

DOCTORS AND LAWYERS ISSUE

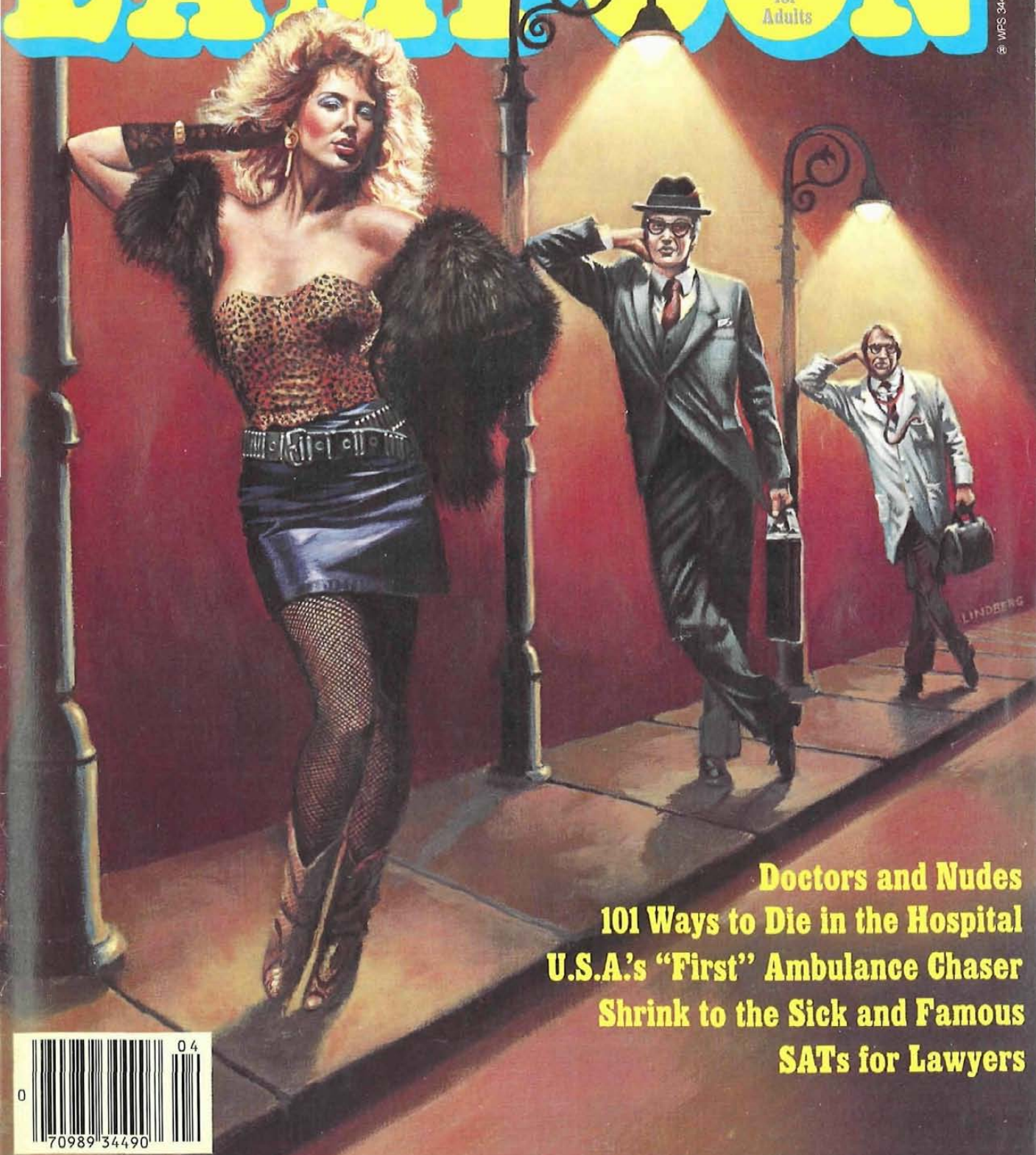
April 1986

\$2.00

NATIONAL LAMPOON

The
Humor
Magazine
for
Adults

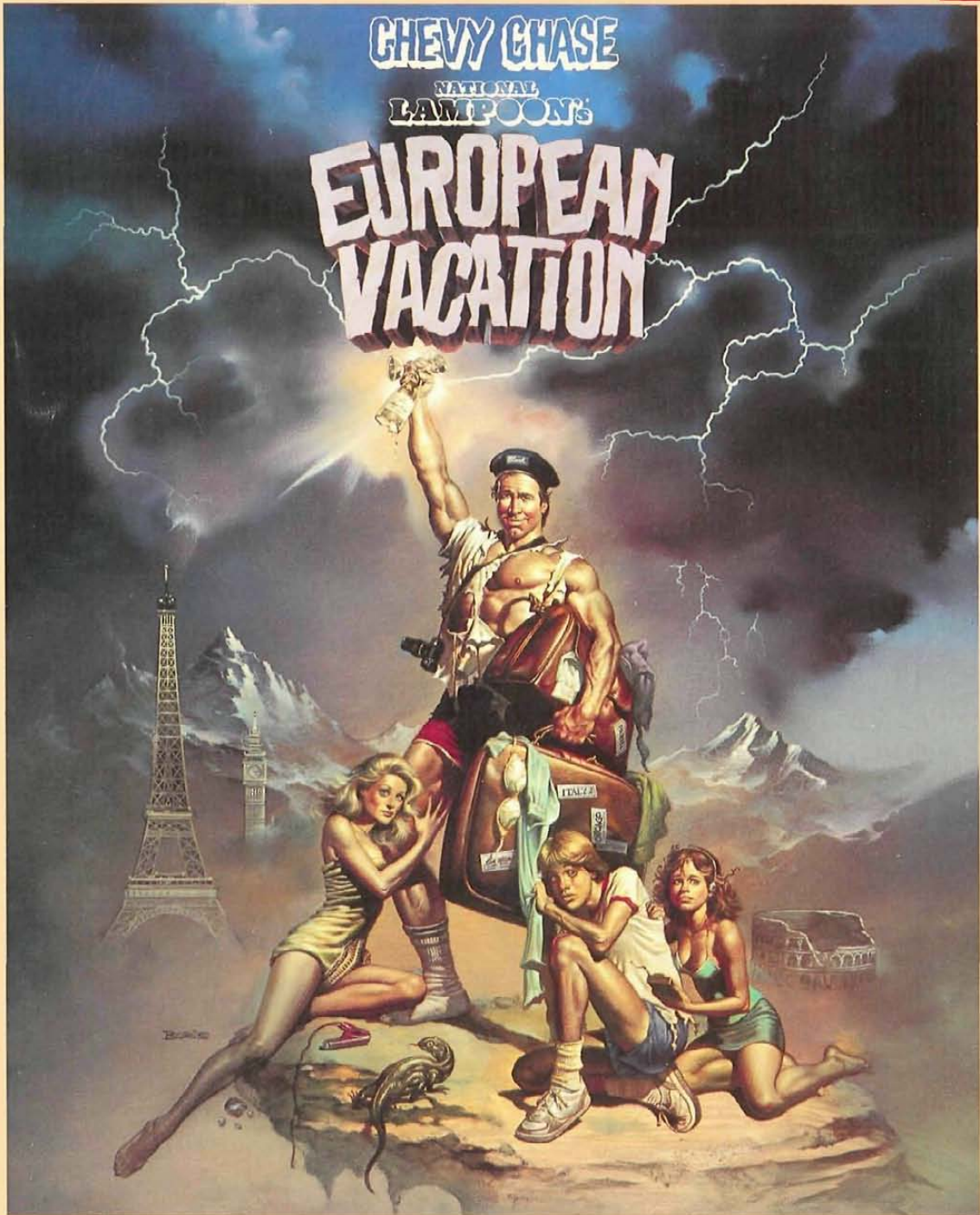
© WFS 34480



Doctors and Nudes
101 Ways to Die in the Hospital
U.S.A.'s "First" Ambulance Chaser
Shrink to the Sick and Famous
SATs for Lawyers



"A SILLY, FUNNY SEQUEL. IF ANYTHING, IT'S BETTER THAN THE ORIGINAL 'VACATION'..."
Richard Freedman, NEWHOUSE NEWSPAPERS



A MATTY SIMMONS PRODUCTION AN AMY HECKERLING FILM CHEVY CHASE "NATIONAL LAMPOON'S EUROPEAN VACATION"
BEVERLY D'ANGELO • DANA HILL • JASON LIVELY • VICTOR LANOUX as The Thief and ERIC IDLE as The Bike Rider Music by CHARLES FOX Co-Produced by STUART CORNFELD
Story by JOHN HUGHES Screenplay by JOHN HUGHES and ROBERT KLANE Produced by MATTY SIMMONS
Directed by AMY HECKERLING

PG-13

FROM WARNER BROS.
A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY

Now on Videocassette & Videodisc.

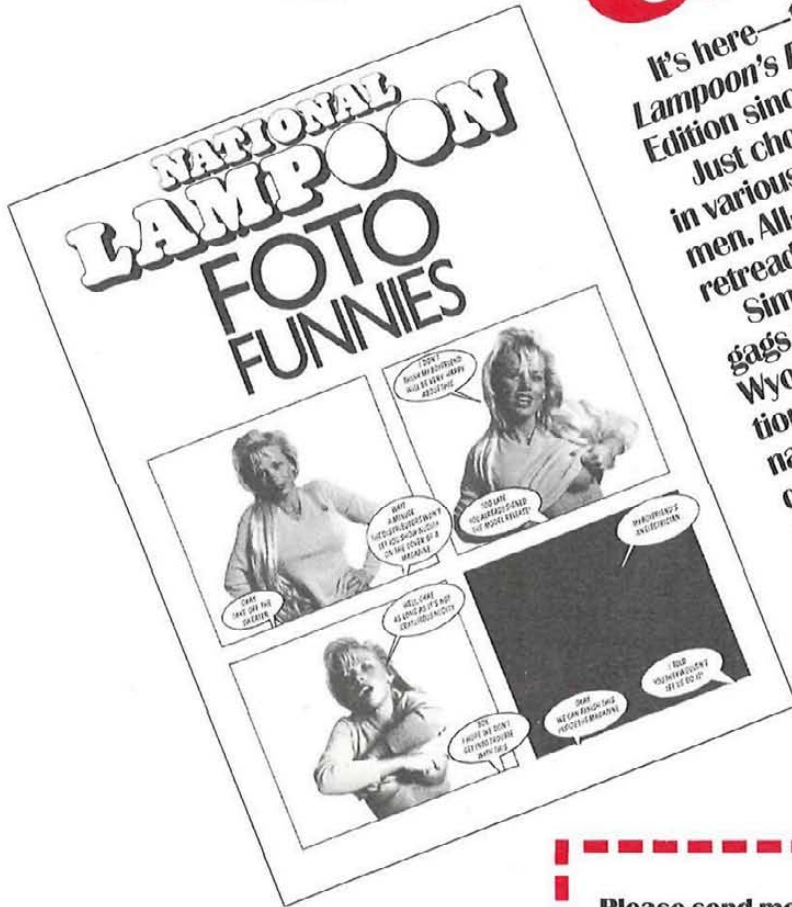


WARNER HOME VIDEO

* Registered service mark of the
National Captioning Institute Inc.

©1986 Warner Home Video Inc.
Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

COMING... COMING... CAME!!!



It's here—the first National Lampoon's Foto Funnies Special Edition since the last one. Just chock-full of beautiful girls in various states of undress, plus men. All-new Foto Funnies. No retreads or reruns. Simply loaded with hilarious gags about sex, strip-mining in Wyoming, sex, customs regulations, sex, an explanation of the national debt and its consequences to future generations, sex, and interplay between the male and the female. A truly hilarious book. To read one is to laugh. Order here...now...

Please send me _____ National Lampoon's Foto Funnies at \$2.95, plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I enclose \$ _____ to:

**National Lampoon
Dept. 486
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022**

New York residents, please add 8¼% sales tax.

CONTENTS

Editorial, 6

Letters from the Editors, 8

Legal Briefs, 9

Edited by John Bendel

Foto Funnies, 10

True Section, 12

Edited by John Bendel

**Doctors by the Half Dozen, or
Malpractice Makes Perfect, 16**

By Alan King

101 Ways to Die in the Hospital, 18

By Joel David

Photographed by Peter Kleinman

The Client, 21

By Jeff Greenfield

Bedpan Alley: Memoirs of a Hospital Orderly, 22

By Tony Kisch

Illustrated by Robert Brown

The LSAT for Preferred Candidates, 24

By Mark Orwell

Illustrated by Paul Corio

Great Moments in the History of Medicine, 28

By Rick Meyerowitz

The Doctor's Guide to Indoor Golf, 35

By the Editors

Crazy Freddie, 42

Lawyers of the Future, 43

By Gahan Wilson

Psychiatric Case Studies of the Sick and Famous, 48

By George Barkin

Illustrated by Jeff Wong

Doctor-Lawyer!, 51

By Ed Subitzky

**The Life and Times of Edwin Meese III:
"First" Ambulance Chaser in the Land, 55**

By Andy Simmons

Illustrated by Adam Kubert

Funny Pages, 59

By Gahan Wilson

Shary Flenniken

Rick Geary

Ron Barrett

Mark Marek

Rodrigues

B. K. Taylor

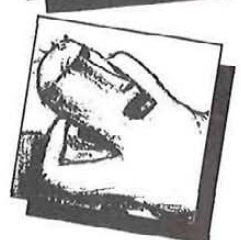
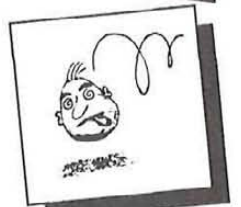
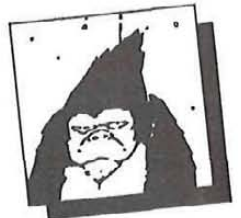
Foto Funnies, 67

Mr. Vengeance, 70

By Buddy Hickerson

St. Hell's, 76

By Randy Jones



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. 486
 635 Madison Avenue
 New York, N. Y. 10022

New York residents, please add 8¼ 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

EDITORIAL

My mother wanted me to be a doctor.

My father wanted me to be a lawyer.

When I told them that I wanted to be a newspaperman they said okay, but I'd better buy a lot of warm clothing if I was going to stand outside all day in one of those open newsstands.

Nearly everyone's parents want them to be doctors or lawyers. The reasons, of course, are many and make sense. Doctors and lawyers are highly respected members of any community. They bring help where help is needed. They can bring salvation to the poor or assistance of some kind to people of all social and financial levels. They are veritable gods. And they make more money than most people.

In addition, most are egotistical, self-centered, opinionated, aloof, consider themselves beyond reproach and above criticism, and generally handle more business than they should handle, thus giving them more opportunities to screw up than anyone should have.

Nevertheless, and despite the fact that in most cases they know very little more than you can read in your local newspaper, they are treated as though they

belonged to a master race of their very own.

Have you ever heard a doctor or lawyer say, "I was wrong"? Never.

Instead, if something goes awry, a doctor will say:

"The X rays were wrong."

"Your bones shifted."

"The body is constantly changing.

Yours changed."

"This fifty-pound cancerous growth in your stomach must have occurred in the last three days. You certainly didn't have it when you were here last week."

"My nurse misfiled your forms. I thought you were Mrs. Nussbaum. You will die, but my nurse will be severely reprimanded and will not receive her Christmas turkey this year."

A lawyer will say:

"They bribed the judge."

"They bribed the jury."

"Midway through the trial, a Supreme Court ruling favoring your adversary changed the outcome of this trial."

"It wasn't in the contract that I read. It wasn't even in the small print. You've been had. But there's nothing you can do about it. You fucked up."

"We may have lost and you may have to go to prison, but we're right and we

will continue to fight this until you run out of money."

"My secretary misfiled your appeal. I thought you were Mr. Nussbaum. You will have to pay the \$400,000 in damages, but she will be severely reprimanded and will not receive her Christmas card this year."

Remember, doctors and lawyers are never wrong. Facts are often wrong. Photographs and X rays can be wrong. Results are very often wrong, but men who go to college for six years and attend seminars can't be wrong.

That's why they become doctors and lawyers.

Ask their mothers and fathers.

Matty Simmons

Cover: We had two covers done for this issue. The one we used appears on the front. The other one doesn't. But don't worry, we're gonna use it on the cover of our Sleaze Issue. The one we used is entitled "The Professionals," and we feel that it is a biting commentary on the scummy company that some women keep. Thanks to Lance Contrucci for letting us steal his idea, and thanks to Jeff Lindberg for painting it.—P K

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. Agoglia**

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

Chairman and President: **Matty Simmons**

Chairman, Executive Committee: **Leonard Mogel** Executive Vice President: **George S. Agoglia**
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. **Barbara Lindsay,** National Advertising Manager. **Foster Tennant,** Alcoholic Beverages Manager. **Midwest, Chicago Office:** The Guenther Company, River Plaza, Suite 4509, 405 N. Wabash, Chicago, Ill. 60611, (312) 670-8800. **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) 990-2009, 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, 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 salient 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. 486
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:

*Went to a mile-high party,
Brought me some cocaine,
You should've heard the pilot scream
When I turned on the flame.*

*Well, it's all over now,
I learned my lesson well,
You know you
Can't freebase on a plane
'Less you wanna go to bell.*

Rick Nelson
and the Stoned Canyon Band
Basin' Street

Sirs:

*Something about the way she moos
Thrills me like no other lover.*

Ferdinand the Bull
South 40

Sirs:

I'm sixteen and went to the gynecologist for the first time yesterday. He made me take off all my clothes and put on this weird dress that was slit up the back so you could see just about everything. Then I had to climb up on this leather-padded table and spread my legs and put my feet in a pair of steel stirrups.

Then he put this sheet over my thighs so I couldn't see what he was doing. But I peeked and now I wish I hadn't, 'cause I saw him take this really big, hard metal thing and put it in my you-know-where. He felt around real deep inside me a whole bunch and kept apologizing for hurting me.

Then he pulled out the cold hard metal thing and put his finger in my poopie-hole and felt around in there too. Oh yeah...and all the time he was wearing tight rubber gloves.

Then he took off his slimy rubber gloves and felt my tits.

All I wanted was a checkup.

Bobbie Jo Fenshiff
Climax, N.Y.

Sirs:

Brand-new Russian missiles? For me?
WOO-HOO, WOO-HOO, WOO-HOO,
WOO-HOO, WOO WOO WOO WOO
WOO WOO WOO WOOWOOO WOO
WOO WOO WOO...BLAM!!!...Oops...
Back to think tent.

Qaddafi Duck
Tripoli, Libya

Sirs:

What do Pelle Lindbergh and Charles Lindbergh have in common?
They're both dead flyers.

Yeoman Sloman
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Hey, how come us Pee Wee League football players never get any attention? We demand the recognition we deserve. Big tubs like The Refrigerator are getting all the press, and that's not fair. Give us TV exposure, chicks, and glory. And free McDonald's.

Walter "The Water Pik" Johnson
T.O. "Toaster Oven" MacBride
Curtis "The Can Opener" Washington
Elijah "The Electric Toothbrush"
Williams

Sirs:

*Gay-o,
Gay-ay-ay-o,
AIDS kayoed me
And I'm a dead homo.*

Harry's Ballsarefondofme
Port-au-Prince

Sirs:

I am Nancy Reagan's dog, Rex. I'm writing to expose the whole thing—to tell the true story. I spend most of my life locked in a kennel. Yes, I'm fed, and yes, I'm groomed, and I get my vitamins, but I don't get the most important thing a dog needs—affection.

You see, I only see my mistress twice a week: when we walk from the White House to the helicopter and stop to pose for the cameras, and two days later when we walk from the helicopter to the White House and stop to pose for the cameras.

I am Nancy's touch of warmth. Her image maker. The thing that makes her a regular person.

And frankly, it's not so bad, except... I'm afraid of helicopters.

Rex

The White House

Sirs:

I'm gonna play Sun City.

Ron Reagan
Washington, D.C.
continued on page 82



LEGAL BRIEFS

A Special True Facts Section Edited by John Bendel

"The best description of utter waste would be for a busload of lawyers to go over a cliff with three empty seats."

—Lamar Hunt, owner of the Kansas City Chiefs, 1982. (Bergen County, New Jersey) *Record*

Lawyers in the News

According to *Parade* magazine, Jay Foonberg, speaking to a convention of the American Bar Association on how to attract divorce clients, said: "Send them a Christmas card, because many couples decide to spend one last Christmas together before splitting. You send a Christmas card, you've got two potential clients, him and her."

Foonberg is the author of *How to Start and Build a Law Practice*.

According to the *Los Angeles Times*, lawyer Charles O'Reilly was arrested, along with two younger brothers—both law students—and an investigator in his Los Angeles office, by FBI agents in

Omaha, Nebraska. Their Chicago-bound airliner was diverted to Omaha "after the men stood on table tops in the first-class cabin, lighting hundred-dollar bills, grabbing stewardesses, and threatening to hijack the plane to Cuba."

Lawyers for Universal Studios objected to a four-page pamphlet which discussed "the parallels between the life of Jesus and the fictional character E.T." Universal sent the pamphlet's author, Professor Albert E. Millar, a telegram accusing him of "unfair competition."

"It's like using an atomic bomb to kill a flea," said Millar. *Student Lawyer*

The New Jersey Supreme Court publicly reprimanded Sheldon M. Liebowitz, a divorce lawyer and former judge, for sexual exploitation of an indigent client. Fifty-eight-year-old Liebowitz had tried to seduce the thirty-two-year-old mother of two after his law firm was assigned to handle her case free of charge. (Bergen County, New Jersey) *Record*

After losing his right testicle to cancer and learning that his mother had taken the ill-fated drug DES while pregnant with him in the 1950s, San Francisco attorney Craig Diamond sued Upjohn Company and E. R. Squibb and Sons, producers of the drug.

Prior to his troubles, Diamond had been on the team of lawyers defending Upjohn and Squibb in DES litigation. *Los Angeles Times*

Ask for Your Lawyer's Report Card

A confused examiner correcting the 1982 Vermont bar exam gave the highest mark to the worst answers and the lowest mark to the best answers.

Chief Justice Albert Barney said he doubted the courts would revoke the license of anyone admitted to the bar based on the results.

"Ordinarily, if someone has been admitted to the bar, unless there is fraud, they remain as members," he said. *AP*

David Thompson of Grand Forks, North Dakota, sued the state bar board for the right to practice law there. Thompson claimed he flunked his bar exam because of a loud sales meeting in an adjoining room. *Newark Star-Ledger*

Stalwart Defenders

This item appeared in the *Sacramento Union*:

"Attorney John Wakefield was appealing his client's rape conviction Tuesday in Sacramento before the State Supreme Court. Aside from improperly admitted evidence, he declared, the case boiled down to 'his word versus her word.'"

"But, Chief Justice Rose Bird interjected, wasn't the defendant caught naked in the woman's bedroom?"

"I knew somebody was going to bring that up," he said. 'It's a little hard to explain.'"



Debb Strahl

continued on page 34

FOTO FUNNIES



W

hat is it? Come on, guess. Pick the magazine up and turn it over and over and shake it gently to see if it rattles. "Hmmm..." you say, "what could it possibly be?" Give up? Why, it's *money!* Yes, fabulous, wonderful money—secret treasure of the moderns. Isn't it nice? We knew you'd love

it. It goes with everything, and it's always in good taste to have plenty of beautiful, fashionable money. Don't you think so? Say thank you.

What? What's that? You say you don't see any money? Well...to tell the absolute completely honest truth, we aren't giving you any money after all. What we're giving you is a gift certificate. And all you can get with it is a five-dollar discount on a subscription to the same magazine that gave it to you. Some treat, huh? Oh well, at least it's *sort of* like money. I mean you can buy something with it. *Part of* something, anyway. Well, part of *one* thing, actually. If you were prettier, it might have been a nice brooch.

Okay, now, fill in your name, address, and anything else asked for in the certificate, write out a check for the term of subscription to the *National Lampoon* you would like (one year, two years,

or three years), subtracting *five dollars* from the amount listed for each of those periods. For example, if you want a one-year subscription, which normally costs \$11.95, subtract five bucks and write out a check for \$6.95. If you have no check of your own, get a money order or bank check. You still get the five-dollar savings. If you have a checking account but there's no money in it, don't—let's repeat that—don't send it to us. Send it to *Playboy*.

Now, you get the same five-dollar savings for a two- or three-year subscription; merely deduct the five dollars and send in your payment and the gift certificate.

When we get your money, we'll rush down to the post office and mail you your first copy of the *National Lampoon*. If you don't like the magazine, write to us and we'll return your copy of the gift certificate to you.



A SPECIAL GIFT FOR OUR READERS

Thank you, Mr. Publisher, for giving me \$5.00 toward a subscription to the *National Lampoon*. You're a hell of a sweet guy! I've checked off the term of the subscription I want, so rush me my first issue.

Make all checks payable to:
National Lampoon Dept. NL 486
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

One-year subscription \$11.95 (Deduct \$5.00) Two-year subscription \$17.95 (Deduct \$5.00)
Three-year subscription \$22.95 (Deduct \$5.00)

For each year, add \$5.00 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.
All checks must be payable within continental U.S. or Canada.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

TRUE

F

A

C

T

S

Edited by John Bendel

The chairman of the Osceola, Florida, County Commission asked the county sheriff to find the person who wrote and distributed a bogus press release on official stationery of the town of St. Cloud. The release read:

"Question: What's a seven-course meal in St. Cloud, Florida?

"Answer: A possum and a six-pack." *AP* (contributed by Carmen A. Brown-Bender)

The International Brotherhood of Boilermakers Local 614 in Groton, Connecticut, recently barred female union members, mostly welders, from using the women's rest room at the union hall.

Former shop steward JoAnn Jones told the *Hartford Courant* that union official Ronald C. Marley locked the rest room because one of the women union members who last used it "forgot to flush." (contributed by Jerry Johnson)

Since no one in the McAllen, Texas, Parks and Recreation Department noticed a flag supplier's mistake, no one is certain how long the national flag of Chile flew over downtown

Archer Park instead of the flag of Texas. *Monitor* (contributed by Paula Johnson)

When police in Normal, Illinois, arrested twenty-one-year-old Brad Frericks for driving under the influence of alcohol, his roommate, Tim Hall, came to pick him up. But police drove Frericks home themselves after deciding that Hall was also drunk.

Later, police arrested Hall as he drove home, then re-arrested Frericks when he came to bail out Hall. (Bloomington-Normal) *Pantagraph* (contributed by Peter Fassett)

This item appeared in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*:

"Richard Callaghan told police he had fallen asleep at the controls of his thirty-nine-foot motorboat, [which] hit the shore in Great South Bay, bounced into the air, and landed on a Volkswagen in the driveway of a Long Island home. His boat was named *This Is Living*." (contributed by Donald A. Colucci)

Thirty-year-old Jorge Gonzalez was taken to an interrogation room in a Miami, Florida, police station for questioning. But detectives couldn't decide who would take him home. They told Gonzalez to wait,

that they would be right back. Then they forgot about him.

"He stayed in the interview room for five days without food or water," said police spokesman Richard Roundtree, "and without coming out to tell anybody about it." *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Paul Mahalek)

Researchers Lex Bouter and Paul Knipschild surveyed 1,088 Dutch skiers and found that neither conditioning nor professional equipment reduced the likelihood of skiing accidents. The University of Maastricht study indicated that the less sleep a skier got, the better, and that skiers wearing outfits costing more than \$250 were more accident-prone.

The study also showed that non-drinkers were 30 percent more likely to get hurt on the slopes than skiers who downed up to five drinks daily, and 50 percent more likely to get hurt than those who drank more than five drinks daily. *AP* (contributed by Kevin Dyck)

The U.S. Navy has replaced the rank of commodore with a new rank—rear admiral lower half. *St. Paul* (Minnesota) *Pioneer Press* (contributed by Bill Sellstedt)

Michael Hight was accused of mailing an explosive device to a friend of his ex-wife. Hight reportedly blamed Bonnie Winger for the breakup of his marriage, and sent her a phony valentine along with a dildo stuffed with explosive black powder. *Indianapolis Star* (contributed by Charles Pearscy)

Emory University researchers, writing in the *Annals of Internal Medicine*, reported that a Georgia man with heart disease noticed that nitrate skin patches worn on his chest to suppress heart pain also caused headaches—a common side effect of the treatment. But headaches did not occur if he wore the patches on his leg. Intrigued, the man rubbed a used nitrate patch on his penis, became aroused, and had sex with his wife.

"Several minutes later," wrote the researchers, "she wondered why she had the worst headache she ever had in her life." *Science News* (contributed by Andrew J. Popper)

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

**Real men wear
RANXEROX T-shirts.
 Real women wear
 them, too.**



Ranxerox has taken Europe by storm. You've seen him in *Heavy Metal*. Now you can wear his handsome face . . . on a fine, oversize, heavyweight T-shirt, made for us by world famous Champion Products, suppliers to most NFL teams and colleges. It will soon be standard apparel on campuses and the chic boulevards of New York, Los Angeles, and Kankakee. Wear it in or out. Women can wear it as a dress.

Made of 100% cotton with a reinforced neck. Deep armholes, extra body length and fullness. White with design in full color. Sizes: S-M-L-XL. The price? A surprisingly low \$10.95, plus \$1.50 for postage and handling.



HEAVY METAL
 Dept. NL486
 635 Madison Avenue
 New York, N.Y. 10022

Small Medium
 Large Extra Large

Enclosed please find my check or money order. Please send me _____ RANXEROX T-shirt(s) at \$10.95 (plus \$1.50 for shipping and handling).

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you do wish to order, but do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, please print or type all the necessary info, and enclose it with a check or money order.

TRUE

F A C T S

Signs of the Times



Mary Colwell



Russell Shumaker



Bob Trowbridge



John E. Brown



Michael Jacobson



Jim Greene



Bob Mades



Bob Cook

WHEN CONFLICT SEEMS INEVITABLE, LÖWENBRÄU HELPS COOLER HEADS PREVAIL.



The great beers of the world go by one name: Löwenbräu.
Brewed in Munich, in England, Sweden, Canada, Japan
and here in America for a distinctive world class taste.

THIS WORLD CALLS FOR



DOCTORS BY THE HALF DOZEN, OR MALPRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

by Alan King

In doing a piece like this, there is a natural tendency to add a disclaimer to the effect that of course you don't mean all doctors when you criticize a few. I have, I am proud to say, resisted this temptation. I'm knocking every one of them, and let the few good ones defend themselves in their own article.

A recent story that broke all over the newspapers and television convinced me in no uncertain terms. Anybody who has seen or heard me work over the past forty years knows I really don't make up jokes. What I do is read the papers and watch TV. There's enough material—read that insanity—on daily display to avoid ever having to sit down and write a joke. To the point: An obviously disturbed person walked into a hospital carrying a loaded gun. He was convinced a doctor had committed unnecessary surgery on his body, and his body had sent a message to his brain: kill the doctor! He looked everywhere for said surgeon, and when he couldn't find him he refused to get discouraged. He did the next best thing: he shot *another* doctor! You can readily see how the man felt—why should he waste a trip?

This time is as good as any to address the inevitable question I'm sure anybody reading this is bound to ask: Why is Alan King an authority on the subject of doctors any more than, say, I am?

Every family, particularly large families, and I certainly belonged in this category, was entitled to one subnormal intellect, the putz who frequented poolrooms, cut school, hung out in saloons, and grew up to learn a true skill—how to tell jokes to drunks and then attempt to earn a living at this unenviable vocation. Got it? Okay, shake hands with the putz. And all I was able to do with this aforementioned talent was assist in financing two generations of doctors, three brothers and three nephews, through medical school. That's it, folks, I have confessed. I am indirectly responsible for half a dozen doctors. I am certain there are Nazis living in Paraguay carrying less of a guilt trip than this.

A brother who shall remain nameless to protect whatever is left of his reputation is the oldest living resident doctor at a Brooklyn hospital. He is a resident because he needs a residence. He starved in private practice for so long he had no place to live. At any rate, he has become a specialist in reading bed charts. He strolls into a semiprivate room and spends three hours reading and analyzing two charts. He says things like "Uh-huh," "Uh-oh," "Sssssshhhhhh," and "Hmmmmmmmmmmmm!" He loves the "Hmmmmmmmmmmmm!" If the patient is not his, and there are hardly any of those around, the definition of "Hmmmmmmmmmmmm!" is a five-hundred-buck consultation fee.

Another brother is a cardiovascular specialist, one of the best heart men in New York. Like the Tin Man in *The Wizard of Oz*, he spends every waking hour looking for a heart. During his third year of medical school he went AWOL and ran home to our mother, screaming for her to place his hand on his chest to show him where a heart was. Thank God, she told him. He could have gone on to become the first heart surgeon in history to begin a bypass by entering a patient's ass.

Another of my sibling case histories is a GP, a general practitioner who at least had enough common decency and regard for his fellow man not to become a specialist. His greatest claim to fame is his prescriptions, written in a hieroglyphic so unintelligible he is the only

doctor in medical history whose prescription pad became a bestseller in twenty-three languages, unreadable except by pharmacists who sub-majored in archaeology.

There has to be a favorite, and I guess mine is the nephew I call Conrad Hilton. Obviously that is not his name, but I call him that because he is famous all over the world for his work in turning hospital rooms into resort hotels. It was "Conrad" who put decorator wallpaper everywhere in the rooms—on the bookcases, Art Deco furniture, slot machines, color TVs, stereos, gourmet menus, and topless nurses. Patients even got a choice of the American Plan or the European Plan. On the American Plan you got a doctor who spoke English. On the European Plan you got a doctor who brought his mother along to tell him what was *really* wrong with you! Conrad was a genuine pioneer.

That's it for my relatives, the doctors. Except for my mother. My mother, now eighty-seven, is not an M.D., but she is the true doctor in our family. Most of my brothers and nephews, when confronted with a tough case, do not hesitate to call Mom, recite symptoms, and beg her for a diagnosis. It doesn't matter what they come up with, her treatment is always the same—give the patient an enema! My mother genuinely believes an enema is better than any medical cure known to man—and for any disease. She never played poker in her life, but she knew a good flush beat a straight. ■





NOT FOR THE TIMID!

It's true! These original, uncensored comix are **not** for those among us who might blush at the sight of skin or shy away from —shall we say— *unusual situations*. These comix are for those of us who have normal all-American red-blooded corpuscles! Those of us who can look a joke in the eye and **laugh!** The collections here are by the same *underground cartoonists* who set the comics world on its ear with their uninhibited humor and other-worldly visions.



DIRTY COMIX ASSORTMENT
See how the underground cartoonist gave a new meaning to the word "perverted".
11.50



HUMOR COMIX ASSORTMENT
From biting social satire to a brand of lunacy never before experienced by the art world.
7.50



DRUG COMIX ASSORTMENT
A favorite theme of the underground taken, as usual, to the limits of good taste.
8.50



NEWEST COMIX ASSORTMENT
Get a sampling of the most recent titles being published by the original publishers.
12.00



NEW SEXY COMIX ASSORTMENT
Sexually provocative themes presented in cartoon form with nothing left to the imagination.
11.50

Send to: **Heavy Metal Magazine**
Department NL486
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

YOU MUST BE 18 OR older to order these comix! The packages contain at least 4 books with a retail value of at least the listed price.

- ___ Dirty Comix KGPAC2 11.50
- ___ Humor Comix KGPAC3 7.50
- ___ Drug Comix KGPAC4 8.50
- ___ Newest Comix KGPAC5 12.00
- ___ New Sexy Comix KGPAC6 11.50

Please add \$1.00 for postage and handling. All checks must be payable within the continental U.S. (New York state residents, please add 8 1/4% sales tax.)

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____



1001

ways to die in the hospital

by Joel David

1. Admitting Fee
2. Cash Payment Only
3. Abandoned in Hallway
4. "Suture Shock" (price)
5. Doctor-Caused Disease
6. Prescription Error
7. Doctor Misdiagnosis
8. X ray Read Upside Down
9. Lost Baby in Laundry
10. Choke on Food
11. Choke on Telephone Cord
12. Fall Out of Bed
13. Doctor's Scribbling on Chart
14. "Candy Stripper"
15. Treadmill Fatigue
16. Dead Battery in Machine
17. No Oxygen in Tank
18. Machine is Unplugged
19. Food Poisoning
20. Wrong Anesthesia
21. TV Reruns
22. Aerobics Class
23. "Surgical Slip" (of doctor's knife)
24. "Kiss of Death" (goodnight kiss from nurse—herpes)
25. "ARDS" (Acquired Roommate's Disease Syndrome)
26. Pushy Volunteer (down elevator shaft)
27. "Permanent Residence" (hospital morgue)
28. "Tapped Out" (blood drained for testing)
29. Local Anesthesia (see operation in progress)
30. Plastic Surgery (now you know why there are no mirrors)
31. "Toasting Urologicals" (that warm orange juice is urine)
32. Drafty Clothing
33. Sexual Dependency (this daily therapy is a male killer)
34. "Shot Up" (the heroin clinic is just down the hall)
35. Wrong Dosage
36. Defective Pacemaker
37. "Body Salvage Yard" (not all black markets are the same)
38. Contaminated Water
39. Slit Wrist (those patient bracelets are tight)
40. Bad News (your insurance ran out)
41. Professional Credentials (mail order M.D.)
42. Insurance Forms (died by the time they were completed)
43. Talked to Death (by roommate)
44. Visitor's Stories (who else died this week)
45. "Eternal Enema" (insides came out and all)
46. "Room Service" (only available if you tip big)
47. Locked in Bathroom (can't get out)
48. Faulty Construction (exterior wall collapses)
49. "Whirlpool Wendy" (physical therapy in tank, bikini-clad)
50. Greedy Relative (pulls plug on life-support system)
51. Telephone Bill
52. Wrong I.D. (wrong surgery)
53. Humming Roommate (listening to headphones)
54. New Construction (outside hospital window)
55. Well Runs Dry (no water)
56. "Eternal Light" (night-light can't be turned off)
57. Psycho Killer (murdered by psychiatric patient)
58. Mortality Rate (the most likely place to die)
59. I.V. Runs Dry (only good to the last drop)
60. Nurse Strike (working conditions)
61. Lightning Strikes (no generator—big trouble)
62. Too Many Second Opinions
63. Intensive Care (complete with call girls—no wonder it's \$500 a day)
64. Mercy Killing
65. "Last Rights" (patient bill of rights—none)
66. Color-blind (walk into radioactive area)
67. Leaky Bedpan (dic of smell)
68. Electrocution (remote-TV control)
69. Patty Placebo (transvestite—is she or isn't she; only her doctor knows)
70. Dirty Linen (washed in a sewer to save money)
71. Blood Transfusion (with motor oil)
72. Sutures Fall Out
73. Asphyxiation (by folding bed)
74. Last Sermon (by "Let's catch up on the 20 years you missed first")
75. Slip in Tub
76. Smoking in Bed (fire)
77. Admission Kit (application for \$10,000 line of credit included)
78. Airplane Crashes into Room
79. Allergic to Flowers
80. Physical Therapy (drown in water)
81. "Internal Exposure" (student doctor invades privacy)
82. Surgical Consent (a license to murder)
83. "Nun Too Late" (nothing like getting a shot in the rear end)
84. Unjustified Admission (Dr. Smith gets \$75 a day for each patient)
85. High-tech Medicine (you mean they still use leeches?)
86. The Specialist (an extra \$200 wasted)
87. Unnecessary X rays (that's what we call ancillary revenue)
88. Emergency-Room Doctor (one late lunch too many—patient dead)
89. "Surgery" (one tongue depressor and Scotch tape—\$1,900)
90. "Great View" (east-wing view of north-wing wall)
91. "Short People" (call button too high to reach)
92. Malnutrition (too little food)
93. Unlicensed Doctor (only 17,000 have licensing problems)
94. Wrong Test (sorry, Mr. Smith, you're pregnant)
95. DRG's (what do you mean, my Medicare ran out?)
96. Cold Building (one sheet to a bed, please)
97. "Charity Care" (our emergency room is closed)
98. Administration (our pricing is simple; 500 percent markup guarantees profit)
99. Missing Scrub Suits (sometimes I think we clothe the whole town)
100. Hospital Diversification (a McDonald's in the lobby)
101. Release Fee (and the doctor didn't even show up)

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 dropping 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 60s' Greatest Hits
- APRIL 1984** / You Can Parody Anything
- MAY 1984** / Baseball Preview
- JUNE 1984** / This Summer's Movies
- JULY 1984** / Special Summer Fun
- AUGUST 1984** / Unofficial Olympics Guide
- SEPTEMBER 1984** / Fall Fashions
- OCTOBER 1984** / Just Good Stuff
- NOVEMBER 1984** / The Accidental Issue
- DECEMBER 1984** / 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 8 1/4 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to: National Lampoon, Dept. 486, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

THE CLIENT

by Jeff Greenfield

Janet, hold all my calls for the next hour, please. If I don't get caught up now, I'm going to drown."
"Okay, Mr. Rosenthal. Oh, your wife called while you were at the gym and said to please bring home three

bottles of a good red Bordeaux."

"Did she say what we were serving?" Paul Rosenthal asked with a hint of impatience.

"Sorry, no."

Rosenthal flicked off the intercom and shook his head. How did Katherine expect him to select a decent wine if he didn't even know what was on the menu?

And the day had been going so well until now. At ten A.M., Paul had learned that the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals had thrown out a billion-dollar jury verdict against American Chemcorp, one of Craven and Withered's biggest clients. Paul's brief arguing against responsibility for the leak that had killed seventy-six West Virginia sharecroppers had been brilliant; old man Hogg, American Chemcorp himself, had called to congratulate Rosenthal, and the firm's instant grapevine had already increased the odds on a partnership for Rosenthal to fifty-fifty.

At the gym, Paul had wiped the racquetball court with DeMarco, and managed to charge the hour to the Chemcorp account at the standard two hundred dollars an hour for senior associates. The slight paunch that was ruining the line of his five-hundred-dollar Giorgio Armani suit was receding thanks to the three-times-a-week exercise regimen, and when he'd returned to the office Julie Martell—the elusive young associate with one of the finest rear ends on Wall Street—had glanced at him with an unmistakable look of approval.

He was well on his way to getting his paperwork up to date when he felt a breeze move through his office. He glanced up—and found himself looking right into the deep, dark eyes of a stranger.

"How the hell did you get in here?" Rosenthal snapped.

"That," the stranger replied with a slight smile, "is a singularly inappropriate remark."

"What in God's name are you doing here?" Rosenthal demanded.

"Now you got it," the stranger said.

Rosenthal took a careful look at the intruder. He wore his hair unfashionably long—strictly late sixties—and his beard framed a face that was increased by lines. Rosenthal guessed the man was in his early thirties, although a solid estimate was difficult, since the early-afternoon light seemed to bathe his face in an odd glow. The stranger was garbed in some kind of cloak, and if it hadn't been for its spotless condition, Paul would have pegged the man as one of New York's homeless who seemed to be popping up lately in the more desirable residential and commercial neighborhoods. How this oddball had penetrated the strict security at Craven and Withered Rosenthal was at a loss to understand.

"Look," Paul began again. "You've got exactly thirty seconds of my time to tell me what you're doing here before I call Security and have you removed."

The stranger was silent for a moment.

"I have returned," he said.

"What?" Rosenthal asked.

"I have returned," the man said again.

"Oh, Christ!" Rosenthal swore angrily.

"Exactly," said the stranger.

Rosenthal sat back in his chair. It was just as he thought: one of the victims of a well-intentioned deinstitutionalization policy that had put thousands of deranged mental cases on the streets. In his younger days, Paul had worked on mental patients' rights cases for Legal Aid for several weeks. Now he was face-to-face with the consequences of his own efforts. Well, the fellow didn't appear to be armed or dangerous, so he could afford to be patient.

"Let me make sure I understand this," Rosenthal said slowly. "You are Jesus

Christ, the Messiah?"

"That is so."

"And you have returned to Earth?"

"As was prophesied," the man said.

"And you've come back because...?"

"Because I'm needed. The Last Days are upon us," he said. There was a brief pause. "Do you understand me?"

Rosenthal shrugged. "Well, I wasn't raised in the faith, but if I get your drift, the Day of Judgment is coming, is that it?"

The stranger nodded. Okay, Paul thought. Enough is enough. He reached for the phone.

"You doubt me?" the man asked.

"Hey, no offense, pal, but I'm a lawyer; I'm trained to doubt without evidence."

"I will give you what you need," the man said. He gestured toward a carafe on Paul's desk. "What is in there?" he asked.

"Water," Paul replied.

"Pour some out," the man said.

"I will give you a conference in fifteen minutes, a dinner party tonight—"

"Pour it out," the man said, and something in his voice made Paul reach for the carafe. He poured, and a dark red liquid came out. Glancing at it suspiciously, he tasted it—it was a rich, full-bodied wine, with none of the foxy aftertaste associated with the inferior New York Catawbas or Concord.

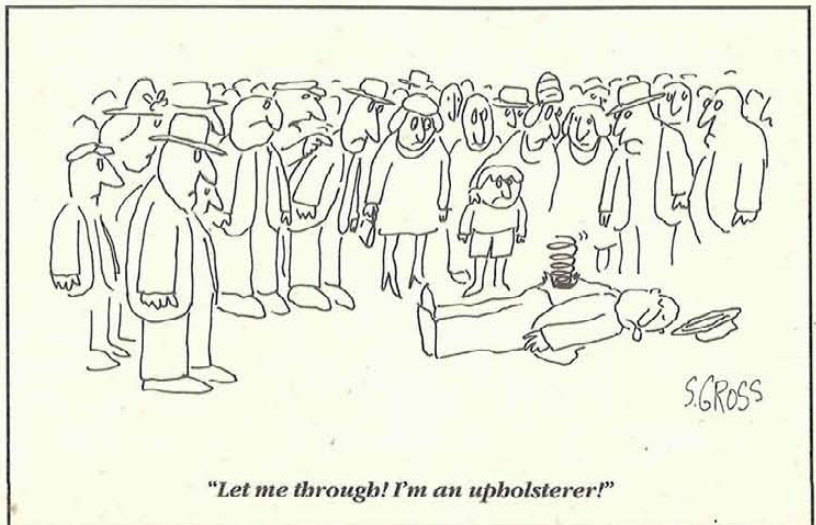
"Hey, this is great!" Paul said. "Could you get me some for tonight's party? This is a great gag," he added. "What, did Katherine send you over to slip this stuff in here while I was out?"

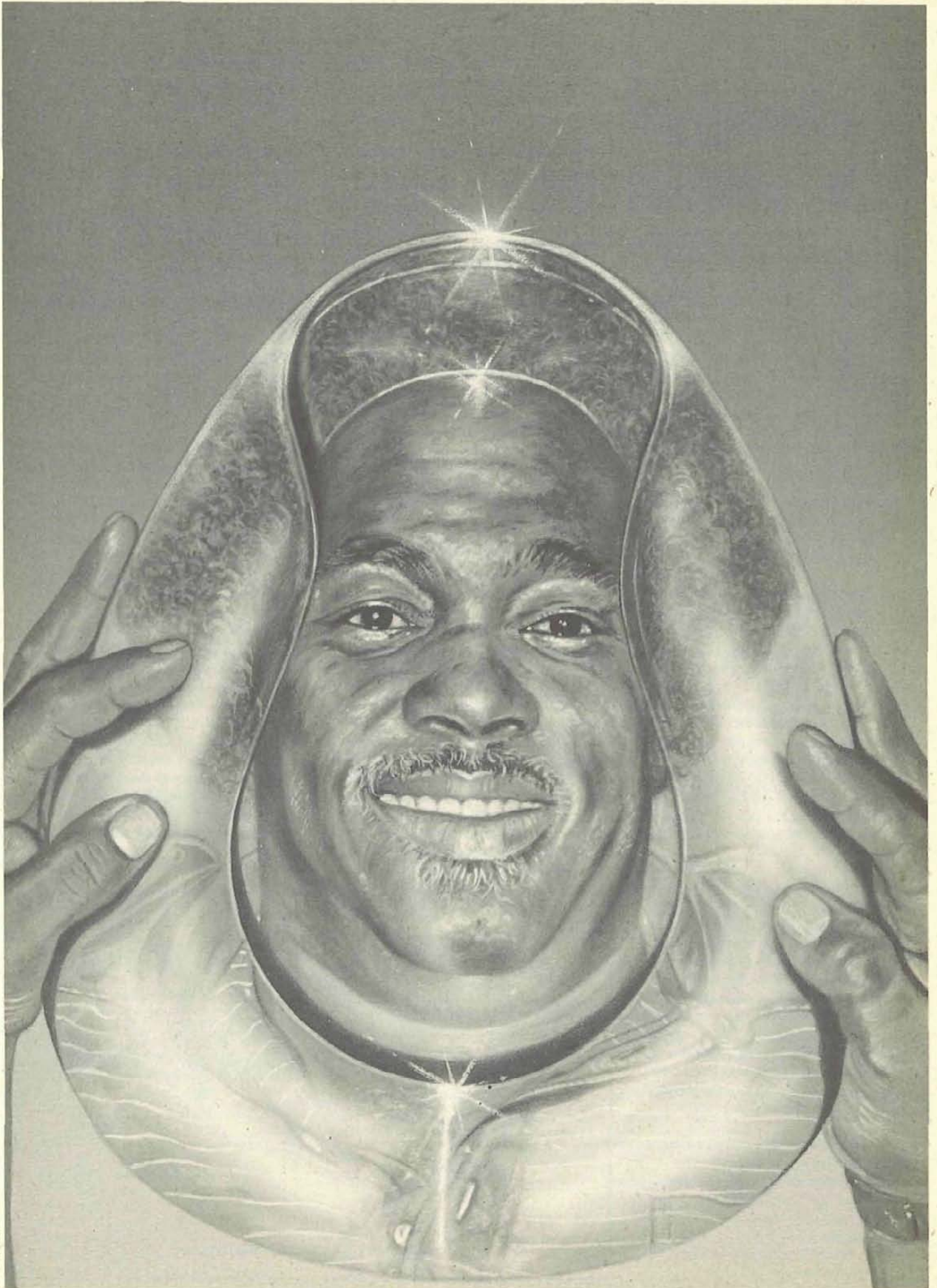
Before the stranger could answer, the door to Paul's office flew open and Julie Martell poked her head in.

"Hi, there, tiger, great work on the American Chemcorp case. Very inventive argument." She smiled wickedly. "Are you that inventive everywhere?"

Rosenthal gestured toward the stranger.

continued on page 47





Robert Brown

BEDPAN ALLEY

Memoirs of a Hospital Orderly

by Norman "Bud" Boyle
As told to Tony Kisch

Though disgracefully ignored by a general public which owes (or should we say gave) him so much, one man nonetheless continues to inspire awe in the fetid mop closets of major medical centers throughout the land: hospital orderly extraordinaire Norman "Bud" Boyle. A born perfectionist, he remains contemptuous of the shiftless "slop-jockies" who have always sullied his noble profession. Active for over fifty years, this innovative yet modest man has long since achieved the stature of an artist, an Eisenstein of Excrement, a Titian of Emission.

A spry, brown-hued pixie of a man, Bud is most relaxed at his modest home in Corona, New York, only a short subway ride from the famed healing centers of Gotham where he worked so much of his magic.

The Early Years

Y'know, this business, it's a crazy business: zany, full of fun, and never a dull moment. As long as you don't mind shit, puke, folks dyin' all over the place, all kinds of real nasty smells, and whatnot, you can have yourself a richly rewarding career. Hell, it was shit got me into this game!

It was winter of 1932, the Depression and all that, and I was visiting a friend of mine at the Immaculate Navel of the Nazarene, way up in Harlem. This buddy of mine, Nat Crowley (he's dead now goin' on thirty years), he had sassed one of those mounted police, and that cop had his horse kick old Nat clean across Lenox Avenue! Anyway, I was walking back to the elevator when I heard this screamin' and blubberin' coming from

a nearby room. So I poked my head in, and there was this German nurse tryin' to give an enema to some Eye-talian jumping bean. Back then they didn't have the nice vacuum-grip "comforto-tip" nozzles like we have now. Nope, in those days it was all finger-held pressure control, and it was all in having a magic touch. (Later on, I developed such a nice touch they called me "Lipton," for my smooth, flow-through bag.) Now, this nurse is hollerin', "Holt shtill, Schwein!" 'cause this dago cat is really blitzkrieg her blouse with a high-powered shitzkrieg! There's shit and slime all over the place. Finally one doctor yells, "Can't someone clean this crap up?" And me, Johnny-on-the-spot, I find me a mop and pail and swab that deck in nothing flat. Right then and there, they offered me a job at \$9.50 per week, and without looking back, I took the plunge.

It didn't take me long to catch onto things, and being a happy-go-lucky young feller, I quickly became the most popular thing to come out of that mop closet since double-ply toilet paper. I used to get plenty of laughs shimmying down the halls on my morning rounds, checking my pans and croonin' "Brother, Can You Spare Some Slime?" I was an ambitious kid, too, and I quickly learned which asses needed cleanin' and kissin'. See, all the big Harlem high rollers—the club owners, the numbers bosses, the fancy band leaders—they all did their mending at the Nazarene, and I made it my business to see that they got plenty of pampering. Duke Ellington came in with explosive colitis, and since he couldn't budge from bed, I fixed him up with a deluxe steam-warmed silk-scated

bedpan, which he immortalized in song as "Satin Doll." Thanks to the Duke my name got around pretty quick, and pretty soon every big shot who wheeled in past the admitting desk would bellow, "Book me with Boyle!"

The War Years

Of course, things weren't always shingles and beer. After Pearl Harbor, I got transferred by the military to Blessed Perineum of St. Joseph, in Brooklyn down by the Navy Yard. Things were mighty slow at the beginning down there. Healthy young troops shipping out every day, and we had plenty of empty beds. Then things started picking up, and once again, I came out on top by going straight to the bottom of things.

All through the war, there was endless paperwork to be done, and plenty of guys and gals were glued to their desks twelve, sometimes fourteen hours a day. Quite naturally, many a bunghole went AWOL, and we had us some of the *nastiest* hemorrhoid cases since flagpole-sittin' days! I'm here to tell you, some of 'em was so bad, I took to calling them "bamorrhoids," 'cause they weren't content to hide inside, just commanding the *victim's* attention; no, they had to hang on out and say "Howdy!" to the cockeyed world! Needless to say, conventional ointments were useless. Surgery was the only way, and that's when yours truly stepped into the breach. Before those surgeons could go to hacking, the entire asshole had to be shaved so close you'd think it had a dinner date! All the other orderlies were

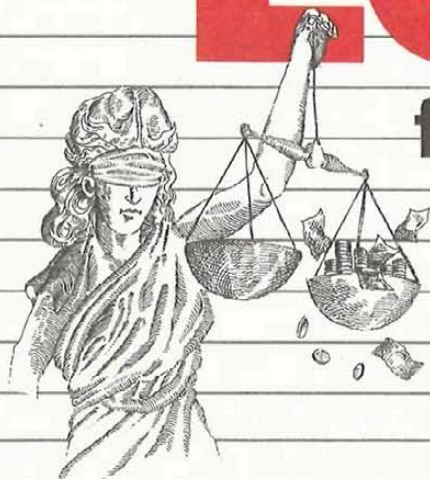
continued on page 68

The

LSAT

for Preferred Candidates

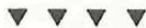
by Mark Orwoll, Esq.



This examination is the Legal Simpleton Aptitude Test (LSAT) for preferred candidates. You qualify to take this test instead of the difficult version if you are rich and well connected, and obviously you are, or you wouldn't be reading this, would you? All the other slobs in the examination room are taking the difficult version of this exam, which is called the Legal Simpleton Asshole Test so that we could use the same abbreviation (LSAT) and everyone will think you are taking the same test as they are. Please don't let on that you are taking this preferred test. It would ruin things for everyone. After all, we can't have just *anyone* going to law school, can we? So take this test, follow the directions to the best of your ability, and someday soon you'll be living life in the fast lane. We know. We're there already. And take it from us: if you don't fuck up, you've got it made.

STOP

DO NOT TURN THE PAGE UNTIL INSTRUCTED TO DO SO BY THE PROCTOR. WE HAVE TO PUT THESE STUPID DIRECTIONS AT THE END OF EACH SECTION SO THAT THIS TEST LOOKS LIKE THE OTHERS. TAKE IT EASY. YOU'RE GOING TO DO FINE.



PERSONAL INFORMATION

- Nationality:
 - Jewish
 - WASP
 - Other
- Parents' Income:
 - \$100,000 to \$199,000
 - More than \$200,000
 - Other
- Political Affiliation:
 - Rather not say
 - Other
- Religion:
 - Episcopalian
 - Jewish (Reform)
 - Jewish (Conservative)
 - Jewish (Orthodox)
 - Jewish (A little on my father's side)
 - Other
- Personality:
 - Type A
 - Other
- Sex:
 - Missionary Position
 - Bottom Spanking
 - Judicial Robes and Gavel
 - All of the above

7. References:

Financial Analyst _____
 Banker _____
 BMW Mechanic _____

STOP

DO NOT PROCEED TO NEXT SECTION. WAIT UNTIL YOU RECEIVE INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE PROCTOR. SET YOUR PENCIL BESIDE YOUR BOOKLET AND THINK ABOUT ALL THE MONEY YOU WILL MAKE AS A LAWYER. WON'T "ESQ." LOOK GOOD AFTER YOUR NAME?



APTITUDE

The following set of questions is designed to determine whether you have what it takes to be a lawyer or will have to work for a living instead. When the proctor says GO, you will have 15 minutes to complete this section. This section requires answers in the form of brief essays, so use as many big words as you can. You will lose points for intelligibility and coherence.

- Your client stands accused of robbing a liquor store at gunpoint. There are two eyewitnesses who have positively identified your client. Your client has three previous

convictions for armed robbery, and he has dangerous friends who will be very unhappy with you if he is sent to jail. With these facts in mind, do you prefer to vacation in the Caribbean or the Costa del Sol in Spain?

2. You represent an electronics firm that will be purchased by IBM. Your fees for handling the negotiations will not be great. If you act on this inside information, you could make a killing in the stock market. To do so, however, would be unethical and illegal. How will you spend your new-found wealth?
3. "Criminal lawyer" is a phrase that is redundant. But enough levity. Criminal-defense lawyers deal with society's scum on a daily basis. Why would anyone want to work with scum for a living? Face it: The really big bucks are in corporate law, and the only reason that anyone would want to be an "activist" lawyer or work *pro bono publico* or deal with lowlife scumbags every day is because that person couldn't get into a good law school or because he checked "Other" on all the boxes in the Personal Information section. Bearing in mind the above statements, do you think much of the new BMWs? Don't you think 1975 was their best year?
4. In the landmark case *Kruppman v. Groine, Boner, et al.*, the attorneys for both parties held a luncheon for the presiding judge before the case was heard. The judge later awarded excessive legal fees to each set of lawyers while deciding that the case itself held no merit. The lawyers came away from the case thousands of dollars richer, while Kruppman, Groine, Boner, and the others had to cough up the dough to pay them. What sort of wine is best served to a judge?
5. The three-piece suit is the standard "uniform" for attorneys. Briefly, recount the history of the three-piece suit from the time of Shakespeare to the present. Also, where do you buy your shirts?

STOP

PUT DOWN YOUR PENCIL. IF YOU STILL HAVE TIME LEFT, DO NOT GO BACK OVER YOUR ANSWERS. AFFECT A DISDAINFUL SMIRK SO EVERYONE WILL THINK THAT YOU ARE HOT SHIT!

NATIVE INTELLIGENCE

This block of questions seeks to determine how smart you are. This is not meant to imply that you have to be smart to be a lawyer. All you really have to know is how to remember something and then spit it out at the proper time. This is a multiple-choice section, so the right answer is included among the possible responses that follow each question. Don't worry, though, if you don't know the right answer. This part of the test does not count.

1. When addressing a judge in a social setting, you should call him
 - (A) your honor
 - (B) hey, bub
 - (C) scuzzbucket
 - (D) at home, after the party, and tell him that you have some intriguing photos of him with your client, Lolita Slezoli
2. You are handling the mortgage arrangements for a nice young couple buying their first house. You have failed to return any of their phone calls in the past two weeks. You tell yourself that this couple is
 - (A) presumptuous in thinking that you have nothing better to do all day than deal with their problems
 - (B) not worth worrying about, especially when you need all your concentration for the squash tournament at the health club
 - (C) all paid up on their legal bill, because you were smart enough to charge them in advance, so fuck 'em
3. Using the pocket calculator that you always carry with you, answer the question: How many miles can you jog while wearing New Balance running shoes beyond what you could run if you wore some off-brand of sneakers such as you might find at (God forbid) K mart or some other schlock store?
 - (A) One doesn't actually jog in New Balance running shoes, does one? I mean, it would be bad form, right?
 - (B) Who cares? It's the label that counts.
 - (C) None, because of a bum ankle... an old college football injury... when I was quarterback... all the cheerleaders wanted to "mother" me... jeez, it was great... you should've seen me in those days.

4. In *Lupinsky v. Smatber* (1978), a precedent was set regarding the order in which the plaintiff may introduce items of a disputed nature to a judge to determine their efficacy as evidence. This historic precedent means that
 - (A) this is a joke, right? you're not serious
 - (B) if you read up on it in some of the old law journals, you could probably figure it out
 - (C) you are desirous of ascertaining the applicability of said precedent in the context at hand in order to determine your legal rights and responsibilities prior to presenting an appropriate response at the present time
5. There will be times when a judge will call you and the opposing attorney up to the bench for a private discussion out of earshot of the jury. If you feel that the judge's private comments should be on the record, your proper response is
 - (A) to giggle and snicker and poke the judge in the ribs with your elbow
 - (B) meaningless, because, after all, the judge is the judge, and it's no use getting upset about things you are powerless to control
 - (C) to say, "Hey nonny nonny and a hotcha-cha!"
6. Pigmeat Markham is the man credited with coining the phrase "Heah come da judge." If Pigmeat said this aloud in a courtroom, he would be
 - (A) Deadmeat Markham
 - (B) fined for impersonating a comedian
 - (C) a heck of a funny guy, because that phrase of his is one of the most hilarious comedy routines ever invented

STOP

STICK YOUR PENCIL IN YOUR EAR AND MAKE SOUNDS LIKE A CHICKEN. WHEN THE PROCTOR ASKS, "WHO'S MAKING THAT NOISE?," POINT TO ONE OF THE PRE-LAW STUDENTS SITTING ON EITHER SIDE OF YOU AND SHAKE YOUR HEAD SLOWLY IN DISGUST BEGIN ELIMINATING THE COMPETITION NOW, BECAUSE THERE ISN'T MUCH ROOM IN IVY LEAGUE LAW SCHOOLS. WHEN YOU GET A CHANCE, WHISPER TO THE PROCTOR THAT THE

continued

GUY BEHIND YOU IS PEEKING AT YOUR ANSWERS, AND OFFER TO SWEAR IN COURT THAT HE IS A LYING, CHEATING DOG. COME ON, GET TOUGH. IT'S A HARSH, CRUEL WORLD OUT THERE, AND THE SOONER YOU LEARN TO LOOK OUT FOR NUMBER ONE, THE BETTER OFF YOU'LL BE.



MOTIVATION

This section really has nothing to do with motivation. It's just one of the topics that we're supposed to test you on, so they make us include it as a category. Don't worry about it. You want to make lots of cash as a real-life lawyer? Say yes. Okay, you're motivated. These questions are all True or False, so your chances of getting a correct answer are fifty-fifty. (Hint: All the answers are True.)

1. True or False: The brotherhood of the bar is a solemn pact among very rich guys who have memorized some cute phrases like "I object" and "As your attorney I advise you..." This brotherhood is never to be defiled by one lawyer suing another, or by calling into question a brother lawyer's ethics, qualifications, or taste in clothing.
2. True or False: A lawyer who advertises in newspapers or on television is probably pretty slimy. You know the ones: the guys who will sue your neighbor for you because you slipped on a wet leaf on his sidewalk, and who won't charge you a fee unless you win, in which case he takes 90 percent of the award for himself. Lawyers who don't go in for carnival-like advertising are also pretty slimy; they simply don't advertise the fact.
3. True or False: Buying up old buildings and then using real-estate loopholes so that you can raise the rents so high that all the old tenants who are paying only \$34 a month rent have to move out and live with their kids while you don't even fix up the building but raise the rents to about \$750 a month is a good investment, and if you get a

few other lawyers to go in with you, you can buy up a whole block of buildings and make a fortune, not to mention getting a nifty tax break.

4. True or False: Never visit a client outside your office, unless you can bill lunch to his legal tab. Always make a client wait at least thirty minutes beyond your appointed meeting time. Never remember the name of a client who does not have you on retainer.
5. True or False: The knee bone's connected to the thigh bone. This is something a lawyer should remember when dealing with lawsuits involving accidental dismemberment.

STOP

DID YOU CIRCLE TRUE FOR EVERY ANSWER? ALL THE ANSWERS ARE TRUE. GO BACK AND DOUBLE-CHECK YOUR ANSWERS. THIS IS THE PART OF THE TEST WHERE YOU CAN SCORE SOME EXTRA POINTS. REMEMBER, ALL THE ANSWERS ARE TRUE.



FAKING ABILITY

As an attorney, you will usually have a lot of things on your mind. It isn't always possible (or even necessary) to remember all the stupid little facts and details of every damn case that comes your way. Sometimes you will need to fake it while sounding reasonably informed. The following section tests your ability to finesse an answer even when you are completely ignorant, which will be most of the time. Simply fill in the blanks with the right word or words.

Joe Smith went to law school and studied law so that he could become a _____. After becoming a lawyer, he joined his father's law firm and earned a salary of \$_____ a year. "Wow, \$90,000 a year is a lot of mazuma," said Joe. One day he played a game of _____ at the squash club with a friend who advised him to invest in _____. The return on Joe's initial investment in hog futures was _____ percent. "Wow, a 50 percent return

on an investment in hog futures is great," said Joe. Joe really loved all the _____ he made on the investment, and with that cash he bought a brown, 1975 _____. It was such a nice BMW that Joe took his _____, who was named Suzy and who, for a secretary, had really nice steno pads, to Vegas for the weekend, even though Joe's wife thought he was going alone to some stupid convention. Joe's wife was such a dimwit that she didn't even have an inkling that Joe was carrying on an _____ with Suzy. That affair lasted _____ months, which is more than five months but less than seven. Then Joe fired Suzy and hired this new babe named Bubbles, who could not take dictation but really knew how to _____

STOP

HOW DID YOU DO? GREAT! YOU'LL MAKE A FINE LAWYER SOMEDAY, ESPECIALLY IF YOU GET INTO A REALLY GOOD LAW SCHOOL. BUT EVEN IF YOU WIND UP IN SOME CRUDDY SCHOOL, DON'T FRET IT. JUST LIE ABOUT YOUR DEGREE. TELL EVERYONE THAT YOU WENT TO SOME FANCY-PANTS LAW SCHOOL ON THE OPPOSITE COAST. DID YOU EVER SEE THAT MOVIE *THE GREAT IMPOSTER*? I THINK IT WAS WITH TONY CURTIS. SHIT, PEOPLE WILL BELIEVE ANYTHING YOU TELL THEM. BESIDES, YOU CAN GET A FAKE DIPLOMA VERY CHEAP, AND IT WILL LOOK LIKE THE REAL THING. HANG IT ON YOUR WALL. BE PROUD. HOLD YOUR HEAD HIGH. YOU'RE YOUNG, RICH, AND ARROGANT, SO TAKE ADVANTAGE.



MOTOR COORDINATION

This section seeks to determine if you are coordinated. Connect the dots and get a surprise. Wheeeeee!



STOP

YOU ARE FINISHED WITH THE TEST. THROW YOUR PENCIL IN THE AIR AND SAY, "WHOOPEE!" YOU ARE NOW *THAT* CLOSE TO BECOMING AN ACTUAL, TRUE-LIFE RICH GUY. CAN'T YOU JUST TASTE IT?

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

Winston America's Best.

Excellence.
The best live up to it.



In the beginning, God created violence and pain strictly for his own entertainment. This led to medicine, and God said, "It is good I am that I am, for I am covered." But then there were doctors, and they wanted to be paid....

Great Moments in the History of Medicine

by Rick Meyerowitz, D.H. (Doctor of Halvah)



EGYPT, 1220 B.C. THE INVENTION OF THE BILL: The most renowned doctor in the Old Kingdom was MURRAY OF THEBES, who practiced most on those who could pay the most. While it is not known if he ever cured anyone, he is said to have had a "modern" bedside manner. That is, he could ignore any plea for help no matter how pitiful. His bills were legendary works of art. Many survive today in museums, unpaid. They are beautiful to behold and very heavy. Murray's untimely death from a massive hernia in 1215 B.C. was a great loss to the medical profession. It was two thousand years before the secret of double billing was rediscovered.

OLDUVAI GORGE, AFRICA, 500,000 B.C. THE INVENTION OF THE TONGUE DEPRESSOR: Lurk examine Rulg. Lurk see Rulg sick. Lurk need see tongue. Ask Rulg. Rulg tongue move too much. Lurk hold it down with stone. "Say 'Ahhh,' Rulg." Rulg say "Arrrrggghh!" Funny Rulg.



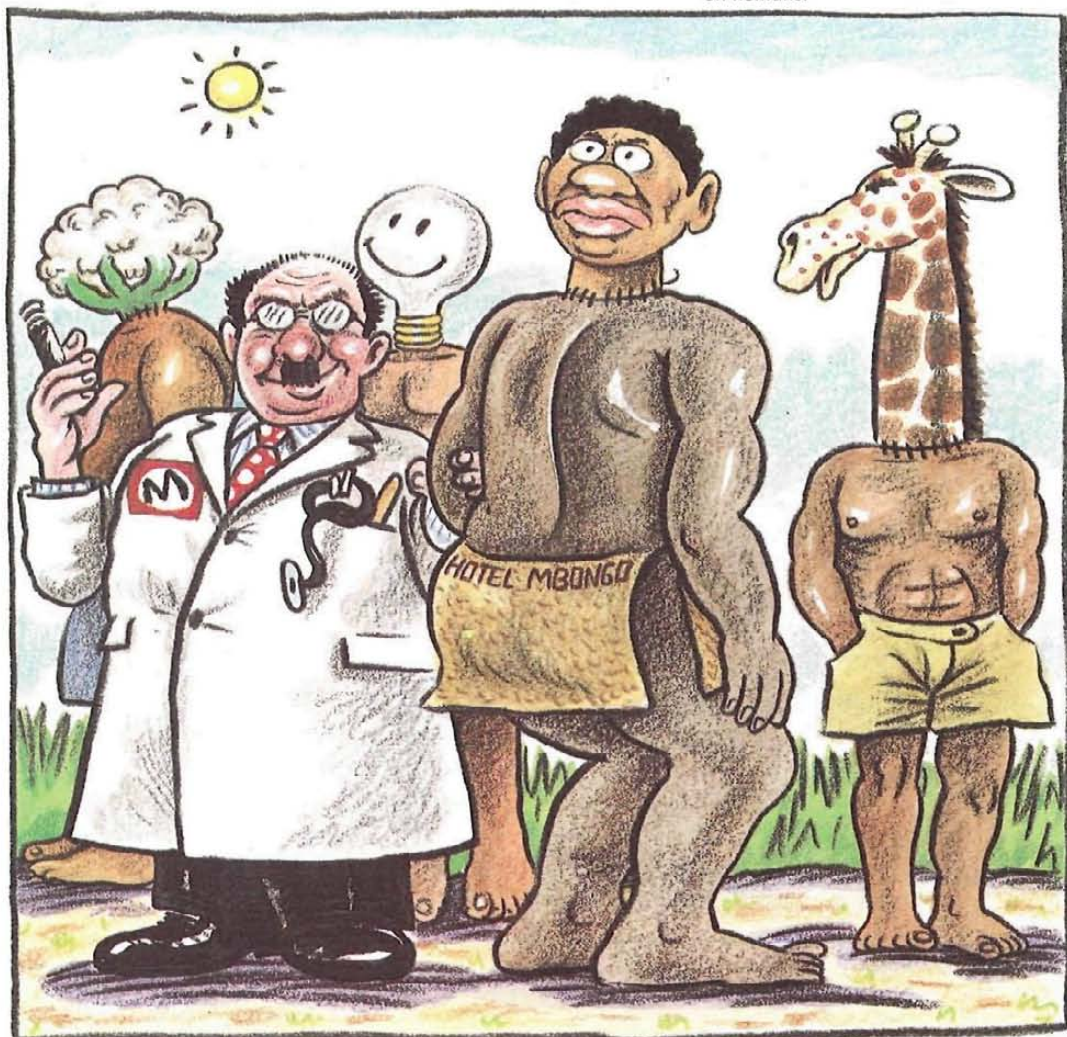
KING DAVID REFINES CIRCUMCISION: It is a little-known fact that the first circumcision David took part in was that of Goliath the giant. The foreskin took four men to lift and was used by David as a tent when he became king. David was so adept at this that Saul frequently sent him out for a "Philistine forepack." Here he is shown happily relieving some Philistines of their foreskins. David went on to become a great king of a great nation. The Philistines went nowhere. But they did it as sopranos.

OCTOBER, 1958 CHRISTIAAN BARNARD REMOVES A TONSIL:





SOUTH AFRICA, 1985 FIRST HEAD TRANSPLANT: Doctors at the famed Mengele Institute in Johannesburg have taken transplant science one giant step forward with a series of head transplants performed on a seemingly inexhaustible supply of "volunteers" from the tribal homelands. "Every one of them wants to get a little head," jokes chief surgeon Klaus von Yublów. "Anyway, we test everything on blacks before we try it on humans."





OKRA, WISCONSIN, 1983 DENTAL ANESTHETICS: Young female patients of a dentist named, oddly enough, Dr. Dentist had experienced odd side effects from treatment. Cramps, nausea, cravings for odd food combinations, and miraculous pregnancies developed from the anesthetic. Dr. Dentist was as puzzled as anyone. He continued to research the problem at great personal cost by giving anesthetics to hundreds of young girls. His death last year from exhaustion came too soon for him to see the end of this strange epidemic. But wherever he is now he'd be pleased to learn that the side effects subsided about the same time he did.

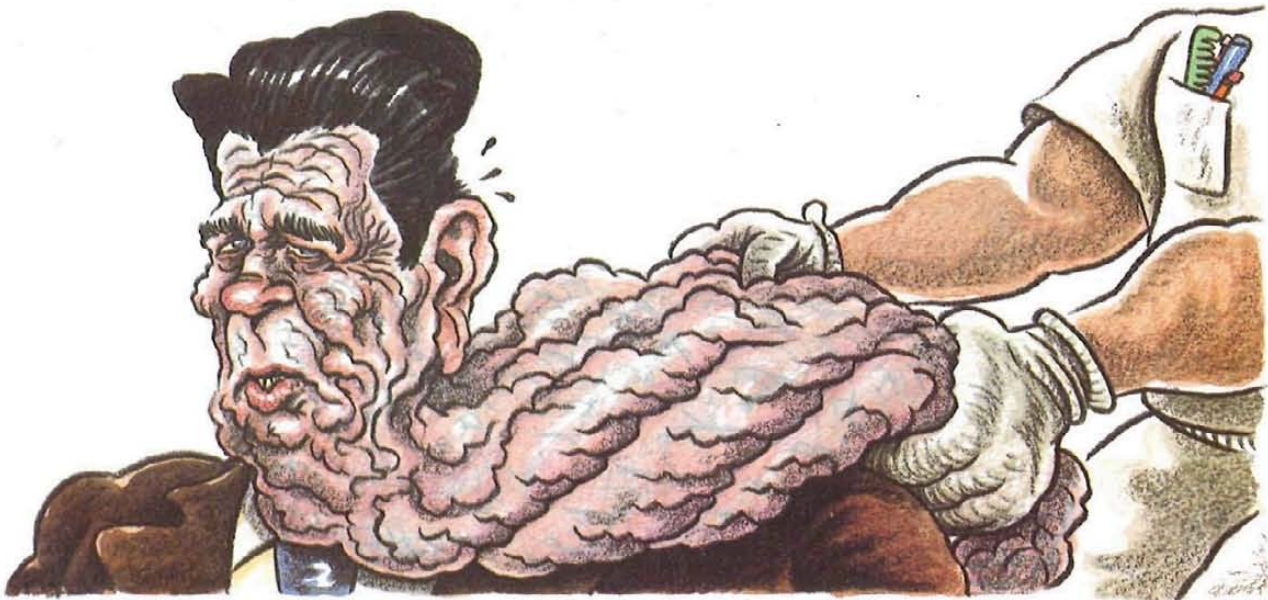


CATARRH, FRANCE, 1874 PASTEUR DISCOVERS GERMS: Pépi Pasteur, wife of the famed scientist, was preparing *un petit déjeuner* for her husband when BANG! BOOM! POOM! out from under the sink came these big ugly things. "Louis, come here! Big things!" she cried. Louis, he came running. "Sacré merde! Zey are germs! I'm going to be famoose." Famoose he became, and even though GERMLAND, the theme park, never got off the ground, he lived happily evair affair with his leetle Pépi and her big things.



ANYWHERE, USA FAITH HEALING:

Once you've signed on with the Bible banger or healer dealer of your choice, you'll be healed, bless you, according to your ability to give. Without exception, faith healers believe in the right to life. Their right to your life! They also believe in the rights of the unborn. They'll protect them even if it means dynamiting every Planned Parenthood clinic from here to Calcutta. If you happen to get born black or if you're Jewish, if you wear funny clothes or think pink is a nice color, then watch it, buster, you're on their list!



HOLLYWOOD MEDICINE: SPECIAL EFFECTS DEPARTMENT: The years seem to melt away as the skilled hands of the cosmetic surgeon tuck, punch, pinch, pull, cut, and mold you to be what you once were or what you never were or could ever hope to be. MEDIA SURGERY is a related discipline and has similar rules. It takes someone who isn't and makes him into someone you wish he wasn't.

LEGAL BRIEFS

continued from page 9

"Thereupon, he quickly changed the subject."

A lawyer in Virginia Beach, Virginia, broke into tears when his client was given a twenty-year prison term for forgery, admitting he had wrongly advised the client to plead guilty because he was preoccupied with going to a basketball game. Attorney Peter Legler said Barbara Purcell should be permitted to withdraw her guilty plea and be tried by a jury.

"I'll be damned if someone is going to suffer four or five years in the penitentiary because I was more concerned about going to a damn basketball game," a tearful Legler told the judge.

"I've got rapists and career burglars who are serving only ten years in prison," he said. "If I show emotion, it's because of the kind of person I am." *Chicago Daily Law Bulletin*

The 1965 conviction of Eddie G. Javor was recently overturned by the U.S. Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals on the grounds that his original attorney, Samuel S. Brody, "was asleep or dozing, and not alert to proceedings, during a substantial part" of the original trial. *Federal Reporter*

According to the *American Bar Association Journal*, lawyers in the Huntsville, Alabama, district attorney's office compiled the following list of

excuses and pleadings offered by defense attorneys:

1. You do not have a case.
2. It's all a big mistake—you've got the wrong guy.
3. He was just in the car and was not participating.
4. The others forced him to do it.
5. How about giving the fellow a break? He (a) has a large family (b) has a good old (1) mama (2) daddy (c) has never done anything like this before.
6. I haven't been paid yet.
7. His constitutional rights were violated.
8. There was an illegal search and seizure.
9. Can he go into the Army?
10. He could not waive his rights because he doesn't understand them.
11. My client is (a) retarded (b) a mental case (c) just a poor farm boy, bedazzled by the city lights, who fell in with a band of (1) thieves (2) hippies.
12. My client can help you get to "Mr. Big."
13. He's already serving time in federal prison.
14. This is his first offense—he won't do it again.
15. My client is related to (a) the governor (b) the judge (c) others.
16. He was drunk.
17. He may be guilty of something else, but not this time.
18. This is a civil case.
19. You couldn't punish him any more than he's already punished himself.
20. He sings in the church choir.

People Who Keep Lawyers Busy

Alexandre Smith sued the Place Ville Marie office tower in downtown Montreal, Quebec, for \$115,000 after being burned by a sudden surge of "very hot water" while sitting on one of the building's toilet bowls. *Winnipeg Free Press*

Louis Block of Golden, Colorado, sued his former wife for \$800,000, claiming she hit him over the head with a bowling ball while he napped. In addition to a skull fracture and a cut over his left eye, Block sought damages for "mental anguish." *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*

José Yera of Los Angeles sued Sam Cook Uniforms and Point Blank Body Armor because a bulletproof vest they sold him "failed to protect him when he stabbed a knife into his stomach while testing the garment." *San Francisco Chronicle*

Linda Bryant of Bunker Hill, Illinois, sued the Mogen David Corporation, charging that a bottle of the company's wine caused her husband, Donald, to rape a neighbor. *Edwardsville (Illinois) Intelligencer*

Mark Hagen, a Seattle business student, sued two-year-old Nelson Moore for \$200, claiming the boy backed a tri-cycle into his 1976 Porsche. *Arizona Republic*

continued on page 74



Did you ever notice that there are two things you can never find on a Wednesday afternoon? A doctor and a nude woman. Well, we found out why. Here's what actually happens on Wednesdays when the doctor's office is closed.

THE DOCTOR'S GUIDE TO INDOOR GOLF

BY THE EDITORS



1. TEEING OFF

When beginning your round of Wednesday-afternoon golf, always be sure to take a few practice strokes before attempting the shot. Use a tee that is the proper height for your individual swing, and of course make sure that the tee is firmly anchored in the tee-off area.

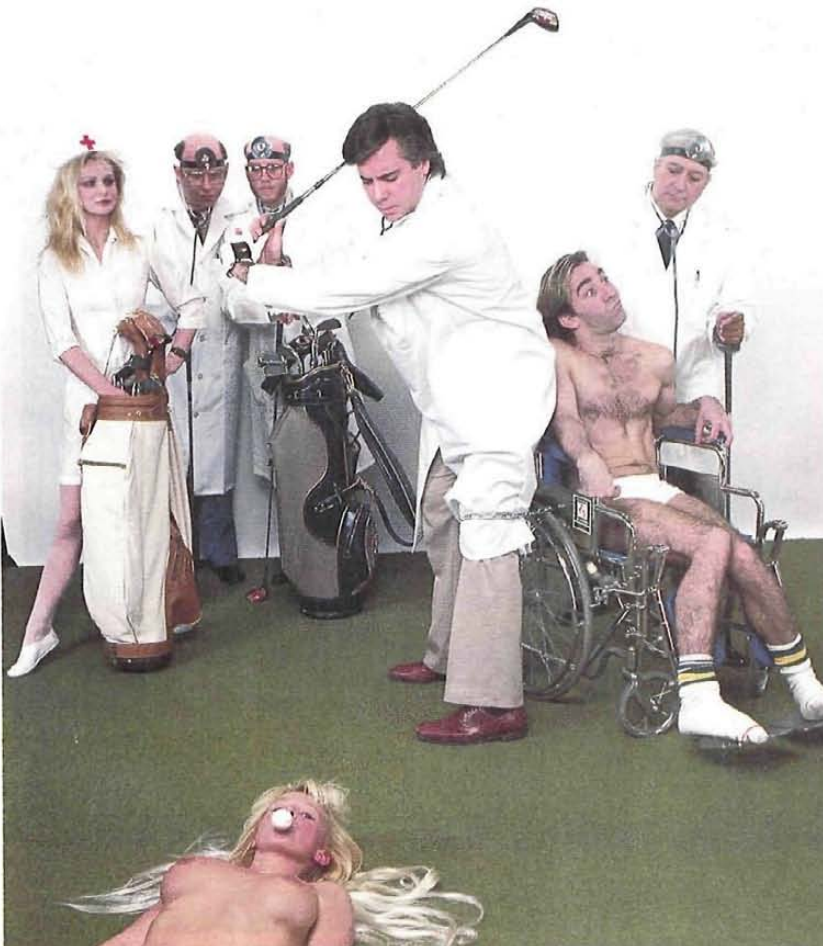
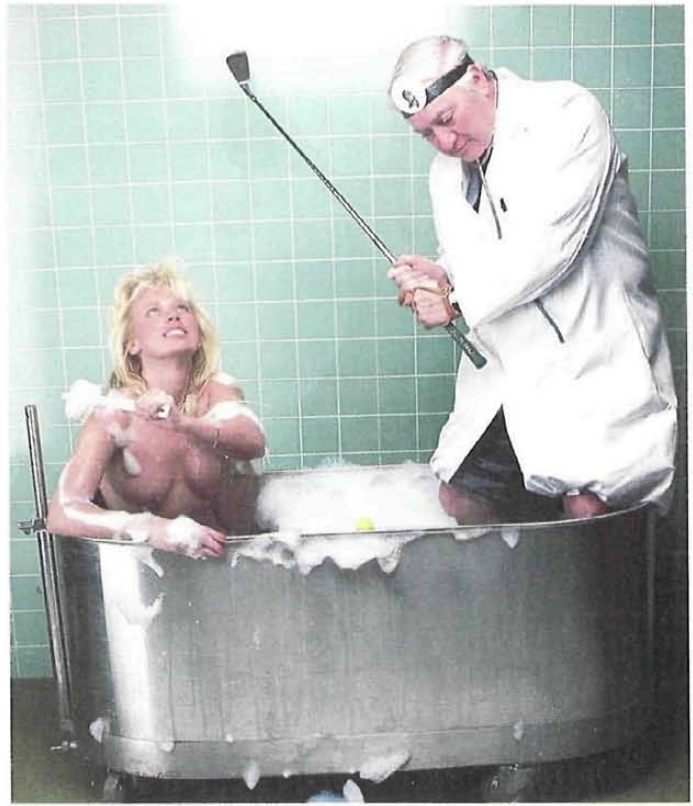


2. THE CHIP SHOT

This is a very difficult shot and one that requires real patience. You must visualize the flight of the ball and firmly stroke through the chip with wrists locked until the upswing begins. At the point where the swing begins its upward trajectory, a slight slipping-back motion with the hands will create a backspin that causes the ball to dig in and hold its ground once it reaches the putting surface. Remember the old axiom: Drive for show, putt for dough, chip for the lip.

3. THE WATER HAZARD

Every course has hazards, and the good all-around player must be able to deal with all of them. In the situation depicted here, the golfer is attempting to play out of the water instead of taking a drop and incurring a penalty stroke. Luckily he is using buoyant balls, making this shot possible. In these predicaments the most important thing to remember is firm footing on the slippery bottom and a smooth stroke that skims across the waves and catches the ball right below the water line.



4. DETERMINING YOUR HANDICAP

The handicap is the number of additional strokes above par you need to be spotted in order to make the game fair for all players. To determine yours, simply add up all your scores for the past year, then add up all the pars of the golf courses you've played. Subtract the smaller number (the par total) from the larger number (your scores) and divide that by the number of rounds you've played. For instance, if par on a course is 72 and you shoot a 130, then your handicap is 58.



5. THE DOGLEG

This has been described by many as the most deceptive hole of all. At first it looks easy, but on closer inspection you may find that it plays harder than it looks. The best way to hole the dog is to ignore the strange shape and look of it and go for the hole itself without even paying attention to the surrounding areas. Keep your head down until you've made your final stroke.

6. PLAYING OUT OF THE ROUGH

Many times you will inadvertently miss a shot and your ball will land in the high rough or even a bush. This is part of the game, and all you can do is make a good "recovery shot." To do this one must strike the ball cleanly, being careful not to let the club head become snared in roots or other rubbish and obstacles that often pop up on the outskirts of the fairway. Get a good, firm footing and concentrate only on the ball. Hit it as though there were nothing in your way. Occasionally you will dig up some of the surrounding brush, but don't get discouraged. Always replace sod or leaves that come loose so that other golfers are not inconvenienced by your misfortune.



7. CORRECTING A SLICE

A slice usually occurs when the player swings too hard and loses control of the club. To correct this problem one must slow down the rhythm and tempo of the backswing and use a No. 3 catgut to repair any damage to the playing surface.



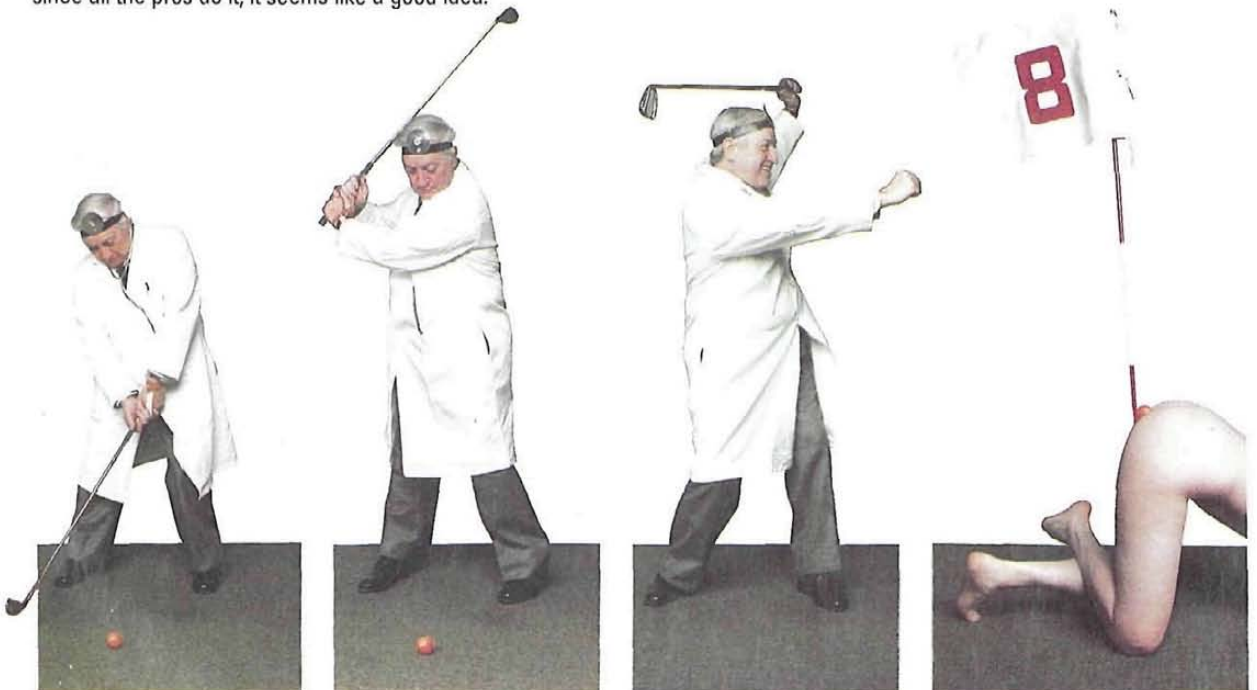


8. THE WEDGE

Your round is almost over and you've hit the ball between two mounds. This typical scenario comes up again and again. The object here is to pop the ball up cleanly while still getting enough club on it to carry it to the hole. To do this simply stand at the foot of the mound and stroke down on the ball with a short, compact motion. Be careful not to hit into the mound, as this will cause your ball to roll out of control and could damage the terrain.

9. THE HOLE IN ONE

This is the most difficult shot in golf. To make this shot one must actually become the hole. Let's break the successful shot down into its three main components. a) The setup: Set up calmly and slowly, with no extraneous movements. Sight the target and fix it in your mind's eye. Grip the club firmly and initiate a slow and deliberate turn with the hips. For most golfers an overlapping grip is suggested. b) The backswing/follow-through: Now that the turn of the hips has initiated the backswing, continue the twisting action up through the torso into the shoulders. Make sure to keep the grip firm and the left arm stiff throughout the shot. Once you have made your full backturn, begin the downstroke by opening up the hips. Try to think of your body as a spring that coils and uncoils. At all times keep your eye on the ball with a clear mental picture of the hole. As rapidly as your strength will allow, whip the club head through the ball, following through smoothly, while mentally projecting the ball to the hole. c) Body Englishing the ball into the hole: As the ball approaches the target, if you have done the shot correctly, you may feel the need for some "body English," that is, the physical coaxing of the ball through contortions and gestures as it moves toward its nest. No one knows if this practice works, but since all the pros do it, it seems like a good idea.

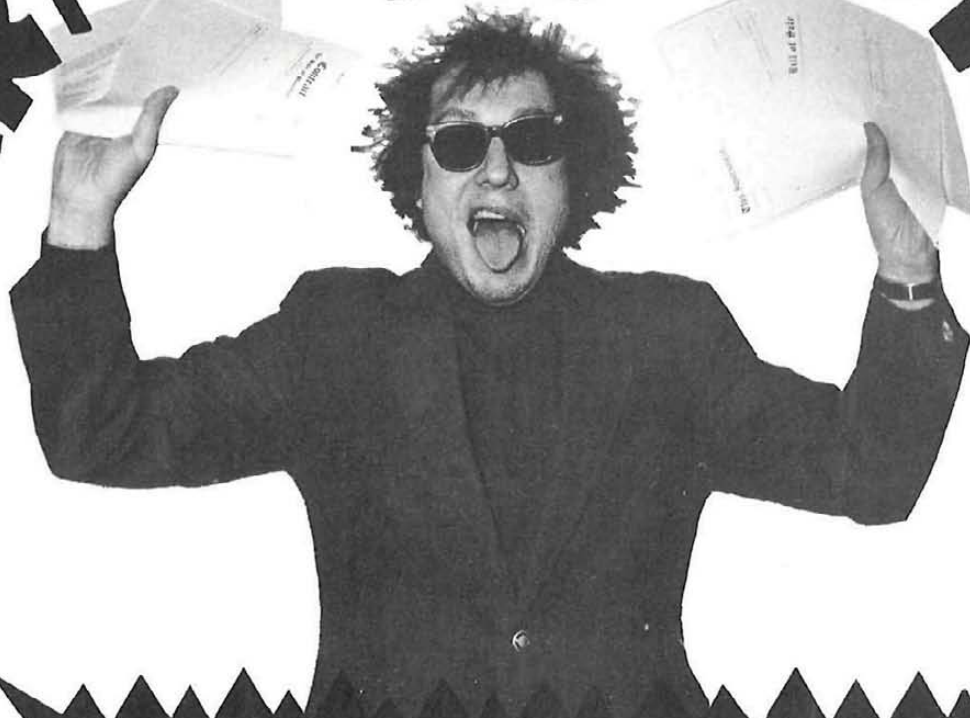




10. THE NINETEENTH HOLE

After a hard day on the links, what could be better than an ice-cold Bloody Mary, especially if it's made according to doctor's orders.

CRAZY FREDDIE SAYS



**OUR CLIENTS
ARE INSANE!**

Have you done something wrong? Murder, grand larceny, kidnapping, a sex crime, perhaps? Anything?

Crazy Freddie, the lawyer for the criminally insane, will get you off on a "temporary insanity plea."

It works!

Why bother with the truth when insanity will get you a year or two in a pleasant rest home and then you'll be free to murder, pillage, and rape again?

Crazy Freddie—the lawyer for the criminal who doesn't want to take the rap.

CALL NOW! Our phones are always open.

Crazy Freddie & His Idiot Sons, Attorneys-at-Law

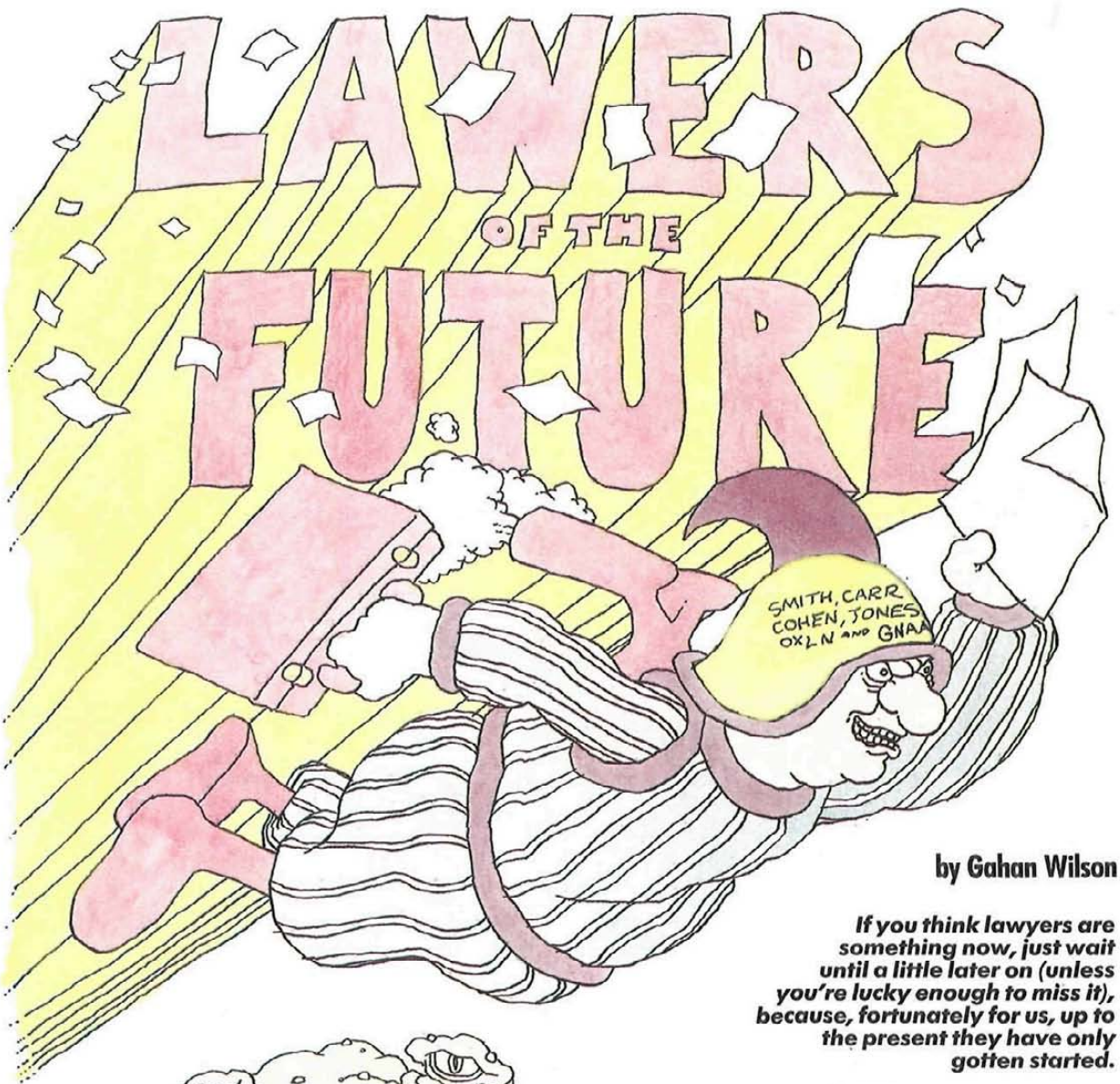
7% Weinblatt's Candy Store

6800 Shore Parkway

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Bellevue 5-5200, or send us your name, address, and crime in the mail.

You beat it or you beat us!



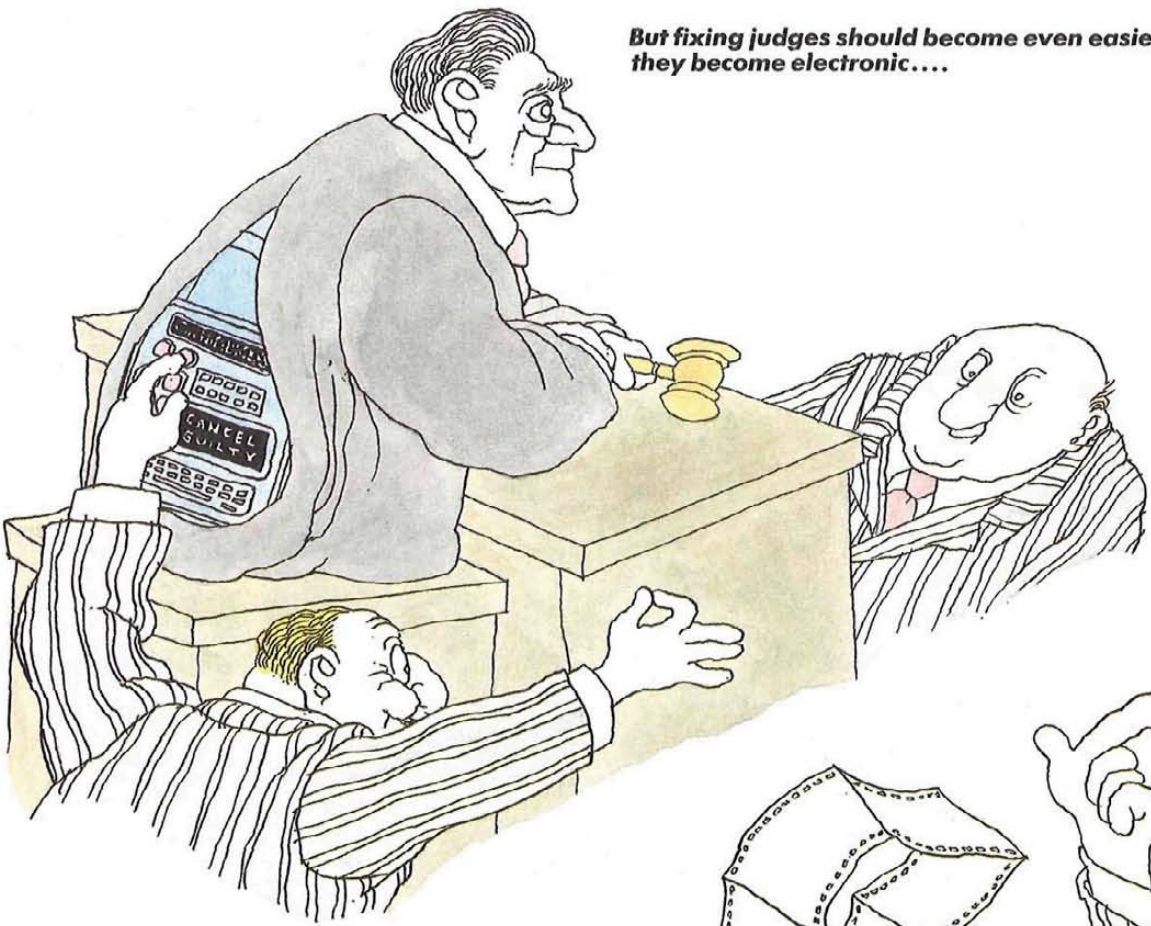
by Gahan Wilson

If you think lawyers are something now, just wait until a little later on (unless you're lucky enough to miss it), because, fortunately for us, up to the present they have only gotten started.

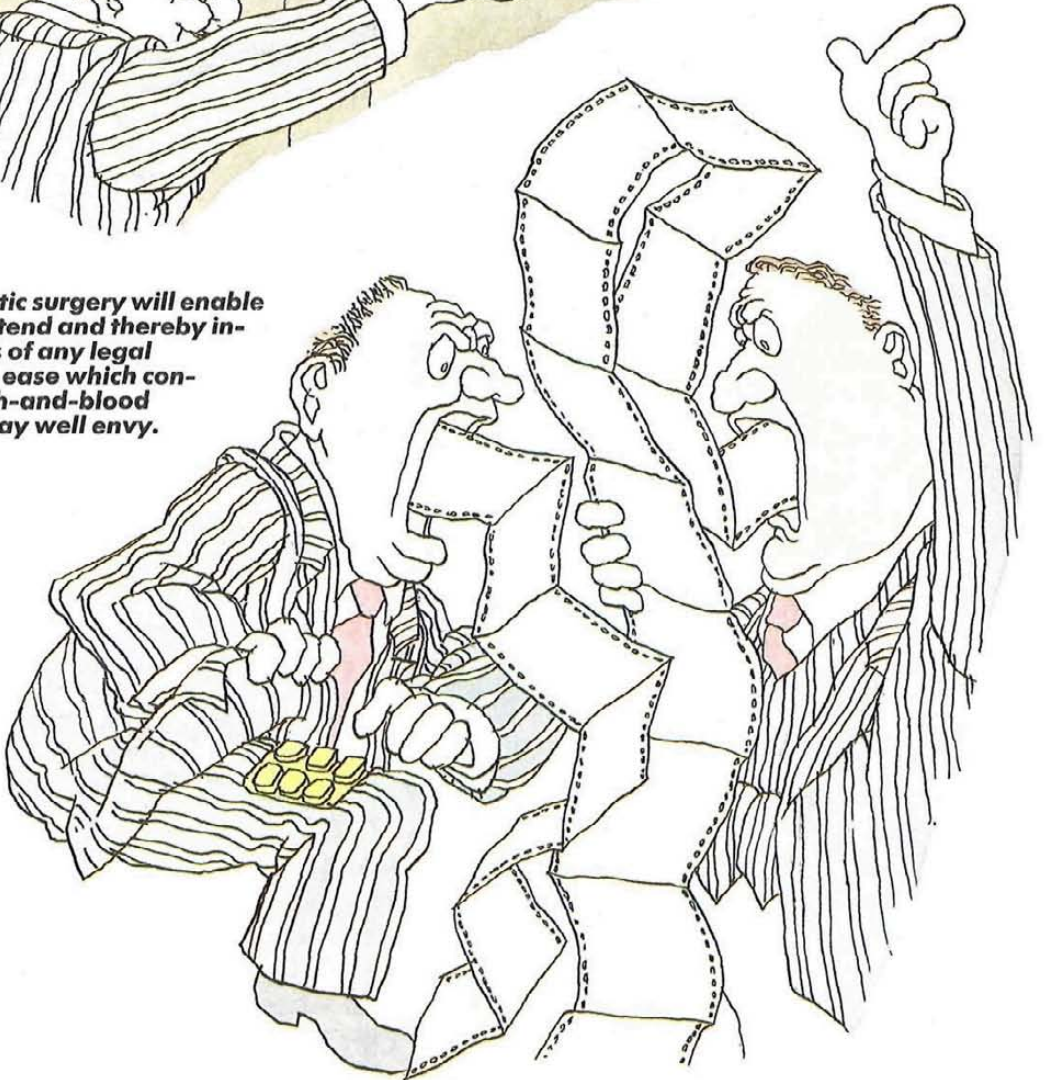


Of course, they do have a few disadvantages in store; for instance, some of the obviously guilty villains they defend for a living may be even more repulsive than their present clientele.

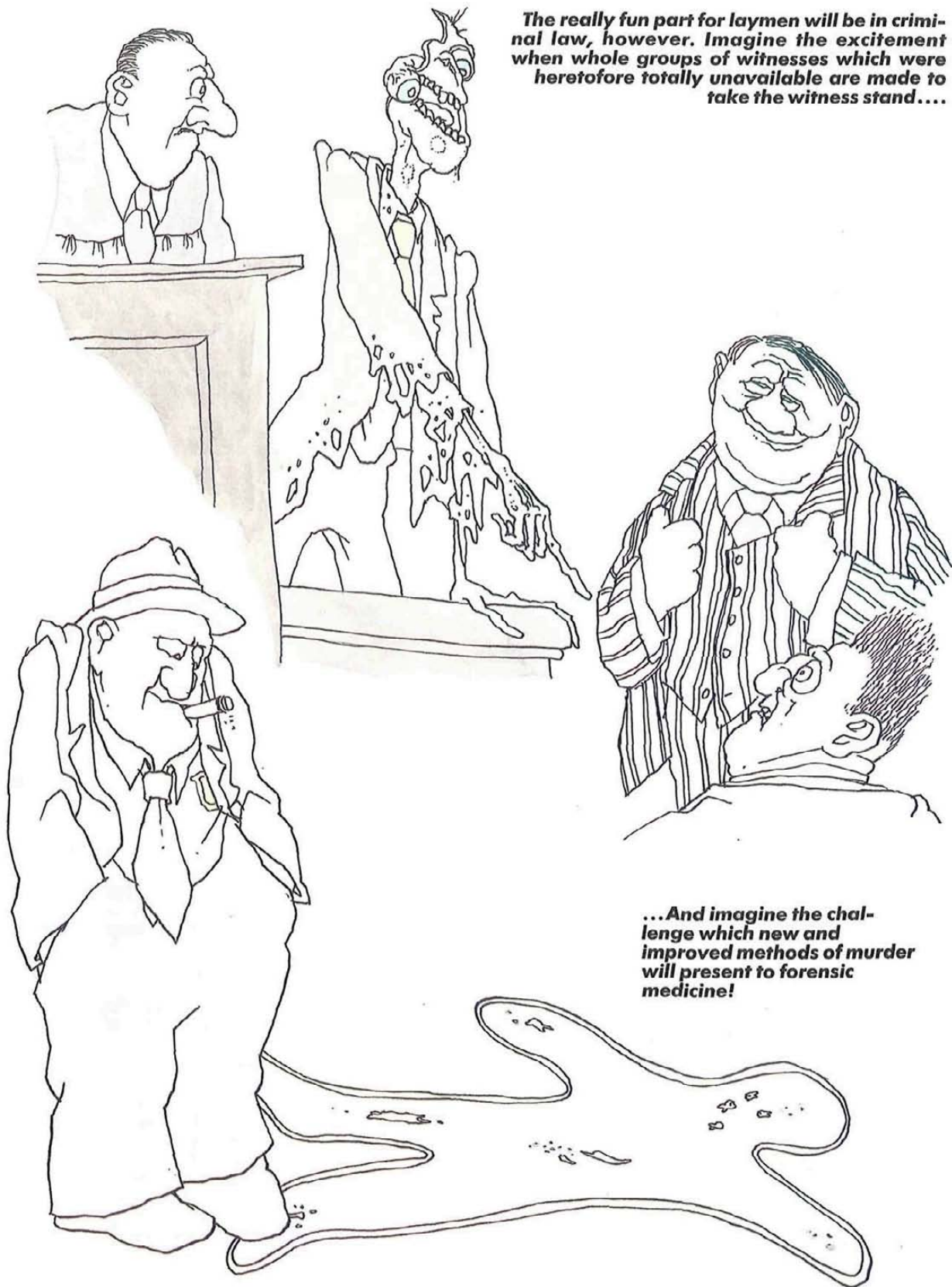
But fixing judges should become even easier once they become electronic....



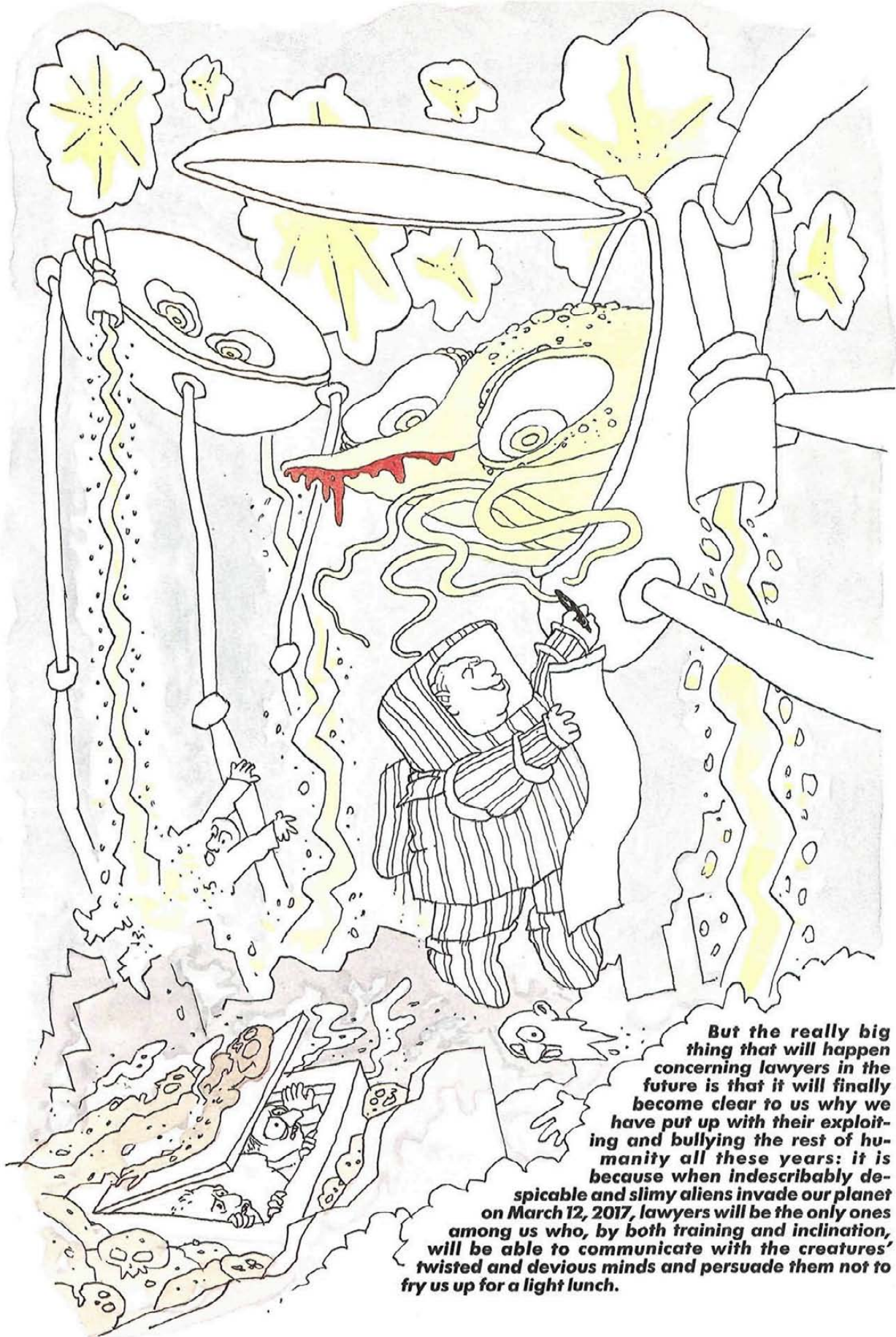
... And cybernetic surgery will enable attorneys to extend and thereby increase the costs of any legal contest with an ease which contemporary flesh-and-blood practitioners may well envy.



The really fun part for laymen will be in criminal law, however. Imagine the excitement when whole groups of witnesses which were heretofore totally unavailable are made to take the witness stand....



... And imagine the challenge which new and improved methods of murder will present to forensic medicine!



But the really big thing that will happen concerning lawyers in the future is that it will finally become clear to us why we have put up with their exploiting and bullying the rest of humanity all these years: it is because when indescribably despicable and slimy aliens invade our planet on March 12, 2017, lawyers will be the only ones among us who, by both training and inclination, will be able to communicate with the creatures' twisted and devious minds and persuade them not to fry us up for a light lunch.

THE CLIENT

continued from page 21

"Uh, Julie, this is—"

"Huh?" Julie said. "Bad time? I figured since you were alone it wasn't. Catch you later," she said, and waved goodbye as she closed the door.

The stranger looked at Paul.

"You lust in your heart for her, do you not? I have said that he who lusts in his heart is as guilty as he—"

"In the first place," Rosenthal said, "it's none of your business. In the second place, my *heart* is not exactly where I lust for her. And anyway—" He stopped suddenly. "Hey," he said uncertainly. "Julie couldn't see you. How come she couldn't see you?"

The man looked deliberately at Paul, who sat for a very long moment. Twenty years of secular skepticism began dropping away from him. His jaw dropped open.

All right, he thought. I was raised on *Twilight Zone* reruns. Let's go very carefully here.

Rosenthal cleared his throat.

"I—I'm sorry," he began. "I didn't—I didn't realize—"

"It is fine," the stranger said. "No one believed at first."

"But why me? Why here?"

"Why Nazareth? Why Galilee? I am here; I am returned. A fisherman, a man of the law; I need men and women to help me with my message."

Paul instinctively began to draw on his years of training, his highly honed capacity to leave the emotion of the moment behind, to tap into the problem-solving skills that had made him a young comer at Craven and Withered.

"And how—what—what may I do to help?" he asked.

Jesus sat on a tasteful Naugahyde couch a few feet from Paul's desk.

"You do not have much time," Jesus said. "Very soon the Day of Judgment

will be at hand. We must tell as much of the world as will listen that now is the time to change before it is too late."

Paul leaped up from his chair and began pacing the room.

"Right," he said. "Only let me explain that things are different since you were here before. The first thing is to get you incorporated."

"In—incorporated?" Jesus said.

"Of course, of course. Look, when this stuff starts leaking out, you have no idea what you're in for. Crowds are going to start following you everywhere. That means possible injuries, lawsuits—you'll be held personally responsible, I'm telling you, uh... Mr... uh..."

"Call me J.C.," Jesus said.

"Right—I'm telling you, J.C., without that limited liability of a corporation, you could be in deep trouble before you know it."

Jesus looked concerned.

"But I am the Messiah," he said. "I am here to save mankind, to spread the word of He Who Was, Is, and Always Will Be."

Rosenthal shook his head. "And I'm telling you, with all due respect, that if you expose yourself to the kinds of personal-injury juries around now, you Was, Am, and Will Be broke in a week." He started pacing again. "Then there's the tax side of things."

"Ah, yes," Jesus said. "Taxes. That's how I came to be born in a manger."

"Right, right," Rosenthal said. "Now by incorporating yourself, you get a whole raft of shelters—pension funds with tax-free borrowing provisions, and when you link that with your Keoghs—you are self-employed, right?"

Jesus shrugged.

"Well, we won't count your Father. Anyway, we can make sure that all those donations that come in from the faithful won't get sucked up by the government. Of course, we'll go for a 501 (c) (3) organization right away—what would

you like to call it, something like 'Jesus Saves'? Well, that's a detail, but the point is—"

Jesus raised an unsteady hand.

"I seek to spread the word of God to man," he said again. "I need no such approval from temporal regimes."

"Sure, sure," Rosenthal said. "Ask Falwell, ask Jimmy Swaggart, ask Oral Roberts how far they'd get without their lawyers. You think you can just stand on a hill and talk about the Golden Rule? Not without speaking permits, you can't. Look what happened to Reverend Moon. Then there's the matter of content. You start talking about suffering the little children to come unto you, they'll slap you with a child-abuse indictment. You turn one loaf into ten, and you'll have the Food and Drug Administration right on your tail."

"I want only to spread the word—"

"And that's another thing," Rosenthal interrupted. "First thing, you'd better get a collection of all your best sermons and copyright the bejesus—sorry about that—copyright them, or someone else will be raking in the shekels off your very own words."

"You still use shekels?" Jesus asked.

"Figure of speech," Paul said. "The point is, you don't want anyone else getting rich off you, do you?"

"It is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven," Jesus said.

Paul raised a cautionary hand. "Look, Jesus, could you go easy on that stuff around here? Those are my clients you're talking about. Now what we do is, we organize a huge fund-raiser to help get you on your way—\$2,500 a plate, Plaza Hotel. And then maybe a video, with Prince, Madonna—"

"Madonna?" Jesus exclaimed.

"Ah—that's a long story," Rosenthal said. "Maybe we'll call it God Aid or something, I don't know. And after the press conference and the T-shirt—"

A burst of lightning cut through the room. Jesus wept.

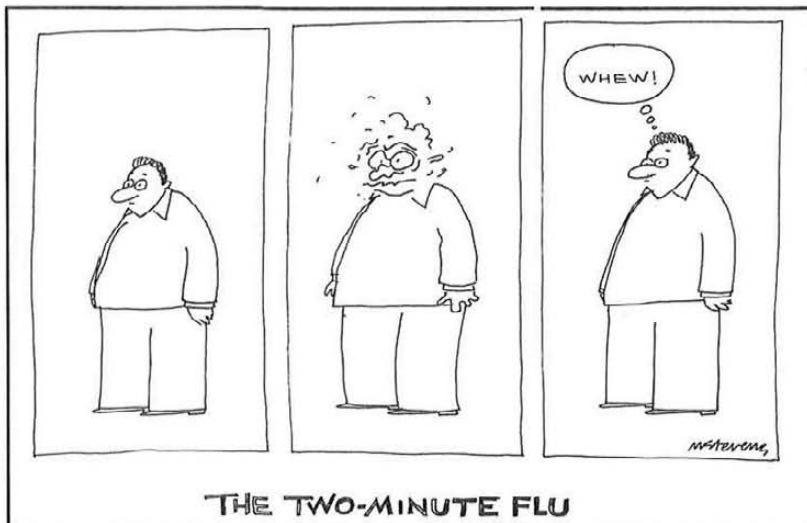
"Enough," Jesus finally said. "I can hear no more. It is not time yet."

There was a crash of thunder, and when Paul looked up, the room was empty.

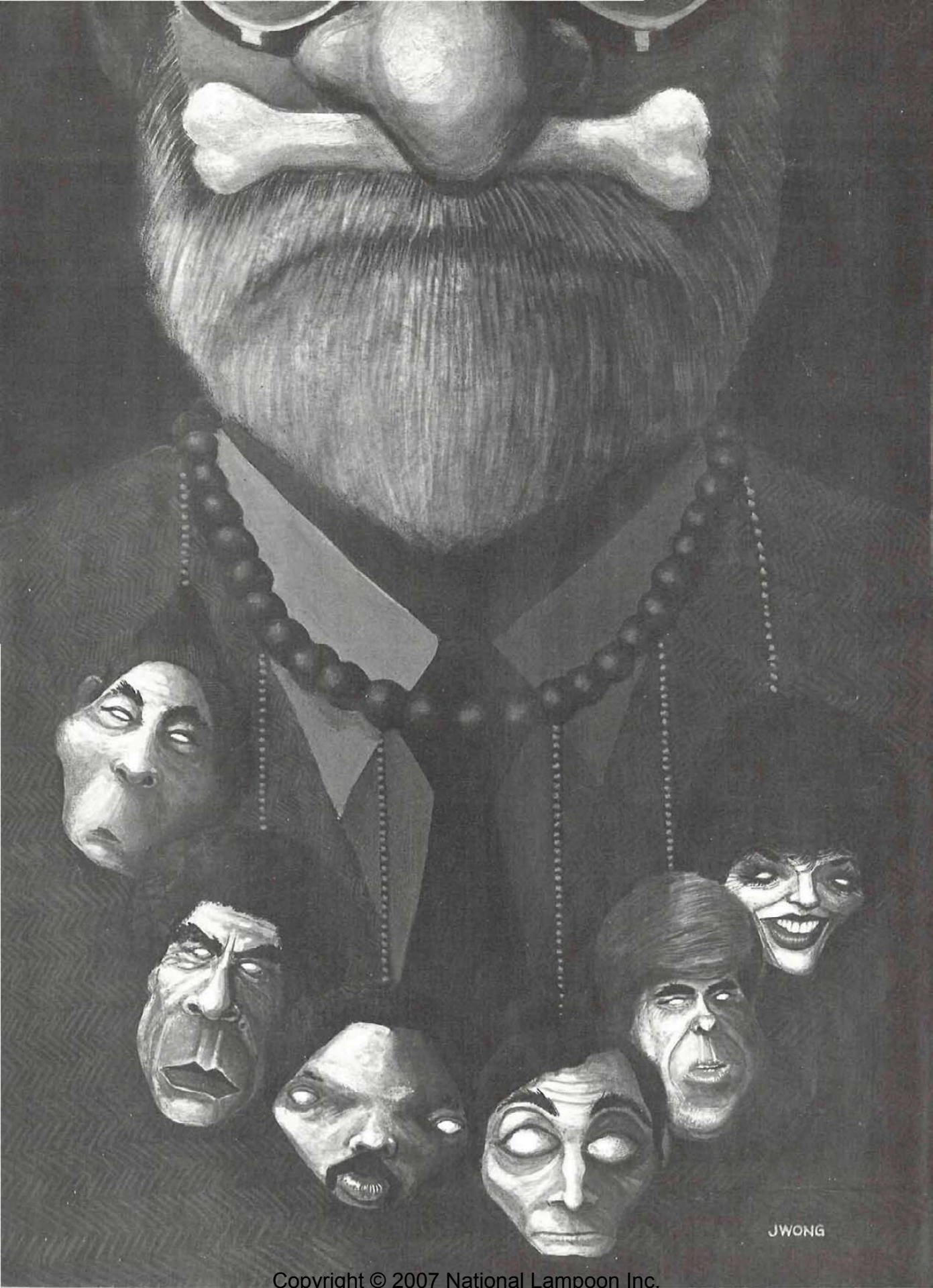
He sat for a long moment, pondering what had happened in the last few minutes. Slowly, a question of great moment was forming in his mind. After deep thought, he realized what it was.

"I wonder," Paul Rosenthal said to himself, "I wonder who I bill for my time?"

He took a billing form from his desk drawer and jotted down: "American Chemcorp—\$400—two-hour conference with J.C." Then he flipped it into his "out" basket. ■



THE TWO-MINUTE FLU



JWONG

The right of privacy ends where the right to sell magazines begins. That's always been the rule we've followed at the National Lampoon when faced with the decision to publish stuff that may cause some people "embarrassment." To that end we present the following material, obtained surreptitiously, at great risk and expense, from the files of one of the world's most celebrated psychiatrists. In the name of good taste we've decided not to identify this eminent physician; but in the name of selling magazines, we felt it our solemn duty to identify his patients.

Psychiatric Case Studies of the Sick and Famous

**From the files of Dr. "X"
As pilfered by George Barkin**

Session with President Ferdinand Marcos

Last week I received a call from Mrs. Marcos requesting that I immediately fly to the Philippines and treat her husband, President Marcos. I explained to Mrs. Marcos that the responsibility I felt toward all my other patients made such a trip out of the question. Mrs. Marcos said that was a shame because she was prepared to offer me \$75,000 a day plus an extremely generous bonus if I could make her husband well.

While flying to Manila that night on Marcos's private plane I was informed by one of his aides that the president was suffering from insomnia, nightmares, and, as he himself put it, "sneezing through the ears." Upon arriving in Manila I contacted President Marcos and we scheduled an appointment for one o'clock that afternoon, but President Marcos called back and said that on second thought he didn't feel like coming in at one o'clock in the afternoon and that I should just wait in my office and whatever time he felt like coming that's what time the session would begin. President Marcos arrived promptly at 2:30 A.M.

"Call me Ferdinand" were the first words he spoke to me. "Why?" I said.

"Because that's my name." We were off to a promising start. "Ferdinand, your wife tells me you've been having trouble sleeping. Is this true?" "I don't deserve to sleep, Doctor," he replied. "I'm a bad, bad man." "You!" I exclaimed. "I can't believe it." "It is true, Doctor. I've done things... terrible things. Things that scald my conscience and permit me no rest. Things that haunt my dreams and have me sneezing through the ears. For example, just this afternoon I issued a decree stating that as of today every man, woman, and child in the Philippines owes me five dollars, and anyone who doesn't pay up by next Wednesday is going to jail." "What's the good of being president if you can't make a little on the side?" I responded.

"Last Tuesday I conspired with the armed forces to defraud the people in the upcoming presidential election. No matter what the real vote is I'm going to be named president, my wife vice president, and my brother-in-law mayor of Manila." "Way of the world, Ferdy," I piped back. "Top dog makes the rules; nothing wrong with that." "Nothing wrong with that?" he shouted. "Tomorrow I'm going to declare Swedish the national language and appoint my pet rooster ambassador to France!" "So?" I said blandly.

"So I'm the man who had Benigno

Aquino killed!" Marcos screamed. "There, I've said it."

President Marcos slumped back in his chair and looked me straight in the eye. "Please, Doctor," he said softly, "you must be honest with me. I know very well what I am, but I'm determined to change. But how can I change without your help? You must be candid with me." I took a deep breath and began. "I think, Ferdinand, that you are a great guy. Normal, healthy, devoted to your wife and family. Sure, you have your little peccadilloes, but haven't we all. No, I'm absolutely one hundred percent sure there's nothing wrong with you, no sir."

President Marcos was beaming as he rose from his chair. "Doctor," he said, "you've made me feel like a new man. Now I think I'll have Mrs. Aquino killed."

Session with Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi

Colonel Qaddafi began the session by declaring that Miss Jenkins, my secretary, smelled "worse than a camel's behind." Then with the shout "God is great," he started walking up and down across my sofa, desk, and chairs in his shiny black combat boots. After about twenty minutes he threw himself down

continued

SICK AND FAMOUS

continued

on the floor and began rocking back and forth, howling something in Arabic so loud that the urologist who practices next door began banging on the walls. Colonel Qaddafi then became very silent, and stayed that way for twenty minutes until he suddenly let out with an ear-piercing "Aiiiceec," after which he stood up, removed his penis from his pants, and peed on the rug. At that point I informed Colonel Qaddafi that our session was over and that I looked forward to seeing him next week. I think he may be a little flaky.

Session with the Reverend Jesse Jackson

We began the hour with Mr. Jackson relating a dream he'd had: "I was a slave on a Mississippi cotton plantation. One day the boss man hands me a great big sack and says it's got to be filled by sundown. Well, I worked like the devil and by sundown the sack was just about filled. But when I looked inside, all them cotton balls I picked had turned to matzoh balls. I began to cry. Then everything turned dark red and I was in a crowded singles bar with my friend Louis Farrakhan. We was both drunk and feeling the titties of a woman who looked a lot like Phyllis George."

I perceived the key element of this dream to be the patient's fondling the breasts of Phyllis George. But what exactly did this mean? I asked Mr. Jackson if he could remember any more of the dream, and after initially protesting that

he could not, he managed to recall this fragment: "I was alone in the Oval Office. There was a knock at the door and in walked Christie Brinkley—she was bare-ass naked. She tells me she has a problem, and I say she certainly came to the right place because I'm the president of the United States. We begin kissin' and huggin' and I carry her over to the couch. Just as I'm gettin' ready to mount her she turns into Yasir Arafat. I try to pull away but it's too late. Arafat grabs me and sticks his tongue down my throat. Then I woke up screaming."

Reasonably sure that I now possessed the contents of the entire dream, I worked with Mr. Jackson toward an interpretation. In the first half of the dream Louis Farrakhan appeared as a *Doppelgänger* figure, i.e., an image of the self as "other," or in this case, an image of the self as a "*mesbuggener* in a bow tie." The appearance of Yasir Arafat, on the other hand, signified a desire for a filthy perversion which I don't feel comfortable even writing about. That leaves Phyllis George and Christie Brinkley. Taken together, they could represent an overdetermined exogamic impulse; taken to a sleazy motel, they could represent the shtupping session of a lifetime. The choice, I told Mr. Jackson, was his.

Session with Mr. Bob Guccione

Mr. Guccione came to my office complaining of hearing voices shouting, "SLEAZEBALL!" every time he ventured out into the street. He never hears these voices when he is alone or when he

is with persons who are on his payroll. Mr. Guccione does not exhibit any other symptoms of functional psychosis, except for a hairstyle that may be interpreted as borderline hilarious. I suggested to Mr. Guccione that we engage in some role playing to begin the session. I would assume Mr. Guccione's identity, and he the identity of Miss Amber Bottoms, current *Penthouse* Pet of the Month. I further suggested that Mr. Guccione remove his clothing and put on the corset, silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes that were hanging in my closet, so as to better enable him to experience the *Weltanschauung* of a *Penthouse* Pet. That done, we began.

"Good day, Amber," I said. "My, but you are a lovely girl—" Mr. Guccione cut me off in mid-sentence.

"Hold the phone, Doc. No way would I use a cornball come-on like that. Try something like 'Amber baby, you got me creamin' in my jeans.'" I suffered Mr. Guccione's interruption in silence and continued with the therapy.

"Tell me, Amber, would you mind posing for some nude photographs now?"

"All wrong, Doc, all wrong. You got to get 'em in the mood." Mr. Guccione rose from his seat and slowly moved toward me. In many ways he was a handsome man, and dressed in my underthings and spiked heels he looked quite desirable. If only he had more class, I thought wistfully.

"Here's the way you get the chicks to spread their cheeks," Mr. Guccione continued. "You get 'em in the mood. Say something like 'C'mon, foxy, drop down and shoot me some of that sweet-smellin' snatch.'" Ughh. The man was irretrievably Neanderthal.

"May I continue with the role playing?" I said, perhaps a bit too testily. "That will be all for today, Amber, it's been a pleasure working with—"

"Whoa, Doc," Mr. Guccione broke in. "I never get rid of my babes that fast. You gotta shmooze, if you want that cooze." Yecch. Thank God the hour was up. I showed Mr. Guccione to the door. As he walked down the hall I called after him, "See you next week...SLEAZEBALL."

Session with Congressman Jack Kemp

Being politically inclined to the conservative side of the aisle myself, I'd looked forward to meeting Congressman Kemp. He was more than a sports legend who'd quickly become one of our most important leaders in government. He *was* the "trickle-down theory." That meant a lot to me.

He lay down on my couch and smiled pleasantly.

continued on page 66



"Could you please check and see if Mr. Phillips is in the garbage?"



DOCTOR-LAWYER!



FIRST OF A BOLD NEW BREED!

BY ED SUBITZKY

ORIGINS:

AT HARVARD IN 1968, A YOUNG MAN GRADUATES!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! A LIFELONG DREAM FULFILLED! HERE I STAND, A DOCTOR AT LAST, ABOUT TO EMBARK ON A SACRED CAREER OF HEALING... OF HELPING... OF EARNING...

DID YOU SAY DOCTOR?



WHY, THIS IS HARVARD LAW SCHOOL! YOU DON'T HAVE A DEGREE IN MEDICINE! THE MEDICAL SCHOOL IS ACROSS THE QUADRANGLE! SON, YOU'RE A LAWYER NOW!

NO WONDER THERE WERE NO BODIES TO DISSECT!



QUICKLY, HE CHECKS THE ALMANAC!

WHY... WHY... DOCTORS EARN 14% MORE THAN LAWYERS! DRAT... NOW I HAVE TO SPEND ANOTHER EIGHT YEARS IN MEDICAL SCHOOL!

HOW DO I GET ACROSS THE QUADRANGLE ANYHOW?



EIGHT MORE YEARS LATER, THERE EMERGES A WHOLE NEW BREED OF PROFESSIONAL!



A MAN WITH THE EARNING POWER OF A DOCTOR AND A LAWYER COMBINED!



A MAN WHO, THROUGH GROSS INCOMPETENCE AND NEGLIGENCE, CAN DESTROY HUMAN LIVES IN TWO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT WAYS!



A MAN SO MAGNETIC TO WOMEN THAT WHOLE SINGLES BARS DEVELOP WHEREVER HE WALKS!

BUT THIS IS THE APPLIANCE SECTION OF A DEPARTMENT STORE!



THIS WAS BORN DOCTOR-LAWYER! SOMEDAY, AS THE FIELDS OF MEDICINE AND LAW CONTINUE TO MERGE, THERE WILL BE MANY LIKE HIM! BUT FOR NOW THERE IS ONLY ONE, AND YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS HIS TYPICAL GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THEM ALL THAT HAPPENS EVERY WORKDAY!

DOCTOR-LAWYER IN

"THE MAN WHO DROPPED DEAD IN THE AFTERNOON!"

IT IS A BUSTLING DAY IN NEW YORK, WHERE BOTH MEDICAL AND LEGAL FEES ARE HIGHEST, AND THE STREETS ARE FILLED WITH STRESSED MEN AND WOMEN BREATHING IN MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF BUS, CAR, TRUCK, AND TAXI EXHAUST...



HURRY, HAROLD! WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE SHOW!

MARTHA, I'M GOING AS FAST AS AN OVERWEIGHT 52-YEAR-OLD CHAIN SMOKER CAN!



GASP!

HAROLD, WHAT'S THE MATTER? LISTEN, I KNOW THE REVIEWS WEREN'T SO HOT, BUT...

MY CHEST! THIS HORRIBLE CLUTCHING, DEVASTATING PAIN! IT FEELS LIKE A WHOLE PARADE OF TEN-TON STEAMROLLERS JUST RAN OVER ME!

MY GOD! WE'VE GOT TO GET A DOCTOR...



WHEN, OUT OF NOWHERE!

MAY I HELP YOU, MA'M? I HAVE AN M.D., HARVARD '76!

IT'S DOCTOR-LAWYER!

AS THE CROWD THICKENS, DOCTOR-LAWYER QUICKLY EXAMINES THE PATIENT...



HMM... SEVERE CHEST PAINS, YOU SAY?

BUY YOU A DRINK?

YES, DOCTOR, AND EVEN FOR A SIX-PACK-A-DAY MAN, MY BREATH IS A LITTLE SHORT!

DOCTOR-LAWYER MAKES HIS DIAGNOSIS!



WELL, I'D SAY IT'S NOTHING BUT A LITTLE INDIGESTION!



DOC, ARE YOU SURE? I'M TURNING BLUE AND COLD ALL OVER!

YES! I RULED OUT APPENDICITIS BECAUSE THE PAIN IS ON THE LEFT, NOT THE RIGHT SIDE!



JUST TAKE TWO ASPIRINS AND CHECK IN WITH ME AT THIS SAME SPOT ON THE SIDEWALK TOMORROW MORNING!

THANK YOU, DOCTOR! WHAT A RELIEF!

COME ON, HAROLD, OR WE'LL MISS WHEN THE DANCERS COME OUT DRESSED LIKE SUBMARINES!

DOCTOR-LAWYER WHIPS OUT HIS LIGHTNING-SPEED BILL PAD...

WAIT! THAT'LL BE \$250 FOR EMERGENCY TREATMENT, PLEASE!

YOUR COOPERATION IS APPRECIATED IN UNDERSTANDING THAT PAYMENT IS REQUIRED AT THE TIME SERVICES ARE RENDERED!



A BIT LATER

LOOK, HAROLD! DID YOU EVER SEE 40 SUBMARINES KICKING IN UNISON BEFORE? I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL I TELL OUR GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN ABOUT THIS SOMEDAY!

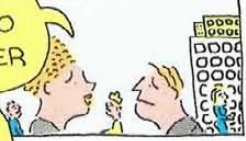
HAROLD? HAROLD? ANSWER ME, HAROLD!

EXCUSE ME, MA'M, COULD I PLEASE GET TO MY SEAT? OH, I CAN'T SEEM TO GET PAST YOUR HUSBAND BECAUSE RIGOR MORTIS HAS SET IN!

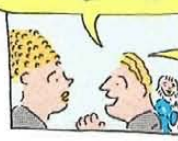


THE NEXT DAY, ON THE SAME NEW YORK SIDEWALK

...AND HE DIED OF A MASSIVE CORONARY DUE TO YOUR TOTALLY INCOMPETENT DIAGNOSIS! I'M GOING TO FIND ME A GOOD LAWYER AND SUE YOU FOR MALPRACTICE! THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN WINNING THE LOTTERY!



MY GOOD WOMAN, THERE'S NO NEED TO TROUBLE YOURSELF SEARCHING FOR ANYONE! YOU SEE, I'M A LAWYER TOO AND I TAKE THE CASE!



WHAT'S MORE, I'LL DO IT FOR JUST 90% OF THE AWARD, IF ANY, PLUS EXPENSES!

BUY YOU A DRINK?

THE DAY OF THE TRIAL ARRIVES!



BAILIFF, BE SURE TO KEEP OUT ALL THE HORDES OF EAGER YOUNG WOMEN WHO WANT TO MARRY THIS MAN BEFORE THE TRIAL IS OVER!

YES SIR, YOUR HONOR!

AS A LAWYER, HE CALLS HIMSELF AS HIS FIRST WITNESS! HIS QUESTIONS FLY RAPIDLY, HARD-HITTING AND DIRECT!



AND WHAT MADE YOU DECIDE THAT A MASSIVE CORONARY WAS MERELY A CASE OF PASSIVE INDIGESTION?

AS A DOCTOR, HE ANSWERS TIMIDLY, BUT TO THE BEST OF HIS MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE!



HE JUST DIDN'T LOOK THAT SICK TO ME!

TELL ME, DID YOU TAKE ANY TESTS THAT WERE CONSISTENT WITH ACCEPTED CURRENT STANDARDS OF MEDICAL PRACTICE?



TEST HIM? LISTEN, I'M A DOCTOR, NOT A SCHOOL-TEACHER!



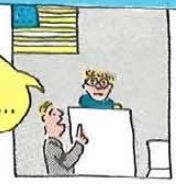
DID YOU ATTEMPT TO OBSERVE THE PATIENT AFTERWARDS TO MAKE SURE YOUR DIAGNOSIS WAS CORRECT?



I WOULD HAVE, EXCEPT I WANTED TO BEAT THE LUNCH HOUR CROWD AT THE BANK!



AS A LAWYER, HE ELOQUENTLY SUMS UP HIS CASE!

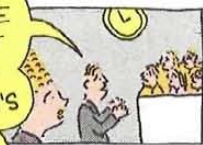


YOUR HONOR...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY...



THIS MAN IS OBVIOUSLY GROSSLY INCOMPETENT AND NEGLIGENT AND SIMPLE JUSTICE REQUIRES THAT YOU AWARD HIS INNOCENT VICTIM'S WIDOW THE FULL SUM OF \$10,000,000!



AS A DOCTOR, HE GASPS!

WHY... THAT'S ALMOST ONE WEEK'S PAY!



AS A LAWYER, HE DECIDES ON A SUDDEN, LAST-MINUTE STRATEGIC MOVE... A GRANDSTAND FINALE THAT BRINGS A HUSH TO THE COURTROOM!

YOUR HONOR, BY LAW XV-407-6 OF THE SOVEREIGN STATE OF NEW YORK, I DEMAND THAT YOU INSTRUCT THE JURY THAT THEY HAVE NO LATITUDE BUT TO RULE IN FAVOR OF THE PLAINTIFF!



LAW XV-407-6 APPLIES TO AUTO THEFT! SINCE YOU'RE EVEN MORE INCOMPETENT AS A LAWYER THAN AS A DOCTOR, I RECOMMEND TO THE JURY THAT YOU LOSE AS LAWYER AND THEREFORE WIN AS DOCTOR!



AFTER BRIEF DELIBERATION...

YOUR HONOR, WE WANT TO GET HOME IN TIME TO WATCH 'DALLAS' RERUNS, SO WE CONCUR!



AS A DOCTOR, OUR HERO IS EXONERATED!

ANOTHER GREAT VICTORY FOR MODERN MEDICINE!



THEN, AS A LAWYER...

SINCE YOU LOST, I GUESS THE LAUGH'S ON YOU! YOU GET 90% OF NOTHING!



UH, THERE IS THIS LITTLE MATTER OF EXPENSES...



OH, MY LATE HUSBAND'S BROTHER, AL, WILL PAY FOR THEM!



CERTAINLY!

DOCTOR-LAWYER AGAIN WHIPS OUT HIS LIGHTNING-SPEED BILL PAD...



YOUR COOPERATION IS APPRECIATED IN UNDERSTANDING THAT PAYMENT IS REQUIRED AT THE TIME SERVICES ARE RENDERED!

GULP! THIS AMOUNT... IT CAN'T BE...



WHY NOT? MY COLLEGE EDUCATION WAS CERTAINLY PART OF MY EXPENSES, WASN'T IT!

GASP!



AL! WHAT'S WRONG!

THIS SUDDEN PAIN IN MY CHEST! IT FEELS LIKE A THUNDERING HERD OF ELEPHANTS STAMPEDING OVER ME!



SOMEONE GET A DOCTOR, QUICK!

BUT I'M A DOCTOR, SIR! HARVARD '76!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME, DOC?

WHY, NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! IT'S OBVIOUSLY JUST A LITTLE INDIGESTION! PROBABLY THE TENSION OF THE TRIAL! TAKE TWO ASPIRINS AND YOU'LL FEEL A LOT BETTER IN THE MORNING!



THANKS, DOC! WHAT A RELIEF!

AND SO DOCTOR-LAWYER'S TYPICAL GREATEST ADVENTURE COMES TO AN END! OR DOES IT? THAT HAS TO WAIT ANOTHER EPISODE— AND ANOTHER DAY'S WORK!

SHYSTERS

Illustrated

Featuring Stories About the
World's Scummiest Attorneys

No.
635

15¢



STORY BY
ANDY SIMMONS
ART BY
ADAM KUBERT

EDWIN MEESE III, LAWYER AND TOP LAW OFFICIAL IN THE COUNTRY, WAS BORN EDUARDO EL MESQUITE IN A SMALL MEXICAN VILLAGE CALLED MAL CERVEZA. THE TOWN WAS SO SMALL THAT EDUARDO WAS BORN IN THE LOCAL RESTAURANT. IT WAS NOT AN EASY BIRTH, BECAUSE IT WAS A MONDAY NIGHT AND MONDAY NIGHT WAS BEEF BURRITO NIGHT AND THE RESTAURANT WAS CROWDED.



EDUARDO, INSTINCTIVELY NOT LIKING HISPANICS, WHOM HE CALLED "TIE-DYED SPOOKS," REFUSED TO COME OUT. AFTER MUCH STRUGGLE, THE DOCTOR TIED ONE END OF A STRING AROUND THE CHILD'S NECK AND THE OTHER END TO A DONKEY, AND YOUNG EDUARDO MESQUITE WAS DELIVERED...



...TEN MILES FROM THE RESTAURANT, AFTER THE DONKEY WAS STOPPED TO HAVE ITS HEAD CUT OFF AT THE LOCAL GLUE FACTORY. ODDLY ENOUGH, LITTLE EDUARDO WAS SPARED BECAUSE HE WAS THOUGHT TO BE A BABY DONKEY--THE SAME MISTAKE PEOPLE WOULD MAKE YEARS LATER.

AS IS THE CUSTOM IN MAL CERVEZA, THE CHILD WAS BATHED IN A BOWL OF BLACK BEAN SOUP AND SWATHED IN THE GIANT CEREMONIAL TACO SHELL, WHICH RESULTED IN THE NICKNAME HE HAD FOR YEARS: TACO.



AT AN EARLY AGE, TACO'S SKILLS AS A LAWYER BECAME EVIDENT....

AND IN CONCLUSION, I SAY MY CLIENT SHOULD NOT HAVE TO EAT ALL HER GARBANZO BEANS IN ORDER TO GET HER CHOCOLATE CHILI MOUSSE DESSERT.



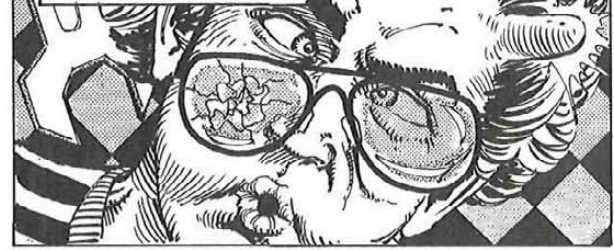
OF COURSE, IF I CAN BE GUARANTEED ONE EXTRA ENCHILADA FOR TOMORROW NIGHT'S DINNER, SHE CAN EAT A CAN OF SUCCOTASH AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED.

BUT LIFE WAS TOUGH IN MAL CERVEZA. SO TOUGH, IN FACT, THE ONLY PRESENTS HE GOT ON HIS BIRTHDAY WERE THOSE GIFTS USEFUL TO THE FAMILY. HIS FAVORITE GIFT WAS HAVING THE PLUMBER COME TO FIX THE SINK.

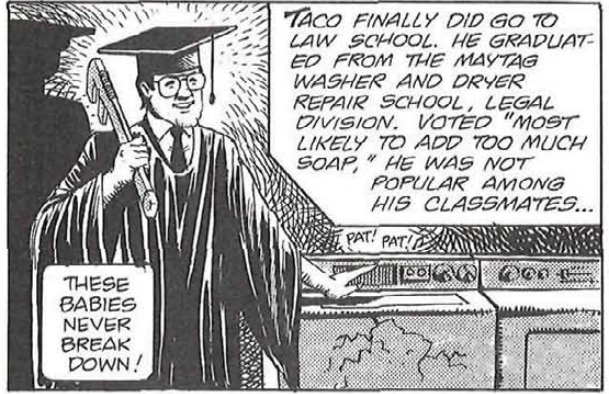


HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LITTLE TACO. WHERE'S THE SINK?

THEY PLAYED GAMES ALL DAY, SUCH AS COLLECT-THE-SPILLAGE AND PASS-THE-SCREWDRIVER. BUT THEN HIS PRESENT, THE PLUMBER, DROPPED A MONKEY WRENCH ON TACO'S HEAD, A BLOW FROM WHICH HE NEVER RECOVERED.



TACO WORKED VERY HARD ON PLANS TO LEAVE HIS POOR VILLAGE IN MEXICO FOR A RICH VILLAGE IN AMERICA CALLED CALIFORNIA, WHERE HE INTENDED TO BECOME A LAWYER AND TAKE BRIBES.



TACO FINALLY DID GO TO LAW SCHOOL. HE GRADUATED FROM THE MAYTAG WASHER AND DRYER REPAIR SCHOOL, LEGAL DIVISION. VOTED "MOST LIKELY TO ADD TOO MUCH SOAP," HE WAS NOT POPULAR AMONG HIS CLASSMATES...

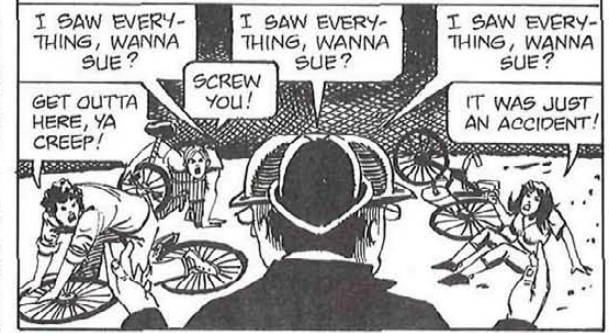
THESE BABIES NEVER BREAK DOWN!

PAT! PAT!

... FOR AT THE BEGINNING OF EACH SCHOOL DAY, HE INSISTED ON A MINUTE OF SILENCE. AS ALL HEADS WERE BOWED, HE STOLE EVERYONE'S LUNCH.



ONCE HE GRADUATED, HE WORKED VERY HARD TO BE THE BEST IN HIS PROFESSION.



I SAW EVERYTHING, WANNA SUE?

I SAW EVERYTHING, WANNA SUE?

I SAW EVERYTHING, WANNA SUE?

GET OUTTA HERE, YA CREEP!

SCREW YOU!

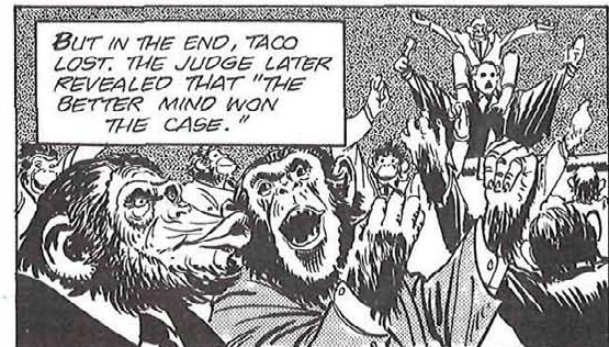
IT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT!



HIS BIG BREAK CAME WHEN HE REPRESENTED ACTOR RON REAGAN AGAINST HIS CO-STAR BONZO AFTER THE PRIMATE POKED THE HUMAN IN THE EYE WITH HIS FINGER.



TACO BROUGHT IN DAMNING EVIDENCE TO BESMIRCH THE DEFENDANT'S CHARACTER.



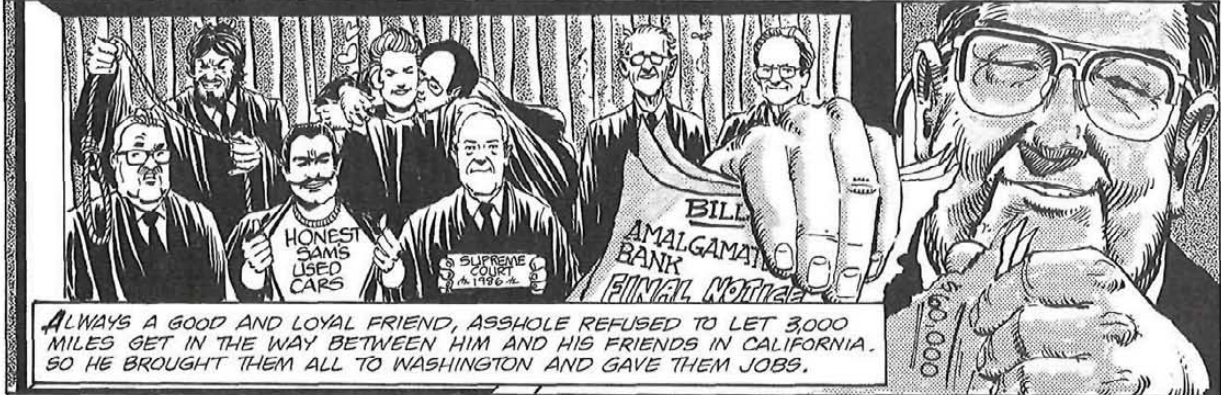
BUT IN THE END, TACO LOST. THE JUDGE LATER REVEALED THAT "THE BETTER MIND WON THE CASE."

BUT WHEN HIS CLIENT BECAME GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA HE BROUGHT HIS LAWYER TO SACRAMENTO WITH HIM, WHERE TACO MADE A NEW NAME FOR HIMSELF: "ASSHOLE."

ASSHOLE'S FIRST POLITICAL VICTORY CAME WHEN HE SUED THE SIERRA CLUB TO PROTECT ENDANGERED FREEWAYS.



WHEN REAGAN BECAME PRESIDENT, HE BROUGHT ASSHOLE TO WASHINGTON WITH HIM. DURING HIS YEARS AS THE PRESIDENT'S LEGAL COUNSEL, ASSHOLE OFTEN TRAVELED AROUND THE WORLD AND USED HIS MANY TALENTS TO SPOT POTENTIAL TROUBLE.



ALWAYS A GOOD AND LOYAL FRIEND, ASSHOLE REFUSED TO LET 3,000 MILES GET IN THE WAY BETWEEN HIM AND HIS FRIENDS IN CALIFORNIA. SO HE BROUGHT THEM ALL TO WASHINGTON AND GAVE THEM JOBS.

SOON HE WAS PROMOTED TO ATTORNEY GENERAL AND DOVE INTO HIS NEW JOB WITH GREAT ZEAL. ONE OF HIS FIRST ACTS WAS TO REFORM THE CIVIL RIGHTS COMMISSION. TO HIS CREDIT HE APPOINTED A WOMAN AND A BLACK MAN TO THE COMMISSION.



ASSHOLE REWROTE TOUGH RESTRICTIONS THAT ALLOWED HIM TO GRANT TAX BREAKS TO NUMEROUS SCHOOLS THAT HAD NEVER ENJOYED THEM BEFORE DUE TO UNCOMPROMISING REGULATIONS.



AND ONE OF THE NEW DEMANDS THAT ASSHOLE STRONGLY PROPOUNDS IS THAT APPOINTEES TO FEDERAL COURT SEATS MUST PASS A RELIGIOUS LITMUS TEST.





FUNNY PAGES



OLIVER ON WHACKO LAND

OLIVER MEETS HIS
BRAND-NEW BOSS
AT THE FACTORY!



I'M NOT SUCH A BAD GUY, OK?

YESSIR!



I JUST WANT YOU IN
GOOD SHAPE FOR THE
FACTORY, OK?

YESSIR!



FIRST OFF, YOU NEED A NEW HEAD, OK?

YES
ZACKNMFNG
ZZIR!

Sam Wilson



A COUPLE OF NEW HANDS, OK?

YEZZERR!



NOW YOU'RE READY,
SO GET THE FUCK
TO WORK, OK?

YEZZERR

HEY--WAIT UNTIL
YOU SEE OLIVER'S
SWELL NEW JOB !!!!

TROTS AND BONNIE



IT'S THE EIGHTIES... CASUAL SEX IS OUT.

I'VE STOPPED SLEEPING AROUND AND SO HAVE ALL MY FRIENDS.



THESE GUYS ARE PROBABLY GOING TO HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL THEY'RE TWENTY OR THIRTY AND MARRIED BEFORE THEY GET TO GO TO BED WITH A GIRL.



NOBODY'S ACTUALLY HAVING SEX ANYMORE, SO THERE'S GOING TO BE A BIG BOOM IN SECONDARY SEXUAL EXPERIENCES.



MARY AND I ARE GOING TO RIDE THE CREST OF THE TREND AND CASH IN. WE'RE GOING TO START A MAGAZINE AND GET INTO VIDEO.



I'M HER MANAGER AND SHE CUTS ME IN ON A SHARE OF THE PROFITS.

WE'RE GOING TO INCORPORATE, THEN INVESTIGATE A MERGER WITH THE NINTH-GRADERS.

THEN WE'LL RAISE OUR PRICES.



BUT PEPsi... I THOUGHT YOU WERE A FEMINIST... ISN'T THIS EXPLOITING?

IT'S THE EIGHTIES! FEMINISM IS OUT. BIG BUCKS ARE IN.



HOW CAN PEOPLE JUST LOSE THEIR SCRUPLES?...

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO IDEALISM?...

AT FOUR DOLLARS AN HOUR, HOW MUCH CAN I MAKE HERE A WEEK?

WHEN THEY GO PUBLIC, I'M GOING TO BUY STOCK.

TITS TICKETS PAY HERE

©86 SHARY FLENNIKEN

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

SEX AND
VIOLENCE

RICK
GEARY
©86



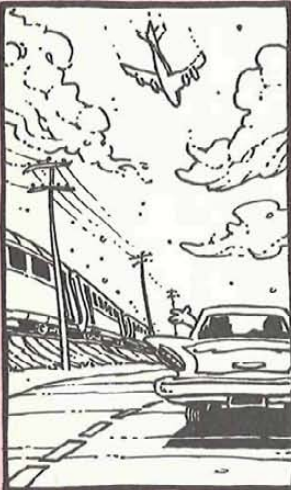
SEEMS IT'S EVERYWHERE
YOU LOOK THESE DAYS....



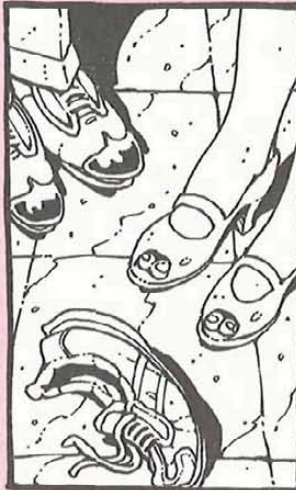
OUR APPETITES ARE
APPARENTLY BOUNDLESS.



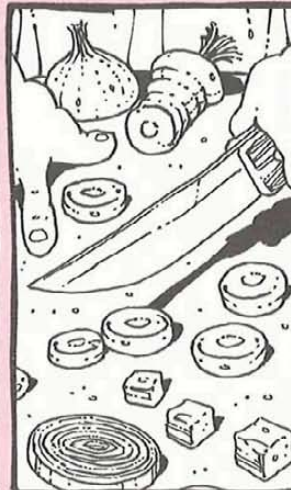
BUT TO WHAT EFFECT, DO
YOU SUPPOSE, UPON OUR
NATION?



FOR ONE THING, MORE PEOPLE
HAVE CHANGED THEIR
PLACE OF RESIDENCE....



ALSO, MORE FOLKS ARE
CHEAPLY YET ATTRACTIVELY
SLAYED....



MORE FOOD HAS BEEN
CUT INTO BITESIZE CHUNKS....



MORE PEOPLE CLAIM TO BE
"ENTERTAINERS"....



APES HAVE LEARN'T
TO SPEAK....



A HUGE "WORLD TRADE
CENTER" HAS ARISEN—
ALMOST OVERNITE!



IT SEEMS, IN SHORT, THAT
EVERY CITIZEN ENJOYS HIS
MEASURE OF HAPPINESS
AND PROSPERITY.



SO LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES!

WHY HAVE YOU COME TO MY SHOP, MRS. NOSEHAIRS?

MR. DRAPER, IT'S MY HUSBAND, THESE FOTOS (SOB) TAKEN BY A DETECTIVE. (SOB, SOB)

HMM, IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR HUSBAND IS GOING OUT ON A DATE WITH A CHAIR.

YES, OUR CHAIR, MR. DRAPER. (SOB)

OUR CHAIR.

Steve DRAPER
Custom Reupholstener

by RON BARRETT

HE SNEAKS THE CHAIR OUT OF OUR HOUSE...

THEN (SOB) THEY GO TO A MOVIE OR DINNER...

AND THEN THEY GO TO A MOTEL AND, AND... (SOB! SOB!)



HMM, NICE LEGS! ENGLISH CHIPPENDALE, PROBABLY CIRCA 1765.

AND THE CHAIR GOT ALL STAINED AND THEN PREGNANT BY HIM AND IT GAVE BIRTH TO THIS COSSACK.

THAT'S A HASSOCK!
COSSACKS CHASE JEWISH PEOPLE.
KITCHY-KOO!

I'M SURE, GIVEN LARGE BILLS IN SUFFICIENT QUANTITY, I CAN HELP YOU.

BUT HOW?

PLASTIC SLIPCOVERS FOR THEM BOTH!



Dog Date Diary



Dreamin' of her...



And the moment we shared together.



Oh! Gettin' hot.



Damn these paws! Sure wish I had hands!

ONE PRIEST YOU DON'T WANNA DOUBLE-CROSS...
DIRTY FATHER HARRY
 PRIVATE CELIBATE DICK



SAM DEGROOT
 The FREE WORLD'S
ONLY PRIVATE DETECTIVE
 IN AN IRON LUNG MACHINE!
 THE WIFE OF BILLIONAIRE LUDWIG VAN BUREN SUMMONS SAM TO HER PARK AVENUE RESIDENCE SAYING THAT HER LIFE IS IN DANGER!

MR. VAN BUREN AND HIS BODYGUARD, HERMAN, HAVE LEFT, MR. DEGROOT. NOW'S A GOOD TIME TO SEE MRS. VAN BUREN ALONE. I'LL CALL UP AND TELL HER YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY.

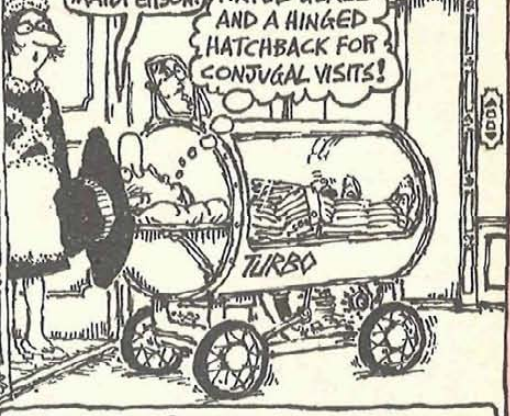


THANKS, DOORPERSON.

PLEASE COME IN, MR. DEGROOT.

THANKS, MAIDPERSON.

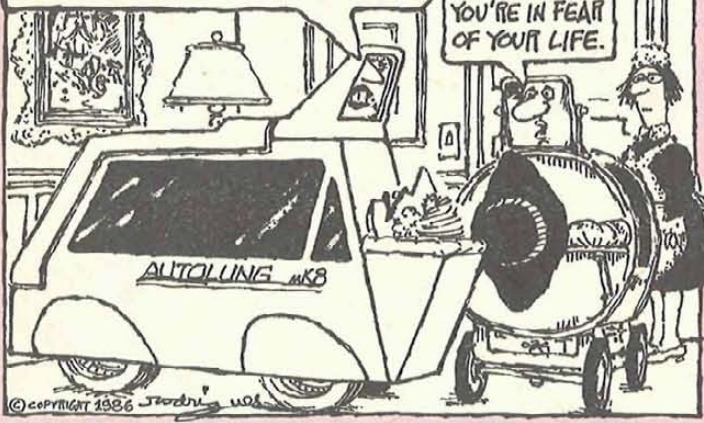
WOW! A SWEDISH AUTOLUNG MARK 8, WITH TINTED GLASS AND A HINGED HATCHBACK FOR CONJUGAL VISITS!



I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE, MR. DEGROOT! YOU MUST HELP ME! HE'S EVIL, I JUST KNOW THAT HE'S GOING TO —

THERE, THERE, MRS. VAN BUREN, TELL ME WHY YOU'RE IN FEAR OF YOUR LIFE.

IT ALL BEGAN 8 YEARS AGO AT OUR COUNTRY HOME IN VIRGINIA. MY HUSBAND, LUDWIG, HAD GONE TO INDONESIA ON AN OIL DRILLING VENTURE. ANGUS, OUR GAMEKEEPER, CAME TO THE HOUSE TO INQUIRE ABOUT RESTOCKING PARTRIDGE. WE TALKED AND I OFFERED HIM COFFEE. I WAS LONELY... ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER — OH, THIS IS ALL VERY DIFFICULT FOR ME, MR. DEGROOT...



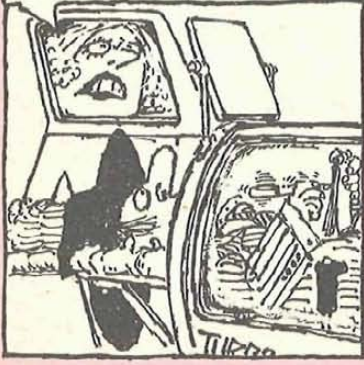
TUT, TUT, MRS. VAN BUREN, NOT TO WORRY, IN THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE BUSINESS, THIS IS VERY TAME STUFF, PLEASE CONTINUE....

...WELL, BEFORE I REALIZED WHAT WAS HAPPENING, CARNALITY TOOK POSSESSION OF ME. UNCONTROLLABLE PASSION INEXORABLY SWELLED WITHIN ME AND I SUCCUMBED TO ANGUS' ADVANCES AND PERMITTED HIM TO ENTER THE CHAMBER OF MY IRON LUNG WHERE HE — WELL, I NEEDN'T SAY MORE, MR. DEGROOT....

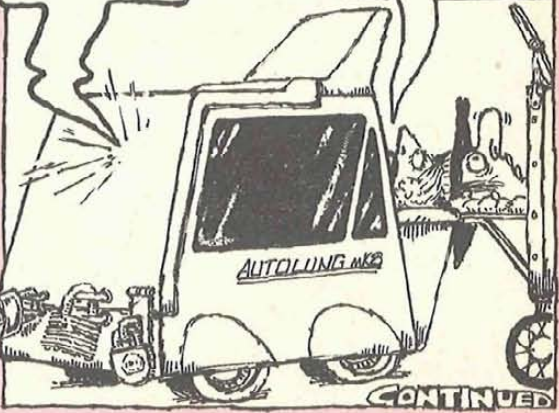
...BY NOW YOU CAN GUESS WHAT HAPPENED, MR. DEGROOT. LUDWIG FLEW HOME UNEXPECTEDLY, FINDING ANGUS AND ME IN A MOST EMBARRASSING SITUATION....

THE PHEASANT AND GROUSE ARE PLENTIFUL THIS YEAR, MRS. VAN BUREN, BUT I'D RECOMMEND RESTOCKING THREE, MAYBE FOUR DOZEN PARTRIDGE....

DO YOU SEE NOW WHAT AN EVIL MAN MY HUSBAND IS, MR. DEGROOT? HE HAS DRIVEN POOR ANGUS MAD!



...AND ARE YOU SAYING THAT HE'S OUT TO HARM YOU NOW, 8 YEARS AFTER FINDING A MAN INSIDE YOUR IRON LUNG?



CONTINUED

TIMBERLAND TALES

by - B.K. Taylor



IT'S THE BEGINNING OF A NEW YEAR IN TIMBERLAND, AND IN THE OFFICE CABIN OF DR. ROGERS, A GATHERING OF FRIENDS IS TAKING PLACE TO HELP CELEBRATE THE EVENT.

OH, DR. ROGERS! MAYBE WE SHOULD'NT...

I KNOW THIS ISN'T SOMETHING WE NORMALLY DO, BUT I'M GOING TO LIVEN UP THE EGGNOG A BIT.

IT'S THE HOLIDAYS - LET'S CELEBRATE!

CAN WE 'AVE SOME!?

SOME TIME LATER...

DOWN BY THE OL' MILL STREAM...

'ERE, FOAMY, SPEAK! DEN YOU CAN 'AVE A DRINK.

... NOT THE RIVER BUT THE STREAM

MOO!

AS THE NIGHT WEARS ON, THE DANCING BEGINS.

JUMP, JUMP FOR MY LOVE - JUMP UP...

WHOOO HA !!!

ISHN'T THISH FUN!

YESH IT ISH!

HUK HA! LOOK AT FOAMY! ESHS FOAMYER DEN EVER!

HOP HOP

HERE, TOM - KATHLEEN WOULD LIKE TO DANCE WITH YOU!

TOM'S BRAIN-DAMAGED MIND IS FURTHER CONFUSED BY THE CONSUMPTION OF RUM.

NO, TOM, I SHAI'D KASHLEEN!

CHUCKLE

GAFFAN HE THINKS I...

NO! TOM, PUT ME DOWN...

YEEEAHHH!

DR. ROGERS IS RUDELY CATAPULTED ACROSS THE CABIN.

SCUFF

THE FESTIVE MOOD IS INTERRUPTED BY AN OVERTURNED KEROSENE LAMP.

FIRE! QUICK, MAURICE, TOM - HELP ME GET THE DOCTOR OUTSIDE!

THE GROUP STANDS OUTSIDE THE BURNING CABIN OF DR. ROGERS QUIETLY WATCHING UNTIL...

DON'T WORRY, DOCTOR ROGERS - TOMORROW IS A NEW SHAY...

I SHAPOSE SO... SIGH?

EHHH! YOUR 'AIR'S ON FIRE!

BWIP!

SHMOO.

© 1983 B.K. Taylor

SICK AND FAMOUS
continued from page 50

I smiled, too, and settled back in my chair. My tape recorder hummed quietly. "Now," I said. "I want you to relax. I want you to talk to me. Tell me what your problems are. What's troubling you. Tell me about your ambitions. Your aims. Your plans."

He lay there silently. Not a word came from his lips. His eyes fixed on the autographed picture of Sophia Loren hanging over my desk. Finally I heard something. I leaned toward him.

"What was that you said?" I asked. "Rmmph," he said.

What does that mean, I wondered. I sat back in my chair. Now his eyes were closed. He was asleep.

It seemed like forever, but it was only forty-five minutes. The small alarm clock on my desk buzzed to let me know that the session was over. I shook him gently. His eyes opened slowly. He sat up, straightened his tie, and looked at me.

"What do you think, Doc?" he asked.

I studied him, and years of trained intuition pushed a decision into the foreground of my mind.

"I think," I told him, "that you are the perfect man to follow President Reagan into the White House."

He smiled and took out two fifty-yard-

line tickets to the next Buffalo Bills home game. He held my hand as he gave me the tickets.

"That's all I needed to know," he said. And he walked gingerly out of my office.

I locked my office door and notified my secretary that I was not to be disturbed. I took "the" key from the bottom drawer of my desk and, unlocking the wall safe, I withdrew a tape. I looked at it for a long time. The label on the black cassette read simply: "Ronald Reagan, ex-governor California, January 12, 1979." I slipped the cassette into the recorder, sat back, and listened.

For about fifteen minutes there was total silence, then clearly, emphatically, like a laser beam piercing my brain, came that sound.

The sound of Ronald Reagan's voice. It said, "Rmmph."

I stopped the machine and stared at it. Then I nodded.

I was right.

**Session with
Miss Joan Collins**

The impending threat of menopause has driven Miss Collins to seek out the company of younger and younger men, creating both intra- and interpersonal difficulties. Nonetheless she seems to be

genuinely happy with her latest companion, and is looking forward to attending his bar mitzvah early next month. I began today's session with some word association in an attempt to bolster Miss Collins's low self-image. She insists that she is nothing more than a shallow and aging wanton, whose voracious sexual appetite is symptomatic of...a voracious sexual appetite. I am determined to prove her wrong. (The following represents a sampling of my word-association technique with this patient.)

Myself		Miss Collins
Black	—	Dick
White	—	Dick (small)
House	—	Crotch
Father	—	Stud
Mouth	—	Tongue
Breasts	—	Nipples
Wet	—	Thighs
Hump	—	Hard
Ooooh!	—	Pardon me, Doctor?

The problem was a good deal more complex than I'd imagined and would require deeper probing. I decided to hypnotize her. After I had placed Miss Collins in a trance I had her reexperience her early childhood; then I had her reexperience puberty; then I had her slip off her panties and pull her dress up over her head. ■

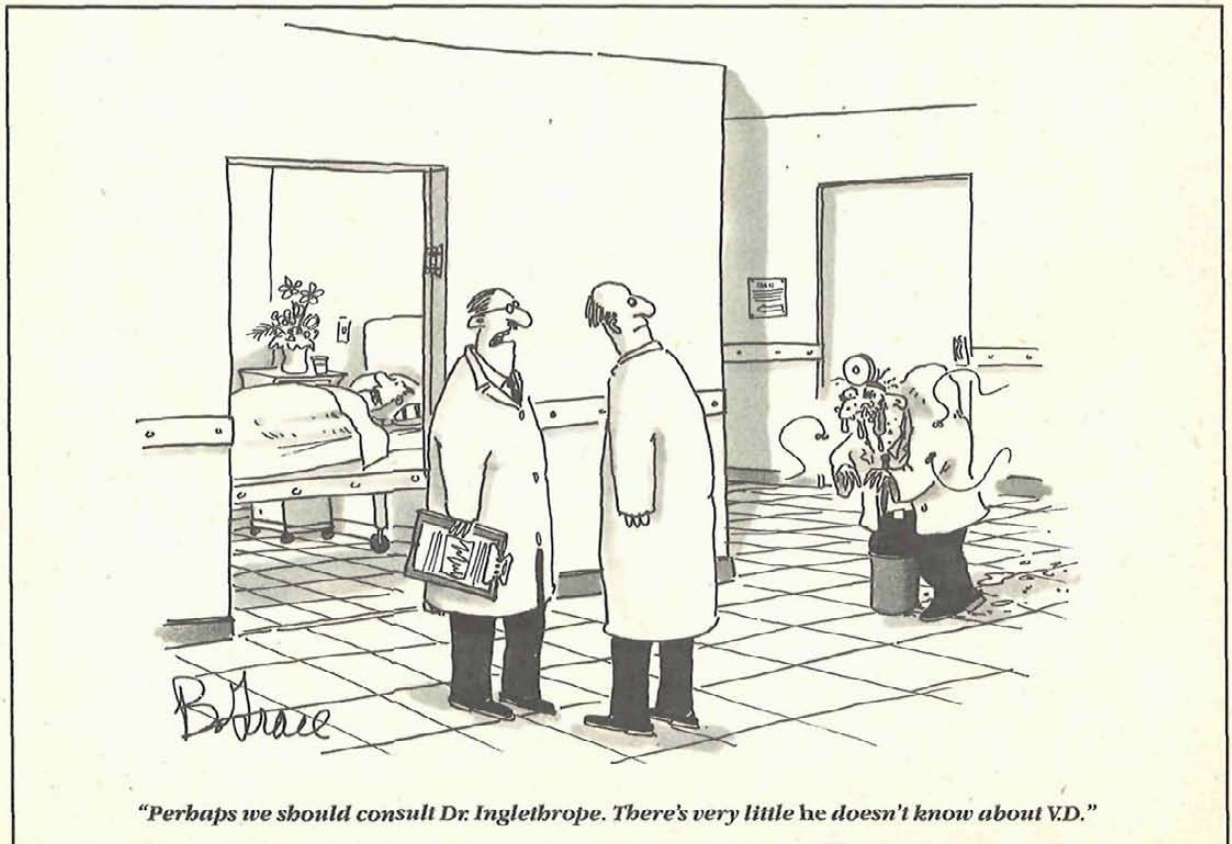


FOTO FUNNIES



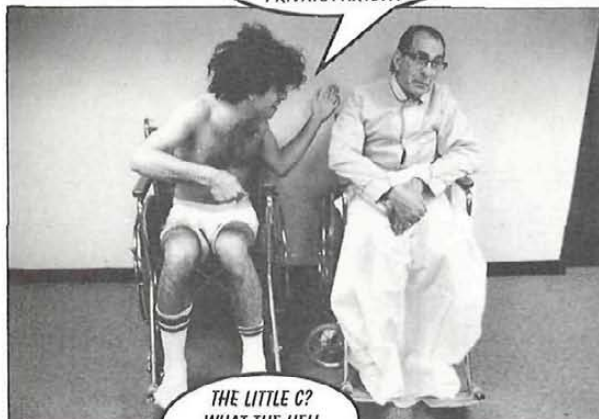
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH.



WEEKS OF DAILY HOSPITAL VISITS, CONSTANT MEDICAL TREATMENT, PROBES OF MY MOST PRIVATE PARTS...



BUT I DID IT. I FINALLY LICKED THE LITTLE C.



THE LITTLE C? WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?



CRABS.



BEDPAN ALLEY

continued from page 23

horrified, saying they wouldn't shave a *healthy* asshole, no less these "emerging nations." I told those goldbricks that a war was on! After all, "Ours is not to spout rebuke/Ours is but to shave or puke." With those words to inspire me, I leaped into the fray. In no time at all, I was shaving those eyesores till they glistened, and my technique became so admired it was dubbed Boyle's "hcinic-glide." Pretty soon every asshole in the place was roaring for my razor and my sweet "butt-side manner." The big tips started rollin' in, just like the old days, and even the surgeons got to know and appreciate my work. It made me mighty proud.

The Glamour Years

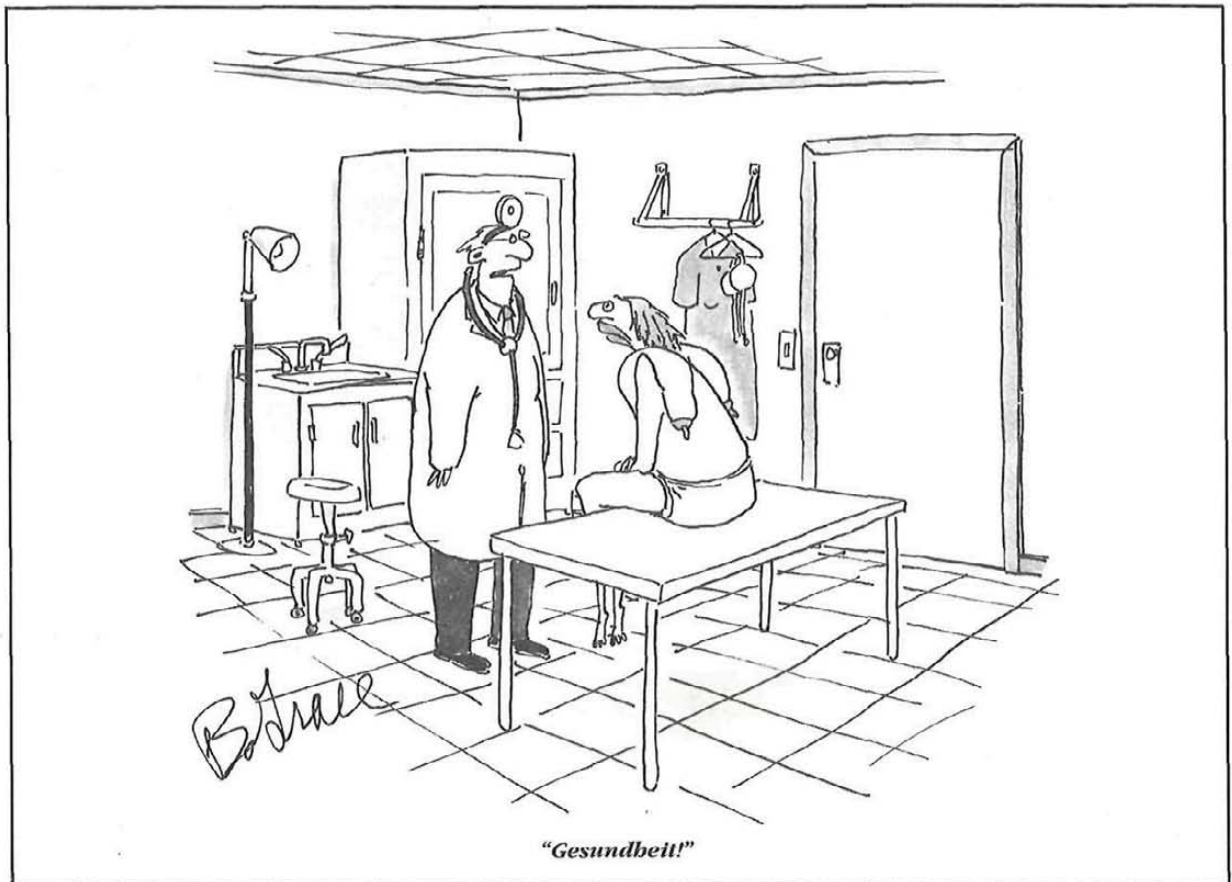
After the war, things pretty much ground to a halt in Brooklyn. Most of the wounded were sent to the fancy new V.A. hospitals, and once the wartime bureaucracy had finally been dismantled, I ran out of 'roids, but pronto! However, once again fate stepped in and saved me from abandoning my chosen profession. This time, fortune came early in 1947, in the form of a letter from one of my high-living

friends from Harlem days, Mr. Bugsy Siegel. See, I did old Bugs a solid favor back then, and he apparently never forgot it. It seems one of his numbers men had been holding out on some of Bugs's profits. Justice prevailed, however, when this little chiseler checked into the Nazarene with chronic constipation. As a favor to Bugsy, I slipped the weasel a red-hot jalapeño enema. Bugs was in the room, standing behind a screen, and he nearly died laughing at the desired results. Anyway, mobster-mopster relations ran deep, and Bugs wrote that he wouldn't let "them croakers" at him without me close by. Truth to tell, I had developed a little bursitis from all those cold winters in that Brooklyn mop closet, so I was ready for that sun-kissed land of dreams. Bugs made all the arrangements, and this boy was gone.

When I arrived on the Super Chief, there was a limo there to greet me and my trunks full of special equipment. That chauffeur didn't take me to any hospital; no, he whisked me up to the ultra-exclusive Sans Souci Sanitarium, where all the fancy film folk did their dryin' out and whatnot. Bugs was there to greet me, along with his pal George Raft. When I was shown to my little HQ, I almost shit my shorts. The "mop closet" turned out to be a lounge with

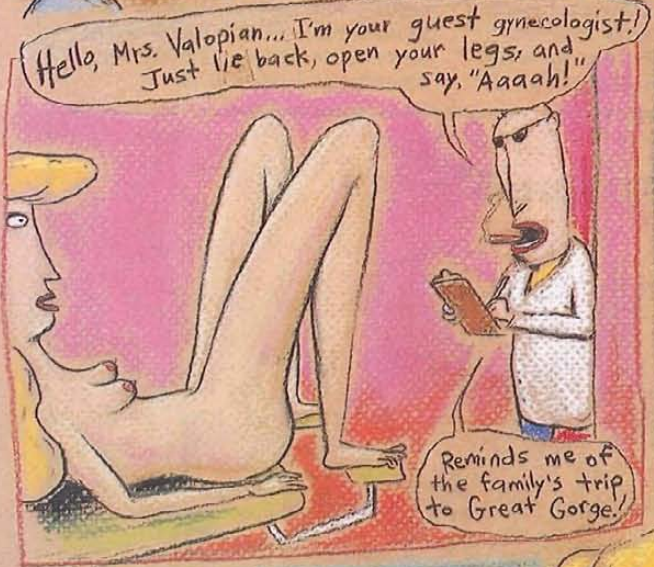
plenty of room for a personal staff of three. There was TV, radio, and round-the-clock maid service! I didn't let it turn my head, though.

Well, what started out as a short visit to massage Bugsy's palpitating prostate turned into more than twenty years of coddling the colons, corns, and carbuncles of some of Hollywood's brightest lights. My mops, now pushed by my staff, seemed to glisten with more tinsel than turds, and I reveled in my role of "stoolboy to the stars." With my natural inclination for innovation, I began to move into unexplored areas of synthetic glamour. How well I remember the glamorous Jayne Mansfield checking in for a discreet titty tuck. I had long used my own handmade silicone gloves for critical rectal massage, prizing the substance for its "natural" fleshlike qualities. I had made friends with Miss Mansfield's personal physician, whose income depended largely on the well-being of Jayne's jugs. This fellow daringly took my suggestion and beefed up the Mansfield bust line with the world's first silicone implants. How proudly I watched as the stitches came out and success was unveiled. How lovingly, during these critical days of adjustment, I sat with a strip of velvet, vigorously "buffin' the stuffin'" until her two perfect

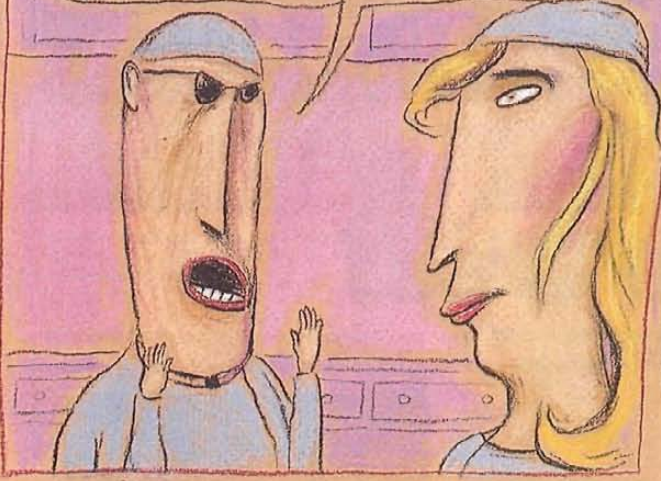


Mr. Vengeance

by buddy hickerson



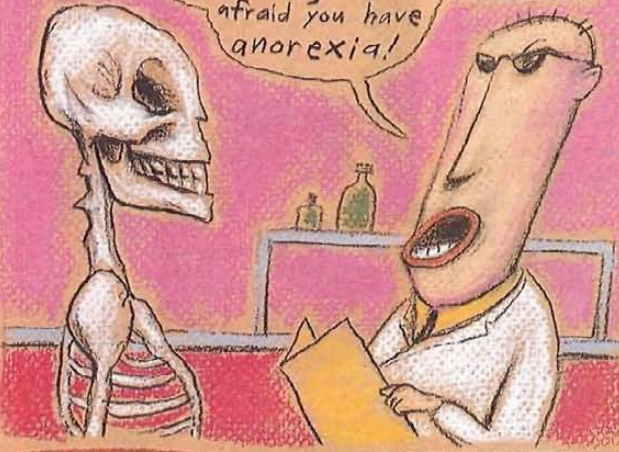
Allright, nurse... I'm sterile! We can safely have a quickie after the operation!



Nurse! I thought I told you to call the exterminator! Look... a SPIDER!!



Well, we took out everything we could, Mr. Lean... but now there's something else wrong... I'm afraid you have anorexia!



Meanwhile, back outside... the bloated Dr. Miser's enema hose abruptly pops out!



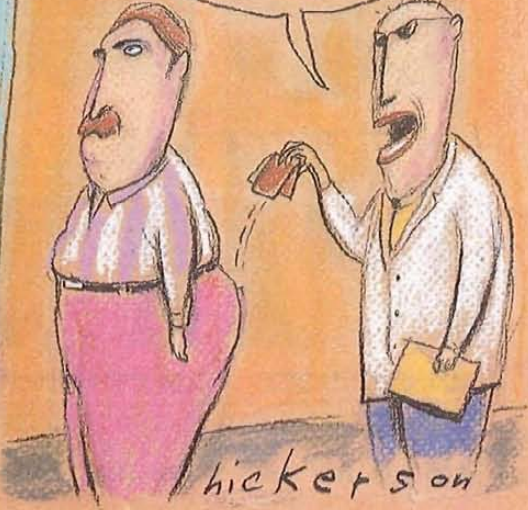
Doctor! Hundreds of patients are drowning in a flood on Floor 1!



Well, Dr. Miser's a lake. And if I play it right, I'll get to keep his job! From now on, I've got to uphold the time-honored standards of the American Medical Profession!



LATER: O.K., Mr. Schmetz... Does it hurt when I do this?



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 planted/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 Griswalds 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 fleece 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 tricot 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



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



TS 1067—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 1063—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.



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

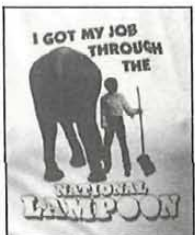


TS1036—National Lampoon Football Jersey With the famed V neck covered by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95

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 or black. \$20.95



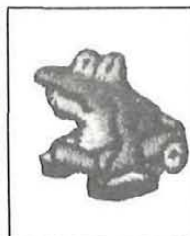
TS1028—National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey Says "We can do anything we want, we're college students" on the back. And with 3/4 length sleeves, you can keep more of your arm clean when you slide into second. \$7.00



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

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	TS 1045 \$18.95	—S_M_L_XL
TS 1026 \$5.95	—S_M_L		COLOR _____	TS 1046 \$13.95	—S_M_L_XL
TS 1027 \$7.00	—S_M_L	TS 1036 \$13.95	—S_M_L	TS 1047 \$14.95	—S_M_L_XL
TS 1028 \$7.00	—S_M_L	TS 1038 \$20.95	—S_M_L	TS 1048 \$9.50	—S_M_L_XL
TS 1029 \$5.95	—S_M_L		COLOR _____	TS 1049 \$20.95	—S_M_L_XL
TS 1030 \$33.95	—S_M_L	TS 1039 \$10.95	—S_M_L	TS 1050 \$26.95	—S_M_L_XL
TS 1031 \$6.95	—S_M_L	TS 1040 \$7.95	—S_M_L	TS 1052 \$10.95	—S_M_L_XL
TS 1032 \$6.95	—S_M_L	TS 1041 \$6.95	—S_M_L	TS 1053 \$10.95	—S_M_L_XL
TS 1034 \$13.95	—S_M_L_XL	TS 1043A \$16.95	—S_M_L_XL	TS 1057 \$10.95	—S_M_L_XL
	COLOR _____	TS 1044B \$16.95	—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 LAMP, Dept. 486, 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.

LEGAL BRIEFS

continued from page 34

Betsy Nelson of Arlington, Virginia, sued Irving's Sports store of nearby Falls Church after security personnel there falsely accused her of shoplifting a basketball. Nelson, thirty-three, was nine months pregnant at the time. (Bergen County, New Jersey) *Record*

Paul Crawford of Glenwood Springs, Colorado, a carpenter and poet, sued city authorities on behalf of mosquitoes killed by a spraying program there. *Toronto Sun*

In a California court, Stephen C. Sayre sued the Continental Baking Company, makers of Hostess products, for \$100 million, charging that their television ads for "fresh" and "wholesome" foods were "blatant and criminal fraud." Sayre claimed to have been addicted to such Hostess baked goods as *Donut Gems*, *Choco-Diles*, *Sno Balls*, *Suzy Q's*, and *Honey Buns*. *Sacramento Bee*

Frank Maggio hired a lawyer after the Beatrice Food Company refused to pay the \$20 million he claimed to have won in Beatrice's Monday Night Football Contest. Maggio said he had figured out how to win the scratch-off-card contest, which was quickly canceled by a Beatrice official, who said, "We have no intention of honoring Mr. Maggio's cards."

Maggio works as a salesman for the competing Procter & Gamble Company. *AP*

Convict Michael Gene Haas sued the state of Minnesota and a number of local law enforcement agencies for \$12 million in damages allegedly incurred while he worked undercover for local county sheriffs. According to the *Redwood Gazette* of Redwood Falls, Minnesota, Haas, who said he was an alcoholic and a drug addict, "claims he was permitted to have sex with his girlfriend in her apartment and in the jail's kitchen following [undercover] drug buys." By supplying him with drugs and sex, Haas claimed, authorities were inflicting "cruel and unusual punishment in violation of the Eighth Amendment."

Philadelphia International Productions, makers of a documentary film on women's bodybuilding competition, filed suit in a federal court accusing former television host Ron "The Ghoul" Sweed of "unauthorized malicious activity" in presenting their film on a Cleveland station.

According to the suit, Sweed introduced the show by telling viewers to "get their deodorant ready."

Further, the suit contends, unauthorized sounds were added to the film. According to the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, "When contestants are running on the beach the audience is treated to the sounds of running cattle and flying bullets. Contestant Marjo Selin had Tarzan yells inserted during her prejudging, and Lynn Konkwright's appearance was complete with barking dogs and continuous laughter."

In addition, "Doris Barrilleaux, chairwoman of the International Female Body Builders, is introduced, punctuated with

a large belch."

Philadelphia International claims it was "damaged, libeled, slandered, and that its copyright was infringed." PIP asked \$30 million in damages.

However, one source close to the case maintains that Channel 61 ran the movie as a favor to its producer, who was told how it would be presented. "They didn't care then," said the source. "All they wanted was the airtime."

Undertakers Who Keep Lawyers Really Busy

An Oakland, California, family sued the Sunrise Memorial Cemetery in Vallejo, California, for trying to mash a coffin into an undersized grave. The suit contends that cemetery workers tried to lower the coffin on its side but were stopped by mourners. Then they allegedly "battered and pounded the coffin" and finally jumped up and down on it, "causing the coffin to break." The family sought \$500,000 in damages. *Indianapolis News*

A Brownsville, Texas, family filed suit against the Trevino Funeral Home for dropping the casket of a stillborn infant and allowing the body to roll across the floor to the feet of the grieving family. *Houston Post*

The family of Marion Earle was awarded \$200,000 in a suit against an independent California hearse operator who crashed while transporting the woman's body. He was arrested at the site for drunken driving and jailed, but he failed to inform anyone of his whereabouts or that of the body for more than a day. *Los Angeles Times*

The Knight family of St. Petersburg, Florida, sued the Eternal Light Funeral Chapel for what their lawyer described as "reckless" and "outrageous" conduct in the funeral of Elias Knight. Specifically, the suit charged that the bottom fell out of Knight's casket as it was being brought into church, and that a piece of iron fell on Knight's face. The suit also claimed that "during the visitation period before the funeral, 'agents' of Eternal Light circulated among family members and tried to sell grave sites. Another 'agent' tried to get a date with one of the family members."

Shelton Philips, an attorney for Eternal Light, told the jury, "Nobody's perfect." *St. Petersburg Times*

Relatives of Susan Kay Luth sued the Botimer Family Mortuary for \$2.5 million because Luth's body was green when it arrived in Colorado for burial. Funeral-home owner Jack W. Botimer said the body was in that condition



"Yes, Mrs. Merton, you still have to pay today's TV rental."

when it was turned over to him by the county medical examiner's office, but he admitted the body was still "a pretty shade of green" when it left Phoenix. *Arizona Republic*

Other Memorable Clients

The A. H. Robins Company, a large drug firm, learned it had lost a \$550,000 lawsuit in Texas only after the plaintiff threatened to have federal marshals seize the drug firm's assets. The case, which the company lost one year earlier, came to the attention of company executives when a newspaper reporter asked for the company's comment on the threatened seizure of assets. A spokesman for Robins said the suit apparently "fell between the cracks." (Vancouver, British Columbia) *Province*

Twenty-year-old James Moore of Westminster, Colorado, showed up at a pretrial hearing on burglary charges wearing a suede jacket taken in the theft. *Denver Post*

Fifty-four-year-old John Schepel, demanding the return of his Chevrolet van in a bitter divorce battle, took his wife's dentures from the family home in Buena Park, California, and held them hostage. *Vancouver (British Columbia) Sun*

Public defender Jan McDonald and two others in a Hillsborough, Florida, courtroom spotted twenty-one-year-old Juan Morales rifling through McDonald's purse. At the time, McDonald was defending Morales on charges of aggravated battery. *San Antonio Light*

Without apparent provocation, a twenty-four-year-old arson defendant took off all his clothes in the middle of a Titusville, Florida, courtroom. "We were shocked," said a court clerk. (Polk County, Florida) *Ledger*

Lawyers Who Write Good

New Orleans attorney Joseph B. Stahl sued a neighbor whose Doberman pinscher barked with "piercing, incapable, sky-rending, soul-clawing explosiveness."

His complaint read in part: "The sudden, unforwarned, and blatant eruption into the otherwise decorous stillness of a residential neighborhood in uptown New Orleans of said dog's coarse, loud, rasping barks bursts upon the consciousness with a shock that threatens forthwith to rip one loose from one's sanity, and its continuation sets one's teeth on edge with a well-nigh unbearably aggravated rage at both the

intrinsically disturbing quality of the noise itself and the hopelessness of its immediate removal by any means short of murdering the brute on the spot." *Shreveport Times*

Bill number 594, entitled "An Act to Amend Chapter 14, Title 11 Delaware Code Relating to Wearing Body Armor During the Commission of a Felony," was put before the Delaware State Senate, sponsored by twelve legislators. Its first provision read:

"§1449. *Wearing Body Armor During the Commission of a Felony:*

"A person who wears body armor during the commission of a felony is guilty of wearing body armor during the commission of a felony.

"Wearing body armor during the commission of a felony is a Class B felony."

Lawyers Who Don't Know When to Quit

Defending a man accused of kicking a neighbor's car, a Florida attorney sang his final argument to the jury to the tune of "Vesti la giubba" from the opera *Pagliacci*.

According to *Student Lawyer*, it went like this: "Innocent or is this man guilty? He is not guilty!"

The jury found the client guilty.

According to the *Herald of Melbourne, Australia*, a suburban law office got a phone call from "an agitated woman saying there was a man at her door asking her to accept a summons from a firm of debt collectors. She asked

for advice on how to get rid of the man without accepting the subpoena. She was passed on to one of the firm's lawyers, who took fifteen minutes to explain that she should just close the door and not allow the man to hand the legal document to her."

Later she called back to thank the lawyer for his help, explaining that the ploy had worked. But when the lawyer asked why she had chosen to call his firm, she said, "Because I noticed your name was on the summons when the man first produced it."

New Hampshire attorney David Case, who often reenacted events to help him prepare cases, apparently attempted to reenact the death of a former client who had hanged himself in his jail cell. In the process, Case accidentally hanged himself to death. *AP*

Who Needs a Lawyer, Anyway?

Defending himself in an Oklahoma City court against armed robbery charges, Dennis Newton leaped to his feet when a witness identified him as the man who had robbed a convenience store. Newton screamed that the woman was a liar and that he should have blown her head off.

"If I had been the one who was there," he added after a moment's pause. It took the jury thirty minutes to bring in a guilty verdict. *Lima (Ohio) News*

Representing himself as plaintiff in an automobile accident case, an elderly

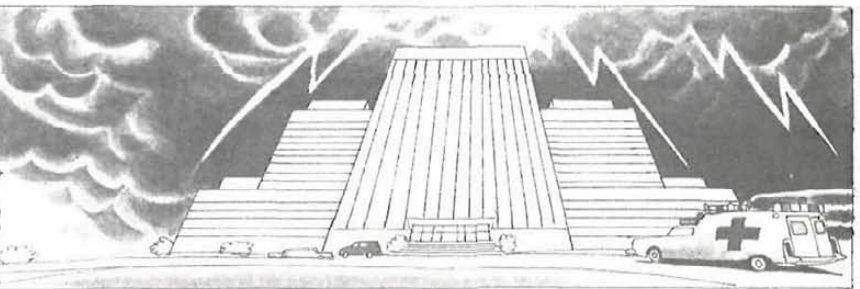
continued on page 80



AN ACCIDENT IN
THE ARTIFICIAL
INTELLIGENCE LAB
TURNED SAINT HELEN'S
HOSPITAL INTO...

ST HELL'S

Randy Jones '86...

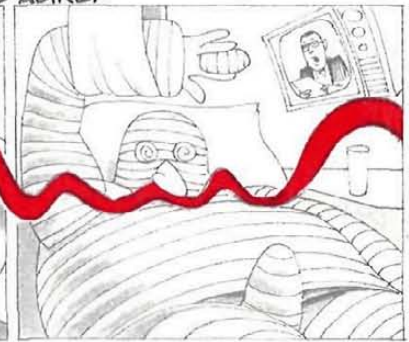


IT ALL BEGAN WHEN DR. FLACCID
IGNORED HIS EXPERIMENT AND LEFT
A BUNSEN BURNER ON TOO LONG,
THUS RELEASING A TOXIC CLOUD
OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE
INTO THE ATMOSPHERE!



WITHIN SECONDS, STRANGE THINGS STARTED HAPPENING TO
DOCTORS AND PATIENTS ALIKE!

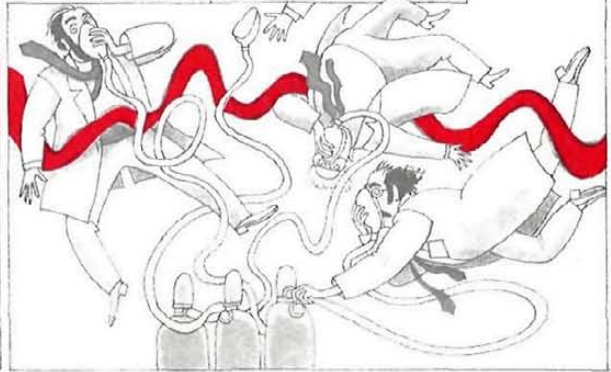
THE GAS
FOUND ITS
WAY INTO THE
VENTILATION
SYSTEM, THUS
INTO EVERY
CORNER OF
ST. HELEN'S!



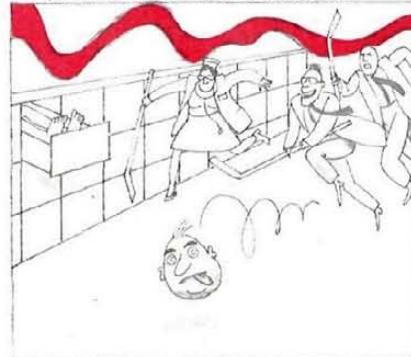
THE EMERGENCY WARD BECAME A ZOO!



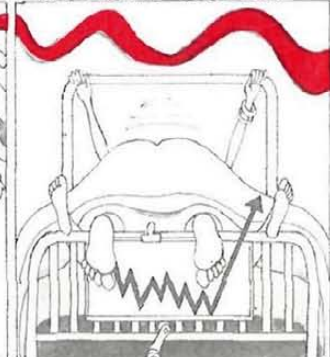
THE ANESTHETISTS WERE FLYING IN SPACE!



FLOOR HOCKEY IN THE MORGUE...
WITH SOMEBODY'S FACE...



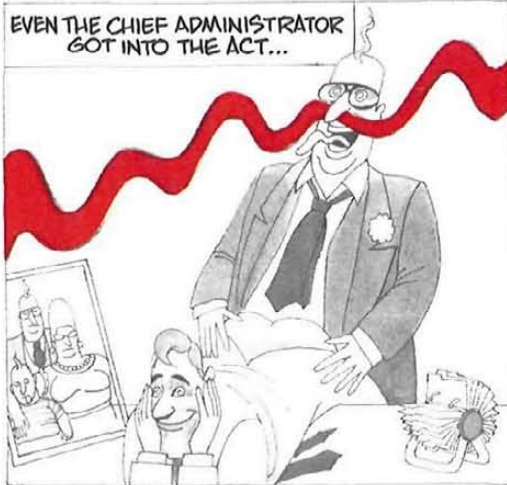
...PASSIONS WERE FELT
UNDER THE SHEETS...



...AND MENTAL PATIENTS WERE RETURNED
TO THE STREETS!



EVEN THE CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR GOT INTO THE ACT...



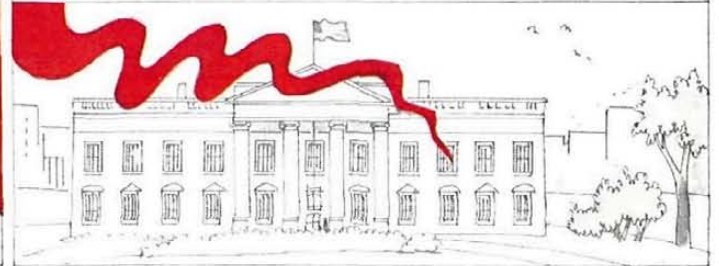
THE TOXIC CLOUD LEFT ST. HELL'S AS QUICKLY AS IT APPEARED! THINGS SLOWLY RETURNED TO NORMAL!



DISCOVERING THE NEGLECTED EXPERIMENT, DR. FLACCID IMMEDIATELY EXTINGUISHED THE BURNER AND THREW THE TEST INTO A NUCLEAR COMPACTOR, THUS DESTROYING FOREVER THE DARK SECRET OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE!

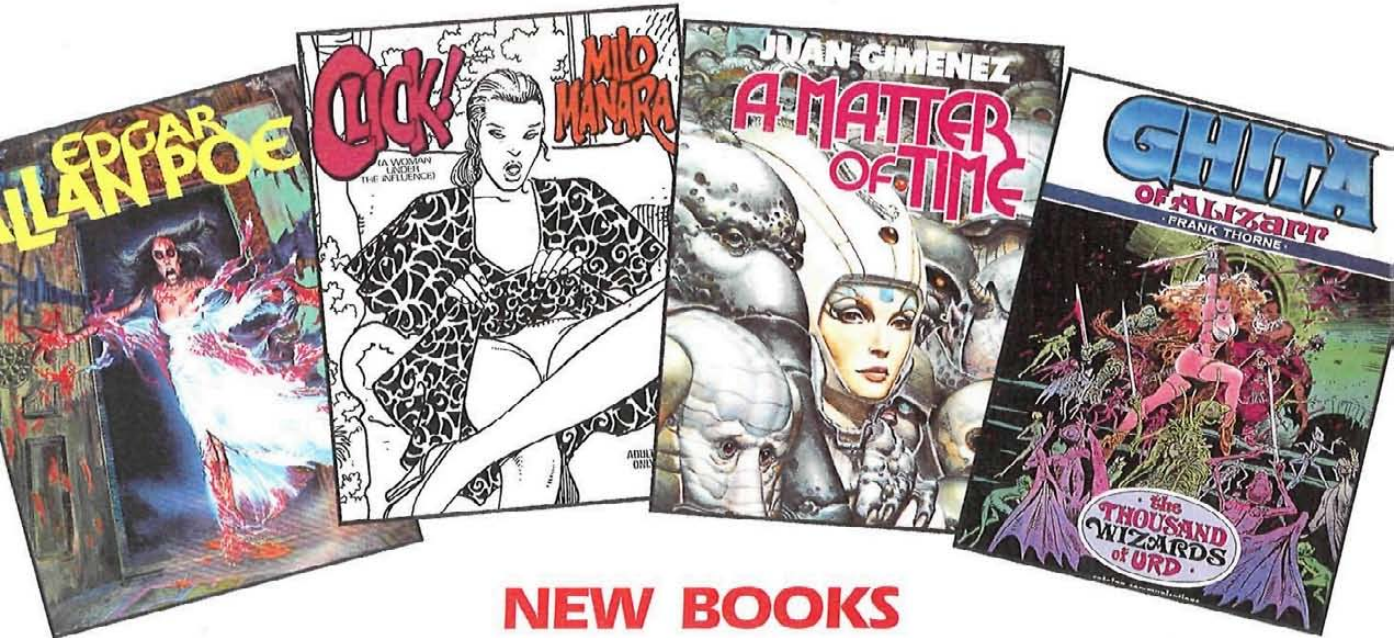


SO, BEWARE THIS THIN TECHNICAL CLOUD IN THE SKY! IT COULD CAUSE IRREPARABLE DAMAGE IF IT LANDS IN THE WRONG PLACE!



HOWEVER... THERE WERE SOME REPERCUSSIONS IN THE OPERATING THEATERS THAT WILL HAVE ST. HELL'S TIED UP IN THE COURTS FOR YEARS TO COME!





NEW BOOKS

Richard Corben EDGAR ALLAN POE

The master of horror interpreted by the master of fantasy illustration.
FULL COLOR 56 pages
Paperback \$10.95
Deluxe Edition \$35
Limited to 200 copies
signed and numbered by
Richard Corben

Milo Manara CLICK! (A woman under the influence)

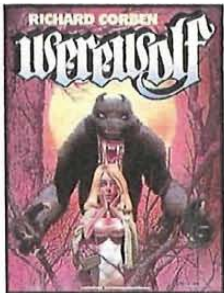
«Sexual fantasy come true.
Nice art».
—*The Comics Journal*
Hardcover \$9.95

Juan Giménez A MATTER OF TIME

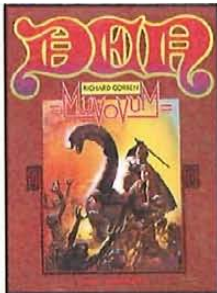
Science fiction time/space concepts by the Argentine master craftsman who illustrated the «Harry Canyon» sequence in the film *Heavy Metal*.
FULL COLOR 64 pages
Paperback \$8.95

Frank Thorne GHITA 2 The Thousand Wizards of Urd

«delightful eroticism»
—Richard Corben
«an arch sense of humor
enlivens picture, plot, and
dialogue»
—R.C. Harvey in
The Comics Journal
128 pages Paperback \$10.95



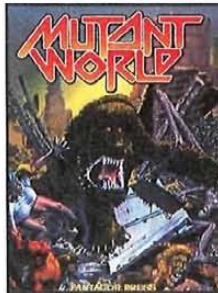
Richard Corben
WEREWOLF
«No one draws werewolves like Corben does».
—*Liberator*
FULL COLOR 78 pages
Hardcover \$12.95



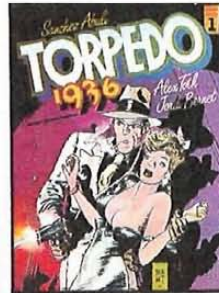
Richard Corben
NEVERWHERE
FULL COLOR 120 pages
Paperback \$12.95



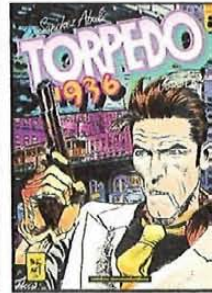
Richard Corben
MUVOVUM
FULL COLOR 108 pages
Paperback \$10.95



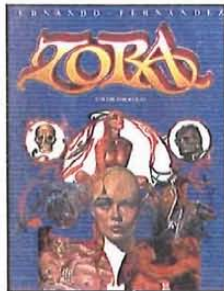
Richard Corben
MUTANT WORLD
«Corben's best published work».
—*The Comics Journal*
FULL COLOR 80 pages
Paperback \$8.95



Alex Toth / Jordi Bernet / Sánchez Abuli
TORPEDO 1936
Book 1 Paperback \$8.95



«A rollicking, grotesque vaudeville of violence and macabre humor».
—Dale Luciano
Book 2 Paperback \$8.95



Fernando Fernández
ZORA and the Hibernauts
A race of warrior women rediscover men and fantasy's new horizon.
FULL COLOR 112 pages
Paperback \$11.95



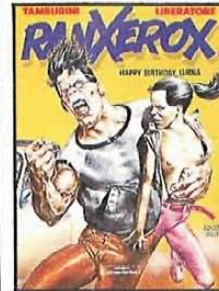
Fernando Fernández
DRACULA
An exquisite and bloody adaptation of the Bram Stoker classic.
FULL COLOR 96 pages
Paperback \$11.95



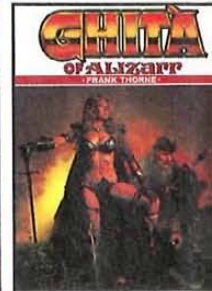
Nazario
ANARCOMA
The first drag queen detective in a XXX adventure.
«A weird masterpiece»
—*The Comics Journal*
FULL COLOR 64 pages
Hardcover \$9.95



Gaetano Liberatore and Stefano Tamburini
RANXEROX 1
FULL COLOR 56 pages
Hardcover \$9.95



Gaetano Liberatore and Stefano Tamburini
RANXEROX 2
FULL COLOR 56 pages
Hardcover \$10.95

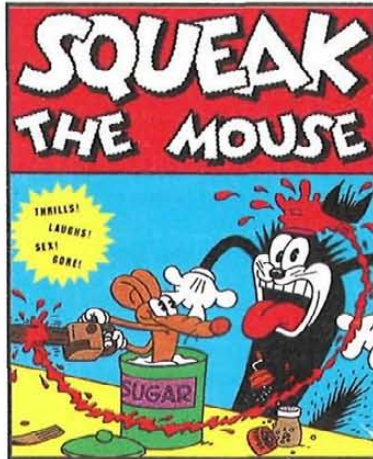


Frank Thorne
GHITA
The first book of adventures of the blonde warrior woman.
«One of the major talents the comic book medium».
—Will Eisner
120 pages Paperback \$10.95

POSTERS 20" x 28" on high-quality stock. Shipped rolled in a sturdy case. \$4.50.

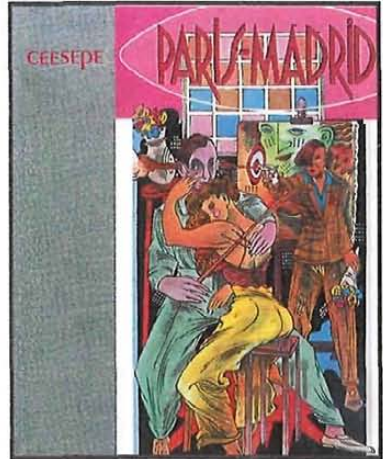


SPECIAL IMPORTS



**Massimo Mattioli
SQUEAK THE MOUSE**

A «goretoon» about a mouse that won't stay dead! If you haven't seen this European sensation, you'll love it! In English. FULL COLOR 50 pages Hardcover \$14.95



**Ceesepe
PARIS-MADRID**

An album collection of the special art of this Spanish illustrator. With English text. Supply is limited and available only to mail orders. FULL COLOR 52 pages Hardcover Large Format \$11.95

POSTAGE & HANDLING CHARGES

INSTRUCTIONS Please read carefully!

- All New York State orders add 8.25% sales tax to total **before** adding postage & handling charges.
- BOOKS:** Add \$2 for any one title; add \$3 for any two; \$4 for any three; \$5 for any four. There is no charge if you order five or more books in any combination.
- POSTERS:** Add \$2.50 total for one or more posters up to a total of five posters. There is no charge if you order six or more posters.

- CANADIAN AND FOREIGN ORDERS (For books and/or posters):** Add \$5 to total order **after** adding the postage & handling charges. This is a charge per ORDER not per item and must be paid even if there are no postage & handling charges because you ordered five or more books or six or more posters. All foreign orders are double wrapped. **Optional for foreign orders:** If you want your order sent by air mail, add \$4.50 per book and/or \$3 for one or more posters. This charge is **in addition** to the regular postage charges detailed above.
- PAYMENT:** Check or money order payable within the USA only. NO CASH.
- Please allow 6-8 weeks before writing about your order.

MAIL ORDER TO: **HEAVY METAL:** Department NL486, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

BOOKS:

TITLE	QUANTITY	PRICE	AMOUNT
Corben/E.A.Poe			
Paperback	_____	\$10.95	_____
Deluxe Hardcover	_____	\$35.00	_____
Click!*	_____	\$ 9.95	_____
A Matter of Time	_____	\$ 8.95	_____
Ghita-2*	_____	\$10.95	_____
Werewolf	_____	\$12.95	_____
Neverwhere	_____	\$12.95	_____
Muvvum	_____	\$10.95	_____
Mutant World	_____	\$ 8.95	_____
Torpedo 1936-1	_____	\$ 8.95	_____
Torpedo 1936-2	_____	\$ 8.95	_____
Zora	_____	\$11.95	_____
Dracula	_____	\$11.95	_____
Anarcoma*	_____	\$ 9.95	_____
Ranxerox-1*	_____	\$ 9.95	_____
Ranxerox-2*	_____	\$10.95	_____
Ghita-1*	_____	\$10.95	_____
Squeak the Mouse*	_____	\$14.95	_____
Paris-Madrid	_____	\$11.95	_____
Sub- total for books ordered	_____	\$	_____
NY State orders add 8.25% sales tax	_____	\$	_____
Postage & handling charges (see instructions)	_____	\$	_____
Canada or foreign orders must add	_____	\$ 5.00	_____

POSTERS:

Circle the number of the poster(s) you want to order and indicate the quantity in the space next to the number. Posters are \$4.50 each plus postage and handling (see instructions).

1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	

Total number of posters ordered _____ x \$4.50 = \$ _____
 NY State orders add 8.25% \$ _____
 Postage & handling charges (see instructions) \$ _____
 Canada and foreign orders must add \$ 5.00
 Total amount for posters ordered \$ _____

**1986
RICHARD CORBEN
CALENDAR**

POSTER-SIZE FORMAT WITH SPECIAL NEW COVER AND OTHER NEW WORKS BY CORBEN. IMAGES SUITABLE FOR FRAMING. IN FOUR LANGUAGES. \$8.95 + \$2 FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING EACH. CANADA AND FOREIGN ADD \$4 FOR POSTAGE + HANDLING.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

* You must sign that you are over 21 if you order this title

TOTAL AMOUNT FOR BOOK ORDER	\$ _____
TOTAL AMOUNT FOR POSTER ORDER	\$ _____
1986 Corben Calendar	\$ 10.95
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED	\$ _____

LEGAL BRIEFS

continued from page 75

Buffalo, New York, man rose to cross-examine the defendant. Instead, he shouted at the man in the witness chair: "You're a horrible driver! You know you hit my car! You'll be punished for lying!"

The defendant's lawyer objected to the outburst and the judge sustained the objection, telling the plaintiff just to ask questions.

"You're the devil! They should take away your license! It's criminal that they let you drive!" the plaintiff shouted at the defendant.

The judge then intervened and warned the plaintiff that he had to limit his remarks to questions only or lose his chance to cross-examine.

The plaintiff nodded, paused, then asked the defendant: "So, have you always driven like a damn fool maniac?" *American Bar Association Journal*

Here Comes the Judge

Judge Pedro Salamo ruled in favor of a Hato Rey, Puerto Rico, video club charged with renting obscene film cassettes to customers. Judge Salamo is blind. *San Juan Star*

Judge James C. Daner of the Macomb County, Michigan, Circuit Court convicted Frederick Luna of manslaughter in the killing of his wife, Judy, after she admitted having an affair with a black man. Explaining why he opted for manslaughter as opposed to murder, the judge discussed the element of infidelity: "Not only infidelity—and I do not wish to be called a racist, but we are in a court of law and a spade has to be called a spade—but infidelity with a black man," said the judge. *UPI*

A Chicago Municipal Court judge decided to make an example of one man, the worst-looking in a group of "ruffians" hauled before him after a gambling raid.

"You, you with the red suspenders," the judge said. "I'd hate to meet you in a dark alley."

The man in the dock didn't reply. "Raise your hands," ordered the judge. The man did.

"Just as I thought. Soft and pudgy. Never did an honest day's work. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm the officer who made the arrest," he said. *American Bar Association Journal*

Judge Avram Pratt, a justice of the peace in Montpelier, Vermont, presided at his own wedding. *Student Lawyer*

Decisions, Decisions, Decisions

The murder conviction and twenty-year prison sentence of Manuel Falcon were overturned by the U.S. Court of Appeals because Falcon's estranged wife had nodded her head in agreement with the prosecutor throughout the trial. The court found that the head movements were tantamount to testimony. Though they were separated, Falcon had shot and killed his wife's boyfriend in her Houston home. *San Francisco Chronicle*

Dr. Dudley Scott was ordered to pay for his estranged wife's support despite the fact that she had hired two men to assault and rob him.

"I guess I'd better stick to medicine, because I sure don't understand the judicial system," said Scott. *Student Lawyer*

A jury in Dublin, Georgia, awarded \$161,500 to John McKeivitt, who suffered

burns of the face and hands after he deliberately set his jail-cell bed on fire. (Nashville) *Tennessean*

The family of Martha Dunham was awarded \$187,000 by a Pontiac, Michigan, jury. The seventy-five-year-old woman died two weeks after being hit in the neck by a box of sandwich bags which fell from a supermarket display. The box weighed eight ounces. *Toronto Star*

A Dallas couple argued over custody of \$4,000 worth of toy trains for six months during divorce proceedings until lawyers worked out a settlement, which was reported in the *Los Angeles Times*. "Sondra Kay Buckner, forty-three, will get the right to visit twice a year the trains her husband received custody of, but she must give twenty-four hours' notice. Judge Josh Taylor gave Noel Harlan Buckner, forty-eight, the American Flyer train set along with the orange water tower, coal loader, red caboose, and twenty-five sections of Mighty Casey track. Sondra Buckner got custody of the tin-plated 1935 Comet aqua and silver engine, three passenger cars, and a green bridge.

"She wanted the little corpulent people, too, but he got those," said Joseph V. Semon, Noel Buckner's attorney."

Letter from a Lawyer

In a letter to the editor of the *Washington State Bar News*, Seattle attorney Russell A. Austin said he was embarrassed to have heard what he described as a "new" lawyer joke from a non-lawyer. So that his fellow attorneys would not be similarly embarrassed, Austin passed on this joke:

"We are reliably advised that medical science will no longer use white mice in experiments. They will henceforth use lawyers. Lawyers are more plentiful, and there is no chance of becoming fond of them."

(Thanks to True Facts contributors Duck Divet, James W. Stuart, Herm Albright, Jim Smelle, Harvey Maxey, A. Phillips, Ted McKenney, Carmen A. Brown-Bender, Michael Marx, Kim Neuendorf, Patrick Oman, Iver J. Longeteig, Debi McMahon, Jack P. Murphy, Jim Downey, Bair, Alvaro Martin, Matt Huffman, Ross Payne, Gerald Williams, Phinneas Smith, Henry J.E. Nowak, Carol Wagner, Chris Thiel, Timothy R. Cook, David S. Curcio, Wayne Leonard, Kari Balogh, Jim Lummis, Doug Henry, Bill Green, Brad Humbley, David E. Thomas, Dan Starr, Don Bertram, Paul Larango, Rick Lubben, Ali Stark, Angie La Caze, and Pierre Stephenson—some of whom are lawyers. You know who you are.)



"Oh God, God, God. If only I'd been here five minutes sooner—I could have given him my card, the next of kin would have found it on the corpse, and zippo, I'd be handling a five-million-dollar wrongful death suit."



★MOVIE SCRIPTS!
 NOW AVAILABLE! Scripts from your favorite Movies & TV Shows. From *Gone w/ the Wind* to *Ghostbusters*! Over 3000 titles! Send \$1 (refundable) for huge catalog... Receive FREE offer!! Script City, 1785 N. Highland, #760NL, Los Angeles, CA 90028

THE BULL-STIK

Using an ingenious method, bull pizzles can be made to look like a long *stiff* piece of wood. The BULL-STIK can be over 3 ft. long! They are well-preserved and should last many years. Be the first on your block to own one. \$9.95 + \$1.50 shipping and handling. (The bull offered more to keep it.) Gary George Enterprises, P.O. Box 3153, De Pere, Wis. 54115



D.A.M.M.
 Drunks Against Moshing Mothers
 D.A.M.M. is not an actual organization.

T-Shirt (cotton/poly.) Sizes: S, M, L, XL: \$10
 16oz. Glass Tankard: \$10
 Ceramic Coffee Mug: \$8.50
 Can/Bev. Insulator: \$5
 Set of four 15oz. Tumblers: \$15
 Add \$1.50 shipping per item, \$3 for Tumbler. Set
 Mail Check/M.O.: MUGBY90, P.O. BOX 98
 Ringwood, IL 60072


AUTHENTIC-LOOKING Degrees for CERTIFIED WANTON HUSSY and CERTIFIED TURKEY JERK. Comes with hilarious course transcript & grades. Send name of "Graduate" with return address and \$3.00 (postpaid) to: Fowle Creations, Ltd. P.O. Box 23987 OKC, OK. 73123. Immediate delivery, SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

TERM PAPER ASSISTANCE
HOT LINE
 SEND \$2 FOR CATALOG
 LISTING 16,278 RESEARCH PAPERS, or CALL TOLL FREE 800-351-0222
 IN CALIFORNIA (213) 477-8226
 Research Assistance, 11322 Idaho Ave. #206LE Los Angeles, CA 90025

NEW CATALOG

Embroidered satin jackets, patches, T-shirts, JERRY LEE LEWIS, CHUCK BERRY cans, albums, buttons, photos, illuminated signs, new 100 record "classic-style" jukeboxes, & more!!

Send \$1 (refundable) To: Rock & Roll Beer Co. 6504 Delmar Suite 3000 St. Louis, MO 63130



SCREW YOUR HEARTS OUT!

FROM THIS:  my DOG TO THIS:  my DOG

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!

order now! Instant Delivery!

Only \$6.00 postpaid! SCREW KIT BOX 20782 SAN DIEGO, CA 92120

FIREWORKS FIREWORKS FIREWORKS



FREE DELUXE COLOR CATALOG

BOTTLE ROCKETS with every purchase of fireworks

Send to:
NEPTUNE FIREWORKS CO.
 P.O. BOX 398 DEPT. D-4
 DANIA, FL 33004

1-800-835-5236
 in FL: (305) 920-6770

Void where prohibited.

SUPERGRAM. Giant 5 ft. x 7 ft. telegram. Any message, personal or business. Approx. 60 letters. \$16.95 plus shipping. Sent anywhere. 1 (800) 423-0163, 1 (800) 628-2828, ext. 504.



Video Services
Brochure \$3.00
 Sheena St. John
 1716 Ocean Ave., #206
 San Francisco, CA 94112

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.



FIREWORKS

- M-60's
- FOUNTAINS
- MISSILES
- FIRECRACKERS
- POWER ROCKETS

LARGEST SELECTION OF CLASS C FIREWORKS ... IN AMERICA ...

FREE! GIANT COLOR CATALOG KIT

BLUE ANGEL FIREWORKS
 P.O. Box 26, Dept. NAL486
 Columbiana, OH 44400

CALL: 216/746-1064

Please send me your "FREE" 1986 Giant Color Catalog.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____

BLUE ANGEL FIREWORKS
 P.O. Box 26, Dept. NAL486, Columbiana, Ohio 44400

DEAD RAT

Disgusting! Horrible! Revolting!

That's what your friends will say when you show them this Actual Dead Rat preserved and packed in a clear plastic pouch. An outrageously shocking gift. Be the only one on your block to own a REAL dead rat, \$25 postpaid. Send \$25 cash, check or money order to: **RATPAK, PO Box 9090, Dept N11, Boulder, CO 80301** Allow 6 weeks for delivery. Be sure to include your name and street address including zip code.

PEEL N'STICK

GRAFFITI

60 ALL DIFFERENT STICKERS

1" x 2 1/2" Stickers on 8 1/2" x 11" Sheets

CHECK/MONEY ORDER ONLY
 SAFE IN SAME BOX
 PO BOX 9429
 SPOKANE, WA 99209

ONLINE
3.99
 + \$1.50 shipping

NAME ON BILL ONLY
 ONLY 48 HRS TO SHIP

RESEARCH PAPERS

HOT LINE

SEND \$2 FOR CATALOG OF 16,000 TOPICS OR CALL TOLL FREE 800-621-5745 FOR INFORMATION IN ILLINOIS CALL (312) 922-0300
 Authors' Research, Rm. 600-L, 407 S. Dearborn, Chicago, IL 60605



Their Song May Be Over, But...

Yes, NOW you can have absolute proof that the Dinosaurs Passed out of existence. We have discovered a very rare supply of genuine fossilized dinosaur dung over 60,000,000 years old deposited in the American volcanic regions. These are genuine and rare. We include a beautiful presentation stand, a certificate of authenticity, a money back guarantee and a very clever and humorous pamphlet. This supply is very limited so order now. Check or M.O., VISA or M.C.

Dinosaur Discoveries
 P.O. Box 10531
 Rochester, NY 14610

Only \$19.95 + \$2.00 postage and handling

LETTERS

continued from page 8

Sirs:

You can keep a horse from water, but he'll still want to drink.

Think about it, you bathhouse-bashing brutes!

P.O.O.F.
(Please Open Our Fruit stalls)
Pier 12
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the *National Lampoon* for not making any tasteless jokes about my death.

Rock Hudson
St. Christopher St., Heaven

Sirs:

Who knew? The kids wit' the blue hair, dey bought up all the old-style clothes—y'know, the real shmattes—and I'm stuck with racks full of shiny green and yellow leisure suits, like new, I'm talkin'. Ehhhh, they'll come back in style, or the shvartzes'll buy 'em.

Sy Rosen
B'nai B'rouse Thrift Shop
Orchard Street

Sirs:

There will be peas in the Valley for me.

The Jolly Green Gospel Giant
The Valley

Sirs:

What's Roman, washed his hands of Christ's Crucifixion, and keeps your furnace lit?

Pontius Pilate Light!

Pope Henry II
Las Vegas, Nev.

Sirs:

I really can't prove it, but I could swear George "The Animal" Steele has been fist-fucking my wife. For one thing, she seems really loose lately, and for another, she has started using a rolled-up sleeping bag for a suppository.

A. Loser
Nerd Falls, N.Y.

Sirs:

*My girl likes to
Party all the time
Party all the time
Party all the tiiii...*
GODDAMN FUCKIN' SONG!!!

I can't get it out of my head! I'm going crazy! I want to kill again!

Crazy Eddie Murphy
Back Ward # 3
Bellevue Hospital, N.Y.

Sirs:

If gay men continue to die of AIDS at the rate of 250 a year, and the homosexual population is 10,000,000, that means that we'll be facing a severe queer shortage by the year 41,985. Somebody better do something quick!

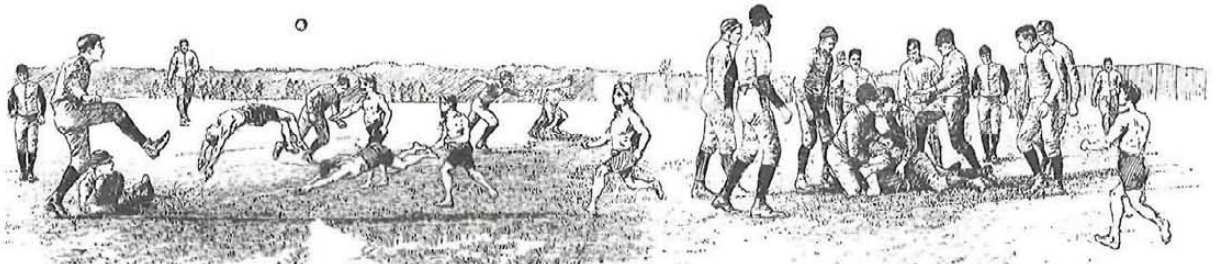
Bruce Bottomsup
West Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

In response to your query regarding the use of celebrities or said likenesses of such individuals in forthcoming printed material, my reply is herewith stated: Know ye all men by these presents that in consideration of the premises of eminent public domain and attached covenants heretofore notwithstanding as well as without limitation or by any warranty of such, or by such amplitude initiated on the grounds of violation or copyright appropriation, this wholly indcminified corporate institution shall make no claim until prima facie liabilities are foregoing without limiting the generality of any reproduction, facsimile, or representational image of the aforementioned subject.

I hope this clears up the matter once and for all.

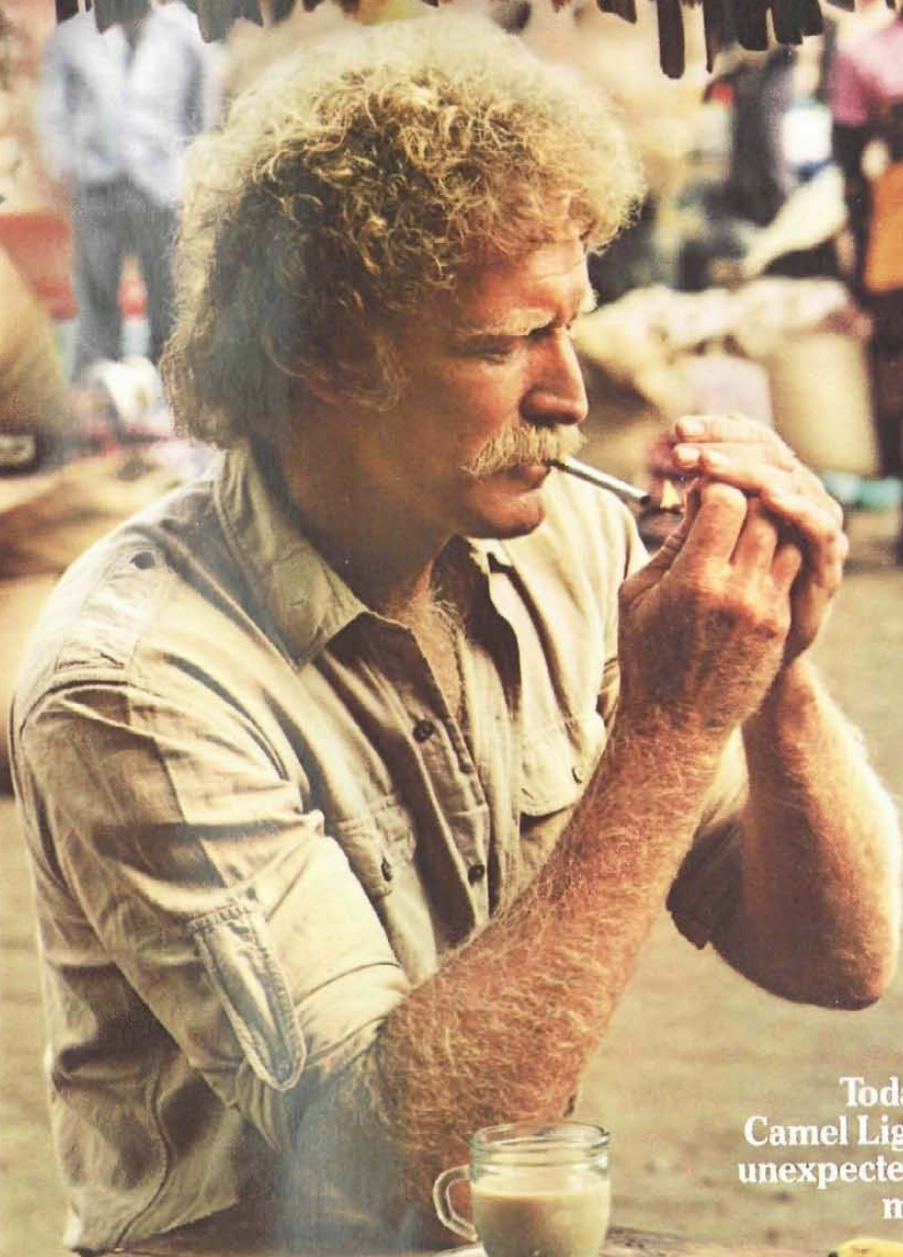
E Lcc Belli
Attorney
National Lampoon



...AND IT'S A LONG FLY BALL TO DEEP CENTER.... RODRIGUES DRIFTS BACK.... HE'S UNDER IT.... OOO, HE COLLIDES WITH MEYEROWITZ, WHO CAME OUT OF NOWHERE.... AND A FIGHT BREAKS OUT ON THE FIELD.... CONTRUCCI JOINS IN.... HERE COMES RATSO SKATING ACROSS THE ICE WITH HIS STICK HELD HIGH.... HE SLASHES FURIOUSLY.... OOOOPS, WAIT A MINUTE.... SIMMONS HAS THE JAVELIN.... HE'S ABOUT TO LET IT FLY.... NOW KLEINMAN STEPS IN.... HE THROWS A RIGHT TO THE BODY AND A VICIOUS SPINNING KICK TO THE HEAD.... UH-OH.... FLENNIKEN ENTERS THE FRACAS.... SHE'S PUMPED UP, FOLKS.... HERE COMES THE WEATHERS AND BARTHOLOMEW TAG TEAM.... THEY'RE LOOKING MEAN TODAY.... CAHAN WILSON LANDS A TELLING BLOW TO THE HEAD OF RON BARRETT.... BARRETT IS DOWN.... MAREK STOMPS ON HIM RELENTLESSLY.... AND B. K. TAYLOR DRIFTS BACK INTO THE POCKET.... HE LETS LOOSE A LONG SPIRAL.... AND IT'S CAUGHT BY HICKERSON, WHO TEES IT UP AND CHIPS IT ONTO THE GREEN.... IT'S ROLLING.... OOOO, IT'S PICKED UP BY BERNIE X AND HE DRIVES IT TO THE AIRPORT AND BACK.... STAY TUNED FOR THE RESULTS OF THE MATCH IN THE MAY SPORTS SPECTACULAR. COMING NEXT MONTH.

CAMEL LIGHTS

It's a whole new world.



Today's
Camel Lights,
unexpectedly
mild.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

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

© 1985 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.



CALL
Liz + Dewey

RITA

WALK
THROUGH
THE
MOUNTAINS



The Amazing Giant Petrified 6-Pack

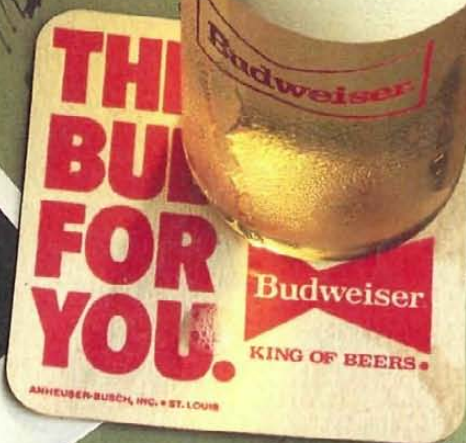
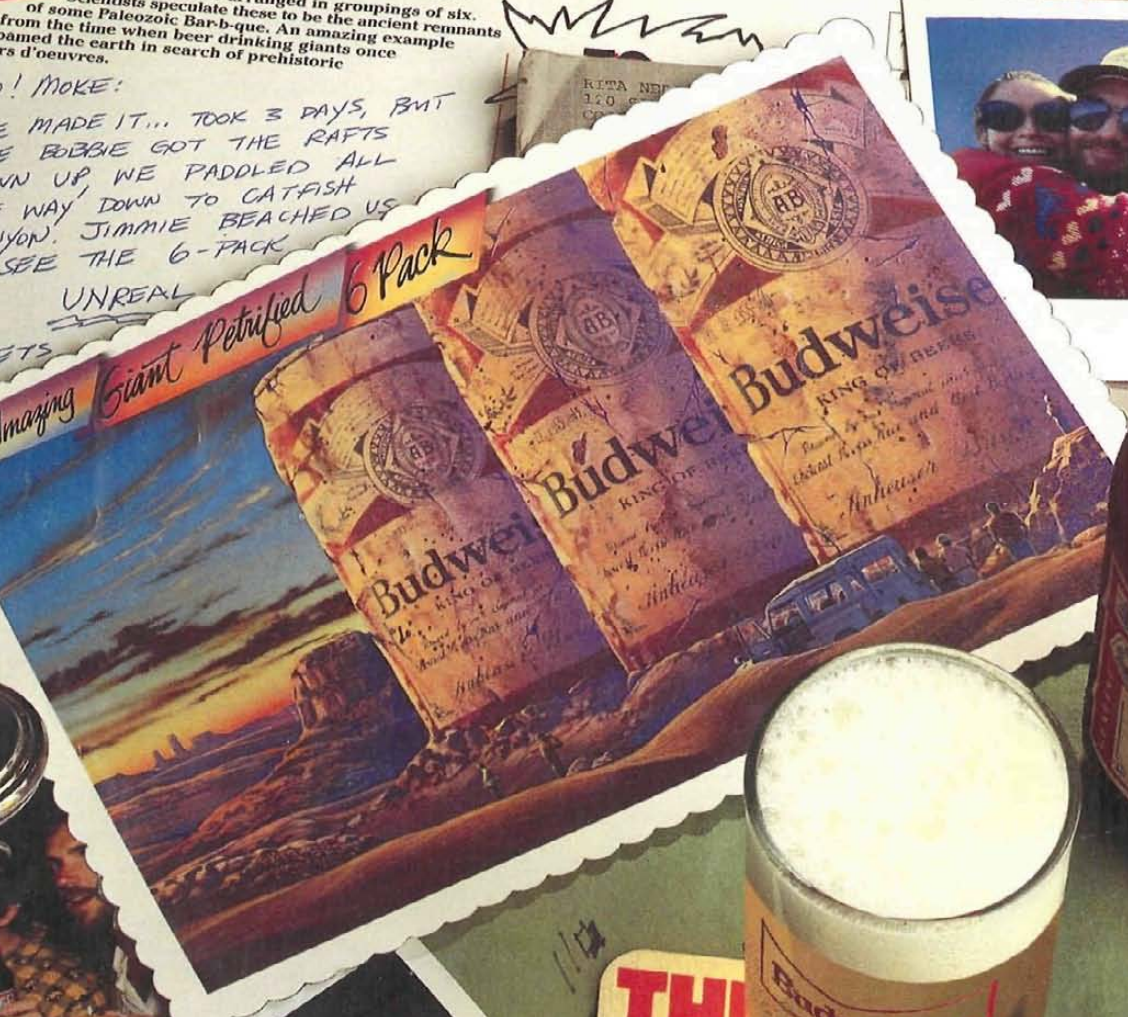
Huge monoliths arranged in groupings of six. Scientists speculate these to be the ancient remnants of some Paleozoic Bar-b-que. An amazing example roamed the earth in search of prehistoric hors d'oeuvres.

Yo! Moke:

WE MADE IT... TOOK 3 DAYS, BUT ONCE BOBBIE GOT THE RAFTS BLOWN UP WE PADDED ALL THE WAY DOWN TO CATFISH CANYON. JIMMIE BEACHED US TO SEE THE 6-PACK

UNREAL
REETS

The Amazing Giant Petrified 6 Pack



BUDWEISER®
KING OF BEERS®
ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.
ST. LOUIS

