

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

SPECIAL SUMMER FUN NUMBER!

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Elected Mare

HEAR:
Menudo's
Voice Break

VISIT:
Ron Hauge's
Abusement Park

READ:
Award-
Winning Ads



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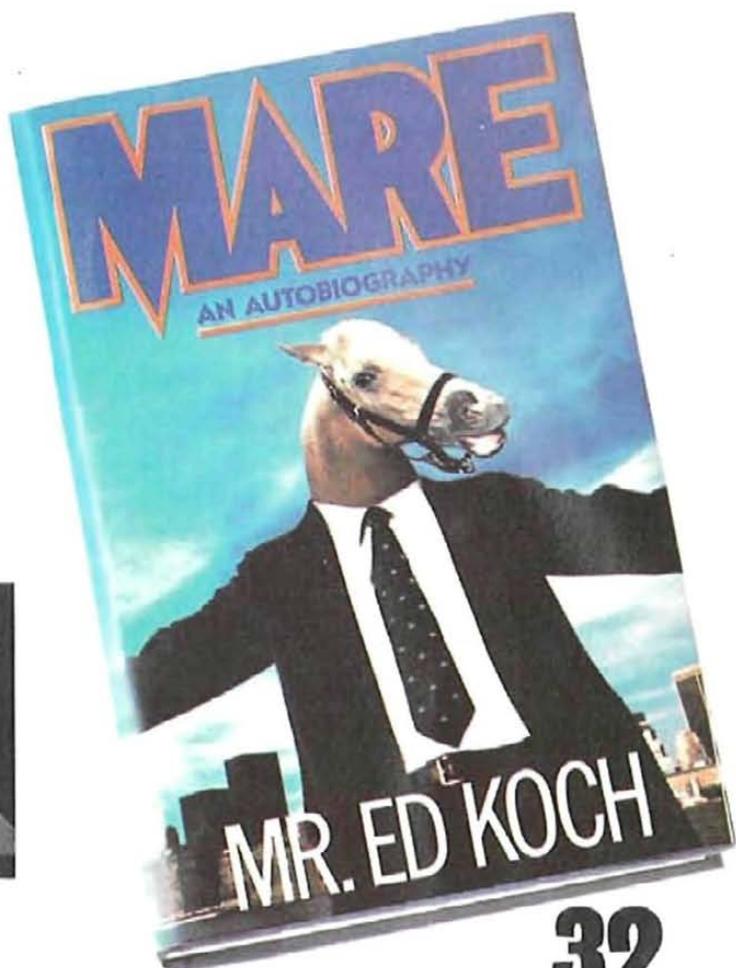
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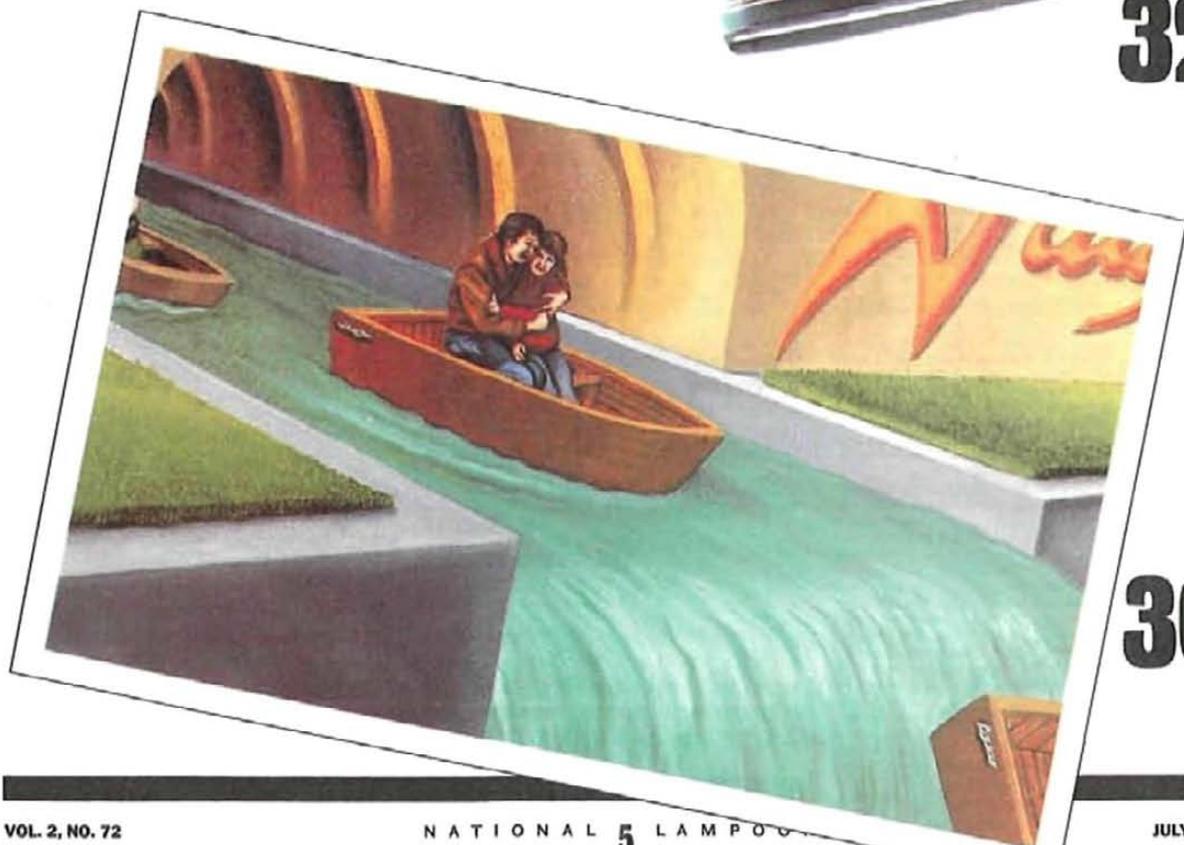
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Employee of the Month



Kevin Curran:

"Happy, happy, happy, happy," says Kevin Curran when asked how he likes his job

at the *National Lampoon*. Yes, Kevin is the bright, shining ray of light in all our lives. From the time he strolls in to the time he removes the chain connecting his leg to his desk, Kev keeps morale here at *NatLamp* very, very high.

It's the little things that count in Kevin's world. Like when a phone is ringing and no one is around to answer it. "Hey, someone get the phone," Kev will yell, making sure that he's not jumping the gun in picking up another's line. Then he'll cheerfully answer the phone, take the message—with the time and the proper spelling of the caller's name—and even discuss the call with you on your return. Cost for this service: just a smile and a happy "Thanks, Kev."

So, Kev, from all of us to all of you, thanks. You receive this month's award: Marsha Mason's home phone number—the number not answered by her machine.

"We're nuts!" Kevin says with a knowing wink. "Are you?"—*E. G.*

LETTERS

Sirs:

Some people read cards to tell the future, or tea leaves. Others prefer the entrails of animals, or the bump on your head. But only I, Mr. Futuro, have perfected a system solely based on the wrinkles around Joan Collins's and Linda Evans's eyes.

Mr. Futuro
Venice, Calif.

Sirs:

What if Jerry Lewis and Alfred Hitchcock had gotten switched around with each other? I'll tell you what if: you'd have Alfred Hitchcock banging away on an imaginary typewriter with bustling music in the background, and you'd have Jerry Lewis, the master of suspense, in every scene. Not just the cameo shot, folks, I mean every shot. Big scene at the end where Cary Grant is hanging by his fingertips off a cliff and there's Jerry Lewis going, "Wah! Wah! WAAAAAAAAHHHHH!" I tell you it's crazy.

Seymour Lewis
Junebug, Wyo.

Sirs:

Here are my beliefs: Capital punishment is okay by me. Phone calls should always be returned promptly and courteously. The United States should not try to be a world policeman. Hot food should be served hot. I guess that's about it.

Dora Trinter
Grafton, N. Dak.

Sirs:

You know what's funny? You know how when cats start washing themselves their ears resemble forearms and they start doing Alistair Cooke impressions? I just think it's funny when they roll on their backs to wash their bellies.

Herb Herbs
Lowell, Mass.

Sirs:

When we here at ESPN say we are the sports network, we mean the sports network *worldwide*. That's why, in an effort to build our international sports coverage, we have acquired the exclu-

sive rights to televise Italy's number-one sport: shooting politicians down in the street in cold blood.

Bill Grimes
President
ESPN

Sirs:

I'm a policeman on the vice squad, and our regulations are quite specific. Before I can arrest a woman for prostitution, the following requirements must be met:

1. She must solicit sex for money.
2. We must actively engage in sexual intercourse.
3. Her pimp, hiding in a closet, must mutilate me.

Only if all three requirements are met am I allowed to arrest the woman. Boy, that ACLU is really making things tough on us cops.

Detective Mike Velasco
Dallas, Tex.

Sirs:

The American public is being kept unaware of the fact that every native-born Lebanese is dead. That's right, dead. America's satanic government is only keeping the Lebanese crisis alive to divert the public's attention from the country's real problems, like incest among laboratory rats, and the stuff that's really in crunchy-style peanut butter. There's a vast conspiracy here the public is only dimly aware of. . . .

Lee Harvey Pliem
Co-Author, "One Thousand
and One Conspiracies"
Loeb, Vt.

Sirs:

While it's common knowledge that Christian missionaries constantly visit our lands to attempt to convert us to their religious beliefs, what isn't so well known is our counterplan. We send our cannibals around the world to conduct cooking clinics, in which we give advice on preparing such delicacies as fried nun. We figure why stuff religion down your throat when you can stuff somebody religious instead.

Cannibals
Darkest Africa

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Sirs:

As experts in the field of racial humor, do you know if there's a riddle that goes "Why do Jews wear yarmulkes?" and to which the punch line is "Because propellers cost extra"? If there's no such joke, how do I go about copyrighting it so that bitch Blanche Knott doesn't steal it for one of her volumes of *Truly Tasteless Jokes*? Also, I think you should run a contest to come up with a new word for "Jewish." The current word has too wimpy a sound. How about it?

Andy Rooneywitz
Chairman

New Word for Jewish Committee

Sirs:

You know what's wrong with your magazine? It never has any upside-down letters in it. Remember how I used to read the *Wall Street Journal* standing on my head? Well, do me a favor—just this once, print a letter upside down. Make my day.

Gomez
Addams Family, Calif.

Downers Grove, Mo.
Sister Mary Prankster

Ken Queasy!
Shoes?

Who wrote *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* and throws up on your

Sirs:

Sirs:

Through the kind of fastidious fact checking that has become a trademark at Random House ever since our fiasco with the Barbara Hutton book, it has become clear to us that there are dozens of errors in our most recent Gideon Bibles as well. As a result, we have no choice but to recall all 500,000 editions of the Good Book currently in hotel and motel rooms across America. Please leave the book with the front desk at checkout time.

Office of the President
Random House
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Y'know what I've always wanted to say on *Monday Night Football*? Sometime when Packers quarterback Lynn Dickey gets sacked, I'd like t' say: "They like t' knocked the dickey off'n him that time."

Only thing is, then I'd have to explain it to Howard.

Dandy Don Meredith
In the press box

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)



WOODSMEN DROP IN from all around Tennessee carrying truckloads of maple for Jack Daniel's.

If it's hard maple, cut from high ground, we're especially glad to get it. Our Jack Bateman (that's him saying hello to the driver) will split it and stack it and burn it to get charcoal. And nothing smooths out whiskey like this special charcoal does. Of course, none of these woodsmen work regular hours. So you never know when they'll drop in. But, after a sip of Jack Daniel's, you'll know why they're always welcome.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
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LETTERS

Sirs:

As an intellectual of some stature in the business of brain-wrestling, I'd like to point out that if Batman's enemies on the old *Batman* show had been named "The Laugher," "The Pelican," and "The Griddler," our whole concept of evil would be different now. For instance, Moscow would not be the focus of evil in the world, Gotham City would. And we could take out Gotham City with one nuke. I just want to know who's responsible for this fuck-up. Not me, that's for sure.

William F. Buckley, Jr.
WNET, N.Y.

Sirs:

Do you know what trash-bag cannibalism is? When one trash bag full of garbage breaks and you take it and push it into another trash bag. That, my friend, is trash-bag cannibalism.

Idi Amin Hefty
Steel Sac, Africa

Sirs:

One reason a lot of people think hunters are evil is that they believe all deer are like Bambi. Well, they're not. Take, for example, Vinnie the Deer. The guy was into loan-sharking, bookmaking, and prostitution. He was a wild-life lowlife. When a hunter finally shot

him and had Vinnie for dinner, the entire deer community was relieved. They even sent the hunter a thank-you note for removing a blight from their community. Why don't you tell that to those anti-hunting wimps?

Rocky Buzz
Morgantown, W.Va.

Sirs:

Hi, how are you? Mmm-hm. Yeah, not much on this end. How about yourself? And the wife? Mmm-hm, don't they all. Yeah, she thinks I'm bowling with the team. Mmm? Meeting her for drinks at the Tap Room. Yeah. How about—EXCUSE ME, THIS IS THE OPERATOR. PLEASE DEPOSIT FIVE CENTS OR YOUR LETTER WILL BE TERMINATED—Fuck! Look, Harry, no change on me. I'll write you later. Good luck with that babe, and one more thing—I'M SORRY, YOUR TIME IS UP. CLICK.

Isaac Asimov
Dumb Sci-fi Ideas Institute

Sirs:

I recently bought the diamond necklace, diamond ring, and diamond pendant advertised on TV for \$19.95. The necklace and pendant are plastic and the ring is polished glass. I am extremely satisfied with my purchase and

look forward to doing much more business with this company in the future.

Sammy Davis Jr.
Lake Tahoe, Nev.

Sirs:

Pee doobie doobie in the left fondue.
Pee doobie doobie in the left fondue.
Thank you veddy much.

Musical Youth
Third World

Sirs:

I frequently have affairs with the wives of radio-talk-show hosts. These men are very busy, so their wives get lonely, and there I am to ease the pain. The nicest thing is we never have to worry if her husband will suddenly show up. All we do is switch on the radio, hear his golden voice, then resume whatever position we were in.

Frank Haskins
Brentwood, Calif.

Sirs:

Don't feel bad about walking past some miserable homeless person freezing to death in minus-twenty-degree weather and not giving him a couple of bucks or at least enough money for a subway. Ninety-eight percent of these people are crazy. If you give them a dollar they'll stare at the president's face so hard that it will finally spring to life in their minds and smile and wink at them like trick animation in the movies. If you give them enough for a token they'll spit on the floor and jump on the tracks. The most humane thing to do with homeless people is pull off their tattered coats so they'll freeze faster.

Spink Radish
New York, N.Y.

P.S. The other 2 percent will blow it on liquor.

Sirs:

I'm just writing to tell you that I have dug up the body of Groucho Marx. I also have the body of Charlie Chaplin. Now, at last, I can test them in a battle of wits in the greatest comedic confrontation of all time. Before you bet on the outcome, here's a tip: Charlie has the inside track, because his medium is silent, and Groucho made it in the talkies. Of course, neither is very talkative now. Also, Charlie's had more practice at being dead. Who will win? No dying allowed. That's cheating.

Anonymous
Hollywood Cemetery

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)



"Miss Hendricks, don't bother, they're here."

TRUE FACTS

Future Republicans



THE FOLLOWING STORY APPEARED in the *Washington Gallery/Museum News*: "*Washington Gallery/Museum News* writer Cynthia Jarokowsky, thirty-four, was killed in a freak accident on December 10 near Berne, Switzerland, where she was researching a story on Swiss art galleries. According to the driver of her car, Bernard Culdebois, Dr. Jarokowsky asked that the car be stopped on a particularly scenic, though dangerous, mountain curve, and that her electric wheelchair be placed on the road so that she could admire the landscape. As she moved closer to the mountain edge, her hand apparently slipped on the control, and her chair bolted forward through an open area in the guardrail, hurling her down a 15,000-foot precipice. Culdebois, whose English is very poor, believes that as the journalist fell she cried out either 'Help me, you idiot!' or 'God save Washington art.'" (contributed by John Driscoll)

THE *TORONTO GLOBE AND MAIL*, IN A story about a jurist who presides over a traveling court in the Canadian Indian reserves, told this story of a woman who set her house on fire:

"Through an interpreter she explained to the judge that she had set fire to her house because her husband was having an affair. . . . She reasoned that when her husband saw the fire he would leave the other woman's bed and come home to douse the flames—and the house from which he emerged would reveal the identity of his lover.

"The judge told the woman the crime was a very serious one and asked her through the interpreter whether she wanted to go to prison.

"The interpreter talked to her a little bit and told the judge the woman wanted to go to prison—the longer the term the better.

"Only then did a tribal councillor tell the judge that the interpreter was the woman's husband, and was trying to put her away so he could carry on his affair." (contributed by Brad Campbell)

By Bill Moseley; photographs from UPI and Wide World/AP

TRUE FACTS

INTERIOR DECORATOR BRUCE STEBEN, twenty-nine, filed suit against Dr. Gary E. Russolillo of Hartford, Connecticut, seeking ten thousand dollars in damages for improper hair transplants.

According to the suit, "The plaintiff found that the area which had been done by the defendant was sitting almost center of his forehead." In addition, Steben claimed, some of the hair was growing in the wrong direction. *Hartford Courant* (contributed by Jan Sullivan)

AFTER A YEAR-LONG INVESTIGATION, detectives from the Novato, California, police department called the death of sixty-five-year-old Carl Rechsteiner a suicide.

According to the *Santa Rosa Press-Democrat*, "Police claim the former military officer stabbed himself five times in the chest, wiped the knife clean, and replaced it in a kitchen rack before slumping to the floor in a pool of blood." (contributed by Phred)

TOGO JAPAN, INC., MANUFACTURERS OF amusement park rides, issued an English-language sales brochure describing their latest product, a roller coaster which passengers ride in a standing position.

"Laughter and cry," said the caption under a photo of the ride. "Passenger's facial expression is multifarious. Girls enjoy the momentary space flight with their eyes opened, but boys do it with their eyes closed. The varied dynamic course leads you to the thrilling world."

Called the Astro Comet, the ride is further discussed in the brochure:

"This is the standing coaster no one ever created before. Which transcended the common sense and realized an unexpectedness. The three factors, thrill, speed, and action, were thought over and over. . . . The shock absorber to reduce the gravity at the loop was praised sky-high by all the people. 'Please go ahead, and try the standing coaster!'" (contributed by Don Gworek)

AFTER INVESTIGATING A CROSS BURNING on the lawn of Wallace and Donna Crayton of Monroe, North Carolina, the Union County sheriff and the Craytons agreed that the burning had not been the work of the Ku Klux Klan. The cross, described as "shoddy-looking" by Sheriff Frank McGuirt, was attached to the mailbox and surrounded by sparklers.

"I really don't think it was the Klan or anything," said Mrs. Crayton. "I believe the Klan would have made a good cross and brought it to the middle of the yard." *Monroe Enquirer-Journal* (contributed by Timothy P. Grismer)

THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER RAN AN ITEM about a fourteen-year-old Middletown, Ohio, boy who stole a car. The story was aptly summed up in the headline, which read "Blind Youth Steals Car, Crashes." (contributed by Larry Burwinkel)

Meanwhile, a North Carolina man was denied a pistol permit he sought for his blind wife. According to Wake

BULLSHIT

"Not to deal with his womanizing in this biography would be like cutting off a very large part of John Kennedy."

—Ralph G. Martin, author of *A Hero for Our Time: An Intimate Story of the Kennedy Years, explaining on a radio talk show why he included Kennedy's legendary sexual escapades in his biography of the late president.*

"Dear Readers: It's a very sensitive issue and many times, over the past few years, I have been asked about it in one form or another. The question is this: How much 'gas passing' is normal? Put more bluntly, how often is it considered normal for a person to pass gas? One expert says a person passes gas about thirteen times a day, on average. Although this may seem like a trivial piece of information, it may be important for the many people in our society who are concerned about 'excessive gas' to find out that gas passing in this amount is normal."

—Dr. G. Timothy Johnson in his syndicated medical column. (Byron Hall)

"There was nowhere cozy in it. I'm a child of the humanities; I like things on a human scale."

—Cybill Shepherd on why she didn't like Peter Bogdanovich's *Bel Air mansion*, in *TV Guide*. (Duck Divet)

Contributors: We will pay ten dollars for each item of "Bullshit" used.

County authorities, the man claimed his wife wouldn't shoot the gun but would merely "wave it around." *Charlotte Observer* (contributed by Rick Swartzell)

MICHAEL MESSINGER, THIRTY-TWO, WAS suspended from his teaching post in Mio, Michigan, after it was alleged that he had forced a student to eat a fly

According to David J. Macqueen, president of the local teachers' union, the incident occurred after Messinger announced his classroom policy: "You eat what you kill."

When a boy in his class swatted a fly and asked Messinger if he was supposed to eat it, the teacher cited the policy. The boy refused to comply because he didn't eat uncooked meat. Messinger allegedly put the dead fly on a stick and cooked it with a match.

"We don't like the idea of it," said Macqueen of the incident. "It makes us look bad, too." *Bay City Times* (contributed by David Jurkiewicz)

IN STAUNTON, VIRGINIA, FATHER Gregory Dodge was beaten in his confessional by an unnamed assailant who, according to the *Omaha World-Herald*, "apparently became enraged by the advice he was given." (contributed by J. D. Gathright)

WOULD-BE THIEVES IN WINDSOR, ONTARIO, broke into a Coca-Cola plant and went to work on the company safe with an arc welder. They fled, however, after realizing they had welded the safe shut. *Toronto Globe and Mail* (contributed by Jamie Vandermoer)

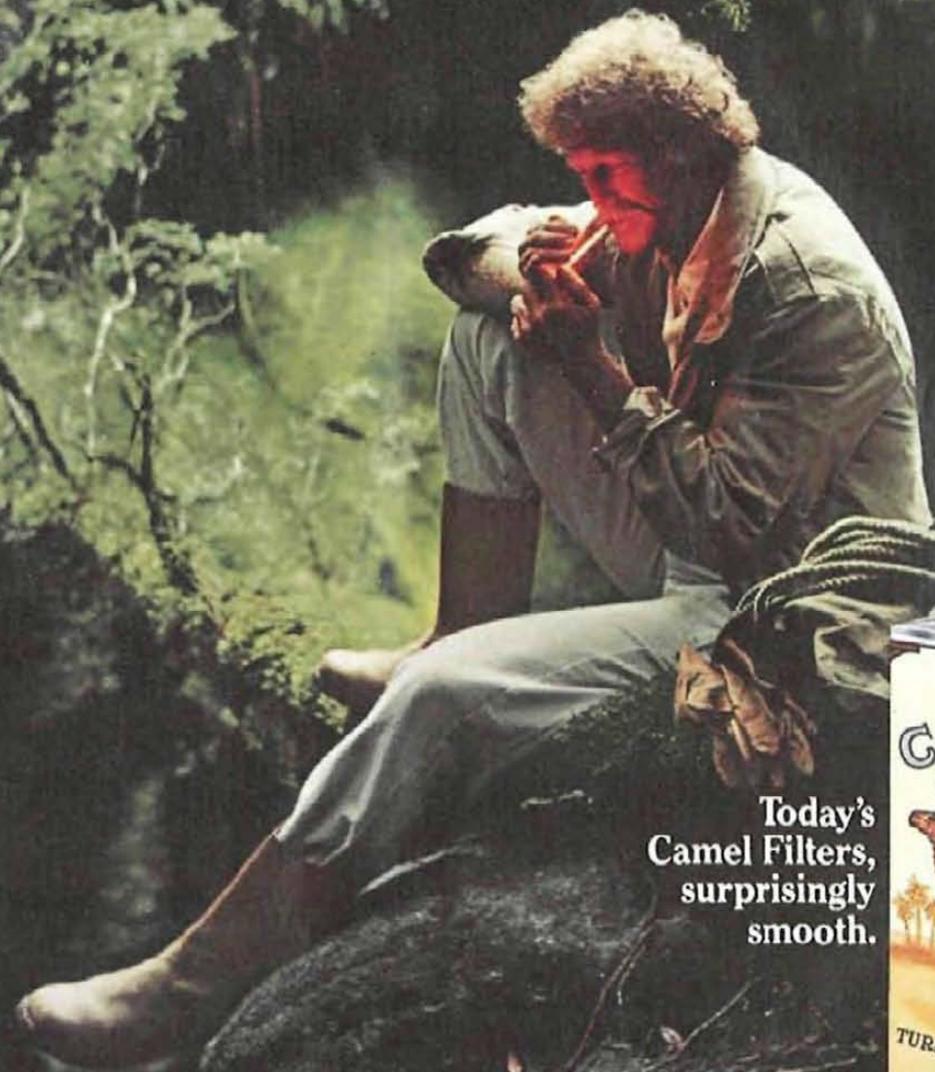
ACCORDING TO WESTWORD, A DENVER, Colorado, publication, doctors at St. Anthony's Hospital emergency room treated a man who had a gerbil stuck in his rectum. "The emergency-room team confirmed the gerbil incident, but the public-information officer refused to comment," said *Westword*. (contributed by Jan Burton)

AFTER HE WAS RUN OVER BY A SUBWAY train, twenty-six-year-old Milo Stephens sued the New York City Transit Authority, claiming the subway motorman hadn't stopped the train quickly enough. Stephens won \$650,000 despite the fact he had deliberately thrown himself in the path of the train in a vain attempt at suicide. *New York Times* (contributed by Evelyn Johnson)

ELIZABETH BOUVIA, THE TWENTY-SIX-

CAMEL FILTERS

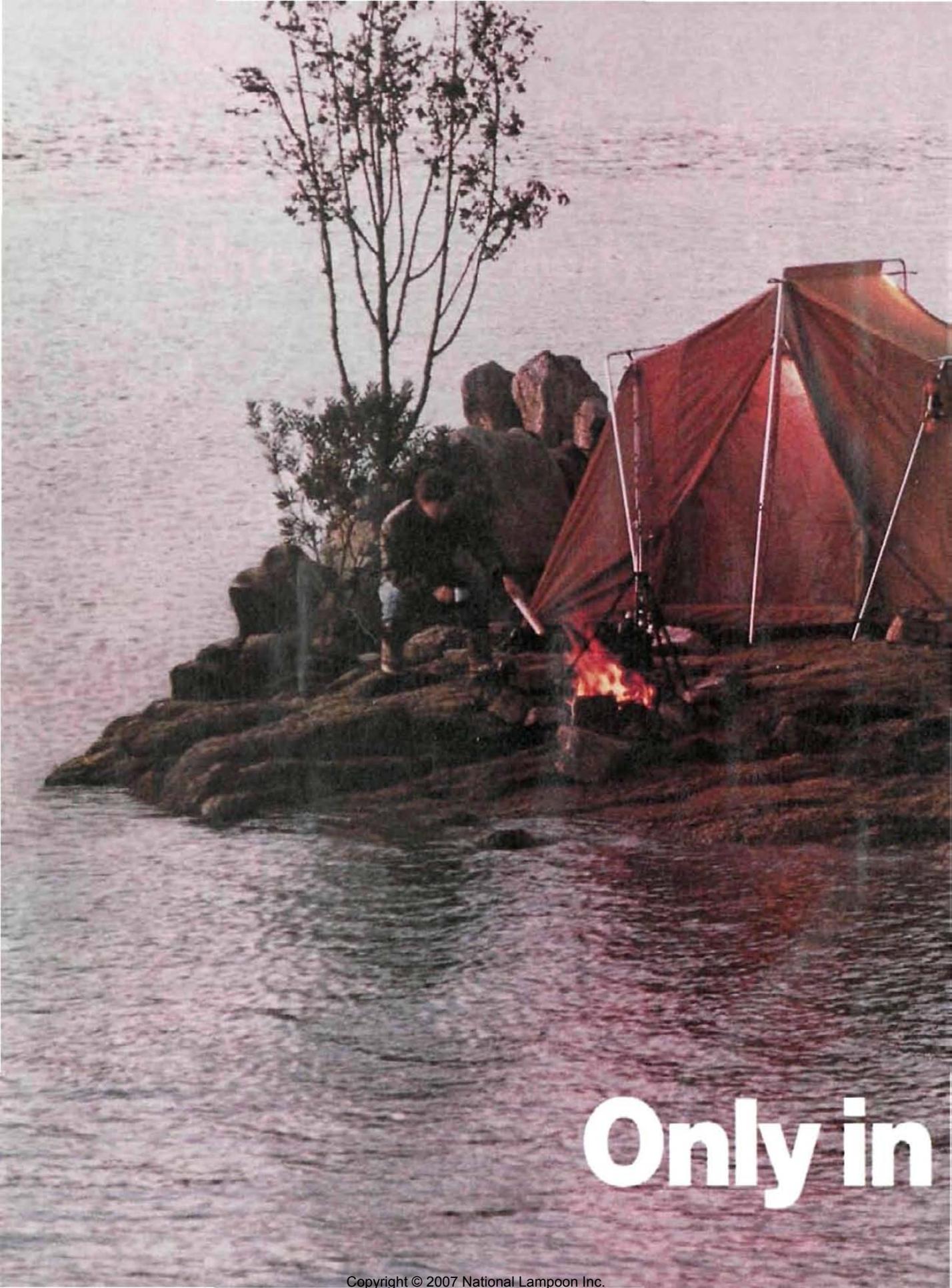
It's a whole new world.



Today's
Camel Filters,
surprisingly
smooth.

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

16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Only in



a Jeep.

Jeep  CJ
Safety belts save lives.

Looking Out for Number One

year-old quadriplegic whose legal battle to starve herself to death enraged right-to-life advocates, was secretly released from a Riverside, California, hospital for security reasons. According to authorities, Bouvia's life had been threatened. *Albuquerque Journal* (contributed by Anthony Florence)

THE ISRAELI INTERIOR MINISTER REFUSED to recognize the marriages of two American men to Israeli women when it was learned the ceremonies were performed by a suspect rabbi. The clergyman, known for making foreign basketball players eligible for Israeli leagues by marrying them to willing Israeli women, is known as the "Basketball Rabbi."

According to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "With the most sought-after basketball players being neither Israeli nor Jewish, local basketball teams have in the past made their imported players undergo conversion to become [eligible to play]." Since conversion can take years, though, some Israeli basketball teams have sought to make ineligible foreign players into Israeli citizens through what are called "basketball weddings." (contributed by Mike and Cat Rivas)

OFFICER J. D. RABY OF THE CHEROKEE, North Carolina, police was called to shoot a coconut. Raby and the coconut's owner, Sammy Hornbuckle, claimed that the coconut purchased at a local grocery store had been ticking.

"We didn't know if it came from Cuba, or something," said Hornbuckle.

"I got back a ways and shot it with a .357 Magnum," Raby said. "That was the end of the ticking coconut." *Asheville (N.C.) Citizen* (contributed by David S. Bate)

ACCORDING TO THE SOVIET NEWSPAPER *Stroyitel'naya Gazeta*, officials in Siberia ordered one thousand bathtubs too long for the bathrooms in a new hostel under construction. Workers had to knock holes in the walls, allowing the tubs to stick out in the hallways. Tin was then installed around the protruding tubs for privacy. *San Diego Tribune* (contributed by Cheryl Kennedy)

PRESENTED BY THE LOUISIANA SOCIETY for Psychological Research, a lecture entitled "Humor, the Sixth Sense" was delivered by Mr. David Grouchy. (Baton Rouge) *Sunday Advocate* (contributed by Fred Fabre)



B. KEITH HANSEN, ROY, UTAH



ARLENOID "RALF" THOMPSON, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



MIKE SPARRON, CLEVELAND, OHIO



1110 AM 10,000 WATTS



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BRUCE STENFELD, BIRMGHAMTON, N.Y.

Animals En Masse

THIS ITEM APPEARED IN THE *Toronto Globe and Mail*: "A central district of Rome was paralyzed after rain yesterday when hundreds of cars and buses slithered into each other on a wet carpet of bird droppings, police said. . . . The droppings came from millions of birds which rested in the trees lining the avenues during their fall migration." (contributed by David Richardson)

THIS AP STORY APPEARED IN A CANADIAN newspaper: "Peking—Almost three million toads staged a long march into a south China commune two months ago, held a five-hour plenum, then disappeared. . . . Witnesses at the commune in Hunan province estimated there were slightly under one thousand toads to a square foot." (contributed by Colin Morris)

FROM THE NEW YORK *DAILY NEWS*: "OGDENSBURG, N.Y.—Millions of 'shad' flies have descended for their annual mating spree. . . . They began rising Wednesday from the St. Lawrence River, in which their larvae develop. . . . Yesterday, the flies were so thick they activated electronic doors at the St. Lawrence Psychiatric Center and swarmed in when the doors opened automatically. Hundreds of hungry, noisy birds also joined in the activity for the day, observers say." (contributed by Bill Moseley)

FROM THE FORT LAUDERDALE *SUN-SENTINEL*: "Blue crabs worth about seven thousand dollars escaped from an upset pickup truck and caused a disturbance near Delray Beach that left rescuers guarding their ankles while pinching traffic into one lane.

"I've never seen anything like it. They were running all over the place—there must have been two thousand of them," said John Larkin, a Del-Trail Fire District emergency medical technician. "They were taking us by surprise," he added. "They were trying to jump up and bite. It was pretty freaky." (contributed by Jim Woodward)

FROM THE NEW YORK *DAILY NEWS*: "LONDON—Hundreds of renegade hamsters have invaded two north London suburbs, chewing through walls, floors, and ceilings, raiding kitchens and rais-

ing fears that they will overrun the country. Lily Dean, who was forced to flee her home, said it was 'terrifying.'

"Her house was alive with the beasts. They were in the sofa, under the floor, and in the ceiling, poking through the light fitting," a spokesman for the project said." (contributed by Gerardo De la Iglesia)

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO *CHRONICLE*: "Gloucester Township, N.J.—A swarm of frenzied bees descended on an apartment complex like a scene from a horror movie yesterday, stinging dozens of residents as others ran screaming for cover. Ambulances took twenty-seven people to hospitals, including two stung at least one hundred times, while police with loudspeakers urged people to stay inside and shut off their air conditioners. 'If you looked at the sky, you'd just see bees,' said a resident of the complex." (contributed by T. Phillips)

FROM THE MIAMI *HERALD*: "FABRIANO, ITALY—A long thicket of billions of caterpillars halted a freight train at a crossing near this central Italian town, officials reported Friday. They say the

engineer did not see the 'procession,' nearly two miles long and thirty-three feet wide, until the train hit it Thursday and came to a halt, remaining stuck for two hours." (contributed by Charles Ratner)

FROM THE *TORONTO STAR*: "WATERLOO—Several million worms belonging to the Wiggly Worm Company were destroyed yesterday when fire gutted a Waterloo industrial building." (contributed by David Richardson)

FROM THE NEW YORK *TIMES*: "BURLINGTON, Iowa—Millions of smelly, sticky flies are making highways slick, obstructing windows, and piling up a foot deep as they die in their annual invasion of Mississippi River towns. . . . The insects, known as mayflies, infest river towns every year as eggs hatch in the July heat." (contributed by Bill Moseley)

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PAUL OVERMYER, IOWA, MICH

OFF THE SUBJECT



THE MOST RECENT SURVEY of our readership by our advertising department has demonstrated (once again) that you are male, white, young, college-educated, upwardly mobile, and eager (by coincidence) to purchase sports cars, Scotch, videocassettes, stereo equipment, tennis gear, and designer condoms, the very things our potential advertisers have to offer.

But, by an even more remarkable coincidence, this "profile" matches perfectly the demographic portrait of a Gary Hart supporter. Thus you, dear reader, can be said to embody (to females, blacks, Latinos, the poor, union members, old people, and children) everything that's wrong with America. Congrats!

In an effort to "get with the program," as we yuppies like to say, this column hastens now, however late in the program, to endorse Senator Hart for the presidency, hereby adding our clout and savvy to that of such fellow committed Hartophiles as Mr. John Denver.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because until I was thirty I didn't trust anyone over thirty and now I don't trust anyone over fifty.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because I identified with *everyone* in *The Big Chill*.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because we tried educating the poor, and it didn't work.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because I am totally opposed to the war in Vietnam.

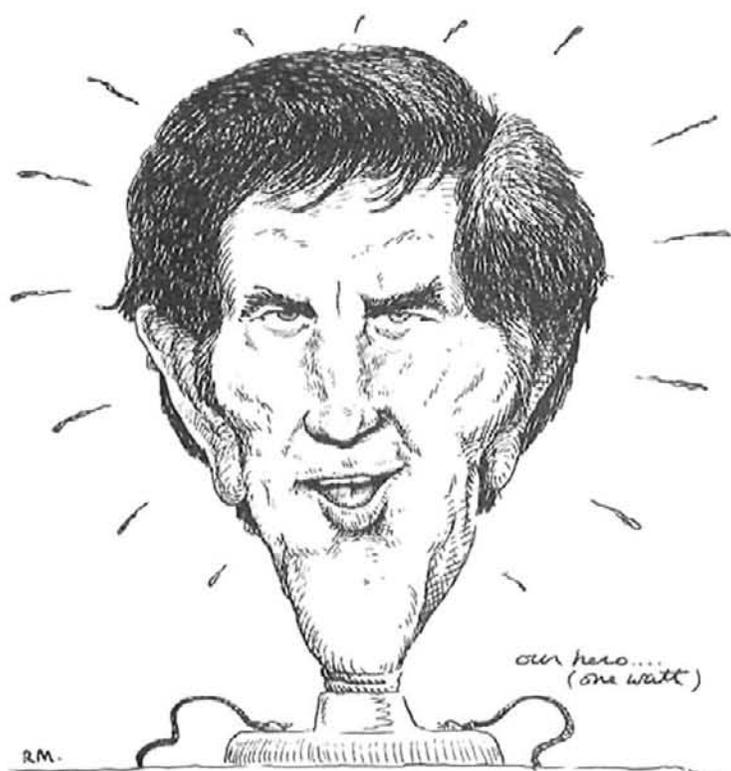
I am a Gary Hart supporter because my first wife ran off with a Negro.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because, say what you will, the *Wall Street Journal* is a damn good newspaper.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because the working class is a special-interest group.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because traditional liberalism is morally bankrupt and I hate the sound of that word "bankrupt."

I am a Gary Hart supporter because I believe civil rights means I have the right to expect certain people to act civil.



I am a Gary Hart supporter because I drink light beer.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because he reminds me of all the Kennedys except Teddy.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because his ideas are as new as my money.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because his ideas are as honest as my money.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because he has clearly the best haircut.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because Jesse Jackson is a racist. All those blacks are.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because he doesn't, like, invade my personal space.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because I bet he's tried cocaine.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because it's about time somebody spoke up for the upper middle class.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because he looks great on my Betamax.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because none of the other candidates even skis.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because, frankly, I can't get El Salvador

and Nicaragua straight either.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because Mondale worked with Carter, and he smiled funny.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because he reminds me of the guy in my class who won "Most Likely to Succeed."

I am a Gary Hart supporter because Mondale is too linear.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because I think Jesse Jackson is ambitious.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because I'm really into nature.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because he understands the future.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because he's not bound by commitments to anyone or anything.

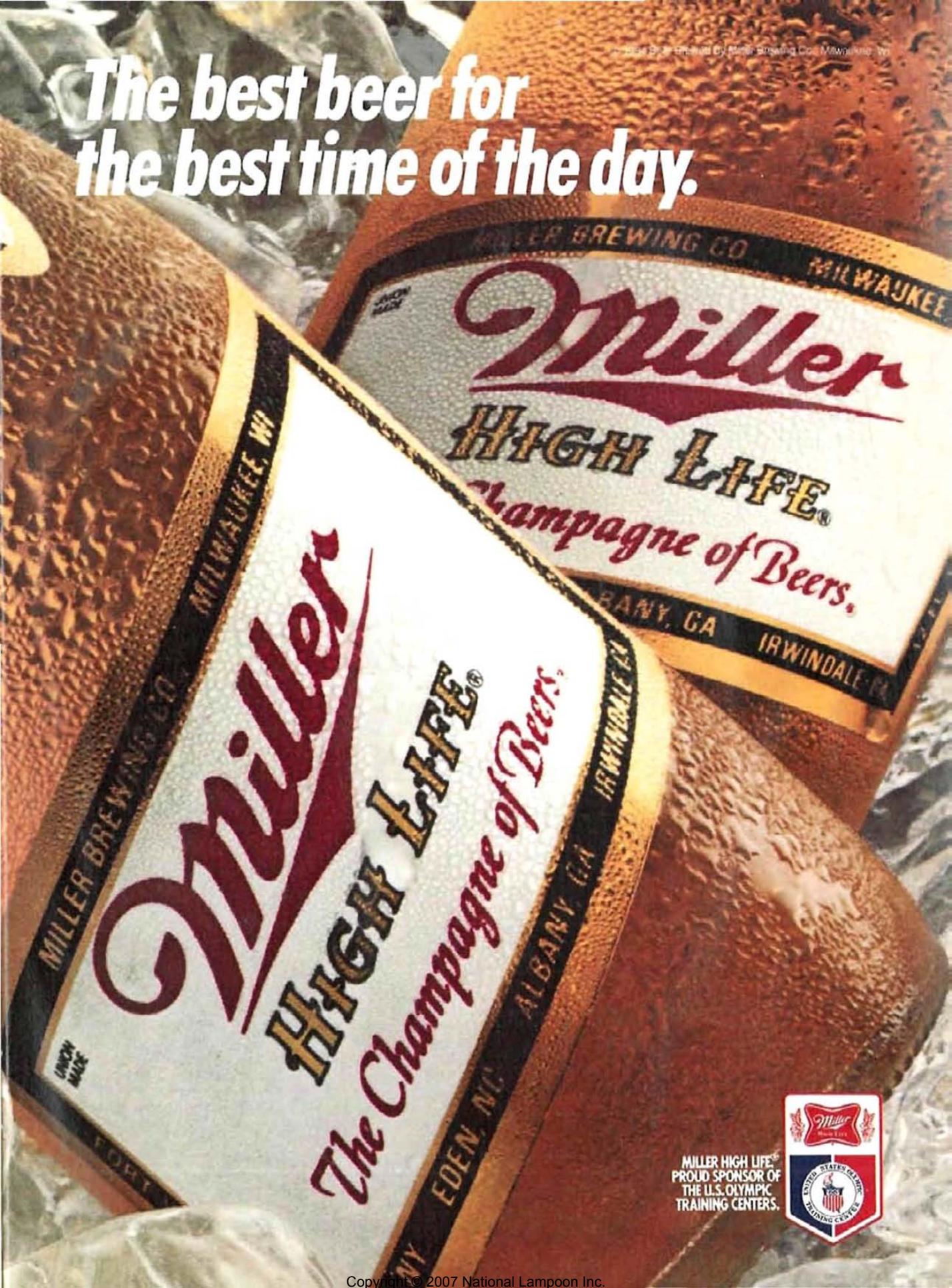
I am a Gary Hart supporter because who am I to disagree with my accountant, my dentist, Warren Beatty, and Carole King?

I am a Gary Hart supporter because, let's face facts, Mondale can't beat Reagan.

I am a Gary Hart supporter because if Mondale gets the nomination, I'm voting for Reagan.

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LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)
Sirs:

Planning on coming to the Summer Olympics but stuck for a place to stay? It's a little late in the "game" (ha-ha), and every hotel room, youth hostel, and roach motel is booked solid. But have you considered lovely seaside San Pedro? I'm willing to sublet my share of a delightful spacious studio overlooking the romantic harbor. Three sumptuous meals a day are included, as are the company and lively conversation of my three interesting co-lessees: Nappy, Jesus, and Pretty Black. They are flexible dudes who'd welcome the sports-loving, open-minded young man or woman who espouses a casual, freewheeling lifestyle. Please contact Warden Elmo "Ironpants" Munsey for details.

Lifer
Terminal Island, Calif.

Sirs:

I sent some Rodney lines to Rodney Dangerfield, and he sent me back a rejection slip that said, "I don't get no respect, and with material like this neither should you," so I thought I'd send them to your magazine, because you're like Mikey, you like everything. Here are the lines: I tell you, I hated baseball when I was a kid. I remember one game, the pitcher deliberately beamed me seven times, and I was watching the game from the bleachers! And my parents, they hated

me. When I was born they couldn't decide whether to name me Moe or Ron, so they compromised and called me Moe-Ron! I looked in the mirror and my reflection threw up! That last one isn't so hot, but I figured I needed more than two jokes.

Harold Champley
Sarasota Springs, N.Y.

Sirs:

Boy, those crazy Berras! First Yogi with his crazy personality. "What time is it?" you'd ask Yogi. "Now?" he'd reply. What a character. And his son Dale. "It's starting to stop raining." Dale will announce during a rainout. And Douggy. The one Berra whose retardation is obvious enough to keep him out of professional baseball. "I have eleven fingers plus the ones on my toes," Douggy will inform a speechless audience. Oh, those crazy Berras!

Tim McCarver
Flushing, Queens

Sirs:

It has recently been brought to my attention that much of our material is becoming stale. Therefore, in an attempt to rejuvenate the program, we are making the following changes: "Viewer Mail" will be replaced by a segment called "Other People's Diaries," in which we read particularly embarrassing passages from the personal diaries that are sent to us by our home viewers. Instead of "Stupid Pet

Tricks," we will have a feature called "Humiliating Someone Who Doesn't Speak English Very Well." Finally, once a week we'll bring you "The Great Debate," pitting a randomly selected member of our studio audience against an ordinary houseplant, with predictable results. And don't forget our upcoming "Salute to Fiberglass," the tribute to *We've Got It Made*, or our humorous series on folks in the lower-income brackets.

David Letterman
On the cutting edge
NBC
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Shit, if we had that '58 Plymouth Fury in Stephen King's *Christine*—you know, something that could drive itself without crashing, fix itself if it was broken, and run people over and kill 'em—we'd have this sucker mopped up in two seconds flat.

Iran and Iraq
Killing each other
off like flies

Sirs:

It's a tribute album, for sure, but it's more than just that. For one thing, neither of us has done anything major, dollarwise, for some time. Also, we're probably the only two dudes left who have yet to sing a duet. But yeah, it's a tribute to my sister for sure. We're calling it "If I Were a Karen Carpenter," and it'll pay homage to rural anorexics the world over. You'll be able to catch it on the Dexatrim label.

Richard Carpenter
for Johnny Cash
Rumor Mill, Ga.

Sirs:

Wait! Wait, I've got it! Hawkeye comes home from the war, see? Only he has to work in a veterans' hospital full of zany paraplegics. We'll call it *M*A*S*H Potatoes*. They're vegetables, get it? No... no, you're right. Alda will never go for it. All right, here it is: Dr. Hunnicut returns and his wife has left him, so he becomes a porno director—*B.J. and the Bare!* Nah, the censors would kill us. *Sour M*A*S*H?* *Mud M*A*S*H?* No, we need something flashy, something more hip. That's it. *M*A*S*Hdance*—she's a welder by day, dancing veteran nurse by night....

Brian Grimmell
Sequels to "M*A*S*H" Dept.
CBS



"Don't give me that. My lawyers assure me there's a loophole in your menu's no-substitution clause big enough to drive a truck through. Now, either I get my creamed spinach instead of those fried onion rings or we'll continue this discussion in court."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27)

INFORMER



One of these famous celebrities will appear at supermarket openings and high-school car washes for half the price the other charges. Can you guess which one? Clue: Jay Silverheels is *still* alive.

Court Order Bars Lennon Widow from Wearing Stupid Glasses

A CALIFORNIA STATE SUPREME court judge today decided in favor of Clayton Moore in his bid to stop veteran Lennon widow, Yoko Ono, from wearing "those big ugly stupid sunglasses, if you can call them that."

Moore, famous for his role as television's Lone Ranger, was barred several years ago, in a similar case, from wearing his trademark Lone Ranger mask at supermarket openings and other public appearances. MGM, the current owners of the rights to the Lone Ranger character, felt that Moore indirectly made them all look like pathetic buffoons.

Deprived of his previous trademark, Moore took to wearing a pair of large masklike sunglasses and billing

himself as "Not the Lone Ranger" at supermarket openings.

Said Moore: "This Yoko dame is only wearing them to take supermarket openings away from me. What other reason can there be? Why should a Pathmark manager hire me when he can get her for half the price? And she doesn't need the money. I understand she has hundreds of dollars socked away in some bank somewhere, whereas I need the simoleons just to make ends meet. Not to mention whatever cold cuts I'm able to appropriate from the deli counter and hide under my many-gallon fat."

The judge ruled that Ono can no longer wear the ridiculous-looking glasses because this, in effect, constitutes an "unauthorized portrayal of Clayton Moore."—C. K. & P. P.

"COPY CAT" BEING SOUGHT

A SPOKESMAN FOR THE FBI SAID today that the agency is very close to nabbing a psychopathic "copy cat" suspected in a series of product contaminations ranging from the Tylenol killings to placing needles in Girl Scout cookies.

"This is the kind of person who hears of something being done and then has to go out and do it himself," said FBI spokesman Bob Mersh.

"This is the kind of person who hears of something being done and has to go out and do it himself," added Mersh's assistant, agent Timothy Hardwick.

"He'll make a mistake soon," Mersh said, "and then we'll nail him."

"He'll make a mistake soon," Hardwick noted, "and then we'll nail him."

"He's probably right under our noses," Mersh said as he surveyed the reporters gathered in the bureau's Chicago office.

"He's probably right under our noses," agreed Hardwick.

Mersh said a break in the case is expected soon, but declined to give details.—M. C. & D. J.

POPE ON A ROPE



The latest product from Soap 'n' Things of Passaic, New Jersey, is called Pope on a Rope. According to Mel Brock, its inventor, "People love Pope on a Rope. He has a nice pine scent, and when you lather up behind the ears you can hear him blessing you in his tiny voice."—M. J.



WALTER CRONKITE LIED!

RETIRED CBS ANCHORMAN Walter Cronkite, in a stunning confession, has admitted to lying to the American public "just about all the time."

Explaining how this fraud went on for almost two decades, Cronkite said, "Well, it started one time when I was reporting on the launching of a space shot, and there was one of those long holds in the countdown, and I just started making stuff up. The other networks reported it, and by the time it hit the newspapers, everyone assumed it was true."

Cronkite expanded from lying to fill in the time during space launches to lying on his evening news broadcasts. "I made up lots of stuff about the Kennedys, about Nixon, about Vietnam. I can't even tell you what was true anymore, although I do remember that the war in Vietnam ended sometime in 1966, and LSD is good for you. Oh, and Nixon was innocent."

A spokesman for CBS delivered the network's apologies to the nation. *60 Minutes*, the network claims, is looking into the situation.—M. M.

ALMANAC

July 4. Dare you to stick a firecracker in old Mr. Pulaski's car and then run like hell! Just kidding, of course. Firecrackers are dangerous and prohibited by law in most states. Besides, old Mr. Pulaski's been dead these past ten years now.

July 5. Brief lull in summer fun as we recover from massive Fourth of July hangovers. Whose idea was that chugging contest, anyway?

July 8. Jesus, it must be 105 degrees out there. Maybe we should try to get the old Dodge started up and head out to the old swimming hole in back of Beecher's Farm. Or, better yet, let's just use our own pool. It's a lot closer to the bar in the rec room.

July 10. Peter Gaffney's mom's birthday. No kidding, so cut out the wisecracks.

July 11. The anniversary of Rumanian independence is not celebrated in this country, and it didn't happen on this date anyway. However, it never hurts to raise a stein to old King Yog, whatever the occasion.

July 17. Stiffer drunk-driving laws go into effect in eleven states. It doesn't really matter to us, since we can't get that old Dodge to run, but

this might be a good time to give a word of advice to you kids out there: Stay off the roads; it's much cooler to drink alone in your own home with all the lights turned off, anyway.

July 20. Current estimates indicate that Michael Jackson's "Thriller" video will have been shown one million times on MTV as of the 1:17 P.M. showing on this date.

July 21. Don Knotts was born on this day in 1924. Have your fun and everything, but don't forget that.

July 24. The Great Lake Erie to Niagara Falls Raft Race! This year, like last, this memorable event will include only first-timers.

July 28. The Summer Olympic Games get under way as Richard Pryor or, more topically, Michael Jackson is carried into the main arena in Los Angeles to light the Olympic flame. That's just a joke, of course, and one that won't be included in *National Lampoon's Unofficial Guide to the Olympics*, soon to be available on newsstands everywhere.

July 31. One final entry for the month, just so we don't end on a note of shameless promoting. At midnight tonight the toll on the Queensboro Bridge into Manhattan will rise to \$2.50, making passage more expensive, not to mention a whole lot less pleasant, than *National Lampoon's Unofficial Guide to the Olympics*.—P. G.

Execution Delayed

THE EXECUTION OF CLINT BALTIC, THE ROLY-POLY GEORGIAN CONVICTED last year of killing three firemen and a nun they were carrying, continues to be delayed.

The 398-pound chowhound, now on his sixth day seated at a table in a yellow five-by-nine-foot cell just a few steps from the electric chair, has requested as a last meal "roast stuffed turkey, Peking duck, saddle of moose with hot Cumberland sauce, deep-fat-fried scallops, New Orleans shrimp with garlic butter, baked pig's feet, wild goose with sweet-potato puffs, chicken livers à la king with lyonnaise potatoes, eggs poached in wine, avocado salad cups, German honey bars with homemade chocolate chip ice cream, and three six-packs of sixteen-ounce Colt 45 malt liquor."

"And can you believe it?" said the head cook at the Georgia state prison. "That dillydallier had the nerve to send the Peking duck back to the kitchen twice already."

"We're all just waiting, waiting, waiting," commented Earl Nash, the prison's warden. "And that's about all we can do right now, especially while he keeps taking such tiny bites."—B. F.

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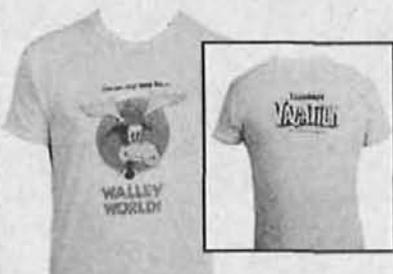
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- National Lampoon's White Album** More than a record, less than an eight-cylinder European sports car. \$7.95
- National Lampoon Presents Sex, Drugs, Rock 'n' Roll, and the End of the World** Quite frankly, our latest album has the longest title yet. \$8.98

NATIONAL LAMPOON

Q&A

This month's Q & A features an interview with a common household object known affectionately as "Mr. Bathmat."

Q: I have a bet with my next-door neighbor that I'm hoping you can settle in my favor. Is the thing elderly people put in their bathtubs to keep from slipping and smashing their heads open also called a bathmat? I am referring to the griplike device on the bottom of the tub. I say it is not called a bathmat and he says it is. We have a steak dinner riding on this.

A: Enjoy your steak! The rubber mat placed on the bottom of the bathtub itself is called a *bathtub mat*, not a bathmat. Its use, however, is not exclusive to the elderly, or to Senator John Glenn.

Q: Isn't there a scene in *The World According to Garp* where Robin Williams has a bathmat strapped to his chest?

A: Mr. Williams had a mattress and a welcome mat strapped to his body, not a bathmat. Next question!

Q: We understand that you write poetry.

A: That's right. All of my poetry,

however, is about bathmats. Here's a favorite:

Ode to a Bathmat
*It's there when my feet are wet
 When the bath is over.
 Between the floor and my feet—
 My bathmat.
 I never have to worry.
 Because when I'm drip ping
 It will catch the drops.
 My bathmat.
 And so I write this poem for you—
 You're near the toilet.
 My bathmat.*

Q: I enjoyed your informative and useful pamphlet, *101 Uses for a Dead Bathmat*. However, you neglected to include one marvelous use for worn and discarded bathmats: a miniature dance floor for trained mice!

A: Make that 102 uses! Someday I hope to see these fantastic mice that you speak of.

Q: A while back you suggested that the police replace their bullet-proof vests with bathmats, which you called "cheaper and more effective." What are you, nuts? I think your brain is starting to turn into a bathmat. And what kind of an interview is "Ask Mr. Bathmat" anyway?

A: I'm perfectly sane, thank you. When saturated with water bathmats have a density rivaling that of the standard police-issue bullet-proof vest. And I hope my readers will back me up when I say I think "Ask Mr. Bathmat" is a darn good interview.—M.J.



Mr. Bathmat

The Inquiring PHOTOGRAPHER

Q: As a famous historical figure, what do you consider your most memorable quote?



Walt Disney: "Let's call it *Snow White and the Seven Deformed Men*—no, no, let me think. . ."



Abraham Lincoln: "Getting your picture on paper money, that's the big time."



Gandhi: "No, no, don't sanctify chickens, they taste too good."



Pope John Paul II: "If I quit this job, do I get to keep the hat?"



Alexander Graham Bell: "Watson, come quickly. I need you. I want you. I've got to have you."

AP/WIDE WORLD

BLANDIE

Written by Glenn Eichler



DOCTOR, ARE YOU SURE THAT MR. MEESE WILL LIVE THE REST OF HIS LIFE AS A VEGETABLE?

YES, NURSE, BUT THANKS TO THIS NEW PROCEDURE, HE'LL BE A SMILING, LAUGHING, ROLLICKING VEGETABLE.



NATIONAL LAMPOON OFFERS MED SCHOOL BY MAIL

HI, I'M IRVING, THE HUMOR DOCTOR. FOR YEARS I HAD patients coming to me with maladies I simply couldn't diagnose. There was listlessness, morbidity, a general malaise. Ailments ranged from psychological to terminal. Nothing could cure them. Nothing seemed to work.

Then I came across an article by Mao Tse-tung, titled "Laughter as Medicine," written while on his now famous medicine-free Long March. Mao told the story of how when one of his men fell off a seven-thousand-foot cliff with the luncheon meats, Mao and the others laughed it up and told jokes about the Nationalists until their stricken comrade was well and back on his feet.

Right then, something clicked. I knew this must be the answer I had devoted my life to finding. No longer would I dabble in X rays, drugs, or Band-Aids. Laughter would be my medicine! Quickly I went about my business. I secured a number of copies of the *National Lampoon*, chose my first guinea pigs, and supplied them with a steady dose of the humor magazine. We proceeded slowly at first, as this was still a relatively new form of medicine, which I had yet to master. Gradually I increased the dosage, always keeping enough copies of the *Village Voice*, *U.S. News and World*

Report, *Rolling Stone*, and other humorless publications on hand as an antidote to an overdose. Within days, a metamorphosis was clearly discernible. The patients were healthy and walking around. One patient's arm grew back. Patients, once close to death, now spew forth one-liners and hand out exploding handkerchiefs.

Sirs:

I'd subscribe to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, but I don't always understand their jokes. Please send me:

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I'm Sorry, but Somebody Has to Say It Dept.: Subject: Compulsory urinalysis tests to guard against drug abuse in the clubhouse. Hey, the

players' union won't go for it, but the owners—who don't like unions because they think the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters helped get the Rosenbergs into Paraguay—have got a way to handle the problem, so to speak.

Here's what I was told by a source close to Nelson Doubleday: "Once the game starts, umps rule supreme. They interpret the rules, and what they say goes. So they could keep a little specimen bottle up against the center-field wall and just say, for example, 'Hernandez, you're out of the game unless you take yourself a trip to the center-field wall.' The owners want to add a med student to each umpiring crew to

run the experiments and, when necessary, the garden hose."

Hey, after reviewing the case, I'd say the owners themselves are the best subjects for urinalysis tests!

Come On, Garagiola! Was I dreaming or something the other day when I heard old Joe tell one of his buddies in the broadcast booth, "If you take a chocolate éclair and remove the custard and put in poison and then put back the custard and work it around so you can hardly see the poison, a major leaguer is as likely to be fooled as the next person . . . yet no professional ballplayer has ever died in this manner!" Is this what we want to hear while we're watching a baseball game? I think not, me boyo!

I asked the Dallas Cowboys which was their favorite planet. The results: Sun,

0. Mercury, 0. Venus, 0. Mars, 0. Jupiter, 0. Saturn, 2. Uranus, 0. (But a lot of laughs.) Pluto, 0. Earth, 0. Krypton, 38.

MTV Juiceheads Next USFL Expansion Team! Hot rumor making the rounds has the Minnesota Twins breaking their lease at the Humphrey-dome and switching to the USFL as the "joke franchise" Commish Chet Simmons has sought for a long time. But the deal, I've heard, is in the dumpster.

ABC, faced with ratings that are dwindling faster than the last runner after Herschel Walker, is converting USFL games into something called "Twelve-Play Football," which it will package for MTV. Insiders say that the new three-minute "USFL Fun Clips," hosted by VJ Nina Blackwood, will be the biggest hit on the new rock rotation.

So I called Dick Clark, the man who will not age, and asked him about the whole thing. "It's too great," he enthused. "A guy goes out for a pass; suddenly there's a whole herd of wild mustangs in front of him; he stops a motorcycle; on the sidelines a guy has a piece of bone sticking through his knee pad; who's that gorgeous girl?; she's really a vampire!; a goal-line stand; the vampiress goes off-tackle; here come those mustangs again!; quick, flash the score, the standings; and Billy Joel in an eight-hundred-dollar sport coat sings with a group of Vietnam vets—FREEZE!"

Answer to Last Month's Question: The following is the perfect list of dead ballplayers suspected to be homosexuals:

- 1b Peter "Pumpkin Eater" Parsons
- 2b Al "Flirty" Bangser
- 3b Tom "The Twink" Toconas
- ss Josh "Yellow" Stein
- If Merkle "Back Door" Brownie
- cf Gordon "Chicken" Hawkes
- rf Tony "Passkey" Papsi
- p Frank "Chuffy-Chuffy" Lobuzier
- c Kiko "Mrs. Chuffy-Chuffy" Lobuzier Lopez
- mgr Sparky "AC/DC" Mollowitz

This Month's Question: Who is the former Detroit Redwing who works in a package store on Lansing Avenue for his uncle yet doesn't consider himself a "failure" (but nobody even likes to touch things he's touched)?

AP/WIDE WORLD



Leaders of the Democratic party discussing Jesse Jackson's demands for party reform.

Jackson Presents Laundry List to Dems

FOLLOWING HIS STRONG showing in this year's primaries, Jesse Jackson is expected to arrive at the Democratic National Convention with a long list of powerful demands for party leaders. Among them:

- That all Democrats be required to spit on the ground and make gagging noises whenever the name South Africa is mentioned.
- That Washington, D.C., be made the new PLO homeland.
- That all delegates to the conven-

tion be served a hot lunch.

- That the voting rules of the Democratic primaries be changed to give all white people one half the present voting power, thereby making them equal to blacks.
- That the White House, when occupied by a Democratic president, be renamed "Duke Ellington Palace."
- That the "two-runoff" system used in Southern primaries be maintained, although the first runoff must be an actual footrace, held on a quarter-mile track.—F. G.

PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

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- MARCH 1972/Escape!
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- 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

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

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



FEBRUARY 1980



MAY 1981

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

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- MARCH 1983/Tamper-Proof Issue
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- JUNE 1983/Adults Only
- JULY 1983/Vacation!
- AUGUST 1983/Science and Bad Manners
- SEPTEMBER 1983/Big Anniversary Issue
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- NOVEMBER 1983/No Score
- DECEMBER 1983/Holiday Jeers
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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED DIDN'T

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, THE award-winning news and homily-spiked radio show, will be canceled at the end of this month. The decision was made after an in-house audit revealed that the show had *not*, in fact, been considering all things.

"We knew things were bad," said spokesman Wally Wick at National Public Radio's headquarters and grill in Washington, D.C. "But once we actually looked at their logs, we had no choice. The number of things they weren't considering was phenomenal. The show was living a lie."

According to Wick, the show had failed to even consider the following topics:

1. Belgium
2. Whither SEATO?
3. The whole Michael Jackson female hormone controversy
4. The history of Gore-Tex
5. The different types of coal
6. The real names of famous

celebrities

7. Bertrand and Nipsey Russell: brothers under the skin
8. The way we take chairs for granted

Host Susan Stamberg, when reached for comment, was plainly shocked. Her only comment was a terse "I could have sworn we did something on Belgium, and a 'chairs' episode was in the works."

Others at the station blamed budget cuts. Said one writer, "Look, we just don't have the resources. . . Heck, we've had to make up half our stories. You know when Susan talks on the phone to some old guy who fought in the Spanish-American War, or to a woman who raises prizewinning hogs? Well, those are all fake. We got John Byner to do the voices. I don't think Susan ever knew."

A scaled-down show entitled *A Few Trite Topics Skimmed Over Lightly* is in the planning stages, according to Wick.—W. L.



The congenial host of National Public Radio's most popular news show, trying desperately to save her job before Andy Rooney cashes in.



... ED ASNER? TV buffs and socialist zealots might remember the erstwhile teddy bear actor for his portrayal of Lou

Grant on eleven different television series, among them the lovable but gruff station manager on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, the overbearing but gruff editor on *Lou Grant*, and the leering, ranting, sociopathic but gruff gargaman on the short-lived but critically lambasted *That's LOU*.

Asner's career rapidly deteriorated after the demise of *That's LOU*. He wandered from one job to another, one month playing the timeless character of Lou Grant in a summer-stock run of Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, the next running for governor of California on the United Socialist Working People's Party ticket.

The burnt-out TV star needed a change of pace from the glitzy, hectic rigors of Hollywood unemploy-

ment, and he found it in the jungles of El Salvador fighting alongside the leftist guerrillas, who soon became his "amigos." Asner, a born leader, quickly took charge of the poorly organized band of freedom fighters, forming a terrorist union to demand coffee breaks and double time for ambush duty. Then tragedy struck: the rebels turned on their

portly patriarch and banished him from El Salvador.

"He was a fanatic," says Ernesto Haguro, one of the ungrateful guerrillas who helped oust Asner. "I mean, we are murderers and pigs, but this guy was one sick puppy."

Now the lonely Asner wanders the streets of Hollywood, penniless except for the millions of

dollars in residuals he collects each week. But Asner refuses to cash the checks. "These checks are made out to Ed Asner. I am Lou Grant, the journalist! Do you hear me? You're talking to El Granto, the meanest, hardest-riding hombre ever to carry a union card!! Do you hear me? Do you? . . ."—T. R.



Ed Asner

Where's Clara Peller?

CLARA PELLER, WHOSE GRAVEL-voiced "Where's the beef?" rocketed Wendy's restaurant chain to the top of the advertising charts, has taken on a new employer.

The pharmaceutical company G. D. Searle has hired the eighty-five-year-old actress to promote its new low-enzyme anticoagulant medication for recuperating heart patients.

"Where's the Palmitamidopropyl-dimethylamine?" the feisty oldster will ask her owl-eyed pharmacist. "Where's the Palmitamidopropyl-dimethylamine?"—M. C. & D. J.

INFORMER

Editor: Fred Graver

Contributors: Mitch Coleman, Glenn Eichler, Bill Franzen, Peter Gaffney, Fred Graver, Chris Hart, Mat Jacobs, Dave Jaffe, Charles Kaufman, Warren Leight, Michael Mahler, Paul Proch, Charlie Rubin, Terry Runte

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

Sirs:

My name is Natalie Turner and I'm a secretary. The first time I typed a letter for my boss, Carl Ungar, I noticed that our initials on the lower left area of the page spelled out the word "cunt," like so: CU/nt. When I pointed this out to Mr. Ungar, he said, "Very good of you to catch that, Ms. Turner. We don't want our clients to see the word 'cunt' in every letter we send them. I'll leave it up to you to find some other way to indicate our executive/secretary relationship." So that's what I did.

Natalie Turner

Carl Ungar's secretary, between whose tits he jerks off each day during the lunch hour to relieve the pressures of being a corporate executive

Sirs:

If you thought Halley's Comet was something, wait till you see Halley's Disposable Trash Bags. Me a paid shill for Halley's? Excuse me, I believe I have an appointment with another galaxy.

The Milky Way
Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

Remember that little kid who was reported missing in the newspapers? It was about six years ago. Well, we're his parents, and we just remembered where he is. We left him at the zoo. We told him to wait by the seals if we got separated. We went back to him yesterday and it was a pretty sticky situation. The seals had adopted him and they refused to hand him over. They said any parents who forgot about their own son for six years didn't deserve to have one. Little Eddie wouldn't even talk to us. That really hurt. I must admit, though, it was really something watching him swim around that tank. The zookeeper let us toss him a couple of fish, and he snapped them up in midair and swallowed them in one gulp. That's our boy. That's our little Eddie.

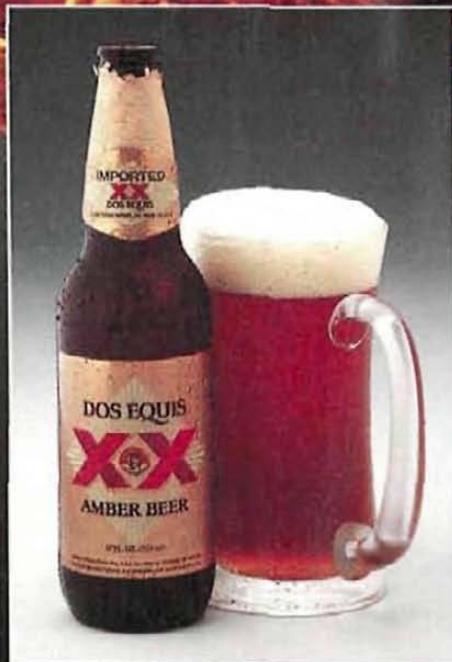
The Former Parents
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

If you don't know what it's like to go from the frying pan into the fire, I can tell you from personal experience that it's a real bummer.

A Sausage
The breakfast table

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)



THE UNCOMMON IMPORT.
DOS EQUIS

LETTERS

Sirs:

Oh wow—"Sirs," what a concept. Just like in the Army—hut-two-three-four—don't shoot! Listen: "Mickey, Willie, and the Duke." See, I'm American, don't shoot! Ah-heh-heh-heh. Join the Army and see New Jersey—Fort Dix, Fort Lee, Fort Courage—oh wow, F Troop! "It is balloon!" No, it's not a balloon, it's the wicked witch. "Kill Dorothy." Oh, Auntie Em, Auntie Em. Ah-heh-heh.

But seriously, what I wanted to write you—wait, my phone is ringing. Oh wow, I feel like Anne Frank—don't answer, it might be the Nazis! "Hogan, you will not outsmart me dis time." Time, time—"At the tone the time will be—" Oh wow...

Robin Williams
Home for the Hopelessly Unfunny
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Hey, who remembers rubella umbrellas? Anybody? They were yellow! C'mon, somebody's gotta remember. The invisible kid with the squeaky voice in that commercial? Listen, I can't do this gag unless someone knows what I'm talking about. You, sir, you remember? That's great. Okay, then. Here's my impression of a rubella baby. (Feet close together, legs straight,

arms out with hands curled down in the shape of an umbrella, breath held till my skin turns yellow.) Hey, thank you, thank you very much, sir. Waiter, give the man anything he wants, as long as it's a drink. The rest of you, you've been an audience. Thank you.

Eytan Wronker
A perspiring comedian
Catch a Rising Star, N.Y.C.

Sirs:

Jo-Jo the Doughnut Boy died today at 8:00 A.M. The courageous Jo-Jo had lived his entire life in a plastic coffee shop to keep from being exposed to germs from the outside world. When Jo-Jo woke up today, he decided to go outside for a newspaper "to see what that was like." He later added, "It wasn't really all that great."

Peter Jennings
"World News Tonight"

Sirs:

Remember how your mother used to warn you not to make silly faces or one day your face might stay that way? And how she used to tell you that if you didn't eat all your vegetables you'd never grow up to be big and strong? And how she used to chain you in the basement and beat you with a wire coat hanger and threaten to kill you if you

ever told anybody? Uh, come to think of it, neither do I.

Sybil
14 Deerpark Lane
110 Chesterfield Drive
255 18th Street, Apt. B
P.O. Box 99, Block Island
Et cetera

Sirs:

... And another thing they never mentioned about underwater shopping: all the sea water gets into the Coke so that it tastes funny. And all the carts get rusty, too.

Tail End of Letter About
Underwater Shopping
Garden Grove, Calif.

Sirs:

Did you know that vultures are born naked—just like humans? It's true. Did you know that the California condor, one of the largest and most respected birds in the world, is really just a big vulture? It's true. Vultures are the sanitation engineers of nature, a vital part of the world's ecology. Yet vicious prejudice against vultures still exists. The federal government spends millions of dollars each year protecting animals vultures most like to eat. Is that fair? Would you like the government to do that to you?

The vulture is one of the few animals that can truly help mankind. Do you realize how much money we could save if instead of burying our dead, we just left them in vulture parks? We could even use vultures as surgical aids, since vultures can excise specific portions of the anatomy much more cleanly and cheaply than a doctor with the most modern instruments.

As our society declines, the vulture will become more and more important to us. Perhaps one day we can fulfill an ancient Indian wish to make the vulture "man's best friend."

Herman Kahn
Permanent President Emeritus
The National Vulture Association
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

"Malibu hideaway, Malibu hideaway." Movie stars always say they're going out to their "Malibu hideaway" for some peace and quiet. How the hell can you hide at Malibu, for chrissake? That's like trying to hide your handprints in the wet cement outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

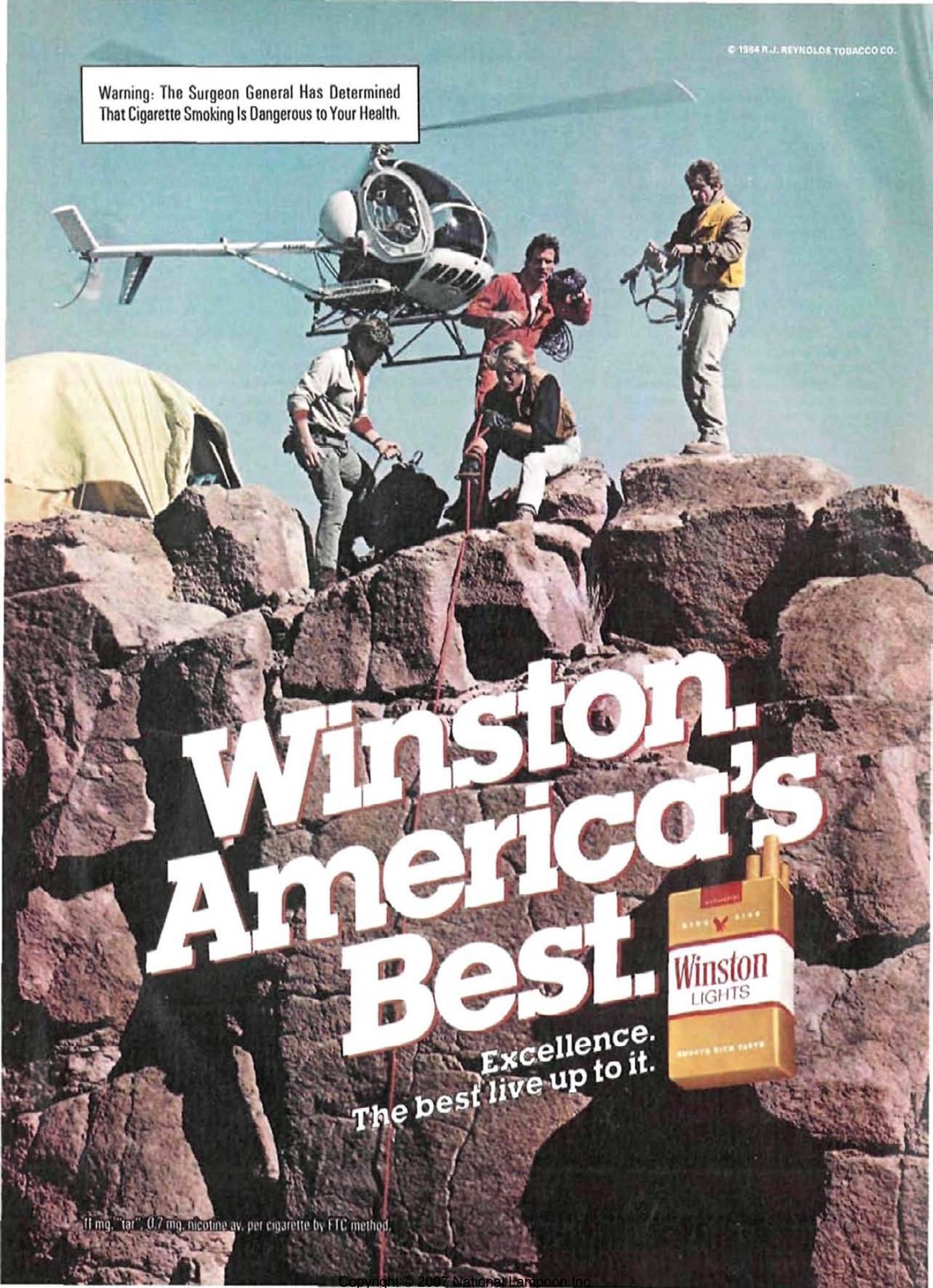
Miriam Fanbelt
Hollywood, Calif.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)



"Nice tie, Al—hand it over."

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Excellence.
The best live up to it.



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LETTERS

Sirs:

Well, I followed her advice. I "climbed ev'ry mountain" from Vesuvius to Fuji, and all I did was fracture a leg and nearly freeze to death. Then I forded every stream, and nearly drowned in the process. So what the hell do I have to show for all this? Not one fucking thing! Just wait until I get my hands on that Mother Superior bitch!!!

Maria Von Trapp
Edelweiss, Austria

Sirs:

All right, Letters Police here. We've received a complaint about the noise here. Maybe you could turn the music down a bit, okay? No thanks, we can't drink on duty; it's against regulations. Let me check with my captain. Captain, has this conceit gone on long enough? Ten-four.

Sergeant Chip Semicolon
Letters Police

Sirs:

I doubt if Peter knows the difference between a Calvin's and a bur'ap bag, but then who needs him to. He knows when I look good and benefits when I feel special—which I always do in my beautiful new Izod briefs. I think wearing something silky and sensuous is part of courtship, old as Helen Gurley Brown, new as AIDS. My favorite mag-

azine says give *in* to fashion... for yourself, for your man, for your proctologist. I love that magazine. I guess you could say I'm

That GQ Guy
The East Eighties
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I just lost my kids. Just flat out lost them. One minute they were standing right next to me in the shopping mall, the next second they were gone. I don't know what to do—wait... Never mind, they just walked in the door.

One Mother Who Cares
Enough to Write but
Not Enough to Stop Drinking
Pea-Pickin', Kans.

Sirs:

When the Japs say their pledge of allegiance, do they say, "One nation, under Godzilla"? Just wondering.

Brian Baxter
The third grade

Sirs:

I can't stand it anymore. I've got to get out of here, enough is goddamn enough. Please come get me. I've been pretending to be retarded for six years now. And I still haven't had Julius Erving teach me how to play basketball, or Mike Schmidt sign my glove, or Ken Anderson flip me a sideline toss. A cou-

ple of months ago I heard John Riggins was coming for a visit, but it wasn't John Riggins the halfback, it was John Riggins the half-wit, and he's my new goddamn roommate, and he's driving me fucking crazy playing with my hair all the time. It was a stupid idea, I admit it, but Christ, there's no reason to leave me here.

Stretch Barth
Butner, N.C.

Sirs:

I know I'm a "full-figured gal," but enough is enough! Eighteen-hour girdles and bras, well, all right. But now they want to squeeze me into their new twenty-seven-year Cross-Your-Jugs, steel-reinforced Boulder-Meister. They want to strap me into this iron maiden of Nuremberg live on TV, and the patented time-locked "Boob Cooler" attachment is guaranteed to remain clamped on for the duration. This was the last thing Howard Hughes designed before he ate his last drum of Rocky Road, and now it's me that's being sacrificed to science. What a way to live!

Jane Russell
27 rue Dix-Huit Heures
Beaucoup-de-Lait, France

Sirs:

Chestnut? Celery? Oyster? It's all in my new book, *The Right Stuffing*.

Tom Wolfe Down
the Mashed Potatoes
Giblets, Oreg.

Sirs:

Pesticides: miracle or threat? Should we be in Vietnam? Is it okay to "go all the way" before marriage? What if she snores? How to tell him he's got a paunch without hurting his masculine pride? Feminine deodorants: yes or no? These show topics are so damn wild, my head hurts.

Phil Donahue
Making you think, think, think

Sirs:

All through high school and college, I was in the marching band. Now I'm past thirty and I really miss those days. So I called up a few of my fellow ex-band members and we get together the other day at the park, going through some close-order drills and playing the old fight songs just as we did in our youth. And do you know what we discovered about ourselves? Absolutely nothing.

Ray Thompson
Marietta, Ga.



"Now that you're finished with her, could you change this watermelon into a powder-blue Coupe de Ville?"

LETTERS

Sirs:

How come Jewish people wear those ridiculous beanies and nobody's thought up a good cruel name for them? How about clothhead? Saucer-top? Kikchat? Fucking Hebe scum headwarmer?

Rev. Upyour Engines
Churchill Downs

Sirs:

Wow, what a crazy dream! I was running around this nutty maze being chased by shapeless, multicolored blobs, until I ate these flashing Stop signs, which gave me the ability to consume my pursuers. And if you think that's zany, listen to this: when I woke up, my wife, Inky, who is a featureless blue blob, was gone!

Tom Paul
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs:

Does crib death involve a softball bat?

The Late Baby Hector
Screaming tenement, Harlem

Sirs:

I went down to the recruiting office the other day and volunteered to join the Army. Now, it turns out that by mistake I seem to have enlisted in the Salvation Army. So instead of fighting Communists in far-off countries, I'm going to be spending my Christmas clanging a bell in the middle of Manhattan. How the hell do you like that?

Corporal Bruce Hooper
Salvation Army

Sirs:

We're talking bowling, Dick Weber, Petraglia. . . .

We're talking bowling, Earl Anthony and Mark Roth. . . .

The pins, the bowling ball, and two more frames.

We'll rent our shoes and play a lot of games.

We're talking bowling till our thumbs swell up (swell up, swell up, swell up).

We're talking bowling . . . till our thumbs swell up.

Terry Cashman
Performing at the
Hal Holbrook Lanes

Sirs:

Believe it or not, Don Knotts is Mick Jagger's illegitimate father. Need proof? Here: Place a photo of bug-eyed, big-lipped Mick next to a photo of bug-eyed, big-lipped Don Knotts.

Look similar? We thought you'd see it our way. But *how*? Easy: Aunt Bee spread for every dude on the set of *Mayberry*. Why do you think they called her Aunt *Bee*? Even Andy was her sex drone, but especially Don Knotts. She had a thing for Don, a thing that eventually produced . . . Mick Jagger. Think it over.

William Casey
Langley, Va.

Sirs:

Are you familiar with the Stanfield Doctrine of 1912? It states that "Burgess Neville can have all the girls he wants whenever he wants." You can go look it up in your local library. In the meantime, bring on the girls!

Burgess Neville
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

I've just opened an acting school in Hollywood which I hope will teach untalented personalities how to act. I'm awfully excited about it. I've got Suzanne Somers as a student. Even Dick Butkus. I know I can do something for them. Only problem is, and I'm worried about it, Candice Bergen

just signed up for my How to Act Your Way Out Of a Paper Bag Class and I'm not so sure I can help her.

Ali MacGraw
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

All those working parents who never spend time with us kids delude themselves into thinking there's such a thing as "quality time." It's bullshit. If they're too busy to spend time with us, they can just go fuck themselves.

Two- and Three-Year-Olds
c/o "Sesame Street"

Sirs:

If God took acid, would He see people? Just wondering.

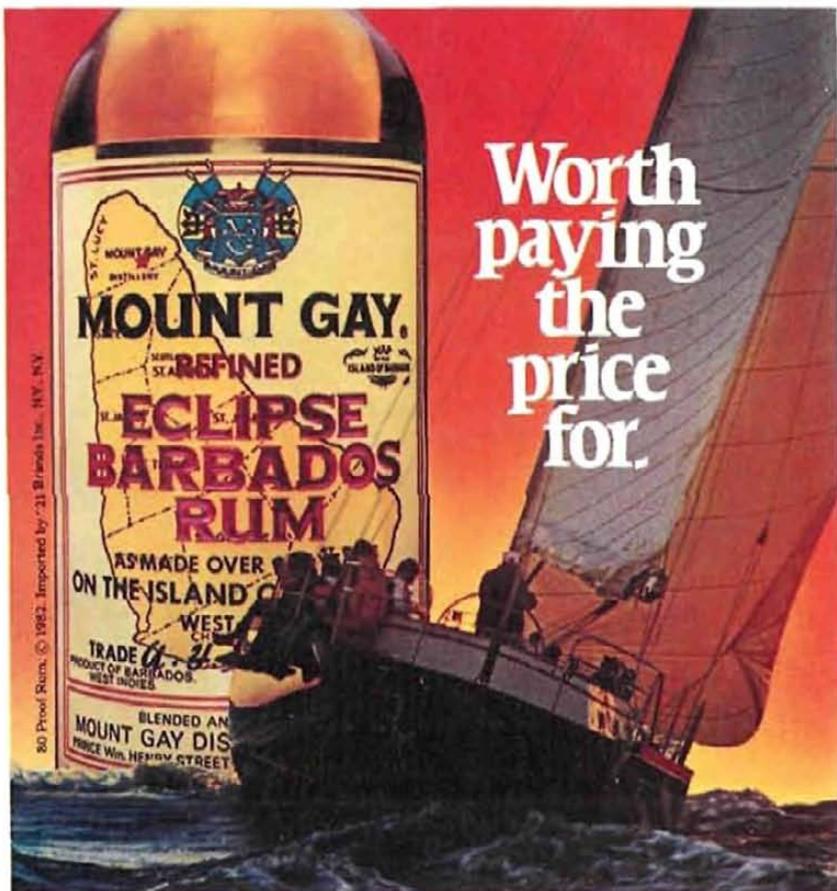
T.R. "Flashback" Dawson
Big Canyon, Calif.

Sirs:

After years of intensive labor, I believe I have finally succeeded in writing the world's longest palindrome emordnilap tsegnol sdlrow eht gnitirw ni dedeoccus yllanif evah I eveileb I robal evisnetni fo sraey retfa.

Sris

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 89)



MARE

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY



MR. ED KOCH

BOOK JACKET: NEIL LEVETINE; PPS PHOTOGRAPH: JON FISHER

1

I Don't Know Why I Work
with These Guys

I'VE NEVER BEEN THE TYPE TO STEP IN the loads people leave on our streets. I'm the type to leave them. Let me give you an example.

Shortly after I was elected Mare of New York,¹ Victor Gotbaum² and his merry band of union goons paid a visit to me in my office. They came in, and I'm sitting there, and we have this conversation that goes like this:

"Mr. Mare, our people want more money. We can agree now to make things easy for everyone, or we can go to war. What'll it be?"

Now, one thing you should know about me is, kick me in the ass and you get nothing from it. Put your spurs into my ribs and you get nothing from it. Lead me to water and I'll decide if I want to drink or not. So I just stare at Victor and say nothing.

"Did you hear what I said?" Victor asks.

I nod yes, my mane shaking in the breeze from the open window looking out onto City Hall Plaza, where you can still get a good bag of smack and clean works for a decent price. This city, I'm thinking to myself, has a lot it can be proud of. I love this city, and everyone in it. No matter who they are, they are the best. Even the junkies, the pimps, and the whores are great here.

"Mr. Mare, you're making this very difficult," Victor said. He was sweating and shaking. The nerve lines in his face were in spasms. His eyes were bugging out of his head. Victor's a very excitable guy. "Would you be willing to give us an eight percent across-the-board increase?" he asks.

I think to myself, *Eight percent!* It seems insane to me, but I show no emotion. I simply stomp my hoof on the floor twice.

"Two percent?" Victor screams. "Two percent? Forget it," and he gets up to leave.

I begin to lead Victor and his goons out of the room. As I'm walking them to the door, I hear someone—it might have been Victor, he's capable of this kind of vile slur, but I can't say for sure

¹ I became Mare shortly after leaving the *Mr. Ed* show on TV. I had been contacted by the Democratic party in New York, which felt that a talking horse could be elected to any office in the world. They were wrong about that, so I've got this job.

² Victor is a great guy, although I think he's out for himself rather than the unions, and thus is a total disservice to everyone. But we are good friends.



Carol Bellamy with me. She got to stand fairly close this time, but usually I try to avoid her.



Herman Badillo at left. I have often said, "I love Herman like a brother." All the true stuff I have to say about him is in the book.



You ever get involved with a guy and right away you know he's a major loser?

he said it *this* time—I hear someone say, “What an ass!”

Now, I may be many things, but I am not an ass. I am the first horse ever to be elected Mare of New York, so I will be Mare until I or the voters decide my race has been run. I have said many times, publicly and privately, “I can always find a faster track, but you won’t find a better horse.”

So when this guy calls me an ass, he really gets on my bad side. That’s when I dumped the load on him.

Next day, Victor calls a press conference. He calls me arrogant, a tool of special elite rich people, a scumwad, a moral degenerate. He was, I felt, attacking my integrity.

Victor is one of those guys in the union business who can’t seem to keep his nose out of things. When the transit unions were talking new contract, he was down there at the Hilton talking to me about “linkages,” and how when we pay one guy something that contract should apply to another guy. “Victor,” I tell him, “what if I were to say to you that all you guys are a *dime a dozen!* What would you say about that, Mr. Linkage?”

Of course, later we had a long transit strike which would have crippled the city except for the fact that nobody noticed how bad things were since I was jumping around in front of the cameras shaking people’s hands as they walked across the Brooklyn Bridge, and the 59th Street Bridge, and the George Washington Bridge, and I kept saying, “How bad can it be if I can be so many places during rush hour?”

Later on, I was faced with the fact that many of the hospitals in Harlem and the Bronx were giving substandard service, so I closed *them* and picked up some nice change there, and there were plenty of other things I did to fix the city’s budget. But those are unimportant stories.

I LIKE TO GO ON THE RADIO, BECAUSE my good friend David Margolis³ will sit at home and tape me and later I can listen to myself say, “Will you turn your radio down, please, Mr. Caller?” I love to hear myself talk. “Imagine that,” I say to myself, “a horse that can talk!”

One day, someone calls and says to me, “What are the best and worst things you have done as Mare?” And

I say, “Turn your radio down, Mr. Caller,” which gets a big laugh, and then I answer his question.

“The best thing I have done is the way I have gotten the back-room/betting-parlor politics out of city government. The worst thing I’ve done, and for some reason I keep doing it, is to let Carol Bellamy remain in city government. She’s a real disaster area, believe me.

“Carol is a vile human being. We’re talking the politics of whining here, the politics of the incessant complaint, the politics of niggling little people who tie you down like the Lilliputians they are. Carol Bellamy is the oozing ball of pus on the body politic in New York.”

Now, I don’t know how it happened, but it got back to Carol that I had said these things about her. She came into my office the next morning, stamping her feet and screaming like the horrid little harpy she is. Her hair was an absolute fright, and her clothes looked like she’d spent the night conspiring with a few of her “sisters” under the Brooklyn Bridge. At the best of times, Carol is no stunning beauty, but on this morning she looked even worse.⁴

“How could you say those things about me?” she screamed.

“Carol, you would not want me to lie, would you?” I asked. I was being very calm in this situation, but Carol was determined to make a big scene. We finally made up when I offered her a few of my morning sugar cubes, and have been very good friends ever since.

When I first took office, I formed a number of blue-ribbon panels to help me select my commissioners and deputy mayors. In retrospect, this was a big mistake, and I will never do it again.⁵ The worst thing about these people is that they tend to forget who appointed them in the first place.

One day, I called one of these blue-ribbon twits to make a friendly suggestion. “I have a friend, Randy’s Beautiful Pearl, running in the third today at Belmont. I think you might

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 75)



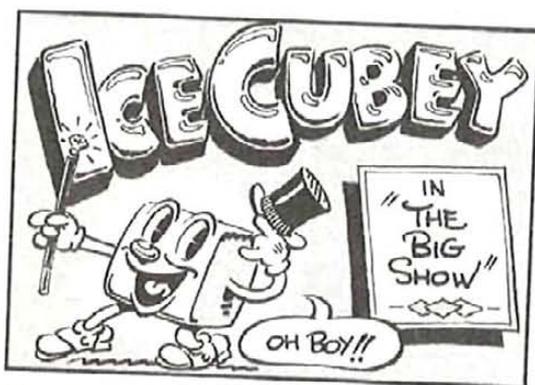
St.

“Certainly, sir—and exactly what kind of cross did you have in mind? We have them plain or with that cute little man on them.”

³ I met David at a luncheon for government and business leaders in New York. We were talking, and I happened to mention how much power I wielded. He happened to mention how much money he had. We have been good friends ever since.

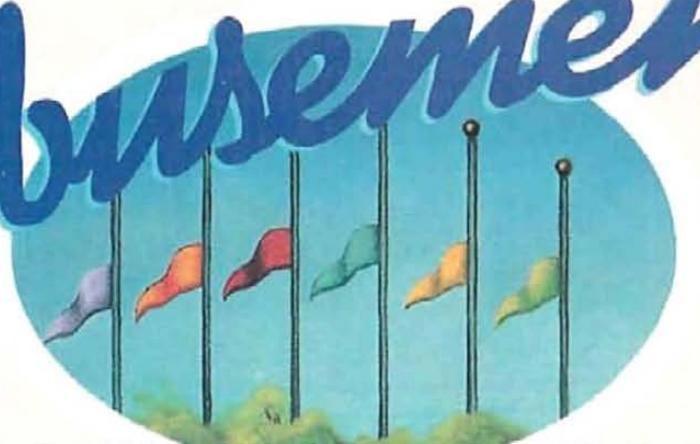
⁴ I’m not saying that Carol is ugly, but they use her face on the customs posters at Kennedy Airport to frighten smugglers and thieves.

⁵ Here are the names of the panel members so no one will hire them again, because they were totally useless: Frank Smith, Donald Tremaine, Jules Silver, Mary Beth Donnelly, Samuel Strimken, and Bobo Littlejohn.



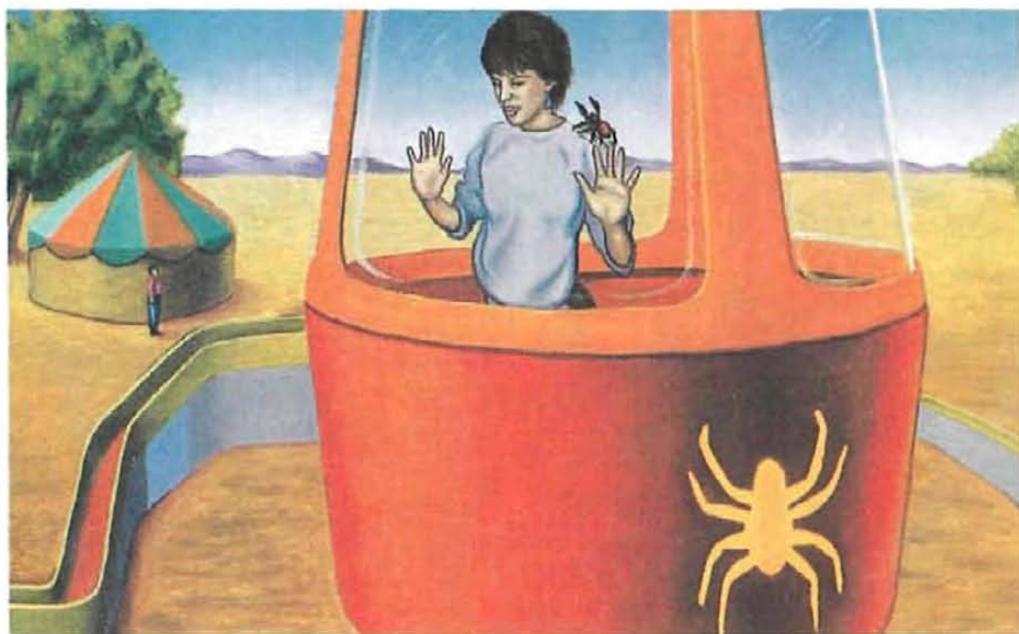
BY RON HAUGE • ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL DI BIASE

Abusement



PARK

At Tallahassee's Six Flags at Half-Mast, we say it's not scary until you know you're going to die. Thrills, chills, and guaranteed kills await you at the world's finest Abusement Park.

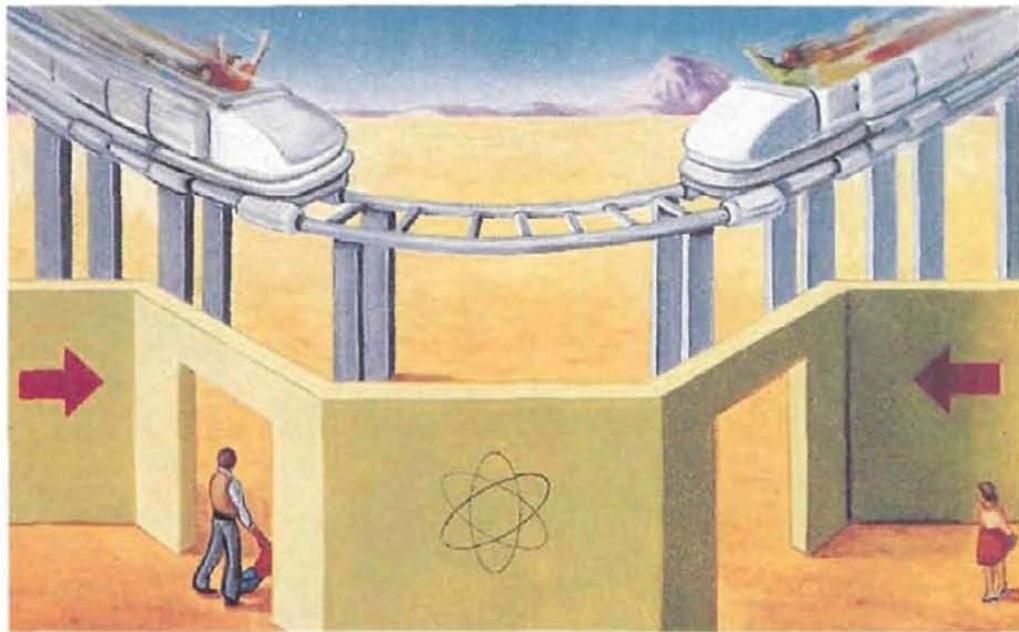


You get only one ride, so make your selection carefully. Look over twenty-three acres of park from your perch high above in the Tarantula Cage. Ouch!

ABUSEMENT PARK

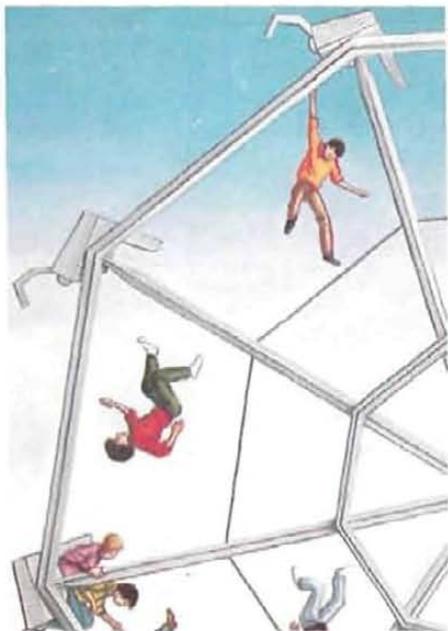


A joyride in one of the Bumper Cars puts you in Florida's favorite "chair." Admission is free—and no one yells at you for walking on the electric floor!

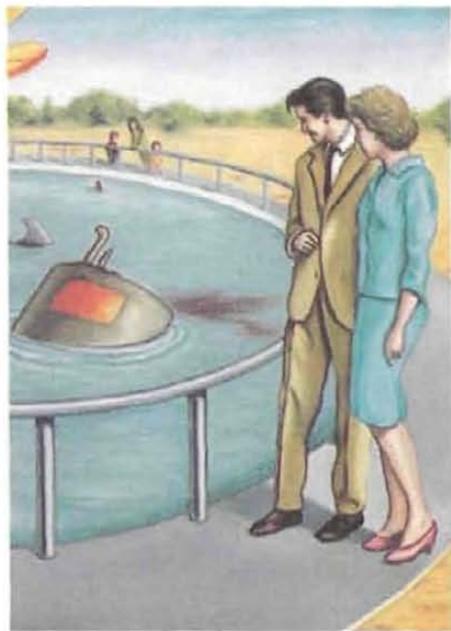


The Atom Smasher is the Abusement Park's most popular ride, and no wonder: with two entrances and no exit, there's never any waiting.

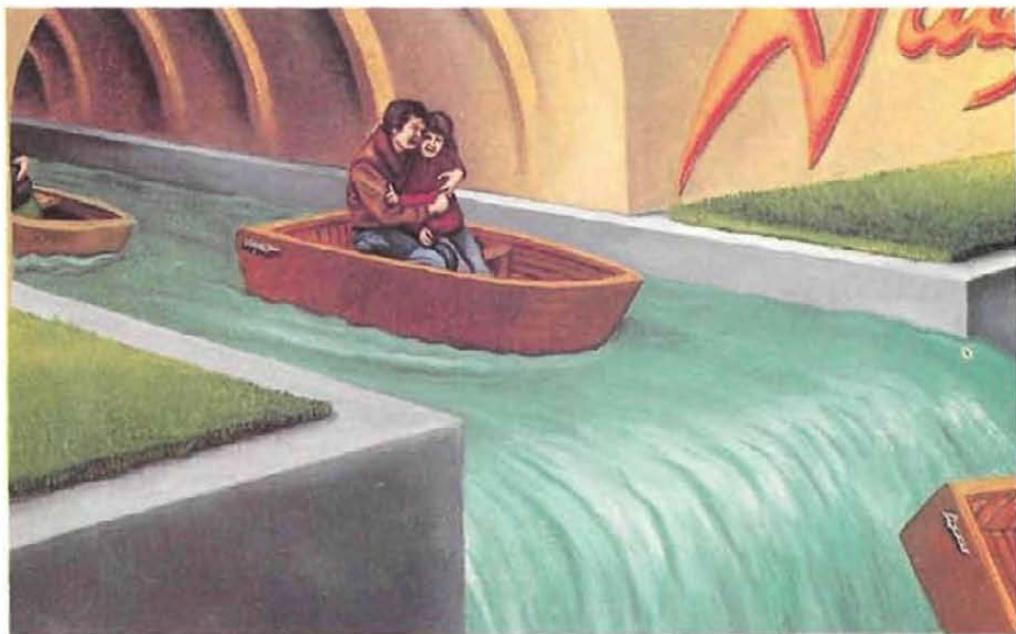
ABUSEMENT PARK



On the Big Wheel, you'll never complain about being stuck for an hour at the top. Land in another seat and your second ride is free!

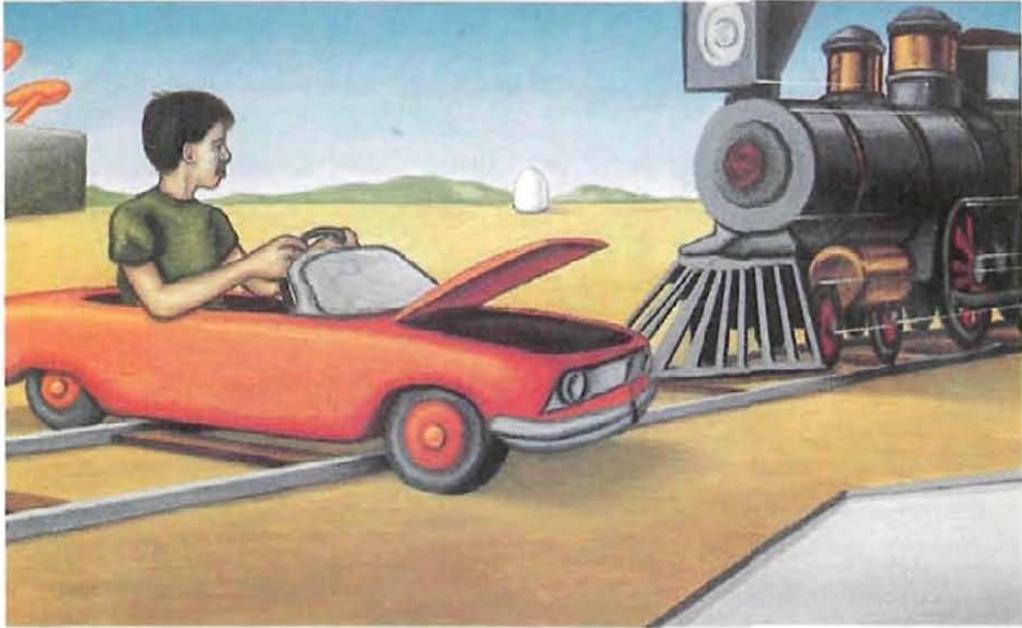


Realistic depth charges flood the Submarine every twenty minutes. Feeding the sharks is not only permitted—it's unavoidable!

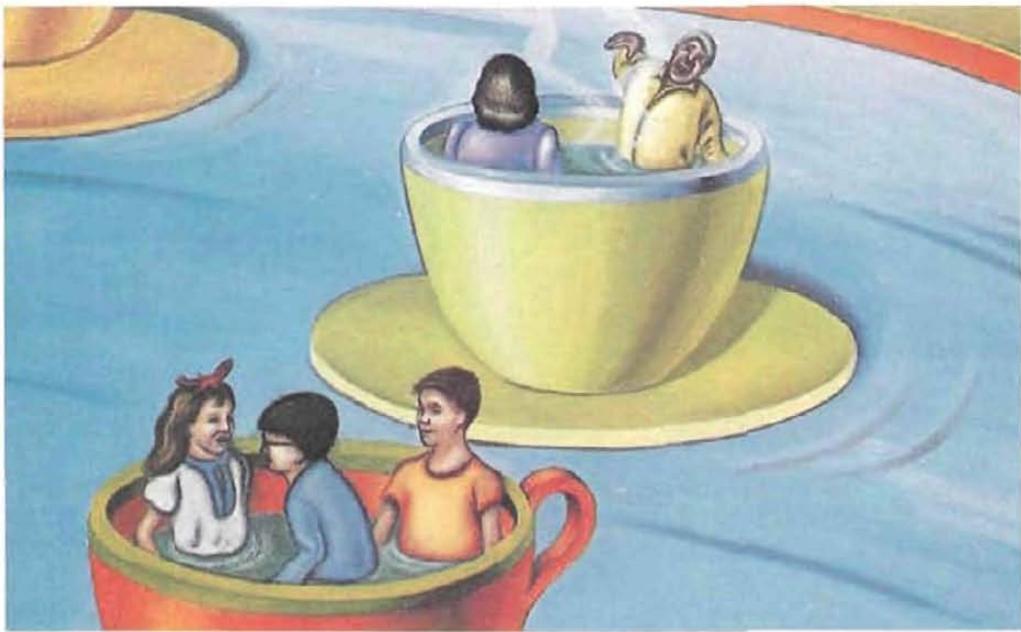


The Tunnel of Love leads every couple to Little Niagara. Is it love or just adrenaline?

ABUSEMENT PARK

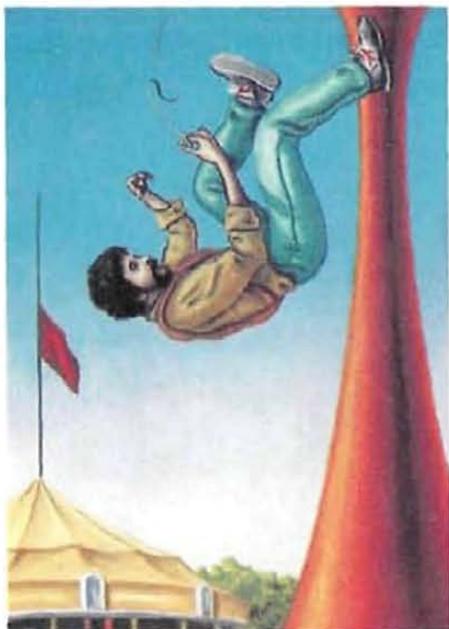


The fun never stalls at the Kannonball Crossing, where the 1:02 is always right on time. The engineer can't stop, but he'll smile and wave as he goes by.



You're the bag when you take a spin in the Teacup. Everyone gets a piping-hot complimentary refill. More popular than the Geyser Seat!

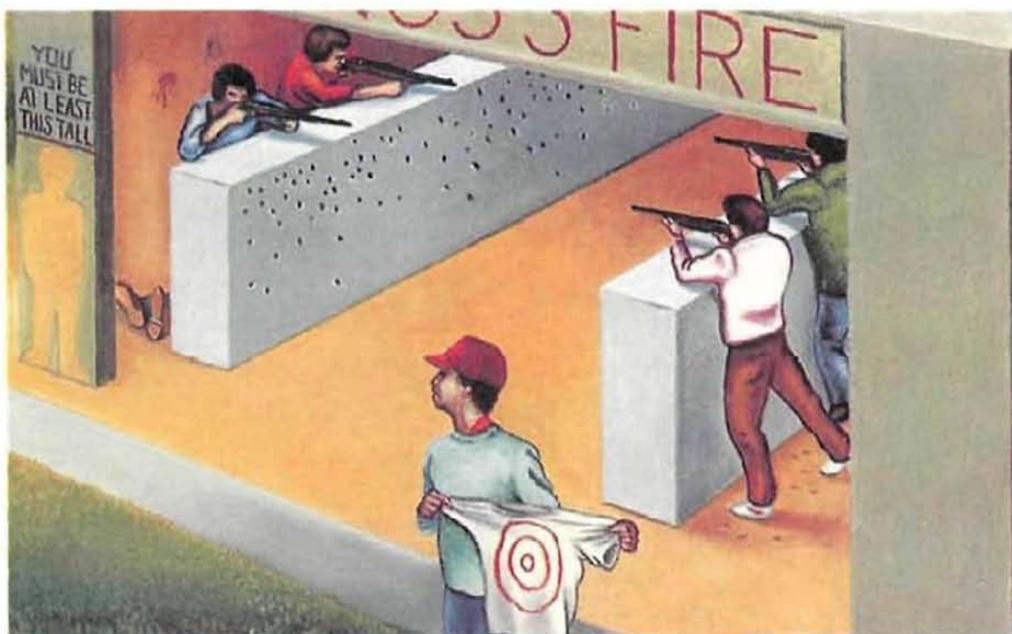
ABUSEMENT PARK



Fun and physics meet at Newton's Apple. Your chute can't get tangled if it isn't there!

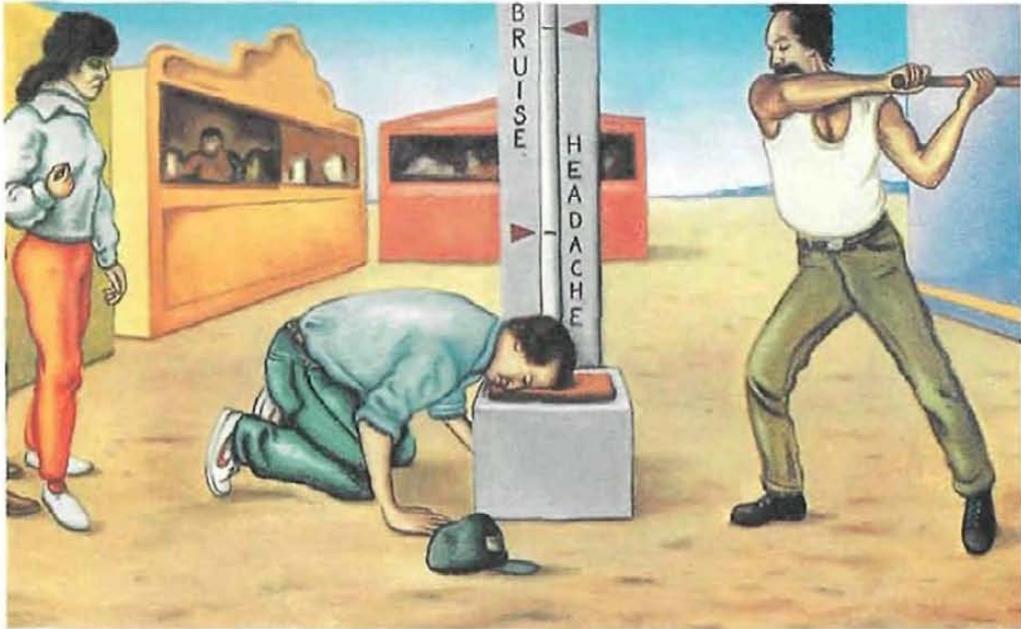


Photo Opportunity Areas are clearly marked throughout the Park. The Wild Hammer adds a colorful background to your snapshot.

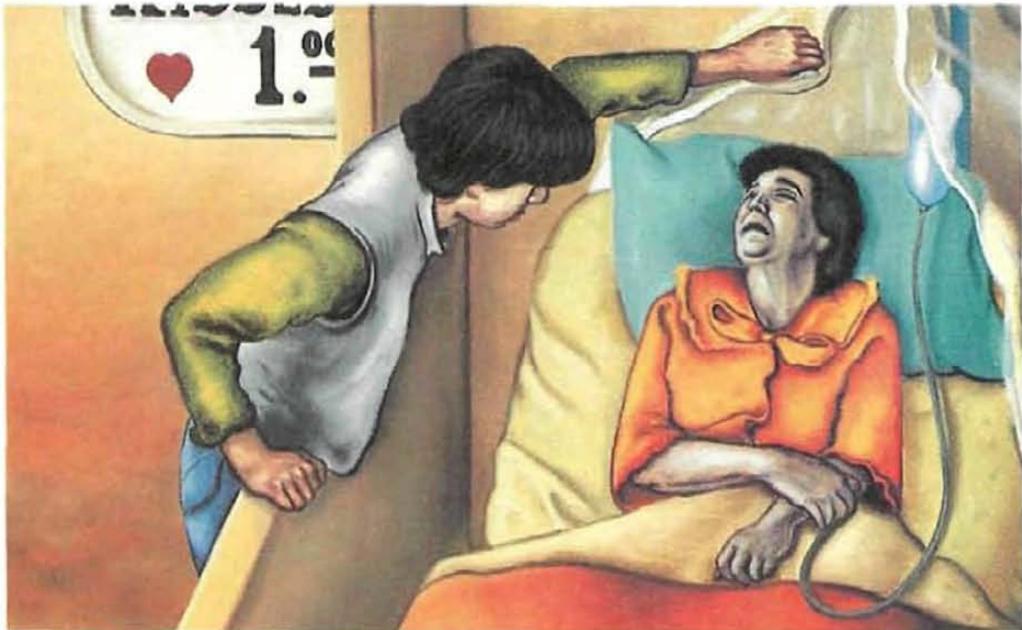


Perhaps you'll walk your last mile along the Midway, where Abba is always playing at the Pavilion. The Cranes are filled with uranium gravel. At the Crossfire Shooting Gallery, it's every man for himself.

ABUSEMENT PARK

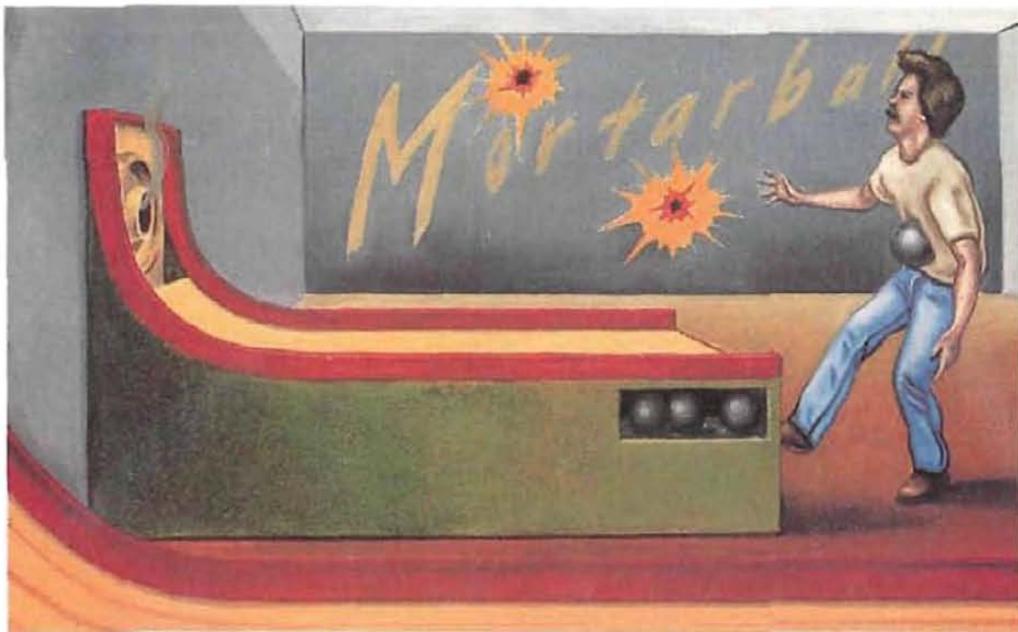


Line up to test a carry's strength at the Hammerhead: Headache, Big Bruise, Concussion, Comatose—D.O.A. means you didn't even hear the bell.

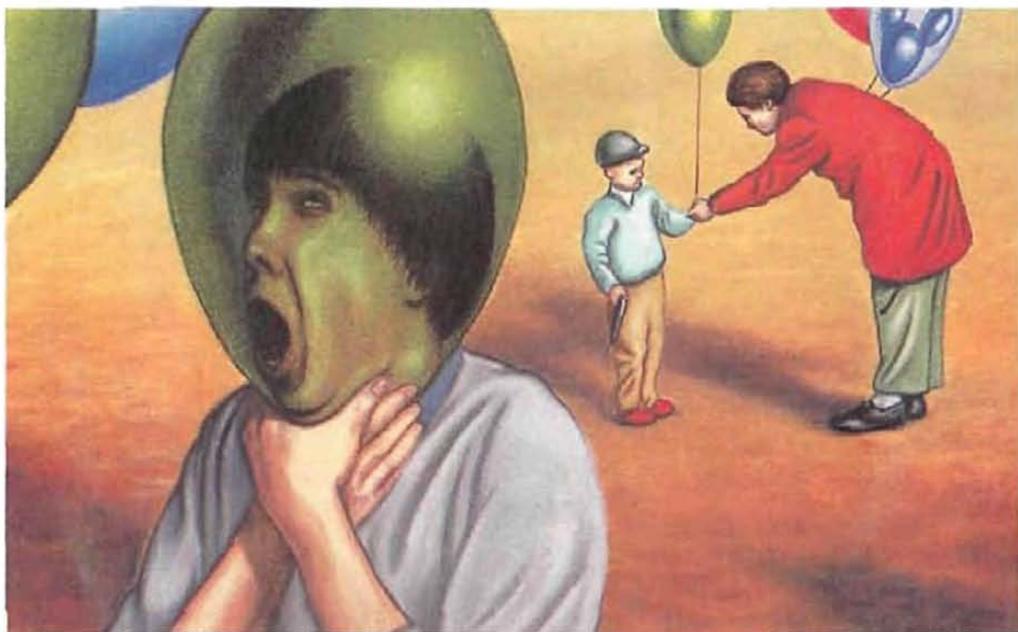


You're courageous? She's contagious! Sweet sixteen? You'll never be missed!

ABUSEMENT PARK

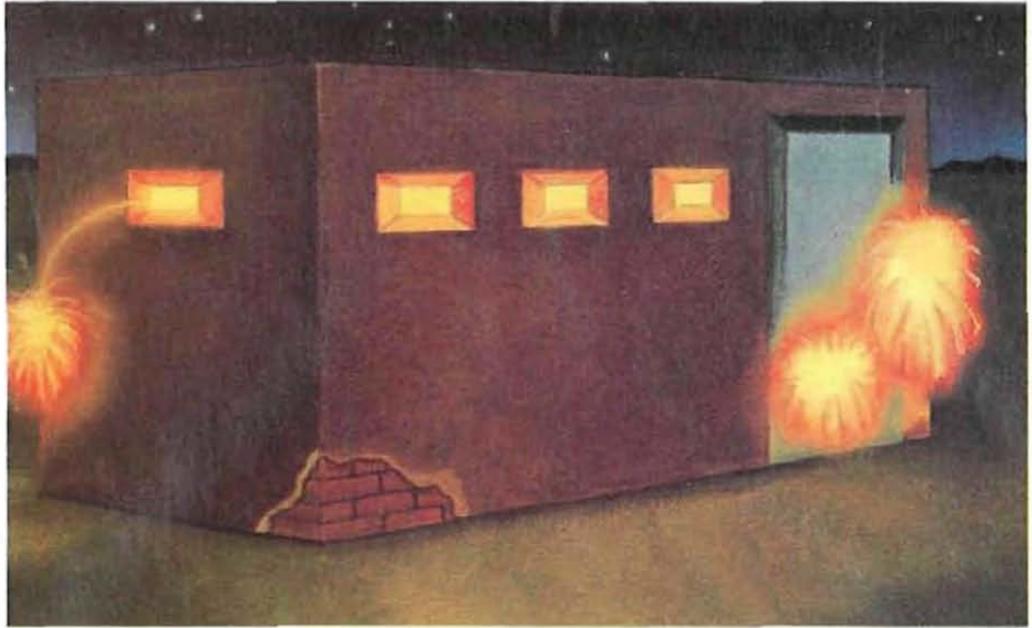


Roll a **Mortarball** into the center target and back it flies—at space-age velocity!

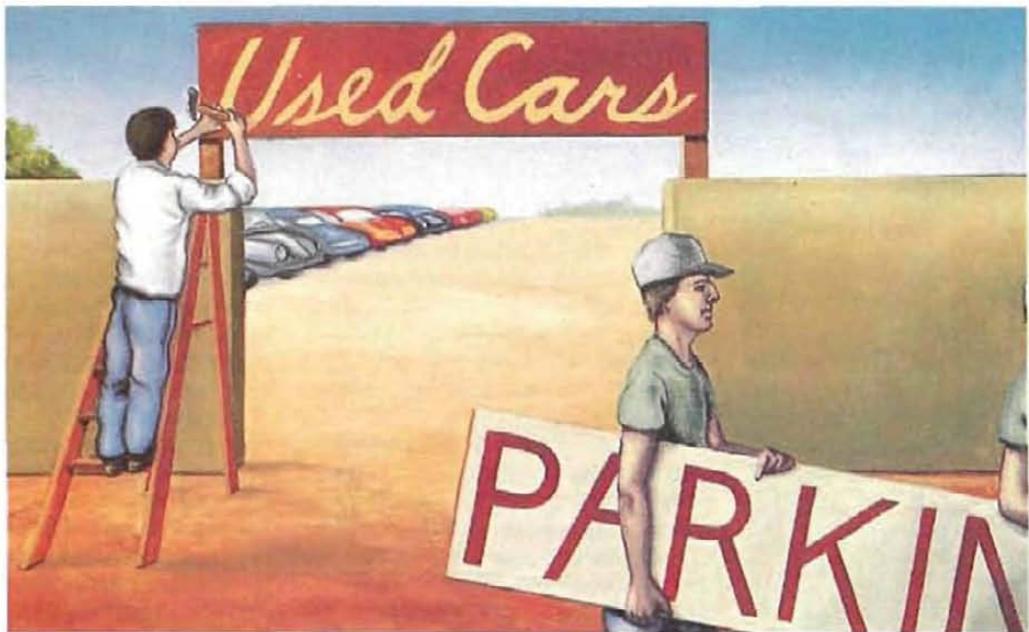


Would you like to die in a beautiful balloon?

ABUSEMENT PARK



It's ten to midnight. The Midway has been strafed, and the Haunted House Under Police Siege has finally fallen. The Battering Ram has stopped its pounding. But at day's end, the Six Flags at Half-Mast still draws a handful of survivors into the intimate Indoor Amphitheater for the gigantic fireworks display. Finally, an attraction with seat belts!



Need we say, "Come again"?

NO MORE MR. BAD GUY FOR YASIR ARAFAT

A new wife and baby give him a new life

by Gerald Sussman

When Debbie Sue Goodrich came to Lebanon in 1983 as a member of a USO troupe entertaining the peacekeeping troops, she kept hearing about Yasir Arafat and his reputation as a wily, fork-tongued political leader and a murderer. "Everywhere I went, I heard horror stories about him," says Goodrich, 19. "And he always looked like he needed a shave, and a bath too."

The shadowy, elusive Arafat was probably the last person Debbie expected to meet in ravaged, war-torn Lebanon, but when she did, he was not at all what she expected. "I was restless one day and took a short walk from my hotel. I knew it was dangerous to walk without escorts, but I was too young and naive to worry about those things," says Debbie. "I had walked about six blocks when I saw this chubby little man with dark glasses standing in a big pile of rubble that had once been an apartment building. He was doing his laundry in a washing machine. The machine was connected to some plumbing that still worked. It was incredible. The whole building was bombed out except for this washing machine, and this man was doing his hats, those burnouses. He asked me if I had any spare quarters for the machine. I had two. He insisted on paying me back and led me to his headquarters in the basement of a building nearby. He was a very gracious and sweet man and paid me back immediately."

The man at the washing machine was none other than Yasir Arafat. And in the final months of his Lebanon stay, a period of grave disappointment and strategic retreats, Arafat and Debbie Goodrich fell in love. While his PLO forces were fighting bravely against overwhelming odds, moving from one hiding place to another to avoid Israeli bombing, Arafat was having clandestine meetings with the pert, curvy dancer from Sioux Falls, S. Dak., the daughter of a Methodist minister.

Contrary to his legendary reputation,



Arafat was neither a liar nor a murderer on any one of their dates. "Actually, he was a real gentleman and was extremely curious about life in America," says Debbie. "He came from a small town in Palestine similar to mine, and he really had no stomach left for war and terrorism. He was sick and tired of the whole thing."

Arafat was indeed growing weary of his role as the most prominent spokesman for the Palestinian cause. He was tired of his continual battles with the Israelis. And most of all, he was unhappy and apprehensive about the divisions in his own camp, fighting off the new rebels.

Only Debbie Goodrich knew his innermost thoughts. She and Arafat kept in touch after she returned to the U.S.



"You can't overfeed an Arab woman," says Arafat. "She must be very substantial when she grows up."



"Naturally he had to put up a good front, but he used to call and write me every day from Jordan to tell me how fed up he was," she said. When Arafat made his dramatic defection to the U.S., it shocked the entire world—except for this bouncy ex-cheerleader, who was madly in love with him. They met at a prearranged secret rendezvous at Los Angeles International Airport, and hours later they were married in Las Vegas. After a six-month separation Debbie and Yasir had resumed their intensely romantic relationship, this time in public.

Arafat was blunt and forthright in his opening statement to the press. "I regret my previous life and any mistakes I might have made. All I want to do now is pick up the pieces and start all over

again with the one woman I love."

"He's wonderful," says Debbie. "He comes home every night at 5:00, usually with flowers or that sweet Arab candy." Home is Van Nuys, a suburb of Los Angeles, where the Arafats have rented a modest split-level ranchette until they find the permanent house of their dreams.

For Arafat it marks the end of a long and tumultuous career. At the age of 55 he has finally decided to leave the field to the younger, hungrier men who covet his position. Years of planning assassinations and sabotage, of tedious negotiations with friends and foes, of bloody open warfare, have taken their toll on this dynamic, charismatic leader. Sitting on the passenger side of his little hatchback, which Debbie

Whenever Arafat gets depressed about the old days ex-cheerleader Debbie rejuvenates him with one of her prizewinning routines.

drives (he does not have a driver's license yet), Arafat passes many synagogues, stores and hospitals with Jewish names and is not even remotely interested in bombing them. When asked about his attitude toward Israel he quips, "Israel who?" His old comrades would be surprised to learn that in his new business ventures some of his best friends are Jewish.

With his characteristic energy and determination, Arafat has lost no time in establishing himself in the buzzing Los Angeles scene. He heads a thriving real estate consortium that owns shopping malls, office buildings and condominiums. He intends to open his

own restaurant on Rodeo Drive, where he will feature Middle Eastern recipes taught to him by his beloved mother. MGM-UA has bought the rights to his film script, the story of a young PLO soldier who introduces rock 'n' roll and break dancing to his regiment. He has countless offers from publishing companies, and is currently at work on his memoirs, a physical fitness manual and an inspirational tome for businessmen. He is running a summer basketball camp with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and plans a syndicated cable-TV cooking show called *Moslem Meals in a Minute*.

Although he has completely rejected his political past, Arafat still clings to his religious beliefs and his Arab trademark, the familiar burnoose, and so he remains a highly visible figure wherever he goes. Most of the time he insists on traveling without heavy protection, though he realizes that many Jews may still bear him a grudge, especially the Meir Kahane extremists. Luckily, he is still adept in escaping detection and eluding would-be pursuers, and the sprawling landscape of Los Angeles is the perfect place for him to be "semi-invisible."

"He's a changed man," says his good friend Secretary of the Interior William Clark. "He doesn't have the burden of an entire country's future on his shoulders anymore. He just wants to make money and enjoy the good things in life. He likes all the new video gadgets, the household appliances, the whole ease and convenience of American life. He loved the concept of buying a whole set of furniture at one time, like living room, dining room and bedroom sets. It just amazed him that he could decorate his entire home in a matter of minutes. When he comes to my ranch in the Sierra Nevadas he loves to rearrange our sectional sofas."

But Clark and many others agree that the big reasons for Arafat's change are his lovely wife, Debbie, and their 1-year-old daughter, Melissa. Debbie Sue Goodrich grew up in a happy, close-knit family of six brothers and three sisters and was raised by loving parents. Her father, the Rev. Marcus Goodrich, still presides over the First Methodist Church of Sioux Falls. He served as a chaplain in the Navy during World War II, where he met his future bride, Sally Hanksraft, who was serving as a Wave. The Goodriches

are almost a throwback to the all-American families of old, the kind that Norman Rockwell painted and Ronald Reagan still believes in.

Of all the children, Debbie was perhaps the most gifted, the golden child. Voted the "girl with the classy chassis" by her high school mates, Debbie was a natural performer who liked to dance and had a pleasing soprano voice. Her ambition was to take New York by storm and become an acclaimed star of musical comedy. But her parents also imbued her with a sense of service, of giving to others unselfishly. Before tackling the rigors of a New York career she decided to join the USO and entertain men who were doing "far more meaningful and dangerous work than mine." The USO stint led to her momentous meeting with the man who became her husband and the father of her child.

As serious and hardworking as her husband, Debbie still studies ballet, jazz and modern dance, takes singing and acting lessons and performs with one of L.A.'s hottest new comedy improvisation groups, the Lead Balloon.

"She's a breath of fresh air for Yasir, a ray of sunshine," says Debbie's closest friend, Donna Mae Springer, 20, a dancer. "Debbie has incredible energy, especially in bed. She's too modest to admit it, but it's true. She confides in me. She's completely rejuvenated Yasir's sex life, and she does most of the work. He doesn't have to move more than one muscle. I don't know anyone who gives as much as Debbie."

Arafat is too much of a private man to elaborate on Donna Mae's views, but when pressed he will admit that Debbie has made his sex life "far more adventurous and prolific. Most Arabs are traditionally conservative in this area," he says. "Or they must prove their virility, their masculinity, by being the one on top. Debbie has shown me many alternatives, things I never knew. And she is terrifically patient."

There is no doubt that his wife's energy and optimism have done wonders for the ex-leader of the PLO. The intense strain, the worry lines that could be seen through the sparse beard, have disappeared. He now sports a deep California tan and looks relaxed and happy. He has finally agreed to undergo badly needed dental work and a hernia operation now that he can qualify for American insurance.



Arafat and Debbie relax on their modest sofa before retiring to the bedroom for one of their night-long sexual bouts.



"I looked exactly like her when I was a child," says Arafat (with Melissa and Debbie). "Except I was a boy."

But what has made even more of a difference in Arafat's life is the arrival of their daughter, Melissa, a year ago. "When Melissa was born, the old Arafat died forever," says his partner and friend Izmir Kanouk. "In the old days he would dance with glee when the PLO bombed a civilian area and killed a few children. Now the mention of dead children on TV or in the papers throws him into fits of rage and depression. He will never be Mr. Bad Guy again."

"All I want to talk about is my daughter's eating habits, her bowel movements, her sighs and gurgles," says Arafat. "When she smiles at me it means more than getting an independent state for Palestine."

An early riser, Arafat spends his morning hours with Melissa, playing, cleaning and feeding her. "Out of pure love he overfeeds her," says Debbie. "I have to watch him all the time, or he'd turn her into a little butterball." Arafat likes to cook little baby portions of falafel and *hummus* (a chick-pea dip), and has even made tiny shish kebabs and sweet Arab pastries for her. The 1-year-old Melissa weighs 37 pounds and may have to go on a diet.

Arafat had his doubts about how

Debbie's parents would react to their marriage, but once the ice was broken his fears were dispelled. He is very popular with the Goodrich offspring and their friends, especially the younger boys. He likes to take them to the local shooting range, where he shows them how to use automatic machine guns and other sophisticated weaponry. Then, over lunch at McDonald's, he enthralles them with war stories, which he admits are "a little bloodier than they actually were."

"Only the kids can make him tell these stories," says the Rev. Mr. Goodrich, Debbie's father. "I can't even get him to talk about his past, except for his religion. We're not far apart in our religious beliefs. Also, Yasir still hates Jews, only he won't dare admit it in public because he has to work with so many of them in Los Angeles. I can't stand Jews myself, but I live in Sioux Falls, where there aren't more than a dozen, so it doesn't make any difference."

Back in Los Angeles, the Arafats try to avoid the typical film-TV-music social whirl, the benefits and the "A"-list parties they are constantly asked to attend. Arafat's idea of a good time is a

dinner at home, which he prepares himself, an hour of watching Debbie's acrobatic cheerleader routines and some Western-style liberated sex. But they will go out to dinner occasionally with their good friends the William Clarks, the Jimmy Stewarts or the designer James Galanos, who does most of Debbie's evening clothes.

On weekends they are often invited to Clark's ranch in the mountains to escape from the pressures of business and the pursuit of Jewish extremists. Extra security is provided by the Secret Service. Arafat feels especially comfortable in the Clarks' Moorish-style home, where he can pray, read the Koran and watch game shows on the giant Advent TV screen, which he does to improve his English. His weekly business attire gives way to his weekend "Arab desert rat" look—dirty khaki undershorts, a torn caftan and his favorite lucky burnoose, which has never been washed.

Life for Yasir Arafat still moves in the fast lane. But now he finds time to slow down, use his directional signals and move to the right. A 19-year-old dancer and a new baby have made him a pampered pussycat, and he loves it. □

Fun Things to Do in a Resort Town

Walk up to a group of young women and ask them if they live in town. If they say yes, say, "Oh, good, then you must be whores."

Ask directions of a local resident. When he tells you, claim he's lying.

Get drunk and ram your car into the lead float in the festival parade. Then claim the guy cut you off.

Visit the local historical monument and chisel off some of the letters on the identification plaque so that it makes a funny saying.



Go to the most prestigious art gallery in town and ask if they have any paintings of collies.

Attempt to donate canned goods and unwanted clothing to anyone who's not an Anglo.

Attend a sacred tribal dance ceremony and attempt to participate.

Go into the best restaurant in town and order the most popular local delicacy. Then call the waiter back and change the order to a corn dog.

If the people at the next table are locals, interrupt their dinner with "Say, do you know where a man could ski and shoot a deer at the same time?"



Go to the zoo and feed hot sauce to the bear.

Climb up the town's oldest tree and saw off a limb as a souvenir. If you hurt yourself, file a lawsuit.

If your hotel room has a fireplace, burn a tire in it.

Take a bullhorn to the local fireworks display, and no matter how many fireworks they set off, keep yelling, "More, more!!"

Take a tour of the town's oldest building and constantly interrupt the tour guide with the question "Yeah, but where did they keep the whores?"



As a gag, hire the town bum to pose for pictures with your family as if he were you. Then don't pay him.

Visit several homes for sale. When you enter each home, ask the owner, "What's that stink?," then leave.

Start to buy an expensive lot in the town's historical district, then back out when you find out the property isn't zoned for Moto-Cross.

Tell a park ranger you're not sure but you think you left your picnic table burning.

When you leave town, tell everybody not to worry, you'll be back soon—"so keep the whores warm."

THE 13th ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING AWARDS

Introduction by Phil Landon

WHEN I GOT STARTED IN this crazy business, way back in 1924, the Société Adwertiska Internacional didn't exist, or maybe it did and I just hadn't heard about it. I'll tell you, we were mavericks in those days, working independently to create the best damn ads we could out of whatever resources we had available. We were more interested in selling shoes, or tires, or men's suits, or whatever it was we had to sell, than in winning any

goddamn awards from a bunch of mincing Europeans. Hell, this was America, and frankly we couldn't give a tinker's dam about what was going on thousands of miles away in stuffy French and German boardrooms. You've got to remember that, back then, the crossing of the Atlantic was measured in days, not in minutes the way it is now.

Well, times have changed. I've got to admit that I can't make heads or tails out of most of the advertising I see today, but I do know one thing—

if an ad gets the job done, I'm all for it. That's why I'm damn proud that the S.A.I. asked an old codger like me to introduce its thirteenth annual awards for excellence in advertising.

To the winners, congratulations. To the losers, forget it—it doesn't mean a goddamn thing.

Phil Landon, now ninety-six, is considered one of the pioneers of modern advertising in America. Now based in Miami, he still works seven days a week creating top-notch advertising copy.

"It's a fork!"

"No, it's a spoon!"

A revolutionary new invention from Yugoslavia will change the way you eat and make your present silverware obsolete.

Think about how you eat now. How often do you find yourself with your spoon in your hand when what you really need to pick up those tender medallions of veal is a fork? Or with a fork when you want a spoon to access that delicious onion soup au gratin? You have no choice but to put down one instrument and lift up another. A time-consuming process—and all the while your evening repast is losing heat.

Wrong. You do have a choice, thanks to the master craftsmen of Yugoslavia who have developed a dramatic new concept in dining utensils, as far removed from the fork and spoon as the fork and spoon are from the crude eating sticks our ancestors used.

They call this concept Prongz-Away. Imagine a fork that instantly converts into a convenient lading/scooping device. And vice versa! It's simple, really. Elegantly simple. You'll wonder why you didn't think of it yourself. (Because you haven't been laboriously studying the problem for twenty-eight years, that's why.)

Unsheathed, Prongz-Away closely resembles a modern fork. Slip on its elegant cover, and it becomes a perfectly designed lading/shoveling/scooping device, so like a spoon that you won't know the difference. Two utensils in one. Your eating time may be cut in half.*

Because it is a startling innovation in eating technology, Prongz-Away is still in limited production. The Yugoslavian government has allowed only a small number to be imported into this country. Prongz-Away will soon be available in stores everywhere, but right now we're offering you the opportunity to try Prongz-Away in your own home, without obligation.

Simply call the toll-free number below.
Or save C.O.D. by sending \$12.99 to the address below. Money back if not delighted, of course.

PRONGZ-AWAY
Special Magazine Offer: Consulate of the Socialist (but friendly) Republic of Yugoslavia, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022, 1-800-555-4070

*Based on laboratory test results. Actual eating time will vary depending on individual habits, choice of food item, nature of dinner conversation, and other factors.

Grand Prize The magazine ad for Prongz-Away, an innovative development in tableware from Yugoslavia, won this year's Grand Prize.

When you think you're better
than everybody else . . .

. . . and you don't care to show
them. GenuKar for '84.

You're serious about automobiles. A car is more than everyday transportation. More than keeping up with the Joneses. More than a means of showing off.

Performance . . . the thrill of piloting a well-heeled thoroughbred . . . it's a subtle, secret pleasure, one only *you* can appreciate. Or afford to maintain.

Yes, you've contemplated Mercedes, Ferraris, Aston-Martins. . . . You've even looked at those "repli-cars." You know—the classic-looking '36 roadster shells cloaking crummy, gutless '79 Ford Torino engines and chassis. But wait a minute. You're the kind of man who demands his driving sans sugarcoating.

You're the kind of man who should own . . . a GenuKar™. No one will know . . . but you. Beneath the mundane sheet metal of a 1971 AMC Gremlin lurks the brute power plant and tawny running gear of the untamable—and unfixable—1935 Jaguar SSK-100.

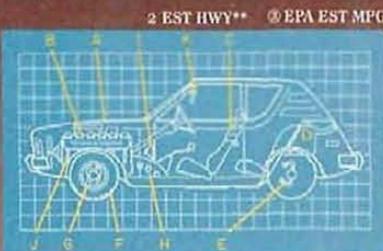
Feel the supple purr of antiquated British overengineering (except on cold, wet, or warm mornings). Experience the high-performance handling second to none.* You'll swell with secret pride to own the guts of the car *Briton Motor Quarterly* once called "the frailest and most delicate inbred aristocrat on the road today."

No tawdry interchangeable parts for this hand-built animal—in fact, no parts at all. Anywhere. At any price. Just try to find some. *That's the GenuKar™ Challenge!*

And only you and your mechanic will know the difference. Oh, and your banker.

Features:

- Ⓐ Seemingly economical '71 Gremlin body. Ⓑ Exotic '35 Jag 8.2-liter supercharged V-12. Ⓒ Textured all-vinyl AMC cockpit (checkered clothlike fabric higher in some states).
- Ⓓ Aviation fuel, 110 octane *only*. Ⓔ 4-wheel dependent inverse-sashbone dynamo suspension. Production terminated in 1939. Ⓕ 4.8. F. Goodrich Tiger Paw™ Standard equipment. Ⓖ 2-wheelopposable hydraulic drums grip the road with authority. Usually.
- Ⓗ 6-speed Sopwith non-synchromesh tranny. 1st place, 1922 Paris-to-Peking Driving Grand Prix. Ⓘ AM radio (8-track optional). Ⓣ The power of pig iron pushrods. ✱ Day/night rearview mirror.



*In the first third of this century.

**Your mileage may—okay, will—be lower, depending on speed, distance, weather, blown engine parts, kerchunkata-kerchunkata-CLICK noises, etc.





GenuKar

It's your money.

First Prize The judges gave First Prize honors to this distinctive American ad for a limited-edition, custom-built automobile.

87 Calhoun Street
Hanover, Pa.
July 7, 1984

Dear Mr. Simon:

I wish I could find a greater way of expressing my complete and utter contempt for you. You are dog vomit—excuse me, sir, week-old poshed dog vomit, and in the words of William Jennings Bryan . . .

Misplaced orders. Shoddy pricing practices. Two-faced backstabbing. Out-and-out criminal behavior. You know your suppliers, and you know what they're like.

Now there is a better way than words to describe your hatred or disgust with a business associate. With the American Paper and Dynamite Corporation's new exploding business letter series, you can send him a message he'll never forget.

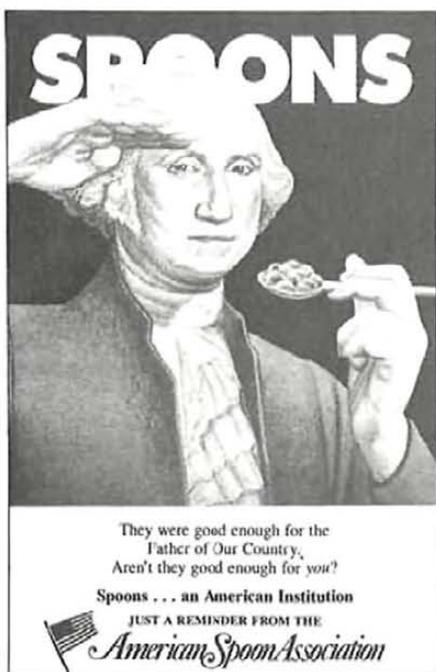
After he's been scraped off the ceiling.

**AMERICAN
PAPER AND
DYNAMITE
CORPORATION**

Makers of Garfield the
Extremator Greeting Cards

Best New Product The American Paper and Dynamite Corporation, now operating out of Guatemala, scored a hit with its new "Exploding Office Products" line.

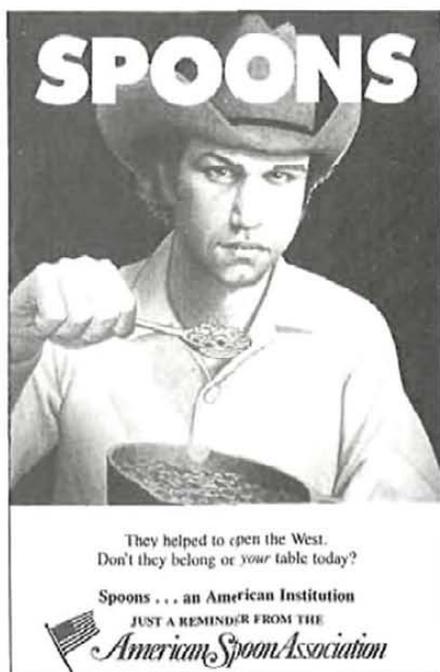
THE 13TH INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING AWARDS



SPOONS

They were good enough for the
Father of Our Country,
Aren't they good enough for you?

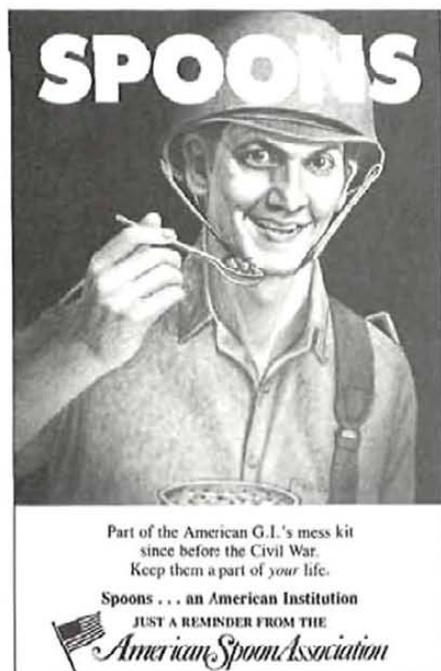
Spoons . . . an American Institution
JUST A REMINDER FROM THE
American Spoon Association



SPOONS

They helped to open the West.
Don't they belong on *your* table today?

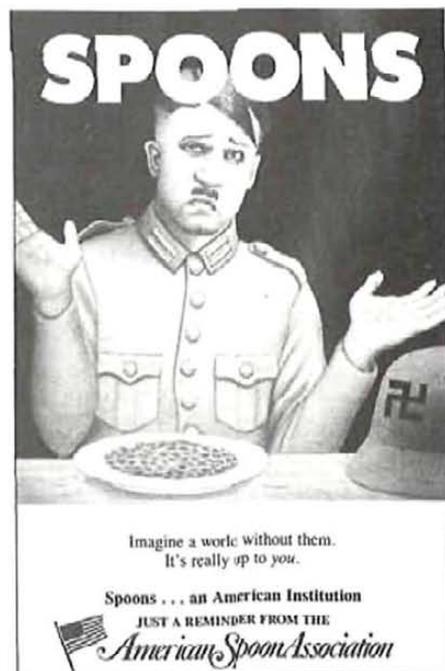
Spoons . . . an American Institution
JUST A REMINDER FROM THE
American Spoon Association



SPOONS

Part of the American G.I.'s mess kit
since before the Civil War.
Keep them a part of *your* life.

Spoons . . . an American Institution
JUST A REMINDER FROM THE
American Spoon Association



SPOONS

Imagine a world without them.
It's really up to you.

Spoons . . . an American Institution
JUST A REMINDER FROM THE
American Spoon Association

Best Advertising Campaign The American Spoon Association won top honors in this category for the patriotic effort it launched to combat foreign competition in the tableware market.

From Charlie Haas's
What Color
Is Your
Parody?*

BY CHARLIE HAAS



Job Interviews: An Ugly Business At Best

If you now have a round of job interviews lined up—boy, how I envy you! Job interviews are just about the most desirable experiences available on earth. You can talk all you want about other “peak moments”—trying to return something you bought at a flea market, checking into Sloan-Kettering to get that growth looked at, making a life-size replica of the Alamo out of thawed Lean Cuisine—but, for me, job interviews are *it*.

What actually goes on in a job interview? If you're like most job hunters, especially inexperienced ones, you've probably been subjected to a great deal of off-putting, intimidating misinformation about the interview process. Relax! In 1983, complaints to the National Labor Relations Board about

* *What Color Is Your Parody?* © 1984 by Charlie Haas. Published by Price/Stern/Sloan Publishers, Inc.

the use of electrodes on genitals in job interviews decreased by more than 7 percent. A job interview, after all, is simply an exchange of information. The interviewer is gathering information about you in order to decide whether to risk his or her reputation and pension by taking a big fat flyer on you or whether to hold onto a secure, comfortable future by getting you the hell out of there. Similarly, you're there to gather information as to whether you'll soon be making a living by scavenging for recyclable aluminum cans that people throw away. So what's the big deal?

It's been said that the "initial contact" period of the job interview—the first five minutes or so—is the most crucial. Whatever takes place for the remainder of the meeting, the first impression you make will set in motion the "interpersonal dynamic" that will determine the success of the interview as a whole. Make these crucial five minutes work for you by observing the following principles:

**Interviewers like an applicant who's curious about the company he or she hopes to work for.* Read memos in the interviewer's "In" box during the interview, and be conspicuous about it. As the conversation proceeds, wander over to the filing cabinet, pop open a couple of drawers, and riffle through the folders, mumbling, "Marketing plan . . . projections . . . gotta be in here somewhere. . ."

**Interviewers like an applicant with few starry-eyed illusions about the world of work.* Try a straightforward approach: "Let's cut out all the bullshit, okay? We're both just a couple of whores, right? Corporate whores. We put out for whoever pays us enough. Well, fine. You people pay me enough, I'll put out just great. I've been around the block a couple of times, all right?"

**Interviewers like an applicant who will be a good "team player" for the company.* Again, the essential thing is to be direct: "Look, I know what's going on around here. I'm not an idiot. I just want you to know, I'm not the kind of guy/gal, you hire me and right away I get antsy and go blabbing to the feds, all right? All I want is my cut."

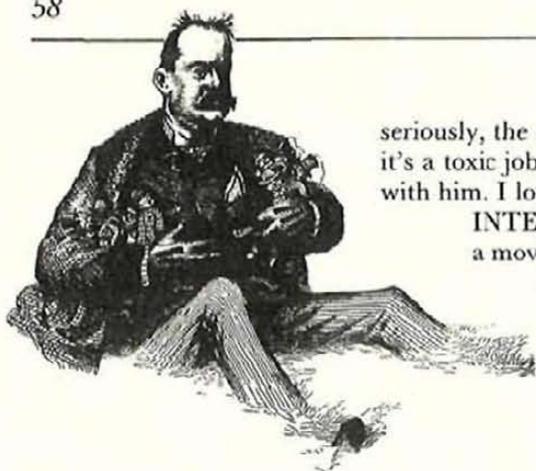
**Interviewers like to feel that an applicant takes the interview process seriously, and has made an effort to arrive on time.* It's not overdoing things, for instance, to arrive for the interview out of breath, with clothing mussed, a bloodstain on your sleeve, and a telltale bulge under your jacket, gasping, "Goddamn receptionist . . . thought she was gonna keep me out there forever . . . reading magazine . . . make me late for interview . . . hadda take her out . . . [block doorway as interviewer rises] . . . I wouldn't go out there now . . . those .45's make a hell of a mess . . ."

As to the rest of the session, the thing to remember about job interviews is that they are *interviews*. Anyone who's read *Playboy* or *People* magazine or watched Johnny Carson or Phil Donahue on television knows what an interview is and how it is conducted. Think of the people you've seen interviewed most frequently: movie and recording stars, bestselling authors, sports celebrities. These people make more money than many emerging nations. So it stands to reason that, by following the example they set in their interviews, you'll come out well in yours. Try the "job hunter" responses in these sample exchanges in front of a mirror.

INTERVIEWER: I see in your résumé that you worked for Jerry F. over at Sanitationtronics.

JOB HUNTER: Oh, sure, Jerry—Jerry is a very dear friend, he's a marvelous, marvelous guy and we've had some wild times together—nothing *too* wild [laughs], but . . . you know, he has a terrific—I guess you'd have to call it a facility, for waste dumping . . . it's out past the county line—no, but





seriously, the man has a way of getting the best out of you, whether it's a toxic job or a simple slag mop-up, and it's just a thrill to work with him. I love him. I mean it.

INTERVIEWER: Did you really push your last boss out of a moving train?

JOB HUNTER: Yes, and that was some of the *most* fun—I think we have some film of that. . . . Is that film ready? Can we take a look at that? Oh, good, watch this. . . .

Prohibited Questions

Under recent court decisions, it is illegal for job interviewers to ask certain questions of applicants. These are:

*Is that a full range of managerial and interactive capabilities you have there, or are you just glad to see me?

*Would you rather be smart and miserable or dumb and happy?

*How do you keep a moron in suspense?

*Do you feel that the salary we're discussing will enable you to live reasonably well while you pay for having my basement remodeled?

*Would you skin a human being with a Buck knife in order to increase our market share of brand awareness?

*Are you a cop?

If an interviewer asks you any of these questions, you are automatically entitled to replace that interviewer in his or her job.

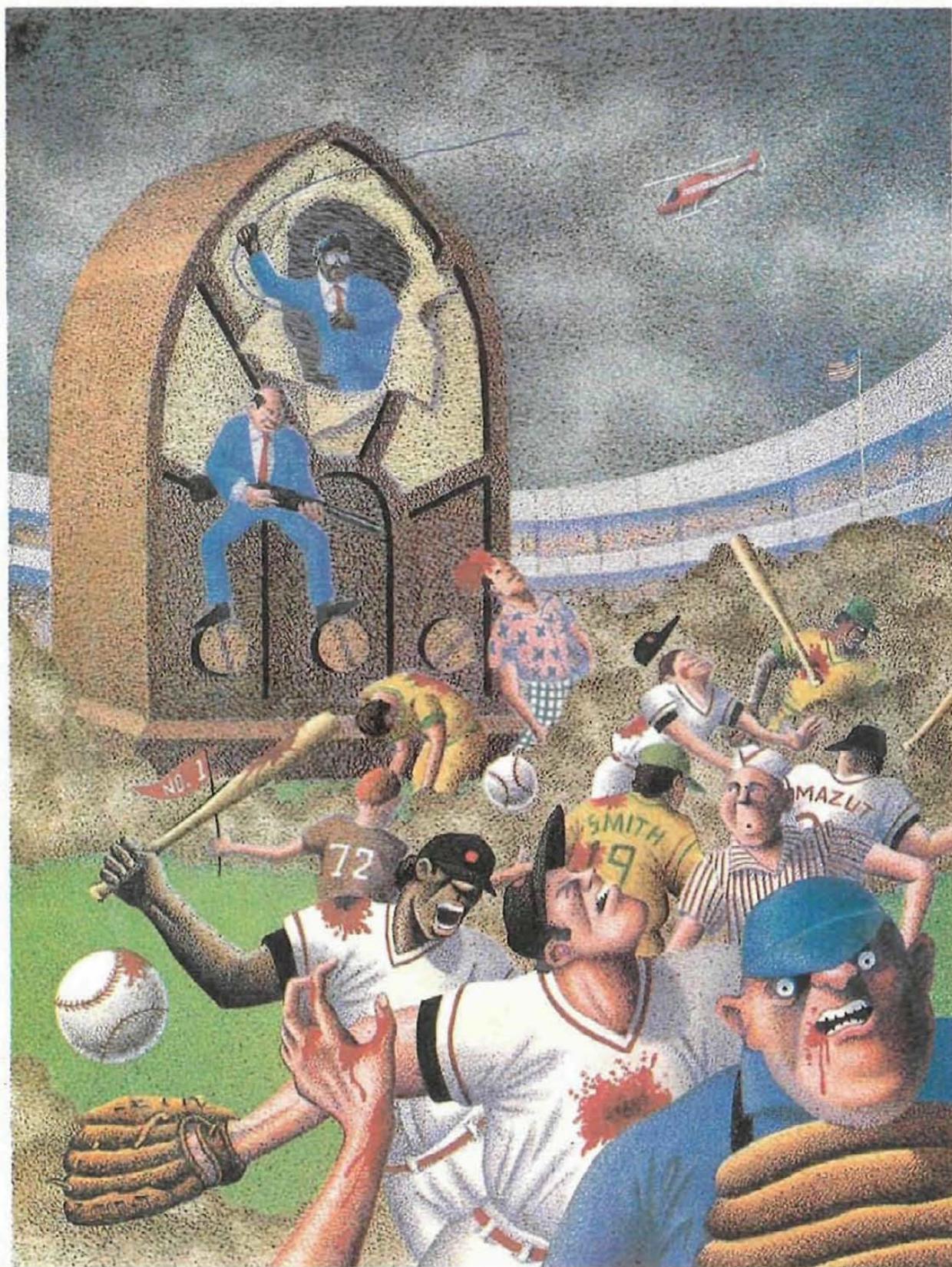
INTERVIEWER: Why did you leave your last job?

JOB HUNTER: Mmm. That's an interesting one. [Pause.] I'm very glad you brought that up, because I think that's an area we should be looking at a lot more—I mean, not only why *I* left *my* job, but why people in general leave their jobs, what goes on there. . . . There's a lot we're learning, and yet there's still so much we don't know. With a lot of people, I think there's a kind of *restlessness* now, and I think that what's happened to the family has a lot to do with that. Don't you think?

Above all, bear in mind the job you hope to get as a result of the interview. Dumb jobs are easy to get but not worth having, while smart jobs are hard to find and well worth the trouble. Consider the actual responses of two job applicants in recent interviews with the same personnel executive when asked the standard question, "Why do you want this job?"

APPLICANT A: Well, obviously it's a very good job to have. It's a serious responsibility, a good title, a good work environment with what looks like a good-paying job, and of course that's a consideration. But also—I guess the best way to put it is that I feel that this is a job I've sort of been training for, or working up to, at my previous jobs. I feel that I've got the necessary skills together, and I know my way around this kind of work. It's going to be a challenge, but that's what I'm looking for. And I think the enthusiasm of the people around here is inspiring as hell, I really do.

Applicant A got the dumb job he was applying for and today is a harried, overworked, intimidated, bullying, impotent alcoholic wage slave.



MARK MAZUT

BALLPARK

BAD DAY AT THE

You'd better not care if you ever get back.

AND THAT'S BALL FOUR. BLYLEVEN walks his sixth man of the inning, as another run scores and the bases remain loaded.

"This looks real bad, Sam."

"And that should be all for Blyleven, with Indians manager Pat Corrales strolling to the mound."

"Appears so, Sam."

"Well, fans, with this break in the action, let's take time out for a station break."

"Don, I can't take much more of this shit! The Indians have lost nine in a row and seventeen of their last eighteen. When does this bullshit stop!? It's not even all-star break, and they're thirty-two and a half games out of first place! *Thirty-two and a half fucking games!* The few fans who show up here do nothing but drink and shout obscenities! Our listeners are gone and so are our sponsors! This is the worst fucking team I've seen in twenty-eight years of broadcasting!"

"Right you are, Sam."

"Welcome back, Indians fans! And while we wait for Spillner—the new pitcher—to warm up, let's check out the scoreboard."

"Right, Sam. In the fifth inning,

Minnesota and Boston are scoreless."

"And . . ."

"And what, Sam?"

"Is that it? Minnesota and Boston, scoreless in the fifth?"

"Afraid so, Sam. No other games in the majors tonight."

"You mean to tell me, Don, that the only two teams playing tonight are Minnesota and Boston?"

"Right, Sam. Scoreless in the fifth."

"Not one other team is in action tonight?"

"Not necessarily, Sam. New York is traveling to Chicago, Toronto had a morning practice, Baltimore shortly should be boarding a flight to Detroit, Milwaukee is—"

"Ah! Don, here comes tonight's attendance figure!"

"Let's see who guessed closest."

"It's going up on the scoreboard now: 4,387."

"Incredible, Sam. Looks like I win again."

"Yes, Don. I should have known 16,000 was pushing it. That Midlands High marching band sure fills up a section, though. Owe you a brew, Don."

"You've got a mean low ball, Sam."

"Ho-ho. Good one, Don. Mean-

while, this slip from Stan the Stat tells us that tonight's crowd puts the Indians over the magic 85,000 mark. Not exactly packing them in, but the weather certainly has been a big factor this year."

"That's right, Sam. Can only get so much sun."

"Oh, well, er . . . well, fans! We're ready to resume play again! Let me just pick up Mr. Pencil and . . . whooops."

"Goodness, Sam."

"Oh my! Seems I've dropped my pencil to the stands and, oh no—"

"Yes, Sam. Appears it's stuck in the eye of a most unfortunate fan."

"This is horrible, Don! The poor man is writhing in pain, and his kids are trying to hold him down while he screams for help!"

"This is gruesome, Sam. The pencil has pierced his eye and is sticking straight up."

"Don, I don't know what to say! I—what are you doing, Don?"

"Just pushing the monitor a little out of my way and—whooops!"

"No, Don. Not the monitor, too!"

"Clumsy me, Sam."

"Oh no!"

"Appears to be a direct hit again, Sam."

BAD DAY AT THE BALLPARK

"Yes, fans. I'm afraid the monitor has dropped to the stands, striking that unfortunate man on the head and apparently driving the pencil clear through his eye!"

"Funny in a grotesque kind of way, Sam."

"How so, Don?"

"Well, we've always been told to keep an eye on the monitor."

"Ho-ho. Good one, Don. But I'm afraid the crowd below is in quite a tizzy. Many are screaming in horror and several are pointing up at us."

"Accidents will happen, Sam."

"You know it, Don."

"Give me a hand with this, Sam."

"One, two, three! . . . And, oh no, fans! I'm afraid there's been another accident! A large table bearing a watercooler and several typewriters has fallen to the crowd below!"

"The people are screaming, Sam."

"I believe the pretzel vendor has been killed, Don."

"Sure looks like a pretzel now, Sam."

"Ho-ho. Good one, Don. Meanwhile, let's turn our attention back to the game—say, what's that? Aahh! A policeman has burst into the booth; he's grabbing me by the neck! But Stan the Stat, hiding behind the door, strikes him from behind and wrestles him to the floor. They're up again! They're struggling, leaning precariously against the railing!"

"Excuse me, Sam."

"Go right ahead, Don. Oh no, fans! Another accident! Don and Stan the Stat, while trying to restrain this intruder, have accidentally hurled the poor lawman to the seats below, scattering the fans and shattering his body against the concrete!"

"This is unbelievable, Sam."

"You mean the policeman plunging to his apparent death, Don?"

"No, Sam. Spillner has just walked in another run."

"This game is getting out of hand, Don. It's 9-1 Mariners now, and I'm afraid the fans—especially the ones down below behind the plate—are getting a bit unruly. They're even tossing objects at us—cups, shoes, and even, well, hot dogs—practically anything they can—"

"Mustard, Sam?"

"Ho-ho. Good one, Don."

"And what's this? Stan the Stat has slipped me a—Smith and Wesson No. 10, Sam. Six shots. Got it off the cop."

"Oh, ladies and gentlemen in radio-land! How this game has taken a nasty, nasty turn! Stan the Stat has shut the broadcast booth door, as stadium se-

curity guards and policemen pound frantically on the other side! Fans below are hurling up objects and shouting obscenities!"

"That's not the way to behave at a baseball game, Sam."

"Agreed, Don."

"Need to divert their attention."

"Well, let's look around a bit."

"What about Patty Pocahontas, Sam?"

"You mean the new Indians mascot? That bloated, gourd-shaped squaw with the bouncing stomach, retractable feathers, and huge rubber tomahawk?"

"Absolutely, Sam. There she is dancing atop the Indians dugout."

"She's spelling out the word 'Cleveland' with her body."

"There's the trigger, Sam."

"Well . . ."

"Just aim and shoot, Sam."

"Here goes!"

"Nice shot, Sam."

"Oh no, fans! I'm afraid Patty Pocahontas has been injured!"

"She's misspelling the word 'Cleveland,' Sam."

"She drops onto her knees and falls over. Now she's kicking her legs wildly. She's clawing the roof of the dugout. She falls to the field, sliding slowly down the dugout steps and coming to a complete stop."

"She's really entertained the fans, Sam."

"That's what she's paid to do, Don. Look, the fans behind the dugout are giving her a loud, standing ovation, but I doubt she hears it."

"Well, fans! There is an eerie silence in the stadium. Now we hear a few screams. Now there are more screams. Some people have begun dashing for the exits! Now more are running! And now, Indians fans, everyone—all 4,387—is racing for the exits, toppling and trampling each other! This is really exciting!"

"Now the ballplayers and umps are charging off the field, tearing toward the dugouts. Limping in from center field is Alan Bannister."

"Two thirty-seven batting average, Sam. No more speed. No arm. Overpaid. Give me the gun again."

"Good shot, Don! Bannister staggers and falls! He's crawling toward those dugout steps! Several terrified Indians are trying to pull him in! What teamwork! What spirit! This is baseball!"

"Finish him off, Sam."

"Here goes."

"Good shot."

"Well, fans! It's quite a scene here in cavernous Cleveland Municipal Stadium; the fans and players have all fled. Various pieces of baseball equipment are on the field. Alan Bannister and Patty Pocahontas lie still at the dugout steps. Articles of clothing and several other bodies dot the formerly sparsely filled stands. A siren caterwauls in the distance. . . . So, with this break in the action, let's check out the scoreboard."

"Right you are, Sam. Minnesota has scored one run in the top of the sixth to take a 1-0 lead over Boston."

"Some pitching duel. Who's the pitcher for Minnesota, Don?"

"Duck, Sam."

"Duck? I don't know any Duck on Minnesota."

"No, Sam. Duck! A couple of players are lining fungoes at us from the dugout!"

"Oh no, fans! The Indians are blasting away at us from the dugout! And—oh! A line drive has just struck Don in the mouth!"

"Thath their firtht clean hit thith month, Tham."

"Ho-ho. Good one, Don!"

"Oh thit, Tham! Look over there!"

"Oh no, Indians fans! It appears several battalions of police are pouring through the exits of the upper deck and fanning through the seats!"

"Thith ith getting theriouth, Tham!"

"Appears so, Don."

"Whath that loud noith, Tham?"

"Why, I think it's a—yes! It's a helicopter! I can see the shadow on the field! It's hovering just a few feet above us, I think!"

"Thit, Tham!"

"I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF TALK! THE COPTER IS HOVERING DIRECTLY ABOVE!"

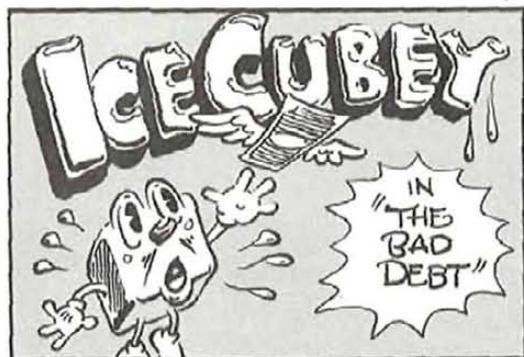
"I'M THCARED THITLETH, THAM! THITH THENE REALLY THUCKTH!"

"THERE'S THE COPTER! THEY'RE FIRING AT US! THERE'S A GOOD SHOT TO MY ARM, TEARING IT HALFWAY OUT OF ITS SOCKET! WHAT'S THIS? AN ARMY OF COPS HAS BURST THROUGH THE DOOR! THEY'RE SPRAYING BULLETS AT US!"

"THIT, THAM!"

"BULLETS ARE SPEARING MY BODY, PIERCING MY ORGANS! MY HEAD IS GUSHING A WARM FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD! THEY'VE SEVERED MY SPINE! I'M FALLING . . . FALLING . . ."

" . . . back . . . aazahhhh! . . . after thith metthage. . . ."





PHOTOGRAPH: ROBERT LEWIS; HAIRD TINTING: BEL ROBINSON

BY CHARLIE RUBIN

The BAD DELLI Is Here



Life on a steady diet of *Junk Food*.

AFTER I DID *JUNK FOOD*, WHICH WAS THIS BOOK THAT I DID, BUT BEFORE IT failed, but while it was failing, I tried to sell another book on summer camp, because you're never so hot as when your book is out in the stores, even if nobody is buying it; even if your book is failing and you are failing, you are hot right then. And this editor at Putnam's, because I was hot, just happened to be looking for a book on summer camp. Of course, she wanted to know how *Junk Food* was doing, but my agent, my new agent, because I was hot, told her there weren't any figures yet, and she believed my agent, this editor, that's how hot I was. My new book was called *How Beets Belsky Got His Name*, and it is a story that merits retelling, though not, perhaps, here.

The editor enthused over my sample chapter. She said I had a "cruel, nightmarish vision." She found it "troubled," "compelling," and "personal." Her favorite passage: when they made Horror Horowitz swallow a two-inch nail and then a Bob Cousy ice cream lid so his stomach would have something "worth hanging." (True. True.)

There was only one problem. The editor had had a great time at summer camp and so had all her friends and "fellow editors," and she wrote my agent, "Would Mr. Rubin be willing to rework his proposal so that it is about what a great time he had at summer camp?"

This is a publishing story.

Here are another twenty-seven:

***But Seriously, Folks* . . . is a regular feature presenting the experiences of people who work at the business of being funny. Every word is true. Charlie Rubin edited and co-authored *Junk Food* (Delta Press, 1980), along with John Farago and Jonathan Etra and art directors David Rollert and Rick Stark. A basically unknown work, it was one of the first and best of the trade-paperback humor books. *National Lampoon's* Sean Kelly, Rick Meyerowitz, Anne Beatts, and Bruce McCall were featured in *Junk Food*, as well as more socially acceptable sorts such as Harry Crews and Alexander Theroux.**

ONE

WE HAD A LOT OF NAMES FOR DELL PUBLISHING. Remainder House was the one I liked. Shit House was the one that stuck.

TWO

"I CANNOT," SAID MARTHA, OUR FIRST editor, "cannot, this is unalterable, and it pains me, because if I could I would give you a fabulous deal, I want to give you that deal, please believe me, I think you are, I think you're worth it, the book is obviously worth it, I say that with no hesitation, all I can say is I'll buy you lots of dinners, I'll get you . . . passes, there'll be parties, because I feel this is going to be a big book, big for this house but also industry-wide, as the landmark trade paperback"—reading from our hype—"all-original, no reprint, literary-satirical anthology on contemporary America," I love it, it's just enough, 'known and unknown writers and artists,' known is better, does Susan Sontag interest you? too morbid? but I cannot, the limit, I cannot exceed is twenty-five the package. It hurts me to say it. They

"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS" LOGO MARK REGISTERED

THE BAD DELI IS HERE

have the money. We can't get our hands on it. That's Dell. Twenty-five. Tak-ers?" You bet. The next closest bid on *Junk Food* was from S & S. Four.

THREE

MARTHA SAID, "IF WE DO THIS, I CAN HELP you get Gilda Radner. Oh, here's Gilda's phone number at NBC, anyway—664-4444." Alarm. Credential check. "You know Gilda's secretary, I suppose?" "We know her night secretary better than her day secretary," said John Farago, first up with a lie. "Could you get the *Saturday Night* people into this book?" Martha asked. "I think they'd love being in a book like this," said Dave Rollert, honestly believing it. "Why?" said Martha. "Uh, because it's a book," said David. "It's not TV," said Rick Stark. "Do you know Belushi?" she said. "Who I really know is Bruno Hauptmann," I said. Martha beamed. She said, "He's the new replacement, right? Can he help you get to Belushi?"

FOUR

THIS BE MY CREED, BY JONATHAN ETRA. In any business deal, always make one unreasonable demand. The contracts were on the desk. I said, "And we want an office." We got it.

FIVE

THIS WAS DELL PUBLISHING IN 1978: every floor had its own führerbunker section. Whole departments had been ripped out, the carpeting chewed, the people lost or swapped, their desks left behind, upended or facing each other in some weird buddy system of high finance, their contents and 'tard-like decorations preserved intact, forgotten, as if their owners were fleeing before a plague. Other offices were bare except for a working phone in the middle of the floor. Someone began going from office to office, whitening out the letters on the phones. This took many months.

SIX

WE KEPT WAITING FOR MARTHA TO COME through with her connections. "Here," she said finally, slipping me a business card. "Kurt Vonnegut's favorite Chinese restaurant."

SEVEN

OCCASIONALLY MARTHA WOULD POKE her head in our office to say, "How're we doing with Woody? Lily? Uncle Neil?" (Jonny had written Neil Simon: "You may not remember me. I am Anna Goldman's grandson"—crossed out—

"Blanche Etra's son. . .") "Cousin Neil," Jonny would say. One day Jonny put his feet up on our typewriter. It toppled slowly like a tall tree. Martha went wild. "I want to know what happened to that machine! And does somebody down here have a problem with Wite-Out?" We told her Nora Ephron had dropped by to discuss a potential piece, blundered into the typewriter, felt just terrible about it, and offered to pay. "She took money out," said Jonny. "You didn't take it?" screamed Martha. "We didn't know what to do," I said. "We tried calling you." "Oh my God," said Martha. "You don't take Nora Ephron's money."

EIGHT

JONNY AND I DIVIDED OUR LETTER-writing duties. I got the unknown writers, the vicious comedy writers, and the people Jonny was afraid of. Jonny got the celebrities. He suggested that Elaine May should drink iron filings and write about it. He suggested that Ken Kesey eat hot wax and write about it. To Buck Henry: "Can we assign you 'pissing on ice'?" He told Capote, "The book is a big, thick, unwieldy brontosaurus with ugly mounds of flesh and platelets and sharp, cruel protrusions of bone and blubber." Rick asked him, "Do you know what book we're doing?" and Jonny replied, "Whatever book gets done, that's the book we're doing." He wrote several fawning, unanswered letters to Fran Lebowitz, then he wrote other celebs that our book wasn't going to be filled with the Fran Lebowitzes. Veronica Geng got "We are at your disposal like Kleenex," and Mailer learned that the parts that held up in his early work were "the fluff." He begged Joseph Heller, "Don't think of it as writing, think of it as getting a tan." None of these people did the book. Jonny began keeping the originals and mailing the Xeroxes. He adopted his own Zen koan: "When you're late, walk slower." I sent a check to J. D. Salinger for \$25.60, "which is eight cents a word times three hundred plus a twenty-word overdraft." He sent it back.

NINE

MARTHA BOUGHT US A FANCY DINNER to announce she was moving to another house. "By the way," she said, "to get *Junk Food* past the budget boys I had to sell them on something a bit . . . cornier. You know. Wackiness. Recipes. 'The food you love to hate.' But don't worry, it won't affect you." And strangely, it never did. Not until we'd

spent two and a half years on *JF* and suddenly it was ending up in the cooking sections of most bookstores. Because they sell what they buy. A sour little truth of publishing. They sell what they're sold. Which is different from they sell what they can (public relations). Or they sell what they're told (advertising). Editors say that every author believes his book was mishandled or mispromoted; they say this with a good deal of condescension toward these Hopeless Kids, their authors. Then they turn right around and blame the boys in the black shoes in marketing to the Hopeless Kids; or That New Girl in publicity. Well, it's never anyone but the editors. Big editors, small ones, itty-bitty trickle-down assistant editors, ghost editors, famous editors, pretend editors, leftover editors, editors with hearts as big as all outdoors. Them most of all.

TEN

PUBLISHING USED TO BE A NOBLE CALLING, but today it's a profession where Smith girls can be underpaid while killing four years before deciding to enter law school. I have this theory about why book editors are such stooges. It's because they were all the #9 English major of their college year. #1 becomes a poet. #2 and #3 go to grad school in English, 4 and 5 become lawyers, 6 becomes a writer, 7 goes into advertising, 8 becomes a doctor. There was one editor we respected at Dell. One day he confided that he'd been thrown out of college for transporting hot tires across state lines.

ELEVEN

THE DAY AFTER MARTHA TOLD US SHE was leaving she got back from her lunch hour and there was Wite-Out smeared all over the windows and tracked into the rug; bottles of it had been poured into her wastebasket and then liberally splashed on the furniture, her books, clothes, and running shoes. It remains a mystery to this day.

TWELVE

CHRIS WAS THE NEW DELTA BOOKS, Morgan was our "liaison editor." Chris had risen all the way up from the copy editing department. I think he'd also had the sideline of sending books overseas to poor children after first infecting them with viruses. As liaison editor, it was Morgan's job to say, "Y'all gahs just gotta make a deadline. Y'all just gotta." Morgan wanted to know if we

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 87)

FUNNY PAGES

AM I RE-ELECTED YET?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ZIPPY CAMP '84

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE UNAUTHORIZED VERSION

THE OVAL OFFICE--

CHIEF?

ED MESSAGE

ARTICLES: SEX CHANGE MAY HELP TO CURE...

DISPATCH STAFF PINHEAD NOMINATES RUSSKIES

THIS ZIPPY PERSON HAS BECOME THE DARLING OF THE LOWBROW TABLOIDS--

HE PHOTO-GRAPHS WELL--

KEEP AN EYE ON HIM.

WHILE IN THE UKRAINE, AT A STATE SUPERMARKET OPENING--

ONLY THE "WHOPPER" CAN SURVIVE A K.G.B. GRILLING!!

HEY, PAL!! I GOT A BUSINESS PROPOSAL FOR YOU!!

LISSEN, I'M IN THE EXPORT GAME.. BUY, SELL, BUY, SELL!!

WHADDYA SAY TO A LITTLE MERCHANDISING AGREEMENT?

I KNOW, YOU'RE A BIG HIT WITH THE YANCOOS BACK HOME!

YOU MUST BE A TIGHT END FOR THE A-TEAM! CAN I SIT ON NANCY REGAN'S LAP?

WHY IS THIS UKRAINIAN FONDLING MY INDEX FINGER?

CALL ME SHELF LIFE

ZIPPY'S RUSSIAN VISIT IS FINALLY OVER--

CHERNENKO WEARS MIS-MATCHED PLAIDS!!

LOOK AT THIS, WILL YA? YOU'RE SUMMONED TO THE WHITE HOUSE!

LIFE IS A POPULARITY CONTEST! I'M REFRESHINGLY CANDID!!

NEXT TIME WE INVITE A "TYPICAL AMERICAN WORKER"--

-- WE TALK TO HIS AGENT FIRST!!

LOOK AT THIS, WILL YA? YOU'RE SUMMONED TO THE WHITE HOUSE!

LIFE IS A POPULARITY CONTEST! I'M REFRESHINGLY CANDID!!

SOON--

I LIKE THE WAY YOU HANDLED THOSE CABBAGE-EATERS ZIPPY--

RON, RON, RON... DOO, RON, RON... PAPA DOO, RON, RON... MY PRESIDENT.

UH--

YOU SMELL LIKE OLD OATMEAL.

... I WANT TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS AMERICAN FREEDOM MEDAL-- FOR OUTSTANDING SERVICE TO--

HOLD IT! I THINK I JUST ENTERED THE WELFARE STATE!!

HMM--

LATER--

ZIPPY, YOU'VE GOT A STRONG VISUAL APPEAL. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE VICE PRESIDENT?

EDWIN, I WANT THIS COUNTRY TO ACHIEVE A \$5,632 PER SCREEN AVERAGE AS MUCH AS YOU DO!

WAIT A MINNIT, WISE GUY!!

SURE, HE'S GOT VISUAL APPEAL! HE'S ALSO GOT A MANAGER!! WE'RE HEAVIN' FOR THE TOP! COME NOVEMBER, YOU GUYS'LL BE WRITIN' YOUR MEMOIRS FOR SIMON 'n' SCHUSTER!

REPUBLICANS & MEAT!! TOO MUCH, TOO SOON, TOO FAST! THAT'S MY PLEDGE!

THE SITUATION DETERIORATES--

OFFER HIM HIS OWN SPACE STATION!!

MICHAEL! WE NEED YOUR SHYNESS, YOUR SEXUAL AMBIGUITY. HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE VICE PRESIDENCY?

WOULD I HAVE TO LEAVE HOME??

THAT SAME DAY, IN RYE, NEW YORK--

A TICKET IS BORN--

NEW LEADERSHIP, NEW GOALS, NEW COSMETIC SURGERY!!

ZIPPY FOR PRESIDENT!

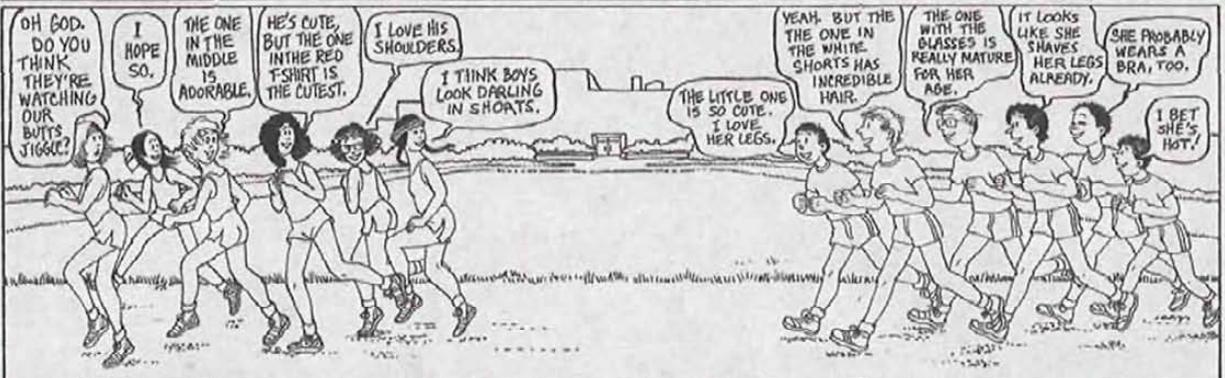
HOSTESS BAKERY

DITO

©1984 BILL GRIFFITH

NEXT MONTH: THE BIZ OF AMERICA IS SHOW BIZ!!

TROTS AND BONNIE



OH GOD. DO YOU THINK THEY'RE WATCHING OUR BUTTS JIGGLE?

I HOPE SO.

THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE IS ADORABLE.

HE'S CUTE, BUT THE ONE IN THE RED T-SHIRT IS THE CUTEST.

I LOVE HIS SHOULDERS.

I THINK BOYS LOOK DARLING IN SHORTS.

THE LITTLE ONE IS SO CUTE. I LOVE HER LEGS.

YEAH. BUT THE ONE WITH THE WHITE SHORTS HAS INCREDIBLE HAIR.

THE ONE WITH THE GLASSES IS REALLY MATURE FOR HER AGE.

IT LOOKS LIKE SHE SHAVES HER LEGS ALREADY.

SHE PROBABLY WEARS A BRA, TOO.

I BET SHE'S HOT!



THE ONE IN THE BLUE SHORTS LOOKS LIKE A FABULOUSLY NICE PERSON.

YOU CAN HAVE HIM. I WANT THE ONE WITH THE BIG FEET.

I CRAVE THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE... HE'S THE CUTEST BOY I'VE EVER SEEN. I'D DIE IF I CAN'T BE HIS BEST FRIEND.

I'D SETTLE FOR A LOT OF HUGGING AND TONGUE KISSING.

OH WOW. YEAH.

LET'S LET THEM CATCH UP TO US SO WE CAN SEE IF THEY'RE WEARING SOCKSTRAPS.

I'M IN LOVE. SHE'S SO PERFECT. I BET HER FARTS EVEN SMELL GOOD.

I'VE GOT TO HAVE THE LITTLE ONE. I'M GOING TO ASK HER OUT.

NOT IF I GET TO HER FIRST.

DO YOU THINK THE BLONDE MIGHT LIKE ME?

YEAH. BUT SHE'S TOO TALL... I LIKE LOOKING DOWN ON A GIRL.

ME TOO.



OH NO! I CRIPPED MY NAIL POLISH.

YOU SHOULD ALWAYS USE AN UNDER COAT.

HAVE YOU TRIED "NAILS OF STEEL"? IT COMES WITH MATCHING HAIR SPRAY... "HAIR OF STEEL."

OH WOW, I GOTTA GET SOME. MY HAIR'S SO FLY-AWAY IN THIS WEATHER.

MINE TOO.

DO YOU HAVE A PERMANENT?

YEAH. INCREDIBLE. DID YOU SEE THAT 80-YARD T.D. BOMB ON MONDAY NIGHT?

DO YOU THINK THEY'LL GO TO THE PLAYOFFS?

ARE YOU GOING OUT FOR FOOTBALL NEXT YEAR?

SURE. YOU'RE GONNA SEE ME POUND THE PIG-SKIN INTO THE END ZONE.

I'LL BE WORKING THE SLEDS EXTRA HARD... I'M GONNA BE ALL-PRO SOMEDAY.



THEY LOOKED GOOD, BUT TOO BAD THEY'RE SUCH MEATBRAINS.

BOYS ARE SO BORING. ALL THEY TALK ABOUT IS THEIR DUMB SPORTS.

YEAH.

WHAT DO WE HAVE TO DO? STUDY FOOTBALL SCORES JUST TO TALK TO THEM?

DO YOU THINK IT WOULD BE WORTH IT?

I JUST DON'T THINK WE HAVE ANYTHING IN COMMON.

ICK. NAIL POLISH!

DO GIRLS THINK?

THEY'RE REALLY CUTE, BUT THEY'RE IMPOSSIBLE TO TALK TO.

IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYWAY. THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT US.

THEY ONLY LIKE HIGH SCHOOL MEN.

BITCHES

©84 SHARY FLENNIKEN

Politenessman

TO SERVICE CITIZENS FROM THE NORTH TO THE SOUTH: PLEASE DO USE A FAVOR, LEAVE YOUR TEETH IN YOUR MOUTH!

Panel 1 (Top Left): A DOMESTIC DISPUTE IS IN PROGRESS. **SMASH!** (Illustration of a man in a suit smashing a woman's face with a mallet.)

Panel 2 (Top Middle-Left): MARIA! DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU WITH HOWARD HUGHES'S BASTARD SON AGAIN! **HELP!** **SOB! SOB!** (Illustration of a man in a suit chasing a woman who is crying.)

Panel 3 (Top Middle-Right): **BOOM! BOOM!** **QUIET UP THERE!** (Illustration of a man in a suit shouting and holding a mallet.)

Panel 4 (Top Right): **SHADDUP DOWN THERE!** **STOMP! STOMP!** (Illustration of a man in a suit stomping on a woman.)

Panel 5 (Middle Left): AIR YOUR COMPLAINTS AT A TIME OTHER THAN IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE. IT MAY HAVE A SOBERING EFFECT! **STOMP!** (Illustration of a man in a suit talking to a woman who is stomping.)

Panel 6 (Middle Middle-Left): POLITENESSMAN, THIS IS THE GUY UPSTAIRS, THANKS FOR GIVING OUR NEIGHBOR SUCH GOOD ADVICE... WE FOUND A WAY TO MUFFLE THE SOUND OF OUR FIGHTS! **GOOD! CARPETING?** (Illustration of a man in a suit talking on a telephone.)

Panel 7 (Middle Middle-Right): **NO! RUNNING WATER!** **OH, FLUSH IT AGAIN, SAM!** **KA-SPLOSH!** (Illustration of a man in a suit talking to a woman who is flushing a toilet.)

Panel 1 (Top Left): **POPULAR PROBLEMS** © 1984 RON HAUGE. O.K., WHO CAN TELL ME WHAT A GERUND IS? **GERUND.** (Illustration of a man pointing to a chalkboard.)

Panel 2 (Top Right): ANYBODY? WHAT'S A GERUND? **ZZZZZZ** (Illustration of a man sleeping in a classroom.)

Panel 3 (Bottom Left): MR. KRAMER, MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO ANSWER. **ZZZZZZ** (Illustration of a man sleeping in a classroom.)

Panel 4 (Bottom Right): **MR. KRAMER!!** PLEASE DON'T CUT MY DICK OFF, MR. HITLER! **SMACK!** (Illustration of a man shouting at a sleeping man.)

Mimi Pond, FRONT
GIRL REPORTER

I MADE A MAN OUT OF

Michael Jackson

LAST MONTH: JACKIE ONASSIS AND I BECAME THE BEST OF FRIENDS. SHE PROMISES TO FIX ME UP WITH MICHAEL JACKSON, WHOSE BOOK SHE IS EDITING.

MICHAEL NEEDS SOMEONE STRONG—SOMEONE LIKE YOU, MIMI!



MICHAEL AND I HIT IT OFF IMMEDIATELY, EVEN THOUGH HE LOOKED... DIFFERENT IN PERSON.

I just love Hello Kitty, don't you? UH-SURE, MICHAEL.



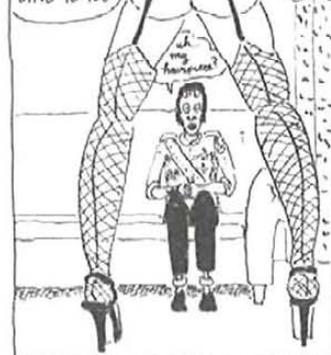
I COULD SENSE THAT MICHAEL HAD NEEDS, WANTS—HE WAS JUST SHY.

Can we watch E.T. again? MICHAEL THAT WAS THE FOURTH TIME.



HE WAS INEXPERIENCED, BUT QUICK TO LEARN.

MICHAEL, WHAT DOES THIS LOOK LIKE TO YOU?



WHAT FOLLOWED WAS HEAVEN ON EARTH.

Let's read this copy of "The Watchtower" instead! NO, NO, MICHAEL, COME HERE.



AS THE CLOCK STRUCK MIDNIGHT, THOUGH, MICHAEL MYSTERIOUSLY FLED FROM MY ARMS—FOREVER.

This Never happened to the Little Prince!



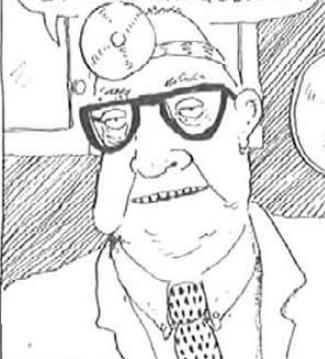
DEVASTATED, I ROAMED THE STREETS FOR DAYS WITHOUT FOOD OR SLEEP.

MICHAEL, SING "BEN" AGAIN. YOU KNOW IT'S MY FAVORITE....



FRIENDS FINALLY FORCED ME TO SEE A DOCTOR.

MISS POND, YOU SEEM TO BE PERFECTLY HEALTHY, BUT I DO HAVE ONE QUESTION.



AT LAST I KNEW... MICHAEL HAD LEFT ME WITH A TOKEN OF A LOVE THAT COULD NEVER BE.

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?



**FAMOUS
COMIC
ARTISTS
SCHOOL**
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 715

S & M

IN TODAY'S KINKY WORLD,
THE COMIC ARTIST WHO CAN'T
DEPICT S & M IS BEATEN
BEFORE HE STARTS
(PARDON THE EXPRESSION).
STUDY THE ILLUSTRATIONS
CAREFULLY AND PRACTICE
UNTIL YOUR S & M IS
UNBEATABLE.

S

S

M

M

ANTARCTIC JOURNAL

BY PCVEY

MARCH 16, 10:15 AM.

WHERE'S THE
SCOTCH?

TOP SHELF...
TO YOUR RIGHT.

WHERE'S THE
ICE?

HA HA HA!!

HA! HA!
HA!

**Aunt Mary's
KITCHEN** M.K. BROWN © 1984

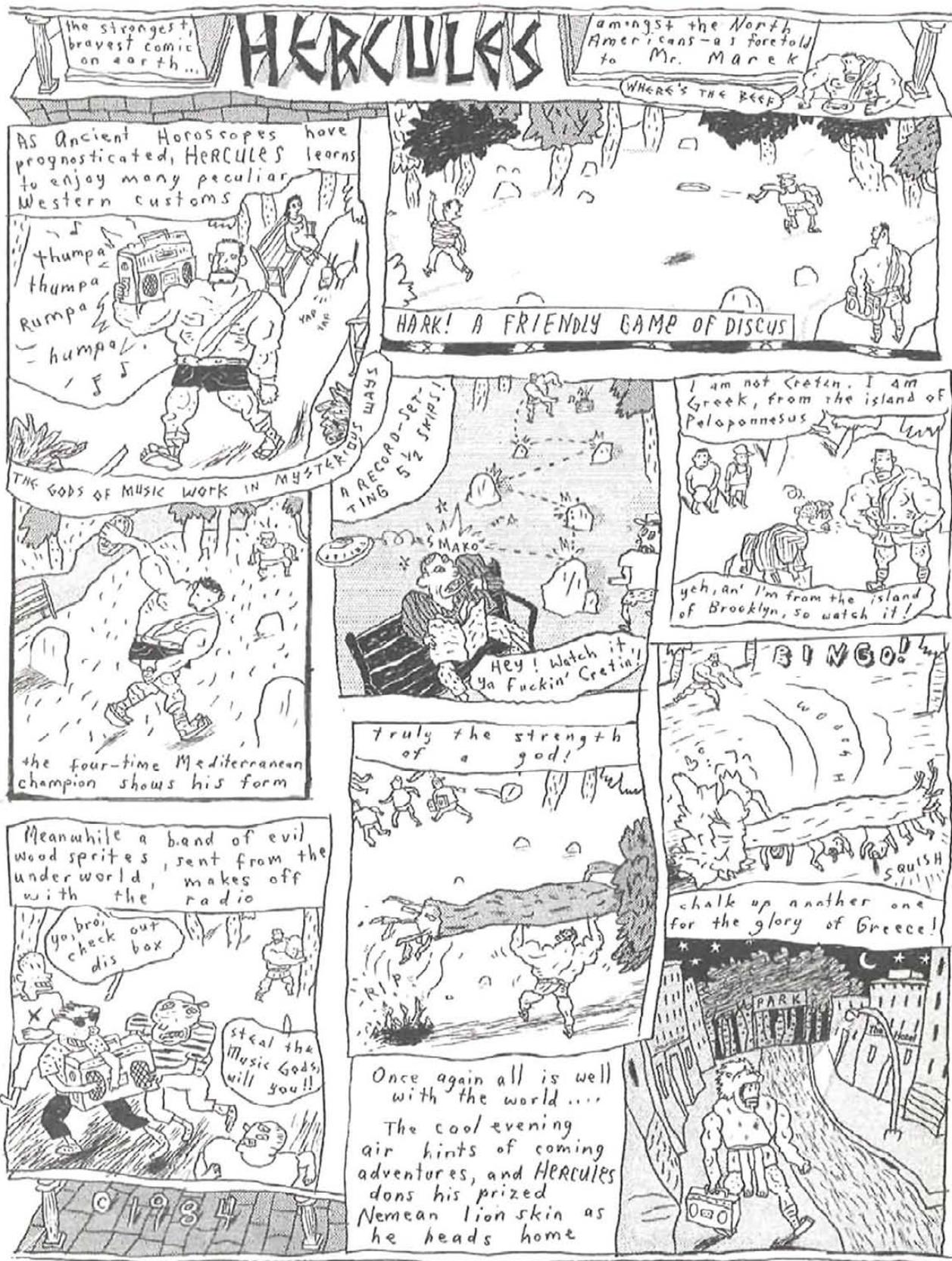
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I AM
COMING TO YOU LIVE FROM DOWNTOWN
CENTER BLVD, WHERE TEN MINUTES
AGO A HUGE SILVER SPACESHIP APPEARED
IN THE SKY! IS IT REAL? IS IT A HOAX?
WE'LL SEE IN A
MOMENT AFTER
THIS BRIEF
MESSAGE!



MEANWHILE, AUNT MARY IS DRIVING HOME IN HER 1941
CHRYSLER "ROYAL" COUPE WITH THE ODD SENSATION THAT
ALL OF THIS HAS HAPPENED ONCE BEFORE.



NEXT MONTH: WHO CAN SAY?



the strongest, bravest comic on earth...

HERCULES

amongst the North Americans - as foretold to Mr. Marek

WHERE'S THE BEEF?

AS Ancient Horoscopes prognosticated, HERCULES have learns to enjoy many peculiar Western customs

thumpa
thumpa
Rump
- humpa

THE GODS OF MUSIC WORK IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS

HARK! A FRIENDLY GAME OF DISCUS

I am not Cretan. I am Greek, from the island of Peloponnesus

yea, an' I'm from the island of Brooklyn, so watch it!

A RECORD-SETTING 5 1/2 SKIPS!

HEY! Watch it, Ya Fuckin' Cretin!

BINGO!

the four-time Mediterranean champion shows his form

Truly the strength of a god!

Meanwhile a band of evil wood sprites, sent from the underworld, makes off with the radio

bro, you check out dis box

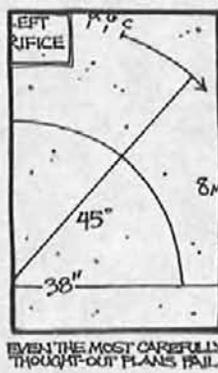
steal the Music Gods, will you!!

chalk up another one for the glory of Greece!

Once again all is well with the world...

The cool evening air hints of coming adventures, and HERCULES dons his prized Nemean lion skin as he heads home

FUNNY PAGES



TIMBERLAND TALES

by B.K. Taylor



MANY AFRICAN AND INDIAN SOCIETIES STILL PRACTICE THE ANCIENT RITUAL OF CIRCUMCISION TO INTRODUCE THE YOUNG ADOLESCENT MALES OF THE TRIBE INTO MANHOOD. FOR MAURICE, THE YOUNG INDIAN BOY, THIS IMPORTANT TIME HAS ARRIVED, AND HE HAS BEEN SUMMONED BY THE TRIBAL MEDICINE MAN.

THE CEREMONY BEGINS WITH A DRINK OF FERMENTED HERBS TO DULL THE SENSES. THE RITE IS PERFORMED BY THE BLIND HOLY MAN OF THE NEARBY RESERVATION, WHILE THE LAOS DOO, FOAMY, LOOKS ON.

DRINK, MY SON, AND BE ONE WITH YOUR PAST.

NEXT, THE SERPENT PRAYER.

AH YAYA-YA AH YA MAUYA...

CAMP TOWN RACES FIVE MILE LONG, DOO DA DOO DA, BET MINE...

MAURICE! SILENCE! THIS IS A SACRED CEREMONY!

NOW, MY LITTLE ONE, REMOVE YOUR GARMENT, AND READY YOURSELF.

WHAT WE GOING TO DO? GURGLE!

OKEE DOKEE! READY!

THE IMPLEMENT MUST BE PREPARED...

BE CALM, I... WHY DO YOU REMAIN CLOTHED? SUCH MODESTY IS FOR A WOMAN! I MUST CHECK YOU, MY SON. NOW COUGH!

COUGH?

GRRR...

IT IS GOOD. WE WILL PROCEED... CLOSE YOUR EYES AND BITE ON THIS STICK.

TANK YOU!

YOU MUST BE BRAVE, LITTLE ONE...

'OU 'ET!

GRRR...

GROPING FOR MAURICE, THE BLOER MISTAKENLY GRASPS THE CEREMONIAL SNAKE.

AAUK!

IT IS AN OMEN! NEVER HAVE I KNOWN SUCH POWERS IN THE MANDOO OF A YOUNG BRAVE! I WILL MEET WITH THE TRIBAL COUNCIL - GO, CHOSEN ONE...

HAVING BEEN SPARED THE TRAUMA OF THE KNIFE, MAURICE AND FOAMY LEAVE, SOMEWHAT CONFUSED.

I'M DONT GET IT, DO YOU, FOAMY? SIGH!

CAMP TOWN RACES FIVE MILE LONG, DOO DA...

© 1994 B.K. Taylor

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34) want to have a talk with him about being police commissioner."

They wouldn't listen to me. They went and held a press conference, and claimed that I was trying to "fix" the appointments. The nerve of them!

Human beings. They never fail to disappoint you. That reminds me of another story.

2

Getting Rid Of Herman

ONE REASON I WAS ALL FOR THE APPOINTMENT of Herman Badillo as one of my deputy mayors was that he was Hispanic. Herman was a hard worker, charming, intelligent, and well-spoken—in short, the best kind of Hispanic.

The other reason was that Herman's wife was, in my book, his greatest asset. When Herman appeared in places where it paid to have a wife, and a good-looking wife, he brought her with him. But she knew enough not to be around when Herman was with me. She knew how I felt about women, and especially women married to guys I work with, with their horrid complexions, bad taste, terrible clothes, and inability to make good small talk at diplomatic receptions. I was tired of this kind of excess baggage, and glad that Herman wasn't lugging any of it around.

While Herman was serving as my deputy mayor, an important vote came up in the City Council having to do with appropriating extra city funds to fix several bridges leading into the Bronx that were in immediate danger of collapsing. Herman, speaking before the council, claimed that unless the bridges were fixed immediately, traffic into the Bronx would be severely impaired, and the area would suffer immediate economic loss.

I trotted up to the Bronx to inspect the damage, and in the course of things discovered that I could easily walk across most of the water that these bridges spanned. I called Herman and said, "I notice that many of your people 'South of the Border,' so to speak, are well acquainted with walking

across rivers for economic gain. I don't see why they can't do so in New York."

Herman was livid, and called a press conference. He called me a dumb ass, and I never forgot it. Speaking of dumb asses, though, I'm reminded of Herman's friend Bella Abzug.

The liberals in New York hate me, you know. They always have and they always will, because I refuse to go around being a crybaby like they are. When I made my suggestion to Herman, he called a number of his liberal, whiny friends so they could cry their crocodile tears together. One of them was Bella Abzug.

I have a theory about Bella and why she is so successful with liberals all over America. Liberals, by nature, find it hard to scare people and yell at them. So, whenever the liberals want to throw a scare into someone, they put Bella out in front like some kind of jack-o'-lantern. She's pretty scary herself, with her hats and ugly face and everything.⁶ And that's what Herman tried to do to me. He stuck Bella out in front of City Hall at night, with a candle in her hat, hoping that I would be scared. Well, I wasn't.

The next day I called Herman into my office and told him I wanted him to vote against the money for the bridges. He told me that he couldn't do it because of "moral, philosophical, ethical, social, religious, personal, and

political reasons," or words to that effect.

I decided I had to get tough with him. I told him that I would never tell him to vote on something he perceived to be a matter of conscience. On the other hand, it beat hell out of me to see how he could give a shit about this particular matter.

"I can use your help," I said, "and I'll make it worth your while."

During the middle of this whole problem, I had a call from Queens Borough President Donald Manes.⁷ He is one of those stupid politicians who insists on having his every small personal idiosyncrasy reinforced, and he wanted to talk about what he had been eating that day in the hope that I would approve of it. What a fool! Of course, I need his help in many matters and was incredibly nice to him on the phone, so he won't know what I thought about him until he reads this. Maybe it will change him. I hope so.

Things were really shaking around City Hall, and rumors began floating through the pressroom that I was going to fire Herman. Now, I had said nothing in public about firing Herman, although in private I had told him, in a meeting with several of my aides and while a guy was cleaning the ashtrays in my office, that "I am smarter than you, Herman, and you know it. I think

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 80)



"I'm sorry, sir, but I've got to ask you another question. I heard someone in the courtroom shout out the correct answer."

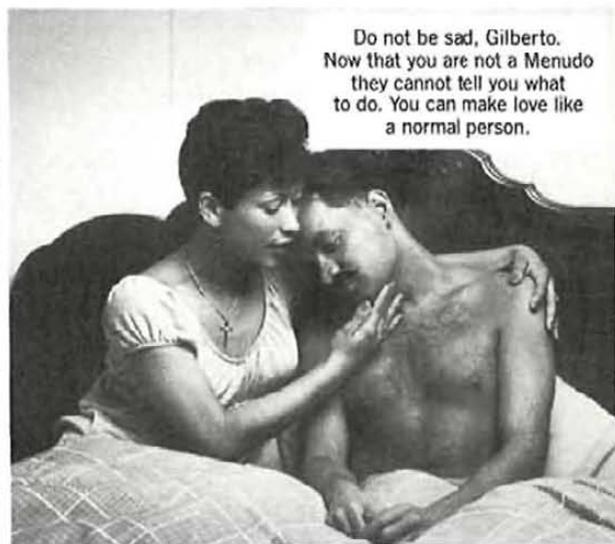
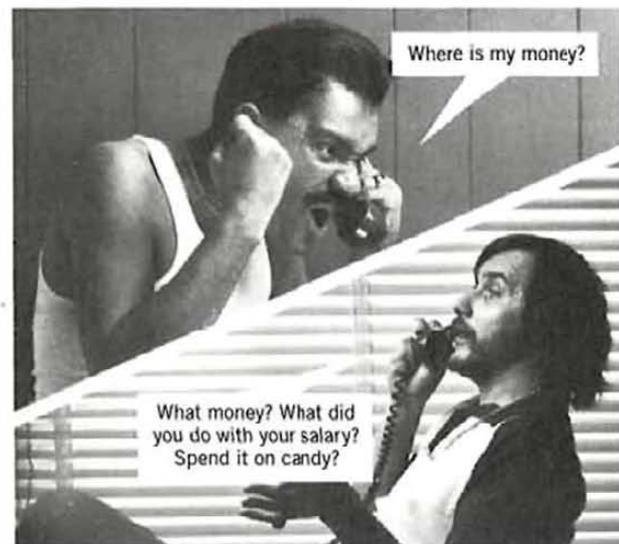
⁶ Bella is a pig, but I've always gotten along with her husband, Martin. He sneaks over to my apartment fairly often late at night to cry about what a witch he's married to.

⁷ Donald is incredibly fat. I went to eat with him one night in a Chinese restaurant. Believe me, I'll never make the same mistake again. What he can do to a sparerib would make you gag.

BY GERALDO RIVIERA

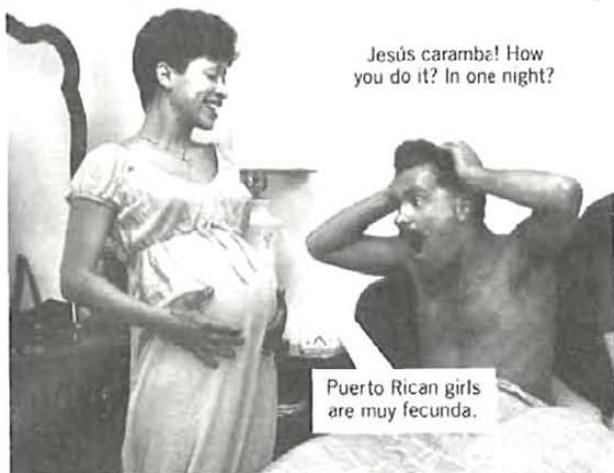
IS THERE LIFE AFTER MENUUDO?

A TRUE STORY



DAN NELSEN

THE NEXT MORNING.



Jesús caramba! How you do it? In one night?

Puerto Rican girls are muy fecunda.



Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay . . . Yo se esta mucho es verdad. Ay, ay, ay, ay . . .

Your voice is too deep, too scratchy. And you stink.

THE NEXT DAY.



This island suck. I go to New York and make it big! Wait a second. . . . You pregnant again?

You just have to look at me, my love. It is enough.



Hey, don't bullshit me, man. You no look like this Menudo. . . .

No, no, it is me. I am **Menudo!** I swear it! On my mother!

THAT EVENING.



It is no use. I cannot get a job. Go back, Margarita.

No. The babies and me, we stay. I love you, Gilberto.

IS THERE LIFE AFTER MENUDO?



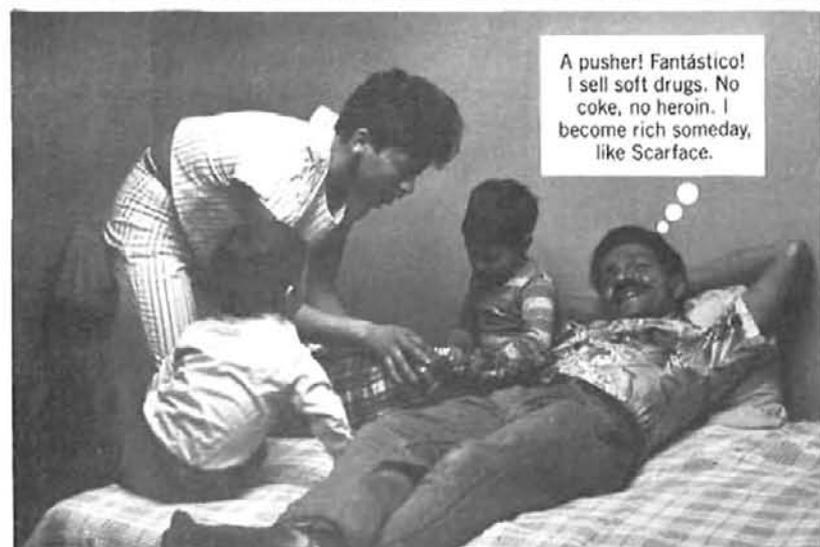
THE NEXT DAY. GILBERTO MAKES SOME NEW FRIENDS ON THE STREET.

Shit, I'll take any kind of job. I can't even get arrested in this town.

You want to bet?

My brother is a pusher. Maybe he get you a job.

He is a desperate character, but easily trusted.



A pusher! Fantástico! I sell soft drugs. No coke, no heroin. I become rich someday, like Scarface.



THE NEXT DAY.

This is a pusher? Pushing dresses like a maricón in the middle of traffic for a Jewish man who pays me under the minimum wage?



GILBERTO GOES TO SEE "THE MAN."

I'll do anything—sell nickel bags, run numbers . . . anything!

I'm sorry, kid. I like to help you, but we got a big waiting list. You think just anybody can get jobs like this? Fill out this form and I give you a call in a couple of months.

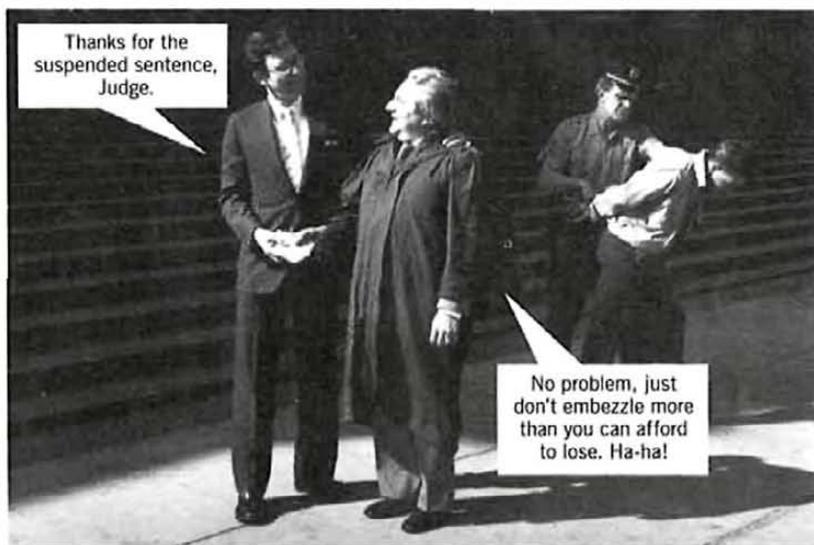


Gilberto, it's beautiful! But where did you get the money?

THAT EVENING.

Never mind, baby. I'm sick of this shit. I want to go out and have a good time!

IS THERE LIFE AFTER MENUDO?



(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75)

I am going to have to fire you."

William Safire of the *New York Times* called me and said, "King Ed, Your Highness, hath Liege Lord Badillo displeased you in any way?" Safire is very clever with words. I told him I could not comment on that. "Do you know how to play Wave Off?" he asked.

Wave Off is a game that newspapermen who think they are Woodward and Bernstein like to play. Basically, they tell you something, and you either say, "No," in which case they kill the story, or you say nothing, in which case they use the story but don't attribute it to you. It's a marvelous technique.

Unfortunately, at the time of that conversation, I had no idea what Wave Off was. I thought the *Times* was running a game like Wingo or Zingo. Well, this was very bad luck for Herman, but I won fifty dollars.

That night, while the *Times* was sealing Herman's doom, I took one more ride in my trailer up to the Bronx. Herman was driving, and Bobby Wagner, Jr. rode along with us. Bobby is the son of former Mare Wagner, and the owner of the worst teeth in New York City politics, but also a marvelous repository of New York information.

Well, Herman is a terrible driver. I

really got thrown around the trailer that night as he jerked and wobbled his way through New York. He made a point of seeking out some pretty wretched potholes, and also kept hanging out the car window, inviting junkies and other unsavory types to throw things at me. If this was his way of putting me in a good mood to reconsider my position, it wasn't working.

The next day the *Times* called for Herman's resignation, so I call Herman into my office again and we have a conversation that goes like this:

"Herman, it's not working. I am going to have to fire you. I have tried to find you another job and have called Albany and Washington, but to tell you the truth no one will have you. You are really a bad guy, and I'd like to be able to say that I'm sorry to see you go, but in fact I'm really glad about it."

I guess that's not a conversation, since Herman didn't get to say anything. But that was the end of that. Of course he wept—they all weep in the end. And he stood there, the nerve lines in his face (I was becoming quite a fine judge of nerve lines) in spasms, tears running out of his eyes. I said to him, "You'll feel better when the pus runs out," which, as it turns out, was true. Ask Herman, he'll agree with me. We are still good friends.

3

Carter? I Don't Want to Think About the Man!

IN LATE JULY OF 1980, JIMMY CARTER'S campaign for reelection⁸ was bleeding like a stuck pig. But I knew, in the midst of the blood and the sick, horrible stench of failure, I could reach in and pull out something for New York. I knew that by offering favors to Carter, by manipulating him in his hour of need, I could work it so that the entire city would benefit.⁹

Carter had come to New York for the Democratic National Convention. I was told by his aides that I could have some time with him as he traveled from the airport to the convention.

I met Carter at the airport, with Governor Hugh Carey and his wife, Engie. Engie is a Greek, a fine businesswoman, and I guess she's good for Hugh. She also has pores that practically drip grease. You'd think with all her money she'd get some kind of treatment for them.

When Carter landed, he greeted me coolly. He knew that I was planning to discuss some heavy-duty issues with him, most notably New York matters and the problems that the Nation of Horses had been having in the Middle East.

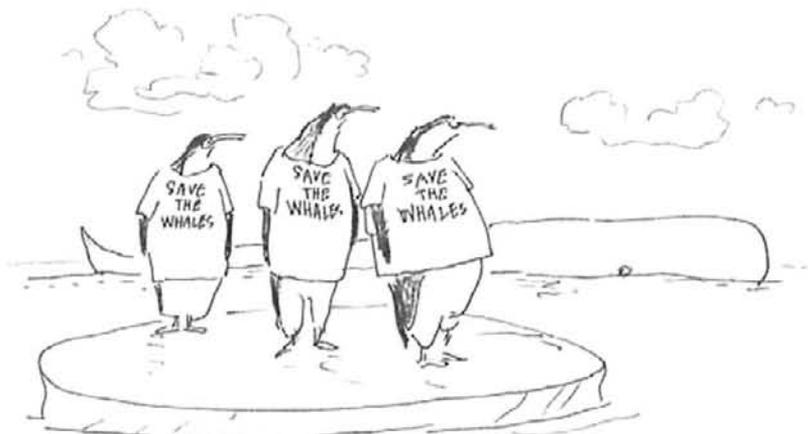
Carter walked from his plane to a nearby helicopter. That is when I panicked. This was just a few days after the aborted rescue mission in Iran. I would have to have been suicidal to want to get in a helicopter with him then. I balked and stood up on my hind legs, whinnying and neighing to beat the band. When they finally calmed me down, Carter agreed to ride to the convention with me.

Carter was very distracted on the ride into Manhattan and kept asking me how the citizens of Miami were going to vote. I had to remind him several times that we were in New York, not Miami. He said, "I see lots of horses here. Are you sure we're not in Miami?"

As long as we were on the subject, I questioned him on the Nation of Horses. First, I wanted to know just

⁸ I myself have been mentioned as a presidential candidate quite a few times by many influential leaders in the public and private sectors. I think I would make a great president, ranking with Roosevelt, Lincoln, and my personal favorite, Warren Harding. After I leave office as Mare, I plan to be president. I hope you're not scared.

⁹ People have called me a parasite and a blood-sucker. Hey, I do it for the city, not myself. Lay off, already.



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how much he knew about us. "What is a forelock?" I asked him. He didn't know. "What is the name for the ritual bath of menstruating horses?"¹⁰ I asked him. He didn't know. He kept waving to the crowd, but they didn't look too happy with him. Finally, I gave him an easy one. "Will the United States stop selling arms to the nations that are threatening the horses, or are we going to have to get tough with you?"

Carter promised me that the United States would never sell the horses out. Do you think I trusted him? No way! A few months later, when Carter was back making chairs in his home in Georgia, I asked Cyrus Vance, who had been Carter's secretary of state and was the best kind of WASPI I knew, if Carter would have sold out the horses in his second term.

"Sure he would have," Vance told me in complete confidence.

Since I got no satisfaction with Carter, I arranged to meet with President Reagan to try and make some deals there. This had nothing to do with my wanting to be on both the Republican and Democratic tickets when I ran for reelection as Mare. Not at all. So don't even think it.

Reagan agreed to meet me at "21" for lunch. Personally, this was an offensive choice to me, given the jockeys

outside "21," which have always upset me. But I went in anyway. We talked quite a bit about the meal we were eating, and about Nancy, and about other things. Finally, Reagan said to me, "We have to think about the statement we are going to make to the press. Let's tell them we talked about lots of very serious matters, and you are very satisfied with our discussion. Tell them it was *very, very* deep and serious."

I went outside and said to the press, "My head hurts! This lunch was very deep and serious. I need a nap."

After this, the Carter people were furious! "How can you do this?" they said. "We will give millions of dollars of federal aid to New York immediately if you will endorse the president and say his policy about the Nation of Horses is the best you've ever heard."

Well, Carter's policy about the horses was *not* the best I had heard. Carter didn't know *bubkes* about horses. Reagan *did*. He had said to me, "The best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse," and I knew he meant it.

So I went before the press and I said, "I endorse Carter." The press kept pushing me, and the people from the Democratic party wanted me to say more.

Now, you have to understand, anytime someone asks me to do some-

thing, I think, Well, I am going to do whatever I want to do. So I stomped my hooves, shook my mane, and whinnied. I told them I thought that Carter was doing the best job he could given that he was handicapped by being a scum-licking cracker.

Carter, for some reason, just didn't like this remark when it got back to him and immediately summoned me to Washington. I went down there, feeling that I was in a good position to really twist his arm and get more money for New York.

Carter was disoriented. He kept asking me how Miami was going to vote. When I returned to New York, I wasted no time exercising my First Amendment rights.

"He won't give us the money," I said. "He thinks New York is Miami. He is stupid about horses. You'd be making a big mistake voting for him in this election, unless you're a Democrat, because Democrats should always vote with their party, unless they think differently."

I knew I had to be a diplomat on that one, so I really played both sides. It was good for New York, I thought.

I guess when it finally comes down to it, this guy Carter didn't make much of a difference to this country or this city. We're well rid of him, and Herman Badillo, too.¹¹

4

How I'm Doin'

I LOVE BEING MARE OF NEW YORK. THERE are few, if any, regrets I have about my term here. Well, there is one person, a reporter for a large daily newspaper here, a woman, who writes three times a week for the *New York Daily News*, who can print *my* name anytime she wants in her vile, condescending column, who really bothers me.¹² But I won't play her game by sinking to this kind of name-calling. But it's people like her who ruin my hard work at making America love New York again.

When I became Mare of New York, we were on the brink of bankruptcy. We were a national joke. Now I am Mare, and America loves us. It's because of me. The famous Mr. Ed. ■

¹⁰ It's called a *mikva*, spelled the same way as the alderman from Chicago. I know a lot of horse words. It helps around election time.

¹¹ I can't stress enough what a scumbag Herman Badillo is. He's really the worst. God, I hate him. What a fucking asshole.

¹² I'm talking about Beth Fallon.



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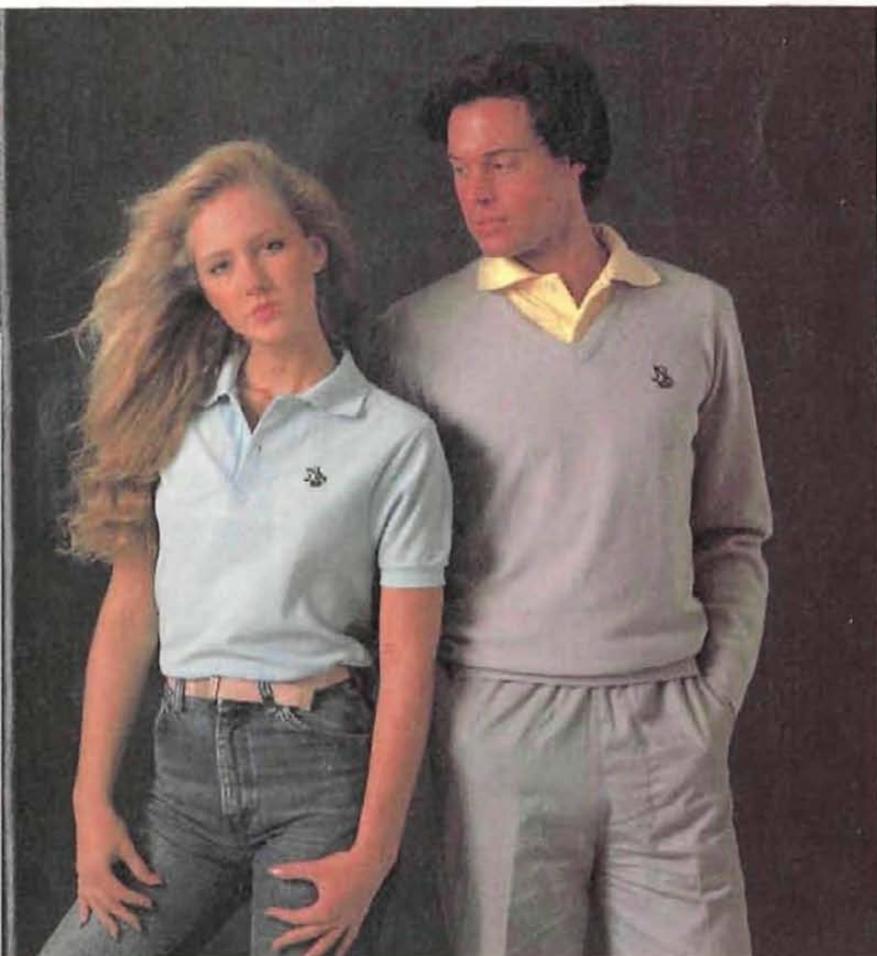
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THE BAD DELI IS HERE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66) had connections, or what. We explained that we just waited for the cleaning ladies to unlock the editorial offices at eleven and then we snuck in and raided their Rolodexes and private files. "Don't have to tell me," said Morgan. "Over Christmas I'm with this girl Laurie Donna Wichie at her father's? And I open up this closet and there's just bahxes of ole taks, all the fash'nable narreh kind, too. So I just helped mahself. I mean, shit. It's not like he's so well-dressed he'll miss 'em."

THIRTEEN

"YOU GAHS KNOW P. J. O'ROURKE AT THE *National Lampoon*?" Morgan asked. No, we said. "He's some gah, y'know? I'm with this, like, muh girlfriend, she's like? Lydia Marsha Vessy? Anyway, and P. J.'s tellin' us the stuff they were gonna print in the *National Lampoon* but somebody squashed it? It's, like, so much better'n the stuff they do print." Some weirdo had answered our ad with a blurry photo of a bound and naked elderly couple being prodded toward a furnace. It had been (pre-) captioned "Sending My Parents to Hell, Tourist Class." Morgan grabbed

it. "Gahd! Can P. J. see this?"

FOURTEEN

CHRIS THOUGHT I WAS GETTING "bogged down" in the manuscript. We should make use of him, he reminded us. He was a "resource." To prove it, he took a long, complicated piece home for the weekend. He returned it spotless, except for one discreet flag: "A Vuitton purse with Gucci shoes? Think not."

FIFTEEN

I THINK WE WERE FAIR TO JUST ABOUT everyone who worked on *JF*. We cut most of them in on the profits, or repeated their fees after so many books, and sometimes we sweetened people's deals and just sent them another check. I mean, *out of the blue*. A lot of people who worked on *JF* were cut in on the profits and never even knew they were cut in on the profits and still don't know about it to this day. Sean Kelly, for instance. It wasn't a big part of our negotiating posture—you know, you work for me for buttons but we'll all clean up down the road. We rarely did that. *Sometimes* we did that. But rarely. We just threw it in. Our break-even

was eighty thousand books in a house that was still printing its books on a Letra-Set in the basement of a grammar school, and we're walking around as if we have all the integrity in town. Fine. I am setting this down because we screwed Lenny and Squiggy. They wouldn't do any rewrites because their friends said the piece was hilarious the way it was. I said, "My friends think it could use a little work." They stopped returning messages. Then their lawyer called up and said they wanted a royalty and a lot of free books—"assorted titles." I should have just sent their lousy piece back to them but Dell wanted them in the book, so we screwed them instead. John Farago told their lawyer we'd repeat their fee (three hundred or so) *every million and a half books*. And the offer made them delirious. They were TV guys. A mil and a half was like a 2 share! Their show pulled at least a 40 every week! They saw their fee multiplied twenty times, plus syndication. They figured they'd made another killing. This is not my favorite type of story about myself. This is an our-lawyer-is-smarter-than-your-lawyer story. I prefer stories where we are downtrodden and endearing and



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almost triumph and don't but get our licks in, and this is not one of those. This is something else entirely. I'm sorry, but there it is. Would it help if I told you that for two and a half years of work we received one \$3.60 royalty check and I think it was a bookkeeping error? It's not helping, is it?

SIXTEEN

SUPPOSE THAT STORY WAS ABOUT Alan Alda?

SEVENTEEN

THIS WAS DELL PUBLISHING IN 1980: There was a pimp working out of the fourth-floor art department. He was on excellent terms with top editors. Note to Dell's lawyers: Don't even think about it. I have at least two sources, and they'll testify. Sorry, guys.

EIGHTEEN

ONCE I ASKED MORGAN IF HE WAS READING anything good. He lit up. "Gahd, yeh," he said. "This first novel? It's got, like, evruhthin'. Got a great plah. Char'cters. Ah can't put it down." You bidding against any other houses, I asked? Morgan shrugged. "Ah may not bid on it at all. Ah mean, the thing's almost two thousand pages long in manuscript. Kin you imagine the editin' job on a book like that?"

NINETEEN

WHENEVER MORGAN HAD TO TAKE lunch at his desk he'd go out and ask his assistant, "Which is the bad deli again?"

TWENTY

ONE WEEK CHRIS'S WORD WAS "EXPOSURE." The book was going to get great exposure. The house needed more exposure. David and I had to get the maximum exposure. The next week his word was "craftsman."

TWENTY-ONE

JONNY WAS A STUDENT OF DELL'S GLORY days. Just before he went into the hospital he said, "When you're really successful here, they show you the secret room where they keep the old comic books." Then he almost checked out. We would visit him in the hospital with armfuls of ancient *Uncle Scrooges* (acquired on Ninth Avenue), shouting, "They love the book, they love the book!"

TWENTY-TWO

I ASKED EVERYBODY WHAT THEY thought went wrong with *Junk Food*, apart from Dell, Martha, Chris, Morgan, and sunspot activity leaving us vulnerable to Red Kryptonite. I think the answers are informative. David Rollert: "It's a book about packaged America that fell prey to its own packaging. And then was repackaged by Dell as something else." John Farago: "Humor books aren't bought by people, but for people. We always assumed the reader would be the buyer. But people who can afford to buy humor books aren't very funny. They have to be told what's funny. Everyone kept looking for our lafftrack. We said, 'It's

better if you supply it yourself,' and we were right, but wrong. *The Official Preppy Handbook* has a lafftrack." Rick Stark: "We were making our readers work too hard, and they just ran out of patience. We devoted thirty pages to a World's Fair satire and never told the reader it had to be read chronologically from page one." Jonny Etra: "People who like humor, subtle, vital humor, don't have any money and buy magazines or guns."

TWENTY-THREE

A FRIEND WAS UNIMPRESSED BY THE success of *The Official Preppy Handbook*. He knew Lisa Birnbach from temple. He said her family talked incessantly through the service and wouldn't stand up to let you get past them.

TWENTY-FOUR

I GET THE FEELING THAT HUMOR IS DYING again. That all those humor books in B. Dalton last Christmas were not a good sign. That original humor books have been wiped out by the awful parodies and now the parodies are wiping out each other. That humor is, somehow, the death of humor. Why is parody suddenly considered the pinnacle of the humorist's art? Because humor that creates is beyond the ken of most editors. They prefer parody that recreates, in most cases the images of their flabby lives: being preppy, dressing for success.

TWENTY-FIVE

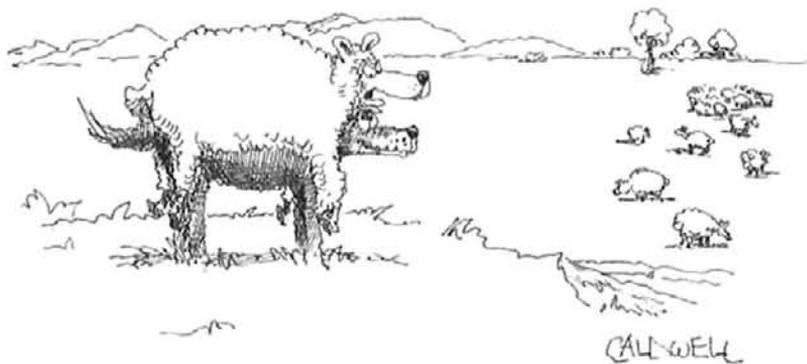
MARTHA HAD MADE US A REASONABLY fair offer to do *Junk Food* and we took it. Before leaving Dell, she got us an additional advance. Sometimes we considered her a friend, and sometimes she acted like one. She'll probably be hurt by this article because I was her favorite. But I don't care anymore. I cared once. And once is plenty. It still hurts.

TWENTY-SIX

ANDREW ZIMMERMAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR: "You know, I always have *Junk Food* ideas now that I don't need them."

TWENTY-SEVEN

I MET A FAMOUS OLD WRITER WHO TOLD me what was wrong with publishing. He said that in the old days you could write a book and go to a party and someone would fuck you for your book. But nowadays, you've got to fuck them just to get your book published. "And that," he said, "is why nobody reads anymore." ■



"Remember, I'm only doing this one time. After that, you give me the negatives, leave town, and I never have to look at your ugly puss again!!!"

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

Sirs:

I'm the oldest man of the village, so Council ask me to write faster than Larso the Eagle to ask you the ways of insurance. We of Bogo hear much of the great ways of Casualty and Fire Protection, as well as the wonders of Auto Insurance, Auto being like Jund the Quick Cat with rounded block of wood attached to his sides.

Mizzle
Bogo

Sirs:

A placemark for two boulders.
One Use for a Dead Dog
Big "NL" in the Sky

Sirs:

Here's what I can't figure out. People are always getting injuries from strenuous activity—like pulled muscles or torn hamstrings. But what about animals? Does a tiger ever suffer a groin pull? Does a giraffe ever get a migraine? Does a hippopotamus ever get stomach cramps?

A Curious Guy
At the zoo

Sirs:

When I go on vacation, I like to go fishing. I got to wondering where fish go on vacation. Do they visit distant lakes? See their friends who live in aquariums? Travel standby on some sort of bizarre undersea transportation system?

Catfish Smith
Roxboro, N.C.

Sirs:

Paul is dead, Paul is dead. Whoops... oh fook.

John Lennon
Heaven

Sirs:

Do you think the U.S. should just sit around and do nothing while a bunch of goddamn foreigners claiming "diplomatic immunity" figure they can do anything they want in our country and get away with it? Do you think that just because they happen to be ambassadors or the like the Russians should be allowed to openly shoplift in our stores as if their stupid-ass revolution had finally come to the U.S. and abolished private property, or that the Brazilians can get off shooting American citizens in D.C. discos while repressive gun-control laws make it more difficult for Americans to shoot back? Well, I for one don't. It's about time we Amer-

icans decided to fight fire with fire, and that's the reason I've appointed two hundred members of the Hell's Angels motorcycle club to be official U.S. goodwill ambassadors to the world, a post that will grant them full diplomatic immunity from prosecution should they happen to run amok in downtown Moscow or gang-rape Miss Brazil or stomp on a few Iranian religious leaders or even just smash the windshields and urinate on the upholstery of illegally parked vehicles with diplomatic license plates near the U.N., because I figure why not give the job to some people who are going to make the most of it and have a bit of fun at the expense of a lot of stupid foreigners rather than to a bunch of pointy-headed State Department "career diplomats" who wouldn't know a tire iron if you hit them over their pointy heads with one, which, come to think of it, isn't a bad idea.

Ronald Reagan
The White House

Sirs:

Are we allowed to make up funny typos? Like this one: "He escaped by jumping through an open widow." Could I send that to you and pretend I saw it in the *New York Times* or

someplace like that? It's not as if you're the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Ted Derf
Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

Did you know that *The Flying Nun* is based on an actual nun who really lived? Of course she wasn't as good-looking as Sally Field and could only stay airborne for maybe ten or twenty seconds at a time, but I still think that's pretty fucking interesting.

Sister Teresa Gleason
Convent, Ky.

Sirs:

Go ahead. Make my lunch.
Clint Eastwood
At the deli counter

Sirs:

People say that dogs are like humans. That's absurd. Dogs have no understanding of human nature. My girlfriend has this pet St. Bernard. Whenever we're trying to make love, the dog gets into bed with us. Now, everybody knows if you get into bed with two naked people, you just can't lie there and drool.

Chuck Vincent
Los Angeles, Calif.



CONTEST #34



The movie-critic throw was a big hit at a recent experimental Olympics.

Here's a Gold Medal Opportunity!

WE AT THE NATIONAL LAMPPOON, the magazine that laughs with the athletes, not at them, are proud to present to you, next month, our special August issue, devoted exclusively to the Summer Games. We really believe in the spirit of the Olympics, as best typified by the great Finnish runner Paavo Nurmi, who exclaimed, "It sure beats

working for a living, yah."

The modern Olympics were first held in 1896. Since then the world has undergone quite a few changes, while the Games remain remarkably consistent. Oh, the zeppelin pulls and the fifty-meter wog drop have disappeared, but little else has changed. Where are the new events of strength, speed, and skill befitting a new, modern era? Why, around here somewhere, you may fittingly proclaim, after sending in your entry. Send a Polaroid of the new event, along with a brief description.

My new event for the Olympics is:

Here is my photo and description. I hope for the next contest I am not required to send in an animal head.

Send to: Bulky Contest
National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

OUTERWEAR RIOT!



Nothin' says tovin' 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 word-fall of entries heretofore undreamed of, at least by common houseplants.

Desert dandy!
"Charles, Charles, if only you didn't cook with water from the Rio Grande." That's what fans of Charles Maestas of Espanola, New Mexico, will be saying when they see him sweat into his new National Lampoon jacket, sent with a smile for winning Contest #30.

GEORGE MIKEY ALL STARTS 8 PM
JON AND ROY SOLD OVER BY
CULTURE CLUB CLUB OUT 10 30 PM

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