

Hi, I'm Natalie Lamp, spokesperson. This is a collector's item.
It's the last issue before the new...

Dec. 1984

\$2.00

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

The Humor Magazine for Adults



In This Issue:
The X-Women
Dune Parody
Rejected Xmas Covers



SPOKESPERSON

SINCE 1838



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**Peppermint
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just slightly ahead of our time.

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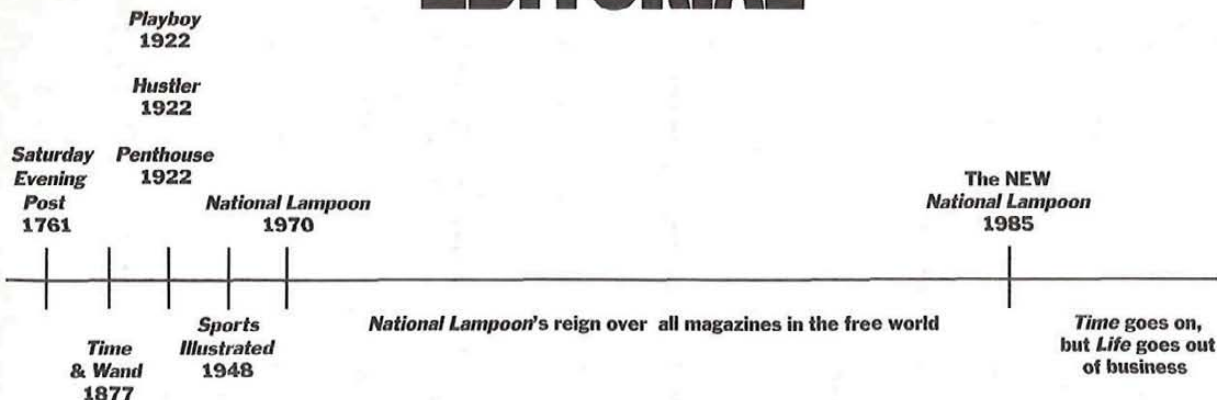
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EDITORIAL



Important Dates in the History of American Magazines

June 12, 1761 Benjamin Franklin, an itinerant street peddler and the inventor of the Sony Walkman, establishes the *Saturday Evening Post*, introducing the one-box cartoon and the first right-wing editorial.

October 8, 1877 Henry Luce, a nine-year-old Latvian immigrant who cannot read or write, creates *Time* magazine, the world's first news magazine. In later years, Luce will also establish *Life*, *Fortune*, *Sports Illustrated*, *People*, and *Wand*, the first news magazine for homosexuals.

April 10, 1922 America discovers *Playboy*.

April 11, 1922 *Penthouse* discovers *Playboy*.

April 12, 1922 *Hustler* discovers *Penthouse*.

March 1, 1970 Two brilliant young Harvard undergraduates meet two aged New York furriers in a subterranean bar in Boston's Scully Square and decide to publish the *National Lampoon*.

April 1, 1970 The two brilliant young Harvard undergraduates and the two aged New York furriers publish the first *National Lampoon*. Within seventy-two hours it becomes the world's most widely read humor magazine. The *New York Times* says it happened because of "a combination of subtle wit, tastefulness, and Henny Youngman jokes."

April 1, 1970 Henny Youngman

sues. And wins.

October 11, 1976 Rupert Murdoch, Australia's leading American journalist, buys *New York* magazine and immediately wins the Pulitzer Prize for his first journalistic coup. He introduces "Maggo," the first weekly magazine lottery.

June 15, 1984 *Penthouse* makes magazine history by becoming the first magazine ever to show a picture of a reigning Miss America with her tongue up another girl's ass. Publisher Robert Guccione wins Franklin-Luce Award for News Reporting and Incisive Photography.

September 15, 1984 The *National Lampoon*, after fifteen years of publishing the world's most widely read humor magazine with the same format, the same columns, and the same overall look, announces that beginning with its January issue it will publish twelve completely different issues each year; each will have a different format and there will be no regular columns, features, etc. No American magazine has ever done that before.

December 15, 1984 The *National Lampoon* publishes its first NEW issue, January's "Good Clean Sex" issue. The world is shocked by its revealing pictures and salty language, not to mention its suggestive text. Hefner, Guccione, Larry Flynt, and Al Goldstein sue. The *NEW National Lampoon* (as in the *NEW*, improved *Crest*),

still America's leading humor magazine but with a startling new look and approach, makes a sensational debut.

The look will be different. The approach will be different. One thing will remain constant.

At some point, at some time, someone will sue. —M. S.

Cover: This month's grotesquerie was conceived by Matty "Let Me Paint Her" Simmons and Peter "No, I'm the Creative Director, Let Me Paint Her" Kleinman. It was painstakingly photographed with a Nikon Quickmatic, using a telephony 6000 lens (three-element Teflon-coated) and complimentary Oooji 37mm film. It was then rephotographed by eye and developed by memory at Big-Time Printers near Lake Moosecocka in Winnebagel. Ronald "Gee, I Studied Art!" Harris then shot a duplicate in his studio, and we ended up using his. The model, Ellen "No, You Asshole, I'll Paint Myself" Michaels, was very cooperative and understanding. We can't imagine why she doesn't return any of our calls. Well, that's people for ya. Try to make someone famous and she spits in your face. Don't worry, Ellen, the paint can said it lasts only about two or three seasons.—P. K.

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Employee of the Month



Diane Giddis:

Diane is the first Employee of the Month to have arrived at this honor through blackmail. "I'm not going to copy edit another word of this magazine unless you make me Employee of the Month," she threatened. "I've been editing this department for months now—as well as all the other departments, of course—and I'm tired of reading about the virtues of my fellow employees. Besides, they've all been fired. I'm the only one left. My time has come." "But, Diane," we protested, "nobody knows what a copy editor does. What do you do, anyway?" "Never mind," she answered, "I don't have the space to go into it. We have to lose three lines as it is."

Actually, Diane is responsible for maintaining the high standards of literacy for which the *NatLamp* is famous. She knows, as few in this office do, the difference between "like" and "as," "that" and "which." And, though a staunch feminist, she has never let her professional aplomb falter, even when confronted month after month with the most blatant male supremacist propaganda this side of *Hustler*. "Just as long as the copy is clean" is Diane's motto, and she'll go to any lengths to see that it is, telephoning the typesetter in upstate New York at three a.m. to make sure he's made that page-number correction. "Copy editing is the invisible art," Diane says bitterly. "You only get acknowledged for your mistakes. But," she adds, brightening, "at least it's acknowledgment." So keep those cards and letters coming. They make one small, gallant copy editor feel a little less lonely in her crusade to stamp out solecisms, typos, and drug-induced incoherence from the thousands of words you read here every month.—D. G.

Advertising Offices: New York: The Patis Group, 1 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, (212) 680-8400, Rick Edman; Midwest: The Guestliner Company, River Plaza, Suite 4509, 405 N. Wabash, Chicago, Ill. 60611, (312) 670-6800, Joseph Guenther; West Coast: The Patis Group, 1800 N. Highland Avenue, Hollywood, Calif. 90028, (213) 462-2700, Anita Crane; South: Brown & Company, 5110 Roosevelt Road, Marietta, Ga. 30067, (404) 998-7899, Byron Brown.

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LETTERS

Sirs:

I wouldn't want to live in a White House anyway.

The Reverend Jesse
"Wait till '88" Jackson
Saudi Arabia
Tent #1600

Sirs:

It is said that the early bird catches the worm. The early bird has also been known to catch a rock in the head for waking me up at six in the morning with its stupid chirping.

David Later Man
Snoozeland

Sirs:

Here is my secret recipe for a light lunch:

- 1 cup shredded carrots
- 1/4 cup grated provolone cheese
- 1/4 cup low-fat unsalted margarine
- 1/2 tablespoon unsweetened pineapple juice
- 1/2 pint low-fat yogurt or tofu
- 2 slices melba toast
- 1 1/4-ton water buffalo roasted on a spit in its own juices

Place water buffalo on long spit made from truck axle; cook violently over huge open flaming pit for three hours. Rotate slowly for duration, and disembowel when hide tightens. After cooking, place water buffalo between two pieces of melba toast and give the carrot-cheese-tofu crap to somebody else while you eat your sandwich.

Julio "Wild Child" Child
The desert

Sirs:

"Man with piñata for head should not go to Dodger Stadium on 'Bat Day.'" Thank you.

Confucius Rodrigues
East Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Imagine no possessions. Oh, what a terrible thought.

Yoko
Central Park West

Sirs:

Three legs? I said two legs, you idiot. Okay, shorten the middle one and make the new model with just two. The die is already cast? Okay, then just leave a hole there.

God

Sirs:

I just found out the difference between the way kosher meat is made and the way non-kosher meat is made. You see, the non-kosher slaughterhouses line up all the cows in rows, and one by one they put their heads on a block and smash their little brains in with a big hammer. It's really painful, and the thing is that the cows can see all their friends getting killed before it's their turn, so by the time they get up to the block they're scared shitless. They scream and fight to not get their brains squashed, and they secrete all of this adrenaline and other glandular shit into their muscles and tissues, so that in the end the meat that we buy at the disgusting non-kosher butcher tastes like dinosaur vomit that's been left in the sun for a week.

On the other hand, the nice kosher meat is prepared quite differently. The cows are sent invitations to a big barn dance. They are told that all their friends will be there and that there will be plenty of free food and drink. They march willingly, even cheerfully into the barn, where they are greeted by a lovely hostess who offers them a complimentary glass of Manischewitz wine and a kishke appetizer. They drink the wine, chew up the kishke, and even chat a bit before gently falling into a deep sleep from the doctored wine. Then they are taken to a hospital and placed upside down on a comfortable bed, where two small slits are placed in the carotid artery and they bleed slowly into a bucket until they are steak. The kosher people even send the widow a flower. And some hay.

V. Getarian
Mystery Meat Gulch

Sirs:

This hayre pollutin' from them thayre industrial folks is a-pissin' me off! Why, the other that thayre day Ah hears on the radio that we's a-gettin' on our crops this hayre "asshole rain." Now, Ah's never seen this hayre asshole rain stuff, but they says how it done destroys them lakes an' streams an' stuff. An' no wonder, with all that thayre sheeit an' a-farts a-rainin' down all over. Seems ain't no way a farmer can make a healthy livin' no more.

Milton Cornstalk
North Silo, Nebr.

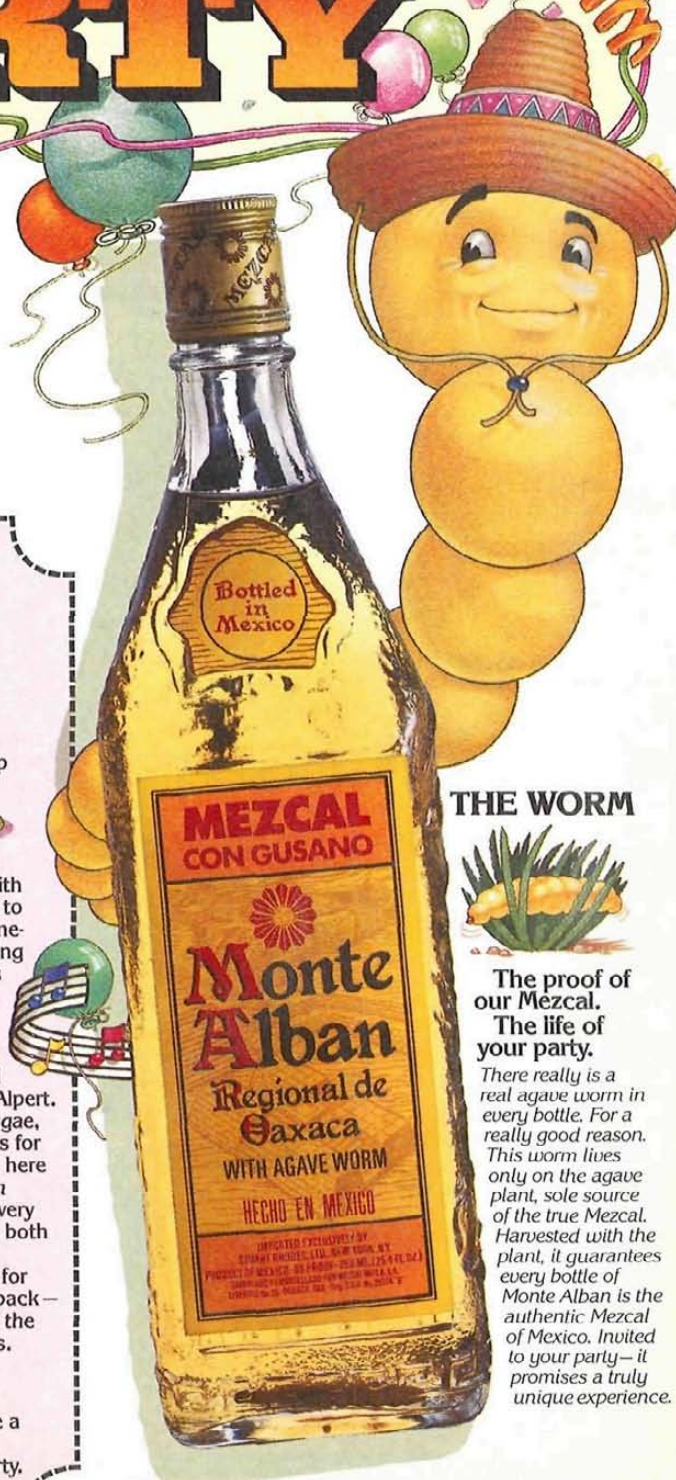
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The Monte Alban

NEVER-A-DULL-MOMENT

PARTY

Next party invite the Worm. The authentic agave worm in every bottle of Monte Alban Mezcal. By tradition, the person who gets the last drink in the bottle gets to eat the Worm. Which means your next party will be anything but dull. And you'll be looking for an excuse—any excuse—to have another party.



CLIP AND SAVE

THE WORM'S PARTY GUIDE

Uno – INVITE

A surprising invitation fetches the right people! Give 'em a reason, any reason. *Worm Independence Day* (the day you let the Worm out of the bottle). *Macho Monday* (celebrated any day). Be creative!



Tres – EAT

Mexican food goes best. Order it in, defrost it, fix it up



yourself. Or, anything else with spice goes nice—from pizza to chili to barbecue. Eating something interesting while drinking something interesting keeps parties interesting!

Dos – DRINK

The easy part. Serve Monte Alban. For purists: the Classic. A lick of salt, a shot of Monte Alban, and a bite of lime. Or—Monte Alban over the rocks. For impurists: mix with any citrus juice, Bloody Mary mix, or use your imagination!



Cuatro – PLAY

Steady! We mean music and games. Music from Baja to Alpert. But hey, anything works, reggae, rock or rhythm-and-blues. As for games, you'll have ideas but here are three that work. *Mexican Barbecue*. It's a roast and every time you burn a roastee you both get a Monte Alban. *Federal Express*. That's Post Office for grown-ups. And for the laid-back—*Photography*. Just turn out the lights and see what develops.



Cinco – ENJOY

We know it's tough out there. Lighten up, have a little fun. Don't take the world too seriously. Nine-to-five is time enough for that. Have a party. A Monte Alban Never-A-Dull-Moment Party!



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LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

Sirs:

I would like to register a complaint with your magazine. On our recent trip to New York, my wife and I stopped at your office on Madison Avenue to get change of a dollar for the parking meter. Some surly half-witted receptionist asked us to wait while she called the accounting department for permission to give out change. After about five minutes a secretary came out and escorted me through the hallway to the controller's office. A gentleman by the name of Mr. Garibaldi introduced himself to me and informed me that it was company policy not to give out change without a purchase of some sort. I explained to him that we were first-time visitors to your city and just needed four quarters for a dollar, but he insisted that I make a purchase all the same. I reluctantly agreed to buy a copy of your magazine, even though I hadn't read it in years because of the lack of taste, such as in the July 1977 issue, which featured on its cover a Russian woman with testicles. But when he informed me that the price was two dollars, I naturally refused to pay.

I left his office and headed back to the lobby to get my wife and get back to the car. When I reached the reception area my wife was nowhere to be seen. I inquired as to her whereabouts, and the surly half-witted receptionist told me she had left to go drinking with the editors. Angrily, I asked where they went drinking, and she replied that they had taken the company jet to Barbados or Bermuda, she wasn't sure

which. I was calmly asking her if I could speak to somebody in charge when this idiotic-looking security guard resembling a rejected Haitian army cook came stumbling off the elevator and asked if anyone owned a 1979 Blue Chevy Nova, license-plate number 12457J, because it had just been towed. Naturally, it was my car. Suddenly, out of a side door, emerged a rotund cigar-chomping big shot who said his name was Agoglia and wanted to know what seemed to be the problem. Suppressing my anger, I related the whole story to him, and near the end I finally broke down and cried out, "My whole life is ruined, my car gone, my wife in the islands with some degenerates, and all I did was come in here looking for some change!" Chuckling through his smoke rings, he replied, "Well, it looks like things have indeed changed for you." Then he disappeared back inside.

Shocked and outraged, I returned home on the next flight, minus wife and wheels, but, goddamnit, I think someone up there owes me at least an apology. After all, my wife, my . . . wait a minute . . . what's that smell? . . . the kitchen's on fire . . . oh my God . . . where are the kids? . . . gotta go

Lucky O'Nifty
Acne Insurance of Ohio
Ohio, Ohio

Sirs:

Step right up and read this letter. A man came in the other day, just like you, read this letter, and couldn't stop laughing for an hour. A lucky lady this afternoon was going to pass right by

this letter, but instead she decided to read it, and it changed her entire life. Come on, it only takes a minute. What have you got to lose? How about you, sir, with the pretty wife, wouldn't you like to try to read this letter? I'll bet you can do it. It's easy. You, sir? Why, step right up.

The Letter Barker
Letters Column

Sirs:

How do you put together Foto Funnies? Do you take fotos first and then make them funny or do you first find funny fotos and then . . . Oh, fuck it, forget I even foned.

Fil Falek
Fargo, E. Fak.

Sirs:

Here's a very funny joke. What do you call two confused psychiatrists? Give up? A paradox. Get it? Para-dox. I have lots more.

Boog Powell Sartre
Gray Matter Beach
Louisiana, Nev.

Sirs:

What's love got to do with it? Got to do with it? Who needs an Ike when you've got a platinum record?

And Tina Turner
Famous Again Land

Sirs:

People often say to me jokingly, "Hot enough for you?" Well, as a matter of fact, it is.

Satan
Hell

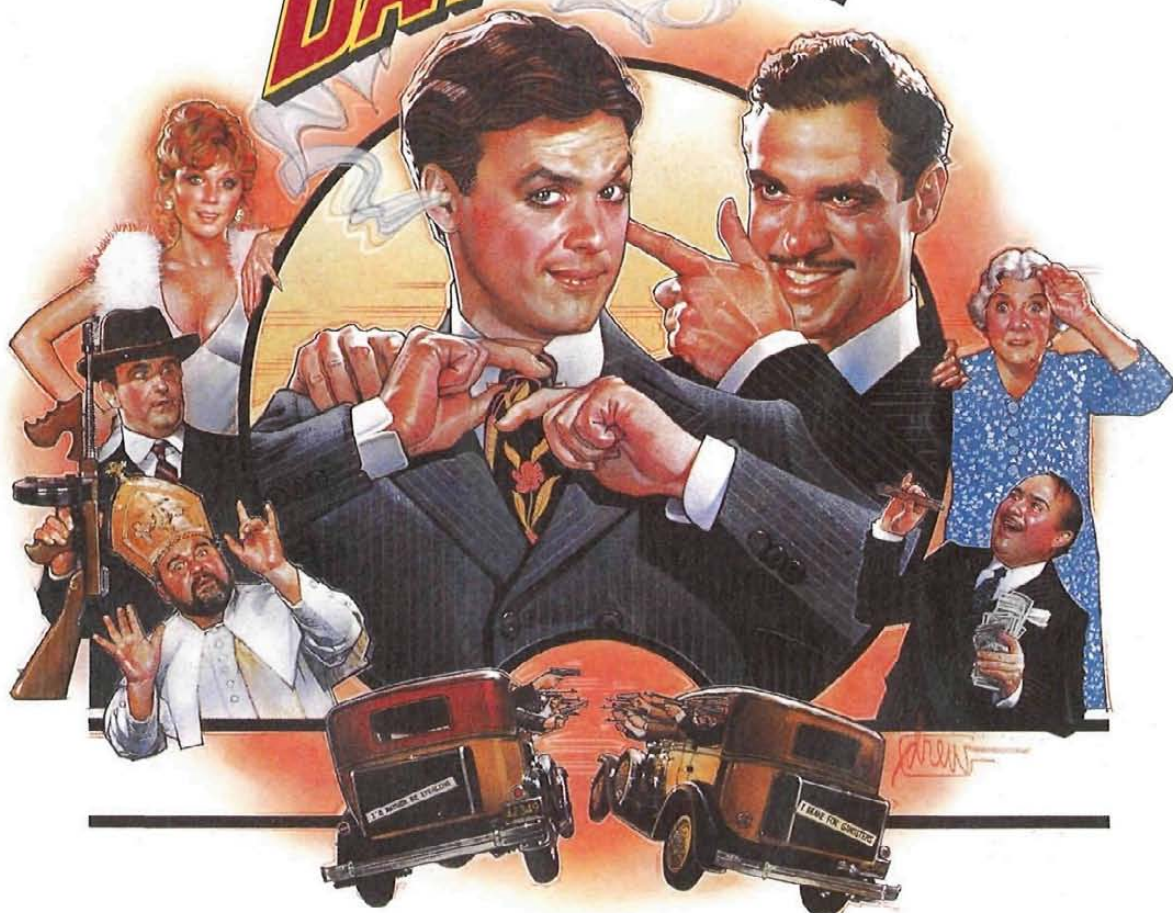
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 PETER BOYLE GRIFFIN DUNNE GLYNNIS O'CONNOR
 DOM DeLUISE RICHARD DIMITRI DICK BUTKUS DANNY DeVITO

Organized crime has never been this disorganized!

JOHNNY DANGEROUSLY



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PRODUCED BY MICHAEL HERTZBERG DIRECTED BY AMY HECKERLING



STARTS FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21 AT SELECTED THEATRES.

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

Sirs:

Ever pick up a book that you just can't put down? Well, it finally happened to me. I was reading *Moby Dick*, and I hated it. So I said, "You're even more boring than a telephone book." And it said, "Fuck you, asshole." So I got real pissed and said, "I've read road signs that were more interesting than you." And it said, "Tough shit, tit-breath." I was fucking steaming. So I said, "I'd be ashamed to wipe my ass with your pages." And it said, "Shove it, cocksucker." I mean, try as I could, I just couldn't put this book down. . . .

Herb Gallagher
Wilmington, Del.

Sirs:

It grieves me even to say it, but say it I will. They are killing the seals. The poor little Easter Seals. Killing them by the truckload. Getting them all wet and sticky and cementing them to envelopes. The bastards should be shot.

Committee to Save the Easter Seals
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

This is really wild. I'm standing here at this kiosk and thumbing through your Letters column and I see this note here written by me! I mean, I don't

want to scare you or anything, but, well, I never wrote any letter to *National Lampoon*. And what's even scarier, as I'm thinking this this very minute, well, those very exact words are appearing on this page. I can't believe it! Oh wow. There are the words—"I can't believe this!" Hey, this is freaking me out! I better get the hell out of here! AAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Waldo Harris
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

You know, being president, I get asked a lot of different things, like what do I want out of life, what my fantasies are, would I want to change anything in my past if I could. Well, I've led a pretty good life. I've palled around with some movie stars, met world leaders. And I guess I'm pretty happy about it all. But if I could wish one thing were different, I guess I would wish that Jane Wyman liked me better than acting.

Ronald Reagan
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Mazel tov. BING-bing-BING!!!
Shalom alechem. BING-bing-BING!!!
Oy vaysmeer. BING-bing-BING!!!

Ricochet Rabbi
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

We're three white guys in space,
Three white guys in space,
We're three white guys, three white
guys.

We're three white guys in space.
Jim, Spock, and Bones
Lookin' for space pussy

Sirs:

I was driving my truck late last night when suddenly I saw this glint in the middle of the road. It was a dog, and he was wearing a Hartz Two-in-One Nighttime Reflecting Safety Collar. Well, thanks to that collar I saw the little critter just in the nick of time.

Unfortunately, see, I hate dogs. Despise the little fuckers. So I went right ahead and flattened the sonofabitch.

Harvey Jackson
Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:

To err is human, to moo bovine.
A Cow
Kahoka, Mo.

Sirs:

Ulcers, hot biscuits, and Santa Claus. What do they have in common? What? They all have the letter "u" in them? Oh, yeah. At first I didn't notice that. I thought it was that they were all sort of crusty and hard on the outside but warm and squishy on the inside. My mistake.

Russell Baker
"New York Times"

Sirs:

I'm gonna stick your big fat ears to the couch!!! No, make that: I'm gonna stick your eyebrows to the blender. Yeah, that's it!!! HAW! HAW! HAW! Or maybe—yeah, just maybe—I'll stick your face to the carving knife!!! HAW! HAW! God, I just love thinking about all the possibilities!!!

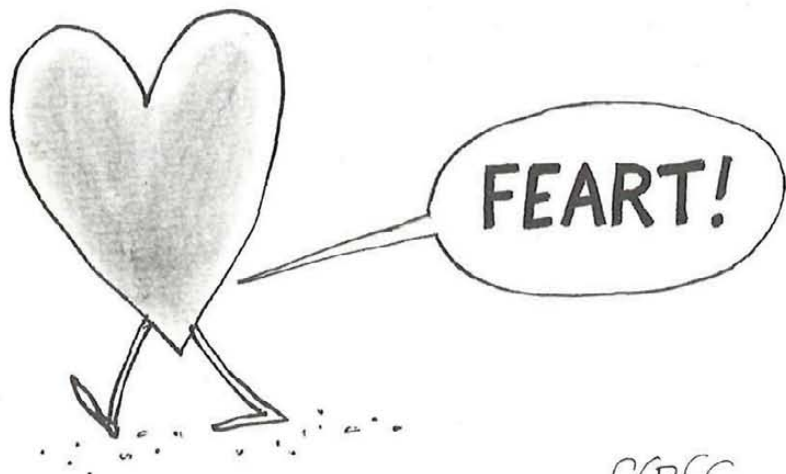
Krazy Glue
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I used to be a mangy, kill-crazy Japanese soldier who didn't think that the war was over, so I hid out and sniped at tourists and set fire to their campers while they were asleep and bayoneted their pets. But I met a nice American girl and moved here and reformed. Now my son is a mangy kill-crazy Vietnam vet who doesn't think that the war is over, so he hides out and snipes at tourists and sets fire to their campers while they're asleep and bayonets their pets. America is tradition. God bless it.

L. Horiahatio
Van Nuys, Calif.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)



S.GROSS

KING KAN IS HERE.

Pick up Miller High Life's
new 32 oz. quart can.
Ounce for ounce, it's got
more of that same great
Miller High Life taste.



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

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CAMEL FILTERS

It's a whole new world.



Today's
Camel Filters,
surprisingly smooth.

INFORMER



SCHOOL LUNCH PROGRAM CHANGED AGAIN

RECOGNIZING THE SUCCESS of the changes in the school lunch program implemented three years ago by the Reagan administration, fiscal conservative John East, Republican senator from North Carolina, has proposed further alterations in that program. Following the lead of the Department of Agriculture, which in 1981 designated catsup as a vegetable, the new program would classify mustard as a T-bone steak, Russian dressing as a glass of milk, and mayonnaise as a fruit cup. It is believed these alterations will cut school lunch program costs substantially as well as give poor children a chance to eat food they otherwise could not afford.—A.S.

FDR Wins Unprecedented Fifth Term!!!

IN A STUNNING VICTORY OVER OPPONENTS RONALD REAGAN AND WALTER Mondale, former President Franklin Delano Roosevelt (1882–1945) has recaptured the presidency he lost thirty-nine years ago due to death, becoming not only the first president elected to the highest office in the land for a fifth term, but the first elected dead American as well. A dark horse after his political star lay dormant following his death in 1945, the ailing president-elect pulled in a healthy 57 percent of the vote. President Reagan carried 41 percent and Mondale picked up 2 percent. Roosevelt's success was based on his ability to pull together the old Democratic coalition of minorities, ethnic groups, liberals, labor, and the newly dead, while doing very well in the Northeast and the Midwest. Reagan took the conservative South, claimed a close victory in his own backyard, the Western states, and did surprisingly well among the older dead. Mondale scored a decisive victory in Guam and among those who wished they were dead.

Pollster George Gallup (1901–1984), who made an impressive comeback from the dead as well to do the polling for this election, said, through a spokesman, "The American people reviewed all of America's great leaders—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Roosevelt—and came to the conclusion that the best presidents are the dead ones. The live ones—Nixon, Ford, Carter, and Reagan—could not hold a candle to those presidents no longer with us. So the American people, the most powerful electorate in the world, voted to bring them back."

Vice President-elect Hubert (The Happy Dead Warrior) Humphrey (1911–1978) promised, through a spokesman, that the administration would pack the Cabinet "with the best darn Americans our past has to offer!" He then went on to give a 1,376-page statement declaring his eagerness to reenter political life.—A.S.



Sixth-grader Lionel Packwood enjoys a well-balanced lunch of steak, mashed potatoes with peas, slices of fresh orange and banana, and a glass of whole milk.

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Since April 1984 a one-year subscription to Heavy Metal has been \$17.00, a two-year subscription \$27.00, and a three-year subscription \$36.00. Now for ninety days only we are lowering the rate to \$14.00 (one year) \$22.00 (two years), and \$29.00 (three years). Savings of \$3.00, \$5.00, and \$7.00 respectively. Why are we being such giving people? Because when we lower the price like this we get more subscribers. It works every time. But we definitely will be going back to the reborn price in March, because we're not that terrific. So subscribe now—and save!

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HEAVY METAL

Ask Mordrake

Q. Dear Mordrake:

I'm having a problem with weight control that has my doctor baffled. During my twenties, my weight stabilized at 160 pounds, which is average for my height. When I hit my thirties I began putting on the pounds, but, oddly, only on my left side. Half my chest has swelled and turned flabby, while the other side remains lean and toned. I've grown a half paunch that begins at my navel, circles around to my spine, then tapers back to a normal waist. Viewed from one side I am Alfred Hitchcock; from the other, I'm a good-looking fellow standing next to Alfred Hitchcock. Is it medically possible to have half an overactive thyroid or one doing only half its job?

A. Swelleth the brest as wot encreeseth te herte, Corrupteth the clothered blood ne venim lert, Found drinke of herbes may ben his helpinge, Him gayneth neither, for to gete his strengthinge.

Q. Dear Dr. Mordrake:

What's all this about acute double herpes III? Is it really so infectious that if contracted you can spread it to loved ones just by thinking about them? Can live cultures really thrive for months on porcelain, tile, glass, metal, wood, alpaca, water, Saran Wrap, tobacco, Lysol, cement, ink, Ultrasuede, fire, artwork, and the early films of Douglas Sirk? Is fall-out really the only effective cure?

A. When softe the chancre brosten thilke appare And certain tith phisyk dot jistly to feare, In goon the speres thurgh the prikke, Nay morre agin thy troubles afflic.

Q. Dear Dr. Drake:

Your suggested treatment for paralysis was really appreciated by my brothers and sister, and I'm sure my father, too, would thank you if he could. However, your "elyxyre" didn't do much, if anything, for him, and we were wondering if you could clarify some of the ingredients.

What exactly is the "haunche-bon of te wolffe"? We're sure it's some part of a wolf, but Lucy and I think it's the ears, while Jamie and Roger say it's the hindquarters. Emil said kiddingly that it's the wolf's privates, and he even pretended he was a wolf jumping on the furniture and

howling. But Peppy, our dog, started barking, so we made Emil stop teasing in case Poppa was asleep. Anyway, we decided to add everything except the privates, which annoyed Emil, but he still broke into the zoo because it was all for Poppa. We mixed all the stuff in a "panier strywn thunder-dent," which Emil says is just a Cuisinart, then smeared the stuff on Poppa's chest and eyes and in his ears and mouth. A day later there wasn't any

change except that Poppa was shaking a little but not on the paralyzed side. Did we miss something?

A. With flotery berd, in clothes blake sorwes smert, For which anon alle rancour Cuisinart?

Q. Mordrake:

Can you turn base lead into gold? I don't give a fig about cancer or someone's rotting nephew or passing painful gas or water on the knee, brain, spleen, or cheek. For the sake of God, can you turn base lead into gold?

A. Yea.

—M. C. & D. J.



Mordrake

PHIL RIZZUTO TO STAR IN THE GEORGE AND GRACIE STORY

WARNER BROTHERS PICTURES recently announced plans for a movie based on the lives of comic star George Burns and his zany wife, Gracie Allen. The quick-tongued actor will be portrayed by quick-handed former Yankee short-stop and broadcaster Phil "The Scooter" Rizzuto. Rizzuto's previous acting stint is the very popular commercial for "The Money Store," which has won him much praise in Hollywood and in his hometown of New York City. The role of Gracie Allen will be portrayed by the Chock full o' Nuts lady.—A. S. & M. S.

Taiwan to Produce Blockbusters

AMERICA'S BIGGEST PUBLISHING houses have announced a major change in the development of future novels. The classic American literary form will henceforth join most electronic appliances, microchips, and fashion garments in their place of origin: the Great American Novel will now be mass-produced in Taiwan.

A spokesperson for the publishers explained that the cost of novels written by American authors has exceeded what the market can support. Despite the best efforts of the publishers to pay writers as little as possible, authors' fees have skyrocketed. "Why should we pay some clown with a master's in English from Yale \$400,000 to sit in his reconditioned Connecticut farmhouse and be two years late with his manuscript? We can have three hundred Taiwanese women working for thirty-two cents a day churning out the same thing."—D. P.

SHARI SCHNEIDER

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Georg F. Stroh
 1810
Bernhard Stroh
 1850
Julius Stroh
 1886
Gari Stroh
 1939
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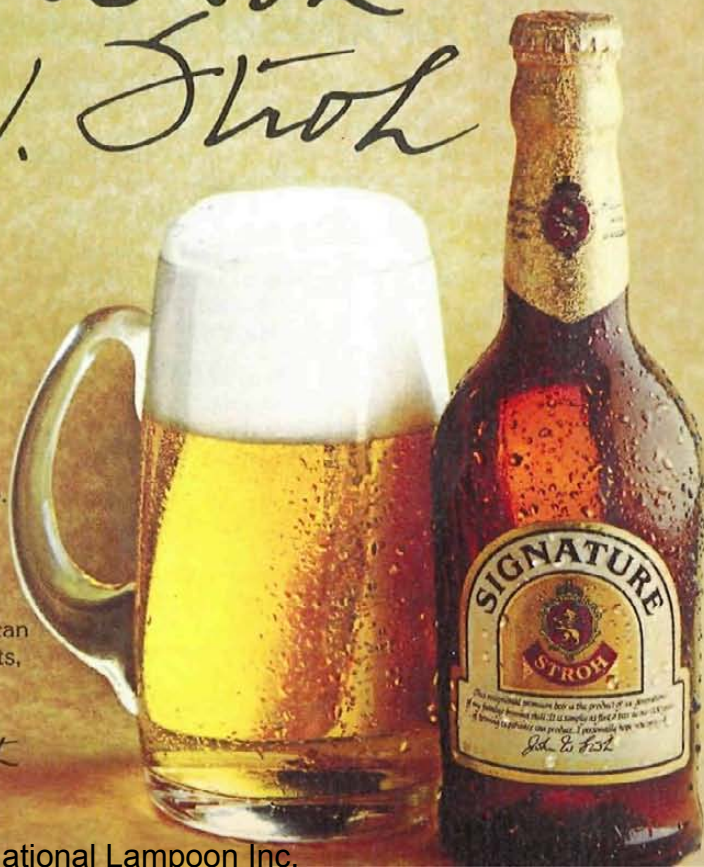
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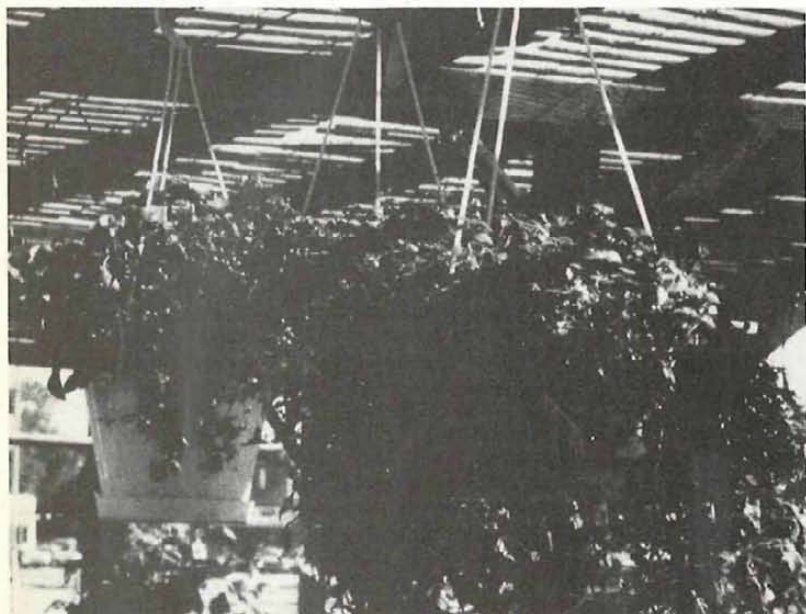
I personally hope you enjoy it.

John W. Stroh
 Chairman

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Great Mysteries of the World: The Hanging Plants of Babylon, Long Island



They hang in midair, seemingly unsupported. But upon close examination, a fine strand of wire can be detected. Experts say that this wire is actually supporting the massive plants but cannot fathom how it is done.—G. S.

Search for Ancient Astronauts Ends

MUSCLE BEACH, CALIFORNIA. THE VOICE OF THE *KNIGHT RIDER* CAR, ERICH von Däniken, recently announced at a press briefing that he is finally calling off the search for ancient astronauts.

The search began in 1962 when Dr. von Däniken reported the astronauts missing to his insurance company, Lloyd's of Muscle Beach. He told police at the time that he had no knowledge of their whereabouts, but managed to capitalize on his personal loss by writing several bestselling books and producing a television show speculating on where they might be hiding.

Now, however, the professor admits that the entire affair was a hoax and that he had the astronauts in his possession the whole time, in a safe-deposit box in the Sausalito branch of the popular Banco Popular chain of banks, under his mother's name and a pile of twigs.

Furthermore, closer examination by a team of experts in the field of ancient astronomy revealed that the astronauts were in fact not ancient after all, merely elderly. Not one of them could even remember a world without the telephone. "Although I *can* remember a safe-deposit box without one," the fattest of them quipped.

Since von Däniken claimed the safe-deposit box was a nursing home and was able to produce a license to prove it, no charges could be leveled against him under California law.

The elderly astronauts were satisfied with the court's ruling.

"He's a good man," said the skinny one. "He treated us good. We got steak on Wednesdays."

There was only one complaint. Said the second-fattest of them, "I think Bingo Night was fixed, and only stoolies got steak."

"Why, you. . .!" said the skinny one.—C. K. & P.P.

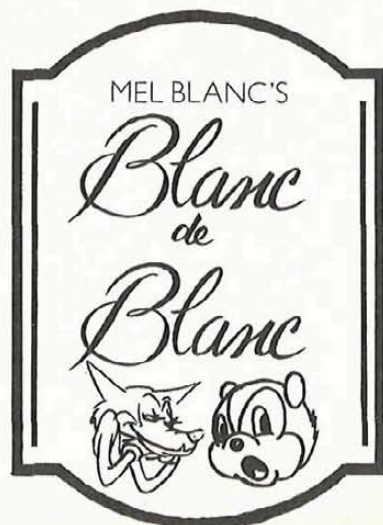
Blanc de Blanc

MEL BLANC, THE MAN OF A thousand voices, has announced that he will begin production and bottling of his own private-label white wine, Mel Blanc's Blanc de Blanc.

Blanc admitted that dubbing the voices of Bugs Bunny, Porky Pig, Pepe LaPew, Road Runner, and *The Flintstones'* Barney Rubble "has brought me much satisfaction. But I've always wanted to do something a little more grown-up . . . something for adults. For years I've harbored the fantasy of owning my own winery. Of seeing my name on a label."

The label will not only feature Blanc's name, it will also contain caricatures of several Blanc heroes. "I don't think a dry white wine has ever had Sylvester and Tweety, or Road Runner and Speedy Gonzales, on the label," said Blanc. "As an extra bonus, every case of wine will contain one surprise bottle rigged with an exploding cork. Some will explode, others will just unfurl a sign that reads 'BANG!'"

The wine, which industry experts describe as an "amusing high-pitched blanc, with many personalities," is expected to be available within a few months. "That's unless mean old Wile E. Coyote gets his hands on it . . . meep, meep," added Mr. Blanc.—W. L.



Make two great kids happy this Christmas!

RONALD G. HARRIS



That's George and Howard up there. They are in charge of merchandise sales for *National Lampoon*. Make their Christmas a merry one by buying *National Lampoon* gifts this yuletide. They get a bonus if we sell a lot of these gifts, so really go crazy. In addition to making George and Howard happy, you'll make the recipient of such Christmas delights as the

National Lampoon baseball jacket, *National Lampoon* special editions, and other holiday traditions euphoric. *National Lampoon* gifts are Christmas! Like the hearth, the wreath, and the goose.

Make this Christmas a happy one ...

For everybody.

God bless you!

National Lampoon Baseball Jacket

Say it ain't so, Joe" with this all-new Black Sox jacket that celebrates the pathological liar, cheat, and scapegoat in us all. It's slick-looking, with a genuine silklike feel. Looks great while you're sitting on the bench watching everyone else play.

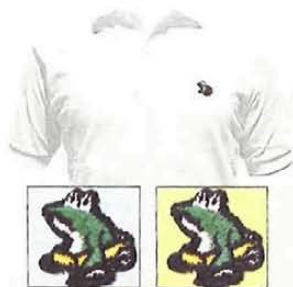


(TS-1030) \$33.95

National Lampoon Frog Shirt

These incredibly popular polo shirts sport the magazine's distinctive, distinguished symbol, a double-amputee frog.

This poor fellow is your guarantee that you are wearing the finest. Anybody can wear an alligator. You or the recipient of your gift will be very special with "The Frog." Available in white, yellow, blue, green, camel, or gray.



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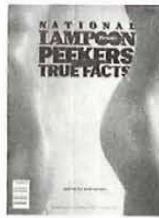


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(TS1040)

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National Lampoon Foto Funnies

If you love Foto Funnies, you'll want to give or keep this book of the best of that art ever published in the magazine.

(BO-1034)

.....\$2.95



National Lampoon Frog Sweater

This handsome, comfortable sweater is for those who want to look as if they went to Choate but actually went to a public school outside of Detroit. It's a looker, actually handwoven by machines. Available in gray and black.

(TS-1038)

.....\$20.95



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National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey For fans of the film, and a terrific shirt to boot! (TS-1031) \$7.00

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AP/WIDE WORLD

Jackie Gleason Drops 120 Pounds, Kills Three

SHOW BUSINESS HEAVYWEIGHT JACKIE GLEASON, KNOWN TO MILLIONS as "the man of a thousand chins," has been arrested and is being held by Los Angeles police, lots and lots of them, in the crushing deaths of three diet doctors.

The three doctors, Stillman, Atkins, and Grapefruit, were allegedly killed when Gleason lost control during the final moments of an especially rigorous diet. It was a crash diet and Gleason did.

The diet, which began last Tuesday at 10:47 A.M. and was scheduled to terminate twenty-two minutes later at 11:09 A.M., came to an abrupt end at 11:05 when Gleason's stomach fell off ahead of schedule, surprising, then killing the three good doctors.

"I'm sorry men had to die," said a streamlined Gleason. "But you can't imagine the hell I've gone through, having to buy a new bed every week. Not to mention a new wife. Ouch," he chuckled.

The 120-pound stomach, named as accessory to the killings, is still at very large and was last seen at Mario's Pizzeria near Hollywood and Vine ordering one "Mario's Supreme" with everything to go.—C. K. & P. P.

TWINS REUNITED

TWINS NORMAN AND HOWARD BLANTON, SEPARATED AT BIRTH more than forty-five years ago, met for the first time this week and discovered that they had led remarkably parallel lives.

Both married women named Iris, both had two boys named Michael and Jake, and both bludgeoned seventeen people to death with the blunt side of an ax.

The two now share adjoining death row cells on California's Terminal Island. "It sure is good to see him after all these years," Norman said. "We've got a lot of catching up to do."

"Yeah," Howard wisecracked. "And not much time to do it."

As the two long-lost twins compared notes, other startling parallels emerged. They learned that each had dropped out of high school, each had killed his drill sergeant in the Army, and each had gone on a murder spree in Texas.

"But who hasn't?" Howard joked.

To complete the parallels, both men are scheduled to die in the gas chamber on December 24.

"I guess it just goes to show that life sure is funny," Norman philosophized.

"Yeah," added Howard. "What's left of it."—D. J. & M. C.

Kids Surveyed

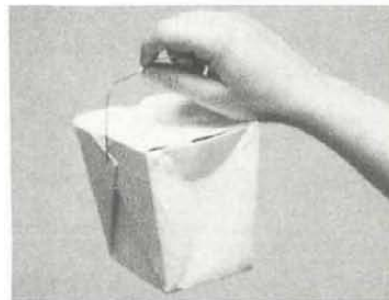
A STUDY CONDUCTED BY THE Gallup Organization has revealed that 78 percent of children under twelve believe they will die in a nuclear war.

However, 83 percent of those polled also believe there is a monster living in the toilet that will reach up and drag them down.

Another 70 percent believe there are giant spiders under the bed that will get them if they fall asleep with their feet outside the covers.—M. C. & D. J.

ANCIENT RELIC FOUND IN CHINA

HOUSING CONSTRUCTION WORKERS IN Canton, China, accidentally discovered a food container believed to date back 2,000 years to the early Han Dynasty (206 B.C.—A.D. 8). The unearthed item was constructed of stiff white cardboard ingeniously folded into a box shape, with flaps serving as the cover. A single wire handle, now rusted and fragile with age, was fastened to the container's top portion. Historians theorize the "box" was used to bring food to various imperial households, which would place their orders through palace messengers. Authorities in Canton plan to deliver the relic "pip-ing hot" to the Peking Museum of History by the end of the month.—D.Y.S.



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DATELINE NICARAGUA

—They say we're giving covert aid to the "contras" in Nicaragua, but it's about as covert as a hickey on a cheerleader.

Covert or not, it's my job to cover this conflict. I'm Rip Cleft—American journalist.

I heard about U.S. involvement with the contras while I was in Lebanon. A Beirut shoeshine boy asked me if I intended to write about "the CIA-backed pigs who are murdering children in Nicaragua."

Ignoring his question, I dropped a nickel at his feet. When he bent to pick it up, I stamped the word "Florsheim" on the seat of his pants.

He did give a good shine, though. If you're ever in Beirut, look him up. He's the one with the hump.

It doesn't surprise me that U.S. intervention in Nicaragua is no secret. We've got the Democrats to thank for that. If O'Neill, Kennedy, and the rest of those monkeys would mind their own damn business and let the military get on with the job of running this country, I think we'd all be a hell of a lot better off.

It's like I was saying to the president the other day. "Ron," I said, "what if we gave a war and the goddamn Democrats didn't come?"

"Rip," he said, "we'd probably win it."

I rest my case.

From the bridge of a U.S. destroyer I can see a contra pilot warming up his Cessna on the deck of a carrier. Cessnas aren't exactly high-performance fighters, but then, neither are the contras.

Still, those little airplanes can do a lot of damage in the right hands. I once took out a truck, a water tower, and two hangars in a twin-engine Cessna. If you don't believe me just go out to the Long Beach airport and ask them if they remember Rip Cleft.

As I watch, the aircraft roars off the pitching carrier deck, soars in a graceful arc across the deep blue sky, then plunges headlong into the deep blue sea. Damn that Tip O'Neill.

Teaching these contras how to fly is just one of the obstacles we face in Nicaragua. The fact that we have to do it in full view of Congress and the American public is another.

I thought we learned in Cambodia that you can't carry out a successful covert mission if everybody and his tax

accountant knows about it. That's why it's so damn frustrating to see public opinion crippling our efforts to topple an unstable Marxist government and replace it with a stable dictatorship.

There has never been a Central American government that couldn't be stabilized by a Slim Whitman look-alike in a general's uniform. There's just something about a man in uniform that makes people snap to attention. Particularly if they have electrodes attached to their genitals.

Of course if we really want to bring the Sandinista government to its knees, there are two ways to go about it: by playing on the people's ignorance, or on their religion. And in this part of the world, the two go hand in hand.

An example: Yesterday a lady burned a taco shell and claimed she saw the face of the baby Jesus on it. Next thing you know, hundreds of people are lined up at her back door to worship the damn thing.

Being a journalist, I had to see this holy burrito for myself. I did, and it was delicious. Caused something of an uproar, I guess, but it was nothing we couldn't quell with an air strike.

That's the kind of ignorance we're dealing with down here. Why can't the Communists invade Switzerland? At least then our G.I.'s would have someone intelligent to talk to while they're kicking ass.

As I write I can hear the sound of another brave contra warming up a Cessna. He's gunning the engine, getting ready to make that short hop off the deck.

If he's lucky enough to avoid the drink, he might fly a successful mission—a mission like "Machine Gun Miguel" flew last week.

Miguel took off in an unarmed Cessna, but he didn't need guns. His mission was to sow terror, and sow it he did as he made pass after pass over an enemy installation a few miles outside of Managua.

Uniformed men ran for cover as valuable equipment was scattered in the dust of Miguel's prop wash. His twin props were literally clipping the grass.

Finally his persistent harassment forced the umpires to call off the game. Miguel flew home in triumph, but apparently some sorehead wrote down his number and called the FAA. The next day they yanked his license.

The contra is taking off now, and my heart takes off with him. So long, you lucky bastard. Buzz a ballpark for me. God, I miss flying. ■

Deaths and Apartment Rentals

BARUCH—Irving R. Temple Beth Israel mourns the death of its beloved member of the board and extends its heartfelt condolences to the bereaved family. Mr. Baruch's apartment is located at 40 East 61st St., Apt. 4A. New lux 1 br w/backyard, immed occupy. Brand-new bldg. Direct from owner, \$2900/mo. Apply on premises or call 555-3479. Funeral service for Mr. Baruch will be held at Temple Beth Israel, 319 E. 63rd St. on Monday, December 10 at 10 A.M. Apartment viewing: Monday thru Wednesday, 7:30-10:00 PM.

Arthur Wiesenthal
Rabbi

GORE—Gertrude. On December 11, 1984. Beloved wife of Manny. Devoted mother of Morley and Calvin. Reposing Golden's Funeral Home, 355 W. 49th St., Thursday and Friday, 2-5 and 7-9:30 PM. Apt.: 320 E. 22nd St. Duplex w/terrace, 2 brs, 2 1/2 baths, W/BFR Sunny, \$2500/mo. Contact: Frederick M. Greedy, 435 Park Ave., 555-2356. For bereavement: Moss of Christian Burial, Our Lady of Extreme Mercy Church, 2578 Queens Blvd., Flushing, N.Y. on Saturday, December 15.

MORTE—Alessandro. Local 813 of United Layers of Professional Bricks sorely misses the work and good humor of their beloved union brother. He is survived by his wife, Leonia, and two sons, Ricardo and Lou, who will relocate to her mother's house in Staten Island, making their 3-br rent-stabilized dwelling available for long-term subletting. This well-kept walk-up has wd flrs plus 2 all-brick flrs. Gourmet kitch w/window. 2-year min lease begins at \$3900/mo. See Mr. C. Golente, 309 Mott St., Apt 1-F. We'll miss you, Al.

Local 813 ULPB
23 Delancey St.
C. Columbo, Pres.
—M. G.

Skool Kids Is Stoopid

THE SKOOL KIDS IN THIS CUNTRY ar not 2 smart. Thay ar stoopid in the braine. Thay shud do things 2 make them not 2 stoopid no more." So read a report from the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching in response to charges that public schools nationwide have failed in giving students even a basic education. The commission went on to add that "reting and riting good is good. Siense and math is also good to no, because lots of people do jobs with siense and math in it wich is wy thay shud no it. Also Japs do it."—A. S.

SKI TIPS

SHARI SCHNEIDER



Q. In last month's "Ski Clinic," I wrote in with a tip on how bindings could be easily adjusted while on the slopes. Your response was: "Thanks for the tip, Howard. It's just that . . . well, never mind." Never mind what? Is what I described unsafe? For God's sake, what is it?!

Howard Gewiertz
Kansas City, Missouri

A. Relax, Howard. If you're as good a skier as I think you are, you won't have any problem . . . unless . . . naw, naw, you're okay.

Q. What is a "wedel"? I've heard other skiers use this term.

Sally Ferguson
Corvallis, Oregon

A. It can mean two things. Generally, Sally, a wedel is a series of short, linked turns. However, some skiers also use it as a code word to mean "Let's ditch this dog."

Q. I am a poor farmer in the Assam region of India. I am thirty-eight, which is old for my village. My wife and I have twelve children, and we must all work very hard in the fields. Even so, we go to bed hungry many nights. There are no schools or hospitals. Sometimes, when the Brahmaputra River floods its banks, I secretly pray for it to sweep us mercifully away.

My question is this: I want to be a world-class professional skier. Is this just a pipe dream or what? I've never seen snow, but I think I would like it.

L. Baramasivan
Dekapur, India

A. If you believe in yourself, L., nothing can stop you. See you on the circuit!


—J.H.



AP/WIDE WORLD

TONY ORLANDO STATES: "I AM A WASHED-UP MENUDO!"

TONY ORLANDO STOOD FACING A BATTERY OF MICROPHONES AND CAMERAS. Tearfully he told the world: "I loved the fame, the fortune, and the fans, but now I know, I am a washed-up Menudo." Menudo had forced Tony into leaving the group as he approached his fortieth birthday. Said a Menudo spokesman, "We usually make them leave after their sixteenth birthday, but after a while, you forget that Tony's no longer a kid. It was only when we went into the dressing room and saw that Tony was the only Menudo with pubic hair that we realized we had to do something."—A. S.




The comedy book of the year


Betty Fulton
Contrary to popular belief, I think that the best things in life are very, very expensive, and I plan to have them all.

Future plans: I will settle for nothing less than the highest position of power in the executive branch of government.

A senior portrait from *The Blade*, Shellville High School Yearbook by Don Novello



THE BLADE
by Don Novello
AKA Father Guido Sarducci



\$6.95 / AT YOUR BOOKSTORE NOW.

Generic Sports Column



Hey, Chick Has a Personal Life, Too, If Anybody So Much As Cares

Dept.: Every so often it's good to take off from regular duties and engage in some *very* well-earned self-pity. I told my secretary I had jury duty. She said, "I'm not your secretary." She's starting that again.



Dateline—Hollywood: What had me so depressed was morning mail call. You get the strangest letters in this job. You expect it from the jocks. But the stuff I get from you fans—do you read my column, or do you just sort of color it in? I decided not to wait for the answer.

Instead, I flew out to Hollywood to see this producer who used to date my mother. Hey, I'm not close to thinking about leaving the sports beat. But I felt like stretching. And I had this idea for



a project called *The Littlest Lunch Pail*, based on an actual incident. In a May 1973 West Virginia cave-in, 163 miners lost their lives, but this lunch bucket survived for ninety-two hours. "It has recognizable characters you can root for," I noted, anticipating the easiest objection. "And it doesn't have to be 163 characters. It can be, like, eight."

But you know Hollywood, they pey you. The producer said, "You do sports. Show me something in sports. Sports is very big. *The Natural*. They wore sneakers in *The Big Chill*."

"There's a scene where 117 of the miners play basketball until the air gives out."

"Look," he said. "I couldn't even finish reading this." But basically he was encouraging. The only thing he said flat-out no to was a role I'd written for myself.



Dear Chick: Here's a stumper. Don't baseball rules stipulate that if a team is forced to forfeit, its opponent is

awarded nine runs and the win? But last June the Blue Jays were leading the Twins 15-2 in the ninth. Suppose the Jays just said, "Why, screw yourself, we're going home early"? The Twins would've gotten nine runs, but they still would've lost, 15-11. Should I write the Rules Committee or something?

Dr. H. M., Alvin, Tex.

What sort of person thinks of things like this?



Son of Dateline—Hollywood: After a decade of advocacy by the Catholic Green Bay Archdiocese and the Packer-Racker Tailgate Buddies & Buddyroos Association, formal canonization of Vince Lombardi is practically a shoo-in, and the event has producers scrambling for special-effects scripts depicting "Coach's Miracles." Two ex-Packers have already hit town, trying to peddle their intimate memories for some useless movie job—heroes can sure *sink*. Paul Hornung: "One time He caught me using a clean towel after a loss. I panicked and flung it in the hamper, but Coach just fished around *all those identical towels*, found *the one clean one*, and flung it back at me. 'Disgrace,' He said. We all just gaped. 'Did you see that?'" Bart Starr: "I remember His saying, 'I'm gonna wipe shit in your face and make you *relish* it!'—and you know, if that ain't a miracle, I still can't get enough of it"..... Writers, beware. An autographed ball will not get you an appointment at Paramount. And how'd you like to be Vince or Dom DiMaggio and know that your brother slept with a famous movie star but won't talk about it?



Drove north into the hills to see Mom, went down in the basement and found the old babies, three Louisville Sluggers. Ted Williams model. Ken Boyer model. Jackie Jensen model. They brought back boyhood and the smell of newly mown grass and the allergy doctor and special pollen-deflecting sneakers that, who knows, I could've grown up to endorse.

When suddenly it hits me: Boyer and Jensen are *dead*. And Williams lives out in Sarasota on a swamp or something, so you know *he's* running a quart or two low.

I think of myself as a young man, but here's two of my youthful heroes, guys who were like older brothers to



S. GROSS

me, in fact I used to treat Kenny Boyer like an older brother, I used to write him all the sex stuff I couldn't ask my teachers, it didn't matter that he never answered—just the *idea* that he saw those drawings of mine with all those “Is it A into B and B into C, please, Mr. Boyer?” and maybe thought, “The kid's gonna be *all right*” made a better man out of me.

And now Boyer's dead and Jensen's dead—is that fair, when both my grandparents are still alive? (I asked Gramps, was it fair. He thought it was fair. Well, surprise. Way to act a little impartial there, Gramps.)



Dear Chick: My favorite player is Ken Boyer. Where can I write him?
D. Y., St. Clair, Mo.

You can write him % me. I'll forward the letters to a lost childhood, where frisky terriers don't get backed over by women who couldn't possibly have missed seeing them, and Necco Wafers don't go out of business.



Coming back from L.A., just my luck, in-flight movie's *The Natural*. I don't know a single professional ballplayer who feels this film is an accurate representation of his life—and I say, why make a movie at all if you're going to alienate your target audience? An emotionally drained Darryl Strawberry cursed *The Natural*. He said, “A flying elephant? No way I'm gonna swallow that.” Too, too typical.



Do-Be a U-Bie Dept.: Before he fades into oblivion, Bowie Kuhn should be remembered for improving the safety of major league restrooms. Kuhn's fifteen-year commissionership featured a marked decrease in castrations. Moeings and messings were also down from highs in the late sixties. Live up to that one, *Ubie!* Hey, Jack McKeon the very model of a Padres GM. Said mid-season revelation that pitchers Thurmond, Dravecky, and Show were John Birchers “only brought the club that much closer together.” For next season, McKeon would like to add a veteran starter and an embittered Luftwaffe pilot. Colts' ironpants Frank Kush on why he hates dogs: “When I did something wrong, my father'd make me sleep under the bed where the Irish setters had been. The smell was horrible, and I'd be completely

covered with hair. Plus, you had to keep fighting the setters off.” Uh, Coach, ummm—how do you feel about your father? “There was a great guy” ‘Skins Dave Butz told me how he got started in his hobby, deer hunting. “It's weird,” he said. “I had this nervous habit of wiping my bloody hunting knife off on my pants? My wife just couldn't take it. She started screaming, ‘Animals, you're supposed to kill animals!’ It just knocked me over. ‘Damn, what a fine idea for a hobby!’”



L'l Bunts: Nice to see Carl Yastrzemski hanging around the baseball scene making death masks of ex-major league ballplayers. Don Shula has all his teeth. Errata: Sorry about the “Let's Force Roy White into Retirement” piece that ran last ish. Seems Roy retired in 1979. He's a great guy. Tennis star Billie Jean King's oldest greeted her at the door recently with “Mom, you know that medicine I was supposed to give Johnny while you were away?” Ooops. But the docs pulled him through. Answer to last

month's question: The missing word in “All that creamed food shortened my _____” said Babe Ruth” is **CA-REER**. This month's question: Of the twenty-nine fans who fell to their deaths from the top tier of old Forbes Field in Pittsburgh in 1955, how many just got drunk, and how many were *hurled?* Hey, I'm not a gambling man, but I had a dream that I went back in time to 1946, and since I knew the winners of the next *thirty-eight* pennant races, I was able to place a lot of bets and clean up. I tell you, I woke up drenched. I bet if I'd stayed asleep three minutes more I would've gone out and bought Polaroid or something. I sure hope they invent time travel soon.

INFORMER

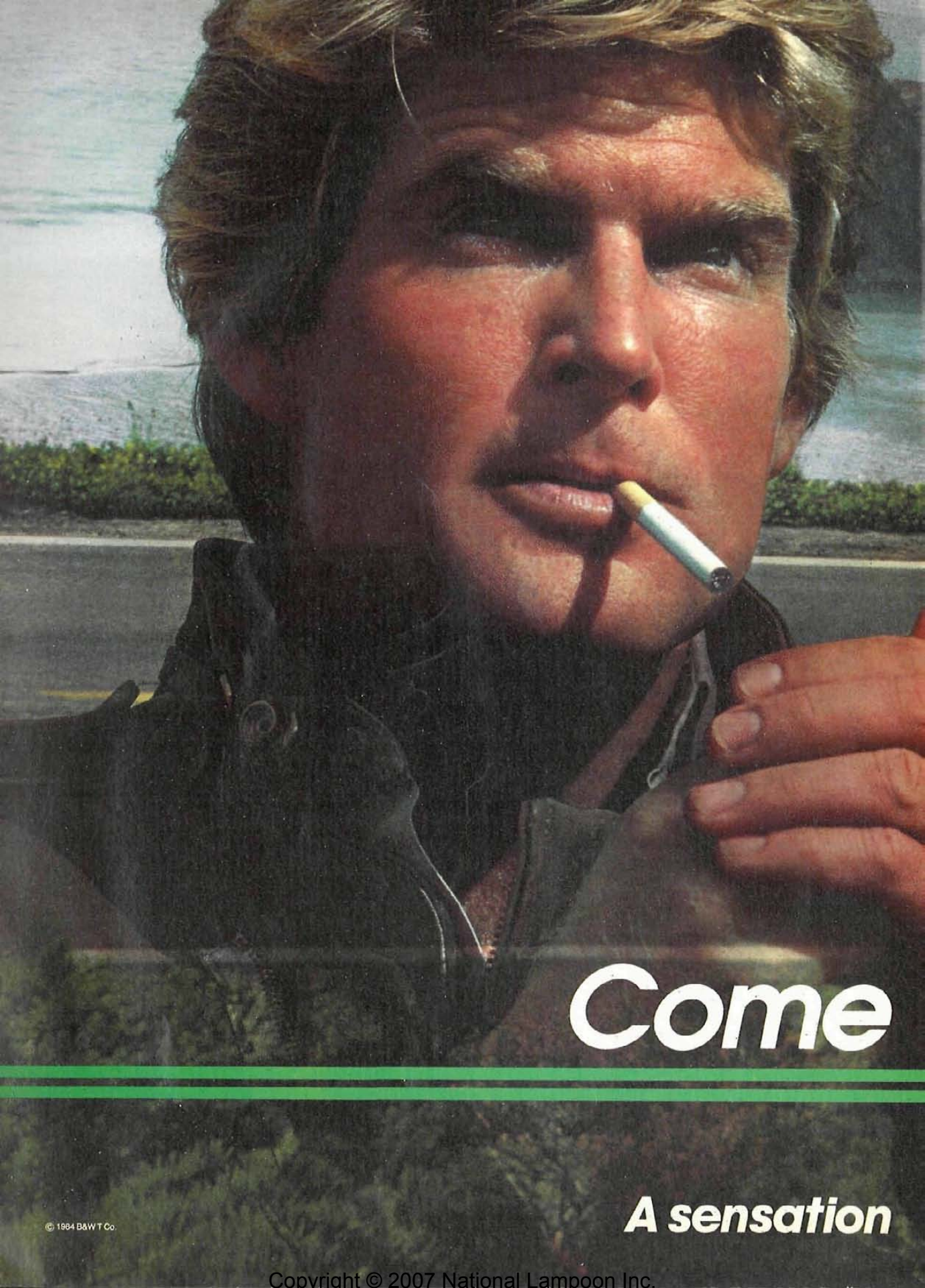
Editor: Andy Simmons

Contributors: Mitch Coleman, Mark Groubert, Jack Handey, Dave Jaffe, Charles Kaufman, Warren Leight, Don Perman, Paul Proch, Charlie Rubin, Andy Simmons, Michael Simmons, Dave Yuzo Spector, Gerald Sussman

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.



up to Kool.

Kool gives you extra coolness
for the most refreshing sensation in smoking.

beyond the ordinary.



LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

Sirs:

I think I'd like to get involved in working with the underprivileged. Maybe small, mentally retarded kids. Kids who need a second chance. I'd give them that break in life. I'd teach them the good things and nourish them and watch them grow into FIGHTERS! Teach them to take care of themselves. To know what they want and to FIGHT FOR IT! To get whatever it is they want! We're gonna get 'em!! We're gonna get those dreams!!! Get 'em, you RETARDS!! C'MON, YA FUCKIN' MORONS!! YA LITTLE SISSIES!! GO! GO! GO! GO! MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!!! Get those dreams!! C'MON, LET'S MOVE IT!!!!!!!!!!!!

Bobby "The Mover of Young Men"
Knight
Bloomington, Ind.

Sirs:

You know what's disgusting? The fact that although I have the X-rated channel on my cable TV scrambled, I can still see disgusting things if I look close enough and long enough and use my imagination.

Peter S. Prurient
Interest, Ind.

Sirs:

You're probably wondering why I eat my own vomit. Well, it's not because I'm hungry and it isn't because I don't know any better. Basically, I just want to see if I can make you throw up.

Your Dog
Licking a green puddle

Sirs:

I really wasn't trying to break any records, honestly. I just wanted to go out and give it all I had. I'm thankful for all the attention and everything, but Charles Joseph Whitman was my hero. He was a legend. I never thought anybody would ever break his record, but I guess records were made to be broken. I'll tell you one thing, if it had to be someone, I'm glad it was me.

James Huberty
#1 Mass Murderer in a
Single Day
Mass Murderers Heaven

Sirs:

I just figured out why Reagan has been making life so shitty for the poor. Because if it was fun, *everybody* would want to be poor. Then what would happen to Häagen-Dazs?

Muffy Beastwick
East Hampton, N.Y.

Sirs:

If God created the universe in seven days, imagine what He could have accomplished if He had sat down and really put in some time on the project.

The Critics of God's Work Ethics
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

You know, there are some advantages to being well-known. Take, for example, what would happen if a celebrity got amnesia. Even though he couldn't remember who he was, there would be millions of people who would recognize and remind him.

I. Forgot
A little town
Somewhere

Sirs:

Did you ever have this experience? You're walking down the street and someone that you think you recognize goes by, but then you realize that it wasn't him but it sure looked like him. Well, I've had that experience too, and I was wondering if all those people that we think we recognize are the same people. In other words, do you think there's a group of people in the world going around looking like everybody else?

Alfred E. Serling
The Mad Zone

Sirs:

This is to inform you that Bowling Green University and Ball State have merged. The new school is called Bowling Ball State, and the football team has been renamed the Pins.

Chancellor B. Alley
Gutterball, Ohio

Sirs:

Remember how the astronauts brought home the moon rocks and you gazed at them in museums and then forgot about them? Well, it turns out they have a bizarre property. If you look at a moon rock for more than five seconds, in exactly twelve years your eyeballs fall out. Just thought you'd appreciate a little preparation time.

The NASA Boys
Houston, Tex.

Sirs:

If you laid all the hookers in New York end to end, do you know what you'd have? You'd have a field day. (You'd also have gonorrhoea, AIDS, herpes, syphilis, crabs, and a really sore dick.)

Helen and Uri Keller
Blind and bent



"I told you they were magic beans and not to eat them."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

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FROG



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

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NIGHT IN NEW YORK CITY. IT'S BUSINESS AS USUAL FOR THE PORN-SMASHING X-WOMEN.

THIS IS A RAID!

HAND OVER THE SMUT, PIG!

AA'EE! THIS IS THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK!



THE X-WOMEN! THIS IS CHOKE'S SURE TO MEAN...

FEMINIST REEDUCATION FOR YOU, PORN CZAR! TAKE 'IM AWAY, SHREW!

INSTANTLY, THANKS TO THE WRITER'S MUTANT POWER TO DISREGARD LOGIC, CONTINUITY, AND EVEN THE MOST BASIC RULES OF STORYTELLING, SHREW IS BACK AT THE X-WOMEN'S HEADQUARTERS GIVING THE NIGHT'S HAUL OF PORN CZARS A CRASH COURSE IN FEMINIST THEORY.



NOW, WHO CAN TELL ME WHAT PORNOGRAPHY IS?

VERY GOOD, CARMINE!

A CAPITALIST TOOL FOR THE OPPRESSION OF WOMEN?

I KNEW THAT! WHY DIDN'T I RAISE MY HAND? I'M NOT ASSERTIVE ENOUGH! COULD IT BE I'M TOO WEAK TO BE A REEDUCATED PORN CZAR?



BACK AT THE PORN PALACE, MOP 'N' GLO IS TAKING WHAT IS WRONGFULLY HERS....

THIS BETTER BE THE WORKS, MARCO, OR I'LL BE BACK AN' BE LETTIN' SHREW TAKE A FEW SWIPES UPSIDE YO' HEAD!

'Y'ALL BE PLEAS' TO KNOW THAT YO' DIRTY DOUGH IS GWAN TO BUY GOALIE UNIFORMS FO' BATTLEHED WAHVES, PORN CASHIER KING!

LET ME AT HIM, EH? I'LL SCRATCH HIS EYES OUT, EH?

THIS STEALING... MOP 'N' GLO JUST IFIES IT WITH GOALIE MASKS, BUT ISN'T IT WRONG NO MATTER HOW GOOD THE CAUSE? OR AM I JUST TOO WEAK TO BE AN X-WOMAN?

WHILE IRON MAIDEN GIVES THE PORN PALACE A NEW IMAGE, CHARLES GRODIN USES HIS MUTANT POWER TO EMPATHIZE WITH A PASSING OPPRESSED HOUSEWIFE. BUT SOMETHING IS AMISS....

OOPS! WE MEAN A-MS.

I KNOW... I KNOW...

I SHOULD BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND HOW THIS WOMAN FEELS CARRYING GROCERIES THROUGH TIMES SQUARE AT MIDNIGHT TO A HUSBAND WHO BEATS HER, THEN LAUGHS...

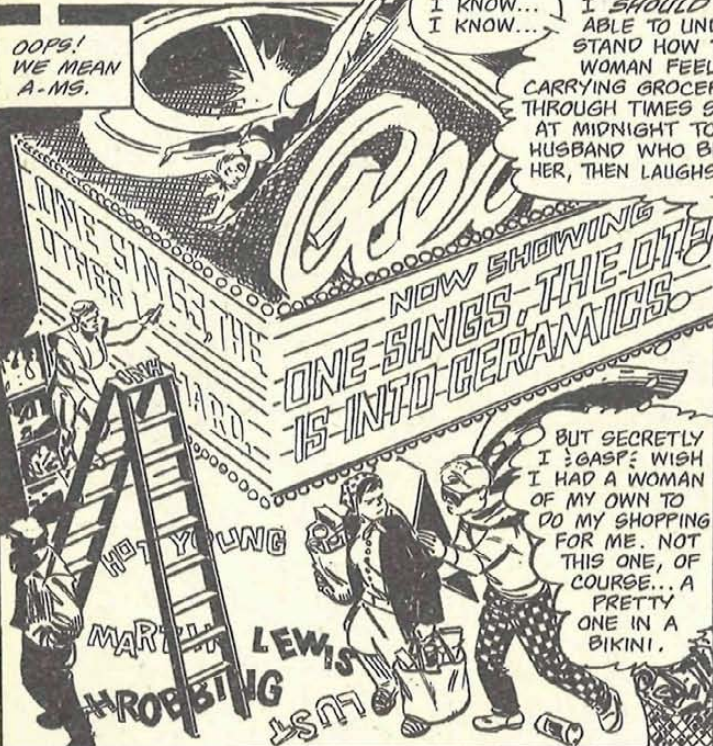
WHEN! WHAT A NIGHT! I HOPE THIS IS OUR LAST MARQUEE DE SADE.

HA-HA-HA!

WE CAN NEVER REST, LITTLE ONE, UNTIL ALL VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN IS STOMPED ON, CRUSHED, AND BEATEN WITH A BIG BOARD WITH RUSTY NAILS IN IT, THEN THROWN OVER A CLIFF TO BE DASHED TO RAGGED BLOODY BITS ON THE ROCKS BELOW.

WHO SAYS FEMINISTS DON'T HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR?

BUT SECRETLY I GASP WISH I HAD A WOMAN OF MY OWN TO DO MY SHOPPING FOR ME. NOT THIS ONE, OF COURSE... A PRETTY ONE IN A BIKINI.



LIKE GREAT WOMEN THROUGHOUT HERSTORY, THE X-WOMEN ARE TIRED BUT HAPPY AFTER A HARD DAY OF CLEANING UP AFTER THE MENFOLK.

OFF MY BACK, BRO!! HEY, THANKS X-WOMEN!

RIGHT ON, SISTER!

WELL, THAT'S IT FOR TONIGHT, GIRLS! NOT LET'S HEAD HOME.

WOMEN, DAMMIT! GIRLS, I'M SO EMBARRASSED.

WHAT TH--? WHY IS PUBCRAWLER CALLIN' THE SHOTS? HAS SHE FO'GOTTEN WHO'S THE BOSS WOMAN? SHE'S UNDERMININ' MY 'THORITY! GOTTA REAFFIRM MY 'THORITY SOMEHOW....

YEAH! WHAT PUBCRAWLER SAID!!



ON THE OUTSIDE, IT'S AN ELITE UPPER EAST SIDE GIRLS' SCHOOL. BUT INSIDE, IT'S THE HOME OF THE X-WOMEN... WHERE THEIR MENTOR AND MISTRESS-MIND, DR. LINDA X, AWAITS THE RETURN OF HER PHALLUS-LESS, THUS FEARLESS, COMMANDOS.

WELL, IRIS? WHAT HAVE YOU TO REPORT?

A PRETTY QUIET NIGHT, LINDA. WE BUSTED THREE PORN THEATERS, A MASSAGE PARLOR, AND A PHOTO SHOOT FOR THE NEW ROLLING STONES ALBUM JACKET.

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN JAGGER'S FACE, EH? I WANTED TO RIP HIS EYES OUT!

JAGGER... RICHARDS...THE GIRL ON THE JACKET...IT WAS ALL TOO MUCH...THE MEMORIES.*

* SEE ISN #61.-ED.



A HAPPY X-WOMAN IS A HUNGRY X-WOMAN! IN NO TIME OUR SWEET HEROINES HAVE FEASTED, WASHED UP, AND RETIRED TO THEIR INDIVIDUAL (SINGLE-BED) SLEEPING QUARTERS.

EVERYONE, THAT IS, BUT DR. LINDA X AND NYMPH, WHO KEEP VIGIL, CAREFULLY MONITORING THE HIGHLY INTUITIVE INCUBUS COMPUTER, * HIGH ATOP X-WOMEN HQ.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. I GET A SIGNAL, AND THEN IT FADES AWAY. SOMEONE OUT THERE IS COMMITTING VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN, BUT UNDER A POWERFUL PROTECTIVE SHIELD....

THE FIRST AMENDMENT, MAYBE?

NO, SOMETHING MUCH STRONGER.... IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG NIGHT, NYMPH. HOW ABOUT SOME PARCHEESI?

NONE FOR ME, THANKS. I HAVE TO WATCH MY GYMNAST'S FIGURE.

GAKKK! IT'S GOING TO BE A LONGER NIGHT THAN I THOUGHT! BY THE WAY, AS LONG AS THERE'S SPACE LEFT IN THIS THOUGHT BALLOON, I WONDER WHY I'M THINKING OF GAMES WHEN I SHOULD BE WATCHING INCUBUS? AM I TOO WEAK TO BE THE LEADER OF THE X-WOMEN? OR COULD IT BE THAT GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN? I MEAN WOMEN.

*SEE ISH KABIBBLE.--ED.

THE ENVELOPING FEMALE DARKNESS * OFFERS A HAVEN FOR EXPRESSING THE DEEPEST LONGINGS OF THE SOUL. HOURS LATER...

WHAT DOES IT TAKE, DR. LINDA, TO BECOME A TRUE X-WOMAN?

WELL, NYMPH, WE'VE ALL BEEN THROUGH OUR TRIALS... DOUBTS... SETBACKS... BUT WE'VE COME A LONG WAY....

YOU HAVE YOUR OWN CIGARETTE NOW, BABY.

WE'VE COME A LONG, LONG WAY....

*SEE "OUR BODIES, OURSELVES."--ED.



"I REMEMBER THE FIRST OF YOU I FOUND. EVEN IN THOSE DAYS SHE HAD THE POWER. AND SHE IS JUST NOW LEARNING TO FOCUS IT. HER NAME WAS ROSIE, A PERT TOMBOY FROM PERTH AMBOY. AS A GIRL, SHE WAS DIFFERENT...."

ROSIE, SHOP CLASS IS NO PLACE FOR A YOUNG LADY! BOYS TAKE SHOP GIRLS TAKE SHOPPING! THESE ARE STILL THE FIFTIES!

MR. KOWALSKI, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I GOTTA WELD! I JUST GOTTA! *

IT'S SO HARD BEING A TEEN. I SYMPATHIZE WITH HER, BUT I CAN'T QUITE EXPRESS MY FEELINGS. BUT I GOTTA TRY....



*SEE, LISTEN TO, READ "FREE TO BE YOU AND ME."

FUCK YOU, BITCH!

"SHE TAUGHT HERSELF A TRADE-- A WAY OUT OF THE POVERTY CYCLE. SHE COULD SOLDER, WELD, RIVET WITH THE BEST. AND SHE COULD LAY PIPE, TOO...."

I LOVE THIS TORCH. IT'S LIKE -- HAVING SOME POWER I'VE ALWAYS LACKED! I WONDER WHAT IT MEANS....



"BEFORE THE UNION KNEW SHE WAS A WOMAN, SHE'D PASSED HER WELDER'S EXAM! SHE WENT TO NEW YORK, TO WORK HIGH STEEL ON THE WORLD TRADE CENTER. THE MEN MADE HER LIFE HELL...."

I DUNNO, WHY?

SO'S YOU CAN CARRY 'EM HOME, LIKE A SIX-PACK!

YOU BLOW YOUR BUDDIES WITH THAT MOUTH, PAL??



"SHE CONNECTED WITH HER ANGER!"

NICE TALK! WHY DON'T YOU ADMIT TO YOUR FEAR OF DEPENDENCY ON ALL WOMEN!!!

I LIKE WOMEN WITH POWER, BUT I CAN'T COPE WITH HOLES BURNED THROUGH MY BODY. HENCE I AM IMPOTENT WITH THESE MUTANT FEMINISTS THAT ARE SO PREVALENT NOWADAYS. OH WELL, THERE'S PLENTY OF NORMAL, THEREFORE WEAK, WOMEN-- I MEAN GIRLS-- AROUND.



WITH HER UNCANNY ABILITY TO SEE THROUGH MEN BY FIRST BURNING HOLES THROUGH THEM, THEN LOOKING THROUGH THOSE HOLES, THEN LAUGHING AT WHAT SHE SAW, IT WAS ONLY NATURAL THAT ROSIE WOULD BECOME IRIS, THE FIRST OF THE X-WOMEN....



"I REMEMBER THE NEXT OF YOU. SHE WAS A NOVELIST AND CRITIC UP IN CANADA. HER NAME WAS MARGARET DEMONT..."

PEGGY, I REALIZE "GETTING MY DRIFT" IS THE NOVEL YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOWARD ALL OF YOUR CAREER. I'M AFRAID THIS SAVAGE REVIEW IS GOING TO HAVE A DISASTROUS EFFECT...

... ON OUR LUNCH, THAT IS.



"THEN AND THERE, HER WOMANLY RAGE TRANSFORMED MARGARET INTO WHAT WE KNOW HER AS TODAY..."

"...LONG-WINDED... WHINING... SOLIPSISTIC... SILLY... CARPING... IAMBIC..."



IAMBIC!? I'LL RIP HIS EYES OUT, EH?



"THE SHREW!"

"IRON MAIDEN HAS A VERY DIFFERENT STORY. AS OLGA VUKYASEFF, SHE WAS A PRIZEWINNING METALLURGIST IN THE SOVIET UNION. RESPECTED BY HER PEERS, SHE WAS ALSO THE OBJECT OF CERTAIN UNTOWARD AFFECTIONS...."



THIS LAB IS A FINE PLACE TO DO NASTINESS IN, YOU WOULD AGREE, MISS... MISS...?

OLGA VUKYASEFF, COMMISSAR.



YOU'LL NEVER ENJOY THE FRUITS OF THIS SOCIALIST REPUBLIC AGAIN!

I ALWAYS SUSPECTED YOU WERE A FRUIT OF THIS SOCIALIST REPUBLIC YOURSELF, YOU BOURGEOIS WEASEL!



"AS SHE TRUDGED FROM HER OFFICE IN THE KREMLIN, OLGA'S ANGER TURNED HER BODY TO STEEL. AN AMAZING TRANSFORMATION TOOK PLACE, AND TODAY WE KNOW HER AS IRON MAIDEN, BECAUSE 'STEEL GIRL' SOUNDS STUPID."

GRRR. MEN ARE NOT SENSITIVE TO THE EMOTIONAL NEEDS OF WOMEN! ALL THEY CARE ABOUT ARE THEIR OWN STUPID EMOTIONAL NEEDS, WHICH I HAVE NO INTEREST IN AT ALL.*

* GO SEE "AN UNMARRIED WOMAN!" -- ED.



"GLORIA SHAFT, A YOUNG NEGRO MAID, WAS TOO BUSY WITH HER DOMESTIC CHORES TO REALIZE HER LIFELONG AMBITION, WHICH WAS TO GO OUT ON THE TOWN DUTCH TREAT WITH HER BOYFRIEND, LEROY, INSTEAD OF HAVING TO PAY FOR BOTH OF THEM ALL THE TIME."

THIS SOIL IS DIRTY, GLORIA. YOU CLEAN AND CLEAN YOUR FINGERS TO THE BONE, AND STILL WE'RE NOT SATISFIED. WHAT ARE WE NOT PAYING YOU FOR? AND, OH YES, WE'RE DONE WITH THE TOILET.

HURRY UP, GLORIA! WE GOTTA USE THE CAN AGAIN! HA-HA-HA!

YES, BOSS MEL AND BOSS AL.

WHA' TH!... THESE GUYS MUS' HAB A ES-LAS JONES OR SLUMTHIN'.

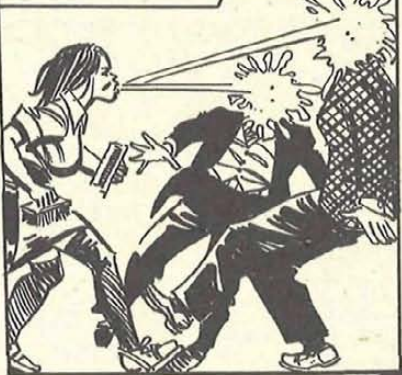
PLEASE CLEAN IT AGAIN NOW. AND HURRY. 'CAUSE WE GOTTA USE IT AGAIN RIGHT AWAY. HA-HA!



"FINALLY, THE MALE SUPREMACISTS HAD PUSHED HER TO THE BREAKING POINT."

"IN HER FURY, SHE SPAT UPON THE FACES OF THE HORRIBLE MAN-THINGS..."

"AND AN AMAZING THING BEGAN TO HAPPEN...."



"GLORIA FOUND THAT SHE HAD BEEN, IN HER OWN WORD, 'MUTANTIZED', OR, IN HER OWN PRONUNCIATION, 'MU'AN'I,' AND HAD THE POWER TO WIPE SMUT FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH WITH HER SPIT. SHE HAD BECOME..."





"PUBCRAWLER, PERHAPS, HAD IT TOUGHER THAN ANY OF US. IT WAS SHE WHO LOOKED DEATH IN THE EYE. SHE SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT COMING, LIVING ON MAN'S TURF THE WAY SHE DID...."



GOODBAR, HUH, BABY? WANNA COME HOME WITH ME?

LIKE, MY PLACE WOULD BE COOLER, LIKE...



"YES, IT WAS RICHARD GERE. HE WAS EVERYTHING YOU'D EVER THOUGHT ABOUT HIM!"

HEY, BABY, SEX AND DEATH ARE GAMES OF INCHES, HEH-HEH-HEH....

GOD, I WISH I WAS A MUTANT!



"SUDDENLY, SHE WAS ONE, WITH THE ABILITY NOT ONLY TO PICK UP STRANGE MEN IN BARS, OR WHEREVER SHE MIGHT FIND THEM, BUT..."

"...ALSO TO PUT THEM IN THEIR PLACES." I SHOULD KILL YOU FOR THIS, YOU LIZARD! BUT WE'LL MEET AGAIN! *



* AND THEY DID! SEE "AMERICAN GIGOLO II." --ED.



"THEN THERE IS CHARLESGRODIN, THE EMPATH. *

NOW STAY TUNED FOR ADVENTURE AND BREASTS ON "CHARLIE'S ANGELS!"

* SEE "THE FEMALE EUNUCH." --ED.

"AS CHARLESGRODIN HE HAS THE ABILITY TO EMPATHIZE WITH OPPRESSED WOMEN EVERYWHERE. BUT WHEN ENRAGED BY INJUSTICE OR JIGGLE SHOWS, HE BECOMES..."



CHARLES GORDIN WAS ONLY SUPPOSED TO FILL IN FOR MS. MAGAZINE FOR ONE WEEK WHILE SHE WAS OUT OF CIRCULATION AFTER A RUN-IN WITH GUCCIONE MAN AND PLAY BOY. *

* SEE "CALIGULA," IF YOU DARE!

BUT HE STAYED AND STAYED AND STAYED. WE CAN'T SEEM TO GET RID OF HIM. WE'VE EVEN TRIED ELECTROLYSIS.

THERE IT IS! LUST! SMUT! EXPLOITATION! WE'VE GOT A FIX ON IT NOW!

LET'S GET TO WORK! LET'S GO!

NOT SO FAST, NYMPH! RUSHING AROUND HALF-CKOED IS A MALE EGO TRIP! WE SHOULD TAKE THE TIME TO SHARE OURSELVES. WHY NOT SHARE YOUR STORY WITH ME?

THE BODY OF A GYMNAST AND THE BRAIN OF A TREE STUMP. IT'S ALL TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE...

"ME? THEY CALLED ME PUSSI KATZ, MISS POPULARITY! WHEREVER I WENT, WHATEVER I DID, THERE WAS SOME GUY AROUND, READY TO OFFER HIMSELF TO ME. ONE NIGHT..."

"I WAS FOOLED! I THOUGHT I WAS HAVING THE TIME OF MY LIFE. LITTLE DID I KNOW EDDIE GORDON WAS JUST USING ME TO PERPETUATE THE PATRIARCHY. THANK HEAVENS THE INCUBUS COMPUTER HAD PICKED UP ON MY MUTANT POWERS, AND MY TIME HAD COME TO JOIN THE X-WOMEN...."

OH, PUSSI, LET ME PLEASE YOU!

WHEW! JUST IN TIME!

HEY, WAIT! THAT'S MY STEADY!

STEADY DRAIN ON YOUR PRECIOUS LIFE FORCES, IS MORE LIKE IT!



BELIEVE ME, HONEY, YOU'RE BETTER OFF WITH US.

LOOK HOW MANY WE'RE LEAVING BEHIND IN THIS PIT OF PUTRID FLESH. YOU'RE ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES!

OR...IS SHE?



SO HERE I AM! OF COURSE, I'VE STILL GOT A LONG WAY TO GO IN LEARNING TO CONTROL MY SEX DRIVE, BUT NOW THAT I KNOW I HAVE THE MUTANT POWER TO LURE MEN INTO FOLLOWING MY EVERY WISH, I JUST WANT TO BE THE BEST X-WOMAN EVER!

I THINK WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A CHANCE TO TEST THAT TONIGHT, NYMPH!



WHAT'S HAPPENIN', BOSS?

I'LL RIP THEIR EYES OUT, EH?

SEEMS WE'VE GOT A FULL-SCALE PORNO MILL OPERATING CLOSE BY.

YES, AND ONLY A FEW BLOCKS AWAY, VIXEN-- THE FORMER X-WOMAN TURNED EVIL AND IRIS'S EX-LOVER-- IS SETTING A FATAL TRAP FOR DR. LINDA X. THE STAGE IS SET--FOR A BATTLE THAT WILL TAKE DR. LINDA DEEP INTO HER OWN PAST... AND THRUST THE X-WOMEN INTO AN UNKNOWN FUTURE!



QUIET ON THE SET! LET'S SHOOT THE LINDA X BONDAGE SEQUENCE! ROLLING!



WAIT TILL IRIS SEES THIS! PERHAPS SHE'LL FORGIVE ME... AND COME... BACK! OR COULD IT BE SHE'S TOO WEAK TO BE AN EX-X-WOMAN?

NEXT: MEN ROT, WOMEN ARE GREAT!

DON'T MISS YOUR NEXT MONTHLY ISSUE!

BY PETER KLEINMAN AND ANDY SIMMONS



Sssshhhhhh . . . wanna know a secret?

Wanna find out what Mr. Xulu, Ubangi tribe beautician, meant when he yelled to his assistant, after confronting a hideous bone-through-the-jowls job, "Quick, get me Mr. Andrew and Mr. Peter on the drums"? Then welcome to the glamorous world of lookin' good! Never before have our secrets (the product of tens of years of success and failure: pain and glory, not always ours; lots of money and lives lost [have you seen Mr. Tony? He still hasn't come back with the henna]) found a home in the waxy inner canals of another's ears. For only now are your waxy inner ear canals, your eardrum, your earlobe, the squiggly cartilage that is uglier than your feet, ready for Mr. Andrew and Mr. Peter's Absolutely EXPLOSIVE Beauty Secrets, the result of tens of years of success and failure. Here now before you unravel the mysteries of beauty! Apply them well. And enjoy lookin' good!!!

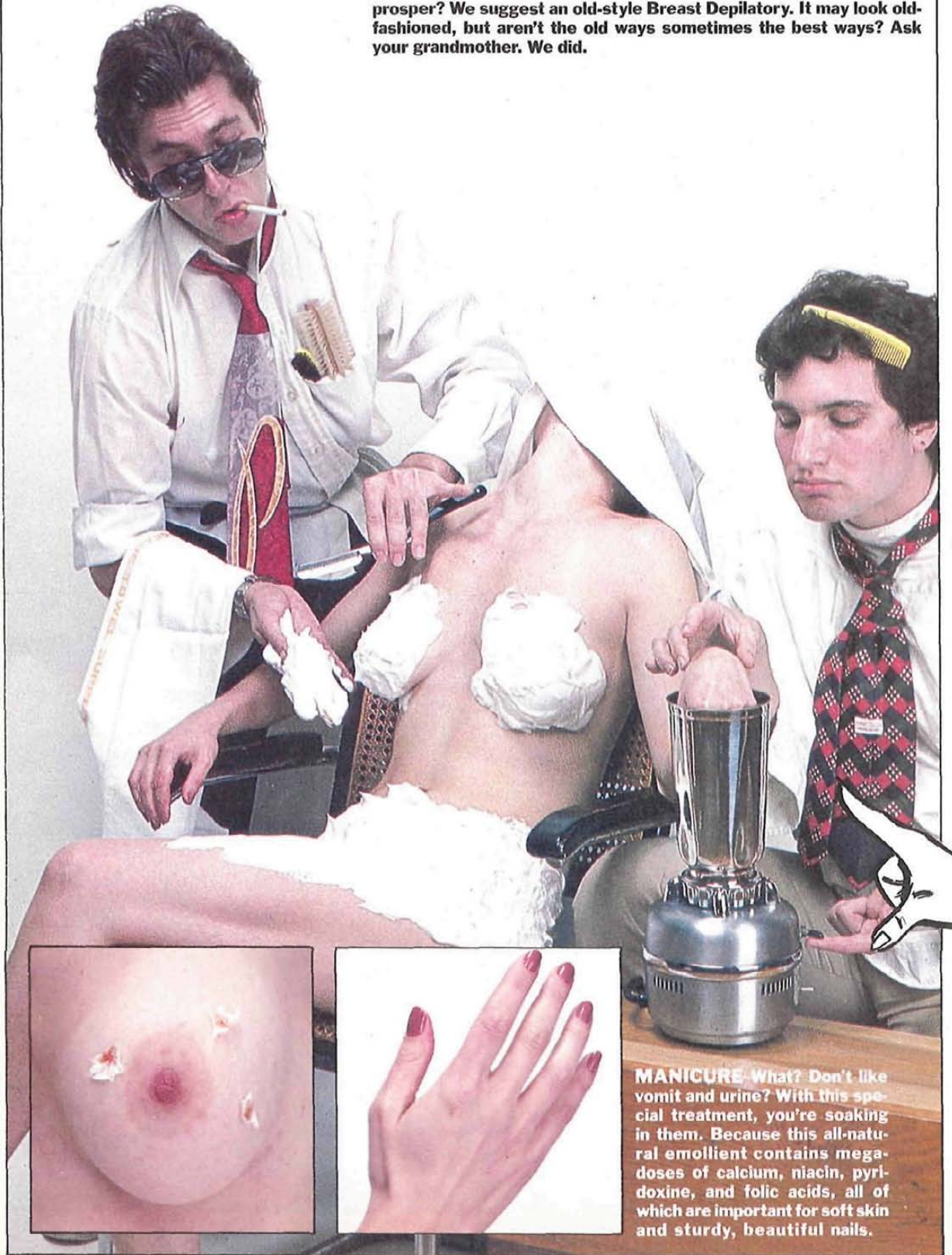


MR. ANDREW AND MR. PETER'S BEAUTY SECRETS



RONALD G. HARRIS


BREAST DEPILATORY What guy likes a bush on a breast? Unless you take care of the situation early, who knows what kind of flora will prosper? We suggest an old-style Breast Depilatory. It may look old-fashioned, but aren't the old ways sometimes the best ways? Ask your grandmother. We did.



MANICURE What? Don't like vomit and urine? With this special treatment, you're soaking in them. Because this all-natural emollient contains megadoses of calcium, niacin, pyridoxine, and folic acids, all of which are important for soft skin and sturdy, beautiful nails.

FECES AND HOPS TREATMENT

Girls, that mop on top of your head is the second part of you a guy looks at. Therefore, we cannot overemphasize the importance of rich, thick, beautiful hair, and out of your eyes, we suggest our special hair treatment, which includes a shampoo of manure and, don't laugh, beer. After years of testing, we have discovered the wonderful world of nutrients and minerals that come with the feces and hops treatment. Beer offers nutrients in the form of such natural foods as barley, corn, and hops. (We prefer a light pilsner to a heavy lager.) We then use the manure as a growth agent, for the long, thick, healthy look . . . like oats.



OUT, FOUL SLIME!!
YOU'LL NOT EXPLOIT
WOMEN FOR THE SAKE
OF PADDING YOUR
MALE-ORIENTED MAG-
AZINE AGAIN!!

BREAST ENLARGEMENT "I like large breasts."—Dr. Egon Stephenson, Gorgeous Beauty Labs. Our lab technicians, under the direction of breast expert Dr. Stephenson, have produced a revolutionary new device for breast enlargement called the Breast Enlargement Device.[®] The comfortable, adjustable straps allow you to choose which breast size is best for you. "Timmy likes 36B. . . . Joe likes the full-bodied look." All of it is available to you. All you need now is a fitting. (Warning: Keep all breasts out of sunlight when wearing the Breast Enlargement Device.)



PITLOCKS You'll be a perfect "10" when you turn ugly, unmanageable pit hair into delightful, natty, original imitation Jamaican "Pitlocks." They're easy, and girls, don't they look gooooooooddd! Eat your pits out, Bo!



BODY ODOR "Everyone likes his own bodily smells, but no one likes a sharer."—Mr. Marty of Marty's Hair Movement. "Guard against foul, stale body odor with Evergreen Car Sanitizer."—Mr. Keith of Hertz. We agree! We found this product did not itch or irritate the skin. It gave us a clean, just-bought air. And it's attractive as well.




I'M GONNA WELD THEIR PENISES TOGETHER!!

LET'S GET 'EM, GIRLS!!

LOOK AT THOSE BREASTS... I'D LIKE BREASTS LIKE THOSE.

BRING BACK ANN BEATTS!!





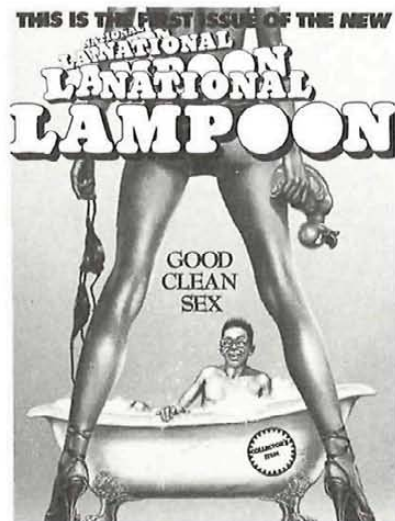
TRY TAKING
ADVANTAGE OF
WOMEN WITH A
SIGN THROUGH
YOUR HEART, SEX
MONGER !!!

I'M GONNA
DUST AND MOP
UPSIDE THE
UGLY ONE'S
HEAD !!

BRING
BACK ANN
BEATTS !!

"I really do look beautiful."

FOR \$9.95 WE'LL EXPOSE OURSELVES



That's the "Good Clean Sex" issue up there: witty, racy, innovative—an issue reminiscent of the enormously popular *National Lampoon* special editions of the seventies. It's January, the first monthly issue of the new *National Lampoon*, the first of twelve completely different issues to be published in 1985.

Each issue of the *National Lampoon* in 1985 and thereafter will be created and edited by a different team of writers, editors, artists, and cartoonists. Each will have a different theme, a different look, a different approach. Each, however, will deal in *NatLamp* humor, the humor that has made this the most popular magazine of its kind in the world, that created *National Lampoon's Animal House*, *National Lampoon's Vacation*, *National Lampoon's Radio Dinner*, *National Lampoon's Lemmings*, and so much more.

For fifteen years the *National Lampoon* has had basically the same look, with many of the same columns and many of the same features. We feel it's time for a new look. There will be no regular columns or features or comic strips—although many of the most popular artists and writers of the past fifteen years will continue to appear in the pages of the magazine. But each magazine will be different.

It is one of the most unusual and innovative ideas in the history of the magazine business. All magazines have a continuing format with columns and features that appear on a regular basis. This one won't.

Following "Good Clean Sex" will be such issues as "A Misguided Tour of New York," "*National Lampoon's* Fifteenth Anniversary Celebration," and many other unusual and hilarious issues to be announced.

Subscribe now. This could be fun!



Sirs:

I'd love to subscribe to the wonderful, hilarious, unusual, innovative, interesting, new, joke-filled magazine described above. I'd have to be an absolute dogbrain not to. Here is my money, you deserve it more than I.

- I am reasonably intelligent and I'd like **one year, please** for \$9.95 (because I have deduced that it will save me \$14.05 over the newsstand price and \$2.00 over the subscription price).
- I am quite sophisticated but not a real genius, so I'll take **two years, please** for \$13.75 (since my slide rule informs me that I will save \$34.25 over the ridiculously already too low newsstand price and \$4.20 over the very fair subscription price).
- I am the smartest person I know and I demand that you send **three whole years, if you don't mind** for the paltry sum of \$18.50 (which any idiot knows is a saving of \$53.50 over the newsstand price and of course \$6.45 over the very reasonable subscription price).

I also understand I am to send check or money order to *National Lampoon*, Dept. NL1284, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign lands. All checks must be in U.S. funds.

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If you are in a real big hurry you can call this absolutely toll-free number: **1-800-331-1750**. And ask for Secret Operator #31. Tell her, "Big Jim sent me."

HEY, YOU.
YEAH, YOU, THE
ONE READING THIS
FOTO FUNNY.



PHOTO PHUNNIES

WHY DON'T
YOU MENTALLY
RUB ME AND
GET THREE
WISHES?



POOF



HI! I'M THE
FOTO FUNNIES
GENIE, HERE TO
GRANT YOU ANY
DESIRE.



THAT'S
RIGHT, ANY
OLD WISH
AT ALL.



UGH UH OOOH
AHHHHHHHHH
GOOOOOOPH
GLOOOOOOOOMBHTH!

WOW, THAT'S
PRETTY FAR OUT,
BUT IF YOU WANT
IT YOU GOT IT.

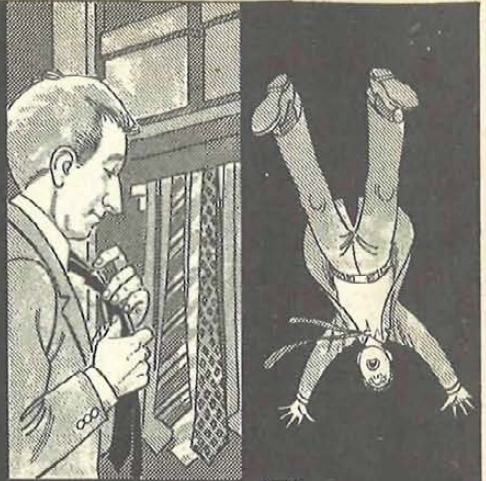


MEMORANDUM

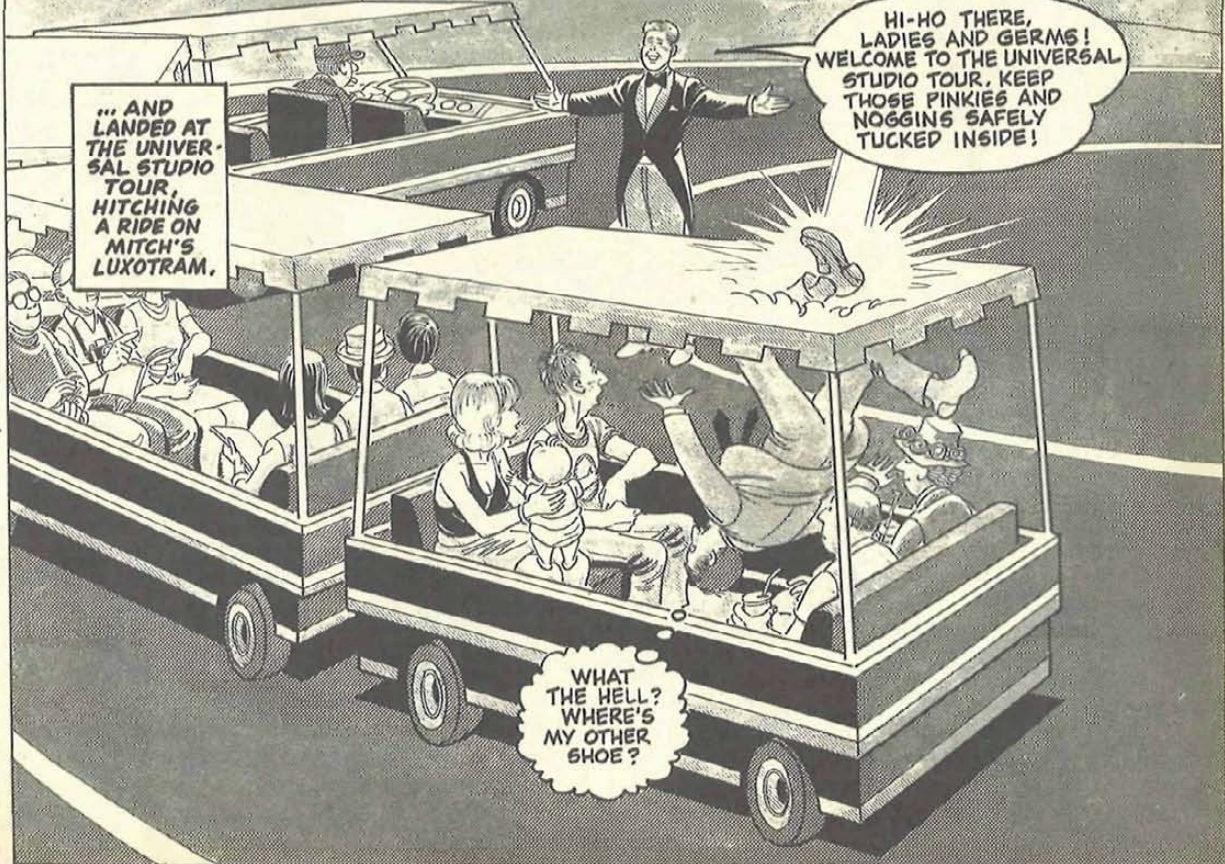
TO: ANDY SIMMONS, EDITOR
FROM: GEORGE S. AGOGLIA, PUBLISHER
DATE: DECEMBER 1, 1984
RE: DECEMBER FOTO FUNNIES

I have told you, repeatedly, that our readers are highly intellectual and are not interested in your filthy smut. Therefore, I am canceling the last two panels in deference to our readers.

THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE UNIVERSAL STUDIO TOUR, MITCH, CAUTIONS ALL TRAM RIDERS TO KEEP THEIR FINGERS AND HEADS SAFELY TUCKED INSIDE, AS THEY HAVE A HISTORY OF BEING SHEARED OFF WHEN LEFT TO DANGLE. BUT THIS IS NOT THE STORY OF DANGLING DIGITS. THIS IS THE STORY OF THAT FATEFUL FRIDAY IN NEW YORK CITY, JUST HOURS BEFORE SARDI'S WOULD LAY OUT ITS FEAST FOR THAT NIGHT'S FIRST-NIGHTERS. IT WAS THEN THAT ADAM DOUGLASS, CYNICAL THEATER CRITIC ANXIOUSLY PREPARING FOR THE OPENING OF "MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA" AND SHOUTING TO HIS WIFE, THE GRAND DAME OF THE NEW YORK WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF ART AND DEPARTMENT, FELL THROUGH A CRACK IN HIS CLOSET...



The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Universal Studio Tour



ON EITHER SIDE OF HIM SAT THE IDIOT COUPLE, WILL AND BEA JENKINS

WILL AND I TOOK OUR FIRST PLANE TRIP FROM TOPEKA!

I FELL OUT OF MY CLOSET!

I FELL OUT OF MY CLOSET ONCE AND CRACKED MY SKULL!



AS THE LUXOTRAM TOURED THE BACK LOT, TOURISTS SNAPPED AWAY AT THEIR FAVORITE STARS, LUCILLE BALL, THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON, AND STEVEN SPIELBERG, WHO WAS DIRECTING THE OTHER TWO IN THE UPCOMING UNIVERSAL FILM, "THE PEGGY CASS STORY."

HI, LUCE! HI, STEVE! HI, CREATCH!

I'LL STAY HERE UNTIL I FIND MY WAY BACK INTO MY CLOSET!

WHERE'S ROCKFORD'S FILE?



WATCH OUT FOR THOSE FEROCIOUS INJUNS HERE AT UNIVERSAL'S WILD WEST SET!

ZOING!



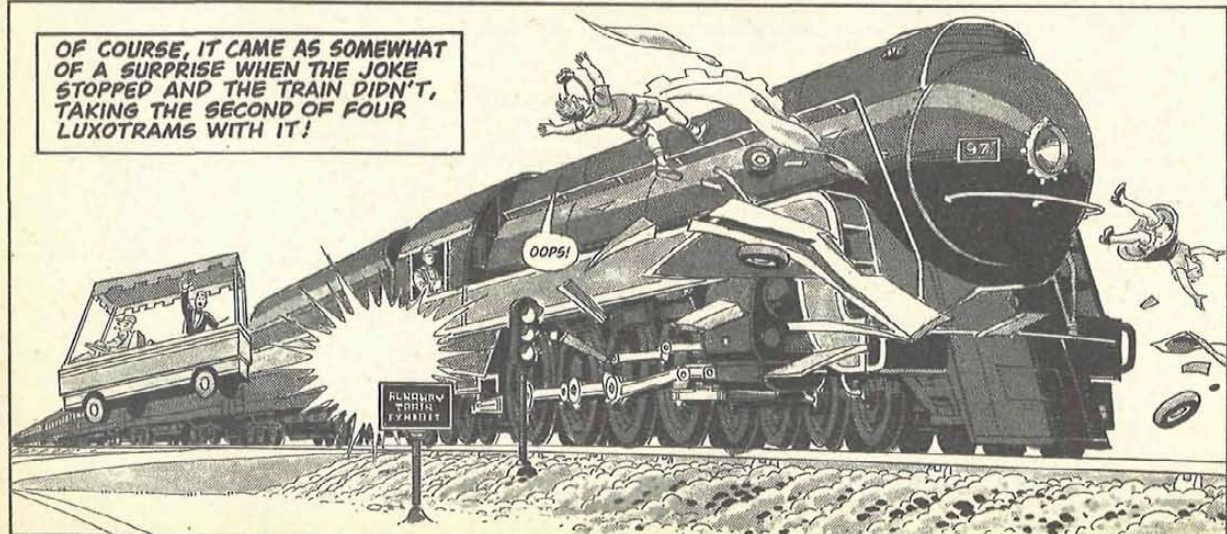
ACTUALLY, THAT'S FRANK DELANEY BEHIND THE CHIEF'S WAR PAINT AND THAT'S JOE CRUZ AS THE PINTO!

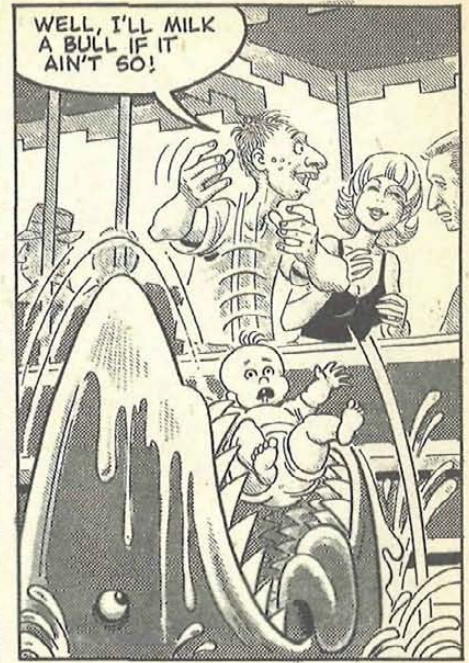
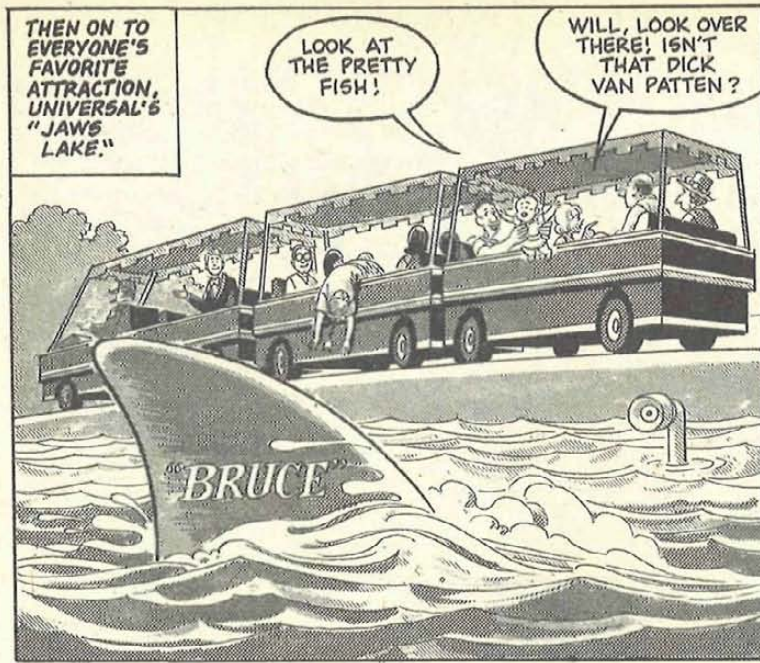
OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE! JUST HORRIBLE! WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE AT UNIVERSAL'S RUN-AWAY TRAIN EXHIBIT!

HONK! HONK!

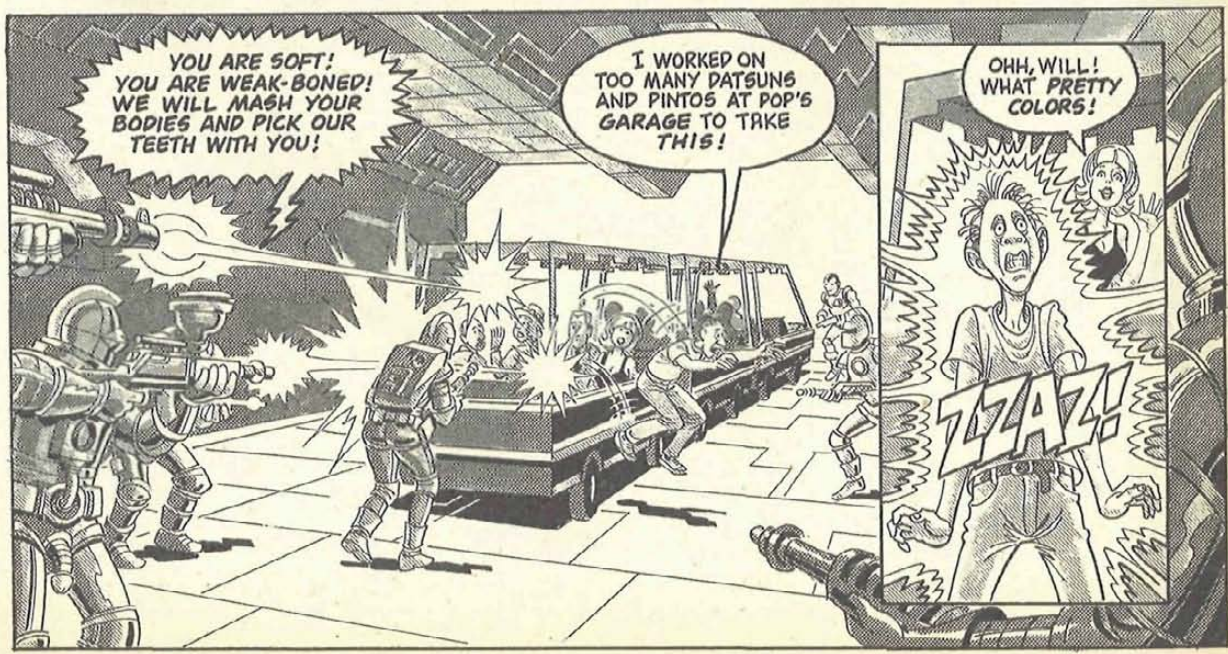
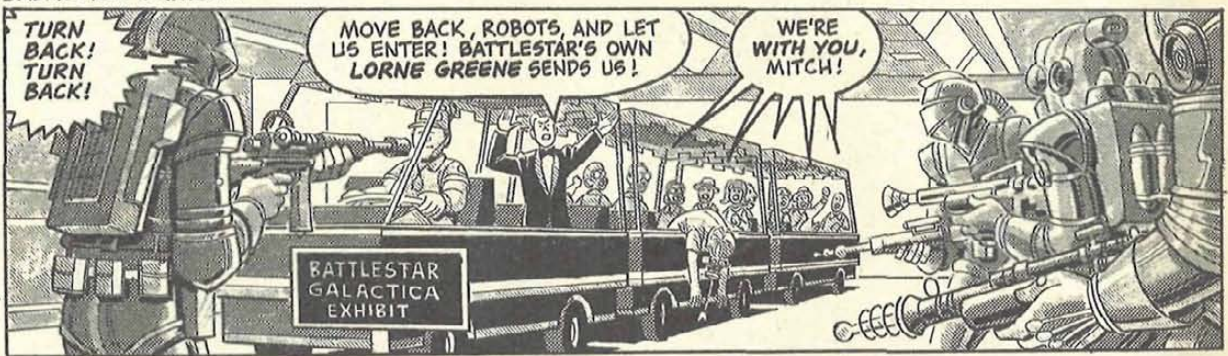


OF COURSE, IT CAME AS SOMEWHAT OF A SURPRISE WHEN THE JOKE STOPPED AND THE TRAIN DIDN'T, TAKING THE SECOND OF FOUR LUXOTRAMS WITH IT!





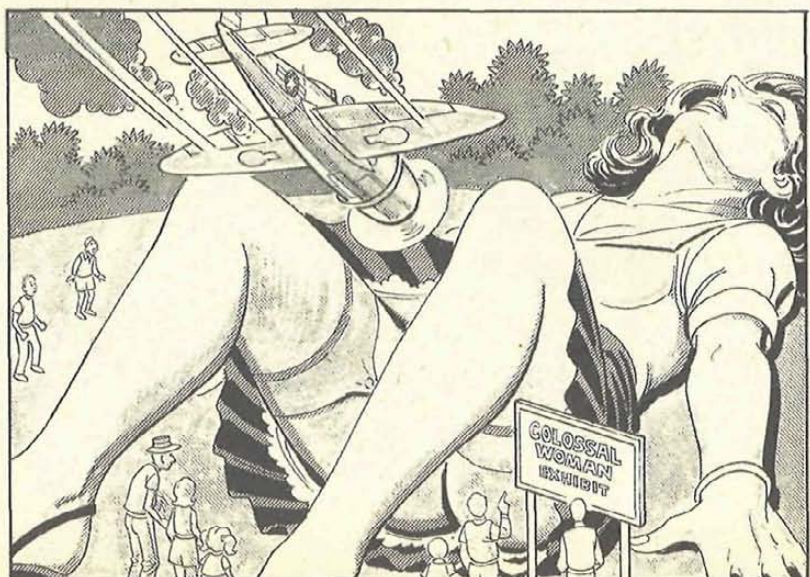
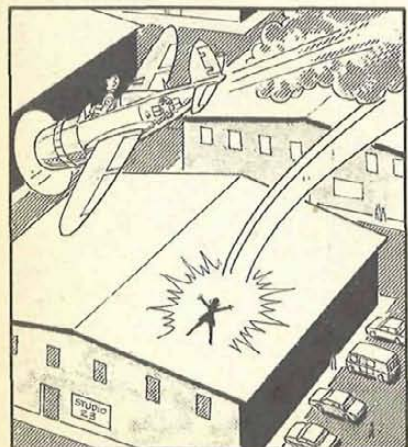
EGGED ON BY DEATH-DEFYING TOURISTS, THE LUXOTRAM PREPARES TO ENTER UNIVERSAL'S BATTLESTAR GALACTICA EXHIBIT.

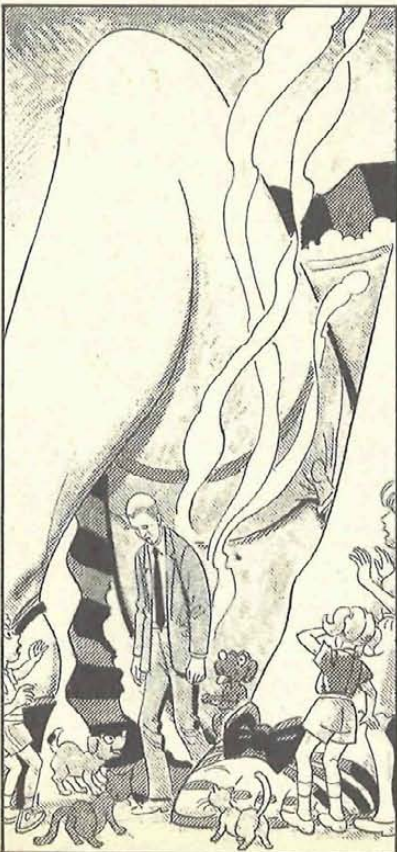
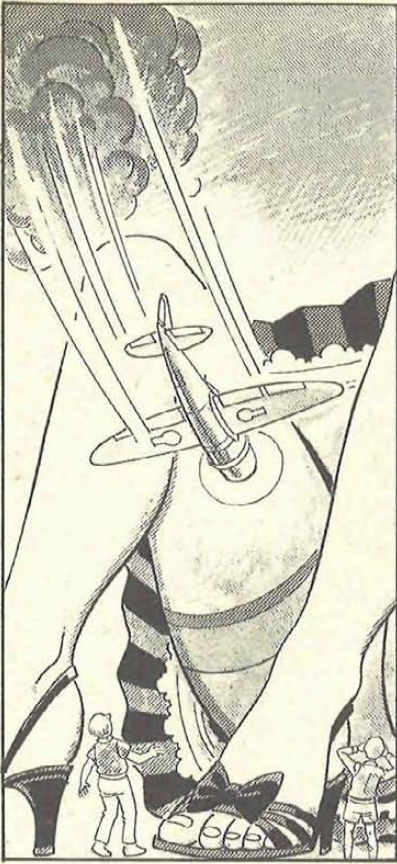


NEXT STOP, UNIVERSAL STUDIO'S SCREEN TEST COMEDY THEATER EXHIBIT, WHERE VIEWERS CAN ACT JUST LIKE THEIR TV HEROES. THE PLOT IS SIMPLE! AN AIRPLANE PILOT SAVES THE LIFE OF A YOUNG FEMALE BAKER WHO IS ABOUT TO BE KIDNAPPED FOR HER COOKIE RECIPE! LET'S WATCH!



THEY FLEW UNTIL THE GAS RAN OUT. THEN THEY CRASHED. JUST BEFORE THAT, ADAM LET GO OF BEA'S HAIR AND SHE DESCENDED ONTO AND THROUGH THE ROOF OF A GIANT SOUNDSTAGE.

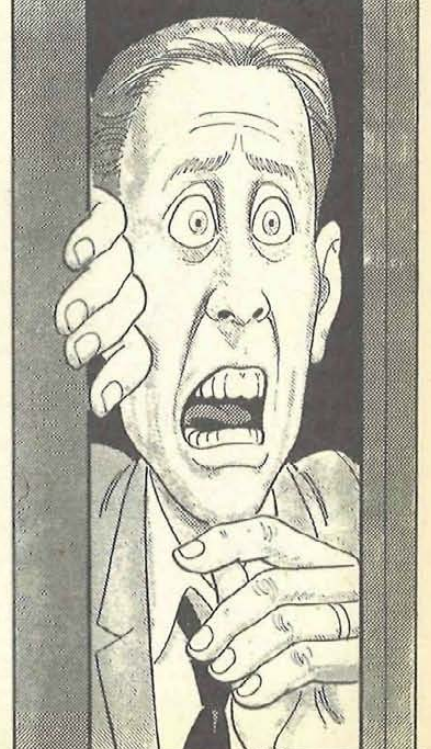




AFTER SURVIVING THE COLOSSAL VAGINA, ADAM CAME UPON THE SOUNDSTAGE THAT BEA CRASHED THROUGH,



THERE, IN FRONT OF HIM, IN THE BIGGEST BUILDING, IN THE BIGGEST DREAM ...



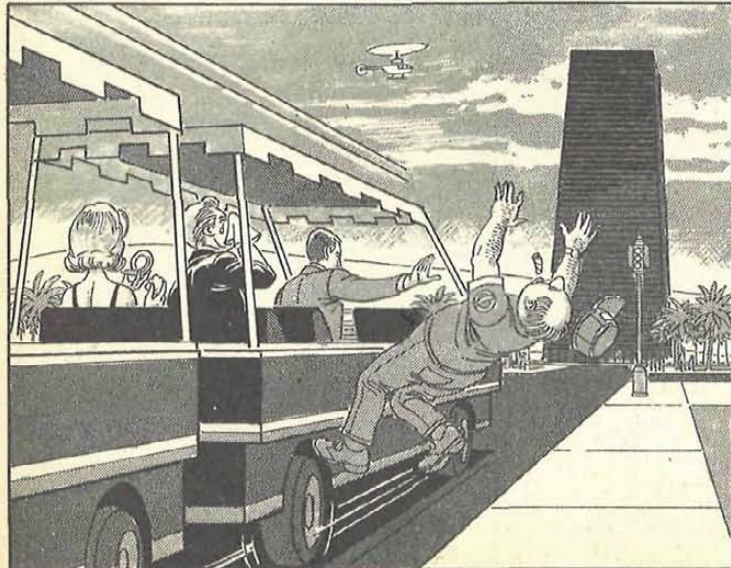
STOOD THE CITY OF PITTSBURGH!



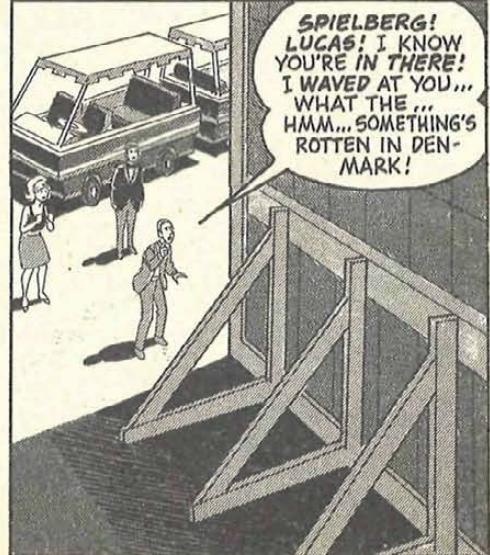
ADAM FOUND BEA IN THE PITTSBURGH STEELERS' LOCKER ROOM. HE PUT HER CLOTHES BACK ON HER, THEN THEY LEFT THE CITY AND THE SOUND-STAGE AND FOUND MITCH. ADAM WANTED ANSWERS!



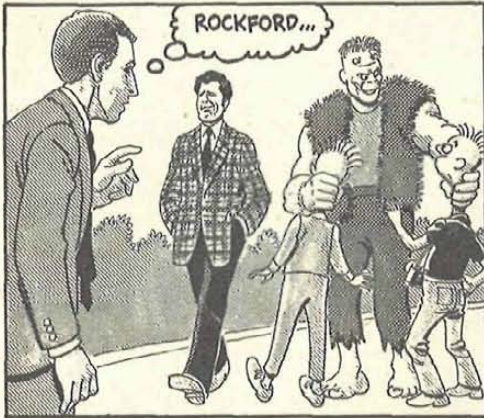
WITH THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF THREE WISE MEN, ADAM TOOK CONTROL OF THE LUXOTRAM AND DROVE TO THE "BLACK TOWER" TO GET ANSWERS FROM THE TOP!



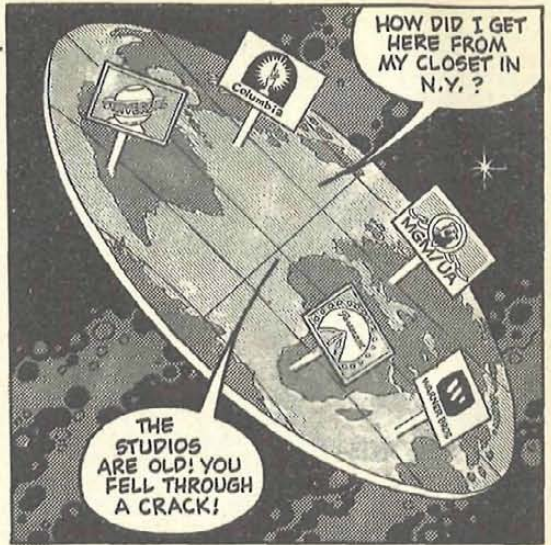
THE DOOR WAS LOCKED. ADAM STALKED ABOUT SEARCHING FOR A WAY IN AND DISCOVERED...



THEN, WALKING TOWARDS HIM, BASKING IN THE LIGHTS OF FLASHBULBS, WAS SOMEONE ADAM KNEW COULD EXPLAIN EVERYTHING. THE ONLY TV STAR HE EVER TRUSTED, JAMES GARNER! HE TOOK ADAM ASIDE AND RETOLD THE HISTORY OF EARTH TO HIM.



EARTH, IT TURNS OUT, IS A SMALL, FLAT, CARDBOARD-BASED PLANET-OID CONSTRUCTED BY AN INTER-GALACTIC FORCE. ITS SOLE PURPOSE IS TO BE A PRODUCTION FACILITY FOR ENTERTAINMENT. GARNER, BY VIRTUE OF THE BRILLIANT HIT SHOW "ROCKFORD FILES," RULED OVER UNIVERSAL STUDIO, THE LARGEST IN THE SYSTEM.



BUT, AS THE WELL OF GOOD, MARKETABLE IDEAS DRIED UP, IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT EARTH WOULD NO LONGER REMAIN NEUTRAL, BUT TURN HOT WITH WAR! IT WAS THE RENEGADE STUDIO, WARNER BROS., THAT STRUCK THE FIRST BLOW.



WARNER'S STORM TROOPERS, LED BY "ALICE"'S LINDA LAVIN AND VETERAN CHARACTER ACTOR VIC TAYBACK, AMBUSHED UNIVERSAL'S CRACK TROOPS.



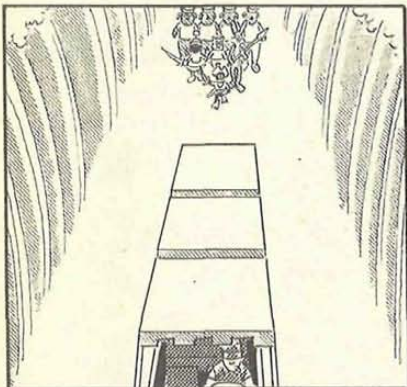
DIRECTOR JOHN LANDIS DROPPED HELICOPTERS FROM THE SKY ON UNSUSPECTING UNIVERSAL EXTRAS.



WARNERS' BURT REYNOLDS AND THE DUKES OF HAZZARD WERE FORCED OFF THE ROAD INTO THE LAKE BY UNIVERSAL'S KNIGHT RIDER, WHERE THEY WERE TORPEDOED BY MC HALE'S NAVY....



THE WAR IN BRIEF... IT WAS UGLY! WARNERS' EARLY GAINS WERE OFFSET ONLY BY UNIVERSAL'S LATER VICTORIES. MITCH AND ADAM DID THEIR PART BY TRICKING WARNERS' MARITIME GENIUS, ADMIRAL DAFFY DUCK, INTO FOLLOWING THEM THROUGH THE PARTING SEA EXHIBIT. A FAVORITE OF THE TOUR GROUP, IT WAS USED BY CHARLTON HESTON IN "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS":

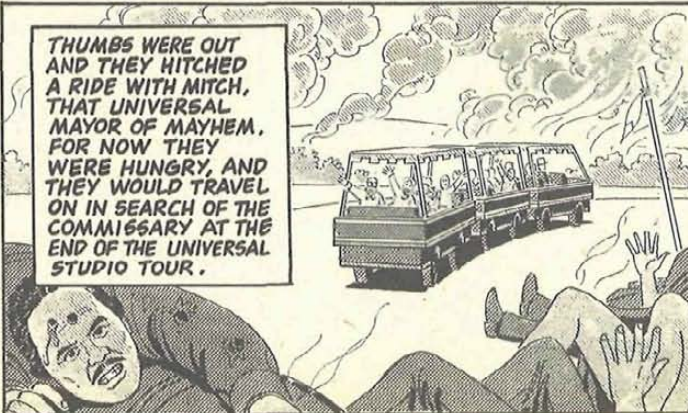


AT WAR'S END, THE ENEMIES OF PEACE LAY IN RUIN ...

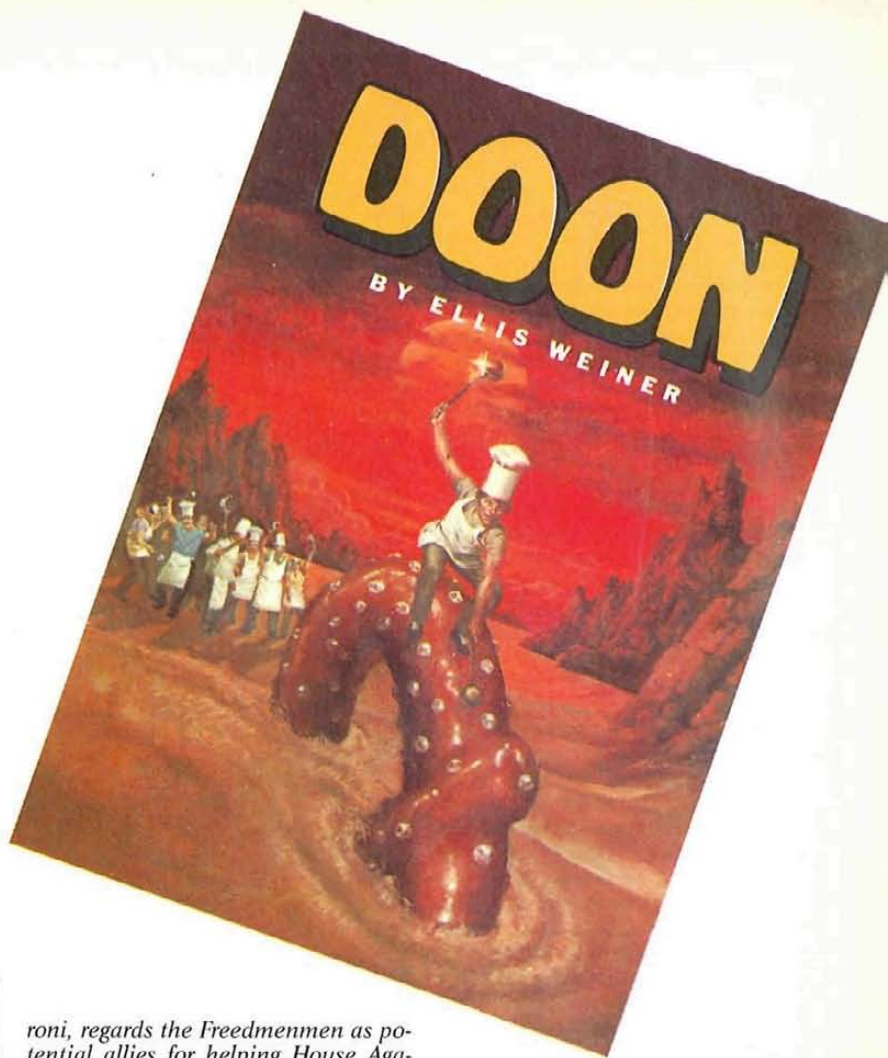
FROM THE SMOKE THAT MARKED THE REMAINS OF THE ONCE VAST WARNER BROS., ASSAULT TEAM CAME THE LUXOTRAM AND THE SOUND OF CLICKING CAMERAS.



HI-HO THERE, LADIES AND GERMS!



THUMBS WERE OUT AND THEY HITCHED A RIDE WITH MITCH, THAT UNIVERSAL MAYOR OF MAYHEM. FOR NOW THEY WERE HUNGRY, AND THEY WOULD TRAVEL ON IN SEARCH OF THE COMMISSARY AT THE END OF THE UNIVERSAL STUDIO TOUR.



PALL AGAMEMNIDES, ONLY SON of Duke Lotto Agamemnidēs, and his mother, the Lady Jazzica, have been deposited in the wilds of the planet Arruckus. They have escaped with their lives after the treacherous overthrow of House Agamemnidēs, as engineered by the evil Baron Vladimir Hardchargin.

They face a difficult ordeal of survival. Arruckus, also called Doon, is known as the Dessert Planet, because it is a world virtually devoid of entrées. Its surface, composed almost entirely of sugar, supports a narrow range of life-forms. Most notorious is a species of giant pretzel, which roves the median latitudes.

Human populations are restricted largely to cities, such as the capital, Arrucksack. But a nomadic tribal people, the Freedmenmen, have managed to eke out an existence in the sugary wastes of the wilderness. They were at one time befriended by Dr. Keynes, the Emperor's official planetologist and liberal economist. Now Keynes, too, must confront the merciless Arruckusian landscape.

Jazzica, a sister in the mystical cooking order known as the Boni Ma-

roni, regards the Freedmenmen as potential allies for helping House Agamemnidēs get back in business. But Pall has been heralded by some Freedmenmen as the *Laserium al-Dilah'*, the messiah, and nurtures a more grandiose vision.

Crucial to his plan are two facts: the Freedmenmen are a highly religious people, for whom the giant pretzels are the embodiment of a deity they call *Schmai-Gunug*; and their lives are intimately connected with the one natural resource that makes the planet Doon the center of attention of all the Imperium—the mind-altering substance known as beer. . . .

Many have remarked on the rapidity with which Mauve'Bib came to proclaim himself the *Laserium al-Dilah'*. For them, let us say that to him religion and business were one. As Mauve'Bib himself said, "God does not care what you do, or why you do it. What is of importance is that you keep accurate records, and can produce all pertinent receipts."

—from *Mauve'Bib: The Collected Press Conferences*, edited by Princess Serutan

JAZZICA AWOKE AT FIRST DAYLIGHT, THE dim glow of skydawn feathering chocolate-chip-mint-ice-cream-green-colored streaks in the still of the night beyond the blue horizon. She sat up in the sweat-tent and glanced about. Her Boni Maroni training, coupled with the vision she could create by looking with her eyes, disclosed an optic datum: the absence of her son meant that he was not there.

The heat of the sweat-tent was a stifling thing, and Jazzica allowed herself to permit herself to detect in herself the preliminary throat-yearnings of thirst. Probing with the superior sensitivity refined by the deep training, she felt want-cravings for a liquid, something preferably cold and light, crisp, and satisfying time after refreshing time. . . .

A beer would spot-hit right about now, she thought.

"You're up," said a voice, and Pall unzipped the tent's entrance and leaned in. "Good. We must move. Here, eat this and put these on."

She noted the clue-tones of brat-bossiness in his speech. "All right . . . Pall," she hoarsed.

She ate the C-biscuit he had handed her, and regarded the garment he thrust into her hyperaware hands. Both pieces were of a soft fibrous material, bright yellow. The trousers appeared to fasten by way of a drawstring threaded around the waist. The shirt, blousy and soft, bore a stenciled design on its front. Jazzica held up the shirt and read: STOLEN FROM THE ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT, CRAB NEBULA A&M.

"It's a Freedmenmen sweatsuit," Pall said, gathering together the items he had examined the previous night from the Freedkit given them by the killers Skagg and Krudd. "Helps you sweat off excess calories gained from the sugars and the beer."

"Will it fit?"

"One size fits all."

How remarkably adult that observation, she thought, donning the garment. He is indeed no longer a child. He is a teenager.

They emerged from the tent and Pall collapsed it, adding its folded form to the other instruments and gear from the Freedkit pack. A sheet of beerpaper fluttered to the ground; Pall unfolded it and read an inventory of the kit's contents: "Lennonjohns, sweat-tent, sweatsuit, beermug, snorkplug, flamtap, filtcig, lumpers, chiksoop with krep-lock, brewer hooks, fern-dock, caltrans, link-ray, cal-ripkin sacfly . . ." He looked up at his mother. "A bespeakment of great technical sophistication is in all this gear-crap."

She had never heard such harsh control in him before. Shuddering at the cold implacability of everything, she husked, "Yes."

He pointed to a range of mountains rimming the horizon in the distance. "Let's go. There. We'll travel by day, stay close to these rock-candy outcroppings. We must move like the Freedmenmen do, in irregular rhythm, so as not to attract the pretzels. Walk this way."

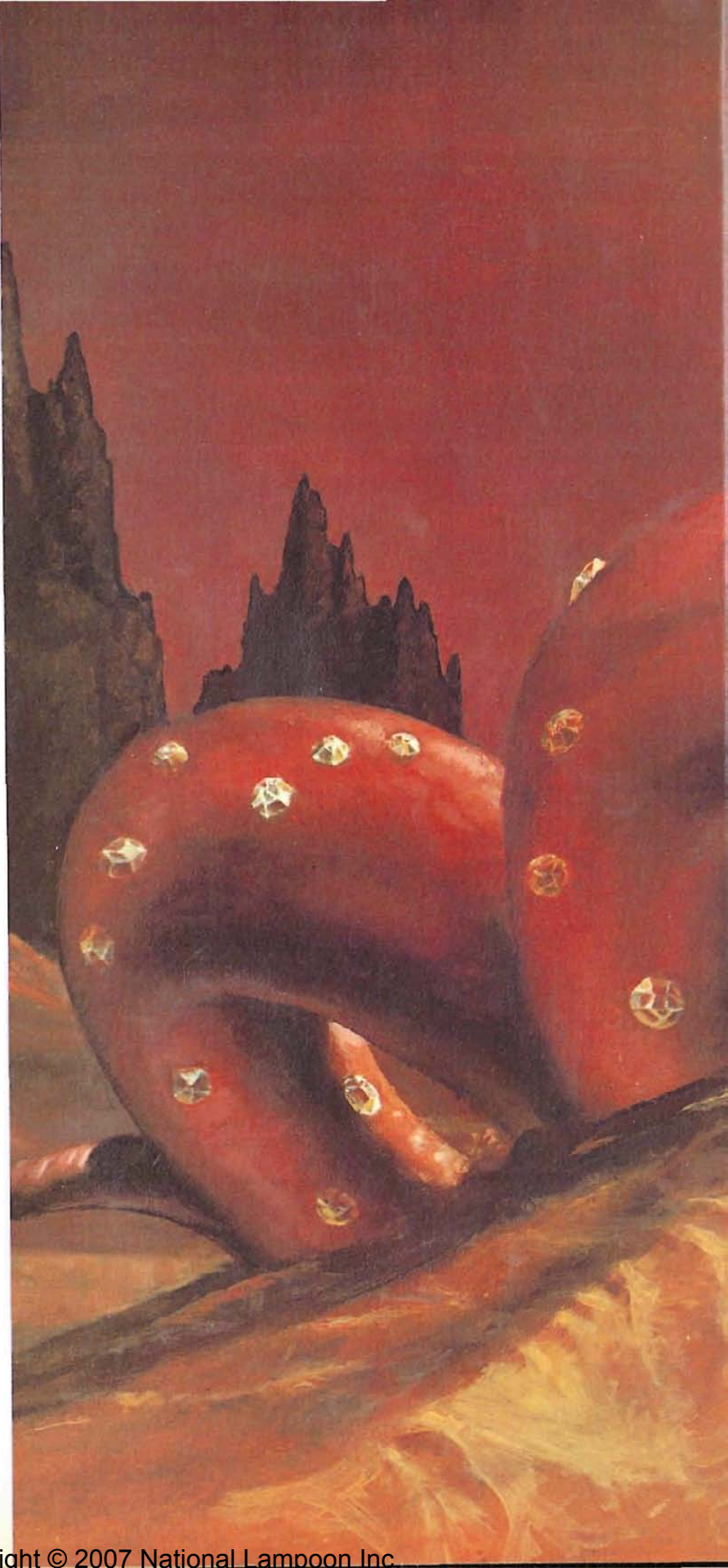
"If I could walk that way, I wouldn't need the cornstarch," Jazzica said.

"What, Mother?"

He has much yet to learn, she thought. And there is so little time.

"Nothing, Pall," she said. "An ancient punch line of wisdom. Let's go."

They set off at a lurching pace. Jazzica watched with admiration as Pall discovered, with a seeming natural grace, the Freedmenmen stride. Step . . . step . . . step-step-step . . . step . . . step . . . step-step-step . . .



They were surrounded by Freedmenmen in a strange place, with no bodyguards, no weapons, no lawyers. And all this tribe of nomads seemed intent on was the entrées in their packs.

Like all creation myths, that of the Freedmenmen is unnecessarily complicated. Yet from it we may learn much, for myth is truth in Halloween disguise. Who has not craved to rip the mask of myth off truth's face?

The Freedmenmen believe that the physical universe was created after a complex series of couplings among the lesser deities, both male and female. This occurred during a drunken office party, held in heaven by God, celebrating the successful creation of air. All men may read of such matters in the sacred writings, notably the Orange County Bible, the *Talmud Te Ching*, and the *Torah'-Ra Buum Di'-ey*.

—From *Coming of Age on Arruckus*, by Princess Serutan

THE MAN STAGGERED FORWARD A FEW steps, fell heavily onto the ground. He was a speck, landscape-dwarfed, outshouted by the silent, uncaring Arruckusian sun. Sugar swished beneath him as he struggled to raise himself up. His shirt was tattered in shreds, hanging loose-limp on his ravaged frame, yet could be read on its front a stenciled motto: "My forebears folded space to Arruckus, and all I souvenired was this lousy sweatshirt."

Beneath the sweatshirtrags another garment could be seen: a purple napkin, worn at the throat and open upon the chest, its tie-strings knotted around the neck like an apron, Freedmenmen-style.

The man's eyes, dulled in their red-on-red, grew glassy.

Squinting into the glare of the sun, he shielded his gaze with a hand and focused on a dot circling in the pale Arruckus sky. *Just as I thought*, he thought. *A maltose falcon. What the Freedmenmen call the "sweet bird of youth."*

Then he thought: *It senses death.*

Two men had brought him here the day previous, on the command of Baron Vladimir Hardchargin. They had left him to die. The pretzels would claim him, destroy all evidence of his death. The Emperor would issue a token protest, call a pro forma commission to investigate. After all, he was still Imperial Planetologist. The forms must be obeyed, lest that precise system of social and political order, the *nofreelunches*, be imperiled.

They'll do anything to keep Ar-

ruckus quiet, he thought. *Anything for the beer.* Then he thought: *Come to think of it, I could use a brew myself.*

He smiled. All the forces of this very civilization walked carefully where the beer was concerned, from His Sublime Fantasticity the Pahdedbrah Emperor, Shaddap IV, to the lowliest crudman.

The Schleppling Guild, with its monopoly on space travel and transport, depended on beer for the well-being of its Navigators. The Boni Maroni were at that moment conducting extensive culinary experiments with the drink. Every one of the Great Big Houses, the principal economic entities of the Imperium, were deeply implicated in its manufacture and consumption—hadn't Keynes himself received from clients no fewer than eight gift cases last Judithercristmas? And beer figured centrally in the operations of the interplanetary industrial combine NOAMCHOMSKI (which, Keynes reflected, was an acronym for Neutralis Organization Abba Mercantile Condominium Havatampa Orthonovum Minnehaha Shostakovich Kategorical Imperative).

All revered and coveted the beer. Yet likewise all spoke of the giant pretzels of Arruckus as mere inconveniences or oddities, and dismissed the Freedmenmen as a quaint tribe of savages.

Yet I know the truth, he thought. *The pretzels create the beer!*

"It's simple ecology," he said aloud. "The pretzels, roaming beneath the topsugars of the planet, come into contact with the subsurface salts. For a time they bear the giant white macrocrystals on their shiny baked skins, like barnacles. The saltrocks act as an irritant, transforming the normally timid pretzel into a rampaging monster."

He paused, racked with grief, thought: *Most people don't understand that the pretzel is really a very docile creature!*

He gasped, struggled to collect himself, went on. "These ferocious salt-bearing pretzels are the '3-Ring Yokes of Madness' cited in Freedmenmen song and legend.

"But eventually the salt triggers a process of snacko-catalysis, and the pretzels break down into salted peanuts. These are used by the Freedmenmen for their religious rituals. Underground pockets of these peanuts are metabolized by native yeasts. Rainwater filters down and is trapped in these pockets, combining with the yeast-peanut mixture to form 'brew.' This ferments in deep pools, maturing in time into beer."

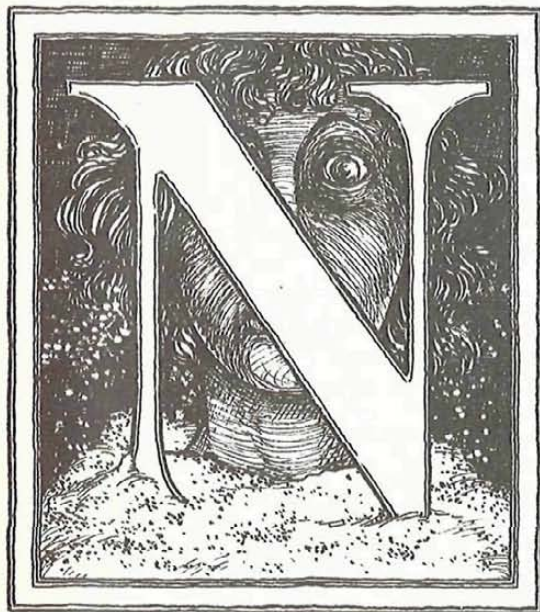
He stumbled forward, fell, got up, staggered a few steps, fell, lay there, thought: *This was first discovered by* (CONTINUED ON PAGE 84)



Mythellaneous

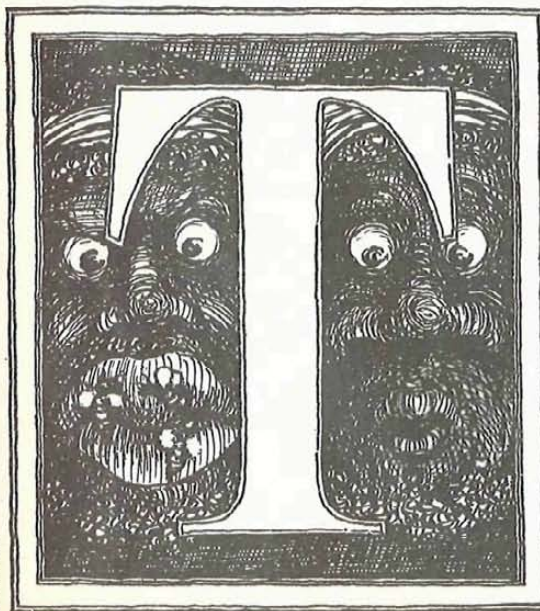
BY TONY KISCH

Dandruff and Narcissus



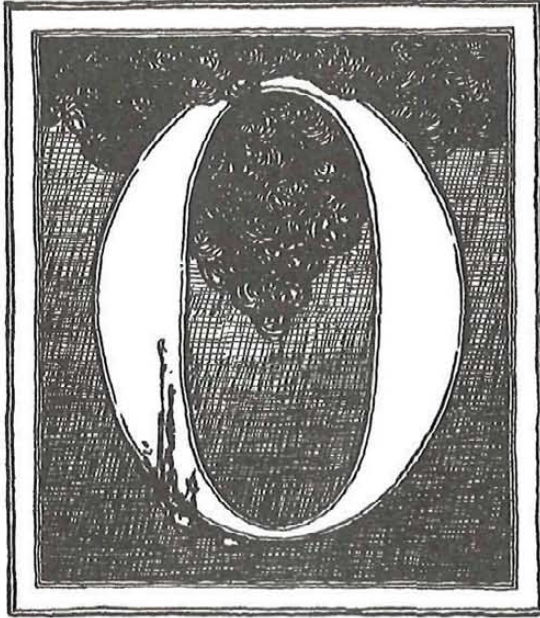
NARCISSUS WAS AS HANDSOME A MAN AS LIVED IN HIS HOME PROVINCE of Atlantia. He was a thing of breathtaking grandeur in face and limbs, but his hair was his crowning glory. The women of Tetracula, the small village where dwelt Narcissus, would fight among themselves, clawing at each other's eyes, for a lock of the golden mane which curled down his neck. Narcissus was so enamored of himself that one day he thought aloud, "How can the gods themselves be any more magnificent than I?" His boastful ponderings were heard by Zeus, who seethed with rage. The gods knew that the people of Tetracula craved salt, as they were far from the sea and had precious little stored. As Narcissus combed and stroked his golden locks, Zeus caused salt to pour from his scalp onto his shoulders. News quickly spread throughout the village, and the men of Tetracula tied Narcissus down and roughly brushed his hair. For five days and nights they brushed, until not a hair was left on his head and all salt had ceased to flow. Greedy for more salt, they scraped his now bald and pocked scalp with knives, hoping to gather more of the precious substance. Finally, they realized that they could get no more, and in frustration and anger a large fat shepherd, Cholesterus, crushed Narcissus' head with one mighty blow of his churning cudgel. In wild bloodlust then, the men of Tetracula fell upon the dying Narcissus and tore him asunder. To this day, as a warning from the gods about vanity, man suffers from dandruff.

Amostenes and Andyeus



THE NATION OF THE SOULBROPHENES LIVED ALONG THE RIVER HARlemia and offered many treasures to the goddess Welfareum. She smiled on them and tanned their skins a golden brown and made the men huge in their parts. One day Amostenes, the procurer, captured fourteen fine alabaster women from south of the River Harlemia, in the wealthy province of Bloomingdalia. His brothers pleaded with him, but he refused to offer any of his new flock of femininity to merciful Welfareum. In anger, the goddess turned the entire nation of Soulbrophenes into woodpeckers for a fortnight. For fourteen days and nights they pecked at the forest primeval, and ever since, the noses of the Soulbrophenes have been wide and flat. Soon after, Andyeus, a dealer in exotic powders, offered unto Welfareum a kilogram of the tonic/stimulant Wondrous Nasalis, which turned out to be, in large part, merely the ground seeds of the ancient Manitolis Fruit. Enraged at this treachery, Welfareum turned all the seeds in all fruits into hornets, which stung viciously the lips of the greedy Soulbrophenes. As they ate of the fruit, their lips swelled enormously, and so they have remained to this day.

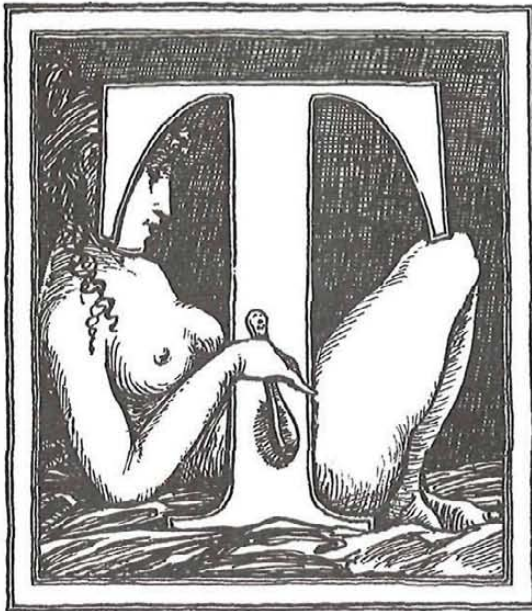
The Evacuation of Bowel



IN THE SHORES OF LAKE MAALOXEUM SAT THE CITY OF BOWEL. WHERE waste products and man's need to eliminate them began. In ancient, happier days, the good-natured and patient god Gastritus ensured that the food of which men partook changed to gold within their bellies, which, after passing from their bodies, would be offered back unto omniscient Gastritus. The people of Bowel, however, fell into evil ways, and sought foolishly to profit from their gastrointestinal alchemy. They hoarded the gold, which rightfully belonged to Gastritus, and stuffed themselves ceaselessly in order to have more and more of the precious metal. Gastritus, in order to test mankind, changed things so that emeralds, a less valuable element, now passed from the bodies of the greedy Bowelinians. In their terrible selfishness, the people of Bowel only ate more, never offering so much as a single stone to the disillusioned Gastritus. Many, in fact, had the audacity to curse publicly the benevolent god, condemning his "niggardly" action in substituting the less valuable emeralds for their much-worshiped gold. The crafty Gastritus, however, had not yet given up on mankind. He continued experimenting, until finally he had the Bowelinians' digested food turn to virtually worthless iron. But the gluttonous people persisted in consuming great quantities and died horribly painful deaths, their stomachs ripped open by iron, victims of their own greed, which would not allow them to pass up anything "free," even if the real price tag was in fact death. Zeus, knowing the nature of man and pitying the heartbroken, idealistic Gastritus,

created foul-smelling feces, which surely not even the greediest mortal would be tempted to hoard. The corpses of the corrupt citizens of Bowel were turned into intestines, their souls doomed to push excrement through the bodies of mankind for eternity.

Menstruapia



THE HIDEOUS QUEEN HYPERKINETEOS, OF THE LARGE ISLAND NERVOS, had a beautiful daughter, Menstruapia. The people of Nervos were all quite anxious, and had always been so, due to their characteristic unattractiveness. (The unappetizing visage of the Nervosian woman was, in fact, humorous legend throughout the known world.) So ugly were they that the gods neglected them, and the good people of Nervos feared that one day the gods, in a final paroxysm of disgust, would wipe their island from the face of the earth. As can well be imagined, Princess Menstruapia was worshiped by her people, as they saw in her the only hope of the entire Nervosian civilization. As a result of all this attention, Menstruapia grew into a terribly spoiled though quite lovely young maiden. She arrogantly loathed the humble people of her island ("They are hideous, twitching toads") and dreamed of handsome young princes in faraway lands, one of whom would someday rescue her from insufferable bondage on Nervos.

The gods, meanwhile, had taken new notice of the island of Nervos. In particular, Shlongeus, the handsome son of Poseidon, was enamored of the beautiful princess. Knowing that she was inordinately proud of her precious maidenhead and the luxuriant hair surrounding it, he changed himself into a lovely ivory-handled brush, which Menstruapia innocently used each night to painstakingly groom her nether mane. One night, the princess found herself vexed by unsatisfied romantic longings. Disgusted by the nauseating men of Nervos, she stroked her short hairs with her

favorite brush, in truth the love-struck Shlongeus. As she brushed, she became more and more filled with long-suppressed lust. Finally, in desperation, she thrust the handle of the brush inside her, bursting her maidenhead and satisfying her pent-up desires. The luckless Shlongeus died a horrible death, suffocated by the very object of his all-consuming love. The great god Poseidon, prostrate with grief, caused Menstruapia to bleed from that spot where his beloved Shlongeus met his terrible fate, until she had bled to death. In order to punish all mortal women, and to remind them to curb their lust, Poseidon decreed that thereafter, each month, all women of an age to tempt men would likewise bleed from the source of their sinful desires, until they reached an age when they could no longer stir the lusts of men. ■

LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32)

Sirs:

We wuz settin' on the back porch t' other night, Purvis and me, jes' flap-pin' our jaws, when danged if these gigantic blue and yella lights didn't come a-buzzin' and a-blinkin' up over the holler. "Lord a'mighty," I says to Purvis, "I think we 'bout to meet our maker, boy." And danged if Purvis don't agree with me right 'fore he dove under the porch.

Now me, I don't run from no trouble, and I figgered if I'm gonna go, I'm gonna know what took me. My heart was a-pumpin' faster than a hog makin' bacon. But I gathers up my courage and hollers, "Friend or foc?!" and danged if Allen Funt and them ol' Candid Cameras didn't come up over the hill jest a-laughin' like hyenas. "Sorry, there, Dooley," he says. "We was jest funnin'!"

So I called ol' Purvis up from under the porch, and we all had a good laugh jes' before Purvis and me shot the whole danged crew.

Dooley Clump
Pine Holler, Tenn.

Sirs:

I am the one. I am the one who knows. I am the one you have been looking for your entire misspent fal-cy-lac-filled life. I am the one. I am the

one who sees you as but a spark in the eye of time, a mere potato in the bushel of eternity's vegetable garden, a glob of mucus in the nose of the wind. I am the one. I am the one who has lived from the moment life began up until now and has never tried NutraSweet. I am the one who calls and hangs up the instant you say, "Hello?" I am the one. I am the one who trips you as you walk down a clear street. I am the one who buys the last ticket just a second before you arrive at the ticket window. I am the one. I am the one who pisses in your lobby and then covers it with your mail. I am the one. I am the one they call the spoiler. I am the one who wets your toothbrush while you are at work. I am the one who takes that bite out of your bread that you convince yourself is just a part of the baking process. I am the one. I am the spoiler. I am the one who turns off your electric blanket in the middle of the night so you wake up with a cold. I am the one who uses your Vaseline and leaves a pubic hair in it. I am the one who licks the pay-phone mouthpiece just before you use it. I am the one. I am the spoiler. I am the one who looks through all your underwear drawers and all your personal notebooks when you're out. I am the one. I am the one and I will continue to be the one until someone else comes along and re-

places me. But until that time I am still the one. The one they call "The Spoiler."

Jay "The Spoiler" Hover
Fargo, S. Dak.

Sirs:

This is a joke, okay? Okay. Here goes. There was this horse, see, and he was hung like a horse (if you catch my drift), and this lady walks up to him and says, "Oh my, how long does that thing get?" And the horse says, "It'll stretch from here to Cleveland, baby!" So she says, "Prove it!" So he rams it down her throat and she chokes to death! Heh-heh-heh. I got a million of 'em!

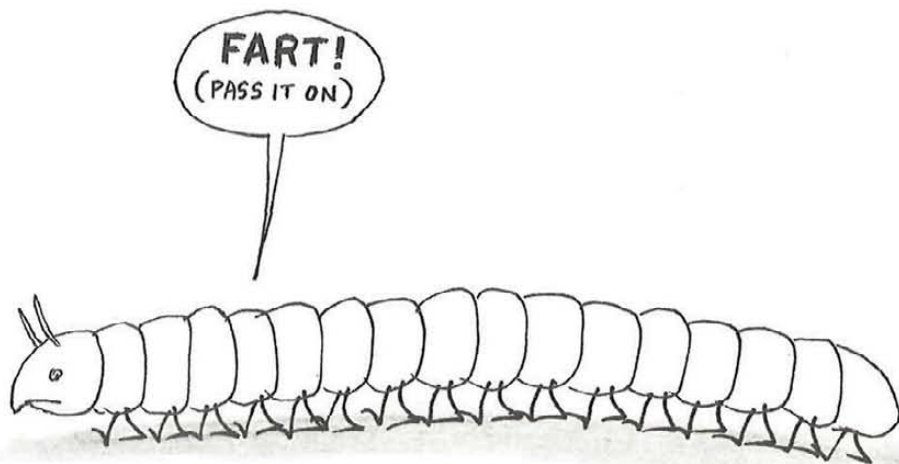
Elmo Barndoor
Moosedung, Ind.

Sirs:

Put one tablespoon of milk in a saucepan. Add the white of one egg. Salt it well and heat the mixture, but don't bring it to a boil. Now pop it into your mouth all at once and try to swallow it as quickly as you can.

Congratulations—you've just had the blowjob experience without ever leaving your kitchen. For next week's installment of "Why Go Out?" be sure to bring a can of tuna fish and a cantaloupe.

David Barnes
Host of "Why Go Out?"



S. GROSS

FANTASY U.



BY KEVIN CURRAN AND PETER GAFFNEY

FANTASY U. ISN'T ON ANY MAP THAT I COULD find, and I'd never heard of it until a trip I made to, of all places, the Philippine Islands, to a tiny hamlet in the midst of an endless, virtually impenetrable jungle. It was here, in a run-down, tin-roofed bar, that I met an American who looked about a hundred years old, dressed in rags and walking with a pronounced limp. I didn't have to introduce myself; when he saw me come in, he hobbled over

to me and grabbed my arm.

"Mister," he said, "would you buy a fellow American a drink?"

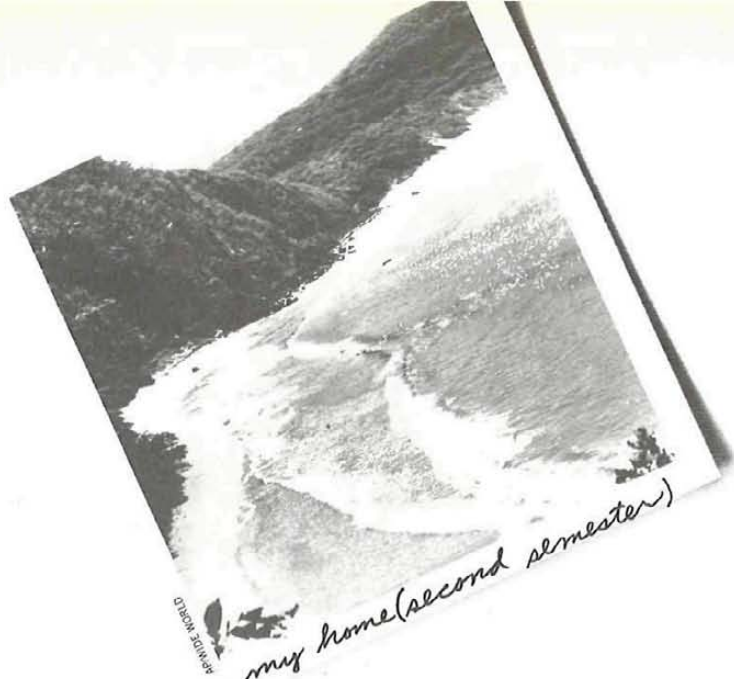
Well, what passed for liquor in that place sold for the equivalent of six cents a glass, but I object in principle to giving even a nickel to bad-smelling, alcoholic bums, unless, or course, we used to belong to the same eating club at Princeton. Nevertheless, I complied with the man's request.

After we'd been talking for a while,

about things like how the Mets were doing, the old man asked me what I did for a living.

"I'm a journalist," I said.

"Well, then," he said, "you just might be interested in this." And he handed me a thick sheaf of oily, yellowed paper. It appeared to be some sort of diary. Naturally, I read it on the spot, little knowing at first that what I had in my hands was the most amazing narrative I had ever come across. . . .



SEPTEMBER 7

AS I GOT OFF THE PLANE AT THE SMALL, isolated desert airport, carrying my luggage and a pleasant memory of Karen, the cute blond stewardess who had brought me my Jack Daniel's on the rocks with cheerful grace, I wondered if I'd made the right decision. This new college I'd transferred to seemed stuck out in the middle of nowhere. My previous home, Wichita State, had been no thriving cosmopolitan center (though there was an Indian restaurant near the campus, and a weird guy who claimed to be from Naples who wore oil-stained clothes and stood at the corner of Elm and Davis spitting at girls), but I wondered if there was even a McDonald's within fifty miles of this burg.

I headed toward the exit. Before I got there, however, I saw a well-dressed man holding up a cardboard sign with my name lettered in Magic Marker. He was a large Oriental, and possessed more than a passing resemblance to Oddjob from *Goldfinger*.

Wordlessly taking my bags, he led me outside to an enormous stretch limo. He put on a black chauffeur's cap and entered on the driver's side, pointing me toward the passenger's space in the back.

I opened the door and quickly took note of the ice gleaming in the silver champagne bucket, like so many small diamonds. Then I saw Karen, my stewardess, reclining on the cool leather seat, swathed in fur. The air conditioning was turned on full blast, and fur was all that Karen wore; she handed me a Jack Daniel's and ice and

whispered in my ear, "Take me now."

One hour later we were at the gates of the campus. I stumbled out of the limo, and as I turned to get Karen's number the thirty-foot-long car was already pulling away. I saw her head poking out of the rear side window, like the family dog's on a holiday trip.

"Welcome to Fantasy U.," she giggled, blowing me a kiss and throwing her pink silk panties high up into the air. Against the quiet star-filled desert night they spun like a lingerie satellite before plummeting to the ground at my feet.

SEPTEMBER 16

I KNOW I MADE A VOW TO MYSELF THAT I'd write something in this journal every day, but I just can't seem to find the time. It's a struggle; week-long parties really take their toll on a man's system.

Let's have Marie bring me a JD and water and maybe I can begin to collect my thoughts.

This has to be the most amazing campus in the world. Maybe I should begin with my room. It's nothing like the 8 x 8 cubicle I lived in at Wichita State. In fact it's nothing like anything I've ever seen, not even in magazines. We've got four master bedrooms, each with a massive round waterbed, a state-of-the-art stereo system, a twenty-three-inch Sony Trinitron (we get more than a hundred channels on our cable system, including six different pay stations), a new VCR from Panasonic, and a fully stocked liquor cabinet and wet bar.

You can make as much of a mess as

you want, because there's daily maid service provided by authentic French maids, sixteen- and seventeen-year-old girls on loan from a famous hotel training institute in Paris. (Marie's my maid. She speaks little English, but we communicate in ways we both seem to find satisfactory. She actually wears one of those great French maid outfits like those you see in movies.)

Got to go; Marie seems to want to communicate something.

SEPTEMBER 19

WHEN YOU ENTER OUR SUITE, A BUTLER (Reginald—he's English) greets you at the door, takes your name, and shows you to the waiting area. Guests have lots of things to do here; there's a sauna, exercise room, and Jacuzzi set up off the main dining area. You can even skeet shoot off the back porch as the large desert sun snuggles down behind the tall, lonesome cactus.

In fact, I was doing a little early-evening skeet shooting, using an automatic skeet chucker this time, fully intending to stop after fifteen minutes and head off to my "Pleasure Drugs and Where to Get Them" seminar. But that's when Lika showed up.

Lika is my Swedish roommate. She has long blond hair and full, voluptuous lips, and as she leaned in the doorway, I saw that she was clad only in a bath towel and beach sandals. She came out onto the porch and casually suggested we engage in a little Swedish massage. I decided to skip my seminar. Afterward, in the Jacuzzi, Lika and I sipped champagne mixed with shots of Remy.

It's all quite a change for me from Mary Lou Thompson and the back of her dad's Olds Omega. I'm glad she doesn't have my address here.

SEPTEMBER 25

MY OTHER TWO ROOMMATES ARE JORGE and Roger. Jorge is the son of a South American dictator, and a pretty good soccer player, I've heard. He also has virtually unlimited access to some of the finest cocaine in the world. It's usually flown in on a private plane that lands at the old airstrip beyond the hills. The drug is a better grade than the one dispensed by the campus pharmacy here.

When I first laid eyes on Jorge, he was sitting behind a mound of white powder that was easily twice the size of the one that Al Pacino had at the end of *Scarface*. He offered me some in a small plastic shovel, the kind that comes with children's beach-toy sets.

FANTASY U.

Jorge says that where he comes from, a shovel is the standard unit of drug measurement.

SEPTEMBER 29

ON THE WAY BACK FROM MY "COOKING for Singles" course, I ran into Roger. I hadn't seen him since the day Warren Beatty came over to try to interest us in the "Movie Production" lecture series he's giving with Steven Spielberg.

Before Jorge jetted off to Tahiti with his geology class, we had a little chat about Roger. Jorge finds him a bit off. Roger is always in a constant rage about something or other: there isn't enough ice in the automatic ice maker, the cubes aren't the right size, shaved ice would be a lot better, and on and on. Some people are just real hard to please, I guess. But Roger just takes things to extremes. I mean, if you're sick of playing golf, fine, but that's no reason to ram a perfectly good new motorized golf cart into a tree, is it?

OCTOBER 15

PHOEBE CATES WAS THE GUEST SPEAKER in our chemistry class today. She didn't seem to know an awful lot about chemistry, but since our teacher Mr. Halgren never got around to placing the order for our textbooks, I guess we don't either.

OCTOBER 19

I JOGGED OVER TO THE ATHLETIC FACILITIES for the first time this morning, and I was pretty amazed. They are mighty impressive. There are five Olympic-size pools and a very nice water-slide facility, with some really fast turns. You can play a pickup game of basketball at one of the many courts, or you can go to the special midget basketball area. Here all the players except you are under 4'6". You just can't imagine the wonders it does for your ego playing against these guys. I scored forty points in about ten minutes.

I strolled out to the batting cages afterward, and received a bit of personalized instruction from former Twins star and Hall of Famer Harmon Killebrew. I thought about trundling over to the Wild Game Hunting Area and bagging a couple of great cats, but it was nearing Happy Hour at Widmar Library, and I really wanted to catch the four-for-one special there today.

OCTOBER 25

THE WHOLE STUDENT BODY, MORE OR LESS, assembled at the Casino for a speech by Dean Welles. One topic he wanted to discuss was midterms. "I

know a lot of you out there are concerned about these little tests," he said, puffing on his trademark large cigar and taking another swig from the quart of Budweiser that stood on the lectern.

"Well, it's natural to worry, even though all our courses are, of course, pass/fail, and you can take the same exam over six times until you think you did okay. . . ."

At the end of the lecture I noticed one of the most stunning girls I've ever seen walking up the aisle next to me. As Jorge laid out a few lines for us on the arm of his chair, I asked him if he had any idea who she was.

"Sure, Doug," he said, his eyes getting a bit wider from the powder. "That's Cathy. She's in my marketing class. Pretty nice, huh?"

OCTOBER 27

I STOOD IN FRONT OF MY DOOR AT SIX A.M.; I had been up all night taking my tennis lessons from sixteen-year-old pro Carling Bassett. We'd had quite a session, but now she just wouldn't leave me alone.

"Carling, you crazy animal, I'd love to, but . . ." I said as I picked up the morning newspaper. I was afraid I might have to use it like some guys do on their dogs, giving this lust-crazed girl a firm rap on the nose.

I looked deep into her large, helpless, and adoring eyes, and realized I couldn't leave her now. "Okay, Carling, you can come inside. But you have to do me one favor."

"Anything," she breathed, licking her lips seductively.

"Okay. I want you to run down to the twenty-four-hour store down the block there in your little convertible and bring us back a six-pack of malt liquor."

"I'll even pop your tops for you," she purred as she stroked the shaft of her Head racket.

She brought me not only the malt liquor, but also some sour-cream-and-onion potato chips and a little canister of onion dip. I think this girl has an awful lot of potential.

JANUARY 12

THIS EVENING, WITHOUT EXPLANATION, the whole student body was instructed to report to the sports dome, where, after each of us was handed the customary bag of chips and quart of beer, Dean Welles appeared on the big Diamond Vision screens. At first we didn't understand why he was wearing a colorful Hawaiian shirt and sipping one of those frosty tropical drinks that

come with a little umbrella, but his message soon made this apparent. He began with his standard opening line: "Hey, kids, are you feeling good tonight?" We responded with a hearty cheer. "Excellent," he said. "Now listen up. I just remembered that I'd forgotten to tell you guys something. Due to an unforeseen and unavoidable personal whim on my part, the whole university is being moved to a small island in the South Pacific not far from Tahiti. So that you can be prepared, I want you to know that this move will be taking place at precisely 10:00 P.M. tonight." I looked at my watch. It was 9:15. "So please try to be out on the airfield by 9:58 or so."

"Man, I hate tropical islands," said Roger, who was sitting next to me. "You always have to worry about getting hit on the head by falling coconuts."

JANUARY 13

OUR DESTINATION, AN ISLAND CALLED Rodkaru, has proved indeed to be a tropical paradise. From lush green mountains tall waterfalls spill into crystal pools, and quiet streams wind their way down through peaceful jungle glades to white sand beaches and the omnipresent warm, unbelievably clear blue sea. And, to confirm Roger's worst fears, there are hundreds and hundreds of potentially murderous palm trees.

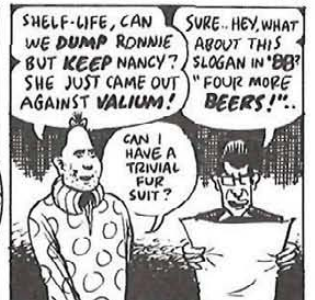
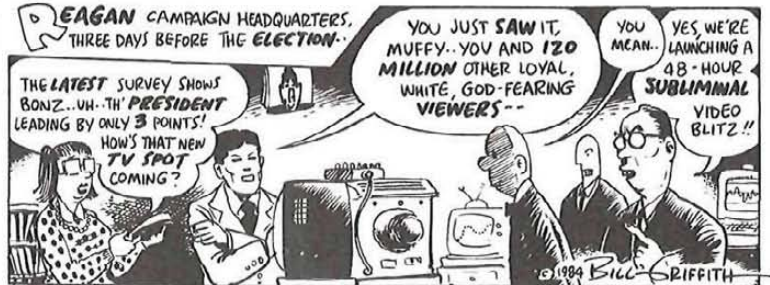
We're housed in cabanas with thatched roofs, grouped in twos and threes around swimming pools, which seem rather superfluous in light of those beautiful natural pools and the eternally warm ocean. It seems that everywhere you turn here you find some taste of the exotic. For instance, our houseboy Omoo wears a bone through his nose. (A pretty nice kid, this Omoo, by the way, even if he does speak a strange language and spend what I consider an inordinate amount of time prostrating himself before menacing-looking stone idols. Roger's convinced that he—Omoo, not Roger—is a cannibal and will presently murder us in our sleep.)

FEBRUARY 21

ROGER HAS BEEN MISSING FOR OVER A week. It's strange how different people react in different ways to a situation like this. Jorge, for his part, is turning Roger's room into a drug lab. I, on the other hand, finally made up my mind to go see Dean Welles and put the matter to him.

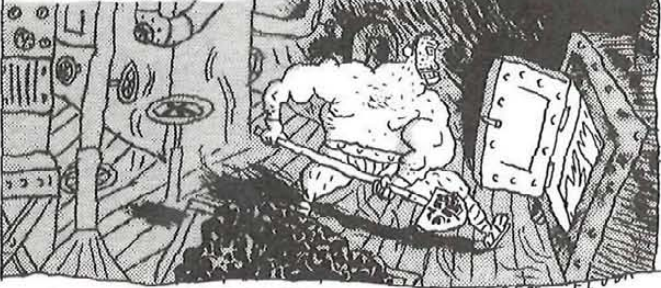
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78)

FUNNY PAGES



the full- and part-time labours of **HERCULES** amongst the North Americans
 CIRCA 1984
 M. MAREK

The 348th labour of mighty Hercules entailed the operation and maintenance of the boiler room in the basement of the Omega-Hilton Hotel, West Beach, Florida.

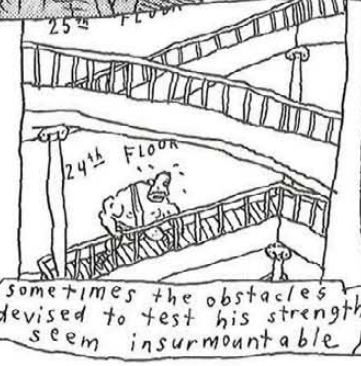


HIS IS NOT THE DESTINY OF MERE MORTALS



Listen, buddy, you're overworked and underpaid. Just read over this union contract and sleep on it... I'll be back tomorrow
BUT NO FOOL IS HERCULES...

the gods must be respected no matter how many times a day they call



sometimes the obstacles devised to test his strength seem insurmountable

EVEN THE GODS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO GO TOO FAR



heed my words, plebeian. My divine agreement concerned the boiler room only... not such drudgery of handmaidens.

WITH THAT HERCULES TAKES HIS LEAVE



you should try the elevator, it's much easier than the stairs

WHAT TRAP IS THIS?

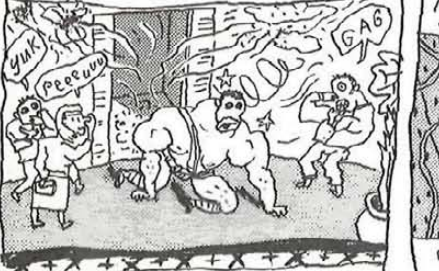


why have the gods abandoned him?



the noble, pungent life force of Hercules drains from his body

at the last moment the gods see fit to desist in their cruel sport



SOME DAYS Later Hercules commences his 349th labour as switchboard operator for a major communications firm



our celebrated Greek seems to have difficulty holding down a job

TIMBERLAND TALES

by B.K. Taylor

DOCTOR ROGERS KATHLEEN MAURICE, THE NEIGH BOY SOME CALL IN THE COVER CONSTABLE TOM, RUMORED TO HAVE A SMALL INQUIRY OF BRAIN DAMAGE.

IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE, AND KATHLEEN AND DR. ROGERS HAVE ASKED CONSTABLE TOM TO WEAR THE SANTA CLAUS COSTUME THEY'VE RENTED AND SURPRISE MAURICE WITH A VISIT. HOWEVER, CONSIDERING THE CONSTABLE'S RUMORED BRAIN DAMAGE, HE MAY NOT HAVE BEEN A WISE CHOICE....

SO IF YOU DO IT, I'M SURE MAURICE WILL BE THRILLED!

PLEASE DO, TOM, IT WILL BE SO MUCH FUN!

THAT EVENING THE TREE IS CAREFULLY DECORATED, AND ALL IS READY FOR SANTA'S ARRIVAL.

...WELL, THAT'S THAT! NOW YEE...

UH-OH, WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT IS? (CHUCKLE)

KNOCK KNOCK

SO EXCITED AM I, I'M COULD DIE!!

DO YOU THINK IT'S..?

THEY ANSWER THE DOOR, AND IN MARCHES THE CONSTABLE—WITH A FEW ERRORS IN HIS ATTIRE.

... SANTA !??

'OW COME 'ES 'LUNCHBACK AND GOT NO NOSE?

ATTEMPTING TO KEEP THEIR SURPRISE ALIVE, THEY CONVINCED MAURICE TO TALK TO SANTA.

WHY DON'T YOU GO TELL SANTA WHAT YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS?

'ES SCARE ME A LITTLE BIT.

GO AHEAD, MAURICE!

MAURICE CONCEDES AND SITS ON SANTA'S KNEE TO TELL HIM HIS CHRISTMAS DREAMS.

SANTA, I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR BACK. BUT COULD I HAVE A 'E MAN OF DA UNIVERSE DOLL AND...

SUDDENLY...

WHOA!—UH... LOOKS LIKE SANTA HAS TO LEAVE, MAURICE. UH...

AS DR. ROGERS AND KATHLEEN DISCUSS HOW TO EXPLAIN SANTA'S ABRUPT BEHAVIOR, SANTA HAS DECIDED TO DEPART BY WAY OF THE FIREPLACE...

THIS ISN'T WORKING OUT AS PLANNED—MAYBE IF...

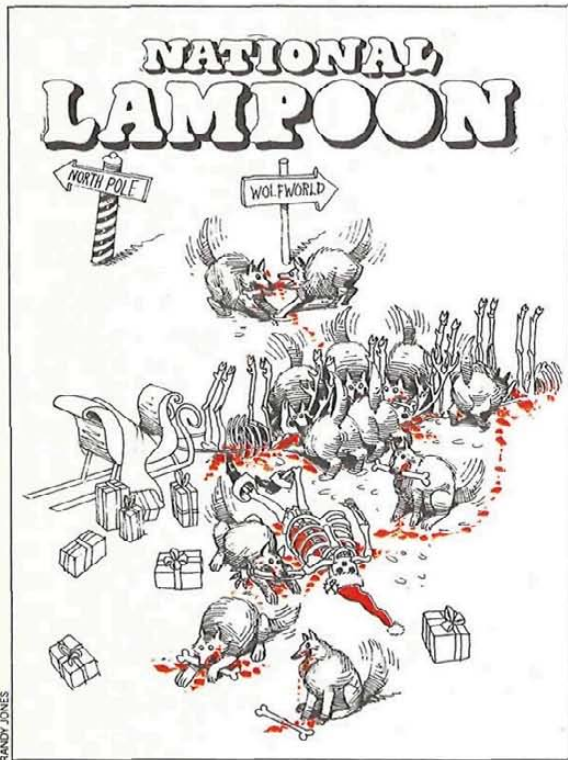
...WHICH, UNFORTUNATELY, IS IN USE.

THE THREE STAND DAZED IN THE RUBBLE AMIDST SANTA'S EXIT PATH OF DESTRUCTION.

IF SANTA COMES KNOCKING NEXT YEAR... LET'S NOT ANSWER.

FAREWELL! © 1984 B.K. Taylor

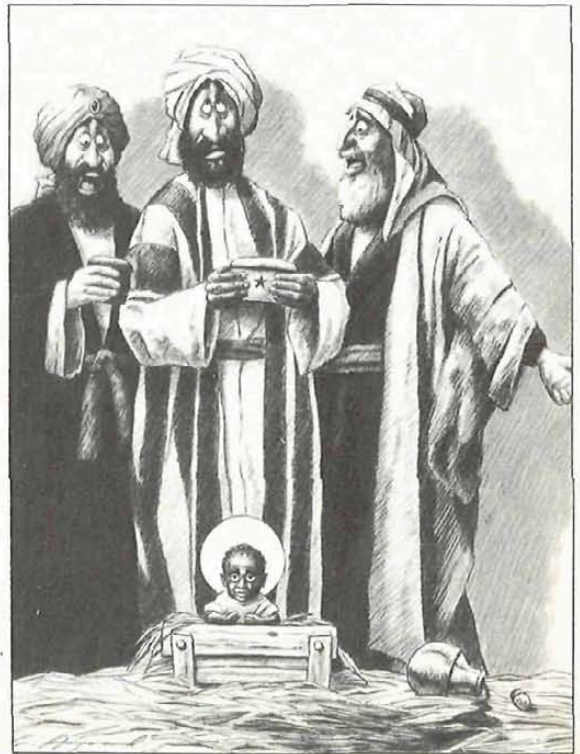
National Lampoon Christmas



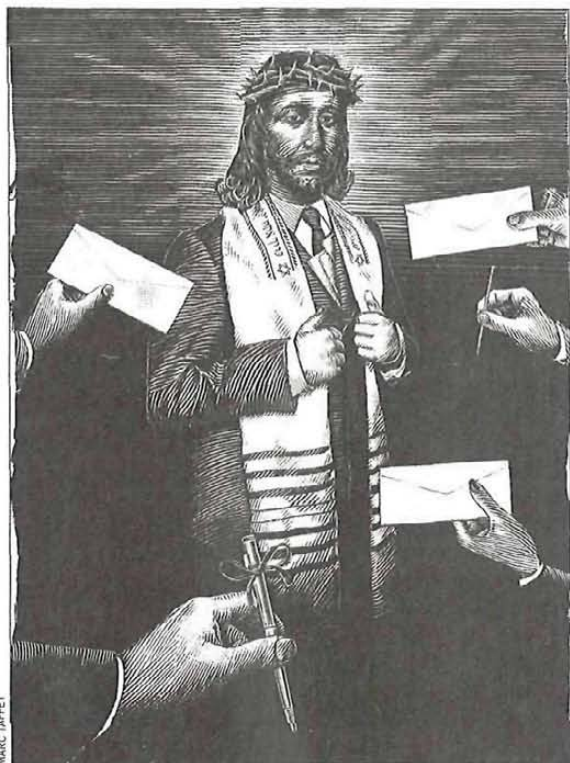
Peter Kleinman, creative director of the *National Lampoon* and chairman of the Little Soho chapter of the Wolf-Human Interactive Friendship League, howled at the sight of this cover. "Another cheap shot demeaning our furry friends as mere carnivores," he foamed. "Everyone knows that wolves are gentle as lambs as long as they are properly nourished. One or two Christian babies a day should do it."

December is a banner month for eye-catching, rib-tickling covers. Unfortunately, we didn't get any of those. Instead, we're presenting the ones we rejected, along with the explanatory executive memos. Thank you, and have a merry Christmas.

Cleon Tenderbrook, *National Lampoon* mailroom technician and vice admiral of the 148th Street chapter of the Black Widows street gang, gave us some obviously much needed editorial enlightenment. Apparently this particular cover lacks humor and taste, the cornerstone of the *National Lampoon* tradition. Hence, we will not use this artwork. If any further discussion on the matter is necessary, we can be reached, for the next few weeks, at Room 316, Roosevelt Hospital Trauma Center.

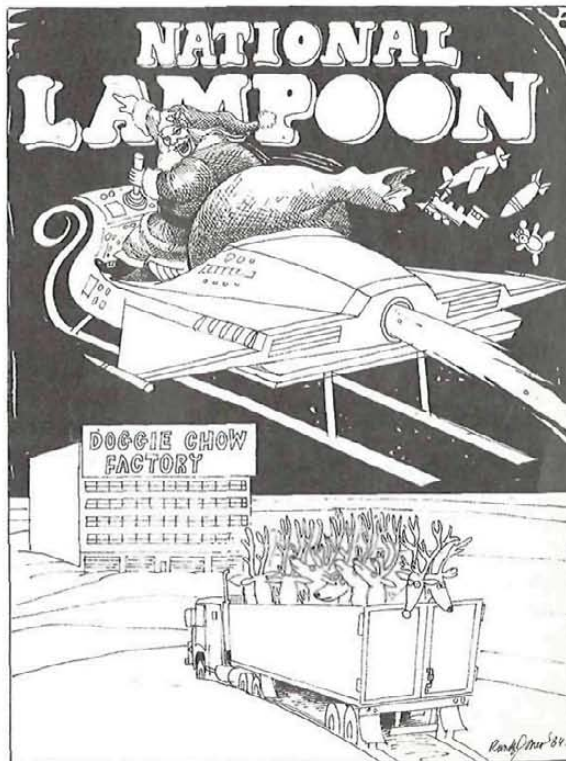


Owners Rejected by the Management



Larry "Ratso" Sloman, executive editor of the *National Lampoon* and author of *Jesus the Reform Jew*, took strong exception to this proposed cover. "There isn't one iota of evidence that Jesus was bar mitzvahed," he blustered. "He was far too rebellious to sit down and memorize his haftorah. Besides, he wouldn't have been caught dead in a three-piece suit. A Kamali caftan, maybe."

Len Mogel, chairman of the executive committee, head of advertising, and dog fancier, informed us that if we were to run this cover, we might jeopardize our sizable pet-food advertisements. We told Len we could not recall seeing any pet-food advertisements in the *National Lampoon*, a magazine rarely read by pets. That's when we met Len's little Pesky, the first Chihuahua ever to have all of its teeth removed and replaced by pizza slicers. We thought it over, then fed the cover to Pesky, who gave us each a slice.



By the time this came in we figured, what the hell, let's forget the whole idea and go with the old tried-and-true naked-lady-covered-in-paint cover.

Which is exactly what we did.





(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69)

I found the dean by his Olympic-size pool, watching a troupe of naked teenage girls engage in a splendidly orchestrated synchronized water ballet to the music of Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries." He was applauding vigorously and puffing on a huge Havana cigar. When he saw me standing there, he motioned for me to take a seat in the large wicker chair next to his own. Before I knew it, someone had brought me a piña colada and a silver tray bearing nine or ten fat joints, rolled with the dean's special monogrammed gold paper.

"So, kid, what can I do for you? If you're not getting enough pussy, I can offer you one of these pert and perky aquatic sluts from Australia."

I explained that my roommate Roger had been missing for over a week, and that I thought it might be a good idea to notify the proper authorities. At the mention of Roger's name, Dean Welles's look became thoughtful.

"Oh, yes—Roger. He's . . . uh . . . don't worry about ole Roger, my friend. He's . . . er . . . he's having the time of his life right now, ole Roger is. He's working on an extra credit assignment, you know, climbing with an expedition in the Himalayas."

"But Roger's afraid of heights," I said.

"Er . . . uh . . . yes, of course. I mean to say, he's doing a project interviewing geisha girls in Japan."

Well, I'm glad that's settled. The dean really put my mind at ease.

APRIL 16

SO MUCH HAS HAPPENED IN THE PAST month and a half that I haven't even had a chance to write in my diary. First of all, Cathy and I are having the best sex ever. Those lessons she took with Jorge really paid off, even if I wasn't so wild about the idea at the time. And then there's some mysterious pageant that's supposed to take place up on top of the volcano next week that everybody's real excited about. People that were at Fantasy U. last year say they have something like this every spring, and it's the best thing ever. They won't tell us newcomers much more than that, though.

Oh, and also Roger's back. He seems real different, though. He never complains anymore. Come to think of it, he hardly says anything. He just walks around with this big smile on his face, which looks pretty goofy on him. He must have had a real wild time when he was in Japan.

APRIL 21

WELL, TOMORROW'S THE BIG DAY. THE feeling in the air here is indescribable. People are obviously excited, but they're also strangely serious. "Be prepared for fun," they tell me solemnly. "You will have the time of your life." Somehow I'm nervous. *Prepared for fun . . . time of your life.* The words echo ominously through my brain as I mechanically run through the daily routine of drinking and sex.

AUGUST 9

MAN, WHAT A CRAZY NIGHT UP THERE on that volcano. I mean, to think of that weird and terrifying ceremony set against the savage majesty of a raging Pacific typhoon, each bizarre scene irrevocably etched into memory by the lightning flashes that were its sole illumination. It was really something, let me tell you.

It's difficult to describe exactly what happened. A lot of stuff went on earlier that didn't seem to make much sense—there was some trial-by-fire bullshit and this scary guy with the body of a man and the head of a bull chasing us through the woods, and then a baby being sacrificed on the Altar of Baal—before we actually found ourselves standing in a semicircle on top of the volcano, in front of a giant stone idol and a golden throne occupied by none other than Dean Welles himself, wearing a fake beard and a long, flowing robe emblazoned with pink hearts, green clovers, yellow diamonds, and stuff.

He was having all the freshmen and transfer students come up one at a time and drink a cup of black liquid from a boiling caldron over which Omoo and some other natives I hadn't seen before were muttering incantations in their strange, ungodly tongue. At about this point, I started having my doubts.

When the dean at last called my name, I stood my ground. I was figuring on maybe not drinking any of that black liquid, especially after seeing that everyone who did was rolling around on the ground in these awful Jekyll-and-Hyde-like convulsions. Some guys from the surfing club started pulling me forward, and I guess I panicked. I started screaming and grabbed onto Lika's arm. Imagine my surprise when the arm just came off in my hand, exposing at the shoulder not the expected gruesome jumble of flesh and blood but rather a mass of circuitry and steel. The conclusion was as inescapable as it was disturbing: lovely Lika was some kind of robot!

Too frightened and disoriented to do otherwise, I let myself be dragged up before Dean Welles, who seemed to be grinning insanely. "Pleasure, pure and simple, my friend," he intoned. He pushed the steaming cup in my face. "Drink, and you will be happy, happy, happy, happy, happy." "HAPPY, HAPPY, HAPPY, HAPPY," my fellow students chanted. "HAPPY, HAPPY, HAPPY." Well, I must have gone just a little bit nuts right then, because I smashed the cup on the ground in front of me and, breaking away from the burly surfers, ran toward the cliff. Not thinking clearly, and seeing pursuit close behind, I jumped. After that I remember nothing.

I came to in this Philippine hospital more than two months later, without any knowledge of how I got here. I have been here ever since, recovering from serious injuries probably incurred in my fall. They tell me I'll be able to leave soon, but the truth is I don't know where to go from here. It's pretty boring being in the hospital, but at least it's given me an opportunity to bring my diary up to date.

I put the manuscript down and turned to the old man, who had consumed ten or twelve drinks while I'd been reading.

"Incredible, isn't it?" he said. "Yet it's true, every word."

"Where did you get this?" I demanded.

"I was given it by the author shortly before he died. And now," he added, "I want to entrust it to you, to see that it is published in America. This madman Welles must be exposed and put out of business, before more American youths are seduced by the temptations of that insane college of his."

After a few dozen more drinks, charged to my account, the old man turned to leave, to return, I supposed, to whatever hovel he called home in that jungle hellhole. As he hobbled out, I saw a faded emblem on the tattered sweat pants he wore. It read: "Fantasy U." Jesus Christ, was it possible?

I called after him. "You're him, aren't you? You're the kid who wrote this."

He stopped in his tracks, but he neither turned nor spoke.

"My God! How old are you, anyway?"

He turned to face me with a bitter smile. "Twenty-one," he said. "I'll be twenty-two next Friday."

"Happy birthday," I said quietly as he limped out the door. "Happy birthday." ■

PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

\$5.00 EACH

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



NOVEMBER 1974



APRIL 1976

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

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



MAY 1976



FEBRUARY 1978

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

\$4.00 EACH

- APRIL 1979/April Fool
- MAY 1979/International Communism and Terrorism
- AUGUST 1979/Summer Vacation
- SEPTEMBER 1979/Potpourri
- OCTOBER 1979/Comedy
- DECEMBER 1979/Success
- 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
- NOVEMBER 1980/Potpourri

- DECEMBER 1980/Fun Takes a Holiday
- JANUARY 1981/Excess
- FEBRUARY 1981/Sin
- MARCH 1981/Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981/Chaos



FEBRUARY 1980



MAY 1981

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

\$3.00 EACH

- JANUARY 1983/The Top Stories of 1983
- FEBRUARY 1983/Raging Controversy
- MARCH 1983/Tamper-Proof Issue
- MAY 1983/The South Seas
- JUNE 1983/Adults Only
- JULY 1983/Vacation!
- AUGUST 1983/Science and Bad Manners
- SEPTEMBER 1983/Big Anniversary Issue
- OCTOBER 1983/Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983/No Score
- DECEMBER 1983/Holiday Jeers
- JANUARY 1984/Time Parody Issue
- FEBRUARY 1984/All-Comics Issue
- MARCH 1984/The Sixties' Greatest Hits
- APRIL 1984/Parody Issue
- MAY 1984/Baseball Previews
- JUNE 1984/Summer Movies
- JULY 1984/Summer Fun
- National Lampoon Binders Vinyl binders with tough metal "rods." \$4.50 each, \$8.00 for two, \$10.50 for three. —Quantity
- National Lampoon Case Binder Fits many types of magazines. \$6.95 each —Quantity
- National Lampoon Binder With all twelve issues from a given year. Well, not exactly given.

—1975	—1978	—1981	—Vinyl binder
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TRUE FACTS

THOUGH SIAMESE TWINS Alfredo and José Lopez of Villarica, Paraguay, have been joined at the side since birth. Alfredo couldn't keep José from committing a random killing. According to the *Sacramento Union*, the brothers were sitting in a wagon when José suddenly decided to pick up a rifle and shoot a passerby.

"Alfredo tried to stop me but I did it anyway," said José. "I killed her and I'm glad."

"It is an unusual case," admitted Judge Juan Flores, who nevertheless sentenced José to death for the crime.

Unfortunately, both brothers are now awaiting execution, since Siamese twin Alfredo has to face the firing squad along with José. Observed Alfredo: "This is outrageous." (contributed by Lisa Beile)

LIFETIME, A CABLE HEALTH CHANNEL, will offer a new program called *Good Sex, with Dr. Ruth Westheimer*. *TV Guide* (contributed by Duck Divet)

ACCORDING TO THE *MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE*, "The Seattle Breakers of the Western Hockey League traded winger Tom Martin to Victoria, British Columbia, for a used bus." (contributed by Thomas Saari)

IN ROME, ITALY, A MAN RAMPAGED through a large park attacking a series of marble busts with a cobblestone. Police said the man knocked several busts from their pedestals and chipped pieces from the faces of others. The man was caught carrying a bag full of marble noses. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by T. Phillips)

ALEX LACY, THE OUTGOING PRESIDENT of Sangamon State University in Springfield, Illinois, left the five-bedroom president's house in such a mess that janitors had to wear protective masks to clean it out.

According to the *Elmhurst (Illinois) Press*, "The custodians cleaned out feathers and droppings from chickens raised in the basement and piles of res-

idue from Mrs. Lacy's favorite hobby—pottery made from hog manure. Over a two-day period, four janitors reported carrying out five fifty-five-gallon barrels of trash, including an es-

timated three hundred empty egg cartons."

While some university officials criticized the cleanup at the school's expense, the director of physical operations, Dick Williams, defended ex-president Lacy.

"Granted, the Lacys had chickens, which was unusual. But they were in the basement, not the living room," said Williams, adding that most of the university president's chickens were kept outside in the backyard. (contributed by Dave Read)

Revisionist Journalism

Correction

A story about parolee Newt Becknell in Sunday's *Enquirer* incorrectly said that he was married. By an editing error, Becknell was described as single.

Corrections

A story in Sunday editions stated that parolee Newt Becknell is married. He is single. A correction Monday failed to make that clear.

These corrections appeared in two consecutive issues of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. (contributed by Rossanna Hoberg)

CORRECTIONS

In the story Saturday about animal control work in Paso Robles, the featured quotation was incorrectly attributed to Robert Dolanite, director of the county Animal Regulation Department. That statement, "I drive to work everyday watching dead cats getting flatter and flatter" was actually made by Richard Deming, Paso Robles city manager.

From the *San Luis Obispo County Telegram-Tribune*. (contributed by Toni Spencer)

CORRECTION

Current regrets describing the offices of NPR Ventures as "plush" in the March 25 issue. Although there is a couch in the reception area that could be described as plush, on closer inspection the offices proved to be just ordinary.

From the telecommunication magazine *Current*. (contributed by Joe Paulino)

THE *DETROIT FREE PRESS* REPORTED THAT sixty-two-year-old Nelson Louie Jones, who was "mad at everyone in the world," threw the contents of his Detroit apartment out a window onto the street sixteen floors below. He started by throwing out a mattress, a television set, and an antique telephone.

Then, according to the newspaper, he threw out "cameras, picture albums, food, full cans of Stroh's beer, pots and pans, piles of newspapers, telephone books, nudie magazines, a set of encyclopedias, mayonnaise jars, a box of batteries, two bicycles, a half dozen new bicycle tires, and used and new clothing. He tossed pillowcases, pens, and sets of suspenders still in their packages.

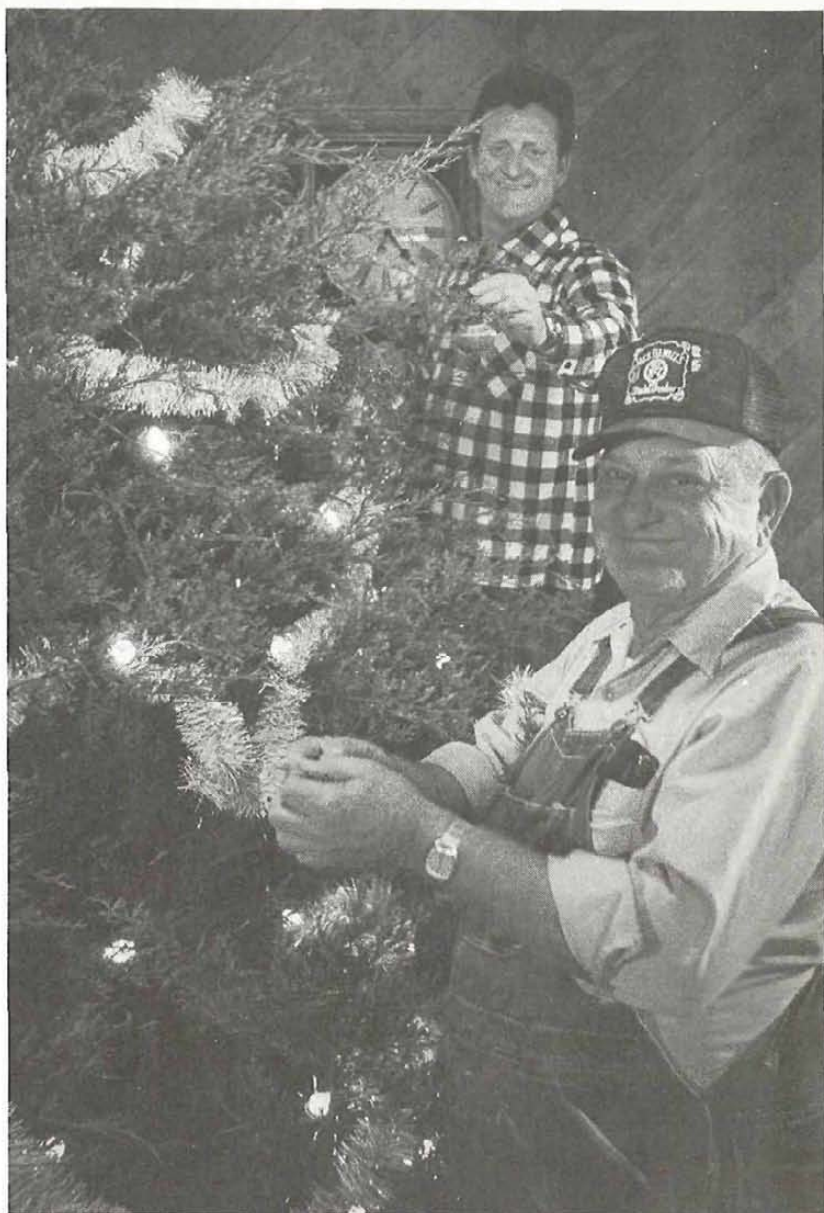
"Some in the crowd gathered below shouted 'Icebox! Icebox!' and Jones pushed the apartment's refrigerator out the window. The flights of the refrigerator, the apartment stove, and other large pieces of furniture brought whoops of glee from the crowd."

After his arrest by Detroit police, Jones's niece tried to explain her uncle's actions. "Everybody has their off days," she said.

Asked what charges would be filed against Jones, the police public information officer said, "Littering, for one." (contributed by David Strette)

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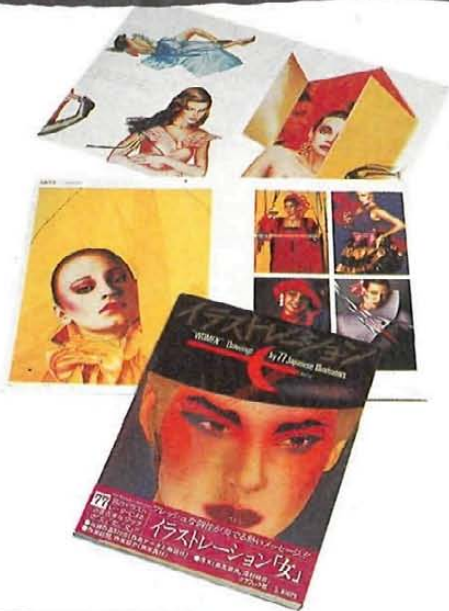
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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63) the early Freedmenmen settlers of the planet some four hundred years (*Standard*) ago. They had fled here in an effort to escape religious persecution, he remembered.

"Other peanuts, left on the planet's surface during its dry season, become dehydrated and develop into the protopretzel, plant-animal-snack hybrid called 'nuggets,'" he continued. "When the rainy season returns, the water leaches all salt out of the nuggets. They bake in the sun, acquiring the characteristic shiny brown coloring. This triggers their final growth stages: first into 'baby sticks,' then into 'giant sticks,' until finally they develop into fully adult pretzels. They burrow underground and roam for food, and the cycle continues."

He stood unsteadily, his own thoughts a welter of shout-thinking in his mind.

None of them know this! Only I—and the Freedmenmen!

He knew something else. His nose detected the tang of ripe yeasts and brewscents of pungent, sweet esters—nasal data, irrefutable and sufficient, of a pre-beer brewpool hundreds of feet below the surface on which he now stood, lurched, fell. The beer was nearing its maturation point. Soon

thousands of gallons of it would erupt in a single massive "beer blast," exploding onto the surface of the planet, to collect in the small pockets the Freedmenmen called "bellies."

He had to leave that area! As quickly as possible! And in an orderly manner!

Standing, he set off, a feeble-paced thing. He had been on-sugar like this before, without Freedkit or orthodontohopter, beermug or filtcig. But on those occasions he had managed to send up a signal to a Freedmenmen patrol, or at worst summon Schmaigunug himself, and ride to a hootch, a Freedmenmen village, and safety.

Now he had nothing—neither ferdock nor caltrans, link-ray nor flamtap. And he knew he was hundreds of kilometers from the aid of anyone, from the people of Graben or Pan, from the folk of Bled or Sink, from the tribes of Erg or Eck or Aargh. Let alone his good friends, the Freedmenmen.

Here's to good friends, he thought, and stumbled again.

Somewhere a voice in the back of his mind screamed that he was thirsty, that he needed water or beer, and food. Another voice in the side of his mind screamed back that he knew, he knew, and to please shut up. Then a third voice in the front of his mind screamed

how could anybody get any thinking done with those two voices in his mind screaming at each other like that.

The falcon circled down lower to inspect the figure crawling across the sugar.

A thought took shape in the man's fatigued-addled brain: perhaps if he lightened his load, he might travel faster.

He tore off the sweatshirt remnants and tossed them aside, watching them flutter deadily onto the crystal-flecked ground. He now wore only the loose trousers and the purple napkin, the *bib*, given him when he had been accepted by the Freedmenmen years after his arrival on this planet.

He stopped and looked dazedly at the cloth. He considered jettisoning it, too, but stayed his hand as it triggered a memory of the ceremony in which they'd presented it to him.

They'd all assembled in Hootch Grabr. Spilgard had even then been nabe. All had stood silent in the great dark stone cavern as he'd knelt, and the chief had repeated the traditional formula in the ancient Varietese.

"We recite the traditional litany, Keynes," Spilgard had said. "Indie prod house seeks helmer, scribe for Aussie biopic."

He'd replied, not knowing what it meant but having studied it phonetically. "Cable kidvid tallies down; prexy scores distribber woes."

"Webs in black on o-and-o's."

"B'cast pundits nix a.m. stereo."

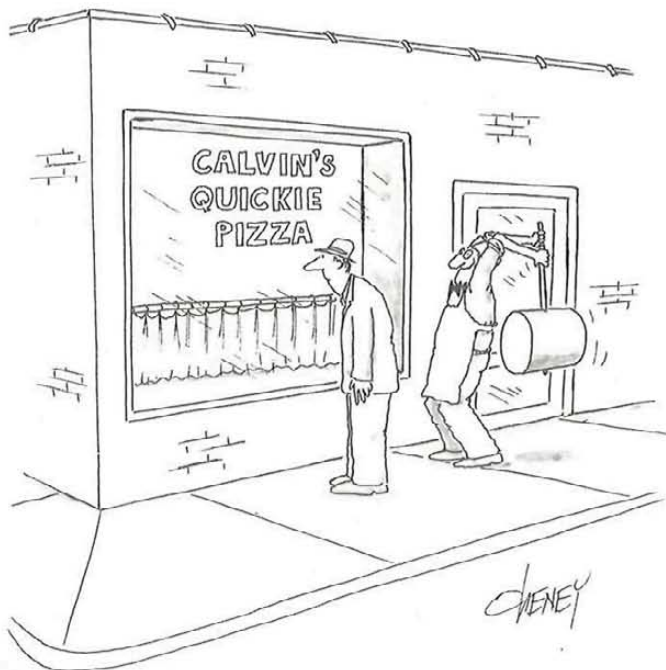
Spilgard had then turned to the tribe and said, "Prod o'runs boost Universal sci-fi epic tab."

As one they had replied, "Need max U.S., o'seas b.o., plus solid homevid followup, for Xmas gala desert saga."

Then Spilgard had turned to him and said, "Rise, Keynes. Now you are of our tribe. You are Freedmenmen. Our meat is yours. Your meat is ours." The nabe had placed around his neck the purple napkin, intoned, "This bib's for you."

The maltose falcon landed a few feet from the recumbent human figure. Keynes was unaware of it, his mind absorbed in the memory of his acceptance by the people who truly owned—no, managed—this planet, and its pretzels, and its beer.

A rumble began deep within the ground, and the bird took off in a flap of panic. The last thought Keynes was aware of, before the ground rose up in a massive eruption of suds and sugar, was an appreciation of irony: that the brew he so craved to quench his more-



DOON

than-one-beer thirst would be the agent of his death.

Mauve'Bib said: "Show me your civilization's most precious values, and I'll show you mine. Go on, show me. Please. Just a peck. Just one precious value. All right, be that way. Don't show me."

—from *A Time for Pompous Titles: Memories of Mauve'Bib*, by Princess Serutan

"GET THEIR ENTRÉES, SPILGARD, AND let's move it," said the voice.

The apparent leader of the troop, standing in shadow before Jazzica, turned to address the speaker. "Let's move what, Janis?"

The other man grumbled, then said, "It. It's an expression—'Let's move it.' I don't know. It. You know."

"I command here," said the leader sternly. "And I shall decide when it is to be moved, and what it is."

Spilgard! Jazzica thought. *The nabe I met back in Arrucksack.*

Spilgard stepped toward her into the light. From his vantage point six inches away Pall tensed, right hand relaxed and ready to whiplashsnap for his wallet.

"I know you, woman," the nabe said. His eyes, depthless red-on-red, narrowed as he examined Jazzica. "We have met."

"At the Governor's Palace at Arrucksack," she replied. "There did Spilgard and I join meat."

Spilgard turned to examine Pall. "And this is your bunky, your son," he said. "Word has spread among our *volksritr*, our people, that he is the *Laserium al-Dilah'*, the Bright Light of the Italian Love Song. When such news first reached my *gnocchis*, my ears, I was *klauskinski*—skeptical as to the veracity of a religious-based rumor. But much of the prophecy has already been *lyfah-ryli*, fulfilled (usually with reference to apocryphal or legendary prophecy). Still, it would not do to declare the *Mahi-Mahi*, the day of arrival of the messiah, prematurely. More *engelberthumperdinck*, proof, is needed."

"We waste time, Spil," called the one named Janis. "Do we obey the sacred injunction to assure foremost the strength of the tribe by taking their entrées, or what?"

"Let the boy-man and his mother-woman join my group," Spilgard announced. "Let them accompany us to hootch, that we might see if the lad is truly the *Laserium al-Dilah'*."

"They are meat-lean, two off-worlders," Janis snarled. "Like as mayhap

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not they spy for the Hardchargin devil, or work in the Guild's employ. Or perhaps they serve the Emperor—scouts for another cursed documentary about us for the Pahdedbrah Broadcasting System." He said mimickingly, "They are a simple people, yet with a rich cultural heritage all their own. Pah!" He spat in disgust.

"We serve neither Hardchargin nor PBS," Pall said forcefully. "Who claims we do, lies."

"Easy, my young wally," Spilgard soothed. Turning to Janis, he said with an edge, "Do you challenge my rule in this matter?"

"Spilgard has been known to make mistakes," Janis said, stubborn.

"I tell you, Janis, they have my countenance!" Spilgard roared.

An agitated murmur arose from the crowd. Pall heard one man ask another, "They have his countenance—does that mean they have his face?"

Hearing this, another cried, "Spilgard gives them his face! He gives meat to the off-worlders!"

"He gives them the meat of his face!"

"No, no!" called the nabe. "It means—"

But the air was rent by a gabble of chchering, making futile further reply.

Ah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h, they are an excitable people, though Jazzica. A people who could be whipped into a frenzy at the drop of a hat. How useful that

could be to us. Ah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h.

"Come," Spilgard said. "We must return to Hootch Grabr."

They fell into marching order, their sweatsuit hoods covering their heads. Pall marked with what stealth and precision they moved. As he took his place in the procession, he noticed a figure beside him. It was a girl-child, with an elfin face and a generous mouth.

"You must not lose step," the girl said. Her voice was laughfilled with lilt, her newspeak bigmouth smilefaced with happytalk.

"You look . . . familiar. . ." Pall said. "Haven't we . . . met?"

"I am Loni, daughter of Bob," she said.

"I am Pall, son of Duke Lotto Agamemnides."

Shyly, dimpling a smile, she said, "You have not the eye of the Egad."

He looked puzzled, then noticed she was pointing to his own brown eyes, their whites normal and clear. Her eyes were the typical red-on-red of her people.

Even their girl-children drink the beer, Pall thought. It is a France-like thing.

They marched for several hours until they came to a series of caves walled round by rock candy hazy white and opaque in the waning sunlight. Spilgard assigned sentries to keep watch

as they made camp. Many Freedmen removed their sweatshirts, revealing a variety of plain shirts and blouses underneath. Worn on each, tied around the neck, was a purple napkin.

Jazzica watched in awe as the Freedmen silently went about their efficient routines, mounting westinglobes for light, preparing cookfires for carmelbrew, distributing mugs of a frothing golden liquid. *Beer, she thought. This will be our first true exposure to it. I hope Pall knows of the risks, and that he will drink it responsibly and in moderation.* She felt an abrupt fear, shuddered. *Surely he will not be so foolish as to try to operate any heavy machinery. . .*

She looked up as Spilgard approached. "Your young wally and our beaver have made linkage," he said, gesturing.

Jazzica looked, saw that, across an open space, against a wall, Pall sat with the girl-child Loni, deep in conversation. The implications disturbed her.

I must warn Pall about time-making with that girl-child, Jazzica thought. We must win the respect of these people, yes—but to hire them, not join them. It would prove fatal to our pupose were Pall to any of their women lovemake to!

And possibly upknock!

Pall saw his mother regarding him from the distance. *She plays a dangerous game, he thought.*

Then he smiled at Loni. She said, "Here, drink this," and handed him a small beermug in which a cool golden liquid foamed. She held up her own mug. "Let us elbow-bend the cold 'n' frosty," she murmured. "Steak for dinner sometime soon."

He nodded and sipped.

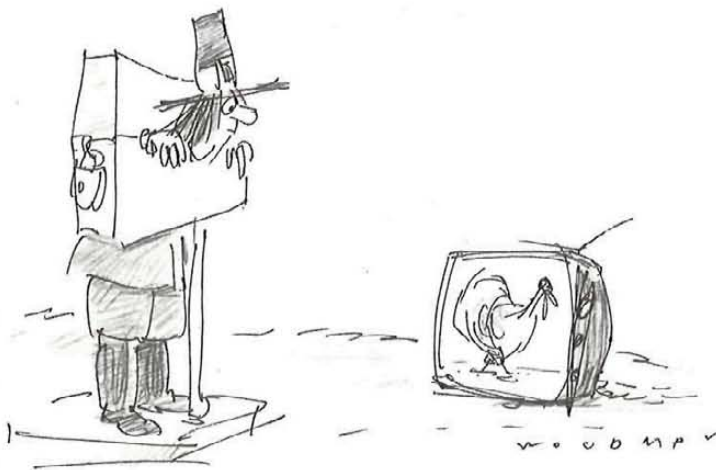
The taste was sharp to his tongue. Waftings of yeastscent made his nose flicker with their bite. Concealed in the liquid was a profusion of evanescent pinpricks, and these seemed to explode in an abrasive fusillade as he swallowed, grating down his throat. His body felt injected with air. An afterdreg of sudsfoam remained on his upper lip; Loni laughed and wiped it off with the purple napkin she wore around her neck.

"You like?" she said.

"Hell, yes," he replied.

Suddenly a thing within him reared up, sought escape. In an abrupt burst it flew out of his mouth, invisible but rending the air with a sharp, guttural bark.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 88)



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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86)

"What have you done to me!" Pall raged. "There're demons in my stomach!"

Loni stared, laughed.

"Oh, Pall Agamemnidēs, that's just beerburp," she gasped with mirth. "The breath of Schmai-Gunug gathers in the brew. We release it when we drink. Thus do we free it to be breathed again, that Schmai-Gunug may live and the tribe prosper."

A male voice nearby said, "It's basic ecology, Pall Agamemnidēs."

"Let's have another one," Loni said.

She removed from her pack a canister and applied to its top a many-bladed swysknife, sacred implement of the Freedmenmen. Then she solemnly poured the liquid into the beermug, down its center. A roiling white head rose up from the bottom of the mug.

"Now we must wait for foamfall," she said, watching the cloud of bubbles slowly disperse. "Not before then may we drink."

Pall suddenly said, "Try this."

Taking the canister from her, he poured its remnants into another beermug, this time tilting the vessel and letting the beerflow land halfway up its side. The beer collected placidly in the mug, rising to fullness without a head of white froth.

Loni stared, amazed.

"You pour without foam!" she

whispered. "Your head is small!"

"Just an idea I had—" he began.

But she had risen and held up his mug for all to see. "Behold!" she cried. "Pall Agamemnidēs pours without foam!"

All activity ceased. From all over the camp Freedmenmen stopped and looked at the girl, at the mug in her held-aloft hand, at the beer and its headless top.

"And he shall be wise, yet he shall have no head," someone quoted softly.

"He is the Laserium al-Dilah!" Loni cried joyfully.

Pall was aware of all eyes on him, of expressions of awe and wonder in those eyes.

Have a caution, he thought, My status as holy man could at this juncture gain significant reinforcement—or suffer dire setback. This is a crucial possibility-nexus.

"Behold the beer without head," Pall intoned. "I pour it into my own head." He held up high the mug, drank deep. Then he held up the drained vessel. "Thus does the . . . the head of . . ." He paused, allowed for beerburp, continued, "My head . . . I am the head! Of the beer!" He nodded. *Got it.* "I am the Beer Head of Doon!"

The Freedmenmen broke into cheers, upholding their own mugs and drinking in salute.

Yet Pall heard it indistinctly, for the

narcotic effects of the beer had begun to work on him. A vaporous plume rose from his stomach into his head. He felt a pleasing lightness, as though his brain were newly supported by a gossamer cloud of well-being. He felt lulled, expansive.

Then the full force of the drug took hold of him, as his normal balance of emotion-states suddenly tipped wildly. Now, rather than experiencing a positive reaction of feelgood uplift in response to external events, he felt himself generating his own exhilaration-response. Veils of social conditioning and learned-restraint patterns were ripped away. Revealed now were raw, explosive sources of self-generated life-pleasure, good-mood, and wanting-to-go-berserk.

"Hey," he said, extending a limp hand in loose pawflop to the girl-child Loni. "You're pretty."

Yet there was a distant calculating part of him that noted with detachment the effects of the beer, feeding into merciless mental computation the cold data of numerous possible futures. He slumped against the rock-candy wall and leaned back, his field of vision taking in a section of the cave in which people now saluted each other and downed foaming beermugs of the golden drink.

This, he realized, was the Freedmenmen path. The Golden Path of Beer!

And his inner vision at that moment glimpsed a series of possible futures. Many of them reached only partway into the future, depicting a variety of possible-series-of-events that might unfold over the next thirty seconds.

In each, he saw himself approaching the girl-child Loni and requesting another mugfull. The variations were manifold: in some he walked, in others crawled, in still others sort of slid-lurched.

But beyond these lay one particular vision—indeed, was the focal point of all the disparate crawlings-forward and beer-swillings, the one toward which they all tended, seemed to lead inexorably.

And he knew it was the one possible future he must avoid.

It was a vision of himself, drinking vaster and vaster drafts of the brew until, half mad, he leaped up in drunken beerfrenzy, attempting to sing "Girl-Childs Just Want to Have Fun-Pleasure" in harmony with himself, all the while taking off his clothes and dancing about, until finally upthrowing and outpassing, cold. ■



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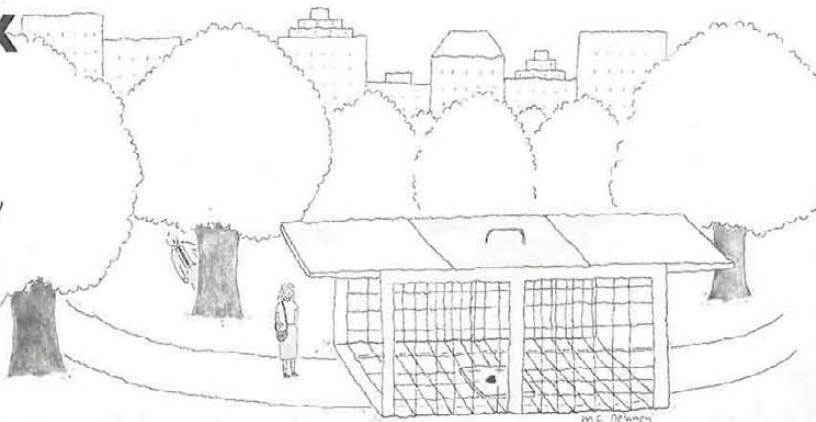
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