

THE MAKING OF "WE OWN THE WORLD" YUPSTOCK 1985

PRINCE, CYNDI, AND MICK AS KIDS

October 1985

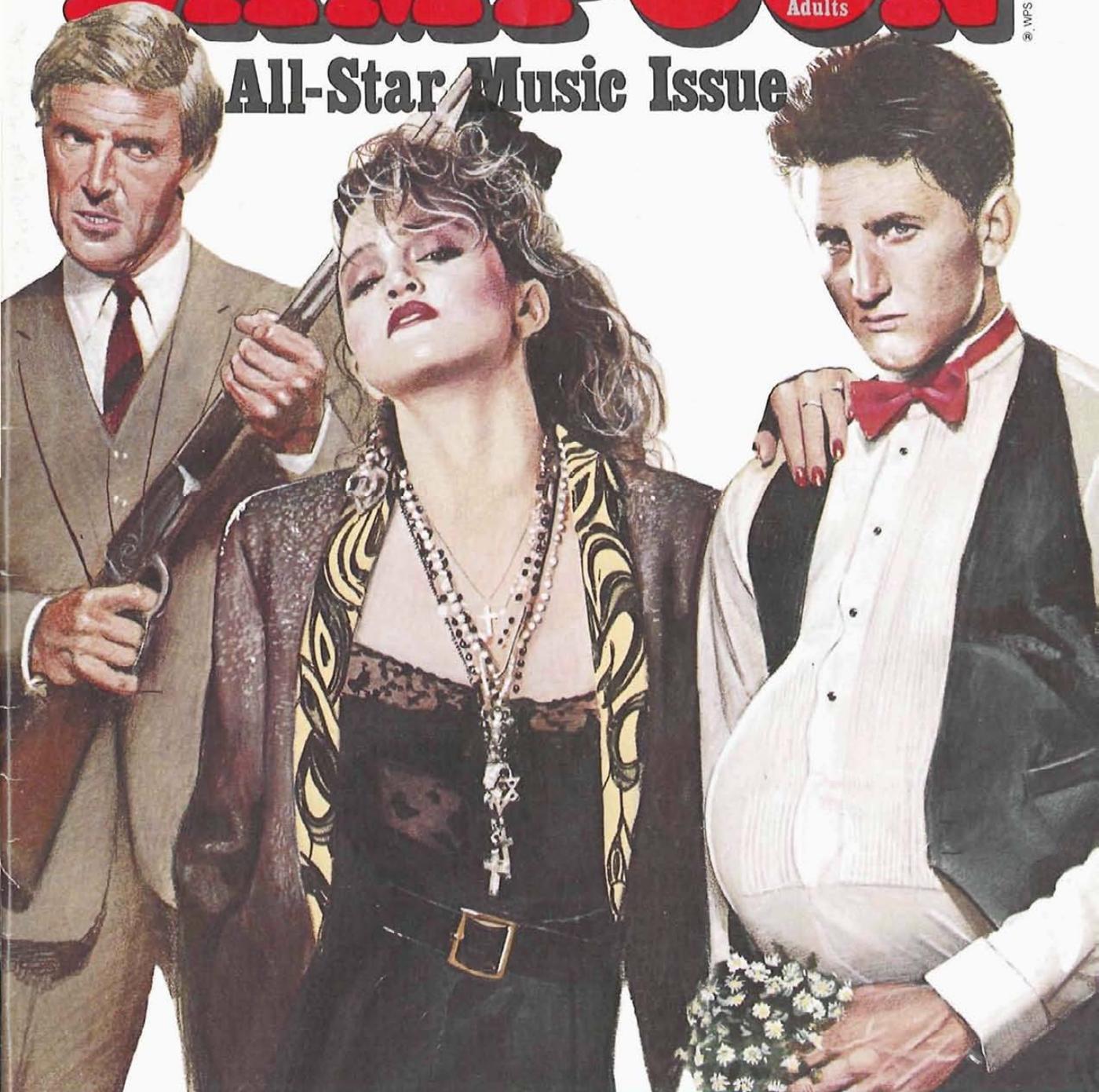
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NATIONAL LAMPoon

The Humor Magazine for Adults

WPS 34490

All-Star Music Issue



**EXCLUSIVE: PENN PREGNANT
MADONNA NUDE... AGAIN**

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PURITY

MILLER CONTAINS
NO ADDITIVES,
NO PRESERVATIVES.
MILLER BEER. PURITY
YOU CAN SEE, QUALITY
YOU CAN TASTE.

**THAT'S THE
AMERICAN WAY.**

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EDITORIAL

The History of Music

In the beginning there was silence. Then God whistled. He whistled one whole note each day for seven days, and thus was the universe created, and also the musical scale. When God whistled it wasn't the way we whistle. It was a really big, really loud, perfectly toned whistle that moved at the speed of light and created planets and civilizations in the wake of its vibrations. And God listened after the seventh note and heard that it was good. And He said, "Damn, I like that tune." So He put on his headphones and lay back and grooved on the sounds and the echoes of the universe ringing with feedback from the first solo. For millions of eons He grooved, until one day He got up, took off the headphones, and said, "This riff is getting stale, and no one is dancing." But that was because He hadn't created anyone yet, and realizing this, He said, "Let there be Negroes with funky souls who can shimmy and sway to my sounds," and there were. But the Negroes just couldn't get into the same old scale over and over, so they said to God, "Hey, give us some one-four-five blues-type progressions so we can get down," and He did. And it was good. And they jammed and danced

and sang naturally and with carefree abandon for millions and millions of years.

Some of the Negroes, however, weren't into that scene. They preferred to sit in the shade reading books about math and science and other boring subjects while their brothers danced and played and made love in the sun. Because He considered them indolent, God took away their fine skin color and made them into white men. As this peculiar sect of white Negroes developed they gradually lost their ability to dance and be free and natural with their bodies and they gave birth to withered, colorless babies, many of whom grew up to be accountants, lawyers, real estate brokers, and politicians, and then it was 1950. God looked around and saw He had to do something before it was too late, so He created "rock" music. And the skinny, withered, colorless babies of the accountants, lawyers, real estate brokers, and politicians of the fifties plucked their guitars, banged on their tambourines, and wailed into the void and became the rock superstars of the eighties. And God saw what He had created and put his headphones back on and said, "Fuck it."

—P.K.

Exclusive: Through a source which our staff correspondent refers to only as "Deep Vagina," the *National Lampoon* has learned that the noted actor Sean Penn is pregnant. Both he and his brand-new bride, singer Madonna, were thrilled when given the news by Dr. Marvin Marmelstein of the world-famous Fifth Avenue Hard Rock Hospital.

Penn, who rarely gives press interviews, did, however, tell intimate friends, "We're hoping the baby will have my brains and talent and Madonna's looks. If it works out the other way we will shoot the kid. We're also hoping the child has Madonna's tits, girl or boy."

Madonna, who rarely tells intimate friends anything, told the press, "We had a choice: I or Sean could carry the kid. We figured that Sean is so ugly nothing could hurt his image, but with me, hell, my body is the act. So Sean did the right thing."

The unborn child has already been signed to a long-term contract by Geffen Records and will appear as an Easter egg in a Burger King commercial.

Note: The recent, joyful nuptials of the celebrated couple were commemorated in oils exclusively for the *National Lampoon* by noted wedding painter Alan Reingold.

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Ever tell a traffic cop to go @#!\$%?

It's not recommended.

But neither is driving without your glasses, and winding up on an airfield, tailgating a 747.

Or any of the other stunts drivers pull in *Moving Violations*.

Not recommended—but funny.

So if you've ever forced yourself to say "Thank you, officer" instead of what you were really thinking, you deserve a good laugh at the expense of your local traffic police.

And this movie is just the ticket.

Available soon on videocassette in VHS and Beta Hi Fi Stereo.



A JAMES G. ROBINSON Presentation An UFLAND-ROTH/I.P.T. Production
 A NEAL ISRAEL Film "MOVING VIOLATIONS" JOHN MURRAY
 JENNIFER TILLY • JAMES KEACH • WENDIE JO SPERBER and SALLY KELLERMAN
 Executive Producers PAT PROFT and DOUG DRAZIN Co-Producer BOB ISRAEL
 Music by RALPH BURNS Screenplay by NEAL ISRAEL & PAT PROFT
 Story by PAUL & SHARON BOORSTIN Produced by JOE ROTH
 and HARRY UFLAND Directed by NEAL ISRAEL

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LETTERS

Sirs:

What sings country music, has
blond hair and big tits and a dick?
Give up?
Wally Parton!

Noah Fence
Gatlinburg, Tenn.

Sirs:

We be Soviet new-waves punking
band playing wild strong-metal music.
We do not care nothing of society, so
we rebel. Giorgi wears lipstick and I
myself wear sandals openly. This is
very too much. Where can we buy air
guitar? As usual, is not finding in
Soviet Union. Thank you, we spit on
your heads very much.

Mushkin Pushkinski
Where It Is, Moscow

Sirs:

Herpes on my ex-wife makes me
happy.
Herpes on my dick can make me
cry.

John Denver
The Cleaners, Colo.

Sirs:

What plays the sitar and spreads by
contact?
Give up?
Ravi Chancre!

Mother Teresa
Comedy Store East
Bombay, India

Sirs:

This old man, he played seven...
Now I'm on a milk carton in
7-Eleven,
With a knick knack patty whack,
whack, whack, whack.

Missing Child

Sirs:

When some dude asks me, "Is it fun
to be a rock star?" I say, "Take all the
prettiest girls you ever slept with in
the last three years....Okay, line them
up in your mind....Can you see them
all?...I wouldn't fuck any of them.

David Lee Roth
Malibu Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Apparently, a slight technical viola-
tion of the truth-in-advertising laws
forces me to make the following state-

ment: When, in my commercial, it
was reported that I had sold more
records than the Beatles, Elvis Presley,
and Frank Sinatra combined, it was
not clearly stated that the Beatles,
Presley, and Sinatra had never com-
bined to make a record. My apologies
for any confusion.

Roger Whittaker
On the road

Sirs:

I work in the White House pro-
gramming the music that is piped into
all the offices, including the Oval Of-
fice. Well, I just finished a book about
subliminal response and I said to my-
self, "Why not?" So I laid in a track
under the music that said, "Go to Bit-
burg." I could hardly believe it, but I
was still a little skeptical, so I decided
to pick something totally improbable.
I laid in a track that went, "Give
Frank Sinatra a humanitarian award."
...Totally freaked me out.

Ken Wilson
Music Coordinator
White House

Sirs:

To tell you the honest truth, I've
been pretty embarrassed about all this
"Boss" business, but believe me, I had
nothing to do with it. It was Clarence,
man. Ya see, as soon as we started
making more than a hundred dollars a
night it was "Yassa, Boss" this and
"Nawsa, Boss" that, and the damn
thing just stuck.

Bruce Springsteen
Wyindafug, N.J.

P.S. Jecz, does that boy Clemons *bate*
doing benefits!!!

Sirs:

Yo, Uptown Girl, how 'bout clean-
ing some of these fuckin' dishes, and
makin' the bed once in a while...

Billy Joel
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Why didn't Barry Manilow play at
the AIDS benefit for starving Africans?
They weren't *that* hungry.

George Barkin
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

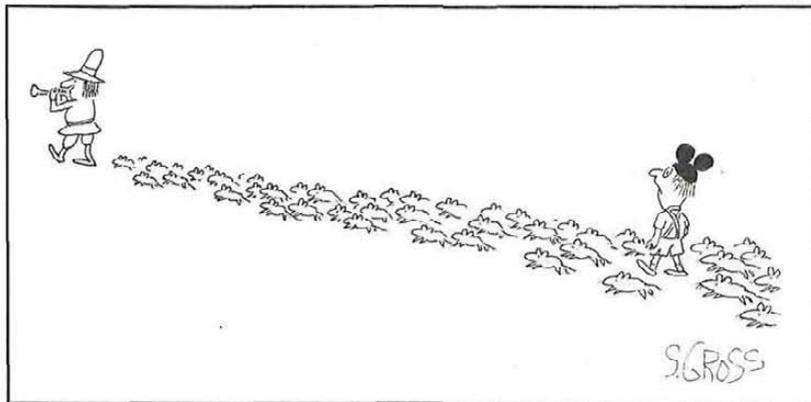
I want to trade,
I want to get paid,
I've searched all over for certifi-
cates of gold.
I'll do a fine line
On a mirror in my time.
You keep me waiting when you put
me on hold,
And my coffee's cold.

Neil Young Upwardly
Mobile Professional
Wall Street

Sirs:

I'ma so tired uffa bein' fat anna get-
tin' no pussies a-beggin' to sucka mya
genius pepperoni! You know whatta I
gonna do? I gonna sticka my finger
downa my troat anna keepa blowin'
out linguine backstage until I'ma
looka like breada stick! Denna we see
who getta called Tubby dah Tenor or
what! FUNGOO!!

Luciano Pavarotti
Milardo, Italy





You've got what it takes.
Salem Spirit

*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.*

KING: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, 100's: 17 mg. "tar",
1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Sirs:

We'd like to take this opportunity to urge those sweet and sexy middle-aged pleasingly plump housewives in polyester stretch pants who've been so kind and loyal to us over the years to boycott this uppity spic, this Pedro-come-lately, Julio EEGREASY-ASS. He's hung like Christine Jorgensen, and can't even speak goddamn English! So stick with us, you lovelies. You know what you're getting...and you know it's plenty!

Tom Jones and
Engelbert Humperdinck
Las Vegas, Nev.

Sirs:

Could you help us decide on what we should call our new line of ravioli? How about Boy George Ravioli? Michael Jackson Ravioli? Maybe we could call it Cyndi Lauper Ravioli? Jesus, at this rate we'll never be in the sauce.

Prince Spaghetti
Still tied up in court

Sirs:

I'm sick of all this bad press about Prince not caring about the starving Ethiopians. Maybe if the powers that be had accepted Prince's perfectly reasonable condition and set aside the grain his presence would have earned and dyed it purple with food coloring, lending just a touch of the dreaded individuality to the proceedings, things might have been different. So now *everyone* knows where the fault lies.

Maury Doughberg
*Personal Manager
Prince, Inc.
Purpleapolis, Minn.*

Sirs:

*I fight minorities, minorities never win.
I fight minorities, minorities never win.
I been doin' it since I was a young kid and I've come out grinnin'.
I fight minorities, minorities never win.*

Ron Cougar Reagankamp
White House

S-s-s-s-irs:

W-w-why don't p-p-p-people leave me alone and l-l-let me g-g-get on with my w-w-w-work and s-s-stop asking me ab-b-bout my l-lyrics. As it is I n-n-never g-get out of the s-s-s-studio.

Phil Collins
London and Philadelphia

Sirs:

Hey, I've been slamming into people and spitting in their faces and saying unintelligible things for years. How come these *young* punks are getting all the credit? Remember, I did it first. Now get that camera out of my face, or I'll shove it down your throat, *capisce?* I'm a doctor now, so show respect.

Frank Sinatra
Not in New Jersey

Sirs:

You Western punk bands think you're tough, with your spitting and slam dancing, huh? Get this: Here in Lebanon, members of our *soft rock* bands shoot each other dead in arguments over who sings lead vocals. The average punk band lasts about five minutes from inception to total destruction, and nobody's ever lived long enough to sign a recording contract.

Nabih Berri White
*New Wave Manager
Beirut Hospital*

Sirs:

What's the difference between Yoko Ono and Ethiopia? There is no difference! Get it? Oh, wait. They both live off dead beetles. It's something like that.... Hang on a second, I'll ask Paul how it goes....

Linda McCartney
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

I don't mind payin' the \$1.49 for a record to save starvin' brothers and sisters in Africa, but somebody should make a record for Lionel Richie. He looks like he's sufferin' from "zackly" disease! His face looks zackly like my ass!

Redd Foxx
Watts, Calif.

Sirs:

*Jimmy's crack's torn, and I don't care,
Jimmy's crack's torn, and I don't care,
Jimmy's crack's torn, and I don't care,
The warden's gone away.*

Jimmy's Topman
Attica

Sirs:

I must say I *loathe* his so-called music, but Ozzy Osbourne has sent me the most marvelous recipe for Bat Tartare. So simple, and just divine for entertaining. Look for it in my next

book, *Cooking and Crass.*

Julia Child
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Ganja wash dat mon right ouda me hair.

Mrs. Bob Marley
Kingston, Jamaica

Sirs:

*There's a bright golden hose in the meadow,
There's a bright golden hose in the meadow.
The corn is as high as a cheerleader's thigh,
And I feel like dischargin' my wad in her pie.*

Rodgers and Hammerstein
and Smut
Oklahoma

Sirs:

Here's one we made up on the plane...prob'ly never git rec-corded:
*Three Pappy Yokums
What don't rebase,
Ugly as possums,
Sounding much worse,
The best-looking poontang
All want our cranks,
So when some idjit yaps,
'Lookit weird beard, it must stank,'*

*Remember we gots mo' bread
Than the Nasheenole Bank.
YEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEEEEEEEEEE
HAAAAAAAAAAAAAW!!!*

ZZ Top
Armadillo Neck, Tex.

Sirs:

*Lady Madonna,
Your pictures are the best.
Guess that you had something
To get off your chest!*

*'79's shot was made in art class,
In '85 you said you'd be a nun,
Now everyone's going to see your bare ass.
What a fat bum!*

Bob Guccione
Penthouse

Sirs:

If I were on trial, would my previous records be held against me?
Rod Stewart
Stratford-on-Disco, England

Sirs:

What's beautiful, appears on the cover of *Sports Illustrated*, and pisses on me whenever I beg her?
Give up?
Christie Sprinkley!

Billy Joel
Not Allentown, Pa.



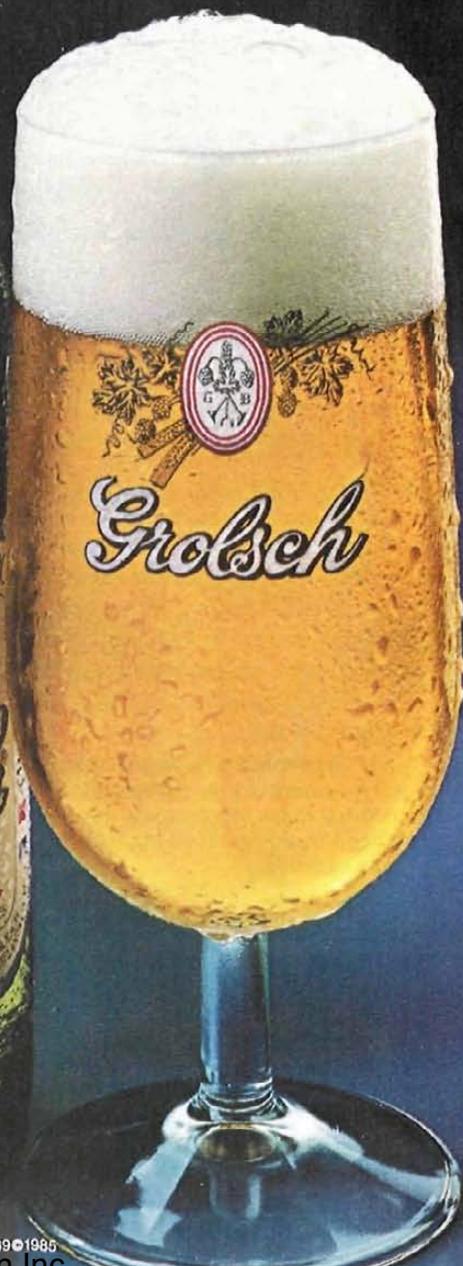
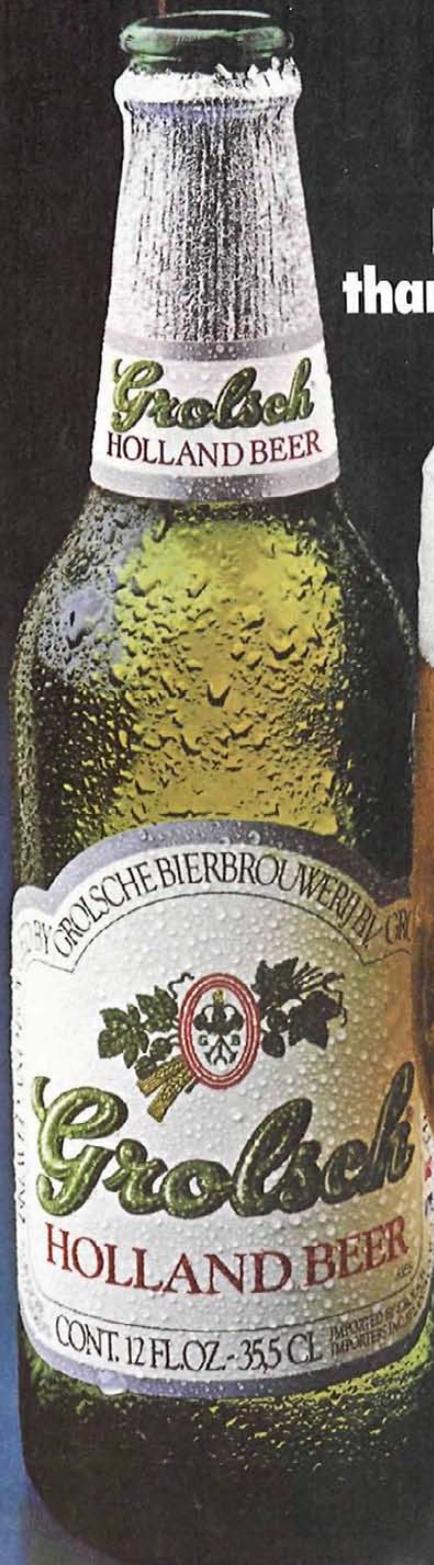
**Dick Cavett,
Ed Koch,
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Brooke Shields,
Bob Dylan,
Tim Matheson,
Mario Cuomo,
Red Buttons,
Roxanne Pulitzer,
Father Andrew Greeley,
Susan Seidelman,
Brandon Tartikoff,
Mickey Rooney,
and many others from
every profession and
tax bracket
are "MAD AS HELL"
and tell you why
in their own words
in our November issue.**



Grolsch[®]

HOLLAND BEER

**Nothing less
than Holland's best.™**



Sirs:

I'm walking down the street with my mom during our vacation to New York City, and we see a group of kids that look just like Menudo. So I go over and ask, "Are you Menudo?" They say, "Sure we are," then they start talking to each other in Spanish. Then my mom and I ask them for their autographs, and do you know what they do? They beat us up, take all our money, then rape my mom. Them rock stars think they can do whatever they want.

Fourteen-year-old Vacationing
Tourist from Georgia

Sirs:

Is it still in style to like me? Just wondering.

Yoko Ono
*In my own little world,
trapped in the Dakota*

Sirs:

If Prince and Michael Jackson represent respectively the Dionysian and Apollonian elements of the modern black music experience, where does that leave us niggers who just like to dance?

The Gang from *Soul Train*

Sirs:

Janis Ian is Carly Simon. Carly Simon is Carole King. Carole King is James Taylor. James Taylor is Janis Ian.
Judy Collins
Acoustixville, Ohio

Sirs:

*Clang! Clang! Clang! went the trolley!
Ding! Ding! Ding! went the bell!
Fuck! Damn! Sbit! went the lady it ran over.*

Klutz "At The" Helm
(Brother of Matt)
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

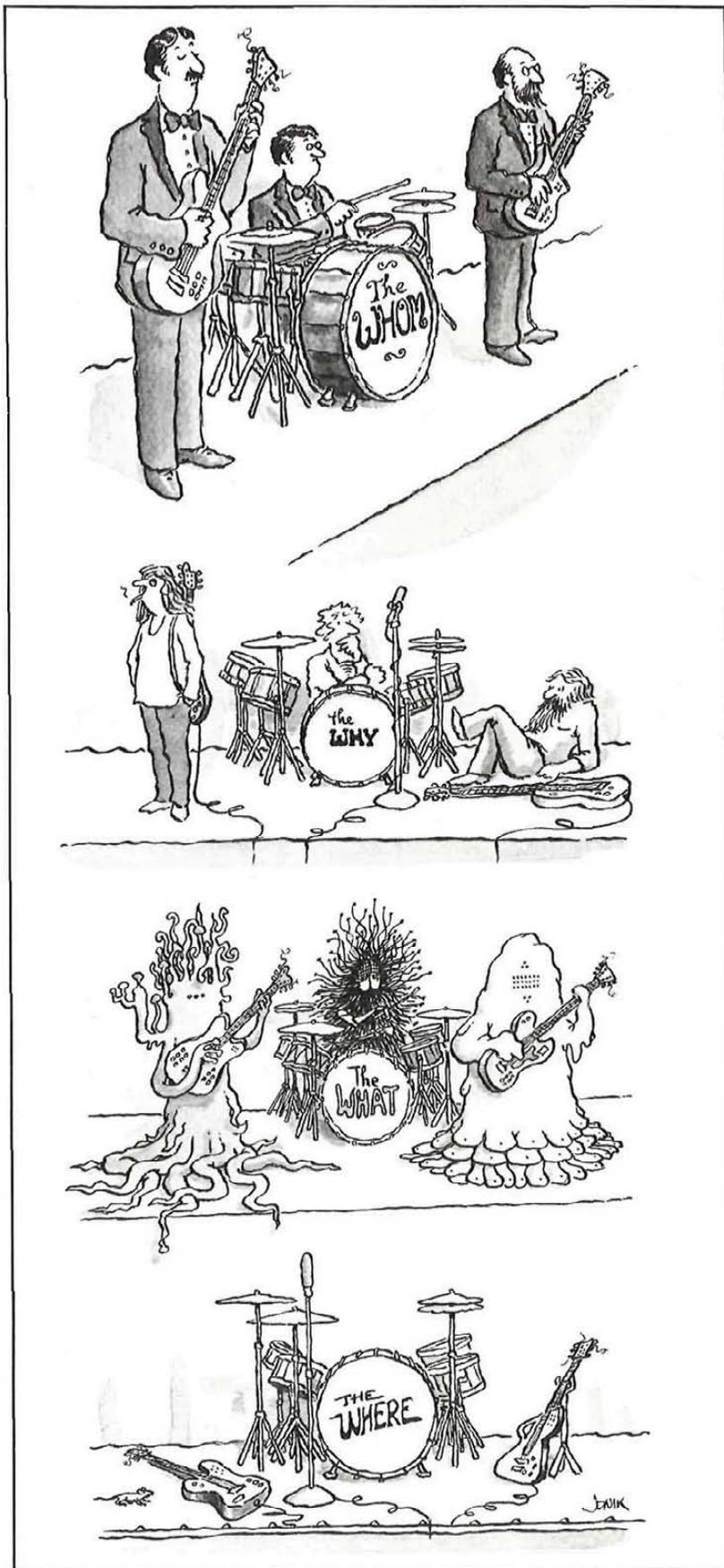
If David Lee Roth can have paternity insurance, I should certainly be entitled to get niplectomy insurance. Then I could rip off all that electric tape in peace.

Wendy O. Williams
Bashaskreen, Calif.

Sirs:

*Stopped into a church
I passed along the way.
Well, I got down on my knees,
And I began to spray.*

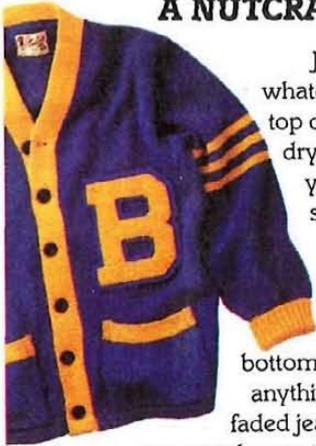
The Mamas, the Papas,
and Morris the Cat
California and/or Heaven
continued on page 25



NEW MR. BOSTON® NUTCRACKER™ SCHNAPPS

A BABY BOOMERS GUIDE TO NUTCRACKER™ SCHNAPPS.

WHAT TO WEAR WITH A NUTCRACKER™



Just grab whatever's on top of the laundry pile. Or, if you want something that's pressed, take it from the bottom. Virtually anything goes—faded jeans, old

crew-neck sweaters. After all, Nutcracker's style always matches anything. Except, of course, Nehru jackets.

WHAT TO TALK ABOUT WITH A NUTCRACKER™



Whatever you do, don't discuss stock fluctuations, mortgage payments or certificates of deposit. A Nutcracker is a light drink for light conversation with a strong preference for top 40's esoterica, red-dogs and flea flickers, vintage sports cars, and *Dynasty*.

WHAT TO LISTEN TO WITH A NUTCRACKER™

File away those stodgy classical masterpieces and bop to classic 45's. Do the swim with Jan and Dean or the Surfari's. Reminisce over the Hully Gully, the Hanky Panky or



the Freddie Nutcracker's fresh, light taste will keep your toes tapping *all night long*. Be Bop A Lu La, we don't mean maybe.

WHEN TO ENJOY A NUTCRACKER™

A notoriously late riser (it usually doesn't get moving until mid-afternoon), Nutcracker is nevertheless wonderful company the rest of the day. Sip it anytime, anywhere. Enjoy it on the rocks or on the sand. By a secluded



pond or in a crowded pool. A Nutcracker's even great when basking by a glowing T.V.—it's cool, refreshing, quiet, and won't pose moralistic questions during pro-wrestling.

WHAT TO EAT WITH A NUTCRACKER™

Baked Brie and Pâté de Campagne have their place. But it isn't here. No, an evening with Nutcracker Schnapps demands humbler snacks, and lots of them. Chomp on some chips. Gnaw at some pretzel nuggets. Even nibble at some goldfish.

You'll be amazed at how versatile it is. Which, in a nutshell, is the whole idea behind Nutcracker. A Mr. Boston Nutcracker Schnapps.



Mr. Boston Schnapps Liqueur, 40, 50, 54, 56 proof. Produced by Mr. Boston Distillers, Overton, Ky. © 1992.

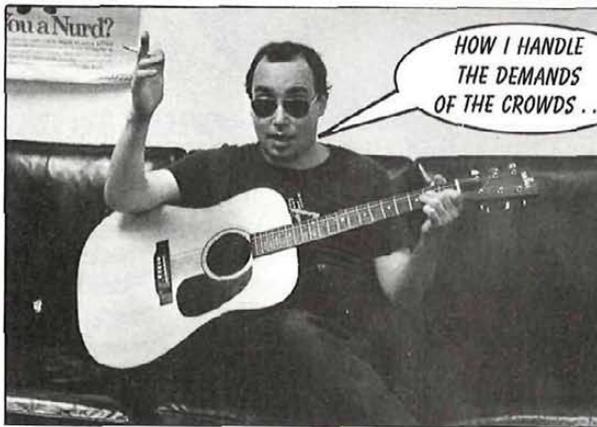


MR. BOSTON®

TOPS IN SCHNAPPS

PEACH ORCHARD™ • STRAWBERRY • APPLE • PEPPERMINT • CINNAMON • CHOCO-MINT™ • SPEARMINT

PHOTO PHUNNIES



**You have the Return of the Jedi drinking glasses!
 You have the Superman jockstrap!
 You have the Tootsie bra!
 You may well have the original
 National Lampoon's Vacation T-Shirt.**

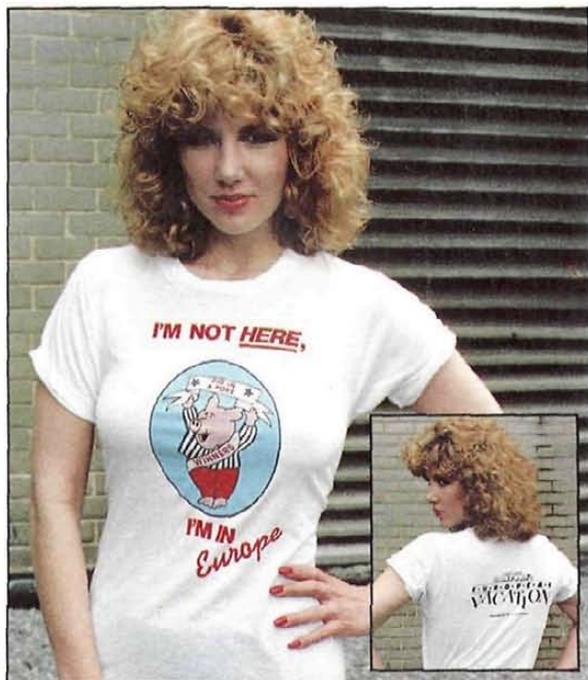
NOW

you can have the new
 National Lampoon's
 European Vacation T-Shirt!

Going to Europe? Coming from Europe?
 Been dining on European dishes?
 Perhaps your grandmother was born in
 Europe? No matter. No T-shirt collection
 would be complete without this one,
 adorned, as it is, with the movie logo
 and a picture of the "pig in the poke"
 that got the Griswalds to Europe.

Comes in mind-blowing white, with
 art and letters in bright barnyard
 colors. Small, medium, and large sizes.

If you liked the first Vacation shirt or
 the new movie or your grandmother,
 you'll probably like this shirt. The only
 shirt that can say "National Lampoon's
 European Vacation" and "I'm not here—
 I'm in Europe!"



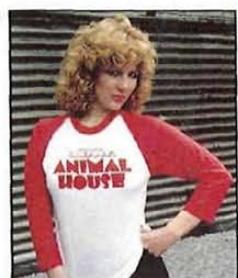
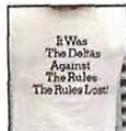
And, if you don't have



National Lampoon's
 Vacation T-shirt
 or



National Lampoon's
 Animal House
 T-shirt
 or



National Lampoon's
 Animal House
 Baseball Shirt



you can order those, too!

National Lampoon, Dept. 1085
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WHAT TO NAME YOUR BAND

Some sample suggestions (out of the 5,000 available) from *The Illustrated Dictionary of Rock Band Names, the forthcoming bestseller by the Fugs (Ed Sanders and Tuli Kupferberg)*

Country/Western Rock

The Silver Saddles of Sunset
The New Mexico Hat Bandits
Yodel & Stomp
The Yodeling Socialists
The El Paso Prayer Wheels
The Sweet As Sorghum Singers
Stragglers in the Straw

Synth/High Tech

The Digital Samplers
The Tuned Ropes
Drunken Diode
Ten to the Eighth
Nuclear Laser II
Reagan's Brilliant Mind
The Pion Cloud
The Gluons
Neutron Triggers

Astro

Liquid Hydrogen
The Space Nozzles
Starlight's Daughter
Space Truck
The Parsecs

Socio/Psychopathic

Sociopaths on Parade
Sky Sleaze
The Shy Quaker Sluts
The Sleaze Mittens
The Jackbatties
Censorious Puritan Deacons
The Slime Times
The Phlegmtones
Toxic Waste
Bulimia Banquet
Flecks of Drool
Canine Emission

Airbursts

Airburst over Moscow
Airburst over Utah
Airburst over Havana
Airburst over Johannesburg
Airburst over D.C.

Christian/New Right

The Rapture
Christones
Biblical Baritones
The Apocalypse Mongers
The Rapture Singers
Christian Airburst
Jehovah's Angry Foot

Hippie Dippie

Benevolent Dope Froth
Yodeling Frog
Lack of Flashbacks
Chinese Straw Mushrooms
Better Than Hendrix

Blue Fog
Sunset Brilliance
Peace Flowers
Crimson Suspenders
Furnace of the Id
Snow Runners
The Hope Dopes
Succotash
The Tattooed Teepees of Taos

Religious

Krishna's Sweet Sugar
Jeremiah's Hot Flute
The Soul Gongs
Clogs of Isis

Classical

The Blind Punks with Lyres
Better Than Homer
The Sons of Catullus
The Huge Hollow Horse
Roman Holiday and the Ouchtones

Literary

Rothschild's Fiddle
The Maxim Gorki Singers
The Yodeling Chekhovs
The Remainers

Art/Painting

Cubist Craze
Van Gogh's Crows
Lifting Degas's Tutu
Painting the Sky

General

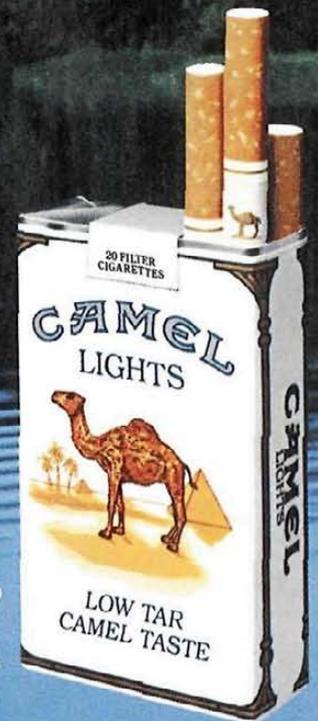
Murray's Mother
Dorsal Dalliance
Delinquent Croissant
Clytemnestral Fury
Ask Dick
Mentions of Moola
General Alert
Sweaty Leather
Trembling Chain of Beads
Slick Fins
Clem's Gigggle
Overhaul
Red Star over Des Moines
Charlotte Russe
Anemone
Matisse's Scissors
Aunt Sadie's Enema Tube
The O Nol's
Absalom's Long Leash
Snarling Stars
Quack Sack
Sundering Thunder
Turnips on Ice
The Hot Red Blue-Wheeled Wagon
Wisteria Web
Rose Acrc Farm
The Aging Hippies
Rapacious Foot Biscuit
Time's Winged Chariot
Aphrodite Kallipygos

National Security
Night Eyes
The Objective Correlatives
Universal Laughter
The Casio Tones
Subjugation of Men
Eco-Thunder
The Fame Femmes
The Ernie Dodson Review
Keyboards of Lightning
The White Picket Fence
The Router Bits
No! No! No!
Forced Hormone Shots
Face Sit
The Fame Flames
White Blizzard
Pile of Feathers
Ice Cave Mountain
Bundles of Narcissus
Dynamite Wool
Green Pool
Blue Wheel
Trouble in the Treble Clef
Tongue Dawn
The Hugging Tree
Small Brothers Sugaring Rig
Timeless Derision
Newt on the Lotus
English Garden
Isis and the Niletones
Big Bob Jones and the Ape Froth
Dan the Country Junkie
and the Shack Hides
You Get What I Mean
and the Anything Goes
Thomas Hardy and the Tough Lifes
Manic Panic and the Pretty Vowels
Etc. and the Etc.-Tones
Whatchamacallit
Dog Did It
Devil Made Me Do It
Kerr-McGee and the Polluters
Teenage Sluts from Scarsdale
Tumbrel of Shit
Errol Flynn and the Nazis
The Algorithms
Coney Island Whitefish
Louis Leakey and the Fecaliths
Sink the Bismarck
Torah Torah Torah (Klezmer Band)
Guilt Without Sex
Cancer Crusade
Nikola Tesla and the Holograms
Cacophonics
The...uh...uh...uh...Hesitants
Flagwavers
The Semipermeable Membranes
Edgar Guest and the Cocksuckers
Mal and the Practitioners
Leon and the Dissidents
Bucket o' Shit
Dame Squalor
Crystal Liaison
Special Sale
Dr. Funk and the Vitamins
The Notochords
Jesus and the Jesuettes
Jan Smuts and the Ghetto Blasters
Borrow a Dollar
The Fucks
Spiro and the Wimps
Polymorphous Perverts
Come Again
Fuck the Circus
Brighter Than a 1,000 Suns

False Premise
Jerry Rubin and the Cuisinarts
No Larger Vision
Stretching Harry
Infantile Disorder
Late to Church
Can o' Worms
Canny Crabs
Shlong of Zorro
Pancreatitis
Veterans of Future Wars
Star Wobble
Curse of Yiddishkeit
Tom, Dick, and Harry
Sole Suckers
Paramount Lobby
Anonymouse
Yesterday's Papers
Caca Rockers
Ripeness Is All
Wrong Keys
Angry Pup
Perfcervids
God Wept
Jesus Laughed
The Wind Breakers
Open Wound
Tom Paine and the Atheists
Boredom's Kingdom
Feral Youth
The Wobs
Nor Master Nor Slave
Liberty Hounds
Emotional Plague
Songs to Go
The Ezra Pounders
National Interest Commie Dukes
Whatever You Want
Common Ground
Outa Sync (Sink?)
Red Diaper Babies
Happy Death
Tower of Babble (Babel?)
Slimetones
Jesus Cried
Con Artists
Special Ed
Fools of All Nations
For Your Ears Only
Noli Me Tangere
Monotones
Who Ya Lookin' At?
The Malleables
Guru Whoru
Ex-Humans
Light Boors
Philandcerers
Knees Work
Forgotten
Fake Pistols
Never Tested
The Literates
Stylettes
Captains of Apathy
Under Ben Bulben
Stop Making Pence
Senseless in Gaza
Ping-Pongs
The (Groucho) Marxist-Lennonists
Post-Industrial Band
Murray and the Bookchins
Post Modernaires
The Fucktails
The Recidivists
Post Modern Jazz Quartet
The Rolling Beatles

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TRUE

True Facts of Music

According to *New Scientist* magazine, the Institute of Psychiatry in England conducted a poll of 350 opera singers in London. Among male performers, the study found, bass and baritone singers make better lovers than tenors. (Jersey City) *Jersey Journal* (contributed by Jim Downey)

This item datelined Copenhagen, Denmark, appeared in *USA Today*:

"Newspaper music critics here charged Sunday that the Danish Radio Symphony Orchestra played in a state of general drunkenness at a recent performance. According to the critics, one musician had to be helped off the stage during the Friday night concert and others were seen giggling, exchanging jokes, and having trouble remaining in their chairs. The critics grudgingly admitted, however, that the music did not seem to suffer beyond some 'bad coordination in the brass.'" (contributed by Dave Hoy)

Bergen County police were called to a Hackensack, New Jersey high school auditorium where a nostalgic, big-band concert was supposed to take place. Promoter Roger Rudnick had sold three hundred tickets at forty dollars apiece for the evening, which was to feature singers Vic Damone and Mel Torme. Shortly before showtime, however, fifteen of the musicians refused to perform unless they were paid according to the terms of their contract.

Without enough cash to satisfy the musicians, Rudnick took the stage before his audience of three hundred and asked that each couple

cough up an additional seventy dollars to pay the musicians.

"A few people were loud and abusive," said Rudnick later, "but no one threatened me."

Police Lieutenant John Miccolis said that the crowd was "surprisingly orderly—considering the circumstances."

Only Damone, who had already paid his musicians, performed. *AP* (contributed by Camden Barbour)

This item appeared in the police blotter column of the (Elwood, Indiana) *Call-Leader*:

"At 11:11 P.M. Tuesday, police received a report of loud music in the 1300 block of Main Street. Upon investigation, they found it was not loud music but a woman having labor pains." (contributed by Mr. & Mrs. R.V. Cleaver)

From the Sydney, Australia, *Daily Mirror* came this tidbit: "The BBC has slapped a ban on pop group Pogue Mahone after learning their name is a crude Irish Gaelic expression translating roughly as 'Kiss my backside.'"

Seismologists at the Belgian Meteorological Institute were upset to find that the equipment which measures the intensity of earthquakes had registered vibrations from a U2 concert over three miles away. It was the first time such measurements were made, according to a spokesperson for the institute, who said, "We are not in the business of measuring rock concerts. We want to measure earthquakes." *Stars and Stripes* (contributed by Rob Rosenberger)

According to the *Bellingham* (Washington) *Herald*, an acrobatic dancer at the Hideaway Tavern tried a new move involving a water pipe above the dance floor. Police said the pipe broke, drenching the band, the dancers, and the seating areas.

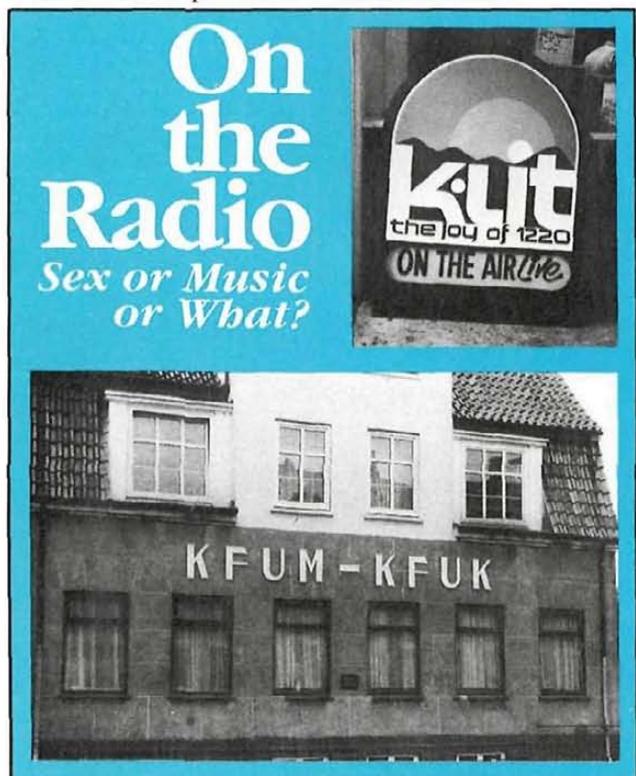
The dancer, described by police as "under the influence of drink, music, and merriment," escaped in the confusion. (contributed by Jacquelyn Dalton)

According to the *Monroe* (Michigan) *Evening News*, fifty-one-year-old Rory Blackwell, a drummer, played "When the Saints Go Marching In" in eighty-four seconds using 314 different instruments—among them penny whistles and an alpine horn.

"Blackwell is an entertainer at a holiday camp in Dawlish on the south Devon Coast of England," said the newspaper. "He achieved his feat by moving quickly along a specially arranged, five-hundred-foot table and briefly sounding the instruments laid out on it."

"I am a bit out of breath," said Blackwell, "but luckily I had enough huff to blow and suck my way along the table." (contributed by Binger S. Winchell)

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



Roy Pampann

Ronald R. Kysel

Johann Stroff.
1775-1810

Georg F. Stroff
1810-1850

Bernhard Stroff
1850-1882

Julius Stroff
1882-1939

Gari Stroff
1939-1950

John W. Stroff
1950-1982

Peter W. Stroff
1982

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John W. Stroff
Chairman

Girls Just Want to Have Bernie

*Bernie X. Meets Cyndi Lauper—and Madonna
as told to Gerry Sussman*



Last week I was sitting around with some of my cabbie friends—shooting the shit, catching up on old news and new horses. I've been running around the country like a maniac with hardly a minute's rest, so it was good to relax at my favorite bar and sandwich joint, have a couple of Rob Roys, and shmooze a little.

As usual, the conversation turned to fucking and sucking. As usual, the boys turned to yours truly for a few words of wisdom. Everybody was giving their opinions on what kind of girls make the best lays. One guy loves dental assistants. Bank tellers are supposed to be hot. Of course, nurses are always itchy. But I told them that nobody can beat the girls in the music business. Not even the movie stars. The kids in rock 'n' roll feel that it's their duty to fuck a lot. That it's good for their image. Remember Janis Joplin? She was the perfect example. Her cunt just gave out, y'know. The doctors had to remove most of it. It wasn't just those Hell's Angels that did it to her. It was the cops. Because of her other problems she had to bribe every police department in every city by gang-banging the entire force.

There's a whole new crop of hot little music stars out there, and I was intimately involved with two of them—Cyndi Lauper and Madonna. I told the guys about it.

It started with Cyndi Lauper. Not that I knew who she was when I met her. One day this thing with purple and orange hair that looks like a walking jewelry store gets into my cab. If she was a *shvartze* I wouldn't have let her in.

She tells me her limo disappeared and she will kill the son of a bitch of a chauffeur when she finds him. Right, I say. Same thing happened to my business jet today. That's why I have to drive this cab. Now I *know* I got a nutbar on my hands. She's a talky one. She's really pissed. Not just about the limo. It seems that she just saw her new music video and she hates it. It sucks up a storm. Two million bucks down the toilet. She won't let the record company release it. She wants to do another one, but they don't want to spend any more money. She's crazier than I thought.

What's the song in the video, I ask her.

"Bigger Is Better," she says. A very sexy song.

Yes, bigger *is* better. It does sound sexy, I say, just to make small talk.

Suddenly she screams and yells, "Holy fuck," and says I must help her. She's got this feeling, this vibe, she

calls it, that I can come up with a new music video for "Bigger Is Better." She just knows it. I've got to come to the studio right now.

So we go to the studio and there's a hundred guys running around with earphones and cameras and clipboards and all these control rooms with gadgets. And I finally learn that she actually is a big star named Cyndi Lauper. What do I know from Cyndi Lauper? To me, music started and stopped with Tony Bennett.

But I hear this broad foaming at the mouth, yelling at her producer, saying something like "I can bring a fucking cabdriver off the street and *be'll* come up with a better idea than you, you asshole!" And the producer says, "Go ahead, bring in the cabdriver. I don't give a fuck anymore, I'm through. You've got about a dime left in the budget." She says she'll use her own money.

So first Cyndi shows me the video they just produced for "Bigger Is Better." I never saw anything so dopey in my life. Cyndi is singing and sort of dancing and crawling around these giant torpedoes and cannons and stroking lots of big *shvartzes* who are almost naked. And there's a lot of

pink smoke in the air. I think she's overdoing it.

I have an idea. Really simple. Forget all this torpedo shit. All Cyndi has to do is belt out the song. But sing it to me. While she's singing I'll take out my *shvantz* and get a nice big hard-on, off-camera, of course. But she'll see it. The real thing. No cannons. No artificial stuff. That could be enough to get her to put some real feeling in the song, like the old pros, like Frank and Tony Bennett would do.

What the hell, she's got nothing to lose. It would be easy to shoot. So she decides to do it. It isn't a bad song, like a new version of what Mae West would do. It's pretty hard on small people, but as they used to say in the sports world, a good big man can always beat a good little man.

So I open my fly and look at Cyndi while she is singing. I don't even have to play with myself. I have this ability to make my *shvantz* do anything, like those guys from Tibet who do weird things with their bodies, the yoga people.

Of course Cyndi has never seen one that big and her eyes nearly pop out and she starts to drool a little, which causes her to blow a lot of takes. But

There may be
Walkerschnappers
right in your
neighborhood.

the director says that she looks fantastic on the monitors and not to worry. He says that she should just keep singing and they'll get it all in the cutting room—whatever that means. He says you can't fake the kind of feeling Cyndi has. So I just sit there with my penis out as far as it will go while Cyndi does her best to finish the song.

When it's done and put together everybody is crazy about it. A new look, they say. While everybody else is doing video tricks and overproduction, this comes off like a breath of fresh air. Simple, yet high drama. Riveting. I'm using their words, not mine. Actually, it's just a cute girl and a big cock. What more do you need for a love song?

I get a modeling fee and a bonus for coming up with the idea. And then Cyndi's manager invites me to Cyndi's big party, a celebration. Make it, he says. It's going to be fun.

I'm free that night, so I make it. But I must have come early because there's no one there but me and Cyndi. She gives me a wink. We are the entire party. She wants to thank

me for saving her music video in the best way she can, by fucking me. Fucking my brains out, she calls it. Kids like to use that phrase. It makes them feel funky and earthy.

Cyndi giggles a lot and shows me an entire wall of shelves with jars that have brains in them. They look like calves' brains. But she has them all labeled with guys' names—Brad, Paul, Tony, Steve, Derek... She says, "These are the brains I fucked guys out of." Cyndi's big thing is having fun. Fucking should be fun, she says. Why not? The kid has a good attitude.

She lives in a very big loft that's divided into different spaces, just for the purpose of having fun. First we go into her Cream of Wheat room, a whole fucking room covered with about three feet of cooked Cream of Wheat, the white farina cereal. She takes off her clothes, pulls me down, and rolls me in it. Well, I figure I'm in for a long night. I might as well as stay for the ride. She's probably got a jar of brains somewhere with my name on it.

Cyndi likes to wrestle in Cream of

Wheat and shmear a lot, rubbing the cereal all over me like a massage. "Don't swallow any lumps," she screams. How did she know I hate lumpy cereal?

Then we go to this gigantic bathroom, her hosing room, where we wash off and fool around with the garden hoses—she loves water fights and getting sprayed with a jet stream up her flue. More good, clean fun.

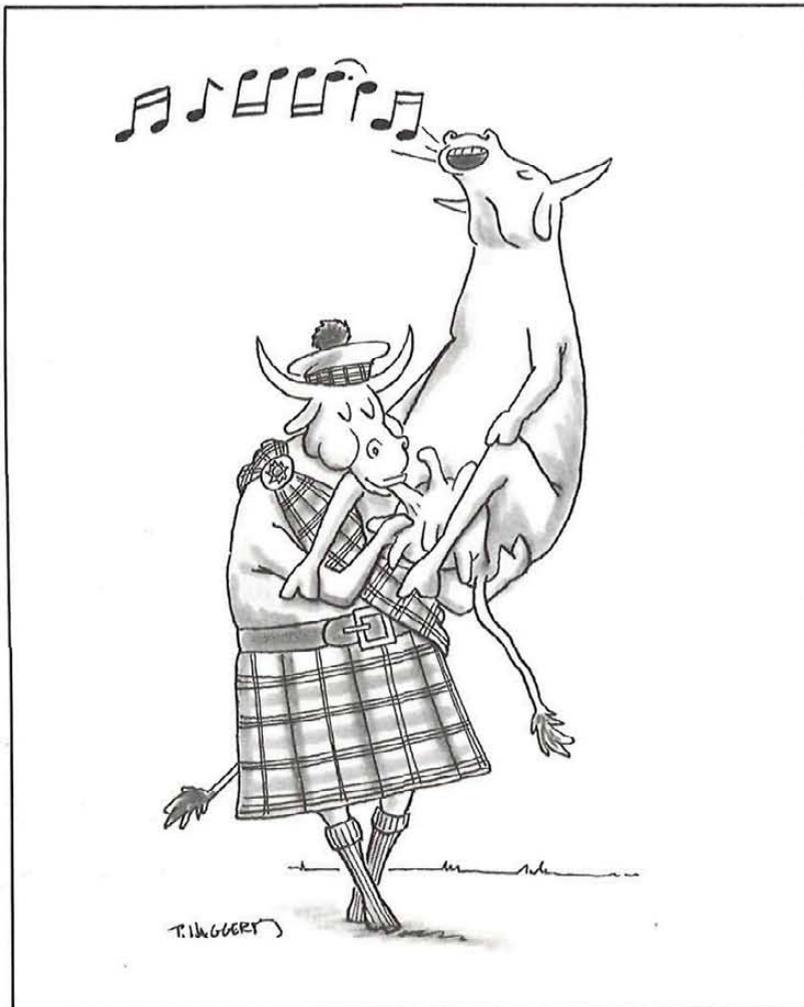
After that she wants to get into costumes. Costumes are a big turn-on for her. She's got a whole room full of clothes. First she puts me in one of those Three Musketeers outfits that Errol Flynn used to wear, with the tights and a sword. She wears a low-cut Duchess gown that shows off her tits. I'm supposed to rescue her from the evil king and sweep her off her feet, while fighting the king's army. All this is being taped with her cameras. Maybe I'll get more acting jobs in her music videos.

We went through sixteen costume changes, like little movies. I was a motorcycle cop, a cowboy, an Indian, a Puerto Rican delivery boy, an insurance salesman, a priest, a football player, a jungle savage, even a fag who she converts to straight sex. I stopped when she wanted me to put on a dress and lipstick.

But now she was really warming up. She wanted me to eat things off her body—said it made her crazy. First there was the usual yogurt and ice cream, some Jell-O, mashed potatoes, spaghetti in clam sauce, Tofutti, Gerber's baby food. She was going crazy, and I was getting full.

These young rock 'n' roll kids got a lot of energy, but I was going to keep up with her, no matter what. The next thing I knew, Cyndi is swinging from a rope in her exercise room. She's holding onto these rings and swinging back and forth, trying to get my dork into her flue as she swings by. It sounds good when you read about this trick in a book, but it can't be done unless your timing is perfect. She wanted to practice until we got it down. It took us an hour to get it right, and my poor *shvantz* was getting pummeled to death. So finally we got it just right...big deal. What are we going to do? Take our act to Vegas? We'll be on the same bill with the Aristocrats, I said. Cyndi didn't get the joke.

I was beginning to think maybe there was a reason she liked to have so much fun. Maybe she didn't really like to fuck and would do anything to avoid it. Finally she hops off the rope and says we're ready to fuck, but first, let's take a quick bath in her Japanese rock pool. Great idea. My *shvantz*



could use a nice warm bath. She lies down in the water with me and in two minutes she's fast asleep. She's out like a light. I drag her out of the fucking bath and throw her on a bed. She's got a cute smile on her face and she sleeps like a baby. A nice kid, Cyndi, but she likes to have too much fun.

But now this broad is starting to get to me. I want to get my pee-pee into her wet place in a bad way, and she's just trying to have fun. This kind of thing has never happened to yours truly before. It's not making me question myself, but it does present a challenge. I want to take this sick, crazy broad to bed but without jumping on her and bending her backward.

I got close a few times. She liked to use my dong as a baseball bat, holding me from behind and swinging at a whiffle ball suspended on a string. Sometimes she'd take my wand and use it to make designs on big whipped cream cakes. I never saw a kid with so many ways to have fun.

I'll tell you the truth, I was getting involved with her more than I thought. I was ready to take things in my own hands. I decided I was going to do it on the night of this big party Cyndi was throwing.

It's one of those really hot ones, with every kind of high and low you want. I'm even trying a few things myself. I can't find Cyndi anywhere so I cruise the room a little, because I'm getting very itchy. Then this guy grabs me and sits me down in a quiet corner and tells me I've got to help him. Sure, you need a cab...I'll take you anywhere you want to go.

He looks at me very serious, so the joke goes over his head. It seems that he is one of Madonna's managers, and Madonna is in very big trouble and needs my help. He's heard about me through the grapevine and he knows what I can do. Terrific. At least someone up there likes me. So what's the problem? I ask.

He takes me into a quiet room and tells me in a whisper: *Madonna is a drug addict. I'm not surprised. A lot of these rock 'n' roll kids become junkies. Too much, too soon. No, no, not a junkie...not the usual stuff like heroin or cocaine, he says. There's a new thing going around called "ecstasy."* Psychiatrists use it on very depressed people. It makes you feel terrific, he says. As if you're getting laid without actually fucking.

I'm still not shocked. So she feels good, like she's always getting laid—what's wrong with that? Nothing, he says. It's the side effects. Oh, oh... now I'm listening. What kind of side

Your office could be crawling with Walkerschnappers.

effects? It seems like she's gaining weight and things are growing out of her body. What kind of things? Little plants, he says. Plants are growing out of her nose and her ears like weeds. She's got to be clipped and pruned every day. They never know what will bloom—orchids, geraniums, ivy, even little vegetables—scallions and radishes. If they let her alone, her face would look like the side of one of those old college buildings. They even let the orchids grow out of her ears for a while to see if they made nice earrings, but it was too weird.

The medical people can't come up with a cure, and Madonna won't give up the fucking ecstasy pills. She's hooked, no matter how hard they try to hide them. She's got three Japanese gardeners on hand at all times to take care of the sprouting things so they won't show too much.

The poor manager is begging me to help her. Millions of kids love Madonna. She's their idol. We can't disappoint all those kids. Right, and we can't disappoint all the banks that are waiting for all the money she deposits every week. It's not the money, he says with a straight face, it's a human being's life we're talking about,

and her responsibility as a star to her public. Of course, of course, Barry or Steve or whatever your name is. Music people are famous for being great humanitarians.

What Barry-Stevie wants me to do is fuck poor Madonna nonstop for as long as it takes to get her off the ecstasy pills. Give her a bigger and better ecstasy so she'll never go near the things again.

So now I got a new challenge, and I don't mind taking it, especially the way I'm going around in circles with Cyndi. Madonna looks like the kind of girl who would like me to wiggle my diggle. I'll do it. Besides, I got this romantic streak in me. I'm the Philip Marlowe of fucking, the Sam Spade of sex. I'm a sucker for rescuing a broad in distress.

The manager introduces me to Madonna and I can see she's been briefed about me. She looks at me with what they call an "attitude." She says I look like an old fart—she can't believe I'm this great fucker. These new young girls really get right to the point when they got something on their minds. She goes on and on, with fuck you and fuck this and fuck that. She says I'll probably get a heart at-

tack fucking her and she isn't insured for that kind of thing. I can tell she has a chip on her shoulder. She keeps looking around for her fucking pills and I can see these tiny green things starting to bud in her ears.

I figure I better act pretty fast and take this girl to the moon and the stars before she begins to tear up the place. I excuse myself for a minute and get some ice cubes. I got a little trick up my sleeve, or rather, up my joint. I pack the cubes into my crotch and keep them there until I can't stand the cold any longer. I want my *shvantz* to shrink to the size of a mushroom cap.

Then I go back to Madonna and move into my tough-guy pose. I ask her if she fucks or just sings about it. I throw all the shit back at her—call her a dry humper who can't get wet, a cockteaser. I tell her she couldn't fuck her way out of a paper bag with two cucumbers.

This kind of talk finally gets to her Italian temper. She gives me her hot moves, with the pouts and the belly wiggles. We find an empty bedroom. She revs herself up and throws off

her clothes and pulls me down on the bed. She is strong. As strong as Cyndi. How do they get so strong? The next thing I know she's grabbing my dingle. Only she's not coming up with much. "What is this?" she yells. "Where's your prick? What am I holding in my hand? Your nose is bigger!" She really lets me have it. I couldn't even satisfy her cat with my thing. She laughs so hard that tears are running down her cheeks and her makeup is getting smeared. This is all part of my plan.

I beg her to let me put my tiny thing in—just as far as it will go. It's not even as big as a baby's pinkie, she says. But she forces it in, still laughing and making fun of it. Just let it stay there for a second, I say.

Of course, my idea is to let my wing-wang grow on its own right in her flue, using my special abilities, like the priests from Tibet. It doesn't take more than a minute to grow about six inches. Suddenly Madonna looks at me with new respect. She wants to start moving around. I push her down and pin her. No rush, I say. Just relax. Pretty soon the next six

inches appear. She's now going crazy, but I still have her pinned. She isn't *that* strong. You got all those little plants growing inside you, how would you like a nice, big tree? I say.

And then the final six inches. I'm in full bloom. Actually, it may be more than that, I never measured it. All I know is that she's ready and I'm ready. I have to be gentle at first or I might kill her. She's almost epileptic, she's shaking so much.

I'm just about to dip my bucket into her deep well when the door of the room opens and Cyndi pops in.

"Oh, excuse me," she says in that wacked-out voice of hers.

"No problem," says Madonna. "You can watch if you like and eat your heart out." Madonna likes all kinds of scenes, and by now she's beyond caring who watches or who doesn't. She's crazed.

Cyndi doesn't recognize the fellow on top, which is yours truly, because she's never seen me in that position before. So it's not until she takes a good look that she realizes who the fucker and the fuckee are. Then she goes out of her mind.

"You are fucking *my* boyfriend, you fucking gang-banging car slut," she screams at the top of her voice.

She tries to pull Madonna out from under me, yanking on her hair. Madonna gives her a bite on her fingers and calls her a raving nutbar, an airhead with hemorrhoids on the brain.

Cyndi calls Madonna a wop ginzo slut who will fuck salamis and provolones. Madonna calls her a ditzbar who wouldn't know an orgasm from a nose pick. They're screaming and calling each other names I never heard before, much less from women. I still got my wing-wang in Madonna, but it's getting smaller as the girls look like they're ready to kill each other.

I slide out of Madonna just in time, because Cyndi leaps on her like one of those wrestlers she works with and pins her down. These two broads are fighting over me like a pair of tigers. Cyndi's clothes are ripped to pieces. They're both very strong. Madonna flips Cyndi over and starts pummeling her face, her shoulders, and her tits. Cyndi fights back by biting Madonna on the neck over and over. Madonna counters by biting Cyndi on her nipples and pinching her ass hard. I'm watching all this with a mixture of curiosity and frustration, but the girls are really into their fight and they don't even know I exist.

They kick and knee and slap and slam each other around. Madonna grabs Cyndi's crotch and bites into it



as hard as she can. Cyndi answers by biting Madonna's quivering belly. I can't keep my eyes off them. Pretty soon the bites and the pinches get softer and the next thing I know they're kissing and licking each other like a pair of wild animals in heat. Fingers are moving in and out of deep wells. At this point I'm getting a little crazy myself and I try to pry the girls open and put the joyride into high. But they both scream at me to fuck off and get out, call me a disgusting pigbrain, or something like that. I don't think they're fighting over me anymore. In fact, I get the feeling I'm not wanted.

And then the moaning and groaning starts and a lot of wiggling and shaking, and they come together with a big scream and then they keep going. I counted eighty-seven times.

Finally they fall into a deep sleep, a coma, with their arms and legs around each other. It looks like they'll sleep forever. I look down at my log and it's about ready to go into a brick wall. If I don't find someone to fuck in a few minutes I'm going to attack the two sleeping beauties, whether they like it or not.

But I calm down my *shvantz* and go back to the party, and for once I get lucky. Who do I meet but my old friend Tina Turner, who I haven't seen since her early days with Ike. She gives me a big hello and a wet kiss and notices my flushed face and the big bulge that I've still got down there. I can't get the damn thing to calm down.

"Got a raincoat I can borrow?" I ask. "My umbrella handle won't go down."

Tina laughs and does one of her famous nostril flares, which means her juices are ready to flow. She's got the sexiest nostrils in the world. I know, I've fucked them, along with everything else she's got, and she's got the best.

"Let's you and me have some fun," she says.

"No, no! Anything but that. Let's fuck!" I scream.

She looks at me as if I was nuts. "Of course we're going to fuck," she says. "What do you think we're going to do? Pick daisies?"

I apologize. I don't want to get into any details about what I just said. She sees the state I'm in and understands immediately. We go right down to her limo and fuck in the back seat until we get to her apartment, where we continue all night.

Maybe I don't understand some of these new music kids. I needed somebody like Tina to remind me what real fun is. God bless her. ■

Your best friend may be a Walkerschnapper.



PHOTO PHUNNIES



RON AND I ARE EXTREMELY GRATEFUL TO THOSE GOOD FOLKS AT THE "NATIONAL LAMPOON" FOR GIVING US A FORUM TO REACH ALL YOU YOUNG PEOPLE IN AMERICA, ESPECIALLY THOSE OF YOU INVOLVED IN THE MUSIC BUSINESS.



I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU THINK YOU NEED TO USE ALL THOSE DRUGS. NOW, DON'T GET ME WRONG—I KNOW IT'S JUST A MINORITY AMONG YOU MUSIC PEOPLE WHO ARE ON THE STUFF.



I KNOW THAT FRANK SINATRA DOESN'T DO DRUGS.

DEAN MARTIN DOESN'T, IRVING BERLIN DOESN'T, AND I KNOW FOR A FACT COLE PORTER DOESN'T TOUCH DRUGS.

OR MAYBE TAKE YOUR BOAT OUT AND GO FISHING, OR DRIVE OUT TO THE STABLES AND SADDLE UP YOUR HORSE AND RIDE ON YOUR RANCH. MY HUSBAND AND I LOVE TO DO THAT. SPEAKING OF MY NUMBER-ONE MAN, I KNOW HE'D LIKE TO SHARE A FEW WORDS WITH YOU ON THIS VITAL SUBJECT. MY HUSBAND, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.



I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME FIGURE OUT WHY ANYONE WOULD TAKE THAT STUFF. IF YOU KIDS WANT TO HAVE SOME FUN, WHY DON'T YOU JUST GO HAVE A NICE DINNER AT CHASEN'S OR TAKE THE MERCEDES AND DRIVE DOWN TO THE BEACH AND WATCH THE WAVES ROLL IN.



WELL, UH, THIS LITTLE COURAGEOUS LADY AT MY SIDE HERE, HAS, UH, LED THE FIGHT AGAINST THOSE SUBSTANCES THAT ALL THOSE YOUNG PEOPLE THE MINORITY OF WHICH HAS TAKEN IN COMMON, UH, USING THE EXCUSE THAT THEY'RE UNDER THE SPOTLIGHT! WELL, UH, I'VE BEEN UNDER THAT VERY SAME SPOTLIGHT ONE OR TWO TIMES MYSELF, HEH HEH, AND, UH, WELL, WE FOUND OTHER WAYS TO, UH, DEAL WITH THE LONG HOURS ON THE SET AND THE WAITS WHILE THE DIRECTOR MIGHT BE, UH, MAKING A FEW LAST-MINUTE CHANGES OR, UH, YOU MIGHT FIND YOURSELF WITH YOUR MAKEUP ON AND THEN, GOLLY, THEY'D WANT YOU TO TAKE IT OFF, AND, UH, MAYBE YOU'D BE DRIVING DOWN THAT BEAUTIFUL HIGHWAY 1, WHICH, BY THE WAY, IS MY FAVORITE PLACE IN THE WORLD, UH, AND THE, WELL, THE SUN JUST STREAMING DOWN ...



HONEY, JUST TELL THEM TO SAY NO.



continued from page 10

Sirs:

Now, just what was it that the dormouse said? I used to know.

Grace Slick
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Please be advised by this notice that John Fogerty's song "The Old Man's down the Road" is in violation of Calloway's Law, which states that, for each hi-de-hi, there must be an equal and corresponding hi-de-ho.

Stand, Hupp, and Boogie
*Attorneys-at-Law
Hillsville, N.Y.*

Sirs:

My fypewrifer is broken, buf when I gef if fixed, I'll wrife you anofher leffer.

Fanya Fucker
Nashville, Fenn.

Sirs:

It's lovely weather for a gay ride in leather with you.

Johnny Mattress
Oldieville

Sirs:

What sings show tunes in a loud, brassy voice and multiplies in your underwear?

Ethel Vermin!

Mary Martin
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Let's get biblical, biblical,
Let me hear those Scriptures talk,
Scriptures talk.

Matthew, Mark, Newt, and John
c/o the New Testament

Sirs:

In the master's chamber, gather
for the feast.

They stab it with their steely
knives,

But they just can't kill the yeast.

The Eagles' Wives
c/o Hotel California

Sirs:

And it came to pass that Ali Infree was granted an audience with the Grand Bey of Ogoodness. Prior to his audience, he was seated next to the Bey's Royal Physician, conversing with the eminent scientist. At that moment, however, an assassin burst into the throne room and plunged a dagger deep into the heart of the Bey.

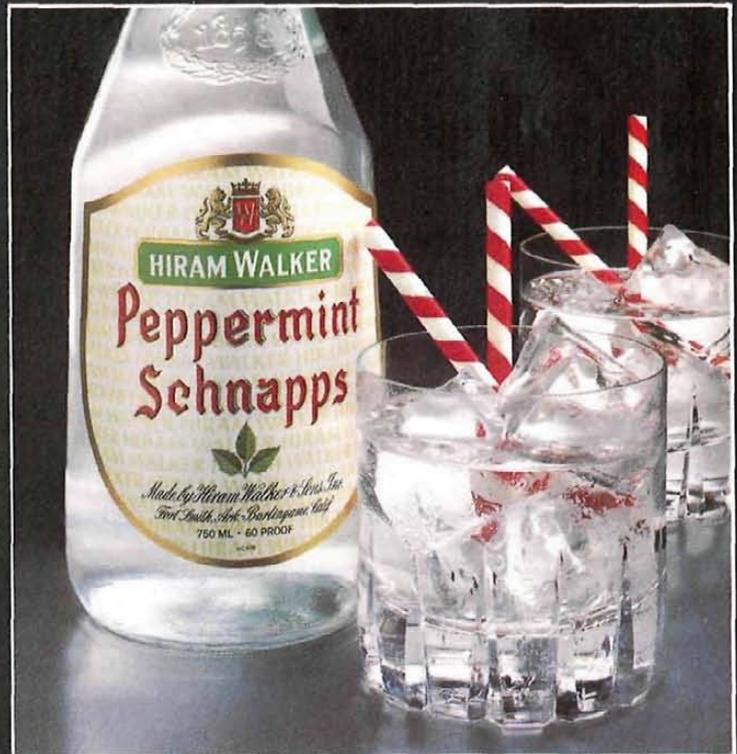
When interrogated later, Ali Infree was able to say no more than:

"I was just sittin' by the Doc of the Bey."

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The Suppressed, Top-Secret, and Never-Before-Revealed Correspondence of Some of Your Favorite Rock Stars

Compiled by George Barkin

Ike and Tina Turner

Dear Ike,

Sorry I couldn't get to see you again last month, but I been runnin' myself ragged tryin' to make ends meet. They cut my hours at the beauty shop, so I had to start hirin' out to do house cleanin'. Then the man from the welfare office called and said they were gonna take away my food stamps. So it looks like I'm gonna have to take in washin' too. What with workin' so many jobs *and* tendin' to your mama, don't be surprised if I don't see you next month, or the month after that. Hope you enjoyed the pie my secretary sent you.

Your loving wife,
Tina

Dear Tina,

Hope this twenty-seven dollars helps. It was gonna be our nest egg for when I get out of here, but after you sayin' how bad off you were I figured I best send it now. It hurts to read how you been sufferin', sugar, but I guess when you said that you'd never perform without me—that you'd scrub floors and wash laundry first—you meant it. Not to take nothin' away

from that, but you know as well as I do that without me up there leading the band and runnin' the show you'd look a fool, girl. Why is it you never said nothin' 'bout the comeback I got planned? With ol' Ike on the case we'll be clearin' two, three hundred dollars a week in no time. Now what do you think about that! Check this out. This afternoon in the exercise yard a dude told me that you'd just won yourself a Grammy Award for the best female singer of the year. I told him he must have you mixed up with another Tina Turner, 'cause my woman's back in Nutbush, holdin' down three jobs and taking care of my mama. Imagine that. I miss you very much. Love to Mama and the Ikettes.

Your husband,
Ike

P.S. What do you mean you hope I enjoyed the pie your *secretary* sent me?

Dear Ike,

Ain't that somethin', me writin' my "secretary" sent you a pie when I baked that pie myself and walked it two miles to the post office just so's you'd have it in time for your birthday. All that hard work I been doin' must

be affectin' my mind. I'd give anything to have been able to bring it to you in person, but I had to take a Sunday job, 'cause, believe it or not, things just keep gettin' worse and worse around here. For example, don't bother tryin' to call me no more, because the telephone company cut off my phone when my business manager forgot to pay the bill. See what I mean? My only light in all the darkness is that you will be coming home in six short months and then we'll be together again forever and ever. Don't pay no mind to that lowlife who's spreading rumors about me in the exercise yard. You know I never been one to tell my man how to conduct his business, but it seems to me, Ike, that even though you're in a compromised situation you still is a man and you still got your dignity and you oughtn't let nobody run down your woman like that, ever. You understand what I'm talkin' about?

Your loving wife,
Tina

Dear Tina,

Forget about our comeback and forget about seeing me in six months. In fact, you can probably forget about

ever seeing my ass again. Last week after lights out, I was sitting on my bunk playing "Proud Mary" on my guitar. Thinkin' 'bout how you used to shake and shimmy for that tune always put my bone on the throne. I was just gettin' set to give Mr. Johnson a rubdown when that dude from the exercise yard calls out from the next cell and asks me to sing "What's Love Got to Do with It." I says I didn't know that tune. He says what about "You Better Be Good to Me"? I says I didn't know that one neither, and anyways I'm only singin' the songs that me and you done together on account of I'm practicing up for our comeback. The dude starts laughing and says that he don't know 'bout me, but my wife can't make no comeback 'cause she never went away, and those tunes he asked me to play were your biggest hits. He also said some nasty shit about seeing you shake your tailfeather on something called MTV. So the next night before lockup, I did like you said and garroted the lyin' motherfucker with one of my guitar strings. The only bad thing is that they added twenty-five years to my sentence. But I still have my dignity as a man, don't I, Tina.

**Your loving husband,
Ike**

President Daniel Ortega and Madonna

Dear President Ortega,

Hi! The other night I was racking my brain trying to come up with a video concept for my new single, "Material Guy," when I remembered fucking a reporter from *Rolling Stone*—or was it *Time*—who said that you were heavy into something called "dialectical materialism." Is that perfect or what! What I had in mind was for you to play this super-sexy, rich stud who's followed all around by debutantes. But in the end you drive away with this slightly pudgy, super-hot Latino number who, even though she's super-sexy too, is obviously very smart and serious about a lot of things. Why do you pick her? Because you're not *really* a super-sexy stud, you're a *Nicaraguan freedom fighter* on a secret mission in the U.S.A. to raise money from wealthy Americans. The idea is that even though some people may look, act, and sound real dumb and do all sorts of sleazy things, they *have* to do those things because uh... well, just because. See? We have to move quick on this project because it's going to be a big-budget production and there's a whole lot of people I'm going to have to fuck to get this thing off the ground.

**Bye!
Madonna**

Dear President Ortega,

It's been over a week now and I haven't heard from you—are you in this thing or what? I don't want to come off hyper or anything, but I'm *sooo* excited about this project that I began fucking potential directors as soon as I finished writing you. I also fucked two vice presidents and an account executive over at RCA and got our budget doubled. My agent advised me that until I get a definite commitment from you I should hold off fucking prospective choreographers and set designers. But I didn't get to where I am by playing it safe, so I fucked them anyway. I also fucked lighting, sound, and location people, costume designers, assistant directors, plus mucho grips, gaffers, and gofers. That leaves only the caterers and the extras for the crowd scenes, but I'm planning on just giving them blowjobs. What do you think?

**Bye!
Madonna**

**From: The Office of the President of Nicaragua, Daniel Ortega
To: Madonna**

President Ortega regrets that he is unable to respond personally to your letter, but nonetheless deeply appreciates your support and your recognition of the historical imperative determining

Nicaragua's revolutionary struggle. President Ortega is deeply committed to the Contadora process and looks forward to a peaceful resolution of the difficulties involving all nations of the region.

Dear President Ortega,

Hey dude, what's your problem? If you're having trouble at your end, write and let me know, maybe I can help. I once gave a rim job to this guy in the back room of the Ritz who said he was a member of the U.S. National Security Council, and he told me that even though you're president of your country you have to answer to this nine-member board of jerkoffs called the National Directorate. Are they what's holding things up? If so, fuck 'em. On second thought, you better let me. Just drop me a line and I'll be in Managua in no time flat. Things are going pretty well at my end, but I've still got a lot to do. After I finished sucking off all the caterers and the extras for the crowd scenes I got a super idea. Why not get a computer printout listing the names and addresses of all the people in the country who subscribe to MTV? I'm not saying I'll fuck them all, but the ones I don't get to we can send T-shirts or something.

**Bye!
Madonna**

William F. Buckley, Jr. and Bruce Springsteen

Dear Bruce,

A brief missive to let you know that we've all missed you *terriblement* at the club these past weeks. The other day the George Bushes dropped by, and they just couldn't understand why you just didn't hire someone to go on those infernal tours for you. Apropos of your touring, I have been ratiocinating of late upon the consequences of something untoward happening to you—*quam brevis hic nobis sermo, pudebit aucti nominis*. Who then gets to be the Boss? Clarence? If so, do you think that that is necessarily such a good idea? Mrs. Buckley sends her regards. *Ciao, amico mio*.

Bill

Dear Bill,

Thanks for your kind note. It couldn't have come at a better time. For six weeks now I've been living in a filthy pair of jeans and a denim jacket that is positively rigid with perspiration. If I don't slip into something Brooks Brothers soon I'll go mad. Last night we played L.A.—this is strictly *entre nous*—and if I hadn't known that Walter and Leonore Annenberg were in the audience I never would have gotten through the show. I hadn't seen them since the fund-raiser you threw for the Salvadoran death squads; they both look marvelous and will be leaving early next week for their summer home in Johannesburg. *À propos de Clarence*, not to worry, I have given strict instructions to Miami Steve that if indeed anything *malheureux* does befall me Clarence is to be destroyed. *À bientôt!*

Bruce

Dear Bruce,

The other day while I was lolling about, rolling my eyes and flicking my tongue, the phone rang—it was Smythe from the club. Seems that that old bugbear has raised its head again, and no amount of reassurance on my part could assuage the fellow. So as your sponsor I've been designated to *atteindre la vérité*, as it were. To wit: Did you change your name from Springsteen to Springsteen in early 1972; and was your latest record, "Born in the U.S.A.," adapted from a heretofore unrecorded composition entitled "Raised by the UJA"? Let's clear this nasty business up as soon as possible, shall we?

Bill

Dear Bill,

You *can't* be serious! Our families have known each other for years. I

prepped at the same school as your son and escorted your daughter to her first cotillion. I'm shocked and deeply hurt that you would condescend to involve yourself in such malicious gossip. Plus you haven't the slightest scintilla of evidence. I admit I composed "Raised by the UJA," but I've also sung "We Are the World"—does that mean I'm a Negro too? I realize, Bill, that my frequent association with minorities leaves me vulnerable to such suspicion, but good God, man, I'm in the music business, what would you have me do! And what if, I say *if*, mind you, my great-grandfather on my father's side *was* a Jew—who subsequently converted to Episcopalianism. I could still boast a bloodline every bit as blue as yours, a bloodline even an S.S. Oberführer would have no qualms in pronouncing pure. So there you have it, Bill. The truth is finally out, and I'm not ashamed. *Tu quod es, e populo quilibet esse potest*.

Bruce

Pope John Paul II and Ozzy Osbourne

Dear Holy Father,

Bless me, Father, for I think have sinned and sinned and sinned. It's not so much that I'm a bad person, it's more my line of work which puts me in situations that I feel may be displeasing to the Lord. You see, I was the lead singer in a heavy-metal band called Black Sabbath, and now I front my own band, and I have this, uh, naughty-boy image I've got to keep up if I want my records to sell. For instance, during my last concert I bit the heads off six chickens and used their blood to draw an oversize pentagram, from inside which I and the whole band invoked Satan and all the arch-demons of hell. Pretty bad, huh? Then I had a woman dressed in a nun's habit get down on all fours and I celebrated a Black Mass on the cheeks of her naked bum. There's other stuff I do during a show—like writing the numbers 666 on fans' heads and reciting the Lord's Prayer backwards, but I think it's those other things that are putting my immortal soul in danger. In my defense I can only say that it was I alone who kept our promoter from instituting festival seating during our last tour. Even though it would have meant more money for me and the band, I felt it would have jeopardized audience safety.

Sincerely,
Ozzy Osbourne

Dear Ozzy, My Son,

In Poland we have a saying: Don't

pee in the soup until you've made other arrangements for dinner. But isn't that just what you've done, my child. With your loud music and wild antics you've polluted your small portion of the hereafter. You remind me of a bowling partner I once had who would laugh and make fun for nine frames and then in the tenth beg God for a miracle. Understand, it is not the heavy metal in and of itself that the Church condemns—I myself own a number of Bobby Vinton albums—but the way in which you present it. Hence the saying, For lack of a garnish the pot of borscht is ruined. Checking my calendar I see that I'll be making a pilgrimage to New York City later this month—just in time to catch you at Madison Square Garden. If you wish I could attend the show, and afterward, perhaps, make some suggestions in regard to the saving of your soul—and your career. Because let's stop playing games, my little herring, Judas Priest has you running scared.

Your Holy Father,
John Paul II

Billy Idol and Jeane Kirkpatrick

Dear Madam Ambassador
Kirkpatrick,

So you're me mum. Don't bloody bother denying it, 'cause I just come back from St. Hubert's, the bloody founding hospital in Sussex where you bloody went to flush me out after diddling all them Brit cold warriors back in the early sixties. Remember, you came to England on a bloody Fulbright grant? That's right, I know the whole story. But don't worry, your dirty little secret is safe with me. All I want from you is to find out who me old man is. He'll probably turn out to be a drooling old sod from the House of Lords, but no matter, I must find him out. Write and tell me who me dad is and I promise you'll never hear from me again.

Your son,
Billy

Dear Billy,

It is true, I am your mother—or "mum," as you like to say. Though I can never presume to ask your forgiveness regarding what happened in the past, here on this page I proudly proclaim to you what of necessity I've kept hidden from the world: *I, Jeane Kirkpatrick, am the mother of Billy Idol*. If you only knew how many times I've said those words silently to myself. Sometimes during a meeting of the General Assembly my heart would

continued on page 90

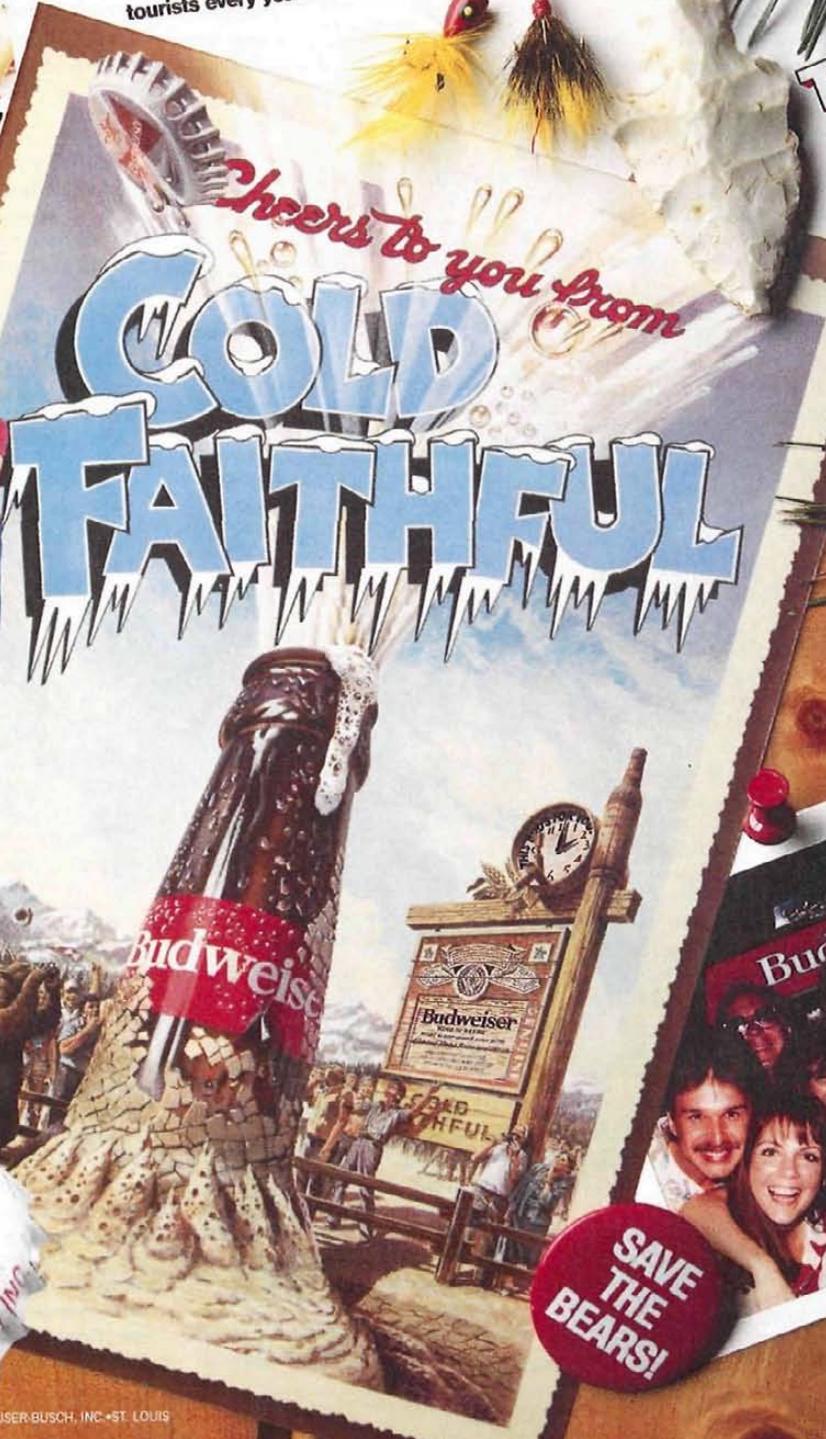
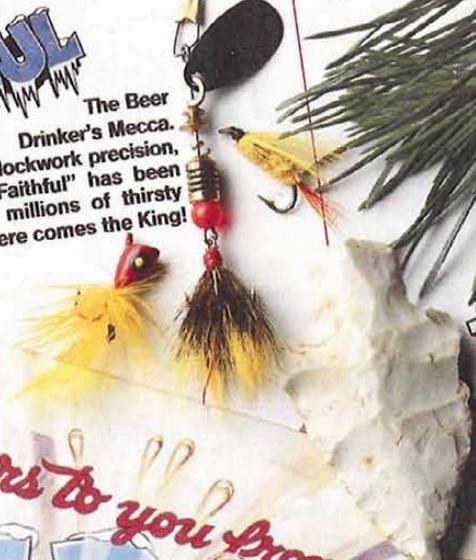
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TO: JIM B...
16221...
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SAVE THE BEARS!



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Very Brief Lives of the Very Great Composers

by Richard Liebmann-Smith

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH (1685 - 1750)

Bach has often been called the Father of Music, though less for his seminal contributions to the theory and practice of harmony and counterpoint than for his unique method of composition. As prolific in his family life as in his professional one, Bach employed his numerous children in composing by assigning a note value to each one. (His son Carl Philipp Emanuel, for example, was E flat until his fifteenth birthday, when he modulated abruptly to F sharp.)

Papa Bach's method of composition was to recline in his overstuffed chair, quill in hand, and simply record the comings and goings of his lively offspring as they scampered up and down the stairs or lined up to use the bathroom. Musicologists have often remarked how fortunate it was for the history of Western music that the Bach *kinder* were so well behaved.



FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN (1732 - 1809)

Everyone in the Classical era agreed that Haydn was not only a great com-



poser, but a great guy. He always showed up, he was always nicely dressed, and he always had a nice piece of music ready. You could depend on Franz Haydn. Even his famous Surprise Symphony wasn't really much of one.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1756 - 1791)

After sitting through a single performance of Allegri's *Miserere* in Rome at the age of fourteen, Mozart returned to his hotel and proceeded to write out the entire score, note for note, from memory. Such feats were literally child's play for the young Mozart (there was no *old* Mozart), who throughout his life possessed the uncanny ability to conceive complete, fully orchestrated works in a single mental flash. His voluminous output was limited only by his inability to write his music down as fast as he thought it up. To his distress he found



that in the time it took to play through or conduct a single symphony he had sometimes composed several more.

Naturally, at this rate his written work kept lagging further and further behind his mental compositions, so that at the end of his short life, with his published *oeuvre* still firmly rooted in the Classical tradition, Mozart was heard strolling through the Vienna Prater humming "Bess, You Is My Woman Now."

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770 – 1827)

Beethoven was probably the greatest composer who ever lived, and most certainly the greatest deaf composer. But he was also, according to contemporary sources, as much of a genius in the kitchen as in the concert hall.

"Dinner at Ludwig's is like an evening in heaven," raved Josephine von Brunsvik, Beethoven's *unsterbliche Geliebte* (steady girlfriend). "He has shattered the soup-to-nuts lockstep of the traditional meal forms. At Ludwig's a cup of tasty *Fischbeuschlsuppe* (fish lung soup) is served after the salad—sometimes two cups, even a whole bowl! He improvises on the tired theme of *Wiener Schnitzel*



(breaded veal cutlets), and the mouth waters. A delicious motif of brandied raisins, introduced as the dominant strain in his rich pheasant sauce, is triumphantly recapitulated in his scrumptious *Palatschinken* (thin dessert pancakes). And he extends the dessert course until it is a meal in itself—*Sacher Torte*, *Linzer Torte*, *Schlagobers*, a *Gugelbupf* as light as air. God, I love him so!"

Remarkable as it is that Beethoven could have whipped up such culinary masterpieces while turning out some of the most sublime music ever written, it is doubly amazing when we appreciate that in his later years the great composer suffered a tragic progressive irreversible loss of his taste buds.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN (1809 – 1847)

When Mendelssohn was still in his teens his father gave him his very own private orchestra—an inspired act of paternal largess to which we owe the exquisite pleasures of the Scottish and Italian symphonies, the *Elijah* oratorio, and the charming incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Had Mendelssohn lived in the modern era, his dad probably would have given him a big stereo and that would have been the end of it.



FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN (1810 – 1849) and FRANZ LISZT (1811 – 1886)

The Romantic movement in music achieved its full flowering in the bravura piano pieces of Chopin and Liszt—a dazzling repertoire that even today often defies the technical capacities of our best-trained keyboard artists. And small wonder! Embodying the Romantic ideals of transcendent virtuosity and tragic deformity, Chopin and Liszt were in fact a single person with four hands and twenty fingers. Bane of tailors, darling of impresarios, this mesmerizing figure could send the impressionable ladies of the day into a swoon merely by sitting at the piano and sensuously removing his gloves one after the other, after the other, after the other.



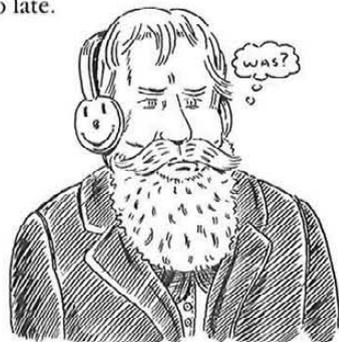
JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833 – 1897)

All his life Brahms was haunted by the specter of Beethoven, whose exalted position in the musical pantheon he desperately coveted. "You cannot imagine the agony," he complained to Clara Schumann, "to hear always behind you the footsteps of that titan."

To this Mrs. Schumann replied that perhaps the agony came not so much from the footsteps as from his hearing of them—a subtle and profound psychological insight which the obsessed Brahms mistakenly interpreted to

mean that he would never surpass his illustrious predecessor unless he too became deaf.

But Brahms shrank from the drastic remedy of what was called in the Europe of that time "pulling a van Gogh." Instead he essayed a pathetic series of half measures along the lines of stuffing his ears with strudel dough and walking around Vienna going "Was? Was?" when people tried to speak to him. He composed his final opus, the four "Ernste Gesänge," wearing painfully tight rabbit-skin earmuffs, but it was clearly too little, too late.



PIOTR ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY (1840 – 1893)

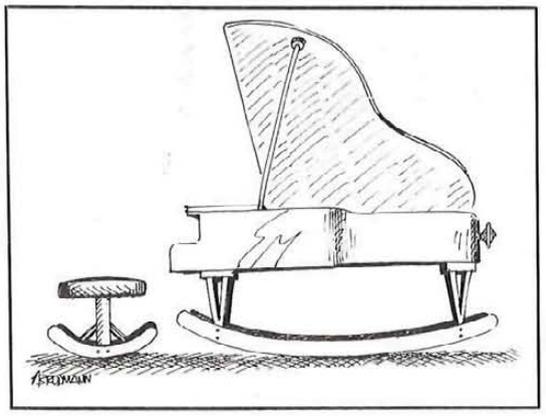
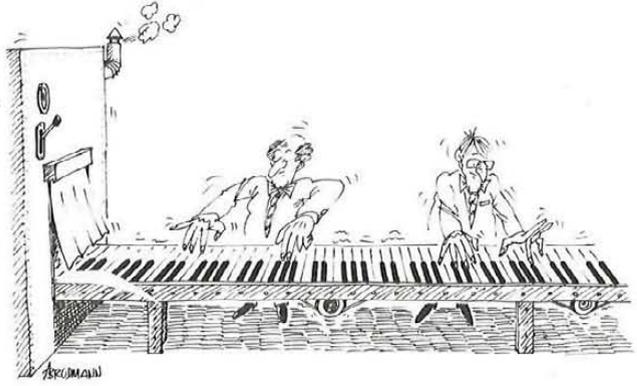
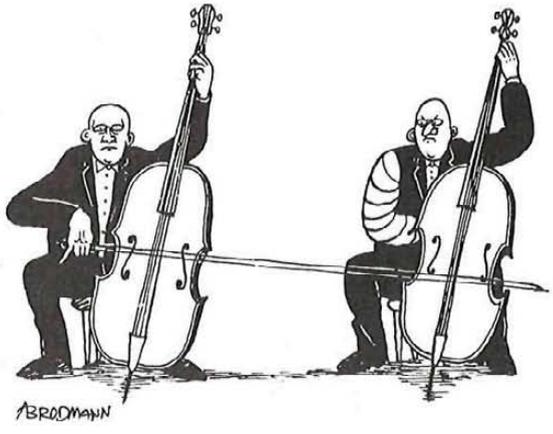
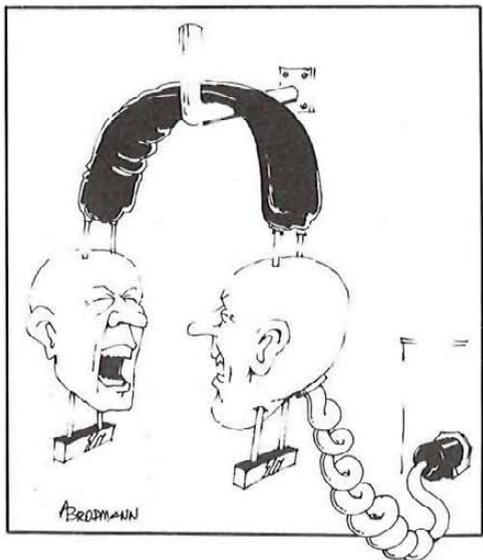
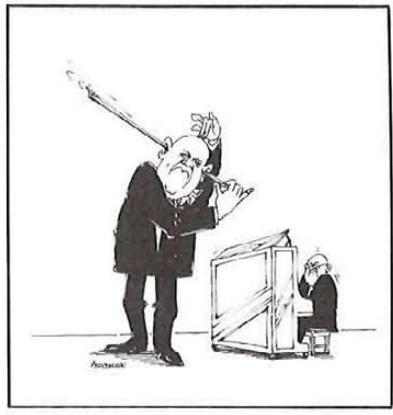
The crowning moment of Tchaikovsky's career came in 1891 when he was asked to conduct his own majestic *Marche solennelle* at the inauguration of Carnegie Hall in New York. Until that moment his life had been a grim series of personal and professional disappointments, including the collapse of his marriage after less than a year and the comparison by a Moscow critic of his first piano concerto to a pancake.

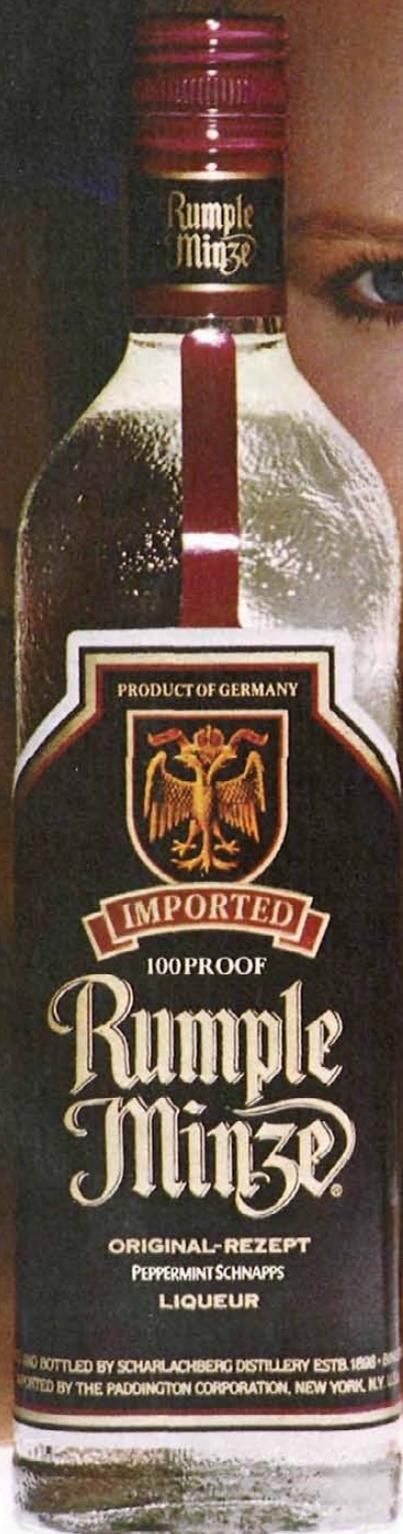
So deeply ingrained was Tchaikovsky's pessimism that even the brilliant triumph of his New York debut could not lighten his humorless spirit. On the very day after his success Tchaikovsky was stopped by a Midwesterner who, mistaking the Russian for a New Yorker, asked him how to get to Carnegie Hall. Without missing a beat the dour composer replied, "Go down Seventh to Fifty-seventh and take a left."



JEFF FARIA

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Debasement Tapes

The following songs were salvaged from the garbage
of some of our leading musical personalities.

by Josh Alan Friedman

NORMAN

by Don McLean

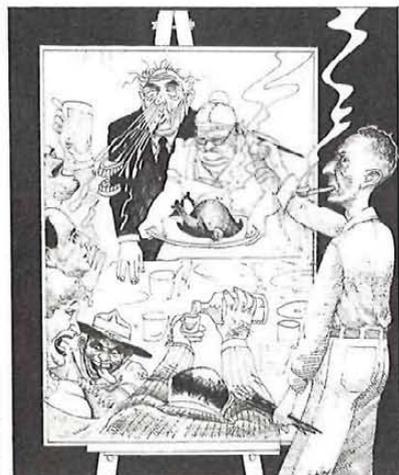
Starry, starry flag,
Apple pie and barber chairs,
Turkeys for Thanksgiving prayers,
With eyes that know the darkness in my
soul.

Main Streets disappear,
Baseball umpire, Father's cheer,
Boy Scout tugging Mom's brassiere,
Norman wasn't queer.

We all understand
Everything you said to us,
How you sketched our land
And pandered to our starry starry hearts.
Critics offered sneers,
Norman kept his cars.

Captured Grandpa's sneeze,
Tender oil-of-mucus breeze,
Though we never saw the sleaze,
Soothed beneath the artist's loving hand.

Starry, starry flag,
Swimming holes and country hams,
Rip-off matchbook-art-school scams
Reflect in Norman's eyes of China blue.



RANDY JONES

DIARRHEA MAN

by Muddy Waters

Gypsy woman told my momma
Whilst Ah's in her gut,
You got a boy child comin'
Never learn to wipe his butt.

Now when Ah's a young boy
'Round about five,
What be shootin' out mah be-hind,
Thought Ah was meltin' alive.

But now Ah a diarrhea man!
Way past twenty-one,
Set me 'top the terlit,
Ah have lots of fun.

Buy all kinda chocolate sweets,
This is all Ah eats,
Till Ah stick to yo' seat.
Baby, Ah your diarrhea man.

Ah'll doo-doo down yo' stair,
Doo-doo in yo' hair,
Ah can doo-doo *everywhere!*
Baby, Ah'm yo' diarrhea mah-in.

Party all night long,
Though Ah'm no man of leisure,
Mah butt be full of song,
Diarrhea's the poor man's pleasure.

Think Ah'll go cook some
Prune-possum stew,
Gumbo dirt and honey,
It pass straight on through.

Now all you little girls,
Come out from under,
When Ah make love to you, baby,
Bowels roar like thunder.

Ah spell D
I-A
Double R-H
E-A.

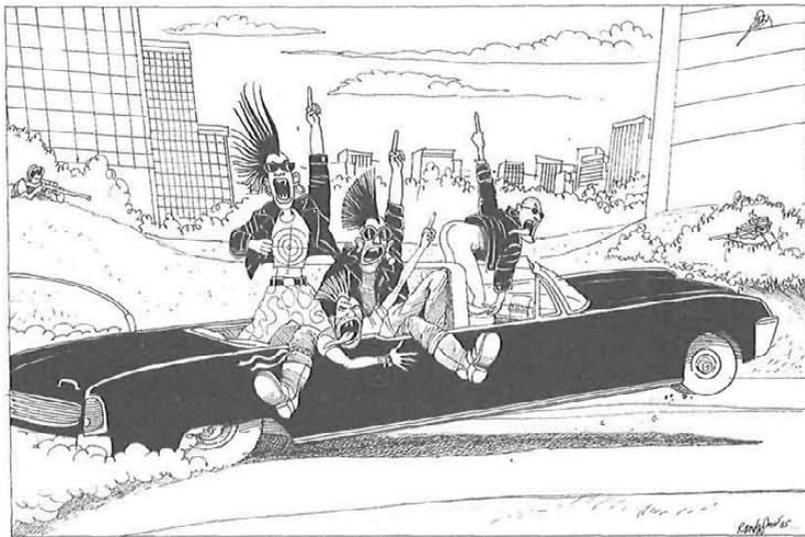
On the seventh hour
Of the seventh day
Of the seventh month
Seven doctors, they say:

Get 'em out mah office!
Le's call a truce,
That dirty ole diarrhea man,
He's on the loose.

Wipe me! (Got a bad case comin'.)
Wipe me! (Pack yo' family, start runnin'.)
Wipe me! (I'm yo' man of diarrhea.)
Wipe me, Lawd! (You'll believe me when Ah
see ya.)

Ah'm the god of diarrhea,
You *know* that Ah am,
Set me 'top the terlit,
Fas' as you can,
Ah say, "Kaopctate, scam!"
'Cause, baby, Ah'm yo' diarrhea man,
That dirty diarrhea man,
Leaky, drippy, dirty, runny, filthy, stinkin'
diarrhea mah-in!





I WANNA BE LIKE JFK
by the Dead Kennedys

I wanna be like JFK
And serve my country true,
Whatever ills that plague the world,
I'd know just what to do.

I wanna be like JFK,
Command my own PT,
A Harvard grad, in football pad,
Protect the land of the free.

I wanna be like JFK
And stand so proud and true,
I'd put the blocks to Marilyn Monroe
And marry Jackie, too.

If I could be like JFK,
To Dallas I would go,
And get a bullet in my brain,
I'd be more famous, though.

I wanna be like JFK
And hear my country calling,
I'd solve our problems everywhere
And still have time for balling.

I wanna be like JFK,
A hero of World War II,
I wanna be like JFK
And so do all of you!

PSYCHIATRISTS IN LOVE
by Paul Simon

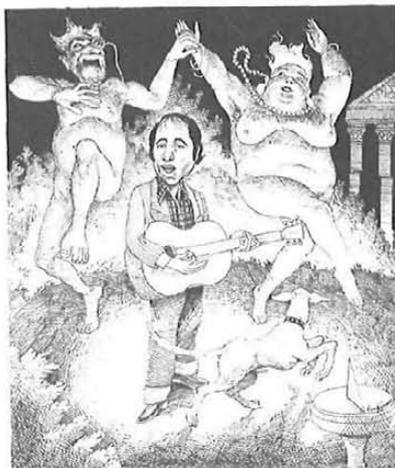
Born in another time,
Drinking an older wine,
Horses and carriages,
Long-lasting marriages,
Unusual sex is a crime.

Renée and Dr. R. von Krafft-Ebing
With their dog before the war
Returned to their sanatorium suite,
Where they unlocked the door.
Easily losing their evening clothes,
They dance by the light of the moon
To the Penguins,

The Moonglows,
The Orioles,
And Danny and the Juniors

Case number 110,
Vienna was full of them then,
Handkerchief fetishists,
Sadists and pederasts,
Man wasn't made for a hen.

But Renée and Dr. R. von Krafft-Ebing
With their dog before the war
Made quite a threesome in bed,
Though they wished they were four.
Nervously scratching their allergies,
They jotted down odd sexualities
Of the Penguins,
The Moonglows,
The Orioles,
And Freddy and the Dreamers.



ELECTRIC LADYMAN
by Prince

Purple gays
Are in my brain,
Orange lesbians,
We're all the same,
Think I'm hungry
For a woman's love cry,
'Scuze me
While I kiss this guy.

Manic depression
Gotta hold of my putz,
Spaghetti lawsuits
Drivin' me nuts,
Ronzoni is the only
Macaroni I use,
'Scuze me
While I self-abuze.

I'd set my guitar aflame for you,
I'd solo with my teeth,
My purple sword is aching for
Your pink and perfect sheath.

But the wind cries Fairy.



Party hardy
All night long,
Jack U off
Throughout this song,
Like to get down
With Masturbatin' Mary,
'Scuze me
But the wind cries Fairy.

If the gods made love like you and me,
They'd soil the cloudy weather
With purple paisley jism drops
On raspberry fields forever.

Drip on, drip on
As the wind sighs Fairy,
I'm blowin' in the wind.
The wind screams Fairy.

They came from all over: Iraq, Syria, Libya, Mozambique, Lebanon, Yemen. They streamed into Tehran by private jet, luxury boat, helicopter, and, in one case, a camel. They were united in one cause, giving effortlessly of their valuable time and talent, producing a visual testament that will inspire millions in the years to come. They canceled department-store bombings, airplane hijacks, sniper attacks on school buses, just to be part of this historic event. We are proud to present

THE MAKING OF "WE OWN THE WORLD"

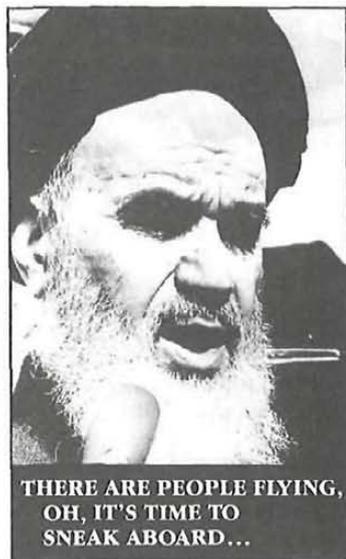
by Larry Sloman



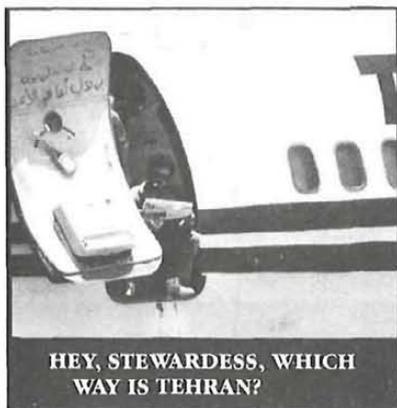
THERE COMES A TIME WHEN WE NEED A CERTAIN CALL...



WHEN THE RIGHTEOUS MUST COME TOGETHER AS ONE.



THERE ARE PEOPLE FLYING, OH, IT'S TIME TO SNEAK ABOARD...



HEY, STEWARDESS, WHICH WAY IS TEHRAN?



WE OWN THE WORLD, WE KILL THE CHILDREN...



WE ARE THE ONES WHO COMMANDER THE PLANES, DON'T CHECK OUR LUGGAGE.



THERE'S A CHOICE WE'RE MAKING, WE'RE SNUFFING OUT SOME LIVES...



IT'S TRUE, THEY DON'T LET INFIDELS IN PARADISE.



WELL, SEND 'EM DEMANDS,
MAKE THE GREAT SATAN REALLY
PAY...



TO GET GAS, JUST SHOOT ONE
LIKE A RAT.



AS ARAFAT HAS SHOWN US,
BY SPORTING A THREE-DAY
GROWTH...



BARBARA WALTERS'LL TREAT YOU LIKE
A DIPLOMAT.



WE OWN THE WORLD...



WE KILL THE CHILDREN...



WE ARE THE ONES THAT PLANT THE
BOMBS ON BUSES...



WE KILL ATHLETES.



THERE'S A CHOICE WE'RE MAKING,
WE'RE SNUFFING STRANGERS' LIVES,
IT'S TRUE, WE'LL GET OUR JUST REWARDS
IN PARADISE.



WHEN YOU'RE DOWN
AND OUT,
AND THERE SEEMS NO
HOPE AT ALL...



JUST BELIEVE IN ME
AND DRIVE YOUR TRUCK INTO
A WALL.



WELL, WELL, WELL, LET'S
REALIZE
THAT A CHANGE CAN ONLY COME
IF WE BLOW 'EM AND OURSELVES
TO KINGDOM COME.



WE OWN THE WORLD,
WE KILL THE CHILDREN...



WE ARE THE ONES IN KAMIKAZE TRUCKS,
SO LET'S START DRIVING.



THERE'S A CHOICE WE'RE MAKING,
WE'RE SNUFFING OUR OWN LIVES,
IT'S TRUE, WE'LL DRIVE MERCEDES-
BENZES IN PARADISE.



"YEAH! ALL RIGHT! MORE! MORE! MORE!"



"LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE HARDEST-
WORKING TERRORIST
IN SHOW BUSINESS—MR. MUAMMAR
EL-QADDAFI! LET'S HEAR IT FOR HIM!"

TROTS AND BONNIE IN THE BAND

WE DON'T CARE ♪♪
ABOUT PENIS SIZE... ♪♪

♪♪ WE DON'T CARE IF
YOU'RE CIRCUMCISED... ♪♪

WE WOULD LOVE
TO GO
ALL THE WAY... ♪♪

♪♪ IF YOU REMEMBER
THE FOREPLAY! ♪♪



♪♪ FOREPLAY! ♪♪

♪♪ IS NECESSARY!

FOREPLAY! ♪♪
THAT'S WHAT WE
LIKE... ♪♪

FOREPLAY!
♪♪

IT GETS US
READY! ♪♪

IF YOU WON'T DO IT...
YOU CAN TAKE A HIKE! ♪♪



WOW!

WE'RE
REALLY
INCREDIBLE.

I CAN'T WAIT FOR
OUR FIRST GIG.



WE DON'T EVEN NEED A REAL GIG...
IF WE MAKE A TOTALLY
WONDERFUL VIDEO,
WE CAN BE INSTANT
SUPERSTARS...
NO TOURS,
NO SMOKY LITTLE CLUBS,
NO HASSLES.

OH YEAH!

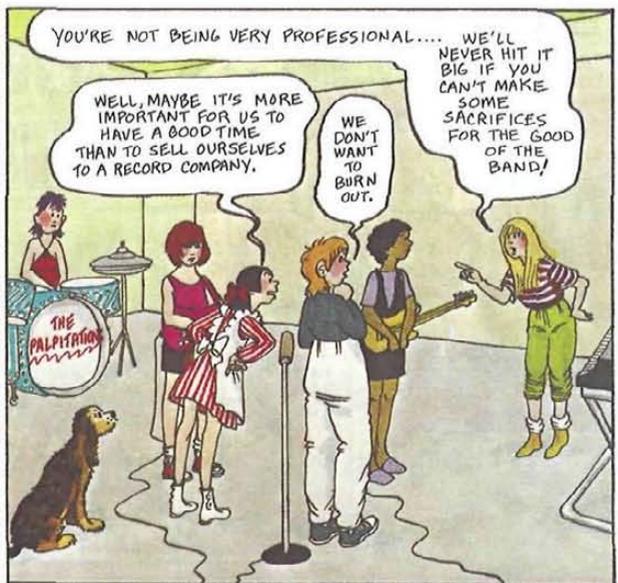
WE CAN DO
LONELY LABIA
AS A VIDEO
AND DRESS UP MY LITTLE
BROTHER'S FOURTH-GRADE
CLASS AS OUR MIDGET
SEX SLAVES.



WAIT A
MINUTE.

I THINK IT'S
MORE FUN
WITH A
LIVE
AUDIENCE.

WHEN WE GET A
RECORD CONTRACT,
WE'LL HAVE
TO GO ON
TOUR.





SHE'S GOT NO SENSE OF RHYTHM.

I HATE HER BASS... IT'S SO CHEAP AND TINNY.



AND SHE THINKS SHE'S A WRITER.

YEAH... SHE'S CONSTANTLY TRYING TO GET US TO DO HER SONGS... BUT SHE ABSOLUTELY REFUSES TO LET US CHANGE ANY OF HER LYRICS.



WELL... AT LEAST SHE SHOWS UP ON TIME FOR PRACTICE...

AND SHE LOOKS GOOD.



WE WERE TALKING LAST NIGHT...

AND WE CAME UP WITH WHAT WE THINK IS A REALLY GREAT IDEA FOR YOU, TERRI.

WE THINK YOU SHOULD JOIN ANOTHER BAND.



I DON'T KNOW WHETHER WE SHOULD LOOK FOR ANOTHER BASS PLAYER OR NOT...

YEAH. WHAT OTHER BAND IS JUST MARACAS, TAMBOURINE, AND DRUMS? TOTAL PERCUSSION!

THE SOUND IS SO MUCH MORE PURE NOW.



BUT LAURIE INSISTS ON PLAYING SO LOUD...

...AND SHE SPEEDS UP ALL THE TIME.

SHE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO LAY BACK.



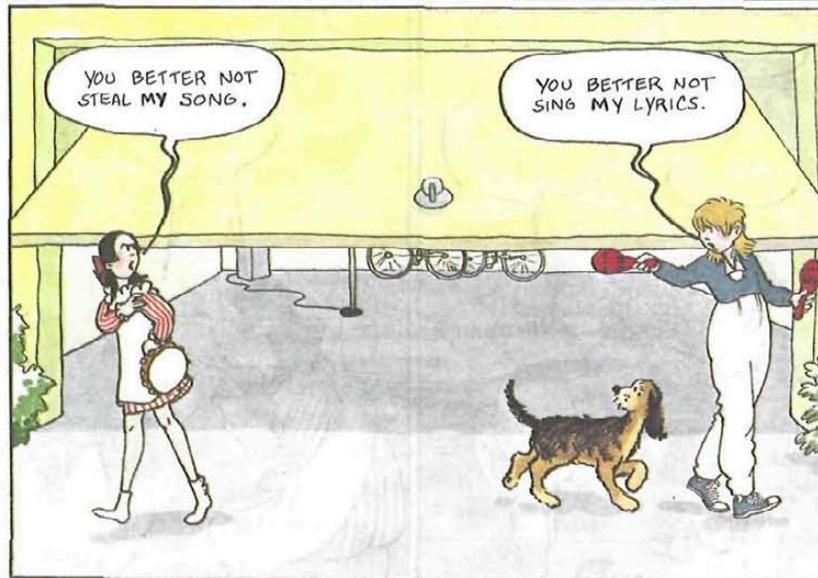
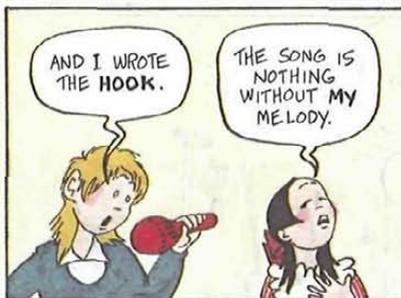
AND SHE'S TOO SENSITIVE...

WE CAN'T TELL HER HOW TO DRUM.

SHE ALWAYS GETS DEFENSIVE.



SHE'S GOT TO GO.



© 85 SHARY FLANNIKEN

Rollin' Home

The Magazine for Itinerant Bluesmen

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MARKETING BLUES RECORDS

Industry Bigwigs Explain How Any Distribution Can Lead to Overexposure

INTERSTATE BRICKFACE

The Rollin' Home Interview by Jann Weiner

BLUES VIDEOS
The Invisible Trend

ENGLISH GROUPS' TRIBUTE TO THE OLDER BLUESMEN

"Let the Americans Start First, and NO MONEY!"

THE STORY BEHIND "WE BE THE CHILDREN—MISSISSIPPI FOR AFRICA"
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2762 Violation Lane
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Editorial

by Jann Weiner

IT MAKES MY BLOOD BOIL WHEN I HEAR THE cries of those envious critics of this magazine (they know who they are, I won't dignify them in print) saying I've sold out. Just last week, I was with Hog Nose Shorty Ding Dong Daddy, hanging out at Elaine's, trading harmonica riffs, and some three-piece junior account executive threw a drink in my face and told me to get hip to Wham!

Fuck him! The blues are in my blood, and my commitment to that cherished American musical form is something that I'll take with me to my grave. Ever since I started *ROLLIN' HOME* twenty years ago, we have brought you page after page of material which has absolutely nothing to do with the current trends in popular music. Let the Bob Guccione, Jr.s. of the world grovel at the toenails of the *Billboard* charts. *ROLLIN' HOME* will continue to go its own way.

A good example of our fiery independence is this month's profile of the legendary Interstate Brickface, the King of the One-String Guitar. Only *ROLLIN' HOME* will continue to bring you the very best in coverage of the great neglected blues men and women, no matter how old, how crippled, how senile, or how dead. This is our solemn oath, and we intend to always live by it.

Just a few important notes this month. First off, don't miss the annual Gator's Breath Country Blues Festival, held in Gator's Breath, Louisiana, November 10-12. An entire galaxy of stars will be appearing, including Hog Nose Shorty Ding Dong Daddy, Big Gal Jennie, and possibly Interstate Brickface himself. All bookings are subject to illness and/or death.

Finally, more attention must be paid to the Get Well Fund for T.B. Slim, who needs help with those mounting hospital bills. So far, generous readers have sent in over \$125.00, but we need a whole lot more. Rumor has it that, the Lord willing, T.B. Slim will be wheeled onstage in his iron lung to join Hobblin' King Snake for a few of their old numbers. In the meantime, keep the checks coming to:

T.B. Slim
c/o *ROLLIN' HOME* Magazine
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

As always, keep on reading *ROLLIN' HOME* and keep on listening to the music. Remember:

The more they be old,
The more they be sick,
The more authentic
Be bein' each lick!

RAMBLING NOTES

BY PEARL "CASHHOUND" RYEBERG



Former harp ace/singer Wheezer the Lemon Squeezer, who long ago gave himself up to the Church, was all in a funky snit on his visit to the Wicked Apple last August. It seems the Reverend Plenny Lovejoy (as he has been known these past thirty-two years) took umbrage when informed that the hip Limelight club, now a favorite watering hole for the trendy, was once a house of the Lord. The good reverend and his small but feisty flock wasted little time in voicing their displeasure at this blasphemy.



Millard "Nappy Voodoo" Claymore treats admirers at the chichi Club A to heaping nostrilfuls of ground black cats' bone, a white powder with all manner of curative and aphrodisiacal claims. Says Nappy, "Dey went fo' it lak a muskrat fo' cattfish! Folks calls it toots up heah, an' dey like to use it in de baffroom, of all places, hee-hee-heeee!! Mus' be pow'ful scarce roun' these parts. It be goooooood fo' yo' lovin'!"

INTERSTATE BRICKFACE— KING OF THE ONE-STRING GUITAR

by Jann Weiner

THE RICH ALLUVIAL SOIL OF THE Mississippi Delta has produced many legendary country blues artists, among them No Thumb Smoot, Dog Foot Jenkins, Razor Moe, and, of course, Screamin' Plumber. Perhaps none, however, has achieved such an awesome reputation as Interstate Brickface, undisputed master of the one-string guitar.

Born in Tarpit, Mississippi, sometime in 1909 (Brickface himself isn't quite sure, figuring it to be "sometahm 'round Deeveember"), Brickface still makes his home there. The Brickface legend is based on an extremely rare series of fourteen sides (seven 78s) that he waxed for the long-defunct, white-owned Pay 'Em Later label based in Dallas, Texas. These sides were apparently cut in Tarpit in August 1936. It was during this historic session that such songs of striking imagery and power as "Toilet Clogged Blues," "Fish-Smellin' Women," and the classic "Don't Serve Me Okra, Nigger!" were put down for posterity. Brickface never recorded again, but thanks to the diligent efforts of a dedicated group of collectors, an LP of these original masterpieces is now available on their own Old and Scratchy label, a label which, incidentally, only reissues discs by obscure country artists who are now seventy years old or more.

The author was lucky enough to catch up with Brickface at his Tar Paper juke joint/beer and soda dispensary on the outskirts of Tarpit on Route 63. The following interview reveals the still remarkable mind of the man they called "the poet of the blues."

Brickface, it has always been one of my longtime dreams to meet you. How are you coming along?

Oh, Ah's pow'ful sorry, Mr. Foley. Ah ain't comin' 'long too good with dem t'ree cases o' Co' Cola you add-vanced me. Ah'll has you paid off sooner dan a ho' git crabs, mah word, Mr. Foley. Why, Ah...

No, no, Brickface, there's been a misunderstanding. I'm Jann Weiner. Remember, I wrote you telling you I'd be coming down to talk to you? I'm from 'Rollin' Home' magazine in New York.

Oh, thank dah Lord. Ah thought you was that cheap-ass white motherfucker—no 'fense now—Jimmy Lee Foley, comin' fo' his money. Ah swear, he kin squeeze a penny till o' Abe Lincoln holler fo' mercy, hee-hee-hee. Well, set yo'sef down, Mr. Whiner, an' git out the hot sun.

I've waited so long to meet you, I hardly know where to start. We might as well start with your records, when you cut those discs in '36.

Now, whoooaahh, boy! Ah ain't got me no police record, an' I nevu cut up no folks name o' Disk, lessen they cut mah ass firs', so you must got me mixed up wit some other nigger. Sure, mah young days was wild, but Ah nevu...

No, no, Mr. Brickface! I mean the records you made back in 1936. You know, "Jelly-Drippin' Mule Face Gal" and "Somebody Et Mah Monkey"...

Oh, them!! That was nigh on fifty year 'go! You here to finally pay me fo' them things?

Uh...why, uh, no, not exactly, Brickface, but I'd like to interview you for my magazine. Lots of folks are quite fascinated by your songs, considering them the finest country blues records ever made. Classics! Maybe the exposure from the interview will help get you some money.

Why, that's mighty nice o' you to say so. Never done got a cent fo' none of 'em to this day. Recorded 'em right here in Tarpit for a fella name o' Nussbaum, an' tha's the last Ah ever heard of 'em till now. Shoulda knowed

better than to deal with a Jew. Oh...you ain't Jewish, is you?

Uh, er...why, yes...

No 'fense meant, young fella. Hee-hee-haw-haw-haw!!! When you firs' come up to th' po'ch, Ah think it was Jimmy Foley with one dem a-tomic bums, ready to blow my shack to the Debbil's Motel fo' not payin' up on time! Well, kick my ass an' call me a mule!!! HAW-HAW-HAW!!!

No, no need to worry, Brickface. I'd just like to ask you a few more questions about your early days.

Well, this ol' mem'ry'll do its best to o-blige you the best it kin.

How did you start playing one-string guitar?

Well, we wuz po'. Thangs wasn't allus luxury lak this. Well, Ah got me a old see-gar box and cut a round hole in dah back. Then Ah had me some balin' wire, but only 'nuff fo' one strang. So Ah strung it 'cross the see-gar box and commenced pickin'.

What about the neck?

Oh, Ah love neck! Stewed possum neck, chicken neck, boiled badger neck...

No, no, I mean the neck of your first guitar.

Oh, Ah din use none. Jes' twanged an' banged away, an' pretty soon Ah was playin' an' singin' in the juke joints. The folks got drunk, commenced dancin', shootin', and stabbin' each other. Yep, they seemed to like me well 'nuff.

So you never did have a real neck on your guitars.

Not till much later, no. My uncle was a mortician, and he gimme the lid off'n a li'l kid's coffin, which Ah whittled into the body of a guitar. Ah put mah one strang o' balin' wire



across that, strung it up tighter dan a minnow's ass, an' I was in bizness.

Why, that's uncanny!

No, Ah ain't lyin'. That's God's own troof.

Brickface, when did you first start playing for a living?

Say, Mas' Whiner, it's pow'ful hot, an' Ah don' know 'bout you, but Ah's as dry as granny's other mouth. How's 'bout buyin' us a bottle of the house-brand whiskey, Mule Killer, an' mebbe Ah kin remember a tad better. Only set you back \$2.75. [I gave Brickface the cash, and he came back with the Mule Killer and two sort of clean glasses.] Aahhhhhh, that Mule Killer be bein' fine! Now, to answer yo' question, Ah was married four time. The firs' t'ree Ah had to change they attitude wif a baseball bat. Now the fourth, she workin' out jes' fine. Still sleep with a razor under the pillow, though. Hee-hee.

No, I believe I asked you when you first started playing for a living.

Nevuh done did. Ah was what you called in them days a sportin' man. Had a stable of six fine bitches keepin' me in suits an' shine. Moonshine, that is. If'n Ah'd tried to git by in life bangin' an' twangin' that coffin lid, Ah'da had a

coffin bottom to go wit it! Hee-hee-hee-haw-haw-haw...[hack, wheeze, hack]. Whew, that Mule Killer got one hell of a kick! Anyway, all Ah played were Saturday night fish fries, juke joints, thass all...plus that one record session for that slick-fingered sheeny....No 'fense taken, now?

So one of America's greatest poets was forced to abandon his craft and had to pimp in order to earn a living.

Shee-it, the gals earned it, the pimps jes' spent it. You say them poet fellas was pimps, too?

No, no, Brickface, I meant you were the great poet.

Aw, naw Ah ain't. Though heal's a good one Ah learned by heart t'other day: "Roses are red/Violets are blue/Twenty-five git you fifty/Yo' landlord's a Jew." HEE-HEE-HAW-HAW-HEE-HEE...Now, no 'fense taken, right, Mr. Whiner?

No, none taken. But don't you realize, Brickface, that dozens of English and American groups made millions off your songs? Why, one English group alone, the Swollen Membranes, made over three mil-

lion on their version of "My Baby's a Talkin' Warthog" alone!

You shittin' me! 'Course that was a pretty good tune....

No, I'm not shitting you! And if you'd registered your songs with ASCAP or BMI, like Nussbaum did, you'd be a millionaire today as well.

God-fuckin'-dammit! That sneaky hymie took mah songs to ASSCRAP, an' now he's a millionaire and Ah'm sellin' Nehi to niggers! No 'fense meant, now.

Well, it seems the tape, like your luck, Brickface, has run out. It's been a pleasure, indeed an honor, meeting one of my life-long heroes, and hopefully someday, with the help of Old and Scratchy Records, the financial wrongdoings perpetrated against you lo these many years will somehow be rectified.

You say Ah's gonna be 'lectrified? Must be that Foley mother. Doan worry none. Ah'll be hittin' the highway 'long 'fo' the po-lice come round a-lookin'. Bye, Mr. Whiner. You the fines' Jew-boy Ah evah done met, no 'fense meant. ■

RECORDS



I WANNA LONG SNAKE MAN
MULEFACE MINNIE
 Crocodile

MULEFACE MINNIE IS YET ANOTHER OF BRUCE Igloo's discoveries for his Chicago-based Crocodile Records, fast becoming the premier blues label. This is Minnie's debut album, and it is quite marvelous indeed. Every song is an original, and nearly every one is pure dynamite. Accompanying herself on slide and flat-picked guitar, Minnie electrifies the listener from first groove to last. The title song, her plea for a man who "got what it takes," is an anthem for all sexually liberated women, and her big, booming voice tells it all: "Ah don't care if he dumb/Got a haid lak a rock/Ah wants a good-lovin' man/Wit a lump in his sock."

One song after another is a masterpiece, especially "Ugly Gals Make Yo' Lovin' Fine." My only complaint (and it's a small one) is Minnie's guitar work. An admitted amateur (on the liner notes she confesses, "Ah only jes' bin a-whompin' on dat thang fo' six mont', 'cause Ah too cheap to pay no sideman"), she has the makings of a fine guitar player. If her pickin' lives up to her mighty singing on her next album, it'll be a classic for sure. In the meantime, she's pretty darn good as things stand. Don't miss this one.

—Deborah Frigid



VOODOO STEW
JOHN THE CONQUEROR
 Br'er

JOHN THE CONQUEROR IS, AT THE AGE OF eighty-three, a master of Zydeco, that blend of Louisiana blues and backwoods Cajun. This is his first album under his own name, though he's

played his swinging, powerful accordion on many others. All the tunes on the album are originals. Old John's lyrics, however, are a sometimes confusing blend of English and French patois. It is, in fact, the problems with the vocals (he is, after all, eighty-three) that kept me from rating this album a classic. One good example is John's rockin' "Don'-Moi Mon Par'-pluie" ("Give Me My Umbrella"): "Don-moi mon par'pluie/Oh baby, con' you see/J'aime beaucoup yo' jell-ee/Don'-moi mon par' pluie!"

But fussing over the lyrics is nit-picking. John's Zydeco accordion rocks like nothing you've ever heard, and his anguished cries would shame the lungs of a man less than half his age. Don't miss this one, whatever you do.

—Kevin Notall



WHERE'S MY MUSCATEL?
ALBINO THE WINO
 Crocodile

THIS IS ALBINO'S THIRD EFFORT FOR CROCODILE, and though far from mediocre, it doesn't measure up to his two former Croc classics, *Rockin' with Ripple* and his great debut album, *Albino the Wino*. This disc features Albino's fierce, slashing slide guitar, and the Wino Band is as solid a unit as ever. The problem lies with the material. There are only two original songs on the entire album, the title number and "Pissin' in Public." These two are full of the usual Albino wit. From the former: "You'd best be plenny/Tall an' husky/If you try to take/Away my musky!" And from the latter: "Now Ah don' see why/That ol' judge was so grim/It ain't as if/Ah gets any on him!"

As pleasing as these two efforts are, two songs do not an album make. Let's hope Albino comes up with some original stuff next time around. In the meantime, this is still a real good-time record...if you don't already have the first.

—Dork Pukerbug

THE CHILL IS GONE
B.D. KING
 Vulture

B.D. KING IS ANOTHER IN THE EVER-BURGEONING stable of "artists" at the sleazy Vulture label. (Among the others are Murky Waters, Yellmore James, Tessie Smith, Scowlin' Wolf, ad nauseam.) To his credit, B.D. King does creditable imitations of his mentor throughout the album, especially the title cut.

Unfortunately, there's not a glimmer of origi-

nality in the entire album. It's really too bad, for B.D. really has a rather good voice. He needs a change of name, management, and, especially, label. Don't buy this unless the store is fresh out of the original.

—Robert Christgod

WHISKEY AND WOMEN
HONKIE DAVE AND BAND
 Atlantic

QUITE FRANKLY, JUST ANOTHER WORTHLESS white electric blues band who'll probably make a mint on Atlantic making heavy metal out of the great masters. Of the six songs, two are painfully endless electric blues jams, and none of them comes anywhere near the originals.

The real crime is a shameless travesty of Fogmouth Vinnie's classic "Let Me Jam Your Jelly," for which they neglect to give him credit. This record is a tasteless mess.

—Dave Swamp

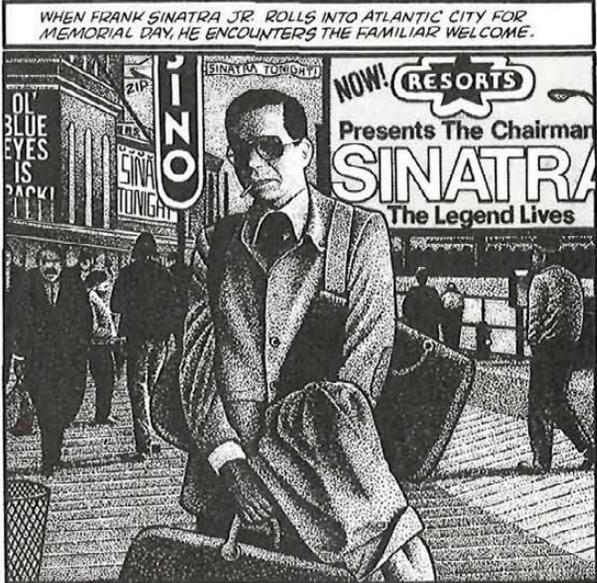
OBITS

Due to limited space, we could only print the most well-known artists' names. There were many more, and our condolences to each and every one's loved ones.

- Rat Eatin' Jake 1901-1985
- Hop Head Bubba 1908-1985
- Harmonica Gimp 1899-1985
- Bottle Neck Bozo 1897-1985
- Ferdinand "88s" Gwump 19?-1985
- Blowfish Shucks 1896-1985
- Rufus "Twang" Smoot (of Twang & Nasty) 1908-1985
- Plug Ugly Calhoun 18?-1985
- No Laigs "Rollin'" Robinson 1900-1985
- Honkin' Stumpy 1893-1985
- Screamin' Plumber (See Cover) 1906-1985
- Wine Head Willie 1911-1985
- Whiskey Face Ace 1914-1985
- Vodka Head Vinnie 1901-1985
- Top 'n' Bottom 19?-1985
- Washboard Preen 1898-1985
- Bayou Mudcat 1879-1985
- Detroit Skinny 1906-1985
- Upside Down Red 1899-1985
- Speckled Brute 18?-1985
- Machete Eddie 1909-1985
- Bitter Critter 1900-1985
- Angina Joe 1908-1985
- Keno Slim 1899-1985
- Peanut Head Wilson 19?-1985
- Gettysburg Pete 1872-1985 (Old, you bet!)
- Yard Dog Squeeb 1901-1985
- Mouth Harp Clutch 1903-1985
- Good Lovin' Emma 1899-1985
- Moosehead Jennie 1901-1985
- Middletown Minnie Mojo 1897-1985
- Dinosaur Dick 1870-1985
- Goat Face Pyreen 1904-1985
- Trouser Slack Johnson 1903-1985
- Jake "Royal Flush" Pruitt 18?-1985
- Terrible Tarpuss Jones 1909-1985

★ THE ★ SAGA OF FRANK SINATRA ★ JR. ★

SCRIPT: JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN
ART: DREW FRIEDMAN

FRESH FROM AN ENGAGEMENT AT THE BLUE MAX IN ROSEMONT, ILL., HE NOW PREPARES TO OPEN FOR GEORGE BURNS AT CAESARS--HIS HOTTEST GIG IN YEARS.

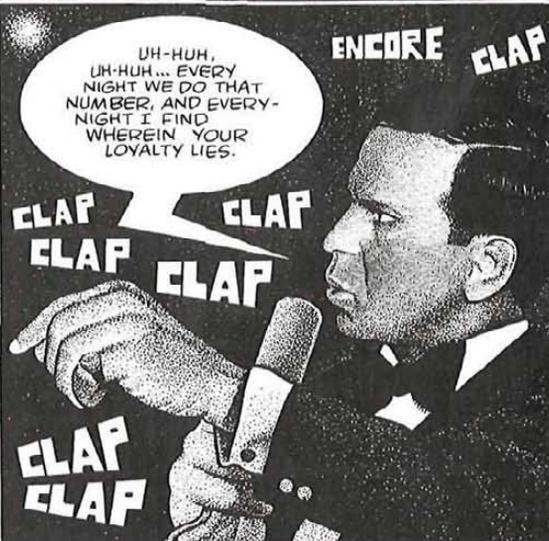
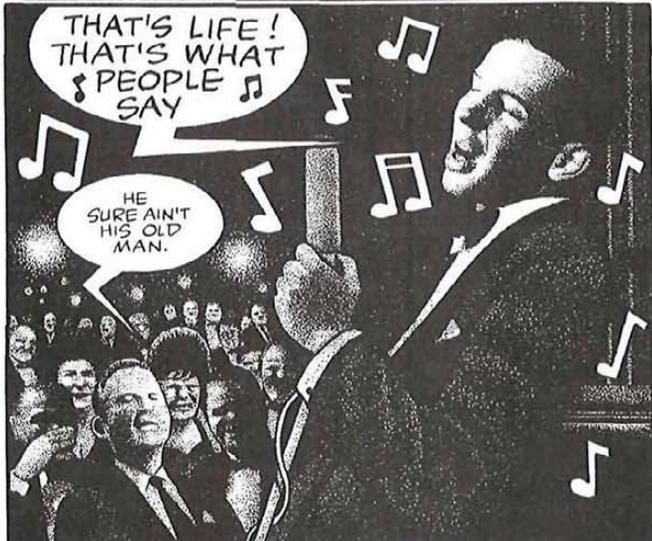
JUST 10 BLOCKS AWAY HIS OLD MAN WONS THE TOWN, SHOWING THE CONFIDENCE OF AN ABSOLUTE RULER.

BUT JR.'S HO-HUM CROWD CHATS INCESSANTLY, OBVIOUS TO HIS ACT, WAITING FOR THE HEADLINER.



THIRTY MINUTES INTO THE SHOW, HE DOES HIS ONLY SINATRA NUMBER.

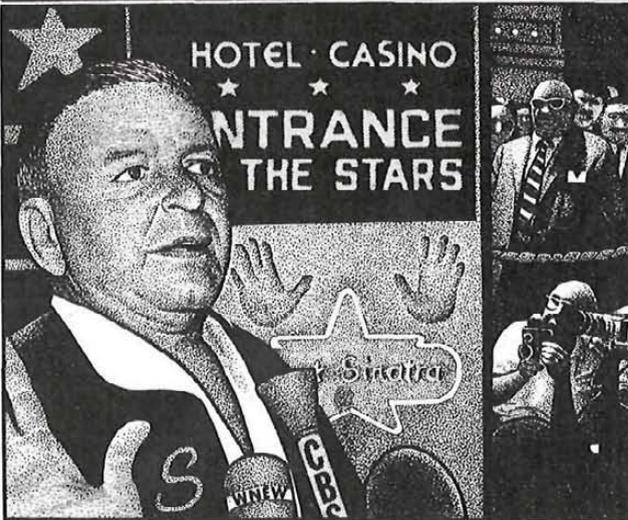
HIS ONLY REAL APPLAUSE COMES AFTER THIS SONG.



LETTERING BY PHIL FELIX.

MEANWHILE, FRANK SINATRA JR.'S FATHER IMMORTALIZES HIS HANDPRINTS IN CEMENT DURING A CEREMONIAL PRESS GATHERING AT RESORTS' "ENTRANCE OF THE STARS."

FRANK SINATRA JR. RETREATS TO THE LOUSY ROOM PROVIDED BY HIS HOTEL, TO BROOD OVER ROCK CONCERT GROSSES IN VARIETY.



DRIFTING OFF, HE DAYDREAMS OF THE TIME HE DID A TV SPOT FOR LENNY'S CLAM BAR IN BROOKLYN...

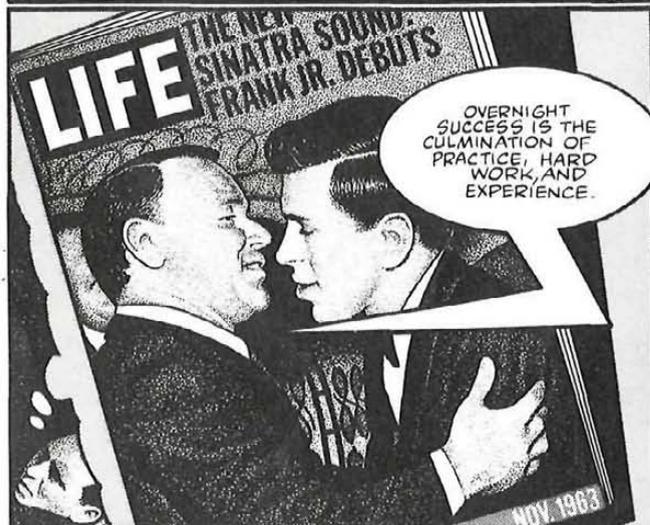
...OF THE DAYS WHEN HE WAS WELCOME ANYTIME ON MIKE DOUGLAS, AND ANYTHING SEEMED POSSIBLE...

...OF THE TIME HE ALMOST BASHED "THAT FAG" REX REED, WHOSE REVIEW CITED HIS OLD MAN AS "LOOKING LIKE ELMER FUDD."



DRIFTING BACK, HE RECALLS HIS OLD MAN'S SAGE OBSERVATION WHEN HE ENTERED THE BIZ.

AND SO BACK TO THE GRIND THE SALOON SINGER GOES. PERFECTING HIS ART, AS HEIR TO THE CHAIRMAN'S THRONE, WITH 20 YEARS OF ROAD WORK, THERE ARE ONLY A FEW REFINEMENTS NEEDED. THEN, WATCH OUT, WORLD!



END



STORY:
ANDY SIMMONS
PETER KLEINMAN
ART:
ROB ORZECZOWSKI

[IN EVERY GREAT MUSICIAN'S LIFE THERE IS ALWAYS A TURNING POINT. FOR SOME IT IS THEIR ...

FIRST GIG!

FOR IRWIN NADLER, MUSIC WAS EVERYTHING.



HE OFTEN DREAMED ABOUT FAME AND FORTUNE.



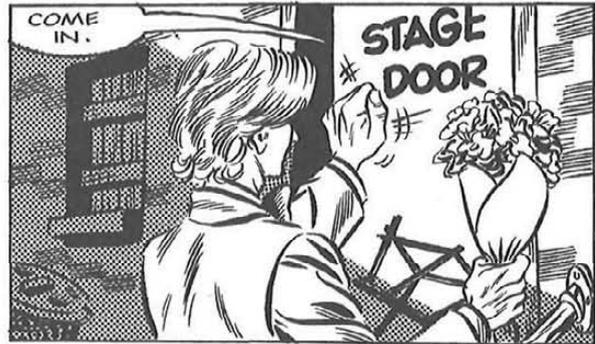
THEN ONE DAY HE DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.



I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS HERE ...

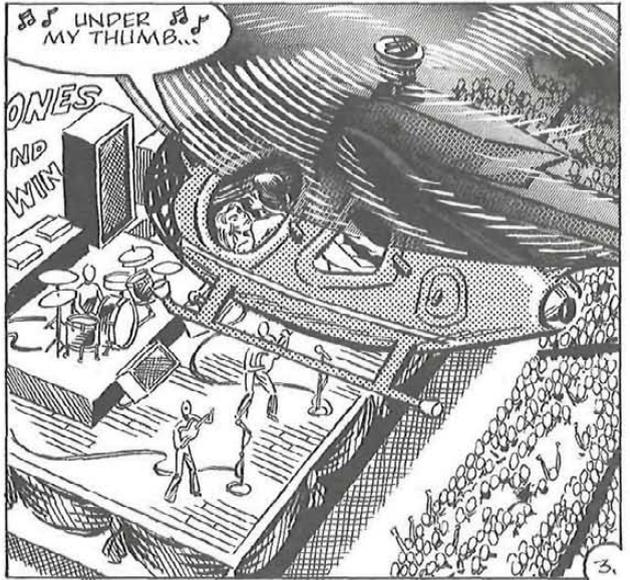


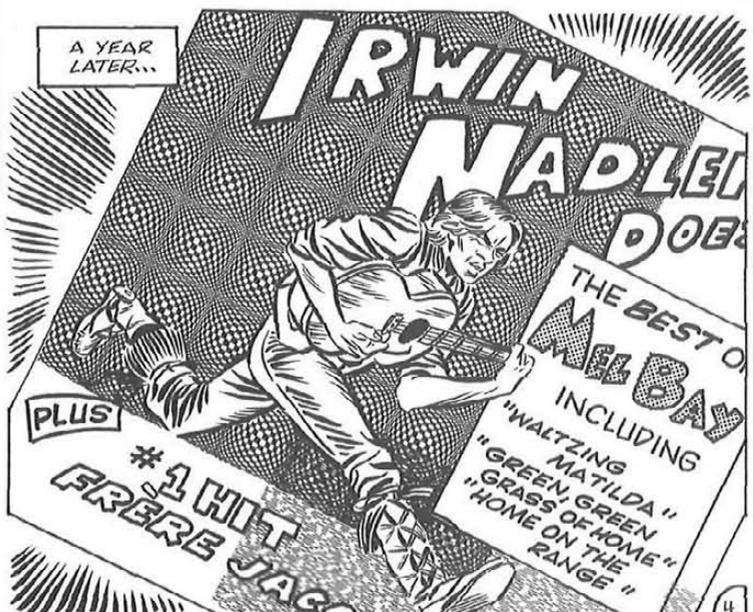
FAB FLEET-FINGERED DUDE INTO HM, FUSION JAZZ, R+B, ROCKIN' ROUND THE CLOCK, AND GOLF. SEEKING SOLID BAND TO JAM, RIFF, AND GET DOWN AND BOOGIE-WOOGIE ON THE WILD SIDE WITH. SIMILAR SOUND TO THE STONES. CONTACT IRWIN "FIVE-FINGERED" NADLER 555-6721.



IRWIN NADLER? DICK HEAD HERE, SAW YOUR NOTICE IN THE MUSIC STORE. I MANAGE THE STONES. WOOPY IS CRASHING...ER... I MEAN, IS ON A BLIM TRIP...ER... WHAT I MEAN TO SAY IS...







GOOD WAYS TO KILL! A ROCK PERFORMER!

ELECTROCUTE HIM. REWIRE HIS ELECTRIC GUITAR AND, USING A 5000-VOLT STEP-UP TRANSFORMER, MAKE THE '3RD' STRING 'HOT.' HOWEVER, TO ENSURE PASSAGE OF THE VOLTAGE THROUGH THE ROCK PERFORMER'S BODY, HE MUST BE STANDING IN A BASIN OF WATER. HE CAN EASILY BE INDUCED TO DO THIS BY TELLING HIM THAT THE BASIN CONTAINS PIG URINE. HEARING THIS, HE WILL EAGERLY REMOVE HIS SHOES AND STOCKINGS AND JUMP INTO THE BASIN! THE MOMENT HE

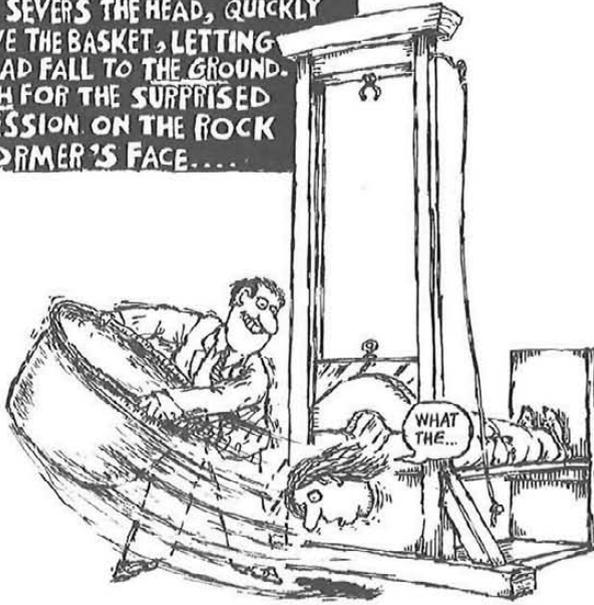
PLUCKS THE '3RD' STRING IT'S ALL OVER!



© copyright 1985

BY *Rodriguez*

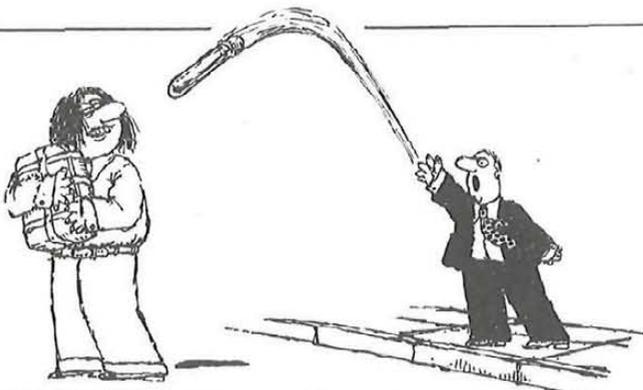
GUILLOTINE HIM. AT THE MOMENT THE BLADE SEVERS THE HEAD, QUICKLY REMOVE THE BASKET, LETTING THE HEAD FALL TO THE GROUND. WATCH FOR THE SURPRISED EXPRESSION ON THE ROCK PERFORMER'S FACE....



EXHUME THE CORPSES OF 3 EX-ROCK PERFORMERS AND, USING THEM AS A WEIGHT, TIE THE LIVE ROCK PERFORMER TO THEM. THEN THROW THE WHOLE ASSEMBLAGE OFF A PIER. NOTE: IF NO CORPSES OF EX-ROCK PERFORMERS ARE AVAILABLE TO SERVE AS WEIGHTS, IT IS RECOMMENDED THAT LIVE ROCK PERFORMERS BE USED.



BURY THE ROCK PERFORMER UP TO HIS CHIN, POUR OLIVE OIL OVER HIS HEAD, THEN TURN SOME ITALIANS LOOSE ON HIM.



**GIVE THE ROCK PERFORMER A 5-KILO PACKAGE OF COCAINE. THEN TOSS A VIAL OF NITROGLYCERIN TO HIM, TELLING HIM WHAT IT IS, AND TO CATCH IT. SINCE IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANY ROCK PERFORMER TO LOOSEN HIS GRIP ON ANY DRUG, THE VIAL OF NITROGLYCERIN WILL INEXORABLY FALL TO THE GROUND, BLOWING HIM TO BITS!
(MY FAVORITE METHOD - ALSO MY MOM'S)**

THE AVERAGE ROCK PERFORMER WILL TAKE 3 POUNDS OF AIR. (MAXIMUM 9.5 POUNDS) GIVE HIM 55 POUNDS - THIS WILL BLOW HIM UP RATHER HANDILY.



FEED HIM TO PIRANHA FISH. SINCE ROCK PERFORMERS ARE INTRINSICALLY REPUGNANT, THEY MUST BE MADE PALATABLE, EVEN TO PIRANHA FISH! IN YOUR BATHTUB. MAKE A MARINADE OF VINEGAR, OLIVE OIL, SALT, GARLIC, OREGANO, ROSEMARY, AND BAY LEAVES. MARINATE THE ROCK PERFORMER FOR 3 DAYS - DRAIN THE MARINADE AND REPLACE WITH AMAZON RIVER WATER, THEN PUT IN 100 PIRANHA FISH. THE PIRANHAS WILL NOW DEVOUR HIM, THOUGH WITH NOTICEABLE RELUCTANCE.

HANG HIM FROM THE
LOWEST LIMB. (IN ROCK
CULTURE THIS IS THE ULTIMATE
INDIGNITY...)



THE MORE BIZARRE TYPE OF ROCK
PERFORMER - PUNK, HEAVY METAL,
NEW WAVE, ETC. - IS ESPECIALLY DIFFICULT TO KILL, AND A STAKE
INTO THE HEART IS CALLED FOR. HE MAY BEGIN SINGING TO THE BEAT
OF THE POUNDING OF THE STAKE, BUT AS IT ENTERS THE HEART
AND A FOUL-SMELLING, GELATINOUS GREEN SLUDGE OOZES
FROM THE CHEST, THE SINGING WILL CEASE, AND HAPPILY
THE ROCK PERFORMER WILL BE DEAD.

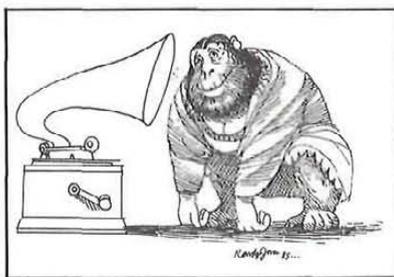


BURN HIM AT THE STAKE, USING AUTHENTIC
STRADIVARIUS AND GUARNERIOUS VIOLINS
AS FUEL. ADMITTEDLY AN EXPENSIVE METHOD,
DEMANDING GREAT SACRIFICE, IT WILL TEACH
THE WORLD A GREAT LESSON:

**"NO PRICE IS TOO HIGH TO PAY TO RID,
THE WORLD OF EVEN ONE ROCK PERFORMER!"**

The Real Story of Rock'n' Roll What Really Went Down

by
Larry Sloman
and
Peter Kleinman



Look, the newspapers never get it right. Even the rock magazines are full of lies and half-truths and distortions. It's like that book that guy from Watergate did on Belushi. A collection of bullshit thrown together to sell books. Nothing you can really believe, you know what I mean?

Take Morrison. Listen, you know that Jim never really died. The whole Doors thing was too much for his head, you know, and he just wanted to write his poems and things, so he orchestrated that whole o.d. scene

and they filled his casket with bricks and stuff and right now he's in the south of France, doing, like, handyman chores for a local farmer. He's happy now. Really.

And they killed Janis. She didn't die by her own hand. The newspapers never got that right, but no doubt about it, man. I mean, she was no piker, she knew what was going down with the downtown stuff, and they snuck into her motel room while she was onstage and switched bags on her. Hotshot city. She never had a chance.

You never read the real story about Paul and John. The Walrus and the

Egg Man. Kinky stuff. Why do you think Paul freaked so much when Yoko stole John away? Why do you think you never see Paul touring anymore? 'Cause he's holed up on that farm with Linda and John and the sheep. That's right, John. You didn't fall for that murder shit, did ya? It was Yoko that got offed when that Brink's truck ran her over. It was in all the early editions of the papers, but then suddenly they pulled 'em back and changed the headlines in time for the late city edition. But we got the originals, man, with the real story. We got all the real stories. Wanna look? Turn the page.

DIET DOC'S MISTRESS BLOWS UP IN COURT

TONIGHT
Rain, upper 60s

TOMORROW
Chance of rain, 75-90

Details, Page 2

TV listings: P. 67

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1980

35 CENTS

© News Group Publications Inc. Vol. 184, No. 218
AMERICA'S FASTEST-GROWING NEWSPAPER

ABC AVERAGE
SALES EXCEED

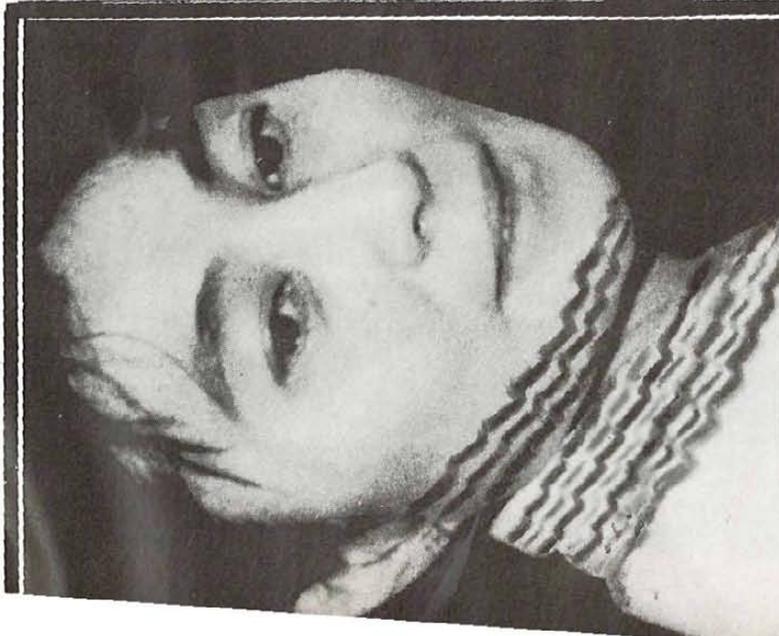
NEW YORK POST

FIN

Exclusive—Brink's Clips Nip

JOHN: OH YOKO

'Don't blame truckdriver—accidents can happen anywhere': Page 3



SEAN LENNON: 'NOW MOMMY'S DOO-DOO'

● This poignant and historic picture was taken last night at the City Morgue before Ono's last journey. As the universe grieved the loss of the wife of one of its most beloved personalities, John Lennon took their five-year-old son to the smear in front of the Dakota apartment building marking the spot where Yoko was crushed. There, in calm and simple words, he told young Sean what had happened. The youth remained silent for a moment, then said: "Now Mommy's doo-doo."

The story: Page 3.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1980 3

Chairman of Lennono Enterprises Expires in Truck Mishap

Assets Frozen Pending Inquiry

NEW YORK—Yoko Ono, chairman of the board of Lennono Enterprises, was squashed and killed last night while entering the luxurious Dakota apartment building where she lived. A Brink's armored van delivering a shipment of gold bars to Ono accidentally backed over the recipient of its precious cargo as she was making her way from her limo into the building. The driver, Mark Chapman, 24, of Hawaii, was in a state of shock. "She must have just stepped off the curb as I was backing up," he said. "It felt like I was running over a dog or something, so I got out to look and saw her lying there. I called to her, 'Mrs. Lennon, Mrs. Lennon,' but she'd had it."

In a somewhat surprising development, her personal assets, including the gold bars, were frozen by the FTC in conjunction with the World Bank until a satisfactory investigation of the matter could be completed. The assets being held include some 420,000,000 acres of land in Texas and upstate New York, 600,000 head of cattle, 17 separate dwelling places valued roughly at \$56 million, \$210 million in cash and trade certificates, three antique-doll factories, six ice cream Tofutti chains, numerous pre-Columbian artifacts, several original Magrittes, three recording studios, a bank in Japan, eight shiatsu parlors in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Boston, three lobster fleets off the shores of Norway, Argentina, and Bolivia, a slew of Greek diners in and around the Midwest, 12 huge yellow storage buildings in major cities, an oil refinery, some seven used-car dealerships, a quarter-scale replica of a 1914 Smithson-Clarke steam locomotive in mint condition, a 1955 double-dye Lincoln-head penny, half interest in a Bagel Nosh in Philadelphia, three white-mink ski parkas, a state-of-the-art Fisher turntable, a kennel, the only imported-tea distribution outlet in New Zealand, three dozen Airedale terriers, and, of course, the lovely, quaint, 34-room co-op in the Dakota.

Ono leaves behind a husband, Mr. John Lennon Ono, formerly of the rock music group the Beatles, and a young son.

The Real Story

People

FROM THE ROCK WARS TO VIETNAM

January 8, 1985



AP/WIDE WORLD

NAM

General Elvis Aaron Presley looks back on the eve of his retirement



LONDON DAILY EXPRESS

Fit as a fiddle at 50, Gen. Elvis bids adieu to the military (left). Above, Gen. Presley warms his hands during the bitter winter '68 in Khesanh, South Vietnam.

The hair is still short, the sideburns long gone, the hips that once unleashed the libido of a generation dormant. But the baby face remains. At 50, on the eve of his retirement from active duty, General Elvis Aaron Presley looks as if he could step right from the service to the stage.

"I don't have any regrets," Elvis drawled. "Reenlisting and retiring from that sordid music world was the greatest thing I ever did. Hell, if it weren't for the Army, I'd probably be dead by now. It's hard to keep your head on straight in that hellhole they call rock 'n' roll."

He's sitting in a small office in Fort Bragg, the feet that once sported blue suede shoes now encased in shiny black combat boots, tapping rhythmically if somewhat nervously as he speaks.

"Vietnam had to be the greatest thrill of my life. Doing *The Ed Sullivan Show* was a gas, meeting all those pretty girls was okay, but nothing can compare to dodging hostile fire at Khesanh. Hell, if it weren't for those limp-wristed liberals and longhairs back home, there'd be no damn Ho Chi Minh City today. They never let us show what we could do. I'll tell ya, it was a real shock when we had to leave that place."

Shocks are nothing new for Elvis. He stunned the world and sent millions of teenage girls running for their Kleenexes when he renounced his musical career and reenlisted after serving two years in Germany.

CONTINUED

London Daily Mail

Pop Singing Stars Drown In Basement Studio

by Simon Froth

In a tragic household accident, the members of the rock 'n' roll band the Rolling Stones were all killed today when the basement studio they were rehearsing in suffered a flash flood. The water, from a broken sewer pipe on Downing Street, came cascading through the ceiling-level windows and filled the room almost instantly, drowning Keith Rich-

ards, 25, Mick Jagger, 25, Bill Wyman 32, Charlie Watts, 28, and Mick Taylor, 21.

When reached for comment, Brian Jones, a former member of the band, was quoted as he sunbathed near his pool: "It's a sad, sad day for me. I'm too depressed to even take a dip. I may never go near water again."

Woodstock Music Festival Canceled Promoter Baffled That Fans Flee Inclement Weather

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1969



Special to The New York Times

BETHEL, N. Y., Aug. 16 — In the wake of drenching rainstorms and shortages of food, water and medical facilities, about 300,000 young people swarmed out of this

rural upstate New York area, forcing a cancellation of the Woodstock Music and Art Fair and Aquarian Exposition. Despite the presence of such performers as Joan Baez, Ravi Shankar, Jimi Hendrix,

and the Jefferson Airplane, as well as the prospect of drugs and the excitement of "making the scene," the young people left in droves, leaving festival organizers with a lineup of willing performers but no audience.

"I'm a little bit ashamed of my generation," said Michael Lang, the 24-year-old producer of the event. "A little downpour and they go running for the shelter of their crash pads."

Roadways leading from the site, the 600-acre farm of Max Yasgur, were lined tonight with thousands of weary-looking youths who had had enough, and were trying to reach places where they could get food or transportation.

"Like, I really dig Jimi and I'm sorry I missed his set," one pony-tailed youth said as he was hitchhiking on Route 17. "But I ain't gonna risk pneumonia to hear Joan Baez."

The theme of the fair was to be "three days of peace and music," but the storms.

Continued on Page 25, Column 2

Bruce Springsteen—No Future in Rock 'n' Roll

By Jon Spandau
Rewritten by Jann Weiner

It's four in the morning and it's pouring rain outside. I'm 27 today, feeling old, listening to my records, and remembering that things were different a decade ago. In 1964, I was a freshman at Brandeis University, learning to play blues guitar, jamming with my roommates, listening to every album I could get my hands on. Music meant something then.

Throughout my college days, I consumed music as if it were the staff of life. Let the others take drugs, travel to exotic places, join the Sexual Freedom League—just give me my sounds. Rock 'n' roll was my perpetual mantra.

Today I listen to music with a certain measure of detachment. I'm a big-time professional critic and I make my living commenting on it. Sometimes I like my work, sometimes I go through the motions. Today I eat with the passion that music

once held for me.

But I never gave up that search for the musical holy grail, the one artist who can rekindle the spirit of the old days. Tonight I wish there was someone I could write of the way I used to write, without reservations of any kind. Last Thursday, at the Harvard Square Theatre, I saw my rock 'n' roll past flash before my eyes. And I saw something else: I saw the rock 'n' roll future, and its name is Bruce Springsteen. Boy, are we in trouble.

When his two-hour set ended I could only think, can anyone really be this bad with all this advance hype? Isn't there someone someplace who can still speak with that kind of power and glory? Well, Bruce sure ain't the cat.

Springsteen overreaches. He's rock 'n' roll punk one minute, a Latin street poet the next, a ballet dancer the minute after

that, a hot-shit rhythm guitar player on his break—a jack of all trades but, alas, a master of none.

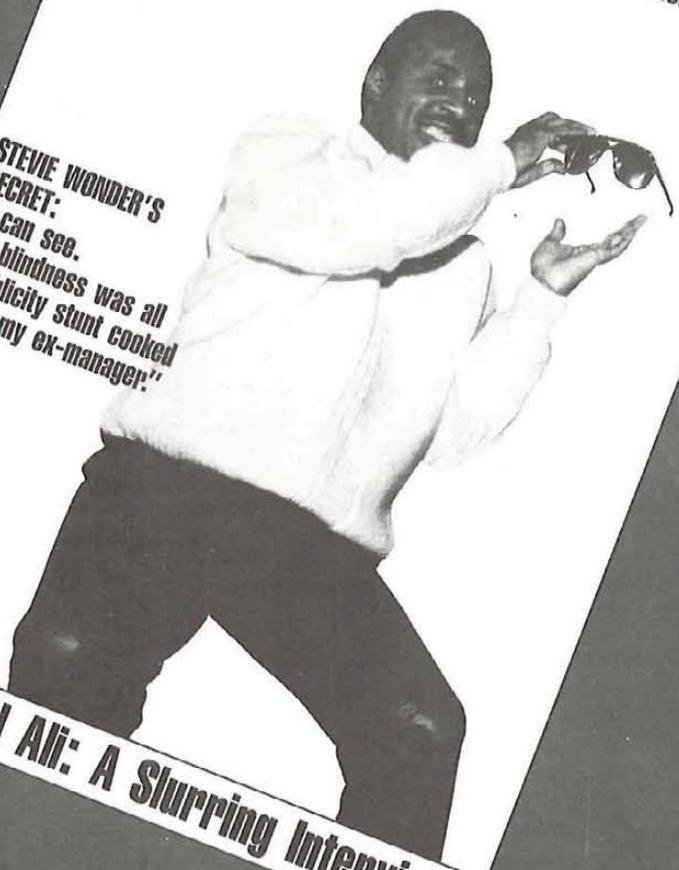
He's not much to look at. Skinny, dressed like a reject from Sha Na Na, he parades in front of his band posing as a cross between Chuck Berry, early Bob Dylan, and Marlon Brando. To me, he's more like Marlin Perkins.

It's five o'clock now. The rain is still beating down, and the heat pipes are coughing. I've got Springsteen's new record, "Kitty's Back," on the turntable and I'm feeling older by the minute. My boss just called, clamoring for my copy. I know it's late but I just can't write about music that doesn't move me. Either we have to produce great new artists or I need a new boss. Won't somebody capture those glory days again?

VET

Reggie Talks About Himself

STEVIE WONDER'S SECRET:
"I can see. My blindness was all a publicity stunt cooked up by my ex-manager."



Muhammad Ali: A Slurring Interview

The National La Sexual Compatib

by Gerard Jones and Will Jacobs

Have you ever balled your way into Simon Le Bon's dressing room, only to find that he wouldn't touch you with a ten-inch pole? Maybe it's time you faced up to reality and accepted the fact that you may not have what it takes to give what he wants to take or take what he has to give. On the other hand, you may be wasting your time with Jerry Garcia when you could have Menudo. But how, you ask, do I know where I stand? Well, ask no more. Our editors have prepared a chart by which you can rate yourself and a list of selected stars to show you just whom you deserve. So get out a pencil and paper and get ready to have a *ball*.

RATE YOURSELF

Points:	15	10	5	3	0
Intimate diameter*	Eye of the needle	Bottle neck	Nice	Mayonnaise jar	Old gym sock
Complexion	Satiny	Creamy	Nice	Ruddy	Pizza
Body	Luscious	Slender or juicy	Nice	Skinny or fat	Auschwitz or Weight Watchers
Breast size	Gross milky sacs	Firm heavy orbs	Nice	Little but proud	Aircraft carrier
Hair body	Bouncy	Shiny	Nice	Lifeless	Jellyfish
Age	15	14 or 16	13 or 17	12 or 18	11 or under, 19 or over

Note: If Oriental, add 10 points.

If black, subtract 15. (Add 5 if you can sing backup.)

Your total points: _____ . Now turn to the chart on the next page.

*Measurements according to Sphinctomatic™ Lovin' Meter

Lampoon Groupie Popularity Charts

STAR CHART

3.....19.....37.....55.....73.....90

<i>Musicians</i>	<i>Actors</i>	<i>Other Faves</i>
Prince	Matt Dillon	Greg Louganis
John Taylor	Rob Lowe	Mikhail Baryshnikov
Michael Jackson	Jack Wagner	Carl Lewis
Billy Idol	Eddie Murphy	Arnold Schwarzenegger
Bruce Springsteen	Emilio Estevez	Boston Celtics
Paul McCartney	Christopher Reeve	David Letterman
Rod Stewart	Ricky Schroder	Prince Charles
Earth, Wind and Fire	Bill Murray	Edwin Moses
Jermaine Jackson	Henry Winkler	Jim Palmer
Julian Lennon	Jim Belushi	Gary Hart
Chuck Mangione	Ron Howard	Wolfman Jack
Donovan	Leonard Nimoy	Muhammad Ali (now)
Arthur Brown	Dick Van Patten	David Brenner
José Feliciano	Wally Shawn	Dick Cavett
A good Elvis imitator	Burt Ward	Any <i>National Lampoon</i> writer

YUPSTOCK 1985

GOSH, IT'S HOT OUT HERE. REMINDS ME OF MY TANNING SALON, BUT DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT A THERMOS FULL OF PERRIER AND LIME.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE SUSHI? I JUST ADORE UNI WITH QUAIL EGG.

I'VE GOT SOME ECSTASY, WANT TO COMMIT SEX?

LET ME SEE THE SIZE OF YOUR PORTFOLIO FIRST.

I'M IN THE PROCESS OF GENTRIFYING MY RENOVATED CONDO, WHAT DO YOU DO?

I WATCH "GILLIGAN'S ISLAND" RERUNS ON CABLE AND TRADE WHEAT OPTIONS ON MY HOME COMPUTER.



WOW, ARE THOSE REEBOKS?

YEAH, I BOUGHT THEM WITH THE INTEREST FROM MY CD'S.

I KEEP ASKING MYSELF, VHS OR BETA? VHS OR BETA?

I'M WEARING PLAID PANTIES.

I'M WEARING PLAID COLOGNE.

JAZZ FUSION?

BOY, I WISH I HAD A ROLLING ROCK.

YEAH, THOSE WERE THE DAYS.

REMEMBER THE SEVENTIES?

Playing with Yourself

How to Make Your Body a Musical Instrument

by Ed Subitzky

The urge to make music is as old as mankind itself. Indeed, anthropologists know of no culture which does not express itself musically, from the most primitive tribesmen beating out their chants on drums of lion skin to modern youngsters blaring forth their favorite FM stations in convertibles. As infinite in its variety as our moods themselves, music can enchant us with the evocative strains of a Chopin nocturne, arouse us with a thunderous Wagnerian crescendo, intrigue us with the mathematical complexities of a Bach fugue, or pound us into a pulsating sensual frenzy à la the Rolling Stones. It is music that can soothe the savage beast, or turn the gentle kitten into one. It is music that can help us forget our deepest misfortunes or bring back our most sacred memories, it is music that can blithely soar over any emotional guard we may erect, leaving us weeping and helpless as babies. Truly, music is our species' most basic, most universal element, as natural to being human as flesh and bone itself.

And yet, while nothing is more natural, nothing is produced less naturally. Go to any place where music is being performed, whether concert hall or street corner, and what do you see? You find the human body encumbered by the most inhuman of contraptions. You witness struggling men and women hooked up to complicated arrays of metal tubing or hidden behind huge, flowing, coffin-like structures of wood. Sadly, the saxophone or piccolo or cello player bears more than a passing resemblance to some poor soul in a hospital hopelessly encapsulated in the sterile gadgetry of intensive care. Our musical life can be sustained, it would seem, only by complex mechanical contrivances. Even the terms are interchangeable: one speaks of medical and musical "instruments" alike.

Must it be so? Can we possibly free ourselves of the need to make music only with the help of wood, plastic, ebony, metal—in short, by cold tech-

nology, the very antithesis of art? Can we not make our very sweetest music come directly from ourselves? The fact is that we can come as close to this ideal as we wish. For, while evolving the human body, nature seems almost to have designed it for music and music alone, embellishing us with glorious appendages that resemble any instrument ever made! Like clarinets, we are fitted with ready-made air tubes; like harps, we arrive complete with willowy strings which can be stretched and plucked to give the dreamiest tones; like drums, we come equipped with flat expanses of skin that need only be tapped to resonate majestically. And, where nature didn't meet our musical needs precisely, she has made us soft and pliable enough so that we may easily improve on her original design. Where we need an extra hole, drilling one is a simple procedure that can be safely performed under a local anesthetic. We possess a multitude of limbs and digits, both lanky and stubby, around which to wind resonators that may be tightened to perfect pitch by exacting muscles. Should a potential instrument be encased entirely within us, a bit of skillful manipulation can often bring it to the surface and make it accessible. Certainly, the message is clear, the fact clarion: *We are music*; we are here to be both the player and the played. We can proceed directly to our art unencumbered by prosaic and distracting needs to open cases, change reeds, and clean out hardened spittle. Instead of learning to know our instruments, we need only, as Shakespeare once advised us, know ourselves.

The idea of body instruments is not new, of course. They have been known to man from antiquity; the first are believed to have been discovered coincident with certain bizarre homosexual rites practiced by the ancient Greeks. In the Middle Ages, when poor peasants could afford no instruments and had to burn whatever material objects they had to keep warm, body instruments were the

only recourse. Impoverished but talented immigrants arriving on U.S. shores in the 1800s commonly put together body string quartets; body big bands were a brief but fiery rage of the twenties; top-name "pop" singers would frequently ask for no accompaniment other than themselves; and several body orchestras, with each player both instrument and instrumentalist, toured the world during the 1930s, bringing much-needed cheer during the Depression. And, although the body can duplicate the sound of any known instrument and so draw on the works of all composers, many have composed just for the body alone: see, for example, certain lesser-known works of Tchaikovsky, Cole Porter, and Hank Williams. As the popularity of body instruments waned during the late forties, many performers who really played themselves are said to have actually come onstage with a metal or wood instrument and pretended to play it. Unknowing audiences applauded wildly.

Man at one with music. Man unencumbered. Man as art. That is what the body instrument provides. It is high time, in this age so devoted to rediscovering the natural, to bring it back once again. Let us flood our parlors and our stages with these wholly organic self-instruments of bone and sinew. Let the musician once again play only that which he knows better than anything else. In sum, let us glorify the grace and beauty of our physical form in the most profound way possible, moving not merely *to* music but *as* music.

As the first tentative footstep into this new and golden age, we present some of the more standard body instruments. When, as listener, you hear their subtle, dulcet tones; when, as performer, you realize the feeling of oneness with your art and total control over it they offer, then, we believe, you will never again be satisfied with anything less. Read on—and remember, the body of music you play should be your own!



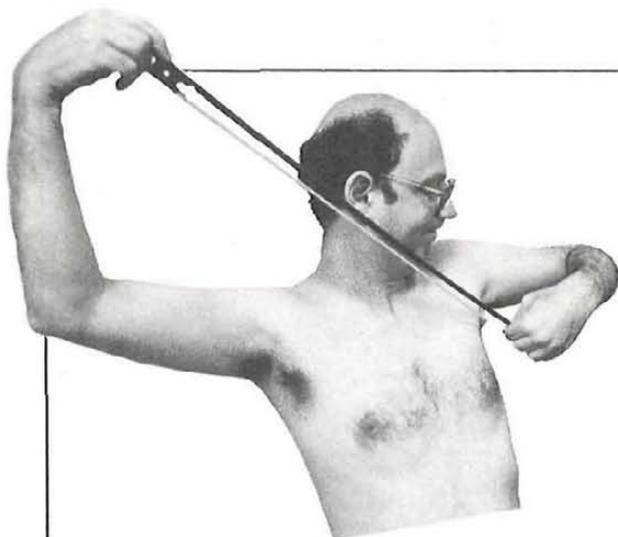
EAR TRUMPET Cup hand loosely around one ear. Blow along elbow, directing air up into ear. Air comes out other ear, making sound. Modulate by pinching and releasing nostrils with other hand



FOREARM FLUTE Punch series of holes in forearm. Play by blowing through hole nearest wrist; cover holes to change notes



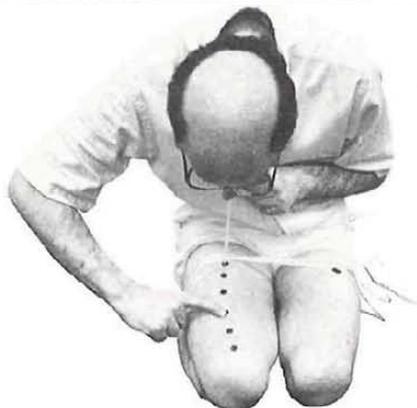
WINDPIPE CLARINET Punch vertical series of holes through skin and into windpipe. Play by sucking air in and covering holes as needed



UNDERARM VIOLIN Pull hair taut and bow it



TOE XYLOPHONE Place feet together, hit toenails with hammer; due to different sizes, each resonates at a different frequency



DOUBLE LEG CONTRABASSOON Get in kneeling position with calves against thighs. Tie legs tightly together. Make hole in top of one thigh, and also in top of the other; connect ankles by a thin tube. Blow into hole in right thigh; music will go down through leg, cross over, come up through other leg and out other hole



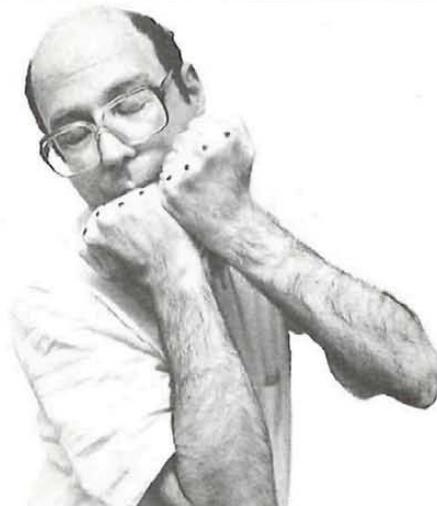
SHOULDER SAXOPHONE Put your wrist on your shoulder so your arm folds; extend index finger; make hole in tip of finger and at shoulder. Blow into finger, and air will come out shoulder hole



BEER BELLY DRUM Pitch changes depending on how much beer you drink, providing accurate control



RIB CAGE GLOCKENSPIEL Each rib is a different size and shape, so vibrates at a different frequency when tapped with hammer; can be done through skin, but, for best results, starve yourself or have overlying skin and muscle removed



HAND HARMONICA Clench fist; punch holes in knuckles nearest wrist, and knuckles just next to those; blow through latter and air comes out former



NOSE HAIR GUITAR Pull out of nostril and down as far as you can; then pluck. If you can, pull them over your lips and pluck in lip area



BRAIN SYNTHESIZER Uses your own neural network to digitally process sound; just install a small extra printed circuit board and plug yourself in. Any sound you think of will automatically come out of your mouth

BACKGROUND MUSIC COMICS!

BY ED SUBITZKY WITH MUSIC BY KEN LAUFER

A COMEDY-DRAMA-ADVENTURE-MYSTERY-ROMANCE!

INSTRUCTIONS: AS YOU READ EACH PANEL, PLAY THE INDICATED NOTES ON A PIANO OR OTHER INSTRUMENT FOR MAXIMUM MOOD AND DRAMATIC IMPACT!

OUR STORY BEGINS AS THE GENTLE RAYS OF A SPRING SUN SLOWLY SPREAD THEMSELVES OVER A PEACEFUL FJORD IN NORWAY....

Moderato

SUDDENLY THE EARLY-MORNING SILENCE IS BROKEN BY THE SHARP SNAP OF GUNSHOTS!

STOP HIM! HE'S STOLEN THE MOST DANGEROUS OBJECT IN THE WORLD!

Molto Feroce

TOO LATE! HE REACHED THE ONLY MAILBOX ON THE FJORD!

WHERE'D YOU MAIL IT TO, DECADENT CREEP? YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT! IT'S ILLEGAL TO TAMPER WITH THE NORWEGIAN MAILS!

THE EVIL THIEF THINKS... NOT ONLY DID I CLEVERLY RID MYSELF OF THE EVIDENCE, BUT I SENT IT TO A NAME AND ADDRESS I MADE UP IN THE U.S.A. BY THE TIME THE INTERNATIONAL MAILS GET IT BACK TO MY RETURN ADDRESS, THOSE AGENTS CHASING ME WILL HAVE BEEN SHOT FOR FAILURE!

Moderato

WITH THAT DEVICE, I'LL RULE THE WORLD!

MY PLAN IS FOOLPROOF! I'M SURE THERE WOULDN'T BE ANYONE IN THE U.S. NAMED ZELDA P. MILANOWSKUS AT 486 E. 87TH STREET IN NEW YORK!

OUR SCENE SWITCHES NOW TO THE BUSTLING CANYONS AND CONCRETE JUNGLE OF NEW YORK CITY....

Fant.

IN A SINGLES BAR ON FIRST AVENUE, THE MOST UNLIKELY MAN AND WOMAN MEET!

HI! I'M ELOISE, AN OBSESSIVELY NEAT VIRGO WHO'S LOOKING FOR A MAN WHO ALSO CAN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF EVEN A SPECK OF DUST OUT OF PLACE!

AND I'M BOB, A BUMBLING, UNCOORDINATED SLOB WHO CONSTANTLY FALLS ALL OVER HIMSELF AND HAS THE WORLD'S SLOPPIEST APARTMENT!

Andante & Playful

OUCH! YOU JUST SPILLED OUR TWO DRINKS, A PLATE OF HOT HORS D'OEUVRES, A BOWL OF OLIVES, A BOWL OF PEANUTS, AND A PLATE OF CHEESE DIP ALL OVER ME! I HATE YOU! I'LL NEVER GO OUT WITH YOU!

I CAN'T STAND PEOPLE WHO ARE SO COMPULSIVELY NEAT! WANNA SEE A MOVIE?

SURE!

LATER THAT NIGHT, AT HER PLACE

YOU SPILLED BUTTERED POPCORN AND COKE ALL OVER ME, AND WE ALMOST GOT HIT BY A BUS BECAUSE OF THE STUPID WAY YOU WALK, BUT I THINK I LOVE YOU!

AND I CAN'T STAND THE WAY EVERYTHING IN YOUR APARTMENT IS SO PERFECTLY ARRANGED, EXCEPT FOR THIS ONE ODD OBJECT WHICH SEEMS STRANGELY OUT OF PLACE, BUT I LOVE YOU TOO!

I COULDN'T FIND A PLACE FOR IT BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS! IT MYSTERIOUSLY CAME IN THE MAIL TODAY!

ELOISE, I WONDER WHAT HAPPENS IF I PRESS THIS RED BUTTON ON IT!

WHO CARES, DARLING! WE'RE YOUNG, IN LOVE, AND WITH OUR WHOLE LIVES AHEAD OF US!

YES, DEAR! LOVE IS TRULY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING IN THE WORLD! DESPITE OUR DIFFERENCES, I'LL LOVE YOU FOREVER!

I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU!

STILL, FOR SOME UNEXPLAINABLE REASON, I HAVE THIS STRANGELY OMINOUS FEELING!

Moderato

MEANWHILE, IN A HIDDEN MEETING ROOM IN MOSCOW...

SIR, THAT SPY COULD HAVE MAILED OUR SECRET DEVICE ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD!

IF ANYONE SHOULD PRESS THE RED BUTTON ON IT, IT WILL PLAY A SERIES OF TWELVE NOTES THAT HAVE BEEN SCIENTIFICALLY CALCULATED TO VIBRATE AIR MOLECULES IN A WAY THAT WILL START A CHAIN REACTION THAT WILL SHATTER THE ENTIRE EARTH!

THE ENTIRE EARTH? I THOUGHT IT WAS ONLY SUPPOSED TO SHATTER THE DECADENT WESTERN NATIONS!

IT WASN'T PERFECTED YET!

THEN WE MUST FIND THE PERSON WHO HAS IT AT ONCE!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN NEW YORK!

OH, DARLING! LOVE ME! LOVE ME!

AHH... YES... YES... YES...

OOOH! CAREFUL! WHEN YOU TRIPPED JUST NOW, YOU ACCIDENTALLY HIT THE SWITCH ON THE TV AND IT WENT ON TO A SHOW I DON'T LIKE!

SORRY, DARLING! I ALWAYS SEEM TO INADVERTENTLY PRESS BUTTONS WHEN I TRIP!

THE RUSSIANS FIND THE SPY AND TORTURE THE TRUTH OUT OF HIM!

AAAAARRRHHH!

DON'T MAKE ME READ "WAR AND PEACE" AGAIN! I'LL TALK!

CHECKING THE PHONE BOOK, THEY DISCOVER...

THERE IS A ZELDA P. MILANOWSKUS IN NEW YORK! WE MUST GO FIND HER AT ONCE!

IT IS A MISTY, GRAY, ATMOSPHERIC EVENING IN NEW YORK! THE UNKNOWN YOUNG COUPLE WATCHES THE DRIZZLE FROM A SHADOWY GREENWICH VILLAGE CAFE...

YOU SPILLED SOUP ALL OVER ME AND, AS USUAL, YOUR TIE IS CROOKED! I JUST DON'T THINK I LOVE YOU ANYMORE!

ELOISE, YOU SPENT SIXTEEN HOURS TODAY STRAIGHTENING YOUR APARTMENT! HOW COULD I EVER HAVE LOVED YOU!

SOB! I GUESS I'LL TAKE YOU HOME NOW....

MEANWHILE, WAITING IN HER APARTMENT...

WE FOUND THE DEVICE! BUT I FEAR SHE MAY KNOW TOO MUCH! THE MINUTE SHE COMES HOME, SHOOT HER AND ANY COMPANION SHE MAY BE WITH!

DA!

AS THE COUPLE ARRIVES HOME, THE GIRL PAUSES JUST AS SHE'S OPENING THE DOOR!

FUNNY... THE WELCOME MAT SEEMS TILTED AT AN ANGLE OF .07 DEGREES TO THE DOOR BOTTOM, BUT IT WAS PERFECTLY STRAIGHT WHEN I LEFT!

LET ME GO IN FIRST!

GOING IN, HE TRIPS, KNOCKING A LAMP OVER, WHICH IN TURN HITS THE RUSSIANS! THEIR SHOTS FIRE WILDLY AND THEY MISS! HOWEVER, TRYING TO GET TO HIS FEET, HE TRIPS AGAIN AND HIS HAND PASSES THE BUTTON ON THE DEVICE!

TWELVE STRANGE NOTES RING OUT!

OH NO! WE'RE RUSSIANS, AND THOSE NOTES ARE SCIENTIFICALLY CALCULATED TO DESTROY THE WORLD!

WE ALL ONLY HAVE FIFTEEN SECONDS LEFT TO LIVE!

FIFTEEN SECONDS! DARLING, I'M SORRY ABOUT OUR SILLY ARGUMENT! I REALLY DO LOVE YOU! YET IT WOULD TAKE ME ALL OF ETERNITY JUST TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH!

OH, HURRY AND KISS ME ONE MORE TIME BEFORE WE DIE!

THEN YOU DO LOVE ME AFTER ALL! OH MY PRECIOUS DARLING, NO ONE IS GOING TO DIE! YOU SEE, WHEN I MOVED IN HERE, DUE TO ALL THE STREET NOISE, I HAD THE PLACE SOUNDPROOFED! THOSE NOTES NEVER REACHED THE GROUND!

ELOISE, LET'S GET MARRIED AS SOON AS I CALL THE FBI!

ELOISE? BUT WE THOUGHT HER NAME WAS ZELDA!

IT IS! BUT WOULD YOU EVER THINK OF USING THE NAME ZELDA IN A SINGLES BAR?

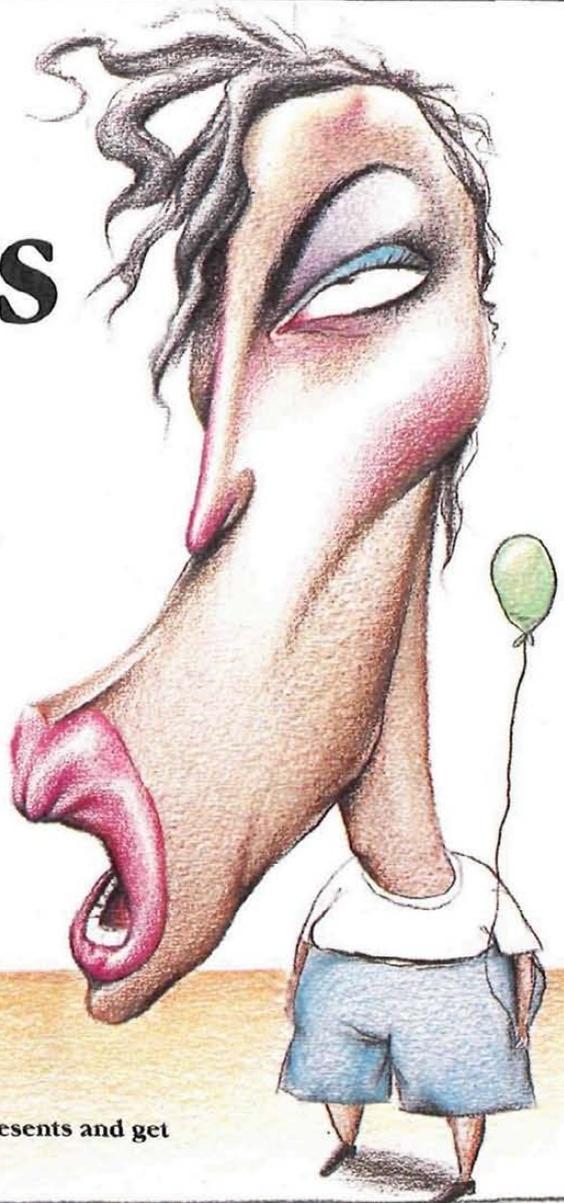
HA HA HA!

HA HA HA!

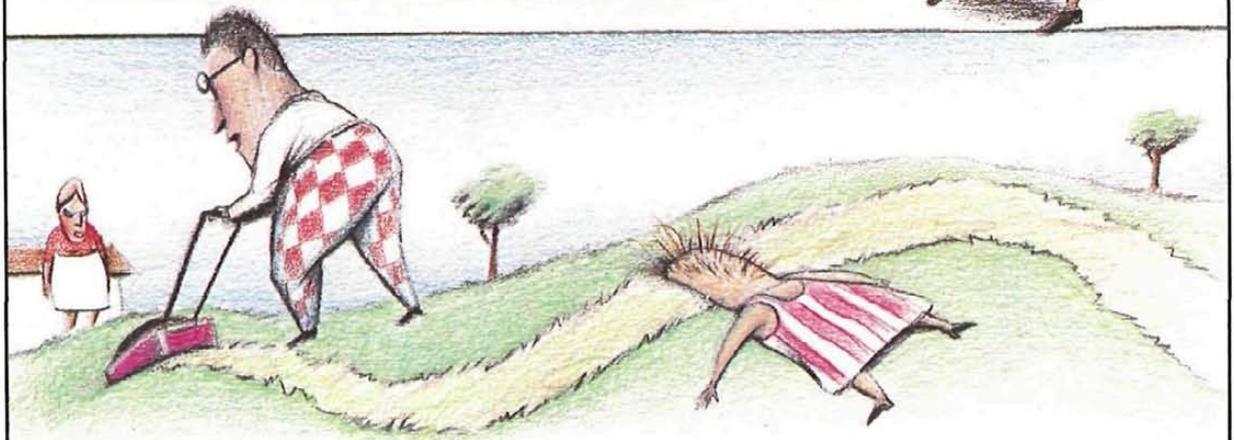
THE END

When Rock Stars Were Kids

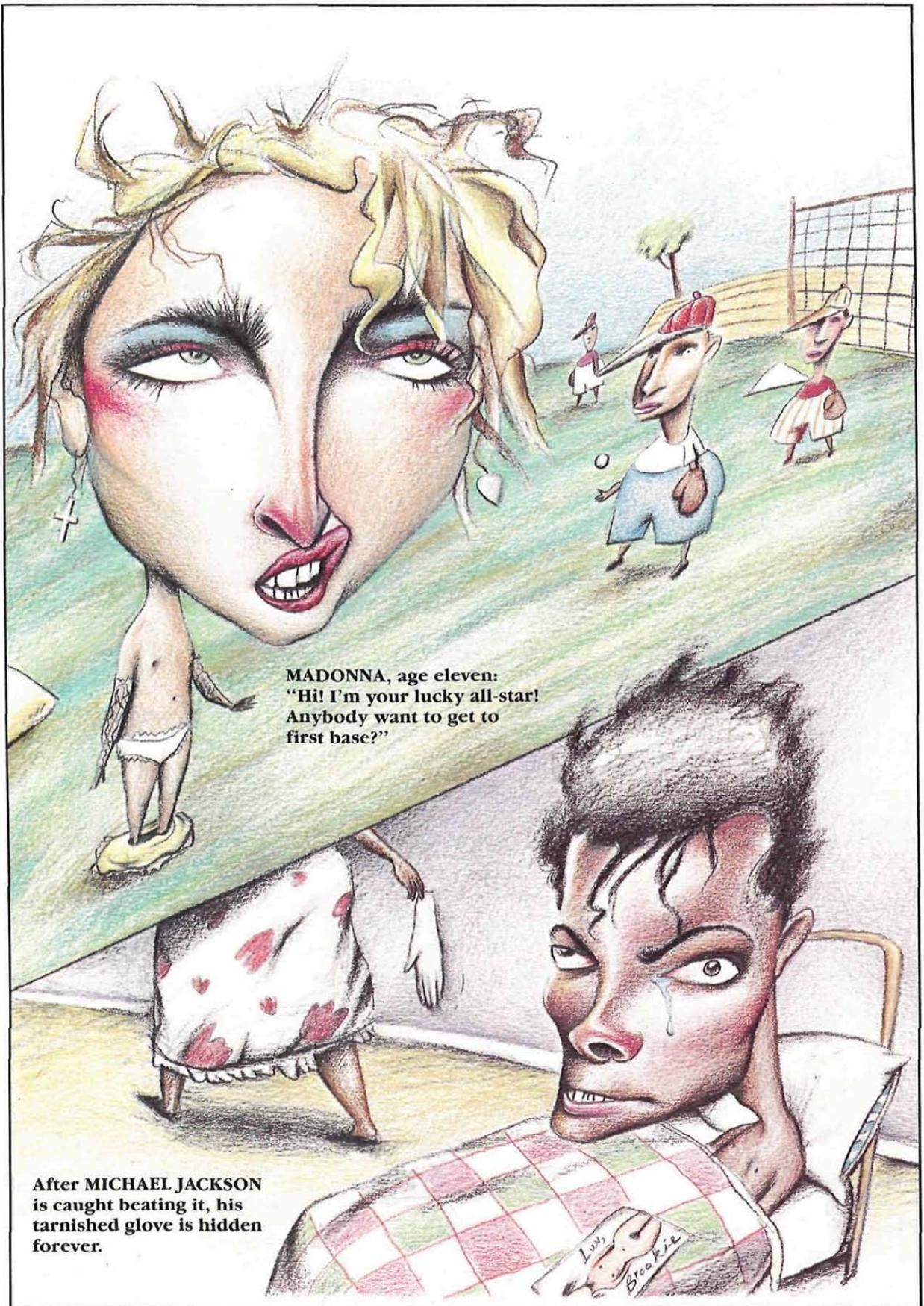
by Buddy Hickerson
with G. Brown



Ninth birthday party of PRINCE: "Leave the presents and get the hell out!"



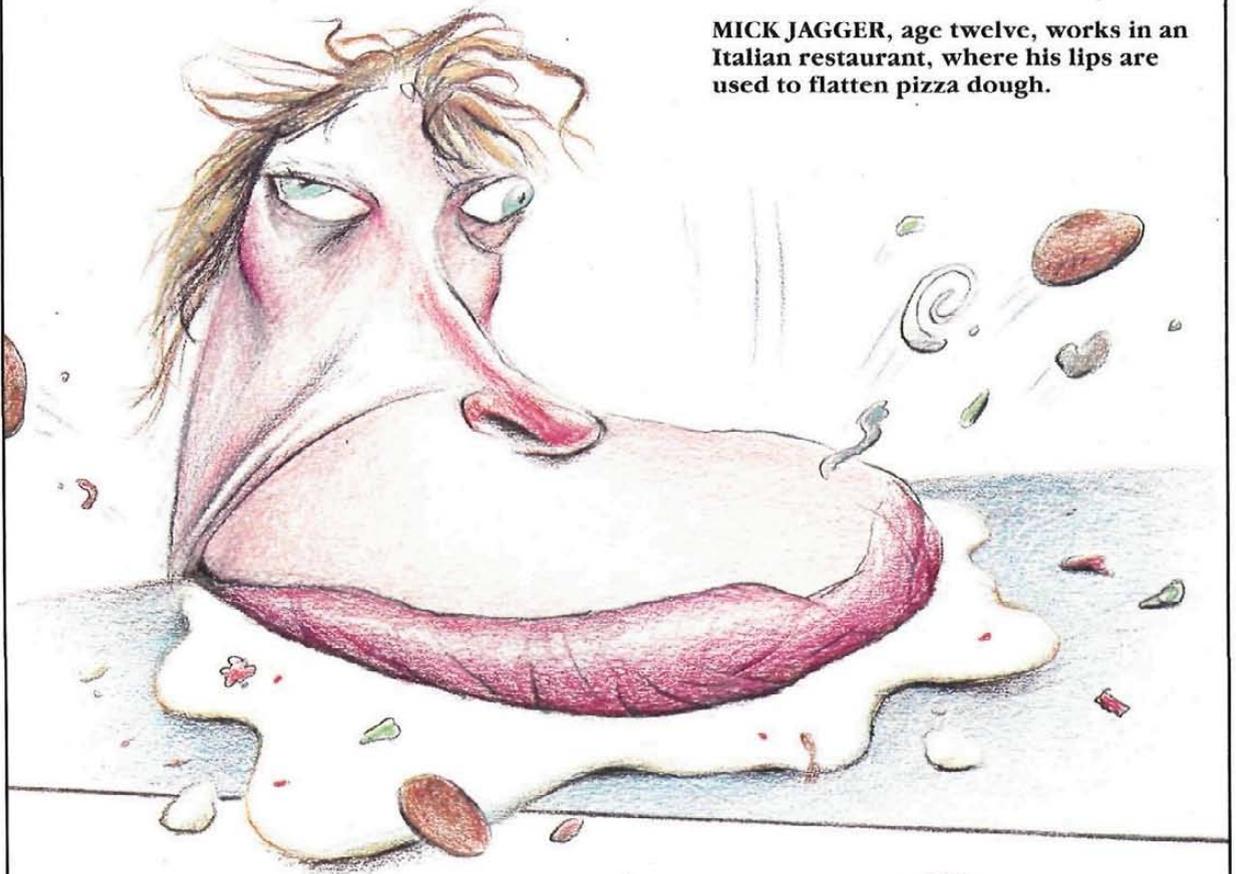
Lawn accident/Birth of a hairdo: CYNDI LAUPER, age seven.



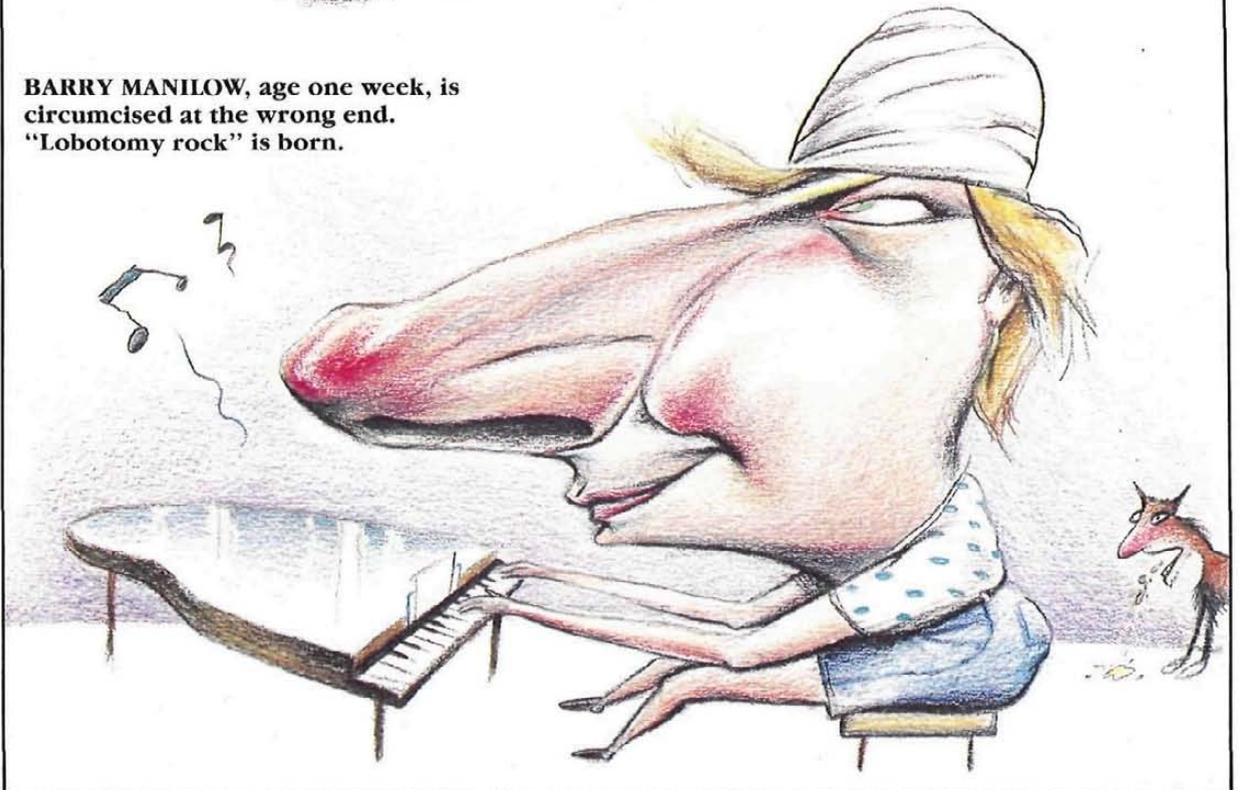
MADONNA, age eleven:
"Hi! I'm your lucky all-star!
Anybody want to get to
first base?"

After MICHAEL JACKSON
is caught beating it, his
tarnished glove is hidden
forever.

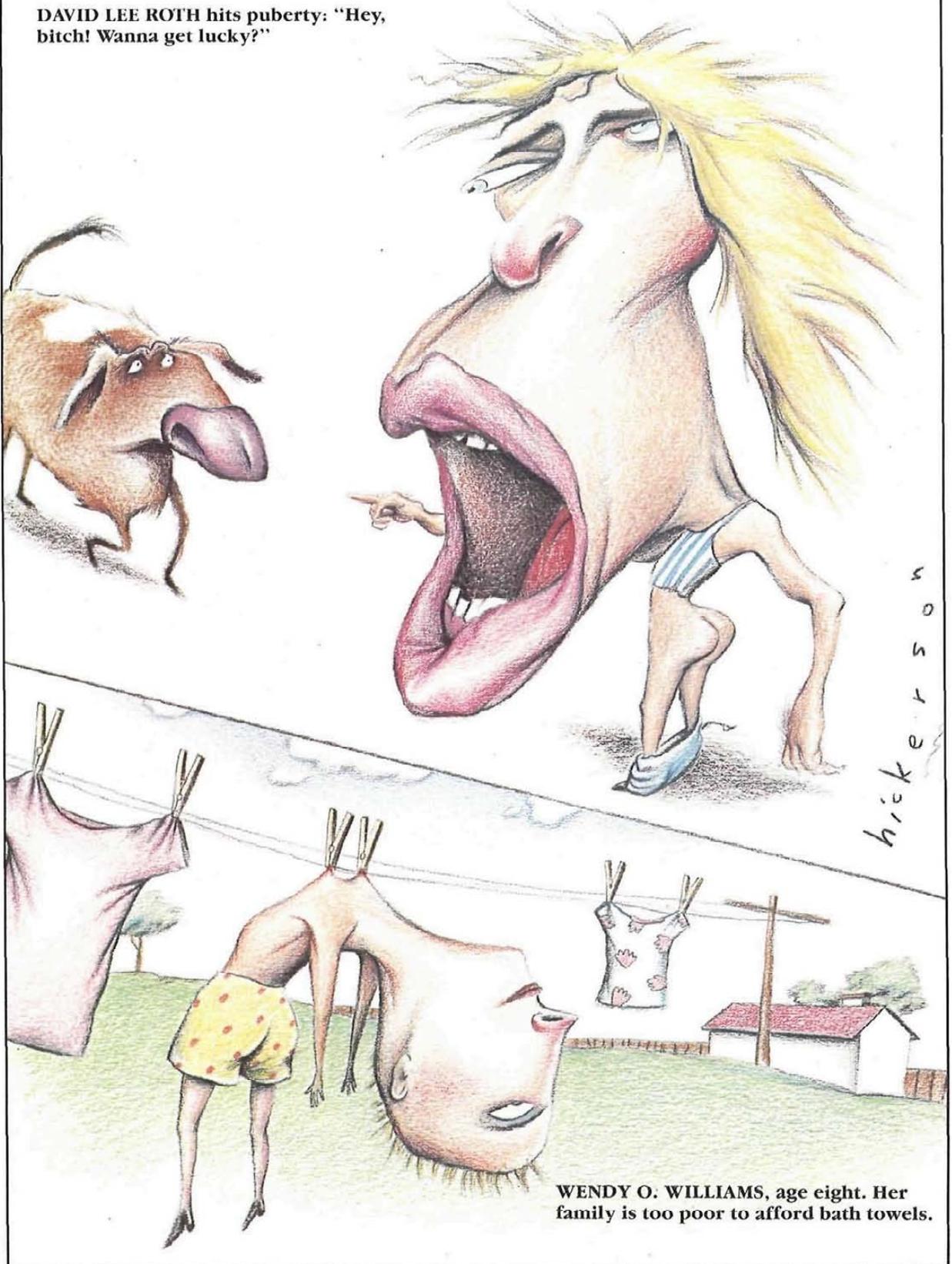
MICK JAGGER, age twelve, works in an Italian restaurant, where his lips are used to flatten pizza dough.



BARRY MANILOW, age one week, is circumcised at the wrong end. "Lobotomy rock" is born.



DAVID LEE ROTH hits puberty: "Hey, bitch! Wanna get lucky?"



WENDY O. WILLIAMS, age eight. Her family is too poor to afford bath towels.

W

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



A SPECIAL GIFT FOR OUR READERS

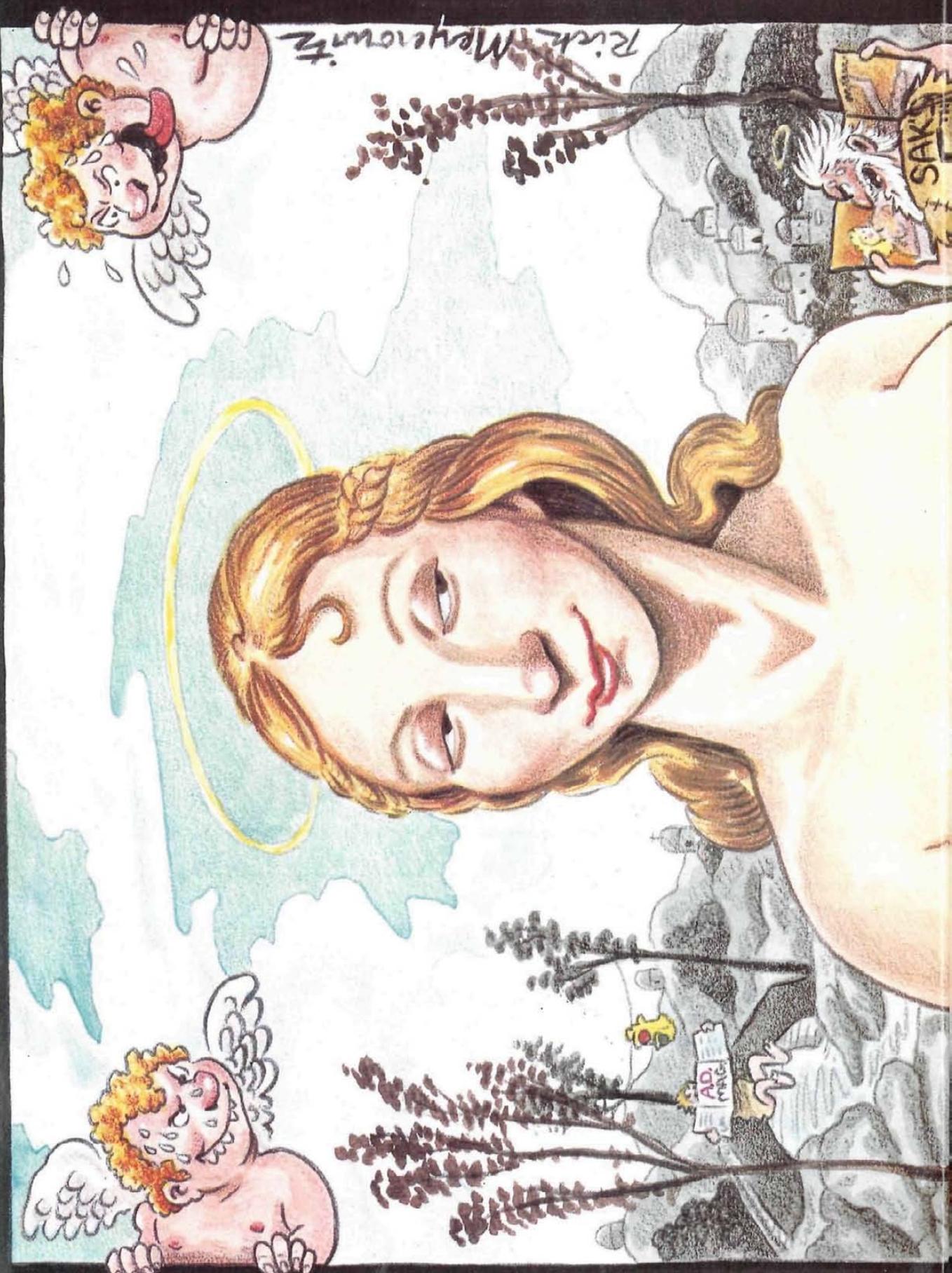
Thank you, Mr. Publisher, for giving me \$5.00 toward a subscription to the *National Lampoon*. You're a hell of a sweet guy! I've checked off the term of the subscription I want, so rush me my first issue.

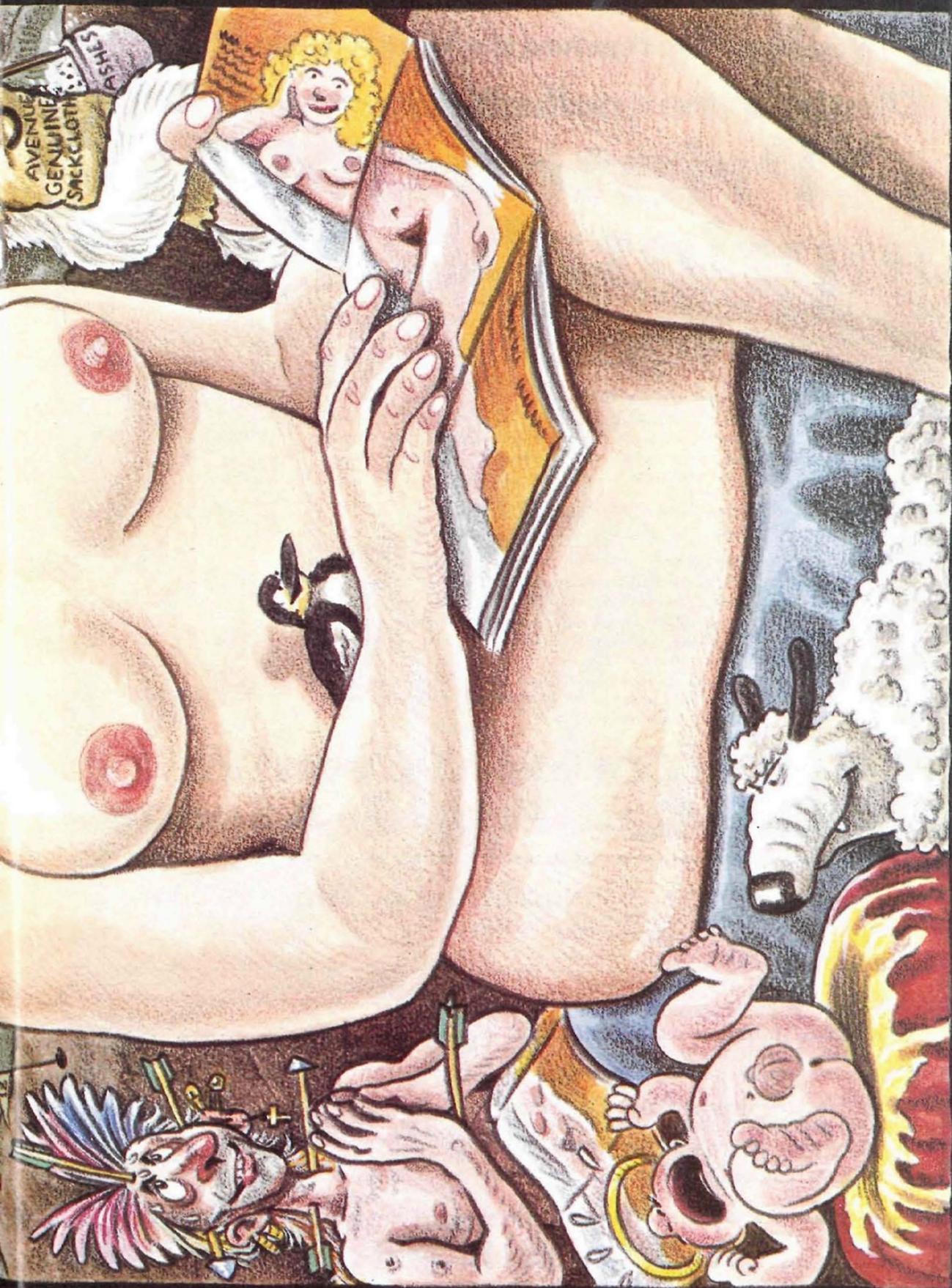
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New York, New York 10022

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LA BELLA NUDESSIMA MADONNA
Oil on canvas - Riccardo Meyerowitz - circa 1968

Now we have reached the unreachable star!
Climbed the unclimbable mountain!
Printed the
unprintable book!

This book is so disreputable, it should not be read by anyone under seventy-one... but it can be.

Now the people who made black comedy an art present a book that even they are ashamed of. This book is being printed for only one good reason: GREED.

This is an all-new edition of *Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print*—unexpurgated, uncensored, often unbearable. Here again are the works of S. Gross, Tom Cheney, Charles Rodrigues, and other sick minds.

Critical acclaim is unanimous:

"Disgusting!"—New York Herald-Monitor

"Repulsive!"—Belgrade Monitor

"Only the Nazionale Lampoone would have the unmitigated gall to give us this!"—Mafia Monitor

"I hated it! It represents everything that's wrong with being demented!"—Irving Kaufman Home for the Criminally Insane Monitor

"If you can read only one more book before you die, for God's sake, don't go out with this one!"—Heaven's Home for the Deceased Monitor

Son of Cartoons Even We
Wouldn't Dare Print II—A Sequel

Please send me _____ NATIONAL LAMPOON's Son of Cartoons Books at \$2.95, plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

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State _____ Zip _____

I enclose \$ _____ to:

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

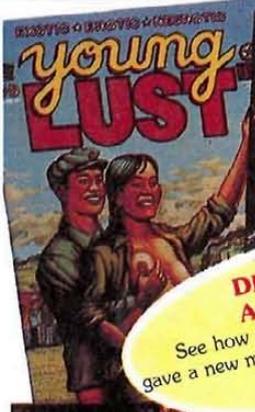
New York residents, please add 8¼ percent sales tax.

It's here! NOW!



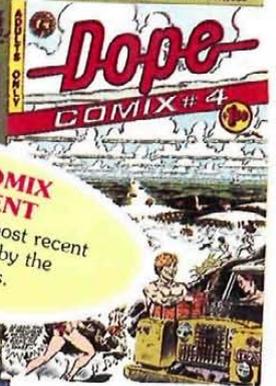
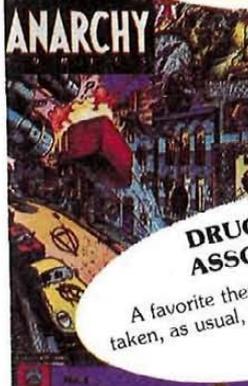
NOT FOR THE TIMID!

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.



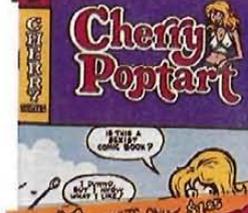
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See how the underground cartoonist gave a new meaning to the word "perverted".
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Send to: **Heavy Metal Magazine**
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On the True Composition of Music

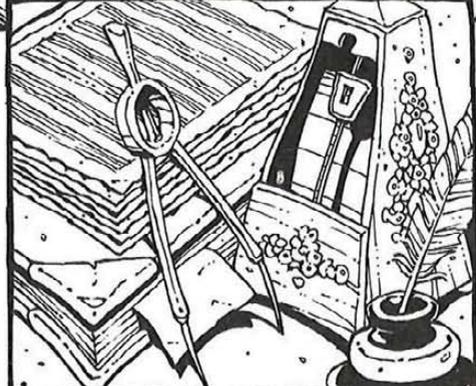
RICK GEARY
©1985



THE COMPOSITION OF MUSIC MUST BE UNDERTAKEN ONLY BY THOSE PERSONS OF PRECISE AND DISCIPLINED TEMPERAMENT.



ITS LAWS MIGHT AT FIRST APPEAR IMPENETRABLE...



BUT THEY MAY BE MASTERED WITH THE APPLICATION OF MODERN-DAY SCIENTIFIC METHODE.



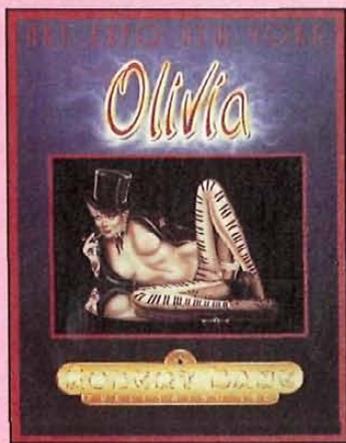
SELECT FOR THYSELF A SUITABLE SPOT TO COMMUNE WITH THE MUSE.



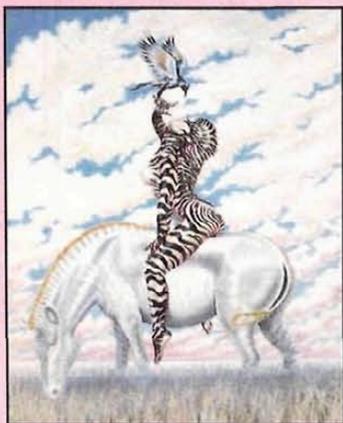
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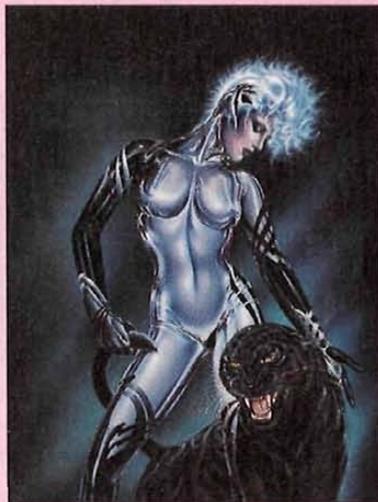
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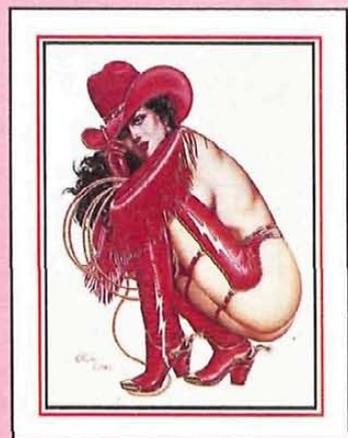
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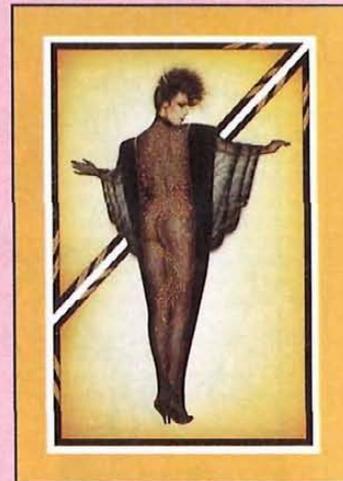
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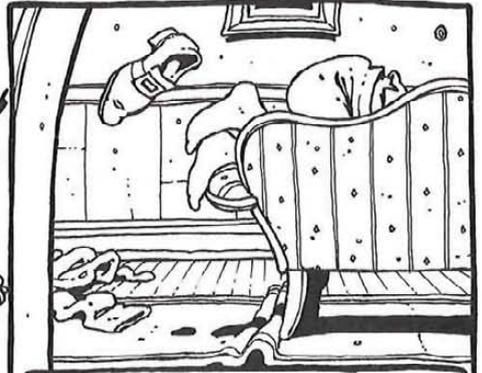
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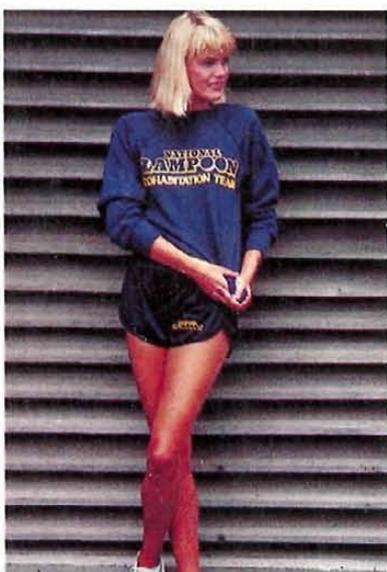
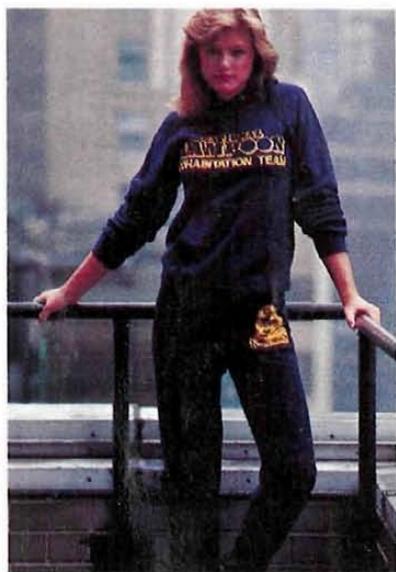
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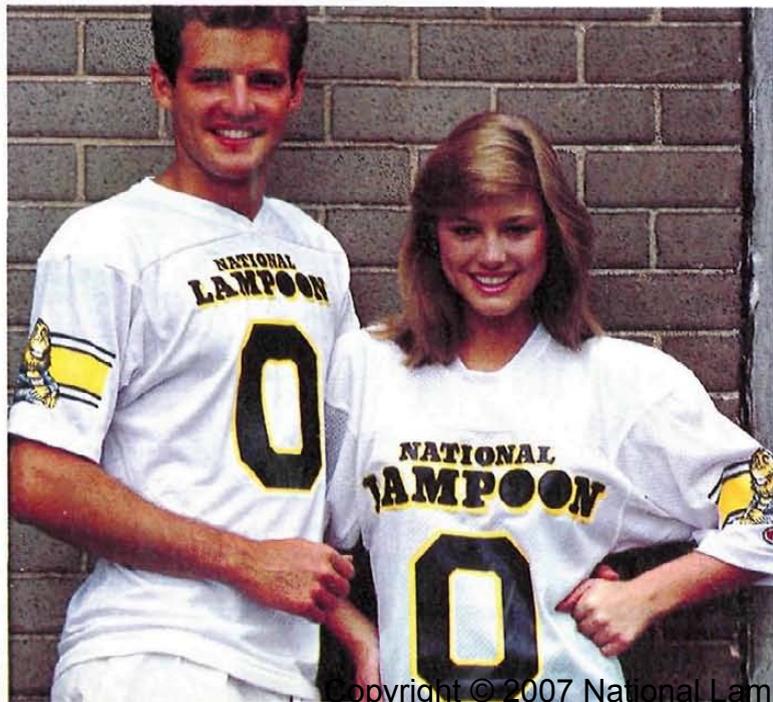


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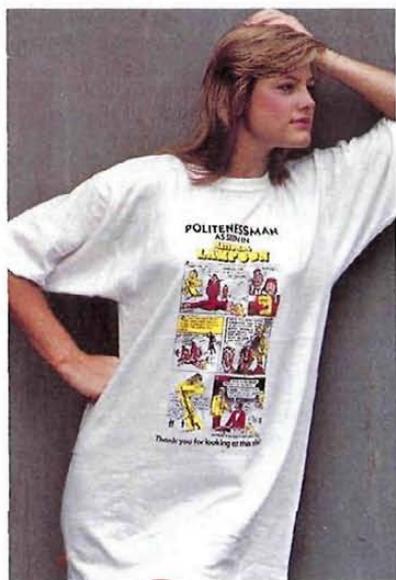
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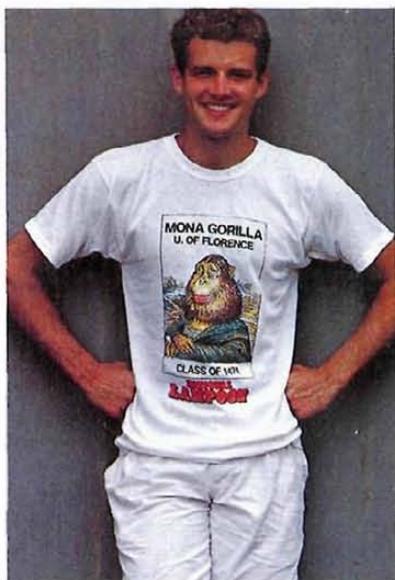
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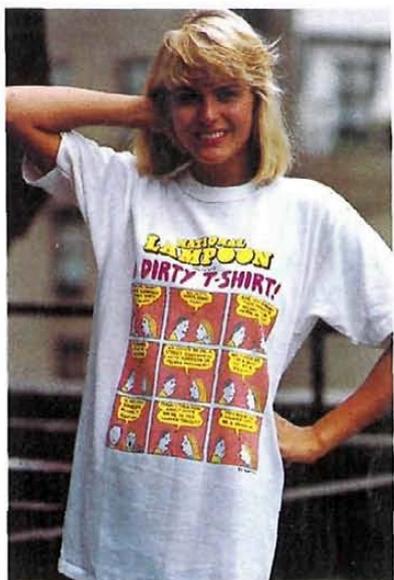
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continued from page 28

swell with a mother's pride—and do you know why? Because instead of listening to the incessant lies and deceit emanating from Third World Soviet puppets, my U.N. headphones were ringing with "Rebel Yell," "Dancing with Myself," and many of your other wonderful songs. Deny being your mum? No, Billy, not me; not anymore. I'm ready to shout it to the world.

As for the identity of your father, please, I beg of you, reconsider. You have arrived at a critical point in your career. With the success of your last album you're poised on the brink of rock 'n' roll superstardom. Let's not go rooting around in the mud and jeopardize that considerable achievement. Listen to your mother. Your father was a good man who loved you very much. Please, Billy, don't make me tell you any more.

**Your mum,
Jeane Kirkpatrick**

**Dear Madam Ambassador
Kirkpatrick,**

What's all this bosh about you liking me music and looking out for me welfare? Where were you twenty-five years ago when I was a poor defenseless baby, without me chains, whips, and lascivious Elvis Presley-type sneer to comfort me? Plotting to retake Hungary from your twit counterparts in

the Soviet Union, no doubt. Raising babies into normal healthy human beings wasn't good enough for the likes of you. No, you'd rather be mucking about with that wanker Norman Podhoretz and the rest of those faggots from *Commentary* magazine. What rubbish, you swelling with "a mother's pride." The only thing you've ever swelled from is the hot air exhaled by all your crypto-fascist cronies you love so much. The fact that you preferred their company to your own baby son makes me hate you even more. So I repeat, who was me dad? Or don't you know?

**Your son,
Billy**

Dear Billy,

I can't help but detect some hostility in your last letter, dear, but that's understandable considering what you've been going through. Please, son, try and understand. When you were born I was a young idealistic woman burning with a passion to save the peoples of the free world from Marxist-Leninist expansion. It was, you might say, an unquenchable passion, an all-encompassing, all-devouring blast furnace of a passion that sucked everything into its fiery-hot center. Now, Billy, even though I was a woman of the people, I was still a *woman*, and I had the same

needs and desires as other women—only more so. This was because of all that passion I had. So one day, after a particularly draining session with all seventeen members of the English Home Office, I decided to take a short vacation in Wales. As you may know, Billy, the Welsh people are very passionate too. But the Welsh people put their passion into poems, plays, and songs—just like you.

Anyway, when I arrived in Wales I looked up a girlfriend of mine in Cardiff who invited me along to a club to hear a coal miner turned pop singer who was becoming very popular—and with good reason. This fellow was the most exciting, exhilarating, unabashedly *passionate* entertainer I'd ever seen. At the end of his performance he sang a song that made me so hot and wet I thought I'd go crazy. Now, right in the middle of this song I found myself rising from my seat, as if in a trance, and, bracing my wobbly legs against the table in front of me, I ripped off my panties and threw them onto the stage. Moments later all the other women began doing the same. But obviously it was the smell of my panties he liked best, because nine months later you were born. Bill, your father is Tom Jones.

**Your mum,
Jeane Kirkpatrick**

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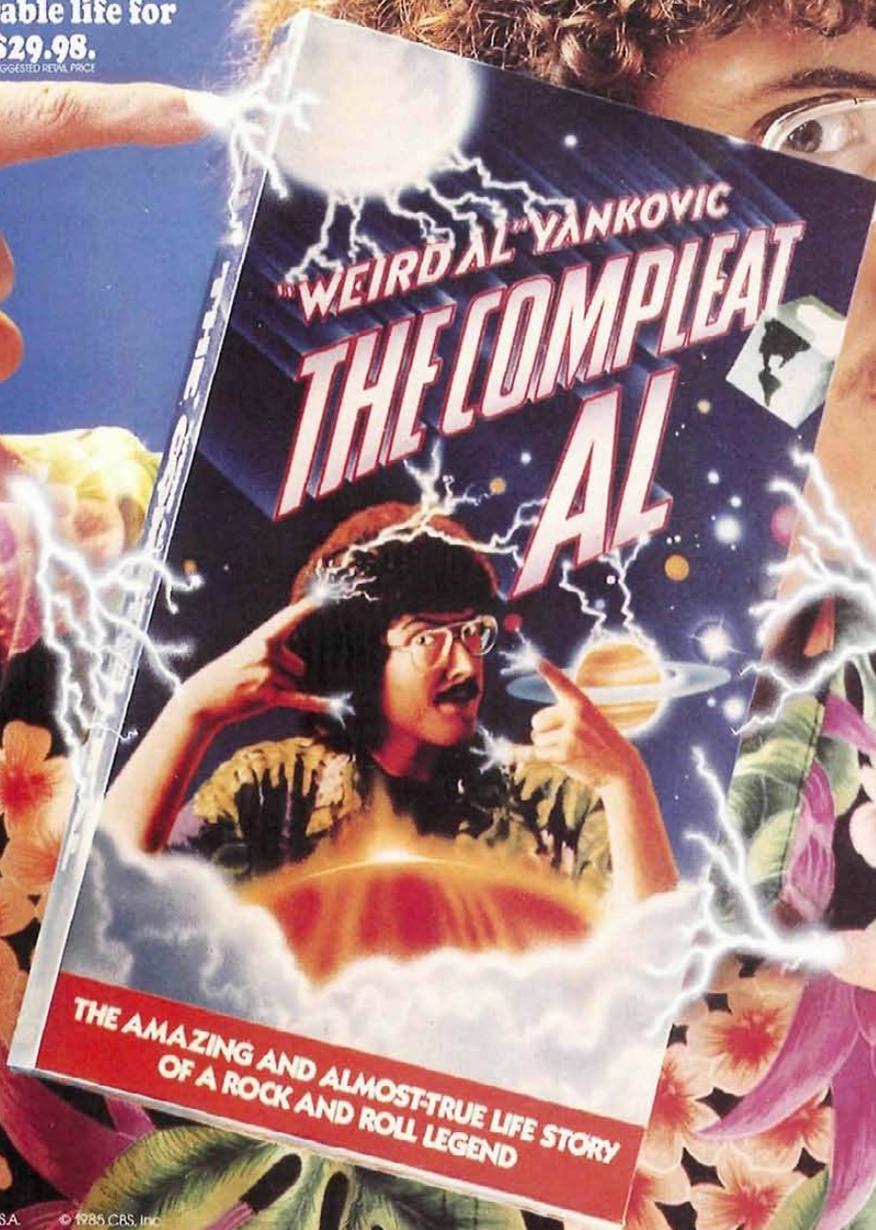
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