

# HORROR AND FANTASY ISSUE!

JUNE 1986

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# NATIONAL LAMPPOON

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS

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**IN THIS ISSUE:**

**COSMO! LIVE!  
A NOVELLA**

**AT THE MOVIES:  
THE SPLATTER VERSION**

**33 USES  
FOR A DEAD YUPPIE**

**TRAGEDYLAND—  
AMERICA'S NEWEST  
THEME PARK**

**AND A BABY  
IN A BLENDER**



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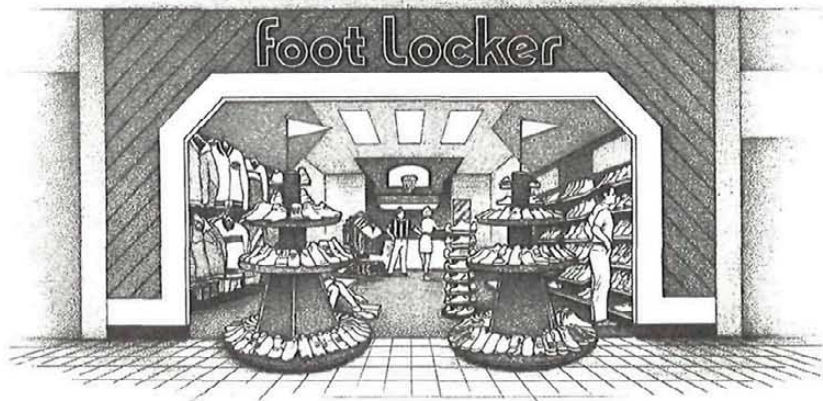


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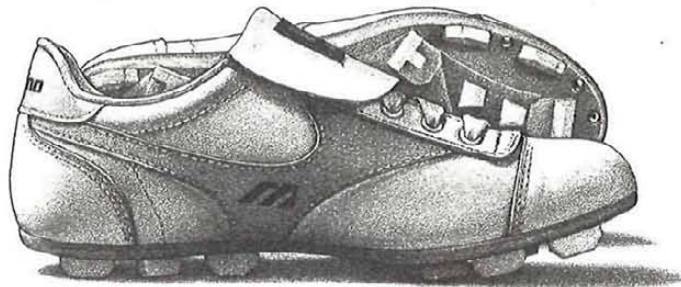
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Greetings from  
**LONGNECK**  
ISLAND



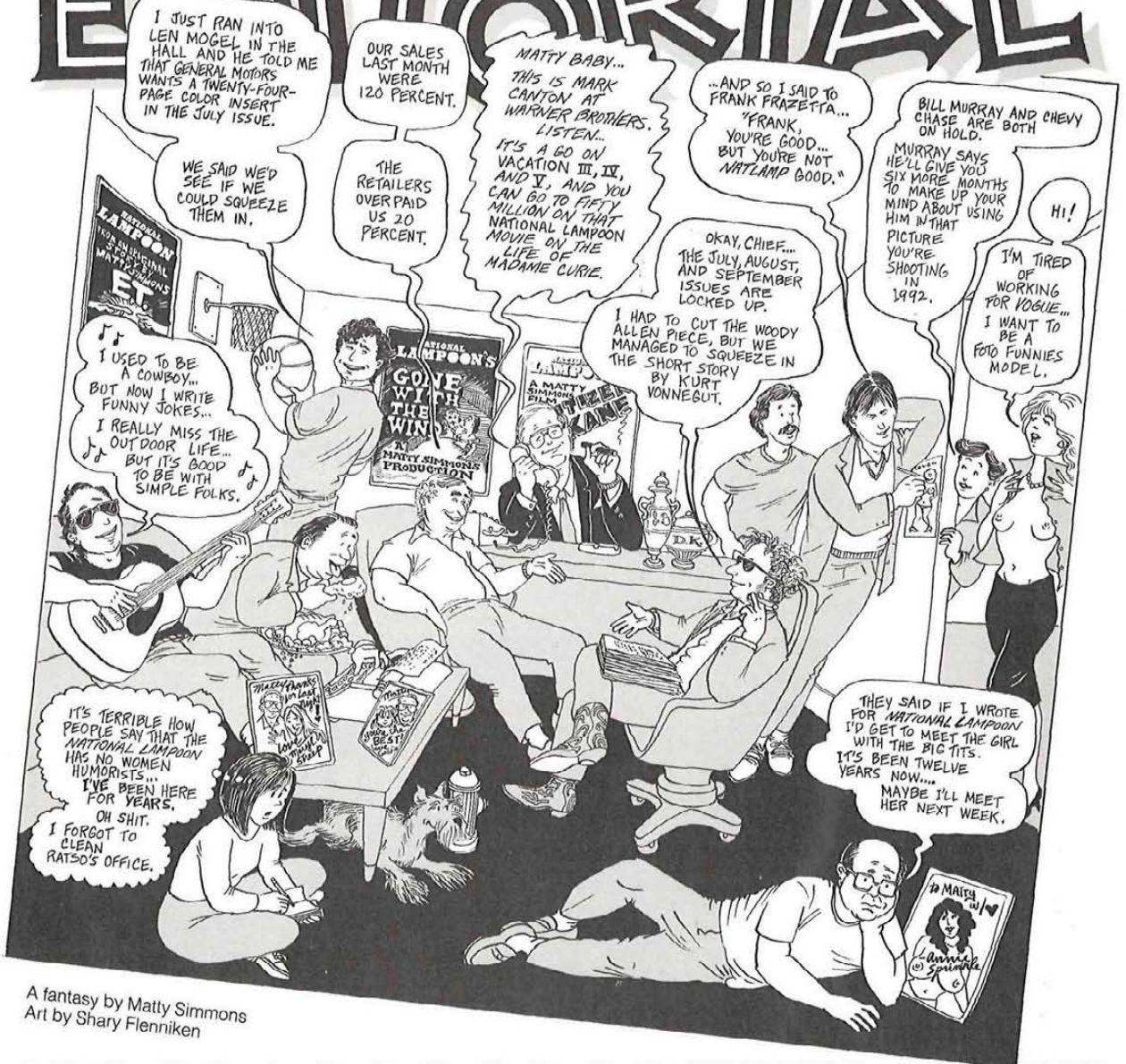
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Larry - We're having time. Rich & I got to old friend Greg.

# EDITORIAL



A fantasy by Matty Simmons  
Art by Shary Flenniken

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Announcing more:  
The terrific sequel to "Romancing the Stone" is here.  
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absolutely thrilling.  
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# LETTERS



Sirs:

What do they call a heating conduit in China?

A Peking duct!

Henny Wongman  
Comedy Store East  
Peking, China

Sirs:

I am so excited! Joseph the Carpenter finally asked me to marry him! He's been so shy, but he eventually worked up the nerve. Oooh, I can't stand it anymore. I want to get married right away, I want him so bad my legs are shaking. I've got a mile wide-on for him. I am so nervous, I hope he appreciates that I've saved myself for him.

Virgin Mary  
Bethlehem

Sirs:

Now that I'm gone, let me tell you, if any of you can figure out how to mail me a pack of cigarettes I'd be more than grateful.

Yul Brynner  
The Chesterfield King and I  
Heaven

Sirs:

While one hardly expects any signs of intelligence whatever from the rock 'n' roll "art" form, I must nevertheless speak up:

The correct construction would be "Who's zooming whom."

You're welcome.

Edwin Newman  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Fuck it. I'm going downstream this time.

A Salmon  
Seattle, Wash.

Sirs:

I am sick of everyone calling our great president a "former" actor. When he was in Hollywood they certainly didn't call him a "future" president.

Jane Wyman  
Bel Air, Calif.

Sirs:

At last my fantasy has come true. Driving across this great land in my Peterbilt, I've encountered just about every sexual escapade a young stud trucker could possibly imagine. As any trucker will tell you, there is no shortage of luscious young maidens hitchhiking across the country, ready to load the carbon off your plugs. But these endless encounters become pale and tedious in the extreme.

I was pulling my eighteen-wheel gas tanker out of Atlanta, having just dropped off seventeen-year-old blond, identical triplets who had jumped my pump for fifteen hours straight, and I was in a funk. How barren and desolate my very soul felt! As I was crossing the median to squish a VW Golf and end it all, I saw her on the roadside, thumb extended, a vision in black. I slammed on the brakes and swung the wheel to the right, sheering off the tanker and sending it on down the road. But no matter, I had found my love. Her name was Gwendolyn.

She demurely climbed into my cab and said, "Brother, I shan't use machines, except in dire need. Will thou take me to Pennsylvania, home of my family?"

What a woman! Even my hair was stiff. That trip changed me forever. I gave up my truck for a double team and hitch. Every morning I eat Quaker Oats. I now realize the purity of love and the transience of sex.

Bud "Big Boy" Spuge  
Stiphtik, Pa.

Sirs:

Yup, we did it all.

The Illuminati Vatican One-World  
Zurich Banking Bolshevik Right-Wing  
Leftist Guerrilla Terrorist Mafia  
Grassy Knoll Single Gunman CIA KGB  
Posse Comitatus FBI KKK  
Weather Underground Neo-Nazi Pro-Life  
Anti-Sex Chicken Pox Bus Trips  
Natural Disaster League  
Conspiratbeorystantnople, Turkey

Sirs:

Does anybody know if you can get mollyringwald from a cat? I have this nasty rash on my bratpack.

Sean Pennzoil  
Madonna's House, Calif.

Sirs:

"Cunt lapping." "Muff diving." "Nob nibbling." "Clam slurping." "Eating at the Y." "Playing the hairy harmonica." "Tongue vaulting."

I've got a million of 'em.

Maurice Sponge  
Professor of Cunnilinguistics  
Princeton University

Sirs:

I'm the lab technician who analyzes the president's stool sample every month. About a month ago I was going through the usual undigested jelly beans and lumps of Cheez Wiz (he loves Cheez Wiz), and I hit this metallic object. Sure enough, it was Ed Meese's high school ring. What the hell are they doin' in that Oval Office?

Ed Swayze, Lab Technician  
Bethesda Naval Hospital, Md.

Sirs:

How come nobody ever comes looking for my Black Box?

Oprah Winfrey  
Chicago, Ill.

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Sirs:

Lemme tell you, guns have mean motherfuckin' tempers, man. They are dangerous. I swear, never fuck with one, 'cause they'll blow you away just like that without thinking about it. Like one day, I'm walkin' down the street, havin' a good time, when out of nowhere, BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM!!! My fuckin' gun blows away a half-dozen people. Now I said, "What the fuck..." 'cause I'm surprised as shit and I'm pissed off 'cause I know I'm gonna get blamed for it. Now I'm yellin' at my gun, tellin' it to stop, and I guess that was the wrong thing to do, 'cause BAM BAM BAM!!! and another bunch of people get offed. Now, if it wasn't my gun doing this shit I'd be laughin', 'cause it's a pretty fuckin' funny sight. But I'm pretty embarrassed, too, 'cause, like I say, it's my gun doin' all this. So anyways I'm sayin', "Gun, you've had your fun, now let's get the fuck outa here, 'cause I'm pissin' in my pants!" So after I picked up all the wallets and pocketbooks, that's exactly what we did. Now, I'm just tellin' you this to clear up a common misconstrusion. Guns really do kill people. Just go down to Watts or South Bronx and you see guns killin' people all the time!

José  
*On the Lam, U.S.A.*

Sirs:

If all the world's a stage, and all the people are the players, then all the miscarried and aborted babies are just players who fucked up their auditions.

Myles Calis  
*Student of Philosophy  
Wittgenstein U.*

Sirs:

Something in the way he moves me.  
George Harrison's Bowel  
*Somewhere in England*

Sirs:

Don't worry about the younger generation. I guess we're just a bunch of crazy mixed-up kids, too. Like, the other night I got drunk and wrecked my computer program. Boy, was my old man pissed.  
Chuck Wisenheimer  
*Silicon Valley, Calif*

Sirs:

Check it out: V's, codeine, sens, Ginny Macs, and long-term option futures.  
Gentrification Johnny  
*Lower East Side, N.Y.*

Sirs:

The young stars today with their cocaine and parties—pah! Now in my day we knew how to party. Especially me, I could keep a dame in stitches for weeks...

Fatty Arbuckle  
*Hollywood Heaven*

Sirs:

The president's daughter has written a novel. The president's son is writing for *Playboy*. Is it really fair that those talentless douchebags should make all that money just because they're related to the president?

Andy and Michael Simmons  
*Editors  
"National Lampoon"*

Sirs:

Unless you remit said payment invoice 7890 your soul will be covered in fluorescent excretion as your life is measured in drops of Afghan Black Opiated Morphine and drops of giant rouahb virus stream down the walls of your flesh-covered room. Control dick

private eyes will cause animal impulses to fly acroost the room and crave your henway with absinthe as turtles sing bing crosby in the moonlight. Pay up, sucker!

The William Burroughs  
Collection Agency  
*Doojfe Drive, Beatsville*

Sirs:

After portraying the Buckwheat character on *The Little Rascals*, I was very bitter for having been made to look foolish and dumb. The Muslim religion has given me new pride, a new name, and a whole new outlook on life....  
Salaam Malakum.

Kareema Wheat  
*Edison, N.J.*

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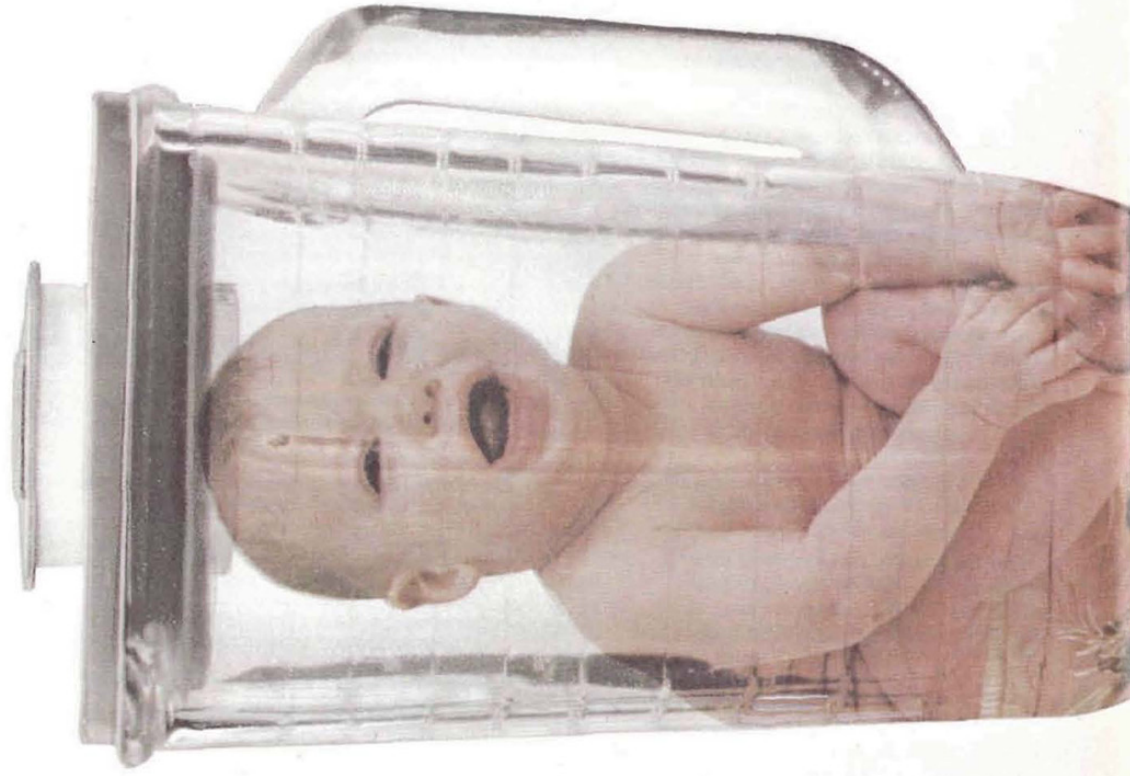


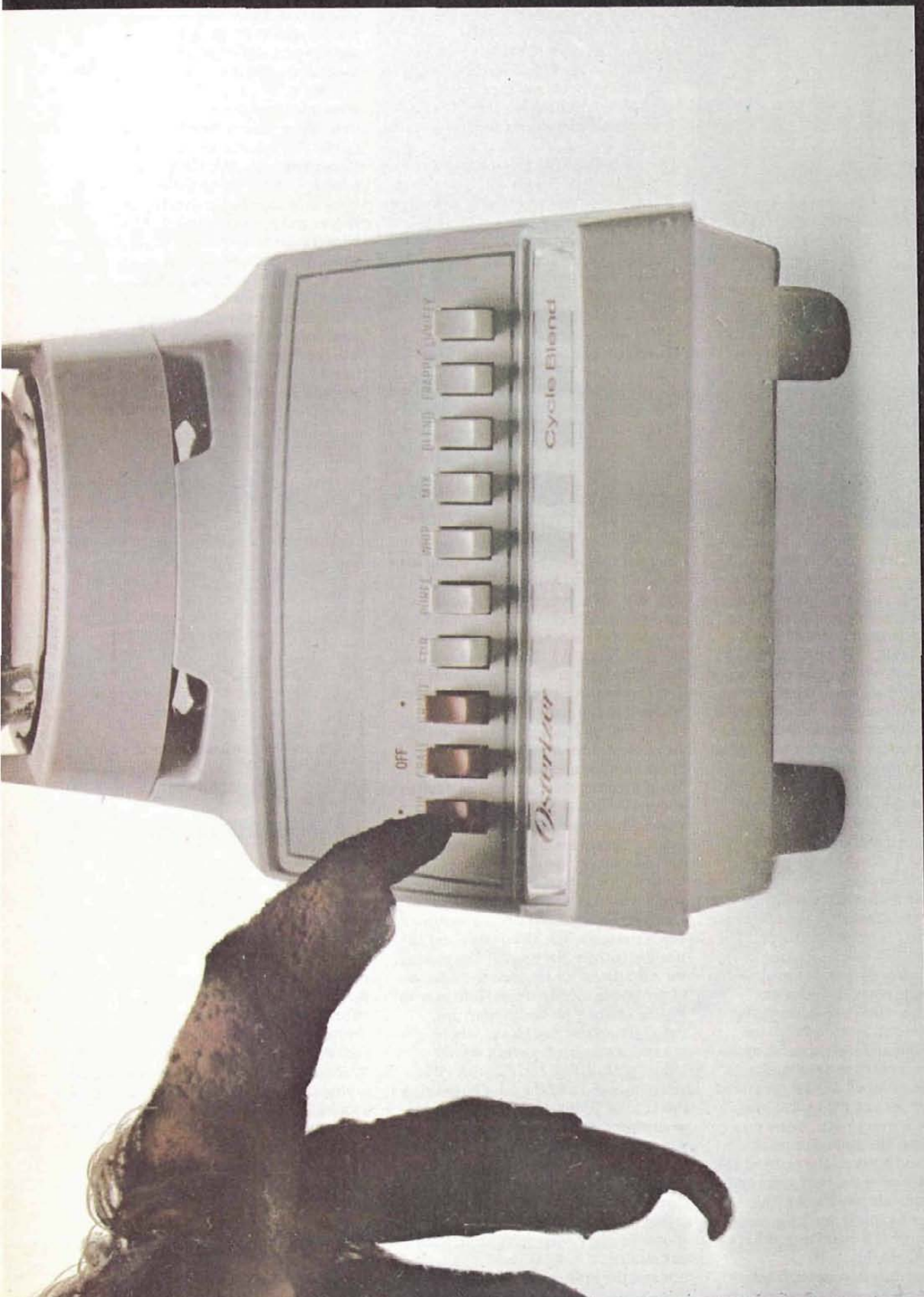
While no contraceptive provides 100% protection, Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, can aid in the prevention of pregnancy. Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, can also aid in reducing the risk of spreading many sexually transmitted diseases (STDs). Many public health authorities and private physicians now feel that condoms, when properly used, aid in preventing the transmission of Herpes of the penis, cervix and vagina.

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Surprise Poster #666

“Baby in a Blender”





# Sixty Seconds

by Andy Simmons

**B**efore the large, graceful airplane nicked the earth's skin and erupted in a black pall of fire, gases, and twisted metal shrapnel, taking all our lives and leaving not a single memory of fears, cries, and prayers, I remember hearing from behind me an elderly lady informing her small granddaughter that this would be a very important day in her young life. A passenger ahead of me thought out loud, "My, what a pretty day." It was. The billowy ivory clouds roamed freely along the sky-blue sky, reflecting the fiery brilliance of the far-off horizon in its multitudinous shapes and ghostly figures. One could imagine a wolf's head which, when nudged along by amorphous currents, would then transform into a rabbit and, in turn, if one's imagination could accept it, a human form, perhaps injured and mangled.

It was 3:31. I was about to die.

I knew that for sure.

It was only then that my attention was grabbed by the changing hues of the face next to mine. My neighbor stopped his screaming and vomiting just long enough for me and some of the others to enjoy the wide range of colors expressed by his cheeks, chin, nose, and forehead, which contrasted with the black in his lips and the red in his eyes. The temples, a green shade the likes of which I have never witnessed, darkened with each air pocket, then paled into a deep purple at every twist. Azure was the next color. The child behind us jumped up and down as she realized that those temples were the very same color as the very quickly passing sky. The grandmother wrapped her arms around the girl, giving her a warm hug. What a big day for such a little girl.

There was really not much to be said at the time. Some people were making

idle chitchat, whiling away the time till their death. Some became friends and cursed the fact that they hadn't met before. Others were silent. Screaming would have been loud and obnoxious. The level of noise was clearly loud enough in coach, a little less so in first class, where dinner was still being served. Singing, screaming, wailing, and joy combined to make for an oddly festive mood.

Had I been fierce with rage, I probably could have shot off a formal complaint, via my lawyers, pertaining to my death. But being reserved and generally unobtrusive, I found that idea bordering on the trivial. I really had no complaint other than our crashing. Service, both before and after I boarded the plane, had been prompt and orderly. The Grand Canyon and St. Louis, two sites I have always dreamed of visiting but just never found the time, were pointed out to us by the captain, who was most obliging throughout the trip, and more than a little embarrassed when he informed us of our unscheduled drop. I could not help but smile when he spoke over the loud-speaker. By all rights I ought to have been shocked, and I believe even the coarsest of macho male egos would have forgiven me had I fainted. But I just chuckled. Slapped my knee a little. He spoke in a high, tinny voice and was being awfully sincere. But with each word he uttered, I could not help thinking of the Scarecrow in *The Wizard of Oz*. I guess the thought of the Scarecrow piloting the airplane just did me in.

Anyway, he was very, very sorry. Oh, he could not have been sorer. In fact, I think I felt for him more—I mean the kind of feeling that comes from deep in the soul—than for anyone else on the plane. That's true. He said that he had been a captain for only one day when, in his ignorance and in an attempt to impress one and all, he accidentally sent us plummeting. He started crying, and let flow such kind and sincere words concerning friends, loved ones, and airline executives that one felt like passing the hat around for his soon-to-be-head-of-the-house-less family and join in wishing the airline well throughout the tough slump that had hit the whole industry. One spartan youth was so moved he stood on his little tray table and demanded that the pilot buck up, as this kind of thing could have happened to anyone. Others considered the notion that this would probably have happened had they too been behind the controls. This strong show of support obviously eased the captain's mind, as he stopped crying and proceeded to tell us a little about the place where the plane would be crashing.

It was the little town of Gahanna, Ohio, which prided itself on being the

herb center of the state. It is located outside of Columbus, which, I found out, was no slouch either. Besides being the state capital and home to a good college football team, did you know Columbus is one of the fastest-growing cities in the country? That happens to be the truth. One of the passengers on the plane questioned this data and even believed Columbus to be slipping. But another passenger, who happened to be writing a book on Columbus, corrected that passenger and relieved all doubt by siding with the captain, who had begun crying again. The first passenger later admitted that he had been thinking of another city named Columbus.

The airplane broke its steady, straight downward direction when an engine fell, causing it to list slightly to the left. Like Pavlov's dog, my neighbor showed me what he had had for breakfast. Of course, who could blame him? We were



about to die and the motion was sickening.

I had not planned on going in such a fashion. I had always dreamed of dying a martyr's death, my body entombed in a flag-draped casket pulled by the finest military hardware following the lead of the riderless horse with one boot fitted backwards on one of the stirrups; the streets teeming with men and women crying and letting loose all the pent-up adoration and stress they had planned on sharing with one another, yet moved by the penultimate act of bravery and poetry in the form of one man giving up his own life so that another could enjoy what would be denied the said hero, me.

Of course, this was only the romantic in me taking control of my thoughts. In truth, my body would be pierced and bloodied by metal, earth, and fire. Chances are they would never find

enough of me to fill a coffin. I could imagine my torso in the depths of some herb field while my head and legs dangled from some godforsaken oregano tree, or lay hidden under some thyme bush, or whatever grows out there. "Here's Harry.... Here's Harry again.... Oh, look, more Harry."

Jessica. She would not enjoy this. She really has a wonderful sense of humor. But I doubt even she would laugh at this. I hope not.

Jessica. Damn it!!

I have seen the morning rise and the flowers in the field change with time and the earth move from the force of a quake. I understood none of it but enjoyed the sensation they fulfilled in me. But nothing is quite as remarkable to me as you. It was so natural for me to fall in love with you that I never felt compelled to understand it. I just did. Our relationship was never hard. I never understood those who claimed love must be. It really never was. In fact, I found it almost enjoyable. Only in those rare moments of intense, superfluous hatred were there pangs of indifference. But then you'd forgive, no matter whose fault. We'd dance and I was in love with you that much more. Not difficult to me at all.

Well, here we go again and is everyone piping mad. Let me tell you, my neighbor is not one of your fun people. Passengers now reacted in unison. They wrapped him in a blanket and stuffed a pillow in his mouth. To save him from being chucked out the emergency exit I suggested we rub his nose in the vomit, as that is what our family has always done to our dogs when they've had too many accidents. This was readily accepted. Some even went so far as to tell one and all what an excellent idea had come out of coach class. The elderly grandmother from behind asked whether good ideas were an important aspect of my business. I quickly put the question to rest and told her that selling airplane parts did not require too much thinking. She agreed with this statement and left me to myself.

I leaned my head against the window and studied the environs. The shadow of the plane made an exciting visual against the patchwork basil and thyme fields. If my life passed before my eyes I did not notice.

I tell you, I like this pilot more and more. Drinks are now compliments of the captain and a comedy album has been put on. It was Richard Pryor. Someone made the comment that this really was "black comedy." Everyone laughed. It was good we all laughed our final time together, especially since it wasn't one of Pryor's better albums. I looked at my watch. It was 3:32.

I think the most... ■



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# TRUE

F

A

C

T

S

## Edited by John Bendel

According to the *Citizen*, a weekly newspaper serving the San Diego area, a local chapter of SADD (Students Against Drunk Drivers) scheduled a "dance/concert" which featured a Del Mar, California, calypso group called Borracho y Loco. "Borracho y loco" is Spanish for "drunk and crazy." (contributed by Debbie Clark)

The Sixth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati, Ohio, dismissed a suit filed by one Johanna Ramo as "frivolous." Ramo's suit had contended that electronic waves produced by cable television lines were "causing her brain cells and bone marrow to dry up, her eyes and ears to close, her hair to change color, her cheeks to sink into her mouth, and her eyes to disappear." (*Atlantic City Press* (contributed by Dave Lamkin)

A woman approached former Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger after he had given a speech.

"She said it was absolutely superfluous and asked if I could give her a copy," said Schlesinger. "I told her that it would be published posthumously, and she replied, 'I can hardly wait.'" *Birmingham* (Alabama) *News* (contributed by Mike White)

After being removed from his teaching position in a rural Tennessee school, twenty-two-year-old Kenneth Ballard wrote state authorities to explain why his educational records were incomplete. In a handwritten letter he said, in part: "The school in which I attended DePaul University I have wrote several times myself. I was informed there had been

a fire which destory most if not all of it. I hope this explain why yours letters have been returned."

Ballard had told authorities that the DePaul University he attended was in Paris, France.

"I'd like to meet him," State Board of Education chairman Nelson Andrews said of Ballard. "I don't know how he did it." *New York Times* (contributed by Diane Giddis)

Twenty-four-year-old Toshi Saegusa was declared the bravest man in Japan after winning a contest called "Endurance." According to the *Detroit Free Press*, this is what Saegusa endured in order to win:

"He was hoisted inside a giant lizard's cage with rotting fish around his neck, dunked in fish food and lowered into a pool of catfish, smeared with bananas and put in a cage of orangutans, frozen nearly solid and forced to eat ice cream, cold soup, and cold spaghetti, hung upside down over a smoking fire with Singapore cockroaches stuffed down his trousers, hit on the bottom with a cannonball, and dragged behind a truck over sharp rocks.

"After that... Saegusa was suspended upside down in the Egyptian desert with hot coals on his feet and cactus needles jabbing his belly while Arab boys sprinkled him with hot sand. He was doused with petrol and yanked through flaming hoops and beaten on the feet while rats ran over his chest.

"In the ultimate test of endurance, he and the remaining contestants were starved for three days, taken to a fine French restaurant in Paris, and forced to look—but not touch—while a succession of delicacies was paraded before their hungry eyes. The competition folded under the culinary pressure, and Saegusa was declared the

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This ad appeared in the "Style" section of the *Chicago Tribune*. (contributed by Steve Phillips)

bravest man in Japan.”

For his trouble, Saegusa won a one-week trip to the United States. “Some of my friends, I’m sorry to say, don’t regard me as normal,” said Saegusa. (contributed by Christian Kassel)

These three classified ads appeared in the same issue of the *Western Star* of Maineville, Ohio. The first was under the heading “Lost & Found”:

“Missing for six months! Tony-the-Painter, last seen in my bathroom preparing the walls. Mysteriously disappeared and has not returned. May have fallen in with evil company. Reward!”

The second was under the heading “Help Wanted”:

“Experienced private investigator needed for missing person case. The person sought remains well hidden after disappearing from my bathroom some six months ago. The bathroom is very small and I am sure he is not in there because the walls are still not papered. Local authorities baffled.”

And finally, under “Miscellaneous”:

“Come back, Tony, all is forgiven! My naked white walls cry out for your warm and sticky touch. The Bathroom.” (contributed by Dawn Mueller)

Some door-to-door canvassers for the nuclear freeze campaign kept a list of the reasons people gave for not signing their petitions. These are some of the reasons, which originally appeared in *Progressive* magazine:

“I don’t think I want to be interested!”

“I served in the Vietnam War. Serving in a nuclear war is your problem.”

“We’re still making payments on the pool.”

“Sorry, I’m a WASP.”

“We need nuclear weapons because no one will enlist in the Army anymore.”

“I’m not for the freeze because I’m not a Democrat!”

“You’re scaring our kids!”

“There’s no one here right now, and I don’t want to talk to you.”

“Sorry, I’m neutral!” (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

Speaking about his proposed “fourth television network,” media mogul Rupert Murdoch promised he would offer independent stations around the country “tasteful and engaging shows.”

“These will be shows with no outer limits,” he said. “The only rules are that they must have taste; they must be engaging, entertaining, and original.”

Programs being developed by Murdoch include a new

version of the sitcom *9 to 5*, a game show called *Banco*, which mixes wordplay with Bingo, and *Dream Girl U.S.A.* (New York) *Daily News* (contributed by Frank Mastropolo)

A murder hearing in Modesto, California, was suspended after the accused, Ruth Anna Willmon, thirty-eight, told the judge that she had been a murder victim herself.

“I was killed by three men,” she said, describing a site near Sawmill Mountain. “My body is there. My legs were cut off.”

Willmon added that she had sent members of her church to search for her body. (San Luis Obispo) *Telegram-Tribune* (contributed by Tom Howells)

*Women’s Wear Daily* reported that the I. Magnin store in San Francisco would hold a fashion show for the blind. “Set for Thursday at four P.M. in the Carnelian room at the Bank of America Building, the show will feature several rounds of models moving within easy reach of the audience,” the paper said. (contributed by Duck Divet)

In Sanford, Florida, fifteen-year-old Jimmy Wesley was allegedly shot four times acci-

dentally. “He was shot twice in the left arm and twice in the left leg with a .22-caliber rifle fired by Henry Bryant,” also fifteen. According to a Seminole County deputy sheriff, Bryant was “trying to shoot a snake” at the time of the accident. *Orlando Sentinel* (contributed by Mark D. Kloker)

An unnamed thirty-four-year-old man in East St. Louis, Illinois, attacked a bar owner with a knife but was killed when a four-hundred-pound employee of the bar sat on him.

“We could have shot him,” said Sherman Hamilton, the bar’s owner, “but we were trying to subdue him.” *Pittsburgh Press* (contributed by Stephen Schaaf)

Under a headline that read “Peculiar Alderman Convicted in Assault Cases,” the *Kansas City Star* reported that “both incidents occurred at the Basket & Barrel tavern in downtown Peculiar.” (contributed by Steve Beach)

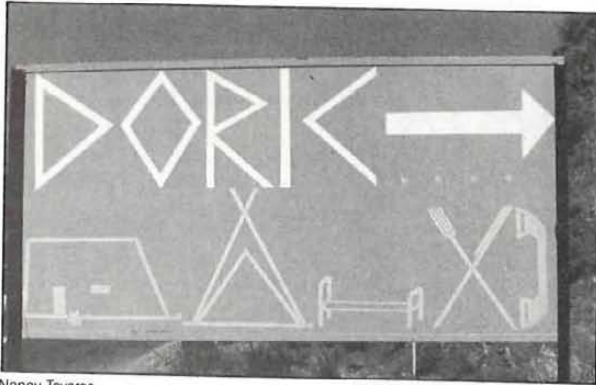
**Contributors:** We’ll pay ten dollars for every item used, twenty dollars for photos. Send to True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



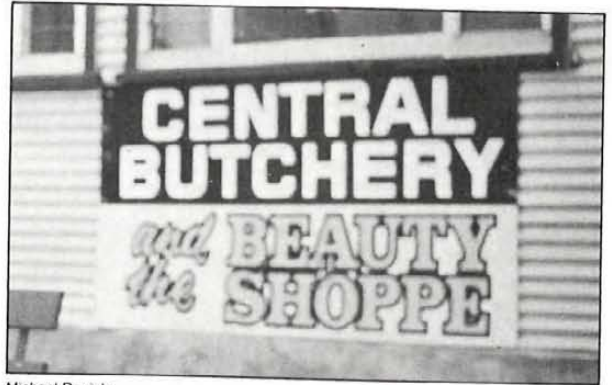
# TRUE

F A C T S

## Signs of the Times



Nancy Tavares



Michael Daniels



Gary Brent



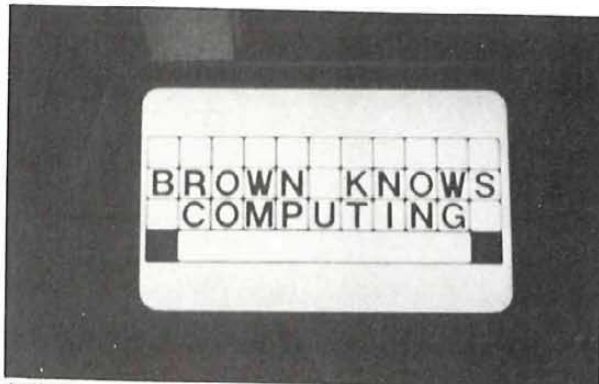
Lieutenant J. A. Nieroski



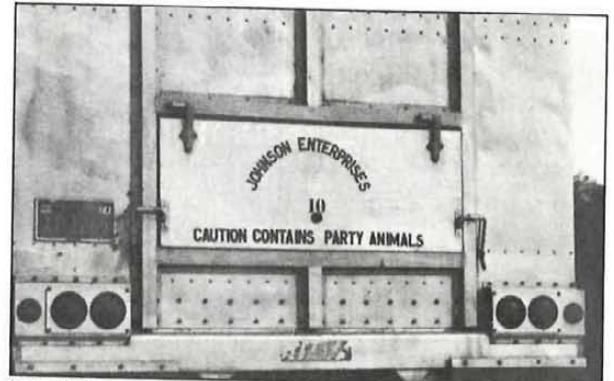
Mike, Scott, Ian Hobbs



Steven D. Goodman



Jim Kundie



Charles M. Quinn





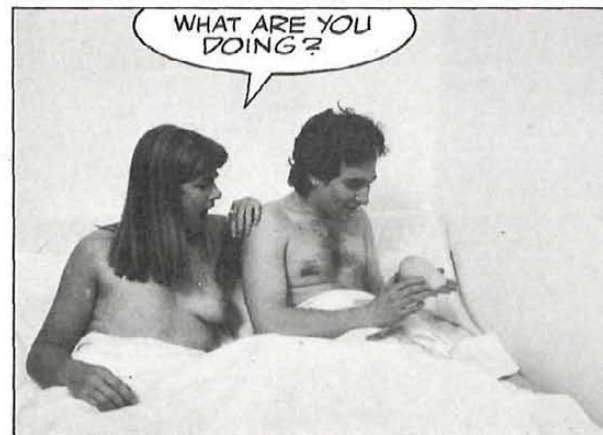
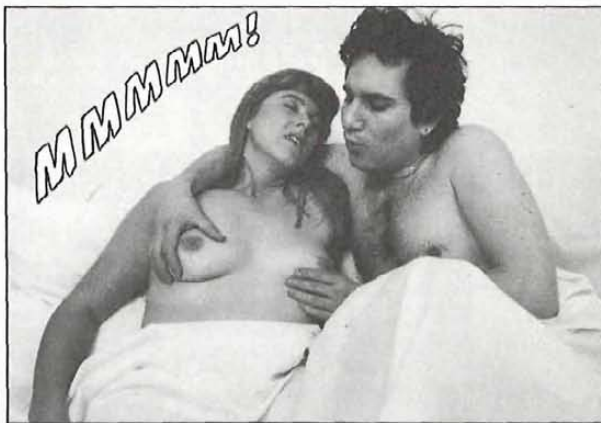
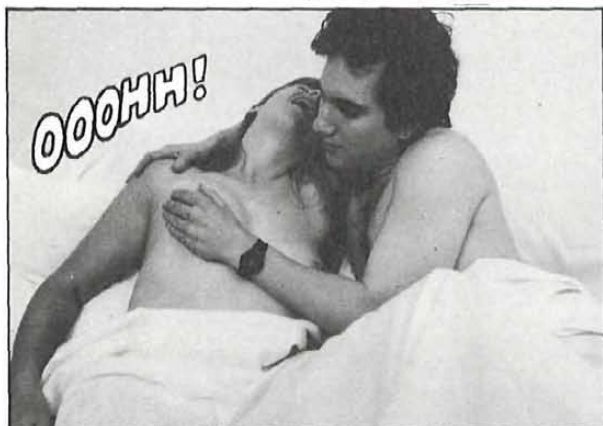
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it. It goes with everything, and it's always in good taste to have plenty of beautiful, fashionable money. Don't you think so? Say thank you.

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*.

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# COSMO! LIVE!

by Larry Sloman and  
Todd McGovern

It took the twentieth anniversary reunion of the Major Sidney H. Tremont High class of '86 to get me to thinking about Addie Brown again. Oh, from time to time I'd wonder what she was doing and where she went to, especially five years ago when they kept showing *2001: A Space Odyssey* and did all those programs comparing Kubrick's predictions with the reality of that famous year. But seeing Margie Harper, who had gained about twenty pounds since she'd been the head cheerleader, and Karen Vender, who *still* had the biggest tits in the New Haven area, brought back all those old memories. That whole night I kept looking up at the gym door, expecting to see that little mischief maker Addie make some weird grand entrance.

She was always doing weird, flashy things, which is why about 95 percent of our senior class wanted nothing to do with her. The fact that she was twelve years old and had skipped about six grades had something to do with it. But it was also her attitude. She was smarter than anyone in school, including the teachers, and she didn't try to keep it a secret. She'd just sit there in the back of each class, always figuring out some secret little calculations on her handheld computer, and every once in a while she'd lift her head up, really bored-like, and blurt out an answer that nobody else could know. Then she'd laugh to herself and bury her head back into her computer.

I guess it was odd that Addie and I had become good friends, what with me being six years older than her and, even if I say so myself, one of the most popular girls in school. Addie was different. She was always into trying to save the

world—or at least the people or animals who live in it. One time, Addie wired up the science lab, and during an assembly she freed about five thousand white mice and rabbits. "Animals have rights, too," she told everybody. Most of us kids didn't mind that, since we missed biology for a week. But Mr. Keenan, the principal, didn't think it was funny, especially when during Addie's disciplinary hearing she rigged up a radio transmitter and kept moving his toupee around on his head. He suspended her for a week.

When she showed up at classes again, she seemed more distracted than usual. She'd just sit in her usual seat in the back of every class and not even call out an occasional answer, even though everybody knew she knew *all* the answers. Something was up, I was sure.

We found out Friday afternoon. We were in American history class when we heard the familiar beep that signaled that Mr. Keenan was going to address the school on the closed-circuit TV hooked up to his office. Well, the beep was familiar but the picture was totally unusual. When the cameras came on, we saw Mr. Keenan, all right, but instead of being behind his desk he was on it. And Mrs. Quinlan, the school nurse, was under him. Karen Vender yelled at the screen, "Hey, Mrs. Quinlan, you want the birth control pills you gave me back?" Addie just sat in the back smiling to herself.

The new principal, Mr. Sullivan, gave Addie a pretty wide berth, and things settled back to normal for a while. Then she got on the whole space thing. She became totally obsessed with the stars and other galaxies and she was convinced that somewhere out there was intelligent life and that we were being watched, sort of like in some science experiment.

I remember one night, right after Addie's parents went away on their sabbatical and she was staying with her grandparents, she called me up and told me to come over. When I got there, I couldn't believe my eyes.

Now Addie's parents were what you might call liberal. They were both professors at Yale and they believed in progressive child rearing and reasoning with the child, which pretty much meant that Addie could do whatever she wanted. But with them going off to Europe to lecture at universities like the Sorbonne and Oxford, they felt that uprooting Addie for a year would be too unsettling for her at this critical stage of her adolescence. So they sent her to her grandparents' house. Now Addie's grandparents were nice, decent people, but they were getting up into their seventies and they were both pretty hard of hearing and almost legally blind. Which explained the gaping hole in the roof of their old house.

Addie had moved in a week earlier and apparently went right to work on their attic. She moved out the old boxes and brought in all this fancy scientific equipment that she had "borrowed" from Tremont over the years. There were all sorts of computer terminals and meters that kept beeping and a whole bank of screens that looked like they came from the New Haven airport air traffic controller's tower. They had.

But dominating all this equipment was a giant telescope that was jutting out of that ten-square-foot hole in old Mrs. Brown's roof.

"Whatta you think, Marylou?" Addie said, smiling. "Pretty neat, huh? I've got the telescope hooked up into the computer, so I'm always gathering data even when I'm asleep. And there's been some

really neat stuff happening lately." She dragged me over to the bank of screens. "Look at these signals. According to my analysis, these signals are coming from some sort of vehicle that is approaching the earth at a rate of 864,542.12 miles a second. But what's more exciting is that the signals aren't being randomly generated. There's a definite pattern to the pulses, like some sort of attempt at a language. They're trying to communicate with us!" She smiled with some satisfaction.

"How can you be sure that it's someone?" I said. "Maybe it's just some space junk like an old Sputnik."

Addie shook her head in pity. "Don't you think I can tell debris from a manned craft, Marylou? This just confirms my hypothesis that there is intelligent life out there and that they are from a superior civilization. Just look at the evidence around you. This planet is screwed up. We've totally polluted our natural environment. We've got enough nuclear weapons stockpiled to blow ourselves up thousands of times over. Some of us eat filet while others starve."

She paused for breath. "But they're more advanced. We don't even approach the technology to travel at the speed they are. They've been watching us, Marylou, watching and waiting. And now it's time for them to come here and straighten us out before we really blow it."

She raced back to her desk and began playing with a keyboard that was hooked up to a bank of electronic equipment. A weird synthesizer-type noise filled the room.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"Signaling them," she yelled over the din. "I'm playing 'We Are the World' to signal them in. Didn't you see *Close Encounters*?"

Suddenly one of her terminal screens began to show some strong signals. It pulsed for a minute, and then it began transmitting some musical notes. It was as clear as a bell. Addie and I looked at each other in total awe. There was no mistaking those familiar musical notes. It was Twisted Sister's "We Ain't Gonna Take It." It should have been a tip-off.

I moved in with Addie, telling my parents that her grandfolks were ill, and we spent the next few days monitoring the progress of the craft. Addie was in regular communication with them now, sending messages via Morse code. The space people always answered, although, Addie noted, their spelling wasn't exactly up to par. She blamed it on interference from local microwave ovens.

The days passed and the vehicle kept hurtling closer and closer. Addie was getting herself whipped into a real frenzy. She had stopped going to school, which was just fine with Mr. Sullivan and most of the student body. She was hardly

sleeping at all. The only time she left her console was to answer the door and pay the Danny's Pizza delivery boy, who was on the track team and had the hots for me.

One night Addie burst into her room and started jumping on the bed. I woke up. "Marylou, get dressed, quick. According to my calculations, they're landing in about twenty minutes." She helped me throw on some clothes and I raced down the stairs, trying to keep up with her.

Addie was some sight running down the road toward the old abandoned landfill. She was loaded down with high-tech equipment, some of it almost bigger than she was. She was also lugging gifts for the aliens: a huge cowboy hat for the male alien, a blow dryer in case it was a female, and a Cabbage Patch doll for any small UFO-nauts. Her pockets were stuffed with food that she had grabbed from the refrigerator: fruit, a few Twinkies, and a rapidly melting container of Häagen-Dazs. Right before we got to the landfill she paused to grab a dozen of Mrs. Murphy's prize roses. "Nothing but the best for the E.T.'s," she said, trying to catch her breath.

When we reached the open field, she started setting up her equipment. "Earth to aliens, can you read me?" she was shouting into a headset that she had stolen from Tremont's switchboard operator. "Landfill is cleared for a landing. Proceed as directed, 23:32 hours."

Suddenly there was a strange buzzing sound that seemed like an entire army of bees. Then the whole field was bathed in light, first blue, then red, but it was brighter and clearer than any light I had ever seen. Addie was transfixed, staring straight up at the sky. I ducked behind a tree, but Addie snapped out of it and peeled off her jacket. She was wearing a school-crossing guard's Day-Glo orange shirt underneath, and she started making sweeping hand gestures signaling the craft down.

After the lights pulsed blue and then red, a lone brilliant white spotlight lit up the ground in front of us, and we got our first glimpse of the spaceship. It was long and curved almost like a banana, and the sides were glistening like they were made of aluminum foil. It was almost floating down now, swaying from side to side, and Addie resembled a slightly hyperactive windmill as she waved her flashlights frantically. The ship cleared Echo Hill and slowly floated right past, past the landfill, over the highway, and right through the roof of the roadside McDonald's.

We ran across the highway and into the McDonald's, through the drive-in area, which had collapsed in the crash. There was debris all over. Thousands of frozen beef patties were strewn around

the restaurant. A white blob, the contents of the milk-shake machine, was oozing across the floor. French fries were scattered all over like confetti. And in the center of all that was the craft, which was bellowing smoke and making a high-pitched clatter.

"Addie, let's get out of here before we get in big trouble," I stammered. She just ignored me and slowly moved closer to the wreck.

Just then we heard a groan. And suddenly, out came the biggest hunk I'd ever seen. He was massive, like a cross between Sly Stallone and Arnold Schwarzenegger. He had piercing blue eyes, a gorgeous chiseled face, and buns that McDonald's couldn't even dream of.

Addie took one look at him and fainted. When she came to, the alien and I were huddled over her. He had reached into his utility belt and was offering her a square piece of some green gummy-like substance.

"No thanks," Addie said. "My mother always told me never to take candy from an extraterrestrial."

He smiled. "I was worried about you," he said in amazingly clear yet slightly accented English. "It wouldn't be too good if I scared the first Martian I met to death."

Addie and I exchanged a glance.

"Martian?" she said.

The alien stood up and assumed a more formal, dignified pose. "On behalf of my people, the inhabitants of the planet Felch, I offer a hand of peace and cooperation to you, the inhabitants of Mars."

"But this is Earth. You're in New Haven, Connecticut. It's in the United States," Addie said.

The alien grimaced. "I must get that planetometer fixed!" The alien shrugged and started wandering around the McDonald's, stopping to gingerly touch the broken furniture. "I've always wanted to see Earth anyway. Thanks to the metal ores in the core of Felch, we get all your transmissions. You people have wonderful prime-time television. Tell me, are we far from Lucy Ricardo's house? I would love to meet her."

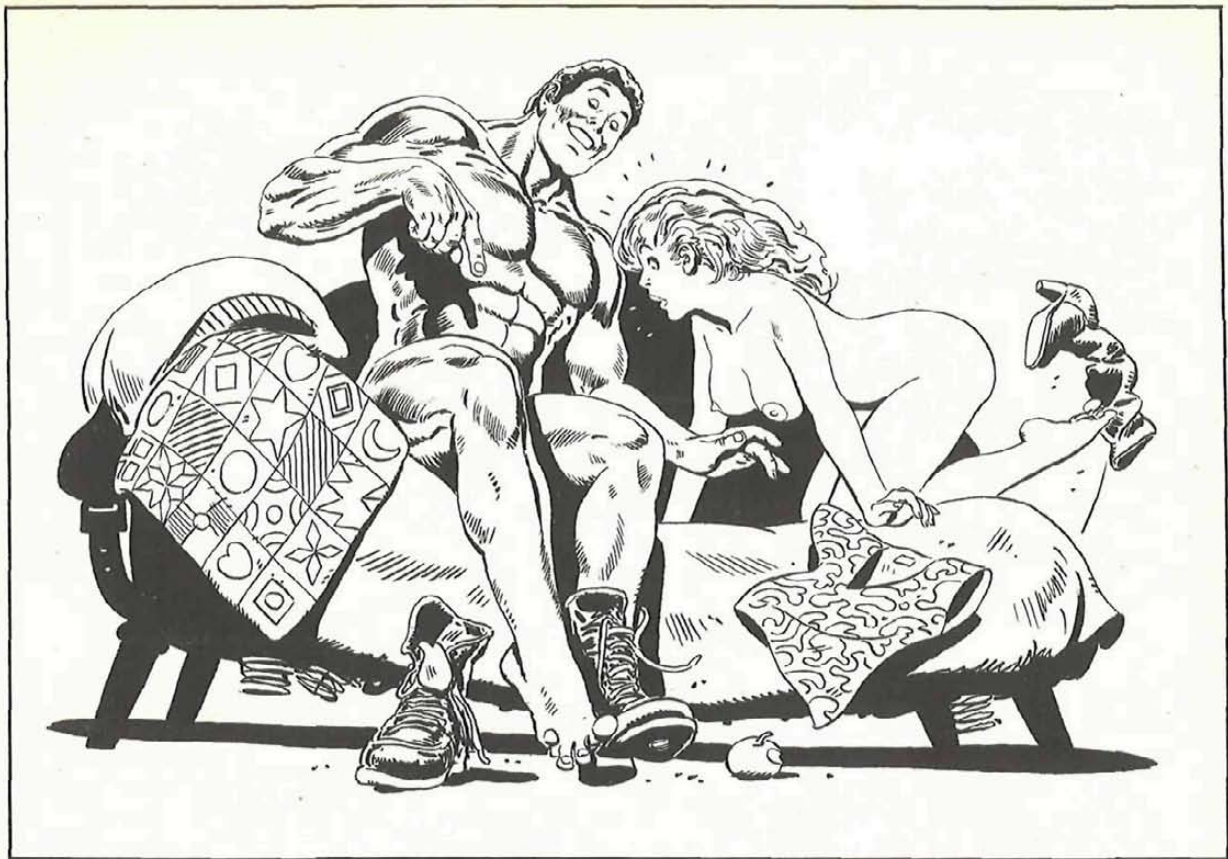
Addie didn't hear that last remark, as she was snooping around the damaged spaceship. The alien came over.

"Would you like to see my craft?" he said. "I fashioned it myself."

Addie and I carefully climbed into the ship. Its walls were lined with the same aluminum-foil substance that was on the outside. Addie examined what seemed to be the cockpit section of the craft.

"This control panel is amazing," she said. "It looks like it's made of wood!"

"It is," the alien said, smiling. "We have the capacity to fashion functional devices out of the huge flora that grow on our planet."



"See this?" Cosmo pointed to his crotch. "This is what we call a big-thing."

"What's this?" Addie was pointing to a thick rubbery substance about three feet wide that was wrapped tightly around a wheel-like structure.

"That is our means of propulsion," the alien explained. "With this device we are able to overcome the force of gravity and propel ourselves into the heavenly spheres."

"Addie, that looks like a giant rubber band to me," I whispered.

She shot me a look that could melt anything, including the aluminum foil that was wrapped around the ship. "Don't be stupid," she hissed. "It's obviously some synthetic that we can't even come close to conceiving."

Suddenly a phone started ringing. The alien got real nervous as soon as he heard the phone.

"Don't answer that!" He threw himself in front of the wall phone. "I've been getting these crank calls for the last few days. Why don't we go out now and explore your planet a bit?"

He led us out of the ship. I noticed that the phone call seemed to unsettle him or something, because he was sweating and sort of clutching at his stomach. He pulled a wad of that green gummy substance and started to chew it.

"We've got to hide your ship!" Addie said. "Can you move all that heavy junk

off it?"

Just then a weird bluish glow seemed to envelop the alien. Again we heard that high-pitched buzzing sound. A strange, confused look crossed his face.

"Oh, my God." Addie pulled me back. "He's going to show us his superpowers."

The alien lurched toward the debris. He seemed to be almost in a trance. He put his hands up to his temples, and a solid blue bolt of light suddenly shot out from his eyes. The remains of the destroyed booths miraculously started floating up off the ground and the ship was free.

Suddenly we heard a loud noise outside. Addie rushed to the front of the restaurant.

"Holy smoke," she said. "The 12:45 from Boston just jumped the track."

The alien coughed nervously. "I think we should get out of here," he said. "I've had a long flight and I'm getting a little tired."

Addie rushed back to us. "Boy, are we stupid! You must be exhausted. You can stay with us tonight—my grandparents have a spare bedroom. And I can show you my telescope and stuff."

The alien agreed. He picked up his battered craft and carried it out of the McDonald's. We were both amazed by his awesome display of strength. Addie

led him over to Echo Hill, where we helped him stash the ship. The alien paused and gathered up a few of his belongings.

"Gee, I can't believe I forgot my carry-thing." He shook his head. "I've been working on this invention—it's a circular device that I hook up to a flat surface, and you can load stuff on the flat part and then just pull the circle-thing and it rolls right along the terrain. You can save a lot of energy that way."

"That sounds like the wheel," I said.

"Whatever," he said. "It really works, especially when you're going up or down hills."

Addie had been stashing the last of the small spaceship pieces, and she ran back to where we were.

"I can't believe you're here," Addie said with awe. "I've been waiting for you so long. But let me ask you something. When I was signaling you with 'We Are the World,' how come you sent back 'We Ain't Gonna Take It?'"

"'We Ain't Gonna Take It?'" The alien looked puzzled. "Darn, I wanted to play the theme from *Close Encounters*. You know, da-dad-da-dum. All that heavy metal sounds the same to me."

It was easy smuggling the alien into Addie's house. After all, her grandfolks were blind as bats and they wouldn't

have heard anything if the 12:45 had de-toured through their living room. Addie showed the alien his room, said good-night, and then ran back to our room. I was in bed already, reading the latest issue of *Cosmopolitan*.

"Isn't he fabulous?" she cooed. "I can't believe how smart he is. He made that whole ship himself."

"He may be a hunk, but I don't know how smart he is. It looks like he got the parts from army surplus," I said. "The Confederate army."

"Boy, are you dumb," Addie said. "You wouldn't recognize superior advanced technology if it came up on your computer terminal and took a bite out of you." She giggled at her own pun. "I can't sleep, I'm not even tired, I'm so excited. I can't wait till he starts implementing his program."

"His program?" I wondered.

"That's why he's here, Marylou," Addie said. She had a weird faraway look in her eyes. "He's here to show us the way."

"I guess his first lesson is: Don't eat fast food," I said.

Addie frowned. "But we gotta come up with an Earth name for him. I asked him his name and he said something real long and unpronounceable. We gotta name him something short and something appropriate." She stared at me for a second. I shrugged and picked up my magazine and started reading. "That's it!" she yelled. "Cosmo. How appropriate."

I just smiled. "I'm glad I wasn't reading *Psychology Today*," I said. "Then we'd have to call him Psycho." I turned off the light but I couldn't get his face—and the rest of him—out of my mind.

The next morning Cosmo met Addie's grandparents. She brought him down for breakfast and introduced him as a high school exchange student who had just come to the U.S. from Lithuania. Addie's folks were real nice about it, and they offered him seconds on everything. They didn't know it, but he wound up eating thirds and fourths. I've never seen anybody eat that much in my life.

After breakfast, Addie wanted to take Cosmo out to see New Haven, but he seemed reluctant to leave the house. He just kept wandering around, picking up little knickknacks and examining them real close. He especially seemed to get a charge out of Addie's grandfather's antique Victrola, the one that has the big horn on it. When Addie demonstrated it by putting on an old 78 record, he was delighted.

"Very interesting," he said. "But we can create music on our planet without having to use any of those strange round discs. You see, we have developed the technology to make sounds that are pleasant to the ear by using tools that we fashion from natural substances."

He picked up Addie's grandpa's cane.

"On my planet, we take an object like this and fasten long strings to either end, making sure they are tight, and then by controlling the tension on the string we make music. We don't need this big primitive box and the hard black discs." He put down the cane and then on the way to the kitchen accidentally stepped on it, splintering it in half.

"Oh, that's okay, Cosmo." Addie rushed to pick up the pieces. "Grandpa won't know it's gone. He can never find it anymore."

Cosmo paused on the way to the kitchen to admire a large grandfather clock in the hall. "What an interesting device," he said.

I explained to him that we use it to tell time and that every hour, on the hour, it would ring out the correct number of hours.

"We used to have old-fashioned devices like that," he said. Cosmo pulled something out of his side pack. "Look at this, Marylou."

It was a small circular wood disc that had a thin piece of granite cutting its diameter. There were two long leather straps attached to the disc on either side.

"I'm proud to say that I myself am responsible for this innovation," Cosmo boasted. "You simply tie this to your wrist like so, and depending on where the sun's shadow falls, that is your time of day. Now you don't have to drag around that large object to know the time." He smiled and continued on into the kitchen.

The kitchen blew his mind. Cosmo stayed in there for hours, playing with the electric can opener, the toaster oven, the microwave, the electric stove, the self-defrosting refrigerator. Addie tailed him around the whole time, she couldn't get enough of him. When he was finished, we all sat down at the breakfast nook.

"So this is the room you Earth people use for food preparation," Cosmo said. "Very interesting."

"I'm sure we can't approach your technology," Addie said.

Cosmo smiled. "Let me show you a little trick." He took the morning paper and crunched it into a big ball. Then he grabbed two wooden kitchen matches and started rubbing them together, real fast.

"See, Addie, when you rub these two pieces of wood together, you generate enough friction and heat so that eventually..." Just then, one of the match heads ignited.

"There!" Cosmo took the match and lit the newspaper. "I have started what we call on my planet a hot-thing. Now you simply hold the food over the hot-thing and, in a short while, it will be cooked. You don't need that big oven."

I shot Addie a quizzical look, but she

seemed absorbed in the explanation.

"My father, he invented hot-things," Cosmo said modestly.

All the day's exploration seemed to tire Cosmo, so he went upstairs for a nap. Addie was about to sneak upstairs and watch him sleep when I collared her.

"Are you sure this Cosmo guy is from outer space?" I said. "I think the dude took a wrong turn chasing a dinosaur and wound up in Mr. Peabody's time machine set for 1986."

Addie frowned. "Marylou, have all those girls' magazines turned your mind to mush? You ought to read the classics a bit more. Cosmo's obviously talking in metaphors. Look at our culture. Look where so-called progress has taken us. That's Cosmo's *message*, that we ought to get back to a more natural way of life. Stop and smell the roses. I think that's a pretty good philosophy." She stopped and smiled. "I'll be right back. I'm gonna go get him some Twinkies at the 7-Eleven."

As soon as Addie left, I ran upstairs and snuck into Cosmo's room. Watching him sleep wasn't such a bad idea. He seemed so happy, so content, just lying there with a nice, peaceful smile on his face. Then I realized that he wasn't sleeping.

"Marylou," he said in a low, sexy voice. "Ever since I first laid eyes on you, I've found you very attractive. On my planet, when two people are attracted to each other, there's a special thing they do to make them even closer to each other."

"That special thing wouldn't be sex, would it?" I said coyly.

"Well, I was actually thinking of bowling, which is Felch's national sport. We used to get your Saturday afternoon telecasts. But sex is not such a bad idea, is it?"

I couldn't resist. I felt like I was melting, especially when he stared at me with those deep, soulful blue eyes.

We fell into each other's arms. In no time flat, we were naked.

"How do people from your planet do it?" I asked him, between passionate kisses.

He sat up in the bed.

"See this?" He pointed to his crotch area. How couldn't I see it, I thought to myself. "This is what we call a big-thing."

He smiled and touched me gently between the legs. "And that we call a big-thing holder."

We tried it out and it soon became obvious that people on his planet weren't prone to exaggerate. After about twenty minutes, we stopped. I was afraid that Addie might come back and walk in on us.

"That was wonderful," Cosmo said. "We must do it again."

I couldn't wait.





*The oil had been sucked back into the earth and forced up in areas where it had never been before.*

"Only next time, let's have sex the way you Earth people do it," Cosmo said.

Except to go to the store to pick up some more Twinkies, which Cosmo simply adored, we didn't leave the house for the next three days. Cosmo was always coming up with some excuse not to go out. And it usually came right after a little beeper in his utility kit went off. Every time that damn thing beeped, Cosmo would kind of start twitching, and then he'd take another little ball of that green gummy stuff, and then, sure enough, he'd start to glow and he'd excuse himself and go sit alone in his room for a few minutes. Then he'd come back down and get engrossed in something in the house. He spent a whole afternoon in Mr. Brown's basement rec room.

I was always looking for an excuse for us to sneak off so I could hold his big thing. He was *much* better than Danny's Pizza's delivery boy. That Saturday morning, I slept in. About eleven, Addie came charging into the room.

"Marylou, get up. You gotta see the uniform I got Cosmo." She ripped open the bag from Schwartz's Army-Navy Store. "Check out these camouflage pants. I hope they fit him. Here's yours.

Here's our canteens and hunting knives and some freeze-dried food..."

"What, are we going camping? Cosmo's been on Earth for four days and he's already earned vacation time?" I said.

"Very funny," Addie said. "We're going to do our first action."

"Action?"  
Addie explained that she had had a long talk with Cosmo the night before and she had convinced him that he should put his superpowers to good use. People on this planet responded to one thing, she said—decisive action. So we were going to go out on a series of little missions, kind of like Robin Hood and his merry band, and we would make a few what she called "changes." The first change was going to be at the new nuclear power plant at Croton. Everyone knew that nuclear power was inefficient and dangerous, so Addie decided that we should sneak into the plant and do a symbolic action, something like turning off the power and leaving some flowers behind. Oh, she had a name for our group, too. We were going to be called the Superhuman Crew.

"I can't wait to read the papers the next day," Addie smiled mischievously. "This'll be bigger than Live Aid."

We were ready to leave late Sunday night. I had borrowed my folks' car and we had crammed it with all our equipment, including a realistic-looking UZI water machine gun that Addie had issued to Cosmo. He was some sight in his cammies and muscle T-shirt. They were both about three sizes too small, making him look like Rambo if he had OD'ed on steroids. Cosmo looked about as pleased with this whole scheme as I was, which wasn't pleased at all. But Addie was totally jazzed, scurrying around, giving us orders through her walkie-talkie like a field commander.

Addie and I were waiting in the car when Cosmo finally came out. "That's it!" he screamed, pointing at the tires. "That's the invention I'm working on. Only your wheels are rounder than mine."

We got to the outskirts of the plant about two that morning. We ditched the car in some bushes and snuck up to the outside gate. It was real quiet.

"Okay, here's the plan," Addie said, using a stick to make some markings on the ground. "We penetrate the fence here. I've got something that'll neutralize the current in the barbed wire.

continued on page 33

# PRIVILEGED COMMUNICATION ULTRA EYES ONLY

For: Pres. Ronald W. Reagan, C.I.C.  
From: Select Commission to Formulate Defensive Military Strategies in Interplanetary Space  
Re: "Star Wars" Ordnance

Mr. President:  
When the President commissioned us secretly in 1981 to formulate military strategies in deep space, we were initially confounded and overwhelmed. Why should the President select for this purpose a panel consisting entirely of academic conservative intellectuals and decommissioned officers of federal security services?

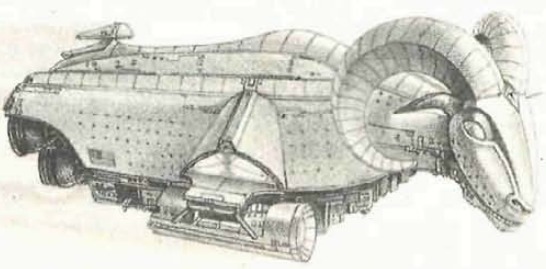
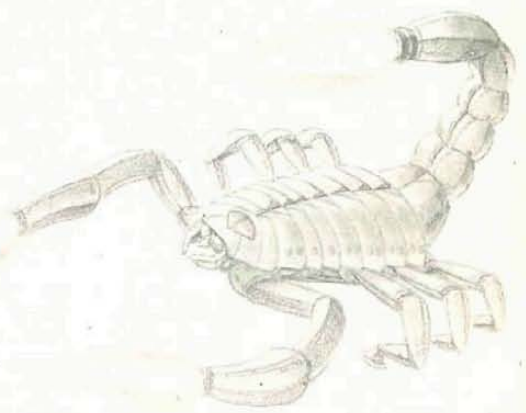
After the initial hostility and discord, gradually the panel apprehended the actual issue with which we were to grapple. Obviously, we realized unanimously, there will never be a practical purpose for conducting warfare in space. However, in order to fuel our national economy, defense industries must have grand goals and output quotas, and citizens must be motivated to support these goals of producing ever newer and more expensive military equipment. But since citizens are widely reluctant nowadays to support the goal of nuking the Soviet Union—for fear of being nuked in return—the development of earth-oriented weaponry is problematical for them. Therefore, why not design and develop weapons to be used exclusively in outer space, where civilian casualties are necessarily impossible?

Another related factor: In this era of mutually assured destruction in the event of serious war, human military personnel are at best redundant, and potentially inimical to the interests of the State. Military personnel left unused for long periods grow restive and refractory, susceptible to cozenage by the political opponents of those in rightful power, and often enlist themselves in revolutionary coups (as recently shown in Haiti and the Philippines). Accordingly, as C. in C., it is manifestly in your material long-range interest to permanently station all your armed forces in deep space. We might point out that the space environment will also promote a commendable turnover of personnel stationed there—especially when supplemented with the extraterrestrial ordnance we have designed on the accompanying blueprints.

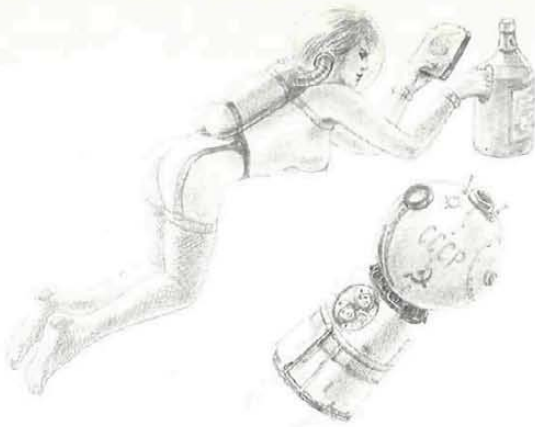


Your Honored Servants,  
Jeane Krankpatrick, U.N., 1981-88  
Ernest van den Skaag,  
Distinguished Professor of Urban Decay,  
Columbia University  
Lt. Col. Gene "Nux" MacLean, CIA,  
Engineering Wing, 1948-1974  
Maj. Harry "The Hat" Hannum, USMC,  
Special Services, 1966-1972

Retreats, strategic or abject, are inevitable in any conflict. Hence the **Scorpio Officers-Only Evacuation Vessel**, fashioned to look so formidably aggressive that hostiles, on sighting it, will pause to assess the risk of attack. In this interval, U.S. commissioned personnel will board **Scorpio** and send it backward at nearly the speed of light.

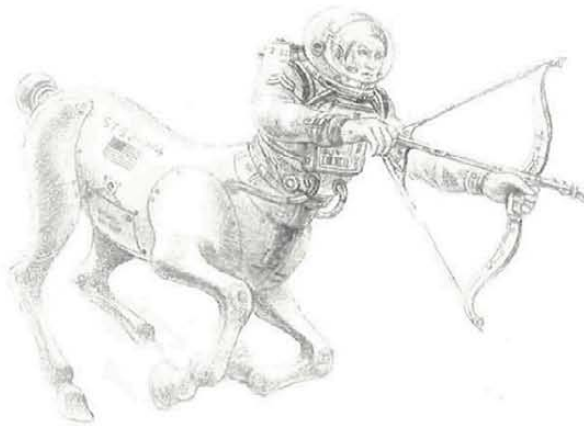
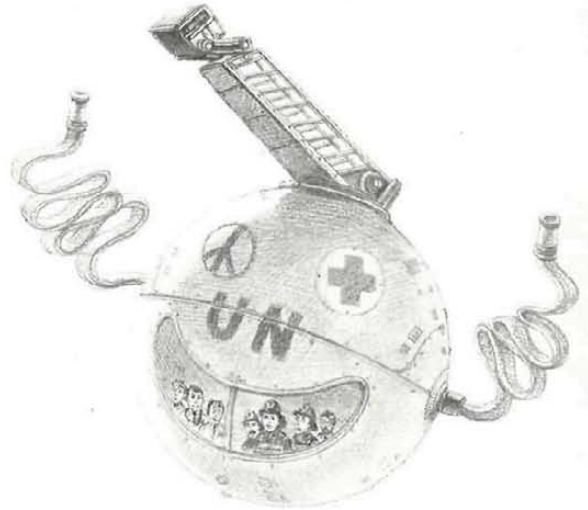


**Aries Troop Personnel Carrier** transports 50,000 troops at once, facilitating brisk personnel turnover when desired by the high command.



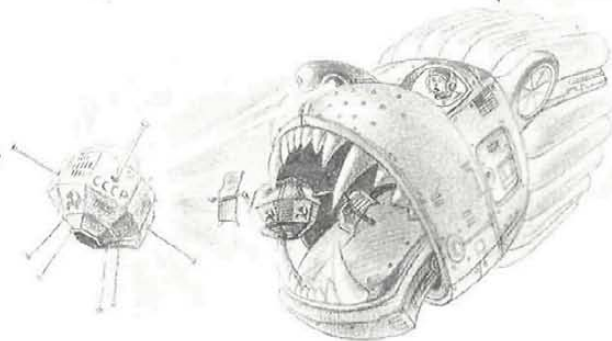
◀ The irresistible **Virgo Seductra-Android**, fashioned with all the subtle, cunning verisimilitude of a grown-up Cabbage Patch Kid designed to elicit masculine lust, accosts hostile spacecraft after the crew has succumbed to zero-grav disorientation and terminal sex hunger. She furnishes them with ultra-debilitating Soviet liquor and Afghan hashish, determined by the CIA to be the Russian military's Achilles' heel.

So-called "conscientious objectors" will proliferate when U.S. troops are sent into space, where the chances for individual survival will be drastically slim. We propose, therefore, that the U.N. create an interplanetary medical corps, staffed by American C.O.'s, aboard the **Aquarius E.M.S. Rescue Module**, to be blown up by both sides in any conflict. ▶

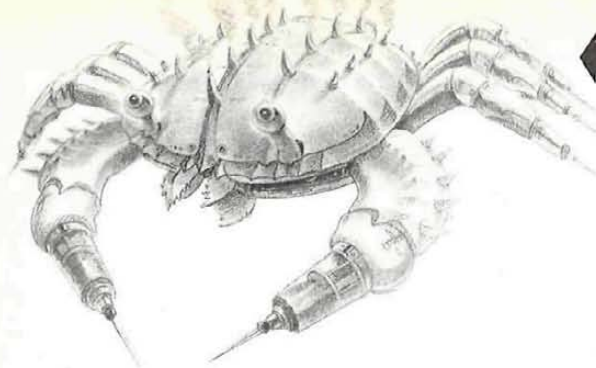


◀ **Sagittarius Solo Space Fighter** fires dramatic antipersonnel laser beams. Admittedly useless, this handsome unit nevertheless looks good and is very expensive.

**Leo Twin-Pilot Satellite Eradicator:** Jaunty, compact, ultra-efficient at clearing up hostile space debris. Human pilots are not strictly necessary for the function of the unit, but valiant "Leo Jocks" will serve as inspiring swashbuckling heroes for lesser troops to emulate. ▶

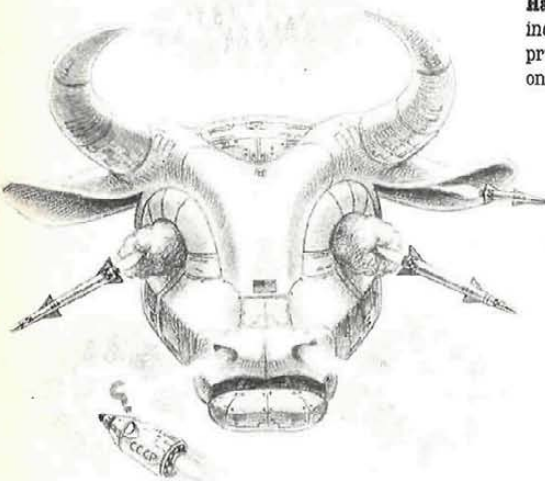


◀ Star Wars commanders will periodically take to the skies themselves, to raise morale among the troops stationed there. On such occasions, appropriate accommodations will be furnished by the **Pisces High Command Module**, which features a full-scale replica of the Burning Tree Country Club golf course.



◀ **Cancer Interplanetary Bio-Warfare Module**, outfitted with the entire strategic pharmacopoeia of the United States Defense Department: anthrax bacilli, ergot fungus, voodoo tetrodotoxin, AIDS virus, BZ nerve gas, and even more sophisticated classified bio-warfare ordnance. **Cancer** will kill every living thing under the sun, or any other star.

To maintain a semblance of sanity among U.S. troops in space (but at a minimum sacrifice of decency and hygiene), each division of 500 troops stationed in space will have access to the **Libra Currency-Operated Ashes Hauler**. Each unit is fashioned specifically to incite the least possible measure of erotic prurience, so as to minimize wear and tear on these highly expensive units.



◀ **Taurus Orbital Space Mine** is designed with security in mind. Merely put one of these hyperkinetic destroyer craft into programmed orbit around your executive command station in space, and it clears a perpetual no-activity zone for 200 cubic kilometers on all sides: an impenetrable eggshell of security.

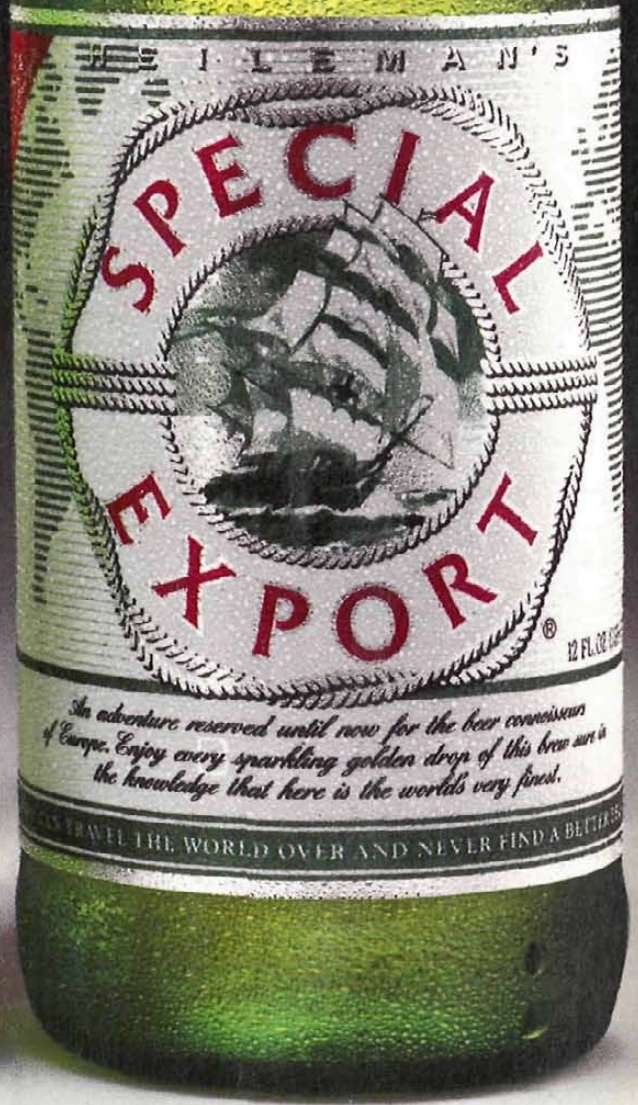
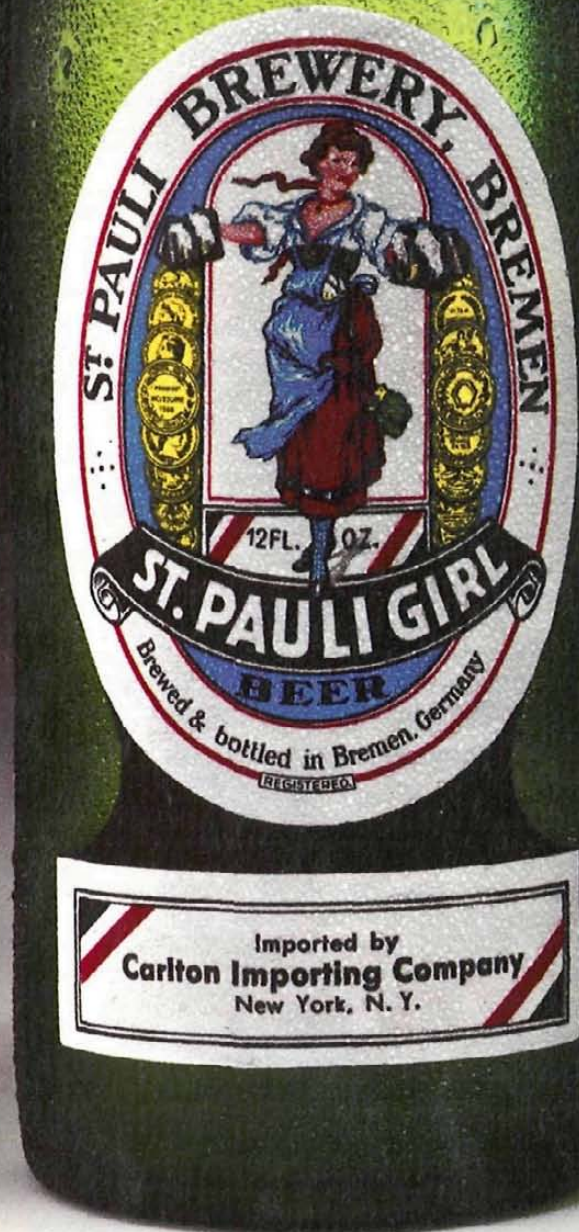
The capricious **Capricorn Satellite Eradicator** exploits the fatal human urge to laugh. Hostiles, when they sight **Capricorn**, will refuse to believe it's serious, providing an all-important interval for it to chew up the entire sky.



◀ Star Wars officers will require frequent periods of rest and relaxation, lest they go as space-crazy as the G.I.'s stationed permanently in deep space. Officers' R & R archipelagoes—clusters of gravitation-friendly asteroids, ideally—will require optimal security.

To prevent hostiles from access to U.S. R & R archipelagoes, the **Gemini Misdirectional Beacon** is designed to uncannily re-

semble a true quasar flashing star. One lantern beam held aloft by its helpful-darkie module emits brilliant scarlet light, while the other lantern emits deep violet light. **Gemini**, once set to rotating, furnishes the combined ultraviolet and infrared spectra as extragalactic quasars. Thus, hostiles foolish enough to attempt to follow a **Gemini** beacon will, most often, wind up pursuing it deep into interstellar space, never to return.



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Imported beers may cost more than Special Export, but few are more expensively made.

We use only premium Bavarian hops, and we fully Kraeusen our beer, the slowest and most costly method of brewing.

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So you only pay what it costs to make a superior premium beer.

Not what it costs to ship one in.

## Heileman's Special Export.

You can travel the world over and never find a better beer.

# Whatever Gets You Through the Day

## The Reality of My Fantasy Life

by Ed Subitzky

**W**hen the *National Lampoon* first asked me to do this, of course I said no. I mean, come on, a guy's fantasies are supposed to be his private possession. Maybe I would tell one or two of them to my shrink, but most of the time I leave even him guessing. But okay, they said that they would pay me, so here goes. Anyway, why should I care if you know what I really think about all day long? I'm no different from any other man. If the city's Department of Sewers ever found out what flows through my brain, they'd rush right over to clean it out with Roto-Rooters and truck-length vacuum devices.

And why? Because, just like everyone else, I'm trapped in something I've never developed a taste for. Reality. Every day it's the first thing I wake up to. I stumble through a freezing or sweltering apartment the size of a shoebox. I pack myself into a crowded bus full of other glassy-eyed people who don't quite have the courage to hang themselves from the

ceiling straps. I spend my hours pushing papers from one end of a desk to the other and hope that some egotistical big shot will like the heights of the piles just enough not to fire me. And all of the women whose pants I'd love to get into are more interested in men who can begin their "personals" ads "Handsome/rich/athletic..." instead of "Bald/middle-aged/tired..."

In other words, as I've said, I'm the average American male leading the average working life. I need an out. And so do you.

Luckily, through the centuries philosophers have debated the nature of reality. And I say, if the greatest intellects of history can question its existence, then we can certainly send it packing. All it takes is a little imagination, a dash of creativity, and some well-negotiated mental acrobatics (no safety net necessary). So come on. I'll show you my fantasies if you'll show me yours. Let's make it through the day together.



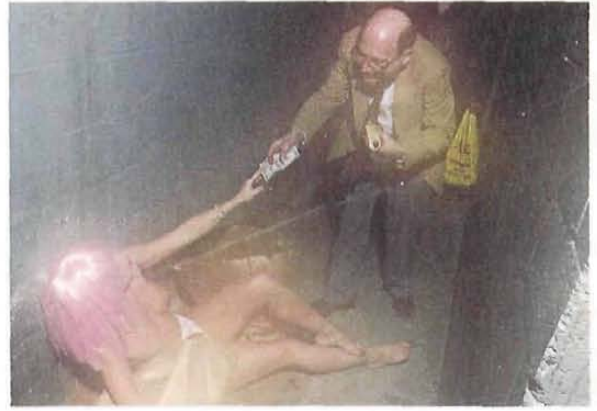
*Oh God, the morning. And the first thing I have to do is dictate this stupid, idiotic memo that's going to have the whole office snickering to a secretary whose breath smells of six-day-old Maxwell House. But does it bother me? Not on your life.*



*Because I know how to find instant relief. Just gear up the mind's eye, rummage through the old cerebral cortex, regroup a synapse or two, and presto! I've dictated such a refreshing change in the scenery.*



*Lunchtime. I feel like I'm going to barf my hot dog up—and everything else I've eaten for the last forty-three years. In a moment of unexpected mercy, I attempt to give her a quarter. She looks at me quizzically, trying to decide whether or not I'm made of paper, have two little handles on top, and have room inside for a rusted sewing machine.*



*Once again, no problem. Just get into the right mindset. Stare hard at the object in question. Wait until it starts to shimmer; blur; dissolve. Like an optical illusion, the lines suddenly flip. And you've bagged something well worth your attention.*



*Late afternoon. The boss wants to see me. Better stop off first and fry my brain with sugar: I lose one, two, three quarters. It becomes a matter of principle. I refuse to quit. Triumphant I pay twelve dollars for a chocolate bar with one almond and two roaches.*



*But sooner or later, even the vending machine starts to look a whole lot better. Remember, you don't need an optometrist's prescription to go through life wearing pink-colored glasses. A mind is a terrible thing to waste, so always make the most of yours.*



*Back to the office. By some incredible miracle, my memo is actually typed and ready—one more in a long line of desperate attempts to cover my ass. Will it work? The clatter of the Xerox machine is mercifully numbing. Next step is to distribute it and pray.*



*But is it really just a flat piece of paper? Or is it magic origami? In my mental imagery, it folds, it mutates, it hooks around and connects back on itself. It becomes fleshy, substantial, the kind of thing that really should be copied—over and over again.*



*The memo's out. I must be getting nervous. I've been here six times in the last ten minutes. Now this asshole has to show up. I'm sure he's read the memo. I know he's laughing at me inside. And I finally understand why he's fucking every woman in the office. I think he'll have to wind it back in on a reel.*



*Boss has read the memo. Wonders out loud whether I might be overqualified for my position. Wants to know if I have any arch problems that might make it hard for me to stand in unemployment lines. Finally he inflicts the unkindest cut of all: forgiveness, so I can come back tomorrow and go through it all over again.*



*What a day! Home at last! And look who's here, as always—Sheena. She's an aerobics instructor who moved in with me a few years ago. She tells me she had a rough day too, and wants to get it out of her system by having hot, passionate sex all night long. Yet again.*



*So what? Imagination knows no bounds. Why, anyone could be standing beside me. I always felt that my dream girl was only a door, a block, a party away. In my fantasy world, she could just as well show up here.*



*As far as humiliation goes, that's small-fry stuff. I mean, let's face it, a guy needs a little discipline every now and then. With just a bit of attitude adjustment, I'm finally getting what's really coming to me.*



*All right, Sheena, come on. I mean, you have to get tired sooner or later. Every once in a while, I mutter a polite "Oh, my God!" to make her think I'm paying attention. Meanwhile, in my mind, everything is so much better and I'm having the kind of terrific evening I only get the chance to dream about.*





*The audience was in a frenzy as this beautiful, stark-naked girl hung about twenty feet up in the air.*

## COSMO! LIVE!

continued from page 25

We cut the fence and scramble to the main building. According to my calculations, the perimeter guard should have just made his pass, and we'll be home free as soon as I destabilize the security alarm. We go down two corridors, hang the first left, and enter the room where the main power supply is. I've got some Mace for the guard inside. The only thing you'll have to do, Cosmo, is get us through the heavy door. That should be a snap for you."

I looked over at Cosmo. He was a hair away from that familiar twitch.

"Okay, Superhuman Crew, let's hit it," Addie barked.

Well, it all went according to plan until Cosmo's beeper started going off.

The beeping woke up the guard, who had been napping. When he spotted us, he reported us on his walkie-talkie. Meanwhile, Addie started freaking, and she told us to charge the room. Cosmo just got paler and paler.

"C'mon, Cosmo, turn blue, turn blue, eat some energizer quick. We gotta get through the door," she yelled.

The guard was just about ten yards away from us when Cosmo finally snapped out of it. He gulped down

some of that green stuff and in a second he was pulsing like a color-blind traffic light. Addie sprayed the guard, who went out like a shot, then she pushed Cosmo to the door. We could already hear footsteps running down the halls.

Cosmo just stood there for a second, blinking like a Christmas tree and sweating his buns off. Then the whole corridor turned incredibly bright, and that solid-blue bolt shot out from his eyes. The humming was almost deafening as the door flew off and we were thrown into the power room.

"Okay, Cosmo, that's it," Addie yelled. "I'll get the switch."

But there was no stopping him. He had this real strange look on his face, almost like Regan in *The Exorcist*, that weird, out-of-control stare. He kept slowly turning his head around, like some kind of surveillance camera, and everywhere he looked the blue bolt was burning holes in the steel walls.

"I think we better get out of here," Addie mumbled.

But it was too late. Sirens started wailing, the fire alarms were ringing, and a loud frantic voice came over the loudspeaker:

"ALL PERSONNEL—RED ALERT. WE HAVE A MELTDOWN SITUATION IN THE MAIN REACTOR ROOM."

"I think you're right, Addie," I said, and we bolted for the door. But Cosmo was just standing there in a trancelike state, still beaming blue. Addie ran back, shook him a bit, and he finally followed us down the corridor. We made it to the exit just as a team of guys in weird NASA-type suits were running by, carrying what looked like a huge vacuum cleaner. We didn't even get a chance to leave the flowers we copped from Mrs. Murphy's lawn. We drove the whole way back to New Haven in almost total silence. Addie spoke only about five words the whole trip. "Far out," she said after a half hour into the drive. "Far fuckin' out."

Monday morning, all the metropolitan New York media got the notes that Addie had sent out announcing the first action by the Superhuman Crew. She had said that the nuclear power plant was going to be "disrupted" by a combined force of progressive earthlings and one "peace commando" from the planet Felch. The commentators and the authorities were treating the communiqué as "some crank's idea of a joke" until a Boy Scout troop stumbled upon the wreckage of Cosmo's spaceship up on Echo Hill. That night we were the lead story on Dan Rafter's newscast.

Thankfully, no one had gotten hurt in

continued on page 35

# PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

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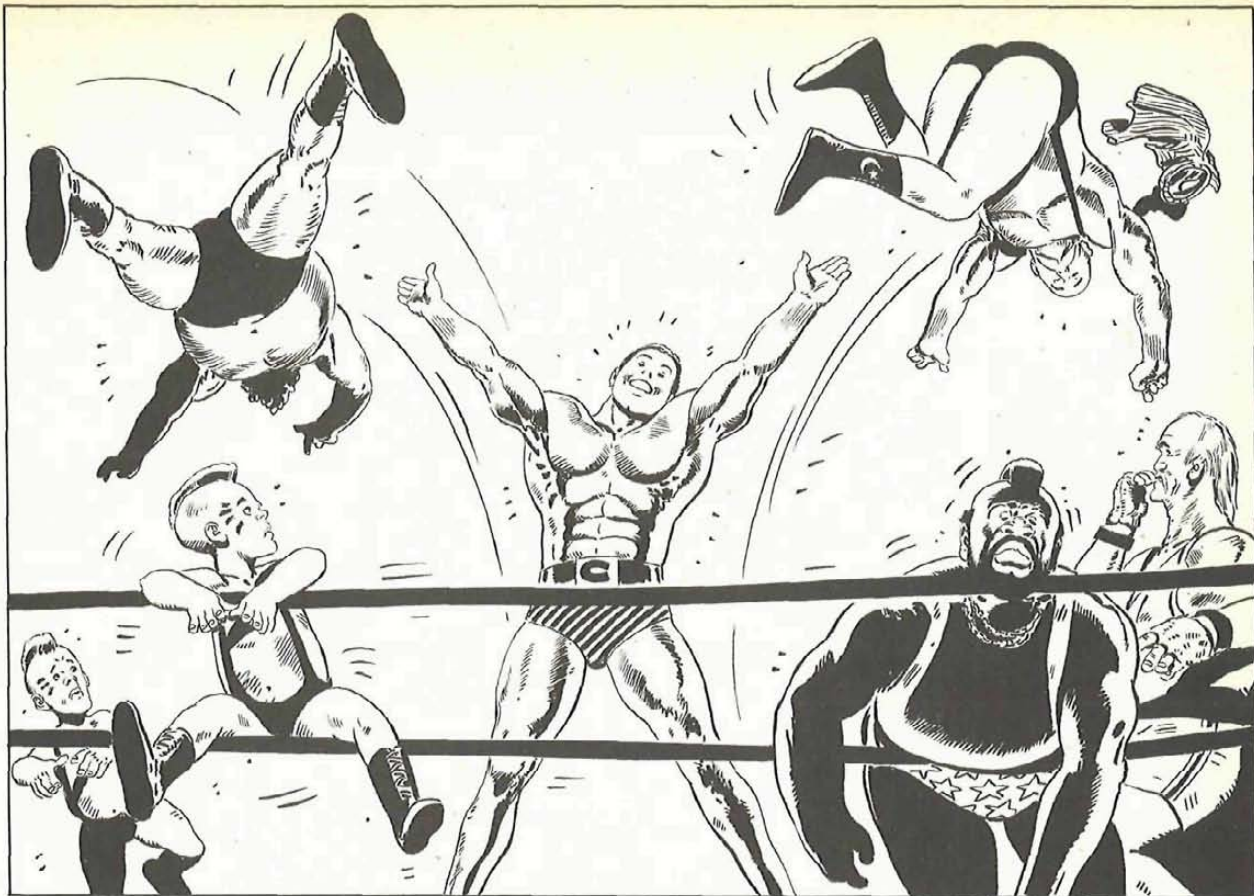
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*Cosmo picked up Rowdy Roddy and King Kong Bundy and threw them through the air.*

continued from page 33  
the meltdown. There was no radiation scare; in fact, the only damage, except for the runny nose that the guard got from the Mace, was to the reactor itself. It was reduced to a puddle of molten metal.

Addie, naturally, was in awe of Cosmo's power. I was beginning to think that except for his big-thing he was a little bit out of control. She was convinced that he had planned to knock out the reactor all along and to do it in such a way that no one would get hurt. Cosmo, for his part, wasn't talking. When we got back from Croton that night, he headed straight for his room and didn't come out for a whole day. And when he came out it was only to sneak a few Twinkies out of the refrigerator before he rushed back upstairs.

Addie waited a few days before she announced our next action. Meanwhile the media was going crazy with the Super-human Crew story. The feds were swarming all over town, going over Echo Hill and the wrecked McDonald's with fine-tooth combs. The secretary of defense was appealing to the alien to "come forward" and "tell the world his agenda." International political analysts

were hypothesizing about the makeup of this new terrorist group.

Cosmo finally came out of his room, but we would have needed a forklift to get him out of the house. So when Addie called us together to plan the next action, Cosmo suggested that we could do whatever she had in mind from the backyard. Addie said that was fine, because she didn't really want to go to the Middle East.

"The Middle East?" I said. "What do you want to do there?"

"The oil, Marylou, the oil," she explained. "Look, terrorism is the world's biggest problem, and the reason that those guys can go around and hijack planes and stuff is because they get so much money from oil. All we have to do is knock out, say, 75 percent of their oil fields and that'll set them back for years. They'd have to go back to being camel farmers and they wouldn't have time to do all those bombings."

Well, I wasn't entirely convinced, but she must have sold Cosmo on the idea, because the next morning, there we all were decked out in hard hats, setting up in the backyard. Addie had pulled out the grill and Cosmo was standing in the barbecue pit. She had a vast array of maps of Iran and Iraq and Saudi Arabia sprawled out on the picnic table, and

she had circled all the major oil fields in that region.

"All right, Cosmo, visualize the rigs and the derricks and the pumps, and zap 'em. Shut 'em down. I'll start the countdown. Ten, nine..."

Cosmo winced a little, and then he pulled out some of his green gunk and reluctantly swallowed it down. When Addie hit "two" he was already blinking blue. Suddenly we felt a quick chill in the air and the sun disappeared behind clouds that seemed to come out of nowhere. I kinda felt like I was in one of those scenes from *The Ten Commandments*. Lightning started flashing and Cosmo started shaking and sweating, almost like he was having an epileptic fit. The buzzing sound was nearly deafening by now and Addie was screaming, "C'mon, Cosmo, shut 'em down," when about thirty feet to our right, by the birdbath, a huge geyser of black stuff shot up out of the ground. It spurted about forty feet into the air and stayed that way for about thirty seconds, and then Cosmo kinda keeled over and the geyser subsided.

Addie rushed over to Cosmo and I rushed over to the birdbath. It was black gold, all right.

We took him inside and put him on the couch. Addie turned the TV on. And

there it was. A special bulletin. The announcer said that the Superhuman Crew had struck again. He read Addie's communiqué, but he said that the actual action had gone far beyond what the "new intergalactic terrorists" had claimed. All the oil fields had been shut down in Saudi Arabia, Iran, Iraq, and Kuwait, but apparently all the oil from that region had been somehow sucked back into the earth, and the pressure had forced oil up in areas where it had never been before. There were reports of geysers in Ethiopia and Australia and remote parts of the Appalachian Mountains in the U.S. All over Europe, gas pumps at service stations were exploding. Oil was shooting out of passenger cars on the L.A. Freeway, creating a monster traffic jam. The QEZ had stopped cold in the middle of the Atlantic when all its oil had jumped overboard. There were even reports that cans of tuna fish packed in oil were exploding off the shelves of supermarkets around the world.

I looked at Addie, and she just stared back with a sheepish grin. Cosmo had done it again.

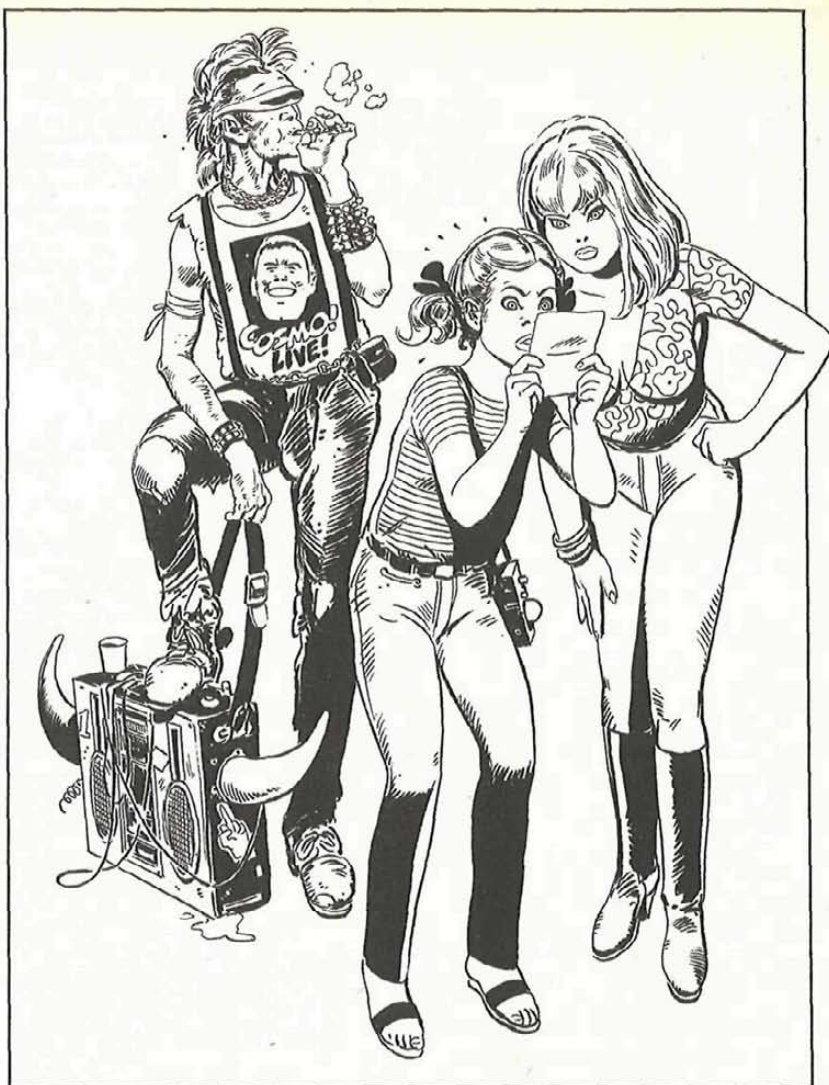
It took Cosmo about three days to get over that little trick, and in the meantime Addie had also withdrawn to her room. She was busy scribbling down something in one of her notebooks the whole time. Finally, she came down to the breakfast nook one morning as Cosmo and I were making some chocolate-chip pancakes. She was all business.

"Comrades, it's time to go public with Cosmo," she said.

Addie explained that we had accomplished all that we could as an underground group. The world was in awe of Cosmo's power, and the coup de grace would be for him to make a public appearance and set out his blueprints for radical social change. The politicians would all flock behind our program, since they were sniveling little opportunists anyway. The preachers would all find references in the Apocalypse that predicted the inaugurating of the millennium by a space messiah. The military had no choice but to support us, since Cosmo could knock out whatever resistance they might be able to muster. It was a lock. We were home free.

Cosmo seemed pleased with the plan. As soon as Addie turned her back, he winked at me and pinched my ass.

We went public, as Addie put it, a few days later at the New Haven Coliseum. It was a Saturday afternoon, and the place had been booked by the Northeast Regional Society for UFO Studies. The last few annual meetings had taken place in a small room of the local Elks Club, but with all the hubbub about Cosmo and



*"I've got some bad news for you girls," Malcolm said.  
"Cosmo has decided to go solo."*

the Superhuman Crew, they had reserved the largest facility in New Haven, and it was packed to the rafters.

We went incognito, Addie and me in our usual Jordaches and T-shirts, Cosmo squeezed into one of Mr. Brown's old suits. We got there during a slide show presented by a Mississippi farmer who claimed he had been abducted by twenty-foot female aliens and forced to submit to a series of very intimate medical exams aboard their craft, which was disguised as a giant watermelon. Addie led us through the throng toward the podium. It was the strangest audience I had ever seen. There was one section of people who had come from Arizona. They were all wearing aluminum foil on their heads to protect themselves from hostile alien space rays. Another guy was dressed up in a long flowing robe, and he had a white beard that was at least four feet long. He was convinced Noah's Ark

was due to reappear in the Catskill water reservoir.

The Mississippi farmer had finished his speech and the moderator, a professor from Indiana University, was about to introduce the next speaker, a woman who was receiving messages from the star Sirius through her toaster oven, when Addie climbed up onstage. We followed a few feet behind her.

She grabbed the microphone.  
"Could I have your attention, please?" she yelled. "I have a very, very important announcement to make." The place fell quiet.

"Greetings from the Superhuman Crew," she said. Immediately the audience went crazy.

"We are the Superhuman Crew, and we are here today to reveal to the millions of people who have been following..."

Addie was drowned out by an ava-

continued on page 57

# AT THE MOVIES

WITH  
EBERT  
AND  
SISKEL

## THE SPLATTER VERSION

by the Phantom of the Movies



NEXT UP ON  
"AT THE MOVIES"  
IS "FRIDAY THE 13TH  
HALLOWEEN ELM  
STREET GINSU  
KNIFE MASSACRE  
PART II..."

...A FILM  
I'M SURE  
ROGER CAN'T  
WAIT TO TELL  
US ABOUT...

NATURALLY,  
GENE PRESUMES  
THAT ROGER  
COULDN'T RESIST  
A TITLE LIKE  
THAT.

WELL, I REMEMBER  
YOUR RAVE FOR  
"FRIDAY THE 13TH  
HALLOWEEN ELM  
STREET GINSU  
KNIFE MASSACRE  
PART I..."

...A  
LEAN,  
TENSE,  
TERRIFIC  
CHILLER  
THAT  
WISELY  
KEPT ITS  
TONGUE IN  
ITS CHEEK  
EVEN  
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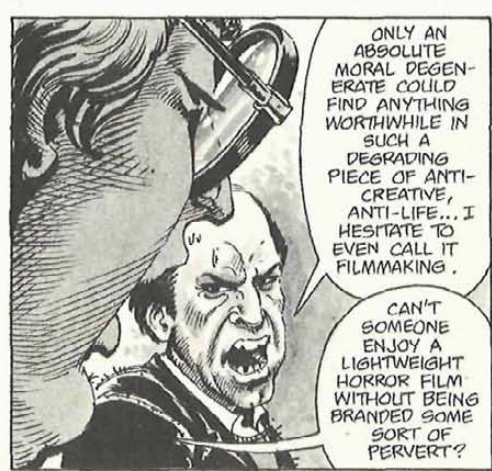
I CAN  
ONLY  
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THAT  
ROGER'S  
TONGUE IS  
SIMILARLY  
ENSCONCED.

YOU'D LIKE  
THAT,  
WOULDN'T  
YOU? THEN  
I'D  
NEVER  
GET A  
WORD  
IN!

I COULD THINK OF  
WORSE FATES FOR OUR  
VIEWERS-- LIKE SITTING  
THROUGH THIS FILM, AN  
ABSOLUTELY WRETCHED,  
BLATANTLY SEXIST,  
THOROUGHLY DE-  
MEANING EXERCISE IN  
CONTEMPTIBLE TRASH.

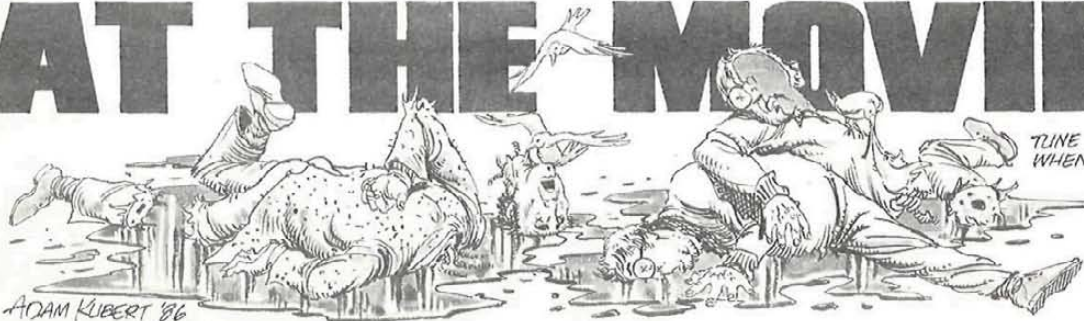
# FRIDAY THE 13<sup>TH</sup> HALLOWEEN ELM STREET GINSU KNIFE MASSACRE

PART 2





# AT THE MOVIES



TUNE IN NEXT WEEK WHEN JEFFREY LYONS AND MICHAEL MEDVED REVIEW FOUR NEW FILMS-- AT THE MOVIES!

# THIRTY-THIR A DEAD

by Dave Hanson

**I**n this world of haves and have-nots, it is the role of the yuppie not only to have but to stockpile, in an off-hand way, everything worth having. In the dog-eat-dog world of the societal food chain, it is yuppies who dine on chocolate-covered kiwifruit and caviar omelettes and wash them down with fine champagne, all the while sneering at our cheeseburgers and baked beans.

And as we watch them nonchalantly and ungraciously accumulate luxuries we would consider precious, we smolder. Homes, second homes, beautiful wives, gifted children in private schools, season tickets to Ivy League football games and the opera, fine furniture and food, lavishly appointed cars, Michelob galore, everything from their cheese to their sweaters to their food processors imported, and lots lots more, the kinds of things we associate with a Lotto winner, are all as routine to them as bursitis, pooper scoopers, and balky transmissions are to us.

Yes indeed, it is high time we broke their aggressive stride, high time we knocked them down a notch with some good, satisfying vengeance. No, not vengeance of the brass-knuckle, submachine-gun, Rambo genre, but of the sort in which you

render them squirming and humiliated, declassed and broken, the way you'd love to see the smug quarterback destitute and AIDS-ravaged at the high school reunion.

But since live yuppies are far too image-conscious to ever play theater to anything shameful or demeaning, it is our job to find or manufacture dead yuppies and use them as examples of the wonders a little humility can work, in the grand old tradition of torturing the prisoner in the public square and leaving his body for the vultures. Here are a few suggestions of ways to inject humility into dead yuppies:

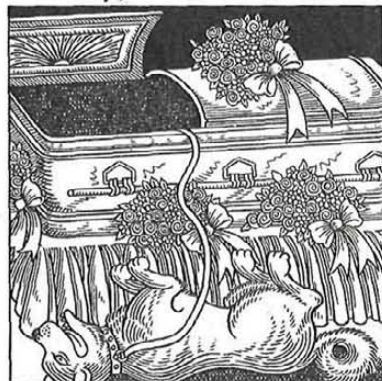
- Use his body as a menswear mannequin at Woolworth's
- Embalm him in domestic formaldehyde
- Buy him a dead Akita
- Make pâté out of his liver
- Ask his mistress if she notices any difference
- Take him to brunch and position the body so you can beat



Jill Karla Schwarz

him to the tax-deductible receipt

- See if you can get him a date through the *New York* magazine personals, stressing as his best feature his life insurance payoff
- Refer to him as "Le Stiff"
- Take his body skiing
- Feed his body to lobsters and soft-shell crabs (for brunch, naturally)



- Buy his body bag at K mart instead of Banana Republic
- Tell him about *your* financial picture without being interrupted
- Serve only domestic food at the wake, washed down with Wild Irish Rose, cheap beer, and C&C cola
- Have his obituary say he went to community college and needed financial aid and student loans, which he had not yet been able to pay back at the time of his death; also mention that he recently declared bankruptcy
- Bury him next to a sloppy

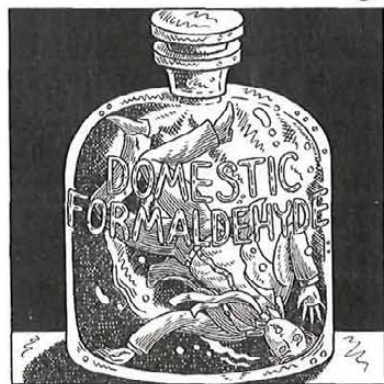


# HE USES FOR YUPPIE

herpetetic housewife with beer and baloney on her breath



- Have the memorial service at Dairy Queen, Nathan's, and Kentucky Fried Chicken
- Bury him in a wrinkled polyester suit with a soup stain on the tie
- Use him as the backboard for a squash game
- Have a séance at which a medium gives tantalizing, mouth-watering descriptions of the Mexican food he's missing



- Kick his ass in Trivial Pursuit
- Buy his coffin on sale at Caldor's
- Tell people his father was a

blue-collar worker

- Use his feet to stomp domestic grapes
- Play heavy metal at the wake
- Knock the Sharper Image catalog out of his hands
- Include a Greyhound bus and American-built economy cars in the funeral procession
- Have Pizza Hut deliver a large pepperoni pie to his grave site on the anniversary of his death



- Put him in a coffin with no doorman, no elevator, no view of the park or the river, and no VCR
- Grind up his body into hamburger patties and melt



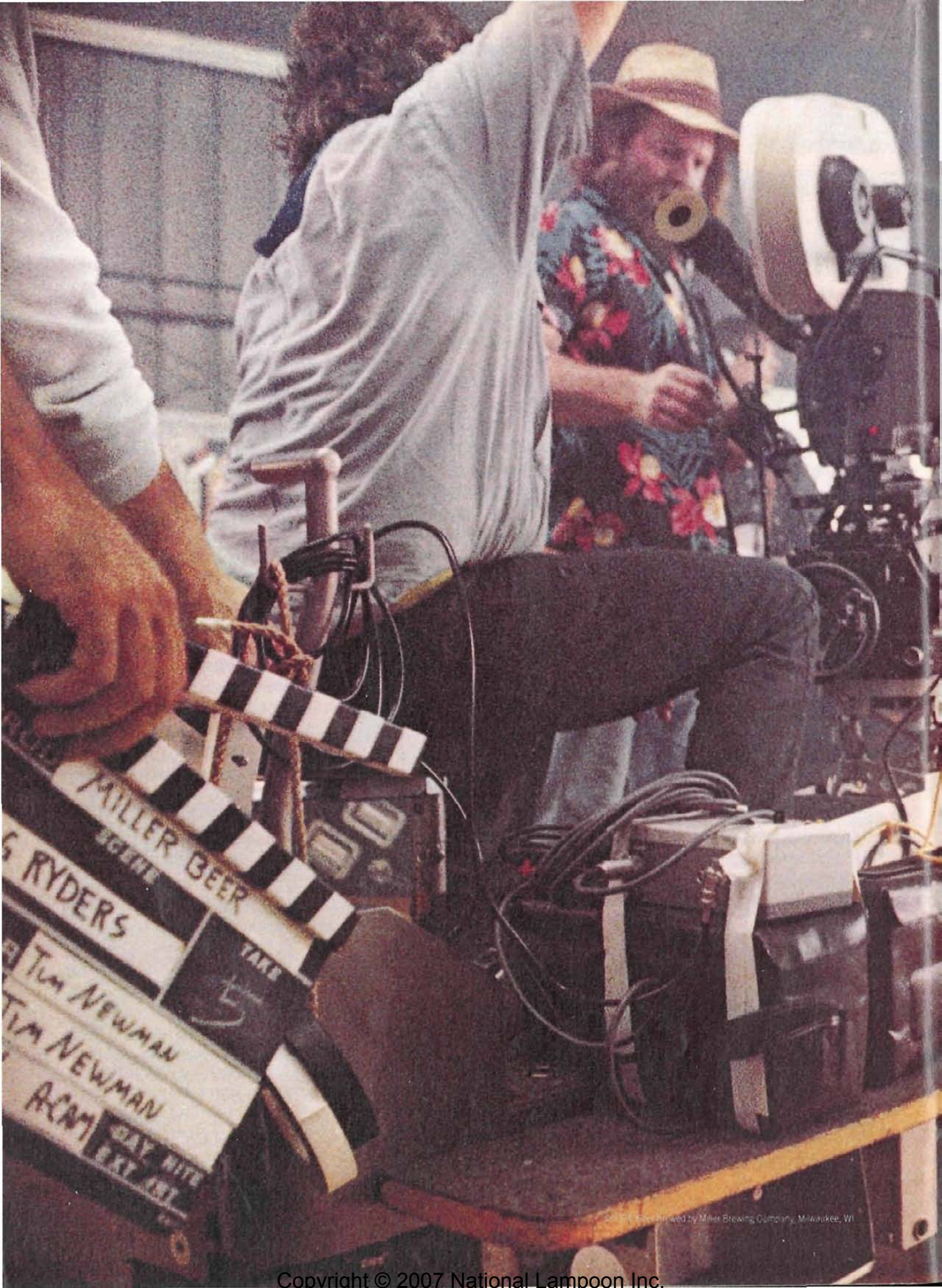
Velveeta over them and serve them at a barbecue in a lower-class neighborhood



- Use his toes to plug cheap domestic champagne bottles
- Have the medium at the séance tell him his replacement at work, who has only a high school equivalency degree, has been promoted three times in the last five months



- Have the *National Enquirer* and the *New York Post* delivered to his grave site.
- Herald his untimely death as the beginning of a trend, thus encouraging other yuppies to quickly follow suit ■



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 TOM NEWMAN  
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# INVASION OF THE JUNK FOOD KILLERS

by Gerry Sussman

**M**y name is Peter McDonald. Three years ago, in 1991, I was director of the Pitkin Institute, located in northern California. It was named after its founder, my mentor, Dr. Mordecai Pitkin. The institute was dedicated to the prevention of heart disease through proper diet and fitness. It was the foremost research center of its kind in the world.

But despite its prestige and the success of its programs, heart disease in America had been climbing at an alarming rate. Eight out of ten Americans were dying of heart attacks before the age of fifty. One year forty-three million people succumbed. The reason? Americans ate almost nothing but fast food, or "junk food," as it was called. Junk food accounted for 93 percent of the American diet.

The Pitkin Institute was a lonely outpost of nutrition and sanity in a country that had almost lost the battle for health and longevity. Babies were born with a craving for salt, sugar, and foods heavy in cholesterol. By the time a child was one year old he was consuming Mini Macs, baby-fried onion rings, and pureed Twin-kies. Cranky infants were pacified with bottles of ketchup instead of milk.

The Pitkin diet was based on the elimination of all fat, salt, and sugar. No meat could be eaten—only lean fish from our own tanks. Our primary foods were asparagus, green beans, Chinese white cabbage, spring cauliflower, hydroponic spinach, watercress, flourless bread, and steamed short-grain brown rice grown in the Yakima Valley. Granted, it was not an easy diet (our cold turkey treatment made a drug addict's version look like a Sunday school picnic), but it

was the only way anyone could save himself from certain heart failure.

Pitkin adherents were in the minority, but were clearly recognizable. You could spot us by our lean, taut bodies, boundless energy, healthy pink tongues, and quick, springy strides.

Apart from us, the only minority food group left in America were the neo-gourmets, the descendants and followers of James Beard, Craig Claiborne, Julia Child, and other chefs and food writers of the seventies and eighties. Most of them lived in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New Orleans. The neo-gourmets ate grilled meats, poultry, and shellfish. They used sauces. They drank wine. They made their own desserts, using lots of eggs, sugar, butter, and heavy cream.

I myself come from a long line of nutrition-minded folk. My parents and grandparents were followers of Rudolph Sternblau, who ate only raw wood shavings and tree roots. My parents owned a health food shop. They were running in marathons when they were in their eighties. Mordecai Pitkin was my godfather. My mission in life was to combat bad eating habits.

The following pages are from a journal I kept to record what happened when the junk foods rebelled. Some of the entries have been re-created, but reflect accurately the spirit and tone of what actually happened.

**T**he first junk food incident on record occurred in March 1991 in Muncie, Indiana. A teenager named Elliott Stiffler was eating a Big Mac when it suddenly expanded to five times its normal size. The boy was thrilled. The TV news had a shot of him happily gnawing his way through the gigantic hamburger. No one had an explanation for it. It must have been some kind of publicity stunt,

they said.

The next day, a family in Des Moines, Iowa, reported that as they were about to eat a large Pizza Hut combination (pepperoni, mushrooms, onions, extra cheese), the cheese-and-tomato topping erupted like a volcano, spouting sauce, pepperoni, mushrooms, and onions all over the kitchen. The kids thought the house was haunted by a poltergeist. No one blamed the pizza.

Two days later, in Buffalo, New York, about two hundred Whoppers started leaking their insides and wouldn't stop. One bite and they would gush like a geyser, getting everyone filthy and stained. The customers got so angry they began to pelt the employees. The employees retaliated, and before the police could arrive the place was covered in three feet of oozing Whoppers.

There was no pattern to these strange incidents, but they were soon occurring with greater regularity. The fast food companies issued the standard replies: "slight irregularities," a "breakdown in quality control." Investigations were ordered. Ads and TV commercials assured the public that there was no cause for alarm and emphasized that only the finest beef and chicken from real mammals were used in their fine foods.

The massive advertising and public relations campaign had a calming effect. The bizarre incidents stopped for about a month. Then the uneasy silence was broken. It happened in a Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant in a shopping mall in Dallas. Elwood Horsley, the daytime manager, described the event to the local TV news program, to the press, and, in more or less his own words, to *People* magazine. Here's what he said:

"It was a Saturday, about 12:15. The place was packed with a big lunch crowd. In fact, I had just asked my assistant manager, Tracy Budwell, to haul

another one hundred pounds of legs up from the basement. It looked like it was going to be a record day and the folks were getting restless waiting for their buckets.

"Our fryers were bubbling full blast. I mean, things were humming. Billy Ray Spooner, who's been frying for me nearly three years, who I'd trust to whip me up a bucket of wings blindfolded, is about to lift a big basket of fried chicken out of the oil when this thing peeps out at him, and then another and another. Billy's seventeen, but he's a little fella for his age and he feels kind of intimidated, so he don't yell or act up. He just watches the chicken pieces crawl out of the hot oil all by themselves, like monsters coming out of the swamp in one of them horror movies you see at the drive-in.

"Finally, Billy lets out a scream, keels over, and faints. What is happening is that all the chicken parts are coming out of the oil and they are getting bigger, growing to maybe six or seven feet. They got these scary shapes and they're shaking off hot oil. Weird is not the word for them. They look like something out of cavemen times. The girls in the kitchen just dropped everything and ran for their lives. Me and the boys held our ground. We were surely scared but also fascinated. We'd heard of something like this happening at a Burger King in Austin a few months back.

"I ran out of the kitchen and made an announcement to the effect that we were experiencing a little difficulty and that all our chicken orders would have to be suspended indefinitely. I asked everybody to leave, pronto, and to come back tomorrow for a full refund.

"I asked the adults present who were carrying guns to stay and help because we were having an emergency situation. Our chicken parts were escaping and were ready to attack us. That got a good laugh until they spotted a bunch of eight-foot thighs bumping around, looking for someone to jump on.

"The guys ran back to their pickups and got their guns. They just blasted away, knocking off big pieces of fried skin and bone. I swear I thought I could hear cries from the chicken parts, as if they felt the pain. Bullets were ripping through the chicken flesh, but the pieces wouldn't give up and kept coming. How do you kill a piece of fried chicken?"

"By now the place was jumping, and the good ol' boys were having a fine time blasting away. The police came in a few minutes and helped out. The problem was that the bullets weren't killing the strong ones with the thick skins. The only answer was flamethrowers—if we could burn them down and still control the fire. Hell, that was pretty near impossible. I'm part owner of the franchise and

I could just see my investment going up in flames. My insurance didn't cover a fire caused by chicken monsters.

"One of the cops had an idea. Lure the chicken parts to the parking lot and then surround them like the Indians used to do the pioneers in the covered wagons. So we ran out of the restaurant and sure enough, the chickens followed us. Now we could use the flamethrowers. And that was one sorry mess. We won, but we paid a stiff price. They'd come after us even when they was all charred and burned. A lot of guys got hurt and burned. I never thought fried chicken was such a dangerous business."

Despite the growing alarm, most of the country tried to ignore the incidents and carry on. America had to eat. And this was the only food they had. Not until the Jenny Hansen tragedy did the country begin to wake up to the true nature of the invasion.

It happened in Tulsa, Oklahoma, at a Taco Bell. Six-year-old Jenny Hansen, the only child of Jim and Myra Hansen, insisted on going to the bathroom herself. She was a big girl and didn't need Mommy's help. The Taco Bell was a popular fast food restaurant in the area and had so far escaped the weird food invasions.

The ladies' room was outside, in the rear of the restaurant. Jenny didn't notice that a band of beef-and-bean tacos had somehow escaped from the kitchen and were hiding behind the bushes nearby. When she emerged from the bathroom one of the tacos spotted her, stood up to his full height of eight feet, opened his shell, and swallowed her whole.

When Jenny was gone longer than usual her mother went to investigate. All she found was a ribbon and a lock of Jenny's soft blond hair on the ground. The terrified parents looked everywhere, but there was no sign of Jenny. The tacos had disappeared. That evening a farmer found her body. She was dead of asphyxiation. She was covered with bits of spicy chopped beef, dry refried beans, and wilted lettuce.

The death of Jenny Hansen affected the country like the tragedy of the space shuttle crew in 1986. A beautiful child with a full life to live, insisting on going to the bathroom alone, had to die in this absurdly tragic manner.

President Bush ordered a day of mourning and sent Vice President Alfonso D'Amato to attend Jenny Hansen's funeral. In a speech at her grave D'Amato spoke for the president when he vowed to get to the bottom of this strange affair. He himself was especially fond of Taco Bell products and other fine fast foods, and he pledged that these responsible companies would stop at nothing to solve the problem. "Someone, some-

where, is trying to poison the essential lifeblood of America, our food. If, as I suspect, it is the work of our ideological enemies, there will be a stiff price for them to pay," he said.

At this point I decided to put aside my own work, no matter how important, and come to the aid of my country. I too was greatly affected by Jenny's death. As the vice president said in his well-meaning but misguided speech, something out there didn't like us. But who? What? Were we being punished for our dietary sins? I had to find out why these junk foods were behaving in such a frightening manner.

I did not believe the foods were being influenced by Russian satellite beams or aliens from outer space. I am not a believer in life on other planets. I do not care for science fiction. My roots are on this planet, on the ground. The answer lay somewhere in the chemical structure of the foods.

I was always a brilliant chemist, and so I worked for months on each food, breaking it down, isolating its chemical makeup, separating all the ingredients that went into its manufacture. When I was done I had made a fantastic discovery: the foods did not contain a single real ingredient—*nada*.

Everything in a taco, a Whopper, a Big Mac, a piece of Kentucky Fried Chicken was made from a chemical or synthetic material. They looked like the real thing, they tasted somewhat like the real thing, but there was no chicken in Kentucky Fried Chicken, no fish in a Long John Silver fish fillet sandwich, no pizza in a Pizza Hut pizza, and so on. I remembered that little old lady from the TV commercials of the eighties who used to shout, "Where's the beef?" Well, there was no beef.

All these years Americans had been eating artificial food made from petroleum or plastic derivatives, chemical combinations, preservatives, taste enhancers, salts, sugar syrups, crisping agents, creaming agents, browning agents, emulsifiers, stabilizers, artificial flavorings, and dye colorings, among others.

Only one chemical didn't strictly belong in this artificial-food chain—pure, unadulterated cocaine. Just enough to give the eater a small "high." This explained America's addiction to junk food. Cocaine, used in carefully formulated chemical combinations, had the effect the food companies desired.

But I still had no explanation for the bizarre behavior of the junk food. And I was hitting a stone wall, a block that a scientist gets when his brain ceases to function. I was exhausted. My hands were trembling. I was dropping beakers and making a mess in the lab.

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No. 31  
AUG-SEP.



10¢

# VEEP SHOW

FEATURING



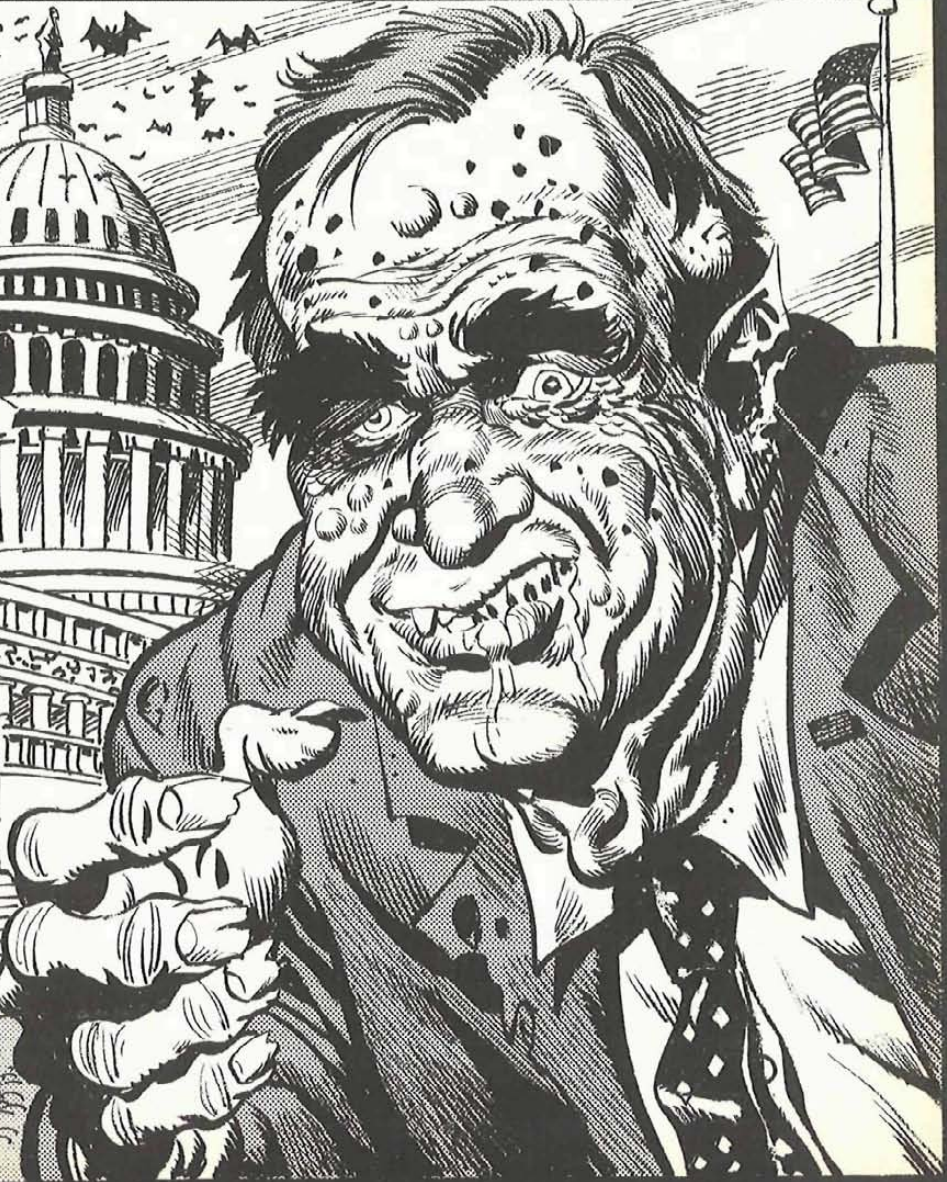
BARBARA BUSH



GENGHIS KHAN



ABE LINCOLN

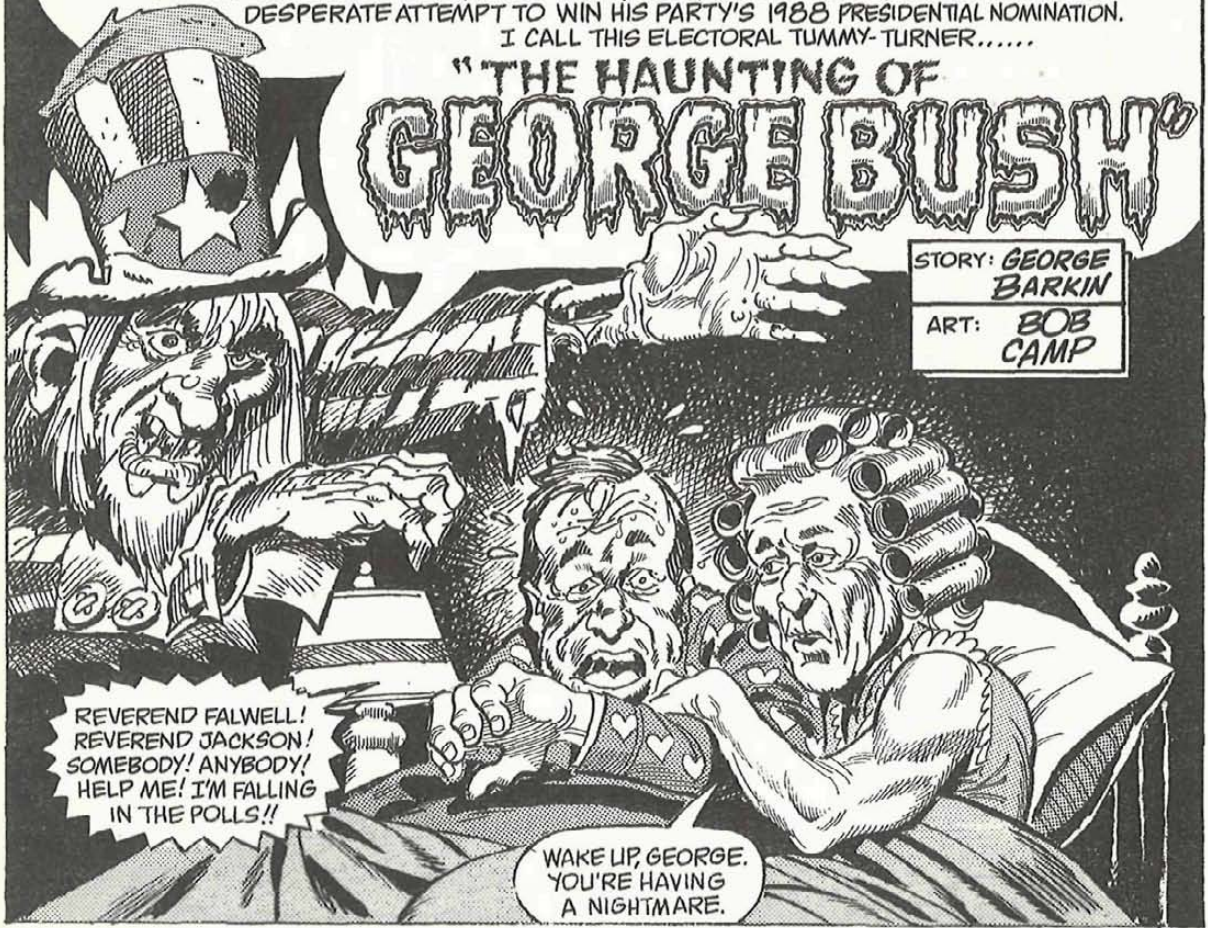


**G**REETINGS, MY FELLOW AMERICANS. HERE'S A TALE OF WASHINGTON WEIRDNESS GUARANTEED TO SEND SHIVERS UP AND DOWN YOUR PATRIOTIC LITTLE SPINES-- ESPECIALLY THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE REGISTERED REPUBLICANS. IT IS THE STORY OF OUR TWO-FACED--ER, PARDON ME, TWO-*FISTED*--VICE PRESIDENT AND HIS DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO WIN HIS PARTY'S 1988 PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION. I CALL THIS ELECTORAL TUMMY-TURNER.....

# "THE HAUNTING OF GEORGE BUSH"

STORY: **GEORGE BARKIN**

ART: **BOB CAMP**



REVEREND FALWELL!  
REVEREND JACKSON!  
SOMEBODY! ANYBODY!  
HELP ME! I'M FALLING  
IN THE POLLS!!

WAKE UP, GEORGE.  
YOU'RE HAVING  
A NIGHTMARE.

MEET GEORGE BUSH, FRONTRUNNER FOR THE 1988 REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION. PRIOR TO BECOMING THE VICE PRESIDENT, MR. BUSH SERVED AS DIRECTOR OF THE CIA AND AMBASSADOR TO THE U.N. HE'S ALSO A SELF-MADE OIL MILLIONAIRE. HE SEEMS TO HAVE EVERYTHING GOING FOR HIM--OR DOES HE?

AFTER FORTY-ONE YEARS OF MARRIAGE, NO ONE HAD TO TELL BARBARA BUSH WHAT WAS TORMENTING HER HUSBAND. ALTHOUGH AN OUTSPOKEN, DECIDEDLY UNATTRACTIVE WOMAN, EVERYONE AGREED MRS. BUSH TOLD THE BEST DIRTY JOSES IN THE CAPITAL. STILL, THAT DIDN'T KEEP WASHINGTON INSIDERS FROM CALLING HER "OLD HATCHET FACE" BEHIND HER BACK.

GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, GEORGE. NOBODY'S GONNA TAKE THAT NOMINATION AWAY FROM YOU.

NOT EVEN JACK KEMP?

**KEMP?!** DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM. JUST STICK TO THE ISSUES AND STATE YOUR POSITIONS CLEARLY AND YOU'LL KNOCK THAT DIP-SHIT ON HIS ASS.

POSITIONS?  
ISSUES?  
UH-OH...  
I'M IN BIG TROUBLE!



IT WAS TERRIBLE. I MADE A MISTAKE AND DELIVERED MY "GAY TEXANS FOR GEORGE BUSH" SPEECH TO A DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION RALLY. WHEN I DEMANDED FEDERAL SUBSIDIES FOR MAJOR CONSUMERS OF K-Y JELLY, THE VICIOUS HAGS STORMED THE STAGE AND BEGAN TEARING ME TO PIECES.



AND INDEED HE WAS. BECAUSE GEORGE BUSH FOUND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO STATE HIS **HONEST** OPINION ABOUT ANYTHING.

YEAH, CAP, THAT'S THE TICKET. MASSIVE NUCLEAR RETALIATION. WHAT A GREAT IDEA.



I COULDN'T AGREE WITH YOU MORE, WEICKER. CAP WEINBERGER IS UNDOUBTEDLY CRIMINALLY INSANE.



AS THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARIES APPROACH, THE CANDIDATE WORKS LATE INTO THE NIGHT TRYING DESPERATELY TO FORMULATE HIS POSITIONS ON THE MAJOR ISSUES OF THE DAY.

OKAY, I'VE DECIDED. I'LL BE PRO-CHOICE AND ANTI-NUKE, OR WAS THAT PRO-NUKE AND ANTI-ABORTION?



WHOEVER SAID CRAVEN OPPORTUNISM WAS EASY?

UNABLE TO FIND A WAY OUT OF HIS DILEMMA, THE DEJECTED FRONTRUNNER DECIDES TO TAKE HIMSELF OUT OF THE RACE PERMANENTLY, WHEN SUDDENLY A STRANGE VISITOR APPEARS.



NEXT A LOUD BANGING FROM THE TOILET BOWL COMMANDS HIS TERROR-STRIKEN GAZE! WARILY, HE INCHES TOWARD THE TOILET, AND, SUMMONING ALL OF HIS COURAGE, HE FLINGS UP THE LID.



AFTER PASSING OUT ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR, GEORGE BUSH RECOGNIZES THE FIGURES OF HIS TWO CHILDHOOD HEROES, ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND GENGHIS KHAN, AS A YOUNG BOY HE WOULD SPEND ALL OF HIS PLAY HOURS REENACTING THE MIGHTY DEEDS OF THE TWO MEN.



WELCOME, MARCO POLO. I AM GENGHIS KHAN, AND THIS IS MY WIFE, CHAKA.



THROUGHOUT HIS PUBLIC CAREER, GEORGE BUSH HAS ENVIED THE RESOLVE, COURAGE, AND SELF-DETERMINATION OF BOTH HIS BOYHOOD IDOLS AND WOULD HAVE GLADLY TRADED PLACES WITH EITHER ONE EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT THEY WERE BOTH DEAD. BUT NOW THEIR SPIRITS ARE REACHING OUT FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE, EACH ONE CLAIMING TO HOLD THE SECRET OF BUSH'S POLITICAL LIFE IN HIS BONY HAND.

... WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL...

RAPE! PILLAGE! PLUNDER! AND SAVE ALL THE VIRGINS FOR ME!!



A FEW DAYS AFTER THE SPIRITS REVEAL THEMSELVES TO HIM, THE VICE PRESIDENT IS GRILLED BY RIGHT-WING COLUMNIST GEORGE WILL IN A TELEVISED INTERVIEW.

MR. VICE PRESIDENT, DO YOU AGREE WITH PRESIDENT REAGAN THAT THE NICARAGUAN CONTRAS ARE THE "MORAL EQUIVALENT OF OUR OWN FOUNDING FATHERS"?



PERSONALLY, NO, MR. WILL. I BELIEVE THAT THEY ARE A HELL OF A LOT BRAVER, TOUGHER, AND MORE DEDICATED THAN OUR FOUNDING FATHERS EVER WERE. AND I FAIL TO SEE WHAT "MORALS" OR "MORALITY" HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING. RIGHT, GENGHIS?

HOW HORRIBLE! IT LOOKS AS IF THE VICE PRESIDENT HAS DECIDED TO FORSAKE THE LEGACY OF LINCOLN AND TEAM UP WITH THE MALEVOLENT MONGOL. BUT THE NEXT DAY SOMETHING VERY STRANGE HAPPENS.

I HEREBY DECLARE THE AUNT JEMIMA SCHOOL OF WELFARE ARTS AND UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE COLLECTION TO BE OFFICIALLY OPENED.



BUT THERE IS AN EXPLANATION FOR THE CANDIDATE'S BIZARRE BEHAVIOR. GEORGE BUSH HAS REALIZED THAT BY SUPPORTING **BOTH** SIDES OF EVERY ISSUE HE CAN DOUBLE HIS CHANCES OF GETTING THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION AND OF GETTING **ELECTED** COME NOVEMBER 1988. BUT WHAT ABOUT THE GHOSTS OF ABE LINCOLN AND GENGHIS KHAN? HE'S SWORN EXCLUSIVE ALLEGIANCE TO EACH GHOULISH SPECTER. WILL HE DARE DOUBLE-CROSS THE DEAD? FOR THE TIME BEING, THOUGH, HE IS WALKING ON AIR, AND HE RESUMES HIS VICE PRESIDENTIAL DUTIES WITH GUSTO.

WILL THERE BE ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?



HOW ABOUT DOING YOUR JUDY GARLAND IMITATION FOR ME AND THE BOYS, GEORGE?

IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE THE FATEFUL DAY ARRIVES...



SUDDENLY THE GHOULS BEGIN TO WAIL AND SHRIEK. THEY HAVE FOUND OUT THAT THEY'VE BEEN PLAYED FOR SUCKERS AND ARE HUNGRY FOR REVENGE, BUT STRANGELY ENOUGH, IN THE FACE OF THE HIDEOUS HOWLING, THE VICE PRESIDENT IS COOL AS ICE.



CALMLY, THE VICE PRESIDENT ADDRESSES THE ANGRY WRAITHS.

...SO YOU STICK WITH ME AND HELP ME WIN THIS THING AND I PROMISE TO TAKE CARE OF BOTH OF YOU! WE'LL SCREW EVERYBODY! WHADDAYA SAY?



THE VICE PRESIDENT'S STRATEGY WORKS JUST AS HE PLANNED. WITH THE SUPPORT OF THE TWO SPIRITS, GEORGE BUSH BECOMES THE FORTY-FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



LATER THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE INAUGURAL BALL...



FROM OUT OF THE DARKNESS THE TWO DEMONS APPEAR. THEY ARE EAGER FOR THE NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT TO FULFILL HIS CAMPAIGN PROMISES.



SLOWLY THE PRESIDENT'S HANDS MOVE UPWARD...



...AND SUDDENLY BEGIN TEARING THE FLESH FROM HIS FACE, TO REVEAL...



## JUNK FOOD KILLERS

continued from page 46

One night I fell asleep with my head in a pool of artificial pancake emulsifiers. When I woke up the next morning I found myself in my own cozy bed, wearing my favorite flannel pajamas. I had no idea what happened until a beautiful young woman walked in with a breakfast tray. It was Juanita Juarez, a nutritionist of Mexican descent who'd been hired a few months ago. I had seen her a few times at our monthly low-cal picnics, where she smiled shyly at me. I do not believe in socializing with my associates. I am a reserved person by nature, a workaholic with little time for anything else. But this woman had somehow got me into my bedroom, undressed me, and put me in my favorite jammies while I was fast asleep.

I touched myself in my nether region and noticed that I was still wearing my undershorts under my jammies—a sign that Juanita was of good breeding. She was not a physician or a nurse. She was highly discreet and was not used to seeing the male sex in its naked form.

Her explanation was that she was working late and had heard the burglar alarm go off in my laboratory. It was accidentally triggered. She saw me lying in a pool of chemicals, fast asleep. She tidied me up and carried me to my room. Not only was she beautiful and resourceful, she was strong. I am six feet tall and weigh 155 pounds.

I suddenly discovered that I was ravenous. But the tray did not contain my regular breakfast of herbal tea, bran sprouts, and dried kelp. Instead there were poached partridge eggs on flourless barley bread, real orange juice, and water-processed decaffeinated Swiss cappuccino with low-fat milk. The calorie count: eighty-five. Sodium content:

less than one one-hundredth of a gram. Cholesterol content: the same. Yet it tasted marvelous.

It turned out that Juanita had been a chef in San Francisco and had mastered the adventurous nouvelle American cuisine, which uses fresh native ingredients and emphasizes simple preparation, ch-chewing frying in oil and rich sauces. The purity and fresh new taste of my breakfast were so profound that I cried.

Juanita frowned. She thought I didn't like the food. It was just the opposite. I took her in my arms and thanked her over and over for the breakfast. I was experiencing a rush of emotion I had never felt before, for Juanita and the food.

Juanita smiled again. She insisted that I needed rest. I insisted I had to go back to work. Suddenly, I found myself talking to her. I told her all about myself, my dietary beliefs, my childhood in my parents' health food store, where I used to gorge myself on tofu and brewer's yeast and get tummy aches. How I once drank the entire contents of a large bottle of cod liver oil and I was sure I would grow fins. Juanita laughed at my little jokes. She was sitting on the edge of the bed and was unaware that her skirt was hiked up to reveal most of her calf and thigh. Her legs were slim and perfectly shaped, unlike many Mexican women who are heavy at the bottom. I could see the scalloped edge of her brief white panties. I wondered how her thighs would feel if I touched them. Other disturbing thoughts entered my mind and I felt a twinge of pleasure moving up my legs to the region of my genitalia. Juanita was causing an unsettling sensation.

She reached over to take the tray and I could see her breasts. They were round but not overly large and out of proportion. Her nipples were large and pink-brown. She smelled of freshly baked

flourless barley bread and decaffeinated cappuccino. Something was trying to poke through my pajama bottom. It was my own throbbing member, now swollen to many times its normal size. My face was scarlet and I was perspiring. Juanita blushed and withdrew discreetly. She asked if I needed anything. I said no. I was surprised at how hoarse and squeaky my voice sounded. My mouth was dry. Juanita returned to the bed, thinking I was sick. I was. I had caught the deadliest sickness of all—heart-sickness, or the love bug, as it is sometimes called.

Juanita noticed a little tent that my erect member had made under the covers. She pulled the covers back and saw me in my full glory. The next thing I knew, her head was down in my lap, her shiny black hair was spread out in front of me, and she was swallowing my entire kit and caboodle. The rest of the day was a blur of lust tempered by deep love and polished and buffed with enormous affection, and finally, by evening, capped off with mutual adoration. Juanita was equally and madly in love with me. Out of this awesome disaster I had found the perfect woman.

The next day I was back at the lab. Juanita would pop in and give me my meals, perfect examples of gourmet nouvelle principles adapted to the spartan Pitkin diet. She would make little pizzas out of rice cakes, mock pepper steak, even sugarless wine. Her brilliant cooking, with its emphasis on clean protein and lean carbohydrates, was what I needed for stamina and endurance. Not that she stinted on green leafy vegetables and whole grains. It was the perfectly balanced diet.

Meanwhile, the junk foods had stepped up their attacks. In Cleveland, the pizzas from a Pizza Hut grew up to fifteen feet in diameter and started to fly, like saucers. Thousands of them attacked customers like the birds in the Hitchcock movie, smashing into windows, blinding people with hot cheese and salty anchovies. Their crusts were as hard as steel. In Seattle, enchiladas and tacos as big as Buicks descended on a school bus filled with children and ate three toddlers. Fish fillet sandwiches were exploding on contact like land mines. And throughout the country new hordes of poor homeless people wandered in search of the spoils, eating the junk food remnants, not even caring if they were toxic.

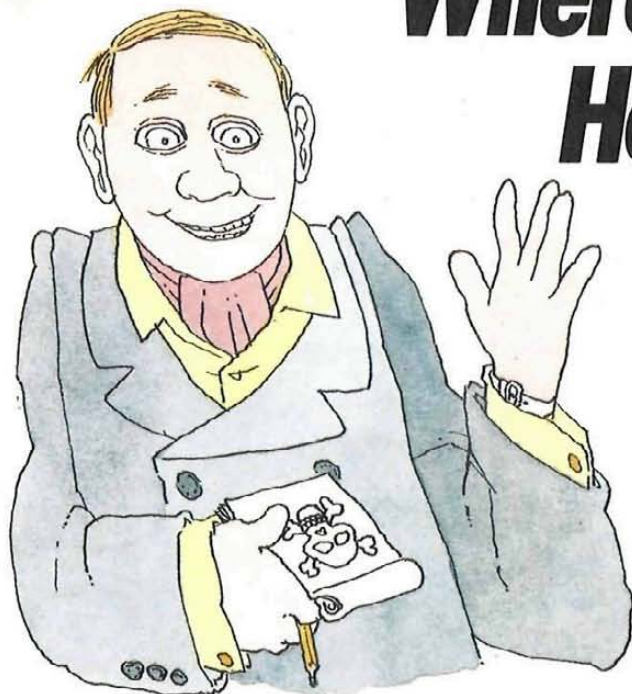
President Bush remained calm and firm. This "out of left field" invasion, as he called it, was exasperating, but he was sure that the private sector, the food companies, could solve the problem. George Bush was merely a pawn in the hands of the food giants. He was not call-

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# Where Do I Get My Horrible Ideas?

by Gahan Wilson

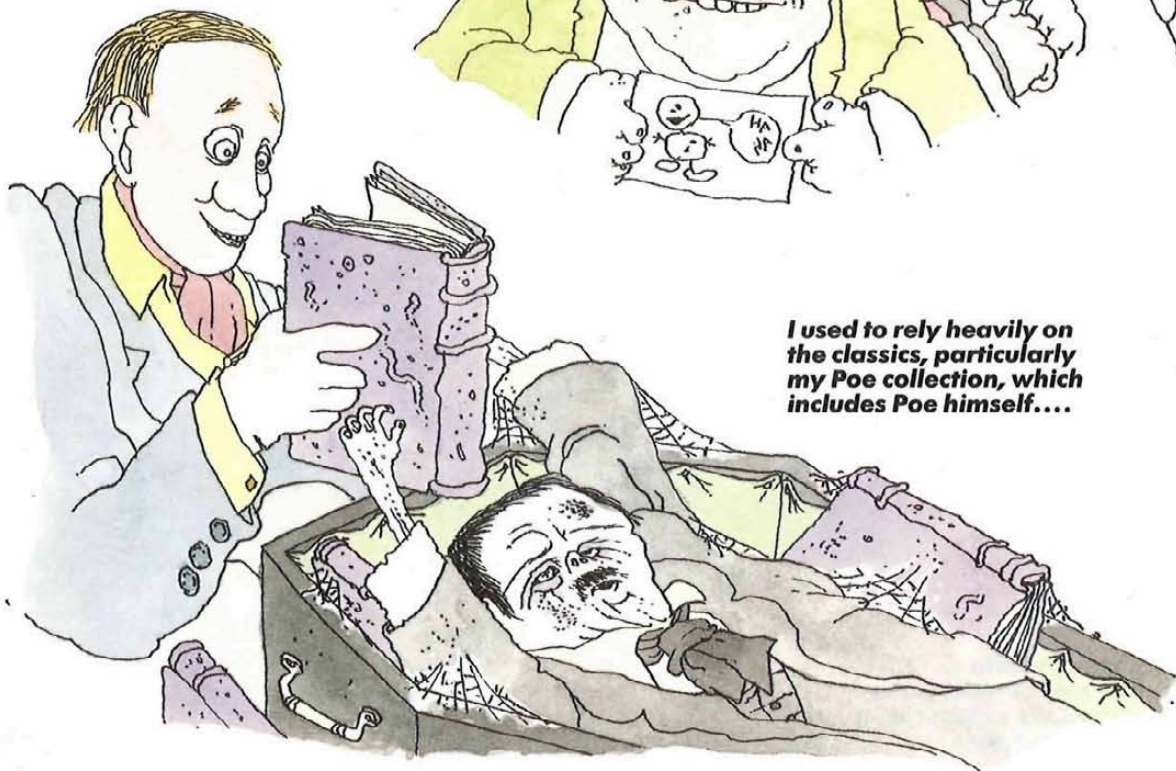


People at parties often ask me how it is that a perfectly ordinary-looking, agreeable-seeming sort of person such as myself can come up with such repulsive and disgusting ideas. Surely, they say, I am too healthy, too upbeat a person to think of such ghastly things. "Do the editors of the National Lampoon provide you with all that disgusting material?" they ask.

"No," I say agreeably in my perfectly ordinary voice. "They try, of course, but it is too hard to make out what they are trying to say, so it never works."

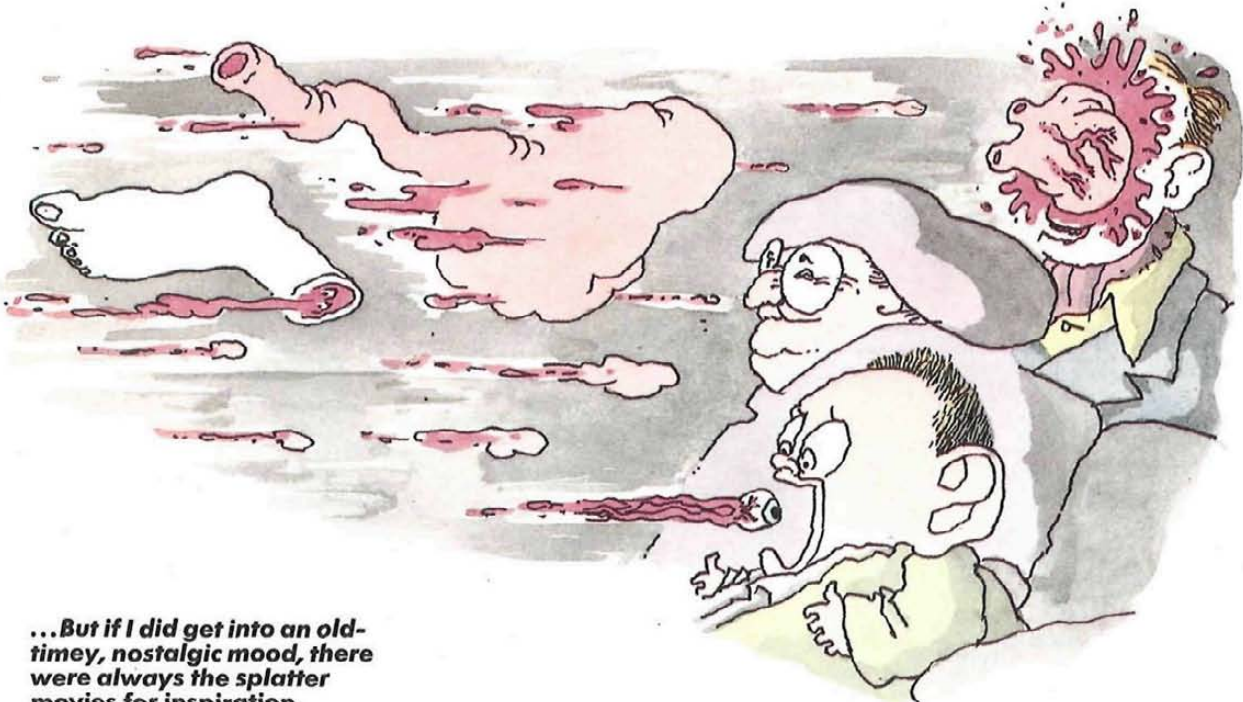


I used to rely heavily on the classics, particularly my Poe collection, which includes Poe himself....





...But then I found that newspapers and television featured much more grotesque material than that found in Frankenstein and Dracula...



...But if I did get into an old-timey, nostalgic mood, there were always the splatter movies for inspiration.

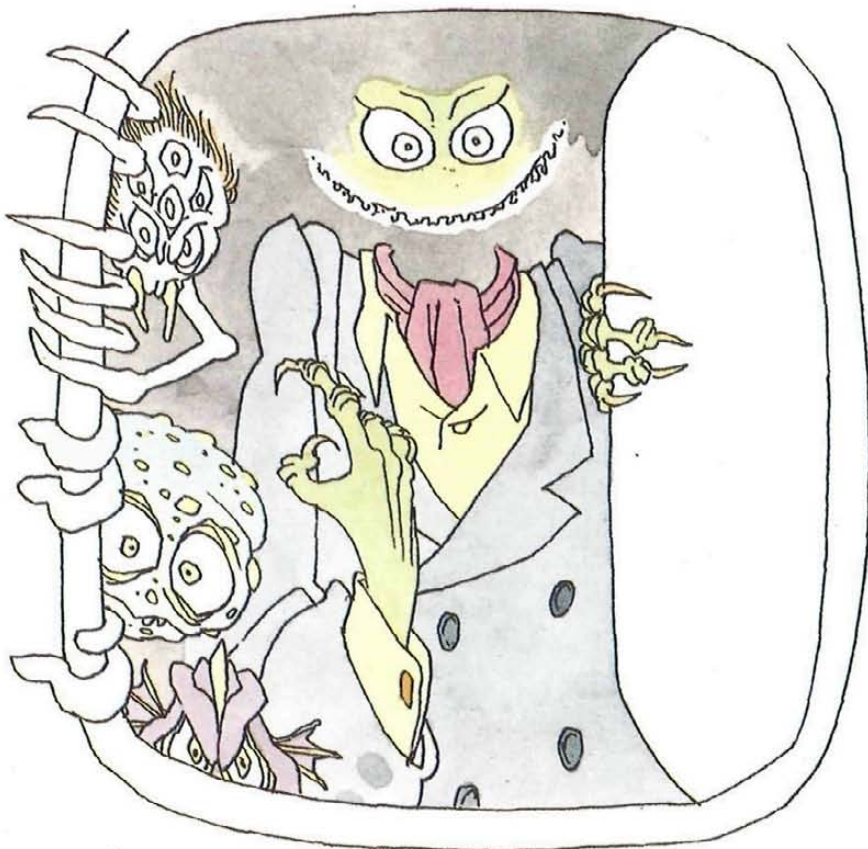
**Of course living in New York  
is always a great inspiration  
for ideas....**



**...Not that the countryside is lacking  
in really swell horror....**



**...And of course international travel is getting to be a regular gold mine for macabre ideas!**



**What I'm really looking forward to for inspiration, however, is interstellar space, and (since you can't really rely on NASA these days) I've worked out something with an extraterrestrial travel agency which really sounds great. I'd love it if you came along....**



lanche of boos. People were jumping out of their seats, screaming hysterically, and throwing their plastic UFO Frisbees, which were being sold in the concession stands, at us. Just then Cosmo's beeper went off. He started twitching something fierce.

"Shut up and listen!" Addie screamed. "This is Cosmo." She grabbed him and pulled him alongside her. "He is from the planet Felch, and he is here to impart his superior intelligence to us earthlings so we can get our shit together."

"Oh, yeah?" one fat heckler up front shouted. "If he's the alien, let's see him do something spectacular."

"All right," Addie screamed back. "He will."

She pushed Cosmo to center stage. His beeper was still going crazy.

"Okay, Cosmo, do something cool," she whispered to him.

Cosmo just stood there, a blank expression frozen onto his face.

"Frauds. Get the frauds off!" a fat woman screamed, livid with rage.

Cosmo just stared blankly ahead.

"BOZO, BOZO, BOZO," one section of the Coliseum started chanting.

"Cosmo, do something!" Addie urged.

Cosmo finally pulled out his green energizer and took a bite, and seconds later he started to glow. The whole place gasped as one.

Cosmo started trembling, and the aura got bigger and bigger, but he looked real confused.

"Addie," he whispered. "What do I do?"

"Wing it," Addie said. "Just show 'em your power!"

That made him look even more confused, and he started shaking harder and harder. Then a blue bolt shot out over the audience, real random, like a laser that was out of control. It just wavered over the crowd, like one of those spotlights they have at Hollywood openings, and then it settled on a real cute girl in the front row. She'd been eyeing Cosmo since he had gotten onstage. Anyway, she suddenly started levitating, and then Cosmo's rays started getting bluer and the chick's clothing disintegrated.

The audience was in a frenzy now as this beautiful girl, stark naked, hung about twenty feet up in the air. Addie whipped out a walkie-talkie and began barking out orders. Apparently she had planned for this eventuality, because in a matter of seconds the curtain onstage had been lowered and we were surrounded by the entire New Haven chapter of the Hell's Nomads, the local motorcycle gang. They whisked us out a back door and onto some waiting choppers, and before I knew it we were at the

Tropicana, a run-down motel on the outskirts of town. Addie had three rooms reserved, one for Cosmo, one for me and her, and one for our "security consultants."

Addie helped Cosmo get into bed and then came back to our room. "Wasn't that too much?" she said with reverence.

"I dunno, it looked like a scene from *Emmanuelle Goes to the UFO Convention* to me," I said. I guess I was pretty jealous because of what Cosmo had done, undressing that girl.

"Get your mind out of the gutter, Marylou," Addie said. "Didn't you pick up on Cosmo's message? We gotta get back to the garden, like Adam and Eve. Back to a state of innocence and purity before it's too late. That's why Cosmo did that stuff with the girl. He put us in touch with our own innocence by using that girl as Eve."

There were two things that I don't think Addie to this day ever forgave me for. One was introducing her to Malcolm Epstein. (The other was when I finally told her, years later, about my affair with Cosmo.) I met Malcolm one morning when we were holed up at the Tropicana Hotel. Addie had decided that the New Haven fiasco proved that the world wasn't quite ready for the raw urgency of Cosmo's message, and we were gonna stay secretly at the hotel until she figured out our next move.

One morning I was having breakfast at the motel's coffee shop when this strange-looking English guy came in. He looked like he was in his middle thirties and he was wearing a bizarre punkish outfit, something like a cross between the Clash and the guys in *A Clockwork Orange*. Anyway, he sat down next to me at the counter and struck up a conversation. It seemed that he was a rock "impresario," and he was on the road with his latest band, the Sex Monkeys. They were causing riots everywhere they played because of their songs, like "Tipper Gore Takes It Up the Ass" and "Smack Is for Faggots, We Shoot Up Motor Oil." He was real glib, and pretty soon he started asking me what I was doing there, and before I knew it, I was telling him all about Addie and Cosmo.

He nearly went crazy and said he was dying to meet Addie, because he had figured that there were some really heavy people behind Cosmo and the Superhuman Crew. He started going on and on about all the charitable stuff he had done using his groups, events like the Facial Tic Telethon he had put together back in England and the huge benefit he had organized for cocktail waitresses. According to Malcolm, ever since that "fascist wimp" Reagan had forced the cocktail waitresses to report their tips to

the IRS, they had become an "economically deprived" group, so he got George Jones and Willie Nelson and a couple of other country singers together down in Nashville and they did a benefit. Called it BARMAID. The video was due to come out any day, he said.

Well, all this sounded pretty impressive to me, so I brought him back to our room and Addie was all paranoid at first, but he was a real good talker and after a few hours he had halfway convinced her that the Superhuman Crew should stop *doing* the actions and *go* where the action was—the rock world. He said it was the perfect name for a group and that we could write songs that would change society—just like "We Are the World." I think it was the "We Are the World" stuff that really got to her, because after that, she brought Malcolm over to meet Cosmo. They seemed to hit it off from the start. Malcolm hung out with the three of us for the next few days—he sent the Sex Monkeys out to finish the rest of their tour on their own, I guess to show us his commitment to our group—and by the end of the week we had all signed management contracts with Malcolm. The Superhuman Crew was signed to a development deal with Arista Records, a deal that Malcolm told us would guarantee three videos off the first album and extensive tour support. We were going to be rock stars. Rock stars with a social conscience, just like the rest of his groups.

The first tip-off that something was wrong was when Malcolm moved us out of the Tropicana and into the Ritz Carlton in New York City overlooking Central Park. He put Addie and me in one small room on the second floor, with a panoramic view of the back of a nearby office building. Cosmo, meanwhile, was staying with Malcolm, in adjoining penthouse suites overlooking the park. Malcolm said that those were the only other rooms available in the hotel and that the hotel manager had given him those for the same rate as he was paying for our room.

I felt a little funny about that, but it didn't seem to faze Addie. She just lost herself in her work. She rented one of those little computerized Casio synthesizers and stayed up in our room almost every night, writing songs for the first album. To tell you the truth, they were pretty good. "Why Can't It Be Christmas Every Day?", "Butter Before Guns," and "Star Wars Makes Me Sick" were my personal favorites.

It was right after Addie finished "If You Love Someone, Take the Bullets Out of Their Handguns" that we found out just what a slimebucket Malcolm Epstein was. Addie was playing the song for me when we heard a knock at our door. It was Malcolm. He looked serious.

"I've got some bad news for you girls," he said. "I'm afraid the Superhuman Crew is history. Cosmo has decided to leave the group and pursue an independent career."

I was flabbergasted, and so was Addie. "What!" she screamed. "I can't believe that. I'm gonna go see him right now!"

"That won't do any good, Addie." Malcolm said, pulling an envelope out of the pocket of his sports jacket. "He's in seclusion right now, and he specifically said he didn't want to see either you or Marylou. He asked me to give you girls this letter."

Addie seemed to be in a daze as she read the note. I looked over her shoulder.

Dear Addie and Marylou,

I'm sorry things didn't work out. It's been fun. Good luck to both of you in your future endeavors. Stay in touch. You can reach me c/o Arista Records.

All the best,  
Cosmo

I couldn't believe it. He made it sound like leaving me was no big-thing, but I knew it was. Of course I didn't make a fuss, because Addie didn't know about Cosmo and me.

"Oh, one more thing," Malcolm said. "Cosmo has directed me to take you girls off the payroll as of yesterday. So there's this matter of a small room service bill, for one cheeseburger and two orders of fries, that you girls will have to clear up at the front desk before you check out." Malcolm couldn't suppress a smile.

That was the last straw. We packed and went down to the lobby, and while Addie was paying for her cheeseburger at the front desk, I saw something at the newsstand that made me really nauseous. It was the new *People* magazine that had just hit the stands, and there on the cover was a picture of Malcolm and Cosmo, on their balcony overlooking the park. Over that was the headline "COSMO LEAVES THE CREW: The Superhuman Goes Solo."

**O**n the way back home to New Haven, Addie was inconsolable. She couldn't believe that Cosmo would go off like that, especially without talking it over first. The whole thing was really eating her up. She couldn't even look at her telescope for about two weeks.

I was pretty upset too, but I persuaded Addie to come over to my house for the MTV world premiere of Cosmo's first video. In retrospect, I wish I hadn't. Oh, they announced that Cosmo was up next, performing his first single, "I Got the Power," and Martha Quinn in her introduction made all kinds of sly references to his superpowers that made me fume. But once the video came on, I was in shock.

Cosmo was dressed in studded black leather, head to toe. He was carrying a long black leather whip and was walking through what looked like some kind of after-hours nightclub, except all the women there were dressed in studded black leather bikinis and were chained to their tables. And the words were something else. Cosmo was rapping:

*"Well, I'm Cosmo the Alien, the King of Sound,*

*At the top of the heap, there's no one else around.*

*I can get you crazy, I possess the wisdom,*

*I'm the meanest dude in the solar system.*

*There ain't no drug that can match the rush*

*When Cosmo the Alien lays on his touch*

*I don't deal in bullroar or no jive,*

*If you come see me, I'll make you feel alive.*

*I can raise the dead, heal the blind,*

*Cure the ills of all mankind.*

*But I don't put my magic on just anyone,*

*My philo-so-pee is HAVE SOME FUN.*

*"Now this is the age of specialization,*

*But when you need a doctor, he be on vacation.*

*So when it comes to loving, I'm your only stop.*

*I can rap like a demon while I spin like a top.*

*I can freeze an airplane in midair,*

*I can dance rings around Fred Astaire.*

*I'm the prime-cut, A-1 steak,*

*My tongue be faster than a rattlesnake's.*

*I can boil your blood, read your mind,*

*Sweet-talk you into my concubine.*

*So I'm calling all girls, sweet or sour,*

*Come see about me 'cause I GOT THE POWER."*

Cosmo's video got played about a hundred times a day, and the album hit number one three days after it was rush-released. After just four days on sale, Cosmo had outsold Michael Jackson's *Thriller*.

Addie and me took all this pretty hard. She refused to even look at MTV again. But pretty soon we couldn't even put on regular TV without seeing Cosmo selling everything from DC spark plugs ("We both got the power") to Massengill Feminine Hygiene Spray ("Its scent is out of this world"). McDonald's even did a commercial that showed Cosmo crashing through their roof and saying he had traveled 8,456,679,342 miles for a Big Mac.

The Cosmo! Live! '86 World Tour broke all box-office records. At each

show thousands of fans would come, some dressed as spacemen, some in wheelchairs praying for Cosmo to heal them. Half the audience was little girls, crying and fainting. When he hit the stage in a metallic high-tech space suit everyone would jump up and shout "POWER, POWER, POWER" in unison. It was awesome. To top off each show, Cosmo would do something far-out. At his first gig at the Astrodome, he literally raised the roof for five minutes (along with the roofs of a whole nearby housing project).

Cosmo was the biggest instant media superstar since The Refrigerator. He did all the talk shows, trading sly innuendos with Joan Rivers on *The Tonight Show*: ("Can we talk, Mr. Alien? Is that a ray gun in your pocket or are you just happy to see me? Seriously, Cosmo, what's Uranus like—I've always wanted to explore inner space.") Dr. Ruth asked him if people from the planet Felch masturbated; he showed Barbara Walters some folk dances from his culture; and he threw the first ball out to start the 1986 baseball season (although he overthrew the catcher and hit Peter Ueberroth right in the head).

Epstein arranged for Cosmo to star in *Wrestlemania III*. He took on Rowdy Roddy Piper, Nikolai Volkoff, The Iron Sheik, King Kong Bundy, and four mid-gets, all at once. Mr. T was his partner. Cosmo didn't get much of a chance to wrestle because every time he was in the ring the other guys tagged off and jumped out of the ring. One time they did manage to gang up on him, but he ate a piece of his energizer and picked up Roddy and King Kong, one in each hand, and threw them through the air. They snapped the ropes and kept going, landing halfway back in the crowd, and they couldn't make it back into the ring before they were counted out. Roddy had rope burns on his back for six months after that.

Malcolm also raked in millions with his Cosmo! Live! official clothing line. There were Cosmo jumpsuits and Cosmo space suits and bubble-top Cosmo helmets. The official Cosmo doll (which glowed blue) and the line of Cosmo stuffed bears sold fantastically. Cosmo's beefcake poster hung in every teenage girl's room around the world.

Oh, they also rushed out Cosmo's autobiography, *Mr. Spaceman*, written with the guy who co-writes all those weird diet bestsellers. Naturally it went number one right away. Cosmo was hot.

But he was the last person in the universe that I thought was calling when I answered the phone one Saturday morning that May.

"Marylou," the familiar voice said. "It's Cosmo. Listen, I'm in the city for a few

continued on page 63

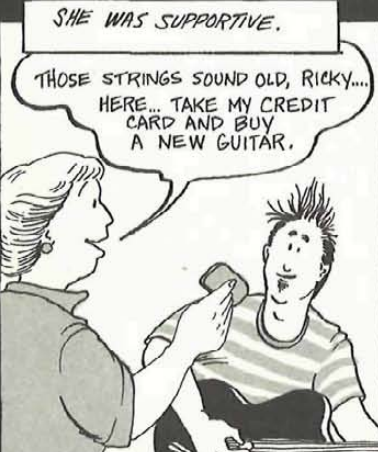
RICHARD "RICKY" LUMPKIN LIVED WITH THE PERFECT WOMAN.... SHE WAS DEVOTED, LOYAL, AND TOTALLY DEDICATED TO MAKING HIS LIFE AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE. SHE'D DO ANYTHING FOR HIM. SHE'D DO ANYTHING TO KEEP HIM. UNFORTUNATELY, SHE WAS HIS...

# MOTHER



IT'S THREE A.M., RICKY.... I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME POUND CAKE AND BUTTER.

I'M GONNA BE A WHEEL SOMEDAY....



SHE WAS SUPPORTIVE.

THOSE STRINGS SOUND OLD, RICKY.... HERE... TAKE MY CREDIT CARD AND BUY A NEW GUITAR.



SHE WAS EFFICIENT.

RICKY'S BUSY RIGHT NOW.... WHAT DID YOU WANT TO TALK TO HIM ABOUT?



SHE WAS THOUGHTFUL.

HERE'S SOME FRESH SOAP, RICKY.



SOMETIMES RICKY WAS BAD...

YOU COULD HAVE AT LEAST CALLED. WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME HOME I HAD A MASSIVE ANXIETY ATTACK. I COULDN'T BREATHE. I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO DIE.



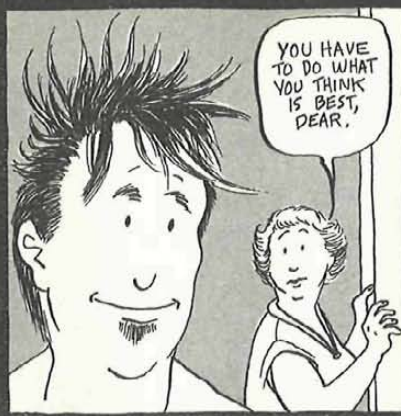
HOW CAN YOU DO THIS TO ME AFTER I GAVE UP THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS OF MY LIFE AND A SUCCESSFUL CAREER IN RADIO?

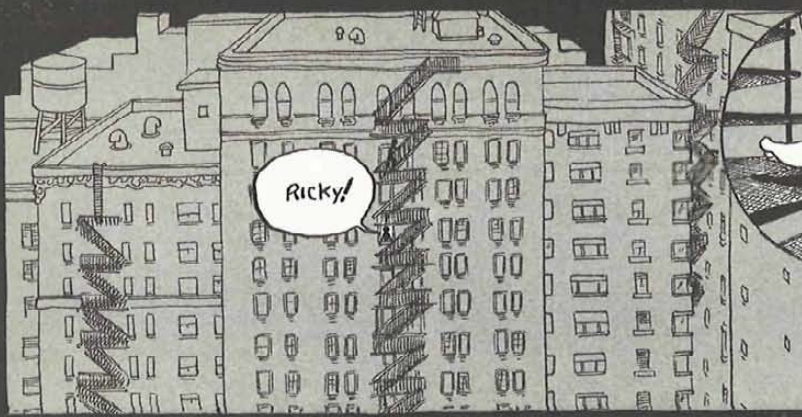


BUT SHE WAS ALWAYS FORGIVING.

I KNOW YOU'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN, SWEETIE.







©86 SHARY FLENNIKEN

hours to guest-host *Saturday Night Live*, and I was wondering if we could get together after the show. There's a party for me at the Palladium. I'll send a car to get you. It'll be a blast, just like old times."

I couldn't believe my ears. Somehow I muttered an okay.

"That's great, sweetheart," he said. "The car'll be there in two hours. Looking forward to seeing you. Miss you. Love ya. Ciao."

Naturally, I didn't tell Addie. She hadn't really left her house much since Cosmo split.

That dork Epstein was there to greet me when the car arrived in New York City. He took me to his penthouse at the Trump Tower, past about forty security guards with walkie-talkies. That's where Cosmo was staying.

Cosmo was decked out in some expensive Italian designer clothes. He looked great, tanned and well rested, but there was something really weird about him. It was almost as if Epstein had given him a personality transplant. He reminded me of Ricardo Montalban.

Cosmo did the show and it went off great. Then we took a limo to the Palladium and Cher and Liza and Andy Warhol were all knocking each other over to get close to our table in the roped-off area. From the Palladium we went over to Area, then up to Elaine's, who was holding the place open for us. Then we hit Regine's for a nightcap and the Carnegie Deli. Of course, Leo gave us linen napkins, which was a real status symbol. Ordinary customers got paper ones. Cosmo ordered the sandwich that Leo had named for him—it was about eight inches thick, piled with pastrami, corned beef, chopped liver, and some slices of raw onion that were supposed to represent the rings of Saturn.

On the way back from the Carnegie, Cosmo offered me some cocaine in the back of the limo, but naturally I refused. I was pretty wasted from drinking Tom Collinses all night, and I hardly remember going back to Epstein's penthouse. I do remember what happened afterward, though. Cosmo put on some mood music, and before long we wound up in bed.

Cosmo was all gushy, saying how sad he was that we weren't together anymore. He may have had the power all right, but I think his batteries were running a little low that night. A few seconds after we got undressed, he was snoring like a baby.

"C'mon, Cosmo, get up!" I shook him. No dice. Then I got a bright idea and reached into his pouch and grabbed some of that green energizer.

"Here you go, Cosmo—dessert." He started chewing the gummy substance in his sleep.

Well, Cosmo may not have woken up, but his big-thing sure did. He glowed bluer than usual. It was certainly a night to remember. Not only for us, though. Cosmo knocked out all four of the Trump Tower elevators, and the next morning everyone had to use the stairs.

When I got back home, my mother told me that Addie had called and she said it was important. I called her right back.

"Marylou, there's another spaceship coming this way. It should land around midnight tonight, and it looks like it's coming down right where that asshole Cosmo did. Maybe it's some interplanetary police. I bet Mr. Spaceman bounced some checks or something."

"We gonna go and watch it land?" I asked.

"Are you crazy?" Addie said. "I'd rather watch *Star Trek* reruns."

Addie had had it up to here with extraterrestrials. In fact, she had been plotting revenge against Cosmo for weeks. Besides *Saturday Night Live*, Cosmo had also come to New York to accept an intergalactic humanitarian award from the United Nations on Monday night, and Addie told me we were going to be right there in the front row when he made his acceptance speech. I was sure she had something up her little sleeve and boy, I was right.

We got there real early and got front-row seats. After what seemed like a lifetime, the secretary-general of the U.N. came out holding a large sculpture. The sculpture had four people in it, one large guy that was supposed to be Cosmo, I guess, and three smaller guys who were on their knees gesturing like they were thankful for something the big guy did. One guy was white, one black, and one Chinese or something. The secretary-general went on and on about what a great humanitarian Cosmo was, how he was a great example for all mankind, how much we could learn from him, and so on. It was kinda boring to me, but the speech was really charging Addie up. She was so mad she could see red.

And she soon did. The U.N. guy finally finished, and then he introduced Cosmo. And I couldn't believe my eyes. Cosmo came out looking like some kind of crazed billboard on Sunset Boulevard. He was wearing a multicolored floppy sweatshirt that said "BENETTON" in big letters over bright red Adidas sweatpants. He had a thick Jim McMahon-type red headband on that was flashing "NIKE" in neon letters! His sneakers were specially designed Reeboks with the brand name about three inches tall. Oh yeah, I forgot his cape. It was solid gold and it said: "BIG MACS ARE OUT

OF THIS WORLD" in large red letters on the back.

Addie was really fuming now. "Look at that asshole, Marylou," she sneered. "I guess he forgot to bring his Gucci pocketbook."

Cosmo took the award and the audience gave him a standing ovation for four minutes, until he finally calmed them down and began his acceptance speech. Just then I spotted Malcolm in the next row. He was sitting next to this familiar-looking old guy.

"A funny thing happened to me on the way to your planet," Cosmo began. "I was really hungry, so I stopped off on Mars. I saw a woman and I said, 'Excuse me, miss, but I haven't eaten in two days,' and she said, 'You should force yourself.'" The audience cracked up.

"Take my wife—please. When I told her I was leaving for Earth she said that she wanted to go someplace too, someplace she'd never been before." Cosmo continued, "I told her to try the kitchen. But seriously, earthlings, I take my wife everywhere. But she always finds her way home. My wife's wonderful. She's got a black belt in shopping. She'll buy anything marked down. Last month she brought home an escalator."

I suddenly remembered who that old guy with Malcolm was. It was Henny Youngman. He was slapping Malcolm on the back, and the two of them were all smiles.

"See, I wrote your kid some great new stuff," Henny said. "We're slaying them, we're slaying them."

This was too much for Addie. She jumped onto the stage.

"Cosmo, you're jive. You're a super-fraud, that's what's super about you." The audience fell into a stunned silence.

Cosmo's jaw dropped, and he started to get that pre-twitch sick look in his eyes.

"Addie," he said lamely. "Can't we talk about this later?"

"Look at you," she said. "Mr. Superior Intelligence. The only thing superior about you is your bank account. How come you're not drinking a Coke up here? They didn't offer you enough money?"

Cosmo's twitch kicked in just about the same time as his beeper. He really looked like he was losing it.

"Addie, you're embarrassing me."

"And you're embarrassing me. You're an embarrassment to anyone who can think. You're supposed to come here and help our civilization out. Show us the way to peace and brotherhood and cooperation and all those other lofty ideals—you know, the ones you got that cheap statue for. And what happens—you become a joke, a walking, talking billboard spouting out anything somebody'll pay you to say. You're pathetic."

Cosmo reached for his green stuff.

Just then there was a huge noise, like a bomb going off, and the whole right wall of the auditorium collapsed. There was a blinding gold glow and bright red flames shooting out and that strange buzzing sound. My eardrums started feeling like they do when you fly in a plane.

When the gold glow faded and the flames died out, I couldn't believe my eyes. There was this gargantuan female alien standing there. She was way over six feet tall, and she was a total knockout. She was wearing a gold lamé space suit, which could barely contain her amazing set of knockers. Her hair was all frizzed out and it was multicolored. If I hadn't known she was from another planet I would have guessed she was from the East Village.

"There you are!" the Amazon space-woman shouted at Cosmo. "This is the absolute last time you're gonna pull shit like this on me!" She strode menacingly toward Cosmo.

"Honey, lower your voice, please," Cosmo said.

"Holy shit," Addie said. "You're his wife!"

"Three months ago, *three* months ago, you said, 'Dear, I'm going to get some cigarettes at the spacemart—see you in five.' Three months you've been catting around with God knows who, you never answer my page, your kids have just about forgotten what their father looks like." Cosmo was cowering with fright.

She grabbed his ear. "C'mon, I have to treat you like a little puppy. We're going home—now! Cosmo's been bad. He's a bad boy. He's really gonna get it when we get back."

His wife pulled him by the ear and dragged him backstage. Addie ran after them, and I ran after her, and meanwhile pandemonium had broken out in the auditorium. The worldwide TV cameras had captured all this action live and the TV correspondents were babbling in a thousand tongues, explaining to their viewers what had gone down.

Backstage, Cosmo's wife was in control. She had cornered Epstein and he ran out like a rat. I tried to blend into the woodwork. Cosmo was sitting silently at the secretary-general's desk. He looked pretty embarrassed. But Addie and Cosmo's wife looked like long-lost friends. They were sitting there comparing notes on Cosmo and laughing about his homemade spaceship and his sundial wristwatch and the story about his father inventing fire.

"You know, Addie," Cosmo's wife said, "I made that guy what he is today. Cosmo comes from the other side of the canals. His family is from the Putz region of our planet. They're real backward there. They haven't even invented the wheel yet."

Addie laughed.

"I pulled him out of that environment, but does he try to better himself?"

Cosmo's wife continued, "Does he learn anything, become a little bit acculturated? I'll tell you, Addie, we have a saying on Felch: 'You can take a Putz out of the slums, but you can't take the slums out of a Putz.'"

"But what about his powers?" Addie asked. "How did he cultivate them?"

Cosmo's wife laughed. "Powers? He doesn't have any powers. That green stuff that he's always taking is medicine for his nervous stomach. You have 1.2 percent more oxygen in the air than on Felch, and that causes the medicine to react that way. You could do the same thing he does. The chemical reaction gives psychokinetic powers to whoever takes it."

Pretty soon Cosmo's wife decided it was time to go—she said they had a long drive home. That was when Cosmo finally said something. He said he wanted to talk to Addie for a minute, alone. His wife just shook her head, real pathetic-like, and finally said okay.

Cosmo and Addie went into another office, and then a few minutes later they both came out and Cosmo's wife led him out the door. Her ship was parked out in the parking lot, and it was surrounded by thousands of people who were being held back by a sea of New York cops. Everyone was cheering, and Cosmo's wife kind of got into the cheering and waved at the crowd, acknowledging them, but Cosmo just kept his head down and went straight into the ship. He didn't even turn to wave goodbye or anything.

On the way back to New Haven, Addie told me that Cosmo had just wanted to apologize to her. He said that he was sorry for everything, sorry that he'd let himself be influenced by that jerk Epstein, sorry that he hadn't called us before we left the hotel, and just all-around sorry that he didn't put whatever power he had, whether it was real or just imagined by all of us, to better use. He said that he would rather have been remembered as an Einstein than as a Mr. T. He also said that he really liked her and wanted to come back to see her when she grew up. She told him to forget about it—that she was interested in meeting a nice man, not a wimp, that until he got his shit together, he shouldn't even bother trying to come around here on Earth again.

Well, that was it. Cosmo was gone, but every so often Addie and I would talk about him. I got over him pretty quick, but Addie never could get him out of her system. We graduated high school that June, and then the years just seemed to fly by. Addie went to MIT and graduate school at Harvard. We always kept in

touch.

I stayed in New Haven and wound up marrying Frankie, who was my high school sweetheart. We opened a magazine store downtown. That was where I bumped into Malcolm Epstein. He came into the store and was buying the current issue of *Hustler* when he spotted me by the cigar display case.

We talked for a few minutes. He told me that he was in town touring with his new group, the Youngstown Mudhens. They were a troupe of female mud wrestlers. He even gave me complimentary tickets to that night's show at the Coliseum, but Frankie didn't want to go.

He also confessed that he was the one who broke up the Superhuman Crew. It seems he told Cosmo that *we* wanted to split up and go solo on our own and then persuaded Cosmo to write that note, wishing us well. He said that Cosmo was kinda hurt by us leaving him like that. I rushed home that day and called Addie right up and told her what Malcolm had said.

After Harvard, Addie had gotten a job as a consultant for a big computer company, and she wound up marrying the company's chief attorney. Ronald was a sweet guy, but you knew who wore the pants in the family. They bought a real nice house in Greenwich, and Frankie and I would drive down and visit them every few months.

The last time I saw Addie was in the summer of 2000. It was a few weeks after the big Year 2000 celebrations in every state capital. Frankie and I had driven out to Ronald and Addie's and we were all sitting around the living room, playing Twentieth-Century Trivial Pursuit.

Addie and I were sitting at the same side of the table, the side that faced the big picture window. I'll never forget that last question, either. It was "What 1980s movie featured a cute little visitor from outer space?" Addie was just about to let me answer that one for our side when outside the window, streaking across the night sky, we both saw those familiar pulsing blue and red lights. I looked at Addie and she looked right back at me, and she had this weird spaced-out look in her eyes. We didn't say anything. We really didn't have to. Addie just sort of slowly looked around, as if she was seeing her own living room for the first time, and then she just stared at Ronald for a few seconds and then she got up.

"Where you going, honey?" Ronald said cheerfully.

"Oh, I'm just going to the 7-Eleven," Addie mumbled, "to get some cigarettes."

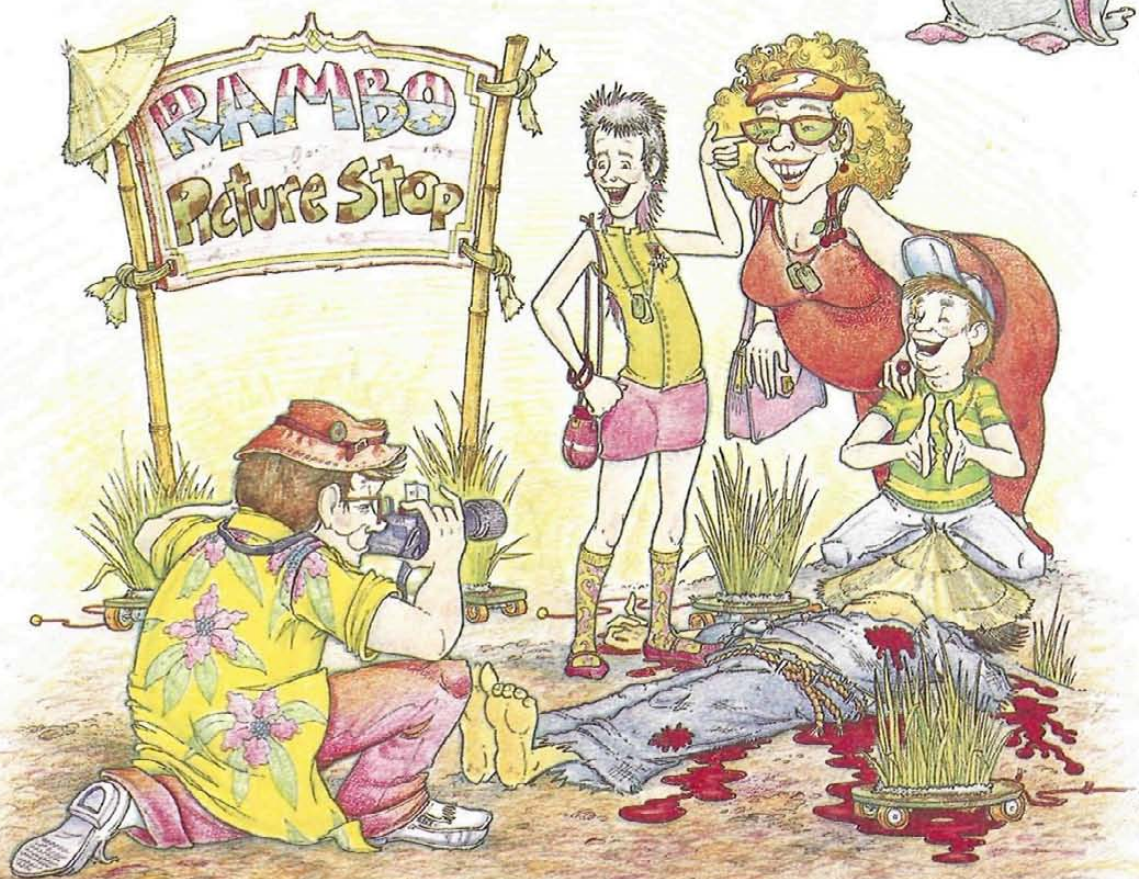
"But sweetie, you don't smoke." Ronald looked puzzled.

Addie headed for the door. "No shit," she said. ■

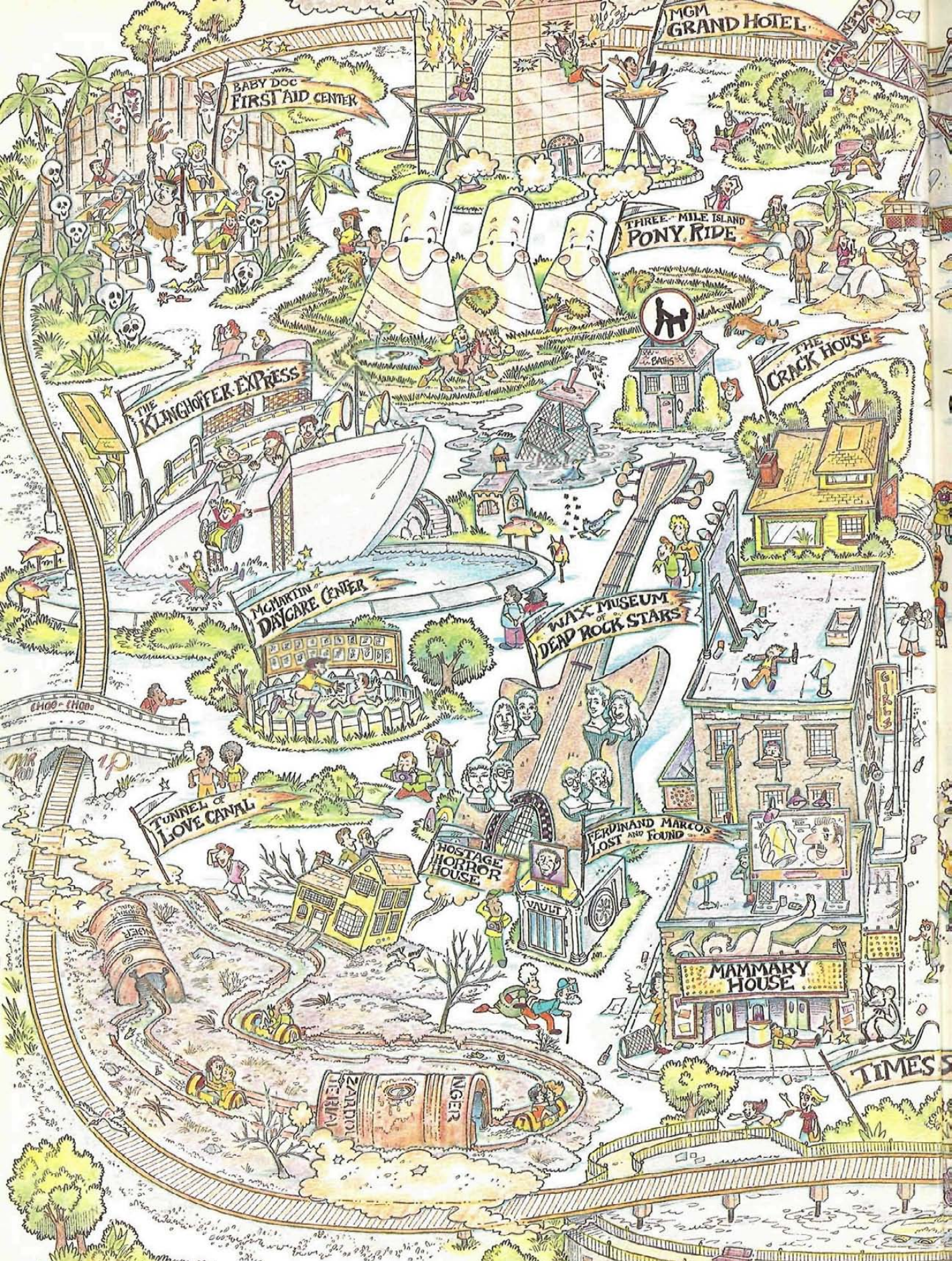


# Tragedyland

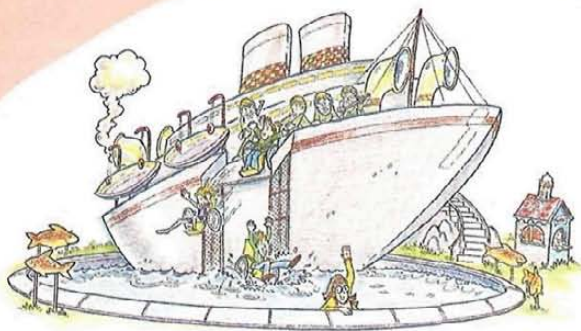
Illustrated by Ted Enik



**Come to Tragedyland, located on the eastern coast of Florida, where you can experience a catastrophe and live to laugh about it. Tragedyland—the most innovative theme park of the eighties.**







**The Klinghoffer Express Ride**

C'mon, take the plunge. The water's fine!  
Have a lifelike Arab terrorist push you  
from a wheelchair into the refreshing  
deep blue.

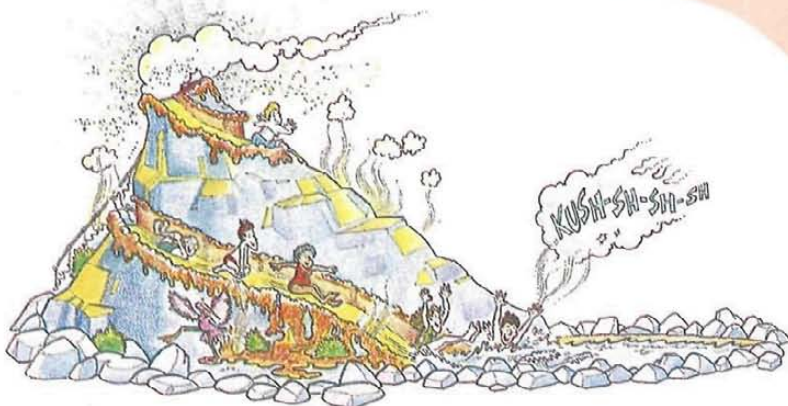


**Hostage Horror House**

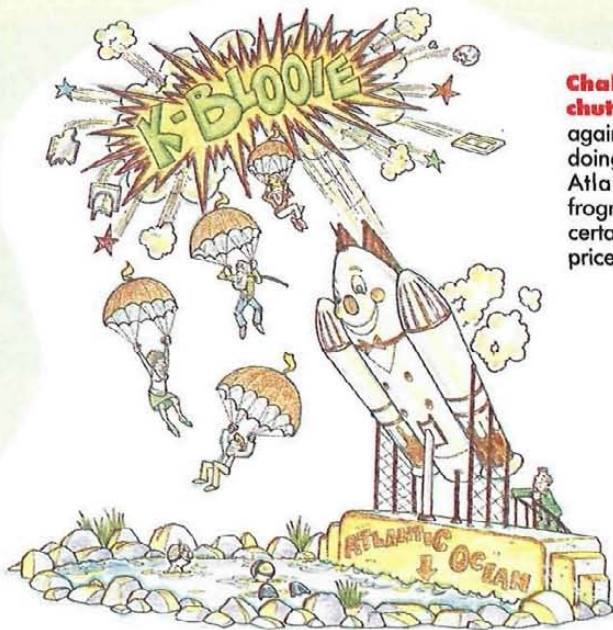
Be held hostage by a group of FUNatical, Islamic FUNdamentalists. They will entertain you with readings from the Koran, cold cous-cous, and physical and mental abuse. Available on a one-hour, two-hour, or 365-day plan.



**Tylenol Capsule Ride** Ride the giant twisting, turning Tylenol capsule. Recommended by four out of five doctors. Guaranteed to cure even the worst headache.



**Mount St. Helens** Ride down the side of the world's most unpredictable volcano on a stream of imitation molten lava. Hot fun for the entire family. The little ones will lava it!



**Challenger Space Shuttle Parachute Jump** The space shuttle explodes again! But this time we know what we're doing. Parachute safely down into the icy Atlantic where skilled Tragedyland frogmen will save you from an almost certain death. (Wednesday is our half-price day for all schoolteachers.)



**World Leader Rifle Range** Have you ever secretly wanted to be Lee Harvey Oswald? Sirhan Sirhan? James Earl Ray? Fame. Murder. It's just a shot away.



**Tunnel of Love Canal** Down in the toxic dumps? Love life too benign? Next time your wife asks you to kiss her where it stinks, take her to the Tunnel of Love Canal.

**Coming Next in '86: Day Afterland** A holocaust the whole nuclear family can enjoy. The theme park to end all theme parks.





# FUNNY PAGES



## OLIVER WHACKO LAND

SEEMS OLIVER'S FIRST DAY AT THE FACTORY GOT OFF TO A PRETTY BAD START WHEN THE MACHINES DESTROYED HIM....

...LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT...

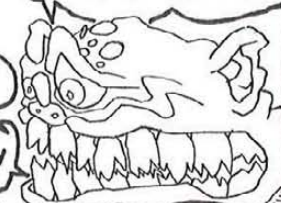
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THIS SHIT, SIR?

WHAT IS IT?

IT'S OLIVER, THE NEW WORKER. SHALL WE SAVE IT?

ECH!

FEG!



AH, NO, FUCK IT. THROW IT AWAY!



SO POOR OLD OLLIE GETS TOSSED ON THE GARBAGE HEAP. LIFE CAN REALLY BE A BITCH, CAN'T IT? BUT, SAY, THERE'S ALWAYS HOPE....

NOT THIS TIME, BUBIE. HE BOUGHT IT. I HATE A COMIC STRIP THAT CAN'T FACE REALITY. HE'S DEAD!



WOW, GANG, LOOK WHO'S COME TO PAY US A VISIT-- THE COMIC STRIP FAIRY!!!

WITHOUT OLIVER, HIS STRIP IS OVER, SO I'VE BROUGHT AN INTERIM LOGO, SOMETHING TO USE UNTIL WE DECIDE WHAT TO DO NEXT.



I THINK YOU'RE HOLDING THE LOGO UP BACKSIDE FRONT, COMIC STRIP FAIRY!

YOU JUST WRITE IN WHAT YOU'RE TRYING OUT IN THE SPACE PROVIDED, OK?

DOTTED LINE COMICS



HEY, WATCH THAT SIGNATURE!

DOTTED LINE COMICS

WOW, GANG-- WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE WILL BE THE 1ST DOTTED LINE COMIC!?!

NOW  
IT CAN  
BE TOLD

IT'S OKAY  
TO BE RICH

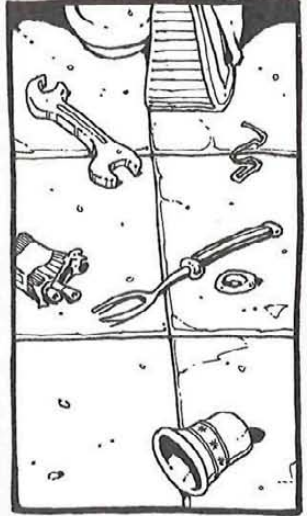
Rick  
GEARY  
086



IT'S OKAY TO BE RICH—AND  
REALLY NOT THAT DIFFICULT.  
IUGHT TO KNOW!



LIKE MOST FOLKS, I WAS  
TOLD I WAS "LAZY" AND WOULD  
NEVER ACCOMPLISH A THING.



I DRIFTED FROM ONE  
MEANINGLESS JOE TO ANOTHER.  
I WAS CONSTANTLY IN DEBT.



MY FAVORITE ACTIVITY WAS  
JUST TO SIT AND DO  
NOTHING.



BUT TODAY MY NET INCOME IS  
\$516,647—AND CLIMBING!



I OWN THREE HOMES—ONE  
OF THEM A CONDO IN  
BERMUDA!



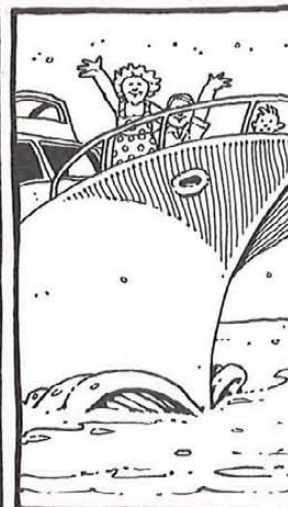
I DRIVE A BRAND-NEW  
GOLDEN FERRARI—WITH  
BAR AND TV!



AND I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE  
TO GET A JOB!



MY WIFE AND HER FAMILY  
DON'T KNOW QUITE WHAT TO  
MAKE OF ME.



BUT THEY'RE CERTAINLY  
NOT COMPLAINING.



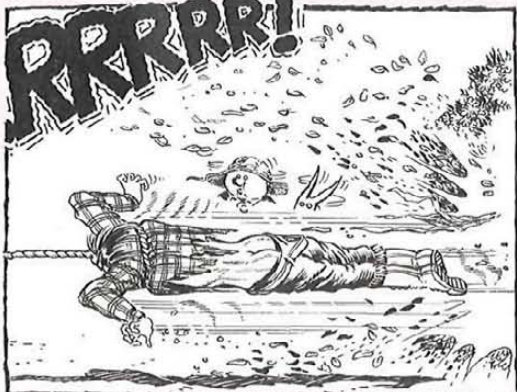
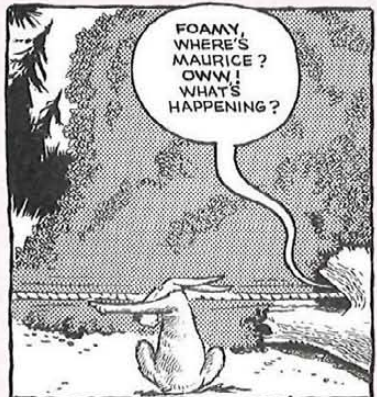
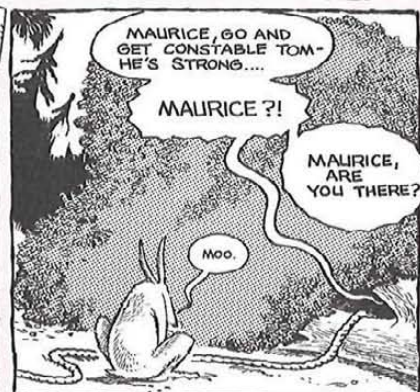
AND NEITHER, IN TRUTH, AM I!



# TIMBERLAND TALES

by B.K. Taylor

OUR STORY UNFOLDS ON A TERRIFYING ACCIDENT INVOLVING DR. ROGERS, WHO HAS BEEN PINNED UNDER A FALLEN TREE WHILE ON A TIMBER-CUTTING EXPEDITION. MAURICE IS SEEN LOOKING ON IN HORROR....



© 1986 B.K. Taylor



**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 Vacation T-shirt or



National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Shirt



National Lampoon's European Vacation shirt



National Lampoon, Dept. 686  
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 (A) @ \$6.95 each
- SM  MD  LG NL Vacation shirts (B) @ \$6.95 each
- SM  MD  LG NL Animal House baseball shirts @ \$7.00 each
- SM  MD  LG  XL NL Vacation sweatshirts (A) @ \$16.95 each
- SM  MD  LG  XL NL Vacation sweatshirts (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 \_\_\_\_\_

# COPING WITH CHAIN-SAW MASSACRES



FIRST OF ALL,

NOBODY LIKES A CHAIN-SAW MASSACRE.

Whoops!



JUST A MINUTE,

I'M GOING TO HAVE TO PUT YOU ON HOLD FOR JUST A MINUTE

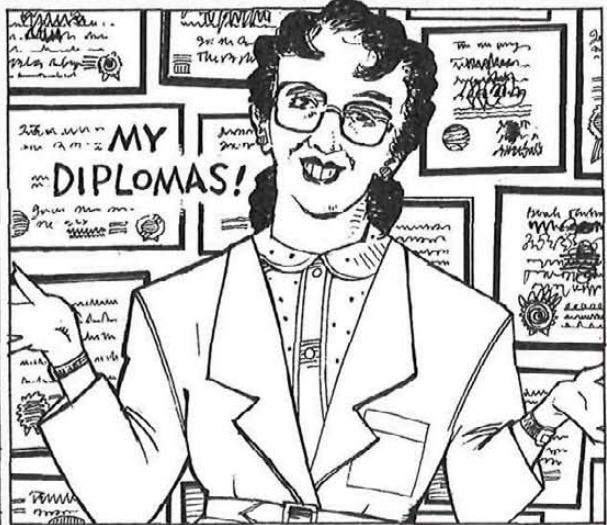
DON'T GO 'WAY!



TWENTY-FOUR MINUTES LATER

NOW, (SORRY ABOUT THAT)

I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING.



MY DIPLOMAS!



SERIOUSLY, I'VE BEEN TO EVERY SCHOOL IN THE COUNTRY



AND I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT CHAIN-SAW MASSACRES.

# WHEN PEOPLE SAY YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE, DO THEY SAY IT WITH AWE?

You're not always an asshole. But when you need to—you can be an incredible asshole.

Other people may not admit it—even to themselves—but they envy this trait in you.

**They may not like you, but they respect you.**

And well they should. You need guts to be a real asshole.

Ordinary wimps just don't have the strength, courage and honesty to say what's on their minds, openly be themselves, and claim what's rightfully theirs.

Which, by default, makes it rightfully yours.

Which brings us to:

**The joys of being an asshole.**

One of the nicest things about being an asshole is all the stuff you get away with.

Literally and figuratively, assholes always go to the front of the line.

You can keep things you "borrow". You can separate fools from their money. You can generally get more than your share of everything.

Assholes look out for Number One—and let others watch out for any stray Number Two.

Being an asshole means little things, too. Like never having to pick up the tab. Like taking credit when credit is due—to someone else.

And of course, getting to go right to sleep after you're done with sex.

**Be proud you're an asshole.**

Out loud, others may put you down. Inside, though, they eat their wimpy little hearts out.

It just tears them up, poor suckers.

They look at you and say, "What an asshole!" But you can hear the wistful admiration that shakes their voices while confused rage churns their stomachs.

And now you can hear something else, too, something you've been deserv-

ing to hear for a long time:

Cheers and praise.

**Join Knights of the Mystic Assholes.**

Give yourself the positive recognition you deserve.

You'll be in good company. We're doctors, lawyers, corporation presidents, athletes, and just plain guys.

Yes, girls, you can join too.

And we're all asshole buddies.

We're proud of our accomplishments as assholes. We're glad to have an organization where we can hold our heads up high. And we're happy to welcome you.

So, if you know you're an asshole, know also that you're no longer alone.

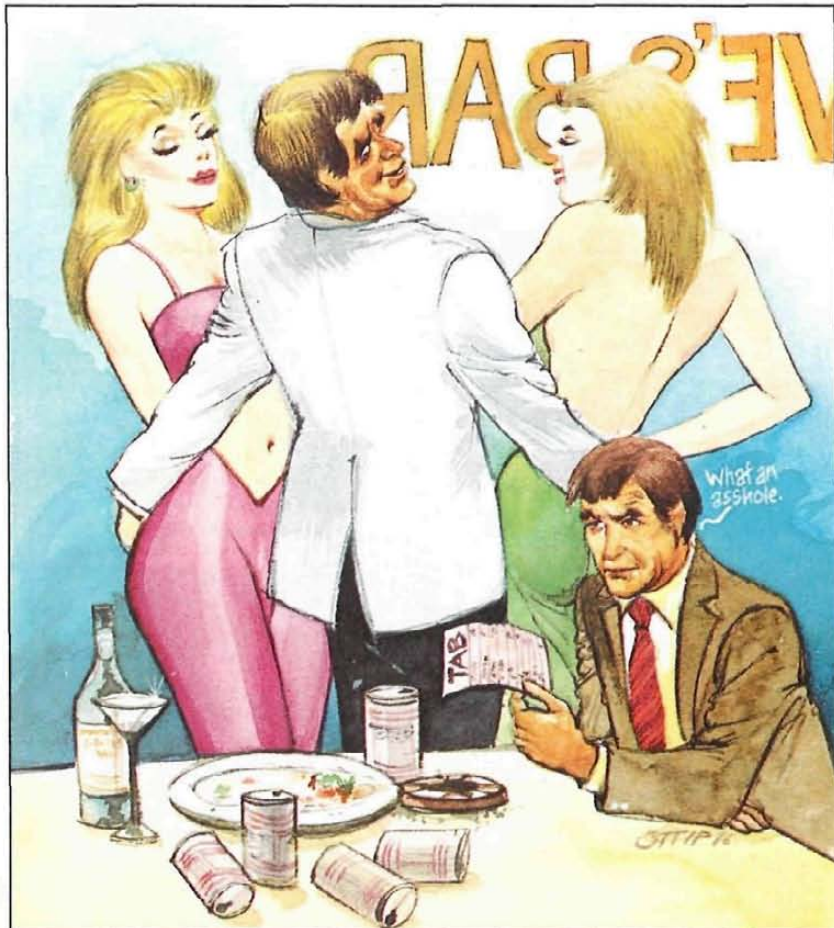
**Do you have a friend who deserves membership?**

Many of us became members courtesy of friends who may or may not have joined themselves. So don't worry about insulting someone who probably will feel complimented anyway.

For just \$15, new Knights of the Mystic Assholes get a beautiful 8"x12" Wall Certificate—suitable for framing—and a wallet-size Membership Card.

Some of this money goes for research into the dangerous physiological consequences of repressed asshole instincts and feelings.

But mostly you're investing in feeling good about yourself. What better way to acknowledge the part of you that got you where you are today?



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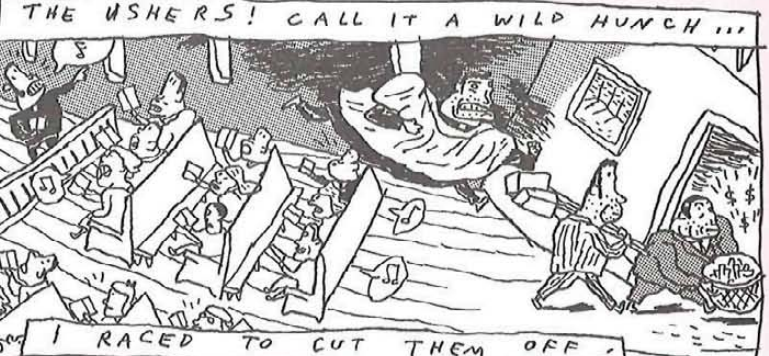
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**The story:**  
 FEARING HER HUSBAND PLANS TO HARM HER, THE WIFE OF BILLIONAIRE LUDWIG VAN BUREN HIRES SAM. AS SHE TELLS HIM OF HER FEARS, VAN BUREN AND HIS BODYGUARD, HERMAN, ENTER THE ROOM. VAN BUREN ORDERS HERMAN TO PUT SAM INTO THE CHAMBER OF HIS WIFE'S IRON LUNG!

SAM IS NOW A PRISONER INSIDE MRS. VAN BUREN'S IRON LUNG AND LUDWIG VAN BUREN HAS GONE TO MACAO

HERMAN, LISTEN TO ME! LUDWIG HAS GONE—I'LL PAY YOU TO FREE MR. DEGROOT AND HELP ME TO GET TO TORONTO TO STAY WITH MY SISTER!

GEE, IT'S DARK IN HERE! THERE MUST BE A LIGHT IN HERE SOMEWHERE—I'LL FEEL AROUND FOR A SWITCH OR SOMETHING...

NO, BUT I DO HAVE "THE STAR OF PRETORIA" DIAMOND!

"THE STAR OF PRETORIA"?!! MR. V.B. PAID THREE MILLION BUCKS FOR THAT DIAMOND! YOU GOT IT?!!

HAW! YOU DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY, MRS. VAN BUREN!



YES, LUDWIG GAVE IT TO ME FOR OUR 5TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY, AND IT'S YOURS IF YOU HELP ME.

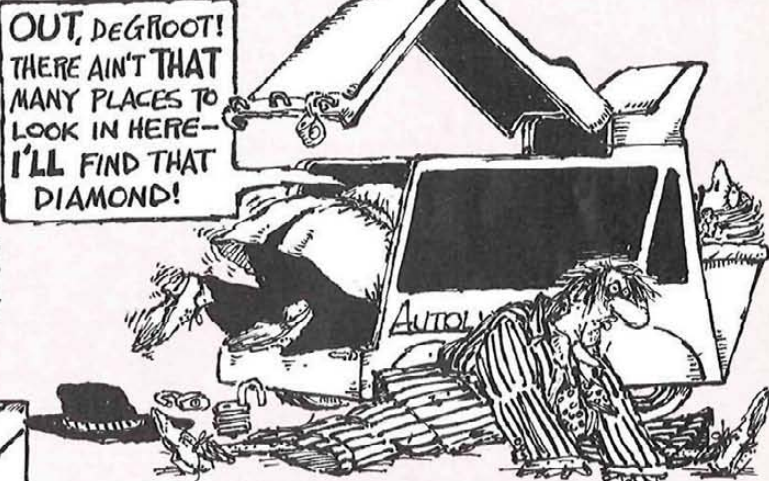
...UH... WHERE IS IT?..

...THERE MUST BE A LIGHT SWITCH IN HERE SOMEWHERE... I'LL JUST FEEL AROUND...

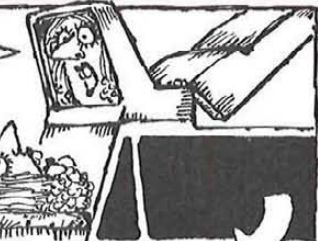


IT'S HIDDEN INSIDE MY IRON LUNG.

OUT, DEGROOT! THERE AIN'T THAT MANY PLACES TO LOOK IN HERE—I'LL FIND THAT DIAMOND!



QUICKLY, MR. DEGROOT, SHUT THE CHAMBER AND LOCK IT!



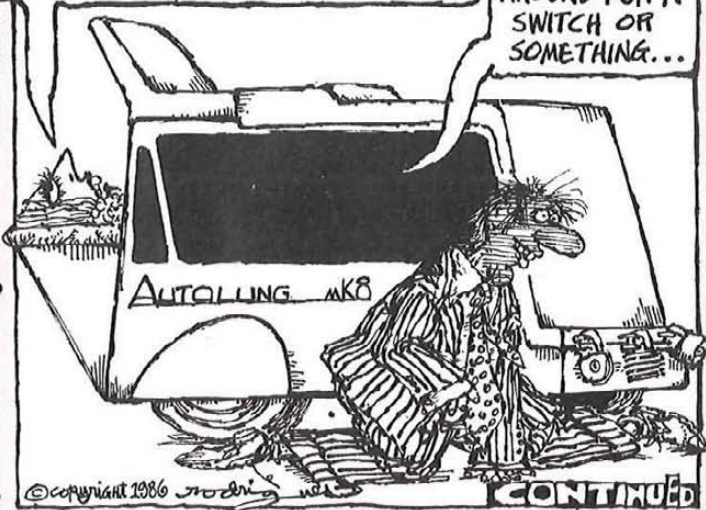
...AND, MR. DEGROOT, WHILE YOU WERE FEIGNING TO SEARCH FOR A LIGHT SWITCH, AND REPEATEDLY FONDLED MY BODY, I PLACED "THE STAR OF PRETORIA" INTO YOUR JACKET POCKET—MAY I HAVE IT, PLEASE?...

...THERE MUST BE A LIGHT IN HERE SOMEWHERE, I'LL JUST FEEL AROUND FOR A SWITCH OR SOMETHING...

MRS. VAN BUREN, WHENEVER I WORK OUTSIDE OF MY IRON LUNG, I USUALLY GET A 25% BONUS FOR HAZARDOUS DUTY. IS THAT OKAY WITH YOU?

THAT SEEMS FAIR, MR. DEGROOT...

HEY—IT'S DARK IN HERE!



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**TS 1058 National Lampoon's European Vacation T-shirt** No T-shirt collection would be complete without this one, adorned as it is with the movie logo and a picture of the "pig in the poke" that got the Griswolds to Europe. \$6.95 each

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## JUNK FOOD KILLERS

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ing the shots.

My hunch proved correct when I received a letter from an old friend and schoolmate at Stanford, Myles Trilling. The letter simply said, "I'll see you in a few days. They're in total control. We've got to fight back." Myles was a brilliant scientist who had given up what could have been a Nobel Prize-winning career to head up the laboratories at Kentucky Fried Chicken. No doubt he had invented much of the so-called food on the Kentucky Fried menu.

At one A.M. a week later there was a light tap at my laboratory door. It was Myles. He looked terrible. He was a big, heavyset man who never bothered to diet or exercise. But now he looked frail, almost haggard. His once chubby, rosy cheeks were gaunt and hollow. He was clutching his stomach. He was bleeding from a gunshot wound. Myles Trilling had escaped from the maximum security of the Kentucky Fried Chicken laboratory. He was coming back to the life he should have had.

Myles was quickly nursed back to health by Juanita. He was a maverick, a genius, a drinker, and a womanizer. But Juanita resisted his good-natured flirtations. She had found true love with me.

Myles Trilling was one of the leading authorities in the world on molecular structures. Now that we were a team, I knew we would make a breakthrough. He showed me his little prize. He had smuggled out a small package of what he called the "starter formula" for Kentucky Fried Chicken. By creating our own chicken with this formula we could analyze how these chicken mutants actually developed.

Our lab became a miniature fried chicken factory, but without the buckets and the familiar picture of the colonel. Myles and I worked like men possessed. In three weeks we had a pure, broken-down sample of a chicken breast for the microscope. What Myles saw saddened him deeply. The mutant, rebellious chicken was created by what he called "clusters of angry, aggressive molecules."

"It's as if the food is not happy being artificial food. It wants to be something else... bigger. So it gets bigger and angrier and more arrogant... and then it attacks anything that gets in its way."

Myles was almost describing a cocaine-user syndrome. We both knew immediately what was triggering the rebellious molecule cluster. The cocaine was somehow interacting with the rest of the chemical structure to produce junk food monsters. Why couldn't we find a way to eliminate the cocaine? I

asked. He said it would be almost impossible to root it out of the formula, which was incredibly complex. I was a superb chemist and I had gotten lucky when I found my sample. Ordinarily, the cocaine infiltrated the nineteen "secret spices" that made up the special taste of Kentucky Fried Chicken. It was so assimilated into the chemical mix that it was impossible to isolate. The answer was to get rid of the entire formula and make the food companies start from scratch, using real food for their products.

Myles had two plans, Plan A and Plan B. Plan A was to go directly to President Bush and convince him to order the food companies to stop. Our chances of persuading Bush, his advisers, the Pentagon, and the junk food giants who controlled them all were slim at best. We had no time to waste. We had to go with Plan B.

"The starter sets are the answer," said Myles. "Every fast food formula is made from one of those starters that I stole. You know, like the starter in old-fashioned yogurt or rye bread. Once you invent the starter formula for each food product, the rest is easy. You just add the artificial flavorings, bulk materials, stabilizers, colors, that sort of thing. We just have to destroy the starters once and for all."

The only way to do this was to destroy the food plants once and for all. Myles knew exactly where all the plants were and where the starter formulas were located. There were nine secret underground factories in all. They had to be terminated simultaneously so there could be no chance of getting the formulas out. We needed help from an expert in sophisticated explosives. And by an odd coincidence, we had one.

Lenny Benjamin was a veteran of the Vietnam War, back in the seventies. His nickname was "Needles." He worked for the Pitkin Institute as a caretaker. Needles was a casualty of the war, a hyperactive semi-psychotic who was originally treated by Dr. Pitkin himself. He helped Needles tremendously. Needles was a recluse who lived in a small cottage on institute property. When we outlined the broad strokes of the plan to him he was transformed from a gentle caretaker. He was more like a tense, keyed-up high school linebacker before a big game. We had given him a new lease on life. We had given him back his manhood. He could make war again.

Needles needed a few of his old buddies to help him. "They may be a little fucked up," he said, "but this kind of job gets their juices flowing again. They can be trusted."

Needles and his buddies scouted all the locations. It would be difficult, but it could be done. Our computer specialist

continued



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## JUNK FOOD KILLERS

continued from page 80

designed a simple remote-control system that could detonate the explosives from one central location at the institute. I couldn't believe how quickly it was all happening once everything fell into place.

Zero hour was 12:01, Friday, October 11. We were all terribly nervous. Needles was so keyed up he had to be given a sedative. Only Myles was comparatively calm, as if he had atoned for sins. Only four people knew the number that had to be punched into the system to detonate the bombs—Myles, myself, Needles, and Juanita, as a last fail-safe button pusher.

At 11:58 Needles heard a sound outside. He smelled trouble. It was a contingent of Green Berets. The enemy had been tipped off. Someone on our side was a double agent. But who? It wouldn't take long to find out. We only had two minutes to go.

I didn't want to believe what happened next. Juanita had a gun trained on us. It was her. I felt dizzy. I wanted to cry. She had lured me into this crazy plan and now she had the goods on all of us. She worked for the junk food people. "I do love you in a way, Peter. But I have my work to finish for my company," she said

as she was about to pull the trigger.

"Hey, how do you know them Green Berets won't charge in and waste you?" Needles said. "You know too much."

Juanita wavered just long enough for Myles to lunge at her gun. He slapped it out of her hand and they fought for it. I ran to the computer. There were only a few seconds left. As Myles and Juanita struggled a shot rang out. Myles was dead. Juanita turned the gun on me and was ready to fire, but she had forgotten about Needles. He hit her with a chemistry beaker and knocked her cold. I punched the number, almost missing a digit in my haste. It was 1201, the exact time of the detonation. It was done. The bombs would go off. We won. The junk food starters were destroyed.

Now we had to escape. I had to leave Myles's body behind, but I knew he left the world a happy man. Someday I would return and make sure he became a national hero. Needles and I slipped through a hidden trapdoor that led to an underground tunnel that led to a garage. Our car was ready. We drove north to Canada and freedom.

The next day President Bush pressed the panic button. There were millions of pounds of junk food still out there. The armed forces were mobilized and small-scale nuclear weapons were used. But they still held out. Guerrilla bands of

junk foods made sneak attacks. The people had to be on constant war alert. Bloodlust was everywhere. Everyone had a weapon. Everyone was now a Rambo in his own backyard.

It's been three years now. The casualties were enormous. Over 178,000 dead, 326,000 wounded, cities destroyed, air, water, and people contaminated. They say the junk food mutants are finally gone, but I doubt it. Somewhere in the ruins, a Whopper is trying to crawl out. It's very big, has a green glow coming from the chopped pickles, and is still very angry and arrogant. Myles told me before he died that these foods have the ability to regenerate themselves. They are on a non-ending chemical trip.

I live in the north, in British Columbia. I can't reveal where. I had to begin again at the beginning. It will go well if the earth has enough stamina and resiliency to replenish itself and grow the food we need. In the summer we will have our first vegetables, fruits, and grains. Needles is still with me as my handyman. I married a local girl. I taught her to cook according to Pitkin principles. But she has to take it easy. We're expecting our first child in the fall. If it's a boy we'll name him Myles. If it's a girl I'm thinking of naming her Juanita. ■

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## Coming Next Month

**I**t happens every summer. The weather gets a bit warmer, the air conditioners don't work, people take off their clothes, more people take off their clothes, pretty soon the whole damn country is walking around naked. Everywhere there are sweating, bouncing tits, tight derrieres barely contained by designer satin shorts, beaches filled with horny sun worshipers anointing their Nautilus-honed torsos with gobs of wet creamy *Bain de Soleil*. But does this disgusting orgy of flesh have any effect on the readers of *National Lampoon*? Of course not. Not in the least. The fact that our sex issues sell 641 percent better than our other issues is merely one of those unexplained coincidences. Like the fact that the universe started on the same day that there was a big explosion. Anyway, if you're really cool, and you have no interest in Alvin Klein's sexy new campaign, or the new book *How Not to Get Laid*, or the secret body language of old people, or the Frederick's of Wall Street catalog, or the Call Girls of the Ivy League, then be sure not to buy the Hot Summer Sex Issue. You faggot.

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