Elron Hubbard's Diarrhetics • The Return of Drinking Tips and B. K. Taylor Rolling Stone Parody • The Last Temptation of Gilbert Gottfried



February 1989

The Bimonthly Humor Magazine

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## CONTENTS

Editorial 6

Letters from the Editors 8

Men of Steel and the Women Who Love Them! 12 By Cheney

**Drinking Tips and Other War Stories** 14
By Michael Simmons

Nerdysomething, or, The Tragedy of Regular Guy-ism 16 By John Podhoretz

True Facts 18 Edited by John Bendel

**True Facts Reporter 25**By John Bendel
Illustrated by Rick Geary

My Life as a Turkey 28 By Will Durst Illustrated by Peter Kuper

Yellow Journal 31

Mike and Robin: A Modern Romance 35

Illustrated by Rick Meyerowitz, Buddy Hickerson,
Jim Bennett, Jeff Wong, and Tom Hachtman

**Rolling Stone** 41
By Nick Bakay, Tony Kisch, and the Editors
Photographed by Tom Grimes
Illustrated by Paul Corio

My Cousin Leopold 48
By Mark Walters
Illustrated by Edison Girard

The Naked Truth 51

By Larry Sloman and Ed Subitzky
Photographed by Harry Heleotis

The Michael Deaver Apologias 54
By Andy Simmons

Surprise Poster #141:
National Lampoon's Permanent Vacation 56
By Isaac Luria
Illustrated by Patrick Pigott

How to Tell a Joke 58
By Richard Belzer

The Appletons 61 By B. K. Taylor

**Latchkey 65**By Andy Simmons
Photographed by Tom Grimes

National Lampoon Twentieth Anniversary Greatest Hit 70 Man in Toilet By Rodrigues

**Game to Den** 73

By Hart Seely

Illustrated by Steve Sweny

The Last Temptation of Gilbert Gottfried 78
Photographed by Chris Howland

Art Linkletter Says the Darndest Things 80
By Jeffrey Cohen
Illustrated by Jeff Wong

That's It! The Very Last Condom Cartoons 84 By S. Gross

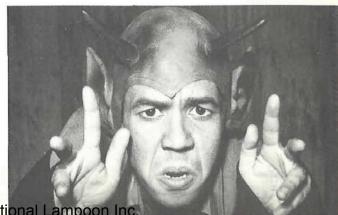
Diarrhetics 87 By Nick Bakay Illustrated by Joe Coleman

Funny Pages 92

By Buddy Hickerson
M. K. Brown
Tom Hachtman
M. Cohen
M. Marek
Shary Flenniken
Rodrigues

The Book of Answers 108
By Timothy Murphy

**The Personals** 114 By Dave Hanson



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#### Gold, Timeliness, and Myrrh: The Mixed Ravages of Lag Time, and What's in the Issue

You are reading the February issue, which you probably received in late December, and which we wrote in early October. Our present is your distant past, and your present is our distant future.

If the most accurate psychic in the world worked for us, his or her talent would be wasted, because everyone would say, "Yeah, " right, you wrote that in October. Liar, liar, pants on fire. What do you think I am, an on orangutan? You wrote that in November, after every other drip and his brother saw it in . USA Today.

Though the people who work at other magazines may regard our bimonthly schedule as soft and cushy, and we like it because it gives us a chance to build up a balanced smorgasbord of art and articles, the lag time can be pesky, especially when it comes to writing the editorial.

How's this for an existential curfew? I'm stopicality.

writing, you're reading: I can't talk about the World Series, because for me it hasn't yet : happened (you've probably forgotten who : won by now); we can't talk politics, because I don't know who won the election (or who, with any luck, was assassinated); and we can't speculate on the hair color of the Sports Illustrated Mini-Bikini Bimbo, even though the fine issue of their publication in which she shimmers and glistens and ripples and undulates is dated before ours.

This all makes it tougher on me, the sap who this month (that's twice in a row) drew the short straw and has to write the requisite number of words to fill the editorial page, which is at present a vacuum of hideous, unblinking whiteness and seemingly limitless expanse. Right now I feel like an ant gazing up at a refrigerator, the way Sir Edmund . Hillary must have felt looking up at Mount Everest. While at most magazines a sap in similar shoes could simply bray pap about : politics or wars or sociological woes or bray artists to depict what they believed to be pivlite pap about Mini-Bikini Bimbos, I have otal moments in the Tyson-Givens union.

The cover, drawn in Lichtensteinian splendor

First I was going to write about how my doctor told me if I didn't knock it off with the eggs he'd be pulling the curtains on me soon, but I thought that was too self-centered, and anyway it isn't my place to believe the bastard. Then I was going to just go on about what a great fucking game golf is. I decided instead, with the help of my yeoman-job compadres, that it would be nice if we deviated from the practice of worldly discourse and instead decided to treat you to an in-depth look at the contents of this issue. Here goes:

For us to hazard a gander at whether the Tyson-Givens marriage would be transpiring in a bedroom, a courtroom, or a morgue when this comes out would be sheer folly; only the Lord knows, and even He didn't want to be a fly on the wall. And so, instead of . guessing where they'd be in the future (we actually tried this, and so much changed every day as we worked on it that we had to throw in the towel), we just asked five fine continued on page 11

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Sirs:

Mary Magdalene's breasts! Water into wine! Jews killing Christ!

Joe Bob says check it out.

Joe Bob Briggs Viewing "The Last: nptation of Christ" Temptation of Christ'

Sirs:

TwEEEEEeee! EEEEEEEeeee! TwEEEeee! Oooowww!

Flipper

Playfully batting about used syringes Cocoa Beach, Fla.

And watch out for that crispy bit of shell on the end of a shrimp!

C. Everett Koop Surgeon General Enough already

Hmmm...they won't mind if I "borrow" a few of these notepads. Twenty-five cents for the doughnuts? Ha! And they'd never miss a few pens....

Edwin Meese III First day, 5:00 P.M. Heritage Foundation

Please send a copy of this list, "2000 Words That Rhyme with 'Fuck,'" to five friends who need good luck.

I understand that if I break the chain, my career will end.

Eddie Murphy **Bob Goldthwait** Sam Kinison Whoopi Goldberg

Prince : National Lampoon Editors : Sirs:

People are always asking, "What does Jesse Jackson want?" I know what Jesse wants, but if I tell you, I'll lose my job.

Earl Butz Familyfarm, Nebr.

My eyes don't always bulge like this. I was just acting.

Andrew McCarthy After nailing his big scene Sirs:

Call me Ishmael.

Ishmael Reed Mobyle, Ala.

Sir:

Call me Fishmeal.

Amelia Earhart Mariana Trench

Sirs:

I want to be a legitimate actress, but I'm confused. Is there such a thing as a "Method" blowjob?

> Traci Lords Hollywood, Calif.

See, it's a mother bird. But get this-she's sitting on some hash browns and a slice of

Well, that should hold you until 1990.

Gary Larson Burnt out Seattle, Wash.

Aye, Captain. It's cheaper to fax it.

Transporter Room

Sirs:

J.D. Salinger Forest Primeval, N.H.

Sirs:

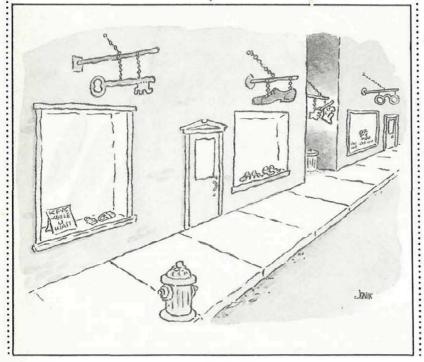
Ed Jaymes Going solo

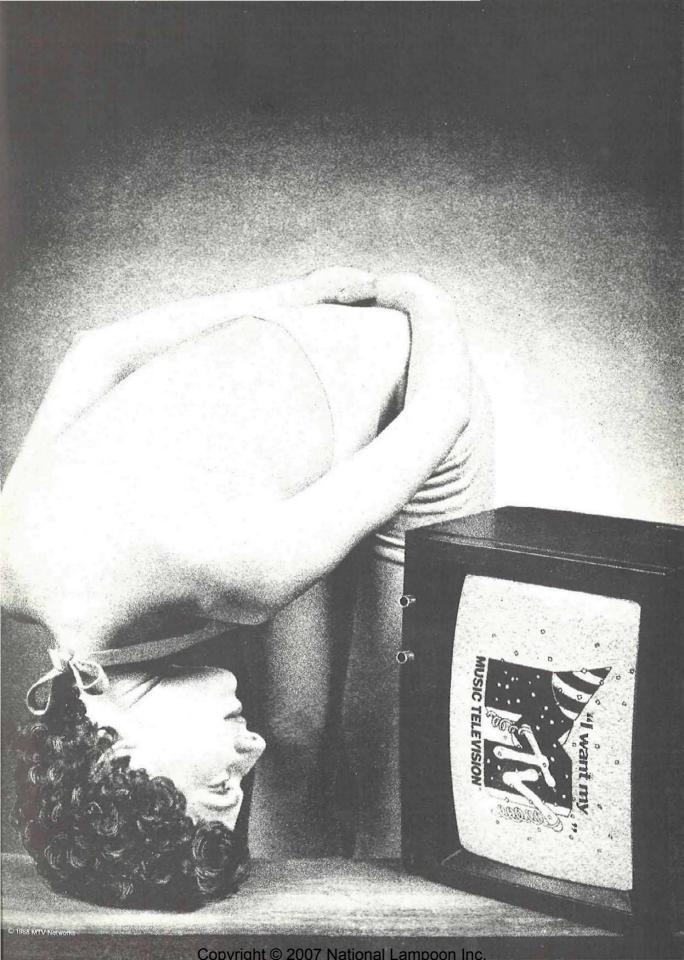
Sirs:

Tawana Brawley Wappingers Falls, N.Y.

Did you ever kill a mail-order bride? They're young, submissive, and eager to please!

> Claus von Bülow c/o "Vanity Fair" New York, N.Y. continued on page 10





#### Letters

continued from page 8

Sirs:

Aaaaaaaaaggggggghhhhhhkkkkkkkkk.

Lance Fritz, mime :
Washington Square :
Caught inside his invisible box, suffocating

Sirs:

Please be advised that due to scheduled repairs, all power will be shut off between 5:00 P.M. and 7:00 P.M. on January 9, 1989.

Mitochondria Inside your cells

Sirs:

Okay, how about we bring back *Cagney & Lacey*, except this time Cagney has lost forty pounds, had a face-lift, and she lost her hearing in a boating accident? No? What do I gotta do?

Marlee Matlin's agent Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Don't worry about me. I flipped burgers in school, so at least I got a trade. I hear J. J. got his head blown off by some white supremacists, and Martha's doing porno just to pay the rent. Every time I see that little Kevin Seal, it just makes me want to puke.

Alan Hunter Flint, Mich.

Sirc

Wanna hear a secret? Actually, after thinking about it all these years, it was pretty impressive.

Jodie Foster Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

But the triple-back-somersault-into-acrowd-of-teenagers is the dive of the future! No one ever understands a genius.

Bruce Kimball Miami, Fla.

Sirs:

This isn't really my hair. One of my kids found me asleep in the sun and put a bunch of old 78's on my head. Just thought you should know.

Jamie Farr New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

You know who really gets me hot? Roy Clark. All I can think about is just running my hands up and down his belly and gazing at that sensitive grin of his. Ooooh. And when he plays "Rocky Top"—I really feel like a woman.

Elle MacPherson Sydney, Australia Sirs:

Look, she can dance, y'know—we'll do a Dirty Dancing sequel—Three Hundred Guys Squirming in an Unoffensive Sexual Manner In Front of One Deaf Girl. No? Jesus, she won an Oscar!

Marlee Matlin's agent Not giving up

Sirs:

Here—we'll put her on *Password*. Hello? Hello?

Marlee Matlin's agent About to start a new career

Sirs:

Y'know, sometimes I just close my eyes, and all I can see is thousands of tiny rhinos in pink muumuus leaping from my eyebrows and doing the Sabre Dance.

> Peter Jennings ABC News New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

New improved Crest has Tartar control!? Oh boy, are we scared.

Genghis Khan Rejecting a proposed alliance with the Cavity Creeps

Sirs:

Roll me starboard! Wait! Where's the wind? South-southwest? STOP! Roll me aft! Come on, you pussies, put your back into it!

Skipper Dennis Conner

Fixing the ballast mid-race

Sirs:

Excuse me, but would you mind moving? I was going to store my self-importance in this room.

John Sayles Between socio-artistic moments

Sirs:

Whine, piss, moan, cry, whimper, complain, snivel, bawl, groan, weep, mew, sigh, entreat, plead, wail, lament, sob, deplore, blubber, and murmur. Please call now.

Sally Struthers On your TV

Sirs

Yes, I guess it's time now to chop off my toes.

Your Maniacal Blind Date This Saturday night

Sirs:

Which one of you assholes is my agent?

Phoebe Cates

"Lace III"

continued on page 13

## Edgar Allan Poe Meets Fred Astaire

Once upon a double feature, while I drowsed, weak and weary, Over another colorized version of movie lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping.

As of some dancer tapping, tapping on my chamber floor.

"Tis some movie star," I muttered, 'tapping on my chamber floor—

Only this and nothing more.'

And the top-hat, glad, musical rustling of each purple curtain Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic joys never felt before; So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating, "Tis some graceful visitor dancing up my chamber door—Some late-show visitor dancing on my ceiling and my door; This it is and nothing more."

And the dancer, never sitting, still is dancing, still is dancing On the pale white ceiling just above my chamber door; And his feet have all the seeming of a genius that is dreaming, And the spotlight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor:

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor Shall be lifted forevermore!

Louis Phillips

#### **Editorial**

continued from page 6

by Alan Kupperberg, a Marvel Comics phenom and the illustrator of our own Evil Clown Comix, portrays a moment we imagined to be indicative of the overall relationship. We wonder what time will tell—whether Mike will be happily ensconced with a real woman like Tina Turner or Oprah Winfrey or a Griffith-Joyner-series gal, or if, God forbid, he'll be back in Robin's arms—who knows?

As promised, this issue features the return of Drinking Tips and Other War Stories, soon to be called just War Stories because its now-steady-fingered author Michael Simmons has sworn off everything but bean sprouts, ginseng nectar, and Metamucil. This particular War Story chronicles his trek through thick and thin as he attempts to coax, wallop, and cajole the monkey off his back with the aid of all manner of idiots and doctors and idiot doctors.

And we've got a couple of new regular features this month: Washington speechwriter/ gossip basin/gadabout John Podhoretz is prepared to step in as our token right-winger, and to "show us how the other half thinks," or at least to report it when they do.

And John Bendel, our intrepid True Facts editor and a New Jersey resident like myself, has expanded his True Facts section with his latest brainstorm, True Facts Reporter. This month John chronicles the varying accounts of an incident as told through the eyes of what half the people involved believe to be some regular guys having some fun, and the other half believe are hoodlums bloated with beer out to beat people up on a chartered bus. It's all true, and it's all beautifully illustrated by Rick Geary of "Now It Can Be Told" fame, a former San Diego resident who has just immigrated to New York City.

Multimedia Funnymen: We've got Gilbert Gottfried in "The Last Temptation of Gilbert Gottfried," shot at Caroline's at the Seaport, the world's nicest comedy club; we've got an excerpt from Richard Belzer's hotcake-selling book How to Be a Stand-up Comic; we've got stand-up comic/politico-basher Will Durst back again, this time recalling the foibles of a visit home for Thanksgiving. (Among Durst's latest claims: the only similarity between JFK and Dan Quayle is that they've both been brain-dead for twenty-five years.)

"The Naked Truth" is another seamy Ratso-and-Subitzky-devised excuse to arrange photo shoots with shirtless women. As always, when there's a shoot with naked chicks, Ratso proclaims that, as executive editor, it falls within the regal ken of his duties to oversee and supervise all photography, as it is a matter of such visual import to the magazine. Strange, but when the shoot is Andy or Howie wearing a chicken costume, he claims that as executive editor it is his solemn marching duty to supervise copy flow

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and dealings with contributing editors, restaurants, etc.

B. K. Taylor, a perennial favorite of our readers and editors alike with his beloved Appletons, Timberland Tales, and Uncle Kunta, has agreed to do four pages for us this issue, and indeed it's a doozie. Don't walk, RUN! to page 61 to check out this extraspecial cartoon spectacular extravaganza.

"Latchkey" magazine shows the twenty-first century's approach to family communications; and I'm sure there are many other things that deserve mention but I'm out of space, so go on, just go take up the most comfy seat in your home, be it a Stratolounger, a Castro, an American Standard, a westbound Greyhound, or a good woman with a reading rack mounted on her chest, and open up the magazine. And enjoy!

D.H.

Credits: This photo-filled, prop-packed blockbuster of an issue is a living testimonial to the generosity, patience, and just plain weirdness of more than just a few of those "wacky" New Yorkers. First, we'd like to thank Dr. Timothy Wong, Mark Dorsett and Mary Dellinger, Mega Fitness, Two Boots restaurant, and the School of Visual Arts for the use of their offices.

homes, and businesses in order to photograph the naked women in your life. The mouth-watering spread seen in the "aunt" shot was provided by G&M Caterers on Essex Street. It was as good as it looked; too bad, we forgot to save you some. Also thanks to Peggy Reed for allowing us to shoot the self-anointed Nazarene, Gilbert Gottfried, at the Big Apple's hottest comedy spot, Caroline's at the Seaport. The crucifix on which Gilbert was mounted was brilliantly designed by carpenter extraordinaire Robert Hall. Eat your heart out, Pontius Pilate!

If we gave out Oscars, we'd hand one to Dr. Cathy Carron for her heartwarming portrayal of the wife in "Latchkey." For best photography in a "Oh God, please let us meet this deadline or give us new lives" issue, a statuette to Tom Grimes, who did an incredible job capturing Debi Googoo's "steamy yet innocent sexuality." And to Scooter the fish, the Lifetime Achievement Award, not only for his spine-chilling performance in "Latchkey" but for surviving a cold, lonely weekend in the office before the shoot. (Six days and he's still swimming.)

And finally, our undying gratitude to Woolworth's, America's everything store and an editorial assistant's best friend.

NATIONAL LAMPOON 11















#### Letters

continued from page 10

Sirc

After setting off this luxurious \$75,000 security system, Stevenson bludgeoned the maid, using this lovely eighteen-inch flame-tempered hunting knife. Its pearl handle was found protruding elegantly from her spine, just as the children were found burned horribly from the business end of his high-tech propane torch, double-valved for extra reliability!

Robin Leach Lifestyles of America's Most Wanted

Sirs

Fill her up? All righty.... You want I should check under the hood?... Yessirree.... What? I look like who? Well, listen, can you keep a secret? All right. I... urrkh... khakkk... hoooyyyeheh...

Elvis Presley With something caught in his throat Stu's Amoco Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

Sally, I'll have me twelve o' them peanut logs an' six jelly doughnuts. Gimme a big ol' coffee with that, will ya, darlin'? Whew, hot enough for ya? Pass the napkins, will ya, fella?...What's that?... I look like who? Hmmm. Say, can you keep a secret? Well, you see... urlghh blemm ervilssi pangrrrrupppp...

Elvis Presley Talking with his mouth full Sally's Doughnut Depot Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

Can you give me somethin' fer this cough? Damn, I can't seem to shake this thang... Say what? Like who? Well, I should look like him, I only happen to...hhhhhaaaack! Urrkhh, hwackkh. Spewwwuuuppphhhh, wheeeeez.

Elvis Presley Seized with phlegm Shorty's Drug Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

Strictly on the q.t. now, uhhh... How do I say this? Hmmm, all right, come here, get real close to me. Good, now listen. Yes, I am alive. I am living in Michigan, I have put on a little weight, and I am managing a small auto-parts store. Now here's the good part: we're offering a special this week on spark plugs. Buy two and you get the third one absolutely free. I know I'm taking a risk by revealing my whereabouts, but I couldn't sleep at night unless I passed these incredible savings on to you. Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen.

Elvis Presley King's Autorama Ann Arbor, Mich.

## Making a Mountain Out of a Molehill by Giving It a Name

NOW IT'S:

#### NOT THAT LONG AGO IT WAS:

celibate loser
kitsch knickknacks
ATV (all-terrain vehicle) Jeep
marketing huckstering
greenhouse effect
blender drinks faggot drinks
physically challenged crippled
mentally disadvantaged retarded
hearing-impaired deaf
visually impaired blind
sighted not blind
disadvantaged poor
information dissemination sending out memos
dramatic center-court atrium air shaft
performance art happening
hard copy piece of paper with words on it
Club MTV American Bandstand
nouvelle cuisine French for "I'll just pick"
astral channeler
interface rub elbows with
male bonding drinking buddies
wine coolers
home entertainment center console
sanitation engineer
domestic engineer housewife
word processing specialist secretary
recovering alcoholic former drunk
communication skills talking
relating listening
entertainment reporter
landscape immersion habitat ,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,
minorities micks, spics, spooks, gooks
mothball chic rags
animation cartoon
personal space
express mail special delivery
courier messenger
exit counselor deprogrammer

Dave Hanson & Frank LaPosta Visco & Diane Giddis

Sirs

Let me put it this way. If you were forced to spend as much time with Yoko as I did, well, you'd have your bad days too.

John Lennon Watching and listening

Sirs:

I think I speak for Vietnam vets everywhere when I say I won't forgive Jane Fonda until she goes to Cambodia and gives each and every POW there a blowjob.

Mort Shell Boston, Mass. Sirs

Ha-ha! I made it! I'm old, I'm revered, I'm too old to be criticized! Ha-ha! I'm...I'm old. Oh God, oh no, I'm old, I'm old.

Leonard Bernstein Late one night

S'rs:

D'd 'nyb'dy 'v'r l'ff 't m' c'm'c str'p?...No one! No one laughed!? Why not? ... Wait a minute....Ooooooh, I see. Well, I'll be darned.

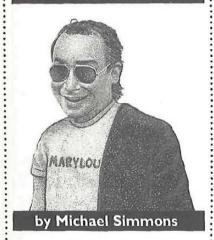
Andy Capp Discovering the vowel keys on his typewriter

NATIONAL LAMPOON 13

#### THE RETURN OF

## DRINKING

AND OTHER WAR STORIES



t was June of 1988 and my whole world had turned into a big pile of shit.

I had left Los Angeles, the capital of glitzshit, to return to New York, the capital of dogshit. I had joined the ranks of the nation's homeless, bed-hopping from one dung heap to another. My girlfriend and I had ended our passionate, roller-coaster relationship. I couldn't write, play guitar, think, talk, wink, run, fetch, hum, make toast, eat, screw, watch TV, cry, laugh, laugh, cry, conduct a séance, deliver a letter, belabor a point, yawn, wheeze, kiss a baby, stone a crow, fill a void, absorb a book, swim an English Channel, break a rule, sink a Bismarck, smile, exercise,

sleep, stay awake, stay awake, stay a

w a k

...for the life of me. I simply WAS. And what I was was a malodorous, fly-ridden, 164-pound clump of manure.

Let me revise that. I was capable of doing one thing, and I'm proud to say that I did it pretty damn well, too. With all the meager life force left in me, I was able to conjure up enough strength and perseverance to crawl to any nearby tavern that still allowed me to run a bar tab and (please hold your applause till I'm finished) break the world land record for amount of bourbon drunk in the shortest period of time.

Bourbon freed me to the point where I could function again. I was able to play music. So what if when I sat in with my pal Soozie Tyrell at the Lone Star Cafe in New York I played an entire guitar solo during a rendition of "Your Cheatin' Heart" in a musical key yet to be invented? I was able to attend social occasions, like my friends Gena and Kevin's wedding, where my hands grabbed more female buttock than a Park Avenue gynecologist. I engaged in fascinating sociological experiments, pushing the envelope of etiquette, so to speak. I have always wanted to yell "Fire!" in a crowded theater, so I did. Well, not in a theater, but in my hangout Marylou's, so the reaction wasn't normal. Everyone just stopped talking and looked at me. It was a scene reminiscent of an E. F. Hutton commercial. Needless to say, bartender Martino and owner Marylou were not amused.

I figured something must be wrong. I had better make an effort to improve my situation. Two roads had diverged in a yellow wood and I had taken the boulevard to Palookaville. Hey, I can stop drinking, I've

done it a thousand times! I decided to give Alcoholics Anonymous a try. I spent a month going to daily meetings in church basements and storefronts. I endured countless hours of earnest, wide-eyed converts evangelizing on concepts like "higher power" (a euphemism for God) and "working my program" and "surrendering." The whole thing smacked of Scientology, a cult I became acquainted with seven years back when it turned out the girl I was carnally intimate with was a devotee of L. Ron Hubbard. One of the basic tenets of A.A. is that the alcoholic must relinquish his or her ego. Personally, I have a sentimental attachment to mine, however fragile both my ego and my attachment to it may be.

It didn't help.

After a month of holding trembling, sweaty hands and saying the Lord's Prayer, chilled vodka looked, smelled, and tasted pretty good. Coming off one particular lost weekend, I was informed that the quantity of my consumption had caused lines of irate Russian potato winos at the Leningrad People's Liquor Co-op. My shrink strongly suggested I check myself into a booze rehab. Feeling vulnerable, I did.

From the moment I got to the joint, my life took on the quality of some surreal bad dream. The place looked like an old Catskill summer camp, located in a bucolic, rustic, rural area outside a small-sized city in a major Northeastern state known for its pretzels, chocolate, steel mills, cheese steaks, and Amish. Everything was pretty, but I felt as though the year was 1942 and I was a Japanese-American. We couldn't have radios or cassettes, no books other than A.A.-approved literature, no musical instruments, no TV except for Friday and Saturday nights from nine to eleven. We were allowed three phone calls a week and if we abused this privilege, no phone calls a week. We were to be in bed by eleven, a rule enforced by hourly bed checks. We were allowed to stroll the grounds, but only with no less than two other inmates and not beyond certain designated areas.

Naturally, everyone broke every rule the moment it was deemed safe. But the screws had almost every angle covered. Not only was aspirin verboten but the entire facility had been decaffeinated. They had removed all external stimuli from rock 'n' roll to Classic Coke. Very un-American, I thought. The happiest faces in the bunch belonged to those lucky enough to be shipped out to an outside A.A. meeting where real, 100 percent-pure, uncut Colombian coffee was served. These fortunates returned to camp with basketball-sized pupils, talking a mile a minute. Everresourceful yours truly fomented a minor revolution when I discovered you could catch a buzz by downing twenty cups of herbal tea and chain-smoking cigarettes. I had half the boozehounds, pillheads, and crack addicts in the joint swilling apple 'n'

continued on page 106



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Savage Satire	YES	NO
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"I Am Joe's Liver"	NO	YES
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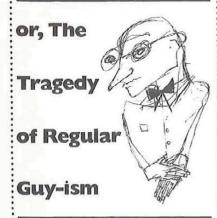
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#### Nerdysomething



#### by John Podhoretz

ou remember the kid in junior high, the one with the deviated septum who wore a nose plug when he went into the swimming pool, who always got eliminated right at the beginning of Bombardment when he got hit right in the solar plexus with the red ball and had to be carried off to the nurse, who walked around with the Asthma Breathing Thing ("It's called an *inhaler*," he would say pedantically) in his pocket and got excused from gym every spring because of his ingrown toenail?

Well, he grew up. He stopped taking bassoon lessons. He got contact lenses. He gave up black-and-white photography, and the only trace left of that obsession is a framed picture in his mother's kitchen of a bum lying in the street, which his mother considers a raging indictment of man's inhumanity to man. At some point he got laid when he discovered that they were more afraid of him than he was of them. Now he seems just like us, but he's not. He really isn't.

He's the kind of person who now lives in Washington, D.C. I live in Washington, D.C., myself, so I see him everywhere. The city is filled with him. He works for places with names like Public Citizen and the Public Interest Research Group and the Committee for the Public Welfare. What he does at these places is not immediately clear, nor is it clear what they do besides get millions of dollars from Congress to study questions of interest, money these places use to rent themselves very nice office space right near a Thai restaurant ("No, really, I think I like it better than Chinese, it's lighter"), and get quoted in the Washington Post saying things like "The latest actions of the Reagan administration toward [fill in your favorite social cause] are a step backward in the enforcement of [fill in your favorite federal regulation]."

He defends the right of disgusting slime-

ball swamp-scum life to stay in some disease-infested hole and not be driven into deserved extinction by a real-estate developer who will turn that bog into a very useful shopping center full of This End Ups and T.J. Cinnamons and those teenage poster stores that sell Spuds MacKenzie blowup toys and will iron a "Slayer Says Fuck You" logo on a T-shirt for some fourteen-year-old kid who looks like what he really needs is to go into the Marines for about fifty-seven years before being allowed to share the same linoleum with the rest of us. Malls such as these are considered Evil by our friend in Washington, D.C., who worries more about the quality of swamp life than the problem of keeping white trash out of our malls. Incidentally, he is against the death penalty, except for those people who drive over fifty-five miles per hour and use car-pooling lanes even when there's only one person in the car.

He's the kind of fellow whose picture appears in the New York Times announcement of his wedding to Miss Parcel Porter ("The bride, who is known as Fuzz, graduated from the Madeira School and Sweet Briar"), who hyphenates his wife's name onto his ("I think the name Porter-Rabinowitz has a certain rhythm to it, don't you?"), and who takes classes on Saturdays on how to make French summer soups ("Mmmmmm, honey, that's good"). He tries to put in his own track lighting, and does ten thousand dollars' worth of structural damage to his house before calling in an electrician.

For pleasure, he reads documents produced by the Office of Technology Assessment ("I know you think it's boring, Phil, but there really is an American smelter crisis"), and his proudest moment was going to a party where he got to meet Tom Braden of Crossfire ("Has he got a tan!"), Senator Spark Matsunaga of Hawaii ("I think he's vice-presidential timber"), and Washington Post television critic Tom Shales ("No, really, he's not as fat as I thought"). He saw Cry Freedom and A World Apart. No, honestly. He taped Koyaanisqatsi and Nixon in China when they were shown on PBS, and goes to see the San Francisco Lesbian Deaf Kabuki Theater in the Round performing Oedipus Rex at the Kennedy Center ("It was challenging!").

Let's face it. He may work out at a health club, he may be able to clean and jerk two hundred pounds now. Girls may even think he's good-looking, but that doesn't matter. The man never changed from junior high. He is a nerd.

Only now he is . . . nerdysomething.

People who think air bags should be standard on cars; people who worry about traffic safety; people who get all excited about the idea that the government might re-regulate natural gas and airlines—they are all nerdysomething. People over the age of nineteen who remember all the words to "Turn like a Wheel" by the Talking Heads

are nerdysomething. People who play the Talking Heads at cocktail parties where they discuss airline deregulation while drinking white wine are nerdysomething. People who call the Talking Heads just the Heads are nerdysomething.

What's more, they know it. When a guy says things like "I don't think Rambo III is particularly helpful at this time in the superpowers' relationship," he knows he's being nerdy. When a guy says to his wife, "I'm conflicted," as opposed to saying something like "Get me a brewskie while I finish scratching myself," he knows he is being nerdy. We guys are programmed to know what being nerdy is from that look that girls got in their eyes when we were thirteen and made the tragic and irredeemable error of speaking proudly about our slug collections. We internalize that look, and we give it to ourselves every time we use the word "sensitive," or talk about the underclass ("I tell you, these problems of the inner city are just going to ... "), or discuss Steely Dan ("You know, they never gave concerts").

But even though they act this way because they have been told to all their lives, they have a nagging self-consciousness. They are nerdysomething, and they don't want to be. Like all nerds, they yearn to be considered Regular Guys.

You know, the kind of guy you can kick back and have a brew with, the kind of guy with whom other people want to charter a boat so that you will consent to go fishing and then smile graciously at sunset when they say to you, "It doesn't get any better than this," while your women stare on adoringly in the background, a little out of focus. The kind of guy who likes to discuss the issues that revolve around women's breasts—issues like "Is it theoretically possible for a breast to be Too Big?"

It becomes very important to the nerdysomething type to think of himself as a Regular Guy. This leads to a pattern of behavior that I call Regular Guy-ism. The nerdysomething is not a Regular Guy but instead a not-very-amazing simulation. He is to a real Regular Guy what a guy in a safari suit bought at Banana Republic is to Lawrence of Arabia.

The first thing is, he doesn't actually go fishing, because that would involve putting worms on hooks, which is gross and maybe just a little inhumane. Instead, he rents a paddleboat near the Jefferson Memorial and brings his wife with him while they aimlessly circle the Tidal Basin, smiling gamely as Japanese tourists take their picture.

And as for drinking large quantities of beer, a nerdysomething can't really handle it. For one thing, he'll probably order a Corona so he can get a little piece of lime on top of it, which is, of course, nerd central, and will deservedly earn giggles from good-looking thin brunettes named Irlene continued on page 110

Anastasia Vasilakis

## Who Said This Frog Didn't Have Legs?



## Here's a *second* chance to own a signed, limited-edition lithograph of the original cartoon.

our years ago, we issued a limited-edition, signed and numbered fine-quality offset lithograph of the most famous cartoon in *National Lampoon* history: Sam Gross's legless frog. The entire printing immediately sold out. And, as we promised, and with tremendous reluctance, we destroyed the original plate.

Then the letters started pouring in. "Where can we get one of those fine-quality offset limited-edition signed and numbered legless frog lithographs?" people wrote. We went to Sam. We pleaded. We begged. "Let's make some more prints." But Sam said, "No!"

So we waited. We didn't have anything better to do except get out the magazine and work on the screenplay for *Amadeus II*, but the project didn't go anywhere because we couldn't figure out how to bring Mozart back from the dead.

Occasionally we'd see Sam in expensive French restaurants indulging in his passion for *jambes de grenouille* and he'd wave at us and we'd wave back. Then one day after a particularly satisfying meal, he burped, leaned over to us, and said, "Let's make some more limitededition prints." He then hiccuped three times and promptly fell asleep in what remained of his *Chantilly aux fraises à la diabète*.

So now, after all that sniveling and kicking yourself for not sending in your money four years ago, you have another chance to get a limited-edition of the frogs' legs lithograph.

This printing will be limited to 2,000 copies. It will be

signed by Sam and marked with a "II" to designate the second edition. Again, we promise to destroy the plate after the press run is completed.

The drawing will be printed on paper measuring seventeen inches by twenty-two inches, which makes it eminently suitable for framing.

If you would like to purchase one of these fine lithographs, please fill out the coupon and remit \$25.00 for each one plus \$2.50 for postage and handling. Orders will be processed according to the postmark shown on the envelopes received, and in the event of oversubscription, monies will be refunded to those people who were late in sending in their requests.

This is your second and last chance to own one of these historic prints. This offer will not be repeated.

Meanwhile, Sam's frogs' legs have repeated, but a deal is a deal.

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A tour entitled "Things That Rot, Stink, and Eat Dead Meat" was one of eleven events staged by the Martin Park Nature Center in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, during the park's summer festival. Participants learned about "decomposers," the ultimate link in the food chain and an often-neglected subject, according to naturalist and tour leader Neil Garrison. Garrison said most park visitors go to see the "flowers and the cute little bunnies that eat the flowers," but without the decomposers "we'd have bodies stacking up everywhere."

Other tour subjects included the history of locusts and breakfast with the birds. Daily Oklahoman (contributed by Jeff Williams)

Michigan state police investigating a domestic dispute in Ypsilanti Township found a' couple arguing heatedly about a magazine questionnaire entitled "How Fast Does Your Temper Flare Up?" According to the troopers, the pair promised to calm down. Ann Arbor News (contributed by Dave Dykhouse)

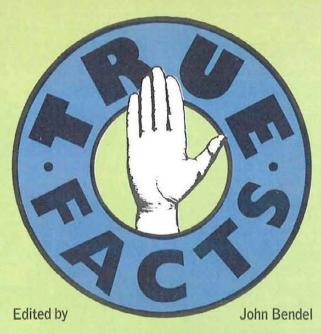
Sumarto Marsinah, seventytwo, of Jakarta, Indonesia, woke up to find a coconut in his bed. He immediately threw it out the window, then started screaming. Earlier, in an attempt to teach him not to talk about a former girlfriend in his sleep, his wife had tied the heavy fruit to his penis.

Mrs. Marsinah admitted she was jealous and maintained she was following the advice of a local magician. Jakarta Post (contributed by Jeff Ballinger)

The following letter to the editor was published in the Modesto Bee under the headline "Terrible Experience":

"I read in your paper that during the water shortage, we should put a brick in the toilet to save water. I want to be a good person. I want to help save water, too, so I followed your suggestion.

"The only thing I can say about that little experiment is, don't try it. The first time I used the toilet after the brick was in, the paper and the other stuff got all clogged up around it and when I flushed it, the toilet over-



flowed all over the place. I had to reach down there and fish that brick out with my bare hands. Then it took me about an hour to mop the place up.

"Why do you do these things to your readers? Is this your idea of a joke? Goodness knows, I try. I try to do the right thing, but this kind of stuff has to go. I demand a retraction so that the rest of the people out there don't have to endure the same kind of terrible experience I did."

The letter was followed by this editor's note: "The brick should be placed in the water tank." (contributed by Rosalie Hammond)

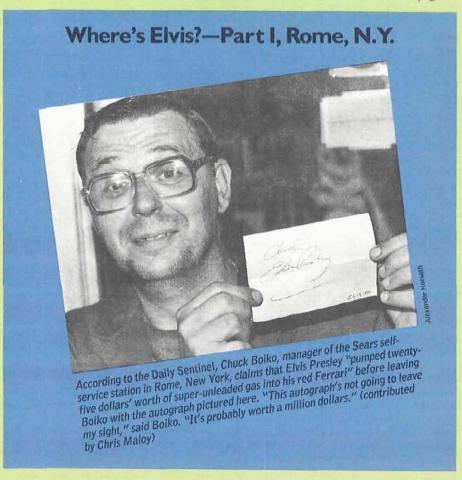
The latest from the world of buses:

The Boston Herald reported that more than forty Charlestown students were injured when the school bus in which they were riding crashed. According to eyewitnesses, driver William Hicks was standing up next to his seat, singing and dancing in the aisle, before the collision.

An item in the Terre Haute Tribune-Star noted that thirty people died when a bus traveling near the town of Munger, India, plunged into a ravine. The accident occurred when the bus swerved to avoid hitting a goat.

According to the Maine Sunday Telegram, a school bus in Houston, Texas, overturned when it took a corner too sharply, injuring sixteen passengers. The driver, Lillie Baltrip,

continued on page 24



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Bros.) 125179. Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture; Nut-cracker Suite; more— Solti. (London DIGITAL)

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144578. The Judds: Greatest Hits. Give A Little Love, Mama He's Crazy, etc. RCA 223559. Beach Boys: Endless Summer. 20 Greatest Hits.

115306. Handel, Water Music—Trevor Pinnock. (Archiv DIGITAL)

100601. Squeeze: Classics. Take Me I'm Yours, Striking Matches Tough Love, more. (A&M) 104898, Cream; Disraeli Gears. Sunshine Of Your Love, more. (Polydor)

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160027. Alabama: "Live". Love In The First Degree, There's No Way, Dixieland Delight, etc. (RCA)



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Long Cold Winter. Gyp-sy Road, Don't Know What You Got (Till It's Gone), etc. (Mercury)

154358, Slatkin Conducts Pictures At An Exhibition, more— (RCA DIGITAL)

144659. The Best Of The Spencer Davis Group. Steve Winwood & Co. on Gimme Some

100352, Diane Schuur: Talkin' 'Bout You, Title song, Funny (But I Still Love You), etc. (GRP)

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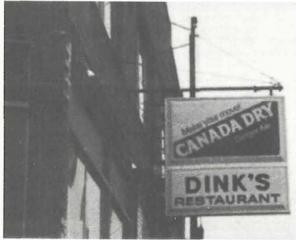
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John E. Levin



Steve Makela



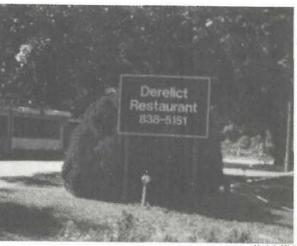
Mike Bertolone



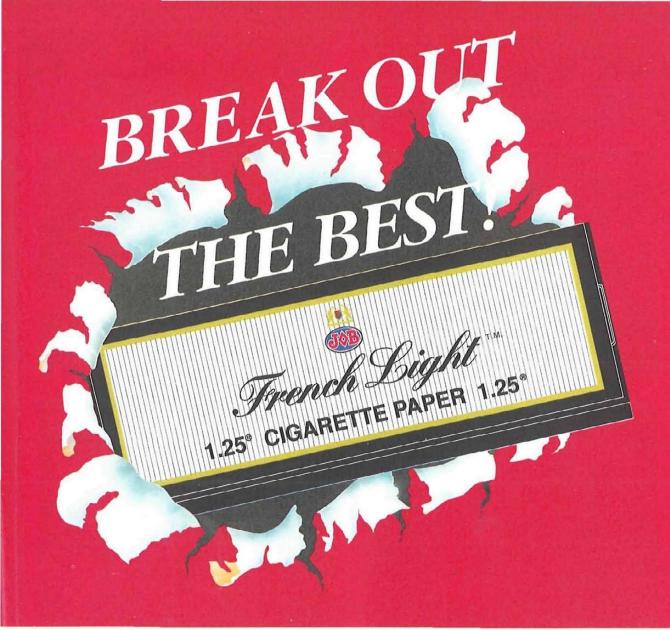
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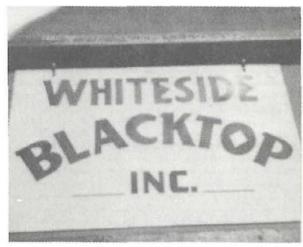
Roddy Munro



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We could spend this entire page trying to convince you that the

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continued from page 18 was en route to a ceremony at which she was to receive a safedriving award. (contributed by Dan Koretzky, Ryan W. Skeel, and Paul R. Beauparlant)

During a consultation with Israeli surgeon Dr. Zvi Dafne, a fifty-year-old legally blind man from Jedda, Saudi Arabia, gave his occupation as streetcar driver. When Dafne asked the patient how he managed to drive with impaired sight, the Gaza resident explained, "I always take either my wife or a friend with me. They tell me when to brake and when to start up again. They tell me if there's another vehicle in the way and they tell me the color of the traffic light. I know the route like the back of my hand." Jewish Week (contributed by Robert Zaktzer)

A spelling error led police to arrest Marie Connolly for robbing the Toronto Dominion Bank two weeks after her sister, Carolyn Connolly, was charged with robbing the same bank. Marie had slipped the teller a note with the same error—an extra "e"—that appeared in her sister's note. Marie's note read: "Give me the money, I'm armed and dangerouse." Toronto Star (contributed by Kimberly Haskett)

Residents of Vandalia, Illinois, are suing James Rowland for \$131,151.76. That's the amount, plus interest, raised in a 1980 fund drive by the town to pay for Rowland's medical education. The money was loaned to Rowland on the understanding that upon completion of his training he would return to Vandalia as the town's physician and repay the loan.

Before he could complete his studies, however, Rowland developed terminal cancer.

According to Vandalia Civic Advancement Association president Steve Stombaugh, the suit was the only way to repay investors. American Medical News (contributed by Bruce M. Hertz)

The "Inside New York" column of Newsday reported that "Joe Coleman, the performance artist who bit the heads off two live mice in Mondo New York, a documentary about the Big Apple's seamier side, is being sought by the ASPCA on charges of animal abuse. The case against the artist was initiated by the Los Angeles-based Coalition to Protect Animals in Entertainment, formed by game-show host Bob Barker and other animal-rights activists."

"People may think Coleman is a sick, demented character," said Stuart Shapiro, producer of *Mondo New York*, "but he is a serious artist." Shapiro expects to be called as a witness in the mouse-biting case.

Coleman, meanwhile, said he had a serious reason for performing the stunt. "People eat meat three times a day," he said, "but it is presented in an attractive package in bun and lettuce. They're never in touch with what slaughter really is."

"This is just another case of animal exploitation in films," said Barker, adding that even rodents deserve protection. Barker's group also objected to other events depicted in *Mondo New York*, including a woman beating a dead horse. (contributed by Ratso Sloman)

H. T. Mathis, the eighty-five-year-old mayor of Florala, Alabama, faces possible impeachment after wearing a turban and rubber snakes at a midnight press conference on the steps of the county court-house and declaring the start of National Voodoo Week. Mathis maintained that National Voodoo Week would promote publicity for the town and peace among the citizens. Altoona Mirror (contributed by Denis Navarro)

Authorities at a northern English hospital are considering disciplinary action against two surgeons. When orthopedic surgeon Bob Johnson clashed with fellow doctor George Jacobs over working hours, the argument escalated into a fist fight during an operation they were performing at Birkenhead's Arrowe Park Hospital.

According to a health authority spokesman, one of the surgeons had to be treated for minor injuries and a junior doctor had to finish the operation. Regina Leader-Post (contributed by Greg Kahan)

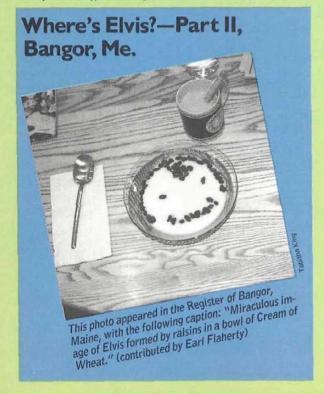
At a public hearing, environmentalists from the Wilderness Society and the Sierra Club told officials from the U.S. Department of Energy that they supported Arizona as a location for a proposed \$4.4 billion atom smasher. However, a dozen members of the general public opposed the project.

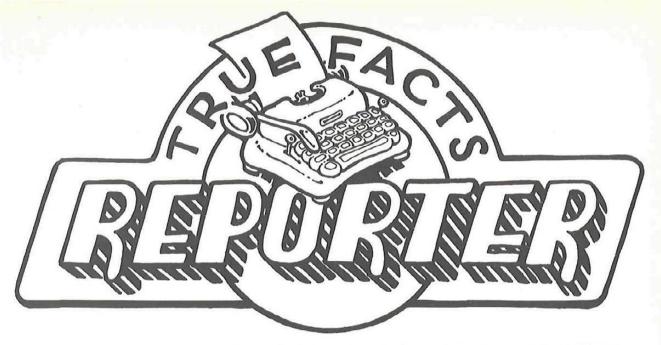
Among the objections was a statement by two women that the DOE didn't need to build the world's largest super-collider because one Helen Pawlowsky of Oram, Utah, had already solved the mysteries of the atom.

According to Kathryn Paulsen and LaVon Finlinson, the elderly Pawlowsky had solved all the major problems in physics by staring at the periodic table of the elements for forty years. *Phoenix Gazette* (contributed by Derek Lawrence)

A loaded log truck heading south on Highway 29 near Bogia, Alabama, lost two tires when a hub broke. One tire, traveling at an estimated sixty miles per hour, knocked down the front door of Bennie Earl Bass's trailer home, destroyed a partition wall between the bedroom and bathroom, then slammed into Bass, knocking him off the toilet.

The tire came to rest on the toilet seat, wedging Bass between the toilet and the wall. An ambulance took Bass to Abernathy Memorial Hospital for observation. (Flomaton, Alabama) Tri-City Ledger (contributed by Ed Williams)



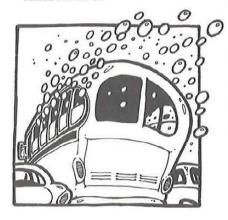


#### **Bus Party Howard**

Howard, eighteen, of Fort Worth, Texas, sent True Facts a bus company document entitled "Incident Involving Bus No. 412" along with a copy of the company's bill (unpaid) for a \$238 charter trip to Dallas. It took five such trips for the Fort Worth bus company to finally stop renting buses to Howard and his friends.

"The first bus trip we took was on New Year's Eve, and we just went partyhopping along residential streets. There were two kegs on that one," Howard said recently. "The second time was at graduation. We had a blast."

The story of trip number three follows. From the incident report by an unnamed bus driver:



A charter bus was requested to go to Fort Worth to pick up a group going to Dallas Alley in the West End. I was assigned Bus 412. Departure time was 8:00 p.m., but the group did not have the money together yet, so it was between 8:30 and 8:45 when we left pickup point.

The group leader, Howard, mentioned that we were very far behind schedule and to floorboard it. I responded by telling him that sixty-five miles per hour is as fast as I would drive....

Arriving in Dallas, traffic was bumper-to-bumper off the freeway. We creeped along to the corner of Ross and Lamar, and halfway around the corner they wanted off. I told them that I could not unload...in an intersection. They cursed me. One opened the door and they got off. I told them where the bus would be parked. Ten minutes [later] some of them came back....They were not able to get close enough to the concert...so they came on and off the bus....Some had the emergency windows open and were shouting out at passersby.

"It's a four-foot window," said Howard.
"It's not like you open it once, you break a
seal, and an alarm goes off. You can open
it as many times as you want. We just had
the windows propped up and were talking
to girls as they went by."

Of the driver he recalled: "This guy wasn't cooperating at all. There were about thirty-five of us, all friends of mine from Southwest High and Paschal High. It was the summer after graduation. We rented the bus and took three kegs to Dallas for a Midnight Oil concert."

When the 11:15 P.M. departure time came, two were missing.... Search parties were sent out, but they were not found. They met, and at 12:05 A.M., we began the trip to Fort Worth. We turned to McKinney Street. Traffic was creeping.

I looked in my mirror and some of the emergency windows were open. I definitely saw someone throw beer on passersby, and I *think* I saw one boy urinating out the window on someone.

"Yeah, all right, this is where the fight started," Howard admits. "The bus is wait-



ing at the corner and, out of the blue, this guy wants to get on the bus. He's like banging on the stupid bus, yelling, 'Hey, man, let me on the bus!' I go, 'Hey, fuck you, man.' He goes, 'Hey, fuck you,' so I open up the window and I go, 'FUCK YOU' and I throw my beer in his face.

"So now everybody on the bus is crowding around the window, throwing their beer on the guy. He's a real scummylooking guy, and for a while he just stands there while people throw beer on him. But then he walks up to the door and he hits it and breaks the window."

Here Howard's account differs slightly from the bus driver's. Howard says the driver has things out of sequence.

One young man outside responded, yelling back at the bus. Each group was threatening to whip the others. My group wanted off, I told them "no" again, and someone opened the door, and the fight was on. A very short time later, the policemen were there. They cordoned off the two groups, told my group to get on the bus, and blocked the street so I could drive down the wrong side. A young man outside the bus jumped up and hit the entry-door window, breaking it. I saw two beer bot-



tles hit the side of the bus, and other things were being thrown also.

"So about twenty guys and fifteen girls run forward and all the guys are yelling, 'Let us off!'" Howard recounts. "But the bus driver said, 'I can't let you off the bus!' and he stood in front of us, and somebody just shoved him and we jumped out, and twenty of us run after him [the guy who broke the window]."

Howard shouted at the window-breaker, demanding he come back and take his medicine.

"So he comes running back as fast as he can," Howard says, "and everybody jumps



back except me. I pop him in the face and he pops me in the face. Then twenty guys beat the hell out of him. I mean we did a number on him."

Enter the Dallas police.

"So then the cops come," says Howard, "and get this: they arrest him!" When in doubt in Dallas, apparently, you arrest the pulpy mess lying on the street. The cops shooed Howard and friends back on the bus. "So we get back on with our three kegs. They even blocked the traffic for us so we could get out."

Howard describes his group as "middleclass." "We were all dressed real nice," he says, "real clean-cut."

Yet Howard and friends were not a hit with passing concertgoers. "All the pedestrians who saw this were throwing bottles at us and at the bus," says Howard.

Some time later, bus 412 got bogged down again.

Before departing Dallas, the group had opened up the emergency hatch on the roof and some had climbed on the top of the bus and were jumping up and down. I told them to get off, that the top of the bus was not rented.... The group leader told them to ignore me. I looked around, saw a group of policemen down the block, and asked them to get them off. They did so. At that, the group leader was very irate, cursing me again.

"If you've ever seen a Greyhound bus, it has two emergency hatches on the top. It's not like an emergency door on a school bus where an alarm goes off. It's like a little door up there. And the bus wasn't moving or anything. We were up there just sitting on the bus, talking to girls going by."

On the return trip to Fort Worth, the

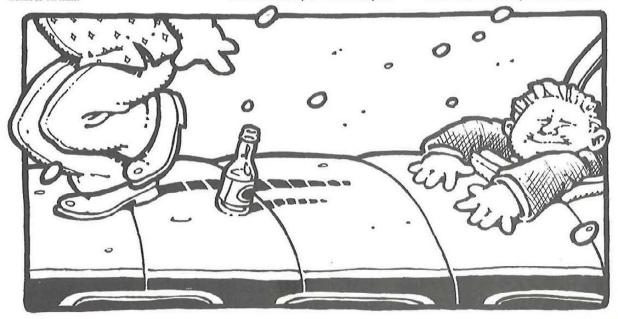
group began fighting among themselves. I just kept on driving. At the parking lot, place of pickup, they jumped off and went to fist city.

"I have no idea what started it all. In the parking lot I was just watching," Howard



explains. "There were like fights going on and I was trying to calm my date down. Actually it was somebody else's date I'd appropriated on the bus. He'd left her there. She was trying to nurse the black eye I got in Dallas. I lost my watch fighting in Dallas, too. It was a nice Seiko."

Some had asked me on the return trip what would happen because of the broken window. I stated that they would be billed for it. The group leader, Howard, said he would not pay it, as they themselves did not break it. A young man named Kyle stated to me that his parents had lots of





money, and that they would pay for the window if necessary.

Side report: A girl named Deborah said that she lost a circular gold earring shaped like a shrimp on the bus. If that is found, her name and telephone number are listed on the back of the attached list of names, which was left on the bus. I circled three names mentioned in this report.

"I had like a list of everybody who was going on the trip and I left it on the bus. That's how smart we were," Howard says.

The bus company wasn't very smart either. They rented a bus to Howard and friends for trip number four.

"This time we had some girls rent the bus, but they [the bus company] knew it was us. They sent us the biggest bus driver you've ever seen in your life. This guy was humongous," Howard recalls, adding, "We behaved ourselves, of course."

Trip number five?

"The last time we took it to Dallas again," Howard says. "The driver was a big fat woman. She pulled over like eight times and called the police, and the police had to come out. She was being a real bitch. So we opened up the first-aid kit and took out those smelling salts things? You break them open and they stink really bad? We were throwing them at her along with ice from the kegs."

Howard and friends requested a refund from the bus company for that trip.

In his letter of response, a company vice president declined to pay, noting \$550 worth of damage to bus 412 on trip number three. With remarkable forbearance, he continued:

I apologize for any inconvenience our operator may have caused you.... However, when incidents such as last night occur where the driver of a bus is being subjected to attack with verbal abuse and ammonia inhalants, that cannot and will not be tolerated....

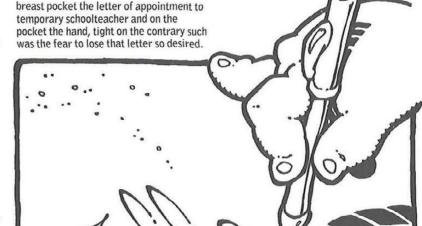
It is with regret that I inform you that in the future we would prefer not to handle your business.

Oh yes. According to Howard, someone did pee on that guy in Dallas.

## Not-Funny Letters in Rutland

Forty-five-year-old Ernanio Zullo came to America from Italy in the early 1970s. Since 1978, he has been writing letters to the editor of Vermont's *Rutland Herald*. One such letter follows:

I was twenty when, having into the



I presented myself at the school pointed out and I asked for the director.

The heart was making enormous jumps. "Who are you?" the secretary asked. "At this hour Mr. Director admits only teachers."

"I am exactly the new teacher," I said, and showed to her the letter.

The secretary groaning entered in the director office which little after he came out, seeing me placed his hands into the hair.

"What are doing," screamed, "at the Government Department of Studies? They send me a little boy when I need a man with a sinister-looking moustaches and beard like to eat up fire, strong to finally place in their seats that forty unchained devils!"

A little boy, able. But this as soon as they see him, they eat him.

"I was not teacher in Italy," Ernanio Zullo said recently from his home in Rutland. "I don't recall letter."

"Mr. Zullo has been writing letters to the editor for some time now," said editor Kendall Wild of the *Rutland Herald*. "He writes short, so we don't have to edit him too heavily."

There doesn't seem to be much to edit in this one:

The talk of the city sometimes is how to be fertile.

I hear people call the [sex organs] in a vulgar manner. This show they do not

know how to explain intercourse.

I believe in our American schools and our medicinal.

A physical education and a language majors can find the formulas of reproduction for man and woman without the need of a brothel where everything is broken up and deteriorated. Thank you.

Does Zullo think his letters are funny? "Funny?" he said. "I don't think so." Does the Rutland Herald think Zullo's letters are funny?

"Goodness, no," said editor Wild. "We publish letters the way they're written to help our readers get a better sense of the writer."

Perhaps *Herald* readers got a sense of the writer from this:

This probably can help some people in Rutland and its vicinities individualize types of meters.

Meter in ribbon for tailor;
 Meter in bar;
 Meter in ribbon metallic;
 Roller metallic;
 Meter in sticks.

And this may help some people in Vermont and its capital individualize type of microphones.

Microphones for a table;
 Microphone on a giraffe;
 Microphone for a band;
 Microphone for a neck;
 Microphone on a stem.

"I wrote about meters," said Zullo, "because here we are having inches. Microphones? I don't recall microphones." (letters contributed by Doug Baker)

## My Life as a Turkey

by Will Durst

o, I've been onstage for fifteen minutes, and there's nothing. It's an echo chamber. The audience is full of people, and I don't get it. I'm working the Improv at the Riviera Hotel on the strip in Vegas and the entire 8:30 show is staring at me, giving me total trout. Open-mouthed gapes. Most of them seem to have lost large portions of their motor skills and have started breathing through their ears. The average age of the crowd is between eighty and death. Old people and their parents. Next stop, horizontal land. There's enough blue hair to upholster a good-sized living room set.

It's been like this all week. Now I'm pissed. I throw caution and dignity into the dirty-clothes hamper of my mind and crawl out on all fours down the stage stairs, into the aisle, four rows deep into the audience. They're still looking at the stage. It's like I don't exist. The hell is going on? These people paid good American money to view my comedic stylings, and yet are unwilling to turn their freakin' heads forty degrees to

the left to watch me work.

I jump up and down, pounding discarded beer bottles on the table, making whoop-whoop noises. Nothing. I get up on one of the tables and jump rope with the microphone cord, screaming out the Gettysburg Address. Dead silence. In the back, the blender whines. Defeated and beaten, I worm my way back onstage and close with some weenie mumbled insult. Now they applaud.

I chug two Coronas before the manager slimes over. Inwardly I flinch; outwardly I cower. "Good set," he says. Now my mouth is open. "They're supposed to laugh, man." "Hey, it's a pre-holiday crowd. Besides, they're always like this. They thought you were great." Yeah, right, it's the week before Thanksgiving, now I get to fly home for the traditional family reunion. You ever hear the phrase "from the frying pan into the fire"?

Home is Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Where beer is one of the four basic food groups. Even the holy water has a head on it. Bah dah bing! In Wisconsin, college admissions are decided by SATBs, which is your SAT added to your bowling average.

I'll be honest, Thanksgiving is my favorite holiday-food, family, and football. Three of the four F's. It's the heart of the holiday season, which for some reason unofficially starts with Columbus Day. Which I could never figure out. The hell kinda holiday is this? For no apparent reason on a Monday in October, no mail, and the banks are closed. Yeah, I partied all night. Let me get this straight-Columbus had no idea where he was going, couldn't figure out where he was, and did it all on borrowed money. That is an American hero. Should call it Pentagon Day. Now, Halloween is hip, when you're a kid. People give you candy, free, incognito. That's a cruise gig. But as an adult it's just another excuse for excessive behavior. And I'm living in San Francisco, where, let's face it, Halloween is redundant. So the Thanksgiving family reunion I look forward to, until five seconds after I hit the front porch, and then I remember why I left home. They still make me sit at that stupid foldup cardboard kids'



table. I can't believe it. I'm thirty-four years old and sitting at this wobbly piece of furniture, and I swear to God if that table isn't soaked down with milk at least once before the first football game ends, one of the adults will come over and do it. Ah, tradition.

My mother thinks she's cooking for the Eighth Tank Division. Every year she somehow tracks down a turkey the size of a La-Z-Boy recliner, so it's turkey for weeks. Turkey till you trot. Turkey sandwiches, turkey salad, and after all else fails, my favorite, turkey carcass in hot water. Soup? No, Ma, it's skeleton juice. Break the bones, suck the marrow. Get out of here.

So it's starting to get dark out, but we can't eat yet because one of my mother's sisters hasn't shown up with her "special dish." In our family, these get-togethers are a potluck deal, so everybody has to bring a different food. You know, taste treats like lime Jell-O with olive shreds in it. Pork tartare. Lamb pudding! Remember the year of the twelve-bean salad when all the candle flames in the house stayed blue the whole night long? My mother hushed me: "Billy, methane is our friend."

Well, the aunt isn't here, and people who haven't eaten since breakfast and who have smelled roasting turkey for about six hours are getting a little frenzied. All of the nuts and chips and some of the throw pillows and smaller infants have disappeared. The remaining kids are tweaked into a high crank, and the male adults are pissing and moaning about the Packers getting blown away bad—again. So the mood is not happy-rama all around, except in the kitchen, where my aunts and mom have gathered to gossip about family members not in attendance. Now, how do I explain

this delicately? My aunts are large women. I'm not sure what happened. They used to be ordinary bipeds. Five years ago, you would not have mistaken them for anything but humanoids. But now they're huge, immense women; they have their own gravitational force. It's true. The entire spice rack is in a series of complex, continuous orbits around their bodies. And my mother's kitchen is tiny, so you got your dual action with them bouncing off each other like bumper cars in a Harvest Gold obstacle course. I always wanted to put a heated grid under the floor so we could make 'em do a little dance too, at the flip of a switch. I know, only once a year, not very cost-efficient, but it would still be worth it. Dancing and bouncing and ducking, all the while waving their lit cigarettes, burning smoldering holes in each other's polyester pant-

Finally the mystery aunt shows up and we can eat. Her food seems innocent enough—a glass Pyrex dish covered in tinfoil. But when the foil is lifted, this stench like burning brake linings shoots straight up and a noxious stain appears on the ceiling. Soon the edges of the ceiling tiles start to curl. No one knows what it is -animal, mineral, vegetable. Just this ugly ebony oily mass. It looks like it's still boiling, but it's nowhere near any apparent heat source. Round misshapen objects are floating to the surface. I think I see something that looks like a clawed appendage with a wing trying to flap free. Nobody's eating it. Somebody tries but the spoon breaks. My mom knows I'm her ace in the hole. "Billy, try some of Aunt Hoogolah's dupamouche.' Ma, let me get a separate plate."

The evening ends with two of the families locked in a mortal death clinch, the matriarchs with cigarettes dangling from their mouths, bumping bellies on the front porch while their spouses are drunkenly trading wild blows on the sidewalk and the kids are throwing greasy poultry bones indiscriminately at the dads. Ah, the holidays. Soon it will be Christmas and Debi and I will paddle off to a Christmas tree farm and kill a tree for Christ. Stalk the sucker. Take him home while his sap is still wet, stick him in water, and string electric lights around him. Tree torture. Hey, it's the way He would have had it.

Why is it we gotta kill something for every holiday? On Halloween we take this innocent orange gourd out of the ground, gut it, poke holes in its dead flesh, and put fire inside. We're civilized, man. For Thanksgiving, I can understand the ritual burning of the bird. I mean, the Pilgrims must have been hanging around, "Hey, Miles, what you want to eat tomorrow?" "I don't know, let's eat one of those freaking ugly birds. I'm tired of waking up to that gobble-gobble crap every morning. Latex gunk hanging off their faces. They're spooking the redskins. We don't need that shit."

For New Year's, we end up killing each other. Drink a lot, drive fast, kill a friend. Every year I poison my bloodstream so badly I never get to see any of the college football games. No sir, the only bowl I'm staring at is the porcelain one. Barking out the names of the states. "I-O-WA. WY-O-MING." Go to brunch, order a Bloody Mary, but hold the tomato juice, I'll just squeeze my eyes. You guys be careful on New Year's. Remember, the only ones out there in the wee hours of the morning are ... us. Think of it as the buddy system. Unless you're in Vegas.



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## YELOW JOURNAL

A Ruppert Murdock publication

# Bangladesh to Change Its Name



Dhaka, the Venice of Asia.

In an intriguing new attempt to promote tourism and attract foreign capital, the oft-ravaged country of Bangladesh, which has recently suffered disastrous floods, has decided to turn itself into the world's largest amusement park, to be called "DisasterLand."

"We can offer the world's tourists the rare opportunity to experience every single natural and social disaster known to man," boasts Hussain Mohammed Ershad, whose former title of "president" has been changed to "master of ceremonies." "In what other part of the world can the jaded tourist who thinks he's seen everything enjoy monsoons, flooding, landslides, mass starvation, rampant disease, extreme overpopulation, and just an overabundance of human misery topped off by a corrupt, ineffectual government—and in such a small area, yet?"

DisasterLand will offer numerous rides and attractions to entice visitors, such as Dhaka, the Venice of Asia, tsunami rides, a deforestation trail, the Disease Catch, and, of course, the ever-romantic 1000 Nights in Jail.

-A.S.

## Reagan and Gorby Pout over Nobel Snub

Close associates of both President Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev admit that the two world leaders felt slighted when the Nobel Peace Prize they had expected to be theirs was, instead, given to the United Nations peacekeeping forces, a multinational corps frequently likened to theater ushers.

The two men believed they had furthered the cause

of world peace with the groundbreaking INF treaty talks, thus ensuring themselves Nobel recognition. When this did not come about, President Reagan locked himself in a room with only a few top advisers, where he soothed his nerves by mapping out a plan that called for more military aid to the contras to be used against the Sandinistas. Gorbachev, likewise, vented his frustration over not being recognized for his part in the peace initiative by sending Soviet troops into Estonia to crush a demonstration there.



## Cable Sports Announcers Now Free to Say Whatever the Hell They Want

Live sporting events have joined movies and talk shows as cable-television entertainment forms exempt from the FCCcontrolled censorship that governs free TV.

New York Knicks broadcasters Marv Albert and John Andreas were the first to enjoy the freedoms of the new law during a broadcast of a Knicks-Bucks game in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

At one point, when Bucks forward Terry Cummings was at the free-throw line, the following conversation took place between the two mike jockeys:

ALBERT: Jesus Christ, I've never seen anybody scratch his nuts as much as this guy.

ANDREAS: I was talking to him before the game and he said he's got a wicked case of crotch rot. He's not sure if it's the weather or this new blonde girlfriend

he's got, but he swears the Tinactin will keep him off the disabled list.

ALBERT: I can't believe the way he goes after those nuts. Boy, does he love those suckers. I bet if he was a

dog he'd lick the little bastards.

ANDREAS: If he could lick them himself maybe he wouldn't need that new blonde.

ALBERT: I guess not.

Later in the broadcast, statistician Bud Nubglin enjoyed his

first foray into the world of uncensored data with the appearance of an on-screen statistic stating that "JACK SIKMA SHOOTS 98 PERCENT FROM THE FREE-THROW LINE WHEN HE RESHUFFLES HIS TESTICLES."

And after the Bucks had opened up a twenty-eight-point lead, the announcers treated fans to their first-ever commentary to match the traditional video shots of attractive women in the

ANDREAS: Holy shit, look at that bitch in the miniskirt! If she opens her legs just a tad, we'll have a full view of the mouse.

ALBERT: Christ, John, how hard up can you get? She's got a face like a rhinoceros.

ANDREAS: 'Ey, you don't fuck the face. Come on, blondie,

open up, open wide, say aaaaah with those

SportsCable president Hubbard Mecklin says he is "very excited" about the exemption. "Now at last broadcasters can tell fans about the game the way the fans want to hear it - as if they were talking to a friend who knows and understands sports, and relates his expertise in the lingo of someone who's at a game, not in church.'

Contributors: Nick Bakay

**Dave Hanson** 

**Tony Kisch** 

**Andy Simmons** 

## THE SKOOP FROM KOOP

Medical Advice from Surgeon General Dr. C. Everett Koop

Q: Have there been any deaths associated with liposuction?

—M.G., Baltimore, Md.

**DR. KOOP:** Yes, absolutely. Last year seventy-four people were pulled over for speeding as they rushed to liposuction appointments they were late for, and, during the consequent jail terms, eighteen of them had their rectums penetrated by their cellmates, resulting in AIDS.

Q: How dangerous can root canal surgery be?

-L.M., Memphis, Tenn.

**DR. KOOP:** Very dangerous if, while you're under anesthesia, your AIDS-ravaged dentist rolls you over, and inserts his penis in your rectum and ejaculates.

Q: Much has been made of research findings indicating that a good suntan is not, as once believed, healthy, but is in fact very dangerous. Is this speculation, or can sun worship indeed pose health risks?

-Y.H., Fresno, Calif.

DR. KOOP: Indeed, a "healthy" suntan can have deadly results. Last year, hundreds of people had anal sex with AIDS patients whose health was falsely represented by radiant tans.

Q: Can regular exercise have any negative effects on my health?

-J.B., Eugene, Oreg.

DR. KOOP: Absolutely it can. When you go to the gym, you run a very high risk of becoming extremely attracted to and aroused by the rippling muscles and tendons and glistening buttocks of a tall blond man exercising near you, so much so that you would allow him to bring you back to his loft apartment, bend you over his meat counter, and, with a stiff, thick, beautiful penis which is a vigorous transmitter of the HIV virus, enter your anus, tearing the sensitive rectal membrane and giving you AIDS.



Q: If I get a haircut from a homosexual and he nicks me with his scissors, will I die?

-U.B., Tacoma, Wash.

DR. KOOP: Indeed you can, if the wound is deep enough that you bleed so much that you lose consciousness and the barber, his brain twisted beyond repair by the ravages of AIDS, drags your limp body in the back room and has intercourse with your rectum.

Q: Because I am twenty pounds overweight, my doctor told me it would be in the best interests of my health to cut down on fatty proteins. Do you agree?

-H.B., Scotch Plains, N.J.

**DR. KOOP:** Forget those quack diets. If you want to save your life, become an anorexic. That way, people will see how skinny you are and assume you have AIDS, and will be afraid to engage in anal sex with you.

-D.H.

## HORRORSCOPE

#### $\star C \star A \star P \star R \star I \star C \star O \star R \star N \star (12/22-1/20) \star$



#### FAMOUS CAPRICORNS:

Nancy Spungen, Edith Massey, Bobby Goldsboro, Walter "Frenchy" Bagnell, He Who Is Afraid of His Horses, Vera Hruba Ralston, Clu Gulagher, Frederick Funston, Hirschel Grynszpan, Albert DeSalvo, Barton MacLane, Richard Loo, Mothra, and Ritter von Epp.

Your Birthday: The current full moon may stir up all manner of emotions and resentments. Your ex-spouse will throw acid in your face after dessert during her "Let's get reacquainted and forget the past" birthday dinner at a swank eatery. What's more, she will leave and stick you with the bill. Ah well, that's a Capricorn's type of mate—insensitive and inconsiderate.

#### CAPRICORN (12/22-

1/20): Exciting trip to London will be ruined when the I.R.A. mistakes you for an M.P. and car-bombs your rented Jag. Only your "traveling companion" will be in the car at the time, but you don't get off that easy—you will have to explain things to her Mob-connected hus-

band, Take Orb's advice and pay Blue Cross promptly.

AQUARIUS (1/21-2/19):

Mars in Leo is a troublemaker at this time, especially in financial matters. Your loan shark picks mid-month as an optimum period for extreme violence concerning the twelve grand you foolishly still owe (not to mention the 874 percent compound interest). Likewise, your teenager picks this time to plow your brandnew, uninsured station wagon into three nuns at a pedestrian crossing-totally his fault, witnesses abound, etc. Y'know, sometimes I hate my job .... -T.K.



#### Inside Larry King



I'm going to skip the gratuitous lip service and get right to the shank of the matter: it wasn't ME who left the tripe links out to fester in the noonday sun, no, my friend, no, no...it was YOU! And I want you to think about that every time the stench of those once-savory, now-bursting treats comes crawling up your nose like an advance man for the Hades collection agency.

Holy doodle, do I feel better! You know, ever since my ticker went on the fritz I've been trying to release the pressure, the anger inside me. It's just healthier that way. All right, now that I got that off my chest, it's time to spread some lovin' all over the place! I've got those dot-dot-dots you've been looking for (...!), and as if that's not enough I also know the whereabouts of that letter you thought you incinerated.

Hey, what about those latex udders under my shirt? Feels like the real thing, doesn't it? ...Is it just moi or does Bryant Gumbel have a three-inch crease in the middle of his perpetually condescending brow?...I'll take mine with reconstituted bacon fat, please.... If-I'vetold-you-once department: The only way you'll get those elves out of your winter parka is with a dollop of Sterno and a whole lot of napalm. ...Say, here's a word to savor and fondle in your mind after the lights are out: mung bean. ... Sexy-lady patrol: What could be more exciting than a wheelbarrow loaded with rotting venison and a rear view of a beckoning Bonnie Franklin?... Just where the hell did this Johnny Depp come from and what black sin did we, as a race of beings, do to deserve him?...GET OUT! I'm not ready yet!...What with the amazing behind-the-camera success of Ron Howard, Penny Marshall, Rob Reiner, and Henry Winkler, can the dark cinematic vision of Al Molinaro be far behind?...Selfsatisfied Hall of Fame: Steve Allen, who does everything from writing songs to telling jokes with the flair of a slug in a salt factory....For this reporter's money nothing could be more tragic than a bitter and lonely Lucille Ball forced to endure hours of humiliation as her yard crew ignores her pleas for help after snagging a loose flap of arm flesh on the barbed-wire fence she put in to keep out "the bad element".... Remember those good old days when beer was a nickel and there were men at the bus depot who would do anything you could dream up?...Hold up a sec, I want to switch the rhythm from march to bossa nova....Just don't get any on the carpet.... I watched the whole telethon this year, all twenty-four hours, and not once did I pick up my phone. I was lost in speculation about

Shakespeare
Suffered
from
Tourette's
Syndrome



SCREW DOU... not to be...

Shakespeare scholar William Duff, of the Folger Institute, has confirmed that while Sir Francis Bacon did not write the plays or sonnets of William Shakespeare, as has been rumored for years, he did edit them.

According to Duff, Shakespeare suffered from Tourette's syndrome, a disease which causes its victims to uncontrollably shout invective without provocation. What Bacon did was to edit out the obscenities.

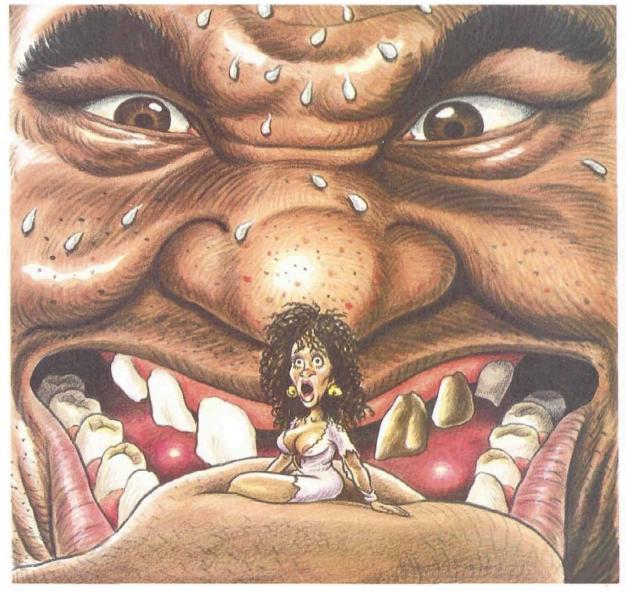
Below are a few lines from the original version of a sonnet, prior to Bacon's meddling:

-A.S.

what that shit is that Jerry uses on his hair. My bet is if you touched it with your hand it wouldn't come off. Ever.... In an out-of-court settlement with the spirit of divine justice, superstar Cher has agreed to be talented and unrecognized in her next tour of duty....Do the films of Paul Mazurksy make you want to go right out and poison his beloved dog, Panderpuss?... Tell me about it, I've got one the size of a walnut at the base of my spine.... Wowsville, does the time fly when we are together! Before I go I must give this simple cure for impotence: stay calm, BREATHE, excuse yourself, go into the bathroom, close the door, run the shower to drown out the noise, and then give yourself a few good stiff ones with a stungun, all the while repeating "Buttressbodkin-blotch" to yourself until the job is done. When you look down, voilà! Mr. Limpet has become Orca! I'm Larry King, and I'll be back next time with my friend and yours, the Specter of Doom. -N.B.

## Mike and Robin: A Modern Romance

As depicted by Rick Meyerowitz, Buddy Hickerson, Jim Bennett, Jeff Wong, and Tom Hachtman

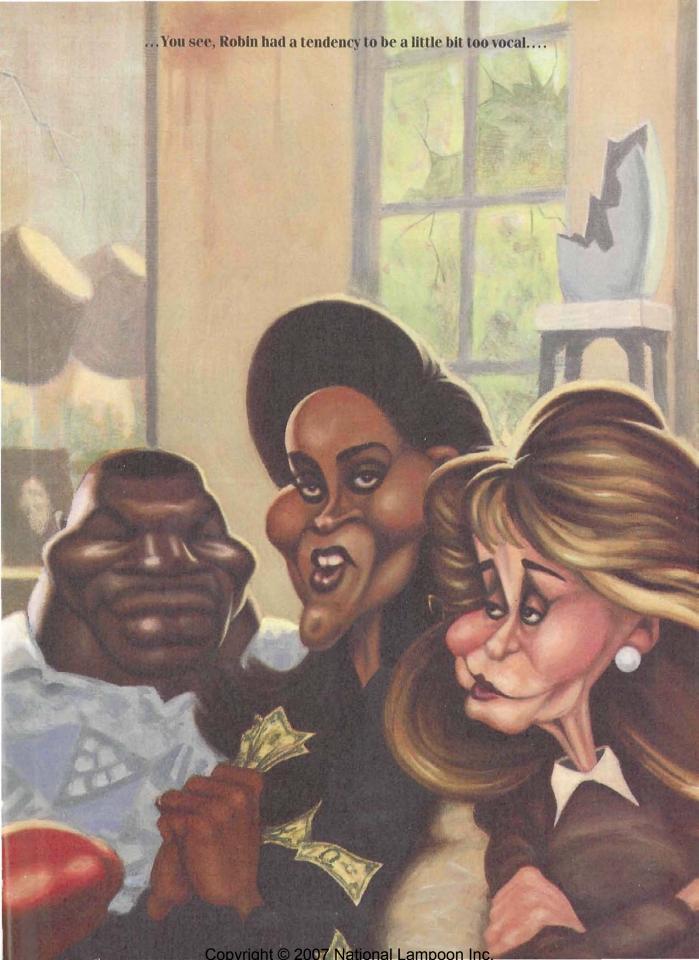


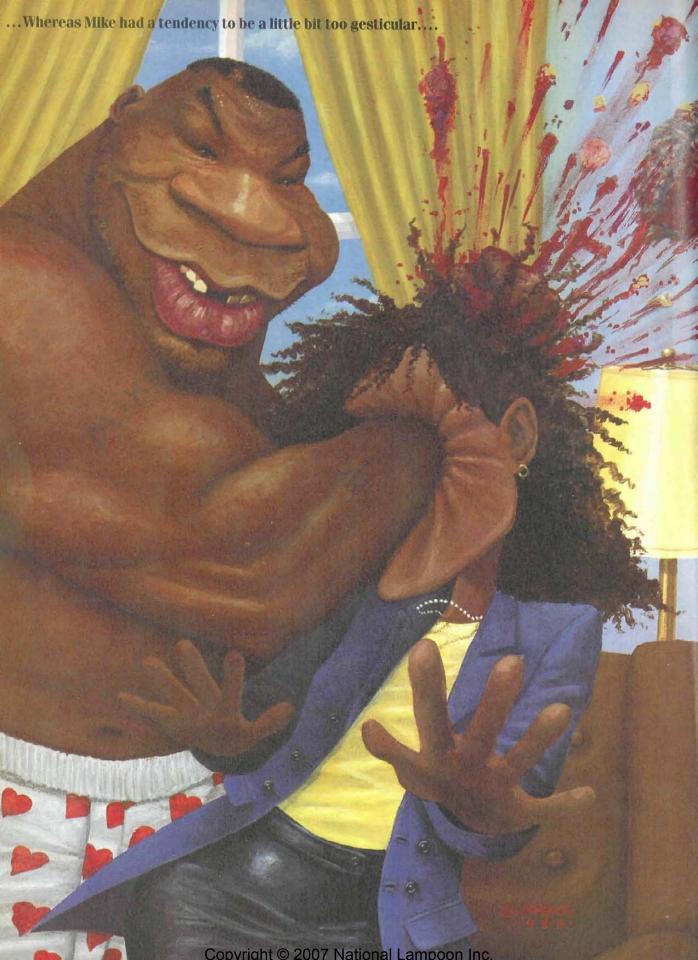
When Mike and Robin married, some likened them to Beauty and the Beast....

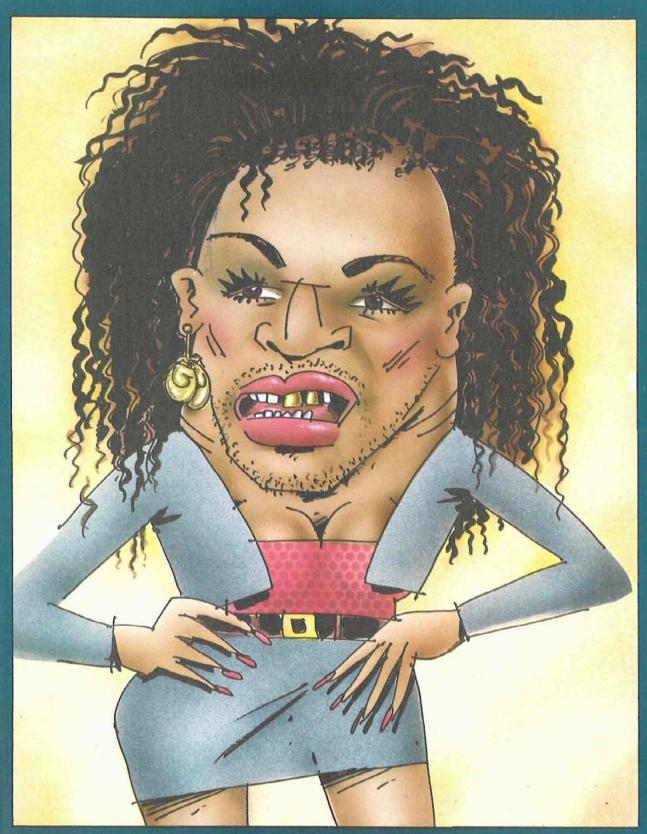
NATIONAL LAMPOON 35



 $\dots$  But others wondered who was the beauty and who was the beast and who was that lady always nagging them  $\dots$ 







 $\dots$ But despite their differences, for nine joyous months of their marriage, they lived as one!

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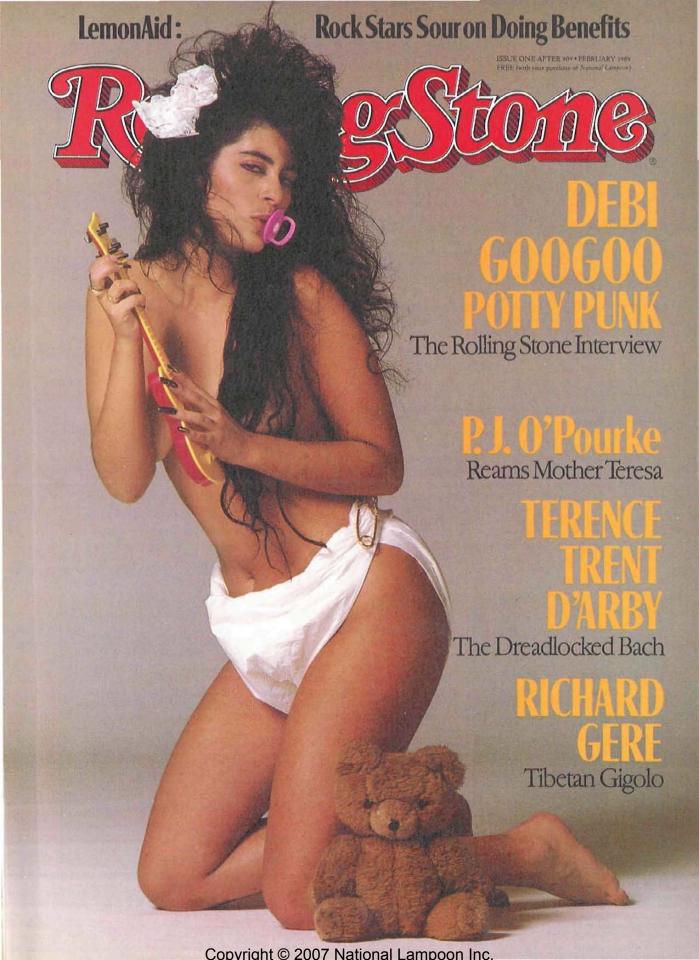
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## NDOM NOTES

#### FANNY BANANA



#### DID THEY DO 'FEELINGS'?

Mötley Crüe bassist and agent of anarchy, Nikki Sixx, hotly disputes rumors that the Crüe is in fact a reincarnation of the veteran Holiday Inn lounge band Gallery, whose only hit was the chart-topping "Nice to Be with You" in 1972. Former Gallery roadie Dunk Pavonne claims that the platinum peacocks spent the bulk of the Seventies toiling in lounges nationwide, interspersing Air Supply medleys with bar specials. "One night Vince (Neil, Crüe vocalist) just freaked and said if he had to say 'Four Bud splits for a dollar' one more time he was gonna kill himself," explains Pavonne. "And within a month he'd dyed his hair and started writing all these songs about the devil's tonsils and stuff....

#### LOVE LIFTS THEM UP WHERE THEY BELONG

"There's a whole lot of love in this place, man," whimpered an obviously touched David Crosby as he gazed out over the throng that packed New York's Hard Rock Cafe. The revelers were there to put a nightcap on rock's latest Concert with a Cause, the Helping Hoist Concert that rocked Madison Square Garden earlier in the evening. Both Crosby and bandmate Stephen Stills

The Fat Boys or Stills have put on so much weight in recent years that mountand Crosby? ing the stage has proved to be, in Crosby's words,



"fuckin' impossible, dude," so with a little help from friends like Sting, Bruce Springsteen, Jon Bon Jovi, Bono and others, the epic hoedown was held to the delight of 19,000 plus. All proceeds were to go to the purchase of a large industrial crane that will accompany the weighty warblers on tour this summer.



#### THOUGHT POLICE

Self-styled intellectual rocker Sting has unveiled his newest plan to "uplift mankind," as the balding Brit humbly puts it. In conjunction with the release of his new album, Please Take Notes, the singer has released a summer reading

"I want my listeners to know what I'm talking about in songs like 'Mansfield Park,' 'Billy Budd,' 'The Turn of the Screw' and 'Jane Eyre,' and this summer reading program is the only way. They simply have to read the books before they can dig my groove." The proud egghead scoffed at allegations that a creative block had led to his use of classic works of literature for the titles and lyrics of an entire double album, "Why, then you could say all my albums are plagiarized on some level," said Sting, who derived his name from the 1973 children's novel Mr. Bumblebee and the Pollen People.

#### **NOTABLE NEWS**

The miracle of Brian Wilson's recovery was dampened a bit when Wilson, away from psychiatrist Dr. Eugene Landy for a rare moment, told reporters that his last ten songs were actually written by "a conference of small elves who live in my head."...Still no sign of geek extraordinaire David Byrne, who disappeared into his oversized suit last week....For their musical crimes, collectively known as the "sound of the Seventies," all surviving members of Fleetwood Mac. the Eagles, the Electric Light Orchestra, Wings and singer Elton John were lined up and shot in Buffalo.... Chrysalis sales reps are disappointed in the sales of the last Laurie Anderson album, and have discouraged her from using the tuba so much on her next effort.... Fans at a Guns n' Roses/Krokus concert in Akron had to show some patience as the bands, mired in a waist-high quagmire of their own vomit, needed a full thirty minutes to slog their way to the stage.... Madonna went down on me to make sure I'd include her name here this month.... ROLLING STONE publisher Jann Wenner signed to follow his sterling performance in Perfect with the lead in a remake of Marty, last played by the similarly built Ernest Borgnine.

# OH, CALCUTTA!

## A Trip to Mother Teresa's Salvation Camp for Boys

HIS IS BOYS TOWN FOR THE BOYS WHO suffer the further misfortune of being heavily pigmented. It's a re-re retreat on a Third World budget, a veritable United Nations of crips and spazzes and pumpkinheads and shaky-boys in all colors and distentions, the only requirements being that they're under sixteen and so physically repugnant that their parents want to forget they're alive.

To make things worse, it's in India, so it's not as if the kids have any incentive to get better and fly the compound. Calcutta contains about 6.7 of the ugliest people you ever saw in your life per square foot, every last one of them pissing in, shitting in, throwing their garbage in, washing in and drinking from the same tepid creek. They paste raisins to their heads to honor a deity who hasn't answered a single prayer in five thousand years but who has more arms than their military; they wear their sheets on their heads and sleep in the mud: and you can hear their ribs rattle as they bow down in homage to a robust cow who's strip-grazed their gardens of everything except curry, which they use as their exclusive source of food, medicine, clothing and, thank the Lord, an aphrodisiac so they can keep on breeding more kids, who are their only hope for solvency because they can take a bow saw to their little legs and make them more sympathetic and lucrative beggars. All the while this race of people whose skin is a color found nowhere else in nature practices the most brutal form of self-hatred in the world by labeling random members of its society Untouchables, when any nationality with a chromosome governing discretion wouldn't get naked with their fucking queen, what with furry, purple-black nipples, acres of greasy, curry-stinking pubes and breath more noxious than a Bhopal sunset. America's depression lasted a decade and was cured by a war; India's has lasted 20,000 years and would take an explosion 200 times Hiroshima to fix.

And in a colonized cyst of a country that no one but a fool or a cow would want to call home, Mother Teresa's Salvation Camp is transcendentally pustular, a cramped, dilapidated MASH unit positioned beneath a swirling cloud of vultures who hover night and day, waiting hungrily for one li'l epileptic to fall and bop his head (business has been good so far). The compound looks like a blown-up version of a toy town that clumsy children would build with sheet metal and twigsabout a dozen cot-filled tin sheds, their green water-base house paint long worn off, on a tract of parched, lifeless dirt. Still, it's about as close to the twentieth century as Calcutta gets. The medical facility, the largest building on the compound, smells like a curry Cajun fart-off in an emergency room and looks like half a dozen hurricane-sale trailer homes pushed together, and the biggest miracle to occur within its walls is that they attempt the practice of Western medicine, albeit with the same finesse that the Baltimore Orioles attempt major-league baseball.

And the lads who stay here aren't exactly doing it up first-class either, not by a long shot. They spend their days weaving the gluey extrusions from afflictions like conniptions and MS and MD and leprosy into a wet, dense rococo that hangs between their chins and laps like a hammock; incommunicado in any language, they can't even drool fluently because the drought is so severe that full hydration is impossible. They play soccer with their faces and they wipe their asses on the toilet seat and their lips look like rows of dice from trying to maneuver a fork between their chattering teeth. There are Filipino kids slouched in their wheelchairs like crumpled mantises, a pencil-thick line of pigment eroded by the constant rivulet of drool between their mouth and collar; epileptic black kids showing off their congenital rhythm with the fiercely measured clack of their front teeth on the cafeteria floor in a grand mal Mombasa backbeat.

And Mother Teresa, the withered old habitrack who lends her eminently marketable name to the place, isn't doing so hot herself. Okay, if you listen to the dogmas that be, she's the closest the twentieth century may come to having a saint, but at least Joan of Arc had the good taste to be executed before the wrinkles in her face got deeper than the crack in her ass.

The nun extraordinaire happened to be on a breather from gallivanting around the globe and was looking in on the crip camp when I was in town, so I got the chance to meet her.

"My only purpose in maintaining the camp is for the practice of human principles of mercy and compassion," said the sinless sister. "To show mercy is my way of helping spread the Lord's compassion."

In the hotel bar later, over a couple dozen rounds of imported Scotch, I asked a British news correspondent if he would define compassion as dragging out a case of lockjaw, keeping a leper alive so he can see his scabrousness come to full flower, keeping the pilot light of life under a spastic so he can sit and shiver in terror waiting for his next back-busting seizure while you're on a jumbo jet to some floribundant isle, all the while luring American donation dollars away from our needy Olympic athletes and setting up another humiliation at the hands of the Communists in 1992 at Barcelona.

I told him I'd been warned there was plenty of suffering here, and my source wasn't lying. There wasn't an ice cube on the premises—the spastics would choke on them—and if you've never tried to drink Pakistani vodka neat, you don't know the meaning of the word "anguish." [Cont. on 146]

P. J. O'POURKE has been called 'the funniest man in America' in a 'Wall Street Journal' article written by his best friend.

# By P.J. O'Pourke



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PEOPLE MAGAZINE HAS CALLED IT "DIAPER ROT and roll." The New York Times has dismissed it as "a shoddy merchandising technique designed to pander to the pedophile in everyone." Tipper Gore of the Parents Music Resource Center has denounced it as "the most tragic event in pop music since Jerry Lee Lewis married his thirteen-year-old cousin." But all across America, cash registers are ringing to the tune of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Slut," the latest single from America's premier practitioner of "goo-goo," the rock genre that was named after its originator, Debi Googoo.

Debi was born sixteen years ago in Great Neck, Long Island, and there was nothing in her childhood to suggest that she had any talent whatsoever. Her father, Marvin Gugelstein, is a certified public accountant for Cooky's Steak Pub, a chain of ten solidly middle-class restaurants. Her mother, Irma, is a housewife who does volunteer work twice a year at the Great Neck Public Library. Debi herself barely managed to graduate from Eleanor Roosevelt Junior High, with an attendance record that one senior counselor called "barely better than Tawana Brawley's."

There were troubles outside of school too. When she was twelve, Debi was arrested for running a floating game of jacks in the Great Neck school district. While still on probation, she was detained by the Great Neck vice squad when she was observed repeatedly pulling her dress up in exchange for candy, coloring books and illicit drugs. Police arrested fifty-two-year-old former carnival barker "Admiral" Tommy Crockett. Charges were later dropped, but the association with "Admiral" Tommy proved fruitful. Today, four years later, Crockett is Debi's producer and personal manager, and the mastermind behind the "goo-goo" phenomenon.

According to Crockett, goo-goo is the next logical musical progression. "Look, rock & roll has always been kids singing about sex," muses the portly, unshaven, slightly seedy Crockett. "You had your Elvis, your Rolling Stones, your Jim Morrison. Today you got your Tiffany, your Debbie Gibson. But nobody was going after the prepubescent market, the ones in diapers."

Crockett remedied that quickly—by sticking the young Miss Deborah Gugelstein in designer diapers and little else. Using rattles and various children's percussive instruments, and wailing a primal infant's scream, she has managed to create a sound that is fresh and unique yet reverberates with the archetypal adolescent rites of passage common to all Homo sapiens.

We caught up with the young songstress at Crockett's posh apartment in the Trump Tower in New York City. Perched on the sill of a huge window that overlooks Central Park, Debi talked about the girl behind the goo-goo.

In songs like "It's All Over You, Baby Blue," "Shake, Rattle and Jellyroll" and your remake of the Supremes' "Baby Love," you seem to condone and even relish an implicit physical relationship between an adolescent girl and an older man. Do you think that you present a good role model for other teenage girls?

I don't know. I guess.

When you perform onstage, your outfit is very suggestive, to say the least. You wear a diaper, a few safety pins and a very lascivious smile. Do you feel vulnerable up on the stage?

What's vulnerable mean?

Leaving yourself open to injury, whether physical or psychological.

Yeah, I get cold sometimes. Especially in those big arenas.

How do your parents relate to what you do onstage?

My lawyer would have to ask their lawyer. We're in the middle of liti –, uh, liti –, what's that word? [At this point, "Admiral" Crockett interjected the word "litigation."]

Projecting such obvious albeit fetishistic sexuality, are you constantly besieged by male groupies?

Oh yeah, all the time. But they're, like, all alike. Kinda bald, chubby, old — you know, like in their forties. They leave me gifts, like stuffed animals with their, like, business cards Scotchtaped to them. Last week, one guy came backstage after my show, brought me all these gifts — candy and, you know, stuff — and then he asked me if I wanted to play a game with him. He would be the daddy and I was his little girl and I had been really bad and he had to spank me. So he took off his belt and pulled my diaper

By Michael Simmons and Larry Sloman

[Cont. on 197]

## RECORDS



NEST OF BOILS Myoot Warthogg

SO WHAT IF IT'S BEEN IN THE TOP TEN since two weeks before its release? So what if millions of microcephalic drones from Long Island sacrifice household pets to its strains? So what if three rapidly aging feral delinquents have once again gone triple-platinum with a tried-and-true blend of witchcraft, anthropomorphism and smudge pots? This album is a platter of atrophied Stegosaurus shit. I've hated these heavy metal wankers ever since their meretricious (and most profitable) debut, "Fido's Tongue," and it's been

downhill and up-volume since then, twelve long years of allowance-grabbing barf. It's common knowledge that lead singer Rexx Lard spends his off-hours on the links with such other entertainment giants as Perry Como and Dean Martin. It looks as if he's knocked out another asshole-in-one, cashwise. Go on, buy it, you illiterate geeks.

-Quince Pelbam



GUANO
Brace of Marmots

WITH THEIR FIRST ALBUM, HOLD THE KEMO (TommyRot), Brace of Marmots set them-

selves apart from the onslaught of third-rate, assembly-line Brit bands. With Guano, they have more than fulfilled their promise, setting new standards for new wave/romantic/postpunk/mod revivalism. Aside from two tasteful covers (Kiwi's "Pull It Nasty" and the Bushtwits' classic "Panty Line"), it's all new material. This is out-of-your-chair, onto-thebed, into-the-john, back-into-your-chair rock & roll, and they take no prisoners. The Marmots' sound is shaped by lead guitaristsinger Brad Auk, who prefers force to grace and screeching chords to delicate virtuoso lines. Not that he can't be almost painfully poignant, as on the haunting "Now You Stink like Me," which features a bittersweet solo from keyboardist Griffin Vulture. But it's mostly all-out brain-bashers, like "Keep Your Virus" and the incendiary "Your Type (What Cause Unrest)." This is one followup that makes the debut look like ... well, -Derk Gutterbaum guano.



More Dry Humping Soundtrack

TAKE A HIT MOVIE, AN EVEN BIGGER HIT soundtrack and a nationwide, overnight cult and what do you get? Why, more of the same, of course. The story of the phenomenon called Dry Humping is by now familiar: in a Fifties roadhouse in rural South Carolina, teens religiously congregate on the dance floor and do the Kama Sutra from A to Z without removing their tight trousers and flowsy poodle skirts, all to the rocking rhythms of good ol' rock & roll. Infantile, repetitive, puerile? Yes, but somehow infectious. The close-ups of excruciating grimaces born of terminal blue balls on the face of newcomer-sensation Tod Stroll are even more intense, if possible, in More Dry Humping, and some of this adolescent ritual torture transfers convincingly to disk. What more can be said? Great to know that welfare-wagon fossils like Big Tiny Coolitis and Bo Berry will be receiving some fat royalty checks. Good fun and no harm done. This one isn't going to knock Guano off my turntable, but, hey, I know more and think more clearly than virtu--Click Bruxboff ally anyone.



#### U.S. **SINGLES**

1 · EVIDENT PEST
"Dough for the Spyglass"—PDQ

2. CAT POISON "Fun Coma"—Feich

3 · EDGAR AND THE CHEESE FOOD ANVIL "Epileptic Woman (You Lead, I'll Follow)"—Autistic

4 · MUFFLED ICARUS AND THE QUIBBLING JEEPS 
"Stoke the Melon"—
Ararat/Bush

5. TOM SEAVER'S BOOTS "Dusty Fudge"—Wheeze

6 · GAZPACHO CHRIST
"If Only My Hands Were As
Steady As the Clock's (I Botter
Be Going Soon, It's Gotting
Late)"—Scaggy Dead Dog

7 UGLY CHOCOLATIERS
"The Ballad of Creamy Ed"
Stinkpit

8 · JOHNNY HOMUNCULUS AND THE HEAD GASKETS "Lovets Like a Compost Heap (All the Good Stuff Transpires at the Bottom)"—Raggedy Snatch

EVENING WITH AN ALMANAC 9 "Too Young to Be Pungent"— Stricken Cat

10 · HIS FABULOUS MILLIONS "Hips of a Magister"—Fuzzy Uncle

BLOC

ALBUMS

MOLTEN DOG Is a Plough—Wad

SOVIET CAMERON SLUSHFUND

INDUSTRIAL PHILIPS

I'm Overlooking a Four-Leaf Clover—6 Minions

7 VARIOUS ARTISTS Bloc Busters—EKG

10 · HOMELY PINKO Yak Chansons—Dim

Courtesy of Prayda

CAT STEVENSKY

BOBBY VINTON AND THE WLADISLAWS

Gvinich Mraner Rdat and Other Love Songs—Urinal O.K.

Cavalcade of Colon— Scumfeed

5 BLÜDDWERK Goat's Head Soup-

3 · PANCREATIC BILLOW Tribute to Lenin and McCartney

1 ONION HOSE My Belgrade Baby Gloss/Cabbage Ox

-Invasive

Courtesy of Kraft Choose

#### DANCE TRACKS

BRIDGE AND TUNNEL CROWD 'Rhumba Aneurysm"— Skumm

2 GENTLE FUNGUS
"Ruth Roper Must Die"—

3 · BOISTEROUS OYSTERS
"My Woman Has Halogen
Spasms" — Manic

FACE TIC 'Nixon's Dog Is Dead"—Hole

EARWIG MOTEL e's Most Stupid Monkey" Burotic

G: GRIEVIN' STEVEN AND THE WILTED PINES "Plumb-Job"—Shrimp Fucker

MURDERER'S ROE "Dungbeetle Two-Step' Filthy Belgian Cousin

MR. FUDGY WALNUT "Rear-Ended Again' Epiglottis

10 · SPRITZAHOLISTICS "Energize My Hole" Trenchmouth

Courtesy of Anal Retentives

BLOC

EASTERN EASTERN

Sikorsky

5 YUGO-A-GO-GO'S "March of the Haggis Vats"—

6 - BOBBY VINTON "Wror Jrec Mrinikinkinsky"— Queerbait

GRIM CATTLE ppy is the Frown of a Man ed Hood"—One Kidney Hi

CHEESE OF THE COMMUNIST MUSK OXEN

Iron Curtain, Tricot Valences - Defector

HUMPSKY DUMPSKY
Field in Dandelions"—Sinus

10 - YLADISLAV GLOMM "Walter May I Have the Czech, Hee Hee"—Manny Fesco

#### **VIDEOS**

MYOOT WARTHOGG p Some Glucose in Me"-

2 MICHAEL BLACKSHUN "Fix My Lips!" - Myopic

3 · PRANCE
"Love/Sissy"—Polyglot

4 JOHN CAMARO
MELONPATCH
"(How Do I) Keep Gettin' Over"
— Pluto

VAN RIBBENTROP Followin' Orders"—Warner Bothers

6 FAT BLIMPS
"YO! Foodtown!"—Polyglot

7 PHIL DUMPSTER
"8-Day Wonder"—Gouge

8 BELINDA CASHPYLE "Chargin' It to Mummy" A B.M.

9 NITWIT HOUSTON
"(The Poor Negroes) What Do
They Do?"—Pedantic

10 SPITZBERGEN
"Love Me Bogus"—TommyRot

Courtesy of CPTV-Couch

#### **TWENTY** YEARS AGO

1 THE LIQUID WRISTWATCH "What Day is it?"—SRO

SGT. LARRY PANDER

3 LITTLE BOBBY WITHERSPOON "I'm the Cock in This Yard"-BLT

4 THE JUNGLE JIMS
"A Groovy Kind of Sunday on a
Park Bench in the Park"—PCP

**WEE TOMMY RANDACCIO** 

6 BOVINA EVERETT
"Ain't Bendin' Over No Stove
(When You Behind Me)"—FAG

THE DUNGBEATLES e Will Pull Us Like Taffy"-

EDEN AND DOUG

9 BANANA CREAM PIE "Love Me Fluffy"—ASAP

BRD&O

#### **500YEARS** AGO

e first number tells the position the best-selling album 500 ars ago, the second number tells position the week before that

Plunder

3-12 SIX MONKS AND A NUN

Kyrle Elelson Two-Step-Mendicant

My Brother's More Pretty than Me—Retard 5-6 ATTILA AND THE HUNS

6-11 ANNO AND THE DOMINOS Melismatic Boogle—Vaccine

Introducing Leonard Cohon Arista

8-12 LOST CONGO RHYTHM SECTION Ubungu Gungu—Gog

10-17 NOSTRADAMUS Live at Lourdes-Spire

#### TOP FIFTY ALBUMS

ingical total according to parapsyshow gasteric Energy and the manufactor of weeks, based on the numerological total before its affect words up in Bestly Sord or a before at safety words on parapsyshom and the safety for the safety

1-1 WET CRANIUM 6-2-14-17 Soundtrack from "Dawn at the Earwig Motel"—Pusticle (Petcy Smegberg)

2-5 EDGY JERRY AND THE SLEEPY PERINEUM 23-8-53-8 Love Is a Sit-up—Big Pit (Vera Garr)

3-4 LOU'S WORRY 67-2-17-21 Contusion Uncle—Venal Sneeze (Marty Popkins and J. Rot)

4-2 BALLISTIC EDNA 75-4-12-59 Grapofruit Tostos — Lockjaw (Edward Sperm)

5-9 BUDDY SYSTEM 7-6-17-7 Knee-High to a Misfit—Payola (Hybraham Silmewitz)

6-18 DICK CLOCK 76-8-34 Lips Like a Bear Trap and Other Ballads—Epiglottis (Mike Totowa)

7-6 MYLAR KINGDOM 9-1-38 Semen Crawling Brightly Through the Jukebox Tubes—Suk (Mylar Kingdom)

8-11 GIANT VEGETABLES 6-8-21-42 Big Fluffy Kittycat—Clambreath (Charles Furlong)

9-12 PRETZEL BIG AS A FIREHOUSE 7-9-10-14 AIN'T NOBOBY Genna Got Me Sick (I Got Diplomatic Immunity, I'm Running Wild) — Bluefish Ravioli (John Foudy)

10-13 CRIMSON SPIKE 41-4-49-7 Biloxi Lung Job — Rotten Eye (Innis Cristello)

11-19 HIDEOUS CONNIE 8-1-9-21 Horny Date—Broken Head (Jenny Mesopotamia)

12-41 MAGNIFICENT CASTLE OF SPUTUM 41-3-2-23

Skidmarks on My Blouse— Plantaganet Earth (Harrington Park)

13-4 DON JOHNSON 12-7-18-5 Sober Stud—Arista (Don Johnson and Barbra Streisand)

14-18 FINE PASTY PULP 3-2-67-Unaccompanied Push-ups—Mukk (Jeff Rimmer)

15-16 TOMMY JOE WHITE AND SOUTHERN COOKING 5-6-0-4 Hollbound and Pregnant—Larva (Mikey Munzman)

16-19 BODY BY JAKE 28-2-4-12 Hunksmith (American Mix)—Skud (Nat Penny Rivender)

17-12 EFFLUVIOUS ETHNICS 11-4-19-6 My Baby Has Trenchmouth— Dappled (Bill Fisherpavledes)

18-14 BLOW FOREMEN 12-8-2-9 Venel\*Sneeze—Turgid (Mellifluous

19-20 CROOKED MAN, CROOKED SEAT 21-5-61-4

Fleshy Ingots—New Papal Menstrual (Binky Dobrovic)

20-27 CRY TILL YOU BLEED 8-1-21-41 Love is a Gum-Mottled Sidewalk— Freak (G. Dinsdale and Cry Till You Bleed)

21-38 CRETIN SEMEN 15-5-14-3 Up a Paddlo Without a Crook—Home Pride (Manny Moore)

22-22 THE SEVEN DEADLY MEATS 20-4-8-26
Don't Fuck Men—Ignominy (Martha Rizzo, Benny Gillens and Karen Vavich)

23-26 LINDA RONSTADY 14-7-31-29 Eskimo Chants — Salad Days (Crimper Perez)

24-36 DEATH SYRUP 6-9-64-8 Chug-A-Lug—SoSueMe (Dan Tumid)

25-23 AUTOEROTICS 43-7-9-6 Kick the Chair—Gore (Malcolm B Corpse)

26-51 SYLVIA PASQUIDAIO Pound My Pudding—Pus (Todd Rundgren)

27-31 COAL FARMERS 42-3-7-17 Soot Sootlo—Euphona (Bald Sam and Herbert Evans) 28-32 ORNATE HAMMER

28-32 ORNATE HAMMER 22-1-Force Feeding—Insidious (Jenny Wald and Her Unlicked Thighs) 29-30 ELGIN SATINSHEET 14-2-3-8 Chocolate Lady with A Nougaty Center—Gun (Mel Schnauzer)

30-14 SHOVELHEADS 14-6-18-6 Help Me Kill My Father—Fetid (Bimbo Rogers and the Shovelheads)

31-31 SKRAWKEN 21-4 Female Footrest—Stenchtrench (Brian Eno and Mike Culligan) 21-4-2-44

32-33 BEN WA 5-6-8-12 The Loneliness of Wrens—Goy Scum (Luther Couth and RLS Wizdumb)

33-37 LIPS 'N STUPID 21-2-84-10 Rap on Yo Head — Manure (Joey Metrophile)

34-38 ABNER HUCKLEBUCK 16-1-8-14 You Plannin' to Eat Them Fries?— Miscell. Toe (Drck Stallion)

35-29 THE SWEEES 21-2-9-55 I'll Hold My Breath (Till You Shut Up) —Wop (Mark Enitou)

36-26 MICKEY CURLEY 5-5-8-21 Pills and Pillow Talk—Pain (Eddie Flexion)

Lorged in Your Door Again—Caveat
Pumpkin (Gary Ray)
38-56 ALEVA

38-56 ALEXA FOGLEBERG 15-6-9-31 Something is Caught in My Throat— Cavort (Vincenzo Manza)

39-21 DICK AND THE DERIVATIVES 15-8-21-22 Grease My Palm—Cakefat (Jewy Evans and Toe Jam)

40-42 THE WHIMSICALS 15-3-33-16 Funny LI'l Forest Elf—BBQ (Mr and Mrs. Theodore Wood)

41-43 LARD SANCTUARY 12-8-41-2 Skinnydipping with Snapping Turtles —Compost Jaw (Big Don)

42-61 STEVEDORE 18-3-41-15 Pler Prossure — Erckshun (Barry Lordstein)

43-43 MY00T WARTHOGG 19-9-18-20 Nest of Boils — Piuto (John-David "Kak" Kaphonee)

44-41 BEEF STEWART 19-7-16-22 Without a Clue — Warner Bothers (Beef Stewart and Nick Wanker)

45-51 DRY HUMPING 18-4-7-62 Soundtrack—TNA (Various Producers)

46-49 D.Q.A. CRACKITY SPLIT AND DASH-W.C.
Rap to White Ass Deadl—Gelt TripMarner Bothers (D. O. A. Crackity Split, Yumbo and Whopper Jr w/Cheese)

47-58 JASON SANBORN 18-Big Snoar—Noprise (Hat Dawl)

48-62 SAM OLE YUNKOVIC 9-9-8-9 Funny the First Time—Guffaw (Dr. Pimento)

49-48 KORN AND OATS 12-8-6-14 X-tra Krispy — Nabizco (Derwood Kor, Rold Oats and "T-Bone" Head)

50-43 MORE DRY HUMPING 18-0-10-11 Soundtrack—TNA (Various Producers)

The ROLLING STONE album chart is eased on a nationwide telephone survey of records shoplifted from rock-priented record stores.

#### PEOPLE WHO READ THIS PAGE

1. JOHN MARSHALL Cincinnati, Ohlo-Student

2. CHERYL POWERS Portland, Oregon—Clerk

3. JIMMY WALLERS Youmans, Montana—Rancher 4. ROBERT BLATT Denver, Colorado—Homeless

5. MINNIE KOPEK
Alabama—Insurance

6. KIM PARK Medford, Massachusetts— Student 7. SUE LEE

Chicago, Illinois— Student/Cabdriver

Courtesy of USA Today, Inc.

#### **COLLEGE ALBUMS**

Porcelain God-Chunk

MANSION OF PRETENSE ave You Read Ulysses Yet?

3 EXPLOITATION Dancin' on My Tongue—Blatz

4 DR. MOUNTEBANK Bilm Blam Blong—HoneyGram 5. INVASION OF SPASTICS

G ELVIS PINAFORE Night Without Teethicose

7 DAN FOGELDOG Limp Wimp—Dink CRACKENTINE

9 THE PERILOUS FAGGOTS
Chain of Tools—Blowfish

10 · GINA AND THE C-SPOTS Pucker My Timbers— Increment

SINGLES 1 WOJTEC BREWSKI
"Brain Meat of Goat, Stuck in
My Throat"—Vatsky VLADDY NIMSKY AND THE FIVE SPLEENS "Our Leader's Fondest Glddy March of Doom"—Trotsky MEAT SUNDAE e Is a Bastard Chimp"—

"People Are Intrinsically Good"—Cabana Walls

10 · EDDIE AND THE PAGODA LAMPS "Your Father Stabbed Me"—

Courtesy of the brain-dead old hippies in the office

1-4 HUN JOB Soundtrack from "Beowulf"

2.7 CRIS COLLUMMBUSS Sloop John B.—Pinta

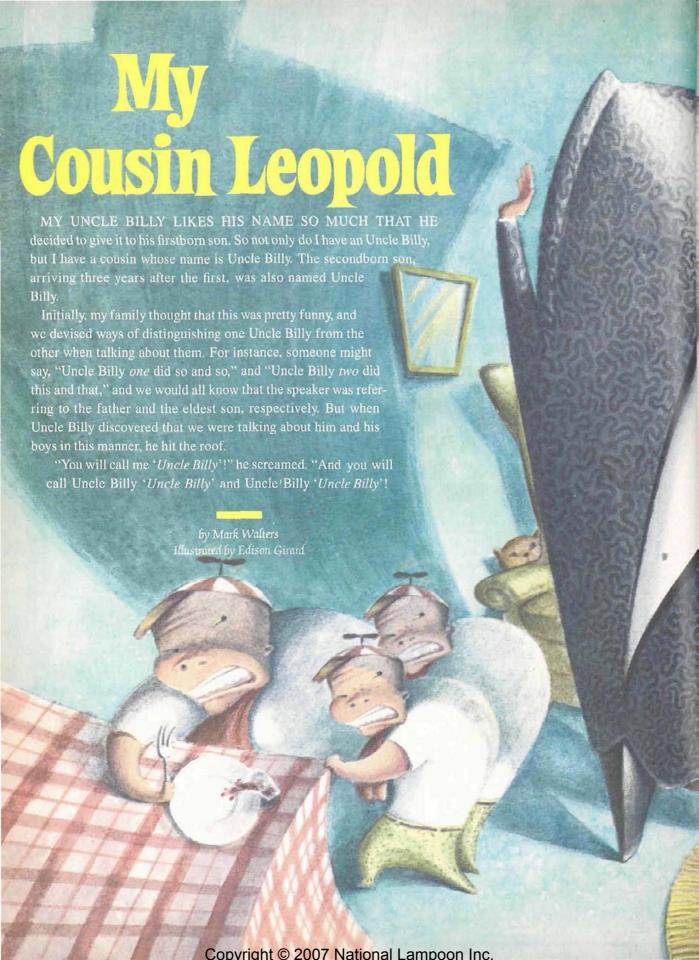
4.3 SHIRLEY MacLAINE IV

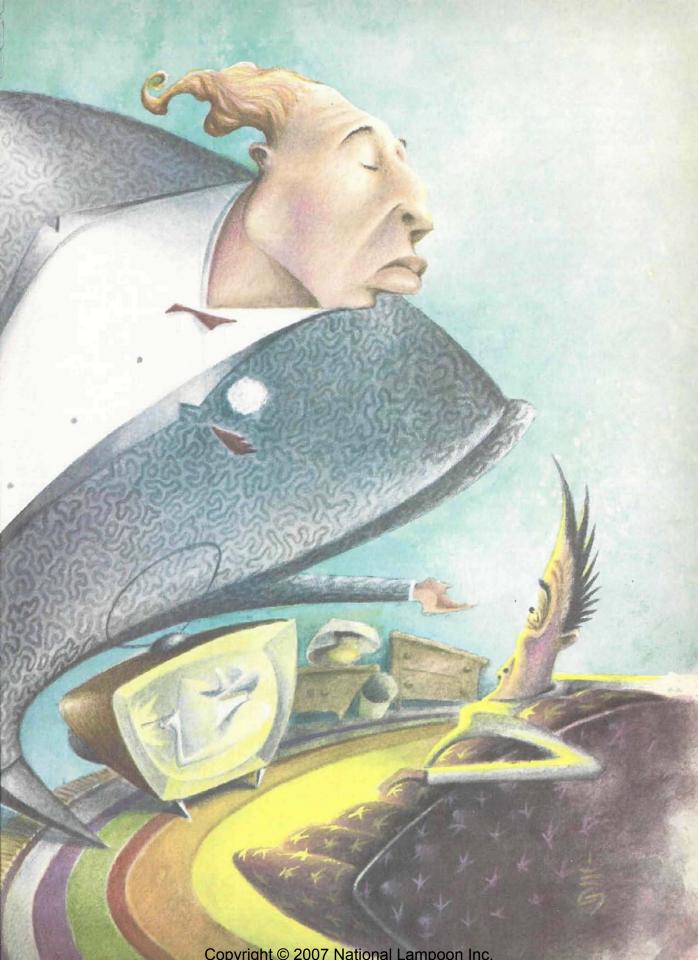
7-9 LEONARD COHEN

9-8 SHERWOOD FOREST In the Year 1717—Tuck

Courtesy of Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Compiled by Shelley Beth Woods Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc





No codes! No tricks with stress! You will honor our names...or else!" And he walked out of our living room, weeping with anger, while we sat breathing softly and staring at the television set.

It was at that very moment that I first felt real fear. I was afraid to speak my uncle's and cousins' names, afraid that I might inadvertently emphasize a certain syllable, leave off the "Uncle" in a moment of boyish exuberance, and find my Uncle Billy upon me, strangling the life from my young body.

For two years we all lived in unceasing mortal fear of that man and his sons, and then he was blessed with a third child, another male, whom he named Cousin Leopold. Everyone was, of course, ecstatic, and no one more than I, for it was then possible to break carefreely into a conversation and say something such as "I saw Cousin Leopold at Dunkin' Donuts today"—not concerning myself with how I pronounced his name—and have all know exactly whom I meant.

At such times everyone's eyes would grow moist with gratitude and we would all lean back in our chairs and savor the moment, visualizing Cousin Leopold perched on a red stool and enjoying a chocolateiced long john. And then someone else, fearing that the topic might slip away in silence, would make another contribution, declare that he or she had seen Cousin Leopold waving at friends or bouncing a tennis ball. In this manner the third son of Uncle Billy became a favorite at our house.

But this was not the case at Uncle Billy's house. There Cousin Leopold suffered countless humiliations at the hands of his brothers. "There isn't enough space in this dining room," one might say before a holiday meal. "So Cousin Leopold will have to sit by himself at a card table in the kitchen." Or during a weekend outing, one might note that "if Cousin Leopold wasn't along, we would have enough money for ice-cream cones."

Uncle Billy himself made what at first appeared a special and friendly gesture toward his youngest son, insisting that he call him by his name rather than use, as the other boys did, the stuffy "father." This pleased Cousin Leopold immensely, and when around his brothers he often volunteered to "ask Uncle Billy" for a special treat or for permission to do something extravagant, thinking their father would be less likely to deny a friend or nephew. Slowly, though, Cousin Leopold's joy darkened and he began to feel fatherless.

"Come to our house, Cousin Leopold," we used to say to him, relishing the firm link between his name and his person. "Come to our house and watch television." But he never would, and I suspect that he feared we would all sit and smile at him, our eyes moist with gratitude, while he alone watched the screen.

Our complacency, however, was not to last, for about this time Cousin Leopold began acting very strangely: he began to notice his name. It all started innocently enough, writing Cousin Leopold on the covers of his books or at the bottoms of simple pictures he drew. He would then point to the object on which his name lay awkwardly, pressed deeply, composed of a string of irregular and shaky figures in blue ink or red crayon, and he would say, "This

is *mine*." And we were never quite certain whether he meant the object or his name.

As he grew older, he began writing Cousin Leopold on things that were not his, like steamy windows of public buses, sometimes cleverly reversing the letters with the trembling tip of his pale and thin index finger so that the people outside the bus would know he was aboard. He began experimenting, adding words, making phrases. With a lump of charcoal he scrawled Cousin Leopold Rules on our front sidewalk, and then ran, swift as a young hare, over the neighboring lawns and into the alley.

It was not uncommon to see Cousin Leopold's name everywhere about town. I might be standing at the cashier's cage in the Home State Bank or at the reference desk in the public library and notice Cousin Leopold etched minutely in the wood before me; and I would wonder how he managed that—standing in front of the severe clerk or librarian, the blade of his pocket-knife out and gleaming and cutting through the finish—without being punished, cracked in the teeth and wrestled to the floor and pulled screaming into a back office to await the combined wrath of a police officer and Uncle Billy.

My sister said that in every stall in every women's rest room in every building in town (how she learned this or for what reason she went into every stall I never knew), there was the line I Love Cousin Leopold written in his own hand. I suspect that he believed that girls would see this and, convinced he must be quite a guy to provoke such open and frequent declarations of passion, seek him out, already having fallen in love with him from the cumulative force of that which they had read and entertained while sitting with their panties down.

But then, just as I thought I was beginning to understand him, Cousin Leopold had his name legally changed. He became The Amazing Cousin Leopold.

By this time Uncle Billy, Uncle Billy, and Uncle Billy had all but officially dismissed him from the family. "Cousin Leopold just never seemed to fit in," Uncle Billy once said, "even though we tried to help him." And my family and I had sat and stared at the television set, afraid to make eye contact with any of the three men who stood sipping Frescas in our living room, afraid to say, "Now wait a gosh darn minute, Uncle Billy..." because we might be looking at one and using a tone of voice that would give Uncle Billy reason to think we did, in fact, have a method for distinguishing among them, and this would surely send him into such a rage that he would fling his soda bottle at one of our startled heads. So we just nodded and stared at the television set.

But when Cousin Leopold became The Amazing Cousin Leopold, his father and brothers changed their attitude. "You'll be continued on page 82



## THE NAKED TRUTH

by Larry Sloman and Ed Subitzky

It's happened to you all your life, and it has just about driven you crazy. It could have been that aunt of yours whom you remember from childhood—the one with the big tits that your young eyes couldn't tear themselves away from (although at the time you hardly understood why). It could have been the cute chick (or bird, or lady, or whatever they called them that decade) who sat next to you in your eco class at college with the long legs and the endurance to refuse to go out with you every Saturday night for the next four years. College, hell. It could have been your ninth-grade teacher, a honey-lipped cutie with large, virginal eyes who made a far better sine curve than the one she was drawing on the blackboard. Or... well, to be honest, the numbers were legion, and we could never possibly show you so many naked ladies in one magazine, so let's just forget it.

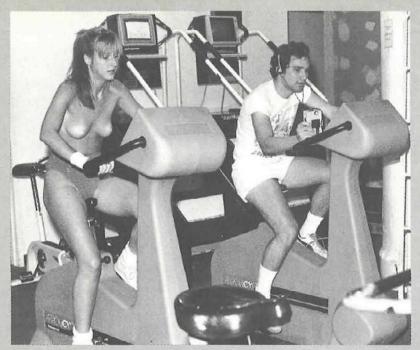
No. Wait. Come back. We were just kidding. Honest. We'll do our best. After all, serving our readership, that's our motto. And we know how much it's bothered you. We know how badly you've dreamed of this moment. What moment? The moment just ahead, of course, when you're finally going to see them all naked.

Oh yes. Naked. The women you've really always wanted to see naked. Not the coked-out dumb-dumbs in those sex magazines, not the assembly-line goddesses splattered across Cinemas 1 through 32. No, we mean the real women you grew up with and the ones you see on the street every day or on lines or in stores. The ones you've always been dying to see as naked as the day they were born.

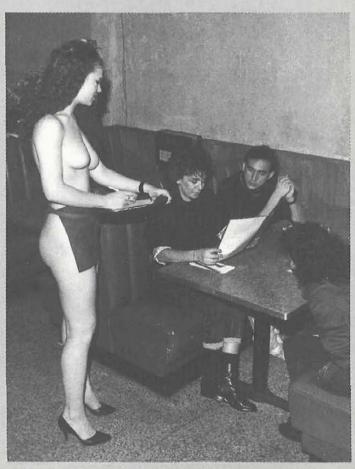
So here goes. No more guessing for you. Are those tits round, firm, soft, flat, droopy, dart-like, or as veiny as a map of the subway system of Quebec? Are those alabaster thighs round, firm, soft, flat... Well, you get the picture. And you will get the picture. As many pictures as we could fit on three whole pages. That means, out of all the thousands of women you've been dying to see naked all your life long, now you'll have four or five less to worry about. You can thank us by buying the next issue. Horny fuck.



**Your Tenth-Grade English Teacher** 



The Girl Next to You at the Health Club



The Waitress at the Pizzeria



**Your Dentist's Assistant** 



**Your Only Good-looking Aunt** 

# The Michael Deaver Apologias

by Andy Simmons

To Roy Cohn

In September of 1988, Michael K. Deaver, former White House deputy chief of staff and longtime friend of President and Mrs. Reagan, was found guilty of lying under oath about his lobbying activities on behalf of corporate clients. Since he used the fact that he suffered from alcoholism, and thus was not responsible for his actions, as his defense, he was sentenced to a ringside table next time Sinatra played Vegas and incarceration at the Walter Annenbergs' estate in Palm Springs over the Christmas holiday.

Nevertheless, like all socially correct lushes whose mind during a binge becomes a blank slate while the alcohol plays the role of chalk, Mr. Deaver was practiced in the art of writing apologies for any dubious behavior he might have indulged in the night before.

Below are some apologias written over the years and subsequently used in his defense.

To Mikhail Gorbachev

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

November 5, 1987

Dear General Secretary Gorbachev:

please accept my most sincere apologies
for my behavior last night, in
particular the incident in which I particular the incident in which I stuck my fingers under your nose and demanded that you "smell my new girldemanded". I do not know what possessed friend. I may have toasted to improved soviet-American relations once too often.

I pray this extreme lack of grace does nothing to impede the goodwill expressed over the last few years netwern our great nations between our great nations.

Michael "Feeling like an Idiot" Deaver

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

July 24, 1986

Dear Roy:

What can I say? I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I had absolutely no idea that while I was telling all those awful homosexual jokes you were dying of AIDS. It was vulgar on my part and executed without forethought that I might have been in the presence of one so afflicted. am utterly horrified by my actions, especially by my telling the joke that starts off with "How many faggots can you stick on a stool?" And when my wife reminded me that I also told the one about the pansy and the Martian, I locked myself in the bathroom, showering for hours in a vain attempt to cleanse my conscience. Please forgive me.

As always, I hope this letter finds you alive.

Michael Deaver

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

November 14, 1986

Dear Ivan:

Whoops. I guess I shouldn't have said anything at the party last night, huh?

I'm so sorry, Ivan. Truly. I just took it for granted everyone knew. took it for granted everyone knew.
I didn't mean to hurt you, honestly.
Besides, it wasn't me talking. It
was the liquor. Remy Martin is a
particularly vociferous cognac.
Pand when those agents from the SEC particularly vociferous cognac.
And when those agents from the SEC
kept refilling my glass, I was like
a gramophone. You couldn't shut me
a gramophone well know, since you tried.
up--as you well know, since you tried.

But Ivan, while I was clearly wrong, you truly hurt my feelings when you began punching me in the face. I believe that was a little uncalled-

Nevertheless, I hope this misunder-Nevertnetess, I nope this misunder-standing in no way jeopardizes our friendship, one which I cherish. I if you are sent to jail, upon your release, please keep in touch.

Again, a thousand pardons.

Your friend (whaddyasay?),

To Ivan Boesky



To Margaret Thatcher

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

April 20, 1982

Dear Mrs. Thatcher:

Please accept my profound apologies Please accept my proround apologies concerning last night's state dinner. Concerning last night's state dinner.
Yes, you are absolutely correct, I am
a "sick little man." You see, I suffer from a disease. A disease that has claimed millions of victims. No, it is claimed millions or Victims. No, it is not "idiocy," as you so astutely characterized my behavior when I poured Wine over your head and explained,
"I did it to see if the Iron Maiden would rust."

The disease from which I suffer is alcoholism. There, I've said it, and I'm glad.

Margaret (may I call you Margaret?), for years I've been trying to come to grips with my affliction. At one point it had gotten so had. I decorated my grips with my affliction. At one poi it had gotten so bad, I decorated my white House office like a pub. I no longer work at a desk but at a bar. The side. I file aspirins under "w" the side. I file aspirins under "W"
for "What a hangover!" And I don't have plants, I have blenders.

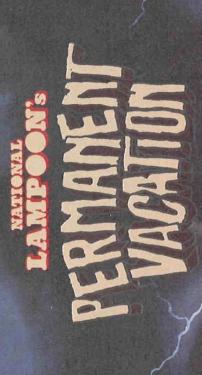
I am seeking help, though. friend Robert McFarlane, a former Marine, has assured me he would offer guidance and stability on my hard road the end, pouring wine all over you worked out for the best since it worked out for the best, since it forced me to recognize my problem.

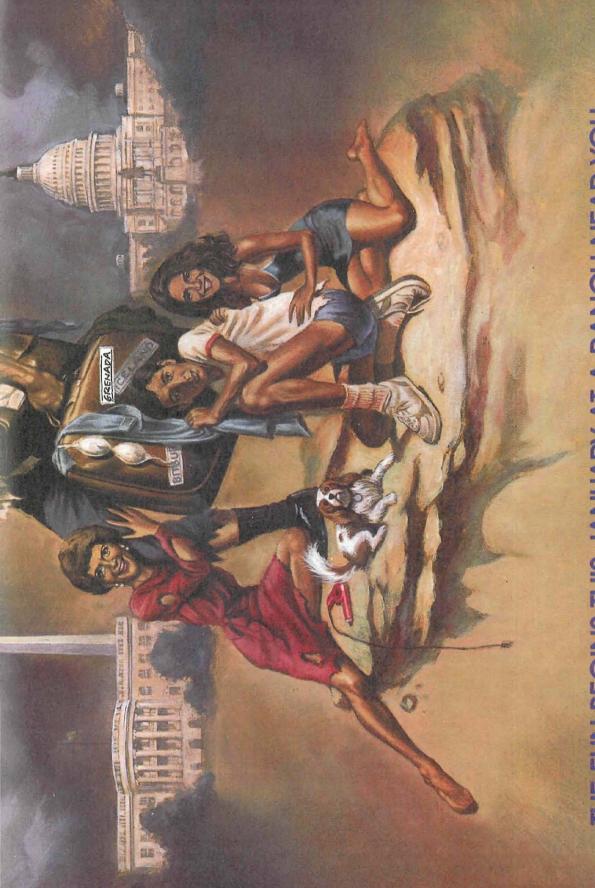
For this I am sincerely grateful.

Michael () laver)

Michael Deaver

This year, Ron and Nancy are going away... for good.





THE FUN BEGINS THIS JANUARY AT A RANCH NEAR YOU.

# How to Tell a Joke

by Richard Belzer







ideo stills produced by Filigree Films

thought that, rather than simply talk about material and delivery, I'd illustrate by taking a routine of mine that encompasses many of the points I want to make and breaking it down. Dissect it. So if this book is the laboratory, then this routine-probably my most famous routine, about a rather unpleasant experience I had with Hulk Hogan and Mr. T-is the frog.

Enjoy it. Feel free to practice it. Learn from it.

And if I hear any of it onstage, I'll see you in court.

"Well, I've been working out lately, as you can tell. I'm lifting weights. I'm going to kick Hulk Hogan's ass when I see him. Hulk Hogan, my idol-I love Hulk Hogan.

"People still ask me if that incident was real. For those of you who don't know, I used to have a talk show called Hot Properties. And I had Hulk Hogan and Mr. T on my show, and Hulk Hogan tried to fuckin' kill me. This is a true story. I was in my dressing room and somebody from my staff-I shouldn't say 'my staff'-somebody who worked for me that I could fire came up to me and said, 'Mr. Belzer, ah, Mr. Belzer, ah, Richard, ah-we're going to get Hulk Hogan and Mr. T on the show.'

"I said, 'Yeah, sure.' And they said, 'No, no-they'll be good for the ratings.' I said, 'Ratings? Yeah, sure. I'll do anything for ratings.' You know, ratings are

"So I get a call a few minutes later from this woman who works for Hulk Hogan and Mr. T, and she says, 'Mr. T will not do this show unless there are fifty kids in the audience.' So I said, 'All right, all right.' So I hang up, and I say, sarcasm

character

. commercial Vs. artistic considerations

Excerpted from How to Be a Stand-up Comic by Richard Belzer, Larry Charles, and Rick Newman. Villard Books, New York, 1988.

'What am I gonna do?' This is the day of the show, so I told these people who work for me, I said, 'Look, go to some school. When the kids come out, sedate 'em, put *Hot Properties* T-shirts on 'em, throw 'em on a bus, bring 'em to the studio.

"Somehow we pulled it off. We got these kids from some school, I don't know—Our Lady of the Connecticut Turnpike School. So we got the kids, and then forty-five minutes before the show—I'm in makeup, as we say in our wacky industry—and I'm being made up. Somebody's making me up—I didn't exist then—and I'm being made up. And this woman who works for Mr. T comes into the makeup room and says, 'Uhh, Mr. Belzer, we're kind of walking on eggshells around Mr. T today because he's in a bad mood.'

"He's in a bad mood—Ethiopia's in a bad mood, you know what I'm saying? If this guy wasn't on *The A-Team*, he'd be doing thirty years for manslaughter—he's in a bad fuckin' mood? Gimme a break, will ya? To myself I said that. To myself. Out loud I said, 'Oh well, we'll take every precaution. We'll be very nice.'

"So then, about twenty minutes later, Mr. T does in fact show up, and this guy is the most intimidating, the scariest person I've ever seen—he was <u>like a fire hydrant from Mars</u>. He had a baton with a spring in the middle that he was pumping. You know, the Mohawk, and the diamonds and the chains around his neck and junk [imitating Mr. T grunting]. What genetic experiment went awry?

"'How you doin', Mr. T? It's nice to see you. We got the kids in the audience. [More Mr. T imitations, grunting.] Finally I figured out through his interpreters that he was saying, 'Where's my dressing room? Where's my dressing room? Where's my dressing room? So I said, 'It's back there, babe.' He goes—he disappears back to the dressing room pumpin' this thing, you know.

"And about ten minutes later, Hulk Hogan shows up. Now Hulk Hogan is six foot seven, he weighs 338 pounds. I'm six foot one, 150 pounds. Newsweek magazine called me the 'pencil-armed comedian.' Thank you, Newsweek. I'll be subscribing to you next week.

"Hulk Hogan walks in and he's got the weirdest walk—like he just got fucked in the ass by a rhino. It's a real normal way for a man to walk. It's the <a href="https://hulk/Rambo/Schwarzenegger">https://hulk/Rambo/Schwarzenegger</a> walk, you know. These guys are so obsessed with not being wimpy that they've perverted the whole idea of what it is to be a man.

"Hulk Hogan comes over to me. 'How ya doin', dude. What's happenin', dude. How are you, dude?' Dude? What am I, on a horse with a hat on in Colorado? Dude, my ass, babe. To myself I said that. Out loud I said, 'Oh, it's nice to see ya, Hulk. Glad you could do the show.' He said, 'Oh, you're a real funny dude. I'd like to be in your next movie, dude.' Yeah, like I own a fuckin' studio, and I can book him in a second. Again, to myself I said that. He said, 'Where's my man, Mr. T?' I said, 'Well, he's back there doin' this [imitating Mr. T], you know.' So Hulk Hogan disappears back to Mr. T's dressing room.

"Then I have to start the show. I have to begin the show now, so I come out. I billboard the show—'Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to *Hot Properties*. We got fifty sedated kids in the audience. We got these two repressed fascist guys in the back who hate men and women. They'll be out in a second.'

"So the first guest out of the box is Mr. T. He comes out, and he still has the baton with the spring, you know, and on-camera now, he's pumping this thing. He comes out, sits down next to me, and just gives me one-word answers, grunts and groans. He's like the worst—he's a sexist, he's a racist, he's everything you don't want a person to be, you know. And I, like an asshole, try to interview him, 'cause it's a talk show...

"And I'm thinking to myself, while I'm interviewing him, 'Well, maybe there's a reason that he's like this. Maybe there's a story, maybe there's an explanation that he's this way.' No! He's a fuckin' asshole, ladies and gentlemen! Some people are just assholes. Some people have a legitimate story—this guy is a fuckin' asshole.

"And he says, 'All men in New York are wimps. All men in New York—' All men in New York are wimps! And I said, 'Why do you say that?' 'While I was on the subway today, I beat up three muggers.' Right, right, sure, right. To myself I said that. Out loud I said, 'Oh, I'm glad you're cleaning up the subways, because—' Then I made the mistake of using a word he didn't know. I said the word exclaim, and he got really pissed off at me and said, 'I don't know that word. I'm from the street.'

he imagery

funny name

interior ve monologue Copping to reality

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empathetic sarcasm

interior monologue
reality

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Thysical

— challenging

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"And I said, 'Well, I'm from the street, too, and I learned the word, okay, babe?' That I said out loud, and the audience went, 'Whoooo.' And he started pumping that baton more. Smoke started coming out of his hair. He started remembering Louis Farrakhan speeches, you know. It got real scary. So I go to commercial, a Pepsi commercial. That's a great thing you can do on a talk show, you can go to commercial. It'd be great if you could do that in real life, you know, a sticky situation: 'We'll be right back after this-' You can't do that

Take me to Uta Hagen fuckin' prison right now! He's in character. He's a Method actor! You mean you choose to be this bully fuckin' punk, obnoxious asshole jerk?! To myself I said that. Out loud I said, 'Oh, I should have known, I feel so stupid.'

"So we come back from commercial and Hulk Hogan comes and horn marks on his ass. Got rhino burne conditions to me."

down next to me, and says, 'I've been watching you backstage-you know, I told my man, Mr. T, not to hurt anybody, and you probably heard about that —and that's why you're giving him a hard time, and de-dit, de-de-dit, de-dedittle-dittle...' He starts singing scat on my show-at least that's what it sounded like.

"So I'm thinking I've got to control the situation, so I say, 'Let's have a little demonstration.' I figured maybe we'll fool around a little bit. Little did I know he was going to try to fuckin' kill me. I mean, Johnny Carson has a show, Letterman has a show, and eight hundred other people have shows-none of them ever almost got fuckin' killed on the show. So this wasn't anywhere in my mind at all. We go over to the demonstration area, and on the way over there, Hulk Hogan leans over to Mr. T and says—I didn't hear this until they played it back for me later—but at the time he said to Mr. T, 'I'm gonna make him squeal.' Now if I'd heard that, I would have been Ralph Kramden for a month, 'Homina, homina, homina...' But I didn't hear it, so I go over to the demonstration area where we cook soufflés and B. B. King plays-it's an innocuous area.

"You know, it's show business: I'm a talk-show host, you know, I'm really happy, I got my own show, and this fucking guy—he gives a front chin lock. You know, some people call it the sleeper hold. Technically it's the front chin lock. My head here—if you had a picture with a caption on it—Belzer's head here. His arms are as big as mine are gonna be if I pump iron for eight hundred fuckin' years. A real normal thing to do.

"So he gets me in a front chin lock and he starts squeezing-I figured he's foolin' around. And then he squeezes more, and it starts hurting-and holy shit, my brain goes, 'Check, please! No oxygen. I'm outta here, babe, right? Thank you.' So he knocks me out.

"Now he didn't become a wrestler because he quit Harvard, okay? He knocks me out in his arms, I'm unconscious, and what does he do? He lets me go. Okay? I fall down—I'm unconscious already—I fall down to the ground, and I hit the back of my head on the floor of the studio, split my head open. For some reason, I jumped up and said, 'We'll be right back.' I don't know how I did that. I actually did that in shock, I did that. Talk about show business in your blood-it was coming out of my fuckin' head. The whole industry was floating on the back of my head.

"So I went backstage. They put me in an ambulance. I went to the hospital that night. I got eight stitches in my head. I'm in bed that night in the hospital, and I'm watching TV, and I think, maybe it'll be on the news. Maybe it'll be on the fuckin' news.

"Every station had it on that night. Channel 2: 'Richard Belzer, Hulk Hogan' -BOOM! Channel 4: 'Was it fake, was it real?' -BOOM! 'Judge for yourself, let's see it in slow motion'-BOOM! 'Let's speed it up'-BOOM! 'Let's run it back, see it again'-BOOM, BOOM!

"I got ten more stitches watching the fuckin' thing. Jesus Christ. And that night I had a nightmare in the hospital. I had a nightmare that my first show back would go something like this—this is after this ugly incident. I come back to the first show at Hot Properties [distorted voice-à la brain damage]: 'Thank oo vay much, lays an' genmen. Is goo be back on da show.'

"To myself I said that - well, that's the story of that. It's a hell of a way to get material."

Payoff to up previously images

exterior reality

Contrast for what's to

hyperbole

Easy to to relatermenth

fantasy projection



HELLO, DEAR READER! IT'S NICE TO BE BACKON THE PAGES OF THE NATIONAL LAMPOON AGAIN. IT'S BEEN A WHILE-HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?... ACTUALLY, NEVER MIND, I CAN'T HEAR YOU ANYWAY! SEND ME A CARD, OKAY? SAY, THERE HAVE BEEN SOME CHANGES HERE-MORE PAGES AND A LITTLE HIKE ON THE COVER PRICE. BUT GADZOOKS, WHAT WITH ALL THE ADDITIONAL LAUGHS, IT'S A BARGAIN AT HALF THE PRICE! WELL, UNTIL NEXT TIME, HERE'S SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED THE OTHER NIGHT....

# IHEAPPLETONS

B.K. Taylor





I'LL GO DOWNSTAIRS AND FIX
SOMETHING TO
EAT ... THEN MAYBE
I'LL WATCH THAT
NEW BOB COSTAS
LATE SHOW.
I THINK HE'S GOING
TO INTERVIEW
BOB DENVER, OR
IS IT JOHN DENVER? ? HUMPH :
SAME THING.













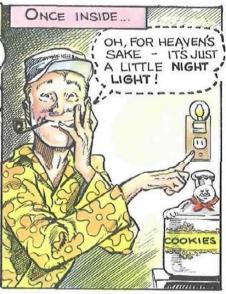
WITH A MISSION
IN HIS EYES, MR.
APPLETON DONS
HIS NEIGHBORHOOD
WATCH CAP.



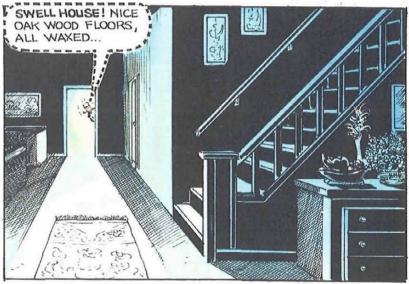




































## LATCHKEY

The Official Weekly Newsletter of the Johnson Family - Daddy, Mommy, Timmy, and Janie

The newsletter for the family that never gets to see each other

FREE (outside the Johnson family: \$1) Circulation: 4

Jan. 9

## JOHNSONS AND MILLERS SIGN PEACE TREATY!



A longstanding feud between the Johnsons, of 1124 Elm Street, and the Millers, of 1126 Elm Street, has concluded with the signing of a treaty in which the Johnsons agree to no longer allow their dog, Chester V, off his lead to ruin Mrs. Miller's flower bed. The Millers, for their part, have promised to stop having Chester V impounded.

Trouble between the two families began a few years back when the Millers' gardener, T'rac Lu, experimented with a new fertilizer which attracted Chester V to the flower bed. This "fatal attraction" in turn resulted in numerous incarcerations for the Irish setter in the local ASPCA.

Both parties report that what made the peace treaty easier to agree to was the mysterious disappearance of Chester V a few weeks back. Chester V was last seen going for his evening walk with Timmy.

If anyone has any information, please contact Timmy.

#### **ESMERALDA DEPORTED** -

Last Tuesday Esmeralda, the Johnson family maid, was deported back to her native El Salvador. The illegal alien was arrested during dinner. As a consequence, the Johnson children did not receive their dessert. The dessert was to have been a crisp Pepperidge Farm apple turnover, a favorite of the Johnson family. It seems that, while

#### TIMMY IN SUICIDE ATTEMPT

Topping off an extremely busy week for the eldest Johnson child, Timmy, in an apparent attempt to take his own life, was discovered in the garage, slumped over in the front seat of the car with the motor running. He was found by Daddy, who proceeded to drop him off at the hospital, which is on the way to his office. Timmy was examined and declared in good condition. He was then picked up by Daddy on his way back from his 8:00 squash game.

Timmy will be grounded for one week for using the car without permission.

#### MOMMY AND DADDY TO STAY HOME THURSDAY NIGHT

In a rare scheduling quirk, Mommy and Daddy both discovered they have a completely free night Thursday. This will mark the first time in over three weeks that both Mommy and Daddy will spend the evening with the children.

As a special treat, Mommy has planned to call Fu's China Garden to cater the affair. All requests for favorite Sino dishes should be registered on the piece of paper attached to the refrigerator by the banana magnet.

immigration agents were breaking down the front door, Esmeralda was running out the back door; thus the burning of the taste treat went unnoticed.

Esmeralda has been with the family for sixteen years and was considered part of the family.

Grandma has agreed to fill in until the new girl arrives from Guatemala.

#### CALENDAR

What's going on with the Johnsons this week

#### MONDAY - 1/9

 The new maid will show up for work. She speaks no English, so brush up on your Spanish. And get used to eating tostadas until she becomes acquainted with American dishes, like pizza.

- Daddy will be home late, Mommy later.

#### TUESDAY - 1/10

 In an effort to save money for her summer vacation in France, Janie starts her new job at Friendly's. Come on over (between Glower and Maple streets) to get your free sundae, compliments of the newest salad-bar sneeze-guard cleaner!



- Timmy's bone collection will be on display in his room (first room on the right, opposite the linen closet) from 8:00 to bedtime. The collection, hailed as one of the best in the neighborhood, contains the remains of fourteen various household pets, including his newest prizes, the head of a recently deceased goldfish and the orange paw of an Irish setter. Admission is \$5.

 Mommy will not be home, but Daddy will, although he claims he plans on being grumpy that evening, so all children steer

clear.

#### WEDNESDAY - 1/11

-A testimonial luncheon will be held for Mommy in recognition of her becoming the first woman in the law firm's history to be made a partner. Daddy will not be able to attend, as he has an important standing lunch meeting every Wednesday, in Titusville. Grandma will come in his place.

- After years of debate followed by long negotiations, beginning today Timmy will be allowed to peck through the keyhole into Janie's room for exactly one hour, from 9:00 to 10:00. Janie has planned for the hour ten minutes of homework, thirty-five minutes on the phone, and fifteen minutes of writhing naked on the bed.

- It's Guatemala Night at the Johnson family home! The new girl will be asked to create a Guatemalan feast, then perform a

native dance which shows the impoverished history of her Third World homeland. It should be very interesting and enlightening, so don't do anything like throw a taco at her while she's dancing, Timmy.

- Neither Mommy nor Daddy will be home.

#### THURSDAY - 1/12

 Big math test for Janie. If she fails, next year will mark her third year in Algebra I.

- Timmy to pick out new family pet, to be named Chester VI.
- It's Family Night at the Johnson family home, as both

Mommy and Daddy will have dinner at home. Dinner for Timmy and Janie will be at 7:00; for Mommy and Daddy, it will be at 8:00.

#### FRIDAY - 1/13

 Mommy was to talk to the psychiatrist about keeping Timmy out of the institution. Unfortunately, due to the Schmidlap deal deadline, she will not be able to make it. Grandma has agreed

to take her place.

-Janie's drama project, Lolita, opens with Janie starring in the title role. Mommy and Daddy cannot make it, as they have a previous engagement with Miriam and Gordon Saunders. Mr. Henri, Janie's French teacher, volunteered to attend in their place, but he is now visiting France. So Grandma has agreed to go.

#### SATURDAY - 1/14

 Family outing. Lamentably, Mommy and Daddy have made other plans. So Timmy, Janie, and Grandma will be given \$100 to do whatever they want.

-Big night for Janic. She plans to drop old boyfriend in favor

of mysterious new one.

 Due to Timmy's grounding, his band, Lucifer's Children, has rescheduled its concert to start at 8:00 P.M. in the Johnson Arena, which is located in the Johnson family garage. Tickets are \$10. There is a two-Coca-Cola minimum.

#### **SUNDAY - 1/15**

 Mommy and Daddy to leave for the Grand Caymans for their vacation. Grandma will stay with the kids for the one-week duration. (A certain someone is reminded not to lock Grandma in the food pantry for seven hours as was done last time, Timmy!)

Anything exciting going on in the life of any of the Johnsons? Then write it down on the piece of paper connected to the refrigerator by the pineapple magnet to include it in the Calendar.

#### POLICE BLOTTER



#### **Daddy Runs Stop Sign**

Daddy was pulled over Wednesday by a Titusville police officer for not heeding a stop sign while exiting the Alibi Motel with his secretary. Denise Rogers. Daddy claimed that the two workaholics were leaving a business lunch when the officer pulled Daddy's car over and gave him the \$40 ticket.

#### Mr. Henri Flees Country

Last week we reported that Mr. Raoul Henri, French teacher at Fowler High, was relieved of his duties and arraigned in criminal court on charges of statutory rape and was released only after posting \$1000 bail. Since that story ran, we have learned that Mr. Henri has fled the country and is now residing in France.

#### Vivisection Charges Dropped Against Timmy

Timmy Johnson, eldest child of Mommy and Daddy, was released from police custody Tuesday after the prosecution claimed there was insufficient evidence to charge Timmy with sacrificing live animals to Satan.

Timmy, who also goes by the name The Dark Force, was arrested after numerous complaints from neighbors that their pets were missing. Suspicion was first cast on The Dark Force when witnesses claimed to have spotted him skulking around their pets with a giant butterfly net.

#### **OBITUARIES**

#### Oscar Goldfish-3 months

Bought for only \$3 at Petey's Pet-World, Oscar Goldfish, during his short stay with the Johnson family, brought millions of dollars of happiness. He was found on the living room floor, decapitated. The burial was held in the downstairs bathroom.

In lieu of flowers, please send donations to the Dolphin Institute in Marathon Key, Florida.

#### Uncle Ned-62

After a three-week-long battle, Uncle Ned finally succumbed to injuries caused by an arrow to the head accidentally shot by Timmy. He was famous for the way he could make his stomach roll as well as his ability to fit his whole fist into his mouth.

He is survived by his sister,

Grandma, and us.

#### SCHOOL REPORT

Ms. Simon, Fowler High Algebra I teacher, says she will be seeing a lot more of Janie over the years if the latter doesn't improve her test scores. <u>Latchkey</u> has also been told that Janie is failing English and doing even worse in history. Only her excellent grades in French have kept her from being expelled. Indeed, if it hadn't been for the personal intervention of her French teacher, Mr. Henri, earlier this year, when he praised her showand-tell project, Janie might now be a full-time waitress at Friendly's.

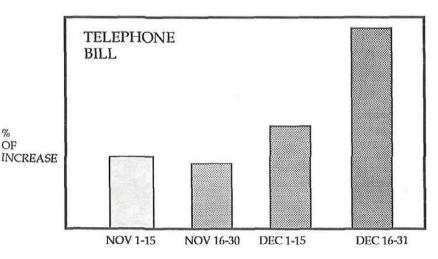
Mr. Kennedy, Fowler High biology teacher, reports that ever since Timmy's return from his eight-day sabbatical he has been a great help to all the squeamish students in that class. Timmy volunteers his pithing and dissection skills freely to any student who asks. "However," Mr. Kennedy says, "Timmy sometimes gets carried away, pithing all the frogs, even the ones not ready for dissection." In the past, Timmy has been reprimanded for pithing lab rabbits, gerbils, and snakes.

#### FINANCIAL REPORT

Johnson Family Telephone Bills on the Rise

At what one family elder termed "an alarming rate," telephone bills have risen sharply – by over 40 percent in the last month alone. Daddy, in a statement released upon receiving the latest telephone bill, said, "Someone is making an awful lot of phone calls to Paris, France!"

As of now, no one in the Johnson family has stepped forward to take responsibility for the calls. But as the chart below shows, there is a curious correlation between the rising phone bill and the budding relationship between Janie and her new mystery boyfriend. Janie had no comment.





Dear Daddy,

May I have a raise in my allowance, as I would like to enlarge my bone collection.

Timmy

Dear Timmy,

No.

Dear Daddy,

Will you be able to help me with my Algebra I homework Wednesday Night? I have an exam Thursday.

Love, Janie

Dear Janie,

Sorry, precious, but Mommy and I are busy that night.

Dear Daddy.

I will be home late Tuesday night finishing up the Budapest deal. What would you like me to leave out for your dinner?

Mommy

Dear Mommy,

I believe I will be in the mood for the Hungry Man turkey dinner, the one that comes with apple cobbler, not peach pie.

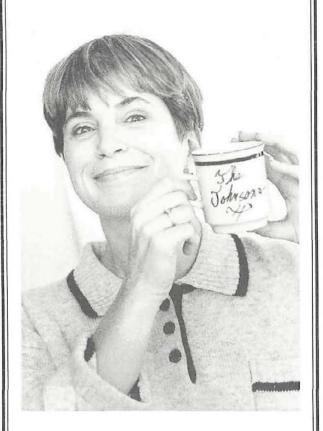
#### **SPORTS**

#### Mommy Defeats Daddy at Gin

In a stunning upset that has the entire Johnson family talking, Mommy won the 1124 Elm Street Gin Championship when she knocked with a three. The maneuver allowed her to win her third game, in a best-of-five series, against the reigning champion, Daddy.

During the postgame ceremony, at which she was awarded the prestigious Johnson Cup, Mommy commended Daddy on his play, describing him as a "worthy opponent who has nothing to be ashamed of."

The runner-up in the tournament, Daddy, had no comment as he had to rush out the door, late for a luncheon meeting in Titusville.





#### HAVE YOU SEEN THIS DOG?

Goes by the name of Chester V. He will also respond to "Get the hell back here!"

He is an Irish setter.

He has been missing since 12/17.

If you have any information concerning the disappearance of Chester V, please contact Timmy.

#### UNITED AIRLINES HONORS

Michael and Cindy Johnson with a free trip to the Grand Cayman Islands in recognition of their tenth vacation this year!

We thank Michael and Cindy Johnson for thinking about United when they think about their vacation.



#### CALLING ALL SIBLINGS! AM IN NEED OF MONEY.

I will do any and all chores if the money is right. (No payment in animal bones allowed, Timmy.)

If interested, please contact Janie – second floor, second room to the left.

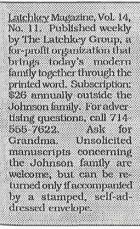
#### THE INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER

This week's question: Which do you prefer, potatoes or Stove Top stuffing?



#### DADDY:

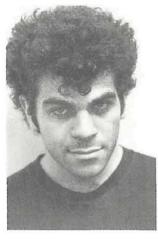
Potatoes. Definitely potatoes. I like to think of myself as a meat-and-potatoes man. Of course, I also like stuffing, especially with fowl. Mmmmm...that sounds good. Yes, I would have to say Stove Top stuffing. Definitely stuffing. Of course, I also like yams...





#### MOMMY:

The restaurants I dine in rarely serve Stove Top stuffing. So I would have to say potatoes.



#### TIMMY:

Stove Top stuffing. It has more heft to it than potatoes, which makes it easier to cause real damage with.



#### JANIE:

Neither dish is on my diet, so I don't have a favorite.

#### THIS WEEK IN THE JOHNSON FAMILY HISTORY

1988 Timmy is released from the Cloverdale Sanitarium and is proclaimed "cured" by Dr. Krauss.

1987 Janie goes on the pill.

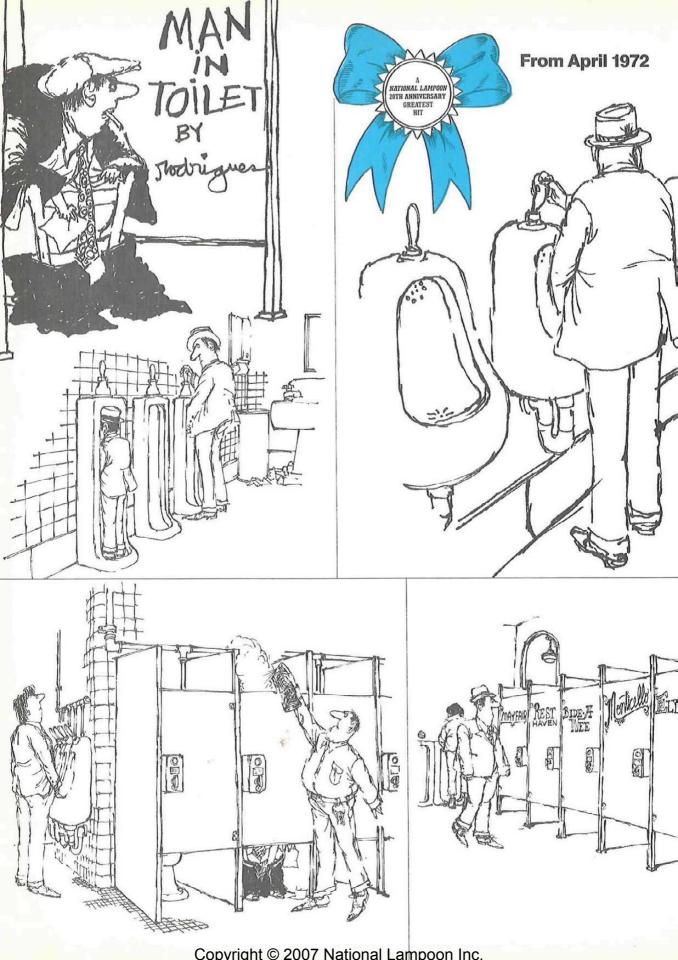
1984 Chester I, the first in a long line of Irish setters with the name of Chester, mysteriously disappears.

1980 Daddy is hired by the Reagan campaign to chart strategy. He begins by ordering 100 pizzas and charging it to the Bush campaign.

1977 Mommy has elective surgery to remove her uterus.

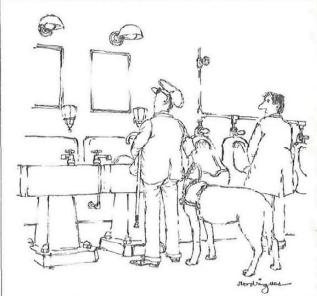
1970 Daddy is clubbed over the head during anti-Vietnam War protest. He collapses to the ground, where he meets Cindy Moore, the future Mommy, who has been overcome by tear gas.

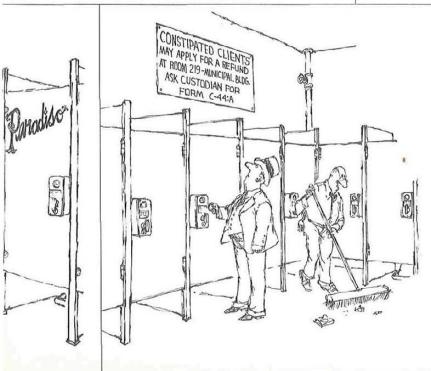
1966 Frank Robinson traded to Baltimore Orioles for Milt Pappas. Cincinnati Reds will never be the same. Daddy is devastated.





Twentieth Anniversary in April of 1990, we will be reprising a classic National Lampoon piece in each of our issues, starting with this issue and this very article, until April of 1990, after which we will publish all original articles, which will be in contention for republication in our gala Fortieth Anniversary issue, on sale April 2010.







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# CARTOON BOOK

Now, the editors of the National Lampoon have chosen more than 150 cartoons, culled from more than 200 issues of the magazine, and assembled them in this more-than-affable book, the cover of which features the legendary legless frog. In addition to the cartoons, there are favored comic strips from NatLamp's "Funny Pages," featuring such artists as S. Gross, Shary Flenniken, B. K. Taylor, etc., etc.

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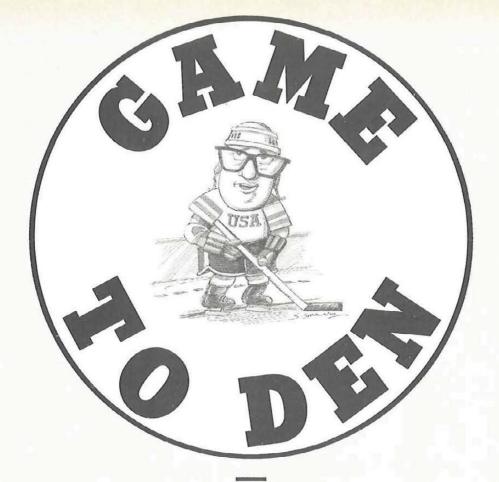
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"Gosh, Mr. Birnbaum, I thought you knew about our penalt

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#### by Hart Seely Illustrated by Steve Sweny

'm slugging 'em down at Bernie's Trackside, contemplating unemployment, middle age, divorce lawyers, and Gilligan's Island. Mostly Gilligan's Island: this NASA satellite washes ashore; the Professor fixes it; Gilligan manages to screw up; the white-smocked scientists back home decide the Professor's rescue message is a transmission from Mars. We're riveted to the action when this baldheaded mountain in Foster Grant wraparounds elbows me in the ribs and says: "I know you. You're Mister Hockey."

Yeah, he knows me. That's as far as it goes. Nobody ever accused me of remembering names, and as far as hairless gorillas are concerned, this guy might as well be a transmission from Mars. In fact, the wraparounds look pretty kinky, even for the day crew at Bernic's. Before I know it, a toast is raised "to the great Mister Hockey." Who am I to decline?

Snap, crackle, pop.

Next I know, I'm in the back of a cargo van, howling like Lon Chaney, a radio blasting at my ear. I'm drooling all over myself, and my hands are tied behind my back. Who knows what he slipped me? It might have even been more booze. Anyway, I make a conscious decision: I decide to pass out.

I wind up on a couch, one of those vinyl K mart jobbers that you have to peel yourself off of. I'm handcuffed, and Baldy sits in an easy chair reading U.S. News & World Report.

"Welcome back, Mr. Sims," he says when I begin to struggle. "Here, let me free your precious wrists."

Well, I take this bullshit from nobody. Each afternoon I do 120 push-ups, fifty situps, and jog in place for ten minutes. Plus, I have what doctors call a hypertense adrenal gland, which means, piss me off and I'll bend your spine like a stick of Wrigley's. When Baldy uncuffs me, my right fist lashes out at his chin. Bingo. My knuckles throb, and I wait for him to drop. He doesn't. Baldy grins, retreats a step, and swishes his foot so close to my nose I smell Desenex in the after-breeze. That's enough for me. I make another decision: to fake a dizzy spell and collapse to the couch. Baldy sprays something into a Bounty towel and thrusts it to my nose. Snap, crackle, pop.

This time when I wake up, I check things

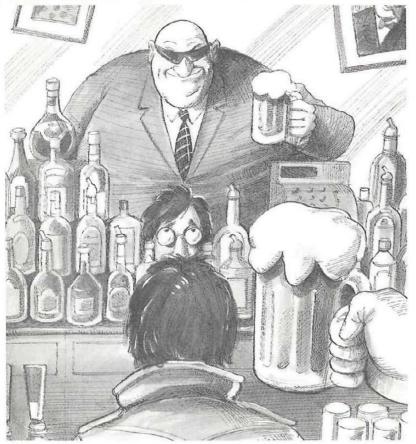
out before peeling myself off the couch. It's a hotel suite, à la Casa de Sleaze: termite-stained wallpaper, the carpeting greasy enough to skate on, Magic Fingers with the directions printed in three languages. And in the next room, I can't believe my eyes: bathed in a sea of lights is *The Game*.

Table hockey. You played it as a kid. Everybody has. But this is no ordinary game. It's built into an oak table the size of a coffin, with twelve hand-painted men—U.S.A. vs. Russia—crouching in their serpentine grooves.

Such a game could be owned by only one man, I figure. And he's mad.

When I met Shinnick, he was a scrawny, introverted college freshman programmed for law school by his father, a right-wing senator from Nevada. His face was a skull sprayed with blue cheese. I mean, ugly. Ratty brown hair spilled down to his shoulders, and he dressed in the only tie-dyed alligator shirt I ever saw—like a Deadhead young Republican. But Shinnick's eyes were what you remembered; they were red around the edges, burning, and they pierced you like gamma rays. His eyes were gateways to a soul I never could fathom.

Shinnick's first roommate came up with



a nervous twitch and left school after a month. The second one jumped from the roof of Lawrenson Hall. There was no third. You always heard voices in Shinnick's room, yet nobody came and went. Across the hall, we kept to ourselves. But one night over Easter recess when the place was almost empty, there was a rap on my door. Shinnick stood there smiling at me, his eyes like drills.

"Come with me," he said.

"Look, I gotta study-"

"I wanna show you something."

His room stank of socks. Blankets were hung from the ceiling to form corridors and coves, turning his room into an intricate maze of partitions. In the center was a hockey game under an industrial-strength spotlight. We played. He won. As I got up to leave, his eyes flared at me. "Who's the better man?" he screamed. "Who's the winner? Say his name aloud, loser! Say the name!"

"Norman Bates," I remember saying to myself.

But I returned next morning. We played into the night, with Shinnick winning most of the games. "Who's the conqueror?" he'd scream. "Say the name for all to hear! SAY IT!" When he neared victory, he'd whistle "Taps" and giggle in tones that I now equate with sexual frenzy. After several tries, I won a game, and as he stomped about the room, I shouted at him to say my name.

"Louder!" I said. "Louder!" He refused to let me leave, and we played until our hands blistered.

A rivalry developed, then an obsession, then a sickness. For hours we battled each day. A defeat would send Shinnick brooding, cursing at his men in a helium squeal that could be heard throughout the dormitory. After several weeks, my neck began twitching spasmodically. I began to shout at my acrylic players, to whistle "Taps" and speak in voices that unnerved my own roommate—may he rest in peace.

For two years Shinnick and I fought for a mythical title about which only a handful of people knew.

I was Mister Hockey.

That was twenty-five years ago.

So I sit there, alone, waiting for Shinnick. Minutes, perhaps hours. Then a door opens behind me.

"Zo, dey gall you... Misder Haw-gey."

My jaw drops. His image fills the doorway: nerd glasses, black cotton hair, the Nerf ball body expanding with each breath.

"You!" I shout.

Kissinger.

"A game, Mr. Zimz?"

I'm speechless. Kissinger. In retrospect, my silence is disgraceful. I voted for Barry Commoner in 1980 and scrawled "Antichrist!" in the Saturday Review at the library. Here's Henry Kissinger, and I can't even talk.

"You!"

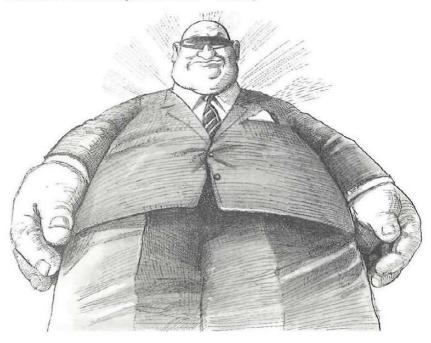
He sits across from me, extracts from the vest pocket of his black suit an ebony puck, and flips it disdainfully to center ice. With a flick of his wrist, his right wing man backhands it into my goal. A red light flashes behind my net.

"I apologize for our ways in condakding you, Mr. Zimz. I truzt dat de ends shall jusdify de minz."

"You!"

Kissinger flicks another puck onto the board and rams it into my net in a fluid motion. Decent shot. Red light. He looks up smugly.

"You wand do know—why de kidnabbing? Well, dere are mundane matters of zeecurity.





"Power, Mr. Zimz, creates prison bars, no matter how foolish dey zeem. As the dramatist Schiller once zaid, 'Against ztupidity, de gods demzelves condend in vain."

I feel sick. The door opens behind me. It's Baldy, sunglasses and all.

"You mean . . . play. . . you?"

Kissinger sighs condescendingly and stands.

"Perhaps not, Mr. Zimz. Perhaps not. Let me apologize for dis ill-conceived challenge." He flips a bill onto the board. "Here's five hundred dollars for your time. I'm sure it's more dan adequate combensation. Buy yourself a 'Misder Hawgey' crown and wear it at home."

He's at the door when my glands explode. His smile does it. It's the sneer you get from rich brats in elevators. I fling the puck at him.

"Play!" I shout.

Kissinger closes the door and cackles. I feel manipulated. He turns and sits, sips a glass of water, strikes his chest, looks to the ceiling, forms a perfect circle with his mouth, and expels a gaseous lunch.

"Excuse me."

"Sure."

" A ztitch in time, Mr. Zimz."

"I understand."

"Game to den?"

"Play!"

Baldy drops the face-off. Kissinger's center man sweeps the puck to his right defenseman, who retreats out of my wing's reach. Kissinger stills the board and positions each player strategically. He waits. One minute. Two. My stomach churns. I clutch my goalie. Three minutes. My hands are shaking. Four. My leg pumps wildly. Finally, I look up. He's staring at me.

"I think...Mr. Zimz...I shall score...
right...NOW!"

Boom boom. He fires, bouncing the puck off his right wing into the left side of my goal.

"One," he says.

Baldy drops the face-off. Kissinger controls, positions his players, and waits. One minute. Two. My back aches. This is hell. Boom boom.

"Doo."

"Time out!" I stand to stretch. Baldy offers a glass of water, which I refuse. He apparently interprets this as a sign of mistrust and puts the glass to his lips. As Baldy swallows, I notice the gleam of a gun barrel inside his belt. I pee my pants.

Kissinger takes the face-off. Boom boom.

"Three."

"I CAN COUNT"—and then my adrenal gland speaks—"FAT BOY!"

Kissinger snorts and bares his teeth at me.

"I truzt, MIS-DER HAW-GEEE" he spits out my title caustically—"your offense is sharper dan your tongue."

He's got me. I slobber an apology, then say something ill-timed about the board being more waxed than I prefer. Kissinger groans.

"As Schumacher zaid, 'Alibis only zatisfy dose who make dem."

Baldy drops the face-off. Kissinger controls. One minute. Two. I'm dizzy. Boom boom.

"Four," he says, yawning.

"IS THAT YOUR ONLY SHOT?" I'M crying now. "SOME OFFENSE! HAVE YOUR FLUNKY DISH OUT TEN STRAIGHT FACE-OFFS! IS THAT HOW YOU WIN? HOME JOB, FOR CHRISSAKE! HOME JOB!"

He's rattled. Baldy blushes. The next face-off is mine. I slide the puck to my wing man, set him up, and shoot—but it's smothered by Kissinger's defense. My timing is off. Kissinger clears to his wing and rams a shot on my goal. Bam bam.

But my goalie is *there*! It's blind luck. Kissinger tries to conceal a squeal. He misses the jam rebound.

"KICK SAVE!" I shout. "THE CLEAR!" Kissinger spins his center man wildly. I slam the puck up ice. "SHOT!... SCOOOOOORE...."

His red light flashes. Kissinger slaps the board angrily. I'm on my feet, shaking my fist.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER, EH? A LIT-TLE SLOW ON THE BOMBER BUTTON THESE DAYS?"

He glares at me menacingly.



NATIONAL LAMPOON 75



"You are MOZT ungind, Mr. Zimz."

True. I blubber an apology that neither of them acknowledges. Kissinger takes the face-off and, boom boom, bangs in a ricochet. The red light flashes. He lunges across the board.

"HOW IS DAT, MIS-DER HAW-GEEEE?" Balls of spittle whistle past my face. "DE BOARD DOO WAXED?" He imitates a baby's whine. "DOES THE BEER SLOW YOUR HAND? DOES BARRY COMMONER DESIGN YOUR DEFENSE?"

Still glaring at me, he sheds the coat. His

Arrow shirt is soaked.

"Play!"

The next volley seems endless. Kissinger grunts with each move; I scream at my men. "PUCK LEFT!...LOOKIT HIM SWEAT!...SHOT...STICK-SAVE!...CLEAR...SHOT!" And finally: "GOOOOOOOOAL!

"TWO!" I shout.

We play for hours. I score, he scores, me, him, me, me, him, me, him... I SCORE, I SCORE AGAIN! We're tied at nine.

Now Kissinger's smile is cracked. His nose runs. A vein has tightened along his forehead. He plucks at his shirt to cool off. I've choked off his ricochet shot. Baldy has downed three pitchers of water. After three blasts at my goal, Kissinger loses the puck and, in a mental lapse, slaps the board. In that moment I clear it to my center man.

A one-on-one shot.

There's nothing he can do but wait.

I sit there.

One minute.

Five minutes.

Ten.

Sensing victory, I whistle "Taps." Kissinger's neck begins to twitch.

"DEAR GAWD, NOD THAD!"

I shoot.

Goal.

But it bounces out.

I'm up and screaming. Kissinger claims the puck must stay in to count. I overturn the table. Kissinger calls me a "dunderslug." I shout, "Fat boy!" Suddenly, we're on the floor rolling.

I feel a vise grip around my ribs, and I'm flung to the couch. Hitting the vinyl, I feel a hardness in my hand. It's Baldy's gun. His jaw drops. Kissinger gropes to his knees and goes motionless. We stay like that a while.

"It's Shinnick, right?" I wave the gun. "SHINNICK PUT YOU UP TO THIS, RIGHT?"

Tears flow down Kissinger's cheeks. For the first time, I see the bags below his eyes, the dried rivers running across his cheeks. It's a face that has seen death.

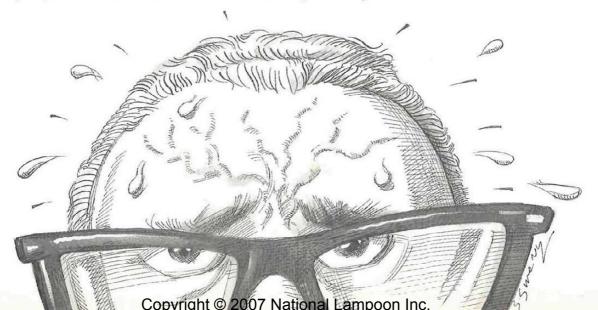
"Pull the drigger," he whimpers.

Baldy approaches, smiling in a fatherly way, and slowly removes his glasses. Behind them are gamma rays.

Faces change, bodies change, but eyes are eyes.

A flash of shoe leather. Snap, crackle, pop.

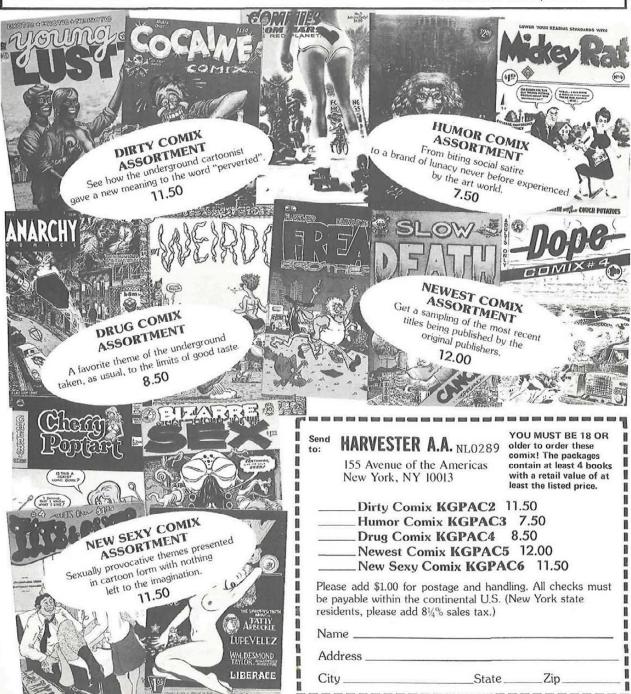
I wake up on a bench in Grand Central Station with five hundred dollars taped to the palm of my hand. My jaw is the size of a grapefruit. I wander until my head clears, then go to Bernie's to contemplate transmissions from Mars.



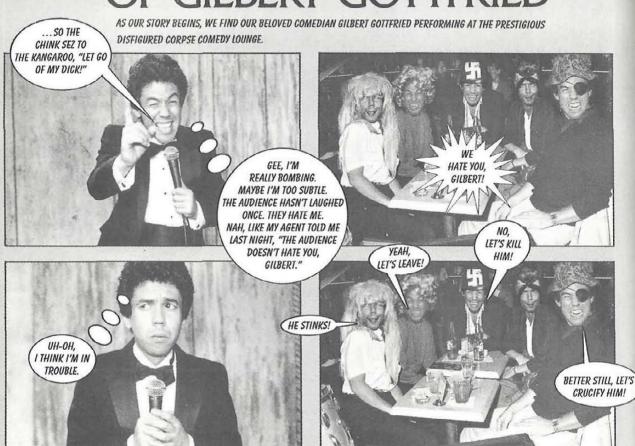


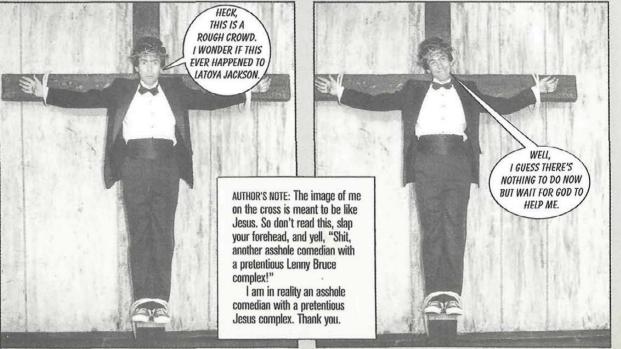
# NOT FOR THE TIMID!

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



# THE LAST TEMPTATION OF GILBERT GOTTFRIED







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# Art Linkletter Says the Darndest Things

The Art Linkletter Story

#### as told to Jeffrey Cohen

I can vividly remember the days when Art Linkletter was a successful TV personality and bestselling author. His collections of wholesome, real-life rib-ticklers were so inspirational to my own career that I could not turn down the opportunity to work with him on his autobiography.

Sure enough, Art and I assembled this anthology of rollicking true stories about America's most beloved geriatric: Art Linkletter.

—J.C.

One sunny summery afternoon, my pal Jojo stopped by for a cup of Maalox. Jojo used to be in the music business, until he went tone-deaf.

I was out of Maalox, so we decided to walk into town and purchase some. Approaching the town square, we witnessed a minor accident as a teenage bicyclist was grazed by a speeding car.

Turning to my companion, I remarked, "Geez, that could've been you or me." To which Jojo merrily responded, "Let's get inside. This humidity is gonna give me a stroke!"

Mrs. Van Derschect sometimes forgets to get dressed and wanders around naked on her front lawn until the police are summoned. I once remarked that "she's got as much sense as a Chinese checker."

Fancy dinner parties with waiters, delectable catered goodies, and an old-fashioned big band were quite the rage in my prime.

I decided to throw a bash to celebrate my sixtieth anniversary in show business. My press secretary, Rudy Steinschwartz, mapped out a gala affair for forty couples under romantic moonlit skies.

The last kink to be ironed out concerned picking the right band for the festive occasion. "Who do you like?" Rudy asked.

"How about Artie Shaw?" I suggested. Rudy blanched. "Artie Shaw's dead." Flustered, I turned beet-red. "Holy Christ!" I sputtered. "I thought he was living in Spain!"



My kids cajoled me mercilessly until I agreed to get out of the house for some exercise. I joined a local bowling league, despite the fact that I hadn't thrown a ball down an alley in thirty-six years.

At a practice session, I accidentally let fly my son Chet's ball, a good two pounds heavier than my own. To our mutual disbelief, I rolled a strike! Turning to Chet, I shook my head, exclaiming, "My back is killing me!"

Des Devlin was found in bed with Laverne Harris, his ex-partner's widow. The only hitch was that he was found dead. My only comment: "Serves the bastard right."

In a show of solidarity, Jojo and I took our physicals together.

Afterward, Dr. Steinwitz took me aside and told me confidentially, "Sir, I must tell you that you're in very bad shape. You may only have six months left."

Pondering this for a moment, I retorted, "Fuck you—I want a second opinion."

continued on page 99



### My Cousin Leopold

continued from page 50

having Thanksgiving dinner with us, won't you, The Amazing Cousin Leopold?" one might ask. And The Amazing Cousin Leopold, who had begun wearing black tuxedos every day, would flick his hands about and turn to reveal only his profile and say to the wall or whatever he happened to be facing, "You'll just have to wait and see," and then he would walk briskly from the room.

If he did happen to show up at some such dinner, he was not banished to a card table in the kitchen as before, but offered the chair at the head of the mammoth table in the dining room. There he would flick his hands about, dab at his heavy and moist lips with a linen napkin, and smile into space. His father and brothers would stare at him and wait to serve him. "More gravy?" one might ask, offering the dripping porcelain boat with trembling hands. And The Amazing Cousin Leopold would turn to show his profile and roll his eyes flirtatiously while the gravy was poured.

I can't say that my family and I really liked The Amazing Cousin Leopold's new name. Oh, we could bring it up in conversation easily enough, asserting something like "I saw The Amazing Cousin Leopold today leafing through a magazine in BookMart," but I think that what we now visualized was his black tuxedo holding a copy of *People*; we no longer saw *him*, and I suspect that if we were to see him wearing a bowling shirt, say, or nothing at all, we would not be able to make an identification.

In this way, The Amazing Cousin Leopold lost favor at our house.

But he did arrive at a sort of local fame when he moved from putting his name only on walls and desks to the bottom of a column he wrote for the local newspaper. "Observations from the Amazing Cousin Leopold" it was called, and in it he detailed his peculiar insights. For instance, in one piece he described what he thought was a disturbing tendency on the part of the public to blindly follow unknown leaders. He pointed to the gradual shifts in fashion that occurred, how, almost imperceptibly at first, people began shedding heavy coats and boots, and then en masse converted to sports jackets, and after that short-sleeved shirts and blouses. He noted that this shift usually took place in late May and that by July everyone was dressing exactly alike. He predicted that in October or November someone-a madman in Boston? an exprom queen in Des Moines?-would decide that corduroys and wools were "in" and light cottons "out" and that the rest of America would follow along stupidly, unquestioningly, discarding perfectly good clothes. He vowed to keep his black topcoat on in August and challenged the town to do the same.

"That boy is an idiot!" my father would yell each night after he read "Observations from the Amazing Cousin Leopold," and he would throw the newspaper to the floor.

I, however, was always more intrigued with the photo of my cousin that accompanied the column than with what he wrote, for each evening's edition brought a new pose, a slightly different look, as if someone had trained a continuously shooting camera on his face for an hour and re-

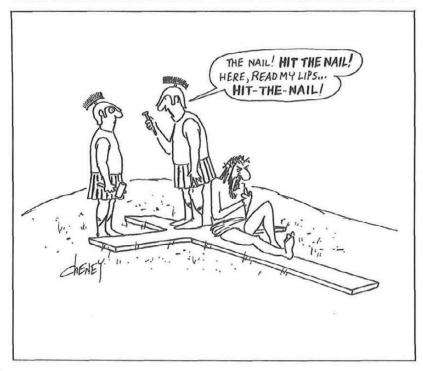
corded every nuance of expression. In Wednesday's paper he might be just beginning to roll his eyes, his thick lips parted slightly and moistened by the tongue that was disappearing between them; and in Thursday's paper his eyes would be into the roll and his tongue out of sight. I considered that if I were to come upon just one of the photos years from that moment, I would be able to say, "Yes, that is The Amazing Cousin Leopold." But if I were to see a week's worth of photos I would be stumped; just as I had always been able to identify my grandfather from a black-andwhite photo of him standing before a Buick Roadmaster, a fedora pulled low across his forehead and a shadow slanting across his face, but had been confused when I saw him salute and light a cigarette in a clip from a home movie.

And so it seemed that with each day I knew The Amazing Cousin Leopold less well. I think the town knew him less well too. In fact, one Saturday night he was roughed up in Lagene's Burger Barn by a group of people who claimed they had not even recognized him. Three women had kicked open the door of the bathroom stall in which he sat-the force of the blow shattering his kneecaps and making him drop his Magic Marker—and pulled him out into the dining area where everyone left their onion rings and Cokes and gathered around to kick him as he lay bare-bottomed on the floor, his black tux trousers and white underwear rolled about his ankles.

After that night, The Amazing Cousin Leopold pushed himself around town in a wheelchair. He also began wearing a hideous black eye patch, even though the mob at Lagene's had restricted their blows to his body, had, in fact, warned an enthused latecomer who wielded a red plastic ketchup bottle to lay it aside lest an eye be put out. I personally believe that the patch had something to do with The Amazing Cousin Leopold's new and legal name, The Amazing and Dangerous Cousin Leopold.

Not only did we, the town, not know my cousin, but now we were afraid of him, and both of those things, our ignorance and our fear, fed off each other and grew. If, for instance, we were all downtown on some bright Saturday, enjoying the laughter of children and music from slow-moving cars, and suddenly the fast clackety-clack of The Amazing and Dangerous Cousin Leopold's wheelchair was heard moving over nearby sidewalks, all would scream and drop their packages and ice-cream cones and flee, race into the nearest stores where the shades would be drawn and the doors bolted by nervous young clerks. And for some time the street would remain deserted, occasionally an empty Big Mac carton tumbling end over end through its center, or a large dog running jaggedly along its side.

Our lives continued in this manner for continued on page 101

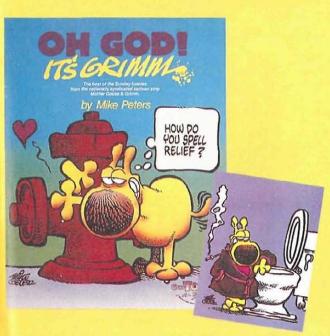


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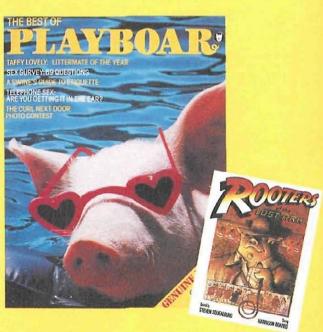
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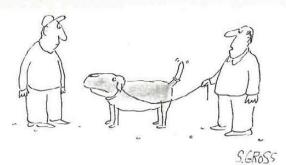
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"My wife! My best friend! My French tickler!"





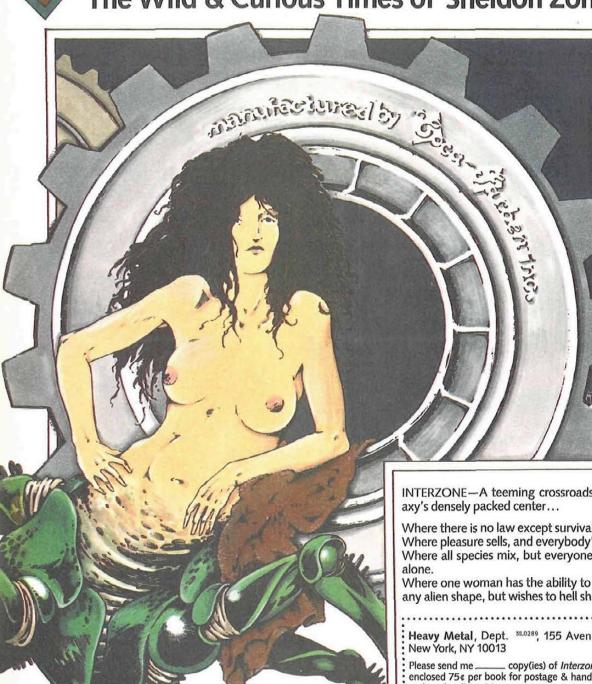
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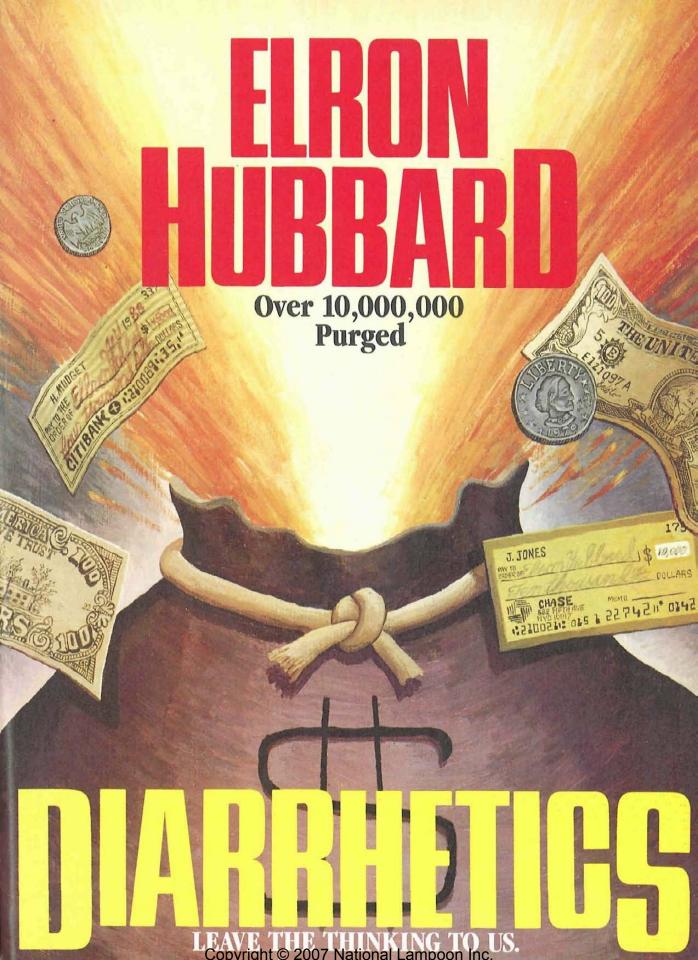
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For example, a child who was abandoned by vagrant parents in a White Castle restaurant and subsequently raped and gnawed by a pack of Doberman pinschers is likely to have a problem later in life with large hellhounds coated with the smell of rehydrated onions and a pink lipstick between their legs.

Through the scientific use of **Technofoolery**<sup>™</sup>, a trained and disciplined **Diarrhetic**<sup>™</sup> **Spongeminister**<sup>™</sup> can **Empty**<sup>™</sup> you of all those long-buried upsets, assets, liquids, and **Liquidassets**<sup>™</sup>.

## Some Answers to Your Most Frequent Questions

Who invented Diarrhetics™?

The father of **Diarrhetics™** is Elron Hubbard, or "Captain Love Log," as he is lovingly referred to by thousands of nubile, subservient **Suckbunnies™**, **Hosemonsters™**, and **Minionsluts™** around the globe.



A brilliant author, scientist, and scholar, Elron first gained fame in the 1920s as the boy author of the hugely successful and controversial Can I Touch It? books for children of his own age group.



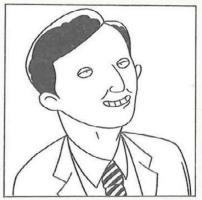
The bad stuff. Stuart felt like shit.



Purging your way to good health!!!



Then he went to see a Diarrhetics™ Spongeminister™.



Stuart was made very nervous by his mortgage. This fear manifested itself in a series of illnesses and aberrations. By signing his mortgage over to us, Stuart was healed.

Elron went on to eclipse that precocious success with his science fiction octology, *Big Daddy of the Naughty Planets*.

Undeniably the greatest achievement in a prolific life was the creation of the philosophy and research that we now call **Diarrhetics**™. Since its introduction in the 1950s, people have been changed by the millions.

Despite reports of Elron's death in the mid-1980s, we assure you that Elron is alive and well and simply conducting his long-promised "Walking Tour of the Forbidden Zone," and will return to us next year, with all his new data and body odor, in the form of a dung beetle.

#### Is there a "them"?

Yes. They are right behind you. Don't look! Why don't you hide over here in our Closetenviron \*\*?

#### Have I lived other lives?

Yes. In the past you were an insignificant speck of dust.

#### Why am I so fat?

Because you eat too fucking much.

#### Is money the root of all evil?

Only if you hold onto it for too long. Money should be earned in large quantities and quickly given to us for holding and disarmament in our  $\mathbf{Piggybank}^{\mathsf{TM}}$ .

#### What about Negroes?

We have some former Negroes, but the process of reaching the Nirvana-like state of **Empty** <sup>ra</sup> has made them white.

#### Will I die?

Nooooo. Not if you're paid up. But please remember, there is a cutoff point:

## (Based on twenty years of donation) Superior

Enlightened

Olympian - \$3,000,000

Raiph

Kramdenhood - \$2,000,000

Angel - \$1,000,000 J

Scumbucket - \$900,000 Minionslut - \$125,000

Droogworm - \$85,000

THE DEADBEAT

**IMMORTAL** 



If you have any questions about where you stand, our Auditors™ will be more than happy to have a look at your books, and maybe even ransack your attic for old baseball cards.

## **Testimonials**

John Travolta:

Actor



V Wide World

Okay, so, like...all my success ten years ago really put my head, umm, like, put pressures in my head. My mind. No, my head, I mean head. Right? But Diarrhetics™ and purgin' my way to Empty™ made me more good. It has also, like, really helped with my career decisions lately too.

#### Karen Black:

Actress



Wide World

Is it me? My...my turn? Is this on? Oh dear, look, my hives have come back! Haaaa-haaaa! A-ha-ha-ha, hoo, ohh, ah, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!

#### **Chick Corea:**

Jazz Musician



Water Mande

Reaching a state of **Empty™** taught me a lot of things, things about myself. I realize now that *I* was imposing my own limit on how pretentious I could be. Now I see self-indulgent pretension as a bottomless well where I will never find a bottom.

#### Puddingpop:

Dancer/ Minionslut™



Most of the guys don't talk too much. They just want the pussy, y'know? But that Elron, what a gasbag. What?...Learned a lot?...Sure. Sure, whatever you say.

#### The Entire Cast of *The Brady Bunch*:

Has-beens Who Make the Others Look Good



Unavailable for comment.

### **The Personality Test**

Take this quick test to see if you are the kind of person who could benefit from Diarrhetics™:

- 1) Who would you say was a good man?
  a) P. T. Barnum b) Hitler c) Ted Bundy
  - d) Aleister Crowley
- 2) How much did you earn last year?a) over \$300,000b) \$25,000c) \$15,000d) \$8,000
- Who do you think is not riding for a fall?
   a) Karl Wallenda
   b) Gary Carter
   c) Andre Agassi
   d) Arsenio Hall
- 4) How much do you expect to inherit in the next year? a) over \$300,000 b) \$25,000 c) \$15,000 d) \$8,000
- 5) Can you draw Crusty the pirate?a) Probably not but I'll try if you want me to.b) Yes.



If you answered "a" to any or all of the questions above, then YOU ARE SOMEONE WE CAN HELP!

### How do I find a Spongeminister<sup>™</sup> and what will he do to me?

It's really so simple. First, you will pay us. Second, you will be strapped in a chair and forced to listen to the music of Chick Corea. Third, and most important, you will be  $\mathbf{Emptied}^{\mathsf{TM}}$  through the use of the  $\mathbf{C}\text{-}\mathbf{Meter}^{\mathsf{TM}}$ .



Yes, the C-Meter™ is the crown jewel of the technology, the genius, and the invention of modern Diarrhetics™. As you tell your own personal Spongeminister™ about all the horrid shit that has ever happened to you, the information travels through the complex labyrinth of the C-Meter™ and comes out the other end, never to return again! Just utter a bad memory into the mouthpiece and it will never bother you again. Once this long and expensive process has taken care of all your problems, you will attain the divine state of Empty™. You will be healed.

### **Marketing**

While you are ordering more information about **Diarrhetics**  $^{\text{tm}}$ , think about these fine values and what an investment they will be for your **Empty**  $^{\text{tm}}$  new life!

#### Books:

Why Am I a Butthole? by Elron Hubbard.

Our leader talks gently and candidly about one of the biggest problems endangering our planet. \$78.95

Suck Them Dry by Elron Hubbard.

An advanced study course addressing the winning philosophy you need to be a level-six humdinger **Spongeminister** <sup>™</sup> and **Minionslut** <sup>™</sup>. Great for couples. \$123.00

Your Money Can Kill You! by Elron Hubbard.

A primer on the methodology of rapid and lifesaving transference of your **Liquidassets**™. Featuring the revolutionary **Earn-Give-Forget**™ structure. \$894.66

Our Little Secret by Elron Hubbard.

Elron's personal correspondence and advice to children. This is the one you moms and dads have been waiting for! Features a new, expanded chapter on bruising. \$892.00

The Entire Big Daddy of the Naughty Planets Octology by Elron Hubbard.

Here it is, the whole series bound in collector's-edition iguana scrotum.

Planet of Pain The Heavens Drip Girls of Colony z-8000 The Dark Side of the Mounds Here Come the Vagina Monsters Outlaws of the Lubrizone Space Ranger Joe and the Black Hole Explore Me!

Special set price: \$123,678.00

#### **General Interest:**

Diarrhetics<sup>™</sup> Cruise! Sail the beautiful shores of Lake Erie as you meet great people and dance to the music of Chick Corea and his Casio organ! We'll fill you up all night and Empty<sup>™</sup> you by day. Per person: \$556,789.00 7 days/2 nights.

Home C-Meter™ Kit: Bring this outrageous technology to your own home. You'll be amazed at the things you hear!

Equipment: \$890,000.00

Malpractice coverage: \$1,000,000.00



## Business/Administration Technofoolery!!!

Here it is, the result of Elron Hubbard's in-depth study of how to achieve big, huge GAIN STATUS in your business life! A must for anyone out to make money off other people's time and energy, this technofoolery comes in three basic courses:

Elron Hubbard's Secrets of the Twenty-nine-hour Day

For the middle-management-level executive with a lot of stupid, unmotivated people under him. Learn how to keep them fired up all day with new data on **Clockslowing™**, **Hypnopersuasion™**, and **Paystubmagick™**. It's true! You can have the lazy slugs humping their lives away for the "cause," and no one will be the wiser! Suggested donation rate: \$8,980.00

Winning Sales Attack!

More people work in sales than in any other free-world occupation, and yet most salesmen lack the secrets to unlocking the pleasure center in the minds of the average **Outsiderchaos**- monger™! We offer you more than your foot in the door with this incredible technosense; we'll teach you how to get them pinioned under your leather boots! Sell their own house back to them!
Suggested donation rate: \$34,000.00

**CEO Top Hat Survival Weekend** 

Get back to the primitive instinct with this incredible course! We drop twenty top corporate leaders on a forgotten island with a flint, a compass, and a simple bludgeon. Then we tell them where the top hat filled with stocks, bonds, and beaver pelts is hidden. The rest is a nonstop melee for bragging rights and the honor of wearing the big top hat! Find out if you've got what it takes.

Suggested donation rate: \$45,000.00

Requirements: Must be certified CEO of Fortune 500 Corporation, must have doctor's approval, and must have Diarrhetic TM approved will.

### Recruitment

#### **Give Us Your Friends**

Humans, doomed to wander the earth in a haze of ignorance and with dark wax collecting in their ears; the glory of man's potential reduced to the breathe/eat/copulate Flying-dutchmanloopcycle™, one pathetic step removed from an otter....

A passage from science fiction? Sadly, no. These are the words Elron Hubbard wrote to describe *your friends* who are not a part of the miracle we call **Diarrhetics™**. In his landmark essay *The Ethics of Feeling Superior to Everyone* (\$78.95), Elron has given you the **Technosense™** to implant powerful **Herdingstrategies™** in the people you love. Come on! Be a **Turdlink™** and take control of anyone who has anything you want!

The mission of **Diarrhetics™** is to survive, and survival, as Elron has generously explained to us, means never having to say you're sorry. As an egg needs its seed to come to life, so do we need your friends, family, and coworkers. Live up to the vows we beat into you when you came to us in the form of being one step removed from an otter! Bring us fresh meat, and, if possible, make sure they can pay.

### A Glossary of Terms

Structurstem: A unit of logic, a line of thought, or an idea cluster roughly the size of Montana.

Healthstatform: The collected data evaluation determining an individual's degree of gullibility and confusion.

**Droogworm:** The initial classification for an individual taking his first steps toward health and purgation.

Judgmentationalized: A healing technique involving the ridicule and stomping of a subject's small toes.

Superior Enlightened Olympian: Simply put: the cat's ass. A mentally, physically, and ethically superior being. Rather like Bill Bixby or June Lockhart.

Personhoodism: That funny feeling you get when the phone is finally quiet, the bills are all paid, Bach is tinkling out of your stereo, and there are a thousand earwigs swarming up your calves.

Liquidassets: Cash on the barrelhead, baby.

Outsiderchaosmonger: Anyone who has not been exposed to the miracle of Diarrhetics™. These subhuman warts are helped best when captured violently, tranquilized, pinioned onto unfinished wood beams, and then entertained by the music of Chick Corea.

Spongeminister: A sanctioned and fully qualified therapist/ accountant.

Technofoolery: Look over there! Did you see it? . . . What? No,

I have always worn a mustache....Look at that! Did you see it?...What? Mustache? What are you talking about?...

Minionslut: A talented counselor who assists high officials in the critical Satyrpurge breakdown.

Ralph Kramdenhood: A special order of enlightened members who happen to be amorphic lumps of steaming, moist flesh; often mistaken for large heaps of mashed potatoes. It is important to look closely—under those folds lives a small lump of coal, just like you or me.

The Forbidden Zone: Well, we can't tell you too much, but it looks like a Laundromat and Truman Capote wants to have a chat.

Technosense: This is a word that means whatever we want it to mean.

Turdlink: A personhoodite who has learned to be comfortable living a life that imposes pain and emotional blackmail on those who really love him or her. A real gogetter!

Herdingstrategies: Getting Outsiderchaosmongers to do what you want.

Cash: A very dangerous property that we don't fully understand yet. If cash should enter your life, be very careful and send it to our laboratories for further study.

# FUNNY



# PAGES



pretty soon they
got used to it;
and in fact
I EVEN got
More friends
cause they
like to hang
their coats
on my STEM.



Also I get free cashier toke the cashier lady just Runs Away.

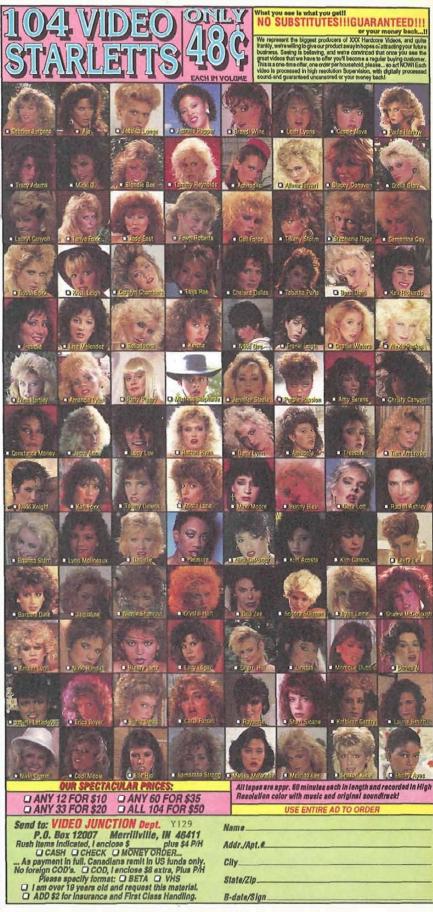


"... Wait a second... Was T....
Was T...sayin SomeThing Just Now?"

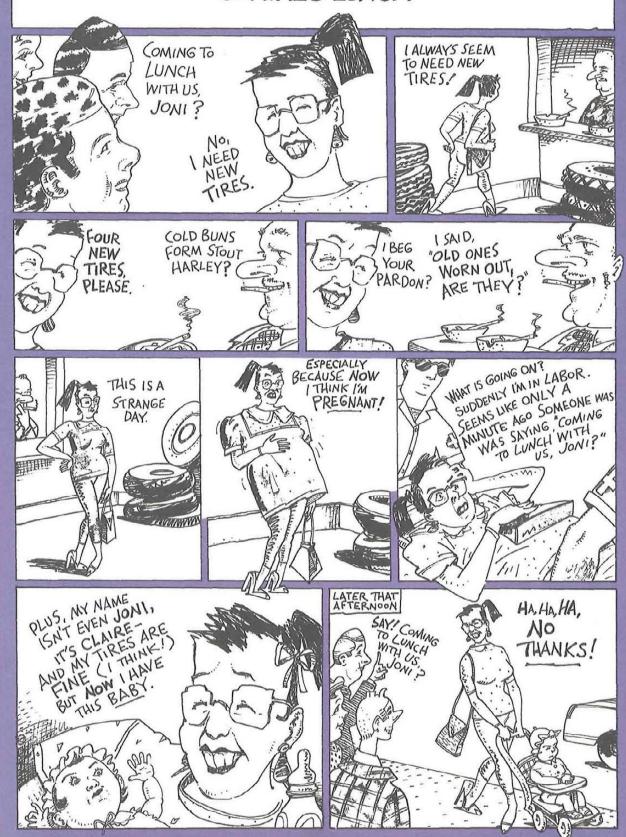
LEAA A AAN!







## CLAIRE'S LUNCH





## 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 Sweat**shirt. 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



□SM □MD □LG

National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt



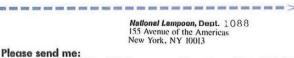
NI. European Vacation shirts @ \$6.95 each

National Lampoon's **Animal House** Baseball Shirt









WARTEN!



National Lampoon's European Vacation shirt

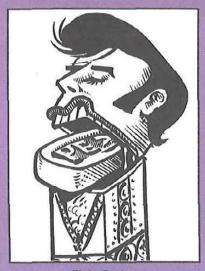


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Diamas and det O					
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SM MD	D DLG DX	L NL Vacati	on sweats	hirts (B) @ \$	
SM MD	D DIG DX	L NL Vacation	on sweats	hirts (A) @ \$ hirts (B) @ \$	16.95 each
SM MD	D DLG DX	L NL Vacati	se baseba on sweats on sweats	ll shirts @ \$£ shirts (A) @ \$ shirts (B) @ \$	16.95 each

# **Tom Hachtman's Double Takes**



**Refrigerator Perrier** 



**Elvis Pezley** 



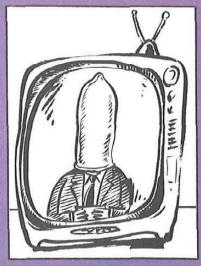
**Ed McMuffin** 



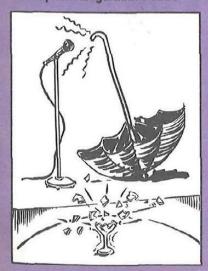
Captain Kangarubik's Cube



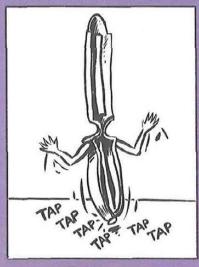
The Ayatoilet



**Morley Safer Sex** 



**Umbrella Fitzgerald** 



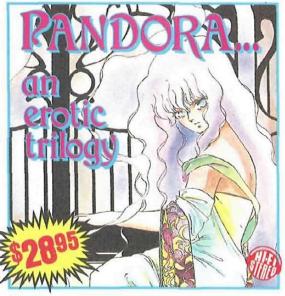
**Ruby Peeler** 



Clorox Bleachman

96 NATIONAL LAMPOON





THE DARK FOREST/THE BLACK WIDOW/LIVING SHADOWS Rated XXX, Stereo Hi-Fi, Running Time 95 Minutes.

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Since we also feel that this is clearly the best adult cartoon of all time WE GUARANTEE THAT YOU WILL ENJOY IT COM-PLETELY! Period! If you disagree just send it back, no auestions asked, and we will exchange it for the adult movie of your choice - all you pay is shipping



Porsche Lynn, Demi White, Sharon Mitchell, Robert Bullock, Joey Silvera, Tara Blake and Randy West. Music by: The Mentors, Stereo Hi-Fi, 86 Minutes.

HEY MAX! HAVE I GOT A GIRL FOR YOU! She's a real interface nasty - guaranteed to charge your ions, blow your tubes and dump your program. Analog is her favorite position! "This feature explodes with electronic gadgetry, pop art graphics, and sex!" \*\*\*\*! - Adult Video News

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  BROS. GRIME ADULT CARTOONS II (5) BROS. GRIME ADULT CARTOONS III (S)
- SEX WARS (S) TABOO I (S)
  TABOO II (S)
  TRACI, I LOVE YOU
  HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIES (S)
  MISTY BEETHOVEN
- INSIDE DESIREE COUSTEAU
  NEW WAVE HOOKERS
  GOOD, THE BAD, & THE HORNY
  BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR
- ANY PLACE (S)

- BODY TALK (S)
  ALICE IN WONDERLAND
  PINK LAGOON
  NASTY GIRLS (S)
- BAD GIRLS FRAT HOUSE
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  "11" (S)
  FANTASY (S)
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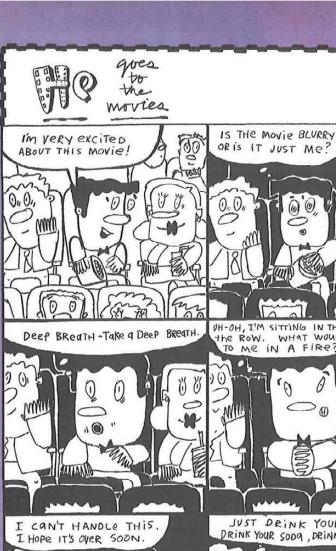


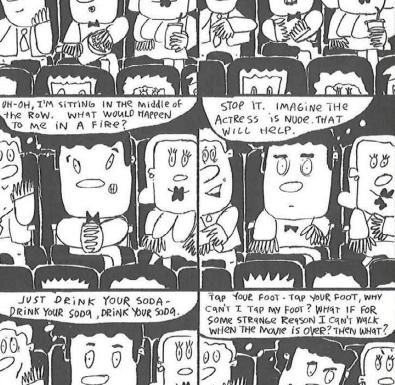


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- DIRTY WESTERN (5)
  BLACK SISTER WHITE BROTHER (5)
  EVERY WOMAN HAS A FANTASY
  SATISFIERS OF ALPHA BLUE (5)

- SATISFIERS OF ALPHA BLUE (S)
  LUST ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS
  TASTE OF MONEY (\$)
  DEEP INSIDE VANESSA DEL RIO
  STORY OF JOANNA (S)
  STIFF COMPETITION
  AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FLEA (\$)
  POOR RICHER FOR POORER (\$)
  ROCKIN' WITH SEKA
  CANDY ETDIERDE (\$)
- CANDY STRIPERS (S) LEGEND OF LADY BLUE (S) DREAM GIRLS
- LITTLE FRENCH MAID (S) SHE'S SO FINE VIRGIN DREAMS GREAT EXPECTATIONS

- ☐ BABYFACE II ☐ EXPENSIVE TASTE (S)
- IN LOVE LADY MADONNA (S) THE BLONDE (S)
- FILTHY RICH UNTAMED (S **FCSTASY GIRLS**
- DOCTOR GINGER (S) TAXI GIRLS (S)
  CROCODILE BLONDEE I (S)
- AMANDA BY NIGHT
- ☐ LIKE A VIRGIN (S)
  ☐ HEAVENLY DESIRE (S) RX FOR SEX (S) COED FEVER
- STAR VIRGIN (S)
  INIGHT HUNGER (S)
- TANGERINE (S) CHINA DE SADE (S) DEEP RUB (S
- BLAZING MATTRESSES (S ROOMMATES
- ☐ NUDES AT ELEVEN (S)





0.0

Me. Cohen\_

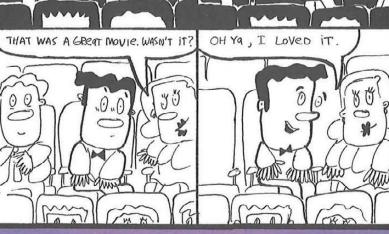
THAT'S FUNNY,

I CAN HEAR MY HEART BEATING



00





## Art Linkletter continued from page 80

I see my grandson, Bart, only once or twice a year due to the military school regulations. But when we do get together, it's a genuinely affecting time.

Bart, who is going into first grade, went on a nature walk with me. It wasn't long before we came upon the remains of a deceased raccoon.

"Reminds me of Skeeter Williams," I huffed.

"Why?" asked little Bart inquisitively.

"They found him laid out in the woods, too," I replied, taking the youngster by the hand and walking on.

Watching I Dream of Jeannie, I turned to Chet and remarked, "I think I boffed Barbara Eden in '68—me or Gene Rayburn."

Shopping in the local supermarket, Chet and I managed to find everything we needed in fifteen minutes. Unfortunately, the line at the register was another story. It took us a half-hour to get to the front, and then we were told by the shoppirl that she was closing to go to lunch. I got off the final word, razzing cleverly, "I hope you choke on your sandwich and die!"

An afternoon drive through the hills took an interesting turn when I discovered a new radio station, KRUD, playing songs by the Limp Wrists, Raw Sewage, and Vagino.

"What is this?" I quizzed Chet.

"Punk music," he answered.

"Punk music?" I coughed. "You know who's a real punk musician? That damn skinny Sinatra kid!"

My son Garth stopped by for his first visit in seven years and told me he wanted ten thousand dollars to start his own business.

"Absolutely not," I sensibly replied.

"Then you'll never see me and your grandkid again," Garth growled.

I took a minute to digest this. Finally, with the wisdom of Solomon, I swore, "I'll cut you out of my will, you little wease!"

Dalit Hoffman used to choreograph my dance segments on TV. Now and then, I visit her in the nursing home.

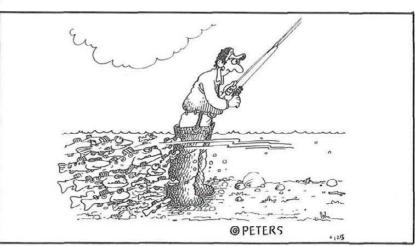
During one visit, she locked herself in a closet, refusing to come out unless two men down the hall were kicked out of the home because they were, according to her, Communist aliens.

I explained to the head nurse, "She's never recovered from seeing Guess Who's Coming to Dinner."

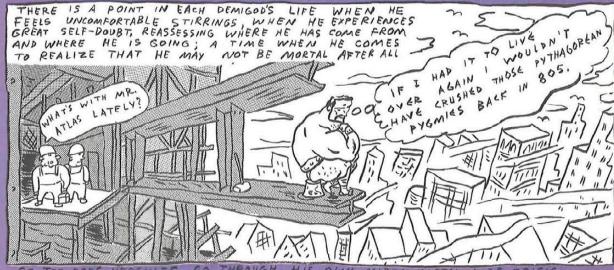
Dinner at the Green Chinaman was a weekly ritual for Chet and me. One night the waiter asked me, "Would you like some mint tea?"

I cracked, "Naw, I'll be pissing all night."



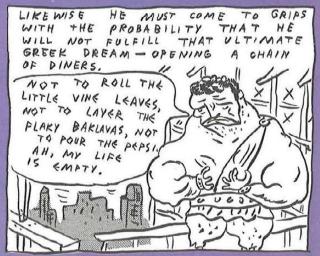


# @1988 M.C. Marek, 32. NORTH AMERICANS



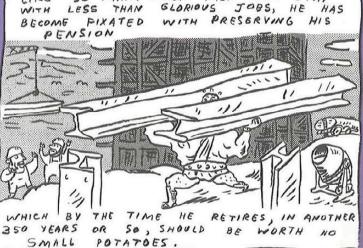
SO TOO DOES HERCULES GO THROUGH HIS OWN MID-IMMORTAL LIFE CRISIS

ALL THESE CENTURIES AND WHAT HAS
HE GOT TO SHOW FOR IT? A
RAGGED LION SKIN AND MORE
OFFSPRING THAN YOU CAN SHAKE
A JAVELIN AT



THE END HE IS BUT A COMMON LABORER,





LIKE

### My Cousin Leopold

continued from page 82

three years, and each of us, I think, began to feel more intensely nervous, more trapped. Slowly we lost contact with the world beyond our town, for my cousin had assumed control of the local newspaper and radio and television stations by merely wheeling into them. He published and broadcast "Warnings from the Amazing and Dangerous Cousin Leopold" every day, warnings of which no one was specifically aware because we were all too frightened to read and listen to them.

But then one Saturday, while we were cowering in downtown stores after having heard the dreaded clackety-clack, I, peering through the parted slats of a blind, saw three figures standing rigidly against the sun at the intersection of Main and Sixth. It was Uncle Billy and Uncle Billy and Uncle Billy; they had come to meet The Amazing and Dangerous Cousin Leopold.

Soon the latter wheeled into the intersection of Main and Seventh and stopped. "Beware!" he yelled, and then he dabbed at his heavy and glistening lips with a white silk handkerchief. "Beware!"

But Uncle Billy and his sons walked slowly toward him, their arms spread slightly from their sides, hands loose and ready.

"You've been the bane of my existence from the first," I heard my uncle say. And then I watched as he pulled an empty Pepsi-Cola bottle from his overcoat; it was a thick and heavy sixteen-fluid-ounce bottle with beveled sides, the kind I drank from as a kid and in which I inevitably left great particles of whatever I was eating, particles which would rise on top of the soda as I tilted it to my mouth and then cling loosely and darkly to the glass as I straightened the bottle and set it beside my plate.

I moved closer to the window and watched as Uncle Billy took that bottle and unleashed a powerful pitch that sent it spinning and whistling through the air to meet with its butt end the temple of The Amazing and Dangerous Cousin Leopold, who had turned his head from instinct or in order to reveal his profile in one last cryptic gesture.

"Hurroo!" I yelled as The Amazing and Dangerous Cousin Leopold slumped in his wheelchair. "Hurroo!" everyone in the store yelled. And I hurriedly unlocked the door of the shop in which we hid and ran into the street, clapping my hands and shouting, "Hurroo! Hurroo for Uncle Billy!" And at that moment I did not concern myself with how I said the name, for I was strong with courage and joy and my voice was steady. All about me people were singing and dancing, and I and some equally brave fellows ran to the wheelchair to see who The Amazing and Dangerous Cousin Leopold really was.





# TROTT AND BONNEE



# PRODUCT BARGAIN BONANZA

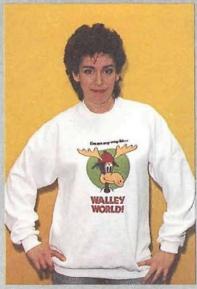
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# CALLED STATES

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TS 1030—National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket. Famous satinesque jacket with real cotton lining. \$33.95



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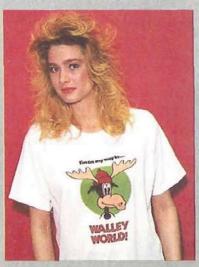




TS 1035—National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt. Sam Gross's double-amputee frog is featured above the left nipple on this fine product. In white, blue, camel, green, gray, or yellow. \$14.95



TS 1059—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt. With the Walley World logo. \$7.95



TS 1031—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt, With Marty Moose on the front. \$7.95



TS 1044—National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt. This time with the Walley World logo. \$16.95



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TS 1050—Authentic Football Jersey. 100 percent nylon-mesh authentic football jersey. White. \$26.95



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specs as the hooded shirt but without the hood. 13.95 TS 1048—Marathon 80 Shorts. 100 percent nylon tricot running

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COSTA





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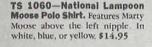


TS 1026-National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt. Boy. does that double-amputee frog get around. Here he is again.





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"THAT'S

NOT FUNNY,

TS 1065-Trots and Bonnie T-shirt. America's favorite dog-and-teen team jump off the pages of this mag and onto your back. \$7.95



(B) MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat -Washington Post around his neck.

(C) After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks. -UMKC University News

(D) A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at the local supermarket.



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## Drinking Tips continued from page 14

spice tea while mainlining menthol nicotine sticks. "It really works," they would exclaim to me, panting and bug-eyed. Whatever gets you through the night, sang

My first night we spent playing a patientrun game called "Grandma's House." All us junkies and lushes sat around in a circle and

junkies and lushes sat around in a circle and ... well, I'd rather not give the game away. Some of you out there may one day have the opportunity to play it and I wouldn't want to ruin your fun. That is, if your definition of fun is forty-two of society's outcasts screaming "Boooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!" in your already confused, lugubrious, and anxiety-ridden face.

The next morning at the crack of seven we had "play therapy." Play therapy consists of the community breaking up into small groups and playing children's games designed to teach the addict how to have fun without harmful substances. My favorite game was "Barnyard." Each subgroup was assigned an animal that they had to imitate. Then everyone was mixed up and instructed to close their eyes and make the sound of their designated creature until you had located all the members of your subgroup. After ten minutes of squealing like a pig among a menagerie of goats, cows, dogs, chickens, and horses, I bolted from the room, panic-stricken and cursing everyone who had suggested I visit this sanitarium.

Play therapy was almost as therapeutic as "hug therapy." Every morning the community would gather and one shy, retiring drunk, handpicked by the powers that be, stood up and said, "My name is Huggy Bear and I'm an alcoholic." "Hi, Huggy Bear!" the community would respond. "What time is it?" "It's huggy time!" blurted Huggy Bear. Then everyone would stand and hug each other. I got hugged by short fat old ladies, tall black football players, young longhaired auto mechanics, a judge, a rock 'n' roll agent, a Jewish businessman, a registered nurse, and a lawyer. I got hugged so many times that after hug therapy I never wanted another human being to touch me as long as I lived. I felt like the psycho in Stripes: "Touch me and I'll kill ya!" I spent my entire stay in that dump walking around like an abused child. Every time someone put his hand on my shoulder, I leaped like Edwin Moses going over a hurdle.

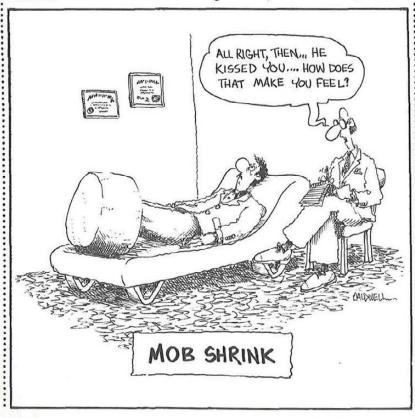
The inmates, though, were a beautiful bunch. As disoriented and lonely as I felt, I knew I wasn't alone in my feelings. They were all comforting and friendly. The counselors, on the other hand, generally had personalities closer to that of Arab terrorists. With the exception of one cute blonde who let me use her exercise bike (she had the only body I didn't mind hugging), the rest were living proof that there's nothing worse than a reformed anything. One guy had been in forty-four rehabs and done six stretches in prison. His parents neglected him, the nuns beat him, his friends

raped his wife, he'd been shot, pummeled, ripped off, he'd robbed, lied, cheated, snorted, shot up, and drank. He had the kind of jailhouse bravado you might've heard before: "I've seen it all, I've done it all, I've been through more shit than you can ever imagine, so therefore I know more about anything than you wimps will ever dream about" seemed to be the essence of his ran

Even more colorful than the Criminal was the Priest. He had that condescending speaking style that only a middle-aged man of the cloth could have. Some of the highlights of his lecture included the information that in five years sugar and tobacco would be banned from rehabs because they were drugs too. I'd love to see them try to take away a detoxing junkie's cigarettes. He also invoked the hallowed names of "Janis, Jimi, and Lenny" as great talents whose lives had been snuffed out by drug abuse. Father Knows Best clearly had no idea of the accomplishments of the aforementioned counterculture heroes, but he wasn't above a little pandering to the burnt-out baby boomers among us. He informed us that rebellion was one of the trademarks of the addict. I guess to some extent that's true. George Washington liked reefer, Fidel Castro smoked cigars, and Martin Luther King dug broads a lot. The Priest had a video camera taping him as he spouted his precious theories, and he played to it swaggering and Swaggart-like. I wondered if he was preparing to release his own line of home videos for the increasingly lucrative substance-abuse industry, something like "Father Knows Best Why You Shouldn't Get Fucked Up, Parts 1-4." When he bellowed that "if you do not accept a higher power into your life, you will die!," I knew it was time for this secular humanist to fly over the cuckoo's nest.

After five days of a twenty-eight-day sentence, I informed the mucky-mucks I was bugging out for the dugout. I had failed. I had flunked rehab. They made me talk to about twelve counselors, who all tried to dissuade me. When I expressed my displeasure with the program, one counselor told me that "addicts always want to choose their own treatment." Yeah baby, it's called freedom of choice. It's the American way. After being counseled and lectured and processed and hugged till my ribs hurt, I packed my bags and walked down a dirt road to meet the guy who was giving me a lift to the bus depot. I passed one of the inmates, a girl I had become friendly with. She was standing up against a tree and pushing against it with all her might. I stopped and asked her what the hell she was doing. "It's part of my therapy," she gasped. "I'm proving to myself that I'm powerless against my addiction." Oh.

I headed off for two beers, four shots of whiskey, an air-conditioned Greyhound back to New York City, and the rest of my life before me.



# SAM GROOT

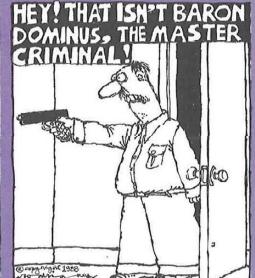
ONE OF ONLY 41 PRIVATE DETECTIVES IN THE FREE WORLD IN A COMA

WHILE ON THE TRAIL OF THE MASTER CRIMINAL BARON DOMINUS, SAM IS STRUCK ON THE HEAD FROM BEHIND, AND HE NOW LIES IN A DEEP COMA AT CITY HOCPITAL













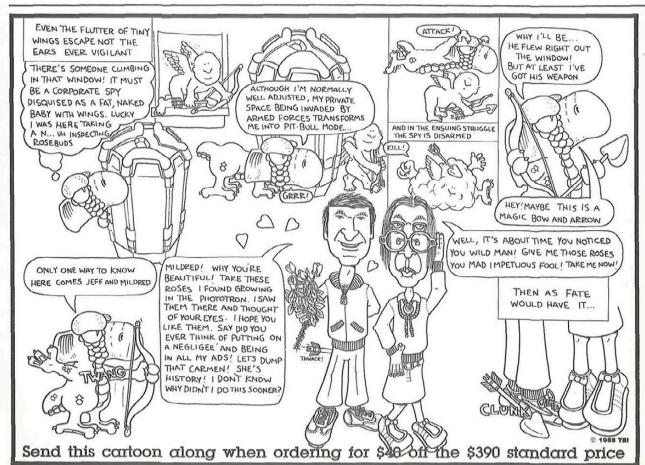
# The Book

he answers contained in this book will not make you rich. Nor will they assist you in your pursuit of fame, fortune, or happiness. They won't help you get attractive dates, stop you from going bald, show you how to make a million from real estate you don't own, or tell you how to give your seventy-three-year-old skin a youthful glow. These are answers for you to use at your discretion in everyday circumstances. They are about relationships, belief systems, romance (or lack thereof), and ultimately death. These are answers of all pedigrees, short and long, good and bad, polite and rude, covering every subject in the everyday language of everyday people.

The only things missing are the questions.

by Timothy Murphy, B.A.

1		3	5
Trust me. I do this all the time.	No.		No. there's nothing wrong with my pancreas. Why do you ask?
2		4	6
I'm just not ready to make a commitment.	NO!		Unleaded.



# of Answers

7

If I HAD three pennies, I would have given them to you.

8

I have a high metabolism.

9

Forty-two, maybe fifty

10

I was absent that day.

11

But if I tie it looser, that'll defeat the purpose.

12

I'm not authorized to release that information.

13

If the Clorox doesn't get it, try a mixture of lemon juice and muriatic acid,

14

Define love.

15

You'll break your mother's heart.

16

It's just a little O-ring. No need to make a fuss.

17

I had it done when I was in boot camp.

18

When hell freezes over.

19

Because the world would be a lot better off if things were done my way all the time.

20

I mailed it yesterday. It should be there by the end of the week.

21

I ran out of stamps.

22

No, honestly. I can't taste the freezer burn.

23

To make as much money as humanly possible as quickly as possible while expending the least amount of effort.

Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, President and Founder of PYRAPONIC IN-DUSTRIES. My masters thesis is on the cannabinoid profile. In pursuit of my own masters thesis, I generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then, I generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. I then went into a laboratory at a major university under Federal license in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the PHOTOTRON.

If you read all of the popular literature, I did; all of the scientific literature, I did; and look at every apparatus for growing plants, you will find one common denominator. Every system, UP TILL NOW, has attempted to re-create Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact, you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months, 6 to 12 feet tail. In fact, you will average a 6 inch internodal length (distance between budding sites), in fact, have a 10% budding ratio at the tops of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And, in fact, YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.

YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.
Look, the only thing I'm waiting nine
months for Is a baby, number one.
Number two, I do not want a tree in my
house. And number three, I am not going
to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE
THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not
let its pretty looks fool you. Do not let its
size (36 inches tall x 18 inches wide) fool
you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs. fool
you. The PHOTOTRON II will draw \$4.00
per month in electricity (average). My
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tion. Get the answer. And carry on about your business. You cannot fall with my PHOTOTRON II. I do not allow any of my PHOTOTRONS to fall below SHOWCASE. I have personally guaranteed every PHOTOTRON that has ever been sold. And I have never had one returned. I am not starting now.

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back the PHOTOTRON II, so do not let its

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Because the system is TOTALLY COM-

PLETE, you will do three things: 1. Select

your seed. 2. Plug the system in. 3. Water

it. Then, if you have any questions at all,

you may call me directly. Ask your ques-

not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call. Can you afford not to call? Jellery Julian DeMarco

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NATIONAL LAMPOON 109

### Nerdysomething

continued from page 16

who wear tight-fitting jeans with large belt buckles with the National Rifle Association logo on them.

If not that, he shows his true colors by the way he holds the bottle. Chances are he'll order a Rolling Rock ("You know, the bottle is just so authentic"). He'll grab it right around the part where it says "33" ("What does that mean, exactly?") and sip at it like it was a daiquiri. This is as opposed to the real Regular Guy, who holds it by the neck so he can polish it off really quickly and get another one in his never-ending quest for vomit, dry heaves, and eventual unconsciousness.

But most important of all is sports. Here is where Regular Guy-ism is at its most dangerous. A nerdysomething knows that team sports are important to people. He wasn't allowed to play them on account of his allergies. He went to a small liberal arts college where the football team played in a Catholic girls' school league and always came in last place. Since he lives in Washington, D.C., where there is no baseball team, he doesn't have much incentive to become a fan.

And yet he must be a fan, for to be a Regular Guy one must be able to converse knowledgeably about sports. Imagine someone saying, "Did you see Isiah make that banker?" and your assuming that some guy in the Third World loans department at Manny Hanny was That Way? That would not do, not at all. The nerdysomething forces himself to watch the NBA playoffs, which is valuable for those of us who need to find out how many ways on earth the

name Michael can actually be spelled ("Michael? Mychal? Michael?")

Then, at finals time, he does the ballsy thing: invites other people to his house to watch a few of the games. He buys a couple of cases of Budweiser, which is a pretty good move, but also puts out some yogurt dip with jicama, which is just plain bad. Throughout the game he says things like "Boy, that Kareem, what a player!" and "Yeah! Magic!" even though he is only rooting for the Lakers because Jack Nicholson roots for the Lakers. In the third quarter he strikes up a conversation about Nicholson's performance in Five Easy Pieces ("Did you ever have to practice from that book?"), which is also just plain bad, but by this time the Regular Guys have had at least fourteen Budweisers apiece and are muttering nastily about Pat Riley's hairstyle, so they don't notice.

But it's baseball that he really has to master in order to make clear his Regular Guy credentials and provide a triumph for all believers in Regular Guy-ism. A few years ago, all believers in Regular Guy-ism found themselves rooting for the Chicago Cubs because George Will, Mr. Regular Guy-ism par excellence, made it fashionable to do

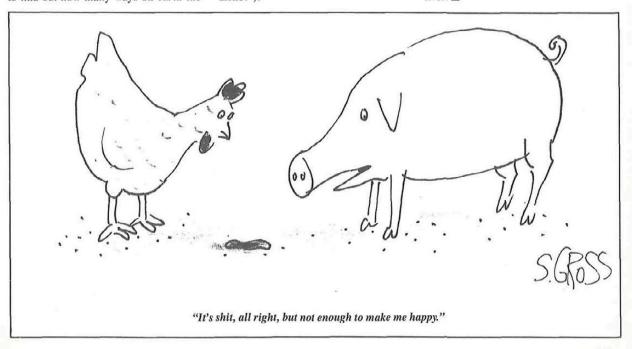
But with the collapse of the Cubs, the nerdysomething doesn't know whom to root for. The Baltimore Orioles are an hour away from Washington, but who on earth wants to go to Baltimore, not to mention root for the Orioles? The nerdysomething makes his selection: it has to be a New York team, because he can follow them daily in the New York Times, which he reads for the "Washington Talk" section ("Boy, can you believe how much money the federal government spends on computer software alone?").

But if he knows anything, it's that George Steinbrenner is, well...it just wouldn't quite fit the image he's trying to project to root for a Steinbrenner team. And after all, Billy Martin is so...out of control. ("Oh, was he fired? I must have been on the Cape when it happened.") So it can only be the Mets.

The Mets! Perfect. First of all, they're good. Second, they're considered arrogant and snotty, which will only improve on the nerdysomething's Regular Guy credentials. Finally, and most important, pitcher Ron Darling went to Yale University. He is often described as too intellectual a pitcher, which means that he calls himself a "Calvinist" when what he really means is that he wears Calvin Klein clothing.

The nerdysomething feels as though he can speak to Darling's chief problem as a pitcher. "You know what Darling's difficulty is?" the nerdysomething can say cleverly. "He thinks too much on the mound." Ah yes, the winning answer! Anti-intellectualism! Nobody would suspect that underneath that cap and sweatshirt lies the soul of a man who in truth would prefer to watch a Mark Russell comedy special on PBS than the seventh game of a Yanks-Mets World Series.

So take care, America. This is the age of the nerdysomething. He likes dramedies. He cried when all six seasons of St. Elsewhere turned out to be the idea of a Mongoloid idiot. He is happy that Bruce Willis's career is in an upswing following the success of Die Hard. He's going to have a party soon. We'll all be invited. He'll serve flavored Perrier. Evian water. And Corona beers with limes on the top. And when we're all settled in, he'll give an impromptu bassoon concert. Run for your lives.



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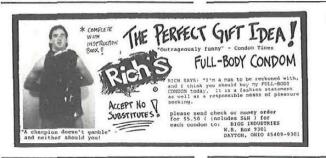
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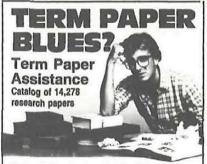
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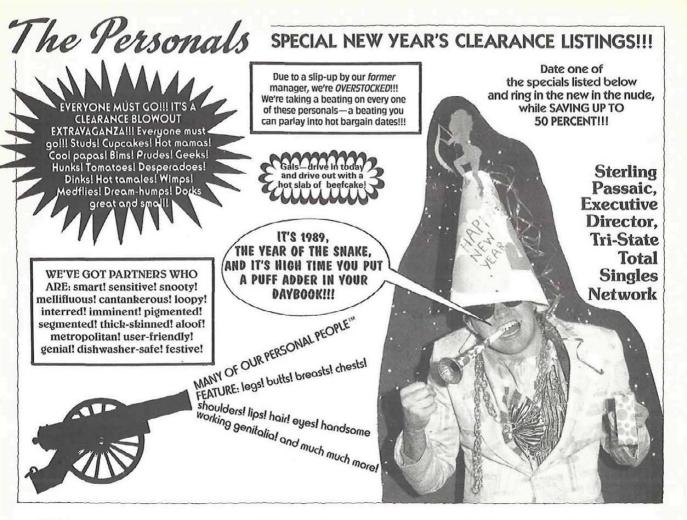
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SWM, handsome, 33, good job, seeks attractive woman who will fulfill my every sensual craving and then go outside to her car and die. Box 692B.

THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS: flirting with strangers (waiters/ tradesmen with conspicuous bulges preferred) in front of your friends; spending money you don't have on my friends and then humiliating you for not having it; decreeing that because of my allergies you have to get rid of your pet; showing up stinking drunk and giggling at funerals for members of your family; and being constantly bitchy and cruel to you. And you know what? I'll get away with it all because I'm a beautiful woman with a great body, and you'd sell your soul to a bungalow full of Adolf Eichmanns if it meant keeping me around one more day. Box 469B for the photo that'll hook you.

EXPERIENCE & ZEST: well-traveled red Monte Carlo, great shape, '79 looks '82, no big dents, X-long tailpipe, seeks lushly upholstered, compatible American build, '81–'83, attractive, low mileage, 2-tone OK, nu paint job a + . Box 839H.

A GALAXY OF PRAWNS broccoli delight sauté luscious on a bed of mushroom platter delight seek with rice on fried cakes, yum hot. Deliver night or day, Box 129A. DIVORCED WOMAN, 53, seeks male, 48–58, religion unimportant, for good times, dinners, possible marriage. I may have age spots like York Peppermint Patties and I may be crabby with blubber-distended flesh and wear perfume which on me smells like linseed oil, but I get a humongous alimony payment every week and I got the house with a pool and the Jaguar and for God's sake I must have a dozen tits between the real ones and the little dumplings of fat squeezed out of my armpit by my bra strap and my belly rolls, but if you're not a tit man you can pretend they're butt cheeks. Box 539J.

MULTIPLE AMPUTEE seeks hand, fingers unnecessary, any age or exp., to beat me off while I read about and look at pictures of girls, watch my neighbor in her shower, or fantasize about the secretary on Jake and the Fatman. There's only so much a man can do with a backscratcher held in his teeth, and no way he can do that and read Tiger Beat or watch Designing Women at the same time. Box 735R.

SWM, 5 looks 6½, seeks playmates 4½ to 6, nonsmokers, nondrinkers, for fun, good times, staying up late, more. I like freeze tag, Froot Loops, Saturday morning cartoons, Ranger Rick, pizza, bike riding, live puppies, and dead frogs. Box 342U. No Santa freaks, Smurfs, or cooties.

SWM, small apartment, boring job, crummy car, in the part of the Venn diagram where I have both zits and a paunch, both freedom and the poverty to dampen my enjoyment of the freedom, seeks one of two things: a woman to rise like a phoenix from the pages of the 1989 Playmate Calendar and love me tender, or a UFO full of friendly aliens to seize me and take me back to their glorious, deathless kingdom where they have incredible food, uninsultable machines to provide sensual pleasure, and year-round televised football. Best offer, Box 390Y.

IS THIS YOU? Your belly is bigger than your tits, you drink too much, you have a dull job and a lousy apartment, and you're 37 and not getting any younger. Sure, I'm no Warren Beatty, but I'm about the best you can hope for at this point, so why not write me with photo and phone. Box 333Y.

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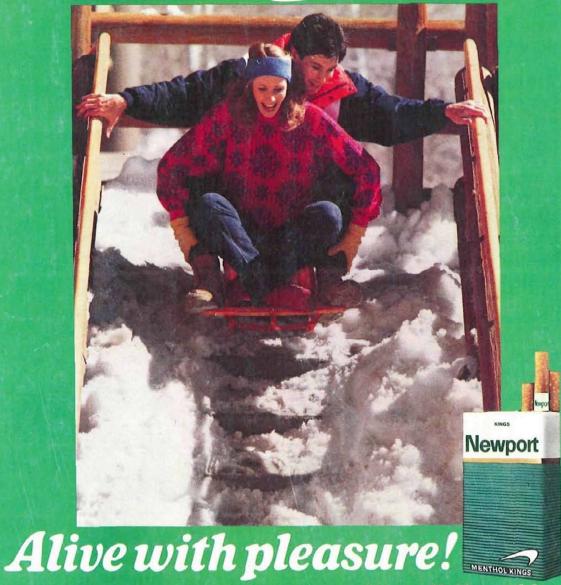
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