

VENGEANCE ISSUE

APR. 1980

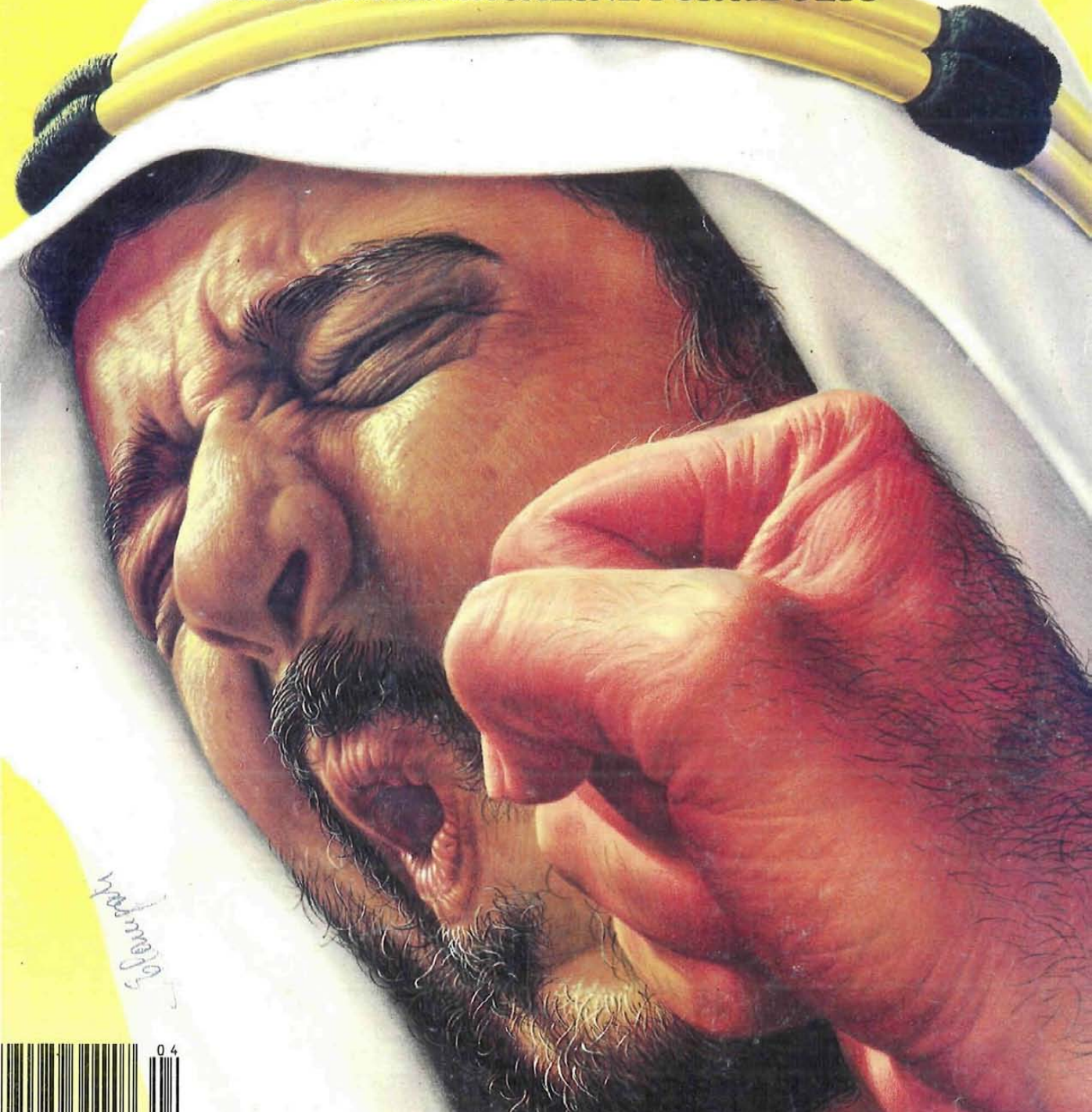
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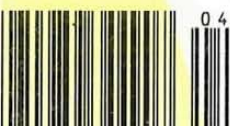
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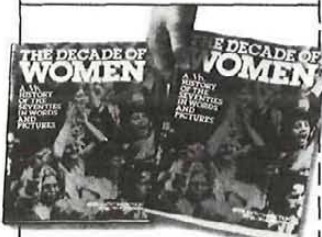
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RIGHT ALONG

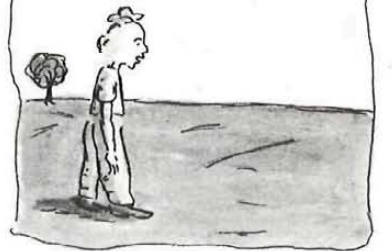
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with gas now!



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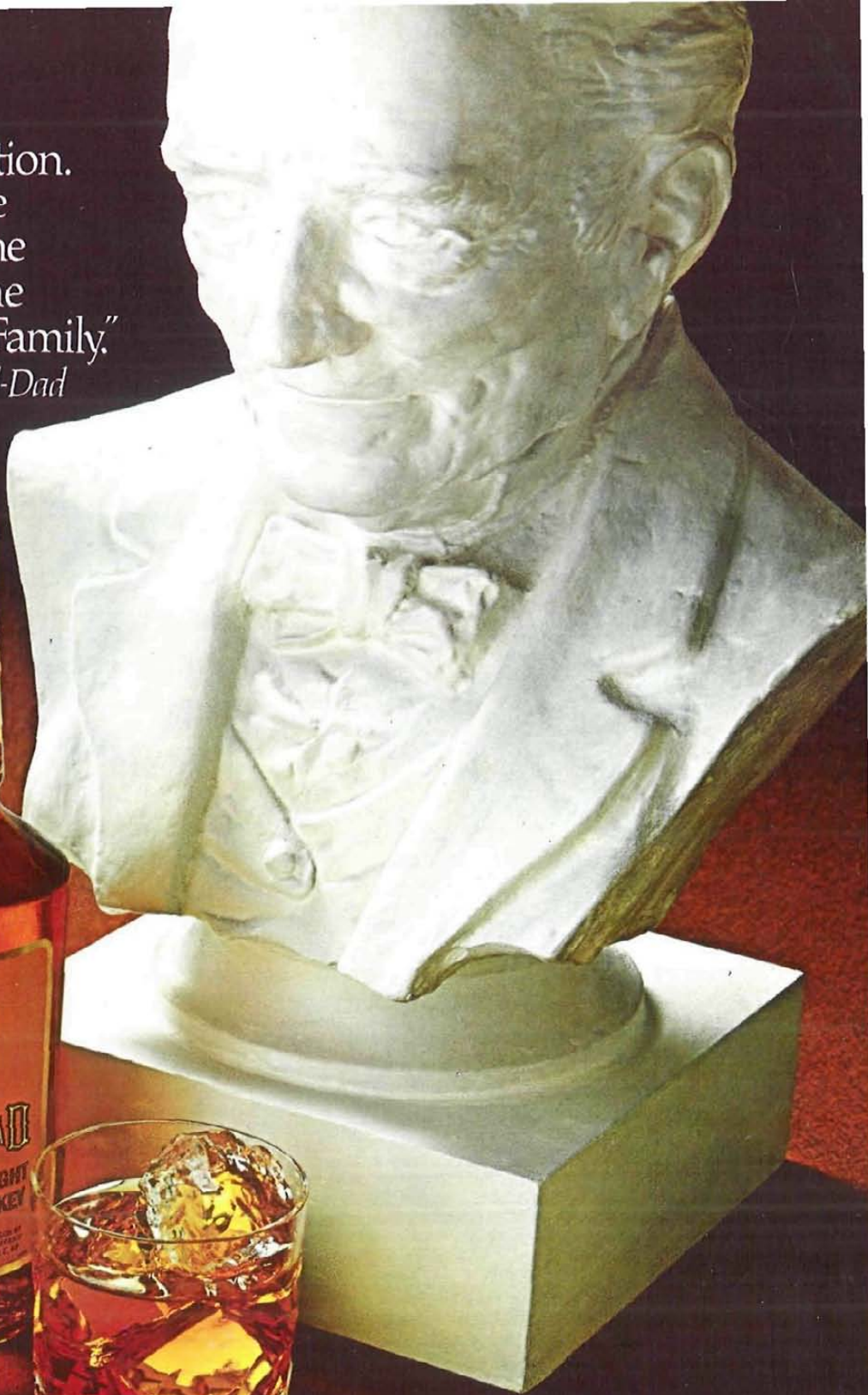
We're certainly
burning rubber!!!



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eating biscuits now!!!!



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vengeance lends a rationale of chancery justice to the dangerous and destructive behavior commonly ascribed to assholes, and is therefore an exceptionally useful concept for those of us who periodically enjoy or sometimes even *need* to be an asshole. Please consider the following illustration. Suppose that you and several college students rented a house. It was an older, wood-frame model, fully furnished, and attractively landscaped with sculptured spherical shrubs and dozens of blooming vines. Everything about the house

prospective roommates dressed up in business suits and called on Mr. and Mrs. Bazel at their new address. You assaulted them with specious accounts of yourselves, claiming to be doctoral candidates who "must have absolute assurance that the neighborhood is completely safe and always quiet." The Bazels were reluctant. They were willing to let the property sit empty for months if necessary, waiting for the most harmless and trustworthy

through the windows, disemboweling the large appliances, lighting fires, and otherwise dismantling the premises. You decided you needed more ice. You drove to an ice manufacturing plant and loaded the back of a pickup with two thousand pounds of ice in

EDITORIAL

suggested the landlord took special pride in its appearance. That was because the landlord and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bazel, lived in the place for thirty years and, as devout Seventh Day Adventists and industrious, conscientious citizens, worked hard to present a respectable image to the community and to God.

When Mr. Bazel collected his lump sum retirement benefit from the Department of Public Safety, where he worked as a property superintendent, he was able to purchase an inexpensive yet newer and slightly larger residence in a better part of town. He and his wife decided to rent out their first home, figuring that the rental income plus each of their social security checks might barely get them through old age. It is understandable, then, that Mr. Bazel was stubbornly cautious in selecting a tenant.

At first he flatly refused to talk to you, fearful of the reputation of college students for recklessness and irresponsibility. However, you persisted. The house was close to campus and the rent was cheap, so you and your

of all possible occupants. Their attitude improved, however, after you noticed a Seventh Day Adventist food-preparation prayer taped to the oven and subsequently narcotized Mr. and Mrs. Bazel with a saccharine tract on the incalculable wisdom and beneficence of the Creator. They produced a lease shortly thereafter.

You noticed that Mr. Bazel had typewritten a series of his own conditions at the bottom of the form: "Tenant will not have any pets...Tenant will not have loud parties or play music that will disturb anyone..." You signed anyway. There was no reason to let a magnificent deal break down on account of technicalities, and, besides, you had the foresight to protect yourselves by using fictitious names.

A few evenings later, you were in the living room of Mr. Bazel's old house. One roommate was connecting a 400-watt power amplifier to a pair of chest-high speakers while the others sat on the kitchen counters drinking malt liquor. A group of friends banged on the front door; they had drugs and more malt liquor with them. One thing led to another, and soon everyone was scrambling from room to room, shouting, pulling chairs apart, projectile spitting mouthfuls of chocolate cookies on the walls, sawing the legs off tables, batting potatoes

seventy-five-pound blocks, returned to the house, and arranged them on the kitchen floor.

Other friends materialized. They began hurling the ice through walls and doors and at what was left of the furniture. People you had never seen before cooked a ten-pound bag of sugar in the oven, which later boiled over and covered it with an impenetrable lavalike crust. Others appeared on the front lawn with enormous clods of dirt and asphalt from a street repair site nearby. They ran at the house as fast as they could, heaving the debris in long arcs through the front door and windows. It exploded on impact and eventually combined with the melting ice to form a turbid slough of gunk, which was tracked throughout the house and spattered everywhere.

At this point, you were operating in a feverous lather. The momentum was seemingly unstoppable, yet there was an anomalous compulsion to ask yourself a few questions, such as: Am I sufficiently hedonistic and antisocial and imbalanced to continue demolishing Mr. and Mrs. Bazel's home, which they carefully maintained for thirty years and which is, now essential to their economic survival, or must these and successive atrocities be justified on some moral or ethical ground? In short, do I need a license to be an asshole, and, if so, where can I get one?

The answer, of course, springs from the logic of revenge—that superbly righteous emotion that vests authority

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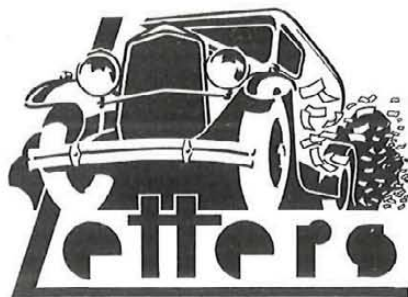
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Sirs:

My brother Dave was walking across the suspension bridge at the Milko Chocolate World of Fun when suddenly for no reason it collapsed. He and all the others on the bridge fell to their deaths in the Valley of Dinosaurs below. Dave hadn't done anything wrong. If there is a God, why didn't he let my brother land on someone, instead of on the Triceratops's spikes?

Velva Snapper
Tulane

Sirs:

As attorneys for the Vatican we are pleased to respond to the letter you forwarded to us from Ms. Velva Snapper of Tulane.

In the death of this man Dave Snapper we have been able to prove just and clear cause for divine vengeance. Please see enclosed letter.

Pesto Cappaletti
Cappaletti, Olivetti, and Schifoso
Vatican City

Dear Mr. Cappaletti:

There was, as you suspected, good reason for the death of Mr. Dave Snapper. Our records show we arrested Dave Snapper last year. He had been involved in mail-fraud activities, running in the newspapers advertisements for "men over seventy interested in high-paying, exciting work as human cannonballs." He would force these men, many of whom were senile, to pay him a \$100 application fee. We were unable to successfully prosecute due to the influence of his prominent father, Victor Snapper, the Tulane drain tile magnate.

Stosh Ranowski
Chief of Police, Tulane

Sirs:

Husband of I and me just moved to your country from Spain. No sooner

are we here than a bridge collapse of kingdom of magic dinosaurs and my husband is flung at his death on the ground below. I would say your country is a bowl of goat splatterings.

Mrs. Niko Oil
Tulane

Sirs:

A little research will tell you that Mrs. Oil's husband Niko was one of the most ferocious of Franco's aides. I know, as he once cut my cock off and threw me into a volcano. If a passing Basque shepherd had not heard my cries, I would probably be dead.

Anonymous
Tulane

Sirs:

It should be pretty obvious to everyone with the brains God gave geese that the collapse of the suspension bridge over the Milko Chocolate Valley of the Dinosaurs was no disaster but a great and long overdue comeuppance for people who, in despite of signs forbidding it, will swing or rock suspension bridges.

Xavier Mollar, President
Douchebag Suspension Bridge Ltd.
Tulane

Sirs:

We got a grievance down here at the station you might be able to help us with. We're ambulance attendants, see? The other week it was about the end of our shift and we get a call for a disaster out at the Milko Chocolate World of Fun. I says to the captain, "Hey, we're supposed to be off shift in ten minutes. So what the fuck? We drive out there and back, it's gonna be two hours minimum!"

Do you think he cares? He says, "None of your yappin', Kaminski; you and Marcello get in the wagon and get your butts out there!"

I'm telling yous, I was pissed. And when we get out there, what do you think we find? Just about seventy-five people busted up all over a shitload of dinosaurs under some fuckin' bridge. Christ, I seen a lot of things, but when I seen that, I did a projectile puke, you know. It took me and Marcello three hours to get up the first load in, and by that time the fuckin' traffic was all jammed up on the parkway and we had to sit out the fuckin' rush for an hour.

When we got back to the shop, Nichols and Michelson are sittin' around havin' coffee and laughing at us.

"What are you complainin' about?" says Michelson. "You're gettin' overtime."

That really got me pissed, so I told him we left his kid out there on a dinosaur's nose, 'cause I figured he would want to pick him up himself.

That really burned his ass.

Anyway, when I went to the union to complain, they told me the fucking supervisor had the right to send us out even near the end of the fuckin' shift. But the union rep said he thought it was a real shitty trick just the same.

I'm tellin' you, the captain and the supervisor got no idea of justice at all. Isn't that always the way? Tell me this is supposed to be a free country!

Pete Kaminski
Ambulance Attendants Local 451
Tulane

Sirs:

Had the dinosaurs in the Milko Chocolate Valley of the Dinosaurs been made of plastic, they would not have been so seriously damaged when the bridge above collapsed and they were subjected to a hail of falling bodies. Unfortunately, as most of the dinosaurs were either wood or metal, many were seriously damaged by the falling people. In particular a small Megalodon was crushed beneath a pair of obese twin sisters.

If the administrators of Milko Chocolate World thought to use our inflatable dinosaurs, they could simply have been patched and reinflated and the attraction would have been restored by the next day.

Norman Snout
Vice President, Sales
Flate-O-Saur Ltd.
Sliver, Delaware

Sirs:

The Milko Chocolate amusement park bridge plunge was no accident. I looked at the cables afterward and they were pretty near rusted through. The way it was done was that a terrorist group took turns visiting the bridge every day for twenty years or so and dropped a few drops of water every day on the cable to rust it through. They doubtless used rainwater, which would leave no traces. They're smart, these people. They think they can get

away with anything. They can, unless we as Americans join together to fight them.

Send five dollars today to: Fight the Terrorists, c/o The Milko Chocolate Amusement Park, Tulane, Alabama 10089. For extra fast attention, write "Mental Defective" in big letters on the outside of your envelope.

Richard Milko
Milko Chocolate Corp.
Tulane

Sirs:

We have two unclaimed bodies left over. The bodies were recovered last month from the site of the Milko Chocolate amusement park disaster. One is that of a twelve-year-old dog, the other that of a Megalodon or possibly an overweight middle-aged woman with a serious skin disease. Relatives or others wishing to claim same may do so by writing to us at the address below. This notice appears as a matter of record only.

Baltic Peoples' Funeral Home
Tulane

Sirs:

Please do not make jokes about the Milko Chocolate bridge disaster. My dog was on that bridge.

Marguerite Snuffheiser
Tulane

Sirs:

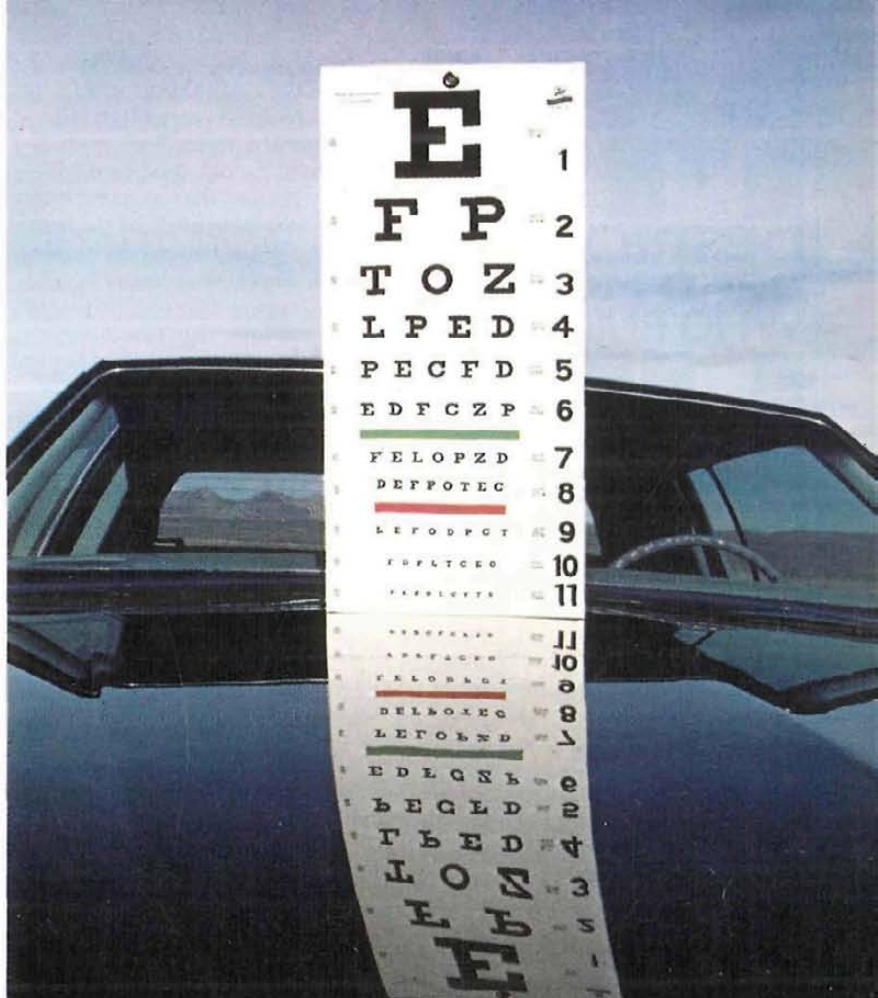
Did you ever see any garbage outside a McDonald's or a Burger King or a Wendy's? Think about it.

Rolly Porn
7777 W. Ornc
Rnc, NC

Sirs:

Hi, I'm Susie Chapstick. How would you like to ram three hundred Chapsticks down my trachea? Better yet, bolt brake cables to my jaw and operate me like a marionette at bachelor and fraternity parties. You could put filthy words in my mouth and God knows what else. Wouldn't it have been great if President Carter had sent me to inspect the Three Mile River plant at the height of the crisis? Jesus, my abuse potential is astounding. Call me, okay?

Susie Chapstick
Snow Concentration, Colorado

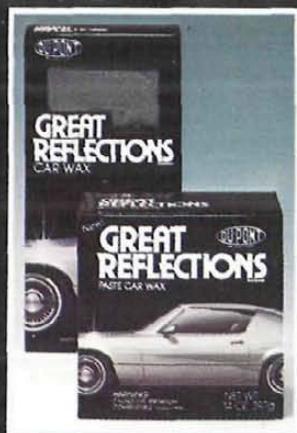


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MY DESPICABLE DEAD MOTHER WHO RUINED MY LIFE

BY LENORA B.

Chapter I

Dead. My mother, superstar. In Beverly Hills, California. February 14, 1980, at 7 PM Pacific Standard Time. Official cause of death: burping while sneezing and expelling air at the same time. Unofficial cause of death: being a Bitch with a capital B. With complications added by being a shithead.

My mother, the biggest bitch goddess of the silver screen, was dead. I heard the news on the radio that gray winter day while I was slinging hash at

the local hash house in Oakland, where at the age of thirty-eight I now live. With mixed vegetables on the side, I heard of my mother's death. It blared from the old wood-paneled radio we keep on the top counter next to the lemon meringues and the health brownies. While I mixed the instant potatoes, I heard the announcer say again that my mother was dead at the age of sixty-nine. (*Not true. She had always taken a few years off of her real age. Her true birthdate was January 12, 1864.*) Then I felt it. Boy, did it hit me. My mother was dead. I stood in the middle of the diner, threw a bunch of plates up in the air, and shouted. I shouted loud and I shouted clear.

"Yippee! Yowee! Oh boy, oh boy! Oh, great day in the morning, my mother is dead! Oh boy oh boy!"

It was, I realize now, just a cover-up of the real emotions I was to feel later and as I now feel as I sit here dictating this book in my own words and writing it with nobody else's help. I was to—and really, really still do—feel pain and anger and great personal loss and undergo depression costing me at least half a million dollars in doctor bills and personal injury. A great, great loss.

Especially after finding out that the

lousy shrew cut me out of her will.

Chapter II

My first memories of my mother are happy ones. I remember her bouncing me on her knee and calling me Baby. "Whose baby are you?" she would ask me, all smiles. "Your baby, Mommy," I would reply, and we would both laugh and smile and then laugh some more. But then... then my frighteningly disturbed mother's true colors would come out and her severe psychological disorders take over. Her schizoid paranoia, her manic-depressive tendencies, and her hostile delusions would cloud what was once—before she made out her will—a good and kindly mind.

With me still sitting on my mother's knee, she would ask again, "And whose baby are you, Lenora?" And I, as always—being a kind, dutiful, loving, obedient, and adorable daughter—would reply, "Your baby, Mommy." And then, as if from nowhere, would come the craziness. "Then how about Mommy's little cupcake scooting on off to bed? Don't you think you might like to go to bed?"

The first time this happened, I couldn't believe my ears. Scooting off to bed? At only 11 PM? Why, I was five

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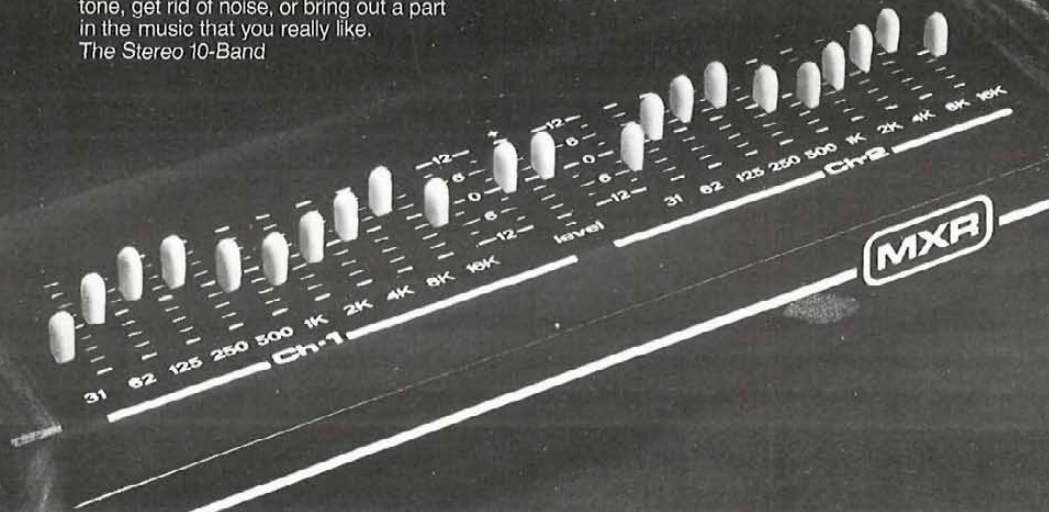
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years old and this iron-heeled tyrant was treating me like a child! Just one minute before, she had been so kind and sweet, and now, instead of warmth, there was a demonic coldness to her and a deadly demanding fury. Demanding me to do things that no child should ever have to do. Tearing me apart with her drastic mood swings, indicating a mental deterioration that would never enable her to know what she was saying in her will.

I stared at my mother in disbelief. "Bed?" I asked uncomprehendingly. "You want me to go to bed?"

"Yes, dear," she replied, raising her hand and reaching for her big hairbrush. "You've had a long day and you're tired. Now scoot." Her fingers tightened on the ugly hairbrush.

I slid off the lunatic woman's lap—the lap that had been so warm and comforting only seconds before—and stood shivering in my nighties in front of her. My mind reeled. What did she want? Why was I being punished? What had I ever done to deserve the wrath of this monster? What, God, what? Was I really such a horrible little girl?

"Lenora," my mother said in a psychotic, threatening tone, "scoot!" Her

hands now held the hairbrush ever so tightly, and she bent down closer and closer and closer, as if to...

I ran screaming up the stairs to my suite of rooms in the east wing, looking back only once to see her. To see my Hitlerian mother standing there with a look of fake amazement and bewilderment on her face as she brushed her hair. As if because I was only five years old I didn't know what she was going to do. Crazy old bitch.

I cried myself to sleep that night, after chain-smoking and shaking for three full hours. The anguish, the horror and fear I felt—it was ghastly, it was inhuman, and it was worth at least half a million dollars.

Chapter III

That was not the last of my mother's mood swings. I grew to dread those times when a cheerful, warm, and compassionate woman would suddenly, because of a chemical imbalance or just plain tension-induced psychotic paranoia—and I use the word with full knowledge of its clinical, historical, and psychological underpinnings—get on the last train to Bananaville. My brother Bob and I learned to watch for the danger sig-

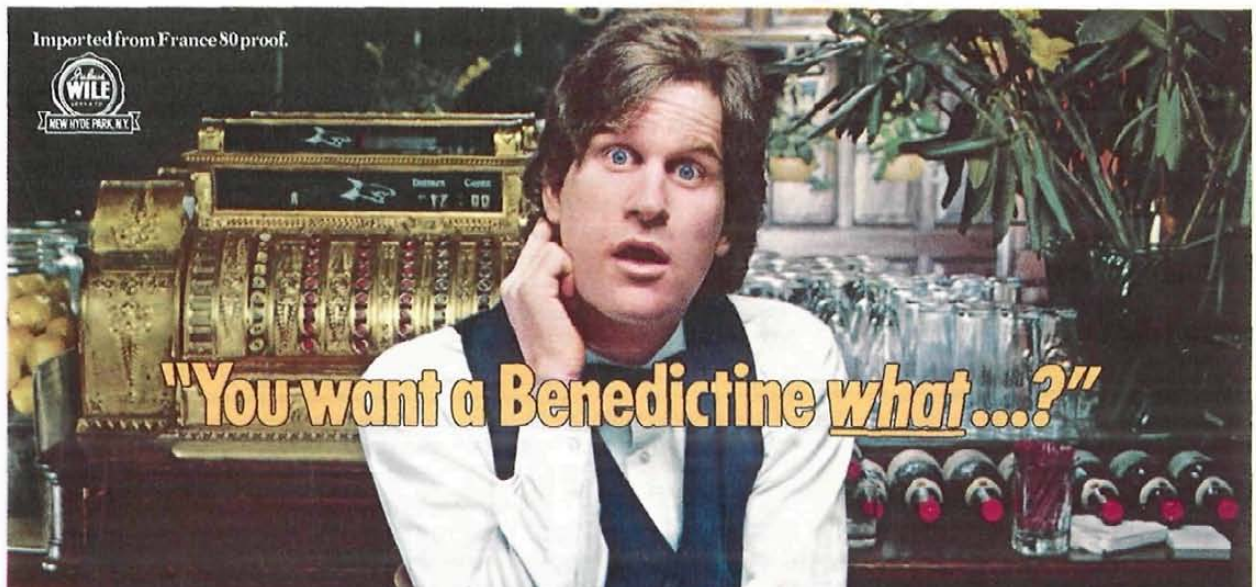
nals: one misplaced word or phrase, one perfectly innocent glance or act from us, could send her into a towering rage that would be felt by the two of us for weeks and weeks.

I remember one night after dinner. My mother, Bob, and I were sitting in the playroom of our gaudy, purchased-for-the-public-and-certainly-not-for-the-children Beverly Hills home. We were discussing what program to watch on TV that night. Dinner had been wonderful, with laughing and love thrown all over the kitchen in casual huge loads. But now it was different—or about to become so. Because of the wonderful dinner, Bob and I had forgotten to keep our usual guards up. We were to regret it later.

Our mother told us that there was a wonderful program about wildlife in the Amazon River basin that all three of us might enjoy. Bob and I looked at each other in dismay. His eyes communicated to me that I should tell her tactfully that we really wished to watch some other selection on television that evening. (Also, Bob had been born without a tongue and had difficulty with diphthongs.) Although only seven years old, I was very articu-

continued on page 14

Imported from France 80 proof.



"You want a Benedictine what...?"

Sundowner: ½oz. Benedictine, ¼oz. light or gold rum, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.

Spinnaker: ¼oz. Benedictine, ¼oz. gin, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.

Moon-glow: 1oz. each of Benedictine, white crème de cacao and light cream, shake with ice and pour.

Martinique: ¼oz. Benedictine, ¼oz. light rum, 4oz. pineapple juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.

Yellowjacket: ¼oz. Benedictine, ¾oz. vodka, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.

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THE KENNEDY LADS



By Father Sweeney Truncheon, SJ

I've been priest to the Kennedys now, man and boy, count the years. There's been water under the bridge and over the dam and who knows where-all else. Sure if the sorrows of this world were water, wouldn't they be bustin' out like the Texas gushers from the very boot prints of the Kennedys.

Do you know I was remarkin' to Father Alton McDash just the other day. "Well," I says, "Father, don't you think the Kennedys is a poor sorrowful bunch?"

"Is Hans Kung a heretic?" says he with a wink.

"You know, Father, I think there is something about a Kennedy that drives it on to be president. A Kennedy wants to be president as naturally and as unconsciously as one of your poor hopeless sea scallops yearns to become a higher class of marine organism. Like the ceaselessly evolvin' dogfish, for example, who never for a moment rests in his struggle to become a majestic bottlenose dolphin, the Kennedy would willingly sacrifice all he has attained to accede to the high estate of the presidency."

"That's true enough," agreed Father McDash. "Let me add to your ruminations that young Ted the candidate, though his brain might be as rudimentary as that of the humblest barnacle, would no more give up his struggle for the presidency than the aforementioned crustacean would forswear its dreams of becoming an abalone or something of that class."

Father McDash and myself have been friends now going on fifty years. In that time he has been called on to help me several times in my duties as priest to the Kennedys. The kind of job that called at times for all the tact and resources the two of us could muster up between us. It was Father McDash who assisted me at the exorcism. That business was as delicate as

the hairs on a caterpillar's hind-quarters.

It was a time. Old Joe Kennedy Sr. was after believing himself possessed by some class of devil, and the family at their wit's end over it all. It got so bad, there was nothing to be done at all but call the priest.

It was in the thirties, if I remember, and as soon as I got word of the trouble I was on the phone to Father McDash.

"It's your man," says I. "He's givin' out how he's a demon and is after wantin' to give all his money away to blind fellas and folk that have been mangled by great vast machines and whatnot. The family's in a terrible lather. I suppose there's damn-all for it but we gather up bell, book, and candle and fly to his side to exorcise the poor man."

Father Alton did not hesitate a moment. He just asked for a few hours to sober up and vowed to meet me at old Joe's bedside.

The old man was in a piteous state. Sure it would have wrung the tears out of Lord Protector Cromwell himself to see him. Wasn't he vowin' to make a new start and live his life proper if only he had the chance, and all the while sketchin' up some mad plan to mail off your turkeys to all the poor people on some scrap of paper he had and bemoanin' the former hardness of his heart and vowing to live life anew from that very day.

When Father McDash arrived I took him aside.

"It appears," says I, jerking a thumb over me back at old Joe, "that your man has had a visit from some evil class of spirit which scared the bejabbers out of him. A while ago he was giving out how he was present in

spirit at his own funeral and how he was the only fella there who was not dry-eyed. He's also been disordering his poor mind trying to make up a list of all the cab men he's stiffed and the poor ignorant fellas he's clipped on your stock market."

"Sure," said McDash, "that's a list would make your biblical genealogies look like the list of characters in an advanced type of one-man play. It looks to me like your man has had a visit from the spirit of Christmas yet-to-come."

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, have mercy! What might that be?" asks I.

"That's a class of Protestant ghost!"

"Mother of God! Since when have the *esprits* of the heretical started preyin' on the faithful? Sure Joseph Sr.'s not been apostatized by this forsaken spook?"

Father McDash said nothing. With a grim shrug he rolled up the sleeves of his soutane and prepared to get down to the struggle.

It was a terrible fight we had. Old Joe was rolling around in the bed something fierce, shouting terrible things in an unusually deep sort of voice, and toward the end the hideous spirit in him made him blast a steaming mess of last night's seafood all over me spotless vestments. In the end, though, we won.

"Strength," said Father McDash, "all other things being equal, will always triumph over weakness."

Poor old Joe Sr., exhausted as he was, nodded his head.

"Thank you, boys," says he. "I don't suppose you have a drop of the crayture about you?"

We did, of course, and so we all sat down there on old Joe's bed and, tired as we were, finished the bottle.

That was one of the many times that Father McDash was called upon to assist me in my duties as priest to the family. He also helped me in the delicate matter of finding a blind dumb priest to hear one of Ted the candidate's gamier confessions. We eventually located the poor crippled holy man in a Dominican abbey in County Clare. It must have been a scorching confession, too, for I've heard the candidate a number of times confess to things as blue as the Irish Sea. Yet for this particular confession he insisted on the blind fella, who would not recognize him, and the added affliction of the dumbness, to prevent the father from breathing a gasp of what he heard.

continued on page 23



IF YOU WANT AS MUCH FOR YOUR MONEY AS YOU DO FROM YOUR MUSIC.



There are a lot of turntables you can buy for less than \$200. Many of them are fully-automatic. Some of them have Quartz Reference Systems. Others feature sophisticated suspension systems. Or have specially-designed motors to make sure the sound of your turntable doesn't interfere with the sound of music.

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PIONEER'S SOPHISTICATED SUSPENSION SYSTEM ELIMINATES SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL.

While other turntables with some of these advancements may look the same as the PL-400 on paper, they don't sound at all alike in your home. Be-

cause all these advancements act together to keep an imperfect environment, like your home, from getting in the way of perfect sound.

In your home, simply slamming a door can be more jarring to your turntable than it is to you.

Pioneer's PL-400 has a sophisticated suspension system that isolates the platter and tone arm from the rest of

the turntable. Which means you can shake, rattle and roll a lot more with a lot less worry that your turntable is doing the same thing.

The PL-400 also has the world's thinnest direct drive motor. This ultra-thin motor does a lot more than give the PL-400 an ultra-sleek appearance. It keeps the turntable platter perfectly steady at all times. Though platter wobbling isn't a problem that can be easily seen on most turntables, it can be easily heard. It results in shifts of musical pitch. Something the PL-400 is never bothered with.



THE WORLD'S THINNEST DIRECT DRIVE MOTOR ELIMINATES PLATTER WOBBLE.

What's more, the PL-400 also has Quartz control like that found in the finest Swiss watches. Which means you're guaranteed to get the maximum in rotational accuracy.

So if you want a turntable that sounds great, there's any number you can buy. But if you also want the price to sound great, there's only one.



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*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual prices established by dealers.

DESPICABLE MOTHER

continued from page 11

late and was determined to tell the woman in the gentlest way possible that Bob and I wished not to watch that particular show. I began haltingly.

"Mom?"

"Yes, sweetheart?" she replied with glaringly fake concern.

"Couldn't we watch something else? Jane Russell in *The Outlaw* is on channel seven!"

"I don't know, darling. That movie is a little—"

Suddenly I could stand her condescension and patronizing tone no longer. My mother was strangling me! Yes, strangling me with her rules and orders and impossible demands. If I didn't fight then, I thought, she would always have me in the grip of her hammerlock will.

"Oh sure, Mom," I replied with teeth clenched. "No Jane Russell for us! You're just envious because she has bigger tits than you!" I was calm, but my mother sure wasn't. The truth hurts some people.

She put down her knitting on her lap but held on tightly to the huge blue knitting needles. Very tightly. "Lenora!" she said loudly. I could al-

most see the hate in the room. Yes, hate. There was hate in the ashtrays, hate in the bookcases, hate in the drawers of the ugly end tables she made us look at day after day, hate on the mantel next to her Oscar, and hate all over the rug. The room was custom hate decorated by my crazy Mummy Darling.

"You are!" I said. "You're jealous of her tits!" My mother's hands gripped the huge knitting needles ominously. "But I bet your cunt's bigger, you crazy old fuck!" I was about to lose my temper.

The crazed pig rose from her chair, breathing fury and trailing blue yarn. She walked toward me menacingly, clutching the huge knitting needles. Closer and closer and closer, until...

The next thing I remember is waking up on the couch a few minutes later with my mother sitting by my side. She had that fake worried look on her face that she always wore whenever I screamed and choked and fainted.

"Are you all right, Lenora?" she asked with false concern. "Would you like to see the doctor again, darling?"

I nodded in the negative. She began speaking again with that false concern

the bitch always had in her voice after I'd get hysterical and almost swallow my tonsils.

"Are you sure, dear?" she said quietly. "We could get the talk-to man." (The "talk-to man" was the name my mother had given my quack psychiatrist.) "He could come over, and maybe you'd feel better." Her hair had those fake worried curls she always wore whenever my eyes bugged out and I tried to eat forks.

"No, Mom," I replied softly. "I'll be all right." My eyes stayed fixed on the knitting needles. The crazy old fart wasn't going to fool me this time. I was learning fast. She picked me up and put me to bed, singing those fake bedtime songs she always sang, so I ended up watching *nothing* on TV that night. Nothing at all. That, I was to learn, was my mother's way—shower you with love, bathe you in hate, and then in the end give you nothing. *Nothing at all.*

Not even \$750,000.

Chapter IV

I have said nothing about a father. That is because Bob and I didn't have one. Oh, there was a male around to plant the biological seeds in my

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mother's schizzed-out fallopian tubes, but by the time I could talk and Bob could make those horrible gurgling noises my father had died. In a car accident, my mother said, one night while he was driving on Sunset Boulevard. When I was older, she also told me that Daddy had had a drinking problem (who wouldn't, living with her?) and that she was almost sure he was drunk the night of the accident. She also told me that she had never quite gotten over it, even after all these years. Uh-huh. Right. Make me laugh, asshole. Tell me another one. Sure. Change your name to Bob Hope.

I tell this as a preface to something that took place the summer of my seventeenth year. I was about to get into my convertible—it was my third Mercedes, the red one, the two blues having had faulty doodads that made me total both of them. As I was about to get in, I saw my mother's head under the hood and heard clanking noises. Always on my guard, I walked over and questioned her.

"Mom, what are you doing?" I asked calmly and with great respect.

She eyed me with false warmth as she answered. "Oh, nothing much, Lenora. Just fixing one of these spark

plugs. I heard your motor knocking and figured it must be one of these suckers here." She held up a greasy spark plug triumphantly, as if she had just discovered a cure for tonsillitis or something.

But I stood there in a panic. Sure, my mother's mechanical expertise was well known in Hollywood. But she was obviously "fixing" my car so that I would have an accident and be "killed" the way you know who was. Had she also "fixed" my two blue Mercedeses? Again the panic welled up inside of me like an overinflated bladder ball. If I told her that I knew what she was doing, she would only give me that horrible fake look of concern, that same look she was giving me twice a day now when I came back from the talk-to man.

I decided it would be best to say nothing, to just get in and drive away as if everything was fine and then go to the Beverly Hills police and report an attempted homicide. But would they believe me, what with my mother's reputation as a crackerjack mechanic?

So I blew a kiss to her, got in the car, and drove off as if nothing was wrong. The last thing I heard was my mother—my dear, sweet mother—

screaming at the top of her lungs, "Lenora! Lenora! You forgot your glasses! Remember, you're legally blind—" I didn't feel like waiting around for her to finish her phony-baloney sentence. This time, I was going to the police.

Needless to say, I never got there. The red Mercedes, so beautifully "fixed" by my mother, ended all tangled up in the big gate at MGM after hitting forty-three Negro extras and a trained pig they were using for some musical with Kathryn Grayson. I wasn't hurt physically, but emotionally...emotionally I was scarred. Badly. Those scars haven't healed even now, over twenty years later. Even now.

Sometimes I think not even one million dollars would heal those scars.

Chapter V

In all fairness to my mother, I must admit that she was the biggest whore in Hollywood. And the biggest boozier. I say this remembering Christmas Eve of '56, the year I got only one lousy present: a crummy little coat made out of sable or something, and imported from Russia, of all places. I guess my mother was a communist too. I wouldn't know. You wouldn't catch me

continued on page 27



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NEWS ON THE MARCH

Cause for Invasion Disclosed

SOVIETS REVEAL AFGHAN REQUEST FOR AID

The Soviet government has made public the telegram it claims it received asking for "aid and assistance" by the people of Afghanistan. The telegram is said to be the cause of the recent introduction of troops and matériel into Afghanistan.

"AM IN DANGER OF BECOMING DEMOCRACY," the cable begins.

"REQUEST BRUTAL MURDER OF DULY ELECTED LEADER AND FAMILY STOP PLEASE SEND SEVERAL HUNDRED THOUSAND TROOPS PLUS TANKS AND HELICOP-

TERS TO INSTALL PUPPET HEAD OF STATE STOP"

The telegram continues: "WILL RESIST PATHETICALLY BY THROWING ROCKS AND STICKS AT TANKS STOP PLEASE KILL US PLUS OCCUPY OUR TOWNS PLUS CONTROL GOVERNMENT PRESS ET CETERA STOP LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR ARMED INVASION SOONEST STOP LOVE AFGHANISTAN"

Explained one Soviet official, "You receive a sincerely desperate and heart-busting telegram such as that, how can you say no?"



NATO Stands Firm U.S. ALLIES RALLY TO ITS SIDE



Recently, as the holding of American hostages by Iranian revolutionaries approached its tenth week, officials in Washington received pledges of support from many of America's allies, including fellow members of NATO.

Valery Giscard d'Estaing, president of France, promised that his nation "will never again offer asylum to any Ayatollah Khomeinis" and will export "only the most inferior table wines" to Iran.

Japanese prime minister Sato vowed that if his country did continue to sell computers to Iran, "they would certainly arrive without batteries or handsome vinyl carrying cases. Let the Iranian criminals buy their own batteries."

Britain's prime minister, Margaret Thatcher, pledged that "England will do everything in its power to support US actions, including not protesting them, not condemning them, and not even acknowledging them if need be."

One particularly aggressive ally proved to be Luxembourg, who swore to send all its troops into Iran to rescue the Americans: "They are on call, Mr. President. Both of them."

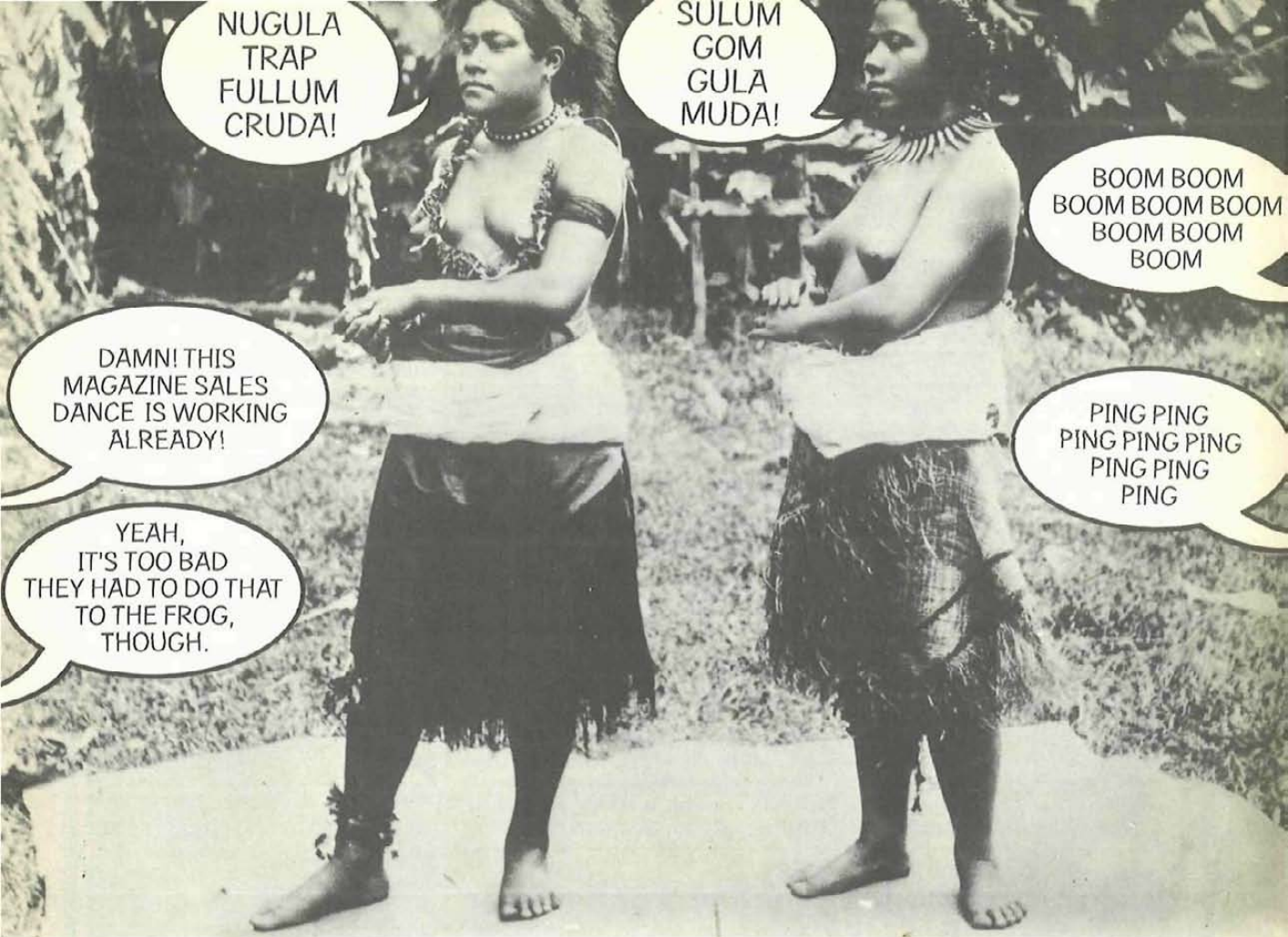
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11. Absolutely no nails, spikes, davits, bollards, rivets, or spot welds are employed.
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14. Individual drying. Each job is allowed to dry individually, on its own. Not all at once.
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DANCE IS WORKING
ALREADY!

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TO THE FROG,
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OH MY GOODNESS, NO, I HAVE NEVER RUN FOR OFFICE BEFORE.

HAVE I SEEN THIS WOMAN ELSEWHERE, PERHAPS?

NO, NO, IMPOSSIBLE. WHO COULD FORGET SUCH A FACE AS THAT?

In a stunning political comeback, Indira Gandhi recently won a landslide mandate to return to the presidency of India. Her reelection is being attributed to the widespread malnutrition plaguing the subcontinent.

"No, no, it's not that the people think she'll improve their material circumstances," explained UN nutritionist Hans Klebber. "It is because the Indian people are so poorly fed, their memory fails. They cannot remember how des-

potic Mrs. Gandhi was. They cannot remember what a boob and a strutting nincompoop her idiot son Sanjay was. They think she is a good-looking rookie politician from the provinces. 'Gandhi?' they say. 'What an unusual name. Where have I heard that before?' They think she is the Indian Elizabeth Holtzman.

"I am telling you," he remarked. "Take any five Indian voters, give them a decent tuna fish sandwich, and then see if they vote for that woman."

Compromise Found for '80 Olympics
CARTER RESPONDS TO SOVIET AGGRESSION



IT SURE IS! WE DON'T EVEN HAVE TO RUN!

YOU KNOW, I DON'T THINK THEY'RE REALLY TRYING.

BOY, IT'S EASY TO BEAT THE AMERICANS IN THE HUNDRED-YARD DASH!

In response to the recent Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, President Carter has urged American athletes to display an attitude of "passive aggressiveness" during this summer's Olympic Games in Moscow.

"We were split down the middle," explained press secretary Jody Powell. "Half of us wanted to boycott the games, and the other half wanted to go to Moscow and whip their asses. So we reached a compromise.

"Accordingly, the president has asked me to request of all our fine American Olympic athletes, when they participate in the games this summer, that they not try very hard.

"In this manner, should the Soviets—or any of their allies who support them in the invasion of Afghanistan—win, we shall, as an Olympic team and as a nation, be able to rob them of any pleasure they might feel in their victory by saying, 'We really weren't trying.'"

Died Weird
JOY ADAMSON
KILLERS CONFESS

Those responsible for the killing of *Born Free* author Joy Adamson confessed to the crime recently. The guilty parties include both humans and animals.

"She had to go," declared one unnamed lion. "Sure, she brought us a lot of favorable publicity back when the book came out. And the movie was a hit, and that theme song with Roger Williams at the keyboard was nice. But after a while she kept wanting to impose her values on our culture, and she got really maternalistic.

"So we waited one evening for her to take her usual walk before dinner, and we unleashed a pack of wild humans on her. You ever see a human when he gets the scent of a celebrity? It's not a pretty sight. They asked her for her autograph to death. Then they made the claw marks to confuse the authorities."

Reporters asked the spokesman if all jungle animals were directly involved in the contract killing. "Not all," he replied. "But let's just say that we didn't hear the leopards roar any objections."



SHE SHOULD'VE BEEN MORE CAREFUL. IT'S A JUNGLE OUT HERE.

YEAH.

Ayatollah Baffles Followers
STRANGE KHOMEINI
POLICIES UNCOVERED

Iranian revolutionary officials have admitted that they were "confused" by a series of commands issued by Ayatollah Khomeini recently. However, they denied that the puzzling orders "in any way mean that the imam is crazy or anything."

Khomeini, who is in his eighties and has reportedly been quite fatigued by the ordeal concerning the American hostages, issued orders that "all clocks and goats in the nation shall be placed under immediate arrest; all buildings more than two stories tall shall be whipped every Sunday; neckties shall be the official food of the revolution; and the singing in public of any song by Paul Williams shall be punishable by death."

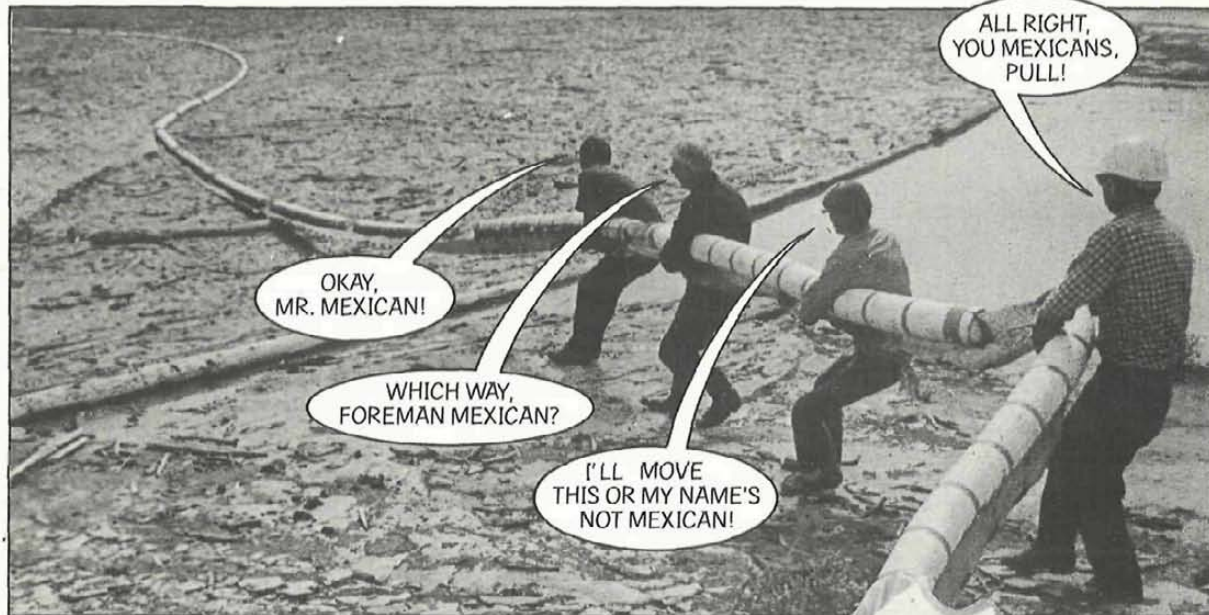
These and similar commands are said to be the primary cause for a nascent movement in Iran to "forcibly retire" Khomeini as head of the revolutionary government.

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pipeline across the New Jersey Pine Barrens. (See *photo*.) In the meantime, while the pipeline is still under construction, you can order *NatLampCo* products at the same old rate. So if you don't want to wait for our pipeline, order today. After all, the pipeline might never be finished if we don't get your money.



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NEWS BRIEFS



**Canadian
Government Falls**

The Conservative government of Canada, recently placed in jeopardy by a vote of "no confidence" in parliament, fell when posing for a center-spread photograph for a Canadian magazine. "Bring back Lucky Pierre!" was the reply of several customers in the waiting room of the photographer's shop. The reference was apparently to Pierre Elliott Trudeau, who was defeated last year by Joe Clark when the Conservatives took power. Clark skinned his left knee in the fall and was unavailable for comment.

**State Department:
"Taiwan Who?"**

The US State Department has "formally and officially forgotten about" the nation of Taiwan, formerly called Formosa. "Never heard of it," explained spokesman Hodding Carter. "China is that huge place with the wall. That's all I know."

Detroit Cites Worst Year

The auto industry experienced, in 1979, what authoritative trade journals are calling "the worst auto year since 1975." Many industry spokespeople have been quick to agree. "Yes, '79 really was a bad year," said Ford public relations officer Thad Brad. "We produced some truly terrible cars."

**Blake Seizes
California Government**

Actor Robert Blake, television's Baretta, has seized the government of California in a coup d'etat. Experts suggest that Blake's victory was the inevitable result of Governor Edmund ("Jerry") Brown's continued absence from the state. Brown reportedly cabled a "stern rebuke" to Blake concerning the takeover, concluding, "If you're not out of there [the governor's mansion in Sacramento] by the time I get home, you're in real trouble, young man." Blake could not be reached for comment.

**Fifty Honored
In Absentia**

The fifty Americans being held hostage in Iran were honored in absentia recently by *The Guinness Book of World Records*. The occasion was their entry into the famed journal as holders of the world's record for Consecutive Man-Days in Captivity. The hostages had been held for seventy days when honored by Guinness, whose formula (number of hostages times days held equals total man-days held) is the standard method of computation in kidnap cases throughout the world. "Fifty times seventy equals three hundred fifty," proclaimed a spokesperson for the book. "And we're still counting. Fantastic."

**Parks Insists Only
Pageant Will Do**

Bert Parks, fired recently from his perennial job as host of the Miss America pageant, has been offered a number of lucrative and impressive positions. But Parks has declined all of them, insisting that only his former job will make him happy.

To date, Parks has been offered a three-million-dollar advertising contract to represent Vicks Sine-Aid; a three-year, multi-million-dollar television deal; a five-picture contract with Universal Studios as writer-director with complete artistic control; and the presidency of Guam.

"To heck with all that," Parks told reporters. "I just want to be able to sing 'Here she comes...' and try on the girls' gowns."

**Mexican Oil Leak
Continues**

The large oil leak in the Gulf of Mexico—the result of an uncapped well drilled by a Mexican oil company—continues unabated. Thus far, it has spilled more than twelve trillion cubic miles of crude oil into the gulf. "I guess this'll teach us a thing or two about drilling wells in the ocean," chuckled Mexican government official Juan Fulano. "We should have remembered: oil and water don't mix! It's back to slapping tortillas and beating burros for us, that's for sure."

NFL Box Score Released

The National Football League has released its statistics for the 1979 season. Officials for the league and the players' union both have expressed pleasure at the final totals, which include only twenty-one dead, 354 broken limbs, 537 muscle pulls, three broken necks, 2,366 pulled hamstrings, two concussions, and eighty-seven "unexplainable injuries" in which a player's head, arm, or leg separated from its body and flew into the stands.



"I studied hands from all over the world, so the OM-1 would fit comfortably in your hands."

The Olympus OM-1 was not an instant camera. It took 5 years for Maitani, the celebrated Olympus designer, to create the world's first compact 35mm SLR.

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The OM-1 is a third smaller and lighter than its bulky predecessors.

Yet the viewfinder is bigger and brighter. In fact, all the controls are spacious and intelligently placed.

Maitani



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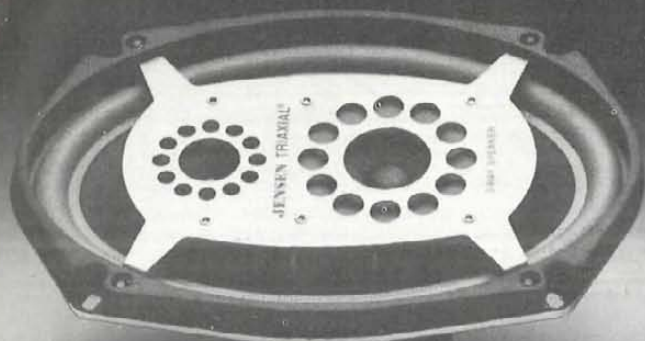
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Why can it take more power? Because of its new, larger oven-cured one inch voice coil. It offers 66% greater power handling for superior durability. And because the special piezoelectric solid state tweeter is virtually indestructible, yet sensitive to every musical nuance.

The efficiency expert.

Like all of the new Jensen Series I speakers, the Triax is more efficient than ever, thanks to our special high compliance cones with Flexair® rim suspension, 4 Ohm impedance and new, more efficient motor structures. Which translates to very high efficiency that lets

More improvements.

The Series I Triax features an improved, 20-ounce ceramic magnet structure for deep, well-defined bass. Also a new, rugged gasket for a tight acoustic seal. Black zinc chromate plating insures corrosion resistance.

We also designed it to be easier to install than the old Triaxial with the stud-mounted grille.

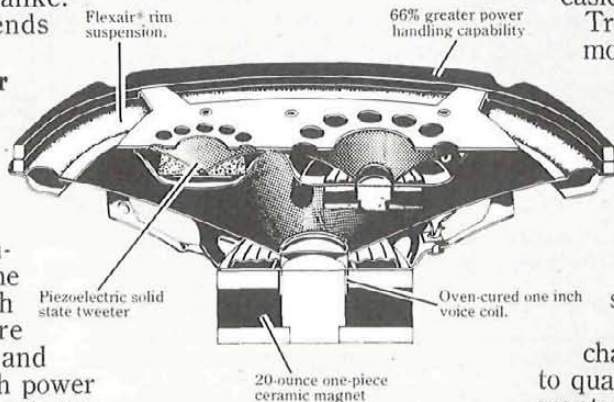
Some things don't change.

There are some things we just couldn't improve. Like the idea of an individual woofer, tweeter and midrange balanced for accurate sound reproduction.

We also haven't changed our commitment to quality. And to back it up, we steadfastly support our full line of Jensen Series I speakers with an excellent one year limited warranty.

"But they still look the same..."

You say you still can't see any difference between the old Triaxial on the left and the new Series I Triaxial on the right. Maybe not. But you sure will be able to hear the difference. And after all, that's the guts of the matter.



Jensen Series I speakers play louder with less power for smoother, distortion-free music in your car.

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DESPICABLE MOTHER

continued from page 15

in a voting booth with that Looneytune.

Anyway, that Christmas Eve she had invited some of her "intimate" friends over: Clark, Spencer, Kate, Bette, Claudette, Noel, Cary, Marilyn, Cecil B., Jimmy, Hank, and the Duke—a whole bunch of creepy losers. The wine really flowed that night. I remember counting fourteen empty champagne bottles planted in my bedroom before I passed out. To make a long story short, I was going to the kitchen to get some more hors d'oeuvres (my mother always insisted on giving the servants the night off; it was all for show, and I ended up being slave all evening to her lousy friends) when suddenly I saw my mother, wine glass in hand, kissing a well-known actor in the dining room who I always thought was a homosexual. I stopped and screamed.

"You! You! Why are you such a dirty slut? Why can't you be like other——" I stopped, too choked up and too emotionally wrought to continue. I thought I would be violently and physically ill right there on the wall to wall.

My mother walked toward me and again—it was always "again" with

her—started to "explain" to me what had just happened, as if I were blind and hadn't just seen the whole thing. "But, Lenora, dear," she slurred, "we were just standing under some mistletoe, and it really was just an innocent—"

I couldn't stand it any longer. "Don't give me any of your shit," I replied quietly. "Everybody in this town knows you got your start by blowing Harry Warner's dog. I'm going to my room." And with that I left, leaving my mother gasping with that fake open mouth of hers, which wasn't fake when Harry Warner or his dog were around.

In my room, I suddenly felt a surge of affection for her. After all, she had given me a cute little thirty-eight-carat diamond for my birthday that year. And she hadn't said anything when it accidentally got flushed down the toilet after our fight over the last hot dog. I had an urge to protect and help her, help her to overcome her horrible problems. But first, the story of my mother's drunken orgy had to be hushed up. So I called Hedda, Louella, UPI, AP, *Photoplay*, *True Confessions*, *Modern Screen*, and about a dozen other places, begging them all not to tell about Mummy's alcoholism and uncontrollable urges to fuck.

They all promised me that they wouldn't, but somehow the story got out. After it broke, my mother became worse than ever. Her mood swings, her drinking—it all intensified. Yes, the abusive, hysterical shithheel was getting worse. Even the talk-to man agreed with me, about sixteen times a week.

Chapter VI: Epilogue

That was my childhood. A life filled with fear, hate, mistrust, brutality, anxiety, desperation, lies, and tears. Filled with everything, I guess you could say, except love. Love was the one thing my mother could never give me.

And the final ignominy, the ultimate degradation... I am shaking as I write this... I was cut out of my mother's will not only because she didn't love me, but because she was a viperous wretch. Can you imagine the pain and humiliation of not having the two million dollars that your own sinister dead mother owes you because she went out of her way while she was alive to make sure that you would always suffer and never have any pleasure after she was dead? But that's the type of diabolic, dirtwad hag she was. I hope all of you understand that now. It's important to me that you really, really know.

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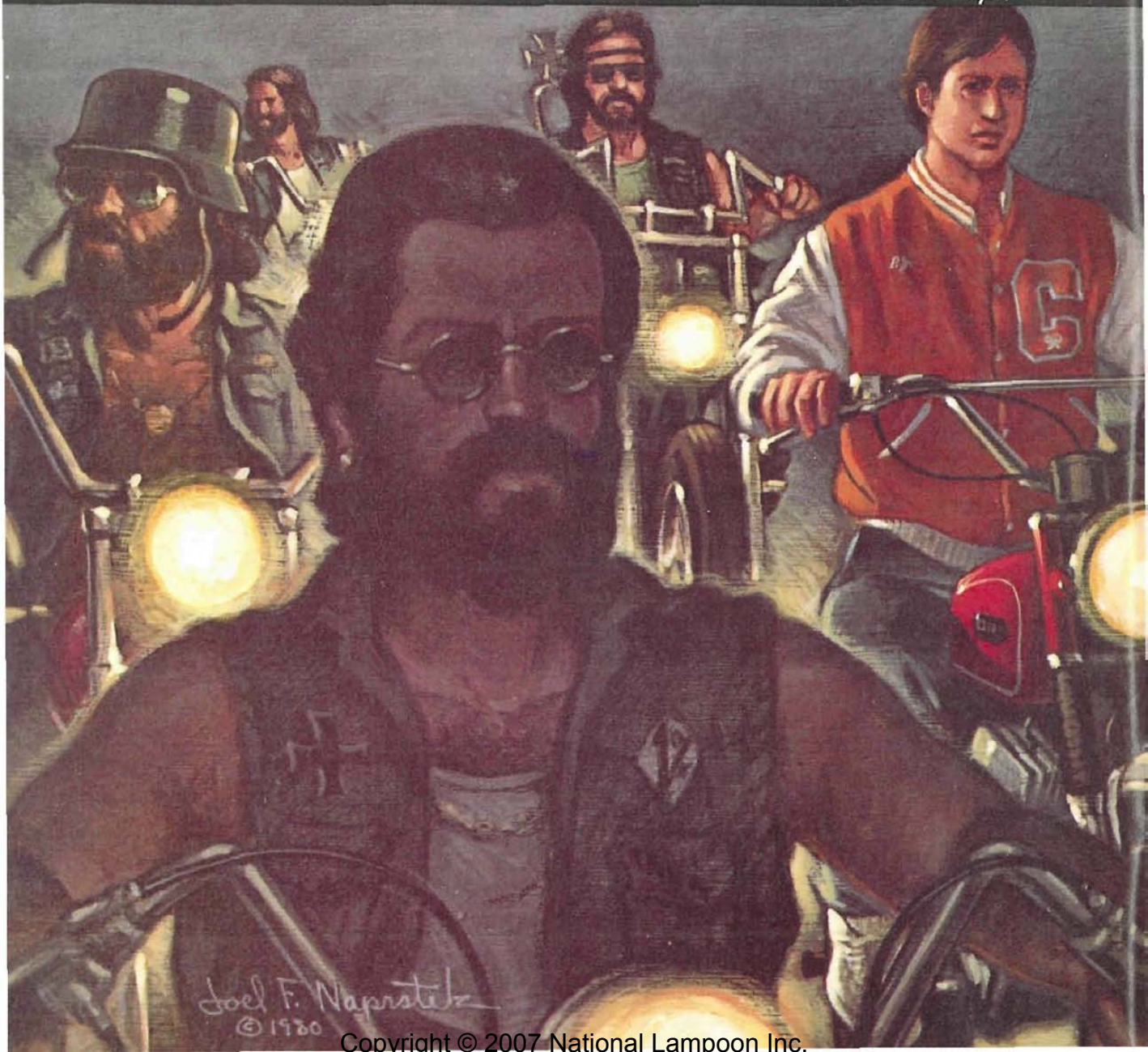
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MOTORCYCLE

I once lived with a motorcycle gang for a couple of weeks, or, rather, they lived with me. And one of them, or I thought he was one of them, was an asshole. And I wanted to kill him.

It was in early spring of 1969. I was going to college in a little town in southwestern Ohio, and I shared an apartment there, on the main street, above a store, with my friend Jim Hobart. Hobart—who, these days, is a



VENGEANCE

Chicago businessman—was a kid with eclectic interests. He'd been a teenage pool shark, prodigy concert pianist, quarter-midget racer, and state spelling bee champion. He'd changed his field of concentration at the university

three times, **BY P.J. O'ROURKE** from phys. ed. to architecture to premed to film. At an age when most of us have only a vague sense of who we are, Hobart had no sense at all. *continued*



MOTORCYCLE VENGEANCE

continued

home and passed out on my bed. I was wakened three or four hours later by a racket in the living room. I got up and peeped through the doorway, and there was Jim, sitting on the floor, smoking hashish with the campus group of black-power advocates, a motorcycle gang, half a dozen homosexuals from the school's theater department, and Miss Cincinnati. I distinctly remember the black-power advocates because of the calf-length dress socks they'd worn as mourning bands, tied around the sleeves of their leather car coats, since Martin Luther King had died the year before. And the members of our theater department were also unmistakable. It was, I thought at the time, my first real indication that I had a problem with alcohol, and I went back to bed. I got up again an hour later and they'd all disappeared, except the motorcycle gang. The motorcycle gang stayed for two weeks.

They were from Dayton, and they called themselves the Poisonous Road Snakes. They were not, I believe, a very vicious motorcycle gang. They had been in town before, and I remembered seeing one of their smaller members tossed over the handlebars of his Harley-Davidson when the bike backfired halfway through a kick start. Also, they did not really have enough motorcycles to go around, and some of them were reduced to riding about in scruffy GTOs or, worse, station wagons. Their president was a great fat young man, Jewish I think, so fat he had to ride a three-wheeler, and he was employed as a computer programmer. But they *were* a motorcycle gang and the most crazed and maniacal—not to say only—motorcycle gang anywhere near. And they had various indisput-

able motorcycle gang attributes: cutoff jean jackets with livid representations of their namesake on the backs, for instance, and Nazi army helmets, and a number of very large dirty motorcycle gang members, among whom there was one, though he wore no "colors" of his own, who was truly frightening.

He was a tall, puffy-muscled, mush-room-headed character named Greg, with hair clipped practically to baldness, almost no nose, and a wide lipless mouth. He rode a brand new Harley Sportster with saddlebags and crash bars and dozens of auxiliary lights—not at all the right way to have your motorcycle rigged out back then. In fact the term for such a machine was "full-dress garbage can," but nobody seemed to kid him about it or about much of anything else. Greg's incessant topic of conversation was what he'd done in the Marine Corps—how he'd tortured NLF suspects and raped little Oriental girl children and killed old gooks in their beds. "I didn't give a shit for nobody," he'd say. "I'd fucking kill friendlies too. I'd fucking kill officers. I'd frag 'em. I fragged an officer. I fragged a sergeant. Man, I'd kill my own buddies. I don't give a shit. That's me. I don't give a fucking goddamn shit about nothing. I'll kill anybody." He was the one I didn't like. I think it was his face. He had the ugliest face I'd ever seen.

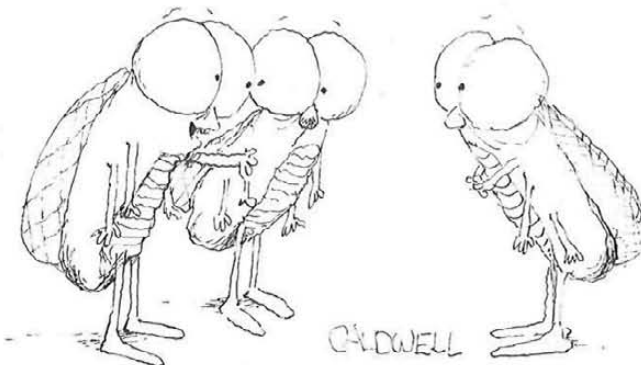
Anyway, we ran out of hashish that night and began to drink, and something happened; I don't remember what it was, but a couple of motorcycles were broken and parts couldn't be had until someplace opened in the morning, or something like that, and Hobart invited a dozen of these people, including Greg, to stay the night at our apartment. Having performed that one kindness, Hobart was, like the man who took a thorn

from the lion's paw, cursed with leonine friendship. They liked Jim so well that they decided to move in. And there was nothing they wouldn't do for him, and for me, too, since I was his pal. Whatever it was we required, they shoplifted. We were their "good buddies." Our enemies, they declared, were their enemies. It was all we could do, one day, to keep them from beating up the landlord, who came around to fix a washer in the sink. They assumed we were late with the rent.

"Let's party," they'd say, waking up on our rug at noon or one. And there was nothing for it but to party with them. We brushed our teeth with jug wine and cooked steaks skewered on curtain rods over the stove burners for breakfast. We hauled engines up the stairs and did valve jobs and rebuilt carburetors with the kitchen sink filled with gasoline to clean the parts. The shower stall was packed with beer up to the soap dish or higher, so that anyone who opened that door was thrown back against the toilet by an avalanche of ice cubes and Stroh's cans. Strange carloads of dirty girls with two first names and teeth missing showed up in the middle of the night to go for rides or stand everyone to repeated sexual intercourse on my mattress. And there was a great deal of comradely fist fighting and vomiting. The Road Snakes had their motorcycles parked in a row along the curb in front of our building, and every so often some gang member would try to make it onto the seat of his bike from our second-story window, usually ending tangled in the broken awning of the music store below. And every so often some other gang member would try to ride his Harley up the stairs to our apartment landing, which is not nearly so hard as riding one back down.

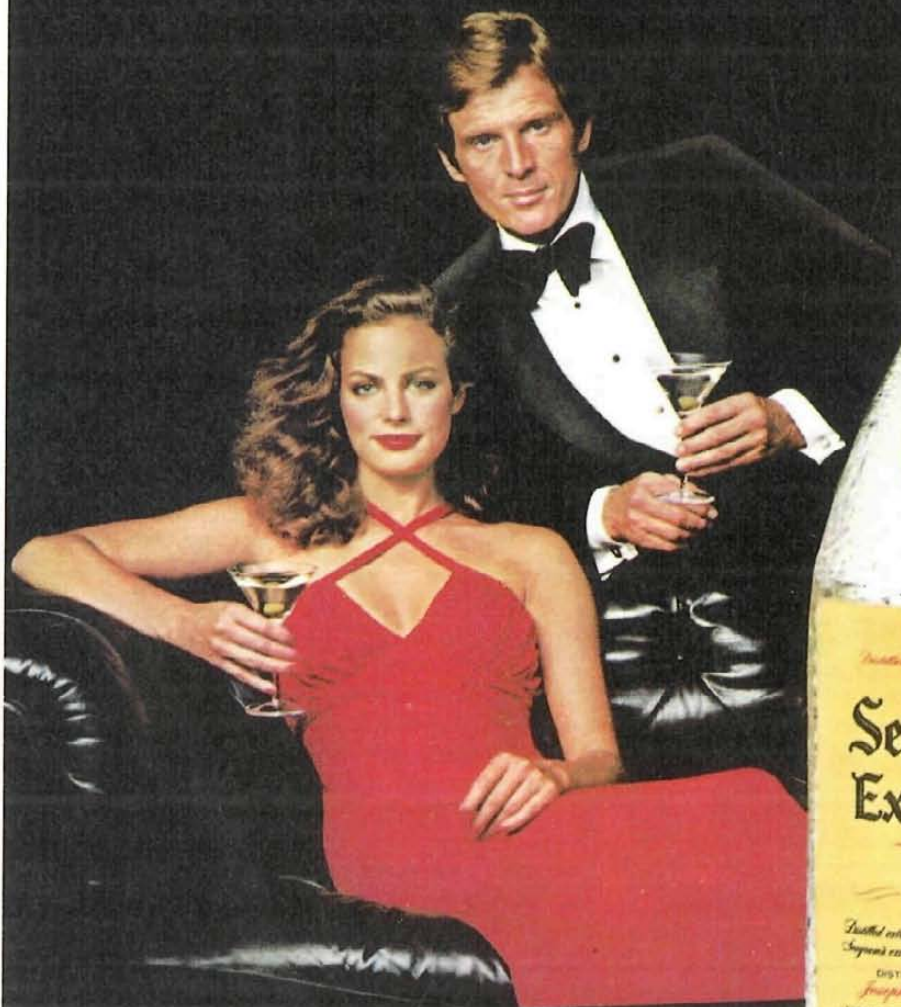
But mostly we went for rides, or "runs," as the Road Snakes liked to call them. Hobart and I had motorcycles of our own, smaller, modern, Japanese bikes, which were tolerated more or less politely by our guests, and we'd all smoke marijuana in the evening and ride off in a mass down one straight road that went due west into Indiana, just riding with the sunset in our eyes until we went over the curb and up onto the courthouse lawn in the town square in Liberty or until we wanted a beer or it got dark or the impulse failed us. Sometimes we'd scare gas station attendants and go slaloming between the pumps. Sometimes we'd ride around a campsite at the state park

continued on page 37



"Clement and I met in a French restaurant.... Heaven knows where I'd be today if he hadn't pulled me from that burning dessert."

The SEAGRAM'S GIN Perfect Martini.

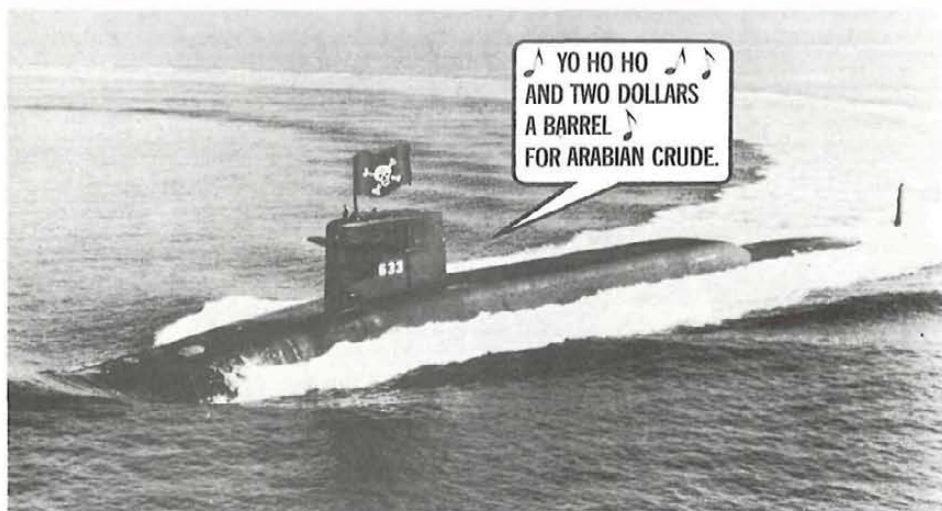


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NATIONAL VENGEANCE



get about the business of telling Pakistan to fuck itself and give back all the money and equipment we've provided them, unless they want us to form a fast alliance with India and finish them off. Then, we steal India's nuclear bomb and blow it off in Mrs. Gandhi's bathroom.



If something terrible like that pirate business were to happen with our navy, then other parts of our armed forces might turn into renegades too, and then the president and the Congress and the Joint Chiefs of Staff just wouldn't be able to control them at all. The Marine Corps, for instance.



What if some of our admirals and other people in our navy, er, "deserted" and, uh, "stole" some cruisers and destroyers and aircraft carriers and Polaris missile submarines and became, um, "pirates"? It wouldn't be our fault if these naughty men became the terror of the bounding main, would it? (Queen Elizabeth I used to do this to the Spanish and French all the time.)



Sneak a small troop of our Vietnamese refugee girls into Afghanistan and let them work the Red Army camps. Given the quality of Afghan

women, most of the Russians are probably climbing their tents by now, desperate for something reasonable to screw regardless of what it is or how it got there. The Soviet public will become curious as to the whereabouts of its military when wives and girl friends notice unspeakable chancres blossoming on what's left of the returning soldiers' cocks and will demand an explanation. They won't believe stories about Oriental whores in Afghanistan and will demand further explanation from the government. Divorce and social disorder will follow as horrible diseases are communicated to most of the population and the country is paralyzed. The US could offer to send Russia special gook VD drugs as a humanitarian gesture. The medicine, of course, would be mislabeled and filled with something awful and lethal, like rabies cultures. Later, we

could attack Afghanistan under the pretext of rescuing our Vietnamese citizens; Russian occupation forces would be too infected to fight, and would leave. Then we could



Seventeen Things the United States of America Can Do to Wreak Vengeance Upon the Various Grease Sheikdoms, Nigger Nations, Hanky-Head Dictatorships, Hoo-ha Bailiwicks, and Bolshevik Mobocracies That Are Tormenting This Proud and Free Nation.

FOUR

We can edit all kinds of degenerate and insulting material into the old "Mannix" and "Mork and Mindy" shows that are so popular on Third World television. Networks and distributors could splice in scenes specially tailored to the prospective audience; for example, a "Mork and Mindy" rerun destined for Syria might have an added bit with Mork sneaking into Mindy's room while she's asleep, opening her blouse, and having a conversation with one of her breasts as if it were Hammez al-Assad:

MORK: Hammez, what's the good word?

ASSAD: (MORK speaks in exaggerated ventriloquist's falsetto; wiggles breast to simulate movement of a mouth.) Well, Mork, the word for today is *Sunni*.

MORK: Yeah, well, the *Sunni* you get your reeking Arab ass outta here, the *Sunni* I'll be able to take these cloves out of my nose and air out the apartment.

ASSAD: I'm sorry, Mr. Mork, for being such an offensive, foul-smelling, treacherous, snarling imposition.

MORK: Good. But before you go, tell me what it's like to have the Jews slap your brains across the Golan Heights three or four times in a row—you must be a terribly proud man.

ASSAD: (Blushingly) Naaa.

MORK: Naaa what?

ASSAD: Naa-nu, nanu, Ala ralu nanu.

MINDY: (Wakes up) Mork, is that you?

MORK: No, it's the president of Syria.

MINDY: Oh, I wondered what that awful smell was.

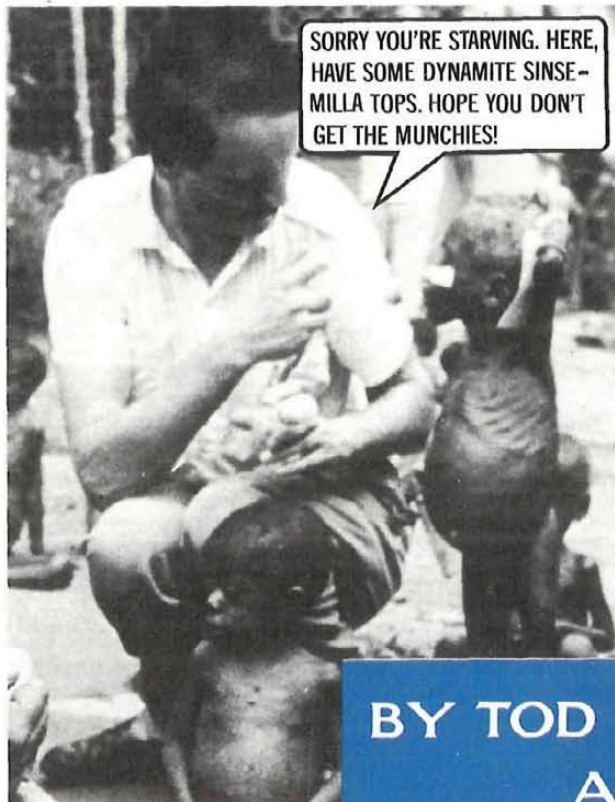
FIVE

We should quit growing food. We've got plenty of food in our freezers and on the kit-

chen shelves and in grain elevators and places like that, and this would last us a long time; so let's just quit growing food. Let's grow dope instead.

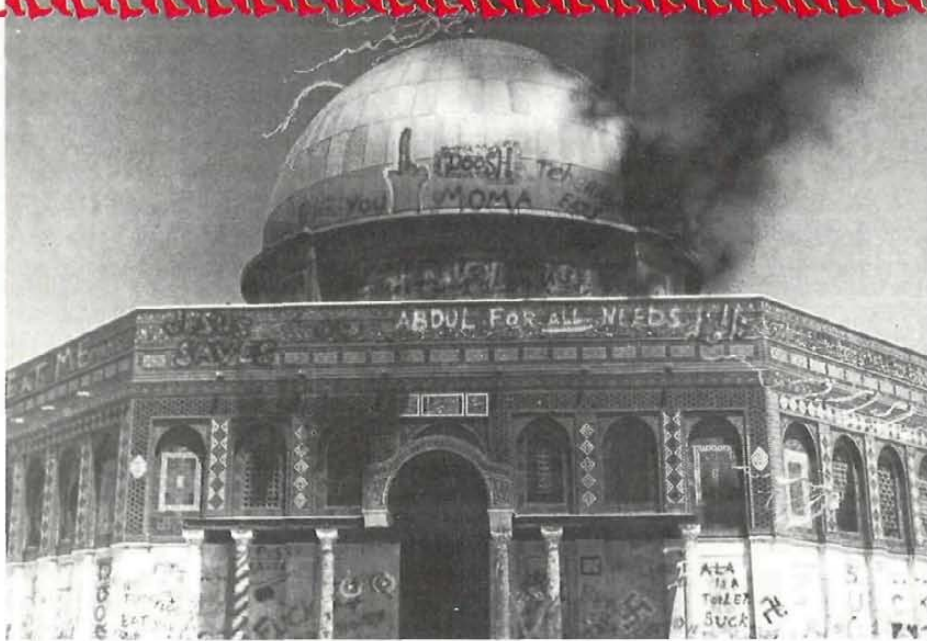
SIX

One of the most vicious things that we could do to destroy the stinking nationalities who besiege us on every side is to export to them various elements of our domestic ideology. Nor, however, those



elements that we have attempted to export in the past. In the past we tried to convince various zipper eyes and nose boners of the virtues of such ideological concepts as "freedom of speech," "representative government," and "equality before the law." Pagan ears proved deaf to ideas so replete with basic human dignity as these, so let's try some of our simpler, less intelligent ideologies on them. For instance, "black liberation"; many of our woolly-head brethren who reside on the anthropological rubbish heap of Africa are already paying lip service to the "black liberation" philosophy. Very well, let's pump it up as much as we can. Nasty Marxist Negro governments are going to find themselves in an awful fix when their subjugated populations discover that there are no white people to give in to their demands for job quotas, preliterate civil-service examinations, and elaborate downtown day-care programs. The adoption of "busing" alone would be worth, in terms of revenge, at least two nuclear strikes on Angola. Picture, if you will, an entire country with every one of its school-age children packed aboard decrepit Portuguese diesel buses rumbling forever through the rutted jungle roads in a never-ending search for something to integrate.

BY TOD CARROLL
AND
P.J. O'ROURKE



SEVEN

Another amusing thing to do would be to export wholesale the tenets of "women's rights." It's important to remember that in most of the countries that have been so patently rude to the US, women are still employed as domestic farm animals, traded—at an unfavorable rate of exchange—for nose baubles and toe bracelets and used as human toilets. There is nothing so horrifying as a woman with an idea in her head; and, if it ever occurs to all that bed-sheet-gusseted snatch that there might be some other possible order of things in the universe, then all clawing, scratching, biting hell is going to break loose from Abu Dhabi to Bogota and back. (Such a course of propagandizing would also give our government a wonderful opportunity to provide Gloria Steinem and her ilk with very permanent overseas appointments—ambassadors to Ethiopia, for ex-

ample. Some might call this an overly vindictive thing to do to an underdeveloped country, but it certainly would clear the air back here.)

EIGHT

And while we're at it, why not tell the poor little Arab bugger boys about "gay lib"? If that credo should sweep through the bazaars and Casbahs of faggot camel land, there's no telling what might happen. Perhaps a realization that Steve Rubell and Bette Midler are both Jewish might even lead to peace in the Middle East, plus the establishment of lots of cute boutiques and French restaurants with the new light cuisine.

NINE

Bomb Hanoi. In the middle of the night, without warning. The Chinese won't know what

the hell to make of it, and the rest of the world will figure the United States has gone perilously crazy and do most anything to stay out of our way. It would be the neatest thing we've done since the Mexican War.

TEN

Insult the annoying populations of the world even more by issuing abusive postage for



outgoing foreign mail. A thirty-one-cent stamp for letters to Angola is illustrated above.

ELEVEN

Next Halloween, let's airlift millions of our kids to places like the Near and Middle East with their bicycles and giant caches of lighter fluid and spray paint. A resourceful swarm of American juveniles could thoroughly defile every mosque and hallowed structure between the fifteenth and fortieth parallels, and get away with it, because not even the most unstable collection of blood-bent Muhamadan shithooks is stupid enough to lay a hand on a bunch of children. And if they did, the countries in the world that have a soft spot for children, which is nearly all of them, would thank us to irradiate the inhuman buggers to a thermic mist.

TWELVE

Quietly vacate our office space at the UN and rent it out to Negroes from Harlem, incorrigible teenage felons from juvenile prison, cowboys from Montana, Tong gangs from Chinatown, and junkies from wherever they may be found. We might supply the new tenants with free liquor and PCP, and give them titles like Vice-Deputy of the World High Commission for Vomiting on Russian Desks, or Special Delegate to the Interagency Conference of Throwing Cleavers Randomly at Oily People Wearing Sheets in the Hallways. All operations of the UN would probably deteriorate to a standstill, followed by an amusing exodus of terrorized, robbed, and beaten delegates and assorted nig-nog



functionaries to their native countries—amusing, since the reason most of them came to the UN was to get away from their squalid, oppressive native lands.

THIRTEEN

Let's get rid of France. Much modern trouble and no benefit come from being allied with France.

FOURTEEN

Consolidate past-due war reparations, loan payments, and private receivables owed to the US by countries that have given us trouble, and offer organized crime fifty cents on the dollar to collect them. What cash our gangsters can't extort through political murder and blackmail might be offset by profits from accompanying gambling and drug operations that would ensure a pathetic disintegration of the average society of primitive assholes in practically no time at all. The thought of every man, woman, and child in Bulgaria, for instance, addicted to heroin they are forced to buy from American mobsters with money stolen from each other or their Russian benefactors, or borrowed at 100 percent interest from other American mobsters, half of which goes into our treasury, is an appealing one indeed.

FIFTEEN

Pay off some Warsaw Pact country's Olympic team and have a plastic surgeon recon-

struct their faces to make them look exactly like communist heroes. Then hire a slapstick comedy director like Blake Edwards to teach them pratfalls and sight gags and a variety of dopey routines they can perform during their events. This will drive the Russians crazy. Joseph Stalin, for example, might be entered in the pole vault. As he waits his turn, Vladimir Lenin runs around the field like Groucho Marx, showing the spectators a telescoping pole that shortens to a few feet on impact. He slips it to an unwitting Joseph Stalin at the starting line. The latter runs toward the bar, the pole collapses, and he tumbles like a cannonball through the sawdust. Stalin pantomimes arm-wagging bewilderment and rage, then pulls a gun from his shorts and fires it at Lenin, who is doubled over with laughter at him. The gun, of course, shoots out a giant flag

that says "Boom," and then the two dictators enact a serpentine, Keystone Kops-style chase out of the stadium.

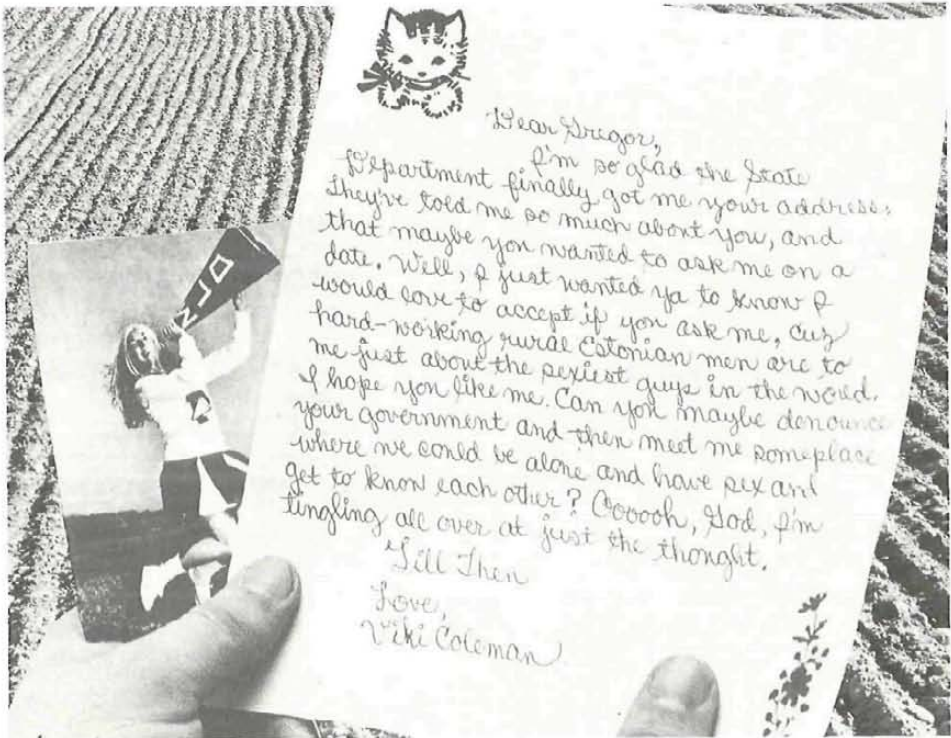
SIXTEEN

We've got the absolute, uncontested, most beautiful girls in the human race, which the Russians and Arabs and the rest of the Third World would give half their fingers and all of their firewood to fuck, especially since the Russians and the Arabs and the rest are, in addition to being the most belligerent goons on earth, just about the ugliest goons on earth, who are more or less permanently condemned to the hunky, malodorous clutches of their own equally disgusting women. So, why not offer these creatures a chance to meet cute American females? The moment

some Estonian lichen farmer is made to believe he's got a realistic shot at porking sixteen-year-old cheerleaders from Santa Monica, our troubles are nearly over.

SEVENTEEN

Let's buy the whole world. This isn't as easy as it would have been about twenty years ago, when we could have bought the whole world for cash. America, unfortunately, is not that rich anymore. But, still, if each citizen used his Visa and Master Charge cards right up to the credit limit, plus American Express and Diner's Club and that jar full of pennies in the closet, we could probably still do it. And then the world would be ours and we could do anything we wanted with it.



VENGEANCE

10 AGAINST ONE.

THE MAGIC OF CLARION'S NEW MAGI-TUNE™ OUTWEIGHS TEN LEADING CAR STEREO'S IN SAN FRANCISCO CHALLENGE.

The San Francisco area may be a visual delight but it's a nightmare for car stereo reception.

That's why Clarion chose it to test our magical Magi-Tune FM against ten of the best car stereos made.

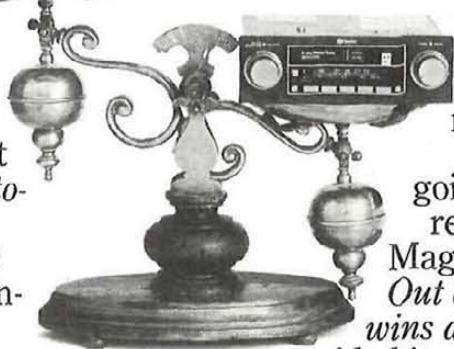
We asked ten leading Bay Area dealers to choose what each considered to be his best FM car stereo. Using the same antenna, the same speakers and the same power supply, we drove around and had each expert listen, then weigh the quality of Magi-Tune's performance against his own choice.

Now taking on ten of the best may sound foolish so before we give you the results, here's our reason why:

Let's start with the Magi-Tune Signal Activated Stereo Control. The all new SASC circuit significantly reduces noise by *automatically* and smoothly adjusting the degree of stereo separation to the optimum point while still maintaining stereo imaging.

Put simply, in weak signal areas the familiar switching noise between stereo and mono is virtually eliminated.

Next, Magi-Tune has Dual Gate MOS FET Front End. In strong signal areas, where there are several strong stations, FM signals can



become "mixed" causing interference noise which degrades the reception quality. Magi-Tune FM utilizes two Dual Gate MOS FET's. One in RF Amp and one in Mixer, to greatly improve RF Intermodulation distortion.

Strong signal areas also experience another phenomenon—jumping. That's where adjacent or alternate channels interfere with the station you're listening to. Magi-Tune utilizes a narrow band filter to minimize the jumping effect. This improves selectivity and also permits the design of a more sensitive tuner section. Resulting in a superior performing design.

Finally, there's the Pin Diode. Our Clarion engineers have designed a new LO/DX Circuit using a Pin Diode. What it does is expand the

usable range of FM reception in strong signal areas to greatly reduce interference noise.

Now with all that going for us we knew it was really no contest. Clarion's Magi-Tune won hands down.

Out of ten tests we got nine wins and one tie. It was so one-sided it almost seemed unfair.

Clarion's new Magi-Tune FM.

There's a small difference. Like between night and day.

*Panasonic CQ 8520 EU



Clarion

QUALITY FOR THE MAGIC IN MUSIC.

MOTORCYCLE VENGEANCE

continued from page 30

and frighten families. And sometimes we'd terrorize bars, little roadhouses in the middle of nowhere with two or three customers in the afternoon. We'd walk in and look awful and sometimes we'd get free drinks. I thought this was exciting. I was slight of stature at the time and an English major and I don't think I'd ever terrorized anyone before except maybe a girl friend or two when I was driving and drunk.

Of course, there were also bars that terrorized us, where big farmers were drinking around all the tables and the owner kept a shotgun on top of the beer cooler. One time we were chased by a state trooper, but we lost him, or he lost interest, or he got another call on his radio. Another time we were riding down the highway five abreast with the president on this three-wheeler in the middle of the pack when a bird hit him square in the face. He went back over the chrome differential and landed buttfirst with his pudgy legs out like a toddler's, and in that position he bounced thirty feet down the road and got a foot run over by one of us behind him. Usually, though, nothing really happened. A booth got torn out of the wall at the local beer garden. One or two of the Road Snakes beat up a few of the creepier looking college students. And we drank too much.

Most of the gang members were all right. In fact, there were two that I liked very well. One was Crazy Jack, who wasn't really crazy, just impulsive. He was always sorry later. "You know," he'd say, "I was wrong when I robbed that 7-11, and if they ever catch me, I'll plead guilty. I really will." The other was Willy, who was an air force deserter and had been to three or four years of college. Willy liked to talk about the idea of motorcycle gangs: how they were families in their way or tribal structures or some kind of reinfusion of a fraternal element that had been lost to oversophistication in our society.

But then there was Greg. I didn't mind it so much when he shit out the window or when he tore my shelves full of paperbacks apart looking for "whack books," but his war stories were agonizing. "We really fucked 'em over," went most of them. "We hit 'em all with some fucking shit, man. We fucked their ass good. Man, we fucked everybody in the head over there when the fucking shit came down, we really

hit them with some fucking shit." Or something like that. And the stories that weren't dully impenetrable, the truly nauseating stories, were told with an unhealthy relish and told over and over again. How he stuck fire extinguishers up assholes. Or clipped electrodes to the balls of baby boys to make their mothers blow him. Or how he beat some old man until he barfed his fish eyes and rice and then made him eat that. Plus rapings and rapings and killings and killings, and all recounted with rising hysterical energy, his voice growing louder by the word and his face coming closer to your own and every two sentences punctuated by "That's me! I don't give a fucking shit! That's me!" He was a terrible storyteller.

I don't think the rest of the Road Snakes liked Greg any better than I did. But they didn't say anything, and I couldn't blame them. He was physically powerful and there was clearly something wrong with him. They all just tried to keep as far away as they could. Except Crazy Jack; Crazy Jack would tell him to shut up and tell him he was a fuckhead. But this didn't seem to make an impression, and he'd just keep on with his stories. He was in the middle of a long one, one night when the Road Snakes had been staying with us for nine or ten days, a story we'd heard half a dozen times before about how he'd taken this Vietnamese kid, not a VC at all but just someone that he didn't like for some reason, in a "friendly" village where he was billeted, and how he slit his chest from nipple to nipple and then, using a long splint of bamboo, rolled the skin off his flesh down to his dick. Hobart and I were standing in the next room with Willy, who was tottering drunk, and Hobart said to him that he knew this wasn't any of our business

really, "But how was it that you happened to, you know, pledge Greg, or whatever it is that you do?"

"Greg?" said Willy. "He's not a Road Snake. He's from around here. From up in Eaton or somewhere."

Willy said that he and the rest of the Road Snakes had been in Eaton the day before they came to our place. They were watching a softball game in the park there, trying to decide whether to bust it up or not, when Greg came flying over a little hillock on his Sportster, with both wheels in the air, and landed right in the middle of them, saying, "You mind if I ride some with you guys?"

"And you let him?" I said.

"Well, he's got a motorcycle," said Willy.

We asked him if Greg didn't kind of get on his nerves. And Willy said that sure he did, that Greg was a god-damned asshole. But he was a biker. "And a biker's a biker," said Willy. And he said that we bikers all had to stick together because of loyalty, and nobody was loyal to anybody anymore, and that was what it was all about, riding a motorcycle, being loyal to everybody no matter if they were assholes or what, and then he went in the bathroom because he had to throw up.

A couple of minutes later Crazy Jack came over to Hobart and me and said, "I've figured out a way to kill Greg."

What Jack wanted to do was have a race, just between him and Greg, from our house down a back road to this same Eaton, Ohio, nineteen or twenty miles away. The road crossed a dozen miles of hilly farmland north of town and then went down along the banks of the Little Miami River. It was a county highway, poorly paved, with

continued on page 40



GUNNAR VON WEISEN, JEW HUNTER



MOST OF THE WORLD HAS LOST INTEREST IN THE "JEWISH QUESTION." NEW PRIORITIES HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED, AS IF TO PURPOSELY OBSCURE THE FAILURES OF THE PAST YET, THERE ARE SOME WHO HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN. ONE IS GUNNAR VON WEISEN—A SOLITARY, DOGGED OLD NAZI WHO HAS BEEN TRACKING DOWN ESCAPED JEWISH CONCENTRATION CAMP PRISONERS SINCE 1945...



GOOD DAY, SCHLEUTER. ANY MESSAGESZ?

YOU ARE TRULY A BABOON, SCHLEUTER.

POSSIBLY. HOWEVER, FOR THE AMOUNT YOU ARE PAYING ME, I LEAVE IT UP TO YOU TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY ARE!

CENTER FOR INVESTIGATION ESCAPED JEWS

SHAKER HEIGHTS, OHIO, U.S.A.



BEEP. I HAVE UNFORTUNATE NEWS, HERR VON WEISEN. THE BUNDESTAG HAS REJECTED YOUR PETITION TO EXTEND THE STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS ON WARRANTS ISSUED BY THE NAZI GOVERNMENT. THEY SAY THE WARRANTS ARE INVALID, AND A DISGRACE...

DAMN!

ANOTHER SETBACK, HERR VON WEISEN?

DESPITE THE LEGISLATURE'S REPEATED LACK OF COOPERATION, GUNNAR VON WEISEN CONTINUES HIS THANKLESS CRUSADE.



AHEM... SCHLEUTER. I HAVE JUST ARRIVED IN SHAKER HEIGHTS AND AM PROCEEDING TO LOCATE SYDNEY ROSENFELD, NUMBER 1011761, ESCAPED FROM BUCHENWALD DETENTION FACILITY MAY 6, 1945. WILL REPORT FURTHER PROGRESS.



VON WEISEN BEGAN BY CHECKING ROSENFELD'S PLACE OF BUSINESS, A PRODUCE WAREHOUSE HE OWNED WITH HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW.

PARDON ME, I AM INTERESTED IN LOCATING SYDNEY ROSENFELD. HE IS A FUGITIVE FROM GERMAN JUSTICE. I WILL GIVE YOU A TEN-KILOGRAM GOLD BAR IF YOU WILL TELL ME WHERE HE IS.

NO SHIT?

WELL, HE AIN'T HERE; WHY DON'T YOU TRY HIS HOUSEZ?



I THOUGHT I HAD ONE WITH ME.

HEY, ASSHOLE, WE MADE A DEAL.

SCHLEUTER. I FORGOT TO PACK THE GOLD PLEASE MAIL TEN KILOGRAMS TO WAYLON JENNINGS IN...

HEY, THE NAME IS DAGGETT, FUCKHEAD! BUCKY DAGGETT!

VON WEISEN FOUND HIS WAY TO ROSENFELD'S HOUSE, WHERE HE DISCOVERED THE SUSPECT WAS HAVING A LARGE COCKTAIL PARTY.



DISPATCHER

EH-- CORRECTION..

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, JEWS! I HAVE A WARRANT FOR THE ARREST OF SYDNEY ROSENFELD FOR VIOLATION OF SECTION 1281 OF THE INTERNMENT POWERS ACT OF 1937.



WHAT IS THIS, SOME KIND OF HIDEOUS JOKE?

NO, I ASSURE YOU, ALL THE DOCUMENTS ARE IN PROPER ORDER.



WELL, YOU GET OUT OF HERE, MISTER!

WE'VE SUFFERED ENOUGH!

FRUSTRATION GREET'S HIM AT EVERY TURN, YET, REMARKABLY, VON WEISEN STRUGGLES ON...

SCHLEUTER, I HAVE INSTRUCTED YOU TIME AND AGAIN TO REWIND THIS MACHINE BEFORE THE TAPE RUNS OUT. NOW IT HAS SNAPPED, AND MY MESSAGES ARE LOST FOR GOOD!

SO? DO I LOOK LIKE AN ENGINEER??



THE END

MOTORCYCLE VENGEANCE

continued from page 37

no modern grading, and laid out at a time when obstacles were difficult to surmount and labor was cheap. Where it wasn't twisted to avoid every contour in the landscape, it followed the edge of each farmer's land, jogging abruptly right or left every time property lines were crossed. And it was a cold night and there would be fog in all the low places. Jack said he would make the race close, letting Greg stay right up behind him, and then when he had a good curve coming up, he said, "I'll go into the corner tight on the inside, slow so I give him a chance to pull 'round me, and just when we're side by side I'll lay over into the curve and drift my wheels into him and push him off the road and he'll die!"

I thought it sounded like a good idea. Hobart wasn't so sure. "It's sort of like murder," he said. But Jack was off in the other room already, bullying mushroom head into a race.

"Fucking marines," I could hear him saying, "can't ride no goddamn bikes. Their assholes are too big from getting fucked by the navy. Whole goddamn chopper'll slide right up there, if they aren't careful!"

In a couple of minutes Jack and Greg had gone downstairs and had started up their engines and had made shrieks and squeals with their tires, heading for Eaton. Willy, meanwhile, had come back from the bathroom and was looking around. "Where'd Jack go?" he said. "Where'd Jack and Greg go?"

"Well, they're just having a little race," I said. Willy looked at me.

"Actually," said Hobart, "I kind of think Jack is going to maybe, you know, try to run him off the road a little and kill him."

"Oh, man," said Willy, "he can't do

that. Greg's a fucking biker, man. He can't do that." And Willy went stumbling down the stairs to go after them, and so did Hobart and I because... Well, I don't know why we were going. I guess Hobart was feeling guilty about Greg. And I didn't want to miss anything. And, besides, Willy had no idea where they'd gone.

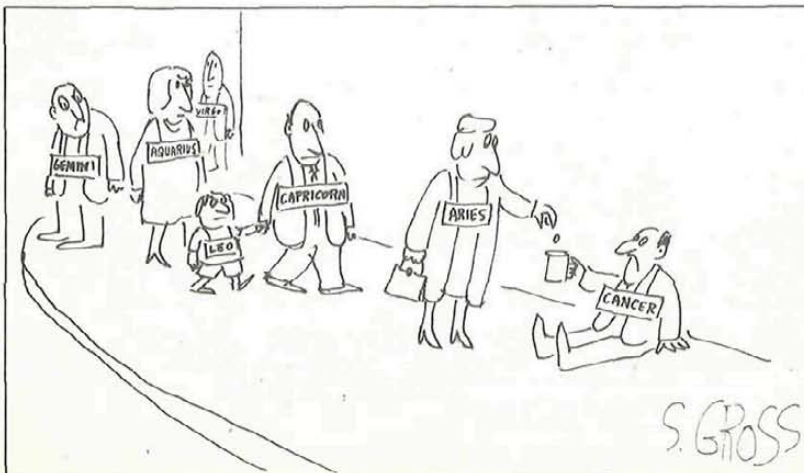
Of course, when it came to the race, the truth was that Greg *did* live in Eaton and he had been down that road, I suppose, dozens of times before. And his brand new Sportster was probably faster and certainly safer than Jack's old clapped-out chopper. And I don't think Greg was half as drunk as Jack. What apparently happened was that it was Greg who was in the lead from the beginning and Jack who was trying to catch up. About halfway to Eaton there's a particularly bad curve, downhill and to the left, above a steep ravine close to the river. And the way the road is built there, it's banked the wrong way, so that unless you come through the curve much slower even than you would think you'd have to, you're thrown out into space. I guess that's what happened to Jack. If indeed he saw the curve at all. Anyway, he went off the road and up in the air, and the bottom of his bike frame caught on one of the fat wooden posts that, draped with a couple of strands of rusty steel cable, serve as a guardrail there. His bike, bent crazy, forks and spokes and ape-hanger bars all tangled, bounced back into the middle of the road, and Jack went flying into the ravine, tearing through tree branches and landing with such force that his helmet was torn off with the chin strap still fastened in place. And he lost a boot and a pant leg and he was cut up and beat up all over his body and bleeding out the nose and mouth. Hobart and

Willy and I came on him just as he was crawling back, like something horrible, out of the underbrush. We tried to get him, flopping and passing out, up on the back of Willy's bike, but he kept going limp and slipping off. Finally Willy grabbed a handful of Jack's cutoff jean jacket, which was shredded but still held around the armholes, and holding this behind him in his left hand Willy took off for town with Jack's head lolling behind and legs flapping in the air. Greg came back just as we were leaving. He said he'd noticed there wasn't any light behind him anymore and were we racing too? His bike was really running great. Did something happen or something? But we didn't want to talk to Greg, and we left him straddling his motorcycle in the middle of the road, looking around at us and the wreck. We could hear Willy, with no hand free to work the clutch, gnashing gears all the way back to our apartment.

Once he came to, Jack wouldn't go to the hospital, so we poured whiskey on him while he sat on the floor trying to smoke marijuana and feel himself all over to see if any bone ends were sticking through the flesh. Hobart said we couldn't let him fall asleep for fear of a brain injury or something, so we stayed up and drank with him all night, and at seven o'clock or so the next morning we went out and found a pickup truck that somebody would let us borrow and Hobart and I and all the Poisonous Road Snakes went back to get Jack's bike. The wreck was still there where we'd left it in the road, but beside it, spread across the double yellow line, was what looked like a pile of laundry or something. It was Greg, the mushroom head, shivering under all the shirts and socks and underwear he'd had packed inside his saddlebags. His Sportster was parked on the berm nearby. Willy kicked him a couple of times and said, "What the fuck are you doing?"

Greg half woke up and looked around at the feet of all the people looking at him and said, "I'm guarding Crazy Jack's bike. Somebody might of stole it. It would of been really bad if somebody stole Crazy Jack's bike." And then he snuggled the crook of his arm up between his face and the pavement and went back to sleep.

It took five of us to lift the motorcycle into the pickup truck bed. And we left Greg there in the middle of the road. I'd figured all along that he'd never done any of those things in Vietnam. □



VENGEANCE IS HIS

Hi, I'm God. You probably think that a lot of people do really dreadful things and get away with them scot-free, don't you? But remember in the Bible where I say, "Vengeance is mine, saith Me"? It's true. When people do bad things, I get them back. I really do. You may not always know about it, but sooner or later I clobber them. Here are three examples.



TONY S.

This guy was a robber and a thief. A couple of years ago he tied up an eighty-year-old lady and torture killed her with a steak knife just because she only had \$3.98 to steal in her apartment. He was arrested and brought to trial, but he got off on a technicality. Later he scored big on a coke deal and now he

lives in Huntington, Long Island, in a six-bedroom house and owns three Cadillac Sevilles. You probably think he's happy, but I gave him a case of hemorrhoids. A pretty bad case, too. They itch something awful.



DELORES V.

Delores used to abuse her children. They were seven and five and very cute kids and well-behaved, too. But she locked them in closets and beat them with lamp cords and burned them with cigarettes and scalded their little hands and feet with boiling water. Finally, she got drunk and beat both of

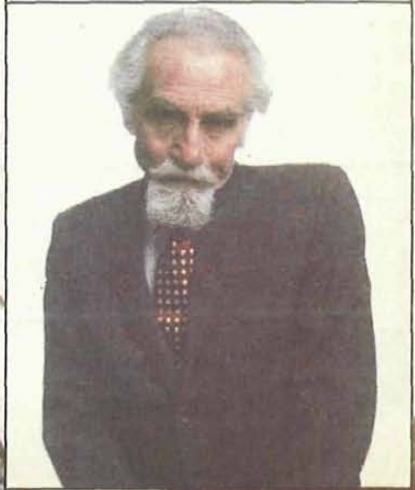
them to death with the bottom half of a double boiler. The coroner's inquest ruled accidental death, and no charges were ever pressed, but later I wrecked her credit rating. She'll never get a Visa card now.



MORRIS N.

He cheated his business partner and stole money from a trust fund for orphans. He drove seven of his own relatives into bankruptcy, and looted his corporation's pension fund, leaving fifteen hundred aged employees completely penniless. He sold tainted meat to public schools, dumped cancer-causing chemicals

into vacant lots in residential neighborhoods, and drove three wives to suicide. But I fixed him. When he was ninety-seven, I gave him a massive heart attack, and he died in his sleep.



DOMINOES

Friday, May 11, 1979

Harold Smerkin, a Chicago shoe store clerk, arrives to pick up his date, Bonnie Vaccarro. She is not in her apartment, and Smerkin realizes that she has stoned him up.

He broods.



Saturday, May 12

Slow to react, Smerkin finally decides on his revenge. He will order a pizza with the works—no, make that two pizzas with the works—delivered to Bonnie's apartment in the small hours of the morning. This will really show her.

Sunday, May 13

The pizzas arrive.

Pete Woyczinska, who has been porking Bonnie since midnight, stumbles to the door and hammers the pizza into the delivery boy's face.

Danny Shaygets, the delivery boy, spots a Cadillac Sedan de Ville parked in front of the apartment building. Believing this is Woyczinska's car, Shaygets obtains a length of lead pipe from a nearby alley and reduces the windshield and chrome trim to rubble.

The car belongs to Helen Sumpkiss, who has been sleeping over at her boss's apartment. She discovers the damage around midday and, believing her estranged husband, Buddy, is to blame, decides to retaliate.



ILLUSTRATED BY TIM LEWIS

Monday, May 14

Dexter Kittredge, Helen's boss and a branch manager of a finance company, spends the day writing enough letters and making enough phone calls to scuttle Buddy's credit rating until well into the twenty-fifth century.

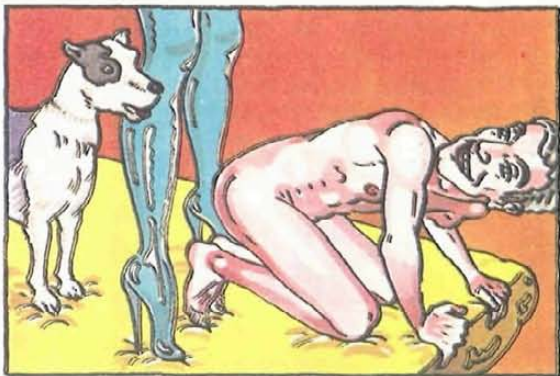
Tuesday, May 15

Buddy Sumpkiss tries to get a business loan at his bank. The bank's manager, an old college friend of Buddy's named Harold Morton, laughs right in his face and suggests that Sumpkiss would have better luck trying to "borrow an oil well from Ayatollah Khomeini."



Wednesday, May 16

Sumpkiss places a listing for Harold Morton with a local swingers' service. Pretending to be Morton, he requests golden showers, heavy bondage, dogs, and lots of Greek culture.



Thursday, May 17

The phone starts ringing at Morton's home. At supper, his wife, Molly, questions him closely about some of these unusual calls. Harold pleads ignorance; but she refuses to believe him, calls him a monster, and locks him out of the house.



**FOR ALL YOU DO...
THIS BUD'S FOR YOU.**





Boy's Wrath

by John Hughes

Byron's blood pressure raced to 200/100 as he pulled open the top drawer of his dad's nightstand. He separated a jumble of brochures, cuff links, business cards, and lunch receipts to expose the barrel of the Smith & Wesson .38. It was the burglar gun he wasn't supposed to know about. He reached in and picked it up.

It fit his hand perfectly. He slid his finger across the cold trigger. Closing one eye, he raised the pistol and aimed it at his dad's suit tree.

"Mrs. Balzak," he snarled. "Eat lead!"

He squeezed the trigger and watched the hammer draw back. Suddenly he jerked his finger away. It occurred to him that the gun might be loaded. If it was, he'd shoot a hole in his dad's blue summer-weight suit, the suit tree, the wall, and maybe the bullet would go all the way through the wall and strike his grandmother if she were just getting out of the car after driving down from Lansing.

Byron fumbled with the pistol until he figured out how to open it. He stared into the empty cylinder, spinning it again and again, counting and recounting the empty chambers. He looked down the barrel from both ends to make sure a bullet wasn't hiding in there. Still, he wasn't sure that the pistol didn't have a cartridge in there somewhere. Even if it wasn't

loaded, it was still dangerous. His dad had told him that unloaded guns kill more people than loaded guns, and although he didn't understand the logic, his father said it, so it had to be true.

"I wonder where he keeps the bullets?" Byron wondered aloud. "I'd only need about ten."

With his index finger safely tucked under the trigger guard, Byron stuck the gun into his belt, chucked his shoulders, and dropped to one knee. He drew the pistol and pretended to fire into the closet.

"I hate your stinking guts!" he snarled. "Derrrrrrssssshhhhh! Derrrrrrssssshhhhh!"

He imagined his cousin crumpling to the floor in an expanding pool of red-black blood. He blew imaginary smoke from the barrel of the gun. He reached over his shoulder and grabbed his dad's pillow. He slammed it to the floor and drove the pistol into it.

"I have funny teeth, huh?" he sneered at the pillow. "Well, Wendy,

how do they look with a gun in your face? Funny?"

He pushed the pistol deeper into the pillow and pressed his lips tightly against his teeth in a maniacal smile.

"Derrrrrrssshhhhh!"

He sat back on the bed and tried to spin the pistol on his finger like a gunlinger. He didn't have the strength in his wrist to make more than one wobbly rotation. But it wasn't that kind of gun anyway. It was the kind you jam in your pants and hide beneath your Detroit Tigers windbreaker.

"I hate all you guys!" he said, addressing the suits in the closet.

"And you!"

Byron twirled around, belly flopped on the bed, and aimed the pistol at the kid standing in the doorway.

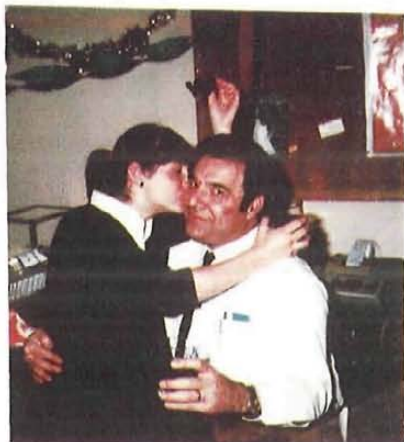
"How's it goin'?" the Kid said with the kind of smile Byron would get slapped for if he used it on an adult.

Byron dropped the gun on the bed and covered it with his forearms.

continued on page 56

My Revenge Folder

My Revenge Folder!!



Name: Elizabeth
 Age: Older than College Age
 Description: My Dad's Secretary
 Crime: Kissed my Dad, shot, burgled ~~him~~
 All Christmas time at our house.
 Sentence: ~~1000~~ (see off photo) Death from getting a rock thrown at her temple.
 Punishment: So far: Calling up her house a way ~~passed~~ past mid night and ~~streamed in~~ ~~secret~~ ~~met~~ ~~phone~~



Death to the Evil cousins and my Aunt ~~for~~ crimes my hair lays and my U.S.S. Nautilus model, and the refrigerator boy I was going to make into a fat Casper my Uncle because he was in World War 2 and got 3 medals that I let me wear one time ~~but~~ ~~summe~~ ~~some~~



Secret Authentic "Pocket Size" Poison Amazon to start with Tip Poked into Doggap for the Expedition of Mr. Breznick. for telling me he would give me \$2.00 to ~~shovel~~ ^{shovel} all of the snow off his real long driveway but then only giving me \$1.00 because he said it was only \$1.00 job and it took me almost a whole ~~half~~ half of a day.

The Hair of a Catholic Guy (Joe Kerwin) who kicked out the spokes of my bike. To be used in VOOODOO* experiments. For examples

1. Hitting it with a hammer to give him a concussion and a fractured skull.
2. Throw it on a wheel chair so he gets polio!
3. And more!!

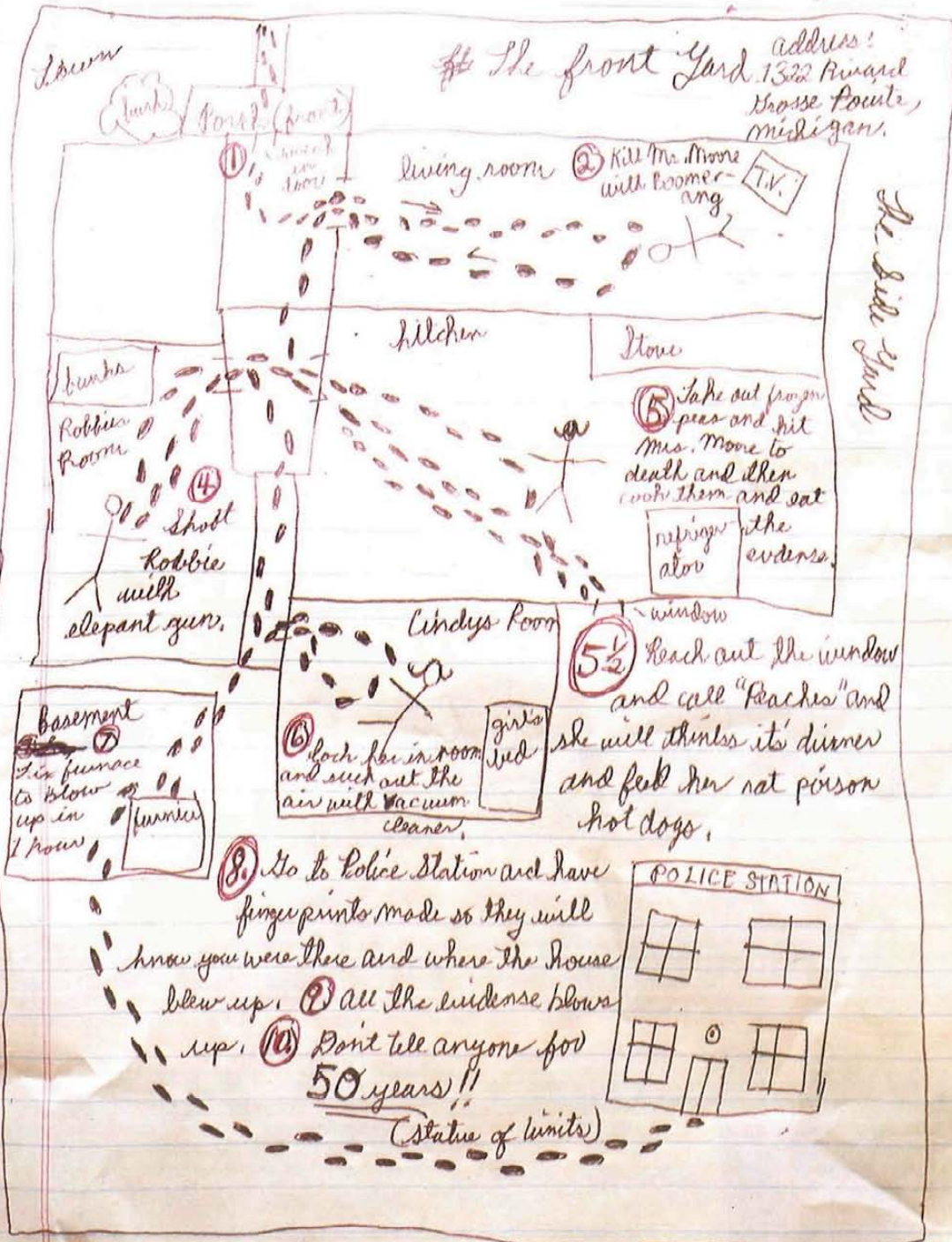
* VOOODO - "black magic."



"Death is like sleep & Except for the evil when it's like Hell!!"

The Bible - O-B.C.

A Complete Night of **TERROR** for the Moores
(The Complete Plans) *11/11* I love them all even the pe dog.

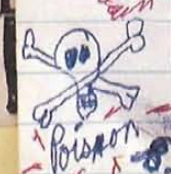


My Revenge Folio!!

Top Secret

A Complete **SECRET** **Hate!!!**

And I feel they deserve to pay for their crimes!!!



1. Black Widow



Name of Person	Why he is condemned	The Death of
1. Mr. Stevens (Mr. Fort) Mrs. Stevens (Mrs. Fort)	calling to police for me being in his garage.	<u>Death</u> by ingesting a cherry bomb to his face
3. Mrs. McPhea (a teacher)	making me stay after school for not knowing what kind of crops Africans grow.	<u>Death</u> by dry cleaner bags over her head.
4. Gary Harey (hated!)	Throwing my mitt up on the school roof and it rained	<u>Death</u> by being tied to a T.V. antenna during storm.
5. Willie Car Maid negro Gun powder mark	For cutting my hair when my Mom & Dad went to Florida	<u>Death</u> by being put into a concentration camp for colored people.
6. T. Blair Palmer III	for calling my "Dad" "poor".	<u>Death</u> by bat bites and lock jaw
8. Mindy Miller	for me taking off my clothes first and not taking off hers.	<u>Death</u> by having to drink battery chemical
9. Dave Williams	for pling perfect and helping his parents around the house and telling my grandparents how cool he is	<u>Death</u> by throwing Nitro glicerine at him.
10. Mark Twaine	for writing books I really hate.	(probably all ready dead.)

Gift Certificate
Good For One Japanese War Torture
For _____

occasion (check one)
 Birthday Wedding Anniversary Giving me back for my birthday

(Not Royal Tender)

Sears + Roebuck's Toys



A special reminder
 When I get to college and am on the boxing team and have long and powerful biceps and arm muscles to beat up, Jim Bailor, a high school guy on our block for the following reasons:

← A real bullet (22) to be used on!

Kathy Harvey!
 for beating me up and being a girl so I couldn't beat the shit out of her back!

a 22. replica Ruger.

1. Calling me "goonshit" ^{swear word} not a swear word but still bad.
3. Being a jerk
4. Showing off on my bike and bending the rim.
5. Giving me hammerlocks and half Nelsons, and also heart punches.

Jim →

official the third kiche of [unclear] member

PHOTOGRAPHY: PEDARNESS; BILL DOLCE; STEVE DOLCE

of all things
I'm an ex-president
position in recording
have 18 1/2 minutes experience
am willing to learn the ins and outs
of biz.

Special Opportunity

AMERICAN HEART ASSOCIATION
3 DAY CAMPUS FUND RAISER

ONLY GREEKS NEED APPLY!

**FIGHT HEART DISEASE AND WIN STERN'S EXPLOSIVE
NEW ALI PINBALL MACHINE FOR YOUR HOUSE.**

No Exp Nec ■ The Am Heart Assoc & Stern Elctrnics are now taking applicas from frat & soror hses for 3 Day Campus Fund Raiser, wknd of 4/11-13/80. ■ All entrants must be competitive, compassionate, luv pnball & be willing to wrk lng hrd hrs in exchng for hrtwarming and lucrative exp. ■ Exc benef. Explosv, new Muham Ali pnball mach will be awarded to 19 hses raising most \$\$\$ in 72 hrs. + 1 mach will be given w/out ball ... ha ... ha ... just kidd.) Also, next 50 hses raising most \$\$\$ will be plagued with 50 Nat Lamp Mag lftme subscrpts. ■ In add, Nat Lamp Execs will wine & dine nat winner in hot Chgo nite spot (assuming one can be found). ■ If Greek, contact your panhellenic or interfrat council office or call the Am Heart Assoc at (214) 750-5300 for applica & total alpha to omega rules of entry.



job as an anchor-
network News Show.
experience with CBS
vs. Send replies in
to: W.C.
ing the law boards? We
the answers! Send \$25
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concert tickets this sum-
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for John. If no answer, call
and ask for Ringo. If no
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summer Olympic Games great
in cosmopolitan capitol will sac-
e. Interested parties should call
C Net. Ask for Freddy.

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to state during 1980
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gifts to reps
J. E. HOOV

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t

For I've seen him recyclin' bad Parisian pop songs
 And pluckin' on a nylon-stringed guitar.
 But then I say,
 Poetry is the synthesis of agony and contracts.
 Poetry is the triumph of sentimentality
 Over sales resistance.
 And I say,
 Anything wrong with this guy McKuen
 Is wrong with America, that's all."

Eliot, Thomas Stearns, now testifies
 Against admission. Byron whispers, "Keep
 Your voice down, Tom." Alertly, T.S. eyes
 The bench, and all nine judges, fast asleep.

"And I'll admit I wasn't in the running
 With Ginsberg and those guys, you know.
 My competition was the Snoopy books,
 Or maybe Manilow.

"But if my words made a little cripple smile,
 Or comforted an orphan in the dark,
 Helped one sad housewife see a flower in spring,
 Or made a lonely life a little sweeter..."

Now even Whitman blanches. Sandburg gapes.
 Byron seems on the verge of rage or laughter.
 Eliot grabs his briefcase, and escapes,
 With Tennyson and Horace hotly after.



The Muses digest the evidence...

He takes the hint (oh, subtle Thomas Stearns!),
 So speaking sotto voce, hushed, presbyterate,
 He lectures, and the dozing courtroom learns,
 "The fellow's simply ill to semi literate!"

"Like a cretin's blunt scrawled Valentines,
 His sprawling lines
 Lurch and fall short of even the page edge;
 Formless and without content,
 Full of sound and fury (see footnote),
 Threatening suicide on a basement ledge..."

The last to testify for the defense,
 The man himself, McKuen, now addresses
 The Jurists, to refute the evidence;
 But straightaway, amazingly, confesses!

"Okay, it wasn't poetry
 With a capital P, maybe,
 And maybe 'As the World Turns'
 Isn't *Hamlet*, either, see?"

"I've roamed the heartless midnight streets
 And seen neglected kittens in the rain,
 I've been a loving kind of stranger
 And kissed the sea good-bye and cried..."

But for Rod's voice, the room is very quiet.
 The Muses close their eyes and drop their quills,
 For they who, on mix'd wine and honey diet,
 Are feeling rather green about the gills.
 But Rod drones on, 'til Clío is the first
 To belch; now Thalia looks extremely odd;
 Erato gasps; then, with a mighty burst,
 All nine throw up all over poor old Rod!

Hide, Whitman! Oh, Lord Byron, look up! Duck!
 Waves, billows, seas of what the Muses ate,
 Oh, cosmic vomit, torrents of up-chuck
 Wash Rod up now...beneath the Golden Gate!
 Home, poet! San Francisco! And alive!
 Humming, he saunters the Pacific isthmus,
 Composing his new tome. \$6.95.
 It should be ready just in time for Christmas. □

BOY'S WRATH

continued from page 47

"Who are you?" he asked, looking over the Kid's shoulder into the hall to see if his parents were out there. "Did you just walk into our house without knocking?"

The Kid laughed. He hopped up on Bryon's mom's dressing table.

"I'm your Angel of Revenge."

Bryon squinted and studied the Kid's strangely familiar face.

"You look like me," he mumbled.

"Of course," the Kid said, sniffing a jar of cold cream. "I'm the insane part of you that comes out when you're real mad."

"You are not," Byron shot back. "Who are you? Where do you go to school?"

"I don't go to school," the Kid replied. "I don't need to, because I live in your brain."

"You do not," Byron said angrily.

Byron picked up the gun and put it back in the drawer. He carefully restored the blanket of junk over the gun and closed the drawer.

"You don't believe me, not now," the Kid said, sliding off the dressing table. He jumped up on the bed. "It's like 'The Twilight Zone,' but it's real!"

Byron watched the Kid jumping up and down on his parents' bed. He did a

back flip. He did a knee drop.

"How could you live in my brain?" Byron asked.

"I don't know," the Kid said, doing a 180-degree piked somersault. "I just do!"

"How come I never saw you before?"

The Kid cartwheeled off the bed into an arabesque. He caught his breath.

"Because you've never been as mad as you are now," he said.

"I don't believe you," Byron said. "I think you're making up all this."

The Kid rolled his eyes and shook his head.

"I look *exactly* like you. I got the same scar on my arm from when you were mixing cement in that ham can and cut yourself!"

The Kid held out his arm and showed Byron the white ridge on his forearm.

"See how it makes like an S?" he said.

Byron looked at the scar on his arm.

"So?"

"I also don't have a baby-toe nail because you picked it off a couple of days ago after it got all soft from being in the bathtub."

Byron sat down on the bed and rubbed the top of his head. Everything matched, but it seemed ridiculous.

"I know it does," the Kid said, sitting down next to Byron.

"Know what does?"

"I know it sounds ridiculous. I can read your mind. Go ahead and think of something."

A picture of a horse flashed into Byron's head.

"A horse," the Kid said. "And right behind that is a picture of some dinner."

A picture of a pork chop and mashed potatoes appeared in Byron's mind. It startled him, and he wiped it away with pictures of treetops.

"Trees," the Kid said.

"I don't get it," Byron said softly.

"It doesn't make any difference if you get it or not," the Kid said. "Let's go mutilate your enemies!"

"It makes a lot of difference," Byron insisted. "How does this work? How do you get out of my brain? How come you're here at all?"

"I don't know," the Kid said, holding his arms up in the air. "I'm not a child psychologist! I'm an antagonistic mental problem! I make you do things that you're too chicken to do by yourself!"

He stood up and walked over to the

continued on page 58

GROWING IN BETTER CLOSETS EVERYWHERE...

The best way to grow indoors is to do it hydroponically. Hydroponics simply means growing plants directly in a nutrient solution instead of in soil. Plants don't grow large extensive root systems because they don't have to struggle to find food and water. Instead, they put all that energy where it belongs; in growing above the surface, not under it. You can grow three to six plants in a Hydropot, they'll grow twice as fast, and you don't have to be a gardening pro to do it. It's Nature made simple—since 1976.



HIGH TIMES says: "With a minimum of shopping and expense involved, using an enclosed space the size of your average hall closet, you could be nurturing a perpetual supply of the best 'stuff' you ever smoked . . . Hydropot requires no maintenance and offers its bounty twice as fast as traditionally grown 'stuff'."

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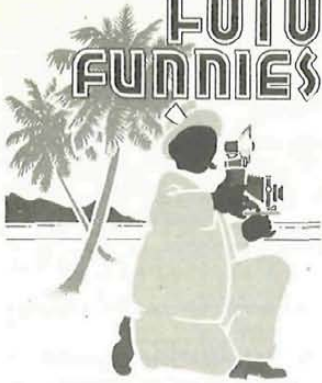
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FOTO FUNNIES



I'M A MALE PROSTITUTE.



I GET A TRICK THIS AFTERNOON... WE DO IT ONCE. WE DO IT AGAIN. THEN SHE WANTS TO DO IT SOME MORE, BUT I CAN'T GET IT UP RIGHT AWAY. SO SHE STORMS OUT WITHOUT PAYING ME.

WHAT AM I GONNA DO - HIT A WOMAN?

THEN I GET THIS BIG FAT BROAD, AND I CAN'T GET IT UP AT ALL.

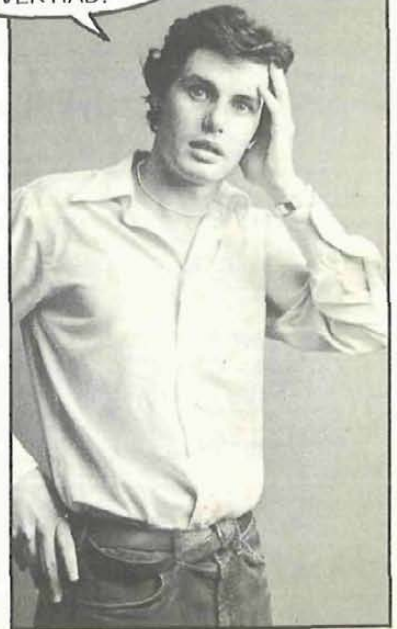
AND AFTER THAT I CAN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT SEX, SO I GO HOME.

THEN I GET ANOTHER TRICK, BUT I CAN ONLY DO IT ONCE BECAUSE I'D ALREADY COME TWICE IN AN HOUR.

SO SHE GETS MAD TOO AND ONLY GIVES ME FIVE BUCKS.

THEN I GET A GUY. BUT I CAN'T DO IT WITH GUYS. JEEZ.

THIS IS THE WORST JOB I'VE EVER HAD.



BOY'S WRATH

continued from page 56

door.

"Come on, let's go!"

"I don't know about this," Byron said, uncertain that any of that was happening at all.

"I'm going to fade away if we don't get going," the Kid warned.

"Maybe you should."

"You don't want me to do that," the Kid said, examining Byron's mom's bra hanging on the doorknob. "Because I'll just come back later when you're in high school and I'll be a Suicide Angel and I'll make you jump in front of a train."

"I don't want to mutilate anyone, though," Byron said, his eyes filling with tears.

"You will later on," the Kid said reassuringly. "We'll do it real cool, so you won't get caught. Let's go!"

"Wait a minute," Byron said.

"Where's my Good Angel? Aren't I supposed to have a good guy that keeps me from listening to guys like you?"

"You do, but he's still pretty immature," the Kid said. "All he can do now is make you love your parents."

The Kid walked out of the room and down the hall. Byron waited a minute, then followed.

"If you don't get revenge, you'll grow up to be chicken," the Kid said, hopping down the stairs on one leg.

Byron's mom was coming up the stairs with a load of dry cleaning.

"Byron! I'm home!" she called as the Kid hopped right through her.

The Kid turned around and looked

up at Byron.

"Neat, huh?" he said proudly. "I'm just an image on the inside of your eyeballs. I look real to you; I'm in color and everything. But everybody else can't see me. I can walk through stuff. Cool?"

"Did you clean up your room?"

Byron's mom said as she reached the top of the stairs. "I've asked you a hundred times!"

"Push her down the stairs! Break her grouchy neck! She's a jerk and she's going to make you stay home and clean your room!" the Kid chided.

Byron raised his arms and reached out for his mom. He felt like he was in a trance, a daydream that he wouldn't snap out of until his mom was lying still at the bottom of the stairs. He blinked his eyes as hard as he could and at the last minute grabbed his mom, turned her away from the stairs, and hugged her.

"I really like you, Mom," he said.

"Lots and lots."

"Thank you, sweetheart," his mom said, caught off guard by Byron's sudden show of affection. "But I still want you to clean up your room."

"I will, Mom, later, please?"

"You better," his mom said with a smile.

"Whew!" the Kid said. "She's lucky, because you're dangerous!"

Byron and the Kid went into Byron's garage and climbed up the ladder into the rafters where Byron had built a fort. The Kid complimented Byron on the design and construction.

"This is a cool place to plan your revenge," the Kid said, stretching out on

an old patio cushion. "Who should we get first?"

"I don't want to get anybody," Byron insisted.

"Come on, don't be a jerk, okay? I know you want to kill lots of people."

"I forgave everybody I'm mad at, really," Byron said.

"You did not. Kids don't forget people they hate. They hate forever and ever. Maybe girls forget, but not boys."

"Okay, I didn't forget, but it doesn't bother me anymore."

"If it doesn't bother you, how come you're sitting up here with me?" the Kid said. "If it didn't bother you, I'd just be a normal part of your body, like a tastebud or something."

"I'm not going to kill anybody," Byron said, choking on the lump in his throat. "Because I don't want to go to hell!"

"You won't go to hell," the Kid laughed.

"But killing people is a sin," Byron said.

"It's not a sin to get back at people if they deserve it. Do you think all the guys in World War II that killed Japs and Germans are in hell?"

Byron thought about that for a moment.

"Germans are in hell, though," he said.

"Of course, because they killed people that didn't deserve it."

"Are you sure about this?"

"Positive. Everything we're going to do is okay. It's legal," the Kid said, making an "okay" sign with his thumb and forefinger.

Byron picked at the stuffing on his cushion. He rolled it into little balls and dropped it through the rafters onto the top of his mom's car.

"You know what we can do?" the Kid said. "We can start out with something real easy and work up to the good stuff, so you'll get used to it first. Okay? Okay?"

"Maybe," Byron said, thinking of the Thomases' beagle that bit him in the ankle and made him have to go through rabies treatment because a skunk had bitten the dog when they were up in Canada.

"Perfect," the Kid said.

Byron and the Kid got on their bikes and rode over to the Thomases' house. Byron rode his regular Schwinn and the Kid rode a ghost Schwinn that he made by throwing some dirt up in the air.

"Is that him?" the Kid said, pointing to an old dog sniffing a parkway.



tree.

"Yeah," Byron said, steering his bike up a driveway.

"We have to do this real fast," the Kid said as he jumped off the ghost bike, letting it roll through a tree to collapse on the sidewalk.

"Open up the sewer thing," he instructed Byron.

Byron pried open the sewer grate.

"Come here, Mambo," Byron called in a singsong voice, holding out his pinched fingers, pretending to hold a piece of food.

The old dog curled his graying chops and glowered at Byron.

"Liver! Lookee, mmmm! Liver!"

The dog's ear perked up and he hobbled toward Byron. When he got close enough that Byron could reach him, Byron grabbed his collar and yanked him forward. The dog fell headfirst into the sewer. Byron dropped the grate and ran for his bike.

"Great! Great!" the Kid shouted with twisted glee.

"I guess he'll drown," Byron said as the sound of wind rushing past his ears mixed with the muted yelps of the dog in the sewer. "And if he doesn't drown, he'll probably get blood poisoning from getting sewer water in his mouth."

"Or rats will eat him," the Kid said, bursting into hysterical laughter.

While Byron waited for dinner, he and the Kid played Monopoly in his room.

"Hey," Byron said when he noticed that the Kid had loaded up his property with stolen hotels. "You're cheating!"

"I know," the Kid said. "It's okay, because I don't have to grow up and compete in the grown-up world, where cheaters go to jail. I also don't have to have manners."

Byron was very polite and quiet at dinner, and he ate his lamb without protest. He avoided commenting on the sinew, the fat, or the grease on his plate. He even asked for an extra big helping of brussels sprouts. He didn't want to arouse the Kid, who was circling the table with that funny grin on his face. Secretly he hoped that the Kid would go away now that he'd gotten some revenge on Mambo. But since the Kid could read his mind, his secrets weren't any good.

"Chick, chick, chicken!" the Kid said as he eavesdropped on Byron's thoughts.

The Kid stood behind Byron's dad and made devil's horns over his head with his fingers. Byron bit his lip

trying not to laugh. The Kid enjoyed Byron's agony. He pulled himself up on the table and wagged his rear end in Byron's older sister Midge's face. Byron started to giggle.

"Do you want to share your joke with the rest of us?" Byron's mom said.

"It's nothing," Byron said, wiping his nose on his sleeve. "I'm just thinking about a real funny cartoon I saw once."

The Kid pulled down his pants and did the twist right in the middle of the table. Byron thought as hard as he could: Stop! You're going to get me in trouble! The Kid leapfrogged over Byron's dad's head and onto the floor.

"Thank you," Byron thought.

"You're welcome, fartnose," the Kid said, laughing. Byron snorted into his milk and started laughing all over again.

Midge, who was always angry when someone else was having fun, glared across the table at Byron.

"Byron was going through my diary again," she announced.

"I was not!" Byron shouted. He knew his sister was baiting him.

"Okay, then how come the lock's all scratched up?" she said, wrinkling her nose, blatantly inviting Byron to sock it.

"I haven't looked at your diary since Dad told me not to!"

"Okay, okay!" Byron's dad said, raising his arms. "I don't want to hear any more about this diary business. Midge! Eat your supper and leave Byron alone! Byron! You eat your supper!"

There was a long pause as Midge recovered from her indignation at having been scolded. She took a tiny bite of lamb, swallowed, and then smiled, displaying the food caught in her braces.

"Do you want to know what Byron does in the bathroom after school?"

The Kid leaped across the table at Midge. He shot right through her and landed on the carpet. He did a somersault back up to his feet.

"Get her!" he screamed.

Without a moment's consideration, Byron lifted his dinner plate and hurled it, like a Frisbee, across the table. It struck Midge square in the chest, splattering her with hot food. Byron's dad jumped out of his chair and grabbed Byron by the collar. He shook him, pulled him out of his seat, and dragged him into the hall. He kicked him in the butt, knocking Byron to his knees.

"Get up to your room, you little animal!" he shouted.

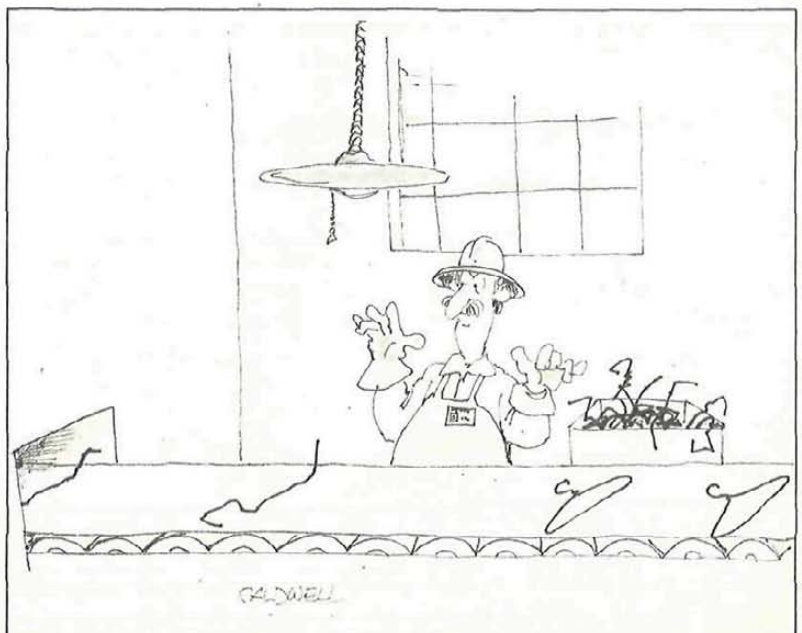
"That was so great!" the Kid said as Byron stared furiously at his dad, breathing loudly in and out of his nose. He turned and ran up the stairs as quickly and as noisily as he could. He went into his room and slammed the door shut.

The Kid walked through Byron's door and sat beside Byron on the lower bunk bed.

"That was so neat," the Kid said, trying to console Byron. "It feels real good, huh?"

Byron wiped a tear from the end of his nose.

continued on page 66



EDITORIAL

continued from page 6

to behave in the most frightening and loathsome manner as long as an injustice remains unpunished. Therefore, it was necessary that you examine the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Bazel to determine if they had committed acts that might have been in any way offensive or annoying to you, and consequently tantamount to a relinquishment of their privilege to own an inhabitable house. Each and every facet of their behavior was subject to review and adjudication. Hundreds of interrogatories, facts, bits of evidence, impressions, and conclusions clamored through your mind as you, your rampaging friends, and nameless others battered the premises to the brink of irreparable structural collapse.

Then, it hit you. You recalled the lease and Mr. Bazel's ludicrous clauses about loud music and no pets. What kind of pinch-faced, arrogant fanatic doesn't like pets? Obviously an asshole deserving of trouble in kind from another asshole, especially the one who was wronged. The verdict was sealed; a preeminent entitlement to vengeful redress conveniently legitimized and gave purpose to that which had pre-

viously been a dubious and wanton spree. Armed with the courage of indignation, you hacked the Bazel's house to the studs, and laughed so hard you could hardly breathe six weeks later when you had moved away and an ad appeared in the real-estate section listing property belonging to a Mr. and Mrs. Bazel for sale at a fraction of its former value.

For practical reasons, most civilized societies have attempted to consolidate the application of justice under a uniform system of law and retribution. The result is a more or less nationalized vendetta, administered by the state on behalf of its wronged citizens to guarantee an equitableness and impartiality unobtainable from disparate, anarchic individuals functioning by and for themselves. Personal vendettas are perforce discouraged, because, for example, another tenant might have seen fit to punish the Bazels by merely leaving dog urine stains on the carpet or a lot of nail holes in the walls—different consequences for the same offense would apparently impinge upon Mr. and Mrs. Bazel's ability and right to perceive the true gravity of their crime.

But, legal systems are not tenants, so how can a government of insensate

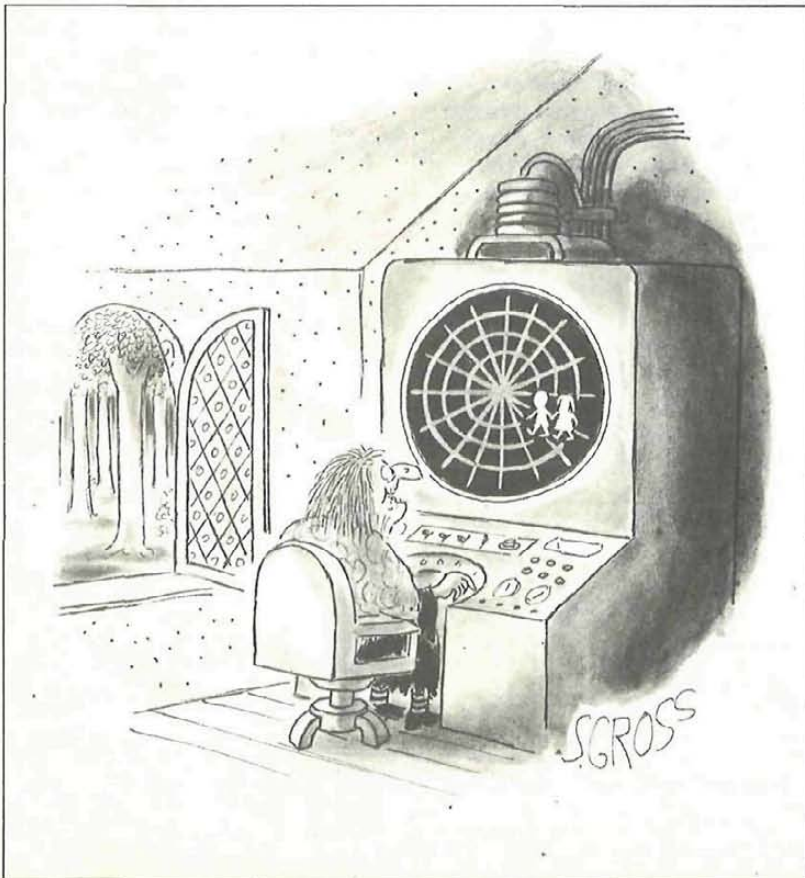
laws presume itself more competent to assess the character of landlords than those who pay rent to the psychotic, capricious buggers and know firsthand exactly what kind of assholes they really are? When is the last time a screaming, reasonless lout burst into a courtroom or a session of the legislature and told everyone to get rid of their pets, or to move their cars, or to move out altogether? The truth is that the law doesn't know what the hell is going on. And neither do Jane and Tom Fonda and that worthless rabble of rent-striking, wine-muddled dipshits in Venice Beach who think they'll settle the score by not paying their rent.

There is only one way to deal with landlords, and that is by wrecking their property. I have always contended that it is a lot more costly for a landlord to replace a jackhammered floor than a tenant who won't pay his rent, especially when the party who does the jackhammering is a highly mobile college student living under an alias who doesn't have much money to sue for anyway. *Notice:* I am inviting all of you who have an unreasonable landlord to join me this month in a thirty-day, nationwide binge of apartment and rented-house devastation. Together we will pull the duct work out of the ceiling and throw the doors into the bathtub; it will be a spectacular gesture; we will redeem our honor and live like free men once again; and, of course, we will have some fun in the process. Thank you. TC

Errata

Ellis Weiner's name was left off the senior staff roster in the hardbound edition of National Lampoon's Tenth Anniversary Anthology. Ellis has been an editor at National Lampoon since 1976, and the omission of his name was a terrible error and a horrible mistake and an awful bad thing to do; we took the proofreader and the typesetter and the printer and tied them up in a sack with an ostrich, a big snake, and a wild Australian dingo and pitched it into the East River. Ellis is a wonderful, brilliant, witty man, one of America's most gifted writers, and he's great in the sack (say many jet-set high-fashion models), and we're really really really sorry we left his name out, and we'll never ever do it again no matter what unless we forget.

We forgot to credit Joe Angier and Bill Moseley for their assistance last month in researching Jeff MacNelly's "Great Naval Battles of the Seventies," and are upset with ourselves for having done so.



THE SEARCHERS - PART II



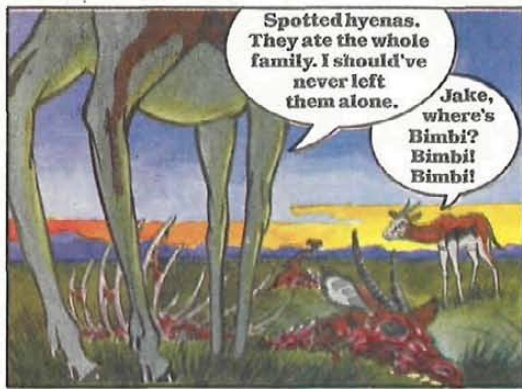
It's sure great to be home again.

Wonder why it's so quiet down there.

JAKE DONOVAN AND HIS ADOPTED NEPHEW EARL RETURN TO THEIR GRAZING LANDS IN EAST AFRICA AFTER A LONG SCOUTING TRIP

STORY—Gerry Sussman

ART—Berni Wrightson



Spotted hyenas. They ate the whole family. I should've never left them alone.

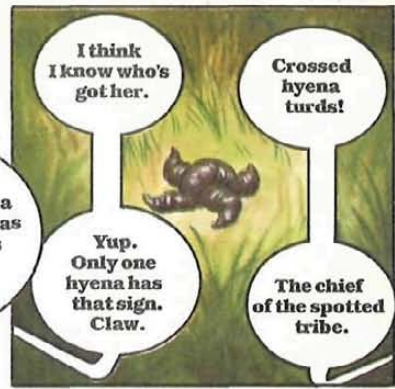
Jake, where's Bimbi? Bimbi! Bimbi!



EARL SPOTS A TOY THAT BELONGED TO BIMBI, JAKE'S BELOVED FIVE-YEAR-OLD NIECE.

Jake, look! It's Bimbi's favorite piece of wood!

No sign of her. Not even a bone. If the hyenas took her, she's better off dead.

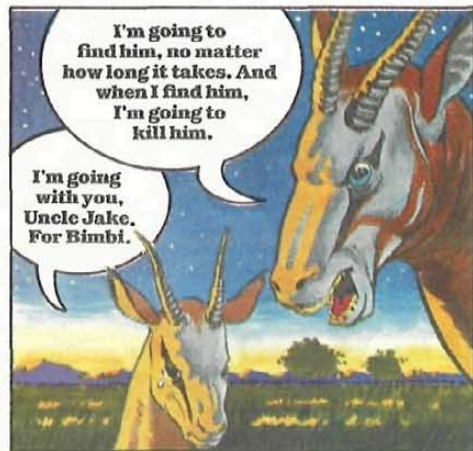


I think I know who's got her.

Crossed hyena turds!

Yup. Only one hyena has that sign. Claw.

The chief of the spotted tribe.



I'm going to find him, no matter how long it takes. And when I find him, I'm going to kill him.

I'm going with you, Uncle Jake. For Bimbi.



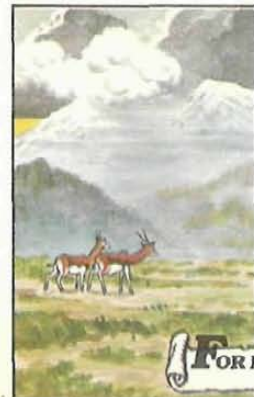
You stay put, you young whippersnapper. You're hardly wet behind the horns.



THE NEXT MORNING, EARL CATCHES UP WITH JAKE. HE IS JUST AS DETERMINED TO MAKE THE SEARCH.

Okay, you can come. But remember, this ain't going to be no picnic.

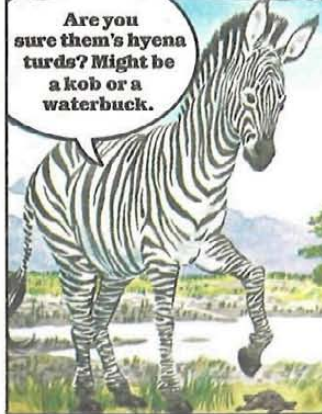
Just keep your mouth shut and do what I say.



Nope. Never seen them before.

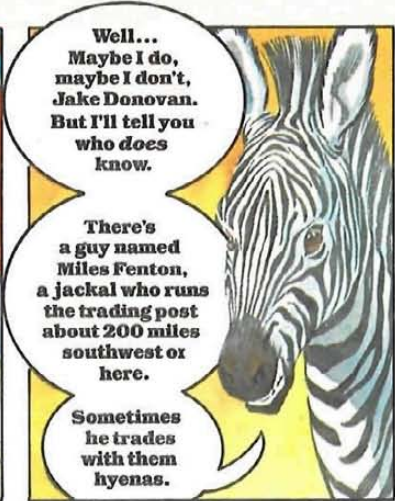
FOR MONTHS, JAKE AND EARL SEARCH FOR CLAW, BUT NO ONE HAS SEEN HIM.

A YEAR GOES BY, BUT JAKE AND EARL PRESS ON.



Are you sure them's hyena turds? Might be a kob or a waterbuck.

I like you, Zeke, but you don't know shit from your own left ear.



Well... Maybe I do, maybe I don't, Jake Donovan. But I'll tell you who does know.

There's a guy named Miles Fenton, a jackal who runs the trading post about 200 miles southwest or here.

Sometimes he trades with them hyenas.



Thanks, Zeke. Be seein' ya.

Be careful, Jake. He's got bad friends.

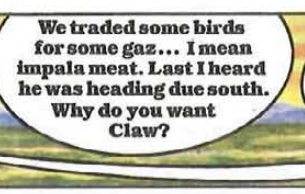
TWO DAYS LATER. AT MILES FENTON'S TRADING POST.



I'll give you six fat mice. Now tell me all you know.



Claw was here all right. About a month ago.



We traded some birds for some gaz... I mean impala meat. Last I heard he was heading due south. Why do you want Claw?



Did he have a pretty, five-year-old gazelle named...

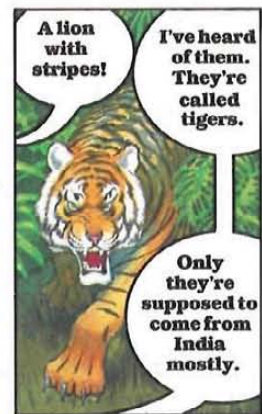


Here's your mice, Fenton. You talk too much, Earl. Let's go.



Don't you feel like you're being watched? I'll bet that jackal Fenton set us up for a trap!

Get down! I smell trouble.



A lion with stripes!

I've heard of them. They're called tigers.

Only they're supposed to come from India mostly.



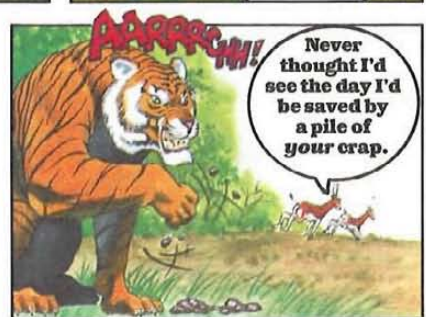
If you're so goddamn curious, why don't you ask him?

Well, what the fuck is he doing here?

Jake... I think I'm going to shit!



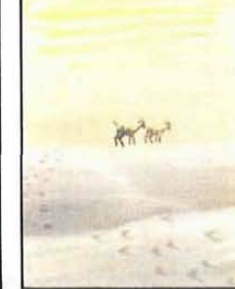
GRRRRRAACH!

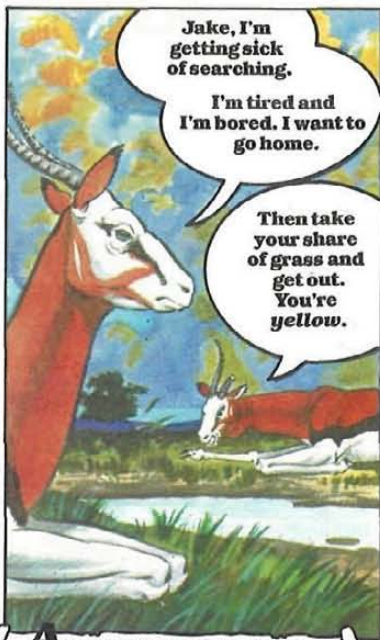


AARRRHH!

Never thought I'd see the day I'd be saved by a pile of your crap.

TEN YEARS PASS. THE SEARCHERS ROAM ALL OVER AFRICA BUT CANNOT FIND THEIR WILY, ELUSIVE ENEMY, NOR HIS CAPTIVE.





Jake, I'm getting sick of searching.

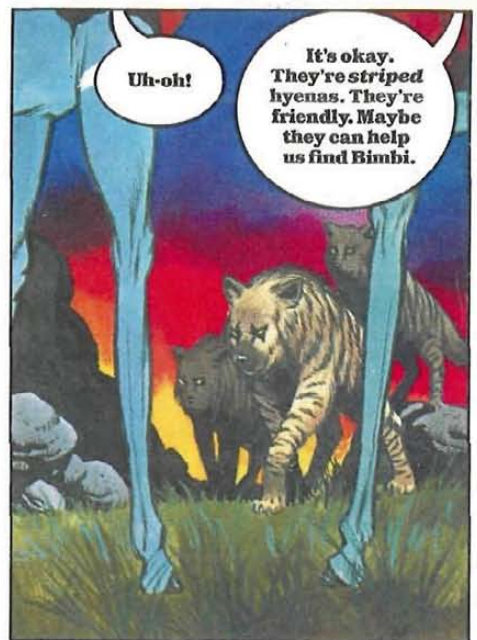
I'm tired and I'm bored. I want to go home.

Then take your share of grass and get out. You're yellow.



But it's ten years! Can't you see it's hopeless? And if she's still alive, she'll be more like one of them than one of us.

If she is, I'll kill her. She'd be better off dead than spotted.



Uh-oh!

It's okay. They're striped hyenas. They're friendly. Maybe they can help us find Bimbi.

AT THE STRIPED HYENA CAMP, THEY EXCHANGE GIFTS.



Thanks, Chief. And here's a little something for you.



No luck. If he knows where Claw and Bimbi are, he won't tell me.



What is that, behind us?



Oh, I forgot to tell you. She's yours. Another gift from the chief.

She's nuts about you. The chief'll be very mad if you don't accept her as your wife. Her name is Mona.

Wife? You're plumb crazy! She's ugly!

LATER THAT EVENING...



What the hell is Mona saying to you?

She says she knows where Claw is. And she'll tell us if you mate her.

Oh no. No. Anything but that!



Do it for Bimbi, goddamnit!

Mmmmm... aaaaaahhh... uuuuuuhhh...

Ooooo oooooo ooooo...

TRUE TO HER WORD, EARL'S NEW WIFE, MONA, LEADS THEM TO CLAW'S CAMP.



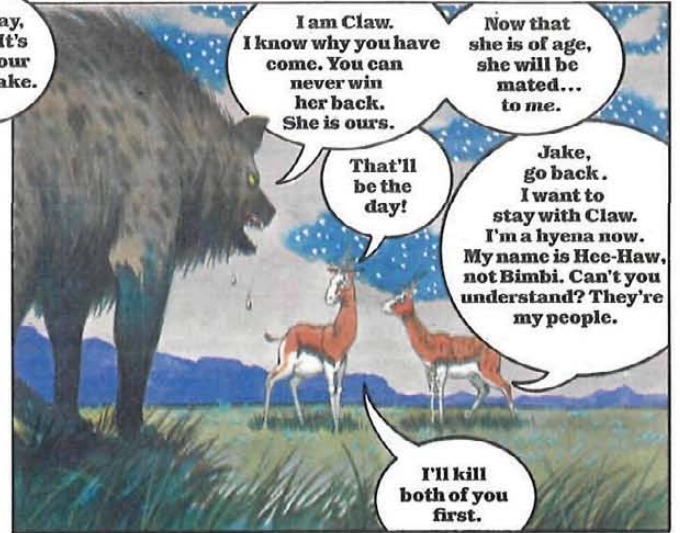
You stay here. I'm going in to find Bimbi.

I'm going with you.



Sorry, kid. This is my show.

THUD!



It's okay, Bimbi. It's Jake. Your Uncle Jake.

My name is Hee-Haw, not Bimbi.

I am Claw. I know why you have come. You can never win her back. She is ours.

Now that she is of age, she will be mated... to me.

That'll be the day!

Jake, go back. I want to stay with Claw. I'm a hyena now. My name is Hee-Haw, not Bimbi. Can't you understand? They're my people.

I'll kill both of you first.



Jake, watch out!

Earl! Mona!



EEEEEEEEE!



Poor Mona... she really tried to save my life. Wasn't a bad lay, for an ugly hyena.

That's the end of Mr. Claw!



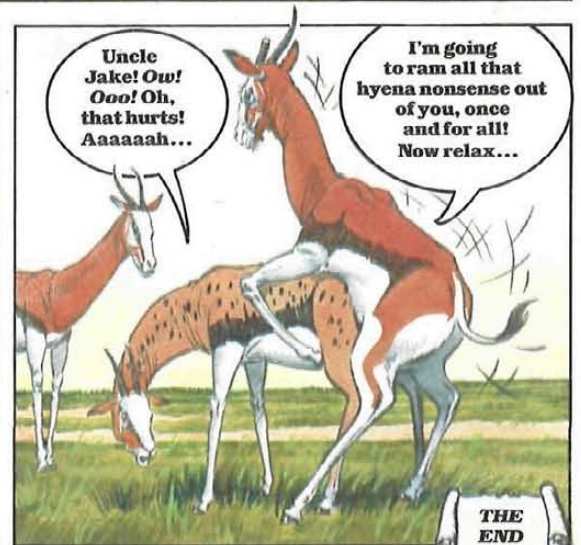
Claw was like a father to me.

It's okay, Bimbi. You're going home now.



I can't go home. Can't you see? I'm different now.

Well, I didn't come all this way for nothing. I'm going to teach you a lesson, young lady. You're still a gazelle.



Uncle Jake! Ow! Ooo! Oh, that hurts! Aaaaaah...

I'm going to ram all that hyena nonsense out of you, once and for all! Now relax...

THE END

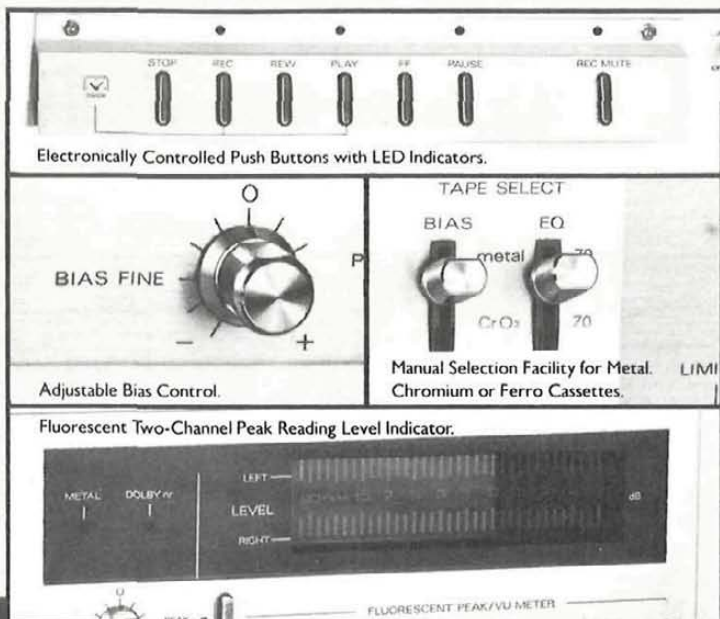
4 NEW CASSETTE DECKS FROM PHILIPS.

YOU CAN SPEND MORE, BUT NOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO.

4 new cassette decks from Philips. With one thing in mind: Good solid performance.

Expensive extras? No. Important features? Yes.

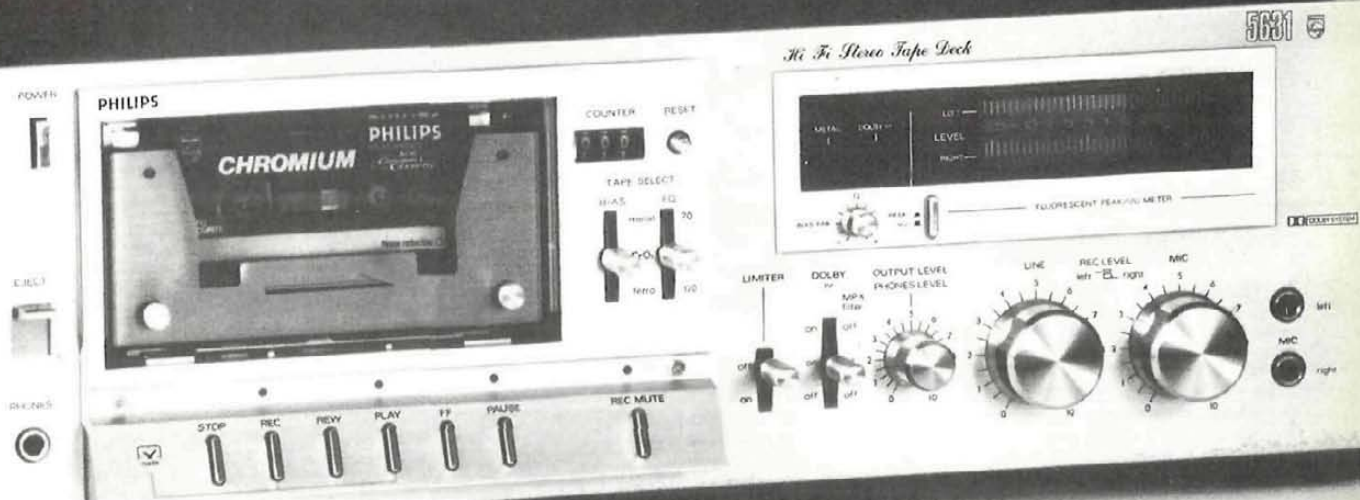
All models have a Dolby noise reduction system, switchable FM pilot-tone suppression filter, Long Life recording/playback head and ferrite erase head, and electronic motor control for stable, smooth tape transport.



The point is this: we give you everything you need to produce bright, clean, true sound.

Nothing more. Nothing less. So if you're in the market for a really good cassette deck, without all those expensive "frills," you're in the market for a Philips. Anything fancier will cost you a lot more.

Shown Model N5631
\$370 Suggested Retail Price.
3 other New Philips Cassette Decks from \$180.



EVERYONE WHO KNOWS, KNOWS


PHILIPS

HIGH-FIDELITY LABORATORIES

MY PHOTO COLLECTION

Photography is my hobby. Especially photographing people. I have a large collection of my photographs of people. This has brought me a lot of pleasure and has also proved very worthwhile.

Even though I am only an amateur I have found photography very rewarding.




THIS IS MY SISTER Sarah and her ► boyfriend Jack. They were having a party in the rec room. Sarah used to tease me a lot about being buck-toothed and wearing glasses and everything, but she says I've gotten to be really handsome now she thinks. Also one time I really needed to borrow Jack's car because it was really important and he wouldn't let me. But now he lets me borrow it all the time.



THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH that I ▲ didn't really take myself. This is my great great grandmother on my mother's side. It was in a real old family album that my mother had way back behind some other stuff in the attic. Nobody knows about this photograph yet, but they will probably be really interested in it when they find out.

◀ I LIKE TO TAKE pictures in bars and other places where people have a good time. This is a picture I took in a bar downtown of my Uncle Larry. He caught me smoking in the garage when I was ten. He made a really big fuss. I remember it like it was yesterday.



THIS IS JENNY, my girl friend from ▲ high school. We got a motel room after the senior prom and I gave Jenny some 'ludes and we really had fun. This photo was shot with a Polaroid. I shot a whole bunch of Polaroid shots that night, but I guess Jenny didn't like the way she looked in them or something because she wanted me to tear them all up. Except I kept some just for sentimental reasons. Later she broke up with me when she went away to college and started dating a guy from Philadelphia who's real rich. I sent a picture of Jenny to his family.

◀ ACTUALLY THESE aren't my photographs either. These were in Dad's old navy sea chest in the attic. He keeps it locked, but the key is in his cuff link box under the lining. I guess the ones with Oriental girls in them are from the Korean War when he was overseas, but the one in the gold frame must be an old girl friend of his from before he knew Mom, although oddly enough the date on the back is from only eight years ago. I got a new Camaro for my birthday last year.

know where!

THIS IS MY BROTHER Billy. Actually I didn't take this photograph, because I don't think I was born yet or I was real little. So I guess my parents must have taken it. It's kind of a silly picture, but parents take a lot of silly pictures especially when they really love their kid the way they do my brother Billy. I found this picture when I was going through Billy's baby books. I always show it to ▼ his dates.

THIS IS MY DAD at an Elks party. I ▲ turned eighteen year before last and I joined the Elks just so I would get a chance to photograph some of the interesting Elk functions. My father's an Episcopal minister. He was always real strict with us kids.

THIS IS MOM, summer of 1974 I ► think. Mom wasn't really looking her best that summer. She really fell right off her diet. Whenever I show this picture to Mom I always point out how she looks a lot like my brother Bill in this shot. Mom always liked my brother Bill the best. He always got the nicest presents at Christmas and everything. Anyway, I always bring this picture out to show around when there's company.

ROCK 'N' ROLL

There's a Rock 'n' Roll Heaven, I've heard people say,
Where the musical martyrs we've made go dwell;
But even us half-deafened atheists pray
That out there, somewhere, there's a Rock 'n' Roll Hell.

It's a dive where the washrooms are dirty,
Where the air reeks of piss and Gauloises,
Where the first set don't start 'til three-thirty
And the sound check gets all the applause,
Where the preamp keeps buzzin' and smokin',
And the microphone ground wire shoots sparks,
And the dressing-room mirrors are broken,
And the groupies turn out to be narcs.

Cute groups with geographic handles named for
Chicago, Kansas, Boston, Orleans... Well,
Let's speed them to the boring burgs they're aimed for,
In other words, pretentious Schlock-Rock Hell.

Her jacket-photo session's more important than her vocals,
She's made more A&R men than LPs, *cette mademoiselle*;
She's the songbird pinup queen of chunky girls and spotty yokels,
She'll sing backup on commercials when she gets to Pop-Rock Hell.

Naked, sensitive, and lovely
As a snail without its shell,
Tuneless, childish, repetitious
As a sideshow carousel,
Hear the poet-singers simper
Endlessly, in Soft-Rock Hell.

NO ROLL HELL

by Sean Kelly and Shary Flenniken

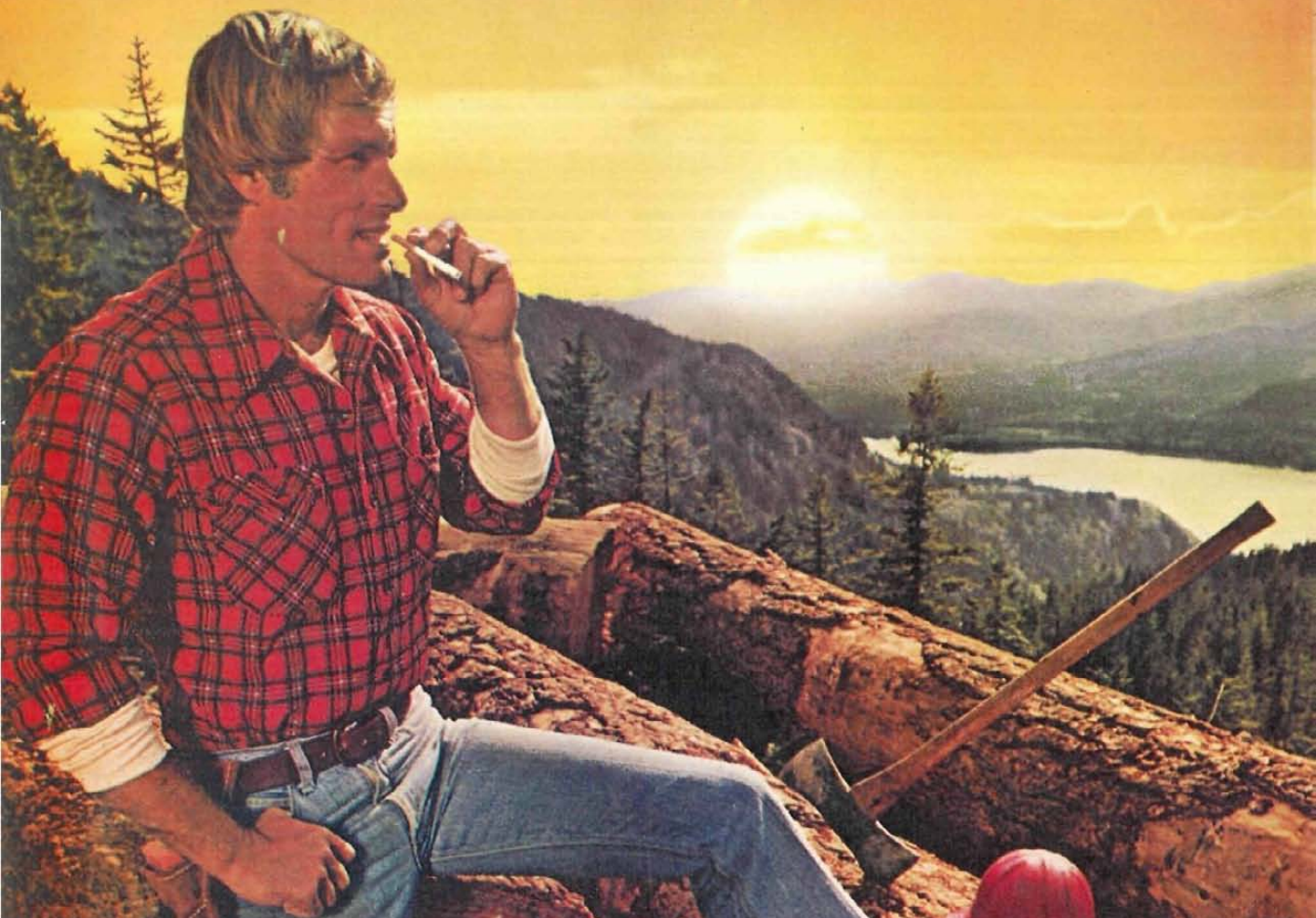


If you're sick of hand-me-down-home country horseshit,
Plumb tuckered by that tired old Wild West show,
If you're someone who abhors
Guys who wear their hats indoors,
Then Country-Rock Hell's where your Outlaws go.

Come hear the folk who rally 'round
Those rallies 'round and real profound!
Let freedom ring! Let Puget Sound!
Let nylon six-strings swell!
They'll boost their sagging record sales
With ersatz love for seals and whales...
The core reactor never fails,
Way down in Folk-Rock Hell.

All right, then (Party! Party!), I surrender.
You've stayed alive, you will survive,
But you ain't Rock 'n' Roll.
There ain't no Disco Heaven
And there ain't no Disco Hell,
'Cause the doormen both require proof of Soul.

Let's collect all the twerps who have made it,
Send them down to the Rock 'n' Roll pit,
Payin' dues that come due 'til they've paid it,
In a cheap two-bit gig they can't quit.



When your taste grows up, Winston out-tastes them all.

Only Winston's Sun-Rich™ Blend
of the choicest, richest tobaccos
tastes this full and satisfying.
Winston after Winston.

BOX, 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method;
KING, 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.



Soft Pack and Box

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



SNUTS

REMEMBER ONE OF THE BIGGEST DIFFERENCES BETWEEN KIDS AND GROWN-UPS WAS THAT GROWN-UPS TENDED TO BE LOCKED INTO ONE THING DAY AFTER DAY, AND KIDS EXPERIMENTED?

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU USUALLY JUST GO TO THE TOY DEPARTMENT AROUND CHRISTMAS-IT'S NICER THIS TIME OF YEAR!

LOOK AT THIS! CAVE COMBAT! YOU PLAY IT WITH CHUNKS OF STONE!

YEAH, AND HERE'S ONE CALLED "DIXIE DOOM" ONLY IT LOOKS LIKE THE SOUTH ALWAYS LOSES NO MATTER WHAT!

UH-HUH, AND "EMPEROR ALEXANDER'S ARMY" NEVER SEEMS TO LOSE!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS "TRENCH WAR" ONE. LOOKS LIKE IT'D GO ON FOREVER!

"W.W. TWO" IS JUST TOO DAMN INVOLVED!

WEST FRONT
EASTERN FRONT BOARD
Graham Wilson ©1980

OH, BOY-THIS "SPACE STRUGGLE" IS THE BEST ONE OF ALL! LOOK AT THESE ELECTRONIC SIMULATORS AND THE LASER ROBOTS!

WOW, YEAH, AND LOOKIT THESE BLACK HOLES AND SPACE WARPS AND GALACTIC SPACE VERMIN!

SAY, THIS IS PRETTY NEAT!

YEAH! HOW COME HIS LEGS LOOK JUST LIKE HE'S DANCING?



HERE I AM WITH SOME PEOPLE — I'VE FORGOTTEN WHO THEY ARE

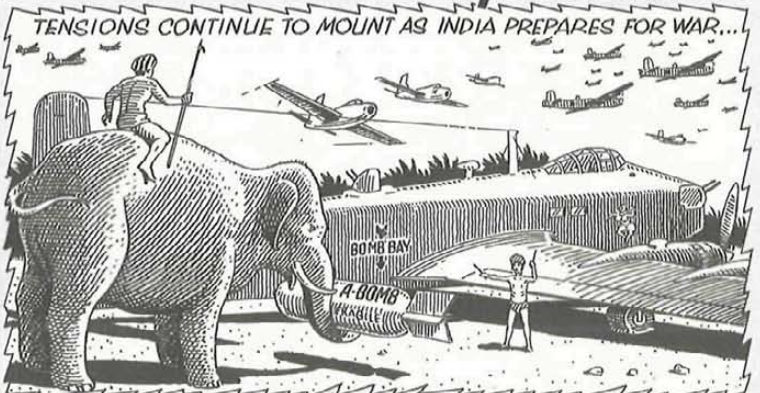
I DON'T KNOW WHO THIS IS EITHER



NEXT MONTH: ALBUMS

POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett



PLEASE IS IN YOUR DICTIONARY. IS IT IN YOUR VOCABULARY? THANK YOU.

MATZO BALL SOUP

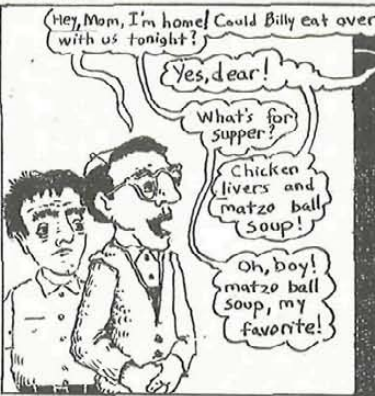
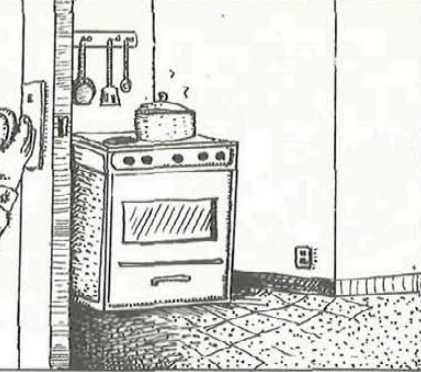
By David B. Simpson
© 1979



When I was a kid, my friends would occasionally invite me to their home for dinner. Being one willing to take considered risks, I usually accepted. The following is my first experience with Jewish cooking.



Oh, boy! Wait'll you taste my mom's cooking.
I hope I don't have to sit near his ugly sister.



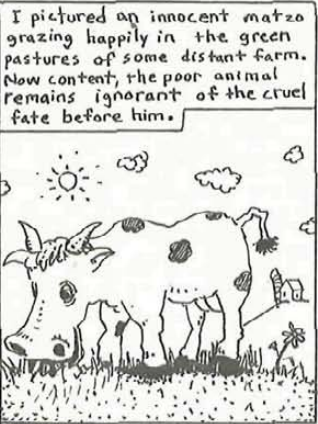
Hey, Mom, I'm home! Could Billy eat over with us tonight?
Yes, dear!
What's for supper?
Chicken livers and matzo ball soup!
Oh, boy! matzo ball soup, my favorite!



Obviously I had heard of chickens; I had even eaten their livers. But matzos. What was a matzo? And why did anyone want to cook their balls into a soup? It began to make me very ill.
Oh, my stomach.



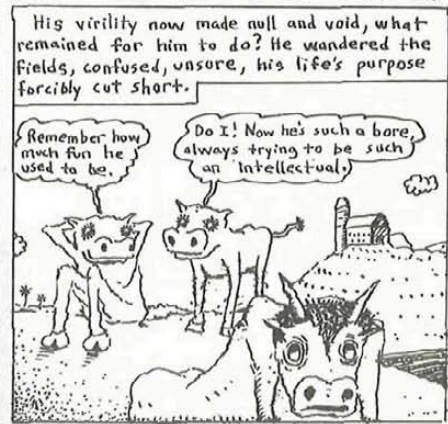
Hey, Billy, look at these matzo balls. They've been simmering with carrots, onions, and all kinds of neat stuff. Don't they look delicious?
Ugh! Floating testicles.



I pictured an innocent matzo grazing happily in the green pastures of some distant farm. Now content, the poor animal remains ignorant of the cruel fate before him.



When that ghastly day arrives, the poor beast is called to the chopping block. Here he is forced to sacrifice his manhood for the sake of some strange ethnic soup.
NEXT!



His virility now made null and void, what remained for him to do? He wandered the fields, confused, unsure, his life's purpose forcibly cut short.
Remember how much fun he used to be.
Do I! Now he's such a bore, always trying to be such an intellectual.



I imagined huge trucks hauling thousands of these matzo balls off to kosher markets throughout America.



Once they arrive at market, the balls are wrapped in cellophane and put out for sale. There, placed cozily between the chicken livers and the calves' brains, lie the poor matzo's balls. Adding insult to injury, they sell at only 39¢ per pound. Disgraceful!

Chicken Livers 10¢ lb.
Matzo Balls 39¢ lb.
Calves' Brains 89¢ lb.
Wash up, you two, it's time to eat!
Great, I'm starved.



At the table:
How come I only have two matzo balls? You know I always eat four!
Quiet dear, we have a guest.
Hurry up and eat your soup before it gets cold.

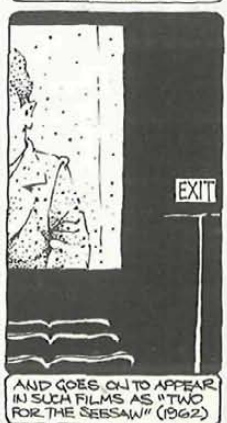
THE NOSE

1979 © G. CAPULE!



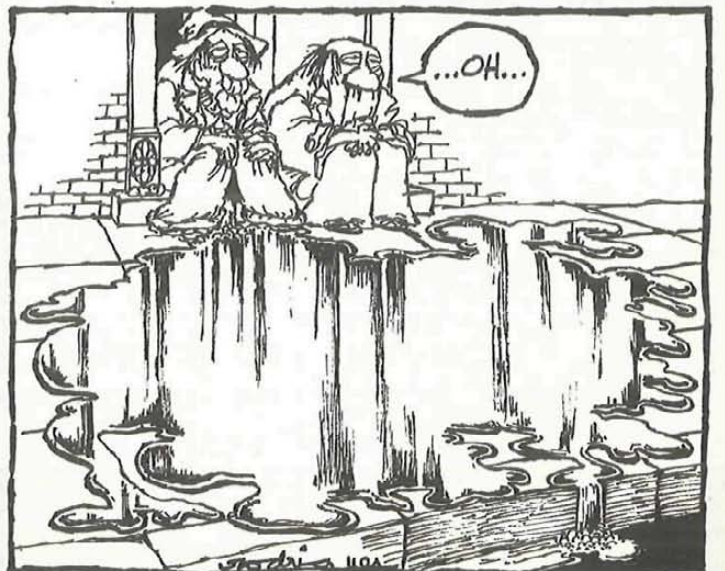
THE ORDEAL OF ROBERT MITCHUM

© 1980 RICK GEARY



22 HOUSTON STREET

© 1980



OF THE PEOPLE



BEING PRESIDENT IS JUST ANOTHER CIVIL SERVICE JOB, RIGHT?

IF YOU'RE THE PRESIDENT, WHY CAN'T YOU HAVE A LIMOUSINE, OR AT LEAST TAKE A TAXI?

I TAKE TAXIS. WHENEVER THERE'S AN INTERNATIONAL CRISIS, I AUTOMATICALLY HOP INTO A CAB.

BUT THIS IS JUST A NATIONAL EMERGENCY. WE'LL GET THERE IN PLENTY OF TIME.



THERE GO THE LIGHTS. THE LAST TIME I GOT STUCK DOWN HERE, THEY BURNED THREE OF OUR EMBASSIES IN AFRICA, AND RUSSIA ALMOST CAUGHT UP TO US IN AIR-TO-AIR MISSILES — SPEAKING OF WHICH, THIS IS PROBABLY THE SAFEST PLACE TO BE IN CASE SOMEONE ACCIDENTALLY PUSHES THE WRONG BUTTON SOMEPLACE.

AT TIMES LIKE THIS YOU COULD USE A PORTABLE HOT LINE, OR ONE OF THOSE BEEPERS FOR THE PHONE.

IF I'M NOT IN, THEY'LL CALL BACK. IT'S NOT LIKE I WAS A DOCTOR.



CHRIST ALMIGHTY — WE WERE DOWN THERE 17 HOURS!

LET'S PICK UP A PAPER AND SEE IF WE MISSED ANYTHING.



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by B.K. Taylor

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BOY'S WRATH

continued from page 66

class and stood like a man about to be executed.

"Where's your history book?" Mrs. Balzak asked.

Byron walked back to his desk and picked up his history book.

"Read about the Industrial Revolution," she commanded.

Byron didn't like to read aloud. Sometimes he would stutter. Mrs. Balzak knew this and designed the out-loud reading as his personal punishment. Byron stammered through a paragraph. Mrs. Balzak said that she couldn't hear him and made him repeat. Byron closed the book. He looked over at the Kid. He ran his finger across his neck. Byron turned to Mrs. Balzak. He lifted the seven hundred pages of history over his head and let it come down on her head with a loud *whap!* Her eyelids fluttered and she dropped to her knees.

"Finish her," the Kid said, spitting in her direction.

Byron grabbed her by her lacquered hairdo. He felt the stiff hairs crinkle. He pulled her head up and then brought it back down on his skinned knee. That was all for her. She fell forward like a Moslem at lunchtime pray-

ers. Byron dragged her around so her rear end was facing the class. He pulled up her skirt and slip and yanked down her underpants.

"No one wants to look at *your* face," he said.

The class roared with laughter. The Kid slapped his knees and howled.

"This is so great!" he yelled. "It's unreal!"

The Kid jumped down from the ledge and he and Byron ran out the door. The class gave him a standing ovation. Byron and the Kid hurried down the hall and out the side door. Byron stopped.

"Wait a minute," he said, reaching for the Kid. His hand sliced through the Kid's stomach. "I want to beat up my gym teacher."

The Kid advised against that. He explained that courage and strength didn't necessarily go together and that since he was on such a neat rampage it would be a shame to get caught and have it all ended.

"I hate Mrs. Reynolds a lot," Byron said as he and the Kid cut through Kresge's parking lot. "She's a drunk."

"Look, there's a dead squirrel," the Kid said, running his ghost bike through the drying corpse of a run-over squirrel.

"When her drunk husband goes out of town she comes over to our house and makes my mom get drunk with her. Mom doesn't make dinner, and when my dad comes home and there's no dinner he gets mad and he fights with my mom, and Mrs. Reynolds makes him get drunk, and then they're all drunk. Mrs. Reynolds tries to kiss my dad, and she says dirty things even with me and my sister in the room, and that makes my mom mad and they fight some more, and me and my sister go to bed and worry."

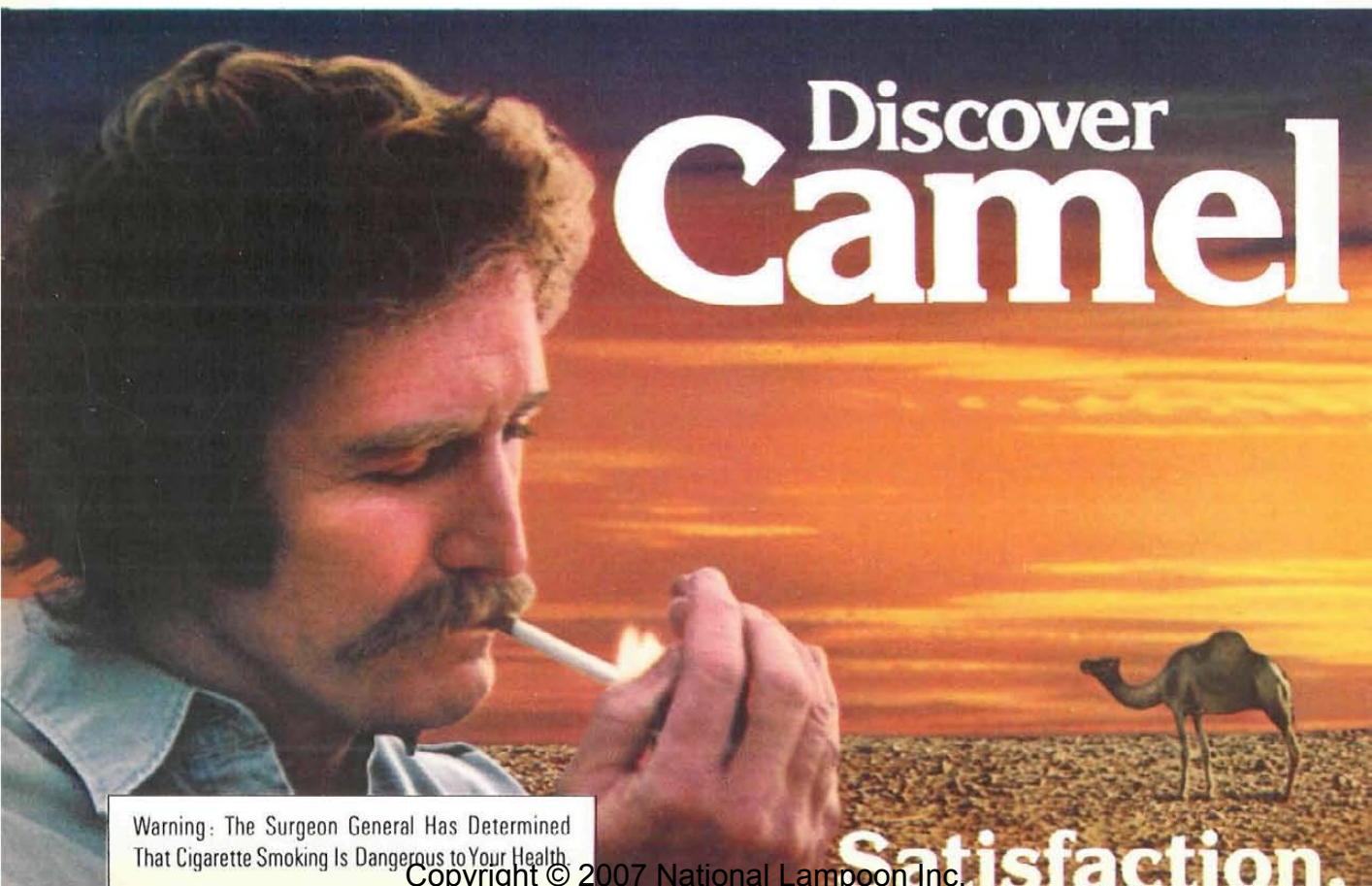
"We should hurry up and kill her, before her husband goes out of town again," the Kid said.

Mrs. Reynolds was in the kitchen doing the dishes. Byron and the Kid peeked in the side window and watched her fumble with a frying pan. She dropped the pan and, instead of picking it up, reached for a highball glass.

"That's not orange juice," Byron whispered. "That's a drink."

"That's sickening," the Kid said, licking his tongue.

Byron and the Kid went into the Reynolds garage to find something to bludgeon Mrs. Reynolds with. Byron spotted the lawn mower and an idea popped into his head. But it didn't



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Satisfaction.

feel like a new idea. It felt more like a piece of a dream that chipped off his memory and was just floating around waiting for Byron to see a lawn mower.

"I know what you're going to do," the Kid said. "And I think it's really cool!"

Byron took down one of Mrs. Reynolds's clotheslines. He tied one end to the lawn mower and dragged the mower down the drive and across the front lawn to the porch. The house was set back from the sidewalk, and big untrimmed bushes blocked the porch from the street, so no one could see him throw the other end of the clothesline up around the outside light fixture. He pull started the mower and hoisted it in the air so it hung directly over the front door. He rang the doorbell and jumped off the porch into the bushes.

"Maybe she can't hear the doorbell because the lawn mower's making so much noise!" the Kid screamed.

Just then, Mrs. Reynolds opened the front door. She looked out with a puzzled expression on her face. If she hadn't been such a serious drunk, she might have suspected something and called her husband or the police. Instead she pushed open the screen door

and stepped out on the porch.

"Bombs away!" Byron yelled.

Byron let go of the rope, and the mower fell on Mrs. Reynolds. It wasn't a clean hit. The mower caught her shoulder and sent a piece of it splattering against the house numbers. It landed on its back like a mechanical turtle, pinning Mrs. Reynolds against the screen. Her arm hung by a tendon as the wind from the mower held her hair straight up off her head like a terrified person in a horror comedy. Her robe blew open, exposing her naked bosom and her black underpants. The blood from the wound was blown against the house, forming a bright red half-moon.

Byron and the Kid gawked at her breasts for a minute, then took off around the side of the house and over her back fence. They ran full speed for two blocks before they slowed to a jog. They heard the drone of the mower engine. Then it stopped.

"Our bikes!" Byron said, the blood draining from his cheeks.

"So what? We can walk."

"The cops will know my bike."

"They won't even see it," the Kid said. "And so what if they do?"

"I'll get in trouble, because they'll know I did it."

"I told you nothing would happen," the Kid said angrily. "Now shut up."

"Maybe we should go back and try to get them?" Byron said.

"No, let's go get your sister's boyfriend," the Kid said. "Then we can go get the bikes."

"I don't know about my sister's boyfriend," Byron said.

"He calls you shrimpette," the Kid reminded Byron. "And didn't he tell your dad you smoked a cigarette? He locked you in a closet for a whole night. That's pretty bad."

Byron nodded, remembering the night he spent in the broom closet.

"He gave me claustrophobia," Byron said.

"You'll have that for the rest of your life," the Kid said with feigned sorrow. "It'll never go away."

"It doesn't bother me much, only when I'm in a real small place."

"You can't ever be in the army or the navy," the Kid pointed out. "Because you'd go berserk in a sub or a tank."

The thought of being denied an opportunity to fight in a war restored Byron's anger. The Kid smiled as he read the string of angry invectives shooting across Byron's mind.

continued on page 86

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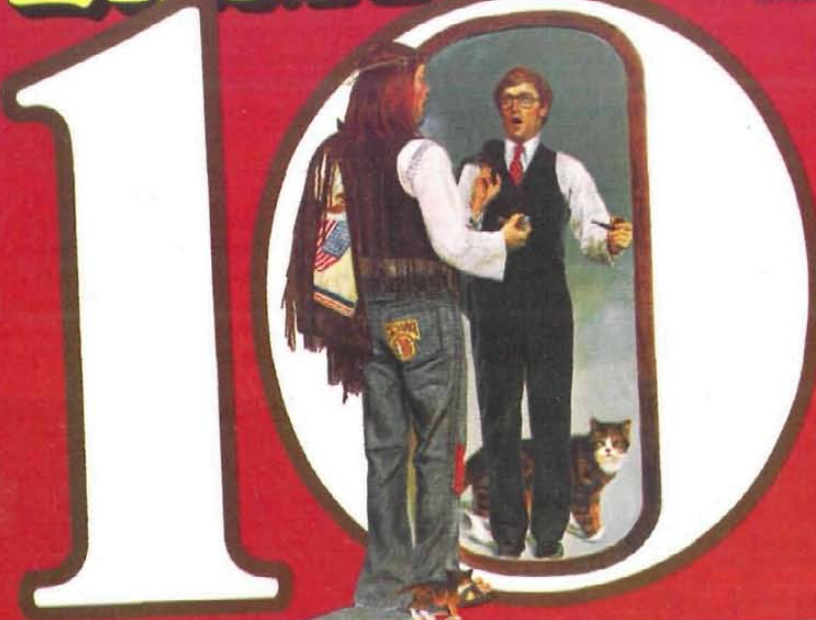
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THE SMART



"No, no, a thousand times no." That was **HENRY KISSINGER** when this column called him on a rumor that he'd been collecting urine samples from the exclusive New York Hospital suite of the **SHAH OF IRAN**. Word was Henry hoped to display the liquid gold in his planned Kissinger Hall of Fame.

Washed-up comsymp **JOAN BAEZ** seen nudging around Manhattan's famed buggery bar The Mine-shaft. She claimed she was looking for miners and other poor people to feel sorry for.

JOAN KENNEDY is telling everyone in sight once again that she's a member of Alcoholics Anonymous. "The 'Anonymous' means I don't go around boosting my ego by bragging about being a member and battering people around the ears with the fact I haven't been drinking," she gushes. "That kind of childish ego gratification and publicity seeking could actually lead me to drinking again." Well, easy does it, Joanie, and have one on us.

Former kids' TV star **JOE BOVA** was found dead in his Jersey City waterfront condominium, apparently of an overdose of Bosco Chocolate Milk Amplifier. The coronor said the plastic pump was still sticking in his arm. Suicide is suspected.

The Italian Stallion, **SYLVESTER STALLONE**, riding high into the glamorous eighties, was last seen at a party slavering over a photo of himself while jerking off with a Brillo pad.

That's what Sly calls going the distance.

STEVE MARTIN paid big bucks to insert this item saying that his next movie'll be called *The Buzzard's Ass*. Or *The Horse's Ass*. Or *The Buzzard's Horse*. I guess that's supposed to be some kind of joke. Frankly, Steve, who gives a fuck? Even your bank account is yawning.

About to become an intergalactic has-been, vole-cared **LEONARD NIMOY** keeps telling us how sensitive he is. He's so sensitive he gets a rash just walking past a counter of shellfish and weeps openly when he thinks about dead composer **LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN**. Leonard wants to write some symphonies of his own someday, or maybe paint pictures. By the way, Beethoven means "beet garden" in heinie talk. In Eye-tie, big-name opera composer **GIUSEPPE VERDI**'s name means Joe Green.

Despite appearances, former **HEW** chief **JOE CALIFANO** is still unemployed. Friends just let him come to their offices so he won't have to stay home all day. "I used to be a decent lawyer," he said, "but now I'm just one of the millions of Americans who quit smoking and got fat."

Ask **ANDY WARHOL** what happened to the **SHAH**'s stool samples after he left New York Hospital. Andy's not saying how much the precious droppings from the peacock throne are worth on the collectors' circuit. Speaking of souvenirs, does anyone have the name of the ambitious surgeon who donated the shah's cancer-stricken lymph node to a New York decorator? Seems that the clump of royal malignancy can be seen cunningly worked into a window display at fashionable Bendel's.



Political used tampon **DICK NIXON** reported to be decorating his New York apartment in Late Slipcover. "There's plastic sheeting everywhere," a source reported. "Dick just wants to keep everything clean. He's scared of Jewish germs blowing in through an open window!"

The latest California life-style craze is sitting beside someone's bed and holding their hand while they die. **LEE MARVIN** hopes to be able to do this with ex-pal **MICHELLE TRIOLA** soon. "I can't wait to share that precious moment of passing over with that little taco brain."

Latest word on the **KISSINGER-PAHLAVI** pee-pee caper... Now Henry admits that he and the shah traded urine specimens in Reza's glamorous hospital suite. "Sort of like becoming blood brothers. We were joking around about how the shah didn't have a pot to piss in, and it grew out of that."

Meanwhile, the shah's hospital bed, personal stains and all, is rumored to be owned now by recently dead international art collector **PEGGY GUGGENHEIM**. Peggy hoped to use it to fuck some young artists to death on, so she could drive up the price of their work.

Another art-world camp follower is **MEGAN MARSHACK**, the mystery woman who helped **NELSON ROCKEFELLER** die with his boots off. Her late-night social life hit the skids after Rocky's ticker blasted him to kingdom come. Seems no one wants to risk that extra heart attack she might have stashed between her legs. Tough shit, Megan. There won't be another job promotion for a long, long time.

ED McMAHON linked romantically with social zeroed **MARGARET TRUDEAU**. It's the only way Maggie can get recognized these days. People remember they saw her with McMahon and, after a few times, if she's lucky, they remember her name.

Finally, here's a question for the whole class. Who gets laid even less than California governor **JERRY BROWN**? **SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS** is who, since he's been dead for more than a thousand years. Sorry, Linda, but no matter how much you two get off on that thing you do, nobody in their right mind could call it fucking. □

BOY'S WRATH

continued from page 83

"On top of that," the Kid mentioned, "he's a high-school guy, and they deserve the worst."

It took Byron the rest of the morning to fill the front seat of his sister's boyfriend's white Ford Fairlane with gasoline. He dipped a rag into the tank and let it soak. Then he squeezed the gas out onto the seats and the floor wells. It was tedious, and each trip yielded no more than a shot glass of gas, but it was the only way he had to get the gas out of the tank.

"It's almost twelve," Byron said, looking up at the clock in the high-school tower. "He usually goes out for lunch, my sister says."

Byron took a cigarette out of the pack hidden in the visor. He pushed in the lighter.

"I'm really impressed with this plan, Byron," the Kid said sincerely.

"Thanks."

Byron lit the cigarette, choking on the first puff of smoke. He tossed the lighter away and carefully placed the cigarette between the door frame and the roof. He pushed the door closed.

"When he opens the door, the cigarette will fall on the seat and blow up

the gas," Byron explained. "Neat, huh?"

Byron and the Kid went across the street and sat down on the grass to wait for his sister's boyfriend. At one minute past noon, Byron spotted his big blond head bobbing through the parked cars. His sister was on his arm.

"Oh, no!" Byron said, jumping to his feet. "It's Midge!"

"Relax," the Kid said.

"I don't want her to blow up. She's innocent."

"No older sister is innocent."

There was a tremendous silent flash. Then a low boom and a fat column of fire and black smoke.

"Are you hungry?" the Kid asked Byron.

"No," he answered, watching the confusion across the street.

"Good," the Kid said, standing up. "Because we should hurry up and kill your pediatrician."

Byron held up his hands. He sniffed them.

"I can't go anywhere," he said nervously. "I stink like gas."

"So what? Kids always smell like gas."

"I just don't want to get in trouble."

"I told you! You won't! This is all

legal!"

Byron and the Kid burst into Dr. Halberstrom's office. Since it was lunchtime, the nurse was gone. Byron socked Dr. Halberstrom in the teeth and then cracked him on the head with a piece of wood with pelicans on it that served as a paperweight. Dr. Halberstrom was old and he went down without a struggle. Byron dragged him by the feet around to the side of his desk and pulled down his pants.

"What are you going to do?" the Kid asked excitedly.

"Fill him up with shots!"

Byron gave Dr. Halberstrom thirteen shots in the butt. One for each time Byron could remember him embarrassing him in front of his mom or the nurse.

"Do one with just air," the Kid suggested. "That's real dangerous."

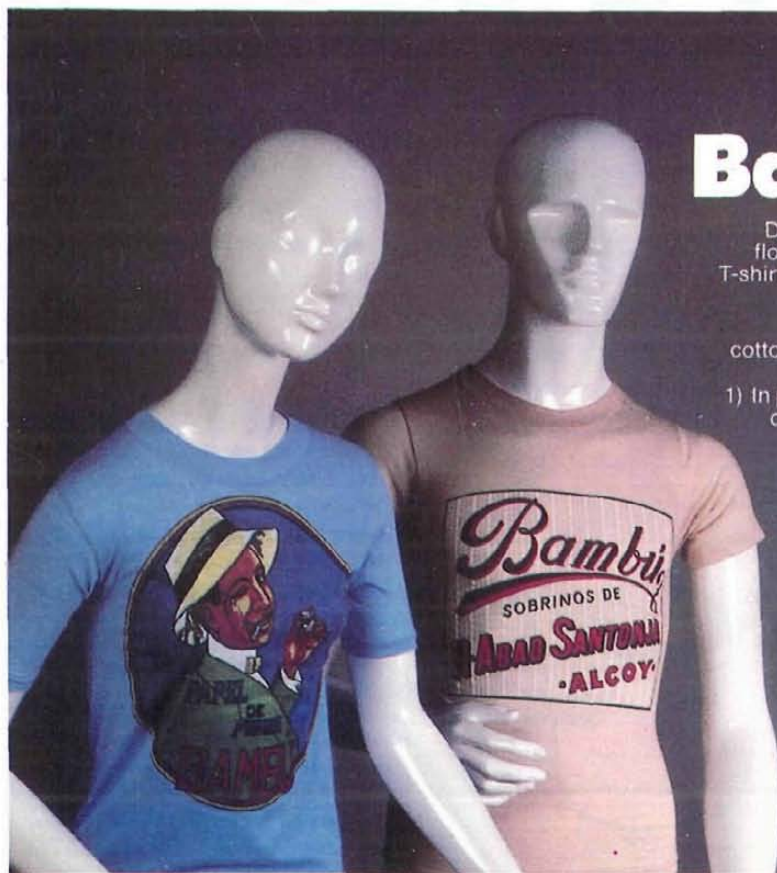
They climbed out Dr. Halberstrom's window and ran across the parking lot and down a ravine to the creek.

"I'm scared," Byron said, bursting into tears.

"What?" the Kid said angrily.

"I can't do any more of this. I made all those holes in him...and Mrs. Reynolds and...what about Midge?"

continued on page 92



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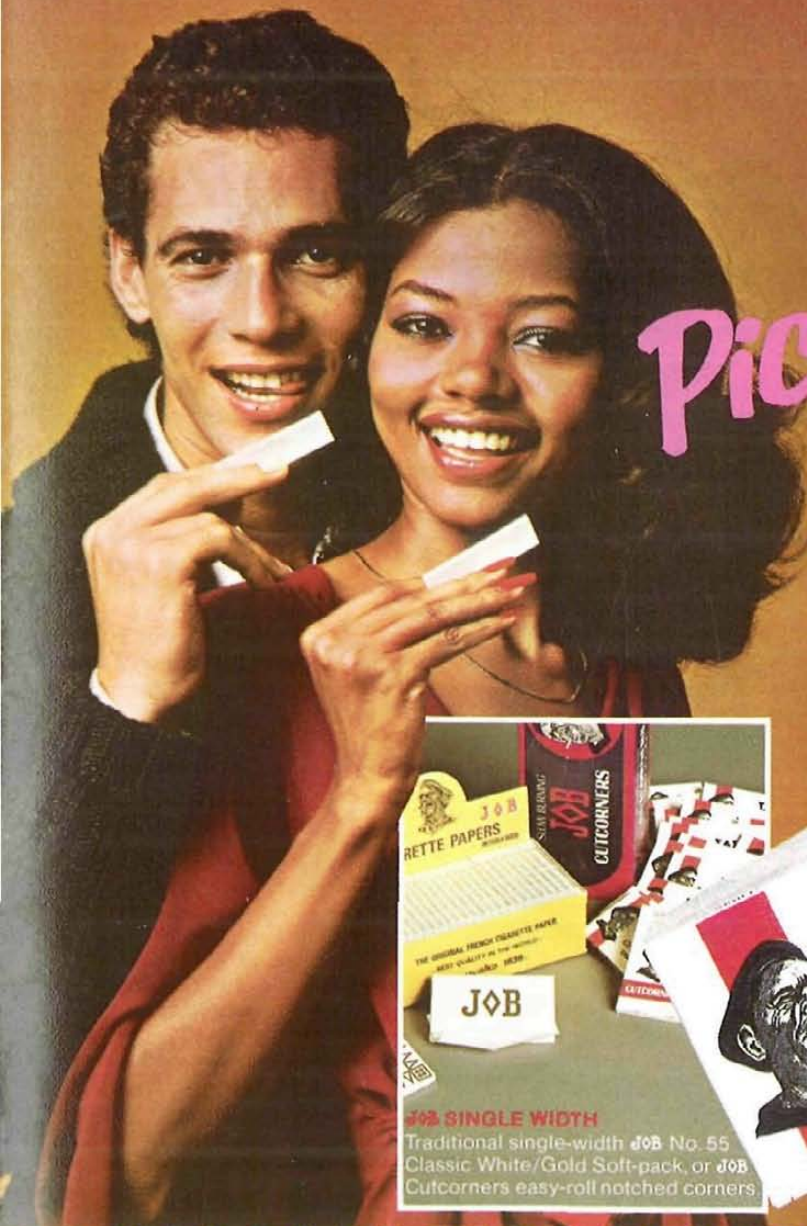
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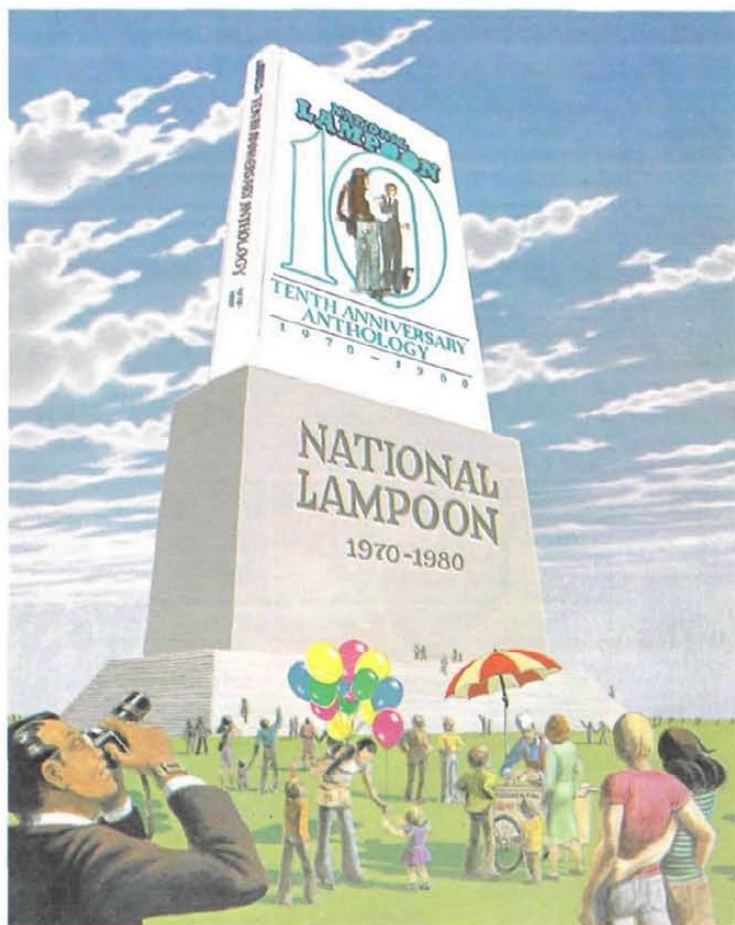
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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

● A group of young musicians was ordered by authorities in Kotka, Finland, to stop practicing rock music in a building next to a slaughterhouse. The injunction was obtained by owners of the meat-packing company, who alleged the type of music played by the band "upsets the cows while they are waiting to die and causes the release of an enzyme in their bodies which makes the meat taste foul." *UPI* (contributed by Charles Peck)

● An official report issued by the government of the Philippines advises that one cup of termites a day makes a man "macho" and a good fighter. Termite eaters are also advised to cook them first. *UPI* (contributed by Roberta Kanabay)

● When a vocational nurse entered Mercy San Juan Hospital in Sacramento, California, for a routine operation, the end of a metal tube used during the procedure broke off in her throat. She gagged and experienced difficulty breathing but was not aware of the accident until three days later when she coughed the two-inch obstruction into a hospital sink. Claiming that she developed an accentuated psychological gag reflex afterward, the woman filed suit against Mercy San Juan and the surgeon, Dr. Carl Drake, a psychologist called to submit evidence on her behalf, told the court: "She states she's had to modify her usual sexual techniques and that this makes her feel deprived because she is not able to give her partner the joy and pleasure she feels is his due." Dr. Drake's statement was based on the plaintiff's con-

tention that each of the four times she attempted to fellate her husband after leaving the hospital, his penis triggered a violent choking reaction that made her throw up. The woman demanded \$100,000 in punitive damages (\$25,000 per ruined blowjob). *Sacramento Bee* (contributed by A.P. Ireland)

● A Utah court found William Sessions guilty of forcible sexual abuse, apparently refusing to believe his explanation that he was "only

attempting to expose himself but stumbled on his trousers, that were down to his knees, and fell on the victim." *Salt Lake Tribune* (contributed by David Taylor)

● A thirty-nine-year-old carpenter told West German authorities that he strangled his wife to death because she repeatedly called him a "sissy loser." *UPI* (contributed by Eva Abrahamson)

● Twenty-six-year-old Ana Lucia da Silva of Itaguai,

Brazil, mentioned to a neighbor that her husband, Lourival, had been instructed by a medium to sacrifice her to the demon Exu "in order to be recompensed with plenty of money to be gained in the lottery." Mrs. da Silva said Lourival had obtained the necessary paraphernalia: a "virgin" dagger, a large ceremonial pot to be filled with blood from the "lamb's" heart, and several quarts of *cachaça*—a potent Brazilian rum "required in any rites involving the demon Exu." When the neighbor expressed concern for Ana Lucia's well-being, the latter told her a faithful wife cannot disobey her husband, "especially when he is under Exu's orders." Nevertheless, police were notified. They broke into Lourival's home and arrested him as he was about to lower a knife into Ana Lucia's chest. She immediately straightened the room; put away the dagger, sacrificial urn, and *cachaça* bottles; took a bath to remove several dozen magic symbols Lourival had painted all over her body; then cooked a meal and took it to the jail, "in case Lourival might be hungry or dislike the prison diet." *Brazil Herald* (contributed by Thomas Weillbrecht)

● A South African man was standing on the edge of a cliff near East London when a sixty-four-year-old hermit walked up to him and asked why he was standing on the edge of the cliff. The man replied that he intended to leap to his death. After a short silence, the hermit said, "I'll show you how it's done," and jumped off. The other man fainted. *AP* (contributed by Curt Wichert)

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FEATURES:

- Collar
- Comfort
- Contoured to chin and neck
- Pouches for tissues
- Softness for comfort
- Breathable for respiration

ADVANTAGES:

- Patients wear readily
- Easy to clean
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- Large opening for air
- Heavy duty
- Reliability
- Comfort

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The Fox Instruments Corp., headquartered on Hollywood Boulevard in Los Angeles, is now marketing the Fox fashion collar, which it claims has a "new, clean, sharp look" in addition to "quiet elegance" and a "touch of class." Here is some information from the company's brochure: "A person no longer has to wear a dirty-looking collar—he now may... avoid the self-conscious stares of onlookers... Some patients have put a collar in their car to wear on the freeway even though they have not had an accident or suffer neck pain... In some corporate offices a Fox collar is kept in the side drawer of the office desk. When the executive becomes overly tense... he can slip the collar around his neck."

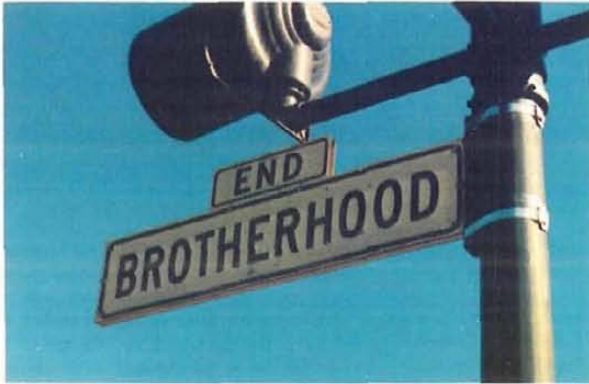
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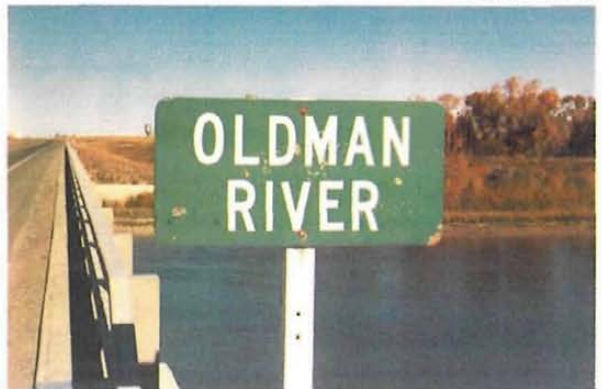
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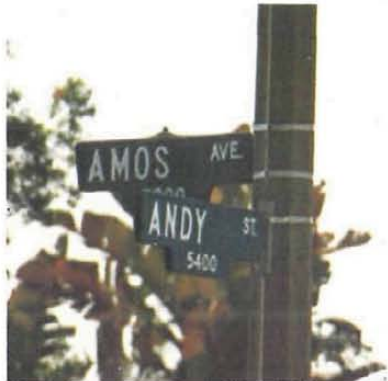
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1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

BOY'S WRATH

continued from page 86

"Oh, God!" the Kid said, burying his head in his hands. "You're turning into a chicken baby."

"I am and I don't care," Byron said, breathing heavily and wiggling his foot.

"Okay. What about all the stuff we talked about?" the Kid said.

"I don't care. It was all wrong. You talked me into all this."

"You're so stupid. I'm you! Dumb shit!"

"No you're not!"

The Kid shook his head and gave Byron the finger. Byron didn't see. He was rubbing his face.

"I thought we were friends," the Kid said.

"Nope."

"Okay, I'll have to really make you do things," the Kid said in a low mean voice. "Look!"

"No."

"Look at me!"

Byron looked up and screamed. The Kid had the head of a spider. Byron clambered down the ravine and plunged into the creek.

"Calm down!" the Kid said. "I was just kidding."

Byron looked back at the Kid. He had his own head again.

"How did you do that?"

"I don't know, some kind of weird magic. It's real easy to do, and I'll do it again if I have to. Do you want a big headache?"

A searing jab of pain crossed Byron's eyes and he went down in the creek again. He rutted his forehead along the gravel bottom. Then, as quickly as it came, it went. Byron

dragged himself onto the bank and lay down.

"I'll go back and forth between giving you headaches and having a spider head until you get mad again. For your whole life I'll do it. Spider heads and headaches, over and..."

"Shut up! I'm mad again, okay?"

"Are you really?" the Kid said, amazed that his magic worked.

"Shut up. You know Mrs. Markham? She lives on the corner of my block?"

"Oh, yeah!" the Kid said, making fists of his hands. "She called the cops on you for firecrackers and they took away all of them!"

"Twenty dollars worth," Byron said. He unconsciously reached up and picked a handful of red berries from a bush and rubbed them on his cheeks.

"We can sneak into her house from the basement window and go upstairs and get her and take her upstairs and take the mattress off her bed and tie her to it and then take a lamp cord and cut the rubber part and lay the wires on the metal. When I plug it in, she'll get electrocuted. Then I'll burn her house down."

Byron dabbed mud on his forehead and took off his shirt.

"This is your best revenge, yet!" the Kid said proudly. "You're getting to be a pro!"

Byron scratched a diagram of what he imagined the inside of Mrs. Markham's house to be like in the dirt with a twig. He based the drawing on what he'd seen trick-or-treating and window peaking.

"We'll crawl through these bushes. They go right up to the house and will keep us covered up. Mrs. Markham is

real good at knowing when kids are in her yard, so we have to be careful!"

The Kid nodded.

"Yeah," he said softly. "It's a good plan."

"Let's go!"

Byron crouched and duck walked into the tunnel formed by the lilac boughs. The Kid followed, crawling slowly on all fours. Then he stopped.

"Hey, Byron? I think I'll go back in your brain now. I'll watch from inside your eyes."

"What?" Byron said, startled by the idea.

The Kid's face was pale. He licked his lips and started to back out of the tunnel.

"What's wrong?" Byron said.

"What are you doing?"

"I feel real tired," the Kid said. "I think I'll lie down."

The Kid lay down in the dirt and curled himself into a ball.

"Aren't you going to help me?"

"Shh!"

"Are you nuts or something?"

"Shh!"

"Byron!" A man's voice sounded loudly and firmly. "Byron, come out. This is Officer Wilson."

"Oh, God!" Byron whimpered. "It's the cops. What should I do?"

The Kid closed his eyes and rocked gently from side to side. Byron reached to shake him, but his hands went right through to the dirt. Byron dug his fingers into the ground.

"What's wrong with you?"

"Shh," the Kid whispered.

The bushes parted and Officer Wilson reached in and grabbed Byron's arm. He jerked him out on the lawn.

"I got him!" he said to the row of cops positioned along the bushes. He pulled Byron's arms behind his back and hoisted him to his feet.

Luckily for Byron, no one died. Not even his sister's boyfriend, although he was burned over 90 percent of his body and would spend the rest of his life looking like a melted doll. His sister lost her hair and couldn't go near the barbecue grill or a gas pump without developing hives and dry mouth. Dr. Halberstrom sued Byron's parents; they settled out of court. Mrs. Reynolds lost her arm, but it turned out she had breast cancer anyway, so her suffering was limited and divided between armlessness and chemotherapy. Mrs. Balzak caulked her dignity and even came to laugh about the attack in the teachers' lounge the following year. Mrs. Markham softened her position

continued on page 94



GILDA



live

Things like this only happen in the movies.

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BOY'S WRATH

continued from page 92

on children playing in her yard and had the lilac bushes ripped up to give a clear view of her backyard. Mambo was eaten by a rat.

Byron saw a Dr. Rothberg for six years and attended a private school in Wisconsin. He realized how expensive his rampage was, so it didn't bother him when he settled into a career as an ornamental-iron worker. The pay was good as long as buildings were going up, and they were going up. He met a girl at a Ponderosa steak house and they got married. They had three kids, one after the other, and bought a three-bedroom town house in the far north suburbs of Chicago.

On New Year's Day, 1977, when Byron was taking down the Christmas tree and the kids were crying and his wife was upstairs in bed with her period and the flu, he heard a familiar voice.

"Long time no see."

Byron looked up and saw the Kid sitting in his wing chair smoking a cigarette. He wasn't a kid anymore. Like Byron, he'd developed a hubby belly, creases across his forehead, and gray-

ing, thinning temples. The only difference was the Kid's moustache. Byron wasn't surprised to see him. It had been a difficult holiday: expensive, hectic, loud, and boozy. He'd been doing a lot of year-end soul searching and coming up with nothing but muck.

The Kid suggested that Byron kill his family.

"Put them to bed and burn the place down. Cut out of this dogshit life," the Kid said, leaning forward in his chair, resting his elbows on his knees. "Go to Hawaii and drown yourself in pussy."

Byron looked at his watch. He walked over and turned on the Rose Bowl game.

"All those tight little asses," the Kid said, puzzled at Byron's apparent lack of interest. "Tits and Heinekens...all day long."

Byron excused himself and went into the kitchen. He came back with a Tab and a sliver of fruitcake.

"You all right?" the Kid asked.

"Yeah, fine."

"You sure?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," Byron said with a smile.

"Don't you like my idea?"

"Not really."

"No interest in young bush?" the Kid said, raising an eyebrow. Byron reached over the arm of the couch and thumbed through the magazine basket. He tossed the *Penthouse* gala holiday issue on the coffee table.

"Paper fucker?" the Kid laughed.

Byron winked and smiled. The Kid sat back in his chair and looked at the TV. With three minutes and forty seconds left in the first half, he got up and stretched his arms in the air.

"I'm going to go out and get some air," he said. "I'll be back in a little while."

Byron nodded and lit a low-tar cigarette. The Kid walked to the front door. He waited a beat and turned around. Byron had picked up a string of Christmas-tree lights and was untangling it as he watched the game. The cigarette dangled from his lips. The Kid walked through the door and never came back.

However, Byron did kill his family and was arrested at the Honolulu airport. He was sentenced to four consecutive life terms at Stateville State Prison in Illinois. □

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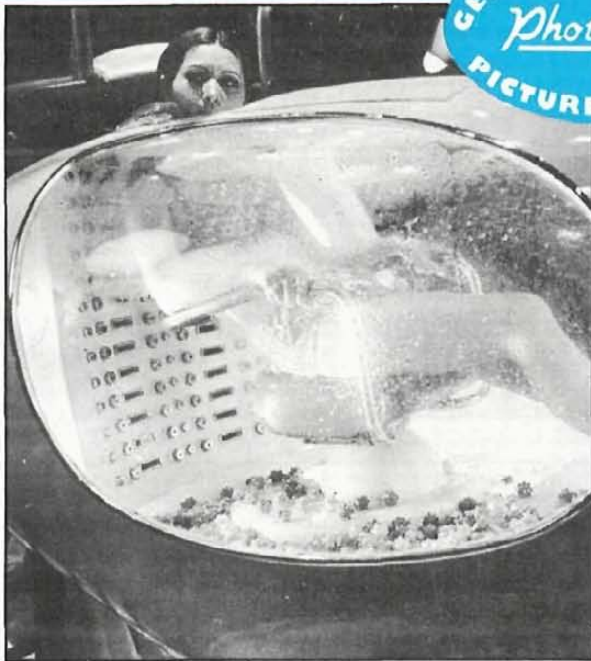
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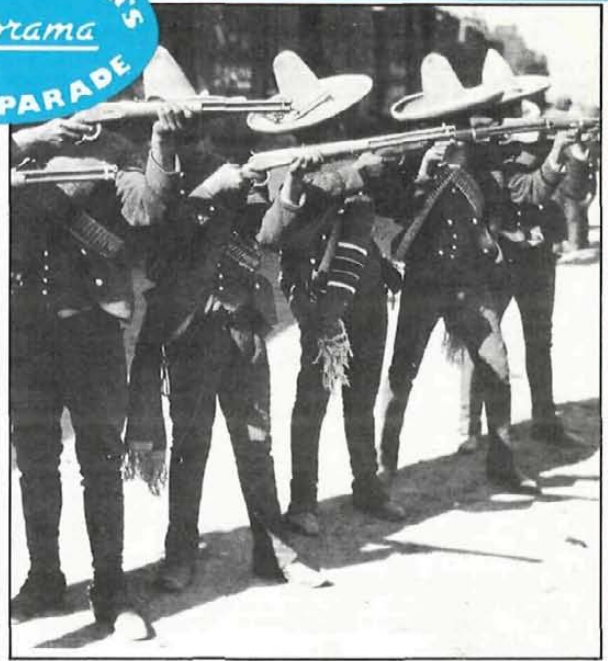
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Opens March 28th at a theatre near you



Chicago, Illinois At the National Hobby and Leisure Show, Miss Debby Blake demonstrates a new product called the Human Aquarium, a complete live-in water tank for humans. The Human Aquarium can accommodate two medium-size adults or one large adult and a child. Humans can breathe in it for up to six hours; and it comes with vegetation, sand, and small fish.



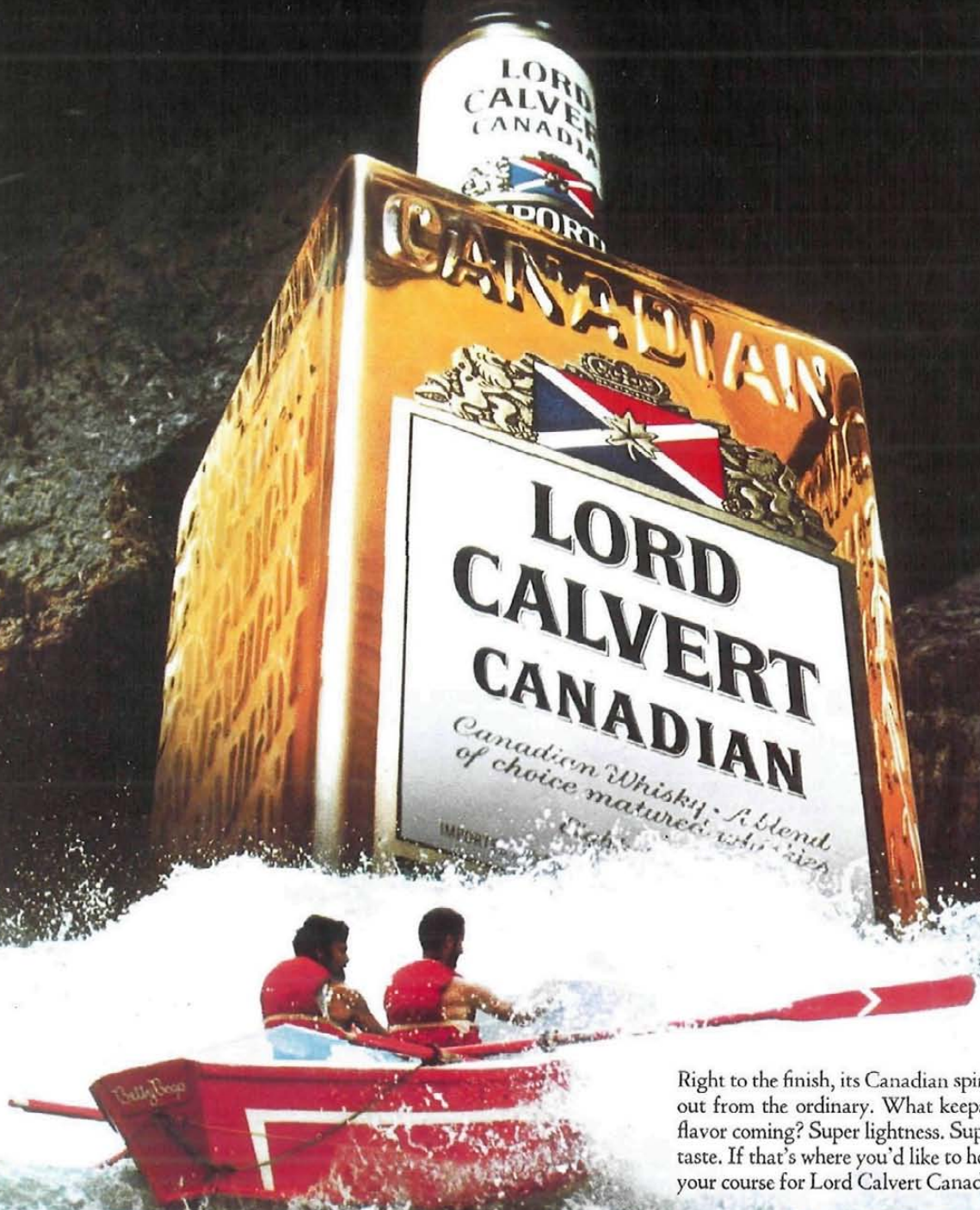
Mexico City, Mexico A group of Mexican cavalymen known as Los Hombres Ciegos, the blind men, practices shooting at the side of a barn on their rifle range. Despite their poor eyesight, Los Hombres Ciegos are champion equestrians. Major Pedro Ramirez (not shown), who has normal vision, acts as their leader and points them in the right direction.



Amazon River, Brazil Natives offer a sacrifice to the piranha fish of the Amazon River, in the ritual of the fileto, a religious rite they hope will protect them from harm on the river. English-speaking witnesses claim that the killer fish can strip a large cow in twelve minutes, including the head.



Seoul, South Korea Nong Seng Ko, Korea's most notorious mass murderer, poses for photographers before being sent to prison. Ko was convicted of shooting fifty-four people, most of them at point-blank range, with his .45 pistol. Ko claims that he simply "enjoyed killing people at close range." Doctors have pronounced him totally sane.



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