

Fun Takes a Holiday

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ENDING"**



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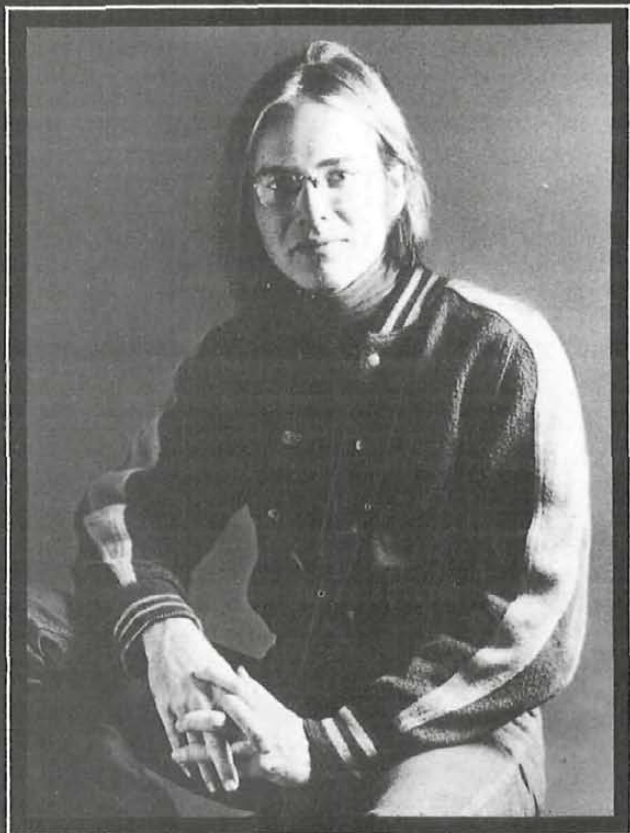


Models shown left to right: Ultra-slim 3-5360, Micro 3-5340, Ultra-slim 3-5361

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Douglas Clark Kenney
(1946-1980)



Doug Kenney, one of the founders
of *National Lampoon*,
died in a hiking accident
on the island of Kauai on August 29, 1980.

Pour ce que rire est le propre de l'homme.
—François Rabelais

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"Puerto Rican white rum can do anything better than gin or vodka"



"Our Puerto Rican rum has started a new trend in Bloody Marys."

Betsy González, fashion designer, with her brother and partner, Ausbert González.

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Approved by the Electoral Review Board.

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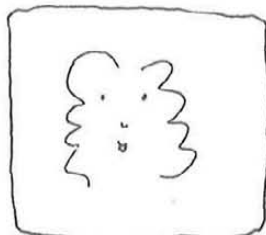
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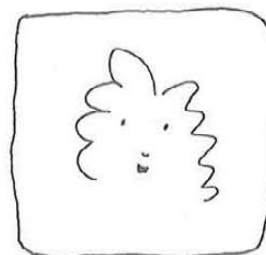
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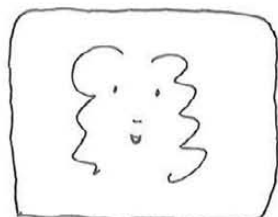
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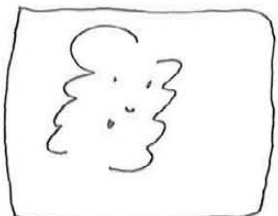
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and spitting it out
on the sidewalk...



brushing my hair
in restaurants...



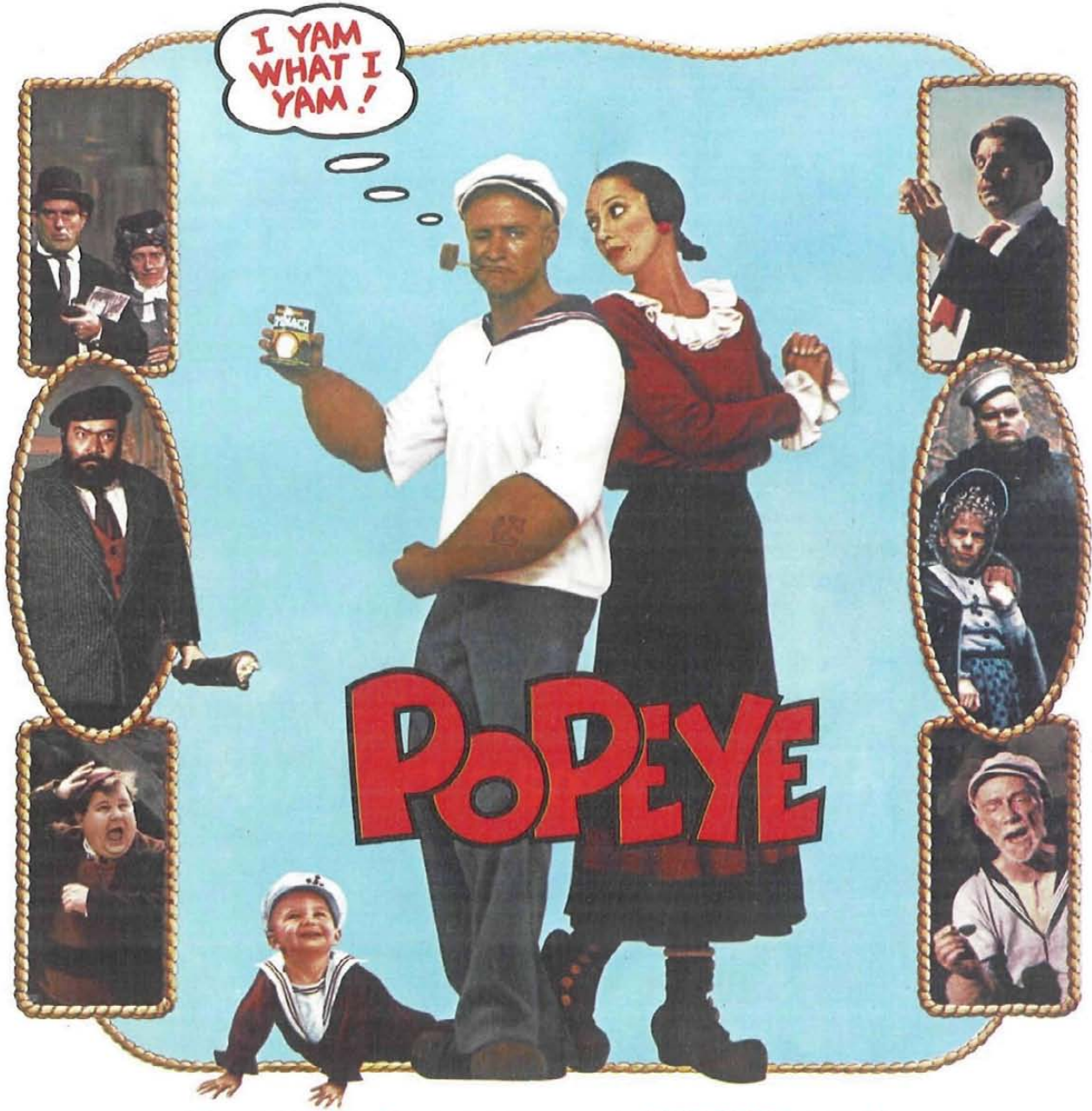
making sure I'm out
of toilet paper when
guests arrive.



But most fun of all
is spreading Herpes.

by jane brucker

BLOW ME DOWN! IT'S COMING FOR CHRISTMAS!



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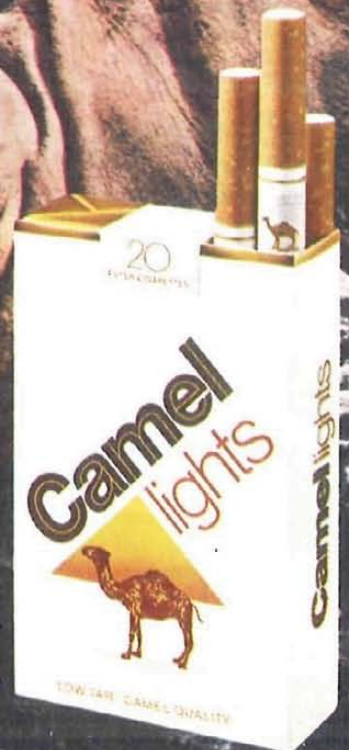
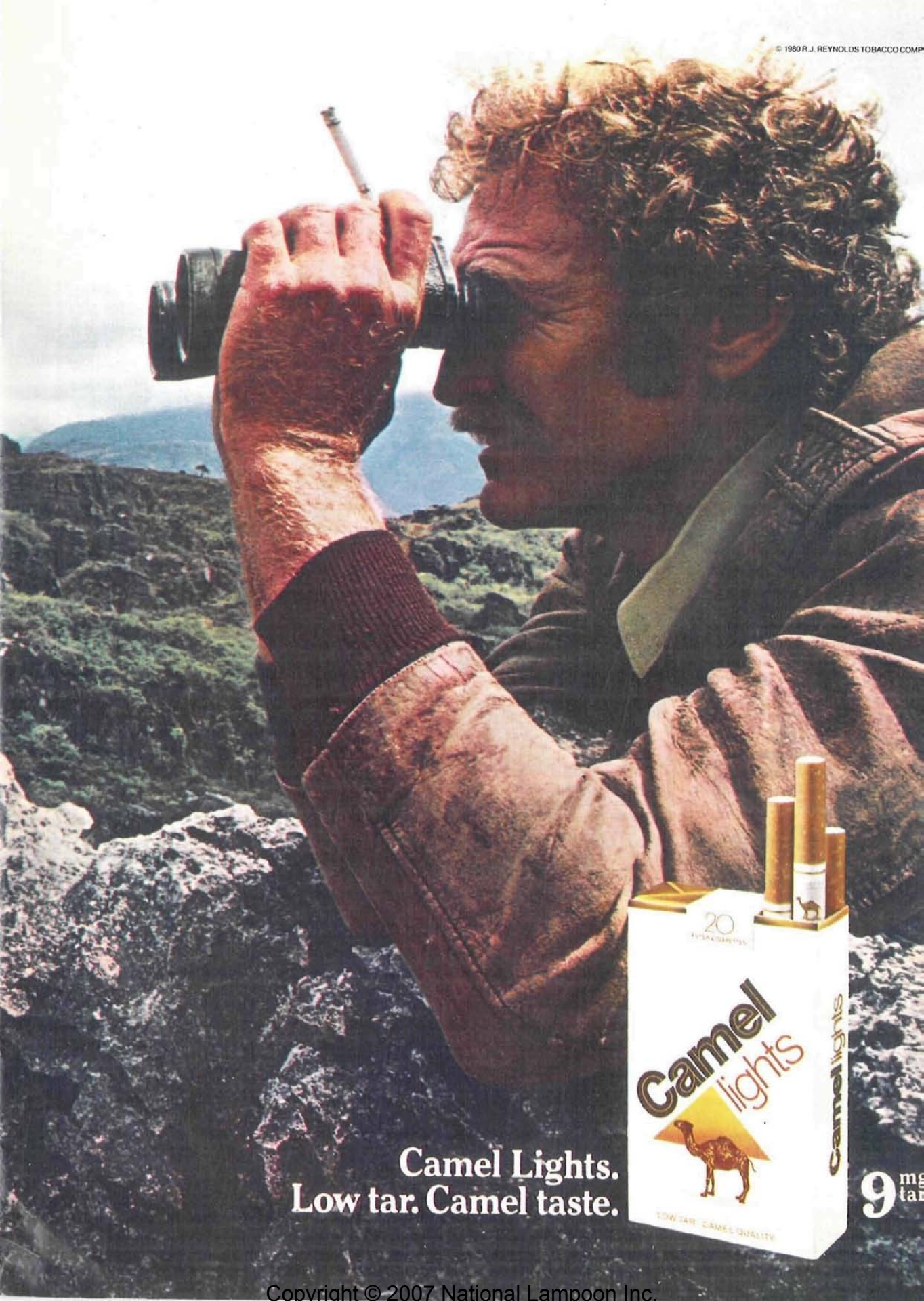
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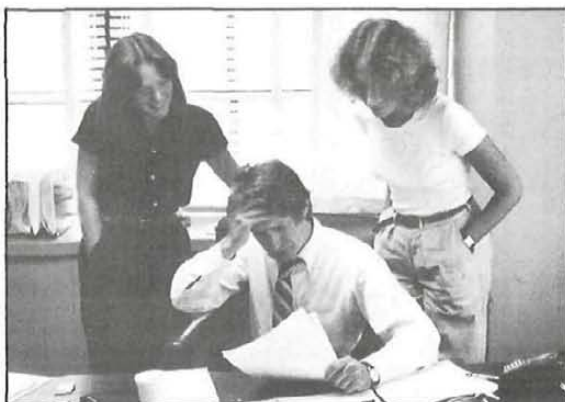
A Letter from the Issue Editor

When a *National Lampoon* editor is introduced to someone new he is invariably asked the same opening question: "Is it fun working on *National Lampoon*?" The answer is yes, emphatically yes. Sometimes the fun is intensely private, as when an editor is closeted in his office developing an article out of a raw idea, or "riff," as it's called in the humorist's trade. If you could peek through the keyhole, you'd see him chuckle and grin as he writes. Sometimes he'll tear a sheet out of his typewriter and read a particularly funny section out loud to one of his colleagues. But most of the time the fun is right out in the open. You can feel it in the air and actually hear it—the jokes, the put-ons, the little routines, or the more complex mind-twisting parody ideas, the satiric thrusts that come from our typically odd way of looking at things.

Editor in Chief P. J. O'Rourke echoed these sentiments in preparing this issue. "It's hard to isolate the concept of fun when you're so immersed in it," he said. "But we were determined to have plenty of fun trying."

Editor and Chicago Bureau Chief John Hughes, who wrote the rollicking saga of family fun called "Christmas '59," went through many family albums, interviewed his parents, siblings, and relatives, and then wrote the story in his favorite fun spot, the corner table in the Pump Room of the Ambassador Hotel. "My manuscript narrowly escaped death," said Hughes with a wry chuckle. "The Pump Room is famous for its flaming desserts. Some of the pages of my story accidentally fell into a fiery frying pan at the next table and burnt to a crisp, right into someone's crepes suzette. Luckily I always make twenty extra copies."

Ted Mann, the most injury prone of our editors, laughed so hard at a joke in his own piece, "Fly Race," that he dislocated three ribs. Ted admitted that he was enjoying his second glass of white wine at the time, which could have made him a little giddy.



Editor in Chief O'Rourke editing his story "Just Fooling Around," with Researcher Rosenthal and Managing Editor Devins.



Tod Carroll, typing on our special theme paper, so our art department can "spec" the type.

Tod Carroll, who gave us "Desperate Fun," almost missed the deadline for the issue because he was having too much fun writing the story. "I thought it would be just an ordinary fun piece, but 'Desperate Fun' was so much fun that I was losing my sense of reality. Time just flew by. It's a good thing I had a desk calendar with the deadline date circled, or I'd still be working on it."

New York Bureau Head Researcher Susan Rosenthal and Managing Editor Susan Devins were asked to visit the most convivial bars and to attend at least twenty to thirty parties a week to find out how people are having fun these days. "Fun is getting looser and sillier," said Devins. "Men are wearing lampshades on their heads again when they're drunk, and women are doing imitations of Mae West." "Wherever I went, people still wanted to have a good time," said Rosenthal.

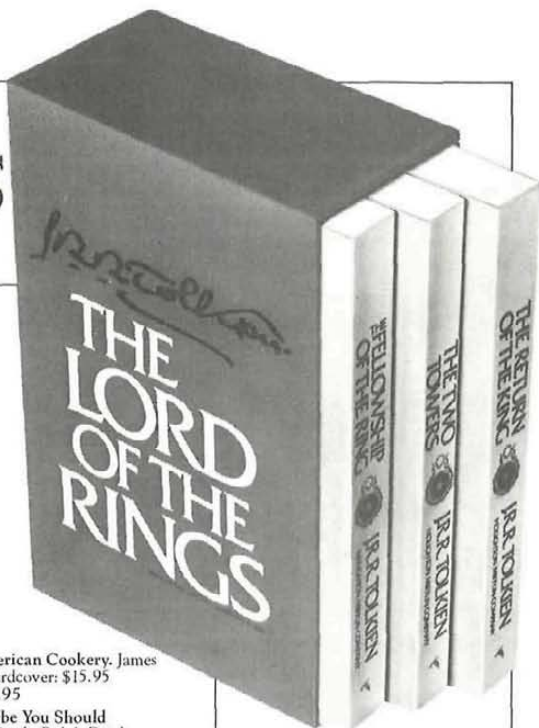
The fun doesn't stop with our editors and researchers. Actually, it just begins. When the art department

takes over, it's practically party time. These are the guys and gals who dream up those zany, goofy pictures and designs for our stories. Skip Johnston and Lisa Lenovitz, our semidynamic duo who head up the group, admitted that working on the Fun issue was like "floating on a sea of champagne." "We just bubbled over with excitement," said Lenovitz. "Corks kept popping in my head," echoed Johnston.

It was generally agreed that the Fun issue was the most fun we've ever had in producing the magazine. But Editor in Chief O'Rourke had the final word and it was a wise one. "That's what we always say, until next month's issue, which is usually just as much fun to do, maybe more."

Gerry Susman

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Sirs:

Would you be so kind as to inform all the cartoonists in the world that drawings of three-headed people saying things like "No, really, I don't mind living near Three Mile Island" are not acceptable in our magazines.

Thanks,

All the magazine editors in the world
New York, NY

Sirs:

I've put together a new book of etiquette, entitled *Traditional Weddings for Untraditional Couples*. In this I cover such things as "Lesbian Weddings: Who Pays for the Wedding When There Are Two Brides?" "Can a Woman with Seven Kids Who Has Never Been Married Before Wear White?" and "Polygamous Marriages: Which Bride Gets Carried Across the Threshold First?" If you are a deviant of any kind, you won't want to be without this valuable book.

Elizabeth Van Horner's Wedding Book

Box 1373

Grand Central Station

Sirs:

Not that I mean to be critical, but "Letters" is a very bland title for a column in a national humor magazine. How about a funny title like "Bacon, Letters, and Tomatoes"? Or a sexy title like "Letters Entertain You"? (You did see *Gypsy*, didn't you?) Or a witty title like "Lettitors to the Editors"? Or, in view of the Rabelaisian nature of your magazine, "Our Readers Spill Their Guts Out"? You could show a belly spilling its intestines on the masthead, or whatever you call it.

M. McLuhan

Toronto, Canada

Sirs:

For the record, Charles "Bird" Parker, the legendary jazz saxophonist, died in my arms and I was the only one to hear his last words. His last words were: "Who got the bottle opener?"

Garry Giddins

The Village Voice

New York

Sirs:

Yeah, we know we *look* like we want you to fuck us, and we always *come on* like we want you to fuck us, but in reality if you so much as *come near* us with that thing of yours, we're gonna grab all the gifts you've bought us, fly to the Bahamas, and use the credit cards you've loaned us until your bank account smokes.

Rich, future-model-type girls

Queens, NY

Sirs:

Memo to All:

Recently it was necessary to establish a separate complaints division within our company. Employees should be encouraged to see this as an inevitable result of growth, not as a defensive reaction to increasing numbers of dissatisfied customers.

The recent all-time low of the corporation's stock on the Amex Stock Exchange is reflective of a number of factors, not the least of which is employee morale. Although as a corporation we manufacture car air fresheners, we are more significantly a "people" company.

The straitened state of the economy has hit the car-air-freshener business harder than even the experts had anticipated. The credit crunch and the weakening dollar have slowed earnings. Nu-Car Spray sales have slowed to a trickle. Evergreen and Western Spruce car fresheners have faded badly.

Undeniably, this falling off in business has taken its toll. Many of you may have noticed the absence of the phone system. Some windows have not been repaired. Management decided to cut costs wherever possible.

The last thing to be sacrificed was product quality. Nevertheless it became necessary last year to utilize less expensive fragrances. Once begun, the cycle was inevitable. A poorer car freshener led to decreased sales, which cut profits, which led to more cost cutting, which led to decreased profits.

Rather than invest the corporation's scant remaining resources in an attempt to upgrade the product, it has been decided to establish a complaints division. It will be a large division, the largest in the company. If it does its job properly, the company will prosper. If it fails, no doubt it will point out a fatal flaw in our free-enterprise system. We still believe a bad product well apologized for is better than a good product sold at a distance. We are a "people" company. Always have been. Let's prove that people make the difference.

Cyrus Daft, President

North American Car Freshener, Inc.

Sirs:

Women, women everywhere but not a drop to drink.

Brigham Young
Salt Lake City, Utah

continued on page 12



"Just the usual, please, Tony—football, sex, the Iranian crisis, rocketing oil prices..."

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LETTERS

continued

Sirs:

I made the unpleasant mistake yesterday of wearing a bathing suit to go canoeing on a marshy Minnesota river, and then I compounded the mistake by losing my bottle of insect repellent when the canoe tipped over. I now have 14,762 mosquito and deerfly bites covering a second-degree-sunburned body. The most unfortunate aspect of all this as far as I'm concerned is the fact that I'm going through all this excruciating agony and the only ones profiting are the Bactine people and 14,762 fat bugs. I have therefore decided to utilize my affliction for prestige and monetary gain. I am herewith announcing my availability for inclusion in the *Guinness Book of World Records* and any upcoming episodes of "Real People." I have joined the lecture circuit and will present talks at your church, school, or community organization for an almost-nominal fee. I am also available for medical study to scientists interested in studying the human itch threshold.

Carol Jean Peterson
Brainard, Minn.

Sirs:

I can read your mind. No kidding. Here and now. Don't believe me, huh? Think of a number between one and ten. Double it. Add six. Divide by two. Subtract the first number you thought of from your current subtotal. Your answer is three. I'll have a double bourbon and water.

A fellow who drinks a lot
but doesn't pay for them

Sirs:

What I want for my children is a world where the sidewalks are lined with Port-O-Lets. Imagine the security of knowing that, no matter where you are or what time of day or night, you can take a flop. This is my vision for the future.

Lou Vockell
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs:

How's this for a conspiracy theory? I've got photos of Oakland Raider "assassin" Jack Tatum standing near the grassy knoll at Dealey Plaza on November 22, 1963. He was just a kid, of course, but he could have been signaling a safety blitz or something. I think he was trying to swipe Zapruder's camera, actually.

Coach Chuck Noll
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:

I've just discovered something wonderful. You can break all kinds of eggs without making an omelet!

Bani-Sadr
Tehran, Iran

Sirs:

Hey, you know, with all the wacky, crazy, nutty people I've known and everything, why, I could write a book. Whoops! I already have.

Truman Capote
New York, NY

Sirs:

I resent continued references to my husband in the media as "Mr. Liz Taylor." That should be Mr. Liz Taylor Warner.

Liz Taylor
Liz Taylorville
United States of Liz Taylor

Sirs:

Where the hell is "Hilton Head"? And why won't they tell Jewish people how to get there?

David Begelman
Beverly Hills, Cal.

Sirs:

There's one commandment I forgot: Never read the Bible on the toilet.

God
Heaven

Sirs:

I'm a tall, handsome, muscular, athletic college student here at Boise Tech. Everyone knows, admires, and fears me. When I walk into a bar, heads turn and knees shake. If I don't like the music, I tell the band or disc jockey that if they don't change it, their ass is grass. No one would dare beat me at pool, because they know I'd beat the shit out of them, even if they could beat me, which they can't, because I'm too good.

But I can't get any girls to go home with me, even though I tell them I don't mind when their hair is too short, or they need to lose weight, or their tits are too small. I mean, it's only for one night, right? There's this one bartender I'd really like to take home, since when I called her a "bitch" and a "whore" she called me an "obnoxious fuckhead" back (I love a woman with spirit; besides, she has tremendous knockers). But even she's nervous about going out with me. Can you give these poor girls some advice so they won't feel so insecure about being too inferior to go to bed with me?

Butch Hedley
Boise, Idaho

continued on page 33

Tracy Austin

SATISFIED



Tracy Austin plays a lot of tennis in a lot of interesting places. As the rising star in this fast-paced game, she is constantly on the move, with little time for sightseeing. When she does have an opportunity to be by herself, she carries along her Canon AE-1.

The Canon AE-1 is a quality camera, combining the finest in optics and mechanical engineering with modern electronics that assure sharp, clear, professional-looking pictures every time. Tracy Austin moves fast and travels light, so the compact, easy-to-use AE-1 is her ideal companion. For shooting sports action or recording travel memories, it satisfies her needs. In fact, since she first started using her AE-1, photography has become her favorite pastime. Next to tennis.

Tracy Austin 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 177A, 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



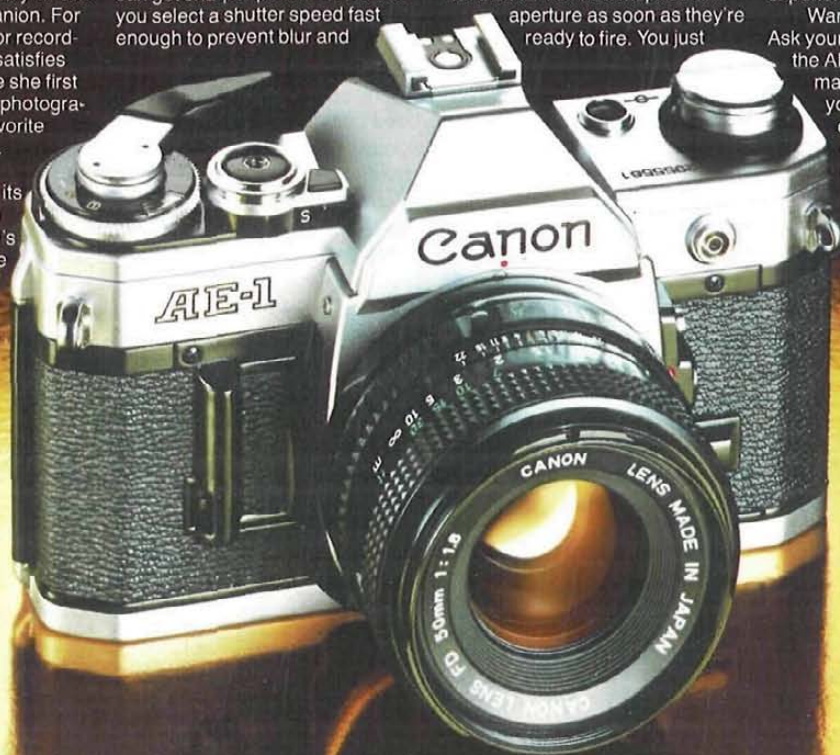
can't make a mistake.

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

'80 OPEN
THE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC CONSULTANT TO
THE U.S. OPEN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

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Bldg. B-2, 1050 Ala Moana Blvd., Honolulu, Hawaii 96814 • Canon Optica & Business Machines Canada, Ltd., Ontario



Official Photographic consultant
to World Championship Tennis



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Funny Things to Do in Unfunny Situations

by Ted Mann

1) You see a dog run over in the street

Make your way forcefully through what pathetic little crowd may have gathered, crying, "Let me through, I'm a para-vet!" Feel the dog's pulse (if any), then ask the owner (if present) if the animal is covered by Blue Claw. Chances are it will not be. Claim that the kindest thing to do is to put an end to the creature's suffering, and send somebody off to look for a hammer. Run away before they return. The only thing that really matters is that you have fun. Heck, enjoy life while you've got it.

2) You are seated in an airplane experiencing landing difficulties

Loudly accuse the passengers beside you of having shit themselves and demand they be taken elsewhere, as you refuse to die among cowards. Request that the stewardess bring you some dry-roasted nuts, using the excuse that you are nervous. This will give you a reputation as an individual of glacial nerve if you survive. If it appears definite you're going to die, claim credit for the disaster: "I'm an Ohio wine grower, and if you people had taken us seriously when we told you we could grow a comparable Chablis, I would never have blown up this plane!" Alternatively, shout, "If every one of us believes in Tinkerbell the fairy and we all clap our hands together, we won't die!" Everyone will likely clap their

hands and you can go out with the applause ringing in your ears. Jump at the chance to have fun while you've got it, because you never know when it will come again.

3) You discover you have terminal cancer

You may claim you have been drinking a certain popular soft drink all your life, and they will pay you to shut up. Make up seventeen wills leaving all the money you've got to an individual you hate. Arrange for one will leaving your entire estate to the US government, to be opened after one year. It should read: "In the event that my estate shall not have been settled amicably after the period of one year, then all my goods, chattels, etc., shall become property of the US government." This will cost your enemies a pile in legal fees, and the government will get the money over any objections. Fun is something you have right now, not something you can keep putting off and putting off.

4) You are fired from your job

Using your severance pay, purchase one thousand remaindered copies of a hardcover book at a discount bookstore. Write boldly on the flyleaf: "This book property of [your former boss]. If found, return to [your former company, your old address]. Fifty dollars reward." Scatter the one thousand copies of the book throughout the

toughest ghettos and about the cheapest seats in local stadiums. Fun is something that should be taken as it comes along. Nobody lives forever.

5) You are involved in a minor car accident that is your fault

Leap from your car, screaming profuse apologies in a high-pitched voice; then, tearing off your shirt, beat yourself on the back with the antenna snapped from the other driver's car. Weep and gnash your teeth in guilty paroxysms while crawling about the street on all fours offering to eat dog shit in exculpation. Most likely the other driver will tell you to forget it. If not, you've had a pretty good time and are only out the cost of your deductible. Don't turn your nose up at fun; who knows when, or if, you'll get a second chance.

6) Your best friend discovers that you have committed adultery with his wife

Explain that a series of rash investments had put you in a financial jam and, in desperation, you took the only way out: she paid you. Offer to stop if he'll lend you some money to meet pressing debts. Remind him that if it had not been you, it might have been a zucchini. If he's still mad, offer to give him all the clothes you left at his house. Take advantage of the fun life offers. You don't want to be one of those who waited until it was too late.

7) You are called upon to testify at the divorce

Reread *Le Morte d'Arthur* and appear a shadow of your former self. Affect not to remember your name and to have acquired a quasi-religious vocation. In general behave like mad Sir Lancelot taxed with the boning of Queen Guinevere. It helps to have evidence suggesting you have become cowardly and enjoy hanging out by wells and hearkening to lark songs and so on. This makes for a great trial. Sure, it's only fun, but better grab it while you can; nothing lasts forever, you know.

8) Your car breaks down on a California freeway

Immediately set the vehicle on fire. Eventually a policeman will stop and arrest you. Claim that you are an artist making a statement against society. The resulting press coverage will ensure that you may successfully run for political office or at least obtain a grant of some kind. With the money

continued



come to where
the coolness is!

Come up to KOOL,
the only cigarette that
offers you a sensation so
refreshing it goes beyond
mere tobacco taste.
Whether you choose
original KOOL, low 'tar'
KOOL MILDS or ultra
low 'tar' KOOL SUPER
LIGHTS, KOOL delivers.
So pick the KOOL that's
right for you, and wild
horses won't pull
you away.



Original KOOL



Low 'tar' KOOL MILDS



Ultra low 'tar'
KOOL SUPER LIGHTS

the
coolest
taste around

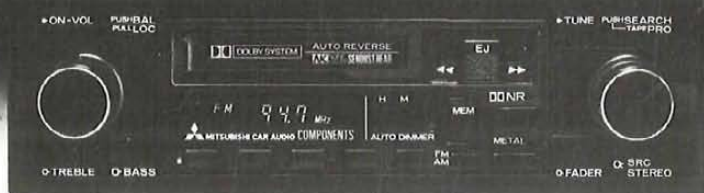
up

Super Lights Kings, 7 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '80.

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

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AUTO MODULES



In-Dash Component Systems.

A component system in disguise.

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

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

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

Add one of the Mitsubishi Power Modules to suit your power requirements. Our Power Modules are available in 16, 50 or 100 watts per channel.

We also offer an optional 5-band Graphic Equalizer Module for complete sound contour control.

The Mitsubishi Auto Modules. A total concept in component stereo for the road. You owe yourself a visit to your nearest Mitsubishi Car Audio dealer.

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FUNNY THINGS TO DO

continued

you acquire you may purchase a more reliable car, and you will have provided a lot of California writers with ideas for TV pilots. More important, you've had fun, and who knows when death may come.

9) You are stabbed in a street brawl

Claim that your assailant had just seen *Hamlet* and felt compelled to imitate the mayhem so glorified in that play. Vow to fight against the sort of so-called entertainment that provokes such assaults. If you are seriously injured but don't think you're going to die, confess to the ambulance attendant that you killed JFK. This will ensure the best of medical care and good security. Have fun, because, who knows, there might not even be a tomorrow.

10) You are kept waiting in a reception area for hours

When the person with whom you have an appointment finally sees you, pretend to be handicapped with a disease called Wilson's syndrome that makes you spit a lot. Spit all around the hall and in his office. Complain of discrimination; warn the person you are seeing of the federal penalties provided. Spit everywhere and leave with a show of confidence. Say something like, "Well, it will be a pleasure working with you," or, "I like to work closely with a new customer." Shake hands heartily, spit, and leave. Having fun is what really matters today; after all, the whole world could change tomorrow.

11) You are forced to wait for hours in a bank line, triple checked for identification, or otherwise humiliated by capitalist tellers

Naturally you are not rich, or this would not happen to you. Return to the bank at the hour when it is most crowded and stand patiently in line. When you are received by the teller who offended you, begin a scene: "What do you mean you can't give me three hundred in cash! I have three thousand in that account! I don't care what kind of trouble the bank is in! You have deposit insurance for many times that amount! No, I won't come back later! What if no one puts anything in? You'll have less money than now! By golly, just give me all you can now! Forget the rest! No, I won't take office furnishings! What would I do with old desks!" This will work

briefly. Or it may start a depression. Anyway it's fun. That's what really matters. After all, you're not always going to be here, you know.

12) *Someone steals your seat at a bar*

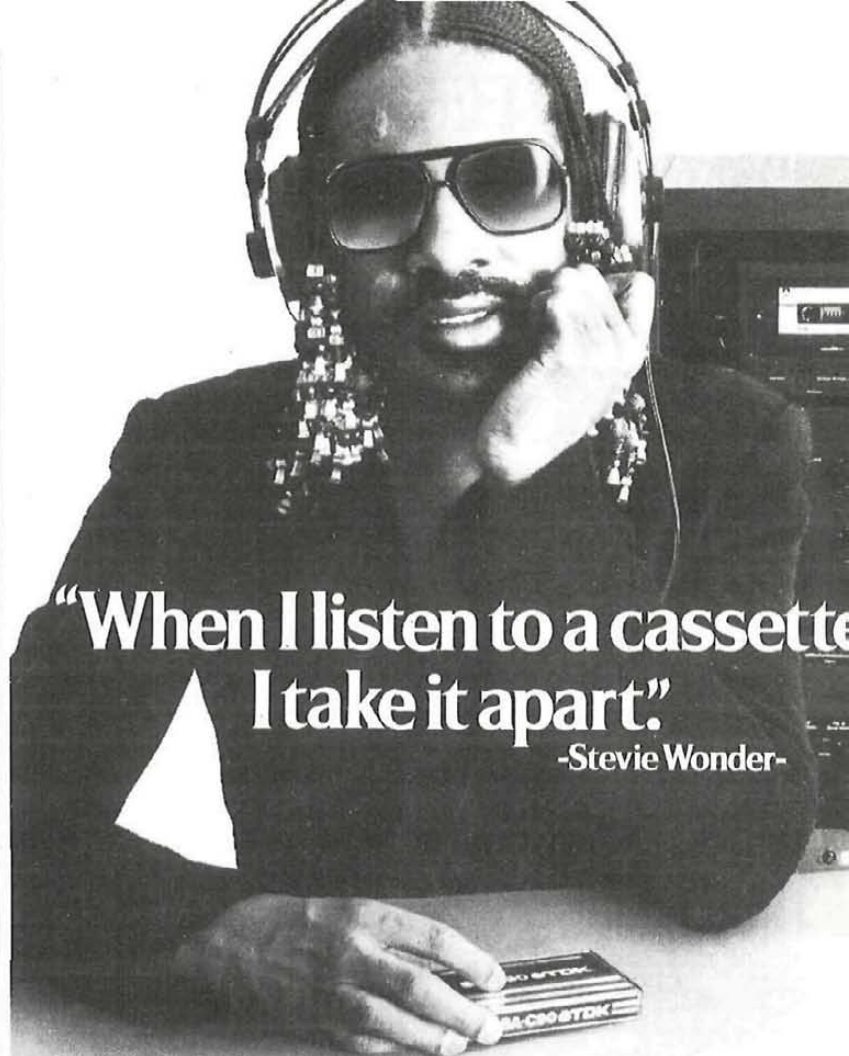
Take the bartender aside and say that you don't know if you should mention it but the guy who has assumed your seat has been stealing tips off the bar. If the subtle approach doesn't work, discover by subterfuge the offending individual's hometown, walk to the pay phone, and cry loudly, "I don't know if anyone here cares, but I just found out a hurricane wiped out [the town]." The chair thief will leap up. Immediately reassume your chair. When the thief presses you for details, you may add, "Well, at least there's no danger of looting; everyone was killed." Kid them along. Have some fun; you only go 'round once.

13) *Someone pushes ahead of you in a line*

Begin to mumble very softly: "I'm a psychiatrist. I'm from out of town. I'm in for the convention. I don't care about anything at all, but" (grab the line crasher by the shoulders) "don't touch my fucking eyes! Do you hear me? Touch my fucking eyes and you're a dead individual! Understand?" Most line crashers will make way for a psychiatrist, especially a conventioneer, as they bring business to the community and entertainment as well. They know how to have fun. Life, after all, is for the living.

14) *You discover objectionable object in a restaurant's dinner plate*

Always complain of a specific object. "I've found something that looks like a bug's tail" is not nearly so much fun as "Oh, my God, here are the mandibles and portions of the thorax of a common cockroach!" Or, this last, if shouted at sufficient volume, will bring chastened management at the gallop: "Oh, golly, is this a month that begins with π , or something? This could be deadly poison! Bring me something to make me throw up, quick, or I'll sue your asses! No, not dishwasher! Wine! Old French wine! I can't stand that phony stuff! A Montrachet '71, chop chop, or I'll get loud again about the bug..." Known as the "briar patch" gambit, this bit of fun is infinitely variable. If you do not like wine, demand bourbon, or valuable stamps, or a car. Just have fun. After all, you're not going to live forever. □



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

-Stevie Wonder-

Stevie's reputation as a perfectionist is well known. He puts everything into a song. And he doesn't want it lost in a recording. 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's unique Avilyn magnetic particle gives it a startling musical memory. You'll hear the full timbre and richness of the human voice. The subtle harmonics of a piano. The vibrant dynamic energy of strings. No nuance is beyond its range. No instrument is forgotten. And there's plenty of headroom for the blast and bluster of rock. Most of the world's deck manufacturers, themselves perfec-

tionists, use the SA to set the sound standard in their machines. Everything about the SA sets a standard. Its many components are checked thousands of times. 1,117 check points for the shell alone. TDK makes sure it will perform a lifetime*. Which makes it very easy to like. And very hard to take apart.

*In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement.



TDK
The Amazing Music Machine

The New Lite Pornography

With 65 Percent Less Filth

by Hugo Flešch

JoAnn eyed Dave. Dave eyed JoAnn. Their eyes met suddenly. Then both pairs of eyes darted away.

Jack eyed Steve, who was eyeing Jack's wife, Jean. Jean eyed Pierre, the butler.

Everyone was all eyes! They were going to have an orgy!

JoAnn eyed Jack. Jack eyed Dave. Dave eyed Jean. Jean eyed Steve. Steve eyed Pierre. No they weren't, either.

Sheila tugged at her bra. Would it never come off? Brad laughed nervously. "Come, darling, it can't be that difficult!" he finally said, exasperated. "Take it off, dear!"

Sheila tugged again, but again the big bra refused to budge. Damn glue! Would they never be able to "get down"? Sheila sighed. The bra just wouldn't move! Brad sighed, too. "Try the panties," he said.

"It's no good, dearest. The god-

damn glue works! Really! I could kill Harold for this! I should never have let him apply the stuff! Might as well get dressed again. Sorry, sweetheart..."

Diane leaped from the couch. "You wouldn't!" she shrieked. "You wouldn't take me fully clothed!"

"Yes, my darling, if it's possible, I want to try it! Don't take off a thing! Yes, that's perfect! I want you just like that, leaping from the couch!"

Diane darted away. Ugh! He was horrible! The way he so smugly and slyly suggested that she shouldn't remove her clothes!

Sue hated the thought of sleeping with Mr. Crabbe. No. She couldn't do it!

Nevertheless, she went through with it, for a lucrative contract.

Both of them slept well, getting

about twelve hours apiece.

When it was over, Sue got up. "Ahh! A new day! Hey, get up! Hi! I really got a good rest. Thanks a lot. It wasn't so bad sleeping with you. I was bone tired!"

"Take off your things," Mark demanded.

"But I'm not wearing anything," said Ruth, obviously hurt.

"What are those... those buttons on your chest?" he asked, incredulous.

"They're beauty marks," explained Ruth.

"Okay, then, what are those things that look like jeans on your hips?"

"Beauty marks, Mark," Ruth said quietly.

"Well, what about that collar? How do you explain that?"

"It's a beauty mark, dear. I have a lot of them..."

"I can see that!" said Mark. He stomped out of the bedroom sore as hell.

Hank stared lustily at Hanna. "And now, we'll make love!" he announced.

"I don't think so, no," Hanna replied, leaving him speechless. Instead, she read.

Night fell. Hanna continued her reading into it.

In the morning, Hank arose. "Now, let's make love," he said a little sleepily.

"No! Let's have breakfast!" said Hanna, putting down her book.

After their meal, Hank again asked Hanna to make love.

"Sorry, Hank, I have to go to work," she replied.

"Well, how about tonight?" asked Hank.

"I haven't finished my novel," she said immediately. "It's a good one!"

"It's a long one," said Hank angrily. But it was too late. Hanna had left for the office.

Hank watched TV.

Randy was very randy. He wanted Martine, his family's fancy French cook, to sleep with him. He knew Martine spoke no English, but he thought he could overcome that barrier.

At noon, Martine was getting started with her luncheon duties when Randy entered.

"You're cute!" he said. "Will you sleep with me?"

continued on page 20

English Leather.

Especially if your roommate wears lipstick.



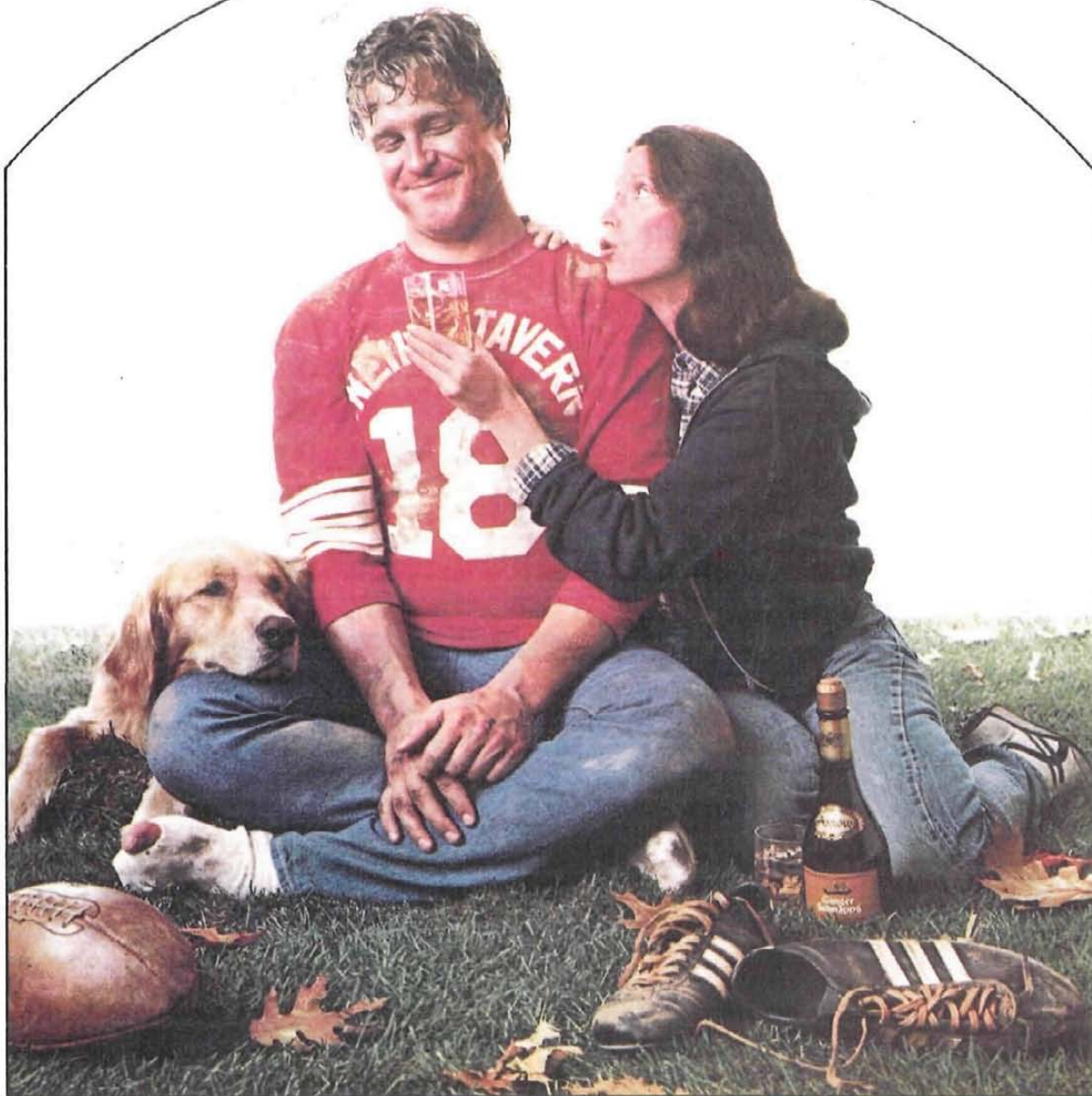
If you're sharing your pad with a groovy gal who gives you English Leather[®], you're well on your way to a liberal education. Maybe she's trying to educate you that English Leather's fresh, clean, honest smell gets to her. And cheap perfumy stuff turns her off. On the other hand, if you're not so lucky, maybe a little English Leather would help. It couldn't hurt.

And try Racquet Club by English Leather, for the Physical Advantage. Or Musk for a primitive appeal.



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SCHNAPPS



What a game. On the ground and in the air your team did the job.

Now taste the flavors you've always loved. Enjoy our new tangy Ginger, spicy



Cinnamon or minty Spearmint Schnapps over ice, with your favorite mixers, or along with a beer.

The two of you and Arrow Schnapps. What a play.

ARROW. THE FLAVOR OF AMERICA.

ARROW® SCHNAPPS, 60 PROOF. ARROW LIQUORS CO., ALLEN PARK, MICHIGAN.

NEW LITE PORNOGRAPHY

continued from page 18

"Avec boeuf," Martine replied.

"Let's go upstairs!" Randy pointed to the ceiling.

"Ah! Le ciel! Mais oui!" Martine smiled.

"She still doesn't get it," thought Randy. "Maybe I should point to my penis." Finally, in desperation, he clapped his hands together and made like he was sleeping on them. Then he pointed to her, then to himself.

But Martine was busy with the stew, and didn't seem interested at all, really.

The beautiful young nurse leaned over the patient, a young man in traction, and smiled. "And how are you today, Lewis?" she asked brightly.

"Horny, still," the youngster immediately replied. "C'mon! Get me out of this contraption! Please, nurse! I want you!"

"Ha, ha!" she laughed as she moved to the next bed.

Sally Ann and Dickie were smooching in Dickie's car, and Sally Ann was getting really hot!

"Dickie, I want you now!" she

steamed. "Let's get in the backseat quick!"

Unfortunately, Dickie's car was an MG Midget, which had none.

Mickey was showing voluptuous Millie his apartment.

"And now, would you like to see my bedroom?" he asked carefully.

Millie giggled in anticipation. "I'd love to!" she said.

"That's funny," said Mickey, trying the door. "It seems to be locked! I'll be darned! Oh, well..."

Viv and Bob were necking on the couch.

"Mm, darling, turn out the lights!" breathed Viv.

Bob's hand flew to the switch. He flicked it down, but nothing happened! The room remained lit up!

"Damn thing doesn't work!" he said, still flicking.

"Oh, my!" said Viv. "Do you suppose we're having a—what do you call it?—a power overload?"

"Yeah, I guess so," Bob replied. "Well, so much for sex tonight!"

"Are you or are you not going to re-

move those panties?" demanded Art.

"I am not!" was Ginger's firm retort. "Well, that's it, then! Good night to you, Ginger!"

Daisy loved Donald, and wanted to give herself to him.

But Donald was always out on silly adventures with his nephews and crazy uncle, and never paid much attention to her anyway.

"What a comical situation!" thought Daisy, turning off the TV and padding off to bed alone for the umpteenth time.

"Take off your jacket," said Stephen. Meg obeyed lazily.

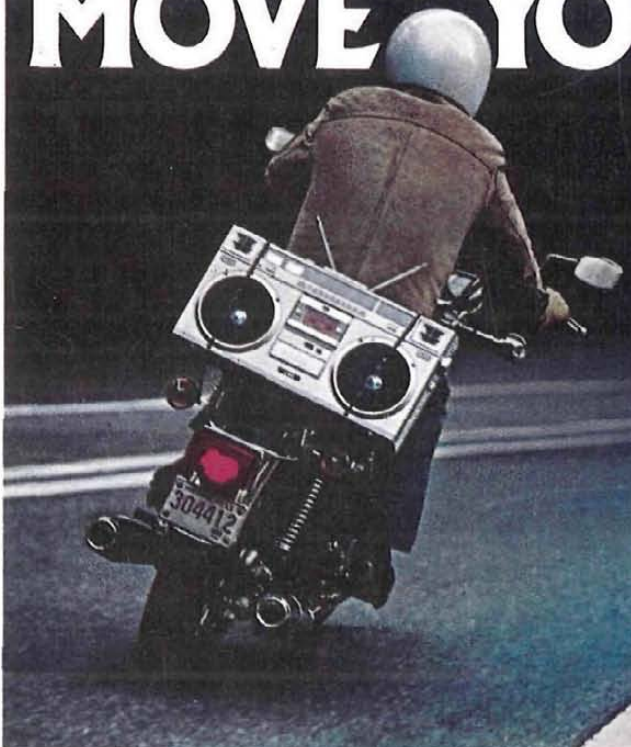
"Now take off your sweater," he commanded her.

Again, Meg—lazily—obeyed. "Now take off your blouse," Stephen went on. "Now your gashoses, now your left shoe, now your right shoe, now your stockings..."

All these instructions Meg obeyed, lazily.

"Now take off your scarf," said Stephen, a little tired himself by now, "...now your skirt, now your girdle, now your b— Oh, forget it!" □

MOVE YOUR MUSIC.



When you hit the road, take the hits with you. JVC makes a little travelin' music go a long way with portable radio/cassettes.

The RC-M70 gives you all the comforts of home stereo away from home. It records metal tape. Receives 6 radio bands. Features a 16-program Multi Music Scanner. Tapes records directly from a turntable and drives a 2-way 4-speaker system with heavy-duty power.

Get even more technical wizardry in our RC-M80 with electronically synthesized tuning. Or 3-dimensional Biphonic sound in our RC-M60. Choose from any of our 15 multi-voltage radio/cassettes. Just name your price and we'll name the model that fits it.

Before you head for the wide open spaces, close a deal on a JVC radio/cassette. Visit your local JVC dealer today.



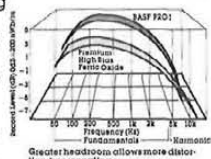
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The Tape Guide

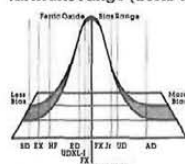
Professional·I.
The one tape that stands up when you crank it up.



Premium ferric oxide tapes have more headroom which allows higher maximum recording levels (MRL). Among all premium ferric oxides PRO I has the best MRL for loud recordings. Uniform maghemite particles provide increased headroom for very accurate and loud recordings with virtually no distortion. In the fundamental music range (20Hz-5kHz) PRO I can be recorded louder and driven harder than even high bias tapes. PRO I is the internationally accepted reference tape, whose bias point is specifically matched to the Type I/normal/ferric position on today's high quality cassette decks.



Greater headroom allows more distortion-free recording.



PRO I is designed to be compatible with the normal bias setting of most cassette decks than any other ferric tape.

Professional·II.
The world's quietest tape puts nothing between you and your music.

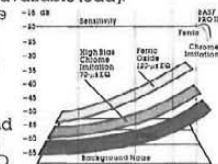


High bias tapes consistently provide wider frequency response and less tape noise (hiss or background noise) than any other tape type. Among premium high bias tapes PRO II is in a class by itself. It is the second generation chromium dioxide tape with superb frequency response and outstanding sensitivity in the critical (10kHz-20kHz) high frequency range. It also has the lowest background noise of any other competitive tape available today.



The pure chromium dioxide particles in the PRO II, unlike ferric oxide particles, are homogeneously shaped and uniaxially aligned to give this tape superior performance.

PRO II will capture the many subtle harmonics of the most demanding recordings and play them back with the reality and presence of a live performance. PRO II is the tape for the Type II/chrome/high bias position that comes closest to Metal tape performance for half the price.

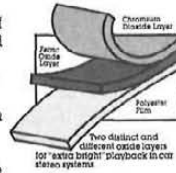


PRO II has the best high frequency sensitivity and the least background noise of any high bias tape.

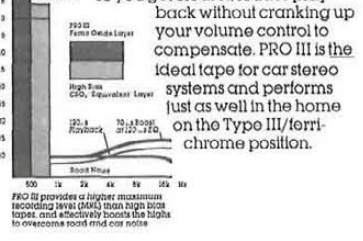
Professional·III.
The only car tape that eliminates the car.



Ferrichrome tapes combine the benefits of chromium dioxide and ferric oxide tapes for superior performance in car stereos. The top layer is pure chromium dioxide for unsurpassed highs and low background noise. The bottom layer is ferric oxide for superior lows and great middle frequencies. And it also gives you higher recording levels, so you get clearer, louder playback without cranking up your volume control to compensate. PRO III is the ideal tape for car stereo systems and performs just as well in the home on the Type III/ferrichrome position.



Two distinct and different oxide layers for "extra bright" playback in car stereo systems.



PRO III provides a higher maximum recording level (MRL) than high bias tapes, and effectively boosts the highs to overcome road and car noise.

GUARANTEE OF A LIFETIME

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Speaking of Science

by Dr. Alfred Angler, Ph.D.

One of the concepts of the "new science" that holds the greatest fascination for laymen is that of black holes in space. The popular press affects a knowledgeable air as it bandies about terms like "singularity," "event horizon," and "warped space-time" and speculates that black holes may be gateways to another universe or "cosmic sinks" ready to swallow any and everything from our universe—even light itself—and funnel it into a dimension where our notions of space and time are meaningless. Politicians and concerned citizens propose harnessing the incredible energy of black holes. Even the Disney studios have gotten into the act with a recent motion picture. But how true are these popular conceptions of black holes in space? What is the current state of scientific knowledge about these phenomena? Do black holes actually exist, and, if so, have any been observed? In this month's column I will try to answer these questions in terms that any layman can easily grasp, laying to rest some popular misconceptions and introducing you, the reader, to one of the most exciting areas of contemporary scientific inquiry. In fact, as you gain more confidence in your "scientific literacy," you should feel that you are actually participating in the stimulating give-and-take of scientific thought.

I have often voiced my belief that it is the duty of the modern scientist to take the time to explain the many seemingly abstruse concepts of his field to the public. Of course, I also believe that each citizen of this great democracy has an equal duty to familiarize himself (or, with a nod to this

"age of liberation," him-/herself) with the theories and data that vitally affect our modern age. I wonder how many people, if stopped on a busy street corner at lunchtime, could give you a clean-cut definition of such elementary tools of current science as, say, non-Abelian gauge theories with local symmetry. It is a sad commentary on our national life how few would even acknowledge passing acquaintance with the Hubble constant (H_0). But what if it were the civic duty of each and every adult to understand some of these concepts? I have often recommended a constitutional amendment that would list, oh, a dozen or so important ideas that citizens would be "responsible" for. This might be considered part of a citizen's qualification for voting—much as, not so many years ago in the Deep South, the question *How many bubbles in a bar of soap?* was used to determine which individuals were sufficiently familiar with personal hygiene to render them suitable participants in the great democratic process. My amendment, ensuring that voters have a minimum level of scientific savoir faire, would practically guarantee that adequate funding of research and defense facilities is never again held up by gerrymandering and mere mugwumpery.

By the way, readers with a mathematical turn of mind might be amused by the following poem, frequently quoted by one of my former colleagues at Princeton. Hal, as he was affectionately known to generations of graduate students, was a big shaggy man with an easygoing temper and teeth rotted to brown stumps by the pipe he perpetually clamped in his

mouth. Hal's hobby was composing and collecting verse that related to mathematical concepts, and one of his favorites, which he never tired of bel-lowing out when the time rolled around to evaluate research-grant applications, was:

I'd like to bury the hatchet.

This quarreling seems all in vain.

So let's make up and I'll take the hatchet

And bury it right in your brain.

Of course, as any reader who has progressed beyond grade-school arithmetic will realize, the "hatchet" referred to here is actually Lagrange's theorem.

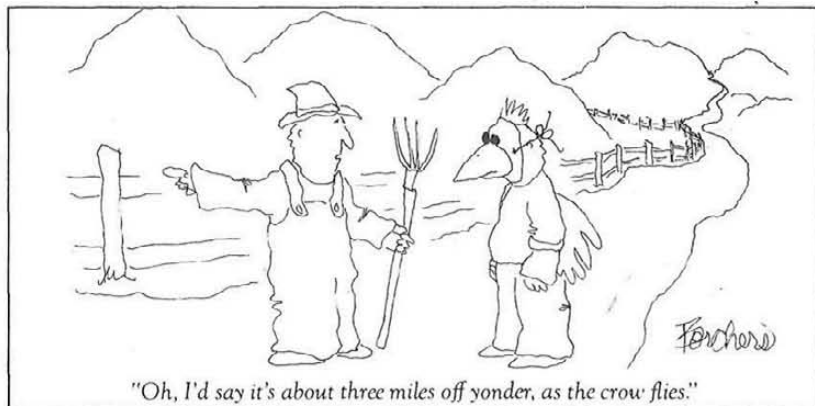
But back to my example. As the elevator starts to rise, another elevator, which has been waiting at the top of the building, begins its descent. Obviously, the two elevators will pass each other at some point. Meanwhile, our faithful observer standing in the farmer's field will hear the whistle of the passing train *before* he sees the golf ball, which is still rolling with a constant velocity across the floor of the first (rising) elevator. Now, let us say that the two elevators pass each other on the thirteenth floor (which, as in most buildings, is actually designated the fourteenth and, as such, can be termed *of the nonthirteenth*), while a watchman—let's call him Jake—directs a beam of light from his flashlight down the second (descending) elevator shaft.

Our watchman, Jake, has a brother. We'll call him Sam. Now, always bearing in mind the golf ball with its constant velocity, consider a case in which Sam inherits a considerable fortune and decides to move to Florida. Sam is wealthy enough not to have to travel by conventional means. Instead, he charts a spaceship that zips him off to Miami Beach at a speed faster than the mere 186,000 miles per second of his brother Jake's flashlight beam. By the time Jake has put together enough savings to take a Florida vacation, thirty years later, he will be surprised to find that while he is now a tottering old man, his lucky brother Sam seems to have *hardly aged at all* and is frolicking in the pool with a bevy of young lovelies.

So, as we see, the data fall neither between the curves $q_0 = \frac{1}{2}$ and $q_0 = 0$ nor above the curve $q_0 = \frac{1}{2}$.

In the words of the brilliant young astrophysicist Nigel Marmite: "God not only plays dice, he sometimes craps out."

Next month: Black Holes in Space. □



"Oh, I'd say it's about three miles off yonder, as the crow flies."

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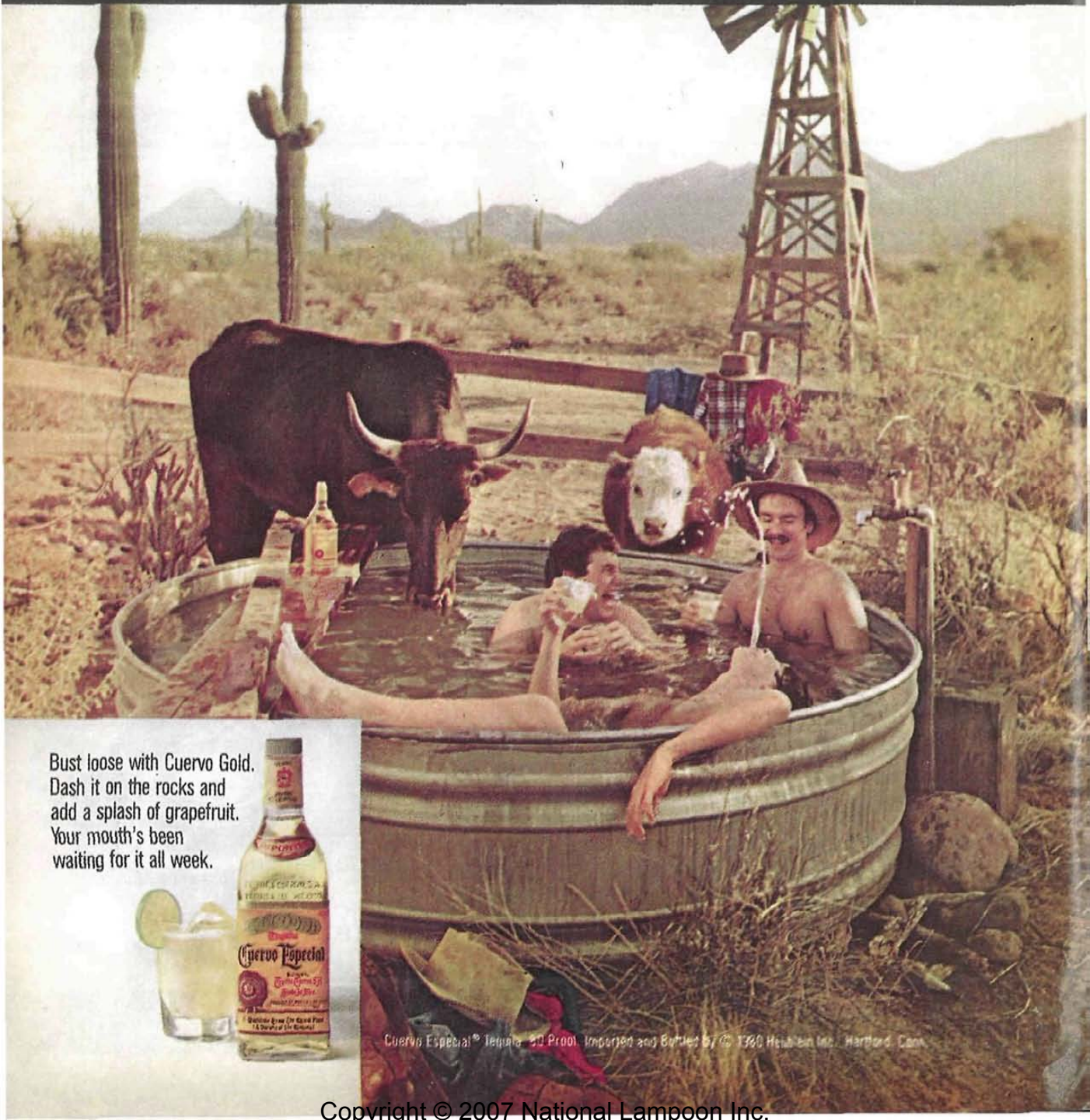


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**No, Mr. Babcock. Yes, Mr. Burns. Never, Ms. Little. Never.
Five days of this and I bust loose with Cuervo & grapefruit.**



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

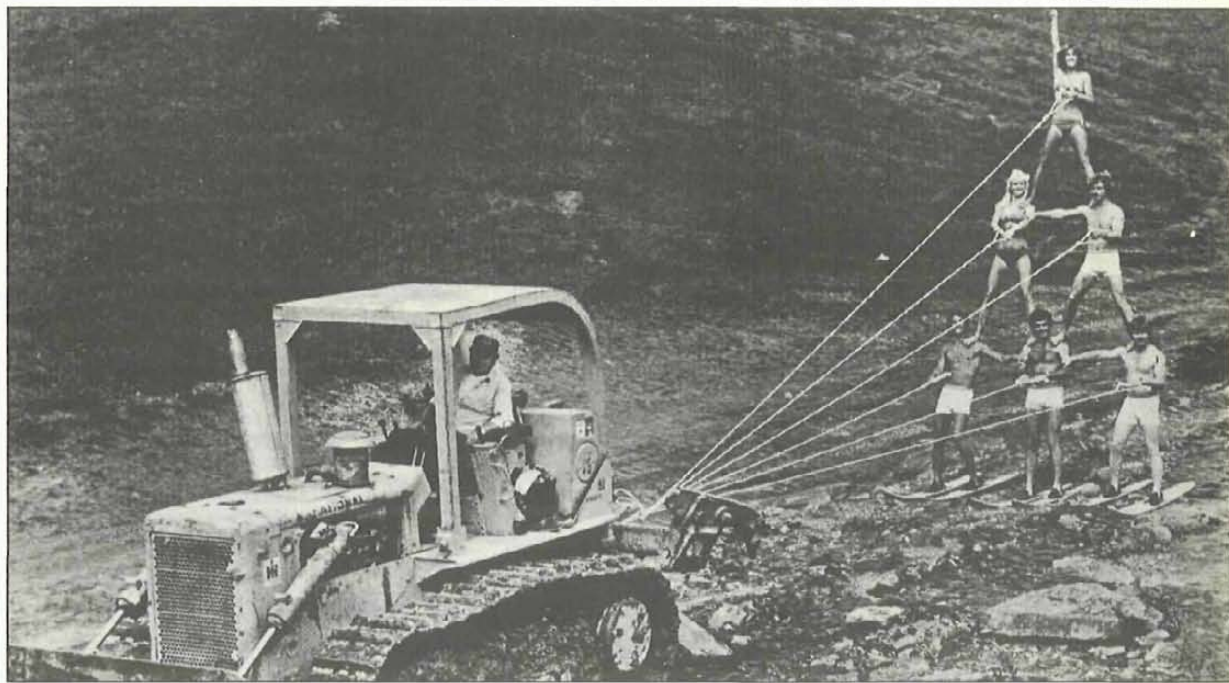


Cuervo Especial® Tequila. 40 Proof. Imported and Bottled by © 1960 Heublein Inc., Hartford, Conn.

NEWS ON THE MARCH

Drought, Heat Wave Still Ravaging US

ALL OF TEXAS, KANSAS, OKLAHOMA DESERTIFIED; MILLIONS DEAD; SOME WHO AREN'T SKI TO RELIEVE MISERY



Soviet Fishermen Back French Comrades, Blockade Persian Gulf

A large Russian fishing fleet, nearly 400 strong, has surrounded ports in Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, Qatar, and Iran and has pledged to remain there as a demonstration of solidarity with French fishermen who recently blockaded cities on the northern and southern coasts of France. Ludev Korsikoff, captain of a 2,100-foot aircraft-carrying trawler and apparent leader of the group, broadcast a message sympathizing with the demands of French fishermen for lower fuel prices and

subsequently ordered the five nations to give him all of their fuel in the name of French fishermen's demands everywhere.

Pentagon Releases New Final Report on Tehran Raid

A 130-page report authored by the Joint Chiefs of Staff and movie director Don Taylor purports to officially close the investigation into last summer's raid to rescue the hostages in Iran, concluding that no individual or group committed a culpable error, that no piece of equipment malfunctioned, that the mission was a complete success, and that

the hostages were returned to the United States without injury to themselves or their Iranian captors. Taylor, who directed *The Final Countdown*, a film about a nuclear aircraft carrier that passes through a magic time funnel to December 6, 1941, and almost intercepts the Japanese fleet before it attacks Pearl Harbor, issued a separate statement urging the American public to be "proud of its armed forces for their skill and courage, and to understand that none of the participants in the mission had any control over the various unexplainable forces that are causing the hostages to appear trapped in time in Iran when they are really home."

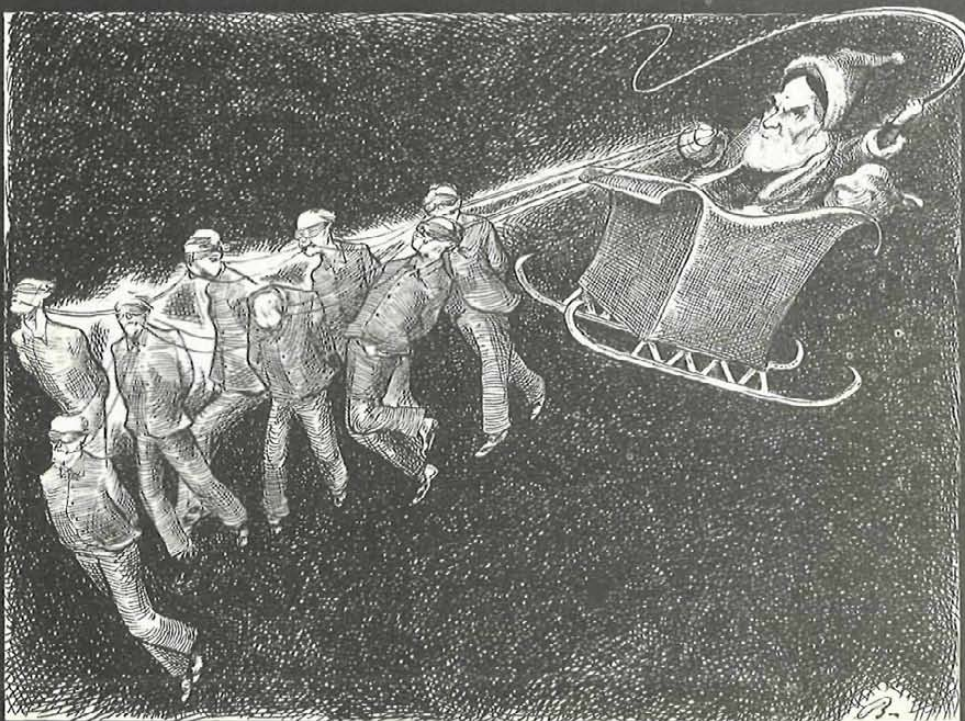
French Join Club Neutron Bomb

The government of France has announced plans to test its second neutron bomb, a specially modified version designed to annihilate the entire world, except France. According to project director Alain Claire, "French Canadians will of course be destroyed in the first shock wave. The Italian and California wine industries will be next, along with Danish pastries and absolutely every person in Africa, whether or not they speak acceptable French."

Latin Illegals Get Treat from Uncle Sam

In an attempt to avoid tragic fatalities among Mexican and Central American aliens sneaking across southwestern deserts into the US, the Department of Interior has placed a series of ten thousand bean licks throughout southern California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. The unique, frijole-impregnated blocks, much like those provided for deer and certain livestock, contain enough moisture and protein to keep a Hispanic alive for days. Various bromide additives should also keep them asleep for the same period of time, making it possible for border agents to concentrate their patrols in the vicinity of the licks. The swarming US Mexican population is of course up in arms about the idea of baiting their ignorant, ill-prepared, illegal countrymen, but so what?

NATIONAL GUARD CALLED IN TO ALLEVIATE LINGERING SCREEN ACTORS STRIKE; REMAKE OF "LIFE WITH FATHER" FIRST TO RESUME PRODUCTION



Merry Christmas to all National Lampoon readers... from Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini and family.

Ronald Reagan Discloses New Plan for Taiwan

Speaking from his California home, Ronald Reagan said he has advised the leaders of Taiwan to pass a law designating Peking as its capital city and to pass another law renaming the city Jerusalem. "This will solve a lot of problems in the world today," Reagan declared. "Mainland China will then become part of Taiwan and there will finally be a united China, that is if the Taiwanese decide to call their country China instead of Israel, which is what they might have to do if the Israelis decide that Peking after it is called Jerusalem is their capital city. So then we would have mainland Israel, Taiwanese Israel, and Israel Israel, which might be confusing, but it's worth it if it means the Arabs and Jews can end their dispute at the present site of Jerusalem, which could possibly be renamed Peking if the current Peking government insists on having a Peking somewhere. Of course that might upset the Arabs, but how are they going to argue with one billion Chinese, or two hundred million Puerto Ricans for that matter?" When asked why the Puerto Ricans would be involved, Reagan explained that all Americans would be called Puerto Ricans after Puerto Rico passed a law moving its capital to Washington, DC, which is what he expects the Chinese will advise the Puerto Ricans to do after they set up an embassy there to get even with the US for encouraging the Taiwanese. "I've thought this out very carefully," Reagan added.

Soviets Tow Disabled Sub

Despite strong protests from Washington, two trawlers pulled a damaged Soviet submarine into US territorial waters recently and are proceeding up the Mississippi River. Russian officials have refused to elaborate on their claim that the nuclear Odessa-class sub developed "transmission trouble" off the coast of Louisiana and that the vessel is being towed via the "safer inland water route" back to its Soviet base. "We are disturbed by Russia's apparent disregard for national borders," a State Department spokesman remarked, "especially after last week's incident in Japan." The spokesman was referring to a similarly disabled fleet of fifteen thousand Soviet landing craft and twenty-three divisions of injured Soviet troops that were towed into Tokyo harbor several days ago.

Counterfeiters Sought

A team of fifty Secret Service agents is reportedly on the trail of penny counterfeiters in the New York area. Half a dozen phony cents have been reported already this year.

Edited by Tod Carroll. Contributions by T.C. and P.J.

BACK ISSUES

- OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES?** With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.
- DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER:** With Son-o- God comics #2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Mag, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette and the Special Insh Supplement.
- MAY, 1973/FRAUD:** With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual in Come Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin.
- SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With Life parody Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, White Dove comics, Vichy Supplement, Guerre Magazine and Military Trading Cards.
- JULY, 1974/DESSERT:** With *Famine Cakes* Magazine, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Cornique and Gurns and Sandwiches Magazine.
- AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With Agnew's A Very Suitable Advance, *Seed* Magazine, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #7, and Top Menu.
- SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unexciting Stores, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal* and Hartart Comics.
- NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farms, Constitutional Comics and Watergate Claws.
- JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Nightlight Mother* Magazine, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test and Night of the Iceless Capades Miscare.
- MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*, Terminal Fatigue, Issue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedies, and Our Wonderful Bodies.
- AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With The Rockefeller Atica 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 *Esquire* parody.
- DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY:** With The Great Price War, Entrepreneurs, and a Fortune parody.
- APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With Dogfishing, *Silver Jack*, The Glory of Their Hindsight, The U.S. Olympic Hand book, and The Puck Stops Here.
- SEPTEMBER, 1976/THE LATEST ISSUE:** With a complete list of Bad Words, Western Romance Part Three, *Drive-By* Magazine, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and cat hammer.
- OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES:** With a four-page, full-color Nuts, the Aesop Brothers on honeymoon, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins, and dozens of other comics and cartoons.
- NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE:** Is Democracy fixed? The complete story of the forwile 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, sight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody.
- FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE:** With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the village Voice parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial.
- APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV:** With T-Bird and Monza, TV Magazine, Monday Night Sleep, PBS Concordance and Dinah's Dumpster.
- JUNE, 1977/CAREERS:** With mercenaries, webbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get-rich tips, and Sam Gross.
- JULY, 1977/SEX:** With the inevitable *Hit Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Lite 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* Favorite Fabgearbeat Magazine, Beat the Meates, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report.
- NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES:** With Best Medical Flea Market, Busting Out of Suburbia, Organic Backlash, White Rastafarians, and Best Negroes in New York.
- DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER:** With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards, presents, and the Texas Supplement.
- JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY:** With the Socratic Manologue, Sex in Ancient China, the Cretns, 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 Birds of Ireland, The New York Supplement, four-color comics by Rodrigues, Wilson, Flenniken, and Browne, and the *Autorama*.
- JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST:** With *Even Bluebirds Get the Cows*, the Indian Section, Our Family Journey to the West, and Cowboys of Many Lands.
- JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE:** With a garden of parodies, Sussman and Greenheld's history of *Nail amp*, Born Again on the Fourth of July, and comics by Wilson, Rodrigues, and Subitzky.
- AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS:** With *SavvyTeen* and *Real Teen* magazines, comics by Wilson and Flenniken, Then and Now, a Field Guide to Young Teen-age Girls, and a *Nail amp* report on education in America.
- SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE:** With *Regular Guy Quarterly*, Dress for Successfulness, Afro Sheek, and a complete fall fashion forecast.
- OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT:** With movie, TV, and music sections, *Porter and Beth*, self-amusement, Wilson, Rodrigues, and a *Nail amp* guide to the Big Ten.
- NOVEMBER, 1978/THE BODY:** With Memors of a Surgeon, Pot Meas 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 Psychopages, What I Got for Christmas, New Year's Eve, special Cheer-Up section, and comics by Gahan Wilson, Subitzky, and Flenniken.
- FEBRUARY, 1979/HETEROSEXUALITY:** With Very Married Sex, a look at bachelors, Planet of the Living Women, Screwing Your Best Friend's Wife, and a protie 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 Bulgeomobiles, and a *Life* Magazine parody.
- MAY, 1979/INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM AND TERRORISM:** With EXPLO '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 Then and Now, Traveler's Aid, and Where to Get the Best Sex in Europe.
- SEPTEMBER, 1979/POUPHRI:** A miscellany of humor with Vacation '58, Stan Mack's True Herma Operation, an inside look at Niagara Falls, and a guide to the New Constellations.
- OCTOBER, 1979/COMEDY:** With a women's humor magazine, a guide to practical joking, The Funniest People I Ever Met, and How to Tell a Dirty Joke to a Woman.
- NOVEMBER, 1979/LOVE:** With an informative Engagement Guide, a Wedding Album, Love at First Sight, and a tortured look at obsessive love.
- DECEMBER, 1979/SUCCESS:** With The Little Engine That Did, The Woman's Undress for Success Book, Bitch Goddesses, and a look at failure.
- JANUARY, 1980/FANTASY:** With The Civil War Between the Negroes and the Jews, Six Fantasies of Richard Nixon, Sex Fantasies, and a novel guitar instruction book.

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**Ro-Cath Church Clarifies
Annulment Regs re Princess
Caroline-Playboy Spouse**

The following revised list of conditions necessary to have a marriage annulled by the Catholic church has been forwarded to the royal family in Monaco: "i) if a woman prior to her marriage registers a letter with a notary, witnessed by two others of good standing in the church, stating that she intends to fellate at strapping, black-skinned fellow named Desmond in a dumpster behind a casino within the first week of marriage; or, ii) if a woman may prove by corroborative testimony or other direct evidence that she misrepresented to her husband the fact that she willingly agreed at an instance in her past to have herself chained to a post in the hotel room of the Lotus team at the Monte Carlo Grand Prix and, while wearing the spiked collar of a bulldog, serviced them in lively, sequential fashion while chewing on their shoes; or, iii) if a woman shall prove there has been no sexual intercourse between herself and her husband during the whole time of their marriage because she is suffering from the intragenital abrasions associated with Fredo, the grotesque yet freakishly endowed lunatic housed in a chamber beneath the royal palace, then, subject to the deliberation of the Holy Father, the marriage of said woman may be annulled." The Vatican has given the royal family thirty days to respond.

**REVENUE-HUNGRY MAYOR CONTINUES SEARCH FOR
PEOPLE MISSED BY CENSUS**



DIDI MAO! DIDI MAO!
WE NOT COUNTED FOR SURE.
WE GET BETTER TRASH
PICKUP NOW?

AHA! SEE!
THERE'RE THOUSANDS OF
THEM IN THERE. AND THIS
IS ONLY THE BRONX.

**It's Those Moslems
and Hindus Again**

Moslem worshipers in Morabadad, India, who were incited to riot last August when Hindu townspeople released a herd of "unholy" pigs near their mosque retaliated by sponsoring what are believed to be India's first cow fights. With matadors imported from Spain and Argentina, eight thousand head of cattle were killed in abbreviated contests lasting less than a minute and

staged fifty at a time. In another deviation from customary methods, the matadors were given guns instead of swords, as were most of the one hundred thousand shouting, frenzied Moslem spectators who fired wildly into the ring between chants of "Death" and "Ole." Naturally, millions of Hindus rioted and killed all the Moslems, but more Moslems are reportedly rioting right now; however, millions of other Hindus claim they are prepared to riot in return.

**ABSCAM DEFENDANTS
CLAIM GOVERNMENT
ALTERED THE TAPES**

Allege Vital Subtitles Are Missing

Prosecutors were stunned in New York's federal district courtroom when attorneys for several key figures charged in the ABSCAM bribery trials introduced new tapes into evidence that they say are the original video recordings made by the FBI before "someone electronically deleted crucial subtitles that clearly demonstrate the innocence of our clients." Court officials report the new evidence [scenes from three of the tapes are shown below] will be reviewed immediately.



We will crawl on our hands and knees like dogs before we will really actually ever help you!



No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, stop, you can't make me actually ever really help you!



I am now going to burn all this illegal money to demonstrate that I will not ever actually really help you!



Merchandise

Goods

Products

Spin-offs

Sidelines

Castaways

Discards

Hand-me-downs

Items, and Worse

Seasonal Offerings from National Lampoon



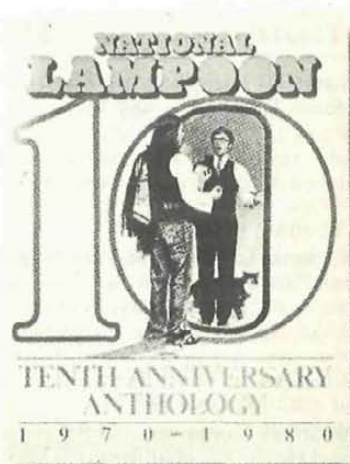
National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket An attractive jacket carefully proportioned on scientific principle to cover the upper torso in a fashionable manner. A great favorite with baseball players, both gentlemen and ladies, and with those whose activities take them outdoors during the summer, spring, and fall seasons.

(TS-1030).....\$29.95

"You are going to make plenty in the coming year. Blow it on the products within."

—Astrologers

National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Deluxe Edition A collection of the best material from the first ten years of *National Lampoon*. Material taken from when it was real funny, not so funny, and a whole bunch from when it was funny again.



(BO-1032).....\$19.95

"As a hedge against inflation? NatLampCo products, without a doubt."
—Leading Economists

National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt

A quality tailored product, one of our most famous, made up strictly in a high-grade manner. A favorite with professionals, it is easy to put on when going out-of-doors or to remove when entering the house.



(TS-1019) \$3.95

National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick" T-shirt

The amusing shirt favored by actors and artists involved in the touring theatrical production of the same name. Yet no one wearing this shirt will be ushered to poor seats in an eatery, as the production is no longer.



(TS-1026) \$4.95

National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey

This good-appearing baseball jersey is a clean-made garment that is certain to give satisfaction. It is exactly the one worn by the famous *National Lampoon Black Sox*, yet it lacks the odor of use, as it is an entirely new product.



(TS-1027) \$6.00

National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey

This is a new product of great desirability. It has been fully tested for wearability and has proved to be of great merit. It is not available in any store or slaughterhouse.

(TS-1031) \$6.00
National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody The most clear example of fine drollery issued. A sequel to the *High School Yearbook Parody*, it resembles a small-town Sunday newspaper, the *Dacron Republican-Democrat*. Profusely illustrated. (BO-1021) \$4.95

National Lampoon's Old-Style Animal House Baseball Jersey Traditional style *Animal House* baseball jersey. Comes complete and entire, with no difficult

National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume I

This is half of our best tenth anniversary anthology ever. Not only that, it's the first half.



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Completes *National Lampoon's* two-volume trade paperback *Tenth Anniversary Anthology*.



(BO-1035) \$4.95

"Back issues or baseball jackets, the name I trust is *National Lampoon*."
—Most Fellows

National Lampoon White Album

The album all the editors are raving about.



(A-1003) \$7.95

National Lampoon Foto Funnies

The widely acclaimed book beloved by the American people.



(BO-1034) \$2.95

National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody

This famous *National Lampoon* product has brought delight to millions with its humor and ability to convince relatives of its owner that the owner indeed attended a high school.



(BO-1007A) Deluxe Edition \$4.95



National Lampoon Duffel Bag Some kind of canvas bag to put duffels in if you are unfortunate enough to have them.

(TS-1033) \$13.95



National Lampoon Hat One of the most select novelties of the season, this hat is a strictly high-grade item and should not be confused with similar items of central-African manufacture. To own one of these is to own a hat.

(TS-1032) \$5.95

sleeves to assemble, and in sizes that fit all but the enormous or obese. (TS-1028) \$6.00

The Greatest Hits of the National Lampoon Another quality phonograph product; so funny is this that the people of Philadelphia wish it to run for mayor of their city! (A-1002) \$7.95

National Lampoon's Animal House Book Tells the story of *National Lampoon's Animal House*, the cinematographic spectacle. Illustrated with etchings and risqué photographic impressions. Not sold to mahouts or others who work with pachyderms. (BO-1024) \$2.95, Deluxe Edition \$4.95

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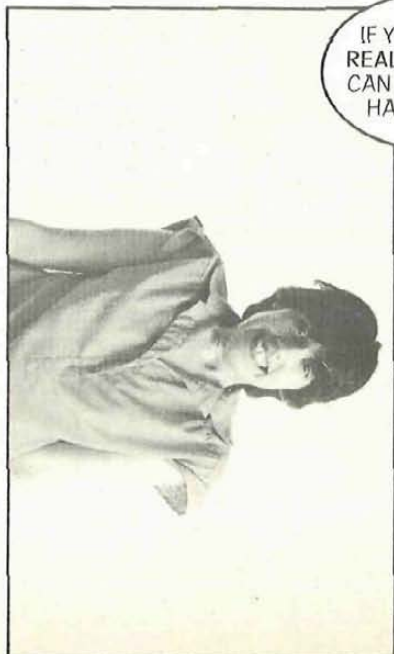
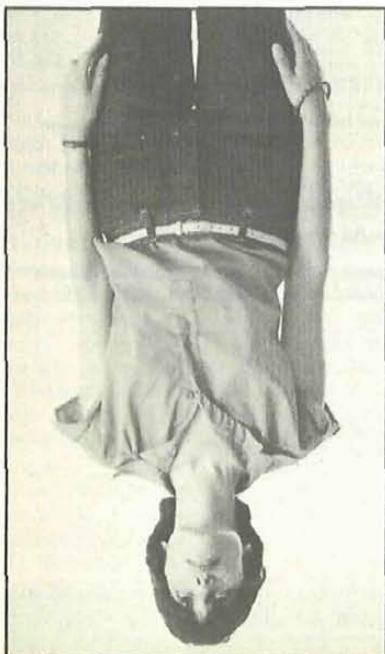
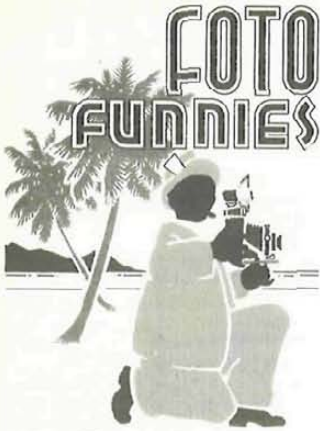
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"Have a hully-gully Christmas!"

-Pop Singers



LETTERS

continued from page 12

Sirs:

I am fifty-three years old and have never been able to figure out how to say good-bye to whores. I'm talking especially about when you've had one all night and you take her out to breakfast and then you walk her to a street corner where she gets a cab or something. What are you supposed to do before she takes off? Are you supposed to kiss her? Whores are usually so musky and beat to shit in the morning, I'd feel self-conscious tonguing one right out in public while people are driving by on their way to work and taking their kids to school and so forth. Besides, I've always been afraid that whores will get attached to you if you kiss them for any reason other than as merely a step to sex. I mean, their pimps are always abusing them and pouring toilet-bowl cleaner in their boodles, so it's natural to expect that whores would really lap up a nice, respectful gesture like a stray cat, don't you think? So, suppose I kiss a whore good-bye and she starts calling me and bothering me at my house? And suppose one of my boys is visiting me and this chunky, powerfully scented bimbo walks into the living room in a Mylar caftan and says, "Your dad's really a special kinda guy"? What's my boy going to make of that? The father who explained to him how airplanes fly and taught him how to throw a knuckleball and gave him a start in business is now confirmed in the golden age of his life as a "special kinda guy" by some blithering, pot-bellied slut who'd climb into a dumpster and tap out the national anthem for twenty dollars. I will not have it. You've got to tell me some other way to say good-bye to whores.

John Smith
3333 Neighborhood St.
City, State

Sirs:

Is it true that if you wear your jock-strap for more than twenty-four hours, you become sterile? My wife wears hers for days at a time. Does this mean we can't have children?

Wally Truffle
Lariat City, Missouri

Sirs:

What ever happened to people who did things for kicks? These days people seem to do everything for money. I don't think this is right.

Richard Speck
Joliet, Ill.

Sirs:

I am the old grandfather that you see every day on those Country-Time Lemonade commercials. I would just like to express my gratitude publicly for the opportunity to have appeared in them and receive a generous salary. You see, gentlemen, I am a former Nazi and was a commandant in the much feared SS guard. I know I seem so gentle and harmless in those TV ads, but the truth is I used to molest concentration-camp children in a terrible fashion and participated in the cruelest forms of genocide. Myself and my partner, Lt. Mueller, who was executed after Nuremberg, are responsible for the brutal deaths of at least 60,000 Jews and Poles. Anyway, now that this is off my chest, I feel better about filming a new Country-Time commercial next Monday.

Name Withheld by Request

Statement of Ownership

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Gerald L. Taylor
Publisher

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



A one hundred proof potency that simmers just below the surface. Yet, so smooth and flavorful, it's unlike any Canadian liquor you've ever tasted. Straight, mixed, or on the rocks, Yukon Jack is truly a spirit unto itself.

The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.



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There were sixteen relatives in four bedrooms...

Christmas '59

by
JOHN
HUGHES

All in all it was a pretty exciting Christmas, what with the relatives and the presents and the fun and the cops and Aunt Hazel's dog blowing up in our living room. Mom and my Aunt Martha wanted to have one of those fun old-fashioned Christmases that people on TV have, where everybody wears ties and sweaters and sits by the fireplace and makes Christmas-tree ornaments out of food. But as Dad said, the only reason those people have fun is they're getting paid for it.

I was just about positive I was getting skis and boots and poles for Christmas. It was the only thing I asked for, and when a kid asks for only one thing, it's awfully hard for parents not to buy it, because of how disappointed the kid would be. Unless they bought him a BB gun or a horse instead, and the only way I'd get a BB gun was over my mom's dead body and we didn't have enough room in the garage for a horse. But it's too bad we didn't have a horse in the garage, because then Grandpa Pete and Grandpa Swenson would never have gotten into their big fight about who got to keep his car inside.

My sisters and I spent most of the afternoon of the day before Christmas Eve sitting in the front window watching the road for our grandparents. At about four o'clock we heard what sounded like a drag race. And, sure enough, it was a drag race, and it was between Grandpa Pete and Grandpa Swenson. It was pretty cool to watch that Rambler Ambassador and that Studebaker Regal whip around the corner and into the driveway so fast that the grandmas were screaming and holding on to the dashboards.

"God darn you, Pete!" Grandpa Swenson yelled at Grandpa Pete. "You drive like a maniac!"

"Me?" Grandpa Pete yelled back, as the two of them sat in their cars parked in front of the closed garage door.

"Judas Priest!" Mom said, running out the front door. "They leave from two different houses in two different cities, three hundred miles away, racing like idiots—it's a miracle they got here in one piece!"

Anyway, Mom told the two grandpas to pick which side of the garage they thought the empty space was on, and they both picked the same side. So Mom made

them flip a coin and Grandpa Pete lost.

"Two out of three!" he demanded. But Grandpa Swenson wasn't about to risk his parking space, especially with all the rain we were getting.

We'd had about five inches of snow the week before, but the rain had washed it all away. Instead of looking like a Christmas card, with snowy trees and icicles, our house looked like a regular house, only worse, because of how terrible the Farleys' dog's stuff looked defrosting all over the lawn. It had taken a lot of work to keep everybody off our snow, and I even had to threaten my little sister, Amy, to keep her from screwing up the snow by making angels. Oh, well. It was just mud and brown grass now. Also, the manger scene in the front yard looked pretty stupid sitting in the rain, especially when it was thundering and lightning.

Grandpa Pete and Grandma Alice made a big fuss about having to carry their packages into the house in the rain. Grandma Alice complained about how the raindrops were staining the wrapping paper, and Grandpa Pete said, "It's typical, Mama. What did you expect?"

All Grandma and Grandpa Swenson had to do was carry their packages right into the kitchen from the garage, and they had help, too. His name was Xgung Wo, and he was this guy who went to college at Michigan State who spent a lot of time at my grandparents' house because he was from Thailand and was very lonely. Grandma Swenson invited him to come along to our fun old-fashioned family Christmas so that he wouldn't have to sit all by himself in his dormitory on a holiday and feel sad about World War II and how terrible it was to his family. Mom said she was delighted to have him, and she shook his hand and talked in her phony, "How do you do" voice.

"I'll sleep in your base-ment," Xgung Wo said, bowing to Mom.

"Don't be silly," Mom said. "You can sleep in Johnny's room."

That was bad news for me. Not only was he all grown up, but he had huge beaver teeth, glasses like my Grandpa's, and he buttoned his shirt all the way up to the top. He also had his sweater on backward and he wore red socks with sandals.

"Your grandma has told me you are an excellent base-a-bore pitcher," Xgung Wo said to me. "Maybe pray for Detroit Rions one day!"

Then he laughed in this hysterical, high-pitched, Woody Woodpecker voice and nodded his head and displayed his giant teeth.

"Huh? Huh? Huh?" he said, rubbing my head.

I didn't get much time to worry about Xgung Wo sleeping in my room because my cousins arrived just after my grandparents. There was my Uncle Dave and Aunt Martha and my cousins, Darby, Kate, and Dale. The only one I really liked was Aunt Martha. Uncle Dave was crabby all the time, and his idea of a joke was to yank your underpants up your crack and when you tried to get them out ask you if you were going to the show, because you were picking your seat. My cousins would whine all the time and wouldn't eat anything unless they asked a million questions about what it was, what was in it, how it was prepared, and what it tasted like.

"Isn't this just the greatest?" Aunt Martha said, putting her arms around Mom and Grandma Swenson. "The whole family together for Christmas."

"Where are Mama and me sleeping?" Grandpa Pete interrupted. "Not in any darn bunk beds!"

Mom quieted down everybody and explained the sleeping arrangements. My sisters started to cry because they wanted to be in their own room for Christmas.

"Let the girls sleep in their rooms," Aunt Martha said. "Dave and I'll sleep in the family room."

"The hell we will!" Uncle Dave said as he reached for the back of my underwear.

Just before Dad got home, Mom and Aunt Martha went into the kitchen and drew a diagram of the house and rearranged everyone, and it was just about the same except Dale and I were in the family room and Xgung Wo was in the basement. Mom seemed very happy to get that all taken care of before Dad got home, because he was in a bad mood when he had to park on the street. He also had gotten some bad news from work.

"The company really found that old Christmas spirit this year," he said to Mom in the kitchen.

"You got your bonus?"

"Yeah," he said, reaching into his pocket. "A cigarette lighter with my name on it."

"It's spelled wrong," Mom noticed.

Dad took off his coat and hat and tossed them on a chair. He opened the liquor cabinet and started taking out bottles. Xgung Wo must have heard the clink of the glass because he stuck his head around the corner and said, "Vodka martini, two orives, please!"

After a dinner of ham, which made everybody thirsty, we all went into the living room. Mom and Aunt Martha brought in big bowls of cranberries and popcorn and needles and thread.

"We're going to make fun old-fashioned Christmas-

tree trimmings!" Mom announced. Nobody seemed to care very much. Grandpa Pete and Grandpa Swenson were mad at each other again, because Grandpa Swenson accused Grandpa Pete of skipping dessert just so he could get dibs on the big wing chair.

Mom and Aunt Martha really put on the pressure for us to have a good time making the decorations. But it was hard getting a needle through a cranberry, and it was hard not to eat the popcorn, even though it didn't have salt or butter on it.

"Can you put on some Christmas music, Clark?" Mom asked Dad.

He looked at her like she was nuts.

"Let's sing ourselves!" Aunt Martha suggested.

"Great!" Mom said, clapping her hands. Then she and Aunt Martha broke into "Deck the Halls."

"*Deck the halls with boughs of holly!*" they sang. "Come on!...*Deck the halls...Everybody! Sing! Deck the halls with...*"

But nobody except Xgung Wo joined in.

"Put on a record, Clark," Mom said in a voice that was half angry, half sad.

Dad grumbled something and turned on Amy's record player, which Mom had brought downstairs. He fished through the records and put on "Jingle Bells" by the Singing Dogs and turned it up real loud.

"Everybody bark along!" Dad shouted. He and Uncle Dave started barking. Then the kids joined in. It was fun, but Aunt Martha and Mom just sat there and looked mad. Then they quietly took the bowls of popcorn and cranberries into the kitchen and made coffee.

After the song was over, Dad and Uncle Dave went into the family room. They stopped off in the kitchen to apologize to Mom and Aunt Martha and to tell them how much fun they had making old-fashioned decorations. Then Dad mixed drinks.

"Gung Ho!" he called to Xgung Wo. "What're you drinkin'?"

The pre-Christmas activities concluded with everybody crammed into the family room watching Christmas à la Perry Como.

"He's the only s.o.b. who has fun at Christmas," Dad said, referring to Mr. Como.

I had a ball that night. My cousins and my sisters and I waited until everybody went to bed, then we went downstairs and looked at our Christmas presents. Dale was kind of a clod about his presents, just rattling them and trying to guess the contents.

"No," I told him. "You carefully take the tape off and look inside. Then you put the tape back."

I demonstrated on a package that was on the top shelf of the downstairs hall closet.

"Holy cow!" I said. "It's a BB gun!"

I was getting a BB gun! Dale wanted to take it out right away and go outside and shoot a bird or a car, but I told him it was one thing to peek at your presents and

continued on page 46

NOT ALL HI-FI BUFFS ARE WEALTHY. BUT MOST OF THEM ARE WISE.

People who want high fidelity cassette decks sometimes pay more than they need to. But people who know high fidelity cassette decks don't.

The reason is simple. The more people know about hi-fi, the more they buy Pioneer.

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It's not surprising. People who care about music still care about value.

at all times. It also has a Quartz-Locked Direct Drive capstan motor, a specially engineered Tape Calibration System that lets you quickly set bias and Dolby* levels,

More hi-fi buffs buy Pioneer cassette decks than any other.

stationary four-track head that is capable of recording both channels in both directions.

Even our least expensive CT-F550 cassette deck gives you wow and flutter, frequency response and signal-to-noise ratio numbers that few cassette decks in its price range can match.



CT-F1250

record equalization and many other technical advancements that could mean a financial setback on other decks.

Pioneer's popular-priced CT-F750 has features hard to find on other cassette decks at the same price. Like automatic reverse in both record and playback. And a

So if you want a cassette deck that will give you true high fidelity, you can buy one that's worth a lot of money, or one that also gives you your money's worth. Pioneer.

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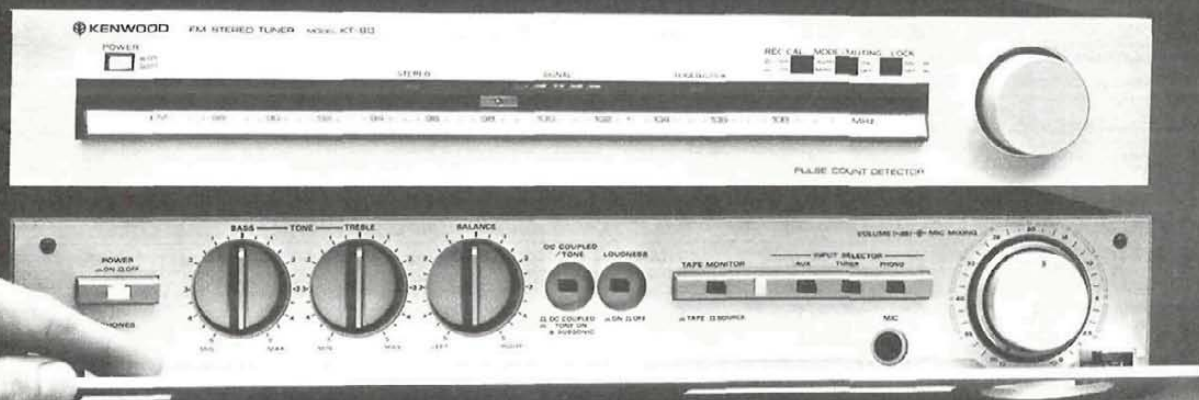
Unlike many top-of-the-line components that are completely out of line when it comes to price, Pioneer's CT-F1250 isn't.

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Feast your eyes on our new Slimline™ separates. We took our high technology and gave it a sleek, low profile. This is high performance with a well developed sense of style.

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Its matched companion is the KT-80 FM Stereo Tuner, which uses Kenwood's exclusive Pulse Count Detector circuitry to digitally reproduce a linear FM signal



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There's even a built-in record-calibration tone for optimum taping off the air.

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 **KENWOOD®**

A VISIT TO THE FUNNY FARM

by Gerald Sussman

About twelve miles outside of Lodi, California, on Route 202 South, you'll see a road called Possum Hollow. There's an Amoco station about a quarter of a mile ahead as your landmark. Turn right on Possum Hollow and take it for about nine miles. Watch for a small sign on the left side of the road that says Art Metoskey's Funny Farm.

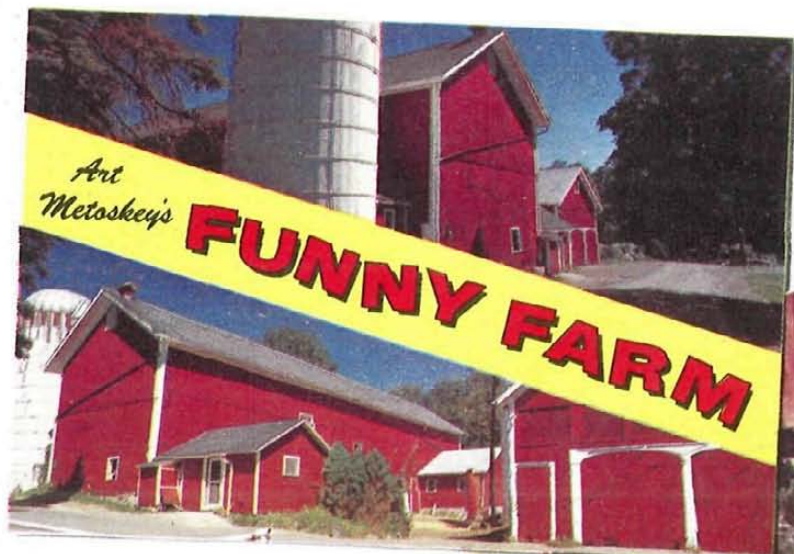
your private parts. Years ago, on lonely remote farms, goat licks were an important way of attaining sexual pleasure and release. The nice thing about Wilbur is that he likes everyone.

"The original Wilbur, Wilbur I, was my son Art junior's favorite pet when we started the Funny Farm," said Art Metoskey. "He was the friendliest

cat. Well, that was the end of Wilbur as a personal pet for Art junior. Wilbur became sort of a star, which gave me the idea of using other wonderful animals and people dressed up as animals all over the farm."

When you talk about the Funny Farm you have to start with Art Metoskey, the man who thought it all up, who started with a run-down house and a few acres and built it into one of the most unusual vacation spots in America. The Funny Farm was created exclusively for farmers. It's a place where they can truly relax and let off a little steam and do silly things in a farm setting, things they can't do on their own farms.

Metoskey is a short plump man with a round happy face and an old-



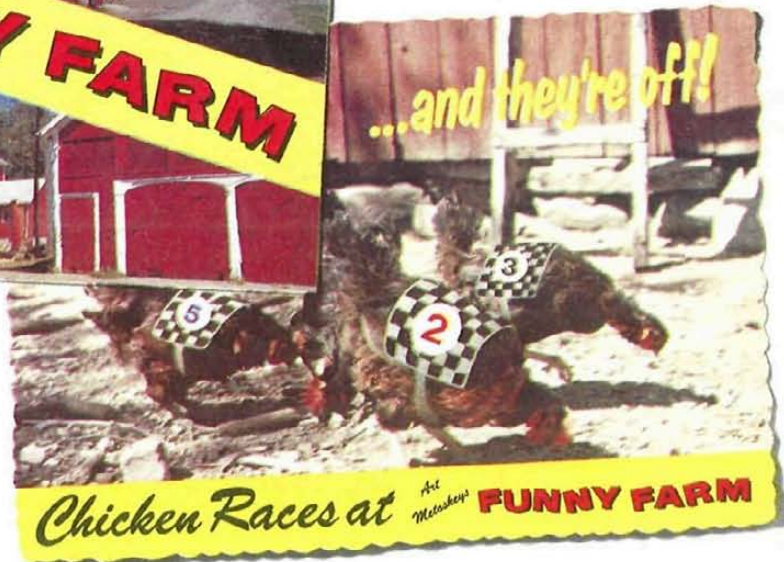
There's no other sign or advertising, but you'll know you're there because something funny will surely be going on right at the door.

Chances are you'll be greeted by Wilbur the Love Goat. Wilbur is an institution at the Funny Farm. He's the fourth Wilbur in a line of succession that started in 1949 when the Funny Farm was founded by Art Metoskey. Wilbur greets you at the big rusty entrance gate. The gate is fake rust; it's actually covered with cinnamon and sugar to look rusty. Wilbur likes to lick the cinnamon and sugar off the gate and then lick you. Art Metoskey thought Wilbur's breath would smell better if it had cinnamon and sugar on it. If Wilbur takes a shine to you, he'll insist on licking

goat you ever saw. Just like a dog—licking and lapping up perfect strangers. One day he just poked himself right under a lady's dress and lapped her to pieces. I was so ashamed, I begged the lady's pardon from here to Saturday night. I offered to refund her money. Hell, she wasn't mad at all. She loved it. She wanted to get *fressed* by Wilbur every morning. *Fress* is German for

fashioned crew cut. He closely resembles a man named Weeb Eubank, who used to coach the Baltimore Colts and the New York Jets football teams.

"I was certainly a funny farmer," said Metoskey. "Or, more accurately, a rotten, terrible farmer—a failure. I had bad luck and a black thumb. Couldn't grow a hill of beans. Then came World War II and I wanted to enlist but



found out I was 4-F Got a hernia from trying to lift a cow from the rear for immoral purposes. Nobody told me it was better to stump-break the cow first.

"But I had to do something for the war effort, so I put together a little comedy act, a vaudeville thing, with my wife, Tarragon, and my brother Mel. We volunteered for the USO, where you traveled around and entertained the troops. We were pretty crude, a kind of barnyard act, but we still had a lot of country boys in the service who appreciated our kind of humor. What I was, I was the world's worst farmer. You know, a fuck-up. Of course, a lot of my stories were nearly true, with some exaggeration for comic effect.

"Well, wouldn't you know the soldiers ate it up, laughing themselves silly over my farming misfortunes—my machines breaking down and animals running away and not being able to grow weeds even—and some off-color jokes about having immoral relations with animals and some very large vegetables. I was the butt of the jokes, and my brother Mel was the sensible one, like Abbott was to Costello. Tarragon played all the female parts—usually the farmer's daughter. She had a terrific figure in those days. And she sang some good old country songs." (Tarragon Metoskey died three years ago from horse-bite wounds. Metoskey is extremely sensitive about her death and refuses to talk about it.)

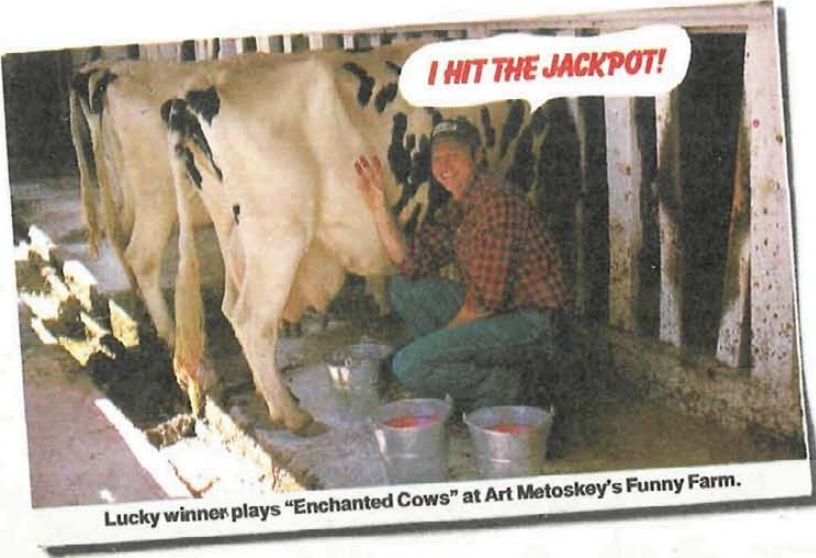
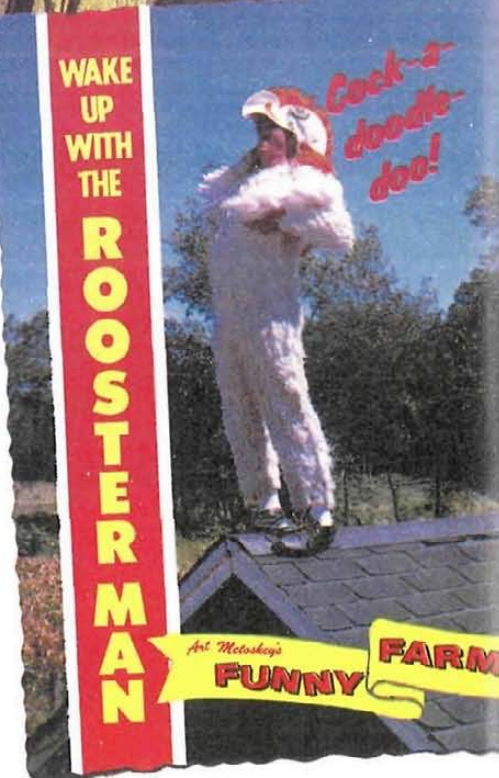
"After the war, we went back to Ohio, where we lived, and I persuaded Mel and Tarragon to stay with the act and go for a career in show business, working nightclubs and such. I thought we couldn't miss, the way we

used to break up those boys in uniform. I was wrong again. The folks around Akron and Toledo and Cleveland didn't appreciate our material like the country boys. Pretty soon all we could get were American Legion smokers and Shriner parties. The only big laugh I remember from those days was in Cleveland. We were really bombing. The audience was throwing tomatoes and cabbages at us. I ducked and caught a few, but the damn things were throwing my timing off, so I let them hit me in the face. Finally it became too much and I turned to the audience and said, "These tomatoes are a hell of a lot tastier than anything I ever grewed! They stopped throwing them and gave me a round of applause.

"Then Mel quit the act and opened an appliance store and made a lot of money real fast. Something called television was starting to sell like hotcakes. Pretty soon Mel was pressuring me to work for him. He was expand-

ing his stores and getting to be a smug son of a bitch. But I had my pride, even though Tarragon and me already had Art junior, Bruno, Ginger, Cayenne, and Paprika. Tarragon liked to name the girls after spices.

"Mel would come around in his new Hudson and take Tarragon for a ride somewheres and slip her some money. He probably slipped her something else, too. Tarragon was in that restless stage that women get into when they pass thirty and don't get enough physical attention. She had a need I couldn't truly satisfy, so she started fooling around with flashy salesmen and businessmen of all kinds. She liked porterhouse steaks and whiskey sours, and I couldn't even afford a pound of ground round. She finally left me for a guy who sold novelty ties, ties that glowed in the dark, with funny messages on them, like 'Will



you kiss me in the dark, baby?"

"I had just enough money to get the hell out of Ohio and go somewhere where the rent was cheap and the living was easy. I took me and the kids to California and got myself a job in a factory until I could save enough to put a down payment on this place near Lodi. I still had farming in my blood.

"You know, it was little Paprika who gave me the inspiration for the Funny Farm. I was back to my usual hard luck—dry wells, dry cows, black thumb and all—when Paprika turned to me and said, 'Daddy, we sure live on a funny farm—nothing grows.' That did it. If I put my misfortunes into a show-business act, why not show them off for real? Everybody loves a good joke as long as it's on someone else, especially farmers. So I let my place really go to hell and put ads in the local papers calling it a 'funny farm,' a farm where everything goes wrong, a place where real farmers can come to laugh at my bad luck and be entertained in true country style and maybe even laugh at themselves a little. The kids loved the idea and they all helped out and pretty soon we were attracting a nice clientele. Then Tarragon showed up in '51 and stayed for a while before she got involved with those California spiritual movements and the hippie people before her accident in '77.

"It wasn't long before the place expanded and got funnier and funnier. People were expecting really zany stuff when they came here. I had to think up little acts and gimmicks. We built a good reputation. We got farmers from all over the world, as far away as Tierra del Fuego and Iceland. We even made money. But ever since Tarragon died I've been sort of semiretired. The kids have kicked me upstairs and made me chairman of the board. Art junior, Bruno, and Paprika really run things now. Ginger and Cayenne are married and live in Tucson."

A typical day at the Funny Farm begins at six, which is wake-up time. For twenty-seven years, wake-up time has been the special job of Walt Sprinkle, better known as Rooster Man. Rooster Man has been a fixture on the Funny Farm for almost as long as Wilbur the Love Goat.

"Walt was one of Dad's old cronies from his vaudeville days in Ohio," said Art Metoskey, Jr., the man who oversees the day-to-day operations at the Funny Farm. "He came to us in '53, dead broke, and Dad gave him a job.

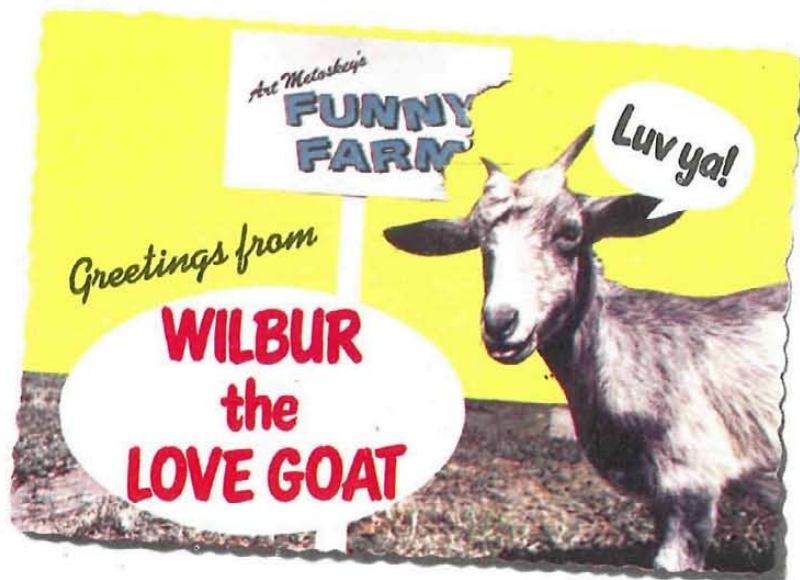
He and Dad created the Rooster Man character, and it hasn't changed since, unfortunately."

Art junior makes it quite clear that he is not happy with Rooster Man, but he won't let him go, for fear that it will break his heart and hurt his dad's feelings. "I didn't mind him when I was a kid," said Art junior. "Kids can laugh at anything. But Walt Sprinkle is just too far out of it. He's going too far off the deep end!"

Rooster Man's duties are simple. He knocks on your door and wakes you up at six with one of his sprightly

Sprinkle finally went too far. He climbed to the roof of a barn and pretended to be a weather vane. But he slipped, fell to the ground, had a severe brain concussion, and was committed to an asylum. He has since been replaced by an old hog caller named Rafe Carswell.)

A big favorite, especially with dairy farmers, is the enchanted cows. The enchanted cows give colored milk. "We started with brown milk. The joke was that our cows were so advanced that they gave chocolate milk," said Art junior. "Pretty soon we ex-



wake-up songs that are punctuated with a blood-curdling "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

"Walt would be fine if he would just stick to waking people with his silly songs, but he feels he can do anything because he's Dad's oldest friend," said Art junior. "He's become a Peeping Tom. He thinks it's funny to peep and then come into a room and exhibit himself. And if that doesn't get a laugh, he tries to act like Ray Bolger in *The Wizard of Oz*, doing eccentric dances with his penis hanging out. A lot of our younger clientele don't like to be woken up that way. And then he walks around the farm for the rest of the day doing his old-time jokes, like poking his finger into a lady's behind. You know, goosing them. It's his idea of a barnyard joke. 'Rooster Man likes to goose little chickies,' he says. And he looks terrible. He drools and leaks from his nose all the time. Good thing he's basically harmless. Sometimes I let the guests throw plastic baseballs at him, like they do the clowns in the carnivals." (Shortly after this story went to press it was learned that Walt

panded our line so that we can offer a rainbow of colors. We can change all the colors every day. What we did was make a big game out of it—like playing the slot machines. A farmer gets three cows to milk. If he gets three buckets of milk the same color, he wins a prize—anything from a teddy bear to a color-TV set. He can milk three blues, three reds, yellows, greens, and so on. The farmers love it. There's a lot of betting—especially when a guy hits two identical colors and is going for his last bucket. I guess you want to know how we make colored milk. Easy. We put food coloring into a special liquid cow feed we developed. It's harmless. At least we think it is. The cows eat it and their milk comes out colored. Every day we mix a certain amount of these colored cows into the regular stock so that it makes it harder to win."

The Funny Farm has a special breed of chicken that grew out of Art senior's chicken-feeding joke. He used to slip Mexican jumping beans into their regular feed so that they would jump and hop about in a funny manner.

Bruno Metoskey then got the idea of developing a stable of racing chickens. The chickens are raised almost exclusively on the beans. When they are ready for racing they are trained by the Funny Farm's "jockeys," staff members who stand behind the chickens with a long pole. On the end of the pole is the body of a stuffed fox. Chickens are terribly frightened of foxes. When they see what looks like a live fox on the end of the pole they jump and run and hop even faster. The jockeys, meanwhile, push and prod the chickens with their fox poles. All of this takes place on a specially designed chicken racetrack, complete with grandstands, betting systems, handicapping sheets, and all the appurtenances of the sport of kings.

The Metoskeys have put certain su-

perior birds out to stud and have successfully raised a fine racing stock that now comprises nine separate racing stables. The farmers are very fond of chicken racing and like to get up early to watch the morning workouts and handicap the races. Post time is one o'clock every day and there are eight races. Paprika Metoskey, the youngest daughter, has devised special events paralleling the horse world's, such as the Triple Crown of chicken racing. For the last five years the Metoskeys have allowed certain chicken-racing aficionados to bring their own animals to the Funny Farm for match races with the Metoskey family stables.

to animals—of all kinds. A lot of their latent hostility comes out. I guess they're sick of wet-nursing them on their own farms. When they come here they want to kill them or race them or humiliate them in one way or another. It's understandable. They've got special problems back home. You know, absentee ownership, corporate farms taking over their lands, foreigners buying everything. One guy told me that this nigger knocked on his door one day and said he was the new owner, the boss. His name was Mbongo or Mkumbo or something like that. This guy couldn't believe it. He drove the coon off with his shotgun. Next day the coon comes back with the sheriff. Sure as shitcakes, the farm was bought by this rich African."

The Metoskey children understand

rate takeovers, lack of concern from the government, and you've got a very unhappy farmer. The big turnaround came in the late sixties, with the youth revolution, the Vietnam War, and so on. The new generation of farmers started growing marijuana. It saved their lives. It cooled them out. Suicides, killing wives and kids, that was for their crazy parents, not for them. They could look at the ruin of their farms and just giggle and take another toke. Then the seventies really hardened them up and made them cynical, now that most of them work for the agribusiness corporations. They're a different breed of farmer and we have to give them a different kind of Funny Farm than their parents went to."

One of Paprika's most popular ideas is the I-H Club, a club dedicated to breeding the worst-looking animals and vegetables in the world. "The truly inferior, ugly, and ridiculous examples get the prizes," said Paprika. "It's not easy to breed a truly rotten bull or pig."

For most of the year, the I-H Club members, who are mostly females, secretly breed and cultivate their booby-prize specimens. The Funny Farm holds a mock state fair, usually in July, and the guests arrive with their strange items in tow, ready for the intense competition.

Some of the girls who studied at agricultural schools have developed hybrid animals, which are then poorly maintained and underfed. "It's a little perverse, to be sure," said Paprika. "But when you live on a farm all your life, you can get that way. The I-H Club is a kind of cult, a form of reverse snobbery. And we award real bronze, silver, and gold medals in all our categories. The winners want real status symbols, not novelty prizes. They take it very seriously."

To some of the old-timers, however, nothing can replace the early days when Art senior was running things. Carl Spilhous, a retired farmer from Ontario, has been coming to the Funny Farm for twenty-five years.

"Art senior used to play little jokes on us," said Spilhous. "He'd hang these real-looking rubber snakes on the beams in the dining-room ceiling and drop them into our food. ☹ he'd send us phony telegrams that said that our farms were just bought up by the local banks. He had a great act with his funny tractor, a tractor that fell apart, piece by piece, while he was

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perior birds out to stud and have successfully raised a fine racing stock that now comprises nine separate racing stables. The farmers are very fond of chicken racing and like to get up early to watch the morning workouts and handicap the races. Post time is one o'clock every day and there are eight races. Paprika Metoskey, the youngest daughter, has devised special events paralleling the horse world's, such as the Triple Crown of chicken racing. For the last five years the Metoskeys have allowed certain chicken-racing aficionados to bring their own animals to the Funny Farm for match races with the Metoskey family stables.

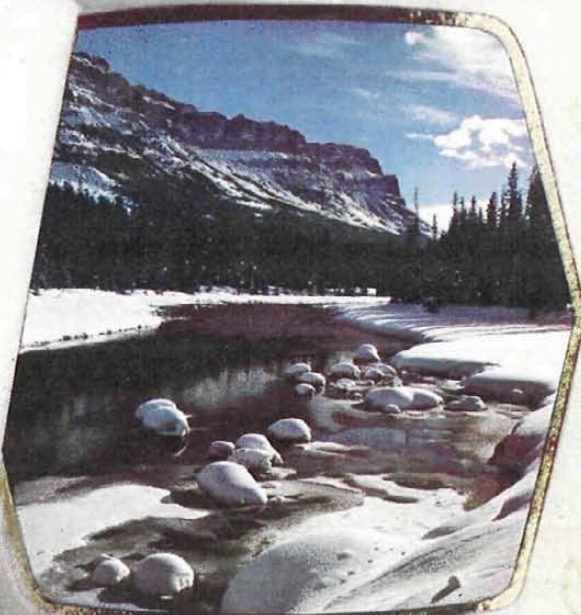
"What most farmers really like is to kill animals," said Bruno Metoskey. Bruno is the mechanical wizard of the family, the man who designs and maintains the Funny Farm equipment. "It's amazing how cruel they are

today's farmer far better than their father understood his generation's. The children are college graduates, students of marketing, who want to appeal to the younger farmers.

"In Dad's heyday, the fifties and early sixties, a lot of farmers were barely getting out of the nineteenth century, as far as their life-styles went," said Paprika Metoskey. Paprika looks like her name, with a mane of bright red hair and a generously freckled face. She always wears overalls and a big straw hat and has a sprig of alfalfa in her mouth. She confessed to me that her hair is dyed and her freckles are false, just painted on. But they suit the all-American farm-girl image she wishes to cultivate.

"A lot of farmers lived a lonely life, even in the fifties and sixties," said Paprika. "You combine loneliness with a bad crop year, bad debts, corpo-

MOLSON

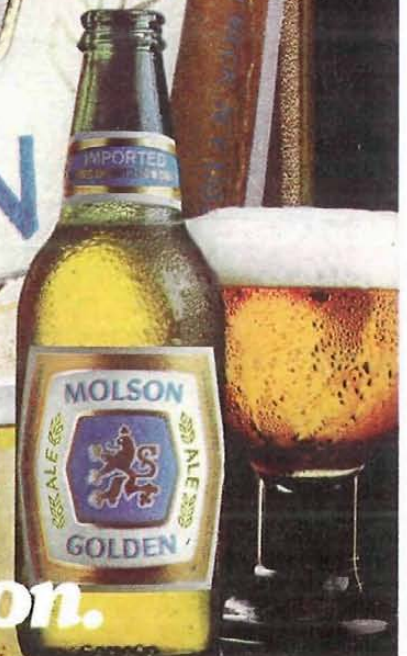


GOLDEN

CONTENTS 12 U.S. FL. OZS.

Thirsting
for the best
of Canada?

Make sure it's Molson.



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Indian diet call. C'mon, campers, let's hear it echo around the lake!

~The FAT Kid's FAT Camp Big FAT~ Fun & Song Book

by Brian Shein

~Games~

Every day we weigh our campers to see who is the heaviest in each age group. We call the heaviest girls "Fanny Tubbs" and the heaviest boys "Freddy Tubbs." You'd better watch your weight or you'll end up being a Fanny or Freddy Tubbs for a day!

Fanny Tubbs Games



Stuff the Sausage Try to shove Fanny feetfirst into size petite panty hose and see how big a sausage she fills up with that porky flab of hers before she bursts right through the sausage casing! This'll make her wish she'd never heard of sausages, not to mention hot dogs.

Getting a Crush Wait till Freddy Tubbs comes lumbering past Fanny, then trip him with a canoe paddle or an oar, so that he falls right on top of her. It must be true love, because chances are it'll take a bunch of you other fatties to heave him off her—and the experience is bound to take her breath away! Next time, switch around and let Fanny get a crush on Freddy.

Hot-Dogging This is an old rodeo competition. Grease up Fanny with a bucket of Crisco so that she's slick to the touch, let her loose on the tennis court, and then try to catch her and wrestle her down to the ground before she slips free. Yee-hah!

Fry-Babies See how close you have to shove Fanny to the campfire before you hear that fat of hers start to sizzle, crackle, and pop. Mmmm, smells just like puffed bacon rinds! Mind you stand clear if that grease starts to spatter, though. (A tinfoil "shield" protects against most spatter.)

Greased Lightning Fanny helps you by holding on to a plugged-in extension cord when—surprise!—she gets a bucket of water dumped over her head. She'll be off and running in a flash—the fastest she's ever gone. Bet that works off some calories!

Worth Her Weight Fanny has to clean up the riding stable by piling up her weight in horse flop. No using a shovel—bare hands only. When Fanny can feel just how much poop it takes to make up those [fill in her weight here] pounds of hers, she might think twice the next time she craves a goocy chocolate Wagon Wheel!



Freddy Tubbs Games

Bull's-eye Take Freddy Tubbs to the archery range and remove all his clothes. Tie him to one of the targets. Turn him around so his rear end faces you, and paint a new target on it. Use Freddy as your target, get it? All those shots on his tubby tush will remind him to stick to his diet. But don't forget to put rubber tips on your arrows!

Well, Well, Well Put Freddy in a big metal bucket or laundry basket and lower him down a well. Leave him down there for at least two days, until he's so hungry he'll eat Styrofoam. And pulling Freddy up will take a little weight off you other little fatties, too!

Slalom This should be done on a real ski trail. Start Freddy at the top of the mountain and roll him down. At each turn of the ski trail, a camper with a ski pole gets a chance to poke Freddy in his big fat rear end as he topples down the mountain. Catch him if you can!

Where's the Fire? Right before bedtime, after you've sung your songs and told your stories around the campfire, grab Freddy, roll him up in a bath towel or blanket (make sure he's completely covered), and throw him into the fire like a big log. He'll douse that fire in two seconds when all [fill in Freddy's weight here] pounds of him smother those flames!

~ Songs ~

"TEN IN THE BED"

Ten in the bed and the skinny one said,
Roll over, roll over.
They all rolled over and tipped the bed
And squashed each other and suffocated.

Nine big fatsoes ended up dead
And the skinny one said...
Alone at last!

"THE CALORIEMASTER'S STORE"

There was cheese, cheese, five ounces
cottage cheese
In the stores, in the stores.
There was cheese, cheese, a hundred
and sixty
In the caloriemaster's stores.

(Chorus)

My eyes are dim, I cannot see,
My lens solution went dry on me,
My lens so-lu-tion went dry on me.

There was fish, fish, four ounces broiled
lean fish
In the stores...
There was fish, fish, one serving if you wish
In the caloriemaster's stores.

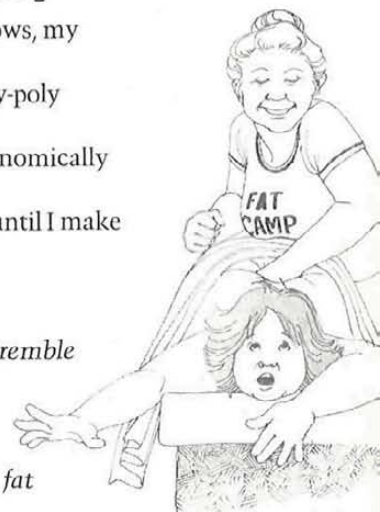
(Chorus)

There were cukes, cukes, a thirty-calorie cuke
In the stores...
There were cukes, cukes, enough to make
you... sick!
In the caloriemaster's stores.
(Chorus)

"THE FAT CAMPER'S PLEDGE [ACCEPTING MY FAT]"

I've got jowls down to my shoulders and
chins down to my waist,
My kneecaps look like boulders and my
elbows squish like paste.
I'm a waddler, I'm a bobber, yes, I jiggle
when I walk.
I'm a whopper, I'm a slopper, and I burble
when I talk.
I'm a floppy flappy chubby, I'm an insult to
the scale.
I'm a bloater, I'm a floater, I'm a ten-ton
monster whale.
I'm a rhino, I'm an elephant, a piggie and a
hog,
I'm a steaming, teeming, lumpy dumpy
sweaty fetid bog.

My eyes puff up like marshmallows, my
cheeks are made of fudge,
I'm a mushy-tushy jelly-belly roly-poly
pudge.
I'm the fattest of the fattest, astronomically
obese,
And I'll never lose a pound of it until I make
my peace.
Yes I'm FAT FAT FAT
And I've got to live with that,
And I'll make the campground tremble
with my tread.
Oh, I'm FAT FAT FAT,
I must come to terms with that,
And get that word inside my big fat
head—FAT!



CHRISTMAS '59

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another altogether to play with them. My little sister made a mess of one of her presents and then started crying because she knew she was going to get caught.

"I wonder where my skis are?" I said.

"Probably in the basement," Dale said.

"You can't go down there," my older sister, Audrey, said. "Zing Zoo is sleeping down there on the couch."

That made it all the more fun. The girls were too scared to go down, so Dale and I went alone. It's weird how a normal house can get very scary when there's an Oriental guy in the basement.

"Shh!" I whispered as we tiptoed down the stairs, trying not to make the old wooden steps creak.

"What if he's really a Jap?" Dale said.

When we got to the bottom of the stairs, we saw the beat-up green couch and some blankets and a pillow, but no Xgung. Then we heard a noise in the utility room. I peeked in the door and saw Xgung standing on a chair reaching into the crawlspace. He was putting a bunch of Dad's tools into an old suitcase and was just stepping down off the chair when he saw us. He dropped the suitcase and jumped down off the chair.

"Herro!" he said with a big, toothy grin.

I opened the door and stepped in. Dale was behind me, practically shaking with fear.

I was worried that Xgung would tell my parents that I was down in the basement in the middle of the night and that my parents would figure out what I was up to. So I told Xgung that Dale and I were looking for a game to play with, and he said, "Ha! I'm doing exactly the same thing."

In the morning, that Christmas cheer people talk about was all over the house. People were humming Christmas songs. Even the grandpas were getting along, after discovering that they both hated the governor of Michigan. It wasn't always easy to be pleasant with the house so crowded. It seemed like every time you went to do something, someone was already doing it. Especially in the bathroom.

"All right!" Dad yelled. "Everybody get their coats! We're going for a tree!"

"Take Xgung," Grandma Swenson said. "He's never seen anyone purchase a Christmas tree before."

Xgung threw down the last of his Bloody Mary and put on his sweater backward. Dad went out the front door and just disappeared. It wasn't magic, it was ice. Somehow all that rain had turned to ice and it was bitter cold and as slippery as a hockey rink. Dad hit the porch and his legs went out from under him and he landed buttfirst.

"Goddamnit all!" he yelled.

Everything was covered with ice as

thick as thumbnails. It took Dad, with his sore butt, and Uncle Dave, who could hardly stop laughing, and all of us kids half an hour to get the ice off the car windows. Dad was starting to get mad all over again. Especially when he caught Xgung chipping ice off the trunk with a stone.

"I married one hell of a genius," Dad said as we looked at three frozen, drooping Christmas trees. "'Let's trim the tree on Christmas Eve,' she says. 'It'll be lots of fun!'"

"I like this one, Daddy," Amy said. She pointed to one of the trees. It looked like one of those bushes Italian people have in their front yards, the kind that are just a stick with a ball on top.

"This is it, sir," the guy at the Christmas-tree lot said.

"How much?" Dad asked.

"Twelve fifty."

"Stuff it!"

We drove all around looking for better trees but didn't find any trees at all. We even tried to buy one of those fake, metal trees, but the only ones left were missing branches and looked worse than, and cost twice as much as, the crummy ones we saw before. So we went back to where we were first, but there were only two trees left and the price had gone up to twenty-five dollars.

Mom was furious with Dad for not buying a tree. The girls were crying at the prospect of a treeless Christmas. Uncle Dave was mad that we wasted most of the afternoon and ended up with nothing but a bunch of bellyaching kids.

"We can put the presents under a table, for Pete's sake!" Dad said in a feeble defense.

"We are not going to have Christmas without a tree! Everybody has trees!"

"Oh, balls they do!" Dad argued. "Gung Ho, you don't have Christmas trees over there in Hong Kong, do you?"

"I'm from Thai-rand, and yes, we have Christmas trees, but we don't have much hoopra, just appreciation of Jesus and rots of famiry rove."

Mom and Dad argued for a while and Grandma Swenson scolded Dad for yelling at Mom.

"You didn't even bring home a Christmas bonus!" she sneered.

Dad reached into his pocket and took out the lighter. He flipped open the lid and fired it up. He waved the flame at Grandma.

"Yeah?" he said. Then he got a



funny look in his eyes, put on his hat, and went into the garage.

"You want a tree? You'll have a damn tree!" he yelled from the garage.

Mom tried to cover up all the arguing by gathering everybody into the living room to make a chain-out of construction paper. It was kind of fun except for all the glue on the carpet. Uncle Dave was still laughing about Dad falling on his butt, and he kept showing us exactly how Dad fell and landed. He started laughing twice as hard when he saw Dad out the window.

"Clark!" Mom screamed. She ran to the door and flung it open.

"Get inside here, right now!"

"You want a tree? You'll get a damn tree!"

Dad was chopping down one of the pine trees in the front yard. Mom ran upstairs crying and Aunt Martha went up with her.

"What an irresponsible goofball," Grandpa Swenson said, shaking his head.

"Well, if your damn daughter hadn't hounded him so bad all these years, he wouldn't be out there now!" Grandpa Pete said, defending Dad.

Dad brought the tree into the garage and attached the stand. He was in a much better mood. He always is after he does something really stupid.

"I had to take that tree down anyway," he told me. "May as well save twenty-five bucks, huh?"

"We've got a lot of pine trees, Dad!"

"What do you think the pioneers and old-timers did? Go to a church Christmas-tree lot? Heck, no. They used one of their own trees."

After a while Mom came downstairs, and the tree was so pretty and Dad's talk about pioneers and old-timers fit so well with the idea of a fun old-fashioned Christmas that Mom gave him a kiss and said she was sorry, and all the cheer and stuff came back and lasted until the bird flew out of the tree.

"I didn't pick a tree with a bird in it!" Dad shouted at Mom as he chased the bird around the living room with a paper bag.

"Are you nuts?" Uncle Dave said. "You'll never catch a bird in a bag. You need a broom."

"Don't kill it, Daddy!" Darby shrieked. "It's somebody's state bird!"

"Eek! Cover your hair!" Audrey screamed. "It'll lay eggs."

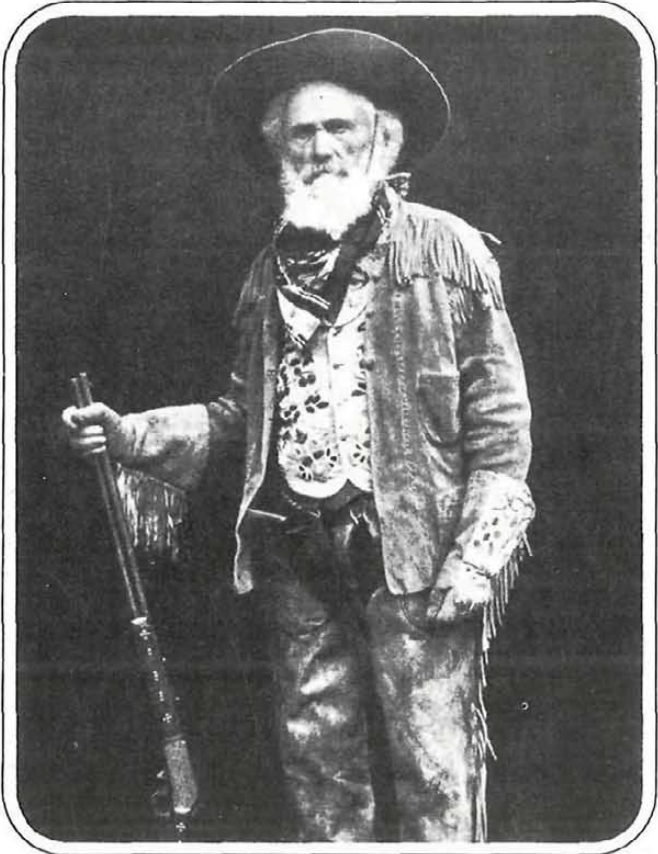
"That's a bat!" I told her.

"I'm not taking chances!"

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"Jeremiah and me wuz surveying together for 2 months. He never said a word. That's what I call good company."

Pappy McCoy, Railroad Surveyor, Chicago & Ouray Railroad



The Bettmann Archive, Inc.

Jeremiah had quiet spells. Really quiet. Usually, he had been having a fight with a lady. Or with himself. Then, he'd be flamboyant. Show off. He was much better when he was quiet.

Jeremiah Weed isn't just a legacy. It's a tribute to a 100 proof maverick.



100 Proof Jeremiah Weed

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THE MONTE CARLO INTERNATIONAL CLASSIC FLY RACE

It's time once again for the annual contest between as many flies as you can catch and as many as your opponent can put into the field, in this the first annual running of this classic European race. Truly a test of man and flies. The competition is fierce and the track unforgiving, but it all seems forgotten when the starter's voice booms from the loudspeaker in cheap French:

*Ecoutez, mesdames
et messieurs! Commencez
vos mouches!*

START

With the traditional cry telling the drivers to start their flies, the race begins. And it's shaping up to be a real contest, too. I see that some rookie driver forgot to pull the wings off his fly and it's off the track and up in the air. He'll have to start over.

BETTORS HEDGE

Some of the flies look a little cautious as yet. Don't forget, most of them are meeting each other in competition for the first time today. The flies' drivers are pushing them to the limit with the straws. Remember, as the pack approaches the hedge jump, that a driver may only encourage a fly to climb the hedge. No flicking it over with the straw. Those straws are purely for guidance. This sort of track hazard may prove difficult for some of the large flies.

GENERAL RULES

Any party who in the opinion of the stewards shall have administered any restricted drug to a racing fly shall be prohibited from racing for a period of not less than one hour. The fly affected shall be squashed. See schedule of proscribed medications.

It is illegal to administer to a racing fly:

Cocaine, Methedrine, Freon, laurel leaves, or explosive mixtures such as powdered magnesium.

It is stupid to administer to a racing fly:

Quaaludes, cough suppressant, nasal spray, drain cleaner, marijuana, or angel dust. Note: It is also a serious violation of International Fly Rally and Race Association bylaws to poison, mullate, or interfere with an opponent's fly in any manner other than verbal.

RULES OF ORDER

All entries should be definitely flies and capable of flight prior to the start of the race, whether the owner later chooses to rip off their wings or not. Spiders, ants, and termites are not acceptable. In the event of a dispute, the opinion of the majority of contestants shall determine whether or not the entrant constitutes a "fly" for purposes of the Association.

MODIFICATIONS

Flies may be modified as the owner shall wish, with the exception of point jobs, which must be in keeping with the dignity of the sport.

ENTRIES

Any stable may make eligible up to three flies to race. However, no more than two flies belonging to one owner may actually run in the same race.

DRIVERS

No more than three drivers may guide a fly in any one race. No driver may drive more than a single fly at any time during a race. Drivers who intentionally interfere with other flies will be disqualified.

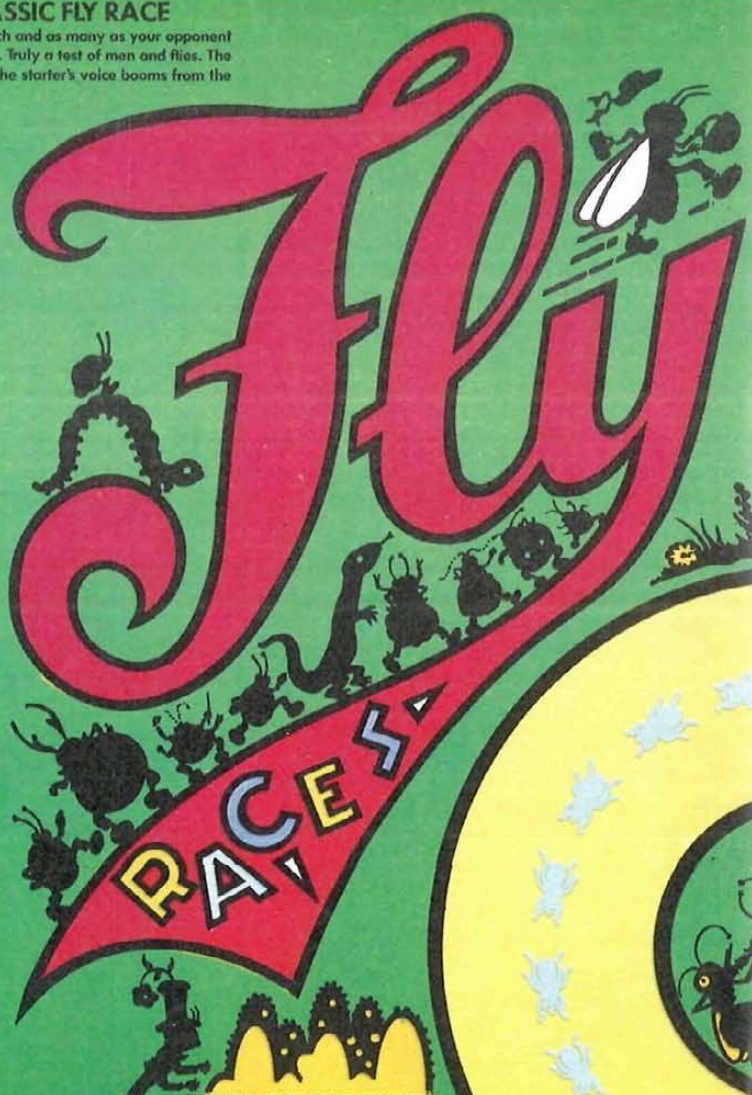
RUNNING

Flies must be led or prodded with a straw controlled by the driver. They must not be flicked, slid, or levered. If a fly leaves the track, it must begin over, unless its driver elects to squash it and start a fresh insect.

SPORTSMANSHIP

Always behave so as to reflect credit on the sport. Do not curse or abuse your flies or others'. Keep your temper at all times. Remember, if the sport were not so frustrating at times, it would not be so rewarding to others.

This combination of steep terrain and sharp curves presents a real test of the abilities of both fly and driver. Judgment is important here, and the skill of the more experienced competitors will really make a difference at this point in the race. As to which flies are better equipped to handle potentially treacherous curves, it's anybody's guess. There is no consensus even among veteran drivers. Some say the flying ant's slender thorax and independent abdomen give it the greatest control. Others argue that moths or even specially modified horseflies are unexcelled. That's the excitement of fly racing—no one knows for sure until the checkered flag ends the race.



CUT ON DOTTED LINE. INSERT BOTTLE CAPS BELOW PAPER FLAP TO CREATE A HILL.

ANNUAL MOTHBALL RAGERS WELCOME
Tickets at Starting Gate
HEART ATTACK HILL

Train your fly on the best.
Doberman
Ask for **Doberman**
dogshit by name.

BIC
lighters
"The trusted name in sterile dewing"

Krazy Glue
"Quick repairs
that last a lifetime."

THE STRAIGHT PART

ATTENTION: ANY TRAINER, HANDLER, OR DRIVER FOUND TO BE INTOXICATED IS LIABLE TO SUSPENSION. By order of the stewards.

IMPECCABLY MAINTAINED SH

WBCN
presents

The First Annual National Lampoon/Coca-Cola Trivia Contest

Here's your opportunity to show off all that otherwise "useless" knowledge you have stored in your little brain and become a Hollywood star!

GRAND PRIZE

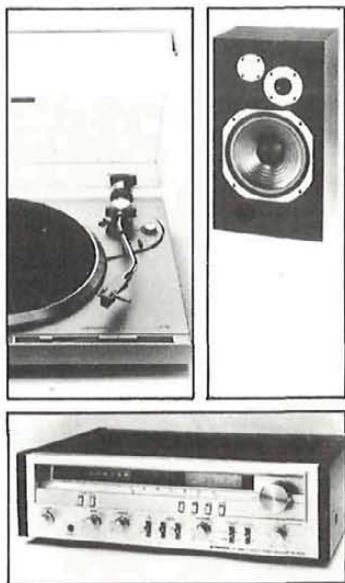
An all-expense-paid trip to Hollywood* for a cameo appearance in *National Lampoon's Animal House II*



* (or to actual location)

First Prize

Pioneer Sound System



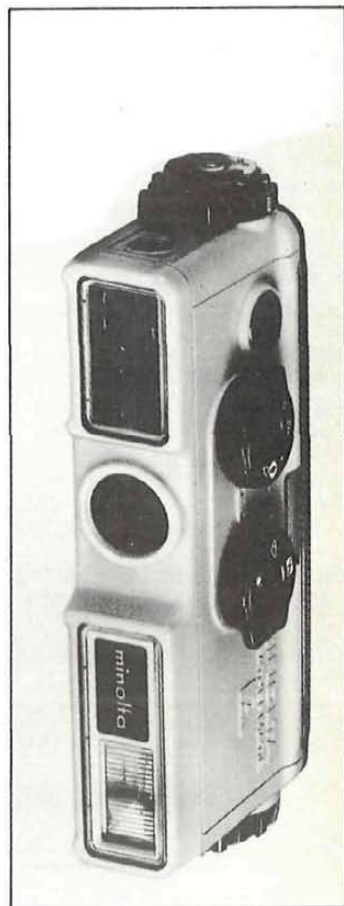
SX-3700 receiver, featuring digital Quartz-Servo, locked tuning, 45 WPC, and .02% THD.

PL-400 fully automatic direct-drive turntable, featuring Quartz PLL, stable hanging rotor, and co-axial suspension.

HPM 500's 3-way speaker system with revolutionary Polymer Graphite (PG) speaker cones — HPM super-tweeter, frequency range 35-50,000 Hz.

Second Prize

Minolta's Weathermatic™ Camera



Third Prize

Craig's M100 Language Translators

Runner-Up Prizes

National Lampoon's Official Car Stereo Test Kits

Enter now!

Just turn the page and answer a mere 104 questions (or as many as you can) and send your answers to National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. All entries must be postmarked by December 10, 1980.

Wait — that's not all! To give yourself a helping hand on some of those toughie questions, tune in to WBCN (104 on your dial) to get most of the answers and a chance to win other valuable goodies from *National Lampoon* and Coca-Cola.

While you're dreaming about becoming a star, laugh with *National Lampoon* and

**Have a Coke
and a smile.**

ROCK 'N' ROLL TRIVIA

Match the following:

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Buddy Holly | A. The Attractions |
| 2. Wayne Fontana | B. Crickets |
| 3. Mitch Ryder | C. MG's |
| 4. Elvis Costello | D. Mindbenders |
| 5. Booker T. | E. Detroit Wheels |

6. What band from Ohio preaches de-evolution?
7. What band featured the late organist-singer Pigpen?
8. What ex-Rolling Stones member was in John Mayall's Blues Breakers?
9. Who originally recorded "Stop Your Sobbing," recently recorded by the Pretenders?
10. Who was the Beatles drummer before Ringo?
11. What famous singer is from Hibbing, Minnesota?
12. What male rock 'n' roller took a woman's name, was discovered by Frank Zappa, and created one of the most bizarre stage acts in music?
13. Not only was this guitarist in the Yardbirds and Led Zeppelin, but he also played guitar on many Tom Jones hits. What was his name?
14. What famous English guitarist played on the Mothers of Invention's "We're Only in It for the Money"?
15. Who died in the plane crash immortalized in the song "American Pie"?
16. Who founded the original Blood, Sweat & Tears?
17. What was the name of the band that backed Bob Dylan at his first electric English concert?
18. Name the guitarist who played with his organist brother, backed Aretha Franklin, and died in a motorcycle crash.
19. What teenager recorded the song "Society's Child"?
20. His first hit was "Fingertips." He was twelve years old when he sang it. What was his name?
21. Who wrote Linda Ronstadt's first hit with the Stone Poneys?
22. Which Rolling Stones record has the Beatles hidden on the cover?
23. What band sang about wanting to be on the cover of *Rolling Stone*?

24. Who did the cover art for most of Joni Mitchell's albums?
25. With what band did Ted Nugent have his first national hit?
26. What one-shot English supergroup was formed from the remnants of Cream, Traffic, and Family?
27. What is Little Richard's real name?
28. Who recored the album called *The Soft Parade*?
29. Who immortalized the character Ziggy Stardust?
30. By what name do we better know James Osterberg?
31. What band had its roots in the Byrds, Buffalo Springfield, and the Hollies?
32. Who sang with Big Brother and the Holding Company?
33. What band did Peter Noone sing for in the mid 1960s?
34. Barry Manilow played for a busty, brassy singer early in both of their careers. Who is she?
35. Signe Anderson was the original vocalist for what band?
36. Jay and the Americans spawned the two founders of one of America's most popular contemporary bands. Name this band, which took its name from a William S. Burroughs novel.
37. Whom did Stephen Stills write "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes" for?
38. Rod Stewart was in a band with which ex-Yardbird?
39. This band was continually put down by the critics, yet at different times in their career Frank Zappa and Todd Rundgren produced them. They were so popular that they were one of the few rock bands ever to sell out Shea Stadium in New York. Who is this band?
40. What new-wave band took their name from the slang term for a close-up shot of a person on television?
41. What member of the Who appeared dressed as a nun in the Frank Zappa film *Two Hundred Motels*?
42. He was a member of the Buffalo Springfield, then of a band that helped define the Woodstock era. He tried to be a Monkee, but was rejected by the producer of the show because he had bad teeth.

43. Who was a member of the Hassles and later, as a solo artist, released an album called *Cold Spring Harbor*?
44. What British band recorded one of the first rock operas, had a big hit with a song about transvestism, and is one of the longest-lasting quality groups in rock?
45. He founded the Byrds. His original name was Jim. Who is he?
46. Cherilyn Sakisian was part of a famous duo and is better known as _____.
47. Who switched labels from Mercury to Arista and sang about "Mercury Poisoning"?
48. What controversial punk group did a cover version of Frank Sinatra's classic "My Way"?
49. David Bowie's real name is the same as that of a very popular member of a 1960s foursome. What is his real name?
50. Who recorded the original version of "Take Me to the River"?
51. What female singer sang backup vocals for Meat Loaf and Ian Hunter?
52. What female singer in one of America's premier psychedelic supergroups conspired with Abbie Hoffman to give Richard Nixon LSD while he was in the White House?

COMEDY TRIVIA

53. What famous comedian made a short film called *The Waiter*?
54. What radio and recording comedy group did Lenny and Squiggy come from?
55. Name the son of a famous Greek comedian who lived with Linda Ronstadt.
56. Bill Murray did the radio voice for a comic-book superhero. Which one?
57. Leonard Schneider had a dirty mouth and a big following. By what name do we know him?
58. Not only can this comedian portray a convincing foreigner, he also does one of the more perfect imitations of Elvis Presley. Who is he?
59. Who recorded a comedy album called *Why Is There Air*?
60. What famous comedian changed his name from the difficult-to-pronounce

Jack Roy?

61. Who wrote the book called *The Lazlo Letters* under the pseudonym Lazlo Toth?
62. His real name was Julius; he painted on a mustache, made people laugh, and sold DeSotos. What do we know him as?
63. Of all the Three Stooges, which three were really brothers?
64. What fictional city did Martin Mull's "Tonight" parody TV show originate from?
65. Lily Tomlin first developed her famous operator, Ernestine, on what popular TV show?
66. He ate his shoe in one of the classic silent films and later directed a film starring Marlon Brando. Who is he?
67. Name the artist who started his famous topical comic strip at Yale University.
68. What is the name of the Chicago-based comedy troupe that spawned many "Saturday Night Live" regulars?
69. They are the only two non-ball players immortalized at the Baseball Hall of Fame. Who are they?
70. Who is the voice of everything from Bugs Bunny to Buck Rogers's robot?
71. Who is the "king of the one-liners"?
72. This popular black comedian has a street-wise female character. The comedian's license plate reads "Killer." Who is this comedian?
73. This tall comic starred in his own series about comedy writers who wrote for the fictional "Alan Brady Show." Who is he?
74. Besides creating comic characters such as Maude Fricker, he is one of comedy's great improvisers. Who is he?
75. The creator of "Wonderful WINO" was originally a straight-looking stand-up comic who over the years developed into a long-haired comedian deeply involved in the alternative and seven-letter-word drug culture. Who is this man?
76. Ralph Kramden is to Jackie Gleason as Ed Norton is to _____.
77. This cartoonist's macabre style has appeared in *National Lampoon*, *Playboy*, and science-fiction maga-

zines. His work is recognizable by the depiction of deformities and futuristic motifs. Who is this cartoonist?

78. Which one of the Beatles wrote two books of comic verse and essays?
79. Which Beatle starred in a comedy with Peter Sellers?
80. Who was the director of the last major studio silent movie comedy?
81. Who chronicled the adventures of "Nick Danger, Third Eye"?
82. One of the most quoted comedians, he hated children and dogs and was a great drinker. Who was he?
83. Who was the brooding neurotic star of *Brewster McCloud* and *Harold and Maude*?
84. What is the name of the film that Woody Allen dubbed from Japanese into American?
85. Slip and Sach were nicknames. What were their full names and who played them?
86. Who is the only surgeon on "M*A*S*H" who hails from Boston?
87. What is the name of the biggest comedy movie of all time?
88. Match the following comedy series to its location.

1. Love on a Rooftop	A. Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, NY
2. Bewitched	B. Roseville, KS
3. Honeymooners	C. San Francisco, CA
4. Good Times	D. Westport, CT
5. You'll Never Get Rich	E. Chicago, IL
89. Who co-starred in "Burns and Allen," "Petticoat Junction," and "Beverly Hillbillies"?
90. What company did George Jetson work for?
91. What award was given out on "Laugh-In"?
92. What two TV comedies did Sally Field star in?
93. The statue *The Thinker* appeared frequently in what TV comedy series?
94. His nickname is "The Great One." Who is he?
95. Thurston Howell III was played by whom?
96. The famous slogan "What, me

worry?" belongs to whom?

97. What was the name of the college the Deltas attended in *National Lampoon's Animal House*?
98. What was the identification number of McHale's boat in the series "McHale's Navy"?
99. What was the professor's name on "Gilligan's Island"?
100. How did people get "high" in Woody Allen's *Sleeper*?
101. In the TV comedy series "Topper" what was the name of the Saint Bernard that was an incurable alcoholic?
102. Name the four Marx Brothers.
103. In Abbott & Costello's baseball routine, name the shortstop.
104. Name the three black children on "Little Rascals."

TRIVIA/TRIVIA

Which camera was selected by NASA for America's first manned space flight?

(name)

(street)

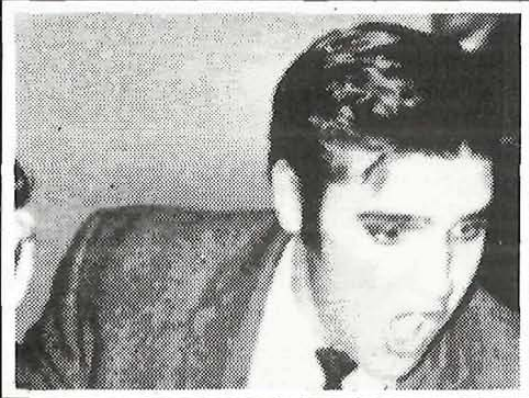
(city and state)

(zip code)

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**WBCN presents
The First Annual
National Lampoon/
Coca-Cola
Trivia Contest**

From Elvis to Elvis

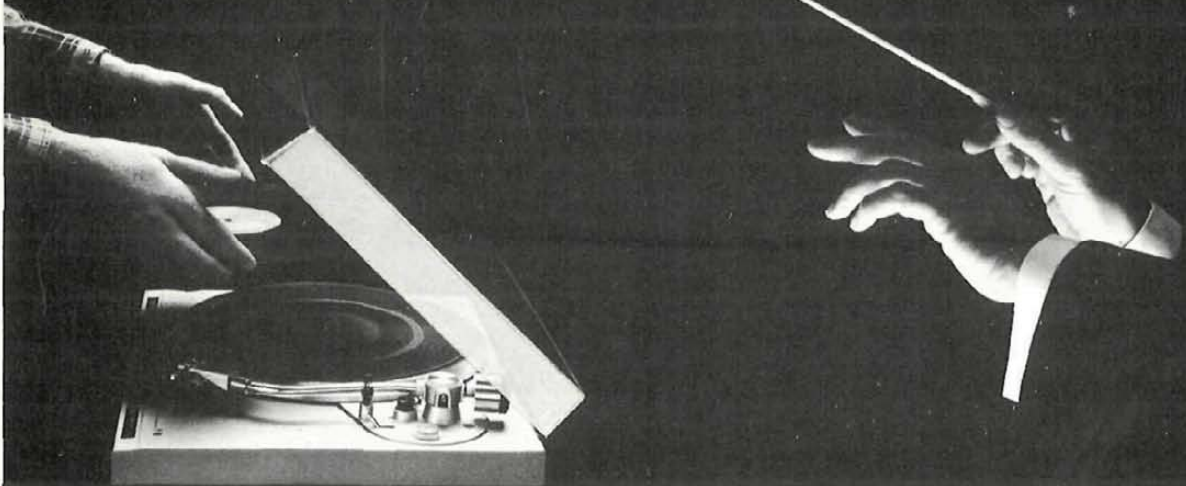


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rock 'n' roll
just ain't enough!

We bring it back alive.

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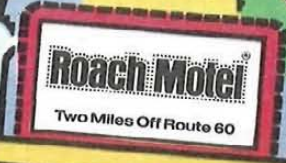
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VERDANT
HARMONIOUS GRASS

FLY STABLE AREA

THOUGHTFULLY PLACED POND
AND ROCKERY

FILL BLUE AREA WITH WATER DROPS TO FORM POND. HAZARDS.



This really is a fly race today. As they come up to the pond it's only body's guess who will come out first at the other end. Remember, rule changes this year made water bugs illegal unless originally stinklers. I wonder how a dragonfly would do in this event. As far as I know, a dragonfly has not been raced ever in the history of the sport.



The figure-eight crossover should present little difficulty. A driver would really have to be a dolt to smash another fly at the intersection, given the near perfect visibility and dry track today. A lot of people wonder why racing officials keep using a "hazard" as dull as the intersection here. In a nutshell, it is tradition. History is important to fly racers and fly-racing fans. Crazy maybe, but ask them and they'll tell you they wouldn't want it any other way.

MORE STRAIGHT PART

THE OTHER STRAIGHT PART

And here is the spot where the brilliant young fly explorer was crushed earlier today in the qualifying heats. His squashed form is a reminder, to those who might forget, that fly racing is no sport for the faint of heart. As the flies approach the wreck, the temptation to stop and eat part of it is terrible. What must be going through their minds as the straws of their owners goad them past the lifeless exoskeleton of a former colleague. Some people say flies don't have any brains or nervous systems to speak of. I for one don't believe it.

SQUASH FLY HERE

DECOMPOSING SWAN
POISONED BY
EMBITTERED GAMBLER



TOAD HALL



They're coming up fast on the toad now. This is a real test of nerve, because you never know when its tongue will flash out and take a competitor out of contention for this race and all future races. Different drivers have different strategies, all with an element of risk. Some push their fly to its top speed, hoping that the toad will be too lazy to snap up a quickly moving bug. Other drivers hang back, letting the speedsters run through, hoping the toad will pick off the front-runners and satiate its hunger. Yet other drivers attempt to maneuver another bug between themselves and the toad, drifting along in the other insect's slipstream. Theoretically, this strategy forces the bug closest to the toad to bear the greater share of the risk. Like many theories in this game, it doesn't always work; toads' tongues are funny things and often snaffle up both bugs at once. No other sport features anything as spectacularly dangerous as the toad.

The checkered flag drops and it's all over for another year. In the Monte Carlo International Classic Fly Race there may be only one winner... but there are no losers. Every racer has proved itself a competitor.

PLACE TOAD HERE. TOAD MUST BE HUNGRY IF RACE IS TO BE SANCTIONED BY INDIAN NATIONAL FEY BALLY AND RACE ASSOCIATION. LEGARD MAY ONLY BE EMPLOYED IF TOAD IS UNAVAILABLE.

THE FINISH. YOUR FLY MUST BE ALIVE TO BE CONSIDERED A WINNER. ALIVE MEANS ABLE TO WALK, NOT JUST WIGGLE A SINGLE LEG.



UBBERY

DESPERATE

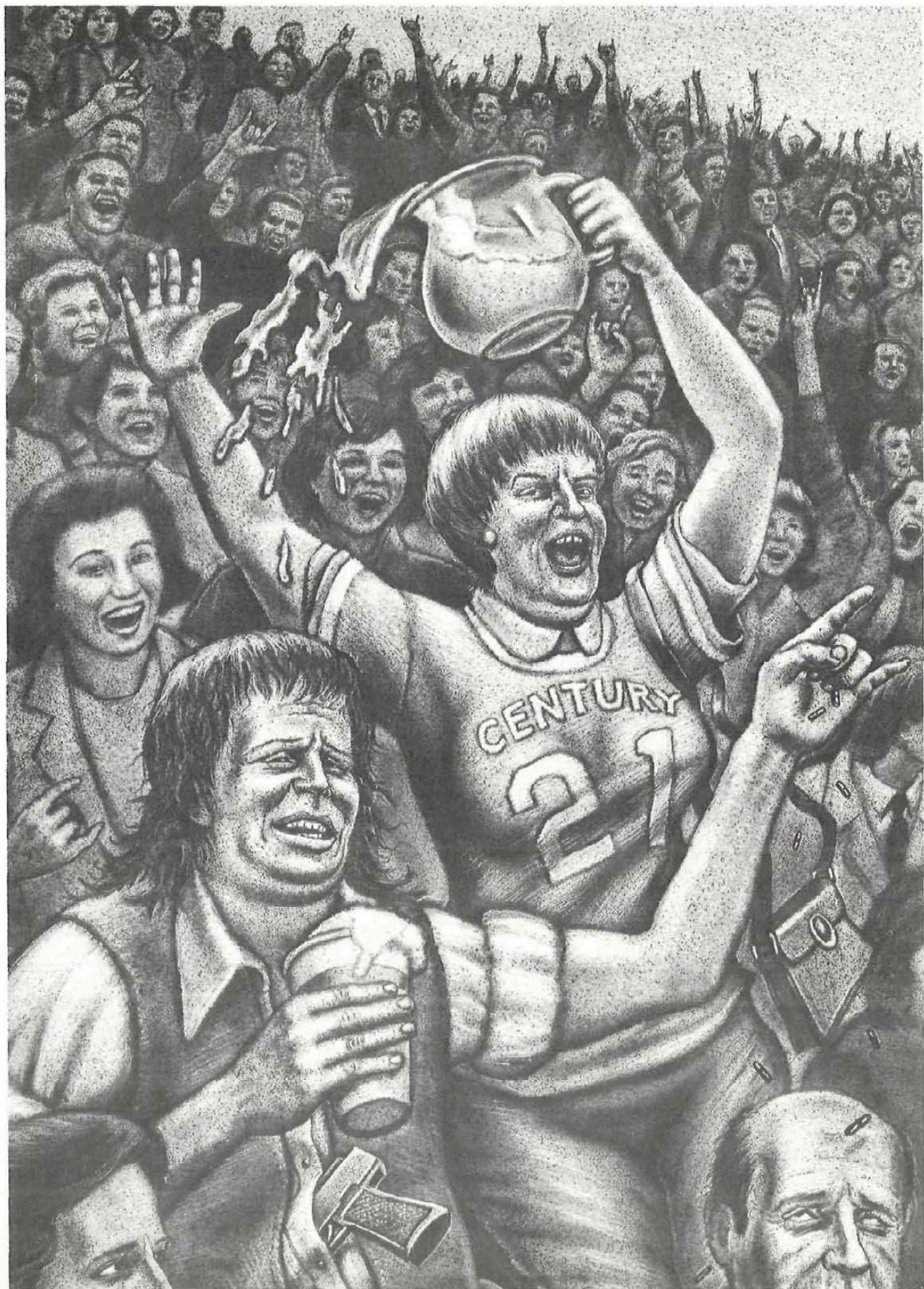
FUJIN

Raymond de Berge is a biker, turned hippie, turned convicted felon, turned thirty-nine years old, who looks like an endomorphic Charles Manson and earns his living wholesaling Methedrine and burgled pills to a network of equally hopeless, lowborn scum in Austin, Texas. I first met him during a visit to the squalid home of Barry Pennington, an old college acquaintance who lost his job and wife five years ago when he became habituated to Quaaludes.

Barry answered the door with a corroded, second-hand Fender Telecaster strapped over his shoulder and a harmonica crimped between his molars like a cigar. He was drugged and badly groomed. "Hey..." was all Barry could manage for a greeting before the harmonica fell out of his mouth and his speech system shut down. I made my way to his couch while Barry raked the floor beneath it for the harmonica and a sloppy, battered woman in her mid thirties danced around the living room to "Strung Out" by James Crawford, one of the original Famous Flames. Her name was Gwen, and I could tell from the doughy, distended, and scarred condition of the skin between her frayed halter top and cutoff Levi's that some cursed fetus had been forced to live beneath it until one or another government agency paid to have the creature delivered. The unmistakable musk of

and the night
Raymond de Berge
and Pudgy
McFarland yelled
out their guts at a
University of
Texas football
game while
de Berge's two
illegitimate
children and their
mother slept
outside in a
stolen bus

BY TOD CARROLL



ILLUSTRATED BY ED SOYKA

welfare leaked from Gwen's person like oil from an old van.

"Come on, Barry... give me another 'lude, huh?" she whined, contorting her face to a highly Negro passage in the music. A sudden crash from the kitchen interfered with Barry's concentration. I got up and looked through a doorway; a friend of Barry's called "Plant" was on his hands and knees in front of the refrigerator, trying to remove miniature powdered-sugar donuts from a plastic bag. Barry's drugs had reduced Plant's hands to pawlike trawls, which he used to pull several shelves onto the floor and sort through a pile of spilled food raccoon-style until he located the donuts.

I snatched a can of beer from the linoleum and asked Barry what he'd been doing since 1971. "Lude?" he responded, *after discovering a trove of them in his T-shirt pocket*. "I...want...one," Plant drawled, then scurried into the living room on all fours and repeated himself. His face and hands were blotched with confectioner's sugar, and a wet clot of donut was attached to his lower lip. "Come on," Gwen slurred after she danced to Barry and threw her arms around him, "where's...my...lude?" "I wanna...lude," Plant demanded from the floor simultaneously, just before Raymond de Berge kicked in the front door, lunged into the room, set his feet, and swiveled his head in wild jerks as if he expected danger from all sides. Raymond had been on a four-day amphetamine jag; his eyes were severely disorganized and his hair was oilier and crazier than hair ever gets on the head of a person who is not insane.

"I wanna know what's goin' on here!" Raymond snarled between mad inhalations that whistled spittle between his lips and teeth. "Something's really fucked up here, and I'm fuckin' pissed off about it!" Gwen reasserted her grip on Barry and spoke to Raymond as if he were not dangerous and not terrifying, which he was. "We're just havin' fun...okay?" Barry strained to extend a pill in Raymond's direction. "Lude?" he asked. "I...wanna...lude," Plant reiterated, climbing up Gwen's leg toward the source. Raymond slapped Barry's hand away and hooked Gwen by the back of her decomposing halter top. "I don't want you givin' her any more of those Quaaludes," he railed two or three inches from Barry's face. "'Cause I'm tellin' you, you're fuckin' up, man. That's all there is to it, man, and I ain't gonna stand for it, you understand?" It was not apparent that Barry did, or that Raymond considered the taking of his point sufficient reason to stop shouting it.

He was interrupted by the doorbell and mewling calls for "Daddy" from the front porch. "Trick or treat, Daddy? Where's the trick or treats, Daddy?" Raymond dragged Gwen to the door by her halter top and reduced his voice to a level that would be reasonable for ordering movie tickets through a Plexiglas screen—this was Raymond's amphetamine version of a private conversation. "I had to get the little ones in their costumes while you been over here gettin' fucked up. What kinda fuckin' mother does that make you, huh?" Raymond generally referred to his children as "little ones," a crude tenderness he affected to offset the hawking of low forms of drugs at age thirty-nine, the strong-arming of eight hundred and fifty dollars from five 7-Elevens at age thirty-six, and a homicide in between.

Gwen opened the door and the two illegitimate progeny

of her former life under the same evaporative cooler vent with Raymond de Berge wandered into the living room disguised as the type of beings one would expect to proceed from the mind of the man previously described. Raymond bent his mouth into a disturbing smile and coaxed the children to the center of the floor. "Come on, little ones," he prodded in a juvenile dialect several years more juvenile than the kids, "show Barry and his friends your Halloween costumes!" Barry struggled to frame a comment. "Okay...okay..." he slavered, "what are you?"

Raymond and Gwen's children tittered and turned away their faces, half out of shyness and half out of brain damage. Misha was eight and presumably a cat. Raymond had drawn three or four dozen whiskers across her cheeks with a ballpoint pen and covered her neck and forehead with tufts from a shag bath mat. Two aluminum-foil triangles were taped to her ears for cat ears and more foil was crushed into a six-inch shaft and clipped to the small of her back for a tail. Raymond further boosted the felinity by converting Misha's feet into paws with short strips of electrician's tape arranged on her toes.

The other child, Toby, was three years old and styled as a combination Johnny Appleseed and shark, to the extent that a child with an aluminum-foil fin attached to his spine and a dirty pan on his head may be considered to have been styled.

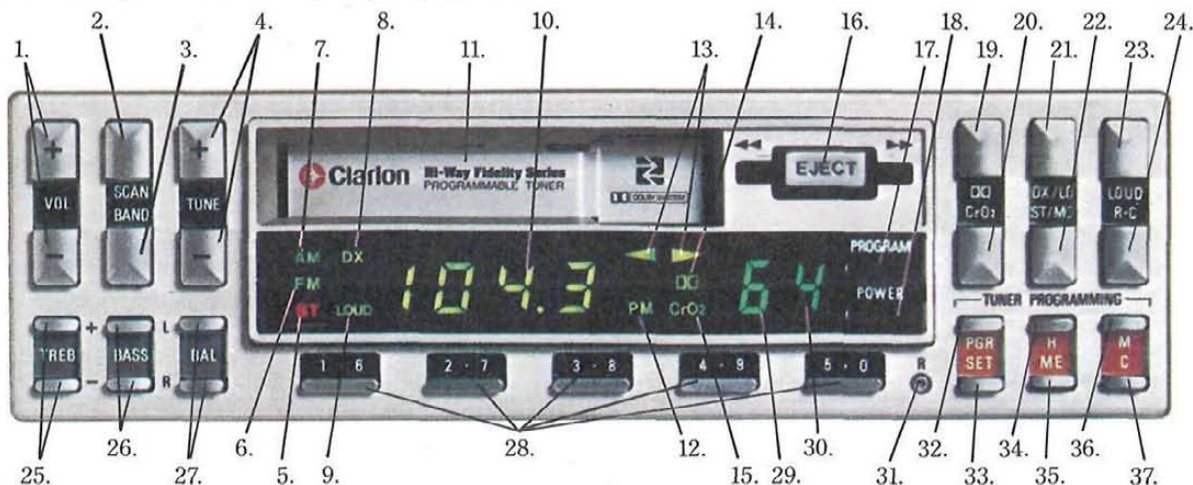
"Gimme...another...lude," Plant blurted as he fought to reposition himself closer to Barry's supply of pills. Raymond continued to showcase the children until Gwen turned white and began hyperventilating in a ball on the floor. Then he became instantly hazardous and forced Barry into a stuffed chair. "See. What'd I tell you, man?" Raymond bellowed while hovering over Barry's head. "I told you not to give her no more of those fuckin' 'ludes. 'Ludes you shoulda sold, man, 'cause I didn't wanna have to bring it up in front of everybody, man, but you're fuckin' behind, Barry. You're fuckin' behind to me about three hundred and fifty dollars, man." Raymond's volume was climbing.

Toby bent over his mother on the floor and whispered, "Is Barry gonna give us candy, huh?" while Barry slowly opened an empty wallet and displayed it to Raymond. "Well, you better fuckin' get on the ball," Raymond screamed, "because I'm about ready to put you in a bad place, fucker." I decided to intervene by laboriously restating the positions of both parties in hopes that five or ten minutes of soothing, even-toned noise would calm Raymond, like a dog, and dispose him to an invitation to take my place with a group of Century 21 realtors who had asked me to ride their chartered party bus to the Texas-Oklahoma game that night in Texas Stadium. Raymond was unaccustomed to rational people talking fluently and rationally to him, so he read my conversation as a caring gesture, and was moved. "Hey, Barry, your friend really talks to me good," he said with clumsy and primitive effusion, looking back and forth between Barry's lolling head and me. "You're really, really good people for explainin' things like you did. Right, Barry?"

Barry grunted a concurrence and Raymond forced the moment to a personal, emotional zenith by withdrawing a handful of forty or fifty "black beauties" from his pocket and presenting them to me as a symbol of camaraderie and gratitude. I reacted warmly and with gushing humility. "So many, Raymond. Please, I can't possibly take so many." He was insistent, and although Raymond was offering me the

continued on page 81

1. Volume Control Buttons 2. Scan and Hold Button 3. AM/FM Band Switch 4. Manual Tuning Buttons 5. Stereo Indicator Light 6. FM Indicator Light 7. AM Indicator Light 8. Local Distance Indicator Light 9. Loudness Indicator Light 10. Digital Display (Frequency, Clock) 11. Tape Slot Door 12. Clock PM Indicator Light 13. Tape Program Indicator 14. Dolby NR Indicator Light 15. Tape Selector Indicator Light 16. FF/REW Lever and Eject Button 17. Tape Program Button 18. Power On/Off Switch 19. Dolby NR Switch 20. Tape Selector Switch 21. DX/Local Switch 22. Stereo Mono Switch 23. Loudness Switch 24. Program Reserve/Cancel Button 25. Treble Control Buttons 26. Bass Control Buttons 27. Balance Control Buttons 28. AM (1-5) and FM (6-0) Pre-Set Buttons 29. Pre-Set Number Indicator Light 30. Program Number Indicator Light 31. Reset Button 32. Program Mode Start and Number Button 33. Pre-Set Number Setting and Time Calibration Button 34. Program Hour Setting & Hour Correction Button 35. Pre-Set and Program Memory Button 36. Program Minute Setting and Minute Correction Button 37. Program Clear and Frequency Display Button.



“Is \$900 for the first fully programmable car radio too cheap?”

Clarion asked Ed Bott, Hi-Fi Editor of *Oui Magazine* if \$900 for their new PE959A is too expensive.

Bott smiled, then answered, “You should have asked me is \$900 for the first fully programmable car radio *too cheap?*”

Interesting. At that price, you might expect to find a lot of flash and gimmickry in Clarion’s PE959A. You won’t. Clarion never went in for gimmicks.

What you do get is the world’s first fully programmable car radio with 37 separate functions that balance and integrate perfectly into one masterful technologically-advanced chassis.

With Clarion’s PE959A, you sit back while it switches automatically to the stations and times you’ve pre-programmed. That means you can listen to your favorite stereo music, then to a timely traffic report, to a sporting event, to a news commentary — without ever having to take your hands off the wheel.

And though it looks and acts like your own private computer, the PE959A will fit virtually every car because the front

plate snaps on like a circuit board. It also provides a quick connect DIN plug for fast installation with Clarion or other external amplifiers.

A technological breakthrough? Of course. Because being first is a way of life for Clarion. Clarion developed the first under-dash tape player; the first Equalizer Booster combination; the first cassette auto reverse mechanism; the first separately mounted three way speaker system; the legendary Magi-Tune™ FM section that beat 9 of its leading competitors for both selectivity and sensitivity under what noted author Bob Angus called “the most demanding test track I can imagine for car stereos.” And Clarion stands behind its entire line of radio and tape players with the best overall warranty of any major car stereo manufacturer.

There’s little question with audiophiles that the new PE959A is a great investment—even at \$900. And that today, when quality is hard to come by at any price, the same value permeates every aspect of Clarion’s business, from the middle range products right up to the top of the line.

The PE959A at \$900? Buy two.

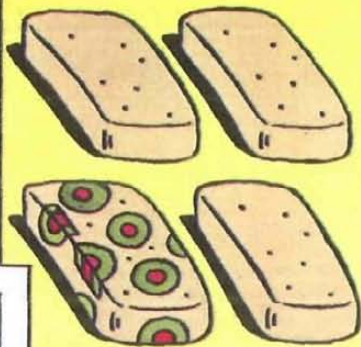


Clarion
QUALITY FOR THE MAGIC IN MUSIC

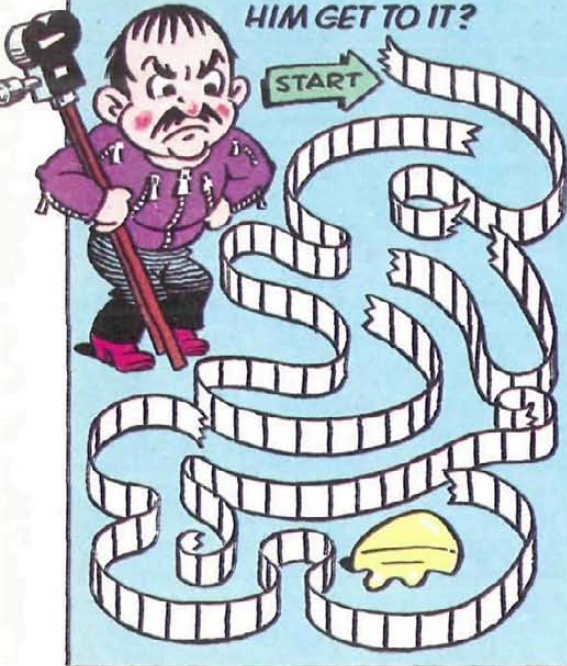
FUN for the Sophisticated

by Ron Barrett

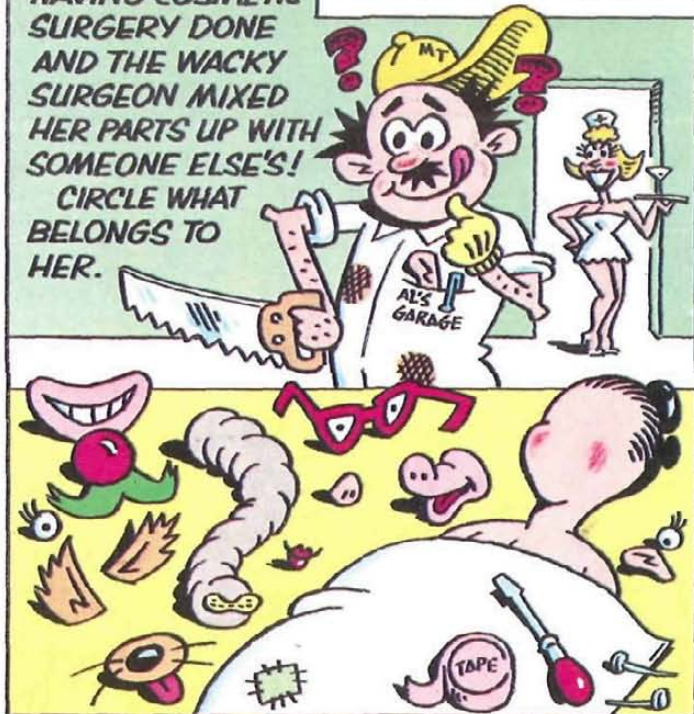
WHICH PATÉ DOES NOT BELONG? CAN YOU TELL?



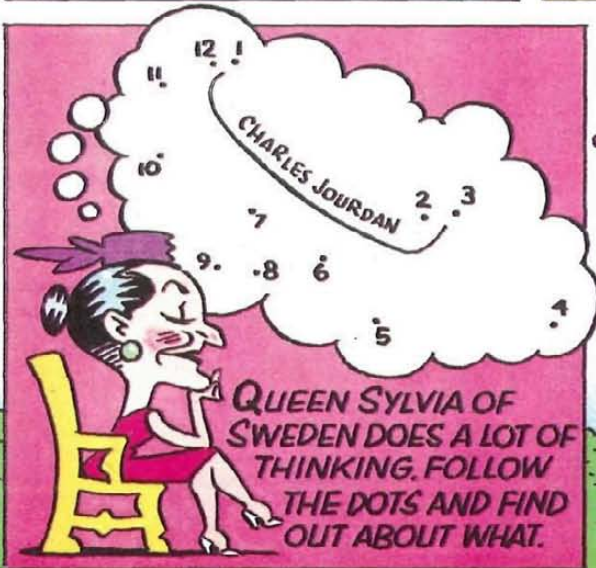
GOSH! RAINER WERNER FASSBINDER LEFT HIS BRIE AMONGST THE OUTTAKES OF HIS NEW MOVIE! CAN YOU HELP HIM GET TO IT?



OOOPS! GLORIA VANDERBILT IS HAVING COSMETIC SURGERY DONE AND THE WACKY SURGEON MIXED HER PARTS UP WITH SOMEONE ELSE'S! CIRCLE WHAT BELONGS TO HER.



CHARLES JOURDAN

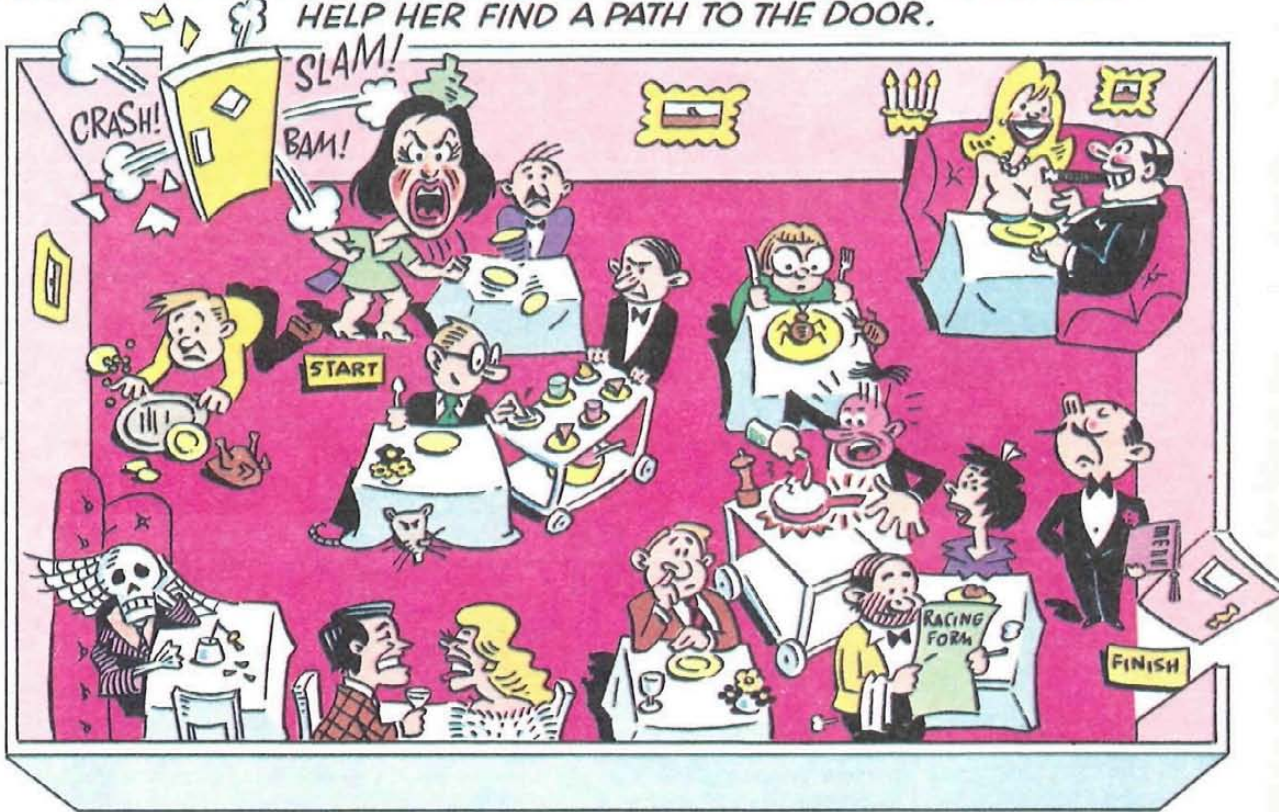


QUEEN SYLVIA OF SWEDEN DOES A LOT OF THINKING. FOLLOW THE DOTS AND FIND OUT ABOUT WHAT.

POOR BARYSHNIKOV! HIS CROISSANT IS HIDING AMONGST THE TOPIARY ANIMALS! CAN YOU FIND IT FOR HIM?



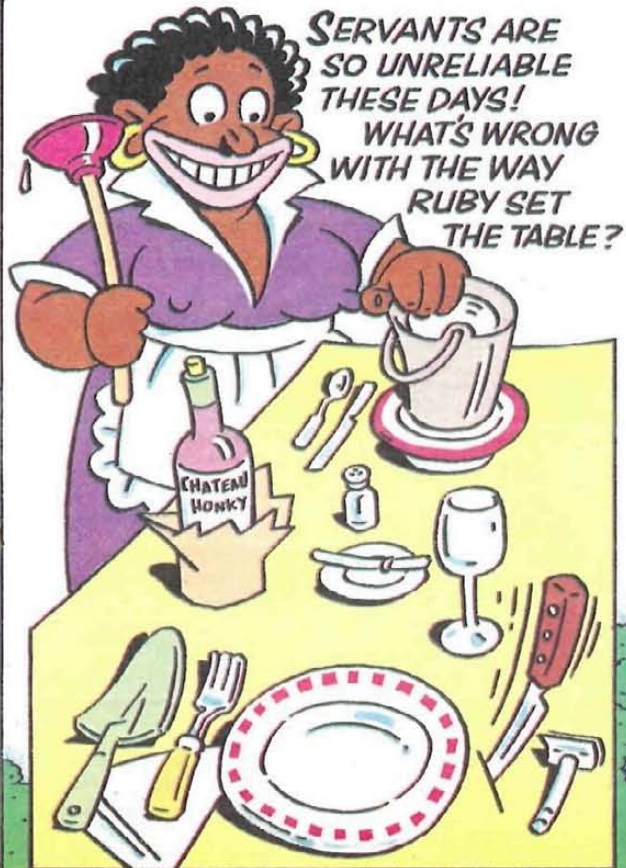
CHRISTINA ONASSIS AND HER ESCORT HAVE BEEN GIVEN A TABLE NEAR THE KITCHEN AT LE CYGNE. SHE HAS DECIDED TO WALK OUT. HELP HER FIND A PATH TO THE DOOR.

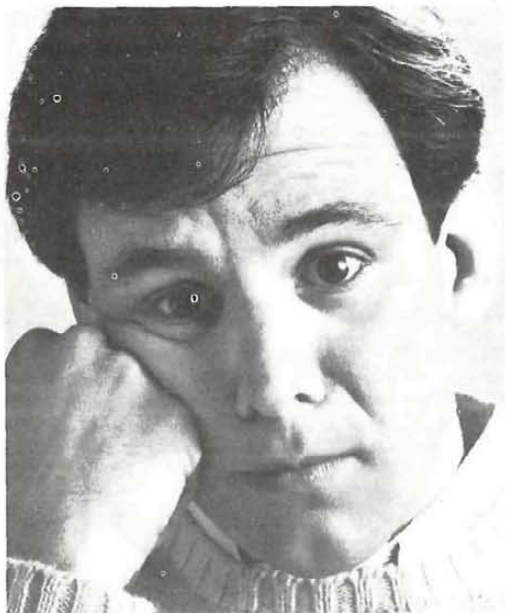


SACRÉ VACHE! GIVENCHY'S SPRING COLLECTION HAS FALLEN APART AT THE SEAMS! DRAW LINES TO MATCH UP THE PIECES.



SERVANTS ARE SO UNRELIABLE THESE DAYS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WAY RUBY SET THE TABLE?





“...but it sounded sensational in the store.”

You've just invested \$800 in the hi-fidelity system of your dreams. Now it's turning into a nightmare. Where has the sound gone? The sound that sold you on the system? The answer is all around you.

What a difference a room makes.

Hi-fidelity systems are made to exact specifications. But, those specifications don't include your room dimensions and "personality": i.e., drapes, carpeting, ceiling height, etc. And, they all affect the sound your system ultimately delivers.

How ADC Sound Shaper® equalizers custom-tailor sound.

In a nutshell, ADC Sound Shaper® equalizers segment the audio frequency range and adjust the level of each segment to achieve the sound you want. And, unlike the basic "tone control," an equalizer can balance even the most difficult midrange frequencies.

An ADC Sound Shaper not only eliminates distortion caused by your room, it will actually improve the sound quality of your speakers, eliminate or reduce rumble, hiss and surface noise

from even your old "goodies," improve record, tape and broadcast quality and, in the case of the Sound Shaper Two, allow you to make and dub studio-quality tapes without a studio.

Re-mix records while you listen.

A recording engineer mixes and balances music based on his ears. Which may mean that you don't hear what you want to hear.

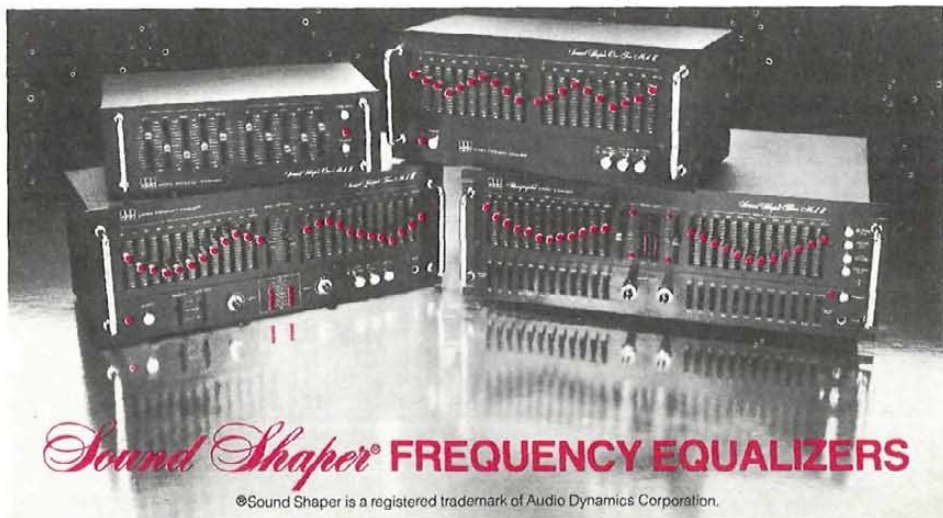
With an ADC Sound Shaper, you can. Want more vocal and less instrumentation? — You can have it. It's easy. And, the LED-lit slide controls available on most models make it even easier, because you can visually plot the equalization curve.

There's an ADC Sound Shaper to suit your taste...and your wallet.

ADC makes several different Sound Shapers. Everything from the basic Sound Shaper One, to our top-of-the-line Sound Shaper Three, the *Paragraphic*™ equalizer.

For more information, just look for the "Custom-Tailored Sound" display at fine audio stores everywhere.

Custom-Tailored Sound



Sound Shaper® FREQUENCY EQUALIZERS

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BY
P.J. O'ROURKE

FOOLING AROUND

*And that dismal cry rose slowly
And sank slowly through the air,
Full of spirit's melancholy
And eternity's despair!
And they heard the words it said—
PAN IS DEAD—GREAT PAN IS DEAD—
PAN, PAN IS DEAD.*

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

...fun, fun, fun 'til daddy takes the T-bird away.

—The Beach Boys



When I was in college I had a friend, Bill Forrester, who was a godlike character. That is, he was godlike in considering the entire of existence, substance and force, as his plaything. Also, he was kindly, merciful,

and unomnipotent enough to suit any modern theologian. But mostly he was a goof. He liked to, as he put it, "goof people out." He liked to put pet-store turtles in cafeteria soup. He liked to squirt his dog on the muzzle with menthol shaving cream, turn it loose in a crowd, and yell, "Run for your life! Rabid dog!" And he liked to hide in the woods and open fire on Reserve Officer Training Corps drills with a starter's pistol. Sometimes Forrester's pranks went awry. The turtles caused an outbreak of salmonella. Some hero on the track team tackled the dog and broke its little neck. And one of the panicked ROTC squad eventually became a National Guard platoon commander and, so I'm told, was last heard from at Kent State in May of 1970. But Forrester was constitutionally unable to let things alone. He decided on an antipathy to our school's philosophy department. Forrester hated philosophy of any stripe. He picked an adlepatated professor of this subject, a Dr.

Norris, and concocted, in the doctor's name, an abstruse, unreadable, and wholly fallacious essay on existential truth values, postulating a subjective logical positivism that could be demonstrated by means of a five-dimensional set theory. He was assisted by a computer programmer friend, Bolo Henderson, who produced a hundred printout pages of dense and impressive mathematical symbols that actually pertained to the town's sewer assessment. Forrester sent this thing off to whatever kind of publication it is that prints this kind of thing, and they printed it. Apparently it chimed in with the fashions of the time. Dr. Norris was acclaimed, invited to lecture on the subject, given tenure, and, a couple of years later, made head of the department. Dr. Norris was the only real philosopher Connorsville State College had ever attracted, and it was thought he had to be kept at any cost. The cost was enormous. He turned out to be a wild alcoholic with a particular sexual affection for newsboys. He would teach no afternoon classes because he had to assist these lads in delivering the evening paper, which he did by chauffeuring them around in his old Packard while he wore nothing but jockey shorts and drank from a thermos of Scotch. He took to sporting a bright orange wig hat and a quilted housecoat at faculty meetings. He insisted on attending every fraternity initiation. And when the campus was relandscaped he refused to give up his accustomed parking spot, and, even now, his rusted two-toned Caribbean convertible is parked every morning in the middle of a greensward. Lithium treatments have helped, but he still runs around the campus at dawn dressed in women's underwear.

Sometimes Forrester's pranks gave pain to Forrester himself. He had an old Volkswagen and liked to have his friend Norm Jefferies, who was a paratrooper just back from Vietnam, drive him around while he stood up through the sun-roof naked except for Jefferies's parachute pack and a pair of ski goggles. He'd ride back and forth through the town at night, shining a big dry-cell flashlight at pretty girls. One



night he saw a girl who was prettier than most. The prettiest girl he'd ever seen, he claimed, and he pulled the rip cord. The car was going about forty miles an hour when the chute opened and Forrester was pulled out the sunroof in a cloud of camouflaged nylon. There was a lot of explaining to be done in the emergency room, and the police were pestered all night by reports of a man from Mars.

Sometimes people would take one of Forrester's tricks and turn it to their advantage. He was managing a little grocery store and carryout for a while and discovered that the aerosol can of a certain plum-whip dessert topping was charged by nitrous oxide. If you set the can upright and let the contents settle, then put your lips around the nozzle, you could get one or two lungfuls of that drug. Forrester alerted his friends and they were soon buying plum whip by the case. The dessert-topping salesman was amazed and told the district sales manager about this tiny grocery on the wrong side of a small town selling five, six hundred dollars worth of their product every month. The sales manager visited Forrester and asked him his secret. "I'm an amateur master chef," said Forrester, and he improvised what he said were just a few of the marvelous recipes he had concocted using the company's dessert topping. "For instance," Forrester told the man, "when a lady's checking out, I will say to her, 'Excuse me, ma'am, but I see you don't have any plum whip here. Have you tried plum whip on bologna sandwiches? The kids will love it! Or if it's a man, I'll say, 'Hey, no plum whip? Goes great with gin!'" The sales manager thought Forrester was crazy, but whatever he was doing worked, so he invited Forrester, for a fee, to travel around the state addressing meetings of route men and sales representatives on how to sell more plum whip. Forrester composed a lecture describing all sorts of plum-whip recipes: plum-whip salad dressing, plum-whip pepper steak, deviled plum-whip eggs, fish in plum-whip aspic, jellied veal mousse with plum whip, etc. The salesmen listened, incredulous. Then after the lecture, when Forrester could speak to the salesmen privately in ones and twos, he'd tell them that this was all bullshit and that the real secret of selling all this plum whip was that people were using it for sex, squirting it on each other's genitals and licking it off and so on. "Tell the grocers to give cute girls a couple of sly suggestions," he said. Plum-whip sales soared and Forrester paid for a semester's tuition with the lecture money, but all across Ohio that year there were grocery

clerks being arrested for a sexual offense that was never well defined in the press.

Sometimes Forrester's raileries were inspired by a sense of justice. Connersville was in a "dry" county, and the only liquor that could be sold legally there was beer with an alcoholic content of less than 3.2 percent. The market was flooded with horrible local brands that met this specification, the worst and most prevalent of which was Knuckle-meyer's Pilsner Supreme. It was evil swill, and some bars served nothing else. The Knucklemeyer people offered, at nominal cost, a tour of their brewery in nearby Cincinnati. The most important feature of the tour was all you could drink in their brewery tavern. Forrester chartered a bus at his own expense and then spent a week rounding up the town's worst and most violent drunks (not counting his friends). He put them all on the bus to the brewery and stocked it with twenty cases of the beer in question. The last we saw of the vehicle, it was rolling out of town with its occupants all standing on the seats peeing out the windows, so that it looked like a gigantic sprinkler truck. I don't know what happened next. The bus never came back and only a couple of the drunks ever returned to town, and shortly afterward Knucklemeyer's ceased to be sold in Connersville.

Forrester kept house in a big old ramshackle run-down place in the middle of town, and any number of people lived there with him, depending on who had lately been evicted by a landlord or thrown out by a girl friend or wife. Forrester's idea of a household was to have a party seven days a week around the clock. Someone was always awake drinking or taking drugs, and there was no telling who might be screwing whom or what in any bed at any time. Forrester put notices on all the bulletin boards in town, offering his dining room free to any band that wanted to practice, so that there would always be music, preferably amplified by electricity. And in the middle of the most lubricious bacchanal, you could count on tripping over the patch cords of some earnest future Herman's Hermits. Forrester was almost immune to sleep, and he would pop in and out of the house thinking up things to do and sponsoring events such as a town-wide bicycle-thieving contest, which collected forty bicycles in his kitchen and resulted in a mammoth indoor bicycle race from the kitchen, through the rock band, into the living room and up the stairs, down the hall, out the bathroom window, around the veranda roof, and back, the winner being the first one to drink the pitcher of Mai-Tais in the refrigerator. Forrester missed a turn at the top of the stairs and went through a stained-glass casement and into the driveway below. The bicycle was ruined.

Forrester, when sufficiently drunk, believed that certain transformations were possible. I think that's what he believed. Sometimes he would get in a fight with his girl friend, a very serious type, and he would hide. But the way



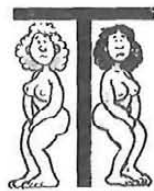
he would hide was that he'd sit down in the middle of the living-room floor with a jug bottle of wine and say, "I'm hiding." It was convincing in an odd way. At least, it seemed to work. Forrester once decided that if he went outside very quickly and climbed up on a windowsill and pecked back in, he'd be able to see himself having fun. But his foot slipped, or his hands did, and he fell in through the windowpanes and fell over the top of the people on the couch and landed face first in a coffee-tableful of highball glasses. Another time Forrester decided he was a woolly spider monkey and climbed a neighbor's sixty-foot TV antenna. This upset the neighbor, the more so because spider monkeys have no sphincter control. But when Forrester got to the top of the antenna it occurred to him that he wasn't really a woolly spider monkey after all and, besides, he had a morbid fear of heights. He was up there all night alternating between identities, paralyzed with terror when he was Forrester and obstinately enjoying himself when he was a monkey, swinging around and pissing and shitting, deaf to the lure of mixed nuts or spoiled fruit. The fire department's ladders wouldn't reach him and the power company finally had to come get him with a cherry-picker crane. Forrester wrapped his arms and legs around the neck of the foreman and bit him on top of the head.



Every Sunday at Forrester's house those of us who were conscious would take brooms and begin to sweep, sweeping up cigarette butts and condoms and wine bottles and hamburger wrappers and beer cans, most of all beer cans, hundreds and hundreds of beer cans. We'd start in the attic and sweep around prostrate forms and strange piles of bedding and the remains of furniture, and we'd sweep through the house, down the stairs, and into the living room, where there was a trapdoor that went down to a dirt-floored cellar some eight feet deep. Into this cellar hole we'd sweep all the beer cans and other litter. When Forrester rented the house in the fall of 1966 the cellar was empty and by the spring of 1967 it was full to the floorboards.

Eventually the situation at Forrester's house went out of control. There was too long a period of constant riot. Norm Jefferies and Bolo Henderson got into a fight on the porch one night and were rolling around strangling and hammering each other. Forrester hated to see a fight and tried to break it up with a wet mop. When that didn't work he borrowed someone's pick-up and backed it through the porch rail and used the mop handle to lever Norm and Bolo into the bed. I don't know why he did this, and when he'd done it he didn't know either. It didn't stop the fight. So he just drove around town with the two of them fighting in the back. It was like the advance wagon for a circus menagerie. On another night there was a mantle-jumping contest. The point of it being to see how far people could jump from the mantle, to see whether they could jump all the way to the couch. Which they could, but the couch legs punched through the floor and broke a water line that was never fixed. The cellar full of beer cans was shot through with running water so that a sort of litter quicksand developed, very treacherous to the step. And after that there was no water in the house. Forrester tried to take a bath in beer, but it was no good, though you could flush the toilets with what was left in a warm keg. Norm Jefferies was staying with Forrester then, until he could find a job that involved destroying things. And on one of the rare occasions when Forrester slept, Norm went down to the black part of town and stole a chicken and came back and threw it under For-

rester's down quilt and then sicced his pet German shepherd, Joker, on the flapping lump in the bedclothes. Forrester woke up, he said, in the middle of an enormous ball of blood and goose down and chicken and snarling vicious dog. He had to go explain himself at the emergency room once again and get the feathers raked out of his cuts and bites. Several nights later there were a hundred people or so in the house. One of them was a small personable homosexual named Dale who was being teased by two large girls from Cincinnati. One of them got Dale in a half nelson and pulled him down to the floor, then flipped him over and sat on his chest, her fat legs pinning his arms, while the other girl got his pants down and mouthed him into an erection. Then she pulled her skirt up and raped him. Contrary to the street-corner psychiatry offered by some of the onlookers, this did nothing to change Dale's attitude toward women. Also, the abuse of drugs in the house was flagrant, unconcealed, and began to attract the attention of some of the students at the college who were eager to try those drugs themselves. One member of the golf team showed up of an evening and wanted to buy LSD. Forrester gave him a vitamin B-12 capsule and the kid convinced himself into a kind of a fit. Jefferies knocked him down on the bare springs of a fold-up daybed and then folded the bed up around him and rolled it on its casters out the front door and off the porch. The drugs also attracted the attention of the police, who tried to keep the house under surveillance. Forrester said he had the only place in town where the garbage was picked up by a black sedan. But this wasn't true. There were too many big old houses in the town with too many young layabouts living in them, and they all looked alike, and it was actually Bolo Henderson's house the police had under surveillance, though they thought it was Forrester's. There were no drugs for sale at Forrester's house. Drugs were too readily consumed there for retail stockpiling. Henderson's house, however, was the source of narcotics for nearly the whole town.



The police had heard complaints about this Forrester guy and about what they thought was his house, and when they saw all the blinkers and stumblers coming in and out they were sure they had a premises of ill repute, which they did, but the wrong one. Anyway, they raided Henderson and surrounded his house with police cars and broke down the door and started finding kilos of marijuana and jars full of barbiturates and packages of methamphetamine and hypodermic needles and everything else you can imagine. And every time they found something they'd hoot and run outside and put it in a squad car and smile. Then they'd rush back inside to look for more. Quite a crowd of us began to gather outside the police lines, and when we looked up at the house we saw something that the police were too busy to see. That was Bolo Henderson hiding on the porch roof, hunkered down on the shingles and pressed against the side of the building, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. Every so often the police would come up to us and say, "Where's this Forrester guy? Any of you seen him?" and so on. And people in the crowd would say that that wasn't Forrester's house they were searching and that he didn't live there, but the police would say, "Sure he doesn't," or, "Right," or, "Shut up and go to hell." And all the while Forrester was standing in this crowd watching, and watching

continued on page 95



The only way to top our T-shirt deal is with our hats.

Copenhagen
IT SATISFIES

A pinch is all it takes!



And quite a deal it is! For only \$3.95 each, we'll send you an original Skoal or Copenhagen T-shirt or hat. Just fill out and mail the coupon below and soon everyone will know that you'd rather "go smokeless."

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Please send me the following hat(s) or T-shirt(s). I have enclosed \$3.95 (check or money order only) for each item ordered. Florida residents, add 4% sales tax. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

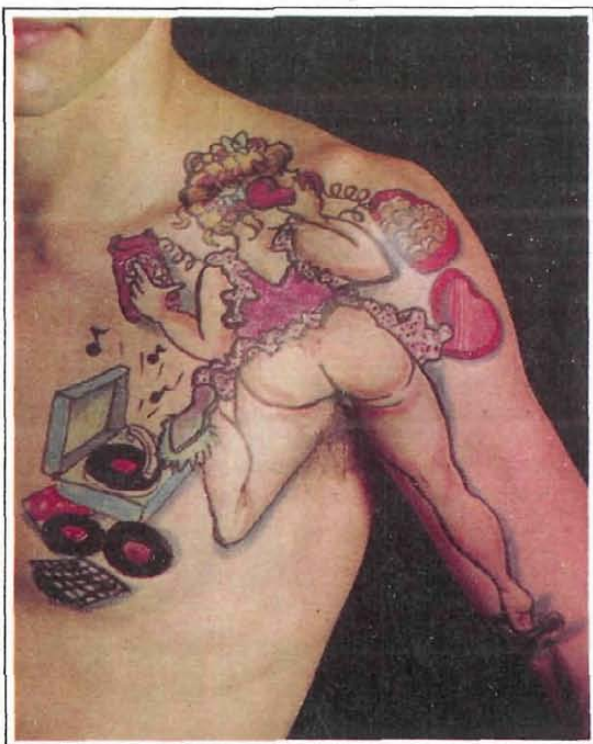
Items	Description	Quantity				Total Cost
Hat @ \$3.95 each (One Size Fits All)	COPENHAGEN					
Hat @ \$3.95 each (One Size Fits All)	SKOAL					
		Sm.	Med.	Lg.	X-Lg.	
T-shirt @ \$3.95 each	COPENHAGEN					
T-shirt @ \$3.95 each	SKOAL					
Please Print:						Total

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

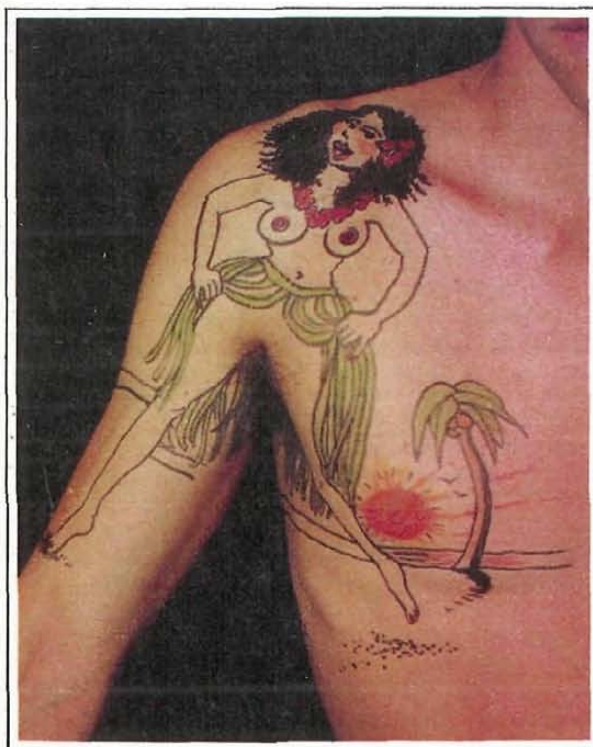
Smokeless Tobacco. A pinch is all it takes!™

F U N • T A T T O O S

by Shary Flenniken • Photographed by Tony Fitsch



All those chocolates! This naughty girl is developing "secretary spread."



It's Miss Hawaii, showing us her hula!

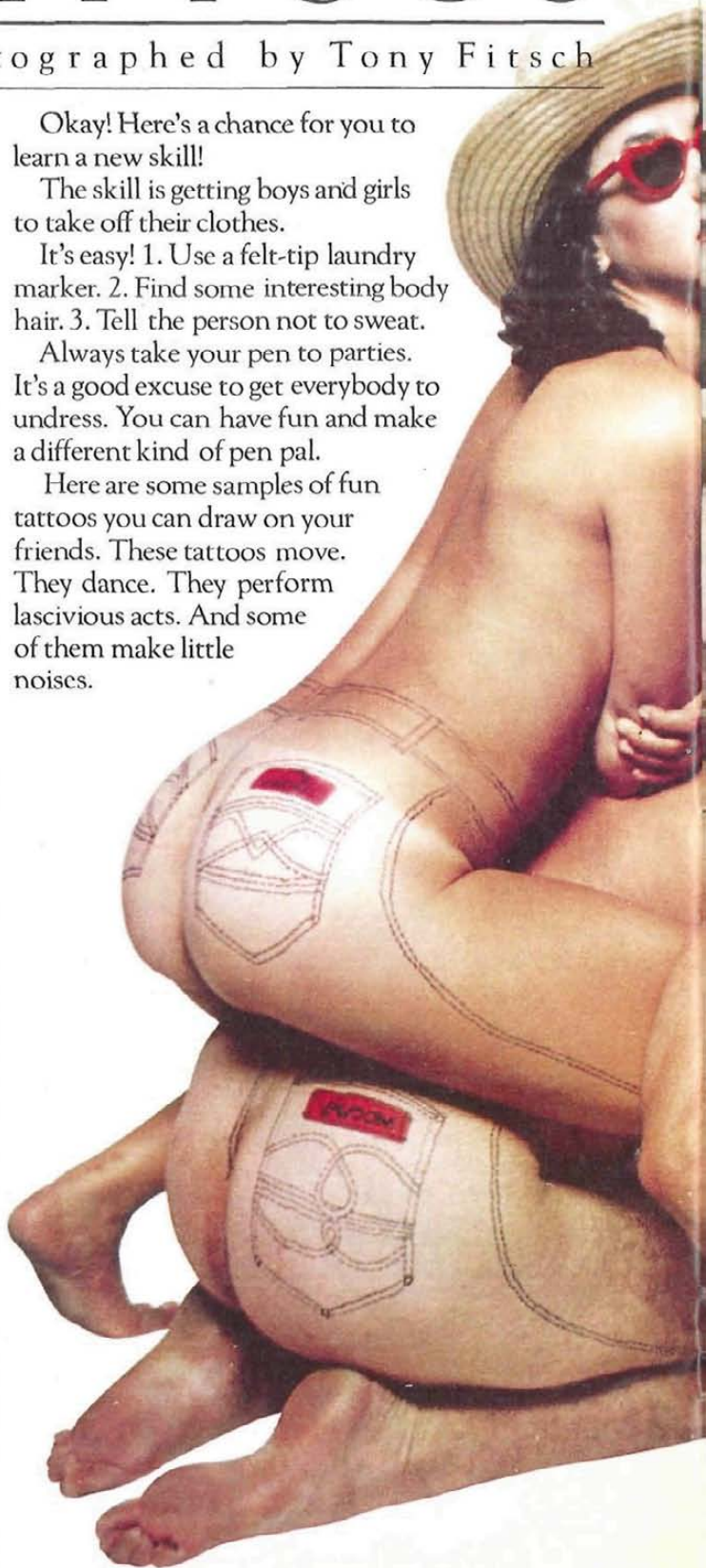
Okay! Here's a chance for you to learn a new skill!

The skill is getting boys and girls to take off their clothes.

It's easy! 1. Use a felt-tip laundry marker. 2. Find some interesting body hair. 3. Tell the person not to sweat.

Always take your pen to parties. It's a good excuse to get everybody to undress. You can have fun and make a different kind of pen pal.

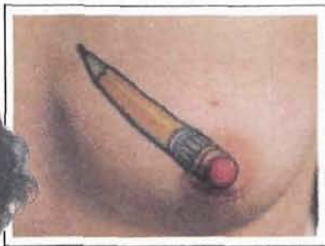
Here are some samples of fun tattoos you can draw on your friends. These tattoos move. They dance. They perform lascivious acts. And some of them make little noises.



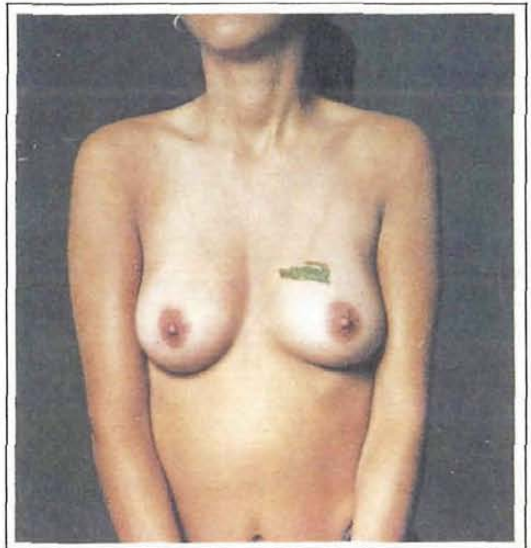
Designer tattoos.



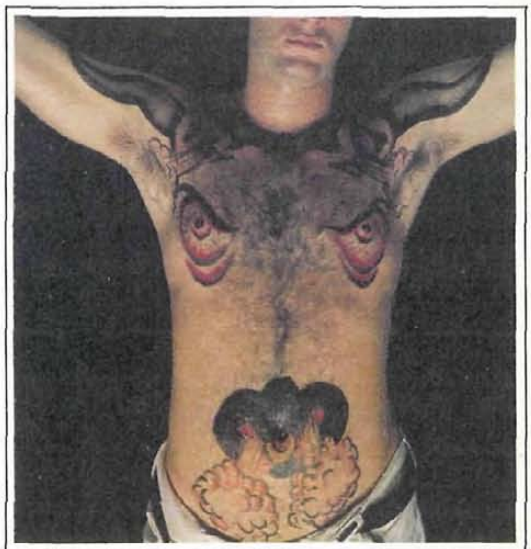
A cold nose means a healthy dog.



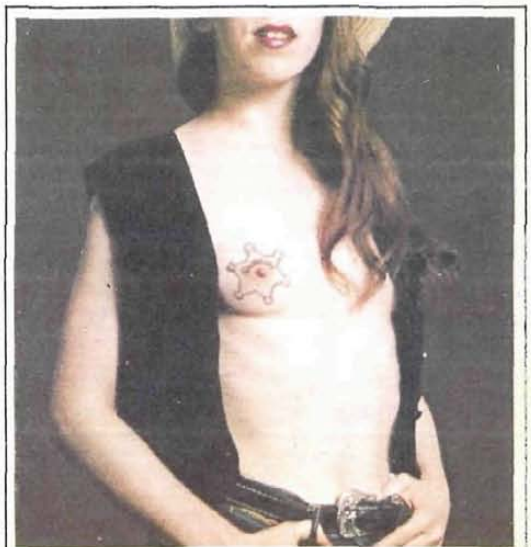
Tit tattoos.



This tattoo is only for very rich girls who play tennis.



This tattoo is for scaring girls and exciting homos.



This is a tough tattoo.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LISTEN.

THE SANSUI 900 SUPER SYSTEM.

Just listen.

Your ears will tell you immediately. Here is sound that's just about as good as it gets. And your eyes will tell you here's styling that's a cut above the rest.

But best of all, here is a sensibly priced complete system of high performance separates that is as easy to use as it is to buy.

All you have to do is plug it in — and enjoy.

C-77 Control Center/Preamplifier with Automatic Fader and Moving Coil Pre-Preamp Unique in offering full stereo mixing with the convenience of an automatic and manual fader for smooth, professional sounding transitions from any connected source to any other, plus a built in pre-preamp for moving-coil cartridges. Variable loudness control.



B-77 LINEAR-A DC Servo Power Amplifier with Spectrum Analyzer and Peak Power Meter. Sensibly rated at 60 watts/channel, min. RMS, both channels into 8 ohms from 20-20,000Hz, with no more than 0.03% THD. Direct-coupled throughout, it features Sansui's exclusive new "Linear A" circuitry for low distortion with high efficiency, along with separate 10-band spectrum analyzer and peak power displays that show just what your system is doing.

T-77 Quartz-PLL Digital Synthesizer FM/AM Tuner with 8 Preset FM/AM Stations and Auto Search Digital Quartz-PLL Synthesizer design, which guarantees the most accurate tuning possible, is the highlight of this extraordinary tuner. Stores up to 8 stations in memory circuits for instant recall.

This system also has a direct/



drive automatic-return FR-D3 turntable with its low 0.028% wow flutter and 72dB S/N ratio.

The attractive audio rack that contains the 900's components has additional space for an optional Sansui metal-tape compatible cassette deck.

Also included are two S-50 12", 3-way loudspeakers specially designed to perfectly match the system's components and fill your listening room with an uncanny amount and quality of music.

If you love great high fidelity, but don't have the patience for a lot of shopping and technical talk, you'll want to see and hear the Sansui 900 Super System. Visit your Sansui dealer and find out how



easy it is to own a top-of-the-line high fidelity system.

The Sansui 900 Super System. All you have to do is listen.

SUPERCOMPO

Sansui

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In Canada: Electronic Distributors



SNUTS

REMEMBER SOMETIMES YOU FIGURED YOU WERE GETTING ALONG PRETTY WELL, BUT OTHER TIMES YOU REALLY WONDERED IF YOU WOULD EVER MANAGE TO GET YOURSELF TOGETHER?

SAVE ME A SEAT, OK? I HAVE TO GET SOME CANDY!

OK!

ALSO STARRING
ROD ASH
ELLE WUTH
RAY

LET'S SEE, I'VE GOT A WHOLE THREE MINUTES TO DECIDE IN. THAT SHOULDN'T BE HARD. A WHOLE THREE MINUTES...

GUREO DRINK

WHICH IS THE ONE WITH THE CRUMBLY PINK STUFF INSIDE?

LET'S SEE, I BETTER NOT HAVE THOSE. I LIKE THEM, BUT THEY ALWAYS MAKE ME SICK. AND BILLY CARR FOUND A PIECE OF RAT SHIT IN ONE OF THESE ONES.

YOU GOT THE PURPLE ONES THAT STICK TOGETHER?

OH, SHIT-- WHY DON'T I EVER PLAN AHEAD?

I'LL HAVE A VUNDERBAR, PLEASE!

WHAT THE HELL...

I'LL HAVE ONE, TOO, PLEASE!

©1980

I ALWAYS JUST MAKE IT.

YOU JUST MADE IT!

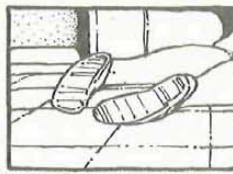
IT'S OK IF YOU DON'T CHEW IT...

A MURDER

RICK GEARY © '80



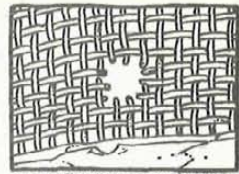
AUG. 13: ANOTHER TERRIBLE HOMICIDE REPORTED IN WICHITA



THE BODY OF A MRS. M— IS DISCOVERED ON THE FLOOR OF HER UTILITY ROOM



A DIVORCED MOTHER OF THREE: SHOT AT LEAST TWICE THRU THE VITALS



A BULLET HOLE FOUND IN THE SCREEN DOOR.— APPARENTLY THE KILLER WAITED OUTSIDE



THE VICTIM SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN FOLDING LAUNDRY AT THE TIME



VIEW OF THE MURDER HOUSE



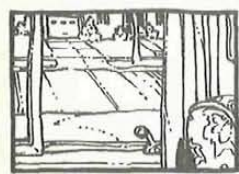
THE THREE CHILDREN, WATCHING TELEVISION, SAW AND HEARD NOTHING



THE SEVEN YEAR OLD THOUGHT HIS MOTHER WAS ASLEEP



NOBODY CAN FIGURE OUT WHY SUCH A CRIME WOULD BE COMMITTED



WAS THE KILLER A PASSING STRANGER OR SOMEONE KNOWN TO THE VICTIM?



SHE LED A QUIET LIFE, OR SO THE NEIGHBORS SAY



A CHECK OF HER ASSOCIATIONS REVEALS NO SECRET LOVERS OR ANYONE WHO WOULD WISH HER ILL



HER EX-HUSBAND LONG AGO REMARRIED AND MOVED TO GARDEN CITY



NO ONE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD CAN RECALL ANY SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY



HOWEVER, TWO ATTENDANTS AT A VICKERS STATION ON 13TH REPORT A STRANGE INCIDENT



THAT AFTERNOON, A MAN IN A '54 FORD PULLED INTO THE STATION



AS HIS CAR WAS FILLED HE PUT MONEY IN THE CIGARETTE MACHINE



BUT THE MACHINE WAS OUT OF ORDER AND RETURNED NO CIGARETTES



IN A FRENZY, THE MAN LIFTED THE MACHINE OVER HIS HEAD



AND THREW IT TO THE PAVEMENT— A FEAT OF SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH!



HE THEN SPED AWAY— WITHOUT TAKING ANY CIGARETTES



NO CONNECTION HAS AS YET BEEN TRACED BETWEEN THE TWO CRIMES



AUG. 14: A PAIR OF TROUSERS ARE DISCOVERED IN A FIELD NEAR THE MURDER SCENE



CITY DETECTIVES ARE TRYING TO TRACE OWNERSHIP THRU THE LAUNDRY MARKINGS



ALSO, A MALE FIGURE IS SEEN DRIPPING WHAT LOOKS LIKE A GUN OFF THE DOUGLAS AVE. BRIDGE



A CASSIE RECALLS HAVING TAKEN A MAN TO THE M— RESIDENCE ON THE DAY BEFORE THE MURDER



HE LATER IDENTIFIES A COMPOSITE DRAWING AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS



MEANWHILE, A PITCAHNER CARRYING TWO REVOLVERS IS APPREHENDED ON WEST 54



BUT HE MUST BE RELEASED: HE CAN PROVE HE WAS IN OFFSHVILLE ON THE DAY OF THE MURDER



AUG. 15: THE COMPOSITE DRAWING IS PUBLISHED IN THE WICHITA EAGLE & BEACON



IN THE EVENING AN ELDERLY MAN IS ARRESTED FOR SPEAKING INCONSIDERATELY TO A POLICE OFFICER



IDENTIFIED AS VIRGIL R.— THIS MAN IS OFTEN SEEN WANDERING THE STREETS OF WEST WICHITA...



AND APPARENTLY MAKES HIS HOME IN THE GOODWILL BOX AT SENEDA AND MLEAN



HE WAS ARRESTED JUST LAST MONTH FOR WRITING BIBLE VERSES IN THE DUST OF CAR WINDOWS



PERSONS AT CORA'S V-BAR SAY HE WAS CARRYING A PISTOL ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MURDER



NO FIREARM CAN BE FOUND ON HIS PERSON OR AMONG HIS BELONGINGS



NEVERTHELESS, MOST FOLKS BELIEVE THE POOR FELLOW HAS A STREAK OF PASSION AND BRUTALITY



"VEDREKA," HE CRIES... (THE TROUSERS FIT PERFECTLY)



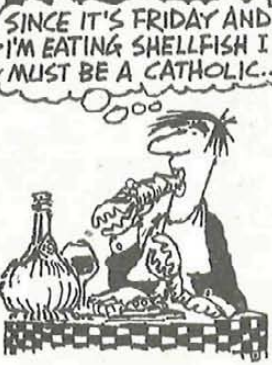
VIRGIL R— IN CUSTODY

Jerry Brown a biography

JERRY BROWN MATERIALIZED ON A FRIDAY AFTERNOON ON FISHERMAN'S WHARF IN SAN FRANCISCO.



FINDING A WALLET IN HIS POCKET WITH \$10 IN IT HE BOUGHT A CRAB DINNER.



AFTER HIS CRAB DINNER, BROWN ENROLLED IN A JESUIT UNIVERSITY. HE CONFOUNDED HIS INSTRUCTORS WITH HIS THEOLOGICAL GENIUS...



ONE NIGHT IN A DREAM A STRANGE FIGURE WITH A PIG NOSE SPOKE TO HIM...



WHEN HE AWOKE THE NEXT MORNING HE SAW THAT HE HAD BEEN ELECTED GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA!



BROWN PROVED TO BE A DYNAMIC GOVERNOR!



HE APPOINTED THE STATE'S FIRST BLACK ALCHEMIST!

HE ALSO NAMED THE STATE'S FIRST SADOMASOCHIST TO THE JUDICIARY. FOLLOWING THE SWEARING-IN CEREMONIES BROWN GRACIOUSLY KICKED HIM DOWN THE STATE HOUSE STEPS.

THEN ONE NIGHT THE FIGURE WITH THE PIG NOSE APPEARED AGAIN IN A DREAM...



UPON AWAKENING, BROWN DASHED FOR THE MORNING PAPER...

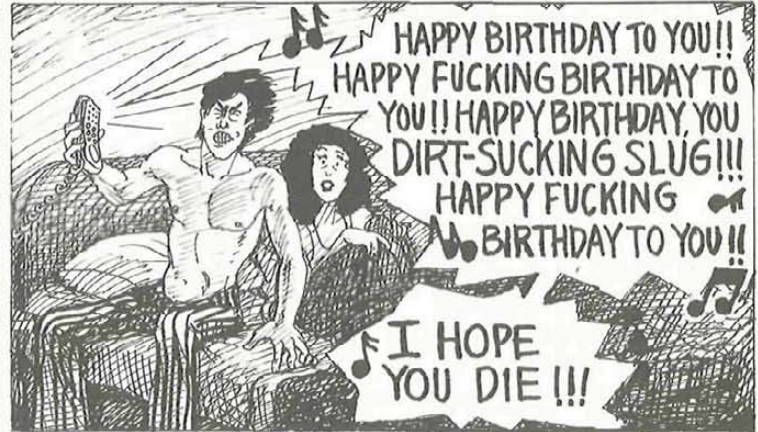
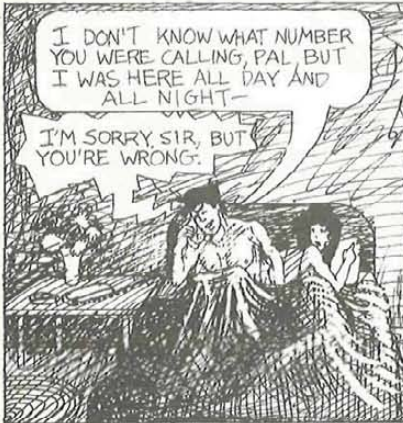
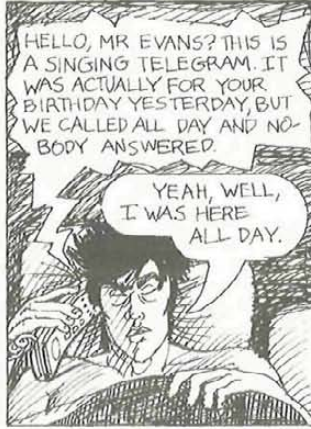


HIS DREAM OF WINNING THE PRESIDENCY IN 1980 SHATTERED. BROWN IS RAISING HIS 1984 VICE-PRESIDENTIAL RUNNING MATE, A TULIP AS YET UNNAMED.

© 1980

The Singing Telegram

by John Bendel and Mary Milshire

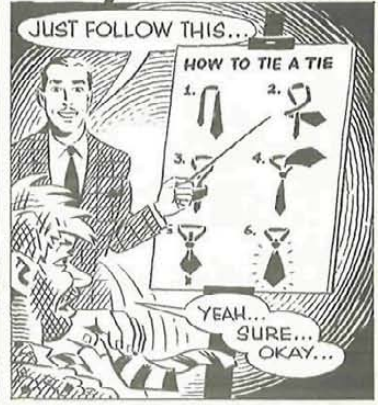
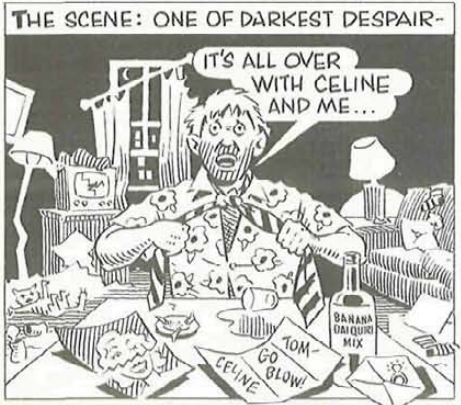




NEXT MONTH: MORE EMERGENCY ROOM

POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett



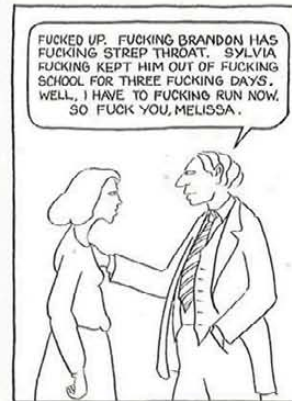
EATING PRUNES? THAT'S REALLY GREAT! BUT DON'T SPIT PITS UPON THE PLATE.

YOUNG MODERNS

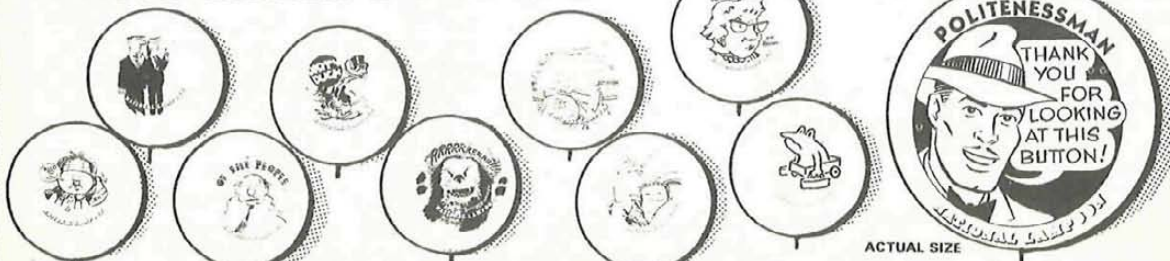
by Paul Anthony and Ralph Reese



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TIMBERLAND

Tales
by B.K. Taylor

DOCTOR ROGERS KATHLEEN MAURICE - THE IRISH BOY CONSTABLE TOM

DOCTOR ROGERS: SOME CALLED HIM THE GINGER. MAURICE: TOM HUNGUSED TO HAVE A SHAME AVASURE OF TOTAL GARDER.

CHRISTMAS EVE IS A TIME FOR CHILDREN'S DREAMS TO COME TRUE. YOUNG MAURICE, LIKE CHILDREN AROUND THE WORLD, READIES FOR THIS MAGIC MOMENT. WE JOIN HIM IN THE CABIN OF CONSTABLE TOM.

I 'OPE I'M REMEMBER EVERYTHING... COOKIES MILK... AND NOW, MINE STOCKING!

THE YOUNG LAD SETTLES INTO BED AND BEGINS HIS PRAYERS.

... AND PLEASE LET SANTY BRING ME AN ERECTION SET AND SOME DINKY TOYS AND...

WIHA...

SUDDENLY MAURICE NOTICES A FACE IN THE WINDOW.

IT'S GOD!

MINE GOD, IT'S... GOD!

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT, COMING FOR TO...

MAURICE RUBS THE FROST FROM THE WINDOW FOR A BETTER LOOK...

NO, WAIT - IT'S SANTY CLAUS, NOT GOD... SANTY CLAUS!

DO YOU WANT TO COME IN DOWN DE CHIMNEY, OR SHOULD I OPEN DA DOOR?

SANTY?... OKAY, MAYBE I SHOULD 'OPEN DA DOOR, EH?

UNBEKNOWNST TO MAURICE, THE FIGURE IN THE WINDOW IS AN ESCAPED RESIDENT FROM A NEARBY NURSING HOME.

COME IN, SANTY, WHERE'S YOUR REINDERS?

SANTY?

YOU CAN EAT DOSE COOKIES AND MILK IF YOU WANT, OR FILL MINE STOCKING - I'M GO TELL CONSTABLE TOM YOU'RE 'ERE.

...EH?

CONSTABLE TOM! WAKE UP, WAKE UP! SANTY'S 'ERE!

COME LOOK!

SEE? JUST LIKE I'M TOLD YOU! SANTY -

WOULD YOU LIKE US TO TELL YOU WHAT WE WANT FOR CHRISTMAS? ...SANTY?

SANTY...

YOU 'OO?

DERE 'E GOES. GOOD NIGHT, SANTY, MERRY CHRISTMAS!

'EY, LOOK! SANTY LEFT US OUR GIFTS!

GEE... A JAR OF VICKS... AND A 'ENROID PILLOW... HUH?

I WAS 'OPING FOR AN ERECTION SET AND DINKY TOYS, BUT WERE STILL TANKFUL, EH?

AND SO A HAPPY ENDING TO ANOTHER TIMBERLAND TALE.
Happy Holidays! - B.K.T.

CHRISTMAS '59

continued from page 47

"Open the windows!" Dad yelled as the bird swooped back and forth across the living room.

"It's freezing cold outside!"

Grandma Swenson said.

"Well, go upstairs!"

"Don't be a snoot!"

Uncle Dave came running into the living room with a broom and in a matter of seconds put three big broom marks on the walls. Mom grabbed the broom away from him.

"I just had these walls painted!

Darn you!"

"He was just trying to help!" Aunt Martha said.

"Well, help he didn't!"

"We're sorry! If Clark hadn't been so cheap, you wouldn't have a bird in your living room!"

Dad heard that, and he turned to Aunt Martha and gave her a dirty look that was dirtier than the marks on the wall. And Aunt Martha gave him one back.

"There he goes!" Grandpa Swenson yelled as the bird flew out the living-room window.

"Here he comes!" yelled Grandpa Pete.

The bird had flown a big loop from the front of the house around to the back and in through the opposite windows and was back in the house again, swooping up and back.

"Here he comes!" Dad yelled to Grandpa Swenson. The bird

whooshed across the living room.

Grandpa Swenson slammed the window shut just a split second before the bird got all the way out.

"Chiiiiirp!"

By the time the problem was all over and the bird had been flicked out in the yard, it was just about time for Dad and Uncle Dave to go pick up Aunt Hazel. Aunt Hazel, by the way, was older than even my grandparents, and nobody was really sure how she got to be an aunt of ours, but she'd been around for so many Christmases that it didn't make any difference anymore. She was very nice and just sort of sat there in her seat and watched everything. She always brought over presents that nobody liked. I think she just wrapped up stuff she had around the house. When I was seven she gave me a bib, a rattle, and a box of handkerchiefs.

"Anyone for oyster stew?" Mom called from the kitchen. Everybody made faces except Grandma and Grandpa Swenson. They both said, "Yum!"

"I'd rather eat dirt," Grandpa Pete said over the top of his newspaper.

"You don't know good eating!"

Grandpa Swenson said.

"The Swedes do?" Grandma Alice asked.

"Hell, yes, we do!" Grandpa Swenson said. "You Norwegians don't know your mouth from your..."

"Dad!" Mom said, wiping her hands on her apron. "I wonder where Clark

could be? It's been over an hour."

"He's probably having a drink somewhere," Grandma Swenson said through her nose.

Mom glared at her.

"Don't look at me like that! He's had a snootful every night we've been here."

"I can't imagine what happened to them," Aunt Martha said, biting the tip of her thumb. "I'm getting worried."

Grandpa Swenson told her that she ought to start worrying about the turkey in the oven. He said it looked like it was about to blow its stuffing into the next county. Aunt Martha is a real swell person and a real cool aunt, but she's a terrible cook. Nobody could figure out what she did to the turkey to make it explode, but it did. No one was hurt or anything like that; it's just that the turkey kind of came apart down the middle, and a lot of the dressing ended up on the windows of the oven.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Aunt Martha said as she scraped dressing onto a plate. "What did I do wrong?"

"It'll be fine," Mom said, to make Aunt Martha feel better, even though I could tell she wanted to cry. She'd bought parsley and everything to make the dinner look like a page out of *Better Homes and Gardens*. But instead, as my cousin Dale said, it looked like a dinner that got tortured by the Apaches.

Mom and Grandma Swenson had just finished sewing up the turkey with string when Dad and Uncle Dave and Aunt Hazel arrived.

"Oh! That was fun!" Aunt Hazel said. "I love riding in cars!"

"Where on earth have you been? I've chewed my nails to the quick worrying," Mom said in the nice/angry voice that she uses around company.

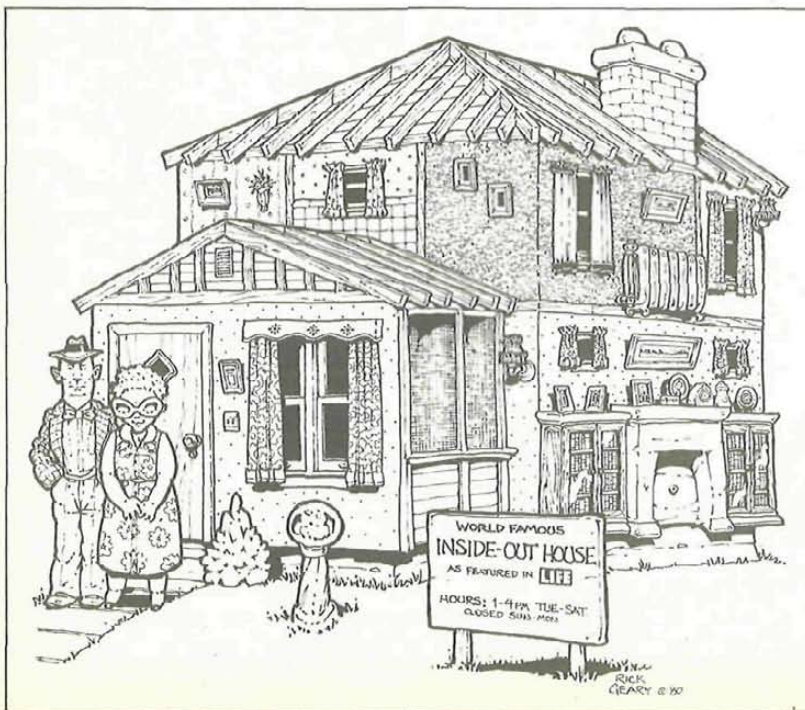
"It's all my fault, dear," Aunt Hazel confessed. "I moved across the street in September...no, January, and it completely slipped my mind to tell you when you called."

Dad made the cuckoo sign behind Aunt Hazel's head and mouthed, "Nutty," and Mom gave him a dirty look.

"Where's Dave?" Mom asked just as Uncle Dave came in the front door with an armload of presents.

"Shee-it!" he mumbled as he struggled under the weight of the stuff.

"Oh, Aunt Hazel, you shouldn't have."

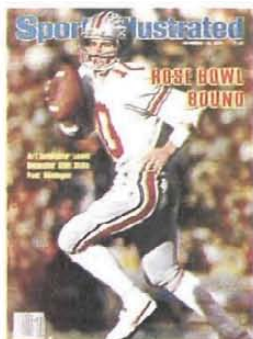


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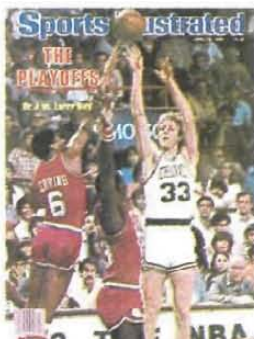
SEASON'S GREETINGS.



SEASON



FOOTBALL SEASON



BASKETBALL SEASON



SKIING SEASON



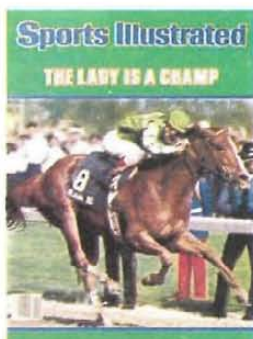
HOCKEY SEASON



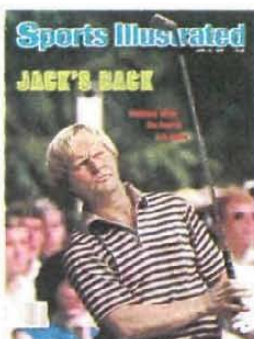
TRACK



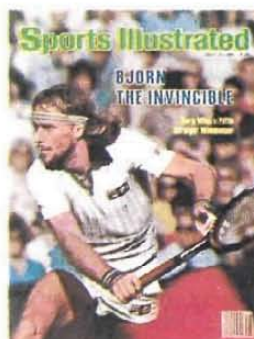
SEASON



HORSE RACING SEASON



GOLF SEASON



TENNIS SEASON



BASEBALL SEASON



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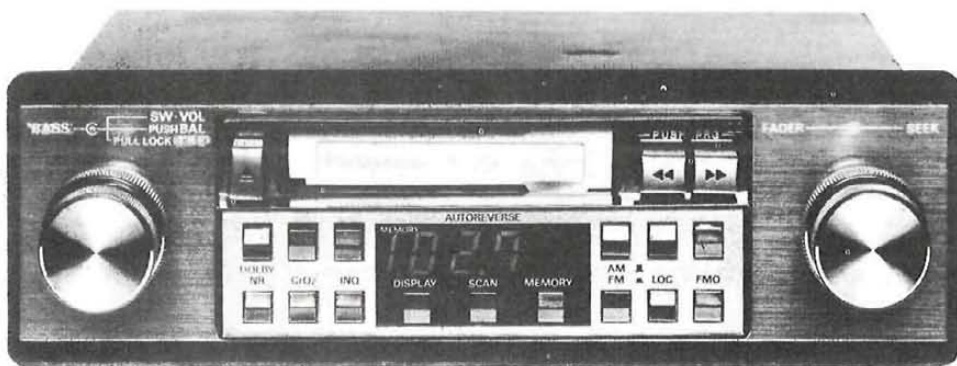
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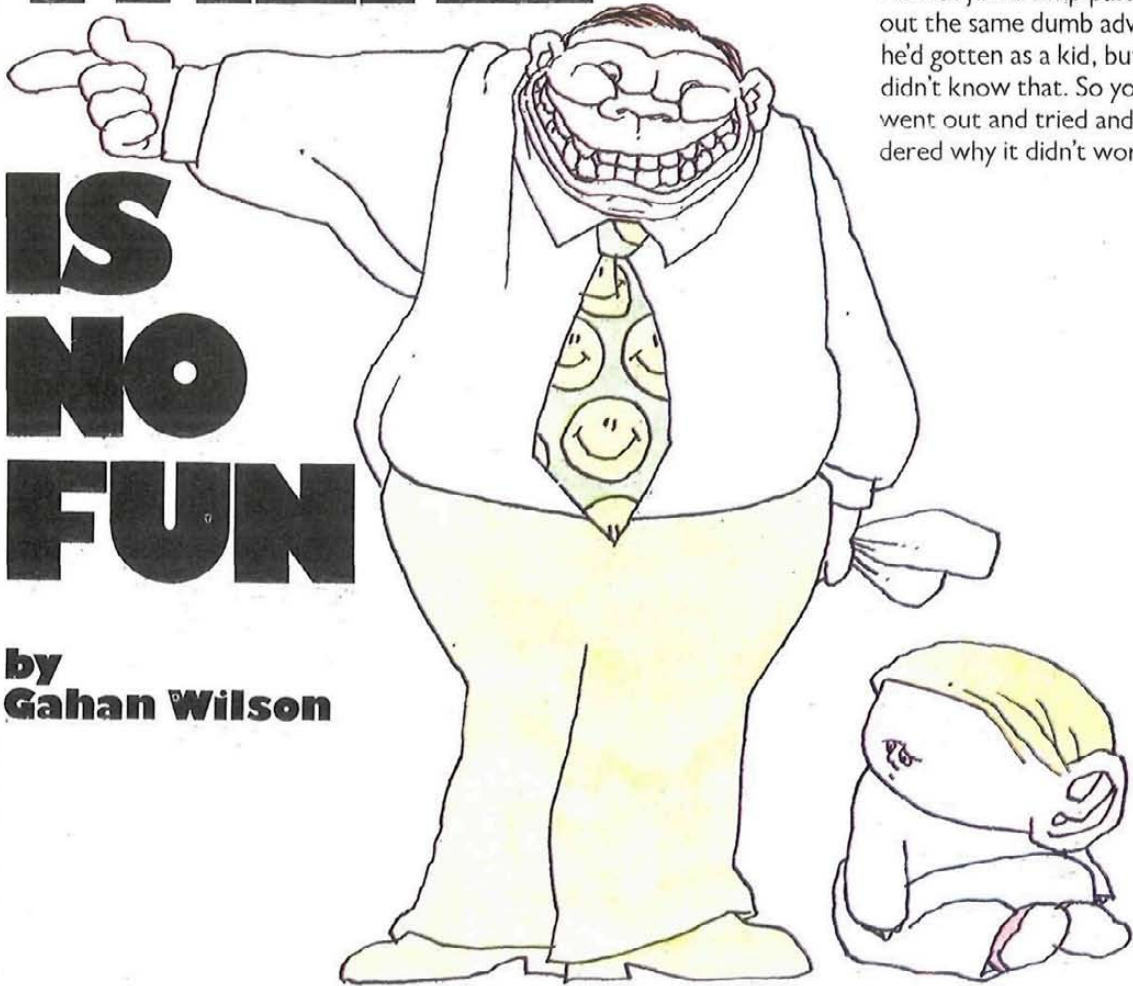
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THERE

IS NO FUN

by
Gahan Wilson



1. Remember the first time a grown-up told you to go out and have some fun? He was just a simp passing out the same dumb advice he'd gotten as a kid, but you didn't know that. So you went out and tried and wondered why it didn't work.



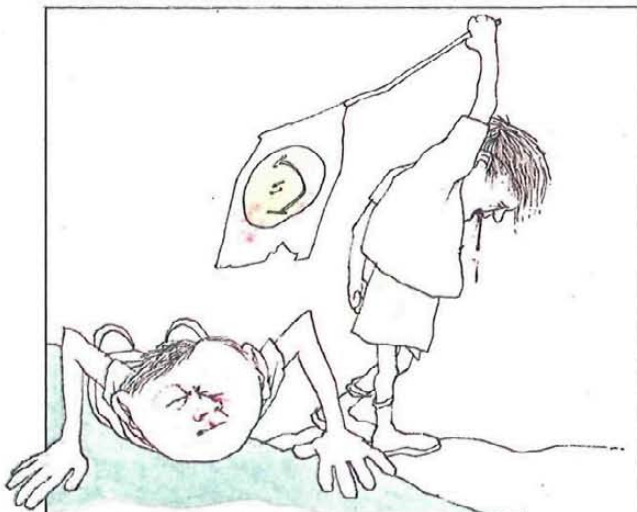
2. How about your first birthday party? Remember how everybody *insisted* you have fun and got mad when you didn't? Of course you figured it was all your fault.



3. You can't forget the doctor clown at the circus even yet, can you? Everybody else thought he was lots of fun.



4. Remember when the whole family had to have fun, and never ever admit afterward they hadn't or your parents would throw a fit?



5. At summer camp you realized it wasn't just a domestic problem; anyone would do anything to anyone else anywhere, to try to have a little fun.



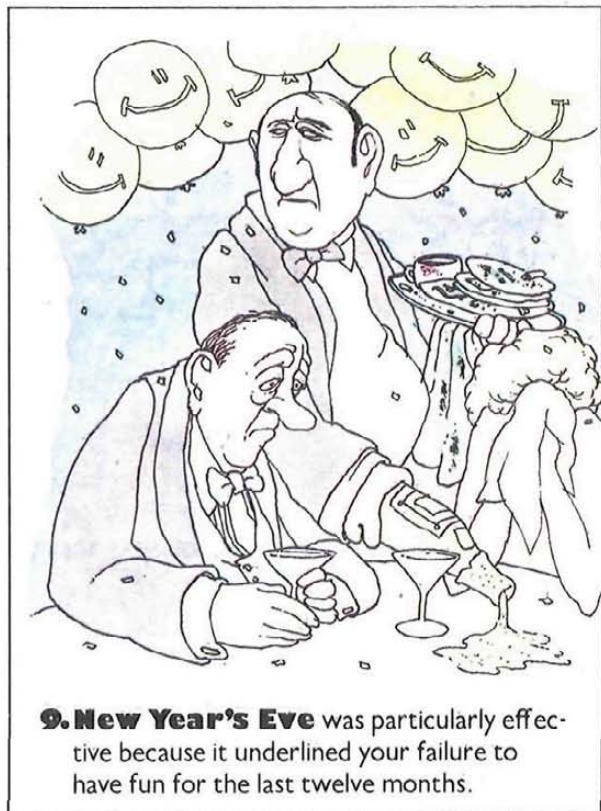
6. As you grew older you discovered increasingly horrible ways to have fun. Along with everybody else.



7. Remember the fun you had with your first whore?



8. But fun really came into its own on the holidays! It was an official duty! You had to have fun in order to keep on making a living! But not too much.



9. New Year's Eve was particularly effective because it underlined your failure to have fun for the last twelve months.



10. Let's not even discuss your trip abroad and how you're still lying to everyone about how much fun you had.



11. Of course retirement is the fun point of everybody's career. If you're lucky, you may miss it.



12. But if you're still trying to have fun, you'll probably go to heaven. Why not give it up? Relax. You'll enjoy yourself.

FUNNY FARM

continued from page 42

trying to farm with it. Art fixed it up with his son Bruno so that the parts would fly off or break off in his hands—even the steering wheel. That breakaway tractor was the funniest thing I ever seen.

"And Art had these characters that he made up, real funny farmer types, like Sir Peter Peckersniffer, the Gentleman Farmer. Art would dress up like Sir Peter, with a fancy tweed jacket, an ascot, and a cap, and walk around like an English fairy, trying to grow things by the natural method—you know, organic, no chemicals or fertilizers. He'd show off these wormy peppers and shriveled-up tomatoes. He didn't have the heart to use sprays, so the insects ate everything. He would scatter cloves of garlic on his crop, claiming it would scare away the bugs. It was hilarious.

"Art was more liberal in providing animals in those days. Y'know, like cute little sheep and cows and turkeys. And he always had a good supply of overripe watermelons and zucchini. Nothing like putting your thing into the hole of a watermelon that's been warming in the sun all day. Wiggling around with those little pits inside can make you crazy. Nowadays the kids all want to smoke marijuana and mushrooms and shoot at those woodchuck targets that Bruno put up."

Though a little perversion and hostility has crept into the Funny Farm's activities, there is still much evidence that it will never lose its essential zaniness and good humor. The Bird Bombers uphold the Funny Farm traditions. "We need the Bird Bombers to keep the farmer's sense of humor in balance," said Art junior. The Bombers are trained birds who can move their bowels on people, when people least expect it. They are trained by a man in Hollywood and they can take flying dumps on special cues, which are handled by the Funny Farm staff. The trick is to catch a guest by surprise.

"Some of our guests get so damned serious during the chicken races or the I-H Club competition that they need a little bringing down," said Bruno. "Heck, a little bird doo won't hurt anyone. A farmer's life is mostly getting shit on, right? We remind them with a little joke. Gives them the right perspective. And you know what else we do? Every few days we hire a crop-dusting plane to fly over and drop flour on their heads. It's funny and it's good for them." □



*Merry Christmas
from all of us at
Jack Daniels*

Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.,
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CHRISTMAS '59

continued from page 72

"What did I do, dear?" Aunt Hazel asked. Aunt Hazel was what you'd call a cute old woman. Even someone as young as I was called her cute. No one ever minded when she gave out kisses. It was just a shame that she wasn't a little more on the ball.

"The presents. You shouldn't have brought presents," Mom said.

"Well, heavens," Aunt Hazel said, waving her tiny white hand. "It's not every day that someone moves into a new house."

"Huh?"

"This new house is just lovely. It's so much bigger than the old house."

Dad leaned over and whispered in Mom's ear, "She thought Dave and I were trick-or-treaters."

"Hey, what about this stuff?" Uncle Dave said. "Where should I dump it?"

"In the living room, Dave," Mom said.

"Woof," one of the boxes said.

Aunt Hazel wandered into the kitchen complimenting Mom on what a swell new kitchen our regular old kitchen was. Uncle Dave set down the packages.

"Either it's me or the Scotch, but one of these damn boxes barked."

"Woof!" the package said again.

"Jesus S. Smith!" Dad said, shaking a box about the size of a hatbox. He ripped it open and a dachshund jumped out and ran around in circles, yipping and yapping.

"She wrapped up her damn dog," Dad said under his breath.

"I wonder what else she wrapped up!" I said excitedly.

Mom went upstairs and changed into her big huge Christmas skirt with

the Santa Claus on the front and the reindeer on the back. Xgung came up from the basement and crashed into Aunt Hazel. He apologized about ten times and told Aunt Hazel that she had skin like ivory. She told him that his sweater was on backward and wandered into the dining room. Xgung picked up one of Aunt Hazel's earrings that got knocked off her ear when he crashed into her. He started to put it in his pocket, but when he saw that I was watching him he laughed and put it on the counter.

Dinner was just as terrible to swallow as it was to look at. Aunt Martha had gotten the stuffing recipe out of a magazine and it had bacon and radishes in it and it was awful. Everybody pretended to enjoy it, though, because either they wanted to be polite or they were so excited about Santa Claus coming that they didn't care. But it was a hard dinner to eat, especially after Dad found the waxed-paper bag full of guts and gizzards that Aunt Martha forgot to take out of the turkey.

"Well, hon," Uncle Dave said. "At least you had the good sense to take the bird out of the shopping bag before you cooked it."

"The dog'll love it," Mom said, smiling at Aunt Hazel.

"Did you get a dog?" she said.

About the only interesting thing that happened at dinner was that Grandpa Pete got some pepper up his nose and sneezed, and when he sneezed he blew a huge fart.

"Hail, Mary!" he said with a big smile. Grandma Alice poked him, and Grandma and Grandpa Swenson took their plates to the kitchen. Everybody else kept eating except Dale and me.

We laughed so hard we had to hold our things to keep from wetting our Christmas Eve pants.

After dinner, the women cleared the table and did the dishes while the men and the kids went into the living room. The two grandpas flipped a coin to see who got the wing chair.

Grandpa Swenson won, and he said it was justice in action, because Grandpa Pete cheated his way through life.

Xgung mixed some after-dinner drinks. Audrey said she overheard him tell Grandma Alice that he was only having a Coke and that the booze drinks were for Dad and Uncle Dave.

It started to bother me that such a sneaky guy, who lies to grandparents and who wasn't even related to me, would witness my personal Christmas glee when we opened presents.

Mom and Aunt Martha's instructions were that we were supposed to get the tree ready for trimming and when they were all done in the kitchen they would put on records and turn off the lights and we would all trim the tree. Then the kids would go upstairs and wait for Santa Claus.

"Where the heck are all the lights?" Dad said, counting the strands of lights. "There's only three. There *were* four."

He looked at me and I shrugged my shoulders.

"Don't ask me," I said.

"Don't get smart!"

We looked all over, but we couldn't find them. We also couldn't find a box of tinsel and the cookie snowmen that Aunt Martha made for the tree.

"Well, hell's bells!" Dad said as he started putting up the three strands of lights. Uncle Dave sat in a chair and told Dad that he was putting too many lights at the top.

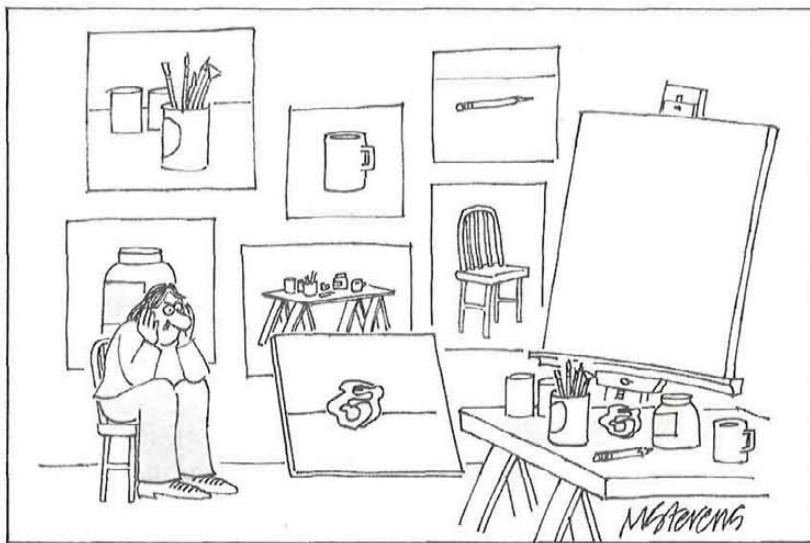
"Would you like to do it?" Dad said angrily.

"You're doing fine, except you're putting too many lights on top and you won't have enough when you get to the bottom."

After Dad ended up with too many lights at the bottom, he said a swear word and Uncle Dave gave it a try. He got almost as mad as Dad when Grandpa Pete told him he was putting too many lights in the middle. Uncle Dave was in the Marine Corps and he was very particular about things being just so and it really seemed to bother him that the lights weren't working out.

"Are you ready?" Mom said as the women filed into the living room.

continued on page 87



DESPERATE FUN.

continued from page 52

stupidest and most worthless drugs in production, I accepted the pills that hadn't fallen to the floor and then convinced Raymond that he owed it to his ex-girl friend and their illegitimate children to rendezvous with the Century 21 real-estate bus in the parking lot of a Red Lobster at six-thirty exactly.

* * * * *

Bob and "Pudgy" McFarland pushed themselves closer and closer to the threshold of a good time as billions of epinephrine-soaked neurons primed their bodies for the limitless conversation, laughter, shouting, and other forms of vivacity Bob and Pudgy believed would result from the mixture of several dozen real-estate agents in their own private bus. "This is gonna be a party!" Pudgy hooted ecstatically while drawing a regional brand of designer jeans over and around her gelid, starch-rich hips—the section of her body most responsible for the nickname Pudgy at the time it was conceived by the sisters of Alpha Delta Pi. She was and remained the sort of thoroughgoing, irrepressible character who trades on her own deformities and calls attention to them with tri-color designer-jean logos stitched to pockets so oddly positioned and dwarfed by the size of her hips as to defy the notion of design.

Bob shoved his head into the bedroom; on it was a small model-railroad house with a pair of cardboard longhorns extending from either side. This was the semiofficial amalgam of real estate and Texas football agreed upon at the office the day before—and to Bob's mind a work of comic excellence. "What do ya think?" he beamed to Pudgy, tossing his head to one side, in the manner of Bob McFarland's concept of a fashion model. She honked a loud, overcharged party laugh, pulled her Century 21 football jersey over a red, bandana-print blouse, and pronounced with great liveliness and pride, "You're truly crazy," and, "Someone's gonna lock us all up for sure." Their adrenal glands were spurting like Water Piks now; by the time Bob and Pudgy got to the Red Lobster and boarded the bus, they had crossed into a zone of perfect fun.

There were sixty-three people on the party bus, divided into a dozen conversation groups, and a keg station

continued

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DESPERATE FUN

continued

at the rear, operated by Bob and Pudgy McFarland. Bob's explosive, cancer-throated laugh and hollering comment to everyone who wanted a beer, "Back again? Get out the stretcher," suited him for the tap job as well as the ever squealing Pudgy was qualified to dispense twenty-ounce paper cups between swills from a lemonade pitcher full of Hamm's. The pitcher was more or less a trademark.

I was first introduced to Pudgy ten years ago on a blind date at the University of Arizona, at which time she drank five or six quarts of keg beer from a container that may possibly have been the one she was using on the real-estate bus. Her hair was chromium yellow then, but her skin quality was as cadaverous and her hips and face were nearly as swollen as they are now. I tried to sneak away from the dorm lobby when she first appeared, but a pair of fraternity brothers restrained me for the honor of the fraternity.

We took Pudgy to a swarming, drunken fraternity party in the desert, where I attempted to lose her again, this time successfully, until she appeared on the fringe of the firelight, wandering lethargically through cholla and ocatilla with a plastic pitcher of beer in her hand, calling my name. Being half-insane with gin, vodka, grenadine, Fresca, and some form of

adolescent guilt, I revealed myself to her and decided to make the most of a ridiculous situation by molesting her in a dark gully. She offered no resistance and I wriggled on top of her in the desert sand and debris until a loamlike dankness from her gaping kisses cut through the alcohol and urged me to leave.

Pudgy joined me once again, by a central bonfire, where the fraternity brothers began pelting each other and Pudgy with melted marshmallows. This completed a pastiche of gluey cream, twigs, sand, and stickers across her head and shoulders, later highlighted by peripheral spray from a stream of fluid I projectile-vomited through a car window on the way home. As headlights passed, hundreds of dancing, prismatic globules flecked Pudgy's hair like nebulae from a drive-in space film—this was my last mental picture of Pudgy McFarland until she arrived at a pool party in Texas ten years later with her real-estate husband and the plastic lemonade pitcher. She remembered me but had blocked out a lot of details.

"Now here's a fella that needs a brew!" she spouted when Raymond de Berge presented himself for a free beer at the back of the party bus. No one had noticed Raymond or Gwen and the two kids seat themselves just before the bus moved into traffic. Bob looked up from the keg and stiffened; one by one, agents and their guests

stopped talking and nervously scoured Raymond's mottled, demented form for the smallest indication that he might be in the real-estate business. "Excuse me, sir," Bob said uneasily, "are you with Century 21? This is the Century 21 bus." Raymond laughed for a moment, then glared at Bob. "No, man, I ain't with *anyone*. I just thought I'd get myself a beer like everybody else."

A middle-aged man who had a broker's license and apparent control of the group stepped into the keg area and decided that Raymond had to be ejected before the party lost its momentum and was irreversibly doomed. "Sir, I'm afraid you're on the wrong bus, and you will have to get off." Raymond wheeled instantaneously toward the broker and loudly alleged his rights and that he and the US Congress would not permit discrimination against him or his family anywhere in the world. Then Raymond blustered to the front of the bus and reclaimed a seat next to his totally withdrawn children and their unconscious mother. The broker and Bob McFarland and several others followed Raymond and ordered the driver to pull over. "Sir," the broker began again, "we're going to have to let you off here." Raymond, who didn't respond until Bob tapped his arm, suddenly flung himself against the dashboard and thrust a .45 automatic at the real-estate agents.

"Hey, man," he asserted for perhaps the thousandth time in his life, "I ain't goin' nowhere." Several people screamed, but most of them retreated in silent shock as Raymond drew menacing breaths and took aim with his gun at the driver's head. "Start drivin'," he scowled, then stammered momentarily as he thought up a place to go with the sense and precision of most any miserable, stunted sociopath on a spree. "Outta town," he finally ordered. "Get this thing the fuck outta town—*now!*" The driver angled into a faster lane and the crowd continued to cower quietly until Toby scuffed toward his father and asked if he could take the pan off his head. Some of the women began to squeal but were quelled by the sharpness of Raymond's answer. "Goddamn it, get to your fuckin' mother now, little one," Raymond barked, as if Gwen would miraculously shake off the Quaaludes and work out a competent plan for protecting her children from stray gunfire and spooked real-estate agents.



Raymond's next move was to demand beer. Word swiftly passed to the rear of the bus, and Pudgy responded almost immediately with a pitcher of Hamm's and a supply of cups. She was the only person, other than Gwen, whose mood had not radically changed in the last few minutes, due to a desperate, pathologically festive temper unshakable even by threat of death. "Here's your brew," she announced with stout enthusiasm. Raymond waited for her to pour the beer, then seized it with a drug-palsied hand and grew briefly confused as to the type of person who talks beer slang with a gun in her neck.

"Everybody out!" Raymond shouted, and the driver and realty agents stampeded off the bus into the warm, dusty, county-service-road air—thirty-five miles from the highway, UT Stadium, a telephone, and all other chances for survival. "Except you," he snapped at Pudgy, then told her to resume her station by the keg in case he needed more beer en route to the game.

Raymond parked the bus five beers later on the outer apron of a twenty-acre parking lot adjacent to the game; Toby and Misha had fallen asleep on their sleeping mother, and Pudgy was lounging obediently on the rear seat, in the dark, wondering why the craziest things always happened to her. "Come on, honey," Raymond yelled, after deciding not to disturb his family, or to discount them altogether, "we're here." He pushed the gun into his boot, opened the doors, and marched Pudgy onto the blacktop as seventy-five thousand concerned Longhorns sprang to their feet and moaned a long Oklahoma gain. "You musta wanted to party real bad to steal a bus and throw off all the people and drive it yourself to the game," Pudgy surmised as they snaked between the plain of cars. "Whew-yeah!" she continued in an almost laudatory fashion. "I don't blame ya—this is the all-time, primo, blow-eata party of the century, yeah!"

Pudgy, in her own limited, alcoholic way, actually understood the notion of committing infamous crimes to attend the class of party she described, and despite the alien appearance of Raymond and the lethality of his style, she believed that all persons share an innate longing to party and, moreover, that somewhere in the law of nature there is legislated an absolute entitlement to do so. A peculiar form of motherly instinct had at this point en-

gaged in Pudgy's mind; she sensed that Raymond had been deprived of his entitlement to party and she became emotionally compelled to suckle his parched personality with a great, rollicking, Longhorn breast full of fun. "Whew-yeah!" Pudgy hollered again.

Raymond was quiet and morose. The drugs were wearing off and he was intimidated by the overwhelming segment of society that was waiting for him in the stadium. He considered leaving, but getting to the game had developed into such a principled stand, and, as is only possible with the most aboriginal humans surviving on earth, Raymond had enough sexual energy left after four days of devastating amphetamines to want a piece of ass from Pudgy McFarland. So he took a seat with her in the section reserved for the realtors and they were soon absorbed into a neighboring group of steak-house employees who were too drunk to distinguish Raymond from the dishwasher-level rabble that employee groups cannot always exclude from their affairs.

"Thanks, man," Raymond replied earnestly to an assistant beverage manager who filled his request for a shot of gin. "If you ever need anything, man, you just let me know." The mass conviviality of seventy-five thousand people was having its effect on Raymond; by halftime he had distributed several handfuls of black

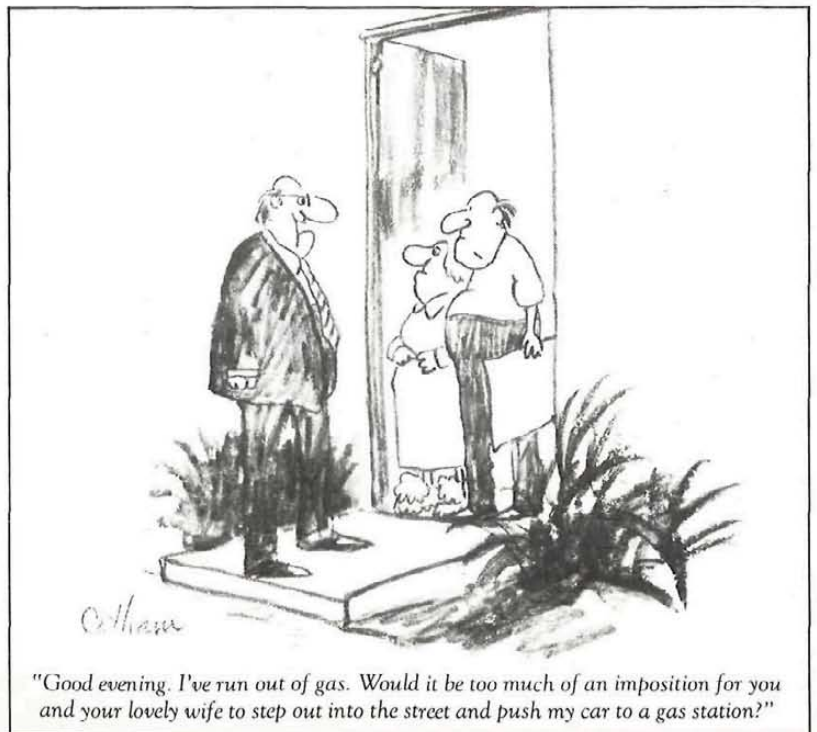
beauties and shaped his hand into a permanent "hook 'em horns" signal that lasted well after the end of the game. This was evidently another one of Raymond's florid outbursts of normalcy, the extent of which probably qualified in Raymond's personal code of life as a reasonable counterbalance to the vilest of treasons, murders, kidnappings of real-estate agents, and any other aberrancies that he might commit in his lifetime. Raymond had cheered and conversed and partied himself to a state of exoneratedness; he was a self-evident human presently authorized to demand the respect of the world, and the protuberant body of Pudgy McFarland as well.

"You really treated me good tonight," he revealed to her as they walked to a bus stop a half-mile from the stadium. "I mean, I really like the fact that you treated me really good, and I want you to meet my friends so we can party some more, okay?" Pudgy, who had been screaming and jumping up and down and gulping beer for three quarters of football, activated the last of her reserves to cap the great therapeutic explosion of fun she had brought into the life of her escort and, more fundamentally, to keep from blacking out on the sidewalk.

"All right! Let's party some more!" she whelped through a pocket of air in her liquor-crippled trachea.

Raymond and Pudgy arrived back

continued on page 93



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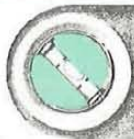
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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

- In Naples, Italy, a wedding cake exploded, slightly injuring two waiters who were lighting decorative candles. The cake's baker later conceded that he might have put too much alcohol in the mix. *Reuter's* (contributed by Jim Pachereva)

- Charles V. Probert, forty-two, ran afoul of the Michigan Judicial Tenure Board while he was serving as a municipal judge in Wyoming, Michigan. The board turned up a long list of misconduct and ultimately found that Probert was "flagrantly dishonest." Wyoming's voters then turned down the judge's reelection bid, so he tried to commit suicide with a .25-caliber pistol. Probert didn't die, but he did blow out his right eye in the attempt. Now he has sued for \$50,000 plus \$200 a week for life under Michigan's workmen's compensation laws. The former judge claims his new disability is job related. *Detroit News* (contributed by Anthony Semanik)

- In Toronto, one man was stabbed and police reinforcements were called out to restore order after violence broke out at a Tupperware party. *CP* (contributed by Paddy Barr)

- One of three women arrested after they smeared their naked bodies with mustard and stole a UPS delivery truck told authorities in Lansing, Michigan, that they were trying to reach the Garden of Eden. They had used mustard, she said, because it was mentioned in the Book of Matthew. Charlene Roper, twenty-seven, Dohsaline McCuin, thirty, and Sandra

Lewis, twenty-five, had been reading the Bible immediately prior to the incident and claimed to have been filled with the Holy Spirit, though Mrs. McCuin admitted, "We don't understand why we took the truck." *Detroit Free Press* (contributed by Tim Reade)

- Nine-year-old Peter Collins of Toronto, Canada, won first prize in his school science fair by counting his family's farts. With the approval of his parents, Peter and his fourteen-year-old sister

logged the farts daily to gauge the effects of various foods on the digestive tract. According to the study, brown beans provoked the greatest number of outbursts, with a record one-day total of seventy-five. The science project went on to city-wide competition after the school-level win. *CP* (contributed by Alan Nursal)

- The families of four people killed in a Mexican bus accident turned down an indemnity offer from the bus company involved, so the

company proposed a meeting to discuss the matter. Twenty relatives, including children, showed up for the meeting, where they were kidnapped. The bus company held the families for two days, torturing some of them and forcing others to ingest poison. One family member was beaten to death before Mexico City police, alerted by neighbors, freed the captives. According to police, bus-company employees were trying to convince their captives to accept the company's original indemnity offer. *UPI* (contributed by David Roberts)

GAGGING DUMMY DEPARTMENT



The executive director of an antichoking organization looks on while the president of Medical Plastics Laboratory, Inc., demonstrates the Heimlich maneuver on "Choking Charlie," a mannequin his firm manufactures. Antichoking students can polish their skills by squeezing Charlie until he expels a piece of simulated meat from his throat. If they fail to dislodge the make-believe meat within the four-minute time limit, Charlie won't die, and that's good news for slow learners. (contributed by Donna Vonderhaar)

- A company's five-year safety record was broken when it assembled workers to show them a safety film designed to encourage the use of safety goggles on the job. The film depicted gory industrial accidents so graphically that twenty-five workers suffered minor injuries in a rush to leave the screening room. Thirteen other viewers fainted and one man required seven stitches after he cut his head falling off a chair. *Industrial Machinery News* (contributed by Thomas F. Jolly)

- Vandals killed millions of blue-bottle flies during an attack on a maggot farm in Britain. (The flies' eggs hatch maggots that are used as commercial fish bait.) The gang had drugged two guard dogs, then sprayed insect killer on the flies. "It was a professional job," said Philip Bland, owner of the farm, who speculated that a rival maggot breeder was trying to drive him out of business in order to raise maggot prices. *From a British press report* (contributed by James Streit)

T

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U

E

Mexican Postcards

by Bill Moseley and Barry Wolk



"If you had enough lights, we'd be ready," Uncle Dave said on his fourth or fifth attempt at making the three strands cover the whole tree.

"We have four strands," Mom said as she began directing people like a traffic cop. "Aunt Hazel, you sit there on the couch."

"That was delicious ham, Ellen," Aunt Hazel said, sitting on one of the cane chairs by the door.

"I'll sit under the tree so that I can pass out gifts," Mom said.

"That is, if Santa Claus comes," Grandpa Pete joked. "I heard on the radio that Santa fell out of his sleigh over the ocean and the Coast Guard is looking for him right now, but the water is..."

"Dad!" Mom said as Amy and Darby burst into tears.

"I'm telling you there aren't enough g.d. lights for this tree!"

"Just put up what you have, Dave," Aunt Martha snarled.

"Let's get the show on the road!" Grandpa Swenson said, lighting a cigar.

"You and your stinkeroos! P-U!" Grandma Alice grumbled.

"It's so darn dark in here, I can't make out a thing," Grandpa Pete said.

"It's supposed to be dark, Grandpa," Audrey said. "Like in the olden times when they didn't have light bulbs."

"Well, we have light bulbs now; let's use them."

He reached over and pulled the chain on the table lamp. It didn't go on. He felt around on the floor for the plug.

"It's not plugged in."

"You can't decorate a tree with only three strands of lights."

"It doesn't have to be perfect!"

"Then what the hell's the point of doing it!"

"Jinger berrs, jinger berrs, jinger arr the way!" Xgung began to sing. "Join in, chirdren!"

Everybody was talking and singing at once. It was like how China must be during a major catastrophe. Then Grandpa Pete found a cord and plugged it in. There was a crackling sound, the lights in the whole house dimmed, and from under the couch came a tremendous yelp and a loud pop!

"Holy Jesus! You blew a fuse!"

Smoke started to seep out from under the couch, and it smelled horrible. Everybody got up off the couch. It was dark and there was smoke and smells and the girls were shrieking.

"What's cooking?" Aunt Hazel asked.

"Get a flashlight, Clark!"

Of course, we couldn't find the flashlight, and when we did, the batteries were dead, so Dad had to go down in the basement and open up presents to get batteries out of toys.

"This is why I get so mad when you fool around with the flashlight!" he yelled at me.

"Why didn't you just put in a new fuse, dumb-dumb," Uncle Dave said.

"Because they're all blown, smart guy!"

"Well, put *one* in. Don't tell me you don't keep extra fuses?"

Dad told Uncle Dave that if he had an extra fuse, he wouldn't put it in the fuse box, he'd put it up Uncle Dave's

rear end. Uncle Dave said it was a good thing he couldn't see Dad in the dark or else he'd pound him. They went back and forth until Mom reminded them about the smelly smoke under the couch.

Dad and Uncle Dave lifted up the couch while Mom held the flashlight.

"God! No!" Aunt Martha yelped. Then everybody started screaming and the girls cried even louder, Dale and I yelled, Grandma Alice fainted on the couch, and Darby heaved her Jell-O, milk, olives, and dessert.

Lying in the dustballs on the carpet where the couch used to be was what used to be Aunt Hazel's dachshund. He was lying stretched out with the missing strand of lights going in his mouth and coming out his behind.

"There's the damn lights," Uncle Dave said calmly.

"Out! Out! Everybody out!" Dad said between gags.

"What a terrible Christmas this is!" Grandma Alice muttered.

Dad and Uncle Dave put on oven mitts and picked up the dog. He was kind of melted to the carpet and there was a really disgusting sound when they had to peel him off. Like if you put a microphone to a big knee scab.

"How would you like two-hundred-amp service shooting out your bung-hole?" I heard Uncle Dave whisper to Dad. "I could arrange it."

After Dad and Uncle Dave got back from burying the dachshund in the garbage can and Mom and Aunt Martha had swept up the balls of dog hair and pieces of glass and the tinsel the dog ate and had opened the windows to let out the smell, all the kids went upstairs to wait for Santa Claus.

We were all lying in our beds listening to the parents and grandparents bring the presents in from the garage and basement. It wasn't like other years, when Dad would whistle and there would be lots of pleasant chatter. It was quiet and serious. It was sort of like listening to guys at the grocery store stock the shelves. But still, all I could think about were my skis.

Then the old sleigh bells that Grandpa Swenson brought from home every year jingled and we all leaped out of our beds and raced to the stairs. We were halfway down the stairs when Grandpa Swenson shined the flashlight on us and said, "Halt! Pictures!"

We had to get in order, with the shortest at the bottom and tallest at the top. Then my cousins had to get

continued on page 89



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6. Those of you who think you know everything are very annoying to those of us who do.

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out of the picture. Then we had to wait for Dad to get out the movie camera, and he was so crabby that he wouldn't let anyone tell him he couldn't run the movie lights because the electricity was out, so he got it all set up, realized there wasn't electricity, and got mad and threw the camera in the closet and went in the living room and sat down. Then Aunt Hazel fell down the basement stairs.

"I told you not to let her wander around in the dark!" Mom yelled at Aunt Martha.

"I couldn't see her!"

"What do you mean, you couldn't see her?"

"I mean, I couldn't see her!"

"Shall we let her lie down in the basement while you dumb broads bicker?" Dad said.

"When are we going to open our presents?" Audrey whined.

"Yeah," Darby added.

Aunt Hazel didn't die or anything, although Grandpa Swenson pointed out that falling down stairs is just about as dangerous for elderly folks as heart attacks and damp weather. Dad and Uncle Dave had put the couch in the basement because it had the exploding-dog odors all over the underside of it and Aunt Hazel landed on it instead of the cement floor. Mom explained after talking to Aunt Hazel that what had happened was Aunt Hazel had opened the door thinking it was the bathroom. She got ready to sit down on the toilet and, of course, there wasn't a toilet to sit on and she fell backward. She thought she landed on her head and then hit the couch, but she wasn't sure because she said it was too dark. But anyway, she said she felt fine except for not being able to move her arms.

"Call the fire department," Mom told Dad. "And make your brother-in-law shut up."

Uncle Dave thought that Aunt Hazel's thinking she was sitting on the toilet was the funniest thing he ever heard.

"I'm sorry, but, oooh, hooo!" he laughed, until Grandma Swenson smacked him on the knuckles with the silent butler.

"We better not move her," Dad said to Mom after he called the fire department. "The ambulance will be here as soon as it can. There're a lot of emergencies tonight."

"This is an emergency, too!" Mom

continued on page 92

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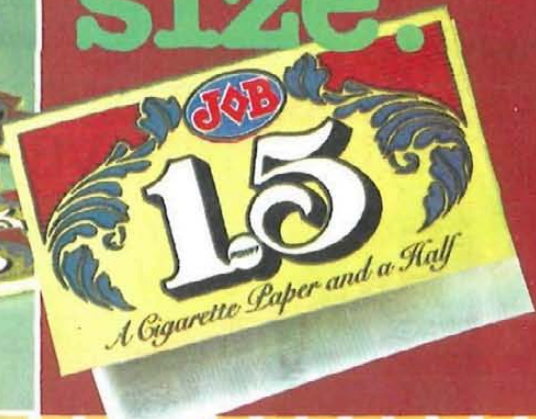
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CHRISTMAS '59

continued from page 89

said, patting Aunt Hazel's wrist.

"Is someone playing a saxophone?" Aunt Hazel inquired.

"We better do something about the presents," Dad said. "The kids are getting anxious."

After deciding that it would be too much trouble to move Christmas down to the basement and too difficult to move the couch upstairs, we left Aunt Hazel in the basement while we hurried up and opened our presents. Mom felt real bad leaving her alone down there, but Aunt Hazel said she'd be okay.

It was almost impossible to have a good time opening presents in the dark. If you wanted to see what you got, you had to wait for the flashlight.

"What did I get that feels woolly?" Dad asked. "A sweater?"

"It's a scarf," Mom answered.

"Yea! I think I got a doll!" Amy shouted.

"Here's a present for Xgung Wo," Mom said, flashing the light on a small package. "Xgung Wo?"

"He's probably in the bathroom," Audrey snapped. "Keep going!"

Audrey was nervous because the

total estimated retail price of her gifts was far behind that of the other kids' and she feared that she might come up short.

"What the hell is this?" Uncle Dave said. "Shine the light over here, Ellen."

"It's a shorty bathrobe," Aunt Martha said.

"I guess so. This would hardly cover the tip of my..."

"Dave!"

"Here's another present for Xgung," Mom flashed the light around the room. There was no Xgung. Grandma Swenson stood up and felt her way to the foyer.

"He's probably downstairs in his room, feeling homesick," she said.

"You be careful, Mother," Mom called.

Dad got a rack to hang his ties on and a pair of socks from me. Grandpa Pete got a fruitcake from the Swensons and a shoe from Aunt Hazel. Then Mom handed the BB-gun box to Dale. I reached up and intercepted it.

"Thanks," I said to Mom.

"This is for Dale," she said.

"No, it's not!"

"It certainly is. It's for Dale from Dad."

"But..."

"But what?"

Dale went crazy when he got the BB gun. He ripped open the box and BBs went all over.

"A gun! I got a gun! A real gun! Coooooo!"

I felt like somebody'd hit a golf ball off my head. What a shock!

"Thanks a hell of a lot," Uncle Dave said to Dad.

"I just hope Dale enjoys the BB gun as much as John enjoys the bow-and-arrow set you gave him last year."

Grandma Swenson banged her way into the living room.

"Ellen?" she said. "Ellen? Xgung Wo isn't anywhere."

"He has to be somewhere, Mother," Mom answered.

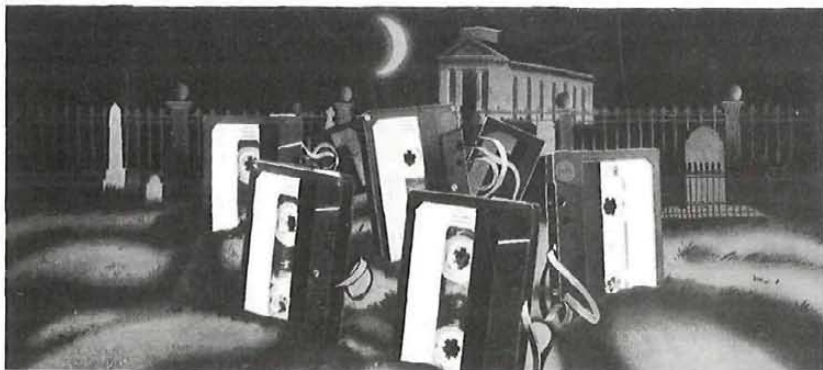
"His coat is gone," Grandma Swenson said.

"Well, to heck with him," Grandma Alice grumbled. "If he can't even say good-bye..."

Mom cursed under her breath and got up. She and Grandma Swenson went into the foyer to talk. I heard Grandma Swenson tell Mom that not only was Xgung's coat gone but so was her purse. She had checked

continued on page 94

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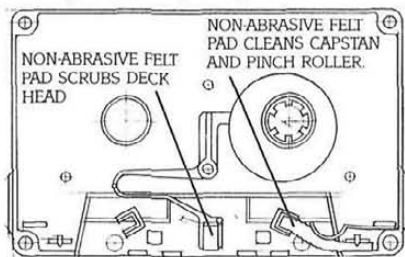


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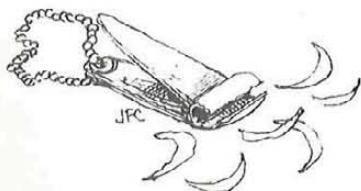
continued from page 83

shortly after midnight at Barry Pennington's house, where Barry was fingering aimlessly along the neck of his Telecaster, Plant was breathing irregularly in a chair, and I was in the kitchen gouging the top off a tin of pudding and pie filling with a beer opener. "Hey, everyone," Raymond called out, stumbling and yawning through the living room. "Me and my lady here wanna party!" Pudgy entered the room, and Barry, even in his condition, observed that Raymond had accomplished the impossible feat of demeaning himself. Pudgy's functional, close-pruned, fat-sorority-girl, human-cannonball-style haircut, her lumpy form, real-estate jersey, and general attitude suggested most of the repugnancies of the human condition that caused Barry to diverge to his current life-style of stupor and small crime.

"What's that?" Barry asked in confidence, rolling his eyeballs in the direction of Pudgy. Raymond chafed at the insinuation and gallantly ushered Pudgy to the bedroom, where he sat down on a bed and, at the moment Pudgy decided to have sex with him, threw up and collapsed.

When I strayed into the bedroom nearly ten minutes later, Pudgy was standing in the middle of the room, whimpering, gazing at a photograph on the wall of Barry's dog eating a Dairy Queen, moving her hips randomly to the odd sequence of notes from Barry's guitar. I looked at Raymond and the vomit on the floor, then covered the label on my can of pudding and pie filling and offered it to her. "Melted marshmallow?" I asked. Pudgy didn't get the reference; she appeared to be in a numb, mesmeric zone where people go to escape the petition being delivered in the back of their brains to kill themselves. Just then, Raymond twitched on the bed; his gun fell out of his boot, and I closed the door.

"Thanks for the good time," I said to Barry on the way out to my car. "We're having a brunch at my place tomorrow, if you wanna come by." □



Wider than what? And why.

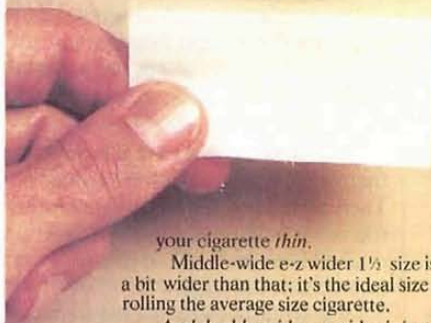
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around and discovered that Mom's purse and Aunt Martha's purse were also gone. She wasn't sure but she thought maybe our good forks and knives and the dining-room candlesticks were gone, too.

"I have an announcement to make," Mom said angrily. "It seems as though Xgung Wo has taken advantage of our hospitality and has robbed us."

Aunt Martha screamed. Uncle Dave and Dad jumped up and started swearing. Grandpa Pete slapped his knee and yelled, "I told ya! I told ya!" Grandma Alice started sputtering. And Grandpa Swenson went over to comfort Grandma Swenson.

"We're good people, Mama," Grandpa Swenson said as Grandma whimpered softly. "We try our best."

As it turned out, Xgung didn't get very far. As a matter of fact, he hardly got out of the driveway. I guess over in the Orient guys don't look over their shoulders when they back up, because Xgung crashed right into the ambulance that was coming to pick up Aunt Hazel. Inside the house we'd heard the siren grow louder and louder and then *bang!*

We all ran outside and saw the ambulance up on the lawn and Grandpa Pete's car sitting sideways in the street. Xgung climbed out of the car and started running away with the three purses over his arm and the old suitcase from the basement. But he must have been stunned or something, because he ran like a football player going out for a pass, zigzagging down the street.

"Give me the gun!" Uncle Dave yelled to Dale. Dale ran over with his new BB gun.

"Dave!" Aunt Martha shouted. "You can put an eye out with that thing!"

"Righty-o!" Uncle Dave chuckled as he pumped and fired. He hit Xgung in the neck, and Xgung dropped the suitcase and the purses and started jumping up and down, hollering in Oriental. Uncle Dave took off across the lawn and tackled him and put him in a headlock.

"Chop, chop!" Uncle Dave said as he led Xgung back to the house.

The ambulance drivers weren't hurt too much, except for some bloody noses and fingers.

"Would you like some hot coffee?" Mom asked them as they administered treatment to themselves.

"Not right now, ma'am," one of

them said. "But you might want to call the police."

While Dad called the police, Uncle Dave took Xgung into the living room and held the BB gun against his left eye.

"Don't move a muscle!" he told Xgung.

"I'm not a climinal!" Xgung said.

"I'm underprivileged!"

Grandma Swenson didn't like the way Uncle Dave was treating Xgung and she told him to put the gun down. Grandpa Pete told her to mind her business.

"If you want to stick your nose in something," Grandpa Pete told her, "why don't you stick it in your checkbook and write me out a check for a new car!"

"You're not going to talk to my wife that way!" Grandpa Swenson said. Then he slapped Grandpa Pete on the top of his bald head. Grandpa Pete reached back and socked Grandpa Swenson in the truss.

Meanwhile, Mom and Dad were fighting out on the front lawn about why Mom wanted to have a fun old-fashioned Christmas in the first place. Darby and Audrey were arguing about something, and Darby chased Audrey out the front door and hit her in the back with the board to her new Clue game, and Audrey turned around and dented Darby's braces with her elbow. Aunt Hazel had a hallucination or something and started wandering around the basement. She split open her shins on the hot-water heater and ended up thinking she was talking to Arthur Godfrey on Audrey's old toy phone. Aunt Martha sort of snapped; she was sitting on the front porch tugging on her wedding ring and mumbling about how nothing in life ever works out. As for the skis I was hoping I'd get, they were out in the street. Xgung had stolen them, too, and when he cracked up the car, they fell out. When the cops showed up they parked on top of them. It just didn't

seem like Christmas could get any worse. It was so terrible around our house that the injured ambulance guys said they'd stay in their car instead of going inside.

Mom was just about to start tearing apart the manger scene in the front yard when she noticed something in the sky.

"Look!" she yelled. "Everybody! Look!"

She pointed to a dot of light in the north sky.

"Do you see it?"

We all gathered around her. Uncle Dave led Xgung outside. Grandma and Grandpa Swenson and Grandpa Pete and Grandma Alice, the cops and Aunt Hazel, Darby, Dale, Katie, Audrey, Amy, and I made a circle around Mom. She pointed up to the sky.

"Do you see it?" she asked, brushing her hair from her eyes. Snowflakes began to fall. "Do you see that star? Nineteen hundred fifty-nine years ago, three wise men saw a star like that."

"The Star of Bethlehem!" Aunt Martha said.

We all studied the star.

"Let us set aside our bitter feelings," Mom said. "This is Christmas. The trials and tribulations of our daily life, the chaos of this gathering, the auto theft and the burned turkey, the petty fights and pointless hostilities mean so little on this night. We are family and we are together on this most important night of the whole year. Let's let our love shine through the hatred so that in the light of that distant star we may embrace the true spirit of Christmas."

Mom bowed her head and began to sing softly:

*"Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to Thee all glory giv'n,
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
Venite adoremus Dominum,
Christ the Lord."*

We all joined together, putting our arms around each other. Uncle Dave put his arm around Xgung, Grandpa Pete put his around Grandpa Swenson, Dad hugged Mom, I kissed Audrey. We stood staring at the point of light, the snowflakes melting on our cheeks and mixing with our tears.

"You know something, lady," one of the policemen said. "That ain't a star. That's an airplane." □



JUST FOOLING AROUND

continued from page 60

Henderson where he crouched on the roof still apparently invisible to the police. So Forrester went back down the street to his own house and called police headquarters and told them he was a public-spirited neighbor and he knew that Forrester fellow whose house was being searched and he knew where the guy was hiding, and Forrester gave his own address. When the call came over the police radio most of the officers jumped into their squad cars and squealed the hundred yards down the street to what was really Forrester's house but which they thought was his hideout. And during the confusion Henderson shinned down a rain pipe and ran into the bushes and was gone.

But just because Forrester wasn't selling drugs didn't mean that there weren't all sorts of drug remains lying around his house. And, when the police arrived where they thought they'd been, they had almost as good a time as they'd had where they'd been when they thought they were there.

After ransacking the house, the officer in charge, all aglow from his finds, came back to Forrester and asked him if there were any more drugs in the

place. "There might be some down the basement," said Forrester, and he pulled up the trapdoor.

"What the hell is this?" said the cop. And he stared at the apparently solid mass of sodden beer cans and then he tried the surface with his feet and was sucked right under, hat and all. Forrester said he could have escaped in the confusion that followed, but he was too interested in seeing if the man would survive and if any of the other policemen would be drawn into the morass while trying to extricate him. Several more were, although they all eventually floundered out.

The warrant was not in completely good order, being made out to the wrong street address, but this was before society had become as litigiously intimate as it is now and it wasn't yet considered sporting to upset the outcome of an entire match over one faulty line call. Instead, a certain leniency was proffered and Forrester was offered the choice of jail or joining the army. The latter seemed to offer more opportunity to exercise his predilections, and a military uniform would "goof out" his friends more thoroughly than prison denims, so he volunteered for the draft.

Forrester eventually became a com-

pany clerk and got access to his own files and to various bits of military information. He discovered that there was still extant in the United States Army a "blimp corps," and showing the same talent he had with the philosophy thesis, plus some additional talent in forgery, he transferred himself to this unit. He thought that was a pretty good joke. The army may have thought it was a pretty good joke too, because they didn't have any blimps, so they put him in an observer plane.

And thus out of playfulness Forrester went to Vietnam, and his plane was shot down, and he was killed. So maybe there's no excuse for playfulness in life. Norm Jefferies, on the other hand, had contracted a hatred for the Viet Cong on his previous tour of duty. And thus out of hatred Jefferies went back to Vietnam and was killed in a rocket attack. Dale had a crush on a boy who enlisted, so he enlisted too. And thus out of love Dale went to Vietnam and got killed by a booby trap in Puang Tri province. And Henderson went to Vietnam for no reason at all and didn't even get that far and was killed in a traffic accident in South Korea. So maybe there's no excuse for anything else either. □

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Bogota, Colombia This South American metropolis prides itself on being the most litter-free city in the Western Hemisphere. Much of the credit for the exceptional cleanliness of Bogota's streets belongs to the US Food for Peace Program, which donated 1.3 billion new garbage cans to the Colombian government. "So many people eat out of garbage cans in Colombia," said a Food for Peace spokesman, "that we thought it would be wonderful if they had brand-new garbage cans to eat out of."



New York, New York Ed Kabeck, a resident of Manhattan, is listed with the US Department of Agriculture as the owner of the smallest farm in the United States. Ed farms a phone booth on the corner of Fifty-fourth Street and Lexington Avenue. Last year he received \$168,000 from the federal government for not growing cotton. "Next year," says Ed, "I'm not going to grow wheat, too." He keeps a goat, though, for "milk and companionship."



Mexico City, Mexico Hector Chavez, winner of the Fifth Annual Mexican National Heartburn Championship, addresses his fellow contestants, thanking them for their "fair play" and "sportsmanlike conduct." Mr. Chavez credited his win to half a dozen foot-long Coney Island hotdogs on top of a McDonald's Egg McMuffin breakfast and a warm six-pack of Rolling Rock. He was stripped of his title later, however, when it was discovered he had a medical history of angina pectoris.



Bucharest, Rumania Students at a Rumanian homosexual training school are given practical instruction on how to give more than one handjob at a time. Many communist nations now have training programs for would-be homosexuals. Graduates can expect prized jobs as political defectors or inmates in mental asylums. "Homosexuals are a state treasure," says one Rumanian Communist party official. "Without them we would have no upper class British spies for Western journalists to write long books about. Capitalists take these books with them to the Hamptons to read during the summer, but they are very boring books and thus the morale of the imperialists is lowered."

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