

The Past and How It Got There

SEPT. 1980

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# NATIONAL LAMPoon

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS

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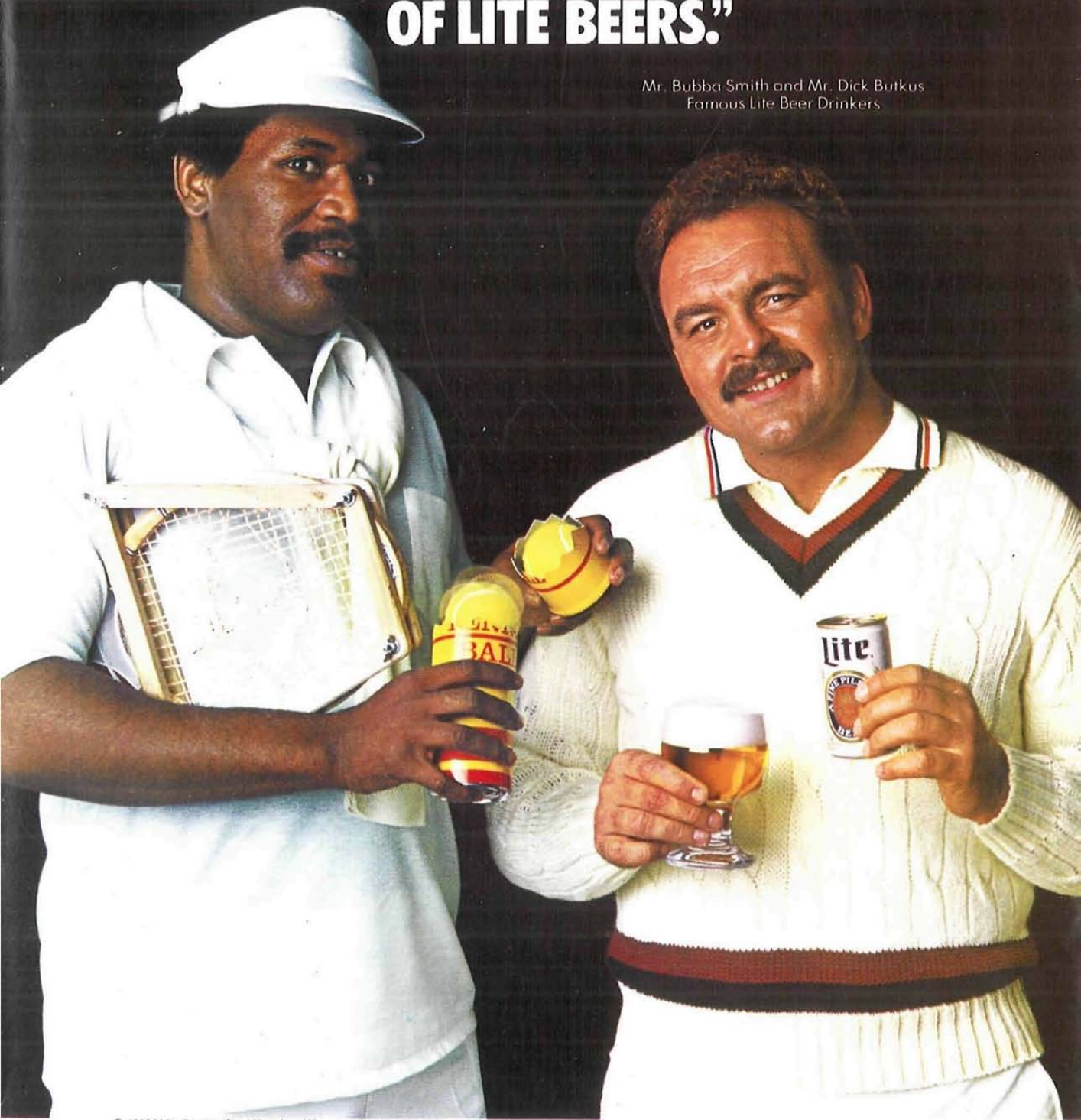
Remember the Alamo?

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**“AFTER A NICE, CIVILIZED GAME OF TENNIS,  
THERE’S NOTHING LIKE A COUPLE  
OF LITE BEERS.”**

Mr. Bubba Smith and Mr. Dick Butkus  
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**LITE BEER FROM MILLER.  
EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED IN A BEER.  
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*"Mr. Bentley's in coach. But he likes his GE Silver Signature recorder to fly first class."*

## GE Introduces The Silver Signature Collection

Three classy new GE cassette recorders, designed to look just as terrific on the outside as they work on the inside.

There's our new Ultra-slim Recorder in either the horizontal or vertical format. Both are as slim and elegant as your stock portfolio, so they'll take up no more room at all in the glove compartment of your Asti Spumante.

Both have built-in condenser mikes and automatic level controls, to capture every whisper of the Countess's breathless proposal. And digital tape counters to make it easy to find your brilliant disproof of Kislov's Second Theorem.

And if you need something even smaller, there's our new two-speed Micro Recorder. It travels in your pocket, so it's always ready to let you practice your Sanskrit or dictate an errant brother-in-law

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The GE Silver Signature Collection. Whichever model you choose you'll be getting top-notch performance in a package so small and classy-looking, you're liable to be called in for a tax audit.

For additional information, write General Electric Co., E.P. Bldg. 5, Rm. 139, Syracuse, NY 13221.



Models shown left to right: Ultra-slim 3-5360, Micro 3-5340, Ultra-slim 3-5361

**We bring good things to life.**

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

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**"When I listen to a cassette I take it apart."**

-Stevie Wonder-

Stevie's reputation as a perfectionist is well known. Before he takes a cassette home, it must deliver big studio sound. The kind of sound he can't take apart.

The cassette Stevie likes most is the high bias TDK SA. TDK SA has a startling musical memory. You'll hear the full timbre of the human voice. The vibrant dynamic energy of strings. The blast and bluster of rock. No nuance is beyond its range. No instrument is forgotten.

The world's major deck manufacturers, themselves perfectionists, use the SA to set the sound standard in their machines. TDK makes sure it will keep setting standards. The shell alone goes through 1,117 checkpoints. With a lifetime\* warranty for every part. That makes it easy to like. And hard to take apart.

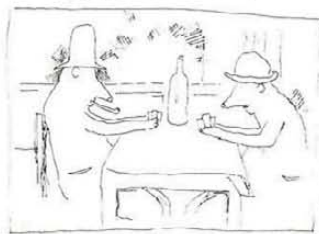
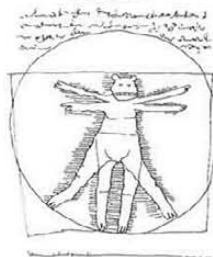
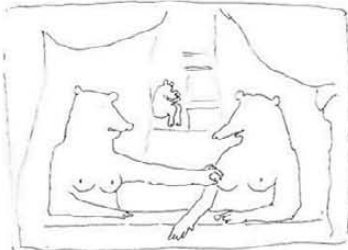
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**TDK**  
The Amazing Music Machine

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## So little money has never bought so much SLR.

Introducing the Olympus OM-10.

But before you check into how little money it is, you should know how much SLR it is. The OM-10 is a fully automatic aperture-preferred compact SLR designed with the extraordinary simplicity Olympus is famous for. With features you've learned to expect from much higher priced SLRs. Or never expected from an SLR at any price.

Until now, no camera in this price range offered electronic off-the-film exposure control (OTF). Measuring the light that actually reaches the film surface during exposures from 2 seconds to 1/1000.

Until now, no camera at any price beeped in conjunction with

a super-bright blinking LED during self-timer operation.

Until now, no camera displayed the shutter speed this way: merely touch the shutter release collar and the red light appears in the viewfinder.

Until now, no viewfinder had an LED that lit to signal a fully-charged flash and blinked to confirm correct flash exposure.

Until now, you couldn't enter the largest compact SLR system in the world—the OM system—for so little money.

If you want to know just how little money buys this incredible compact SLR, the first new OM in four years, ask your dealer.

You'll be as surprised as he was.

# OLYMPUS OM10



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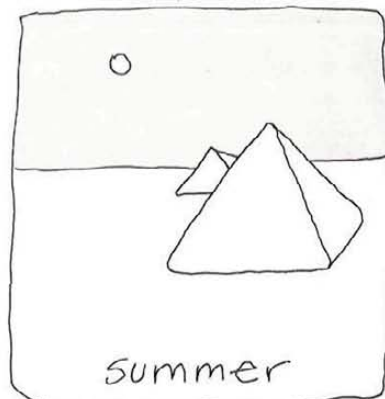
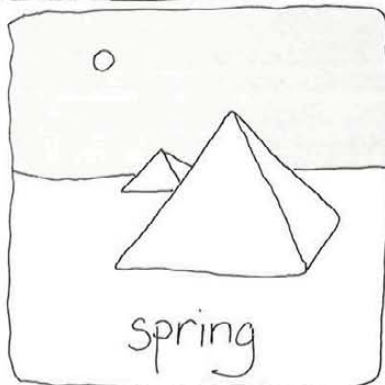
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Les Très Riches  
Heures des  
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Technics New Class A receivers  
 give you so much because they give you so little.  
 0.00% switching distortion. 0.00% FM drift.

Technics SA-616 and SA-818 (shown). Two uncommon receivers because of the two things they have in common: Technics synchro-bias circuitry and quartz-synthesized tuning. Together they give you that special something you've come to expect from Technics: sonic excellence.

Synchro-bias. What it does may seem complicated, but it sounds simply beautiful. With conventional amplifier designs, the output transistors constantly switch on and off as the input waveform goes from positive to negative. Technics synchro-bias eliminates switching distortion because it constantly sends minute amounts of current to the transistor not in use. And since the transistors don't switch on or off, distortion is eliminated.

So is FM drift because both receivers include our quartz-synthesized tuning system. With its quartz-crystal oscillator

both the frequencies broadcast and those received are quartz-synthesized so tuner drift is completely eliminated. So is the hassle of tuning because both models can be preset to receive eight AM and eight FM stations.

MODEL	SUGGESTED PRICE*	RMS POWER PER CHANNEL (RATED BANDWIDTH)	RATED THD MAX.
SA-616	\$680	80 watts, 20 Hz-20 kHz	0.005%
SA-818	\$850	110 watts, 20 Hz-20 kHz	0.005%

\* Technics recommended prices, but actual prices will be set by dealers.

You'll also like Technics acoustic control because its high and low range boost and filter switches can attenuate or boost two different frequency ranges.

Technics New Class A receivers. They give you more of what you want and less of what you don't. Cabinetry is simulated wood grain.

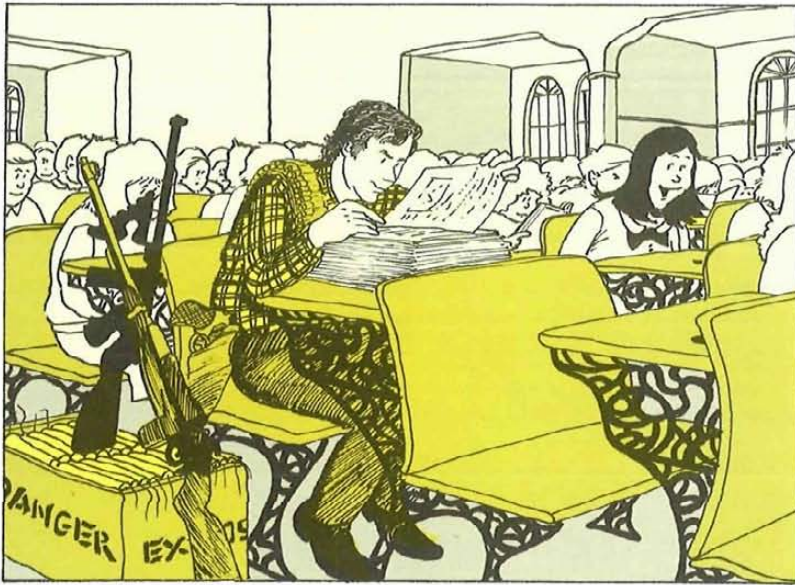
**Technics**  
 The science of sound



## Editorial

# DEAD BOYFRIENDS

## A RETROSPECTIVE



The compulsory school years were my first introduction to the notion of stardom. We created stars out of the bold and the beautiful, the blonds, and sometimes even the intelligent ones among us. Some were charismatic, others merely characters. Satiated with appreciation in their early years, none of them went on to try to do anything more with their lives.

Smart beyond schoolwork, bad-dog-cunning smart, Kevin was in trouble from the beginning. If he had become one of those high-school celebrities, he might be alive today. He might have been satisfied with that callow recognition. He might not have searched so desperately for a slot in which to fit his evil genius. He might not have made the front pages of the Seattle papers. As it was, hardly anybody in study hall noticed him.

So there we were...

I was a shy, alienated, creepy sophomore girl, a chronic classroom napper...sitting next to Kevin, a comet, a falling star that nobody ever wished on.

He had this real thick pile of papers on his desk. But it wasn't the usual

love notes or homework, or the answers to next Thursday's math quiz. They were Xeroxed specifications for explosives.

At that time, Kevin was the youngest member of the Minutemen, a militant group of right-wing paranoids. He was their combination demolitions expert, mascot, and possible police plant.

You could never really tell whose side he was on. The day before he dropped out of high school, Kevin told me he'd run into a bunch of really neat musicians who had a house together on Queen Anne Hill and had I ever heard of bennies?

One time, when he was off heroin for a while, we took a case of dynamite that he had lying around up into the Cascade Mountains to blow up a soapstone cliff. Kevin, the edge taken off his habit with Romilar, decided to abandon the soapstone project in favor of throwing sticks of dynamite into a river filled with spawning salmon.

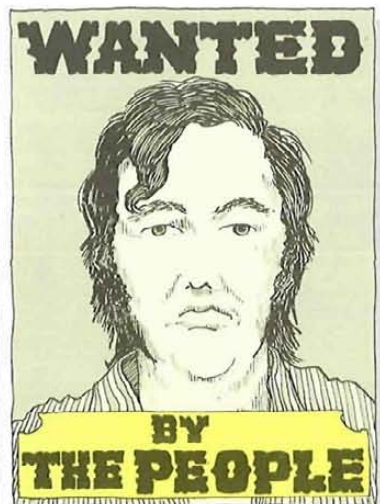
He expertly planted a few sticks at the base of a dying fir tree and blew it straight up into the air. It came down

still standing straight up. Kevin was instrumental in my deciding that dynamite was an "uncreative" medium. All the way home he pestered me to slow down as we passed electric-company power stations.

It was a drug-related shooting that first brought him to the front pages of the local papers. He was lurking in a park when somebody he'd burned or ratted on took a shot at him from a tree and missed.

Kevin being a trendy guy, it was only natural that he got involved in the political scenery of that time, but only after they stopped calling it the peace movement and got more into the kind of pyrotechnic activities that separated the theoreticians from the flyweights who just wanted to blow things up. The latter genuinely appreciated Kevin.

Unfortunately, when Kevin and three other guys got caught bombing the post office and Kevin was the only one to get off on his own recognition, it was all too obvious that Kevin had retained his junkie sense of loyalty and his police connections as well. That story made the front pages of all the papers, even the undergrounds.





After that, the Feds relocated Kevin in some farm town in eastern Washington, where he was content for a while, making his living excavating agricultural trenches with ditch dynamite. Later on, he married a native Indian woman who just sat on their living-room floor all day, wrapped in a blanket, watching TV.

Sometimes I'd call him up and his mother would answer. She'd complain hysterically about the commune on Queen Anne Hill, where they gave kittens LSD and then threw them off the roof.

When Kevin was killed he was living alone.

Somebody held a pillow up to his stomach and fired a bullet through it.

Kevin: his clothes always smelled like cat piss.

His sister brought flowers in a soup can to his funeral.

\* \* \*

Frank and I had cars together.

They were actually his, but the come stains on the seats were "ours" exclusively. There was no one else for either of us. We were each other's first lover. We were each other's first finger fuck. We thought we were like Canadian geese, mated for life.

The first car was a pale green '51 Plymouth sedan with a vice grip clamped onto the column instead of a gearshift. Frank drove like a trail-crazed cowboy. He was one with the car when in the driver's seat. But, like in a rodeo, you get bucked off and hurt sometimes. Frank had a lot of accidents. He never carried any insurance and he was always paying for somebody's broken headlight or dented fender.

I should have kept a scrapbook of his traffic tickets. I learned too much too soon about traffic courts. I was corrupted and forced to lie under oath about speedometer readings. We even dragged my mother in as a character witness in moving-violation trials run to their gravest possible consequences by flagrant neglect of fines.

Once, when they carted Frank off to jail in handcuffs for being insolent about accepting a speeding ticket, I lay down in front of a tow truck to keep them from hauling our station wagon away.

Frank was a Virgo. Virgos have this thing about the law. They seek their own kind of perfection on the planet and it doesn't necessarily mesh with the rules society sets up.

I thought it was sort of beautiful at

the time.

Frank lived with his parents a couple of blocks from my house. The first time I saw him he was in his driveway with a hammer, pounding out the bumper of a '53 Pontiac wagon. I was fifteen and he was twenty. He'd grown up in Hawaii and he wore his hair below his ears and every time I passed his house I prayed out loud, "I want that one."

He took me to a drive-in movie and I threw up in the green Plymouth during the popcorn ads. I think I'd accidentally stuffed a tomato with cat tuna for dinner.

He asked me out again. I couldn't believe it.

Margaret Austin's older sister's friend Mary had gone out with him once and said she thought he was retarded.

Frank was real quiet. He'd bottle up a lot of frustration and rage and then pop his cork and pour it all out on me. We fought in the car. We fought in the streets. He hit me at a love-in and at the hydroplane races. He slapped me around on an escalator in a department store. Nobody ever tried to stop him. At that time we were cruising around in the '57 Ford wagon with the big V-8 engine and broken taillights that were painted with red fingernail polish. I felt like an Okie. Common-law married and beaten and old at seventeen.

We explored Washington State, but only as far as we could drive and be back the same day due to parental prohibitions. We were fucking on every swampy, deserted logging road in the Cascades, and on some in the Olympics, but we always got back to Seattle before midnight. We had a red

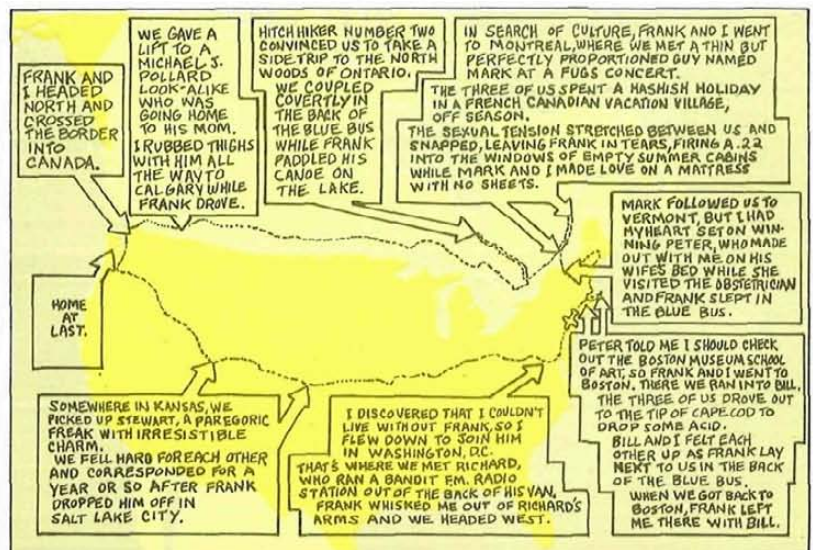
Anglia panel truck then, an economy-sized English Ford product that used to be a delivery truck. It took to those mountain roads like a little four-wheeled goatmobile.

While I was in high school Frank worked for a German guy who made ersatz Eskimo souvenirs and exported them to Alaska. Frank carved little bears out of soapstone and learned to scrimshaw on chunks of ivory. He was taught the secret formula for making a walrus tooth look as if it had been buried in permafrost for a thousand years and how to attach the tooth to a key chain. The German kept a real Eskimo derelict on the premises to wave his hand over these objets d'art so he could label them Genuine Eskimo Souvenirs.

Frank would come over to my house after work unable to do anything but lie on the couch, sick and nauseous from the ivory dust in his lungs; but the skills he learned from the German stood him in good stead for the rest of his life. Eventually Frank went into the free-lance ivory and soapstone drug-paraphernalia business. Even now, his soapstone whale sculptures are in the Ye Olde Curiosity Shop on Seattle's waterfront, marked Not For Sale.

Frank bought the '59 Volkswagen camper because I was seriously threatening to run away from him and Seattle and hitchhike to Vermont to live with an iron sculptor I'd met while spending my high-school Easter vacation in the Florida Keys with my sister. This was 1968. Frank promised to drive me to Vermont and drop me off. So we took the blue bus across the Trans Canada Highway to Huntington Center.

continued on page 31







Sirs:

I'm a lost cosmonaut. You remember, one of those poor slobos that Russia sent into orbit about fifteen years ago and never brought back? At the rate of one orbit per hour, twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year for fifteen years, that makes over 132,000 orbits. That's a lot of orbits. Just me, a telescope, and Valyushka the space dog. Guess what I've been doing all these years? Watching everything that goes on, everywhere in the world, that's what. So now I know everything. Except that Valyushka, whom I married after three years up here, died. I guess dogs don't live that long. But how about this: You send me up Rin Tin Tin or Lassie and I'll tell you everything I know, which is everything there is to know. Okay? Only, hurry up, before I go crazy.

Vladimir Flippov  
Vostok IV

Sirs:

I have just been to the Museum of Modern Art in New York and I saw all those Picasso paintings there. Well, I don't think he was a great genius. I think he was nuts. Do you suppose that all twentieth-century painters were crazy? This sure would explain a lot about modern art.

Mrs. Florence Hubbing  
Fort Lee, NJ

Sirs:

On behalf of the Greek community, I'd like to express our wholehearted support for the permanent establishment of the Olympic Games in Greece. We pledge to donate straws, napkins, cellophane-top toothpicks, and catsup every four years.

Mr. Gus Stopolopolus  
Athena Gyros Coffee Shop  
124 South Wabash Avenue  
Chicago

Sirs:

*My father sells rubbers to NATO  
Me mom pokes the holes with a pin,  
Me sister performs the abortions,  
My god, how the money rolls in!  
Rolls in, rolls in,  
My God, how the money rolls in,  
Rolls in, rolls in,  
My God, how the money rolls in!*

Ayatollah Khomeini  
Tehran

Sirs:

I spent years writing to my congressman, trying to get him to vote the way I wanted, but it just never worked. Then I started writing letters saying I was serious about my stand on certain issues. I told him: "Vote against Chrysler, or I'll blow up your house" and "Come out for Reagan, or I'll kill you." If he didn't respond, I would set fire to his garage and stuff like that. Once I kidnapped his daughter. That is how I got results. I'd recommend this to anyone who wants a stronger voice in government. Congressmen are human just like everyone else—they just need a little kick in the pants once in a while.

Barney Kolodny  
Eric, Pa.

Sirs:

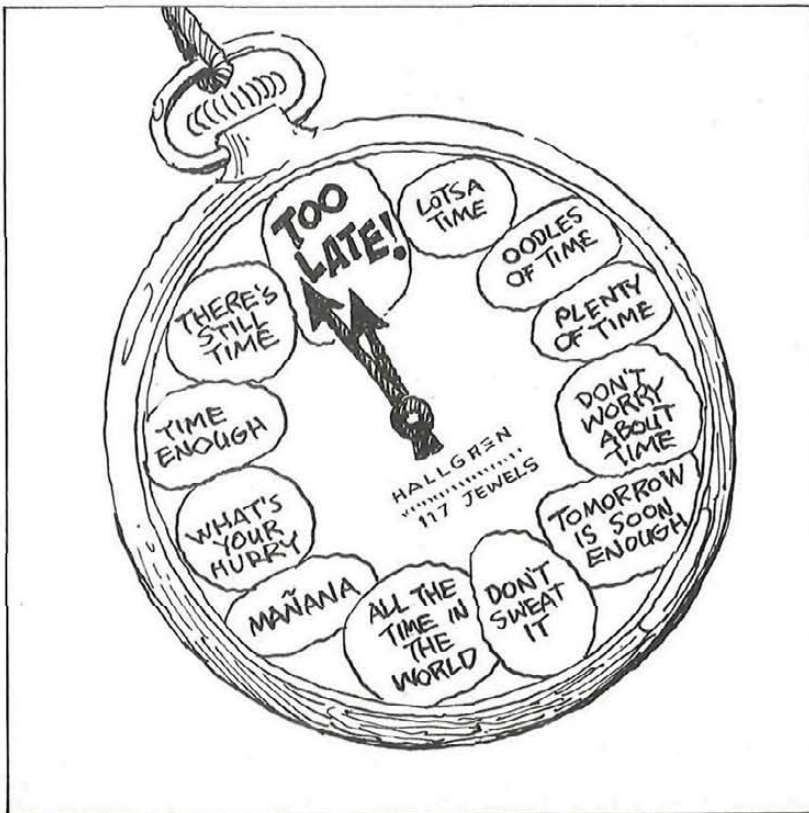
We are a Mexican family who recently vacationed in your country. We were shocked and dismayed by our experience. First, we found that we were expected to drink common tap water. Then we were told that we could indiscriminately eat any food served to us, and were laughed at for wondering if we should take pills afterward. The first hotel room we were given was so brazenly clean that we were denied the privilege of repacking our belongings and exploring a series of other rooms, each of which might have contained interesting specimens of insect and rodent life. In restaurants, the waiters came directly to our table without courtesy of delay and were so insolent as to actually understand our order the first time we gave it. They even brought us what we had asked for! People in the street seemed simple-minded, as they would give us directions only if they really knew the way. Again and again we were disturbed and insulted in these and many other ways. We used to believe America was a great country, but after our visit we realize it is backward beyond belief. We vow never to return.

Sr. Dr. Taco y Frijoles con Queso  
Mexico City, Mexico

Sirs:

Do you realize that there are many mathematical formulae that are actually compressed masterpieces of wit? Some of them, like the famous "Von Riemann's Tickler" are actually quite bawdy. The punch line to that one is  $X^2!$  Can you beat that?  $X^2!$

Martin Gardner  
"Mathematical Games"  
Scientific American  
continued on page 12



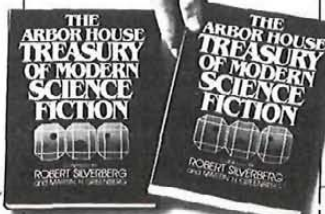


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# NEWSMAN EULOGY, TAKE ONE

by Ellis Weiner

He grew up where everybody grew up in those days, in a small town in Kansas. For a century it had been called Ecclesiastesville, but then around 1919 everybody took to renaming their towns in honor of the Great War, as we called it. Well, these folks weren't to be outdone; they started calling their town "France," and the name stuck. He spent his boyhood there, doing the things that young American boys did back then. Torturing insects, mostly; some baseball, sure, and maybe a round of who's-got-the-baby before supper.

The first written work we have of his comes from school, from Miss Hendley's fourth-grade class. This isn't so surprising, really. Lots of youngsters were writing blank-verse pastoral fantasies in those days, and he wasn't any different. Didn't come to much, though, and he rarely spoke of it in later years.

At age sixteen he got his first professional news job, as a reporter for the *France Pronouncing Gazetteer*. Zeb Perkins—they called him Pop then: he drank more Nehi than just about anybody on the block—was editor in chief, sports scribe, chief pressman, shop steward, and just about everything else on that paper. With a few exceptions. Molly, the phone girl. And old man Oldman, who pushed a broom around the office every now and then. And him.

Pop remembers: "He come up to me one day—I was proofing the editorial on storm windows...we was for 'em, back then—he come up to me and sez, 'Pop, I wanna be a anchorman.' I sez what in thunderama, boy, and he sez, 'Well, maybe just a diplomatic correspondent.' Well, I give him a good kick in the knees, and he never talked that way again. At least, not in earshot. He sure could nail together an extended metaphor, though..."

But, then, those were the 1930s, and the wind blew fierce over the dust bowl in the Midwest. Farmers watched their crops throw in the towel, while mothers and fathers packed up their few remaining possessions, strapped their children to the running board,

and set out west. They headed for a land they had heard about—a land where oranges were so numerous it sometimes seemed as if they grew on trees. They headed for a land that—back then, at least—wasn't much more than a frontier backwoods populated by prospectors, mules, claim jumpers, and movie stars: California.

He didn't go with them—he never did care much for travel, said he found it "monotonous"—but he looked, and he wrote down what he saw. He lost his notes, so he went back, and he looked again, and wrote it down with



a carbon copy. And he sent back stories to the *Pronouncing Gazetteer* that to this day ring with the same authority and local color and folk poetry that they did back then. Of a family of sharecroppers bent on making the Nevada border by sundown he wrote: "Their battered Ford stands at the filling-station pump like a car. Pa Loopes fingers his few remaining pennies, squints into the red-orange setting sun, and mutters, 'Shaw dang shoot on mah car git here fer that put right on forty mile what they got take here in Kansas.' I want to stay and ask him, 'Pa, what does it mean?' But my way is not his way, and there's a slab of prime rib in Kansas City with my name on it. Before I go, though, I query, 'Pa, what's America coming to?' And he turns to me—oblivious to the bleak brown coppers that have fallen into

the good Nebraska dust out of a now-clenched fist heading right for my peach-fuzz jaw—and he says, 'You, 'porter. Americans don't have the time to waste, and they don't waste the time they have! I will think of this often, long after I've chased this prairie dust out of my mouth with an adequate smoked sturgeon, long after the Loopeses are out of sight and are kneedeep in their own unique destiny.'

He survived—we all did, reports of America's death being, as that most American of wits once put it, "wrong"—and grew from inquisitive youth to ambitious young man. Another war savaged the globe. Old enmities were rekindled, and a funny little man named Hitler danced a jig over the corpses of some of Europe's most famous and traditional countries. He let himself be drafted (but not without a fight), swiped a notebook from the PX, and became the most famous wartime reporter of his day. Wherever he went, they knew him. Dogfaces in Pacific convoys heard he was coming, and volunteered to take Iwo Jima before he arrived. The most ill-tutored private in that man's army learned how to snap "No comment" and mean it. Later on, at a place called the Bulge, he demanded that every GI get for dinner what he got: steak medium, good fried Idahos, and a decent Chateau Neuf du Pape.

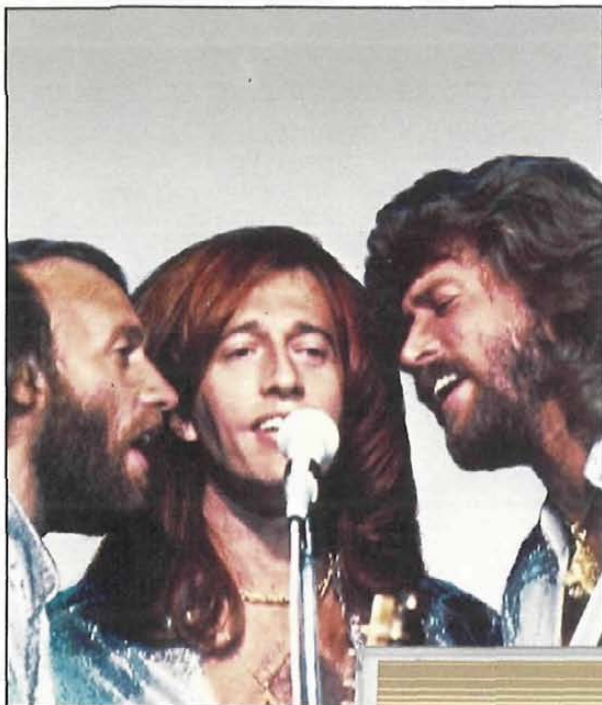
"I'd give you mine, boys," he told them, told the foot soldiers and foot sailors whose miseries and sacrifices he so acutely observed, "but then what would I eat?"

Perhaps his most famous column of the war was the one he penned in North Africa. "His name is Rommel," he wrote, "and they call him the Swamp Fox. Tomorrow morning Bob Dawton of Cleveland, Ohio, will lead two thousand men in an attack on Rommel's position. I ask him, 'Bob, is democracy out for the count? Or can the Allies clout that three-two pitch through the hoop for six?' He just looks at me, hawks a gob on the good African dust, and says, 'Americans want the freedom to like what they see, and they like the freedom to see what they want.' I think to ask him what he means, what the war means, and death, but I've drawn jack-ten to queen-king-ace, and, the next day, he'll get run over by a tank."

After the war, when the country knew who it was and how to get just about everything at cost, he returned home and heard about a new inven-

*continued on page 77*





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## LETTERS

continued from page 8

Sirs:

Gee, I hope you can help me with this one. Jerry and I were, you know, walking on the beach, and we picked up these kinda white shells, like they're round? And real pretty. With markings on them and little holes. So we asked someone what they were and they told us they were called sand dollars. So what I want to know is, are they some kind of Arab money? You know, sand dollars? Cuz they were lying all over the beach and we picked up a whole bunch of them and we could sure buy a lot of oil with them, I bet.

Linda Ronstadt  
c/o Asylum Records  
c/o Warner Communications, Inc.  
c/o Big Powerful Invisible Forces

Sirs:

"Grunt in a bucket and feed the fish." Those were Knute Rockne's last words. Doesn't that make you feel like playing your heart out in the fourth quarter?

Phil Myers, Head Coach  
Bible Thumpers' Baptist Bible College  
Stillborn, Oklahoma

Sirs:

Want to know a secret? Something that nobody's ever been told before? Well, Mickey Mouse is a *Negro*. And he always was. Think about it for a minute—the white gloves, the rhythm, the bebop jazz music in all the old cartoons.... You get the picture.

Bud Disney (a cousin)  
San Diego, Cal.

Sirs:

First, you better sit down and loosen your shirt collar. Comfortable? Have a drink? Now, just take a look at this letter. Notice anything? A slight glow coming off the words, just a slight one but still a glow? No, it's not a reflection off the page. It's...well, you know the Harrisburg plant? Three Mile Island? Okay, somehow all that waste water got used to make printer's ink. Uh-huh. Well, of course there should have been controls, but this situation hadn't exactly come up before. So anyways, yeah, leukemia. That's what you've got. Your doctor can explain it better. But, look, it's better than having the Russkies drop the big one.

This is just among ourselves, right?  
Nuclear Regulatory Commission  
Washington, DC

Sirs:

Lately, we've been getting lots of letters from people wanting to know whatever happened to us after our tits started to sag, our asses started to spread, and our holes got all stretched out. Well, some of us took the obvious step and became barflies; some joined bowling leagues; the rest became television game show contestants. Right now we're all in basic training preparing for our big reunion next summer at the California Jam. Our deep throats a little rusty, but we hope to be ready in time.

Three Dog Night Groupies  
Class of '71  
Fresno, Cal.

Sirs:

If every restaurant in America voluntarily stopped serving parsley with meals, the money saved over a period of one year would be enough to feed and clothe at least 30,000 Cambodians. The only price to us consumers would be no more parsley, which is rarely eaten anyway. However, I myself am not ready to make such a sacrifice.

Eddie Traub  
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.



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Sirs:

I was acting in this play on Broadway. It's called *Bent*. Is it about homosexuals or something? Also, am I one, too?

Richard Gere  
New York, NY

Sirs:

This is to inform you that Israeli settlers will be moving into the columns of your magazine this month. At first they will only be building small encampments in the front of the book—the Letters section, News on the March, maybe a Foto Funny. But soon they'll need more room and they'll start taking up pages that historically belong to them—the feature articles concerning social woes and the major account ads. Let me remind you that any act of hostility against our settlers will be considered an act of hostility against the state of Israel. Of course, we will be pleased to resettle material from your pages in other magazines, such as *Chic* or *High Society*.

Menahem Begin  
Golem Heights, Israel

Sirs:

John has four apples and gives Mary

two. How many apples does John have now?

Two.

Now that seems to me to be just about the best explanation of the American economy that I've heard in a long time. You know, if government would just get out of the apple business and let John have his two apples, we'd end inflation, have full employment, lower the interest rates, stabilize the dollar, and start growing tomatoes that have some flavor to them. And that's my economic platform.

Ronald Reagan  
Palm Springs, Cal.

Sirs:

If it finally does come down to a contest between Governor Reagan and myself, the American people will have to decide if they want a president with or without lips, and I am confident that they will make the right decision.

Jimmy Carter,  
President

Sirs:

Have they found Patty Hearst yet?

William Webster  
Washington, DC

Sirs:

I decided to go fishing today, so I went to the store and bought myself a fish suit, for camouflage. I was floating in the lake for three hours but didn't see any sign of a fish. Anyone know how I can learn some fish calls?

Anton LaPlaque  
Appleton, Wis.

Sirs:

What rights do I have? Would you elect me to Congress? Take me to dinner? Let me marry your daughter? Yet, I'm one of the mainstays of the American economy; without me, the Salvation Army missions and California grape producers would collapse. And bus depots would be awfully dull places. One of these days we're going to unite and go out on strike, and then, America, watch out!

An angry wino  
The Bowery  
New York City

Sirs:

Something I'd like to know about your President Carter. Sure he can fart, but does he have the shit to back it up?

Anwar Sadat  
Cairo, Egypt

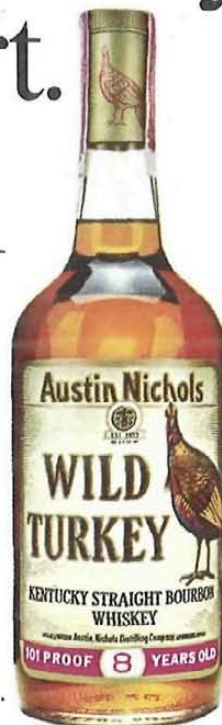


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# The Past Today: A WAKE FOR JAMES

by Ted Mann

At the pink house where we all lived we were not very familiar with death. Still, we were against it. That was why when the cat died it lay half under the couch for three days before anyone mentioned it. Sylvia was the first to allude to the matter.

"I think we should get rid of that cat."

Everyone seemed stunned by what she had said. I guess we had known the cat was dead. It had had the symptoms for some time. Nobody living in the pink house had been able to bring the matter up.

"Dead," said David reasonably, "what makes you think the cat is dead? Do we really know what death is? No. And if we don't know what death is, why should we be so quick to judge whether something is dead or not?"

No one paid much attention to David. He was so resolutely indecisive, so determinately uncom-

mitted, he made wind chimes sound opinionated.

"All right," said Jane, ignoring David's question, "if the cat is dead, we have to face up to it. Cats do die. Feline necrosis is a fact of life. James may be dead, and that's too bad. But we can't do anything about it, right? So we might as well learn to live with it. Am I right?"

Billy got very excited. He tugged and twisted the tassels of the Persian-inspired bedspread covering the couch. His eyes jumped about. He executed a sequence of quick tense jiggles.

"So the cat's dead! What if he is? James was an old cat. He was a good cat. He had a good life. He knew what he was doing. He was a good cat, James..."

Billy seemed on the verge of hysteria. His tongue darted in and out, and he stuttered, gasping for language.

"He was a good cat," reminisced Jane, "not one of those cats who thought he was a dog. You know, when people say, 'My cat's far-out, he thinks he's a dog...!' Not James. He wasn't one of those cats. He wasn't a 'far-out' cat at all."

Everyone fell silent and gazed at James: the cat's grayish hindquarters jutting from the shadow beneath the couch. A moment of silence ensued. Somewhere a car's tires squealed and we started and looked up. Eyes caught

eyes and darted elsewhere.

Several people talked at once.

"He wasn't afraid of Michael's dog, remember?"

"The mouse he brought in...as if it were a present!"

"A hairball..."

"Chocolate was his favorite ice cream."

"If he didn't like someone, he showed it!"

Sylvia spoke again. "What will we do with the body? We'll have to get rid of it...bury it, or something."

The rest of us looked skittish. We glanced hopefully at each other. Someone had to say something. Finally David did. "Egyptians in ancient times regarded the cat as sacred. Elaborate rituals often surrounded its interment."

Billy gulped frantically, as if he were about to interrupt. David persevered.

"Ornate crypts furnished with rare and costly artifacts awaited the still, mortal forms of dead cats. In China at a later date cats were often laid to rest in hand-carved sarcophagi fashioned of rare woods, and as many as a dozen courtiers of the emperor were slaughtered to keep the cat company in the afterlife. In old Tibet they were consumed at banquets attended by religious leaders..."

"In Chicago," interrupted Sylvia, "they are put in plastic bags and dropped down apartment garbage chutes. In San Francisco they are sold to oriental restaurateurs. In far-off New York they are used as oven mitts..."

"Sylvia!" Billy shouted. He was gasping and goggle eyed. "James is hardly cold yet and you're joking!"

"He is very cold. He is also stiff. He is beginning to smell. He has all the symptoms of death. Do you understand? We have to bury him, burn him, float him off on a raft, scatter his ashes! Get rid of him by means of litter basket, if necessary!"

"Yeah, that's the easy way," said Jane. "It's oh so convenient. Just wrap up James. Our own cat, that we've had for years, just wrap him up in foil or something and toss him away. Don't you think we should ask ourselves a few questions first? Don't you think we owe him that much? Like maybe why he died? Like what made him want to die? He wanted to die! He did!" She began to sob.

"There is a lesson in all we see, all we hear, all we feel, if only we could stop being afraid of what we might

continued on page 90





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## WE COVER THE WATERFRONT

THE AMERICA'S CUP RACES

by Piers Ackerman and Ted Mann

—Newport, Rhode Island

The dock is packed, a mass of pink and green, edged with red, colors preferred by the crowd gathered here at Newport, Rhode Island. Bright colors, sunburned faces beneath bleached hair or bleached toupee, Rolex oyster watches or simply oysters on tanned wrists. A crowd of sailing enthusiasts jams Bannister's Wharf, wedged between the Clarke Cooke House and the Black Pearl, in the heart of twelve-meter territory. The smell of Bain de Soleil can be detected miles to sea. This is the America's Cup.

Wedged among this throng it is barely possible to lift a warm beer to the lips or catch a glimpse between the blistered necks of the spectators of the proud yachts that have attracted the crowd.

Somewhere out there, if it were possible to see between the bobbing heads sporting hats like bath toys, float *Courageous* and *Clipper*, the oldest and newest crafts built for this event and this event only.

Twelve-meter yachts are the largest, purest, and most expensive racing craft afloat. Sleek and honed, tuned like concert pianos, these craft endure the possessive pampering of their rich owners with the noncommittal patience of a younger mistress. For that is what they are. Mistresses. High-strung, temperamental, and demanding, they are the ultimate creations of the ungoverned competition among their moneyed masters.

Even the sun-dazed commonality jamming the dock feel something of this. Mostly, though, they feel sunburned. The America's Cup is not now and never has been a public affair. Gentlemen, after all, do not pit their mistresses like Mexican flyweights in Madison Square Garden or deal off the TV rights to the contest.

The competition was born in the days of the Astors and the Vanderbilts, and in spirit at least it hearkens back to that exclusivity, to days when people either knew their place or were brutally beaten by the butlers of their betters as a reminder. Those days are gone, but the America's Cup lives yet.

The cup itself is named for the yacht *America*, a schooner built by a

syndicate of well-heeled Yankees in 1851, a syndicate determined to challenge the British on their sole preserve, the ocean.

The vessel *America's* hard-nosed owners also sought to recover the money they had spent—\$30,000—by making side bets on the contest. Or that's what the the syndicate's chief, the New York Yacht Club's Commodore John Stevens, promised when the boat's sleek hull was launched at William Brown's shipyard on Manhattan's East River.

Lean as a whippet, and with the raked masts of a Barbary Corsair, *America* was modeled after the swift boats that sped the harbor pilots out of Sandy Hook to meet merchant vessels bound for the port of New York.

That she was as lean as a whippet was known to the British, who said she resembled a skinny dog. This must have been intolerably provocative to *America's* skipper; there seems no other explanation for his actions. Crossing the English Channel, just out of sight of Cowes, where the Royal Yacht Squadron awaited the colonial yacht, *America* encountered a British racing cutter, the *Laverock*. *America* bent on some sail and left the *Laverock* behind as effortlessly as if that boat had been at anchor.

This was a costly bit of bravado. When the *Laverock* reached port, the secret was out. More important, the bets were off.

Finally, after exhausting months of swaggering, boasting, and worse, Commodore Stevens was able to so far provoke the august *London Times* that the paper stirred itself to run an article that shamed the skulking yachtsmen of Britain into a contest. The royal lion bestirred itself and rose to its feet like a doped circus Simba. The Royal Yacht Squadron offered the sleek, black-hulled *America* a chance to compete in an open regatta.

On August 22, history was made; very disappointing for Commodore Stevens—he would have preferred to make money. The fleet raced for the Royal Yacht Squadron 100 Guinea Cup, a rococo, juglike chunk of silverware without a bottom and as ugly as it was useless. Melted down, it would scarcely have paid for the varnish and oil on *America's* uppers.

Fifteen vessels started that day from an anchorage below Cowes Castle, and, eventually, fifteen returned.

*America* started last; she had trouble weighing anchor but then ghosted through the British fleet as if they



were so much flotsam in a tidal rip. Leaving the competition far behind, she sailed past the royal yacht and honored the queen and her prince consort by dipping her ensign, an act one yachting writer compared in shocked terms to "a jockey tipping his hat whilst passing the royal box at Ascot."

The offended queen made a remark that entered racing mythology.

"Who," she asked, "is second?"

"Your Majesty," came the reply, "there is no second!"

By 9:00 PM that day the race was over. The cup was passed to the victor.

Queen Victoria visited the yacht, accompanied by her husband, Albert, the German prince consort whose Hapsburg genes linger in the English royal family to this day and may account for their unusual appearance. Prince Albert was asked to wipe his muddy boots.

Victoria presented the crew with a gold sovereign each and the captain with a snappy, gold pocket compass. Not long after, Prince Albert died, and it is not inconceivable that his rancor at being asked to wipe his boots contributed to that untimely end.

Commodore Stevens remained in Britain, canvassing for wagers. He was eventually able to arrange a match race for 100 pounds. After winning this handily he lingered in England until autumn, when he sold *America* to an English yachtsman for \$25,000.

The yacht remained in British hands until the Civil War, when she returned to *America* under Confederate colors. The rebel yacht was captured by the Union, and she rested in Union control until after World War II. Then it was decided to break her up for scrap. You may be sitting on her now.

The cup, which is what should have been broken up, remains in custody of the New York Yacht Club, as ugly as it was the day it was built, bolted firmly to the base of a display case in the yacht club's trophy room on West Forty-fourth Street in New York and cosseted and revered like a grail.

It might be reasonable to say that the *America's Cup* is the most sought-after sporting award in the world. Certainly the race to the moon was fiercely competitive, and the arms race is very expensive; yet the private individuals who race for the *America's Cup* spend larger proportions of their incomes in the quest and take the competition far more seriously than rival statesmen take the scramble for

heaps of bombs.

The British kept the challenge alive for decades, returning to race their best against the New York Yacht Club's selected defender first off Sandy Hook and then off Newport, where the series continues today.

What draws them back year after year? They know the chances of a victory are slim. They know that the fruits of triumph are insignificant. They are even aware that the glory is fleeting and hardly equal to the agonies of the struggle. Why, then? Perhaps to get away from their wives.

The fate of an American skipper who lost the *America's Cup* to a foreign challenger would be awful, the fate of the commodore presiding at the New York Yacht Club almost inconceivable. The skipper would no doubt be treated as described in one of the more violent verses of the old chanty that goes, "What shall we do with the drunken sailor?"

The commodore, though.... It is said there is a sealed vault within the depths of the Morgan Guaranty Trust in New York. The vault is said to contain a black book. There, in the spidery handwriting of the aged Commodore Vanderbilt, is writ the penalty for a commodore presiding when the cup is lost. Rumor has it the man's skin is to be stripped from his living body and stretched over the head of a ceremonial drum, to be beaten every evening before dinner at the club until the cup is regained.

\* \* \*

Happily we return to the steamy scene at the Black Pearl's outdoor alcohol dispensary, where the warming beers have been replaced by plastic cups of Mount Gay rum and tonic decorated with thin slivers of lime. Or maybe offal.

Through the throng march the heroes, sausage-shaped sail bags slumped across three and four pairs of broad shoulders, men striding with the easy gait of men who have spent months practicing it when not out sailing. Strong, though not overly developed, they stand out with their crew patches in place of the alligators on the polo shirts of the crowd they shoulder through.

It may seem difficult to understand why these men, eleven per boat, and their backup crews sacrifice a year or more of their lives to compete in a best-of-seven race series on a fog-shrouded patch of Rhode Island

*continued*

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## WATERFRONT

continued

Sound. There are few material rewards. Rolex passes out watches to the crew of the yacht chosen to defend the cup and to the challenger, and there are warm-up suits and sets of foul-weather gear provided by some manufacturers—certainly not enough to convince many that these things are worth racing for.

For some of these men, a few, a Rolex watch and a set of plastic rain gear is enough. In fact, too much, for they lose the watches or trade the rain gear for beer. These are the stupid ones. To the others the joy of sailing, the freedom from responsibility, and the thrill of competition are more important than a pension plan. You can't sail a desk or head a briefcase into the wind. Your desk would sink and you'd get fired. Maybe you could head a briefcase into the wind, but any fool can see it would be too rectangular to be an effective airfoil.

So the men sail. Putting up with writhing strands of cable on wet decks, lengths of wire sheet liable to slice through muscle and bruise bone, the chill of long days spent in the open cockpit, and the grumbling and

feuding is part of the price.

Fortunately, knife fights are no longer common among sailors, and the wormy hardtack and shrunken apples of long ago have been replaced by freeze-dried hardtack and canned apples. Reduction winches, which enable a single sailor to reef an enormous sail, have done away with much of the bull labor of sailing, yet when the groans of men wrestling creaking windlasses vanished, so did the rhythmic work songs of the sea. The chanties are gone, but there are tape decks and plenty of Jimmy Buffet ballads standing in their stead.

Also, there are young things in their pink-and-greens seeking a pair of topsiders to park beneath their beds, and the Sky Bar in the Clarke Cooke House has provided a venue for such drunken encounters for over a decade. But mortal morsels are no more than sexual experiences when measured against long periods of isolation and boredom at sea.

\* \* \*

The twelve-meter yacht took its place in America's Cup competition after World War II; the giant J-boats used in the spectacular races of the

first quarter of the century were melted down for scrap to assist the war effort.

Olin Stephens, of the New York design firm Sparkman and Stephens, has been responsible for the lines of most American twelve-meter yachts.

It would be helpful at this point to note that the designation "twelve-meter" has little to do with the length of the boat. A twelve-meter boat is not thirty-six or thereabouts feet long; it is approximately sixty-five feet.

The designation refers to the rating of the boat, derived from a formula in which the length of the hull, plus twice the girth, plus the square root of the sail area minus the freeboard is divided by the mathematical constant 2.37, resulting in a figure of no earthly use to anyone ever born.

Given the arcane complexities of this and other twelve-meter rules, some foreign boats have been disastrously slow. Witness Brit Chance's attempt to achieve a breakthrough with *Mariner* in 1974, a boat with a cut-off stern like a destroyer, which led Atlanta television tycoon Ted Turner to observe, "Shit, Brit, even turds are pointed at both ends."

This year there are three US boats

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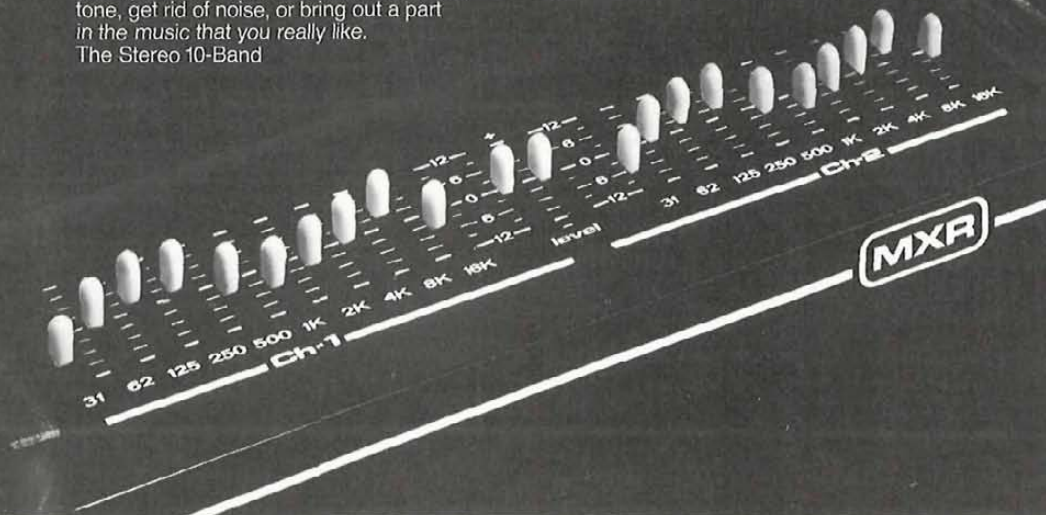
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ving for the role of defender: *Courageous*, the successful defender in 1974 and 1977, and two new boats, *Freedom* and *Clipper*.

*Courageous* is sailed by Turner, with the same crew as in 1977, and this is the first time a successful defender has returned with her original complement intact.

*Freedom* is a West Coast enterprise skippered by Dennis Conner.

*Clipper*, built through the winter and launched in March, is skippered by Russell Long, at twenty-four the youngest person ever to mount a defense bid.

One of these yachts will be chosen by the New York Yacht Club's selection committee to defend the America's Cup after preliminary testing of men and materials in the demanding series of trials through the summer.

Ted Turner, gutsy, controversial Atlanta TV magnate, haunted by premonitions of assassination, initially the favorite, at the time of this writing [July] seems to have dropped back in the pack. Since the assassination of the beloved JFK by larger interests, assassination seems to confer a form of beatification in America, an honor given to our prominent citizens akin to the knighthoods conferred by the British. It may be that Ted imagines his assassins will torpedo *Courageous* and is cunningly lying back in the pack, ready to make his dash at the last moment.

Dennis Conner, on the other hand, though a proven match-racing skipper, has not acquitted himself entirely satisfactorily so far at the wheel of a twelve. Early reports from California indicated that everything is not as peaceful within and about the *Freedom* camp as it might be.

Russell Long, who has sailed thousands of miles aboard his father's maxiboat *Ondine*, is still getting his feet wet, facing the problems of crew organization and training he has not had to deal with before.

Long bears watching, not only as a potential master sailor, but also for signs of lunacy, which is known to run in his family. Earl Kemp Long, a rela-

tive, when governor of Louisiana was wont on hot days to wipe his face in a handkerchief dampened with Coca-Cola. As yet, young Russell has shown no signs of similar eccentricities, but the trials have just begun. All eyes will be on this young sailor.

From the information available it is difficult to assess the multitude of factors—crew, hull, speed, sail design—that bear upon the outcome of these trials. And the foreign boats are yet more difficult to handicap; they come from four nations and have never sailed together or against trial horses of known quality. "Trial horses," of course, is employed purely as a figure of speech. It should be readily apparent to anyone, however unfamiliar they might be with sailing, that a twelve-meter yacht would not stand a chance against a horse like *Forego*, on a dirt track. Nor, likewise, would the valiant filly *Ruffian* have been able to prevail, even under ideal conditions, against a yacht in the ocean off Newport.

At the outset, it would seem that *Australia*, a hull slightly modified since 1977, but known to be fast, stands the best chance of beating out the entrants from France, Sweden, and Britain. *Australia* is skippered by veteran Jim Hardy, the only foreigner to win a race against the Americans in the past three series.

Sweden's *Sverige*, another boat that challenged in 1977, has been modified for her second attempt. If she is sailed by Pelle Peterson as skillfully as he handled his six-meter *Irene* earlier this year, winning the world championships in the class, *Sverige* will press *Australia* every inch of the way.

The British have returned for the first time in sixteen years with a new craft, named *Lionheart*, emblazoned with a heraldic lion amidships. Early observations indicate that there is little chance of the cup's returning to Britain, as certain finer points of sail-making technology seem to have passed the British Isles by. It is ironic that Britain, whose long-fled greatness was founded on spinning, weaving, and other innovations concerning cloth, should field a craft with sails about as sophisticated as an American colonial quilt. Competitors cruelly speculate that the skipper's mother knitted the ridiculous bags and that he had no choice but to employ them.

The fourth foreign vessel to enter the list is *France III*, owned and sailed by Baron Marcel Bich, who is taking

continued

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## WATERFRONT

continued

his fourth and probably last stab at winning the cup. Only Sir Thomas Lipton, who challenged five times (and sold a lot of tea in the process), was more passionate in his desire to possess the trophy. Baron Bich, a Frenchman of great wealth, is known as "the disposable-plastics millionaire," this because his fortune rests upon Bic-brand pens, pencils, lighters, stockings, and so on.

Unfortunately, the baron insists on sailing his boat himself occasionally, with disastrous results. In 1970 he spent several hours lost in the fog, and his crew admit experiencing a general sinking feeling whenever his white, cork-soled shoes touch the deck.

These contenders will spend the summer racing each other to elimination; eventually one defender and one challenger will remain. The competitions take place more than twelve miles from Newport and may be viewed only from a seaworthy vessel, which makes for a certain exclusivity.

"If the poor wish to attend, they may paddle out in inner tubes," said one yacht skipper last year, "and I'll run them over."

Extravagant floating gin palaces chartered by Texas corporations and offshore banking operations take observers from the fleshpots of the inner harbor each morning, but few of the spectators seem to know which way to look or what they should be watching.

\* \* \*

The best people with whom to view the activities are members of the International Boat Niggers Association (IBNA), a fraternity made up of full-time crew members on the luxury boats of the eastern seaboard. These individuals, who go by names such as Buffalo, Kiwi Jill, Rhodesian Jill, Leticia Lightlunch, Wolfe, Whale, and Captain Smoke, are the heirs to the seafarers of Maugham and Conrad. Had these worthy salts really peopled the stories of Conrad, no doubt he would still be read widely today.

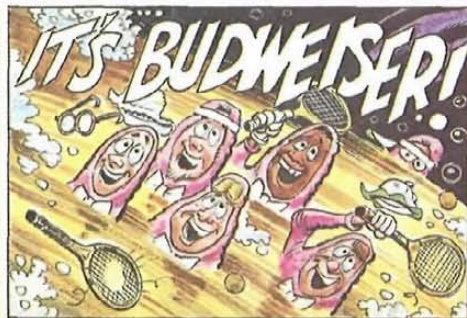
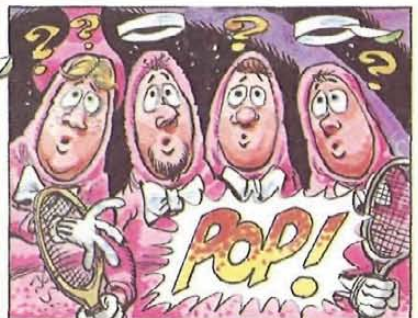
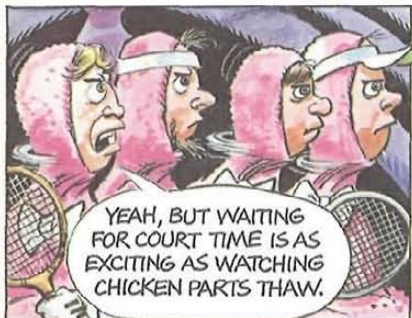
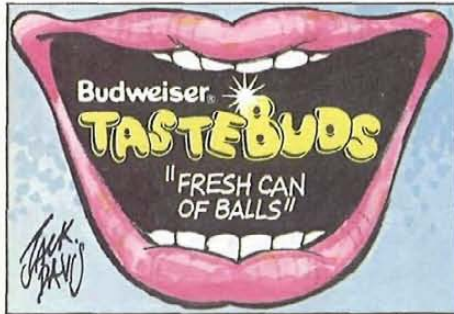
Today's boat niggers congregate in

Chuck's Steakhouse or the nearby Raw Bar in Fort Lauderdale (Fort Li-quordale) during the Southern Ocean Racing Circuit (SORC). They move northward in the summer months, at their owner's whim.

The owner, who in most instances rarely enjoys his boat as much as the hired help do, becomes a distant figure who should regularly supply funds (fun chips) but little else and on no account present himself without giving his niggers a minimum twenty-four hours' notice.

Most hands, on changing vessels, expect to put their new boss through Owner's School, a period of training that ensures that the sailor's territory is not intruded upon unduly; after all, the boat is his home and the owner's toy.

Few owners understand the subtleties of provisioning a craft for a race or a delivery, for example. Some make the mistake of leaving such important tasks to their wives or girl friends, and such decisions can destroy a boat nigger's faith in his owner. □



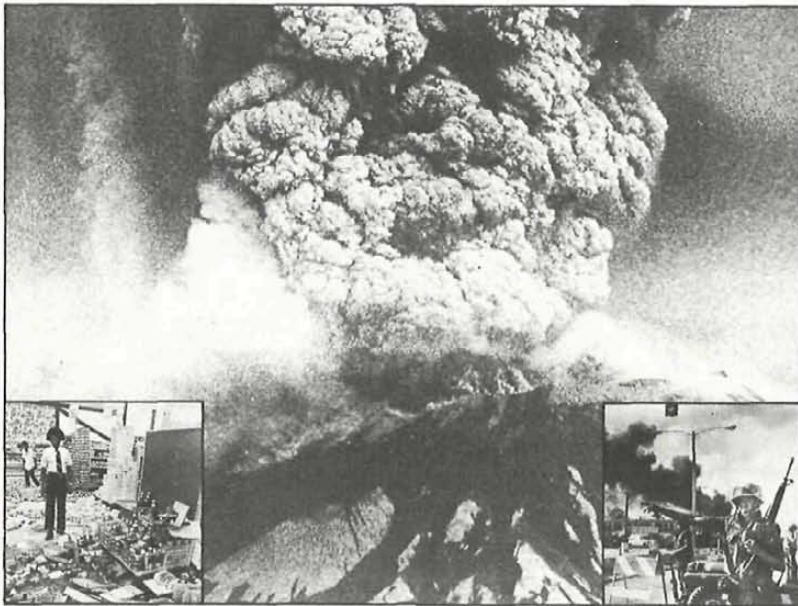
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# NEWS ON THE MARCH

## MOUNT NEGRO ERUPTS

*Dormant Since the Late 1960s  
Fourteen Dead as Miami Is Covered by Ashes, Snipers*



Homes and liquor stores were destroyed as waves of molten looting flowed through southern Florida.

## Vance Quits State, Joins Tucker

Cyrus Vance stunned the diplomatic and rock 'n' roll worlds recently by resigning his post as Jimmy Carter's secretary of state and joining the Marshall Tucker Band, a rock group.

Vance's resignation was ostensibly in protest over the president's decision to attempt a military rescue of the hostages in Iran. But in fact it closely followed the tragic death of Tucker bass player Tommy Caldwell, who succumbed to injuries received in a car accident. A week after leaving the State Department, Vance joined the band, and has since been in virtual seclusion.

"He's learning the tunes, hanging out with the guys, and getting his chops back together," reported an aide. "He doesn't think he'll be able to sing any leads, but maybe he'll do some backup harmonies now and then."

## Orlando Still Alive

Singer Tony Orlando has continued to defy all laws of aesthetics and poetic justice by remaining alive and pursuing a professional career as a singer. Experts remain baffled by the fact that Orlando has not yet keeled over and died from noise pollution.

## Kennedy to Run as Independent

Senator Edward Kennedy has confirmed that he will be a candidate for the presidency this November, running as an independent on the Big Government ticket. Kennedy has named an enormous housing and urban redevelopment project as his vice-presidential running mate, and, in an attempt to garner public sympathy, he will shoot himself next month.

## Quebec Says No to Separatism

The residents of Canada's French-speaking province of Quebec have voted to stay white.

## Cubans Win America's Cup Race

*Anti-Castro Exiles Sweep to First Place Ahead of Vietnamese Boat People and Haitian Castaways*



The prestigious 1980 America's Cup yacht race was won by La Concha, a sixty-five-foot shrimp boat out of Key West, Florida. La Concha's winning score was 116 political prisoners, 56 hardened criminals, 1 newborn baby, and a Department of Immigration and Naturalization arrest warrant for the captain. Second place went to an unnamed Vietnamese fishing junk, with a score of 35 ethnic Chinese.



## Civil Defense Target of Budget Cuts

The US Civil Defense Program is undergoing close scrutiny by budget-conscious congressional committees. Sources in the House of Representatives say that the twenty-five-year-old concept of large-scale fallout shelters located in urban areas will probably be abandoned in favor of a less costly, scaled-down plan. One measure, to be voted on next session, will call for the construction of just one completely bomb-proof shelter, to be used for the specific purpose of protecting the 535 congressmen and senators thought to be absolutely necessary to rebuilding the nation after a nuclear holocaust.

## Treasury Secretary Blumenthal Outlines New Unemployment Strategy



## Muskie Passes Senate Quiz

Maine senator Edmund Muskie fielded tough questions from the Senate and garnered a 94-2 approval of his appointment as secretary of state recently.

"We're always hardest on our own," explained Sen. Jacob Javits (R.-NY), in accounting for the blistering interrogation directed toward Muskie. Some of the most pointed queries included:

- What is the capital of Maine?
- How many apples make a dozen?
- What's your name?
- Have you ever eaten a pencil?

## Adventurers Found Dead

Three social climbers were found frozen to death at a party in New York City. Their identities are being withheld pending notification of "Suzy Says."

## Anderson Reassures Reagan



## Disturbance at Patton Grave

The body of Major General George S. Patton is reported to be spinning in its grave at a rate of 2,650 RPM.

## Libyan Death Squads Eliminated

Acting on the orders of Libyan strong man Col. Muammar el Qaddafi to "eliminate" all Libyans who do not return home, members of fanatic death squads have all killed each other.

## Hostage Rescue Mission Explained

The mystery behind the aborted mission to free the American hostages in Iran has been solved, after a White House source leaked the contents of a ransom note President Carter received from Tehran on April 24. The note, which was written with individual letters cut out from a magazine and pasted on a piece of white paper, said: "Leave eight late-model Sikorsky RH-53 helicopters at Tabas airstrip in the middle of the night, or you'll never see your hostages again."

## British Rescue Hostages

After a siege of five and one-half days, the government of Great Britain ordered a commando raid that rescued nineteen British and Iranian hostages held by Arab terrorists in the Iranian embassy in London. British officials explained that they felt it was necessary to act immediately. "We had to move fast," said Home Secretary William Whitelaw.

"We got word that a contingent of American Green Berets were en route to offer assistance."

## Carter Returns to Campaign Trail

Future ex-president James Earl Carter has resumed active campaigning in the 1980 presidential race. "The president has decided to pursue this course of action," said a senior White House aide, "because it's the only thing he's good at."

## Muskie Has Vision of New US Foreign Policy





# Confused? Misunderstood? Looking for something?

YOU PROBABLY THINK  
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I'M NOT WEARING PERFUME.  
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## Reagan Favors Cuba Move

Republican presidential candidate Ronald Reagan, who had previously announced that his solution to the Afghanistan crisis would be a renewed Cuban blockade, has now stated that his solution to the energy crisis would also be a blockade of Cuba. In addition, Governor Reagan has proposed to end unemployment with a Cuban blockade and to increase welfare benefits and integrate urban public school systems by means of blockading Cuba.

## Democratic Convention Nominations Ruled Invalid

The New York State Supreme Court has ruled that the Democratic National Convention's nomination of Jimmy Carter as its presidential candidate is invalid. Democratic convention delegates, said the court, forgot to say "League of Women voters *may I*" once before taking a big vote and once before taking a little-bitty baby vote. The New York State Republican party plans to contest the decision.

## Castro Expands Freedom Offer— Tells Everyone to Leave Cuba



SO GO AHEAD ALREADY, GO! GET OUT, THE BUNCH OF YOU! I'LL JUST STAY HERE BY MYSELF! WHO NEEDS YOU? MOUTHS TO FEED, THAT'S ALL YOU ARE! I'LL JUST STAY HERE ALL ALONE! WHO CARES ABOUT AN OLD MAN LIKE ME ANYWAY? NU?

## Uganda Calls for New Government

Uganda and five other former British African colonies have made a formal request to the United Kingdom to rescind the national independence granted them in the early 1960s. "We cannot rule ourselves any better than we can spell, thank you," said chairman of Uganda's ruling military commission Paulo Mwanga. "Please tell Missy Queen Elizabeth to send back her English people to oppress us colonially quick please. We are all killing each other and making the streets filthy dirty and forgetting how to grow things to eat." Mwanga, in a statement read over Radio Kampala, added, "We will call the British fellow *bwana* and serve him veranda drinks and let him kill all our big animals if he will just tell us to shut up

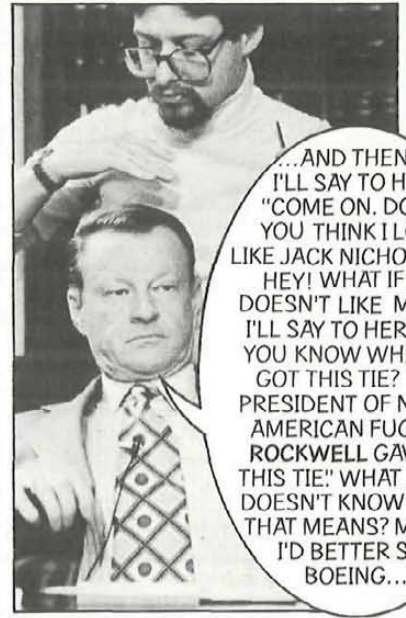
and make us do something good-bye."

Joining Uganda in the request for renewed British colonialization were Tanzania, Zambia, Botswana, and two other countries whose postcolonial names are so silly that they can't remember what they call themselves.

## Derby Victor Disqualified

Genuine Risk, the first filly to win the Kentucky Derby in sixty-five years, has been disqualified after officials at Louisville's Churchill Downs uncovered evidence that she had not run the entire race. After viewing a videotape of the May 3rd race, track officials said there was no sign of the three-year-old filly until the home stretch, when, they theorized, the horse jumped into the thick pack of colts from behind the track railing.

## Thoughts of a Zbig Man



...AND THEN I'LL SAY TO HER, "COME ON. DON'T YOU THINK I LOOK LIKE JACK NICHOLSON?" HEY! WHAT IF SHE DOESN'T LIKE MY TIE? I'LL SAY TO HER, "DO YOU KNOW WHERE I GOT THIS TIE? THE PRESIDENT OF NORTH AMERICAN FUCKING ROCKWELL GAVE ME THIS TIE." WHAT IF SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS? MAYBE I'D BETTER SAY BOEING...

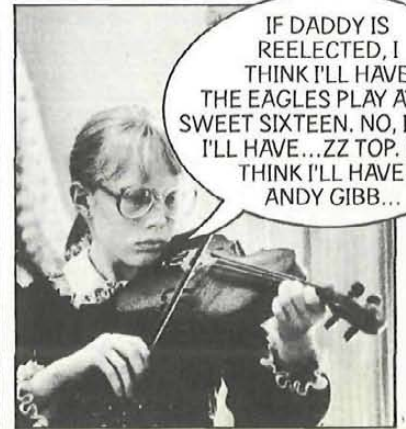
## Atheist's Son Finds Christ

William J. Murray III, son of prominent atheist leader Madalyn Mays O'Hair, has told reporters that he has "found Christ." When contacted for comment, a spokesman for the National Council of Churches stated that he had not known that the Holy Savior was missing, and he asked William to please return Him.

## New Rescue Attempt

Pentagon officials announced another helicopter rescue mission failure when fifty commandos were flown to Chicago to save embattled mayor Jane Byrne from herself. Officials stated that the reason for the failure of the mission was that Mayor Byrne couldn't be wrestled from her desk and that she was much tougher than expected.

## Carters Fiddle While Economy, World Burn



IF DADDY IS REELECTED, I THINK I'LL HAVE THE EAGLES PLAY AT MY SWEET SIXTEEN. NO, I THINK I'LL HAVE...ZZ TOP. NO, I THINK I'LL HAVE... ANDY GIBB...



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## Kennedy's Campaign Zeal Undiminished



## Convention Rule Change Proposed

In the wake of this year's disastrous choice of a presidential candidate, the Democratic National Committee has proposed changes in nomination rules for the 1984 party convention. Under the proposed rule changes, Democratic presidential and vice-presidential candidates will be selected by means of tag-team wrestling matches. "This will not be the kind of faked, stagy wrestling you see on television," party chairman John C. White told the press. "These will be real contests of strength, skill, and endurance, with no punching or weapons allowed in the ring. We hope that this method of selecting a nominee also will encourage a greater number of women to be candidates. Also midgets."

## Nava Appointed Ambassador

President Carter has appointed Julian Nava ambassador to Mexico. Mr. Nava is the first Mexican-American to serve as ambassador to that country. The government of Mexico is reportedly pleased at the appointment because of Nava's strong emotional and cultural ties to the country of his parents' birth. Most Americans are also pleased by the choice, since it gets at least one Mexican out of the States.

## Freighter Accident

*Western Star*, a Liberian-registered freighter carrying a cargo of Japanese steel, has rammed the economy of Great Britain. Six were killed and thousands thrown out on strike in the mishap.

## Eye on the Stars



Seen recently outside LA's chic Ma Maison was the sensational new whatever-she-is, whose fame was so fleeting that we can't remember her name.

## South Korea Asks Aid

South Korea, which is currently being attacked by South Koreans, has requested military aid from the United States. "We're no match for us," said military strong man Lt. Gen. Chon Too Hwan, "and unless we have the backing of US ground forces we will probably overrun ourselves."

American military analysts agree and are urging Congress to act. "South Koreans pose a much greater threat to South Korea than North Korea does to North Korea," said one Pentagon source.

## Alfred Hitchcock Dies

Sir Alfred Hitchcock, director of dozens of suspense movies and a titan in the motion-picture industry, died recently.

Police gave the cause of Hitchcock's death as gun wounds, poison, strangulation, a fall from Mount Rushmore, severe bleeding as a result of wounds inflicted by a flock of birds, stabbing while taking a shower, asphyxiation, blows from a blunt instrument, being run over by a moving vehicle, being dropped from an airplane, and natural causes.

## Vatican Deaths

Nine popes were trampled to death when a native African visited Vatican City late last month.

## Citizens' Party Candidate Barry Commoner Presents Bold New Vision





## New NBC Contract: Carson to Do "Tonight Show" at Home in Bed



## Zimbabwe Faces Shortage

The citizens of newly independent Zimbabwe (formerly the British colony of Rhodesia) have eaten all their white people. Talks are currently underway with Great Britain concerning whether more whites will be sent to the African nation. Prime Minister Robert Mugabe has said that whites are needed in Zimbabwe "for running the civil service, training the military, and dinner."

## The Hostages

Day 36,472



## NATO Readiness Challenged

A report by senior state-department officials charges that in a conventional war in Europe NATO allies would only be able to fight for three or four weeks without reinforcements. The report went on to state that even this timetable would be viable only if one out of every three frontline soldiers was immediately supplied with a rifle and two bullets.

## New Tenerife Crash

Tenerife Airport in the Canary Islands is now scheduling its next big airplane crash for Christmas, 1980. Reservations can be made through most major airline or travel agents, according to airport officials.

# BACK ISSUES

- OCTOBER, 1977/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, Barlow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin.
- SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitelove 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' Gastronomie Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches* Magazine.
- AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance, *Seed* Magazine, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #1, and *True Men*.
- SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unexciting Stones, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and Barfart Comics.
- NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down.
- JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Neigulant Mother* Magazine, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades Massacre.
- MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*, Terminal Fluulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedies, and *Our Wonderful Bodies*.
- AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With the Rockefeller Attica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest* Magazine, Inherent Their Wind, and World Night Court.
- SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE:** With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Plays, and *The Square* parody.
- DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY:** With The Great Price War, *Entrepreneurs*, and *A Fortune* parody.
- APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With Dogfishing, *Silver Jock*, The Glory of Their Handsight, the US Olympic Handbook, and The Puck Stops Here.
- SEPTEMBER, 1976/THE LATEST ISSUE:** With a complete list of Bad Words, Western Romance Fan Trips, *Brave Dog* Magazine, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and cathammer.
- OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES:** With a four-page full-color Nuts, the Aesop Brothers on honeymoon, Vernon, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins, and dozens of other comics and cartoons.
- NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE:** Is Democracy dead? The complete story of the Townville campaign, starring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption, and natural gas.
- JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE:** With Those Lazy, Hazy Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, eight pages, 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* Fabavever 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, Orgasmic Backlash, White Pastafarians, 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 Crests, and the 6 Blunders 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 Brds of Ireland, the New York Supplement, four-color comics by Rodrigues, Wilson, Flenniken and Browne, and the Aurorama.
- JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST:** With *Even Bluginis Got the Cows*, the Indian Section, Our Family Journey to the West, and Cowboys of Many Lands.
- JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE:** With a garland of parodies, Sussman and Greenfield's history of Nat'l amp, Born Again on the Fourth of July, and comics by Wilson, Rodrigues, and Subtzyk.
- AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS:** With *Savvyteen* and *Real Teen* magazines, comics by Wilson and Flenniken, Then and Now, a Field Guide to Young Teen-age Girls, and a Nat'l amp report on education in America.
- SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE:** With *Regular Guy Quarterly*, Dress for Successfulness, Alo Sheek, and a complete fall fashion forecast.
- OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT:** With movie, TV, and music sections, Porter and Beth self-annusment, Wilson, Rodrigues, and a Nat'l amp guide to the Big Ten.
- NOVEMBER, 1978/THE BODY:** With *Memoirs of a Surgeon*, Pol Mews and Coke Alley, Captain Cadaver 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 Psychopaques, What I Got for Christmas, New Year's Eve, special Cheer-Up section, and comics by Gahan Wilson, Subtzyk, 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 risk section.
- APRIL, 1979/APRIL FOOL:** With Salacious Items and Lewd Articles, Florida College Spring Vacation Travel Supplement, the 1946 Bulgemoobiles, and a *Life* Magazine parody.
- MAY, 1979/INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM AND TERRORISM:** With EXPL.O '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 Bunnies, Weekend Athletes, and a special Encyclopedia of Participatory Sports by the editors.
- AUGUST, 1979/TRAVEL:** With A Girl's Letters Home from Europe, Vacation, Travel Teen and Now, Traveler's Aid, and Where to Get the Best Sex in Europe.
- SEPTEMBER, 1979/POTPOURRI:** A miscellany of humor with Vacation '58, Stan Mack's True Hernia Operation, an inside look at Niagara Falls, and a guide to the New Constellations.

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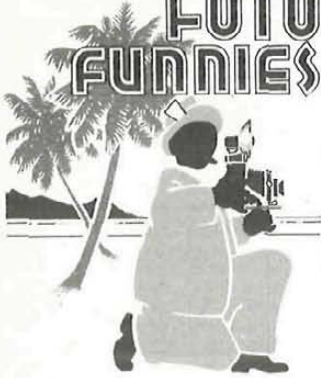
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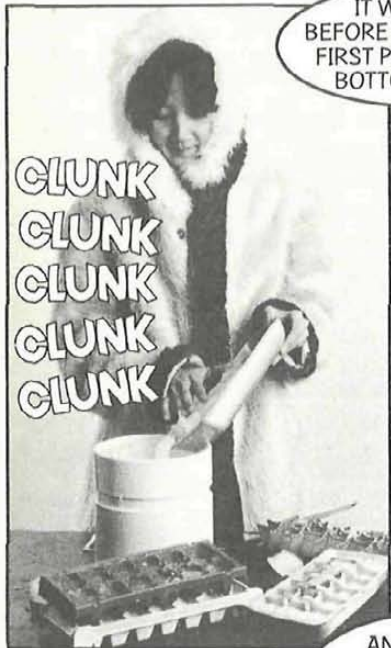


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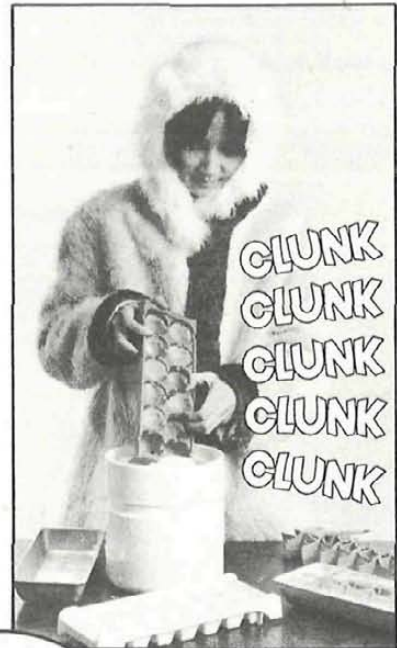


CLUNK  
CLUNK  
CLUNK  
CLUNK

IT WAS 1975 BEFORE WE SAW OUR FIRST PAIR OF BELL-BOTTOM PANTS.



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CLUNK  
CLUNK  
CLUNK  
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CLUNK



AND WE'D NEVER HEARD OF TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION UNTIL TWO YEARS AGO.

CRACK



CLUNK  
CLUNK  
CLUNK  
CLUNK  
CLUNK

WELL, 'BYE NOW, I'VE GOT TO GO FILL THE WATER BED.







## MODERN LIFE-STYLE AND LIVING FOR TODAY'S GUY

by John Hughes

Hey! **The Beat Goes On!** The water's just right, the mood is mellow, and a very foxy young "thang" is in my cabana mixing up a matched pair of Banana Banshees! So much for this Hot Tubber; what's heating up in your life mode? Have you tried those fabulous new carpet deodorizers? If you like to entertain "au floor" with conversation pillows, it's worth the investment to get the unpleasant smells out of your carpets and rugs.... Disco

**Is Dead!** Sad but true, the boogie bugle blew taps for the Disco Craze sometime last spring, and those of us who invested heavy in SNF wardrobes are feeling a little blue. But, take heart, Tubbers, the new kid on the music block is New Wave. It sounds crazy; and the words—strictly from left field; but it's catchy, and, good news, you can dance and mix to it!... **Cowboy Clothes** are mucho now, but remember your math: boots = foot odor<sup>2</sup>. See if your local guytique handles Ralph Lauren lo-odor socks. If not, try a little baking soda, foot powder, or Glade. Another Urban Cowboy note! Don't let anybody sell you a cowboy hat with plastic laces around the brim or a chin strap! They don't count with the fillies!... **TV Watch!** Rich, from Galesburg, Illinois, writes asking if the father on "My Three Sons" (Fred MacMurray), whose name on the program is Douglas and who works for an aircraft company, is the Douglas of the famous McDonnell-Douglas aircraft firm. Good question, Rich, but nixo, nixo. And Big Joe from Livonia, Michigan, wants to know were he can get an "I Wish I'd Shot J.R." T-shirt. Try your local Shirt

**House.... Your Relationship!** Save an argument: lift the seat when your lady sleeps over. It's easy to do, and she'll love you for it. Remember, it's the little things that tickle the ladies' hearts. I've been getting a lot of mail from Tubbers who want to know if it's kosher to let a gal wear your pajama tops if they're the knit kind and not the button jobs. It's a matter of personal taste, but me, I know mine get kind of stretched out in the elbows and around the neck, so I keep a spare pair of "Clark Gables" in the bottom drawer just in case!... **Whoops!** You know the famous poem about how no matter how you shake it, the last drop always goes down your leg? Will, from Mesa, Arizona, has the answer. He writes: "I always dab the tip with my handkerchief, and it works every time!" Keep that in mind next time you wear your faded jeans or your light-blue suit! Thanx, Will!... **The Culinary Gourmet!** Had enough "food francais," "cuisine italiano," or "haute chinese"? Try a back-to-basics wiener roast! Select your dogs as you would any other type of prepared meat: look for good color and value.

*continued*

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## HOT TUB

continued

The skin of a quality hot dog will resist a bite and bounce back a little after you chomp down. It should break up into little pieces and sort of melt away fairly fast. The flavor should be of meat and spices. Be sure to serve on fresh buns with lots of mustard and chips. Any good table beer or patio wine goes well. *Bon appétit!*... **More Great Opening Lines!** "I think Carter is over his head in terms of world leadership." "When the phone rings in the middle of the night, do you always think it's bad news?" And my personal fave: "You look like a high-energy type of person!"... **Career Scout!** If you can write, head for Hollywood and be a screenwriter. The pay is super, the hours very flexible; not much in the way of security, and no health insurance or sick pay, but when you mention that you're penning a pic for the silver screen the girls go nutty!... **Dr. Edwin Irwin Pattersol Speaks!** Meet Dr. Ed, Hot Tub's new medical consultant. He's a heck of a guy, a four-star physician and a killer racquetball player. He'll be answering your questions about your body and what's

what with it. This month he answers Lou from Clearwater, Florida, who writes, "Can I have a hair transplant made from my shoulders, which are quite hairy, to my head, which is more or less bald?" Well, doc? "Lou, I suppose you could, but keep in mind that the transplants would leave scars much like boil pocks on your shoulders, and knowing what kind of terrific weather you have down in Clearwater, I suspect you spend a lot of time at the beach. Also, shoulder hair doesn't grow to a very great length and cannot be trained like head hair. You would be limited in terms of styling. My advice is to get a "piece." Medically speaking, you're better off; and who but you and your barber will ever know?" Thanx, Lou, and thanx, Dr. Ed!... **Celebrity Scene!** David Letterman, the cool-talking, smooth-sailing "Tonight Show" guest host *par excellence*, reveals that he was not one of the original Lettermen of "Michael Row Your Boat Ashore" fame and that he got his name from his parents. Bob from Green Bay, Wisconsin, wants to know what the producer of "Charlie's Angels" does when they're shooting an episode and the Angels have their periods. Hot Tub checked,

and here's what we were told: "Nothing." "Take it easy for a day or two." And, "Shoot scenes they're not involved in, or scenes where they don't have to do a lot of moving around." Good question. If you have more, send them in to Hot Tub Mail Sack, 635 Madison Avenue, Big Apple, NY 10022.... Finally, before the Hot Tub gets down to some serious underwater explorations à la "Jock" Cousteau, the first-round results of the Hot Tub Survey of American Female Sexuality! Question #1 "Who should go for Kleenex after manual sex?" He—41%. She—51%. Both—2%. Use shirttail or sheet—6%. Question #2 "Which one of your bosoms is larger?" Right—57%. Left—27%. Both same size—11%. Can't Tell—5%. Question #3 "What do you look at during fellatio?" Pubic hair—22%. Stomach—27%. Own hands—13%. Legs—8%. Close eyes—30%. Question #4 "Would you ever let your boyfriend/husband take photos of you having sex?" Yes—43%. No—57%. Question #5 "Do you get turned on during a visit to the gynecologist?" Always—0%. Sometimes—0%. Hardly ever—0%. Never—100%.... More questions next time. Until then, *keep warm!* □

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But the electrical elements of the EDR.9 have been designed to remain unaffected by any normal variations in load capacitance or resistance. Thus, the EDR.9 maintains its smooth frequency response and accurate transient reproduction ability in any music system, irrespective of loading conditions.

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# EMPIRE



## EDITORIAL

continued from page 7

The iron sculptor turned out to be a blacksmith with an eight-and-a-half-months-pregnant wife, who locked us out of their house. By that time all we really needed was a shower, so we headed north and found refuge in a fraternity house at Middlebury College. That was a pretty good deal, all the milk and cookies we could eat.

I fell in love with three or four other guys on that trip, but the most serious case was with a short guy who had a beard and was attending Harvard on some sort of poverty scholarship. I met him at a crash pad for fugitive marines in Cambridge. He wore motorcycle boots with steel toes to kick policemen. He knew the words to every Bob Dylan song.

After consulting a spiritual healer who advised him to abandon me, Frank went on to Washington, DC, while I stayed on with Bill in his room at Adams House for a couple of weeks.

I thought I left Harvard because I missed Frank, but, in retrospect, maybe it was because I would have had to get a job if I'd wanted to stay on as a campus fringie.

As winter approached, Frank and I limped home to Seattle in the blue bus.

In the year that followed, I remember a few romantic weeks playing house in the little place Frank had rented next to the veterinarian's office. At night we could smell the burning bodies of pets being cremated. We started to get into frequent arguments over Women's Liberation that always ended up with Frank trying to hit me. I got involved in the antiwar movement, and he began to, more and more, say things like "The answer is in the sun."

We had a handful of idyllic, though unsanitary, days together at the Sky River Rock Festival in 1970, but Frank was due at traffic court in California and I got pregnant by somebody else.

When I had an abortion, he called me a murderer.

By that time he'd found a delicate and lovely fifteen-year-old live-in girl friend from the farm down the road from his commune on Whidbey Island. She thought Frank was "beautiful" and went into labor as the ink was drying on the marriage license.

Their first child was named Rainbow. The second was named Shonanu, after a sound that Rainbow used to

gurgle to himself as he sat dreamily in his high chair.

Frank cut the blue bus apart and used it for a cabin on a sailboat that he built out of a navy-surplus whaleboat. The idea was for him to take his little family and sail the boat to Costa Rica, where they could settle and be safe from nuclear attack. They got as far as San Diego with the boat on the back of a flatbed farm truck before the trip wore thin on the wife and kids and they returned to Whidbey Island.

One morning Frank went out fishing on Puget Sound with his old friend Hobo. A wave capsized the boat; it would have stayed afloat indefinitely with them clinging to it if they had detached the heavy outboard motor and let it sink. As it happens, Frank had just paid fifty good dollars out of the family's welfare check to have that motor repaired and wasn't about to see the thing slip away forever into the icy depths. So he decided to swim ashore for help before everything went under.

Frank was raised a Christian Scientist, which means he had a lot of faith in the power of his body to survive illness and pain. He'd tested the theory out on head colds but never anything quite as challenging as a two-mile swim through thirty-eight-degree water in November.

They found Hobo washed up on a beach, with his arms frozen around the empty gas can that had kept him afloat for five hours after the boat sank.

No one ever found Frank's body.

They say it was probably eaten by crabs.

\* \* \*

Now, I don't want to give you the impression that all the guys I go out with die, 'cause they don't.

One had a vasectomy.

One became an Orthodox Jew.

One sells nitrous oxide to stewardesses.

One ended up in Phoenix, whipping homos in the desert for a living.

One is marinating his liver in cheap wine and living with his parents.

One tried to swim to Ireland from San Francisco Bay.

One was impotent the whole time I lived with him in Ithaca, and I hope he's reading this right now.

One just bought his first handgun.

My ex-husband is still living, but worried.

They're not all dead...they're just, sort of, like, maimed.

S.F.

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# THE KING OF SANDUSKY, OHIO

BY P. J. O'ROURKE

**M**Y GRANDFATHER was King of Sandusky, Ohio. His father, King Mike the First, had ruled a small farm ten miles from town.

There was a period of great disorder in Sandusky then, due to the City Ordinance of Succession. The throne of Sandusky cannot pass through a female heir. King Jim, who ruled in the year of my grandfather's birth, 1887, had no sons and no brothers, nor had he any paternal uncles. So the question of inheritance fell among an array of quarreling cousins, one of whom (though, I believe, only by marriage) was my great-grandfather Mike. But Mike was good with a broadsword and had friends at the county courthouse. Eventually he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer at one of the local banks and conquered a lumberyard and a livery stable. King Jim was old and growing senile, and my great-grandfather had himself declared Royal Protector by taking care of the old King's house and yard and making sure he always had a carriage if he wanted to go for a ride in the country. When King Jim died in 1901 my great-grandfather knew where all the legal papers were, and, with the help of my young grandfather, the future Crown Prince Barney, he fought a pitched battle with the other claimants and cousins in an office downtown. He was greatly outnumbered by his rivals, but they were leaderless and quarreled among themselves, and while they were consulting a lawyer they had hired, King Mike set upon them with archers, and most of them were slain. A few retired on pensions, however, and one moved to California.

King Mike died in 1920, and his oldest son, my great-uncle Will, became King of the Farm, but it was my grandfather who was set upon the throne of Sandusky. This was not in strict adherence to the succession ordinance, but few men ever defied my grandfather and lived or did not have a business failure.



**U**NDER THE REIGN OF MY grandfather, Sandusky grew in power and prosperity. A grain elevator was built and a factory and then another. My grandfather was always at war. He conquered Norwalk, Fremont, Tiffin, and Oak Openings State Park, where there was a battle that lasted nearly two days in the dark and tangled woods of the bird sanctuary. In 1942 he defeated Port Clinton, using archers—as his father had—and massed in-



fantry armed with pikes and swords at the bridge on Route 4. The mounted knights he fought, whose number made up nearly all the nobility and royal family of Port Clinton, were shot down with arrows or forced over the guardrail and drowned in their heavy armor before anyone could get to them with a powerboat. It's a lesson I've never forgotten. Cavalry is important for mobility's sake, but the true strength of an army lies in its well-trained foot soldiers. Also, horses have to be fed and groomed every day and usually

boarded at a stable on the outskirts of town.

King Barney commissioned a navy for Sandusky, with three-masted galleons. And he fought sea battles at Put-In Bay, North Bass Island, and even at the mouth of the Maumee river, in Toledo harbor. Thus my grandfather wrested much of the freighter traffic in western Lake Erie from the Businessmen Princes of Toledo and Detroit, Michigan. He also fended off attacks from the barbarians who came down out of Canada in their War Ferries. They wore no armor, only hats, and fought with axes, but they were fearsome warriors nonetheless and were driven from our shores only after they had sacked many fishing camps and a boat dock. There was an uprising, too, among the peasants, who were in a labor union at the Willis Overland plant, and my grandfather put down that rebellion with great force. And he quarreled with the Deacon of the largest Presbyterian church in town, a man who commanded powerful forces and wanted to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment, which commanded Prohibition and caused a great schism in Ohio. My grandfather, at last, seized all the Deacon's property and foreclosed on some empty lots and small businesses that he owned, distributing them with his customary largesse to the Earls and Counts who owned restaurants and bars and had fought loyally by the King's side. He took for himself a Buick dealership. And built a palace for the royal household on Elm Street. By the time I was born, in 1957, King Barney ruled nearly all of north-central Ohio from Lorain to Bucyrus to as far west as Perrysburg. What he hadn't conquered by sword and fire had been annexed by the city government, and Dukes and Barons from surrounding towns swore fealty to my grandfather, even in some cases sending their own children as hostages on vacation visits to the royal court. Where, of course, they were treated with the greatest courtesy.


King Barney, though fierce in war, was at heart a kindly man, loved by his subjects. Very few were the times when he threw anyone into the dungeon at the Buick dealership, and



**T**he young Crown Prince of Sandusky, Ohio, forces his evil stepfather, Count Ralph, to a duel at the dining-room table.







then only when they had committed some heinous crime. And he hated to order an execution, even when Leonard of Fostoria married my second cousin Duchess Connie and treated her cruelly and was cast into the dungeon and broke \$300 worth of distributor caps and taillight lenses that were stored there. Grandfather did not have him killed but just talked him into joining the Marine Corps.



## **M**Y GRANDFATHER KING

Barney had five children: Crown Prince Bob was the oldest; then, my father, who bore the title Prince of New Car Sales and was also Captain of the Royal Guard; Princess Annie; Prince Larry, who ran the used-car lot; and my youngest uncle, Prince Fred. My father married Princess Doris, whose father had been the Emperor of Michigan City, Indiana, but who had been deposed in the stock-market crash of 1929. Her family had fled Indiana, and her brother Sam took refuge in a monastery owned by the New York Central railroad, where he became Chief Abbot and a freight-train engineer. Her sister Dorothy married a real-estate salesman from Chicago who

McAfee



was very successful because he was the Duke of a suburb.

I led an idyllic childhood, partly at the court of my grandfather the King and partly at his summer cottage. I was trained in the arts of warfare and at falconry and baseball and playing the trumpet. My father was a great favorite with the people. It was assumed that someday he would be King, since Uncle Bob had no male heirs. Oddly, I must have been nearly ten before I realized that I myself was therefore in line for the crown. And it was not long after I had made that realization that my father was tragically struck down. There had been trouble at the car dealership. A White Castle restaurant across the street had rebelled, and my father and my uncle Larry, who was his Chief Lieutenant, gathered their troops and some of the mechanics from the garage and laid siege to the amazon waitresses. It was only a glancing blow of a halberd that struck my father's helmet—Prince Larry told me that in the victorious glow of the burning lunchroom my father complained of nothing but a slight headache—but that night my father suffered a cerebral hemorrhage and went into the hospital and died. A hundred lancers on horseback and many people in a long line of cars accompanied him to his grave in Woodlawn Cemetery, where our family owned a plot.

Less than a year later my mother married again, to Count Ralph, a minor nobleman from a shopping center on the south side of town. And thus began the intrigue that was to mark the next dozen years of my life.



**A**T FIRST I DIDN'T CARE much one way or the other about my new stepfather. He seemed nice enough, in a way, but he drank too much beer and his armor was the cheap foreign kind. And he did not have a charger of his own. Any time there was an argument with a neighbor over feudal obligations like keeping their lawns nice, he would have to rent a horse in order to settle the quarrel with a jousting match. But I didn't really mind him. Anyway, I was much too busy with the Grade School Wars. They caused great destruction and suffering, especially to substitute teachers. My grandfather should have put a stop to these fights, but he was growing old and he never recovered from the death of my father, who was his favorite. He began to grow feeble after that and wound up in a royal nursing home. And my uncle Bob, the Crown Prince, cared about nothing but business and golf.

There were three grade schools in the local school district, and we were at war with each other constantly. The four public high schools in Wood County were fighting each other also. Not to mention the two parochial high schools; each of them had elected its own pope, and this caused rioting among the Polish and Italian people who worked in the factories. At school we fought with wooden pikes and swords. Most of our parents wouldn't let us have real swords until we were sixteen, although some kids who had paper routes saved up and bought them anyway. We had real arrows, though. And I was grazed on the arm once and had to have stitches.

The school wars were exciting. They were fought from classroom to classroom. I was one of the leaders, of course, because I was of royal blood. But I was in the sixth grade, so I was only a Lieutenant. Still, I led my men in many sword fights, especially on the staircases. We would fight up and down the staircases. They were the best places for sword fights. Our school, McKinley School, was a big

building, like a fortress, and we fought from barricades across the corridors. Even the Principal couldn't get us to behave. Once, we were besieged by the kids from Nathan Hale grade school, and they drove us to the second floor and conquered our gym. We might have starved if the girls hadn't had to go home when the streetlights came on. But most of the girls were able to get back into the school auditorium that night because there was a PTA meeting and they came with their parents. We hoisted picnic baskets full of provisions up from the auditorium floor to the balcony, so we survived until morning. We had new sword fights on all the staircases that next day and drove the Nathan Hale kids back to their own neighborhood. We captured one of their sixth graders, who used to be in my class until his parents moved. He was a spy, and we proved it with a trial by fire, and he died in the hospital. After that our grade school couldn't fly the green safety pennant on our flagpole under my family's royal banner. The green safety pennant meant no student had been hurt that year and had a picture of Amber the Safety Elephant on it.

I was so busy that I didn't notice that Count Ralph, my stepfather, was conspiring against me, until my grandfather died and Uncle Bob was crowned King of Sandusky. This made me Crown Prince, and I always led my class when we marched to school assemblies or to drop our contributions into the March of Dimes collection. Count Ralph's first plot was to poison my uncle so that I would be King and he could be appointed Regent until I was twenty-one. He tried this at a wienie roast, but King Bob only vomited and the poison hot dog did not have time to do its work.

But then my stepfather decided upon a different and more treacherous scheme. I believe he realized that I knew about the poisoning attempt, for I had spied on him when I worked after school, at his hardware store in the shopping center. And he knew I had come to hate him because he would not buy me an English racer bicycle and because he continually ranted and raved at me for not cleaning up after my brace of coursing hounds. He and my uncle came to a rapprochement, and, despite my warnings to the King, Count Ralph was made my Protector and head of the Royal Guard. It became clear to me that the two of them were in league when my cousins Prince Buster and Prince Kevin were waylaid on the street and killed by a hit-and-run driver. This left no other male heir but me, and if I could be gotten out of the way, King Bob's grandson, my second cousin Prince Dickie, could be made Crown Prince. I knew, also, that Count Ralph was aiding my uncle in urging City Council to change the laws of royal succession. Either way I would never become King. They couldn't kill me outright, not yet. It would look bad in the papers. But they were going to get rid of me somehow. My mother was weak. She feared for my safety, but she also wanted to save her marriage and was afraid of what the neighbors would say if she got divorced. I went to my uncles, Prince Larry and Prince Fred, whose sons had been murdered. I asked them for help raising a troop of armed men. I could muster a hundred boys from McKinley School and at least my own patrol from my Boy Scout troop, but we were poorly armed and had no siege engines or cavalry. But my uncles were scared they'd lose their jobs. Only Princess Annie was any help. She gave me a packet of poison to spread on my stepfather's sport coat. But I lost it on the way home.

There was nothing to do but flee, so I sought sanctuary at the home of my mother's brother, the Duke of Evanston, Illinois.

*continued on page 51*



*There's a race of men that don't fit in,  
A race that can't stay still;  
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,  
And they roam the world at will.*

*Robert Service\*  
The Men That Don't Fit In*

The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.



# Yukon Jack®

100 Proof Imported Liqueur made with Blended Canadian Whisky.

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# IF YOU'RE NOT USING THE SCOTCH® RECORD CARE SYSTEM, YOU'RE USING THE SECOND BEST.

INTRODUCING SCOTCH® RECORD CARE SYSTEM. IT CLEANS,  
ANTI-STATS AND REDUCES FRICTION—ALL IN ONE STEP.

Finally there's a way to give your records the kind of care and protection that hasn't been possible until now... a way to insure a long life of true sound.

#### The System.

The Scotch Record Care System combines new Sound Life™ fluid with a unique dispensing applicator. To use, simply depress the supply container and Sound Life fluid is fed automatically to the pad. That's all there is to it. It's quick, easy and simple. No guesswork about how much fluid you need or how to apply it correctly. Just place the applicator on your turntable spindle, revolve it and the record is cleaned.

#### Super-wetting action deep-cleans grooves.



Discwasher D3® solution (left) beads up on the grooves. Sound Life (right) with super-wetting action deep-cleans grooves.

If your present cleaning solution beads up on the record surface, it may not be getting the job done.

Scotch Sound Life spreads onto the disc surface evenly—safely penetrating grooves to remove micro-dust and fingerprints. Sound Life leaves the record with a brilliant look, as brilliant as the sound is clean and true.

#### As it cleans, it wipes out static.

Even though your record surface is clean, it's generally the electrostatic charge that gets it dirty again. An anti-static gun is just a temporary treatment.

One application of Sound Life reduces the residual charge to near zero. And it prevents static from returning no matter how often the record is played.



(Left) Styrofoam beads are attracted to static charge left on record after cleaning with Discwasher D3®.

Same record (right) after one treatment with new Sound Life fluid.

#### Friction reduction's a plus.

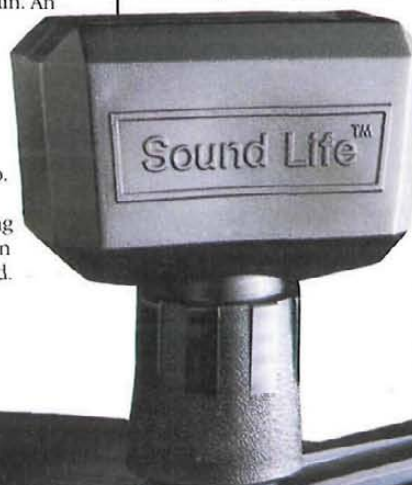
The same application of Sound Life that super-cleans and removes static can reduce stylus drag up to 15%.

And with your sensitive stylus that can mean less wear and improved record life.

#### Better stereo performance.

To get all the true, pure sound you expect from your stereo, you need records that are truly clean, and protected from static and friction. Only the Scotch Record Care System gives you all three in one application. Ask to see a demonstration at your record or stereo store right now.

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SCOTCH®  
RECORD CARE SYSTEM.  
THE TRUTH COMES OUT.





# Monsieur de Chien Sells Out

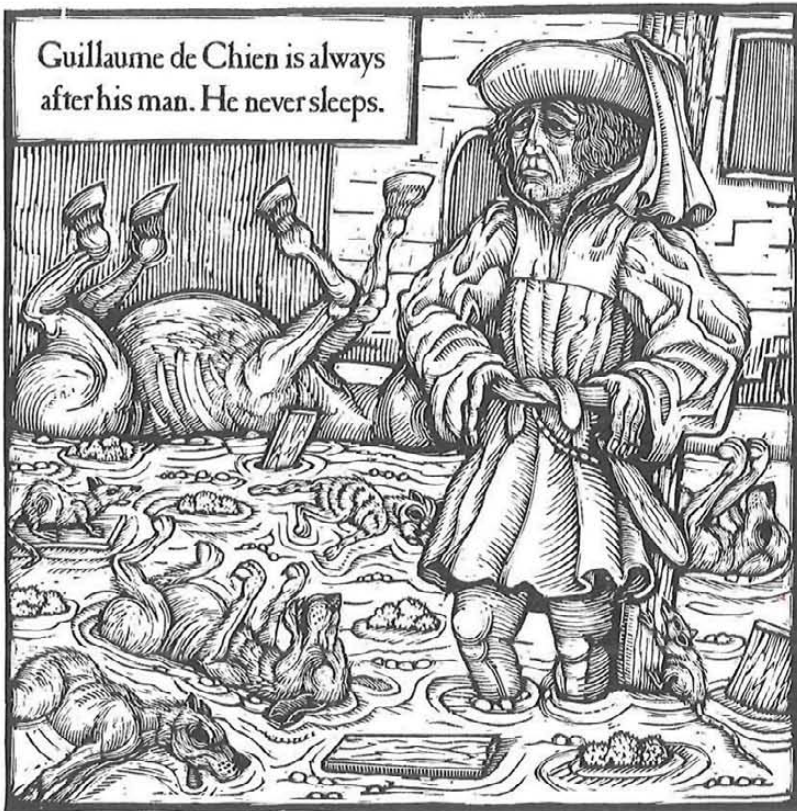
Translated and Annotated by Tod Carroll

Guillaume de Chien, Private Investigator, was one of the best-known detective heroes of the thirteenth century. He first appeared in a dozen or more serialized ballads performed by French

troubadours in the early 1220s; however, it was not until the publication of this crudely illuminated adventure (c. 1235) that he achieved wide popularity.

I  
**I**t had been raining  
 For three weeks straight;  
 And I was up to here in  
 loose ends,  
 And even higher in mud.  
 Tramping through the odorous  
 Ditch full of flayed carrion,  
 Stumbling through the floating dung  
 And all of the other foul  
 Things that wend between my  
 Office and the hovels of the  
 Plowmen of Beziers,<sup>1</sup>  
 I damned these miserable Languedoc  
 Decembers.  
 I profaned the noisome  
 Aberration of mind that  
 Got me hooked on this lousy  
 Profession in the first place.  
 I'd been doing a lot of  
 That kind of thinking lately  
 But supposed it was merely  
 The result of feeling sorry for myself.  
 Feeling sorry for all the  
 Red-eyed losers in the world  
 With a penchant for trouble  
 And ten sous<sup>2</sup> worth of alcohol in  
 their blood.

II  
**U**st then a bloated,  
 near-dead  
 Ox struggled through the  
 squalling mire  
 And collapsed at my shoes.  
 A suitable finish for this  
 Wretched animal, I thought.  
 The creature had been  
 Kept in a cubicle adjacent to  
 My reception area, where it  
 Regularly disturbed the clients



With braying seizures that  
Caused one or more of its  
Hooves to penetrate the wall.

III  
**I**t was upon crawling  
 over the  
 Tremulous beast that I  
 noticed her,  
 Lille de Fuisse, standing in my office,  
 Arrogant eyed and clean clad.

Noblesse effused from her  
 Like scoriaceous sparks.  
 "You are de Chien?" she asked  
 With insulting reserve.  
 I stood up and wiped a clot of  
 Sewage on the wall.  
 "Who wants to know?"  
 I removed a small, dead  
 Dinner hen<sup>3</sup> from my coat  
 And beat it against a chair to  
 Chase out the moisture.

<sup>1</sup>A large village in the Languedoc region of France where de Chien operated his detective agency 51 rue des-Blanguies, de Chien's fictive address, was in reality an abandoned bronze works, which a businessman purchased in 1244 and represented to tourists as the "real" de Chien's office. The tamed ox holes in the reception area (described in de Chien stories as having been kicked through his wall by a comical, dystrophic ox) were actually gouged by the entrepreneur with a rock.

<sup>2</sup>One-twentieth of a gold franc, worth about \$25 by weight on today's market. In terms of purchas-

ing power, ten sous would buy enough wine to kill a man if it was consumed in less than six months. De Chien's only superhuman distinction was his ability to tolerate vast quantities of alcohol, a characteristic that was unfortunately most impressive to de Chien's audience and that inspired thousands of lethal, de Chien-style drinking sprees at the height of his popularity.

<sup>3</sup>A defective or undersized hen, usually marketed with decorative berries in its eyes and other bright garnishes to make it less embarrassing to customers who could not afford the better grades.



She had money and property,  
That was evident.  
It was also obvious that  
The Lady was in a deadly bind.  
"You packing wood?" asked  
Madame de Fuisse,  
Moving coldly and directly to her  
point.

I withdrew my well-hewn  
Pine shaft<sup>4</sup> from its lodging in my  
sleeve and  
Bashed the chicken's neck until  
Its head bounced across a table.  
Then I repeated my question.  
"Who wants to know?"  
She continued as if I hadn't spoken.  
"I've got a job for you, de Chien.  
A little problem I'd like  
Taken care of right away."  
"Well, if you don't have a name,  
Suppose you tell me if your problem  
does,"

I replied, coyly blowing a  
Fleck of sinew from the tip of  
My lethal, perfectly balanced shaft.  
One should establish his  
Position quickly with these  
Second Estate types.  
Otherwise, they'll cut you to chunks.

"Ambrogio de Fina," she said,  
After a long pause.  
I glanced at her sharply;  
The bird was leaking on my blouse.  
But that seemed no matter.  
"The Inquisitor..." I declared  
With a small, snide laugh.  
"Prior of the Dominican  
Order of Preachers.  
Subjugator of the Albigenes.  
Most dangerous cleric in  
The south of France.  
And you would like me to  
Take care of him?  
Am I following you so far?"

#### IV



ille de Fuisse turned  
away.  
She gazed through the  
Hoof punctures in the  
wall at  
Several pink-eyed rats;  
They were batting a bug cocoon<sup>5</sup>  
Across the neighbor's bed.  
"There are one hundred  
Gold coins in the corner, de Chien.  
Bring Fina's corpse to  
The Château de Fuisse and

I will give you one hundred more."  
I squeezed hard on my hen,  
Realizing that this insolent,  
Tough-tempered tomato was  
Dangerously off alignment.  
And furthermore, that two hundred  
Francs d'or<sup>6</sup> would buy me  
First-class passage out of this place.  
A stout, black brougham soon  
Wallowed up to the door.  
Lille de Fuisse coolly awaited my  
decision  
While I examined her peccañt,  
Cheese-white chest.  
I imagined that I might enjoy  
Slicking my open lips across it  
someday,  
Once they were healed,  
And after I had completed the  
Walk of three hundred énuards<sup>7</sup> to  
Toulouse,  
The place where I would douse the  
Candle of Ambrogio de Fina.  
She understood from my silence  
That we had a bargain.  
Without another word,  
She ingressed her coach and  
Disappeared into the muck.

#### V



as I out of my mind?  
I'm a private detective, not  
an assassin.  
But then I perused the  
Satchel of gold and decided to  
File the semantics for later.  
My first priority was to  
Slip within cudgel distance of Father  
Fina;  
And my first move was to  
Join the Holy Priesthood.

#### VI



aving purchased a  
clergyship  
From the Bishop of Foix,  
I fitted myself with a  
cassock  
And trod the road north.  
It was at this time that  
I first encountered Chanselle,  
A mottled, aromatic trull with  
Sanguinopurulent eruptions of the  
skin.  
And a geniculated spine as well,  
Such effect being produced by  
A fiefor's two-handed sword  
Lowered on her for diversion.  
I knew at the moment I  
Discovered Chanselle in her



De Chien was a fearsome man,  
and his clients knew this.

<sup>4</sup>Private investigators were at the time licensed to carry both oak and cedar clubs; pine clubs were outlawed because their light weight made it easy to carry versions longer than the sixteen-inch legal limit. De Chien's shaft, which he sometimes called his "ligneous lawyer," was nearly two feet long.

<sup>5</sup>Certain cocoons, particularly those of the codling moth, were popular household "accents" in the 1200s. Many women scattered cocoons randomly around their bedrooms, sometimes painting

them with bright dyes or the monogram of a desired suitor.

<sup>6</sup>Gold coins, each worth about two thousand modern French francs. One of de Chien's most famous lines was "Only two things you can't get for a franc d'or, baby: salvation, and more than three hundred good dinner hens."

<sup>7</sup>De Chien's personal unit of linear measurement, roughly equivalent to the distance between his office and a roadhouse where the owner had once given him a bottle of wine.



Effluvial thatched den that she was  
 easy.  
 But I couldn't know that in the  
 End she would nearly get under my  
 skin.  
 "Perhaps you'd like to brisk

her lips.  
 "I like your stick," she  
 Breathed lasciviously.  
 "Ever had to use it?"  
 I chuckled wickedly and I winked  
 Knowingly as Chansellé ran her

Innocent III, my pct."  
 "Is this your chicken, my special  
 one?"  
 Clearly the broad was getting to me,  
 Which is more frightening to  
 Someone in my business than fifty  
 Inquisitors combined.

He partook of her meager pasturage;  
 romance had improved the taste.



That turnip of yours toward  
 These thirsty nethers,"  
 She moaned playfully, while  
 Shedding the coarse hemp  
 Textile that girded her belly.  
 A transparent ploy for my  
 Plenary indulgence, I reasoned,  
 Or perhaps for a crust of rissole<sup>8</sup>  
 To augment the forage of leaves on her  
 floor.  
 Nonetheless, I was drawn to her,  
 Filling the entrance to her  
 Lair with my person and my passion.  
 Chanselle hobbled close and  
 Stroked my blessed robe.  
 "I feel something hard," she said.  
 She pinched my secreted shaft  
 And grew increasingly roused.  
 "Never met an ecclesiastic  
 Packing timber before."  
 "Special legate," I explained.  
 "Special assignment."  
 I could tell the cur was stirred  
 By danger and intrigue.  
 She slowly extracted my firm,  
 Sap-scented weapon and pressed it to

Fingertip along the length of the shaft,  
 Probing every nick, tracing  
 Every knot, teasing every splinter.

#### VII

**W**hat's a girl have to do to  
 Get an indulgence in this  
 town?"  
 Came the expected  
 question.  
 "Just an eeny-weeny<sup>9</sup> one, huh,  
 Father?"  
 I seized my shaft and thrashed  
 Chanselle smartly across the jaw.  
 "Pagan!" I shouted with supreme  
 indignation.  
 My forcefulness naturally  
 Appealed to her, bringing a quite  
 Unusual piquancy to the grueling,  
 Growling congress that soon ensued.  
 Afterward we shared a heap of  
 tallowwood leaves  
 And talked the giddy nonsense of  
 love.  
 "Tell me of your spine, my angel."  
 "Tell me more of yourself and

#### VIII

**H**aving recovered my  
 senses, however,  
 After viewing Chanselle's  
 Proud collection of  
 Uncommonly flat stones and  
 Seashells with colorful markings,  
 I made for Toulouse and the  
 Priory of my victim.  
 The priory of the Inquisitor,  
 Ambrogio de Fina.  
 "Good day, Father de Chien,"  
 Spoke the Dominican from his  
 sacristy.  
 "I understand you have an  
 Interest in suppressing the  
 Heretical dualists of Languedoc."  
 "They must abjure their  
 Modalistic monarchianism and  
 Beseech the forgiveness of God,"  
 I replied with singleness of  
 Purpose and credible fervor.  
 "Then, I am certain Prior Fina  
 Will welcome you to the staff.  
 Check with a novitiate in  
 Our front office for an assignment."  
 Damn! I was expecting an  
 Interview with the man at the top.  
 How long would I have to play this  
 game?  
 How many howling, hollow-faced  
 Peasants would I have to mutilate  
 Before the target deigned to see me?

#### IX

**T**hese considerations  
 squirmed  
 In my mind as a frail,  
 mincing  
 Functionary appointed me to the  
 Position of Prosecutor General  
 And issued a procedural text.  
 "You may disregard the references  
 To *badgering the witness*,"  
 He sniggered with great irony  
 And sibilant diction.  
 "In fact we prefer to think of  
 Ourselves as... little *badgers*."  
 He compressed his face into a  
 Semblance of a small animal and  
 Wiggled tightly clustered  
 Fingers as if they were its paws.  
 "Little, tiny, furry badgers,"  
 The fragile cleric squeaked with comic

<sup>8</sup>A hard, crescent-shaped bread r-1 that de Chien perpetually nursed in the corner of his mouth.  
 Readers knew that whenever de Chien spit out his rissole, trouble would soon follow.

<sup>9</sup>Translated from the vulgar patois contraction *j'nét oumèr*, meaning literally "smaller than a small  
 bean and even smaller."



animality.  
"Recant, infidels...squeak,  
Squeak...recant...recant!"  
A real lulu, this funnyboy.

X  
**M**y first case was  
Luc deGlois,  
Twenty-seven, a hapless  
tiller  
Of onions from the estate of  
Monmoille.  
I strode confidently toward  
The witness and toyed  
With my cincture for suspense.  
"Monsieur deGlois, I understand  
You have stated publicly that  
Our Lord and Savior Jesus  
Christ did not possess a human body!"  
I pivoted energetically in the  
Direction of the Holy Inquisitor  
And displayed a mix of surprise and  
scorn.

"And I suppose you would allege  
To this tribunal that the Son of  
God who died on the cross for  
Our sins did not bleed human blood!"  
The defendant responded nervously.  
"Yes, we of the Catharist  
Persuasion believe the physical  
Form of Christ was merely a  
phantasm."  
"Phantasm?" I shouted to the world.  
"Then what red sap is this?"  
I inquired blithely, while rotating  
A sprocket that released a  
Spring-loaded bolt into his carotid  
artery.  
"The blood of a phantasm?"  
"No, I am real," deGlois cried,  
Rattling violently within the  
Metal appendages of the  
Powerful testification device.  
"I see...your body is *real*.  
As is the body of Jesus Christ.  
Then, you must be Jesus Christ!"  
I boomed while sweeping the  
Chamber with an open-mouthed  
facsimile of awe.

XI  
**I** had the crowd in the  
palm of my hand.  
"Then, deGlois, I pray  
you employ  
Your divine wisdom to tell us  
Which chair in this room has a  
Six of hearts attached to its  
underside."  
"Your Eminence, these puerile  
Pyrotechnics are making a sham  
Of these proceedings," interposed  
The defendant's counsel.  
I pushed a lever on the iron-  
Shackled attorney's rack.



De Chien plied the witness masterfully,  
although he had no legal training.

This caused a barbed cylinder  
To whirl at high speed along  
The length of his spine, and  
I continued the questioning.  
"The card, deGlois...we're waiting."  
He called out the location of a chair.  
I eyed him for a long time for the  
Purpose of spectator tension,  
Then thrust the six of hearts  
Straight at him in the palm of my  
hand.  
"Christ would have known I had  
The card all along," I blared.  
"Just as Christ would have  
Never claimed that his human  
Body was not human.  
But this false Christ has a human  
body.  
And yet this false Christ  
Asserts that Christ's body was a  
phantasm.  
He thus calls his own human body a  
phantasm.  
Do you call *this* a phantasm?"  
I depressed a throttle on the  
Testification apparatus until  
Luc deGlois filled the room with  
screams.  
"How many more blasphemies and  
Deceptions will this...this  
Gatherer of scallions commit  
Before we bring him to justice?"  
I was physically and emotionally  
Spent from the intensity of this

monologue;  
Sweat fell from my face;  
I tottered and clutched a railing for  
support.  
"I've had enough of this man, Your  
Eminence.  
Quite frankly...he makes me sick."

XII  
**T**here is a dram shop in  
Toulouse called the Old  
Tree<sup>10</sup>  
That was a favored  
gathering  
Place of Inquisitors, their  
Staffs, and assorted hangers-on.  
This is where they discussed  
The day's cases and tried to unwind,  
In a din of laughter and a heather of  
wine.  
"Bravo, Father de Chien," lauded  
A voice from across the room.  
"Your performance today was a  
Landmark in the history of  
Canonical jurisprudence," joined  
another.  
"And there would be not a  
Heterodoxy in the whole of Europe  
If there were five more like you."  
I realized amid the cheers and  
The encomiums that my plan was  
succeeding. /continued on page 80

<sup>10</sup>This establishment still stands in what is now Old Toulouse.





**“Clarion’s new Magi-Tune™ FM can produce more stations, make them sound better, and hold them longer.”**

*Bob Angus — Noted audio expert and columnist*

“Let’s start where I did, on the streets of San Francisco, where high-rise buildings and street intersections form typical urban canyons in which stereo signal strength varies widely within a few feet.

Clarion supplied me with a car in which their new Magi-Tune FM had been installed.

There was a switch and the necessary connectors to permit a quick hookup for the comparison of other car stereos.

We tested Magi-Tune FM against seven leading car stereos.

The Challenge focused on four key areas of tuner performance. The ability to pick up and hold signals in poor reception areas. The ability to pick up and hold a weak signal. The ability to reject spurious signals. And the ability to cope

with a signal whose strength changes constantly.

The locations constituted the most demanding test track I can imagine for mobile high fidelity tuners.

Still, the results proved that Clarion’s new Magi-Tune FM can produce more stations, make them sound better, and hold them longer.”

Magi-Tune FM is so flawless you forget everything but the music. Test one at your dealer today.



**Clarion**

QUALITY FOR THE MAGIC IN MUSIC





# Think of Canada.

Think of Canada:  
you're flying above  
the snow, then touching  
down on powder,  
then sailing off again  
through the  
cold, crisp air.

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



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

# Think of Labatt's.

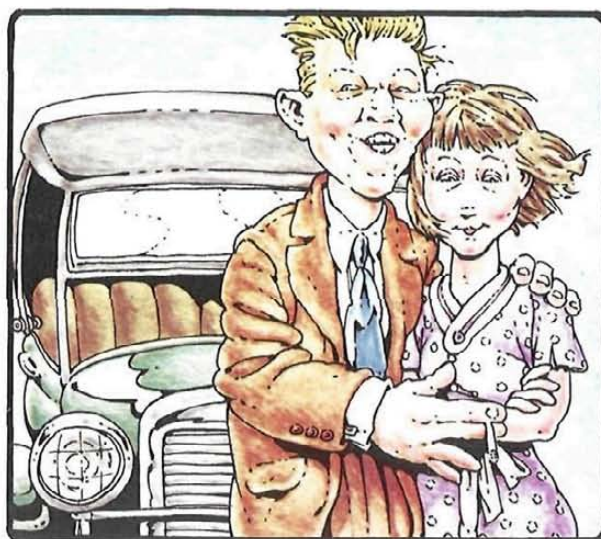
Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



# the QUAKE OF '33

RICK GEARY  
© 1980

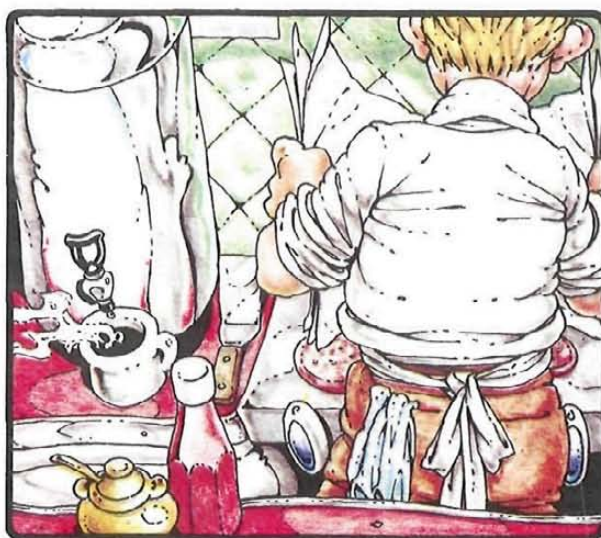
NOW THAT I'M SEVENTY-EIGHT, I  
SUPPOSE IT'S ALL RIGHT TO TELL THIS.



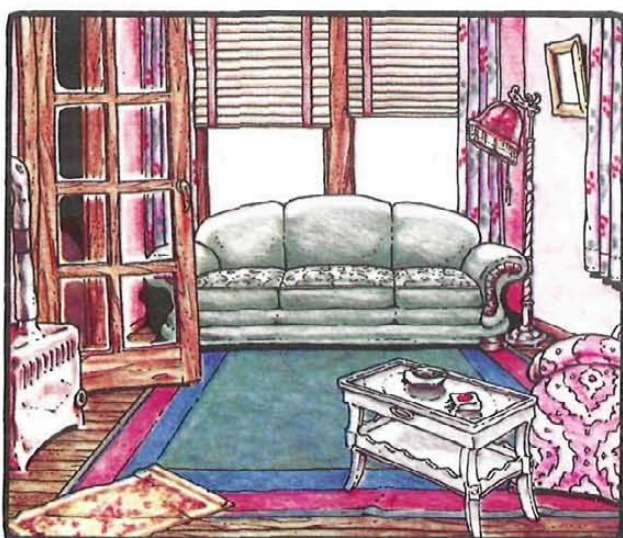
BACK IN '33, MY HUSBAND STU AND I MOVED TO  
LONG BEACH.



WE LIVED AT THE ANSONIA APARTMENTS ON ROSE AVE.



STU WORKED IN THE QUICK LUNCH AT THE BEACH.



HERE'S HOW I FIXED UP THE LIVING ROOM.





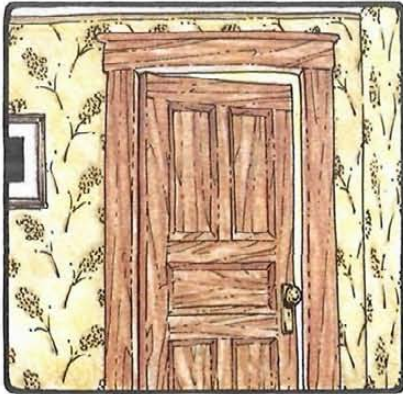
FOR MY NERVES, I TOOK PARALDEHYDE AND BROMIDIA DAILY, BUT I WAS NOT A DRUG FIEND.



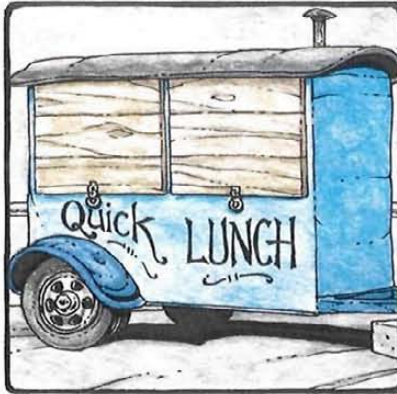
AT NIGHT, STU WANTED ME TO UNDRESS BEFORE HIM AND EXPOSE MY PERSON.



HE COMPLAINED I WAS NOT AFFECTIONATE, BUT HE WAS UNCLEAN AND OFTEN HAD VERMIN ON HIM.



AT ONE TIME, HE WAS AFFLICTED WITH A LOATHSOME DISEASE.



HE BECAME SO OFFENSIVE, FOLKS STAYED AWAY FROM THE QUICK LUNCH.



I WAS TOO EMBARRASSED TO WRITE MY MOTHER OF THESE THINGS.



STU: "I AM A NATURAL-BORN DEGENERATE BY BIRTH."



SOMETIMES HE STOOD IN THE DOORWAY AND SHOOK HIS "PARTS" AT LADIES WALKING BY.



HE WAS NOT A DRINKING MAN — I REALLY COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HIM.



HE EXPECTED ME TO CONTINUE COOKING MEALS FOR HIM...



...AND TO BE AFFECTIONATE AND SHARE HIS BED AS IF NOTHING WAS WRONG.

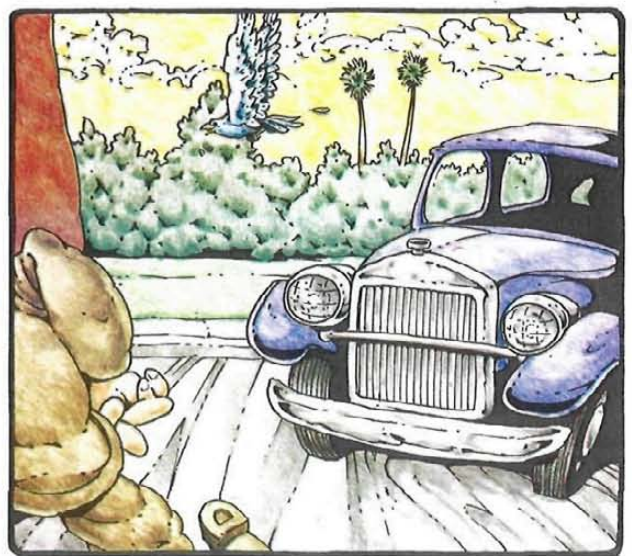


ONE DAY I WAS WALKING TO THE MARKET WHEN THE STREET BENEATH ME BEGAN TO SLIDE AND SWAY.

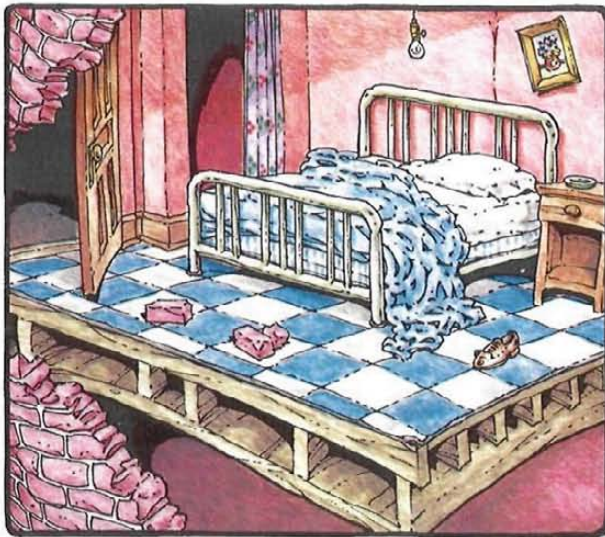




THE BUILDINGS ALONG ANAHEIM AVE. SHOOK TO PIECES.



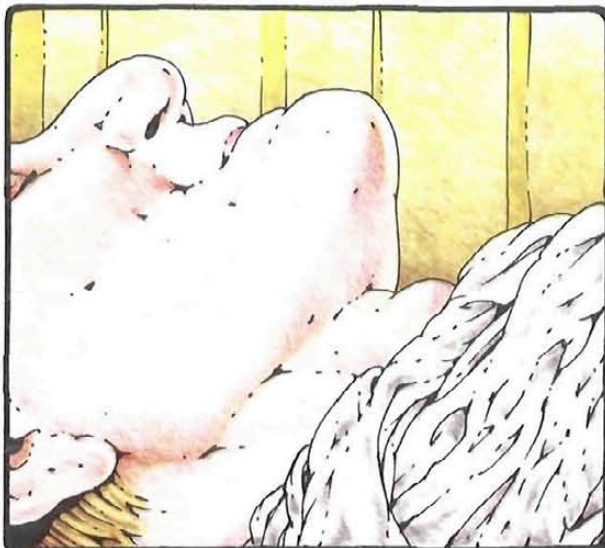
PEOPLE AND AUTOS PITCHED WILLY-NILLY.



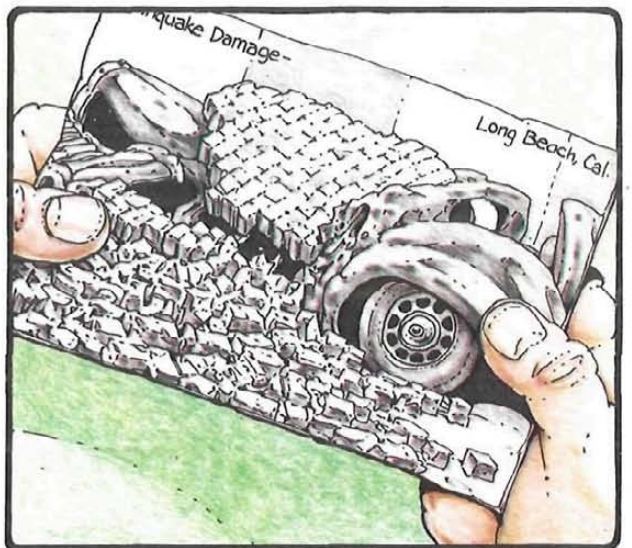
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ANSONIA APARTMENTS. WHERE WAS STU?



SAILORS EVERYWHERE!



THAT EVENING I IDENTIFIED STU'S REMAINS FOR THE AUTHORITIES.



I SENT POSTCARDS TO MY RELATIVES BACK HOME TO LET THEM KNOW I WAS ALL RIGHT.



FOR THE FIRST TIME ANY AND ALL ARE WELCOME  
SEE A SIGHT HITHERFORE TO SEEN ONLY BY THE INVITED

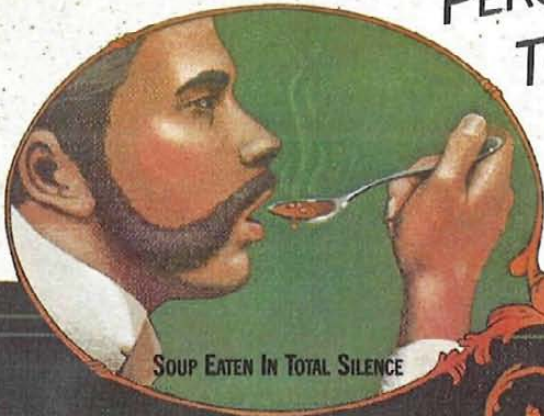
IT IS THE FIRST SHOW OF ITS KIND  
WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI

# MRS. VAN RENSSSELAER

IN CIMARRON CITY IT WAS ACCLAIMED!  
PERSONS WERE FORCED  
TO STAND IN ABILENE!

# TALK

TRULY A SENSATION



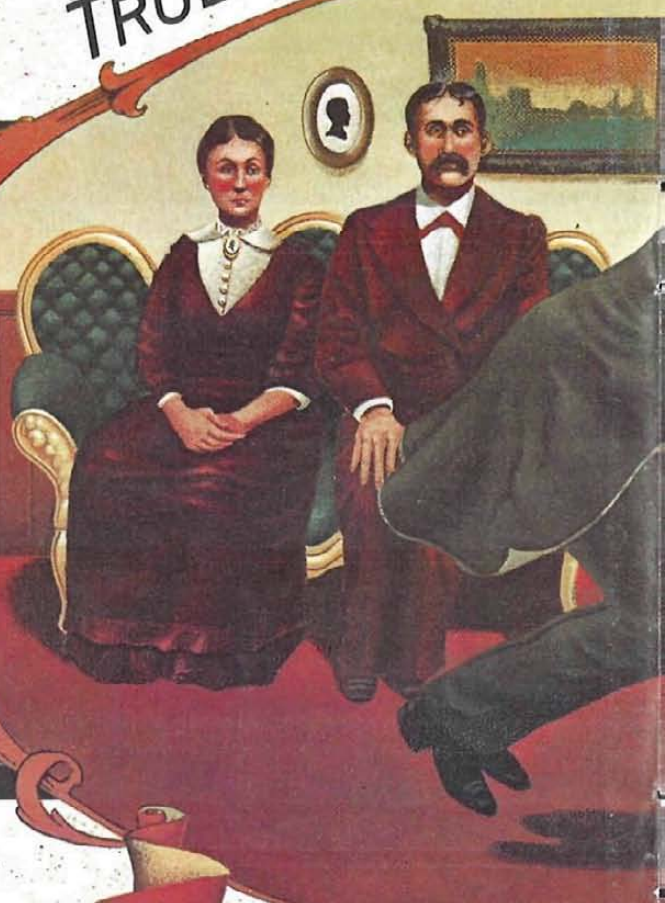
SOUP EATEN IN TOTAL SILENCE

## You Will See

- A MEAL OF MANY COURSES CONSUMED WITH A MULTITUDE OF FORKS!
- CHAFING DISHES, CANDELABRA, AND A DUCK PRESS USED WITH DEXTERITY!
- NAPKIN RINGS WILL BE EMPLOYED!
- THE MARVEL OF THE FLAMING DESSERT!
- A GAME OF BRIDGE PLAYED OUT ON A QUEEN ANNE TABLE!



THE PIANOFORTE WILL BE PLAYED BY TWO AT ONCE



A NEW GAME OF WIT WILL BE ACTED

THE SPECTACLE IS AT THE FORD HO  
THE LADIES WHO WILL HAVE RETIRED WILL HEAR FROM MRS. VAN RENSS  
ONLY THE VERY SICK SHO

# MRS. VAN RENSSSELAER-CABOT



# AMER-CABOT'S



MRS. VAN RENSSELAER-CABOT

# ME EAST SHOW

IN THIS WILD TIME



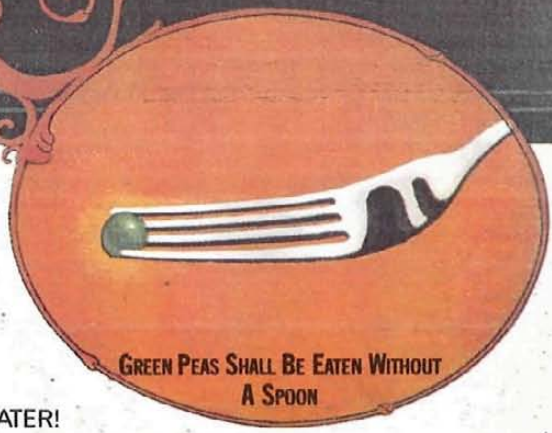
DON'T MISS THE TIE-KNOTTING DISPLAY

## YOU WILL HEAR

AN ARGUMENT ABOUT A FRENCH PAINTER!  
JESTS AND JAPES CONCERNING  
MEN PROMINENT IN GOVERNMENT!  
DIVERS LIBELS AND SCANDALS BEARING ON  
THE TRADING IN SECURITIES!  
ALSO PHRASES AND CATCHWORDS,  
THE VERY LATEST, MANY IN THE FRENCH  
OR ITALIAN LANGUAGE!

ED, THE RAGE OF THE FRENCH NATION!

*R. Crawford*  
©/30



GREEN PEAS SHALL BE EATEN WITHOUT  
A SPOON

HOTEL TONIGHT! AND AFTER DINNER:  
ISSELAER-CABOT HERSELF OF THE DECAY OF MORALS AND THE THEATER!  
OULD BE EXCUSED FROM:

# 'S TAME EAST SHOW-TONIGHT!



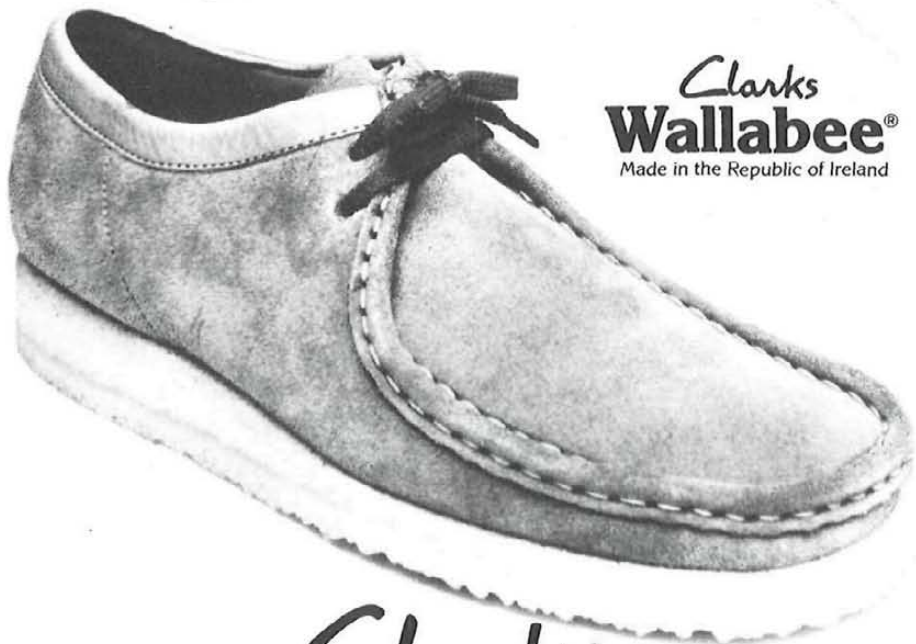
**“In my eyes,  
Wallabees are practically beautiful.”**

**Gordon Munro, fashion photographer**

To some people, looks are everything. But a Wallabee wearer knows real beauty when he feels it. Our famous Clarks Wallabees are uniquely designed and constructed for maximum comfort and support.

Specially selected leathers surround your foot like a glove. A built-in fortified arch support conforms to every contour. A naturally-aged plantation crepe sole cushions each step you take. And while others may imitate our look, only a genuine Clarks Wallabee can give you genuine Wallabee comfort.

Of course, you may be sold on Wallabee's classic, rugged styling alone. But until you try a pair, you'll never know just how beautiful they really are.



*Clarks*  
**Wallabee®**  
Made in the Republic of Ireland

*Clarks®*  
OF ENGLAND

**You can't stand on good looks alone.**

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## KING OF SANDUSKY

continued from page 36

This was not a happy time of my life. I was among strangers whose customs and manner of dress were unfamiliar to me. And it was a cliquish high school. I didn't fit in. Then the Duke, my uncle, had a massive coronary. I had hoped that he and my cousin Eddie would help me raise an army. Perhaps, also, Reverend Stevens at Evanston United Methodist would declare a crusade, and I could return to Sandusky and topple Uncle Bob from the throne. Cousin Ed was a bully and I had never liked him, but he had powerful friends on the football team. But my hopes were dashed, and instead of raising an army, I was caught in a quarrel between my cousin, the new Duke, and his mother, who still held the purse strings of the ducal treasury at the local branch bank and would not let Duke Eddie have even his own checking account. Lady Sue, Eddie's sister, was contemplating a totally unsuitable marriage to a commoner, a bread-truck delivery driver. And, worse, this man was a heretic, a Seventh Day Adventist whose family had been slaughtered in the general massacre of Adventists the year before. He had escaped only because he had been out in the garage trying to fix a lawn mower when it happened. But he lived in fear for his life and planned to emigrate to the colonies in Wisconsin, where he hoped religious toleration could be found. And he planned to take Lady Sue with him. No one had time for me and I never did make many friends in school.

Before my senior year, I decided to return alone to Sandusky. I knew I faced likely death or imprisonment in my bedroom on some slight pretext. Nor did I have any plan. My uncle Sam tried to convince me to become a railroad monk. But I must have a life of action, and, if I could not find some way to succeed in Sandusky, then perhaps I would become a brigand and live in the forest and rob picnickers.

Once I was home, however, a streak of good fortune came my way. My high school was in the wealthiest part of town, but our athletic teams were not very good and in the various skirmishes and battles with the other schools in the parking lots after football games we had lost many dead and wounded. We had no archers, our single troop of lancers was decimated, and our infantry was a rabble of kids whose parents were not as well off as

most in the school. Because I was still, in name at least, Crown Prince, it was easy to get elected to student council. And since no one else wanted the job, I became chairman of the Battle and Pillage Committee. I knew there was no way that I could form our high school's dispirited and disorganized army into an effective fighting force—not even against other high schools, let alone against my uncle, the King, and my stepfather and his Royal Guard, especially since my stepfather had grounded me for a month for getting a speeding ticket. Still, with even a few troops I had some options open. You see, of the six high schools in the Sandusky area there was one, Scott High, that was nearly all colored. We were at peace with them, just then. And, in fact, since they were in an isolated part of town, they were at war with no one but some East Side red-necks, who were high-school dropouts anyway. But what I did was bully our student-council president—a little bespectacled fellow and great coward—into making belligerent noises toward Scott High on the pretext of a Negro family or two moving into our school district. We could not beat them in a set-piece battle. I knew that. But their school was far enough away from ours that it would not come to outright war for a while, I felt sure. Then, one night, I took a dozen of my best and most trusted swordsmen and we dressed ourselves as colored people, wearing gauntlets and keeping our visors down so that no one could see the true color of our skin. Then I led a small raid on some houses in a nice neighborhood near our school. We burned the places to the ground

and killed the families, being sure to perform the worst mutilations on the bodies. It got a lot of coverage on television, and the first result was a much larger military budget for my army. We took, in fact, all the money from the prom-decorations fund—everything that had been made from car washes and bake sales for a whole year. I purchased arms and horses and even a siege engine or two, which did much to raise morale.

The kids at Scott High denied they'd done the killings, of course; and, of course, we called them liars and threatened war. But threats were as far as I let it go just then. Instead of attacking Scott High, my little band of raiders and I made another attack pretending to be colored. This time we attacked houses near Libby High School. My school and Libby had been at war for years, and I thought, rightly, that a "colored" outrage would give us cause to unite with them against the Negroes. I won't go on with all the details, but in such a way I eventually brought all five of the white high schools, even the Catholic ones, into a unified force. We made terrible war on the Negroes, and they, vastly outnumbered, were beaten in battle after battle and driven back into the center of the slum where they lived.

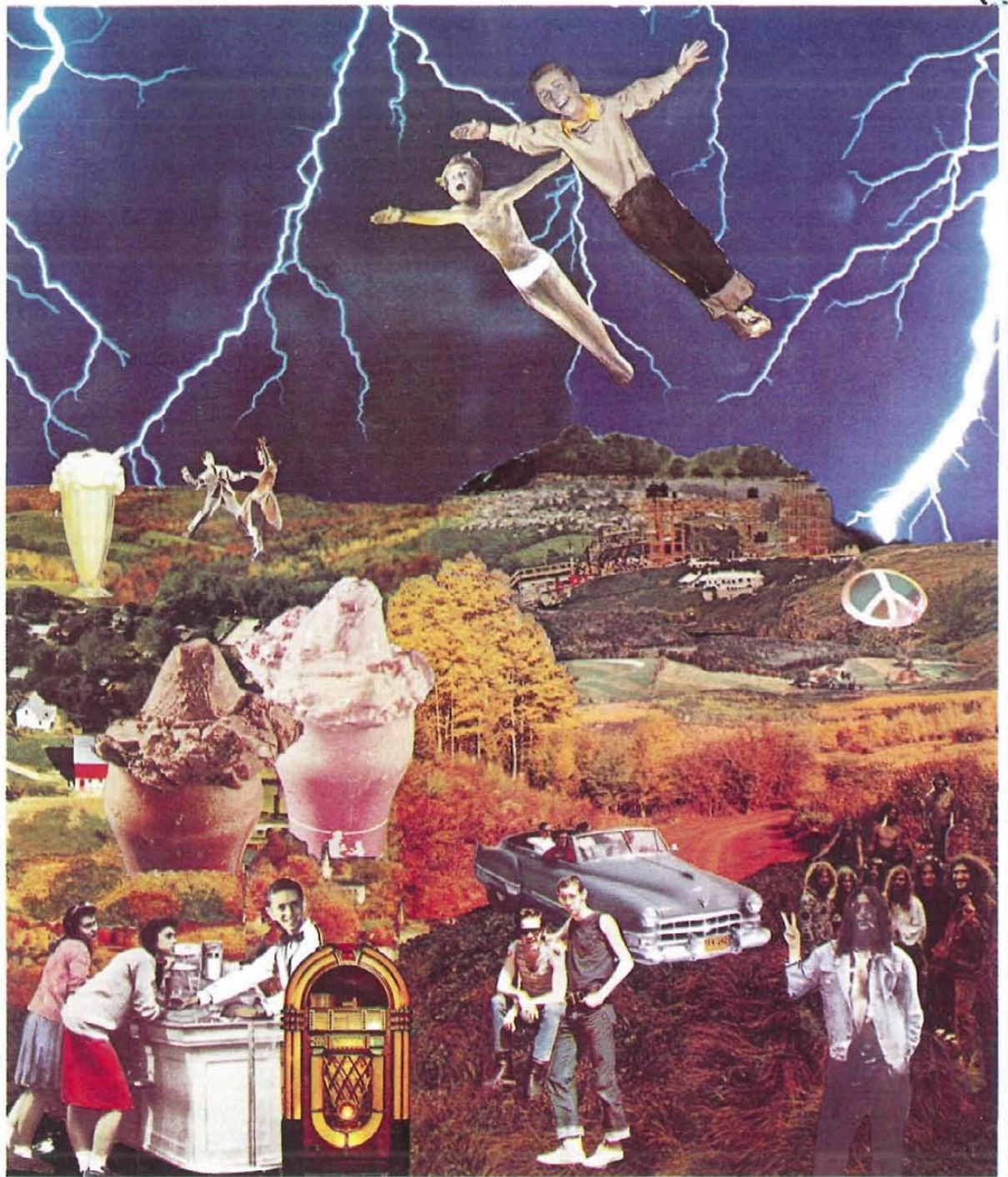
That spring the four other military commanders and I sat in parlay to plan a final attack, a complex action along converging lines, which is the hardest type of battle plan to make. The strategy, drafted by myself, was, if I may say so, excellent. It would take too much time, and maps, to detail it here, but, briefly, the plan was to use

continued on page 64





# YESTERDAY'S TEENS TALK TO THE TEENS OF TODAY



DENNIS POHL

BY JOHN HUGHES



# REALLY FELT PRETTY RIDICULOUS FLYING OVER GLENBROOK HEIGHTS IN HIS UNDERPANTS.

Plus it was chilly and there was lightning crackling all around. Just ahead of him was Alf, who had described himself as "an okeydokey teenager from 1940."

"This must be a dream, huh?" Blaine yelled to Alf.

"You ever fly when you're awake?" Alf yelled back.

The two boys banked sharply, swooped down through the low cloud cover, and landed at the intersection of Shermer and Walters roads.

"This is your town in 1940," Alf explained. "Way before modern people screwed it up with malls and trees planted in pots."

Alf chucked Blaine on the shoulder and led him across the street to the Nook, a soda shop Blaine recognized as the predecessor to Jim's Appliance Repair and, later, the Lunchery. The Nook was jammed with teenagers wearing the same baggy dungarees and sloppy shirttails as Alf. The girls, who reminded Blaine of his grandmother's college photos, wore rolled-up jeans and huge, men's white dress shirts. Alf shook hands with practically every guy in the place before taking a booth by the window.

"Each fella in here would lay his life on the line for me," Alf said proudly. "I'm going to my grave the best of buddies with these fellas. How about you? Would your pals die for you? Would you die for them?"

"That seems like kind of a dumb question," Blaine said.

"Only if you think true friendship is dumb," Alf smiled.

"I know CPR, so if one of my friends had a heart attack, I'd know what to do, and I also know how to save people who are choking on food."

Alf raised his arm and flagged down a soda jerk.

"Two sodas," Alf said.

"I don't want one, Alf," Blaine whispered.

"Sure you do. They're extra terrific!"

"Too much refined sugar," Blaine said, and then, looking up at the soda jerk, asked, "May I have a Tab?"

"A what?"

"Bring him a soda," Alf said, waving the soda jerk away.

"But..."

"You make me sick to my stomach," Alf said. "Afraid of sugar, won't die for your pals. You're a sissy!"

Blaine bristled at the insult.

"I'm not a sissy!"

"You sure are!"

"Just because I'm concerned about my future health?"

"That, and you don't want a family..."

"I'm undecided about a family," Blaine said. "I haven't made up my mind."

"If you have to make up your mind about what your God-given responsibility to mankind is, well, then you're a sissy!"

"I'm just not into getting tied down!" Blaine argued. "It doesn't seem like much fun, being a father."

"It ain't supposed to be fun; it's supposed to be fulfilling. It's your duty, and duty comes before fun. In the dictionary and in life!"

Blaine turned away angrily and stared out the window. Since he'd been in the Nook, the street had changed. Instead of looking like the forties, it now looked like the

streets on "Happy Days." At curbside was a red Chevy convertible with a big guy in a letter sweater behind the wheel and a girl with bleached blond hair sitting beside him. He waved his arms and yelled for Blaine. Blaine pointed to himself and mouthed, "Me?"

"There's somebody outside that wants me. What should I do?" Blaine asked.

"How should I know what you should do? You modern teens are supposed to be so smart, you figure it out! It's your dream."

Blaine slowly approached the convertible. He smiled at the girl and waved meekly to the guy behind the wheel.

"Hop in!" the guy said. "It's cool."

Blaine opened the car door and slid into the front seat, shivering as his bare back touched the cool vinyl.

"Who are you?" Blaine asked, trying not to sound as unsure of himself as he was feeling.

"Crazy! I'm Chet and this is Donna Sue."

Donna Sue giggled and snuggled against Chet's chest.

"Grab your cocks! We're blazin' off!"

The Chevy leaped from the curb in a cloud of blue smoke.

"Where's the seat belt?" Blaine screamed.

"Are you goofy?" Donna Sue yelled. "If you're wearing a seat belt, you might not get to die in a romantic flaming car wreck!"

Chet lifted his right arm and let Donna Sue slide under. She pressed her head to his sweater. Steering with one hand, he caressed Donna Sue's neck with the other.

"Two things bug me about you modern teens," Chet said, flashing Blaine a grin. "Besides the dickbone names your parents gave you. What's Blaine mean?"

"It's just a name," Blaine said.

"Oh, I thought it was secret code for small nuts or something."

Donna Sue giggled and quickly apologized.

"He's rude and crude," she said, opening her purse. "Smoke?"

"I don't smoke," Blaine said, refusing a Chesterfield.

"Getting back to what bugs me...one of them has to do with cigarettes and seat belts. You modern teens are afraid of everything!"

"No we're not!" Blaine protested. "Look at some of the drugs we take!"

"It doesn't take balls to be a jag-off," Chet countered. "The other thing that bugs me is you're just not cool. You're not cool at all."

"He's right," Donna Sue said sadly. "You're a nice guy, but you're a wimp."

"I'm not a wimp," Blaine said angrily.

"Any guy who would rather run six miles than go out with a girl is a wimp," Chet said.

"Chet tells me you're a real pussycat with girls. That they walk all over you," Donna Sue said.

"I'm a pussycat because I respect them?"

"You don't respect them! You treat them equal!"

"So what!"

"So, you take the romance out of it!" Donna Sue yelled.

"Romance is bullshit! It's just phony role playing!"

"Awright!" Chet bellowed.

The Chevy skidded to a stop at the side of the road.

"What are you doing?" Blaine said fearfully.

Chet threw the car in reverse and raced backward down the road for nearly a mile before backing into the driveway of a run-down bungalow.

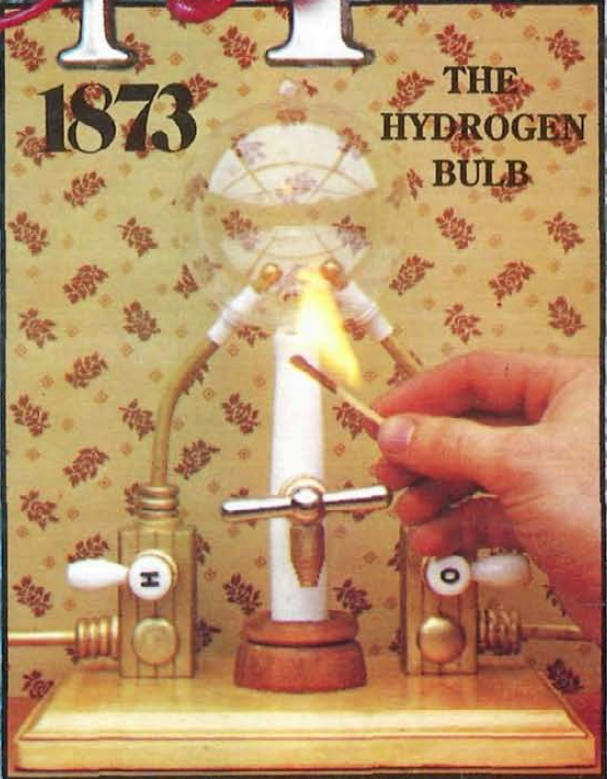
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# M M V S

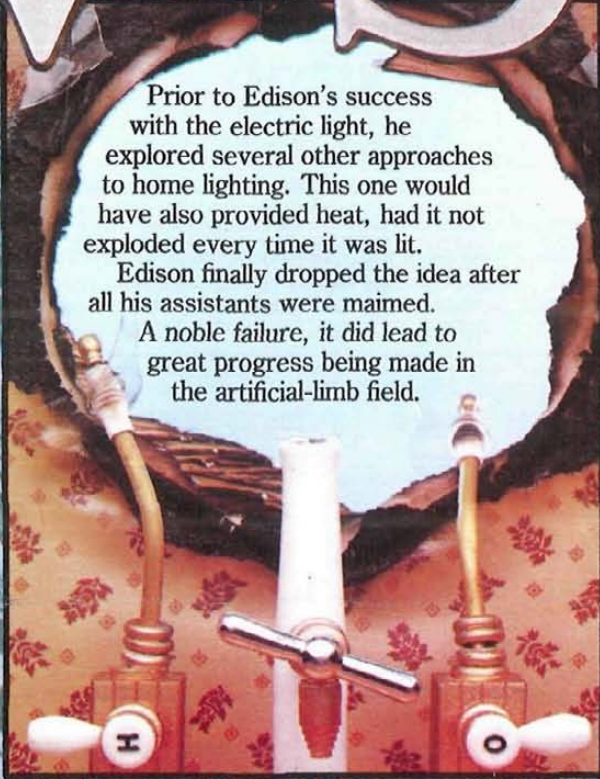
1873

## THE HYDROGEN BULB



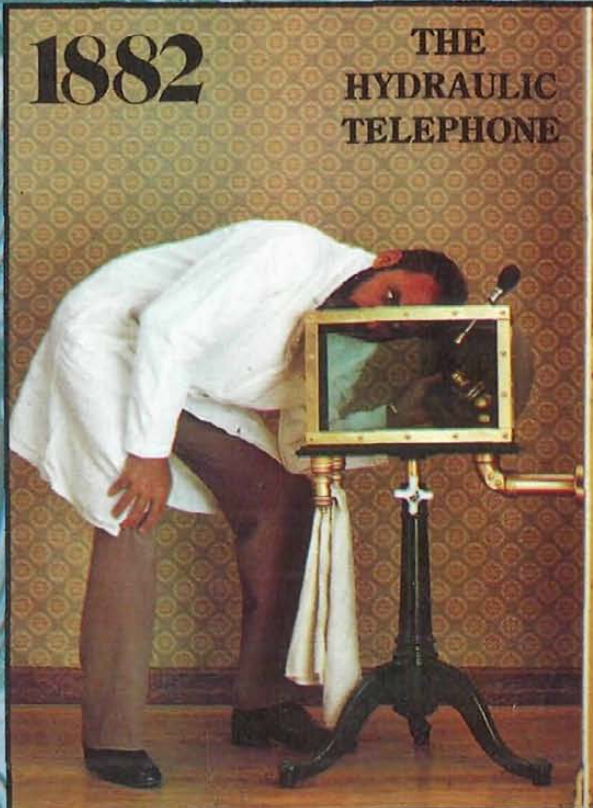
Prior to Edison's success with the electric light, he explored several other approaches to home lighting. This one would have also provided heat, had it not exploded every time it was lit.

Edison finally dropped the idea after all his assistants were maimed. A noble failure, it did lead to great progress being made in the artificial-limb field.

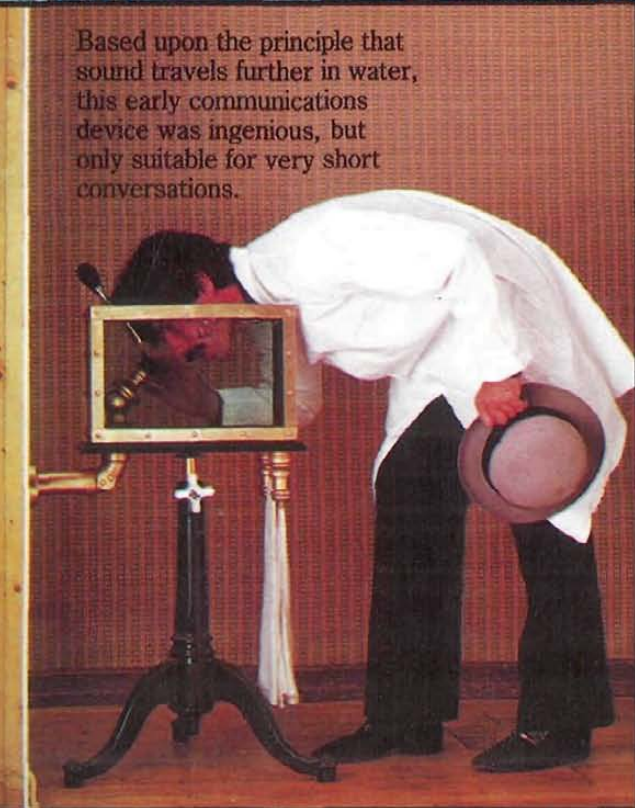


1882

## THE HYDRAULIC TELEPHONE



Based upon the principle that sound travels further in water, this early communications device was ingenious, but only suitable for very short conversations.



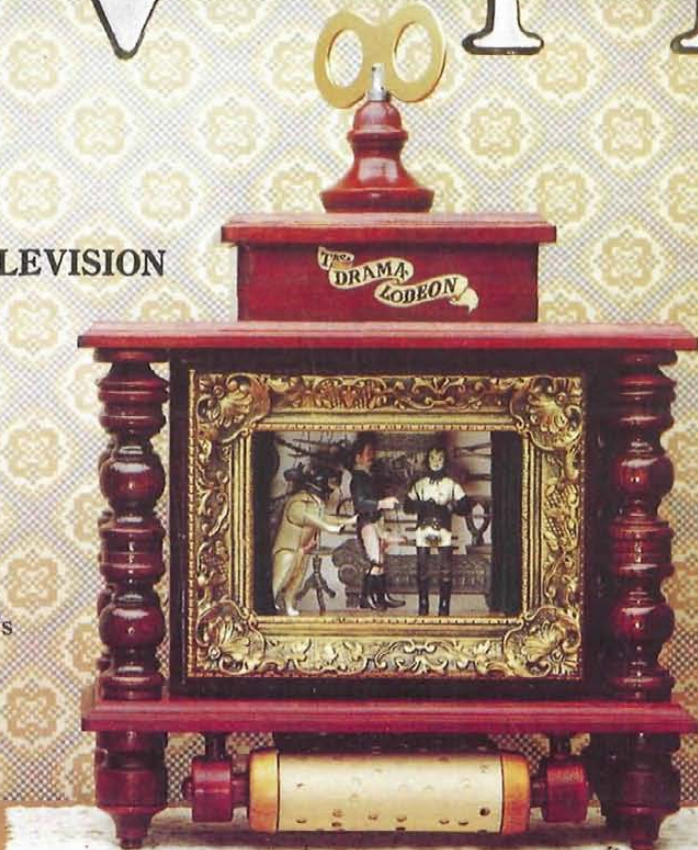


# EVMM

1895

## A CLOCKWORK TELEVISION

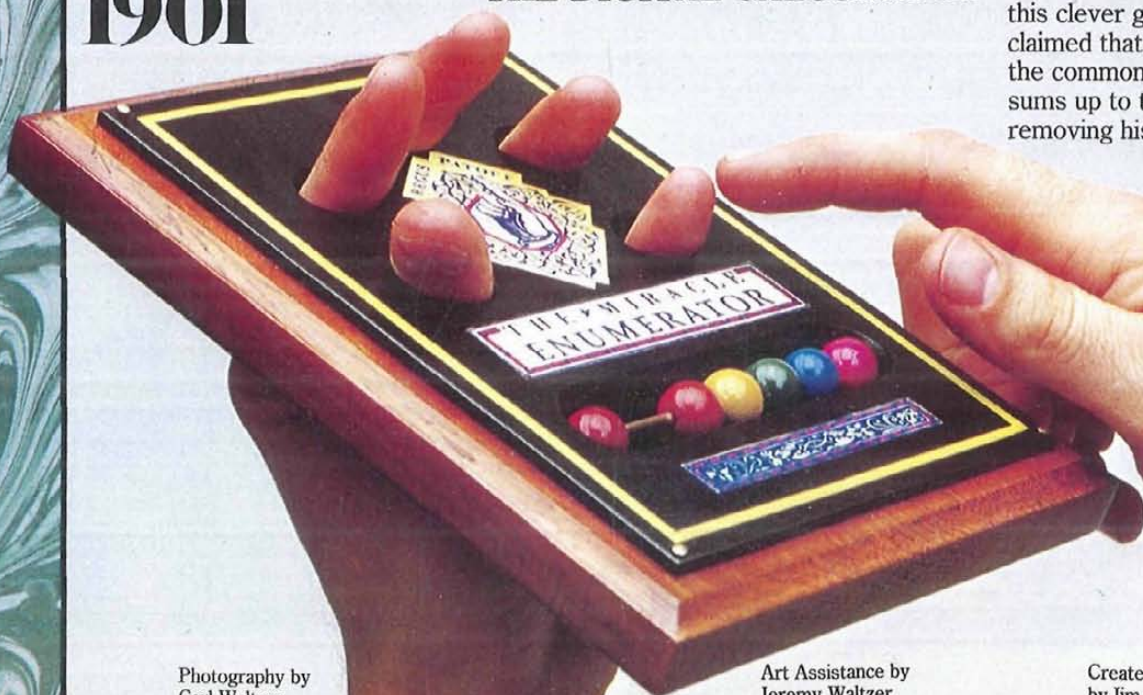
Hailed as "the greatest advance in home entertainment since the pianoforte," this machine featured tiny marionettes controlled by a punched-paper roll. Its downfall was the scandal caused by the inadvertent shipping of a sub-rosa "French Programme" to a minister's children instead of the fairy tale they had ordered.



1901

## THE DIGITAL CALCULATOR

The advertising copy for this clever gadget claimed that "it allows the common man to do sums up to thirty without removing his boots."



Photography by  
Carl Waltzer

Art Assistance by  
Jeremy Waltzer

Created and Produced  
by Jim Wilson © 1980



# SELF-PORTRAIT

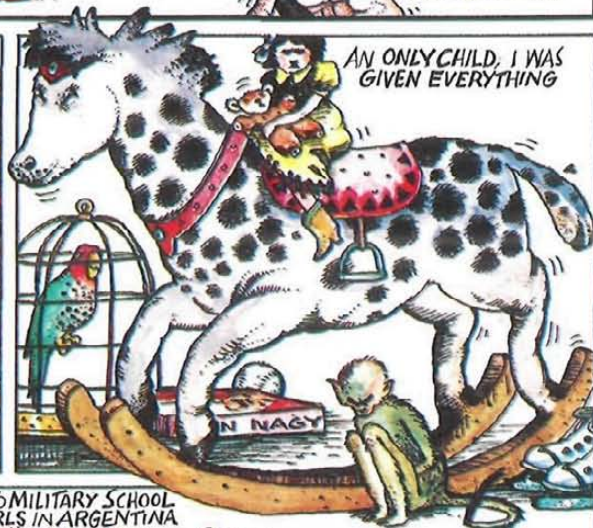
©1980

M.K. BROWN

BORN IN HAMBURG, GERMANY, BEFORE THE WAR



AN ONLY CHILD, I WAS GIVEN EVERYTHING



ARRESTED AT AGE 10 FOR STEALING



SENT TO MILITARY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS IN ARGENTINA



ESCAPED—MARRIED DIEGO, A FULL-BLOODED CHEROKEE, OR SO HE SAID



MARRIAGE ANNULLED—FLED TO SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA



DANCED WITH GROUCHO MARX



ARRESTED AGAIN FOR TELLING LIES



MARRIED 2<sup>ND</sup> HUSBAND, MWWNY



MARRIAGE ANNULLED—TOOK UP MACRAME



AND POTTERY



AND TAP



WENT TO BEAUTY SCHOOL



AND BUSINESS SCHOOL



LEARNED TO FLY





ACTUALLY, I WAS BORN ON AN INDIAN RESERVATION



TAUGHT TO HUNT AND FISH AND RIDE AT AN EARLY AGE



MOTHER NATURE WAS MY TEACHER



AND THE UNIVERSE MY HOME



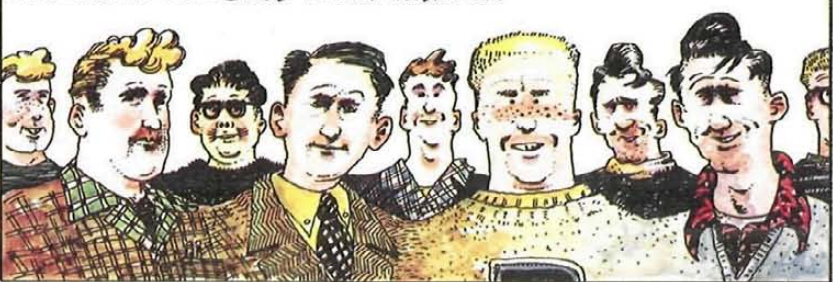
NO MAN COULD TAME ME



THOUGH THEY TRIED AND TRIED



THEY SEEMED LIKE BOYS TO ME, THOSE MEN



UNTIL I MET LAMONT



I LEARNED TO COOK AND SEW FOR HIM



MY SPECIALTY WAS SHRIMP IN CREAM SAUCE WITH PEAS



THE TRUTH IS I WAS BORN IN CONNECTICUT



THE YOUNGEST OF FOUR, I WAS THE BABY OF THE FAMILY



AT DARIEN HIGH SCHOOL I MEMORIZED ALL THE PREPOSITIONS AND CAN RECITE THEM TO THIS DAY



THE END

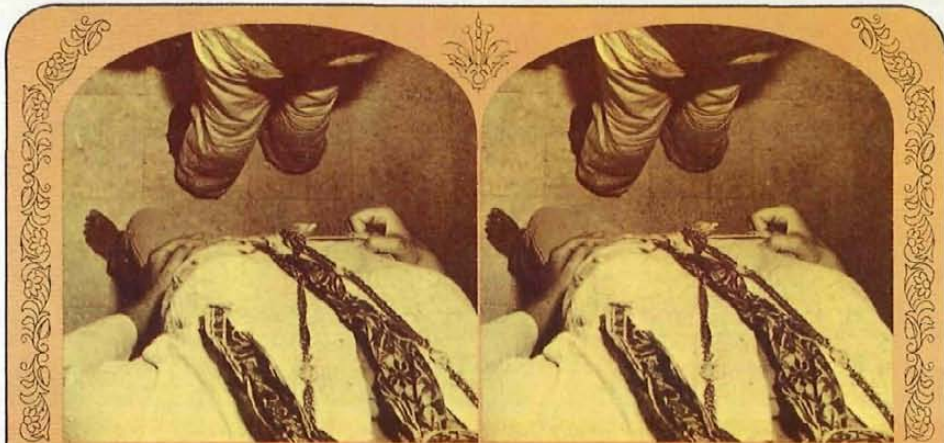


# STEREOPTICON VIEWS

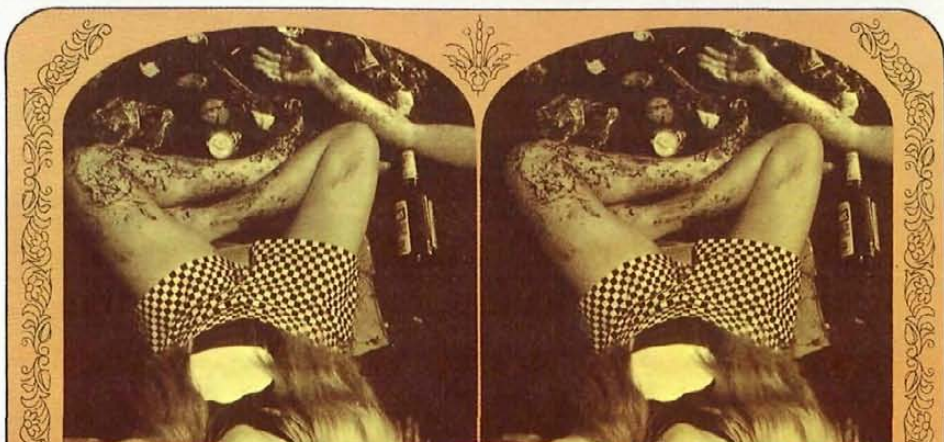
FROM THE TOP OF MY BODY



(1) A JOURNEY—"Ever Onward, Adventures Unfolding, in Search of Life's Lessons."



(2) THE FOOD STAMP LINE—"Hardships, Experiencing the Humble Lot of the Downtrodden."



(3) JANIS'S LAST CONCERT—"Bathed in Melting Wonder, Sharing Soulful Sound."

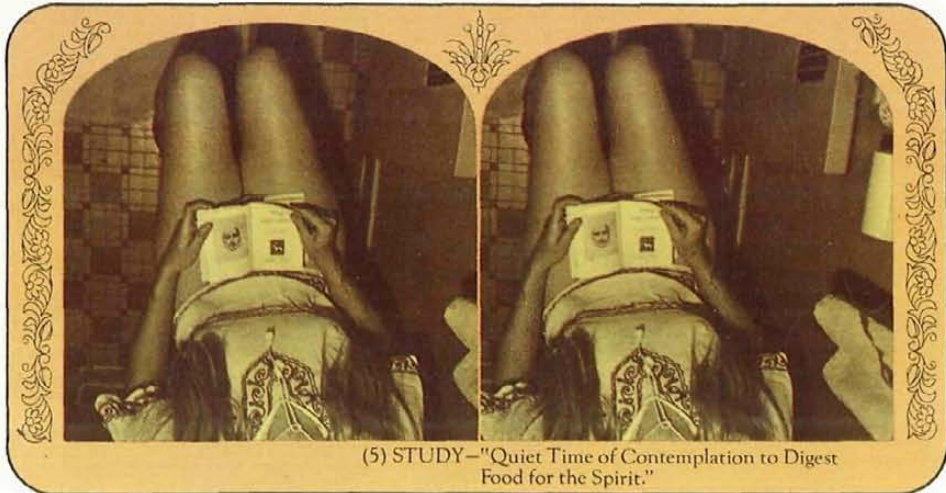


# STEREOPTICON VIEWS

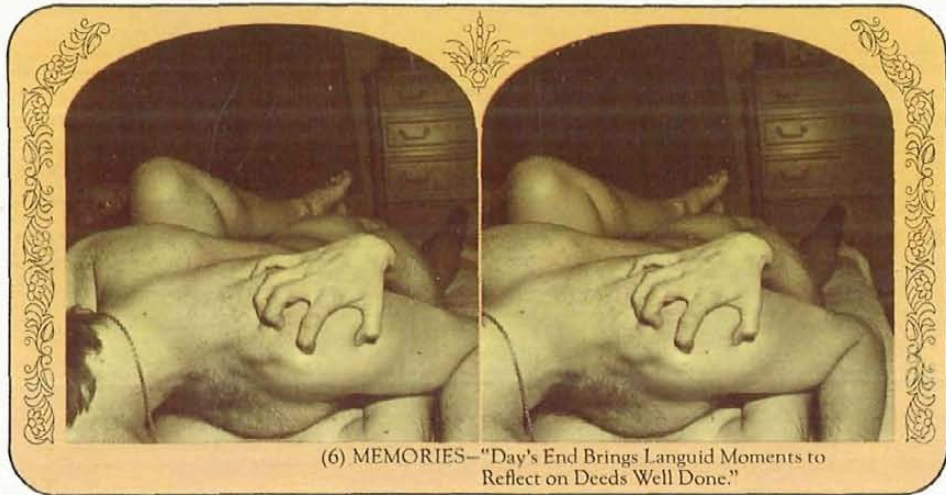
BY SHARY FLENNIKEN, IN THE COMPANY OF C. KLUGE



(4) DISCOMFORT—"To Open Oneself, Preparing for Seeds Yet Unsown."



(5) STUDY—"Quiet Time of Contemplation to Digest Food for the Spirit."



(6) MEMORIES—"Day's End Brings Languid Moments to Reflect on Deeds Well Done."



# The Ronrico Rum Sweepstakes.

Win this \$25,000 treasure in gold and silver



Or one of hundreds of other precious prizes... a fortune in gold and silver coins! Enter the Ronrico Rum Sweepstakes today!

**GRAND PRIZE \$25,000 in gold and silver coins**  
**5 First Prizes \$1,500 each in gold coins**  
**300 Second Prizes \$50 each in silver coins**

**OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE NECESSARY**

1. On an official entry form or a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper, hand print your name, address and zip code and the answers to all three questions. The information needed to answer the questions may be found on the front label of any bottle of Ronrico White (Silver label) or Gold Rum which is available at your local retailer, or you may obtain a free facsimile of a Ronrico Rum label by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: RONRICO LABEL, P.O. Box 2732, Westbury, NY 11591.
2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry should be mailed separately to RONRICO "GOLD AND SILVER" SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 2831, Westbury, N.Y. 11591. All entries must be received by November 15, 1980.
3. The prizes are: One Grand Prize: \$25,000 in gold and silver coins (value appraised at time of purchase) or \$25,000 in cash; Five First Prizes: \$1,500 each in gold coins (value appraised at time of purchase) or \$1,500 in cash; Three Hundred Second Prizes: \$50 each in silver coins (value appraised at time of purchase) or \$50 in cash.
4. Winners will be determined in random drawings from among all correctly answered entries received by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independ-

- ent judging organization whose decisions are final. Entries may not be mechanically reproduced. Prizes are non-transferable. Only one prize per family or household in each sweepstakes. All prizes will be awarded and winners notified by mail. Winners may be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release. Taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winners.
5. Sweepstakes open to residents of the United States, except employees and their families of General Wine & Spirits Co., its affiliated and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, advertising agencies, and DCM JAGGODA ASSOCIATES, Inc. Sweepstakes void wherever prohibited and subject to all federal, state and local laws and regulations.
  6. ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER THE LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE AS OF JULY 1, 1980.
  7. For a list of major prize winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: RONRICO "GOLD AND SILVER" Sweepstakes Winners, P.O. Box 2765, Westbury, NY 11591.

Mail Completed Entry Form To: **RONRICO "GOLD AND SILVER" SWEEPSTAKES**  
 P.O. Box 2831  
 Westbury, New York 11591

1. How many hearts appear in the upper right hand corner of the coat of arms on the RONRICO Rum label? \_\_\_\_\_
2. In what year was Ronrico Rum Company established? \_\_\_\_\_
3. Where is Ronrico Rum made? \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
 I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the law of my home state as of July 1, 1980.

Address: \_\_\_\_\_ City: \_\_\_\_\_

State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Entries must be received by November 15, 1980.

80 PROOF GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.



Switchblades, sawed-off shotguns, and primer-spotted muscle cars jacked up in the back, with bumper stickers like HILLBILLY AND PROUD... these are a few of my favorite things. Also go-go girls in vinyl minis, with wet-look boots and beehives, dancing the Hully Gully in cages hanging from the ceiling, and... well, what's the use? This stuff's gone with the Twist—all that good shit once as all-American as a stomp sandwich served

up to a Yankee in a south of the Mason-Dixon Line after-hours juke joint—and cryin' in your beer won't bring it back, though chuggin' a few more may sweeten the memories. As long as you're buyin', lemme tell ya about a few of the die-hards, some of my best friends, whose very existence is being threatened by the mod-durn future-schlock world of bolt-down collars and tab-top hairdos. Drinks all around is the only hope of preserving these...



# Endangered Americans



by JOE SCHENKMAN

## THE BLUEGRASS BAND

Bluegrass was the original home entertainment for hillbillies from Kentucky, Virginia, and the Carolinas. Them days, before television, folks was too poor to go out, 'specially since the nearest moving-picture show was three days away by mule. So Old Clem would be settin' out back by the corner, pickin' on his banjo, and 'long would come J.R. with his git-tar and they'd pick some. The noise would wake Gramps, who'd kill the cat and string the guts along a hemlock neck nailed into a cigar box, and there'd be sweet fiddle music. Then 'long would come Elwood with a jar of something strange, and they'd pass it

all around and make enough racket to wake half the county. More folks, weird instruments, and questionable liquids would appear, and pretty soon there'd be a party. The basic format of bluegrass, where each musician takes a "break," was designed so that each band member could get equal drinking time.

Today, bluegrass is only played by Japanese "brewglass" imitators and Yankee Jewbillies looking to pan-handle their way through college. Hillbillies have been all but shamed out of their origins by demeaning trash like "Hee-Haw" on the TV; and most confine their talents to playin' car radios or punchin' the tape decks in their pickups.



## THE HOT-RODDER

Hot Rod Hank has a '69 SS Camaro with a blown 454 under the hood, a .357 Magnum in the glove compartment, and a license suspended in most of the original thirteen states. Seventeen coats of hand-rubbed candy-apple Ripple Pagan Pink pearl paint; and a primed left front fender there where she sideswiped a phone pole or school bus or some damn thing. "Was torture testing a new zoom clutch and sort of spun off the blacktop," yells Hank above the roar of the lake pipes, as he slams the eight ball on the Hurst floor shifter down into second to pass some dinky Jap car named after a cam-





era "goin' so fuckin' slow about gotta put it into reverse to pass the son-ofabitch," says Hank, chuggin' a beer and layin' a patch of burnt rubber about a quarter mile long before findin' third gear.

Hot Rod Hank is the last of a breed of hot-rodder. He doesn't mind spending five dollars feeding his gasoholic for the twelve-mile round-trip run to the 7-11 for foam and chips. You pay for what you get, and when you drive the East Coast Sex Machine, you get enough thunder to smoke the balls off a brass monkey, goose all the girls, send cops flyin' into self-righteous gravel-spitting U-turns, and leave the teaheads who hang out in the minimal parking lot with their tongues hanging down to the concrete in drooling awe. And that's what entertainment in the sticks is all about: if you don't do it yourself, ain't nobody gonna do it for ya!



### THE HOLY ROLLER CONVERT

Holy Moley is the last of the rantin' an' ravin', reelin' an' a-rockin' Holy Roller gospel-radio-preaching evangelists hollerin', *Geeeeeeeeeeeeezus!* Lawd, have mercy on your sorry soul, and may you burn in hellfire and damnation forever if you don't send in that dollar today, have mercy! Jesus walked on a sea of cherry-flavored cough syrup for you!" He preaches in bars, on cars, in all-night drugstores, on late-night radio stations, and in mobile homes converted into churches.

He's the sinner-saint who knows, because he's traveled down forty miles

of bad road 'til he was found by the Savior, a holy man dressed like Johnny Cash who had the mark of the Lord tattooed on the back of his hand between his thumb and index finger. Holy Moley now sits on a park bench, swilling Mad Dog 20-20 out of a brown paper bag, speaking in strange tongues only epileptics and old winos understand, who knoweth the Way. They know from whence they cometh (the liquor store) and they know back whither they goeth (the liquor store again).



### THE FOLKIE

Remember coffee houses? Not the all-night choke-and-pukes, where you eyeball pretty waitresses over bottomless cups of thirty-weight mud, but the dives that popped up back in the early sixties where the hootenanny types played "folk" "music." They were candle-lit rooms where the audiences were the performers (nobody else could stand to listen to it). Basically, folk music was started by white folks who wished they were Negroes. Their upper-middle-class lives simply had none of the pain life was rumored to be so full of. They outright envied the poor simple darkies who sang the blues, and they mimicked them, some of them going so far as to adapt niggery-sounding monikers like Two Car Jones or Tone Deaf Smith. Naturally, the whole thing was pretty embarrassing to Negroes and regular white folks alike, and it wasn't long before neither wanted anything to do with these folk-niks. Finally the folkies really *did* have something to feel blue about.



### THE UNCLE TOM NEGRO

Killed by Afro-Americana and Black Is Beautiful-ism; and it's probably all for the best, even though we'll miss the old Pullman porters as well as the trains that vanished with them. This ol' boy thinks black folks are just about the coolest people walking the streets and only regrets being born overprivileged and white because of the great opportunity I missed not being allowed to pimp or to play jazz or basketball. But I'm half-Jewish, so I can still conk my hair with beer rinse.



### THE MOONSHINER

Growing pot is more profitable these days than making stump liquor, and it's easily as illegal, satisfying the



stubborn-as-a-mule rebel spirit. The new redneck drinks Jim Beam out of a Dixie cup, not corn mash out of a mason jar. If he runs moon at all, it's for plain old-fashioned countrified love of mash making, not money, and to beat the revenuers out of a few car chases. And ain't that the kind of white-lightnin' 100-proof spirits that made this country *hard*?



### THE ROAD BUM

Ah, the romance of the highway! Your thumb is the key to the doorway that opens up that great Woody Guthrie spread of ranch called America, unfolding who knows what marvelous new mysteries down the pike. Usually it's nothing but Country Squires full of bored suburban kids being hauled to Vacationland by their parents, whose answer to your thumb is their middle finger. But what a fantasy! Glorified by Kerouac's book and later by Sissy Spacecheck's movie, hitchhiking has enjoyed more myths than seeds and stems in an ounce of Mexican, including the one that it was the way to get laid, stoned, drunk, or lose or find your soul. Mainly, it served as a means of getting from one rank town to another, usually more slowly than a Trailways bus, but almost always with more interesting fellow travelers. For years, hitching suffered an image tarnished by the rare criminal who used it as a vehicle for jail breaks or mugging motorists. Now, with laws on interstate highways prohibiting hitchhiking, this questionable criminal image is finally a reality. Too bad.



### JUNKIES

America's finest comedians, jazz musicians, and B&E artists were junkies. They were also great animated storytellers, which, in Yankee talk, means liars. Now, methadone maintenance programs threaten to make these once colorful characters as lively as dead zucchini rotting on the vine.



### THE FARM BOY

Artificial chicken-fattening ranches, milking machines, and catfish farms are making the freckle-faced farm boy about as seldom seen as fangs on a frog. The animals will miss the hayseed who learned about sex from sheep and the pages of the brassiere section of the Monkey Ward catalog.

I knew an old coot down in Norfolk, Vagina (as the sailors call it), who kept a harem of preteen and teen-aged honeys hooked on Testor's glue in exchange for sexual favors—hand-jobs and blowjobs, mostly, as he wasn't about to rob the cradle by poppin' their cherries. But as much as he loved his nymphets, he enjoyed, more, reminiscing about the short pants of his early bestial sexcapades back on the farm in the Appalachians where he grew up, fucking everything that clucked, moored, or bellowed.

To hear Mr. More tell it, a sheep had a pussy on 'er "just like a woman"; bottle-fed calves gave the absolute best head ("Start 'em on a damn bottle, see? Then slip your dick in there and they never know the difference!"); and for a really tight fit, you just couldn't beat a chicken, even if your tool was grade-A extra large. So what the fuck were women good for, anyway? "Well, try getting a damn duck to give you a handjob."



### THE WHOREHOUSE MADAM

I drove from the Minnesota Mile all the way down to the gutted goat trail that leads into the most famous Zona Rosa of 'em all, the walled city of whores called Boys Town in Nuevo Laredo, May-he-ko, doing private research. Bad news, bears: the madam—that former hooker who got a li'l too old and buxom for the job but still manages the trade through a stable of younger, faster fillies—has gone to hooker heaven. Worse, there are hardly any whorehouses left in Amer-  
*continued on page 83*



## KING OF SANDUSKY

continued from page 51

our cavaliers not as the primary fighting force (such as was then the custom among high schools) but for the purpose of continual short forays to turn the Negro flanks between poised companies of our five-school infantry, which I had drilled. And, while our archers held the colored center pinned down, we would cut their troops to ribbons from each end. By means of this battle we intended to wipe out all the remaining colored people in Sandusky, for we planned to slaughter the prisoners and children.

I held precedence at this council, by virtue of my inheritance and tactical ability, but I knew that with the end of the colored war we would all fall back to quarreling with each other. And I also knew that some of the other high-school commanders had no love for me. At least two, in fact, wanted to command a united army of high-school students and use it to take control of the city just as I planned to. Therefore, I made a diplomatic move unbeknownst to my comrades in arms. I arranged a secret meeting with the leader of the colored forces. I told him of our intention to massacre his people, and he was very upset about it. But I offered to make an arrangement with him. If he would insure that his troops killed each of my four co-commanders, then I would allow him to surrender on liberal terms, with no massacre or rape or looting by the white armies. He agreed, and I showed him the exact position that each commander would be occupying during the battle. He swore that he would do his best to see that each was killed.

It was a terrific fight. Every Negro person in Sandusky had armed himself as best he could with knives and

shovels and rock- and bottles, and the police had cordoned off that whole part of town so that we could fight without tying up traffic. Of course the colored troops were no match for our mounted knights, and our archers and crossbowmen cut them down in waves. But they fought well, giving no quarter and asking none. And, while they fought, the captain of their high school's guard fulfilled his promise to me and sent his best knights in at just the place I had told him, so that by midafternoon three of my rivals were dead and the other was so badly wounded that he had to go home. I alone was left in charge of the field, and when the Negroes at last began to wave white bedsheets attached to broom handles and garden rakes, I called a halt to the killing. I gave the colored people a place to live between the freight yard and the river, on the edge of downtown as far south as the Delco battery plant, and they remain loyal subjects to this day.

Now I was in uncontested command of a battle-seasoned army of three thousand men, and I could have turned them at any time against my stepfather's Royal Guard and won the issue; I had no doubt. But the time was not yet ripe. For one thing, it would have been against the law, and I might have been sent to reform school if the police caught me doing it. And, for another thing, my uncle, though not as popular as his father had been, still had public opinion on his side. The thing to do instead, I thought, was to force King Bob to make me head of the Royal Guard, as was my birthright. But that was impossible as long as my Protector and stepfather, Count Ralph, lived. Nor did I trust my younger uncles, either of whom might be made Protector in his stead.

So I had Prince Fred and Prince Larry murdered, and would have done the same for Count Ralph. But my stepfather was too well protected for that, and there would have been no doubt in anyone's mind as to who had ordered it done. So I decided to pick a quarrel with him and kill him in a public duel.

It happened at the dinner table. Mom had just brought in the roast when Count Ralph, unhinged by my taunts while we'd been eating our salad, drew his rapier and, made clumsy by his anger, thrust into a bowl of potato salad. I leaped up on my chair and, grabbing the pull-down light fixture in my left hand, slashed at him with the heavy saber I had carried to the table for just this purpose. I missed and cut one of the dining-room drapes in half. Ralph parried my backstroke and cut me beneath the arm. I kicked a gravy boat at his chest and, as he flinched, caught him with a glancing blow that cut off his ear and killed my sister Jill. He had his dagger out by now, but dagger and rapier were no match for my heavier weapon, and I backed him into the family room, slashing furiously at his bleeding head. He did me some damage, I must say. I was wounded again in the thigh and lost a finger of my left hand to his knife. But I laid open his chest right through the sport shirt so that a strip of flesh fell open like a flap. Ralph ran out the back door onto the patio. I could have skewered him then, from behind, but I wanted a death that was face to face. He poked through the screen as I came out after him, and I stumbled off the steps. He would have had me if he'd been quicker, but he was too fat from beer and too soft from sitting watching TV every night. I regained my footing and we went at it for a moment more until I had him backing away into the yard. It was then that he tripped on the lawn chair and fell backward into it as though he were sitting down. His head went back and I gave a mighty slash and severed it from his body.

King Bob had no choice after that but to make me Captain of the Royal Guard. I accused most all of them of corruption, cheating on their income tax, or violating parking regulations, and had them executed. I replaced them with my own soldiers. Now I'm waiting for my uncle to die. I believe Princess Annie is going to poison him. And then I'll be King and move out and get a place of my own and buy a four-wheel-drive Jeep. □





# They Weren't All Classics

by Wayne McLoughlin

This was the only advertisement ever used by the Lumino Safety Motor Car Company (1908-11).

The top-heavy vehicle was said to handle beautifully on the straightaway, with both day and night visibility excellent. However, any turn had to be negotiated at a virtual crawl, and

sudden application of the brakes was nearly always fatal. Counterweighting the chassis proved to be fruitless, as so much weight was required that the machine could not move.

Today the only surviving example is axle deep in concrete and serves as the control tower for Moline Airport, Moline, Illinois.

(COLLECTOR'S POSTER # 4819)

SEE and BE SEEN

IN A 1909

The "Cape Hatteras"

REMARK: MANUFACTURED BY LICENSEE OF PATENTED DESIGN

\$3410

The Lumino Safety Motor Car Co.  
PEEVEY, KANSAS

WATERLOO, CANADA - BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - NEW YORK

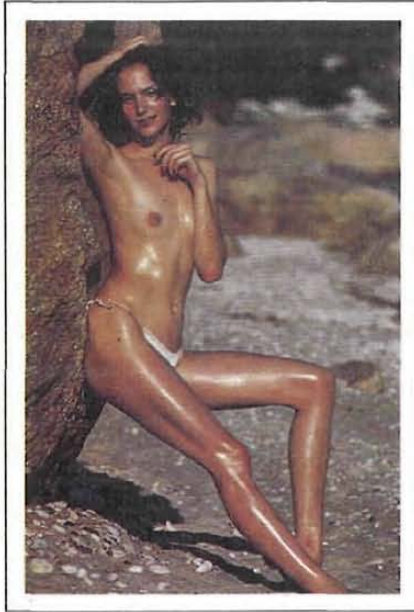
**Lumino**

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# THE HISTOR

BY P. J. C  
WITH PHOTOGRAP



A MILLION YEARS ago *Australopithecus erectus*, the ancestor of man, was naked all the time. However, he was three feet tall and had hair all over his body. Not like this girl here.



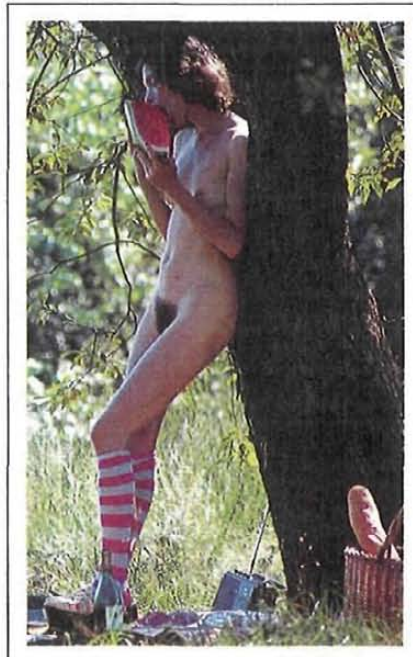
DURING THE REIGN of the pharaoh Amenemhet III, in the Egypt of the Middle Kingdom (2040–1786 BC), the human body was frequently represented in its natural state. Unfortunately, the snapshots were made out of stone. We'll have to show you a picture of Cindi, instead. Cindi says she's too young to tie herself down with just one man. Her hobby is collecting china owls.



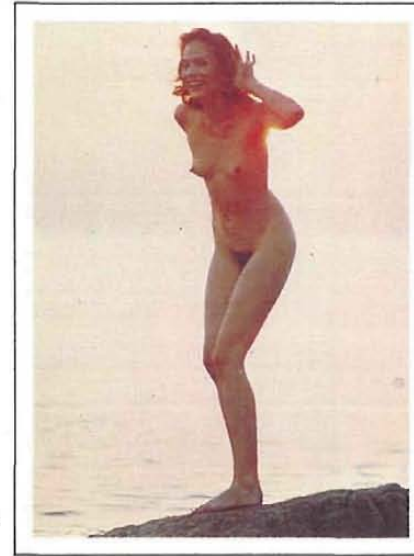
THE ANCIENT GREEKS prized nudity and thought it very beautiful. But what they liked best to see was naked boys. This was because blond women hadn't been invented yet.



PEOPLE IN MEDIEVAL Europe were often nude, but never in church. The young lady in this picture isn't from medieval Europe, but she is often nude, too. And she's not in a church. Thus are people similar from every age.



WHEN THE SPANISH conquered the New World, they didn't see anything like this.



THE JAPANESE, DURING the Tokugawa Shogunate (1603–1867), possessed a mixture of complex traditional and mystic ideas concerning the disrobed female form. We Westerners wouldn't understand. Sally, for instance, has never been to Japan.



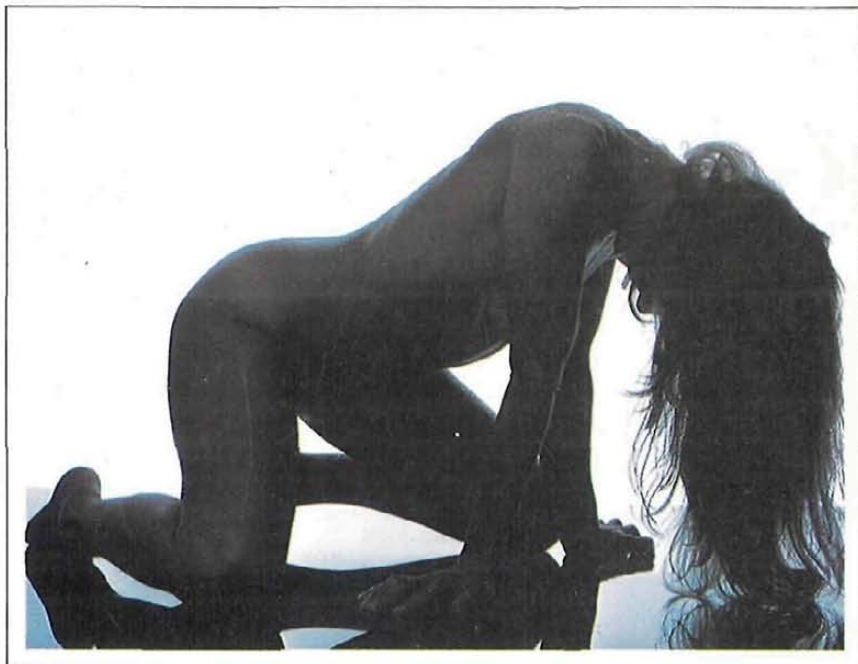
# Y OF NUDDITY

ROURKE

S BY GEORGE ADAMS



THE PRACTICAL USES of nudity are many and divers. The Imperial Romans used nudity to keep from having to carve clothing on statues. In this picture, Ellen has used nudity to take her underwear off.



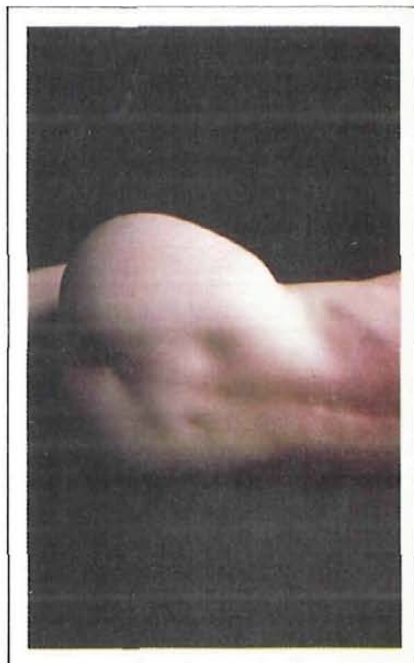
NAKEDNESS WAS VERY important during the T'ang Dynasty of China (AD 618-906). Dotty, whom we see above, was not. She wasn't even born until 1958.



NUDDITY LIKE THIS may have caused the Napolconic wars. Most historians dispute this idea, however, and say that running around in the buff had nothing at all to do with that tragic conflagration.



DURING VICTORIAN TIMES no one ever got completely undressed. If this were a Victorian girl, she would have to put on a *prie-dieu* or a *chemin de fer* but quick or suffer the scorn of the middle classes.



NOWADAYS MORE PEOPLE are naked than ever before. Here's one now. Look at those dimples.





## In concert. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Farnsworth.

How many times have you looked across to the next car in a traffic jam to see the driver singing his heart out behind closed windows?

Or heard the streetcorner quartet sing a quintet with Stevie Wonder?

Lounging in bathtubs or while cooking dinner, people are singing the very music they love.

Did you ever wonder what they were singing to? Chances are excellent, it's WYNY. Because the music we play is not only the very music they want to hear, it's also the very music they want to sing to. The music they know all the words to, off-key or on. The Beatles. Streisand. Fleetwood Mac.

WYNY is the station to listen to for the hits of the 60's, the 70's, and the 80's. All

delivered by some of the friendliest folk in town: Steve O'Brien, Al Bernstein, Dan Daniel, Rick Hunter.

And WYNY is always right on-key with news and Metro Weather and traffic reports as well.

Tune in. Hum. Whistle. This week, we're short a few baritones.

### WYNY 97 FM

The station you can sing to





**SNUTS**

REMEMBER HOW LOYAL YOU WERE AS A KID, EVEN WHEN YOU HAD MORE THAN A FAINT FEELING THAT YOU MIGHT BE ON THE WRONG TRACK, EVEN WHEN YOU SUSPECTED YOU WERE REALLY BEING DUMB?

SAY, KIDS, ZORKO AND HAROLD WILL BE RIGHT BACK, BUT YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO NIP OUT INTO MOM'S KITCHEN TO GET ANOTHER BOWL OF "WHOOPS"!

MNG...

Gahan Wilson ©1980

SIGH...

DON'T SHORTCHANGE YOURSELVES ON THE SERVING, GANG—YOU WANT TO TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF THOSE ADDED VITAMINS AND MINERALS IN EACH BOWL OF GOOD OLD "WHOOPS"!

HEY, HERE'S HAROLD, AND FROM THE SMILE ON HIS FACE I BET HE'S HAD A SNACK OF "WHOOPS"! RIGHT, HAROLD?

URP!

YESSIR, MR. BARKER, I NEVER PASS UP A CHANCE TO ENJOY THE CHOCOLATE 'N' LICORICE "WHOOPS"!

WITH THAT LITTLE EXTRA TOUCH OF MAPLE SYRUP, RIGHT, HAROLD? SAY, HERE'S ZORKO! HI, LITTLE FELLOW!

BZORK! BZORK! HI, MR. BARKER! B'ZORK! I'M FEELING FULL OF "WHOOPS"!

I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK...

BY GOLLY, YOU TWO FELLOWS HAVE GOT ME HUNGRY FOR ANOTHER BIG BOWL OF "WHOOPS"! ALL RIGHT, HOW ABOUT YOU OUT THERE, BOYS 'N' GIRLS?

I CAN'T! HONEST TO GOD, I JUST CAN'T!!



# JOE MARSHALL RECALLS HIS PAST

I REMEMBER WHEN I BORROWED MY BROTHER PAUL'S '47 BUICK AND DROVE TO NEW YORK. I WENT FIRST CLASS, DORIS!



I STAYED AT THE TAFT HOTEL. YOU KNOW WHO WAS THERE? VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA! I HAD BAKED STUFFED CRAB - COST ME SIX BUCKS INCLUDIN' TIP! I EVEN GAVE THE WAITER A

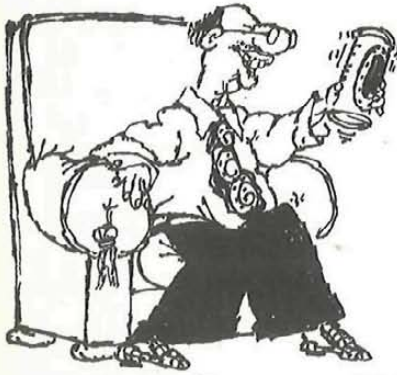


BUCK TO GIVE TO VINCENT LOPEZ TO PLAY "RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET"! THE BASTARD NEVER EVEN PLAYED IT! I FIGURED, "WHAT THE HELL!"

I REMEMBER GOIN' TO JACK DEMPSEY'S RESTAURANT. YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS GONNA DO? I WAS A CRAZY KID! I WAS GONNA BELT HIM! YOU KNOW, KNOCK OUT THE CHAMP! I ATE THERE THREE TIMES, BUT HE NEVER SHOWED UP.



THIS WAS DURIN' THE KOREAN WAR. I TOOK A SUBWAY TO UNION SQUARE AND ALL THESE COMMUNISTS WERE KNOCKIN' THE COUNTRY. I TOLD ONE OF 'EM TO GO BACK TO RUSSIA!



...HEY, DORIS, YOU KNOW THOSE PANTIES WITH A HAND ON THE CROTCH? I BOUGHT A PAIR IN TIMES SQUARE. I GAVE 'EM TO WANDA KULIGA - SHE WAS A WAITRESS AT THE PILSUDSKI CLUB. BOY, WAS SHE TICKLED TO GET 'EM!



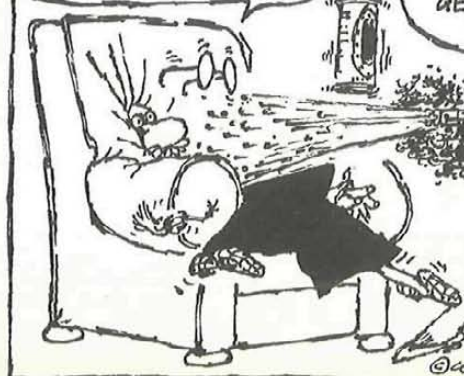
I REMEMBER GOIN' TO THIS ALL-NIGHT MOVIE ON 42ND STREET. SOME GUY PUT HIS HAND ON MY KNEE, SO I MOVED MY SEAT AND ANOTHER GUY PUT HIS HAND ON MY KNEE. I GOT THE HELL OUTTA THERE!



...THEN ON THE WAY HOME THE FREEZE PLUGS ON THE BUICK LET GO IN WILTON, CONN.! ON A SUNDAY! COST ME SIXTY-FIVE BUCKS TO FIX!



YOU KNOW, DORIS, THE THINGS I'VE DONE, I COULD WRITE A BOOK, BUT



I KNOW, JOE, YOU'LL NEVER GET AROUND TO IT.

© Copyright 1987, [unreadable]





# POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett





# OF THE PEOPLE

☆☆☆☆

REMEMBER PRESIDENT PIERCE? REMEMBER PRESIDENT POLK? THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU'RE JUST A CIVIL SERVANT.

I'M PLEASED TO SAY THAT THIS HAS BEEN ONE OF THE MOST PRODUCTIVE CABINET MEETINGS WE'VE EVER HAD.

YES, MR. PRESIDENT. OUR PLAN TO GO AHEAD WITH THE DOMESTIC AID PLAN IS A GREAT STEP FORWARD.

NOW, IF WE COULD JUST CONVEY OUR DECISION TO THE GREAT AMERICAN PUBLIC.

HOW ABOUT A PRESS CONFERENCE?

HOW ABOUT A WHITE PAPER?

HOW ABOUT CALLING THE BUZZY CAREW RADIO SHOW?

GOOD IDEA! AND I SEE MADGE HAS LEFT IT ON.

Well, Buzzy, I'd never go ahead with the President's Domestic Aid Plan.

You're absolutely right, sir.

LISTEN, BUZZY THAT DOMESTIC AID PLAN WILL HELP MILLIONS OF PEOPLE LIVING IN CITIES AND RURAL AREAS.

You bleeding-heart liberals make me sick. What do you know, cooped up in your little apartments!

BUZZY CAREW CUT ME OFF!

WHY DON'T YOU CALL THE BERNARD RETZLER ADVICE SHOW?

GOOD IDEA!

YOU'RE CERTAINLY HARD TO GET, MR. RETZLER. I'VE BEEN HANGING ON SINCE 7:45.

I'M HAPPY TO REPORT THAT THE EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT IS GOING FULL SPEED AHEAD WITH THE DOMESTIC AID PLAN.

I don't like to get involved in politics, but are you sure this plan will help you solve your personal problems?

HELP ME? I'M HELPING IT!

Who's giving the advice here?

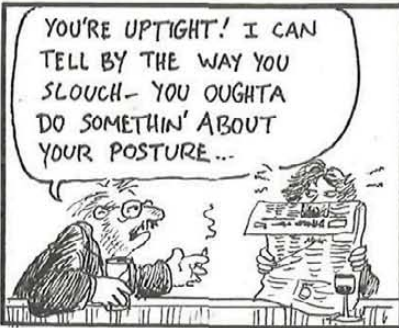
HE WASN'T INTERESTED IN THE DOMESTIC AID PLAN, BUT HE'S GOING TO TRY TO GET CONGRESS INTO A GESTALT THERAPY GROUP.

©1980

J. H. [Signature]



# JUST ANOTHER FRIDAY AFTERNOON...







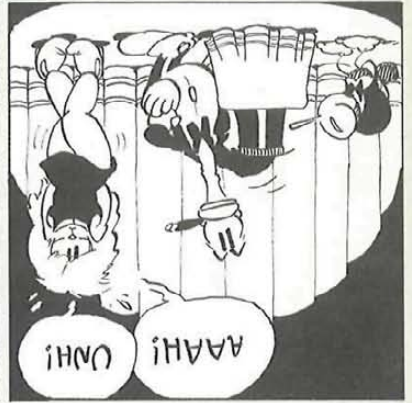
HOW DO YOU FEEL, MY DEAR?  
F-FINE, I GUESS.



DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS OBJECT?  
IT'S... IT'S...



MY I.O.D.!!  
THANK YOU!



AAAH! UMHI!



I ONCE LOST A WEDDING RING THIS WAY.  
AAGGH!



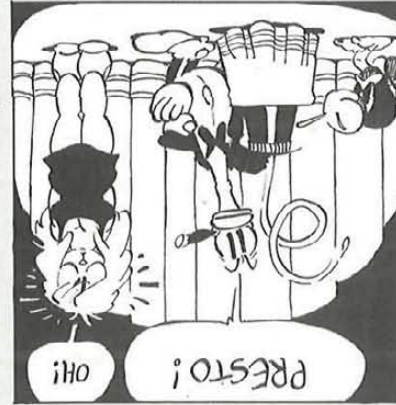
AAH, SHAKING LIKE DELLY... SOON THE ILLUSION WILL BE COMPLETE.  
GASPI!



NOW, MAKE YOUR MIND A COMPLETE BLANK.  
OKAY!



NOTHING UP... THE SLEEVE...



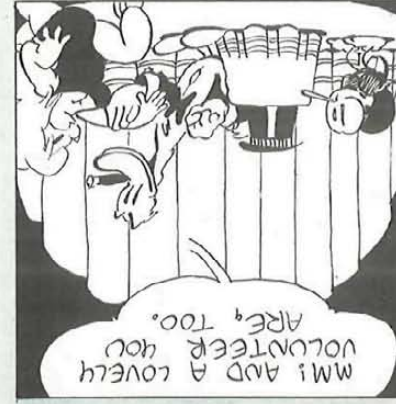
PRESTO!  
OH!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THANK YOU!  
MR. DUCK THE MAGICIAN!



FOR THE FOLLOWING TRICK I WILL NEED A VOLUNTEER FROM THE AUDIENCE.



MMI AND A LOVELY VOLUNTEER YOU ARE, TOO.

# Dirty Duck by Bobbys London



FRANK CRANKCASE'S

TIME MACHINE

FRANK CRANKCASE IS A STUDENT OF HISTORY AND NO FAN OF THE 1970S...



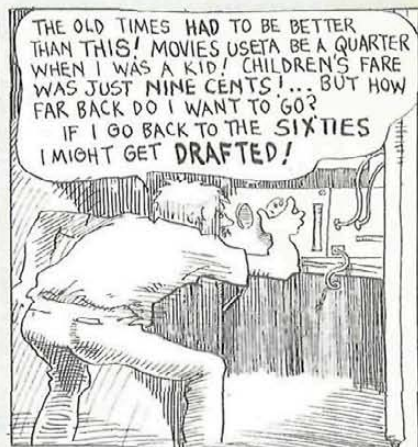
THE EIGHTIES ARE GOING TO BE EVEN WORSE!



NOTHING'S FUN ANYMORE! I CAN'T AFFORD TO GO ANYWHERE. MY PHONE IS RINGING OFF THE WALL WITH "WHEN CAN WE EXPECT PAYMENT" CALLS. TIMES ARE GETTING BAD!

THAT'S WHY I BOUGHT THIS \$239.88 TIME MACHINE FROM SPIEGEL.

I'M GETTING THE HELL OUTA HERE!



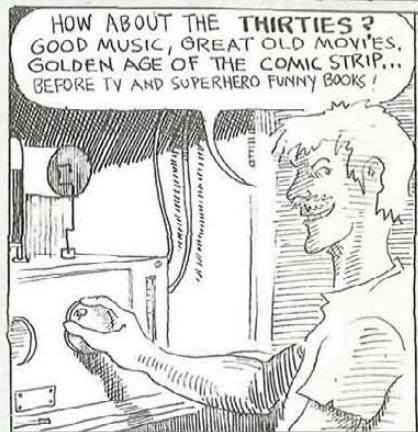
THE OLD TIMES HAD TO BE BETTER THAN THIS! MOVIES USED TO BE A QUARTER WHEN I WAS A KID! CHILDREN'S FARE WAS JUST NINE CENTS!... BUT HOW FAR BACK DO I WANT TO GO? IF I GO BACK TO THE SIXTIES I MIGHT GET DRAFTED!



I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T WANT TO GO BACK TO THE FIFTIES AND HAVE TO LISTEN TO THAT GREASY MUSIC! I COULD GET DRAFTED THEN, TOO, AND GET SENT TO KOREA!



THE FORTIES ARE OUT! ADOLPH HITLER! D-DAY! GAS RATIONING, THE COLD WAR! YUK!



HOW ABOUT THE THIRTIES? GOOD MUSIC, GREAT OLD MOVIES, GOLDEN AGE OF THE COMIC STRIP... BEFORE TV AND SUPERHERO FUNNY BOOKS!



BUT THAT WAS THE DEPRESSION! MY NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR SAYS HER FAMILY HAD NO MONEY AT ALL FOR THREE WHOLE YEARS AND SUBSISTED ON HOMEGROWN POTATOES!

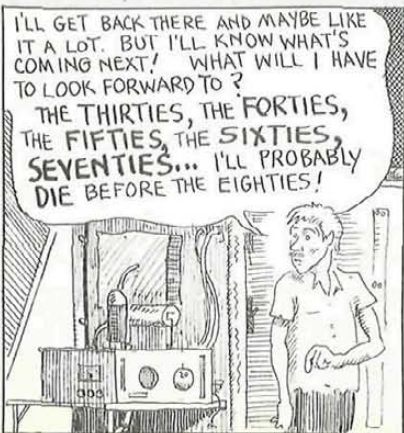


THE TWENTIES WOULD PROBABLY BE OKAY. NO WAR WAS GOING ON THEN AND TIMES WERE GOOD.



THEY'LL PROBABLY THINK MY CLOTHES ARE FUNNY!

WELL, HERE GOES NOTHING! BUT WAIT A MINUTE...



I'LL GET BACK THERE AND MAYBE LIKE IT A LOT. BUT I'LL KNOW WHAT'S COMING NEXT! WHAT WILL I HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO? THE THIRTIES, THE FORTIES, THE FIFTIES, THE SIXTIES, SEVENTIES... I'LL PROBABLY DIE BEFORE THE EIGHTIES!



IF I GO BACK TO THE FIRST OF THE MONTH, AT LEAST I'LL HAVE SOME MONEY IN THE BANK!

© by Frank Stack, 1980

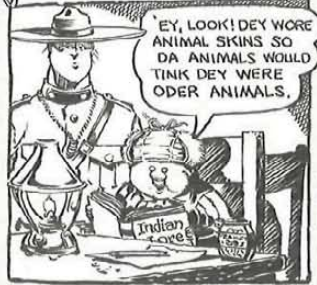


# TIMBERLAND Tales

by B.K. Taylor



IN ALL OUR LIVES, THAT TIME COMES WHEN WE LOOK TO OUR ROOTS AND GAIN KNOWLEDGE FROM THOSE WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE. LET'S BEGIN OUR TALE AS MAURICE AND CONSTABLE TOM ARE READING A BOOK ON INDIAN LORE.



WE CAN DO DAT, TOO, AND BRING 'OME DA BACON!



AND SO MAURICE AND THE CONSTABLE VENTURE OUT INTO THE BUSH USING A TECHNIQUE CENTURIES OLD.



THE DAY WEARS ON, AND AS THE HUNTERS WATCH, THE SUN BEGINS TO SET.



NIGHT FALLS, AND ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, LOST AND HUNGRY, THE TWO HAPPEN UPON A STRANGE HOUSE FREQUENTED BY OIL RIGGERS OF THE AREA.



KNOCKING, YET HEARING NO REPLY, THE HUNTERS ENTER.



VENTURING FURTHER...



SURE IS DARK IN 'ERE.



WELL! YOU ARE A BIG MAN FOR SLICH A SMALL VOICE!



CLIMB ON BOARD, HANDSOME.



STRIKING A MATCH TO LIGHT A LANTERN, THE WOMAN FINDS...



SHE DROPS THE LANTERN IN TERROR. PANIC RUNS RAMPANT IN THE SMALL CABIN.



NEXT MORNING IN THE CABIN OF DR. ROGERS...





## NEWSMAN EULOGY

continued from page 10

tion they had come up with that allowed a man selling dog food to scream at you about it in your own living room. "It's called television," he wrote an uncle, "and I believe it's just about the greatest thing to come along for newsmen since the Hindenburg." He went to New York, fell in with a crowd that called themselves CBS, and soon was seen by millions, interviewing people and smoking cigarettes and being famous.

The industry that, today, feeds so many of us so much was young then. They were inventing the profession as they went along. He didn't mind. He relished it. He was the one reading the story about Ike saying something about the "military-industrial complex," and then—ad-libbing right then and there, because he thought about things, he wondered, he *cared*—he told us to "go back and reread Freud." And it was done live, on camera, just as so much of what he did, what we all did, was live in those days.

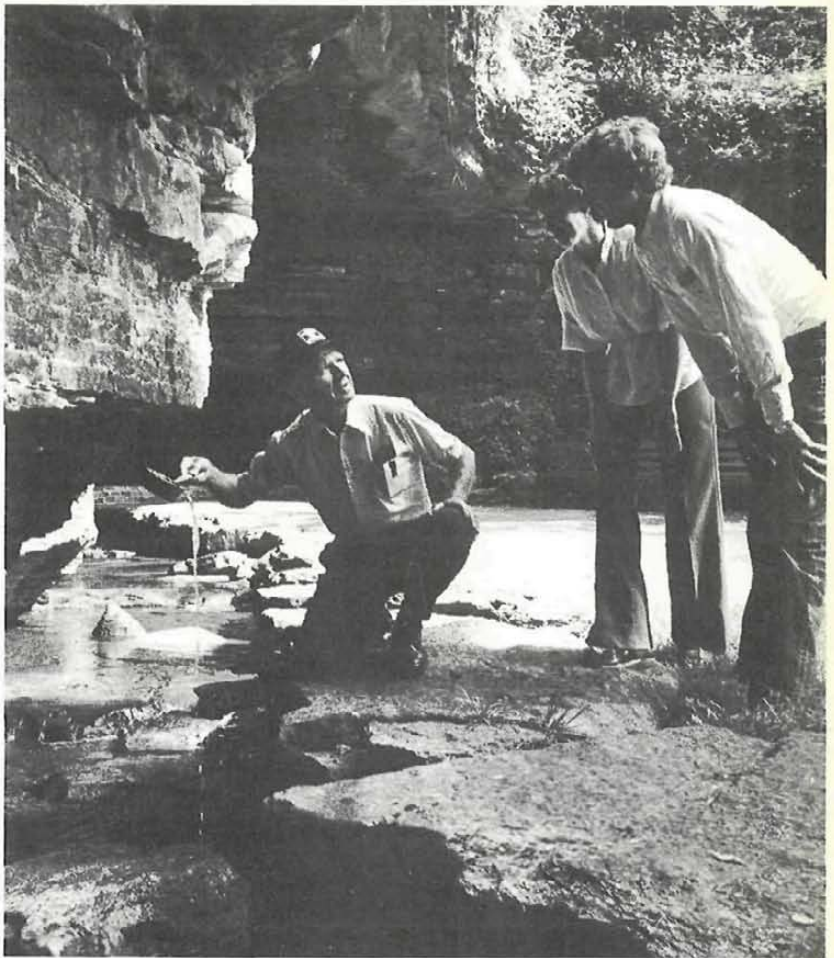
Sure, he worried about things. And you could tell. You could see it in his eyes, and you could guess what things worried him. Oh, he was too modest a man to mention them outright. But he'd look you in the eye when he didn't say them, and he'd make hand signals until you guessed them right. They were words, really. Words like "integrity." "Objectivity." "Parsimonious." "Phlogiston!" He'd think nothing of pausing in his daily activities to give a young reporter a crash course in the finer points of television journalism. "Always wear a blue shirt," he told me once, and I'll never forget it. He stopped, frowned, and then said, very softly, "And remember, the camera adds ten pounds." He became a sort of conscience for all of us—and, like any conscience, was as difficult to reason with as he was to silence.

"Audio, video, graphics," he once told a Columbia journalism seminar. "Lead with intro, then basic story, then cut to correspondent. Always cut to somebody else. Keep it moving." It sounded like basketball back then, and to most of us it still does.

"If Samuelson can't explain inflation in three hundred pages, you can't do it in three minutes," he would later tell a Harvard graduating class. "Just show them a clip of somebody's mother buying a quart of milk. They'll get the idea."

Perhaps it was that attitude that

continued on page 95



If you'd like to know more about our water, or the old-time way we make Jack Daniel's, drop us a line.

OF THE 2,531 CAVES in Tennessee, this one in Moore County is particularly prized.

It's fed, you see, by an underground, iron-free spring flowing at 56° year round. Mr. Jack Daniel, a native of these parts, laid claim to the cave in 1866. And from that year forward, its water has been used to make Jack Daniel's Whiskey. Of course, there are hundreds of caves just as lovely. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, you'll know why this one is valued so highly.



CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery,  
Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.



# HOW TO DISCOVER TWO AMERICAN PRESIDENTS THAT YOU NEVER KNEW YOU HAD

Take a five-dollar bill and fold it lengthwise, then match the bottom half of the five to the top half of a one.



Now, do the same thing with the bottom of the one and the top of the five.

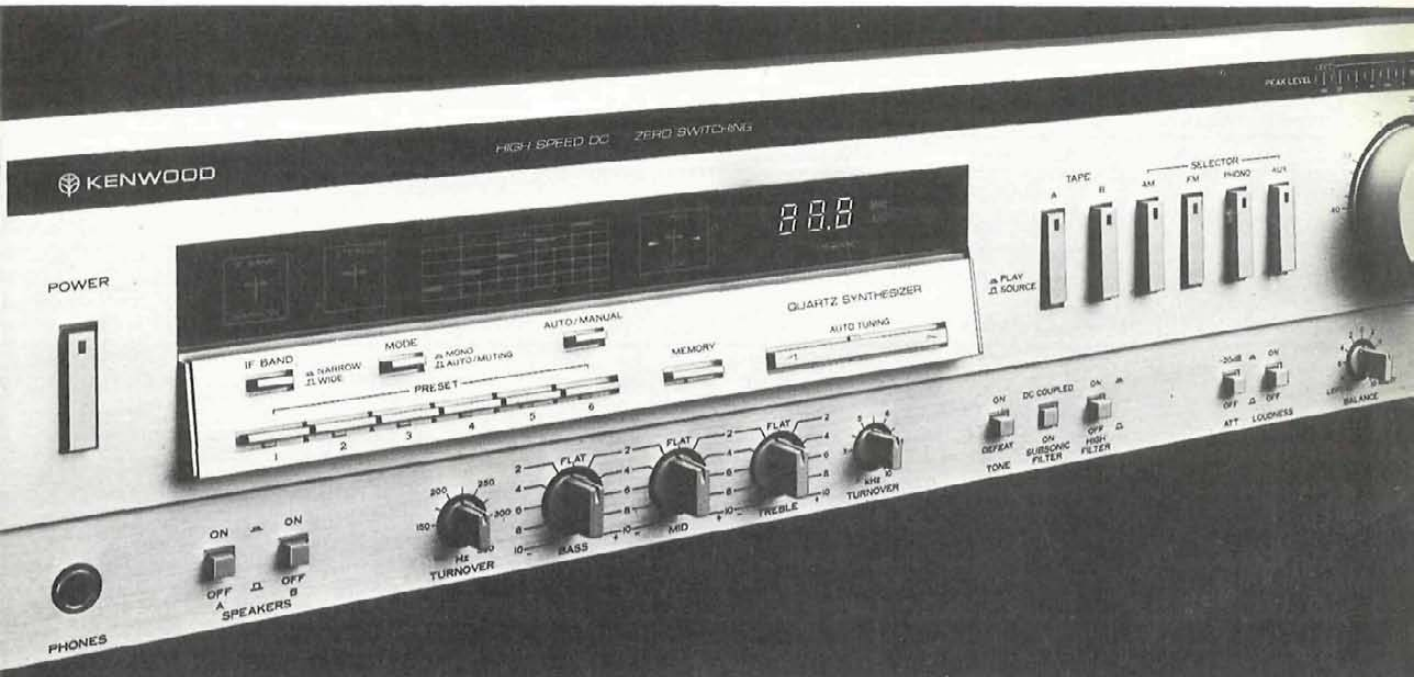


Their names were Washingbra Hamlink and Abraton Lincolwash and they both served between Polk and that other guy in there. One of them raised the Abomination Tax and the other one would have been the "W" in the

XYZ Affair if he had lived long enough.



# Its mother was a computer. Its father was a Kenwood.



## THE KENWOOD KR-770 RECEIVER

We think our new KR-770 is the most intelligent high performance receiver in the world.

The heart of our new receiver is its remarkable brain. A microprocessor-controlled quartz synthesizer tuning section, which uses Kenwood's unique computerized digital frequency encoding system to provide incredibly accurate, drift-free AM and FM stereo reception.

There's also a lot of convenience engineered into our computer-memory receiver. Like automatic station scanning. Six AM and six FM digital tuning presets which you can program to instantly address your favorite stations.

And a lithium battery powered memory-safeguard system to save the programming in your receiver's digital memory in case of power loss.

But there's more to our new KR-770 receiver than just brains. Take power, for instance. 80 watts per channel, minimum RMS at 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz with less than 0.02% total harmonic distortion.

### HI-SPEED™

And for performance, the KR-770 provides a long list of innovative Kenwood engineering features. Like Hi-Speed™ circuitry for exceptional musical clarity. DC to give crisp,

clear bass response down to 0 Hz. Our new Zero Switching output circuits to eliminate crossover distortion. And wide and narrow IF band circuitry to maximize FM reception.

You also get digital frequency read-out. LED indicators for power output, signal strength and function controls. Plus a built-in equalizer.

See your Kenwood dealer for a demonstration of the first computer good enough to be a Kenwood.

For the Kenwood dealer nearest you, see your Yellow Pages, or write Kenwood, P.O. Box 6213, Carson, CA 90749.

 **KENWOOD®**



## MONSIEUR DE CHIEN

continued from page 42

Soon the Prior would offer his  
Personal commendation; and  
Soon I would have the chance to  
Bring the deadly grain of wood  
Against the side of his head.

### XIII



s if by Providence, the  
Desired message came.  
"Prior Fina wishes to see  
you,"

Oozed the effeminate functionary  
With a soft hand on my shoulder.  
"Please come with me."  
Winding through corridors and  
Courtyards within the priory walls,  
I recalled Chanselle and thought of  
the gold.

But my musings were fettered  
By the low creak of Ambrogio de  
Fina's door

And the sight of Lille de Fuisse  
Encased in an oaken vise that  
Disabled every portion of her  
Anatomy, including her mouth.  
"Come in," Fina said, "and  
Accept my plaudits for a job well  
done."

I seated myself comfortably  
And studied the situation.  
"I am pleased to tell you,"

Fina continued, "that we have  
Discovered a clandestine and  
High-born patron of the  
Inimical Albigensian sect.  
Say hello to Lille de Fuisse, good  
Father.

I am assigning you to press her case."  
I folded my arms and felt my shaft,  
Then moved toward the accused  
And considered the situation further.  
I slightly adjusted the crank on  
The vise, which generated a  
Loud moan and brought delight  
To the face of the Gisselle boy by the  
door.

"Thank you, Your Eminence," I said,  
With the final realization that  
This racket was a hell of a lot  
Better than anything available  
For the lady's lousy two hundred  
francs.

### XIV



ne has to make decisions  
in this life.  
Otherwise, life will make  
them

For you, and believe me,  
Life ain't got very good taste.  
Eighteen years I spent shadowing  
Dishonorable tenants and  
Plugging ox holes in the wall;  
But now things are different.

### XV



hile resting that night in  
My spare but hygienic and  
Gratuituous cell at the  
priory,

I lapsed into a dream.

"Guillaume, Guillaume," the  
Delicate, downy whisper  
Interrupted close to my ear.

"Wake up. Are you all right?"  
I shuffled under the blanket  
And slowly opened my eyes.

"I thought I heard you murmur  
Something in your sleep.  
It sounded like 'Chanselle.'"

I reflected for a short period  
Of time, then sat up and peered  
Through an embrasure toward  
The tallowwood trees outside.

"Who is she?" the man asked.

"No one," I said. "Just a  
Name from quite far away."  
"I hope so," the mildly

Possessive Dominican functionary  
Cautioned as he straightened the  
pillow.

"Now let's get some sleep.

You've got a big day tomorrow, my  
little badger."

Christ. I remember a time  
When I would have decked him.<sup>11</sup>

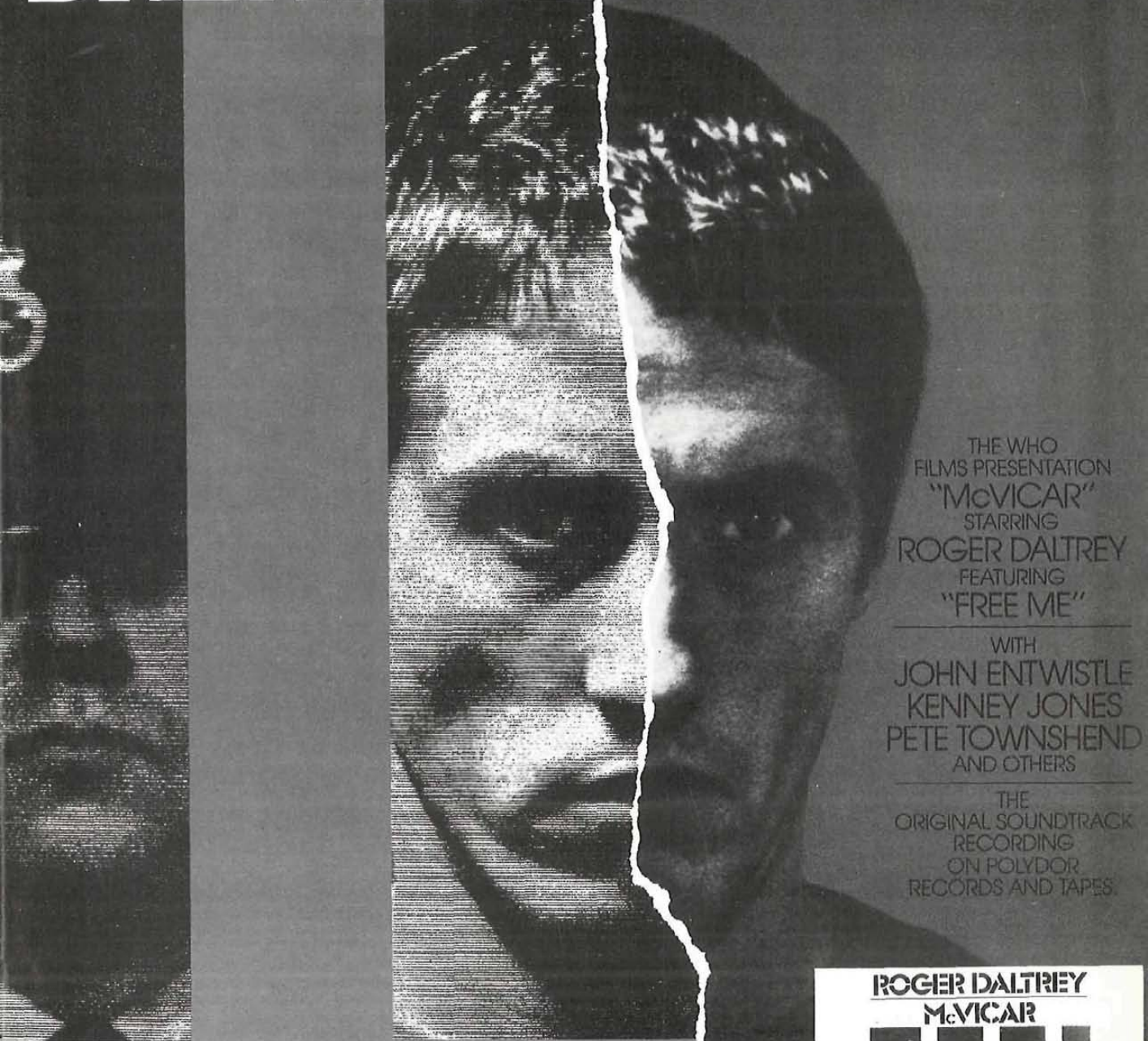
<sup>11</sup> Although de Chien redeemed himself in his next adventure, to many readers he was never the same.

# A VISIGOTH EXPLAINS HIMSELF





# DALTREY IS McVICAR



THE WHO  
FILMS PRESENTATION  
"McVICAR"  
STARRING  
ROGER DALTREY  
FEATURING  
"FREE ME"

WITH  
JOHN ENTWISTLE  
KENNEY JONES  
PETE TOWNSHEND  
AND OTHERS

THE  
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK  
RECORDING  
ON POLYDOR  
RECORDS AND TAPES

**ROGER DALTREY**  
**McVICAR**



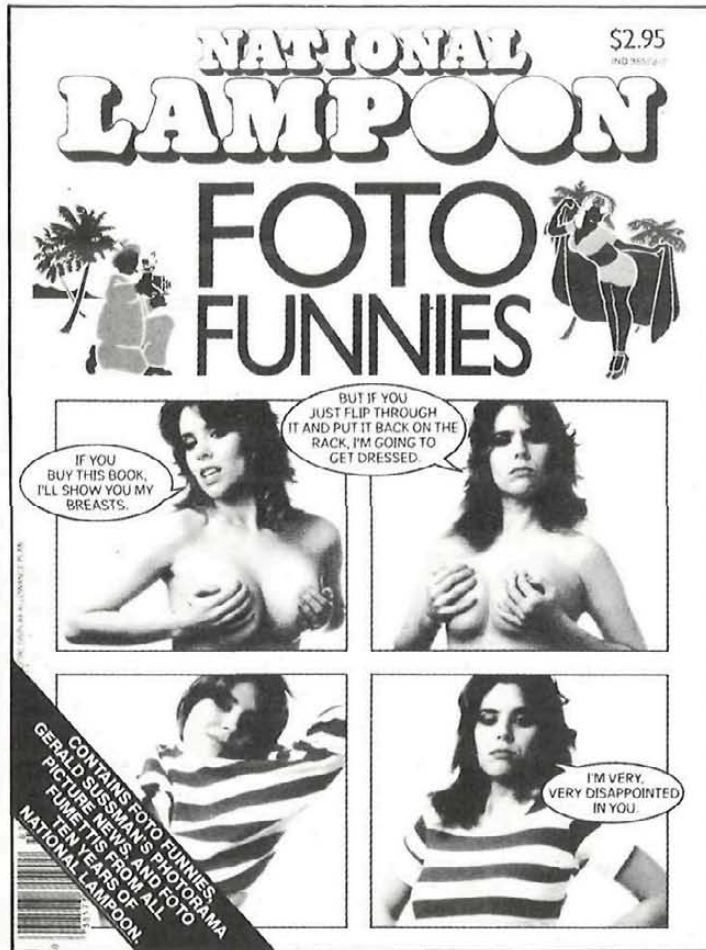
Give the gift  
of music.

POLYDOR INCORPORATED  
A POLYGRAM COMPANY





**NATIONAL LAMPOON HAS  
PUBLISHED A LOT OF VERY  
INTELLIGENT MATERIAL—**



**INCISIVE  
SATIRES,  
THOUGHT-  
PROVOKING  
PARODIES,  
DEEP AND  
FEARLESS  
PEEKS  
INTO THE  
HUMAN  
PSYCHE.**

**NONE OF  
THOSE ARE  
REPRINTED  
IN THIS  
BOOK.**

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of *National Lampoon Foto Funnies* at \$2.95 each.

Enclosed is my check or money order, payable within the continental USA or Canada, made out to:

**National Lampoon Dept. NL980, 635 Madison Avenue,  
New York, NY 10022**

Please add \$ .50 per order for postage and handling in the US, \$1.50 for outside the US.  
New York residents, please add 8 percent sales tax.

I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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



# ENDANGERED AMERICANS

continued from page 63

ica: they're called massage parlors now and they're run from behind iron-grated windows by pimply-toothed foreigners with about as much personality as a racetrack cashier.

I *did* find one whorehouse, however, but I was too drunk to remember where. I was coming back from the Meadowlands racetrack one night when an eight ball bounced off a corner pocket and asked if I wanted to sink it in.

"Goin' out, honey?"

"Sure," I said. Hell, I'd just lost \$80 on the ponies and had saved my last \$20 for a pavement princess, but luck found me in a Blarney Stone pub pissing this away until I was down to just \$7. But I was too drunk to let this li'l detail bother me. Having shot my wad

on slower horses and cheaper house whiskey, I was ready for the faster women.

It took me longer to sign in than it took her to blow me. Couldn't seem to make up any coupled entry to sign in the register, as per custom. Never *did* write too good under pressure.

"Just sign any fuckin' thing," the night clerk told me, and I entered my Mr. and Mrs. John Hancock.

"Now what can I get for seven dollars?" I asked.

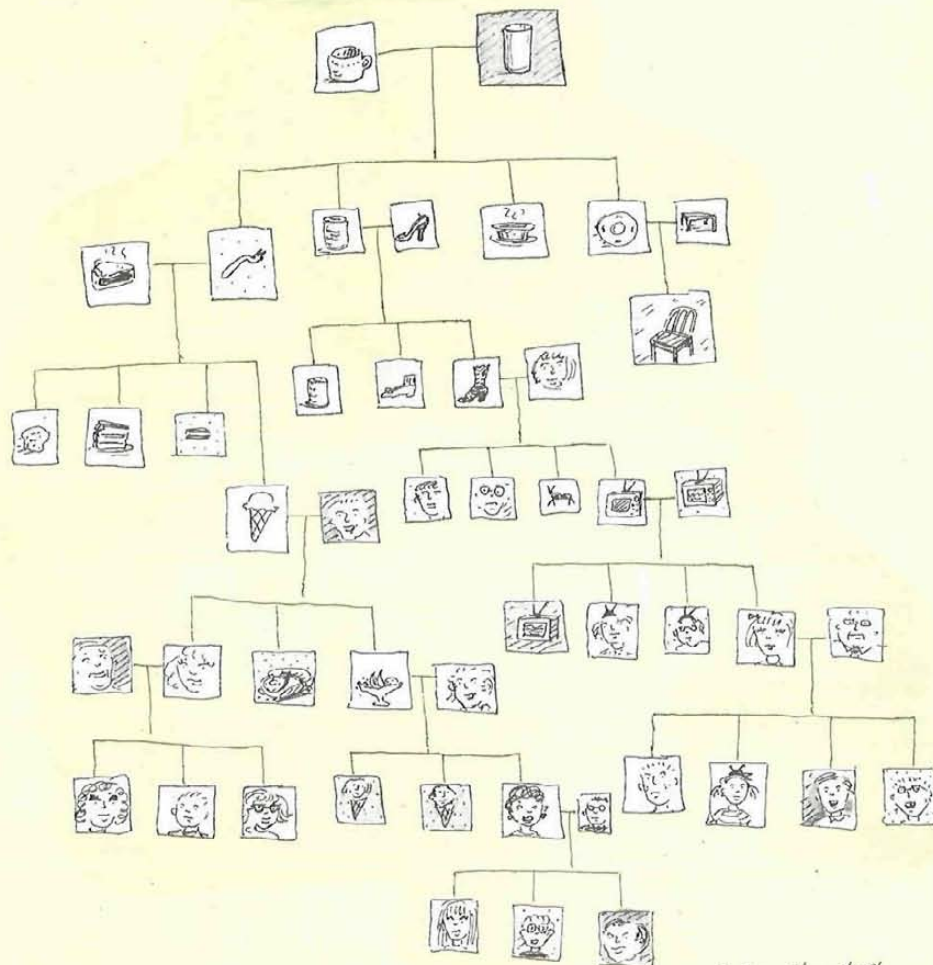
A blowjob with a rubber was what I got, which seemed like the John's Bargain blowjob at the time. All except for the rubber, I mean. Strange. Anyway, right in the middle of the action, a blond honey pops in the door and says, "Hey! Wanna party?!"

"Sure!" I say. "But all I got's seven dollars."

She slammed the door with a "Hhhrrrrrrrrrrumph!" that made my wand melt in the Chocolate Chewess's hand, not her mouth, and she took off out of there lickety-split, leaving me wearing nothing but a rubber and scrambling for my jeans. Out on the stoop, I had to pass by the blond bombshell again, who said, "Well, if it ain't the seven-dollar party boy!"

It was one of those nights when nothing seemed to go right. I couldn't even find the F train to go home and sleep it off but stumbled into a wall and decided to take a leak. Nothing happened. It was the fucking rubber. I peeled it off and threw it against the wall and hosed it down, wondering if the working girl had taken precautions a step too far. Suppose I *had* come in her mouth? Would that rubber have prevented a Johnny Hancock, Jr.? □

## Evolution Explained



© 2002 Chast 88





# TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



## True Facts

• The Internal Revenue Service issued a release earlier in the year stating that federal employees held hostage in Iran will be exempted from the April 15 tax deadline. Hostages may take up to three months after their release to prepare returns and have been awarded a special dispensation from interest assessments and other late penalties until that time. *Standard Federal Tax Reports* (contributed by Michael Norton)

• When a Chicago man was unable to satisfy an intruder's demand for money, the burglar pulled the man's wife from a shower stall, forced her to give him twenty-five dollars, threw her on a bed, and raped her. Later, as her attacker prepared to leave, the woman earnestly thanked him for not harming her or her husband. The assailant was so touched by this gesture that, according to his victim's account of the incident, he wept before fleeing. *AP* (contributed by Christopher Daniel)

• Southwestern Bell Telephone Company accepted the blame for erroneously listing a Texas mortuary in its Yellow Pages under "Wholesale Frozen Food" after an owner of the Elliot Hamil Funeral Home in Abilene complained that many people would "find the unfortunate mistake humorous." *Zodiac News Service* (contributed by Sheryl Williams)

• Eddie McAlea walked into a jewelry shop in Liverpool, England, waved a handgun, and shouted, "This is a stickup." The store owner was not intimidated, how-

ever, and chased McAlea out into the street, where police arrested him for assault with intent to rob. McAlea was also charged with possession of an imitation firearm after officers noticed he had forgotten to remove a protective cork from the barrel of his toy pistol. "This can only be described as a bungling, amateurish incident," McAlea's attorney pleaded later in defense. *AP* (contributed by Susan Hoffman)

• Fifteen-year-old Sam Jones, trapped by police while he was burglarizing a store in Phoenix, Arizona, hid when officers ordered him to give up. After several unsuccessful attempts to flush him, Patrolman Al Femenia announced to Jones that vicious German shepherd dogs from the police "K-9" corps had been brought to the scene and that he was prepared to release them if Jones did not give up. Jones finally

surrendered after police began barking. *AP* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

• A Miami Beach lawyer entered as a defense on behalf of his client, Mark Denton, the allegation that Denton's acts were controlled by astrological forces, to wit: The position of the stars when the defendant was born caused him to walk into a south Florida home, knife a man, rape a woman, and walk out with a brassiere on his head. The presiding judge subsequently asked prosecutors to investigate whether Denton's attorney was trying to "make a circus" of the judicial system. *UPI* (contributed by Bruce McClendon)

• Fifty-seven-year-old Cornelius Lehman picked up a custom-engraved tombstone in Goshen, Indiana, loaded it in a trailer, and drove toward a farm in Michigan where he wanted to be buried. A short

time later the trailer slipped off its hitch and dumped his tombstone into the street. After struggling hard to lift it, Lehman decided he would scoop up the marker with a front-end loader he had parked at his home. But Lehman was again unsuccessful: he suffered a heart attack and died while driving the tractor back to his tombstone. *The Elkhart Truth* (contributed by Richard Posthuna)

• An Oklahoma writer sued a tavern owner and the Adolph Coors Company, manufacturer of Coors beer, because 3.2 beer brewed and served by the defendants allegedly caused his brain to become "pickled." According to Woodrow D. Bussey's complaint, he had been a regular customer of the same tavern since May 1978 and "consumed much Coors beer, which was supposedly non-intoxicating." The complaint further asserted that "this ingesting of Coors beer has pickled the brain of the plaintiff, rendering him incapable of writing up to his potential or even writing in a professional manner." Bussey demanded \$1.5 million for "irreparable brain damage, damage to his reputation, damage to his sexual prowess, and damage to his literary career" and another \$500,000 for future medical expenses. *UPI* (contributed by Susan Hoffman)

• The governor of Pennsylvania has appointed a man named Donald Duck to the post of civil-defense director for the town of Bald Eagle in Clinton County. *Philadelphia Bulletin* (contributed by Michael Roszkowski)

### PHOTO FOR THOUGHT



Optical illusion or Amtrak or what?

Contributed by M. Thomsen, Nebraska, Wisconsin



## Aristocrats Getting Hurt

by Bill Moseley

### Concerning the Proper Use of a Famous Clown

The following is excerpted from a lengthy memo given to advertising agencies producing commercials for one of our nation's most successful fast-food operations. This section of the memo deals with the company's well-known clown personality and how he may be presented in advertising directed at children.

1. Like any child's favorite adult, [the clown] loves children, loves to be with them and entertain and help them. But he is more intelligent, wittier, and much more mature and experienced than the children themselves. Like any child's favorite adult, he is admired and respected for a great variety of reasons, including wit, talent, ability, knowledge, experience. He makes kids happy and they love to laugh with him. But they never laugh at him.

2. [The clown's] relationship with children in commercials should be emotional and should not involve contact. For example, [the clown] should not grab children, pick children up, carry children on his shoulders, etc. It is permissible for [the clown]

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

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

to hold a child's hand if the situation demands, but even excessive hand holding is not encouraged. The reasons for no physical contact are 1) [the clown] is a fantasy character and should remain just beyond reality, 2) [the clown] should be equally shared and enjoyed by all children, those who act in commercials and those at home who view the commercials. Obviously, those children at home cannot touch [the clown], and so we believe the children in the commercials should not touch him either.

3. [The clown] should be happy, jolly, funny, lovable, and he should like to be with children. He may sing, dance, perform acrobatic stunts and magic, tell jokes or riddles, or play games. Care should be taken to avoid gestures or speech which children might consider sissy, babyish, or effeminate.

4. [The clown] does have certain super-human powers, such as flying through the air, disappearing and reappearing, or performing magic. But care should be taken not to concentrate upon or overemphasize his super-human abilities, lest he be thought of more as a magician or super-man than a clown. And with respect to his chanting of spells, any connotation of witchcraft or the powers of evil and darkness should be carefully avoided. If magic is used, it should never be frightening, nor should it produce negative results, such as causing a child to disappear.

5. [The clown] should not display any form of bad conduct, such as bad eating habits [or] dangerous, discourteous, or disrespectful behavior. He should never be involved in plots having to do with racing, nor should he associate with animals.

Here are some well-bred jockeys running their expensive horses and themselves into the ground while giving pause to a lot of wealthy spectators.



Jerry Glover aboard Gay Motel; Lingfield, England.



P. Blacker on Black Bridge; Cheltenham, England.



Jake Kenworthy underneath Am I Too Late; Camden, SC.



Dan Pate behind Bob Collins; Camden, SC.



John Francome riding Golden Rapper; Aintree, England.



Tom McGivern ahead of Colleen Rhu; Aintree, England.



Unknown jockeys and horses; Liverpool, England.



P. Cowley avoiding Little Ned and others; Aintree, England.

All photos AP, except those credited UPI.



# T R U E

## What's Your Sign? Readers' Page



Paul Obdom, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia



John McCann, Washington, Pa.



Tado Wheeler, Monterey, Cal.



Tado Wheeler, Monterey, Cal.



Charles Peck, Memphis, Tenn.



Gary Vranesevich, New York, NY



Pat Stevenson, Silver Spring, Md.



Cindy Brannon-Bradsky, Saskatoon, Canada



Stu Raben, Farmington Hills, Mich.



# An album for playing.



## Another comedy record from National Lampoon.

National Lampoon 635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022 Dept. NL980  
Gimme, gimme, gimme \_\_\_\_\_ NATIONAL LAMPOON  
WHITE ALBUM albums at \$7.98 apiece. I enclose a check  
for \$\_\_\_\_\_.

(Please add \$.75 for postage and handling.)

Featuring the hit single  
"What Were You Expecting—Rock 'n'  
Roll?" and "Perrier Junkie."



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

New York State residents: Please add 8% sales tax

ON LABEL 21 RECORDS AND TAPES  
MARKETED BY JEM RECORDS, INC.  
SOUTH PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY



# UNCLASSIFIED ADS



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## A WAKE FOR JAMES

continued from page 15

learn..."

Billy interrupted David. "Jane, the cat is dead. I don't think there's one of us here who doesn't regret that. When a cat dies suddenly, everybody wishes that they had known it was going to happen. Maybe they would have treated him a little differently, given more understanding..."

Billy's speech only made Jane cry harder. "He didn't die suddenly," she gasped. "If we had paid more attention, we could have seen it coming. It was coming for months. None of us would admit it. He needed our help. And we were just too busy. We thought he was sleeping in the sun, when really he was brooding and desperately alone. We thought he was hungry when he mewed; really he was calling out for help. What fools we are! Blind complacent fools!"

"There is much we would change if we could," said David. "Yet, for every decent impulse in a man, he is handicapped with a vice. Charity is antagonized by prudence; courage is fettered by pain. These contradictory ephemera give rise to our noblest aspirations and our bitterest despair of their attainment. The passing of James, a cat who shared our lives, has a meaning that..."

"Sure, David. Sure!" Sylvia stared at him. "James is dead. He should be buried. If he is not certified dead and buried, I for one and my stereo for the other shall move out!"

"D-d-d-don't get so rigid," said

Billy. "The phone is in your name."

"What's so damn hard about burying a cat? James the cat is dead. As dead as the pepperoni ground from the nose of a cow on your breath right now."

"Wow," said Jane. "Now it comes out. You're really uptight, right? Don't you think it's, like, a bit hypocritical for a person who can't even deal with her emotions except by laying them off on other people to talk about us like we were totally totally out of it, or something? I mean, when James was alive you were really cool to him, right? You, like, brought him things from fishermen that didn't even have balanced vitamins? So now he's dead your attitude changes completely! I think that that's really a sign of problems that you haven't dealt with at all! Not at all!"

"I think we all should have some tea," said David. "Jasmine tea."

"Is there any of that hot-chocolate mix left?" Billy asked.

David brought the tea from the kitchen and served it slowly and methodically. Heavy pottery cups, no one precisely resembling another. They scraped loudly. The sounds of the service of tea underlined the silence. Billy slurped loudly his hot chocolate.

"I'm really sorry, everyone," said Jane hesitantly. "I mean, here we are, and James is dead on the floor, and I start getting into really personal trips that have nothing basically to do with it. I guess I just can't handle it. You know? Death on the news, in China

or someplace, or in a war, I can deal with. Even death of people I went to high school with in car crashes..."

"Yeah! Yeah, that's one thing!" babbled Billy. "But in your own home. That's closer to home, isn't it?"

"So." Sylvia put down her tea mug. "Who's going to bury the cat?"

"I'd do it, but I've got to get up early to go to work tomorrow. I wouldn't get any sleep at all after that. I'd be thinking about the worms. The earthworms. The garden is full of them. And beetles. And ants." Billy exaggerated a shudder. "It's too dark now anyway. Plus, isn't there some kind of zoning law against burying cats in the yard? We ought to look into that first, shouldn't we?"

David spoke. "Billy, like us all, when confronted with mortality clings to the apron strings of childhood phobias and mature fictions. Ants, beetles, the law..."

Suddenly, Sylvia dived from her chair at the cat. She seized it, and a struggle took place.

"Out the window with it! Look out below! It goes! I'll do it, damn you! Heave ho! Out the window! Let me go! They always land on their feet!"

"She's *totally* freaking out," cried Jane.

"Wait, we'll talk this out," cried David.

"Drop the cat, you bitch!" cried Billy.

"Bitch?! Bitch? A bitch? Here's a bitch!" Sylvia flung the dead cat hard in Billy's face. Instantly the struggle ceased and the combatants stood stunned. Then Sylvia began to cry. She sank to the floor and buried her face in the cat's fur.

"Oh, James. Oh, James." She kissed the cat's stomach and shuddered convulsively. "Why did you have to die? James! James! Oh, God, James, where are you?"

Billy, flabbergasted, full of compassion, stammered. "Yeah, I mean, out of all the other cats in the world, why did it have to be James?"

The next day we buried the cat. We buried him near the rose bushes. David said a few words. He said too much. He said we didn't know who the cat was. That we didn't know where he was going. Maybe we had known him in the past, or he us. But we had to be touched by him and we felt sad at his passing. Then he said he hoped we would one day meet the cat again or somehow feel the way we felt about the cat about everything and forever.





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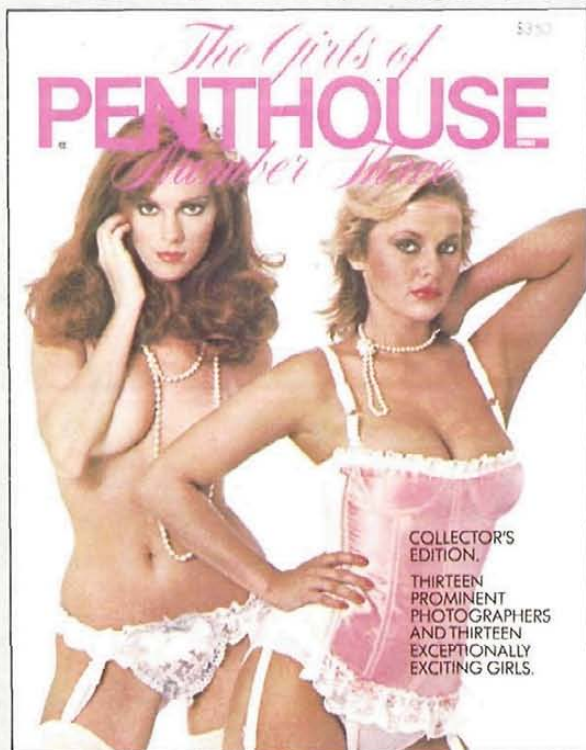


\*Do you believe that? What are we running here, goddamnit, a charity? Come on—the sixties are over, no more of that “free lunch” crapola. Don’t forget, the thing is gonna be a collector’s item pretty soon. Hell, remember those Winky Dink sets? You know, the ones where you got a piece of plastic that 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 snuffed 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.

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## YESTERDAY'S TEENS

continued from page 53

"You're chickenshit afraid of everything; you dress like a queer; you get your hair cut at a beauty salon; you'd rather have a salad than a steak; you know everything about sex, but you don't do anything! Take a walk!"

Blaine fumbled with the door handle.

"What's happenin'?" a voice called to Blaine from inside the bungalow. Blaine got out of the Chevy and backed away as it peeled back out into the street and disappeared in a spray of gravel and dust.

"Come on up, man!"

Blaine studied the bungalow as he walked up the grown-over lawn and wondered what was next. The front door opened and a boy his age in bell-bottom pants, a work shirt, cowboy boots, and leather-fringe vest stepped out on the porch, sucking on a fat joint.

"Far out!" he said through closed teeth. He offered the joint to Blaine. Blaine took it and looked at it.

"What's the matter? It's good weed," the boy said.

"You don't have a bong around I could use?" Blaine asked. "I hate all that smoke in my eyes!"

"Fuck, no!" the boy laughed.

"Come on in. I'm Ace, and I'm a sixties teen."

The bungalow was decorated inside with Indian blankets, candles, brick-and-board furniture, and bare mattresses. Ace's girl friend, Jasmine, lay comfortably on the floor with her head resting on the body of a twelve-string guitar.

Blaine took a seat on the edge of a mattress and Ace joined Jasmine on the floor.

"We're going to set fire to the Glenbrook Trust and Savings tonight. You can come along if you want," Ace said.

"You're going to burn down the bank?"

"Right on!" Jasmine said, lifting her head slightly and smiling dopily.

"Oh, wow, I forgot, man, you're a modern teen! You don't have any fucking political commitment. You're a fucking social clam!"

"That's not true."

"Yeah? Watching the election returns on the fucking six o'fucking clock news doesn't count, man!"

"I do more than that!" Blaine snapped.

"Yeah? Like what?"

"I sold popcorn for the Cambodian relief fund!"

"So some capitalist-pig popcorn farmer can make a profit at the expense of the people who we fucking bombed and murdered into fucking starvation! Man, you're pathetic. I'm a teenager and, man, I am so fucking filled up with passion, man, sometimes I think I'm going to fucking burst!"

"You ever had a rally? You ever protested anything?"

"We had an antidisco rally last year, and we held a demonstration against our school administration when they wanted to deny parking permits to juniors," Blaine said proudly.

Ace slapped his forehead with his hand and flopped back on the floor. Jasmine covered her face with an underground newspaper and groaned.

"I never imagined that all the work and struggle I've put in would result in such a lame motherfucker generation as this one," Ace mumbled.

Blaine tried to muster a defense, but in part he agreed with Ace. And he agreed a little with Chet and Alf, too. Circumstances were a lot different for him, he told himself. The world was tougher, and a more pragmatic teenager was a necessary by-product. "Put on some fucking music so I don't have to listen to that little shit breathe for the rest of his fucking capitalist apathetic silent-majority dream!"

Jasmine raised a limp hand and dropped it on the turntable. She felt

around for the tone arm and after a loud, grating scratch let the needle rest on "The Lemon Song" by Led Zeppelin. Blaine enjoyed the opening guitar howls and vocal coos and moans.

"I have this album," he said. "I listen to it all the time."

Slowly Ace raised up on his elbows. He glared at Blaine, his eyes filling with smoke. "And it's fifteen fucking years old, asshole!"

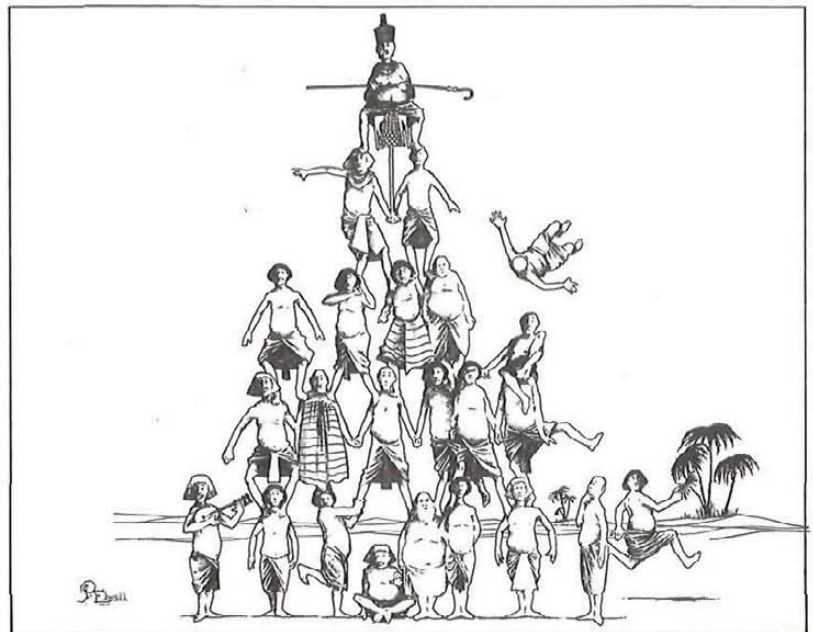
Blaine leaped out of bed, landing with a painful crash on the top of his nightstand. He sat for a moment shaking his head, knocking the last of the nightmare out of his head. Then he reached for his butt and pulled out his wallet. He emptied it into his lap and fished for his American Express card. Finding it, he nicked the middle of it with his eyetooth and tore it in two. He tossed the pieces on the floor and ran to the door.

"Mom!" he shouted down the stairs. "Mom! I'm not taking those dance classes!"

He paused, took another breath, and shouted again. "Also, I loathe your empty life-style!"

But his mother didn't hear him. She was downtown having sexual intercourse with his dad, because she was horny since her boyfriend went bankrupt and couldn't sustain an erection, and Blaine's dad's second wife was visiting her mother in Saint Louis and he was sort of horny, too. □

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## NEWSMAN EULOGY

continued from page 77

caught the attention of the network bigwigs. Perhaps it was the moustache he never tired of growing, and shaving off, and growing again. Whatever the reason, they made him anchorman, and the dream was fulfilled. He sat at that desk for thirteen years; and what a baker's dozen they were: he was there when the world went crazy, and we went crazy with it. When Kennedy was killed, he asked us what was going on. Suddenly, somehow, somewhere in Southeast Asia, in a little country called Vietnam, things started getting out of hand. And he looked down that long glass tunnel called a television camera and told us why LBJ had to send more troops in, and why we were there, and what it all meant. Tell him that the government was lying and he'd just smile, nod at you like you were his best friend, and say, "I guess they have their reasons."

When Watergate entertained us all, he was there to raise a cautionary hand and remind us that some of it "wasn't that funny." Oh, yes, we listened to him. But it was with stifled chuckles and suppressed smiles. Then he wrote his book about it—we all did—and af-

terward admitted that maybe he'd been wrong. "It was pretty funny," he told the Washington Press Club, and to a man they stood up and applauded.

But it was different after that. The higher-ups at the network...well, maybe they didn't like his taste in ties, or the fact that he was the only non-Texan on prime time. Amid a flurry of excuses, they made him a commentator. So he did his thrice-weekly spots, a "talking head" in front of a black curtain. But still he pulled no punches; he saw through the flux of "stories" and "developments" and told us about things in a way that made it seem as if we had known about them all along.

"Democrats don't like Republicans, and Republicans don't like Democrats," he declared. "And anybody that thinks otherwise runs the risk of sorely underestimating our form of government." And: "What's past is indeed previous, and the luxury of hindsight is a necessity few can afford, except perhaps in retrospect. Americans have always known this, and history has proven them correct."

He's gone now. Some say it was cancer; others, that he'd been abducted by Venusians. It hardly matters, really.

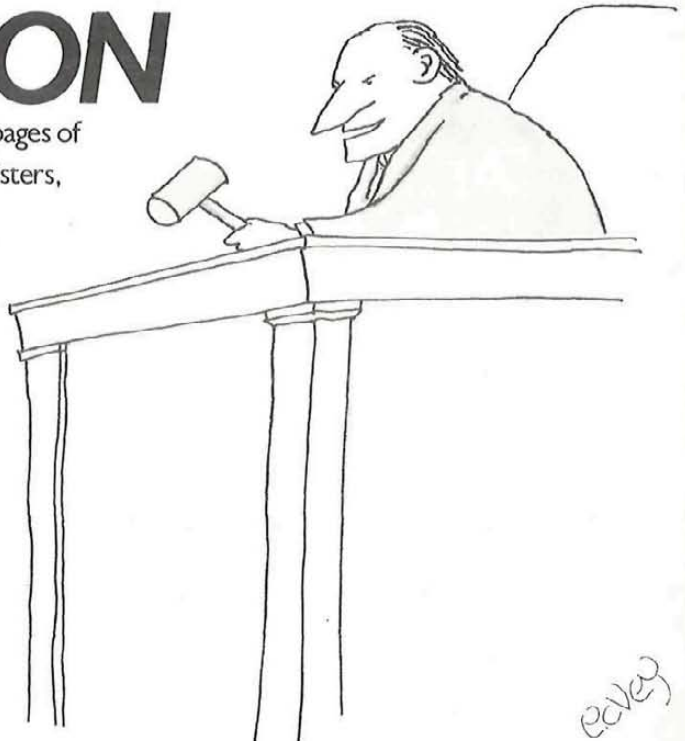
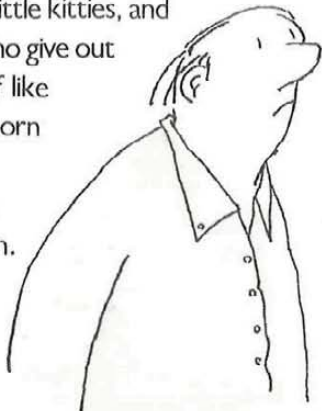
The *France Pronouncing Gazetteer* was bought by Gannett three years ago; it's now a journal of philology. Pop Perkins? He died in '62. Molly is married, has grandchildren. She repairs anvils, and doesn't remember much of anything these days. So, of those who knew him personally, only a few remain. His brother, and his family. Maybe a dozen veterans around the country. A few hundred network people in New York. Couple thousand Washington folks. Press Club big shots, and the Time-Life lot. The Pulitzer group, and the National Book Awards gang. Hundred-fifty million TV viewers. That's about all, really.

But his name is on everyone's lips today. When those television screens flick on in living rooms and bars around the good nation, is it so hard to imagine that his spirit will be hovering in the ether over every set, console, portable, or "mini"? If those of us who remember him listen with our own heart's ear—really listen—we may just be able to hear him bid farewell and Godspeed to this mighty land in these familiar words, words with which he said good night to us for decades: "And that's the news. Don't blame me. I just work here." □

COMING NEXT MONTH IN THE OCTOBER NATIONAL LAMPOON

# AGGRESSION

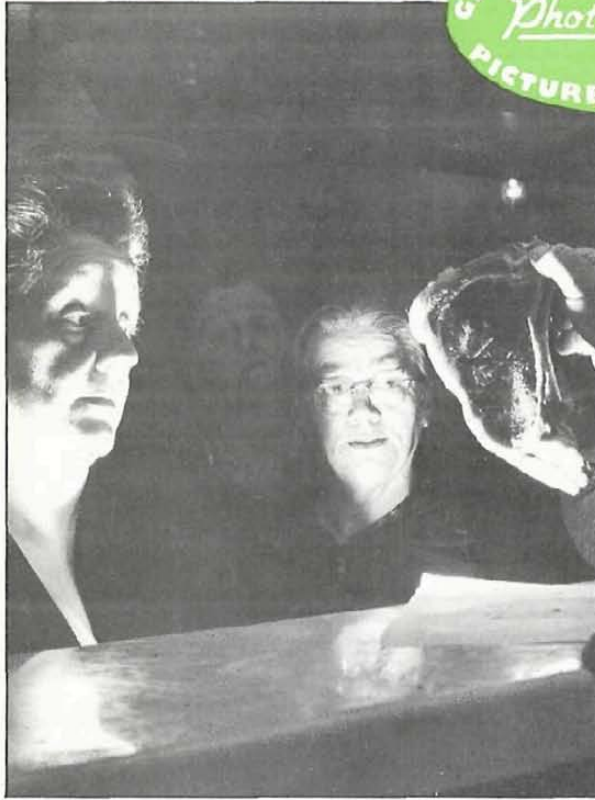
You won't want to miss over 100 solid paper pages of bullies, bad boys, rude men and women, titty twisters, Dutch rubs, Indian burns, air strikes, bombs, guns, short sheets, frozen panties, and the kind of sex you can get in trouble over. Plus some bad news for innocent little kitties, and people who give out lousy stuff like stale popcorn balls and apples on Halloween.



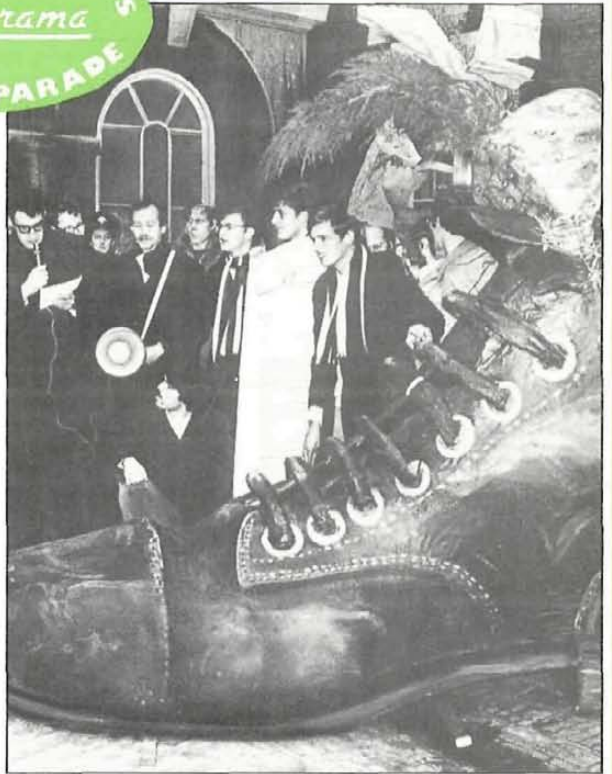
"Thirty days in the electric chair!"



GERALD SUSSMAN'S  
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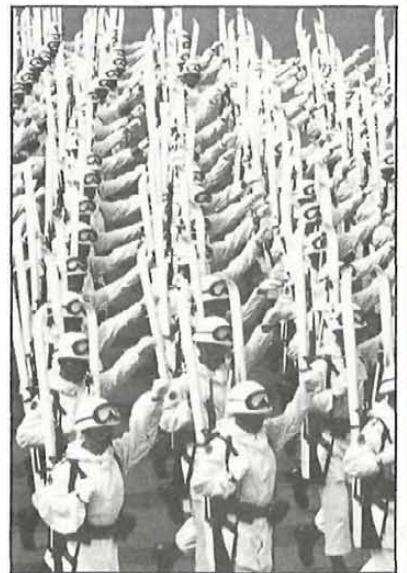
**Sydney, Australia** Mrs. Rose Huggins, a housewife, and her aunt, Mrs. Cora Lamprey, participate in a public seance sponsored by the Australian Parapsychology Institute. Both women are trying to communicate with their deceased husbands. Since both men were especially fond of pork chops, the medium uses the meat as a tool for trying to reach the men. If the men respond, the medium will hear their messages through the meat she is holding.



**Rotterdam, Netherlands** Members of Holland's 4-H clubs present their "Shoe of Plenty" to high-ranking officials of the Dutch Department of Agriculture. For over 200 years, the Shoe of Plenty has been given to the king and queen as a symbol of the country's rich and bountiful food harvest. Along with the shoe, the king and queen receive the traditional five thousand pounds of beets for the royal borscht preserve. Government officials accept the shoe on behalf of Queen Juliana, who was unable to attend.



**Birmingham, England** Biologists at the Cheltenham Animal Genetics Laboratory have developed the first two-headed fox, an animal appropriately nicknamed Foxy II. Foxy II and any new offspring will be used eventually by local farmers as a natural, safer form of rodent and pest control. Foxy II has been tested and found to be at least one and a half times as smart as a one-headed fox.

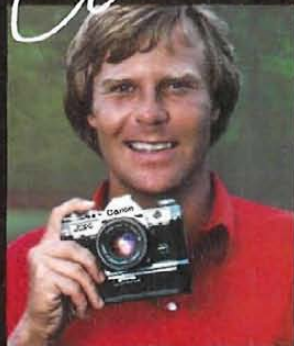


**Seoul, South Korea** Troops of the special Dok T'ai Battalion march on parade in celebration of their second anniversary. The Dok T'ai are the elite section of the Korean army, commandos who fight on motorized skis. Each soldier uses only one ski, spreading his feet on it as if it were a surfboard. This leaves his hands free to use his automatic weapons.



*Ben Crenshaw*

# SATISFIED



Ben Crenshaw knows what it means to depend on his equipment. To feel comfortable with his putter in his hand. Or his camera. His camera is the Canon AE-1, a quality camera, combining the finest in optics and mechanical engineering to assure sharp, clear, professional-looking pictures every time. Ben's had his Canon AE-1 more than three years now, and has added a power winder, a Canon Speedlite and several lenses. To make himself an outfit that he carries everywhere. The AE-1 has made photography his favorite occupation. Next to golf.

Ben Crenshaw isn't alone. In the time since its introduction, more than one million Canon AE-1's have been bought in the United States alone and it's still going strong. Making it far and away the most successful camera of its type in history. A million satisfied customers must know something!

What they know is this. The Canon AE-1 was, and still is unmatched for its combination of cost and performance. It has shutter-priority automation that's as simple as focus and click. You can get sharper pictures, because you select a shutter speed fast enough to prevent blur and the camera adjusts the lens for the light. You get great pictures

automatically, and can shoot with full confidence that every shot will be as sharp and bright as the next.

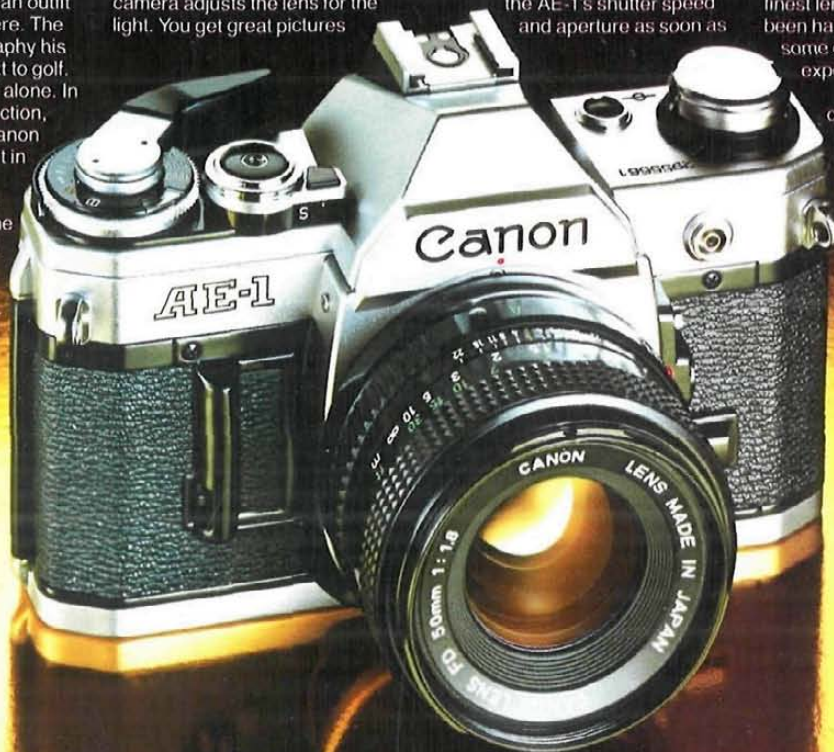
And, satisfied Canon AE-1 owners know some other smart things too. They know that special Canon "A" Series Speedlites, like the 177 A, make the AE-1 the most automatic flash available. They set the AE-1's shutter speed and aperture as soon as

they're ready to fire. You just can't make a mistake.

They also know that with the Power Winder A, they'll never miss a shot of the action because they can take fast single frames or sequences as fast as two frames per second.

The Canon AE-1 can bring you in close to the action when you're far back. Or widen a tight shot into a sweeping vista. With more than forty of the world's finest lenses. Lenses which have been hailed by professionals as some of the best they've ever experienced.

Want to satisfy your curiosity? Ask your local Canon dealer why the AE-1 is his best-selling automatic reflex camera. When you buy your AE-1 you'll be opening a door into creative photography (and fun) that you may have never realized was there. And that's real satisfaction.



## Canon AE-1



Official 35mm camera of the PGA

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