

FRESH AIR ISSUE

NATIONAL

JUNE 1980

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# LAMPOON®

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS

IND 34490



SCARIS BRICK

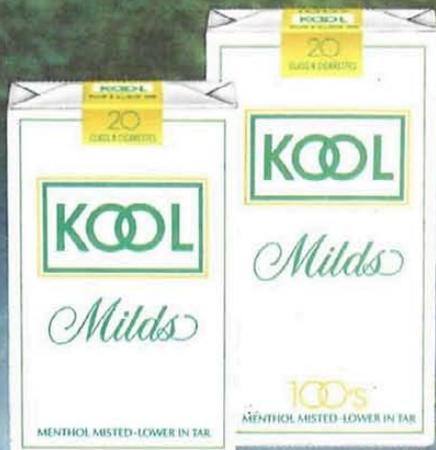
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# THE ONLY THING IT HAS IN COMMON WITH OTHER 7-INCH TAPE DECKS IS THE SIZE OF ITS REELS.

Pioneer's new RT-707 has a lot more in common with today's most sophisticated 10-inch tape decks than it does with most 7-inch tape decks.

Because unlike other 7-inch tape decks, the RT-707 isn't filled with 15 year old ideas.

Take the drive system of the RT-707.

Instead of the old fashioned belt-drive system, the RT-707 is driven by a far more accurate and efficient AC Servo direct-drive motor. This motor generates its own frequency to help correct even the slightest variation in tape speed. Which all but eliminates wow and flutter. And because it doesn't generate heat like the belt-driven "dinosaurs" it doesn't need a fan. So all you'll hear is music with a clarity and crispness not possible on any 7-inch, or many 10-inch tape decks.

Our direct-drive system also makes pitch control possible. To help you regulate the speed of the tape and give you greater control over your recordings.

With technology like this it shouldn't surprise you that our super-sensitive heads will deliver

frequencies from 20 to 28,000 Hertz. And our pre-amp section is built to handle 30 decibels more than any other 7-inch tape deck without distorting.

But great sound isn't everything.

As you can see, the RT-707 is smaller and more compact than other tape decks. It's also rack-mountable. And unlike any other tape deck, it's stackable. So it'll fit right in with the rest of your components.

But frankly, all the revolutionary thinking that went into the RT-707 wouldn't mean much if it weren't also built to fit comfortably into your budget. It is.

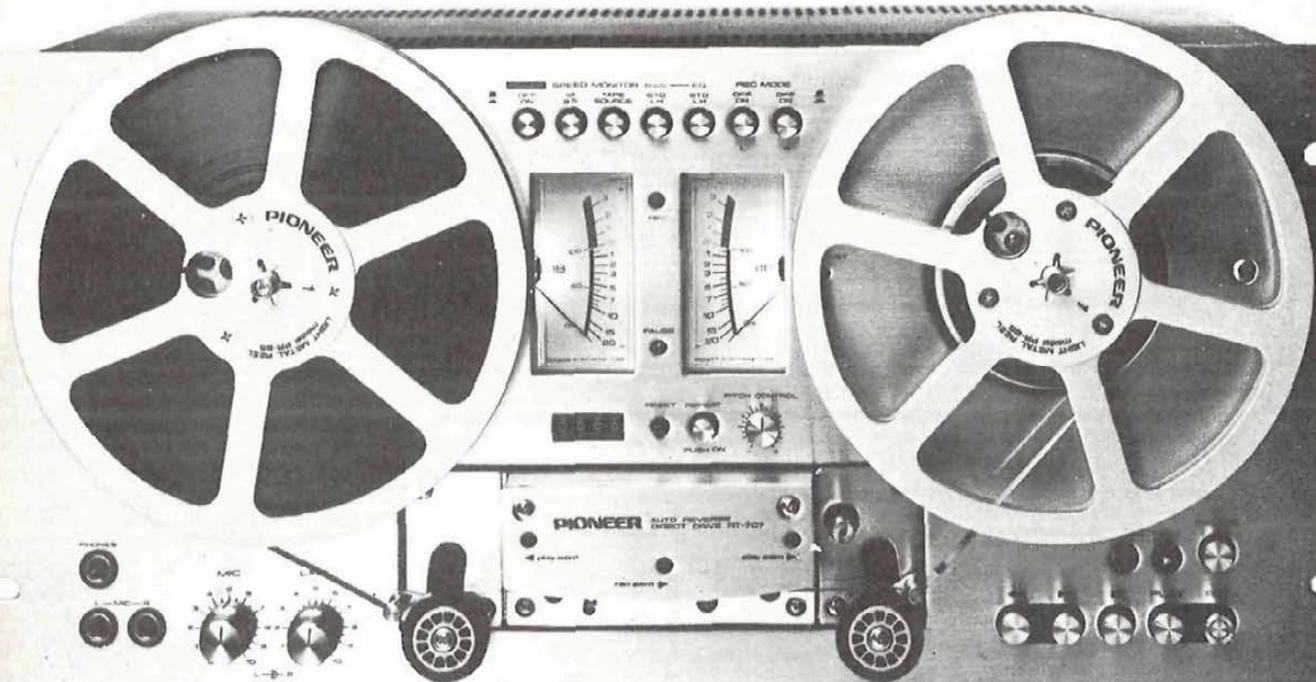
See your Pioneer dealer for a closer look at this extraordinary 7-inch tape deck.

We think you'll find the only things that the RT-707 has in common with other 7-inch tape decks is the size of the reels.

And the size of the price.

High Fidelity Components  
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THE RT 707

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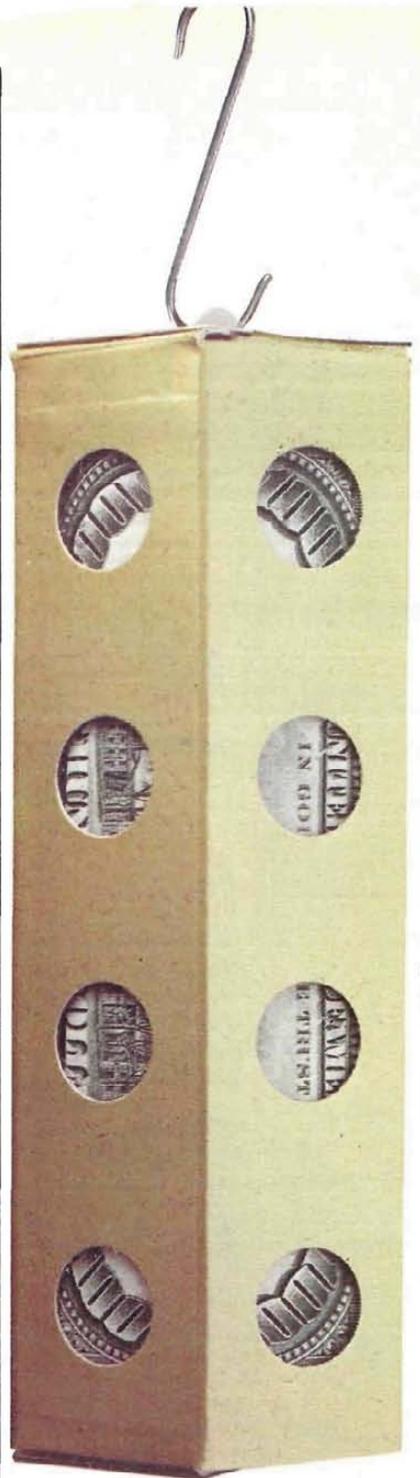
"Ecologists are just civil-rights workers who don't want to talk to Negroes."  
—David E. Davis, Editor and Publisher of *Car and Driver*

Issue Editor: Ted Mann

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# EDITORIAL

*(Unprompted assertion:)*

If there were ever paper boys with rosy cheeks, cheerful and unaffected, willing to forego comfort and endure hardship in order to deliver the papers... *(witness laughs derisively)* ...I've never seen them.

We had a boy with rosy cheeks. Sure we did. He was called... yeah, he was called Posterboy. There was another kid I remember, a cheerful kid, Timmy the Double. We called him that 'cause he used to collect twice from the subscribers to his route and pocket the extra cash. Hey, and there was an unaffected guy. He had great attainments, you know, but he wasn't self-conscious or nothing. He didn't work in the rain. If it was raining, he threw his papers in the creek. I heard later on he went to Hollywood, wrote a movie about some people who got divorced. He was unaffected, like I say, and later on I hear he had a breakdown.

There were also a couple of guys, the toughest guys I ever knew, didn't care if it was raining, snowing, or they got hit on the head by lightning, they would deliver their papers.

These guys had determination. One of them was called Mike. He had this paper route that ran up Keith Road; and one time at the second house on his route he got bit by a schnauzer dog. Do you think he quit? He did not. He finished the deliveries with that dog stickin' out of his leg. Two years later they dug one of that dog's teeth out of Mike's corduroys. He's got it around his neck now. Bill, the other guy, was a good friend of Mike's. He got hit by an out-of-control car one day and he never forgot his duty. He made the driver promise to finish the paper route, which showed great toughness and dedication on Bill's part, considering he was going to die.

There was never, however, a guy with rosy cheeks, cheerful and unaffected, and willing to forego comfort and endure hardship. Although, of course, some boys delivering papers were one or two of those things, to the best of my recollection no one was all of those things.

*(Witness is asked to describe his own paper route. He requests permission to do*

*so "in his own words." As the inquiry is of an informal nature, he is granted permission to do so.)*

My father had been a paper boy. I state this for the record. I myself was approached when I was thirteen or possibly younger. Do you want to hear this?

*(Witness is instructed to disregard the committee's yawns.)*

I was told it was an opportunity to make money and to prove I was worthy to join society.

*(Witness is asked if he means "The Society.")*

Society was what they said. They didn't mention nothing about "The." I took the chance. It was called an "opportunity" in those days.

*(Witness acknowledges committee's nodded indications of familiarity with slang.)*

You know what I mean. I was taken around, I guess you would call it "initiated," on my route by a guy named Blake. A guy from the neighborhood. He had the paper route before me, but he had done well and he was moving up. Don't ask me where; I just got the impression he was moving up.

*(Witness denies knowledge of "Blake's" current whereabouts. He is advised to continue.)*

He showed me the short cuts. Some of the people on the paper route had dogs, and he showed me how to handle them. Most of those dogs were afraid of us. Maybe of the organization. They ran off. Others were out for what they could get.

*(Witness is asked to clarify.)*

Yeah, on the take. Sugar cubes, sandwich chunks. Some just wanted to play fetch. Like the old saying "Play fetch with me, and I'll play fetch with you." I was shocked at first. I was. That was the system.

*(Witness is pressed for a moral reaction in retrospect. He is advised he does not have to answer by the chairman.)*

No, I don't mind. At the time, I felt it was wrong, but everybody was doing it. That is no excuse, I know. But to work a paper route at that time, you had to "go along to get along."

*(Witness is warned that banalities will not be tolerated.)*

The paper route itself and the short cuts we took were written in code

under the front cover of the collection book. My lawyer has provided the committee with my affidavit as to the meaning of the code. For example, "Tr-Hd, Weds. only, dg Ralph" meant through back hedge only on Wednesday, and that the dog's name was Ralph.

*(Committee chairman points out that dogs are not the responsibility of this committee but of a less important committee.)*

So, the code. You know about that. That was only a beginning. It was only a navigational aid to jog the memory. The real secret of a paper route was never committed to paper.

*(Committee asks, Could code alone allow deliveries of paper?)*

No! No, that's ridiculous. The code did not tell anyone that the Willoughbys' dog, Ralph, was to be given the paper into his own mouth, and under what circumstances.

This was 1965, if I may direct the attention of the committee to that year. At that time, Mr. Willoughby was employed as a worker on the Distant Early Warning—"dew"—line, then being constructed in northern Canada. Mr. Willoughby believed his Ralph a highly trained animal and insisted that

*continued on page 78*





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KP-5500



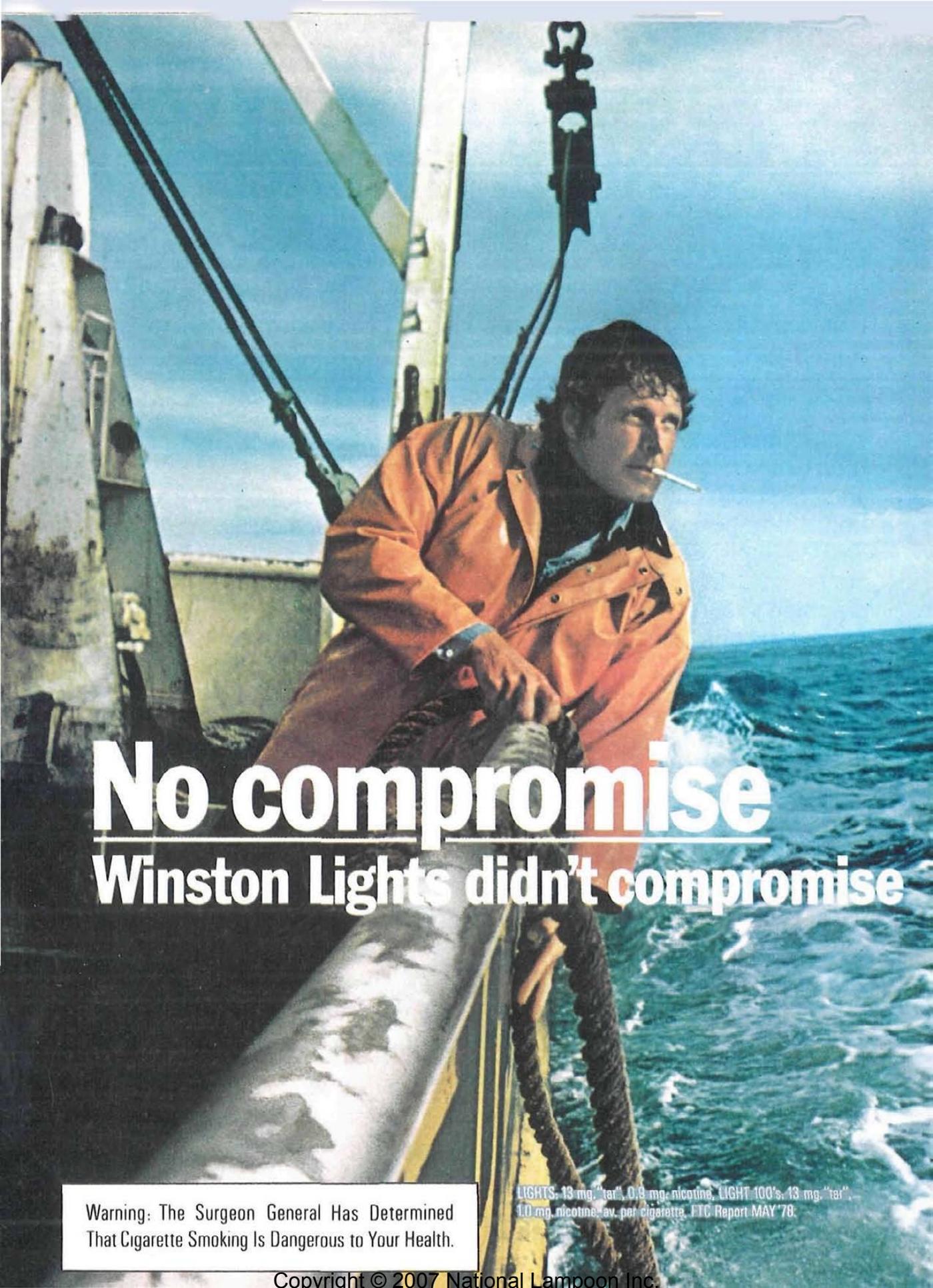
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A man in an orange raincoat is leaning over the side of a boat, looking out at the ocean. He is smoking a cigarette. The boat's structure and ropes are visible in the foreground. The background shows a blue sky and the sea.

# No compromise

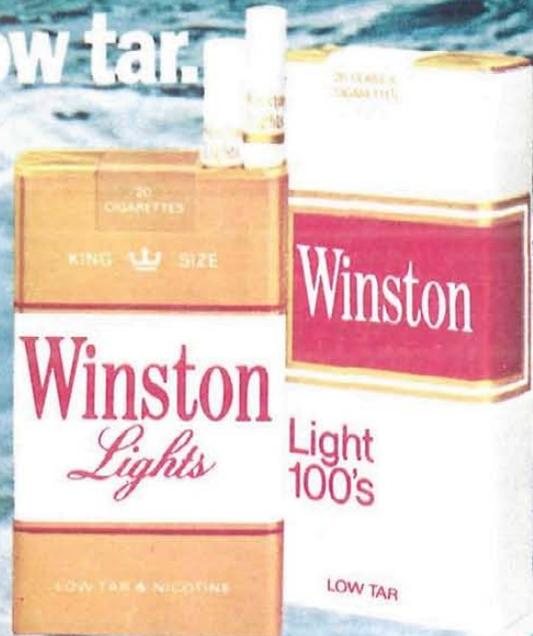
## Winston Lights didn't compromise

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

LIGHTS: 13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, LIGHT 100's: 13 mg. "tar",  
1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

on great taste to get low tar.  
Why should I?

Winston Lights taste good  
like a light cigarette should.





Sirs:

I just had my first "boat people" customers; and, boy, were they a weird bunch! There were about fourteen of them, they all wanted to try on the same plaid jumper, and they all went into the changing booth at the same time. They've been in there for two days now, and my store smells like fish and boiled rice, and they still haven't made up their minds about the jumper!

Takes all kinds, I guess.

Mary Lou Blender  
Mary's Skirts 'n' Scarves  
Jumpstart, Mississippi

Sirs:

Say, if you have any old unused trite cliches laying around that you're not going to use for a while, we sure could use them. It's almost time for Barry to cut another album and he's moping around not knowing what to write.

Manilow Enterprises  
New York, NY

Sirs:

I'm a young accountant, reasonably good-looking, who lives by himself in a high rise. I noticed last month that there were two attractive young ladies living across from me in another high rise. They liked to stand in front of the window and tell each other jokes. You can imagine how excited I was when I watched with a pair of binoculars and discovered I could read their lips and even get some of the punch lines! Then one of them spotted me! Instead of getting angry, she just smiled invitingly. I waved back, and the next thing I knew they were both in my living room. I'd always fantasized having a humor session with two girls at once, and now it was coming true! First I teased them with a stream of one-liners. Then I pounded away at one of them with a steady run of knock-knocks while the other's full moist lips pleased me with one Little Moron gag after another. Soon all three of us were into the act together and it was hard to separate waving hands and slapping thighs as we made each other laugh again and again. We even got into some sick humor. After two hours of the most fantastic comedy experience of our lives, we fell back on the living-room rug, exhausted. Thought your readers might appreciate this "fantasy come true."

Bob Dobson  
Buffalo, NY

Sirs:

Excuse me...I'm sorry to bother you....Is it...Damn! No, it's not there, either. I just dropped a name and can't seem to find it anywhere....If you see it, could you please return it, as I need it very badly for my show.

Dick Cavett  
Public Wasteland, New York

Sirs:

Okay, so I'm not Frank Langella in the good-looks department. But my punim is a damn sight prettier than Harry Reasoner's. Harry looks like an older Steve Martin with a rosin bag shoved up his nose, correct? Well, hang onto your hats. He is Steve Martin's dad. He fathered the boy in Anaheim, California, during the Depression. Harry didn't retreat to the Dust Bowl voluntarily. He was simply avoiding a paternity suit. Normally I would have shitcanned this information, but my reputation as a raker of muck is on the line.

Mike Wallace  
Relentless Ticking, NY

Sirs:

If you're like me, you've probably wondered what to do with all those old tennis balls lying around the house. Well, if you're handy with a needle and thread, you can sew a few hundred together and make a really super quilt; and if you cut them in half, they make pretty neat diaphragms, too.

Chrissy Evert Lloyd  
Beverly Hills, Cal.

Sirs:

Good fences make good fences.

Sincerely,  
Gertrude Stein Frost  
Picasso-en-Provence, France

Sirs:

What in the world do I have to do with fences and Gertrude Stein? Usually I'm very quick, but this time I just don't get it. I'll pay you to explain it to me.

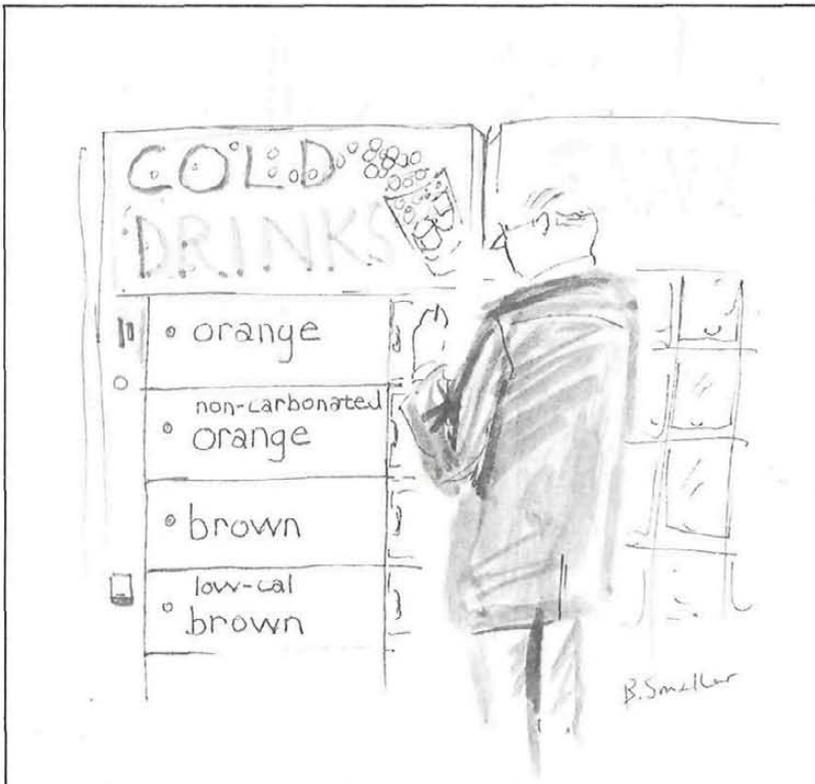
David Frost  
BBC-on-Thames, England

Sirs:

Oh, sure, they always look terrific from across the room, with \$500 hairdos and strategically placed camera angles and commercial interruptions, but you oughta see them from my point of view! You'd whistle a different waltz, let me tell you!

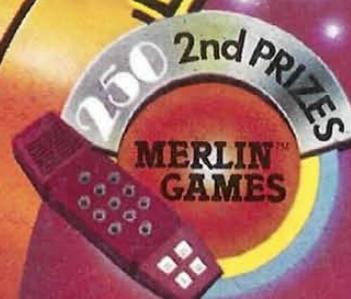
A body louse (*Pediculus pubis*)  
Somewhere warm, furry, and damp  
Hollywood, Cal.

continued on page 90



# English Leather Super Shooter™

## SWEEPSTAKES



### 250 English Leather Super Shooter gift sets

Win a prize the whole family will love — a real professional pinball machine. Fifteen First Prize winners will get one of these Bally Silverball Mania™ Pinball Machines — worth \$2,000. Great for parties, weekends, any time! Another 250 winners will receive Parker Brothers' MERLIN™ game. And 250 people will win an English Leather SuperShooter Gift Set.

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1. To enter, print your name, address, zip code and telephone number on an official entry form or a 3½" x 5" card. Entry forms can be obtained at your local store. All entries must be completed in full to be valid.
2. Mail your entry to: "English Leather SuperShooter Sweepstakes", P.O. Box 1981, Garnerville, New York 10923. Entries must be postmarked on or before July 15, 1980 and received by July 31, 1980. Enter as often as you like, however, each entry must be mailed

separately. No household may win more than one prize.

3. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. ALL PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED. Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable for cash. No substitution of prizes is permitted. Fifteen (15) First Prizes of Bally Pinball Machines (retail value \$2,000 each). Two Hundred Fifty (250) Second Prizes of MERLIN™ by Parker Brothers (retail value up to \$40 each). Two Hundred Fifty (250) English Leather SuperShooter Gift Sets (retail value \$6.00 each).

4. Winners will be randomly selected from all entries received by TRG Communications, Inc., an independent organization whose decision will be final. Winners will be selected by August 15, 1980 and will be notified by mail. Prizes must be claimed within 30 days of notification or prize is subject to forfeiture, in which case a substitute winner will be selected.

5. The sweepstakes is open to all residents of the United States excepting employees of the MEM Company, Inc. and their immediate families, its affiliated companies, its advertising agencies, and TRG Communications, Inc. The sweepstakes is void where prohibited by law. All Federal, State and local regulations are applicable.

6. ALL FEDERAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TAXES ON PRIZES, IF ANY, ARE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL WINNER. Winners may be required to execute further documents, including a name and likeness release.

7. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. A list of winners can be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: SuperShooter Winners List, c/o TRG Communications, Inc., 1140 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10036.

8. Each winning entrant grants to the MEM Co. without limitation the right

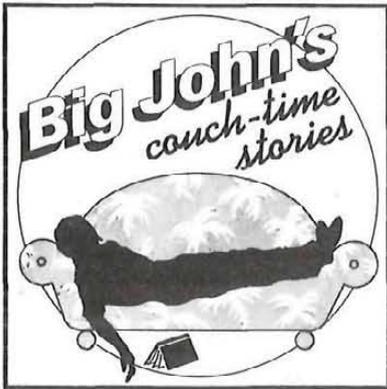
to use his name and likeness for any advertising and promotion purposes.

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## BE A WINNER!

Just pick up your entry blank at the English Leather counter. Nothing to buy.



**Stories to Tell Men Before They Fall Asleep on the Couch on a Saturday Afternoon**

by John Hughes

It was a beautiful spring day. One of those odoriferous jobs that make men feel like they're wearing hats of hummingbird feather. George Sturgeon couldn't wait to get dressed and fetch the *Morning News*. Once outside, George decided that there was no way he was going to work with a sun as pretty and fresh as that beaming down, heating up his blacktop drive.

"Honey, let's go to the zoo!" he announced at the breakfast table.

"What about your meeting with Mr. Blackrod?" George's wife, Julie, asked, sliding a fried egg onto his plate.

"It'll have to wait," George said.

After the dishes were cleared, Julie dressed the baby and packed him into his snowsuit. George loaded the stroller into the trunk of his Fairmont and ran down to the drugstore for a twin pack of SX-70 film. On the way back he rolled down his window and

hung his head out like a hound and lapped at the ambrosial spring air.

"I feel like I'm nine years old," he said as he weaved dreamily down the Edens Expressway.

"You're driving like you're nine!" his wife said through clenched teeth.

"I could drive with my eyes closed," he said. "Nothing would happen. An auto fatality just couldn't happen on a day like this. It's magical. It's marvelous!"

It was not surprising to George and Julie that the zoo was crowded. George wondered aloud how many men had chucked work to stroll through the Lincoln Park Zoo and gawk at the animals squinting in the sunlight and flaring their nostrils to take in the clean lake breezes. The apes beat their breasts. Gazelles bounced like basketballs.

After lunching on hot dogs and popcorn, George and Julie wheeled little George over to Old MacDonald's Farm and its petting arena.

"I don't want the baby touching the animals; they're filthy dirty," Julie warned George as she pulled the bundled baby out of the stroller.

"He has mittens on," George pointed out.

George held little George so that he could slap a she-goat on the forehead. The baby gleefully flailed his arms and squawked with joy. The goat seemed to smile and share the boy's delight.

"That's a beautiful child," the goat said as George turned to put little George back in the stroller. George stood up and looked about. There wasn't anyone within earshot of him. Julie wasn't even around; she was pinned to a chain-link fence by a pack of hungry,

begging guinea hens.

"I said that's a beautiful child," the goat repeated.

George reluctantly cast his eyes downward. He watched the goat's lips move and listened as its beautiful, throaty, female disk jockey voice came out over the large ruminatory teeth.

"Don't look so dumbfounded," the goat chuckled. "You make me uptight."

"Huh?"

"Come on, you look ridiculous with your mouth hanging open like that!"

"But..."

"But what?"

"You're a goat!"

"And you're a very handsome and erudite young man."

"But..."

"I'm not going to stand out here and talk with you if you're going to stand there like brain damage!"

The goat turned away and walked into the little red barn. George followed, half hunched over, his left eye twitching. Was all that sixties LSD coming back on him?

Inside the barn, the goat was drinking from a trough littered with popcorn and cigarette butts.

"Come back to talk or look silly?" the goat asked as she finished lapping her water.

"I must be in some kind of dream or flashback," George said, smiling at the absurdity of the situation.

"It's no dream," the goat said, batting her long white eyelashes in a way that said she understood George's confusion.

"How can you talk?"

The goat sighed and toed the dirt floor. "Are you ready to get your mind blown a little more?"

George shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm Elke Sommer."

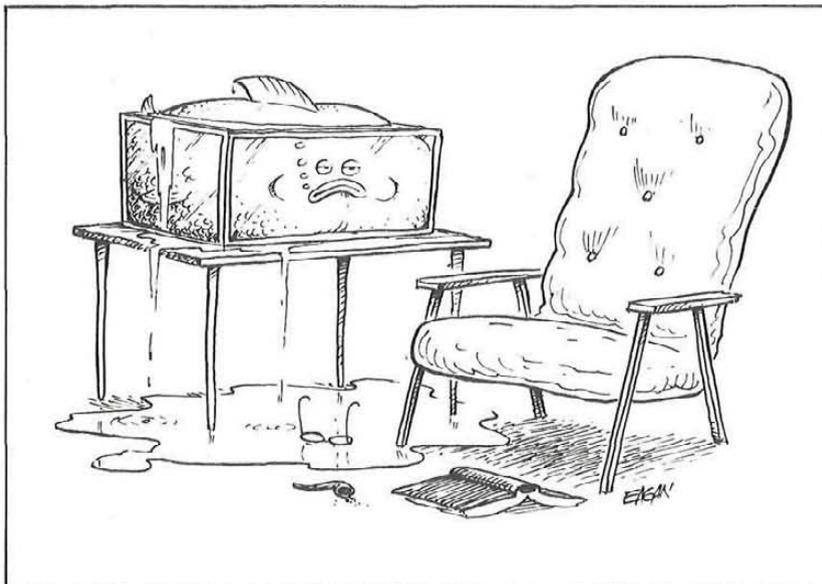
"What?!"

"I was doing *Barefoot in the Park* at the Drury Lane Theater, and one afternoon I was jogging in the park and I stumbled and fell into a lagoon. I thought I was going to drown. I can't swim very well and swallowed a whole mouthful of that dirty water, and I don't know if that's the reason why, but I turned into a goat. As I was standing on the bank of the lagoon, a cop came by and thought I'd escaped from the zoo, and he herded me back here, and I've been a prisoner of the zoo ever since."

George stared in complete disbelief. "That's not possible!"

"It isn't possible for a goat to talk? Think about it!"

*continued on page 91*



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# ORPHAN MARK'S ACHIEVEMENT

by Ted Mann

*"Of all these virtues, this alone I choose."*

It was "Jap Sneakers" Martin's practice to check the coin-return slot of every phone booth he passed. His classmates at the small Indiana public school called him Jap Sneakers, though his proper name was Mark, because his parents were too poor to outfit him with the decent pair of American-made athletic shoes his schoolmates wore so happily and with the thoughtless confidence often found in the child whose parent is employed.

Biff Nicholson, a large, slovenly, redheaded boy somewhat older than Mark, frequently ragged the quiet hard-working boy and, because Mark was an orphan, would say, "Your father isn't dead, he just refuses to work." These taunts hurt Mark all the more, as he thought there was some chance his schoolmates might learn they were true.

"Have you got a friend who's worth a dime?" shouted Biff, who had been in hiding one day near a phone booth Mark was accustomed to checking on his way home. Mark hung his head in shame as the boys Biff had brought with him laughed out loud at the guilty expression that Mark could not prevent from stealing across his pinched face. Two of those boys, Tim and George, he had hoped to make his friends.

"Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves," said Mark, desperately quoting his father, who had brought that saying with him from England, and very little else. Mark's face burned at the boys' merciless catcalls, which mocked with ignorant insolence the only figure of speech his impoverished parents had been able to pass on to him.

"They're wrong! They're wrong! They're wrong!" Defiantly Mark checked every phone booth coin-return slot, even those he knew his little sister had already checked on her way home from kindergarten only minutes before. He even checked the glove compartment of Moses Wong's Cadillac, even though his father had told him for a fact that the foolish neighborhood grocer had invested all of his money in mutual funds.

Mark paused for a moment outside his family's house. It was a white frame building, one of the oldest in the subdivision, and it was a continual

source of humiliation to Mark that his family lived there.

He rattled the two dimes he had collected from the 112 phone booths in his pocket and sucked a tooth the school nurse threatened to condemn as he thought of the delegations of neighbors who came to visit his family.

Mark heard his mother screaming incoherently at the TV inside the house and he remembered how she had looked standing on the stoop last Saturday.

"Since my Connal died, it's been hard," she had said to Sergeant Gogan, the head of the neighborhood preservation group. "What with trying to raise a family decent, it's more than I can do to bury that decomposing dog on the lawn, but a man's coming Wednesday to replace the cardboard in the windows with a new hazardless material called Saran Wrap, and as to the 'dandelions,' as you call them, you'll have to ask the Burpee seed house of Chicago, as it was they that sold me them fine sunflower seeds by mail, and didn't I half break my back getting them in in time..." At this point Mark's father bellowed out a phrase so hideous and obscene from the depths of the house that the neighborhood delegation fell silent in sympathetic respect. As they left, Mark heard a single comment over the gentle rhythmic rasp of the men's polyester pants.

"They're keeping Polacks in the basement for sure. Did you hear?"

Mark, remembering this, pushed out his chin and shrugged. His mother's voice from the living room brought him back to the present. "We're American Airlines, doing what we do best...room-room room-room-boom crash! Hah! Hah! Hah!" she shouted in hard mockery of an advertisement.

When Mark walked in the door, his mother spun around in her Lazee-Boy to face him. "How much ya make today, ya little grafter?" she asked. Not waiting for a reply, she continued, "Ya prob'ly have some kike in ya. I passed out in a King Koin laundromat once. Sheenies own those. Huh? Why da ya think so many socks go missing! Hah! Hah!"

Mark stood silent.

"Come 'ere, liddle boy," she said. "Mommy loves you, c'mon."

Mark stepped forward, for he was a prudent lad.

His mother hugged him. Held close, he smelled the acrid alcoholic breath rising from her mouth, which she continued on page 16





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Platinum Series  
**Panasonic**  
just slightly ahead of our time.

## ORPHAN MARK

continued from page 14

worked frantically on a loose shirt button.

"Always remember this, Mark," she forced out, seemingly fighting better interior counsels, "your mommy loves you." Mark rubbed his mother's shoulders in a fashion he had seen on afternoon wrestling shows. TV frequently used the tactic, known as the "Swedish roving hold," to induce subconsciousness in opponents.

"What ever happened to the Marlboro Man?" his mother sobbed. "And the liquor ads? Do you remember them? They were beautiful..." She began to sing an ad for a utility-grade Scotch and, seeing his blank look, shoved Mark harshly from her. "You know nothing! Not the square root of fuck-all!"

Mark made his way to his small bed, a pallet of discarded Kleenex spread over with a soiled coat relinquished by his father ten years before when the old man had faked a car accident and had himself declared officially dead in order to collect his group insurance payments. Since then he had lived naked and perpetually drunk

in the unfinished basement.

As Mark lay back on the makeshift bed, he thought about his life. "I'm going to succeed," he thought. With foresight unusual for a boy his age, thirteen, he realized that hard work, determination, pluck, and plain stick-to-itiveness were not enough. He needed some kind of an edge.

His father below in the basement howled, "The answer is *fuck you!*" solving his mother's problem in square roots but causing Martin only to reflect that, with his family background, the edge had better be puerilium steel and coated with some kind of plastic that hadn't even been put in suits yet.

The next day at school, Jap Sneakers Martin joined the film club. It was his only school activity. Mr. Grey, faculty adviser to the film club, head of the scholarship and merit evaluation committee, took a real liking to the cheery, fearless, yet teachable boy with the "bad family background."

Some of the other boys in the film club failed to persevere. Mr. Grey took a dim view of such flighty individuals, and their lack of a resolute character cost them dearly when it came to scholarships and merit evaluation.

These same lads, as final proof of their own shocking weakness of character, would insinuate by way of feeble retaliation that Mr. J. Grey was unnaturally attracted to them.

"The smut of small boys does not bother me," Mr. Grey would say at staff meetings, bringing the subject up himself. "But," he would laugh, "I fear it may ruin my reputation with the ladies!" Here he would waggle his brows roguishly at a female teacher.

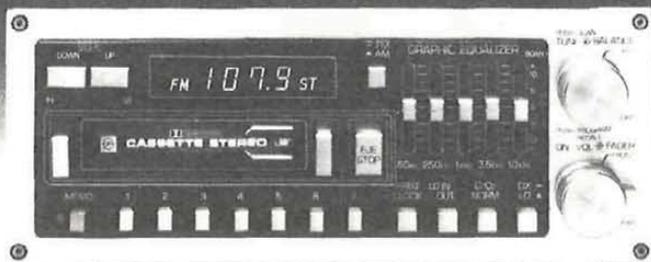
Mark spent a good deal of his time with Mr. Grey. Indeed he had a part, as did the Oddfellows Club, in saving the respected pedagogue's job when called upon to testify before a confidential school-board hearing.

"Mr. J. Grey," Mark said, speaking in that clear and decisive voice for which he was already known, "is a fine and upright man." He paused. "May I speak beyond my years, as man to man and with perfect frankness?"

The members of the board turned to each other with a surprised and cautious look. The presiding panelist grinned slightly at the others and nodded soberly to Mark.

"You may," he said.

continued on page 18



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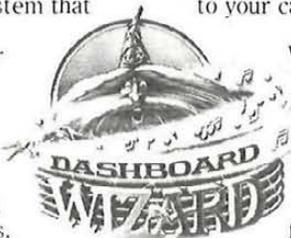
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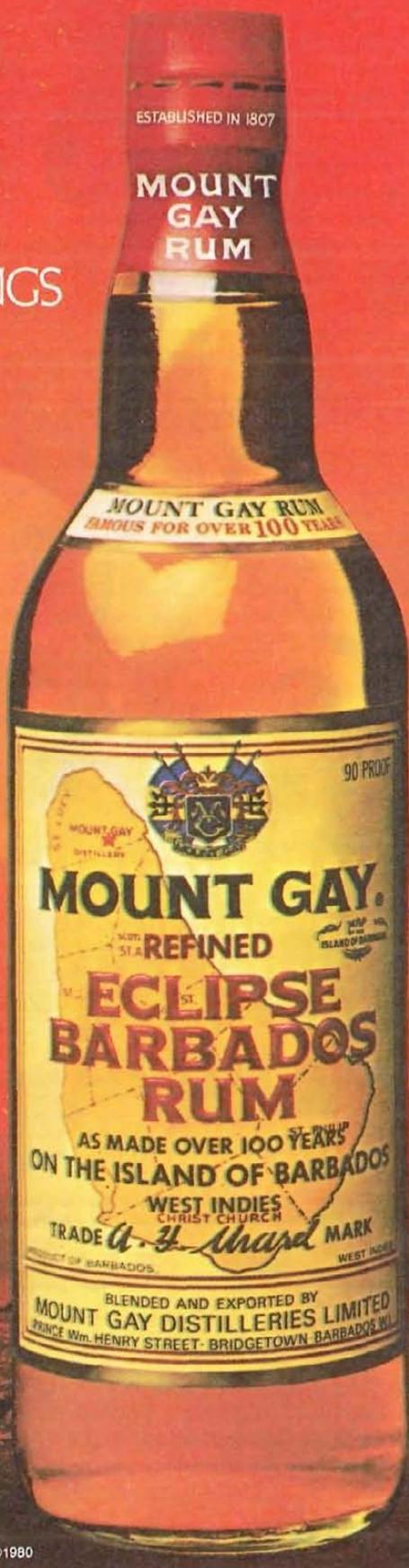
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## ORPHAN MARK

continued from page 16

"Look, guys," said Mark with endearing equanimity, "there's no way the old guy's a butt fucker. What he is is a lonely guy who wants to build a boy's future where once there was little hope."

The board sat silent several moments, then one member started clapping; several others joined in. The president made a motion for adjournment, and it was made unanimous by five palms hitting the table at the same time.

Mr. Richard Flugeldam, president of the board of inquiry, drove Dick home himself after proceedings were finished.

"Don't get out, Dick," he said, pulling up in front of the boy's house. Mark's hand paused on the door. "I just wanted to say that the kind of candid, decent frankness the board heard from you today is a rare thing in this world. It's a quality more often imitated than achieved. Do you know what I'm saying, Dick? Most boys would have turned the old fruit in and tried for sympathy. Now drop your shorts, drape yourself over the seat back, and we'll see if we can't find you a job at Flugeldam Industries after you graduate."

Three years later, Mark graduated with top honors academically and several merit certificates for his excellent understanding of life.

At last he was to get his start in the world. One sunny June morning found him walking toward the front door of Flugeldam Industries' impressive administrative trailer. Mark brushed a scrap of paper from his jacket's sleeve. It was a price tag. He didn't dare look at it, being as it was a graduation present from Mr. Grey. He rubbed his chin to be sure his fledgling beard was as close as his father's ancient "blue blade" razor could see it, stepped up, and tapped on the door.

"Who is it?" questioned a high-pitched voice from within.

"Mark Martin, uh, ma'am," replied Mark, unsure of the sex within.

"Who? Oh. Hey, kid, come on in. Wait. I gotta unlock." Numerous bolts were pulled back. "Hey, kid, good to see you. Look at you! You've really grown up. You must be out of school, have a job and everything. Come on in and tell me what you're doing, huh?"

"Well, Mr. Flugeldam," said Mark straightforwardly. It was the last time he was to make that mistake. "I don't have a job. That's why I've come to

you. I'm willing to start at the bottom..."

"I bet you are, you goddamn little pansy! You try to blackmail me! Go swarm with the rest of the fruit flies, you piece of dick fungus!"

Mark, disappointed, turned without a word and walked out. "I'm sorry you think that way, Mr. Flugeldam," he said. Hurt for perhaps the thousandth time in his life, Mark, though he kept a brave facade, could not prevent himself from choking out a few barely audible words.

"How'd you like to be audited with a carrot peeler by a former connection of mine now with the IRS?!" No matter how glum things looked for Mark, he always had his irrefragable humor to draw on. It not only cheered him up when his problems seemed insurmountable, but it frequently brought him help from people who admired his good-natured courage under circumstances so adverse a boy with less character might have just given up. Mark himself had no patience with such quit-at-the-whistle fellows, feeling that their so-called wisdom, comprehension, or understanding was just a fancy excuse for lollygagging and idleness.

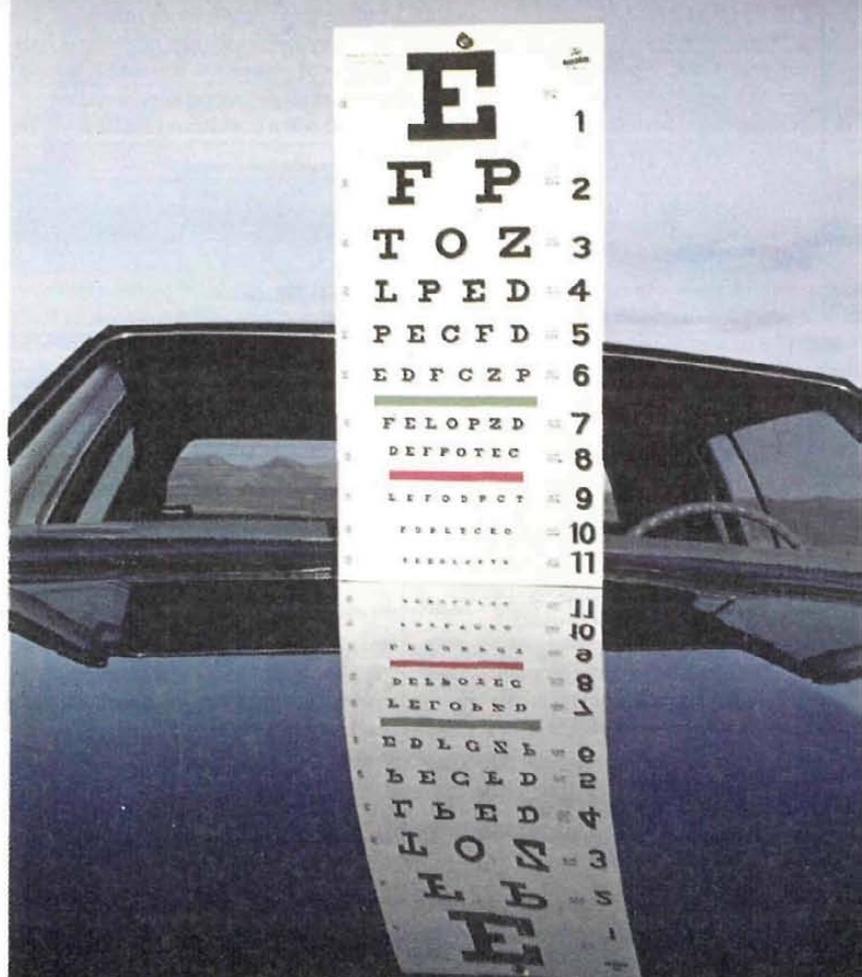
Mark had barely taken three steps onto the parking lot when the door burst open behind him. "Wait a minute!" cried Mr. Flugeldam.

Mr. Flugeldam spoke at length to Mark. He explained how he couldn't offer Mark a job in the paving business at that moment due to cash-flow problems caused by recent executive salary raises demanded by his wife. He did, however, promise Mark an opportunity. No more than that. Mark had learned early that opportunities and cars were the two things that almost every man saw but few men appreciated. He seized eagerly on his.

The car, a Buick Skylark, jet black with jet dirty upholstery and floor mats, ran very well for a Skylark. Mark, who was used to teaching himself things, somehow taught himself how to replace the engine. This task handily completed, Mark set off cheerfully toward the latter benefit proffered by Mr. Flugeldam the asphalt contractor.

He was driving off to see Mrs. Dashboard Slatsliver, Mr. Flugeldam's mother-in-law, a wealthy woman interested in enterprising youth, who had started Mr. Flugeldam himself off on the road to asphalt contracting.

"There's no limit to what she can do  
*continued on page 20*

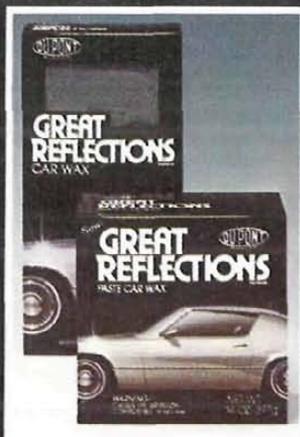


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## ORPHAN MARK

*continued from page 19*

for you, Mark, my boy, if you strike her as a good lay." Those were Mr. Fluggeldam's words, and those were the words that were ringing in Mark's ears as he pulled into the Slatliver driveway, unmistakable to anyone, so prominent was the Slatliver name lettered on the mailbox.

Mark knew almost the minute the elderly woman opened the door that his goal was within reach.

"Oh, aren't you a fine man!" The old woman rocked back on her heels, hissing slightly as she inhaled on the two menthol cigarettes protruding from either side of her mouth. "You're not a fruit bat, I hope."

"Only if it furthers my career," said Mark, giving her the frank look that marked him as a man who respected himself but was totally without arrogance.

"Well," said the aging woman, who had managed to become a mother-in-law without showing the slightest evidence of ever having once been glamorous, "you are an unusual man! The kind of straightforward honesty you display has always been a rare commodity, and one sadly unappreciated

by the great majority of mankind. It is, if I may speak plainly, one of the hallmarks of greatness. You and I, young man, shall get along very well. If you're not a goddamn needle dick, that is."

Mark and Mrs. Slatliver proved very compatible. Mark found within himself a reserve of kindness and sympathy he himself had not believed existed. Perhaps Mark's relationship with this older woman whom he had come to love and respect as if she were much younger was doomed to end tragically for her.

Sadly, after about six months of bliss, Mrs. Slatliver began to suffer from agonizing hallucinations, which the general public knew of from the court proceedings only as "involving frogs." During the course of these same proceedings, Mark, in spite of likely public censure, brought to light the information that the old lady, half mad with frogs and what have you, had fallen madly in love with him and had actually suggested they marry. The presiding justice shook his head at the folly of age. He mentioned that a device of law, the revocable trust, existed solely to forestall such foolishness.

Mark was appointed conservator of

Mrs. Slatliver's estate, her son-in-law being occupied with his business, which Mark told the magistrate was under consideration for audit by the IRS.

Mark and His Honor winked at each other.

Mark took such wonderful care of Mrs. Slatliver, placing her in a special treatment center where she could be near wallpaper and TVs her own age, that nobody really minded his little joke: wearing a large rubber frog costume to the mayor's wife's costume party. On the contrary, everyone agreed it demonstrated Mark's uncommon ability to appreciate the humor in everyday life.

With Mrs. Slatliver in such good hands, Mark felt free to go away to college. But which one? As a conservator appointed by the court charged with the administration of a wealthy woman's estate, he owed it to her to go to an expensive one.

Harvard degrees were something, thought Mark. Unfortunately they were practically hereditary...unless... but, no, although he was wealthy he couldn't really afford to endow a chair for resting.

*continued on page 84*

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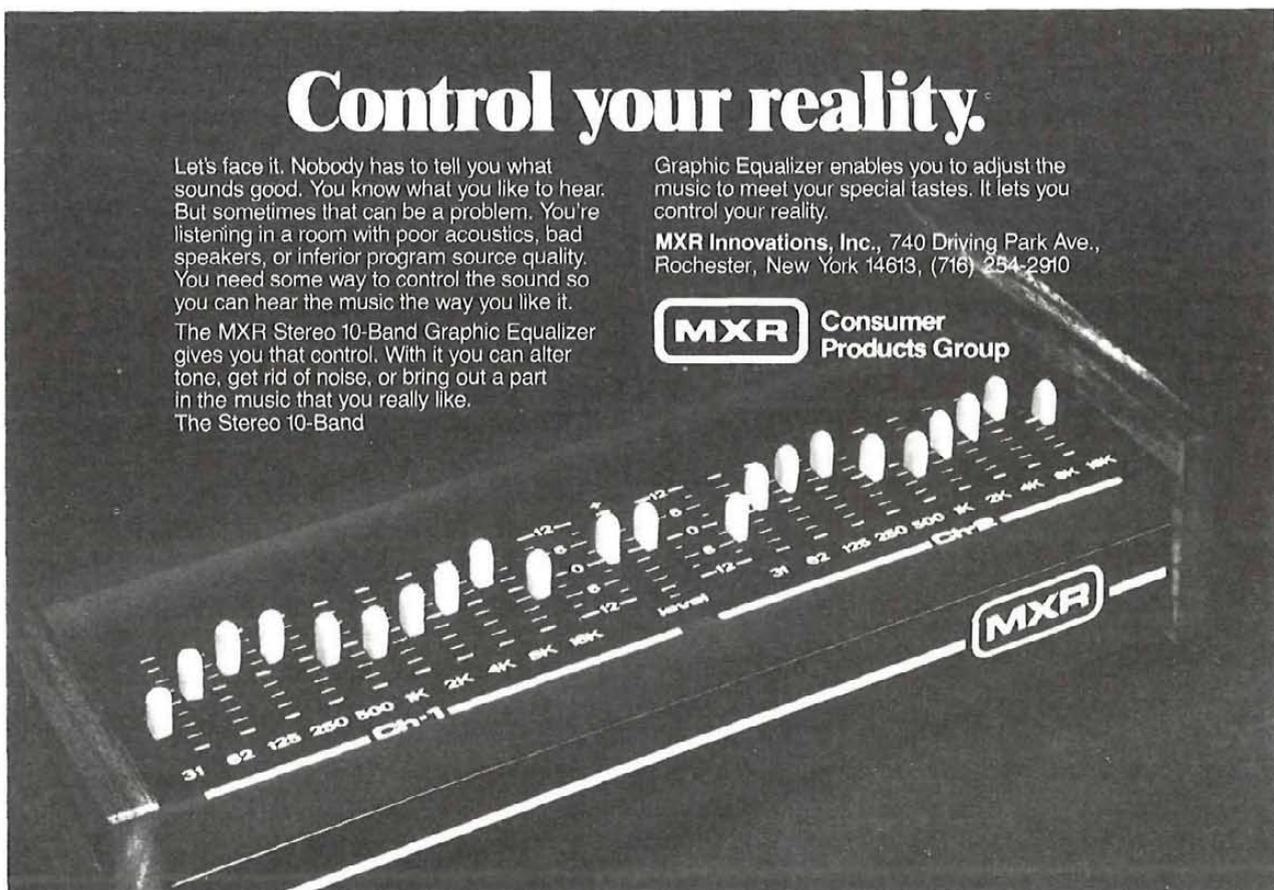
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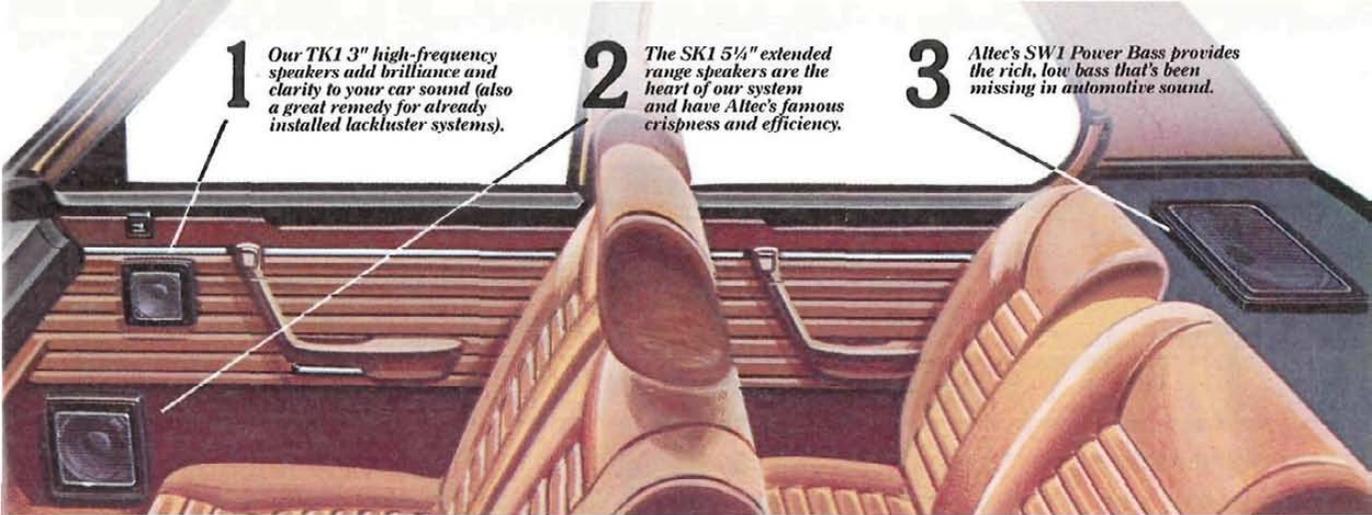
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Now back to number four, our \$350 item. If you want true car stereo, super efficiency and clear performance (not just so much noise on the road), you have to give our Voice of the

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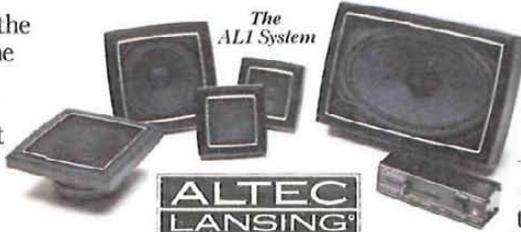
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# NEWS ON THE MARCH

**"Keeping Khomeini in Check"**

## CARTER FOREIGN-POLICY CHIEF REVEALED



SEE, THE KING IS PRESIDENT CARTER, AND THIS BISHOP IS THE AYATOLLAH, AND THE HOSTAGES ARE ALL THESE PAWNS...

The White House has confirmed that Bobby Fischer, onetime world chess champion and notorious prima donna and eccentric, has been hired to "advise" the president on foreign-policy matters until after the November election.

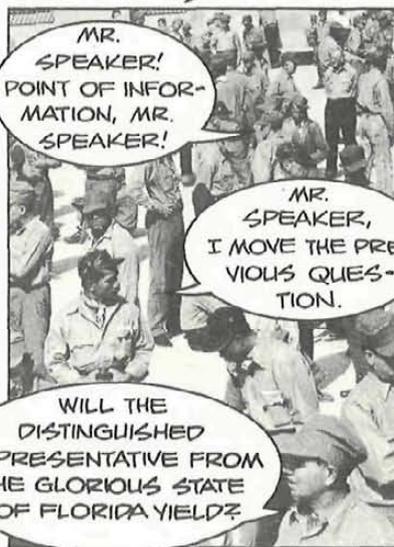
"Who else can juggle all the variables?" posed an unnamed White House official. "The president wants the hostages to stay in Iran, but not be harmed, until the end of October. He wants the Soviets to stay in Afghanistan, but not consolidate their influence, until the Democratic convention. He wants SALT II shelved but not thrown out. He wants a patriotic groundswell with the Winter

Olympics, but a boycott of the summer games. And he wants to appear strong and in charge while the economy runs wild through the streets, snapping at children and foaming at the mouth."

Fischer has apparently been advising the White House for some time. He was reportedly distressed by the plan that the Shah of Iran be allowed to topple from power. "The term 'checkmate' derives from the Persian *shah matt*, which means 'the king is dead,'" noted the president's spokesman. "Bobby got all excited and threatened to quit if we let the shah go. Thank god Bobby stayed anyway."

**Crime Wave Hits Washington**

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MR. SPEAKER, I MOVE THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.

WILL THE DISTINGUISHED REPRESENTATIVE FROM THE GLORIOUS STATE OF FLORIDA YIELD?

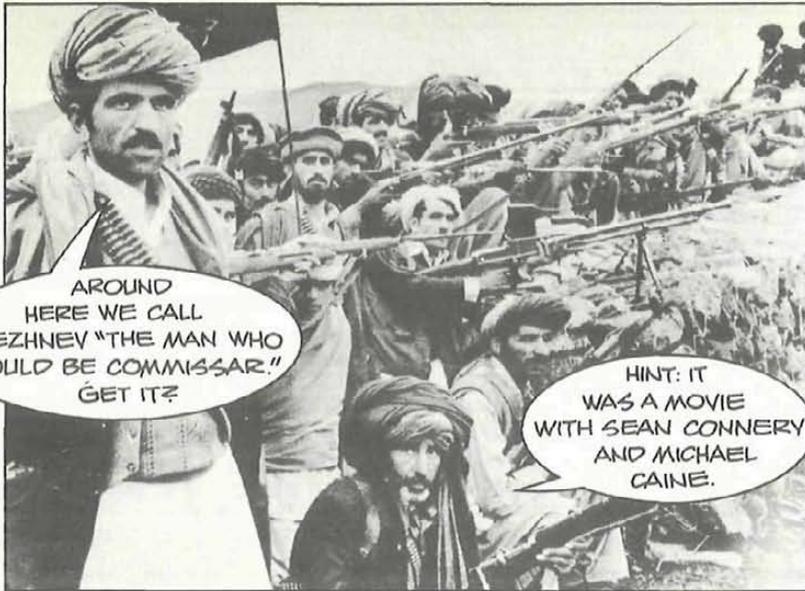
The FBI has announced that it possesses "incontrovertible evidence" linking some 535 public officials with such criminal acts as vote buying, influence peddling, libel, slander, fraud, and misuse of public funds. The alleged criminals, known collectively as "Congress," are expected to be summoned before a grand jury sometime this fall.

While many Justice Department officials were openly triumphant over the successful culmination of the "Congresting" operation, there were those who voiced misgivings about its implications.

"It creates a false image for the public," said one attorney. "They get the impression that everyone in government is corrupt. Sure, there are a few rotten apples: Congress, obviously. The departments of energy, commerce, treasury, state, and transportation. The IRS and the executive branch. Many of the courts. A lot of the military. But not everybody is a criminal...."

See Shift in Soviet Policy

## Russia Seeks Pullout from Afghanistan



AROUND  
HERE WE CALL  
BREZHNEV "THE MAN WHO  
WOULD BE COMMISSAR."  
GET IT?

HINT: IT  
WAS A MOVIE  
WITH SEAN CONNERY  
AND MICHAEL  
CAINE.

The Soviet Union is reportedly having grave misgivings about its invasion of Afghanistan and is seeking a way to shift its role from that of an active aggressor to one "less involved in the day-to-day affairs of killing rebels."

Kremlin strategists are attempting to institute a policy called "Afghanization," whereby Soviet troops will withdraw from the country and leave, in their place, government forces to fight

the rebels. "We are about to be seeing a candle at the end of this tunneling," predicted one Soviet military official.

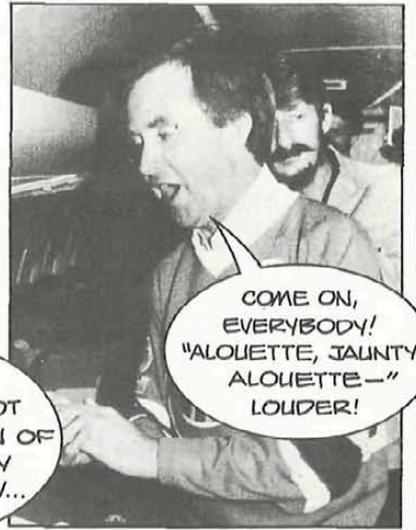
On the diplomatic front, Afghan and Soviet spokesmen are reportedly ready to begin instituting peace talks between themselves and the insurgent rebels. However, the talks cannot commence until both sides agree on the size and shape of the campfire around which they will be conducted.

## Out with the New, In with the Old Trudeau Replaces Clark as Canadian PM

Joe Clark, whose six-month tenure as Canada's prime minister is the shortest in history, was voted out of office recently in favor of the man he had defeated last year, Pierre Trudeau.

Experts are attributing Clark's loss to the fact that he is "too Canadian." One political analyst based in Ottawa explained, "Clark is dull. He wears dull clothes. He's good-looking, but in a dull way. His wife is smart and snappy, but dully so. His name is dull. Joe Clark. See what I mean? Dullsville."

Trudeau, on the other hand, is not Canadian at all, according to this analysis. "Trudeau is French! He's American!" explained the analyst. "That insouciance! That merry gleam in his eye! That silly bimbo of a wife! He's ooh-la-la! He's razzmatazz! He's European! He's New York! He's jet-set yeh-yeh au-go-go! He's Regine's, Fiorucci, designer jeans, white wine, hot tubs, cocaine! He's terrific, I love him."



COME ON,  
EVERYBODY!  
"ALOUETTE, JAUNTY  
ALOUETTE—"  
LOUDER!

It's a Cold, Cold, Cold, Cold War

## Brzezinski Fantasizes, Controls Self



LIH, MR.  
BRZEZINSKI...?  
SIR...? WE'VE GOT  
A DEMONSTRATION OF  
FIELD ARTILLERY  
SCHEDULED NOW...  
SIR...?

...AND THEN SHE SAYS,  
"I WILL ONLY MAKE LOVE  
TO A MAN WHO CAN HALT COMMUNIST  
AGGRESSION AND REASSERT THE HEGEMONY  
OF THE UNITED STATES IN WORLDWIDE AFFAIRS."  
SO I'LL TURN TO BREZHNEV...AND KOSYGIN...AND I'LL  
SAY, "EAT HOT LEAD, COMMIE-RUSSKI INVADERS OF  
SOVEREIGN NATIONS, AND KEEP YER DIRTY MITTS  
OFF YUGOSLAVIA, TOO." AND THEN I'LL TURN TO  
HER AND SHOW HER MY GUN, AND SHE'LL  
GASP, "SO THAT'S WHY THEY  
CALL YOU ZIG."



...AND FROM  
NOW ON IT'S  
"MISTER PRIME  
MINISTER" AGAIN. S'IL  
VOUS FUCKING  
PLAÎT.

**"My Name, José Jimenez—  
Diplomat"**

## **State Department to Send Other Celebs in Tour**

In the wake of Muhammad Ali's tour of Africa as spokesman for the American boycott of the Moscow Olympics, the State Department has announced it is sending other American celebrities to various regions of the world to promote other aspects of American foreign policy.

Thus far the following "celebrity ambassadors" have been named:

- Comedian Bill Dana, aka José Jimenez, to tour Mexico on behalf of American interests concerning oil.
- Singer Charo, to visit South America, to represent American interests in Colombia, where civil unrest has resulted in the seizing of an embassy and the taking of hostages.
- *New York Times* columnist-chef Pierre Franey, to travel to France in an effort to mend American-French relations.
- Singer Sammy Davis, Jr., to explore the planet Mars, in an effort to seek new life forms.



## **Flip, Flop, and Fly Carter Recants Censure of Israel**

Jimmy "President" Carter's recent flip-flop with regard to America's UN vote condemning Israel for settlements on land seized in the Six-Day War was apparently the result of pressure from Jewish voters. In an attempt to regain the loyalty of these voters Carter has said that the US vote against Israel was a mistake.

Reportedly the president plans to throw a sop to German voters next week when he will announce that US condemnation of German attempts to settle Europe during the Second World War was also a mistake.

A similar announcement with regard to America's condemnation of Japanese settlements in the South Pacific is expected to mollify Japanese voters in California.

# Mass Appeal



## **FATHER GUIDO SARDUCCI**

The gossip columnist for the Vatican newspaper and stand-up star of *Saturday Night Live* takes his comedy to St. Douglas Convent and you are there...

**Father Guido Sarducci. Live At St. Douglas Convent.**

A blessed event on Warner Bros. records & tapes

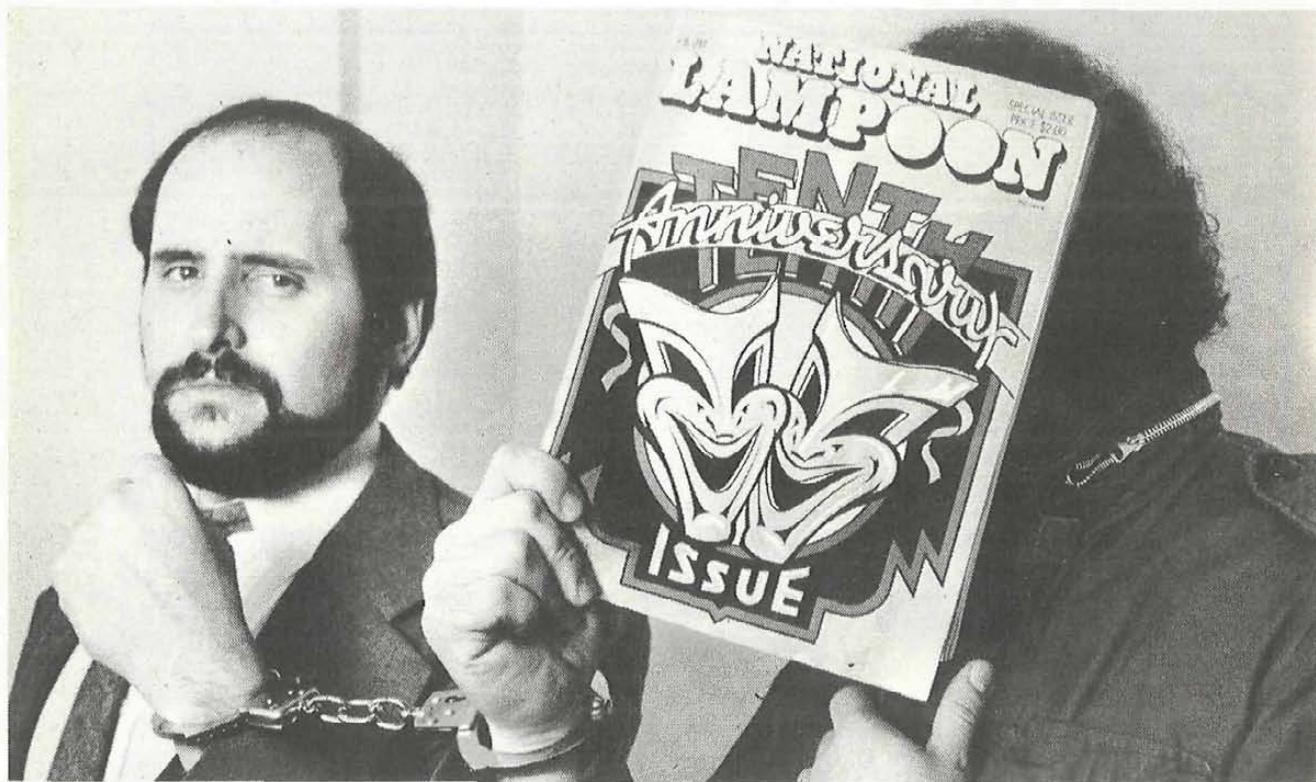
See Father Sarducci in Gilda Radner's new movie *Gilda Live*



**Give the gift of laughter.**

Jailbird sings:

# "THANK GOD FOR MY NATIONAL LAMPOON SUBSCRIPTION!"



Barry Flash Simon; © Copyright 1980 NatLamp News, Inc.

**Spirochete arrested.** On April 2, 1980, Benny "Oyster Breath" Spirochete was arrested by federal agents and charged with grand theft (train), insecticide, assaulting

a police horse, and numerous other offenses. Oyster Breath was able to avoid having his mug splashed all over the papers because he had a copy of *National Lampoon* handy, thanks to his subscription, placed the month before.

Now, when Oyster Breath is released from prison he will be able to resume his life of crime without attracting undue attention. As he himself says: "Thanks to *National Lampoon*, my livelihood ain't been destroyed by a lot of people recognizin' me. Take it from me, the subscription was worth every nickel I stole for it."

So cut out the coupon and send it to *National Lampoon*. Not only will you get your sub at a special reduced criminal rate, you may also save yourself a great deal of embarrassment if photogs catch you coming out of the courthouse. Don't risk your livelihood. Subscribe today.

Sirs:

Yeah. I getcha. Send me a subscription so I don't get my puss in the papers either, sec? Here's my check or money order, payable within the USA or Canada, made out to:

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New York, NY 10022

**1-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION**—\$9.95 (a saving of \$8.50 over single-copy purchase price; \$1.00 less than the basic subscription price).  
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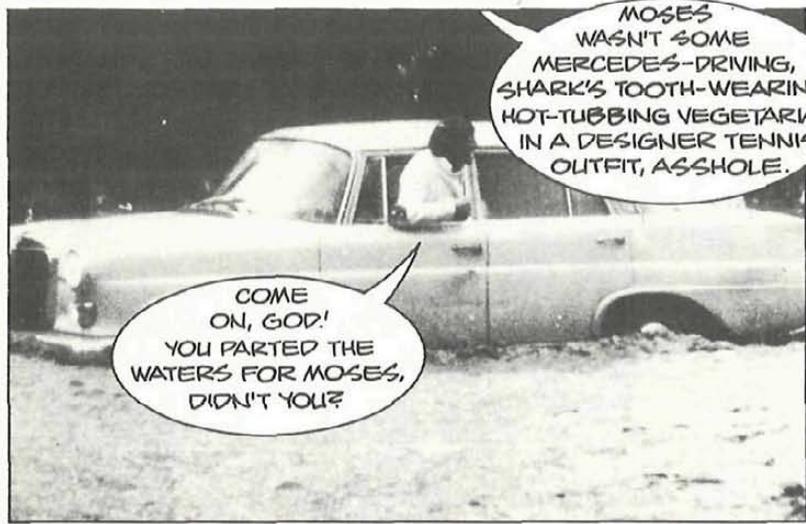
## God to California: "Drop Dead" Flood, Mud Devastate Southwest

An unusual pattern of tropical rainstorms has left southern California submerged under several feet of water and mud slides. Most experts have attributed the calamity to God, who, it is speculated, has punished the residents of southern California for "being wicked, living sinfully, and getting too 'mellow.'"

"We were warned, and we didn't listen," admitted Morris Lot, a forty-five-year-old used-car dealer. "Even when we were trying to get out of town, an angel

came to us and told my wife and me not to look back at our lovely home on Topanga Canyon Road. Well, my wife was curious, so she turned to see what was happening. And, boom, she turned into a pillar of cocaine."

"We would have saved the area if we had been able to find one righteous man," explained a spokesangel for the Lord. "But we couldn't. Not one. Zilch. All we found was a couple pounds of righteous weed. That's not what God had in mind, however."



## Offer "Under Consideration" President Lauds Olympics Winners



President Carter has publicly praised the US Winter Olympics team following its showing at the games in Lake Placid, New York, and has made an extraordinary offer to superskater Eric Heiden and to the American ice-hockey team, both of whom won gold medals.

"It is with great... humility... and... pleasure," the president announced recently, "that I hereby publicly ask these marvelous young men—i.e., the hockey team—to be my running mate in the na-

tional elections this November. And I ask all Americans to vote for this fine ice-hockey team for vice-president.

"I further announce that I have asked Eric Heiden to marry me, and to become my first lady, should I receive the nomination of the Democratic party to be its presidential candidate. I of course will obtain a divorce from my present wife to assure that the American people are not deprived of the leadership of this fine young man. Eric, I love you."

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Send check, money order, or use American Express, Visa or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.

(Tennessee residents add 6% sales tax.) For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel's memorabilia, send \$1.00 to above address.

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| TAN        | 305      | 306 | 307 | 308 |       |
| MR. SLUGGO |          |     |     |     |       |
| TAN        | 313      | 314 | 315 | 316 |       |

ONE T-shirt is only \$5.95 plus 55¢ postage & handling. SAVE SOME DOUGH! (HOO! HOOO!) Get TWO for only \$12.00. (MR. BILL pays P & H.) THREE for \$18.00 (incl. P & H). SPECIAL FAN CLUB RATE: TWELVE for \$60.00 (incl. P & H).

Enclosed is \$  
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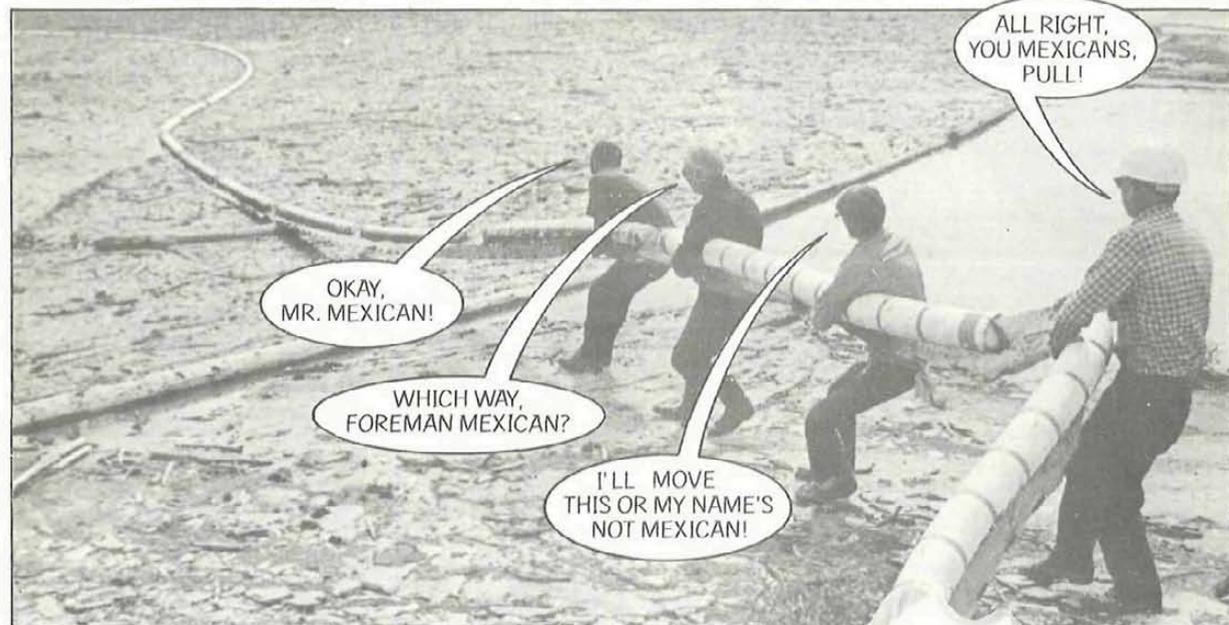
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Our construction firm, Mexican Brothers Ltd., is at this very moment laying a vital stretch of the

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.



Indicate the products you wish to purchase, enclose check or money order, place in envelope, and send to:

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635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022**

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1975 (BN 1003) \$16.00, 1976 (BN 1004) \$16.00  
1977 (BN 1005) \$16.00, 1978 (BN 1006) \$16.00  
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## NEWS BRIEFS



### “Optimism” at Paris Peace Talks

Negotiators for both the United States and North Vietnam have expressed “cautious optimism” that the Paris peace talks, now entering their ninth year, will yield “fruitful developments” soon. When informed that the war in Vietnam had been over for some time, US envoy Leonard Deemes replied, “We know. But as long as our governments will keep paying for us to stay in fancy hotels, eat at great French restaurants, and take little sightseeing junkets around Europe, we’ll find something to talk about around that table.”

### Militants Reveal Negotiating Strategy

Spokesmen for the student militants holding fifty Americans hostage in Iran revealed recently that they “had their fingers crossed” when they promised to release their captives pending a UN investigation into the regime of the deposed shah. “Our word was not binding,” stated one student. “We did not cross our hearts and face Mecca, we did not swear on a stack of Korans facing Mecca, we did not swear an oath of ‘student militant’s honor’ while facing Mecca, and we had our fingers crossed. Even though we were facing Mecca at the time, crossed fingers are more holy than facing Mecca. That is the way of Islam.”

### Carter Denies Knowing Miller

President Carter has said he has “never met, never heard of, and is entirely ignorant of” Commerce Secretary G. William Miller. Miller, former president of Tectron, Inc., has been under congressional investigation concerning alleged improprieties in that company while he was with it.

When asked how Miller became secre-

tary of commerce if Carter had no acquaintance with him, the president replied, “Shut up.”

### Rather to Replace Cronkite

CBS News has announced that Dan Rather will replace Walter Cronkite sometime in 1981 as anchorman for the network’s evening news program. Speculation had been rife that the heir to Cronkite’s position would either be Rather—currently with the news-magazine program “Sixty Minutes”—or reporter Roger Mudd. Rather was selected, however, when he “clearly demonstrated” that he was superior to Mudd in moustache growing, in impersonating Cronkite’s clipped, singsong diction, and in making himself up to most resemble the balding sixty-two-year-old Cronkite.

“Roger’s tag phrase was going to be ‘Ain’t it a hell of a world!’” added CBS exec David Carp. “Dan’s is ‘And that’s the way it am,’ which is closer to what we were looking for.”

### Sister Theresa to Be “Roasted”

The Friars Club has announced that its members—principally show-business luminaries—will hold a “roast” for Sister Theresa, last year’s recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize for her work with lepers. “She’s a great kid,” noted Don Rickles. “Got a great sense of humor.”

Sister Theresa, when asked about the announcement, said, “I’m doing it for my kids. Everything I do, I do for my kids. They’re marvelous. They’re the greatest. They’re not really ‘mine,’ of course—I’ve never had children. And they’re not really ‘kids’—most of ‘em are middle-aged lepers. But they’re my kids, and God bless ‘em, and God bless you, and God bless Don Rickles, even. Just kidding, Don.”

### Nicaragua Seized by Student Militants

Students from Mrs. Mimosa’s third-grade class in Saint Lucrecia’s Elementary School in San Salvador recently seized and occupied the country of Nicaragua, taking its 3.6 million residents hostage.

A spokesperson for the students, Elena Maria Elena Maria, said they would remain in Nicaragua until that country was moved to Ecuador, or until recess was lengthened to eighteen minutes.

### “Lettuce Heads” Seek New High

A new form of illicit pleasure has surfaced simultaneously in New York and

San Francisco—burning money. “It’s, like, really neat,” explained one two-year-veteran money burner, or “lettuce head.” “You get a nice buzz burning a one-dollar bill, some giggling and stuff with a five, real cool rushes with a ten, and great colors with a twenty.”

Because destroying currency is a federal crime, most people indulging in money burning do it indoors, in private. “We want to get it decriminalized,” explained one head, “but every time we take up a collection to fund a lobbyist, somebody burns it and we all get silly.”

### Feds to Underwrite “Non-Posh” Housing

The Department of Housing and Urban Development has announced that it will begin a program for the financing and underwriting of “unfashionable” neighborhoods sometime this year. For an area to qualify as unfashionable, federal guidelines mandate that it “have, within its boundaries, no tasteful Oriental restaurants, no precious card-and-magazine shops, no art galleries, no refurbished lofts, no charming ethnic grocery stores, and no buildings that, if only they were taken better care of, would be real landmarks.”

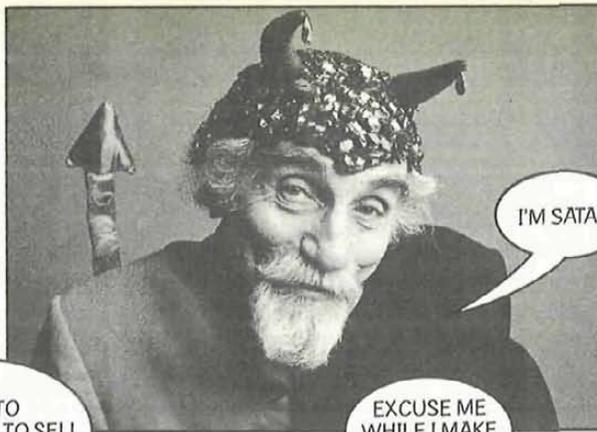
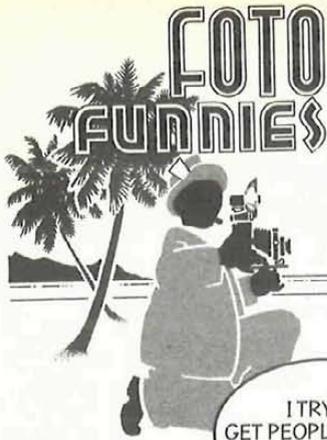
### More Roosevelt Letters Found

Scholars investigating the private correspondence between Eleanor Roosevelt and Lorena Hickock have discovered another sheaf of letters, which suggest that the former first lady, in addition to having conducted what appears to be a lesbian love affair with Hickock, was also involved with white slave trade, heroin smuggling, and an arson ring, and may have provided the financing for the world’s first “snuff” movie. A spokesman for the Roosevelt estate explained, “Nobody’s perfect.”

### Eugenic Moms Nix Shockley

The three women who allowed themselves to be artificially inseminated by the sperm of Nobel laureates have all expressed dismay that the father of their offspring may be Prof. William Shockley. “They told us the father would be a Nobel prizewinner,” said one mother, who refused to be identified. “But they didn’t say he’d be *that* jerk.”

The program, run by California industrialist Robert K. Graham, may be imperiled by the women’s discovery. Since Shockley announced his involvement with the venture, one woman has filed a paternity suit against him, one has gone into seclusion, and one has obtained an abortion.



I'M SATAN.

I TRY TO GET PEOPLE TO SELL THEIR SOULS.

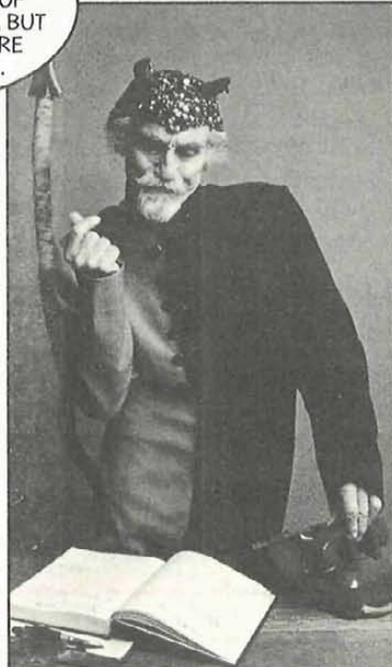
EXCUSE ME WHILE I MAKE A CALL.

HELLO, MURRAY? LISTEN - A MILLION TWO AND THAT'S MY FINAL OFFER.



OKAY, OKAY... PLUS BOOK RIGHTS AND 5 PERCENT OF THE MOVIE GROSS, BUT YOU KNOW YOU'RE SCREWING ME.

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The following is a story I've told before, in the Editorial of the March 1977 National Lampoon. But I'm going to exercise that privilege of storytellers from time immemorial and tell it again at greater length, in richer detail, and with much less regard for the facts.

**I**t was a perfect summer, the summer of 1967. Some friends of mine and I had a farm in southern Ohio. There was Michael Visconti, whom we always called Uncle Mike because of a certain avuncular way he had about him, especially when urging people to

take more drugs. Uncle Mike is a professor of mathematics at Michigan State these days. And there was Barry Conners, who'd been hanging around the local college campus for years, a few credits short of a degree, running bars and owning pizza joints. He's building condominiums in Hawaii now. And there was Juanita and I.

# IDYNA



*prunchutz*  
© 1980

# MILK



by P.J. O'Rourke

Last I heard, Juanita was living on a yacht in the Caribbean. But this was a long time ago, and we were different people then; we had this farm, and we had a lot of hashish we were selling.

We used to get it from a fellow who would drive up from

Mexico in a 1948 Pontiac Streamliner Deluxe. Which wouldn't seem an inconspicuous way to travel with thirty pounds of drugs in the trunk, up through Kentucky with his ponytail flying back to the package shelf. Even in Ohio, in those days, you could get ten years in prison for simple possession. But, like I said, it was a long time ago, and we were different people. And one of the reasons we were so different was all the hashish. It was thick, black-brown slabs of oily, opiated stuff that was supposed to have the official seal of the royal hoo-ha of Nepal on it somewhere, though I never noticed it. And it came wrapped in broiler foil in a

*continued*

## DYNAMITE

continued

cardboard grocery box.

I'm sure that the hashish made our farm seem far grander in extent and more lush and exotic of vegetation than ever it really was. And the days rolled by slower and less predictably than they do today. Maybe it was adolescence that did some of that, or maybe memory does it, but certainly the hashish helped. It was particular fun to go hunting or target shooting after we'd smoked some, because we never knew what was going to happen. Barry claimed that his perception of time would grow so acute and slow that he could see the bullet come out of a rifle barrel and travel toward the target—well, travel toward something anyway. And that he could see shotgun pellets spread, he'd say, like a roman candle, except not lit. That is, they didn't glow or anything. He was lying, but it was a great farm.

It had a big, rambling, dirty farmhouse with dogs and a lamb and a duck and some cats and a tame raccoon running around inside it. And it had a dilapidated barn to make love and take drugs in, with a big empty silo that you could climb up the side of, and peek over the top of, and scare yourself silly with. And there were fields and woods all around, a stream with little rills down to a half-dammed swimming hole, hedgerows along the road and drive, and an old orchard with unpruned limbs making bowers between the rows of trees. There was a herd of sheep grazing in the back pasture. Someone must have come in every now and then and watered them or sheared them or whatever it is you do to sheep. I know we didn't do it. But they were nice to have around, very bucolic from a distance (up close they smelled and looked dirty). And

we had cars and trucks and motorcycles and guns, and we'd sell the hashish or trade it for more guns or more motorcycles, and it was a perfect summer.

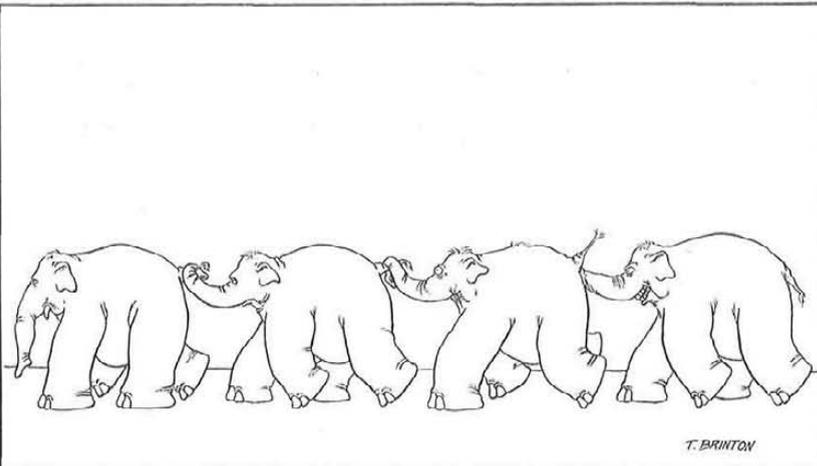
We'd go rabbit hunting with one of the dogs chasing rabbits back and forth in front of us while we blasted away. It's important to remember, when you're rabbit hunting, which is the rabbit and which is the dog. The rabbit is the one that isn't barking. In fact, they don't make any sound at all unless you hit them, but we never hit any, and it was still fun, until we hit one after all. When you do hit them they make a little tiny squeaking sound, or at least this one did, and it lay there and sniffed and wiggled in agony, all furry and cute and in horrible pain, and we had to walk back to the house and get a .45 and blow its head off. Then, since it had died such a hard death, we felt obligated, in a way, to eat it.

But rabbits are supposed to carry a disease—rabbit fever, appropriately enough, which is very deadly if you have an open wound or a something else. We couldn't remember which. What you're supposed to do to make sure that they do have it or that they don't is to cut them open and look at their liver. You have to make sure it looks normal. What a normal-looking rabbit liver would be, though, none of us could tell. And once we'd cut the rabbit open we couldn't figure out what part of the stuff in there was the liver part anyway. But we were determined to eat it. It had taken so long to die that it couldn't have been all that sick; so we scooped out the guts and pulled off the skin and put it to soak overnight in a pot full of saltwater, which someone had said that someone else said to do. Then we forgot it. I guess it was the hashish. The next time we looked in the pot, a week later, we

wouldn't have wanted to look in it again. So all we wound up with was a lucky rabbit foot for Juanita. But, after a month, that grew horrible looking too, shrinking down so the bone end poked out, and turning black and losing its hair. I think one of the dogs got it. Sparrow hunting was much better. Throw out some bread crumbs and you can get a sparrow to come up so close that when you use a 12-gauge Magnum load, full choke, they just vaporize in a puff of feathers.

Barry and I found a bunch of old things up in the attic, some Morris chairs and a cast iron, pedal-operated sewing machine, some chamber pots and an old washstand. And we set them up in the yard, in a sort of little sculpture garden, and then blew them apart by the hour from the upstairs windows using shotgun slugs and .30-.30 soft points to get the most impact and splattering of lead and shattering of wood and metal. We'd scatter some beer cans full of water in among the other stuff to explode with hollow-point .22s, also. It was as pleasant an afternoon as you can imagine, sitting in Juanita's bedroom window with a cold case of Budweiser and the hashish and twenty boxes of ammunition. Then we'd start up a car and chase the sheep around in their pasture and run motorcycles up and down the rows of corn in the front forty. We had rats in the house, and I sat up all one night downstairs, drinking whiskey and smoking hashish in an easy chair in the middle of the kitchen, waiting for them to peek out of their rat holes. Then I'd let loose with a .25 automatic. By dawn some of those rats poking their heads out of the walls were real and some of them were not. I don't think I hit any of the real ones. But I was enjoying myself. I was enjoying myself that whole summer.

Barry and I had a quarrel about something and decided we'd settle it with a duel. Among the various cars we had on the farm, there was a 1960 Chevrolet with nearly 150,000 miles on it and a 1961 Tempest that would barely run. We were up all night fixing the engines, popping the windshields out, and breaking all the knobs and handles and sharp protruding things off the doors and dashboards. Then we each painted our car with insults about the other and boasts and literary quotes and decorations. Then, in the morning, we put on motorcycle helmets and went down to the end of a mud lane that ran through the back pasture, turned the cars around, placed



T. BRINTON

them side by side, and raced back to the barnyard, slapping sides and slamming into each other. The fenders of the cars, smooth and flexible, would come together with a kind of metallic lubrication, almost a splash, as we tried to shove each other off the path. When we reached the barn, we pulled apart and began circling around as fast as we could turn and slide—sending up showers of old manure and clipping the rickety chicken coops—each trying to position himself to take a run at the other.

Barry struck me on the passenger side, a T-bone collision. The window was rolled down and there was a beautiful geyser of glass up from inside the door. Then I did a bootleg turn mid-way in a head-on chicken run and punched in his radiator with one fin from my Chevrolet's rear deck lid. But we kept the cars going most of the day, calling a time out whenever the fenders were bent in so that the tires couldn't turn. Uncle Mike and Juanita would then pry out the wheel wells with crowbars and we'd go back at it. We'd lunge and dodge and chase our friends out of the way, with Barry spraying steam until he blind-sided me and I was plowed into a chicken coop that fell down around me; from there the car wouldn't budge and I could barely get out myself.

One of the dogs we had, Juanita's, was a Great Dane with an undocked tail the length of a human arm. It was a happy dog without many nerve endings and was continually wagging the tail, beating the end of it into a bloody sore against the furniture, kitchen cabinets, and walls. Everywhere it hit, the tail left a big red dot of blood—all the way around the living-room walls, at dog-ass height, and up the stairwell and around the rooms upstairs. The dots looked like perforations, and Uncle Mike, with his obsessive calculations, said that if you cut along this dotted line with a chainsaw you could pull the house apart in a conical helix. I believe he would have tried it if he hadn't been so lazy from the hashish and if we'd had a chainsaw.

We even had a little mystery and terror on the front lawn when we found the lamb (which was more or less a pet) with its stomach torn open and its insides gone. There were some fat paw tracks around, and Barry, who had more claim to woodcraft, since he was the one who had skinned the rabbit, was positive a mountain lion did it. I thought the farmers would laugh at us  
*continued on page 43*

# AUTO MODULES



## In-Dash Component Systems.

A component system in disguise.

If you've always wanted component sound, Mitsubishi has the answer. Our new Auto Modules have all the advantages of component separates, yet feature all the conveniences of an in-dash system.

The CZ-747 with its super-compact chassis, contains the in-dash module tape transport and tuning sections. It features a Sendust head, metal tape bias switch and an electronic tuning system with memory, scan and auto-search. Time-of-day and tuning frequency are digitally displayed and both tape and FM feature Dolby® Noise Reduction.

There's also the CZ-692. It features five AM or five FM pushbutton tuning, Sendust head and metal tape bias. It too has Dolby® Noise Reduction on tape and FM sections.

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This summer...

# DON'T LET FAIRIES SPOIL YOUR OUTDOOR KNOCK



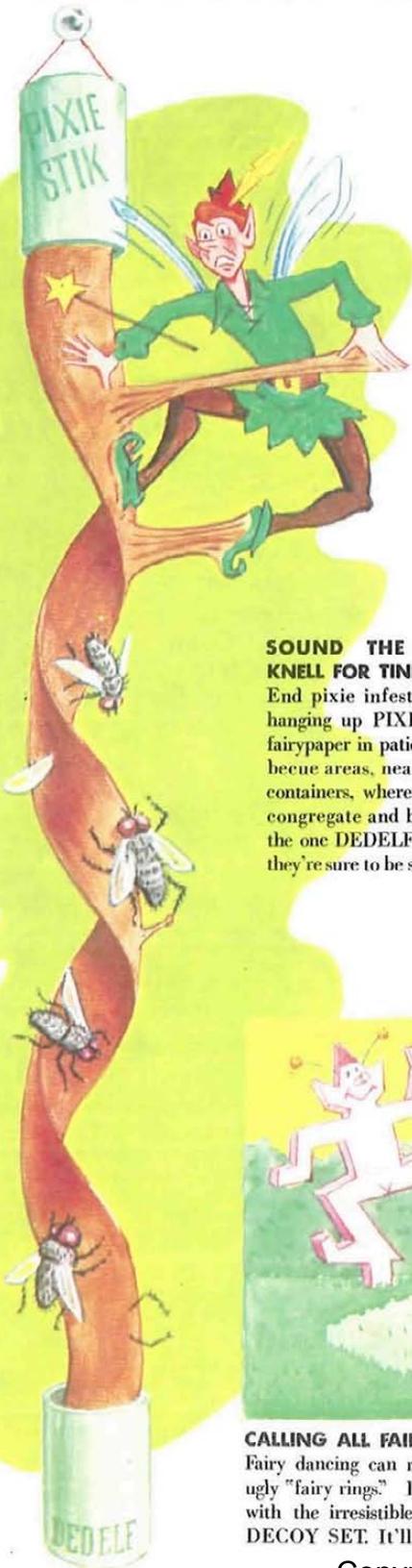
**IT ROUTED THE NIPS FROM THEIR CAVES ON OKINAWA; IT'LL DO THE SAME JOB ON BROWNIES!** Yes, it's a flamethrower; but domesticated, and used together with BURNIE® petroleum derivative spray, it's going to work for American families to make this country safe for picnics!



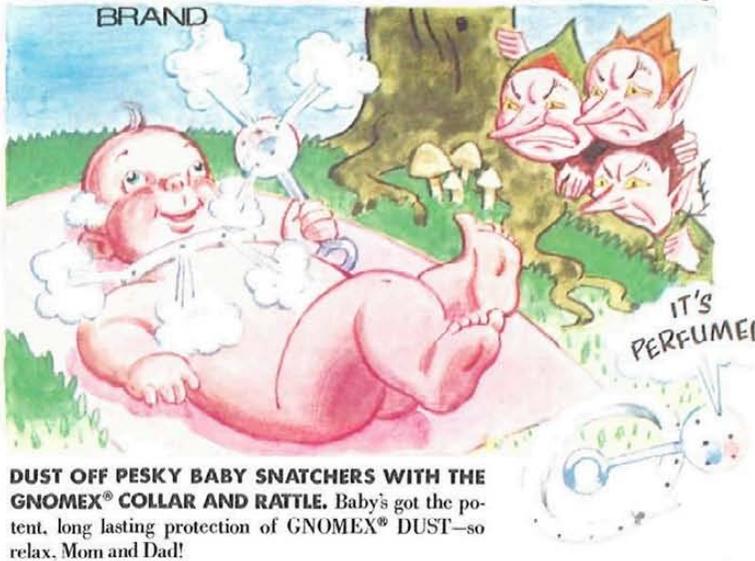
**COME ON IN, THE WATER'S FINE!** Public health authorities are adding NYMPH-NO® to whole water supply systems. No wonder! Just one teaspoon will rid an Olympic-size swimming pool of naiads, sprites, and water babies for up to three months. Also effective against mermaids.



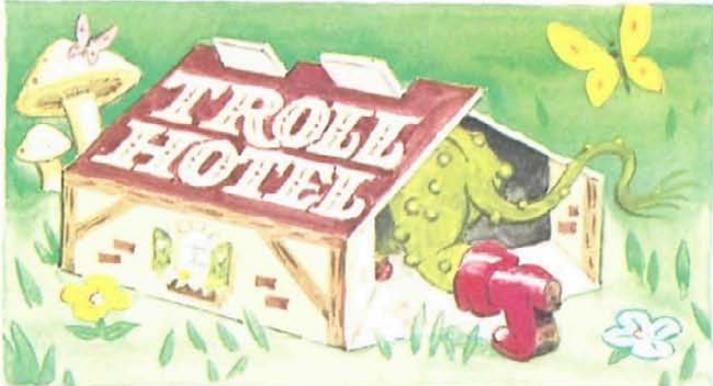
# DOOR FUN! K'EM DEAD WITH DEDELF® PRODUCTS!



**SOUND THE DEATH KNELL FOR TINKERBELL!**  
End pixie infestations by hanging up PIXIE STIK® fairypaper in patio and barbecue areas, near garbage containers, wherever fairies congregate and breed. It's the one DEDELF® product they're sure to be stuck on!



**DUST OFF PESKY BABY SNATCHERS WITH THE GNOMEX® COLLAR AND RATTLE.** Baby's got the potent, long lasting protection of GNOMEX® DUST—so relax, Mom and Dad!



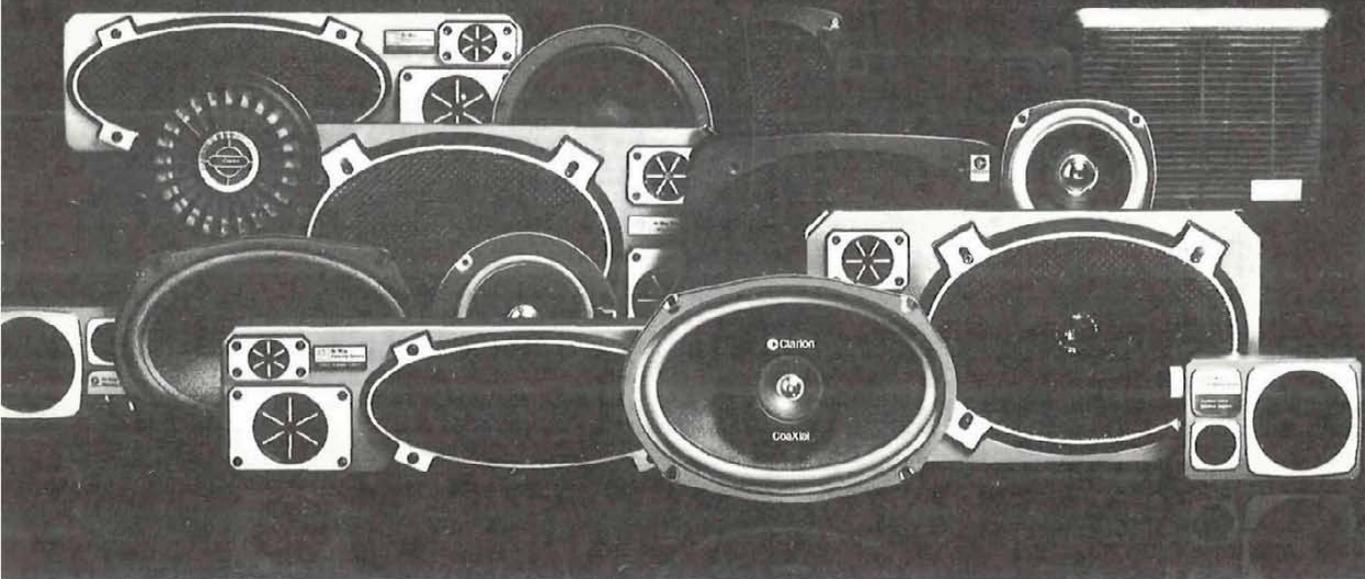
**THIS WAY TO YOUR ROOM, MR. TROLL.** Show him some real American hospitality in a TROLL HOTEL® where every room becomes a tomb.



**CALLING ALL FAIRIES TO THE DEATH PROM!**  
Fairy dancing can raise havoc with lawns, leaving ugly "fairy rings." Invite them to their last dance with the irresistible FAIRIKALL® and DEDELF® DECOY SET. It'll be "Good night, sweetheart."



- SPRITESPRAYS •
- PIXIE PELLETS •
- FAIRICIDES •



## Talk about speakers...

And the same name keeps coming forth: Clarion.

That's because the technological advances for better efficiency are clearly obvious.

Advances like the innovative new C series with four ohm design and broader frequency response. Like high power handling. Like center mounted tweeters with bridgeless construction for more open sound. All at superior values.

And they're talking about Clarion's incomparable 3-way series. How Clarion was the first manufacturer to perfect the idea of using individually mounted speaker elements.

How the dome midrange and tweeters give out inherently better sound dispersion no matter where you sit.

And how the Mylar capacitor crossover network gives vastly improved

*\*Units tested Pioneer TS695, EPI LS70, ADS200*

high end sound and better durability.

In a recent test by an independent testing lab, Clarion's 3-way SK103, an 8 ohm system, was more efficient than all competitors' 4 ohm systems, except Pioneer's 3-way TS695, which equalled the SK103 for efficiency.\*

And finally, they're talking about the ultimate in car stereo sound. The incomparable separates. Clarion's separate tweeter/midrange, placed near ear level in a car door or dash, delivers a super defined treble along with flawless clarity in the midrange section.

Tack on Clarion's super woofers, and this system ranks with the incredible.

So today when quality is getting harder to come by at any price, investigate the Clarion speaker system. Pure quality at a price you can afford.



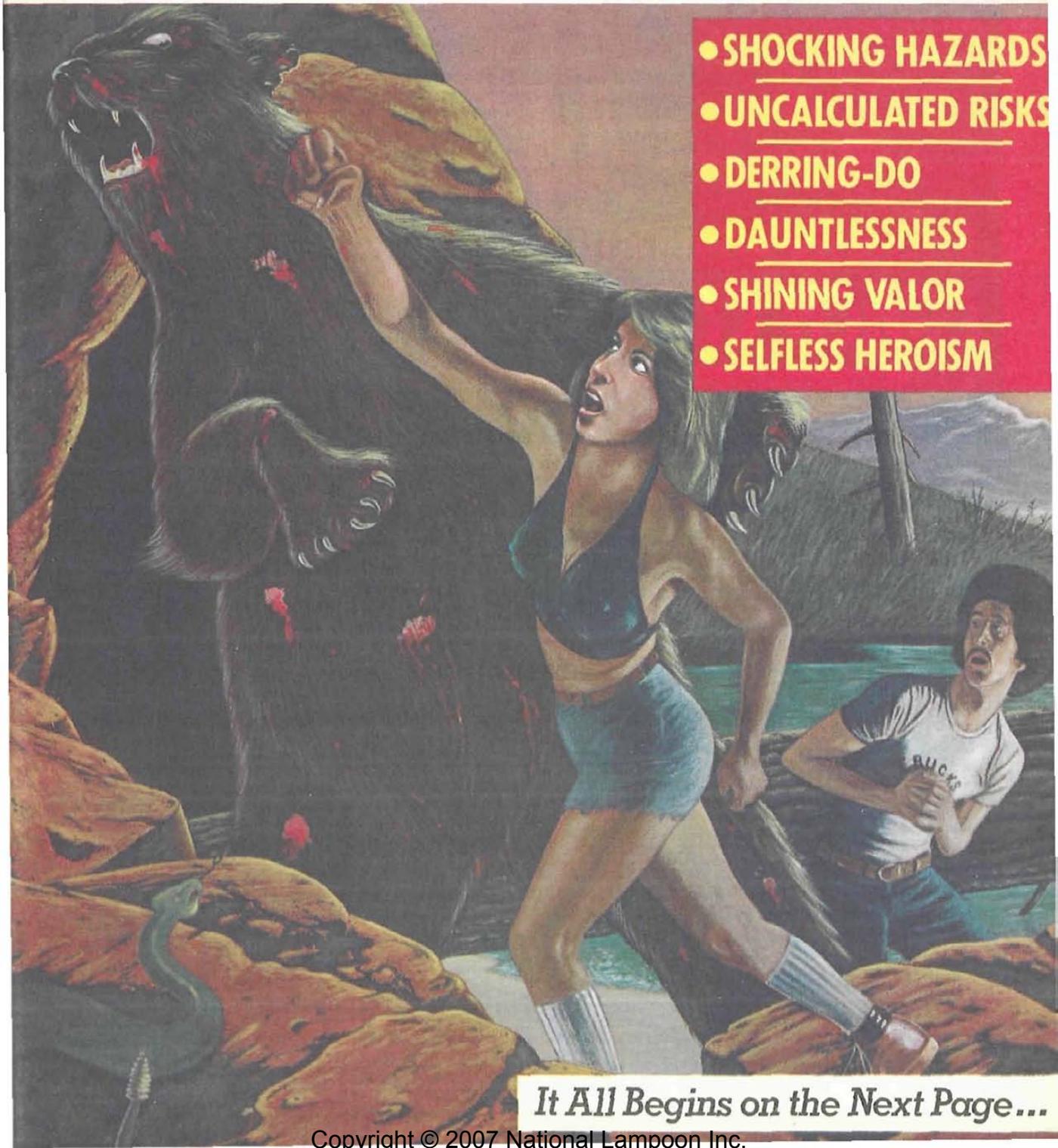
**Clarion**

QUALITY FOR THE MAGIC IN MUSIC



# Real-Life ADVENTURE

- SHOCKING HAZARDS
- UNCALCULATED RISKS
- DERRING-DO
- DAUNTLESSNESS
- SHINING VALOR
- SELFLESS HEROISM



*It All Begins on the Next Page...*

# Real-Life ADVENTURE



## Across the Atlantic in COACH CLASS

■ His headset was broken, the in-flight magazine was torn and mangled, his gin and tonic came without a twist, and the hot towels and complimentary slippers were nowhere in sight. But despite it all, William B. Anders went on to become the first CEO of a major US corporation to cross the Atlantic Ocean in the coach-class cabin. "The stink of the Pakistanis on either side of me, the wailing babies, the lack of leg-room...I'm damn lucky we didn't have to make an emergency stop in Iceland," Anders says. "I might have died from discomfort and flight attendant neglect." Dramatizing how executives someday might routinely travel abroad at reduced fare, Bill Anders got more than he bargained for. "Frankly, I thought it would be just ten unpleasant hours in a cramped seat. Well, it was that plus a starchy one-

course dinner based on an overcooked square of lasagna and lukewarm coffee." Anders survived a stewardess/passenger ratio of one to seventy-five—more than ten times the ratio any CEO had ever endured before. "I was so scared. I thought, Good God, what if I have to use the bathroom?" Crossing the Irish coastline, Anders had to face the music. "Getting out of my seat was trouble enough, but when I saw that head! What a goddamn mess! The sink was jammed up with wet towels and hair. The toilet was full. There was no soap, no toilet paper. Right then I wanted to bail out and upgrade my ticket. But a voice inside me said, 'Bill, you've come this far, go for it! I did, and I'm glad.' Was it an adventure he's likely to repeat? "Someday, when I find the balls, I'm going to take the bus to San Antonio."

## A Modern Hero

**Jitsu Sporting Goods**

# THE JITSU ALL-AMERICAN HERO SEARCH

My Jitsu All-American Hero is:

Name James S. Norwood

Address 109 Kellogg Blvd.

City Atlanta

State Georgia

Zip 30305

He's my Jitsu All-American Hero because: *Warned my sister that her microwave was leaking radioactive waves and she had it fixed and no one was injured. Also persuaded my parents to quit smoking and they are both healthy today. Saved a man at McDonald's who was choking on hamburger bun. Learned CPR and will use it as soon as possible to save lives. Every chance he gets he warns people about not eating so much fatty food and putting fiber into their diets. Never had to be asked to be brave and helps fellow people citizens.*

Signature Mrs. James S. Norwood



Jitsu is the official supplier of athletic tape to the 1980 Summer Olympic Games.

I heard about the Jitsu All-American Hero Search through:  television  radio  newspaper  magazine  other

Send to:  
Jitsu All-American Hero Search  
PO Box 323332  
Indianapolis, IN 46268

Contest is open to residents of the USA except employees of Jitsu Sporting Goods Co., their advertising agencies, subsidiaries, all retail licensees and families, friends and acquaintances of each. Contest ends June 1, 1980. All entries must be received by June 8, 1980. Allow eighteen months for delivery of prizes. Taxes on all prizes are the responsibility of the Hero. Winner will be selected by a committee of judges selected at random. Winning Hero's name and likeness will become the sole property of Jitsu Sporting Goods Company. Sporty Goods is a registered trademark of the Jitsu Sporting Goods Co., Osaka, Japan, Denver, Colorado, Brussels, Belgium.

## Photo Safari



Small, fast-moving creatures require the photographer to work quickly. Shooting at open aperture diffuses the light in the background and isolates the subject. Nikon F, 135 mm, Agfachrome 50S, 1/1000, widest aperture.



The photographer must be willing to wait long periods of time in camouflage to capture his subject. Continual refocusing and light assessment is a necessity. Canon, 200 mm, Ektachrome 200, 1/250, f4.



By observing habits and daily routines of your quarry, it is possible to set up in advance of the shot to allow yourself to shoot at a slower speed for a richer, more detailed study. Minolta, 55 mm, Kodachrome 64, 1/60, f11.

# SUSAN

## HOUSEWIFE OF FORTUNE

■ "I love to clean, I love to take care of appreciative men. I do it for the money and I do it because it's what I'm trained for. It's my duty. I'm not going to justify it and I'm not going to defend it. I do it and I like it. It doesn't make any difference to me if I bundle socks for a dictator. He can be the cruelest man who ever lived, but if he says thank-you and gives me a check, I'll take care of him and his palace. I've picked up laundry and groceries for fascists. I've cooked meals and balanced checkbooks for racists.

"It doesn't bother me. I sleep like a baby. If you give me a station wagon, a washer and dryer, a Hoover upright (self-propelled, please), a jug of Era, a box of Bounce, and a roll of Viva towels, you can have me. Would I change the sheets on Yasir Arafat's bed? If they were fitted, yes. Hell, yes. I'd hostess a Nazi dinner party and have the beer hall looking like aces before I went to bed. Like I said, I'm a professional housewife, I don't make moral judgments. I take my pay and my kudos and I don't ask questions."

## Sir Edmund Hillary's Gutter Cleaning Tips



1. Never attempt to scale a roof and clean a gutter in foul weather.
2. Chart your climb and plan your expedition carefully, bringing enough supplies and provisions for an entire afternoon.
3. Inform your wife of your climb and advise her to notify the proper authorities if you fail to return within a reasonable amount of time.
4. Establish a base where you can store your sandwiches and equipment.
5. Don't be a hero. Shovel the debris, flush the gutter, and return to base. Review your plans for your descent and proceed without delay.
6. Watch out for squirrels.

# Real-Life ADVENTURE

■ The warm glow of the autumn sky hazed the shapes of the chaparral and the scrub oak. I knew we would have to hurry to catch the environmentalists before they disappeared into the head-high brush. Jump shooting environmental champions is great fun, but it was going to be a long, hot day and we were hoping to bag one early and avoid having to beat the thickets in the scorching midday sun.

We reached the hunting area and parked the Toyota Land Cruiser in a hollow a half mile off the access road. My nephew, Ron, slipped his Marlin 444 Sporter out of its case and chambered a round. We were ready to stalk the wildest and most elusive of the private-sector wilderness protectors.

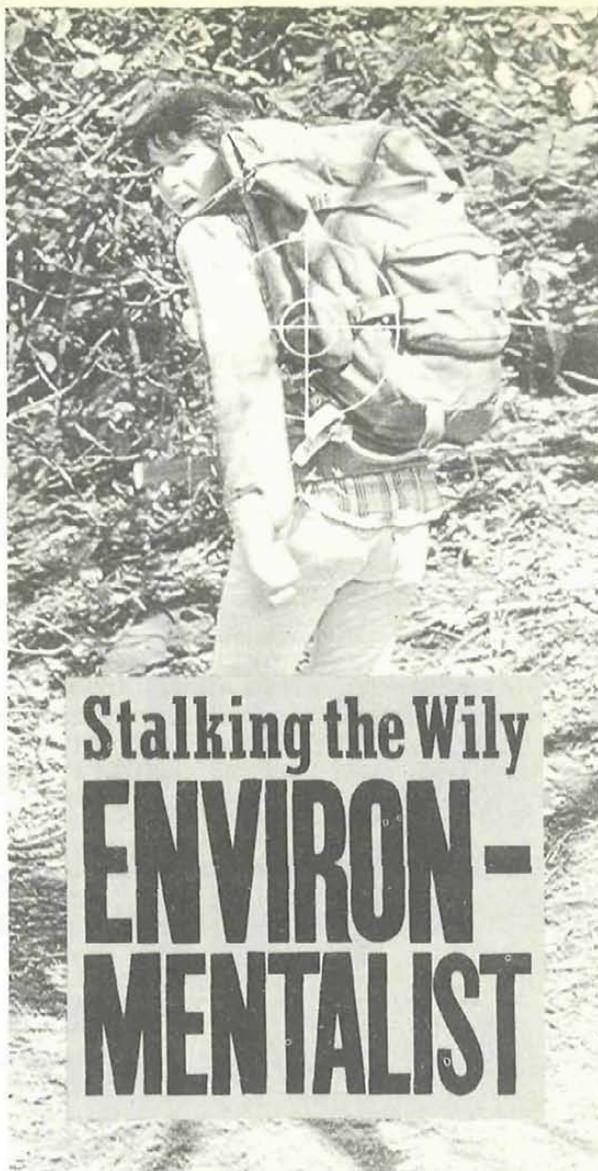
Ron and I combed the hillsides with binoculars. I immediately spotted a plump doe photographing one of the poisoned foxes we had heaved into the ravine below. The sight of a suspiciously slain animal brings out environmentalists better than anything else except maybe the "Bambi" call, a frightened windblown call, which Ron is so adept at making.

But our code of ethics prevented us from bagging a doe, so we moved on.

At noon Ron spotted some tracks. The distinctive waffle print of a big buck, a six footer. Ron guessed his weight at 190-plus. The tracks were along a narrow strip of thicket on the lip of a canyon. Sweat rolled off my chin as I hacked my way through the brush. I was sure we would bounce out the environmentalist, because the thicket was littered with sunflower seeds and there were those fresh tracks. Ron was up ahead, moving along the downwind side of the canyon. I caught the scent of Herbal Essence shampoo. We were closing in.

*Blam!* The air was shattered by the roar of Ron's 444. One shot. Then the whooping howl of the prize came rolling back up the canyon—"Ouch!" Ron had his environmentalist.

He was a big, strapping blond. He had bounced out one hundred yards ahead of me and nearly banged into Ron. He took a slug in the butt at less than fifty yards. We could hardly contain our joy as we watched him limp up the canyon to his AMC Eagle.



## Stalking the Wily ENVIRONMENTALIST

Ronnie had his trophy—a nylon backpack with that beautiful little Sierra Club patch sewn on the top. It would be a long time before

that environmentalist would sit down to write the secretary of the interior, Ronnie remarked. If ever, I laughed. If ever.

## Bravest Dog in the World



when Uncle Mike told this to everyone in the local roadhouse the next night. But they were sure it was true. It hadn't ever happened to any of them with any of their livestock, but you could see that they were envious it hadn't. I've had the story told back to me a number of times since, with the size of the paw prints and the number of dead lambs expanding every time.

One fellow volunteered that they might still have these mountain lions in Arkansas and that this one must have swam the Mississippi and come up through Tennessee and Kentucky and swam the Ohio River and that's how it got our lamb. There was even talk of a hunt with hound dogs and flashlights and another lamb staked out for bait and I don't know what-all else. I bothered to look it up and there hadn't been a mountain lion in Ohio in well over a hundred years. I suppose it might have been a bobcat, but we had dogs running loose all over the place. And it was one of these dogs, Juanita's Great Dane, that killed the lamb. He wouldn't go near the carcass and didn't eat for two days. But it would have broken Juanita's heart to say so, and disappointed all the neighbors, too. Besides, this gave us an excuse to go armed outside at night and gave an excuse for all the men in the neighborhood to do so too and to scare their wives out of going into town for bingo. Anyway, life is dull enough in Ohio.

Although we didn't think so. There were supposed to be narcotics agents, up from Cincinnati, after us. We told each other we'd shoot it out with them if they came. We were lying again. But it was fun to think we would. And to talk about how we'd do it when we did. We had a rim-fire .30-caliber rifle and a lever-action .30-.30, a .308 Winchester Model 70, an old hexagonal-barrel single-shot .22, and a couple of semiautomatic .22 rifles as well, plus a Japanese 8-mm military rifle that we didn't have the ammunition for. And we had a 12-gauge Remington pump, a 12-gauge Ithaca single shot, an old Belgian double barrel made with Damascus-twist steel, a Sears bolt-action 20 gauge that jammed all the time, a sawed-off 16 gauge with a pistol grip that Uncle Mike had made, and a High-Standard 20-gauge auto loader. Then we had the .45 service automatic, a snub-nose .38, a .25 Barretta, a .22 Astra Cub, a Luger, a .357 Colt

Python, and a pair of old derringers. But, best of all, we had a case of dynamite.

This was Uncle Mike's favorite. He said the application of explosive force was as near to pure mathematics as you could come in the physical world; although how he proved this sticking it down groundhog holes I have no idea. He used the dynamite under rocks, which would come popping right out of the earth and roll over next to their craters. And he used it under stumps, which would not. He used it up in treetops to produce a sort of "instant autumn." He used it in a giant slingshot made of motorcycle inner tube to create a great starburst in the night sky. He used it in the stream, as he said, "to fish in the manner of the Filipino," though nothing but muddy water and parts of a few crawdaddies floated to the surface. And he used so much of it out in the pasture that by the end of July the sheep were skinny and looking haunted. He even tried hunting rabbits with it, setting out half a stick with a very long fuse and next to it a bit of lettuce or carrot. Then he'd wait, Zippo in hand, for a very long time—though it may have been the hashish that made it seem so—and no rabbit would come. Finally at even the rustling suggestion of a rabbit he'd set off the fuse. We never found a dead one, but Mike said they may have just disintegrated, like the sparrows.

One afternoon in early August we

were sitting out on the front porch of the house, Uncle Mike and Barry and Juanita and I. We'd smoked a very great amount of hashish that day. In fact, we had started before breakfast and had become so disoriented that we'd been unable to fix any breakfast, or any lunch, and we were barely able to find some potato chips and Fritos and Cokes to make do with, because by dinnertime we were far too insentient to make any of that either. We were just sitting on the porch in a drift, barely able to talk, lost in our own languid fantasies and perceptive distortions, when Uncle Mike suggested a dynamite show. It would be a perfect attraction to view with our heightened senses, he said. Why, he'd wire up three whole sticks together and put them out at the far end of the lawn. The effect, he said, would be compared to a whole body orgasm, and there was none of us with energy for, or interest in, disputing him.

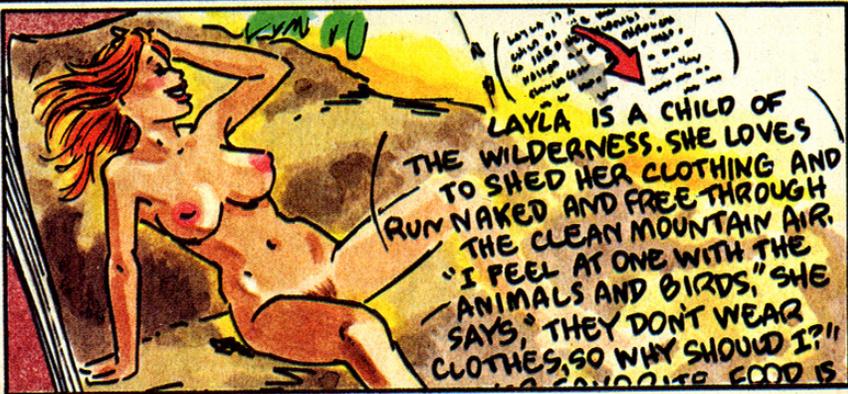
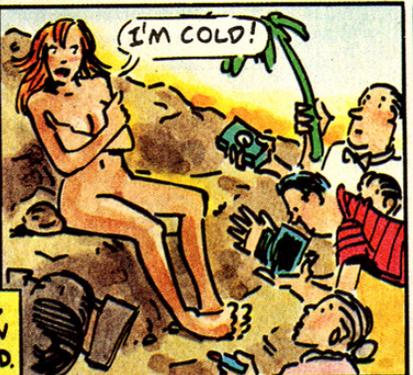
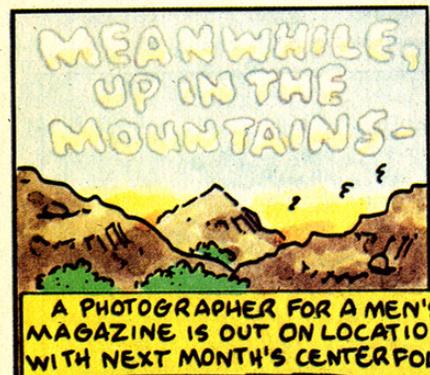
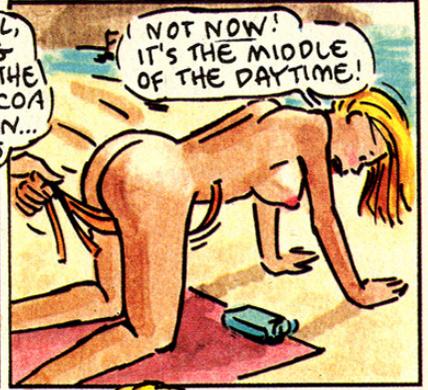
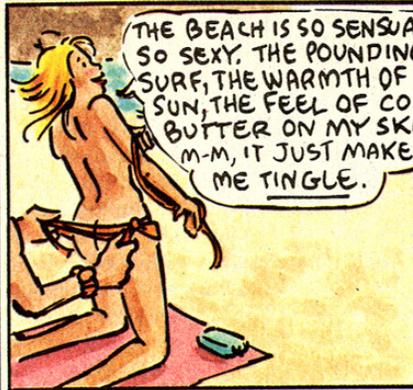
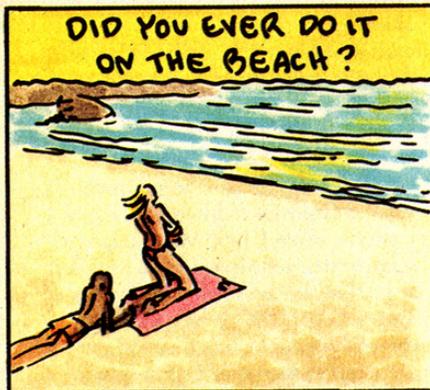
So Mike went down in the cellar, where we had the dynamite to keep it cool, and he was down there so long that we forgot he was down there at all. But he came back at last and then proceeded to fool and to fiddle with the dynamite sticks. I'm sure that his movements that day were deliberate and slower than the usual slow way that he moved, but the hashish rendered the pace of his activity glacial. It seemed an age at least while he lashed the sticks together and decided upon

continued on page 70





# OUTDOOR



# YEX

BY P.J. O'ROURKE  
ART BY MATT GOLDEN

## INSTRUCTIONS FOR HAVING REALLY GOOD OUTDOOR SEX

1. GET SOFT CUSHIONS OR AN AIR MATTRESS.
2. BRING BLANKETS.
3. AND A PILLOW.
4. TAKE ALONG A RADIO FOR MOOD MUSIC.
5. A BOTTLE OF WINE WILL BE NICE.
6. AND A PICNIC SNACK.
7. DON'T FORGET CONTRACEPTIVE DEVICES.
8. BUY EXTRA CIGARETTES.
9. AND SOME CANDLES (VERY ROMANTIC).
10. THEN BUILD A NICE HOUSE, PUT ALL THIS STUFF INSIDE IT, AND FUCK.



OH, EDDIE!  
OH, DON'T STOP!  
OH, THE WOODS  
MAKES YOU SO...  
SO... FORCEFUL!



## OUTDOOR SEX IN NEW YORK CITY

WE CALL IT RAPE.

## DID YOU EVER DO IT IN THE OCEAN?

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE OCEAN THAT TRIGGERS MY LIBIDO.



AHHH! SALT WATER IS NOT A VERY GOOD LUBRICANT!

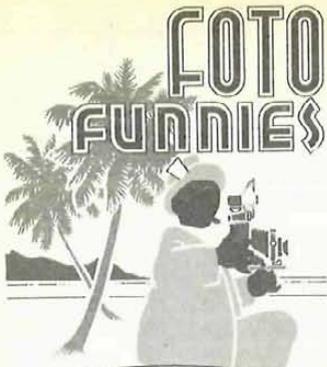


LOOK OUT!



I HOPE IT'S NOT YOUR TIME OF THE MONTH.





HEY, BUDDY,  
HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME  
HAVE A CONTEST?

OKAY.



LET'S SEE  
WHO CAN HIT THE  
OTHER GUY SOFTEST.

OKAY.



UH... I WIN.





# NO RUM REFLECTS PUERTO RICO LIKE RONRICO.

Puerto Rico is the Rum Island, the world's foremost rum-producing region. And Ronrico is *the* rum—authentic Puerto Rican rum since 1860. Ronrico's smooth, light taste has been the pride of six generations of Puerto Rican rum masters. One sip will tell you why.

**RONRICO: AUTHENTIC  
RUM OF PUERTO RICO.**

RONRICO



PUERTO RICAN  
RUM

750 ML (25.4 FL. OZ.)

BOTTLED IN PUERTO RICO

EXTRA DRY - WHITE

RONRICO



Est.

1860



General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.C. 80 proof

# Climbing Glass

by Brian Shein

The stillness of the French countryside, just before dawn. Steam rises from the fields. Somewhere beyond the town, a cock crows with Gallic precision.

I feel a tug on the rope, the go-ahead signal I've been waiting for. Out of the corner of my eye I can just glimpse the bright canary yellow of Yves's nylon climbing jacket. The sudden tautness of the cordage tells me he's inched his way further up the tricky stanchion and belayed the rope around a cusp.

Gingerly shifting my weight from calf to toe, I begin edging along the narrow sondlet I've been precariously balanced on for what has seemed an eternity. And then, with a swing of my piolet that smashes its titanium tip higher into the crumbling, ancient stanchion, I start to climb. Heels low. Legs vertical. I pick up a rhythm: *front point, rest, shift, front point*.... Another swing of the axe, upward. With growing exhilaration I realize that I'm doing it, I'm actually doing it. My feet are fairly dancing now, up across the sheer surface. Quickly looking down, I watch my crampons rake over a ruby red mouchette and bite into a floral motif. It's incredible to remember that the glass I'm climbing is at least seven hundred years old.

Incredible, fantastic, and absolutely intoxicating. For, as the first rays of the sun penetrate the chill morning air, Yves Mouchignard and I are well on our way up the northeastern face of the Cathedral of Sainte Jeanne de Froyes, reputedly one of the most challenging climbs in southern France. We're stepping up one of the lateral arched windows, but this is only the first stage of our ascent. Far above us rises what will be the ultimate chal-

lenge: the magnificent thirteenth-century rose window, that intricate and infinitely treacherous labyrinth of richly hued and textured glass, blazing with a glory fiercer than the dawn. Before the sun has reached its midpoint in the sky, Yves and I hope to conquer the rose and reach the small trefoil window just above it—the highest point of glass on the cathedral's facade.

Climbing glass. This is Yves Mouchignard's sport, a sport he has made his own.

"It is like rock climbing, yes. Or like ice climbing," Yves says. "But..." he adds with a characteristic shrug and a wry smile, "*le verre est le verre.*" Glass is glass.

The anonymous workmen and master craftsmen who built the great Gothic cathedrals of Europe used a complex system of scaffolding to install the panes of the stained-glass windows. Perhaps some of the master window makers developed techniques akin to rock climbing that allowed them to balance on the stanchions and sondlets (vertical and horizontal masonry supports) of the windows, while the lines of lead that held the panes of glass in place might have given their fingers some purchase. It is doubtful, however, that much true climbing took place.

The notion of actually climbing on, not around, glass only emerged in the nineteenth century, in Victorian England. Ironically, a sport that was to lead to some of the great religious monuments of the world had its true beginnings in criminal activity. It was the British burglar Ned Pritchard

("The Flying Yorkshireman") who first developed a "human fly" system of suction cups attached to feet, knees, and hands. What began as a carnival stunt for Pritchard soon became a means of reaching otherwise inaccessible windows. Pritchard was arrested eventually, but not during one of his burglaries. For the sheer sport of it, Pritchard scaled the side of London's Crystal Palace, destroying three hundred individual panes of glass. The policemen who arrested him on his descent were so taken with the feat that they forced him to do it again to prove their eyes had not deceived them.

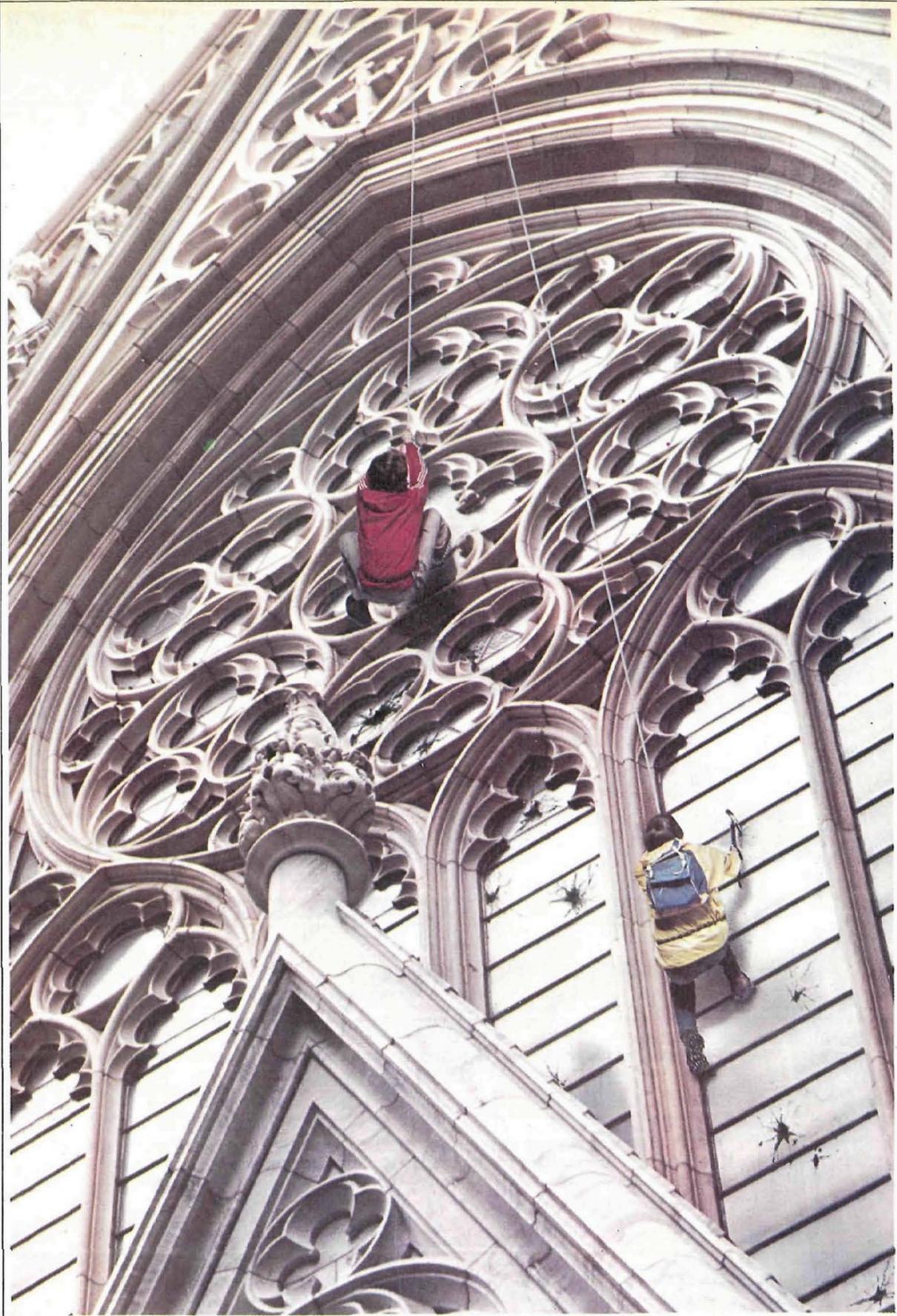
Pritchard's suction-cup method is still the preferred style of British glass climbers. French climbers like Mouchignard scorn the *trucs anglais* (English gadgets) as clumsy, inelegant, and downright silly.

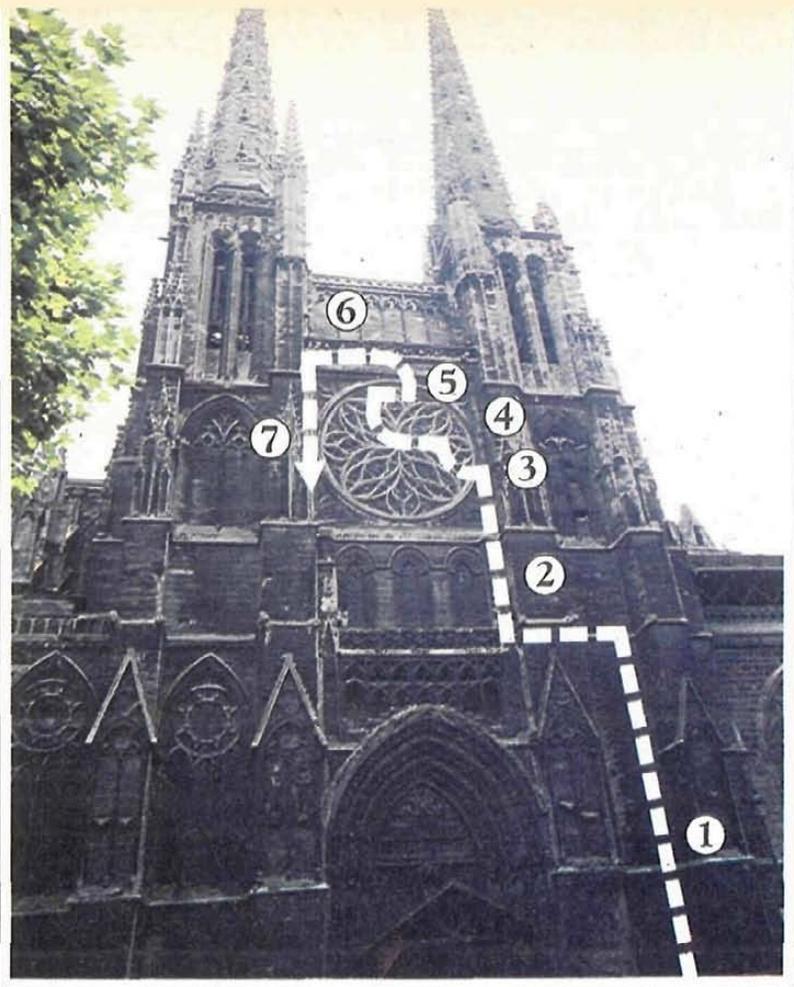
The true sporting aspect of glass climbing developed during the 1930s, with an American, Langston DuFresne. This suave and stylish New Orleans cat burglar emigrated to Paris, where he became part of Cole Porter's circle. His climb of the rose window of Notre Dame Cathedral became a legend and inspired the French enthusiasm for climbing not just glass but *stained glass*—the older and more precious the better.

But it was in the early 1960s that Yves Mouchignard revolutionized the sport, putting it on a scientific basis as elegant as it was brilliant.

Mouchignard's startling advance was based on a simple observation of physics. Every schoolboy knows that a

*Ascent of Sainte Jeanne de Froyes. A half day's climb up some of the most ancient glasswork of Europe.*





1. The first stage. An easy masonry climb. 2. Mouchignard selected this lateral assault path to provide a single long stretch of surface climbing to: 3. End of first stage. Rest here. 4. Crisscrossing climb of rose window. Crumbling masonry and chipped glass surface make this the most difficult section. 5. Central window. Future climbers, beware of false lead lines. 6. The trefoil window. Summit of the climb. 7. Descent path down masonry.

ing my crampons, leaning in with my weight carefully balanced, I start to follow Yves up when suddenly my left foot slips. In one of those frozen moments of horror I look down and realize what has happened. Medieval window makers occasionally laid what are known as "dummy lead lines" or "false leads" across a glass surface in order to preserve the symmetry of the design. This is what I have placed my weight on, and the dummy line has broken away. A crack begins to spread through the glass just below my heel, threatening the surface tension of the entire pane, perhaps the whole central panel. For a terrible instant I imagine myself crashing through a thousand million shards of glittering glass, and I hear my voice calling out for help.

"Scramble!" Yves yells.

Insanely, my feet and hands claw up the glass. My right hand grasps a corner of masonry. Just in time. I hear the sound of a pane smashing far below me. The surface had held just long enough for me to reach safety.

Yves grins down at me. "You almost missed the best part. Look!" He points up to where I can now see the trefoil window, the goal of our climb.

It's so close I can almost feel it: the satisfying bite of the crampons, the final pull on the axe, the goal attained. The perfectly formed window, its ancient glass radiant in the sun. The triumph of climbing what few have climbed before—climbing glass. □

needle placed on the surface of a glass of water will remain there floating. The surface tension of the liquid provides a "skin" that supports the weight of the needle, although the latter's specific gravity exceeds that of the water.

How does this apply to glass? Yves's eyes sparkle when he explains that, contrary to popular belief, glass is a liquid, not a solid. Take a look at some old glass, he urges. A window in some old church or schoolhouse, for instance. If you look carefully, you will note ripples and bumps that are not faults in the glass but the result of the glass's slow but persistent flow.

"*Ca s'écoule lentement, mais ca s'écoule*" ("It flows slowly, but it flows"), Yves insists. And it was this realization that led him to simply adapt the mountain climber's crampons and ice axe (piolet) so that the skillful climber, taking advantage of surface tension, can ascend the surface of the glass itself, skimming upward across foils, falchions, and mouchettes as light as any water-walking fly, but with breakage associated with a man's greater weight.

The sun beats down on the nape of

my neck and my eyes are half blinded by the reflection of the glass. Yves and I are halfway up the great rose window now, climbing side by side. We've negotiated a series of foils and cusps, crisscrossing our way across the surface until we're now ready to step up onto the central motif, a burning circle of glass subdivided by lines of lead. Yves goes first, his crampons tap-dancing up the brilliant heart of the rose, up and then over the masonry ridge to where the second half of the climb—routine by now—begins. Front point-

## Tiffany: Climbing Glass American Style

The choice glass-climbing locales are the great Gothic cathedrals of Europe. Toledo, Bourges, York, Geneva, Strasbourg, Louviers—these and many other classic ascents promise the sportsman the challenge of centuries-old glass and the delight of intricate tracery motifs. Gothic stained glass is the most respected climbing medium. American sportsmen, however, have an invigorating and enjoyable alternative, in the form of Tiffany windows. The various richly colored and textured glasses produced by the Tiffany studios (pressed-glass blisters and squares, ripple glass, drapery glass) can be found in many major American cities and offer challenges of their own.

An excellent beginner's climb in midtown Manhattan, for instance, is the Woodward Memorial "Dorcas and Saint Martin" Window in Saint Thomas Episcopal Church.

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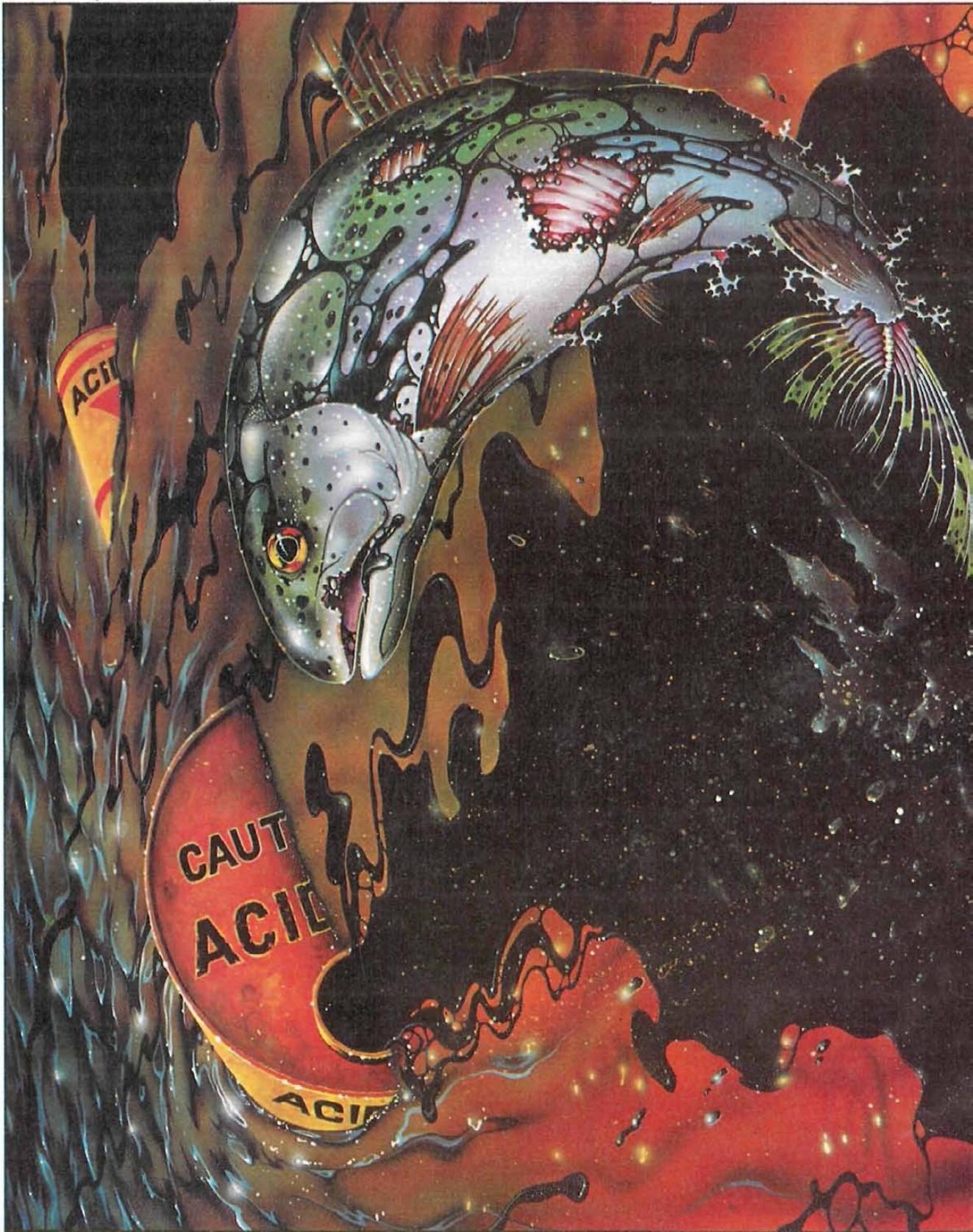
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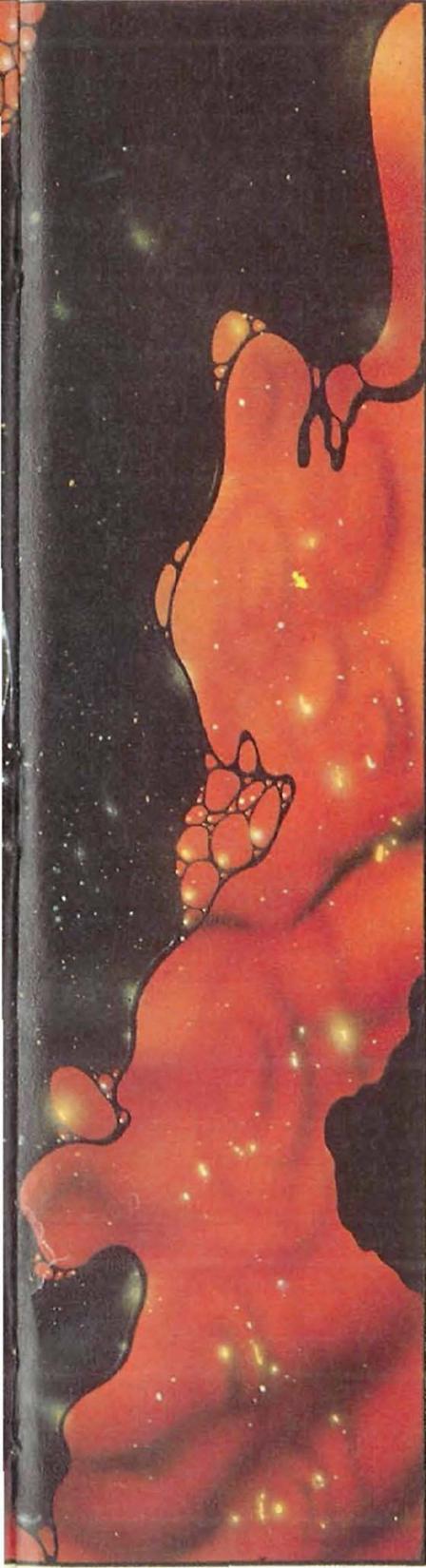
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| 6           | 7            | 8    | 9   | 10  | 11           | 12           |
| 13          | 14           | 15   | 16  | 17  | 18           | 19           |
| 20          | 21           | 22   | 23  | 24  | 25           | 26           |
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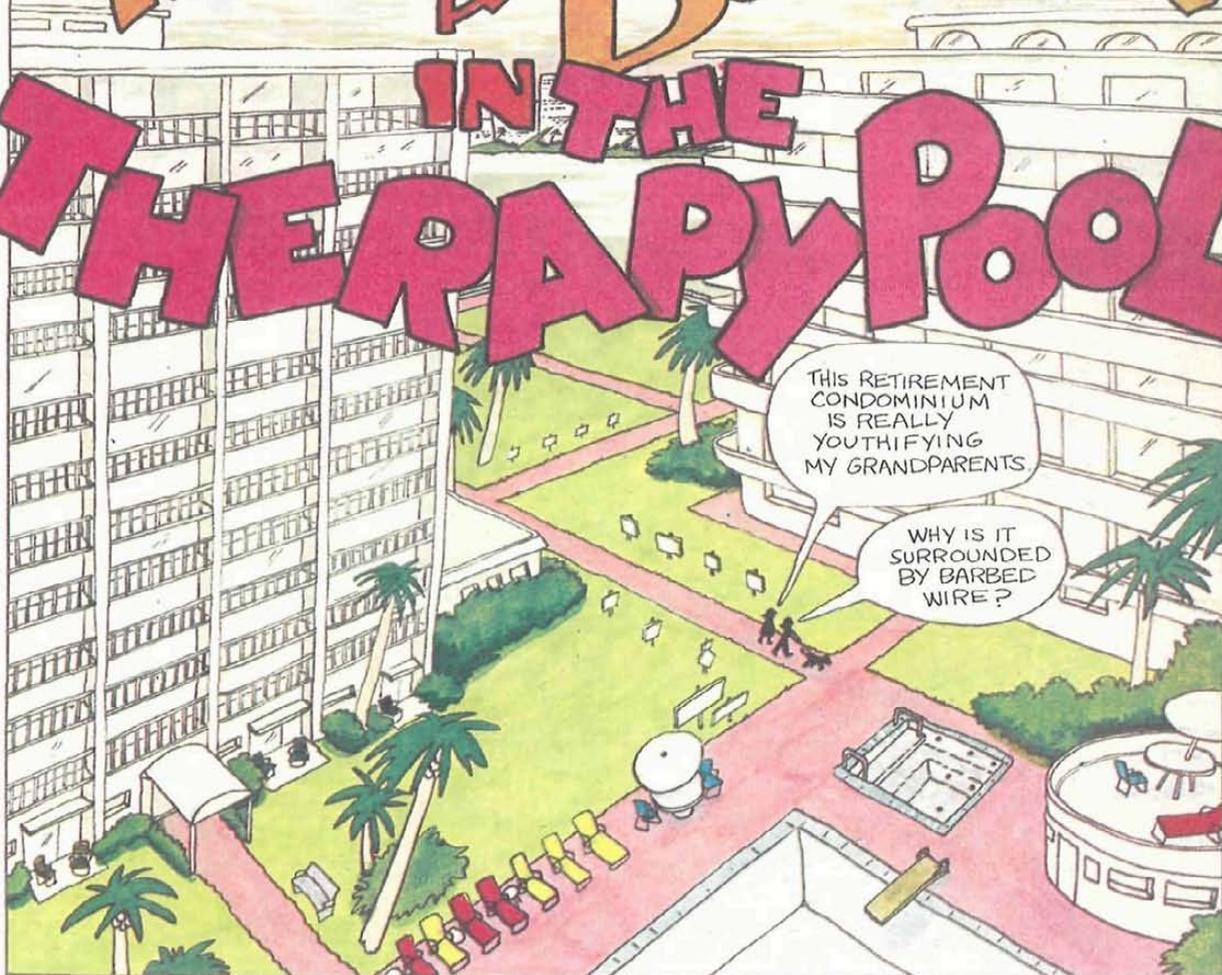


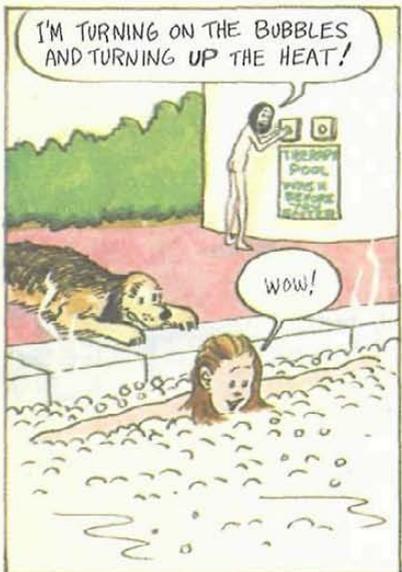
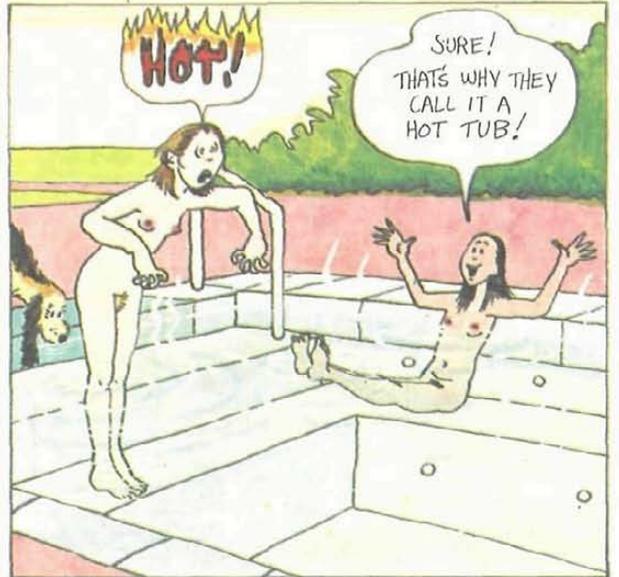
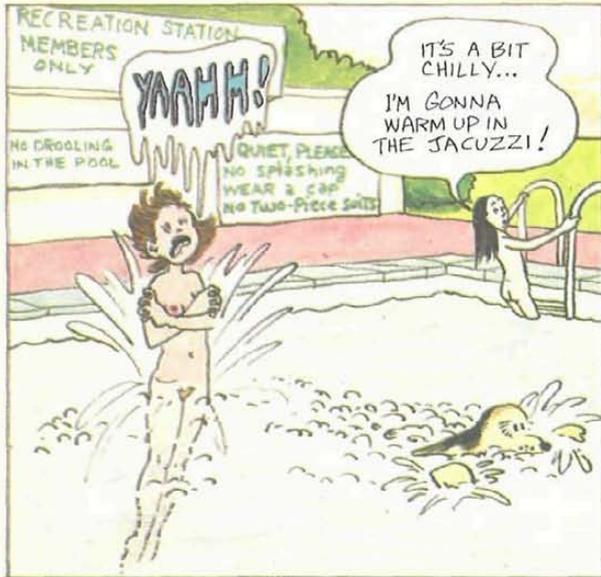
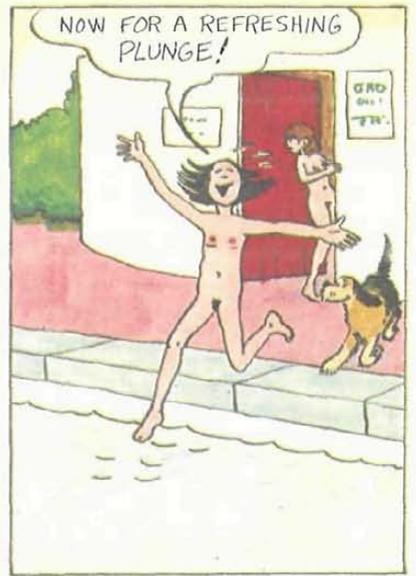
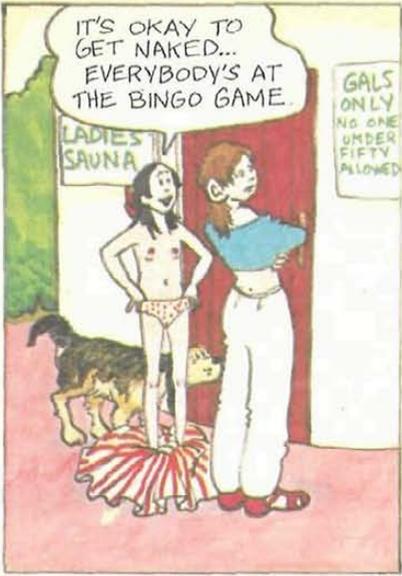
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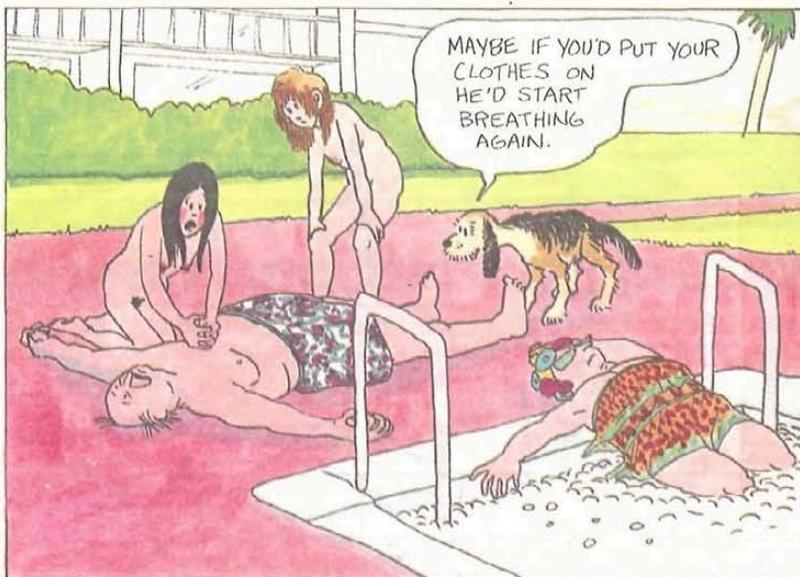
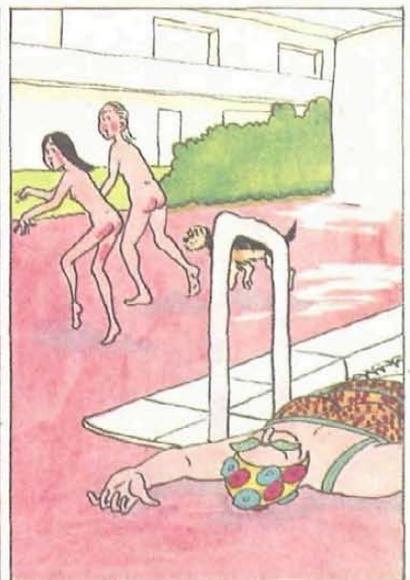
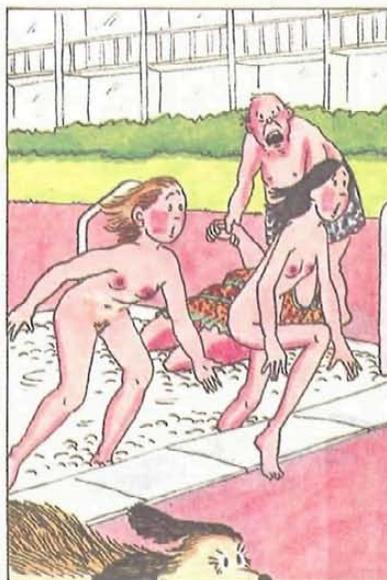
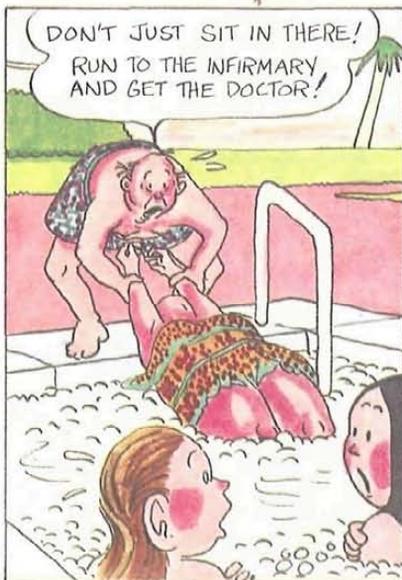
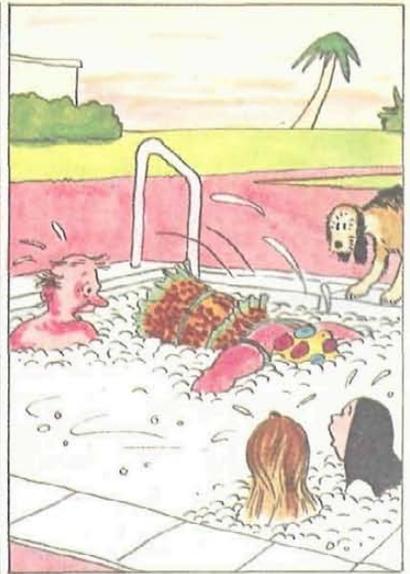
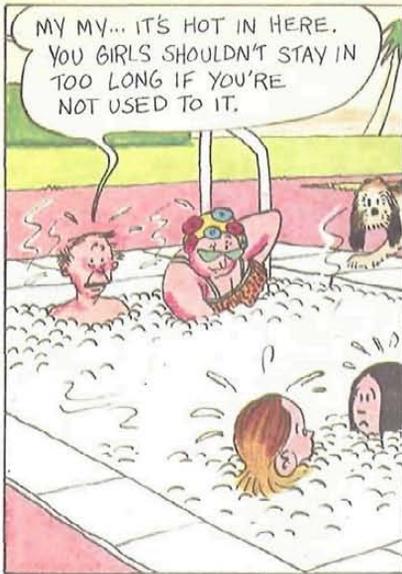
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# PROFILES

COMING INTO THE RIVER AND GIVING GOOD CRAFT

THE Saint Sebastian starts as a small, persistent stream and pushes its way north, widening imperceptibly, until one day you know you've graduated to a big river. We know we have arrived when our rafts do a double back ferry and hurtle us down the Horny Backed Rapids, with the winds sending up high furrowing waves that make our descent more treacherous.

"How dangerous is the river down here?" I call to Bruce Carnegie. Bruce has just gotten a nasty crack in the ribs from a sharp rock as he tried to spume the rapids on his stomach, a trick he learned from the Canadian beaver hunters. It didn't do him much good on the Saint Sebastian. He says the river is pretty dangerous. His head is bleeding through the big gray fedora that he always wears, winter and summer.

"It's not as sneaky as the upper Callahoosic. It's a more open river, with some of the bravado of the Minitaww or the Kennebago. It's more like a river in search of its identity, hence a little insecure at times. That's also why it's so unpredictable."

Carnegie is hanging onto a spruce branch that is protruding from the rapids. I am hanging onto his trouser legs. Bruce is wearing heavy-duty Pfister canvas-twill rafting pants that he gets in the mail from Hokey's in Idaho. They are lined with untreated llama wool from Ecuador. He swears by them and will never set foot on a raft in anything else.

Carnegie is a short, neatly built man with faded blue eyes—exactly one year younger than forty-five. He has rafted here before. He is the author of no less than six books on the Saint Sebastian, and in his time he has been a rafting guide and raft builder and has run a rafting school in Colorado.

Carnegie is in the lead raft with me. Chad Vanderbilt and Doug Astor are following us. Again, as it has done hundreds of times, the Saint Sebastian takes us by surprise. I watch Chad topple over like a Chinese tumbler and land on his coccyx, but he recovers and floats downstream to



Emil DeLefcourtville

safety. Doug is right behind him. But Bruce has no time to splake his pole and go into reverse. The only thing we can do is furl our way through. Carnegie is the great-grandson of Andrew Carnegie, the founder of US Steel. That explains his streak of cockiness and the decision to furl. We might have made it cleanly if we were furling in one of those big bondereaux, the rafts that the old loggers used. But we are using lightweight sport rafts—Carnegie and I on a Tempex, Chad and Doug on a Humbard.

A small falling tree hits Carnegie squarely and sends him downstream. My grip on his pants is loosened and I careen alongside him. Luckily, Chad and Doug have recovered and can pole us to safety. The rafts are basically unharmed. There is no small amount of luck in rafting; or, as Carnegie puts it, "Go with the flow, and when there's no flow, follow the song of the loon."

WE camp that night on McGuff's Island, one of the nineteen small islands called Joshua's Horn. Carnegie is fully recovered and is pitching his tent, a small bungalowlike affair made by Swamp

Fox of Peterborough, New Hampshire. I am warmly established in my Klopfer Ultimo III. We are all gear buffs, mail-order madmen, though we approach the subject in the most offhand way. Chad Vanderbilt, a tall, well-knit man in his mid thirties, is deeply involved with Yugoslavian camping equipment. "Their stuff is like the people themselves—capable of great longevity," he says. "Look at Tito." Vanderbilt's Yugoslavian tent is shaped like an inverted mushroom. He is a great-grandson of the old commodore, but he forsook the social whirl of New York to "bump into trees and walk on damp moss." He works for the Department of Fisheries and Hatcheries as an egg inspector. As it happens, he is Doug Astor's brother-in-law. And Carnegie is a cousin of both. Rafting is a close-knit, incestuous way of life.

We are to raft down the Saint Sebastian until it meets the Callabash, where the US

Army Corps of Engineers is lobbying to build a new dam and a network of lakes. "The beginning of the end," says Astor. "It'll be a toilet, a goddamn toilet." His favorite word for anything he hates is "toilet." Astor is a conservationist who specializes in rodents. His great-grand-uncle was Jacob Astor, who started his empire as a fur trapper. At the mouth of the Callabash, near Bungabunkport, we will pay a visit to Emil DeLefcourtville, a young American of some French-Canadian extraction who still makes rafts entirely by hand, using potato skins, exactly the way the ancient Celts, the rofters of Ireland, did.

MORNING on McGuff's Island. The inky gray Saint Sebastian shimmers in the mist. Temperature in the low twenties. Vanderbilt and Astor are making breakfast (figs and prosciutto, freeze-dried scallop and mushroom crepes, pineapple cheesecake). They are oblivious to the cold. I am shivering in my Norwegian Wagg fishermen's underwear, my cashmere turtleneck shirt from Cragmuir of Glasgow, my Peter Snutt natural-oiled walnut sweater from New

Zealand, my special-order Ice Station Arctic parka from Condor Mountain Synergistic Gearworks, two layers of High Count thermal boot socks, and triple-lined insulated Swiss hiking boots from Hesselmeier.

The river out of McGuff's Island settles into a smooth, regular run. We have a chance to observe, to tarry, to cast a fly. Astor is still looking for his first moose. In the space of two hours we see a couple of wolverines, a roebuck, a half dozen flying squirrels, a pair of mating badgers, an old puma, three lions, a water buffalo, a Rhode Island Red hen, a large snake, a young wild boar, three marmosets, a capuchin monkey, roving bands of river coyote, a Shetland pony, a nest of eagles, a shy panther cub, a family of zebra, a white lynx, five or six sable, a great northern spitz, a mother cougar, five weasels, a chinchilla, a stone marten, and a lot of rodents identified by Astor.

We are doing well. Better than expected. On the third day we are having lunch near Kennebeco Pond, in the dilapidated but livable cabin of Frank Ambrose, one of the "woods people" of the Saint Sebastian. We share his meal of calves brains, honey, matzo, and Hershey bars. Ambrose is a medium-size, wiry man in a white butcher's apron. He is a love doll customizer, a not unrewarding craft in this sparsely populated region. He is considered to be one of the three or four best love doll customizers in America.

**C**USTOMIZING a love doll is similar to customizing a car, in that you start with a standard, stock model and you restyle and modify it into something entirely new, your own vision of what the

original should be. In the case of love dolls (those life-size inflatable rubber or plastic replicas of nude women, sold in the men's sex magazines), Ambrose prefers to work with a middle-priced model, a figure that he calls a "cutie petootie."

"A toot is the best kind of love doll to work on," says Ambrose. He likes to abbreviate the names of the dolls and the various parts of a woman's anatomy. "A toot is reasonably priced. Not too crude, like the cheap ones. And it's not overdone, like the expensive ones, which makes it harder to put your own custom work on it. I use a basic 2101, which is the model number for a medium-grade rubber figure, usually going about five two or three, with thirty-five—twenty-four—thirty-five measurements. Very simple, very curvy. First thing I do is firm up the BBs, the boobs, and make them real high with a nice valley in between. I work with soft plastics, styrofoams, new chemical sprays that give you a nice fleshy quality. Amazing what you can do with soft plastics. I do custom nips, say, with extra-large auries. Sometimes I'll trim the waist, and almost always I have to reshape the tocks so they're perfectly round and heart shaped. I myself prefer a double dimple above the tocks. Bellies are important, and you'd be surprised how fussy guys are about the buttons."

When the basic toot is modified into a superbly proportioned figure (Ambrose was creating "10's years before the current craze) he attacks the face, where he'll work from a dozen or so recognizable types and then construct his ingenious variations.

Ambrose demonstrates the flexibility of the dolls, how the arms and legs can be moved easily, the yielding but springy

quality of the "flesh" as he pinches them. The air is filled with the smell of his highly sophisticated plastics and chemicals. It is a dangerous place to work. His cabin has burned down four times in the last year. But he continues to serve the woods people, men who live in the wilderness alone, who have the "terrible need." "It's either my love dolls or some kind of evil act I wouldn't care to talk about," says Ambrose. As we push off in our rafts, he is so involved with the hips of a fine-looking toot that he doesn't even wave good-bye.

**W**E have one more stop to make before seeing DeLefcourtville—a small restaurant, or perhaps it could be called by that peculiar New York term, a "luncheonette." It is certainly more than a snack bar, a little less than a large, ambitious diner. Ideally it would be best to call it "a place to eat." It is, by all accounts, the place where I have had hundreds of the finest meals of my life, meals I would rate far more interesting and challenging than those of the starred establishments of France.

The cook who is responsible for giving me so much pleasure has allowed me to write about him only on the condition that neither his name nor his wife's, nor the name and location of their eating place, be mentioned. He prefers to call himself Bobo for the purposes of our story. "Bobo signifies strength to me," he says. "It's unpretentious but tough and kind of jaunty. Bobo. Yes, I like that name. Call me Bobo."

"Fine. I'll call you Bobo."

His wife will be called Hortense, though her real name is a far cry from Hortense. Hortense is primarily responsible for the desserts. She is also the waitress and greets people at the door. Bobo and Hortense comprise the entire staff of the restaurant, a nondescript, low-ceilinged place with the usual Coca-Cola signs, some calendars, a blue and green linoleum floor, and green painted walls. Near the cash register is a picture of Bobo holding a modest-size fish from a nearby lake. The first dollar they earned is taped to the wall.

Bobo works in a small kitchen in the rear of the restaurant. In an area as remote as this, his customers tend to be repeaters and have over the years become his friends as well. He prefers it this way—a small, steady clientele in an out-of-the-way place. He is not unrealistic about his talents. He knows that if he gave in to media publicity, his property would be invaded, first by the food establishment, the critics from the glossy, high-toned magazines, and then by the army of



tourists who live on the latest restaurant reviews. He cannot afford to feed these curiosity seekers properly. "Sure, I could get a few kids from the high school to help out, but then I'd lose the intimate contact I have with each dish I make. I'd become a supervisor, not a chef. I'm just egotistical enough to feel that I've got to cook everything myself or it's just not right."

Bobo is an amply proportioned man of middle age and height with a slim, athlete's body desperately trying to get out. He still moves with the grace of an athlete—he was on his high-school archery team and is fairly good at horseshoe pitching. His wife Hortense is pleasantly beefy and constantly moans about her "poor feet." They both work eighteen hours a day, seven days a week. "Maybe God rested, but people have to eat on Sunday too, you know." Bobo has been wearing the same shirt and trousers he wore in 1968, when he started his eating place. He feels that they've just been broken in. Hortense wears loose-fitting pants of a bright purple satiny material ("I think they're called harem pants") and a cotton plaid shirt. She is always too busy to wash her hair.

BOBO is working on the dinner menu when we arrive. "I'm going to do something different with bologna tonight," he says. "I'm going to batter fry it and serve it with tartar sauce and these wonderful Del Monte French-style green beans. The ones that are sliced thin. The secret is to heat up the green beans in their own juices from the can. People throw away the juice and heat the beans in water. Wrong. Totally wrong."

He puts his hands right into the hot boiling juice and samples a bean. He screams in pain. He always forgets to use a spoon or a fork when working with boiling water. His fingers, or what is left of them, bear the marks of many burnings.

After opening another large can of Del Monte ("They're better than the supermarket brands or the institutional brands. It's worth the extra few cents"), he scrapes some mold off a large slab of bologna. "If you know your molds, you're okay. This mold is yellowish, which means it's nowhere near being spoiled. The bacteria haven't penetrated the center of the meat. White and yellow molds are fine. Green is okay too, but most people are scared of it. I age my bolognas until they're deep yellow and really soft. They don't need any tenderizing or MSG. A bologna can lose its proper texture when it gets to green mold. If you see blue, red, or purple mold, you're out of luck. The bologna's gone."

"I'll serve white bread with the bologna and the tartar sauce." He lifts a large institutional-size loaf of Wonder bread and pokes his fingers into the center of a slice. It gives and springs back to shape like a spongy rubber band. Bobo won't serve it unless it has this springy quality. "People can tell when their white bread isn't springy. I like to store my bread in a warm dark place, so it'll keep for years. I usually put it under our bed. Sometimes if we're not sure about a batch, we sleep with it. Snuggle up to it so it gets our body heat. It's good for the bread, and we don't mind it either."

There are always sandwiches on Bobo's menu. He likes to do at least two or three hot kinds. As far as I know, he is the only chef who can do a proper grilled turkey roll. "It's timing," says Hortense. "I can make a perfectly good grilled turkey roll if there is no pressure on me [Bobo gives her a dirty look—as if she has no business even trying], but Bobo can do it while juggling three or four other sandwich orders and it always comes out perfect."

"You don't grill the turkey roll and the bread together, like you do with grilled cheese sandwiches," says Bobo. "What you do is toast the bread separately, grill the slices of turkey roll real fast, put the grilled slices on the toast, add a dash of mayonnaise and a piece or two of lettuce, and then flatten the whole thing with a butcher's cleaver, so it looks all of a piece."

He demonstrates by making me one. He seems to be cooking on sheer instinct, not pausing for a second. He takes out two pieces of white Wonder bread and drops them easily into his toaster, an old Proctor-Silex he got when opening a bank account. While the bread is toasting, he takes exactly three slices of turkey roll and lays them out on his grill. Without consulting a watch or a timer, he flips them over again and again with an old fork. "A fork's better than a spatula for this kind of frying. You want to be careful not to burn the thin slices." Just as the toast pops up he takes the three slices of turkey roll off the grill and slides them onto the bread, dabbed with a quick swish of mayonnaise ("Actually I use Miracle Whip. It's got a better *grive*—it blends into a sandwich better"). The turkey roll and the Miracle Whip do blend perfectly, as does a thin section of carefully trimmed iceberg lettuce. Bobo slaps the toast slices together, then gives them six or seven emphatic whaps with the side of his butcher's cleaver. The sandwich looks like it was baked as one piece. It is perfect. The Miracle Whip, amazingly, does not squirt out of the sides. He slices it in half, then in quarters, adds a few slices of serrated pickles as a garnish, and it is ready.

("I use Dwarf pickles. Better than Heinz and a lot cheaper.")

THE customers begin to arrive for dinner and I stay in the kitchen to watch Bobo. He is a dancer, swiftly moving from ham and Swiss on whole wheat (no mustard, plenty of butter) to a cream of tomato soup (he prefers Campbell's) to the special of the day, meatballs and spaghetti. The meatballs were made early in the morning. "I throw a lot of yesterday's meat into a blender, chop it up, add a little salt, and it comes out pretty nice." His meatball has the flavor of very mild beef ("because most of it is chicken and pork roll"). It has a firmer, chewier texture than most meatballs, so Bobo contrasts it with a spaghetti that is cooked much longer than usual, until it becomes porridgelike in texture. "*Al dente*-style spaghetti is a lot of bull."

"What kind of sauce do you use on your spaghetti?" I ask.

"Chef Boy-Ar-Dee is fine. If I can get it, I also use Franco-American. Their marinara with mushrooms is as good as anything on the market."

Again, Bobo puts his hands right into the boiling caldron of spaghetti to dish out a serving, forgetting to use a spoon or tongs. He abhors fancy cooking tools. His hands are always in deep communion with his food—squeezing it, rubbing it, even kissing it.

Hortense is preparing the desserts, opening cupcake wrappers and cake boxes from a highly respected commercial bakery. "But we haven't found a really decent pie source," she says. "We're thinking of the frozen pies; Morton's brand is supposed to be good. But we won't serve it until we test it out on ourselves."

Bobo takes a short break and smokes a Tiparillo, a gift from one of his appreciative customers, as the dinner crowd thins out. He helps Hortense slice a Hostess Jelly Roll.

"Bobo likes simple food best," said Hortense. "He can do the cream sauces, the *à la king* style and the *au gratins*, mind you. But if you can get to the heart of a simple dish, then you know what good cooking is all about. Bobo can get to the heart of a dish. It's the only way he knows how to cook."

THIRTY-THREE miles below Broken Back Falls, we arrive at the cabin of Emil DeLefcourtville. He is just about to leave. He needs some new wood for his rafts. We accompany him to the nearest town, Bungabunkport.

"Why are you going into town for your wood?" I ask.

"Because that's where the lumber yard is. You can't find many lumber yards in the middle of the woods, much as I'd like that," he says.

I am a bit puzzled. "What about all the wood at your disposal right here?" I point to an expanse of pine, spruce, sycamore, birch, ash, hemlock, and balsam. DeLefcourtville says he can't be bothered. "It's much too much trouble to cut down and trim a tree. In fact, it's just plain crazy when there are lumber yards who do it all for you. Actually, I don't even go directly to the lumber yards. You don't need them. I go to the back, where they dump their scraps, and I take what I want. I go at night when there's no one around. Regular lumber costs a fortune these days. Who needs it?"

I ask him where he gets his potato skins. He laughs, showing three prominent silver teeth and one he claims is made of Brazilian onyx, very rare and worth more than gold.

"You mean potato skins to make the old rafts, like the Celts did in ancient times? I tried making a few like that once and I just couldn't hack it. I've heard that some of the Irishmen who settled in the old lumber towns could make rafts that way, but they're all long gone. You got to know your way around a potato to do that."

DeLefcourtville parks his car in the rear of Gregan's Lumber and Mill Works. It is dark and the place is closed. He moves quickly, looking to the right and left to be sure no one will spot him. He opens the trunk of his car and throws in as much scrap wood as it can hold. The trunk is crammed, and when he shuts it I can hear the snap and crackle of the excess wood. He doesn't care. It will all fit into the raft somehow.

"When it comes to rafts, wood is wood. It's not critical to have fancy stuff. Besides, as I said, with the price of lumber these days, it's more suited for building yachts, not rafts."

Back at his cabin I pursue the subject of the traditional Celtic potato skin raft, or roft, as it is called. DeLefcourtville is not inclined to say much about it. The subject annoys him, makes him a bit petulant, cranky.

"Jesus, I can't make one of those things. First of all, you need bushels of potatoes, some special kind from Maine or Idaho or someplace. Then you have to steam them in these gigantic dirt troughs until almost all the potato disappears and nothing is left but the steamed skins. Then you make your roft frame from a traditional Celtic design, a crisscross or a crosshatch or a double triangle—they usually come from the districts: Kilkenny,

Kildare, County Cork.... And you've got to stretch your potato skins over your frame and glue them with the bit of potato that's left, mixed with a little flour and vinegar. It would take me about nine years to do one roft."

DeLefcourtville is about to make his own raft. He takes all the odd bits and scraps of wood out of his car and carries them to a spot in front of his house. A raft can be as simple or as complex as a spider's web. But one needs a design, a plan, a concept of joinery. One would think that anyone bold enough to approach it with just a hammer and some nails would start slowly, carefully. DeLefcourtville just starts banging away. He picks up whatever scrap of wood is closest at hand, puts it across another, and nails it in. Sometimes his nails bend. He bangs them in anyway. He uses a hammer on a piece of wood as if the wood were his mortal enemy, something alive and animate that has just killed his mother and raped his sister. At times he will forget to move his finger from a nail, and his screams when the hammer comes down on it are deep and mournful. His nails are turning purple.

DELEFCOURTVILLE is eager to get on the Saint Sebastian with his new raft. The next morning we move out, heading toward Chilaquoddy Rapids, the biggest, fastest white water on the river, only a mile away. DeLefcourtville insists on being the lead raft. He is poling by himself. Bruce Carnegie has ridden the Chilaquoddy many times. (In one of his rare jokes Bruce says he knows "every Nelson, every Eddy" of these waters.) He offers some advice to DeLefcourtville: "Never lean too far into a downstream run. If you're picking up too much water, trundle your pole and try to sit in an eddy until you right yourself. Sometimes you've got to cut right through the big waves with your bow up, but you've got to know exactly when or you're in the drink. Angle riding is always the best compromise. Take a forty-five-degree angle and do as much pick-and-rolling as you can. Look out for the jack holes. If you pole into one by accident, do a medium spin and you'll be out of it. Unless you're hit by a nice unfriendly wave. For God's sake, don't try to be a professional white-water racer if you don't know your stuff. Perimeter skirting is what you want to do. You want to go around it as much

as possible, not go right through."

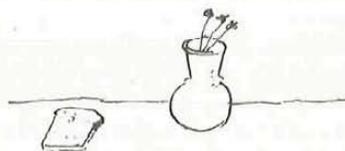
DeLefcourtville nods agreement. He is antsy to get moving. With a quick shove from Carnegie he is off. We plan to follow in sequence: Doug Astor and I, Bruce Carnegie and Chad Vanderbilt. We can see DeLefcourtville moving at a brisk pace, gradually receding into the distance. And then he recedes completely. He disappears. We pole furiously to catch up with him, but all we see is his raft, split in two, with a big hole in the middle. He must have fallen through the hole, but there is no sight of him. "The rapids. The current must be taking him toward the rapids," shouts Vanderbilt. It is too late to search the nearby waters, because we are being swept into the rapids ourselves. We take them very lightly, riding the perimeters while trying to spot DeLefcourtville. No one sees him.

We go down the final corridor of the Saint Sebastian before it feeds into the Callabash. No sign of DeLefcourtville. Disaster overtook him on the rapids and he may have never been swept downstream at all. We will report the accident to the State Forestry Bureau. The forest rises steeply here and many tributaries of the Callabash move into their feeder streams. Vegetation is rich and varied and the natives still cultivate the natural resources. In the spring they gather up the pond smeg that rests on the water's surface. Pond smeg is sold to the cosmetic companies, where it is used in cream rinses for the hair.

In the summer the woods are teeming with whortleberries, slugberries, and "sugar-cone berries." The people who gather the berries work in teams. One climbs the berry tree and shakes it vigorously, beating it with a rolling pin, allowing the berries to fall off and into a huge bowl-shaped straw hat worn by his partner. In the fall, the swamp rhubarb emerges, and is still harvested the old-fashioned way with big wooden spoons. In winter, the trunk of the jenifer tree is tapped for its "honey," which is filtered and used as an all-purpose cold and sore throat medicine all over the Northeast.

In the state capital, the Army Corps of Engineers is planning the Callabash-Saint Sebastian dam, a multi-multi-million-dollar project that will bring a questionable amount of electricity to the Northeast at the cost of destroying the natural state of the two rivers. The chances of the project succeeding are getting better each year, as we knuckle under the Arab cudgel. "Toilet," Doug Astor's favorite epithet for this project, could assume the ring of authenticity as we wend our way into the eighties.

—JOHN MCPHOON







No, Mr. Babcock. Yes, Mr. Burns. Never, Ms. Little. Never. Five days of this and I bust loose with Cuervo & grapefruit.



Bust loose with Cuervo Gold. Dash it on the rocks and add a splash of grapefruit. Your mouth's been waiting for it all week.



Cuervo Especial® Tequila 60 Proof Imported and Bottled by © 1980 Heublein Inc. Hartford, Conn.

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# "Get the jump on action pictures. With Minolta's Continuous Automatic Exposure System."

-Bruce Jenner, Olympic Decathlon Winner.



If you can see it happening, you can take a picture of it with the dependable Minolta XG-1.

Because the XG-1 measures light in a way that makes action photography just about foolproof.

Even if your subject is moving from sunlight to shadow, Minolta's Continuous Automatic Exposure System changes the exposure for you. Automatically.

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## minolta XG-1

The automatic choice for action photography.

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# THE NEW CRAZE

SUMMER CATALOG

A division of FadCo Management, Inc., Perth Amboy, NJ



## KICK THE CAN IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY!

"Soccer is for sissy foreigners. Real Americans play kick the can!" That's what all-American can kick champ Elliot "The Toe" Harris says. And what brand can does the Toe kick? You guessed it: New Craze® brand kicking cans! "New Craze® can really take it!" says Elliot. It's true. New Craze® has the world's finest kicking cans.

#502

### THE NEW CRAZE® SPECIAL

Old faithful, the standard, built for resilience and long wear. The Special features exclusive Rim Bumpers®—rubberized edges to protect little kids and windows, but especially cars, from potential paint chips. Dad won't kill you for kicking this one.

**Built to get kicked around.**

**\$5.98 each.**



### THE NU-KICKER®

This stripped-down can is slightly bigger than regulation models for easy kicking, and priced right for the tentative potential kicker.

**\$3.98 each.**



### THE NEW CRAZE® PROFESSIONAL

Top of the New Craze® line. Special alloy ends, magnesium struts; brushed chrome skinned, designer graphics model. The world's most exclusive can.

**\$51.98 each.**



### THE STARLITE®

The can for night kicking. Includes rubber Rim Bumpers® and two "D" batteries. A must for twenty-four-hour kicking. (Caution: The Starlite® can with batteries weighs one-half pound. Don't get in its way!)

**\$20.98 each.**



### NEW CRAZE® TOE GUARDS

Clear plastic Toe Guards® are engineered to handle the heat of the Starlite® can and are also great for Special® and Nu-Kick® cans. Protect your basic footwear.

**\$28.98 pair.**



Vince Lombardi: "If I had it to do over again, I'd coach tag."

# GET READY FOR SUMMER TAG!



## STAY OUT FRONT IN NEVER-IT® TAGWEAR

### The Never-It® All-Weather Tag Suit

Water repellent from head to toe, with special elastic beacon seal, ventilated seams; fits over Super Tag® 5000 headgear.

**New Craze® #1220, \$225.98.**

With special collie-fur lining, **New Craze® #1229, \$305.98.**



**Tag T-shirt** A T-shirt that says "Tag" on it. **New Craze® #1300, \$10.98.**

**Summer Net Tag Shirt** Great for sweaty August tag matches or fishing. **New Craze® #1305, \$12.98.**

**Tundra Tag Shirt** Extra thick, long necked, turtle sleeved for arctic tag. **New Craze® #1375, \$52.98.**



### Don't Let "It" Happen to You! Tag Unto Others in Never-It® Tag Shoes!

**The Hit-and-Run Fliers** Light and supple, with waffle-tread bottoms for fast turns, quick get-away. Perfect for city tag. **New Craze® #1505, \$33.98 pair.**

**The Overlanders** They dig in for fast traction on slippery pastures; golf courses; ball fields; lawns; hospital grounds; local, state, and federal park lands. **New Craze® #1515, \$45.98 pair.**

**The Zephyrs** Feature retractable cleats, chrome-trimmed soles, designer tread, built-in pedometers, foot-exhaustion warning buzzers, self-tying laces. **New Craze® #1590, \$175.98 each.** (Please specify right or left.)

## TAG TOPPERS



### Super Tag 5000

Features AM, FM stereo; police and weather bands; CB transmitter; long-life, overnight tag beacon; forward lamp; foam-lined shell and chin straps. Specify color: beige, white, Stewart plaid.

**New Craze® #819, \$935.98.**

With air-conditioning,

**New Craze® #809, \$1,399.98.**



### Summer Tag 4500

Basic overnight tagwear with regulation night tag beacon.

**New Craze® #807, \$25.98.**

With optional built-in sweat band, **New Craze® #808, \$27.98.**

# ENTER THE INDOOR TAG SWEEPSTAKES!

Win a month's pass to the indoor tag center in your neighborhood! That's right! One full month of weatherproof, air-conditioned tag! All you have to do is send in the order form in this catalog. That's all there is to it! And you don't have to buy anything to enter! But, on the other hand, we're not responsible for lost entries, either. So send in your order form now!



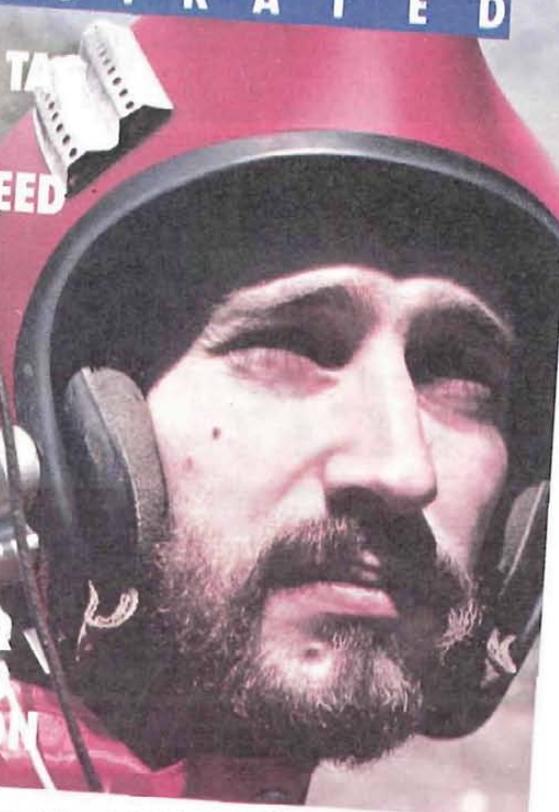
# TAG ILLUSTRATED

DRUGS AND TAG

THE NEW BREED  
OF COMBAT  
TAGGERS

PRO TAG  
SALARIES  
A SCANDAL

TRAINING FOR  
THE 1981 MOB  
TAG MARATHON



## THE NEW CRAZE® TAG LIBRARY

### Getting Off on Tag by Milton Frisky

First there was sex. Then there was sex and tag. Now there is tag. *Illustrated.* New Craze® #B104, \$10.98.

### Pro Tag: The Inside Story by Whip Phillips and Arnold Starner

Some people will do anything for money. This is them. New Craze® #B106, \$12.98.

### Tag or Get Off the Pot! by Christian A. Honodore

Advice for the chronic "it." Stop feeling sorry for yourself. No matter how slow you are, there has to be someone slower. Tag him and get on with your life! Paperback. New Craze® #B212, \$3.98.

### It: A Memoir by "Toledo Joe" Framus

He started playing on the streets of Toledo, then went into all-Ohio competition and won the first year out. He skipped the nationals, went direct to the World Class Tag Meet, and won big. Then something happened. Here's what. Paperback. New Craze® #B213, \$3.98.

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If you think all you have to do is find a sneaky place to douse your beacon and hide, here are the hard facts of super-tough, super-popular night tag! New Craze® #B219, \$15.98.

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The authoritative tag monthly can be yours through this special catalog offer. Act now and you can be reading *Tag Illustrated* just as soon as we send it to you! New Craze® #2505, twelve issues for

**\$23.98**



# Pure Energy.

**That's the Jensen Coax I.  
That's the thrill of being there.**

Every note. Every breath. Every last ounce of energy he put into the original performance.

Get it all. With the new 6½" Coax I car stereo speaker from Jensen.

A 6" woofer reproduced the bass with the intensity and power of real life. Yet distortion is virtually non-existent.

Treble? The separate tweeter's high tones are not just accurate. They're precise.

Don't worry about installation, either...no sweat. The 6½" Coax I is at home in either your

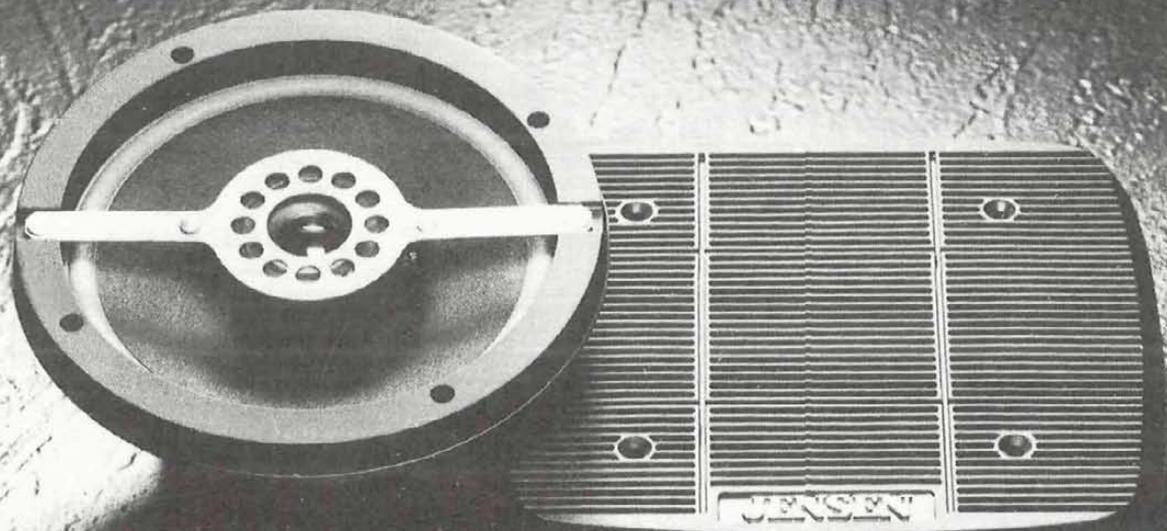


car's rear deck or up in the front doors. And with its remarkably shallow 1⅜" depth, this speaker fits in narrow sub-compact car doors that other speakers wouldn't even think about.

Get it all. Easy installation and foot-stomping musical realism in your car.

That's the Jensen 6½" Coax I. That's the thrill of being there.

**JENSEN**  
SOUND LABORATORIES  
AN ESMARK COMPANY



# “HE MADE ME A ZOMBIE!”

It started out innocently enough. Frank offered me a glass and said, “Try this, Margie.”

I took a tentative sip. I found the taste dangerously exciting—a captivating blend of apricots and rum.

I knew I’d never be quite the same.

I beseeched Frank to tell me how he created this compelling concoction. That’s when I saw the exotic-looking bottle with a label that read: HEUBLEIN ZOMBIE.

I knew that it was destined to become one of my favorite drinks.

And I’ll always be grateful to Frank for giving me my first taste of how truly delightful a Zombie can be.



Zombie—made with Rum, Natural Flavor and Caramel Color  
35 Proof © Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT.

## DYNAMITE

continued from page 43

which was most central to the other two (itself a neat mathematical problem). Then, having selected one stick, he pushed the blasting cap into its end, and after that he had to find the brass cap crimpers that were lying around the house somewhere and crimp a fuse into the cap. When he was finally ready with the charge, he set off from the porch on what seemed to us a mission of enormous duration.

I could swear we watched him journey out onto the lawn for half an hour before he set the explosives down, carefully set fire to the fuse end, and started running back to the porch. I remember his running. Mike is not a slim man and is little given to running at all. But he seemed to be moving like a sprinter just then, yet a sprinter seen through a telescopic lens with such foreshortening that he made no progress at all, and no progress in slow motion, at that. Finally he set one foot of a plump high-pumping leg on the bottom porch step, and just as he did there was a god-awful eruption of dirt. I was beaten against the side of the house, and Juanita, who was sitting in the porch swing, went backward in it, broke through the railing, and was dumped into the forsythia. Mike was pitched through the front door screen into the living room, followed by a wave of lawn and soil, and every window on the front of the house was shattered and half the shingles were blown off the roof.

It seems that Uncle Mike had consumed so much hashish, and that his conception of spacial relationships was so grievously altered, that he had planted the dynamite five feet from the porch.

None of us could hear for a week. But no one was too seriously injured except Barry, who had part of a hash pipe blown up his nose, something they had trouble understanding at the county hospital emergency ward. He recovered, but that was the end of our perfect summer. We had to clear out before the landlord showed up.

We sold the rest of that dynamite to the ponytailed fellow who sold us the hashish, and I understand he took it out to a group of California political radicals who used it to explode a Pacific Gas and Electric high-tension transmission tower, an activity that was in vogue just then. I still have the newspaper clipping. No bodies were found at the scene, so I assume those radicals were snorting cocaine. □





**SNUTS**

REMEMBER HOW SOMETIMES YOU COULD ALMOST SEE THINGS YOU PLANNED GOING WRONG FROM A LONG DISTANCE AWAY, LIKE BEING ABLE TO SEE HOW A ROAD WAS HEADING FOR A CLIFF?

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

YOU KNOW THOSE DUMB SIDE-WALK GAMES YOU SEE AND YOU CAN HARDLY FIGURE HOW TO PLAY THEM? I DECIDED I'D DO ONE THAT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE, YOU KNOW? IT MAKES NO SENSE! IT WILL DRIVE ALL THOSE GODDAMN GAME PEOPLE CUCKOO!

THE NUMBERS DON'T GO IN ANY ORDER, SEE? AND NOBODY COULD JUMP THESE STUPID SQUARES. AND I PUT A GAP OVER HERE, AND...

GEE-IT REALLY LOOKS LIKE FUN!

ARE YOU KIDDING? LISTEN, THERE'S NO WAY--

YEAH, LOOK! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SWITCH OVER TO YOUR OTHER FOOT, LIKE THIS!

*Graham Wilson ©1980*

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? DON'T BE STUPID! I MADE THIS GAME SO NOBODY COULD--

(SEE? AND YOU TOSS A PEBBLE AHEAD, LIKE THIS!)

WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE DOING, MARY LOU?

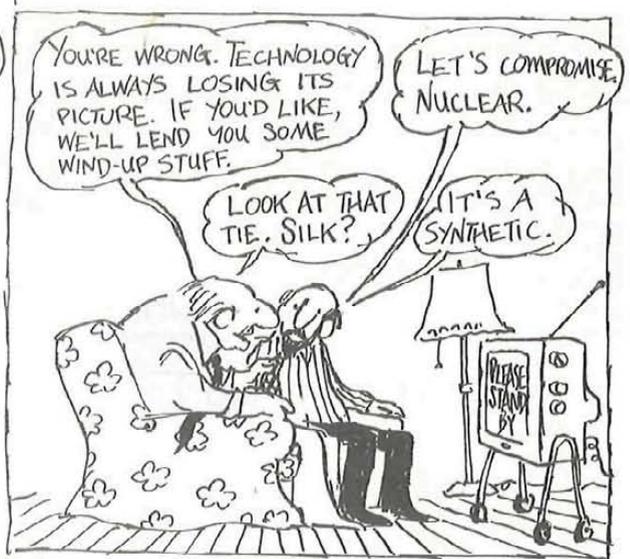
AW, SHIT!

IT'S THIS REALLY SWELL NEW GAME, BETTY! HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU!

# THE PEOPLE

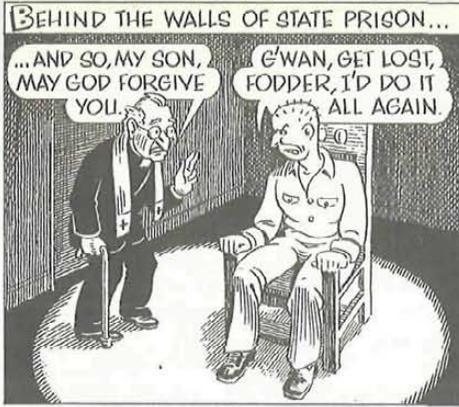
☆☆☆☆☆

WHEN THE PRESIDENCY IS JUST A CIVIL SERVICE JOB, THE BIG CHEESE IS JUST THE BOY NEXT DOOR.



# POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett



YOUR PRESENCE AT THIS COMIC STRIP HAS MADE IT TRULY A FESTIVE OCCASION. THANK YOU!

## 3 P's Naked Girls Telling Old Jokes

ILLUSTRATED BY Russ Heath

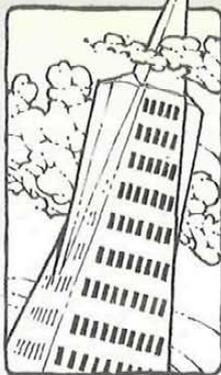


# THE LAST TIME I DROPPED ACID

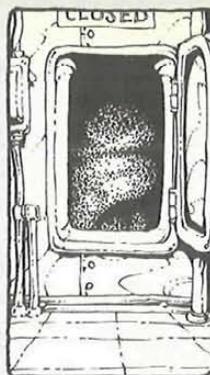
RICK GEARY  
©1980



ONE DAY, BACK IN THE MID '70S, I SWALLOWED A TAB OF "PURPLE FOG."



AND CLIMBED TO THE TOP OF THE TRANSAMERICA PYRAMID.



ON THE 30TH FLOOR, I SLIPPED INTO THE AIR SHAFT.



FOLKS GATHERED ALL THE WAY DOWN TO WISH ME GODSPEED.



I OCCUPIED MY TIME BY REMEMBERING THE CAPITALS OF ALL THE STATES.



AN INCREDIBLE VIEW FROM THE 18TH FLOOR.



I MUST HAVE REACHED A TERRIFIC SPEED.



THANK GOD I LANDED ON MY FEET.

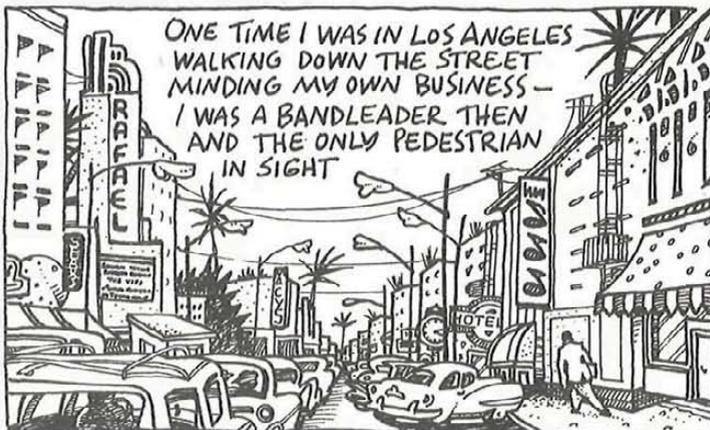


ALL I CAN REMEMBER THINKING WAS "NO MORE OF THIS STUFF FOR ME!"

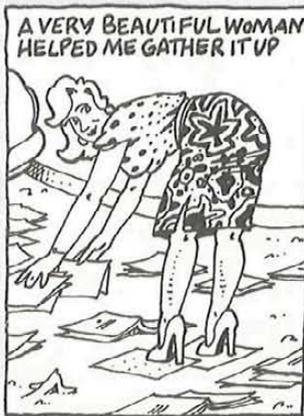
## Aunt Mary's KITCHEN

M.K. BROWN  
©1979

AUNT MARY COULDN'T BE WITH US TODAY SO I WILL TAKE THIS TIME TO TELL YOU A LITTLE STORY - I AM MARY'S BROTHER, LEO



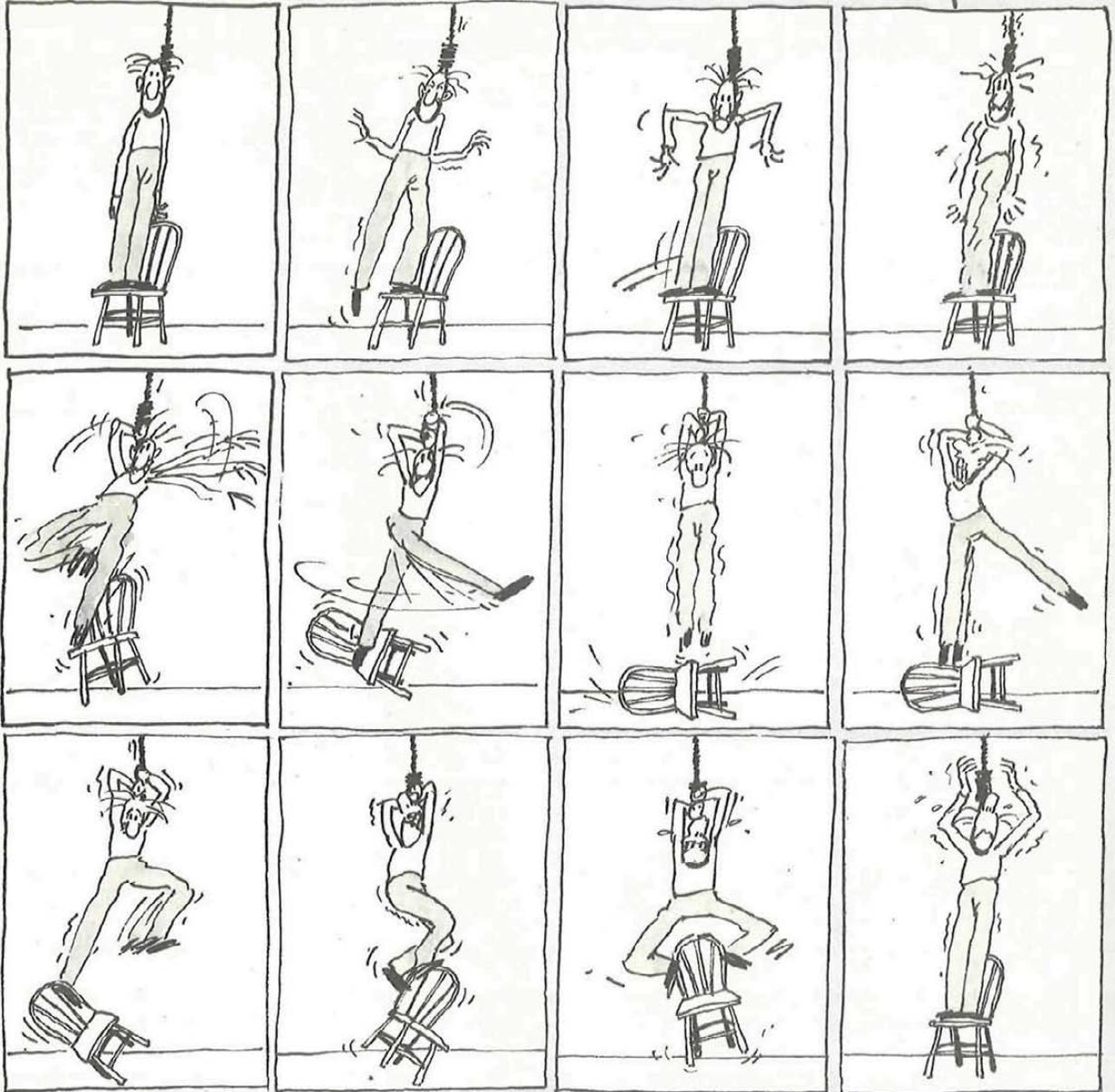
SUDDENLY THIS POLICE OFFICER JUMPS OUT OF A CAR AND WE START WRESTLING RIGHT THERE IN THE STREET - MY SHEET MUSIC BLEW ALL OVER THE PLACE



NEXT MONTH: CHILI RELLEÑOS

# ROPE TRICKS

1979© *CAMPBELL!*



WILLIS FRUM HAS DIED... WILLIS FRUM HAS BEEN...

...REBORN!!

I HAVE LOOKED DEATH IN THE FACE AND SAID...

RING!  
RING!  
RING!

I'LL GET IT!

# Dirty Duck by Bobby London



WE FIND MAURICE AND FRIENDS AT THE CABIN OF DR. ROGERS. MAURICE IS WATCHING T.V. WITH CONSTABLE TOM, WHEN HE SUDDENLY DISCLOSES ONE OF HIS HIDDEN DESIRES...

BOY! I'M WISH I'M HAD A DOG LIKE DAT RIN TIN TIN!

AFTER SOME DISCUSSION, MAURICE AND THE CONSTABLE DECIDE...  
DR. ROGERS, WE'RE GOING TO FIND A DOG LIKE RIN TIN TIN TO 'ELP GUARD US.

LATER, THE QUIET OF THE CABIN IS BROKEN BY A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.  
'ELLO IN DERE! OPEN UP AND SEE WHAT WE 'AVE!  
KNOCK KNOCK!

LOOK WHAT WE FOUND IN DA BUSH - A DOG!

DONT SAY ANYTHING... IT WOULD BREAK MAURICES HEART! BUT THAT DOG IS FROZEN STIFF!  
I LOVE 'IM SO MUCH!

I BET 'E CAN DO TRICKS. LOOK! SIT UP, BOY! LOOK AT DAT!

NOW, ROLL OVER! WHAT A SWELL DOG.

THAT EVENING AT THE DINNER TABLE...  
I'M GOING TO BUY 'IM A FLEA COLLAR AND... 'ERE, BOY, 'AVE SOME MEAT, JUST LIKE RIN...

'EY! 'E'S NOT EATING... MAYBE 'E'S SICK!

'ELP! MINE DOG IS SICK, 'E PASSED OUT!

MINE DOG, 'E'S DEAD!

THAT EVENING THE BURIAL IS PERFORMED.  
IF THE GROUND WEREN'T FROZEN, WE COULD HAVE DUG A DEEPER GRAVE.  
RINNY II

MAURICES TEARS ARE SOON REWARDED BY A SURPRISE FROM DR. ROGERS AND KATHLEEN.  
LOOK WHAT WE HAVE FOR YOU, MAURICE! WE BOUGHT YOU A NEW PUPPY!  
YAP! YAP!

SORROW TURNS TO JOY AS...  
OH, THANK YOU! MINE OWN PUPPY... AND 'E'S ALIVE!  
YAP! YAP!

THAT NIGHT...  
THERE IS NO WARMER SIGHT THEN THAT OF A BOY AND HIS DOG.

## EDITORIAL

*continued from page 6*

the dog be handed the evening paper. As Mr. Willoughby returned from the dew line for only two weeks every six months, he was able to imagine that the masticated mess of news he found on his porch every night was the result of the dog's excess of zeal to serve the beloved master.

The truth was, if you sent that dog out for a sash weight, he'd bring back a mouthful of ore. When Mr. Willoughby was home, the dog got the paper. If he wasn't home, Mrs. Willoughby got it, into her own hand. A paper boy had to know. That was never in the code. The code was just mere geography, you understand. Those scribbles on the underside of the receipt book were useless without the inside stuff.

*(The witness is asked about "short cuts.")*

We took them. All the time. We had a right to them. There's a word for it, like "eminent domain," you know? We had a legal right by usage. "Easement" is what it was.

That's what we had when we passed from the back of Willoughby's yard into the Thompsons'. Anyway, there's

nothing wrong with short cuts. Even if there was, I'm supposed to have immunity for testifying. I've got immunity, right? I have got that, don't I? *(Witness is reassured.)*

Crossing from the Willoughbys' to the Thompsons' yard was like walking from a croquet court into a vacant lot covered with brambles. When you went through that fence, you went from Switzerland to Swaziland.

The funny thing was, the Thompsons' yard wasn't brambles. It was like an ornamental garden gone berserk. Chrysanthemums, rhododendrons, and a batch of other bushes I was brought up to think were delicate were locking branches in a do-or-die struggle for space. Daffodils, crocuses, and such dodged closer to the ground, battling each other for what little sunlight fell from off their betters' plates. *(Witness is cautioned to eschew lyricism.)*

Anyway, right in the midst of this floral brouhaha was a broken down, slippery old trampoline. A sheet of chancy-looking canvas held half tight by red-rusted springs. It was set at ground level in a pitted-up cement frame.

Blake told me never to jump on that

thing. He was my predecessor and he told me that it was on this very trampoline that the Thompsons' daughter had fallen and hit her head on the cement rim.

The fall had made her an idiot, or so Blake said, and she had been sent away forever. That was why the Thompsons had let their garden go to jungle. Only the passing paper boy on his vegetable-embattled path saw the trampoline and knew the subscribers' sorrow. *(The witness is advised to stop exclusory chuckling.)*

It was years later that I learned the Thompsons never had a child. *(Witness appears peaked at committee's prompt request that he continue. Requests a glass of water from the chairman's pitcher.)*

After the Thompsons' house came the Gallaghers'. They had a long steep driveway and a nasty little dog. The dog's name was Spanky. You'd think people would know better. Build your house way up a big driveway like that, get a small dog, cruel for his size, and you know what happens? *(The committee demurs.)*

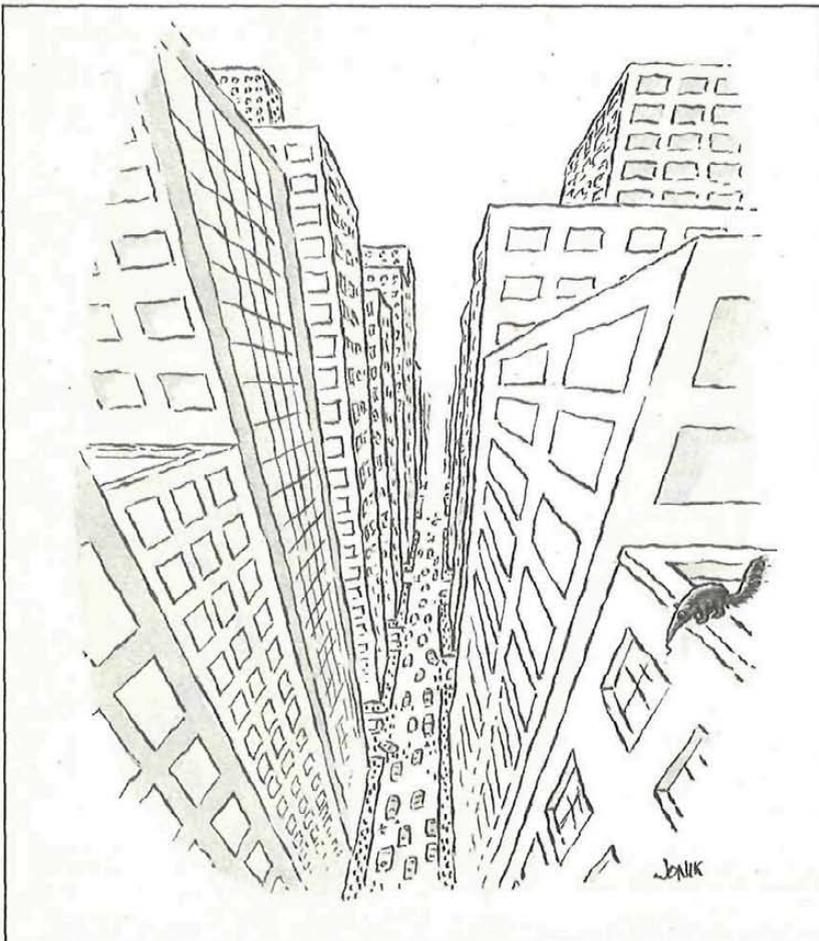
I'll tell you what happens. If it's rainy, or cold, or your paper boy is short a paper, somebody's got to lose. If he's in a hurry for some reason, or he don't feel too well and wants to get home, somebody's got to lose. That somebody usually has a steep driveway, a dog with a dirty disposition, and a habit of not tipping too good. *(The witness is asked if tips bore heavily on the service provided by paper boys.)*

Speaking for myself, I'd have to say yes. Now, there were guys, and I was not one of them, who didn't care about tips if a subscriber left cases of beer to cool in an outside situation. Or if the subscriber's windows were such as to admit the delivery boy to a view of the marital chamber, so to speak. I have heard that under those conditions paper boys did not make tips a prerequisite of excellent service. By and large, though, if you owned a rotten dog, lived on a hill, and were without other mitigating habits, your course of greatest prudence was to tip well. *(Committee expresses incredulity by dubious shuffling and grunts.)*

Gentlemen! Ladies! As incredible as my testimony before you now may seem, I assure you that my own conduct during the time we speak of seemed as normal to me as it now seems incredible to you.

*(Witness is cautioned to avoid conclusive figures of speech.)*

*continued on page 82*





POPULAR

# DRUNK HUNTING

Guide

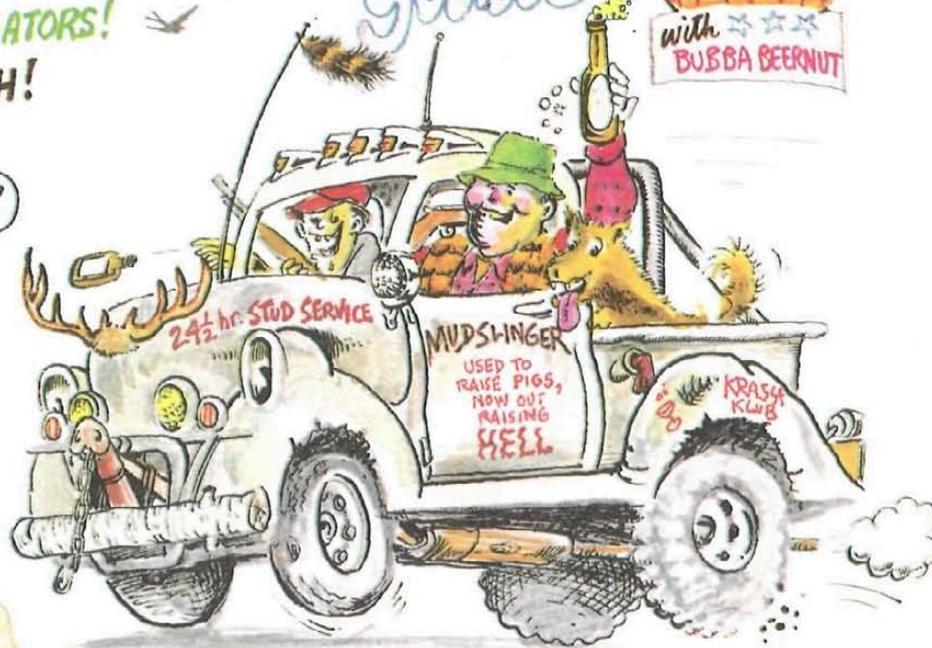


with BUBBA BEERNUT

SEE!

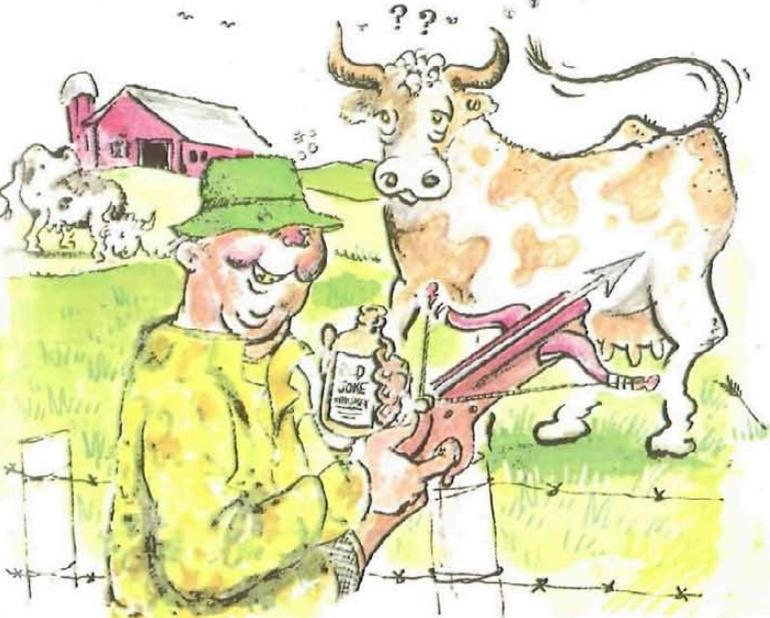
SPOTTED MOOSE!  
GRIZZLY GATORS!  
FURRY FISH!  
...MORE!

EEEEEEEEE!



FLUSHING QUAIL IS A POPULAR YEAR-ROUND SPORT WITH DRUNK HUNTERS. QUAIL ARE FOUND EN ROUTE TO OR FROM THE LIQUOR STORE, THOUGH THE RESOURCEFUL DRUNK HUNTER GOES DIRECTLY TO THEIR NESTS IN NEARBY TRAILER COURTS.

THE GREAT SPOTTED SPIKEHORN MOOSE IS ANOTHER SEASONAL FAVORITE WITH DRUNK HUNTERS. WHILE MOST WILD ANIMALS ARE JUST A BLUR IN THE DRUNK HUNTER'S DOUBLE VISION, THIS BEAST PATIENTLY ALLOWS THE DRUNK HUNTER TO RELOAD AND SHOOT AGAIN.



A CROSSBOW IS USED BECAUSE GUN REPORTS SOMETIMES HARM THE SENSITIVE EARDRUMS OF FARMERS AND GAME WARDENS...

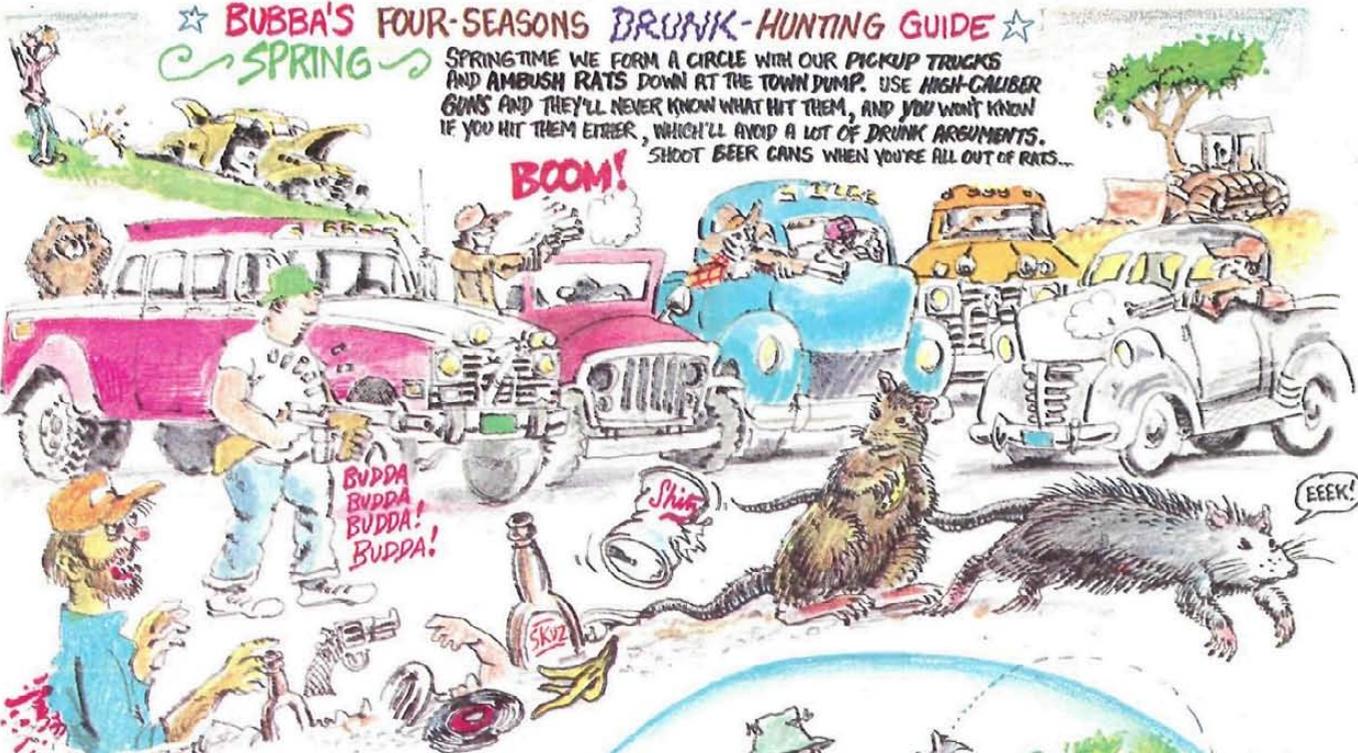


BUT HEY!...WHY BOTHER TO GO OUT AT ALL?! THE BOOZE IS BACK HOME, AND HOME IS WHERE THE BAR IS! BECAUSE THE NEXT BEST THING TO FRESHLY BUMPER-STUNNED PAN-FRIED VENISON AND BEER AFTER BEER IS THE STORY THAT GOES WITH IT, WHICH, LIKE GOOD WHISKEY, ONLY IMPROVES WITH AGE.

★ **BUBBA'S FOUR-SEASONS DRUNK-HUNTING GUIDE** ★

~ SPRING ~

SPRINGTIME WE FORM A CIRCLE WITH OUR PICKUP TRUCKS AND AMBUSH RATS DOWN AT THE TOWN DUMP. USE HIGH-CALIBER GUNS AND THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM, AND YOU WON'T KNOW IF YOU HIT THEM EITHER, WHICH'LL AVOID A LOT OF DRUNK ARGUMENTS. SHOOT BEER CANS WHEN YOU'RE ALL OUT OF RATS...



**BOOM!**

BUDDA BUDDA! BUDDA! BUDDA!

EEK!

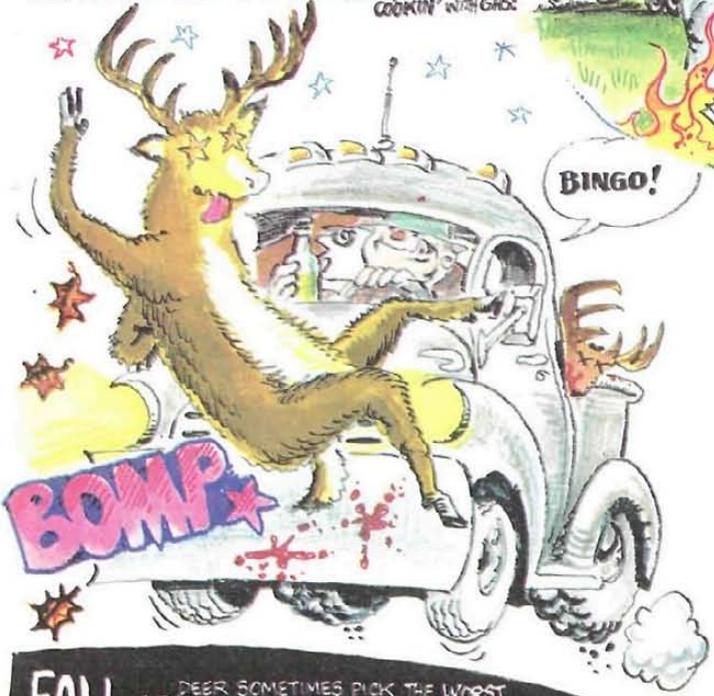
~ SUMMER ~

HERE'S A TIP FOR YOU DRUNK FISHERMEN TIRED OF UNTANGLING MILES OF MONOFILAMENT AND DIGGING A SIZE 6 HOOK OUT OF YOUR BEERGUT ONLY TO DISCOVER YOU'VE RUN OUT OF WORMS. SIMPLY STEAL A GASOLINE TANKARD, FILL THE LAKE WITH PREMIUM, AND LIGHT UP! JUST BRING ALONG A GREASED FRY PAN, AND YOU'LL BE COOKIN' WITH GAS!



CAUTION

BINGO!



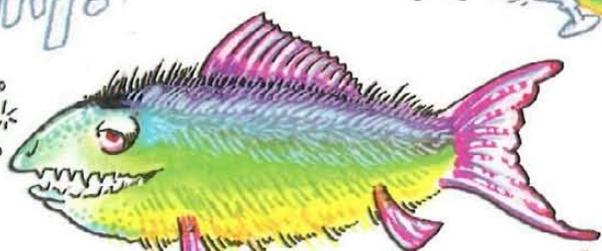
**BOMP!**

**FALL** DEER SOMETIMES PICK THE WORST TIME TO CROSS THE ROAD, LIKE MAYBE DURING HAPPY HOUR AT THE LOCAL TAVERN. THEY SHOULD BE JACK LIGHTED, BUMPER STUNNED, AND PISTOL WHIPPED FOR HOLDING UP AN EMERGENCY.



**WINTER** THE DRUNK HUNTER TAKES A TIP FROM THE BEARS AND HIBERNATES. AS LONG AS THERE'S WILD TURKEY AND MOOSE HEAD ALE IN STOCK, JUST STARE INTO THE FIRE AND DREAM...

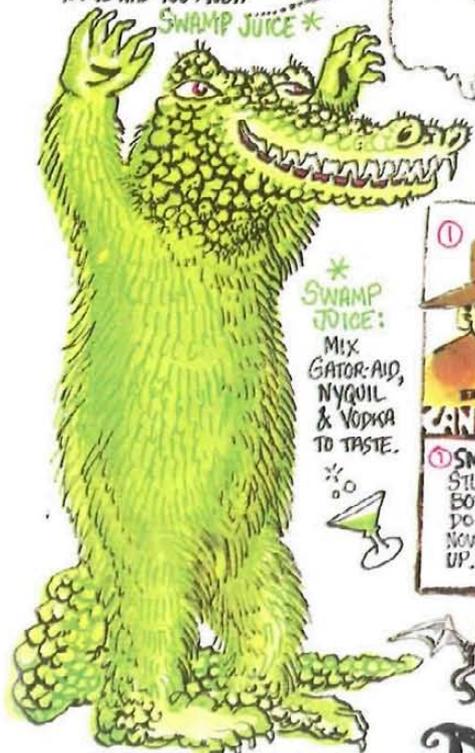
# A FEW THAT GOT AWAY!



**FUR-BEARING RAINBOW TROUT**  
CATCH A COUPLE, FILET 'EM, AND CHUG A WIG  
DOWN WITH A FEW SIX-PACKS.  
AND HEY! SAVE  
THOSE SKINS!  
A PAIR OF THESE  
MAKE SWELL PSYCHE-  
DELIC MITTENS.



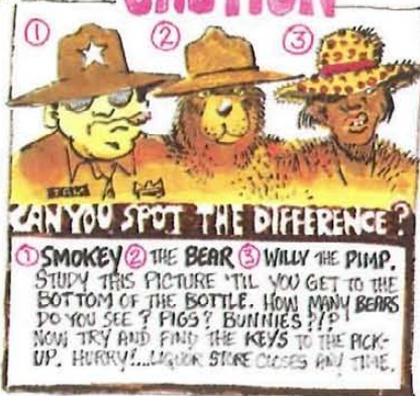
**GRIZZLY GATORS**  
YOU SEE ONE OF THESE,  
YOU'VE HAD TOO MUCH  
SWAMP JUICE\*



\***SWAMP JUICE:**  
MIX  
GATOR-AID,  
NYQUIL  
& VODKA  
TO TASTE.



## CAUTION



**JACKALOPE** ARE COMMON IN THE MID & SOUTHWEST,  
OFTEN LEAPING OUT INTO THE  
PATHS OF TRUCKERS WHO'VE  
SPACED TOO MANY BLACK  
BEAUTIES BETWEEN THE BLACK  
LABELS AND LONE STARS.



**SKIZARDS AND SKATS** ARE A  
CROSS BETWEEN SKUNKS AND  
LIZARDS AND BATS, RESPECTIVELY.  
LUCKY FOR YOU, THEY'RE FOUND  
ONLY IN MEXICO. FHEW...



Joe Schenkman © 3-80

## EDITORIAL

continued from page 78

Behind the Gallagher house, which I mentioned, there was a tree root that ran down a steep rock face. Gripping the tree root and knowing just where to step was the key to descending to the backyard of the Bernsteins.

In terms of pure distance, of course, it was shorter to walk to their house by road. No paper boy would have done that. I doubt it was even thought of. You did what the others did, the paper boys before you. They had survived. You did it to survive. That's ritual.

*(The witness is reminded of the scope of this inquiry.)*

The Bernsteins had cats. Plenty of cats. They also had birdhouses. Their birdhouses hung from rafters, were lodged in tree clefts, and sat upon poles driven into the lawn. The cats constantly paced around the birdhouses. It was very tense there. The Bernsteins' son and daughter were away at school, and they missed them, I guess.

*(The witness is asked to expand on the Bernsteins.)*

Well, the Bernsteins lived across the street from the Gallaghers. They

didn't see much of the Gallaghers. They saw a lot of Mr. Lemoine, who lived next door. It was tough to collect the paper money from Mr. Lemoine.

Mr. Lemoine was an artist. When you shoved through the Bernsteins' hedge into his backyard, the first thing you saw was a tree stump he'd carved up like Halloween. It had a fine set of teeth made out of varnished macaroni shells and a couple of unblinking eyes that seemed to look right through you, as if they were can lids cut up with tin shears. Which they were.

As long as you weren't collecting for the paper, you could always find Mr. Lemoine. He was never idle, as artists are supposed to be. Mr. Lemoine was always walking between his house and the shed at the end of his yard, where he worked. He almost always carried oddly matched things. A book and a web of string on a board; a flashlight impaled on a drill bit and a doll's wig.

*(The witness is cautioned not to allow committee members' understanding looks to influence his testimony.)*

Mr. Lemoine often said he was a taciturn man. He said that there was no price that could be set upon solitude. It was difficult to break away when he began to speak on the neces-

sity of isolation and the primacy any artist must accord the isolation that insured the fecundity of his ideas. He said he hoped I would not be offended at his brusqueness and explained that his obsession with his work should not be misinterpreted.

Mr. Lemoine was a very tough customer.

*(The witness is reminded of the purpose of this inquiry.)*

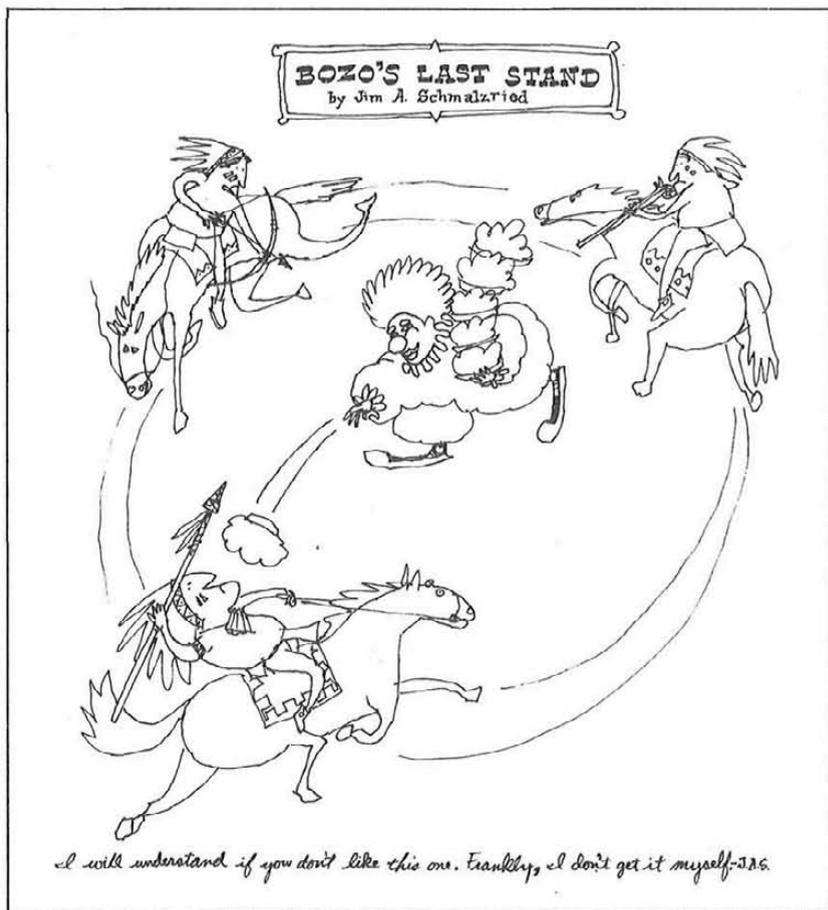
Dirty tricks? Sure, we had plenty. For instance, instead of going back to Mr. Lemoine's five times every month to collect, I went back five times every five months. When I finally got him, I'd charge him for five months' worth of papers. If he didn't have the money, he would borrow it from the Bernsteins next door. They liked him.

There were lots of tricks. I wasn't no crook, but there were guys.... Timmy the Double. I told you he used to collect twice from subscribers who weren't too smart. They were old or having marital difficulties or something. He'd collect double every month. Somebody on his route had people in the hospital, maybe going to die? Timmy would know. He'd collect once, when the subscribers were out visiting, from the baby-sitter, then come back and hit the householder again.

It was a way of life. It was a fraternity. I'm not saying most of the guys were crooked. They weren't. Most of them did their routes just like I told you. Routes like mine. Tough routes. They did them every day without much thanks and for very little money. Sure there was some corruption, guys that maybe took things, bad guys like Timmy the Double who collected twice. There was negligence too. I don't deny it. There were guys who would hurl a few papers in the stream and take a short cut home once in a while. It's a fact. When the money isn't much and the work is hard, that is going to happen. It's no dream world out there. I'm no angel myself. Guys like Timmy the Double weren't right. Guys who deliberately brought their friends over to look in the windows of ground-floor marital chambers weren't right. Guys who removed beer bottles from garages weren't right. You committee members, with your careful, impartial curiosity and your judicious, reasoned responses, maybe you're not right either! Who says you're right!?

*(The chairman suggests that the witness is becoming overheated and orders a window opened.)*

continued on page 98



*I will understand if you don't like this one. Frankly, I don't get it myself—S.S.*

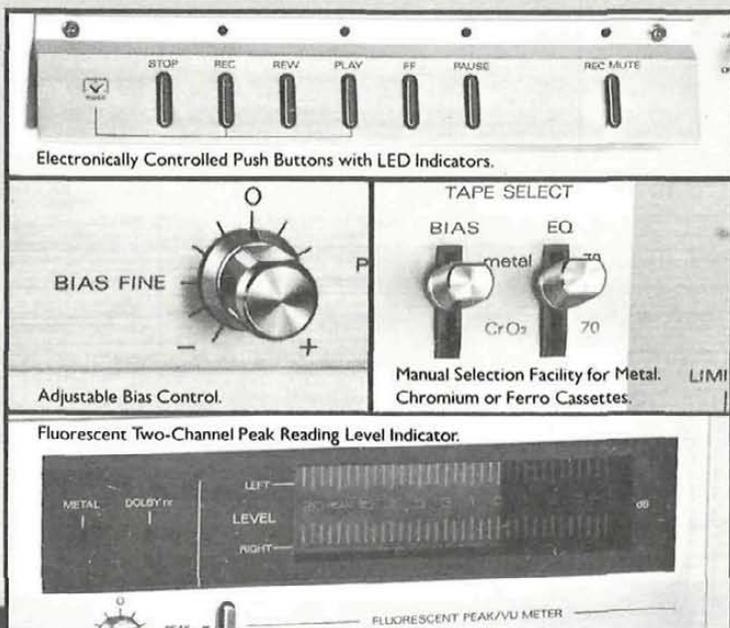
# 4 NEW CASSETTE DECKS FROM PHILIPS.

**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.



Electronically Controlled Push Buttons with LED Indicators.

Adjustable Bias Control.

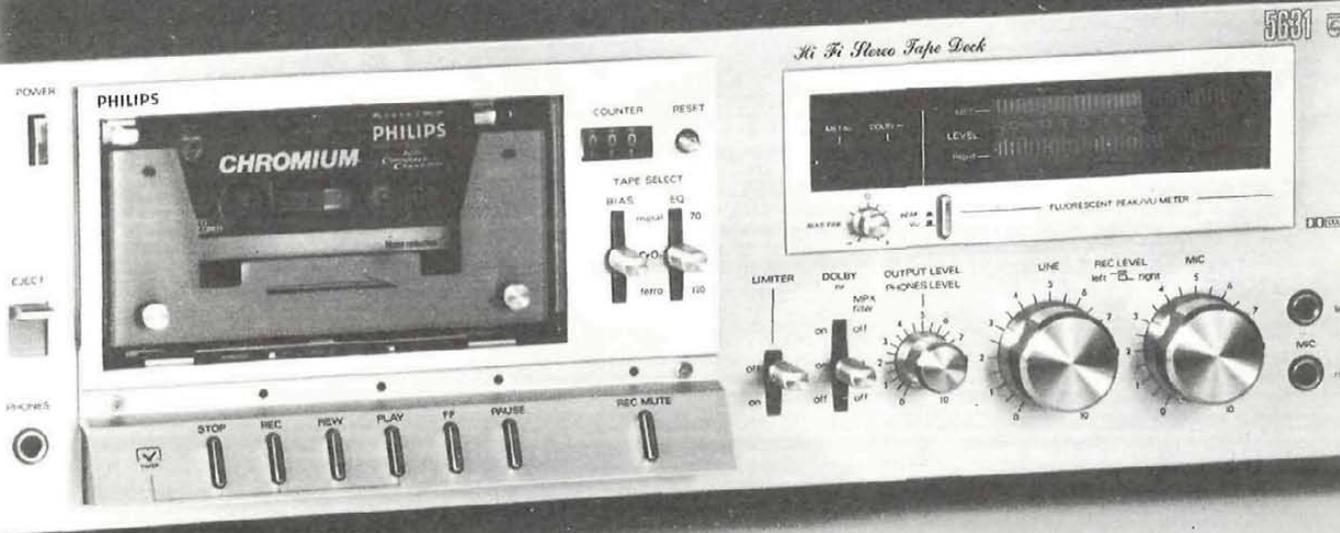
Manual Selection Facility for Metal Chromium or Ferro Cassettes.

Fluorescent Two-Channel Peak Reading Level Indicator.

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

## ORPHAN MARK

continued from page 20

Yale was out of the question. Too many people thought you were a Swedish convict when you told them where you'd been.

Princeton. The very place, thought Mark; when you tell people you've gone to Princeton, they always look out for you as if you were a lovable defective and never try to borrow money.

At Princeton, Mark took a survey of the opinions of the working people of a neighboring township—a blind survey involving several men who worked in a hardware store and an unemployed minority member, none of whom had any idea they were being polled. The survey avoided "contamination"—it did not impose the ideology of the pollster upon the sample.

According to Mark's poll, 2 percent of the population were more concerned with the amount of money they were making than the amount of money the rest of the population didn't have. Ten percent described the voting process as difficult, 22 percent as irrevocable, and the remainder felt they weren't being paid enough.

Asked to choose between communism, altruism, sophism, ideology, Manichaeanism, teleology, and a documentary, 35 percent chose the latter, and the remainder elected to travel steerage, rather missing the point.

The survey, called brilliant and innovative, offered Mark the opportunity to be associated with either the Students for a Democratic Society or the Reserve Officers Training Corps. Both organizations felt his survey offered strong support to the political position they espoused.

Mark, who throughout his formative years had been a member of the stolid and conservative film society, was to commence an agonizing bout of appraisal.

A chance acquaintance swayed the balance. Phil, a clean-featured man with a broad pair of shoulders, determined eyes, a huge Adam's apple, and a voice like a cartoon toad, argued persuasively for the ROTC.

"In Rot-cee," said Phil, using the affectionate abbreviation, "you learn the value of forms, the usage of protocol, and the necessity of hierarchy. You'll discover the value of the so-called rigmarole of organization, and, Mark, more important, you'll learn how it

places a value on you. That can be useful after graduation."

Mark stared at Phil, a look of horror crossing his face as the words sunk in and their truth manifested itself. Mark almost joined the ROTC.

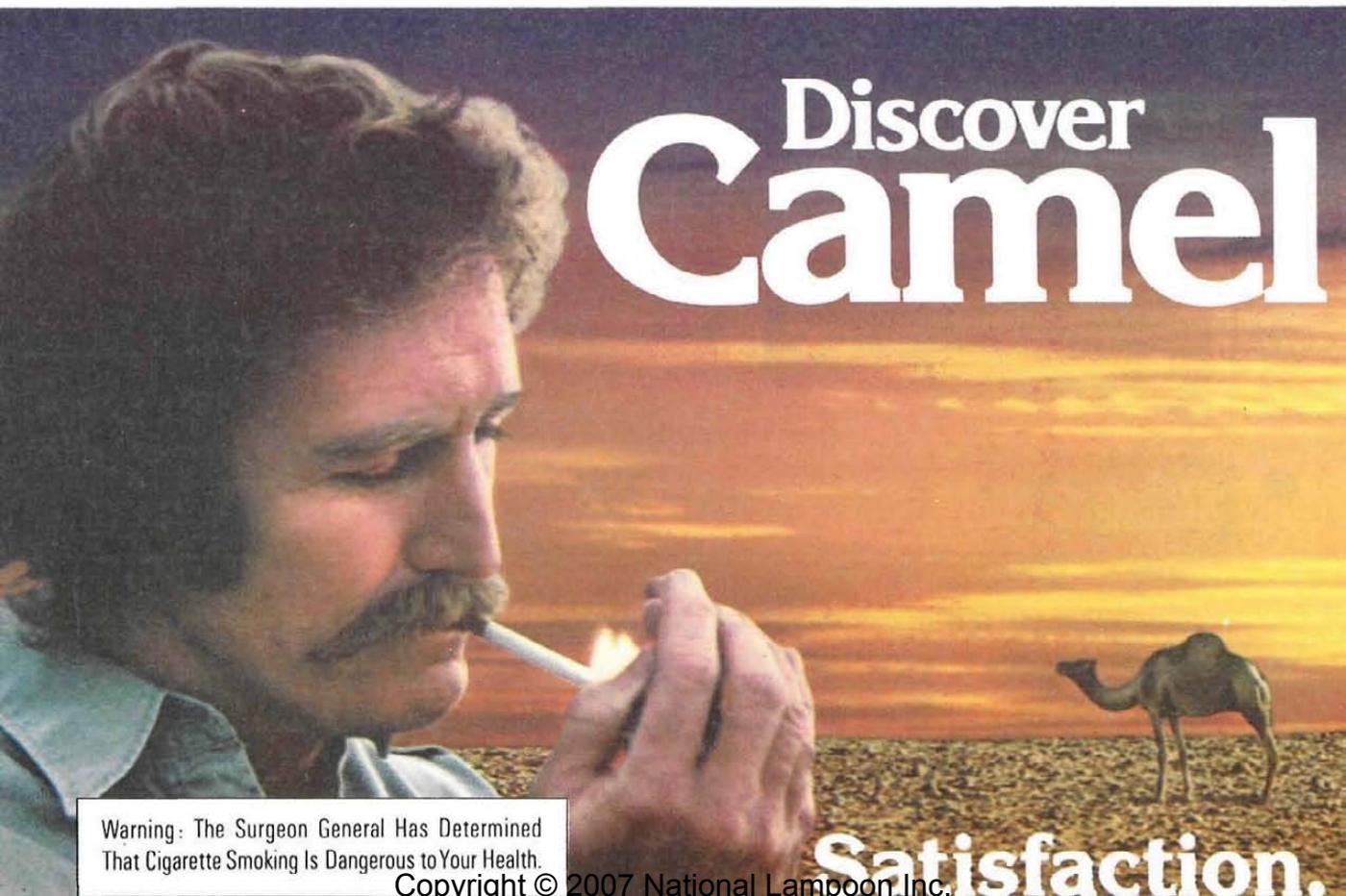
That night, heading back across campus, he chanced to encounter a fellow classmate named Rick.

Rick was a casual flop sort of man, just the sort of fellow the determined conservator had vowed to have nothing to do with. Rick, Mark thought, was a fuckoff. He often said to himself as he crossed the quad, head down and eyes lowered, that "that rich piece of dog snot doesn't know his ass from a Cheerio."

"Hey, there, study hog, what's the hurry, the library don't close till nine..."

Mark smiled ruefully and wondered what the privileged kid would say if he knew Mark's armload of books was simply Neoprene plastic covers hollered out to hold toiletries.

"Uh, look," said Mark candidly, in the open fashion that often as not made a firm friend out of an enemy, "I've been wanting to meet you for a long time. You and those guys you hang out with. You got something. I



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

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don't know what it is..."

Rick and his girl friend, Faucette-Cotia, kept Mark entertained for over an hour.

"In the SDS," Rick told him, "you'll meet people with social connections. People with enough money to know that money isn't enough; guys and girls who can afford to reject the phony values and morality shored up by the reward system. People, Mark, who are determined to establish their own personal set of values. You know what I mean. Civilians."

That night, as Mark fell asleep, he gave thanks that he was not the sort of person who, blind to persuasion, walked down one of life's ruts like an extinct reptilian species or a capitalist bound for unknowing and inevitable extinction. He reached out to caress Faucette-Cotia a final time before sleep and found Rick's plump soft hand already in place, resting like an exhausted jellyfish.

"Oh, well," he sighed with patient resignation. "At least I'm in SDS with the rich kids and not stuck in Rot-cee with all those deluded jerks whose parents have medium-sized stores. Gee..." thought Mark, and, sticking his index finger up her ass, he thought-

fully rubbed Faucette's left cheek with his thumb. He kicked both his heels lightly and gleefully beneath the sheets and was taken by sleep while listening to the alternating rhythm of Rick's heavy smoker's breathing and the light tentative gasps of Faucette-Cotia.

#### Epilogue

Mark graduated from Princeton far enough above the median to distinguish him from the dolts and close enough to average to lay to rest suspicions of eccentricity.

Immediately after leaving school, he joined the staff of an "underground" newspaper called *Maverick*. *Ramparts* later alleged that *Maverick* was funded by the CIA, which was somewhat embarrassing for Mark, as he had infiltrated the organization on behalf of the FBI and rapidly risen to editor.

After leaving *Maverick*, Mark took a brief and well-publicized fling at apprehending "phone freaks," wizard international nuisance callers who cost the phone company, for tax purposes, over twenty billion dollars a year. Mark, as discoverer of these antisocial menaces, was rewarded with a coveted role as a member of the president's Economic Advisory Council.

Later, Mark publicly split with the president, insisting that "the people should have a say in how their money is spent."

Backed by businessmen and community leaders who owed no allegiance to any established party or vested interest, he ran for and was elected mayor of New York. At that time, he married Serviette Tumble-Dry, daughter of Sir Geoffrey Tumble-Dry, inventor of the Tumble-Dry Washer/Dryer.

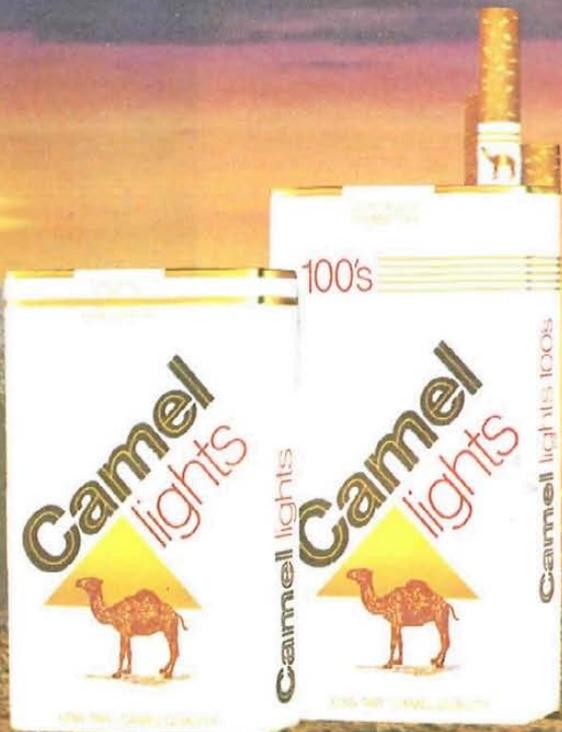
With the support of this father-in-law, he entered the presidential race and swept the primaries. Every door seemed open before him. Then, almost out of nowhere, a dark-horse Republican candidate named Flugeldam, the son of an obscure paving contractor, appeared with accusations too foul to be mentioned.

Mark, unable to counter mere hearsay, or obtain mere photographs, retired from the race.

Mark fled politics and now breeds racehorses in Kentucky. His career is not an unusual one, and it should serve as an example to young, ambitious men. At the same time, let it be a warning. The system is not yet perfect. □

# Lights

## Low tar.



LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79  
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# Think of Canada.



Think of Canada:  
fresh mountain snow  
melting into lakes  
as smooth as glass and  
as cold as ice. A place  
where things are still  
clean and pure.

Think of Labatt's:  
as crisp, clean and  
refreshing as the land  
it comes from.  
The good taste of  
Canada beer.  
Imported...at last.

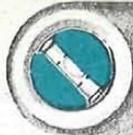


© Labatt Importers, Inc., Amherst, N.Y., 1979 Master Brewers Since 1828.

# Think of Labatt's.

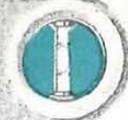
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# TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



## True Facts

• Charles Chamness entered a Sambo's restaurant in Tucson, Arizona, and ordered a patty melt, fries, and coffee. When the waitress brought his coffee, Chamness emptied a bottle of tabasco sauce into it, then dipped two napkins in the cup and swallowed them. He was arrested a short time later for refusing to pay for the patty melt and fries, neither of which he ate. *Tucson Citizen* (contributed by David Carroll)

• A little-known author, Chuck Ross, wanted to prove that publishing companies do not give adequate consideration to material from little-known authors, so he re-typed Jerzy Kosinski's 1969 National Book Award-winning novel, *Steps*, and mailed it to Houghton-Mifflin publishers under a false name. The company sent him a rejection slip several weeks later, stating: "It [*Steps*] doesn't add up to a satisfactory whole." *Steps* was published by Houghton-Mifflin. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by John Brixie)

• A British citizen, Abide Mehmet, was on her way to London from Istanbul when a ticket agent for Turkish Airlines announced that her flight was overbooked and that she would have to wait for the next available plane. Ms. Mehmet began to curse the airline and was soon arrested after complaints from airport personnel. She was taken to Sagmalcilar Prison, depicted in the book and movie *Midnight Express*, where officials held her for over a month and, pending the outcome of her trial, may keep her for up to six years. Ms. Mehmet is expected to be charged under Article 159 of the Turkish Criminal Code

for "insulting the Turkish nation." *Reuter* (contributed by Bruce Mocking)

• A 368-pound truck driver named Marc Quinquandon sought to entertain a group of people at a dance hall in Nancy, France, by eating a large quantity of snails very fast. After swallowing seventy-two of them in less than three minutes, Quinquandon became ill and was rushed to a hospital, where he died a short time later. Doctors listed the cause of death as "indigestion." *UPI* (contributed by George Rickley)

• David Rhodes was sentenced to three years in federal prison for misappropriating \$88,000 while managing a branch of the Century National Bank near Pittsburgh. According to trial records, Rhodes used the money to buy silence from customers he had spanked in his office as punishment for missing their loan payments. The middle-aged father of two teenage children admitted to having whacked more than fifty

delinquent borrowers. *UPI* (contributed by Richard Chaney)

• Two years ago, a Rottweiler dog called Gus was transferred from the service of Baltimore police to the Hutonsville Correctional Center in West Virginia. The dog, used primarily to sniff out explosives and narcotics, performed capably until guards discovered him poisoned and nearly dead. An investigation revealed that Gus had old enemies in Baltimore who wanted to pay him back for uncovering their drugs. One gang reportedly put out a \$10,000 dog contract on him, which officials believe motivated the attempt on his life. *AP* (contributed by Walter Stelly)

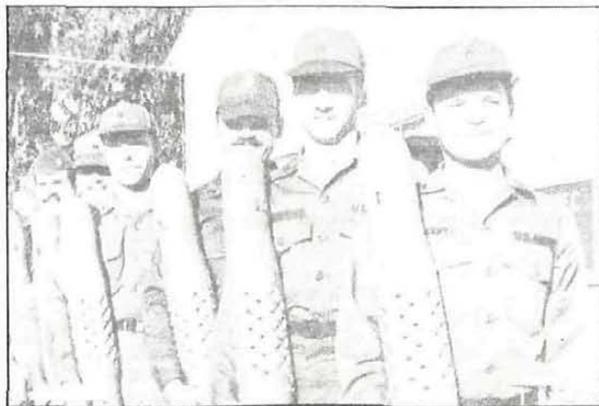
• Three hundred and fifty-five Poles put up deposits totaling \$165,000 to participate in the auctioning of sixty-one inoperable Polish cars that had been fished from the Vistula River after a Polish barge that was transporting them sank on its maiden voyage. Polish bidders then paid

as much as 30 percent over showroom prices for the right to tow away the vehicles, some of which had extensive damage to the frame and chassis. A report in the Polish newspaper *Slowo Powszechnie* concluded, "The desire to possess one's own car is very strong in our society." *Reuter* (contributed by Ken Gaskell)

• A 350-pound man named Richard Avella entered a jewelry store on Long Island, pointed a gun at the clerk, announced a holdup, then tripped and fell to the floor. He was unable to get up before police arrived. *New York Daily News*

• Rudolph Blenman, a forty-six-year-old West Indian and self-styled "psychic doctor," told a young woman in a Canadian bar that he had powers enabling him to see latent cancer in her body and that she needed an immediate examination. Blenman then ushered the woman to his "laboratory"—a dark cloakroom at a place called Beaver Barracks in Ottawa—where he helped her remove her clothes, ran his palms across her body, and finally engaged the woman in sexual intercourse. She later notified police, and Blenman was arrested. At Blenman's trial the complainant testified, "He said he was a doctor and I had nothing to be scared of...I trusted him." The prosecutor accused Blenman of using a "clever and wicked" approach and argued that nothing was "more calculated to frighten" than telling someone she had cancer. Blenman's attorney noted that the woman had consumed nine beers and two gins before undressing in the cloakroom. *Ottawa Citizen* (contributed by Jim Parker)

## THIS IS MY WEAPON, THIS IS MY GUN DEPT.



*Erect parahomies on the march, or men of the 7th Division holding inert Dragon missiles awarded as trophies for good shooting—you decide.* Contributed by Sara Anne Vanderclute *The Army Times*

T

R

## Grecian Homo Curses

*Not only are they ugly, hairy, and short, they're mean. As the following examples of Greek queer cussing illustrate, the Men of Marble are nothing to tangle with after a hard day at the health club.*

- I hope they plug your asshole with plaster!
- I hope you fall in love with someone whose cock is small!
- I hope you get bald from syphilis and wither away!
- Ass-fucked one, I hope the paddy wagon grabs you and takes you to the slammer for a medical exam!
- I hope your asshole becomes distended and you can't plug it with anything!
- I hope your prick turns to ice, so you don't dare fuck, for fear it will melt!
- I hope your chicken beats you and you sleep in a carriage!

● I hope you become skin and bones and slink downward like a snake!

● I hope you lose your hair and your head becomes brighter than the moon!

● I hope you become shriveled and lose your teeth like an old tortoise!

● I hope you crave a cock and can't even find a finger!

● I hope I see you, dearie, yearning for a chicken and not finding one and sucking scumbags!

● I hope you become a vampire and suck come instead of blood!

● I hope you take to sucking dog's cocks in Gazi!

● I hope your piles hang like a bunch of grapes!

*From "The Greek Gays Have a Word for It" by Steve A. Demakopoulos, in Maledicta II: The International Journal of Verbal Aggression, Maledicta Yearbook, 1978.*

## FASHION-AWARD-WINNING PONTIFF DEPT.



*The Fashion Foundation of America voted Pope John Paul II to its list of best-dressed men for 1979. A spokesman for the foundation described the Holy Father's clothing as "impeccable" and "striking," noting that John Paul added an "extra touch of fashion" when he put a sombrero on his head during a visit to Mexico. Also elected to the list were Ted Knight and Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani.*

UPI

U

E

## Unspeakable Ick in Your Food

*The Food and Drug Administration permits certain amounts of dead bugs, worms, larvae, mold, rot, fecal pellets, and other gunk in most foods; we thought you'd like to know exactly how many dead bugs, worms, etc., are allowed and therefore likely to appear in some of your favorites.*

### MAXIMUM ALLOWABLE DEFECTS IN YOUR FOOD

**Broccoli (frozen):** Average of 60 aphids, thrips, and/or mites per 100 grams.

**Chocolate:** Average of 60 microscopic insect fragments per 100 grams; or, average of 1 rodent hair per 100 grams.

**Green coffee beans:** Average 10 percent or more by count are insect infested, insect damaged, or moldy; or, 1 live insect in each of 2 containers, or 3 live insects in 1 container.

**Potato chips:** 6 percent by weight containing rot.

**Peanut butter:** Average of 30 insect fragments per 100 grams; or average of 1 or more rodent hairs per 100 grams.

**Tomato juice:** Average 10 drosophila fly eggs per 100 grams, or 5 drosophila fly eggs and 1 drosophila maggot per 100 grams, or 2 drosophila maggots per 100 grams.

**Tomato paste, pizza, and other sauces:** Average 30 drosophila fly eggs per 100 grams, or 15 drosophila fly eggs and 1 drosophila maggot per 100 grams, or 2 drosophila maggots per 100 grams.

**Popcorn:** 1 rodent excreta pellet found in 1 or more of 10 225-gram subs, or 6 10-ounce consumer-size packages, provided that 1 or more rodent hairs are found in the other subs; or, 2 rodent hairs per pound with 50 percent of the subs contaminated, or 20 gnawed grains per pound with 50 percent of the subs contaminated with rodent hair, or 5 percent by weight of field corn.

**Dried prunes:** Average of 5 percent by count insect infested, moldy, decomposed, dirty, and/or otherwise unfit.

**Spinach (canned or frozen):** Average of 50 aphids, thrips, and/or mites per 100 grams; or 2 or more 3-mm larvae and/or larval fragments of spinach worms (caterpillars) whose aggregate length exceeds 12 mm in 24 pounds; or leaf miners of any size—average 8 per 100 grams; or leaf miners 3 mm or longer, average 4 per 100 grams; or average of 10 percent leaves by count or weight; or areas of 1/2 inch diameter affected by mildew or other type of decomposition.

**Raisins:** 10 whole or equivalent insects and 35 drosophila eggs per 8 ounces of golden bleached raisins.

**Strawberries (frozen; whole or sliced):** Average mold count of 45 percent.

*Source: Food Defect Action Levels, Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Research by Susan Rosenthal.*

**Contributions:** We will pay \$10 for every item used, \$20 for B&W photos, \$30 for color photos. Send to: True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. In case of duplication, earliest postmark is selected.

**Editor's note:** All items appearing in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.



# Aftate® for Athlete's Foot

## is better than Desenex® Really better.

If you've got athlete's foot and you're still using Desenex, you should know that Aftate is better.

In independent studies, the medication in Aftate has been proven to be more effective in killing athlete's foot fungus than the medication in Desenex.

In fact, doctors recommend the medication in Aftate 11 to 1 over the medication in Desenex. 11 to 1.

Aftate is better than Desenex. Really better. It's the killer.

Read and follow label directions.



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30¢ STORE COUPON **SAVE 30¢** ON **Aftate®** FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT

Good for any regular size Aftate purchase (except trial size).

TO DEALER: You are authorized to act as our agent for the redemption of this coupon. We reimburse you for the face value of this coupon plus 5¢ handling, provided that you and the consumer have complied with the following terms: invoices showing purchase in the last 90 days of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented must be shown upon request. Coupon is good on the purchase of one package of any form of Aftate, except trial size. Consumer must pay any sales tax involved. Void when presented by outside agency, broker, or others who are not retail distributors of our merchandise, or where taxed or prohibited or restricted by law. Any other application of this coupon constitutes fraud. Cash value 1/20 of 1¢. To redeem, mail to: PLOUGH, INC., P.O. Box 1510, Clinton, Iowa 52734. OFFER EXPIRES 12/31/81. COUPON REDEEMABLE ONLY IN U.S.A.

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### LETTERS

continued from page 8

Sirs:

We had occasion recently to reflect on the decline of our magazine, much of which can, perhaps, be attributed to our own growing senescence. As we reflected, we noted that we were wearing a pair of tan Oxfords, a brown Brooks Brothers suit, and a lampshade. We continued to chat affably with ourselves, paying particular attention to our hands, which were apt to move of their own accord, making gestures reminiscent of shelling peas. (Query to checking department: What color tie worn?) Oh yes, and the Gilliat woman. Is that her name? Gilliat? What kind of name is that? White would never have let a name like that pass. White? Who he? Hello? Checking department? What checking department? Oh fuck it. Just fuck it. Let me go home.

William Shawn  
Editor, *The New Yorker*

Sirs:

Now that I have made the big time in tennis, when do I get to date the Playmate of the Month? Do I call her, or does she call me? I asked Jimmy, but he just muttered something.

Ready,  
John McEnroe

Sirs:

Would you benighted idjits have the faintest idea what the Polish word for God would be? *Bog*. That's right, *Bog*! Now what do you think of some pope calling on the name of our Heavenly Father with the same word that decent folk would use to refer to a vast expanse of dirt suitable only for cutting into hunks and burning? Is that any way to address the deity, and isn't it just further proof that the papacy is out to undermine the physical basis of the universe itself? The next time you look at His Polishness's rotund features, just think to yourself: *This man would have me kneel before a wet spongy morass of hydrocarbons, the faithless auld fart.*

Rev. Ian Paisley  
Belfast, Ulster

Sirs:

I guess all you people at *Lampoon* must really envy me. Not because I'm any funnier than you, but because I get paid so much more for it.

Life is wild, eh?

Steve Martin  
Back in Hollywood  
surrounded by business  
and marketing types plotting my next  
wild, crazy, incorporated move

Sirs:

Could you tell I was mouthing the National Anthem at the Super Bowl game? I wanted to do it live, but they wouldn't let me. The album is great, though, isn't it? I'll bet you never thought a girl with looks like mine could sing.

Cheryl Ladd  
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

Ever get pissed off when you're out visiting friends and you find out they don't have any cockroaches? Not a single one? Who the fuck do they think they are, right? So what you do is carry a couple of roaches around in a matchbox and let them loose any time this social situation arises. You can set up the shape of things to come by mentioning that two roaches breeding will produce over 42,390 offspring in a year and more than 9 million the next year. And you're laughing inside, right? Laughing and laughing.

Oscar

The apartment down the hall

Sirs:

Rock, you're nuthin' but a stinkin' maggot of a shadow of an excuse for a boxer. Ya make me sick, ya bovine palooka! I betcha didn't crack 225 on your friggin' SATs, neither! But—and this is a very important but—I'll play your manager one more time in *Rocky III*. Just gimme 12 percent of the gross and a quarter mil up front, you putz with ears.

Burgess "Buzz" Meredith  
Over at Chuck Heston's House  
Talking to Hank Fonda, California

Sirs:

Of course I'm an obnoxious little fucker; but unlike Gary Coleman, I'm a funny, adult, *white* obnoxious little fucker. By the way, you owe me a dollar for this letter.

Danny DeVito  
Sunshine Cab Co.  
New York, NY

Sirs:

I saw your August '79 issue on the floor in a bus terminal. There was a page called "Foto Funnies" with a gag on child prostitution. Very nice. I would like to know if the little girl was a real prostitute or just a model? No special interest, just curious.

Roman Polanski  
Secret hiding place everyone thinks is  
in Europe but is actually in  
Santa Monica

## COUCH-TIME STORIES

continued from page 12

George sat on the edge of the water trough and rubbed his face.

"My God, if that's true," he said woefully, "that's a terrible story!"

"George!" Julie cried.

"My wife, excuse me," George said to the goat.

George stepped out of the barn. He saw that little George was being given a tongue bath by three lambs and was bawling.

"How could you just leave the baby alone with these wild animals all over?" Julie hollered.

"I'm sorry, honey," George said, stealing a mitten from the baby's hand and holding it for Julie to see. "One of the goats took Georgie's mitten and I went to get it."

"Oh, God! His face is covered with lamb saliva!"

"Maybe you should go wash him off. The ladies' room is right back by the birdhouse."

"All right," Julie said. "Wait here for us."

George hurried back into the barn. The goat was lying on the ground chewing lazily on a mouthful of straw she'd eaten earlier.

"My wife," George said with an embarrassed smile.

"So anyway," the goat said, swallowing the straw again, "I wonder if you could help me out?"

"You want me to call the theater?"

"No, the play closed weeks ago," the goat said, waving her hind leg in the air. "This may sound kind of crazy, but you know how in fairy tales frogs turn into princesses when kissed?..."

"You want me to kiss you?"

"Would you?"

George made a face and stroked his chin.

"Please?"

George looked out the barn door to see that no one was coming. Then he bent over and pressed his lips against the cold, slippery goat lips. He stepped back to watch the miraculous transformation, which never occurred.

"Damn it!" the goat said.

"Nothing, huh?"

"Maybe if you mounted me," the goat suggested.

"Huh?"

"Would you mind? I know it's a lot to ask, but maybe intercourse would do the trick."

"With a goat?"

"With Elke Sommer! I'm not a goat. I'm just temporarily trapped inside the body of a goat, or at least I

hope it's only temporary. You must have thought about putting it to me when I was in my own body."

George smiled and blushed. "After I saw *A Shot in the Dark* I did."

"Okay, here's your big chance. And if it works, you can do it with me as a human. Whenever you like. I'll do anything you want me to. Anything. And I'll pay off your mortgage and buy you a car, send you on a vacation. Anything."

"You don't have to do that," George said.

"I want to."

"How would we do it?" George asked.

"I think we can do it right in here," the goat said, looking around the barn.

"I'd hate to get caught. It would look horrible."

"Well, you just hide in that pile of hay over there and stick your thing out and I'll back into you."

"This is nuts."

"Please."

George quickly buried himself in the hay and unzipped his fly. Oddly enough he was ready to go. It must have been the thought of Elke Sommer the person that did it. The goat backed into George.

"Woou!" the goat purred. "Nice!"

"Not bad," George said. "I'm very surprised. It's a lot like a person."

"I'm surprised, too," the goat said.

"In a minute it was over. George crawled out of the hay and zipped himself up. He brushed the hay off his trousers and out of his hair.

"Hey!"

The goat was gone.

"Did it work?"

George walked outside. His wife was standing by the fence.

"George! Come on! Where have you been?"

"Just a minute, honey," George said as he scanned the yard for the goat. A smile passed over his face. It must have worked. She took off as soon as it happened. All he'd have to do was contact her. As he joined Julie he thought about what his first request from Elke would be. An around the world? There were so many things. And then there was the money. She was loaded.

As George disappeared into the crowds, the goat slipped around from behind the red barn. She chuckled to herself. A chicken was perched on her head.

"How was it?" the chicken asked.

"A lot like a goat, but not so rough," the goat said. □

# Aftate® for Jock Itch

## is better than Cruex®

## Really better.

If you've got jock itch and you're still using Cruex, you should know that Aftate is better.

The medication in Aftate has been tested and found to be more effective than the medication in Cruex for killing jock itch fungus.

The powerful medication in Aftate not only kills all major types of jock itch fungus, but also helps prevent reinfection.

For the relief of painful itching and chafing of jock itch, get Aftate. It's the killer.

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# THE SMART



Lit Twits: "Pretentious Crumpet Muncher Writes Again" "Puh-leeze, Make This One the Last One" These and other headlines failed, that's right, failed to halt the publication of the latest in a too-long series of novels by toad-faced Angloid C.P. SNOW. Don't ask the title.

Scientists are baffled by SAMMY DAVIS, JR.'s ability to grow back arms and legs, which people are always pulling off the little powerhouse entertainer. Some people argue that he is really a cockroach, pointing out that he is black like one. Others insist he is some kind of lizard or salamander.

Top-dog Chinaman DENG XIAO-PENG placed an order on behalf of his fellow countrymen with fancy-pants man CALVIN KLEIN. Seems it runs to 740 million identical business suits, one for each citizen...all in keeping with China's growing love affair with the American way. When he's not sneaking off for wild gambling weekends at the Pink Flamingo in Vegas, Chairman Deng is busy setting up his committee to investigate un-Chinese activities. Claims he's got proof that communists have infiltrated the Chinese entertainment industry and, yes, even some branches of government. No shit, Mr. Deng.... Say, what's brown and sounds like a bell? Answer: Dung.

How did best-selling authoress JUDITH KRANTZ get such a square look to her head? Cosmetic surgery? Costly hairstyling? The answer, according to Krantz, is to sleep with one's head in a shoebox. Let's see more of the "square look."

Here's this month's list of those

who paid to get a Smart Set mention: RICHARD B. STOLLEY, RICHARD BURGHEIM, ROSS DRAKE, JAMES R. GAINES, CRANSTON JONES, LANDON Y. JONES, JR., RALPH NOVAK, PATRICIA RYAN, ROBERT N. ESSMAN, and MARY DUNN. Sound familiar? Not a chance. The only way these characters see their names in print is on the masthead of *People* magazine, where they're editors.

Reno on the bean-o? LIZ TAYLOR and politico hubby JOHN WARNER publicly spatting over the draft issue. Liz wants every woman in this country to get her draft notice pronto and says she'd personally volunteer to roll out of a bomb-bay door at 21,000 feet above the Kremlin. God help any poor Russkies caught in her cholesterol shrapnel.

Revelations from ex-porn star LINDA LOVELACE (sister of fascinating BARBARA BOREMAN) that she was forced by onetime two-timing mate CHUCK TRAYNOR to make a spectacle of herself have led other thespians to confess they've done work against their will. Latest is pudge pit MARLON BRANDO, claiming aspirant godhead FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA forced him to give a muddled performance in *Apocalypse Now*.

The last FARRAH FAWCETT hairdo in America is being sported by Trici Alecziki, a junior-high-school student in Brentwood, New Jersey. It would be a shame if this once common American sight were to vanish entirely. Perhaps a society aimed at its preservation should be formed?

CARROLL "PAPPY" RIGHTER, famed astrologer to the Hollywood stars, begged Smart Set to draw up a chart for him. Well, Pappy, looks like your moon is in GISELLE MACKENZIE, with DANNY KAYE rising and Venus in the house of RHONDA FLEMING. Looks like Mars is on the cusp between EDIE ADAMS and ARLENE DAHL, but frankly your sun sign has to be P. T. BARNUM. There's one born every minute, ain't it the truth, Paps. Well, it's a clean way to make a dirty living, I gotta give you that. May they never wise up.



A fart? Or was that dancer ALEKSANDR GODUNOV that just walked by? Apart from trying to spell his first name without vowels, defector Godunov is quickly gaining a rep as a bad-tempered, bullying oaf who everyone is hoping will soon dance off down the defector trail again...perhaps to Paraguay, where he could earn his money dancing on the tables of stein-pounding German defectors.

HUGH HEFNER is reportedly furious at a swank New Jersey riding academy. Apparently the fabulous bunny man lashed out a fortune to educate protégée BARBI BENTON in matters equestrian. After four years she still does not know dressage, can't even neck rein, and must be equipped with a martingale and blinkers anywhere but in an open field. Rumor has it she threw Hef in his own living room. Maybe it's bloodlines?

PAWPAW, ILLINOIS, population 846. This town rates a special mention. It has no social life whatsoever.

*The Executioner's Song*, new book by hefty novelist NORMAN MAILER, reportedly checked itself into DR. PRITIKIN's dieting institute. After a week it dropped 200 pages, but it still has a long way to go....

Speaking of food abuse, PATTI HANSON, hot new model with the sultry zaftig looks, tips the scales at 130 pounds. Secret is the eclair diet—after each meal, eat an eclair. It doesn't matter what else you eat—green salad minus dressing, quarter-inch raw lean beefsteak—the eclair takes care of weight gain.

Confidential to DIANE VON FURSTENBERG: Jojoba oil is a substitute for sperm whale oil. Sure, I guess you can swallow it....

LARRY HAGMAN, plump-faced bad guy they all love to loathe as J.R. on TV's "Dallas," is actually a real pussycat. Favorite foods include Nine Lives Tuna Snack and Tender Vittles Liver 'n' Egg Dinner.

This Month's Quiz: Get out your pencils, kids; and no copying. Okay, here it is. What's the difference between a fifty-year-old can of creamed corn that's been opened, pissed in by a mongrel dog, and left out too long in the sun and designer Bill Blass's soul? Answer: Forty years ago that corn smelled okay.

Dudley Moore  
Laraine Newman  
James Coco  
Paul Sand  
Jack Gilford  
Dom DeLuise  
John Houseman  
Madeline Kahn  
David L. Lander  
Richard Pryor  
John Ritter



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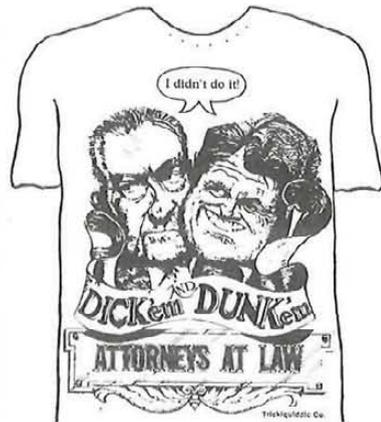
So depend on the strong, sensitive type—Sheik condoms. They've got everything you want in a condom, any way you want them: Sensi-Creme Lubricated, Ribbed, Reservoir End, and Plain End.

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# SHEIK

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SOMEONE WHO  
GIVES A SHIT

3. Sounds Like  
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To Me

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no questions  
I just might  
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the truth

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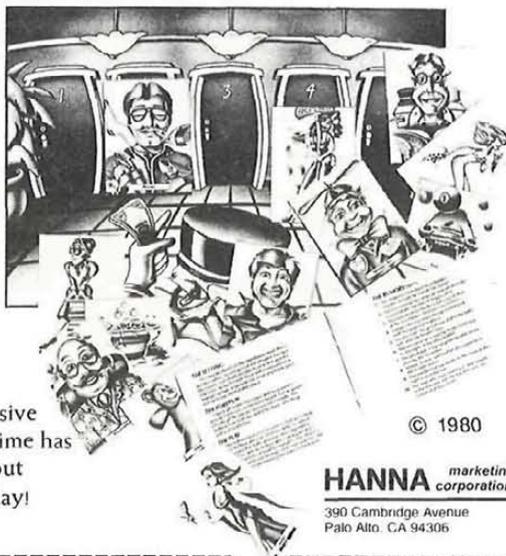
The scene is a swanky hotel on the penthouse floor and the guests are a zany lot, the kinky intellectual, the swinging starlet and the jubilant cheerleader just to name a few.

The most important character, though, is the bellboy. He's the only one that really knows what is happening and is willing to talk, for a price that is. However, it will take more than his help to unravel this brain-rattling puzzle!

Play with a friend or be the life of the party. You may need the help! In the ratings dept. 2 hours or more is considered senile.

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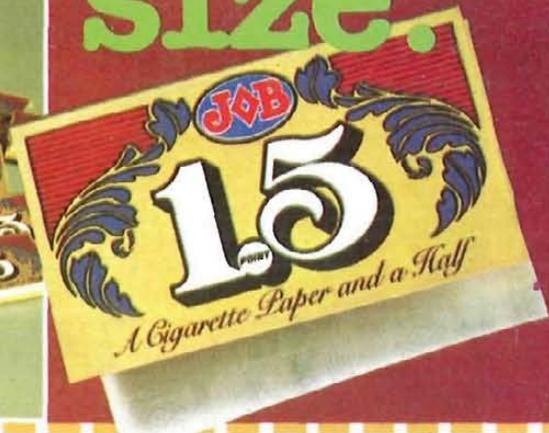


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\*Sampler includes one pack new **JOB** 1.25™, two packs **JOB** 1.5™, and one pack **JOB** double-width cigarette papers.

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## EDITORIAL

continued from page 82

All right. Maybe I am overwrought. Maybe in our society it's wrong to get overwrought about justice. Maybe we're only supposed to get mad about a single crime. To hope that by punishing a single tree we can reform a forest is absurd! Members of the committee, we are that forest!

*(Murmurs of outraged protest. Calls for recess.)*

I have freely admitted I was a paper boy. I have testified today voluntarily, and though I have been granted immunity from prosecution, I have not sought it. I see before me now some members of the committee rosy checked. Others are cheerful. Others still are unaffected. I am sure some of you are willing to forego comfort or endure hardship. Yet which of you is all these things at once?

*("Point well taken," remarks chairman. "Just like paper boys." Committee adjourns.)*

T.M.

### Plugola

This month, Delacorte Press will publish a novel called *War Story* by Gordon McGill. The book is perhaps

the finest Second World War thriller written at any time since before the war. Gordon himself is a hard-headed Scot; in fact, compared to Mr.

McGill's head, billiard balls are insignificant soft things suitable for arthritics to squeeze. *War Story*, which is certain to become a tremendous best-seller, I read cover to cover, the actual book not having been printed yet. If the dust jacket is anything to go by, this tale is going to make McGill's name a household word here in America. I urge everyone who knows how to read to go out and get a copy of this book, lest their precious reading skills atrophy.

T.M.

### Mea Maxima Culpa

Astute readers—in fact anyone with eyes and even the most elementary verbal aptitude—will have noticed that in our April issue P.J. O'Rourke's story "Motorcycle Vengeance" opens with two paragraphs of large display type on pages 28 and 29 and is followed on page 30 by the tail end of a third paragraph that has no beginning. One line of missing type is responsible for the non sequitur. Our copy editor is responsible for the line of missing type.

The paragraph's opening sentence should have read: "One afternoon I got drunk and came home and passed out on my bed!"

We were going to paper the inside of the copy editor's forehead with the offending pages as a permanent reminder of the fuck-up, but he, being a once-and-future Catholic and no slouch when it comes to self-induced penitential remorse, seemed already sufficiently distressed about the matter. "I feel like shit," he said and, that afternoon, got drunk and went home and passed out on his bed. □

### SASE

Hail you guys that make points in poems!

It ain't easy to make opinions rhyme;  
And you gotta pick your meter, pop.  
Is simple, ya?

Left ain't right, (lessly) ruth,  
Rhyme lends idiot strength to (your answer hear).

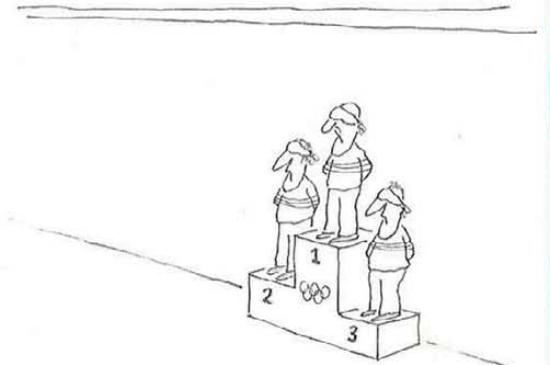
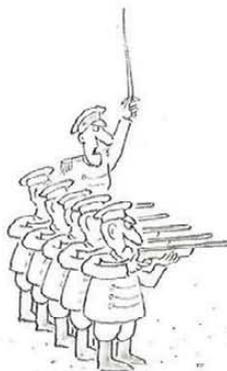
The competition's closed—we won—  
Your solar energy not required, son.  
Yours sincerely, thanks a lot,  
For the editor; Elihu Twat.

—Stephen Suspender.

COMING NEXT MONTH IN THE JULY NATIONAL LAMPOON

# SLIME, SWILL, and POLITICS

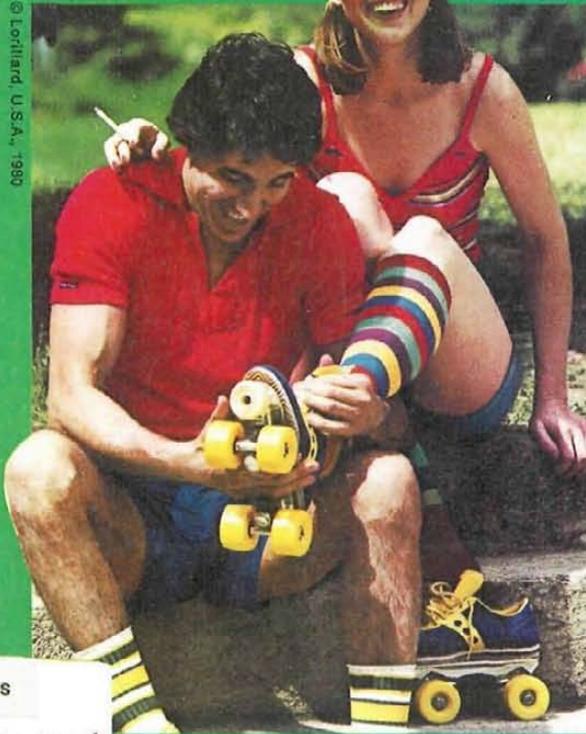
With endorsements, deals, scams, slush funds, matching funds, rose gardens, watersheds, whistle blowers, grass roots, front-runners, power brokers, media consultants, bell ringers, polls, pollsters, and early returns. Plus congressmen in cheap suits with pockets full of money!



# Alive with pleasure!

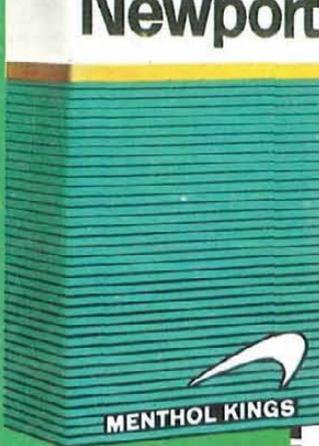
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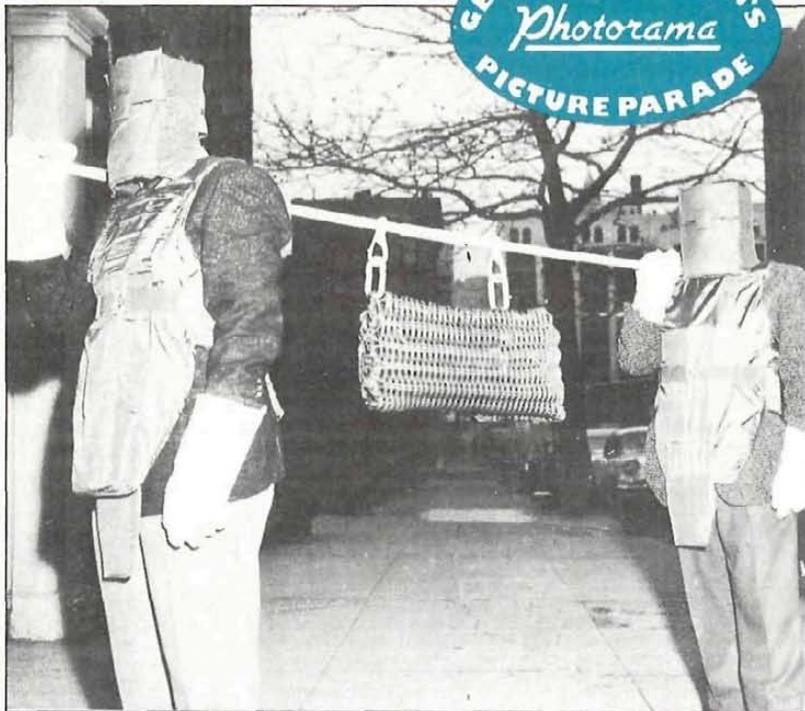
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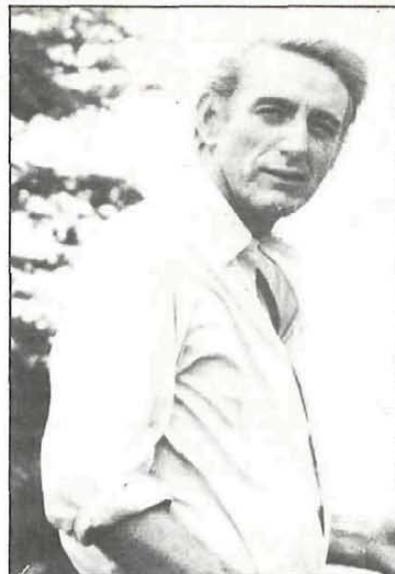
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17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1980.

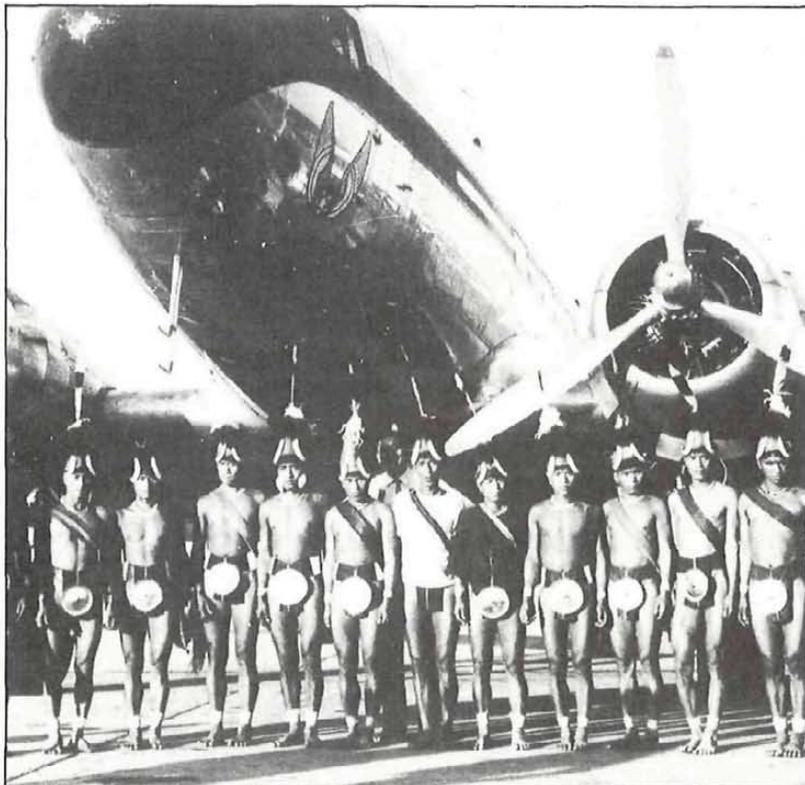
**GERALD SUSSMAN'S**  
*Photorama*  
**PICTURE PARADE**



**Palma de Mallorca, Spain** The last two descendants of the Knights of Malta, originally a band of soldiers who fought in the Crusades, arrive at the summer palace of King Carlos I of Spain with their annual tribute, a custom that began in the fourteenth century. Although the ceremony has now been reduced to a symbolic one, the Knights plan to continue it as long as they live. This year's tribute is a Maltese duck—roasted, carved, put back on the frame, and "ready to heat and eat," said one of the Knights.



**La Jolla, California** A man who claims he is Rod McKuen has been giving bogus concerts and shows all over California, reading his fake McKuen-style poetry and singing his versions of McKuen songs. He was finally apprehended when he scheduled a concert in La Jolla on the same night that the real McKuen was performing in that city. The imposter, identified as Leslie Hudinga of nearby Glendale, claimed, "The body of McKuen came to me in a dream and occupied me." Police are trying to recover over \$100,000 in concert fees he has received.



**Ouaga Dougou, Upper Volta** The entire personnel of Upper Volta Airlines poses for the inauguration ceremony opening its new route, which will start at the airport and end in the middle of the city somewhere. Since the crew has not yet learned to fly, the plane will simply taxi its way to various destinations and use a meter system similar to cab and limousine services.



**Cleveland, Ohio** Students at the Murphy Male Secretarial School practice their shorthand and typing in an advanced class. Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, and other large midwestern cities report a marked increase in the hiring of male secretaries in the past year. To eliminate the image of effeminacy attached to this job, the Murphy School requires its students to dress in a military uniform and pass strict military-style physical fitness tests. "Murphy Boys" as they are called, not only offer all the skills of a female secretary but can also serve as office security guards.



**"Anything gin or vodka can do, white rum can do better.  
We're glad you're learning what we Puerto Ricans have always known."**

**Equestrian trainer Hector Gandia and his wife, artist Janet D'Esopo.**

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## NEW DATSUN 280-ZX WITH T-BAR ROOF

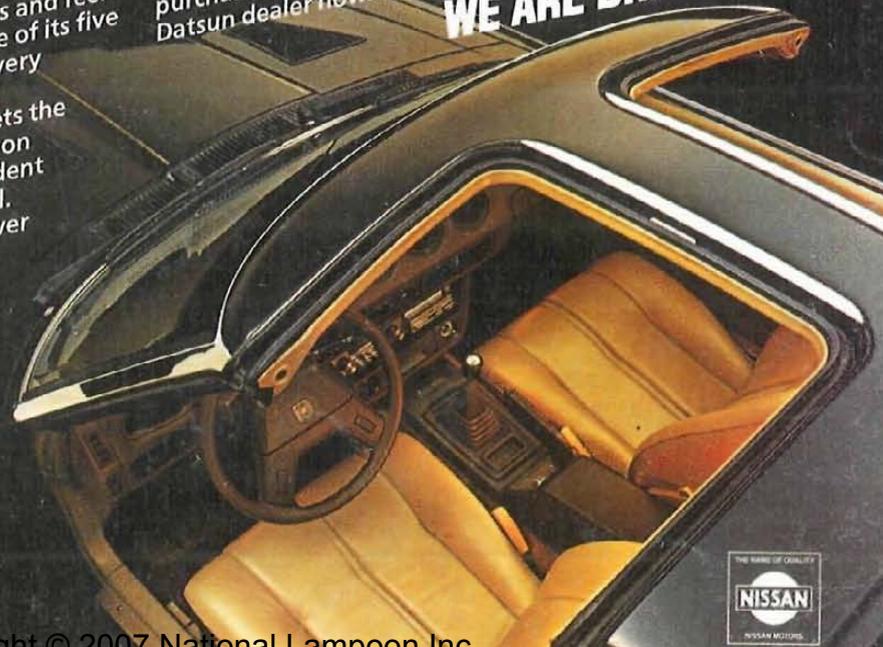
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discs. Cradles you in optional genuine leather reclining bucket seats. Surrounds you with the sound of 4-speaker stereo. Lays before you an eye-filling array of instrumentation including tachometer, resettable trip odometer, time/date quartz clock, Computer Sensor System...

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RANGE

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MPG

**31**  
HWY. EST.  
MPG

Projected 280-ZX ranges\* are based on EPA estimated MPG and highway trans- MPG with five-speed transmission. Use estimated MPG for comparison. Your mileage and range may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Highway mileage will probably be lower than EPA Highway MPG. EPA Highway Range **422** 654. \*California Mileage **20** 31.

