

**ANXIETY**

**NATIONAL**

**AUG. 1980**

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# **LAMPPOON**

**THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS**

IND 34490



*John Galt*



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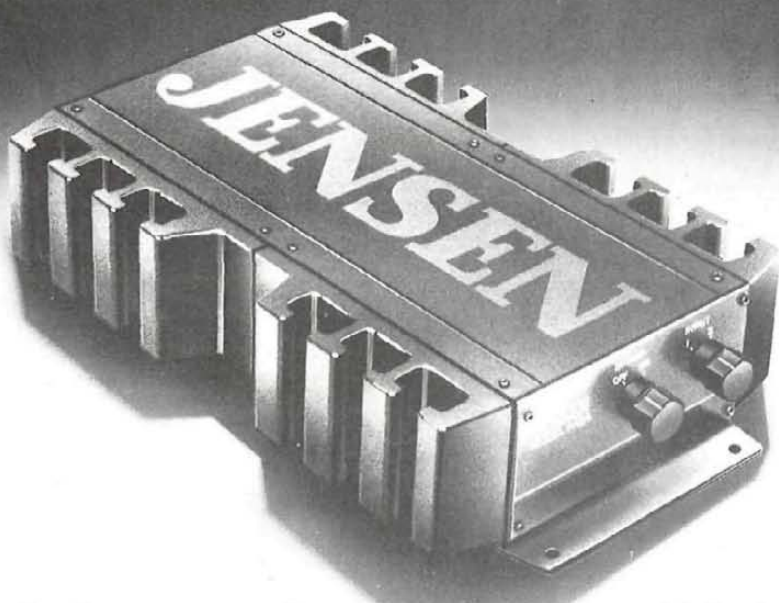
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# CONTENTS

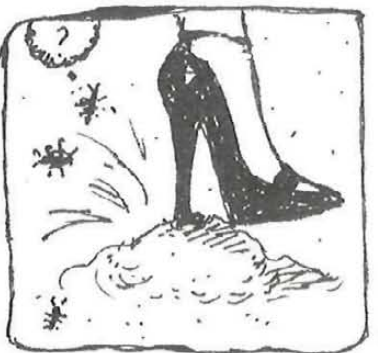
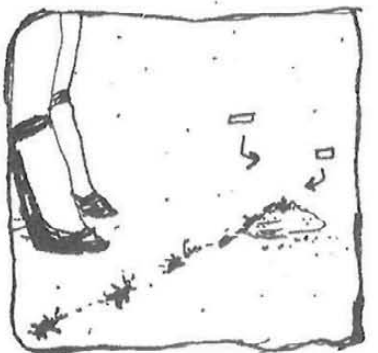
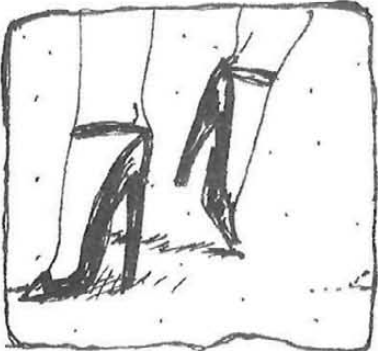
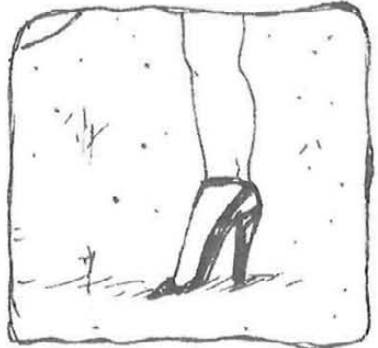
Issue Editor: Tod Carroll

<b>Crazy People</b> By P.J. O'Rourke	31
<b>Postcards from Mental Institutions</b> By Ron Barrett	34
<b>Deadwood</b> By Tod Carroll	36
<b>WASP Psychiatrist</b> By John Hughes	40
<b>Aunt Mary's Kitchen</b> By M.K. Brown	42
<b>It Came from Beneath the Sheets</b> By Johnny Trigger	53
<b>Terminal Hotel</b> By Joe Schenkman	58
<b>The Agoraphobic Family Goes to the Chicago Commodities Exchange</b> By Tod Carroll Illustrated by Scott Gillis	60
<b>Hypochondria Knocks</b> By Gerald Sussman	65
<b>The Junior Genius Show</b> By B.K. Taylor	79
<b>Being Nice</b> By Gahan Wilson	80
<b>Cover</b> By Eraldo Carugati	

## REGULAR FEATURES

<b>Editorial</b>	6
<b>Letters from the Editors</b> Edited by Gerald Sussman	8
<b>Big John's Couch-Time Stories for Men</b> By John Hughes	10
<b>I Was a Stunt Man for the Dick Cavett Show</b> By Brian McCormick	12
<b>News on the March</b>	21
<b>Foto Funny</b>	28
<b>Funny Pages</b>	69
<b>True Section</b> By Tod Carroll, with the assistance of Susan Rosenthal	85
<b>Photorama Picture Parade</b> By Gerald Sussman	96

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Summer's here and the mixing is easy. Refresh yourself with a tall, cool glass of Seagram's 7 with 7UP, cola, ginger ale or your favorite mixer. Enjoy summer Seven style! And enjoy our quality in moderation.

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# EDITORIAL

ANXIETY IS AN INAPPROPRIATE SUBJECT FOR ME this month because I am living a thoroughly genial and palmy life at a bungalow on the water in Mission Beach, California. I've been here since June, at the insistence of personal advisers who ordered me to get out of New York before I committed some treacherous act that might lead to arrest and certain death

in a jail full of human garbage even more repugnant and hazardous than the canaille of disfigured building superintendents and decrepit maundering humpbacks who emigrated fifty years ago from the worst places on earth with half a bar of gold and wearing matted coats made of dogs and all the other disenfranchised zombies, toe dancers, and fuckups at large on the street. I recall a Serpico-style incident at Broadway and Seventy-seventh that influenced my decision to get out.

A Negro was attempting to rob Marcie's X-Lint Dress Shop when cops pulled up in front of the store. The Negro announced that everyone in Marcie's was his hostage and threatened to kill them all. Within a half hour, the entire block was walled with squad cars and exotic cop vans loaded with more cops. SWAT snipers crawled along rooftops; seedy-looking undercover detectives squealed up to the perimeter in dented Malibus, leaped out, and leveled their hog legs at the store. Crouching plainclothesmen wearing flak vests over badly manufactured sport coats jockeyed between vehicles as the negotiating team set up a command post at Gitlitz's Delicatessen and asked the Negro to surrender. More cops arrived in more armored vans, carrying M-16s and satchels full of tear gas and ammunition; still, there was no progress.

Eventually, the special Negro negotiator was called in to speak Negro on a bullhorn. Vast crowds had gathered behind police cordons at either end of the block, comprised largely of

## THE GRAPHIC WORK OF EDVARD MUNCH JR., PAINTER OF ANXIETY

Norwegian artist Edvard Munch Jr. (1902-68) is best known for a series of bold, emotionally charged woodcuts he produced during the middle of this century. Most of them, reminiscent of his father's famous protoexpressionist masterpiece *The Scream*, are considered nonpareil in their forcefulness of shape and illumination, and are available in little gift shops all over Scandinavia.



THAT LOOKS LIKE THE PHONE BILL IN THE LETTER BOX (AND I KNOW IT'S GOING TO BE A BIG ONE THIS MONTH) 1958; size: unknown; Palazzo Figiti, Rome.



SIN 1965; size: 5x7 (approx.); Nusskunst Museum, Vienna.



the type of crazy and rotting Broadway clientele that might be expected to outfit themselves at Marcie's X-Lint Dress Shop. As I listened to the special Negro negotiator advise the gunman that he "be havin' to decide whether to be cool or uncool," a squat, monstrous, Balkan-type woman with the molecular consistency of cobalt steel crashed into my back. Using a pair of vile-smelling sacks of rutabagas and leeks to ram through the crowd, she totally disregarded the thirty or forty cop vehicles and the hundred and fifty police with rifles, machine guns, shotguns, and .38 Specials trained on Marcie's X-Lint Dress Shop. Her sole, miserable, all-consuming mission was to bring home enough mephitic bulk from the marketplace to keep from dying; it was a system she understood and could rely on.

"Excuse! Excuse! Let me through," she snorted through a nose and mouth separated by a subcutaneous growth the size of a bottle cap. The creature churned through the barricades and up the sidewalk between Marcie's and the hundred and fifty cops, straight on course to her unimaginable den somewhere uptown. One of the crouching detectives, in an extreme act of bravery, shot out from behind a doorway and tackled her at the ankles; a uniformed cop quickly helped him drag the shouting woman out of the line of fire.

**THE NEGRO WANTED TO KILL EVERYONE IN THE** dress shop, and the mutant foreigner wanted her putrid caldron of vegetables—a fine representative sample of affairs in New York, and, as affirmed by my personal advisers, a fine time to withdraw to a lawn chair on the Pacific Ocean and degenerate into an inutile pig. This is essentially what I have done, with the assistance of Bruce, Tim, and Steve—three twenty-year-old vagrants who share the rent and fill adjacent lawn furniture. They are superbly worthless and unproductive persons whose association has contributed handsomely to my psychic well-being.

Together, we sit for long periods on a small plot of grass between our cottage and the beach walk, staring at an unbroken stream of strangers. Steve is addicted to painkillers and Anchor steam beer; he lays on a chaise lounge in a narcotic trance and never moves. Tim sits close to a low concrete wall separating our yard from the beach walk and eats stolen Danola ham slices directly from the blisterpack, while Bruce listens to old Tubes cassettes on a couch next to the arcadia door.

Recently, I hired an instructor at San Diego State University to work up a complete presentation on the economic impact of this behavior, so all of us might better appreciate our situation.

The instructor's name is Michael Nordman. Nordman appeared in our yard with an interesting set of charts and illustrations on an easel and explained that each of us was draining approximately sixteen hundred labor units from the nation's adjusted annual index and that in two years our negative output, ungenerated-unrealized income, and the estimated ripple effect of each on the surrounding community would yield an aggregate drag factor of -835.6, which Nordman said might easily precipitate the starvation of three or four dozen people if applied, for example, to a delicate subsistence economy such as that of Chad. Everyone seemed to like Nordman's analysis.

"Hear that, Steve," Tim shouted as he sailed a slice of ham onto Steve's face. "How do you feel about killing all them Chadians, huh, Steve?" Steve poked the ham slice into his mouth with his index finger and gobbled it like a dog. "What I need to know," he slurred, "is how many Chad-people labor units would it take to buy me this next Perc?" Steve dropped a tablet into his mouth and washed it down with an Anchor steam beer. Nordman rested a display of *National Geographic* photos on the easel. "I don't believe I have the exact data you want," he said, "but I can tell you that this twelve-year-old Kazakh porter would have to carry a bundle the size of a Volkswagen three times around the Junggar Basin to earn enough money to support your life-style from now until six o'clock."

"Are those the Chinese nomad fuckers that live in those fucking felt yurts?" Tim asked. "I believe so," Nordman answered. "Hey, Steve," Tim barked, "why don't you crawl into the fucking yurt and get me some more Danola, you know, as kind of a gesture of solidarity with all of the twelve-year-old primitives in the world who've got permanent spine damage from trying to earn enough money to get to Mission Beach and fuck their lives away like you?"

"Goddamn right!" Steve replied with a chuckle and a poorly executed Western accent. Tim added a follow-up chuckle, and I wondered how the Negro in Marcie's X-Lint Dress Shop would have reacted to a demand from the Balkan woman to bring her more leeks—a moot consideration, however, because the Negro blew his brains out before the cops could bring him in.

Tim got his own ham after Nordman wrapped up his report, and we lounged comatose and content in the lawn furniture until it was time to move indoors and fall asleep. I realized I was very satisfied with the routine and now plan to keep it up indefinitely. If you're ever in the Mission Beach area, by all means stop by—we'll be in front of the eighth house from Spence Street, totally unoccupied and glad to see you. TC



IS THAT MY BUS OR IS IT A TRUCK?  
Circa 1906; 4 1/4 x 7; El Museo  
d' Arte Loco, Mexico City.



WHEN IS SHE GOING TO GET  
UNDRESSED? (I CAN'T STAY UP ALL  
NIGHT) 1957; size: 38x22x38;  
Musée des Artes des Voyeurs, Paris.



WAS I WEARING A HAT? 1950; size:  
7 1/4; Museum für Angstwerk, Zurich.



ONE OF THESE DAYS THAT BOOK-  
SHELF IS GOING TO FALL AND TAKE  
THE STEREO DOWN WITH IT 1962;  
size: 33 1/2 x 7 1/8; Nasjonalgalleriet  
ut Raw Njervendengs, Oslo.



Sirs:

I could've had a V-8!

Linda Lovelace

Sirs:

I have some bad news and some good news. The bad news is John Gacy has escaped. The good news is Gary Coleman is missing.

Lt. McKenzie

Chicago Police Department

Sirs:

The final statistics for the 1979-80 professional football season are now complete. As was expected, the Atlanta Falcons led the NFL in turnovers with 108. What was surprising is that cherry turnovers won out over apple for the first time, by 55-49. Blueberry was a distant third with 4.

Pete Rozelle,

Commissioner

National Football League

Sirs:

All right, I'll tell you how we do it. I sit on his face and he tells me lies.

Mrs. Pinocchio

Puppeto, Italy

Sirs:

August is the month of anxiety. August is the most anxiety-producing month of the year. That's because August is the month when all the analysts take their vacations. Freudians, Jungians, Adlerians—all of them. Vanished. Gone. It's bad enough that you can't get a dream analyzed all month or even have a good fifty minutes of free association, but what's worse is not knowing where they all go or what they're doing when they get there. They could all be on the sound stage at Universal making such a neurotic compulsive movie that when it's released I'll be out of business for the rest of my life. Believe me, that's anxiety.

Woody Allen

Manhattan, Manhattan

Sirs:

I will tell you where analysts go for our vacation. Every year der American Psychoanalytische Association is renting der Miami Hilton for der month of August. Boy, ve haff fun! Ve are schmoking der big thick cigars, driving der choo-choo trains through doorways, climaxing up and down der stairways, tipping der chamber pots—I mean to say, der chambermaids—having lots of transference mit girls mit big oral gratification, viping our asses mit hundred-dollar bills, and schmearing peanut butter over der bedspreads! Also, ve are making big jokes about our dummkopf patients. But don't tell dot to Vooody Allen. Let der liddle guy vorry!

Dr. Kurt Zeigault

Miami Hilton, Miami Beach

Sirs:

In my wife's panties I found a little tag that said "Inspected by No. 17!" Do you suppose she's secretly joined a group of swingers or something?

Fred Barnett

Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:

Lips that touch penises shall never touch mine.

Amy Vanderbilt

Rye, NY

Sirs:

This is a *belle lettre*. Ding-dong ding-dong ding-dong. I have made a pun in your language, no?

Valery Giscard d'Estaing

Tuna Cannes, France

Sirs:

Whoops! I went to hell.

Jean-Paul Sartre

Sirs:

In response to your query about the common man in the Middle Ages "Was he literally nameless and faceless?" No. He had a face and his name was Odo.

Barbara Tuchman

New York, NY

Sirs:

I just found this out from my brother-in-law, who's a TV cameraman, and I thought I'd better tell somebody quick: They're using propped-up dead people on the "Muppet Show" and moving them around with wires and sticks, and I think that's, like, pretty twisted, don't you?

Ned Gobble

Guernsey, Conn.

Sirs:

Just thought I'd let you in on something I've learned about broads—you know, chicks. Well, they don't all look the same if you turn 'em upside down, after all. Some of them have got great big butts.

Gay Talese

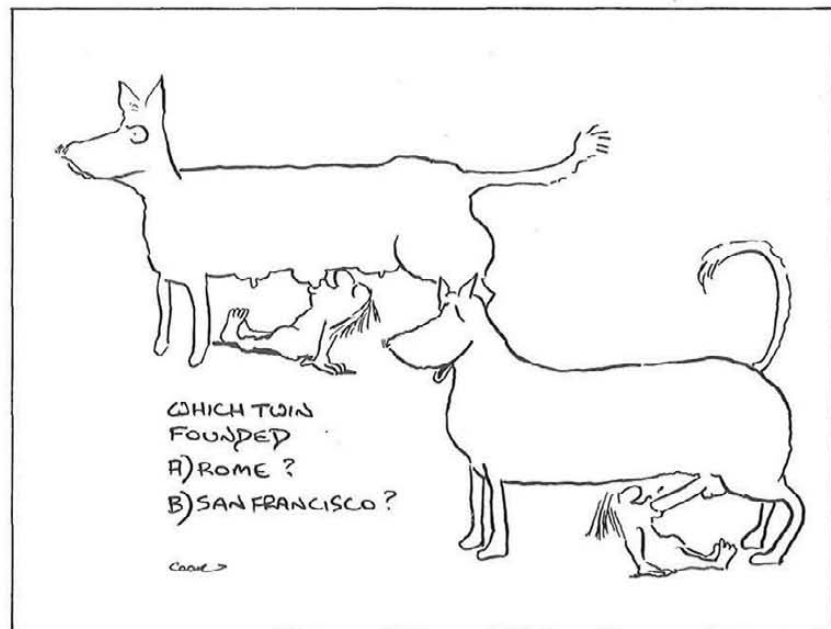
New York, NY

Sirs:

You want to know what a really clean broad is? A *really* clean broad is one who brushes her teeth before she blows you. Stay tuned, because I really found out a lot about women doing my new book.

Gay Talese again

New York, NY



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## The Spy Who Wore Nothing

by John Hughes

Chuck closed his arms around the pillow and placed his slightly parted lips against the white cloth. He fell back on the bed with the pillow on top of him.

"I could puke!" his sister announced.

Chuck sprang from the bed, heaving the pillow into the closet.

"What are you doing in here?" he yelled at her.

She wagged the kitchen knife she'd used to pick his door lock in his face and scolded him.

"You had the door locked. Dad said we aren't allowed to lock any doors. In case there's a fire. I'm telling!"

Chuck drew back his arm to belt her but held back when his mother poked her head in.

"What's all the yelling about?"

"Chuck had the door locked," his sister said. "He was pretending his pillow was Wendy Slauson. It's sick!"

"I was not," Chuck insisted.

"You know that you're supposed to lock your door," Mrs. John-

son said. She turned to Chuck's sister. "And you're supposed to respect Chuck's privacy!"

Mrs. Johnson pulled Chuck's sister out of the room and closed the door. A moment later his sister opened the door and stuck her head in.

"Wendy Slauson thinks you're a creepo. Everybody does!"

Chuck walked over to the closet and retrieved the pillow. He gently placed it on his bed.

"I love you," he told it.

Chuck went into the bathroom to continue his attempts to discern exactly what it was about his face that made him so unpopular. He studied his nose, his chin, and the shape of his ears in the mirror. The best part of him, he decided, was his hair. It was a clear violation of the school dress code to have as much hair as he had. It was 1965 and parents were complaining about the Beatles' hair. Only by making quick trips to the boys' bathroom between periods to wet it down and tuck it into his shirt collar was he able to keep the beautiful young curls that ringed the nape of his neck. He hoped that one day Wendy Slauson would be running her fingers through those curls. That's what they were there for. For girls to run their fingers through.

When "The Fugitive" came on TV the house settled down. Except for the TV, there was no sound in the house. No sisters, no parents. He was all alone upstairs and would be for another hour. A little voice inside him said, "Call her, call Wendy."

It was okay, he told himself. It was all right to call her. Wendy's family would be watching "The Fugitive" too. Everyone watched it. They would have plenty of time to pledge their love.

Chuck quietly closed his parents' bedroom door and set the blue Prin-

cess phone on his lap. He lifted the receiver and dialed Wendy's number. He had it memorized. He'd called her house dozens of times just to hear her voice. He never spoke to her. He'd listen to her say hello, then he'd hang up. He had figured out that her number spelled out P-A-S-S-I-O-N. The *burrr* of the ringing phone matched his heartbeat.

"Hello?" a woman's voice said.

Chuck's finger went for the phone to cut off the call, but he missed the button.

"Hello?" the voice repeated.

Chuck froze. It was her mother. Wendy's mother, the woman who had given birth to her, who had suckled her, bathed her. The woman who had explained the wonderful secrets of femininity to his little goddess.

"Is Wendy there, please?" Chuck said, just as Mrs. Slauson was about to hang up the phone, thinking it just another of the thousands of crank calls the parents of popular young girls get.

"Just a minute," Mrs. Slauson said.

Chuck heard the phone clang down on the counter. It must have been the kitchen counter, because Chuck recognized the sound of a coffee percolator in the background. This was the sound of the kitchen, Chuck thought, where Wendy eats the food that sustains her life and nourishes her beauty.

"Wendy?" the distant voice called. "Telephone!"

Suddenly, with the power and significance of the "shot heard 'round the world," the sound of a second telephone being picked up struck Chuck's ear. He tried to take a relaxing deep breath, but it was as though his lungs were made of cheesecloth.

"Hi!" Wendy said. "Wait a minute."

Chuck went limp as Wendy's sweet and smooth voice flashed over the telephone wires from what he imagined to be a pink, stuffed-animal-bedded bedroom across town to his parents' room and finally to his ear.

Wendy covered the phone with her hand and yelled, "I got it, Mom!"

Chuck and Wendy sat connected by electronics, waiting out the teenage telephone vacuum until Mrs. Slauson hung up the downstairs phone.

"Okay," Wendy said. "Hi!"

It was Chuck's turn to speak. His teeth were chattering and he felt like he had to go to the bathroom.

"Hi," he whimpered.

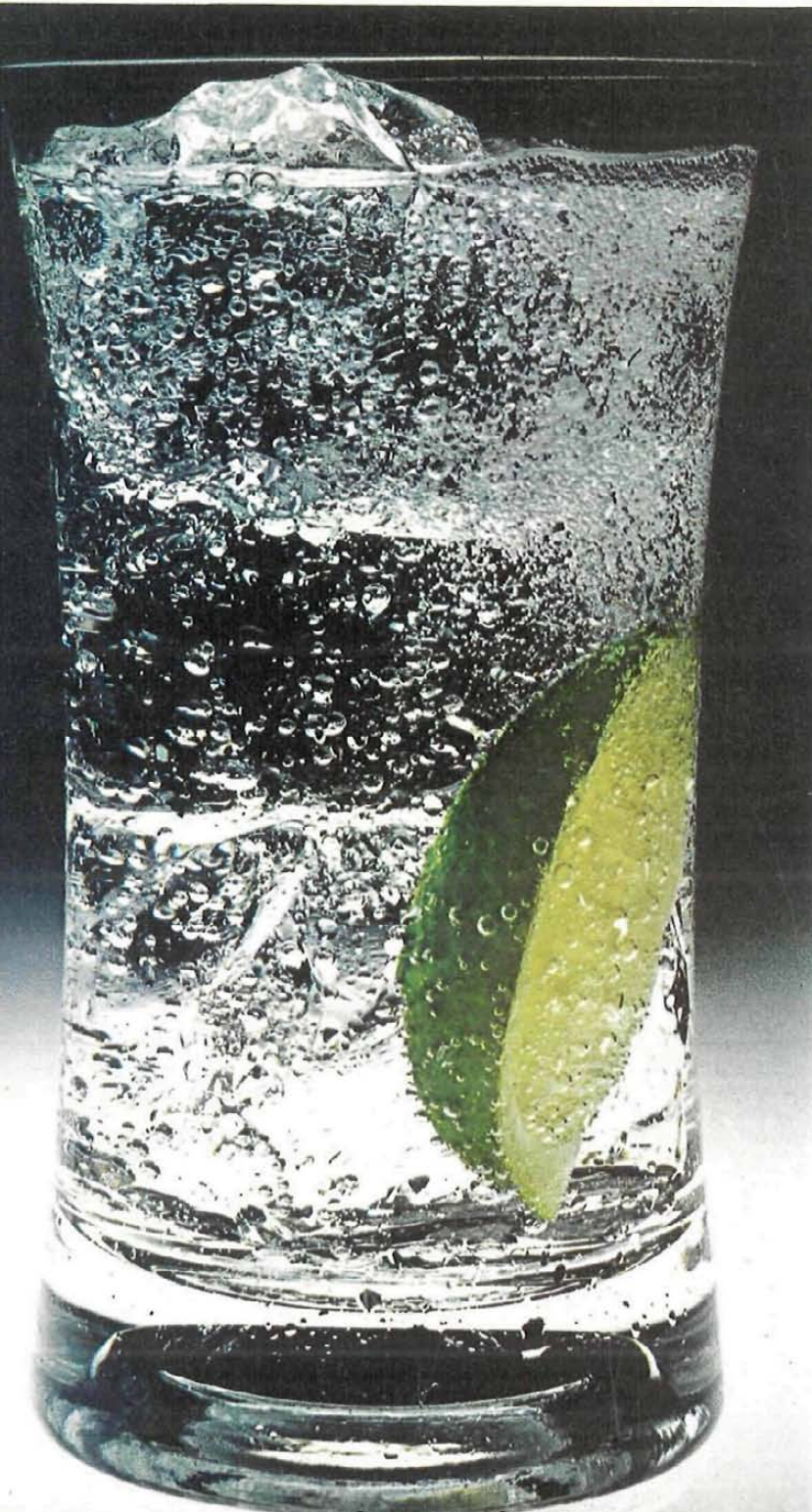
"Jim?" Wendy inquired.

"No, it's...me," Chuck moaned.

"Craig?"



# “The best tonic drinks are made with Puerto Rican white rum. Not gin or vodka.”



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# I Was a Stunt Man for the Dick Cavett Show

My professional relationship with Cavett began in 1973. Merv Griffin had just given the no-go to my suggestion that he take on a stunt man and demolitions expert who knew his way around talk shows. Mike Douglas? Ditto. In desperation I went to Phil Donahue, but he threw me out of the studio.

Fortunately I landed on none other than Dick Cavett, who was on his way to Unemployment at the time. He took my name and said his insurance people would be in touch with me. I was ecstatic. Cavett wanted in. He wanted in bad. He knew I was going places and he wanted to be with me when I went.

Next day, I got a call from Cavett's insurance agent. I couldn't believe it. Cavett's agent! I was golden.

We agreed to meet at claims court, where Cavett and I would hammer out a payment schedule. I was only too glad to pay Dick for the privilege of risking my life for his show's ratings.

It dawned on me, while driving, that claims court was an odd place to sign a contract. Then I realized that Dick didn't waste any time. He wanted my talents as a stunt man bad enough to have a judge witness the contract's signing. The guy was scared, afraid I'd walk out on his future. Imagine, me, walk out on an opportunity to make television history with America's only authentically smart talk show host! Why, his witticisms alone would be payment enough; anything more would be pure gravy.

I decided I'd better let Cavett know he was working with a serious professional. As I careened through the wall of the courthouse in my new Cor-doba, who should walk in but Dick himself! I was flabbergasted by my incredible streak of luck. Crawling from the flaming wreck, I approached television's talk show titan with hand outstretched in greeting. Cavett must've misinterpreted my intentions: he slugged me with a wallop that sent

me tumbling through the wall. Still riding my lucky streak, I landed in the path of the onrushing traffic. A taxi slammed into me, sending me hurtling through the windshield and into the lap of—you guessed it—Tom Snyder, the king of late-night talk shows.

Tom started interviewing me immediately. The man knows no fear. He is a master of the interview format.

"Tom," I pleaded, "Tom, I love you, too. You're one of the greats, but I don't know a damn thing about old-time musicals."

Tom never lets up. He started to pepper me with questions no one else in the industry will touch.

"Is cigarette smoking a right or a privilege?" He shrugged and made a monkey face. "Should driving cars be legalized?"

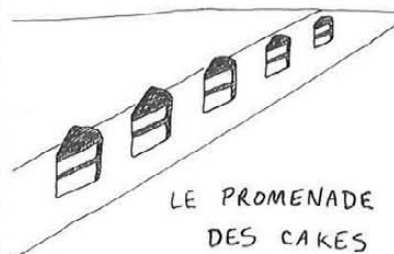
Hitting Tom over the head with a breakaway chair, I pulled a punch to his belly and fired three starting caps into his chest. Quickly overpowering the cabbie, I launched his hack over the gap in an opening drawbridge and set it down in a perfect barrel roll that ended in an explosion that blew Tom and me clear of the flaming wreck. The cabbie's life had to be sacrificed for the sake of the stunt's viewer credibility.

Brushing myself off, I did a gunshot-in-the-belly-and-shoulder-roll over to Dick. "Well, how about it? Do I get the nod as your show's stunt man?"

Cavett was too stunned to answer. Snyder shrugged and made a monkey face. I had the job.

After that, it seemed as though Dick never fully recovered; or maybe he was awed by my abilities. Maybe too it was the five hundred a week I paid him for the privilege of working with public television's only god, a living bundle of talent and gabby bravado. Whatever the reason, he always kind of avoided me on the set, but I didn't mind. A stunt man learns to love his loneliness.

I like to think that Cavett and I are *simpatico*, after all is said and done.



©1990 Binswanger

Cavett takes chances; he taunts and interviews Death every day of the week. Me, I build boulders out of Styrofoam. Each man chooses his own way of facing death, but Cavett and I, we are as brothers because of it.

I am reminded of the time Dick interviewed Sir Laurence Olivier. We spoke briefly but soberly about my plans for the show.

"Dick, what do you say to my pushing Olivier out of a flaming Sikorsky helicopter from 300 feet and having him land on or near center stage?"

Cavett mulled over the idea. "Someone call the cops. The maniac's here again. Security! Get this guy out of here!"

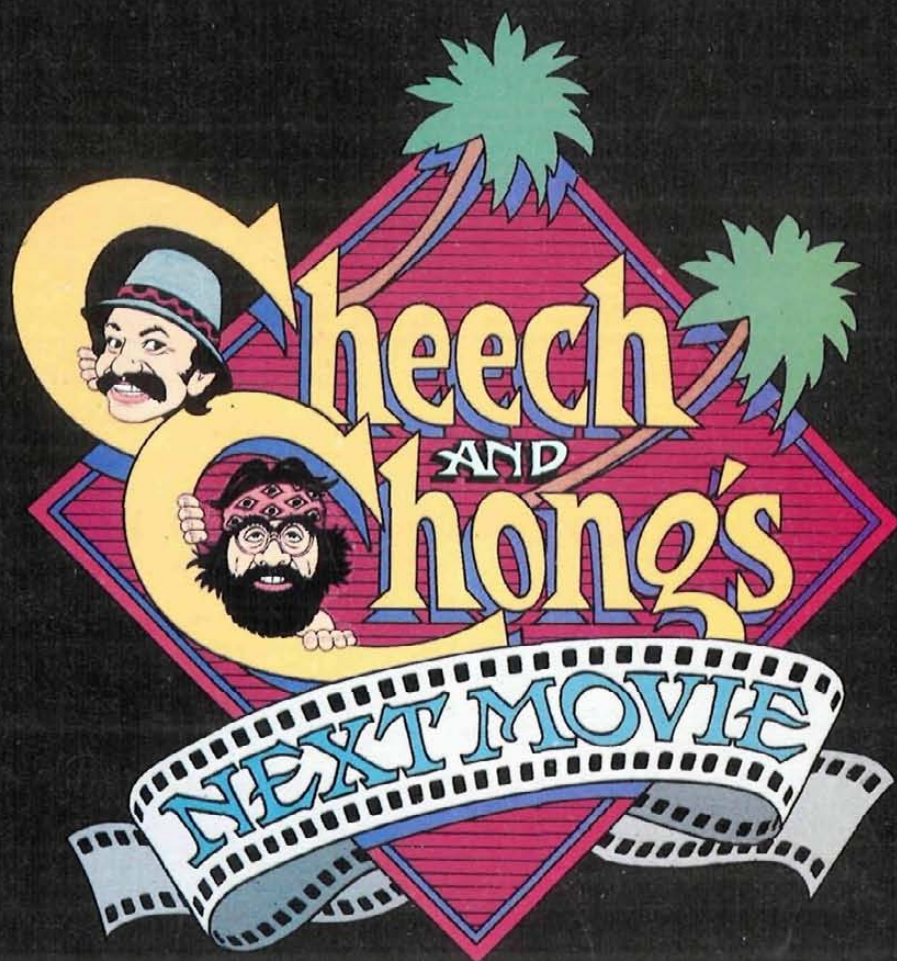
Taking a trapdoor to the props department, I soon had a lollapalooza stunt brewing. Olivier, it turns out, isn't the he-man everyone thinks he is. I mean, I had to practically pick the guy up and throw him into the copter!

Once we were whirly, I set the bird on auto and gave the twit the old heave-ho at 350 feet. As you might expect from an amateur, Olivier ruined the stunt by screaming and flailing his arms, and he landed on the set of "Upstairs, Downstairs." It's sort of ironic, seeing how he came from upstairs, literally, 350 feet upstairs!

Very soon after the Olivier masterpiece, Dick asked me to open the show by running out from behind the scrim with my clothes on fire, screaming and yelling like a maniac. Then I was to roll around in the orchestra pit until the brass section put out the flames by emptying the spit valves of their instruments all over me. That's when I knew that Cavett would back me 1,000 percent. I just wish the brass section hadn't let me burn so long.

Today, thanks to Mr. Dick Cavett, I am a free-lance talk show stunt man. I command a whopping two million dollars a stunt, which is why you haven't seen my work on TV lately. Many of my new stunts involve gaping flesh wounds that fly in formation and potato pancakes that water-ski in pyramids. Next season I hope to do an outer-space talk show stunt linkup with the Russians. Sure, it's a crazy life full of thrill seeking and galloping heartbeats, but, you know, the moment I'll recall with greatest fondness is the "Great Carsoni" sketch I performed with Johnny Carson the night he dismembered Kate Hepburn. In the end, it's the simple things that count. After all, the most stupendous stunt of all is just waking up each morning to a brand-new day. □

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## COUCH-TIME STORIES

continued from page 10

Chuck steadied the phone, which was shaking on his knees.

"It's Chuck!"

"Chuck who?"

"Chuck Johnson?" Chuck said reluctantly, feeling immediate hatred for his parents for giving him his grandfather's ridiculous, insane, stupid first name. Why couldn't his grandfather have been named Dean or Sean?

"Are you a college guy?" Wendy asked.

"I'm in your earth sciences class. I sit in the back, next to Renee Wolk," Chuck said.

"Oh," Wendy said in an unmistakably disappointed voice. "You wear glasses, right?"

"Sometimes," Chuck answered.

Chuck was a master at whipping his glasses off and on and was able to navigate through crowded halls with his glasses in his pocket. He had learned to pull the flesh around his eyes taut to produce a clear, though distorted, view that would allow him to see without the aid of his glasses. He had tried to talk his parents into letting him wear prescription sunglasses, but they just laughed.

"What do you want?" Wendy asked.

"Would like to maybe sometime..." Chuck started to say, fumbling.

His mother picked up the downstairs phone and started to dial. She realized that Chuck was on the phone.

"Chuckie?" she said in a voice that sounded to Chuck like an embarrassing crow call.

There was no honorable way out of the situation. Chuck could only hope to end the conversation and never look at Wendy Slauson ever again.

"I'm on the phone, Mother," Chuck said, selecting the word "mother" to connote a more mature relationship with this woman he lived with.

"Okay, sweetie," Mrs. Johnson chirped.

Chuck thought that the worst was over and that she would hang up and he could extricate himself from this near crisis.

"By the way, Chuck," she said. "I washed your athletic supporter, but the stains won't come out, so remind me to give you money to buy a new one."

That was it. The Nagasaki bomb. Chuck dropped the phone like it had been bathed in leper spit. He trembled

with rage and humiliation. A more terrifying thought occurred to him. Was his mom still on the phone with Wendy? Her appetite for conversation was legendary, and she would chitchat with anyone about anything. He lifted the phone to his ear.

"Are you Chuckie's girl friend?" he heard his mother say. "He hasn't many girl friends."

The words were like Polish sausage to an upset stomach. Chuck felt dizzy as he envisioned spending his high-school years exiled in the ham radio club.

"Uh, I'm not Chuck's girl friend," Wendy said. "I don't even know him very well. I gotta go, 'bye."

Wendy hung up.

"Why, the little snip!" Mrs. Johnson said. She hung up, and Chuck listened to the purr of the open phone line until tears streamed down his cheeks.

Chuck could hear the laughter of the kids on the school bus from fifty yards. When the doors opened, a blast of hot sweaty air and the din of cat-calls and laughter smacked him in the face. Even the bus driver was giggling.

"You called Wendy Slauson!"

continued

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## COUCH-TIME STORIES

continued

"Gotta buy a new jock, Johnson?"

If they had tied Chuck to a fence post and played "Wipeout" on his head with a leaded baseball bat, they couldn't have done more damage to his brain.

It seemed like the whole school knew about his phone call. It hadn't taken long for word to spread. Wendy Slauson was a key component in the intricate system that processed and distributed information about what was cool, who was cool, and what and who wasn't. Her adorable little dialing finger could do more to bend and twist a young life than all the airplane glue in the USA. The warmth and beauty of her body was nothing more than cruel insulation keeping the chill on her frozen heart.

Chuck knew, as did most second-tier, borderline uncool people, that calling a girl like Wendy Slauson was tantamount to begging a wildcat to lick your balls. At best you'd come away with a scratch, at worst you'd lose it all. Chuck wasn't an athlete, he wasn't handsome, he didn't have a car. He didn't even have a driver's license. There was nothing he could use to

protect himself. It was a careless act that had justifiably dealt the harshest punishment. His own mother had unknowingly aided in the devastation of his life.

The humiliation mounted as the day wore on. It was unrelenting. Gym, social studies, biology, lunch, study hall, health, passing periods, were all marked by vicious attacks from friends and enemies alike. He was an untouchable.

He faked good cheer when he got home so that his parents wouldn't question him about what was bothering him. The only time he made any comment related to the ruination of his life was an inquiry about the possibility of his attending a military school thousands of miles from home.

He went to bed early and stared at the dark ceiling, listening to the radio and contemplating the narrow range of options available to him. There was suicide, but he wasn't ready to die and he didn't want to mark his family and have people slow down when they drove by his house and look at it and say, "That's where that kid killed himself." He could become the worst kind of greaser, hanging out at roughneck shopping plazas on weekends, scaring

older people. He could work at a gas station and save up and buy a Triumph 500. But he knew he wouldn't make a good greaser, because his parents were too strict. And there was also the option of beating the shit out of everybody in the whole world, which he couldn't do anyway. In fact, there was nothing he could do. Except rot.

He was half asleep when he heard a noise at his window. He lifted his head off the pillow and squinted. He reached for his glasses. Were people coming in the window to mock him in his sleep?

A figure appeared in the window. Chuck grabbed his history book for protection. The window opened slowly. As his eyes adjusted to the dark he saw that it was a woman. A grown woman. And she was bare naked.

The woman climbed into his room and stood before him in her glorious mature splendor, moonbeams playing over her large, full breasts. Chuck sat up, trying to recall if he'd fallen asleep and was now dreaming.

"Hello, Charles," the woman said softly, with a trace of a German accent. How did she know his real name? How did she know his name, period?

She stepped over a heap of clothes and books and approached his bed. She placed cool fingers on Chuck's cheeks and slowly lifted him off the bed. She kissed him on the mouth.

"I love you," she murmured as she pressed his head against her bosom. "I love you more than you will ever know."

"Who...who," Chuck stammered.

"My name is Ursella," she whispered.

She swiftly and skillfully unbuttoned Chuck's racing-car pajamas.

"Your body is so young and smooth, so smooth."

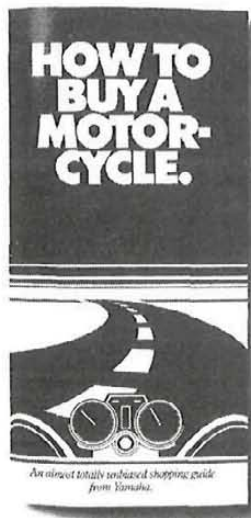
She took Chuck's hands in hers and placed them on her breasts. His cold, clammy palms meeting her hot, anxious flesh caused her to moan. Her nipples contracted and rose between Chuck's fingers. She bit her lower lip. Her teeth glistened, clean and white in the light of Chuck's AM radio dial. Her breath was like winter air.

"Kiss me," she purred.

Chuck cleared his throat and swallowed. He'd never kissed a woman, other than his mother or an odd aunt or two, and he'd only kissed girls his own age a couple of times. But he did it expertly.

"You've trained on the pillow,"

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haven't you?" Ursella asked as she squeezed Chuck's buttocks.

"Lots of times," Chuck whispered in her ear, as his instincts began to guide his hands over the mysterious curves of her body and into the most delicate and complex parts of her anatomy.

"I can't wait any longer," she moaned.

Chuck laid her down on his bed like a jeweler setting a diamond on a velvet pad. He wondered briefly if the sheets were clean as he placed his mouth against her belly. She let out a spirited yelp.

"It's the middle of the goddamn night!" Chuck's dad yelled.

Chuck lay still, but Ursella was too far gone to stop.

"Darling!" she begged. "I need it now!"

Chuck heard his father's footsteps heading angrily up the hall.

"Quick!" Chuck said. "My dad's coming."

Ursella rolled over Chuck and slid under his bed. Mr. Johnson flung the door open.

"What have I told you about running your damn radio in the middle of the night?"

"Sorry, Dad," Chuck said nervously.

"Well, shut it off and keep it off," his dad bellowed. He turned and started to close the door. He stopped. "Are you wearing perfume, for Christ's sake?"

"After-shave, Dad," Chuck said.

"Kind of femmy for after-shave."

He slammed Chuck's door and went back to bed. Chuck jumped onto the floor and peeked under the bed, fearing that Ursella was, after all, nothing but an illusion of his tortured mind. But there she was, nestled in the lint balls and parts from his road-racing set. She kissed him.

"We can't make love here, can we?" she said tenderly as she dusted her body off. "I love you too much and you are far too passionate a man for me to control myself. Come."

Ursella climbed back out the window. Chuck followed her. She pulled herself up on the gutter and swung her leg up onto the roof. Chuck looked up as her long slender legs separated and viewed her most intimate secrets in their full grandeur. The sight and the scent of that joyous creation gave Chuck the strength to leap from the windowsill to the roof in one powerful thrust.

Ursella scampered up on the roof and lay down on her back. Her spine

*continued*

# "SHE GOT ME INTO A SLING"

I had no idea what I was getting myself into when Tamara handed me that drink and said, "Try this, Jimmy."

I took a sip. Immediately, I was riveted by the taste—a stunning blend of cherry brandy and gin.

It gave me a maddeningly delicious thrill.

I demanded to know what she had done to me. That's when I saw an exotic-looking bottle with a label that read: HEUBLEIN SINGAPORE SLING.

Ever since that unforgettable evening, it's been one of my favorite drinks.

And I'll always be grateful to Tamara...the woman who first introduced me to the delights of a Singapore Sling.



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## COUCH-TIME STORIES

*continued*

ran along the peak of the roof. Chuck stood over her, one foot on one slope, the other foot on the other slope. The symmetry of the position further aroused him. He lowered himself down on top of her and they made love for an hour.

"Do you realize that there is nothing between us and heaven but time and space?" Chuck said.

"That's the most beautiful thought I've ever heard," Ursella said, embracing Chuck.

Chuck couldn't get over the manner in which he lost his virginity as he helped Ursella down off the roof. He had no idea what would follow. The pallor of unreality that hung over the evening's event left him confused. It was a confusion he welcomed.

"Come on!" Ursella whispered loudly as she slid down the drain spout. "Have you ever driven a Ferrari?"

Chuck slid into the seat of the red Ferrari, his senses overwhelmed by the aroma of leather and the warmth of Ursella's naked breast resting on his arm. He turned the ignition key. The car lurched forward.

"Clutch," Ursella laughed. "You have to depress the clutch."

"I'm sorry, I'm taking driver's ed next semester," Chuck admitted. "Maybe I better not drive. I don't even have my license."

"You're so adorable," Ursella said, reaching over and pinching his chin.

"You'll learn."

As it turned out, the stick shift wasn't a problem. It was as if the Ferrari had a mechanical intelligence. It seemed to compensate for the lack of experience. It was understanding of his naive hands and feet.

"Wind it out!" Ursella shouted as the Ferrari approached the 100 MPH mark.

"But...but..." Chuck stuttered in terror.

"Lay on it!"

Chuck put the hammer down and felt his fillings ripping loose from his teeth as the Ferrari lifted off the highway.

"Don't go over 300!" Ursella shouted. "This thing's been modified by the air force!"

"Huh?"

Chuck lifted his foot off the accelerator and put the Ferrari back down on the blacktop. He kept the speedometer at 275 and had no problem. Except with the police.

"Uh-oh!" Chuck said as the rear-view mirror lit up with cop lights.

"Don't worry," Ursella said. "Just pull over, darling."

It was Officer Stolsky. He'd arrested Chuck once for curfew and was an acknowledged kid hater and all-around dickhead.

"Out!" he said with a jerk of his head.

Ursella flipped open the glove box and took out a black wallet. She leaned over Chuck, her breasts dangling deliciously over his lap. She

flashed a badge.

"Take off, flatfoot," she barked. "I'm with the NSA, on official business. I'm licensed to kill, and if you don't beat it, I'll wipe you out!"

"Out of the car," Stolsky repeated.

Ursella calmly twisted a button on the console. "This is Agent L2," she said in the general direction of the dashboard. "I'm being detained by a police officer in Northbrook, Illinois. I request a call-off or I'll be forced to terminate."

Officer Stolsky hardly had time to finish telling Chuck that he was in violation for driving barefoot with an indecently exposed female at reckless speed and could face a prison sentence when a call came over his radio.

"Don't go anywhere," he warned.

When he returned he apologized for detaining them and thanked Ursella for not killing him. He offered to provide them with an escort to wherever they might be going.

"No, thank you," Ursella told him. "Scram."

"You're not from around here, are you?" Chuck asked.

Ursella laughed.

"No, I'm not."

"Where are you from?"

"Everywhere, darling."

She put her hand on Chuck's chest and made circles with her finger on the spot where someday he would have hair.

"Who are you?"

"I'm a government intelligence agent. I'm with the National Security Agency and I'm losing my cool over you," she said, planting a kiss on Chuck's right nipple.

"Why me? I'm just a...just a..."

Chuck searched for an adjective to describe himself, one that would define him but not degrade him too badly.

"You're just the most wonderful man in the world, that's what you are," Ursella said. "I've known about you for years, but I never had the guts to approach you. I've called your house hundreds of times, but I always hung up. I've driven past your house, I've flown over your house, I've dreamed about you sleeping in your bed all alone, and I've waited patiently for the day when we could sleep together every night. I've got photographs of you, blown up from your high school yearbook and that picture of you from the newspaper, when you won the science contest in eighth grade. You know, there's a Russian double agent who has the hots for you. Of course, there are lots of agents who have the



hots for you, but this Russian is a lesbian and she told me that you're the only man she'd make it with. Brigitte Bardot is a close personal friend of mine and she thinks you're incredible looking. I tell everyone on the Continent about you. Everything about you. What you eat, what you wear, what your favorite records are, where you go on Saturdays, all the nice letters you send to your grandparents, who your friends are."

She paused and lowered her head.

"And who your enemies are."

Chuck couldn't believe what he was hearing. Unbeknown to him, he had become a sex symbol in Europe and was hot stuff to the female agents of the world's spy organizations. These girls weren't skags. These were women selected on the basis of face, tits, ass, and brains. These were the world's bravest and most beautiful women.

"You have many enemies," Ursella said solemnly. "You don't know it, but there are many people who want to kidnap Chuck Johnson."

"What?" Chuck said, his voice cracking.

"Don't be alarmed, darling," she said, putting a finger to Chuck's lips. "They want to kill me."

"I don't understand. I don't understand any of this."

"I wish I didn't have to tell you anything, you're so innocent, so sweet, and so beautiful."

Ursella explained between impassioned kisses and probes inside Chuck's pajama bottoms that he was perhaps the smartest human being on earth. Possibly the smartest person since Goethe. The government had been monitoring his intellectual growth since childhood. His physical beauty notwithstanding, he would be a prime target for any civilized nation wishing to advance its industry, its military, its culture in general.

"Plain and simple, Chuck," Ursella said. "You're the most important man in the world."

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

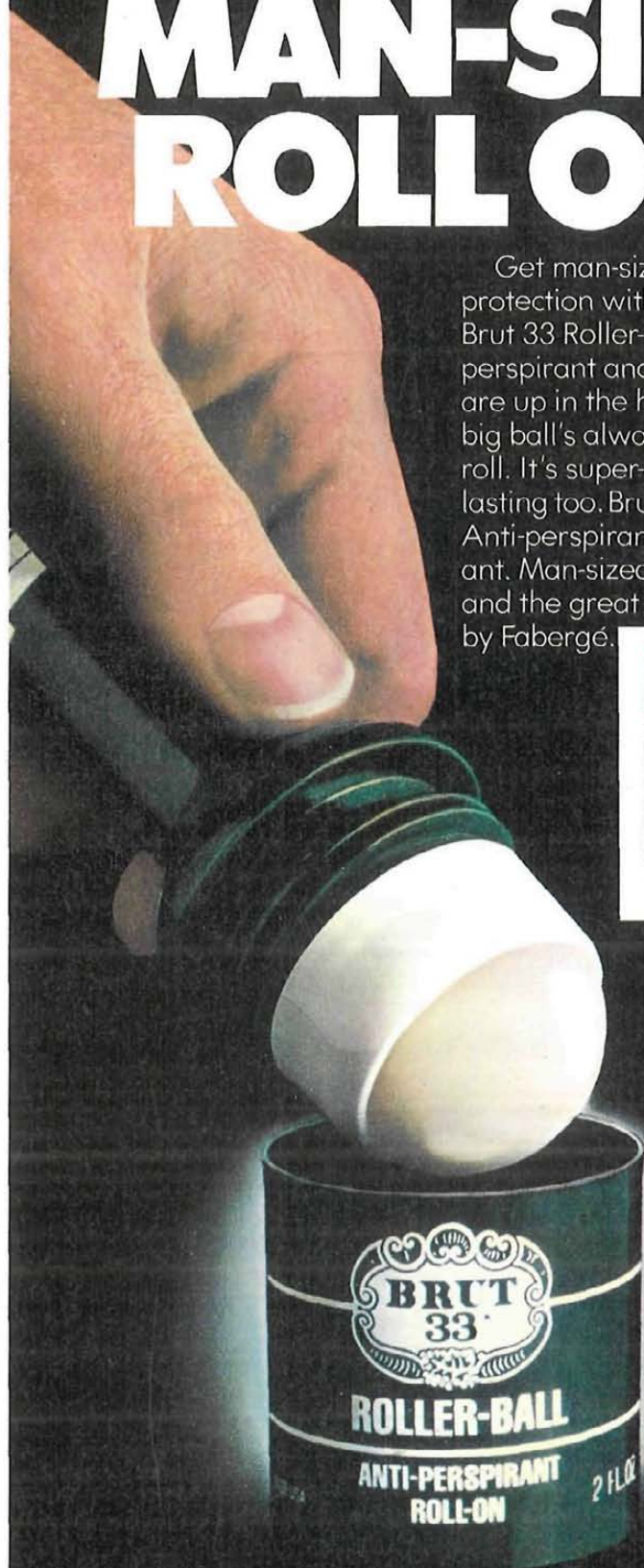
Ursella kissed him and jammed her tongue down his throat. Tears ran down her face and between her breasts, settling in her navel. She squeezed Chuck harder and harder against her naked body.

The sun cracked the horizon and a sharp band of yellow light woke Chuck. For a moment he didn't know where he was. He was used to waking up in his bedroom, not in a Ferrari

*continued on page 29*

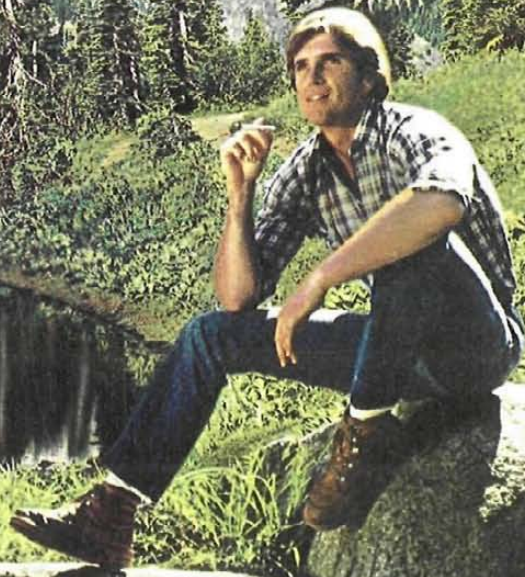
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# Salem



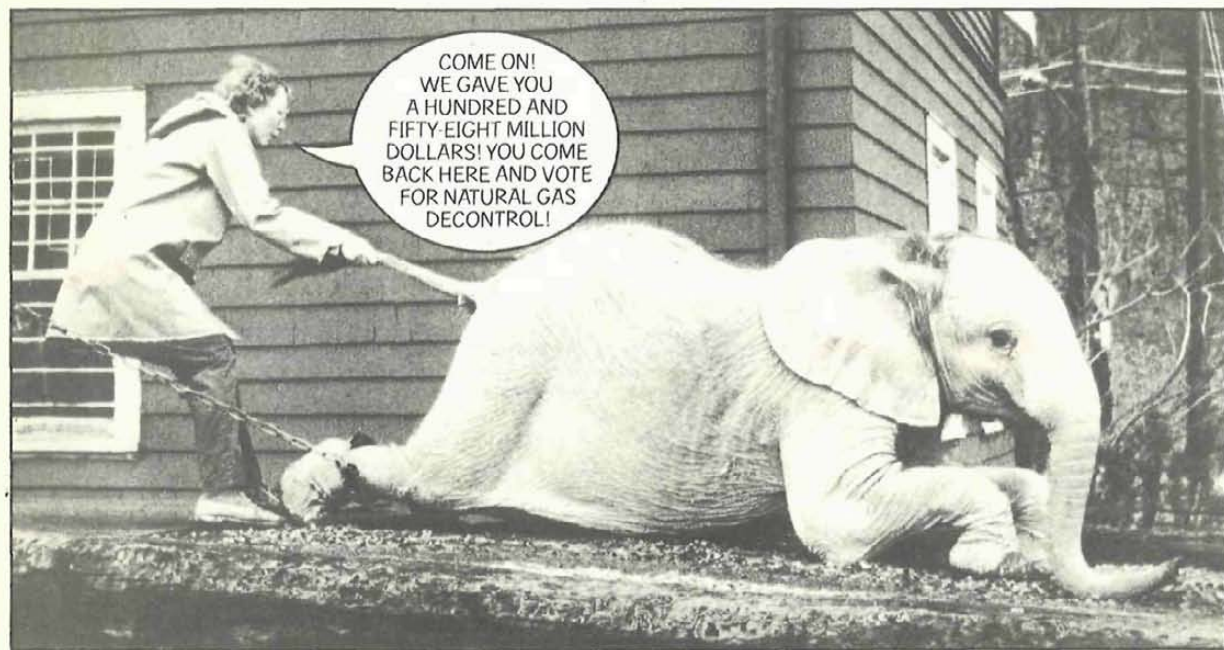
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# NEWS ON THE MARCH

## Business Groups Vie for GOP Support



## Amin Advised Carter on Iran

President Carter is reported to have consulted with ex-Uganda dictator Idi Amin prior to the abortive helicopter raid on Tehran. Amin, who is now living as an exile in Libya, was flown to Washington to act in a "high-level advisory capacity" concerning the mission. The reason for this action, explained a White House aide: "Well, you know, we wanted it to turn out just like Entebbe."

## Mister Rogers to Go to Iran

The White House has announced that it will send television personality Mister Rogers to Iran to negotiate the release of the American hostages.

"The president takes this plan very seriously," Press Secretary Jody Powell told a group of sniggering reporters. "Mister Rogers has proven skill at deal-

ing with children, and it does not seem a farfetched idea to suggest that he can similarly deal with Islamic fanatics, chaotic governments, and intransigent theocracies."

When queried as to whether Mister Rogers would take with him any special advisors or equipment, Powell replied, "Just his usual neighborhood visitors, his slippers, his sweater, and a couple of coat hangers."

## Department of Energy Budget Cut

In response to President Carter's request for all federal agencies to trim their budgets, the Department of Energy has cut \$2.1 billion off its surprise birthday party fund. Another \$1.1 billion was cut in the "My Favorite Portrait" campaign, in which all agency officials got three chances to win a prize consisting of a self-portrait in watercolors.

## New Chairman of Joint Chiefs

Secretary of Defense Harold Brown has announced that Dallas Cowboys football coach Tom Landry will be appointed chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. "In view of recent events," said Brown, "it's clear that what we need is good planning, better offense capabilities, and a workable draft system. We think Tom will be very helpful."

## New Secretary of State

Washington insiders say they knew all along that Senator Edmund Muskie was going to be the next secretary of state. Senator Muskie spent six weeks bound and gagged while being held in the State Department building prior to his appointment. According to sources close to the State Department, no harm was intended; the senator was simply being groomed for his future assignment.

## New West German Sanctions on Iran

Germany has imposed further economic sanctions against Iran. According to government sources, West Germany will allow the importation of no Iranian-made automobiles, cameras, or powerboats until the US hostages are released.

## Liberia Seized Once Again

The government of Liberia was overthrown recently by what one observer has called the "most ruthless and well-coordinated band of Girl Guides I have ever seen."

The government, which itself had obtained power via a coup d'etat, was sent to its room and denied dessert and television privileges for a year. The Girl Guides have as yet made no announcements concerning their plans, although sources close to their leadership have suggested that they are considering nationalizing the banking system, instituting collective farming, and requiring all Liberian citizens to learn first aid and campcraft skills.

## Zimbabwe: A Free Nation

In a recent statement to the press, Lord Soames, last governor of the British royal colony of Zimbabwe/Rhodesia,

said that Queen Elizabeth had been trying to sell the African country for a number of years but, finding no takers, had finally decided to just give it away. Recipients of the royal largesse were 6,520,000 confused and impoverished black people and a few panicked whites. The gift will be deductible on the House of Windsor's 1980 tax returns, said Soames.

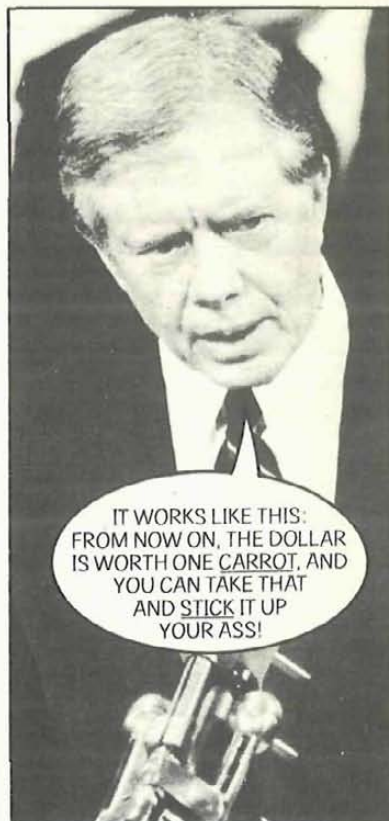
## NATO Pullout Contemplated

England, Italy, and West Germany are considering a withdrawal from the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. "Being in NATO makes the Russians think we're meanies," said whoever is premier of Italy this week. If effected, the three-nation pullout will deprive NATO defense forces of one tank that the English have parked somewhere in Belgium and a platoon of West German soldiers who aren't allowed to have rifles because they used them to hurt people with in World War II.

## Turkey Loose on White House Grounds

Recent news stories reported that a turkey was found running loose in the White House Rose Garden. We feel that this incident beggars humorous commentary.

## President Announces New "Carrot and Stick" Economic Plan



IT WORKS LIKE THIS:  
FROM NOW ON, THE DOLLAR  
IS WORTH ONE CARROT, AND  
YOU CAN TAKE THAT  
AND STICK IT UP  
YOUR ASS!

# "The Shah and Sheila" — where East meets West, and gags meet giggles!



## The Shah and Sheila

He's the out-of-work ex-tyrant of an oil-rich Mideast nation. She's a cure nurse's assistant with an extra couch....

Watch the laughs pile up when that zany Shah shows up with a suitcase full of pranks and petro dollars to ask Sheila if he can hang his crown on her hair strand!

The two crazy roommates laugh their way through international topsy-turvy turmoil. The Shah takes a job at a beer factory, Sheila turns "rubs" when she learns a little shah is on the way. The Shah is an ace at pinball!

This week, who should turn up but Sheila's mom. Sheila turns purple and the Shah turns backflips! Stand back as whole nations collapse with laughter!

**AUGUST 4,  
ON NBC 8:00 PM**





# “Show most people this card and they’ll tell you to go spoon a goose.”

But not *National Lampoon*. That’s right. For an unlimited time only, readers who send us a xerox copy of their Social Security cards along with cash, check, or money order will be given a subscription to *National Lampoon* at our regular rates. This amazing offer is good for an unlimited time only and will be repeated.

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**NOT SINCE THE MAYAGUEZ...  
NOT SINCE THE BAY OF PIGS...  
NOT SINCE THE FRENCH AT DIEN BIEN PHU...  
HAVE YOU SEEN AN ADVENTURE LIKE THIS!**

**The Militants. Their Hostages. The Commando Raiders.  
The Militants Who Still Have Their Hostages.  
The Dead Commando Raiders. The Militants, Again.**

STARRING,  
IN ORDER OF  
INTELLIGENCE  
QUOTIENT:



**MEL BROOKS** as  
Zbigniew Brzezinski



**BILL MURRAY** as  
the Chairman of the  
Joint Chiefs of Staff



**DON KNOTTS** as  
President Carter



**LOUISE LASSE** as  
Secretary of State



**BENJI** as  
the United States  
Air Force



# RAID ON TEHRAN

A Special Program That Asks the Question:  
**HOW CAN A NATION SPEND 115 BILLION DOLLARS ANNUALLY  
ON DEFENSE AND BE SHORT TWO HELICOPTERS?**

**COMING SUNDAY AUGUST 10TH  
ON ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF WORLD WAR III**

## Amnesty International Okays Limited Torture

Amnesty International, the British-based organization that leads a worldwide campaign against the torture and imprisonment of persons for their political or religious beliefs, has given the government of Italy an okay to "whip, beat, clobber, and throttle" members of the Red Brigade terrorist organization. "Normally we deplore this sort of thing," said a spokesman for AI, "but if Italy goes communist, we won't be able to obtain Giorgio Armani sport coats anymore."

## Rockefeller Pens Manhattan Deal

Chase Manhattan president David Rockefeller has announced his desire to sell the island of Manhattan back to a syndicate of Indians in exchange for "beads, trinkets, gewgaws, and pelts."

"It's a terrific hedge against inflation," Rockefeller told reporters. "Indian artifacts are increasingly valuable investments. Besides, Manhattan is such a headache."

## Reagan: Solution for Poverty Sought

Republican presidential candidate Ronald Reagan has announced a proposal to eliminate poverty in the United States. The Reagan plan would require all poor people to wear a large yellow star sewn to their clothing and would restrict their residence to certain areas of cities and towns. Later they would be rounded up and shipped to special camps. The program is expected to provide more than 67,000 new jobs in the private sector and cut two billion dollars from welfare roles.

## Chemical Approved by FDA

A chemical compound that does not cause cancer has reportedly been discovered. It is an odorless, tasteless, transparent liquid with a molecular formation resulting from the bonding of two hydrogen atoms and one atom of oxygen. It is said to be a major constituent in much drinking water.

## Fireman Strike Demands

Many US cities have been hit recently with strikes by their fire departments. Most common of the strike issues has been a demand for a minimum number of fires in every forty-eight-hour shift. Most strike leaders contend that federal funds should be sought to start fires in those city areas where minimums cannot be met.

# Product Bargain Bonanza!



■ **Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print** A complete collection of diverse vulgarities. (BO-1030) \$5.95

■ **National Lampoon Foto Funnies** Including Foto Funnies, Foto Fumettis, Photorama Picture News, and pictures of girls with their shirts off! (BO-1034) \$2.95

■ **National Lampoon Animal House** Full-color illustrated novel from the hit movie, with instant replay. By Chris Miller (BO-1023) \$2.95

■ **National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** On heavier paper that will last longer or something. (BO-1024) \$4.95



■ **National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Deluxe Edition** A collection of the best material from the first ten years of *National Lampoon*. Material taken from when it was real funny, not so funny, and a whole bunch from when it was funny again. (BO-1032) \$19.95

■ **National Lampoon's Book of Books** Jeff Greenfield's ultimate coffee-table book (BO-1031) \$8.95



■ **National Lampoon 1964 High School Yearbook Parody** Yearbook of C. Estes Kefauver High School in Dacron, Ohio. The funniest thing ever printed on these particular pieces of paper. Deluxe Edition (BO-1007A) \$4.95



■ **National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume 1** This is half of our best tenth anniversary anthology ever. Not only that, it's the first half. (BO-1033) \$4.95

■ **The Best Of National Lampoon No. 3** Anthology of *National Lampoon*'s best articles 1971-1972 (BO-1003) \$2.50

■ **The Best of National Lampoon No. 4** 1972-1973 Anthology (BO-1006) \$2.50

■ **The Best of National Lampoon No. 5** 1973-1974 Anthology (BO-1008) \$2.50

■ **The Best of National Lampoon No. 7** 1975-1976 Anthology (BO-1014) \$2.50

■ **The Best of National Lampoon No. 8** 1976-1977 Anthology (BO-1025) \$3.95

■ **National Lampoon Binder** (BN-1001) \$4.50 each, 2 for \$8.00, 3 for \$10.50

■ **Lampoon 12** issues in binder 1975 (BN-1003) \$16.00, 1976 (BN-1004) \$16.00, 1977 (BN-1005) \$16.00, 1978 (BN-1006) \$16.00, 1979 (BN-1007) \$16.00

■ **National Lampoon Encyclopedia of Humor** Amusement in alphabetical order. (BO-1005) \$2.50

■ **The Greatest Hits of the National Lampoon** Another great quality phonographic product. (A-1002) \$7.95

■ **"That's Not Funny, That's Sick!"** *National Lampoon* comedy LP. (A-1001) \$6.95

■ **National Lampoon Presents French Comics** (BO-1020) \$2.50

■ **National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody** This is the sequel to the *High School Yearbook*. It is a complete Sunday edition of the *Dacron Republican-Democrat*, much in full color. Critics say it is even funnier than the Sunday *New York Times*. (BO-1021) \$4.95

■ **National Lampoon White Album** New Comedy LP including "What Were You Expecting—Rock 'n' Roll?" (A-1003) \$7.98



■ **National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Jersey** Another style of *Animal House* baseball jersey, especially designed for "away" games. A must for those who play such games. (TS-1028) \$6.00

■ **National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt** This gorilla looks more like a gorilla than a pair of socks does. (TS-1019) \$3.95



■ **National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket** Satiny fabric with a real cotton lining. (TS-1030) \$29.95

■ **National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt** Absorbs beer, regurgitation, and blood. Not bulletproof yet, but discourages people from shooting you. (TS-1029) \$4.95

■ **National Lampoon Duffel Bag** Beautiful heavy canvas Black Sox duffel bag goes well with your *National Lampoon* hat. Also excellent for smuggling drugs. (TS-1033) \$13.95



■ **National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-Shirt** This is the shirt preferred by fans of the live theater and the criminally insane. (TS-1026) \$4.95

■ **National Lampoon Baseball Hat** To own one of these is to own a hat. (TS-1032) \$5.95

■ **National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Team Jersey** Team jersey of the famed magazine league. Much like the one worn by pitcher T. Mann when he beamed *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione in live successive times at bat. (TS-1027) \$6.00

■ **National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey** Hey, you! You Greek? Socrates a Greek! Maybe you want to go to Greek! Get one of these! Bend over! (TS-1031) \$6.00



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**National Lampoon, Dept NL880, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022**

Please enclose \$1.00 for postage and handling for each order under \$5.00, and \$1.50 for orders over \$5.00. New York State residents, please add 8 percent sales tax.

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## New Civil Defense Measures

The United States Civil Defense Agency has released details of an extensive study on atomic weapons survival. According to the report, the safest place to be in the event of nuclear attack would be Soviet Russia.

## Oil Companies Explain Profits

The nation's leading oil producers have offered an explanation for their phenomenal first-quarter profits for this year. Exxon and Mobil, whose profits have each exceeded a billion dollars for the first three months of 1980, issued a joint press release stating: "These enormous profits must be considered in light of our companies' responsibility to buy up any and every American corporation we can get our hands on.

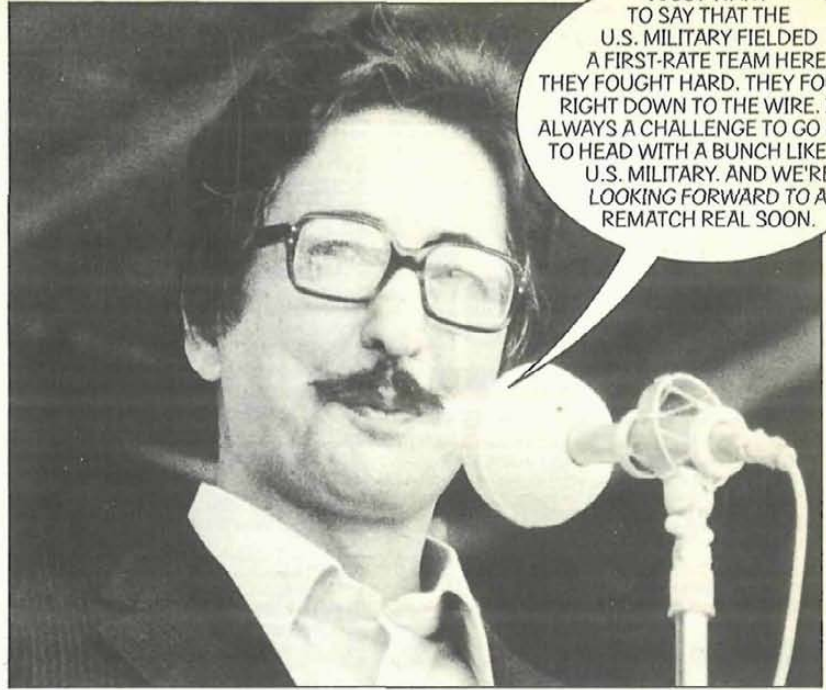
"Or do the American people want publishing houses and department stores bought up by Arabs? The choice is clear: either we acquire them, or some Kuwait sheikh does. So stop whining, America, and be glad we're keeping it all in the family."

## Anderson Picks Running Mate



PHOTO BY D. STEVENS

## Bani-Sadr Praises US Effort



I JUST WANT TO SAY THAT THE U.S. MILITARY FIELDED A FIRST-RATE TEAM HERE. THEY FOUGHT HARD. THEY FOUGHT RIGHT DOWN TO THE WIRE. IT'S ALWAYS A CHALLENGE TO GO HEAD TO HEAD WITH A BUNCH LIKE THE U.S. MILITARY. AND WE'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO A REMATCH REAL SOON.

## Secretariat Signed by CBS

Secretariat, one of the great thoroughbreds of all time, has signed an exclusive one-year contract with CBS to become that network's horse racing color commentator for the 1981 TV season.

## Sartre Recants

French existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre, who died recently at the age of seventy-four, has returned from the dead and issued a sweeping retraction of his entire philosophical system.

"I was wrong," explained the ghost of the Nobel laureate. "Death is not Nothingness—not a fullness of Non-being, not the ground upon which Being stands. Death is very nice, and heaven is rather like Palm Springs, but with more available tennis courts."

## Breakthrough in Genetic Engineering

Scientists who have been experimenting with genetic engineering at the University of California have announced a breakthrough involving bologna chromosomes. By introducing a mutant gene into the DNA molecules in the reproductive cells of lunch meat, the scientists claim to have created a pork product that can be "legally" eaten by Jews.

## New Role for Jane Fonda

Paramount Pictures has announced that Jane Fonda has been chosen to play

the role of Ralph Nader in the upcoming film story of an anorectic Lebanese who attempts to teach an entire nation to always carry a clean hankie and play nice with no hitting.

## UA to Film Reagan Bio

United Artists has announced that it will be filming Ronald Reagan's life story. George Jessel has been signed to play Ronnie as a boy, and the studio has sent casting agents into the mountains of Soviet Georgia, where the Dannon Yogurt commercials are filmed, to look for an actor to play Governor Reagan as he appears today.

## Universal in Film Deal with Iran

Ayatollah Khomeini has signed a six-picture deal with Universal Studios. Details of the agreement will be released with the hostages. Also planned is a TV miniseries based on a modern-day reenactment of the Koran, in which the prophet Muhammad, his daughter Fatima, and the caliph Abu Bakr will be played by the Muppets.

## Gold Standard for France?

French president Valery Giscard d'Estaing is advocating a return to the gold standard as a basis for world currency values. "The reason for this," said a spokesman for the French government, "is because gold is so pretty. It is yellow and shiny and sparkles in the sun. Gold is very, very pretty, yes?"

## Zimbabwe Awarded Funny Name Prize

The nation of Zimbabwe has been awarded the 1980 Funny Name Club of America's International Funny Name Prize. The award was presented by the club's president and founder, Bernard Flapdoodle, in a ceremony in Los Angeles.

"Not only has this nation succeeded in throwing off the oppressive, colonial, boring name of Rhodesia and replaced it with the nearly unpronounceable Zimbabwe," proclaimed Flapdoodle, "it has elected as its president a man named Canaan Banana. Next to that, Abolhasan Bani-Sadr is just another Joe."

## New Anti-Tank Missile

A new anti-tank missile system with a "superbrain" has been developed for the army. When fired, the missile's brain takes over the task of disabling the tank. The missile can speak four languages, including Russian, and screams "lunchtime" in a convincing manner, luring all enemy soldiers out of their tanks and thus rendering these weapons useless in battle.

*Edited by Ellis Weiner and P. J. O'Rourke. Contributions by P. J., E. W., Donald Marner, Richard Rosomoff, and Brian McCormick*

## PANTS ARE LOST

REWARD \$500.00

No Questions Will Be Asked

On or about the seventeenth of June my husband's favorite relaxation slacks were accidentally discarded. These were precious trousers, mementos of a long time ago. Since the loss, my husband has been disconsolate. He has been in the hospital twice for his gall bladder, and if the pants are not recovered, the doctors are scared for his health, in general and, particularly, mental. Our family is close and this loss is felt keenly.

These pants have a fifty-two-inch waist, are a green and orange plaid called Clan Bernstein, and have a label in them from Barney's Beef Room. The pants have only sentimental value.

If you are a human being with a heart and have taken these pants or have seen them somewhere, I plead with you to return them. No questions will be asked.

The pants, which may seem like nothing to you, mean a great deal to my husband. They may seem like a strange joke to you and me, but it is not to my husband. We want the pants back at any price. We're serious - that's no lie.

WRITE TO:

Mrs. S.W. Goatlips  
Apt. 4R  
2 Horatio Street  
New York, NY 10022

These are the pants that were lost or maybe stolen. They have no serial number, but my husband would recognize them anywhere. There is a shiny spot on the rump. Some scorch marks inside. God bless you if you can help us to find these pants, which my husband is wearing in the photograph. You will be rewarded promptly and no questions will be asked.



# BACK ISSUES

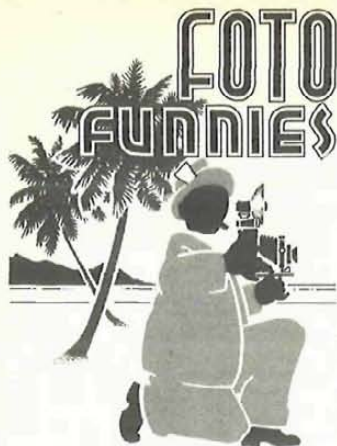
- OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES?** With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album
- DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER:** With Son-o-God comics # 2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement
- MAY, 1973/FRAUD:** With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Born in This Book, The Privileged Individual, Come Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin
- SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living Whiteloid comics, Vichy Supplement *Guerre* Magazine and Military Trading Cards
- JULY, 1974/DESSERT:** With *Famine*, *Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique and *Guns and Sandwiches* Magazine
- AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With Agnew's A Very Scizable Advance, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster # 7, and *Autofarm*
- SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and *Battar Comics*
- NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With The Rocketeer Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down
- JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zepplin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades Massacre
- MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedies, and *Our Wonderful Bodies*
- AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With The Rocketeer, Africa Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Cloten's Arrest Magazine*, Inherent Their Wind, and *Night Court*
- SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE:** With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Ploys, and *The Esquire* parody
- DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY:** With *The Great Price War*, Entrepreneurs, and *of fortune* parody
- APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With Dogfishing, *Silver Jack*, The Glory of Their Handcuff, The US Olympic Handbook, and The Puck Stops Here
- SEPTEMBER, 1976/THE LATEST ISSUE:** With a complete list of Bad Words, Western Romance Part Three, *Brave Dog Magazine*, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and cat hammer
- OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES:** With a four page full-color Nuts, the Aescop Brothers on honeymoon Verlan, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins, and dozens of other comics and cartoons
- NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE:** Is Democracy fixed? The complete story of the Townville campaign, slarring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption, and natural gas
- JANUARY, 1977/SURRERE ISSUE:** With *Those Lazy, Hazy Crazy Final Days*, lots of hilarious cartoons, eight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody
- FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE:** With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the *Village Voice* parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial
- APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV:** With T-Bird and Monza, TV Magazine, Monday Night Sleep, PBS Concordance, and Dinah's Dumpster
- JUNE, 1977/CAREERS:** With mercenaries, wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get-rich tips, and Sam Gross
- JULY, 1977/SEX:** With the inevitable *Hite Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Life Western Romance
- SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP:** With the health facts, insurance madness, Gidget Goes Senile, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's Grown-ups Can Do Anything
- OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES:** With *Mersey Moptop Faveave*, *Fabgearbeat Magazine*, Beat the Beatles, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report
- NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES:** With Best Medical Flea Market, Busting Out of Suburbia, Organic Backlash, White Rastafarians, and Best Negroes in New York
- DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER:** With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards, presents, and the Texas Supplement
- JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY:** With the Socratic Manologue, Sex in Ancient China, the Cretins, and the 6 Blanders of the Ancient World
- FEBRUARY, 1978/SPRING FASCISM PREVIEW:** With *National Socialist Review*, the Toronto Supplement, Euro-nazis, The Real Adolf Hitler, and Fascist Food
- MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT:** With Short Hairs, the History of Crime in the Cinema, the Maltese Canary, Pointless Crimes, and Just Deserts
- APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING:** With the Birds of Ireland, the New York Supplement, four-color comics by Rodrigues, Wilson, Flenniken and Browne, and the *Autofarm*
- JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST:** With *Even Bluegrass Get the Cows*, the Indian Section, Our Family Journey to the West, and Cowboys of Many Lands
- JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE:** With a garden of parodies, Sussman and Greenfield's history of *Nail amp*, Born Again on the Fourth of July, and comics by Wilson, Rodrigues, and Subitzky
- AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS:** With *Savvy-toon* and *Real Teen* magazines, comics by Wilson and Flenniken, Then and Now, a Field Guide to Young Teen-age Girls, and a *Nail amp* report on education in America
- SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE:** With *Regular Guy Quarterly*, Dress for Successfulness, Afro Sheek, and a complete fall fashion forecast
- NOVEMBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT:** With movie, TV, and music sections, *Porter* and *Beth* self-entertainment, Wilson, Rodrigues, and a *Nail amp* guide to the Big Ten
- NOVEMBER, 1978/THE BODY:** With *Memoirs of a Surgeon*, Pot Mews and Coke Alley, Captain Gadaver by Gahan Wilson, How Our Bodies Develop, and a True Body Section
- DECEMBER, 1978/FOOD AND FESTIVITY:** With Modern Menus, Foods of Many Nations, a General History of Food Fighting, a Gourmet Guide, and a True Food Section
- JANUARY, 1979/DEPRESSION:** With Psychopages, What I Got for Christmas, New Year's Eve, Special Cheer-Up section, and comics by Gahan Wilson, Subitzky, and Flenniken
- FEBRUARY, 1979/HETEROSEXUALITY:** With Very Married Sex, a look at bachelors, Planet of the Living Women, Screwing Your Best Friend's Wife, and a profile of Mr Right
- MARCH, 1979/CHANCE:** With Track Rats, Vegas, Unchained Melodrama, How to Drive Fast, and John and Gerry's next section
- APRIL, 1979/APRIL FOOL:** With Salacious Items and Lewd Articles, Florida College Spring Vacation Travel Supplement, the 1946 Buickmobiles, and a *Life Magazine* parody
- MAY, 1979/INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM AND TERRORISM:** With EXPLOR 79, Boris Bond of KGB, Girls of the Communist Bloc, and the ultimate Commie guide, the Pink Pages
- JUNE, 1979/KIDS:** With Alice in Regularland, Young Burns, Big Boys, Child Pornography, and comics by Shary Flenniken and Gahan Wilson
- JULY, 1979/SPORTS:** With Action Golf, Game Bunnes, Weekend Athletes, and a special Encyclopedia of Participatory Sports by the editors
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"OZYMANDIAS."  
BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY  
(1792-1822)



I MET A TRAVELER FROM AN ANTIQUE  
LAND  
WHO SAID: TWO VAST AND TRUNK-  
LESS LEGS OF STONE  
STAND IN THE DESERT... NEAR THEM,  
ON THE SAND,



HALF SUNK, A SHATTERED VISAGE  
LIES, WHOSE FROWN,  
AND WRINKLED LIP, AND SNEER OF  
COLD COMMAND,  
TELL THAT ITS SCULPTOR WELL THOSE  
PASSIONS READ

WHICH YET SURVIVE, STAMPED ON  
THESE LIFELESS THINGS,  
THE HAND THAT MOCKED THEM, AND  
THE HEART THAT FED:  
AND ON THE PEDESTAL THESE WORDS  
APPEAR:  
"MY NAME IS OZYMANDIAS, KING OF  
KINGS:



"LOOK ON MY WORKS, YE MIGHTY,  
AND DESPAIR!"

NOTHING BESIDE REMAINS. AROUND  
THE DECAY  
OF THAT COLOSSAL WRECK, BOUND-  
LESS AND BARE,  
THE LONE AND LEVEL SANDS STRETCH  
FAR AWAY.



## COUCH-TIME STORIES

continued from page 19

with a naked woman asleep beside him, her head in his lap.

Chuck studied Ursella. She was his, he assumed, and he marveled at the graceful lines of her body and the blinding sheen of her blond hair. There was nothing about her that was in the slightest way gross. There wasn't a mole, a stray hair. There were no foul smells, no wrinkles, no lumps, no fat. Plain and simple, she was perfect. And he was, he suddenly remembered, the most important man in the world. Wow, what a thrill!

He unplugged his shriveled weenie from her mouth with a wet pop. She grgggily protested, searching blindly for her little pacifier.

"Up and at 'em," Chuck said in an unconscious imitation of his father.

Ursella sat up and shivered. She was naked, after all. Chuck enjoyed watching the gooseflesh spread across her two square yards of glowing pink skin.

"I think you're the girliest girl ever," Chuck said with an affectionate smile.

She leaned over and kissed him.

"Should we get you some clothes or something?" Chuck asked politely.

Ursella shook her head no and smiled at the cuteness of the suggestion. She reached behind the seat and pulled out a silver-fox coat. She bundled herself in the magnificent fur and pushed the golden hair from her face. She looked even more beautiful, so much more beautiful that Chuck forgot all about how badly he had to go to the bathroom.

Chuck fired up the Ferrari and pulled out on the road. Ursella instructed him to get on the tollway, northbound. After a few miles, she directed him to take an exit and head for a run-down motel. Chuck recognized the motel. He'd seen it dozens of times from the tollway on family vacations to Wisconsin. He had always wondered what kind of people stayed there. Now he knew.

Although Chuck was disappointed with the shabby exterior of the place, he was not disappointed by the interior. Two more beautiful naked women were inside sitting amidst an arsenal of firearms, rockets, explosives, and communications gear. Chuck felt momentarily embarrassed when the two girls stood up and revealed the full scope of their nudity to him. One was a redhead with a flaming scarlet bush. The other was Japanese, with a soft, silky black patch. Chuck squeezed Ursella's hand for

strength. Despite the wild sexual initiation of the night before, Chuck still remembered vividly the countless times he gave his love to the inky beauties on the pages of his dad's *Playboy* magazines. It would be quite a while before the debilitating delight of meeting beautiful naked women would wear off.

Ursella introduced the women as her field operatives. She asked Chuck if he would like to shower. Chuck shrugged his shoulders indecisively.

"Help him, please, Kyona," Ursella instructed the Japanese girl.

Although he felt that he was "going with" Ursella, he let Kyona do wonderful things to him, and she allowed him to do wonderful things to her. She felt no shame or embarrassment and positioned herself rather awkwardly and dangerously in a spread-eagle pose across the top of the shower stall to let Chuck revel in the intricacies of her private region.

When Chuck was cleaner than he'd ever been in his life, the redheaded girl, Michelle, who was English, dried him off and detailed the physiological differences between the Oriental and the Occidental female pudenda.

"God," Chuck exclaimed. "This is

unreal!"

All three women dressed him in a Bond Street suit that was cut to the exact dimensions of his body.

"I broke into your house when no one was home a couple of months ago and I stole some of your clothes to get measurements from," Ursella said.

"We were probably at my grandpa's for the weekend," Chuck said as he admired himself in the mirror.

Kyona opened Chuck's jacket and strapped on a holster. She inserted a pistol. Michelle took off his Timex watch and replaced it with a complex chronograph that contained a two-way radio, a microflare, poison gas, and a homing device.

"Nothing is going to happen to us, darling," Ursella said as she strapped a shoulder holster over her naked torso.

"You're not getting dressed?"

Chuck asked.

"I never wear clothes, you silly."

There were tears in Kyona and Michelle's eyes when they kissed Chuck good-bye. They held the kisses and stroked his crotch. Ursella watched with amusement, confident that Chuck belonged to her. She was not above sharing him, after all, if it

continued on page 77

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ARE.

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# CRAZY

THIS IS A STORY ABOUT THREE PEOPLE. TWO OF THEM WENT CRAZY, AND I THINK ONE OF THEM WAS ME. BY P.J. O'ROURKE

# PEOPLE

I had a couple of weeks when I was able to get away from the office. Business was slow and there was nothing that couldn't be put off. A friend of mine had gone to Aspen for the winter and left me with his house in the Florida Keys and his MGB. I had a quarter ounce of cocaine, and the liquor cabinet was stocked. I don't know what was wrong with me. I wasn't overtired. I wasn't even drunk. I'd spent the afternoon asleep, and I was standing, that night, at the bar in the Boca Chica Grill having the first drink of the day with my friend Dawson when I saw her.

She was little, five feet one, lithe and small-hipped but not without shape. She had her dirty-blond hair in some pixie cut, but stylish, and she had thick dark teenage eyebrows and a most amazing face—hoydenish, fine boned, pout mouthed, with dark blue eyes, short upper lip, and turned-up nose. All perfect to the point of fearsomeness; except from the bridge of that nose across her right cheekbone almost to the corner of her eye was a fine white scar, very exotic.

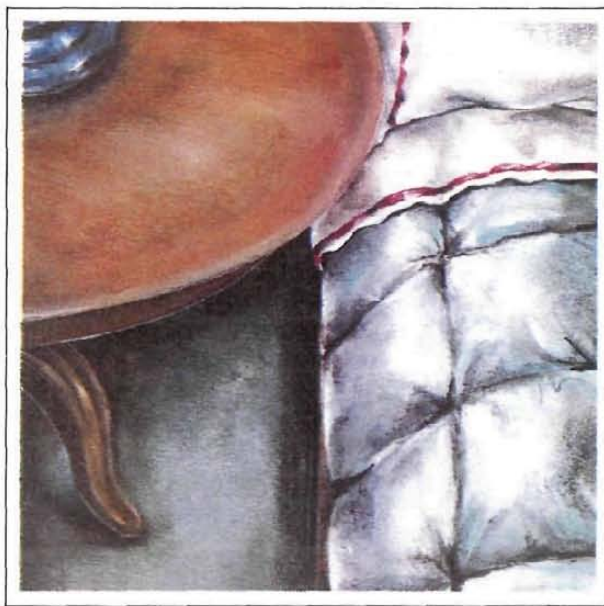
Her name was Terri. She was nineteen years old. She had signed the papers that morning for her divorce from an enlisted man on the navy base at Key West. She had little white teeth all in even rows, and I was in love with her from the moment she opened the mouth they were in. She was an army brat, and her parents, not much older than me, had dragged her from Fort Bragg to Fort Bliss to Germany to Taiwan and back to the States, where she'd met a boy in the navy. They married, but they did not get along. And now they weren't married anymore. That night was New Year's Eve, and I drove her to the Edgewater Hotel and we danced and took drugs and had drinks, and there was a fireworks display, and I drove her back to the rooming house where she lived and kissed her at the door and felt her breasts beneath her pretty cotton blouse.

I was back the next morning to take her to my house, to the beach at the end of the lawn, and we swam in the soup-warm water, rare that time of year and sensual and sleepy. Her breasts were pointy, conical, like an animal's, and when we lay in the sun she had a warm animal smell, musky when I nuzzled her along the back of the neck and under her arms. But I could not get her to come inside and go to bed with me. She said she felt "numb about being touched," didn't want to make love again ever, had no feeling in her flesh.

Dawson said she had nothing to do, that you shouldn't let people go long with nothing to do. Dawson isn't one of the three people this story is about. He's proved his sanity for years now, smuggling sailboat loads of marijuana up from La Guajira in Colombia and otherwise conducting the business of life. And we weren't actually talking about Terri. We were talking about the people he

hired to sail his boats. I was saying I thought they must become addicted to danger—that is, to the thrill—to keep doing this. They made thirty or fifty thousand dollars for a trip and always blew it right away and went back to work as soon as they could. They might have invested the money or buried it in the yard. But Dawson said no. No one was addicted to terror. The more you're terrorized, the more frightened you get, he said. He said people have a compulsion to accept responsibilities, a need to be oppressed by duty, like the need for sex or the need for violence. There has to be something necessary in their lives, some purpose that provides discipline. Inutility drives people to extreme acts, he said. And that's why these guys, who were free—really, to do anything they wanted, were drawn back to something dangerous, for the discipline of it. When they were bringing those boats up they had to do everything right or they'd go to jail or get shot by the powerboat scum that floated around the Caribbean hijacking drug shipments. Otherwise, he said, they grew numb in their stupid lives.

Indeed Terri did have nothing to do. She had a little



money from the divorce, and a cheap place to stay, and there are not that many pretty girls living unattached in the Keys. She could have done nothing for a long time. But I wanted her to come to New York. Maybe it was just that she wouldn't fuck. I was with her all day and most nights, but I couldn't get her to take me home or come back to my house with me. We even spent a night together at Dawson's place. Both of us, at her insistence, with our pants on, her bare nipples rigid in the slight night-air chill, thick as her fingertips and brown and feeling, she said, no sensation when I stroked or bit them, none. I had the sort of persistent erection, that night, that I hadn't had since I was her age. But there was more to it. She was quick-minded but knew nothing—no music, no books, no art, just army brat geography, drugs, and disco dance tunes. She seemed to have such an affinity for everything I told her about, a fascination for the odd things Dawson played on his stereo and for the litter of books around his house, especially for a book on cubist painters, whom Dawson says he likes for their "imposing rationality on stuff." Dawson even owns a small Juan Gris, but he has to keep it in the refrigerator for fear of the climate. Terri was innocent of modern art and of fiction beyond the drug-store rack. She hadn't even seen many movies. But she had a style, the way she walked and wore her cheap clothes; it was like her smell, part feral. And she had a smart mouth. "That's old" was her favorite epithet, a chilling little phrase she used when Dawson or I said we were too stoned to face a discotheque or too tired to do any more nitrous oxide or amyl nitrate or codeine or cocaine or whatever it was, or that we wanted to stay at the dog track because we were a hundred dollars down or go fishing, or whenever we expressed any other attitude she considered geriatric.

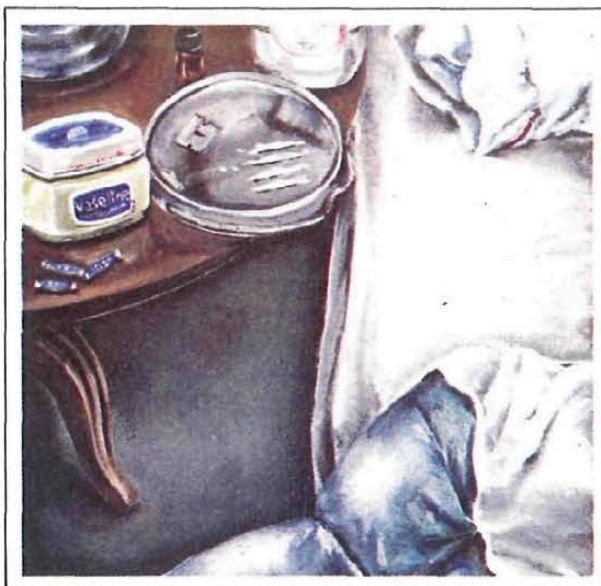
She wanted activity, excitement, and danger, or, at least, as much danger as you can muster in the Keys without getting shark-bit, which is to say the danger of throwing up or dying from barbiturates and cheap wine punch.

I don't think I actually said I'd marry her if she came to New York, but I was close to saying it. I told her that sometimes you meet someone and you just know there is a bond there. It must be something chemical, I said, pheromones or something. Which is a preposterous lie but one of only two I ever told her, and I may have believed that one myself.

I was persuasive, or I thought I had been, because she promised she'd come to New York in three weeks. I can't remember why the delay. Thinking back, I get the impression it was delay for delay's sake, schedule in order to have a schedule. But I don't know. I went back north, and before I left, Dawson asked me to do him a favor. He had a partner in New York who hadn't been payed for some deal. Would I take sixty or seventy thousand dollars to give to him? So I hauled a flight bag full of hundred-dollar bills back to the city, which is how I met

Carol Anne. The money was owed to her boyfriend, Jack. The two of them came to my apartment, and to thank me for the delivery they took me out to dinner. We ran up a check for, I think, almost \$500. Most of that was spent on champagne. Carol Anne was a tall and downy alabaster blond from Knox County, Kentucky, who'd run away from home half a dozen years before to Atlanta, where Jack had then owned a bar. She'd been a Playboy Bunny once. I remember that, because the bunny costume shoes had crippled one of her toes and she was still receiving workman's compensation for having worn spike heels. This seemed very funny that night. Carol Anne would switch into a high, nasal Appalachian accent to say certain things—to tell about the Playboy Club, for instance. Or to mimic the members of her huge and impoverished family, her father particularly. He'd disappeared when she was a child, but before that, she said, his whole fame and source of self-respect was the locality's largest repertoire of nigger jokes.

"You see," she said he'd say (and I remember very well this one joke of her father's that she told), "these two old colored trash pickers were haulin' a load of trash down the



road on a flatbed truck, and the trash was blowing off the back all over everywhere. Well, along comes the sheriff in his police car, following this trail of trash down the road until he catches up to these colored boys in their truck. He pulls them over and makes them get out and walk back and pick up all the trash that blowed off the truck, and then he tells them they ain't going nowhere except to jail unless they get that trash tied down. Well, these two old colored boys, they don't have any rope and they don't have any money to buy any rope. And one says to the other, "Rufus, what-for we gonna do?" "Well,"

says Rufus, "I's tells you what, you dribe de truck an I's lay down on de trash an' holds it in place."

"So Rufus lays down on top of the trash, holding it down with his arms and legs, and they drive off like that. And they're drivin' down the road and they drive under this overpass where two good old boys are standing at the rail. And one good old boy looks down and sees Rufus all spread out on top of the trash and he says to his buddy, "Looky there, Lee Bob, ain't folks wasteful? Somebody's gone and throwed out a perfectly good nigger."'"

Jack had a bar in New York now, not far from my house, and I began to go there in the evenings sometimes, a couple of hours before closing and about the same time that Carol Anne would come in. The three of us would talk, especially Carol Anne and I. And we'd go back to the bathroom to take cocaine. Then Jack would close up and we'd sit in and have a few drinks, until the sun came up. I guess I envied their life. Carol Anne didn't do anything at all and Jack didn't do that much. They'd take off whenever they wanted, go skiing or down to the islands, and they were a handsome couple. Carol Anne was beautiful, actually, and they seemed to be in love.

When Terri got to New York the four of us went dancing and drinking and to hear groups play at the various places that were the places to go that year. Terri enjoyed that. Unfortunately, she didn't enjoy much else. It wasn't that she didn't fit in. That army accent is as smooth and bland as anything American and completely unthrottling. It was assumed, I think, that her looks were modishly punk. And several people called her a wit for a reaction one night to an eel pâté. "I don't eat things made out of snakes" was just about what I was thinking at the time myself. Nor was there any problem with her refusal to be initiated into the mysteries of certain small forks. "All right," she'd say to her dinner partner as she held up some item of flatware, "what do I stick this one in?" Social chitchat was lost on her, but "That's old" proved a riposte as shuddering to the fundamentals of middle-aged bankers as it ever was to mine. I heard her accepted as "quite peppy" and "rather outrageous," and the worst insult I heard was "sweet." But she hated it. What had fascinated her in bits and pieces at Dawson's house in the Keys was now dumped on her in carload lots. I could see it made no sense. And she knew perfectly well that she passed on the weight of her cuteness only. Nor did she show much inclination to the pleasures of domesticity. Even shopping with Carol Anne (and Carol Anne was a consummate shopper) held no lure. The city was a chaotic, foreign, huge, noisy, crowded incomprehensibility to her. She didn't complain, but she didn't bloom. And we weren't getting along very well in bed.

Terri and I made love, of course, once she came to New York, but not for the first couple of nights. We'd sleep naked together, shower together, and fondle and kiss, but she insisted she was still numb. One morning in bed she was on her stomach, squirming close to me, and I edged my knee under her little thigh and flipped her over on her back and fucked her. She expressed a wiggle-hipped protest, but I stuck myself into her until I came. It didn't take long. A little later she said, in passing, in the midst of saying something else entirely, that she'd liked that. So we began to have sex, but she always had to be half forced. How much of it was fooling around, teasing, I couldn't tell. Anyway, I didn't seem to satisfy her. She didn't have an orgasm that I noticed. I tried to question her. Too little foreplay? Too much? Too little afterplay (whatever that is)? Was I too small? Too fast? Not rhythmic enough? She'd just giggle or say, "You know how some girls have their brains in their ass? Well, I'm real stupid." Was there something that she'd like to do that we weren't doing? Should I go down on her longer? Or blow in her ears more often? Was there anything she'd always wanted to do in bed but never had? What would she like to do most? Finally she said, "Tie me up."

I was perplexed. I had never tied a girl up. What do you tie them up with? What do you tie them to? And this really stumped me: Do you tie them up on their back or do

you tie them up on their stomach? Stomach, I decided, in Terri's case—too much of a smart-ass look on her face. I got out of bed and started rummaging around the apartment. I settled, at last, on some unfashionably wide neckties, but there are no bedposts on my bed and it was a while before the mattress handles occurred to me. I turned her over and began fastening things. She was quiet and very compliant for once, and it was exciting when she was spread-eagle on the bed. I rubbed some baby oil across her back and on the small round halves of her ass and up between her thighs and down her legs. And then I took her very gently and kept myself from ejaculating for as long as I could. She came convulsively, with a tremor half a minute long. Square knots, by the way, are very hard to get out of silk ties. I recommend a clove hitch.

Sex with Terri was wonderful after that, for one whole day, and then she left. "I don't understand the life you live," she said. "I don't understand your friends. I don't understand what they say. Or what they do. Or why one thing upsets them and another thing does not." Or something to that effect. I believe her exact words were, "I don't get it." She went back to Florida and enrolled in a

hairdressing school. The way she came by her scar, incidently, was from falling face first into an open coffee can when she was a toddler.

I said I'd be down to see her in a couple of weeks, as soon as I could get away from work. And I talked to her every night on the phone, until one night there was something wrong with the way she talked back. I asked her what was the matter. She said, "Nothing," but she said the word the way women do sometimes, meaning by "nothing" every substantive thing in the world. I asked her if she still wanted me to come to Florida. She said she did,

adding (another thing women know how to do with language) an unvoiced conditional conjunctive.

"But what?" I said. And in this case I also remember her exact words.

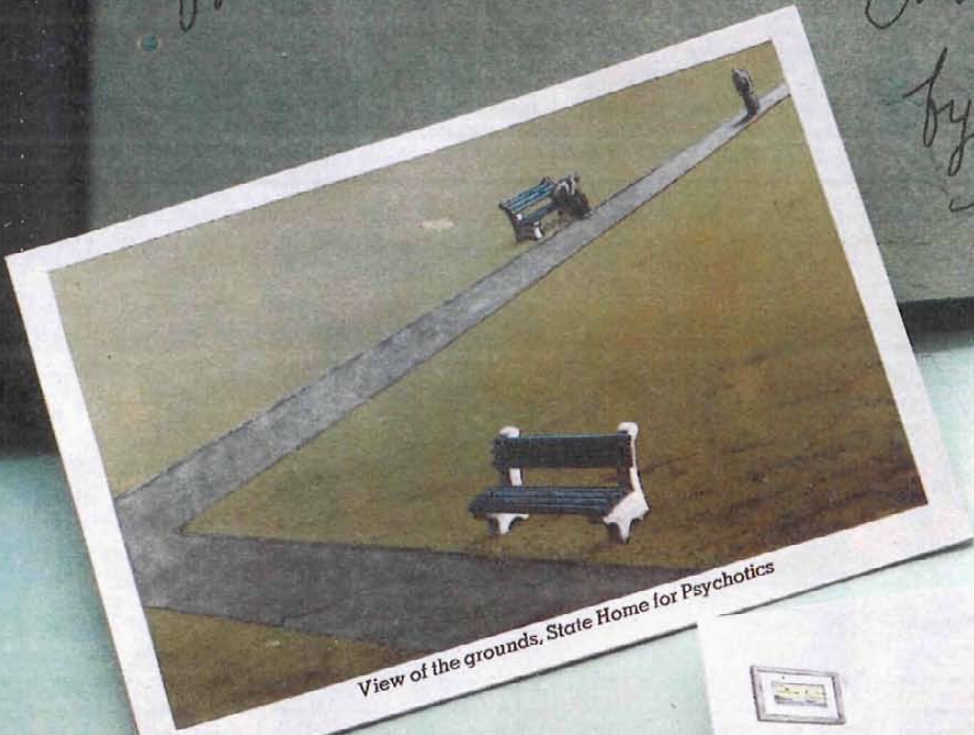
"I've fallen in love with a hippie treasure diver."

He was, Dawson told me a few days later on the phone, one of the scuba bums who hang around Key West's perennial fruitless Spanish galleon salvage efforts, the upshot of which is always selling spurious doubloons to tourists. According to Dawson, this fellow wasn't even a very good example of the type. "He must have sent his brain up too fast. He's got mind bends." Anyway, said Dawson, the two of them had disappeared.

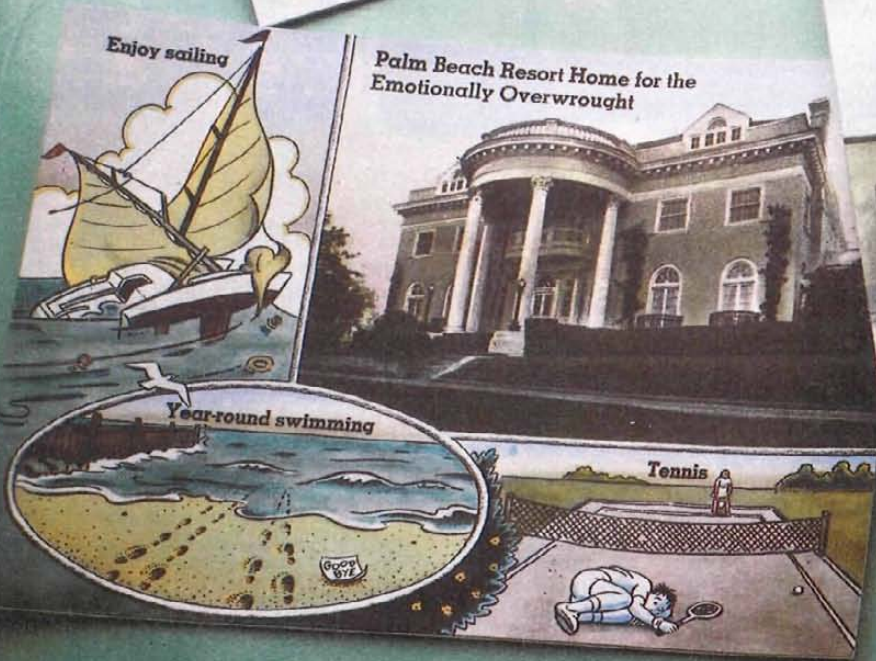
A month or two went by. It must have been March. Dawson was passing through New York and said we should take Jack and Carol Anne to dinner. But Jack was away on business, drug business I assumed, in California. So only Carol Anne came with us. We got drunk and fooled around, took drugs, and stayed up late having a good time. I especially had a good time with Carol Anne, /continued on page 63



Postcards from  
Mental Institutions  
collected  
by Ron  
Barrett



View of the grounds, State Home for Psychotics



Palm Beach Resort Home for the Emotionally Overwrought



TV Lounge - Letchworth Sanitarium

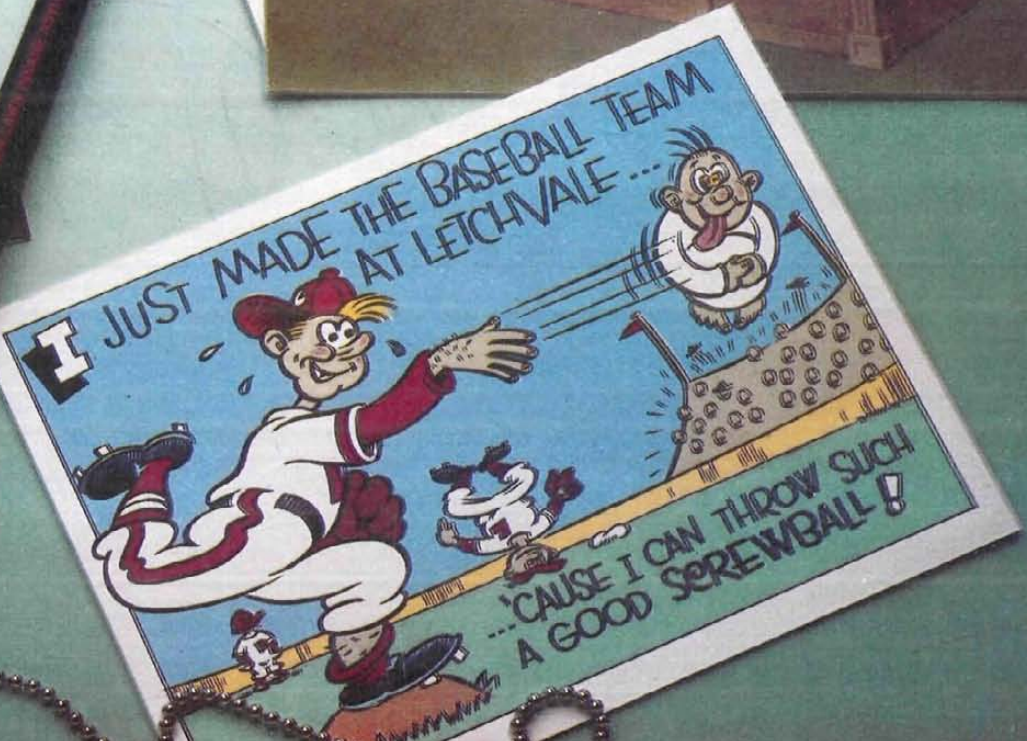
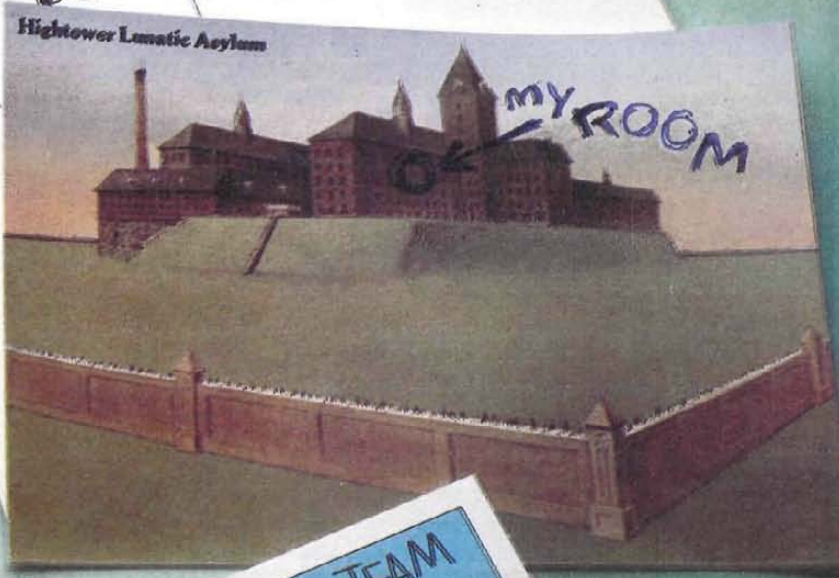
Patients, under supervision of the staff, tend the floral display at Sunnyside State Asylum for the Incorably Insane

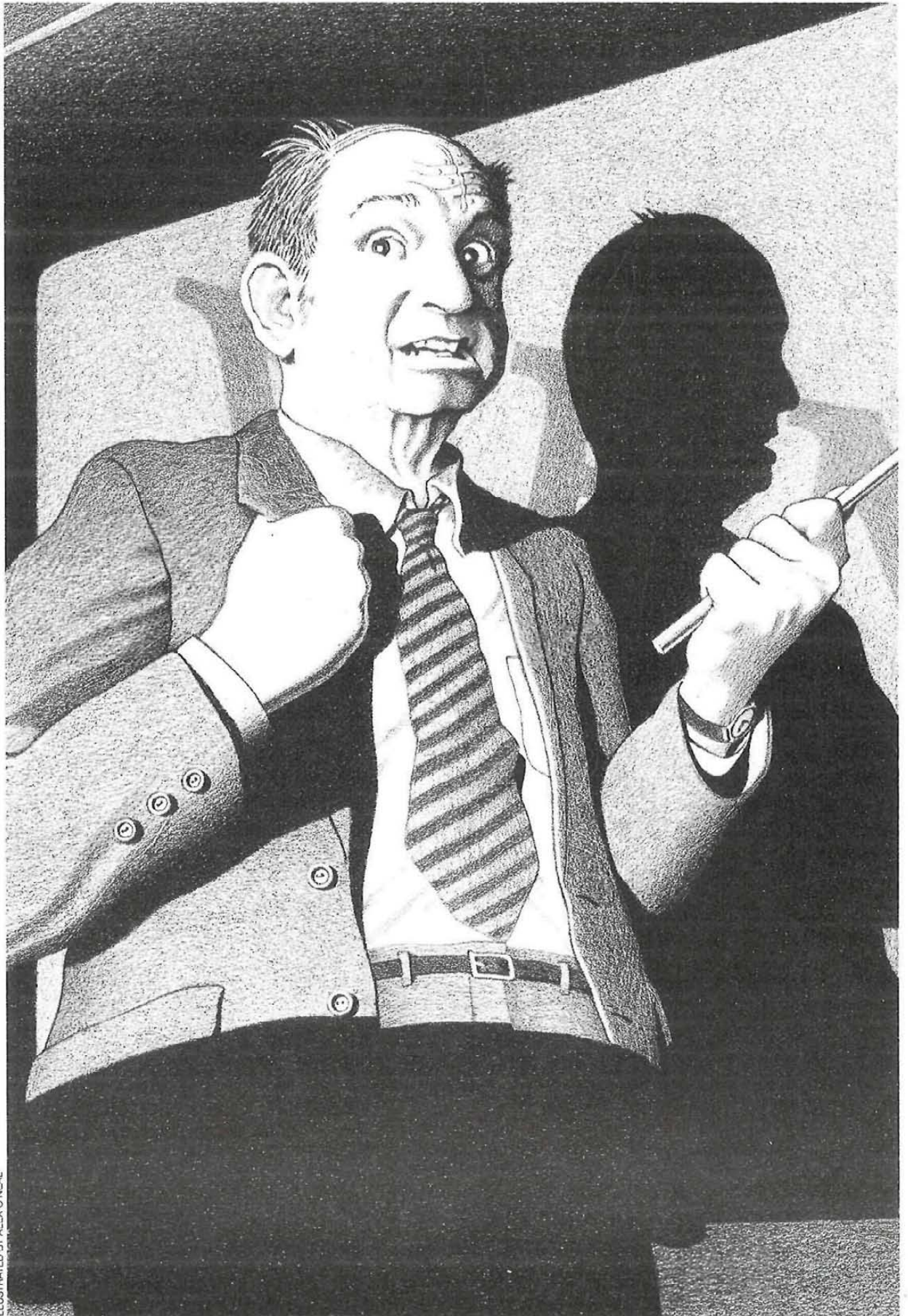


POST CARD

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Hightower Lunatic Asylum





ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX O'NEAL

# DEADWOOD

## The Desperate White-Collar Worker Who Tried to Please a Boss Young Enough to Be His Kid by Tod Carroll

**O**ooh, that's a honey," Red said loudly and with nervous enthusiasm. "That's a real honey." He was referring to Thom Murdock's silver gray BMW. "You sure know how to pick 'em," Red continued, as Murdock pivoted out of the driver's seat. "Thank you," Murdock replied stiffly. "In early today?" Red stretched his mouth into an exaggerated frown and shook his head several times more vigorously than necessary to indicate serious concern. "Yeah, it's that damn bottleneck in Piece Parts Distribution again." He put his hands on his hips and pressed his tongue hard against a rigid lower lip—Red's usual configuration for resolve and problem solving.

"I been up for days on this one," he said with maximum firmness. Murdock pushed his car door shut and started across the parking lot. He was obviously preoccupied, but Red stayed close to him and tried to make more conversation. "Say, did you read 'Funky Winkerbean' this morning?" Red asked as cheerfully and energetically as possible. Murdock's face remained blank, and Red continued. "I swear," Red laughed, "that's gotta be my favorite comic strip. I get the biggest kick out of it every morning." Murdock donated a nominal, offensively small laugh to the exchange, which Red magnified several hundred times into evidence that he was

sharing a light moment with his boss.

"Anyway," Red went on, "there was this character in the comic that looked exactly like Don Dibiasi in Contract Sales! You know, with the big ears and everything!" Red was talking and laughing much louder than the subject warranted. "So I cut it out and I'm going to give it to him when we present the weekly jag-off award at Crowley's product meeting."

They reached an entrance to N Building, the company's administration and

operations headquarters. Murdock gestured to the security station with his briefcase. "Have a good one," Red urged the boss with a closing discharge of buoyancy. Murdock turned toward Red as if he suddenly remembered he was there, gestured again with his briefcase, and tendered an expression that would be classified as a statutory smile if there were a legal minimum curvature of the mouth that constituted a smile without necessarily conveying emotion. "Same to you," Murdock said, then disappeared into an

elevator.

Red Bostrom, low-level, fifty-five-year-old procurement functionary in the Piece Parts Department and quarter-century veteran at North American Dynamics, stood alone in the foyer for several seconds as his last desperate grin to Murdock slowly closed over ocher-edged teeth and restored Red's face muscles to their median state of collapse. He'd just had his first private conversation with the new boss and suddenly felt a bitter, qualmish tightness in his throat. Red be-

came restless and apprehensive; he was struck by the same urgent compulsion to pull off a spectacular coup on the job that most other fifty-five year olds of like incompetency and nugacity experience when they fear management may discover them.

**R**ed moved at top speed down the hall to a massive white bullpen subdivided by sixty or seventy office systems and movable sound baffles. No one in this room made more than \$16,800 annually. "Gooooo morning!" Red piped as he wound his way through the office systems even more briskly and anxiously than usual. Red put a lot of English on the "Good morning," stretching the "good" and spiking the first syllable of "morning" with a sizable shot of air pressure against his larynx. This and the briskness were principal ingredients of an audiovisual enthusiasm package that Red insisted on dispensing each morning as a means of exorcizing doubts about his previous day's performance.

"Morning, Red," a cofunctionary responded from behind a sound baffle. Red leaned his head around the edge and spoke with vaulting professionalism. "Say, Ted, have you got a number for Stillwell over in Graphics? I'd like to have some overhead projection slides made up for the Crowley meeting." Ted supplied the number, aware that Red's negligible and probably unwanted contribution to the meeting could not in any way justify the use or expense of visual aids, and that the last several months of layoffs had finally pushed Red into a frightened, desperate, psychologically unstable corner.

"Hello, Jeff," Red said into the phone. "I'd like to get a few of your masterpieces for the overhead projector today." Red referred to most any artwork, including transparent sheets of acetate with type on them, as masterpieces. "Yes, and here's what I want on them," Red continued. "Can you spell out the name Piece Parts so the word 'piece' is made out of a bunch of gears and rivets and things?... That's what I want on the first slide.... Viewgraph? That's what they're called? ... Nor slides, huh? ... Well, you're the expert.... Okay, on the second viewgraph I'd like the name Vendor.... Uh-huh, and on the next three, put Receiving, Inventory Control, and Production.... Then I want one with a little cartoon on it, kind of like a Funky Win-

kerbean character, you know, only he's got lug nuts for arms and legs, and he's relaxing in an easy chair, okay?... And he's saying, 'Home at last!'"

Red hung up the phone and felt another acerbic twinge in the back of his throat. Then a sea-urchin-like ball began to wrench along Red's duodenum until it triggered a grinding spasm that linked up with the throat disturbance and scrambled his vision. Red found his way to the rest room and hyperventilated over a toilet until the pain abated and he had convinced himself it was vital to make an immediate, extraordinary showing to Murdock no matter what his condition.

Deciding on a precarious and potentially ruinous gamble, Red dialed Murdock's home phone number. "Hello, Mrs. Murdock," he began, "this is Red Bostrom at North American Dynamics." Red's dry upper lip snagged along the ridges between his incisors, and gum as he engaged his most personable smile and sedulous tone of voice. "I know we haven't met, but I work for your husband and we're planning a surprise for him at our meeting this afternoon, you see, and with his being a weekend dirt biking enthusiast, I was wondering if you'd mind if we borrowed his motorcycle and riding outfit for the day?" Like most of the office proletariat at Dynamics, Red memorized his boss's hobbies and cultivated an embarrassingly overblown interest in them despite the fact that he had no personal relationship with Murdock whatsoever nor the vaguest understanding of his hobbies.

Mrs. Murdock reluctantly consented to let Red pick up the bike and leathers on his lunch hour. She gave him directions to a house with a long horseshoe driveway feeding off an upper- to upper-middle-class street and a Buick Riviera and motorhome parked in the carport and brand-new Datsun 280Z-X by the front door. Mrs. Murdock answered the bell in a silky one-piece bathing suit; she was apparently sunning herself with a girl friend and a few young children by a pool in the back. The woman had substantial paraboloid breasts and lots of freckles on her shoulders from a lifetime of relaxing near water.

"Mr. Bostrom, is it?" she asked with a trace of discomfort as they walked through the entry hall. Red's awkward, Field Marshal Montgomery-style body and badly sewn, special-purchase office shirt conflicted noticeably with the home's interior; that bastard Murdock, young enough to be Red's kid, owned enough first-class wallpaper, furniture, carpeting, light fixtures, wall decorations,

appliances, and other personal property to generate a mixture of air that seemed to attack Red's outfit, identify its Korean, Taiwanese, and Penney's molecules, and tag them like prewar Jews.

"Yes, ma'am," Red answered with an uneasy laugh. "Red Bostrom. I think your husband's gonna get a real charge out of the surprise." Mrs. Murdock led Red to a storeroom behind the carport and pointed out the bike. "There it is," she said. "Be careful with it." She put her husband's helmet and jacket on the backdoor mat and returned to her pool while Red struggled to wedge the 250cc dirt bike into his trunk. Red was at his most awkward and inept during the act of lifting. He'd plant his feet in an optimum action and determination stance he picked up in the military, then invariably wield the load at points so ridiculously distant from its center of gravity that he frequently lost his stance or at least began a great deal of quivering.

Droplets of sweat began to form on the flabby, reptilian flange running along the center of his neck from chin to clavicles, which eventually fell onto Red's shirt and commingled with flecks of sludge from the motorcycle, creating an unnoticed semicircle of grease stains near the collar and shoulders.

**R**ed rushed back to N Building, rolled Murdock's bike into a freight elevator, and stashed it near the conference room reserved for Crowley's product meeting. He was dirty and exhausted, and his insides were starting to churn. A fierce contraction suddenly twisted his bowels and buffeted the wall of his stomach like a bacillary Roberto Durán. After momentarily bracing himself against the wall, he staggered down a stairwell, picked up the viewgraphs, and found a bathroom, where he threw up a clear brine that signaled medical trouble, the kind that can terrify anyone over fifty who has something to live for, like a job. Red somehow steeled himself away from the urinal and blotted his mouth on a portion of the North American Dynamics profit-sharing organ scattered across the floor. The smell of the cheap ink irritated jumpy sensors in the rear of his mouth and nearly provoked a second volley of heaving; however, the scent was also in a strange way comforting to Red, because he had spent the last twenty-five years eagerly scouring Dynamics newsletters in the fashion of dis-

*continued on page 78*



“HIT ME  
WITH A CLUB.”



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25 PROOF COCKTAILS: PIÑA COLADA • MARGARITA • SCREWDRIIVER • TEQUILA SUNRISE •  
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THE CLUB® COCKTAILS • 25 Proof • Prepared by The Club Distilling Co., Hartford, CT.  
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# From the casebook of a

## CASE #2 WILLIAM O.

PATIENT: That's right, Dr. Oliver, even if *Bo Derek* walked in here and begged me to screw her, I wouldn't do it.

DOCTOR: Whew, you *are* wigged out!

It takes Dr. Oliver three lengthy sessions just to convince William O. that homosexuality is aberrant and immoral. William O., who came to Dr. Oliver for treatment of a phobia, is told point blank that the phobia is not his primary problem. "The fact that you're a sissy is at the root of your troubles, young man." Dr. Oliver recommends photo and videotape therapy, but despite the high quality of the therapeutic material William does not respond to treatment and still harbors disgust for women and love for men. Dr. Oliver threatens William O. with electroshock therapy, but to no avail, and finally he must fall back on physical therapy. After what Dr. Oliver hopes will be William O's last beating, he tells him, "Billy, I look forward to the day when I can think of you as a man and not a filthy little fruitcake."

## CASE #3 ARTHUR F.

PATIENT: What does it mean when I dream about being attacked by bats?

DOCTOR: It means it's time to go easy on rich food.

Following WASP psychiatry's hard-line pragmatism, Dr. Oliver foregoes the traditional lengthy psychiatric interview. "If, in fact, you're crazy," Dr. Oliver tells Arthur F., "I'd have to be crazy to listen to you. What sense could you possibly make?" Instead, Dr. Oliver asks Arthur F. to go home and write out what is bugging him on a piece of scratch paper and to get back to him in a few days. Before returning to port, Dr. Oliver lands a fifteen-pound coho and uses it to make a key point with Arthur F. "The fishing is terrible at the nut ranch, old man," Dr. Oliver tells the middle-aged sociopath.

## CASE #4 ROBERT N.

Robert N. visits Dr. Oliver and informs him that he is contemplating suicide. Dr. Oliver explains to Robert N. that he has a family that depends upon him. Robert N. says that because of the severity of his problems he doesn't care. "Well," Dr. Oliver says, "if you don't care about them, they probably don't care about you. I recommend you do it." At the close of the session, Dr. Oliver suggests that Robert N. hurl himself from a cliff. "Anywhere but in the house," he says. "It lowers resale value."

## CASE #5 GINNY L.

PATIENT: Are you still going to like me now that my dissociative reaction is gone and I no longer have seven personalities?

DOCTOR: Of course I am. Although I do miss your little Mexican girl personality. She was a lot of fun.

In dealing with Ginny L.'s split personality problem, Dr. Oliver had only one option—appeal to her vanity. Dr. Oli-

## CASE #1 LISA K.

FATHER: We'll pay for the damage Lisa did.

DOCTOR: Damn right you will!

Lisa K. is brought to Dr. Oliver in a state of severe personality disintegration. Her concomitant physical aggression results in the near total destruction of Dr. Oliver's recently redecorated study, and de-



ver waited through several visits until the most rational and pleasant of Ginny L.'s personalities came to the fore. "I hate to talk behind your other personalities' backs," Dr. Oliver told her, "but Ellen, Marie, Shana, Laura, Caroline, and Verna are really unsavory ladies. They're ugly and mean spirited. And frankly, they don't speak too highly of you either. The bottom line is, Ginny, when you're any of them you are not very at-

# VASP PSYCHIATRIST

spite her parents' plea for sympathy during this psychiatric emergency Dr. Oliver refuses to treat the girl. "Until you can behave yourself in my office, you can just go to pieces outside," he tells her sternly. After notifying his attorney of possible legal action to settle the matter of the damage to his office property, Dr. Oliver notes to Lisa's parents that "they who spare the rod spoil the child."



PHOTOGRAPHED BY KEN AMBROSE

tractive?" He explained further that by having to worry about seven hairstyles, seven wardrobes, seven sets of values and manners, she was spreading herself too thin. "If you dropped this split personality kick, you could be a real knockout!" A couple of weeks of shopping, sunbathing, dancing, and dining therapy was all that Dr. Oliver felt stood between Ginny and mental health.

## CASE #6 CHERYL V.

An extremely articulate and bright young woman, Cheryl V. suffers from an overwhelming compulsion to eat. "I eat because my parents deprived me of love and affection. I have no friends, no lovers. I am a foodaholic," she tells Dr. Oliver. His reply is a curt "Horsefluff!" Explaining first that her self-diagnosis is the result of spending too much time whimpering and whining about what is essentially a basic problem, he tells Cheryl V. that just as her appetite for food is unrealistic, her appetite for affection was probably just as unrealistic, and that in all likelihood she exhausted her parents' capacities for love. "As for not having friends or lovers," he says, "you can figure that out with a quick glance at the mirror." She is not a foodaholic, he adds, she is a pig. He recommends a diet and exercise program and tells her sternly that she will not be welcome in his office until she starts "looking like a human being."

## CASE #7 IRWIN P.

DOCTOR: Don't let my .357 inhibit you. It's just that I don't trust you. Not after what you did to those picnickers.

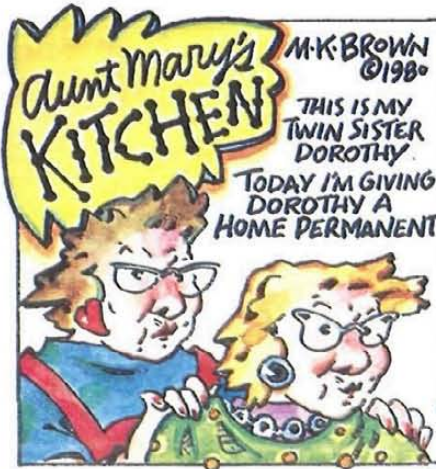
Dr. Oliver is called in to examine Irwin P. in his cell at Chicago's Cook County Jail. Irwin P., a paranoid schizophrenic, is having visions of grandeur during the visit. Attempting to stem the delusions, Dr. Oliver tells Irwin P. that he is "like God only in that He has no earthly friends either?" When Irwin P.'s lawyer arrives and asks if Dr. Oliver thinks his client is fit to stand trial, Dr. Oliver explains that he is not only fit to stand trial but also fit to stand execution.

## CASE #8 JEAN A.

Jean A. confesses to Dr. Oliver that she is a shoplifter. After learning the extent of her criminal activities and where she has stored the stolen goods, Dr. Oliver calls the police and Jean is arrested. "Come to see me after you've paid your debt to society, and then we'll see what the heck makes you do what you do," Dr. Oliver later writes Jean at the minimum-security facility where she will spend eighteen months.

## CASE #9 RAYMOND G.

Repulsed and revolted by Raymond G.'s discussions of his sexual longings for his mother and his elderly aunt, Dr. Oliver turns to Mrs. G. in hopes of diagnosing Raymond G.'s disorder. "The way he goes on," Dr. Oliver tells Mrs. G., "I'd swear he had impaired cerebral tissue function. But then again he doesn't look like a retard." Mrs. G. discusses Raymond G.'s personality disorganization and his silliness and hallucinations. Chemotherapy, Dr. Oliver decides, is definitely called for. He puts Raymond G. on 50,000cc of Chivas Regal over ice with a splash of water, daily, and 20-40 Winstons as needed. He recommends that Mrs. G. lay down the law and give Raymond G. thirty days to shape up or ship out. "Ray," Dr. Oliver says at the session's close, "nobody, but nobody, likes a hebephreniac!" □



M-K BROWN ©1980  
THIS IS MY TWIN SISTER DOROTHY  
TODAY I'M GIVING DOROTHY A HOME PERMANENT



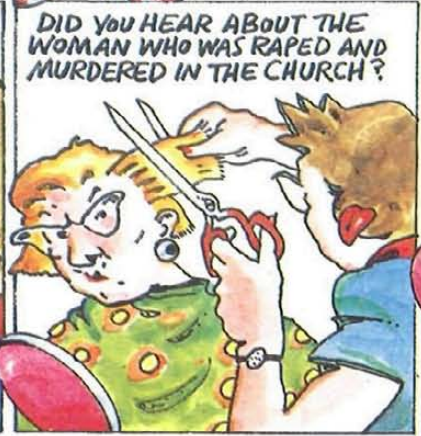
DOROTHY IS A DOCTOR, THOUGH YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IT BY LOOKING AT HER, I DON'T MEAN THAT UNKINDLY, FIRST WE SHAMPOO AND TOWEL DRY THEN THE FUN STARTS HA HA



DON'T WORRY, DOROTHY - I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING, I'VE DONE THIS A MILLION TIMES YOUR HAIR IS VERY DRY! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE SOME OFF THE TOP - JUST THE SPLIT ENDS



YOU LOOK BETTER ALREADY HAHA I'M JUST JOKING DON'T MOVE!



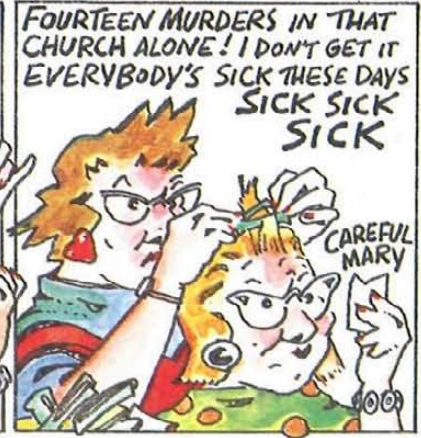
DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE WOMAN WHO WAS RAPED AND MURDERED IN THE CHURCH?



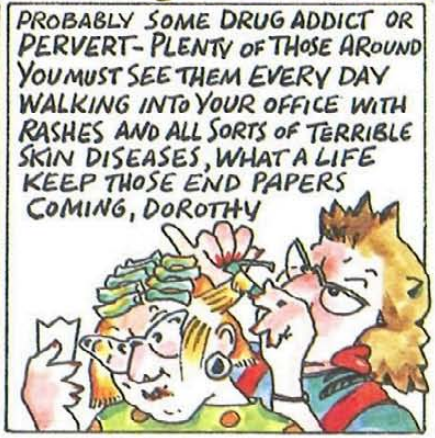
THEY SAID SHE WASN'T REALLY A NUN SHE WAS JUST DRESSED LIKE ONE - YOU CAN START PASSING THE END PAPERS NOW



JUST THE SAME IT MAKES ME SO MAD I CAN'T SEE STRAIGHT I'M JUST SNIPPING OFF A LITTLE I MISSED HERE



FOURTEEN MURDERS IN THAT CHURCH ALONE! I DON'T GET IT EVERYBODY'S SICK THESE DAYS SICK SICK SICK



PROBABLY SOME DRUG ADDICT OR PERVERT - PLENTY OF THOSE AROUND YOU MUST SEE THEM EVERY DAY WALKING INTO YOUR OFFICE WITH RASHES AND ALL SORTS OF TERRIBLE SKIN DISEASES, WHAT A LIFE KEEP THOSE END PAPERS COMING, DOROTHY



WHY YOU WOULD WANT TO BE A DERMATOLOGIST ANYWAY IS BEYOND ME - BAD ENOUGH TO HAVE YOUR OWN SKIN PROBLEMS MUCH LESS... DOROTHY I'M GOING TO ASK YOU TO COVER YOUR FACE WHILE I PUT ON THIS AWFUL NEUTRALIZER  
PHEW



THE MAN WHO INVENTED THAT NEUTRALIZER IS THE SAME MAN WHO PUT ASBESTOS IN TAMPONS, I GUESS SO WOMEN WOULDN'T CATCH ON FIRE, IT MAKES ME SICK - COVER YOUR EYES, THIS COULD BLIND YOU, DOROTHY



MEN! IF THEY HAD TO WEAR ASBESTOS...OK DOROTHY I'M SETTING THE TIMER FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES - LET'S HAVE SOME TEA

... IF YOU COULD CALL IT THAT—  
THEY'RE PUTTING RED DYE IN  
THE TEA NOW FOR SOME REASON—  
IT DOESN'T TASTE THE SAME!  
WE'RE BEING POISONED, DOROTHY  
WOULD YOU LIKE A COOKIE?



LET'S SEE—ENRICHED WHITE FLOUR,  
FERROUS SULFATE, MONONITRATE,  
PALM OIL, DEXTROSE, MODIFIED  
CORNSTARCH, SODIUM ACID, PYRO-  
PHOSPHATES, ARTIFICIAL COLOR,  
ARTIFICIAL FLAVOR, CELLULOSE,  
SORBIC ACID, CALCIUM  
CASEINATE, SODIUM  
CASEINATE, GLY-  
CEROL MONO-  
STEARATE, P-PRO-  
PYLENE GYCOL MONO-  
STEARATE"  
... NO ASBESTOS



I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO EAT ANY-  
MORE— CAN'T EAT LETTUCE  
CAN'T EAT TUNA CAN'T EAT BEEF  
CAN'T EAT



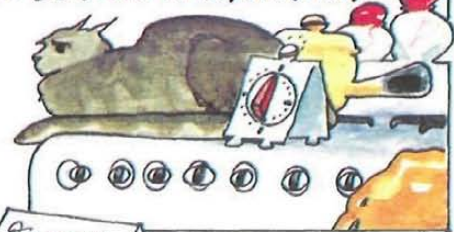
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT  
PARDON MY FRENCH



MEN!



WHEN WILL THEY LEARN!  
FIRST THEY DUMP GARBAGE INTO THE  
OCEAN AND EXPECT US TO EAT FISH  
THEN THEY SPRAY EVERYTHING ELSE  
WITH POISON AND RACE AROUND ON  
MOTORCYCLES STARTING FIGHTS  
LIKE A PACK OF HEATHENS AND NOW  
THEY'RE BLOWING US UP, DOROTHY



I'M CALLING THE POLICE



MARY, THE  
TIMER WENT OFF



FAIRFAX POLICE!

OFFICER  
MUSTAFA  
SPEAKING!  
IS THIS AN  
EMERGENCY?

DOROTHY, HE SAYS, "IS THIS AN EMERGENCY?"

DON'T TAKE THOSE CURLERS OUT!

YES, THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! I'M TRYING TO GIVE MY SISTER A PERMANENT AND YOU'RE TRYING TO BLOW US UP!

BAD ENOUGH HAVING TO LISTEN TO ROCK & ROLL BANDS ALL HOURS OF THE DAY AND NIGHT, THEN DISCOVER MY CAR TORN APART BY HOODLUMS NOT THAT IT'S SAFE TO BE A PEDESTRIAN ANYMORE WITHOUT A DOBERMAN PINSCHER ALL THE WHILE YOU'RE TEARING AROUND BLARING YOUR SIRENS AND EATING DONUTS, I'VE SEEN YOU IN THE BAKERY WITH YOUR GUNS AND YOUR BADGES WHILE MY CAR IS BEING STOLEN AND MY HOUSE BURGLAR.

WELL, HE SAID IT WAS A SONIC BOOM BUT I DON'T BELIEVE HIM

MARY, MY SCALP FEELS STRANGE

OF COURSE IT DOES! YOU'VE BEEN TINTING YOUR HAIR FOR TWENTY YEARS AND NOW YOU'RE HAVING ANOTHER PERMANENT. THAT'S TERRIBLE FOR YOUR HAIR! ... DOROTHY - I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS TEST CURL ONE BIT

I'M TAKING THESE RODS OUT RIGHT NOW READY OR NOT, DON'T BLAME ME IF THIS DOESN'T COME OUT JUST THE WAY YOU WANT IT - REMEMBER, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WENT TO COLLEGE - I DIDN'T EVEN FINISH BEAUTY SCHOOL!

MARY, IT'S NOT MY FAULT YOU GOT MARRIED OUCH YOU'RE PULLING

... ONE MINUTE I'M ON MY WAY TO A SUCCESSFUL CAREER AND THE NEXT MINUTE I'M SCRUBBING FLOORS AND BROILING KIDNEYS FOR BARNEY THOUGH HE NEVER ONCE SAID THANK YOU, KNOWING HOW I HATE KIDNEYS, WHAT A FOOL I WAS DOROTHY I'M GOING TO TRIM OFF SOME OF THESE DRY ENDS

NOT TOO SHORT, MARY

BARNEY NEVER FORGAVE ME FOR BECOMING PREGNANT HE WAS SUCH A BIG BABY HIMSELF, ALWAYS GETTING SICK SO HE COULD STAY IN BED AND BE WAITED ON - IF WE HADN'T HAD SIX KIDS TO FEED THINGS WOULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT!

MY BACK IS KILLING ME I'VE HAD A TERRIBLE PAIN IN MY SIDE SINCE CHRISTMAS I THINK IT'S MY OVARIES IS THIS TOO HOT FOR YOU?

DOROTHY, YOU SHOULD GET OUT MORE, YOU'RE PALE AS A GHOST! GET SOME EXERCISE, LOSE TEN OR FIFTEEN POUNDS, BELIEVE ME YOU'D FEEL A LOT BETTER - HOLD STILL I DON'T WANT TO BURN YOU

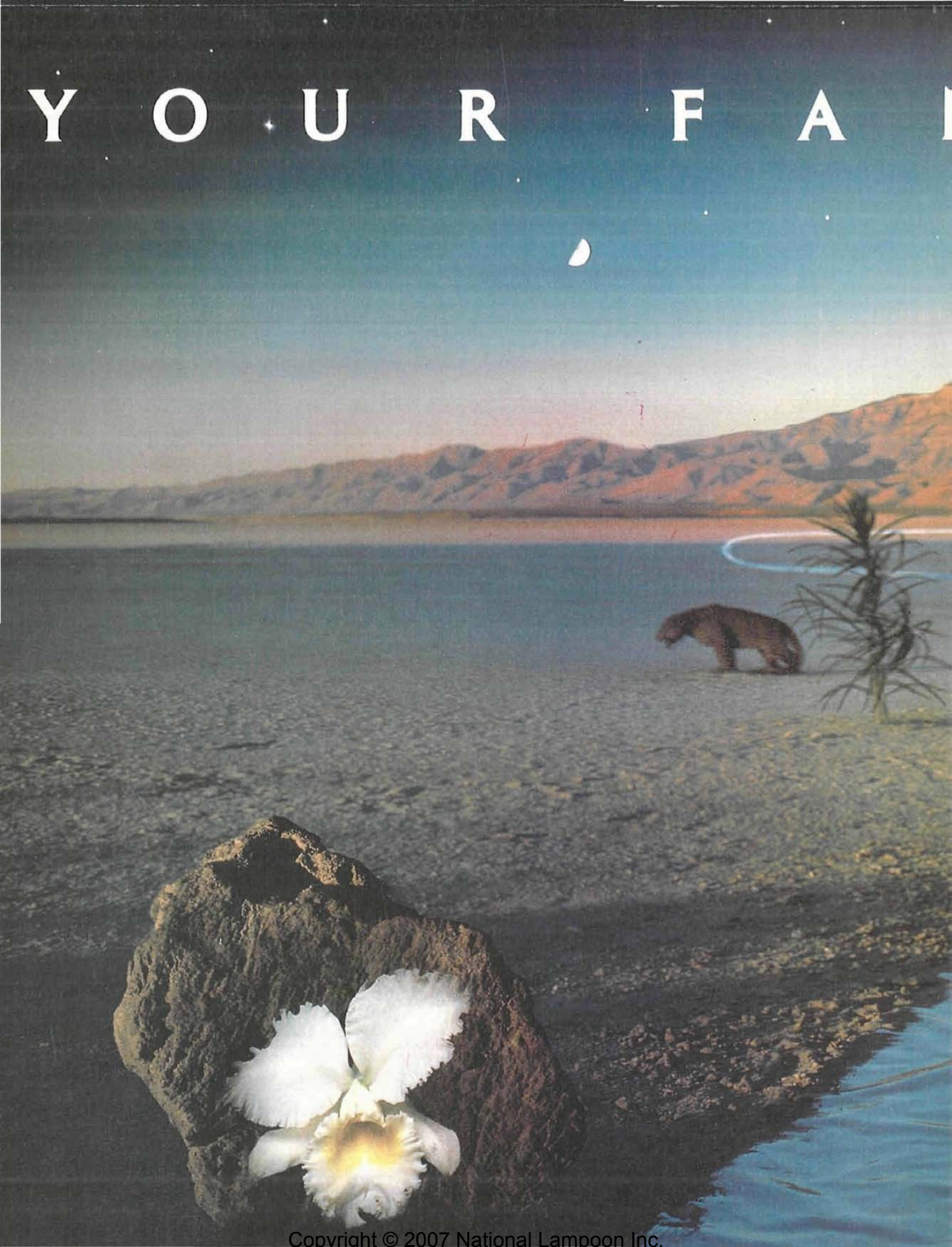
THIS WILL BE PERFECT BY EASTER I'M JUST SNIPPING OFF A LITTLE EXTRA....

THERE! YOU LOOK TEN YEARS YOUNGER IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF AND IT DIDN'T COST YOU SIXTY DOLLARS BY THE TIME YOU'RE OUT OF THE BEAUTY SHOP - YOU CAN BUY ME A LITTLE PRESENT

THE COMPANY THAT BRINGS MUSIC BACK ALIVE  
NOW BRINGS SOMETHING ELSE  
TO LIFE.



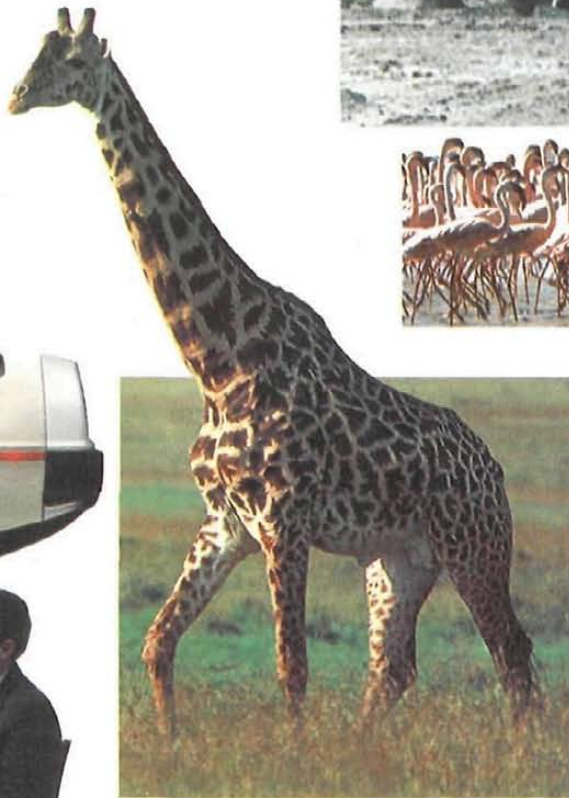
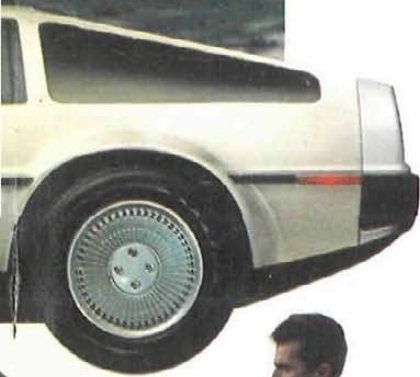
Y O U R F A I L





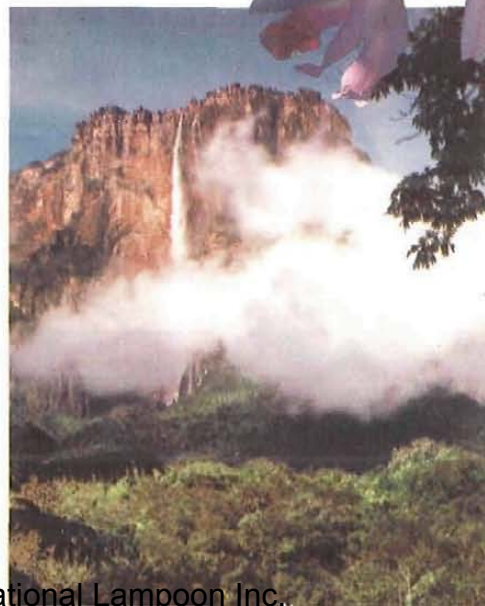
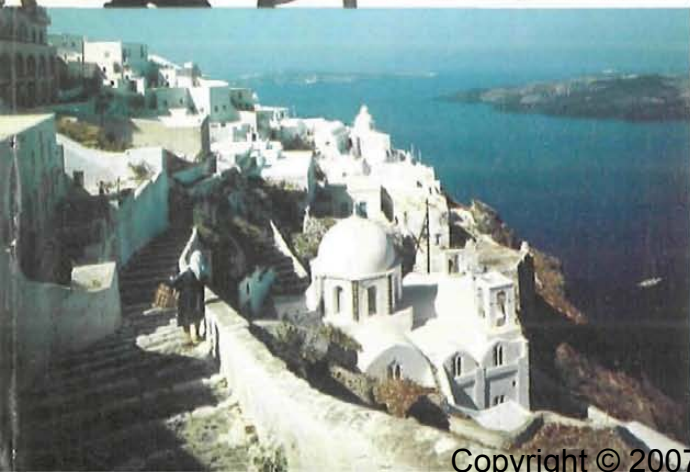
W T A S I E S .





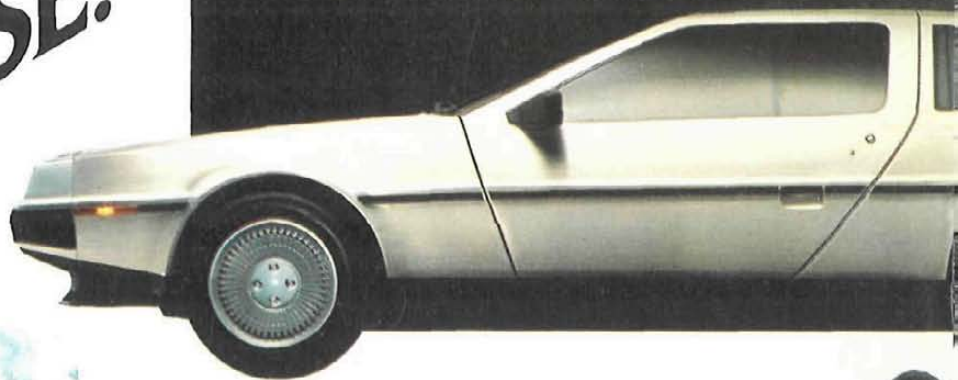
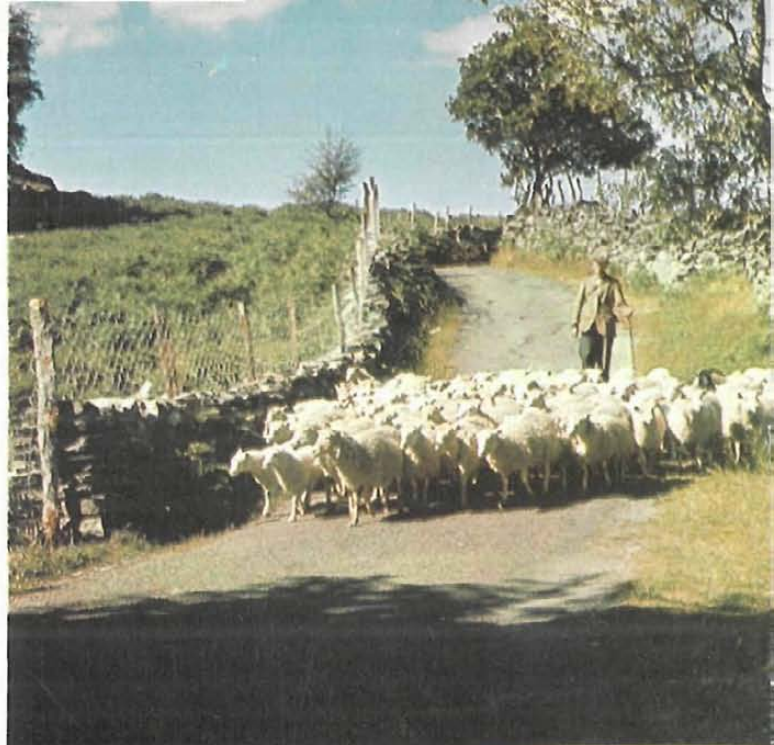
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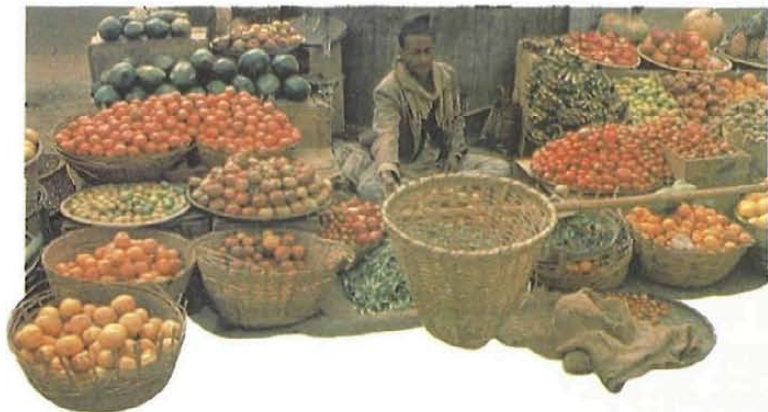
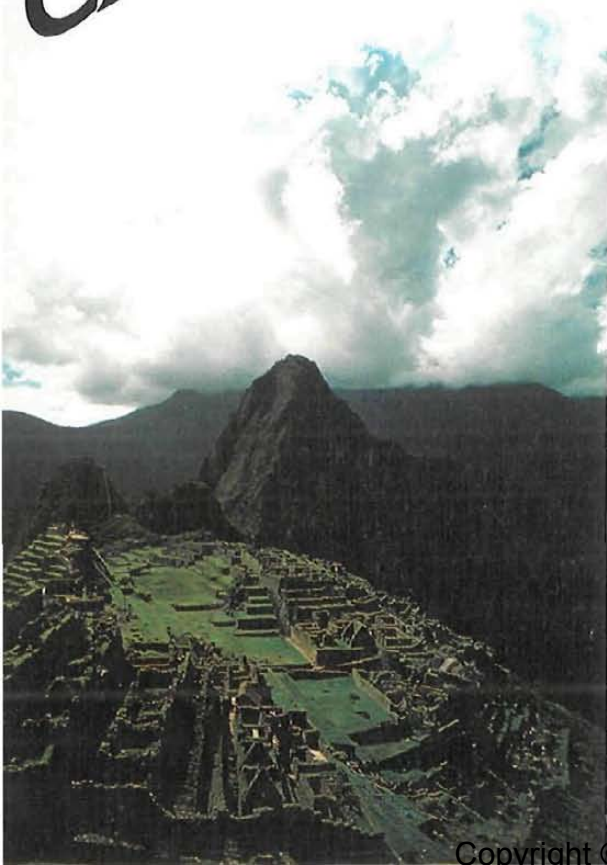


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PIONEER'S  
FANTASY  
GIFTSTAKES  
WHERE YOU  
CAN'T LOSE.



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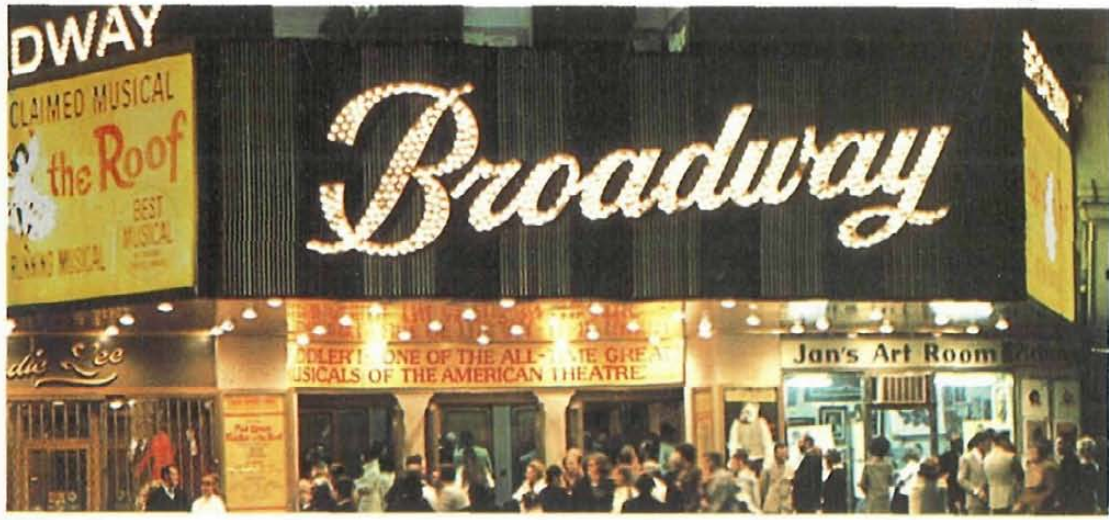
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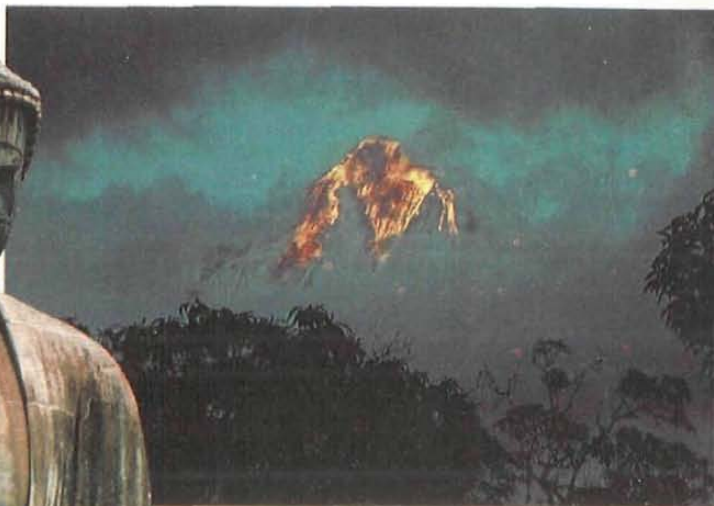


this Mountain Travel 23 day cruise to seven or eight of the most interesting Greek Islands. Spend the days exploring remote fishing villages and spend the evenings dancing in tavernas and relaxing in the moonlight aboard your schooner.

Angel Falls. And live among some of the world's most exotic wildlife in a region famous for more than 800 species of birds.



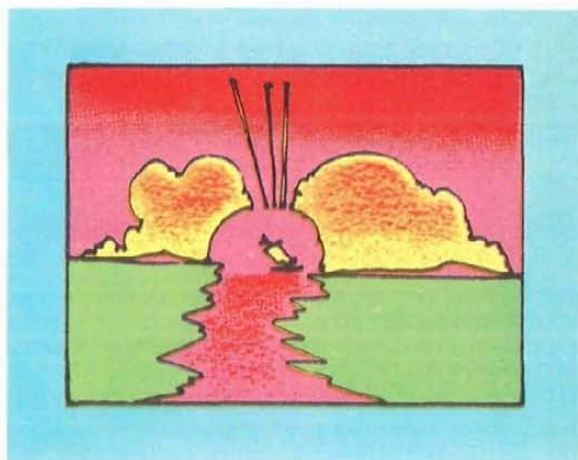
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**THREE HUNDRED SIXTH LEVEL GIFTS.** Hand signed reproduction by artist Peter Max (taken from an original limited edition lithograph print) titled "The Little Boat" ©Peter Max 1976. Size 22" x 28", approximate retail value \$150.

**SEVENTH LEVEL GIFT.** Poster reproduction by artist Peter Max of "The Little Boat" ©Peter Max 1976. Size 22" x 28", approximate retail value \$30.00.

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- 1) Compare this Official Giftstakes Symbol below with the symbols appearing on U.S. Pioneer Posters at your participating U.S. Pioneer Retailer.
- 2) The gift you will be eligible to claim will depend upon the type of musical instrument and the background color shown on this Official Giftstakes Symbol.
- 3) If you are eligible to receive a GRAND THROUGH SIXTH LEVEL GIFT, handprint your name and address and the name and address of your participating U.S. Pioneer Retailer on your Official Symbol Coupon, and MAIL IT VIA REGISTERED MAIL TO: U.S. PIONEER FANTASY GIFTSTAKES, P.O. BOX 9432, BLAIR, NEBRASKA 68009.
- 4) If you are eligible to receive a SEVENTH LEVEL GIFT, handprint your name and address and the name and address of your participating U.S. Pioneer Retailer on your Official Symbol Coupon and MAIL IT TO: U.S. PIONEER FANTASY GIFTSTAKES, P.O. BOX 9433, BLAIR, NEBRASKA 68009.
- 5) IMPORTANT: No purchase is required to find out for what gift you are eligible, but all gift claims (Grand through Seventh level) must be accompanied by a warranty card and a copy of a sales receipt for any U.S. Pioneer High Fidelity Component purchased after July 1, 1980.
- 6) All Giftstakes claims must be received by September 15, 1980.
- 7) All Fantasy Giftstakes claims are subject to verification by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. Any gift claims received that are altered, mutilated or defaced in any way are null and void.
- 8) This offer is open to residents of the U.S., 21 years of age or older at time of entry, except employees of the U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., their affiliates, subsidiaries, retailers, advertising and promotion agencies and the families of each. Void in North Carolina, Wisc., and wherever prohibited by law. All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply. Taxes on any gifts are the sole responsibility of the recipients. Limit one gift claim per family. Dates of departure for travel gifts are subject to availability. First Level Gift recipients must agree to travel at their own risk but may, if they wish, substitute their trips for trips of equal value, to be furnished by Mountain Travel Inc. Second Level Gift recipients must agree to participate in sporting events at their own risk. All trips must be taken by December 31, 1981. If the De Lorean automobile is not available by December 31, 1981, an automobile of equal value as of October 31, 1980 will be substituted. No further substitution of gifts is permitted. For the names of the major gift recipients, send a separate self-addressed, stamped envelope to: U.S. Pioneer Fantasy Giftstakes Recipients, P.O. Box 6395, Blair, Nebraska 68009.
- 9) Please note: In the event that all major gifts (Grand through Sixth level) are not claimed, which is likely, a drawing will be held from among all U.S. Pioneer Second Chance Fantasy Sweepstakes entries received. Entry blanks and details for the separate U.S. Pioneer Fantasy Sweepstakes are available at your participating U.S. Pioneer retailer. No purchase required to participate in the U.S. Pioneer Second Chance Fantasy Sweepstakes.
- 10) Residents of Ohio Only may receive a reprint of the Fantasy Giftstakes display and a U.S. Pioneer Second Chance Fantasy Sweepstakes entry form and details by submitting a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: U.S. Pioneer Fantasy Giftstakes Reprints, P.O. Box 8702, Blair, Nebraska for each entry and reprint you wish. Your request must be received by August 25, 1980.

### OFFICIAL U.S. PIONEER FANTASY GIFTSTAKES SYMBOL COUPON

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please handprint)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Name of participating U.S. Pioneer Retailer \_\_\_\_\_ Salesman's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

- 1) Bring this coupon to your nearest participating U.S. Pioneer retailer, and compare this Official Giftstakes Symbol with the symbols appearing on the U.S. Pioneer Giftstakes Poster.
- 2) The gift you will be eligible to claim will depend upon the type of musical instrument and the background color shown on this Official Giftstakes Symbol.
- 3) To receive the gift you will be eligible to claim, just complete this coupon and mail it along with a warranty card and a copy of a sales receipt for any U.S. Pioneer High Fidelity Component purchased after July 1, 1980. Mail your claim to the appropriate address. (See Rules 3 and 4.)



# It Came from Beneath the Sheets

**"NO HUSSY IS TRULY SHAMELESS, ALAS. ALAS!"**

I don't suppose that any man, unless he is one of those disgusting types who smoothes his eyebrows with a spittle-dampened finger and keeps a diary of his sexual encounters, can possibly recall all his sexual liaisons. Nor, considering the

widely varying quality of these experiences, is there any reason to remember them all. Yet, as there are some that cannot be remembered, there are others that cannot be forgotten without expensive and perilous neurosurgery. These follow.



**SUNSET** was sexually adventurous. It got her kicked out of her parents' house, but it made it easy for her to find another place to stay.

When Johnny Trigger was a young hippie he had a girl friend named Sunset. She was the youngest girl he had ever slept with. He found her rather dull in personality, but sexually she was interesting, almost bizarre. She was always eager to try out

new sex acts and positions, which at that time were frequently described or diagrammed or both in the underground newspapers.

Sunset lived with her parents, and one day she asked Johnny to have dinner with her family.

It was obvious to Johnny Trigger from first meeting with Sunset's father that friendliness was out of the question. He did not like Johnny's hair, or clothing, or manner of speech. Johnny hoped only that they would be able to keep

their relations civil.

Johnny sat next to Sunset's mother at dinner. He did his best to keep up a conversation with this nervous, anxious woman. As the dinner progressed it became obvious that Sunset was doing her best to start an argument with her father. Her voice continued to rise until finally all other conversation at the dinner table came to a halt.

"Sperm drinking," she said, "is a sacred act. Johnny is the only man whose sperm I will drink!"

Sunset's father turned a hue of purple like that of heated metal and ordered his family from the room.

He threatened Johnny Trigger with physical violence and legal action if he did not break off the relationship. Johnny did so.

Years later Johnny saw Sunset again. She had changed her name to Jennifer and was in her third year at law school. They did not speak of the past, only of the future.



**JEZELLE's** emotions were very close to the surface. They became closer to the surface as she got older. Finally they refused to go below the surface at all.

When Johnny Trigger was fifteen he often took care of his aunt and uncle's house when they were on vacation. Once when the temptation to sample some of his uncle's whiskey had proven irresistible he found he was further irresistibly tempted to take their car out for a joyride.

After a score of near collisions and narrow escapes he managed to get the lumbering, underpowered station wagon back into his

uncle's driveway. He swore never to repeat the experiment.

It was too late. He had been observed by Jezelle. Jezelle was a fifty-two-year-old divorcée who lived next door to his uncle and aunt. Johnny heard her calling to him as he got out of the car. He had no choice but to go.

Jezelle made it clear that she wanted Johnny Trigger to fuck her. Johnny being just fifteen and almost a virgin at the time, this seemed more novel than disgusting. In fact over the course of the summer he brought several of his friends around, including Bill and Tuna, and they all fucked her. After the summer she

passed out of their lives, and presumably into those of a younger generation.

Years passed. Johnny Trigger moved far away and seldom thought of Jezelle. Then one day fifteen years later the phone rang. A strange, desperate, shaking voice asked, "Guess whooooo?" Naturally Johnny had no idea.

"Jezelle!"

"My God! Where are you?" He hoped she was three thousand miles away.

"In a phone booth on the corner. Can I come up?"

Moments later Jezelle was in Johnny's apartment. She was coy, provocative, and seventy years old. She wore a stole made of dead squir-

rels and some kind of perfume that could raise blisters on the unprotected skin. She had taken a bus across the country for the sole purpose of seeing Johnny.

She kissed him wetly, nastily, and he felt her hands roving over his body as the blood drained from his head.

He awoke on the floor. He had fainted. She was leaning over him, kissing him and applying cool towels to his brow.

"Poor Johnny is sick... I'll take care of you..."

Johnny reached within himself for that last bit of willpower.

"You have to leave," he

said. "I'm married."

"It doesn't matter," she cooed. "I understand...."

"No you don't. I'm married to a homosexual. You have to leave."

Pulling himself to his feet, Johnny took Jezelle roughly by the shoulder and thrust her into the hall. His last sight of her was to remain with him. She stared at him, standing beside a blue plastic suitcase, tears streaming down her cheek and coursing through her makeup. She had been betrayed by Johnny and by time, and he closed the door on her. For a long time he could hear her outside, standing there crying. Then she went away.



**LAVERNE** was memorable for her lack of a personality. She was best described as easygoing. She was killed when the stereo tuner she was carrying on the back of her boyfriend's bike caused her to lose her balance and fall off.

If you ever call LaVerne again, I'll cut your cock off and use it as a scratch post for my cat." It was LaVerne's boyfriend, a member of a motorcycle gang called the Dystrophy Eaters.

It had all started a week earlier. Johnny Trigger had been driving home from school when some premonition guided him to the house of his friend Bill.

Bill wasn't home, so Johnny let himself into the house and after pouring a

short drink sat down to wait. It was then he heard the sounds coming from the basement. The sounds of copulation.

A few minutes later a guy named Tuna appeared upstairs.

"What's going on down there?" Johnny asked.

"Well," said Tuna, "I picked this girl up hitchhiking. I knew Bill wasn't home, so I brought her over for a fuck."

"Wow. Can I fuck her

too?"

"Maybe, Johnny. I made her promise to fuck Bill first. After him maybe you can fuck her. I'm going to go pick him up from school now. He had to stay late. After him maybe you can go."

As soon as Tuna left, Bill bolted down to the basement. There he found LaVerne half asleep in bed.

Without a word he removed his clothes.

"Are you Bill?" she asked.

"Sure."

Johnny had been fucking her for about half an hour when he heard Tuna return and Bill's footsteps coming down the stairs.

"Who's that?" said LaVerne.

"That's Bill."

"I thought you were Bill."

"I am. I'm Big Bill. That's Little Bill."

"Oh, I'm LaVerne. That's a French name. LaVerne."

Bill drove her home later, and when he dropped her off her father came running out of the house with a golf club and chased Bill's car as he drove away. Bill drove sort of slow and made LaVerne's father chase him for a couple of blocks.

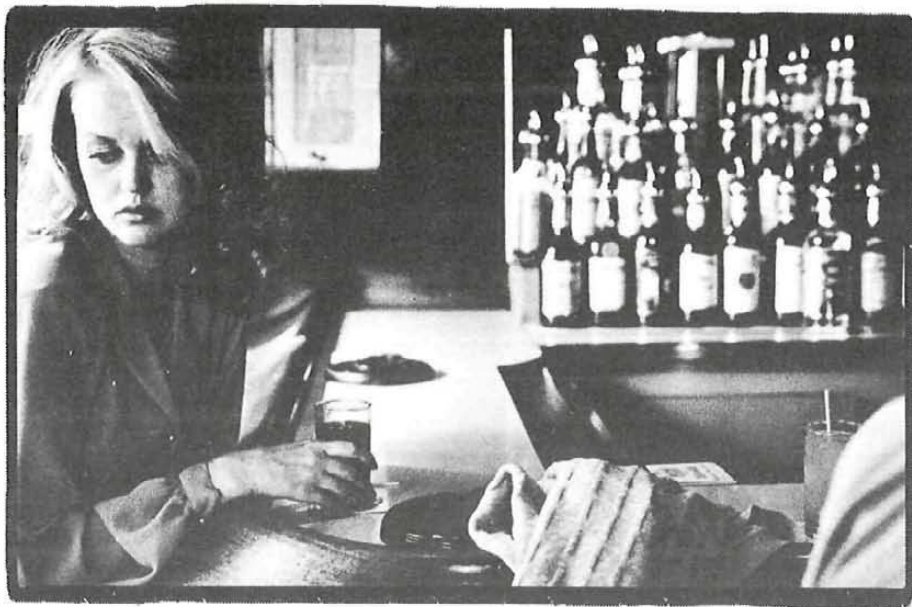
"I was trying to give him a heart attack," said Bill.

A few days later Johnny called the phone number LaVerne had left. LaVerne wasn't in, but Johnny left a number with her sister. Somehow LaVerne's boyfriend got hold of the message, and he called Johnny Trigger with his terrible warning.

"He must be the jealous type," Johnny remarked.

Bill and Tuna nodded, and the three young men agreed never to see LaVerne again. They never did, either.





**MARTA** never really seemed to have a good time sexually. But she was responsible for a lot of other people having one, which may have been some solace to her.

It was two days after Saint Patrick's Day in New York City. Johnny Trigger still had a hangover. He was sitting in his favorite bar drinking a beer, trying to drive the hangover away. The hangover was most reluctant to leave.

By nine o'clock at night

the bar was as full as it would get. Half the stools were occupied by veterans of Saint Patrick's Day. Shaky voices ordered drinks alleged to have restorative properties, and trembling hands lifted them. In soft tones the bar's customers compared accounts of Saint

Patrick's Day. No two versions agreed, of course.

At the end of the bar Johnny Trigger saw Marta. She was gesticulating to a woman beside her, and her voice was raised in anger. He could not make out exactly what she was saying.

She was pretty, he

thought. He would like to fuck her maybe. Not that night, though. He was tired, and she looked like maybe she was crazy. She was waving her hands too much.

Johnny got up and started to leave the bar. He was halfway to the door when Marta saw him. She began to scream at him. All the patrons turned to watch.

"There he is! There he is, that goddamned son of a bitch! The fucking asshole! Do you know what he did to me, that son of a bitch!? He took me down to the basement on Saint Patrick's Day and fucked me up the ass, and the son of a bitch didn't even use grease!"

Johnny Trigger felt his face beginning to go red. Several patrons began to snigger.

"That's terrible," said someone.

"What a pig."

Johnny Trigger ran to the door and into the street.

From behind he could still hear Marta screaming. "He never even used grease, the son of a bitch!"



**LORRAINE** was a feeling girl. She always seemed careless and vulnerable. She became a surrogate mother after this story took place, carrying the implanted baby of a suburban couple to full term.

The first time Johnny Trigger saw Lorraine he felt sure he was going to fuck her. She was working as a coat-

check girl in a restaurant where Johnny was the bartender.

He talked to her after

work, and they decided to go back to her place and have a drink. Just then the manager of the restaurant

came over and insisted on driving Lorraine home. She shrugged helplessly at Johnny Trigger as the manager led her off.

"So, he would fuck her first; so what?" thought Johnny Trigger.

Johnny stopped by Lorraine's place the next day to offer her a ride to work. The manager was gone. She answered the door in her nightdress and seemed glad to see him.

They drank some coffee and watched a couple of game shows on television.

"Don't you think it's time we went to bed?" he asked finally.

Lorraine shrugged and stood up. Johnny Trigger followed her to her bedroom.

He pulled her down quickly onto the mattress she had placed on the floor. After rolling about on top

of her he stopped and, standing up, removed his shirt and pants. He thought he had noticed her turning her head to avoid his breath as he kissed her. He stepped into her washroom and ran some toothpaste across his teeth with a finger. Returning, he removed her night-dress and they lay together on the bed. Having just brushed his teeth, Johnny found her breath strong and

began to kiss her tits. Her nipples were rimmed with a circle of dark stiff hair.

Johnny rolled over her and prepared to enter her but found that the bedclothes had bunched beneath them in such a manner that it made entry difficult. They both got up and made the bed and lay down on it again. After a few minutes of foreplay Lorraine got up, took an

aerosol can from beneath a pile of dirty clothes, placed it between her legs, and began to spray.

"I don't take birth control pills," she said. "I use foam. It's a hassle."

Finally Johnny was able to get inside her and they began to heave together. For some reason they didn't fit quite correctly and he slipped out several times.

Johnny kept fucking for a

long time, and he began to imagine he could detect signs she was getting bored. Finally he decided to fake orgasm. He grunted several times and collapsed on top of her with a shudder.

The thing that Johnny Trigger found amazing about Lorraine is that somehow he knew from the first moment he saw her that he was going to fuck her.



**NICKY** dressed well and seemed very self-sufficient. No one would have thought that a woman as self-possessed as she would get thrown off a roof by her own husband, a dentist she met after the event described in this story.

Nicky was a legal secretary. Johnny Trigger met her on a bus, and he knew it would not be easy to seduce her, because she told him so.

She was on her way to do some shopping in a large department store. Johnny Trigger asked if he could go along and help her shop. He claimed to know an awful lot about blouse styles.

Nicky agreed, and Johnny accompanied her through the store. He noticed her credit cards were in her parents' name, although she was easily thirty years old. Nicky bought an enormous amount of merchandise. Most of the stuff she ordered delivered, so Johnny did not have that much to carry.

Still, Johnny Trigger had

enough to carry that he was surprised when at the door of her apartment Nicky told him that she never wanted to see him again.

Johnny waited outside her apartment every free moment. It was several weeks before he saw her again. She was leaving. On her way out to do some grocery shopping, Nicky refused Johnny's offer to accompany her but gave him a laundry claim check and told him to meet her back at her apartment with the clean clothing.

Johnny waited for several hours in the lobby of Nicky's apartment building. He was about to leave her truckload of clothing in charge of the doorman when she swept in and in-

ited him to join her in a glass of mineral water.

Once Johnny was inside her apartment Nicky waved him toward the sofa. She quickly poured him a glass of mineral water and disappeared. He could hear her moving about in the bedroom, opening and closing drawers and turning taps on and off.

Half an hour later Nicky emerged in evening dress.

"It's been so nice talking to you," she said, "but I really must run. I'm going to the theater tonight."

Johnny had used his time alone in her apartment well. He had copied down her phone number, which he had previously discovered to be unlisted. Over the next few weeks he called her

several times.

Twice, men answered and he left a message. Once he thought Nicky answered, but he could not be sure, as she pretended to be an answering machine.

Then one night, just after Johnny had gone to bed, his doorbell began to ring furiously. He opened it to find Nicky standing without. Her elegant dress was torn. She had a black eye, and one side of her face was swollen and purple like a plastic baseball glove.

Nicky pushed past Johnny, sobbing. He followed and held her for long minutes in his arms while sobs wracked her slender body.

"Please..." she stammered, "make love to me... gently!"

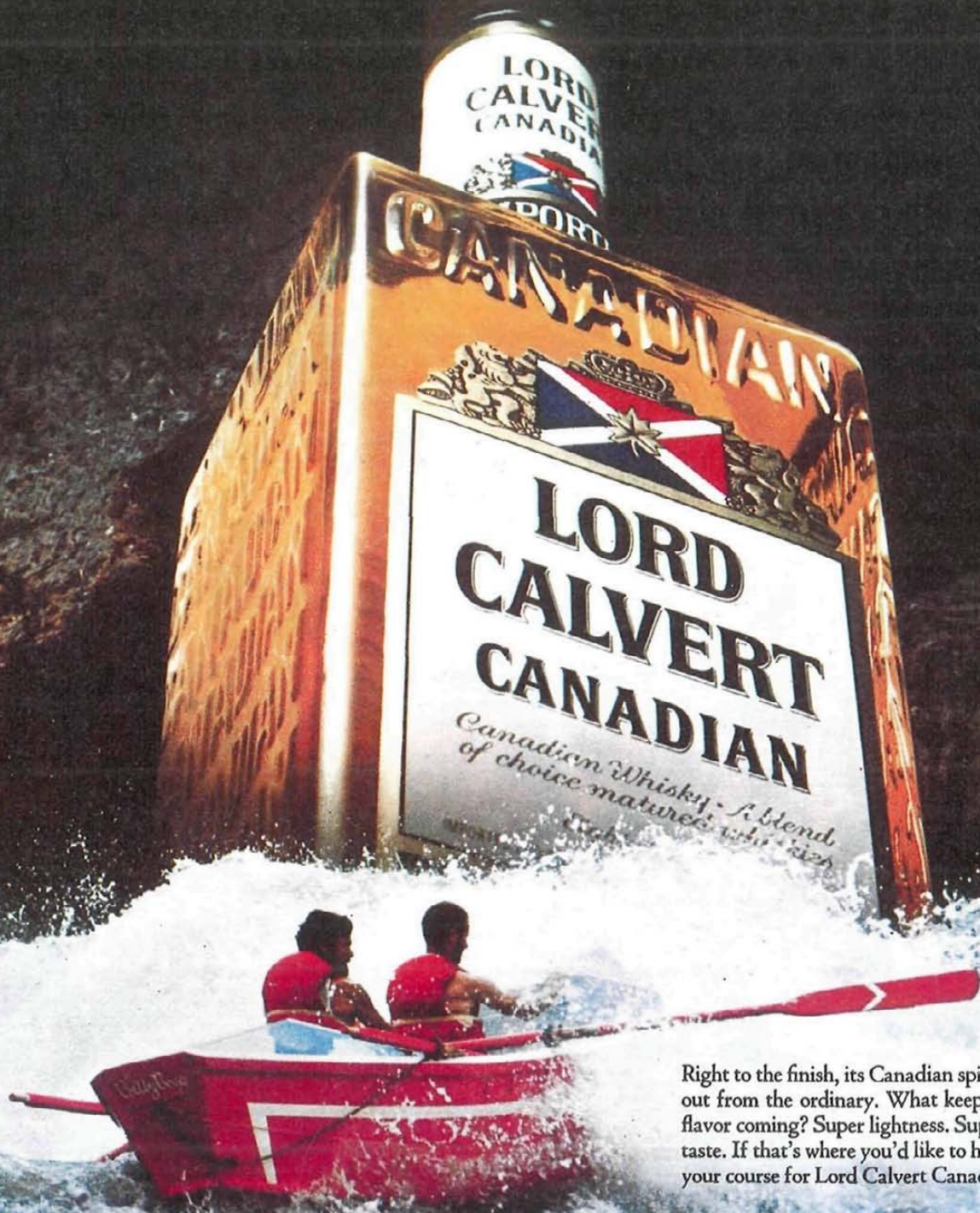
Johnny led her to the bedroom and tenderly removed her clothes. He washed her with a warm sponge and kissed her softly all over her battered body. She sighed softly at his caress.

He let his robe fall open and moved over her. Instantly she went rigid and began to scream.

"You're just like the rest! Just like the bus drivers who raped me!"

She dressed in a frenzy, sobbing and cursing, then bolted into the night.

Years later Johnny Trigger saw Nicky on the street. She began to chase him. He doesn't know what she had remembered or what she wanted, as she was not able to catch him. □



Right to the finish, its Canadian spirit stands out from the ordinary. What keeps the flavor coming? Super lightness. Superb taste. If that's where you'd like to head, set your course for Lord Calvert Canadian.

The unique spirit of Canada:  
We bottled it.

### JOE SCHENKMAN "the Artist"

CON ARTIST WOULD BE MORE LIKE IT. SCAMS ARE THIS JOKER'S GAME: CAR TOONS, BAR TUNES, 3-CARD MONTE, TURF TIPS, PILLS, POT, PUSSY, WHITE LIES AND BLACK MAGIC. THAT'S THE WAY THE FANTASY READS. IN REALITY, JUST ANOTHER CHARACTER. IN THIS DIVE, TRYING TO KICK BOOZE WITH BARBITURATES. HEY!...GET DOWN!



### GENERAL GEORGE

"The Lonesome Cowboy"  
DRIFTED IN FROM NORFOLK OR TAMPA BAY OR EL PASO OR SOME DAMN WHERE'S BACK IN '47 OR '53 OR WHENEVER, PLANNED ON STAYING JUST LONG ENOUGH TO SHIT, SHOWER, SHAVE, AND SLEEP SOME. BEEN A TERMINAL REGULAR EVER SINCE.



### NERVOUS NELLIE

"The Bag Lady"  
LITTLE EGO  
LITTLE APPETITE  
LITTLE DEMANDS  
LITTLE HAIR.  
LITTLE MONEY  
LITTLE ROOM  
GRAMMED TO THE CEILING WITH JUNK.  
LITTLE HOPE FOR THE LITTLE OL' BAG LADY.



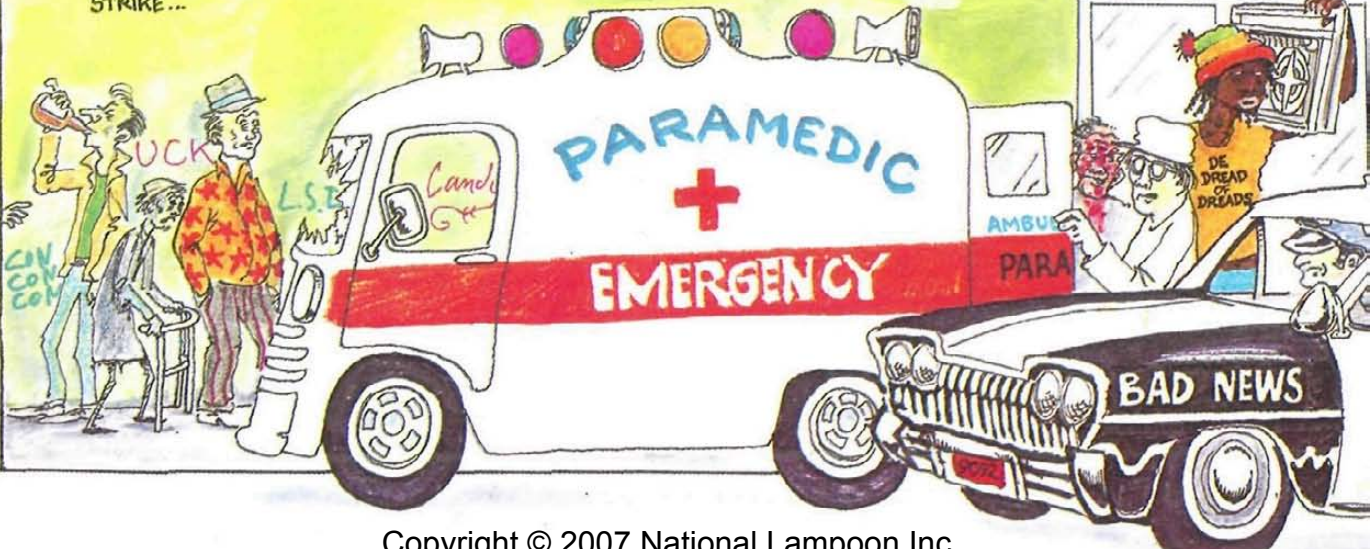
### YANKEE FRANKIE

"The Compulsive Bettor"  
BRAGS ABOUT THE EXACTA AND TRIFECTA TICKETS HE CASHED YESTERDAY, WHILE CHECKING THE COIN RETURN SLOTS OF ALL THE PAY PHONES IN THE LOBBY. THIS GUY WILL BET ANYTHING!  
HOW MANY FRUITS IN A BAR?  
HOW MANY CUNT HAIRS ON A WHORE?  
HOW MANY BRAIN CELLS IN A BURNT-OUT HIPPIE?  
WATCH YANKEE FRANKIE PUT HIS MONEY WHERE HIS MOUTH IS, BETWEEN THAT TOOTHPICK' AND CAMEL.



WINDS, CRIPPLES, TOUTS, GRAFFITI ARTISTS, WELFARE FRAUDS, AND INNOCENT VICTIMS LITTER THE STREETS LIKE TRASH DURING A GARBAGE STRIKE...

DUKE RUB-A-DUB I-ROY  
"the Rastafarian Doorman"  
IS NOT REALLY A DOORMAN OR A RASTA MAN, EITHER. SO WHAT'S HE DOING HERE? DUNNO, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO TIP HIM TWO BITS IF YOU WANT HIM TO TURN DOWN THE RADIO...



# PERMANENTS WEEKLY MONTHLY

## BILLY BELLHOP

"Another *Keanatic*"  
 "EVERY DAY IT'S THE SAME DAMN THING," MOANS BILLY. "WHY BOTHER GETTING UP?"  
 "EAT, GO TO WORK, EAT, GO TO SLEEP, EAT, WORK, EAT, SLEEP, SUCH A ROUTINE! BORING!"  
 BILLY'S BEEN RE-HEARSING HIS SUICIDE FOR YEARS NOW BUT CAN'T SEEM TO GET IT TOGETHER...



## CONRAD LAFRANCE AND PISCES "The Lovebirds"

THEY CAME TO THE TERMINAL HOTEL TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL, ONLY TO FIND IT ALL GETTING AWAY FROM THEM.  
 CONRAD: AN EX-HOCKEY PLAYER WITHOUT A GOAL, OUT ON A PERMANENT SUSPENSION AND DRUNK.  
 PISCES: HIS SPEED FREAK SPIRITUALIST GIRLFRIEND. SHE TOLD FORTUNES WHILE HE SQUANDERED THEM...



## SUZETTE

"The *Suicide*"  
 SOME SAY SHE DID IT BECAUSE... WELL, JUST BECAUSE. OTHERS SAY IT WAS LOVE GONE WRONG... SHE JUST FOUND OUT HER LOVER WAS A PIMP. AND NOW SHE'S FALLING OUT OF LOVE. SOME SAY SHE DISCOVERED HER BEST FRIEND HAD KILLED HERSELF AND SO SHE'S JOINING HER. OR THAT HER BOSS JUST FOUND OUT SHE WAS IRANIAN AND FIRED HER.

ANYWAY, IT GIVES THE TERMINAL GOSSIPS SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT.

## MUSTANG SALLY

"The *T.V. Hooker*"  
 IT'S WHAT'S UP FRONT THAT COUNTS? LOOK 'EM OVER, BOYS! FIRMIEST TITS YOU EVER FELT. DEEPEST THROAT YOU EVER HAD. AND NOW YOU'RE READY TO "GET SOME" AFTER ALL, YOU PAID FOR "IT."  
 "OH NO!" SHRIEKS MUSTANG SALLY. "IT'S MY TIME OF THE MONTH. FUCK ME IN THE ASS!"  
 GETTING SUSPICIOUS? THE T.V. STANDS FOR TRANSVESTITE...



## THE FRITO BANDITO

"The *Terminal Thief*"  
 STRIKES OUT AGAIN. WHEN WILL HE LEARN THE BUMS WHO STAY HERE NEVER HAVE ANYTHING WORTH ANYTHING, AND THAT STEALING FROM THEM IS USUALLY DOING THEM A FAVOR, LIKE TAKING OUT THEIR GARBAGE.

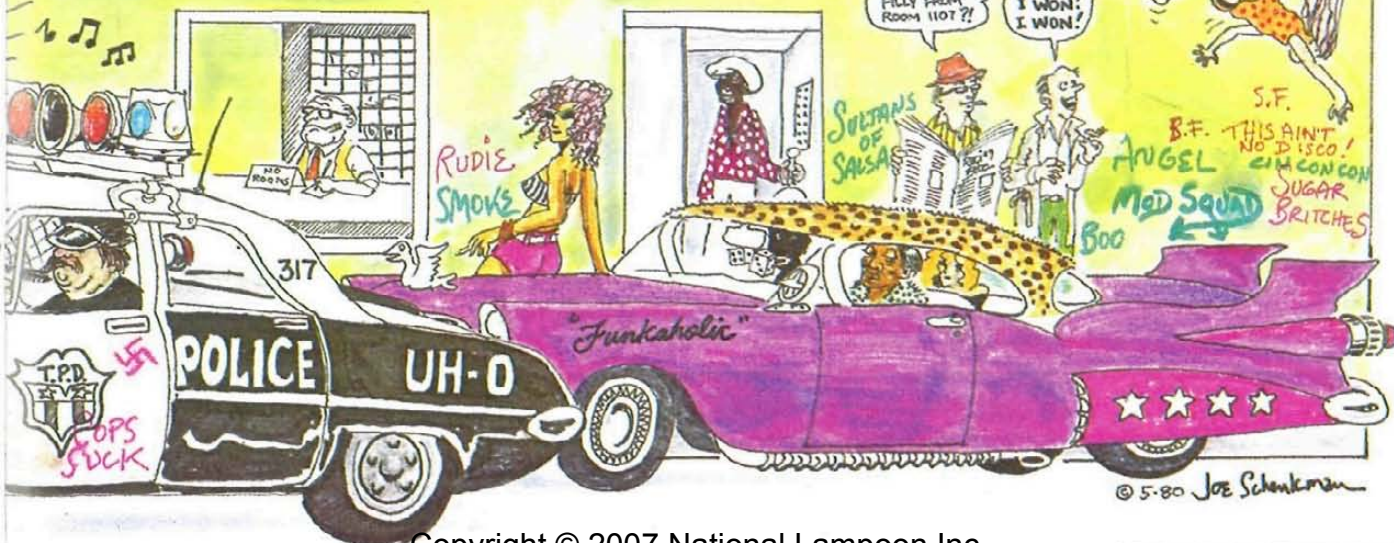


## THE HORSEPLAYERS

HAVE A BETTING POOL ON WHO'S GOING TO COMMIT SUICIDE NEXT. EACH PLAYER PICKS A ROOM NUMBER. PUTS \$20 IN THE POT, AND... WAITS. WINNER TAKES ALL. PLAYERS WHO "FIX" GAME BY HARASSING INHABITANTS OF THE ROOMS THEY'VE BET MAY BE DISQUALIFIED.

THE DESK CLERK THINKS EVERY LAST TENANT IS A NUT. "YOU GOTTA BE NUTS TO LIVE IN A DUMP LIKE THIS," HE REASONS.

THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR IS A PIMP WITH A STRING OF HOOKERS LONGER THAN A BOCK-LONG CADILLAC.



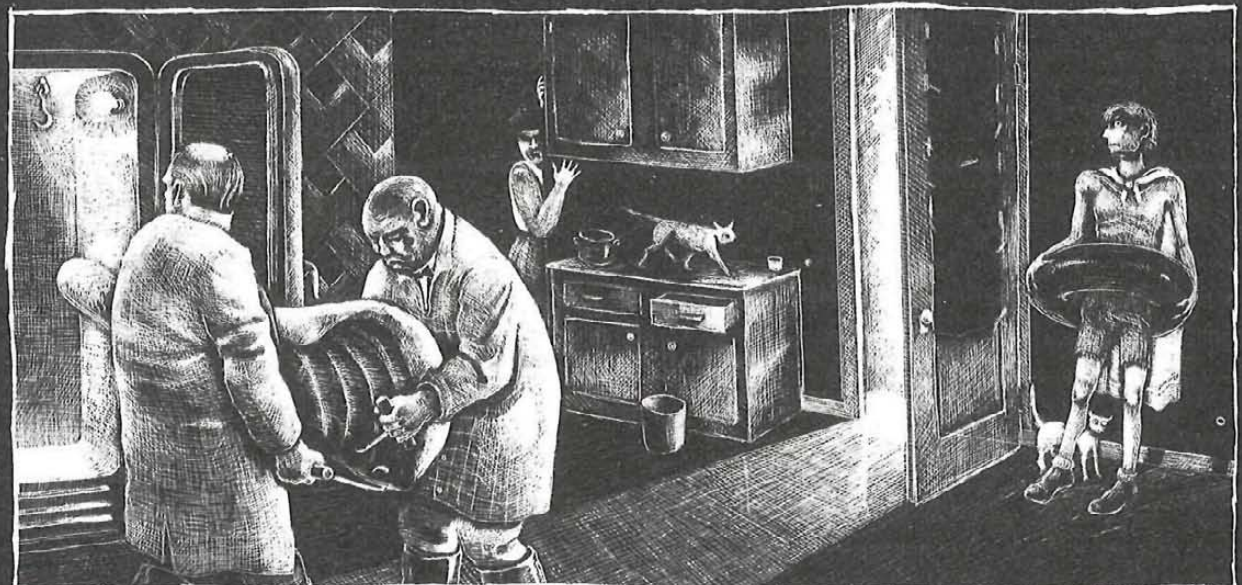
# THE AGORAPHOBIAC FAMILY GOES TO THE CHICAGO COMMODITIES EXCHANGE

BY TOD CARROLL

ILLUSTRATED BY SCOTT GILLIS



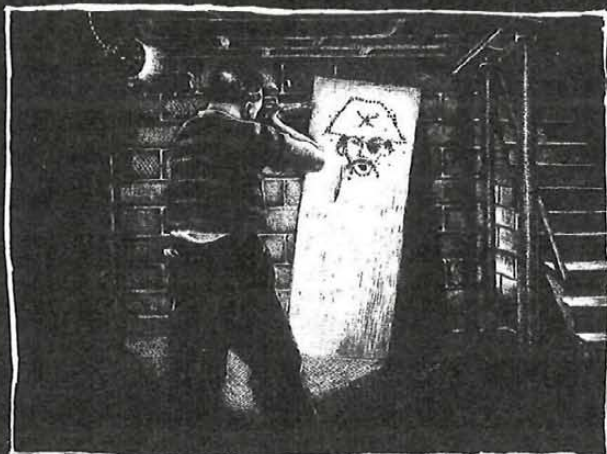
This is the Agoraphobic family—Donald, Wanda, Trudy, and Chuck. All of them suffer from a disorder of the mind called *agoraphobia*, which means “fear of the marketplace.” Like most agoraphobiacs, however, Don, Wanda, Trudy, and Chuck are afraid of every place, and consequently never leave home. Here they are having breakfast at four in the afternoon. Daily cycles mean nothing to them, because the Agoraphobic family is entirely disconnected from the rest of the world. Look at their clothing and personal appearance. These people obviously don’t care about anything.



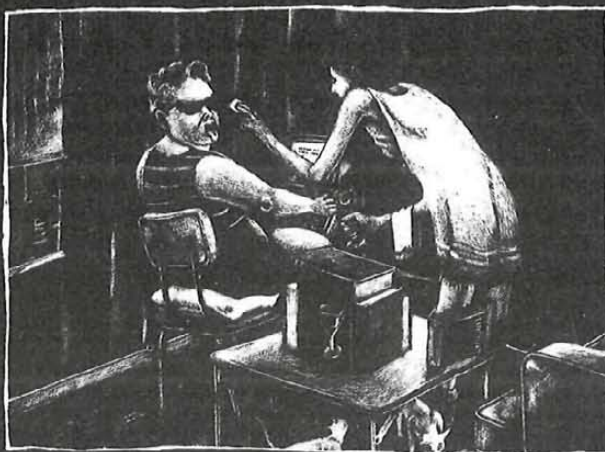
Aside from regular helpings of Italian and Chinese food, the Agoraphobiacs stay alive by participating in a home freezer plan that furnishes 285 pounds of beef every three months. Donald also has a stockpile of bulk government peanut butter he bought at an air force PX on his last trip out of the house in 1973. It’s packaged in three-gallon drums with lids that pry off like paint cans.



Mrs. Agoraphobic earns most of the family income by sitting at a computer terminal in a dark corner of her living room. She used to perform the same function at Western Electric's Central States Operations Facility near Chicago Heights; however, company officials installed the unit in Wanda's home after she claimed that a degenerative bone disease made it impossible for her to drive to work. This arrangement earned valuable public relations for the Western Electric Corporation and proved indispensable to Wanda's life-style when the imagined bone disease gave way to her very genuine and advanced case of agoraphobia. She is presently responsible for tracking thirty-eight pieces of automatic dialing equipment, although the equipment has been stationary for seven years and another computer records its location automatically. Nevertheless, Mrs. Agoraphobic silently and motionlessly stares at the screen for eight consecutive hours, five days a week, pausing only for snacks and bits of cold, leftover beef.



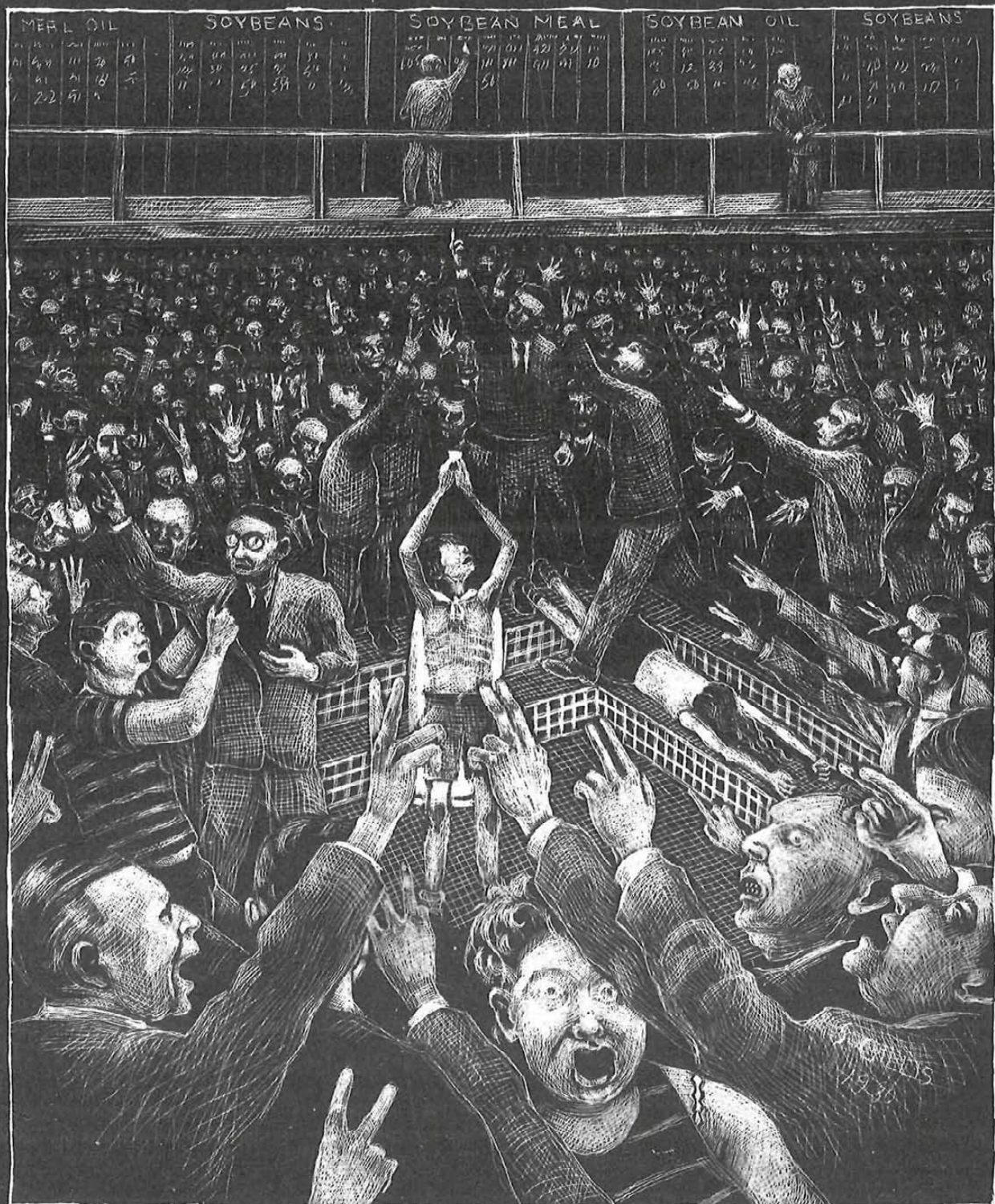
Donald Agoraphobic was discharged from the military with a partial disability after a fuel truck he was driving jackknifed near Tucson, Arizona. Almost immediately he purchased an AR-15 rifle, bought a four-hundred-pound footlocker full of .223 reloads, and began his full-time hobby of drawing pictures with slugs fired at four-by-eight sheets of plywood in his basement. Over the years, Don has shot likenesses of frontier heroes, movie stars, presidents, and over fifty different pirates, including Long John Silver and Sir Francis Drake. Although most of these are simple head-and-shoulder profiles, Don has recently completed a half dozen full, standing figures and an eight-by-twelve triptych of the US Air Force Thunderbirds flying in formation across a foreshortened projection of North America. Donald spends the remainder of his time working on an enclosure for his patio. The project has gone slowly, however; a vast pile of tar paper, gyp board, and lumber has been stacked up in his living room for several years.



Ten-year-old Chuck lives almost entirely in a world of fantasy. He became interested in the Roman Catholic Mass after watching a television service for shut-ins and now celebrates his own version every day. Using old bathroom towels for vestments, a wine glass for the chalice, a tabernacle constructed from old books, and a card table for an altar, Chuck recites an extemporaneous plainsong liturgy comprised of random syllables and various bedtime prayers. Mr. and Mrs. Agoraphobic are unconcerned with this behavior, however, and occasionally reinforce it by playing along.



Trudy is the oddest and most unstable member of the Agoraphobic family, having miscarried an eight-week-old baby during a PCP rampage in the seventh grade. She hasn't seen or spoken with anyone outside her family since. Apart from long, cataleptic bouts facedown on the kitchen floor, Trudy splits her time between television and pep club hand routines she devises on the end of her bed between two stuffed animals. Donald and Wanda sense that Trudy is badly damaged and needs expert psychiatric attention, however neither of them is willing to travel outside the house for help.



Someone suggested that it would be nice for the Agoraphobic family to visit a session at the Chicago Board of Trade, so we broke into their house, chloroformed them in their sleep, and delivered them to the soybean pit. Trading was frantic that day; it was locked the limit down in just two hours as profit taking and rumors of a bumper crop in the Midwest began to fuel a near-record break. "Four at one-half!" "Four for Jan!" "Four at three!" Floor traders and brokers screamed like madmen, waving their arms, wildly pressing and shoving, desperate to short hundreds of thousands of bushels before margin calls wiped them out. "We're afraid," Mrs. Agoraphobic said to a broker, but he didn't hear her. Chuck obliviously consecrated an imaginary Triscuit and chanted nonsense while Trudy went rigid facedown on the floor. "I can't breathe. How do we get out of here?" Donald asked another broker as he lunged past him to shout an offer. It had been hoped the Agoraphobics would find this experience therapeutic, but apparently they didn't, and that's too bad. Sometimes, with this type of family, it hardly seems worth trying. □



## CRAZY PEOPLE

continued from page 33

such a good time, in fact, that when I went to take her home, that was as far as I got myself. And in the morning, when I was sober enough to do anything at all, we became lovers.

I felt bad, because I liked Jack. And I felt all the worse one afternoon when he was back from California. He'd brought some cocaine over, and I was leaning into the mirror with a rolled-up bill at my nose when he said, "You're fucking Carol Anne, aren't you?" I inhaled with such a snort of surprise that I drew two-thirds of a gram into my sinuses and was high for nearly that whole night. Jack said it didn't matter, really. He was moving to San Diego anyway to go into business with an old friend selling silicone-chip computer components. Carol Anne wouldn't go there. That wasn't her kind of life. But he was tired of fooling around, he said. Besides, I wasn't the first. She'd been seeing some big wheat grower from Kansas that she'd met down in the Bahamas. The wheat farmer flew into New York between plowings and plantings and so on. Carol Anne's shopping trips would last longer then and seem more strenuous in their effect and less productive of purchased goods, he said.

So Jack went to San Diego, and Carol Anne moved in with me. If there were any shopping sprees more arduous than usual, I didn't notice. But we had a life together much like the life I'd envied her and Jack for hav-

ing. Except I went to work more often.

Everything was easy with Carol Anne. She was a good cook, and she went everywhere and talked to everybody with the greatest possible assurance and enjoyment. The years of idleness and travel and attention from men—the same experiences, indeed, that had left Terri so ignorant—had given Carol Anne an education that was fascinating. "Don't worry about Italy," I heard her telling an investment counselor one night, "they'll never go communist. Russian clothes are just too ugly for words." There was a skewered critical practicality to her point of view, very surprising but somehow sensible. Such as her response to the books on cubism I'd stocked for Terri's arrival. "I'll bet that's what the world looks like to bugs," said Carol Anne. "They don't have brains enough to see anything but circles and squares." And, once, confronted by a casserole dish of tripe *à la mode de Caen*, produced by the same friend's cook who'd made the eel pâté, Carol Anne told the assembled company, "We're eating the parts of an animal that we should be throwing away." She explained that if insides get to be worth anything, then the poor will have nothing to eat. "Too many vegetables," she said, "make them stupid and mean."

She was a delight, a perfect companion in public, in private, and in bed, and a joy to be seen with. And I was very comfortable. Only that recent strange truncated experience with Terri kept me from pushing my affec-

tion for Carol Anne to its logical conclusion. I was scared and I was comfortable.

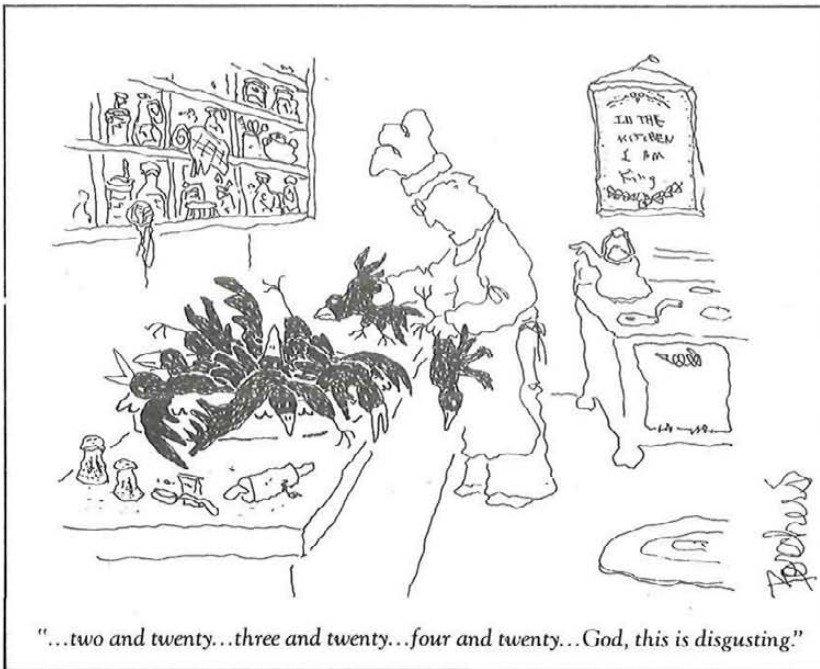
At the end of that July, Carol Anne told me she'd been promising to go see her mother. Since I had to travel to Boston for a week on business just then, she thought it would be a good time to go. Three days later I got a call from Dawson at my hotel. Carol Anne had gotten married. She'd flown to Kansas and married the wheat farmer. Then she'd called Dawson and asked him to tell me.

I flew back to New York the next day and went in the back entrance to the offices where I work and went straight to my desk. My secretary came in a minute later and said there was a girl waiting for me in the reception area. She'd been there for two days, sitting out by the switchboard from nine o'clock in the morning until five. She wouldn't say what her name was. "And," said my secretary, "she's in her bare feet."

It was Terri, wearing a sort of shapeless batik-bedspread muumuu dress, carrying a wilted flower and looking a little dirty but still cute. I kissed her and she did not return the kiss. But she smiled, very happy, apparently, to see me. I took her back to my office and sat her down on the couch and closed the door. Would she like some lunch? She was too skinny, sunken around the eyes. No, she said, no food. Well, what was she doing? Where'd she been? How was she, etcetera? She was fine, she said. She was really really happy now. Was she still in love with the treasure diver? Oh, yes, they were close: now than they'd ever been. They were together all the time. He was out on the street right now with some friends of hers.

Then she began a story that went on for some time and that I'm remembering here as best I can. She and the hippie treasure diver had left Key West right after I'd spoken to her last. That much I knew. And they had joined a group of mendicant Buddhists. And they were walking around the country praying for the salvation of every sentient being. "In your bare feet?" I said. Well, not always. Sometimes in tennis shoes, but nothing made out of dead animals, you understand. I was thinking, as she prattled about samsara and bodhisattvas, that she was nuts. But then, I thought, no more so than most people at her age. I'd flirted with Vedas and Taos myself and once, after taking LSD, thought

continued



"...two and twenty...three and twenty...four and twenty...God, this is disgusting"

## CRAZY PEOPLE

continued

I'd achieved satori while sitting in a bathtub. I could, I thought, no longer distinguish between the bathwater and the air and must, therefore, have come to that stage of enlightenment where a fundamental realization of the unity of all things—bathwater and air, for instance—had made itself manifest to me. Though, in truth, all the water'd drained out of the tub without my noticing. I might have, when I was Terri's age, meandered across America chanting the chant of the Pure Land Buddhists, had I not been so lazy and given to drink. And to march by the side of someone as pretty as Terri, I might even...

"We've taken a vow of chastity," she said.

"We have?" I said.

"My boyfriend and I. We have a spiritual union now. We're much closer." And she went on, telling me how the group had traveled up the East Coast, and how they'd been near whatever army base her father was stationed on, and how she'd gone home to tell her parents about her new life and to take some small amount of money she had in a bank account there and give it to her religious pals. Her parents had come to see her where the group—they called themselves monks and nuns—was staying. Her mom and dad and one set of grandparents had driven there and met her friends and expressed, she said, some concern for her well-being. When she went outside to say good-bye to them

they said, Why don't you sit in the car with us for a little while and talk? So Terri got in the backseat with her mom and her grandmother, and she looked down and saw that the inside door handles had been taken off the back doors. I suppose her parents were going to have her "deprogrammed," take her home and have a minister or, more likely, an army psychologist talk sense to her, convince her to go back to hairdressing school. I'd never heard this sort of thing described from the recipient's, or victim's, or patient's—whatever—point of view. It was interesting. I wanted to know what kind of sense they talked to her. Was it particularly good sense? And how did she meet their arguments? Buddhism is a logical philosophy, after all, more so than Christianity and, in the light of recent discoveries in physics, maybe more so than psychiatric materialism.

"What did you do?" I said.

She said, "I screamed and they let me out of the car." And she'd been walking with the Buddhists ever since; and now they had walked to New York because there was an enormous presence of sin in this place. Yes, I said, but how did she and her boyfriend get involved in this? Well, there was an enormous presence of sin in Key West, too. Even, she said, a greater presence of sin than in New York. She and her boyfriend had noticed that. They had been meditating and realized it. They had realized that Key West was the most sinful place on earth, that it was the center of all evil in the universe. I said I thought I un-

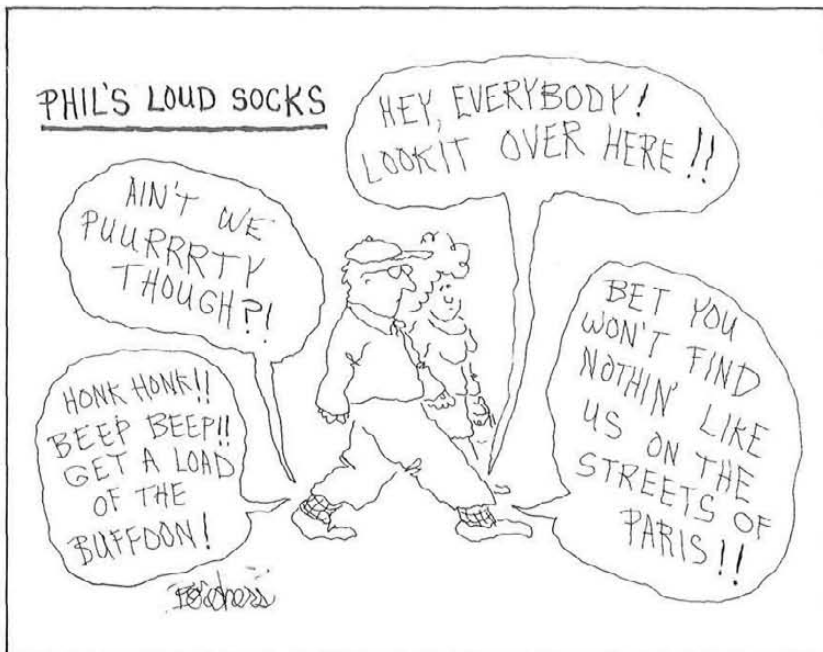
derstood. Metaphorically, I supposed, wherever the unenlightened consciousness was, was the center of evil in the universe. No, she said, *real* evil, evil that radiated everywhere from the Florida Keys and had to be destroyed, and she and her boyfriend were going to blow up Key West, which was really hard to do because the police were watching them, the police and the FBI were watching every move they made, following them everywhere they went, but they had outsmarted the spies and they had explosives, special explosives that were coming from secret people in Cuba who were bringing it in in a special shrimp boat to a place called Mule Key, which was exactly three miles west of her house, and in the middle of the night her boyfriend would smuggle it underwater with his scuba tank so they could plant the explosives all over Key West and hide all the wires that connected it together, which they would have to be very careful about because of the FBI, and they would blow up the island and everybody on it and all the evil in the world would be stopped.

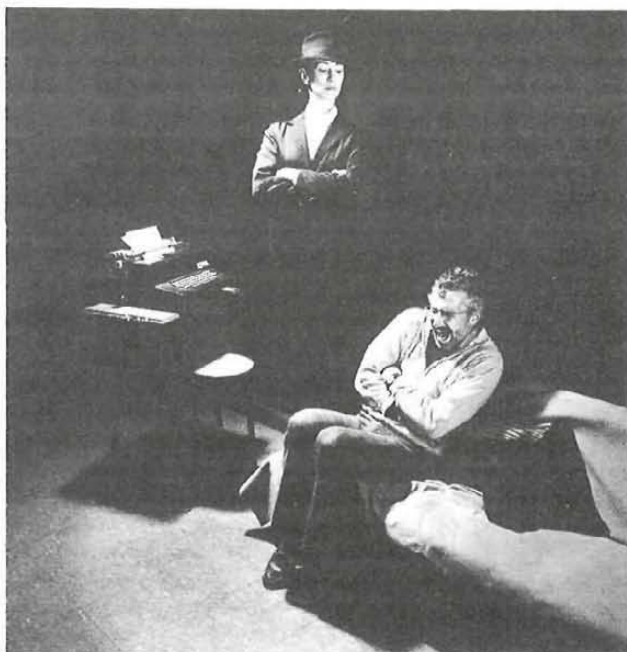
I was sitting there, looking into her eyes while she said all this, and they did not blink. Some frail link, some enervated synapse, had given way in her mind. She was gone.

"Well," I said, I think, something like, "that's very interesting." But the boat never came, she said, and they took that as a sign to join the Buddhists. Would it be okay if they all stayed at my apartment? "I'm married now," I said, lying as fast as I could, "and I'm afraid my wife wouldn't like it very much." I don't remember what all else I said, but I talked her out of my office and I haven't seen her since.

A couple of weeks later, Carol Anne came back to get her clothes. I asked her for an explanation, and she said, "I was tired of being someone's pretty girl friend." She said she wanted a home and babies and a house and husband to take care of. What was wrong with me, I wanted to know. "You never asked!" she said, and she began to cry, and she went back to Kansas.

A couple of weeks after that I got a phone call from Dawson. "Christ," he said, "business is terrible. All god-damn Key West is overrun with government agents." What was that about, I asked. "Oh," he said, "they found some sunken boat, a Cuban shrimp boat, packed to the gunwales with plastique. I guess it hit some submerged pilings out by Mule Key." □





# HYPOCHONDRIA KNOCKS

## A PLAY IN ONE ACT BY GERALD SUSSMAN

The play takes place in the loft of BARRY SPECTOR, somewhere in lower Manhattan. The loft is large, with lots of open space, but is only partially finished for living purposes. The open section comprises a living room, dining area, small kitchen, and sleeping area with a platform bed tucked into a corner. The living room is furnished sparsely and eclectically. There is a big old sofa; four director's chairs; two storage dressers with mirrors done in a vaguely Art Deco style; a collection of plants, tall and short, all desperately needing attention; and some Lincoln Center theater posters on the wall. The walls are whitewashed brick; the wood floor is painted dark green. Both walls and floor need extensive repair. The lighting is a crude attempt at the High Tech look—bare light bulbs hanging loosely from wires.

On the stereo, at low volume, we hear "Kind of Blue" by the Miles Davis group as the curtain rises. The time is midnight. BARRY SPECTOR is a writer, forty years old. He is seated at the combination work and dining table, trying to write a movie script. He is wearing layers of sweatshirts and thermal underwear. It is mid winter and the heat has been off for hours. He seems to be dozing at the typewriter when he hears a noise. He jumps up.

**BARRY:** Who's there?

(We hear the sound of a freight elevator door, opening and closing. The elevator door opens into a small storage room, which leads into the main living area. Someone has gotten access to the elevator and is about to enter. It is a woman—tall and slender, about fifty years old, wearing a dark, mannishly tailored

suit, a man's dress hat, and dark sensible shoes. Her face is thin and bony, her hair is short. She carries a black briefcase. She has the stern, frigid look of a headmistress of a German boarding school for girls. She walks into the room with a brisk, confident stride.)

**BARRY:** Who the fuck are you? How the hell did you get in?

**HYPOCHONDRIA:** I have my methods.

**BARRY:** (A little bewildered) You scared the shit out of me. Who the hell are you, for God's sake?

**HYPOCHONDRIA:** (With a slight German accent) I am Hypochondria. May I sit down, please?

(She seats herself on one of the director's chairs and tucks her skirt down primly. She opens her briefcase and takes out a computer printout sheet that she reads from aloud.)

**HYPOCHONDRIA:** You are Barry Spector, 657 Lispenard Street. A writer of film scripts—although none have been produced, it says here...

**BARRY:** (Interrupts) I don't know what the hell this is, but it's a great joke. If I guess who's playing the joke on me, you'll tell me what it's about, okay? It's...it's Michael...my friend Michael Steinberg, right? He sent you here, dressed like that. You must be an actress.

**HYPOCHONDRIA:** Mr. Spector, you are entirely wrong. I am exactly who I said I am. You have heard of Death? The man in black who comes to visit and take you away? I am his handmaiden. I prepare you for his visit.

**BARRY:** You're not a bad actress. Your accent is good. Not too heavy. You're a scary-looking lady, no question about



it. But you don't have to put me on. This is somebody's idea of a joke, right? So I'll play along. I know about Death. I'm a writer of humorous screenplays. I've read almost all of Woody Allen. I know his little play *Death Knocks*, where the guy plays a game of gin rummy with Death and wins another day's extension. It goes back to Ingmar Bergman. *The Seventh Seal*. Remember? Death is playing chess with Max Von Sydow. Did you come here to play chess with me?

HYPOCHONDRIA: I do not play games.

BARRY: You sure you don't want to play a game? How about checkers? If I win, you go away.

HYPOCHONDRIA: Don't be silly.

BARRY: Scrabble? I hate word games, but I'll play you Scrabble.

HYPOCHONDRIA: Please stop this silliness. No games.

BARRY: I don't play gin rummy or poker. How about Knucks? Did you ever play Knucks when you were a kid? (Pause.) No, I guess not. You were never a kid.

HYPOCHONDRIA: Don't try that...that...*shtick* on me. I am not Death. I do not gamble for high stakes. I am a simple journeywoman with a job to do. I am not a cosmic figure. There is no glamour in hypochondria. In death, yes. But not in hypochondria. I simply have to, how do you say it, "prep" you for the Big One.

BARRY: You don't crack easily. I can see that. I'm going to remember you if I have to cast for a Nazi in one of my movies.

HYPOCHONDRIA: You are supposed to be a man of some imagination, yet I cannot make you believe me. So. Why don't you touch me? Why don't you fondle my breasts?

BARRY: I'll fondle your breasts and kick you the hell out of here for breaking into my place in the middle of the night, you fucking creep! You're some kind of nutbar that goes around scaring people. I think maybe the police ought to know about you.

(He picks up the phone to dial 911. The phone has a loud humming sound. It doesn't work.)

BARRY: There's something wrong with the phone.

HYPOCHONDRIA: I made it not to work. Why don't you touch my breasts, Mr. Spector?

(Barry is working himself into a rage.)

BARRY: Where are they? I don't see much under that suit.

(HYPOCHONDRIA unbuttons her jacket and her blouse and flashes her breasts at BARRY. They are beautiful. BARRY is quite surprised. They don't seem to match the rest of the person. HYPOCHONDRIA remains perfectly still, with a slightly taunting look. Suddenly, BARRY lunges at her breasts, grabbing them. Immediately, he screams in pain, clutching his hands as if they were badly burned.)

BARRY: What the hell did you do? My hands feel like they were burnt to a crisp.

HYPOCHONDRIA: Disgusting rapist pig! You men are still all alike.

BARRY: You asked me to. You practically begged me. I thought it was some kind of game you're playing.

HYPOCHONDRIA: That was to teach you a lesson. Now do you believe who I am?

BARRY: You must have a weapon on you. That's it.

HYPOCHONDRIA: (Losing patience) You still don't believe me. All right. I'll give you a weapon.

(She pulls a Star Wars-type space gun out of her briefcase and "shoots" BARRY with it. We hear a weird, spacy sound.)

BARRY: Jesus, you are cute.

(Suddenly BARRY feels a pain across his chest, throbbing ribbons of pain.)

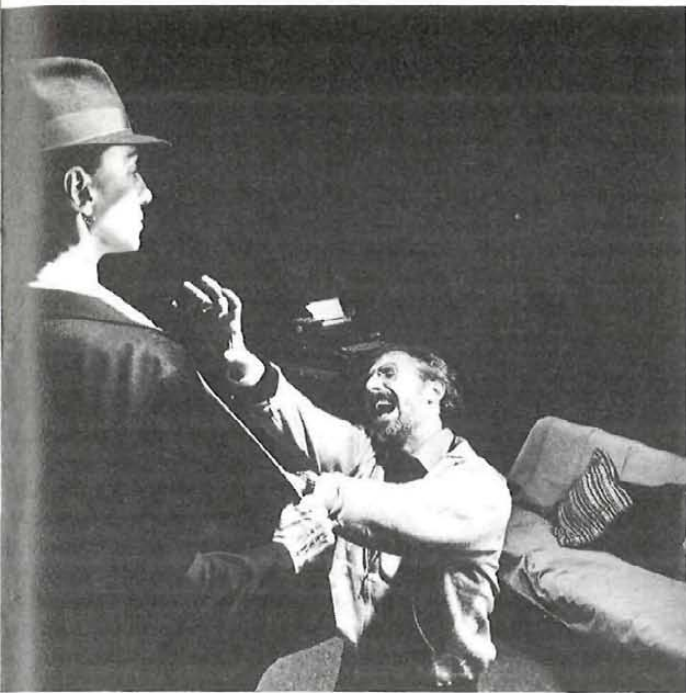
BARRY: My chest! What the hell did you do to my chest? Oh, no. It feels like I'm getting a heart attack!

(She "shoots" him again. The gun emits another variation on the deathray sound. BARRY, who had been standing, suddenly plops down on the sofa, looking thoroughly exhausted.)

BARRY: Wow...I feel tired all of a sudden. Jesus, my legs are like lead...like a pair of provolone cheeses. God, I feel achy all over.

HYPOCHONDRIA: You look terrible. And what's that funny lump under your right arm?

(BARRY feels around under his arm, near his armpit. He peels off a few sweatshirts and touches himself gingerly. He is



frightened. He squeezes his armpit hard.)

BARRY: What are you talking about? What lump?

(He thinks he's found the lump.)

BARRY: It's a lump. What the hell is it? I never had a lump under my arm.

HYPOCHONDRIA: (With a fake tinge of concern) I don't know. First you complain of a heart attack. Then you're so tired. Now you've got a lump under your arm. What do you think?

BARRY: I don't know, I'm not a doctor. It could be a tumor.

HYPOCHONDRIA: It could be a cyst or just a swollen lymph gland. Squeeze it hard. If it doesn't hurt, it could be a tumor. Cancerous tumors start out by not hurting.

(BARRY squeezes it. It doesn't hurt. He's angry and frightened.)

BARRY: You're some kind of mindfucker. You're a witch. What did you do? Get a strand of my hair? A little sample of my blood? Okay, I apologize. Break the spell, please.

HYPOCHONDRIA: I had to show off a little for you, but I'm not a witch. I am Hypochondria...

BARRY: (Interrupts) And you came to prep me for the Big One to come. I know, I know. You're some kind of evil genius. You've got supernatural powers or something. But why me? Why do I get the lump? Jesus, just when I'm really starting to cook as a screenwriter. Why do I need heart attack symptoms?

HYPOCHONDRIA: Do you find that you have to urinate a lot when you get tense and excited? And that your mouth gets very dry?

BARRY: Excuse me, I'll be right back.

(BARRY runs to the bathroom. In a minute or so we hear the sound of a toilet flushing. While BARRY is in the bathroom HYPOCHONDRIA picks up the script he was working on and reads some of it. BARRY reenters the room.)

HYPOCHONDRIA: I was reading your script. Your main female character, Cathy, she lacks definition. I don't know who she is.

BARRY: I know, I'm still working on fleshing her out.

HYPOCHONDRIA: I like your male characters—Steve, Mark,

the father. But Cathy is so undefined.

BARRY: Wait a minute. Who the fuck are you, Francis Coppola?

HYPOCHONDRIA: Just some constructive criticism from an objective outsider.

BARRY: With decent casting, a good actress will bring a lot to that part.

HYPOCHONDRIA: You'll never sell the script unless you flesh her out. The whole story hinges on her.

BARRY: You're making me sick to my stomach, do you know that? I'm getting an empty hole where my stomach used to be.

HYPOCHONDRIA: Of course. Another symptom. Ulcers. You could be ulcer prone, although your real specialization is somewhere else. Mr. Spector, I'll try to be patient. I rather like you, actually. If I were a bit younger and things were a bit different...well...anyway. What you must understand is that writers were born to be hypochondriacs, and your time has come. What do you do all day? You sit, you think, you daydream. And, sometimes, you do a little writing. All the time you can hear your insides working or not working. You can hear your heart beating too fast, or too slow. You can almost feel your blood pressure go up when you're blocked and frustrated. Hypochondria is the writer's natural condition. And hemorrhoids, of course.

BARRY: I walk a lot. I jog. I get off my ass as much as possible.

HYPOCHONDRIA: Jogging only makes it worse. You put your body under greater stress than you think. You are much too arrogant about your body. You are not in terribly good shape. The more you exercise, the more prone you are to internal bleeding.

BARRY: Stop it.

HYPOCHONDRIA: You won't detect it at first. It takes years for the effect to build up. The bleeding is very slight in the beginning. Like a tiny pinprick. Your tissues are reacting to physical stress. In a while the pinpricks become bigger and heal much slower, so you bleed a little more each time, until the day when you actually hemorrhage.

BARRY: How can I tell if I'm bleeding internally?

HYPOCHONDRIA: Eventually, you'll know. You'll be more fatigued than usual. You'll get nauseous. I shouldn't say what happens next. It has to do with coughing up.

BARRY: Thanks.

HYPOCHONDRIA: I just give you the broad strokes. You fill in the fine details. Writers have good imaginations. You'll be a good one. You remind me a little of Norman Mailer.

BARRY: Really?

HYPOCHONDRIA: Not the writing. The heart. You have the same kind of hypochondria about your heart. I think you're going to be a heart specialist, with all the trimmings—high blood pressure, high cholesterol, angina. You're not the cancer type.

BARRY: That's reassuring.

HYPOCHONDRIA: Later, you'll be involved with your prostate and your penis. You're going to be a urologist's dream. You're even going to test your own urine samples. You're going to become a urine analysis buff.

BARRY: You mean I'll have my own little laboratory?

HYPOCHONDRIA: Exactly. You won't trust the commercial labs. Joyce was like that. James Joyce used to do his own urine samples. Also was a bug on circulation. Proper blood flow. He never stood upright for more than five minutes. Always kept his legs propped up on something. His home was just full of ottomans. To keep the blood from rushing to his feet. Joyce designed his own support stockings, you

know. Long before they became popular.

BARRY: No shit.

HYPOCHONDRIA: You're in good company, Barry. Writers of the Jewish persuasion are the best hypochondriacs in the business. I could tell you stories about Saul Bellow, Philip Roth, Bernard Malamud, Arthur Miller—all of them. You wouldn't believe it. It would make you sick.

BARRY: I am sick. I never felt so bad in my life.

HYPOCHONDRIA: Good! You're adjusting perfectly. Listen, you're not going to be another Howard Hughes. You're not going to be a total crazy. Just a basic Jewish hypochondriac writer. You'll live.

BARRY: I'll live.

HYPOCHONDRIA: I'm not going to leave you like this, Barry. That wouldn't be fair. I mean, the chest pains and the



fatigue and the lump under the arm. I was just showing off a little. You'll get all those symptoms all by yourself. That's part of the fun.

(BARRY is trying to curl himself into a round ball. He looks very, very unhappy.)

BARRY: You've succeeded. All too well.

HYPOCHONDRIA: You should start taking better care of yourself. You're not getting any younger. You're not made of stainless steel, you know. Get on a sensible diet. See your doctor more often. Do you drink?

BARRY: A little wine, sometimes a cocktail.

HYPOCHONDRIA: How much is a little?

BARRY: Three, four glasses a day, at most. Unless I'm at a party. Then I do a little more.

HYPOCHONDRIA: You're a borderline alcoholic. You probably have the beginning of a liver problem. (Pulls out a pad and writes something on it) Here's the name of a good doctor. Call him in the morning and get a complete physical. I've got to be going. I've got another writer to prep tonight, only twenty-four, but he already has three pilots at CBS and a big picture deal. I want to get him while he's still relatively insecure.

BARRY: Why don't you just take a flying leap out the window? You're a fucking pain in the ass.

HYPOCHONDRIA: I'm sorry it has to end this way. Okay, Barry, I'll fly out the window, if you like. You want a little

magic, I'll give you a little magic. I'd rather leave quietly, but if you insist...

(She opens a window, climbs up on the sill, and turns to BARRY.)

HYPOCHONDRIA: Look at it this way. The more anxious you become, the better chance you have of nipping a fatal illness in the bud. Think of it as preventive medicine.

BARRY: Hurry up and jump. It's cold.

HYPOCHONDRIA: Good-bye, Barry.

(She jumps and disappears into the darkness.)

(BARRY is now alone. He shuts off the stereo. He looks totally depressed. He pulls out the paper from his typewriter, looks at it briefly, crumples it, and throws it at the wastebasket, missing the basket. He stares into space for a moment. He finds a bottle of wine and starts to pour a glass, then remembers HYPOCHONDRIA's warning about his drinking. He looks for the lump under his arm. It seems to be missing, but he's not sure. He takes his shoes and socks off and examines his feet for possible swelling. He props his feet up as high as he can on a chair. Suddenly, there is a knock on the door. Wearily, he gets up and checks it out, when he sees a man opening the door and entering. He is tall and good-looking, in a weathered Texas cowboy straightarrow sort of way. He is neatly dressed. He looks very much like Tom Landry, the coach of the Dallas Cowboys.)

BARRY: I thought the door was locked. How did you get in?

DEATH: It was locked. But it doesn't matter.

BARRY: Look, I'm tired. I feel like shit. I just had somebody here who is a real downer. Whoever you are, just state your business and leave. Whatever it is, I'll believe it.

DEATH: Well, that's mighty nice of you, Barry. I won't be too long, actually. Just dropped in for a look at you, that's all. I don't normally do this, but according to the lady who just left, you're a real prime prospect. We've already put your behavior patterns and your previous history into our computers, and you come out right at the top—a 9.9. You've got the body, the head, and, most of all, the attitude we like. I think you're ready to play ball with us, Barry. You're our kind of material.

BARRY: What are you talking about?

DEATH: You can go from 120 over 70 to 190 over 110 in your blood pressure in just 6.4 seconds. You've got one of the fastest pulses we ever tested. The whole organization is very high on you, Barry, very high.

BARRY: You look familiar. I've seen you on TV. You're Tom Landry.

DEATH: To you, I look like Tom Landry. Other guys think I look like Pat Boone, or Cesar Romero. One fellow was sure I was Duke Ellington. It doesn't matter. I just want to say that you're a great prospect and we want to pick you very high in our next draft, maybe even number one.

(He shakes BARRY's hand, and before BARRY can say anything he deftly flies out the window. BARRY is a bit bewildered and shocked. He looks at the open window and talks to himself.)

BARRY: That was the coldest, clammiest handshake I ever felt. But that couldn't have been who I thought it was. She said I had a ways to go.

(He goes to the window and tries to close it. It's stuck. He climbs on the sill and works at it, harder. In his effort he somehow slips and nearly falls out, barely catching himself in time. He's so scared that he simply sits on the floor, trying to catch his breath. He can't catch his breath because of his fright. His face is pure fear as he sits in silence, trying to calm himself, as the curtain closes.)

CURTAIN.



**SNUITS**

REMEMBER HOW IT SLOWLY DAWNED ON YOU THAT THE GROWN-UPS MIGHT NOT BE AS ALIKE AS THEY PRETENDED, AND THAT THEY PROBABLY DIFFERED IN MORE IMPORTANT WAYS THAN YOU COULD GUESS?

HELLO, MR. SHACKLY. I CAME TO PICK UP SOME STUFF FOR MY MAW.

RIGHT. SHE PHONED IT IN. ONLY BE A MINUTE.

CRACK  
SCHLICK  
CLUNK!

DO YOU ACTUALLY KILL ANY OF THIS STUFF YOURSELF, MR. SHACKLY?

I JUST CHOP IT UP, KID. IT'S ALL DEAD WHEN IT GETS HERE.

HEK-HEK-HEK-HEK

Graham Wilson  
©1980

IS IT FUN CHOPPING THEM UP?

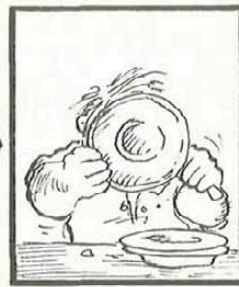
YEAH. I LIKE IT. GETS STUFF OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM. IT FEELS GOOD.

BUT DON'T TELL YOUR MOTHER OR ANY OF THOSE LADIES I SAID THAT, OKAY?

OKAY, MR. SHACKLY.



# ALL YOU CAN EAT



HOLLY K. TUTTLE ©80



# Dirty Duck

by Bobby London

## "How to Ignore Girls"



# POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett



IN A SWANK MIDTOWN RESTAURANT...  
**NORMAN, YOU PIG! YOU THINK YOU CAN SCREW ANYONE YOU WANT!**

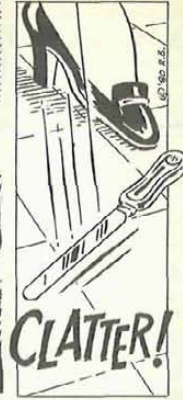
**DON'T MAKE A SCENE, HELEN.**



**I'LL PUT AN END TO THAT!**



**EAT SOUP, BITCH!**



**CLATTER!**



**LEAVE IT RIGHT THERE, PLEASE! MADAM, IN A RESTAURANT YOU MUST NEVER, NEVER PICK UP A FALLEN UTENSIL!**



**WAITER! PLEASE BRING THIS WOMAN ANOTHER KNIFE.**

**YES SIR!**



**THANKS, POLITENESSMAN. YOU SAVED ME FROM A REAL FAUX PAS!**

**NOT QUITE! AFTER ALL, YOU USED A BUTTER KNIFE FOR CARVING.**

DO YOU HAVE A CLEAN, PREFERABLY CLOTH, HANKIE IN YOUR POCKET OR PURSE? PLEASE LOOK. THANK YOU.



**Aunt Mary's KITCHEN**

M.K. BROWN ©1980

**TODAY WE'RE GOING TO TRY A GELATIN RECIPE**

**I HAD THE STRANGEST DREAM LAST NIGHT**

**I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT IT**



**I DREAMED WE WERE AT THE LAKE. MY BROTHER LEO HAD CAUGHT A HUGE RAINBOW TROUT AND KEPT SHOWING IT TO EVERYONE - BUT IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE ANY TROUT I EVER SAW, AND LEO LOOKED DIFFERENT TOO - WITH LONG RED HAIR.**



**THEN I DREAMED MY NIECES CAME TO VISIT - PARTIALLY DRESSED, AND WITH ANOTHER, BIG FISH!**



**WELL, I HATE TO CLEAN FISH - I DON'T EVEN LIKE TO EAT FISH! SO I WENT TO NEW YORK CITY WITH ALL MY BELONGINGS - EVERYTHING I OWNED IN TWO LITTLE BAGS**



**IT WAS A NIGHTMARE! PEOPLE SHOWING AND PUSHING... AND THE SMOG! I WAS GLAD TO WAKE UP!**




**TODAY WE WERE GOING TO MAKE SALMON-RAISIN GELATIN MOLD - BUT AFTER THAT DREAM I DON'T THINK SO**

# Abbie Hoffman a biography

© Copyright 1980

**Abbie Hoffman** WAS BORN IN THIS HOSPITAL. IN THIS ROOM!

LITTLE DID 72 YEAR OLD ARTHUR PROCTOR WHO DIED IN THIS ROOM FIVE DAYS EARLIER REALIZE THAT THE INFANT IN THAT EIGHTH FLOOR ROOM WOULD ACHIEVE NATIONWIDE NOTORIETY.



WHEN Abbie Hoffman GREW UP HE WAS WANTED BY THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE FOR SOMETHING OR OTHER SO HE WENT INTO HIDING AND THE WHOLE COUNTRY WAS GRIPPED BY A "FIND Abbie Hoffman" FEVER!

NOTHIN' GOOD ON TV. I THINK I'LL GO OUT AND LOOK FOR ABIE HOFFMAN...



**ABIE HOFFMAN IMPOSTERS SPRUNG UP EVERYWHERE!**

I'M ABIE HOFFMAN AND THIS IS MY WIFE BRUCE DERN.



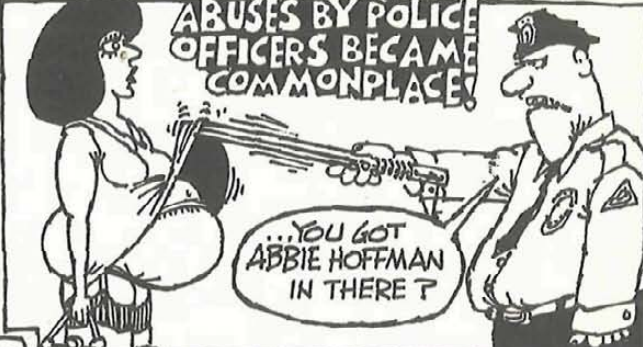
MURRAY, IS THAT ABIE HOFFMAN?

NO.



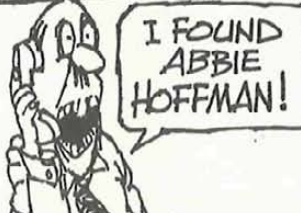
**ABUSES BY POLICE OFFICERS BECAME COMMONPLACE!**

...YOU GOT ABIE HOFFMAN IN THERE?




THEN ONE DAY THE PHILADELPHIA POLICE RECEIVED A TELEPHONE CALL FROM AN EXCITED CITIZEN...

I FOUND ABIE HOFFMAN!



IT LOOKS LIKE HIM, BUT THAT'S NOT ABIE HOFFMAN.



IN TIME THE "FIND ABIE HOFFMAN" FEVER ABATED. EVERYBODY LOST INTEREST.

I SLEPT WITH ABIE HOFFMAN LAST NIGHT...

...WANT A LIFESAVER?..



EXCEPT ONE TEARFUL MOTHER WHO WAITS FOR WORD OF HER SON IN HIDING.



# AN EVENING AT THE Multiplex

RICK GEARY © 1979



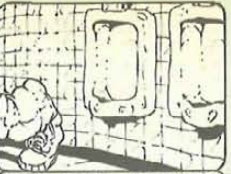
I PURCHASE A TICKET (\$4.00) AT THE MINI-CINE 6



A BRIEF WAIT IN THE LOBBY



AND INTO THE 6:10 SHOW OF UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS



AFTER THE SHOW - RETREAT INTO THE RESTROOM



EMERGE IN TIME FOR THE 6:00 SHOW OF "SUNBURN"



AFTER THE SHOW - JUNIOR MINTS AND DR. PEPPER



A CASUAL "GOOD EVENING" TO THE USHER



AND INTO THE 10:25 SHOW OF "THE CONCRETE AIRPORT '79"



I'LL BE BACK!

## LITTLE INSPIRATIONAL STORIES

by John Bendel and SPAIN

HAL WAS AN OKAY GUY EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT HE WAS NATURALLY MEAN TO PEOPLE...

LOOK, I'M ONLY HERE BECAUSE THEY WON'T GIVE ME UNEMPLOYMENT UNLESS I GO FOR JOB INTERVIEWS. I REALLY DON'T WANT YOUR FUCKIN' JOB!



GOLLY! THAT'S TOO BAD. OUR AFFIRMATIVE-ACTION QUOTA REQUIRES US TO HIRE A CERTAIN NUMBER OF MEAN NASTY PEOPLE AND YOU'RE QUALIFIED. WELCOME ABOARD.

YOU SEE, PEOPLE WERE ALWAYS GIVING HAL A HARD TIME

SUPERVISOR!? I DONT WANT TO BE A FUCKIN' SUPERVISOR

SORRY. THE LAST FIVE SUPERVISORS IN YOUR DEPARTMENT QUIT ALONG WITH EVERYONE ELSE.



THAT LEAVES YOU FOR THE JOB. CONGRATULATIONS

THINGS WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE VICE-PRESIDENT? WELL, IT DEPENDS ON THE DOUGH



WE HAVE A DIVISION TO LIQUIDATE AND WE NEED SOMEONE REALLY DESPICABLE TO DO IT FOR US

NAME YOUR PRICE



YOU'RE A ROTTEN BUNCH OF ASSHOLES AND YOU'RE ALL FIRED. NO SEVERANCE, NO PENSION. JUST CLEAN OUT YOUR DESKS AND BEAT IT

SO THAT'S HOW HAL BECAME A CORPORATE HIT MAN

HAL DID SUCH A GREAT JOB THAT BEFORE LONG COMPANIES EVERY WHERE BEGAN BIDDING FOR HIS SERVICES

EMPLOYEE TERMINATION IS AS TRAUMATIC FOR THE TERMINATOR AS IT IS FOR THE TERMINATEE. NO SO CIALY CONSCIOUS EXECUTIVE WANTS TO DISRUPT A CAREER, BLAH BLAH BLAH



CUT THE SHIT, BUDDY. HOW MUCH WILL YOU PAY?

FINALLY HAL DECIDED TO START HIS OWN CONSULTING FIRM...

WHAT WE DO HERE IS FIRE PEOPLE, SCREW THEM, SELL THEM DOWN THE RIVER, YOUR GENERAL CORPORATE DIRTY WORK



FUCK THAT. HOW MUCH DO YOU PAY?

SOON HAL'S APPROACH TO HUMAN-RELATIONS PROBLEMS WAS AVAILABLE TO ANYONE IN THE WORLD WHO COULD AFFORD HIS HEFTY CONSULTANT'S FEE



YOU'RE FIRED  
VERSCHWINDE  
FUCK YOU AND YOUR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF SERVICE  
UMBOOGA LOTO  
VAYA PRONTO

# OF THE PEOPLE

☆☆☆☆☆  
THE GREAT AMERICAN DREAM: GROW UP AND WORK FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE. THERE ARE SO MANY OPPORTUNITIES: CLERK, TYPIST, PRESIDENT, FILE CLERK...



# THE APPLETONS

R<sub>x</sub> In "Doctors' care"  
Dr. W. J. 0067

by B.K. Taylor

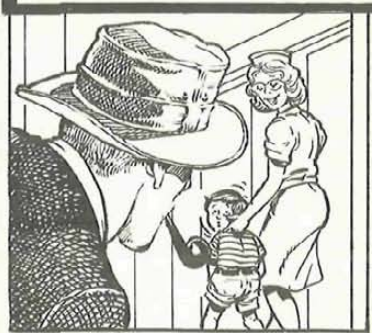
IN THE WAITING ROOM OF THE FAMILY DOCTOR, WE FIND MR. APPLETON AND HIS SON, BOBBY.



IN FACT, I WISH...



FEELING SLIGHTLY LEFT OUT, MR. APPLETON WATCHES AS THE NURSE ESCORTS BOBBY TO A ROOM.



WANDERING DOWN THE HALL, HE SUDDENLY HEARS-



...UH, YES! WELL! A FOREIGN LADY, COME TO SEEK THE HEALING HANDS OF A DOCTOR... LIKE ME!



YOU-HOO! HELLO... I SAY "AHHH."



I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I'LL TAKE YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE AND HELP YOU SAY "AHHH" AT THE SAME TIME.



ATTA GIRL... THERE WE ARE!



FLUSHED WITH SUCCESS, MR. APPLETON CONTINUES HIS EXPERIMENTATION.



I'M VERY SORRY ABOUT THAT, LET'S CHECK OUT YOUR EARS... NOTHING THERE. HEH, GET IT? NOTHING THERE!



YOU SEE, THAT WAS A JOKE... I FEEL IT'S IMPORTANT TO HAVE A NICE BEDSIDE MANNER. NOW STEP UP HERE, DEAR.



...WE'LL TRY THE TREADMILL TO CHECK THE 'OL TICKER... HERE WE GO.



YOU'RE DOING FINE! MOVE THOSE GAMS, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO TURN IT ON FULL SPEED...



LOOK AT THIS! CAN'T KEEP UP, HUH?



THE BOY AND FATHER LEAVE.



## COUCH-TIME STORIES

continued from page 29

brought pleasure to Chuck; it was her duty to let him be loved by others. There was so much of him, she wouldn't miss a few kisses, a few screws, or a few scintillating jabs of his wicked tongue.

"I'll see you guys around," Chuck said as he got behind the wheel of the now fully armed Ferrari. He started the engine and said good-bye with a couple of patches of Italian tire rubber and a stinking black cloud.

"Where to...darling," Chuck said, stumbling on the word "darling."

"Your old high school!"

"Huh?"

The first kiss from Ursella was the only thing Chuck could compare to the feeling he got roaring up the center drive of the high school. He locked up the brakes and skidded to a stop. It was passing period and the halls were clogged with students. Chuck opened his door. Ursella grabbed him by the tie and pulled him back in the car. An explosion rocked the car.

Students scrambled for cover as bursts of machine gun fire, like atomic popcorn kernels, ripped into the Ferrari. Ursella slapped a submachine gun against Chuck's chest and curled a grenade into his hand. She did the same for herself.

"When I count to three, we come out firing," she said.

"Who do I shoot?"

"You'll know! One, two...three!"

Chuck kicked the door open and, with a courage he never knew he had, braved the head-high plane of high-speed hot lead and let loose with his own brand of death. He gripped the grenade like a baseball and threw a strike into the grill of a black Cadillac racing up the drive. Thugs fell like flies from a dirty light fixture as Chuck and Ursella sprayed the windows along the cafeteria hall and across the roof. He noticed that he'd winged his English teacher, Mr. Forester. Tough shit.

In a few minutes it was over. Bodies littered the drive. Blood dripped from the roof, down the walls.

"That takes care of the KGB and half a dozen other hostile organizations," Ursella said, dropping a spent clip on the pavement. She tossed her weapon in the car and put on her coat.

Slowly a crowd of students gathered around the car, which was riddled with bullet holes and bruised by the explosion.

continued on page 95

# THE STRONG SENSITIVE TYPE.



Sheik® gives you the two most important things you look for in a condom: strength and sensitivity.

Sheik's strength is actually tested up to seven different times by the most advanced scientific techniques—including electronic testing.

Yet, with all this proven strength, the material used in a Sheik condom is only three one-thousandths of an inch thin! It feels so natural, you'd swear you weren't wearing a condom at all. And as far as your partner is concerned, the feeling is mutual.

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.

*According to a national consumer journal report, when condoms are used properly the chances of an accidental pregnancy are 10,000 to 1! No other method of birth control can give you better odds without the risk of side-effects.*

## SHEIK

Schmid Products Company, Little Falls, N.J.

## DEADWOOD

continued from page 38

pensable employees who hope to forestall the executioner with conspicuous displays of loyalty and affection for the company.

Red noticed that a dab of bile had landed on one of his visual aids, so he moistened a corner of the profit-sharing paper and attempted to wipe it off. He didn't know that the pigment was bile sensitive, and as a result the middle third of his Piece Parts cartoon was smeared beyond recognition. "This presentation has to be perfect," Red announced to himself. "I'll have to get another copy of the cartoon." He looked at his watch. It was about time for the meeting; no chance for a replacement. Red consolidated his remaining energy and, after faltering by the rest room door, walked gingerly to his desk and gathered up his notes. "Hey, Red," a voice called from behind a sound baffle. "I hear Murdock's in a real shitty mood. Better be on the ball at the meeting." Red walked away without responding.

Halfway through the weekly product meeting, Crowley laid out the navigational instruments situation, which was obviously disquieting to others around the table. "As you know, our order backlogs arrayed at anywhere from plus-six to plus-ten over the last two quarters of 1979. However, downstream market adjustments in both sectors have whipsawed production demand in the first two quarters of this year down to plus-three and may even..." Murdock interrupted angrily: "I want to know about the AG-100 and the ELEX-10!" Crowley resumed, unperturbed. "We project these systems to be fully impacted on the down side by November, at a support level of around plus-one."

Murdock got up and paced behind his chair. "This is no damn good!" he shouted. "Now, I want you to get off your asses and run me out a goddamn program that'll put the heat on your Honeywells, and put the heat on your Sperrys, because I'm telling you, gentlemen, there's no goddamn excuse for this piss-poor plus-one shit, and I'm going to hold each of you personally responsible! Am I clear on that point?" The room was quiet for a few seconds, then Murdock squeezed the bridge of his nose hard with his thumb and forefinger and asked if there were any more reports. Red cleared his throat and stood up.

"Ah... yes, sir... as you know, I've been deeply concerned with the bottleneck in Piece Parts.... Some of our hardware and things have been getting delayed and..." "Is this an indirect-assem-

bly matter?" Murdock barked. Red shifted his balance and answered, "Yes, sort of, but it's..." Murdock cut him off again. "Bostrom, Piece Parts don't mean shit if we don't sell the goddamn product. Now, let's move on." Red nervously persisted: "But, sir... this problem is critical, and I believe I have a solution." Murdock had become fatigued and was losing interest in the direction of the meeting, so he let Red continue.

"Now, we have a... a... delivery chain from the vendors to ourselves," Red said as he turned on an overhead projector and positioned his first visual aid. The word "Vendor" wiggled in and out of focus on the wall as Red fidgeted with the overlay. "So, the chain starts with the vendor." The "Vendor" on the wall jerked around some more as Red tried to remove it and repeatedly lost his grip on the edge of the acetate. By now most of the men in the room were squeaking their chairs and anxious to leave. Red's Piece Parts title art appeared. "Oh," Red chuckled, "forgot the title."

He then read in a monotone from his notes. "Piece Parts... That's... the... name... of... the... game." Red plodded through more of his visual aids while the audience coughed and began small conversations among themselves. Murdock was reading a file folder. "So," Red summed up as he laid his defaced cartoon on the projector, "it's 'home... at... last' for the piece parts if each link in the delivery chain does his job." Although practically no one was listening, Red plunged into his finale. This would be the coup. "Gentlemen, I've decided to

get tough on this Piece Parts problem immediately by creating a new Action Control unit to monitor every step!" Red had clenched his fist and was ranting at an annoyingly harsh volume.

Most of the men noticed the grease on Red's shirt and that his face was nearly pure white; unaware that Red was bleeding internally, they reasoned that he was seriously out of control. "Bear with me for a minute," Red commanded proudly, "and I'll show you what I mean when I say 'Action Control!'" Red looked at Murdock as he opened the door and added with a confident grin, "I think you're gonna like this, sir." Murdock looked at Crowley with raised eyebrows. Dibiasi stared quizzically at Red's cartoon projection on the wall and shook his head. "What the fuck is that?" he growled.

Murdock started to get up from his chair. He and the rest of the group were then assaulted by a staccato roaring sound in the hall that grew louder and gradually generated enough force to rattle the door. Just as Crowley opened it, Red wheeled into the room on Murdock's dirt bike, wearing his crash helmet and leather jacket. The noise was overwhelming; Murdock and the rest backed away from the door and froze, shocked and mute. Red fumbled with a switch and turned off the engine. "This is Piece Parts Action Control!" he declared. "Quick... rugged... maneuverable... prepared to locate snags wherever they develop... from vendor... to loading dock... and beyond!" Red took off the

continued on page 87





**The Junior Genius Show**  
BY  
**B.K. TAYLOR**

GOOD EVENING, AND WELCOME TO JUNIOR GENIUS! AS YOU KNOW, THE STUDENT WHO CORRECTLY ANSWERS THE MOST QUESTIONS WINS A \$500 CHECK FOR HIS OR HER CLASS. EVERYONE READY?

YES!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL BEGIN WITH TODD WILSON. TODD, WHAT IS THE SMALLEST COUNTRY IN AFRICA? YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS TO ANSWER BEFORE THE BUZZER.

UMM...

SPEAKING OF SMALL, TODD, WOULD YOU SIT UP SO WE CAN SEE YOU?

I AM!

OH, COME NOW!

HA HA HA

I AM!

LET'S SEE... BY GOLLY, YOU ARE! WHEW! YOU ARE A STUBBY LITTLE RUNT, AREN'T YOU?

BUZZ!

OOP! SORRY, THERE GOES THE BUZZER!

BECKY, SINCE YOU'RE LAUGHING SO HARD, WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE NEXT QUESTION - HOW MANY POUNDS EQUAL ONE TON?

THAT'S EASY...

I'M SURE IT IS FOR A FULL-FIGURED LARD BALL SUCH AS YOURSELF. HOW MUCH DO YOU WEIGH, ANYWAY?

HA HA HA

THAT'S NOT VERY NICE!

NICER THAN BRENT'S STEP-MOTHER, RIGHT, BRENT? TELL US WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT ALL THOSE STRANGE NAKED MEN SHE HAS IN THE HOUSE WHEN YOU COME HOME FROM SCHOOL.

YEAH! WHERE'S YOUR DAD?

MY DAD ACCIDENTLY SHOT HIMSELF. IN THE BACK!?

OOOOOOO!

HERE'S A QUESTION FOR SUSAN - HOW COME NONE OF THE KIDS WILL EVER EAT LUNCH AT YOUR HOUSE?

CAUSE HER MOTHER'S ALWAYS DRUNK AND SPILLS FOOD ON US!

AND HER DAD SMELLS OUR BIKE SEATS!

OH, YEAH, TODD? WELL YOUR DAD HAS YECKY BOILS ON HIS NECK!

OOOOOOO!

LEAST MY HOUSE DOESN'T SMELL LIKE CAT URINE, LIKE YOURS!

I DON'T HAVE A CAT!

HOLD ON THERE, KIDS, JUST BECAUSE SUSAN'S PARENTS ARE POOR AND DRESS THEIR CHILDREN LIKE BOAT PEOPLE, LETS NOT...

MY DAD SAYS IT'S OKAY TO BE POOR!

IS IT OKAY TO HAVE A HOUSE THAT SMELLS TOO!? GAFAW!

BRENT WROTE THE FUCK WORD ON HIS HAND - I SAW!

SO WHAT - YOU ALWAYS BLOW BOMBERS ON THE SCHOOL BUS, TUBBY!

SO WHAT, SHORTIE, YOU GET BONERS IN GYM CLASS!

SIT ON IT, FOUR EYES!

OOOOOOO!

COUGH!

BY THE BY, WHICH ONE OF YOU IS GOING TO CASH IT IN? IT SAYS HERE ONE OF YOU HAS A FATAL CONGENITAL DISEASE....

DISEASE...?

WHO?

ME!

YOU?

NOT ME... IS IT?

CONGENITAL?

HONK!

WHOA! THAT MEANS WE'RE OUT OF TIME, SO SETTLE DOWN, KIDS! THE SHOW'S OVER, AND... UH-OH, WE DON'T HAVE A WINNER!

HOPE YOUR CLASSMATES AREN'T TOO DISAPPOINTED IN YOUR PERFORMANCE.

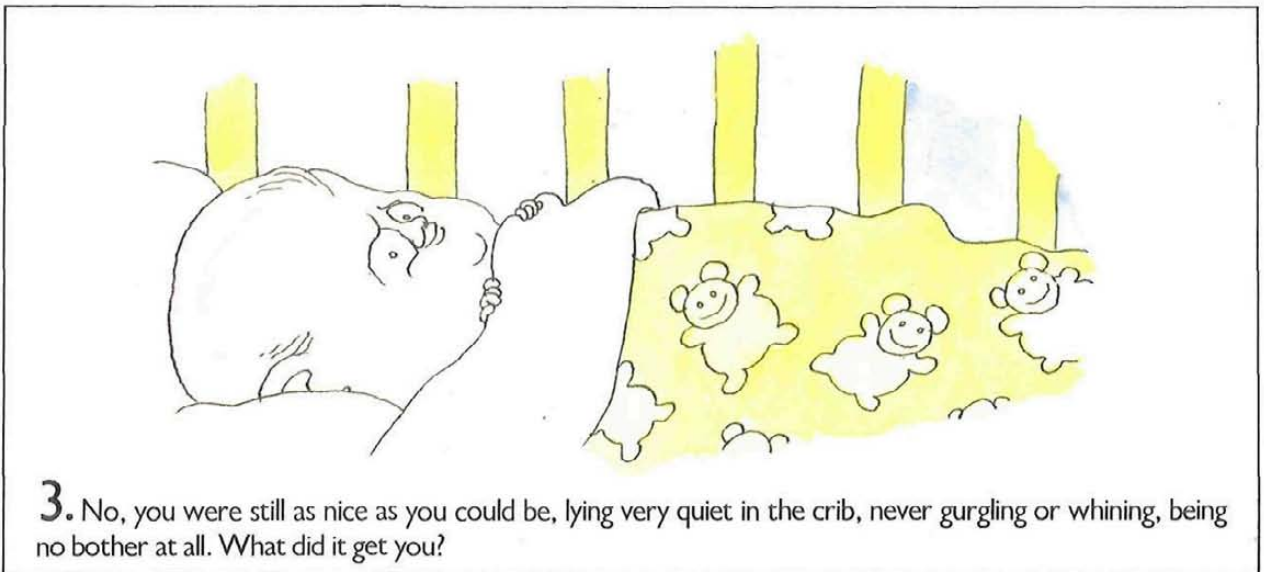
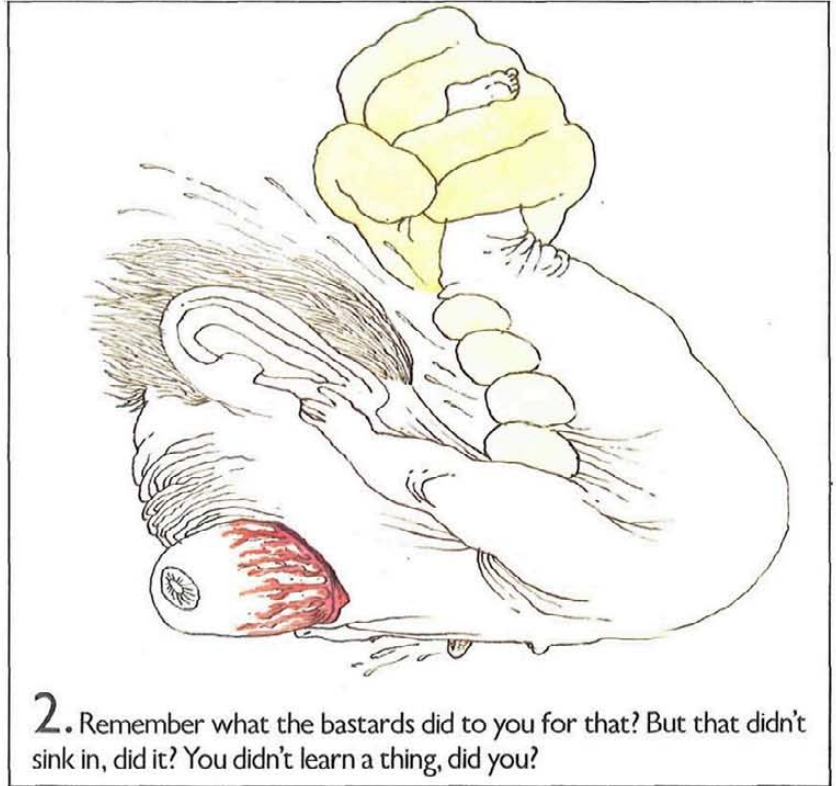
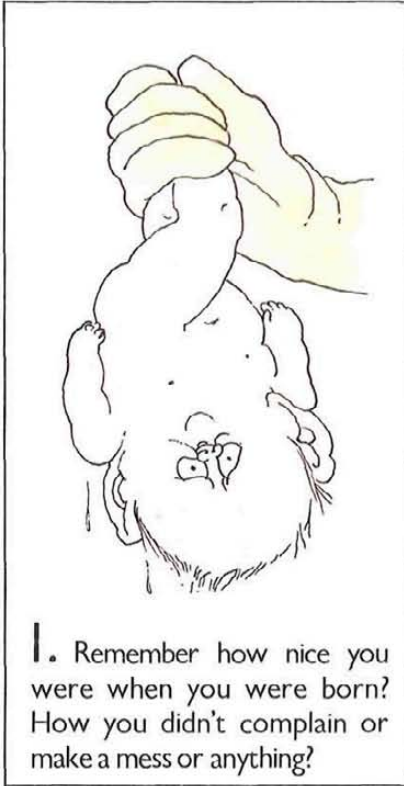
LET'S HAVE A BIG JUNIOR GENIUS HAND FOR OUR CONTESTANTS, FOLKS - UNTIL NEXT WEEK, GOOD NIGHT, AND A HAPPY TOMORROW!

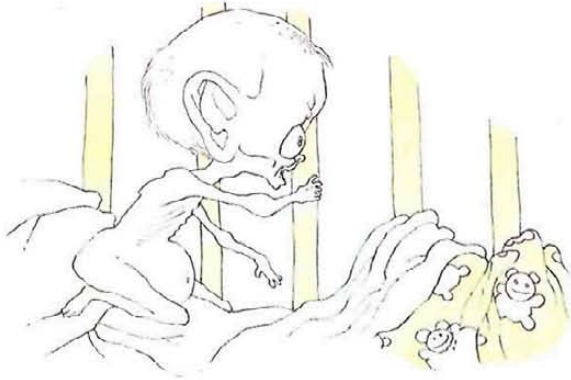
clap  
clap  
clap  
clap

# BEING NICE

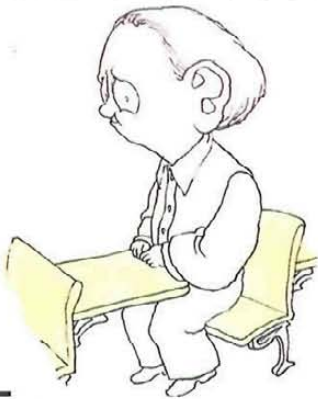
by Gahan Wilson

Still trying not to offend? Still anxiously attempting not to get folks mad so they won't give you cranky looks or maybe even hurt you? Still can't figure out why a likable, agreeable person such as yourself keeps getting pushed around by everybody in the world?

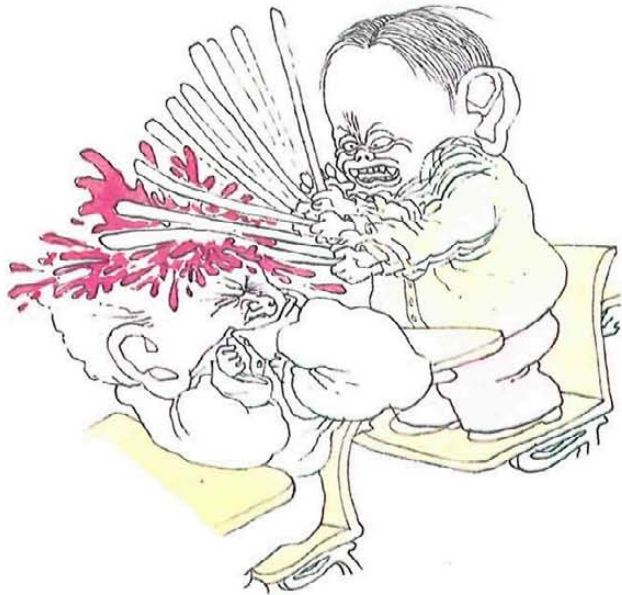




4. It damn near got you starved to death is what it got you. They all forgot you. You completely slipped their minds. But you still didn't have a clue, did you?



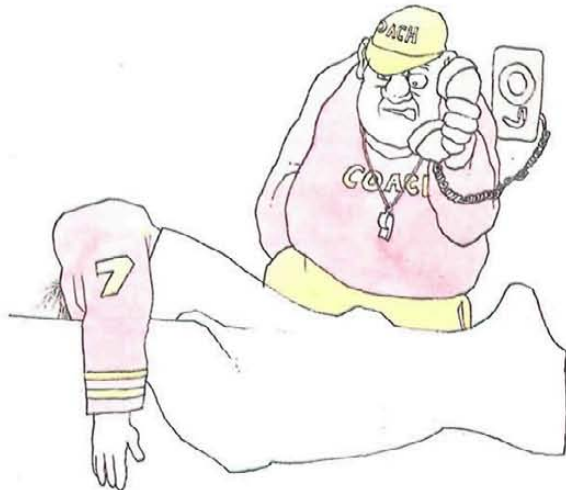
5. No, not at all. The first day at school you immediately sat in a desk everybody else was obviously desperate to avoid. Maybe this'll get me off to a good start, you thought to yourself. Maybe now they won't do awful things to me.



6. You didn't realize that the person sitting behind the desk was the school insane child. Too bad.



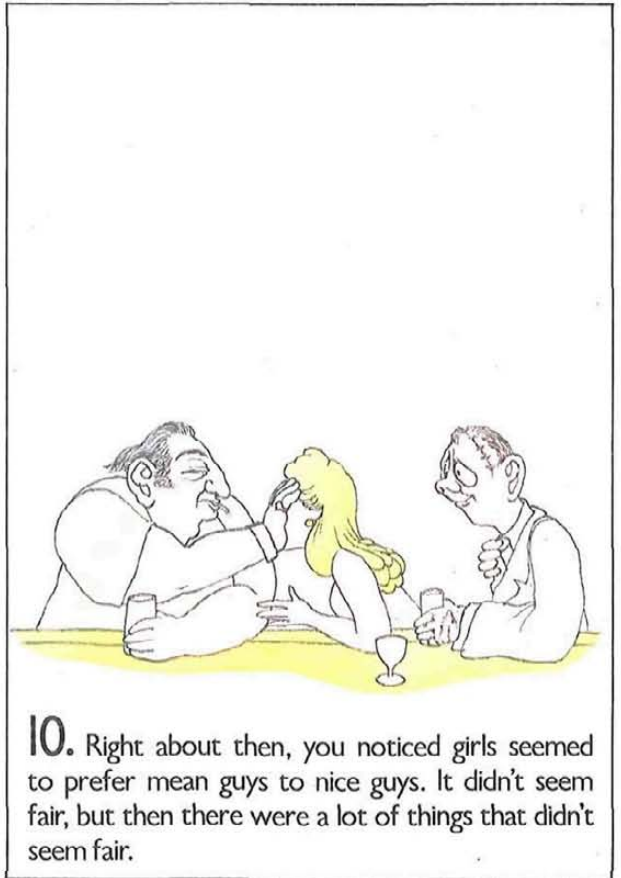
7. It really got rough for a nice person like you in sports. If you weren't any good, they made you play way out in left field and forgot about you...



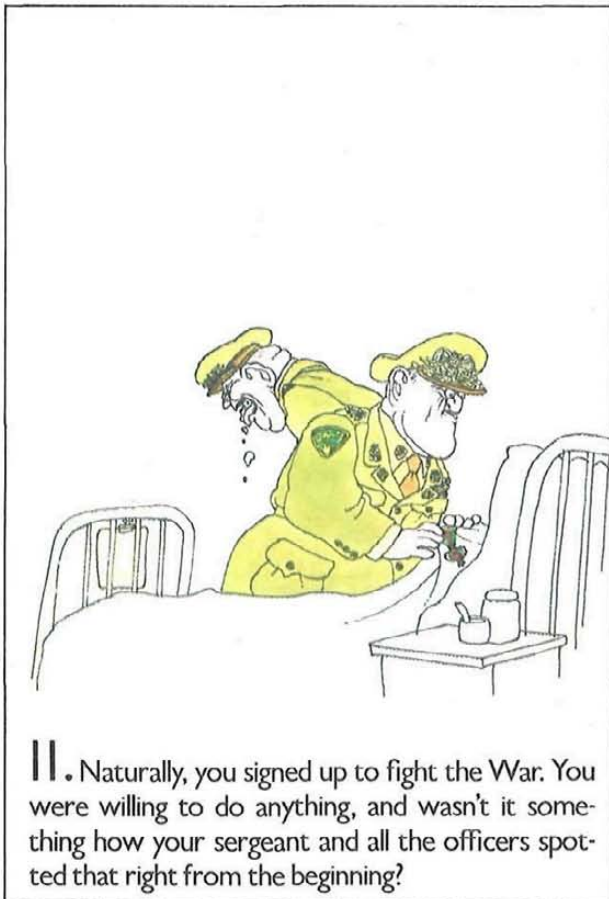
8. ...or in other cases, they forced you to stand right up there in front.



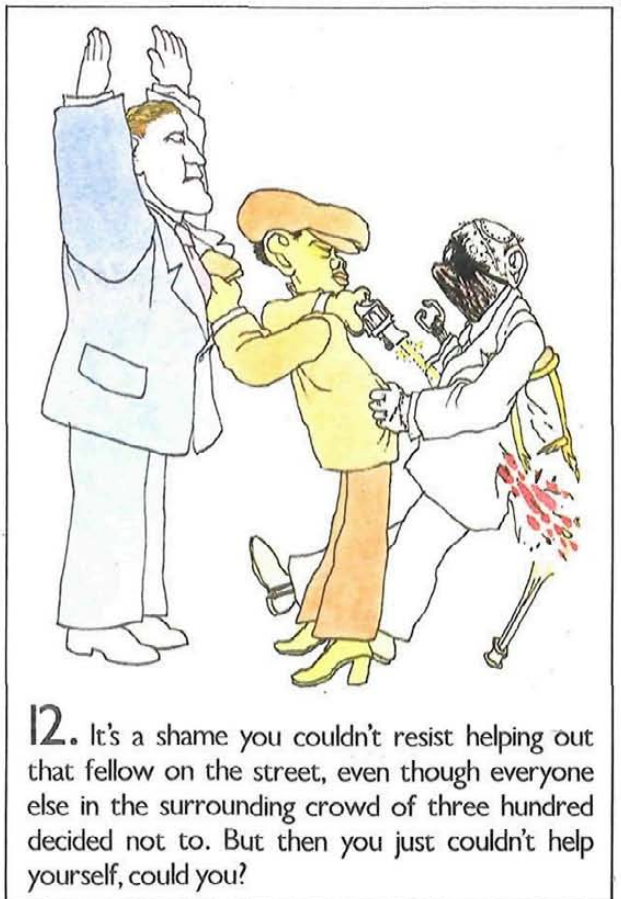
9. Of course you always volunteered for the roughest tasks on any summer job. And the others let you do them over and over, didn't they?



10. Right about then, you noticed girls seemed to prefer mean guys to nice guys. It didn't seem fair, but then there were a lot of things that didn't seem fair.



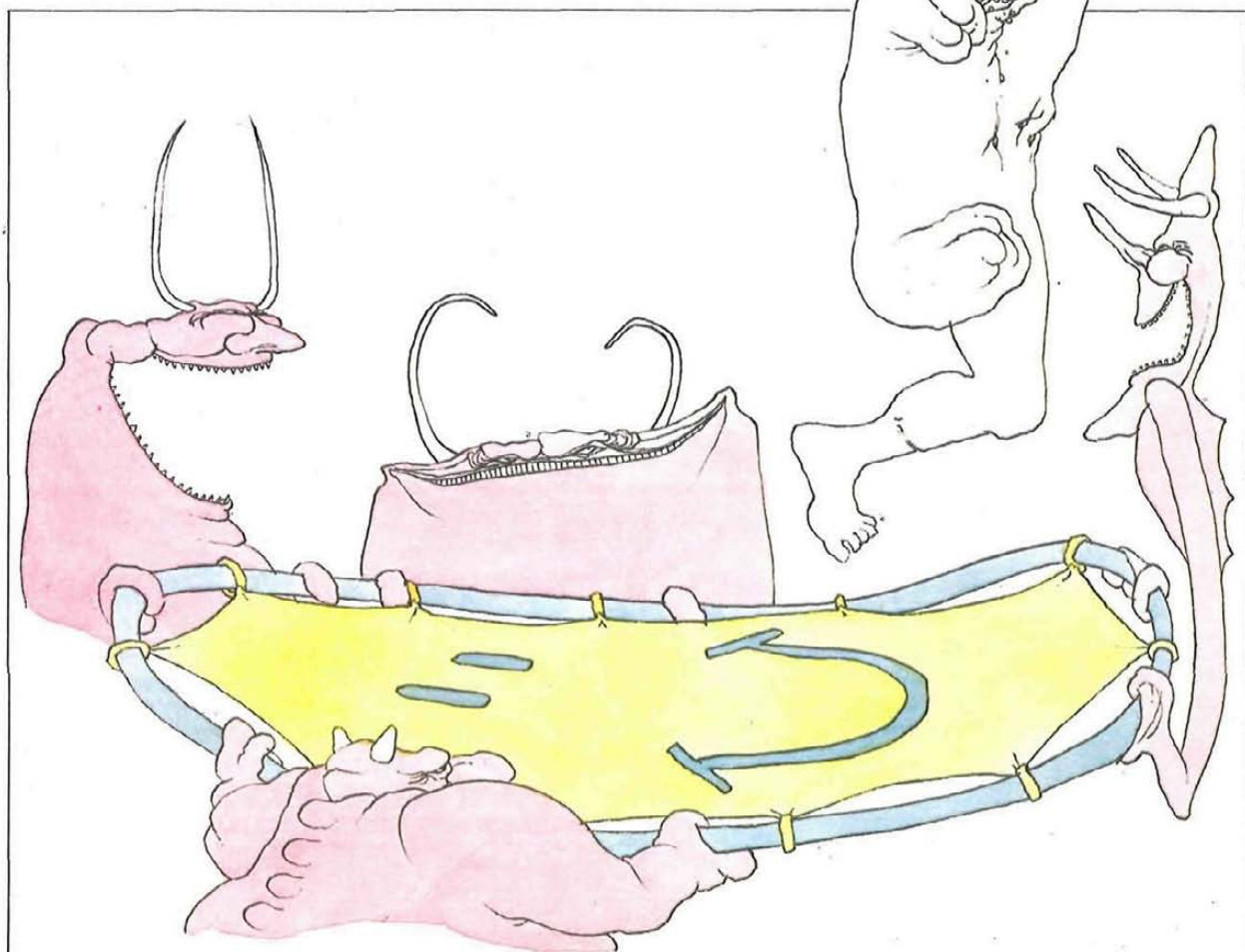
11. Naturally, you signed up to fight the War. You were willing to do anything, and wasn't it something how your sergeant and all the officers spotted that right from the beginning?



12. It's a shame you couldn't resist helping out that fellow on the street, even though everyone else in the surrounding crowd of three hundred decided not to. But then you just couldn't help yourself, could you?



**13.** You really should have asserted yourself at the hospital emergency ward, though—the doctor never even realized you were there. It was a janitor who finally got his attention, when he noticed all that blood...



**14.** ...but of course it was too late. By then you'd let any number of devils shunt you off to darker and darker levels of hell below, trying to be nice. But it didn't work up there, and it's not going to work down here. For God's sake, wise up.

LET ALL  
THE BUGLES,  
TRUMPETS, AND  
CORNETS  
SOUND...

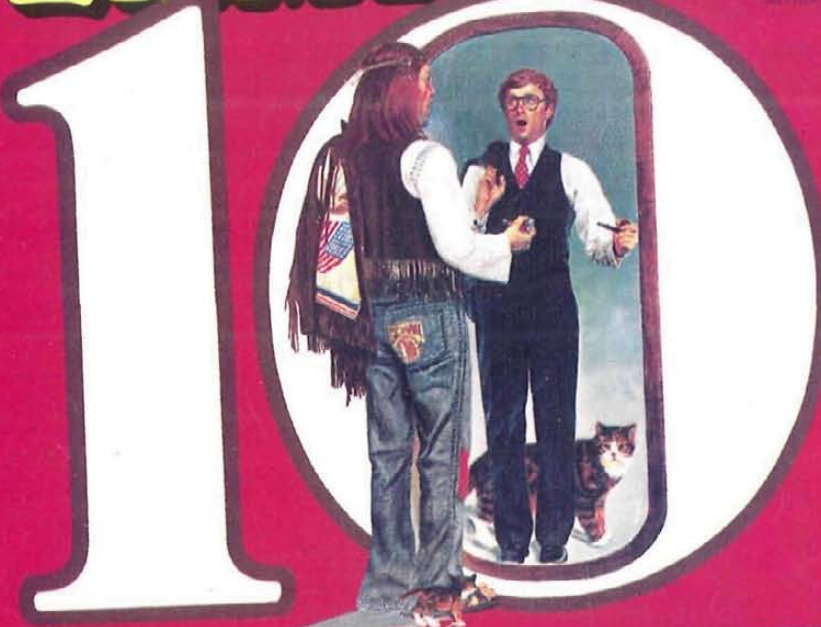
TATARA!  
TATATA TARA!  
TAT! TAT! TATATA  
TARA!

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### VOLUME ONE TENTH ANNIVERSARY ANTHOLOGY

## VOLUME ONE

Send forth the word to the four corners of the world. Let it be known in every dominion, principality, satrapy, emirate, and ducal demesne that **NATIONAL LAMPOON** has published **VOLUME ONE** of the super-selling **TENTH ANNIVERSARY ANTHOLOGY** in a quality trade paperback. Be it known in every dwelling place of man, from airy palace to fetid kennel, that for only **\$4.95** any man, woman, or child may now obtain a copy of the book that contains the sum and total of all mankind's knowledge of humor. It is decreed by **NATIONAL LAMPOON** that no citizen of any land, provided he has **\$4.95** American, shall be barred from acquiring or owning this collection of the best of the first ten years of **NATIONAL LAMPOON**. Know ye, all men and women, that this popularly priced first volume may now be yours, and that it contains works by such men as: Brian McConnachie, Doug Kenney, Henry Beard, Bruce McCall, Dudley Fishburn, and other greats whose names are as frequent as conjunctions in our English language.

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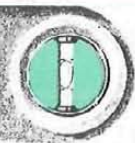
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# TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



## True Facts

- All sixty-five invitations to a special science lecture at New Jersey's William Paterson College were mistakenly sent to the office of the *Newark Star-Ledger* newspaper after, according to school officials, a computerized address-labeling machine printed one name sixty-five times instead of selecting sixty-five different names. The lecture, delivered by Professor Stanley Mahlahla, was entitled "The Importance and Use of the Computer in the United Nations." *AP* (contributed by Paul Papier)

- Mrs. On Madrai, a Javanese field-worker in the village of Dawuan, was napping under a tree when an unidentified species of monkey tore off her underwear and raped her. When the woman woke up and realized what was happening, she struggled to disengage herself, then ran screaming into the woods and collapsed from exhaustion. There, the monkey threw her into a bush and raped her once again. Mr. Madrai declined to report the incident to police, however, stating, "After all, it was only a monkey." *AFP* (contributed by Clark Whelton)

- Artist Tom Otterness made a twenty-nine-minute videotape entitled "Shot Dog Film" that was broadcast over a cable channel in New York City. The work, which featured Otterness tying a small dog to a post and shooting it to death, was loudly criticized by the ASPCA and the National Endowment for the Arts, the latter organization having provided the grant that made the film possible. *New York Daily News*

- Arthur Charlton, a window cleaner in London, England, admitted to a divorce court that after his wife left him he moved a snooker table into his bedroom and periodically had a game with a woman friend. Mrs. Charlton accused her husband of adultery, testifying that on at least one occasion she came home unannounced and heard grunting noises coming from the bedroom. The grunts were "an expression of surprise after playing a difficult shot," Mr. Charlton explained, but Judge Aubrey Myerson granted Mrs. Charlton the divorce after reasoning that any shot would have been difficult "in a darkened bedroom in the middle of the night." *AP* (contributed by Allan Sawchuk)

- It is the policy of corrections authorities in Alamos, Mexico, to arrest any prison guard who is on duty when an inmate breaks out, and lock him up for the remainder of

the escapee's sentence. *UPI* (contributed by Walter Stelly)

- A man wearing a ski mask entered a 7-11 market in Miami, Florida, and ordered the clerk to give him everything in the cash register. When the clerk produced only fifty dollars, the robber forced all of the store's employees into a walk-in cooler, then removed his mask and manned the checkout area for three hours to increase the take. Two local policemen were among his customers. The malefactor escaped. *AP* (contributed by Christopher Daniel)

- Vice detectives arrested forty-one-year-old Dianne Yates at an adult bookstore in Columbus, Ohio, after she was observed performing allegedly obscene acts inside a booth labeled "Fantasy Phone." According to the police report, Yates charged twenty-five cents to act out

the sexual fantasies of customers while they described them to her over a telephone. Police records also indicate that the detectives spent a total of seven quarters before making the arrest. *UPI* (contributed by Stephan Duncan)

- A South African boy visited Dr. Solomon Abel, an ophthalmologist in Capetown, after experiencing ten weeks of discomfort in his left eye. After careful examination, Solomon discovered a plant growing in the boy's eyeball. It was tentatively identified as a chrysanthemum. *UPI* (contributed by Ron Barber)

- A man was sentenced to two months in jail by an Islamic court in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, after it received testimony that he had been "moaning with pleasure." The defendant claimed his moaning was actually occasioned by a high and painful fever, which an alleged woman at his side was "attempting to soothe," but prosecutor's witnesses reiterated that after listening outside the defendant's door for fifteen minutes they were absolutely certain the moans arose from pleasure. *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Eric Ambro)

- Robert Doherty, an attorney in Salem, Virginia, was waiting in his office to meet a client he had agreed to defend on charges of drunk driving when he heard a loud crash. Doherty ran to his reception area, where he found his client sitting in a car he had driven through the front door. *UPI* (contributed by Joe Schenkman)

### ORNITHOMORPHIC GERMAN SAUSAGE DEPT.



*These two citizens of the German Federal Republic and erstwhile master race are having fun at a carnival with vast paper birds harnessed to their groins, and you're probably not. (contributed by Jeff Horning)*

Off Duty Magazine

# T R U R E

## What's Your Sign? Dead Readers' Page



*Arthur Thompson, Syracuse, NY*



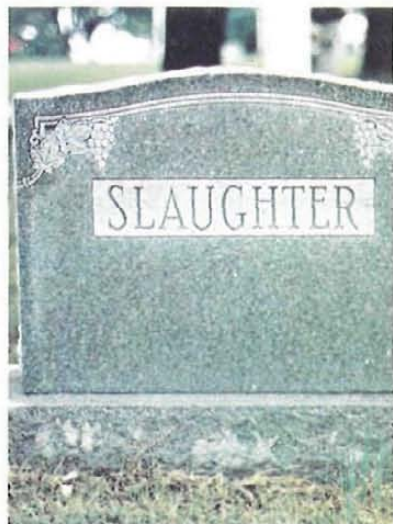
*S. Fritts, Missouri*



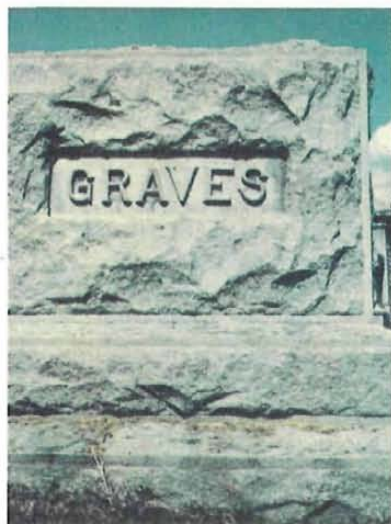
*Pati Williams, Marienville, Pa.*



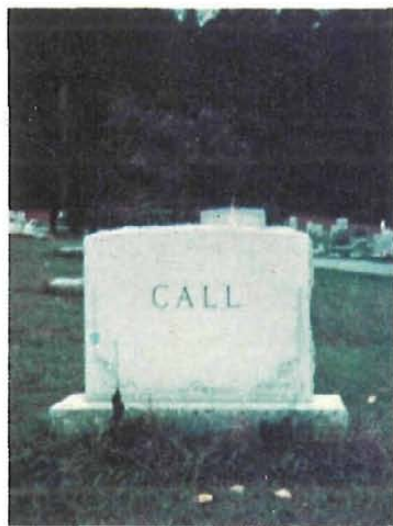
*Paul Blumenstein, Rochester, NY*



*B. Burschel, Chatham, Va.*



*Arthur Thompson, Syracuse, NY*



*Bill Broderick, Hingham, Mass.*



*Bill Broderick, Hingham, Mass.*



*Bob Ott, Madison, Wis.*



## DEADWOOD

continued from page 78

helmet and dismounted. No one spoke. He stepped toward Murdock, offered him the helmet, and read from a prepared note card with all of the self-assurance of a frantic, unbalanced man hemorrhaging to death. "Sir, I'd be honored if you would kick off the Action Control program with some thoughts of your own."

Red genuinely expected a spontaneous blast of applause and congratulations at this juncture for having exhibited more aggressive problem-solving savvy than anyone in the history of North American Dynamics. Everyone filed out of the room. "See me in my office," Murdock said after glancing over his motorcycle.

Red slowly removed Murdock's leather jacket and leaned against the vacant conference table. The pains inside his abdomen were constant now, but Red was busy mulling the evident failure of his presentation and wondering why. Dirt-bike racing was the boss's favorite personal pastime; he tied the mystique of dirt-bike racing into his proposal; it was impossible for Red to understand why Murdock didn't respond. This was basic psychology—twenty-five years in a company and a guy hears about bold, dramatic, take-charge conduct succeeding all the time. But this was Red's first stab at it and he was panic-stricken, old, totally out of touch, incompetent, irrational, unneeded, and physiologically condemned.

I was working with Stillwell in the graphics department at the time and had been converting my office into a stylized

jungle canteen with coconuts on the walls and large fans made out of brown mat board hanging from the ceiling. With a recession in full bloom and the company steeped in the process of hacking twelve or thirteen thousand Red Bos-troms from the payroll, it seemed logical for me to take advantage of the breakdown in corporate order and fix the place up. Red had walked by a few days earlier on his way to the human-relations office down the corridor and scratched his head. "We-he-hell, what are you crazy ar-teests up to now?" he laughed, with the understanding that "arteests" are actually crazy and for some silly reason entitled to draw bamboo slats with felt-tip markers on sheets of cardboard and staple them all over their office.

I was spray painting forty-inch sections of cardboard bamboo trim for my window when Red passed by again, this time carrying the severance and exit-interview forms Murdock had given him in his office. He was badly stunned and had trouble stepping over the network of cardboard strips that I had laid across paint cans in the hall to dry.

"I'm sorry, Red," I heard through the wall dividing me from the personnel supervisor. "It's been tough on all of us." There was a long silence, then the supervisor's door opened. I heard a few steps, then a hideous crunch outside my office; Red had collapsed on my cardboard bamboo and died. When they finally moved him, the freshly painted strips stuck to his clothes until orderlies clumsily peeled them off and dropped them in a mangled wad on the floor. I wondered if this was some kind of miserable final statement from Red—defiling the office decorations

of the inscrutably young and the unreasonably employed. Whatever the case, I settled accounts a few days later by cutting and folding his desk blotter into a small potted palm. □

### A New Song for John Denver to Sing

Have you ever watched a whale breaching high upon Pikes Peak  
Or seen the dolphins frolic in the snow?

Have you heard the humpback's song as it echoes loud and long  
From the Rockies to the mighty Colorado?

From Boulder to Grand Junction to Durango?

I want to live

In Colorado

Where great planetary creatures can be free.

I want to live

In Colorado

Where my consciousness is wider than the sea.

I have voyaged with the whales through forest and through scrub,  
Sounded with them down the highways of this state.

I have watched a mother whale kick the dust up with her tail

As she crossed the ancient valley of the Platte,

From Alamosa to the winding Little Snake.

Oh let them live

In Colorado

All the whales and dolphins, yes, and sturgeon, too.

Let them live

In Colorado

Where we'd never think of doing harm to you.

Now international interests with their sneaky foreign ways

Are trying to hunt the noble creatures down.

If they'd listen to this song, well, they'd know they're doing wrong

And they all would turn their consciousness around,

Yes, and celebrate this planet that we're on.

Oh let's all live

In Colorado

With the dolphins, reindeer, Sasquatch, and the yeti.

Let's all live

In Colorado

And play our music on acoustic spermaceti.



—Brian Shein

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**NEBRASKA**  
LINCOLN: Electronic Centers

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NEWARK: Drucker Wholesale  
BLOOMFIELD: Electronic Leader  
EAST BRUNSWICK: Highway  
Hi Fi  
BLOOMFIELD: Parts Unlimited  
PARAMUS: Perfection Plus Car  
Stereo

**NEW MEXICO**  
ALBUQUERQUE: Henderson Car  
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# JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO GET BACK IN YOUR CAR...

## The Official National Lampoon Car Stereo Test & Demonstration Kit

Yes, once more you can experience the simple thrills of *dangerous driving*, now mostly illegal thanks to a bunch of limp-wristed twits in Washington who scream about safety and probably get driven to work anyway.

Yes, now you can risk life and limb tooling down the highway...*even at 55 mph!!!*

How, you ask? By testing your car stereo at the same time!!!

Yes, that's right; *National Lampoon* (the Evel Knievel of publishing) brings you all you'll ever need to get your car stereo in tip-top shape, and at the same time provides you with a test of coordination and reflexes worthy of a finisher at the Indy 500!!

Just look at these life-endangering special features!!!

You get—

- An official *National Lampoon* sixty-minute test cassette. Side one has the heavy-duty technical stuff, so you can check your separation, your car's acoustics, the frequency response of your unit, and like that. But it also provides a healthy share of the vintage yuks that have kept us in business all these years. Side two, meanwhile, is a real date with danger. For reasons that escape us, it's played strictly for laughs, and comes complete with a recording of a *naked woman* (!) being ostentatiously unashamed of her body!! Can *your* driving skill stand the glandular strain? Retail value: \$12.95

- A head-cleaner tape (nonabrasive), a bottle of head-cleaning solution, and a packet of cotton swabs, all to rid your cassette heads of the disgusting nicotine stains you've already got on your windshield. Ever try to clean a tape head and shift gears at the same time? *Not* for beginners. Retail value: \$3.98

- A forty-eight-page primer and car stereo glossary that's a veritable What's What of mobile audio. Read it once and know what every knob and button is for, not

to mention whether the repairman is jiving you. And if you think driving while reading that road map you got at Stuckey's is a bitch, just wait till you open this little number. Retail value: \$2.00

All of this, prepared by the finest banal-retentive minds at *National Lampoon* and points beyond, comes packaged in a snappy little cassette storage case (holds twenty cassettes) that simulates the suitcases rich people buy. Never again will you have to check in at a motel *without luggage*. Retail value: \$15.95

And if that wasn't enough, we're offering it to you at the criminally (perhaps even insanely) low price of

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So why wait? Put your car stereo in A-1 working order, and your life (not to mention the lives of assorted pedestrians and old lady drivers) on the line *today*. The National Lampoon Car Stereo Test and Demonstration Kit... available at daredevil car stereo dealers everywhere.



\*Do you believe that? What are we running here, goddamnit, a charity? Come on—the sixties are over; no more of that "free lunch" crapola. Don't forget, the thing is gonna be a collector's item pretty soon. Hell, remember those Winky Dink sets? You know, the ones where you got a piece of plastic that stuck to the TV screen and then you drew on it with special crayons to keep Winky Dink from falling off cliffs. The one your mother threw out when you started drawing on the set without the piece of plastic. That only cost five lousy bucks. Do you have any idea how much that little item is worth today? Come to think of it, if you don't immediately buy one of our stereo test kits, we're gonna withhold all of them. That's right, take 'em right off the market. Then in twenty years all you jerks who muffed your chance this time will be begging us to let you have a couple at two or three hundred bucks a shot! We're not kidding about this.

Yes, I want my car stereo to deliver top-quality sound while at the same time turning a leisurely drive to the 7-11 for a box of Ring Dings into an enterprise as fraught with peril as singing "Mammy" on 125th Street. Unfortunately, this is not a mail-order ad, so this coupon is absolutely useless. Well, not absolutely useless. Actually, if your English is lousy, it could come in kind of handy. Just clip it out, take it to a participating audio dealer, and if he can read it, he'll sell you one of our kits. Maybe two or three if he's really on the ball. What do we care? We gotta cover our losses somewhere.



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4. "Life is like a shit sandwich. The more bread you have the less shit you have to eat." 5. "PARDON ME, BUT...YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A DAMN." 6. "We'll get along fine as soon as you realize I'm God" 7. "Sounds Like BULLSHIT To Me" 8. "Don't ask me no questions. I just might tell you the truth." 9. "It's not that you and I are so clever, but that the others are such fools." 10. "QUESTION AUTHORITY" 11. "Just because you're PARANOID doesn't mean everyone isn't out to get you." 12. "IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS" 13. "SO?" 14. "I don't know. I don't care. And it doesn't make any difference." 15. "Those of you who think you know everything are very annoying to those of us who do." 16. "Because I feel like it!" 17. "NO COMMENT" 18. "There are no rules." 19. "When choosing between two evils I always like to try the one I've never tried before." 20. "KNOW THYSELF (But don't tell anybody!)" 21. "I know you think you understood what I said, but what you heard was not what I meant." 22. "I'm too honest to be good" 23. "WARNING! This t-shirt contains a highly sophisticated bullshit detector. When alarm sounds please reengage your brain." 24. "If you can't dazzle 'em with brilliance, baffle 'em with bullshit." Silk screened blue on tan or white on black. First quality 100% cotton Hanes t-shirts. S,M,L,XL.

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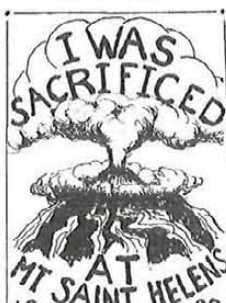


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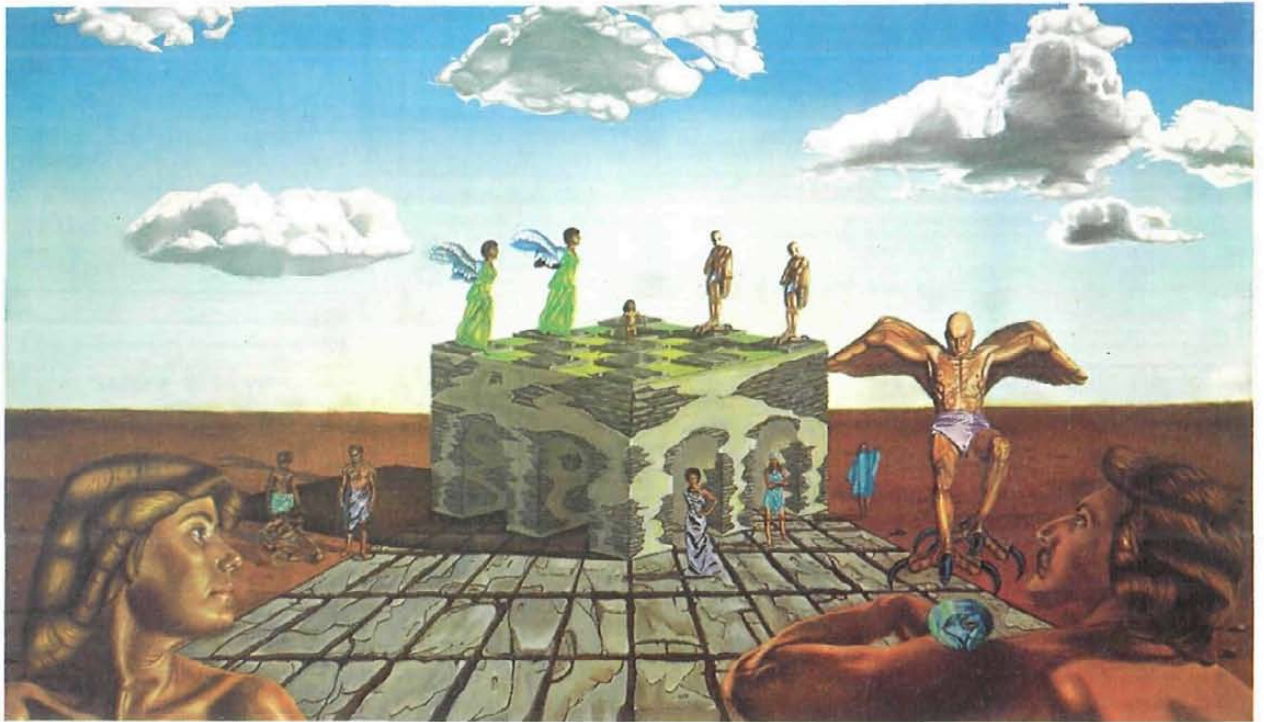
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## COUCH-TIME STORIES

continued from page 77

"Is that Chuck Johnson?" one of the students said.

"Holy shit! Chuck!" A guy waved his arms.

Chuck popped a fresh clip in his weapon and whipped his glasses off. Ursella photographed the carnage and called Washington.

"Hey, man, what's happening!" a letterman said as he pushed through the crowd. Chuck recognized him as the guy who threatened the day before to pound his head in for calling Wendy Slauson, who happened to be one of his girl friends.

Chuck lowered his machine gun on the guy. He pressed it into his belly. The letterman fainted and tumbled to the ground. The superintendent of schools approached and recognized Chuck.

"Chuck Johnson? Is that you?" he said. "Your mother phoned this morning and said that President Johnson called in the middle of the night to say that you wouldn't be at school today."

"Stand back, please," Ursella said, rudely pushing the superintendent aside. "We are working for your government. I ask that you all return to

your business and leave us to ours. Thank you."

A plain gray Chevy Impala came up the drive and four men in dark suits got out. They immediately began turning over the bodies and photographing the faces. Ursella had a word with one of the men and returned to the car.

"Let's go, darling," she said. "We're all through here."

Chuck nodded to her, surveyed the death once again, and, without turning his back on his peers, got into the car. He fired up the engine. Out of the corner of his eye he spotted Wendy. She smiled at him, stepped out of the crowd, and slowly approached the Ferrari, holding her books across her breast.

"Hi, Chuck," she said tenderly. "I think you're really cool!"

Chuck stared coldly at her. She let her lips separate provocatively, letting Chuck know that he could have her if he wanted.

"Fuck off, slut," he said, throwing the Ferrari in gear and laying down the meanest patch of rubber that any high-school driveway had ever received.

The patch would remain for years as a reminder of who Chuck Johnson was.

As the Ferrari screamed out of the driveway and across the parking lot, Chuck hit the brakes, then the gas, and spun the thunderbolt around 180 degrees. He flipped a switch on the console. The headlights turned under and a pair of surface-to-surface missiles poked their angry heads out of the Ferrari grill. Chuck hit a second switch. The wipers went on. Ursella laughed and pointed out the launch switch.

"Thank you very much," Chuck said.

He took a deep breath and pulled the tiny black lever. The Ferrari recoiled as the rockets howled across the lawn and leveled the girls' gymnasium. Brick disintegrated and flaming steel sent a column of smoke into the clear blue sky.

"Let's go to Europe," Ursella said, giving Chuck a playful nip on the earlobe.

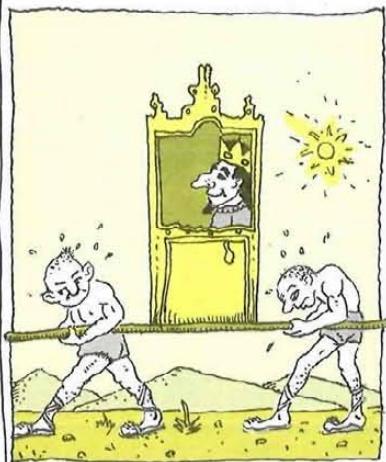
Ursella slipped out of the silver-fox coat and unzipped Chuck's fly as the Ferrari lifted off and banked sharply into the atmosphere. Chuck looked out the window.

"See you around, Mom and Dad," he said softly as his house disappeared below. "Have a nice life!" □

Coming  
Next  
Month

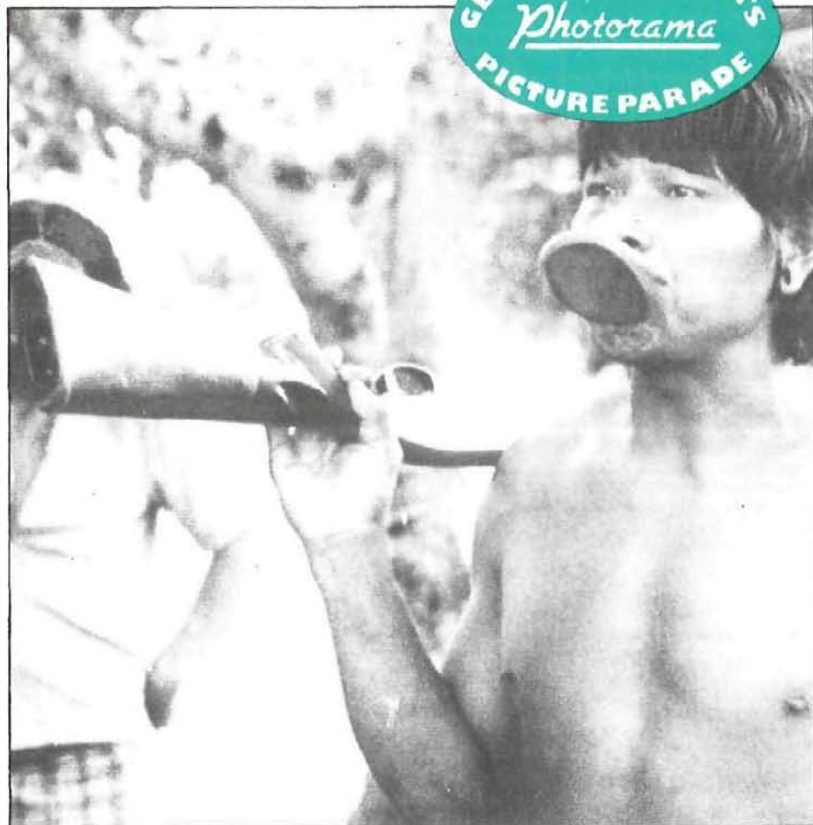
# The Past

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Compleat in the September National Lampoon

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*Photorama*  
 PICTURE PARADE



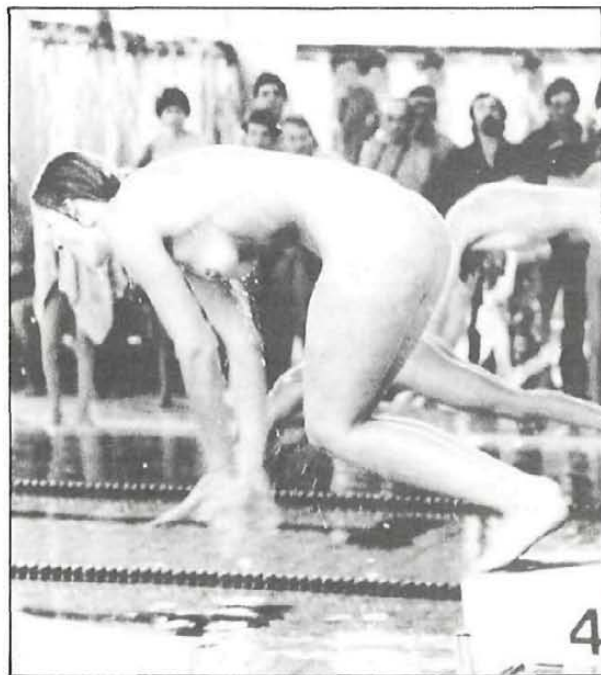
**Quito, Ecuador** In a rare visit to a large metropolitan city, Chief Ziuni of the Xumecassa indian tribe wears the royal oral pacifier. The males of the Xumecassa royal family are the only people on earth who are breast-fed until the age of twenty-one. They are also known as the finest hunters of semiextinct species in Ecuador. Chief Ziuni was in Quito buying a year's supply of ammunition for his tribe.



**Salisbury, Zimbabwe** Aku Akata, an eighteen-year-old student, poses in front of her hut before the filming of her first pornographic movie, *Zuwogwe Mufu*, which translates as "Bottomless Swallow," a variation on *Deep Throat*. Miss Akata's technique is so astounding that she was signed to a seven-picture contract. Thanks to the prowess of actresses like Miss Akata and scores of well-endowed males, Zimbabwe already boasts a highly lucrative porn movie industry.



**Dublin, Ireland** Timothy Mahaffey, a licensed undertaker, undergoes a rigorous testing procedure for his newest coffin, a fiberglass and wood design that he claims will last longer and keep the deceased looking natural and lifelike for years. Mahaffey lived underground in the new coffin for eleven weeks without any strain.



**Oslo, Norway** Semifinal heats of the 200-meter freestyle underwater sex event of the 1980 Lesbian Olympics, the all-woman track, swimming, and sex competition. Contestants dive into the pool, meet their partners (who have dived in from the opposite end), and have underwater sex. The first couple to declare mutual orgasms wins.

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