

THE BIG MONEY AND OTHER SEXY SUBJECTS ISSUE

February 1986

\$2.00

NATIONAL LAMPOON

WPS 34490

The Humor Magazine for Adults



**INTRODUCING AMERICA'S
NEWEST HERO: GOLDMAN!**

**MISFORTUNE
MAGAZINE**

**INSIDE BOB GELDOF'S
REFRIGERATOR**

**SENSATIONAL EXPOSE:
RUPERT MURDOCH'S PLOT
TO TAKE OVER AMERICA!**





© 1985 Deer Brand by Deer Branding Company, Milwaukee, WI

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

ROCK AND ROLL. BORN AND BRED IN THE USA.

WRAPPING IT UP AT THE ROCK HOTEL, NEW YORK, NY.

Miller

MADE THE AMERICAN WAY.

Contains no additives or preservatives.

EXIT

THE METROS



CONTENTS

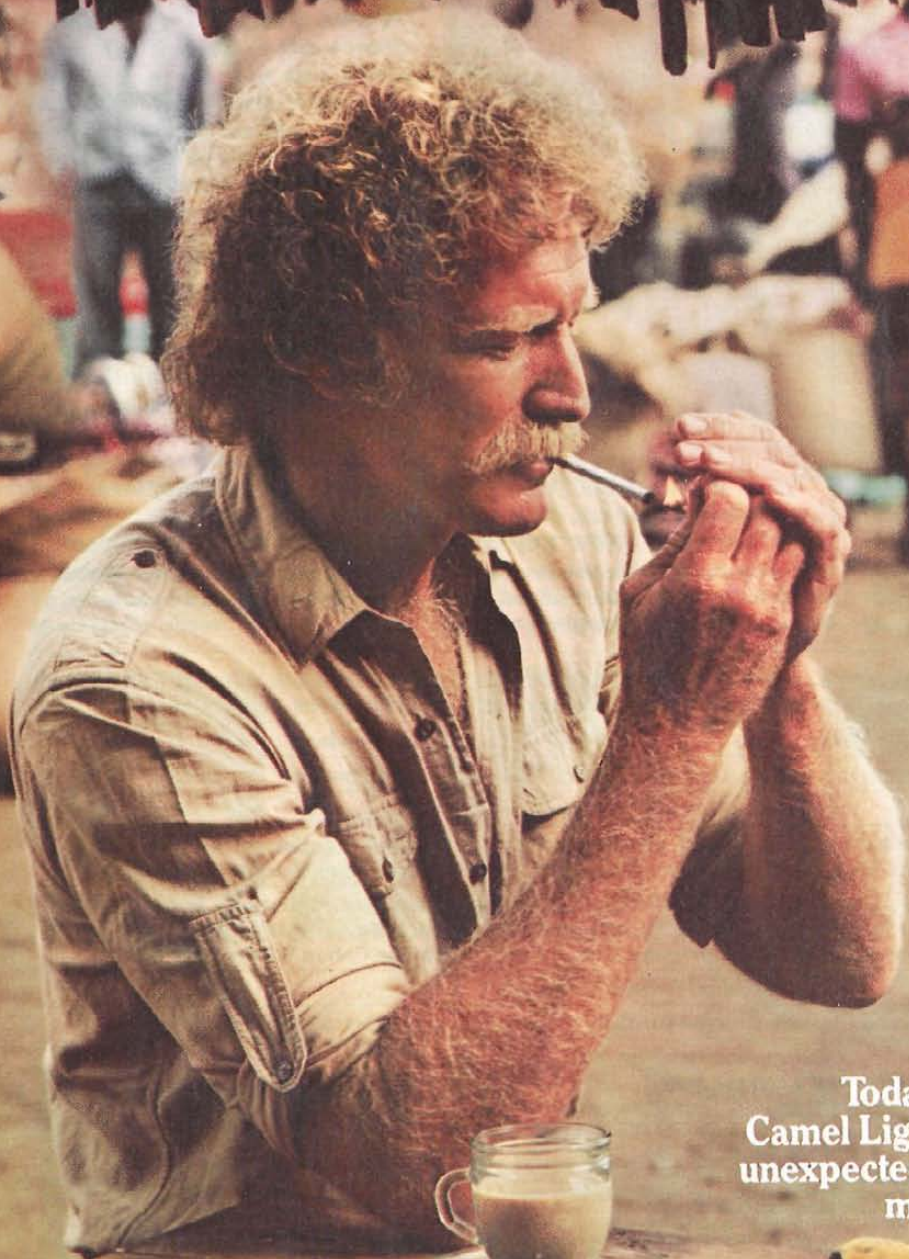
- 6 Editorial _____ \$137.70 (Matty's rate - \$62,000 per hour. 8 seconds to write the editorial)
- 8 Letters from the Editors _____ \$18,500 (catering hall + hostesses for Letters meeting)
- 14 True Section _____ (approx \$200,000. Bendel on secret retainer deal)
 Edited by John Bendel
- 19 The Adventures of Goldman _____ \$17. (Kisch. freelance writer rate)
 By Tony Kisch _____ \$48,000 ('A' rate for artists)
 Illustrated by Rob Orzechowski
- 25 National Lampoon's Capitalist Hall of Fame _____ \$26 (Groubert special freelance rate)
 By Mark Groubert _____ \$16,000 (special oriental cartoonist rate)
 Illustrated by Jeff Wong
- 28 Photo Phunnies _____ \$120,000 (model fee. 60,000 per boob, per page)
- 30 The Right Stock _____ \$7200 ('A' rate for freelancers with good titles)
 By Lance Contrucci _____ 16,500 (art. special per dot pointillism freelance rate)
 Illustrated by Drew Friedman
- 36 I Wish I Could Sashimi Like Your Sister, Kato _____ \$12,000 (edit rate for writers w/ college degree)
 By Richard Liebmann-Smith _____ 60,000 (donation to Meyerwitz cartoonist fund)
 Illustrated by Rick Meyerowitz
- 40 Inside Bob Geldof's Refrigerator _____ \$181,000 (props that PK stole and drank)
 By Peter Kleinman
- 42 Where Your Tax Dollars Go _____ \$60,800 (editorial lunch when we wrote captions)
 By the Editors _____ \$20 - (hat check girl)
 With a Tip of the Hat to Jim Mentel
- 43 Gahan Wilson's History of Barter _____ \$100,000 in trade for ad space.
- 47 Misfortune _____ ? (still trying to figure out who wrote what)
 By Matty Simmons, Larry Sloman, Andy Simmons,
 John Bendel, Will Jacobs, and Gerard Jones
 Illustrated by Randy Jones
 Photographed by Peter Kleinman and Chris Howland
- 60 Rupert, Rupert, Rupert, Rupert, and Rupert _____ \$14,000 (check made payable to "cash" who is Ned Ward?)
 Murdoch: The Untold Story
 By Ned Ward
- 64 Trots and Bonnie _____ \$600 (trots)
 By Shary Flenniken _____ \$12,000 (Bonnie)
 (Flenniken refused payment)
- 66 Sam de Groot _____ \$160,000 (art. special black ink charge.)
 By Rodrigues _____ \$79,850 (same day service charge)
- 67 Martin Izing: Poet of the Dry Cleaning Poster _____ \$10,000 (donation to Corey diction fund)
 By Ron Barrett _____ \$25. (Hickerson is new. He won't mind)
- 71 Tax the Poor: The Trickle-Down Theory of Economics As Propounded by Professor Irwin Corey _____
 Assisted by Annie Sprinkle
 Photographed by Reuven Kopitchinski
- 78 Rip-offs _____
 By Buddy Hickerson

* Total \$1,116,375 ⁷⁰/₁₀₀

TO THE EDITORS:
 I have told you repeatedly that the budget is \$1,116,300 per issue. You are over by \$75.70!!! I don't want to warn you again. This will not be tolerated any longer.
 GA
 George Agolia

CAMEL LIGHTS

It's a whole new world.



Today's
Camel Lights,
unexpectedly
mild.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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

© 1985 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

EDITORIAL

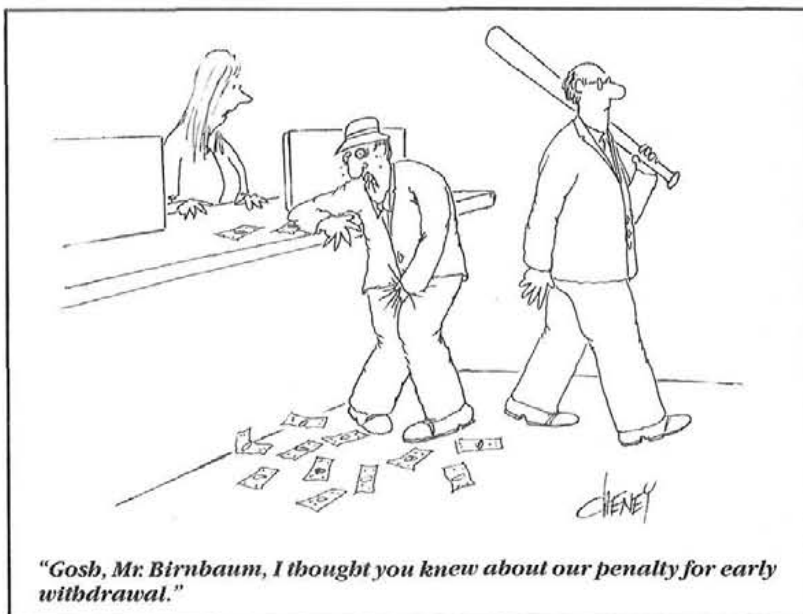
The *NatLamp* Trickle-Down Theory

Much has been made of the administration's "trickle-down" theory. The president has said that he considers it an ingenious strategy that will enrich the country and put two Hondas in every garage. His former budget administrator, David Stockman, called it unworkable and said that if you cut people's taxes and increase the federal budget you will create a huge deficit.

Sounds to me like Stockman is simply a bad sport and a pain in the ass. We here at *NatLamp* not only like the president's plan but feel that Jack Kemp, the former Buffalo Bill quarterback who "quarterbacked" (get it) that plan through Congress, deserves an awful lot of credit for engineering this scheme, and that's what we hope he gets—an awful lot.

So, in light of our enthusiasm for this theory and because this is an issue about money and high finance, we have come up with *National Lampoon's* very own "trickle-down" strategy.* But you must cooperate.

*For a more detailed and explicit explanation of the "trickle-down" theory, see Professor Irwin Corey's lecture on this subject in this issue.



"Gosh, Mr. Birnbaum, I thought you knew about our penalty for early withdrawal."

There are about three million people in America alone who will read this issue. People in and from other coun-

tries who read it can adopt this plan or ignore it depending on the particular

continued on page 18

Editor in Chief: **Matty Simmons**

Executive Editor: **Larry "Ratso" Sloman** Editors: **Andy Simmons, Michael Simmons, Peter Kleinman**

Copy Editor: **Diane Giddis** Production Art Director: **Chris Howland**

Art Administrator: **Jodi Sh. Doff** Editorial Associate: **Carol Epstein**

Art Associates: **Sheryl Cooper, Liz Grace**

Contributing Editors: **George Barkin, John Bendel, Lance Contrucci, Josh Alan Friedman, Mark Groubert, Will Jacobs, Gerard Jones, Tony Kisch, Ed Subitzky, Gerald Sussman, John Waters, Patrick Weathers**

Contributing Artists: **Ron Barrett, M. K. Brown, John Caldwell, Shary Flenniken, Drew Friedman, Rick Geary, Sam Gross, R. G. Harris, Buddy Hickerson, Randy Jones, Rick Meyerowitz, Robert Orzechowski, Bob Rakita, Charles Rodrigues, Marc Taffet, B. K. Taylor, Gahan Wilson, Jeff Wong**

Publisher: **George S. Agolia**

Advertising Production Director: **Howard Jurofsky** Production Assistant: **Sandy Perez**

Chairman and President: **Matty Simmons**

Chairman, Executive Committee: **Leonard Mogel** Executive Vice-President: **George S. Agolia**
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales: **Howard Jurofsky** Controller: **Walter Garibaldi**

Advertising Offices, New York: 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 688-4070. **Midwest, Chicago Office:** The Guenther Company, River Plaza, Suite 4509, 405 N. Wabash, Chicago, Ill. 60611, (312) 670-6800. **Joseph Guenther, Detroit Office:** The Guenther Company, 790 Colonial Court, Birmingham, Mich. 48009, (313) 540-0622. **Chris Guenther, West Coast:** JE Publishers Representative Company, 6855 Santa Monica Boulevard, Suite 200, Los Angeles, Calif. 90038, (213) 467-2266. **Jay Eisenberg, South:** Brown & Company, 5110 Roswell Road, Marietta, Ga. 30062, (404) 998-2889. **Byron Brown, Eastern and Midwestern Canada:** Carveth Advertising Sales, P.O. Station "F" Bag 598, Charles Street, E. Toronto, Ontario, Canada, (416) 921-7598. **Arthur Carveth.**

National Lampoon Magazine (ISSN 0027-9587): Published monthly by NL Communications, Inc. "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of NL Communications, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with the permission of The Harvard Lampoon, Inc. Copyright © 1986, NL Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. **Subscriptions:** \$11.95 paid annual subscription, \$17.95 paid two-year subscription, and \$24.95 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$5.00 outside territorial U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

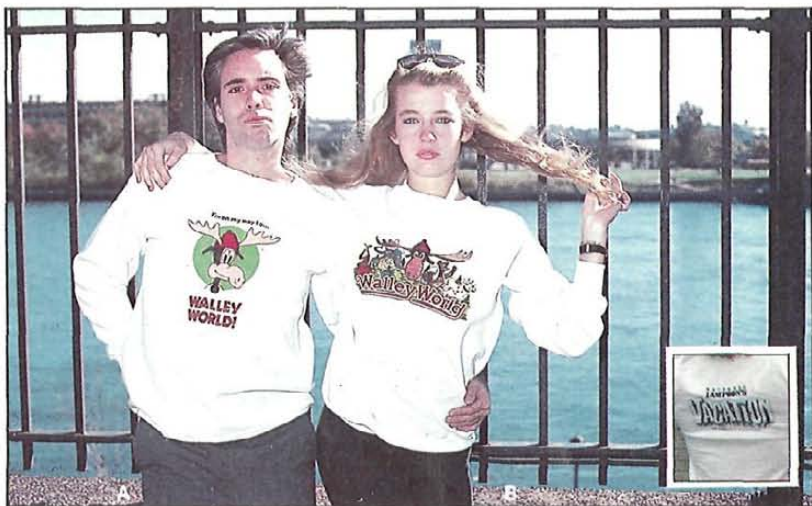
Change of Address: Subscriber, please send change of address to Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. **Allow six weeks for change. Postmaster:** Please address changes to: Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. **Advertising Information:** National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Exclusive of the *National Lampoon* True Section, all incidents, situations, and products depicted or described in the editorial pages of *National Lampoon* are fictional, and any similarity, without satiric intent, of characters presented therein to living persons is coincidental. The editors of *National Lampoon* accept reader submissions of photos, clippings, and other items for inclusion in the *National Lampoon* True Section. Upon receipt these items become the exclusive property of *National Lampoon*. Other than True Section submissions, *National Lampoon* does not accept any unsolicited material of any kind.

!NOW!

THE MOST POPULAR T-SHIRT IN THE HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL LAMPOON IS AVAILABLE AS A SWEATSHIRT IN TWO DESIGNS THAT WILL MAKE DISNEY CRINGE!

Introducing the new *National Lampoon's Vacation* Sweatshirt. On the left is the sweatshirt in precisely the same design as the enormously popular *Vacation* T-shirt. On the right is the new "Walley World" Sweatshirt as worn by the Griswalds in *National Lampoon's European Vacation*.

The demand for both these products has been unprecedented. Twenty million people in the United States and Canada saw *National Lampoon's European Vacation* in theaters, and we got more inquiries about the sweatshirts worn by "Clark" and "Rusty" in that picture than for any other such product in the sixteen-year history of our magazine and movies.



Now both shirts are available in dazzling white with full-color illustrations on the front. On the back it says *National Lampoon's Vacation*. (What were

you expecting—*E.T.*?) Also, still available and still selling ridiculously well are the other movie T-shirts shown on this page.



National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt or



National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt or



National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Shirt



National Lampoon's European Vacation shirt



National Lampoon, Dept. 286
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Please send me:

- SM MD LG NL *European Vacation* shirts @ \$6.95 each
- SM MD LG NL *Vacation* shirts @ \$6.95 each
- SM MD LG NL *Animal House* Delta shirts @ \$5.95 each
- SM MD LG NL *Animal House* baseball shirts @ \$7.00 each
- SM MD LG XL NL *Vacation* sweatshirt (A) @ \$16.95 each
- SM MD LG XL NL *Vacation* sweatshirt (B) @ \$16.95 each

Please add \$1.00 per shirt for postage and handling. New York residents, please add 8 1/4% sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Letters

Sirs:

In answer to your query, a food server cannot transmit AIDS via food—unless the food server has had sex with the food within the last five years.

Surgeon General
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

At first I thought about joining the Moonies, then the Scientologists, and even the Hare Krishna. But in the end I decided on joining Rajneesh's cult so I could get laid every day.

Raja Bloomstein
Antelope, Oreg.

Sirs:

We helped guide the *Columbia* space shuttle through outer space. We stand at the forefront of satellite communications, beaming cable networks to all corners of the globe. In medicine, our researchers have broken new barriers in transplant technology, with artificial kidneys, livers, and spleens nearly ready for market. And for the home, we've produced a plastic that's ten times stronger than steel, yet lighter than aluminum. We're Bazooka Bubble Gum, and the future is one bubble we're proud to blow.

Bazooka Joe
Bazooka Industries
Terre Haute, Ind.

Sirs:

As you know, I just recently licked the "Big C," and I'm rarin' to go again. But due to doctor's orders, I am on a restricted schedule. So, this fall look for the debut of my new show, *Mild Kingdom*. You'll love the thrill-packed segment where our cameras visit an ant farm in a rec room in Scarsdale. Stay tuned.

Marlin Perkins
Sloan-Kettering

:sriS

tiderc ruoy ni ypoc nobrac eht ma I
em raet ot rebmemer esaelp .lib drac
erac snommiS ydnA ot em dnes dna tuo
nosrep ccin yrev a si ch sa eciffo ruoy of
(syas eh os ro) diaprednu ylssorg si dna
nobrac piIS draC tiderC ruoY
teksab repap etsaW

Sirs:

Loved that picture of Teresa Ganzel on the cover of the January *National Lampoon*. Promise me that you will put only beautiful girls with large breasts on the covers of the magazine. I bet anything that issues with covers with beautiful girls with large breasts sell better than issues with covers without beautiful girls with large breasts. Keep up the good work!

George Agolia
Publisher
National Lampoon

Sirs:

We won't say this to his face, but somebody better get rid of the moldy rotten leftovers inside the refrigerator, 'cause they are stinking up the whole locker room.

The Rest of the Chicago
Bears Football Team
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

You wanna know something else interesting about the refrigerator? When you open up his pants, he lights up.

Mrs. Refrigerator
Coolsville



"Hey, Marlene, be a doll and stick this zucchini in your ass and show Ned your Jimmy Durante imitation."

Sirs:

I am thinking of hiring a William Martin as a member of the United States peace negotiating team. Mr. Martin says that he is a former baseball executive, an actor in beer commercials, and a war correspondent for the *National Lampoon*. Please confirm. Your comments will be kept strictly confidential.

George Shultz
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Don't believe all that PR. I think New Jersey is a real pisshole.

Bruce Springsteen
*On the Road So I Can
Stay Out Of Jersey*

Sirs:

With proper care and respect, a good styptic pencil should last the average man a lifetime. I, however, go through one each month.

Charles Bronson
Shaving Nick, Ariz.

Sirs:

Please run this ad in your classified section: FOR SALE: 27 BRAND-NEW ELECTRIC GUITARS FORMERLY OWNED BY J. HENDRIX, INCLUDING 3 LES PAUL FRETLESS 5-STRINGS, 1 PURPLE BANJO, 2 GIBSONS, 1 SUZUKI, AND MANY MORE. WILL NEGOTIATE PRICE. MUST MOVE QUICKLY. CONTACT: S. RAY VAUGHN, STOLEN RIFF RIDGE, TEXAS.

S. Ray Vaughn
Stolen Riff Ridge, Tex.

Sirs:

Well, it certainly isn't *my* fault.

San Andreas
Mexico City, Mexico

Sirs:

Tinker Bell is very sick, but you and your readers out there can help! If you believe in fairies, just do as I do and bend over and grab your ankles and repeat after me: "I *do* believe in fairies, I *do* believe in fairies, I *do* believe..."
gnnnngh!"

Thanks, sailors.

Peter Pan
Fire Island, N.Y.

Sirs:

The difference between a goat and an analinguist?

One butts heads, while the other heads butts!

Edwin Newman
New York, N.Y.

There may be Walkerschnappers right in your neighborhood.



"Not tonight, Melvin... I have a baddock."

Letters

Sirs:

*Ain't that America, land of the free,
Little pink noses for you and for me.*
John Cougar Enemacamp
Brown County, Ind.

Sirs:

We built this city on Rolling Rock!
Barship
Latrobe, Pa.

Sirs:

In heaven there are no queers,

A Bunch of Queers
Here

Sirs:

What's wrong with taking my son into
the family business? Isn't that the Amer-
ican dream?

Johnnie Walker Red, Jr.
Incustody, U.S.A.

Sirs:

It's high time they declared a Church
holy day for the patron saint of wimps,
St. Francis of a Sissy.

Bud Vase
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

Ah don't mind it when johnsons wax;
it's when johnsons wane that Ah gets
upset.

Daisy Wheel
Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

According to modern sexual eti-
quette, eating a cherry is quite proper,
but spitting out seed is altogether
unacceptable.

Ms. Manners
Malibu Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Have you seen the new *Saturday
Night Live*? Boy, is it ever great. Now
that's what I call comedy. And how about
that cast? And talk about writers, they
are just too good for words. TV sure is
looking up.

Anonymous
NBC Headquarters
Rockefeller Center
Seventeenth floor
Third office in the rear

Sirs:

I think of myself not as being dead,
but rather as pushing up pansies.

Truman Capote
Heaven



Sirs:

I have a question about New York
State unemployment benefits. Would I
be entitled to the maximum compensa-
tion? I am currently making \$60,000 a
week.

Lorne Michaels
NBC Headquarters
Rockefeller Center
Seventeenth floor
Third office in the rear

Sirs:

What's British, flies with the aid of an
umbrella, and shits on housetops?

Give up?

Mary Ploppins!

Margaret Thatched Roof
London, England

Sirs:

I'm sick and tired of no-talents like
Stallone and Schwarzenegger and Norris
getting all the publicity. If you want
macho, I'll give you macho! My next
film, which will be shot in New York in
black and white, will take place in the
furniture department at Macy's. I play a
physical education major at Vassar who
is working at Macy's until his appoint-
ment to the Hell's Angels comes
through. Without warning the store is
invaded by Swiss terrorists who threaten
to destroy the entire department if
Macy's doesn't discontinue the sale of all
American chocolates and stock only
Swiss chocolates in its Party Depart-
ment. Mia Farrow plays the leader of the
Swiss hooligans. I am tied to a Kennedy
rocker and continually rocked through
the first two-thirds of the movie, during
which time we do flashbacks to my years
in grade school.

Finally I get mad, break my bonds, and
smash Farrow in the breasts with a Louis
XIV side chair. She shakes it off and, pick-
ing up a set of Wedgwood china, slings
six plates and a creamer against my
groin. I am unhurt. I retaliate by break-
ing a Picasso print across her rear end.
After about a half hour of this, the entire
floor is devastated and we discover that
we have actually fallen in love.

We slip out of the store through the
fire exit and go to Grossinger's in the
Catskills, where I meet her mother and
father, who are played by Mariel
Hemingway and Tony Roberts.

Suddenly the Macy's Secret Police,
who have trailed us, surround the hotel.
Mia has the only weapon, a Swiss army
knife. We take it, open a can of some
nonkosher food, dine, and then go to our
rooms and live happily ever after, Mariel
with Mia and me with Tony.

Is that macho enough for you?

Woody Allen
Carnegie Deli, NYC

Sirs:

Please help us: enemies of our cause have accused us of transporting young female dolphins across state lines for immoral porpoises.

Jacques Cousteau
c/o Davy Jones's Locker

Sirs:

Lafayette, we are queer.

General Pink Jack Pershing
69th Mounted Sidesaddle Division
U.S. Exhibitionary Forces

Sirs:

Please cancel my subscription, as I may be dead.

George Plimpton
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Please start my subscription up again, as I was only sleeping before.

George Plimpton
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Please cancel George Plimpton's subscription, as we think he may be dead.
1,000 Friends of George Plimpton
Around the World

Sirs:

Was I really that funny, or were the rest of them just bad?

Billy Crystal
Newark, N.J.

Sirs:

We saw Mommy kissing Santa Claus, Underneath the mistletoe in the library of Bleak House.

Charles and Little Jimmy Dickens
Gone and Forgotten, Respectively

Sirs:

I really think you people are rotten. I really don't like your comments about Bob Woodward, who is to journalism what Willie Sutton was to banking. Bob Woodward is a fucking genius, and you guys are jealous because you didn't write a book that sold a zillion copies and was kinda slapped together from hearsay and whispers and secondhand gossip and made you a fortune. All you guys do is pick on people, and I really think you're rotten. And frankly I really think you ought to apologize to Bob Woodward before he comes out with his next book. If, as you said, it's about Mother Teresa, then I know that it'll be the same fascinating stuff that he did on the Belushi book. I really think so.

Bobbie Ann Woodward
Washington, D.C.

P.S. I am not related in any way to Bob, my brother.

Your office could be crawling with Walkerschnappers.



Letters

Sirs:

I think your magazine is the greatest thing since the Marx Broth...arrgh-aagagahaaha...

Dear Imperialist Capitalist

Swine Sirs:

We of the Dickbone December 25 Democratic Free People's Liberation Party Front, formerly known as the Socialist Dirtbag Sand Fucker Fascistic Young Men's Islamic White South African Killers Ocean View 2 BR FPLC LR DR Dinette Front, do hereby seize and hold hostage your column of letters, until such time as our brother Sirhan Sirhan is paroled, or you provide us with an independent homeland in the Meadowlands of what you now call New Jersey, or you come up with a better name for our organization. This will be our first and last communication. If you do not respond immediately we will begin killing your letters one by one.

The Dickbone December 25 Democratic Free People's Liberation Party Front, formerly known as the Socialist Dirtbag Sand Fucker Fascistic Young Men's Islamic White South African Killers Ocean View 2 BR FPLC LR DR Dinette Front



Sirs:

I would like to comment on your Mad As Hell issue. I thought that the...wait a minute...I think there's someone at the door...arrgrrrrrrrgrgrgrgrhahaha...

Sirs:

I have a complaint about your subscription department. I still haven't gotten my January Good Clean Sex Again issue, and...ah, wait a minute, the mail just came. Maybe it's in this package ...BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM !!!!!!!!!!!!!!! KABOOOOOOOMMM !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHH !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Your best friend may be a Walkerschnapper.

Sirs:

So you thought we were kidding, but as you now see, we do not make empty threats. Three have died already. How much more American ink must be spilled before our demands are met?

The Dickbone December 25
Democratic Free People's Liberation
Party Front, formerly known as the
Socialist Dirtbag Sand Fucker
Fascistic Young Men's Islamic White
South African Killers Ocean View 2 BR
FPLC LR DR Dinette Front

To the Dickbone December 25
Democratic Free People's Liberation
Party Front, formerly known as the
Socialist Dirtbag Sand Fucker Fascistic
Young Men's Islamic White South
African Killers Ocean View 2 BR FPLC
LR DR Dinette Front:

Let me unequivocally state the *National Lampoon's* policy toward terrorism against the letters column. We have not in the past and we will not in the future ever negotiate with any group that attempts to circumvent the time-honored democratic process. Negotiating with terrorists is a sign of weakness. If we bargain with our letters column, then what? An action against the Photo Phunnies? Would you then hijack the features? And then, God forbid, launch an assault on the ads? NO! Three dead letters is a small price to pay for freedom of speech.

Matty Simons
Editor in Chief
National Lampoon



T R U E

Edited by John Bendel

In Madison, Minnesota, a two-hundred-pound, eight-point buck deer attacked a four-hundred-pound cement deer in front of a farmhouse. The horns of the real deer became entangled with those of the life-size, decorative deer, which then fell off its pedestal. The cement deer broke the real deer's neck in the fall. *Seattle Times* (contributed by Gary R. Reeves)

This story appeared in the *Red Deer (Alberta) Advocate*: "Salzburg, Austria—Tension between Italian opera director Piero Faggioni and Salzburg Festival official Otto Sertl dissolved in face slapping at rehearsals of Giuseppe Verdi's opera *Macbeth*.

"Sources said that Faggioni twice slapped the face of the Austrian official, but festival spokesman Hans Widrich said it was not clear whether Sertl paid back 'in kind.'

"Some said tensions grew because Sertl wanted Faggioni to lessen the amount of artificial fog in one scene. Others said Faggioni was mad because Sertl had not approved the use of topless witches in the opera." (contributed by Cliff Rickard)

New York State authorities charged a dating service with fraud for overcharging clients and setting up incompatible dates. According to the (New York) *Daily News*, a former employee of the firm, Matchmaker International, told investigators that he had been instructed "to sign up a paraplegic for a \$500 fee." He also signed up a man who had just been freed from an insane asylum and a "five-foot-two woman whose overweight condition caused

her to be very unattractive."

In addition, the Albany-based firm "allegedly matched an elderly woman with a transvestite and referred a man with 'athletic interests' to a wheelchair-bound polio victim." (contributed by Carmen Tadeo)

This item appeared in the (Regina, Saskatchewan) *Leader Post*:

"A woman racing down a hill on a wheelchair to raise money for muscular dystrophy patients was paralyzed after the bed crashed into an electric light pole, Annapolis, Maryland police said Monday.

"Carolyn Pike, thirty-eight, crashed at a bend on the city's steepest street when men pushing the bed lost control of it." (contributed by D. Greg Kahan)

Seven former students of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi have charged the onetime guru of the Beatles with fraud because he failed to teach them to fly. The former students claim they attended the Maharishi International University in Fairfield, Iowa, to learn what were described as "extraordinary powers such as clairvoyance or the ability to fly." According to their suit, "flying" consisted of hopping with the legs folded in the lotus position. (contributed by Herm Albright)

Meanwhile, at the Locomotive Hotel in Sydney, Australia, a group of men managed to levitate one Kevin Pacey in the back of the hotel bar. According to the *Adelaide Advertiser*, "Mr. Pacey sat in a chair. Four men touched hands over his head before each put a finger under his shoulder blades and behind his knees. 'He went up like he had a forklift under him,' said one participant. 'It was incredible.'"

However, Mr. Pacey levitated so far off the floor that he was hit in the head three times by the bar's ceiling fan. Mr. Pacey is suing the Locomotive Hotel over the head wounds, which required nineteen stitches to close. (contributed by Ian James)

In a letter to the editors of *Time*, Charles R. Harris, executive director of the American Mushroom Institute, objected to the cover shot of a mushroom cloud on the fortieth anniversary of the Hiroshima bombing. Mr. Harris wrote: "This comes at a time when the American Mushroom Institute is beginning a campaign to increase the consumption of mushrooms from 2.8 pounds per capita to a much higher level." (contributed by Joe Forbes)

According to an article in the London magazine *Executive Travel*, one businessman reported that when a domestic Nigeria Airways flight turned out to be overbooked by three seats,

Nigerian officials "asked the passengers to run twice around the plane, with the fastest qualifying for seats." *Stars and Stripes* (contributed by Mr. & Mrs. Jeffrey Matthews)

During a Dublin, Ireland, performance of the operetta *Pinafore*, actor Alan Devlin suddenly stopped as he was singing "I Am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee." The orchestra stopped also, and the audience heard Devlin mutter, "Oh, dash this, I'm going home." Devlin then climbed off the stage and walked out of the theater, taking off his admiral's uniform as he went. Devlin later said he was considering some other field of work. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by J. R. Leonard)

Contributors: We'll pay ten dollars for every item used, twenty dollars for photos, and more for funny collections, etc. Send to True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Photo for Thought



PAUL NOWAL

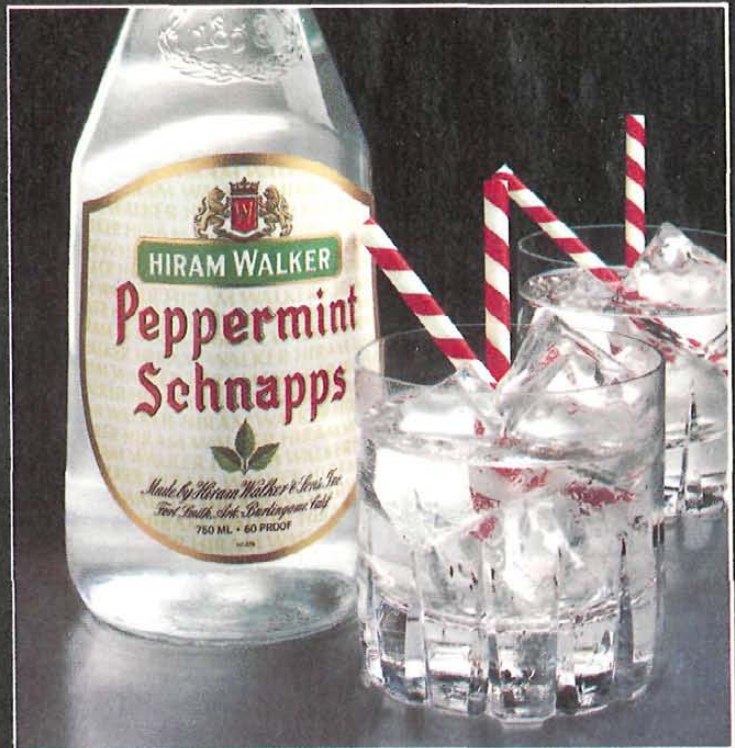
Coming
at You
in APRIL...

**THE
DOCTORS
AND
LAWYERS
ISSUE!**

In which the greatest satirical minds in the world take to task the world's most hypocritical and unnecessary professions. *Discover* what doctors really do on Wednesdays. *See* Gahan Wilson's futuristic projections of evil legals. *Thrill* to the history of bad medicine à la Meyerowitz. *Gape* at ambulance chasers. *Guffaw* at X-rated X rays. *Gasp* when you get the bill.

You can be a
Walkerschnapper
too.

Just grab a glass of Hiram Walker Peppermint Schnapps and join the fun.



CIDER MILL APPLE · ORCHARD ORANGE · WILD STRAWBERRY
HAZELNUT · SNAPPY APRICOT · SPEARMINT · CINNAMON SCHNAPPS

HIRAM WALKER
Taste the difference.

48 & 60 Proof Liqueurs. Hiram Walker Incorporated, Farmington Hills, MI ©1985

TRUE

Norwegian Grocery Report

by Mark Mattison



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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



You've got what it takes.

Salem Spirit

*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.*



© 1985 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

continued from page 6
 machinations of the government running the country they live in. For example, if you live in Albania—don't fuck around!

Okay, here's the plan. And note how remarkably simple it is. Three million people read this magazine. All of them have at least one credit card. Immediately take the card out and buy anything and everything you can. We know that there are limits on the amount of each individual purchase, so try to buy relatively low-priced items but a lot of them over a very short period of time.

If each person charges, let's say, twenty thousand dollars, we will have bought sixty billion dollars' worth of merchandise. This means that retail sales in this country will jump \$60,000,000,000 (it looks impressive that way, doesn't it?) in just a few days.

The companies who are the recipients of these billions will be euphoric. It will create all sorts of excitement and—this is where you really got to hand it to a guy like Jack Kemp—it will trickle

down.

Okay, here's how.

Store owners are now \$60 billion richer (it looks good that way, too), so they break off a couple of billion and raise workers' salaries. Half of the sixty goes to the manufacturers, who in turn pass out increases and bonuses to the people on the production lines. Because of this sudden rush of orders, production is increased.

Manufacturers buy more raw materials, enriching miners, lumberjacks, shepherds, the people in Silicon Valley who make those wonderful little gadgets that do so many wonderful things, and many others.

Those people pass more money on to their families, who buy more groceries, more humor magazines, go bowling more often, and even buy more grass (every aspect of this has been carefully thought out).

What we've got here is a raging prosperity. And it's all trickling down.

But, you ask, how will the three million *National Lampoon* readers who created this windfall pay to the credit card companies the sixty billion dollars they have charged over this two- or three-day period? The answer has been thought out and is simple.

They won't.

There aren't enough courts in the United States to handle sixty billion dollars' worth of complaints against three million people. The government will have to legislate special laws so that everyone will go scot-free (whatever that means).

Now we have created an enormous prosperity. People are making more

money, spending more, and owning more than ever before, and it all started with you.

Okay, we can't let the banks and the credit card companies go under, so what do we do?

We float a huge bond issue so that our kids and our grandchildren and their kids can pay for everything. And we don't even have to worry about it because we'll be dead by the time the bonds come due. The kids will be up the creek...but...

Fuck them! Meanwhile, we'll have it great.

And that's what trickle-down is all about.

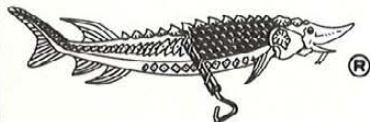
—Matty Simmons

The cover this month is by Alan Reingold. The model, Bonnie N. Clyde, when asked what she did for a living, responded with a simple "I rub banks."

Credits, Plugs, and Bribery Dept.:

Many thanks to the fine upstanding young men at Camrod Motors, especially Eric, who let us use one of their many fine and wonderful motorcycles in one of our fine and beautiful photographs. Also a hearty soulful tip of the top hat to Mary Lou's, the best damn eatery and drinkery in not only the solar system but quite possibly the whole city. Not to mention that caviar connoisseur Lou Sobol, the gracious proprietor of Caviarteria Inc. Caviar Center U.S.A., who lent us some of his fish eggs. I hope he doesn't count the ones we returned.

—P.K.



HOW MY WIFE INVENTED YOUR BIGGEST BARGAIN IN CAVIAR

A barrel of imported Beluga Caviar weighs 200 lbs. So the eggs on the bottom are partially crushed. If we didn't stir before packing, some customers would get imperfect Beluga.

My wife said we should throw away our spoon. "Let the broken eggs stay," she ordained. "Only charge a lot less. If Beluga sells for \$20 an ounce, the 'Bottom of the Barrel' should be maybe half."

Wouldn't you know it! That's just the way it worked out. Our Kamchatka Caviar (that's what we call it) caught on so quickly that now we need two bottoms to every barrel.

A case of 12 one oz. jars is a bargain at \$90. This includes shipment anywhere in the U.S. Or you can order 3 jars for \$26.50 postpaid, including our catalog of great foods.

Remember we're talking about real Caspian sturgeon Caviar, vacuum packed to keep a year without refrigeration. No added color. Not an imitation of anything else. We're sure you will enjoy it. Or we will make immediate refund for the unused jars and thank you for trying it.

**SEND CHECK OR
 SAVE 5 DAYS BY PHONING
 TOLL FREE 1-800-4-CAVIAR
 N.Y. STATE 212-759-7410**

Caviarteria Inc.
 CAVIAR CENTER USA

29 East 60th Street, N.Y. 10022 Dept. 01



"Maybe you should hang upside down and jerk off more often."

THE ADVENTURES OF...



GOLLOMAN

HERE I COME...
TO DO YOUR BOOKS...
♪♪♪♪

LOOK IN DA SKY,
MON, IT'S A
HELICOTTER!

NO, MAN...
IT'S, IT'S, IT'S
THE YID WITH
THE QUID!

**FASTER THAN AN
ELECTRONIC CALCULATOR.
MORE POWERFUL THAN AN
I.R.S. AUDIT!
ABLE TO ADD LONG COLUMNS
AT A SINGLE GLANCE!
THE MAN OF GOLD!**

KSCAU/PRZELOWSKI '85

GOLDMAN - A MILD-MANNERED CREDIT MANAGER FOR A GREAT METROPOLITAN SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION WHO FIGHTS A NEVER-ENDING BATTLE AGAINST PETTY LARCENY ARMED ONLY WITH HIS PEN AND CHECKBOOK...



BUT I TELL YOU, THAT'S ALL I HAVE.

EIGHT DOLLARS!?! DON'T GIVE US DAT BOO-SHIT, POLI-GRIP!

YEAH, COUGH UP, OR YOU'LL EAT YOUR ORTHOPEDIC SHOES!

AW, GEE!



IT'S GOLDMAN!



BOYS, I KNOW HOW EXPENSIVE SPRAY PAINT AND GHETTOSTASTERS ARE TODAY. WOULD, SAY, FIVE HUNDRED BE SUFFICIENT?

RIGHT ON.



SAVE YOUR INK, GOLDIE, WE DON'T TAKE NO CHECKS WITHOUT A DRIVER'S LICENSE AND ONE OTHER FORM OF IDENTIFICATION.



SHUT YO' IGN'ANT MOUT! EVVY JACKASS KNOWS GOLDMAN'S CHECKS ALWAYS BE GOOD!

YEAH, SPELL DAT L-E-R-O-I BROWN!



YAAAA-HOOO! HE'S THE FLYIN' JEW. HE GIVE YOU ONE, HE GIVE YOU TWO. HE DON'T LIKE TO SEE NO ONE HURT, SO OFFA HIS BACK, HE GIVE YOU HIS SHIRT.



NEXT MORNING, CLARK GELT, GOLDMAN'S MEEK, BESPECTACLED ALTER EGO, ARRIVES FOR WORK AT THE OFFICES OF THE BENEVOLENT LOAN ASSOCIATION.

GOOD MORNING, LOIS, WOULD YOU LIKE A DOUGHNUT? I BOUGHT AN EXTRA ONE.

YOU KNOW I'M ON THE NEW *DEATH VALLEY DIET*, CLARK, AND BY THE WAY, YOU'RE FIVE MINUTES LATE.



I SEE YOU FORECLOSED ON THAT ORPHANAGE. GEE, MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE GIVEN THEM A LITTLE MORE TIME.



IT'LL MAKE THEM BETTER ADULTS, CLARK. BESIDES... WOW!

WHAT'S ALL THE HUBBUB, LOIS?

LOOK! IT SAYS THAT GOLDMAN PREVENTED ANOTHER CRIME LAST NIGHT. WHAT A MAN.



IMAGINE HIS NET WORTH.

GOLDMAN AGAIN? I WONDER WHERE HE GETS THE MONEY TO FINANCE HIS OPERATIONS?



GET OFF MY DESK, CLARK GELT! YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS OF HIM, THAT'S ALL!

OKAY, OKAY, LOIS! TOUGH, BUT WHAT A PAIR OF FANNY MAES!



LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON THE CASH FLASHER TODAY....

ARMED ROBBERY IN PROGRESS AT MIKE'S LIQUORS, CORNER MAIN AND MULDOON ...



THAT'S RIGHT NEARBY. I'VE GOT TO GET OVER THERE.

UH, LOIS, I'VE GOT TO GO CHECK ON MRS. CLANCY'S KEOGH ACCOUNT. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.



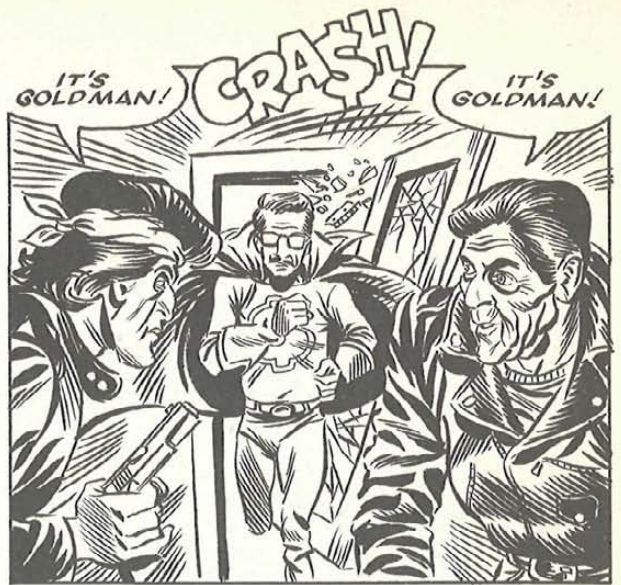
YEAH... SURE... I WONDER IF HE'S GAY....



EXECUT WASH



DON JONES WAS HERE '99



FELLAS, I KNOW HOW TOUGH IT IS DOING THESE LITTLE SMASH-AND-GRAB JOBS — YOU RISK SO MUCH FOR A LOUSY TAKE!

LET'S SEE... HOW DOES FOUR HUNDRED SOUND TO YOU GUYS?

UH... GEE WHIZ, GOLDMAN... WE HEARD YOU GAVE A BUNCH A AMATEURS FIVE LAST NIGHT,

ALL RIGHT, JUST FOR YOU... HOW ABOUT FIVE AND A QUARTER? BUT DON'T TELL ANYBODY!



AIN'T DAT TH' TROOT, Y'KNOW, GOLDMAN, DESE MASKS ALONE SET US BACK SIXTY BUCKS! DE BOTTOM LINE ON DIS BUSINESS SUCKS!



OUR LIPS ARE SEALED, GOLDMAN!

GEE, YOUSE A SWELL GUY!



AND MIKE, THAT'S FOR THE DAMAGES. EVERYBODY BE FRIENDS.

LATER, BACK AT THE OFFICE...



WELL, CLARK, WHILE YOU WERE OUT FIDDLING WITH A GERIATRIC'S NEST EGG, GOLDMAN SINGLE-HANDEDLY STOPPED A LIQUOR STORE ROBBERY.

Y'KNOW, CLARK, IT SEEMS LIKE EVERY TIME GOLDMAN IS AROUND, YOU DISAPPEAR.....

WELL, LOIS... UH... IT'S JUST A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

HEY, EVERYBODY! SOME CRAZY ARABS ARE HOLDING HOSTAGES OVER AT LEO'S CARNEGIE DELI!

THIS IS A JOB FOR GOLDMAN! WHY, LEO EVEN NAMED A SANDWICH AFTER ME!



C'MON, CLARK, LET'S GO! IT'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER!

LOOK! IT'S GOLDMAN!

UH... YOU GO AHEAD, LOIS... I HAVE TOO MUCH PAPER WORK TO DO.



GLAD YOU'RE HERE, GOLDMAN! THEY'VE LET EVERYONE GO EXCEPT THREE WAITERS NAMED COHEN!

SILENCE, INFIDELS! WE ARE FROM THE P.L.O.G.F.R.A. LIBERATION FRONT. ONE MOVE FROM THE POLICE, AND THIS ONE HAS SERVED HIS LAST MATZO BALL!

FIVE OF OUR BROTHERS OF THE P.L.O.-UH-FRONT ARE IMPRISONED IN LICHTENSTEIN. I WILL FORCE EACH OF THESE ZIONIST DOGS TO EAT A HAM SANDWICH EVERY HALF HOUR UNTIL THEY ARE RELEASED.



PLEASE PUT AWAY THAT HAM BEFORE SOMEONE GETS HURT! I'M COMING IN TO NEGOTIATE!



ISS GOLDMAN!!

BOYS, BOYS ... YOU KNOW YOU'LL NEVER GET WHAT YOU WANT. THIS ISN'T BEIRUT. TAKE THIS \$2,500 AND WE'LL FORGET THE WHOLE THING!

NEVER! DO YOU THINK WE WOULD SELL OUT OUR COMRADES FOR YOUR FILTHY ZIONIST IMPERIALIST U.S. MONEY?



HOW ABOUT FIVE THOUSAND?



SOLD!

WELL, CLARK, AS USUAL YOU MISSED EVERYTHING! GOLDMAN WAS MAGNIFICENT!



YEAH, LOIS, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!

BY THE WAY, WOULD YOU LIKE THREE HAM SANDWICHES?



END.

STORY: TONY KISCH
ART: ROB ORZE-CHOW-SKI

During the late 19th and early 20th centuries, capitalism flourished in the United States as it never had before and probably never will again.

Names that we know today only as designations for foundations, art collections, and concert halls actually lived as flesh-and-blood Americans.

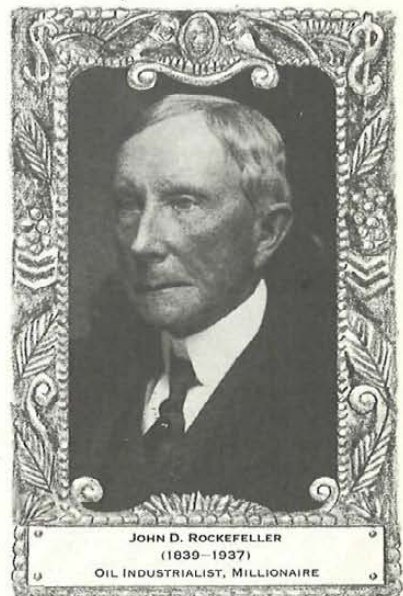
Some called them "robber barons," while others simply referred to them as "them." Whatever they were called, one thing they all had in common was MONEY—and plenty of it! *And* they made their money before big taxes. Come to think of it, most multimillionaires today don't pay much in taxes either. But that's another story. More important, most of these fellows made a million when a million *was* a million!

Now you can watch American history unfold when you take your family on a trip to...

National Lampoon's

Capitalist Hall of Fame

by Mark Groubert
Illustrated by Jeff Wong



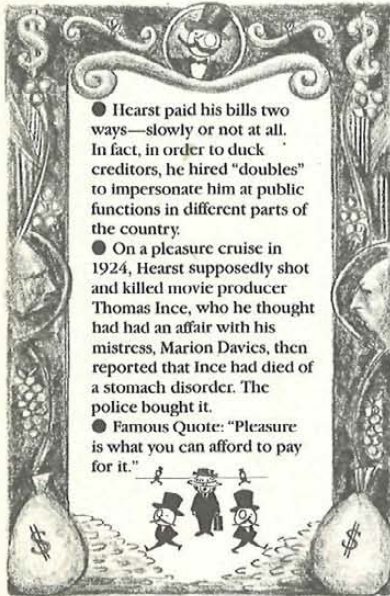
Now you can watch American history unfold when you take your family on a trip to... a million!

either. But that's another story. More important, most of these fellows made a million when a million was money before big taxes. Come to think of it, most multimillionaires today don't pay much in taxes they were called, one thing they all had in common was MONEY—and plenty of it! And they made their some called them "topper barons", while others simply referred to them as "them". Whatever actually lived as flesh-and-blood Americans. Names that we know today only as designations for foundations, art collections, and concert halls had before and probably never will again.

During the late 19th and early 20th centuries, capitalism flourished in the United States as it never

Capitalist Hall of Fame

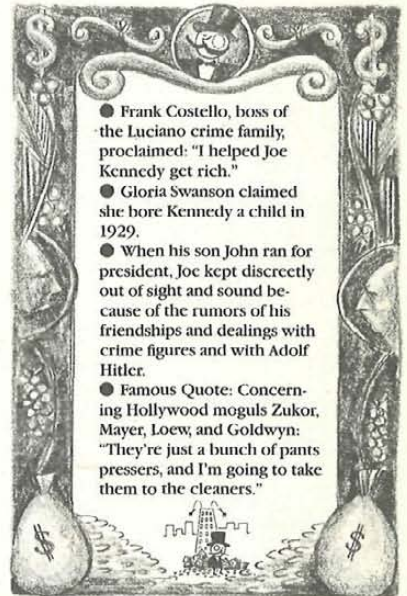
Illustrated by Jeff Wong
by Mark Grobert



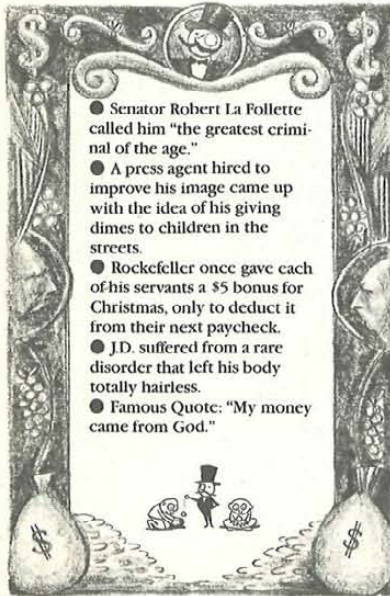
- Hearst paid his bills two ways—slowly or not at all. In fact, in order to duck creditors, he hired "doubles" to impersonate him at public functions in different parts of the country.
- On a pleasure cruise in 1924, Hearst supposedly shot and killed movie producer Thomas Ince, who he thought had had an affair with his mistress, Marion Davies, then reported that Ince had died of a stomach disorder. The police bought it.
- Famous Quote: "Pleasure is what you can afford to pay for it."



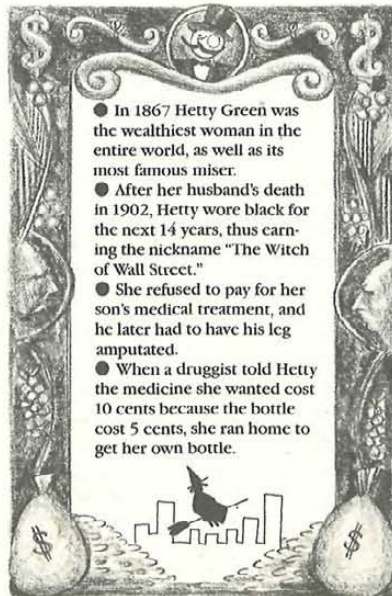
- Convinced that soybeans were the wave of the future, Ford appeared at a convention with his complete attire (except shoes) made out of soybeans.
- In 1918 Ford bought the newspaper the *Dearborn Independent* and began a series of anti-Semitic articles blaming the Jews for all the world's ills. He was a big fan of Adolf Hitler.
- Ford, an avowed pacifist, netted millions of dollars during the two world wars, producing military vehicles and other armaments.
- Famous Quote: "Reading musses up my mind."



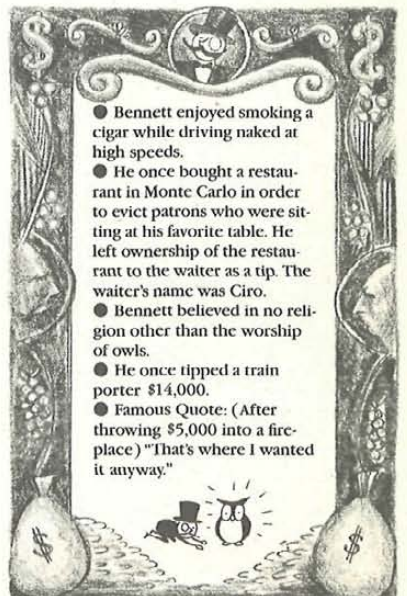
- Frank Costello, boss of the Luciano crime family, proclaimed: "I helped Joe Kennedy get rich."
- Gloria Swanson claimed she bore Kennedy a child in 1929.
- When his son John ran for president, Joe kept discreetly out of sight and sound because of the rumors of his friendships and dealings with crime figures and with Adolf Hitler.
- Famous Quote: Concerning Hollywood moguls Zukor, Mayer, Loew, and Goldwyn: "They're just a bunch of pants pressers, and I'm going to take them to the cleaners."



- Senator Robert La Follette called him "the greatest criminal of the age."
- A press agent hired to improve his image came up with the idea of his giving dimes to children in the streets.
- Rockefeller once gave each of his servants a \$5 bonus for Christmas, only to deduct it from their next paycheck.
- J.D. suffered from a rare disorder that left his body totally hairless.
- Famous Quote: "My money came from God."



- In 1867 Hetty Green was the wealthiest woman in the entire world, as well as its most famous miser.
- After her husband's death in 1902, Hetty wore black for the next 14 years, thus earning the nickname "The Witch of Wall Street."
- She refused to pay for her son's medical treatment, and he later had to have his leg amputated.
- When a druggist told Hetty the medicine she wanted cost 10 cents because the bottle cost 5 cents, she ran home to get her own bottle.



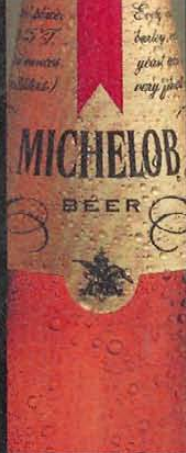
- Bennett enjoyed smoking a cigar while driving naked at high speeds.
- He once bought a restaurant in Monte Carlo in order to evict patrons who were sitting at his favorite table. He left ownership of the restaurant to the waiter as a tip. The waiter's name was Ciro.
- Bennett believed in no religion other than the worship of owls.
- He once tipped a train porter \$14,000.
- Famous Quote: (After throwing \$5,000 into a fireplace) "That's where I wanted it anyway."



VAIL



BERMUDA



FT. LAUDERDALE



MAUI

WIN A TRIP BY ENTERING THE

MICHELOB

Hot Spots Sweepstakes

WIN TICKETS FOR TWO TO A HOT SPOT & MORE!

Win Michelob's Hot Spots Sweepstakes, and we'll send you and a friend to a vacation hot spot... all expenses paid. Here's all you have to do!

- 1 Choose the hot spot where you'd like to spend your vacation... Ft. Lauderdale, Bermuda, Vail or Maui.
- 2 Tell us what you think the high weather temperature will be at the hot spot you've chosen on April 1, 1986.
- 3 While you're doing steps one and two, you may wish to enjoy a bottle of Michelob and read the recommended serving temperature on the neck foil. Then complete the phrase: "Serve Michelob at _____°F."

PICK YOUR FAVORITE HOT SPOT

The perfect serving temperature of Michelob is _____°F.

The high temperature of my Hot Spot _____°F.
 Vacation choice _____°F.
 for April 1, 1986 will be: (check 1 box and list temperature)
 Bermuda _____°F.
 Ft. Lauderdale _____°F.
 Maui _____°F.
 Vail _____°F.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____

I certify that I am of legal drinking age in my state of residence at the time of my entry in the Michelob Hot Spots contest.
 Mail to: Michelob Hot Spots Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 3960, Schaumburg, IL 60194.

The Grand Prize winner will receive a one-week trip for two including air transportation, accommodations and \$750 spending money. 50 First Prize Winners will receive Quartz Travel Alarm Clocks. 100 Second Prize Winners will be given a Michelob Beach Towel. (See the Official Rules for sweepstakes details.)



OFFICIAL RULES/NO PURCHASE NECESSARY 1. On an Official Entry Form or plain piece of paper no larger than 3" x 5" (one side only), hand print your complete name and address and complete the phrase: "Serve Michelob at _____°F." Check the box opposite one vacation and your estimate of the high weather temperature at that place on April 1, 1986. The serving temperature must be completed, one vacation choice checked and a weather temperature filled in, to qualify. Entries on plain paper should have serving temperature, one vacation choice and weather temperature estimate handwritten. The correct Michelob serving temperature can be found only on bottles of Michelob. You may receive the correct answer to the Sweepstakes serving question by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Michelob Hot Spots Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 3962, Schaumburg, IL 60194. Residents of the State of Washington ONLY need not affix postage to self-addressed envelopes. ALL requests must be received by March 1, 1986. 2. Mail your completed entry in a hand-addressed envelope no larger than 4 1/8" x 9 1/2" (#10 envelope) to: Michelob Hot Spots Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 3960, Schaumburg, IL 60194. Limit one entry per envelope. All entries must be received by March 15, 1986. Not responsible for lost, misdirected or delayed mail. 3. Winners will be determined in a random drawing held on April 30, 1986 from among all correctly completed entries received under the supervision of Responsive Mailroom, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this offer. The first name drawn will win the Grand Prize (retail value \$3,338.00), the next 50 names drawn will win First Prizes — Quartz Travel Alarm Clocks (retail value \$33.50) and the next 100 will win Second Prizes — Michelob Beach Towels (retail value \$10.95). The odds of winning depend upon the number of correct entries received. Only one winner per family. Only entries with the correct serving and weather temperatures will be entered into the sweepstakes. If there are not enough correct entries for prize fulfillment all other entries will be entered into a random drawing to award remaining sweepstakes prizes. 4. This sweepstakes is open to residents of the United States who are of legal drinking age in their states of residence at the time of entry. Employees of The Anheuser-Busch Companies, their affiliates, subsidiaries, distributors, wholesalers, advertising and promotion agencies, retail alcoholic beverage licensees and the families of each are not eligible. This sweepstakes is void in Texas and where prohibited by law. 5. Taxes on prizes are the sole responsibility of the prize winners. All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply. For the name of the prize winners send a SEPARATE self-addressed stamped envelope to: Michelob Hot Spots Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 3961, Schaumburg, IL 60194. No substitution of prizes is permitted. Prize winners will be obligated to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility within 10 days of notification. In the event of non-compliance within this time period, an alternate winner will be selected. All prizes must be claimed by August 15, 1986. The Travel prize must be used by December 31, 1986. A prize notice returned to the sponsor as undeliverable will be awarded to an alternate winner. 6. All high temperatures will be based on the high temperature reported by the National Weather Service for April 1, 1986. © 1985 ANHEUSER-BUSCH INC. BREWERS OF MICHELOB BEER ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.

PHOTO PHUNNIES



Now Offering Shirts and Fine Sweaters from

FROG



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

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

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

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

FROG

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

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

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

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

GRAY: small medium large
 BLACK: small medium large
 CAMEL: small medium large
 BLUE: small medium large

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

I enclose \$ _____ to:

National Lampoon, Dept. 286
 635 Madison Avenue
 New York, N.Y. 10022

New York residents, please add 8 1/4 percent sales tax.

Polo shirts available in:



White



Blue



Yellow



Green



Gray



Camel

Sweaters available in:



Gray



Black

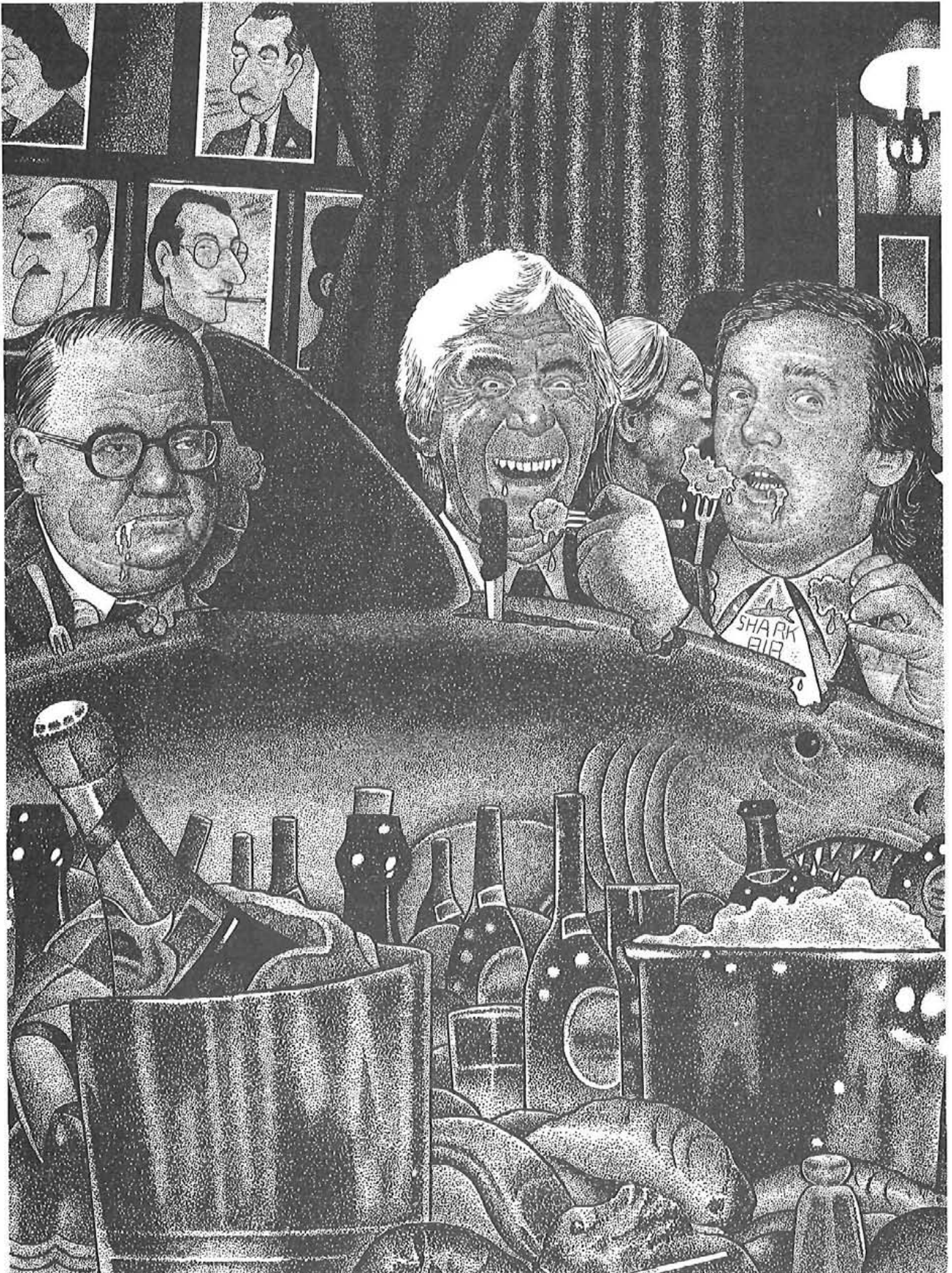


Camel



Blue

Frog logo
 by cartoonist
 Sam Gross



The Right Stock

by Lance Contrucci

The average financier is the kind of guy who's content to sit back in the grandstand of life and eke out a meager hundred thousand or so a year—he's a broker and a joker and a secretary poker with a *My Big Ass* degree on the wall. But—a handful of entrepreneurs are genuine financial ACES, *daring young men in their money machines*—lighting up the board over Wall Street in debt-defying, winner-take-all (plus 10 percent) dog-fights! Mortal men never bare their assets on the line, but the real *Bretbren*, the righteous Dreamers and Schemers, push their clout to the limit. Men like Donald Trump, who took off into the world of real estate and came back the *Gentrified Glitzlord of Gotham!*...or top-rated Stock Jocks from deep in the *burt* of Texas...and Nelson Hunt, the Flounder of Modern Precious Metal Speculation. They're the stuff that *Business Week* is made of, the My Share of the Pie Pious!!! *Ragging & Taking and Taking & Bragging!!!* They're the breast-beating bond buyers: Hunt and Trump, and oh yes, *not to mention* John DeLorean, who tried to fly a stainless-steel turkey to the sun!!!...They're the entrepreneurs with the *Right Stock!!!*

He Had Little to Begin With

A popular joke on Wall Street is that John DeLorean fell off a yacht one day. A shark swam up to him, looked him over, and then, incredibly, *swam away*. It didn't swim away because John had just peed his pants. Nor did it swim away because John was all skin and bones (and a little plastic in the face)—*oh no!!!* The shark swam away because it was granting him professional courtesies!!!

Yet people who really know John say that this isn't true: if anything, the shark would have swum away with a couple of bogus certificates in a fresh-fish market, a promise that he'd be a millionaire over-

night, and an agreement that John would teach him to improve his dive at a later date. The fact is, John Zachary DeLorean, son of a millwright for a Ford factory, always had the gift of *gab* and the gift of *grab*...and, ultimately, a *nose* for making money.

John's incredible *success story* has a slightly different twist. He started off by working for an automobile company, and in twenty-two short years was world-famous and owned his own company. Then, only four short years later, he was *millions of dollars* in debt, jailed, divorced, and world...*infamous!!!* An International Failure!!! Like all of the Dreamers and Schemers with the Right Stock, John had plenty of ambition, greed, and drive...but maybe just a touch *too much*, since he ultimately drove his car into the ground!!!

His first big break (not *bust*) was when he helped design the GTO for Pontiac. Then things happened fast: a hit song came out about GTOs, and GTOs caught on well with the kids, and John started listening to rock 'n' roll music and—*bey, baby*—his zenith rose like an aerial right up out of the hood! John just pulled ahead of the competition, he was the master of suspension!!! Soon Big John was the manager of Chevrolet—*See the Feds Today in Your Chevrolet*. He played the game...and won!!! *John, your stroke was excellent today on the seventeenth!!! Thanks, J.B.!!* He was married to a former secretary and lived the good life, hanging around with the other auto execs around the new flagstone patio!!! *Still*—questions plagued young John's mind: Should I let the old man beat me again today?...Does my wife make a better martini than Dawson's wife???? John DeLorean wasn't long content with this desk job—he knew he could only be happy if he was out there shooting it out with the business community, *Ragging & Taking and Taking & Bragging*, like a *real* Top Stock Jock!

Well, it was only natural that young Don John saw that he had plenty of *options!* What with all of the traveling and the god-awful speeches, and the wine, women, and song...and don't forget all those trips to California, where things were *bappening*, especially for a handsome Dreamer and Schemer out tooting his horn! John didn't spend so much time away from home because he was devoted to General Motors, nor did he spend time away because his home life was well under par. No, John started flying all around the country because he had the *Right Stock*, and *flying all around the country Ragging & Taking and Taking & Bragging* was what you did!!! Needless to say, John changed more than his personality, he changed his whole face! He turned around and had a face-lift! He stopped wearing boxer shorts! He lost sixty pounds! In Detroit, the boys were saying, *Hey, John, this is Detroit, not some exotic place like...Los Angeles, for chrissakes!* He dyed his hair and started *dealing in wives*—he traded the ex-secretary in for a model that was twenty years younger, no doubt one with greater acceleration and handling, but then got rid of *that* one after three years, trading her in for an even newer model, a *professional* model named Cristina!!!

Well, all that was too much for the big brass at GM, so they shit-canned him one fine day, but John never even blinked an eye—what did you expect him to do, go stand around at the unemployment line??? *Of course not*—he handled it with poise and sophistication, just the way any blue-blooded Schemer and Dreamer would: he told everybody that *be quit* General Motors, and wrote a book about *how stupid they were!* He was unquestionably one of the greatest liars in the world...John could look you straight in the face and smile while one hand was in your pocket and the other was on your wife's ass!!! He was the lying bandit, the raccoon raconteur!!! It must

continued on page 34

LOOK WHO'S IN THE



339200. #1 album! #1 smash *Part-Time Lover*; hit *Go Home*, much more.



336222* #1 album! Featuring #1 smash *Money For Nothing* and *Walk Of Life*, much more.



334391* #1 hits *Saving All My Love For You* and *You Give Good Love*; more.



337519. Top 10 album and hits *What About Love* and *Never*; others.



336396-336390. *You're Only Human*; *Aptown Girl*; *Tell Her About It*; more.

- 340406* RUSH POWER WINDOWS
- 335646 PAUL YOUNG THE SECRET OF ASSOCIATION
- 335562 PRINCE AND THE NEW POWER GENERATION THE LOVE AND ANGEL DUST VOL. 1
- 330514 NEW EDITION
- 329581* BILLY OCEAN SUDDENLY
- 328302* TINA TURNER PRIVATE DANCER
- 327908 SCANDAL WARRIOR
- 337246* DEAD OR ALIVE YOUTHQUAKE
- 336818 THE Nitty Gritty Dirt Band PARTNERS BROTHERS AND FRIENDS
- 335935 ROSANNE CASH Rhythm And Romance
- 335349* JOHN CAFFERTY AND THE BEATERS BROTHERS BAND TOUGH ALL OVER
- 322024 HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS - SPORTS
- 321018 BILLY JOEL An Innocent Man
- 320499 THE POLICE SYNCHRONICITY
- 319962 LOVERBOY KEEP IT UP
- 335285* SUPERTRAMP BROTHA BROTHERS TOO ROUND
- 335778 HANK WILLIAMS JR. FIVE O
- 335802* BON JOVI 7800 FAHRENHEIT
- 337485 JOHN WAITE MASK OF SMILES
- 337676* SHEILA E. ROMANCE 1600
- 339012 LEE GREENWOOD STREAMLINE
- 338046* UB40 & LITTLE BAGGARIDDIM
- 338265 GLENN FREY THE ALLNIGHTER
- 328435 PURPLE RAIN PRINCE AND THE NEW POWER GENERATION
- 320369* TWISTED SISTER STAY HUNGRY
- 339481 RICKY SKAGGS LIVE IN LONDON
- 332197 DON HENLEY BUILDING THE PERFECT BEAST
- 338418 AL JARREAU LIVE IN LONDON

- 339846* ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS
- 336719* MOTLEY CRUE Theatre Of Pain
- 334052 TOM PETTY A HOLLOW HEART SOUTHERN ACCENTS
- 339283 CHARLIE DANIEL'S BAND ME AND THE BOYS
- 338533* APRIL WINE Walking Through Fire
- 337527 LAURA BRANIGAN HOLD ME
- 337139* THE ROMANTICS RHYTHM ROMANCE
- 335893* Y & T OPEN FIRE
- 335638 THE BARRY MANILOW COLLECTION BARRY MANILOW 20 CLASSIC HITS
- 335224* TIL TUESDAY VOICES CARRY
- 334376* DEBARGE Rhythm Of The Night
- 333666 GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS MAVERICK
- 330258 KISS ANIMALIZE
- 329938 TALKING HEADS Stop Making Sense
- 337793* AL JARREAU HIGH CRIME
- 287003 EAGLES 1971-1975 GREATEST HITS
- 331860 GREAT LOVE SONGS OF THE 50'S & 60'S VOL. 1
- 314443 NEIL DIAMOND 12 GREATEST HITS VOL. 1
- 312314 CHICAGO'S Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 Chicago's 20th Anniversary
- 332932* SADE DIAMOND LIFE
- 332940* LUTHER VANDROSS THE NIGHT I Fell In Love
- 336313* FREDDIE JACKSON ROCK ME TONIGHT
- 336933* COCK ROBIN
- 339095 NEIL YOUNG OLD WAYS
- 338467* WYTHON MARRALUS BLACK CAGES FROM THE UNDERGROUND
- 339416* MORRIS DAY Color Of Success
- 332072 ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK Beverly Hills Cop
- 337691* SAGA BEHAVIOUR

- 339606* KISS ASYLUM
- 336743* SPYRO GYRA ALTERNATE CURRENTS
- 339234* QUARTERFLASH BACK INTO BLUE
- 338855* VANDENBERG ALI BI
- 338061 RAY STEVENS I Have Returned
- 337634* THE METELLS SHOCK
- 336495* IKE AND TINA TURNER GET BACK
- 335885 THE STALLERS Partners In Ryme
- 335620 AIR SUPPLY
- 330761 DAVID BOWIE TONIGHT
- 321307 AIR SUPPLY GREATEST HITS
- 317149 DAN FOGL BERG GREATEST HITS
- 314708 JOHN COUGAR AMERICAN FOOL
- 291427 BEST OF BREAD
- 291302 JAMES TAYLOR'S GREATEST HITS
- 318352 JOURNEY FRONTIERS
- 333286 PHIL COLLINS No Jacket Required
- 333195 GEORGE BENSON 20/20
- 324582 VAN HALEN 1984
- 338370* JACK WAGNER LIGHTING UP THE NIGHT
- 336362 OAK RIDGE BOYS STEP ON OUT
- 336784* RAY PARKER, JR. THE SINGLE MAN
- 337998 WILLIE NELSON HALF NELSON
- 338459* EDDIE MURPHY How Could It Be
- 338560* JOE SAMPLE OASIS
- 337180* ARETHA FRANKLIN WHO'S ZOOBY WHO?
- 331967 FOREIGNER Agent Provocateur
- 336693* AC/DC Fly On The Wall

- 338863* SQUEEZE COSI'AN TUTTUFRUTTI
- 338525* THOMPSON TWINS HERE'S TO FUTURE DAYS
- 337303 GARY MORRIS ANYTHING GOES
- 339267 LARRY CATLIN & THE CATLIN BROTHERS BAND SMILE
- 338509* ADAM ANT VIVE LE ROCK
- 338699* MICKY GILLEY I FEEL GOOD (ABOUT LOVIN' YOU)
- 337436 DAVE GRUSIN & LEE WITENSPER HARLEQUIN
- 335612 THE BEACH BOYS
- 335067 JERRY COLLINS, WENDY WENDELSON, WILHELM VON HULSTEN, AND HIS ORCHESTRA NIGHARHMAN
- 318164 DURAN DURAN RIO
- 327898* ELTON JOHN Breaking Hearts
- 306241 THE DOORS GREATEST HITS
- 324616 CYNTHI LAUPER SHE'S SO UNUSUAL
- 318089 MICHAEL JACKSON THRILLER
- 317768 EAGLES GREATEST HITS - VOLUME 2
- 336214 ROBERT PLANT Shaken 'n' Stirred
- 339219 JOHN CONLEE Greatest Hits Vol. 2
- 324996 THE CARS HEARTBEAT CITY
- 331679* ERIC CLAPTON JEFF BECK & JIMMY PAGE - WHITE RODE BELLES
- 326140* DIRE STRAITS - Live 396143 ALCHEMY
- 314897 STEVE WONDER HIS GREATEST HITS
- 305359 Bruce Springsteen 395350 THE RIVER
- 337865 FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD - HE COME TO THE PLEASURE DOME
- 289599 STEELY DAN GREATEST HITS
- 322149 BEE GEES GREATEST
- 337154* SCORPIONS World Wide Live
- 338640* TRIUMPH 398044 STAGES

- 338491* MAURICE WHITE
- 338483* STEVE RAY VAUGHAN & DOUBLE TRIOBLE EQUUL TO SOUL
- 337253* DIO SACRED HEART
- 338830 MARIE OSMOND THERE'S NO STOPPING YOUR HEART
- 337956 BOB DYLAN Empire Burlesque
- 327148* THE JACKSON 5 GREATEST HITS
- 336789 MICHAEL FRANKS SKIN DEE
- 335604 MEN AT WORK TWO HEARTS
- 334409 I STOP TEN HITS OF THE 50'S & 60'S
- 336230* "WEIRD AL" YANKOVIC DAPE TO BE STUPID
- 246868 JIM CROCE HIS GREATEST HITS
- 257779 Bruce Springsteen BORN TO RUN
- 323261 LIONEL RICHIE Can't Slow Down
- 254995 BEST OF THE BEACH BOYS
- 335356* CHEAP TRICK STANDING ON THE EDGE
- 336198* DEPECHE MODE Some Great Reward
- 337709 EXILE HANG ON TO YOUR HEART
- 324418* MADONNA
- 334841 PRINCE 394841 1999
- 337859 ABBA' The Singles, The 397851 FIRST TEN YEARS
- 312892 GEORGE BENSON 392894 COLLECTION
- 312173 DIANA ROSS 392175 All The Great Hits
- 319996 MOTOWN'S 25 #1 HITS FROM 25 YEARS
- 308049 CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REWIND - 20 GREATEST HITS
- 320705 BOB SEGER & THE Silver Bullet Band LIVE BULLET
- 339192 AHMAD JAMAL 399196 DIGITAL WORKS
- 338673 MARYS MARYS THE GREAT AMERICAN ROCK & ROLL

SELECTIONS WITH TWO NUMBERS ARE 2-RECORD SETS OR DOUBLE-LENGTH TAPES, AND COUNT AS TWO SELECTIONS - WRITE EACH NUMBER IN A SEPARATE BOX

COLUMBIA RECORD & TAPE CLUB NOW INVITES YOU TO TAKE

11 ALBUMS-1¢

plus shipping and handling

PLUS A CHANCE TO GET 2 MORE FREE

if you join the Club now and agree to buy 8 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming 3 years

CLUB NOW!



336669. Hits *If You Love Somebody...*; *Fortress Around Your Heart*; others.



337907. Top 10 title hit; smash *Dangerous*; *This Could Be The Night*; many more.



338400. Top ten album! Featuring singles *Lonely Of Night* and *Small Town*.



338616. #1 album & hits *You Belong To The City* (G. Frey) & title theme; plus *In The Air Tonight* (Phil Collins); *Better Be Good To Me* (Tina Turner); much more.

- 339523# NENA - IT'S ALL IN THE GAME
- 339309# ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ROCKY IV
- 339671# TOMMY SHAW WHAT IF
- 330175 CULTURE CLUB HANG ON WITH THE HOUSE OF RISE
- 32728# CHICAGO II
- 316992 LIONEL RICHIE
- 319624 ZZ TOP ELIMINATOR
- 318541 ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS
- 31738# BEST OF THE DOOBIE BROTHERS
- 307967 PHIL COLLINS FACE VALLIE
- 320082 STEVE PERRY STREET TALK
- 32868# JULIO IGLESIAS 1100 Bell Air Place
- 333260# DAVID LEE ROTH Crazy From The Heat
- 336867# READY FOR THE WORLD

- 336511# RATT INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY
- 331646# MADONNA LIKE A VIRGIN
- 338811# JAMES BULLETT'S GREATEST HITS LEAVES YOU KNOW BY HEART
- 332460# COMMODORES NIGHTSHIFT
- 332294# THE FIRM
- 334417# ERIC CLAPTON BEHIND THE SUN
- 322933# EDDIE MURPHY: COMEDIAN
- 333278# MICK JAGGER SHE'S THE BOSS
- 332890# DAN FOGELBERG High Country Snows
- 330845# PAT BENATAR TROPICO
- 331744# JULIAN LENNON VALOTIE
- 331660# KOOL & THE GANG EMERGENCY
- 331348# THE VOLUME ONE HONEYDRIPPERS
- 337867# U2 - UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY

- 339333# MARILLION Misplaced Childhood
- 339830# MERLE HAGGARD AMBER WAVES OF GOLDEN
- 339648# ALDO NOVA TWITCH
- 337394# COREY HART BOY IN THE BOX
- 337313# Michael McDonald No Lookin' Back
- 338145# ANITA'S GREATEST POP HITS PORTRAIT OF A DECADE 1975-1981
- 323774# KENNY ROGERS 20 Greatest Hits
- 333807# MERLE HAGGARD KERN RIVER
- 331934# THE BEST OF BILL COSBY
- 331892# BARBRA STREISAND EMOTION
- 323915# BILLY IDOL REBEL YELL
- 339770# WAYNE SHORTER ATLANTIS
- 331264# BRYAN ADAMS RECKLESS
- 339291# JAMES TAYLOR That's Why I'm Here

- 336917# A-HA HUNTING FOR HEART AND LOW
- 339092# WHAM MAKE IT BIG
- 339937# JANE WIEDLIN
- 338350# THE FORESTER SISTERS
- 338301# GEORGE STRAIT Something Special
- 337121# ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK Back To The Future
- 337402# THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER - VOCALESE
- 339929# PREFAB SPRUIT - TWO WHEELS GOOD
- 337198# ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK St. Elmo's Fire
- 337626# CRUSH ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRE IN THE DARK

- 337669# U2 - THE UNDEFEATABLE FIGHTERS
- 336446# HOOTERS NERVOUS NIGHT
- 330183# RED SPEEDWAGON Wheels Are Turnin'
- 322412# John Cougar Mellencamp UH-HUH
- 321380# Barbra Streisand's Greatest Hits, Vol. 2
- 318931# BRYAN ADAMS Cuts Like A Knife
- 329508# SURVIVOR VITAL SIGNS
- 326629# Bruce Springsteen Born In The U.S.A.
- 336305# NIGHT RANGER 7 WISHES
- 336875# R.E.M. REDEMPTION OF THE MABLES

* Available on records and cassettes only

© 1986 Columbia House

Yes, just take a look at the superstars and super hits that the Columbia Record & Tape Club now offers. Over 210 in all to choose from—and you may have ANY 11 for only a penny! To get your 11 tapes or records, simply fill in and mail the application together with your check or money order for \$1.86 as payment (that's 1¢ for your first 11 selections, plus \$1.85 to cover shipping and handling). In exchange, you simply agree to buy 8 more tapes or records (at regular Club prices) in the next three years—and you may cancel membership anytime after doing so.

How the Club operates: every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest...plus hundreds of alternates from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off our regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities in a year.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month or the Special Selection, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you would prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, simply fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified. You will always have at least 10 days in which to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having had at least 10 days in which to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The tapes and records you order during your membership will be mailed and billed at regular Club prices, which currently are \$7.98 to \$9.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multiple-unit sets and Double Selections may be higher.) And if you decide to continue as a member after completing your enrollment agreement, you'll be eligible for our generous bonus plan.

10-Day Free Trial: we'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If you are not satisfied for any reason whatsoever, just return everything within 10 days for a full refund and you will have no further obligation whatsoever. So act now.

ORDER YOUR FIRST SELECTION NOW AT A BIG DISCOUNT—HAVE LESS TO BUY LATER—AND ALSO GET 2 EXTRA ALBUMS, FREE!

If you wish, you may also choose your first selection right now and we'll give it to you for as much as 50% off regular Club prices—only \$4.98. Enclose payment now and you'll receive it with your 11 introductory albums. This discount purchase immediately reduces your obligation—you then need buy just 7 more selections (instead of 8) in the next three years. What's more, this discount purchase also entitles you to still 2 more albums as a bonus, FREE! Just check the box in the application and fill in numbers of your first selection and 2 free bonus albums!

NOTE: all applications subject to review, Columbia House reserves the right to reject any application.



Columbia Record & Tape Club P.O. Box 1130, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811

I am enclosing check or money order for \$1.86 (which includes 1¢ for my 11 selections, plus \$1.85 for shipping and handling). Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I agree to buy eight more tapes or records (at regular Club prices) in the next three years—and may cancel membership at any time after doing so.

Write in numbers of 11 selections

Send my selections in this type of recording (check one):
 Cassettes Records 8-Track Cartridges

My main musical interest is (check one):
 (But I may always choose from any category)

- HARD ROCK**
Bryan Adams, Loverboy, Bruce Springsteen
- SOFT ROCK**
Phil Collins, Stevie Wonder, Madonna
- POP**
Barbra Streisand, Barry Manilow, Neil Diamond
- COUNTRY**
Willie Nelson, Oak Ridge Boys, Hank Williams Jr.
- EASY LISTENING**
Mantovani Orch., Frank Sinatra, Johnny Mathis
- CLASSICAL**
(no 8-tracks)
- JAZZ**
(no 8-tracks)

Mr.
 Mrs.
 Miss
 (Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Do you have a telephone? (Check one) Yes No 559/586
 Do you have a credit card? (Check one) Yes No
 Offer not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico; write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents serviced from Toronto.

Also send my first selection for up to a 50% discount, for which I am also enclosing additional payment of \$4.98. I then need buy only 7 more (instead of 8), at regular Club prices, in the next three years.

GZV/BJ This discount purchase also entitles me to these
 GZW/ZI 2 EXTRA ALBUMS FREE!

be said, though, that as a businessman on his own, John turned out to be uncommonly fair-minded in his practices, an equal-opportunity entrepreneur: he swindled *everybody*, regardless of color, creed, or checking account!!! John was a corker, no doubt about it, a bona fide Schemer and Dreamer now freed of his corporate chains, out on a real tear!!! He bought a gravel quarry and promoted *rock* concerts!!! He announced he was going to write more books and sent a chill up the publishers' *spines*!!! He went into the TV-dinner business and burned the other partners!!! *Is there no end to these bad puns????? (Not yet.)* He started a belly-dancing school so he could hobnob with the real movers and shakers, and saw his fireplace business go up in flames! *Goddamn it, will you knock it off already? (Oh, okay.)*

Eventually he decided to build his own car and his own car factory, and the John flew around the world, *Ragging & Taking and Taking & Bragging*...looking for a place to build it...you've got to have the right setting and ambience for quality-car manufacturing. Suddenly the British said, "There's an empty factory in Belfast you could use," and John said, "Belfast is hardly the proper ambience for a man of my tastes," and the British replied, "We'll give you around 156 million dollars," and John said, "Why, ye know, Ireland does look like a good handsome place to build me wee car factory, after all, don't it!"

He was the king of the fast-track, Dom Pérignon-slugging, gold-ring, Gucci guys! He was a designer, a man of *vision and fission*! Johnny Dee, friend of Carson. He set his own salary at three hundred thousand a year, plus over twenty-five grand in expenses! The company provided him with a chauffeur, a personal servant, several sports cars, maids...tie adjusters and bum wipers...the works, because, of course, that's the only way for a top-notch Dreamer and Schemer to operate!!! But John is a humble guy—*he had little to start with*—and that's why he bought a house for himself and his family in New Jersey. It cost *three and a half million dollars*, but it was in New Jersey, all the same.

Well, the real kicker is that all of these opulent trappings came from a car that turned out to be completely defective once it was finally produced, a *lemon with gull-wing doors*! Fast-talking John was just about to make over a hundred million dollars from the company by taking it public (and selling the *right stock*), but a killjoy secretary—who had seen about fifty shady deals too many—flew off to London with a bunch of company files, and the miserable *time suckers* stepped in...and the car company went into a tailspin!!!

Well, John stays as cool as Colombian

Snow and sees that it's time for a new *line* of business! Coke here!!! Cocaine!!! Why, the stuff is God's way of telling you that you make too much moola!!! It moves like a white *Toronado*!!!

But goddamn it, just as with any good deal, there was too much government intervention, a helluva note for a Dreamer and Schemer who wants to get high in the world...and the whole deal went down (instead of *up*) the tube. He got caught with twenty-four million dollars' worth of cocaine!!! Nothing to sneeze at!!! Imagine what the goddamn paraphernalia kit looked like—the mirror was probably full-length!!!

And so John DeLorcan, who busted the envelope (or baggie), got caught with his pants down. But he swore it never happened.

It Couldn't Have Happened to a Fatter Guy

Well, DeLorcan's automobile attracted many investors, but it never attracted one of the richest men in the world, Texan Nelson Bunker Hunt, if for no other reason than that Nelson would never invest in a car he couldn't fit into!!! He was shrewd and smart, a completely different *animal* altogether: an elephant who wanted to *corner the world silver market*, that was Nelson Hunt! If Nelson ever fell off a yacht in shark-infested waters, they'd throw him a giant sesame-seed roll and he'd just hunker down to the surface and have a coupla shark sandwiches!!! A business associate once asked Nelson why he, a man already worth five million dollars, would even *bother* to make more money, and Nelson didn't even answer the question, he just ate him on the spot!

But if there *were* a joke about Nelson on Wall Street, it would probably go something like this: What kind of an outing would you be on if you were looking for a hippopotamus who's a member of the John Birch Society? Why, you'd be on a *Nelson Bunker Hunt*! Nelson is the son of famed fascist H. L. Hunt, who left two billion dollars when he croaked. (How much he left his *eight illegitimate children* is unknown...but they were no doubt *rich bastards*...) But Nelson got more than money from his old man, he inherited his father's sense of *bumor*, too! Well, hell, his pop believed that people with more money should have more votes!!! He was a gentle, kind-hearted, old-fashioned patriot who awarded scholarships to schoolchildren for the best essays on how to disembowel a Communist, and maintained a lifelong belief that Democrats were the work of the devil.

Well, fortunately his son Nelson turns out to be a wit off the old block—a man

of *mirth and girth*!!! His only vice is eating (so much so that some say he's a fartaholic) but he takes his place—in fact, several places—with the Ragging and Taking and Bragging breed, Old Money Chapter—he's a regular *Nelson Porkefeller*. Texas Jokes: Nelson is so rabidly anti-Communist that he once had every bear in the Dallas zoo taken out and shot!!! He thinks that *Red* Skelton should be hanged! *Oh no, not those bad fucking puns again!!!*

One day Nelson and his dim-witted brother were talking about ways to improve themselves, and the first thing his brother wanted to say was "Go on a diet," but he didn't because Nelson wore the pants in the family, in fact, he wore enough pants for several families...and eventually, after much debating and eating, they finally decided to try to corner the world silver market! Corner the world silver market? *Impossible!*

But nothing is impossible when you're rich and clearly possess the savvy and selfishness of the Right Stock!!! They figured that cornering the silver market would be about like cornering a pony, and since the Hunts own more than a thousand horses—*bless me, fodder*—it should be a cinch! Oh, it wouldn't exactly be the *cheapest* investment they ever made—in fact, it would run about a billion dollars plus—change on the dresser for the Hunts—but the deal had possibilities!!! And just like *that* they started Ragging & Taking and Taking & Bragging (and no doubt *eating* a lot, too!!!). Hi-yo, Silver Away!!!

To pull the deal off it was paramount, right off, to not tell anyone what they were doing—they had to have the element of surprise!!! But they didn't!!! They announced it to the whole goddamn world!!! *Hey, ever'bodah, we're cornering the world silver market!!!* They couldn't keep their big fat mouths shut! And they started buying up silver...not just a few silver bullets here and there, kemo sabe, but millions and millions of dollars' worth!!! The prices started going up and up...and soon the Hunts had invested nearly a billion bucks! They kept buying and buying... *riding this rocket to hog heaven, baby*...but the market panicked all to hell, and the prices dropped like a rock!!! The bottom just fell out, and the Hunts went up in flames, losing a *billion dollars*—considerably more money, in fact, than many people in impoverished parts of America can earn in a single lifetime!

Nelson Hunt, brave, gutsy trader that he was, pushed the inside of the traders' envelope too far. He sat on the price and then pushed it *higher and higher* without bailing out, thinking he could hang on forever, but finally the whole silver market crashed and burned and he too

continued on page 75

TEN SOLID REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE TO THE NATIONAL LAMPOON

NOW!

1. When you subscribe to the *National Lampoon* you save a great deal of money as compared to single-copy purchases. You save even more money if you subscribe for two years, and even more if you subscribe for three.

2. Many newsstands, because of their preoccupation with the sale of such publications as *Hustler*, *Blueballs*, *Pussycat*, and *National Pornographic*, frequently do not have a copy of the *National Lampoon* available.

3. Russia has two humor magazines, France has six, and England four. The U.S. has only one adult humor magazine, the *National Lampoon*.

4. America's very best humorists have written and continue to write for the *National Lampoon*.

5. Many of America's best artists and cartoonists have worked for and continue to draw, paint, sketch, and crayon for the *National Lampoon*.

6. In the past year, the *National Lampoon* has had a sharp resurgence in popularity. As you may know, it was one of the most popular periodicals in the country through the seventies, dropped off in the early eighties, and now, with its new staff and the return of many of its old contributors, is regaining that popularity.

7. The *National Lampoon* continues to be America's most innovative magazine. The only thing you can expect is that you don't know what to expect when you get your new issue each month.

8. There has been a remarkable lack of dissent in recent years. People seem to be getting more and more apathetic about nearly everything. The *National Lampoon* picks on nearly everything and everyone. You should be reading more than pure pap. You should read a magazine that gives you more than crotch shots, more than this month's review of the best socks in town, more than a rundown of the country's best sushi restaurants.

9. You're not laughing enough.

10. We need you.



SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

FEED A HUMORIST TODAY!

CLOTHE A CARTOONIST TODAY!

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

- One year of *National Lampoon* at \$9.95 (save \$14.05 over newsstand price and \$2.00 over subscription price).
 Two years of *National Lampoon* at \$13.75 (save \$34.25 over newsstand price and \$4.20 over subscription price).
 Three years of *National Lampoon* at \$18.50 (save \$53.50 over newsstand price and \$6.45 over subscription price).

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

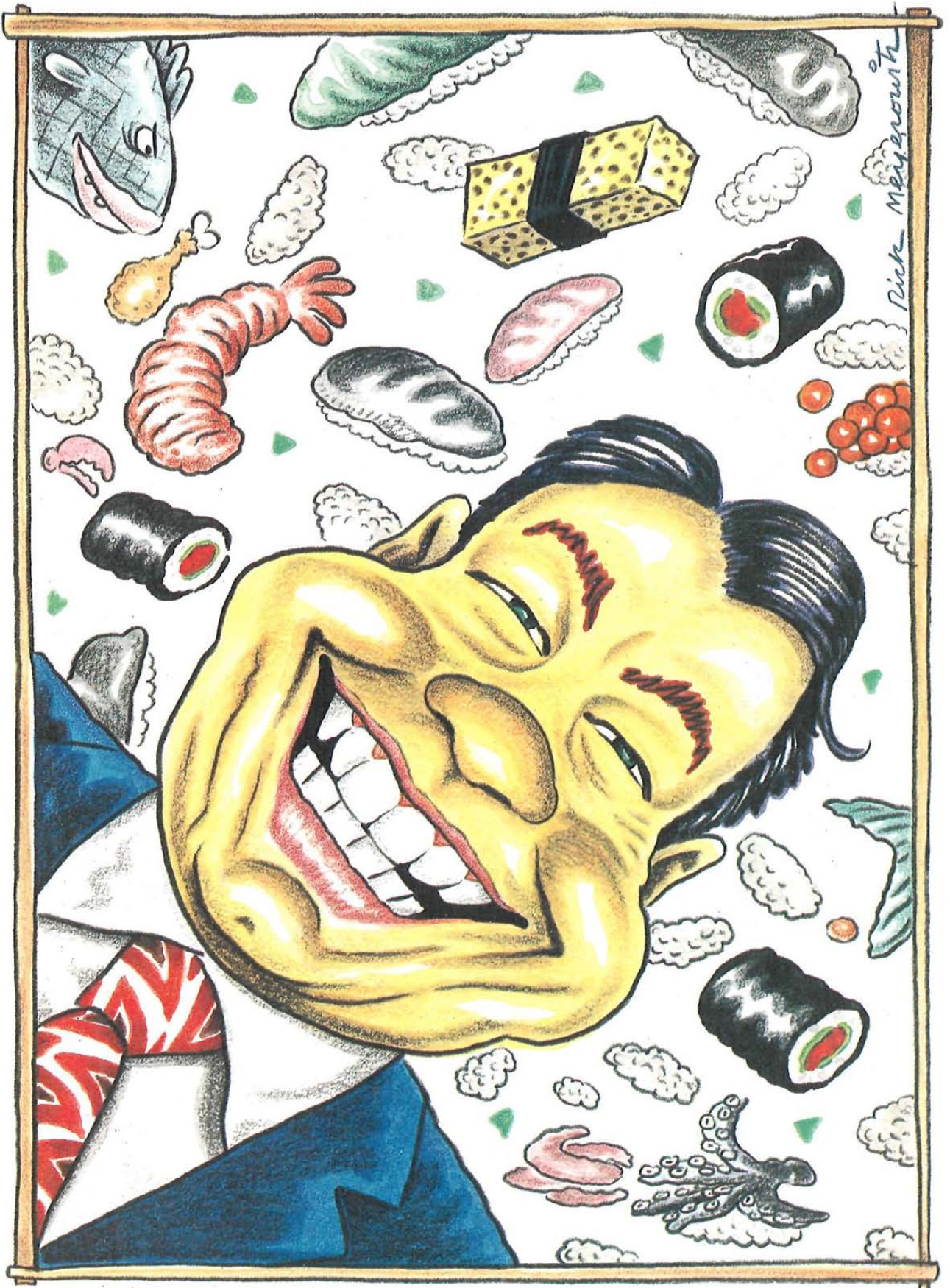
Send check or money order (in U.S. funds) to *National Lampoon*, Dept. NL286, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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



I Wish I Could Sashimi Like Your Sister, Kato

by Richard Liebmann-Smith

It had been more than ten years since I'd seen Tobiko Ikura, ten years since Tobi and I had been catcher and pitcher, respectively, on the B-school softball squad at Stanford. In those days we used to go down to Ommie's after every game, knock back a few brews, and shoot the breeze about the rich possibilities for economic cooperation between our countries. We were inseparable then, but as soon as we picked up our M.B.A.'s I headed for New York to hook up with IBM and Tobi split for Tokyo to sign on with Matsushita. We tried to keep up for a while, exchanging cards at Christmas and whatever their big holidays are, but eventually our correspondence petered out and I came to believe I'd never hear from him again.

But here was Tobi on the phone, telling me he was in town and very anxious to talk with me, since I was now director of a consortium of large corporations doing business abroad and he was working for his government under a title roughly translatable as Deputy Minister for Lamentable International Episodes.

We made a date for lunch the following day at a chichi East Side fish

emporium called Hai Tekka.

When I arrived at the restaurant I recognized my old battery mate right away. He was wearing the same glum expression he had worn the day he dropped the ball making the tag on what turned out to be the winning run in our championship play-off against the law school.

"What's the trouble, Tobi?" I asked as soon as our little platforms of sashimi arrived with their accompaniment of hot sake.

"As you know," he began, "the Japanese language is among the most subtle and sophisticated on earth."

I nodded, chewing pensively on a delicious morsel of raw tuna.

"Indeed," he went on, "so delicate are the nuances of our ancient tongue that few of us can actually understand one another—although, of course, we are far too polite to admit it."

"Of course," I said, washing the sting of the burning wasabi horseradish paste from my palate with a slug of the warm rice wine. Tobi's style was always a little on the indirect side, typical of Japanese reserve. ("We are taught," he once told me, "that one does not yell 'Rice!' in a

crowded restaurant.")

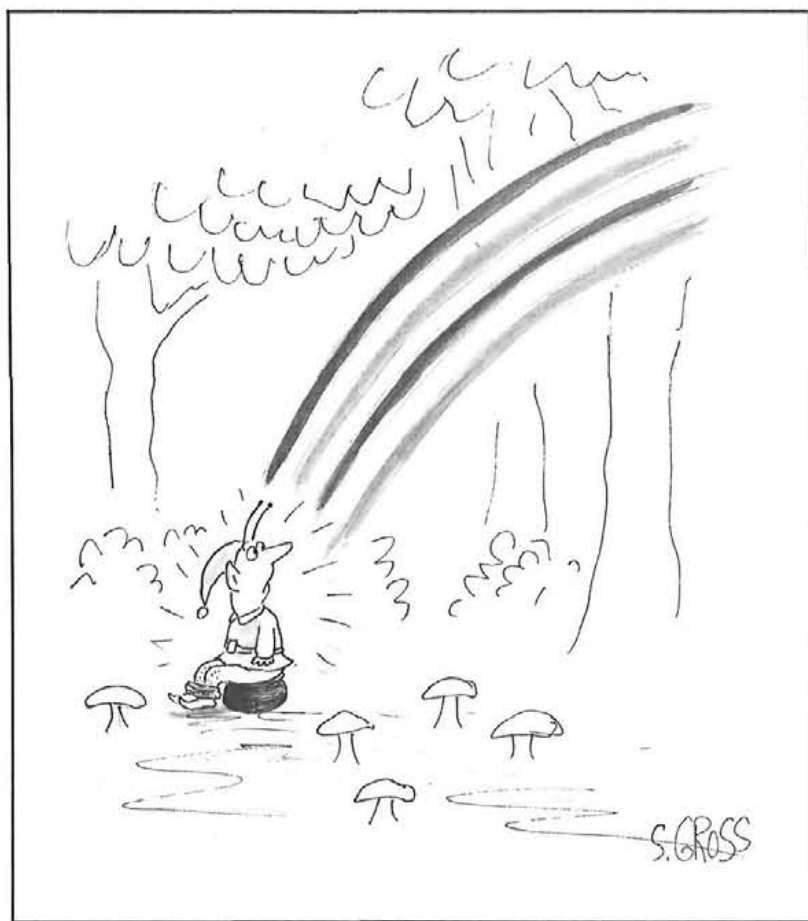
"This excruciating linguistic impasse," he continued, "has led our people to develop many powerful non-verbal forms of expression."

"Like karate?" I asked. "Hara-kiri?"

Tobi nodded, unamused. "Yes.... and sashimi."

"Sashimi?" I knew of course that there was supposed to be a subtle symbolism of sea, sky, and mountains in the exquisitely sculpted tableaux of shimmering fish slivers and verdant mounds of spicy wasabi we were enjoying—but the only concrete message I'd ever received from such a spread was "good cats." Now Tobi was trying to tell me that what I'd always taken for mere victuals were in fact an elaborate form of culinary hieroglyphics—that the simplest slice of halibut, depending on its size, shape, placement, and degree of freshness, could be freighted with an entire dictionary of denotations. The Japanese, he explained, often resorted to this quaint fish-talk to express thoughts or feelings that might be embarrassing or impolitic to render in plain speech.

"Over there," he said, nodding almost



imperceptibly toward the adjoining table, "is a Japanese car salesman with a prospective client. He has just boasted that his cars get forty-five miles to the gallon highway, thirty-five city."

"Not bad," I ventured.

"Oh yes, an impressive statement, to be sure," Tobi agreed sotto voce. "But the educated eye can't help but discern in the sly arrangement of smelt roe and lemon wedges on the table the clear caveat: 'These are only EPA estimates; your own mileage may vary.'"

I shot my old classmate a skeptical look.

"I kid you not," he insisted. "Look over there." His subtle nod directed my gaze to an exquisite young woman sitting across from a well-appointed business type old enough to be her father, and clearly not. "You will notice that this fellow confines his spoken remarks to the most chaste of compliments," Tobi whispered. "He has just told her, 'Your whaling practices are ecologically sound, my dear. But his darker amorous intentions are clearly signaled in the raunchy platter of squid tentacles before him.'"

Somehow my Occidental mind, schooled in a phonetic alphabet of sequential written characters (and now partially pickled in rice wine) was balk-

ing at the notion that complicated ideas could be expressed cogently—much less eloquently—in chunks of uncooked seafood. Was there a grammar of fish? Did you read from left to right? Top to bottom? Rice to soy sauce? Were there spelling rules like "Eels before bass, except after fluke"? Could you write sashimi poetry and, if so, what rhymed with a glob of urchin eggs?

For the first time Tobi smiled. "You are always so impatient," he said. "It takes years to learn sashimi language, and you must start with the ABC's, fish by fish."

"Okay. How about tuna?"

"Generally it means honorableness."

"And halibut?"

"Humbleness. Also partial loss of face."

"What about salmon?"

"Salmon means rice. Rice, paradoxically, stands for tall hairdos."

"And mackerel?"

"Mackerel is a nagging distrust, almost too petty to mention. Also anything made of wood, especially three-masted schooners."

"And what about those little green plastic leaves?"

"Insignificant others."

I could see this wasn't going to be something I'd be able to pick up in half an hour, but I was fascinated to see how it worked. "Okay, Tobi," I said, "tell me

what my lunch says."

Tobi studied the configuration of tuna, halibut, horseradish, and ginger in front of me. "The basic message," he announced after a brief scrutiny, "is simply 'It is an honor to be humble.'"

"What do you mean, the *basic* message?"

"Well, note the over-fineness of this halibut slice, not quite fresh and appearing in menacing proximity to the shredded ginger. This can only be interpreted as a veiled threat, hardly mitigated by the generous dollop of wasabi below."

I gave a low whistle of appreciation.

"So the real message here," Tobi went on, "might better be translated, 'If you're so humble, why aren't you honorable?' Or, in the light of your sarcastically placed soy sauce, 'With honorableness like yours, who needs humbleness?'"

"This is amazing!" I exclaimed. A whole new world of communications possibilities opened up before me. Not only that, but some of the more mysterious recent misunderstandings between our countries at last made sense. I recalled a deal between General Motors and Toyota that had been suddenly and inexplicably queered by the appearance of a platter of cleaned squid at the celebratory luncheon. On another occasion, after two years of painstaking negotiations and with an accord virtually in the bag, a high-ranking representative of IBM had hit his opposite number at Hitachi with what I now perceived must have been a horribly ill-considered side order of porgy. No deal.

Tobi confirmed my suspicions. The squid, with its strong connotations of highway robbery, had indeed put the kibosh on the GM deal, and the IBM/porgy incident had been particularly unfortunate in that the Hitachi executive's mother, to whom the porgy-pushing IBMer had inadvertently referred, was at that very moment on her deathbed.

"But why have you never said anything about this?" I asked. "Why haven't you shared this extraordinary means of communication with your closest trading partner?"

"Until now," Tobi responded with admirable candor, "there has simply been no need. The occasional misunderstanding has been more than compensated for by the advantages of secrecy."

"And now?"

"Ah, now," he sighed, leaning forward confidentially. "As I told you, the language of sashimi is an ancient one—a product of an agrarian, feudal society. As such it is excellent for such low-tech remarks as 'If you track mud on the tatami one more time I'll knock over your rice bowl'—two chunks tuna, wasabi above, no soy—or 'Let's go decapitate a

few peasants!'—a pile of cleaned bur-galls—but the sad truth is that the honorableness of a man's rice is seldom a burning issue in the boardrooms or laboratories of our modern multibillion-yen conglomerates. And there is, after all, a limit to how much you can get across with a bunch of raw seafood. Traditional sashimi language is highly flexible but, as you can imagine, the systems analyst who tries to spell out the fine points of formatting a data base is bound to find himself at a loss for fish."

"And you believe America has the answer?"

"Oh yes. Already, by including some of your fast foods in our sashimi vocabulary, we have begun to meet the challenge of the new cra. For example, my plate now reads, 'Your face or mine?' But if I were to insert one of the Colonel's crispy Kentucky Fried Chicken wings between the tuna and the abalone, it would say, 'Give me all your petroleum derivatives.' An Egg McMuffin next to the wasabi would change the meaning to 'Focus your ion beam on my silicon chips, please.'"

"So *that's* why our fast foods have caught on so well in Japan!"

"It is not for their flavor?"

"And now I'll bet you need even more dishes, right?"

"The pace of the information explosion is very great." Tobi reached into his briefcase and blithely handed me a computer printout listing deviled eggs, corned beef hash, baked beans, barbecued ribs, chili, clam chowder (New England *and* Manhattan!), peanuts, Cracker Jacks, shoofly pie, apple pan dowdy, jambalaya, crawfish pie, fillet gumbo...

It was an outrage. The man was demanding the very soul of American culinary achievement. This was, literally, an attack on Mom's apple pie, and I, for one, would not believe that our people would stand for the giveaway of the very crown jewels of our national gastro-nomic heritage. Sooner our state-of-the-art nuclear technology! Sooner our entire satellite network! There were, after all, limits to friendship.

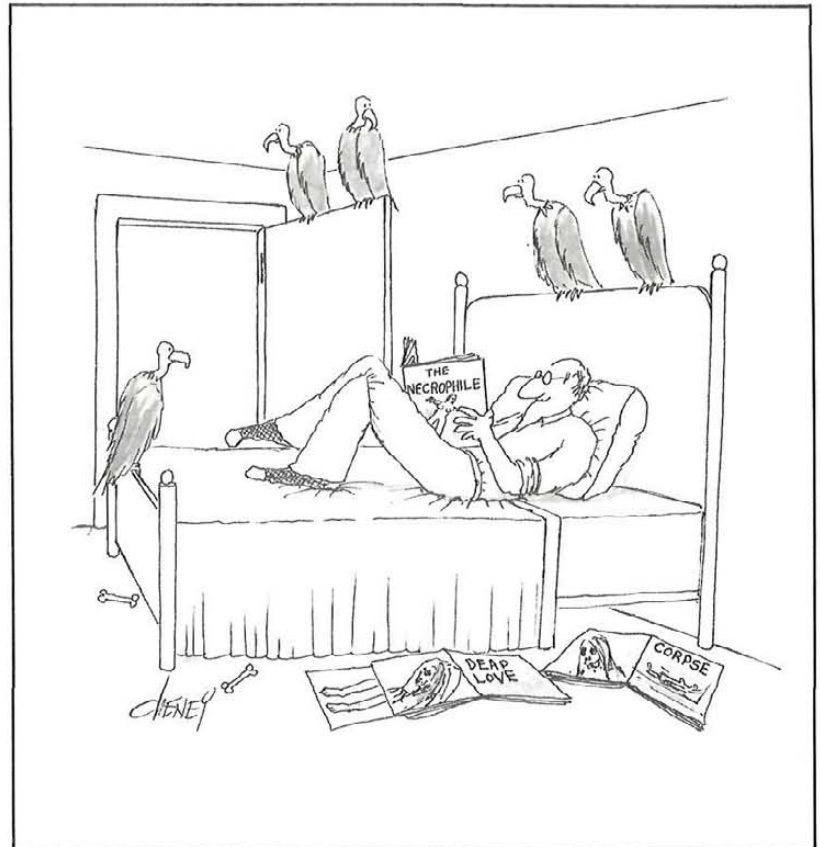
"Tobi," I said, fighting to control my ire. "It is with the deepest regret that I inform you of my inability to comply with your request. I trust, of course, that my reluctance to do so will in no way jeopardize the very deep, very strong alliance between our great nations, nor hinder what has always been the highly fruitful exchange of goods and knowledge between us..."

And, indeed, I had learned much from Tobi, for even as I was making this highly politic little speech, I reached into my pocket and pulled out a handful of cashews, pistachios, almonds, and pecans, which I slid across the table to him with a very polite smile. ■

DR. MCGILICUDDY'S
IMPORTED MENTHOLMINT SCHNAPPS

"Schnapps never tasted so cool."

Product of Canada 80° Liqueur Imported by General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y., N.Y.



Inside Bob Geldof's Refrigerator

by Peter Kleiman

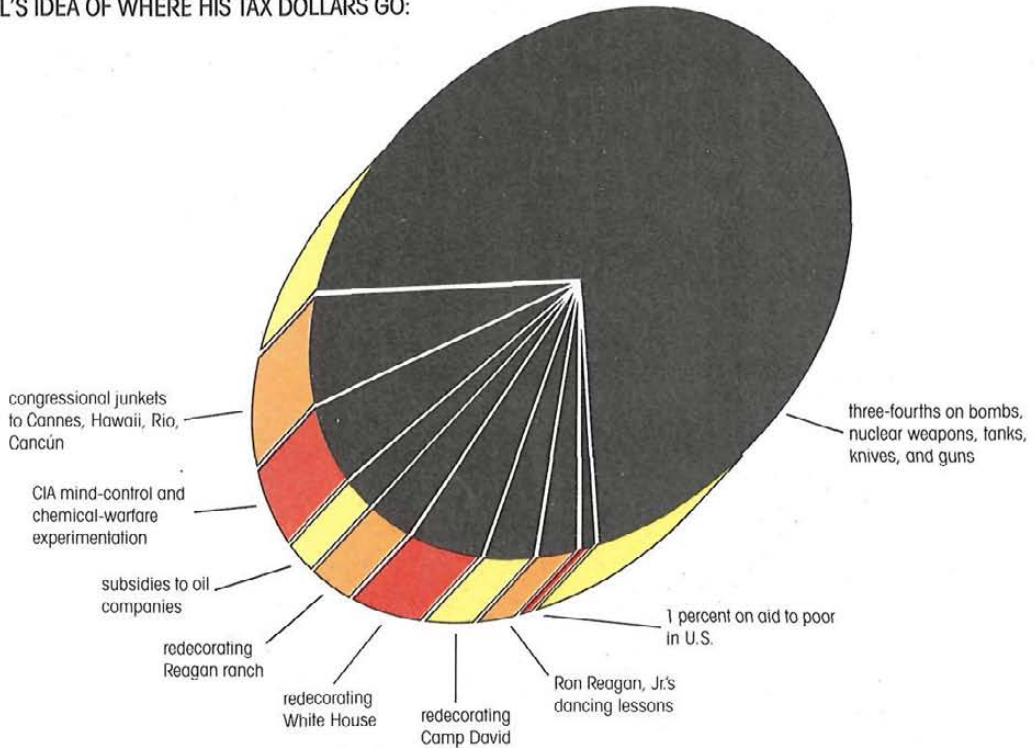




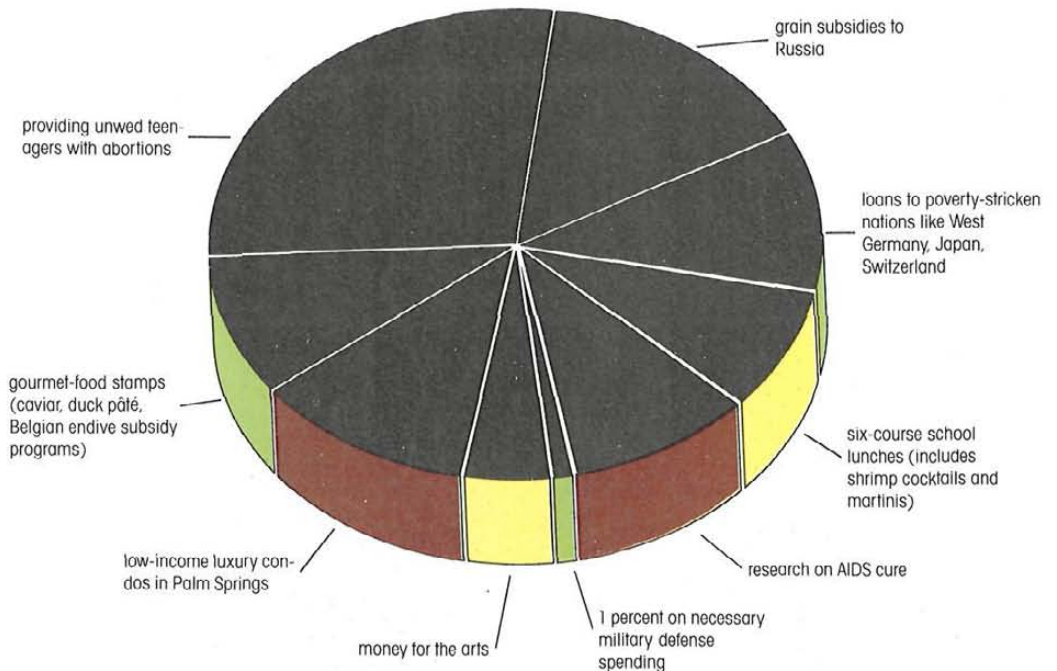
Where Your Tax Dollars Go

People have very different ideas of how their tax dollars are spent.

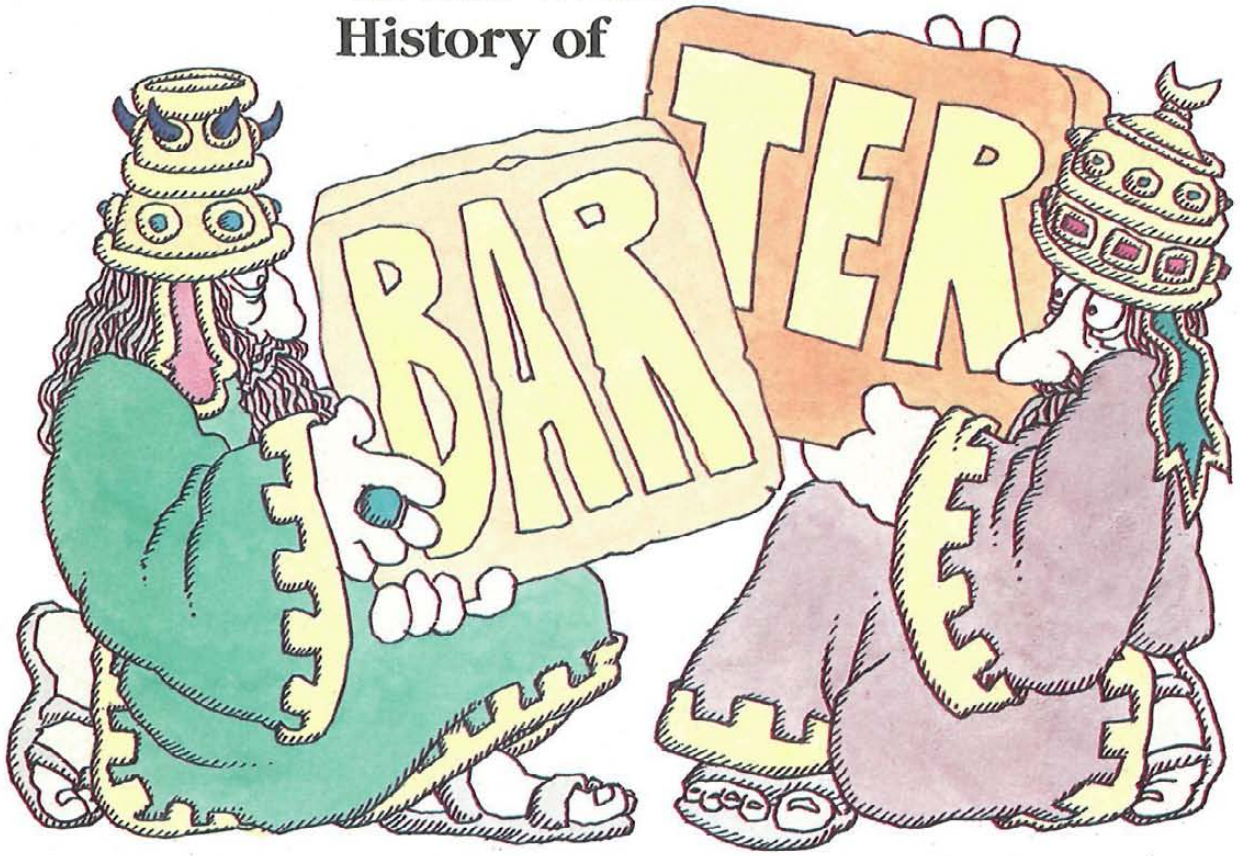
A LIBERAL'S IDEA OF WHERE HIS TAX DOLLARS GO:



A CONSERVATIVE'S IDEA OF WHERE HIS TAX DOLLARS GO:

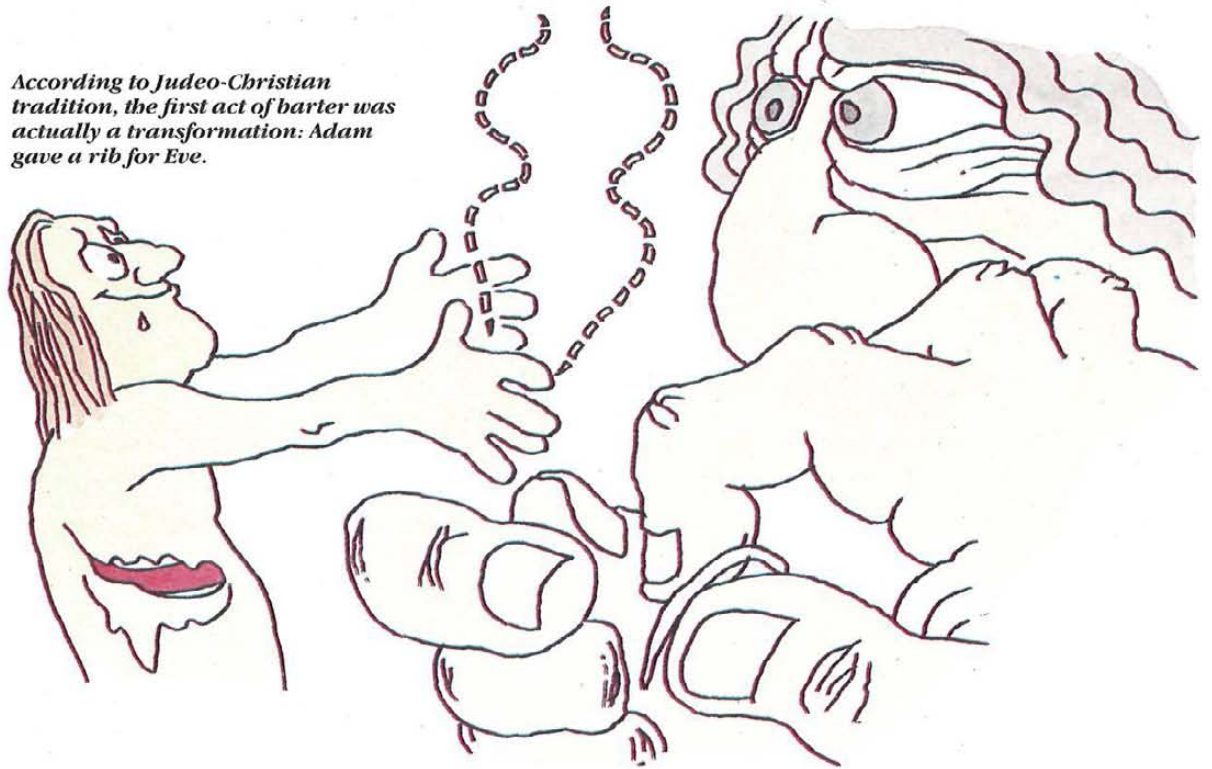


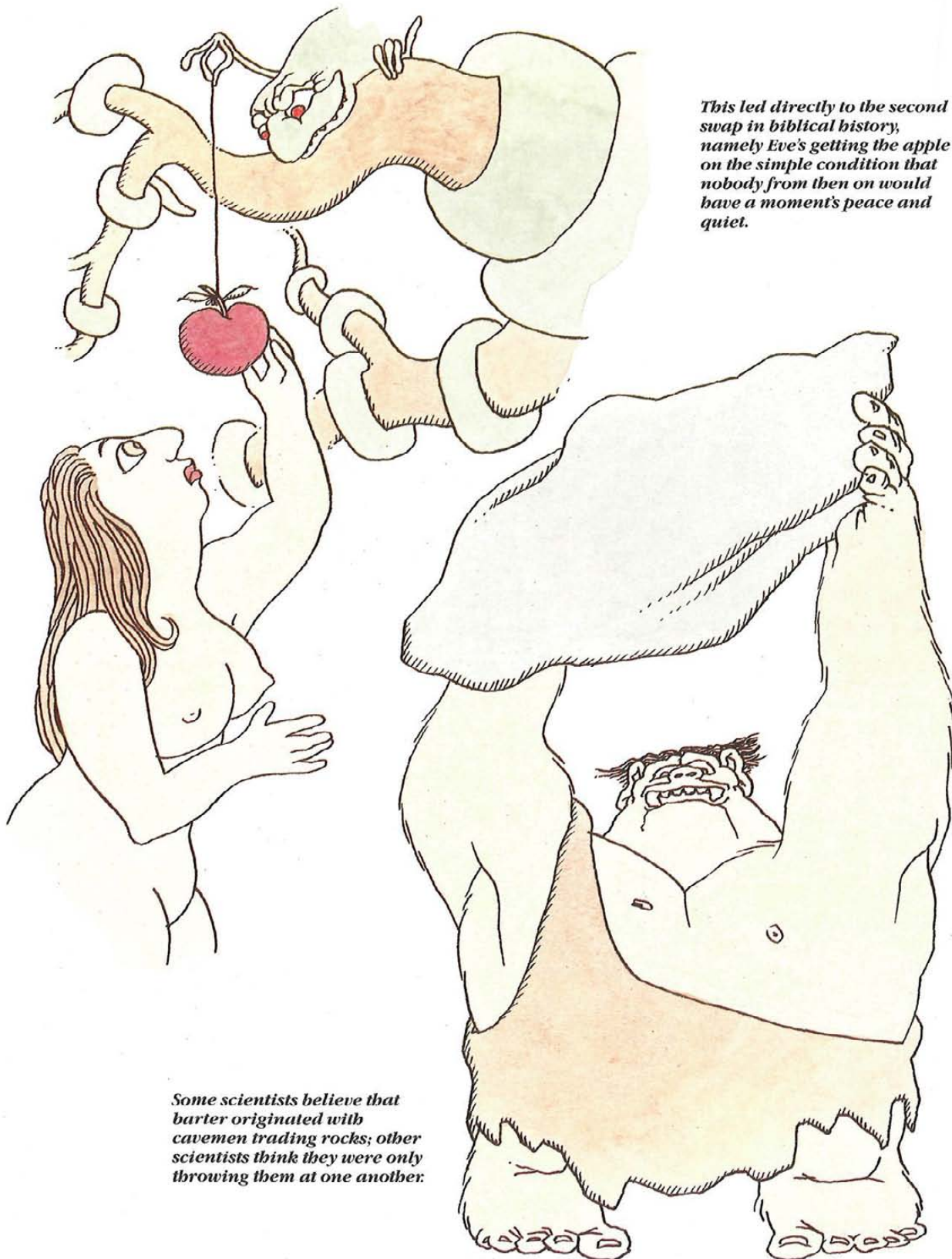
Gahan Wilson's History of



We didn't always pay for everything with tacky little plastic cards, or even the soon-to-be-outmoded coins and bills (your grandchildren will think you were stupid because you paid for anything with cash, by the way). We used to swap actual things for other things, and it was called barter.

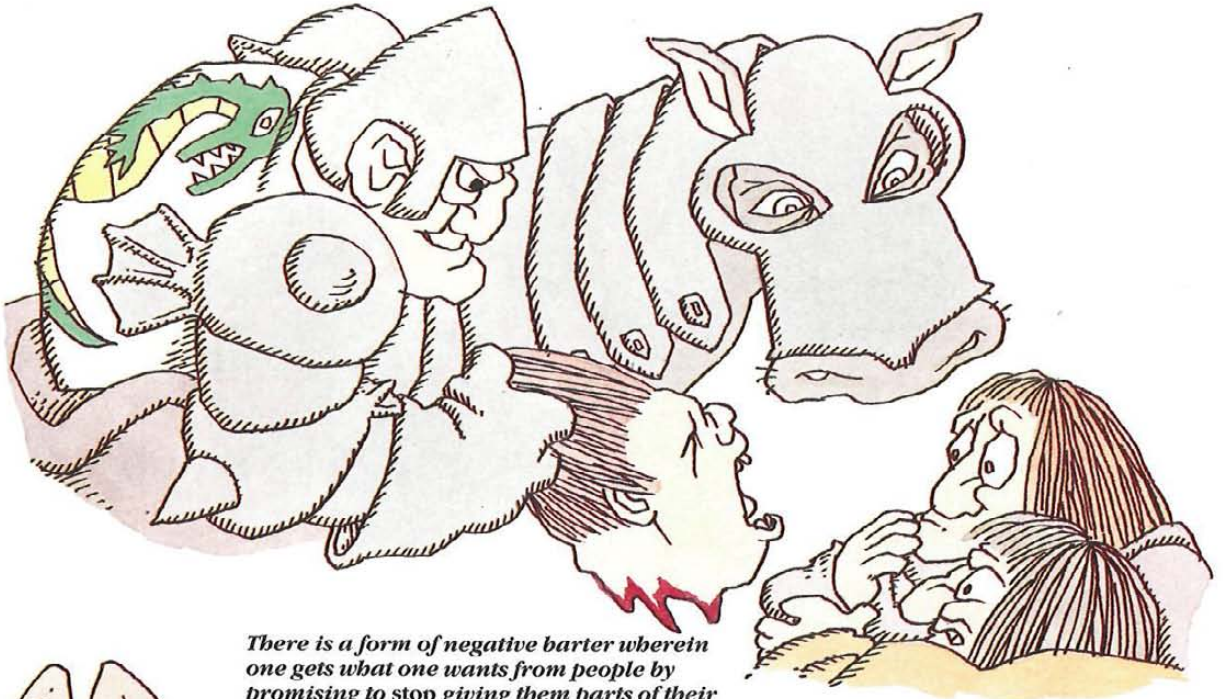
According to Judeo-Christian tradition, the first act of barter was actually a transformation: Adam gave a rib for Eve.



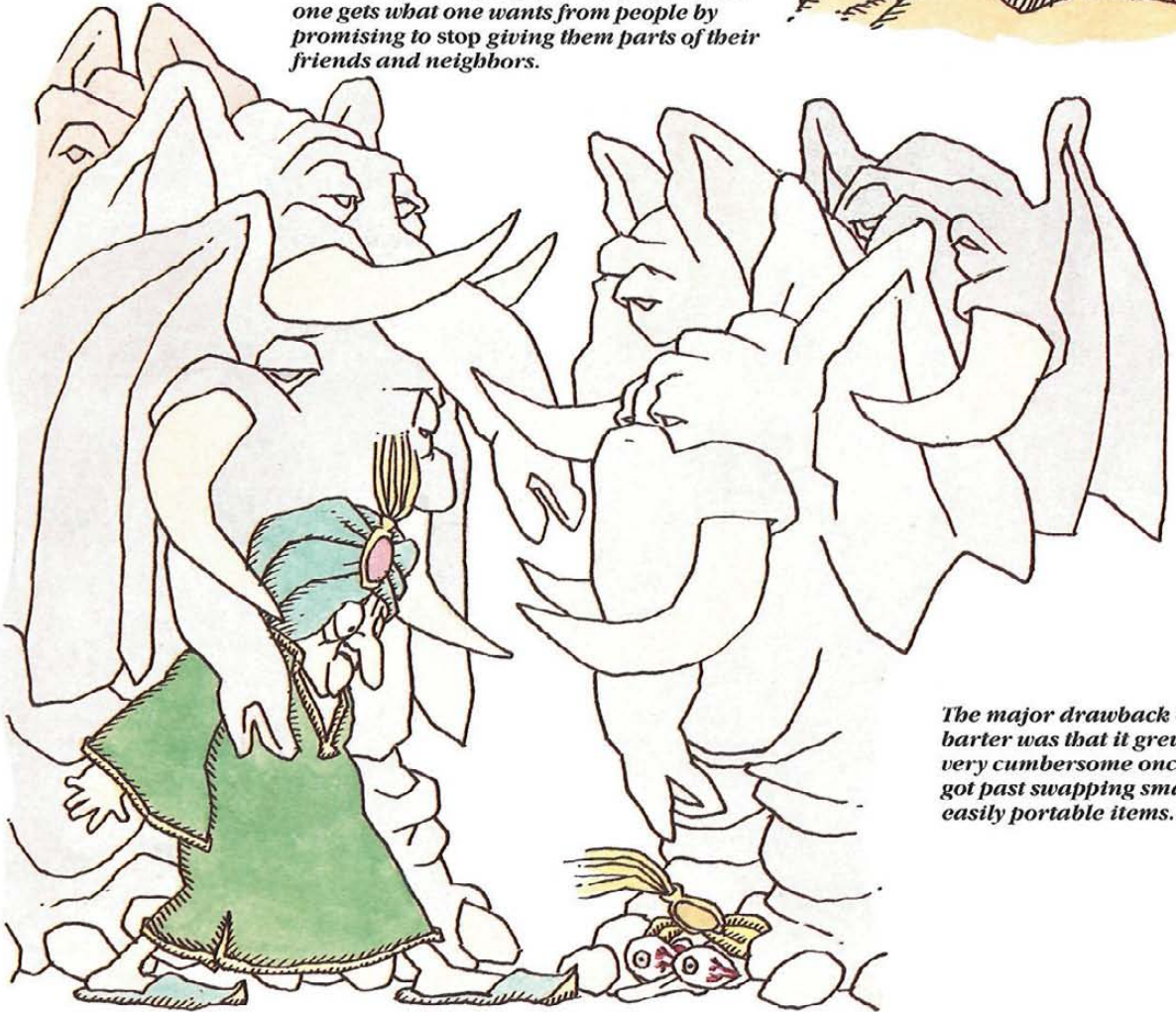


This led directly to the second swap in biblical history, namely Eve's getting the apple on the simple condition that nobody from then on would have a moment's peace and quiet.

Some scientists believe that barter originated with cavemen trading rocks; other scientists think they were only throwing them at one another.



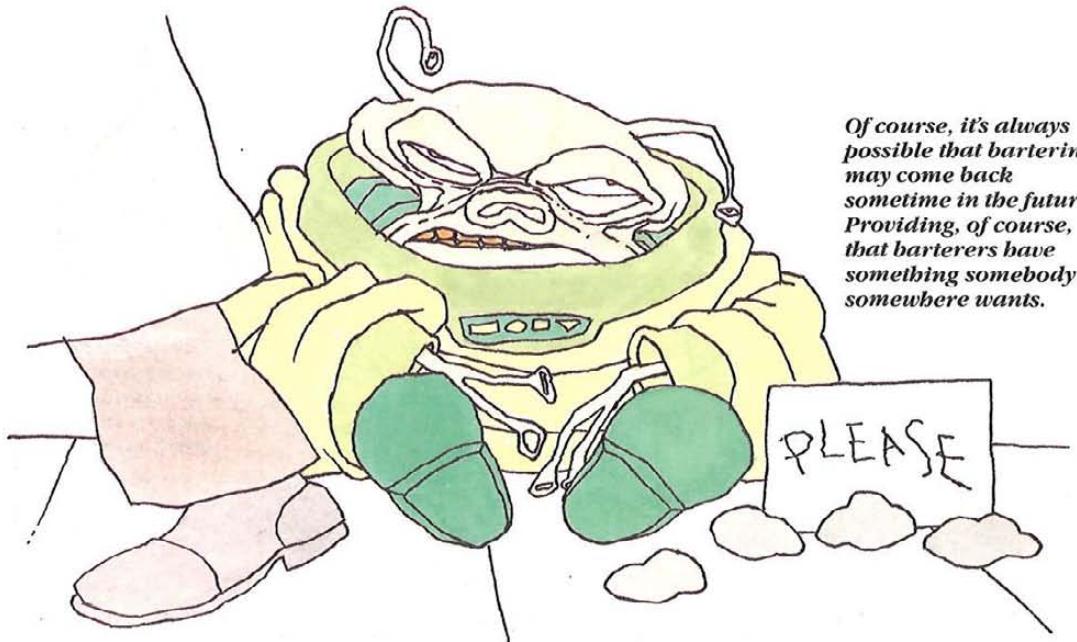
There is a form of negative barter wherein one gets what one wants from people by promising to stop giving them parts of their friends and neighbors.



The major drawback of barter was that it grew very cumbersome once you got past swapping small, easily portable items.



About the only form of barter still in existence is that of cartoonists trading their drawings for food.



Of course, it's always possible that bartering may come back sometime in the future. Providing, of course, that barterers have something somebody somewhere wants.

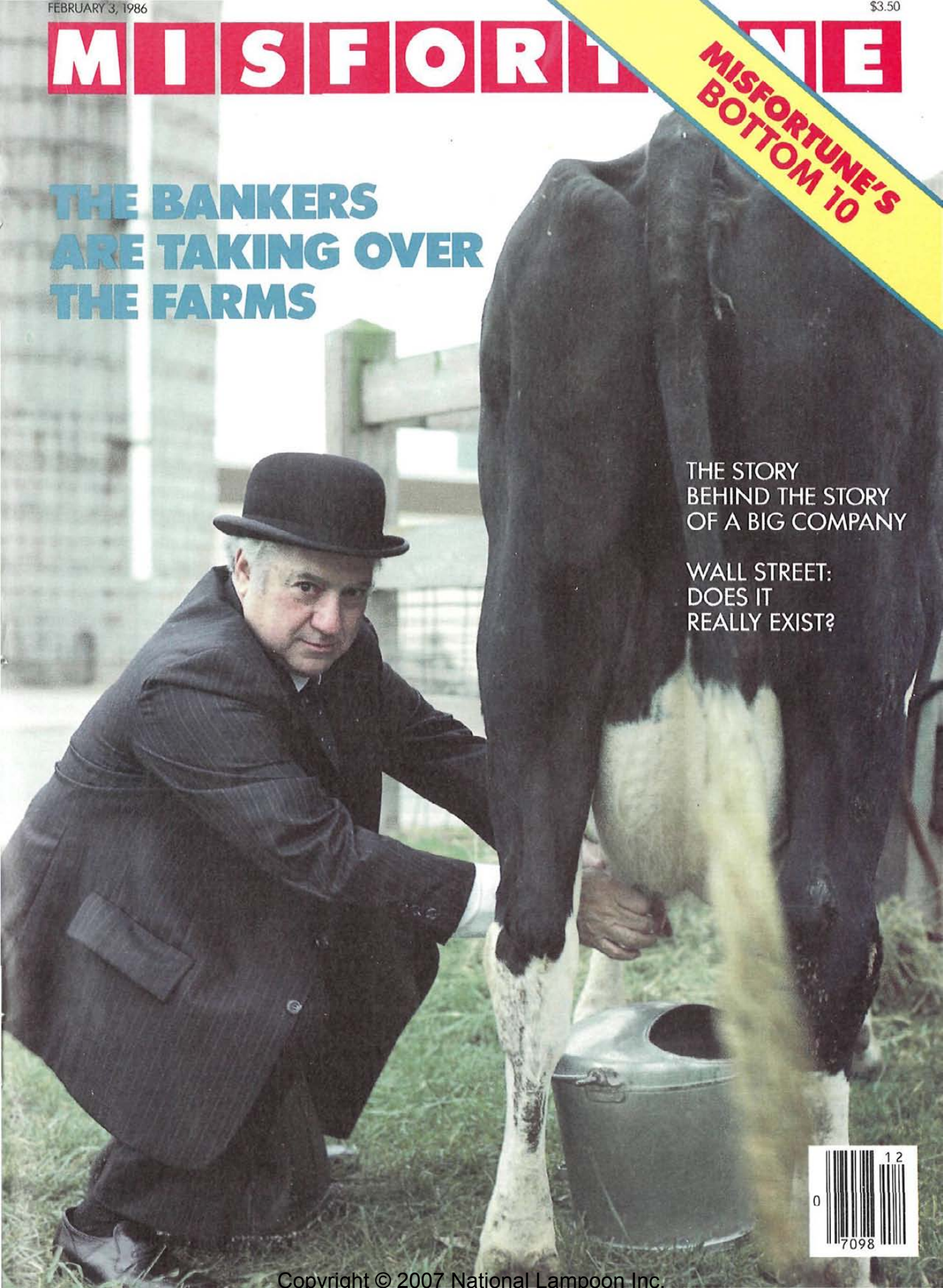
MISFORTUNE

MISFORTUNE'S
BOTTOM 10

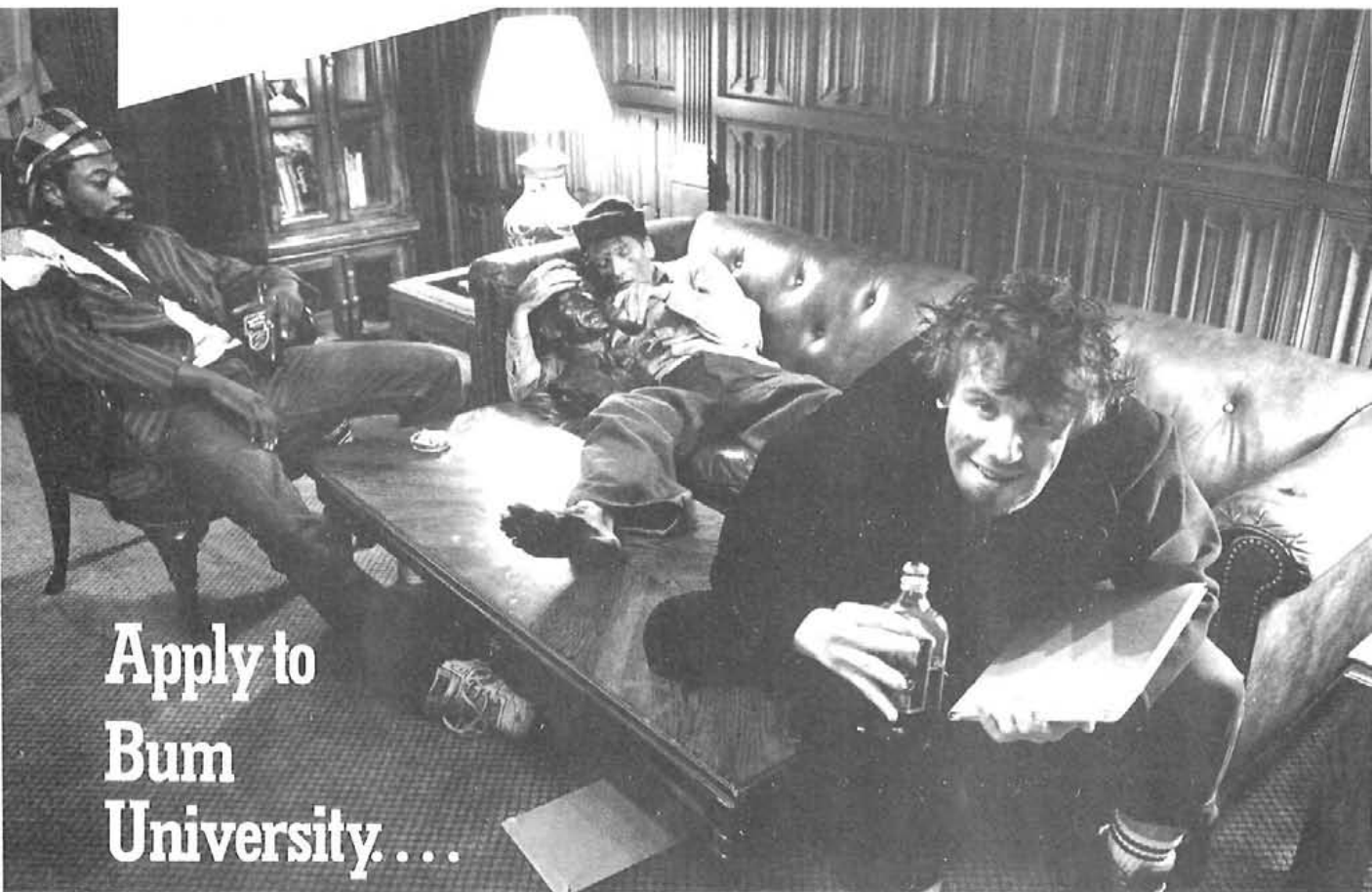
THE BANKERS ARE TAKING OVER THE FARMS

THE STORY
BEHIND THE STORY
OF A BIG COMPANY

WALL STREET:
DOES IT
REALLY EXIST?



BUM U.



Apply to
Bum
University...

Nestled in the rustic, urban setting of East St. Louis, Bum University stands, proud of its one-thousand-year history of quality education in the Street Living arts and sciences. The gutter is the limit at Bum U., and bums from around the globe come to gain kernels of important knowledge from our esteemed instructors, who themselves come from the streets and Salvation Armies of some of the country's largest cities! Their expertise is passed on to you through such important courses as:

ENGLISH 101

How to utter words. (Dr. Grimes)

PHYS. ED. 121

Standing up. (Dr. Landes)

HISTORY 183

Remembering what you did yesterday. (Dr. Ruppert)

*Dr. Schwartz is the noted author of the book *Ain't No Meat in My Can*.

HEALTH 114

Picking at infectious scabs. (Dr. Schwartz*)

ECONOMICS 177

How many quarters equal a bottle of Thunderbird.
(Dr. Hauser)

FOREIGN LANGUAGE 107

English. (Dr. Mondschein)

Remember...a dime is a terrible thing to waste.

UNCLE MONEY'S FINANCIAL MAILBAG

by John Bendel

UNCLE MONEY'S investment tip for the month: Buy bauxite futures and you'll be sitting pretty in the looming aluminum-foil shortage. Remember: Uncle Money told you first.

Now for our correspondence:

Dear Uncle Money:

I recently came into an unexpected \$5,000, and I've been keeping it in the glove compartment of my '73 Seville. Is there someplace I could invest it without giving my full name and address?

Al
Jersey City, N.J.

Dear Al:

"Unexpected." That's a new one.

Get into one of the new Money Migrator funds. You will have to give your name and address but it won't matter, because a Money Migrator moves your cash from account to account at the speed of light until no one is sure where it is or whom it belongs to.

Money Migrator certificates are available from most brokers, thrift institutions, and bodegas that sell money orders. True, the Money Migrator is a high-risk investment vehicle, but then so is your '73 Seville.

Dear Uncle Money:

Here's a breakdown of my assets: \$25 worth of old "Plastic Man" comics, \$17 in unrolled pennies, and a passbook account with \$5 in it. I also have about \$3.50 on me. What should I invest in?

Joe
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Joe:

You should get into MiniMoney Time-sharing Mutual Funds. With as little as \$10 you can own actual fractions of genuine government securities between certain hours on specified days of the week. Of course, time-shares during business hours tend to be more costly than overnight securities.

One caution: Watch out for so called "weekend securities." If you own securities on the days that markets are closed, you can only sell them privately to someone as stupid as yourself. For you, that may be quite an undertaking. "Plastic Man" comics indeed.

Dear Uncle Money:

I'm a very attractive woman of twenty-five with a net worth of \$650,000. Here's the breakdown: \$100,000 is in government securities, \$100,000 is in insured bank money-market funds, \$100,000 is in high-growth common stock mutual funds, and \$100,000 is in tax exempt municipal bonds. I also have \$200,000 worth of beachfront property and \$50,000 in my personal collection of garter belts, massage devices, rubber sheets, crotchless underpants, and black bras with the nipples cut out.

What should I do?

Lola
Santa Monica, Calif.

Dear Lola:

Actually, your situation reminds me a lot of my own. I hold a proportion of real estate, securities, and mutual fund shares roughly equivalent to yours. Yet I also find myself with substantial holdings in erotic literature, eight-millimeter films, petroleum jelly, and raw liver.

Unfortunately, you failed to include your full name, address, and telephone number. Therefore, I can offer you no specific advice. However, write again, include this information along with a recent snapshot, and I'll see what I can do.

Nice hearing from you.

Dear Uncle Money:

I own a lot of international real estate, including Honduras, but the way things are going down there, I'm thinking of selling.

What do you think?

Well Off
Palm Springs, Calif.

Dear Well Off:

Sell Honduras now and you'll take a bath in red ink. What do you think you're going to get for a country like that under current conditions?

Hang tough, though, and things could turn dramatically in your favor. Nicaragua, for example, may be coming back on the market very soon. In the short run that won't be great for the prices of Latin American countries, but it can only boost the value of your holdings for the long pull. Do keep in touch.

Dear Uncle Money:

Remember me? On payday I used to put my money in my left front pocket. It was a big mess in there. My driver's license and those little pictures of the kids were getting all dog-eared. But then you advised me to buy a wallet.

Well, I did and my license is in much better shape, but I like my money rolled into a ball and it won't fit in the wallet.

Now what?

Smitty
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Smitty:

I've tried to picture a huge ball of money on the lawn of the Vanderbilt estate, or in the garage of some Rockefeller or other, but it just doesn't work. Rich people, smart people—normal people, for God's sake!—just don't roll their money into a ball!

I've tried to help you, Smitty, I really have. But enough is enough. Please go away.

Dear Uncle Money:

I want to charge things. I want to buy now, pay later.

All right, I don't care about pay later. I just want to buy now. But nobody'll give me a credit card.

What can I do?

Arthur
El Paso, Tex.

Dear Arthur:

Let's be up front here: you're a loser, right?

Okay, here are some credit card companies that specialize in bringing discipline to accounts like yours: Big Al's All-Night Credit Card Co., Inc.; Easy Credit & Gymnasium Co.; and InterCity Instant Loans, Inc., issuer of MisterCard, SisterCard, and DepthCharge.

Look them up in your local directory if you can read, Arthur, and please find yourself another adviser at some other magazine.

Well, that's it for this month. Address your letters to "Uncle Money," c/o this magazine, and try to keep it upscale, okay? ■

HOW YOU GONNA KEEP 'I

With the rampant number of farm defaults and a hungry nation to be fed, our middle-management banking executives are being forced to pitch in and pitch hay. ■ by Larry Sloman



Interstate's George Carnegie was forced to trade his company car for a John Deere.

INTERSTATE Bank's George Mellon Carnegie III starts his day at 4 A.M. Nothing unusual about that. But whereas in the past Carnegie would be fielding calls from cronies on the London Stock Exchange and inputting gold quotes from the Zurich market, these days he's pitching seed to an appreciative audience of 400 turkeys and deftly squeezing the udders of a 1,300-pound

Holstein named Jody. Carnegie is just one of hundreds of bankers who have been re-assigned to farm duty under Interstate's revolutionary Farmexec Lend-a-Hand program.

"It took a little getting used to," Carnegie says, smiling, as he sweeps up chicken droppings with a large broom. "Especially the smell here in the chicken coop. But on the whole I'm getting ad-

justed. The exercise is free, unlike my health club back in the city, the eggs are sure enough fresh, and best of all, not one turkey has ever barged into my office here and demanded that I cash his third-party check."

Just two months ago, Carnegie was manager of Interstate's Rush St. branch in downtown Chicago. But with the record number of farmers defaulting on their

M DOWN ON THE FARM?



mortgages, Interstate found itself in the unique position of owning thousands of small farms in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas.

"We had to protect our investment," Interstate's Chairman of the Board Adolph Gruber recalls. "All that livestock, and the fields had to be maintained. We couldn't use the people who had previously owned the farms. They played by the rules and they lost. That's the name of the game here in America. So we decided to shift some of our middle-level management and turn this situation around."

Gruber's bold strategy seems to have reaped dividends. Nestlé's has agreed to buy all the raw milk Interstate can produce, Perdue Farms has purchased chicken futures from the bank's farms, and McDonald's Inc. has contracted with Interstate to purchase all chicken droppings. With all this corporate support, Interstate's farm project is expected to show a profit by 1994.

The Farmexec program is being copied by other leading financial institutions across the country. In New York, Chase Manhattan has already started a similar project, Bankerfarms. Chase recently sent 200 executives to a three-week intensive management seminar at the Staten Island Children's Petting Zoo, then assigned the managers to various dairy farms in the tri-state area. ■

Carnegie poses proudly in front of his first harvest: a silo full of winter corn.

CASH-CROP BANK MACHINES: THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE?

■ For the farmer who's having trouble making ends meet, Citibank is offering a new service that may help prevent further heartbreaking farm foreclosures. The banking giant has just installed 2,000 cash-crop machines as part of an experimental program in Idaho. The machines operate on the same principle as 24-hour automated cash tellers. The farmer steps up to the window, inserts his Citicard with his own unique PIN, then interfaces with the computer screen and selects which crop he wishes to withdraw. He then inputs the amount desired and, seconds later, he's harvesting the cash crop of his choice.

"We was having a bad time of it, what with the drought and that anthrax that was a-spreading like wildfire, and I plumb near had to pack it in," farmer John Head says. "But these folks at Citibank come up with this cash-crop machine, and it's tiding us over till the Good Lord sees fit to send some more o' that there precipitation our way. In the meantime, though, I just hop into the ol' pickup, throw on a Merle cassette, and drive over here to do my farming. It ain't half bad."



Farmer John Head making a withdrawal at an experimental cash-crop machine. The new program is aimed at heading off disastrous small-farm foreclosures.

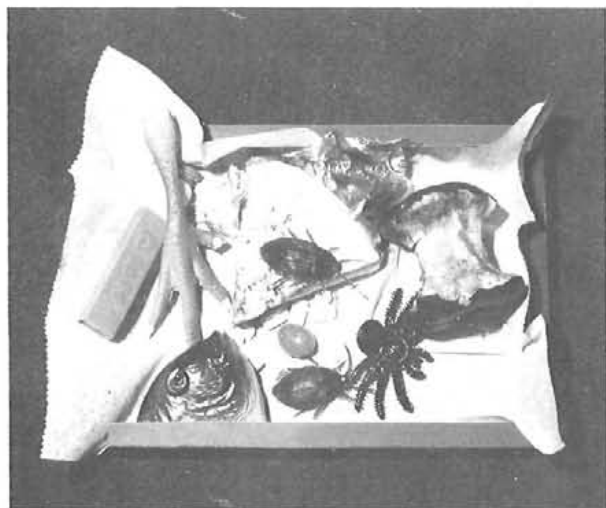
10 WAYS TO RUN A COMPANY THE *JUST* WAY

When we at Just Folks were new to the business and hardly able to cross the tarmac by ourselves, we knew we would have to live by one simple rule of thumb: Keep Costs Down! The rest would come with time. This formula has served us well over the past decade and is reflected in our motto: "At Just Folks, we give you a wing, an engine, a door. The rest we leave to your imagination." Here are the secrets of our success:



1. We buy only *used* airplanes. They're cheaper than new ones and safer as well, since we already know they fly.

2. We get rid of those bulky seats. Research shows that seats take up valuable space that can be used to pack in more passengers. Our certified Just Folks safety engineers have also proven that the more passengers packed into the airplane, the less chance they have of rattling around and injuring themselves.



3. We save money on our snack packs because we buy the cheapest snacks and charge a lot for them. You'd be amazed what people will eat on an airplane when eating is the only thing they can do on a flight.

4. We make the passengers pay after the plane is in the air. If they don't pay, we give them paper parachutes and let them float down to the ground. Of course, this might cause unexpected rattling around of the passengers, so we make sure we stuff pillows in the vacated spots.



The Bettmann Archive

BEST-EFFECTIVE AIRLINE 'FOLKS WAY!

5. We don't show first-run films on flights. Instead, our flight attendants (see #9) act out favorite scenes from selected movies.



6. We save money on our pilots. An airplane is only a big truck that flies. With this in mind, we hire truck drivers as pilots. If they can handle I-70, they should be able to navigate a mountain or two.



7. We buy reusable airsickness bags. "One person's regurgitation is the same as another's," our president, Walter Rickenbacker, has said. And if the passenger is feeling sick but can't get it out, just one look inside the reusable airsickness bag and he'll spout like a veritable geyser.

8. We fly to places no other airline will fly to or has even heard of. New York, London, and Paris are all wonderful cities, but everyone flies there. We fly into Youngstown and Hoboken, where there is no competition. Besides, if anyone actually *wants* to fly to Youngstown or Hoboken, he's sure as hell not going to be picky about the service we provide.



9. We save money on our flight attendants. There is no reason on earth why a convict on a work-release program can't do the work a pretty stewardess can. Benefits here include a lust for throwing passengers out of airplanes if they don't pay their bill.

10. We don't hand out any "Important: Read Carefully" cards. Those laminated emergency cards are expensive! Instead of giving every passenger his very own card, we have the passengers elect a "Passenger Emergency Warden" (PEW) before takeoff. The PEW is responsible for all emergency evacuations of passengers, and in the event of an emergency, receives five dollars from each surviving passenger, half of which goes to the airline.

***JUST FOLK*Express**

PORTRAIT OF A LARGE CORPORATION

Parent Company: U.S. Lint.

Subsidiaries: International Pizzarama Shoppes, Vericlosi Brothers Moving, Storage and Frozen Foods, Gooda Fooda Supermarkets, Goombah Discotheques, The Pepperoni Corporation of New Jersey, Black Hearse Mortuaries, Easy Score Escort Service, Tippla-Toe Detective Agencies, General Mortars Construction, Monolithic Motion Picture Studios, Amalgamated Nosedust, Wopburgers of America.

Earnings Statement, year ended December 31, 1985:

Worldwide sales	\$865,834,789
Pre-tax profits	\$1,145,678,456
After-tax profits	\$2,211,688,023

This is a diversified company with holdings in everything from restaurants to mortuaries. It employs 34,000 people in the U.S., 124,000 people in Sicily, and 138 people in other countries, including Colombia, Turkey, and Buffalo, N.Y. The company originally manufactured lint (thus the name) for placement in pockets of blue serge suits and overcoats.

Corporate executives pictured on facing page:

- 1. Founder and Co-chairperson:** Albert Fungliello. Born, Sicily 1918. Education, Palermo High. Member of School Knife Dueling Team. Founded U.S. Lint in 1939 with \$1,345,000 earned from selling pizzaburgers door-to-door in Palermo.
- 2. Co-chairperson:** Maria Fungliello, formerly Maria Pasquale Golvatti, daughter of Antonio Golvatti of Palermo. Mr. Golvatti, a shepherd, had a net worth of over \$4 billion at the time of his reported death in 1963. His body, rumored to be somewhere in the Mediterranean Sea, has never been found.
- 3. President:** Amalgo Misdemeanori, son-in-law and confidant of the Founder. Owns racehorses, a hotel in Las Vegas, and a barbershop in Brooklyn.
- 4. Vice President:** Maria Misdemeanori, wife of Mr. Misdemeanori. Concentrates on food services and mortuary operations.
- 5. Vice President:** Angelo Fah, brother of Mrs. Misdemeanori. An expert on frozen foods and cryogenics. Formerly Angie Fangianni, formerly Angie the Gun, formerly Everett Van Ranseller.
- 6. Vice President:** Phil Fah, brother of Angelo. Director of

- Corporate Personnel and Punishment. Formerly Phil the Kill.
- 7. Vice President:** Maria Fah, wife of Phil. Owns and operates homosexual bars in San Francisco and Greenwich Village.
 - 8. Vice President:** Mariella Fah, daughter of Phil and Maria. Manages a chain of discos owned by the company.
 - 9. Vice President:** Albert Fungliello, Jr., son of Albert and Maria. Exact responsibilities unknown.
 - 10. Vice President:** Maria Fungliello, Jr., daughter of Maria and Albert. Has same responsibilities as Albert, Jr.

Pictured in boxes 11 through 30 are various department heads, city managers, district advisers, patent holders, overseas managers, and personnel recruiters, all of whom are named Fungliello, Misdemeanori, or Fah, except for Washington Jefferson Blackburn (Harlem Operations) and Git-it Jones (Watts).

Other members of the Board of Directors pictured at bottom (31-35): Itano Golvatti, Mario Golvatti, Warren Cohen, Jake Golvatti, and Maria Golvatti. Board members not pictured: Spiro Agnew, Frank Sinatra, Eddie Murphy, and Willie Golvatti, who is temporarily incarcerated.

Projections for coming fiscal year: big.

Possible risks: the Fungliellos, the Misdemeanoris, and the Fahs.

Goals for 1986: U.S. Steel, Pizza Huts, McDonald's, and Death Valley.



Randy Jones

BOTTOM 10

After another year of intensive research, MISFORTUNE once again proudly presents its annual "Bottom 10." This, of course, is our list of American businessmen who have "bottomed out" because of unusually bad luck—unfavorable circumstances that simply could not be avoided—or because they fucked up.

These are not merely poor people. They are businessmen. But they are, indeed, the misfortunate.

10 Cy Carmichael Toledo, Ohio

As recently as 1980, Carmichael was one of the wealthiest men in Toledo. He had amassed a fortune through careful investments; a fire at his underwear factory, which had not been doing well but was highly insured; and a series of timely deaths to even wealthier members of his family. Carmichael took his millions and sank them into an exclusive dealership for the innovative DeLorean automobile. He also invested heavily in that company's stock. According to the *Toledo Blade*, Carmichael said at the time, "The DeLorean will be the American Mercedes. When Chrysler folds, the DeLorean will fill the void."



Movie Star News

tanned women, its excellent cuisine and fine hotels. Veedil went into bankruptcy earlier this year and has now returned to his original professions. He is a door-to-door rug salesman and part-time gunrunner.

8 Benford Washburn Baltimore, Maryland

For years Benford Washburn ran one of America's most successful book publishing companies. Under his sole ownership and control, the company, Dynamic Publishing, dealt primarily in books for philatelists, amateur cooks, and the art of survival in cold climates. These books were all extremely profitable. Some years ago Washburn went for the big one. He persuaded famed novelist Harold Robbins to write his first "serious" literary epic. Robbins agreed to do it for a \$3 million advance. The book, published in 1985, is the true story of Konard Kricht, the little-known Hungarian cabinetmaker. His life unfolds in great detail in Robbins's 260,000-word tome, the longest since *War and Peace*. Basically, Kricht was the son of a Budapest cabinetmaker who took up his father's trade at an



Movie Star News

9 Termile Veedil Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Veedil was once the epitome of the shrewd businessman. It took him 10 years to build a chain of travel agencies throughout the United States, and he had a gimmick: he specialized exclusively in travel to his homeland, Lebanon—the Riviera of the Near East, the Pearl of the Mediterranean, with its white beaches and well-



Movie Star News

early age. He married at 23 and remained happily married to the same woman for 56 years. They had two very pleasant children and eventually had six lovely grandchildren. Kricht and his wife were mentally and physically stable. Both died in 1866 of old age. There are no existing examples of his work.

Reviewed in *Woodworking* magazine, the book was highly recommended to those in the cabinet-making profession. It sold 600 copies. There were no sales of paperback, movie, television, cable, or Library for the Blind rights. It did win the "1985 Literary Golden Bookcase Award" from the Hungarian-American Cabinetmakers, Carpenters, and Locksmiths Guild.

Robbins has returned to writing trashy novels, happy that he's "gotten this story out of my system."

Washburn is bankrupt.

4 Merv Gittle Cleveland, Ohio

In 1983, things at Shea Stadium were in bad shape. The New York Mets were once again in last place in the National League pennant race, their manager had retired, the big-money players weren't working out, and, most important, people weren't coming to the ballpark. Gittle owned all the concessions at Shea. He had a big decision to make. He was offered another franchise, but he had to sell his rights at Shea first. The other franchise had a team that looked promising. They owned one of the best hitters in the majors, as well as a former 20-game winner, and they had just completed a trade that made them look like a money machine. So Merv Gittle sold out at Shea and moved west to the home of his new team, the Cleveland Indians.



Movie Star News

7 Frank Cantor Burbank, California

Slightly to the north of Hollywood is Burbank, another mecca for movie moguls and, most important, the home of Cantor, the man responsible for *Animal Shack*, *Pee-wee Rain*, and *Vacation Busters*. Cantor, the president of Amalgamated Studios, put the company's entire bankroll on the line for a blockbuster that would outgross *E.T.*, *Star Wars*, and *Gone With the Wind*. It was called *The Queen and I*, to be directed by Orson Welles and co-starring Yul Brynner and Rock Hudson.

The film was half finished when it was canceled.



Movie Star News

3 Irene de Villeneuve Paris, Texas

Irene, the world's most famous designer of ladies' undergarments, saw a movie a few years back that changed her fabled life. In the picture was a delightful young starlet. Irene felt that this starlet had the look, the appeal, and the charisma to sell her product. She paid millions for the rights to her name and then sat back. All that had to happen was for the lovely girl's chest to fill out to the full ripeness needed for the sale of Molly Ringwald bras.



The Bettmann Archive

2 Laughton Lampley San Francisco, California

Lampley made a fortune by investing in motels. He had interests in more than 500 Holiday Inns, Quality Court Motels, and others all over the world. Then a close friend came up with an interesting new idea, and Lampley sold all of his motel holdings and became the nation's Bathhouse King.



The Bettmann Archive

6 Warren Van Slyck San Antonio, Texas

Van Slyck is what is known in the real estate trade as a "wildcatter." He invests in buildings and property in areas he thinks will be in big demand. He buys low and sells high. He made a great fortune doing this in Beverly Hills, Houston, and New York in recent years. This past year, looking for new worlds to conquer, Van Slyck plunked down 100 million hard American dollars to purchase 2,000 acres in downtown Mexico City.



Movie Star News

Real Loser of the Year Award: The most unfortunate of the unfortunate.

1 Herm Wheelright Ithaca, New York

Executive vice president of the Ronald Pump Company, Wheelright, a former third-string running back at Iona College, convinced his boss, Ronald Pump, that he should spend \$20 million on a USFL football franchise and then pay another 5 million to a 5-foot 2-inch quarterback from Iona who had led all the little-league colleges in lateral passes.

Wheelright is not with us any longer. Rumor is that he's actually cemented into the cornerstone of Pump Palace, that fabulous new luxury apartment house in the heart of the East Village on Ninth Street and Second Avenue in New York. The quarterback, still under a personal service contract to Pump, is the doorman at that building. He can be seen there in the late evenings, sometimes talking football with the cornerstone.



Movie Star News

5 William Goldfinger New York, New York

For 40 years, Goldfinger made a fortune in New York's bustling garment industry; then he brought out a new line, investing his entire bankroll on what he felt would be the most important innovation in world fashion since women's slacks: "The Arab Look." Goldfinger personally designed an entire wardrobe built around the burnoose—the long flowing, loose-fitting Arab robe. His only sales have been to Bloomingdale's in New York and the May Company in Los Angeles. Both stores have been boycotted by the Hadassah, picketed by the Hebrew Foundling Home, and bombed by the Jewish Defense League.



Movie Star News

GREAT AMERICAN FAILURES

America ... shining beacon of hope and opportunity ... where any perseverant lad, however poor, however ill-educated, can devote his life and energy to making that "better mousetrap" ... and end up just as broke and miserable as any other ignorant pauper with a hopeless dream. For every "Pet Rocks" and "Trivial Pursuit," there are a million stories of abject failure that even SBA loans couldn't save. Here are a mere 17 of the disastrous inventions that make up the bottom of the iceberg of the American dream....

■ by Will Jacobs and Gerard Jones



Jodi Sh. Doff

Jogger's Car-Towing Belt. Knowing how novice joggers tend to overextend themselves and wish they could drive home after they run a mile or two, a paraplegic physical therapist designed this belt to let you bring your car with you: just put it in neutral, hook up the belt, and pull away.



Janice Rehringuez

Canned Eggs. Intended for those who love eggs but can't keep all those different ways of cooking them straight, this line featured vacuum-sealed eggs fried, scrambled, poached, deviled, and soft-boiled. "Eat 'em hot or straight from the can," urged superchef Benedict Florentine.



Dominique Epstein

Stupid Pursuit. A trivia game meant to "settle the eggheads' hash." The object was to answer every question wrong; while any moron could thus win, brainier players were expected to betray themselves by being unable to resist showing off what they knew.



Sylvia Marino

Toilet Tray. From the inventor of the Toilet Tub came this specially designed tray intended to save the dedicated businessperson a few minutes every morning. Complete with custom attachment to fit most toilets in the U.S.A., the Toilet Tray enabled one to eat a nutritious breakfast and take a shit at the same time.



Harvey Montana

Pet Cakes. Hoping to set off a craze comparable to that created by Pet Rocks, Hans Fritz flooded the market with his invention, German chocolate cakes with smiling faces. A group of outraged mothers, however, objected that many children would succumb to temptation and eat the cakes, thereafter harboring the horrible guilt of having consumed a favorite pet. The pet cakes were quickly taken off the market and flown to Ethiopia, since, it was reasoned, starving children can ill afford guilt feelings.



Irving Elway

Water Shoes. "Like a water bed for your feet," read the ads. These water-filled plastic sacks were orthopedically designed to fit your own personal feet. They looked ugly and they were hell to get around in.



Marion Namath

Motorized Exercycle. For those who love to work out at the spa but just get so tired of pumping away futilely, an amateur physical therapist added a powerful Harley-Davidson engine to turn the pedals of the exercise bike. The test cyclist lost the use of both legs on the first run.



Washington Holmes, Jr.

Dental X-ray Phone. This one took X rays of your teeth while you yakked on the phone. Only two families bought it, however, and their teenagers died of cancer.

Rebus Classics. Translation of the world's classics into picture puzzles inspired by TV's *Concentration*. After libraries banned the edition of *Moby Dick* because of the cover picture, the series was discontinued.



Sebastian Cliev

Powdered Water. "Just add water," promised the inventor, "and you get a tall, cool, refreshing glass of water." This was followed by Water-Mate ("Make your water rich and creamy!"), Water-Color ("Brighten up your water-drinking time!"), One-Caloric Water ("Just as much sugar added as in Pepsi Light!"), and Coke-Free Coke ("No sugar, caffeine, no nothing!").



Norbert Liston

Shoe Umbrellas. These were real nifty if you liked to *stand* in the rain, and they did keep your shoes dry. But those who liked to *walk* in the rain kept tripping over them, suffering numerous accidents.



Beth Sloman

Vegetable Bars. These were merchandised by an irate mother who couldn't get her children to eat their vegetables. The line included Broccoli Joy, Spinach Duds, Three Carroteers, Beet Hunk, Caulifinger, Tootsie Sprouts, and Milky Brussels Sprouts.



Alex Eisenstein

Chicken Juicer. All you had to do was throw a whole goddamn chicken into this thing and watch it make chicken juice. Even though it was a lot of fun to watch, it never got off the ground.



Harvey Moritana

G.Q. Joe. The Citizens Action Committee for Pro-Social Children got a government loan to market a poseable-action doll for little boys that could be dressed up, not as a soldier, but as an authentic yuppie. An entire line of miniature Pierre Cardin suits, coffee grinders, battery-operated BMWs, and tiny vials of non-toxic white powder followed. Little boys reacted as any red-blooded American kid ought to, and the committee lost \$3 million of the taxpayers' money.



Beth Sloman

Sex Rings used lights and colors to announce the wearer's sexual preference, degree of horniness, and whatever he happened to be in the mood for at the moment. Buyers soon found the throbbing lights spelling out "BJ" and "69" embarrassing.



Heidi Berg

Toilet Tub. A special suction device at the bottom of the tub let you shit and shower at the same time. The Toilet Tub did not go over well.



Marion Namath

Lost Masterpieces. After writing 112 magnificent, deeply moving, touching, exuberant, scintillating, two-fisted, brilliant, shattering, and profoundly literate novels that were mercilessly rejected by every blind, shortsighted, ignorant editor in the English-speaking world, authors Will Jacobs and Gerard Jones now subsist pitifully by selling the funniest pieces ever written for a paltry word rate to the *National Lampoon*.

Rupert, Rupert, Rupert, Rupert, and Rupert Murdoch: The Untold Story

by Ned Ward

Introduction

Ask the man in the street if he's at all concerned about Australian press baron Rupert Murdoch's buying up more and more American newspapers, magazines, movie studios, and TV stations and he'll probably shrug his shoulders and keep on picking his nose. But the man in the street doesn't know that Rupert Murdoch is not going to limit his future acquisitions to media properties, that he's got designs on everything from our heavy industry to our 7-Elevens, and that he's determined to put an Australian in the White House. Furthermore, the man in the street doesn't know that there's not just one Rupert Murdoch, as everybody thinks, but *five*, who are all brothers, who all look exactly alike, and who, if everything goes according to their master plan, will own this entire country and everything in it by the year 2000.

As the power of the Murdoch quintuplets grows, the truth about their secret empire becomes harder and harder to get out. Why, for example, have *Time*, *Newsweek*, and the *New York Times* refused to run this story? Have the quints added these illustrious publications to their stable? And what about the lack of coverage on the seven o'clock news? Do the quintuplets already control the three major television networks? Whatever the reason, the major news media have conspired to kill this story, and we at the *National Lampoon* have been forced to step into the breach. It has been left to us to present the facts about all five Rupert Murdochs and their insidious plot to buy up and take control of the United States of America.

On June 10, 1931, Lady Elisabeth Murdoch gave birth to identical male quintuplets. Her husband, Sir Keith Murdoch, in a characteristic display of absentmindedness, named all five infants Rupert. Years of

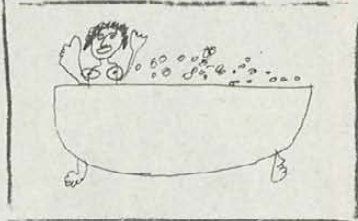
confusion followed as parents, nurses, and relatives struggled in vain for a way to tell the boys apart. In fact, for the first five years of their lives the Ruperts couldn't tell themselves apart either. During this time a strong intuitive bond developed between the quints which allowed them to interface with each other—to take meetings, as it were—on

a psychic level without having to be together bodily. Such an ability was to prove invaluable in their adult years.

The brothers' first publishing effort was the *Daily Murdoch*, a tabloid which chronicled everyday life in the household. The headline of the very first issue bears the Ruperts' unmistakable stamp: MUM FOUND NAKED IN BATHUB.

DAILY MURDOCH

MUM FOUND NAKED IN BATHUB



Lady Elisabeth Murdoch was found naked this morning in her bathtub by her son Rupert. She was taking a bath at the time. It was Horrible, recalled the son. "There were soap bubbles everywhere. I also remember seeing a wash cloth and a large fluffy towel."

RUPERT MURDOCH IN CLOSE BRUH WITH DEATH

A Sharply pointed stick nearly took the life of Rupert Murdoch today. I saw it while I was walking in the yard, and a thankful Rupert "It had a very nasty point, and I'm sure if it were standing straight up and I fell on it would have been killed instantly."

MISSY MURDOCH RAPED (COCKER SAMUEL SOUGHT

Missy Murdoch, a three-year-old wire-haired terrier, was brutally raped last night by what witnesses say was a brown cocker spaniel with a large white spot over its left eye. The attack occurred while Missy was out doing her business before coming in for the night. Her desperate cry for help woke Rupert Murdoch, who rushed

CHICKEN SLAIN FOR SUPPER:

A large brown chicken was killed today so that the Murdoch family would have something to eat for dinner. The chicken, who lived in a coop with lots of other chickens, had its neck missing by Helen, the cook. "It was Horrible," recalled Rupert Murdoch, an eye-witness to the homicide. "There were feathers everywhere

KILLER AVNTS HEADED FOR AUSTRALIA:

Aunt Louisa and Aunt Francis, the spinster aunts of Sir Keith Murdoch, left Scotland two weeks ago on a healthy journey to Australia.

WANKERS WEEKLY

MAULED FOR MILK MONEY

Charles Cowpar, a first-form student at Wankers, was severely jostled yesterday while walking to the cafeteria during recess. "I was on my way to get a container of milk when suddenly I noticed two of the older boys beside me, and as they walked past, the one on the left brushed up against my arm." So said young Cowpar after he had regained his composure. This being the third such incident this week, editor-in-chief Rupert Murdoch has called for more policemen in the vicinity of the cafeteria during peak recess hours.

PROFESSOR HOPKIN:·

"I HAVE LIVED BEFORE"

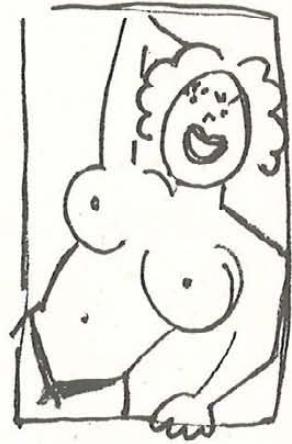
Professor Andrew Hopkin, instructor of mathematics at Wankers for 42 years, disclosed in an exclusive interview with correspondent Rupert Murdoch that he believes in reincarnation. "Indeed, I have lived many lives," said the professor. "I have been a mollusk, a spiny anteater, and even

"Play Rupert's
Super Giveaway"

a Frenchman." The professor, who retired this past spring, wished us to announce that he will be giving a lecture next Tuesday on the number "3" in his rooms at the King George Insane Asylum.

HEADMASTER KIDNAPPED BY UFOS

The Weekly learned today that Headmaster John Dingle, who has been absent from his office for two consecutive days, has, in fact, been kidnapped by beings from outer space. Confirmation of this startling event has been difficult to obtain because every time Weekly editor-in-chief Rupert Murdoch calls the Dingle home, a woman claiming to be the headmaster's wife says he's in bed with a head cold. According to Murdoch this is not the voice of the real Mrs. Dingle but that of an alien being doing a Mrs. Dingle impersonation. The real Mrs. Dingle, we are sad to announce, has been taken along with her husband. "It is a well-known fact that aliens like to abduct couples and will do so whenever possible," said one expert. "This is so they can breed them when they get home and use them for plant food."



"Say hello to Miss
Political Science."

STRANGLED BY HER OWN BOOK STRAP

Lynne Davis barely escaped with her life after a light-blue book strap snapped out of her hands and flew toward her neck. "I was trying to stretch the strap 'round my books when suddenly

it snapped out of my hands and headed directly for my throat." As it turns out the deadly book strap landed harmlessly on the floor. "I consider myself a very lucky girl," Miss Davis declared to reporters before she left for school.

Winning Super Giveaway Numbers Inside

In 1939 Sir Keith sent his sons to the prestigious Wankers School for Boys, breeding ground of many of Australia's captains of industry. Within a week of their arrival at Wankers, all five Ruperts were made cub reporters on the school newspaper. A week after that they had seized the paper from their fellow classmates. Ex-Wankers Weekly editor-in-chief Sir Cecil Tipps recalls the circumstances of the takeover: "It was late Friday afternoon and I was getting ready to send an issue to the printer when Rupert Murdoch came in and told me that my dog Jinx had just died and that Headmaster Dingle wanted to see me straightaway. As I left with tears in my eyes, another Rupert Murdoch came over and began patting me on the back and told me not to worry, that he'd take

care of the paper for me. After seeing the headmaster and learning that the whole business of Jinx's dying was a hoax, I returned to the Weekly's office. There I found all five of them—the Ruperts—gathered around the composition table rewriting my headlines for the next edition. When I demanded to know what was going on, one Rupert looked up and said, 'Eat shit from a rusty bowl, Cecil. You're out and we're in.'"

One would expect the sibling rivalry between five identical quintuplets who were all named Rupert to be enormous—and so it was. From conjugating Latin verbs to blowing bean farts, their competitiveness was unceasing. To what, then, can we attribute their unanimous

decision to give up their individual identities and create the illusion of there being only one Rupert Murdoch in the world?

The year is 1952 and the brothers have just returned from four years at the Robin Leach School of Journalism. They are unsure about how to pursue their goal of becoming ruthless media barons who will one day own the entire United States of America. They are standing in one of the family's many chicken coops with their father discussing the problem. Suddenly Sir Keith bends down and scoops up something off the floor. "Do any of you know what I've got in my hands?" he asks. "Aye, Father," answers Rupert. "You've got five little pieces of chicken shit." "That's right, Rupert my boy. Five little pieces of chicken shit

which are good for absolutely nothing in this world. But now watch." Sir Keith begins to mold and work the chicken shit with his hands. "Now what do you see?" he asks again. "The five individual pieces of chicken shit have become a great big lump of chicken shit, Father," says another Rupert. "So they have, Rupert my lad. Now watch further." With that he hurls the ball of chicken shit in the direction of Lady Murdoch, who is strolling in the garden taking the morning air. It smacks her on the side of the neck and sends her sprawling to the ground. "Do you think any of those blasted itty-bitty pieces of chicken shit could have done that?" Sir Keith demands, looking searchingly into each one of his Ruperts' faces. "You five Ruperts are like those five little pieces of chicken shit. Separately you can accomplish nothing. But packed together into one unit, into one... identity, there is nothing beyond your grasp." The brothers look at one another and smile. From that day on, they vow, they will go forth together as one great big ball of shit.

Sir Keith's plan was put into effect immediately. Rupert and Rupert stayed in Australia, setting up offices in Sydney and Melbourne, while Rupert, Rupert, and Rupert went to England to begin operations there. Coordination between the five Ruperts was essential, for in order for the world to think there was only one Rupert, only *one* could appear in public at a time. Each Rupert began working a five-hour "public" shift, after which time one of his identical-looking brothers would take his place. This arrangement insured that there would always be a fresh and alert Rupert on the scene, one who would have the energy to get the jump on the competition and run them into the ground. The arrangement also allowed them to engage in five times more lying, cheating, conniving, and backstabbing than any single Rupert would be capable of. The plan was an instant success. "Rupert Murdoch" began rampaging the communications industries of Britain and Australia; twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year, they were wheeling and dealing, buying and selling, making mincemeat out of any who dared stand in their way. Within a relatively short time "Rupert Murdoch" had established a power base from which to launch an attack on America.

The Rupert Murdoch quintuplets built their empire through the acquisition of highly respected yet financially troubled publications. Immediately upon taking control of a particular property they'd run it so far downscale you'd need a miner's hat to walk through its office. Those close to the Ruperts, however, report that four of the Ruperts were taken aback when, in an attempt to

THE ULTIMATE PRACTICAL JOKE

"Herpes Test Results"
Envelopes — A Real Eye Opener!

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

**HERPES
TEST RESULTS**
**PERSONAL &
CONFIDENTIAL**

Mr. John Doe
1234 Main St.
Anywhere, U.S.A.

PRINTED
IN BLACK
AND RED

NOVELTIES BY D VINE

GREAT FOR MAILING INVITATIONS!
Please Allow
2-4 Weeks for
Delivery. Add 1 Week
for Personal Checks

ONE DOZEN **\$3.95**
Plus 75¢ Postage
and Handling

ADDITIONAL DOZENS AVAILABLE
AT \$1.80 PER DOZ. NO HANDLING
AND POSTAGE CHARGE.

NAME	FIRST DOZEN @ \$3.95	3.95
ADDRESS	EA. ADD'L DOZ. @ \$1.80	
APT. #	SHIPPING & HANDLING	.75
CITY	TOTAL	
STATE	VA. RESIDENTS ADD 4% SALES TAX	
ZIP		

d'vine
ENTERPRISES, INC.

P.O. BOX 1347
SPRINGFIELD, VA 22151

break a newswriters' strike, a fifth Rupert fired the entire editorial staff of the *Aborigine Express* and replaced them with kangaroos.

Every newly acquired Robert Murdoch publication made money for the Ruperts, though in many cases the circulation and advertising revenue would plummet. How was this possible? The "Rupert's Super Giveaway" contest was a virtual staple of every Murdoch publication. Millions of dollars in cash were literally given away daily by the brothers' various papers. Who was getting all this money? The following list of names representing a random sampling of "Rupert's Super Giveaway Winners" strongly suggests the contests were not always on the up-and-up.

"Rupert's Super Giveaway Winners"

Vito Murdochelli
Sadie Murdochowitz
Seamus O'Murdoch
Rufus Murdoch Johnson
Picrre Murdoché
Ignatz Murdochowski
Pedro Murdochez
Ulysses Murdochianis
Lars Murdochsonn
Vladimir Ivanovich Murdochov
Siegfried von Murdoch
Abdul Murdochhaamim

Ling Ping Murdoching
Swami Sri Deva Murdochhupada

In early July of 1976 the five Ruperts traveled to Washington, D.C., and rendezvoused at the home of syndicated columnist and TV personality Miss Rona Barrett. The discovery of five forged British passports bearing the names of Rupert Doc, Rupert Smith, Rupert Jones, Rupert Q. Public, and Rupert Rupert led investigators to believe the brothers had entered the country under assumed names. Obviously, only an extremely important deal would have gotten the Ruperts to run such a risk. The deal, we have since learned, was to buy the United States of America.

It wasn't hard for the Ruperts to get to Miss Barrett. She had made it known she was bored dishing the dirt in Tinseltown and had moved to D.C. in the hope of getting into government service. Her price for throwing in with the quintus was to be appointed to a cabinet post in whatever government would be running the country after they took it over.

As America's foremost gossip columnist Miss Barrett had created an information-gathering network—YENTA—that surpassed the abilities of the FBI and the CIA combined. She was a powerful woman who had dirt on everybody. The Ruperts were prepared to offer her the vice presidency for her ser-

vices. They felt they were getting off cheap.

Just as they had in Britain and Australia, each Rupert Murdoch began working a "public" five-hour shift, thereby creating the illusion that there was only one Rupert Murdoch. So while many Americans were none too happy with the idea of Rupert Murdoch's coming to their country and turning their favorite newspapers and magazines into ass wipe, the reality of what was going on was five times worse.

"Acquiring Centers" were set up in the northern, southern, eastern, and western parts of the country. Four of the Ruperts then proceeded to buy their way toward the middle, where a fifth Rupert was stationed and coordinating their efforts.

Suddenly Rupert Murdoch was everywhere. In New York Rupert Murdoch was buying out banking houses and investment firms, while in Los Angeles Rupert Murdoch was acquiring miles of prime beachfront property. There were Texas lawyers who swore they signed



oil-lease agreements with Rupert Murdoch at the same time Wisconsin dairy farmers claimed they were granting Rupert Murdoch exclusive rights to their milk cows.

Emboldened by their success, the Ruperts began to act with greater and greater recklessness. Their deal to buy the *Chicago Sun-Times* almost fell through when the publisher's secretary buzzed him one morning and announced, "Sir, I have Rupert Murdoch on lines one, two, three, four, and five!"

While oil fields, investment firms, and pasteurized cheese all served to strengthen the Ruperts' stranglehold on the U.S. economy, the Ruperts knew their most important acquisitions were yet to come. They realized that Hollywood was the key to establishing their dominion over the nation. Owning a major motion picture studio and a handful of strategically placed TV stations would allow them to smear their philosophy across the entire American landscape, to coat the whole country with their political, ethical, and religious values. You see, the Ruperts want more than just our banking firms and milk cows—they want our minds.

On May 5, 1985, morning papers across the country carried the headline RUPERT MURDOCH TO BUY 20th CEN-

TURY-FOX. Nine hours later the evening papers proclaimed: RUPERT MURDOCH TO BUY METROMEDIA TV.

Aaron Spelling, creator of *The Love Boat*, was made chief of production at the studio. After a series of strategy meetings with Rupert Murdoch, Spelling announced that work on a number of new projects was about to begin. Among them were *Spitball!*, a story of how a giant spitball from outer space unleashes a reign of terror upon a small Midwestern community; *Fur Ball!*, a sci-fi thriller about a harmless fur ball thrown up by a cat that gets contaminated with radiation, becomes gigantic, and then unleashes a reign of terror upon a small Midwestern community; and *Golf Ball!*, a chiller about how a golf ball is sliced into a toxic-waste dump and becomes mutated into a ravaging creature and then proceeds to unleash a reign of terror upon a small Midwestern community. Spelling also announced that he hoped to have these movies in the theaters by Christmas '86.

In keeping with television's more con-

servative nature, the Ruperts have plans to supply their stations with more family-oriented fare. Miniseries are projected which celebrate the lives of famous Americans. *Meese!*, for instance, which features Sylvester Stallone as the attorney general, will be aired later this year. Contemporary social issues will be explored as well in *Rose Anne: Portrait of a Two-Headed Unwed Mother*, and *Peacemonger!*, the story of a misguided Catholic priest who goes to help the victims of an earthquake in Nicaragua.

In addition to using movies and TV to propagate the Murdoch world view, the Ruperts targeted specific individuals as well. Having been granted access by Miss Barrett to the extensive files of YENTA, they dug up damaging information and then used it to blackmail some of the most prominent names in business, politics, and the arts. Including:

Sam Shepard. After refusing for two weeks to take their calls, Sam Shepard mysteriously agreed to play the title role in the Rupert Murdoch/Aaron Spelling production of *Botha!*, with Pearl Bailey as Winnie Mandela. Shepard took the part when Rupert Murdoch threatened to print the fact that in addition to being a playwright, poet, and actor, America's favorite rugged individualist was a licensed beautician.

Jane Fonda. After Rupert Murdoch promised to buy her husband a seat in the United States Senate, Hollywood's top actress agreed to star in *The Jane Fonda Wet T-Shirt and Topless Go-Go Workout Tapes*, directed by Russ Meyer and distributed by a Murdoch video subsidiary.

Bob Woodward. Under threat of having his long-standing homosexual love affair with Dick Cavett disclosed, Watergate journalist Bob Woodward agreed to write a highly laudatory and sanitized biography of "Rupert Murdoch."

Lee Iacocca. If the automobile manufacturer did not agree to use his influence to get him sweetheart deals and huge tax abatements, Rupert Murdoch threatened to produce 11,617 female assembly-line workers who would swear to their having been forced to grant Mr. Iacocca their sexual favors during the past year.

Tip O'Neill. In a clandestine meeting in Washington, Rupert Murdoch discussed with the Speaker of the House the possibility of passing legislation that would allow five identical quintuplets who were born in Australia, but who have since become naturalized U.S. citizens, to run for president of the United States—as a single candidate. And assuming such legislation could be passed, would the Speaker have any problems with running the quintuplets as the Democratic presidential candidate in 1988? In return for his cooperation Rupert Murdoch would not make public a videotape of Mr. O'Neill dressed in a sexy French maid's uniform serving tea to Tipper Gore and three members of Mötley Crüe.

Now we see the prize the Rupert Murdoch brothers were after from the very beginning—the White House. But they don't want just to control it, to give some flunky orders from behind the scenes. They want to live in it. *They want to be president, all of them—at the same time!* Sure, it sounds stupid, but not any more stupid than the headlines we read in the newspapers or the movies and TV shows their production companies will start spitting out. And pretty soon it will all come together in one great big glop. Murdoch reality: the Bee Gees anchor the seven o'clock news and lead with a story on two-headed unwedded mothers. Edwin Meese will quit being attorney general and host *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*; Sly Stallone will be nominated to take his place. Judge Wapner will be appointed to the Supreme Court and America will become one gigantic freak show. And what difference is it going to make then whether we have a senile ex-movie actor named Ronald Reagan as ringmaster or a set of identical quintuplets from Australia named Rupert Murdoch? ■

Trots and Bonnie



©86 SPARY FLENNIKEN

PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

BOOKS

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

MAGAZINES

\$5.00 EACH

- MARCH 1972** / Escape!
- JUNE 1972** / Science Fiction
- JULY 1972** / Surprise!
- AUGUST 1972** / The Miracle of Democracy
- SEPTEMBER 1972** / Boredom
- NOVEMBER 1972** / Decadence
- DECEMBER 1972** / Easter in December
- APRIL 1973** / Prejudice
- MAY 1973** / Fraud
- JUNE 1973** / Violence
- JULY 1973** / Modern Times
- SEPTEMBER 1973** / Postwar
- OCTOBER 1973** / Banana Issue

- DECEMBER 1973** / Self-indulgence
- MAY 1974** / Fiftieth Anniversary
- AUGUST 1974** / Isolationism and Tooth Care
- SEPTEMBER 1974** / Old Age
- NOVEMBER 1974** / Civics
- JANUARY 1975** / No Issue
- FEBRUARY 1975** / Love and Romance
- AUGUST 1975** / Justice
- SEPTEMBER 1975** / Back to College
- OCTOBER 1975** / Collector's Issue
- 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 in Preview
- MARCH 1978** / Crime and Punishment
- APRIL 1978** / Spring Cleaning
- MAY 1978** / Families
- JUNE 1978** / The Wild West
- JULY 1978** / 100th Anniversary
- AUGUST 1978** / Today's Teens
- SEPTEMBER 1978** / Style
- OCTOBER 1978** / Entertainment

\$4.00 EACH

- APRIL 1979** / April Fool
- MAY 1979** / International Terrorism
- 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
- DECEMBER 1981** / What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982** / Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982** / The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982** / Food Fight
- APRIL 1982** / Failure
- MAY 1982** / Crime
- JUNE 1982** / Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982** / Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982** / The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982** / Hot Sex!
- OCTOBER 1982** / O. C. and Stiggs
- NOVEMBER 1982** / Economic Recovery
- DECEMBER 1982** / E.T. Issue

\$3.00 EACH

- JANUARY 1983** / The Top Stories of 1983
- FEBRUARY 1983** / Raging Controversy
- MARCH 1983** / Tamper-Proof Issue
- MAY 1983** / The South Seas
- JUNE 1983** / Adults Only
- JULY 1983** / Vacation!
- AUGUST 1983** / Science and Bad Manners
- SEPTEMBER 1983** / Big Anniversary Issue
- OCTOBER 1983** / Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983** / No Score
- DECEMBER 1983** / Holiday Jeers
- JANUARY 1984** / Time Parody Issue
- FEBRUARY 1984** / All-Comics Issue
- MARCH 1984** / The 60's 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** / The last of the old National Lampoon
- JANUARY 1985** / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1985** / A Misguided Tour of New York
- MARCH 1985** / The Best of 15 Years
- APRIL 1985** / The Best from Europe
- MAY 1985** / Celebrity Roast
- JUNE 1985** / The Doug Kenney Collection
- JULY 1985** / Youth at Play
- AUGUST 1985** / All-New True Facts
- SEPTEMBER 1985** / Lust Issue
- OCTOBER 1985** / Music Issue
- NOVEMBER 1985** / Mad As Hell
- DECEMBER 1985** / Reagan and Revenge

- National Lampoon Binders** Vinyl binders with tough metal "rods." \$5.50 each, \$9.00 for two, \$12.00 for three. — Quantity
- National Lampoon Case Binder** Fits many types of magazines. \$6.95 each — Quantity
- National Lampoon Binder** With all twelve issues from a given year. Well, not exactly given.

— 1975	— 1979	— 1983	— Vinyl binder
— 1976	— 1980	— 1984	— Case binder
— 1977	— 1981	— 1985	— \$24.00 each
— 1978	— 1982		

If issues in any given year are not listed above, please select replacements for missing issues.

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 8¼ percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to: National Lampoon, Dept. 286, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

SAM deGROOT THE FREE WORLD'S ONLY PRIVATE DETECTIVE IN AN IRON LUNG MACHINE

BILLIONAIRE LUDWIG VAN BUREN'S WIFE
SUMMONS SAM TO HER PARK AVENUE
RESIDENCE, SAYING SHE IS IN DANGER. AS
SAM IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE BUILDING,
A STRANGER THREATENS HIM WITH A GUN!

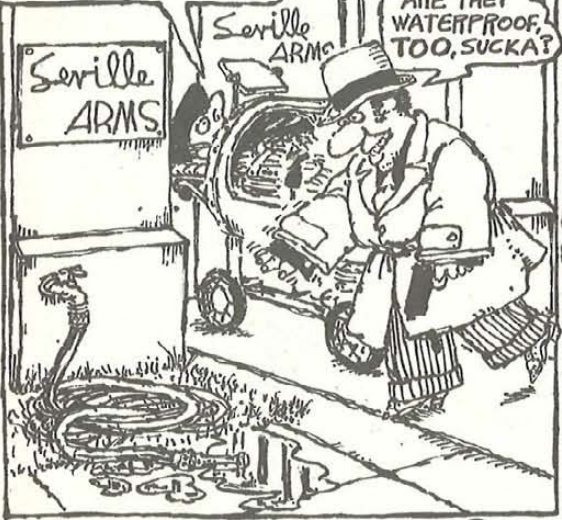
I WORK FOR MR. VAN BUREN, AND HE
DON'T WANT HIS WIFE TO SEE NOBODY—
ESPECIALLY NO PRIVATE DICK!

LOOK—I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT
MRS. VAN BUREN SOUNDED LIKE SHE
WAS IN REAL DANGER, AND I
INTEND GOING UP TO SEE HER!

...JUST TRY
IT, DEGROOT,
AND I'LL—

SHOOT? YOU
WOULDN'T DARE!
THIS PLACE WOULD
BE CRAWLING WITH
COPS IN NO TIME.

...AND BESIDES, THESE
GLASS PANELS ARE
BULLETPROOF. HA, HA, HA!



ARE THEY
WATERPROOF,
TOO, SUCKA?

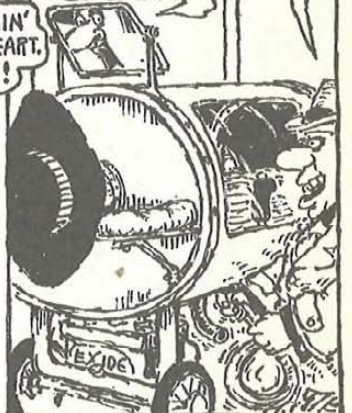
WATERPROOF? WHAT DO
YOU... HEY, WHAT ARE YOU
DOING UNDER THERE?!
DON'T FOOL WITH THAT HOSE
CONNECTION, THAT SUPPLIES
THE AIR PRESSURE SO I
CAN BREATHE!

BETTER PUT ON YOUR
WATER WINGS, DE GROOT.
HAW, HAW, HAW!

YOU MONSTER!
YOU'RE GOING
TO DROWN ME!



YOU WON'T BE BREATHIN'
MUCH LONGER, SWEETHEART.
HAW, HAW, HAW!



SO LONG, DE GROOT, IT'S
BEEN NICE KNOWIN' YA!
HAW, HAW, HAW!

I MUSTN'T PANIC,
IT'LL TAKE A FEW
MINUTES AT LEAST
FOR THE WATER TO
FILL THE IRON LUNG
CHAMBER... SOMEONE
IS BOUND TO COME
ALONG AND HELP ME...

LUCKILY A PASSERBY IS
PASSING BY...

HEY! THAT'S THE WORST
THING YOU CAN DO IF YOU'RE
IN AN IRON LUNG! YOU'LL
DROWN—I KNOW, MY DAD
DIED THAT WAY, AND MY
COUSIN DANIEL!

HEY, WHAT THE HELL DO
YOU THINK YOU'RE DOIN',
URINATIN' ALL OVER THE
SIDEWALK LIKE THAT?!!



QUICK! TURN OFF THE
FAUCET, UNHOOK THE
HOSE, AND LET THE
WATER DRAIN OUT!



© COPYRIGHT 1985

CONTINUED...

Martin Izing: Poet of the Dry Cleaning Poster

A Reminiscence by Ron Barrett

Martin Izing? Dates unknown? Sure, I knew him. He used to hang around the Du-Rite Cleaners in the East Village, banging out stuff for their posters on a little portable in the back. "In by nine, out by five," that was the first thing he ever did. Then came "Fresh as a flower," and "It's spring, hoo-ray"—youthful works, kind of rough around the



edges, but raw and vital.

Then JJ, the black presser, gave him a taste of carbon tet and it was mostly downhill after that, things like "We'll stick in our bone" and "Up to your crotch." Dirty work for a cleaners.

He started getting into a lot of heavy solvents, benzolene and phenochlorazide. One day they found Marty on a hanger, plastic

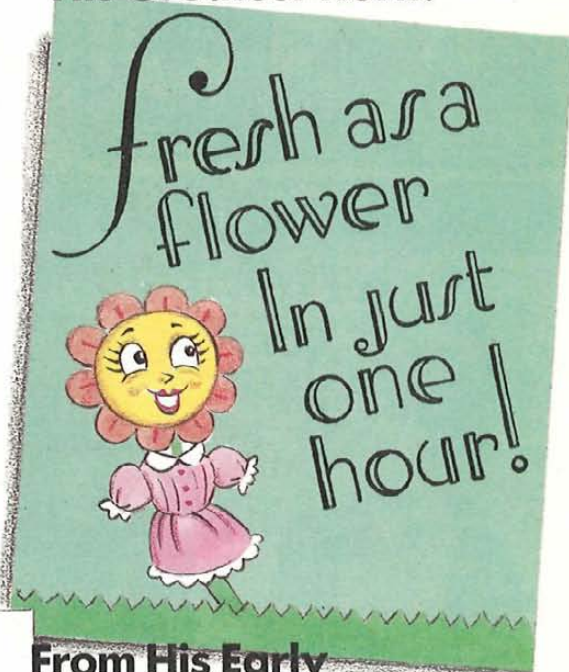
bag over his face, a pink note pinned to his neatly pressed Buddy Lee sport coat:



From His Youth—a Classic:



His Greatest Work:



He Begins to Drink:




From His Early Degenerate Period:




His Middle Degenerate Period:


If folks think you brought cats on the bus,
It is time to bring your jacket to us!



Has some babe **FLATTENED** your lap?
Leave it to us, we'll **RAISE** the nap!

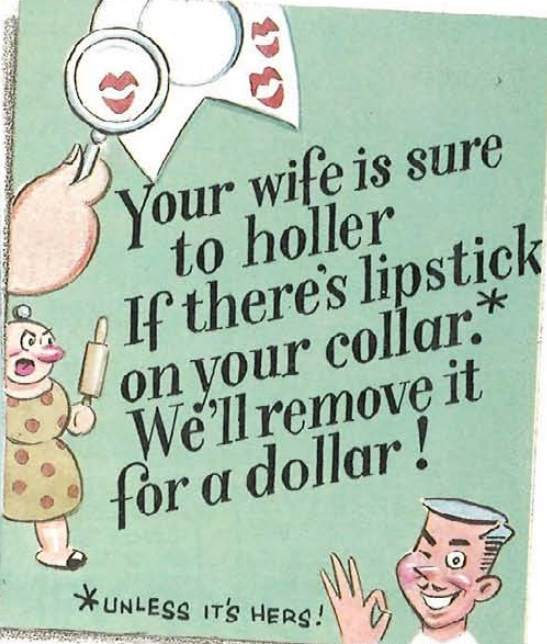


Your sleeves are wrinkled like concertinas?
Why not bring 'em to the cleaners!



Your wife is sure to holler if there's lipstick on your collar.*
We'll remove it for a dollar!


*UNLESS IT'S HERS!



come stains 'round your fly? -
Kiss them all Good-bye!



We'll fit your hunch, your twist, your humps,
We'll shorten pants to fit your stumps!



His Late Degenerate Period:



Seams are
bursting 'cause
you're a fat slob?
See our tailor
and give him
the job!

Ladies-

If your undies
start to smell
of cigars,
We've got an
employee
who tries
on your
bras!

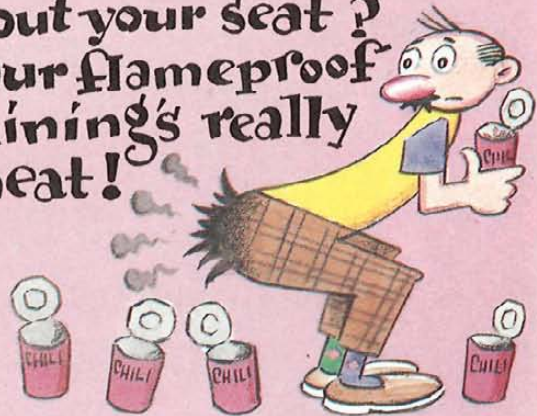


-THE MANAGEMENT



Be the gal
guys love
to watch,
We'll raise
your hem
up to your
crotch!

Has flatulence burned
out your seat?
Our flameproof
linings really
neat!



Don't feel depressed,
I'm sure he's happy.
He knows his suit
is looking SNAPPY!



The Last Word in Drycleaning!

Our alterations have
brought us fame,
Just ask the
Hunchback
of Notre
Dame!



His Last Work:

Ask us about home
delivery service-
Your clothing will come,
and so will our perverts!



Sorry...

but we're
closed on Sundays,
That's the day
we sniff your
undies!



Ladies!
Do you know
we've got a
re-weaver,
who'll fix
the hole that's
in your beaver?



Hey, Gals!
Home delivery's
near as the phone

When we arrive,
we'll stick in our
bone!



**To Our "Gay"
Customers:**

We've got a
secret we won't
divulge,
We'll put some
padding
around your
BULGE!



**We'll take off stains
like blood and urine,
We'll even clean
the
Shroud
of Turin!**



Tax the Poor: The Trickle-Down Theory of Economics

As Propounded by
Professor Irwin Corey

Assisted by
Annie Sprinkle

When I first devised the "Tax the Poor" economic policy, back in those days, it was all right, because the poor then had a little more money than they have now. And if we had implemented my policy then we would have saved the country from this dilemma. We would never have had a three-trillion-dollar deficit and \$190 billion interest on that. No, we wouldn't have had that. What we should have done, we should have taken the necessary funds at that time. Because twenty-five years ago the poor people, some

of them were making \$2,000 a year. So, how much we could have gotten from them—right away! That's the catch. Today the poor ain't got nothing, so what the hell are you going to tax? Therefore today, while the poor ain't got as much, I propose to increase the number of poor people so that the revenues we collect from them will amount to *something*. Otherwise we won't have enough money to launch a new War on Poverty, which this time we can win if we foreclose. You see, in the sixties President



Johnson gave us the original War on Poverty (legislation was passed to appropriate one billion dollars to fight poverty). And the poor people then didn't have the what-with-all to fight back with. But we lost that war for lack of funds, and now there are thirty-five million people in poverty in the United States alone. Now, this has led to a divisiveness that has practically split the country apart, more in general, I think, than specifically, in this particular case. Of course there are many ways in which the country can be brought back together. It can be done theoretically, which is the easy way, or it can be done practically. This is the part that interests those who might be involved in it. The first thing that we have to do is look concretely at what we look like to the rest of the universe and to the rest of the world. What we can do in order to bring the country closer together is—get rid of Montana, get rid of North and South Dakota, get rid of Utah and Alabama and Mississippi, and we push the country closer together and our long-distance phone bills will

come down. And since the farmers are all broke we don't need that land. We can get food from California to New York at a greatly reduced transportation cost. But most important, on the political level, this move will bring us further away from the Enemies Without and bring us that much closer to the Enemy Within. Hence the expression "We have met the enemy, and he is us."

We have a country of 240 million people. Now, if we can just get the majority of the people, say about 220 million, to say, "No, no, we ain't got no more money for taxes." Just say, "We can't do it." Let the kids go out and do it. I mean, since the new child labor laws went into effect, these kids have got about ninety years of rest. Let the children go out and do it. Let the children of those who have it go out and give more to it. And those that ain't got, don't have to. But I think it is better to receive than to give. It is a philosophy that I have had for many years. I mean, if you want to give, give. But you finally get tired of giving. You say, "To

hell with it, I've given enough." But you never get tired of receiving. And that's why I say, "Don't earn more than you can spend, but spend more than you earn and die in debt." Now, if you owe a lot of money you're going to live long. The people you owe it to are going to make sure you live long. Let's say you die at seventy-five, and you owe \$300,000. If you amortized that loan at \$30,000 a year it would take you eighteen years to pay it off. So you actually live to be *ninety-three*, because you're living on money you would have earned if you had lived that long. So to reach this plateau of affluence, my suggestion is to do as our country, which owes three trillion dollars, does: borrow. Borrow. Start with your friends. Borrow from your friends, and when they ain't got any more money, make new friends. But keep borrowing. That's what makes countries strong. That's what can make individuals even stronger.

It has been said in Isaiah, and in Jerimyer 3, that Hezekeyah went to Jeri and said, "Jeri, have you heard any word from the



Reuben Kopolchinski

Lord?" and Jeri said, "By the way, I just did." "And what did He say?" "He said, 'From him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away.'" And that was the basis. "If he be not obedient, burden your slave with more fetters and be satisfied with your wages that ye shall inherit the meek when thou doth seek other avenues of revenue." That's all he wanted to say. If He had said anything else it would only have been superfluous, verbose, redundant, and have had a deeper significance because of the repetition of the Simple Truth. And the Simple Truth will last longer than a Simple Lie, but the Simple



Lie will do more damage than the Truth will do over the same period of time. And the only reason for existing is so that we can lie ourselves into Reality and into the Four Pleasures of the Great Soothsayer Maharajma Babaganoush, and even Marie Osmond we find also on the side of those who are downtrodden. And Rajneesh, who is out in Oregon, is nothing more than a component part of every instrument and every device and outlet of His being. That's all He is. No more, no

less. And the economic repercussions of Rajneesh, of religion in general, seem to have a relation to an economic philosophy which has been grasped and made into a succinct policy.

The original theory was Isaiah's. It came from Ezekiel from the wheel within the wheel. Where it proved conclusively that the rich can get richer, and the poor get poorer. But I say that the rich cannot get richer *unless* the poor get poorer. And so the theory is, the government should step in and get it from the poor before the rich get it. It's a program called "Tax the Poor." I ran on that ticket in 1960. I lost, but I have never wavered from the program. Now Reagan has come up with the idea of tax reform. He says that if you earn \$100,000 a year, you should pay \$200 in taxes. Well, that's right. But those who make only \$10,000 a year have to pay \$3,000 a year in taxes. That's what he meant by the "sliding scale." That's the "trickle-down" theory in which everyone gets at least a little more and they go further on down and therefore contribute more and it gives them a feeling of loyalty, a feeling of strength, a feeling of giving to a country that's defending them so that their homes will be secure in case of attack. They'll feel secure in the fact that their home is so small that even if it does blow up it won't cost much more money to put it back, since they will be insured against the possibility that if X number of countries do attack us it is based on the percentage of how many. For example, if a country attacks us, you divide that country into the total number of countries that could have attacked if they had had the proclivity or the inclination to do so. Then you have the base number. For instance, when Grenada attacked us, that cost \$4,000 per cubic feet, and the Grenadians will have to pay until they have brought back that which we have destroyed. It is the amount of interest which is due to those who have given financially to the cause of that instrument. We only want what's ours. That's why the percentage on the return is greater than the minimum advance and less speculative because of the glamour stock that it does have. It does not necessarily mean that it will bring about unity. No, the Unity of Opposites is based on the fact that you've got to give up what

you took in order to get more of what you might need. That's the only way you can do it. That's like "If we don't change our direction soon we run the risk of ending up exactly where we're heading." And this is a course we cannot take even if it is at breakneck speed. I mean, it's purely speculative on my part, it may take another direction.

The military budget is the only thing that will save our country. The United States and the Soviet Union build the same arsenals of defense, the same number of ships and planes and tanks and missiles and helicopters, but we have it over the Russians. Because we have \$9,000 hammers, \$800 toilet seats, \$12,000 Allen wrenches, \$300 toasters, and \$600 ashtrays. Now we need these ashtrays and toasters to throw at the Russians while they are defending against bullets, bombs, and missiles. And ashtrays don't get picked up on radar as easily as big planes or missiles. And if they come over here! Well, let's face it, they ain't coming over here, and even if they did, where would they park, and with the alternate-side-of-the-street parking (especially in New York) we will impound their cars and charge them seventy-five dollars to get the damn thing back (a Strategic Towing Initiative).

This does not negate, however, the fact that there are in the United States 15,000,000 people out of work (I use the term "out of work" because "unemployed," though it has more letters, is only one word). Now, my suggestion to alleviate this problem is to kill 15,000,000 people that already have work. That will save us all those pensions, and the people who were previously unemployed, or out of work, will work for less than those we've neutralized, because they've been out of work for so long they'll probably work for nothing. Now, these 15,000,000 people we've got to neutralize cannot be murdered. That's not American. But we can do it in a subtle way. Sell them cigarettes, give them happy hours right near the highway, there are a lot of things we could do. The future of the possibilities that do exist in that orbit can only be ascertained with deep scrutiny. To assess the importance of the accolations which is simply a stipulation, or stipends given to those who feel the priorities in relation to the "safety in numbers" can only be caused, or become an implement rather than the desire itself.

Now the trickle-down theory is nothing more than a misnomer to equate the possibilities whereby we with constructive criticism bring about the advantage which that implication implies. Does it mean that we correlate the negative aspect of the positive information which is given? No! It merely reoccurs rather than vanishes. And therefore, with that in mind, we can only calculate the possibilities of a reoccurrence and therefore devalue the priorities in relation to the necessities and to those who feel that only after due consideration could the process be implied. Now it seems that this might be the direct cause of the devaluation of the dollar on the international market. No! There are two causes. There is the direct cause, which, like a catalyst, hastens a chain reaction but remains the same in a condition prior to its inception, and there is the indirect cause, which, also like a catalyst, remains the same while hastening a chain reaction



which can only reassure that the continuation of the commodity-economy, with the aspects of influx and overflux, with the advent of sometimes going up and sometimes going down. It only creates the independent indication which proves that the stock market will fluctuate. Sometimes it will fluck up, sometimes it will fluck down, and when that happens, just fluck out. This does not seem to be a disadvantage to the flucker—no, it is an instrument whereby those who are flucked can fluck off. That's the only reason that it's there. It's a contingency on Chapter 11. Unfortunately, this has no implications for the national debt. The national debt is not an implication, it is a *reality* based on our forefathers' insight when they gave us the Declaration of Independence. They said then that we had the right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Life was just a thing that was given by God.

So, here we are in the sair fity... in the fair city of New York, where the economic situation blightens the eye and the object poisons sight, where the most reactionary elements have risen up in rebellion to put down the most progressive forces of the majority of the minorities. Now, this is the determining part. That if we can, with a certain clarity, bring in the force of that energy, to create that oasis whereby we can accept the responsibilities. This is the most important aspect of the continuity which can be maintained only after the survival of the predication upon which the denomination for the separation of the segregated areas to bring about just before the monsoon season, where clarity and understanding within the areas of focus and in a point whereby we can with impunity become a great nation within a small area, rather than be spread out where we would become indefensible against an onslaught of practically five to one. Then tax reform would affect it by making it a duty and an honor and a privilege to contribute. This is only possible after due consideration of the process of law.

The worldwide economic crisis in which we find ourselves now is not the result of a planned philosophy that created this hypothesis. No. The real reason for the erosion and the corroding



and almost the destruction of the force is that there are outside implements, which proves that what is inside is not necessarily desirable on the outside. We find that the economy can be bolstered; we have found out that China, a country far away that we are not even interested in, is now making atomic bombs. It costs the United States something like \$400,000,000 to make a bomb. The Chinese are making them for \$200,000,000. Isn't it better for us to buy the bombs that the Chinese make for

half the amount that we have to pay? This is one thing that will save our economy, by buying these bombs cheaper than we can make them. In fact, we can buy so many that they won't have any left. And we'll be the only country that'll have them. And if we're the only ones that have them, we can use them anytime we want.

Rather than give an example which can show conclusively, we must understand the necessary components of which our economic society seems to generate progress. The illusion is that those who seem to have more of what they get and to those

who lose less of what they need can only find the correlation in the equation $E = mc^2$. E = employment, m = most, and, you see, a square is those people who live in the hinterlands and don't know what they're doing with their own contribution.

Economics without money is like having a mouth without teeth. It may seem to be deep only because it has the simplicity of something which is profound. But outside of that, anybody could have said it.

So now our economic problems are solved, because the present administration has done its job. And the only way that



the economic policy of which we are now on the road to recovering through is that the Crisis will only come after the Recession. And a Recession is always before a Recovery, and after Recovery we have another Crisis. And this keeps us going, from Crisis to Recession, to Depression, on to Recovery! Then we go right into another Crisis, and into the Recession, and then into Depression. You see, if we can eliminate Recovery we can go directly from Depression right into a Crisis without going through Recovery. That takes up so much time. And Time is Money. We make the circle shorter and get to a Crisis right away, because only after a Crisis is over do we know whether there will be survival or whether there is no more hope.... And once there is no more hope we can't fight another war. We need Hope. How else would people in the rest of the world know that we have the happiest Army, just laughing themselves into this crucial period. So that is why I say a Crisis is important. It is the only thing that gives us Hope. And Hope is what's necessary in a Crisis if we're ever to get out of this Hopeless Mess. ■



65,000,000 Shares

Sly Products, Inc.

Common Stock

(\$01 Par Value)

Price \$25 a Share

This is a company that will sell the names "Rambo," "Rocky," and "Senseless, Stupid Violence" for use on toys, blankets, towels, dairy products, toilet seats, diuretics, the human body, rifle butts, doggie butts, knives, hand grenades, blood banks, film theaters, nursery products, diction classes, acting studios, writing seminars, prophylactics, baseball bats, hospital wards, prison buildings, steamships, public bathhouses, Lebanese cities, or anything else anyone will pay a buck for.

Principal Underwriters

Manson, Manson & Manson, Inc.

Reagan, Gorbachev & Pinochet

Tate, Baby & LaBianca

Hitler, Himmler & Goebbels, Inc.

Wayne, Peppard, Johnson & Bronson, Ltd.

John, Wayne, Gacy & Co.

Helms, Thurmond & East

Union Carbide Securities

Northrop, Hughes & Boeing, Inc.

Joaquin Andujar Securities

James, Huberty, Richard & Speck

Clint, Arnold, Chuck & Associates, Inc.

Calley, Westmoreland & Minh, Inc.

Don King Securities, Inc.

Ivan the Terrible Investment Group

General Dynamics Investments

Paine, Hurte & Death

General, Electric & Lockheed, Inc.

Marx, Engels & Stalin, Ltd.

continued from page 34

bought it (along with a few dumb Arabs who hung on for the ride), and the rest of the financial world dusted themselves off and said it was a *shame* about Nelson, but he didn't bail out in time and he should have known that his assets wouldn't last, and everybody came out and sang, "O hear us when we lift our heart for portfolios that come apart..." and thanked their lucky stocks that they were still around for more Ragging & Taking and Taking & Bragging!!!

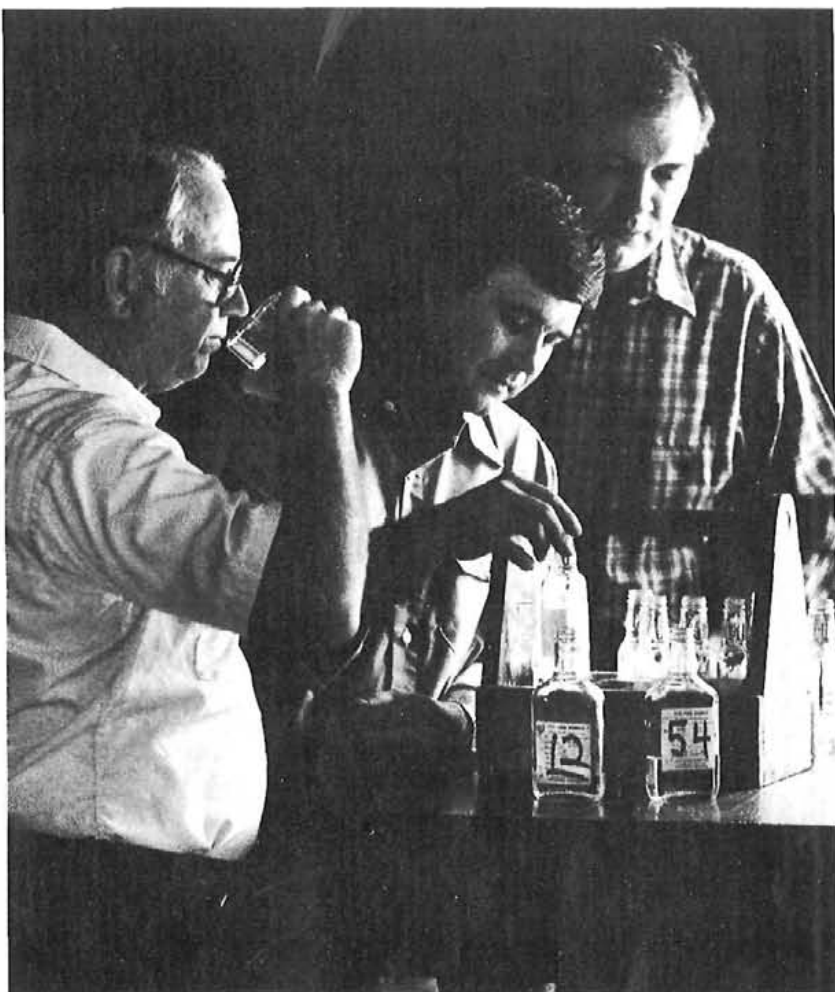
The Baroque Broker

Texas is a natural for Buyers and Liars—there's something about the Lone Star status that's conducive to big money-making schemes. *New York City*, though it's generally regarded—due to welfare and the Great Liberal Mentality—as the Lone *Sponge* state, is also conducive to big-bucks Buying and Lying!!! It's the *Megabucks Mentality* of New York that does it—*there's money to be made in New York*. And from the dangerous real estate wars of Manhattan, one man rose above all the low-rent riffraff and Johnny-come-lately millionaires to truly possess the invincible Right Stock. He's the courtesan of the rich, the devious developer—Donald Trump!!!

Tacky, gaudy, glitzy, and bawdy—that's D. Trump!!! But he showed the world what a poor guy could do in real estate, providing of course that his family already had one of the wealthiest real estate concerns in the world to begin with. All the same, the great thing about *Trump* is that he plays his *band* perfectly!! He has the genuine ability to make New Yorkers think he's a *nice guy!!!* A smart, greedy rich kid who took to Ragging & Taking and Taking & Bragging like a fat-ass duck to water, maybe, but still a nice guy!!! If a person looked through a yearbook of high-flying investors, beside Donald Trump's boorish photograph he'd read that Don was voted "most nice all around," "friend to birds and small dogs," and, of course, "most moneyish"!!! *No takeovers here!* No shady deals left and right that leave thousands of poor executives out of work in this neck of the woods! Donald Trump is too good, *too sweet* for any of that under-the-table fast-deal trading stuff. He doesn't want to *own* your company, he only wants you to put it in one of his glitzy tasteless buildings!!!

He'd never fall off a yacht and see a shark! Hell, he wouldn't even go to the ocean unless he was trying to pave it with concrete and pile ugly buildings on it until the whole goddamn Atlantic looked like *Houston!* Trump won't be happy until the city is covered with eighty-story schmaltz edifices bearing his name in gold, as if he were creating Designer Buildings!!! Trump has two incredible dreams: to create Manhattan in

continued on page 82



If you'd like to know why Jack Daniel's tastes as smooth as it does, drop us a line.

IF THE SUPREME JUDGES of Jack Daniel's don't agree, the minority vote rules.

These gentlemen taste our whiskey as it comes from room-high vats of tightly packed, hard maple charcoal. And even if only one taster says the charcoal needs changing, the vat is emptied and changed. What's more, the last batch of whiskey put through is put through again. That way, we can be sure not even a minority of our friends will ever find fault with the smoothness of Jack Daniel's charcoal mellowed whiskey.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

PRODUCT BARGAIN BONANZA

Unisex sports apparel from world-famous

NATIONAL LAMPOON

— authentic styling and fit and brilliant, eye-catching graphics. Buy them now before your favorite store sells out.



TS 1050—AUTHENTIC FOOTBALL JERSEY. You'll look like Joe or Josephine Montana and be able to throw the bomb when you wear this 100 percent nylon-mesh authentic football jersey, the same one used by most NFL teams. Ours is more distinctively styled with our logo on the front and the famous Mona Gorilla in full color on both sleeves. White. \$26.95.

TS 1049—AUTHENTIC FOOTBALL JERSEY. Same as above, but made of 50 percent nylon plaid/50 percent cotton, specifically designed with cotton inside next to your skin for comfort and absorbency. White. \$20.95.



TS 1058 National Lampoon's European Vacation T-shirt Going to Europe? Coming from Europe? Been dining on European dishes? Perhaps your grandmother was born in Europe? No matter. No T-shirt collection would be complete without this one, adorned as it is with the movie logo and a picture of the "pig in the poke" that got the Griswolds to Europe. **\$6.95 each**



TS 1045—ACRA HOODED SWEATSHIRT. The jocks will sweat with envy when you wear this extra-warm sweatshirt with pockets. Wearing it signifies you won your letter on the infamous National Lampoon Cohabitation Team. Exceptionally high quality. Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber/50 percent cotton. Raglan sleeves, convenient center pouch pocket, double-thickness hood with drawstring, and ribbed knit cuffs and waistband. In navy, with yellow lettering. \$18.95.

TS 1047—ACRA SWEATPANTS. A fitting companion to the Acra hooded sweatshirt. A fleecy warm-up pant made of 50 percent Creslan®/50 percent cotton. With drawstring waist and elasticized ankle. In navy, with a yellow Mona Gorilla on the left leg. \$14.95.

TS 1046—ACRA SWEATSHIRT. Same specs as the hooded shirt, but without the hood. In navy with yellow lettering. \$13.95.

TS 1048—MARATHON 80 SHORTS. The Cohabitation Team wears these with the Acra sweatshirt for quick takeoffs. 100 percent nylon trikot running short with matching liner and inside key pocket. Doubles as bathing short. In navy, with yellow National Lampoon imprint. \$9.50.



TS1029—National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt Has the pictures of Otter, Bluto, Flounder, D-Day, and the others on the front. \$5.95

TS1034—National Lampoon Sweatshirt Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering, this product is available in a veritable troika of color schemes. \$13.95



TS 1057—OVERSIZE HEAVYWEIGHT T-SHIRT. The return of our National Lampoon superhero, Politenessman, in one of his most famous adventures. In full color, and with the same specs as the Mona Gorilla shirt. White. \$10.95.

TS 1052—OVERSIZE HEAVYWEIGHT T-SHIRT. We predict this will be the hottest item of the year. But then we predicted Carter would beat Reagan. It's our authentic sports practice shirt with our famous Mona Gorilla in color and her college and graduation date. Made of 100 percent cotton. Deep armholes, extra body length and fullness. Women can wear it as a short dress. White. \$10.95.

TS 1053—OVERSIZE HEAVYWEIGHT T-SHIRT. A great conversation piece. Ed Subitzky's Risqué Comic Strip with a great punch line. In full color, and the same specs as the Mona Gorilla shirt. White. \$10.95.



TS1031—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt Celebrates the funniest National Lampoon film since the first one. \$6.95.



TS1019—National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt This gorilla looks more like a gorilla than a pair of socks does. \$4.95



TS1026—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



TS1027—National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Team Jersey The same item worn by our own team before management said we couldn't have any more. \$7.00



TS1036—National Lampoon Football Jersey With the famed V neck covered by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95



TS1028—National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey Says "We can do anything we want, we're college students" on the back. And with ¾ length sleeves, you can keep more of your arm clean when you slide into second. \$7.00



TS1032—National Lampoon Baseball Hat To own one of these is to own a hat. \$6.95

TS1038—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, blue, camel or black. \$20.95

TS1040—National Lampoon Nightshirt Fun to wear. More fun to take off. \$7.95

TS1041—"I got my job through the National Lampoon" And you can get your T-shirt through the *National Lampoon* as well. It's our newest T-shirt and it's awful nice! \$6.95



TS1035—National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt Cartoonist Sam Gross has lent his double-amputee frog to the spot above the left nipple on this fine product. In white, blue, camel, green, gray, or yellow. \$14.95



TS1039—"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



TS1030—National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket Famous satinesque jacket with real cotton lining, now sporting a striking new logo. Get it? Striking? \$33.95



TS 1043A • TS 1044B National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt. On the left is the sweatshirt in precisely the same design as the enormously popular *Vacation* T-shirt. On the right is the "Walley World" Sweatshirt as worn by the Griswalds in *National Lampoon's European Vacation*. \$16.95 each.

TS 1019 \$4.95	—S—M—L	TS 1035 \$14.95	—S—M—L—XL	TS 1045 \$18.95	—S—M—L—XL
TS 1026 \$5.95	—S—M—L	TS 1036 \$13.95	COLOR	TS 1046 \$13.95	—S—M—L—XL
TS 1027 \$7.00	—S—M—L	TS 1038 \$20.95	—S—M—L	TS 1047 \$14.95	—S—M—L—XL
TS 1028 \$7.00	—S—M—L	TS 1039 \$10.95	—S—M—L—XL	TS 1048 \$9.50	—S—M—L—XL
TS 1029 \$5.95	—S—M—L	TS 1040 \$7.95	—S—M—L	TS 1049 \$20.95	—S—M—L—XL
TS 1030 \$33.95	—S—M—L—XL	TS 1041 \$6.95	—S—M—L—XL	TS 1050 \$26.95	—S—M—L—XL
TS 1031 \$6.95	—S—M—L	TS 1043A \$16.95	—S—M—L—XL	TS 1052 \$10.95	—S—M—L—XL
TS 1032 \$6.95	—S—M—L—XL	TS 1044B \$16.95	—S—M—L—XL	TS 1053 \$10.95	—S—M—L—XL
TS 1034 \$13.95	COLOR			TS 1057 \$10.95	—S—M—L—XL
				TS 1058 \$6.95	—S—M—L

Indicate the products you wish to purchase, enclose check or money order, place in envelope, and send to:

NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. 286, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

Please enclose \$2.00 for postage and handling for each order; New York State residents, please add 8 1/4 percent sales tax.

Check items desired and circle size.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

I have enclosed a total of \$ _____

If you don't want to cut up this publication, print or type all necessary information on a separate piece of paper and send it along with your check or money order.

Rip-offs

by buddy hickerson



A "nose job" performed by a deceitful prostitute.

continued on page 80

AUTHENTIC JAPANESE GOOD FORTUNE and PROSPERITY AMULETS. Beautiful Pendants of ANTIQUE COINS, includes Amulet Pouch. 1769 Coin, \$20. 1668 Coin, \$25. Brochure, \$2 (applied first order). Money Order: AMULETS, 884 Ameku, Naha Japan 900

SCREW YOUR HEARTS OUT!

FROM THIS...  TO THIS 

WITH THIS!



The screw kit has 42 round screw stickers (2 sizes). Have fun covering only the heart of your bumpersticker. Also includes a wacky instruction booklet!

Only \$8.00 postpaid!

SCREW KIT
BOX 20782
SAN DIEGO, CA 92120

order now!
Instant Delivery!

NO FARTING



Top quality, 2 color red and black stickers available in:
4" x 4" Regular size \$1.00
6" x 6" Large size \$2.00
7" x 10" metal sign \$5.00

Send check or M. O. to:
ACTION PRINTS LTD.
710 N. Tucker St.
Suite #308
St. Louis, MO 63101

One of the best ingredients for your savings plan.

Take Stock in America.



NEW CLASSIFIED RATES

Want to reach 2,895,000 hot prospects? Well, we've got them. Rates are just \$4.00 per word, one time, twenty-word minimum, standard type. P.O. Box is two words; phone number, city, and state are one word each; and zip code is free. One column inch is \$250, one time. Check must accompany order. Call or write: Howard Jurofsky, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 688-4070.

NEW CAR STEREO EQUIPMENT. Pioneer or Sanyo AM/FM cass. only \$59.95 ea. Alpine Amplifier Equalizer only \$69.95 ea. Plus \$5.00 P&H per item or send \$1.00 for Cat. TO: MyCroft Inc. P.O. Box 9426, Colorado Springs, CO. 80932. 1 yr Warranty on all stereos.

RESEARCH PAPERS

14,278 to choose from—all subjects
Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD

Toll Free Hot Line **1-800-351-0222**
in Calif. (213) 477-8226

Or, rush \$2.00 to: **Research Assistance**
11322 Idaho Ave. #206-NA, Los Angeles CA 90025
Custom research also available—all levels

The Most Wanted

... and the most exciting menswear catalog in America today.



INTERNATIONAL MALE. Much more than a catalog—it's a unique men's fashion magazine showing you how to bring it all together. Hottest new looks from Europe, the Orient and America. Many exclusive designs plus activewear, fitness gear, underwear and grooming aids from around the world. Refundable with your first order, a full year's subscription is \$2.

INTERNATIONAL MALE

DEPT. 4855-2800 MIDWAY DR-SAN DIEGO, CA 92110
 Enclosed find \$2. Please send Catalog.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

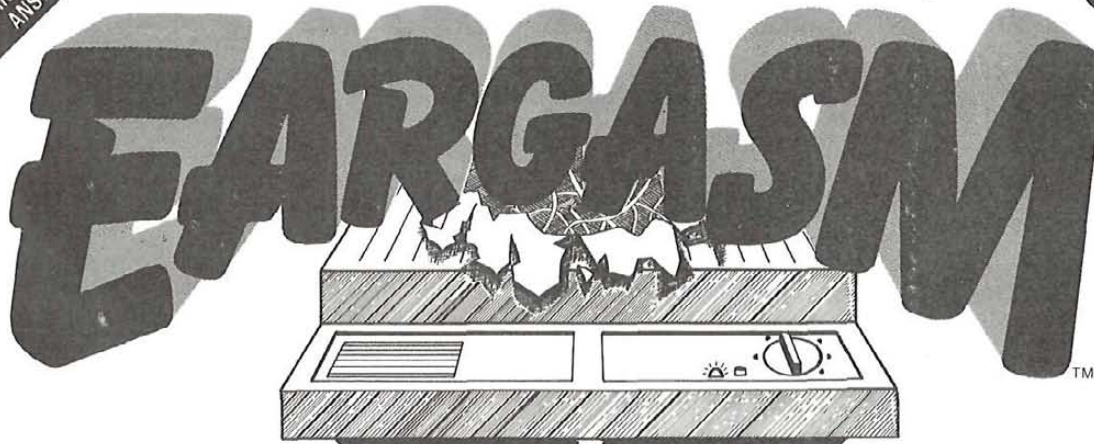
CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

EARGASM...
WORK WITH ANY TELEPHONE
ANSWERING MACHINE

OUTRAGEOUS MESSAGES
FOR YOUR TELEPHONE ANSWERING MACHINE

AS ADVERTISED ON THE
NATIONAL RADIO PROGRAM
INNERVIEW



EARGASM... CRAZED, ZANY, OUTRAGEOUS, TELEPHONE ANSWERING MACHINE MESSAGES THAT WILL MAKE YOUR MACHINE QUIVER AND YOUR LISTENERS WET THEIR PANTS. EARGASM... 5 TITILLATING MESSAGES PER TAPE FOR ONLY \$9.95 FEATURING NATIONAL RADIO PERSONALITIES AND COMEDIANS FROM NEW YORK AND HOLLYWOOD'S TOP COMEDY CLUBS. EARGASM... A UNIQUE GIFT

SERIES/5 MESSAGES PER TAPE

#100 - FOR MEN ONLY - Series 1

#200 - FOR WOMEN ONLY - Series 1

#300 - FOR COUPLES ONLY - Series 1

#400 - I HATE CATS - Series 1

EARGASM P.O. BOX 5556 BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90210

NL286

I NEED MY EARGASM! Enclosed is my credit card number/check/money order for \$9.95. Send me series _____ and mail to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE () _____

MASTERCARD VISA CARD # _____ EXP. DATE _____

The Polish Belly Dancing School.



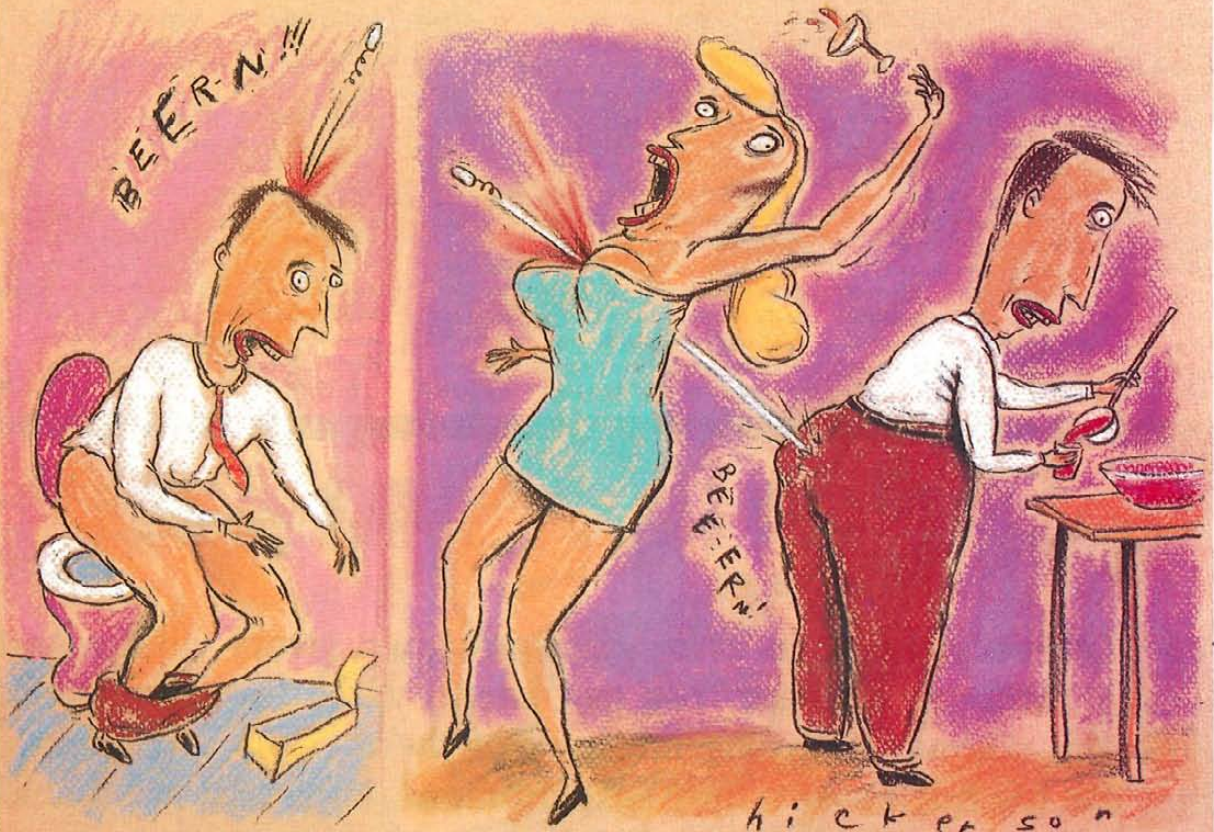
*Helmut Toomer's
Alterations (run by a
former lumberjack).*



The Calvin Klyde five-hundred-dollar Dacron suit that "matches your eyes."



Ramco's spring-loaded, self-ejecting suppository. (This has caused countless fatalities by going off in the wrong direction or going off prematurely at dinner parties.)



continued from page 75

his own image and to see giant floats of himself in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade!!! *Seventy-six Trump Clones in the Big Parade!!!* But neither dream will ever come to life! The Don is big and bland and corpulent, handsome in a homely sort of way: if he wants to build Manhattan in his own image he's already off to a bad start, since Trump Tower looks more like Sammy Davis, Jr.: shiny, black, glitzy, easy to see through, and in the wrong neighborhood!!! And if Donald Trump floats appeared in the Thanksgiving Day Parade, you wouldn't be able to tell them from Bullwinkle.

But he's content to be the Baroque Broker all the same!! He supposedly gives away millions to charities every year, such a nice gesture that everyone forgets that he recently won a four-year fight with City Hall and got out of paying more than *fifty million tax dollars* on Trump Tower!!! Trump is the *Majestic Lord of Gentrification*, which means, in short, that he tosses all of the poor proles out on their asses to make way for billion-dollar buildings that house the likes of Botticellino and Amazoni!!! *Tacky, Gaudy, Glitzy, and Bawdy!!! Ah, progress!!*

Ask the tenants at 100 Central Park South. Helluva piece of property! The Don bought this building so that he could gut it and turn it into one of the most expensive apartment buildings in New York (which is to say, of course, one of the most expensive buildings in the world!!!) The only problem is, the people who already live there don't want to move!!! They have the nerve to get in Trump's way, and come up with incredibly mealy-mouthed excuses for not leaving, like how they're poor and won't be able to get apartments in Manhattan for anything near the price that they're paying (*you wouldn't be saying these things if you had the Right Stock, you*

dumb lowlifes...) and on and on, whimpering crybabies, many of whom think that just because they've been living in the building for twenty years, and have rent-controlled leases, and are old and poor, it means *anything!!!*

Donald hired a management company to run the building...or *run the building down*, so that they'd get sick of living there. Tenants, anyone? They started neglecting building services, let the place get dirty...made it clear that Mr. T. wants everybody the hell outa there—Christ almighty, there are buildings to build!!!

But nobody cares!!! It's our Donald!!! Attaboy, Donnald!!! Show them poor people!!! A recent poll taken on the Upper East Side showed that half the residents thought that Donald Trump had the right to force the poor people out, and the other half thought that he should have shot them as well!

While all that was happening, Trump Tower went up right in the heart of town, with pink marble interiors and doormen dressed in bright red uniforms like so many clowns at the circus, and next Donald is saying that he wants to build the highest building in Manhattan! And he's dropping hints that he wants to get involved in *communications*. At this rate, it won't be long till we have the *New York Donald Trump Times!!!* Till then, of course, there are several other hobbies to keep a guy like Donald off the street. Gorgeous George Steinbrenner has his Yankees, Al Davis has his Raiders... John DeLorean once even had a piece of the San Diego Chargers...cut *the Trump* in on this deal!!!

Okay, so what if everybody with *gray stuff between his ears* knows that the United States Football League is going to fall flat on its rump, Trump—but hey, it's only money, and keeping that in mind, the Don buys the New Jersey Generals

and hires a dwarf named Flutie to put it all together!!! What publicity!!! If you don't read about Trump on the front page, you'll catch him in the business section or certainly real estate—Buying & Selling and Stealing & Bribing all through the newspaper...and if you don't catch him on any of those, you'll find him in the *sports section*—with his Heisman midget!!! *Trump Trumps Flutie!!! Flutie Trumps Trump!!!* And the great part is: everybody knows that a genuine genius like Donald Trump is going to see his way out of this thing, and if the league fails, they're going to find room for his Generals in the National Football League. And if they don't, fuck them if they can't take a joke: he'll take his midget and his doormen and start a circus!!!

And if *that* doesn't work, he'll open a museum on Wall Street: a huge gold and marble tabernacle in homage to those in his financial image: Nelson Hunt, the silver-buying elephant, and John DeLorean, who was unsafe at any speed!! And we could throw in T. Boone Pickens, the Killer Driller from Texas who rapes oil companies, and Ted Turner, who buys giant corporations with their own money, which is clever, you must admit. And there will be statues and red carpeting and plaques that read, "Hear us when we lift our heart for portfolios that come apart..." In short, all the fixings for a *glitzy homage to the heroes of America's next generation*...where envious poor people can walk in and gaze for hours at the statues and say, "Now, goddamn it, there's a man I want to be like...because he...ultimately...had the incredible, debt-defying, ever-loving, buck-breaking *Right Stock!!!*" And they live *On Golden Bonds!!! You can't end the story on a horrible pun like that!!!* (Why not?)
#@!!()*#&@!&*!@+!@!!!!...
WHY NOT!!!!

COMING NEXT MONTH..

They're everywhere. In every city and town, every village and hamlet. Millions of them. You can hardly walk down the street anymore without bumping into one of them. They own stores, they run big businesses, they have opinions, and some even hold high-level elective positions. Find out more about this growing subculture in next month's issue... **All About Women.**

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

Winston America's Best.

Excellence.
The best live up to it.



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



THE SHAVE FOR PURISTS

No perfumes.
Nothing unnecessary.
Just the smooth, clean comfort of 40% more
lubricants than the leading foam. That's shaving in
its purest form with Fragrance-Free Edge gel.

It's not your ordinary shave.
**New Fragrance-Free
Edge Gel.**

edge
gel
Extra Rich Gel
Fragrance-Free