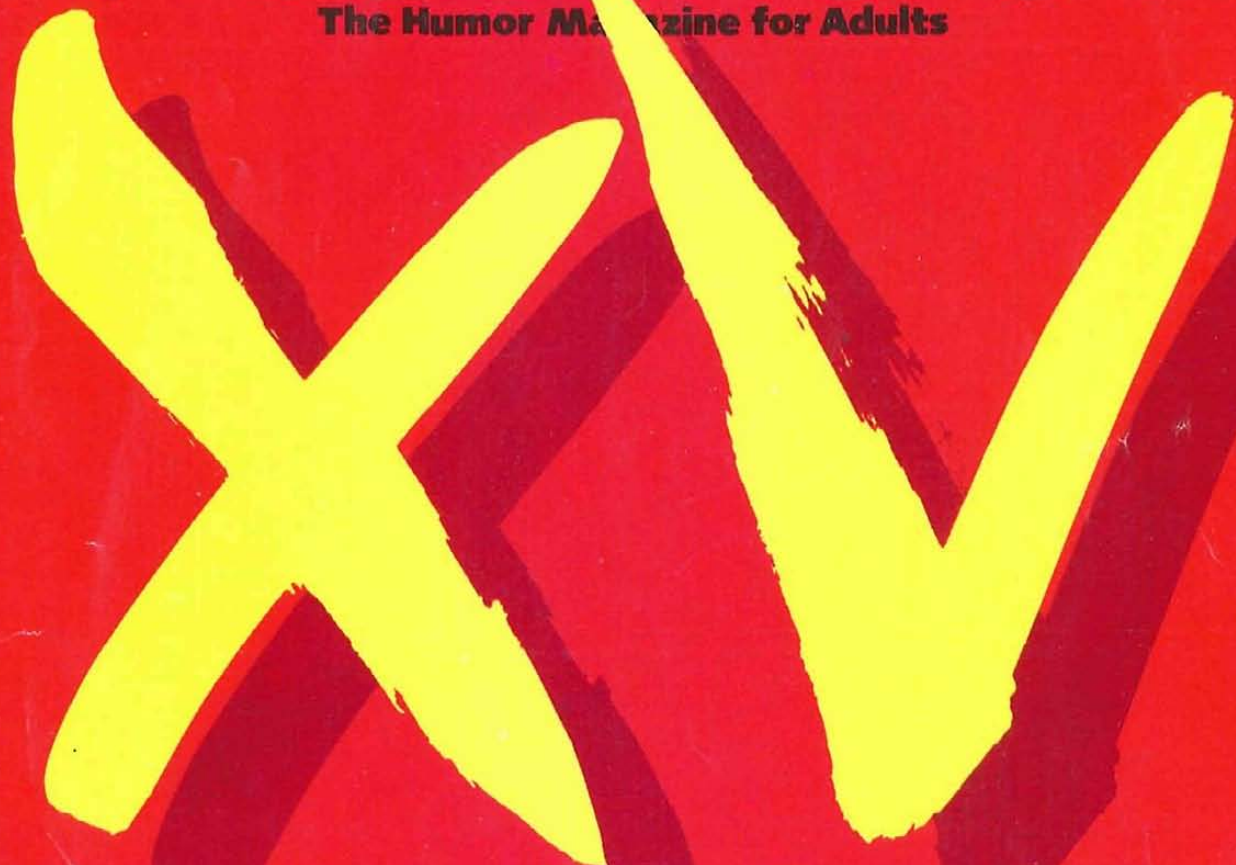


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Ethel Merman Spiro Agnew Foto Funnies News over the First 15 Years
Al Jean Jean Al Michael Mouse Bob Woodwork P.J. O'Rourke
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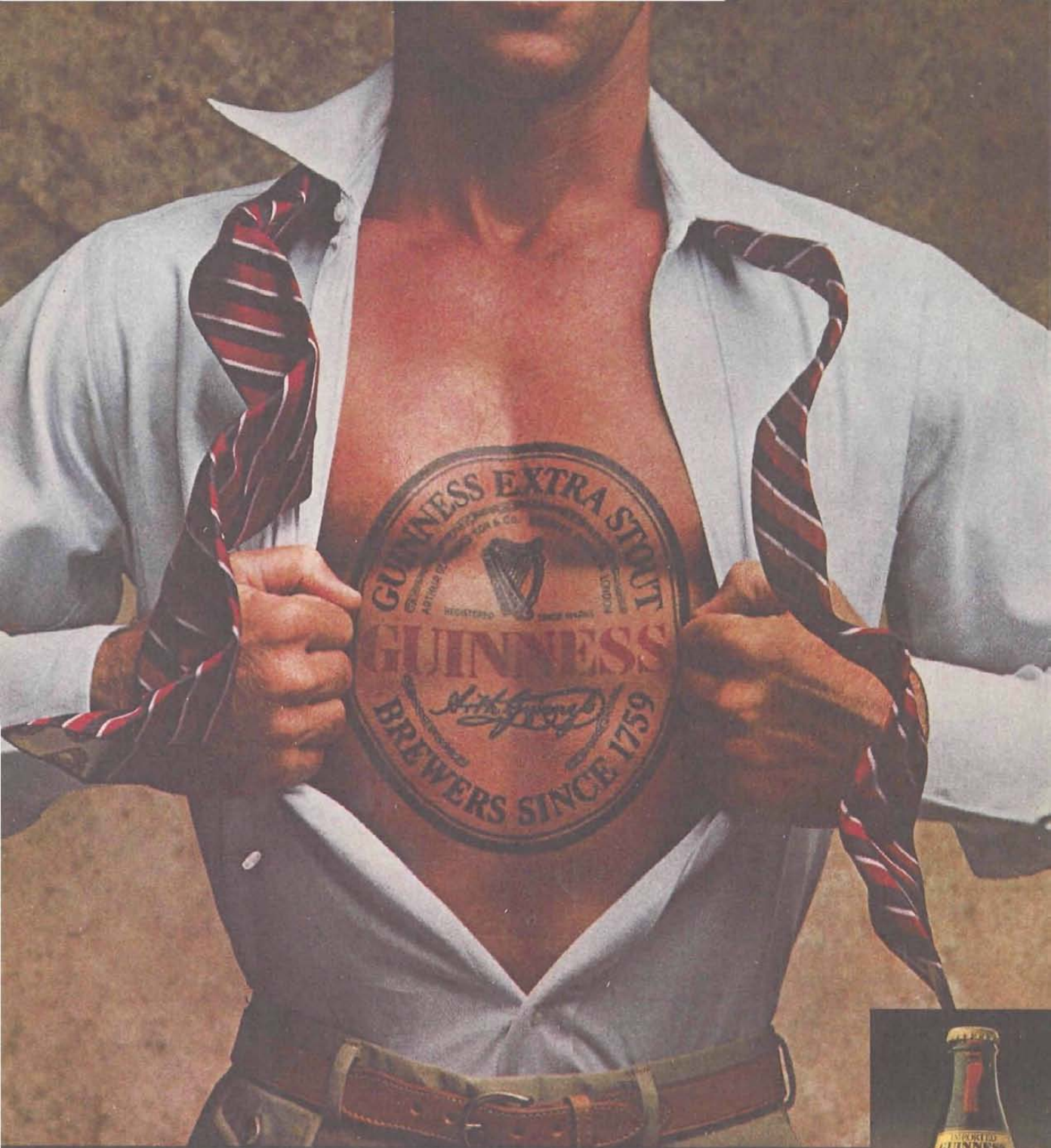
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EDITORIAL



MATTY SIMMONS



PETER KLEINMAN



LARRY "RATSO" SLOMAN



MICHAEL AND ANDY SIMMONS

About the new staff:

Above, for your pleasure, we present some candid photos of our new staff. It takes broad shoulders to bear the heavy mantle of the humor legacy that has been left to these fine men by their great hahafathers, so let us pray for them. Remember these faces, you'll be seeing more of them in the months to come.

About the cover:

The cover design that we are using on the front of this issue, unless of course you are from Yugobudistan, where they start reading two pages from the back and then go to the back cover and then go to the center spread and read upside down until they get to the front page and then read the remaining stuff after the

center spread, was designed by the students at the Upper Valhalla Geeko-Roman Big-Time Art College and Exotic Bead Shoppe. Their simple yet inelegant treatment of an age-old graphic-design dilemma is what this country needs more or less of. The ancient code they used stands for the number 15 in some backward cultures, or so they tell us.

About the errors:

To err is human; to correct the error, humane, but too costly, which is why, as you make your way through the glittering glut of our Fifteenth Anniversary issue, you may encounter a boner here and there and maybe even a mistake or two. Don't worry, they won't spoil your satisfied enjoyment of this product. In

fact, they might even enhance it. Play a little game with us. Simply count up all the goofs and then turn to page 6 to compare your findings with those of the experts, namely, our copy editor, graduate of the Catch That Boner Institute of Wordology. (By the way, the Letters from the Editors column and the two Photo Phunnies up front don't count, because they're freshly minted.) Anyway, if you got them all right, congratulations; if you missed a few, go jump into the dishwasher; and if you found any that the copy editor missed, we'd love to hear from you. However, we regret that our staff is too small to open any correspondence.

—PK.

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Screenplay By NEAL ISRAEL & PAT PROFT Produced By RON MOLER and BOB ISRAEL
Directed By NEAL ISRAEL

It's almost worth getting married for.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS 1970-1984



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WEIDMAN**



**GAHAN
WILSON**

OUR ERRORS 1970-1984

- p. 29. "Vice President" should have a hyphen.
- p. 32. "pickage" should be "package".
- pp. 32-33. The photo captioned "They Who Did It" on p. 33 should follow the one captioned "The More the Merrier" on p. 32.
- p. 35. "From" in the head should be lowercased. "Saniflush" should be spelled "Sani-Flush."
- p. 37. "And" in the head should be lowercased. The fourth "commission" in the second column should be capitalized.
- p. 38. "excrescence" should be "excrescence."
- p. 40. 1st column, ll. 10-11. Should read: "Then I realized, Schmuck!" etc. 1st column, l. 30. "Bo Beep" should be "Bo Peep."
- p. 43. 1st column. "whites" should be capitalized. 2nd column. 2,500 B.C. should not have a comma.
- p. 44. "stone age" should be capitalized. There should be a comma after "costs."
- p. 47. "is" in the head should be capitalized. "coke" should be capitalized.
- p. 51. 1st column, 4th line from the bottom. "Wagnerism" should be "Wagnerian." (We think.) 3rd column, l. 11. "annoint" should be "anoint."
- p. 52. 3rd column, l. 10. "Horeshit" should be "Horseshit." l. 52. "jamies" should be "jammies."
- p. 59. There should be a comma after "tickets." "Garcia muchachas" should be "Gracias, muchachas." (We think—it doesn't make sense either way.)
- "si" should be "sí."
- "Chris-Craft" should not have a hyphen.
- p. 61. "Jesu" should be "Jesús." "Christo" should be "Cristo." "Madré" should not have an accent.
- p. 62. "Javitts" should be "Javits."
- p. 68. The third panel should have closing quotation marks.
- p. 72. There should be a comma after "Lithuania." "Defendent" should be "defendant." (Twice.)
- p. 75. There should be a hyphen between "rice" and "growing."
- p. 83. 2nd column. There should be a hyphen between "two" and "pounder."
- p. 84. "trooper" should be "trouper." There is one "o" too many in "crookeded."
- p. 88. 1st column. "social security" should be capitalized. 2nd column. "braille" should be capitalized.
- p. 89. 1st column. "church" should be capitalized. 3rd column. "Spic" should be lowercased.
- p. 90. "Jack Daniels" should be "Jack Daniel's."
- p. 102. "homologus" should be "homologous."
- p. 103. 2nd column, l. 23. "white" should be capitalized. 2nd column within the 2nd column. "Wedgewood" should be "Wedgwood."
- p. 104. 1st column. There should be no commas in A.D. 1,000-2,000.

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LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your fifteenth anniversary. I passed that sentimental milestone just last year, and I hope that your fifteenth is filled with as many joyous memories as mine was.

Charles Manson
Folsom Prison
Maximum Security Wing

Sirs:

How well I remember my fifteenth wedding anniversary. She looked lovelier than ever that night. I took her out to a cozy little romantic restaurant, where I gave her a stunning string of pearls. (They set me back more than two

grand, but it was worth every penny to see the look on her face.) Afterward we made mad, passionate love all night long. Oh, by the way, that whole thing was with my girlfriend, Andrea. For the wife: a peck on the cheek and a new vacuum cleaner she's been naggin' me about. Damn thing cost me \$39.95! Can you imagine?!?!

Happily Married
Cat Spleen, N.J.

Sirs:

I am currently celebrating my tenth anniversary as an extra-large package of frozen Braunschweiger knockwursts in the deep-freeze section of a warehouse

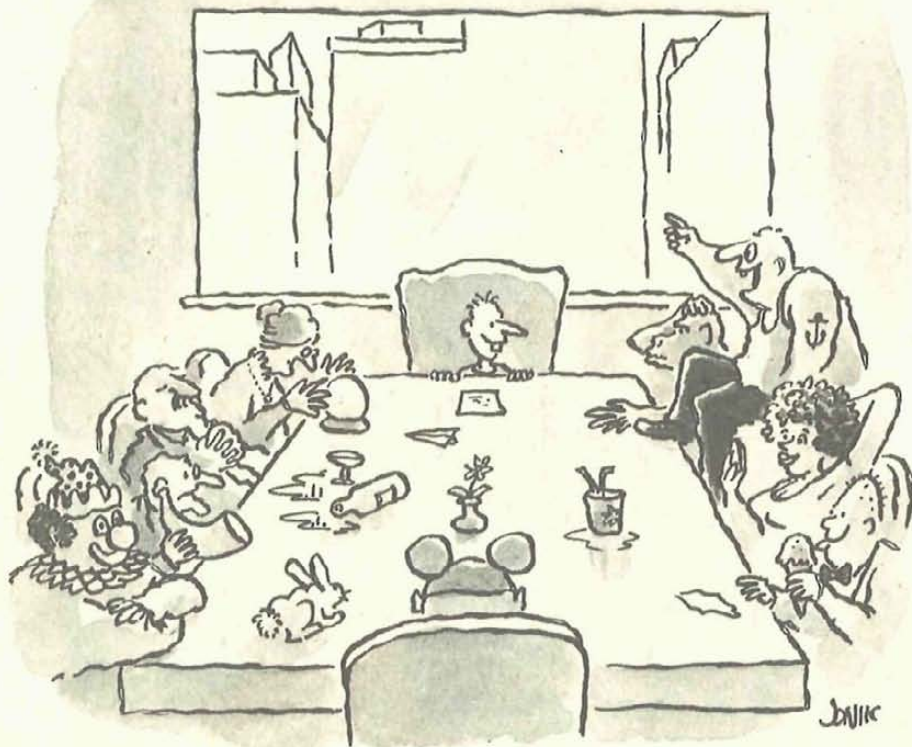
just east of Lodi, New Jersey.

I can't complain. All in all, it's been a good ten years. They even let me thaw out once a year, on Christmas.

James Hoffa
East of Lodi, N.J.

Sirs:

According to ancient Spanish cabalistic doctrine, the number fifteen represents the manifestation of the fir sepiroth, the archetypal Christmas tree that contains the holy words of the pubescent cherubim. Fifteen was also Stalin's power number, and the number of hairs on the head of the mystery tramp in Dallas, who only appeared



"Yeah, yeah, that's the ticket, chief. A Fifteenth Anniversary issue filled with old stuff. We'd be chumps not to do that."

bald. Crowley writes that fifteen dogs should be barbecued on alternate Black Mass ceremonies, but only in a year ending in "0." Any connection between this doctrine and the infamous ritually sacrificed dog that you murdered on your biggest-selling cover ever? Just asking.

Frater Artemissile
Weiser's Book Store
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I thought you might be interested to know that on the island of Bwaloo-Bwaloo (in the lower Seychelles chain of islands), the comic log beater (the rough equivalent of a comedy writer and/or editor, called a HaHaBulu) is strongly encouraged to celebrate fifteen years at his craft by drinking many cups of urine and then writhing about on a bed of red-hot coals. The whole thing is capped off by cutting off the HaHaBulu's big toes and ceremoniously casting said toes into the sea. Perhaps this explains why becoming a HaHaBulu is quite low on the list of aspirations of the natives of Bwaloo-Bwaloo. At any rate, all things considered, I'd say you all got off rather easy.

Margaret Mead
Deadu-Stiffu, Tahiti

Sirs:

Speaking of fifteenth anniversaries: Believe it or not, I haven't had a drink in fifteen, count 'em (Lord knows I do), years, and I feel absolutely *fantastic*!! I couldn't have done it without my wonderful wife, Mary, who stuck by me through the worst of it, and believe me, things got REAL ugly there *plenty* of times. She's not with me here now, though. She's visiting her mother in Philly, but I only wish she were here to write and bear witness to the hundreds—no, make that thousands—of times (often at risk to her own safety) she prevented me from taking that fateful first drink...that first warm, soul-satisfying shot...that first slug of false but oh-so-reliable happiness.... What the hell!!! The fascist bitch ain't here! One little one won't hurt. FUCK IT!!!

A Drunk
Tempted-and-Lost, Mass.

Sirs:

Coincidentally, my wife and I were married on the day your first issue hit the stands. Life was good back then. Lots to eat, money everywhere. My wife, she liked the funny pages in those days. I liked the "News on the March" and the gal with the huge bazooms. I remember a story once by Chris Miller about a kid's party and a dirty clown that entertained the kids, it was great. I remember a really good comic strip by one of those guys whose name I forgot. You are all

unbelievably great. When your dog cover came out is when I shot my dog, because he didn't buy the magazine. I kept telling him to buy the magazine, buy the magazine, but he just lay there, so I got the gun and shot him, and he still didn't do what I told him, so I shot him again and stabbed him and then my wife came out and said "Stop," so I thought, Fuck her, I'll kill that whore, so I turned and stabbed and shot and killed her. It was great. It was just like one of those cartoons by Rodrigues or Gahan Wilson where someone tries to stop someone from doing something, so the other someone kills him. Please send me more issues and also send me some *Heavy Metals*. I'll be reading every word for at least thirty-five more years.

Mr. Psychotic Murderer
#657-982-00009-SX45
Nevada State Prison

Sirs:

I'm sick and tired of your slogan, "Nothing is sacred," and I've been reading your rag for fifteen years, so you better listen to me. How can nothing be sacred? What kind of depraved minds do you all have that can go around in life with your guiding principle being the absolute negation of anything holy and beautiful? What foul urine-like fluid

floats around in your cranial cavities, its stench seeping into your thought patterns? You're scum. Godless scum. I dare you to print this.

Cardinal Richelieu
Zanzibar

Sirs:

If I wasn't such a no-talent, boring penis fart, I'd be more ecstatic over your fifteenth anniversary. Congratulations. Yawn.

George Plimpton
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Because I am a no-talent, boring penis fart, I am ecstatic over your fifteenth anniversary. Congratulations. I'll be there for the next fifteen years. You bet!

Skip Grubbner
Pres., Beta Theta Teta
Dennison University

Sirs:

So, the *NatLamp* is fifteen years old this month. No wonder that when I read it it's like talking to my fifteen-year-old daughter. Makes no sense at all! Grow up, you guys.

Dan Flemmington
Piscataway, N.J.

P.S. No, she's too young.

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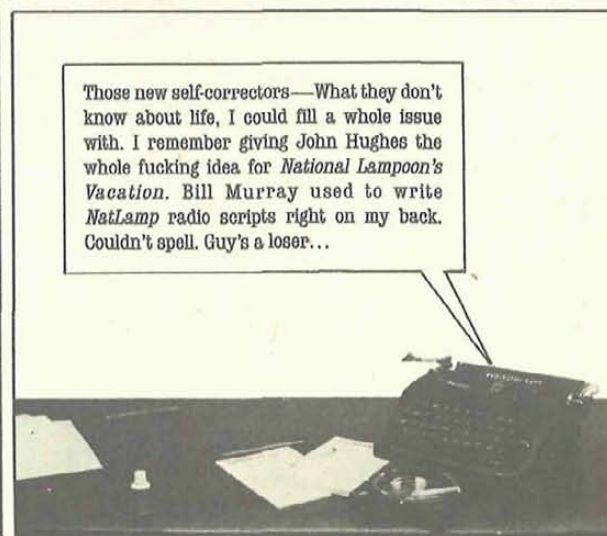
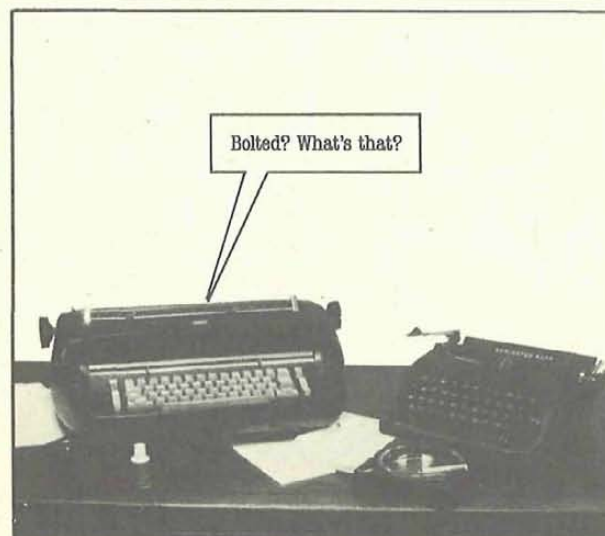
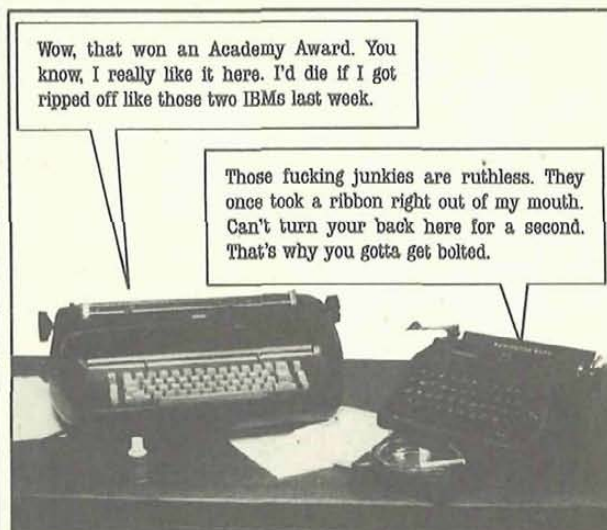
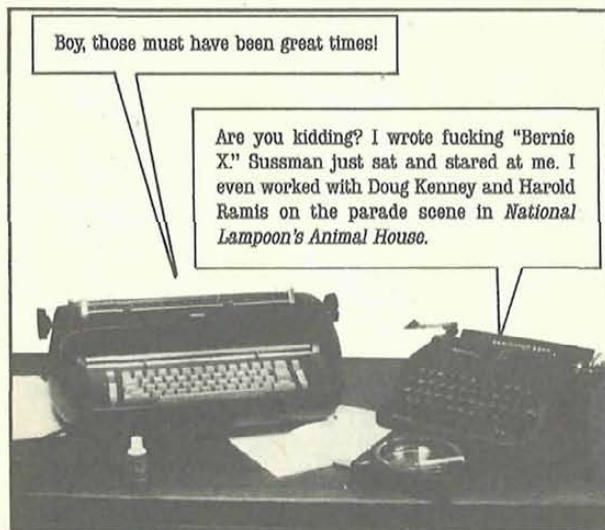
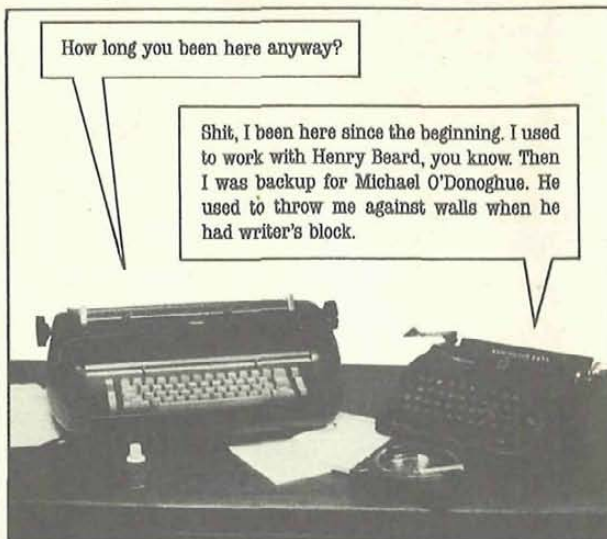
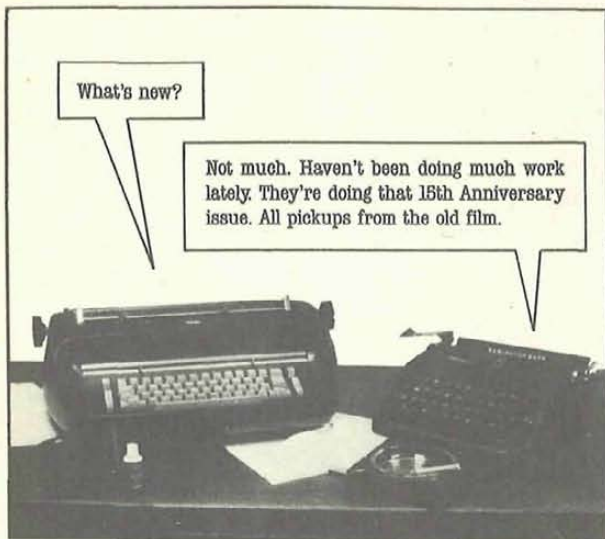
Only in

A red Jeep CJ is shown driving across sand dunes during sunset. The car is positioned in the lower right quadrant of the frame, moving towards the left. The dunes are illuminated by the warm, golden light of the setting sun, creating a dramatic and scenic background. The car's shadow is cast on the sand in front of it.

a Jeep!

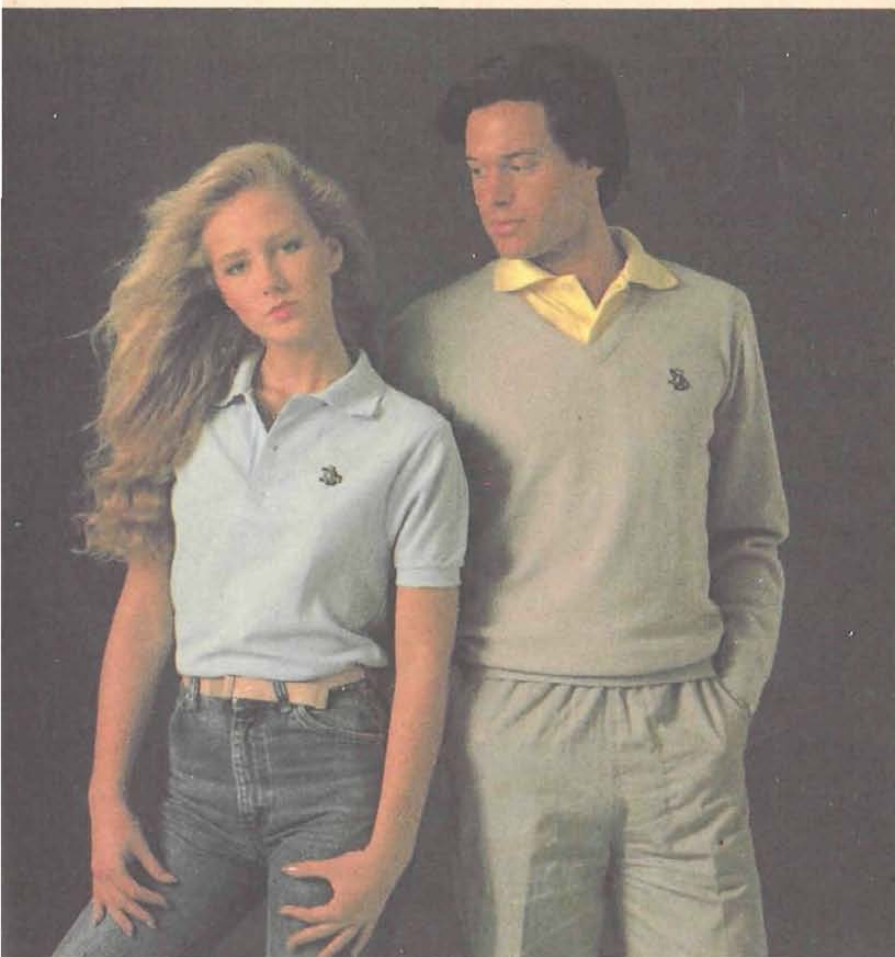
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WE SHOULD GET BIG GEORGE SOMETHING NICE FOR THE FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

SURE, LET'S ALL CHIP IN AND TAKE HIM TO ATLANTIC CITY.

HOW ABOUT JERSEY CITY?

HOW ABOUT DELIVERING THIS ISSUE ON TIME TO HIM? NAAH, HE MIGHT HAVE A HEART ATTACK.

PHOTO PHUNNIES

LET'S LOOK UP IN THIS HANDY ALMANAC WHAT THE SUGGESTED GIFT IS FOR THE FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

"...AND IT IS THE CUSTOM TO GIVE CRYSTAL ON THE OCCASION OF THE FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY."

YEAH, THAT'S THE TICKET. WE'D BE CHUMPS NOT TO THINK OF THAT.

UH... I'M A LITTLE SHORT THIS YEAR.

SAME HERE.

UH... YEAH, ME TOO. IN FACT, I HAD TO LEND RATSO MONEY.

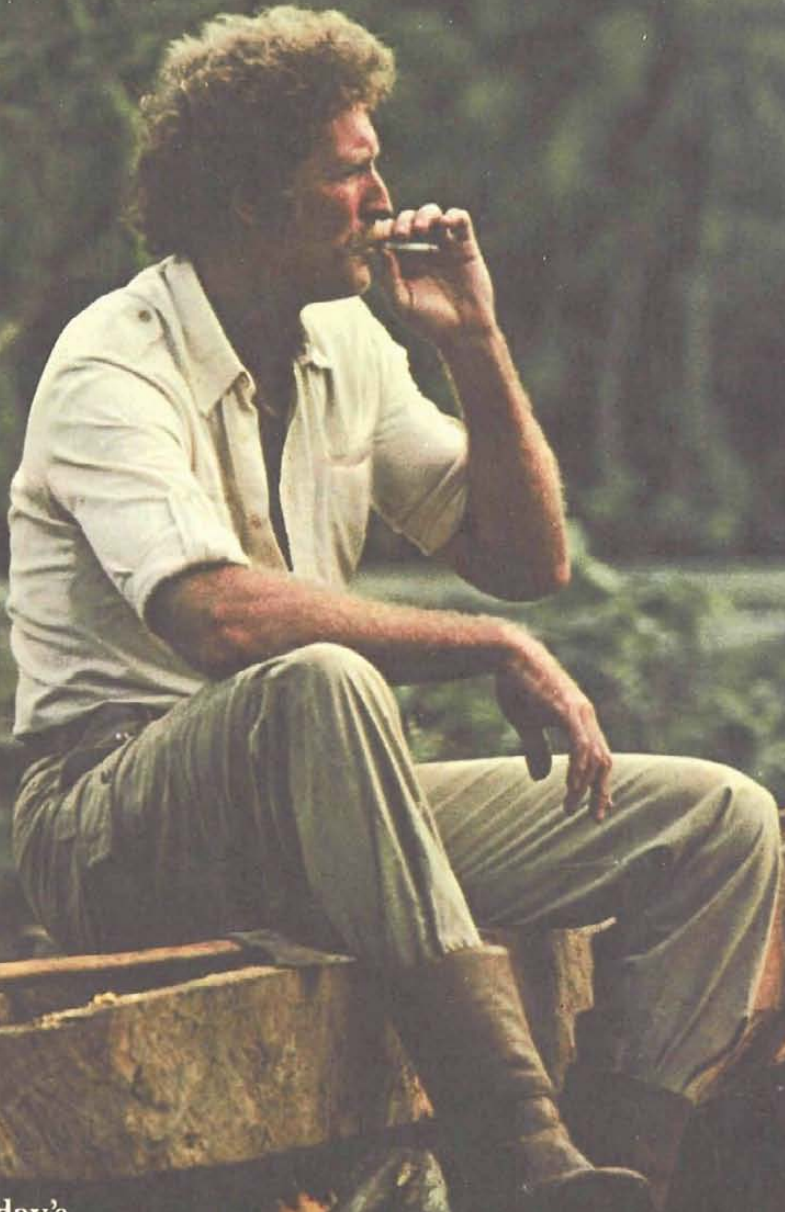
WAIT A MINUTE, I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET HIM CRYSTAL IF WE CHIP IN ONLY TEN BUCKS APIECE!

GEORGE, WE GOT YOU A PRESENT. SINCE THIS IS THE FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE "NATIONAL LAMPOON" AND SINCE YOU ARE THE PUBLISHER AND ALSO SIGN OUR PAYCHECKS AND SINCE THE ALMANAC SAYS THAT CRYSTAL IS THE GIFT TO GIVE ON THE FIFTEENTH...

...THIS IS CRYSTAL!

CAMEL LIGHTS

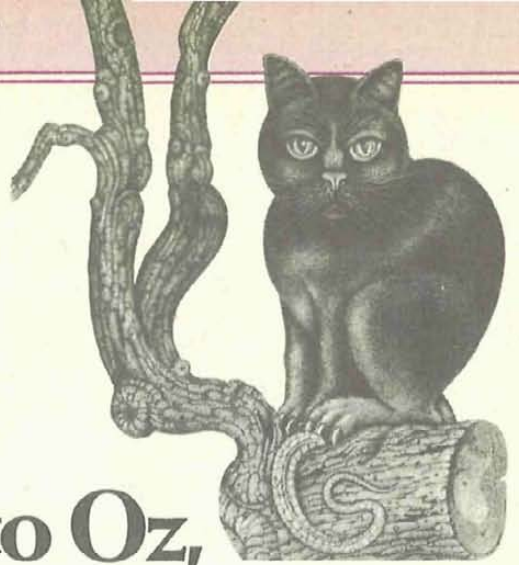
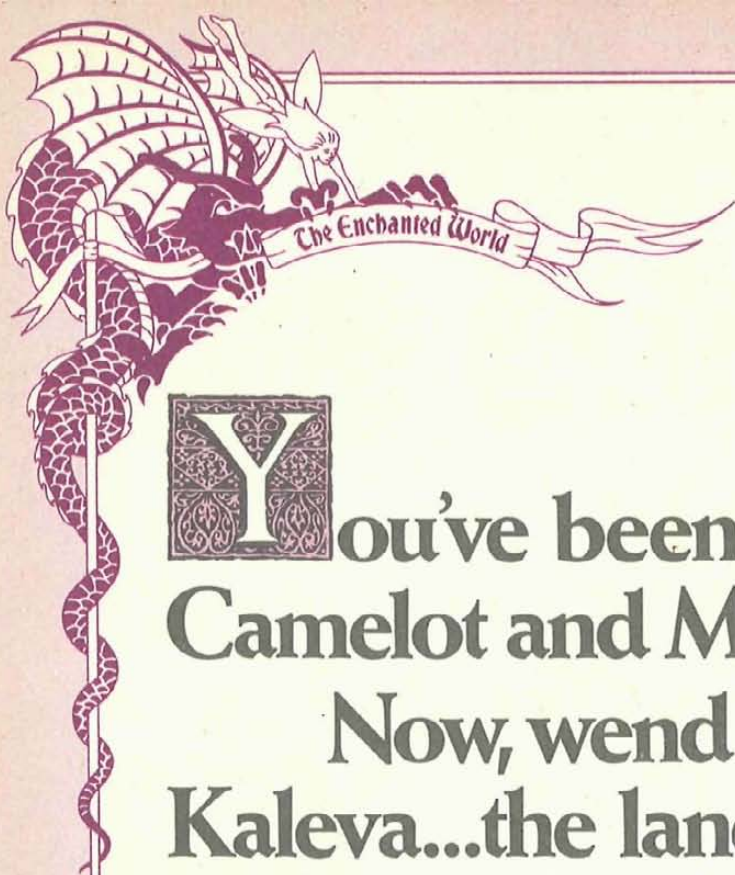
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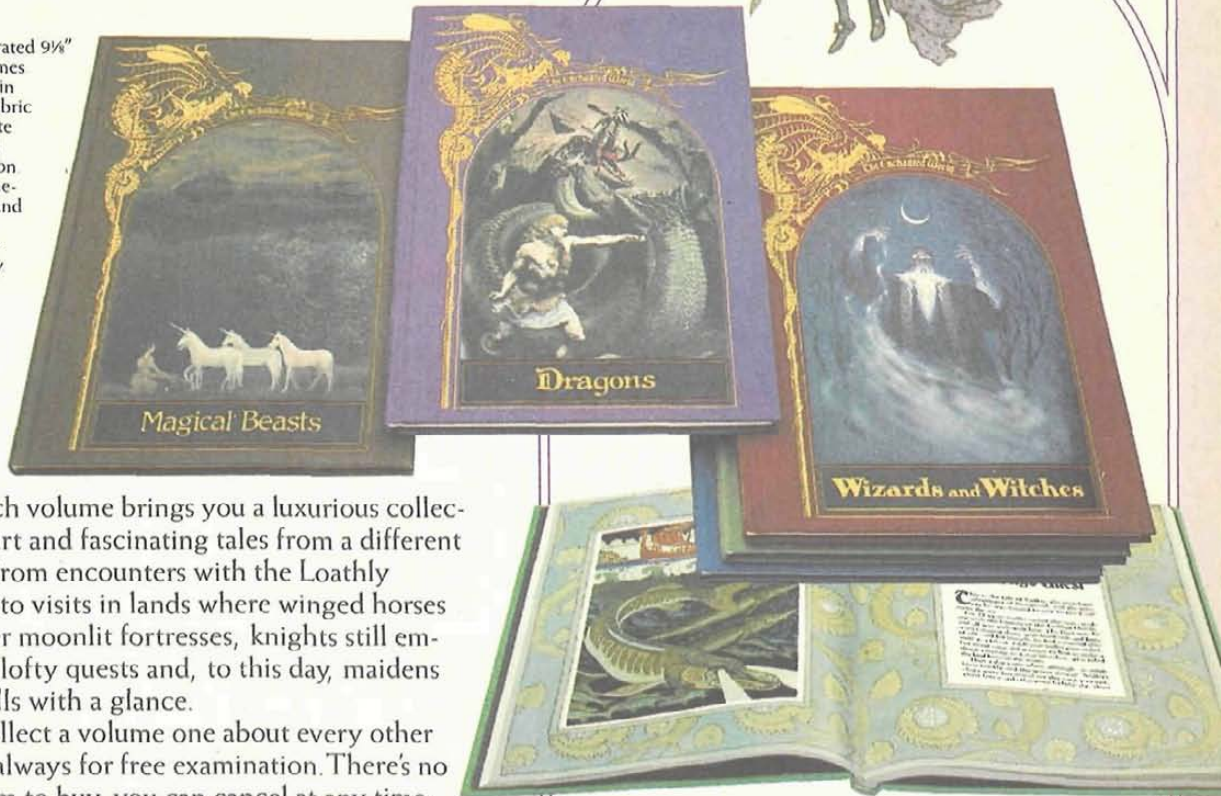
Baba Yaga, breeder of violent storms, who fenced her garden with human bones.

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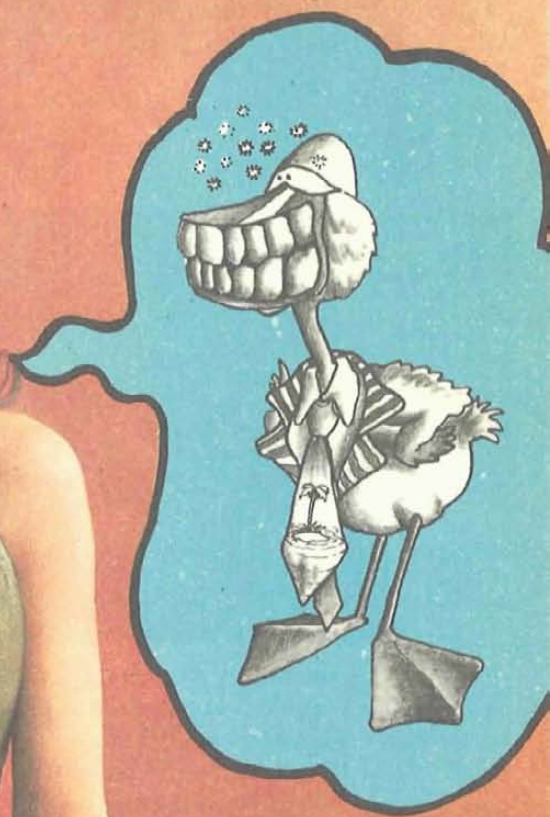
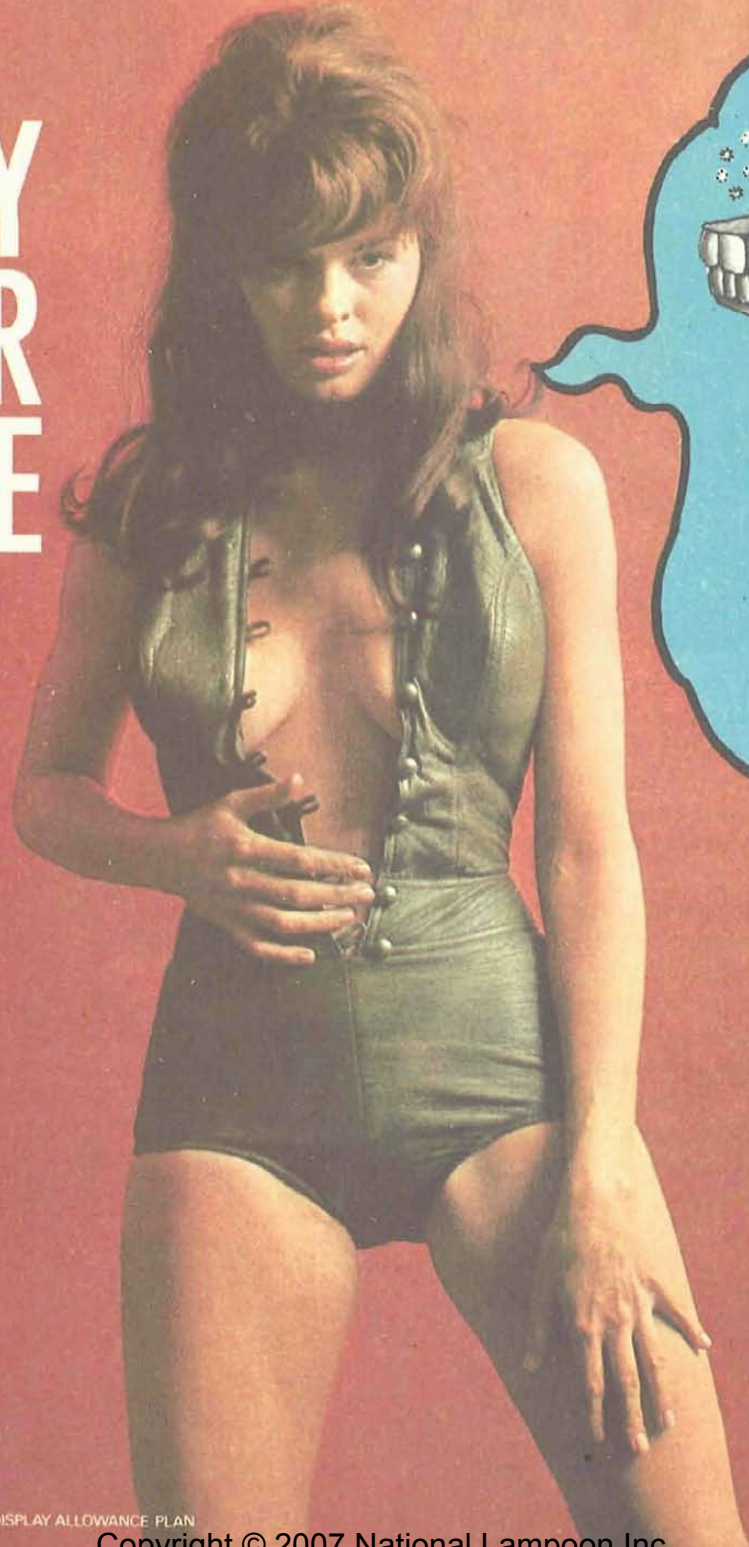
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LAMPOON

**SEXY
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The New York Cabbie's Guide to New York

by Bernie "X" as told to
Gerald Sussman



Where do you want to go? The Hilton? What the fuck do you want to go there for? Worst fucking hotel in New York. They'll charge you an arm and eighty legs for a broom closet. Okay, okay, it's your money, not mine.

Y'know how long I've been waiting at the fucking airport for a fare? What the fuck are those pilots doing up there, going on strike? Every fucking plane is two hours late when I come to the fucking airport. Never fails. Fucking place is a jinx.

First visit to New York, huh? No shit. Welcome to the shithouse capital of the world. You picked a great fucking time to come. We're going to be stuck on this fucking highway for a year and a half. Cocksucker. I could've picked up ten fares already in Manhattan. What do I need this for?

Who said it was *your* fault? I didn't say it was your fault. It's this fucking city. It's driving me meshugga. You understand the word meshugga? Se habla Yiddish? It means crazy...nuts. That's what this city is doing to me. I got two heart attacks already. My doctor says I should slow down. For that I pay him two hundred dollars. He doesn't have to drive a hack for ten, twelve hours. He goes to Florida on my money.

Aaa... what the fuck...listen... why am I busting your balls with my troubles? I'll tell you what. You never been to New York before... I'll tell you anything you want to know. I've been driving a hack in this fucking city for thirty-five years. I know this city inside out. I could tell you stories that you could piss in your pants. What do you want to know?

I knew it. I knew you'd ask me that first. You want to know where you can get laid. I knew it. You haven't even gotten to the hotel yet and already you got your shlong out.

You want to know about those singles bars on the East Side? Your friends told you they were hot stuff, right? That you can get laid in two minutes. What do they know about fancy fucking? You believe them? You know what you'll find in those bars? I'll give you a hint. Bring a flag with you, because if you want to fuck what's in there you'll have to cover their faces and do it for Old Glory. All the dooch bags hang out in those singles bars now. The toilet faces. You're not going to find any stewardesses there anymore. They're all up in their fancy apartments fucking the jocks... the guys from the Jets and the Knicks. The jocks get all the best broads. Y'know why, don'tcha? Those shmucky stewardesses got the idea that baseball players got the biggest cocks. Just because they're big shlbs doesn't mean they got big

cocks, y'know. I saw a whole bunch of them once in the toilet in Madison Square Garden. They were taking leaks right next to me. I saw their cocks. They looked like buttons. Y'know why, don'tcha? They all got gland trouble. That's why they're so tall. My nephew told me. He's in the wholesale drug line. He supplies a lot of the teams. They still take plenty of pep pills, those guys, believe me.

Tell you the truth... I like to fool around a little myself. Late at night, if I'm not getting any fares, I start getting horny. I could fuck a fire hydrant. I go into one of those singles bars once in a while. I check out the action. I'm only human, y'know.

You want me to tell you how to score with those girls. I can tell. You're waiting for me to give you the secret. Dumbbell... it's staring you right in the face. Tell 'em you're a jock... that you play for the Jets or the Knicks... or anybody. They don't know any better. I tell them I'm Joe Namath. I look like Joe Namath like you look like Aunt Jemima. Those broads are so fucking stupid, they believe me.

You're only 5'4" and weight 130 pounds? So tell them you're the field goal kicker, shmuck. Show 'em your foot muscles.

Okay, okay, if you think you can do

better, go ahead. It's no skin off my ass. Maybe you want to pick up a nice hooker around Times Square? *That* you like, hah?

Don't ask me about hookers in New York or I'll go out of my fucking mind. That's all I ever see in this city... hookers and pimps. They got you coming and going... or going and *coming*. That's a funny line. I'm going to remember that the next time I see Bob Hope. *Oh*, yeah... I always get 'im in my cab. He's not that funny in person, y'know. He's a shitty tipper.

Listen... if you want to try one, be my guest. I was just being a little sarcastic. I got a funny sense of humor. Actually, you'll have a terrific time with a hooker on Times Square. You can find 'em day or night. She'll take you to a nice hotel... the Hotel Scumbag... you know that one? You'll talk to her for a while... you'll take your clothes off... you'll ask her to play with your shvantz... and while you're laying there in your Supp-hose... boom! A fucking shvoogie, nine feet tall, is going to come out of the closet, give you a karate punch on the neck, and take all your money. A shvoogie... a spade... a colored person. We got a lot of them in New York. Wait a minute... just before he goes, he'll also cut a piece of meat out of your ass, to make sure you don't

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follow him.

Isn't that cute? That's what happens to a lot of out-of-towners who pick up hookers on Times Square. You'll complain to the cops? Shmuck... every cop in New York is on the arm... on the take. The pimps got a payroll in New York bigger than General Motors. Fucking cops are farting through the silk in this city.

It's all Lindsay's fault, y'know. I know he's not the mayor anymore. Who the fuck needs him? He's the one that turned Times Square into a big shithouse, y'know. *Oh, yeah.* Y'know why, don'tcha? He made a deal with the pimps. They sold him a cock-amic plan about what to do with Times Square. They said that the hookers are good for the area because the tourists like 'em. The tourists like the idea of the danger of going with a hooker. They get a big thrill from it. So when they go home they can boast about getting mugged and almost getting killed. The pimps would make sure that very few got killed. So he lets the pimps run Times Square and for that they were supposed to deliver a lot of the colored votes they control. He kissed their black asses and practically gave them the whole fucking city. I tell you, if I ever see that guy he better run like a thief, because I'll tear 'im apart with my bare hands. I'll brain that scumbag.

Yeah... Times Square... that's where you find the cream of the crop... the Four Hundred... high society. I got no use for Times Square. Do you know what they should do with it? I got my own plan for Times Square. They should get all the hookers and pimps, all the creeps and bums and Puerto Ricans down there at one time, build

a big dome over them, and then blow them all up. That way we can get rid of all the human garbage once and for all.

Then you know what'll happen? Rockefeller will build a new world trade center or some shit like that. The World Towel Center. Where you can get a towel or a pillowcase on sale. Then the fucking pimps and hookers will be right back. It's human nature.

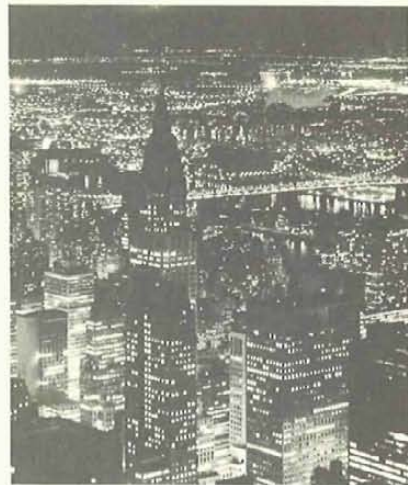
You wanna go shopping? They're all gyp joifts... those department stores on Fifth Avenue. You know what they do? They take those labels with the fancy names and sew them on cheap merchandise. *Yes, boobie...* I know it's against the law. But you don't get to be a big department store on Fifth Avenue without paying off half the city. They got all the judges on the arm, not only the cops.

Y'know, a lot of people are getting kidnapped in those stores. Don't laugh. You think I'm throwing the shit at you, right? It just so happens that my niece is an assistant buyer on one of the big department stores. She told me what's going on. These kidnapers hide in the dressing rooms where you try on your clothes. Then they sneak into the little booth with you and hold a fucking gun to your head and kidnap you. They blindfold you and take you to a hideout, probably in New Jersey. They like to pick on tourists. They can spot 'em a mile away. They're lunatics. If they don't get enough ransom money they'll do such a fucking plastic surgery job on your face that it'll make you look like one of those Puerto Ricans who push a garment rack on Seventh Avenue.

Don't talk to me about Greenwich Village. You go down there and you take your life in your hands. They all got the syph down there. Y'know why,

don'tcha? All the hippies and the fairies got it, and they give it to everybody else, free of charge. You like to fuck jail bait? All you got to do is touch one of those sixteen-year-old hippies down there and the pimples'll start in a week. I wouldn't fuck 'em with someone else's cock.

You know what happens when you get the syph germs in your system, don'tcha? You remember what happened to Al Capone? His balls shrunk into a pair of raisins and then they



The New York skyline at night is ancient history, sarge. We got an energy shortage, remember? You want to complain, call Atec... Alectrician.

turned black. He went deaf, dumb, and blind and he couldn't control his bowel movements. Then he went to the crazyhouse.

Don't think it can't happen to you, Ace. All you got to do is come in contact with a fag down there. I'm not saying that *you're* a fag. I *know* you're not a fag. I can tell. I'm one of the best fag detectors in New York. The cops use me on a tough case. I can tell a fag from a straight guy with just one look. You're not a fag. I knew it as soon as you got into the cab. What are you getting mad for? Take it easy. Listen... you want to know how to really burn a fag's ass? Put pepper on your tongue. It's just a joke. Everybody falls for that one.

I swear to God I think everybody in this fucking city is a fag or a dyke. All the big movie stars are fags and dykes. Y'know why, don'tcha? It's the pressure. They're always in the public eye. They got to have all kinds of sex or they go crazy... AC, DC, whatever. I'm always taking 'em down to the Village, those people. I had whatshisname in my cab yesterday... Clint Eastwood. He's a fag. I had to take him down to a gay bar. You know how they all get away with it? They all got doubles. They got guys to look just like them. So I take



You can't walk in Central Park without stepping in garbage and stepping over a Puerto Rican—which is the same thing. They should lay mines in the lake so we could blow up all the PRs on one Sunday. It won't come soon enough for me.



Fucking glue factory is too good for those horses they got for the hansom cabs. They're always running into trees and getting hit by cars. You want to ride in those things, it's your ass, not mine.

Clint Eastwood and his spade fairy boyfriend to the Village and meanwhile his double is uptown talking to the reporters and fucking twenty-nine broads in his hotel room. They're all like that. Elvis Presley. John Wayne... Wayne is a dyke. I had 'im in my cab once. A lot of those big, tough guys are actually bull dykes, y'know.

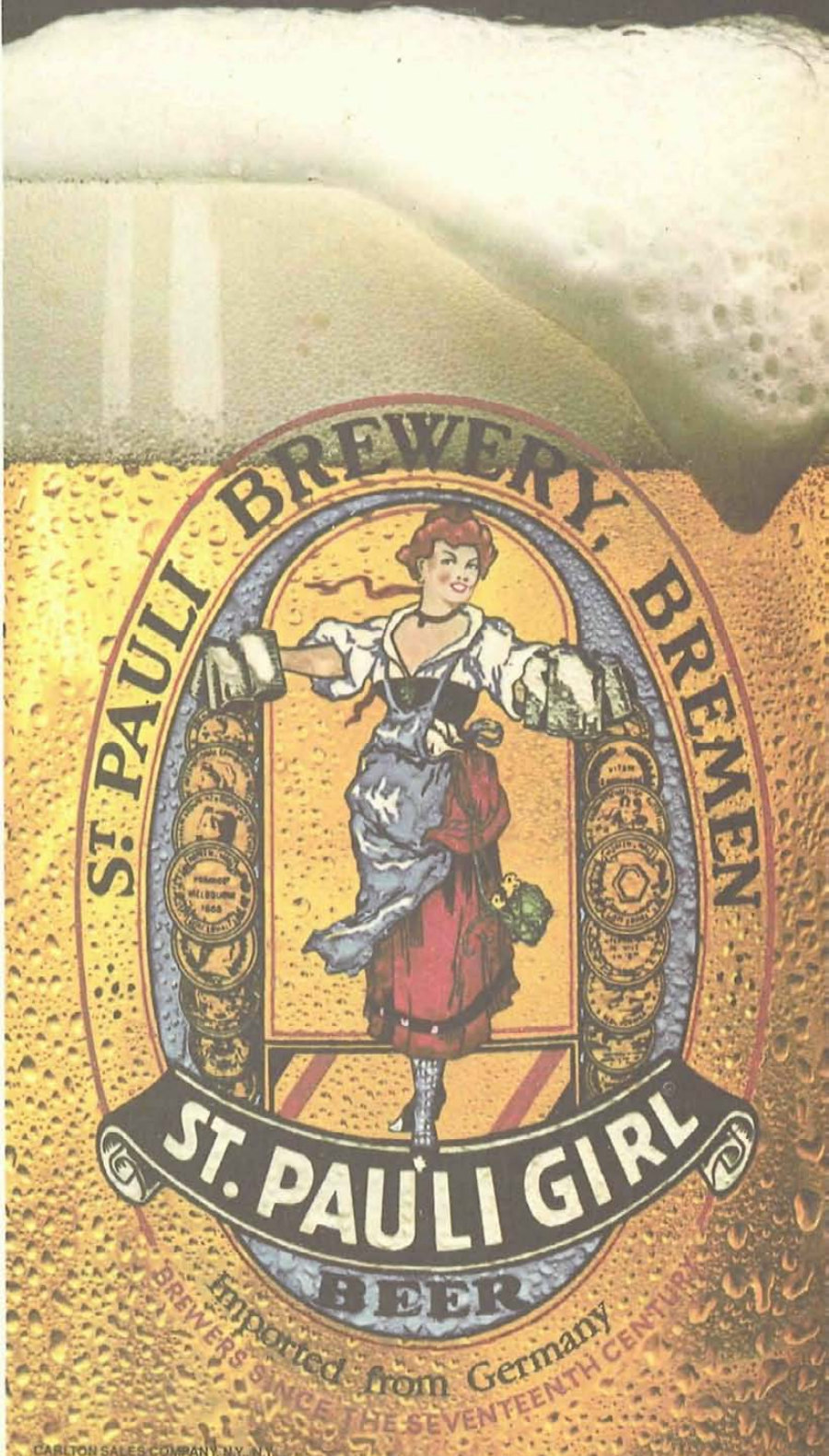
Those fucking politicians go down to the Village for a good time too, don't worry. They got to have doubles working for them all the time. Y'know why, don'tcha? They're liable to get assassinated any minute. Like Hitler, he should drop dead. He had maybe fifteen, twenty doubles. I had a big judge in my cab last week. He told me that the president is really a double. He said that the real one was shot six months ago and they're covering it up. Y'know why, don'tcha? You know what would

continued on page 26



Every prick with ears who comes to this city wants to go to the Empire State Building. What the fuck, do you want to pay good money to get a good view of air pollution? You want to catch TB, it's your tough titty, not mine.

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WILLIAMSON NOR H. OLSEN & COMPANY WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ILLEGIBLE, LOST, MIS-DIRECTED OR LATE ENTRIES AND ENTRANTS ASSUME ALL RISK OF SAME. 4. The drawing will take place by November 15, 1985. All prizes will be awarded and all winners will be notified. Prize winners must claim their prizes on or before March 31, 1986. Only one prize per family. Prizes are not transferable prior to award. Prize winners may choose cash alternatives as follows: Grand Prize — \$20,000, Second Prize — \$2,500, Third Prize — \$75. LIABILITY FOR TAXES IS THE SOLE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE WINNERS. 5. Sweepstakes is open to all U.S. residents who are 21 years of age or older except employees and their families of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, its subsidiaries, affiliates, advertising/promotion/publicity agencies and H. Olsen & Company. Void wherever prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Proof of eligibility and publicity releases will be required. 6. To obtain a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to KOOL Winners List, P.O. Box 600, Libertyville, Illinois 60048 between December 1, 1985 and December 31, 1985.

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continued from page 23

happen if everyone knew that the president is really dead. It would be a panic. The market would go crazy. I flushed plenty of money down the toilet on the fucking stock market, believe me.

I'm telling you, they'll eat you alive down in the Village, between the hippies and the gays and the junkies. Fucking Lindsay did it again. He let the gays take over the whole Village. He didn't give a fuck what they did because he wanted their votes. You know what I heard from a guy in the National Guard? He said the gays took over a piece of land on the Statue of Liberty island and they're training a fucking army down there. It's like a military camp for fags and bull dykes. Don't be surprised if they try to take over the whole fucking city someday. I'll tell you one thing—if that ever happens, they can hold a gun to my head, but they ain't going to make me suck their cocks, I'll tell you that.

What? I'm supposed to start the meter? You just noticed it? Don't worry about it. Listen... I'm doing you a favor, believe me. You know how much it'll cost you on the meter, the way we're crawling on the highway? Don't worry. We'll get together on it. You got a long ride before we get to the Hilton. We'll settle it later. Whatever it'll be, it'll be. Whatever is fair.

Talking about fags and dykes... we got something even better in New York. Go over to the U.N. That's where all the transvestites hang out. We got some beauties there. The ones that don't shave and wear pancake makeup to cover up the hair. Even the boogies from Africa wear makeup. On them it looks like pancake flour.

What they do is they cruise in packs down there. They come right up to you and grab your crotch or your ass.



The Statue of Liberty... you know what kind of element hangs out there, don'tcha? I don't want to go into any details... but you better leave your ass back at the hotel.

They're vicious. But they can do anything they want. Y'know why, don'tcha? They got diplomatic immunity. They're actually the delegates from all those foreign countries. All those Chinks and Indians... and the boogies named Mbongo and Makumba. Jesus. Those fucking people sent us all their closet queens to work in the U.N. And when they got to New York, they jumped out of the fucking closet!

Take my advice—don't eat Chinks in New York. Don't eat in Chinese restaurants. You like Chinese food? Try to do without it, unless you don't mind dropping dead on the street. My friends in the restaurant line told me what the Chinks put in their food. You'd have a shit hemorrhage if I told you. All I know is, I fed some egg roll to a cat one day, and I'm telling you... I never saw an animal in such pain before dying.

The Chinks are the stingiest people

in the world—the worst tipplers, by the way. They don't waste a thing in the kitchen. Whatever they got, they put in the chop suey or the chow mein or whatever—mice, hair, old radio parts, anything. When a Chinese waiter says flied lice, he really means lice, not rice. They don't waste a fucking thing.

Talk about human garbage... I'll tell you a place to find it in this fucking city—the subways. I could tell you stories about what goes on in the subways that'll make you shit green, believe me. Ever hear of Harry the Hypnotist? Minnie the Mouth? They're the psycho cases that work the subways.

You know how people stare at you in a train? If Harry stares at you, you're nailed. He's a crazy hypnotist who can make you do anything. I know guys who became his slaves. The only way you can fight off Harry if he stares at you is to look down, then slap your head very hard with one hand while you snap the fingers of your other hand like you're keeping time to music. A lot of guys say that's ridiculous. I would look like a shmuck doing that on a crowded train, they say. Sure, I say. And you'll really look like a shmuck when you become Harry's dog for the rest of your life.

The one you really got to watch out for is Minnie the Mouth. She's supposed to be a good-looking broad. She comes over and tells you she'll give you a blowjob for five bucks or two bucks or whatever. Takes you between two cars. You hold onto the railing and she goes down on you. She's supposed to be terrific. Just as you are about to come she pushes you off the moving train. They say she belongs to one of those crazy women's lib organizations. Every day they must pick up at least five or six guys on the tracks. They know it's not accidental when they see the evidence on the guys' dongs. What a fucking waste.

Y'know where else you might get laid in New York? They got these big warehouses in Long Island City where they keep all these rugs and carpets. It's just over the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge. All the spades work there. They take their girlfriends up there after work and throw 'em on the rugs and fuck 'em till their ears bleed. I heard that the girls take on a bunch of guys for a little cash, if their boyfriends tell them it's okay. If they still got a cunt after those spooks get through with 'em. So if you want to fuck a colored girl, this is your big chance. You know what they say about colored girls in New York, don't you? They know how to make your cock bigger. They do something with it when you're in them. I don't know... it feels like it's being stretched. Anyway, these



I warned you not to eat Chink food, especially in Chinatown. They also got the worst heating systems in those old restaurants. You could get caught right in the middle of a fucking boiler explosion any minute, chief.

continued on page 28

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_S _M _L

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- National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt** This is the shirt preferred by fans of the live theater and the criminally insane. \$5.95 _S _M _L
- National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt** This gorilla looks more like a gorilla than a pair of socks does. \$4.95 _S _M _L



- "Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Jersey** Cartoonist Sam Gross's famed legless frog can now be seen in the dark, though not by blind people, on this 100 percent heavy cotton long-sleeved thing. \$10.95 _S _M _L
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- National Lampoon Football Jersey** With the famed V neck coveted by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95 _S _M _L

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- National Lampoon Frog Sweater** If it looks like quality, that's because it's handwoven by machines. With frog by cartoonist Sam Gross, in gray or black. \$20.95 _S _M _L
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- National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt** For those casual occasions when a full baseball jersey might brand you an "L-7." \$5.95 _S _M _L
- National Lampoon Baseball Hat** To own one of these is to own a hat. \$6.95



- National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket** Famous satinesque jacket with real cotton lining, now sporting a striking new logo. Get it? Striking? \$33.95 _S _M _L
- "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!"** The *National Lampoon* comedy album that dares to be round and flat. \$6.95
- National Lampoon's White Album** More than a record, less than an eight-cylinder European sports car. \$7.95
- National Lampoon Presents Sex, Drugs, Rock 'n' Roll, and the End of the World** Quite frankly, our latest album has the longest title yet. \$8.98

NATIONAL LAMPOON

continued from page 26

girls know all the tricks, believe me. Just go out to Long Island City and ask for the rug warehouses.

What do you mean it could be dangerous up there? Listen...any time you're in New York, it's dangerous. Who the fuck knows when you're going to get it? There's no logical system in this fucking city. A piece of a building can fall on your head any minute. Fucking Lindsay did that too, y'know. He made all those deals with the real estate millionaires... the builders. They made all those cheap office buildings. Now they're all falling apart. The whole fucking city is falling apart.

Listen... let's face it, you know what makes this fucking city go round? Gelt. Mazuma. Cash on the barrelhead. My father, he should rest in peace, used to have a saying—"Money talks, bullshit walks." If you're going to get anywhere in this city, you have to keep the palms greased. Everybody's got his hand out. The name of the game is *tips*.

I don't have to tell you who to tip, do I? If you've got any brains in your head you'll know. Tip *everybody*. Don't fuck around. That way you'll have a good time in New York instead of getting dumped on all the time.

You want to listen to me? Don't forget to tip the cops, wherever you go. Whenever you see one, give him a couple of bucks. Y'know why, don'tcha? It's for your own good. If you don't tip 'em, you could be laying in the gutter bleeding to death and the cocksuckers will walk right over you. First of all, they only help the guys in the neighborhood that tip 'em all year round. Second of all, they don't like to mess around with spooks and PRs, the ones that most likely will leave you bleeding in the gutter. Just touch a spook or a PR with a nightstick and they go holler-



Go to the U.N.... enjoy yourself. Five gets you nine you'll pick up a nice disease from one of those delegates, those jet-black jungle bunnies they sent over from Africa.

ing and screaming to City Hall. Fucking Lindsay fixed that one too. The cops will only help you if you tip them big. Same with the firemen. They're on the take. If you don't give 'em their regular cut they could start a fire in your hotel, just for practice.

You know what wouldn't be a bad idea either, Ace... maybe you should tip the spooks and PRs when you see 'em. I mean, if you see a whole bunch of them walking down the street, five gets you seven it's going to be your ass, right? Those boogies can slice you up just for looking at them the wrong way. Before they make up their minds, why don't you give them all a couple of bucks? It's not a bad idea for your peace of mind, if you know what I mean.

The main thing is... don't be a putz when it comes to tipping in New York. A putz—that means a prick. Be a sport.

Tip everybody at least 20, 25 percent.

So here we are... the Hilton... finally made it. What did we say it was going to be? We didn't say? Didn't we say twenty? I thought we agreed on twenty. Okay, give me fifteen. You're getting away with murder, but I'll take fifteen. Don't forget, I could've had ten, fifteen fares for all that time we took getting in from the fucking airport. Hey! Where the fuck are you going? You owe me fifteen bucks! What do you mean you don't have to pay if I don't put the meter down? Who the fuck told you that? It's the law? What law? I'll give you a fucking law... right up your goola! Hey, what the fuck do you think this is, a charity business? Don't start that shit with my name and hack number... Don't tell me about my license, you fucking scumbag... I'll take *your* name and license, you son of a bitch cocksucker. Give me my fucking money, you shitheel. C'mon back here or I'll drive right into the fucking lobby



I read somewhere that the World Trade Center Twin Towers are now the biggest building in the world—1,350 feet. Bigger than the Empire State Building. I never knew shit piled that high.

... I'll brain you... If I wasn't such a sick man I'd kill you. I'm coming back for you, you fucking yokel. I'm not finished with you. I'm getting my nephew after you. He'll cut your fucking ass off. Don't threaten me with the cops. I know all the cops around here. Your life isn't worth a penny. You'll be a dead man by tonight, you piece of shit. Jesus! I can't believe it. I can't believe it. I tell him where to find every piece of ass in New York. I give him a million dollars' worth of advice, and he shits all over me. He'll make me get another heart attack. God is my witness. Two hours on the highway and fifteen dollars down the toilet. *What do I need this for?* I'll kill that cocksucker. Only in New York this could happen. Only in New York... fucking... cocksucker... son of a bitch... □



My nephew is in the wholesale drug line. He told me they put a chemical in that ice in Rockefeller Center so it stays hard. Fucking chemical could give you cancer of the nose, he says.

**EIGHT
DAYS
THAT SHOOK
WEEK, IOWA**

**THE
ASSASSINATION
OF VICE PRESIDENT
SPIRO T. AGNEW**

A Nation Learns of Its Loss

NEW YORK TIMES, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1970

PAGE 33



to plan the annual "April in a Coma" Benefit Ball. They are, from left, Mrs. Arthur Herbivor, Mrs. Solomon Glitz, Mrs. Roger Damon.

WOMAN IN ALASKA HAS PET OYSTER

ANCHORAGE, Alaska, Oct. 4—Mrs. John T. Richards has a very unusual pet—a fully grown, 2-pound bluepoint oyster named George. According to Mrs. Richards, the mollusk is a good companion and can perform many tricks.

Mrs. Richards obtained the bivalve when her husband, a commercial fisherman, brought home a barrel of what he thought were common clams.

VICE-PRESIDENT AGNEW ASSASSINATED

Shot in Foot at Fund Dinner
Much of Nation Mourns

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Oct. 5—Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew was assassinated here today while addressing a fund-raising dinner for retarded Shriners.

The Vice-President appears to have been the victim of one or more gunmen who shot him severely in the foot. An early autopsy, however, revealed several other minor contusions apparently caused by forks and spareribs by forks and spareribs by forks.

Agnew, a tall, distinguished-looking man in his 50's, was Richard Nixon's running mate in the 1968 Presidential race and was probably best-known for his outspoken and widely quoted attacks on liberal groups.

In the confusion immediately following the assassination, at least 15 people claimed responsibility for the act. The self-admitted assassins were reportedly arrested by local police officials and congratulated.

PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

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- DECEMBER 1973/Self-Indulgence
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- SEPTEMBER 1974/Old Age
- NOVEMBER 1974/Civics
- JANUARY 1975/No Issue
- FEBRUARY 1975/Love and Romance



NOVEMBER 1974



APRIL 1976

- AUGUST 1975/Justice
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- 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

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- AUGUST 1979/Summer Vacation
- OCTOBER 1979/Comedy
- 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
- DECEMBER 1980/Fun Takes a Holiday
- JANUARY 1981/Excess
- FEBRUARY 1981/Sin
- MARCH 1981/Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981/Chaos
- MAY 1981/Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981/Romance

- JULY 1981/Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981/Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981/Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981/Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981/TV and Why It Sucks



FEBRUARY 1980



MAY 1981

- 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
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\$3.00 EACH

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- FEBRUARY 1983/Raging Controversy
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- 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 '60s Greatest Hits
- APRIL 1984/You Can Parody Anything
- MAY 1984/Baseball Preview
- JUNE 1984/This Summer's Movies
- JULY 1984/Special Summer Fun
- AUGUST 1984/Unofficial Olympics Guide
- SEPTEMBER 1984/Fall-Fashions
- OCTOBER 1984/Just Good Stuff
- NOVEMBER 1984/The Accidental Issue

- DECEMBER 1984 Aside from issue Number One, this may well become the rarest "old" National Lampoon of all. It's the last issue in the familiar National Lampoon format which remained intact for nearly fifteen years. The issue after this introduced the new, one-of-a-kind format. \$4.00

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

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Total amount enclosed \$ _____

Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to:
National Lampoon, Dept. NL385, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

- National Lampoon Binders Vinyl binders with tough metal "rods." \$4.50 each, \$8.00 for two, \$10.50 for three. — Quantity
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 - 1977 — 1981 — \$24.00 each
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America Mourns Her Fallen Veep



Stunned crowds on New York's Fifth Avenue react with shock and disbelief.



Mrs. Agnew arrives in Springfield, Mass.

WASHINGTON POST
OBIT 14: ELECTD OFFCL (MALE)

It was with deep regret that this publication learned of the death of *Spiro T. Agnew*. He will long be remembered both for his warm personality and his dedication to constructive legislation.

Born in *18 1903*, the *3rd* child of *Greek* parents, *Spiro* displayed an early interest in public affairs according to his peers. Often referred to at school as *Spiggy* his whole academic career was *adequate* in a way that was later to stand him in good stead.

Elected *Governor* of *Maryland* in 1967, he began a long career of public service that culminated in his election as *Vice-President*. During his many years of office, his striking features became a familiar sight in *Boo Moines*. His declining years were devoted to *making speeches* and more often than not visitors would find him *making speeches*.

It was perhaps his diplomacy, prudence and unobtrusive, yet firm, flair for compromise that so marked him out among lesser men. All who knew him can only mourn and regret the *unexpected* illness which deprived the country of such a leader in these troubled times.

GROUP PRESSES FOR ICE PICK CONTROL

WASHINGTON, OCT. 8 — In the wake of the assassination of Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew, a group of concerned citizens and lawmakers have announced the formation of a committee to work for stricter ice pick control laws.

The Washington-based group, tentatively called the Committee for Responsible Blunt Instrument Control Now, has issued an appeal for legislation making it a Federal crime to transport ice picks, railroad spikes, doorjamb and related objects in bulk across state lines without a permit.

WIDOW ASKS 100G'S FOR LIFE OF VEEP

Washington, October 8
Agents for Veep-wid Judy Agnew reported to be making rounds with 100G "Life of Veep" vid pic pickage. Studio prexies said to be uninterested in rights to weeper.

The Wook (Iowa) Sentinel Tribune and Weather Report

Our Veep

Once again the assassin's deadly hand has struck — this time a mere 723 miles away, at our beloved, quick-witted Veep. Like Caesar, Lincoln and our own Sheriff Jake Picklin, Spiro T. Agnew was cut down in the prime of his straight-talking life, long before he had completed his divinely ordained task of ridding our land of beads and Roman sandals.

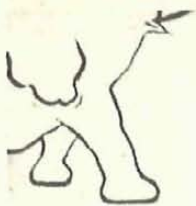
What kind of a man was this? Well, this guy, aside from being Greek, was a real American. He spoke loud and he spoke tough. Wook'd be a lot better off with a Mayor like Spiro T. Agnew. He didn't use fancy words to try and fool you. He spoke to the real Americans — the hog farmers, the oil pressers, the bean pickers, the lard renderers — and all of us who have a restless urge to write. Not for him, silence; he could shout down any Goddamn pink New York Jew as soon as look at him. Packed a punch, too. He wasn't scared of no little yellow men nor of flowery H-bombs. But student commie violence was too much for him. He was one hand against a tide of hatred and that was that.

The Wook Sentinel Tribune and Weather Report demands immediate reprisals against the forces of darkness and violence that have perpetrated this great crime against this great Greek-American, and it firmly supports the President in any decision he may make to kill anybody. As the Veep himself said in his last speech, "The time has come to crush the mouth that bites the hand that feeds it."



THE MORE THE MERRIER: Six more men, all claiming to be the sole assassin of Vice-President Spiro Agnew, have surrendered to Illinois police. If authorities are unable to shake their stories, the total number of self-confessed assailants will reach 41.

He Who Died



SPIRO AGNEW



Frame 32 of Harry's film shows the Vice-President seconds after the fatal shot, with the controversial ice pick unmistakably lodged in his head.

They Who Did It



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL SULLIVAN

At the Springfield Police Station, several of the self-confessed assassins, whose claims of involvement in the assassination could not be immediately disproved, are held for questioning.

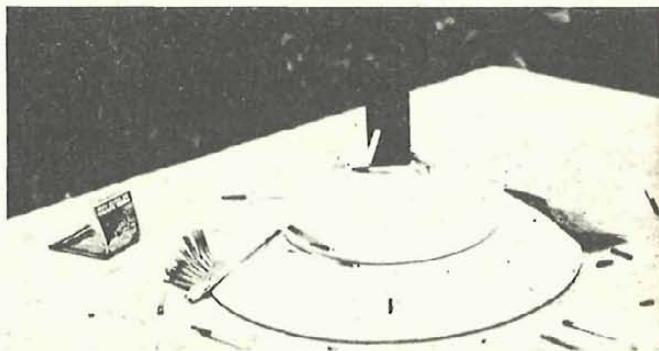
Farewell to the Veep



World leaders join in the funeral procession: From left, Nkama Nymbana, Minister of Electrification of Nigeria; The Hon. Roger Rice-Davies, Chief, British National Railways, Northern Division; Otto Springel, Minister of Tourism, Austria; Colonel Stefano Mousakos, Minister of Detention, Greece; Anselmo Tonosi, Superintendent, United Nations Buildings and Grounds (or Colonel Mikos Alopes, Minister of Information, Greece); Luigi Mencilli, Secretary of the Banco Tutti Debita, Milan; Pierre Buvait, Inspector of the Port of Brest.



The Vice-President lies in state in the Cathedral of St. Copraphagos the One-Eyed of Chad.



The eternal flame.



The funeral cortege passes numbed crowds.

VEEP WID SEEKS 12G'S FOR V-P VIDPIC PACT

Washington, October 11
Spokesmen for Veeppid Judy Agnew knocked 80 big G's off ask-price for epic eye-wetter. No takers, say filmdom gabbers.



ONE WHO GOT AWAY: Would-be assassin Charles Thenck got the boot from local cops today. Police Chief Tomlinson revealed Thenck was in Denver at the time of the crime and called his story "a fish tale."

ICE-PICKMEN BLAST "HASTY" CONTROLS

DENVER, COLO., OCT. 7 — Carl Toland, president of the American Association of Ice Pick Manufacturers, and Simon Gount, head of Local 484 of the Amalgamated Ice-men of America, issued a joint statement today criticizing "hasty and ill-advised" ice pick control laws.

Gount and Toland appealed to "men of reason" to reject attempts by what they termed "alarmist" groups to force legislation through Congress while emotions ran high. Gount expressed confidence that given a day or two to consider the matter, "cooler heads will prevail."

In Wook, Iowa, the Heart of America Responds

-2-

AND WE THE UNDERSIGNED FURTHER WISH THAT THIS TOWNSHIP, HERETO-
FORE REFERRED TO AS WOOK, SHALL BE HENCEFORTH KNOWN AS AGNEW-
VILLE AND THAT THE APPROPRIATE CHANGES SHALL BE MADE ON THE BIG
SIGN ON ROUTE 45 AND THE SMALL ONE AT THE TOWN DUMP; AND THAT
THE BILLBOARD ON THE EXPRESSWAY BE CHANGED FROM "WOOK RIGHT IN
TO WOOK, IOWA" TO "AGNEWVILLE, WHERE INDUSTRIAL GROWTH IS OUR
MIDDLE NAME."

Sam Sweetwater

*Ha'Ha! I bet you thought I was
signing this on you!*



Police Chief Sam Ferris jails the radical element. Ferris says the move was taken "to prevent bad feeling in these tense times."



Pictured above are some of the "assassins" who attended last night's rally in Madison Square Garden. The group, which is composed of people claiming to be responsible for the fatal shooting of Vice-President Agnew in Springfield last week, is planning more activities for the future.

The Woman's Where It's At!

by Peter Drivel
Assassinotes

Well, my goodness, who has suddenly become the most glam widow this side of a certain Greek yacht? And why is she purchasing so much zucchini lately? Could it possibly have anything to do with that dark-complexioned person everyone in Washington is hearing such a lot about? And is it true that her little spree to Bergdorf's was bankrolled by him (he just happens — exquisite taste! — to be an American shipowner) or did the Southern strategy pay off better than she thought? ... Well, we're sure of one thing: She isn't funding any Gotham go-round on the token \$65 she netted from the sale of a certain someone's life story to educational TV! A little bird told us that all this might just be a smoke screen. Same little bird said Judy's — whoops! — looking north to where the hot French blood cools it so carefully.... Some entente!

Conclusions... And Controversy

REPORT OF THE BURGER COMMISSION TO THE NATION

34

Findings of Commission (Summary)

This Commission, appointed by the President to investigate the events leading up to the death of Vice-President Agnew and to affix responsibility on the person or persons responsible, has examined numerous witnesses and pieces of evidence over a period of almost five days, amassing 1,287 pages of testimony.

In brief, it is the conclusion of the Commission that the Vice-President was the victim of one or more persons who may or may not still be at large. Although this case is complicated by the existence at the close of this inquiry of 174 self-confessed assassins, none of whose claims of complicity in the crime can be readily disproved, it is the Commission's judgment that there was no conspiracy involved in the Vice-President's death. At the same time, we cannot rule out the single-assassin theory.

The cause of death is another source of confusion. Initial autopsy reports and the testimony of several eyewitnesses indicate that the cause of death was a severe bullet wound in the right foot. However, after examination of additional evidence, including the remarkable film of the assassination taken by Harry X (last name unknown), and extensive testimony by medical experts, the Commission reached the conclusion that this type of wound could not have been fatal. Consequently, the cause of death must lie elsewhere.



PHOTOS: UPI

During the course of its investigation, the Commission discovered a hitherto unmentioned fact. There is overwhelming evidence that at the time of his death, the Vice-President had an ice pick in his head. The pick, of a kind commonly used for the reduction of block ice into cubes, granules and shavings, was lodged in the Vice-President's skull at a depth of approximately 3 inches (see film). It is therefore the judgment of the Commission that although the "fatal foot" theory cannot be entirely ruled out at this time, there is an adequate basis in existing fact to ascribe to the ice pick a strongly contributory role in the death of the Vice-President.

RUSH TO PAYMENT

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in addition, the Commission seems to overlook entirely the fact that pork was not on the menu.

THE AGNEW HOLE

Perhaps the most damning indictment of the haste and superficiality of the Commission in this whole area is the question of the placement of the ice pick. The Commission reached the naive conclusion that because the ice pick was found lodged "... at a depth of approximately 3 inches ..." [italics mine] in the Vice-President's skull, this was the cause of death. What the commission so conveniently overlooked is the fact that the hole into which the ice pick was introduced had been in the Vice-President's head for some years. The inescapable conclusion is that someone lodged the ice pick in the Vice-President's head after the shots had been fired into his foot.

THE MAN IN THE SHIRT

Irregularities are rife throughout the Burger Report, but few are as incredible as its rejection of the conspiracy and the single-assassin theories. There must have been a conspiracy (why else would the Secret Service let such obvious assassins as those shown in Harry's film into the dining room?), but there was only one assassin. The confusion in the room was the result of carefully planned timing, and not, as the Commission suggests, of the retarded Shriners' panic. It was designed to remove attention from the one person in the room near enough to the Vice-President to have fired the shots into his foot. The Man in the Shirt,

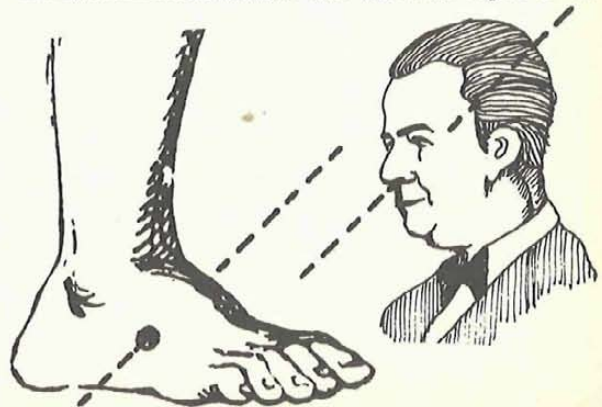


Why is this man so unconcerned?

THE FATAL FOOT

Throughout its finding, the Report constantly plays down the importance of the fact that the Vice-President was shot in the foot. To compound this error, they also fail to ask at any point the very obvious question: *Where was the foot at the time it was shot?* There was no exit wound as such in the foot, although there were two wounds.

Therefore the bullet must have passed through the foot and exited at some other point in the body. There were no other apertures in the body large enough to play this role except for the celebrated Agnew Hole. I contend, therefore, that the bullet passed through the foot and exited through the Agnew Hole. There is ample evidence to support this theory. Seconds before Harry took his famous film, the Vice-President's foot could have actually been located nowhere else but in the region of his



A New Veep Takes the Oath

IMES, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1970

Text of Vice-President Attorney-General Mitchell's Inauguration

Speech in Washington

WASHINGTON, OCT. 13 — *Following is the official transcript of Vice-President — Attorney-General Mitchell's oath of office speech at the Department of Justice Building here today:*

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, fellow citizens. The seditious, silo-minded, suppurating cretins who, in the wake of the tragedy that has placed me but a heartbeat away from the Presidency, have been deafening decent people with their noxious nonsense, have had their say for long enough. It is high time that these loose-lipped lollygags of the left were muzzled and muffled to give us all time to clear their myopic mucus from our involuntary esophagi.

Accordingly, the Justice Department, with the full cooperation of the President and law-enforcement agencies, has drafted a new bill to increase the control of our society over these dizzy dissidents. When enacted, this bill will make it legal for duly appointed law-enforcement officers and deputies to fire into a residence where due suspicion exists, provided such officers announce their intention beforehand by ringing the doorbell or otherwise making their presence known.

Predictably, the warty dyspepsia of the blue-chinned liberals who cynically exploit our media has been aroused. These insensate morons of Marxist mettle will feel constrained to apply to this proposed law the epithet "knock and shoot." In order to avoid public misunderstanding and to remove from the arena of their tintinnabulous, nit-picking ridicule a law which will prove the salvation of sane elements of American society, the Justice Department and I have decided that the new law should be referred to as the Domestic Tranquility Act of 1970.

Let us not be swayed in our proper purpose by the pus-ridden protests of the pink-bellied. It is clear that the broad masses of the nauseating popula-



for want of a better word, perverts and corrupters of our way of life. These disgusting, hirsute faggots inhabit our nation for its length and breadth. They rape our women and loot our banks, they settle like so many slimy leeches on the face of the land, swarming and spreading their foul philosophies and revolting rhetoric. How much longer must we masochistically restrain ourselves from amputating this gangrenous excrescence? How much longer must we tolerate this cancerous growth?

The time has come to put aside the castrating constraints of childish "rights." We must pummel these puking perverts with all the force we can muster. We

must flog these sheenies, spics, wops, greasers, commies, junkies, phonies, queers, atheists, sex cultists and weirdos. These snobs, tramps, bums, draft dodgers, creeps, crumbs, anarchists, addicts, muggers, lunatics, ex-cons, the corrupt pustules of flaccid matter, the odorous residue of this rotting carcass, scummy phlegm of countless dungy masses of flatulent

“...the time has come to crush the mouth that bites the hand that feeds it...”

COMPILED BY PUNJI

Spiro T. Agnew

The Toilet Papers

by Chris Miller

The air of my studio roiled with the sweet scent of pigment. My hands were slick to the wrists, my clothing splotched and smeared. I was tired but elated. The painting was finished and very, very good.

Some artists will tell you they are incompetent to judge their own work. Once complete, their painting seems to have come from elsewhere. *I didn't paint it, man*, they say, *I just painted it down*. Not me. I'd *painted* that painting and knew with certainty it was the best thing I'd ever put on plaster.

My school is chiaroscuro frescoes, whatever that means. The barely completed one, lustrous in the late-afternoon sun, was a slow explosion of moody swirls called *In a Brown Study*. The more I stared, the more excited I became. My first totally abstract work was a creation of high inspiration, even genius. It would strike my critics dumb.

I was applying my signature (a palm print in the southeast corner) when Oh Horseshit, my head Big One and harshest critic, threw open the door and began addressing me in his strange guttural language. He broke off abruptly as I stepped back from the wall. He stared. I held my breath, watching his eyes for that glint of recognition, wishing to cherish those few seconds during which he would first grasp the magnitude of what he was seeing.

"Jumping Jesus!" He spun. "Helen! The little asshole's wiping his shit on the wall again!"

His tone of voice told all. I felt no surprise when he rushed me under his arm to the stink room, crudely tore off my Pamper, and slammed me onto the water-pit. Thus confined, I listened through the closed door as Big Bumps, my other Big One, scrubbed into nothingness something even a bow-wow would recognize as deservedly eternal. After a time, she began to make loud retching noises and I took my mind elsewhere. I mean, enough is enough.

Ignoring as best I could the sensation of icy void beneath my bumbum and the cold sweat already dotting my plastic-sheathed willie (which had, as usual, been placed in the descending tunnel at the front of the seat), I wondered wearily

how I had erred. I mean, I try as hard as the next guy to be open and responsive to criticism. I had watched Oh Horseshit's every gesture, analyzed Big Bumps' facial expressions until my head spun. For the thousandth time in the past week, the old cliché went through my head: communicating with Big Ones may be difficult, but, with perseverance, it's impossible. What possible need of theirs could be filled by such wanton destruction of beauty? Were they merely Philistines or was it something deeper, more sinister? I hoped not the latter, but that anyone, even Big Ones, could prefer Mother Goose lithographs to my paintings was hard to swallow.

Yes, Mother Goose lithographs. Can you imagine what it's like, lying around day after day being smiled at benevolently by Little Miss Muffet, Bo Peep, and Georgie Porgie? And if that's not enough, for a color scheme they chose powder blue! Dull, dull, dull!

Brown, that's the color—rich, deep, filled with secret fire, the color of earth, mahogany, and chocolate. And moo.

Hard to believe that at one time I had been unaware of moo's potential! Until last Monday, my sole use of moo had been to squish it pleasingly between the cheeks of my buttocks. In fact, until Monday, I hadn't been a painter at all, but an architect, creating elaborate maquettes for developments, heliports, and shopping centers out of blocks.

So, on Monday afternoon, I was constructing a series of modular towers. Around little-hand-on-four, the door to my studio opened and in walked Broad Buns, the Big One who lives next door, bearing Fishface, who unfortunately lives there with her. Smiling ingeniously, she deposited him on the floor in front of me, as if he were a present.

The second she left to join Big Bumps, I swept my blocks with my arm to another part of the room. Fishface's manner unsettles me. He spends most of his time staring into space and making random noises, his small balding head bobbing like a dashboard decoration. His most highly developed skill is the blowing of foam around his tongue, which protrudes far more often than good taste dictates. I believe he may be a

defective.

After a time, his vacant stares and dangling strand of drool made me nervous and I went down the hall to see Big Bumps about my late-afternoon bottle. When I didn't get quite the response I'd been hoping for (she threw a shoe at me), I returned angrily to my studio where, to my shock and dismay, I found that Fishface had one of my blocks *and was about to put it in his mouth!*

I decided to kill the little fuck. But, as I advanced on him, he leapt into a sudden animal crouch before the block pile, baring his pink, rubbery gums and hissing. I'd never seen him move so fast. Retreating to a safe distance, I looked for something to throw but found nothing. My small body began to tremble with frustration. Then I remembered moo!

There's usually a couple of tubes of it knocking around my Pamper. I reached in, found two relatively unmarshaled pieces, wound up, and let fly. My second shot nailed him between the eyes. Not bad for someone who's soft all over and still falls down a lot!

At first, following the loud, liquid impact, Fishface crouched unmoving, though his face fell and his hisses ceased abruptly. Then, in slow motion, he toppled backwards onto his bumbum. His mouth opened until it seemed to fill his face and emitted a thin, piercing shriek, like a peanut whistle.

Five seconds later, Broad Buns burst through my door like a demonic choochoo, Big Bumps hot on her heels. When they saw Fishface's browned countenance, they stopped short. Big Bumps made teeth at Broad Buns. Broad Buns did not make teeth at Big Bumps. She tucked Fishface under her arm and strode from the room. Neither she nor Big Bumps, who ran after her, noticed that the little bastard still had my D-G-M-R-Anteater-Panda block.

I had loved that anteater. Overwhelmed with grief, I decided to suck my foot. Eyes closed, I saw again the edentate's sly smile and long, narrow snout. A tear began its way down one of my cheeks.

I shook my head. It would not help to brood. I opened my eyes; my gaze

slid with distaste from Mary Mary, jumped over the cow jumping over the guess what, and came to rest near the left foot of Bo Peep. There was something there, something brown and glistening.

Suddenly alert, I started for the wall, but my legs didn't work and I fell over on my side. I started to cry but found I couldn't do that either. Then I realized schmuck! and pulled my foot out of my mouth.

The something on the wall was the moo that had missed. It was quite beautiful, swollen at impact into a divine, glistening bulbousness. At first, I merely stared in wonder. After a time, I reached out tentatively to touch its inviting surface. To my dismay, it came loose in my hand. Cursing myself, I tried to re-stick it, but to no avail, my only effect being to mar its shape, to cause with each gentle pressure a further departure from its initial perfection. Finally, my control broke and I pressed with all my might. Moo slid from the sides of my palm like jelly from a sandwich.

Stunned, I stared at what I had wrought: a dusky, grasping hand, seeming poised to snatch Bo Beep's staff upon her very next step. I had transformed kitsch into a profound study of the small Sicilian ambushes of day-to-day existence. I had created a work of relevance, spontaneity, timelessness, and pleasing aspect. In short, art.

My first thought was, "Wait till I show Oh Horseshit and Big Bumps! Will they be proud of me!"

I rushed downstairs to the kitchen, but things didn't go quite as planned. Big Bumps responded to my tugs on her apron by striking me smartly on the top of my head with a large, metal spoon.

Oh Horseshit, on the other hand, ignored me. After a mere twenty-five minutes, however, he stopped my sobs in a twinkling with that special Big One magic of clamping his hand tightly over my mouth. He then agreed to accompany me to my room, even volunteering himself for horsie. Since horsie is what he calls dashing out my brains on low doorways, I declined. Thus it was pursued rather than accompanied that I arrived at my studio.

By coincidence, the corner in which I chose to cower was quite close to Bo Peep. Oh Horseshit had scarcely landed his foot twice when he noticed my artwork and, with a bark of surprise, left off. Yes! I cried silently, what you're looking at is more important than mere lust to kill. Can you see? Can you?

Abruptly, Oh Horseshit threw both hands over his mouth and ran from the room.

This reaction was new to me, but I soon saw it again, in more elaborate variation. Big Bumps, who soon appeared, not only mouth-clapped, but bent at the waist, made several zoolike sounds and expelled great jets of lumpy yellow matter from her mouth. I took these responses to be negative.

My job, obviously, was to figure out in what way my work was wanting. Perhaps Big Bumps' lumpy yellow matter was also a pigment, perhaps a preferred pigment. I mean, it didn't look like much, more like creamed corn than anything usable, but I thought I'd give it a try. When I bent to scoop some up, however, Big Bumps shrieked and scooped me up. From behind the bars of my crib, I watched her fetch bucket and brush and annihilate my creation.

The following morning, a special plas-

tic seat, ironically bearing gay decals of smiling ducks and rabbits, was affixed to the water-pit, and I was forced to sit with my bumbum suspended over its dank interior. Augmenting the discomfort was fear. I had seen this powerful white engine at work (it eats Kleenex and ashtray refuse) and realized how easily one of my size might fall through and be sluiced away. As a torture, it had a certain Oriental quality. I tried to outlast it by concentrating on the question of why I had been seated there in the first place.

Obviously, it had something to do with my painting. I allowed myself to become self-critical. A picture of a hand wasn't so much. Perhaps I shouldn't have expected all kudos.

Suddenly, I noticed the wallpaper. It portrayed long-legged birds walking amidst lush vegetation. That was it! The Big Ones, in their convoluted way, were trying to tell me to lay off that symbolic crap and paint instead the multiple creations of God's good earth!

Accordingly, that evening I rendered *Tree in Sepia*. After the viewing I got to spend several hours on the water-pit with the radio downstairs turned up loud to drown out my panicky cries for release.

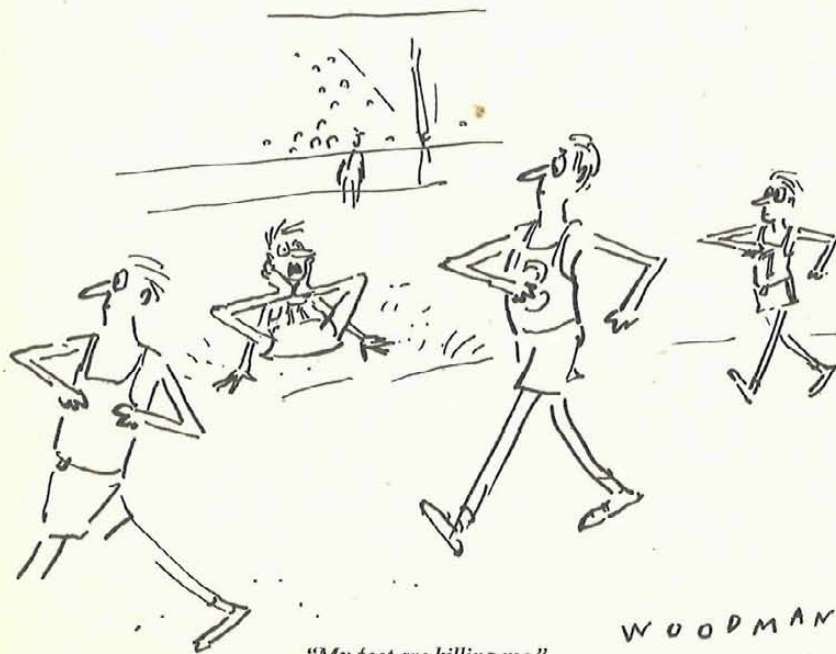
So nature studies were not the answer. I looked for an alternative but was stumped until Big Bumps entered the stink room and placed on my lap one of the many-leaved paper rectangles she and Oh Horseshit sometimes stare at for hours. It was open to a picture of a boy sitting on a water-pit and smiling. Suddenly, I understood what the Big Ones wanted: surrealism!

Thus, on Wednesday afternoon, I completed a surrealist masterpiece portraying limp boombooms on a field of infinite brown. I called it *The Persistence of Mammary*. That night, Big Bumps doused my blocks with lumpy, yellow matter, rendering them permanently distasteful to me. I began to suspect a new message: art not spoken here. I considered cutting off my ear.

On Thursday, I decided to withdraw to some unspoiled, bucolic locale where I might work without harassment. In the verdant peacefulness of our backyard, I completed a gentle study of the innocent brownskin hanging Broad Buns' wash. I called it *Natural Rhythm*. Unfortunately, the innocent brownskin noticed what I was doing and ran screaming to Big Bumps, who quickly scrubbed the wall of the garage back into anonymity. I later learned that there are 366 tiles in the wall over the bathtub and more than two thousand stained white octagons in the floor.

After this failure at representationalism, I used Friday's supply of moo to complete the abstract to which I have previously referred. As you know, it, too,

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"My feet are killing me."

WOODMAN



STEPHEN NEGRO

Our White Heritage

by Henry Beard, Michael O'Donoghue, and George W. S. Trow

White Myths and Stereotypes

Although White people have been in America for over four hundred years, there still exists an enormous amount of misunderstanding about Whites, some of it willfully malicious, but most of it the result of a lack of proper education or just plain ignorance. Millions of otherwise good citizens regularly contribute to the atmosphere of fear, confusion, and mistrust in which Whites have to work and play by repeating racial slurs they have heard to their children or to their friends, never stopping to think of the damage they might be causing. You can do your part to dispel a lot of the misinformation that surrounds uncolored people by "debunking" these common myths whenever and wherever you hear them voiced, or by protesting strongly whenever the media or anyone in public life resorts to one of these demeaning stereotypes to describe or portray persons of Anglo-American ancestry:

Whites have "natural reason," or extra lobes in their brains, which makes them good aesthetes.

They are adult-like, brooding, and worry a great deal.

They spend all their money on stocks and bonds.

They smell good, talk too softly, and can't dance.

When they move into a neighborhood, they tear down

all the bars and pool halls and put up historical societies and Christian Science Reading Rooms, and send real-estate prices sky-high.

They are sexually frigid, or "hung like hamsters."

They won't accept welfare.

They eat nothing but cantaloupe and caviar and lie around "white linening," that is, drinking vintage wine out of bottles wrapped in napkins.

They all look like Commander Whitehead or the Arrow Shirt Man, and they go around reflectively rubbing their chins and saying, "Slide rule do your stuff," or "Brain don't fail me now."

They are clean, chaste, and prudish.

You should also discourage racist humor, of which the countless series of "Standard & Poor" jokes is by far the most common example. One sample of these demeaning and racially insulting jokes should be a sufficient illustration of their tastelessness:

Are Jews White People?

Technically, yes, but



STANDARD: Say, Mr. Poor, I'm so rich, I just bought my dog a little boy.

POOR: That's nothing, Mr. Standard. Why, I'm so rich, I don't have my Bentleys air-conditioned. I just keep a dozen cold ones in the freezer.

Whites in America

The first White person to hold elective office in America was William Bradford, who served as governor of Plymouth Colony from 1621 to 1632.

A mere few years later, in 1634, the first White Studies program was inaugurated at the College of William & Mary in Williamsburg, Va. The curriculum consisted of a number of courses in White culture, including mathematics, geography, geometry, rhetoric, political economy, the sciences, Latin, Greek, theology, oratory, composition, medicine, and law.

With the ratification of the Articles of Confederation in 1781, Whites gained their basic rights.

Among the many all-White military units that distinguished themselves in battle in the course of the Civil War were the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia.

Throughout the Civil War thousands of White people fled north on the Overground Railroad thanks to the courage and selfless dedication of countless engineers, conductors, and brakemen of, among others, the Chesapeake & Ohio, the Norfolk & Western, and the Alabama & Northern railroads.

Although many came to America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the largest influx of uncolored people occurred in the latter part of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, when hundreds of thousands of whites traveled to these shores in giant steamships, often undergoing a considerable amount of unpleasantness along the way, while shipping-line owners made a tidy sum on their "human cargo." Packed in groups of two and even three, in stuffy cabins with difficult-to-open portholes or, for the unlucky passengers with inside cabins, no portholes at all, these White people suffered from seasickness, nasty tumbles on the promenade deck, boring table companions, rude stewards, inconveniently timed lifeboat drills, and poor deck-chair assignments, to name just a few of the many hardships.

Ernest Hemingway



In the 1930s noted author and literary figure Ernest Hemingway led a back-to-Europe movement, which at its height saw thousands of White persons return to the continent of their origin to renew their ties with the peoples whose racial ancestry they shared. But in all too many cases, after a century or more of separation, the gap proved too great to bridge, and after finding difficulties adjusting to new languages, different money, and a foreign measurement system, or disgusted by the lack of central heating, telephone service, and indoor plumbing, most came back to America.

Ralph Bunche, the first American citizen to hold high office at the United Nations, had "a touch of the old whitewash."

Clothes Make "The Man" (and "The Woman")!

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Sveinbjörn of Dover, Delaware, proudly don native White dress as part of recent White Awareness Millennium festivities. He sports full Viking regalia while she wears the colorful peasant garb of Holland, complete with wooden shoes, the traditional teased and feathered Anglo hairdo, and a fetching wrist corsage.



Our White Cultural Heritage

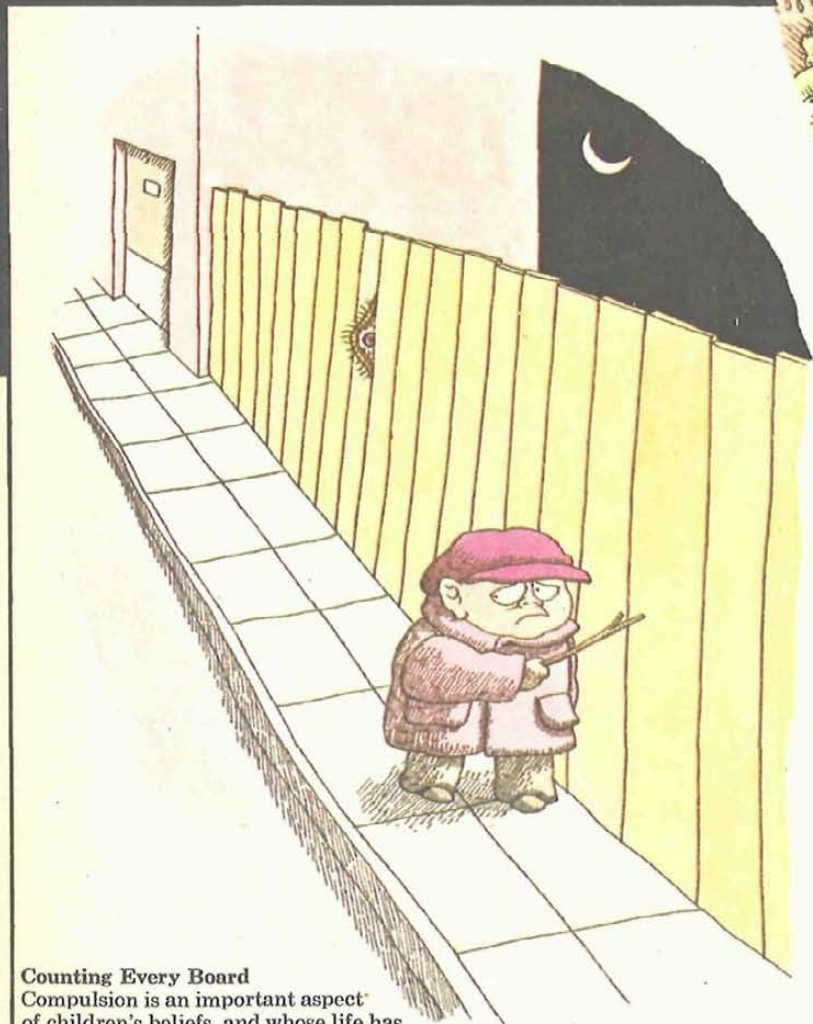
Archaeologists have long believed that Whites had developed a rich, flourishing civilization in the Mediterranean Basin area, possibly as early as 2,500 B.C., and from time to time over the last several centuries a number of important artifacts that tend to support this theory have come to light in Greece, Italy, Egypt, Crete, Southern France, Spain, and North Africa. It is now generally accepted that by the time of the birth of Christ (who was, Himself, technically a White man) Whites did in fact possess at least the rudiments of a culture, and ethnic historians who hold this view point to such varied artistic accomplishments of that era as the *Iliad*, Plato's *Republic*, the plays of Sophocles, the poems of Horace, the Venus de Milo, and Euclidean geometry as further proof of their hypothesis.

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Strange Beliefs of Children

by Gahan Wilson

Outside of the occasional surviving stone age tribe come across on an isolated Pacific isle or discovered tucked away in some obscure bend of the Amazon, there is no observable group of humans living on this earth more darkly benighted, more shuddersomely superstitious, or more grossly misinformed than the ordinary children we see pottering about daily at our knee level. Constantly forced to obey the incomprehensible rules of a society they cannot even dimly begin to understand, menaced by awesome diseases and fearsome technological poisons, endlessly presented with unanswerable questions, these tiny creatures, in a brave, if faltering, attempt to explain their basically alien environment to themselves, have created one of the richest troves of strange beliefs ever assembled.

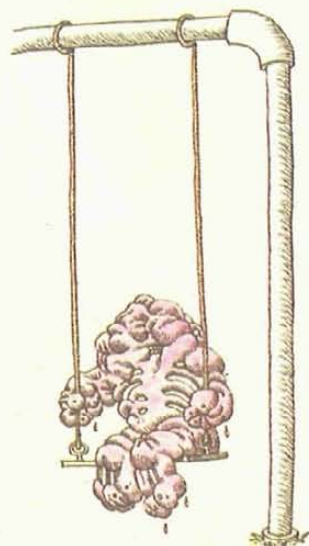


Counting Every Board

Compulsion is an important aspect of children's beliefs, and whose life has not been severely bent this way or that accepting some dare or crossing a drawn line? Here is a self-imposed challenge—the child has vowed he will touch each and every board, *and count it*, on the way home. If he does not do this, he knows that he will be eaten.

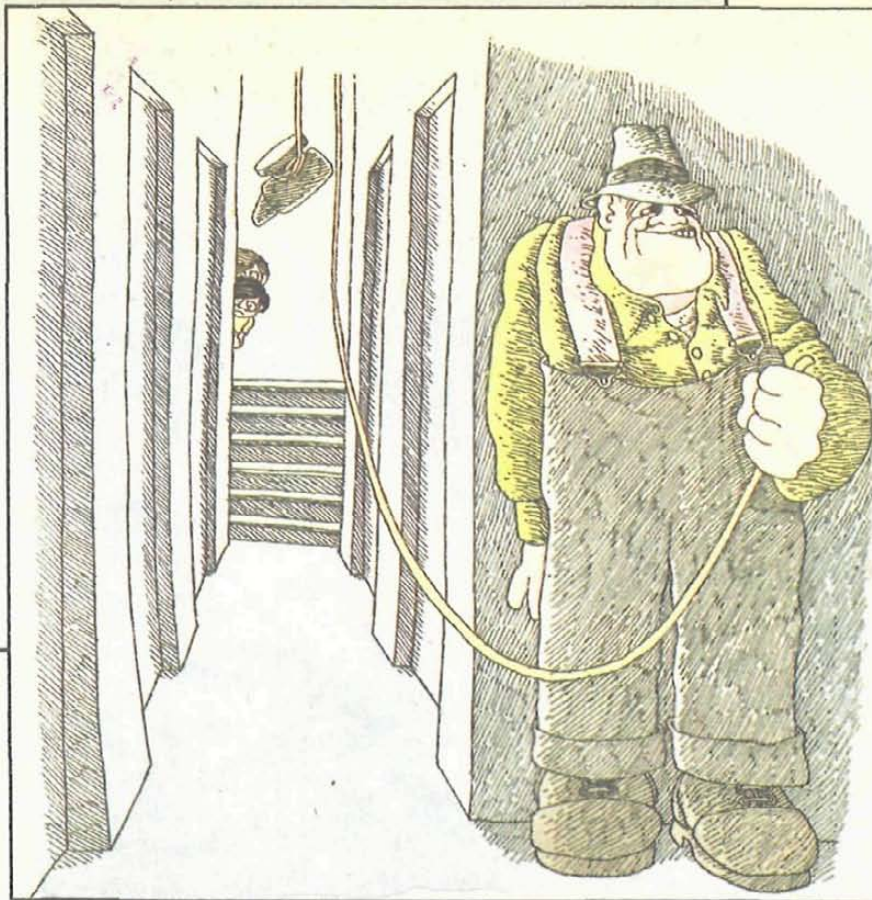
Storm Drain Biters

If a coin or a ball or a marble rolls into the opening of a storm drain, the wise child will try to claw it out with a stick or just leave it alone, as there are things down there which *bite off fingers*.



Swinging over the Bar

Swinging over the bar is to be avoided at all costs for it will turn the swinger inside out.



Mr. Knudson, the Super, Sets Traps in the Basement

Building superintendents have all kinds of reasons to want to *get* children, good reasons, and so children understand that they will probably have what they deserve if they are not very careful. It's a good idea to be especially wary around the furnace.



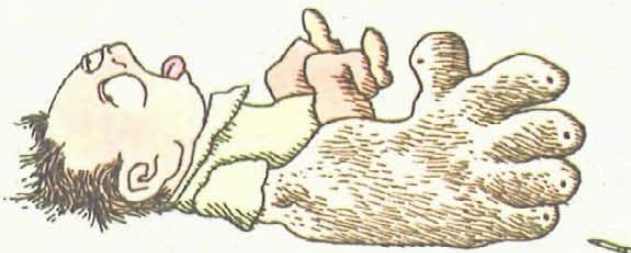
Getting Warts from a Toad

Of course if you touch a toad you will get warts from it and probably swell up.



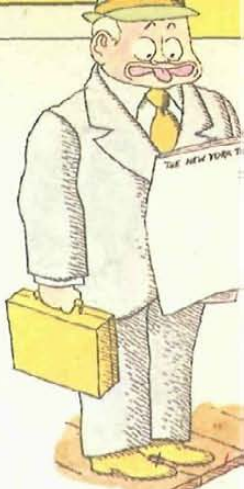
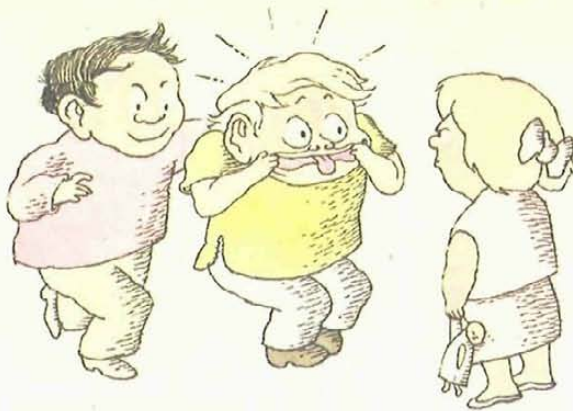
Jagging Off

If you jag off you will become very ill and pale and have blue sacs under your eyes. Also hair will sprout on the palm of the hand you jag off with. Also you may go crazy. Now that you are jagging off it is time you left strange beliefs of children behind and took up those of adolescents. They are fun, too.



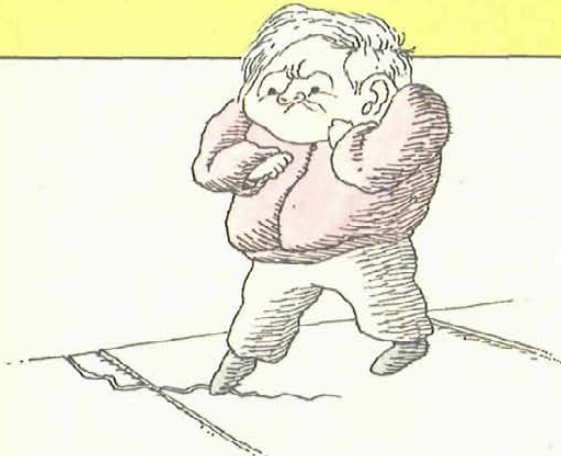
Lead Pencil Poisoning

If you poke the point of a lead pencil into your skin you will get lead poisoning and die horribly. There is absolutely nothing that can be done to save you once the poison takes hold.



Making a Face

If you make a face and are slapped on the back unexpectedly while doing it, the face will stay there for the rest of your life. If you stick your tongue too far out, it will stay like that for the rest of your life, and if you cross your eyes wrong, they will stick for the rest of your life.



Step on a Crack and Break Your Mother's Back

Very few children actually believe this, but probably there is not one child who has not tried it, just to see.



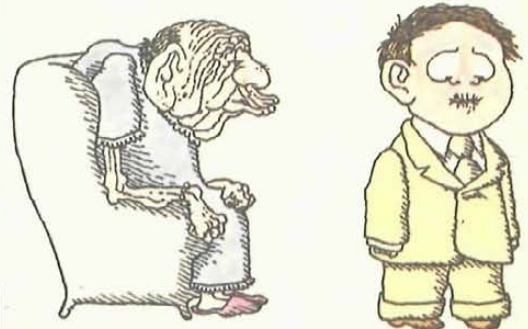
The Awful Stuff in the Center of a Golf Ball

If you cut down into the center of a golf ball there is this horrible acid that destroys everything. Somebody once told me they had done it but they weren't burnt so I knew they were lying. I got down as far as the rubber band part once.



Water Fountain Germs

Children know there are germs on water fountains, but are vague on what germs are. They know they are nasty, slimy things. Probably they jump.



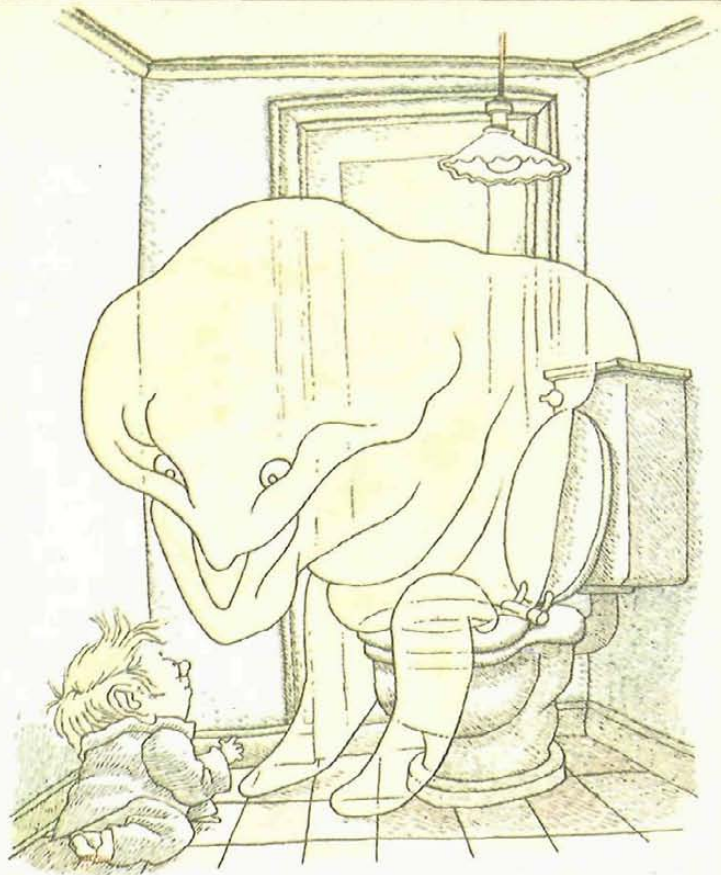
Kissing Grandma

If you kiss grandma your lips will get all wrinkled up like hers are as it is catching, but of course there is no way to avoid kissing grandma.



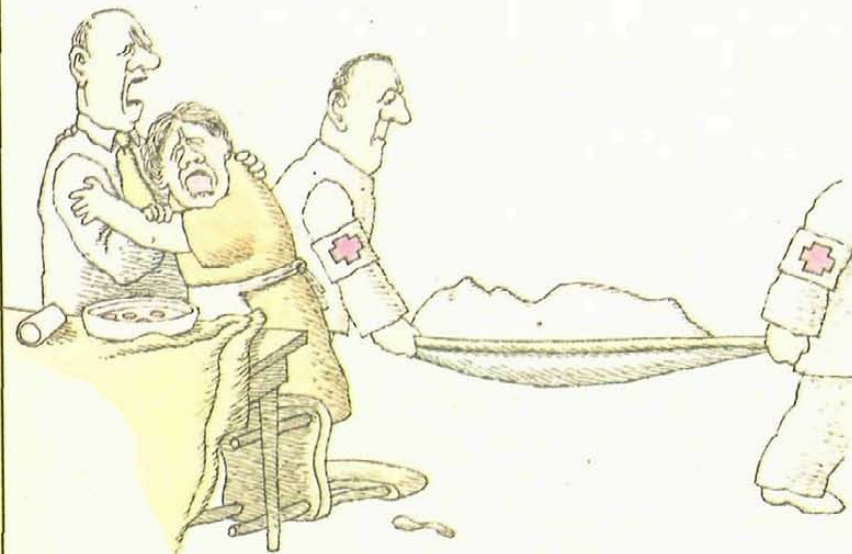
Getting Cramps from Eating

If you eat anything, even a half a hot dog, and you go into the water less than a half hour later, you will get terrible cramps. If you are swimming, you will sink like a stone.



The Toilet Monster

I never knew about this when I was a child, thank God. There's this thing which lives in the toilet, and *likes* it, and when you go late at night and flush the toilet it *wakes the thing up*, so you better hurry getting out of there. This kid was too slow.



Eating Milk and Cherries Together is Poison

This boy told his parents that eating milk and cherries together would kill him, but they wouldn't believe him and they made him do it and now they are sorry. Another thing that will kill you is coke and aspirin, and if you drop a candy bar on the sidewalk and then eat it anyway you are really asking for trouble.



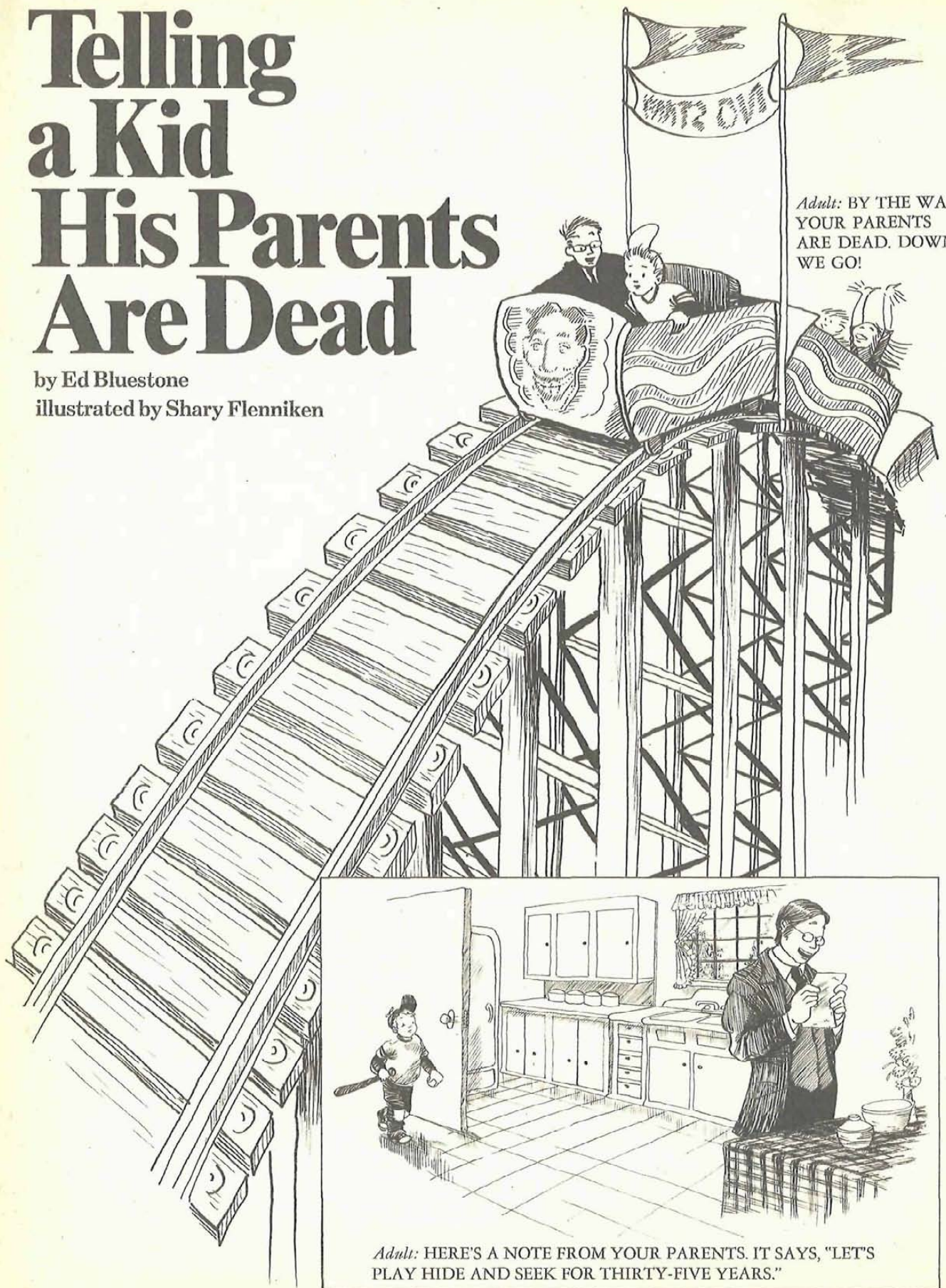
The Exploding Boy

If you block a sneeze wrong, you can burst your eardrums. If you block a burp wrong, you can burst your throat. If you block a fart wrong, you can burst your asshole. If you do all of these, this is what happens.

Telling a Kid His Parents Are Dead

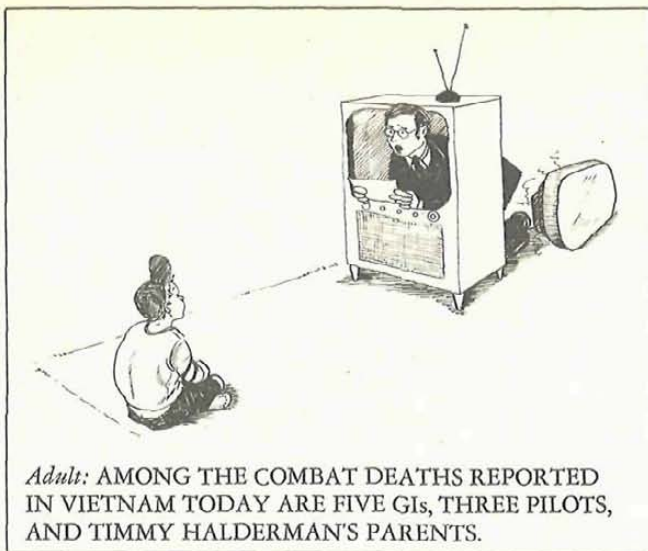
by Ed Bluestone

illustrated by Shary Flenniken



Adult: BY THE WAY,
YOUR PARENTS
ARE DEAD. DOWN
WE GO!

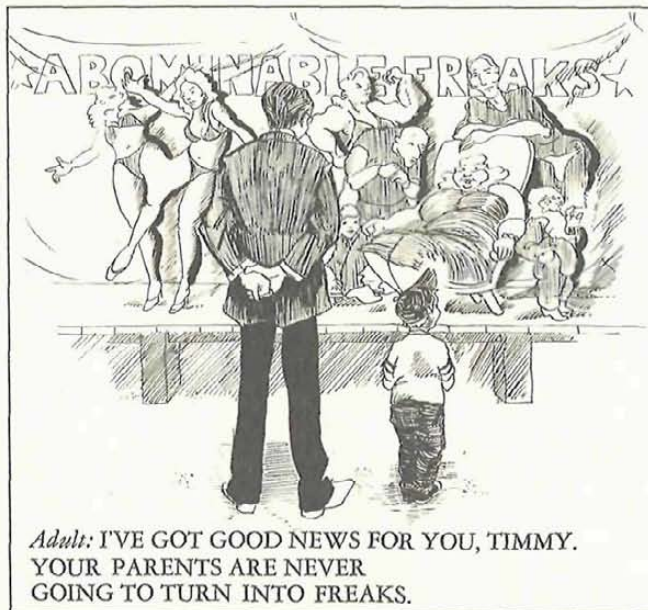
Adult: HERE'S A NOTE FROM YOUR PARENTS. IT SAYS, "LET'S
PLAY HIDE AND SEEK FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS."



Adult: AMONG THE COMBAT DEATHS REPORTED IN VIETNAM TODAY ARE FIVE GIs, THREE PILOTS, AND TIMMY HALDERMAN'S PARENTS.



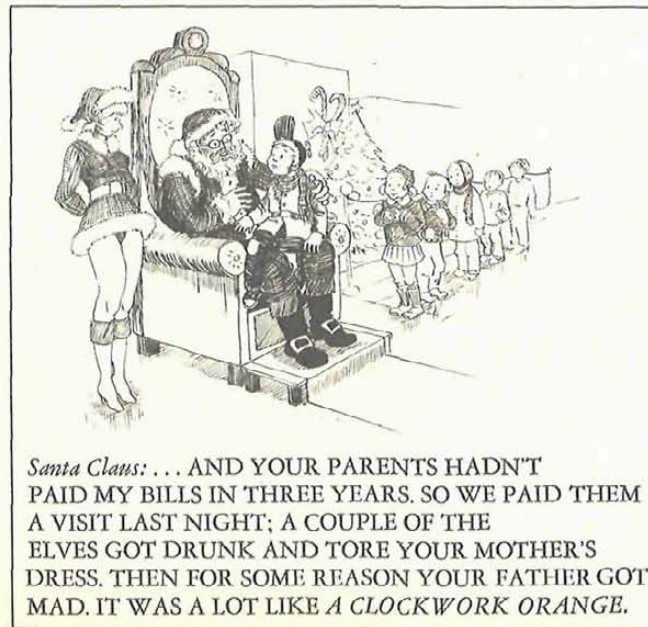
Adult: AND THAT'S WHY GOD THREW YOUR PARENTS IN FRONT OF A SUBWAY CAR.



Adult: I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS FOR YOU, TIMMY. YOUR PARENTS ARE NEVER GOING TO TURN INTO FREAKS.



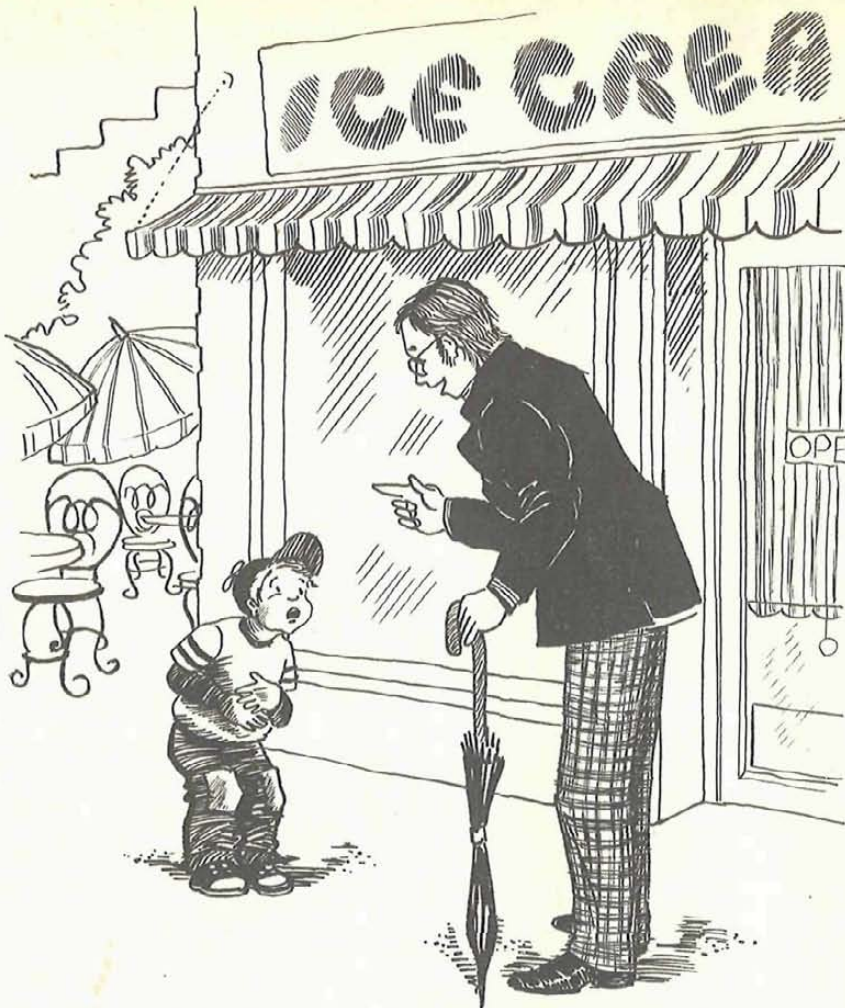
Adult: HERE'S YOUR HALLOWEEN COSTUME. YOU'RE GONNA BE AN ORPHAN.



Santa Claus: ... AND YOUR PARENTS HADN'T PAID MY BILLS IN THREE YEARS. SO WE PAID THEM A VISIT LAST NIGHT; A COUPLE OF THE ELVES GOT DRUNK AND TORE YOUR MOTHER'S DRESS. THEN FOR SOME REASON YOUR FATHER GOT MAD. IT WAS A LOT LIKE *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*.



Adult: STOP SWEATING OVER THOSE MULTIPLICATION TABLES. YOU'LL GET STRAIGHT A'S WHEN THEY HEAR ABOUT YOUR PARENTS.



Adult: I TELL YOU WHAT—I'LL GO TO THE PTA MEETING WITH THIS PICTURE OF YOUR PARENTS . . . AND DEPENDING ON WHAT THE TEACHER SAYS, I'LL DRAW SMILES OR FROWNS ON THEM.

Kid: I'M SO HUNGRY THAT MY STOMACH HURTS. WE'VE BEEN WALKING ALL DAY AND HAVEN'T EATEN A THING.

Adult: I KNOW, BUT I HAD A REASON FOR NOT BUYING YOU FOOD. RIGHT NOW YOU'VE GOT TEN SECONDS TO CHOOSE BETWEEN ALL THE ICE CREAM YOU CAN EAT OR SEEING YOUR PARENTS ALIVE AGAIN.



Kid: WHAT DID HE WRITE BEFORE HIS AUTOGRAPH?

Adult: IT SAYS, "YOUR PARENTS ARE DEAD. BEST WISHES, ROCKY THOMPSON."



Kid: WHO ARE YOU, INJUN? WHERE'S MOMMY AND DADDY?

Indian: HOW. BIG EXCHANGE PROGRAM. I LIVE HERE, THEY LIVE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

received bad reviews.

Looking at the problem from a new angle, I now searched for a subject so sacred to Big Ones as to ensure the preservation of my work. During my first eleven trips to the water-pit on Saturday, I relentlessly asked myself what was sacred to Big Ones. On the twelfth visit, I had the answer—themselves! What a fool not to think of it sooner! The critic never lived who panned his own portrait!

Then, a second realization, as dire as the first was triumphant: I had to moo! I knew from an unfortunate incident with a water glass earlier in the week that the least hint of extraneous moisture simply ruins my pigment. Five thousand places to moo at my house, and I have to pick the water-pit!

I slid off the seat in a panic, searching wildly for a stash . . . and found one! Squeezing my cheeks together so tightly they ached, I humpety-humped across the room, squatted, and gratefully allowed four fat tubes to slide out of me and nestle in the warm, plastic security of my flung Pamper.

Abruptly, there was noise without. Footsteps approached.

Thrusting the Pamper in among the dirty sheets, I made it back across the floor and vaulted onto the water-pit just as the door opened. Oh Horseshit started matter-of-factly towards me, but Big Bumps paused in the doorway, wide-eyed. She emitted a startled yip and pointed a trembling finger at me, averting her eyes. Her face had gone quite white. Puzzled, I followed her finger and found that my willie had failed to return to its tunnel and instead was propped on the lip of the seat so that it pointed straight up. Oh Horseshit put his hands on his hips and barked disparagingly. Big Bumps shook her head, apparently unable to speak or lift her feet. Oh Horseshit snorted, approached me, and lifted me from the water-pit. My willie fell back to normal. With a sigh of relief, Big Bumps hurried over to the water-pit, and both Big Ones peered into its enameled depths. They straightened, Oh Horseshit spreading his arms wide in negative exclamation. I bounced to the floor, caroming off the sink, and rolled into the corner. Pointedly ignoring me, my Big Ones left the room growling and yapping together.

I'd pulled it off! A little painfully, I gained my feet, plucked my Pamper from the hamper, and scampered for my studio.

By happy coincidence, last night's beef and strained peaches had emerged darkly amber, the perfect shade for the brooding Wagnerism work I would now undertake. Four tubes had been a lucky break as well. Have I given you any idea just how big a Big One really is?

There's a riddle we have: Why do Big Ones never suck their feet? The answer: Because they're too far away! For this painting, I would need scaffolding. Pulling a chair to the wall, I mounted and began.

The indignities and persecution of the week slipped like splinters from my hurting consciousness; my senses focused totally on my work, on the sliding of fingertips against plaster, the heady bouquet of the pigment, the slowly forming images before me. I became part of a fused entity—me, moo, wall. I scarcely noticed the passing hours. I neither hungered nor thirsted, even though Big Bumps had taken me off all food and water that morning.

It was she who I painted first. Borrowing a technique from the Hindus, I gave her six arms and hands, one pair wringing, the others busy individually, one writing a list, one holding a long-ashed cigarette, one pulling at a fallen stocking, the last clenched in her teeth. Her body was a fruit-and-vegetable cart: instead of a head, she had a turnip; plump tomatoes replaced her knees; from her chest grew watermelons.

To her left sat Oh Horseshit, oblivious to the fire of saxophones and alumni magazines that burned beneath his chair. He had three heads: one sucked a pacifier; one was lost in a burst of exploding newspaper; the third stared with fury straight at me. His feet were propped on a makeshift hassock of cracked phonograph records. Ringing him concentrically were borders of broken glass and feathers.

Minutes or hours later, I finished. Outside, to my vague surprise, it was dark. My day had been long, from *In a Brown Study to Artist's Big Ones at*

Home. Spent, I collapsed into my crib and dreamed of nothing at all.

I awoke to the sound of a long, ululating retch. Sunday-morning sun was streaming through the window and I could see through my bars about a third of my painting, glowing with chocolate radiance. The other two-thirds had disappeared into the scrub bucket of Big Bumps, who had apparently just paused to annoit my floorboards from within.

A coy finger of dread made light with my intestines. Why wasn't I on the water-pit?

The door slammed downstairs. Big Bumps straightened and wiped her hands and mouth with a towel. When Oh Horseshit entered the studio, she ran to him, eagerly plucking at the package under his arm. Oh Horseshit tore off the string and brown paper and proudly held forth a red rubber bladder trailing a wriggling red tube capped by a shining black snake head, its mouth a tiny open *O*. Big Bumps squealed with pleasure. Next, from his overcoat pocket Oh Horseshit withdrew a large bottle and poured a grayish liquid into the bladder. Big Bumps giggled. Then they turned on me and, showing teeth like bathroom tiles, carried me into the stink room.

How Oh Horseshit pumped that bladder! Each time I whimpered, Big Bumps clapped her hands and laughed aloud. I fantasized wildly, imagining my own inflation. Was taking it up the ass the beginning of *becoming* a Big One?

At last, limp and evacuated, I was returned to my studio and, with many a smile and chuck beneath the chin, I was left alone. Only then did I allow my tears to come. I felt as useless as an unpierced nipple. What good is an artist



"I'm looking for the man who draws Wonder Woman."

without his paints? Useless . . . unless there were an alternate source of supply!

I sat straight up in my crib. If not my moo, whose? The Big Ones? I assumed they mooed—they have bumbums much like mine, though uglier—but I knew not where or when, nor the ultimate resting place of their extrusions. No, I would have to look elsewhere.

Suddenly, it hit me—Fishface's bow-wow! That little bowser had turned Broad Buns' backyard into a very Carrara marble quarry of moo piles! It was good moo, too, some of the best I'd ever seen. More than once I had laid my head inches from the animal's straining rump in order to watch that first darkly glistening tip emerge. It was the perfect pigment!

My depression burned off like fog under the brilliance of this idea. Alert as a cat, I scaled the walls of my crib, tiptoed to the bathroom, and secured a pillow slip from the hamper.

Soon, I had enough moo piled up in my toy chest to cover the long wall of my studio, precisely what I had in mind. I believed I had found a final solution for my Big One problem. Big Ones, different as they were from me in every particular, might yet share some common ground where we could meet. I felt certain that Big Ones could not be the highest form of life on this planet. What if Big Ones had Big Ones of their own? I've noticed their respect for cars already. And you've never seen a Big One take on, say, the Chrysler Building, have you?

If the dimensions were great enough, art would win out. Well, I would give them greatness. I would spare no anger, but neither would I scrimp on the mighty love that welled inside me. I would give them the Sistine Chapel, *Guernica*, and *Horton Hatches the Egg*, all in one. I would call my work *The Playpen of*

Worldly Delights.

First, though, I would rest. The many trips to Broad Buns' backyard had tired me, and, in my second day without nourishment, I felt hampered by intermittent staggering. I dozed fitfully throughout the day. When I awoke, it was dark outside, but my hands were on fire. I stripped for action. Pulling a first great, meaty coil of doggie moo from my toy chest, I turned to the wall and let the fever take me.

I regained my awareness to the morning songs of birds. The air was thick with sweet fecal perfume. Then, first light speared the wall.

Reader, I looked through a picture window into Sepia Heaven. Words cannot paint it for you. You must close your eyes, hold your Teddy very close to you under a snug blanket, listen to the tattoo of rain on your window, and wait until you are almost asleep. Now, look hard. Freeze what you see. Drop a brown tint. Shoot it through with golden highlights. There. That is my painting.

It was a work of such blazing genius it would incinerate the hand that tried to scrub it. Reeling with hunger and fatigue, I somehow gained my crib and fell unconscious.

"You stupid shitface!" bellowed Oh Horseshit, inches from my nose.

"Iggggghhhh! Uckkkkkk!" put in Big Bumps, jackknifed by the wall.

I tried to pull the covers over my head, but Oh Horseshit was too fast for me. In the stink room, he sat me firmly down in the basin and withdrew from the mirror cabinet a tube of toothpaste. Clicking his tongue for attention, he held the tube over the mouth of the water-pit and, with ominous calm, twisted and rolled it until long, aqua tubes extruded to splash insipidly below. He then did much the same to me.

After Oh Horseshit's departure for the day, I watched Big Bumps pass the stink room door carrying two buckets, two scrub brushes, a paint scraper, a mop, and a shovel. As the morning passed, her retching noises took on the insistent quality of a woodworking shop.

I felt crushed in spirit, devoid of emotions, so empty inside I wondered if Oh Horseshit hadn't squeezed out a few of my organs. And perhaps the remainder of my creative urge as well. Life was too short to spend being squeezed in the stink room. I would paint no more.

When she had completed the erasure of my masterwork, Big Bumps joined me. She was quite a sight. There was moo on her hands, moo on her clothes, moo in her hair. Stringy matter hung from her slack jaw and mingled with the brown on her blouse. She looked like a salad.

I watched her slowly undress as the bathtub filled. Out came Big Bumps' boombooms, and an immense pair of squash they were! They spilled from her white boomboom holder to hang and dance like Slinkies. Next, down went her black lace Pamper.

Suddenly, I forgot art.

Big Bumps slid into the tub, sighing gratefully. I began to sweat. In its sheath, my doodle had become so hot I seriously expected steam. In the grip of this strange, new emotion, I honestly didn't realize I had mooed until a cold tongue of water kissed my sphincter.

At the sound of the plunk, however, Big Bumps had catapulted from the tub with a small animal-cry of hope to peer between my legs. It was a feeble little moo, no bigger than a pencil stub, but Big Bumps unleashed a scream of purest joy, threw her arms around me, and hugged with all her might. Her boombooms laved my face like two great soap bubbles.

Now, hours later, I lie in my crib, stomach full once more, my soft, rather appealing flesh newly bathed and powdered, decked out in a fresh Pamper, and swathed in warm flannel jammies. Oh Horseshit came home a while ago and visited my crib to pay his respects, tousling my hair and pinching my nose in camaraderie. All is well. Having told this tale, the artistic experience already fades. Sometimes, I have decided, it is better to bend with the winds of change.

Besides, there are new discoveries aborning. Moments ago, as I lay musing over the experiences of the day, I felt a sudden return of the hot doodle sensation. I have just made a visual check, and know what? My willie is hard like a rock and standing straight out from my body.

Flesh sculpture!

Wait till I show Oh Horseshit and Big Bumps! Will they be proud of me! □



"Richthofen's too good for us in the air, so we're dropping you on his family estate."

NATIONAL LAMPOON

MEMO

TO: Larry Sloman
FROM: Matty Simmons

"Ratso"--Since you're new here and I don't really give a shit about you since you're not related to me like Mike and Andy and you don't do my laundry like Kleinman, I'm gonna give you the difficult period to edit for the Fifteenth Anniversary issue--the stretch from 1975 through 1979. It was a time of highs and lows. There were writers around like John Hughes and P.J. O'Rourke and Tony Hendra and there were some damn funny issues, but there were also some pretty cruddy issues. Find the funny ones. It was a time when National Lampoon suddenly began to mean movies and theater and names like Belushi and Chase and Murray and Radner and dozens more who became better known than the writers and editors, Fuck it, just because Bill Murray made fifteen million bucks on Ghostbusters doesn't mean he's funnier than you, "Ratso." It just means he's getting more money to be funny than you are. Anyway, those were "the best of times" and "the worst of times"--for chrissakes try to stick with "the best of times."

*P.J. never wore red shoes to work,
Matty*

1975 -1979

NOVEMBER, 1975

OUTLOOK:
BLEAK



VOLUME 1, NO. LXV

AIR QUALITY:
ACCEPTABLE

The National
~~Express Herald Dispatch Beacon News~~
~~Clarion Free Press Telegraph Post Sun~~
incorporating the Reporter Sentinel Examiner Chronicle
~~Voice Bulletin Times Mail Bugle Star Gazette Globe~~
and the Mirror Monitor Observer Guardian Planet Worker Inquirer Tribune Ledger

FORD AGAIN SHOT IN HEAD BULLET IN CRITICAL CONDITION



COMBINED SERVICES—An attempt on the life of ex-Vice-President Gerald Ford failed today when yet another would-be assassin fired yet another bullet harmlessly through Ford's cranium. To prevent further harpings of the near-tragedy, Secret Service men are rounding up all female cult members and FBI informers in California, and subjecting them to intense interrogation and target practice. Two million women have so far been apprehended.

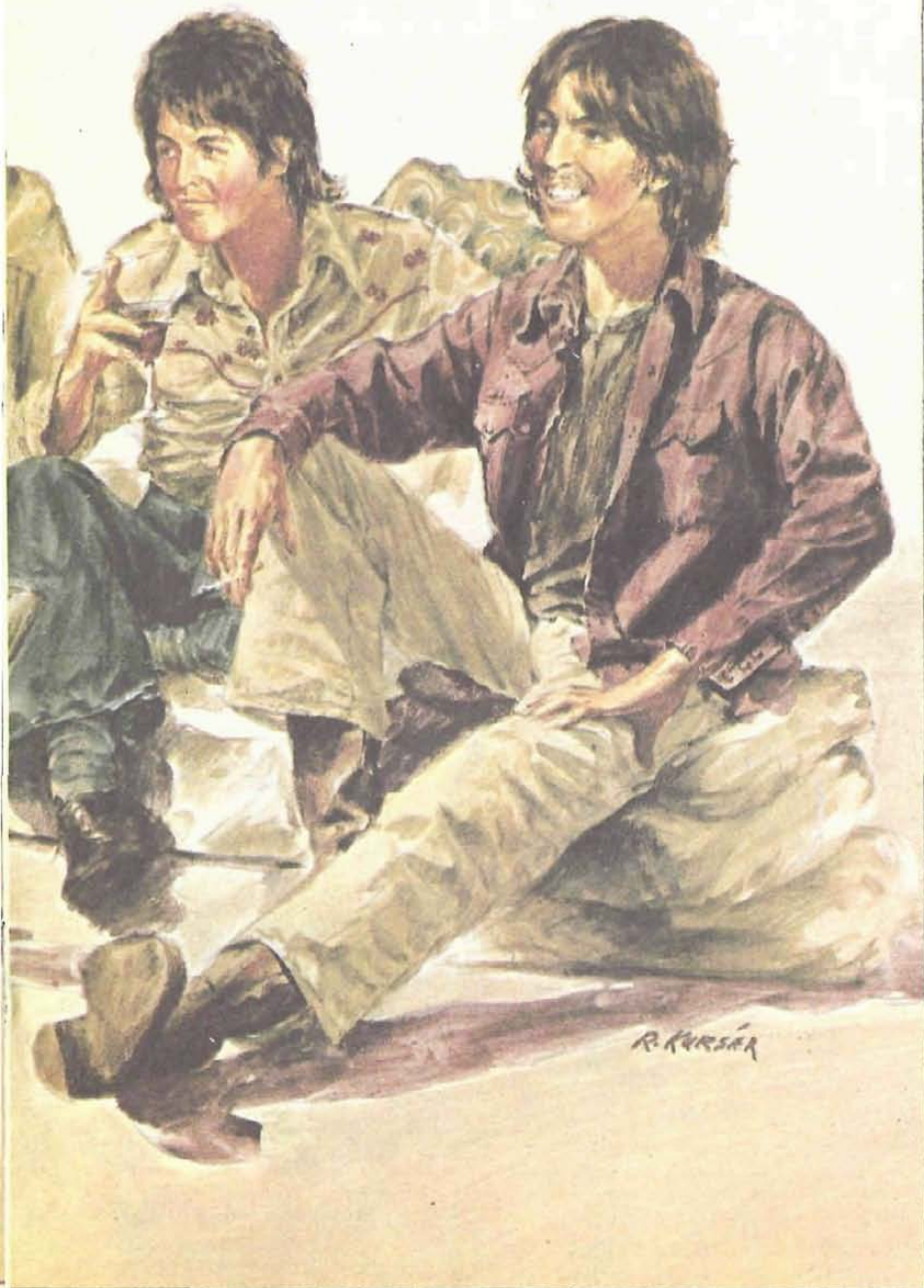
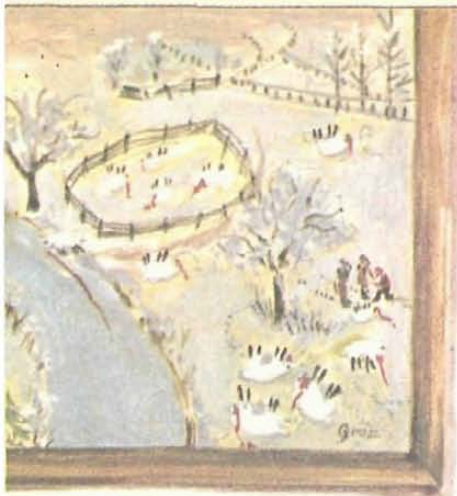
reports of the assassination attempt as "one-sided." He observed that "the media made no mention of the 17 million other psychopathic owners of handguns in California who didn't take a shot at the President that day." The incident is thought to have damaged the presidential aspirations of Alabama's George Wallace, whose campaign slogan was to be, "Elect a President who has already been assassinated."

A spokesman for the National Rifle Association scored President Ford's outspoken wife Betty could only comment, "Thank God Jerry wasn't hit."



Beat the Meatles

with Chris Miller



Chris: ... sure was nice of you guys to come over here and talk with me like this. Uh, there, the tape recorder's running now. Why don't you just make yourselves at home, sit down anywhere. Anybody like some wine or something to smoke?

Ringo: Shur, that'd be nice. *(General assent. Pouring sounds)*

Paul: Nice apartment.

Chris: Thanks.

George: I like yur paintin' 'ere. Li'ul dead sheep an' all, with blud roonin' frum thur mouths. You don't see many of these.

Chris: Oh, that was used in a *National Lampoon* calendar. Mike Gross painted it. I traded some—

Yoko: The blood stains red. The red is silence. Listen! Can you hear it fall, softly, softly?

John: Why don't we joost sit down 'ere, luv.

Chris: Well, gosh, you all look great. Really.

Paul: Thanks very mooch. I think Ringo's poot on a few, tho'.

Ringo: 'Ere! Noon uv tha', now. *(Laughter)*

John: *(Sucking noise)* Vurry tasty smoke.

Chris: Thanks.

George: *(Sucking noise)* Is it gold, then?
Chris: Right. Here, these are some of the buds.

Ringo: *(Low whistle)* 'Ere, let me 'ave soom uv tha'. *(Sucking noise)* Mmm, it's really—*(Violent coughing)*

Paul: *(Clapping Ringo on the back)* 'E never really learned to inhale, y'know. Come on, mate, spi' it ou'.

Ringo: *(Loud, choking coughs)* Went... down the... wrong pipe.

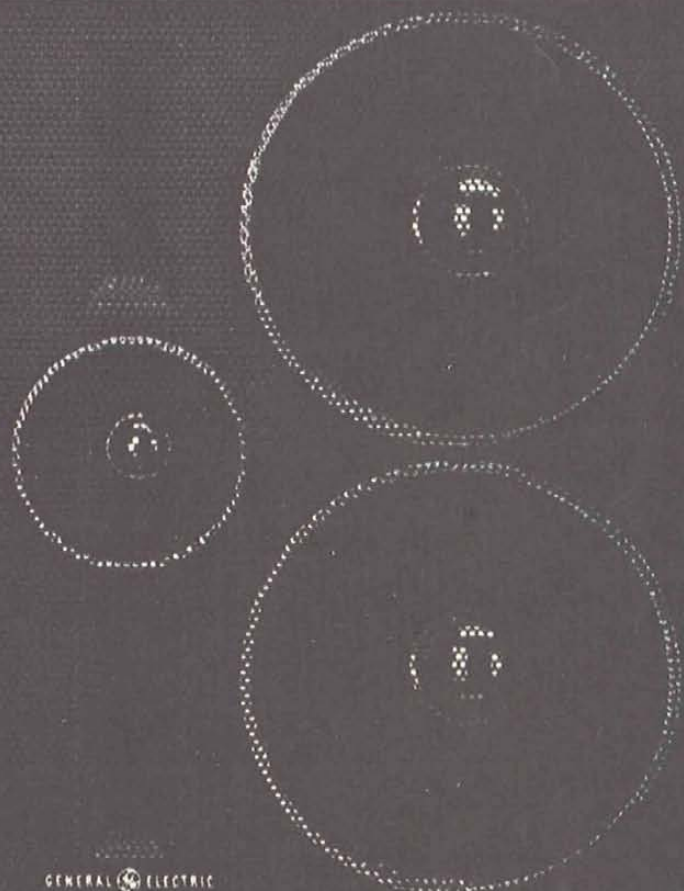
Chris: Here, drink some of this. *(Swallowing sounds)*

Ringo: Ah. Better. Thank you.

Chris: Well, I guess this is kind of unusual, the four of you being in the

continued on page 108

POWER



ETS ELECTRONIC TUNING SYSTEM
AAA/TM/TW RADIO TAPE CASSETTE
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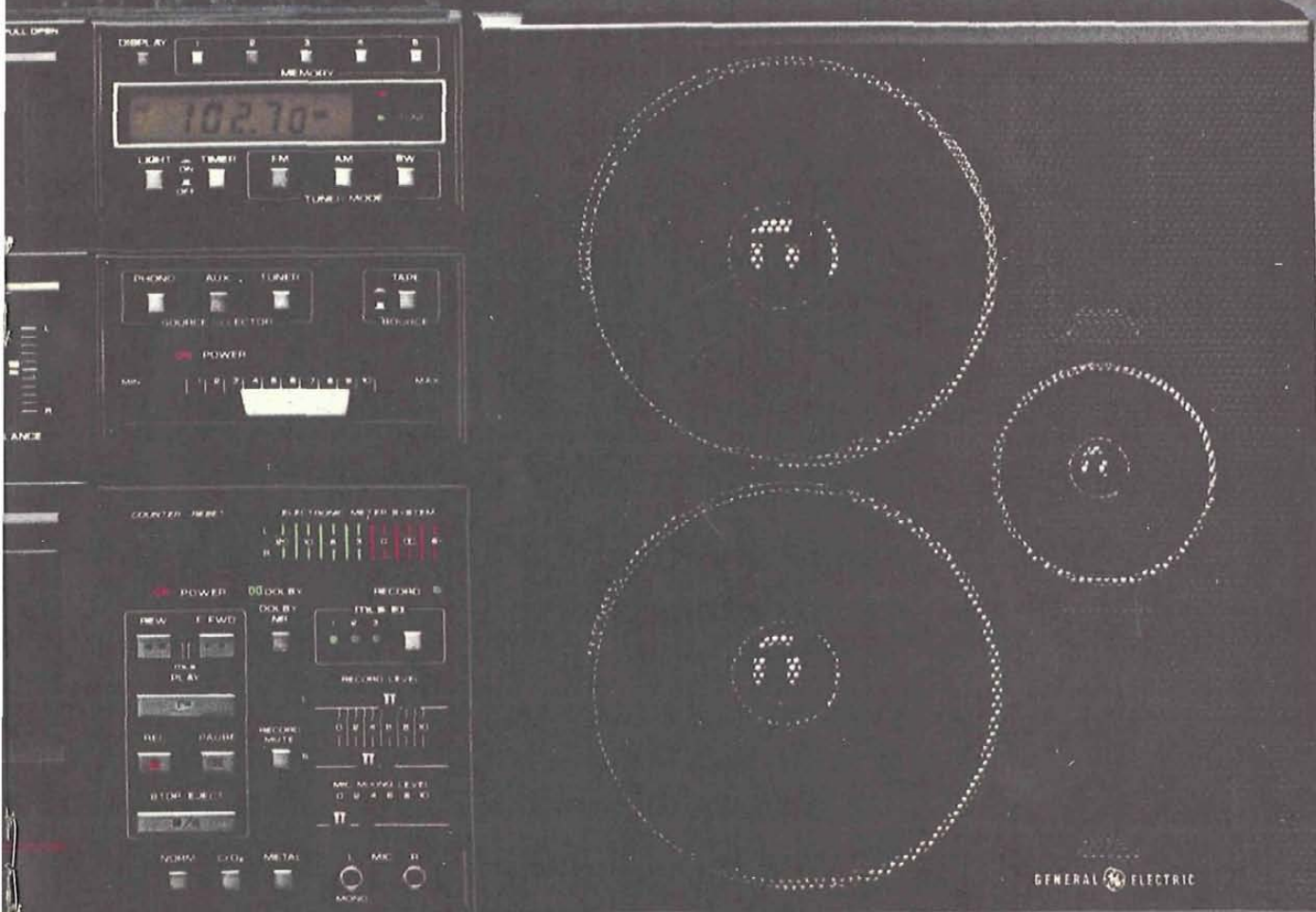
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They blast. They boom. Excite the ears and astound the senses. General Electric technology presents an exciting range of portable sound systems. Starting with giants like the incredible 3-6055 pictured here. Right on down to the small and mean 3-6025 with General Electric's own Electronic Tuning System (ETS™).

3-6025 Mini-Stereo with Electronic Tuning



POWER.



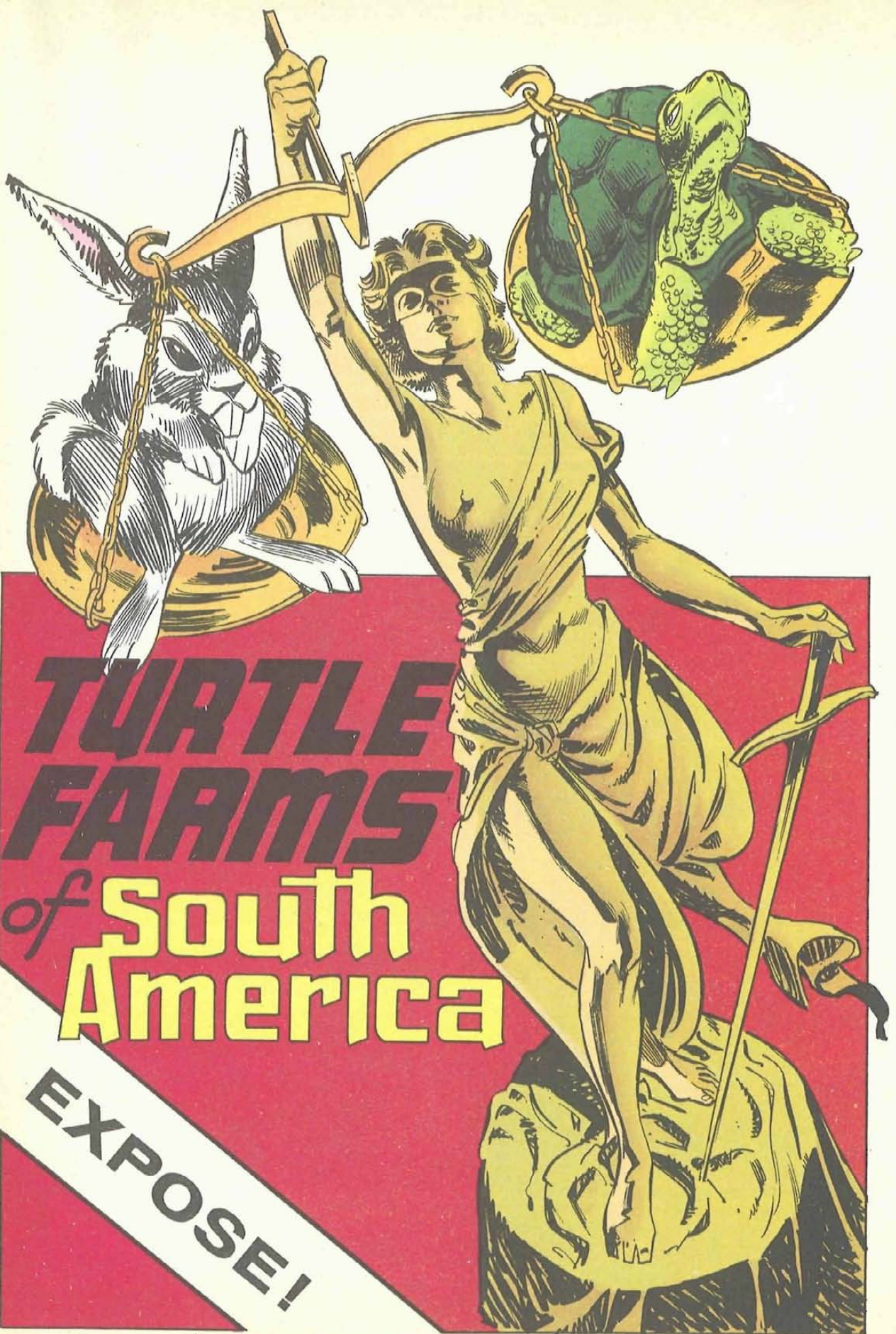
3-6200 Mini-Stereo with dual cassette system.



There are dual cassette systems and personal stereos. Systems with great looks and unbelievable sound. Check out the GE Power of Music Series at your local GE dealer today.

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**TURTLE
FARMS**
of **South
America**

EXPOSE!

A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO, I RECEIVED AN UNUSUAL PHONE CALL. IT WAS FROM AL THIMBLE, A FRUITITARIAN HIGHER-UP IN THE ASPCA'S INTELLIGENCE DIVISION.



IT SEEMED SOME SOUTH AMERICAN TURTLE RANCHERS WERE ABUSING THE MOST HARMLESS OF GOD'S CREATURES. NOBODY KNEW EXACTLY WHAT WAS GOING ON - BUT I WAS GOING TO FIND OUT.



I TOLD THE CUSTOMS GREASERS THAT I WAS A BIG BOUTIQUE MAN DOWN TO BUY SOME TURTLE SHELL JEWELRY. THEY TREATED ME LIKE MY BROTHER WAS A POLICE CHIEF.



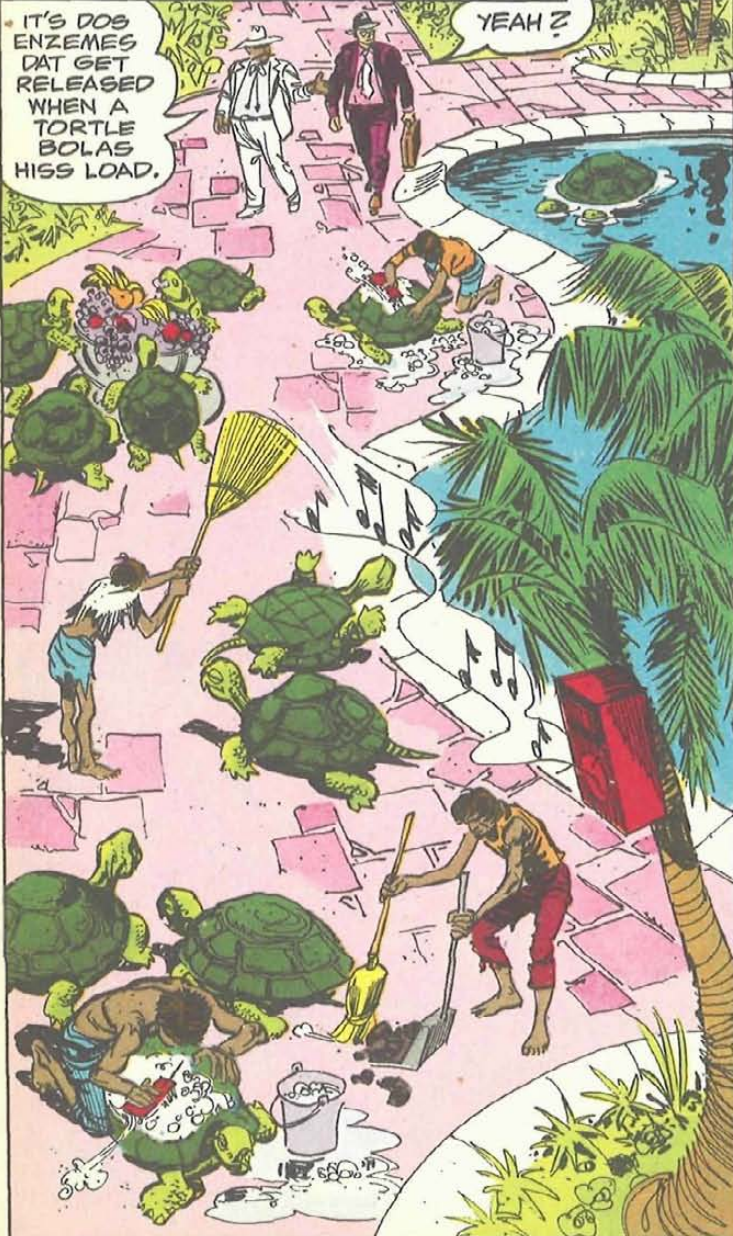
I WAS SOON RIPPING DOWN THE ROAD TO LOS TORTISES GRANDES RANCHES.



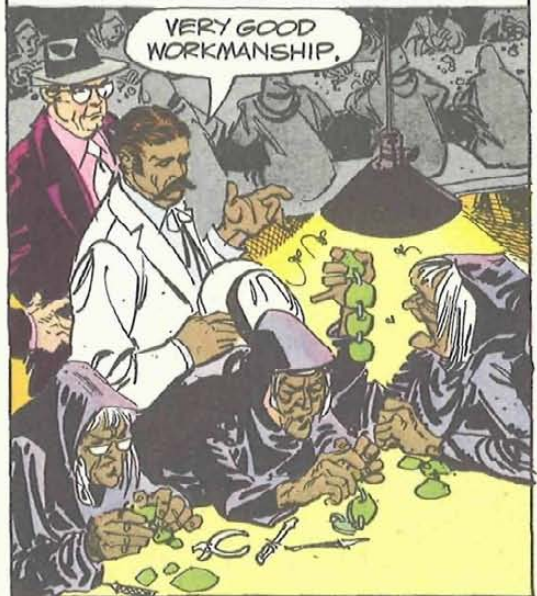
I EXPLAINED TO SEÑOR GAUNCHEZ THAT I WAS A BIG-TIME TURTLE SHELL SPECULATOR, AND HE PROVED MORE THAN HAPPY TO SHOW ME AROUND THE RANCH.



IT LOOKED TO ME LIKE THE TURTLES WERE GETTING A LOT BETTER TREATMENT THAN THE NATIVES. GAUNCHEZ CLAIMED THE TURTLE SHELLS WERE PRACTICALLY WORTHLESS IF THE TURTLES WEREN'T HAPPY. IN FACT, A TURTLE MUST DIE DURING ORGASM TO PRODUCE A REALLY VALLIABLE SHELL.



THE SEÑOR TOLD ME THAT THE CHURCH AUTHORITIES USED TO GET UPSET WHEN VILLAGERS MASTURBATED THE TURTLES TO ORGASM, THEN SLICED OFF THEIR HEADS.



BECAUSE THE CHURCH OPPOSED WORKERS TOUCHING TURTLES' PRIVATES, SEÑOR GAUNCHEZ IMPORTED HUNDREDS OF NORTH AMERICAN BUNNY RABBITS. THESE RABBITS, KEPT IN SMALL CAGES, SERVED ONLY ONE PURPOSE,

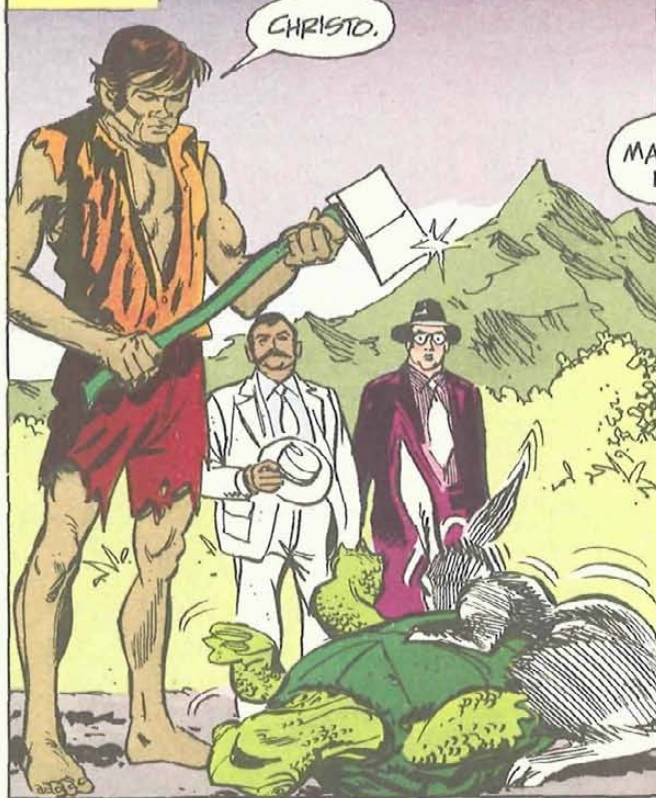


WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR A TURTLE TO DIE, A BLOW RABBIT IS REMOVED FROM THE CAGE...



THE STARVING RABBIT'S TEETH ARE KNOCKED OUT WITH A BALL PEEN HAMMER TO PREVENT HIM FROM GNAWING THE TURTLE APART....

AFTER A BLOW RABBIT IS USED ONCE, HE IS FLUNG OFF A CLIFF, HIS USEFULNESS ENDED.



IT'S NOT A PRETTY STORY, BUT DENYING THE TRUTH NEVER HELPED ANYONE, NOT RICHARD NIXON, AND NOT YOU. WRITE TO YOUR REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS. IT'S TIME WE SAID "ENOUGH."



NEXT MONTH! ANOTHER NATLAMPSCO EXPOSE. RUSSIAN SUBMARINES HERD COD BENEATH THE ATLANTIC.



The Foundation of America

Mr. Gerald Taylor
 The National Lampoon
 635 Madison Avenue
 New York, New York 10022

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- Leadbelly
- Don Knotts
- Bill Blase
- Paul Robeson
- or Cruise O'Brien
- Winters

Dear Mr. Taylor:
What is TF?

TF is Terminal Flatulence, also known as Crepitation Terminalis and Ubu's Disorder. It is a member of the "aerosol" family of lower digestive diseases, and though its causes are as yet unknown, its effects are all too familiar -- stabbing pains in the lower colon, involuntary contractions of the facial muscles, falling plaster, spasms of the retentor/eliminator muscle system, quarantined plants, depletion of the ozone layer, painful death, weight loss, and lingering, at random.

Who is susceptible? The U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare has predicted that TF and related diseases (Toxic Mephitis and Hindenburg's Syndrome) will strike approximately 500,000 Americans this year, 300,000 of whom will pass away.

What is being done? Unfortunately, very little. Too many people think of TF as a passing disorder. It is not. It is a killer, sometimes silent, always deadly. Of TF it can truly be said, "It embarrasses people to death."

What can be done? Stopgap measures are not enough. Dr. James Saunders, Director of the B & M Memorial TF Research Center in Boston, has predicted that with continued support, a viable anti-TF vaccine might be developed as early as 1980. In the meantime, much can be done to control the disease, and to alleviate the suffering and prolong the lives of its ill-fated victims.

Won't you please help? The enclosed materials have been specially selected to appeal to the readers of your magazine. We hope that you will find room to run them. Remember, with your help and your readers' support, TF can be licked!

God bless you,
Kate Smith
 Kate Smith
 Honorary Cochairperson

Sometimes silent- always deadly.

What is TF?

TF is the nation's Number One Killer.



Here are six of the 140 warning signs of TF:

- Localized cloud formations.
- Defoliated trees and shrubs.
- Peeling wallpaper.
- Scorched mattresses.
- Lack of friends and acquaintances.
- Unaccountable pet deaths.

**TF-
it's not to be sniffed at.**

For further information contact: The TF Foundation Los Alamos, New Mexico



SA
WHO'S BEEN
MY B



This coupon saves you plenty more.

15¢

STORE COUPON

15¢ Off
 on older America's
 favorite food, Senior
 Vittles®. Remember—you
 can't fool wise old
 taste buds.

15¢



Grocer: As our agent you may accept this coupon from retail customers only on the purchase of Senior Vittles® pouch food. We will pay you fifteen cents plus five cents handling for each coupon so redeemed. Taking a whole bunch of coupons without selling the stuff is a really scummy trick, and we won't pay. This coupon void in dirty little mom and pop groceries. Offer limited to one coupon per package. Don't fuck with us and we won't fuck with you. Send to: Senior Vittles®, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
 Offer expires midnight, January 5, 1979.

15¢

STORE COUPON

15¢

Y!
EATING FROM
BOWL?



It's so much like hamburger, these finicky eaters can't tell the difference. Anyway, it almost is! It looks like ground beef, has a realistic texture similar to food, and a penetrating aroma designed to bolster that impression.

Senior Vittles[®] also contains plenty of the same rich beef byproduct generally spread on gardens, plus vegetable material and valuable minerals, such as iron filings and tin.

And the cost is as surprising as the taste. That's why Senior Vittles[®] is the number one choice of America's homes, hospitals, and institutions.

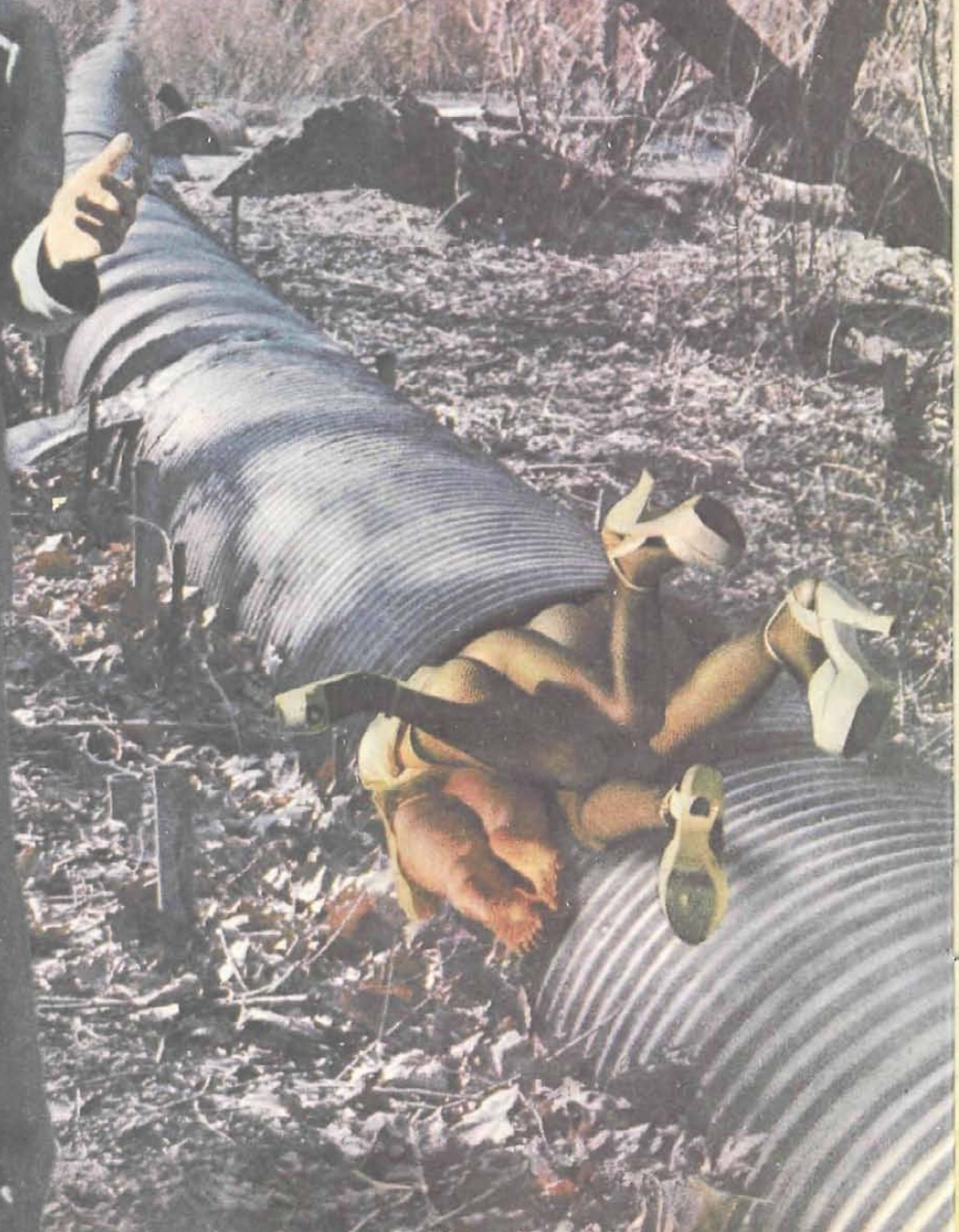
Senior Vittles[®] burger food. Available in soft, chewable original style or new Western Blend.[®]



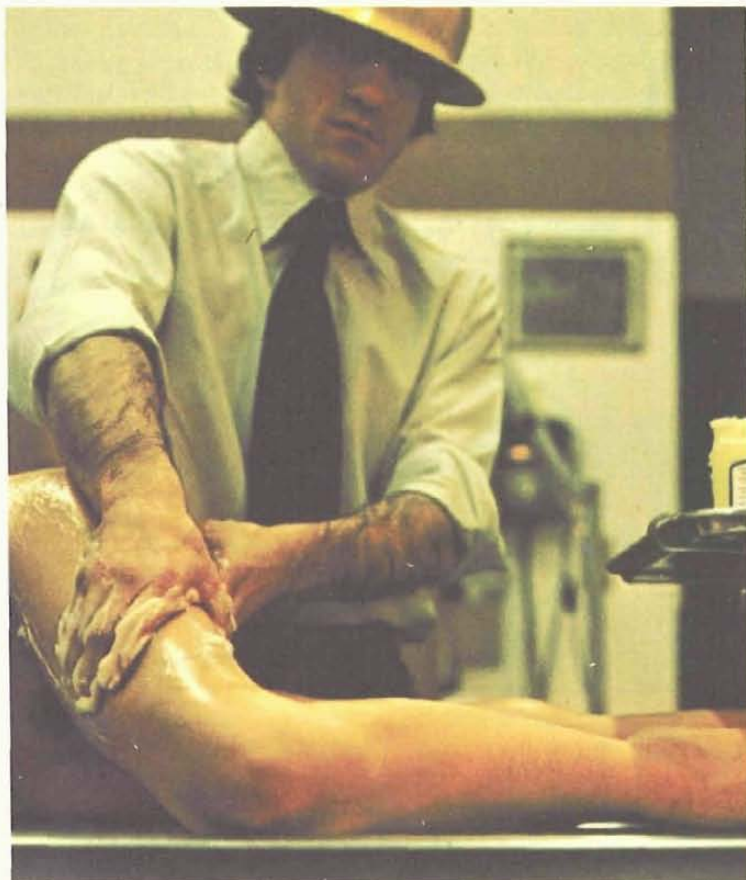
Senior Vittles[®]

They can take it if you'll dish it out.

Fill'er Up



**At
North American Rockhard,
we do more
than just lay pipes.**



Problem: New York City has an insatiable appetite for blond, nubile courtesans. The demand is far greater than the city's own native supply. New York distributors and wholesalers looked to Minneapolis for the answer, where there was a huge surplus of native nymphets of the Nordic persuasion. The problem was how to move ten thousand golden-tressed, underaged white females from Minneapolis to New York, quickly and in perfect working condition.

Solution: The eleven-hundred-mile Minnesota Pipeline, designed by project engineer Ted Brick, of North American Rockhard's Transport Division.

Snaking its way across some of the roughest terrain in the country, the Minnesota Pipeline now carries ten thousand girls an hour through twenty-two billion tons of North American Rockhard concrete tubing (enough concrete to build three Olympic-sized swimming pools for every white person in South Africa).

After the pipeline was laid, Brick and his team had to solve the problem of how to move the girls at high speed through cramped quarters without inflicting heavy physical damage. "We had to deliver the merchandise in A-1 working condition or the deal was off," said Brick. "We couldn't afford any cost overruns in tousled hair, body bruises, and unsightly friction welts." Rockhard engineer Bob Cork came up with the answer—*Lubitol 77*, a highly sophisticated petroleum-based lubricating gel that not only lines the pipeline, but has its own self-propelling properties, enabling it to flow as it lubricates, so it protects and propels the merchandise at the same time.

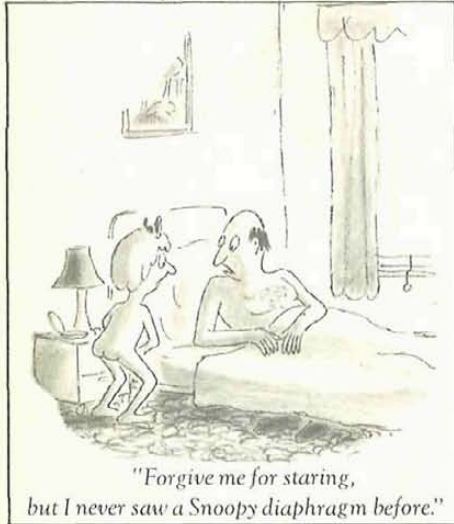
It was a tall order, but North American Rockhard is in the business of filling tall orders. North American Rockhard is people serving people to come up with people-oriented systems for people who have ideas about making people's lives better for people.



Where science goes down on business.

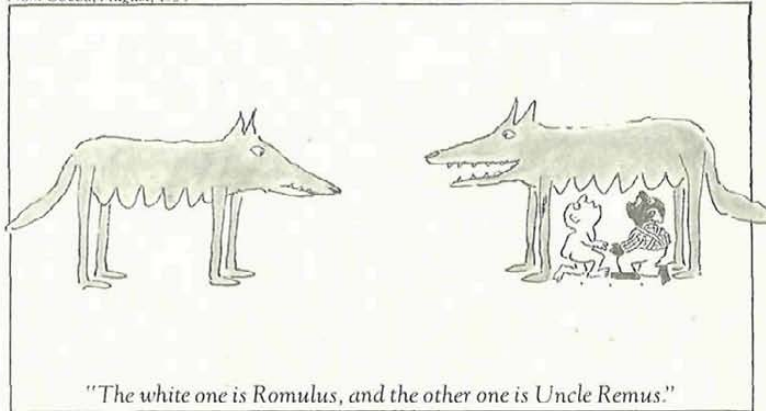
S. GROSS

From Junior Digest, April, 1965

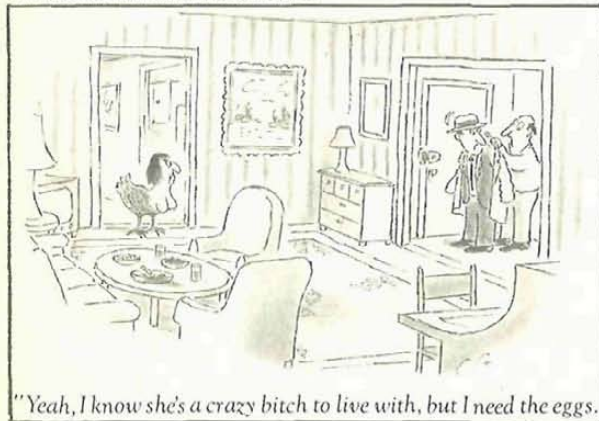


A RETROSPECTIVE

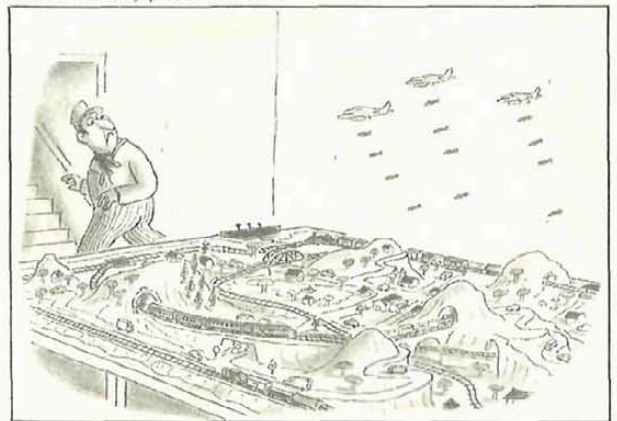
From Cocoa, August, 1959



From The American Farmer, November, 1936



From the Times of Japan, December, 1941



From the 7th Fleet News, February, 1957



From the Brooklyn Hebrew Daily, September, 1947

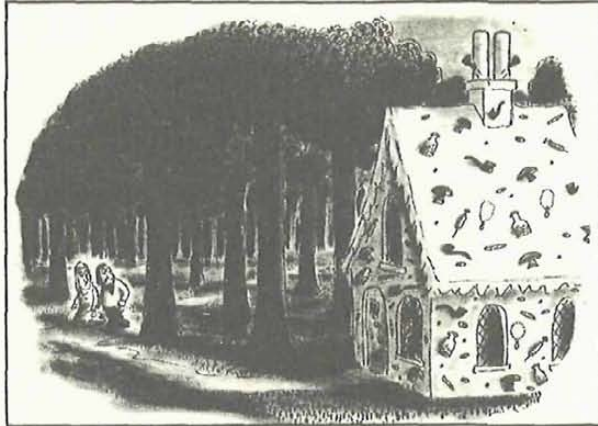


"Lot still keeps her around. He says she tastes like pussy."

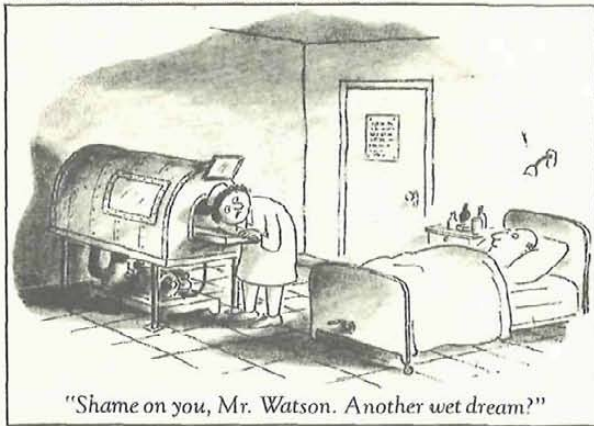
Few artists have made a greater or more enduring contribution to the cartoon art form than Sam Gross. Known as "The Dean of the Single Panel" and "The King of Sketch-with-Squib," Sam has warmed the hearts and tickled the fancies of more than 900 million readers in 122 languages the world over. From the time he graduated Yale architectural school in 1919 and went to work drawing the only comic strip to ever appear in the *New York Times* until the present day, when his work is seen everywhere from *Pravda* to the new edition of the Moody Bible, Sam has never wavered in his pursuit of literary and artistic excellence. He has an uncanny ability to find the wry, the whimsical, and the piquant in even the most humdrum situations, and his enormous talents have stimulated the wit (and pricked the conscience!) of an entire generation of mankind.

In view of such tremendous accomplishments, the *National Lampoon* would like to take this opportunity to present a modest retrospective of Mr. Gross's *oeuvre*. Here, in the opinion of the editors, are just a very few of the numerous high points in Sam's long and honored career.

From *BcBop*, May, 1953

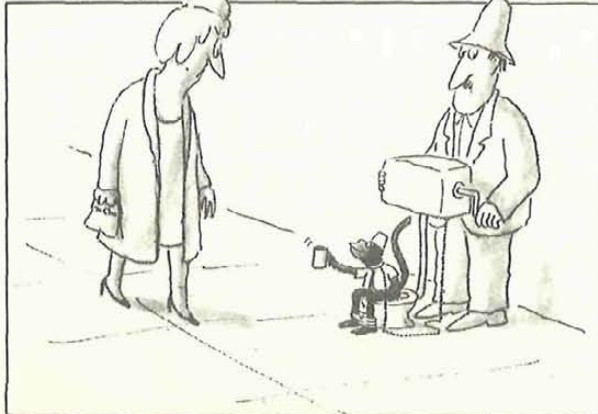


From the *American Journal of Medicine*, October, 1955



"Shame on you, Mr. Watson. Another wet dream?"

From *Style*, February, 1934



From *Style*, February, 1934

From the *Chicago Christian Journal*, April, 1962



"We thought a nice little birdie would cheer you up."

From *Family Home*, November, 1929



From *Stars and Stripes*, July, 1943

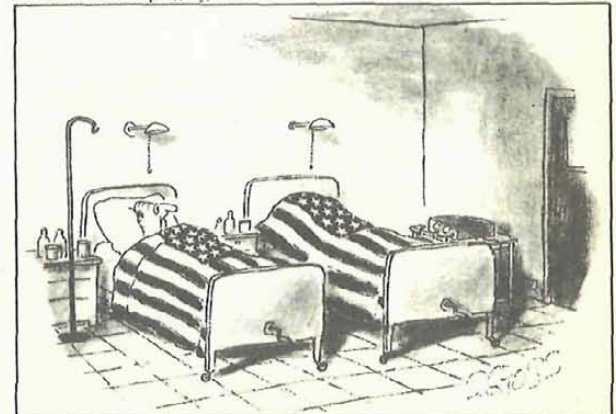
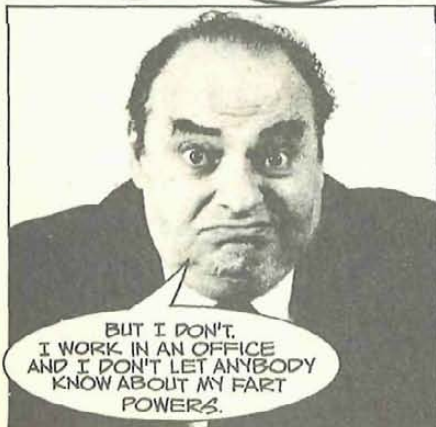
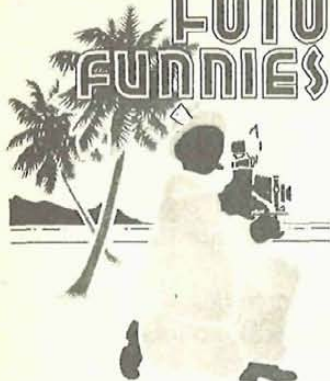


FOTO FUNNIES



World Night Court

by Henry Beard

John Weidman

Peter Kaminsky

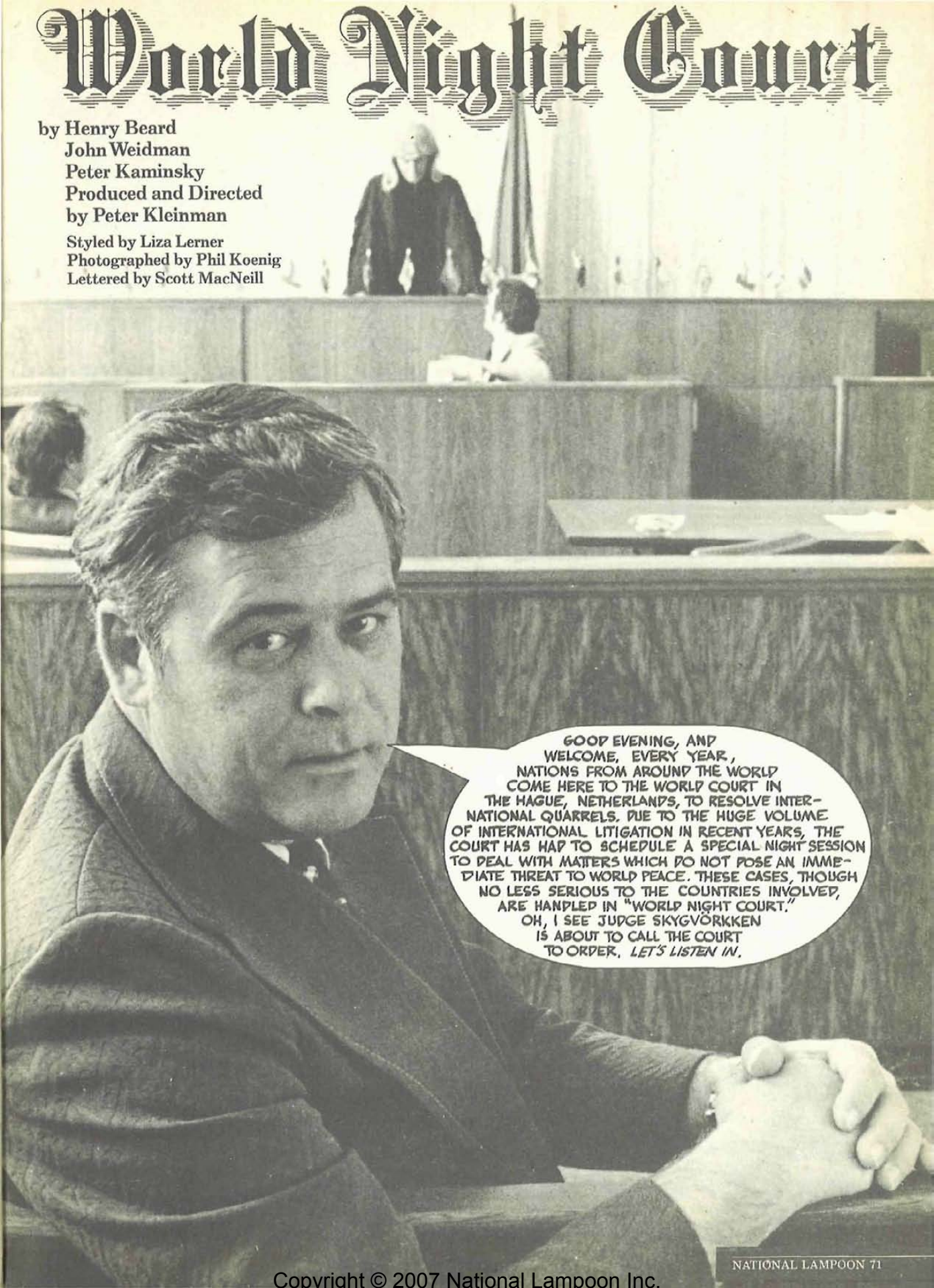
Produced and Directed

by Peter Kleinman

Styled by Liza Lerner

Photographed by Phil Koenig

Lettered by Scott MacNeill



GOOD EVENING, AND WELCOME, EVERY YEAR, NATIONS FROM AROUND THE WORLD COME HERE TO THE WORLD COURT IN THE HAGUE, NETHERLANDS, TO RESOLVE INTERNATIONAL QUARRELS. DUE TO THE HUGE VOLUME OF INTERNATIONAL LITIGATION IN RECENT YEARS, THE COURT HAS HAD TO SCHEDULE A SPECIAL NIGHT SESSION TO DEAL WITH MATTERS WHICH DO NOT POSE AN IMMEDIATE THREAT TO WORLD PEACE. THESE CASES, THOUGH NO LESS SERIOUS TO THE COUNTRIES INVOLVED, ARE HANDLED IN "WORLD NIGHT COURT."
OH, I SEE JUDGE SKYGVÖRKKEN IS ABOUT TO CALL THE COURT TO ORDER. LET'S LISTEN IN.



WOULD THE CLERK CALL THE FIRST CASE, PLEASE.

WNC 368-24, LATVIA, LITHUANIA ET AL., V. UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS.

ARE THE PLAINTIFFS READY TO PROCEED?



M.M.M.M.M.F.F.F.F. M.G.G.G.L.L.L. G.L.L.N.N.N.F.F. N.N.N.R.R.R.F.F.F. M.M.M.B.B.B.L.L. G.M.M.M.P.P. F.F.F.F.!



YOUR HONOR, I'M SURE YOU'RE AWARE THAT MY CLIENT, THE DISTINGUISHED KINGDOM OF BRITAIN, BIRTHPLACE OF THE COMMON LAW, CRADLE OF THE MAGNA CARTA, IS SUING FRANCE HERE, HOME OF THE GUILLOTINE AND THE GARROTE, THE COUNTRY THAT INVENTED THE PRESUMPTION OF GUILT...

YOUR HONOR, I OBJECT!



SUSTAINED.



PLAINTIFF DOES NOT APPEAR TO BE PREPARED. ADVANCE THE CASE SIX MONTHS. NEXT CASE.

WNC 314-89. UNITED KINGDOM V. REPUBLIC OF FRANCE.

YOUR HONOR, THE DEFENDENT HAS VIOLATED THE SPIRIT OF A CONTRACT IT ENTERED INTO WITH MY CLIENT FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A TUNNEL UNDER THE CHANNEL, THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, I MIGHT ADD...

I OBJECT.



SUSTAINED.



DEFENDENT REFUSES TO CONSTRUCT THE NECESSARY HIGHWAY INTERCHANGE TO PROVIDE FOR THE CROSSOVER OF VEHICULAR TRAFFIC FROM RIGHT-TO LEFT-HAND DRIVING ON THE FRENCH SIDE OF THE CHANNEL. YOUR HONOR, I ASK YOU TO IMAGINE THE CHAOS AND THE CARNAGE WHICH ARE BOUND TO ENSUE WHEN THE OPPOSING STREAMS OF TRAFFIC COLLIDE HEAD ON IN THE PEACEFUL BRITISH COASTLAND MADE IMMORTAL BY MATTHEW ARNOLD, SPAWNING A GROUP OF THE TASTY POVER SOLE, AND HOME OF CHALK...

I OBJECT!

SUSTAINED.

YOUR HONOR, I OBJECT. MY CLIENT HAS NO EVIL DESIGNS ON PLAINTIFF'S FISH. INDEED, THAT OTHERWISE HUMBLE SOLE HAS ATTAINED THE ESTEEM IN WHICH IT IS NOW HELD THROUGH THE CULINARY WIZARDRY OF MY CLIENT'S CELEBRATED CHEFS. THE PLAINTIFF SEEKS TO PLACE THIS ENORMOUS INTERCHANGE, PICTURED BY HIS ANTIQUATED TRAFFIC CODE, IN THE BUCOLIC NORMANDY COUNTRYSIDE, CRADLE OF D-DAY AND CHEESE, THUS SHIFTING THE CRUSHING FINANCIAL BURDEN OF ITS CONSTRUCTION ONTO FRENCH SHOULDERERS, WHICH STILL BEAR THE BRUISES OF THE HEAVY YOKE OF NAZI OPPRESSION...

I OBJECT!

SUSTAINED. I'LL NEED FURTHER TIME TO STUDY THIS MATTER. CLERK, ADVANCE THIS CASE SIX MONTHS.





YOUR HONOR, GABON HERE, IN AN OBVIOUS ATTEMPT TO CASH IN ON THE HARD-EARNED GOOPWILL AND FINE REPUTATION WHICH ATTACHES TO THE PHRASE "MADE IN JAPAN," HAS BEEN MANUFACTURING AND MARKETING MINATURE RADIOS WHICH DISPLAY THE DELIBERATELY CONFUSING IMPRINT "MADE IN GABON." THESE DOUBLE-DEALING SHVARTZERS...

I OBJECT, YOUR HONOR.

WNC 29-145
GABON V. JAPAN.

SUSTAINED.

WNC 29-167
PEOPLE OF THE WORLD
V. THE REPUBLIC OF
IRELAND.

MR. GREENBAUM, I UNPERSTAND IRELAND WISHES TO ENTER A PLEA OF GUILTY TO THE CHARGE OF 112 COUNTS OF DRUNKENNESS AND DISTURBING WORLD PEACE.

THAT'S RIGHT, YOUR HONOR.

H, A, DOUBLE-R AIIGGH!

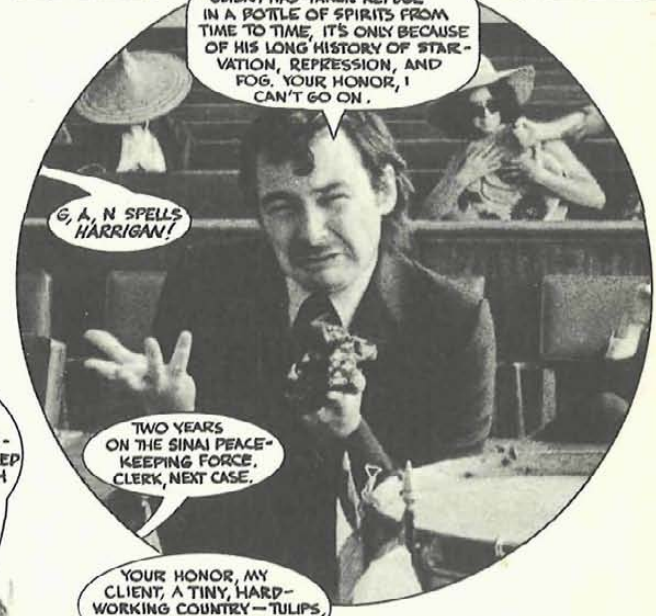
SHUT UP, YOU PUMB MICK!



YOUR HONOR, I HAVE SAT HERE PATIENTLY WHILE...

SUSTAINED. THIS CASE REQUIRES FURTHER STUPY CLERK, WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE A SIX-MONTH ADVANCEMENT ON THIS.

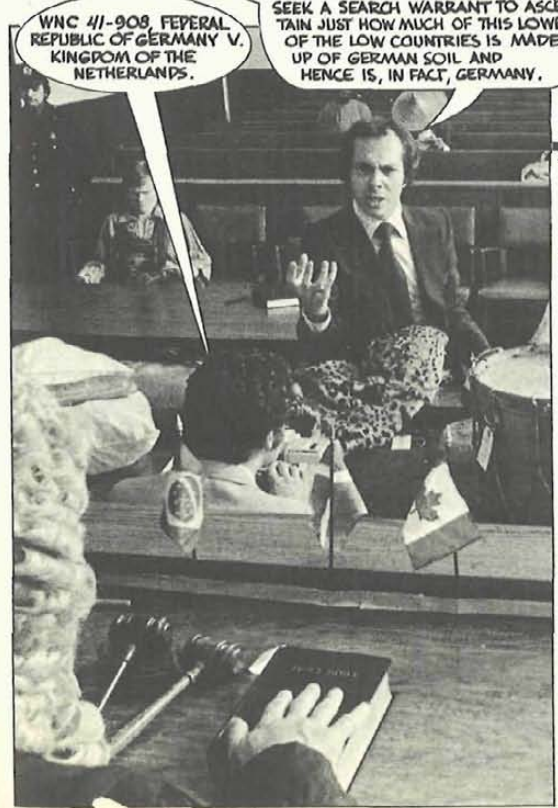
YOUR HONOR, IF MY CLIENT HAS TAKEN REFUGE IN A BOTTLE OF SPIRITS FROM TIME TO TIME, IT'S ONLY BECAUSE OF HIS LONG HISTORY OF STARVATION, REPRESSION, AND FOG. YOUR HONOR, I CAN'T GO ON.



G, A, N SPELLS HARRIGAN!

TWO YEARS ON THE SINAI PEACE-KEEPING FORCE, CLERK, NEXT CASE.

YOUR HONOR, MY CLIENT, A TINY, HARD-WORKING COUNTRY—TULIPS, WINDMILLS, CHOCOLATES, I ASK YOU...



WNC 41-908, FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY V. KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS.

MY CLIENT, THE KRAUTS—FORGIVE ME, YOUR HONOR, GERMANY—IS THE HOME OF THE WORLD'S PROUDEST RIVER, THE MAJESTIC RHINE. EACH YEAR, TONS UPON TONS OF FERTILE GERMAN SOIL ARE SWEEP DOWN-RIVER AND OUT TO SEA, WHERE THE STICKY-FINGERED DUTCH WRONGFULLY MISAPPROPRIATE SAND HUNNISH MUD IN ORDER TO EXTEND THEIR BORDERS ILLEGALLY INTO THE INTERNATIONAL WATERS OF THE NORTH SEA. YOUR HONOR, WE SEEK A SEARCH WARRANT TO ASCERTAIN JUST HOW MUCH OF THIS LOWEST OF THE LOW COUNTRIES IS MADE UP OF GERMAN SOIL AND HENCE IS, IN FACT, GERMANY.




OBJECTION, YOUR HONOR, COUNSEL IS NOT ADDRESSING HIMSELF TO THE ISSUE AT HAND.

YOUR HONOR, I WILL NOT BE INTERRUPTED BY A CHISELING TRUCE-TEAM CHASER WHO REPRESENTS THE JACK-BOOTED HORDES WHO—IF EVER THERE WAS A CASE OF UNCLEAN HANDS—LET'S SEE THOSE MITTS. TALK ABOUT MUD? LOOK AT THOSE SOILED PAWS, HANDS THAT SOUGHT TO STRANGLE THE VERY LIFE OF MY CLIENT AND POZENS OF OTHER INNOCENT STATES...



YOU WANT TO SEE A PAIR OF HANDS? PUT UP YOUR DUKES, MURRAY! I'LL SHOW YOU HANDS.



YOU NICHT-GUTFA!
I'LL GIVE YOU SUCH A
CHMALLYEH THAT WHEN
YOU WAKE UP, YOUR
CLOTHES'LL BE OUT
OF STYLE.

YOU CHEAP
SHYSTER! I'LL GIVE
YOU A ZETZ. IN THAT
UGLY PUNIM OF
YOURS!

AND SO, ANOTHER
SESSION OF "WORLD NIGHT
COURT" COMES TO A CLOSE. TUNE
IN NEXT WEEK WHEN FEATURED CASES
WILL INCLUDE UPPER VOLTA VERSUS
CHAD, DAHOMEY, ET AL., AND
SURINAM VERSUS GUYANA.
GOOD NIGHT, AND THANK
YOU FOR JOINING US.

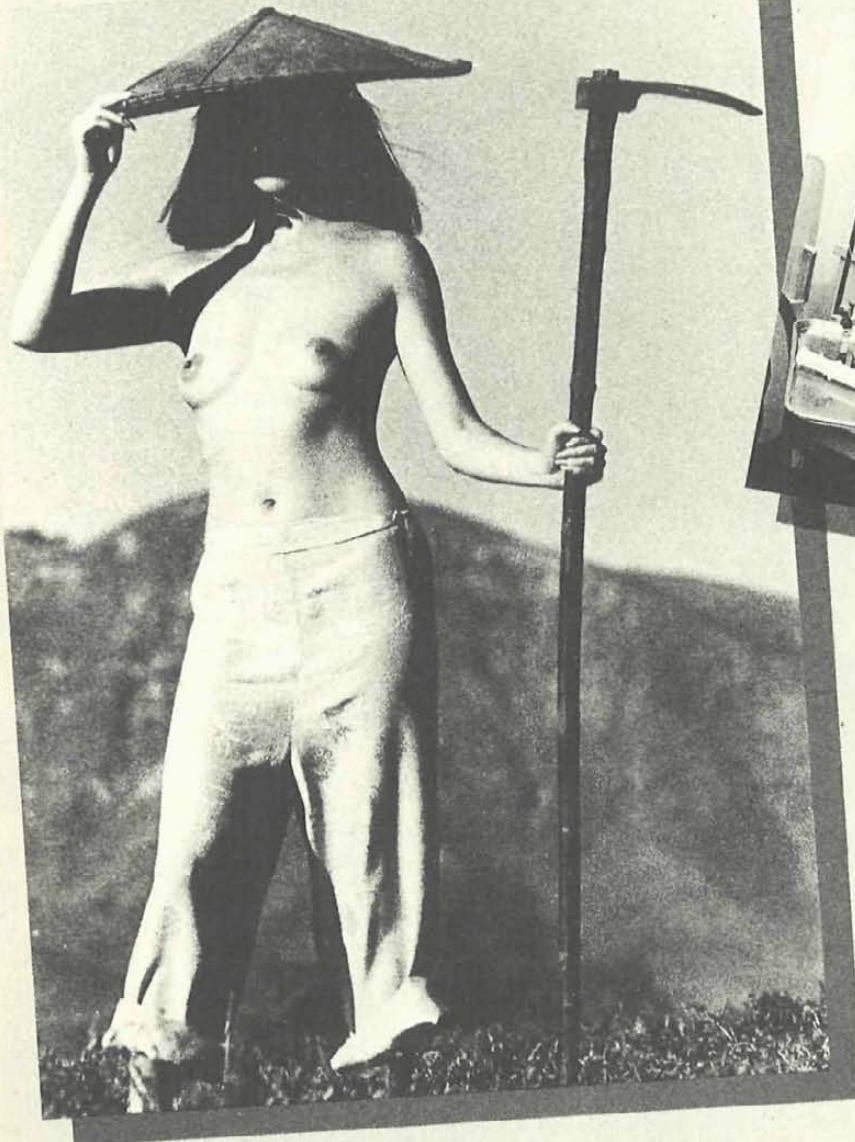


The End

GIRLS

OF THE COMMUNIST BLOC

Photographed by Chris Callis



VIETNAM

"There is no more sexist exploitation in Vietnam! We are a people's democracy now! We do not exploit the human body for money and drinks like the U.S. GIs did. Not even for a lot of money. Not even for a lot of money and a Honda bike.... I am being reeducated on this rice growing collective."

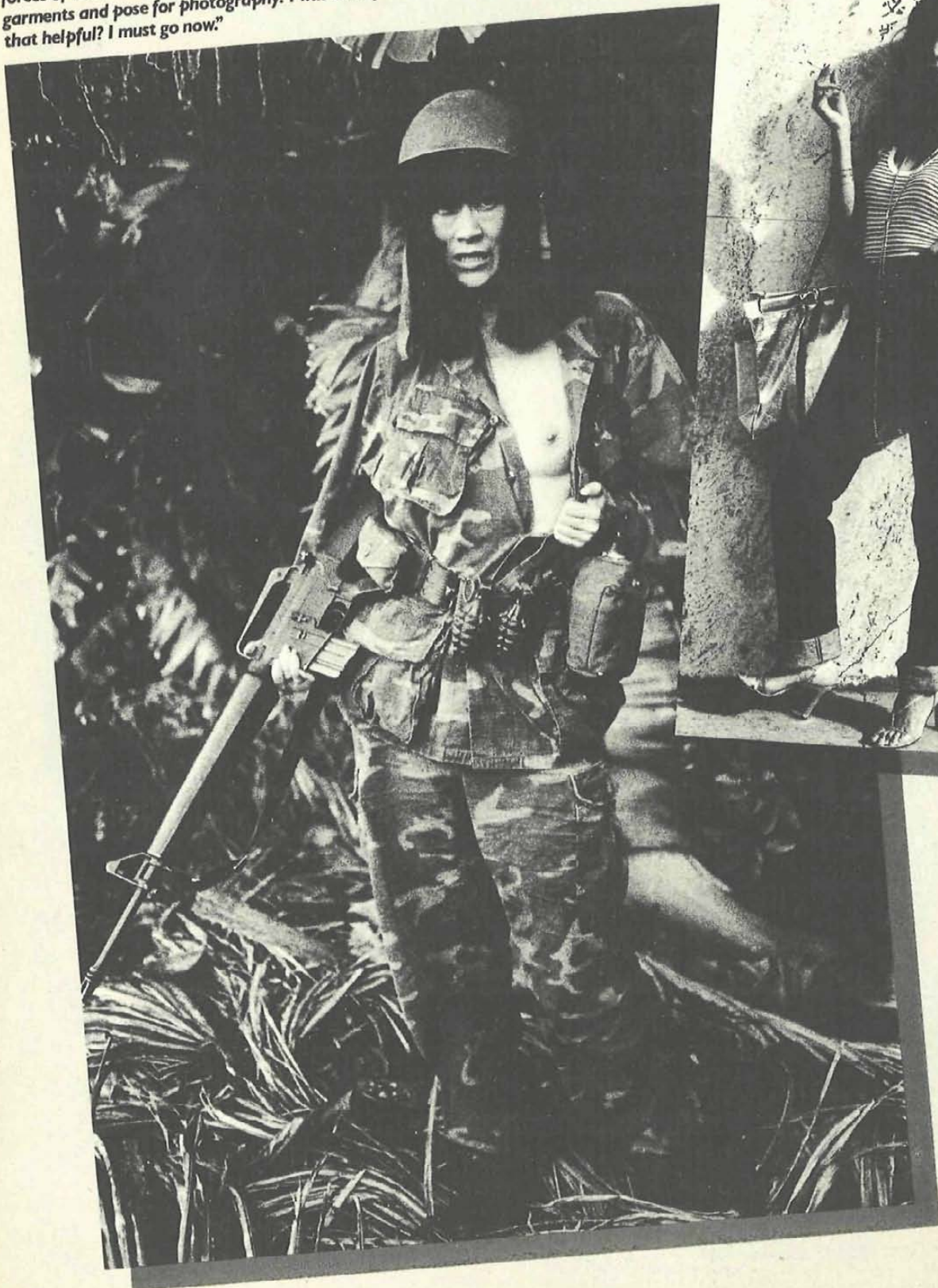


EAST GERMANY

"You want to see mine body, ja? Vas is das? You is member of der Olympics Committee, ach? You is not? Then why you want to see mine body? I vill not show you mine body. Nein!!... I vill show you mine drugs, though. Ja. Here they are. Is gut? Gut drugs! Ja! I throw der hammer one hundred meter mit der gut drugs!"

KAMPUCHEA (CAMBODIA)

"I am a people's cadre in the Revolutionary Army of Kampuchea! I am very busy now fighting in a guerrilla war with the hegemonic forces of Vietnamese imperialism. I am too busy to remove my outer garments and pose for photography. I will show you one breast. Is that helpful? I must go now."

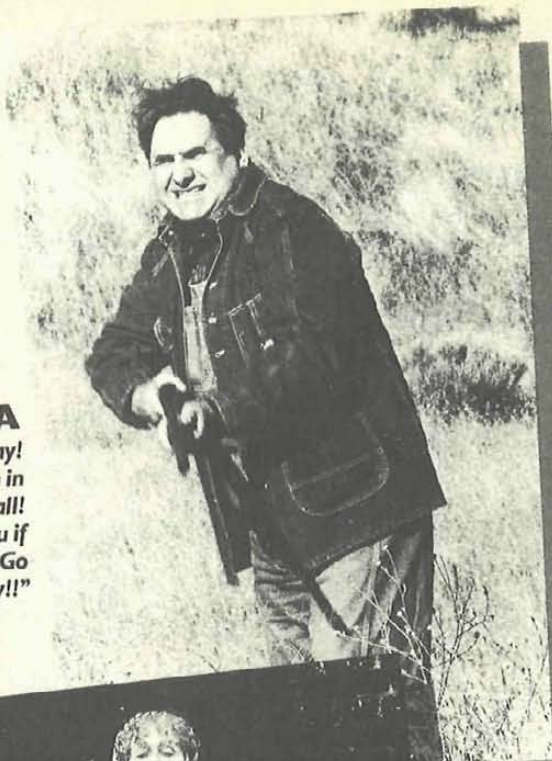


CHINA

"China today is an open society. We have reformed the false doctrine of isolationism wrongly advocated by the super-deviationist Gang of Four. There is much we can learn from the nations of the west. How about a blow job for twenty dollars?"

ALBANIA

"Get out of here! Go away! There are no women in Albania! No women at all! Only mules! We will kill you if you look at our mules! Go away! Go away!!"



UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS

"I am homely and am having big fat legs, da? But am also living in very own apartment room by self and share the bath stall with three other families full of people only."



BULGARIA

"These are my reproductive organs. They are for breeding many young socialists of the new generation with."



NORTH KOREA

"There has been a terrible explosion in the tractor factory! All my clothes were blown off! It was doubtless sabotage."



CUBA

"Cuba?! Are you nuts? This is Martinique! Cuba's about 800 miles over that way, buster."

1980-1984

NATIONAL LAMPOON

MEMO

TO: Peter Kleinman
FROM: Matty Simmons

From what I understand, you've not only been out of touch but out to lunch for the past few years, so let me bring you up to date on what's been happening in the world since the late seventies, which was probably the last time your eyes focused.

First of all, Ron Reagan was elected President of the U.S. in 1980. Since then there's been a depression, a tax cut, and a surge of prosperity. We now have enough missiles to blow up every planet in the universe and so does Russia. Ron has offered the Russkies first shot at the Bronx if we can blast Leningrad. Beverly Hills has been declared neutral territory. Meanwhile, the first brigade of post-Animal House Yuppies has graduated from college and entered the work force. They're a sick bunch--haircuts, no drugs, sex with discretion, and no sense of humor worth mentioning.

What the public needs is a kick in the ass, and your size 11's are right for the job. I'm assigning you the period from 1980 through 1984 to assemble for the big Fifteenth Anniversary issue. Only somebody who can see a speck of sand on his fingernail like you can find the funny stuff published during that period, frequently called our "dry rot" cycle. Of course, now with the new editors, writers, and you back, it should be the "golden years" returning.

One of these days the Yuppies are gonna find out how funny Ron Reagan really is.

*Get a haircut,
Matty*

Reagan

PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN, in the usual election-year salute to the Great Wall of China, made a decisively poor impression on the Chinese last April. Many Chinese, to begin with, rage with Bob Hope's Christmas USO

How the Grads of 1984 See the World

COMPILED BY WARREN LEIGHT

I believe it is important to develop a meaningful philosophy of life.

	1984 Grads	1969 Grads
I do not know what "philosophy" means.	24%	87%
I would fire my own mother if the bottom line demanded it.	87%	17%
I would, in fact, like to fire my moon and send my clothes to be washed in Mexico, where wages are lower and life is cheap.	97%	45%
I am willing to die for my country.	78%	28%
I am willing to kill if it would look good on my resumé.	14%	15%
I like to smoke marijuana and listen to Joni Mitchell albums.	83%	21%
I like to snort cocaine and then read the Wall Street Journal.	0%	34%
I am willing to listen to Joni Mitchell albums if it would look good on my resumé.	100%	12%
I believe our presence in Vietnam is immoral.	83%	34%
I do not know what Vietnam is, but I'd be interested in hiring Vietnamese laborers to do my laundry.	24%	67%
	78%	11%

Other Reagan included Nancy Reagan's insistence that buy every antique real with the Communists. On this return trip was delighted to holding down the had met with mo try's wild, man, "Just call me Bob ton Hope!" —F.C.

BUR

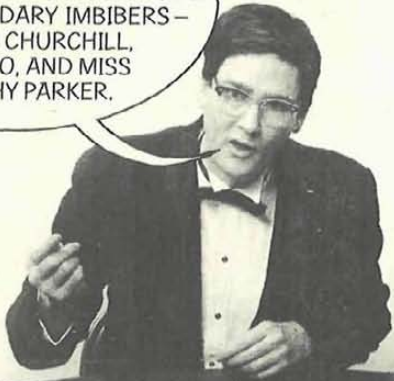
IN THE WAKE of a tragic accident, while for Pepsi-Cola celebrities in "closer" and a pro often have a fighting up. "I think it's the said Rick James by-product, and flammable. Fer hair sometime added black e Je. "But my fr me. Just do the furniture Richard comment-

635 MADISON

VOL. 2, NO. 71

Foto Funnies

GOOD EVENING, AND WELCOME TO ANOTHER EDITION OF "MEETING OF THE DRUNKS!" MY GUESTS TONIGHT ARE THREE LEGENDARY IMBIBERS - WINSTON CHURCHILL, POET LI PO, AND MISS DOROTHY PARKER.



MS. PARKER, YOU WERE FAMOUS FOR YOUR ALGONQUIN ROUND TABLE PUT-DOWNS. COULD WE HEAR A SAMPLE OF YOUR WIT?

LICK A DOG'S ASSHOLE TILL IT BLEEDS, STEVE!



HA-HA-HA. VERY GOOD, DOT! NOW, LI PO. MAY I CALL YOU PO?

OKAY, STEVE. AND I CARR YOU CLANK BITER!



MR. CHURCHILL? MISTER PRIME MINISTER? STEVE ALLEN HERE, AND...

GO SPOON A STOAT, YOU NAWZI SWINE!



WE'LL SEE YOU AGAIN NEXT WEEK FOR ANOTHER CALIFORNIA BLOWN-BRAIN'S PATRONIZING IDEA OF A CULTURALLY UPLIFTING PROGRAM - "MEETING OF THE PEDERASTS"...

RUTH! RALPH!

MEETING OF THE DRUNKS

CHUCK! BERT!

GARP! YORICK!

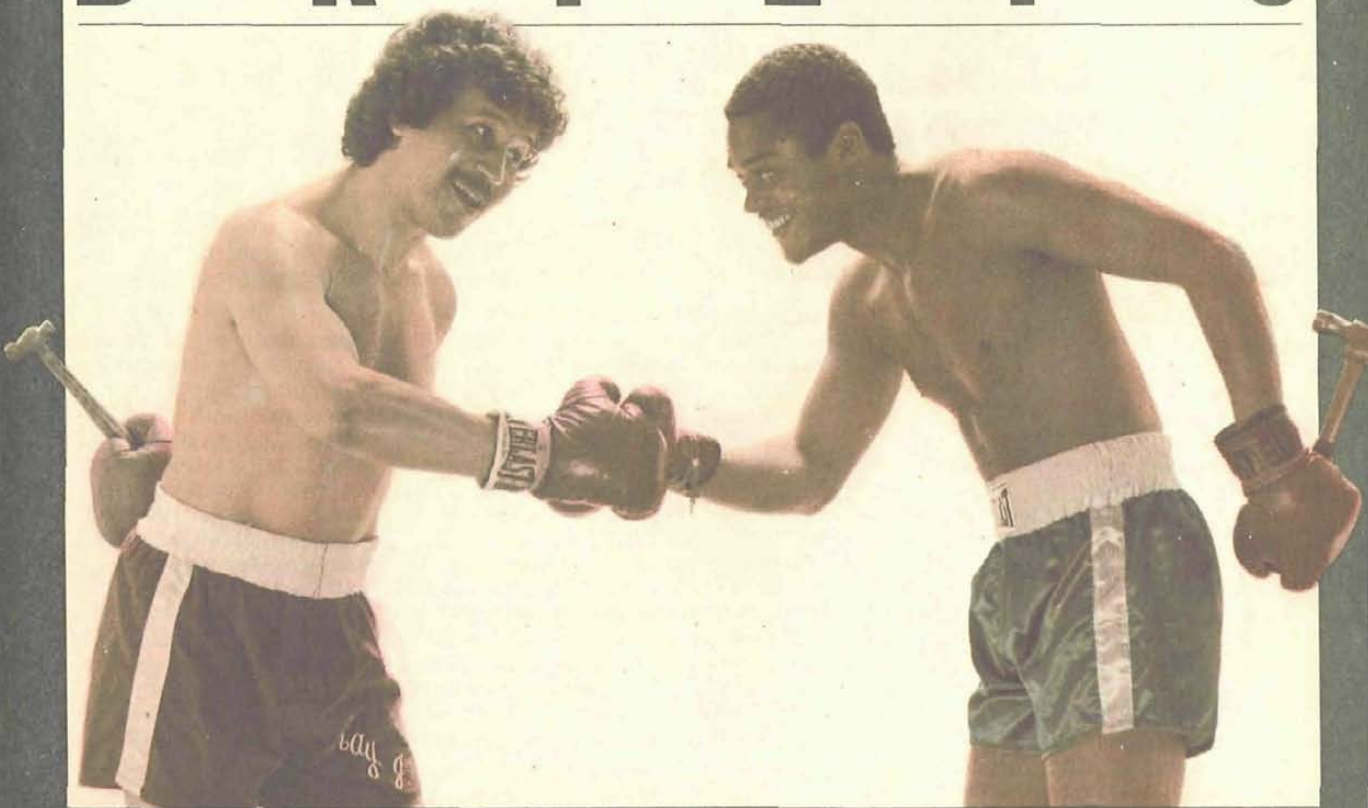


FOR THE

M I K E ' N ' A L ' S

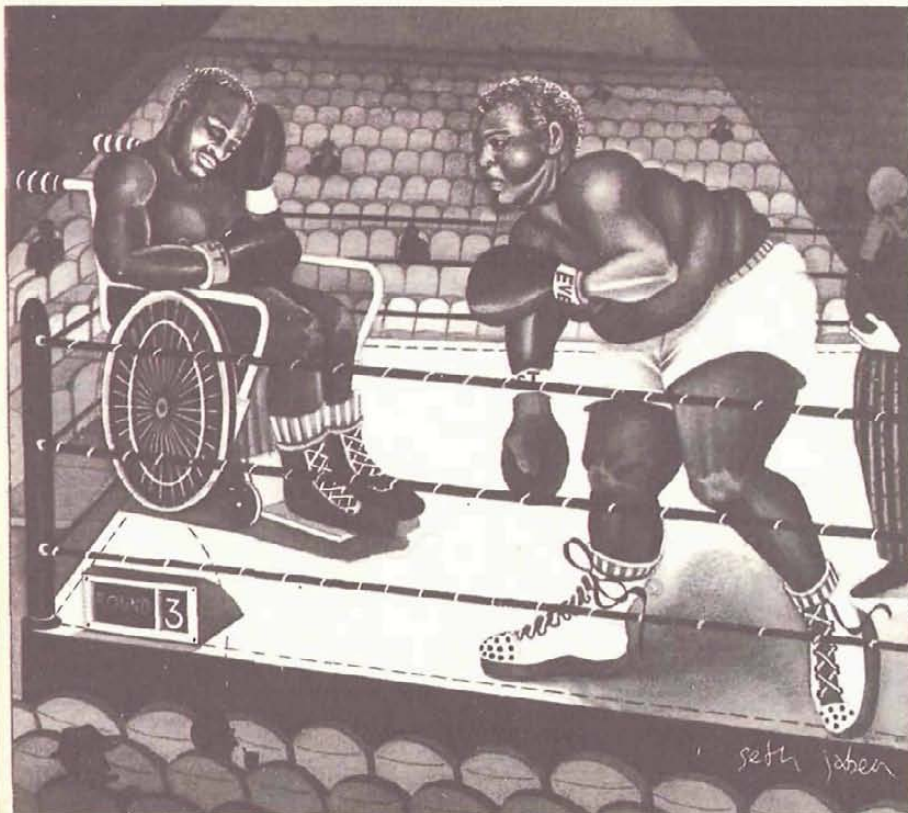
BOXING

B R I E F S



Photograph: Michael Watson

Boxing News of the Future



FRAZIER-ALI IV: THE COMEBACK FIGHT OF THE CENTURY

COLUMBUS, OHIO January 9, 1997—The boxing world was literally set upon its cauliflower ear today as Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali came out of retirement for what must have been the millionth time in the last twenty years. The two fought in a long-awaited rematch, the first since the legendary "Thriller in Manila." Yet the new bout—dubbed the "Rumpus in Columbus" and the "Crummy Fight Near Cleveland Heights" by media wags—seemed lacking somehow. Weighing in at 400 pounds, Ali was truly twice the man he had been in his prime. "Muhammad is in the best shape of his life," proclaimed Ali trainer Angelo Dundee, as he hurried off to place a huge bet on Frazier.

But "Smolderin' Joe" had also succumbed to the ravages of time, needing a wheelchair to take him in and out of the ring. "Don't push me too hard, I might get killed," the ferocious

ex-champ spunkily remarked. Yet, despite all the hoopla, the actual battle amounted to a draw. Frazier fell asleep at the sound of the bell, and couldn't be roused, due to a faulty hearing aid. Though Ali charged full speed at this easy target, he was unable to waddle across the ring and reach Joe until the end of the fight, forty-five minutes later. "That Smokin' Joe Frazier has got me enraged / If I don't kill him, he'll die of old age," said Ali.

Yet the spectators were not amused, and reacted by hurling potentially fatal objects, like feathers and napkins, at the feeble fighters. This anger increased when Frazier awoke and, unaware that the fight had already started, tried to win over the crowd by singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." The rendition only proved that time could not lessen Joe's lack of skill as a singer. All in all, it added up to just one thing: zero. ❧

Hall of Shame

THE 5 WORST BOXERS OF ALL TIME



1
GEORGE MEYER
0 wins, 35 losses

A foreman in a small electronics plant in Phoenix, George Meyer turned to boxing in late 1973. Billing himself as "George, Foreman," he attempted to cash in on the popularity of then heavyweight champ George Foreman. Unfortunately, the fifty-two-year-old Meyer was no match for the hordes of angry fans who had been duped by his trick, much less the club fighters he took on. He suffered thirty-five knockouts in his thirty-five fights, twenty of them resulting from bottles hurled by disgruntled spectators.

Illustration: Seth Jaben • Photographs: James Wojcik • Makeup: Margaret Nusbaum



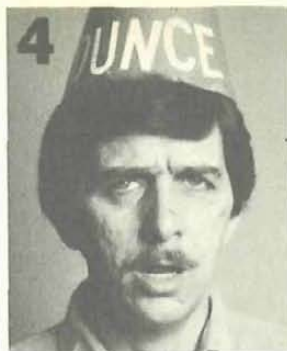
2
**LARRY "THE LAWYER"
KRAVITZ**
0 wins, 59 losses

A graduate of Brandeis Law School, Larry Kravitz was a boxer with a gimmick: he would allow himself to be brutally pummeled during every match, and then sue his opponent for a hefty amount, claiming grievous bodily injury. Sadly, Kravitz was almost as bad an attorney as he was a boxer, finishing his legal career with a record of two wins, fifty-seven losses.



3
JOE ARNESS
0 wins, 138 losses

A promising young heavyweight, Arness had his career interrupted when he was drafted during World War II. After he left the service, he returned to the ring, despite a severe handicap: he had lost both his arms in the war. Though he could still duck, bob, and weave effectively, "Armless" Joe Arness was unable to throw a single punch. Following a long string of devastating defeats, he changed his name to "Harmless" Joe Arness, and fought only similarly handicapped boxers, among them "Blind" Artie Brooks and "Dead" Dave Torelli.



4
DICK PIVINSKY
0 wins, 61 losses

"I'm nobody's fool but my own," burly Dick Pivinsky would say of his canny boxing strategy. Throughout his career, he thought he had his choice of which of the two men in the ring he should take on: his opponent or the referee. Pivinsky always chose the ref, who was smaller, unequipped for the match, and not expecting anything. He scored a long series of knockouts, and an equally long series of disqualifications once the referees came to.



5
**WILLIAM "KID"
MORTENSON**
0 wins, 88 losses

Kid Mortenson was just that—a kid. At age six, the scrappy forty-two pounder was forced to become a middleweight boxer by his father, who thought it would "toughen the boy up." During the early 1950s, one could gauge the kindness of a boxer by the amount of time he would wait before KO'ing the child. The nicest boxer was Carl "Bobo" Olson, who sparred with Mortenson for two rounds, and then flat-tented the boy one second into Round 3.

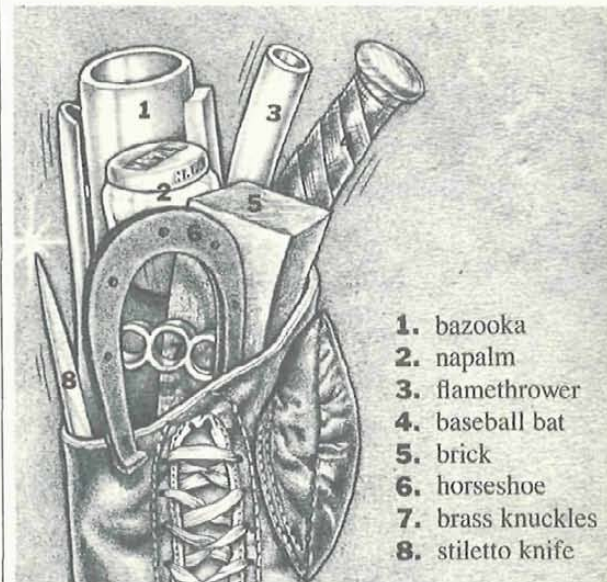
FOLIOS OF FISTIANA

Below are excerpts from Even the Ropes Were Crooked, a recently published history of great boxing scandals:

Lucky Horseshoes

THE OLD TRICK OF HIDING A HORSESHOE IN THE GLOVE HAS long provided extra punching power for unscrupulous fighters. The ploy was first tried by "Sneaky" Jim Jackson, a Civil War-vintage prizefighter. Unfortunately, Sneaky Jim had forgotten that he was a bareknuckle boxer, and the horseshoe clenched in his right fist was spotted in Round 1 by a sharp-eyed ref. On the other hand, the ref was not alert enough to detect a Colt .45 that Jim had concealed in his left fist, and soon both ref and opponent were down for the count.

Later practitioners of the art included Jeff "Brain Damaged" Johnson, who wore a horseshoe in his glove continuously, even while hitting sparring partners and punching bags. As a result, Jeff's hands were soon whittled down to two bloody stumps, and he was forced to seek work as a beggar. In modern times, six-foot-eight-inch Primo Carnera was able to stuff into his outsized glove not only a horseshoe but a horse, winning him the world championship and a summons from the SPCA as well. And recent Swedish champ Ingemar Johansson has been known to stuff his own wooden shoe into his glove during fights, explaining, "I figure a Norse shoe is as good as a horseshoe." When caught, Johansson and the others have all been given boxing establishment's strictest punishment: nothing.



1. bazooka
2. napalm
3. flamethrower
4. baseball bat
5. brick
6. horseshoe
7. brass knuckles
8. stiletto knife

A smart fighter always makes sure to pack a little something extra in his glove.

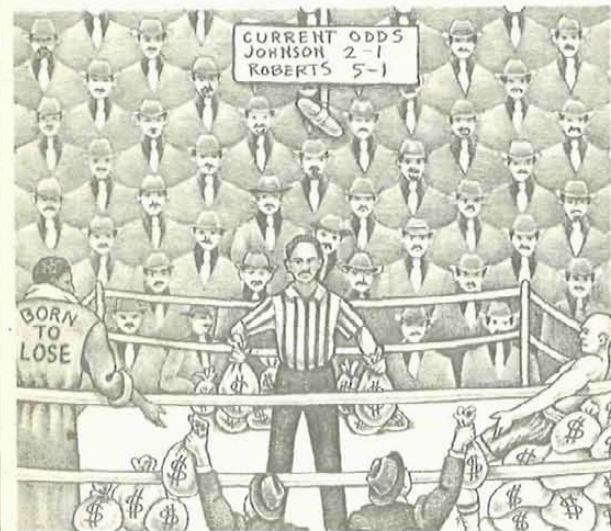
Diving Bored

IT IS CERTAINLY NOT UNCOMMON FOR A FIGHTER TO "TAKE A dive" and throw a match. But few people remember the time that *both* fighters in a match agreed to take a dive, splashing mud all over the fair name of boxing itself.

In the fight between Jake "Unscrupulous" Johnson (record: 0 W, 100 L) and "Rotten" Ray Roberts (1 W, 50 L) each pugilist entered the ring with a reputation for being the crookedest fighter in the business. And, unbeknownst to the other, each had been paid by a rival gambling mob to drop the fight. So it was not surprising that Round 1 opened bizarrely, with both fighters charging out of their corners, holding up their arms, and crying, "I give up—you win!" But this proved futile. Like the trooper he was, each man staunchly refused to be declared the winner.

Finally, after several hesitant moments, the fighters began trying to egg each other on, in hopes of drawing a blow: "You suck!" "Hit me, chicken!" "You're even crookeder than me, asshole!" But nothing could swerve the two from their monumental dedication to corruption. By Round 6, each man had bribed the judges to put the other ahead on points. In Round 7, after leafing through the rule book, Johnson held up a white flag, played taps, and placed a tombstone labeled "R.I.P." on top of his head, in hopes that Roberts would recognize the universal signs of surrender.

But it was to no avail. Refusing to give up his attempt to give up the fight, Roberts began to resort to trickery: he hurled his face onto Johnson's glove, and then lay on the mat, pretending to be knocked out by the blow. Undaunted, Johnson countered by crawling under Roberts's body, pouring cat-sap on his glove, and crying, "TKO! TKO! Your chin just cut open my fist!" But these tricks could not fool the referee, who, incidentally, had been paid off by yet a third gambling ring to make the fight end in a draw. When the ref pulled the boxers up and admonished them to get into a fight or take off, the two pugilists ran into the arena, daring the fans to punch them out. It was a suggestion that the disgruntled crowd—consisting entirely of mobsters with an interest in the bout—was only too happy to comply with. Both fighters were speedily beaten till they died, smiling as proudly as champions as they sank at last into defeat. But the last laugh was on them, for the ref happily declared the match a draw, and walked off with all the money. Truly, there were giants in those days.



Careful observers have discovered the fight was fixed.



Kitty Kelley insists that illustrations for her book are unretouched.

NO MORE SAINT LOUIS

FEW BOXERS ARE AS greatly respected and admired for their lives inside and outside of the ring as Joe Louis. But was Joe a hard-hitting, humble hero—or just a fat, frightened fink? The latter is the portrait of the champ presented by Kitty Kelley in her new trash-bio, *Joe Louis: The Brown Bummer*.

The book is jam-packed with disturbing insights and

horrifying revelations about Louis, most of which fly in the face of popular myth and documented fact. As to her sources, Kelley remains secretive; her bibliography reads simply, "None of your beeswax, Miss Nosey Parker." And when confronted by Louis's relatives, demanding substantiation for her claims, she replied, "Heck, I can write whatever I want, can't I? I mean, he's

dead. Isn't he?" Below, some excerpts from the book:

"How does a sniveling coward like Joe Louis become a boxing champ? By feigning homosexuality to avoid military service, while all self-respecting men went off to war. When the cream of American manhood took on Adolf 'Sonny' Hitler and 'Rocky' Mussolini in the real fight of the century, Louis managed to skulk off with the heavyweight crown. Sure, he defended his title twenty-five times, but against whom? Old ladies, like Ethel Barrymore and Alice Roosevelt Longworth. And children. And little dogs.."

"One could not deny that Joe Louis was a true heavyweight: in his prime, he tipped the scales at six hundred pounds, all blubber. Between 1939 and 1945, he never once stopped eating, not for a minute. Even in the ring, he would munch on a rack of barbecued ribs, and then poke out his opponents' eyes with the bones. And there is little doubt today that those were human ribs he was eating. Perhaps the only thing bigger than Joe Louis himself was his ego—he never answered to anything other than Joe Cool or King Louis XVII.."

"Louis was the picture of confidence whenever he set foot in the ring. And why not? He was always heavily armed, with hand grenades concealed in his gloves and a submachine gun tucked inside his trunks. Dozens of potential champions were gunned down or blown up during fights with this monster. However, Louis's ultimate act of cowardice occurred in his fight against a particularly intimidating foe. Rather than confront the contender face to face, Louis flew into the ring in a Messerschmitt (borrowed from his friends in the Third Reich) and dropped buzz bombs on his hapless opponent. From then on, Joe Louis had a new and well-deserved nickname: the Brown Bomber.."

THE INFAMOUS "LONG COUNT"



CHICAGO, 1927. Heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey steps into the ring to defend his title against "Tiger" O'Hazo. This is the first fight for O'Hazo, an eighty-one-year-old great-grandmother managed by Chicago mobster Tony "Clams" Casino. While Casino admits that his fighter is rather weak on offense and defense, he adds, "Mamma mia, can that old broad cook?" Betting on the match is heavy, with odds favoring Dempsey, 1,500 to 1. When Casino tells the press that Tiger O'Hazo will be fighting gloveless and blindfolded "just to keep things interesting," the odds against the old woman soar to 10,000 to 1. Casino maintains his faith in O'Hazo, and bets everything he owns—six houses, a string of racehorses, and the Chicago City Council—on her.

Round 1. The walk from her corner to the center of the ring is too much for the aged O'Hazo, and she hits the canvas before Dempsey can lay a glove on her. Referee Barry Davis begins his count: "One, two..." Tony Casino steps into the ring and whispers to Davis while poking him threateningly with what witnesses believe was a bayonet (Casino claims it was his finger). Shaken, the ref slows his count to one digit an hour, while Casino's physicians try to revive O'Hazo.

Next morning. Referee Davis has reached the count of eight. O'Hazo has been whisked off to Marymount Hospital, where she lies in a coma. Dempsey and the crowd begin to suspect an infraction of the rules but are held in check by Casino's army of goons. Casino decides to have another talk with the referee, whom he believes is counting a bit too quickly. For emphasis, Casino again pokes Davis in the chest with his "finger," this time drawing blood. The referee agrees to slow things down by counting to ten, backward from one million.

Three weeks later. Tiger O'Hazo regains consciousness and is raced back to the arena where the fight began. Tony Casino personally wheels the old woman in to the ring and props her up. Referee Davis stops the count-down at 321,680, and then turns to Jack Dempsey, who collapsed in his corner some days before from lack of food and sleep. Davis begins another ten count (by fives, at Casino's insistence), and declares Dempsey out two seconds later. Octogenarian Tiger O'Hazo wins the world heavyweight championship on her first fight, by KO'ing Jack Dempsey three weeks into Round 1.

Most sports historians now believe the fight was fixed.

THE STUPID HEAVYWEIGHTS' COMPUTERIZED BATTLE OF BRAINS

"A GOOD BOXER IS A MAN with a heavyweight body, a flyweight intellect, and a paperweight for a brain," George Plimpton once quipped to an aging Joe Louis. After someone explained the barb to Louis, he handled it like a real champion, by pummeling Plimpton ruthlessly for an hour. But the question remained: Are professional fighters as stupid as they look, act, talk,



Carnera vs. Frazier

and seem to everyone in the world?

The question was taken up by Vince Ciccarelli, an enterprising computer jockey from MIT. The student fed biographical data on every heavyweight boxing champion from John L. Sullivan to Larry Holmes into a Vacuform-2000 computer to determine the five dumbest champs in history. Within minutes, the computer spat out the answer: Primo Carnera, Floyd Patterson, Ingemar Johansson, Joe Frazier, and, of course, Leon Spinks.

But, except for Spinks, were they all really that stupid? Vince Ciccarelli decided to find out. He devised a grueling fifteen-question true-or-false test that covered every topic from architecture ("A log cabin is made from logs. T or F?") to zool-

ogy ("Plastic is a kind of dog. T or F?"). The MIT student then developed a computer program that could simulate the strain and punishment these five boxers would undergo while taking such a test. Ciccarelli was now ready to pair off the boxers for his Computer-Simulated Stupid Boxers' Battle of Wits. It was decided that Primo Carnera would be testing against Joe Frazier.

Floyd Patterson would take on his old rival Ingemar Johansson. And Leon Spinks, the odd man out, would match wits with a Proctor-Silex blender (the "Blender with a Brain").

The opening test bouts were full of surprises. Primo Carnera scored an astounding thirteen out of fifteen questions correct, to Joe Frazier's three. The computer explained that Carnera had been paid by the Mob to take a dive in the match; in his numskull attempt to answer all the questions wrong, Carnera got almost every one right. Frazier, to his credit, lived up to his nickname, "Smokin' Joe," as clouds of steam poured out of his ears while he struggled with the test.

Floyd Patterson easily trounced Ingemar Johansson in their match, four

questions to none. Patterson, a tireless trainer, had boned up on his multiplication tables, sparring with some of the sharpest third-grade minds in the country. By the



three (eat, sleep, take cocaine).

The preliminary bouts concluded, the time had come to match up the two winners, "Mongoloid"



Patterson vs. Johansson

time of the bout, he was in the top thinking shape of his career. Conversely, Ingemar "The Swedish Meatball," Johansson was completely confounded by the test, since it was written in English, a language unfamiliar to him. Johansson, who has lived in this country for a scant thirty years, had mastered only one English phrase in that time: "I bain dere vunce before, I t'ink." Unfortunately for him, this phrase did not turn up on the quiz.

In an attempt to revive a flagging career, Leon Spinks volunteered to take the Battle of Wits test in person, rather than have the computer simulate his responses. Spinks, who has been working as a skycap in Chicago's O'Hare Airport, managed to get the day off, so he could confront his opponent face to face, man to appliance. The pair seemed evenly

Floyd Patterson and Primo "The Great White Dope" Carnera. Vince Ciccarelli came up with fifteen brutal rounds of questions, for what was billed as the Brain-Busting Battle of the Century.

Clang! The fight opened with excitement and controversy as the referee fired off the question for Round 1: "Name three colors." Carnera leapt to the fore with "Vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry." Patterson broke in seconds later with "Me, my mama, and my wife," believing the question to be "Name three coloreds." Both champs were confident that they had won the round, but the judges declared it a draw.

By Round 2, the fighters were already mixing it up and getting mixed up over the second question: "How many hands do you have?" Carnera grabbed the ref by the neck, asking, "Do you



Spinks vs. Blender

matched, and at the end of three hours of heated competition their scores were tied, 0-0. Judges finally awarded the match to the blender, since it could perform four functions (chop, dice, grate, purée) to Spinks's

mean him or me?" Patterson, full of animal cunning, took advantage of the diversion, using the time to slip off his gloves and begin a hand count. "I got me at least two, three hands," said Floyd. He was awarded the round.

Round 3 had the two fighters duking it out, toe to toe. They were asked, "Is lumber something you eat?" Floyd shot out a lightning-fast "No," but Primo countered with a jolting "I do, sometimes." His managers were quick to corroborate this fact, and Camera won the round.

The boxers were beginning to show brain strain by Round 4. The question was "What is a dog?" and it floored the two champs. They silently milled about the ring, scratching their heads for over two minutes. Suddenly, Carnera cried triumphantly, "A dog!" The judges refused to award the round to either fighter.

Carnera and Patterson went scoreless for the next ten rounds as well, responding to every query with fast combinations of "You got me" and "Boy, that's a toughie." Going into the last round, the two heavyweights were tied, with one round apiece, and the other twelve rounds even.

The computer-simulated crowd was hushed as the referee delivered the fifteenth and final question of the match: "What are ice cubes made out of?" Patterson stood in quiet meditation while Carnera fired off a rapid series of possible answers, hoping for a score: "Iron. Cheese. Linguini. Women. Mustard. A dog." Finally, with seconds remaining in the round, Patterson murmured hesitantly, "Ice cubes...are made...out of...bigger ice cubes?" "Close enough," declared the judges, giving him the round, match, and title. Floyd Patterson was chosen the Smartest of the Computer-Picked Stupidest World Heavyweight Boxing Champions of All Time.

Vince Ciccarelli telephoned Patterson, now retired, at his home in La Jolla, California, to inform him of his victory. With customary modesty, Floyd replied, "Ah'm lahk to be de intellectable of dis to dat, and so it's good." Spoken like a true champ.

WATCH ALL-CHAMPIONSHIP ALL-STAR BOXING ON TV ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT!

**JUNIOR
FLYWEIGHTS**
WBA champ
EMILIANO ("BIG TACO") GONZALEZ
VS.
WBC champ
GONZALO EMILIANO



**WHOPPER-JUNIOR
WELTERWEIGHTS**
ABA titleholder
GARGANTUANO MELON
VS.
GAC champ
CARMINE MIRANDA



**SENIOR
SUPER-FLYWEIGHTS**
WAA titleholder
ROBERTO ("PUPI") CAMPESINO
VS.
WPA champ
MANUEL EMPENADA



**BIGGER-THAN-LIFE
WELTERWEIGHTS**
BBC champ
ROBERTO CHORIZO
VS.
GTE champ
ANTONIO ("KID ANGEL") MARICON



**BULGING
BANTAMWEIGHTS**
BAA champ
JOSÉ CUBA
VS.
NRA titleholder
ALPHONSO BEDOYA



**PETITE
MIDDLEWEIGHTS**
IRA titleholder
SANIB MEZUZAH
VS.
NBC champ
MARVIN ("MONSOON") MUGLER



**WIRY
FEATHERWEIGHTS**
WAA champ
CARLOS MORON
VS.
USBA champ
JULIO ALACAZAM



**BONE-CRUSHING
MIDDLEWEIGHTS**
CBC champ
MIGUEL DOS EQUIS
VS.
AAF titleholder
SCHOETZE KTANGE



**GOOSE-DOWN
FEATHERWEIGHTS**
ABC champ
JUAN ZARAZUELA
VS.
ACB titleholder
LUIS PIPIRINO



**NO-CAL LIGHT
HEAVYWEIGHTS**
ITT champ
GERALDO ("BOOM BOOM") FLAN
VS.
OPA champ
JESUS TEFLÓN



**JUNIOR
LIGHTWEIGHTS**
TWA champ
ERNEST ("THE THUMB") PARAGUAY
VS.
NBA champ
EDDIE MAHUFA MAHOJO



**BASIC
HEAVYWEIGHTS**
AMA champ
BOBBY ("BALL BITER") QUINN
VS.
AFC titleholder
RUEBEN POLLO, JR.



**BIG-BOY
LIGHTWEIGHTS**
HEW champ
OBEZIENIAS ZIZAPECTL
VS.
NAB titleholder
WILLIE RANDY



**KING-SIZE
HEAVYWEIGHTS**
WBA champ
EMILIANO ("BIG TACO") GONZALEZ
VS.
WBC titleholder
GONZALO EMILIANO



NOW PLEASE ANSWER QUESTIONS H1—H12 FOR YOUR HOUSE AND THE GARAGE AND THE LAWN

PERSON in column 2		PERSON in column 3																																																																																	
Last name		Last name																																																																																	
First name <small>What the guys call him behind his back</small>		Changed from <small>But everybody still knows he's Jewish.</small>																																																																																	
If relative of person in column 1:		If relative of person in column 1:																																																																																	
<input type="radio"/> Brutish husband <input type="radio"/> Shrewish wife <input type="radio"/> Worthless brother-in-law <input type="radio"/> Added cousin <input type="radio"/> Dead aunt <input type="radio"/> Troubled teen (specify trouble) _____ If not related to person in column 1: <input type="radio"/> Asshole buddy <input type="radio"/> Kidnapped minor child <input type="radio"/> Passion's slave <input type="radio"/> Maniac holding us all at gunpoint (specify caliber) _____ <input type="radio"/> Hetero <input type="radio"/> Homo		<input type="radio"/> "Kissing" cousin <input type="radio"/> Monkey's uncle <input type="radio"/> Scumbag stepfather <input type="radio"/> Pesky little brother <input type="radio"/> Grandma who fucked me in her will If not related to person in column 1: <input type="radio"/> Foster child we're abusing <input type="radio"/> Circus bears <input type="radio"/> Prowler <input type="radio"/> No daughter of mine <input type="radio"/> Gypsies stole my real child <input type="radio"/> Baby oil <input type="radio"/> Nipple clips																																																																																	
<input type="radio"/> Burr head <input type="radio"/> Jigaboo <input type="radio"/> Rat eater <input type="radio"/> Mackerel snapper <input type="radio"/> Kike <input type="radio"/> Sheeny <input type="radio"/> Slope <input type="radio"/> Dago <input type="radio"/> Zipper eye <input type="radio"/> Jungle bunny <input type="radio"/> Bucket head <input type="radio"/> Greaseball <input type="radio"/> Bog trotter <input type="radio"/> Yid <input type="radio"/> Indian (Amer.) <small>Print year of pickup truck he's just wrecked.</small> _____		<input type="radio"/> Retarded <input type="radio"/> Piebald <input type="radio"/> Fart-breathed <input type="radio"/> Purblind <input type="radio"/> Oleaginous <input type="radio"/> Butt-fucked <input type="radio"/> Boat-hipped <input type="radio"/> Chicken-livered <input type="radio"/> Pinheaded <input type="radio"/> Bandy-legged <input type="radio"/> Jug-eared <input type="radio"/> Splay-footed <input type="radio"/> Snaggle-toothed <input type="radio"/> Ugly <input type="radio"/> Indian (Amer.) <input type="radio"/> Fat <small>Print name of deserted wife.</small> _____																																																																																	
a. Age at first lay _____ b. Place of fucking <input type="radio"/> Living room couch <input type="radio"/> Rec room floor <input type="radio"/> Car backseat <input type="radio"/> Motel		a. Age at which you started hearing voices _____ b. Favorite foods <input type="radio"/> Soup <input type="radio"/> Celery <input type="radio"/> Raw meat <input type="radio"/> Bread and butter																																																																																	
c. Year President Grant was born (bonus question) <table border="1"> <tr><td>1</td><td>8</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> <tr><td>9</td><td>1</td><td>1</td><td>1</td></tr> <tr><td>2</td><td>2</td><td>2</td><td>2</td></tr> <tr><td>3</td><td>3</td><td>3</td><td>3</td></tr> <tr><td>4</td><td>4</td><td>4</td><td>4</td></tr> <tr><td>5</td><td>5</td><td>5</td><td>5</td></tr> <tr><td>6</td><td>6</td><td>6</td><td>6</td></tr> <tr><td>7</td><td>7</td><td>7</td><td>7</td></tr> <tr><td>8</td><td>8</td><td>8</td><td>8</td></tr> <tr><td>9</td><td>9</td><td>9</td><td>9</td></tr> </table>		1	8	0	0	9	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	3	3	3	3	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	6	6	6	6	7	7	7	7	8	8	8	8	9	9	9	9	c. Year your life began to fall apart <table border="1"> <tr><td>1</td><td>8</td><td>0</td><td>0</td></tr> <tr><td>9</td><td>1</td><td>1</td><td>1</td></tr> <tr><td>2</td><td>2</td><td>2</td><td>2</td></tr> <tr><td>3</td><td>3</td><td>3</td><td>3</td></tr> <tr><td>4</td><td>4</td><td>4</td><td>4</td></tr> <tr><td>5</td><td>5</td><td>5</td><td>5</td></tr> <tr><td>6</td><td>6</td><td>6</td><td>6</td></tr> <tr><td>7</td><td>7</td><td>7</td><td>7</td></tr> <tr><td>8</td><td>8</td><td>8</td><td>8</td></tr> <tr><td>9</td><td>9</td><td>9</td><td>9</td></tr> </table>		1	8	0	0	9	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	3	3	3	3	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	6	6	6	6	7	7	7	7	8	8	8	8	9	9	9	9
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<input type="radio"/> Hangs her nylons all over the bathroom <input type="radio"/> Leaves his dirty socks on top of dresser <input type="radio"/> Haven't fucked since our second kid was born		<input type="radio"/> Not even dating <input type="radio"/> Just kissed <input type="radio"/> Going steady <input type="radio"/> Engaged <input type="radio"/> Have fucked but she won't blow me																																																																																	
<input type="radio"/> No, he's not Spanish, he's from Brazil <input type="radio"/> You can tell the difference because the Brazilians are a lot dirtier <input type="radio"/> He was playing in a marimba band and I thought he was real cute <input type="radio"/> I must have been drunk		<input type="radio"/> Says he's Spanish but he's really colored <input type="radio"/> Mother freaked when she saw him <input type="radio"/> He's actually very sweet <input type="radio"/> I caught him fucking my sister <input type="radio"/> Horny all the time but comes too soon																																																																																	
TELL THIS TO A PRIEST A. <input type="radio"/> Molested my daughter from a previous marriage		DON'T TELL THIS TO A SOUL <input type="radio"/> Nazi war criminal <input type="radio"/> Commie spy																																																																																	

H1. Did you leave anyone out of the list in Question 1 because you were embarrassed or ashamed or just stupid—your youngest, for example, the one who's been really, really bad and is tied up with extension cords in the broom closet because she wouldn't eat her broccoli and who you are going to scald in the bathtub later and burn with cigarette butts?

- Yes—Maybe. I'm not telling. You have to guess.
 No, no, no, not me!

H2. Did you list anyone in Question 1 who is away from home now—for example, downtown trolling for chicken hawks or rolling serviceman?

- Yes—That sounds like our Billy.
 No—But if you see him, tell him we still love him and he should come home.

H3. Is there something you're not telling us?

- No
 Uh-huh

H4. What best describes the home in which you live?

Fill one circle.

- A fucking dump
 Big house on the hill
 Architecturally gruesome palaver of paper-walled Tudoroid condo townhouses
 A house by the roadside wherein I am a friend to man
 Faceless institution
 or
 Apartment building with the following number of single or divorced young women
 One or two, but they're dogs
 A whole bunch in string bikinis, but you'd better have a 450-SL and a ton of blow
 Just one, and you'd have to wrap her head in the flag to get it up.
 Sooo-eeeeee.

H5. Do you enter your living quarters—

- With a breezy wave and a loud hearty hello?
 Quiet and sneakylike to see if you can catch her in bed with the Polack janitor?

H6. Is your bathroom a real mess?

- Hell yes, toilet bowl looks like the Torrey Canyon cracked up in there
 There are pubic hairs in the soap
 We're out of bum wax again and I had to use the *Penthouse* "Vietnam Vet Adviser"
 No, and my wife gets real sore if I leave the seat up

H7. How much dope do you have stashed around the place?

- I don't know, there might be a joint down in the couch or something
 Just a couple of Valium in the bathroom medicine chest
 Pound of Hawaiian tops, dozen morphine styrettes, ounce of nose candy, couple bottles of Mexican cough syrup, bunch of ludes, cold keg of Bud, and a case of Jack Daniels

H8. Can we come over after work?

- Sure
 Okay, but wait till my old lady splits for her waitress gig

FOR CENSUS-TAKING STAFF FUN ONLY

A6. How would you describe these people?

- Lava lamp
 Fuckheads
 Old douche bags
 Bart wallowers
 Freezer eagles
 Bunch of queers
 Human sewage
 Snuff fodder
 Two-legged carp
 Living ooze

B. Check ridiculous possessions:

- Vinyl slipcovers
 Three-dimensional Jesus picture
 Ceramic leopard on top of TV
 Oil painting of a matador on black velvet
 Tiny hateful dog
 Monogrammed aluminum screen door
 Melmac dishware
 Wax fruit

C. Did they have a teen-ago daughter with the hots?

- Running around the house in a hanky-sized halter top
 Dog-faced but with a cute little butt
 Luded out
 Playing Ted Nugent albums
 Has own car
 Scored a gram of hash from me
 Going to be fat when she gets older
 Blew me in the carport

Fill Out This Form Completely or We'll Fuck with Your Head Until You Bleed out the Ears

Strange Worrisome Questions,
Continued from Page 2

H9. How can a guy like you afford a place like this anyway?

- I'm involved with organized crime
- I cheat on my taxes
- I use my own children as the nucleus of a child prostitution ring
- My wife works

H10. If this is a one-family house—

a. Is that any way to keep a lawn?

- No
- Hey, come on

b. Why don't you pull the goddamned garage door down? That's a real fucking mess in there, and it's a goddamned eyesore all over the fucking neighborhood.

- Look, I've been real busy

H11. If you've been to college or read a couple of books or at least have some common sense, answer this question:

What earthly use are you? I mean, what are you good for? Why shouldn't you be snuffed out like a Lucky butt?

Do not even bother to answer this question if—

- You work for the government
- You are a woman with more than five bottles, jars, or tubes of cosmetics bearing the same foreign trademark
- You're under nineteen and not real cute
- Look, I like to have a good time and I'm just trying to get by
- I support my aged parents
- If a war ever breaks out, you're going to need people like me
- I am an instrument of God's will
- It's party time!
- I don't want my kids to grow up without a dad
- I'm armed to the teeth and have a sixty-day supply of food and water in the basement
- I'm under nineteen and real cute
- I have a terrific coke connection
- My parents have a lot of money
- I'm, like, into a lot of different things and am trying to find a space where I'm at

H12. What would you do if the shit really hit the fan?

- Some 'ludes
- Gather my loved ones together and head for this place I know up in the mountains where some old pals of mine from my hippie days are living
- Try to get to the liquor store before it closed
- Kill my neighbors, because they're all armed to the teeth, and steal all the sixty-day supplies of food and water they've got in their basements
- Rape a bunch of ofay chicks
- Shoot niggers 'til I ran out of ammo
- Change my name so it didn't sound Jewish
- Vote Republican

1. Check to make sure you have:

- Turned off the stove
- Locked all the doors
- Left a note for the milkman

2. Write here the name of somebody you really hate, somebody who did something really awful to you and who you'd pay any amount of money to get even with.

Name _____

Address _____

Where their children go to school _____

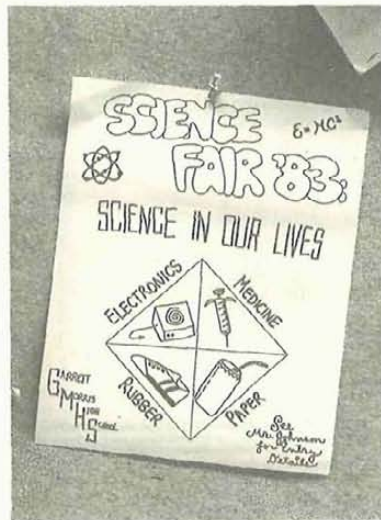
3. Then mail this back to the US Census and Phone High Jinks Office at 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY, and enclose a little note telling us what you really mean by "pay any amount of money to get even with." Are we talking five figures? Are we talking six figures? Do you have someplace where we can meet alone? We'll want it in twenties—old bills.

Thank you for being who you are.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE INNER CITY SCIENCE FAIR

BY MICHAEL REISS AND AL JEAN

The Inner City Science Fair was held this year at Garrett Morris High School in the Bronx. As the principal of the school, Pigiron Johnson, states: "We want to prepare our students to be great men of science, like George Washington Carver and...well...and other great men of science. Using laboratory rats, which we have been generously endowed with, we have begun to use the natural resources of our school to develop the scientific potential of our students." Following are the highlights of this year's fair.



Because of space limitations, the following Merit Citation winners are not shown here:

*7 Come 11 at the 7-Eleven:
Gambling Odds Behind the
Local Party Store
Who Do Voodoo? We Do
Voodoo!
Numbers: Running
TVs I Have Stolen*

*The Search for Extraterrestrials:
I Got an E.T. Doll at
Woolworth's
Curvilinear Projection of a Com-
pact Spheroid: Jump Shots
from the Top of the Key
Our Friends the White People
The Effect of Drugs on Me
The Letter M
I Got a 250 on the SAT!*

*Probability and Statistics:
Drawing to an Inside Straight
Advanced Econometrics: Blow-
jobs Are Expensive These
Days
A Lot of Garbage*



TECHNOLOGY

New Uses for the Space Shuttle

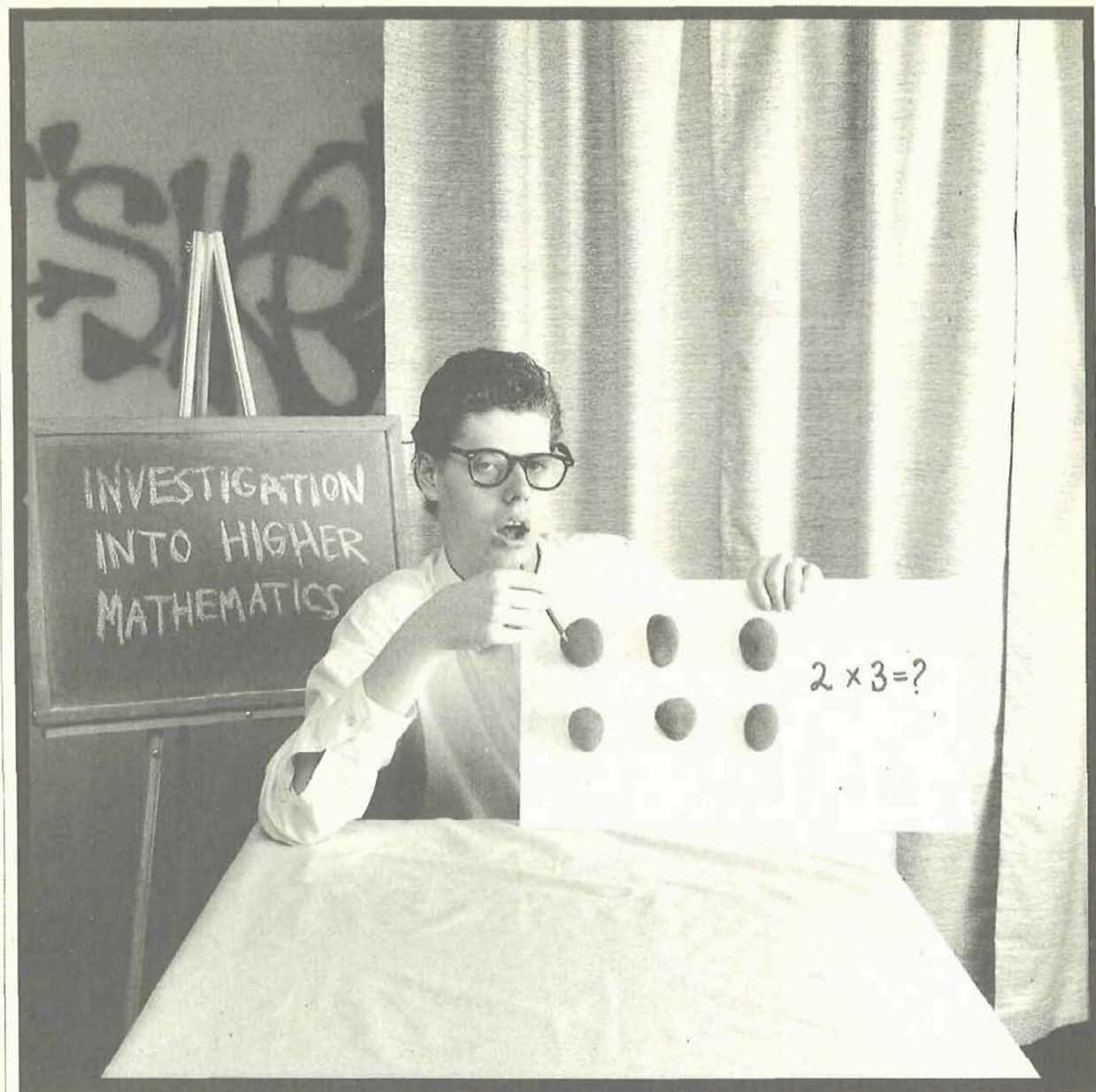
by Arturo Gonzalez, age fifteen

SECOND PRIZE

"Here is a model of what I would do if the government decided to give me the space shuttle. First, I would be very surprised. Then I would take off them big tires and put the shuttle up on blocks. I would sell the tires and use the money to buy some leopard-skin pillows and tiger-skin upholstery for the driver's seat. The shuttle

must have a big motherfucking radio to pick up earth stations in space, so I would take out the radio and carry it around on my shoulder so all my friends would see me and go "Oh, yeah." Then I would let all my friends spray-paint their names on the shuttle, but if my enemies tried it, I would fry their asses with a laser

beam. And since the shuttle can hold sixteen people, I would move my papa and half my family into it."



THEORY

Investigation into Higher Mathematics

by Lester Bodeen, age nineteen

HONORABLE MENTION

"For my project I decided to answer the question: What is two times three?"

"STEP 1: I ask my classmates. They don't know.

"STEP 2: I ask my teachers. They don't know, either. Uh-oh.

"STEP 3: I make a guess. Two times three equals five."

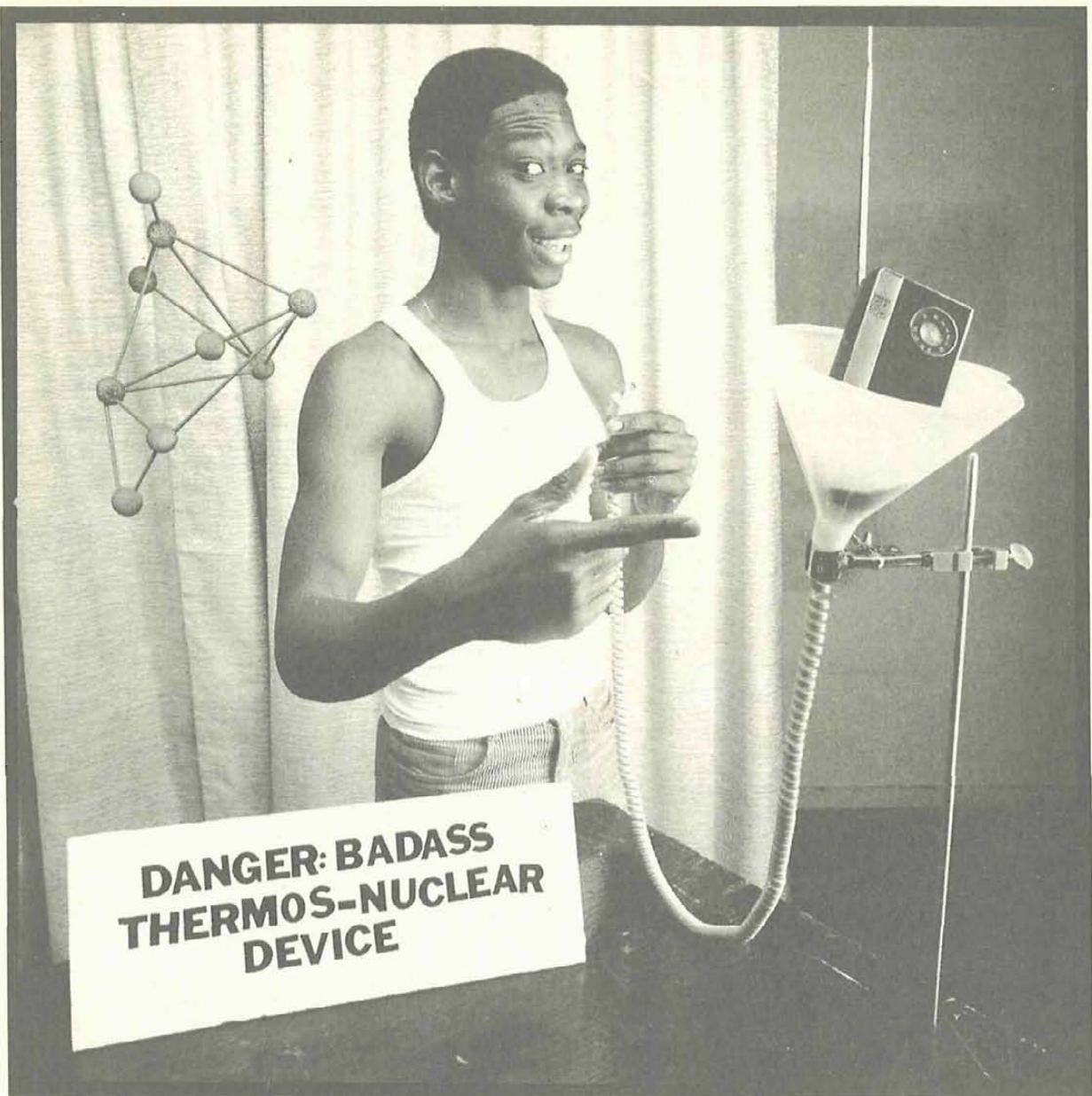
"STEP 4: I have an idea. I get

three piles of rocks, with two rocks in each pile. I can't figure out what to do next.

"Therefore, two times three equals five, more or less. I figure this method will work for bigger numbers, but that is beyond the scope of this project."

(Mr. Bodeen was disqualified.

Though his reasoning was flawless, it was discovered that he received extensive help from his parents in the preparation of this project.)



**DANGER: BADASS
THERMOS-NUCLEAR
DEVICE**

PHYSICS

Practical Nuclear Fusion

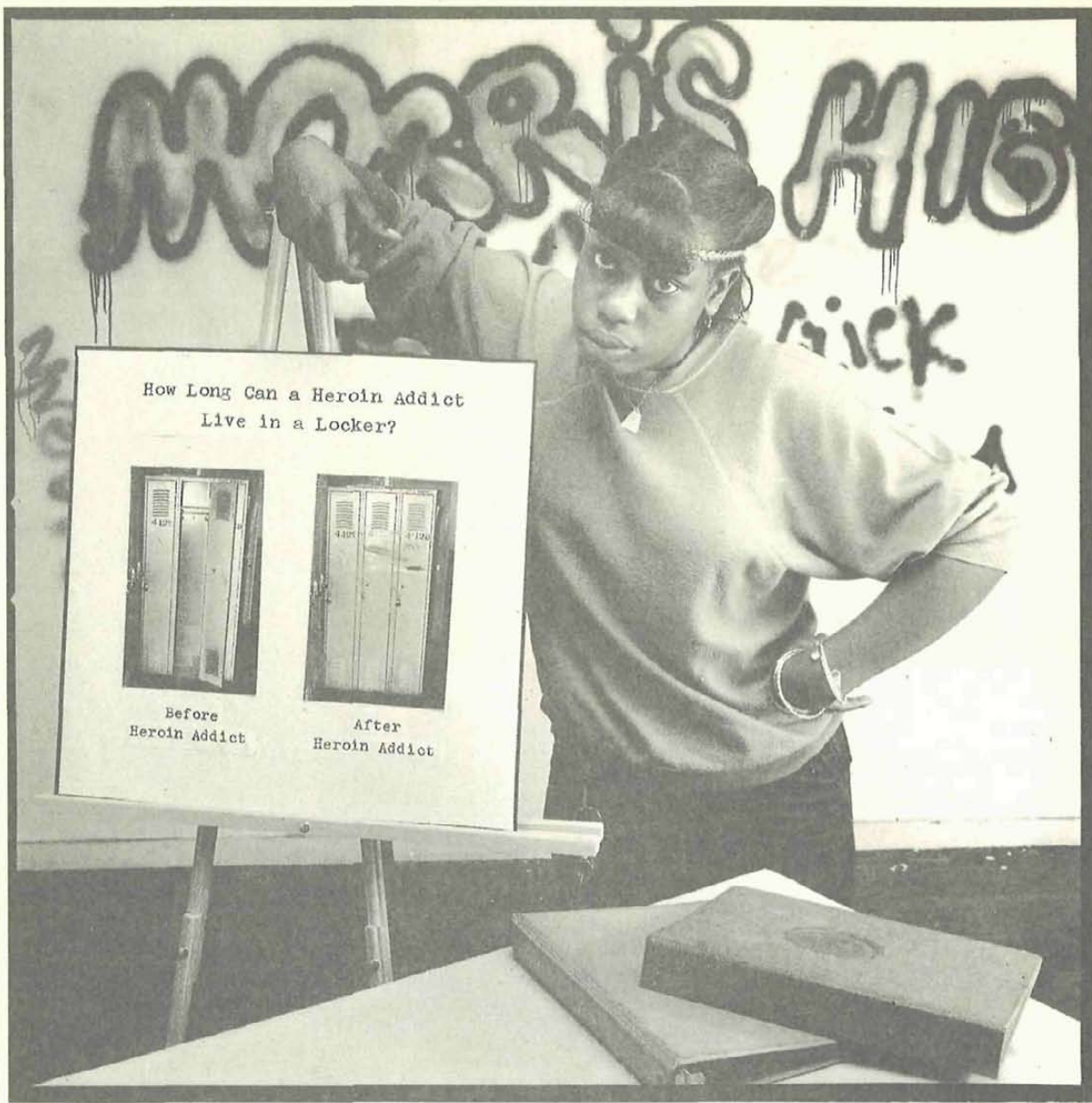
by Billy Dee Wolf, age seventeen

THIRD PRIZE

"This thing will do nuclear combustifying in your own bad house. First, turn up the radio to get some radioactivity until the frequency is truly bodacious. It'll start shucking off photons and electrons and hardons and bonbons and other subatomic particibles. These are called nuclear fallout, because they fall

out of the radio into the condensating-collectifying-plastical-funky funnel. From there it goes through an extendable cord as a string of atomic energy called mononucleosis, and it will power a color TV for a thousand years, no shit. I invented this nuclear retractor and it be real safe, unless you use it in the bathtub,

so I'll sell it to you for fifteen dollars. Okay, eleven dollars."



HABITAT

How Long Can a Heroin Addict Live in a Locker?

by Coretta Jackson, age sixteen

HONORABLE MENTION

"This heroin addict, she was always busting my ass. She'd follow me to school, eating the chewing-gum wrappers I dropped on the way. So one day I restyled her greasy hair with a tire iron that was laying in the hallway at school. Then I locked her in my locker, and it was such a tight fit that there wouldn't be

no room for my books if I had any books. But I'll bet it was still bigger than her apartment. Anyway, she woke up and started screaming until I couldn't stand it no more, so I left school for three weeks. When I came back the bitch had stopped screaming because she was dead. So now you know how long a

heroin addict can live in a locker. Less than three weeks."

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LAMPOON**

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____



MEDICINE

New Techniques in Drug Distribution

by Pedro Veganova, age twenty-three

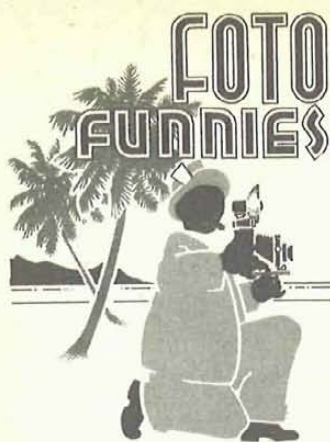
WINNER: THE GINO AND VINNIE CALUCCI PRIZE

(The Calucci Prize is awarded each year for outstanding achievement in a pharmaceutical vein. The winner will become a branch manager at one of the Calucci's "Drugstores Without Walls" on the street corner of his choice.)

"To double your profit margin on heroin sales, cut your product

fifty-fifty with a look-alike heroin substitute. I recommend rat poison, which is cheap, easily obtainable, and nearly identical to the narcotic. Sure, it's dangerous, but so is heroin. And if your customer complains that there's weird junk in his junk, what can he do? Go to the Better Business Bureau? Not likely!

And if he dies, well, who gives a royal fuck? You? Not likely!" ■



PRESENTING
The Most Daring and
Hilarious Foto Funny Ever
FEATURING
Jane Curtin and Mary Tyler Moore
Taking Off All Their
Clothes for the
Chicago Fire Department



AMERICAN AIRLINES
FLIGHT 175 TO
NEW YORK
IS NOW BOARDING
AT GATE 12.

EXCUSE ME, SIR,
BUT ALL CARRYON LUGGAGE
MUST BE PLACED ON
THE MOVING CONVEYOR
BELT.

BUT THAT'S
MY CAMERA BAG.
I'VE GOT FILM
IN IT.

THE X-RAY
EQUIPMENT WILL
NOT DAMAGE CAMERAS
OR FILM.

ARE YOU SURE?
I'M A PROFESSIONAL
PHOTOGRAPHER AND
I THINK YOU'RE
WRONG.

I ASSURE YOU,
SIR, THE X-RAY
EQUIPMENT WILL NOT
DAMAGE CAMERAS
OR FILM.

BUT I'VE GOT
SOME VALUABLE NEGATIVES
THERE. IT'S A FOTO FUNNY
FOR NATIONAL LAMPOON MAGAZINE.
THE MOST DARING AND
HILARIOUS FOTO
FUNNY THEY'VE
EVER DONE.

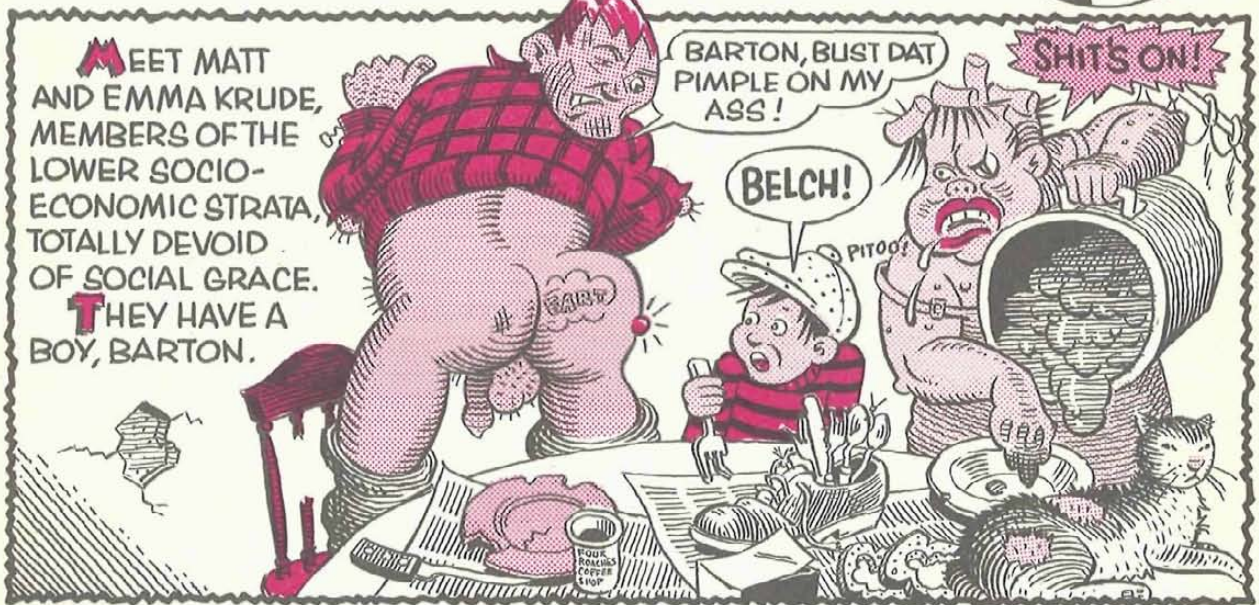
PLEASE! SIR!
YOU'RE HOLDING UP
THE WHOLE LINE.

YOU'RE SURE
THE X-RAY WON'T
RUIN MY FILM? THIS
IS REALLY IMPORTANT
FILM.

LOOK, BUDDY,
GIVE ME THE BAG
OR I'LL TELL A COP
YOU LOOK CUBAN!

OKAY, OKAY,
BUT IF ANYTHING
HAPPENS, YOU'RE GOING
TO HAVE A LOT OF ANGRY
READERS ON
YOUR HANDS...

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



MATT HAS DREAMS FOR HIS BOY—BIG DREAMS. BIG, BIG DREAMS. BIG, BIG, BIG DREAMS



THEY ENROLL THE LAD IN CHARM SCHOOL....

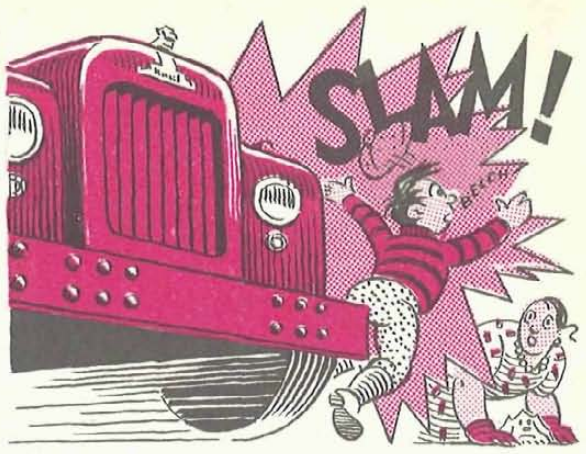


HE IS EXPELLED FOR GARGLING WITH HIS CONSOMME!

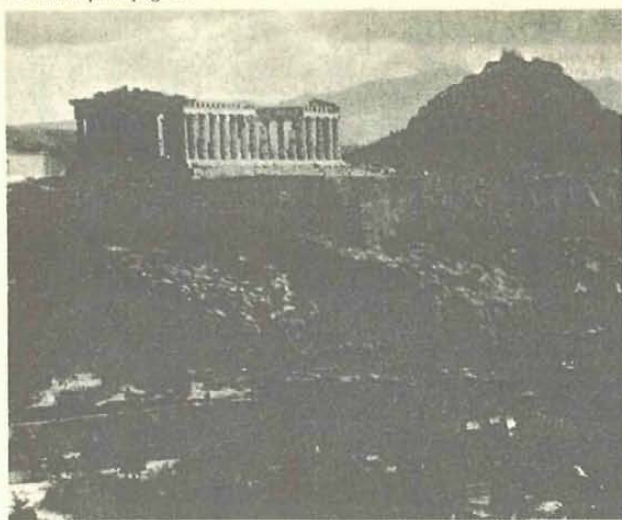


THERE FOLLOWS A CHILDHOOD OF GROSS RUDENESS AND PRANKSTERISM!





FOLLOW THE COURTESY-PACKED ADVENTURES OF **POLITENESSMAN** EACH MONTH IN THIS MAGAZINE!



The Acropolis, considered by many to be strong evidence of the existence of a White civilization in Europe in ancient times.

Portraits in White

Throughout history, Whites have played an important, even deciding, role in the events that have shaped mankind. The list of White achievers is a lengthy and distinguished one, and "calling the roll" of these giants of the uncolored world would take a long, long time indeed (according to Dr. Livingston Wingate of the White Studies department at Tulane, if twenty persons each read the name of one White achiever every three seconds, twenty-four hours a day, it would take 114 years!), so here is just a sample to give some feeling of the depth and diversity of the White experience:

All of the participants in the Thirty Years' War were Whites.

Emperor Charles IX of Sweden was a White man.

Cardinal Lanfranc was uncolored.

The population of Bruges, noted center of Flemish culture, was in former times, and remains today, entirely White.

The famous composer and organist Dietrich Buxtehude was a White man.

Gouverneur Morris, one of the original signers of the Constitution, was of Anglo-American ancestry.

Emile Durkheim was a White man.

Both of the pretenders to the Hapsburg throne in the War of the Spanish Succession were White men.

Lake Meade is named after Gen. George Meade, a White man.

Xenophon was White, as were all of his Ten Thousand. Spinoza was, technically speaking, a White man.

General Meade



Baruch Spinoza



Charles IX



Gouverneur Morris



Downtown Bruges



Xenophon



Talking White

A number of White expressions have become a part of our language—in fact, the noted semanticists and ethnologists Merriam, Webster, and Roget collected more than 140,000 such usages! Here is just one that illustrates the extent to which White words have enriched our daily speech:

I am	We are
You are	You are
He, she, it is	They are

Some of the many White terms that have become household words:

"some"	"that"
"of"	"have"
"the"	"become"
"many"	"household"
"White"	"words"
"terms"	

In addition, a wealth of White slang has found its way into our native tongue. Some instances of this trend:

Angstrom—a measurement of light-wave length equal to one ten-thousandth of a micron

Tort—any wrongful act not involving a breach of contract for which a civil action will lie

Debenture—any of various instruments, either secured or unsecured, issued by a corporation as an evidence of debt

Erg—a unit of energy expressing the work done by one dyne acting through a distance of one centimeter

Oxymoron—a combination for epigrammatic effect of contradictory or incongruous words

Metope—the space between two triglyphs of the Doric frieze

Chiasmotypy—the supposed spiral twisting of homologous chromosomes about each other during parasynapsis

Appoggiatura—an accessory tone preceding an essential tone as an embellishment of melody

Teleost—a fish of the group Teleostei, the bony fishes, as distinguished from the ganoids, dipnoans, and elasmobranchs

Futtock—one of the crooked timbers scarfed together to form part of the compound rib of a vessel

Syzygy—the point in its orbit at which a planet is in conjunction or opposition

Spotlight on White Music

"Although it takes both white keys and black keys to play a tune on the piano, the vast majority of tunes are played, for the most part, on the white keys."

Centuries ago, one had to frequent remote concert halls to hear White Music, but today one can't step into an elevator or wait in an air terminal without sampling a White Music medley that usually includes at least one of the following: "Thumbelina," "The Petticoats of Portugal," "The Naughty Lady of Shady Lane," "Holiday for Strings," or "The Pizzicato Polka." This "pop" music originated in the prep schools of Connecticut and came down the Merritt Parkway to Tin Pan Alley, where, quick to grasp its potential, such capable performers as Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians and "The Singing Rage," Miss Patti Page, soon had Caucasians all over the country two- (or "box") stepping to these memorable melodies. Of course, much of the credit for the advancement of White Music must go to Arthur Fiedler, who, in any given concert, spans the White Musical experience by performing both light classics (i.e., "The Typewriter Song") and serious works (i.e., "The Grand Canyon Suite") alike.



Arthur Fiedler receives polite applause from enthralled Australian concert-goers.

White Dancing

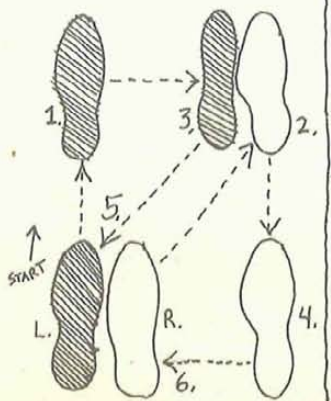
No one is more interested in "cutting a rug" than the Anglo-American, as evidenced by the disproportionately high number of Whites among those who take dance lessons. Here, under qualified instructors, they learn everything from the waltz to the bunny hop, including the most popular of all the White-oriented dances, the two- (or "box") step.

Tripping the White Fantastic:

The Two- (or "Box") Step

A Hoofing Hint from qualified instructress Kathryn Murray:

"Although it may be difficult for the first few months, the novice should try to avoid counting the numbers out loud or even moving his lips."



Focus on the First World

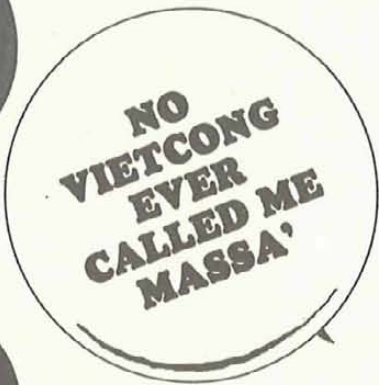
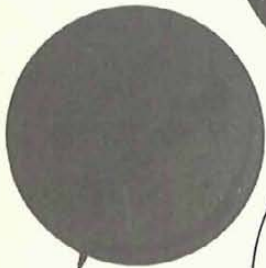
In an effort to achieve greater White Solidarity, representatives of the First World countries meet regularly in a number of forums, including the International Monetary Fund, NATO, and the Council of Ten, to give voice to the legitimate needs and aspirations of the Australian, North American, and European peoples and to gain international support for these basic First World demands:

- Protection of overseas investments from illegal seizure without just compensation
- Speedy repayment of development loans
- Allotment of votes in the United Nations based on member states' contributions to the U.N. budget
- Recognition of the use of force as the primary means of settling disputes between nations
- Noninterference with military interventions in First World spheres of influence
- An end to exorbitant "blackmailing" of First World countries in the sale of oil and the use of territory for air and naval bases
- Unhindered access to worldwide natural resources for responsible consortiums
- Acknowledgment of the fundamental right to rule for white minorities
- Acceptance of the First World nuclear-weapons hegemony as the soundest basis for a stable world order
- Immediate payment of reparations for the religions, moral codes, and languages; the educational, legal, and governmental systems; the traditions of hard work and fair play; and the centuries of efficient rule provided to former colonial possessions for free by First World countries
- Universal adherence to the principle of narrow self-interest in the conduct of international affairs.

Concepts in White

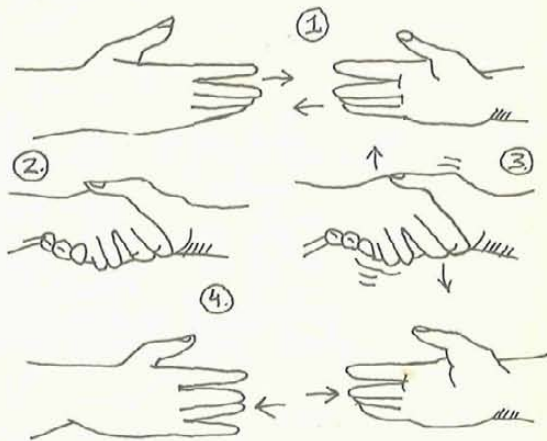
- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|
| cardigan sweaters | penology |
| drop-leaf tables | <i>Martin Chuzzlewit</i> |
| marmalade | wine-tasting parties |
| the National Guard | Manifest Destiny |
| tax loss | matched luggage |
| rug pads | the Doublemint Twins |
| salad plates | melody |
| Ilka Chase | <i>Forbes</i> magazine |
| rondos | polite applause |
| penicillin | scientific method |
| Seattle | Danskware |
| between-meal snacks | Wedgewood |
| parallel parking | conference calls |
| Chartres | William Rose Benét |
| <i>The Bell Telephone Hour</i> | Wyoming |
| sculling | Velveeta |
| curling | dermatology |
| footnotes | explorers |
| quality control | well-balanced meals |
| percale | Swedish Tanning Secret |





The White Handshake

1. Reach forward and grasp the proffered hand.
2. Apply pressure in a "manly" fashion. (Note: Although less pressure is required of women, the handshake should never be limp or "cold fish.")
3. Move the joined hands firmly up and down.
4. Release the hand.



WHITE LINE..... CARL GRIFFITH OF RAHWAY, N.J., A WHITE MAN, HAS BEEN PROMOTED TO THE POSITION OF ASSISTANT MANAGER IN CHARGE OF QUALITY CONTROL FOR THE BRUNSWICK CORPORATION, A WHITE-OWNED COMPANY. THE THIRTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD MR. GRIFFITH WAS FORMERLY A MARKET FEASIBILITY RESEARCHER.

White Pride

What you can do to further the cause of White Pride in your community:

Join with other uncolored people in planning and participating in activities as part of the Fifth White Awareness Millennium (A.D. 1,000-2,000).

Observe such White holidays as Arbor Day, Independence Day, and George Washington's birthday.

Insist on the display of White symbols, such as the American flag; busts of Shakespeare, Descartes, and Plato; and quotes from Ralph Waldo Emerson in schools and other public buildings.

See to it that your local school provides your younger children with reading texts that contain depictions of farm animals, pastures, suburban life, and other scenes they can relate to, and make sure that American History courses stress important events in White history like the discovery of the New World, the American Revolution, the Louisiana Purchase, and World War I.

Plan a White meal for your family. (Places specializing in White foods are easy to find: just look in the Yellow Pages under "Supermarkets" or, if you prefer to eat out, under "Restaurants.")

Arrange a neighborhood Scrabble tournament.

Concepts in White

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------|
| overhead | written language |
| Fabian Bachrach | Thorstein Veblen |
| Early American furniture | storm windows |
| Scotchgard | philosophy |
| duck presses | Boston lettuce |
| file cards | Margaret Whiting |
| <i>summa cum laude</i> | tulips |
| city managers | Shaker Heights |
| the use of perspective in painting | heraldry |

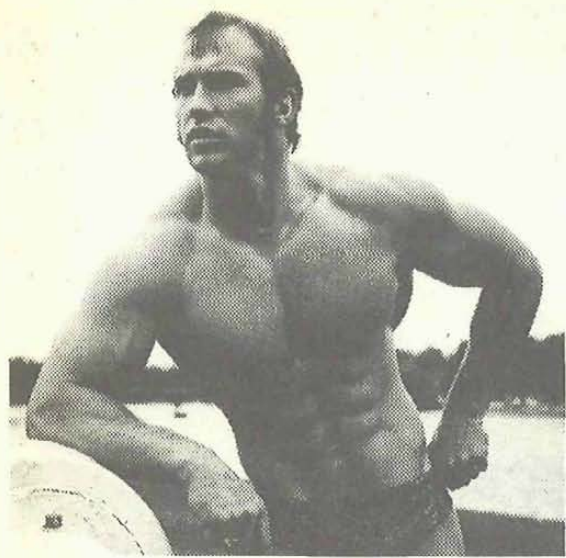
White Pride

A number of organizations, foundations, and other groups are dedicated to the advancement and betterment of uncolored people. This is only a partial list:

- The Standing Committee of the General Agreement on Trades and Tariffs (GATT)
- The Republican Party
- The Knights of Columbus
- The State of Louisiana
- The Fraternal Order of Moose
- The AFL-CIO
- The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
- The United States Navy
- The American Medical Association
- The Supreme Court of the United States (since 1972)
- The construction industry
- Australia

Did you know that both the Dewey Decimal System and the Cutter Classification System were developed by White people?

continued on page 106



**You've got only
one life to live.
Live it with a
build that
won't quit!**

It's easier than you think.

Read on...then send for your FREE PACKET now!

YOURS FREE!

Rush your name and address back today and get ready for a surprise in your mailbox. In just a few days you'll find a packet of exciting news -- plus page after page of photographs of guys with builds that won't quit.

You'll see how you too can enjoy rippling muscles and a super build -- the kind that makes women look twice!

Let's face it. There's not a guy alive who doesn't want a great build. Trouble is, it's easy to get busy with a job or school and think, "I'll go to the gym next week." But it's trouble to take time out. You've got to set aside X amount of time -- and you're busy.

**BUILD YOUR BODY AT HOME
THIS EASY WAY!**

That's right -- in the privacy of your home.

The answer is Universal Bodybuilding's easy "3 Muscle-Pumping Workouts A Week" way. Simple as 1 - 2 - 3. And the great news is, you can use weights or not. Whichever you prefer. Yet you get the same great results.

You'll find out how the minute your FREE PACKET arrives in the mail. It's jam-packed with photographs, tips, techniques, exciting news. And remember, it's **YOURS FREE!**

**WATCH HOW SUDDENLY YOU SEE
A "NEW YOU" IN YOUR MIRROR!**

"But bodybuilding takes too long" some guys say -- before they find out about this exciting easy way. This is why we want you to send for our brand-new FREE PACKET. Just watch your mirror! Soon you'll see powerful arms, rock-hard leg muscles, a rippling stomach, a back that looks like sculpture, pecs that will make

you proud. (You'll want to wear a T-shirt wherever you go -- that's how great you'll look!)

How long does it take? Get ready for a surprise. In just days, our methods begin to work on you! Not months -- but days! And remember, you do it in the privacy of your bedroom. Nobody but nobody at work or school will know what's happened.

But they'll soon start asking, "Say, you look great. Are you going to a gym? You just grin and say, "Glad you like what you see!"

Then dash home and get your time in. It's the greatest feeling in the world to watch your body suddenly become the type you've always admired on other guys. You'll feel more confident, get more respect, feel more alive, ready to tackle the world. That's what a good build does for you.

**"BUT I'M NOT SURE MY BODY IS
RIGHT FOR MUSCLES," YOU SAY.**

Every man's body is right for muscles. Sure, some bodies can be built up more than others. But every body -- including yours -- has the potential. All you've got to do is follow the easy directions that we want to send you.

Overweight? Get ready to grin. This fast "3 Muscle-Pumping Workouts A Week" system will trim you down fast. Skinny? Watch how fast you put on pounds of pure muscle. This method has proven itself time and time again. In the FREE PACKET you'll find what many guys, nationwide, have to say! You'll see actual photographs of what top bodybuilding techniques can do!

**YOU AND YOU ALONE DECIDE
ON THE BUILD YOU WANT!**

Maybe you want more strength. Or to look better in your clothes. Or to make a

hit with women every time you head for the swimming pool. No matter your goal, you can reach your fullest potential!

**RIGHT THIS MINUTE GRAB A
PENCIL. SEND FOR YOUR FREE
FULLY ILLUSTRATED PACKET.**

Simply fill out the coupon below. Then rush it to the address given. You'll be astounded when your FREE PACKET arrives. No matter how out of shape you think you are... here's the way to have that body you've always wanted. Send for your FREE PACKET today! No obligation whatsoever!



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Please rush
my FREE
PACKET
today!

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

HURRY! MAIL TODAY!!

You can save Little Alice or you can turn this page.

We Need 30 Million
We Have 19 Million



"Golly, Nanny, I'm bored to tears riding my pony and skiing in Gstaad and swimming in our dumb old Olympic-sized swimming pool! When can I play tennis again?"

Only you can answer little Alice Rhineland's plea, because Alice suffers from TENNIS ELBOW, the crippling ailment that strikes only those of Caucasian ancestry. Only you can provide the funds to continue the much-needed research so that Alice and thousands like her can volley without fear.

The Center for the Study of Tennis Elbow and Related Disorders needs your support. Even if it's only a few thousand, send us your donation today.

Give so that others may serve.



White Capitalism

If you, as an Involved White Person (IWP), wish to support White-owned businesses, here are the names of a few:

General Motors
Standard Oil of New Jersey
U.S. Steel
Crown Zellerbach
Borden
Union Carbide
RCA
General Electric
Procter & Gamble

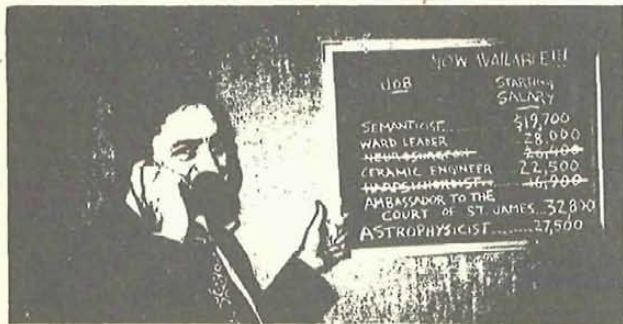
Eastman Kodak
Monsanto Chemical
National Biscuit
IBM
Kennecott Copper
B. F. Goodrich
Continental Can
Du Pont

For the names of other White-owned (and often, operated!) businesses in your community, contact your local chamber of commerce or write the National Association of Manufacturers, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Did you know that, although George Washington Carver discovered many uses for the peanut, White people own all of the major peanut-butter companies?

The White Job Corps

Corps head Clifford Baumann warns applicants, "Just because you're White, don't expect to walk in here and start pulling down fifty thou a year. Be prepared to tighten your purse strings for two or three years and squeak along on a meager twenty or thirty grand per until you move up to a comfortable income."



Did you know that the first white man in organized baseball was Abner Doubleday?

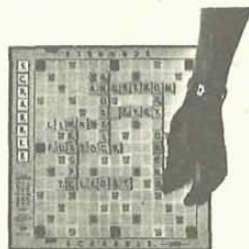
White Martial Arts

Whites are no "slouches" when it comes to the Martial Arts, and as far as many forms of combat are concerned, Whites "wrote the book." Among these are: enfilade, defilade, and search-and-traverse machine-gun-firing techniques; saturation bombing; toxic-gas deployment; armored assault tactics; amphibious landings; naval battle formations and submarine warfare; and atomic war.



A pair of Whites go through a "simulated countdown" exercise, one of the complex, almost ballet-like moves involved in achieving a state of "readiness" for the launching of an ICBM, an integral part of the White art of thermonuclear warfare.

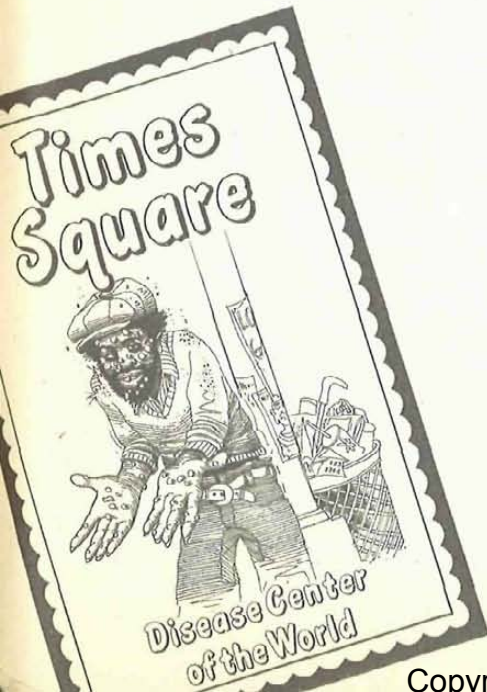
The Wonderful Wide World of White Sports



Stamina, a sense of determination, and intellectual agility are a must in this no-holds-barred Scrabble contest. Here, North, playing off an existing o and y, forms the word *oxymorons*, scoring, with a Double Letter square and a Double Word square, 38 points plus an additional 50-point premium for playing all seven of his tiles, for a total of 88 points.



Wish You Were Here?



You can be! With the *National Lampoon* Misguided Tour of New York Commemorative Postcard Set

Because of the unprecedented response to our February Misguided Tour of New York issue, the *National Lampoon* Postcard Bureau is pleased to announce that the stunning visuals from that landmark issue are now available to the general public as postcards. That's right, those exotic hard-to-find crannies of the Big Apple—places like the Anchovy District, Fis't's Bar, the Salmon Manholes of Soho—have been captured for posterity by our ace photog, Peter Kleinman, and are the perfect way to impress your friends and neighbors with your immaculate hipness. Just imagine their delight when they get the morning mail and right there among the bills and the bench warrants is a full-color glossy heavy-stock postcard from "Times Square—Disease Center of the World," rendered by Randy Jones. Why not make someone's day a little bit brighter for a change instead of bringing the world down all the time?

The full set includes nine NYC hotspots and a beautiful replica of Roger Stine's Kong Family cover. That's ten postcards, the whole set, for the low, low price of \$7.95. How can we sell them so cheap? Because we're a bunch of relics from the sixties who, like, think materialism is, like, nowhere and who, like, just want to turn you on, man.

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same room together these days.

John: Tha's righ', it's been years. The last time me an Paul saw each oother, I think I called 'im a fookin' bahstard.

Paul: Yeh, an' I called you a stooburn cocksooker. *(Merry laughter)*

Yoko: Like everything, it is circular. The sun, the moon, the planets—all circular. *(Pause)*

Chris: Ah...

George: Do you see tha' paintin' then, Ringo? It's got li'ul dead sheep all lyin' in the snow. Sec thur li'ul legs stickin' oop?

Chris: It portrays the time the army let some nerve gas get loose out in Utah. It killed a bunch of sheep.

Paul: Foony. It's sooch a pretty pickshur, too.

Chris: Yeah, it's supposed to be in the style of Grandma Moses. They used it in this calendar for the Bi—

George: Look a' tha' one thur, with 'is 'ead in the river. Thur's a li'ul blud trail roonin' out uv 'is mouth, goin' down the river thur.

Ringo: 'Ow 'bou' tha'!

Chris: Say, there's a bunch of questions I've always wanted to ask you guys.

Some of them are personal and embarrassing, and others are just plain stupid, but... could you get into that?

John: Of course, man.

Paul: Shur, ask away.

Chris: Well, I guess the big question I've always wanted to ask is, what exactly

was it like, being the Beatles?

John: Really great, Chris.

Ringo: A hell of a time.

(Pause)

Chris: George?

George: Oh, lots uv foon. Could I 'ave a bit more of tha' wine, then, mate?

Chris: Sure. *(Pouring sounds)* Uh... Paul?

Paul: I'm okay for the mo', thanks.

Chris: No, I mean, what was being a Beatle like?

Paul: Qui'e peculiar.

(Pause)

Chris: Well, let me ask you this. Back when you were performing live and you used to look out there at all those screaming thirteen-year-old girls, did you ever get a sudden craving to ram your cocks down their open mouths?

John: Oh, coonstantly. I remember wishin' I could fly righ' off the stage an' dive-bomb 'em with me dick out.

(Gentle, reminiscent laughter)

Chris: Paul, how do you shave?

Paul: First down, then oop. Then I pu' on a li'ul after-shave.

Chris: That's amazing. That's exactly how I do it.

Ringo: Me, too.

Chris: Ringo, what's the rest of your morning like? I mean, what are the things you do when you get up?

Ringo: Well, let's see. I 'ave a pee. I broosh me teeth, take a shower, get dressed, an' eat me breakfast.

Chris: What kind of toothpaste do you

use?

Ringo: Crest.

Chris: Great. Uh, George, if it started to rain breasts, what would you do?

George: Become vurry frightened. *(Laughter)*

Chris: John, what would you do?

John: Roon outside with a bushel basket.

(Redoubled laughter)

Chris: Paul, what's five and three?

Paul: Eight.

Chris: Great. Great. Isn't this terrific?

Ringo: I'm 'avin a woonderful time.

(General assent)

Yoko: See the wine sparkle. Examine its sound. The glass is round.

(Pause)

Chris: The wine is a Blanc de Blanc. I always pronounce that "blank-dee-blank." You know, like in *(sings)* "Poosh-dee-poosh, we can work it out, baby."

John: Oh, yeh, the Contours. Always liked tha' one.

Ringo: Wha's tha', then? "Do You Luv Me"?

John: Righ'.

Chris: You guys still listen to old rock 'n' roll?

Paul: Oh, shur, me Li'ul Richard an' Chook Burry an' like tha'.

Chris: What do you listen to that's contemporary?

Yoko: I hear the snowflakes fall soundlessly... and the footsteps of the angels.

John: Yeh, we listen qui'e a bit to the foo'staps uv the angels these days.

Chris: Ringo, what do you think of Farrah Fawcett?

Ringo: Nice teeth an' nipples.

Chris: You like nipples!

Ringo: Oh, shur.

Chris: Well, what do you think of all those magazines like *Penthouse* and *Hustler* going into the pink?

Ringo: You mean, like, feelin' good an' 'ealthy?

George: No, you goon, tha's "in the pink." 'E's talkin' about pickshurs uv nood women in magazines, 'oldin' thur stoof open.

Ringo: Oh, tha'! I like tha' joost fine. *(Laughter)*

Chris: I wonder if I could ask you about some of your song lyrics?

Paul: John was ackshully the walrus.

John: No, no, no. Paul was defini'ly the walrus.

Ringo: I wan'ed to be the walrus. They wouldn't let me be the walrus.

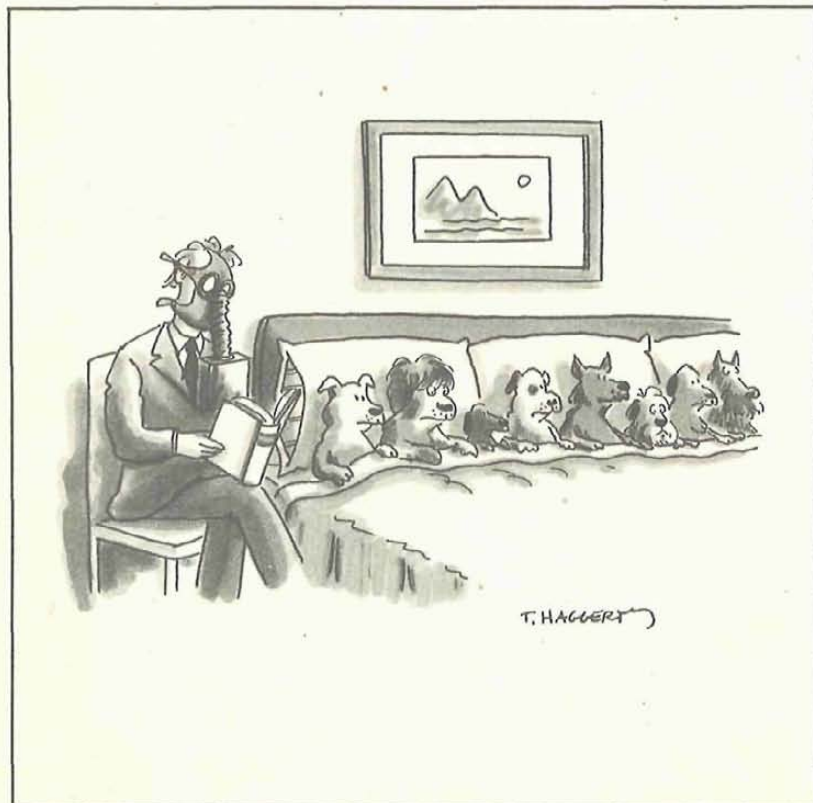
George: Wall-russ. Wall-russ. Wall-russ. Wall-russ. Wall-

John: 'Erc, luv, drink soom uv this.

(Swallowing sounds)

Chris: Um... what about "Helter Skelter"? Paul, you wrote that, didn't you? What did you have in mind there?

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Paul: It's qui' remarkable, tha' one. You might not believe me, bu' one mornin' I woke oop feelin' grotty an' decided to wri' a song tha' would inspire a bloody 'orrible mass murder.

John: Imagine his chagrin.

Chris: You...is that really true? Come on.

Paul: No, really. Tha's exactly the way it 'appened.

(Pause)

Chris: Uh...

(Laughter)

Chris: *(Laughing)* Wow, I thought for a minute... How'd you feel about that Manson thing, anyway?

Ringo: Joost awful, Chris.

John: Turrible.

Chris: People were always interpreting your songs to mean all kinds of outlandish things, finding clues and hidden meanings in the lyrics and in the pictures on the album jackets. I always figured that was primarily bullshit. Was I right?

George: *(Pouring sounds)* No.

Chris: No? They *did* have clues and hidden meanings?

Paul: Oh, shur. F'rinstance, "Hey Jude," when you decode it, is ackshully a classified NATO nuclear strike-back plan, in case the Rooshians invade.

John: Tha's righ'. And if you play the second verse uv "Baby You Can Drive My Car" backwards, it'll give you the formula for Coca-Cola.

Chris: That's amazing.

Ringo: Wha' you think the song "Yellow Submarine" is really about, eh? Take a guess.

Chris: Uh...some kind of drug?

Something that came in a yellow capsule?

Ringo: Uh-uh. Take anoother guess.

Chris: Some sort of reference to counter-cultural communal lifestyles?

Ringo: Oh, no, no. Nootthin' like tha'. No, "Yellow Submarine" is ackshully abou' this time John 'ad diarrhea. We were on a boose withou' a rest room, so 'e went behind a seat. Which oopset Paul tremendously, I might add.

(Pause)

Chris: That's...what "Yellow Submarine" is about?

John: Tha's righ'.

Ringo: It's all in the clues and 'idden meanin's.

George: Pass me the wine? Thank you. *(Pouring sounds)* Y'know wha' else? You remember tha' album coover they wouldn't let us use?

Chris: The one with you guys in blood-smeared aprons, with the dolls made up to look like dismembered babies?

George: *(Whispering)* They weren't dolls.

Chris: They...

George: *(Laughs uproariously and makes fart noise)*

Paul: Maybe you should take it a li'ul easy on the blank-dee-blank, eh,

George?

George: *(Imitating rooster)* Buh-kuk buh-kawwwwww!

(Pause)

Ringo: Really nice apartment, Chris.

Chris: Thanks. Uh, I know you guys know him—what do you think of Mick Jagger?

John: Turrific lips.

Paul: Gives me an erection joost watchin' 'im chew goom.

Chris: Say, speaking of erections, that brings us to a subject that's certainly near and dear to my heart, namely, whacking the ding-dong. Did you guys used to do much of that?

Ringo: *(Modestly)* Oh, well....

(Laughter)

Paul: Oh, shur, we all did lots uv tha', bu' especially yoong Ringo 'ere. 'E's a bit uv a legend in the rock 'n' roll world. You've whacked it in soom pretty remarkable places, 'aven't you, mate?

Ringo: Heh-heh.

Yoko: Whacked it! Whacked it! Whacked it! Whacked—

John: Easy, luv. Settle down, now.

Chris: So, Ringo, you really like to flog the hog, eh?

Ringo: I can't deny it, Chris, I 'ave been known to ploonk the magic twanger from time to time.

Chris: Well, Ringo, would you care to... expand on that?

Ringo: *(Chuckling)* Soomtimes I'd do it behind me drooms, righ' in the middle of a concert.

Chris: Really?

Paul: *(Giggling into his hands)* 'E did, 'e did, 'e used to splatter 'alf the people in the first ten rows.

Ringo: They'd think it was sweat or soomthin', flyin' off one anoother.

John: 'E'd make a special li'ul beat on the tom-tom to warn us when to dook.

Chris: But...if you were using both your hands to play the drums...what were you using to wring the weasel?

Ringo: A bionic arm! *(Explosion of laughter. Wine pouring)*

George: *(Clapping hands, imitating seal)* Ow ow ow ow ow! Ow ow ow ow ow!

Paul: I think George is gunna be pootin' on a lampshade next.

George: *(Putting on lampshade)*

Ow ow ow ow ow! Ow ow ow ow ow!

Yoko: The bird sings sweet. *(Whistles like bird)*

John: This is gettin' vurry ecological in 'ere soodenly. Could I 'ave anoother joint, man?

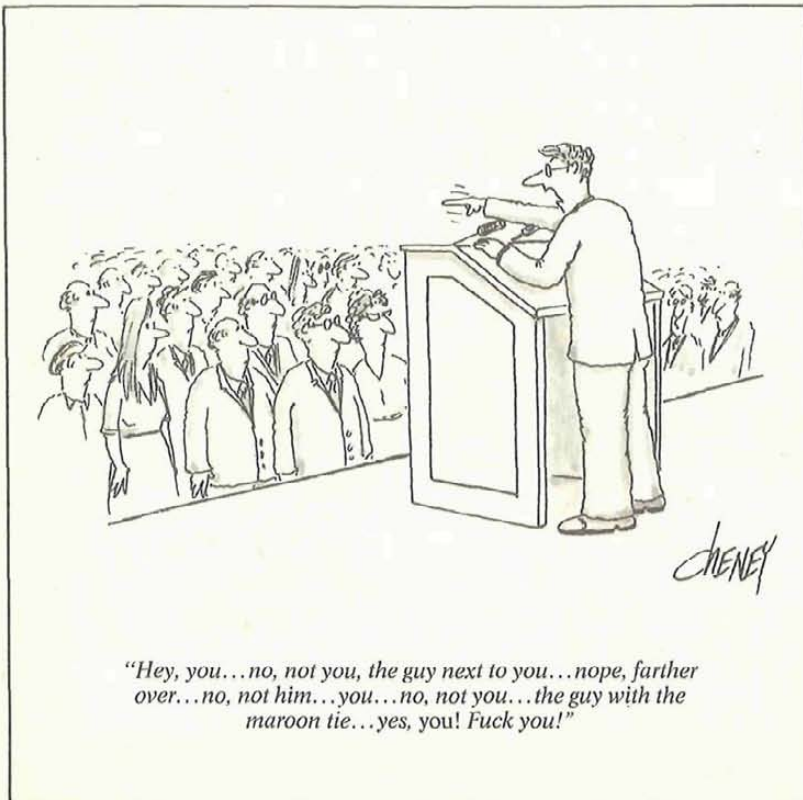
Chris: Sure. Comin' right up. *(Sucking noises)*

Chris: The next thing I was wondering about—

Paul: I'm paranoid!

Chris: You're...?

Paul: I'm soodenly paranoid!
Yur doop's too good!



"Hey, you...no, not you, the guy next to you...nope, farther over...no, not him...you...no, not you...the guy with the maroon tie...yes, you! Fuck you!"

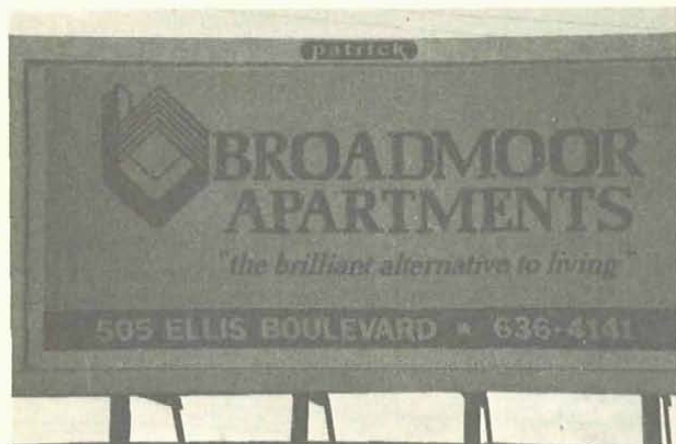
Chris: Is he ser—
Ringo: 'Ere, stay out uv 'is way, mate.
Paul: Spiders! Spiders!
John: Spiders now? Wha' is this, "The Wide World uv Animals"?
George: (*Clapping hands*) Ow ow ow ow! Ow ow ow ow ow ow!
Paul: *Don't le' them ge' me!*
Chris: It must have been very interesting, you guys working together.
Paul: Oh! It's okay now, I'm fine. Don't worry about' me. Everything's all right'.
Ringo: Are you sure, then?
Paul: I'm really absolu'ly fine. I'm fine.
Ringo: Well, I'm glad uv—
Paul: *Don't touch me!*
John: Oh, coom on, Paul.
Paul: *Yah! Yahhhhhhhhhhhhh!*
Chris: Should I call a doctor or something?
Ringo: Oh, no, we remember 'ow to 'andle Paulie, don't we, lads?
George: Righ'. Let's do it.
Paul: No! Stop! *Please!* Hey! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!
George: Ickle tickle tickle! Ickle tickle tickle!
Paul: Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Stop! I'll be good! I promise! Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!
Ringo: John, I've always woondered soomethin'. Why'd you 'ave tha' sanitary napkin tied to yur 'ead, tha' time out in Los Angeles?
John: I guess I joost 'ad the rag on tha' nigh'.
Yoko: John! Not funny!
John: Sorry, luv.
Paul: Let me oop! Please!
John: You really promise you'll be good?
Paul: Yes! Yes! I swear.
Ringo: All righ'. There you go. (*Gradually diminishing panting sounds*)
George: Thur, you feel better now, Paulie?
Paul: Mooch. Thanks.
Chris: John, someone mentioned something earlier about you having diarrhea in a bus. Do you have it today? When you first got here you went into the bathroom, and when you got out, it really smelled bad in there.
John: Righ' you are, mate. Diarrhea again today.
George: John 'as an age-old luv-'ate relationship with the stoof.
Chris: Really!? That's fascinating. You know what we used to call it in high school? Diarrhea, I mean? We called it "a fart with fluid drive." (*Laughter*)
John: (*Laughing*) Vurry good. I can really rela' to tha'.
Yoko: (*Laughing*) John poopee smell! (*Holds nose*)
Chris: John, let's really get down to brass tacks. How do you relate to

diarrhea? Like, how do you experience it as different from discrete, cohesive bowel movements?
John: Well, I like the way it cooms ou' uv thur all a' oonce, instead uv in dribs an' drabs. Y'know? Joost one quick (*makes liquid sound effect*) an' yur all finished!
Chris: Leaving behind that delicious sense of intestinal void, right?
John: Righ'! Righ'! I can see you an' me're qui' similar in this regard. You know wha' I 'ate most? When it cooms out in li'ul 'ard balls. Tha's totally froostratin' to me. li'ul 'ard balls.
George: Anyone feel like a pizza, then?
Chris: Gee, I hate little hard balls, too. I guess we are a lot alike. How about, you know, those long ones?
John: Oh, you mean "sausages." Tha's wha' I call 'em. Those're the best, man! I remember this time in 'amburg—
Yoko: Cat! Big fluffy cat! Pretty!
Paul: Who's this, then? Is he a Persian?
Chris: Oh, that's Otis. Yeah. He's a—
Yoko: Pretty!
George: D'joo name 'im after Otis Redding?
John: No, you dotard, 'e named 'im after the elevators.
Chris: Well, he's mostly named after Otis Redding, but he's also named after Otis Williams and the Charms, and Johnny Otis, and all those other Otises that were on all those old R&B records.
John: D'you 'ave old records, then?

From the fifties?
Chris: Do I have old records?! Hey, man...
Ringo: Oh, a grea' big basket full uv 'em! 'Ere, let's see tha'.
John: 'Ey, the Harptones! The Midnighters! The Diablos! Paulie, look a' these! Can we play soom, Chris?
Chris: Sure! Pick 'em out.
John: 'Ow 'bout this one by the Moonglows?
George: Which one, John? Which one?
John: 'Old on, you'll 'ear.
Moonglows: *Most of all, I want your (wahhhh) warm embrace...*
Paul: I luv the part where they go (*sings*), "Wahhh."
Chris: I love that part, too. I love the Moonglows' harmonies.
Ringo: 'Ere's soom old Sun sides...
George: "Mystery Train"! "Mystery Train"! Let's 'ear this next!
Paul: We're not keepin' you from anything, are we, man?
Chris: Oh, no, not at all. Listen to this part coming up here. They do an "ooooooooooh" that's incredible.
Moonglows: Oooooooooooh...
Ringo: Tha' was an incredible "ooooooooooh." This is really foon! Let's do this all nigh'! (*Laughter. Wine pouring*)
George: Ooh! Bo Diddley! Play this one next instead!
Chris: Sure. Pass it ovverpp—
Tape: (*Spinning in pick-up reel*) Ticka ticka ticka ticka ticka... □



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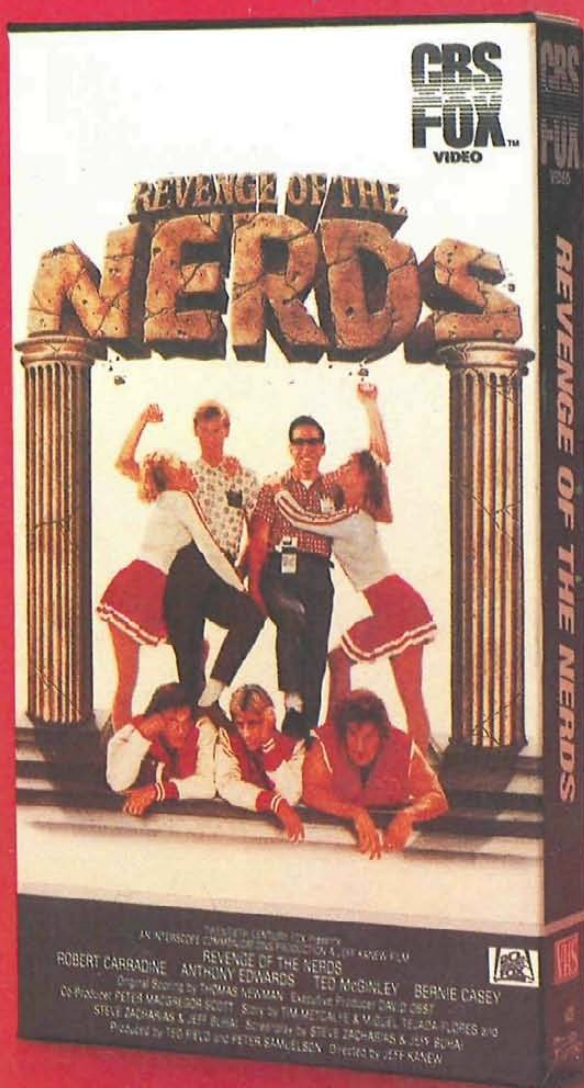
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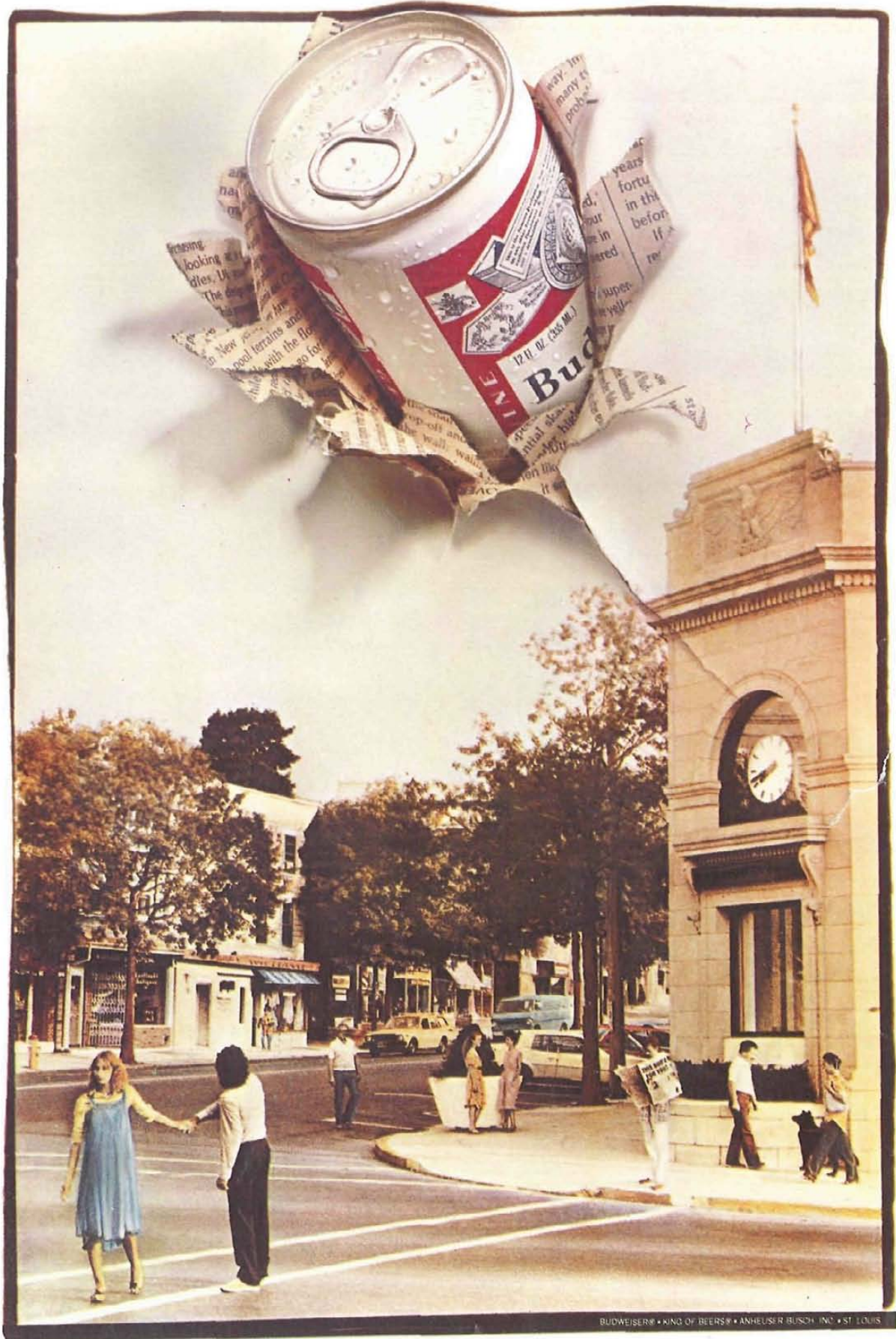


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