottle is uncapped and the Michelob begins to breathe has the impact of an overture on the astute listener. Because Michelob drinkers know that this is just the beginning of a very smooth and mellow experience. Just as surely as they know...

Some things speak for themselves™

**IT'S
FILTERED!**



LUCKY STRIKES AGAIN

12 mg "tar", 1.0 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Also available in soft pack

*The filter says mild.
The name says taste.*

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