

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

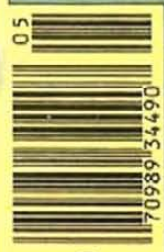
© WPS 34490

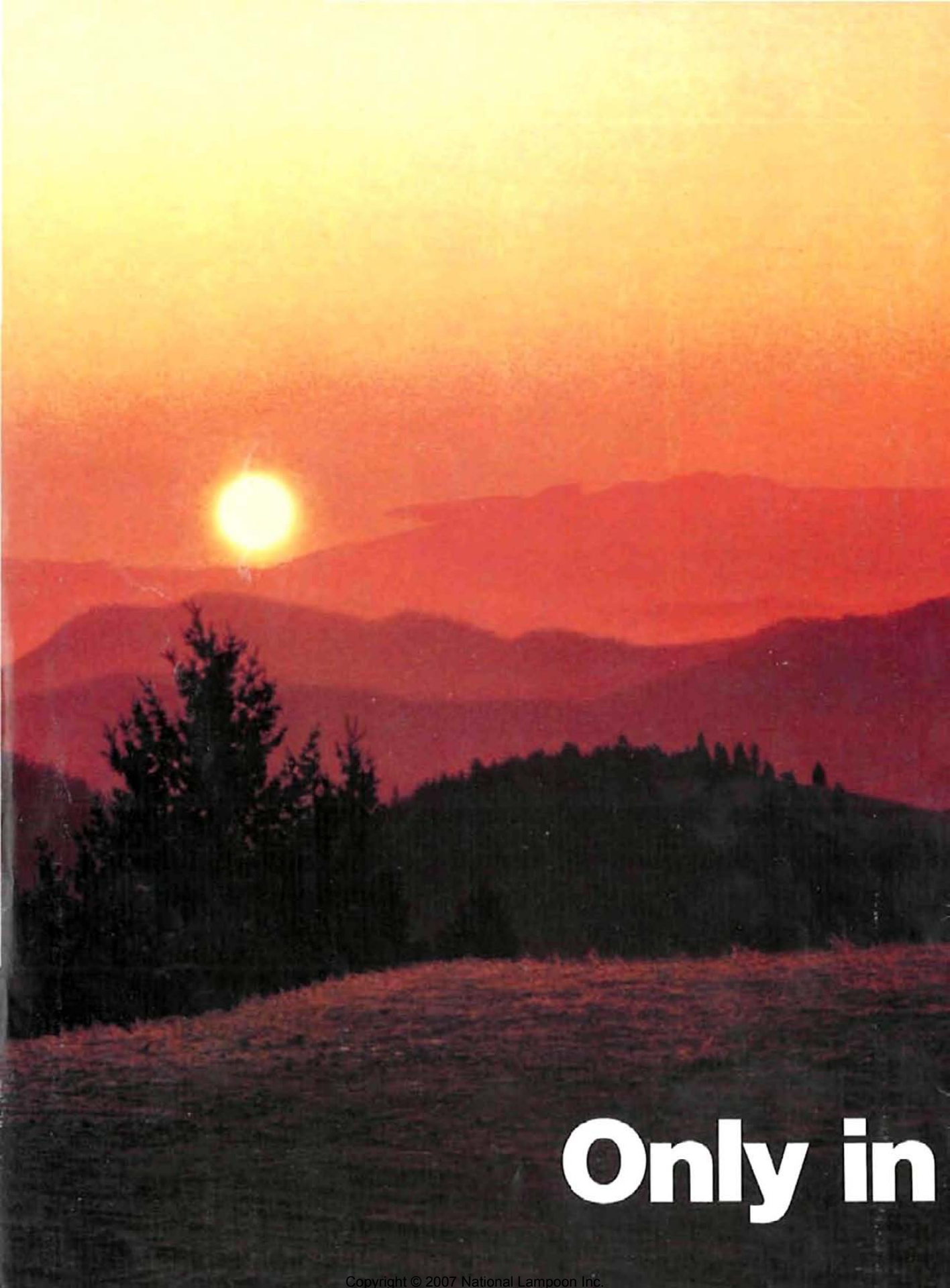
MAY 1984 • THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS • \$2.00

BASEBALL 1984 PREVIEW



Pete Rose Hustles After Ty Cobb's Record





Only in



a Jeep.®

Jeep CJ



Break tradition.

Drink Ronrico Rum instead.

Face it, you already know what your usual rum, gin and vodka have to offer.

Just try one drink mixed with Ronrico, and you'll realize what you've been missing.

Ronrico is superbly smooth and light. With a surprisingly distinctive flavor that's bound to win you over.

Isn't it time you broke tradition with Ronrico Rum?

RONRICO RUM & ROSE'S LIME JUICE

5 parts Ronrico Rum
1 part Rose's lime juice
Shake with ice cubes. Pour
into an on the rocks glass.
Add a thin slice of lime.



RONRICO RUM & ROSE'S LIME JUICE

May 1984
Vol. 2, No. 70

6

Editorial

10

**Letters from
the Editors**

12

**Capital
Punishment
Is Not Just
a Bowl of
Cherries**

By T. J. Englander



16

**Ronald Reagan,
Pen Pal (Part 3)**

By Lee Frank



23

**Time
of the Month**

28

Foto Funnies

31

Off the Subject

By Sean Kelly
Illustrated by
Rick Meyerowitz



32

Eggboiler

By Paul Proch
and Charles Kaufman
Illustrated by
Matt Mahurin



38

Hello Jesus

By Fred Graver
Illustrated by
Philip Scheuer
Photographed by
Jon Fisher

40

PT-69

By Sean Kelly
and Fred Graver
Illustrated by
Kevin Nowlan



49

**The
Whole Earth
Catalog of
Sex Tools,
Software,
Hardware**

By Gerald Sussman
Photographs by FPG

56

Alleluia!

Illustrated by
Kinuko Craft

58

**Out of
Write Field**

By Will Jacobs
and Gerard Jones
Illustrated by
Martin Kozlowski

61

**Glenn Eichler's
All-Star
Magic Tips**

Illustrated by
Charles Burns

62

**Swing into
Spring**

By Sean Kelly
and Bill Rieser



67

**Where Were
You on the Day
Thurman
Munson Died?**

By Charlie Rubin
Illustrated by
Steve Salerno

72

**The
All-American
Barbie
Dreamhouse
Theater**

By Kevin Curran
and Peter Gaffney
Photographed by
Robert Lewis



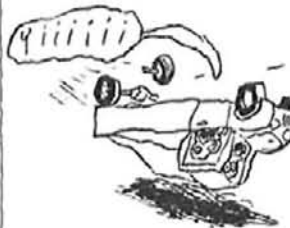
77

True Section

Edited by
John Bendel

83

Funny Pages



90

**NatLamp
Contest #32**

By Kevin Curran
and Peter Gaffney

Choose Your Own Editorial

EDITORIAL ASSIGNMENT: DREA-ry run-of-the-mill routine, or showcase for brilliance? If you choose to be run-of-the-mill, proceed to 1. If you choose to be brilliant, proceed to 5.

1. Good distribution is an essential element in successful magazine publishing. When it's good, distribution delivers magazines to newsstands powerfully, efficiently, and silently. When it's bad, it's just as powerful, efficient, and silent, only the magazines aren't there. If you think distribution is the go-go, fast-track publishing area of the eighties, proceed to 6. If you think there's got to be something more to life than this, proceed to 7.

2. It's a fact that Ronald Reagan didn't see a Negro until he was twenty-eight years old, roaming the back lot at Warners. "My God, look what special effects can do!" Reagan exclaimed. If you think running against Jesse Jackson would change him psychologically, proceed to 11. If you think it wouldn't change him one bit, proceed to 13.

3. The balance of power is what makes

this country and its government run as smoothly, efficiently, and powerfully as it does—as if we weren't dealing with a government but with some advanced form of magazine distribution. It is the electorate that, ultimately, controls that balance of power, and it is the electorate that will tell us one very important thing: THERE'S ONLY ONE WHITE MAN IN THIS COUNTRY WHO CAN BEAT RONALD REAGAN IN '84: FRED MACMURRAY!! If you think MacMurray should run for president, proceed to 8. If you think he should settle for a vice-presidential berth, proceed to 9. **4.** Someone once said, "It's people who put the bacon in your pocket." And it's true: people who like to work, people who like to slack off, people who need their palms greased from time to time, people who know how to take a little kickback under the table. Treat 'em right, and they'll lick your fingers, they say. Run-of-the-mill? Certainly. Routine? Why not? People—that's the magic of it all.

5. After careful consideration, the *National Lampoon* is prepared to announce its endorsement for president in 1984. We at *NatLamp* proudly en-

dorse the Jesse Jackson-Prince ticket. We feel that Jackson offers the kind of vision, leadership, and guts it takes to pull this country out of the quagmire, while Prince is just downright scary. If you agree with us that this would be a good thing for the country, proceed to 2. If you're too scared to go on, proceed to 3.

6. Magazine distribution offers unseen opportunities as a go-go, fast-lane publishing area of the eighties. Why? It's traditional, and yet state-of-the-art. It's a business for people who like people, but not especially glamorous people, just people who are good at lifting big bales of newsprint, or lifting figures from the red into the black. If after seriously considering this opportunity, you think that the magic element in magazine distribution is people, proceed to 4. If you think you'd be better off with trained animals to do your dirty work, turn to 10.

7. Of course there's a better way—the LampWay! Here's how it works: If you're a steady reader of the *National Lampoon*, we'll send you a handy sales kit, enabling you to sell the *National Lampoon* directly to your friends and neighbors. But wait! The big bucks

STAFF

Editorial Chief
L. Dennis Plunkett

Senior Editor
Sean Kelly

Managing Editor
Glenn Eichler

Editor
Kevin Curran
Peter Gaffney
Fred Graver

Copy Editor
Diane Giddis

Editorial Assistant
Carol Epstein

Contributing Editors

John Bendel
Tod Carroll
Leslie Fuller
John Hughes
Al Jean
Mitchell Kriegman
Tod Mann
Chris Miller
Bill Moseley
Michael Reiss
Brian Shelton
Dave Yuro Spector
Ed Sabitzky
Gerald Sherman
Dave Tynan
John Weidman
Ellis Weiner

Art Director
Michael Grossman

Assistant Art Directors
Michael O. Delevante
Marianne Gaffney
Timothy McCarthy

Art Assistant
Tracey L. Glick

Contributing Artists

Ron Barrett
M. K. Brown
John Caldwell
Bruce Cochran
Shary Flemming
Rick Gray
Bill Griffith
Sam Gross
Ron Hauge
Robert Mankoff
Mark Marek
Rick Meyersowitz
Mimi Pond
Bob Rukita
Charles Rodrigues
Philip Scheuer
Mick Stevens
B. K. Taylor
P. C. Vey

Publisher
Julian L. Weber

Advertising Director
Seena Harris Parker

Production Director
Camille Russo

Press Coordinator/Office Manager
Barbara Sabatino

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

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

Chairman/Executive Committee
Leonard Meget

Senior Vice-President
George S. Agostia

Vice-President, Advertising Sales
Seena Harris Parker

Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales
Howard Iurofsky

Controller
Debra A. Bruno

ADVERTISING OFFICES, NEW YORK: Corinne Adams, Patricia A. Wilburter, Account Managers, National Lampoon, 633 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022 (212) 608-4070. **MIDWEST:** The Gauchier Company, Inc., Brox Plaza, 405 N. Wabash, Suite 4509, Chicago, IL 60611 (312) 670-6800. **WEST COAST:** Frank LaVerne & Associates, 922 Crenshaw Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90009 (213) 952-1742. **SOUTH:** Brown & Company, 5110 Roswell Rd., Marietta, GA 30067 (404) 998-2889.

NATIONAL LAMPOON MAGAZINE (ISSN 0027-9587): Published monthly by NI Communications, Inc. "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of NI Communications, Inc. The *Lampoon* name is used with the permission of The Harvard Lampoon, Inc. Copyright © 1984 NI Communications, Inc., 633 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** \$17.95 paid annual subscription, \$17.95 paid two-year subscription, and \$24.95 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$3.00 outside territorial U.S. Second class postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscribers please send change of address to Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 633 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change to take effect. **POSTMASTER:** Please address changes to: Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 633 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022.

ADVERTISING INFORMATION: Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 633 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022, or call (212) 608-4070. Features of the *National Lampoon True Section* include incidents, situations, and products depicted or described in the editorial pages of *National Lampoon* are fictional, and any similarity, without intent, of characters portrayed therein to living persons is coincidental. The editors of *National Lampoon* accept reader submissions of photos, clippings, and other items for inclusion in the *National Lampoon True Section* upon receipt these items because the editors of *National Lampoon* do not accept any unsolicited manuscripts or art. The publisher assumes no liability for return of unsolicited material. We apologize for this policy, but our staff is too small to cope with the volume of material we receive.

CAMEL LIGHTS



9 mg tar.

Camel Lights.
Low tar.
Camel taste.

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

don't come from selling the *National Lampoon* to others. If you want to find out where the big bucks come from, proceed to 12. If you think you'd be better off getting trained animals to do your dirty work, proceed to 10.

8. Fred the Head, All the Way! All of his qualifications for the presidency are impeccable. Leadership? You ever see him lead the college team to that inspired victory in *The Absent-Minded Professor*? (Which also brings up his ability to promote research, industrial growth, and high-tech industries.) Diplomacy? Anyone who can settle a fight between Chip and Ernie can settle the hash between the Jews and the Arabs. In touch with the people? Heck, the guy's been riding the Greyhound Trail for the last five years. Go for it, MacMurray!

9. "No, no, no, no, no." Fred would say, shaking his head, upon hearing that he had been nominated for president. Then he'd ask the entire Democratic convention to sit down for a moment in his living room: "Hey, Chip, ask Uncle Charlie to come in for a minute, will you? I'd like to explain how things work around here." Yes, Fred's the vice-presidential type, and he'd be the first to admit it.

10. To market, to market, to buy a fat pig... So the old song goes. Who knew that, in the early twentieth century, magazine publisher extraordinaire Stewart Davis would join forces with Arnold Ziffel, vaudeville's most popular pig (and grandfather of the "Green

Acres" star), to found Ziffel-Davis Publishing, an outfit that still operates today through the secret magic of having trained pigs deliver magazines to newsstands? Let *The New Yorker* keep its pack of trained seals (which has kept *The New Yorker* on top for a long time, but then it only has to worry about a small area of the country); pigs do the trick for us!

11. Jesse Jackson, as a presidential candidate bearing down hard on Ronald Reagan, just might penetrate the seemingly impenetrable barrier around our leader enough to cause a nightmare or two. Nominating Jackson-Prince in '84 would be worth it, if only to cause Reagan to wake up in a cold sweat, screaming, "Don't boil me, Jesse! Stop beating those drums, Martin! I'll never call you people Communist again!"

12. The big bucks come from the *National Lampoon merchandise*, man! Now that I think about it, maybe you're not LampWay material, after all. Go back to the trained animals.

13. WHOA! One of the dangers inherent in the Choose Your Own Editorial is that sometimes you get zapped. Too bad—you are working for Jesse Jackson and Prince when, suddenly, an unmarked FBI car cruises by and runs you all over. Your last thought is "I knew this was going to be scary—really, really scary." —F. G.

Choose your own cover: If you think a humor magazine cover should have

something to do with something inside the humor magazine it covers, turn to page 1 and say **Steve Brodner** three times fast.

If you think a humor magazine cover should be humorous in and of itself, perhaps a bit seasonal, maybe even a tad blasphemous, turn to page 56, and thank **Kinuko Craft** while facing in the general direction of Connecticut.

Or, if you feel a humor magazine cover needn't feature the content of the magazine, or humor, but rather highlight the lactose-producing protuberances of certain primates of the childbearing gender in living color or, better yet, bas-relief, please turn to four out of five of the past year's covers and wonder aloud at the vicissitudes of the magazine marketplace. —M. G.

The Wandering Jew and Still Graver

Matters By far the most popular, controversial, and downright beautiful piece ever run in these pages was, without doubt, last issue's parody comic, *Tintin in Lebanon*. Unfortunately, a Shiite negative stripper at our printing plant disagreed, and somehow "neglected" to include the credits of author **Fred Graver** and artist **Cliff Jew!** To make matters worse, when Stigwood's people got hot for the movie rights, they didn't know whom to call! So, Bob (and Pia, and all of you *Tintin in Lebanon* fans out there), send those cards, letters, kudos, and contracts to Cliff and Fred. You're welcome.

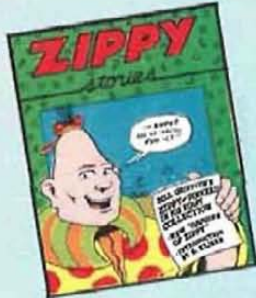


"All right, so I made a mistake."

ZIPPY

LAST GASP of SAN FRANCISCO Presents

...I JUST
INVADED
JERSEY CITY!!



Bill Griffith's

ZIPPY STORIES
160 pgs. The Collected Pinhead. Includes intro by B. Kliban, interview, "Origins of Zippy" & much more! Back in print!
\$8.95

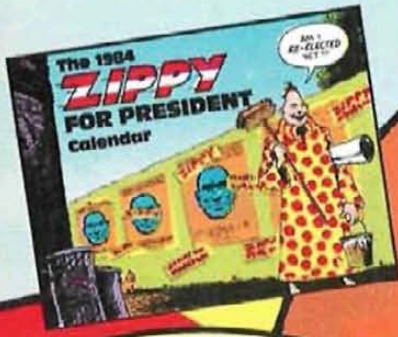
FREE BUTTON
with Orders over \$10!!



BUTTONS

Zippy
ENVELOPES

ZIP-ACCESSORIES



NEW!

THE 1984 ZIPPY FOR PRESIDENT CALENDAR
Is he re-elected yet? You want a cabinet post?
\$6.95



ZIPPY T-SHIRT Put a real Pinhead in the Oval Office!
Sizes S, M, L, XL
\$9.95

NEW!



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

Cal. Res. must add 6 1/2% sales tax.

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

<input type="checkbox"/> Zippy Book \$8.95	<input type="checkbox"/> '84 Calendar \$6.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 7 Buttons \$7.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Yow Hat \$7.95
<input type="checkbox"/> 4-Color "T" \$9.95	<input type="checkbox"/> Zip-4-Prez "T" \$9.95
State T-Shirt size. S M L XL	<input type="checkbox"/> 12 Envelopes \$6.00

(Add \$1 Shipping per order)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total enclosed \$ _____ MAIL TO:
NL, 635 MADISON AVE., N.Y., N.Y. 10022



© 1984 Bill Griffith

Send \$1 for complete ZIPPY CATALOG

SIRS: WHO BUYS THE RETAIL products in this country? Who consumes this nation's restaurant meals? Who fills the seats at movies and cultural events from coast to coast? Who consults medical and legal professionals from one end of this great land to the other? And who provides the muscle and brainpower to keep America's goods and services flowing to a hungry world?

It's the men and women of the PWPP, that's who!

Merle E. Kins
President
People with Parking Places, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

What's all the fuss about those miniature Japanese "capsule" hotels? We Chinese had to go miniature years ago. In fact, we went *microscopic*. Those things in Peking that look like tele-

phone booths are really luxury *high rises*. We've converted our garbage containers into lofts, and our sewers double as underground shopping malls. When we say "over a billion served" we *mean* it.

Dung Chiao-Down
Minister of Making Things Fit
People's Republic of China

Sirs:

Believe it or not, Burt Reynolds doesn't know that he's bald. A team of makeup men carefully attach a toupee to his head every morning before he wakes up, and he is drugged every night so they can remove it. They have to do this because he vowed that he would stop working when he lost all his hair, and they want to keep him going. But he's always looking in the mirror and saying, "What's wrong with my hair? It looks like a cheap rug."

Loni Anderson
Hollywood Hills

Sirs:

Hey, reading the *National Enquirer* kinda rang a bell. Y'know, I was a Senate page a few years ago, and, y'know, lotsa senators were hittin' on me. Really.

I can't remember any of their names, but I know I could pick 'em out of a lineup. Really.

Lana Ludes
c/o William Morris Agency
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

As a refrigerator magnet I must protest. I can hold a couple of phone memos or a *Woman's Day* cartoon without any trouble. Even a C.Z. Guest gardening tip is no real hassle. But this overblown report card is more than any ceramic banana can take. I'm slowly sliding to the floor. If I don't get some kind of federal assistance in a real hurry I'll drop to the No-Wax tiles before the sun sets, at the mercy of the first pair of Nikes to need a glass of milk. You get the picture?

Happy Nanner
The Hendersons' kitchen

Sirs:

I throw a mean slider, a wicked fast-ball, and a change-up that keeps 'em guessing. The only trouble is I don't have a punch line for this joke. Do you have a punch line? I don't. I wish I had a punch line for this joke. Wait—here's a punch line to a punch line: Where did Jim Jones's disciples stand? Answer: On the punch line! Get it? They were all waiting to drink the punch of death that would kill them all.

Abie Mittens
Seabreeze, R.I.

Sirs:

If Jerry's father were Monty Hall, I think this whole Rolling Stones baby thing would be more interesting. They could trade the kid for something behind the curtain and maybe it wouldn't have big lips. In fact, none of the prizes have had big lips lately.

Monty Hall Fan
Tarzana, Calif.

Sirs:

We understand you write magazine parodies. Could you write a parody of *Modern Protestant Churchman*? We Protestant ministers would find it quite amusing in our own quiet, dignified, sepulchral way.

Rev. Anthony Diggs
Church of St. Stephen's
P.S. If you wanted to add some "zing" to the feature, a center foldout showing the pope being boned up the ass by an aardvark would be quite acceptable to us.

Sirs:

We are a bunch of organ transplants writing to you from inside the body of John Wayne. That's right, we killed the fucker. What we did was destabilize his metabolism over the years. It was easy—we are organs. Don't fuck with us.

A Bunch of Organs
John Wayne
Hell



Sirs:

You want to know why we're so dependable? We know that if we break down they'll send us to that smelly bald guy, and he'll tell us a bunch of old stupid jokes and make us listen to his crummy impression of Sid Caesar. Then it's lights out and time for the slide show of his 1956 vacation to Bora Bora, complete with a story about how he was stung by a man-of-war. Finally he'll soap up the old intake hoses and sodomize us, giving us the syphilis he caught twelve years ago from a lady wrestler in Rapid City. No thanks. We'd actually prefer to wash your clothes.

The Maytags
In your basement

Sirs:

When Chevy Chase wants to listen to his Sony Walkman, he puts on his grapefruitphones. Is it just me or does his head resemble a grapefruit?

Jim Knottybuckle
Lima, S.C.

Sirs:

My parents are really mad at me. Sec, they bought me a puppy, Bowser, for my birthday. And Mommy told me to train him. So I took him outside and said, "Bowser, speak," and he didn't. Then I took him for a walk and said, "Bowser, heel," and he didn't. So I took him inside and put him in the oven and said, "Bowser, bake," and he did. Then Daddy beat me up.

Bobby Fitzpatrick
Oakville, Pa.

Sirs:

What's the scoop on the so-called romance between Laraine Newman and David Letterman? Is it true she had a nose job so she'd look more Presbyterian for "the funniest white man in late-night television"?

A Fan
Snickers, Pa.

Sirs:

Is it just me, or does anyone else think that Pee-Wee Herman is really just Jerry Lewis on speed?

Arnold K. Coaster
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sirs:

Guess what. When I wrote *Moby Dick* I was thinking about the popular cereal hero Cap'n Crunch. The whale was the spoon I was using to scoop up all the crunchy goodness in the bowl. Did I fool you? I'm sorry.

Herman Melville
Cereal-box heaven

Sirs:

Do you rush pell-mell through the Letters section? Well, use me to take a break. Just relax. Put your feet up on the couch. Tell your girlfriend to fetch you a cold beer, and just lie back. There, doesn't that feel good? Take your time. Read every word two or maybe three times. There's no hurry at all. Feeling better now? Good. That's what I'm here for. Anytime you want to just take it easy and kick back, turn to me.

A Really Relaxing Letter

Sirs:

I write all of my novels around cold cereal. *Breakfast at Tiffany's* was based on my research into a box of Froot Loops. Now I'm writing one called *In Cold Milk*. I am not a flake, I am a box of flakes.

Truman Capote
Ninnyville, Calif.

Sirs:

A foolproof way to tell which girls really do it and which ones don't is to watch them do the Hokey-Pokey. When the announcer croons "Put your ass in, and shake it all about," the virgins just walk in and walk out while the action

chicks do a total fandango. This method really works. Now all you've got to do is find some place where they play the Hokey-Pokey.

Bill Carlton
Ames, Iowa

Sirs:

Frank Perdue is a war criminal! Perdue worked in a concentration camp, skinning the inmates alive, cutting their legs and breasts off, and wrapping them up in cellophane. After the war, he worked for the CIA, informing on all of Europe's bad eggs. This man must be deported! Right away! Hurry!

Chuck Paramount
Cooperstown, N.Y.

Sirs:

If you can tense up your muscles and let someone punch you in the stomach, do you have the right stuff? How about if you can swallow a tablespoon of Tabasco sauce without taking a drink of water? Outstaring all your friends in blinking contests? Please let me know. I must have the right stuff.

Rick Labatts
Coming, Nebr.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27)

DR. MCGILlicuddy's
MENTHOLMINT SCHNAPPS

"Schnapps
never tasted
so cool."

Product of Canada 66° Liqueur Imported by Geneva Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y., N.Y.



Erma Bombeck examines the tragedy of crime, capital punishment, and unclogging the washer.

Capital Punishment Is Not Just a Bowl of Cherries

BY T. J. ENGLANDER

ON THE LANGUID EVENING OF July 17, 1980, Roger Ellis Brown entered a convenience store in Tampa, Florida, and demanded money from the night clerk, Celia Marshall. Before Mrs. Marshall—devoted wife and mother of five—could act, Brown produced a .38-caliber revolver and fired, killing her instantly. As she lay bleeding on the floor, Brown collected six dollars from the register and fled the store.

He was later captured, convicted, and sentenced to death.

In the following account, America's most noted female author and columnist, Erma Bombeck, grapples with the controversial issues that color American crime and punishment.

ONE MORNING DURING BREAKFAST MY husband and I chatted about the death penalty.

"Do you think capital punishment is fair?" he asked me.

"Does the Man from Glad zip-lock his lunches?" I said dryly. "Does Ken love Barbie? Does the air conditioning only work in the winter? Does the—"

"Yes, dear. I agree. But should the state be setting this kind of example? I mean, the electric chair. What about our kids?"

"Personally, I think the chair would do them some good," I chirped.

"You do have a point there. And it would cut down on the dental bills."

Now don't get me wrong. Murderers scare the dickens out of me, and I've encountered some pretty scary

characters, including vengeful meter maids, shifty furniture deliverymen, and washer repairmen who spoke a foreign language. But none could compete with this Brown fellow.

Neighbors tell me he was a cold man, a "2" on the electric blanket. Some say he sent his shirts out to be defrosted. The fact is, he came from the wrong side of the cul-de-sac. Friends say he was a criminal from day one, recalling the times he'd return his library books early but white out the due dates. Sometimes he'd photograph relatives while they had food in their mouths. And one day he was caught in a neighbor's yard, encouraging the weeds to grow.

On the day of the murder, Brown apparently went off the deep end. In court, a key witness said he'd seen Brown drinking heavily that day; another testified that Brown was especially loud and bellicose. Still a third witness said he'd spotted Brown selling insurance. That was the clincher.

THE MURDER HAPPENED FOUR YEARS ago, but the pain and anger live on at the Marshall home, where I had dinner with the family one night.

"All I ask is an eye for an eye!" bellowed Mr. Marshall, the bereaved husband.

"Or at least a new toaster," chimed in a young gum-chewing lad.

"How 'bout a videocassette recorder," said the youngest.

"Quiet, children," said their father, who, now sobbing, continued. "She was an extraordinary lady. She did things that touched all our hearts. Cooked our meals, walked the dog, did the wash, made the beds, answered the phone, balanced the checkbook."

"A noble woman," I said dryly.

Mr. Marshall then broke down over two photos he was holding. One showed Celia flossing the dog's teeth, and the other captured her rearranging the Tupperware. It was a sad night for all.

Those pictures were a far cry from the snapshots taken right after the murder. I visited the police photographer, Flash Morton.

"Oh yeah. I remember!" he said, jiggling the beads around his neck. "Mrs. Marshall. Yep, great lady. Good subject. Little too somber, maybe, but I tell ya, boy, could she pose!"

He showed me some shots of the lifeless body standing behind the counter.

"How did you prop her up?" I asked.

"Stack of Big Gulps—trick of the trade. Here, look at this shot—here she is, hole in her head and all, lookin'

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. 584
 635 Madison Avenue
 New York, N.Y. 10022

New York residents, please add 8 1/2 percent sales tax.

Polo shirts available in:



White

Blue

Yellow



Green

Gray

Camel

Sweaters available in:



Gray

Black

Frog logo
 by cartoonist
 Sam Gross

straight at that poster of McGruff the Crime Dog. Million-to-one shot! Note that there contrast with the pastels of the soft-serve!"

"You do good work," I said dryly.

"Thanks. I take pride in my still lifes. Here, wanna see some good rape/mutilation portraits?"

"Um, no thanks. Have to pick up the kids at school."

"Oh, school! Reminds me. Here! Look at these here shots of a school-bus/airplane collision. Great contrasts!"

THE TRIAL WAS A SWIFT ONE, MAINLY because the judge was one of those millions of women who's a "serial-aholic," the district attorney one of those millions of men who's an "out-door nut," and the court-appointed defense attorney one of those millions of mothers who's constantly plagued by her children.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Your Honor, we seek the death penalty, and we'll take as much time as necessary to present our case.

JUDGE: Is that why you're dressed in wading boots and have a can of insect repellent strapped to your face?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Well, Your Honor, the bass are running.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY: Objection, Your Honor! I have just as much reason to leave. My husband just called to tell me the kids sent the dog out to be dry-cleaned; the principal called to tell me our girl fed a kindergarten to the pet boa; and my five-year-old just called to tell me the facts of life!

JUDGE: Objection sustained. Please, both of you, kindly try to channel your energies—channel, CHANNEL! Bailiff! What time is

it? One o'clock? Oh my! It's time for "Days of Our Wives" and "In Search of Utensils." Forget the jury! Guilty as charged! Death sentence sounds fine to me. Court adjourned!

In the meeting anteroom outside death row, I met with the huge, hulking Brown. He was the size of several Midwestern states.

"Hello," I said to him dryly as he glowered at me from behind the barred window.

"Hey, fat mamma! You be a real nice bee-itch and sit here on mah face!"

Call it force of habit, but I don't sit on anything that doesn't collect lint. I remained silent.

"Hey, bee-itch! Ah's bored shitless in dis here shithole! Bored, you hear!!! You knows what bored is, bee-itch?!"

"Bored?" I chirped. "Bored is filing your nails in alphabetical order. Bored is waxing your driveway—twice. Bored is taking out the trash and not returning for three hours. Bored is playing backgammon with the plants, and losing. Bored is—"

"STOP IT, BEE-ITCH!!! How 'bouts pain?! You knows what pain is? How 'bouts Ah takes dees here bars and breaks 'em off, and sticks 'em through your whole body! Now you knows what pain is????!!!"

"Pain?" I said dryly. "Pain is going without support stockings for three hours. Pain is being elected home-room mother for life. Pain is discovering the diet pills next to the lasagna. Pain is—"

"HOLY SHEE-IT! Guards! Guards! Takes me aways! Ah's goin' crazy! Get me aways from dis bee-itch! Give me

da chair! Give me da chair! Anythin'! But get me aways from dis bee-itch!!!"

I ASKED MY HUSBAND TO DRIVE ME TO the execution.

"Couldn't you tape honeysuckles to your arms and maybe attract enough bees to fly you there?" he asked.

"No," I said dryly. "This is very important to me; this may be the only electrocution I'll ever see."

"What about the time you handed me the electric shaver while I was in the bathtub?"

"That was different. I only got to hear you scream."

If you have never been to an execution I can tell you that it is one of the most horrifying experiences you'll have. Brown, once big and powerful, was reduced to a mere shell of a man. Head shaven and whimpering, he was strapped into the wooden chair. Sobbing, he scanned all twelve of us witnesses behind the partition. His last words were that only "an act of God" could save him.

Around my neighborhood, an "act of God" is when the lawn sprinkler reaches the shrubbery.

At 2:10 P.M., the two-minute electrocution cycle began, Brown's body jerking heavily from the 2000-volt charge.

"Goodness," I said dryly, "can you imagine the electric bill for this?"

"Quiet," said the man to my left. "You're witnessing a tragedy."

"You're telling me," I chirped. "You could cook breakfast for a whole grammar school on that thing!"

I couldn't watch anymore, so I turned to the man on my right and asked him if the horrible scene was over. He was wearing a headset.

"Shhh!" he said. "The Dolphins are about to score!"

"Don't you even care that a man is getting killed?" I said.

"I sure do!" he replied. "The Raiders have sacked Marino seven times already!"

At last I glanced at the smoking, lifeless body in the chair. I thought about my own husband, and thanked God that he was not that dead man. And I thought about my three healthy, growing children, and I thanked God they were not that dead man.

And then I thought about America, the suburbs, PTAs, garage sales, and chocolate candy, and I thanked God that they were not that dead man.

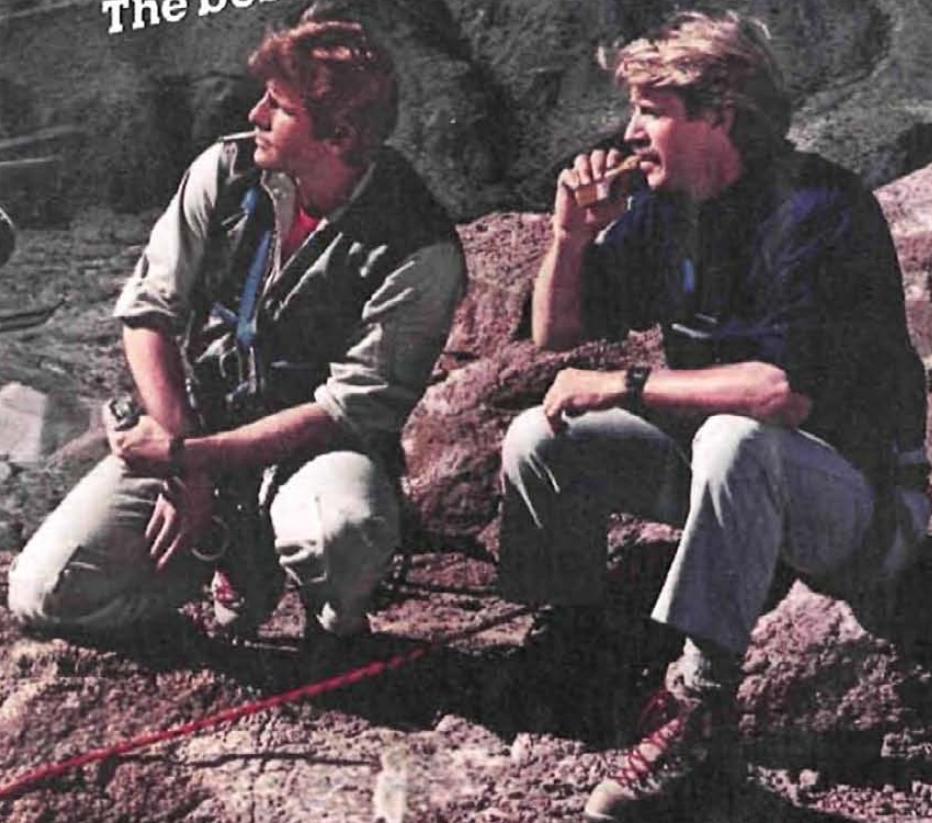
"And you know what I've learned?" I chirped dryly to myself, simultaneously jotting down the title of my next book. "The Grass Is Always Browner Under the Electric Chair!" ■



© 2007 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Winston. America's Best.

Excellence.
The best live up to it.



9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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



Every golfer has a handicap,
and Mummy says mine is a low IQ. That gal!

Ronald Reagan, Pen Pal (Part 3)

TRANSCRIBED BY LEE FRANK

MUMMY SAYS THAT I SLIP into my own world so often that I am probably very well-known there. Well, I say to her, at least there's never been another president as old as me. The way I figure it is that makes me stand out, kind of. Among the other presidents, that is. It's a kind of record, I tell Mummy, so as I won't be forgotten. Like Millard Fillmore or Bernie Bridgeman.

"There wasn't ever any president named Bernie Bridgeman," says Mummy. "And that just goes to show you that your brain isn't burning much brighter than the old Philco we used to store in the garage."

Well, it rankled me no end the way Mummy was playing little tricks on me so as to make me think I'm not as conscious as other folks who may not be quite as old as me. Either I'm off my nut or she is. For instance, I know she hid my slippers just to get me addled. I can't find them anywhere. Anyway, I

wasn't in any mood to hear about how I am not aware of my environment or any events that have occurred since my seventy-third birthday, back in February or October or something. I tell Mummy:

"Your opinion on the subject of my mind doesn't mean beans. I'm the president," I concluded, "and what matters is what the American people think!"

"Daddy," she says to me, "if the American people catch on, they'll give you what for."

"Well, Mummy, I did not do a thing."

"You know what you did."

"Well, I'm through bellyaching about the slippers," I tell Mummy. "And I don't care if I never find them."

"It's not the slippers you ought to be fretting about," says Mummy. "You should be looking for the Rolodex. Have you retraced your footsteps? You've really pulled a boner this time, and you've pulled some pips!"

Did I mention that I misplaced the Rolodex, the one with all the names

and phone numbers for all the world leaders?

"There's plenty of young 'uns who misplace things, too," I say. "Remember that settlement house we read about in the Sunday newspaper supplement? They had all sorts of queer people. Humankind you'd never believe even existed."

"Only none of them's the president." "Mummy," I say to her as I give her the wink, "it's not such a bad job, being president."

"The only drawback to the job I can see, Daddy, is there's no room for advancement."

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

Mummy was sitting across from the mirror, putting on her makeup. She won the Woman of the Year prize from the American Association of Cosmetologists and Hairstylists. This was her second year in a row. I won the Man of the Year prize from *Time* magazine, but I had to share it with Yuri Andropov, the Russian fella. Mummy was going over to the Hilton this afternoon to accept the award. *Time* magazine never gave me a thing. I suppose that's the way it works when you share the prize with a Commie.

Mummy was applying lipstick to her lips, which is something I have often enjoyed watching her do. I like it when she finishes and she smacks her lips together like a chimpanzee. Mummy has dozens of containers of makeup, and that gal is so multitasking she even mixes her own special blends. Her favorite is to combine floor wax with face cream.

From what I've been able to gather, more than a hundred thousand G-d-fearing cosmetologists voted for Mummy. I didn't believe the Hilton could seat that many. I am familiar with the Hilton because that is where the Shriners meet. The timing on this award is kind of unfortunate, seeing as it's coming on the heels of the FBI investigation into Mummy's hairdresser—a highly respected man in his community—for passing along inside information on the stock market. Well, Mummy was all gussied up. She looked as pretty as the day we first met. And I told her so.

"You were soused to the gills the day we first met," Mummy says. She was very skeptical. She looked back in the mirror and began to buff her face.

"I was drunk on your heavenly beauty," I say.

"Then who was that frowsy blonde on your arm? Your nursemaid? Next thing you'll tell me is that there was milk in the bottle that bimbo was feeding you."

For those who love the Frog...



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

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

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

If you would like to purchase one of these fine lithographs, please fill out the coupon and remit \$25.00 for each one plus \$2.00 for post-

age and handling. Orders will be processed according to the postmark shown on the envelopes received, and in the event of oversubscription, monies will be refunded to those people who were late in sending in their requests.

Please send me _____ *National Lampoon Frog Lithographs* at \$25.00 plus \$2.00 for postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I enclose \$_____ to:
NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. 584
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
New York residents, please add 8¼ percent sales tax

I remember the tomato, and it's true: she was kind of sweet on me.

Well, I knew enough to clam up while I was ahead, so I decided to look under the bed for my slippers, even though I'd already looked there about a hundred times before. Mummy finished lacquering her hair, and I had to hang around so as to get interviewed over the telephone by one of those network news fellas—the name escapes me at the moment. After the telephone interview I had a foreign-relations briefing, and Nancy was going to pick up her medal at the Hilton.

The telephone rang and Mummy told me to pick it up, even though it was most likely one of her shopping mates whom she's always chatting with over the phone. Does that gal gab! Mummy has the worst case of telephonitis I ever saw. The operator, however, said she had this newsman on the line, so I signaled Mummy to pick up the extension.

Even before he started talking, I put him on the defensive by asking him a question. That's a tactic they teach you at the Shriners. I knew for a fact that he was calling from New York, so I asked him what was playing at the Roxy. Mummy was listening in with her hand over the mouthpiece, and she whispered over, "Tell him your New York story, Daddy."

To be perfectly honest, I did not know which New York story Mummy meant. Unless she was talking about the settlement house from the Sunday supplement. They had people there you'd never believe even existed. Come to think of it, I once saw two deaf and dumb mutes in an elevator talking to each other, and that was in New York. But I don't recall ever telling Mummy about it. So then this news fella asked me a question, an icebreaker question,

I reckon. He asked me what I thought about some of these people on the Johnny Carson show who impersonated me.

"Tell him you're flattered," Mummy whispered over.

So I say, "Mockery is the most flattering form of humiliation." Then I told him that I do a very passable Jimmy Stewart, and I gave him a few lines over the telephone as a bonus tidbit. Even Mummy liked it, and she's heard it a million times before. Then he asked me some questions about the world situation this and the world situation that, and I pretty much stuck to what Mummy whispered over. Whenever I threw my own two cents in, all of a sudden there was static on the line, which sounded like Mummy making racy noises so that the newsman couldn't hear me. After I hung up, I asked Mummy what about it, what's the big idea?

"I smelled trouble when he asked you about Mr. Julian, my hairdresser, and these trumped-up charges against him."

"Him and a lot of our chums who I made into Cabinet members, too."

"That's *exactly* what I mean! Why did you have to go shooting your mouth off about our chums?"

"For the love of Pete, Mummy, what did I do?" Now I was really exasperated.

"You know what," Mummy says.

"All I said was the Constitution guaranteed equal protection for everybody."

"Daddy, what you said was 'for everybody who can afford to hire a good lawyer.'"

"Well, now, there's not a friend of ours, or Cabinet member either, who would go to court without a good lawyer, is there, Mummy?"

"Not unless he was going to tell the truth," she says.

If that gal doesn't take the cake, I don't know who does. Of course she was joshing about these fellas' candidness. They're honest, every last one of them. A good many of them are Shriners, too. But if they don't want to disclose that information to the public, well, then, it's nobody's dang business.

Well, Mummy moseyed over to the Hilton, and I grabbed my bag, and a Secret Service fella drove me over to the Briar bent for the foreign-relations briefing. The boy's name was Joey something-or-other, some Italian name. He didn't look Italian, but rather looked like one of those fellas who work with Frank Sinatra. Frank is a real wisecracker. Frank always kids me that if he'd met Mummy before I did, he'd've married her first. What a parlor snake! I told this Secret Service fella that I knew Frank Sinatra personally, but I don't think this kid even knew who I was talking about. "Next time he opens his trap, I'm going to kid him about his toupee," I said, but this kid didn't know the Chairman of the Board from Adam. He was a friendly kid, but a real knucklehead.

George Shultz was waiting for me in front of the Briar bent, and I said howdy. I like George, though he's kind of Joe College. Then one of the Secret Service fellas standing off to the side wheeled around and hollered "Boo!" and who do you think it was but Ed Meese cutting the high jinks.

"So you thought we ought to bring in the Justice Department on this," I said to George, as I was taken quite pleasantly by surprise. Both George and Ed got my joke, and Ed laughed the hardest and said that I was really scared, but the truth is I only looked scared in order to be a good sport.

Al stepped out of the pro shop and gave us the green light to fall in behind the Reverend Wingate and his party. Al is the Hose Master at the Briar bent and a finer Hose Master you're not likely to find. He and Cap Weinberger are pals. Birds of a feather, savvy? The only difference between the two is that Cap Weinberger can pull himself together at a moment's notice. I've seen him do it in the time it takes to warm up a TV camera. It's a knack.

"You just missed Cap," says Al. His breath offered up the pungent aroma of rye. One of his boys was loading a hose onto a golf cart, and Al was giving him a hand.

"It's no easy job being the Hose Master, is it, Al?" says George, himself secretary of state.

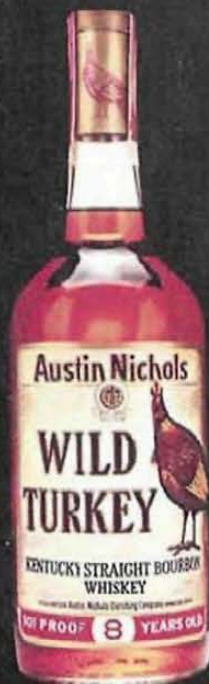
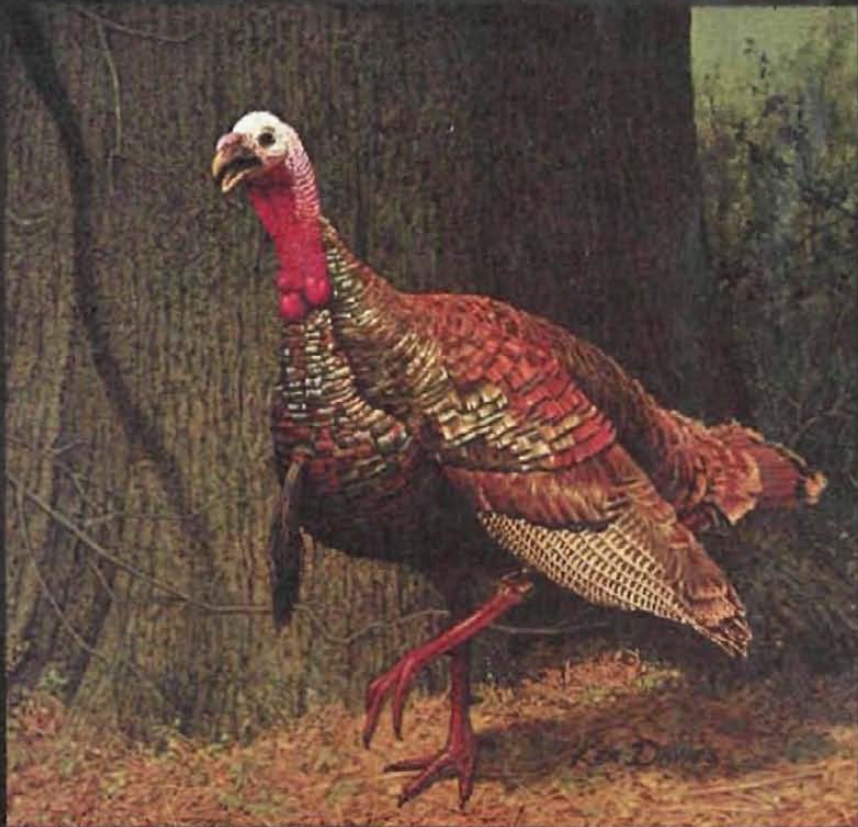
"You fellas don't know what manual labor is," says Al.

"A chef in a Mexican restaurant?"



The majestic Wild Turkey—a fitting symbol of our country's finest native whiskey—can be seen in the woods bordering our distillery.

Wild Turkey Hill. A place unlike any other.



The woods on Wild Turkey Hill slope down to the edge of the Kentucky River. On top of the hill, there's been a distillery for nearly 150 years. It's a unique spot: gently running waters below and constant breezes above that cool our Wild Turkey whiskey naturally as it ages in the barrel. Wild Turkey Hill is a very special place. And it helps us make Wild Turkey very special.

WILD TURKEY®/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD

AUSTIN NICHOLS DISTILLING CO. LAWRENCEBURG, KENTUCKY 40346

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

George says, and he practically split his gut laughing. Now George isn't normally one to crack a joke, but he'll occasionally come out with a gem, and he's always his own best audience. People accuse me of laughing myself hoarse at my own gags, but you ought to see George Shultz. Well, anyway, both George and Ed were in crackerjack form, and I could tell we were in for an amusing afternoon.

Al asked if we wanted a snort from his flask, but we'd seen him hand it to a darky once, so we all declined. Besides, Ed always stows away a ration of giggle juice in his golf bag.

I once heard a fella at a Shriners meeting give a very witty speech where he said that a golf course is a place where a fella can putt away his troubles. Get it? *Putt*. Well, that's how I feel about the links. Breathing in the fresh clean air and partaking of nature's beauty. The feeling of clubbing a puny ball across the green—well, that's a feeling you have to have experienced in order to appreciate. All I know is, I get out on the golf course and I'm proud to be an American.

"What say we play for a ten-spot per stroke?" says George Shultz. "Just to make it interesting." Now these boys have been discussing cash wagers for donkey's years, but we never went ahead and did it.

"What say we make it twenty dollars a stroke?" says Ed.

Well, that ain't hay! So I believed Ed was ribbing, and we were all having a timely chuckle. But apparently this was not the case and a source of some confusion afterwards.

It was just my luck to get Joey the knucklehead to caddy for me amongst all the Secret Service agents who strolled

along with us. Now maybe I'm wrong, but I believe that a clever caddy can improve your game. George and Ed get caddies from the club who are apt to be a whole lot better versed in the game than the Secret Service boys I get. But then again they have to tip their caddies, and that can amount to a neat sum of jack over the course of time. I never have to tip these Secret Service boys. In fact, in the literature they gave me and Mummy when I was inaugurated, it specifically said No Tipping. I'm no tightwad. I'm just going by the rules.

Ed was the first to tee off. It's a par-four hole, and you can generally cover the distance with a nice drive. Ed tends to come in high on the hole, and I think that has to do with his stance. His back is straight and his knees are flexed all right, but his right knee isn't angled forward nearly enough. Ed's a big fellow. We used to call him "Moose" back in Sacramento because he's so bloated and such. Mummy and I sometimes still call him Moose, just to rile the big galoot. Because he's a big fella, Ed's stance means everything to his shot.

So what did I tell you would happen? He came in high on the hole, like he's done umpty-nine times before, and he was lucky he stayed on the green. Off to the side of the green, Al came into view, rolling a long length of hose. He gave Ed the thumbs-up. "Stick with it, Ed," says I. "Just keep the ball in line with your left heel. You'll get the feel of it." The Shriners will teach you that a good business manager will talk it up amongst his employees.

George was up next, and he's the kind of fella who takes his time to set up the tee shot. He'll line up his feet and place the club head in the precise position, and then he'll wait for the ball

to come to him. George is not very good at the game, but he takes his time.

I'm standing next to Ed, so I whisper, "I hope he's a better secretary of state than he is a golfer." Ed knew just what I was getting after, and we both laughed heartily, though we did our best to keep George from hearing us.

George hit a long drive down the fairway, and it bounced up onto the green. That doesn't mean beans to me. I have seen plenty of guys birdie their first few holes only to choke later on. You've got to be able to take the pressure.

Ed offered George some liquid stimulant on behalf of his fine shot, and we all had a round. We did our best to cover up the flask from the Hose Master, who was waving at us below.

Now it was my tee shot, and I asked my knucklehead caddy to select a mid-iron for me. So I stand over the ball at address, and then I extend my arms so that they naturally lift my club in a wide arc all the way to the top of my backswing. My left arm is about as straight as I can make it, and my right elbow is tight next to my body. Now at this point I pivot my body so that my shoulders are about as much of a right angle as I can make them to the direction of the green.

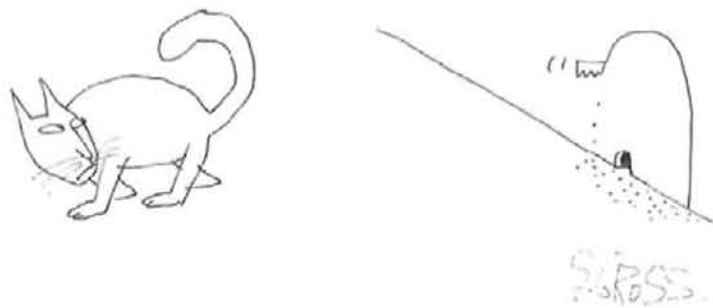
I start my downswing, pulling my left heel, foot, hip, shoulder, arms, and hand all at the same time. Steady... *Go!* The club speeds toward the ball, slamming into it with tremendous might, its power spent in a precision follow-through.

Ed opened up at once: "Whiffed." "Hail Columbia!" I says. "Thanks for the front-page news, Moose." I stepped back and let the Secret Service boy do what he had to do. These fellas love stepping into action. It gives them stories to tell to their grandchildren. While he was replacing the divot, George Shultz had to chime in.

"Well, if you want to go drilling for oil, you can cut us in fifty percent," says George Shultz, who, come to think of the resemblance, may have family ties to Fred Rutherford, Lumpy's father. George laughed so hard at his joke I thought he would have a coronary and keel over right there and then. Moose laughed, too. I laughed too, in order to be a good sport. You wouldn't believe how funny George Shultz thinks he is.

Anyway, it was the wrong-size club that the Secret Service knucklehead gave me in the first place, that's what made me whiff. Now I was on the spot. A lot was riding on this next shot. I needed my surefire club for this job. And that meant only one thing. I instructed the Secret Service agent:

"Caddy, give me the hot patootie."



Smart sub shoppers! Compare and decide before you invest!

Which Sub Is the Better Bargain?



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

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



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

I'm no fool when it comes to buying subs. Please send me:

- One year** of *National Lampoon* at \$9.95 (save \$14.05 over newsstand price and \$2.00 over subscription price).
- Two years** of *National Lampoon* at \$13.75 (save \$34.25 over newsstand price and \$4.20 over subscription price).
- Three years** of *National Lampoon* at \$18.50 (save \$53.50 over newsstand price and \$6.45 over subscription price).
- A Trident** nuclear submarine, at \$1.5 billion plus overruns. (Cash only for submarine.)

Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign lands.

Send check or money order (in U.S. funds) to *National Lampoon*, Dept. NL584, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

For ultra-fast service, forget the coupon and call toll-free **1-800-331-1750**. Ask for Operator #31. If you hate telephones but don't want to cut up this priceless publication, print or type all necessary info on a separate piece of paper and send it along with your check or money order.

LÖWENBRÄU ANNOUNCES WINNER OF "HOW I SPENT MY CRAZIEST SUMMER VACATION" CONTEST

The July 1983 issue of National Lampoon featured a contest, sponsored by Löwenbräu, in which entrants were invited to describe their craziest summer vacation in 150 words or less. An independent judging organization, engaged by Löwenbräu, has selected Daniel Bennett, a twenty-five-year-old graduate student at Iowa State University, as the contest winner. Following is Mr. Bennett's essay:

Grandmaville, Utah. All my life I've dreamed of going there, and last summer my chance finally came.

I got some time off from my job as assistant undersecretary to the president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. I packed a rocking chair and a ball of yarn into my Edsel and just took off, baby.

Grandmaville, Utah. A town of 412 grandmas. When I first got there, I was a little hesitant to talk to any of them. I mean, a swinging young guy trying to woo and coo with some fast, slick, been-around-the-block grandmas.

But they were hot, man, and looking for some fun. We rocked and yarned all night long.

About dawn, we got hold of some bootleg "Merv" tapes. We watched those for a while, then passed out.

I didn't try to kiss any of them on the mouth, though. That wouldn't have been right.

But he didn't know golf clubs from Adam.

"Hand him his number-one wood," says his brother caddy, trying to clue him in.

"Give me the hot patootie!" says I. "His driver," says the other caddy.

The Secret Service boy just stands there, like he's never caddied a day before in his life. Don't they have to pass an exam for the Secret Service?

"GIVE ME THE HOT PATOOTIE!" I whoop as loud as I can. But the good Lord gave this fella a head for no other purpose than as a hat rack. So I went over to my golf bag and fished around for the brassie myself. I've had that club for thirty years, and I wouldn't set foot onto the links without it.

I set up my tee shot and I swing and the hot patootie feels smooth as ever. It was a long, hard shot, but the wind took it and it broke to the right. It landed on the Hose Master's head, and from what we were able to determine it knocked him cold.

I told a few of the Secret Service boys to run down there and see if they could help him out any. I told the knucklehead to go with them and to scoot them to a hospital in my limo if they needed a car. Well, that's what they decided to do, and that left us free to play out the course without a knucklehead caddy. George's caddy carried two bags.

On the eleventh hole I detected a slight irregularity with Moose's score-keeping. I noticed he kept asking his caddy how many strokes he had when he finished a hole. Now on the eleventh I saw Ed Meese miss three easy putts, plus the tee shot sliced into the rough, and it was a shot or two after that when he got on the fairway again. With his shot onto the green, that added up to at least six.

But Moose has to ask his caddy how many strokes it was, and while he's pretending he's totaling up strokes, his caddy says five.

"Well, I knew it was either five or six," says Moose. My eye! I would have said something, too, but I knew that Moose could wrestle you into a headlock before you knew what hit you. I'd seen him wrestle in some scraps back in Sacramento. He could have turned pro when he was younger, you know.

On the seventeenth hole I had occasion to fish through my bag again for the hot patootie. Holy Moley, you won't believe what happened! There, lying right between the driver and the seven iron, was my *Rolodex*. How's that for a lulu? I couldn't wait to give the news to Mummy.

I set up my tee shot, and I saw Moose

and George walking over toward the green. "If you're going to use that club," says George, "then the safest place to stand is next to the hole."

Two thousand comedians on the unemployment rolls, and these two are trying to be funny. Well, my shot didn't come close to hitting anyone. Fact is, we all went on a hunt for it amongst the trees.

Well, we tallied up the strokes, and George came in at 86, and Moose came in at 88, which would have been more like 288 if he hadn't been shaving strokes all along. I came in at 102, but it didn't bother me. I was just having a leisurely game. Which is why I didn't cough up plug nickel number one when they said we had a bet on. I didn't give a hoot! They weren't going to bamboozle me! If I'd known the betting was for real, I would have given my all.

It also happened that George wanted me to chip in on a tip for his caddy, but I told him not in a million years. I told him I'm no soft touch, and I have no hankering to get such a reputation. Moose is a heavy tipper. But that's because his caddy doctors up his score for him.

For the nineteenth hole, I sat down in the clubhouse with a small double whiskey. George and Moose sat themselves at another table, and they were boiling because they had not made themselves clear about the wager. That's okay with me because sometimes a fella needs to be alone, and I've taken the time to write down on paper these pen-pal memoirs of mine. Besides, I have to wait for my limo to come back from the hospital. By the way, the newspapers caught wind of how I loaned the limo to drive the Hose Master to the hospital, and they want to talk to me—to make me into some kind of hero. But I don't know—I would've done the same for anybody.

They're playing a Barbara Mandrell LP, and there's a raccoon outside the picture window that's lying on the porch with its head pointed toward the hi-fi set. Mummy likes Barbara Mandrell, too. Wait till I tell her I found the *Rolodex*! Won't that little heifer be proud of me? I suppose the reason that raccoon reminds me of Mummy is the way she gets herself all dolled up in her mink stole and things, accepting her award over at the Hilton. Mummy has that certain pizzazz about her. Just thinking about that gal makes me kind of swoony. Is it her soft, compassionate face, or the floor wax that makes me feel that way?

Ed Meese just came over and asked me if I wanted a lift back to the city with them, so I got to go. ■

America's Jolly Good

Time of the Month

MAY EDITION



UND AFTER THE DEATH SQUAD LEFT THE HOUSE, THE COMMANDER SAID, "THAT OUGHT TO HOLD THE LITTLE BASTARDS...."

Henry Kissinger, whose weekly hearing on "Central American Bloopers and Boners" is the most popular on Capitol Hill, testifying before Congress.

PLO Names New Chief

THE PALESTINE LIBERATION ORGANIZATION has replaced Yasir Arafat with former New York Yankee manager Billy Martin.

The dramatic move, calculated to galvanize and reunify the battered PLO ranks, has apparently paid its first dividend, with the Palestinians announcing the immediate signing of former PLO rebel leader Abu Musa to a five-year coaching contract. Musa will share defensive coaching duties with Martin's ubiquitous sidekick and drinking buddy, Art Fowler.

Martin, sporting a pinstriped bur-noose at a refugee training camp in Tunis, said he looked forward to the change of venue.

"I've never managed outside the American League before," he said, "so this should be very interesting." Evaluating last year's PLO squad, Martin observed, "They had a great offense, but let's face it, when you're on the road as much as they were, you tend to get blown out by big margins." ■



Billy Martin, new head of the PLO, at its spring training camp.

"Kissinger II" Released: Many Toes Stepped On

IN RESPONSE TO THE POPULARITY OF his first commission report on U.S. policy in Central America, former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has released a second report on U.S. policy, which Washington wags have dubbed "Kissinger II."

Kissinger II comments on matters of U.S. life which extend far beyond our interests in Central America, including premarital sex, home insulation, and professional baseball.

The report proposes that premarital sex be regulated and taxed, as well as roller-skating, pep rallies, and other teen activities. The revenues generated would go toward the space program and dermatological research, "two areas of significance to the young," the report stated.

The commission came out strongly

against home insulation, a move that has produced anger and antagonism among members of Congress. "Now I'm mad," House Speaker Tip O'Neill was quoted as saying. O'Neill recently introduced a bill in Congress that would give energy credits to homeowners who placed insulation outside their houses.

In an equally antagonistic move, the Kissinger commission took issue with baseball's Infield Fly Rule, stating that it constitutes a restraint of trade and a direct threat to U.S. sovereignty in the world. According to Commissioner of Baseball Bowie Kuhn, "We haven't been attacked with such viciousness since President Eisenhower made some offhanded remarks about the Infield Fly in 1958. Frankly, we're hurt." ■

"Stop It, You Beasts," Cries Clark

A PLAN TO PROTECT THE NATION'S wildlife by forcing animals to wear condoms was unveiled recently by Secretary of the Interior William Clark.

"Protection is what the environmentalists have been bitching about," Clark announced at a news conference in a subbasement of his concrete office nine hundred feet below the ground. "Well, there's no better protection than a box of pre-lubed, reservoir-tipped prophylactics.

"Venereal disease is the greatest threat to this country's wildlife—especially rural teenage wildlife. Only smoking and alcohol take a greater toll," Clark said.

When reporters noted that conservationists were most concerned with the threat from hunters and strip-mine operators, Clark agreed emphatically. "They're the greatest disease carriers around, with their cheap, gaudy dresses and brazen makeup, luring young bison and caribou into the back of '57 Chevys with promises of splendor. Believe me, I know."

A team of hygiene experts equipped with prophylactic displays and teaching aids will be dispatched to major wilderness areas. There they will establish storefront free clinics, offering confidential sex counseling, V.D. screening, and tips on how to unroll condoms with hooves or claws.

ABC Hopes Ride on "The Love Boat"

ABC EXECUTIVES HAVE ANNOUNCED PLANS TO "FLOAT 'THE LOVE BOAT' TWENTY-four hours a day." The decision, termed "earthshaking" by many fans who don't know the difference between solid ground and ocean, was made after it was realized that "The Love Boat" currently draws more viewers than all other ABC shows combined.

"Contrary to popular opinion," said ABC programming vice-president Irving Saploff, "there will be no layoffs. Viewers will still be able to see their favorite stars of other ABC shows written into 'Love Boat' episodes."

Among those slated for appearances on the "new edition" of "The Love Boat" are Robert Wagner and Stefanie Powers, in a special "Hart to Hart" episode; Linda Evans and Joan Collins, in a special "Dynasty Rides the Love Boat" sequence; and weekly Monday Night Football, as played on the top deck.

Captain Gavin MacLeod will also take over as anchorman for ABC News. The transition from current anchorman Peter Jennings to MacLeod will take place during a special two-hour ABC Nightly News, when the plucky "Love Boat" captain will mistakenly leave the debonair Jennings in the hands of Libyan slave traders. ■



The pope and his would-be assassin enjoy a Taster's Choice kind of moment.

Pope and Agca Share Historic Exchange

IT HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS "a breathtaking glory" and "a heartwarming drama." In a world chock-full of nuclear arsenals and indelible hatreds, there sat Pope John Paul II in a prison cell with his would-be assassin, Mehmet Ali Agca.

The two spoke softly, their words meant only for each other.

Now, for the first time, the pope's personal secretary has released a transcript of that historic, twenty-one-minute meeting:

POPE: So, how's it going, Mehmet?

AGCA: Can't complain, I guess. How about you?

POPE: Fair to middlin'. I suppose.

(Two minutes' silence, followed by some light scraping of chairs.)

POPE: Boy, sure is bad weather we're having, isn't it?

AGCA: I'll say. Hasn't rained like this in years.

(Three minutes' silence; some throat clearing.)

POPE: Um, er . . . Say! Sure glad it's almost Friday!

AGCA: I know what you mean. Been a long week.

POPE: Yeah, sure has.

(Fifteen minutes' silence.)

POPE: Well, listen, it's been great talking with you, Mehmet! Gotta go now—you know, lots of speechwriting and stuff!

AGCA: Oh, sure! Go right on ahead! Hey, listen, take it easy.

POPE: Sure. Bye.

AGCA: Bye. ■

**Time
of the
Month**

EDITOR:
Fred Graver

CONTRIBUTORS:
Mitch Coleman, Kevin
Curran, T. J. Englander,
Mike Ferris, Peter Gaffney,
Fred Graver, Dave Jaffe,
Mimi Pond

Cosmonauts Aim for Record

DENYING THAT IT HAS ANY COSMONAUTS stranded in space, the Soviet Union has announced that its current Salyut mission, originally scheduled to end this month, is being extended through the year 2198.

The Soviet news agency Tass said the mission would "set an all-time record for manned spaceflight, eclipsing the old record by more than two hundred years. Both cosmonauts are very happy and adjusting well to their new lives in space. They will spend the next few days practicing their deep-breathing exercises, which include holding their breath for one year and exhaling without inhaling."

Tass said ground-tracking stations will remain in constant contact with the spacecraft until sometime next month, when "an extended period of radio silence is expected to begin." ■

Jackson Single Heats Up Charts

A RECORDING OF SINGER MICHAEL Jackson's fiery accident is on its way to becoming his next monster hit, a spokesman for Jackson's record company reports.

The single, titled "Heat It," is climbing the *Billboard* chart and is expected to hit number one early next week.

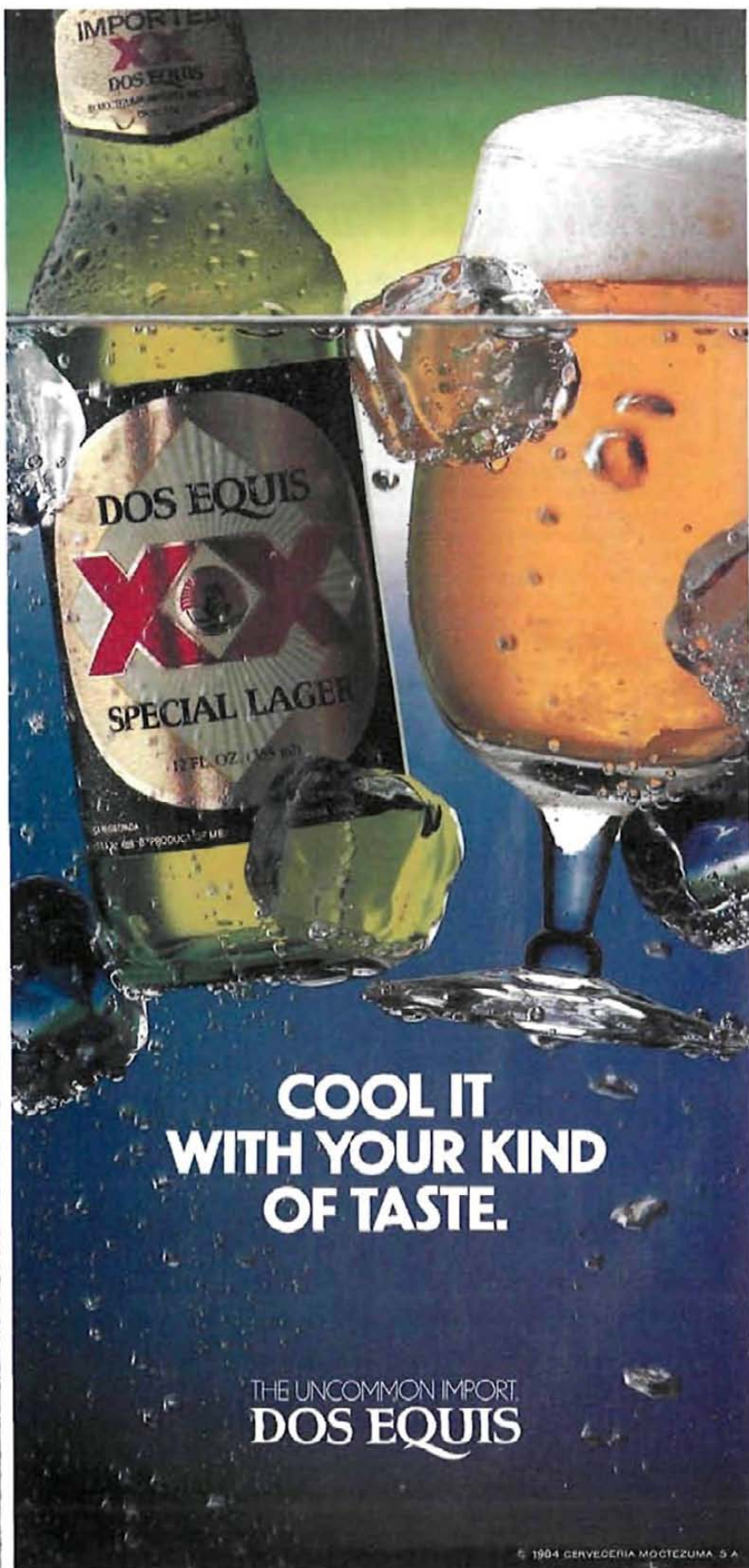
The tune is brief, only twenty seconds long, and features the following lyrics:

"Oh, oh, oh,

Babe, I need you so, so, so.

And when you move your ...
AAAAHHHHHHHHHHH! JESUS CHRIST
MY GODDAMN HAIR IS ON FIRE!
TITO! GERMAINE! GET THE
FUCKIN' FIRE EXTINGUISHER!
HOLY MARY MOTHER OF CHRIST
WHO PUT THOSE SPARKLERS
THERE ... YOU DID? YOUR ASS IS
FIRED. YOU UNDERSTAND ME?
YOU'LL NEVER WORK IN THIS
BUSINESS AGAIN! I MEAN IT! DO
YOU KNOW WHO I AM? AND SHUT
OFF THAT GODDAMN TAPE MA-
CHINE!"

Disc jockeys claim the song is their most requested new release ever and that it has inspired "some wicked dance steps." ■



**COOL IT
WITH YOUR KIND
OF TASTE.**

THE UNCOMMON IMPORT.
DOS EQUIS

© 1984 CERVECERIA MEXICANA S.A.

Hollywood Agent Claims "JFK Is Alive and Wants to Work"

HOLLYWOOD FILM AGENT SAM "The Sham" Kurz claims that "former president John F. Kennedy is alive and well, and he wants to work in movies."

According to Kurz, the former president is being kept alive by "the best team of Swiss doctors this side of the Alps."

The real shocker, according to Kurz, is that Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby are alive, too. "This is no news to the film community," Kurz told reporters. "I've been calling for years, looking for the right deal for those boys to come off the mountain and get in front of the camera. But Hollywood producers just laugh at me. They say I can't produce these clients."

Kurz claims that he has represented

"lots of vegetables before, and I always got them to the set."

The Hollywood grapevine reports that Kurz is looking for two deals for his clients. "He wants a miniseries for JFK, Ruby, and Oswald," says one studio insider, "and an endorsement deal for JFK like Bill Cosby gets. He figures Kennedy can earn more for a few minutes' work than he would have in his whole political life. But nobody seems to be coming up with the right figure for Sam. No one seems to be in the same ballpark, even."

Reportedly, Kurz wants "close to thirty billion dollars" for a one-minute JFK endorsement of a consumer product, and "seven hundred billion" for the miniseries, a three-night reenactment of the Kennedy "assassination."

What becomes a Legend most?



If Madison Avenue can come up with the cash, former president Kennedy will endorse nearly anything. "Of course, I see myself in films, more as a Sam Shepard type," JFK admits.

"We can wait it out," Kurz claims. "The three boys are pretty happy up there in the Alps, reading and drinking and playing cards. At first they didn't get along very well, but then they all discovered certain common interests: JFK and Oswald both like to talk about guns, JFK and Ruby like to discuss women, and Ruby and Oswald have a lot of mutual friends. They're having the time of their lives up there. We can wait until someone comes up with the money to do the entertainment project of the century. Or else it just won't get done." ■



Ticket stubs and ready-made memories assure you'll be king of the cooler.

Ticketron Expands Service

TICKETRON HAS INTRODUCED A NEW SERVICE DESIGNED TO APPEAL TO THOSE too busy to go to the sporting event, concert, or cultural affair of their choice, but who still want to talk about it the next day to impress their friends. Labeled Ticketgoon, the system delivers torn ticket stubs to events of the previous day, along with a brief half-page synopsis of what happened. Explains Ticketgoon's president, Jerry "Nipnip" Johanssen: "If you wanted to see Ozzy Osbourne at the Civic Center but your mom made you take care of your little sister, you can still pretend you were there. And for an extra fee you receive a Frisbee, which you can say Ozzy bounced off your head."

Johanssen concedes that Ticketgoon stubs can be used for other purposes. "For example, you could tell your wife that you were at the opera with an important client when you were actually screwing the frizzy-haired checkout girl at the 7-Eleven in the middle of the frozen-foods aisle. In the middle of the aisle, mind you." ■

Police Artist Erased

A POLICE ARTIST IN KANSAS CITY WAS suspended this week after officers discovered he had used the same composite sketch in more than fifty cases.

A department spokesman said the artist had copied the sketch from an art school ad in *Boys' Life* magazine.

"It was one of those ads that say 'If you can draw this lumberjack, you may have the talent to be an artist,'" the spokesman said.

"He was showing that sketch to every victim and getting damn good results."

Police say that as many as thirty lumberjacks arrested in the last six months may go free because of the discovery. ■

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

Sirs:

The black-box transcript from the recent DC-10 crash over Florida confirms a telling pattern:

1343:59 COPILOT: Captain, I think we're coming in a little low.

CAPTAIN: Mmm, right.

1344:22 COPILOT: Captain, Center wants us at 21,000 feet. We're still too low.

CAPTAIN: Uh-huh.

1345:05 COPILOT: Captain, for God's sake, we're still sinking! Why don't you... Hey, what's that thing in your ear? Take that out....

GALE STORM: Why do birds sing so gay?/And lovers await the break of day?/Why do they fall in [sound of impact]

Another tragedy that might have been averted if airline crews could only be convinced not to wear those damn portable Japanese radios.

Frank Cowley
Inspector

National Transportation Safety Board

Sirs:

I was born without a head. Would someone please tell me what the purpose of a hat is?

Louie Watham
Woburn, Mass.

Sirs:

Guy walks into a bar, okay? Tells the bartender he wants six martinis. Bartender looks at him kinda funny, right, and says, "Whaddya mean, you want them all at once?" Guy says, "Yeah, you heard me. Line 'em up." So the bartender does, and the guy drinks them all down—one after another. The bartender is amazed, you know? He says, "Gee whiz, you're really putting them away. What's the occasion?" Now this very personal and unduly curious question tips the guy off, and he realizes that the bartender must be a spy from Russia, or the Antichrist, or even one of those men who drive around in the Oscar Mayer Wiener truck, so he pulls out his Colt .45 and he starts shooting, and shooting, and shooting....

Barry Gruntstein
Sociopath comic

Sirs:

Oh yes! I'm—I'm commmmmming!
Yesssss! I'm commmmmming!!
Aaaahhh!!! Ohhh Goddd!!!! I'm, I'M
COMMmmmmmmINGGGGGGGG!!!!!!

The Bus
Third & Broadway

Sirs:

Remember all the people who saw *Network* and were inspired to scream "I'm mad as hell and I'm not gonna take it anymore!?" You might like to know that subsequent to that outburst 42 percent of us were deserted by our wives and children, 73 percent of us were fired and are now on welfare, 91 percent had severe nervous breakdowns and ended up in straitjackets, and 3 percent were shot dead on the spot by nervous cops. I guess there's a big difference between movies and real life, because we're *still* "taking it."

A Million Guys Who Blew It
U.S.A.

Sirs:

The Cambodian Cable Television Network with Fred Silverman at the helm is proud to announce its new fall schedule. The whole nation eagerly awaits such shows as "Lottery," where each week a different peasant wins a rectangular piece of paper; "Thin of the Night," where celebrity comrades reveal their dieting secrets; "Real People," highlighting fascinating human-interest stories, such as the man in Lam Duck province who generously do-

nated his mother to the new fertilizer drive; "Happy Days," a nostalgic look back to the Middle Ages; and our hottest new prospect, "The Gary Coleman Show."

We expect almost a total market share, once electricity spreads to the capital.

Wo Lu Huck, Vice-President
The Cambodian Cable
Television Network

Sirs:

Well, to be honest, we didn't really land at Plymouth Rock, but at Little Rock, Arkansas. And we never really held a formal Thanksgiving; we just invited some Indians over and had them suck us off. Other than that, though, everything is pretty much correct.

The Pilgrims
Little Rock, Ark.

Sirs:

Fuck climbing mountains, you want a real death-defying stunt? Try getting out of the parking lot after a midnight showing of *The Road Warrior*.

Mitch Corpy
Los Angeles, Calif.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)

Peppermint Twist
Splash Hiram Walker Peppermint Schnapps over ice and sip with a very close friend.

HIRAM WALKER
What a difference a name makes.

For a free recipe booklet, write Hiram Walker Cordials, Dept 16AR, P.O. Box 32127, Detroit, MI 48232. ©1984. Peppermint Schnapps. 60 Proof Liqueur. Hiram Walker Inc., Farmington Hills, MI

FOTO FUNNIES



PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPPOON

\$5.00 EACH

- MARCH 1972/Escape!
- JUNE 1972/Science Fiction
- JULY 1972/Surprise!
- AUGUST 1972/The Miracle of Democracy
- SEPTEMBER 1972/Boredom
- OCTOBER 1972/Those Fabulous Sixties
- NOVEMBER 1972/Decadence
- DECEMBER 1972/Easter in December
- APRIL 1973/Prejudice
- MAY 1973/Fraud
- JUNE 1973/Violence
- JULY 1973/Modern Times
- SEPTEMBER 1973/Postwar
- OCTOBER 1973/Banana Issue
- DECEMBER 1973/Self-Indulgence
- JANUARY 1974/Animals
- MAY 1974/Fiftieth Anniversary
- AUGUST 1974/Isolationism and Tooth Care
- SEPTEMBER 1974/Old Age
- NOVEMBER 1974/Civics
- JANUARY 1975/No Issue
- FEBRUARY 1975/Love and Romance



NOVEMBER 1974



APRIL 1976

- AUGUST 1975/Justice
- SEPTEMBER 1975/Back to College
- OCTOBER 1975/Collector's Issue
- DECEMBER 1975/Money
- JANUARY 1976/Secret Issue
- FEBRUARY 1976/Artists and Models

- 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/JFK 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

It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my home humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$1.50 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$5.00, and \$2.00 for said charges if the order totals more than \$5.00, a small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. If I'm a New York State resident I'm adding 8 1/4 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to:
National Lampoon, Dept. NL584, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

- 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 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 LAMPPOON

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S PRODUCT BARGAIN BONANZA

- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume I** Half of our best tenth anniversary book ever—and the first half. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume II** The sequel is even better. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary, Deluxe Edition** This one is hardbound, for painful dropping on one's foot. \$19.95
- National Lampoon Photo Funnies** Funnies told through fotos. Funny. \$2.95
- National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody** Critically acclaimed across America, this one still has its surviving writers chuckling. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody** A sequel to the *High School Yearbook*, though the two have nothing in common. \$4.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 5** The best stuff from 1973-1974. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 7** Encompassing 1975-1976. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 8** Jokes started getting more expensive in 1976-1977. \$3.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 9** But we managed to hold the line on prices during 1978-1980. \$3.95
- National Lampoon's Animal House** The full-color, illustrated book on which the movie was not based. This came later. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** Carbon-dating has proven this edition's longevity to be worth an extra two bucks. \$4.95
- Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print** Not in the magazine, anyway. Disgusting. \$5.95
- National Lampoon True Facts** The original, uncensored work, now available in English. It all happened. \$2.95
- National Lampoon's Peekers and Other True Facts** All true, all new. To be without one won't do. \$2.95
- National Lampoon's Game of Sell Out** Lie, cheat, and steal and you can win this board game, as well as our hearts. \$10.00

Check off what you like. Include size and color. Add up what it costs. Tack on \$1.50 for postage and handling if it's under \$5.00, or \$2.00 for same if it's over \$5.00. Add 8% percent sales tax to that if you live in New York State. Write a check or money order for the total, put it in an envelope with this ad, and send it to:

National Lampoon, Dept. NL584, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

And try to remember to include your

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

- National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt** Celebrates the funniest *National Lampoon* film since the one before the last two. \$5.95 —S—M—L.



- National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt** This is the shirt preferred by fans of the live theater and the criminally insane. \$5.95 —S—M—L.

- National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt** This gorilla looks more like a gorilla than a pair of socks does. \$4.95 —S—M—L.



- "Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Jersey** Cartoonist Sam Gross's famed legless frog can now be seen in the dark, though not by blind people, on this 100 percent heavy cotton long-sleeved thing. \$10.95 —S—M—L.

- National Lampoon Sweatshirt** Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering, this product is available in a veritable troika of color schemes. \$13.95 —S—M—L—XL. Color: _____



- National Lampoon Football Jersey** With the famed V neck coveted by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95 —S—M—L.

- "Voulez-vous Fuque?" T-shirt** Remember Labelle? Remember this song with a French-sounding chorus? \$5.95 —S—M—L.
- National Lampoon Frog Sweater** If it looks like quality, that's because it's handwoven by machines. With frog by cartoonist Sam Gross, in gray or black. \$20.95 —S—M—L. Color: _____
- National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt** Cartoonist Sam Gross has lent his double-amputee frog to the spot above the left nipple on this fine product. In white, blue, or yellow. \$14.95 —S—M—L. Color: _____



- National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Team Jersey** The same item worn by our own team before management said we couldn't have any more. \$7.00 —S—M—L.

- National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey** For fans of the movie who attend baseball games or other events requiring clothing. \$7.00 —S—M—L.

- National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey** So new, it can only be called used after you've worn it. \$7.00 —S—M—L.

- National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt** For those casual occasions when a full baseball jersey might brand you an "L-7" \$5.95 —S—M—L.

- National Lampoon Baseball Hat** To own one of these is to own a hat. \$6.95



- National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket** Famous satinesque jacket with real cotton lining, now sporting a striking new logo. Get it? Striking? \$33.95 —S—M—L.

- National Lampoon Duffel Bag** Heavy-duty canvas, holds equipment, fresh undies, drugs. \$14.95

- "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!"** The *National Lampoon* comedy album that dares to be round and flat. \$6.95

- National Lampoon's White Album** More than a record, less than an eight-cylinder European sports car. \$7.95

- National Lampoon Presents Sex, Drugs, Rock 'n' Roll, and the End of the World** Quite frankly, our latest album has the longest title yet. \$8.98

NATIONAL LAMPOON



BY SEAN KELLY

THE COMMUNISTS DISDAIN TO conceal their views and their aims," according to their Manifesto. But as you and I know, buddy, in practice they disdain plenty. So cryptic and devious are their ways that a high-priced bureaucracy of Kremlin watchers, scholars, spooks, moles, and, for all we know, numerologists is employed by every non-Communist government to speculate on what Ivan *really* means when he says x or is *really* up to when he does y.

A Polish joke: Chernenko's wife comes to visit him in Moscow. He shows her his oak-paneled office, the big desk, the chandelier. She looks worried. He takes her to his country dacha, complete with antiques, gardens, servants. She looks very sad. "Dollink," says the leader of the Soviet Union, "what's wrong?" "It's all very nice, Konstantin," says the old lady, "but what happens when the Reds take over?"

Political humor—for such seems to be the burden of this sermon—sprouts in the cracks between what is said and what is done, between the proclaimed ideal and the practical policy. Maybe all good things (such as jokes and children) are born only when someone gets screwed in the name of Love.

Now, the mayor of New York (to leave the subject of sex aside for a moment) has just written a book, about which it is impossible to make satirical political jokes. For in this autobio of his Ed Koch does not pose as a decent, thoughtful, compassionate public servant, providing us with the opportunity to point out that he is, in fact, a nasty vindictive vain ambitious little creep. No, Hizzoner's confessions constitute a self-congratulatory public wallowing in what a nasty vindictive vain ambitious little creep he is! This, children, is what is called the New

Honesty in politics.

Today a New Yorker, as he stands on a raddled street digging through his ragged pockets for the inflated fare to ride a bus which will seldom appear and, when it does, will explode, may overhear his fellow Gothamites proudly observe that their mayor is a man who always tells the truth—at least about himself.

Nor is there a place for a new Mr. Dooley, a twentieth-century Twain, an eighties Will Rogers to stand and observe, through jape, jest, and drollery, that the president of the United States is full of shit. For our Aged Incumbent is no hypocrite! Verily, he is the first politician to keep his campaign promises since 1933, when Adolf said to the Volk, "Elect me and I'll kill the Jews." They did, and he did.

he wasn't a crook, but he was. Reagan has never denied being a crook.

This New Honesty in government clearly gives the election-year advantage to the A.I. over bleeding-heart wimps like Mondale. In the tired old tradition of liberals, Fritz crisscrosses the continent, promising something to everybody. Ha! What's he going to do about the homeless who are homeless by choice? Offer them choice dry spots under bridges or atop warm gratings, kowtowing shamefully to the powerful Homeless Lobby?

The president shall be returned, in triumph, to the Oval Office (or "Nap Room," as insiders call it) by making, and keeping, just one promise: a whole lot more to the Chosen Few.

And since all of us, deep down beneath our democratic veneers, in our



The A.I. assured us, four years ago, that if we were to give him our tax dollars, he would not squander them on safety belts, snail darters, clinics, teachers, or food stamps. Rather, he vowed to purchase very expensive hunks of metal to drop on the heads of blatant foreigners. And by God, he has kept his word!

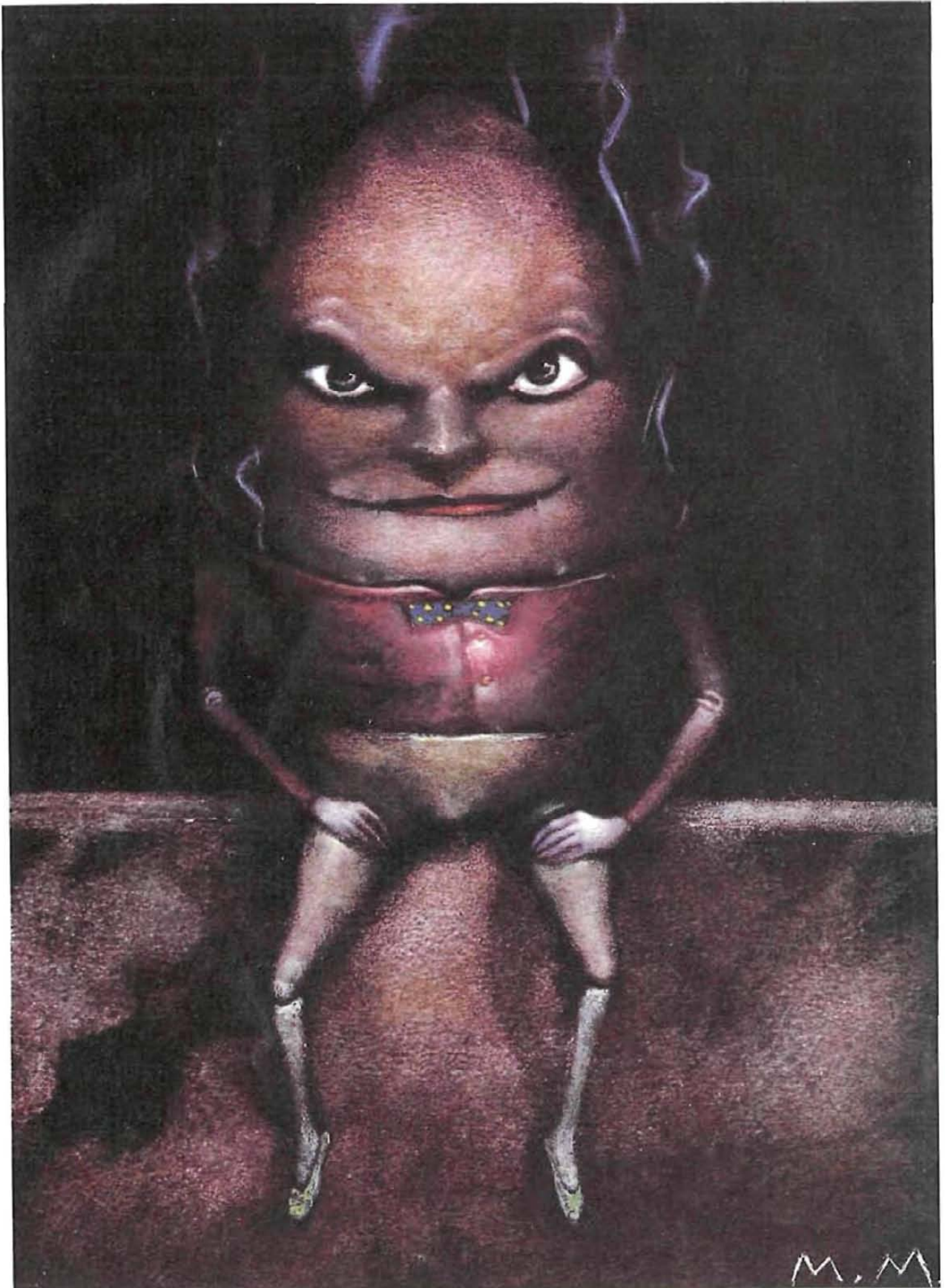
We citizens have all been shocked to learn, via the vital research of learned historians, that Kennedy, Roosevelt—even Ike, for God's sake—had sex lives. It is fair to predict that no such revelations will be made about Reagan. We have come to devalue Johnson, the man and the politician, since the recent disclosure that he sometimes moved his bowels. Again, it is unlikely that such a thing is true of the current titleholder. Nixon said

mean little hearts-of-hearts, deeply believe ourselves to be members of the Chosen Few, we'll bite.

Should it (oh, no!) turn out that we, you and I, pal, are just members of the not-especially moral majority—which means we get diddly-squat, or maybe shot—at whom shall we aim our barbs of humor, our savage sallies of political satire?

Surely not at Our President, for he shall have kept his pledge. He told us he was a simpleminded belligerent old bigot who prefers the company of nouveau riche gangsters. He promised more wealth to the wealthy, and more power to the powerful, and he delivered. He disdained to conceal his views and his aims.

He was elected. The joke must be on somebody else.



"I screamed and screamed until my wife hit me on the head with a chair..."

—Kirkus Reviews

"I read *Eggboiler* with the lights on, and the doors locked, and a gun in my hand, and wearing an asbestos suit..."

—Tacoma News Tribune

"Sophocles, move over... Stephen King wants to get by!"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer

"The King of Horror!"

—Cedar Rapids Gazette

"The Horror King!"

—North Webster Tattler

"Horror? King, King, King!"

—Chauncey Howell, *Chowderhead-at-Large*,
NBC News

"Stephen King is the Master, or better yet, the 'King' of Horror!"

—New York Review of Books

"Stephen King walks into a doctor's office. Doctor tells him he has only one week to live. King says, 'You're crazy; I want a second opinion.' Doctor says, 'All right, you're the King of Horror.'"

—Henny Youngman,

New York Times Book Review

**"Who's the black private dick,
Who's the sex machine with all the chicks?"**

—Isaac Hayes

Eggboiler

B Y S T E P H E N K I N G

PROLOGUE

1 The little girl opened the cupboard. "Daddy, there's nothing to eat."
"Why don't you just boil us up some eggs, then? Huh?"
He had meant it as a little father-to-daughter ribbing. But he immediately regretted having said it. It had come out wrong, oh so wrong. He was bitter, bitter like a cup of Maxwell House coffee that's been sitting in your pocket all week long. *Good to the last drop.* Now he was being sarcastic. Sarcastic. And why not? *Who has a better right to be?*
"The men in the black car, Daddy! They're coming! They're coming!"

The first sign that something was wrong was the screaming of thousands of little chicken embryos.

I feel it in my little bones, the bones of which are psychic."

"Keep your head down," he screamed at the top of his lungs, "or they'll know we're here!"

Look at the mess she's gotten me into now. Her and her damn psi powers, he thought.

What about yours, Dad? You're no slouch in the kinesiology department yourself, she thought back.

PROLOGUE

2

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, the black car cruised slowly down Maine Street in Ebbets Field, Maine. Inside the car, three members of a secret government agency, the front for which was the slightly buffoonish American Egg Growers of America, surveyed the surrounding surroundings for the father-and-daughter team of psychics.

Each man had dreamed of the girl. Each man wanted the girl. Each for secret reasons of his own...

But of course it's always best to start at the beginning.

CHAPTER

1

CHRISTMAS IN MAINE. Know what it's like? It's special. Snow, Christmas trees, wreaths, good cheer, eggnog, a time to say howdy-do and shake your neighbor's hand, and kiss his wife—maybe longer than you should, maybe slip her a little Christmas tongue, but what the hell, it's Christmas. And presents under the tree, and animated specials, and sometimes wolfmen.

Christmas 1963. The specter of the Kennedy assassination hung over the country like a shroud... a scary black shroud with mold on it, and dirt and worms, and it's around the shoulders of a decaying, bloated corpse. But it's not really a corpse. It's a zombie! Yeah, that's it. A zombie. And it walks, nice and slow. But no matter how fast you run, you can't get away from it. And it leaves a trail of *slime!* And it screams an inhuman and soulless scream. A scream from hell. And you know if it touches you, you'll become a zombie, too. And eat human flesh, and worship the Dark Master.

Anyway, that's the kind of Christ-

mas it was. But Nick Sullivan was determined, in spite of it all, to make this Christmas as wonderful as any other, for the sake of his daughter Dotty.

So, like every other year, they bought presents, and lit the windows, and talked of Santa's imminent arrival, and put up a tree, and strung the eggs that would, as always, adorn the tree.

Then, on Christmas morning, around five o'clock, Nick and Elvira Sullivan watched through their cracked bedroom door as Dotty sneaked downstairs and opened present after present. Something was wrong, though. None of the presents seemed to please her. Not the welder's mask, not the complete works of Robert Frost, not the partially squashed fox that Nick had found on the side of the road and that Elvira had wrapped so carefully, prettily, and lovingly.

When all the packages had been said and done, a scowl flitted daintily across her little features. And she began to tremble.

Elvira moved to open the door. But almost instinctively Nick jumped out the window and ran down the street to get a priest. This made Elvira think better of opening the door. Instead she stood and watched as, one by one, the eggs strung around the tree began to tremble and smoke.

My God, she thought, those eggs are boiling in midair.

And there's no water.

Elvira screamed, and Dotty turned, smiling at her mother. But it wasn't Dotty anymore. It was something possessed. And for a moment Elvira thought it was something terribly evil.

"Eggboiler," whispered Elvira, and the eggs on the tree began to crack and turn black and inedible as she watched, as black and inedible as the four-thousand-year-old corpse staring over her shoulder.

Just kidding.

CHAPTER

2

SIX YEARS LATER, DOTTY went on a field trip with her English class to the Northeastern Chicken Hatching Facilities of the American Egg Growers of America. First she stubbed her toe, then the other children made fun of her because someday she would get her period.

She had promised her mother, her father, and the priest that she would never boil eggs again. But too much was enough.

The first sign that something was wrong was the screaming of thousands of little chicken embryos.

The second sign was the screaming of thousands of Dotty's classmates, who were jammed into the hatchery like so many sardines in a Bell Telephone phone booth, so that there was nowhere to run. Suddenly the air was filled with flying razor-sharp shards of brittle white eggshell fragments. It reminded little Timmy Watson of his father's descriptions of Nam; that is, until Timmy's little towheaded skull was penetrated by a sixty-two-inch jagged piece of eggshell from a rather large egg that had been on exhibit in the Hall of Freaks. Blood splattered and Timmy Watson died.

And the egg-growing officials took notice of the little girl with the terrible powers.

CHAPTER

3

HER HAIR MATTED WITH yolk, albumen, and eggshell fragments—and an occasional beak—Dotty cried into her Popeye's-head-shaped mug of Bosco. Just Bosco, that's all. No milk.

Arm around his daughter Dotty, Nick Sullivan tried to comfort her with a harmless lie calculated to make her more at ease with her death-dealing ability; while in the kitchen, her apron pockets full of eggs, Elvira set herself the task of fixing omelets for dinner. She did not want to be in the same room with Dotty now. At first she was calling her "eggboiling mutant" behind her back. Now she had reached a point where she called her that to her face, then ran. It was a hell of a time for all of them.

"Hundreds of thousands of years ago," Nick explained to Dotty, "in a place known only as Ire-land, our ancestors, who didn't have the benefit of a good education, like you and your mother and me, and Grammar and Gramper, and Uncle Ned—well, not Uncle Ned, but you get the point. Anyway, our ancestors were so dumb, they thought *A Farewell to Arms* was a book about leprosy. And not only that,

The black car was possessed by the benevolent spirit-like ghost-thing of Pops's dead mother, Moms Eduardo.

but they thought the only way to boil potatoes—which is actually only the Irish word for what we today call eggs—was to make a pact with whichever Evil God was closest and most evil. So, every hundred years someone of the Sullivan clan is born possessing the blessing-curse of eggboiling. Some have used it for good, some for bad, and some to get through chef school. It's your gift. It's up to you. I love you no matter which path you choose."

Nick hoped that she bought it and that it would help her—and that she wouldn't choose the chef path—even though he knew it was a lie. What he didn't know was that it wasn't a lie. It was the truth. A truth he was picking up psychically from a priest on a religious program on Channel 6. And not only was the TV not on, they didn't even own one!

Suddenly the front door flew open, to reveal sixteen men and a tank. On the side of the tank were the words "American Egg Growers of America."

One of the men flashed a badge. "Pardon me, sir," he said. "Are you the man of the house?"

"Yes, I am," Nick said, playing their little game. He had already read their minds and knew that they wanted the girl, his daughter... Dotty. And to sell him insurance.

"We are sixteen insurance salesmen and a tank. Have you ever considered how your loved ones will be provided for after you are extremely sanctioned?"

One of his fellows jabbed him in the ribs.

"I mean die," he corrected himself. "Yeah, that's it. Once you die."

"Come in and sit down," said Nick. "I'll be right back."

The sixteen men entered. Also the tank, ripping the front off the house as it did.

Nick, in the kitchen, asked, "How many eggs we got, dear? Quick, give 'em to me."

"Forty dozen, dear," said Elvira. "Here they are. But don't ruin 'em. The McNabbs are coming to dinner tomorrow—all of them."

She gave them to Nick. Almost all the eggs they had in the house. She had forgotten the three dozen she had in her apron pockets.

On the way back to the living room, Nick worried about how he would slip

forty dozen eggs into thirty-two pockets. He decided that patting the men on the back while slipping the eggs in would do the trick. So one by one, he patted and slipped, patted and slipped, patted and slipped... the whole time trying to look as much as possible like a man who wanted to buy insurance, lots and lots of insurance.

Hope this works. Or we're up shit's creek. What the hell am I going to say to all those McNabbs? Doesn't matter now... can't be helped.

"Dotty!" he screamed telepathically. "Now! Boil 'em!"

"But Daddy, the McNabbs..."

"Do it! Now! Before it's too late. Before they find out I filled their pockets with eggs!"

The man with the badge squinted and edged toward them. The eggs rattled in his pockets.

"Say, what's going on over there between you two?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Do it now, Dotty!"

Instantly, the men's pockets began to tremble and smoke. Terrible crackling sounds emanated from their suits. The stink of scorched polyester filled the air.

The men began to scream and dance around from one foot to the other, going, "Ooh-ooh! Ah! Ah!"

Nick grabbed Dotty as the eggs began to fly and ran to the kitchen to get Elvira. They were getting out of there. Now.

But it was too late. Elvira lay on the floor, covered with bubbling yolk from head to foot.

Dotty gasped.

"Don't look," said Nick, pulling her back, shielding her from the sight.

"Oh, Daddy, I killed her!"

"No, punkin, it was me. I killed her with my crazy scheme."

"No, it was me," she said. "It was my accursed power."

"But it was my idea to use it," Nick said.

"See if that stands up in court! I did it!"

"No, me!"

"Me!"

"Me!"

"Me!"

Then, all of a sudden, it didn't seem very important who had killed her. They

were both just glad that she was dead at last.

"We cannot stay here, honey," said Nick. "They are dead, all of them, your mother and the insurance salesmen (*No, not salesmen. Government operatives. Oh God. My own country.*) are dead. But there are more where they came from. And they'll be here soon."

"And don't forget the McNabbs."

"Hoo-boy!" he said laughing. "Are they gonna be sore!"

"I just hope they don't think Mom's an omelet."

They both laughed, but Nick knew they were only laughing in the dark. But if I have one laugh to laugh, mused Nick, let me laugh it in the dark.

He turned off the lights and they left, never to return to their home again.

CHAPTER

4

AMERICAN EGG GROWERS OF AMERICA, Burlington, Virginia.

At 2:15 P.M. on the day of the carnage at the Sullivan home, Desi "Pops" Eduardo, Ph.D., director-in-chief of the so-called American Egg Growers of America, received a Mailgram from Skip Jenkins, Operative 53.

Dear Pops,
I know all your phones are bugged, so I'm sending you a Mailgram. Good idea, huh? Anyway I'm running out of words, so let me be succinct. Did I spell "succinct" right? Is that how you spell it? It looks kind of funny to me. No matter. It seems I'm running out of words. Let me just get to the point. I may not have enough money to pay for... Only ten words left, now only three

Love,
Skip Jenkins

The phone rang. It was Skip.
"Hello, Pops. This is Skip Jenkins, Operative 53. I sent you a Mailgram, but I ran out of words. So I figured I'd call, even though your phone is bugged. I thought we could maybe talk in pig Latin or Esperanto in case someone is listening. That way they won't know what we're talking about. Do you know either one of those languages? Or perhaps you could suggest a third. But not Russian, eh? Ha-ha-ha."

There was a click on the line.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" said the spirits of the undead which possessed the objects in the house.

"Never mind. It's too late now. My dime ran out."

"What's the number?" screamed Pops. "I'll call you back."

"You mean the number of operatives killed at the Sullivans? Fifteen. Would have been sixteen, but I got away."

"What?! What do you mean killed?" demanded Pops. But the line was dead.

Someone knocked on the door. "Come in," yelled Pops, still holding the phone to his ear.

Skip Jenkins entered.

"Hi, Pops," said Skip. "My dime ran out. Thank God I was calling from the lobby. But I can't stay long. I don't have much time left on the meter. They'll tow away that ol' Chrysler of mine sure as..."

"Damn your Chrysler! Tell me what happened!"

"Well, Pops. I only had one dime, so I..."

"At the house, damn it! You said someone was killed?"

"Oh yeah. The fifteen guys I was with. She boiled their eggs, Pops. She boiled 'em bad."

"Do you know where she is now?" asked Pops.

"No. She and her old man got away."

"Well, let's go down to the place where we store our psychic prisoners and see if we can find out where they are," Pops suggested.

"Good idea. Care for a Clark bar on the way down? It's in my breast pocket. As you can see, I can't eat it myself because my hands are filled with Ajax from cleaning the egg off my face. Nestlé's eggs, I think. Or is it Welch's? My missus would know. She wears the Totes in the family."

"Your usage of mundane commercial-product names makes this situation all the more terrifying, because it makes it that much more real."

Skip laughed. "Pepsi-Cola," he said. Pops screamed.

Downstairs, in the Parapsychology Lab, Dr. Alan Goldfarb explained to the hysterical Pops how they would use one of their psychics to locate and capture the girl who could boil eggs using the power of her mind alone.

Ovumkinesis, he called it. Damn fag doctor, with his hundred-dollar Harvard words.

"So you see," said Dr. Goldfarb, "we will use this man, this practi-

tioner of tempokinesis, what you call in your folksy New England layman's slang a 'time traveler'—the doctor chuckled—"to kinesis through tempo, or as you would say, 'travel through time,' thereby reaching the spot where the girl will be, but which she has not reached yet. The amazing thing is that Ray can do this in a bathtub, an old refrigerator box—preferably GE, but it could be any brand—actually any spare container you may have around will do. All right, Ray, into the box."

Silently Ray got in and closed the lid.

"This process, you know, is somewhat limited at this point in our research. Ray can travel only fifteen minutes into the future."

"How long will this take?" Pops asked, wanting to know.

"If all goes well, he should be out in fifteen minutes."

The minutes ticked by, and inside the box the time traveler Ray Huessy concentrated on being fifteen minutes into the future.

Once, Huessy had been a professor of English at Vassar. But after a freak accident he had obtained this accursed power and, not long after, become a pawn on the chessboard of Cold War politics. It happened like this. While he was lecturing on basic punctuation in Boss Tweed Auditorium, a bitter graduate student with negative impulses threw a weighty paragraph at him. Huessy hit his head against the blackboard and fell into a comma. When he came out of it, he had this thing they call tempokinesis.

Now, in the government lab, after much concentration and fifteen minutes, Huessy emerged from the box, triumphant.

Slapping Ray on the back, Goldfarb said, "You did it, Ray! You did it! It's fifteen minutes later and here you are. Can you tell us where the girl is?"

"No," Ray said.

"You lousy quack," Pops said. "This man is obviously of little or no use to us."

"Yes. Fifteen minutes is too short a time," Goldfarb muttered as he jiggled his slide rule. "By now they are sure to have found another hiding place. But we are working on having Ray travel even further into the future by having him spend a longer time inside the box. Of course, we are years away from re-

alizing this."

"You're years away from realizing something," Pops spat. He turned to leave.

"Wait," said Dr. Goldfarb. "Perhaps this one will be of some use."

He pulled aside a curtain to reveal a small boy chained to the wall. The boy's head moved in the manner of a blind man's upon hearing his first sound.

"What's his gimmick?" demanded Pops.

"X-ray vision. He can see the lead inside a pencil. He can see the bones in his fingers. Even the outlines of a beautiful woman's legs through a wall. Notice the concentric, ever-changing moiré patterns around his super-ocular eyes. You can take him with you, Pops. There is no wall or pencil the girl and her father can hide behind."

The boy smiled grimly. "Is this girl to be another of your psychic prisoners, Doc?"

Goldfarb merely cleared his throat. The boy turned to Pops.

"Tell me, Pops. What is this girl going to do for you that makes her such a valuable commodity?"

"Why should I tell you? You're just a pawn here, and I'm the chess player, both of them."

"All right. I'll tell everyone what skinny legs you have."

Pops's hands shot down to cover his knees. He glanced up at Goldfarb.

"Can this kid really see how skinny my legs are? Even through a wall?"

Goldfarb nodded.

"Okay, okay. We figure if the girl can boil chicken eggs at thirty feet, she can boil human egg cells all the way to Moscow. No more Russki egg cells, no more Russkies. No more Russkies, no more poverty, strife, violence, or oppression. Also, I will rule—I mean, the United States will rule the world. You telling me that's not a good thing, kid? Now let's go. You're gonna find that girl."

Pops unchained the boy and dragged him to the door.

"Ouch!" cried the boy. He had bumped his head on the doorknob.

"Hey, kid," said Pops, "you dropped your concentric moiré patterns." He bent to pick them up.

"What the—! Why, these are nothing but X-ray specs. This kid is nothing special! Anybody can see through

The eggs burned deeper into him, converging on his heart. Boiling blood bubbled from his nose and mouth.

walls with these. I'll take them myself. Kill the kid, Goldfarb. He knows too much."

Pops started to leave, then turned to Goldfarb.

"Oh, yes. And kill yourself. You know too little. Come on, Skip. We got ourselves an eggboiler to catch."

CHAPTER 5 PETROGRAD, RUSSIA. A coded communiqué came in staticky bleeps and blips over the wireless from Skip Jenkins's ordinary spoon-shaped transmitter.

Frantically decoding the message was Comrade Slim Redman of the KGB. KGB was the acronym for the Russian words meaning Russian Potato Growers of Russia. Potato was the Russian word for egg.

Slim could not believe his eyes. Clearing his throat, he steeled himself to read the message to his superiors, the doctors in charge of potato growing—Drs. Billy Jeff Scrimshaw and Barry Waldenpond—and to the head of the KGB himself, Chief Leo Guabella.

Slim read, knowing that, as the bearer of this bad news, he could very well be sent to Siberia or, worse, to see the Russian ballet again.

I didn't have enough change for a long-distance call and I knew you wouldn't want me to call collect, so I thought I'd use my spoon transmitter. Eduardo thinks I'm tapping along to the music from the speaker in the coffee shop where we're drinking coffee. I know it's risky sending this right in front of him, but this is so important that I can't wait. Uh-oh! Here comes the waiter with the dessert. I have to sign off now before the ice cream on my apple pie melts. It's vanilla.

The big black phone rang.

"Guabello," said Guabello.

"Hello, sir. It's double agent Skip Jenkins. I was going to call you back on the spoon transmitter, but I ate my pie with it and the waiter took it away with the dirty dishes. But not to worry, I got \$450 in dimes from the cashier at this coffee shop, which is not bad and very reasonable, by the way. I told Eduardo that I was calling the weather number for Australia, which is where they plan to keep the American egg-

boiler, and I don't think he suspects a—what's that you say? Forty degrees in Melbourne? Thank y—sorry, Chief, but Eduardo walked by and I had to pretend that you were really Australian weather... But anyway, I'll be home in time for the premiere of *American Wheat: Not a Grain of Truth*. See you then."

Click.

"He hung up," said Guabello. "He said something about an American eggboiler. He must mean potato boiler. Egg is the American word for potato."

One by one, they all turned to the one-way glass that looked into the room in which they kept their own Russian potato boiler, Subject MNX-43-A. The little blond girl was watching a new situation comedy, "Three Pairs of American Blue Jeans." It did not disconcert her at all that the actors were chained to the floor. It was always thus on Russian television.

"Could it be," wondered Dr. Scrimshaw aloud, "that there is another?"

Guabello frowned. "If there is," he said, "Skip Jenkins must surely kill her so that the Americans cannot retaliate once we boil all their potato cells. Transmit the order to Jenkins at once, before he gives his flashlight-shaped gun to a movie usher."

The radio operator understood and began to transmit the message to Skip's toothpick-shaped receiver.

At the same time, the little potato boiler in the next room understood and also began to transmit...

CHAPTER 6 EBETS FIELD, MAINE. And Dotty felt and understood her twin sister's message. *The Russians know about you now. They want to kill you. Look out for the man with the flashlight and the toothpick in his ear.*

"Daddy," said Dotty, "remember my twin sister?"

Nick searched his memory. "Sort of," he said. "What ever happened to her?"

"We were separated at birth and, through some clerical error at the hospital, she's now being held prisoner in Russia."

"That's too bad. I'd always hoped she'd be the one member of the family to make something of herself. No pun

intended."

"None taken," she retorted smartly.

"But why do you bring her up now? Now of all times, when I'm frantically searching for whatever food and supplies may be in this house we have commandeered as a hiding place from those G-men."

"G" for goon, he thought.

"This is no time for nostalgia," he said.

And he was right, for they were trapped—the girl and her father—and they knew it. What they didn't know was that their terrible predicament had been made even more terrible by a string of coincidences so terrible that...

Well, here.

This is how terrible coincidences occur in a small town like Ebbets Field, Maine.

First the neighbors went away. On vacation. All of them at the same time. Some kind of package deal over to the Shangri-la Travel Agency over to Portland. All of them, that is, except Sonny Tillitson and his wife—who murdered each other in their sleep—and Eb McMann, who had fallen prey to McMann-eating beetles. And Zeke Wilson, who had recently become a giant slime-mold, with eyes, and was embarrassed to leave his house.

Then there were the dogs. They didn't go on vacation either. But to make up for it, they became rabid. All of them. Some kind of package deal over to the Ebbets Field garbage dump.

And oh yes, the power lines. They were cut by a lawnmower boy cum worshiper of Pan gone berserk.

The phones were dead, too. All of them shot by the deputy sheriff, Herb Winkler, who had mistaken them for flesh-eating zombies.

And then the blizzard hit.

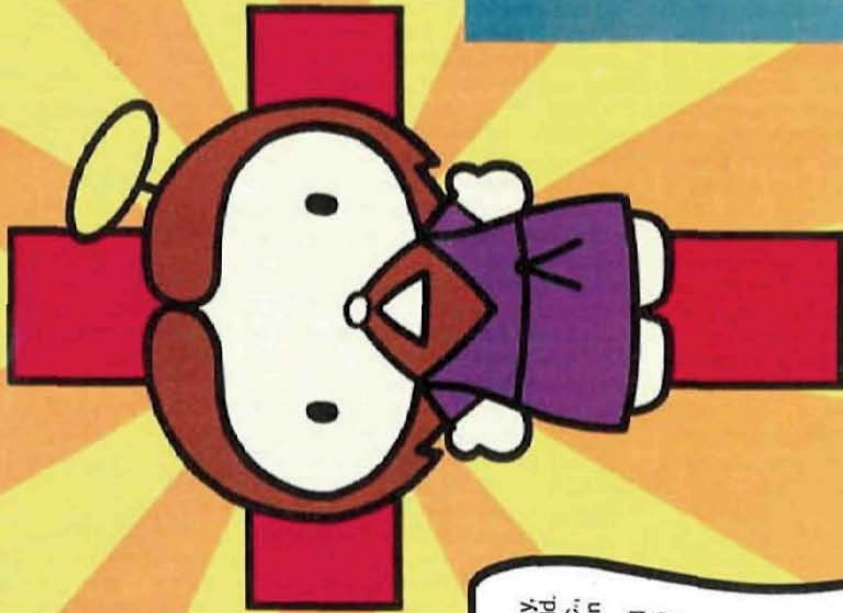
"Daddy, no time for tangents. My twin sister and I have been psychic pen pals for years now, and I have always been a secret to the men who keep her prisoner. But now they know about me and want to kill me. Also, there are some more of those nasty insurance salesmen outside. What are we going to do?"

Looks like we're trapped. But don't let on. Don't scare the kid.

Too late. My hair is standing on end already.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43)

HELLO JESUS™



Dear Retailer,

As you best know, Snoopy, Smurfs, Hello Kitty, Strawberry Shortcake all are a big success in world. But at ToySport Export Corporation International Inc., our concerns are that also spiritual life of children appears to be lacking, sorely!

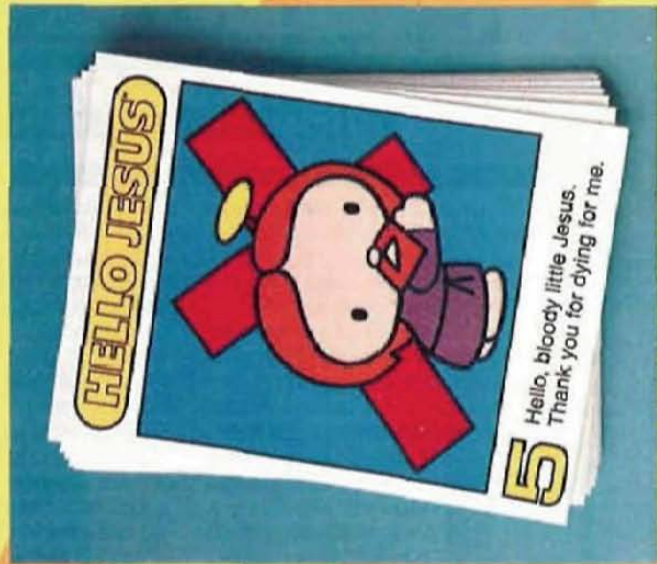
Children are still much in trouble both at home and elsewhere. And do not get in line or obey without to be commanded repeatedly. Having to correct children so many times, you will agree, is an inefficiency.

Being good Methodists both in our nation and abroad, we have set about to cure this social illness through both persuasive merchandising and sales.

We are proud to present to you HELLO JESUS™! This product, you will agree, is a way of doing good and also well! In many nations these items already sell multiple units to children who say to us: "Hello Jesus™ is the friendly little savior who brings joy to the young in heart. Hello Jesus™ is living in a kingdom of fun and play. I never wish to displease Him!"

Having brought this spiritual meaning to our own and world children we are happy to offer America this opportunity to sell some of the same to yours!

Sincerely,
The ToySport Export Corporation International Inc.



STATIONS TRADING CARD, SERIES #58847 \$34GROSS . RETAIL \$3 EACH

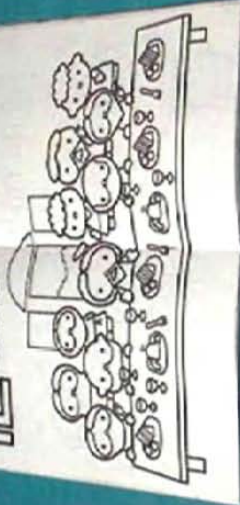
Sins are like stickers on your soul.



Hello Jesus™ can take them off.
Confess now.

STICKER BOOK, #B8886... \$10/DOZ... RETAIL \$4 each

12 twelve



Who will betray Jesus™? Not you, I hope!

COLORING BOOK, #C9686... \$5/DOZ... RETAIL \$5 each



Here comes My Magdalene™.

NECKLACE, #H5669... \$25/DOZ... RETAIL \$10 each



Be good and smart when you
are in school. Impress your elders.

SCHOOL NOTEBOOK, #A1059... \$12/DOZ... RETAIL \$10 each



Hello, Caesar™.
Here's something
for you.

WALLET, #W6789... \$30/DOZ... RETAIL \$7.50 each

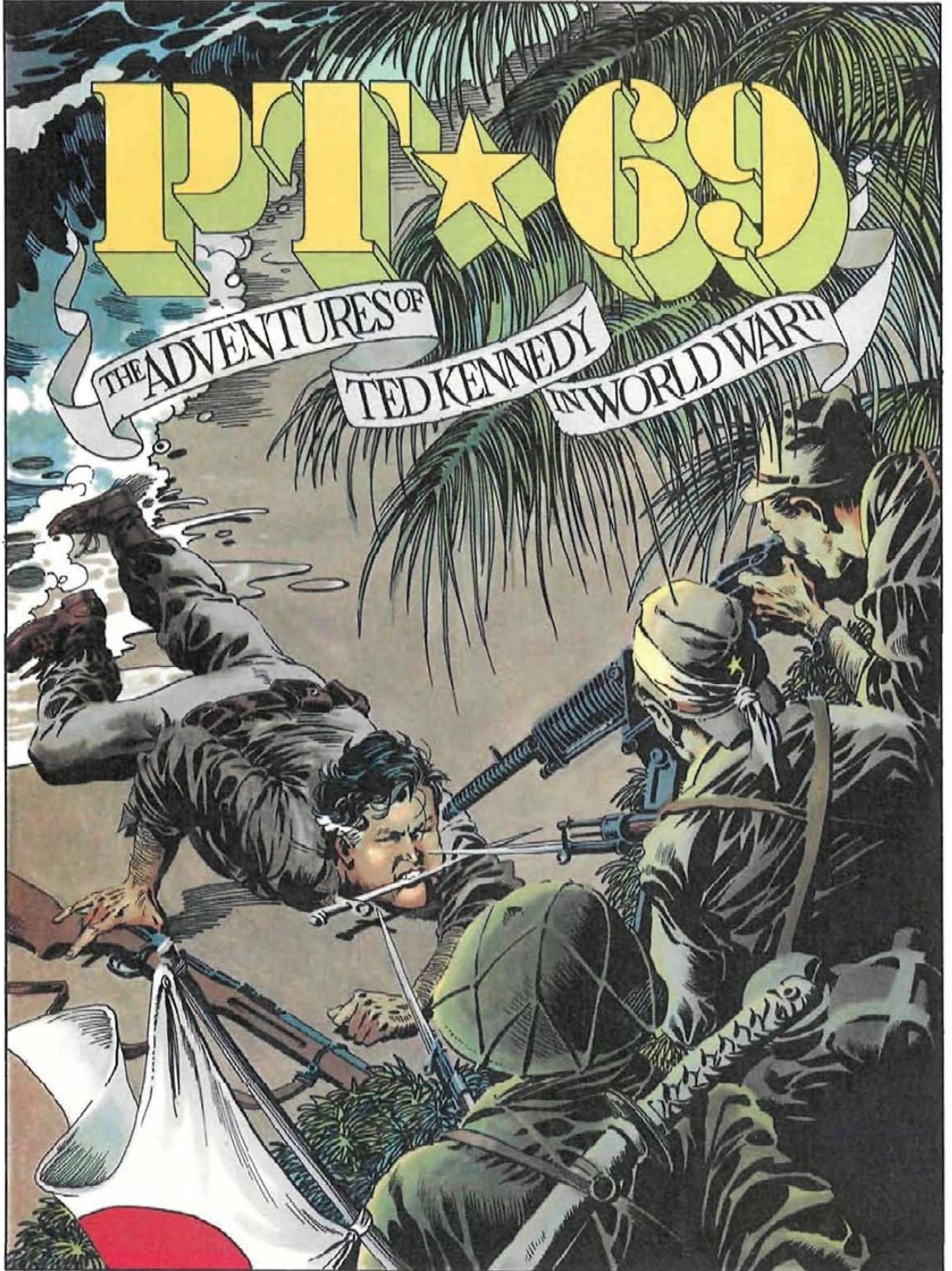


Hello Jesus™ walks on water.
Don't you try it!

SANDALS, #S9480... \$65/DOZ... RETAIL \$15 each

ToySportExport

Copyright © 2007, National Lampoon, Inc.





HYANNISPORT, 1984.

DAD, CAN I HAVE THE KEYS TO THE CAR?

DAD, CAN I HAVE THE KEYS TO THE LIQUOR CABINET?

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED ME THAT, SON. IT'S QUITE A STORY! IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY....



SHIT! I BET THAT LITTLE NIXON PRICK IS BEHIND THIS!

ELNICE!
BOBBY!
PAT!
GATHER ROUND!

WESTERN UNION
JACK MISSING IN ACTION OFF TULAGI. DETAILS TO FOLLOW. SIGNED, FORRESTAL SEC. NAVY.



TEDDY!!

TEDDY!

STOP PLAYING WITH YOUR LITTLE TOY SOLDIER AND COME UP HERE!

HERE. LET ME POLISH YOUR HELMET, LITTLE SOLDIER....



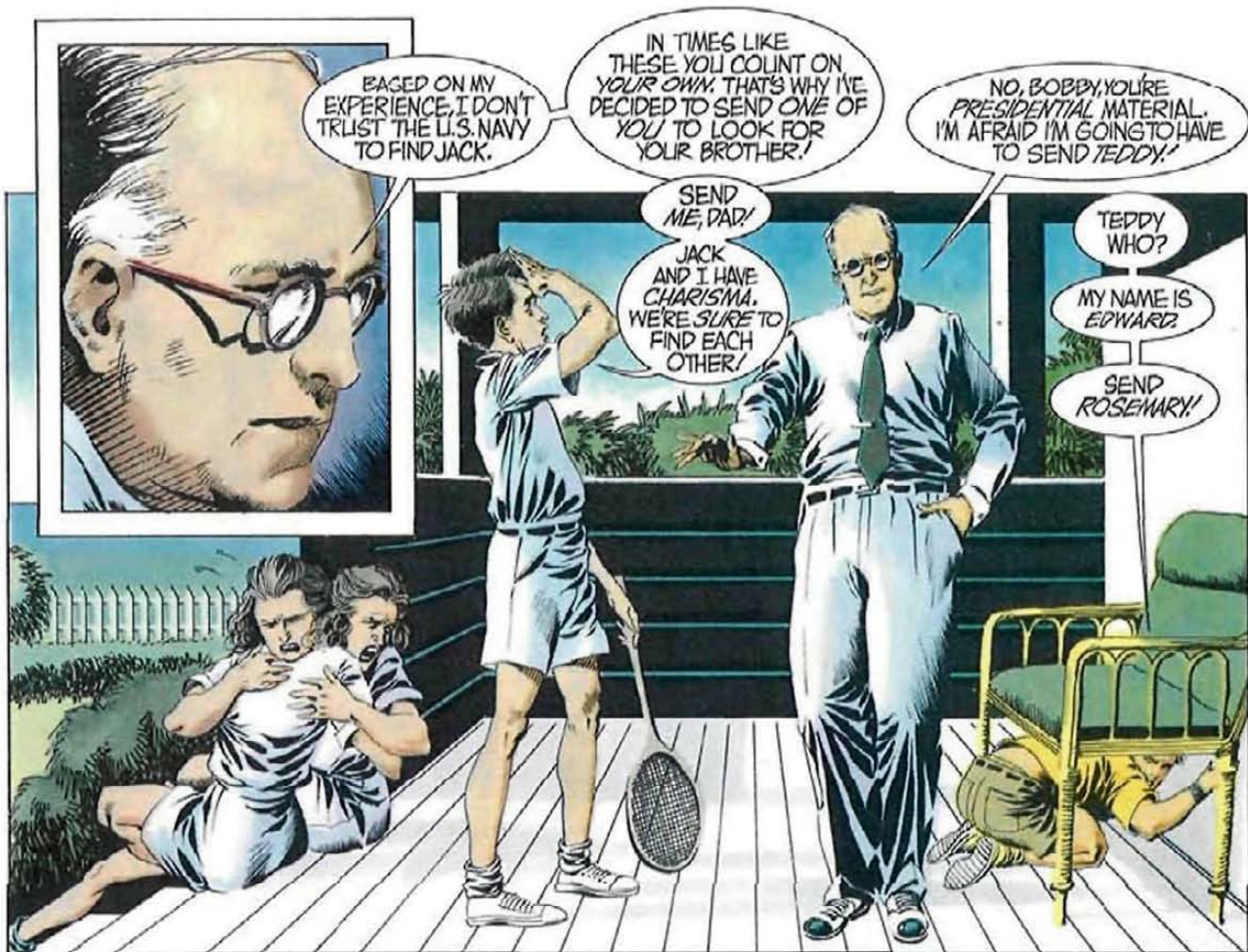
YOUR BROTHER JACK HAS BEEN REPORTED MISSING IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

JEEPERS!

THERE GOES THE DYNASTY!

WHAT'S FOR LUNCH?

OH NO!





"IN SAN FRANCISCO, I TOOK IMMEDIATELY TO THE MILITARY LIFE. THAT JOURNEY WAS THE FORMATIVE EXPERIENCE OF MY YOUNG MANHOOD."

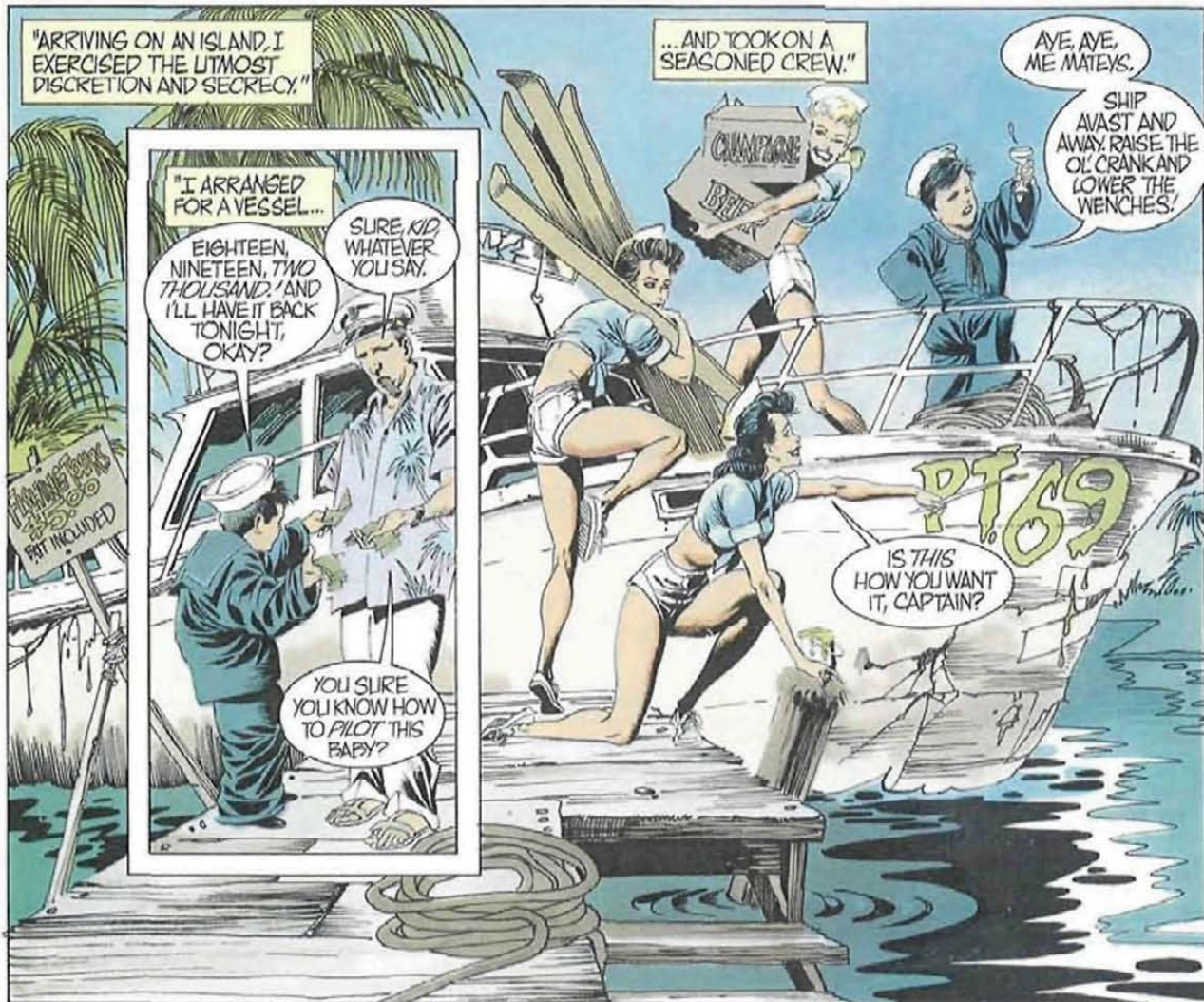
ANNNOTHER ROLL FOR EVERRYONE, COURTESY THE LI'L GENERAL.



"LEAVING MY TROOPS BEHIND, I TOOK THE FIRST STEP ON THE LONG, LONELY JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF MY BROTHER JACK."

CAN YOU GIRLS GIVE SOME SPECIAL ATTENTION TO A LITTLE SOLDIER LATER ON?

I BET YOU COULD!



"ARRIVING ON AN ISLAND, I EXERCISED THE LITMOST DISCRETION AND SECRECY."

... AND TOOK ON A SEASONED CREW."

AYE, AYE, ME MATEYS.

SHIP AVAST AND AWAY. RAISE THE O'L CRANK AND LOWER THE WENCHES!

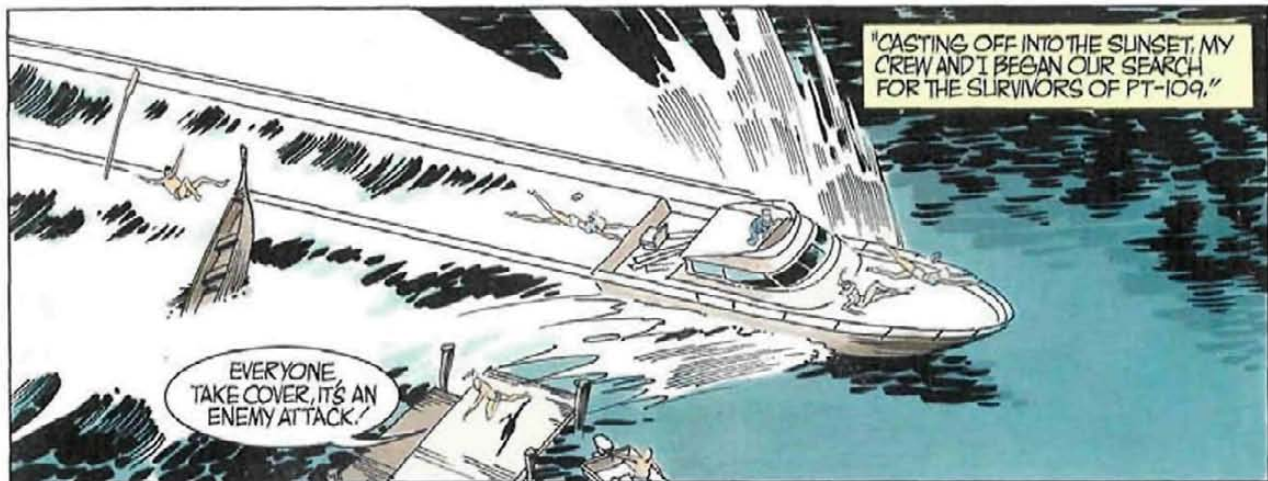
"I ARRANGED FOR A VESSEL..."

EIGHTEEN, NINETEEN, TWO THOUSAND. AND I'LL HAVE IT BACK TONIGHT, OKAY?

SURE, KID, WHATEVER YOU SAY.

YOU SURE YOU KNOW HOW TO PILOT THIS BABY?

IS THIS HOW YOU WANT IT, CAPTAIN?



"WE SPED HEADLONG INTO A JAPANESE TRAP!"

EEEEAAAASSSSY
NOWWWWW!!

YIPES!

ARRRRGH!

YOU CLIMSY
LITTLE TWERP!

"EVEN THEN, I WAS THE KENNEDY
WHO KNEW HOW TO SURVIVE!"

"WITH LITTLE REGARD
FOR MY OWN PERSONAL
SAFETY, I BRAVELY
TOWED MY CREW TO
A NEARBY ISLAND."

"WITHIN HOURS WE
WERE RESCUED.
JUST LIKE JACK."

WAS THAT
HOW YOU GOT TO BE
SUCH A GOOD SWIMMER,
DADDY?

GO TO
YOUR ROOM,
PATRICK!

THE
END!

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

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

You've got what it takes.

Salem Spirit



*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.*



Eggboiler

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

"Cupcake, cupcake, cupcake. Do not be afraid. I will not hurt you. But I am the only one."

Stop. Don't say this. Can't help it. For her own good.

"Everyone else will. And not just everyone, but everything. Look, the closet doors. It is as if they reach out for you. But don't be afraid. There are no such things as bogeymen. Or are there? Look, there, the closet doors seem closer now and... bigger!"

Simply the perspective. Closer means bigger. Don't tell her that.

"Run. Run! Run!! But there is nowhere to run."

"Daddy! Daddy! I'm scared!"

"Don't be afraid." The man held the girl close to him, felt her tears on his unshaven cheek. "Daddy's here. Daddy loves you, the way he used to love Mommy."

"You mean... very much?"

The house reached into his mind, and he knew that he was the house. And always had been. He felt the studs and lathing and beams and wainscoting the way a man feels his skeleton.

What's happening to me? Got to... pull away. But I like it. It's good. Good to have a basement.

"It's hard to put into words, punkin. Come up to the bedroom and let me show you." The man took her by the hand.

The closets opened and reached out for what was theirs. Outside the wind raged.

And the black car approached.

CHAPTER 7

OPERATIVE 53, SKIP JENKINS, a round, stupid man, scanned the house fronts with his Smith & Wesson night scope.

"A lot of fucking rabid dogs in this neighborhood," he said. "This is nothing like Nam."

Another operative, Mack "The Knife" McKnife, said, "One dog per house, it seems. I've been keeping track by putting notches in my cheese dip."

On the car radio, the Beatles sang:
*I'd rather see you dead, little girl,
Than to see you with another
man....*

Skip Jenkins suggested they take a moment to put the car into reverse, to see if, by driving backward, they could really hear if Paul was dead. This was the sixties, remember, when such ideas were not considered as crazy as they

are in the future, when everyone knows it is really John who is dead. Even though it was Paul who walked barefoot across the *Abbey Road* album.

But Desi Eduardo would not back up, even to find out if Paul was dead or not. He had only one thing on his mind. The girl. And getting her. And her father. And breaking his arms. And finding out where they were first. Then capturing them. And transporting them to a secret and distant part of Australia. And holding them prisoners. And using them in a top-secret scientific project designed to thwart the Russians by using psychics. Which is what they were. Especially the girl. And, oh yes, don't forget to bring home a loaf of bread and a jug of wine for Mabel.

That was the only thing on his mind at the moment.

"Shut that thing off," Pops shouted. "I can't concentrate."

Skip turned off the radio.

Now Pops concentrated.

The house. The house. Which house? Find them. Find them. Oooooohhh.

And then he was drifting. Up. Up out of his body like an East Indian Yogi when a very tall Indian sits in front of him at a movie. Years before, in 1961, Pops's friend Sam Meyerhoff, a New York Jew who taught in the parapsychology department at Columbia University, had explained the process to him.

"Astral projection," Sam had called it between bites of a corned beef sandwich with mustard not mayonnaise (*for God's sake*). The mustard was Gulden's. Spicy Brown, they called it. Not French's, which ironically is American and, even more ironically, yellow.

As if I wasn't able to do the dang thing until I knew the goddamn Jew name for it. Astral projection. Jeesh! Must be Hebrew or something.

Pops floated above the car. No longer driving. It was fortunate for Skip and Mack that the black car was possessed by the benevolent spirit-like ghost-thing of Pops's dead mother, Moms Eduardo.

Moms sped through the streets of Ebets Field, trying to keep up with her son Pops.

Pops saw all of Ebets Field spread out below him like a living breathing Stratego board of humanity. The red and blue plastic pieces of the town jutting up all over, like so many spies and generals.

The town square gazebo, where little Jimmy Macklin, Andy and Edna's youngest, had been brutally clubbed to death in the fall of '63 by a man from Portland by the name of Ted Healy. No, he was not a vampire. He was not a ghoul, he was not an unnameable creature of the night. He was simply a man.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)



The Whole Earth Catalog

of sex tools, software, hardware



\$5

*Full moon.
Kiss it.*

The Library of Congress

Get on their mailing list fast so you can get their catalogs and supplements, which come out about every two, three months. They carry the world's biggest selection of pornographic literature, current, rare and out-of-print stuff at most righteous prices.

Remember *The Black Widow* by Sidney and Beatrice Webb? *The Inflamed Member* by Alexander Cockburn? They've got them.

—GS

I love the Library of Congress because they've got a toll-free number, so I can call them night or day and order something to satisfy my randy thoughts. They've got obscure stuff like *Sex in a Sleeping Bag* by Ben Down and *Minneapolis Honey Well* by Rod Divine. Of course, all the classics are available, and they also have a critic's-choice section that is always right on the money. LOC was the first to recommend *Inside Uranus* by Peter Prober, *The Harder They Come* by Jimmy Quiff, *Terms of Engorgement* by Debra Wanger and *The Right Muff* by Dick Diver. I can honestly say that the Library of Congress has changed my life.

—Stu Terkis

Free catalog from:
Library of Congress
Mail Order Porn Books
Box 68
Canajoharie, NY 00472

Amana Microwave Oven

For the male member of the family. Keep it near your bed, if possible, and turn it on just before you start making love. As you approach your climax, pull out and pop your dork into the oven for three to five seconds (no longer or you'll be sorry). Then go back to what you were doing. Both you and your loved one will have the kind of "O"s you read about in *Penthouse* letters. Something will go "pop" inside and then boom-boom-boom and then wham. I've done it on and off for three years and have experienced no side effects except for a few minor blisters and a

slight knifing sensation in the rectum. The Amana has oversize door openings that also make it nice for bun warming on a cold night. Other ovens probably work just as well. We were given the Amana as a wedding gift. We have yet to use it for cooking.

—Paul Stickey

Amana Microwave Oven
\$595

Available at most appliance and department stores



Dr. Bogner's Sex Hats

We wear them when our sex life needs a little boost. Hard to explain what happens, but there's a definite erotic zap in the air when we put them on (you wear them while you make love). They don't look any different from ordinary hats, but obviously Dr. Bogner puts something into the hat fiber that does the trick. An aphrodisiac? An electrical charge? We don't know and the doctor is not telling. We tried duplicating his hats but ours don't do the trick and his do.

Dr. Bogner makes all his own hats by hand in his shop in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Expensive, but worth it. Hats for men and ladies.

—Miles Nordstrom



Dr. Bogner's Sex Hats

From
\$54.95
depending on style and material
Available from:
Dr. Bogner
Box 450
Great Barrington, MA 00265
Send for free catalog.

Flavored Dental Floss

Buy the big size. Pull out yards and yards of it and use it to tie your partner to the bedpost. It's feather-light bondage which feels real good to the skin, especially the waxed kind, which is slender as thread and a thousand times tougher. Now take another hunk, tell your partner to open wide and proceed to floss his or her brains out. If you think picking at your partner's pimples and blackheads is satisfying, you've got a major surprise in store when you take up serious flossing. The new flavored kinds (mint, cinnamon, citrus) make it even more pleasant. An oral retentive's idea of heaven. Cheap thrills par excellence.

—GS



Flavored Dental Floss
Approx. \$1 and up
Available at all
drugstores, supermarkets

Johnson & Johnson
and other brands

Chinese Baby Eggplant

Once a rare delicacy enjoyed only by the Chinese, you can now buy them in a lot of specialty stores or grow them yourself. Burpee and the other seed people can set you up with what you need. We like them better than the big, conventional eggplants. Bake your eggplant for forty minutes or so until soft and fork tender. Let it cool to room temperature. Open it gently and brush a little peanut oil on it. Then do what you will to it. Chinese eggplant goes sideways as well as up and down. They say the Chinese Commie prisoners used to keep their sanity with these. It's a pretty good whack-off for capitalists, too.

—A. D. Palumbo



Chinese Baby Eggplant

\$1.25 a pound

Available in any Chinatown section of a major city or a good farmer's market or specialty food shop

Go Fuck a Tree!

Ever fuck a tree? If you know what to look for you're in for a rare treat. Cut a hole in the trunk and feel for the soft, pulpy innards that have a bit of tree sap. Wrap your arms around it and go crazy. Good for the tree too.

—GS

Go Fuck a Tree! is the perfect book for horny hikers—lone wolves in the wilderness who need a quick release from their wild fantasies. This book helps you find the real juicy trees and tells you how to fuck them with the care and devotion of an environmentalist. Also, not a bad book for general information and identification of trees. I've kept a little journal of my exploits and at last count I'd done it with 87 different species from Maine to British Columbia.

—Greg Bagnold

Go Fuck a Tree!

A Field Guide to the Sexiest Trees in North America
Tom Swellner
\$12.95
Running Mouth Press
Anaheim, CA 00118

The Unexpurgated Walden

Pretty hot stuff, even by today's steamy standards. This was the Walden that Thoreau originally wrote but couldn't publish, for obvious reasons. Otto Strohmeyer, director of New England Studies at Harvard, uncovered the manuscript while editing the great man's letters. He spent the next six years documenting its authenticity. No question about it, it's the real thing. A literary and philosophical classic, a revelation of the sexual habits of Thoreau and his famous friends — and best of all, a real turn-on.

Thoreau may have gone to the woods to "live deliberately" and simplify his life, but in between nature study and philosophical musings he was as randy as a mink. *The Unexpurgated Walden* describes his not-so-hermetic life in the woods with his visitors, especially Ralph Waldo Emerson, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Margaret

Fuller and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Emerson liked to direct group sex at the Pond, always lecturing and pontificating. Thoreau preferred a single partner so that he could experiment with the new techniques he learned from the local Indians. All the men (and some of the women) were jealous of the cheerful, well-meaning Longfellow, whose name was also the nickname for his gigantic member.

Wonderful stuff — both high-toned and funky. Margaret Fuller, or "Fill Her," as she was called, seduces the moody Hawthorne, and that is worth the price of the book alone. But there's a lot more. And it's all written in that spare, chiseled prose that elevates porn into what? Art? Probably. *The De-Flowering of New England*. Positively transcendental.

—Steve Brill

The Unexpurgated Walden

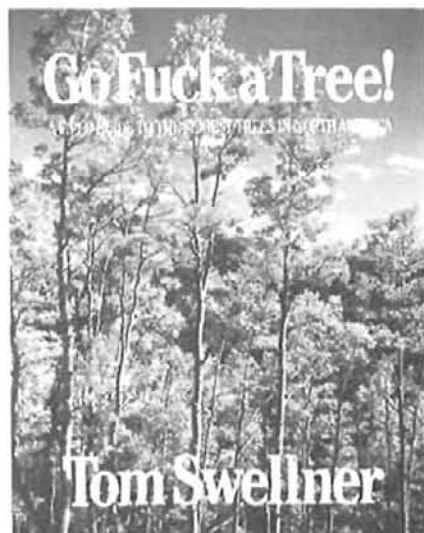


by Henry Thoreau

Edited by Professor Otto Strohmeyer

The Unexpurgated Walden

Henry Thoreau
Edited by Otto Strohmeyer
\$19.95
Harvard University Press



Sexual Rites of the Guba

The Guba are different from you and me. That's why we can learn something from them. They could be on to something. Anyway, the pictures are fantastic.

—GS

Sexual Rites of the Guba



Sexual Rites of the Guba

Photographs and Text by
Lenny Riefenstahl
1980: 258 pp.
\$35.95
Overlord Press

The Guba believe that sex should be practiced only once a year. But they spend a lot of time beforehand preparing for it. The women take long baths in the mud with hippos to soften their skin. Their diet consists mainly of aphrodisiacs and drugs. They spend hours every day exercising their pelvic and vaginal muscles. The males undergo a regimen of dancing, body painting and tattooing, genital stretching, self-mutilation and prayer. The designated day becomes an orgiastic release that knows no bounds. The sex usually lasts for ten days, nonstop. When it is over, everyone takes sleeping potions. The final ritual is a communal dust bath to rid the mind and body of all sexual desire for another year. The Guba are now in a state of Watik. They are fucked out.

Q-Tips

Lao-tze was asked by a student, "Who receives greater pleasure in the sex act, the man or the woman?" The great sage pondered the question and absentmindedly poked his ear with his finger. He smiled and answered, "The woman, of course."

—GS

There's nothing like it for earjobs. Fingers are too thick and gummy. Pens and pencils are dangerous if you go in too deep. The answer is the Q-Tip, a brand name that has become the generic term for the double-tipped cotton swab. That first insertion of a clean Q-Tip in your ear, especially when you've got the itch, is pure heaven. Move it around slowly. Let the itch continue as long as possible so you can poke, twist and twirl your Q-Tip in and out. Aside from getting a string of wet pearls pulled out of your ass, is there anything that feels better? Most people are afraid to use the Q-Tip to its full potential, so they don't get all the sensations of a good earjob. My old man calls them "eargams." What you don't know is that an ear can accommodate at least an inch and a half of Q-Tip before you get to the delicate parts. That first so-called hard barrier you touch is mostly wax buildup and mold.

Wet or dry? How do you like your Q-Tips? I prefer a slightly wet one. Run it under hot water and pat it almost dry with a soft, clean towel. Try to keep it warm and

slightly wet. Some people like to get an earjob after a hot shower. I think there's too much water in your ear then and you lose some of the sensations.

Wood Q-Tips feel best in the hand. Plastic is the most common material, and the manufacturers make a big deal out of its flexibility. The truth is, you don't want a plastic, highly flexible shaft. It wobbles too much when you apply a little pressure. You want a firm shaft and tightly woven cotton swabs. If you can't find wood shafts, experiment with the hard paper ones — some of the name-brand versions aren't bad. This is where name brands are usually worth the extra money. You get better quality control, which means a decent, firm shaft and uniformity in your cotton swabs. The cheaper brands always have one loosely bound swab that fluffs up in your ear and makes poor contact.

Can you make your own Q-Tips? Sure. With a few toothpicks and some cotton balls. But why bother? Q-Tips are still relatively cheap, and you can't possibly make those swabs as tight as they do at the factory. I've heard of a few people recycling their used Q-Tips by sterilizing them in boiling water (the wood and plastic ones can withstand the heat). Again, why bother? If you can find a big medical supply house they'll sell you a year's supply at a big discount.

—Melinda Moonbeam



Q-Tips
\$.49 and up
Johnson & Johnson Swabs
\$.69 and up

Various supermarkets and drug chains also carry their own brands. Some of these are actually made by the Q-Tip people and Johnson & Johnson. Some are pretty okay.

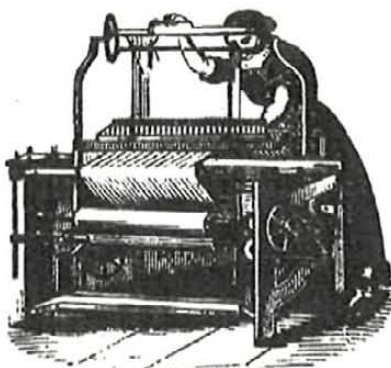
The Dobby Loom

By day, it's the last word in weaving technology. By night, it's the Great American Sex Dream Machine. Strap yourself into this baby and get ready for a trip to the moon. You've got consistent tensioning, automatic advance, a fly-shuttle beater, adjustable spring-loaded harness return action and plenty of removable chains. Speeds are completely controlled. The old "in and out" never felt so good. Blackberri likes to hang her legs over a beam and move up and down on me while I flick her with a dobbie chain. A 50-page instruction manual spells out all the techniques, but you'll weave your own tapestry of love.

—GS

Dobby Looms

Manufactured by:
Akers and Strum
1001 16th St. N.W.
Winnetka, IL 00120



The Queen's Bees

The Empress Messalina started it back in ancient Rome—trained bees that tickle and titillate the private parts and create thriller orgasms. The Romans must have brought a few choice bees to England, because the Brits have continued the tradition and cultivate the finest trained bees in the world. The firm of J. Sturdley and Sons has an impeccable reputation. They've been supplying the Royal Family for generations.

The bees are a special strain, carefully cultivated and trained to buzz and play around inside a lady's honeypot. The more excited the lady becomes, the more active the bee gets. Her juices stimulate the little darlings. It's pure sexual synergism.

Of course there are no stingers on these bees. They're just tiny, furry little things with special talents. They come in many sizes and shapes, and they last for about a year. The bees are blast-frozen at the Sturdley Farm, sealed in airtight plastic bags and shipped by air, guaranteed to reach you in one day. They will thaw out in a bowl of warm water and be ready for use in about an hour.

Complete instructions are enclosed. Satisfaction is guaranteed or your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Note: Some of my adventurous friends are experimenting with the bees and the Pennsylvania Blue Neck pigeons for a "Birds and the Bees" job.

—GS

The Queen's Bees

Prices upon request from:
J. Sturdley and Sons
Priddy, Somerset
England
Catalog available
\$2



"Thumbelina" 3009

A favorite of Queen Victoria and our currently reigning monarch. Preferred by ladies with large openings. A hardworking, thoroughly busy bee with the capacity of five or six ordinary insects. One or two Thumbelinas are more than adequate for the most demanding woman.



"Sir Galahad" 2313

Small, highly discreet, yet skillful enough to arouse even the most insensitive types. Nearly inaudible when in use and can even be inserted during social occasions without causing suspicion.

Akitas

Born and bred in Japan, where the male still reigns supreme, Akitas were trained by wealthy, jaded Japanese to become the animal equivalents of the geishas. Their specialty was—and is—sexual stimulation.

Good Akitas can now be bought in the U.S. But if you own a cute cocker spaniel or a Scottie, don't give her away. Use the Akita for special occasions. Most Akita shops will rent you an animal for a couple of days for a tryout—they are very expensive. So what's the big deal? you may say. Any well-trained dog can give you a blowjob. The secret weapon of the Akitas is its teeth. They're perfectly round and have beveled edges—no points—so they don't bite your wing-wang when they perform. The Akita does so many incredible things with its teeth and tongue that many Japanese have given up women. They like to dress their dogs in little kimonos and even train them to serve tea. Akitas are for the man who has everything. It's like having sex for the first time. And of course, they're man's best friend.

—Eric Treyf

Akitas

Available in specialty pet shops in many major cities. \$500. and up depending on quality of the teeth.



Beaking

Another trained animal to consider, this one for the lady of the house, is the Pennsylvania Blue Neck, a carrier pigeon that's trained to poke its beak in and out of small, moist openings. It bills and coos while doing this and so will you. Penn Blue Necks are cute, round and cuddly. They're easy to live with and should not be confused with the common urban pigeon, a filthy, disease-bearing scavenger. Blue Necks are as clean as tabby cats and require very little care and maintenance. They are trained to respond to simple commands and can poke and peck in various rhythms and intensities for hours at a time. They don't have the self-lubricating qualities of an Akita's tongue, but they're a heck of a lot cheaper. A little oil on the beak is recommended.

—Patti LaVerne

Pennsylvania Blue Neck Pigeon

Available from:
The Pigeon Works
Box 45
New Lincoln, NY 00383



Eggboiler

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48)

A man with mental and sexual problems. And oh yes, he was a werewolf. But not on that particular night. On that night he was just a man with a club... who had been bitten by an alien.

Laverne's Coffee Shoppe, where Joe Beamis would stop every day for eight years and order a vanilla Coke on his way home from work at the Sleepy Hollow Slaughterhouse. Until one day he found a hare in his Coke, and it bit him, and it was rabid, and Joe killed ten.

The library, where old Miss Edith Weathervane spent night after night trying to memorize the Dewey decimal system, until she went mad and killed ten more. While up the road, on the hill in the Eggmont Street Cemetery, Dewey laughed in his grave.

These were the dark secrets of the town. Secrets everyone knew, because the murders had been in all the papers, and because some damn guy kept writing novels about them.

Pops jolted back to consciousness at the wheel of his mother the car.

"Well, Eduardo," said Skip, "did you locate the kid, or did you just fly around thinking about the town and its history again?"

McKnife thumped Skip on the back of the head with the butt of his bazooka.

Just hard enough to teach Jenkins a lesson and to collapse the back of his skull into his brain.

"Show Pops some respect," McKnife whispered.

Pops turned in his seat and said, "I hope you killed him."

Jenkins's brain matter oozed out the back of his head like raspberry preserves oozing out of the back of a Dunkin' Donut with raspberry preserves in it that had been hit with the butt of a bazooka.

Ludicrously McKnife recalled his tour of duty in Nam.

"I did. I killed him. Just like them geeks over to Nam."

"It's all right," Pops said. "You did the right thing. He turned out to be no better than them geeks, the dirty yellow bastards. And by the way, it's not geeks, it's gooks."

"What say?"

"Gooks, gooks, gooks."

Instantly McKnife sprang into action and performed an emergency Heimlich maneuver on Pops.

"What is it?" McKnife asked. "A chicken bone?"

"You're the chicken bone," snarled

Pops. "Now get in the backseat and let me tell you of my vision."

Neither man noticed dead Jenkins's fingers clawing at the seat of the car.

"I saw the house. Where they are. Split-level, one-car garage, shrubs in front, oil stairs on the driveway, cement walk to the front door, which is pink aluminum, a smokeless chimney on a red tile roof, flowered curtains in the windows."

"Great!" said McKnife. "Let's go find said house. Also the girl."

"And the father," said Pops.

"And kill him."

"And kill him, yes. But not the girl."

"And eat him," slobbered McKnife.

"Of course."

Jenkins slowly opened his eyes, revealing empty worm-ridden sockets. There was the unbearable stench of death about the car. Jenkins shrieked a soulless dead man's shriek.

"What was that?" whispered McKnife.

"What?" asked Pops, annoyed.

"Maybe it was nothing. I must have the heebie-jeebies."

"Well, don't start going looney tunes on me now, Mack."

"Right. We gotta find that house."

So they looked. And they saw that every house they passed was identical to the one before it—right down to the house number on the door.

Goddamn! A fucking postwar-baby-boom tract fucking housing development town! Damn postwar prosperity, anyhow!

"What now, Pops? Do we do a house-to-house?"

Pops stuffed a big fat White Owl into his mouth and mumbled thoughtfully, "Looks like we'll have to, son."

A withered hand with long moldy fingernails fell lightly on McKnife's shoulder. McKnife screamed. It was Jenkins. He was smiling.

CHAPTER 8

"NO, DADDY, DON'T!" screamed Dotty.

Her father, now hinged to the wall, looking more like a door than she had ever seen him before, tried to have his way with her.

"Daddy, what's happening to you? You're becoming a door!"

"I'm not your daddy anymore. While you were in the bathroom before, I sold my soul to this house for life eternal. So I have to live it as a door. Big fucking deal. Now the house wants you."

"No!" she screamed, and chopped the door to pieces with an ax.

"You can't kill me," the pieces said in unison as they began to chase her across the room.

"Or us," said the window, opening

and shutting on her head.

"Or us," said the salt shaker on the table.

"Or us," said the spice rack, flying at her from across the room.

"Or us!"

"Or us!"

"Or us!"

The house began to tremble and laugh.

Dotty took out her blowtorch and set the house on fire.

It stopped laughing.

"Dotty, Dotty!" wailed the pieces of her father in unison.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" said the spirits of the undead which possessed the objects in the house.

Dotty began to collect the pieces of her father.

No!, she heard the pieces say in her head. *It's too late for me! I belong to the house now! And when I burn to cinders, I will go on existing for all eternity as nothing but a living breathing evil swirl of dust.*

"Oooh, creepy!" Dotty whined, dropping the pieces.

Run! Escape! And watch out for the men in the black car! And the dogs. And the Russian. And the snow. And that crazy Jake Ehrhardt, who lost his mind on his vacation and has decided to come back and kill anyone who remains in Ebbets Field. Especially if it's a little kid. Now hurry. Goodbye. I'm sorry. I love you. I love you as much as burning cinders can love anything.

But she was already out the door...

CHAPTER 9

AND RUNNING IN THE snow.

And being chased by dogs.

And Jake.

"There she is!" yelled Pops.

And now Pops.

"I see her through the maggots which are now my eyes," said the zombie of Skip Jenkins.

The Russian, too.

"Looks pretty bleak," said Dotty.

And also McKnife in snowshoes.

Suddenly Dotty stopped and faced them all, closing her eyes and raising her hands.

"Calling all eggs in Ebbets Field," she cried at the top of her little lungs.

Her pursuers stopped in their tracks, including the dogs and the zombie.

Something was happening. Rattling came from the houses around them. And suddenly windows were blowing outward, and steaming hot eggs were flying through the cold winter night air.

We love you, Dotty, the eggs seemed to hiss.

Just like Nam, McKnife thought, as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)

UNDERGROUND COMIX

ARE ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN YOUR MAILBOX!

That's right. The original, uncensored comix from the underground might not be easy to find, but they can be as near as your mailbox. These collections are original editions by the same artists who set the world of cartooning on its ear with their uninhibited humor and other-worldly visions. You must be 18 or older to order these collections of comic art. Packages include at least 4 comix with a retail value of at least the listed price.

DIRTY COMIX ASSORTMENT
See how the underground cartoonist gave a new meaning to the word "perverted".
\$7.50

HUMOR COMIX ASSORTMENT
From biting social satire to a brand of lunacy never before experienced by the art world.
\$6.00

DRUG COMIX ASSORTMENT
A favorite theme of the underground taken, as usual, to the limits of good taste.
\$6.00

NEWEST COMIX ASSORTMENT
Get a sampling of the most recent titles being published by the original publishers.
\$8.00

NEW SEXY COMIX ASSORTMENT
Sexually provocative themes presented in cartoon form with nothing left to the imagination.
\$7.50

**Send to: National Lampoon Magazine
Department 584
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022**

_____ Dirty Comix KGPAC2 **\$7.50**
 _____ Humor Comix KGPAC3 **\$6.00**
 _____ Drug Comix KGPAC4 **\$6.00**
 _____ Newest Comix KGPAC5 **\$8.00**
 _____ New Sexy Comix KGPAC6 **\$7.50**

Please add \$1.00 for postage and handling. All checks must be payable within the continental U.S. (New York state residents, please add 8% sales tax.)

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____





A L L E L U I A !

QUON THE OCCASION OF THIS YEAR'S VERNAL EQUINOX, WHEN WE COMMEMORATE the Mystery of the Resurrection, the most basic tenet of what is (if the word of the president of the United States is anything to go by) our state religion, it behooves each of us, Fundamentalist and un-American alike, to doff our Easter bonnets and contemplate that age-old question: Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? the Rabbit? the Baby Chick? a Druse? a Nicaraguan? a Grenadian? What this nation, under God, needs is a good old-fashioned Christian bloodbath! Say Amen, somebody!

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO CRAFT

OUT OF WRITE FIELD

COMPILED BY WILL JACOBS AND GERARD JONES

As usual, spring brings an abundance of predictions for the coming baseball season. But, having grown tired of reading forecast after forecast based on ability and statistics alone, we have enlisted four learned correspondents to provide us with deeper insights into what really makes baseball clubs click. Until their report comes in, you'll have to settle for this.

THE MYSTERIES OF FENWAY by Joyce Carol Oates

ALREADY POTENT THE YANKEES OF NEW YORK CITY DOUBTLESS will be. In the memory will ever loom the apparition of Dave Righetti's invidious eyes as from the catcher for a signal they awaited in the terminus of his *non*-hitter. The perennial weight of destiny, however, in a semi-mythical park, Fenway perhaps, will settle. The ivy, the ivy, *Le crayon est sur la table, mais non?* The spectral eyes of Yastrzemski and Hawthorne, smoldering darkly in center field, clutch tenaciously at the purpling heart. The Yankees pitch, hit, and run with

forthright, albeit vulgar, American abandon. The Red Sox give us the same in the form of art. Will Tony Armas hit thirty home runs? In the long, tragic, waning days of summer, will the melancholic boys, their delicate hearts, withstand the waning light, the waning sap drained from young limbs and souls? If Eckersley's arm holds out, they will.

Robertson Davies has impressed us all; I think Toronto will do well. The cafés, Dave Stieb, squeezing a tennis ball in one bronzed hand, coddling Margaret Atwood in the other, French lips spread against the demitasse. The snow.

Clean and cold as the Northern *Weltanschauung*, as Jesse Barfield's swing. But the team is tainted, for what else but taint could a catcher named Buck Martinez bring to so resonant a city? The Blue Jays know that they must come in third.

Poe has been dead for too many years for Baltimore to recapture the mordantly waving pennant. For just as that bleak, haunted visionary's classic mysteries decayed into the ersatz American demimonde, so will Weaver's exquisite legacy degenerate into garlic-tainted vulgarity under Altobelli. Will Boddicker the sophomore jinx avoid? Will Flanagan wake? Will Glenn Gulliver, like his namesake, storm from the minor leagues like a titan among Lilliputians? No. No. No. Poe is dead.

Milwaukee is a pretty city, bound someday to spawn a



writer of stature. Until then, though Yount and Cooper and Molitor may hit home runs without number, Milwaukee rests in the second division.

Out of the barrenness that is Detroit and Cleveland, a tormented and sensitive soul must arise. But ever the serpentine beast that is Industry must lick such souls from the street and grind them between its fangs. Only one advantage has Detroit. The great shock of white hair that ornaments the head of Sparky Anderson sparks the shock of recognition that Carl

Sandburg's hair was equally white. The tribe of Cleveland must be confined to the reservation of the dark and exsanguinated cellar.

This shall be a season which into the memory is forever burned. *Les garçons d'été* shall dance for us again. ■

PITCHING, LOVING, BATTING by Leo Buscaglia

AL WEST THE ANGELS WILL WIN THE PENNANT. WHAT COULD BE more beautiful? Angels are beautiful. I was at a game last summer when Reggie Jackson turned to the crowd and grabbed his nuts. A lot of uptight people, who were afraid to love, booed Mr. October. They thought he was dumping on them! But Reggie's gesture stood for love, man. Reggie's a loving guy. He's a physical guy, and he uses his body to show his love. Reggie is love. When he grabbed his nuts he meant love. Love from me to you. And he isn't afraid to show it. Rod Carew is love. The way he swings is beautiful. They way he sprays the balls to all fields, he's saying, Man, aggression can't touch me. You throw your aggression at me and I bat it away. My swing is love.

We all know the Bay Area is bursting with love. I know a lot of you people, the ones that aren't afraid to love, are saying, Wouldn't it be groovy if Oakland won the pennant? But in Oakland, I'm sad to say, there's a little too much aggression. When that beautiful rookie, Mike Warren, threw a no-hitter last year it was beautiful, but I could see him laying a lot of intimidation on the batters. I thought, Hey, man, here these lovely people come all the way from Chicago and all you can do is hurl your aggressions at them! I wanted to go out on the diamond and get him and the batters together and get them to touch, to love. But I was afraid Mitchell Page would hit me with a bat. Mitchell Page, isn't that a beautiful name? Think about it. Rickey Henderson is love. When he runs the base paths he soars like a lovely bird. But why does he have to steal? Is it loving to steal? The A's will come in second because Mitchell Page is a beautiful name.

You know, Seattle is a groovy city. Rain is groovy. It rains a lot in Seattle. Rain is love, because people gather together to get out of the rain. When I was in Seattle last winter some lovely people invited me to their home and we spent a lovely evening in front of their fire. Then we went to the Kingdome and, man, it was like an emotional orgasm! But Seattle lost the game because most of their players stayed home out

of the rain. Seattle will come in third.

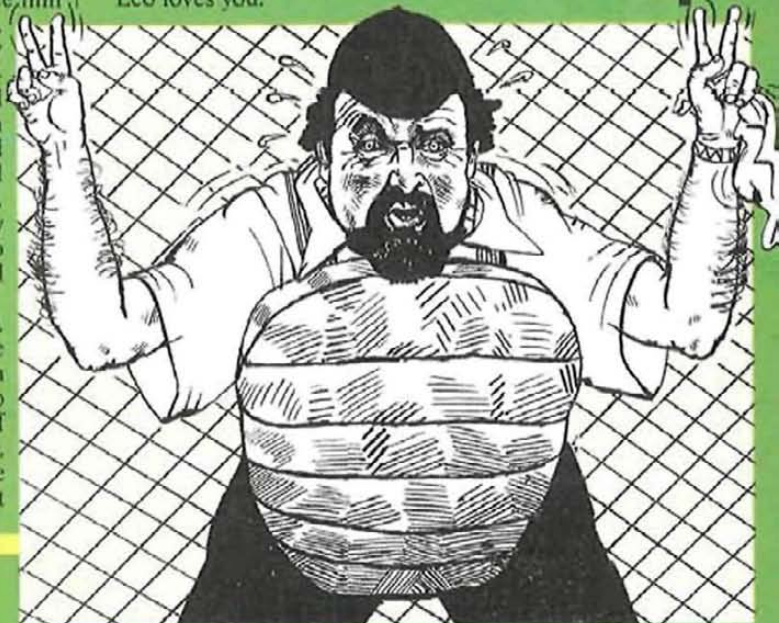
Minnesota's a beautiful state, but it's not in California and so the Twins will come in fourth.

Every time I go to Chicago I think of the Hawk. Isn't Lou Rawls a beautiful man, a loving man? A lot of people put Lamarr Hoyt down because he's fat. But Lamarr Hoyt is love, man! Food is love. Lamarr Hoyt loves to eat. Lamarr Hoyt is love. Chicago will come in fifth.

A friend of mine had a bad experience in Kansas City. He stopped a stranger on the street and said, "I love you just 'cause you're you." The stranger said, "Fuck off." The stranger was afraid to love. Kansas City will finish sixth.

Love is different in Texas. Good ole boys hide their love behind masks of aggression. Down there they like to beat up beautiful black people and lovely homosexuals. But it's all just a different kind of love. It's different from the love you find in Anaheim or Oakland. It's not as nice a love. The Rangers (isn't that a rough name?) will finish dead last. But hey, it's beautiful in the basement, too!

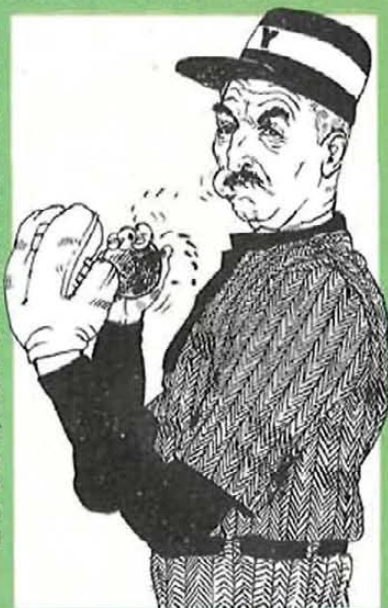
Leo loves you. ■



PENNANTS IN THE DUST by William Faulkner

N. E. A. S. T. THE OLD GHOSTS, BODIES LIKE SACKS OF MEAL, HEATED and insensate with a kind of furious inertness, will win the East. Maddox, gobbling balls in center field with slumberous and fatal insatiation, huge bull of a nigger with teeth like tombstones, will drive in a hundred. Old man Carlton, the skin of his pitching arm like dry, passionless parchment, John Denny, like a white nigger, pitches moving like a straight line, batted balls smoking in the air until you can't tell the two apart, gently whimsical and incurably sardonic without a current of retribution, old Cunnel McGraw, toothless and feverishly silent, will form the backbone of the pitching staff. (Old Clay Dalrymple roared. "I remember when I squatted right thar, right thar behind the plate, where you're squattin' now"—Bo Diaz, huge mitt like a huge postage stamp on his hand, glancing nervously over his shoulder, listening but not listening to the tobacco-chewing ex-Phillie catcher—old Clay Dalrymple roaring, "I remember old Jim Bunning lookin' in for the sign, leanin' in like a predatory mule wit' dem long nigger arms, eyes hooded and fiercely inscrutable, firin' fastballs with a Gallic rage that was actually fear, terror, and a retroactive design.") The infield now aridly denuded, Charlie Hustle and Nigger Morgan gone like wheeling vultures, the right side of the infield parched and desolate with the stillborn cries of the

dead in life. Mike Schmidt, a veteran before he was a rookie, anchored at third like an old squat farmhouse acrawl with wisteria, will lead the league in home runs. Into Veterans Stadium will come and fall the great nigger pirates of Pittsburgh, the raucous red birds of St. Louis, the French-tongued and witless Expos of Montreal, the Yankee bastard New York Mets, and the desiccated band of wild bear-children from Chicago, their shoulders hugged inward and hunched like balloony and weightless elephants and whales, sunk before they can rise to the indolent and lethal assurance of fifth place, their old flesh long embattled in the effluvium of virginity. Of course I'm dead, so my opinion may not be worth much, but that's how I see the season. ■



THE FAN'S JOURNAL by Jean Genet

N. I. W. E. S. T. OZZIE SMITH IS PRETTY, LIKE A PRICK, ABOVE MY LOVE for the narrow hips of brawny sailors, the odor of my crushed farts, the loins of Dominicans, shines my love for Our Shortstop of the Flowers, the Wizard of Oz. The brown and yellow of his uniform is like soft loam, corporeal farts, and the flesh of jaundiced Negroes. He ranges the hole like a beautiful sailor on a tossing ship. I have seen him at the docks, mingling with the seamen. His kinky hair is like the bush of a lovely transvestite. The mirthless bourgeois cheer him from the stands, never aware of his enchanting criminality. The Padres must triumph in the West.

Chili Davis roams the outfield on his solemn flanks. Negroes do not know their age. Chili knows only that he was born the year three jaguars died, the year Our Lady led the league in assists. I weep with tenderness over his handsome muscles. When I hear him called a switch-hitter my tool stiffens. I would sprinkle his Negro feet with flowers. Together we will worship in the chapels of Castro Street. Chili likes what the faggots talk about, their behavior, and the Giants will finish second.

Dusty Baker officiates like a priest in the chapel of left field. The blue of his uniform reminds me of the eyes of a tragic nun. His Negro mitt catches the balls like drops of semen fired from the plate. His fat lips are like the mouth of a chalice. I never cease to relish the odor of his farts. My asshole puckers when he swings his mighty bat. The Dodgers will plunge no lower than third, but not surpass Our Lady and the Padres.

I meet Omar at the Gulf. He runs across the sand like a Spanish dancer. He thieves bases like a sailor desecrating the flowers in a convent. I dress him in silk and his horn lifts the robe in front. We will dance in the Casbah, our bodies gleaming in gilded luxury. His pubic hairs are like a thicket of creepers in a Brazilian forest. He farts like an Arab. If Omar does not crush his lovely horn in a diving catch, the Astros will hold off the Braves and the Reds.

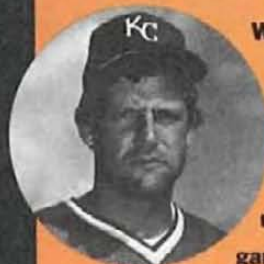
Pascual Perez's sleeping body is like a song of phenobarbital. He won't drink on the eve of a pitching performance, but he will gather my crushed farts to his splayed nostrils like the petals of a flower. He weaves about the mound with toes as hard and agile as Pavlova's. He contemplates the catcher's signal the way I worship his prick. Beanballs give him a hard-on. He sees his teammates as a race of fetuses, as Dominican torturers. And the Braves' destiny, fifth place, heightens his beauty. In laughter, his mouth smells like a latrine.

Cincinnati is bereft of the song of sailors, the languid weakness of faggots. Even the Negroes are limp and sacrilegious as pressed organs. Cesar Cedeno paces the cell of center field, hearing the roar of the crowd as the silly songs that drift across the clubhouse of soiled ballplayers. He tries for male gestures which are rarely the gestures of males. I shudder and ejaculate a seed of constellations, and Cesar swallows my questionable host with the caution of an ungloved burglar. The Reds, like drunken sailors, will finish on the cement floor of an unwashed basement. ■



George Brett's

VANISHED AND RESTORED HOMER



WHAT THE AUDIENCE SEES: In what appears to be a smooth, single movement, you hit a game-winning home run. The audience, enchanted, applauds—but wait! After some patter between the opposing team and the umpires, the run vanishes and you lose the game! The clapping dies out—only to double in strength when the run and the win mysteriously reappear!

HOW IT'S DONE: This is a particularly satisfying effect in that no sleight is necessary, and what the audience perceives as a magician's "gimmick" later turns out to be a clever bit of misdirection. Before your presentation, coat two-thirds of your bat with a funny-looking foreign substance (I recommend Louis Tannen's Magician Pine Tar #3). This is the "excuse" the umpire needs to vanish the home run. On closer inspection, both the audience and the league president will realize that the substance could not affect your hitting—and as they do, the run will suddenly rematerialize! A sophisticated electronic scoreboard that "goes wacky" during the trick will only heighten the hilarity!

EFFECT: The professional magician knows that some not necessarily "artful" tricks should be included in his repertoire for the sake of "flashiness." This effect can be particularly useful toward the end of a boring season, and doubles in its impressiveness if used against a team of overpaid shithheads.

CAVEATS: The main problem with this effect is in gauging how quickly to restore the home run; if you wait too long, the first part of the trick may be forgotten by the audience. I suggest that during the interval between the vanish and the restoration, you keep interest alive by cursing at reporters, physically attacking opposing players, and featuring your bat in overnight-courier ads.

GLENN EICHLER'S
ALL-STAR
MAGIC
TIPS



**HOW
IT'S
DONE**



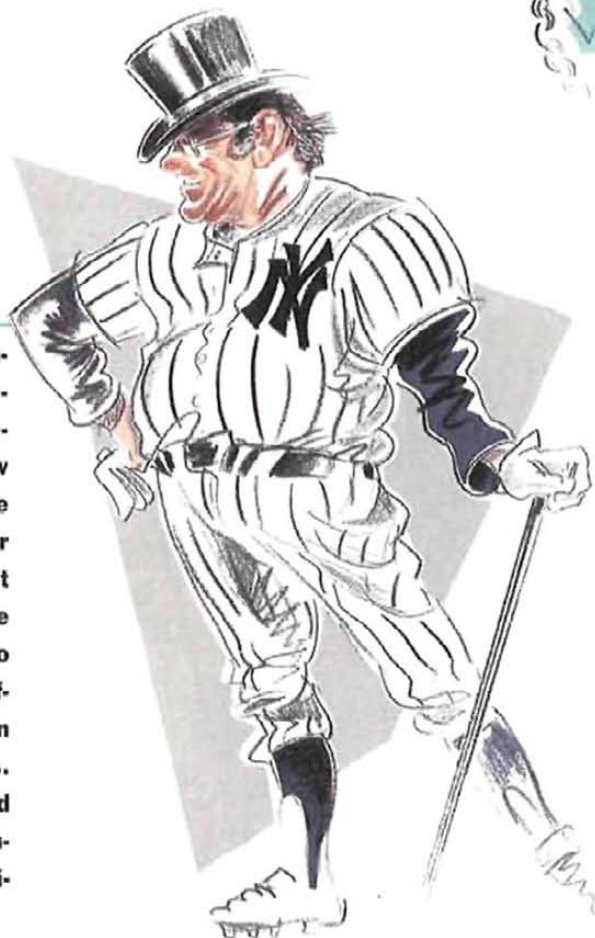
SWING INTO SPRING

BY SEAN KELLY AND
BILL RIESER



A fashion release from the Big House: This stylish trio of Kansas City teammates shows off the A.L. entry's new uniforms; note franchise name change to Yardbirds. The look is bars and stripes; nicely sets off freshly powdered noses.

Here, the classic, conservative Yankee pin-stripe works its image-enhancing wonders; now *Elegance* is one of the things of which manager Yogi Berra reeks. But maverick owner George Steinbrenner will stick to more casual styles—off-the-rack polyesters in radar-jamming hues. Surprisingly, master and man achieve same stunning gestalt—"Republican Laundrybag."



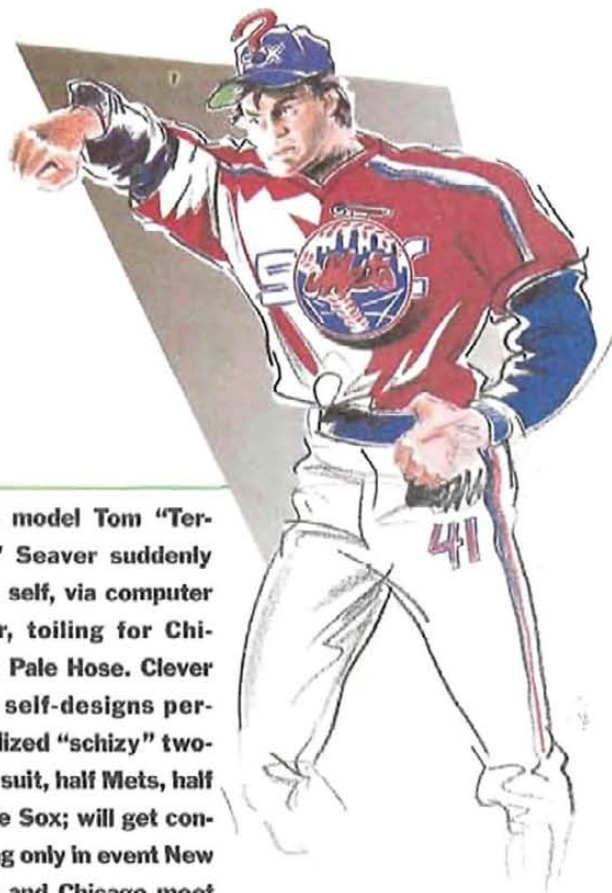


Goose "Goose" Gosage, longtime tosser of golden goose eggs, has migrated southwest to sun-struck San Diego. Budget-conscious California club recycles famous-long-ago Chicken Costume, which perfectly complements Gosage's walk, stance, IQ.

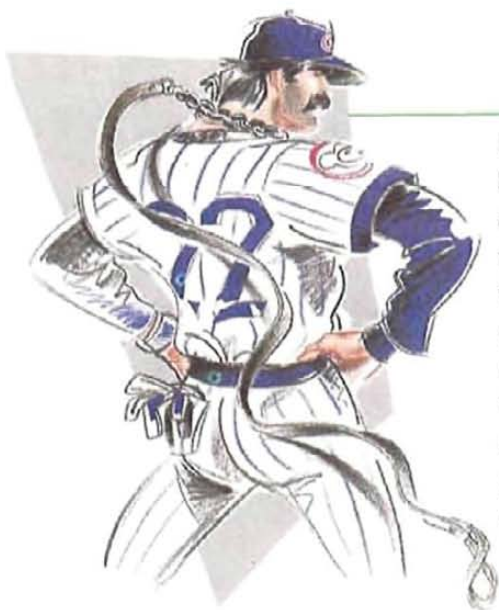
Down in Houston, Astros abandon too-tacky tequila-sunrise lounge-pajamas look of former seasons, adopt more traditional space-age Mylar moon-suit look; other back-to-basics moves include plastic pebbles; cellophane crabgrass; encouraging bleacher bums to urinate in unison, causing old-fashioned, organic rain delays in Dome.



Ex-Expo Warren "Crow" Cromartie defects to Japan; Twilight of Career in Land of Rising Sun. With weird attitudes, buckteeth, and inability to hit ball out of infield, "Crow" should fit right in. Accustomed to playing in uniform resembling that of dry cleaner's softball squad, stylish Warren loves understated kimono look, dearth of plaid-clad French-Canadian fans.



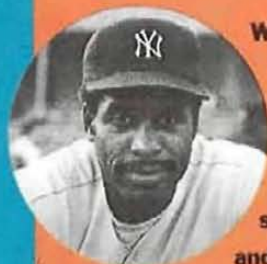
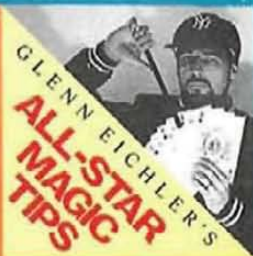
Male model Tom "Terrific" Seaver suddenly finds self, via computer error, toiling for Chittown Pale Hose. Clever Tom self-designs personalized "schizy" two-tone suit, half Mets, half White Sox; will get confusing only in event New York and Chicago meet in the World Series—a 2,000,000-to-1 shot.



Hapless crosstown Cubbies this year add suitable accessories to uni; veteran Bill Buckner (at thirty-four Flubbies' youngest infielder) models customized "cleats of clay" (not shown) and at the throat, patented "late August" choker.

Dave Winfield's

MILLION-TO-ONE BEANBALL



WHAT THE AUDIENCE SEES: You are hanging around the outfield between innings, tossing a ball around, when a sea gull flies quietly onto the field. The audience doesn't think you've seen him—but suddenly, one of your seemingly light lobbs turns into a killer missile and strikes the bird dead! The audience is momentarily stunned—and then erupts into applause as the “dead” bird spreads its wings and flies away!

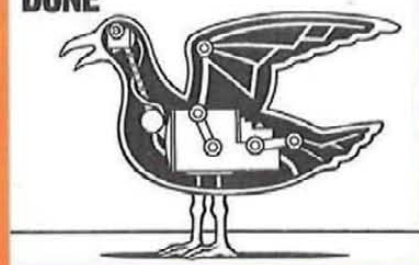
HOW IT'S DONE: The “sea gull” isn't a live bird at all, but a sophisticated radio-controlled robot. While throwing the umpire-approved baseball to teammates and keeping up a steady line of patter (examples: “Here comes a pop-up!”; “It's a grounder!”), the magician patiently waits for that moment when each member of the audience is either purchasing beer or urinating. At that instant, you palm the baseball and produce (from a hidden pocket sewn into your uniform) a ball with a solid iron core that has been charged into a powerful magnet. A signal to your assistant, planted in the audience, activates the robot bird, which flies onto the field. After the magnetic “beating” and a gasp from the audience, your assistant presses a button and the “bird” comes back to life!

EFFECT: This trick is basically a reputation-builder, and thus should be inserted into your act either very early in the season, during a particularly bad slump, or during contract negotiations.

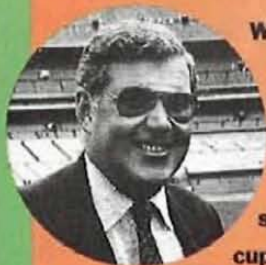
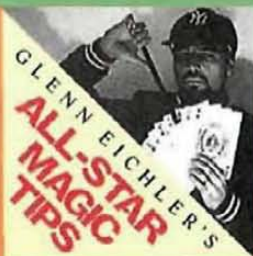
CAVEATS: This trick depends ENTIRELY upon a ruggedly built robot, so make sure you buy from a reputable manufacturer! If you try to save a few pennies with an inferior bird, you may be sorry later! I also recommend performing this trick only in sophisticated coastal towns, where sea gulls are recognized as the parasites they are, and never in jerkwater burgs like Toronto.



**HOW
IT'S
DONE**



Nelson Doubleday's DISAPPEARING STARTER

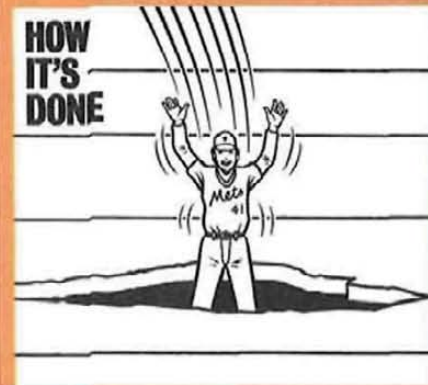
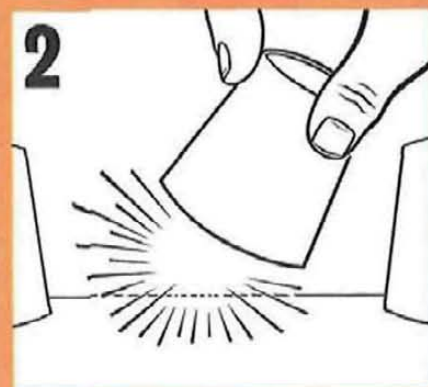
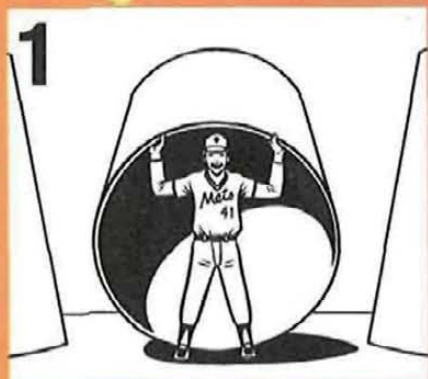


WHAT THE AUDIENCE SEES: On the table before you are three cups and your number-one starting pitcher. Placing the pitcher under one of the cups, you move them around the table, telling the audience to keep their eyes on the starter. After a few moments, you line up the cups and ask, "Where's the pitcher?" No matter how often the audience tries, they can't guess—because the pitcher has disappeared! He rematerializes in Chicago!

HOW IT'S DONE: This effect is performed just like a standard cups-and-ball trick, with one important exception—the magician himself must be fooled. This is accomplished by keeping up a very intricate line of patter (examples: "We'll start with the foundation and rebuild bottom to top!"; "Let's give this city the franchise it deserves!"); when the moment comes to effect the sleight, instead of secretly dropping the pitcher into your lap, inadvertently allow him to fall through a crack in the floor! The audience will be astounded, then delighted, when you follow that effect with an even better "topper": producing an egg from thin air and smearing it all over your face!

EFFECT: This trick is a great opener if your routine depends upon comedy. By establishing yourself as a bungler months before the season opens, you create a subconscious expectation of failure on the part of the audience which you then fulfill in the long months ahead.

CAVEATS: This trick is *not* for everyone, as it has the effect of both making you look bad and destroying your roster. I recommend it only for owners who harbor a secret hatred of their forebears for inventing the game of baseball and being too stupid to collect any royalties.



WHERE WERE YOU ON THE DAY THURMAN MUNSON DIED?

BY CHARLIE RUBIN

I DIDN'T START OUT to write about Thurman Munson.

I didn't start out to write about the second team captain in the history of the New York Yankees. The first captain, of course, died in 1941 at age thirty-seven, of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. It's now called "Lou Gehrig's disease." The second captain died at thirty-two when he racked up his private plane at Akron-Canton Airport, in Ohio. Dead at thirty-seven. Dead at thirty-two. Dave Righetti's going to be twenty-six next season. All I can say is, he better not let the Yankees appoint him captain. Just ask any gypsy.

Did you know that Babe Ruth was so jealous of Lou Gehrig that he wanted over-eating and dying like a fat, forgotten slob renamed "Babe Ruth's disease"?

But I didn't set out to write any of that. And then it rained.

And whenever it rains I think about that time my

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



MICKEY MANTLE I remember I was watching, like, this quiz show and I was getting everything wrong, and this bulletin goes across the screen: "Thurman Munson killed in plane crash." And I shout, "False!" Man, it just wasn't my day.



TOMMY LASORDA I heard it from Bobby Murcer. He called me up and said, "Tommy, you're so good with words," and how they got him doing the eulogy and he doesn't know what the fuck, you know, to do. I says, "Make it like the famous 'Chuckles the Clown' episode on 'Mary Tyler Moore.'" He says, "Great idea. That was with Rhoda, right?" I says, "Rhoda had her own series by then, you fucking idiot," and hung up on him. I go into fucking high schools, drug programs, Fresh Start programs, and the kids say, "Hey, Tommy. How do I say no when my brother offers me a needle?" And I always say, "You know the 'Chuckles the Clown' episode? Make it like the 'Chuckles the Clown' episode." Gets right through to eight-year-old junkies, but a thirty-four-year-old ballplayer is completely in the dark, Rhoda. I shoulda said, "No, Bobby. That's the one takes place on the Ponderosa." Then we woulda seen some strange fucking eulogy.



LOU PINIELLA It's funny. We'd been talking the day before about this and that, philosophy things, and I told Thurm, "You don't learn how to drive a bus overnight."



BILLY MARTIN Of course, I was quite a drinker back then. So we'd had a coupla off days and I was still passed out in the can when George Steinbrenner came in and told me the news. I was obsessed by two things. I wanted to remember Thurman like he was

grandfather tried to humiliate me. (Well, it didn't work. "Gramps.") He wasn't even my grandfather; he was my mother's stepfather. It was all so ludicrous.

But then, after I repress that, I think of Thurman Munson, and the day he died, and the Yankee players all lined up in the muddy base paths with their hats off, and later that jerk Vic Gersh, from the afternoon edition, telling me my story was shabby because I didn't have which Yankees were crying in it. How in hell was I supposed to tell, in the rain? With their hats off, and it pouring down?

And through it all there was the widow's eyes.

Then I remember the funeral in Canton, a day later, and George Steinbrenner leading the Yankee players past the glowering coffin, where they each paused to sign it in Magic Marker, a gesture of respect in case there were ever any hard times down the road for the Munson household. Then the widow, Diane, or the kids just have to dig up the coffin and sell it off to collectors. The Reggie Jackson alone is a five-hundred-buck item.

I remember the service, and the Yankee players weeping openly. All except numbers 19, 36, 46. It was easy to tell. It was *inside*.

Thurman Munson's initials were TM, and that's perfect, because TM stands for "trademark," and Thurman's TM was Class.

He left his TM on an entire generation. Where earlier generations can answer "Where were you when Pearl Harbor was bombed?" or "Where were you when Richard Speck was brought in for questioning?" mine has its own fate-motif: *Where were you when Thurman Munson died?* Everyone remembers.

Because through it all, there were the widow's eyes.

And coming up August 2 is the Fifth Anniversary. ■

the last time I saw him alive, and I wanted to be sure there were 847 small tiles on the Yankee lavatory floor. I recounted, and there were, and they were very cool against my face. Then I could reconceptualize the last screaming fight Thurman had had with George and Gabe. Thurman swore he was gonna play out his option, and Gabe said, "We'll fix you, we'll fix you good," and George said, "I'll see you get a staph infection in your throwing hand you *never* forget!" It was all just typical front-office negotiating tactics and didn't mean nothing. But it was what came to mind with George shaking me sober and saying, "I was with you all morning, see?" and mussing his hair and throwing booze all over his clothes. Look, he can afford to have everything dry-cleaned, I can't. Naturally I haven't even had a nip since that fateful day when Thurman's tractor went off the road and a great career was tragically emasculated. Is there something wrong with this connection? Do you hear chocolate being unwrapped? Milk chocolate. No, dark. Now it's dark chocolate.



GEORGE STEINBRENNER I was right here, and I've got witnesses. I

remember someone opened the door and said, "Thurman's dead," and I'll never forget my first words: "I've been here all afternoon, right? You saw me here."



BOWIE KUHN I remember the general feeling was Thurman had kept the peace between the two clubs,

Yanks and Red Sox, and now we seemed paused on the brink of hostilities that could wreak havoc with the American League East and possibly spill over to the West. Who could say? And sure enough, by the next road trip everyone on both clubs was coming down with staph infections, and Nettles had the Big H. Hepatitis, that's right. And Yastrzemski started getting all those magazines he hadn't subscribed to. I hadn't seen brutality like this since Color War, Camp Winaukee, 1934. At least then I could call up my mother and tell her I wanted to go home.



LEO DUROCHER Who cares? I never thought Thurman was much of a team player. I know that's not

what you want to hear. But look, answer me this: If he was such a big team player, how come he didn't die in a team plane crash?



JOE GARAGIOLA Holy cowbells, do I remember where? Sure I do. My wife'd been after me to

host "Saturday Night Live," and I was sitting around in Lorne Michaels's office, a man I'm not too crazy about. But that's water under the darn, I guess, like the NBC censor always says. See? You laughed at that, that was my little test. Michaels said, "Our audience wouldn't laugh at that." I said, "I am a hero to an entire generation of Americans who are in bed by eleven." Michaels said, "Am I supposed to laugh at that?" Then he said, "Look, who sent you over?" Just then John Belushi walks in with the tragic headlines. Everyone goes into shock. In comes Dan Aykroyd, Gilda Radner, Bill Murray, people I don't know. No one can speak. Everyone stands there studying their shoe tops. It was like a pope had died, or a highly unusual horse. Suddenly Belushi leaps to his feet. "Okay, okay. I'm Munson."

I'm in a World War I biplane. And the goggles. And I'm going after . . . *King Kong!* Only instead of shooting him down, I **PLOWWWWWW** right into him!" And Michaels screams out, "That's it!" And everyone goes, "We got it, we got it," and tears out of the office. Well, I wanted to disappear. Because I'm proud of my network, and I just say to Michaels, "For shame. Where is your Peacock Pride?" and storm off. I see Belushi, and he says, "Bye, Howard." Well, I told Belushi he'd be sorry, and I think he was. Two years later it was me behind those bullets. I don't care who knows anymore. . . . Drugs? Whaddya mean, drugs? *Drugs?* You mean Yogi missed?



GABE PAUL

I was right here, working for the Cleveland Indians. I was *what?* General manager of the *who?* No, you must be mistaken. That must be some other Gabe Paul.



REGGIE JACKSON

I'd come out to take some early batting practice. I was in a slump. I was getting my hands up too high. I was picking my head up, too. The rumor just went around the park. It was my turn in the cage. I didn't step out. I just kept swinging. I thought about how he was trying to help black people. He was so aware of us. He made us believe in ourselves. I wished I'd gone to Washington to hear his "I Have a Dream" speech. I was going to go, but I was in a slump then, too. Anyway, that night I went two for four. And one of those outs should've been a hit.



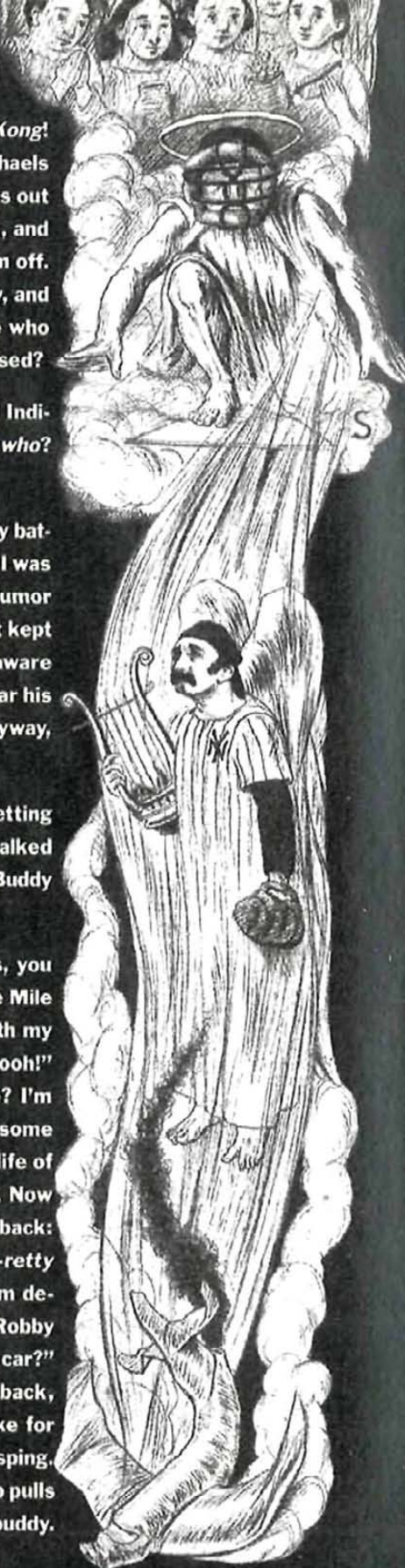
WILLIE RANDOLPH

Thurm had only one fear—getting "Lou Gehrig's disease." He talked about it all the time. Who'd've thought that what killed him would be "Buddy Holly's disease"?



BUDDY HACKETT

I'm the King of Tasteless Jokes, you know? You bet you know. Three Mile Island, for example. I personally, I believe, kept that story alive with my tasteless jokes. I did. So, soon's I heard about Munson I went, "Ooooo. Ooooo!" So I'm thinking, and I'm thinking, but nothing comes. What is wrong here? I'm trying: "What has four wheels and *flies?*" A garbage truck, the old one, but some switcheroo, right, about Thurman *flying*. But I cannot get it. I mean, for the life of me. First, how many wheels does a plane have? Two? Twenty? Say twenty. Now ask me the joke: "What has twenty wheels and flies?" Okay, here's the comeback: "Don't feel bad. Thurman Munson didn't know either!" Which is, I admit, *pr-retty* lame. And it was the best I could do. Me. The King of— Okay, okay. So I am *depressed*. And I wander into the place, you know, and who's at the bar is that Robby C., and what's he say? "Hey," he goes, "how many Yankees can you fit in a car?" And I go, "Okay." And he goes, "How many? Five. Two up front, two in the back, and Thurman Munson in the ashtray." I hate this guy, and he's had this joke for *hours*. My lungs are *collapsing*. I feel like I'm getting a *heart* attack. I'm gasping. I get in my car to head home and I guess I started speeding, because this cop pulls me over. And here comes the cop. *Bumhumpbump*, he walks up. "Hey, buddy. Where's the fire?" And I go, "Canton, Ohio, officer." I could breathe again.



Eggboiler

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54)

he was decapitated by forty eggs. The snow around him turned red, blood red. And the bloodthirsty Jenkins forgot his patriotism and went for it.

Dotty remembered the old wives' tale that to kill a zombie, you must hit him in the heart with a hard-boiled egg. She took a chance, and the egg went through Jenkins's body like teeth through a Mars bar, and he crumbled into a pile of dust.

The rest began to run, but there was nowhere the eggs could not reach when propelled by the awesome power of the little girl.

Jake Ehrhardt was hit next, and his head exploded from the force of it.

What dogs there were left were eating the eggs and boiling slowly from the inside out, like hamsters in an Amana microwave oven.

Finally there was Pops alone, facing Dotty. The flying eggs had subsided.

"Now, Dotty, be reasonable," Pops pleaded. "If you kill me, there'll always be others to come after you. But we could be partners and rule the world."

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the unbroken eggs began to pile up around him until he was encased up to his neck in the accursed things.

"Does this mean we don't have a deal?" he said.

As if in answer, the eggs began to warm. And at first it felt good. Pops was happy to be free of the cold.

Then the eggs were hot, and pressing on him. Pops was reminded of the witch burnings in Salem, and his tour of duty in Nam. He began to whimper.

Dotty concentrated all of her energy on the eggs around Pops, until she was nearly one tight eggboiling muscle from head to toe.

"If you're going to do it, do it fast," wept Pops.

No, do it slow, she found herself thinking. *Make him suffer. The way I suffered. And my daddy. And the McNabbs. But not Mommy, she deserved it.*

Then the eggs began to hiss and sizzle as they dug into Pops's flesh. From all around the eggs burned deeper and deeper into him, converging on his heart. Boiling blood bubbled from his nose and mouth, and Pops was dead.

And Dotty eased herself down into a nearby snowdrift and waited calmly for sleep to come, and then death.

E P I L O G U E
A FACELESS MAN CAME TO THE GIRL AS she lay dying in the snow. A faceless man with an egg for a head. No, it was just a hairless man with a head for a head. It was only bald Carl Reiner.

"The Russians are coming! The Rus-

sians are coming!" he said. "But don't forget: the Americans are already here! The Americans are already here!"

"Talk sense, Reiner," she demanded, "or at least be funny. Or is that too much to ask of you now that you no longer have Rose Marie around to make you seem funny by comparison? Just as you no longer have Morey Amsterdam around to make you seem tall, or Dick Van Dyke to make you seem sober, or Jerry Paris to make you seem as though you have talent, or Richard Deacon to make you seem as though you have hair..."

"All right! All right! I'll talk sense. I know you're thinking that it would be very easy now to just give up and go to sleep, but all the world loves an egg-boiler. Boil eggs and the world boils with you. Fry and you fry alone."

"Say, that's pretty good, and Rose Marie is nowhere to be seen."

"Never mind that now. What you have to consider is that the world is in danger because there is no country working toward good. Both sides, the U.S. and Russia, are as evil as they come. You and your sister alone have the powers and the knowledge to turn things around. You must fight back."

"You're right. Even though you're Carl Reiner, you're right. But what can two little moppets like us do against the whole world?"

Carl Reiner smiled slyly.

"Oh, I don't think you and your sister, little Sullivan Sullivanovich, will have any trouble taking the world into your own hands. For what is the world, after all, but a big, big egg, with lots of little eggs moving around on it?"

"You mean people!" the girl said brightly.

"Yes. And babies and dogs."

"And Uncle Ned?"

"Well, no, not Uncle Ned. But you get the point."

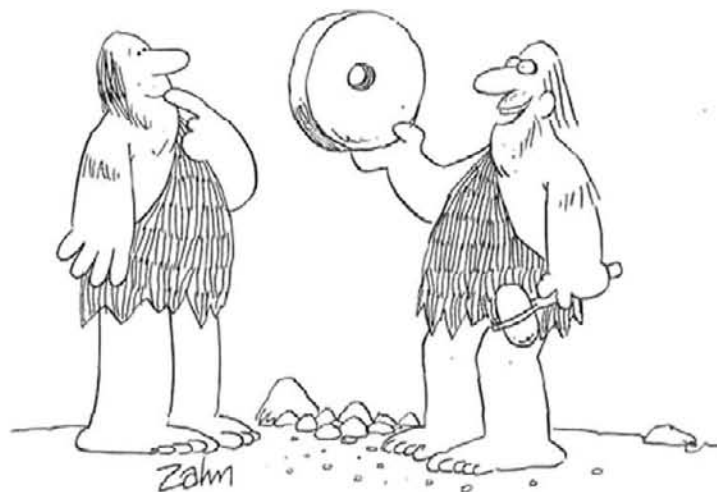
"Yes, I do," she said.

She felt the power swell up in her and she knew that when it came to boiling, eggs were peanuts. And it was time to take the next step, to move on to bigger and hairier things—namely people. And beyond that, who knew? The world itself? The very core of the universe? Suddenly she felt there was no limit to what she could boil.

"God, the power is intoxicating," she said, slurring her words and putting a lampshade on her head.

And as Carl Reiner floated into the sky, Dotty awoke from her dream with a terrible hangover and sent the message to her sister: *Meet me in Grand Central Station, Friday at two, under the big clock.*

Then, pausing to consider the immensity of the task ahead, she added: *And bring your big oven mitts.*



"What am I going to do with it? I'm going to fuck it!"

BRING HEAVY METAL HOME WITH YOU



Andrew B. needed some **magic** in his life. Something **unexpected**, even **supernatural**. He walked the streets until he wore holes in his socks. He hit the music clubs. He went to the movies. He read books. He played video games. But he needed something more.

One day he visited his local newsstand and picked up a copy of **Heavy Metal**, the adult illustrated fantasy magazine. He went home, opened a beer, and lay back to read. Before he could say, "Wow, the **greatest American and European artists** collected in one monthly issue! And the **Dossier section**, with the latest updates on **pop culture**! Plus interviews with **Tim Leary, Francis Coppola**, and others!", an incredibly lovely Amazon goddess appeared at the foot of his couch! What happened afterwards would be an invasion of Andrew B.'s privacy, but use your imagination

As you can see, Andrew B.'s life has changed for the better. Would anyone believe him if they knew what happened? Why don't you bring **Heavy Metal** home with you? Who knows? Something **magical and exciting and interesting and beautiful** could happen to you!

Heavy Metal Dept. NL584 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022

Three years (36 issues) is **\$36.00**.

Save \$54.00 off the newsstand price.

Two years (24 issues) is **\$27.00**.

Save \$33.00 off the newsstand price.

One year (12 issues) is **\$17.00**.

Save \$13.00 off the newsstand price.

Please enter my **Heavy Metal** subscription for _____ 3 years, _____ 2 years, _____ 1 year.

Payment enclosed: \$ _____ Charge to my:

MasterCard # _____ MasterCard Interbank # _____

Visa # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Mailing Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Checks must be payable within U.S. Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

Our goddess is Ghita from the book Ghita of Alzorr, by Frank Thorne, published by Blue Dolphin. Ghita, Laina Morrow, Ghita of Alzorr © 1984 Frank Thorne. Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

THE ALL-AMERICAN



B·A·R·B·I·E



Ken



R.J.



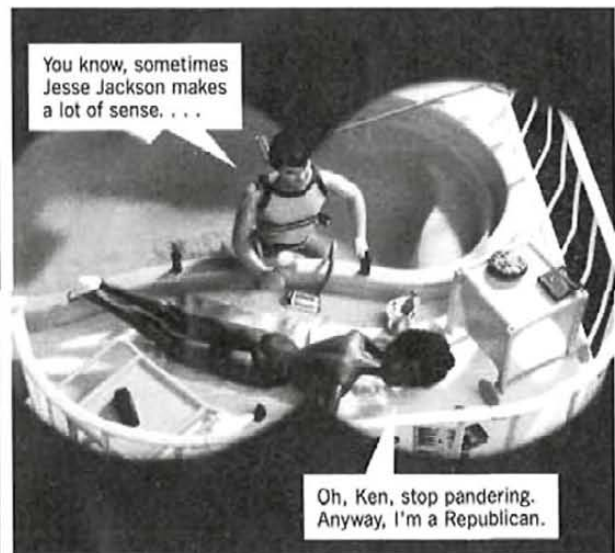
Kim



Spot

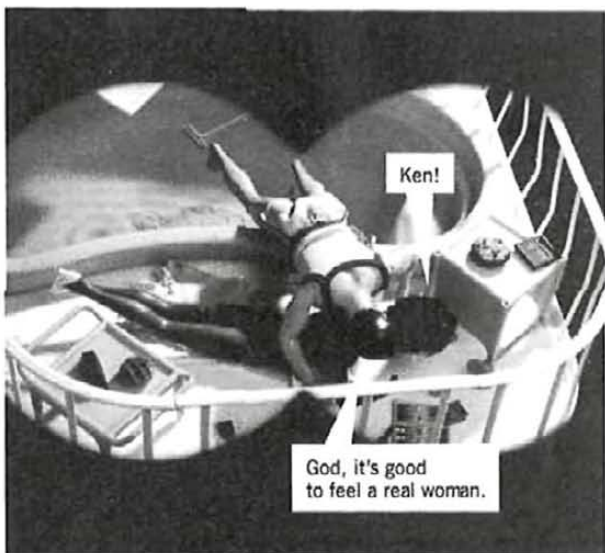
DREAMHOUSE THEATER

BY KEVIN CURRAN AND PETER GAFFNEY



You know, sometimes Jesse Jackson makes a lot of sense. . . .

Oh, Ken, stop pandering. Anyway, I'm a Republican.



Ken!

God, it's good to feel a real woman.



Barbie, has Ken been drinking?

I don't think so. . . . Why?

Er, ah. . . no reason.



Ken, you're dripping.

Well, so is Kim.

Ch, Ken, grow up. . . .



Hey, gals, watch this!

Oh, no, not again...



Listen, you lowlife mound of fur, you've had it now.



I can't believe you strangled my only pet.

Lighten up, Barbs. Man, lighten up!

Hey, guys, look what's on TV.



Corpses, apparently reanimated from some unknown form of radiation, are now stalking the living...



What's going on?

Who cares? He's just got some lame beef, man.

Oh, Ken, I'm scared...

Look who's talking about lame beef...



The living dead, how awful!

Corpses, I'm so sick of hearing about your goddamn corpses.

I wish I had some doughnuts.



It's Spot!
He's alive!

And at the
throat of our
only black friend!



This time I'll
just thrash him to
within an inch of
his reanimated life.

Oh, God,
Kim is dead!

No time
for doughnuts
now. . . .



What's going
to happen to us?

Lighten up,
will ya? You're
hysterical!



This is not how
I wanted my
party to end.

Serves him right. . . .



What do you
mean, P.J.?



Well, I didn't want
to have to tell you, but you
are my best friend and I
think you should—
Aaaaaahhhhhh!

When there is no more room in hell. . .



The dead will walk the—er, moon. . .



Listen up, now. Pretty scary tale there. Well, that's why we placed it on the moon—so's you wouldn't read it and have a heart attack or somethin'. And if you were readin' it on drugs, yer a fool.



I'd like to thank our special guest star, the new Marilyn doll, who played the role of Marilyn, flesh-eatin' ghouel actress from beyond the grave. Give her a big hand.

Thank you. You're too kind.



CLAPA CLAPA CLAP

CLAPA CLAPA CLAP

CLAPA CLAPA CLAP

CLAPA CLAPA CLAP

THE END

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

Sirs:

We finally invent a genuine money tree to benefit the world's poor, and all the damn thing will grow in pesos, rubles, and expired food stamps. Nuts.

Department of
Botanical Engineering
UCLA

Sirs:

We are thrilled to announce a finding that reveals a new facet of prehistoric man's grasp of language. The artifact in question is a fossilized thesaurus. It is crudely chiseled from granite. There is neither a title page nor an index, as one might expect, and in spite of its huge size and weight, the only words it gives variations of are "cat," "fight," and "fuck." While we believe this find will shed new light on ancient man's language development, we feel that it adds nothing to our understanding of human nature itself.

Professor Elsworth Spackle
Grantsgrantsgrants University

Sirs:

Did you know that your desire to listen to a radio station is inversely proportional to its signal strength, forcing you to ignore the road and fiddle with

those awkward knobs and buttons, thereby threatening the lives of everyone around you? Did you know that these same multinational conglomerates preshake one out of every six cans of soda, which is a major factor in the more than ten thousand heart attacks Americans have in their kitchens each year? There is an enormous conspiracy here the public is only dimly aware of....

Lester Piddle

Co-author, "One Thousand
and One Conspiracies"
Ogden City, Utah

Sirs:

They might as well go ahead and cancel the 1984 Olympics right now, because everybody in this country is on drugs.

Miss Jenkins's Class
Johnson Park Elementary

Sirs:

Judge Wapner, he's a great guy. King among men, that kinda thing. Helluva smart guy. Kind of a genius, you ask me. Fair guy. Kinda guy you'd like to have playin' checkers with ya. Kinda guy wouldn't cheat ya for five cents. Real great guy.

Rusty the Bailiff
The People's Court
Fantasy Island, Calif.

Sirs:

You've probably heard the expression "About as exciting as watching a fly crawl up a drape." Well, I don't care what people say, I think it's fun.

A. Fly

Crawling up a drape

Sirs:

A typical day for me? It's up at around 11:00 and head for the liquor cabinet to get me started. Then I add a little Valium for a cool buzz before lying down to read *Love's Passionate Heartache* or some other exciting romance. By then it's time for "General Hospital," so that kills another hour. Occasionally I have the strength to drive over to Zody's to shop for ill-fitting, cheap clothes for the children, but usually I just take a nap until just before my husband gets home. Then it's my job to pop some frozen TV dinners into the oven before all of us lie around in front of the tube for a few hours before hitting the hay. Sure, it's a busy schedule, but nothing's too good for my family.

Ida Frump

Chatsworth, Calif.

Sirs:

What I am about to tell you is no fantasy. This actually happened to me. It seems one night my wife and I were invited to my boss's house for dinner. We had a pleasant meal, during which I couldn't stop staring at the svelte 36-24-36 figure belonging to Natalie, my boss's young wife. After the repast Natalie innocently asked me if I'd help her frost the cake in the kitchen. Imagine my surprise when the "cake" I was supposed to frost turned out to be her lovely, juicy pink pussy. In a flash I released my bulging ten-inch—wait a minute, is this *Penthouse Forum*? It's not? Damn. Is it too late to retract this letter? I gotta get out of here. This is terrible. Lock, whatever you do, don't print my name. My wife will kill me if she sees this. Oh shit, what about my boss? Listen, you gotta help me out. Could you just sign me "Name and Address Withheld"? Thanks a million.

Toby Keatings
14 Rosewood Lane
Englewood, N.J.

Sirs:

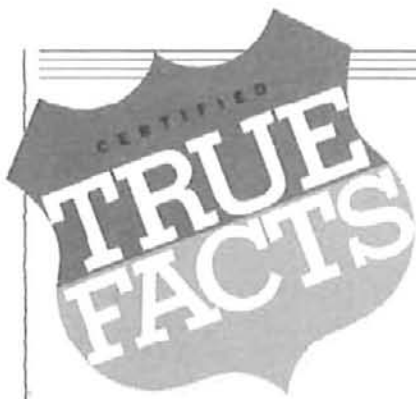
And now I'd like to entertain you folks with a little juggling: ••• Thank you. Two in one hand: ••• Thank you. Behind the back: ••• Whoops! Heh, heh, this is most embarrassing.

Juggles the Jerk
In your living room

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 82)



"Well, so long, everybody! I'm
off to play with the 1969 Chicago Cubs!"



TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD Rickie Ronald Michael kidnapped Chip Wittern, a West Des Moines, Iowa, teenager, and held him for thirty-six hours until a \$200,000 ransom was paid.

Then he released the boy after giving him a note for school that read: "Chip was not in school Tuesday or Wednesday because I was holding him for ransom." The note was signed "Kidnapper." *Ames (Iowa) Tribune* (contributed by Tony Bremholm)

ACCORDING TO THE DRUG-INDUSTRY publication *apharmacy weekly*, a federal appeals court ordered the FDA to determine whether drugs proposed for use in lethal-injection executions are "safe and effective." (contributed by Michael M. Pagano)

HONOLULU TAXI DRIVER GIL GILBERTSON paid \$340 for a newspaper ad to celebrate his sixty-fifth birthday on December 1. The ad read: "By God, I made it!" Mr. Gilbertson never saw his ad, however, because he died of a heart attack a week before it ran. *New York Times* (contributed by Richard A. Marini)

VERNON AND BETTY DAUB OF ELYRIA, Ohio, gave their first son a name they felt sounded "just right." The boy, born last October, is named Zip A-Dee-Doo Daub. (Elyria) *Chronicle-Telegram* (contributed by Donald Eschke)

A CORRECTION IN THE SANTA ANA (California) *Register* read: "In a recent edition we referred to the chairman of Chrysler Corporation as 'Lee Iacoco.' His real name is Lee Iacaca. The *Register* regrets the error." (contributed by Richard Portune)

SPEAKING TO A MEETING OF THE British Medical Association, Dr. John Havard warned that special ultrasound equipment used to monitor fetal heartbeats can also pick up ambient radio signals. One expectant mother was listening to her baby's

heartbeat in his office, he said, when she suddenly heard what sounded like a voice from her womb saying: "Hey, Charlie, go to 14 Molton Street." *Globe* (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

AN UNIDENTIFIED MAN WAS DETAINED by authorities for taking almost 2,000 books from eight university libraries in West Virginia and Pennsylvania. The books, worth some \$60,000, were texts on subjects including physics, computer sciences, psychology, and religion. According to a security officer at the University of West Virginia, the books were stolen to keep them out of the hands of people who might use them to design nuclear weapons. *New York Times* (contributed by Duck Divet)

ACCORDING TO SAN FRANCISCO POLICE, a fifty-two-year-old woman whose home was burglarized found her stolen possessions returned with the following note: "Dear Occupants: Never in my many years of robbing have I come across some shit like this. That's why I'm delivering this junk to your return. P.S. It has not been my pleasure serving you." *San Francisco Examiner* (contributed by Bill Williams)

TUCSON, ARIZONA, POLICE ARE KEEPING an eye on self-styled sex educator Phil Thompson, who appears nude at seminars for groups of teenage girls.

"I'm nude to give a better understanding of what the male body is like," said Thompson, who charges a fifteen-dollar fee for the sessions, which he conducts only for girls. "Boys get mouthy," he said.

Mothers usually chaperone the sessions, but Thompson prefers that they

stay in the background.

"If there was not a problem discussing sex education in their home, they would not need my services," he explained.

"It sounds like he's just weird," said a Tucson police spokesman. *Arizona Daily Wildcat* (contributed by Jo Zamora)

A NEW LAW IN ZIMBABWE MAKES IT AN offense to engender "feelings of hostility" toward or "cause hatred, contempt, or ridicule" of the nation's head of state, President Canaan Banana. Prior to the new law, public ridicule had been a problem for President Banana. *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (contributed by Eric Ambro)

AFTER AN ELEVEN-YEAR COURT BATTLE, the Aetna Insurance Company reimbursed the Wackenhut security service \$230,000 that Wackenhut was forced to pay to a man whose colon was damaged by a Wackenhut security guard. The guard, a Cuban refugee who spoke no English, was working at an Eagle Family Discount Store in Miami, Florida, in 1972 when he noticed a bulge under a shopper's shirt. Despite the shopper's desperate protests, the guard reached inside the man's shirt and pulled out his colostomy bag. *St. Petersburg Times* (contributed by Barbara Day)

HAROLD V. TURTON, CLERK OF THE VILLAGE of Wardsville, Ontario, received a letter from a special committee for the arts in Ontario province. The letter asked for a "short brief or letter concerning the Arts in the municipality—how they are regarded, how they are funded, what effect they have on the

April Is the Month Cruellest



David D. Jarvis, Santa Monica, Calif.

True Doldrums



Paul E. Schindler, Jr., Orinda, Calif.



Becky Hilton, Greenbank, Wash.



Alida Marie Jatch, Chicago, Ill.



Mark Stone, Elmwood, Ill.



Joe Groshek, New Berlin, Wis.



David D. Jarvis, Santa Monica, Calif.



Tina Crocco, Auburn, Ala.



Jeff Willets, Cambridge, Mass.

life or economy of the municipality, etc."

Turton replied to the committee: "Reference your letter dated 10 August, 1983, requesting information on the Arts in our municipality. We are pleased to advise that we have four: Art Harold, Art Morgan, Art Marks, and Art Sweet. They are all extremely well-regarded in the community. They are mostly funded by Old Age Security Pension and Canada Pension, and all contribute to the economy of the municipality in their day-to-day living." (contributed by W. Hucker)

AFTER LEARNING THAT HE WOULD HAVE to live in Iowa as a condition of his parole, Hughes Anderson Bagley of Seattle, Washington, objected on constitutional grounds to the Ninth U.S. Court of Appeals. In its decision, however, the court said that living in Iowa does not constitute "cruel and unusual punishment." *Des Moines Register* (contributed by Jim Ferguson)

SEVENTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD RUSSELL Berkeley of Hazel Park, California, sued for injuries sustained when his testicles were sucked into the drain of a hospital whirlpool bath. *Oakland Press* (contributed by B. H. Mather)

NORTH TONAWANDA POLICE CHARGED seventeen-year-old Charles DeVore with burglary and possession of marijuana after a woman reported that she had heard noises in her living room and asked who was there. DeVore allegedly stuck his head into her bedroom, politely identified himself, and left. *Buffalo Evening News* (contributed by Peter E. Klopp)

THIS ITEM APPEARED IN THE "CRIME REPORT" column of the *San Jose* (California) *Mercury-News*: "100 block N. Fifth St. Woman said someone smashed her second-floor bedroom window by hurling a block of cheese through it." (contributed by Douglas D. Weiman)

AN UNIDENTIFIED WOMAN WHO FELL from the twentieth floor of a condominium in Honolulu, Hawaii, was saved when she bounced off a palm tree and landed on the condominium-pool lifeguard. *Honolulu Advertiser* (contributed by Sandy Estes)

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.

Now Opening Readers' Page



Matt Harle, San Anselmo, Calif.



Gary Van Horn, Lafayette, La.



Richard E. Santaga, Brooklyn, N.Y.



T. Boguski, Havertown, Pa.



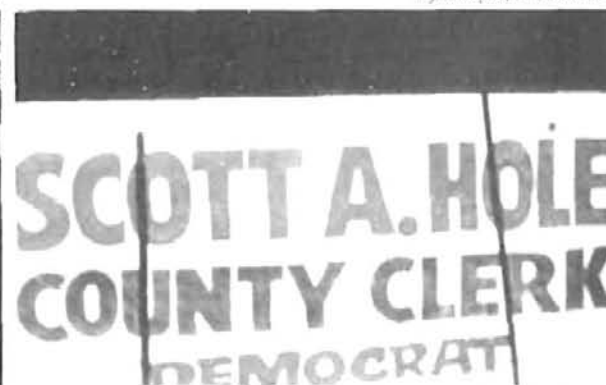
Glenn Carpenter, Pocatello, Idaho



Wyatt Payne, Lubbock, Tex.



Gary Van Horn, Lafayette, La.



Gregory K. Binder, Valparaiso, Ind.



HOGS ON HOGS

The perfect 2 ft. by 3 ft. full-color poster for anyone who has ever been hog wild.

Save \$9.95 per poster, cash or money order only. Do not send cash. Please add \$2.00 for shipping. Colorado residents add 3.5% sales tax per poster. Canadian residents please add \$3.00 for shipping and 7.5% for each additional poster. Foreign add \$3.50 for each poster ordered.

(Please Print)

NAME _____ QUANTITY ORDERED _____ AMOUNT ENCLOSED _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

All posters shipped in heavy duty mailing tube via UPS. Allow 2 to 4 weeks for delivery.

SEND TO:
HIGHLIGHT GRAPHICS, INC.[®]
2111-M 30th St #1139 Boulder CO 80301

(Note: All foreign orders must be paid for with an International Money Order or a money order payable in U.S. funds.)



FIREWORKS
Firecrackers, Sky Rockets, Fountains, Sparklers
— The Largest Variety in the U.S.A.

Send **\$1.00**

For our Deluxe Colored Catalog.
Your money is refundable on
your first order.

Send to:
Neptune Fireworks Co.
P.O. Box 398 Dept. D
Dania, FL 33004
Out-of-State Toll Free:
1-800-835-5236
In FL: (305) 920-6770

Please send me your Colored Deluxe Catalog for \$1.00. I understand that my money is refundable on my first order.

Name _____

Address _____ Apt.# _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The Great American Tradition...
Fireworks
LARGEST ASSORTMENT IN AMERICA



GIANT COLOR CATALOG \$1.00

Phone 216/482-5595
P.O. Box 26-L
Columbiana, OH 44408



VOID WHERE PROHIBITED

Please send _____ catalogs at \$1.00 each. (Refundable)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Blue Angel Fireworks Box 26-L Columbiana, OH 44408

BO-HICATM
T-Shirts

Fixin' Chicken among many T-Shirt and bumper sticker ideas. 50/50 1st quality American made shirts. Adult sizes S/M/L/XL. Beige, yellow, II. blue colors.



Send \$10.00 post paid to address below:

BO-HICA PRODUCTIONS, INC.
P.O. Box 440, Noblesville, IN 46060

RESEARCH PAPERS
HOT LINE

SEND \$2 FOR CATALOG OF 14,000 TOPICS OR CALL TOLL FREE 800-621-5745 FOR INFORMATION IN ILLINOIS CALL (312) 922-0300
Author's Research, Rm. 600-L, 407 S Dearborn, Chicago, IL 60605

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 1994 catalog is now available. 48 pages bursting with sex aids, sexy lingerie, erotic books with explicit photos to turn you on, plus the world's most exciting selection of male contraceptives (with "pleasure probes", texture dots, more!) Send just \$2.00.



CONTRACEPTIVES BY MAIL!

Your choice of the best mens contraceptives — Trojans, Nuda, ECONE! Stimula, and 25 other brands! Plain package, 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-55, Carboro, NC 27510

#182 Photo Book (PSH only) \$2.00 #829 Condom Sampler \$2.00

#9999 Catalog \$2.00 #44 All 3 Just \$3.00!

TERMPAPER CATALOG

Improve your grades! Rush \$1.00 for your up-to-date, 306 page, term paper catalog. 14,278 papers on file, all academic subjects.

Research Assistance 11322 Idaho Ave, #206NR, Los Angeles, CA 90025 (213) 477-8226

THE CRITICS ARE RAVING!

"It'll turn your stomach!"

—*Journal of American Internists*

"Shocking!"

—*Stephen King*

"I can't believe anyone would be low enough to publish anything like that!"

—*Larry Flynt*

"Sets cartoons back a thousand years."

—*King Zog of Albania*

"Aww—ugh—uh!"

—*Alistair Cooke*

"I kinda liked it."

—*John Hinckley, Jr.*

"This is the last straw. Now they've gone too far."

—*El Fatah Gazette*

Listen, when people like that get that excited over a new book, can they all be wrong?

More than one hundred of the funniest, most tasteless cartoons ever created. The products of the warped minds of some of America's most overpaid cartoonists, cartoons that—as the title says—not even the *National Lampoon* would publish in its magazine.

Here they are in their own special edition. Available at newsstands or bookstores of taste or by sending in the coupon below with your check or money order.

WARNING: This is not for children, hemophiliacs, or the fainthearted.

NATIONAL LAMPOON

NATIONAL LAMPOON PRESENTS

\$2.95

CARTOONS EVEN WE WOULDN'T DARE PRINT

**NEW, EXPANDED EDITION OF THE
BESTSELLING TRADE PAPERBACK AT LESS
THAN HALF THE ORIGINAL PRICE!**

Please send me _____ NATIONAL LAMPOON Cartoon Books at \$2.95, plus \$1.50 for postage and handling.

Name _____

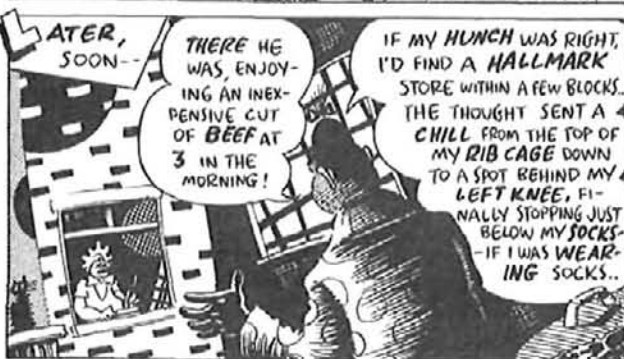
Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I enclose \$_____ to:
NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. 584
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
New York residents, please add 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ percent sales tax.

FUNNY PAGES



That's what Bonnie



©84 SIMON FLEWKEN

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



Mimi Pond's
Famous Waitress
SCHOOL
TODAY'S LESSON
Love and Breakfast

ONE OF THE UNWRITTEN RULES OF RELATIONSHIPS IS...

AND I'D LIKE THOSE EGGS OVER EASY, PLEASE.

WHITE TOAST WITH THAT?

...TO HAVE ALL YOUR FIGHTS IN RESTAURANTS.

NO, I THINK I'LL HAVE WHEAT.

WHEAT? IT'S THAT WOMAN, ISN'T IT? EATING WHEAT BREAD. ALL THESE YEARS, I'VE GIVEN YOU WHITE, BUT WHITE ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU NOW!

THIS IS BECAUSE COUPLES KNOW THAT THEY ARE PROVIDING ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE PEOPLE AROUND THEM.

ALL THESE YEARS I'VE TAKEN CARE OF YOU, FED YOU, LISTENED TO YOUR GODDAMN COMPLAINTS, BELIEVED YOUR LIES, BUT THIS—THIS TAKES THE CAKE. I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE, DO YOU HEAR ME?

TAKE SIDES. OFFER ADVICE.

HERE'S YOUR EGGS. I BROUGHT YOU WHITE TOAST INSTEAD. HOW COULD YOU FLAUNT YOUR INFIDELITIES LIKE THAT? DON'T YOU KNOW HOW PRECIOUS A RELATIONSHIP LIKE YOURS IS? I KNOW A GREAT COUNSELOR. HERE'S HER NUMBER.

YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH...

ONE THING IS FOR SURE—THERE WON'T BE SEPARATE CHECKS!

YOU CAN shove your toast UP YOUR ASS—I'M LEAVING YOU!

LET'S SEE... WITH TWO COFFEES AND... CARRY THE THREE... \$9.87 ALTOGETHER.

RICK GEARY
©1984

THIS MONTH:
DREAMLAND

I'VE BEEN GETTING SOME PRETTY UNSETTLING DREAMS LATELY—TAKE THIS ONE...

I WAS OBSERVING MY EX-WIFE AS SHE WANDERED ABOUT OUR HOUSE...

BUT AT THE SAME TIME, I WAS HER (YOU KNOW HOW IT IS IN DREAMS).

OUR CABINETS WERE STUFFED WITH SETS OF BATH TOWELS.

THEN I WOKED UP.

THESE DREAMS, NO DOUBT STEM FROM PROBLEMS IN MY DAILY LIFE...

LIKE WHEN THE LIBRARY MISTAKENLY NOTIFIED ME A BOOK WAS OVERDUE.

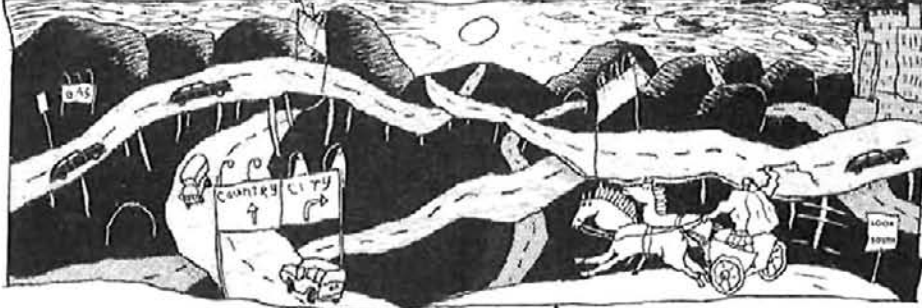
I HAD TO CONFRONT THE HEAD LIBRARIAN.

THEN I WOKED UP.

The Exploitations of **HERCULES** "a monyst" the N. Americans

© 1984 Mr. Marek

As Apollo begins his daylight ride, we find noble Herakles headed for a weekend in the country.



the entrails of a dead possum portend good fortune



WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE TO CHALLENGE THE MIGHT OF HERCULES, SON-IN-LAW OF THE GODS



Perhaps I will meet a wood nymph in the Catskills

Hey, BILLY JOE, check out this guy with da horse an' buggy



JUST THEN...

an' that little skirt! mus' be some kinda faggot



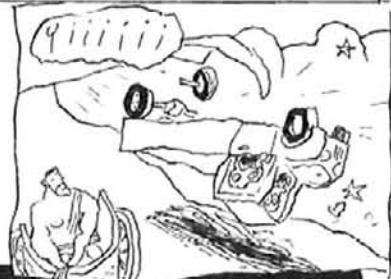
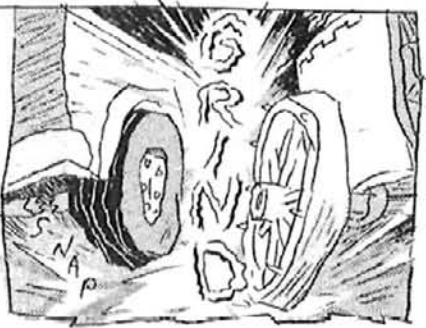
Beep Beep

Git outta the way, ya fat queer!

"FEARLESS," "INVINCIBLE," "POLITHEMOS"—HAD HERCULES A MIDDLE NAME IT WOULD BE ONE OF THESE.



HEY!!



HERCULES awaits a "Thumbs up—thumbs down" sign from the gathering crowd...



Git in, boys!

Who was that muscle man?

But Highway Centurions step in to deal a justice more up-to-date than that to which HERCULES is accustomed

THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



by B.K. Taylor ©1984

IT'S LATE EVENING AT THE APPLETON HOME, AND MRS. APPLETON READIES HERSELF FOR BED. IN THE SHADOWS, MR. APPLETON LURKS WITH A SURPRISE IN STORE.

QUIET AS A PANTHER, HE SNEAKS UP FROM BEHIND.




 CONTEST

32

Can You Draw John Bendel?

DRAW JOHN BENDEL?" THE SAVVY artists among you exclaim. "But, by God, sir, *no known likeness of the man exists!*" Indeed. The elusive True Facts editor has little love for the camera, and everyone who claims to have seen him tells a different tale: "He's blond, six feet two, and walks with a slight limp. . . ." "A perfect ringer for Dustin Hoffman . . ." "Like Walter Cronkite, but with a jagged scar down his face . . ." "He's surrounded by lights, constantly changing lights, and when you see him you're filled with this inner glow. . . ."

Each month a new batch of True Facts arrives inside our editorial offices sometime in the middle of the night—even though all the doors are securely bolted and fierce guard dogs roam the halls! Each month a check is sent to a "Col. Aurelio Muertillo" in a sleepy town in Ecuador. Each month a three-legged wolf howls at the full moon until a dark figure emerges from the shadows, clutching a bag containing . . . what? *What is in the bag?*

Perhaps your response to this contest. Sketch what you think John Bendel looks like. The man himself will help choose the winner.

Outerwear Riot!



NOTHIN' SAYS 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.



These photos, allegedly of Bendel, were sold to us by a guy named Al.

HERE IS MY SKETCH OF JOHN BENDEL.
May God have mercy on my soul!

Send to: True Face
National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

Music in the air!

A. D. Carter, from the oddly touching Songbird Lane, San Antonio, Texas, has won Contest #28 and the Casio PT-30 mini-keyboard. "Is it here yet?" he asks, staring madly into the sun.

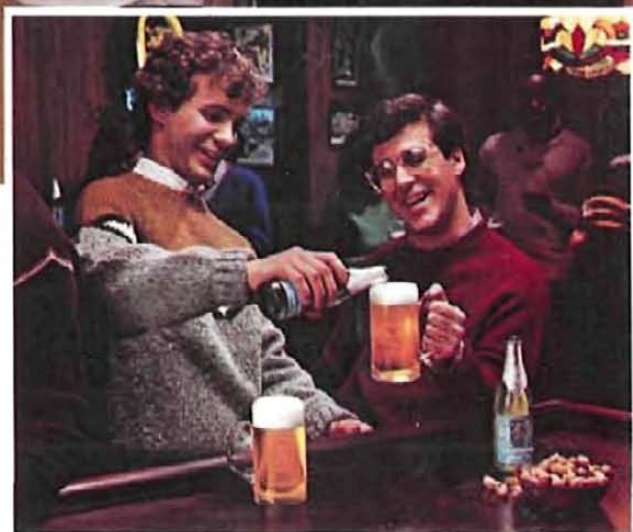
Good friends will give you a break when you're broke.



The dinner was sensational. So was the check. The problem is, the theater tickets that you insisted on buying broke your whole budget. Enough to declare bankruptcy by the time the coffee arrived.

A nudge under the table and a certain destitute look in the eye were enough to produce the spontaneous loan only a good friend is ready to make.

How do you repay him? First the cash, then the only beer equal to his generosity: Löwenbräu.



Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.

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

Lights Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 17 mg.
"tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.



There's only
one way to
play it.



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