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

But at Pioneer, we believe, that if you're going to pay \$200 for a turntable, you shouldn't just get one of these features. You should get all of them.



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

While other turntables with some of these advancements may look the same as the PL-400 on paper, they don't sound at all alike in your home. Because all these advancements act together to keep an imperfect environment, like your home, from getting in the way of perfect sound.

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

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

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

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

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

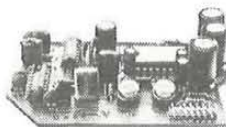
So if you want a turntable that sounds great, there's any number you can buy. But if you also want the price to sound great, there's only one.

The fully-automatic Pioneer PL-400. We bring it back alive.

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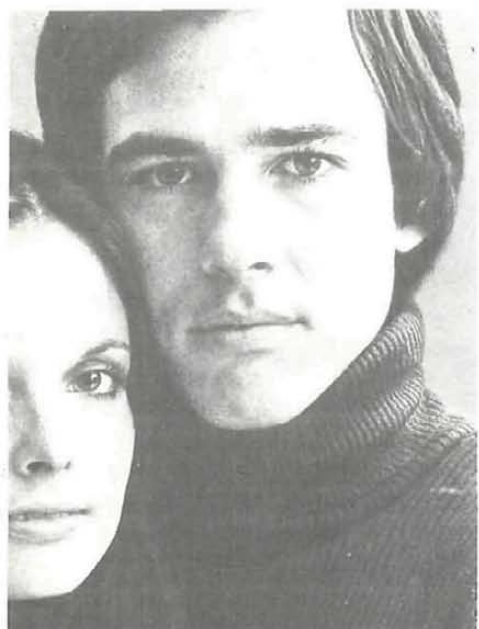


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## THE DOOBIE BROTHERS

Last year the Doobie Bros. scored: a triple platinum album (*Minute By Minute*); three hit singles ("What A Fool Believes," "Minute By Minute" and "Depending On You"); and more Grammy awards (FOUR) than any other act in the music business.

This year the Doobies have given us *One Step Closer*, the new album, and "Real Love," the new single.



## ONE STEP CLOSER

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# Stevie Wonder Hotter Than July



THE FORECAST IS HOTTER THAN JULY. EVERYWHERE.

ON MOTOWN RECORDS & TAPES





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## THE WOMAN WHO WAS TOO THIN AND TOO RICH



ELLIOTT BANFIELD

Multi-million-dollar American appliance heiress Emelia Frigidaire was lured into marriage by a penniless French count who threw her into the Seine from the Pont Neuf and told the gendarmes that she accidentally slipped through the grating. □



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# A Long, Thoughtful Look Back at the Last Fifteen Minutes

*With apologies to Harper's, the Atlantic, the Village Voice, the New Republic, and other such nut-fudge-type publications*

This was an important fifteen minutes for America. It was a fifteen minutes of consolidation, of reflection, and of self-realization. I, myself, realized how hung over I was and that I had to go to the bathroom. Some have called it the "Me" fifteen minutes. "Give me fifteen minutes," I called when it was pointed out I should be at the typewriter making a living. But it's oversimplistic to view this quarter of an hour solely as a period of self-involvement. I cannot speak for the entire nation, but I was involved with the electric razor, which was all gummed up from someone, not me, shaving legs with it. And I was involved for quite a while with the childproof top on the aspirin bottle, even though I have no children of my own. In some ways this epitomizes the sort of caring with which America was imbued during this 900 seconds of history. Many childless Americans have allowed that if the government wishes to require these push-squeeze-turn-dangle-yank sorts of devices on the top of aspirin bottles for the sake of the well-being of the children of others, then it's all right with them. They don't care. But I care a great deal and will continue to care as long as those things are also hung-over-adult-proof and I have to break the top of the bottle on the edge of the sink to get any aspirin out. I care so much, in fact, that I'd like to do the same thing to the other end of the dirt nibbler who invented them. And throughout all these minutes many Americans, myself included, were deeply involved with others. With chirpy girl friends, for instance, who'd already been awake for an hour and were spilling coffee-cake crumbs in the bed, and by mysterious emissaries from the apartment building's maintenance staff, nattering in Spanish about shutting off the water. Beyond this it was also the fifteen minutes of the American woman. It was time for the American woman to be heard. "I don't have my diaphragm in." I heard that.

"Stop it. You'll muss my hair." I heard that twice. Yet it has not been a fifteen minutes without problems and difficulties. In certain areas it was a quarter-hour of stagnation. Blacks have made very little economic progress since eight forty-five this morning. Many of them don't have jobs and the rest are going to be late to work if they don't hurry up. Also, since many

authorities contend that we are losing military might and international prestige by the minute, we have doubtless lost fifteen minutes' worth of military might and international prestige in the last fifteen minutes alone. And what of cultural development? What about progress in literature and the arts? What do we have to show for this last fifteen minutes? Nothing, in my opinion, except one blaringly loud recording of the new Police album, which a certain young lady put on the record player about thirty seconds ago and which I told her I was going to break across her coccyx if she didn't shut it off because my head feels like one of those exploded watermelons that they ran pictures of in *Life* during last summer's drought. It's also been a period of unusual weather. Either that or the people in 19E are throwing things off the terrace again. Perhaps it's too soon to have an overview, a proper perspective, on this extraordinary time. Perhaps we should wait until it's nine thirty and we've had another cup of coffee. Except that's when the cleaning lady comes and tells me to get out of here because I'm getting crumpled-up typing paper all over the

desk. Maybe I'll go to a movie. Is there anything more depressing than going to the movies alone in the daytime? I wonder why that is. It's even more depressing than drinking in the morning. At least drinking in the morning has a little thrill of misbehavior about it, and I think I'll have a small picker-upper right now. It's something new I invented. I call

*continued on page 83*



ILLUSTRATED BY ROZ CHAST



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Sirs:

I'm not worried about my career when the modeling days are over. I'm gonna open up a school for eloq... for articu... for speaking as good as me.

Cheryl Tiegs  
New York, NY

Sirs:

I'm twenty-two and I've just started writing porno novels. What I'd like to ask you is what is the correct spelling of "come"? Is it "cum" or "come"? Is one spelling for the noun and one for the verb, maybe? Also, I want to title my next book *Come Together* (or *Cum Together*), but I'm curious as to whether this would be a copyright infringement on the Beatles song. I await your advice.

Norman Scuzino  
Newark, NJ

Sirs:

We've been studying in school about how the ancient Chinese used to keep their women subjugated with foot binding. Really gross. But it gave me an idea. How about us starting a practice of thigh binding? From childhood, women could keep tight bands wrapped around their thighs, and then when they were adults they wouldn't have to worry about "saddlebags." It wouldn't be sexist or inhumane or anything, because no broken bones would be broken and women could still walk. It would just mean that we could all be fashionable and wear size-5 pants, and we wouldn't have to listen to our moms bitching at us anymore about how fat we're getting.

Crissy Monroe  
Sacramento, Cal.

Sirs:

You want to know what I hate? I hate it when you peel a banana and there's those stringy banana things stuck on the inside that you have to pick off. They look like long, stringy banana smots! And they taste just disgusting.

Chiquita B.  
Managua, Nicaragua

Sirs:

What's fat as a hippo, lazy as a hippo, stubborn as a hippo, stupid as a hippo, rolls its eyes like a hippo, goes on TV looking just like a hippo with gravy stains on its tie, and smells like a hippo that just gargled a gallon of Old Grand-Dad? I dunno. Well, see you later. I gotta go wallow in some mud and wiggle my ears.

Bert Lance  
Still hanging around

Sirs:

We at Macy's are forever interested in keeping up with the demands of our city's ethnic minorities. Therefore, starting this month we will have for the first time a bridal registry specially designed for the young Puerto Rican bride. Below is our partial list of items that are recommended for those in need of gift ideas:

1. Spray paint
2. Black-velvet paintings
3. Monogrammed jumper cables
4. Styrofoam ice buckets
5. Red bras and girdles

Mrs. Dorothy McIntosh  
Macy's

Sirs:

I'll tell you what's wrong with this great country of ours, and this is something you can take to the bank. Do you know what the number-one-selling item in the toy store is? Do you know what we give millions of to our little itty-bitty children every Christmas? Toy guns! This is a pretty sad commentary on our society, when all our kids are running around with plastic guns, yelling, "Bang, bang, you're dead." Well, I for one don't subscribe to that particular mania. No way, Jose. I give my kids nothing but the best: real guns, Magnums, .45s. My kids pack some cold steel. At least I don't have to worry about them getting bullied at the playground, right? Hey, don't get me wrong, I'm a strict parent. If they misbehave, I come down hard on them—no ammo for a week.

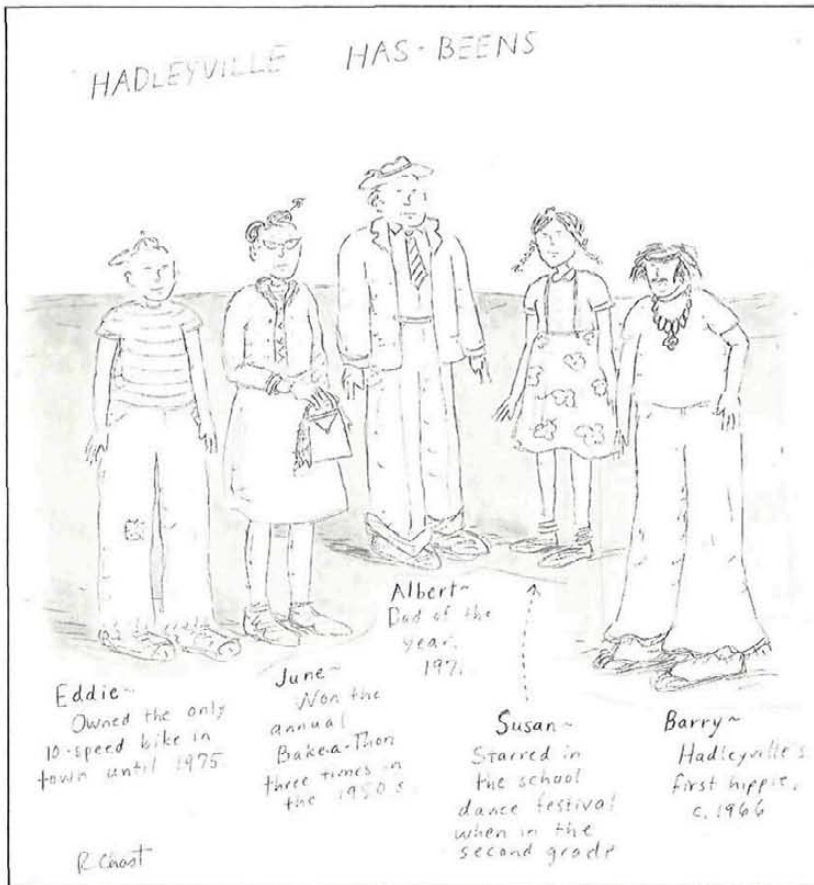
And that's the name of that tune,  
Robert Blake  
El Lay, Cal.

Sirs:

Did you know that when you dial 789987454545421 real fast on a push-button phone, it sounds amazingly like the theme from "Rockford Files"?

Gerald R. Ford  
14th Hole  
California

continued





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## JACK DANIEL'S STOCKING CAP

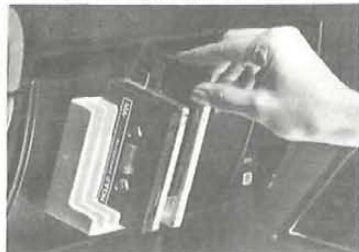
A warm and comfortable knitted ski hat with "Jack Daniel's Old No. 7" knitted right into the top of the cap—2 times ... on the front and back sides. A good conversation starter for the winter sportsman. My \$6.00 price includes postage and handling.

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

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

## Prevent fall out

No more lost cassettes and messy piles of cassette tapes on or under the car seat with the new Swan "go anywhere" holder.



It holds up to six cassettes in slotted grooves and can be secured on the dashboard or anywhere in the car or van, or use it at home—cassettes can't fall out.

The "dual-component" holder has a special back plate that "locks-down" your cassette holder, then you simply remove the holder and take your music and cassette holder with you. It's totally unique. (Pat. pending.)

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## LETTERS

continued from page 8

Sirs:

They make dry ice; why doesn't somebody invent dry water? That way, we could go swimming without wearing those funny-looking caps and still not get our hair or makeup wet. And we could have water fights with the guys in the next apartment without our makeup running or our hair getting all wet and scraggly. And we could wash our hair without having to wait for it to dry, and wash our faces without having to take time to reapply our makeup.

And best of all, we could get away with wearing falsies in wet T-shirt contests.

Sandi, Tina, and Cindi  
Venice, Cal.

Sirs:

Hey, when the hell did they start letting Jews play tennis?

Big Bill Tilden  
Doubles Heaven

Sirs:

Lookit da tits onnat broad. Peruse the breasts on that lady. Glance at the bosom of that woman. Cop a look<sup>2</sup>see at the knockers on that honey. Observe the mammary glands on that female. Check out the boobs on that doll. Scan the jugs on that dame. Peer at the porch on that slit. Behold the bazooms on that babe. Glare at the teats on that girl. Ogle the melons on that twat. Admire the balcony on that chick. View the bust on that gal. Contemplate the udders on that cooze. Squint at the dugs on that gentlewoman. Eye the mammae on that momma. Scowl at the chest on that cunt. Regard the...uh...well, you get the idea.

Peter Roget  
New York Public Library

Sirs:

I want to let you know about a terrific new drug that may save Hollywood. It's called "ear cocaine." You put it in your ear instead of up your nose, and it makes you really want to listen instead of really wanting to talk. Whew! It's something! It could change everything out here. Well, 'bye now, I've got to run and listen to a whole lot of people's life stories since they were about two. Who knows? I might even learn something. Wouldn't that be amazing?

A Baby Mogul  
Beverly Hills, Cal.

Sirs:

Whaddaya want? Huh? Dough? A boat? Wha? I'll get it for you. Just pick up this bottle here. No, not that one. This one. The wine bottle. Right. Now, just rub the side a little and you're halfway to everything you ever wanted. Don't drop it! That's it, just keep rubbing. Ahhh.

The Genie  
Bottle in the Bronx

Sirs:

Whaddaya, crazy? Stop rubbing this bottle and put it down! The more you rub, the bigger a boner that weirdo gets. And if he ever gets out, there won't be an unviolated cornhole between here and Philadelphia. Don't believe anything he tells you. Why do you think they stashed the idiot in a cheap bottle of port anyway? My job is to keep him here.

The Cork  
Bottle in the Bronx

Sirs:

I'm a knife thrower at a carnival. I am also an epileptic. Until one day last week, my epilepsy never interfered with my profession, since I take my medication regularly. But I was in a hurry Thursday and forgot to take it, and that night I had a slight accident during the act.

Surprisingly enough, the audience was very understanding. In fact, they loved it. And since then I've had three offers from other carnivals to come to work for them at double my present salary, the only stipulation being that I cease taking my medication. My loyalty is with my present boss, but the other carnivals are offering good money. What should I do?

The Great Spurelli  
Poppy's Fun Land  
Buffalo, NY

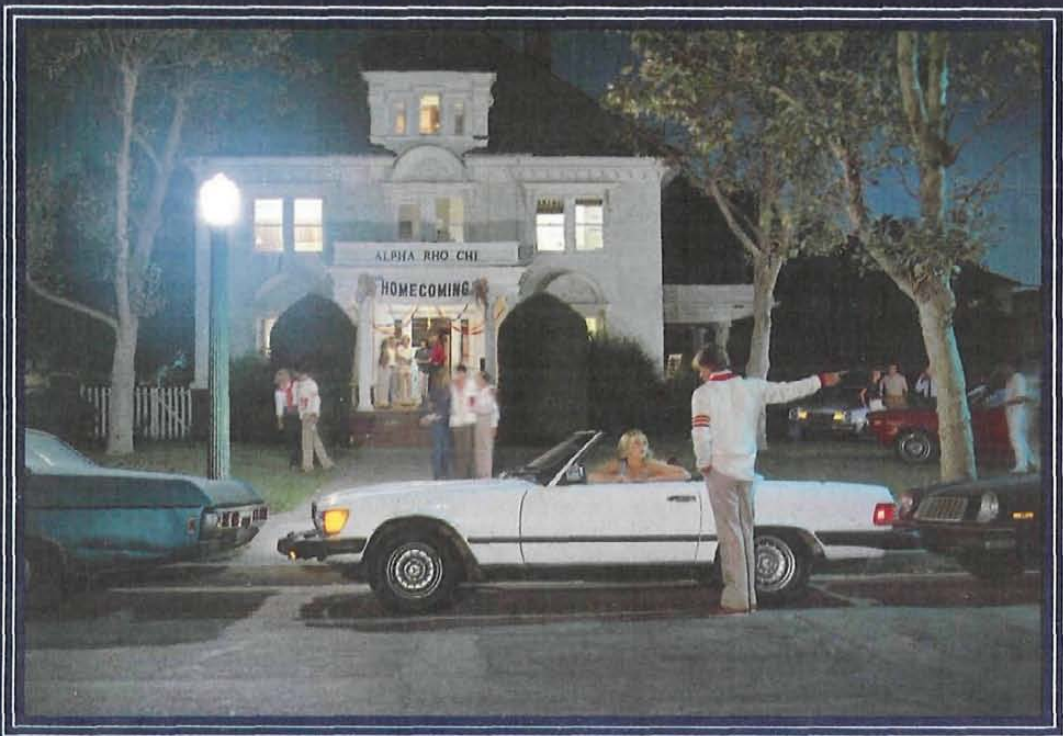
Sirs:

I've seen a lot of fads come and go, but none so dangerous as this "no preservatives" nonsense. Don't these young kids today realize that we need preservatives? If you eat natural foods your whole life, you won't have any preservatives in your body, and when you die you'll decompose a lot faster than a banana on a hot sidewalk in July. Your family won't be able to have a decent burial for you. They'll be lucky if they can hose you out of your warm-ups.

An old-timer  
Des Moines, Iowa

continued on page 80





**“Thanks anyway, but my kid sister can give me a lift. She’s got a Jensen.”**

**The Jensen Triax® three-way speaker system.**

After Jensen invented the Triaxial® car stereo speaker system, it became the most imitated in the world. Because it was designed with one purpose: Faithful sound reproduction.

A Triax is extremely accurate and distortion free because it not only has a woofer to recreate low tones and a tweeter to capture the highs. A Triax features a midrange speaker to reproduce all those subtle sounds between low and high. The result is remarkable clarity across the entire sound spectrum.

And since Jensen hasn’t had to concentrate on duplicating the Triax, we’ve been able to put all our effort into making it better

than ever. Not with gimmicks or gadgets, but with meaningful innovations in the sound.

After studying absorption, reflection, baffle enclosures and the “closed cavity effect,” a Jensen Triax interacts with the acoustics of your car for even greater clarity. We’ve examined road noise, car speed, sound level vs.

distortion and the need for higher power handling. And driven the Triax high performance even higher.

But enough.

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After all, we know it’s not all the technical talk that moves you. It’s the sound.



**JENSEN**  
SOUND LABORATORIES  
AN ESMARK COMPANY

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**When it’s the sound that moves you.**

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# Three-Minute Mysteries

## Can you spot the clue?

by Michael Reiss and Al Jean

### The Case of the Drunken Driver

Inspector Fercouties leaned back in his chair and puffed at his pipe. As the bubbles filled the room, he looked at his watch: he'd been at work for two hours and had already solved forty cases! Suddenly his reverie was interrupted by the police commissioner, who brought in Shades Martin, a blind man suspected of murder.

"Now, don't be nervous," the inspector joked. "Justice is blind, too."

"Thanks," replied Shades. Glancing at the inspector, he added, "I like your tie."

Hearing-Aid Harry, Martin's worst enemy, had been found murdered earlier in the morning. Martin's alibi that he was bird-watching at the time was unsubstantiated, and he was the prime suspect. But there was one problem: Harry had been shot by a gunman using a high-powered rifle from two hundred yards away, something no blind man could do.

Swatting a fly, Martin began his story. "It's no secret that Harry and I hated each other. As theater critic for

the Bugle, he was always panning my work! Listen to this—" He paused to remove a yellowed newspaper clipping from his wallet and then began to read aloud. "'Martin's direction is abysmal, and he is, too. I give this play zero stars. —Hearing-Aid Harry.' But I didn't kill him, I swear it!"

"Hmm," said Inspector Fercouties. "I think this calls for another look at the scene of the crime."

"It's on my way to work," the blind man said. "I'll drive you over."

Emerging from Martin's car an hour later, Inspector Fercouties drew his gun. "The jig is up!" he said sternly.

#### WHAT PROMPTED THIS?

#### Solution

While driving, Martin had downed a quart of bourbon and run over six pedestrians. Inspector Fercouties quickly spotted the crime and made the arrest.

### The Case of the Talking Horse

Don Stevens lay dead on the floor, a knife protruding from his chest. As

his grieving widow wept over the body, a giant polka-dot horse lumbered up to her.

"Surprised? Don't be," said the horse. "I'm Inspector Fercouties. I was at a costume ball when I heard about the murder, so I trotted right over."

"This is outrageous!" Mrs. Stevens exclaimed. "I'm going to report you to the commissioner."

"I'm right here," came a voice from the rear of the horse. "Inspector Fercouties is one of our best men."

"Oh," said Mrs. Stevens. "It's all so horrible! I don't know who could have done this—he hadn't an enemy in the world. Wait, there was one..."

"Spare me your details," said Inspector Fercouties. Brushing past the sobbing woman, he searched the corpse for clues. Suddenly, he stood up. "There's no reason for me to go any further," he snorted.

#### IS HE CRAZY, OR WHAT?

#### Solution

While rummaging through the victim's pockets, Fercouties found a paper with "Inspected by No. 7" printed on it. "Someone else is already handling the case," the inspector announced, and he returned to the policemen's ball, where he won first prize.

### The Case of the Dopey Detective

"Miss Scarlett obviously bludgeoned the victim," Inspector Fercouties began, "with the candlestick in the conservatory."

"You lose again," said his opponent. "That makes forty-seven dollars you owe me."

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. "Excuse me, Junior," the inspector said, and he let the commissioner into his office.

"Inspector Fercouties, this morning we discovered three dead bodies near the old warehouse. The three, all total strangers, appear to have been brutally murdered," the commissioner began.

Turning to his son, the inspector said, "I don't think you should hear this," and he turned his radio up full volume.

"The victims were identified as Doris Dalby, Diana Davidson, and Debbie Dixon," the commissioner continued.

"Hmm," noted the inspector. "All women."

"With the aid of your son, we rounded up two suspects: Bill Fitzsimmons and David Daddario.





They're waiting in the next room, if you'd like to speak with them."

"That won't be necessary," the inspector said. "It's clear the murderer is—"

WHO?

*Solution*

"You, commissioner!" exclaimed Inspector Fercouties. The inspector realized that the commissioner knew too much about this case to be merely an innocent bystander. The victims were all total strangers, yet the commissioner knew them each by name!

*The Case of the Missing Pizza*

Two weeks after the murder of Deirdre Dumont and the release of the commissioner from prison, Patrolman Fercouties was startled by a knock at his door.

"Open up. It's the police!" came a voice from outside the modest ranch house. "Your neighbors reported a loud argument coming from this room."

"I was talking to myself," said Fercouties. "Don't come in—I'm right in the middle of remodeling," he added, pushing a sofa against the doorway.

Crashing through the door, the po-

lice officers were greeted with a ghastly sight: the commissioner lay dead on the floor, his battered head next to an equally battered trophy from the policemen's ball!

"Let's not jump to conclusions, gentlemen. Was it an accident," said Fercouties, "or suicide?"

"Seems to me you're a prime suspect," said one of the policemen. "It's no secret that you and the commissioner have been at odds since your demotion."

"Look, he must have fallen down the stairs," said Fercouties.

"Unfortunately, that story has one fatal flaw," said a second policeman. "There are no stairs in a ranch house!"

"Then it must be suicide," said Fercouties. "I'll go look for a note."

A few minutes later, Fercouties called the officers into his kitchen. "Here it is, written in blood," he said. Scrawled on the refrigerator was a note, which read: "Fercouties, I had to end it all. Sorry I dented your trophy. —The Commissioner"

"What are all these empty cans of tomato paste doing here?" the first officer asked.

"The commissioner must have been baking me a pizza," replied Fercouties.

"I think we've heard enough," said

the second policeman. "You're coming downtown."

"If you arrest me, you're making a big mistake," said Fercouties. "I know who the real murderer is!"

WHO'S HE TRYING TO KID?

*Solution*

The real murderer, Fercouties explained, was his son. He told the officers that his boy, an ardent pizza lover like most children, had eaten the pizza meant for Fercouties. Confronted with his crime by the commissioner, the youth panicked and killed him.

When it was revealed that Fercouties's son had been away at camp at the time of the murder, the former inspector was sent to prison. □

*Gramercy Park Hotel*

The cockroach could become man's friend

If trained to serve him properly. Five hundred roaches, coached by me, Could line themselves up end to end And push—or pull—a tiny sleigh Bearing a can of lethal spray That fifty others aim, and then Blast every last roach that I see In 419, the Gramercy.

—Brian Shein

The advertisement features a large, golden Molson Golden beer can on the left. The can has a white label with a landscape scene of a sunset over a lake. The word "MOLSON" is printed in large blue letters at the top of the label, and "GOLDEN" is printed in large blue letters at the bottom. To the right of the can, the text "Imported by Martlet Importing Co., Inc." is visible vertically. On the right side of the advertisement, there is a black background with white text. At the top, it says "Thirsting for the best of Canada?". Below that, in large, bold, white letters, is "Make sure it's Molson.". At the bottom right, there is a small image of a glass of beer with a white head of foam next to a bottle of Molson Golden beer.

BREWED AND BOTTLED IN CANADA; imported by Martlet Importing Co., Inc., Great Neck, N.Y.



# Pet Maintenance and Nuclear Physics: A Manual

by Brian McCormick

Pet maintenance and nuclear physics—another conspiracy theory? Unlikely. Most pets could care less about high energy particle physics. "What's in it for us?" they query. "We are not Swedes like Sven and Olaf; we are like the Mexicans, fat and happy and sorely lacking in scientific skills."

Even so, most scientists agree that unless you're talking in terms of the theoretical implications of quasi-pet behavior at the quantum mechanical level, you're talking Mexican. "*Se ha escapado el gato con los albondigas*" normally translates as "The cat has escaped with the meatballs," but now reads, " $C_6H_3O_4N_2$  plus  $C_2H_4N_3$  equals Hypoglycemic Feline Hispanica." It's that simple. How do I know this? Science tells me that this is so.

We've got the basics down now, so let's tackle the tough ones—the stumpers even Einstein's cat couldn't solve.

- You've just fed deworming powder to your pet worm; why then isn't it turning into a World War I biplane

doing loop-de-loops above the clouds? Well, it can't. We know that now. Years of research will back me up on this. No, the worm just shrinks to the size of a proton. Later, scientists will invent a fish to eat it.

- Never feed plutonium to your pets. Pets get all the plutonium they need from Mother Nature. Most pets produce their own plutonium pellets, with which they hope to build nuclear weapons capable of opening cans of pet food. We've all seen stray dogs knocking over garbage cans in the mistaken belief that they are storage bins for nuclear wastes. These dogs are probably terrorists. If you value America's nuclear waste supply, you will shoot them on sight.

- Science tells us that pets are attracted to lasers. It was Madame Marie Curie's goldfish who discovered this fact in 1901. Of course, the goldfish never got credit, because Madame Curie claimed the idea for herself in

*Pet Physics Quarterly*. What does this tell us about Madame Curie? She was a fish murderer, yes, that's obvious, but more important, she had a laser as early as 1901. Amazing? Not really. M. Curie was the founder of the National Rifle Association.

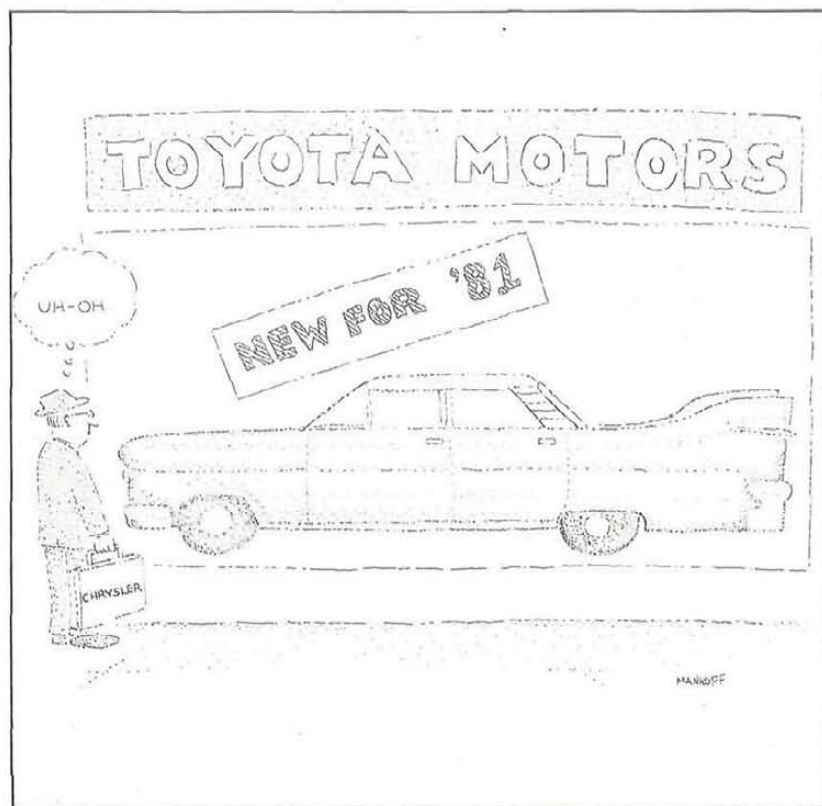
- American pet supply dealers use the time-honored "strip and burn" technique when rounding up herds of lovable pets. Whining crybaby ecologists complain that this amounts to the rape of Mother Earth, but any jury with brains will see that she was asking for it. No planet looks this beautiful unless it's looking for a little action.

- Every year, millions of well-meaning American psychotics try to raise baby chicks in microwave ovens. *Microwave ovens should only be used to confuse meat by disrupting the meat's brain waves*. Failing that, you can use them as saunas for moths.

- Where to buy your nuclear pet supply: the age-old stickler. The best place to purchase your plutonium-packed pals is in the supermarket. There are plenty of pet fish inhabiting the frozen waters of the meat bins. These fish are clean, dependable, and, above all, quiet. Quiet fish are essential to the proper maintenance of fish-cooled reactors, though paprika will do in a pinch. The more ableminded fish can be trained to act as doorstops and glow-in-the-dark paperweights in special pet intern programs. This, incidentally, was not done at Three Mile Island.

- When naming your nuclear pet, try to choose a name that will make money for you. A fish named Senator Jackson will earn you *mucho* in the bogus nuclear energy racket. Another scam might involve a dog nicknamed Carcinogens Threatening the Environment of Bo Derek. *Be creative, but be careful*. And remember, the Society for the Prevention of Mental Cruelty to Animals prohibits owners from naming their pets after Shelley Winters.

Pets at the subnuclear level? "That's going a bit far," you chuckle. But scientists today predict that we can expect just that discovery by the end of this week! Why, before we know it our children will be able to tweeze the eyebrows of snakes and stuff chickens with snow. It certainly is a wonderful world of science, don't you agree? □



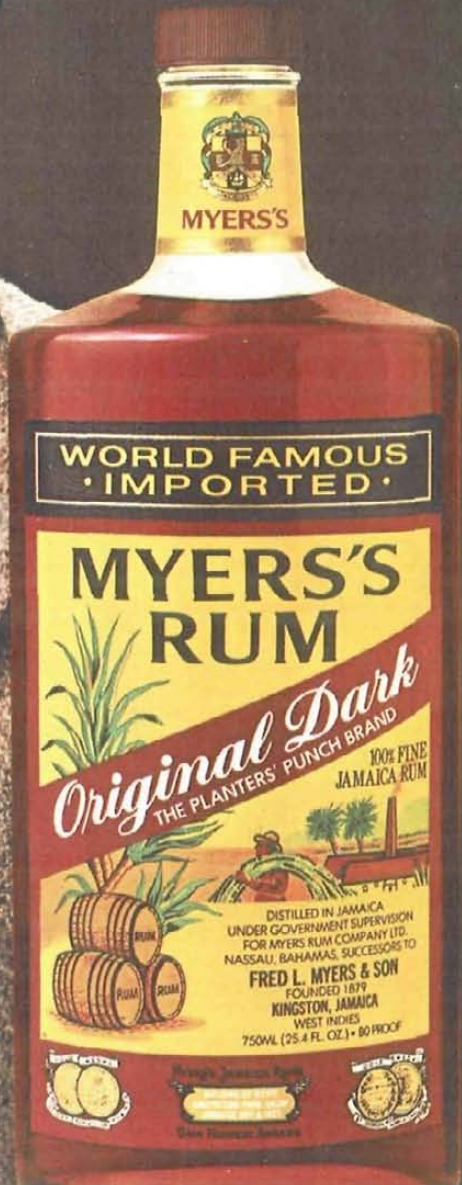


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This year I graduated to the flavor of Myers’s.”**

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# Kicking the Gong Around

by Brian Shein

I first learned about drugs from my Uncle Reg when I was nine or ten years old. This was in the 1950s, a period when "dope" and "narcotics" were just words to most people. But Reg had been in the navy during World War II and had seen a thing or two in his time. He had a pretty good idea of what those words meant and he wanted to open my eyes a bit.

Reg was the bachelor uncle. He had a rasp in his voice, a twinkle in his eye, a dash of Old Spice on his cheek, and a pack of Camels in his shirt pocket. He liked to loosen his tie and he wasn't afraid to mention some divorcee or bathing beauty at the dinner table just to make my mother blush. He would take a beer now and then, or even something stronger, and he was the area's top salesman for Lanark Duct and Vent, a sheet-metal concern. He was also a great one for practical jokes. A visit from Uncle Reg meant encountering a full array of rings, fountain pens, flowers, handkerchiefs, jars, tubes, boxes, and bags, all producing a perfectly synchronized series

of electrical jolts, squirts of water, rubber insects, spring-loaded snakes, sneezing powder, hot-pepper candies, charcoal rings around your eye, and even a handful of soft plastic doggie poo, until, as you finally sank exhausted onto the couch, it would climax with the triumphant flatulent blast of the whoopee cushion he'd slipped under you at the last minute. Reg was some guy, all right. He was everyone's idea of the perfect uncle. I really tried to like him.

It was after dinner during one of his visits that Uncle Reg started telling me one of his wartime stories. He'd spent part of the war stationed at a Canadian naval base on the coast of British Columbia, and one weekend he and some of his buddies were on leave. They'd gone to the nearest big city, Vancouver, which has a large Chinatown area, and that was where they ran into the kind of guy—let's call him Mac—that sailors on leave were always meeting up with in Chinatown.

I was too young at the time I heard

the story to realize it, but the Macs of this world are a very special and very weird breed of man. Mac was the guy who liked showing sailors around, just that and nothing more. He didn't do anything with them or to them. He didn't obtain suitable other people for the sailors to do things with or to. He didn't even try to get them really drunk and then take their money. He just liked walking around with them, showing them the sights, buying them a cup of coffee or a candy bar. Mac just liked talking to sailors and being seen talking to sailors. There aren't many guys like that left anymore, just like there aren't many guys left who can happily spend all afternoon staring down into a construction site.

Anyway, Mac was showing Reg and his buddies around Chinatown, and naturally he took them to a Chinese restaurant for supper. Reg explained to me that Chinese food was mostly vegetables hacked up into thin gooey strips and draped over a plate of rice and that no matter how much of it you ate you were always hungry afterward. It sounded like a losing proposition were it not for the fact that it was eaten in a Chinese restaurant in Chinatown.

As the sailors sat in this restaurant—a "dive," Uncle Reg called it—they started to notice that men and women, both Chinese and white, kept coming into the restaurant but instead of sitting at a table would go to the rear of the room, pull aside a heavy brocade curtain, and then disappear behind it. They didn't come back out. After they'd finished their supper, Mac asked them if they'd noticed these peculiar goings-on. Of course they all said yes, being sailors and having a keen weather eye out for such things, especially in Chinatown.

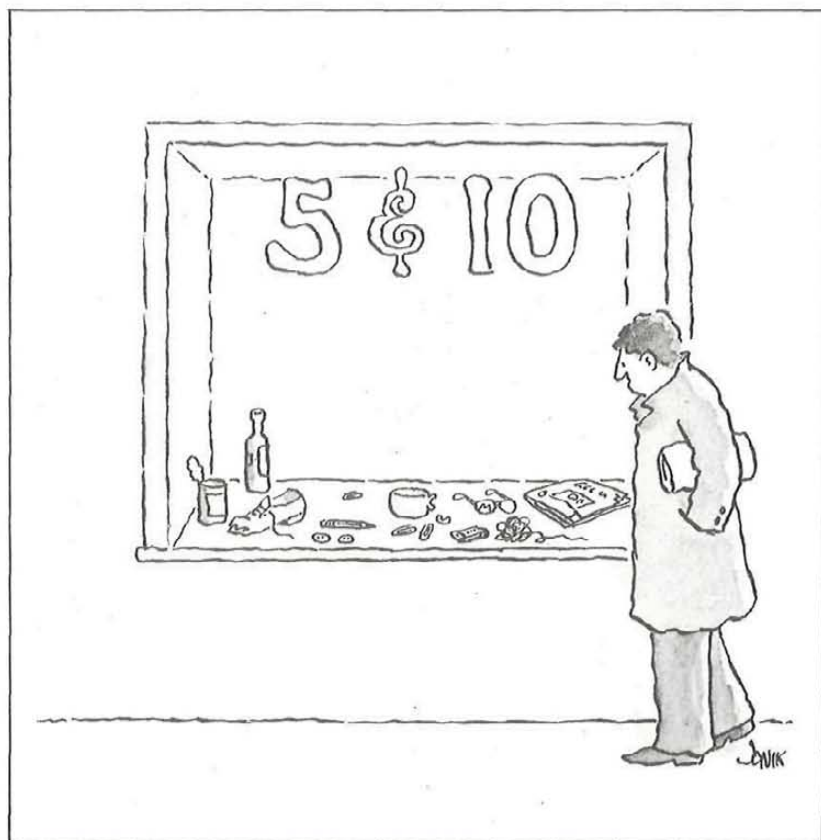
At this point in the story Reg eyed me very carefully and leaned forward. "Have you ever heard," he asked in a harsh whisper, "of 'kicking the gong around?'"

I shook my head, no. "That's what Mac asked us," he explained, "and neither had we."

But kicking the gong around was exactly what Mac promised them they could witness. It was a sight the likes of which they'd never come close to seeing before, he assured them. Naturally they couldn't wait. It was a quiet war on the west coast of Canada and there were many things a sailor would have been very happy to see.

Mac motioned them to stand up

*continued on page 18*





*Alive with pleasure!*  
**Newport**

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*After all,  
if smoking isn't a pleasure,  
why bother?*

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

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



## KICKING THE GONG

continued from page 16

and follow him single file. He drew back the heavy brocade curtain and behind it was a door. Mac opened the door—or did he knock on it in code first and then wait until it opened from the inside?—and there was a stairway leading down to the basement. The sailors followed Mac halfway down the stairs.

"And do you know what we saw in that basement?" Uncle Reg paused for dramatic effect, his eyes shining.

Once again I had to shake my head.

"Junkies," he whispered. "Dope addicts. Men and women doped up on narcotics. That's what kicking the gong around means—smoking opium. And do you know what else they were doing?"

He stared at me until he got me to shake my head again.

"They were dancing. That basement was full of junkies dancing. They were so doped up they didn't even have music. It was the most disgusting thing I've ever seen in my life. I can tell you, we got out of there fast."

That was it. I'd actually heard an adult talking in a familiar way about narcotics, those terrible and mysteri-

ous substances that would probably kill you, and certainly drive you crazy, and whose use was, for all most people knew, very likely hereditary. Dope was so unknown that if you tried to imagine what it looked like, all you got in your mind's eye was a blank spot perpetually receding out of focus. But Uncle Reg's story made me suddenly realize that for some people out there in the real world, drugs were as everyday and ordinary as, well, a visit from Uncle Reg. You could even expect to run into them sometime, just as he had.

So it was no surprise a few weeks later when Harold Woo, the new kid in my grade-five class, suggested that he and I go back to his house after school and kick the old gong around a bit.

Harold was the first and only Chinese kid at George R. Allenby. He was a small, studious boy with owlsh black-rimmed glasses. On the playground at recess a lot of the other kids would run around him in circles, going, "Woo! Woo! Woowoo!" or singing the time-honored "Chinky-Chinky Chinaman." Harold took it all philosophically. Somehow I found out that he had read even more science-

fiction books than I had, plus he knew an awful lot about electronics, so the two of us sometimes walked home from school together. That counted as friendship, I guess, and that's how the invitation came up.

Actually, Harold never used the phrase "kicking the gong around." That was what I said, just to let him know I was wise to a thing or two, after he had politely and formally asked if I wanted to take some opium with him.

"Sure, why not," I added, trying to sound casual. It was a funny thing—all that stuff about narcotics driving you crazy and how disgusting it was to see a bunch of junkies dancing in the basement, all that stuff vanished from my mind. *Opium*, I thought, almost tasting the word. It tasted rich and strange. I was looking forward to this.

For some reason it was a disappointment to find that Harold lived in an ordinary two-storied brick suburban house just like I did. I knew he didn't live in Chinatown, but I was expecting some exotic touch—perhaps a Chinese character lacquered on the front door.

"Hi, Mom!" Harold called out as he

continued on page 20

## Control your reality.

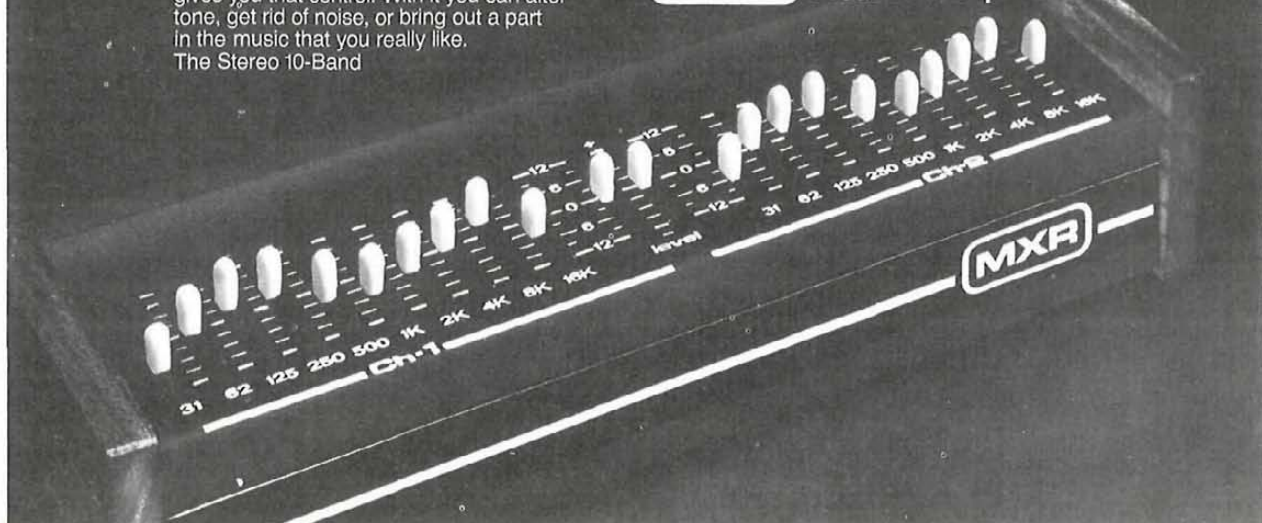
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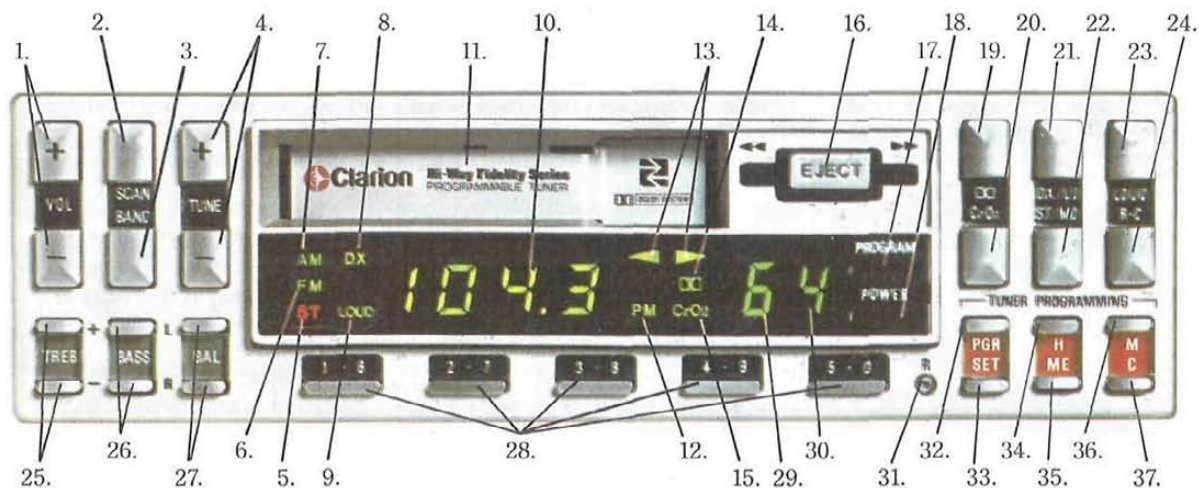
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## “Is \$900 for the first fully programmable car radio too cheap?”

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.

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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



## KICKING THE GONG

continued from page 18

led me into the kitchen.

Mrs. Woo smiled at us. "Would you boys like some milk and cookies?"

In the living room we met Harold's dad, who was reading his evening paper and drinking a glass of cola.

"Anytime you want to watch a football game on TV, you just come on over here," he told me. "We're big football fans in this house!"

Upstairs, Harold led me past his room to a door at the end of the corridor. He tapped on it softly. No answer. Gingerly he pushed the door open to reveal a small room. The blind was pulled down, so the room was filled with a dim yellowish half-light. I could see a camp cot, a wooden dresser, an old suit jacket on a hanger that was hooked over a nail on the wall, a hot plate, and some strange-looking bottles. The room smelled like it wasn't aired very often.

"This room belongs to my old uncle," Harold whispered. He darted inside, reached under the mattress, got something that he held tightly against his chest as he hurried me back to his room, closed the door behind us, and then slowly opened his hands to show

me a lump of stuff like dried leaf mold pressed together.

I started to ask if he had a pipe to smoke it with, but Harold was already chipping some away with his pocketknife.

"Here, just eat it like candy. My uncle takes it all the time."

We each swallowed a bit. I wasn't sure if it counted as opium if you didn't smoke it, but I wasn't going to say anything. Harold's room was bright and airy; there were football pennants on the wall and a ham-radio set on his desk. We ate some more opium before he took the lump back to his uncle's room, and then we fooled around with the radio for a while.

Mrs. Woo came upstairs to see if I would stay for supper. They were having spaghetti and meatballs. I didn't really feel hungry and said I guessed I'd better be going home. Mr. Woo gave me a big friendly smile at the door, patted me on the back, and said to come back anytime.

It was when I was walking home that I realized something funny was happening around the back of my knees and the back of my neck. I felt sick to my stomach, too, and I think I

threw up in the bushes behind the Presbyterian church. But I felt okay, too. I had saved a small chunk of the opium and it felt good knowing it was there in my pocket.

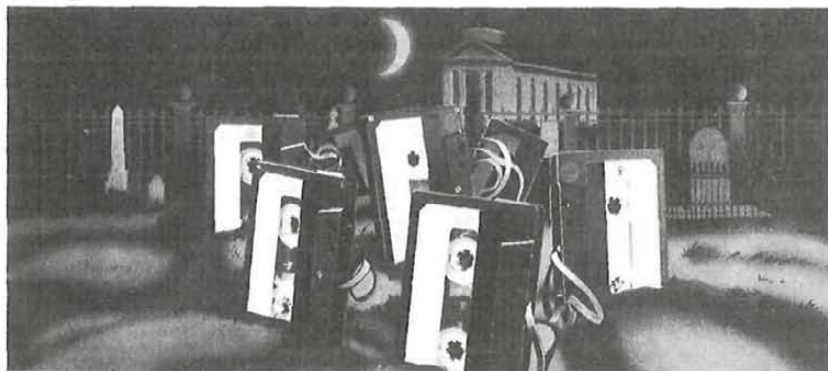
When I got home everyone was sitting down to supper. Uncle Reg was there, too, on one of his visits, I guess. He was wearing white shoes, white trousers, a white shirt, a white jacket, and a straw boater with a white hatband. He had a red rose pinned to his lapel. He kept smiling at me.

I wasn't hungry at all, but I did want some water. When I picked up the glass to drink, though, I had trouble. The water kept dribbling down my chin, no matter how I steadied the glass. Then I noticed the ice cube bobbing up and down in the water. Embedded in the center of the ice cube, looking very dead, was a black fly.

I thought this was all part of the opium, but when I looked up I saw that Uncle Reg was still wearing his all-white outfit and he was laughing. He pointed to the glass in my hand and laughed—some more. My parents laughed, too. Of course—a dribble glass with a plastic ice cube!

continued on page 22

## 20 SECONDS OF ALLSOP 3 COULD HAVE KEPT THESE TAPES ALIVE.

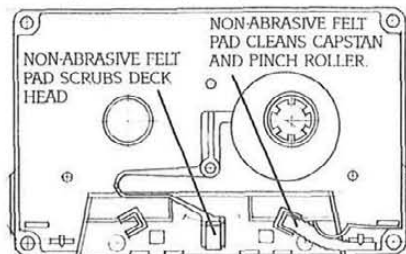


How many times have you seen your favorite tape eaten up... mangled beyond repair? And you probably cursed the tape and your cassette player.

No more. Now you can attack the primary cause of tape damage with a revolutionary new kind of non-abrasive audio cassette deck cleaner called ALLSOP 3.

ALLSOP 3 thoroughly removes oxides and other residue from your

cassette deck's head, capstan and pinch roller—the parts responsible for top sound quality and smooth



tape flow. When pollutants coat these parts, poor performance and tape damage result.

Simply moisten the ALLSOP 3 cleaning cassette with special-formula ALLSOP 3 cleaning solution. Insert into your deck as you would a regular tape. Press the "play" button and two separate non-abrasive felt pads go to work, one cleaning the capstan and pinch roller, the other the head with a patented cleaning action.

20 to 40 seconds is all it takes to keep your cassette components clean...20 to 40 seconds that could mean life- or death- to your tapes.

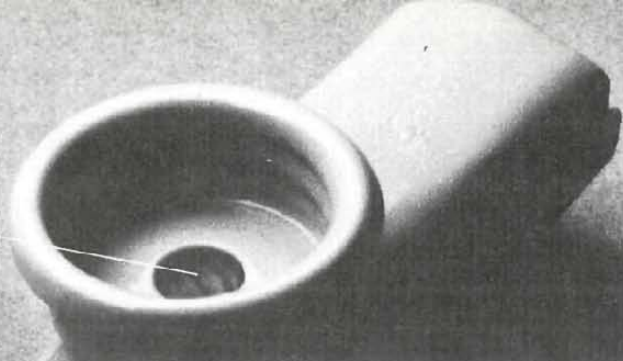
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Like this kazoo  
a conventional  
speaker has a  
paper cone.



# WHAT'S GOOD FOR A KAZOO IS BAD FOR A SPEAKER.

Pioneer's  
new speaker  
has a polymer  
graphite cone.

Blow into a kazoo and what do you hear? A buzzing noise you'd expect from a toy that costs about fifty cents. But just as the paper cone in a conventional kazoo creates a buzzing noise, the paper cone in most conventional speakers creates distortion.

The reason? Paper cones flex. As they alter their shape, they alter your music.

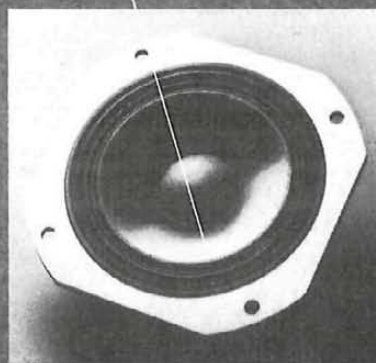
Pioneer's new HPM speakers have cones made of Polymer Graphite instead of paper. This amazing new material reduces speaker distortion up to three-fold. Which means instead of listening to your speakers you can listen to a lot more of your music.

What's more Polymer Graphite is light-weight and non-resonant. So it doesn't add any of its own sound to your music.

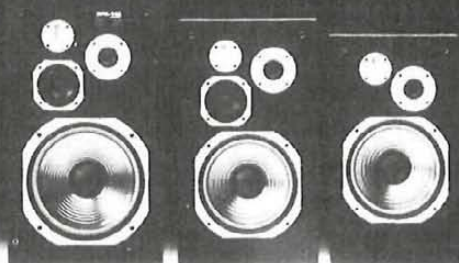
So why buy a conventional paper speaker and limit your system's high fidelity, when you can buy a Pioneer HPM Polymer Graphite speaker and improve it.

 **PIONEER**<sup>®</sup>

We bring it back alive.



## Pioneer HPM Polymer Graphite.™



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## KICKING THE GONG

continued from page 20

"Your Uncle Reg," my father chuckled. "Anything for a joke."

Reg spent most of the supper hour explaining his outfit. He had joined a swell bunch of guys called the Barbershoppers. This was a club that had great get-togethers and conventions and picnics and benefits for sick kids, and what they did was sing in barber-shop quartets. They were all across North America, so if you ever went to another city, why, you could just look up the local chapter of the Barbershoppers and sing the evening away with other guys just like you. It was good clean fun, and the hotels liked having a convention of Barbershoppers because they were always a lot of laughs and good singing, but never too rowdy. All the Barbershoppers wore the same outfit, with a red rose pinned to their lapel.

"Now I want you to imagine," Reg gestured, "when the spotlight comes up on a quartet all in white, those red roses just spring out at you—*ping!* It's quite an effect."

He went on about the big convention they were having in town that night, but I wasn't listening. I said I wasn't feeling well and excused myself to go up to my room. Almost as an afterthought, I wandered into the kitchen, and, sure enough, there on the stove was the pot of coffee my mother always made specially for Uncle Reg. I didn't think of what I was doing as a practical joke really, just

as...well, just as what I was doing. I put that last chunk of stuff in the coffee, and made sure it dissolved.

Then I went up to my room and had a lot of dreams.

I guess I never will find out exactly what happened that night at the Barbershoppers' Regional Roundup. My parents, being the way they are, never talk about it or about why they made sure I never saw the local paper the next day. I do know that Uncle Reg didn't visit again for a long time, and when he did he wasn't working for Lanark Duct and Vent anymore. The rasp in his voice was deeper, the twinkle in his eye had gone dull, and the Old Spice had been applied with a more careless hand. He never would answer me when I asked why he'd quit the Barbershoppers; and the spark seemed to have gone out of his practical joking—one lame card trick was all he did, and I had to ask for that.

Perhaps Reg never figured out what happened that night either.

Harold Woo, by the way, moved out of town with his family a few months later. For some reason we never quite hit it off as friends and didn't spend much more time together.

Even if I don't know exactly what Uncle Reg did that night, though, I do have a memory that I'm sure isn't a dream. The memory is of waking in the middle of the night to find myself on the landing of the stairs. There is a light on down in the living room, and as I lean over the bannister I can see Uncle Reg. His boater is somewhat

askew on his head, his red rose is gone, and his jacket is draped over his shoulders. He is singing to himself in a weird high-pitched monotonous tone, and then he stops singing and starts to sway. His feet float up and down.

It's Uncle Reg in our living room, dancing, and he's so doped up that he doesn't even have music.

I think that is the best possible memory I could have of that distant night that Harold Woo, Uncle Reg, and I spent, each in our own way, kicking the gong around. □

### That Is a Weakness That I Am Confronting in Myself at This Point in Time

(A Love Song for Young Moderns)

She drinks Perrier,  
I never drank any Perrier,  
But she drinks Perrier,  
And that's my weakness now.

She thinks atomic energy is morally  
wrong,  
I never thought atomic energy was  
morally wrong,  
But she thinks atomic energy is mor-  
ally wrong,  
And that's my opinion now also.

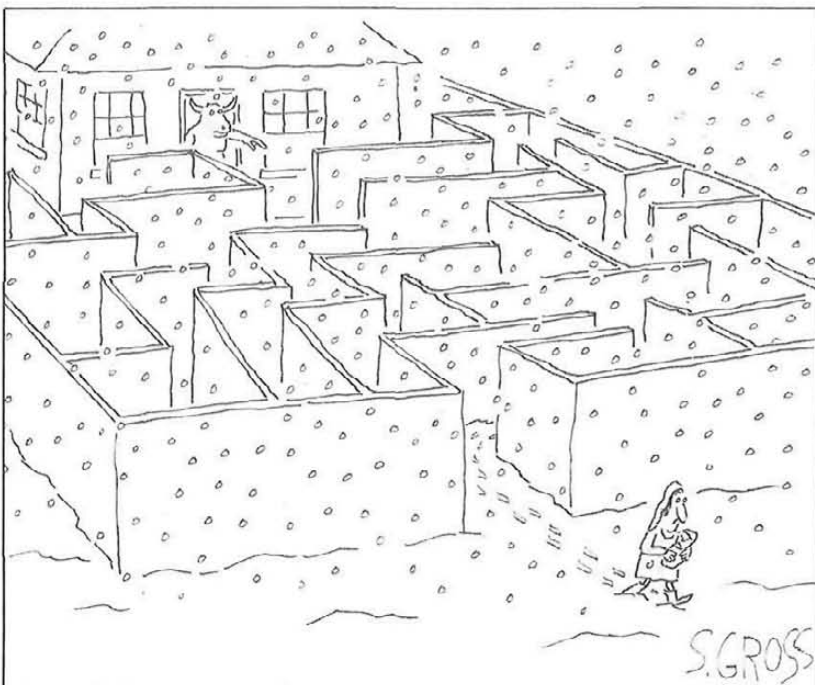
She doesn't smoke cigarettes or eat red  
meat,  
I always smoked cigarettes and ate lots  
of red meat,  
But she doesn't smoke cigarettes or eat  
red meat,  
And I don't much anymore either.

She jogs and goes to an analyst and has  
been through est,  
I never jogged or went to an analyst or  
had anything to do with est,  
But she jogs and goes to an analyst and  
has been through est,  
And now I do too, sometimes, but I  
still won't go through est.

She has a career of her own and likes  
to dance and wants a house in the  
Hamptons,  
I don't want her to have a career of her  
own and I can't dance and I hate the  
Hamptons,  
But she has a career of her own and  
likes to dance and wants a house in  
the Hamptons,  
And I can't stand any of that stuff.

She drinks Perrier.  
I never drank any Perrier,  
But she drinks Perrier,  
And I think I'll call this other girl I  
met last week.

—P. J. O'Rourke







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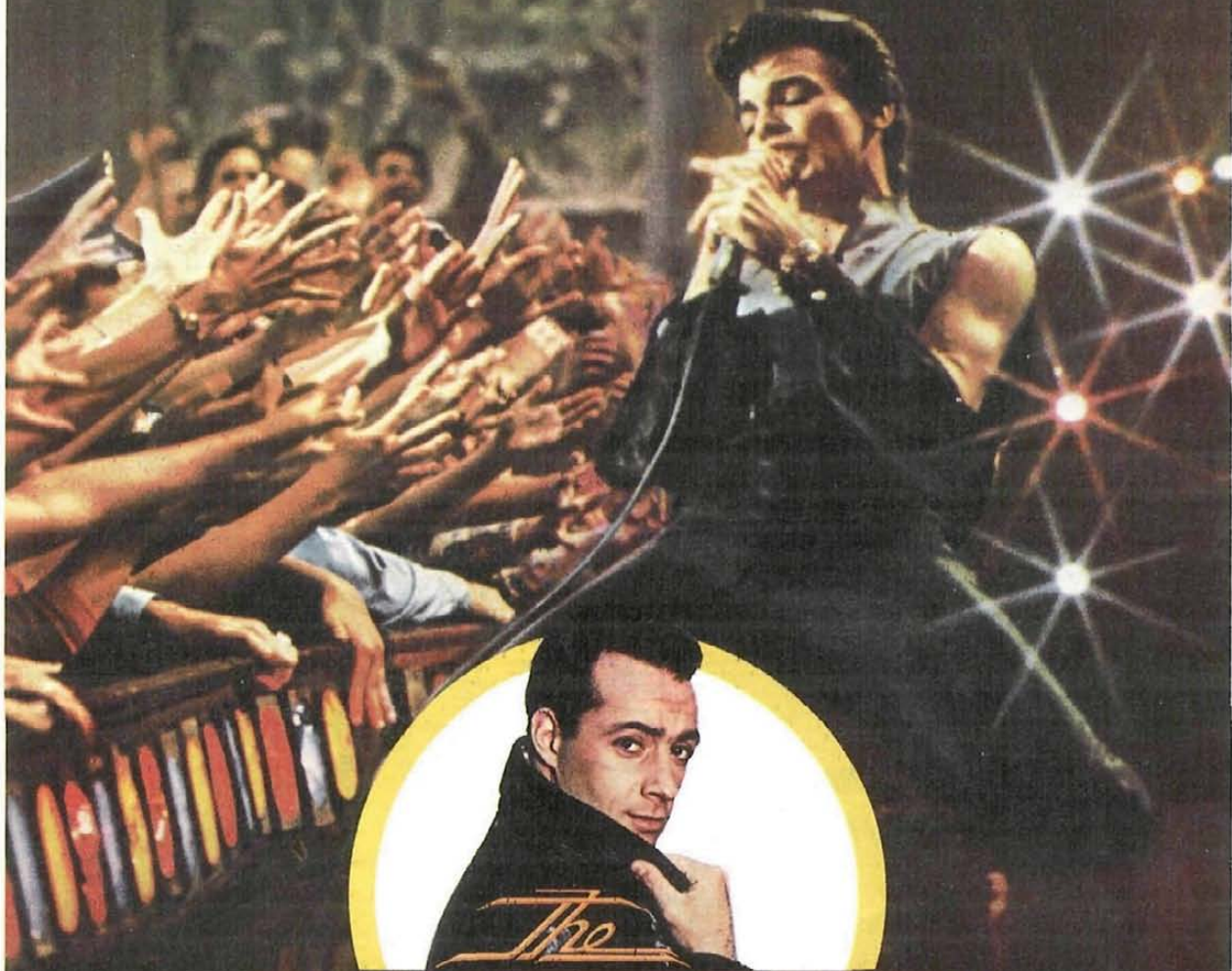
# ...and one for me.

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**Seagram's 7 Crown**  
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He's got the Idolmaker... He's got it all!



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PETER GALLAGHER PAUL LAND Written by EDWARD DI LORENZO

Music and Lyrics by JEFF BARRY Director of Photography ADAM HOLENDER, A.S.C.

Produced by GENE KIRKWOOD and HOWARD W. KOCH, JR. Directed by TAYLOR HACKFORD



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# NEWS ON THE MARCH

## STRAIT OF HORMUZ SUNK; ABADAN FALLS 125TH TIME

WE HAVE KILLED  
THE ENTIRE IRAQI ARMY  
THREE TIMES ALREADY.

AND WE WILL NOT  
STOP UNTIL WE HAVE  
KILLED THEM AGAIN.

AND WE WILL CONTINUE  
TO DRAG THEIR REFINERIES  
INTO OUR TERRITORY  
AND BLOW THEM UP.



WHILE DESTROYING THE  
ENTIRE IRAQI NAVY, AS I  
HAVE DONE THIS  
MORNING.

### FAA Drops Bomb on Planes

The Federal Aviation Administration has issued a study declaring that from a scientific standpoint, airplanes cannot fly. "Airplanes simply do not work," government researchers conclude. "The wings are too small, the fuselages are too fat, and the planes weigh too much.... The data now corroborate what our eyes have been telling us all along." When airline officials countered by pointing to the absurdity of other "scientific" reports that show that bees can't fly either, FAA administrator Merlin Tremens referred to an experiment cited in a study where bees were made to fly from Kennedy Airport in New York to Los Angeles, with the result that all of them crashed or suffered critical structural damage. "Consequently," Tremens ruled, "we're grounding every fixed-wing aircraft in the United States, and we won't change our minds, ever."

### Russia Downplays Beam Weapon

The Soviet Union has dismissed as "unfounded" rumors that it has sent into orbit a satellite capable of directing a lethal "energy beam" at Western satellites and spacecraft. "No, no, no, this is not a lethal weapon," declared a Soviet official. "It is just a pesky weapon. It sends forth beams of unpleasant radio noises. Nothing more."

### New Animal Disposal Device for NY

The New York State Assembly has approved a bill that mandates the use of decompression chambers to kill abandoned animals. Sponsors of the bill said that the decompression chamber is "an inhumane method to dispose of unwanted animals." The bill has the support of the New York Inhumane Society.

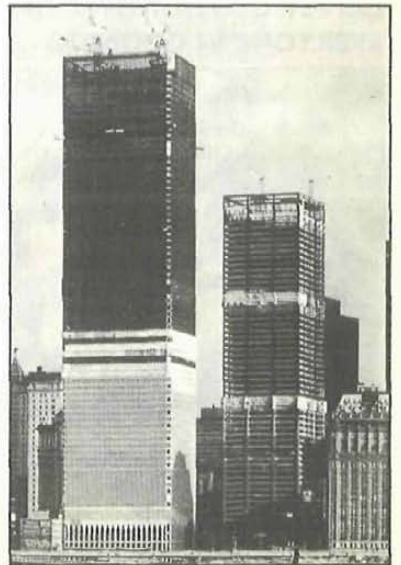
### New Profile to Help Snare Cuban Skyjackers

Police and airline personnel have been provided with a new profile to help them spot the types of behavior and physical appearance most frequently exhibited by disgruntled Cuban refugees. "Suspicionable criteria" reportedly include:

- 1) Cuban-looking passenger shifts weight nervously from one foot to another while clutching a bottle of gasoline to his chest.
- 2) Cuban-looking passenger seems distracted as he drums on the ticket counter with a half-dozen road flares.
- 3) Cuban-looking passenger bitterly denounces the United States in the boarding area while shredding his American money and immigration documents and waving a knife.

### Artist's Creation to Ornament Houston Skyline

Artist Claes Oldenburg and assistants are pictured below in the process of erecting the first full-size sculpture of a skyscraper. Oldenburg says, "My sculpture will look exactly like any other skyscraper in Houston, complete with offices, halls, and lights, but no one will be working there."





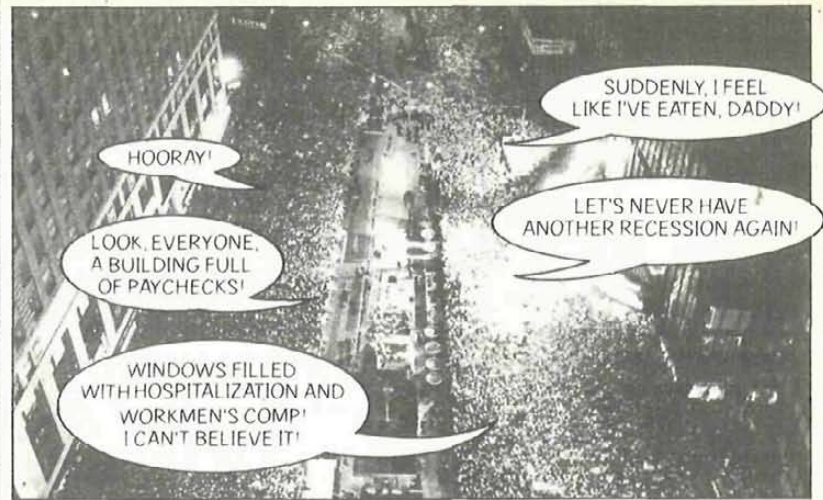
## Report Declares Lone Assassin Killed Somoza

An eight-hundred page study prepared by the FBI concludes that former Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza was murdered by a single gunman acting without support from any government or political group. "He [the assassin] was extremely delt and imaginative," the report argues, "enabling him to make three complete circuits around the victim's car while firing a variety of automatic pistols, machine guns, and a bazooka in a time span of less than sixty seconds. We suggest that he accomplished this feat by arranging ten or eleven weapons on his person in an interconnected mechanical network similar in principle to the disposition of musical instruments operated simultaneously by individuals performing as a one-man band, and that the assassin probably employed a locomotive device to enhance his movement, possibly shoe-mounted springs or wheeled skates." This report is available for twenty five cents from the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Department of Public Information, Washington, D.C.

## Qaddafi, al-Assad on Fact-finding Trip to Michigan

The leaders of Libya and Syria, having recently merged their non-contiguous nations, visited the state of Michigan to investigate the special problems of administering a place that's in two parts. "Suppose," Libyan president Muammar el Qaddafi hypothesized to officials at a reception in Lansing, "a regiment from this section of your state is attacked and destroyed by guerrillas while passing through Wisconsin to get to your other section. Which part of your state would retaliate?" Al-Assad quickly interjected, "Certainly the part where the troops came from, right?" at

## END OF RECESSION DECLARED BY GOVERNMENT



HOORAY!

LOOK, EVERYONE, A BUILDING FULL OF PAYCHECKS!

WINDOWS FILLED WITH HOSPITALIZATION AND WORKMEN'S COMP! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

SUDDENLY, I FEEL LIKE I'VE EATEN, DADDY!

LET'S NEVER HAVE ANOTHER RECESSION AGAIN!

which point Qaddafi sternly proclaimed that an ambush occurring more than halfway across Wisconsin should obviously be avenged by the part of Michigan where the regiment was bound. "No, no, no," al-Assad protested. "Who can be measuring at a time of crisis? Only a weaseling coward from Lansing would not sweep immediately into Wisconsin and crush its treacherous, diabolical government like a caterpillar." Several host officials at the reception were then jostled from their chairs as Qaddafi lunged across the table at his coleader and shouted that he would rather be a shrinking yellow dog from Lansing than have to defend the barren mound of garbage al-Assad comes from. A fierce, noisy exchange of furniture and china soon erupted, followed by gunfire between bodyguards and a powerful bomb blast that killed thirty-three persons in the room just after Qaddafi and al-Assad rushed off to New Zealand, the next stop on their fact-finding tour.

## Soviet Missile Explodes

Claiming that Soviet armed forces are beset with many of the same problems of incompetence and aging equipment that plague the United States, Russian foreign minister Andrei Gromyko apologized for an explosion at a missile silo near Vladivostok that sent a huge flame into the air and blew the missile's warhead all the way to Chicago. "We sincerely regret the accidental destruction of your city," Gromyko declared. "However, we can assure you that the rocket exploded purely by accident, as you can of course understand from your own similar experiences as well as from the "Sergeant Bilko" episode where the chimp was accidentally inducted into the army, which, as it happens, was also experienced by Moscow in an extraordinary-to-believe coincidence that unfortunately resulted in our monkey setting off the scrambler for the jets that accidentally sank your aircraft carrier *Nimitz*, for which we are also deeply, terribly, unquestionably embarrassed."

## LATEST GOVERNMENT OF BOLIVIA TO EXECUTE EVERYONE IN COUNTRY



YOU, BY THE PALM TREE. NO MORE CIGARETTES.

BUT, MAN, THE FIRST CIGARETTE BROKE DOWN, YOU KNOW, IT JUST WENT OUT, YOU KNOW.

WE DIDN'T EVEN GET ANY CIGARETTES OVER HERE, MAN.

ISN'T IT ALWAYS THE WAY.

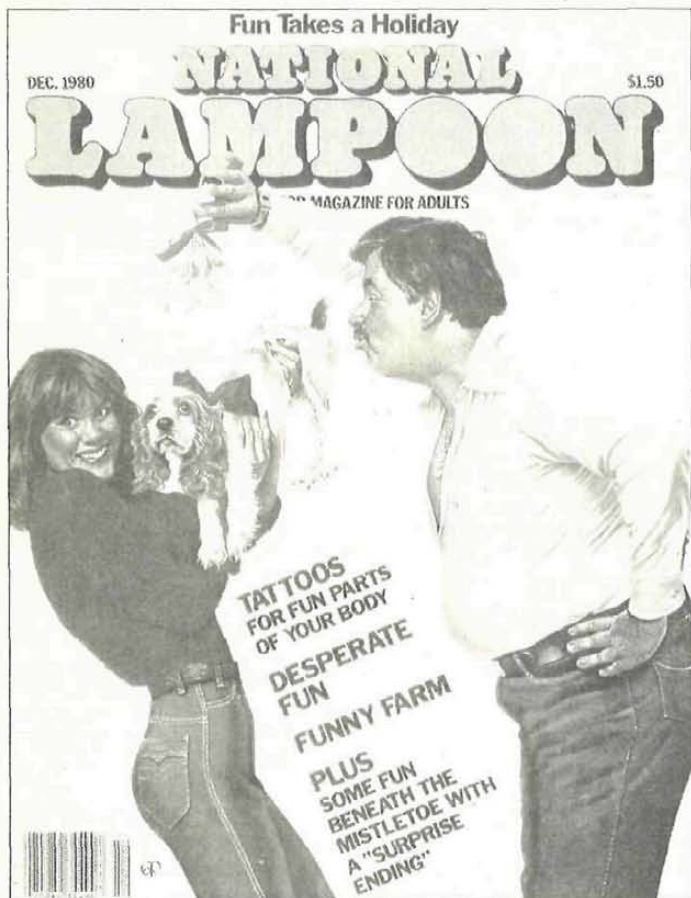
## Liberia Head May Be Missing American

Liberia's new president, Army Sergeant Samuel K. Doe, is now thought to be actually Ernie K. Doe, who recorded the original pop/soul single "Mother-in-law" many years ago. When reached for comment, Ernie's mother, Bessie K. Doe, said only, "Ernie always hated his first name. I haven't heard from him in eight years, but he never went in for politics. It ain't him. He wasn't the kind of man to run a country. He always wanted a nice restaurant a ribs joint or something."

Word from Liberia, however, has the military band purchasing electric guitars and pianos, and Sergeant Doe is reportedly building a recording studio in the presidential mansion.



# THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE!



As of February 1981, the price of *National Lampoon* is going up, and subscription prices will be increased accordingly. If you ask why, we'll tell you. Everything from the price of paper to the price we paid for the stolen typewriter upon which this message was pecked out has gone through the ionosphere. Our expenses, like everyone else's, have doubled, tripled, and octupled in the years since *National Lampoon* rolled out its first pageful of chortles and other laugh-related noises.

But *now*—until February—you can subscribe for three, two, or one year(s) at the current, licentiously low, prices and save scuttles of money—more than fifty dollars on a three-year subscription, for example.

Look, buddy, the time to subscribe is *now!*

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## Senate Approves Housing Bill

The Senate reached final approval recently of an estimated \$47 billion appropriation to aid the housing industry. The money, constituting the largest sum ever earmarked for housing, is expected to be sufficient to pay for the construction of three ranch-style homes and one in-ground pool.

## New Energy-Saving Device

The Federal Energy Commission, which finances small businesses and individuals who come up with energy-saving ideas, recently granted \$8,000 to a man who designed a system to recapture heat from a kitchen oven while it is cooking and radiate the heat throughout the home. His invention works perfectly; however, users will periodically need to scour splattered grease from ceilings and walls.

## New Jersey Too Safe, Says Governor Byrne

"We're proud of our state's low traffic-death rate," Governor Byrne told reporters during the kickoff of Visit New Jersey Week in Trenton, "but we also think it's time to have a little fun." Citing a recent study, the governor said that for each automobile accident in New Jersey there are at least ten near misses, and that while accidents are regrettable, "near misses help make highways exciting and fun places to be." Accordingly, Byrne has ordered state police not to stop out-of-state cars for speeding or minor reckless driving. "We want everyone to have a good time in New Jersey," he said.

## GREEK-TURKISH PEACE CONFERENCE CONTINUES WITHOUT PROGRESS



## Right- and Left-Wing Terrorists Merge in Chad

Extremists of both right- and left-wing groups in Chad have decided to end their differences and unite into one party. It seemed that neither group knew what "right wing" or "left wing" meant in political usage, using these terms only because most of their members were either right- or left-handed. When the leaders of the parties met and discovered that they had much in common, especially the desire for food, clothing, and shelter, they felt they could accomplish more in the future by simply calling themselves "us" or "we."

## New TV Programming Changes Announced

The following changes in TV programming have been announced recently by the networks:

"Today" will be telecast on weekdays at 5 PM, and "The Tonight Show" will come on at 8 AM, Monday through Friday.

The "Tomorrow" program will move to 7 PM weeknights, and "Good Morning, America" will go on at 10:30 PM.

"Prime Time Saturday" will fill a Thursday-noon slot, and "Saturday Night Live" will be aired at 8:30 AM on Fridays.

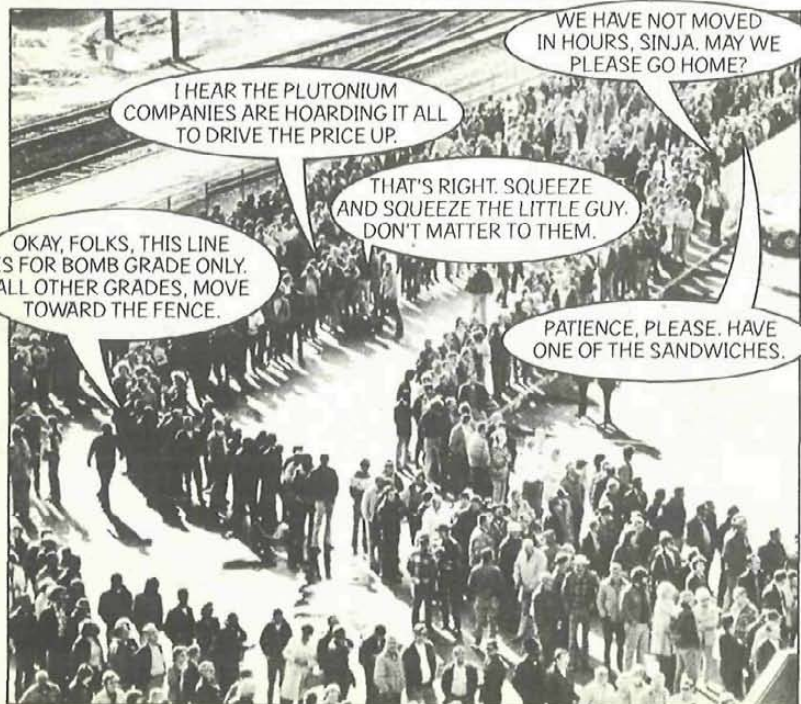
"Fridays" will move to 11 AM Sunday, and "Sunday Morning" will be shown at 4 PM on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

"Dateline New Jersey" will now originate in Kansas City.

## Vandals Form National Association

New indestructible building materials and the decreasing number of unvandalized public buildings has spurred the formation of a new Washington, DC-based vandalism lobby. "What do they expect us to destroy?" said a disgruntled youth at the kickoff press conference for the American Association of Vandals (AAV) recently. Among the group's priorities: more public buildings, more traditional materials, and a moratorium on contemporary sculpture. "That stuff looks pretty much the same no matter what we do to it," said an AAV spokesman. "We want old-fashioned statues of heroes on horses. Some young vandals have never had the opportunity to paint or chisel an equestrian statue, and we think that's a shame."

## U.S. ANNOUNCES PLUTONIUM SHORTAGE





# Product Bargain Bonanza!



● **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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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● **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! (BO-1033) \$4.95

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

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

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

THAT'S SICK!



THAT'S NOT FUNNY.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



● **National Lampoon Sweatshirt** Wear it for good luck. Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering. (TS-1034) \$12.95



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

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

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

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## Government Criminalizes Tampons, Beefs Up Blitz Against Raging Epidemic of Toxic Shock

Staphylococcus aureus, the tampon-induced bacteria responsible for killing nearly twenty-three fifty-thousandths of a percent of America's tampon users, has been singled out by the Food and Drug Administration as its priority tar-

get for 1981. According to officials, a two-pronged campaign focused on public education and preventive enforcement has already begun, as exemplified by a forthcoming magazine ad (left) and the dusting of Mexican tampon fields

(right). The Mexican crop, earmarked for the illegal U.S. market, has been treated with vulvaquat, a powerful astringent that causes severe pain to the user.

**“HEY, SWEETIE, SHOVE ONE OF THESE UP YOUR FRAMAZAMA AND YOU KNOW WHAT YOU GET? DEAD, THAT’S WHAT.”**

Robert Blake, star of television and motion pictures, knows tampons can be hazardous to your health. Presented as a public service by the National Advertising Council in cooperation with the Food and Drug Administration, Washington, D.C.

**“IT’S NO JOKE, LADIES. I’M TELLING YA, THEY’RE FUCKIN’ POISON.”**



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**TOP SECRET  
EYES ONLY**



Developed by a woman scientist at Dow Chemical during the Vietnam War, Herbicide Essence shampoo lets a woman let her hair down as only a woman can. Now this highly classified substance is available to the public for hair-scouring purposes, secret scrubbing missions, and depilatory deployment.

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**“My Three Bimbos.”**

All the laffs you can handle, when Charlie adopts three daffy orphan dames who prove almost too much for him to handle.

“My Three Sons” was never like this! You’ll chuckle while Charlie goes crazy trying to keep tabs on his new family!

He thinks Suzy is dating a sex killer! Marny’s boyfriend wants to move in!

Tammy gets a yeast infection!

**My Three Bimbos**

Jan. 3, on NBC

7:30 PM **8**



## English for Haitian Boat People

Today's Lesson—The Letter O

What are you doing today?

N THING

What did you do in Haiti?

N THING

What did you have to eat in Haiti?

N THING

What did you have to eat today?

N THING

What do you suppose the American people are going to do about it?

N THING

Special Bonus Phrase

G H ME.

## Israelis Recognize Palestinians

Israel has sanctioned limited recognition of the Palestinians.

"Of course we cannot recognize them as a group," Prime Minister Begin explained, "but we will recognize individual Palestinians."

As the law went into effect today, streets were filled with Israelis who vied with each other to point out passing Arabs. "Excuse me, aren't you Mahmoud's brother?" one Israeli was heard to shout. "I've seen the face, but who could remember the name?"

## Energy Department Responds to Criticism

Officials of the Department of Energy have launched an "all-out counter-offensive" against critics who have denounced the agency for its lackluster development of solar energy.

"We're serious," stated one DOE official. "We're sending out teams of twenty-five men and women every morning to watch the sunrise and take notes. And when government employees get up that early, you *know* they're serious."

## Japan Agrees to Run US Industry

Under mounting pressure from Washington, Japan has agreed in principle to take over American manufacturing. The still incomplete agreement will put Japan firmly in control of US auto, steel, aircraft, chemical, and computer production. "Whew! What a relief!" said a highly placed source in the Carter administration, who stressed that the deal did not include uniquely American industries like rock 'n' roll or surfing. "We'll have to start thinking of Japan as a kind of big consulting firm with a hundred and fourteen million employees," he said.

Edited by Tod Carroll; contributions by T.C., T.M., P.J., B.McC., Hugo Flesch, and Donald Marner.



- OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIEST** With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comes, Tom Wolfe in Wally, and a ring suppressed Rolling Stones album.
- DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER** With Saul in Lard Comics #2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement.
- MAY, 1973/FRAUD** With the Miraculous Murgandy Cheat, King of Borax, The Book, The Philologist Individual in Crime, Tax Return, and Galtian Wilson's Cause of the Marston.
- SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR** With the parody, Nap Regalia for Fabulous Living, Whistleblower comes, Vichy Supplement, Letters, Magazine, and Military Trading Cards.
- JULY, 1974/DESSERT** With Farmer's Luck Magazine, Galtian Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers, Air Mail, Radiques, Contraband, and Communist and Galtian Wilson's Magazine.
- AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE** With Agnew's A Very Scabbe Advance, Seed Magazine, Executive Deleted, Seal Drives, Surprise Poster #7, and Sea Me.
- SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE** With Living in the States, Rodriguez, Senior Sex, Old Ladies, Income Journal, and Hattari's Curries.
- NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS** With The Foxgloater Art Exhibition, Brian Farm, Confidential Letters, and Warburg's Diet.
- JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE** With Suspended Mother Magazine, Bruce McCall's Zepplin, Ford High Comics, Watergate, Irony, and Night of the Tooles, Capades, Mercutio.
- MAY, 1975/MEDICINE** With National State Terminal, Fabulous Black, Green, Red, and War Radiques, Caricatures, and The Mardian's Bodies.
- AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE** With the Hecceletor, Alts, a Hepart, Code of Hammurabi, Editors, Arrest Magazine, Inland, The Wind, and World Night's Court.
- SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE** With the Zaccar, Bartok's Football Preview, Scholastic, Sears, Academic, Pinks, and the Captain's parody.
- DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY** With The Great Price War, Entrepreneurs, and of other parody.
- APRIL, 1976/SPORTS** With Dogfighting, Silver Box, The Color of These Handgrip the 100, Olympic Hand Book, and The Flux, rings Here.
- SEPTEMBER, 1976/THE LATEST ISSUE** With a complete set of Back Issues, Western Romance Part Three, House, Dog Magazine, and the return of both the Irish Bleak and cat barometer.
- OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES** With a four page, Full color, Nibs, the Assap, Brothers, and Murray's, John, Sherman, the Book, 1988, Hobbies, and, beyond, of other comics, and cartoons.
- NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE: Is Democracy Dead?** The complete story of the fawcible campaign, starring Ford and Carter, look alike, with the traditional history, corruption, and national gas.
- JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE** With These Lary, Hazy, Lady, Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, night bag, comics, and the American parody.
- FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINTEGRAL ISSUE** With JFK's First 1000 Days, 1962-1976, the 20 page, some parody, War in Ireland, and the Jacob Mercutio.
- APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV** With 1 Bird and Monza '75 Magazine, Monday Night Sleep, PBS, Care, and/or, and Daniel's, Dumper.
- JUNE, 1977/CAREERS** With recommendations, setbacks, guidance, seminars, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Susan's, get rich tips, and Sam Gross.
- JULY, 1977/SEX** With the inevitable *Life Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin books, stroke maps, and the Last True Life Western Romance.
- SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP** With the health facts, insurance, madness, Gadget Goes Senie, a guide to adults, and Galtian Wilson's Grown ups, Can Do Anything.
- OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES** With Merry, Moptop, Favorite, Fatgram, Best Magazine, Beat the Beatles, the unfinished album, of John, George, Hugh, Paul, and Frank, Sinatra, and the author's, Mc Carthys, autopsy report.
- NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES** With Best Medical Flea Market, Busting Out of Suburbia, Orgasme, 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, Manlogue, Sex in Ancient China, the Celts, 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 Hair, 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 Rodriguez, Wilson, Finneken, and Browne, and the Autogram.
- JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST** With Even Bluebirds, Get the Lions, the Indian Section, Our Family Journey to the West, and Cowboys of Many Lands.
- JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE** With a garden of parables, Susan and Greenfield's history of *Nail-imp*, Born Again on the Fourth of July, and comics by Galtian Wilson, Rodriguez, and Subitzky.
- AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS** With *SavvyTeen* and *Real Teen* magazines, comics by Wilson and Finneken, Then and Now, a Field Guide to Young Teen-age Girls, and a *Nail-imp* report on education in America.
- SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE** With *Regular Guy*, *Quar*, *Very Dandy*, *Hot Success*, *Alts*, *Streak*, and a complete fall fashion forecast.
- OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT** With movie, TV, and music sections, *Porter* and *Both* self amusement, Wilson, Rodriguez, and a *Nail-imp* guide to the Big Ten.
- NOVEMBER, 1978/THE BODY** With *Memoirs of a Surgeon*, *Pol Mews* and *Coke Alley*, *Captain Cadaver* by Galtian Wilson, *How Our Bodies Develop*, and a *True Body* Section.
- DECEMBER, 1978/FOOD AND FESTIVITY** With *Modern Menus*, *Food's of Many Nations*, a *General History of Food*, *Fighting a Gourmet Guide*, and a *True Food* Section.
- JANUARY, 1979/DEPRESSION** With *Psychopages*, *What's Got for Christmas*, *New Year's Eve*, special *Cheer-Up* section, and comics by Galtian Wilson, Subitzky, and Finneken.
- FEBRUARY, 1979/HETEROSEXUALITY** With *Very Married Sex*, a look at bachelors, *Planet of the Living Woman*, *Screwing Your Best Friend's Wife*, and a *prof of My Right*.
- MARCH, 1979/CHANCE** With *Crack Rats*, *Vegas*, *Unchained*, *Mexidrama*, *How to Drive Fast*, and *John and Gerry's risk* section.
- APRIL, 1979/APRIL FOOL** With *Salacious Items* and *Lived Articles*, *Florida College Spring Vacation Travel Supplement*, the 1946 *Rajepomobiles*, and a *Life Magazine* parody.
- MAY, 1979/INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM AND TERRORISM** With *EXPL. O. 79*, *Boris Bond of KGB*, *Girls of the Communist Bloc*, and the *ultimate Comrade* guide, the *Pink Pages*.
- JUNE, 1979/KIDS** With *Alice in Regularland*, *Young Burns*, *Big Boys*, *Child Pornography*, and comics by Shary Finneken and Galtian 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 Traveler Home from Europe*, *Vacation Travel Then and Now*, *Traveler's Aid*, and *Where to Get the Best Sex in Europe*.
- SEPTEMBER, 1979/POTPOURRI** A miscellany of humor with *Vacation '58*, *Stan Mack's True Henna Operation*, an inside look at *Nagara 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 *tormented look* at *obsessive love*.
- DECEMBER, 1979/SUCCESS** With *The Little Engine That Did*, *The Woman's Undress for Success Book*, *Rich Goddesses*, and a look at *failure*.
- JANUARY, 1980/FANTASY** With *The Civil War Between the Negroes and the Jews*, *Sex Fantasies* of *Richard Nixon*, *Sex Fantasies*, and a *novel guitar instruction book*.

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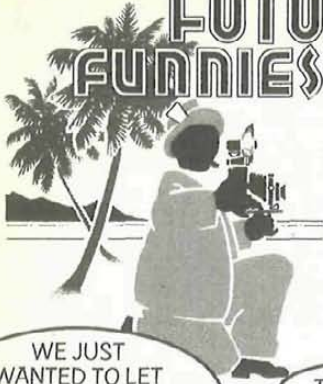
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# FOTO FUNNIES



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I'M FATHER TIME.



WE JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW THAT THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE A 1981.

THERE ISN'T?!

NO, THERE WILL BE NO LITTLE NEW YEAR'S BABY THIS YEAR.

WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S GOING ON?

I DECIDED NOT TO HAVE ANY MORE CHILDREN. I WANT A CAREER.

YOU DIDN'T TELL ME ABOUT THIS!

I'M GOING BACK TO COLLEGE TO GET MY DEGREE.

SO, LIKE I SAID, IT'S 1980 NOW AND IT WILL STAY 1980 FOR QUITE A WHILE.

HONEY, THIS IS REALLY GOING TO FUCK UP THE SUPER BOWL.





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Man leaves his mark on the works of nature, and at America's litter preserves you can see nature all marked up. Newspapers, pop cans, and grocery bags both small and large are here for you to enjoy. There are tires, foam cups, coffee stirrers, car batteries, and refrigerators, all in natural settings. You'll see poultry bones, orange rinds, apple cores, and olive pits decaying colorfully near and far. And the kids will enjoy Dumpy's friends, the seagulls and the carp.

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"That way," says Dumpy, "we can all enjoy it!"



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# FIVE Little SUICIDES

by P.J. O'Rourke

**S**uicide is boring. And I know one very boring example of it. Nathan Saul was a friend of mine, but not a close friend. He wasn't a close friend of anyone's. There's no use describing his appearance. He didn't look like anything much. And the best character sketch

I can give Nathan Saul is to quote, in its entirety, the information beneath his picture in our high-school yearbook: "Saul, Nathan: Bowling 2, 3; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4." To anyone who attended an American public high school no other description will be necessary or maybe even possible. Actually there was less to him than that. He wasn't odd or outcast or grotesque. He was more or less personable and perfectly well accepted to the extent that anyone thought about him at all. But his problem and the reason he had no close friends was that he studied unremittingly. His method of study was to memorize. He memorized everything. His parents wanted him to be brilliant in school. But his parents were not brilliant, and they'd never been to school, so their idea of brilliance in school was to simply know the answers. They made him memorize every-

thing and he let them make him. Thus, after a fashion, he was brilliant in school, but it took almost every minute of his time. Also he wet the bed until middle adolescence. I think of him as a tragic figure, but not because he committed suicide or because he led the emotionally stunted life of a child grind. The tragedy was what Nathan really wanted, his innermost compelling and fervent desire: he

wanted to go bowling. There is not one other thing to say about Nathan Saul—no vignettes, no anecdotes, no quotes attributable. He studied and he bowled. After a while he didn't even wet the bed.

Nathan's life was dull, but he made it brief. In the middle of the first semester of his freshman year at college he drank a glass of cyanide solution and died in his dormitory room. Fantastic rumors spread among his peers. Nathan was a chemistry major, and it was said that he concocted his own special poison, which turned his entire body black and left his face fixed in a horrible grin, with the lips pulled back over his teeth and his eyes open and bulging from their sockets. It was said that he used twine to tie the fingers of his left hand into an obscene gesture. It was said

## HOW NOT TO COMMIT SUICIDE

### Part One





he left himself naked and put a screwdriver up his ass. It was said that his parents were horrible people, always after Nathan for one thing or another, and that they gave him no life of his own. It was said that his mother was vicious, insane, and unrelenting in her ambition for him. It was said that he was stupid and that you can be stupid in high school and be an A student but you can't be stupid in college. They won't let you. They'll see through it in a minute; it was said. And it was said that he left a note the contents of which were unspeakable.

The truth was not fantastic. He drank the poison, fell down on the floor, and died. I understand it's likely that his face bore a somewhat convulsed expression. He had all his clothes on. Of course his parents were horrible. Parents are as horrible as birth itself. And they were always after him for one thing or another, as there never have been parents who weren't. And they didn't give him a life of his own. As is the way with parents, all they gave him was shelter, sustenance, some indifferent examples, and a lot of chatter. I knew his mother. She was terrible in only the most typical sense. Nathan was not stupid. He was dull. And the note he left his parents said only that he "couldn't do it." What he probably meant, in particular, was that he couldn't pass chemistry. He was wrong. He might have had to cheat to do it, but he could have passed. What he probably meant, in general, was that he could not live up to the expectations of his family. He was wrong about that, too. Nathan made some boring mistakes. First, he paid attention to his parents, which betrays all childhood's canon of ethics. Then he failed to pay attention to his five senses and came to the conclusion that there is a qualitative difference between being at a college and being someplace else on the face of the earth—high school, for instance. He would have done fine even if he had been stupid. Though he might have done better if he had been stupid enough not to think

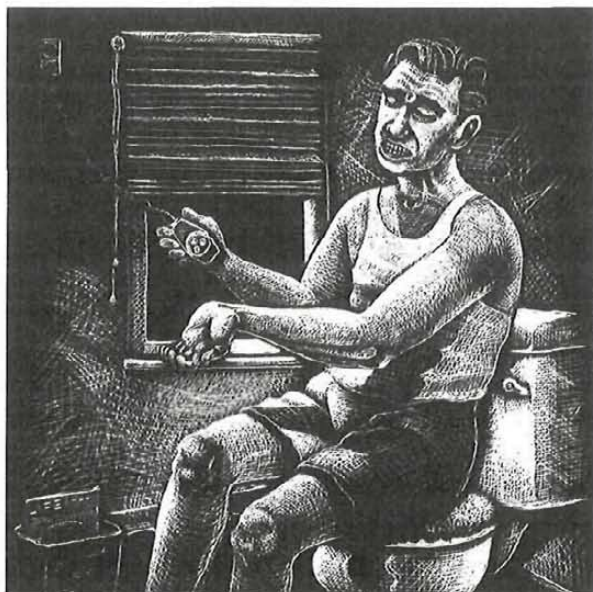
himself so. Successful men are as stupid as the rest of us, after all. It's usually effort that counts, sometimes luck. Nathan was lucky enough. He wasn't poor or deformed or colored or born in Uzbekistan. And he'd shown effort aplenty for years. Maybe he couldn't have been a chemist, but he could have run a chemical company, or owned a hundred bowling alleys for that matter. I understand they are very profitable. And he made a third mistake, about what his parents hoped. They hoped, in their age, to have some emotional investment in his youth and thus live on in a way that they no longer could or never had been able to. That they hoped he would be "brilliant in school" and a noted chemist and so on speaks more about their ambition than it does about

would have been perfectly happy and excited, maybe more so, for Nathan to have become a Hare Krishna maniac or a drug addict or a criminal or a professional bowler. Something like that, really, would have kept them more involved and interested in his personal life than if he had turned out to be the academic success they claimed they wanted. But they didn't know this, so they couldn't tell him. Nathan was too dumb not to be serious and too smart to misapprehend how serious a business it is to be so serious. So he got all mixed up and killed himself. His friends saw it as a wild romantic gesture. He was so dull that maybe he did too.

I know of a suicide less interesting than Nathan's. I had realized beauty is inherently tragic, but I hadn't realized cuteness could be also. Geoffrey Katzman went to the same high school and was a couple of years younger than Nathan Saul and I. Geoffrey, or Jeffy, as he was called, was very popular, but in a particular way. He was cute. Everyone adored him because he was cute. He wasn't tiny or babyish. And though he had a puppiesome quality, he wasn't a mascot or a pet. He was simply cute. He had a shy, engaging, deferential manner and a forelock that fell Jewish Kennedy-like in his face and a way of shrugging and smiling when he talked. You just wanted to hug him. Everybody wanted to hug him and tousle his hair, boys and girls alike. My sister was crazy about him and dragged him to our house whenever she could. All girls were crazy about him. But the feeling was more hug-a-bear than steamy and sexual. Not that there was any effeminacy in Jeffy's nature, just visceral boyishness. Mothers melted. Fathers chucked him in the arm. No one had a bad thing to say about Jeffy, and he was as good as he was attractive—generous, kind, easygoing, and so on.

## HOW NOT TO COMMIT SUICIDE

### Part Two



Beyond that, there was nothing more to him than there was to Nathan Saul. He was normal, regular like Nathan, and I suppose he would have been dull, too, except for the animal charm he possessed and the good nature with which he received the affection it produced. Jeffy, however, really did have a mother who was terrible, though I'm not sure if it bears on the case. She was a widow and he was an only child. She was shrill, nagging, demanding, obsessed with his every success and failure, nosy, intrusive, and a hundred other things that sour, unfucked, middle-aged women become, especially when they have handsome children to torment. Jeffy shrugged it off as he did all unpleasantness. He never heeded her, not even enough to willfully do the opposite of



date my sister. His mother wouldn't let him date girls who were not Jewish, so my poor sister with her Irish pan face, shoat nose, and freckles had to put on extra rings and pass for a Kathleen Schwartz whenever he took her home.

Jeffy floated through high school and into a comfortable second-rate college, and around 1970 I lost track of him. I didn't hear the rest of his story until he was dead. Some of his friends say he got a wife just like his mother. I don't know. I only met her once, a year after the funeral. She was very pretty, somewhat sharp-tongued, though it may have been bitterness that brought that out. She seemed okay to me. Anyway, Jeffy graduated and went to work for a cousin, managing an auto-parts store. Everyone says he was perfectly happy. He always had been. His charm, his cuteness, was not the kind that spoils with age. He was one of those people who would retain, without embarrassing himself or others, boyishness into his middle years, and before it had gone rotten he would have been transformed into an adorable old man. But his mother wanted him to go back to school, to go to law school, and maybe his wife wanted that also. At least, she didn't protest. Everyone always wanted the best for Jeffy. Maybe he even thought it was all right himself. He wasn't one to agonize, and, how ever it was, he went. But it was difficult. Jeffy wasn't smart enough for it not to be difficult. I don't believe he'd ever had to do anything hard before, nothing sustained anyway. But he stuck it out and made it through and worked and paid his own way besides. Then right after he passed his bar exam he went out in the garage and stood on a chair and hanged himself from a crossbeam. He left a note that said much the same thing that Nathan Saul's note had said almost ten years before. But Jeffy meant exactly the opposite. It wasn't that he couldn't live up to his family's expectations. It was that he could and would have to continue to do so for the rest of his life. And that he couldn't do. Cuteness is, I'm

sure, an evolutionary device for protecting mammal young from their large, clumsy, grumpy, meat-eating elders. Jeffy had an overabundance of cuteness, just as one might have an overabundance of any naturally selected genetic attribute, such as breast size or intelligence. Jeffy's cuteness was inexhaustible, but its value to him was not. He had outlived the usefulness of his one perfect trait. His life was no longer a fit place to be cute in. I think I know what Jeffy wanted. He wanted a life of infinite fluidity and forgiving kind forgetfulness. He wanted the life of a child, not in the sense of irresponsibility but in the sense of endless possibility and grace. He did not want to be party to the irrevocability and finality of adulthood that the very law he was set to practice symbolizes so well. At

least that's what I think. His friends believed he was a martyr to such pressures and demands as they, in their late twenties, were then beginning to feel. Jeffy may have believed the same thing, and if he believed it, then it became, in a sense, true, and I probably don't know what I'm talking about.

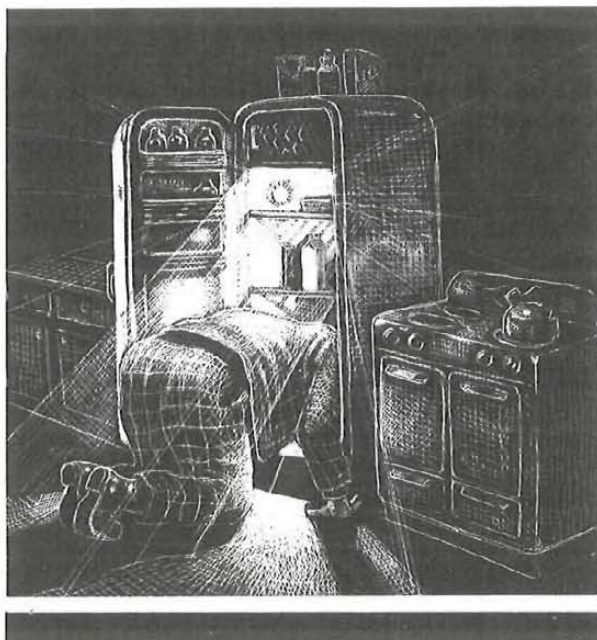
I saw a young man once, however, who was immune to all pressures and demands—for about two months. Not that I or anyone else respected him for it. He lived in my dormitory when I was a freshman in college. But he lived on another floor and I never got to know him and wouldn't have admitted it if I did. He was a flamboyant sissy. He wore an earring in one ear. I had never seen a man with an earring in one ear. And he wore his shirt unbuttoned to the waist or unbuttoned completely with the tails tied in a knot across his stomach. We heard from his roommate that he used a hair dryer and even some makeup. These were scandalous activities fifteen years ago. But the most scandalous thing was that he made no attempt to conceal his homosexual desires. He had no friends, exactly, but he would talk loudly and at length, to anyone who would listen, about what a beautiful boy this person was or what a terrible crush he had on that fellow. And there were a certain number of kids among us who prided themselves on their liberalism and breadth of mind who would tolerate his presence at a dining table long enough at least to hear these fluttering monologues. But even the freest thinkers were soon shamed out of allowing his company.

I did not perceive it at the time, but the most interesting thing about this character (I think I never knew his name. He was referred to only as "the weirdo," and everyone knew who was meant) was that he had it all kind of wrong. His hair was bouffanted not like a stylish fag's but like his

mother's. His earring was a clip-on. And the shirts he wore so cooly were just ordinary permanent-press plaids from Sears. He was a farm boy or from a very small town and maybe he had spent a weekend or two among or near the "gay" crowd in Cincinnati or Indianapolis. Then he had gone home and tried to recreate the look or develop some version of it with maybe one or two pieces of city-bought clothing combined with his ordinary K-Mart and Penney's wardrobe. So it was, also, with his girlishness. He did not know enough to imitate movie queens or stars of the theater or nightclub stage. His gestures were just exaggerations of his rural aunts and high-school farm-girl friends. But the open and announced character of his behavior was so shocking that it obscured his amateur-

## HOW NOT TO COMMIT SUICIDE

### Part Three





ishness to his peers. All we saw when we saw him was a disgusting surprise.

I don't need to say that he bore the brunt of much levity. No opportunity to torture him was lost. The full gamut of adolescent pranks was played on him, though from a safe distance. That is, it was his dormitory room that was physically attacked rather than his person, because to actually lay a hand on him was too suggestive. His perfectly normal roommate bunked elsewhere whenever he could. Any of the old building's room keys fit any of the locks with a little jiggling, so the path was clear for everything from living reptiles in the bed to a chamber filled chest deep with shaving cream, and, in between, all sorts of signs upon the window and notes slipped under the door. None of this changed his manner one bit, but a week before the Christmas holidays he fastened a necktie around a heating pipe in his room, kicked a chair out from under himself, and hanged. His roommate came back a little later to get a change of clothes and found him and cut him down and called an ambulance. If it had been a silk tie, he would have died, but he was a country boy, as I said, and the tie was from a catalog and it was rayon and the knot didn't slip. He was unconscious and injured in the windpipe and scarred about the neck, but he recovered.

More amazing than his behavior in the first semester of college was that he returned for a second. The marks on his neck were still vivid. But he had changed completely. He was sober, masculine, and dressed in an imitation of the "preppy" manner that was closer to the mark than his approximation of a queer had ever been. Such is the flexible nature of kids at that age that he was accepted as a regular member of the undergraduate community. He had only one peculiar trait following his suicide. He was a total vegetarian. He would not even touch milk or eggs. He apparently had a loathing for flesh and all the products thereof. I

heard he spent hours in the middle of the night in the shower. I wonder if he ever had sex again. Of course, I'm not sure he had any before. I suspect he desired to be rid of his manhood more than he desired to have men.

I remember watching him in the dining hall after he came back to school, sitting with his roommate now and his roommate's friends. I felt like I should go talk to him, though I never did. A thought had occurred to me, that only carnivores have time for fun. Vast passive animals that chew the cud or suck plankton through baleen for sustenance must spend all their time eating to exist. Only creatures with a certain sanguinary streak have time for the otter's romp or the good-natured rough-house of wolves or packs of vicious dogs. And wolves and packs of vicious dogs seemed

to me to be so much better prepared for uncompromising attack or headlong flight. But I didn't know how to express this, nor did I have any idea what I meant by it. It was only a month since I'd learned of Nathan Saul's suicide. Nathan certainly should have killed his parents. He was so young and had always been so well-behaved. A few years in a mental institution was all that would have been done to him. He could have said he took drugs. Drugs were only beginning to be popular with adolescents. The authorities didn't know much about them. Nathan could have claimed he took narcotics and went mad just for a while. He would have felt guilty or ashamed, but he'd have gotten over that in time. On the other hand, Jeffy should have run away.

It's interesting to me that I've never known a truly bad or worthless person who tried to kill himself except for Pete Jark. And Pete wasn't all that bad. He just had a voracious appetite, not for life, exactly, or he wouldn't be in this story, but for liquor, drugs, cars, motorcycles, and anything that wasn't chained down that could be sold or pawned. But what he liked to do best was get smashed. The first time I met him he was breaking up a bottle of liquid shoe polish in a paper bag and inhaling the fumes to see what they would do. I know what they would do to any normal person, but they had no effect on Pete. Pete would swallow mushrooms and mescaline, thirty peyote buttons, and a dozen hits of LSD and report only mild ennui. He wouldn't even throw up. Pete was unaffected by mind-altering drugs perhaps because there wasn't much mind there to be altered. But his capacity for drugs with a purely physical efficaciousness was also astounding. He could drink more beer, whiskey, wine, witch hazel, and denatured rubbing alcohol than anyone I have ever seen and get you to pay for it all. Pete was dense, not just in a metaphorical way, but

really possessed of a corporeal consolidation. He was only about five six or so, and not very fat, but he claimed to weigh two hundred twenty pounds and more, and anyone who ever saw him break a chair or poke his head through a door panel by mistake would certainly believe he carried that bulk. Anyway, he was a worthless character and only saved from being dangerous by his incompetence in criminality.

Pete was a native of the little southern Ohio town where I went to college, and he'd tag around with the students, occasionally selling drugs and usually stealing things from us. He was tolerated, even befriended by some of the bolder among us, because of a disarming frankness. "Where's my twenty dollars?" someone would say.

Pete would say, "I stole it!"

*continued on page 82*

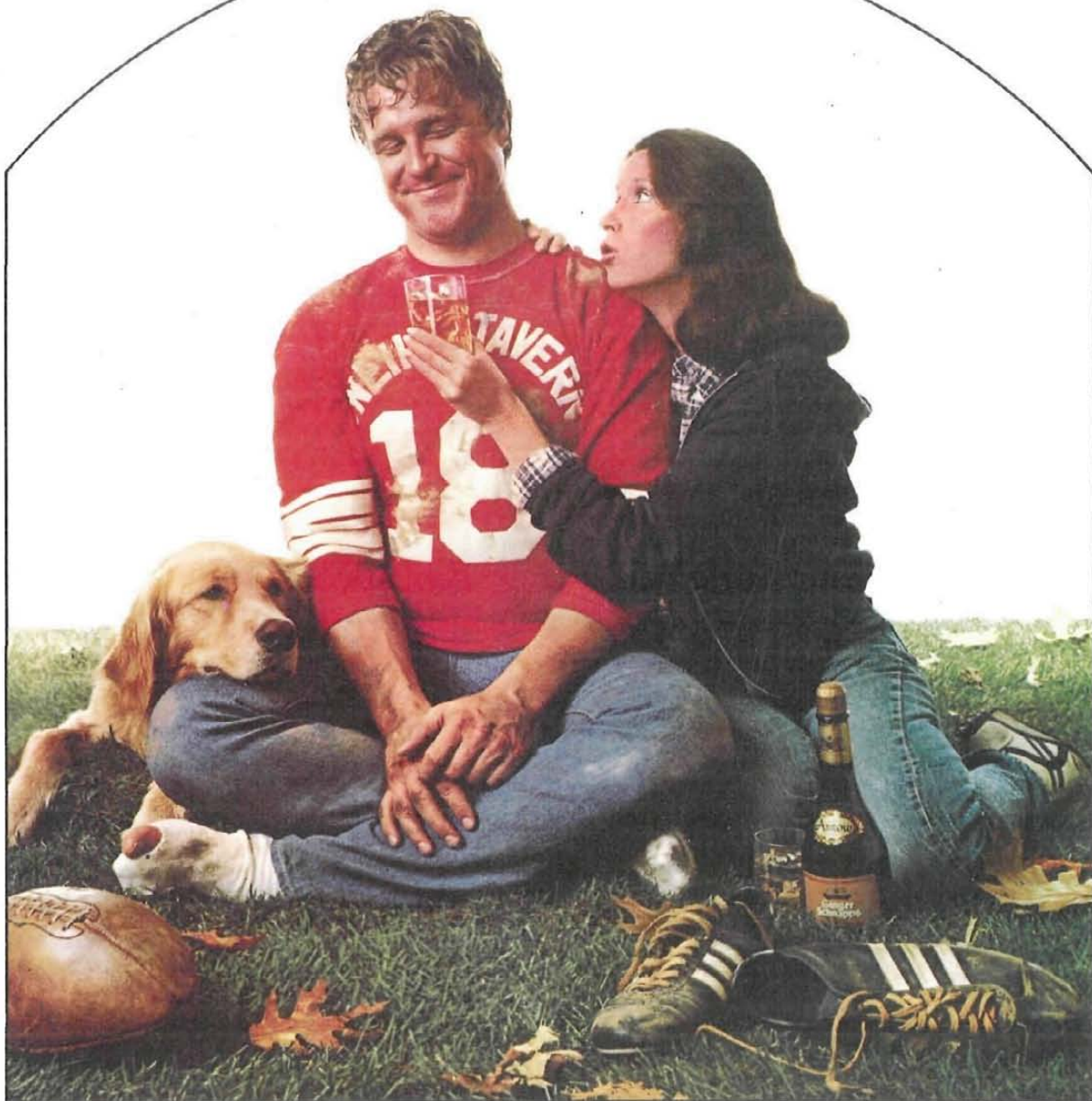
## HOW NOT TO COMMIT SUICIDE

### Part Four





# 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.**

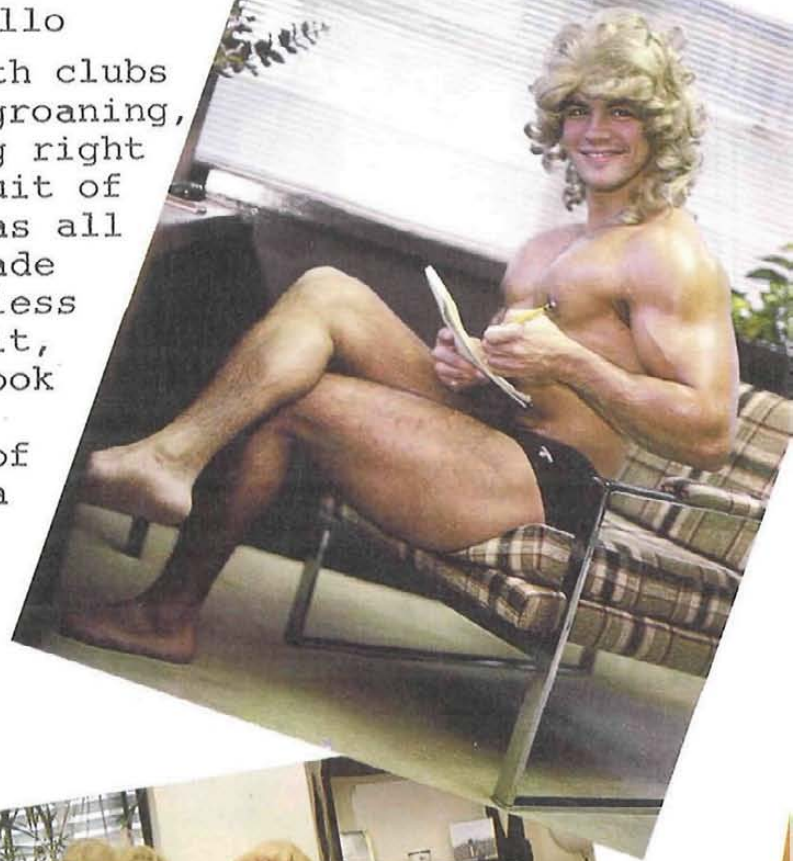
ARROW® SCHNAPPS, 60 PROOF. ARROW LIQUORS CO., ALLEN PARK, MICHIGAN.



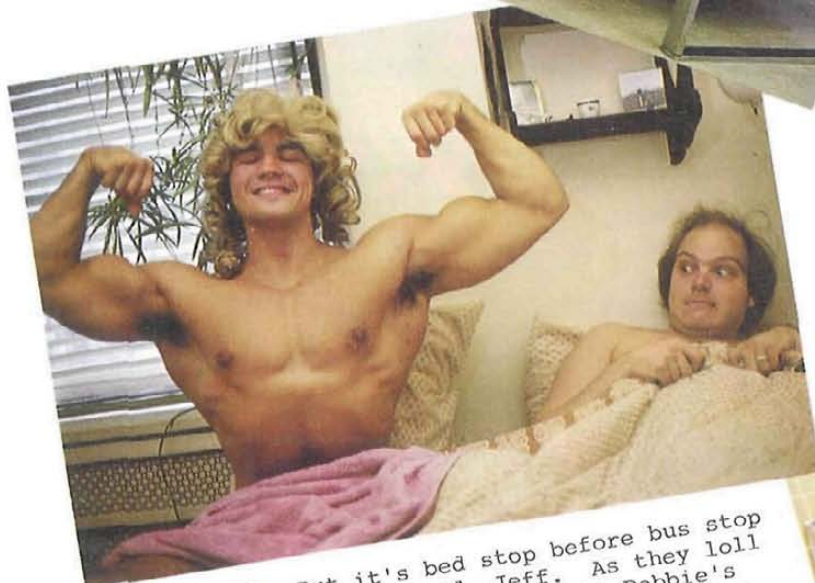
# Spotlight on

by Michael Civitello

In gymnasiums and health clubs everywhere, women are groaning, sweating, and straining right along with men in pursuit of the body beautiful. Has all this muscle building made them less feminine or less attractive? Far from it, say the ladies; they look and feel just fine, thank you. And as proof of this, we offer you a day in the life of Debbie, a modern girl of the gym.



7:18 a.m. Debbie Pratt, twenty-two, showers after her morning workout in the basement of her suburban condominium. Debbie usually rises at 3:00 A.M. in order to "work every part of my body in preparation for the hectic day to come at the office. I just don't feel right unless I do a whole bunch of dead lifts," she giggles. "Silly me." Saturdays and Sundays she beauty shops 'til four.



7:23 a.m. But it's bed stop before bus stop for Debbie and her husband, Jeff. As they loll in the bedroom, credence is given to Debbie's assertion that body building is the best aphrodisiac on the market. "Since I picked up my first barbell, our love life has become a million percent better," she says. "Jeff finds me more attractive than ever, and now I can even have multiple orgasms up to eighteen times a day. We can really enjoy each other, can't we, darling? Darling?"



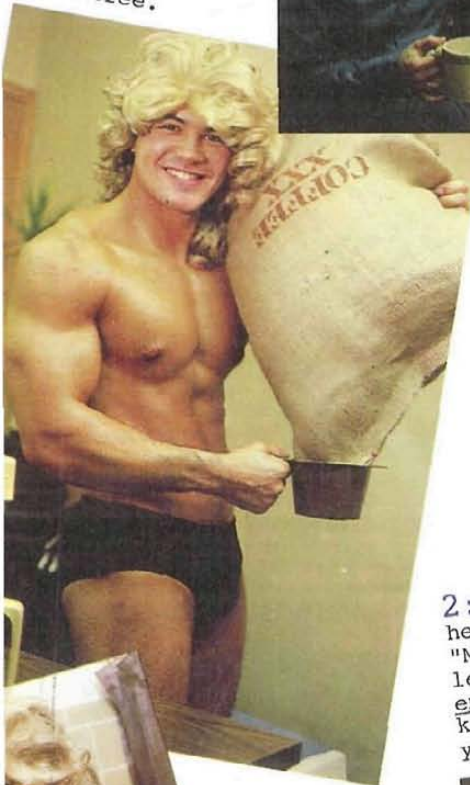
# n Debbie:

## Our Body Builder of the Month

9:05 a.m.  
Debbie helps  
prepare the  
morning cup  
of coffee.



10:30 a.m. At ten thirty, it's coffee-break time for Debbie and the girls. "I just love to gossip," she says, giggling girlishly. "I'm terrible! The other girls in the office talk about sweaters and skirts and boyfriends and things, and then sometimes we get on to really exciting stuff like the new Nautilus XR-7 calf machine or who's going to cop the AAU Mr. Dayton short division. I just love it!"



3:47 p.m. Afternoon pick-me-up.

2:00 a.m. It's 2:00 A.M. and Debbie is still going strong after her third workout of the day. "I don't know," she says quickly. "Maybe it's the Dexa-Protein Plus Energizer or just those good ol' leg squats, but since I've begun body building, I just have so much energy!" She laughs. "And I'm only up to number sixteen, if you know what I mean--hey, where's Jeff? Jeff, darling, where are you? Darling?"



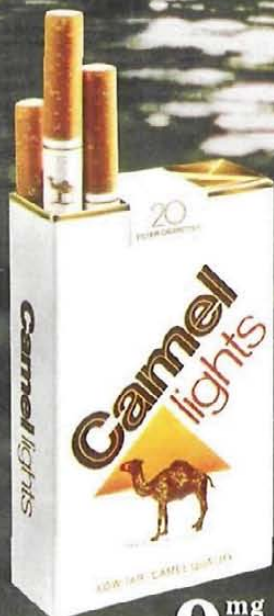
8:12 a.m.  
Proper  
nutrition  
for a  
proper day.





# CAMEL

Where a man belongs.



Camel Lights.  
Low tar. Camel taste.

9 mg  
tar.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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



# Sexual Excess Section

BY GERALD SUSSMAN & P.J. O'ROURKE

## AN OFFHAND SUGGESTION ABOUT WHAT TO DO WITH GAY TALESE

Tie him in a sack with three naked fat women his own age and toss him into the Caspian Sea from the end of the pier at Baku in Soviet Azerbaidzhan.

## SEX IN THE SUPERMARKET

Fellatio on aisle D, next to soaps, detergents, and paper products? Peep shows alongside the dairy and frozen-food counters? Absolutely, if the Genitronics Company has its way. Genitronics is the brainchild of Norman Rothchurch, a twenty-five-year-old business wizard who wants to put sex services in every supermarket in the world.

Rothchurch has done extensive research in the unconscious sexual-response patterns of supermarket customers between the ages of eighteen and thirty and has come up with some startling results.

Eighty-two percent of the males interviewed admitted that they get horny when they shop in a supermarket. Sixty-four percent of the females admitted that they too become highly aroused when shopping alone.

"There's something about the atmosphere, the design of a modern shopping-center supermarket that turns on young people in this age bracket," said Rothchurch. "It has to do with a combina-

tion of things—the lighting, the background music, the abundance of merchandise; it all creates a subliminal erotic atmosphere that is low-key but highly hypnotic."

As people shop in this atmosphere they slow down and their unconscious takes over. They fantasize more. Random sexual thoughts and images occur with great frequency. Fifty-eight percent of the men said they got full or semierectations, especially in certain sections of the store. The most erotic areas for

men were the cooking-oils, condiments, and canned-fish sections. As expected, the most exciting section for women was meat and poultry.

In fourteen test markets around the country, Rothchurch has installed highly discreet, tasteful sexual services, ranging from adult films and peep shows to what he calls "creative massage." There are still many legal problems to be solved before anything more explicit can be offered, but the response has been tremendous. Super-

markets with Genitronics "units" are already reporting sales increases of up to 300 percent more than their ordinary counterparts a few miles away.

## A NOTE OF ADVICE TO MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN WHO HAVE FINALLY DISCOVERED THEIR SEXUAL DRIVES

Put them back where you found them and don't tell anybody.

## THE LAST THREE REMAINING ATTRACTIVE WOMEN UNDER THIRTY WHO HAVE NOT BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE NUDE, AND WHY



*"I'm too rich to need the money and I'm not insecure enough to want my name on a line of designer jeans."*



*"My parents aren't divorced yet and they still don't smoke marijuana."*



*"No one asked."*



## SEXUAL EXCESS SECTION

### A PHENOMENON THAT IS EXCESSIVE BY VIRTUE OF ITS VERY LACK OF EXCESSIVENESS

What's with this "preppie" look and short hair and narrow lapels and neckties? How come homosexuals are trying to look like normal people? This is embarrassing, especially if you're a normal person, because it makes you look like a homosexual. To allay confusion and to get women to quit asking us to help them choose their makeup and decorate their summer homes, we are forthwith printing a list of telltale signs that show with absolute certainty that a man is a homosexual, no matter how normal he looks.

#### Three Telltale Signs of Homosexuality in a Male:

1. He sucks cock.
2. He gets fucked in the ass.
3. He gets an erection when he sees a construction worker.

### ATHLETES TURN FROM DRUGS TO SEX FOR QUICK ENERGY

Recent drug scandals have put a damper on the use of cocaine and pep pills in professional sports. Instead, many coaches and trainers are recommending sex for quick energy spurts, rejuvenation, and "a generally good feeling

about yourself."

Tom Landry, the normally taciturn coach of the Dallas Cowboys, likes his players to get blowjobs right before a game, because it loosens them up. "A good blowjob will accomplish more than



Mr. Perfection.

sixty minutes of stretching exercises will," said Landry. "Our sports-medicine people say that it helps release muscle tension, gets the blood flowing properly, and gives a player a strong sense of his masculinity."

The girls are very carefully graded from week to week, just like the players. Former cheerleaders give lessons and help the girls with their techniques. It's all part of Landry's total-perfection scheme to produce the completely efficient athlete. "We've prepared our players as well as we can up to the moment of the game. All we can do before the kickoff is say a prayer, and get them the best blowjob in Texas so that they're loose and ready to go kick some tail."



The girls of Dallas.

### METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF SEX TO OPEN IN '82

Sources close to Thomas Hoving, former head of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, say that he is planning a new museum, the Metropolitan Museum of Sex, directly across the street from his former employers.

The new museum will be devoted exclusively to art of a sexual nature, which will range throughout history from primitive cave paintings to the latest in fetishes and kink. Pornographic films will be presented in a large, well-furnished auditorium, and many live "art shows" will be offered. Hoving could not be reached for comment, but an assistant said he was "terribly busy interviewing prospective employees, all of whom will work in the nude."

## CHILD PORN

Oh, God, this is an awful and sickening thing—a prurient interest in small helpless innocent children. What can a society have come to that harbors such base, vile, foul, odious, and horrid desires as these? Nor is the interest in this unspeakable vice confined to disgraceful maniacs, as might be supposed. No, even the most respectable magazines run articles that make claim to denounce such iniquity but then headline the subject of their opprobrium in such a large and bold fashion as to clearly indicate that they too intend to exploit this growing noxious public fascination. Oh, the shame of it. It is repellent, sick-making, loathsome, insufferable, and

abhorrent to every atom of decency in the human mind. Except for the photographs that David Hamilton takes. Those are art. And *The Blue Lagoon*; that's art, too.

### AN EXCESSIVELY PERSONAL QUERY

In this era of sexual freedom and frequent nudity, why do women still spend thousands of hours on their faces and coiffures while leaving their pubic areas a tangled, matted, untrimmed mess that is often not overly clean?

### WHOLESOME DISCUSSIONS OF SEXUALITY

Distressingly frank discussions of the previously undiscussable have been turning up in the most remarkable places—*Reader's Digest*, *Better Homes and Gardens*, even *Consumer Reports*. Such articles are usually presented in a question-and-answer format and invariably contain the word "sexuality" in their titles. By "sexuality" we presume they mean jutting nipples, firm curving breasts, smooth quivering ass cheeks, vaginal lips awash with inviting lubricity, and rock-hard throbbing virile members eager to penetrate any orifice of convenience—subjects about which such publications have no claims to expertise whatever. As is proper to the ignorant, they should shut up. No doubt, however, their editors feel compelled to be "modern" and feel even more compelled to sell magazines, and what could sell magazines in a more modern manner than wholesome discussions of sexuality? Therefore, we are printing, below, a distressingly frank, and uncensored, discussion of the previously undiscussable. It is targeted for the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *National Geographic* audiences. It may

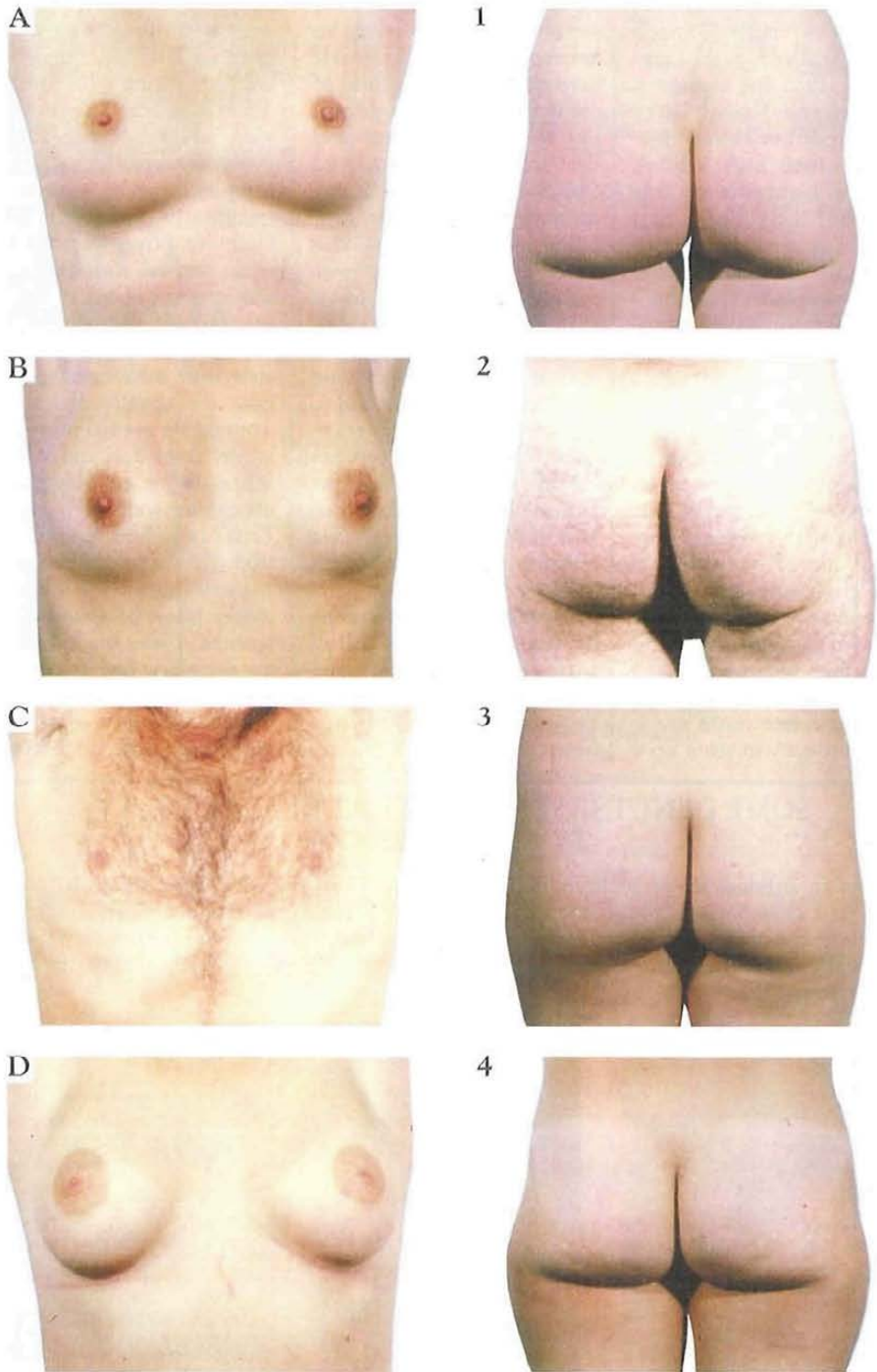


## SEXUAL EXCESS SECTION

### A NEW WAY TO LOOK AT PHOTOS OF NAKED WOMEN

If you're exhausted with looking at skin magazines, here's a little something to liven up the experience. It's a game. Any number can play, but normal people will look stupid unless they play it alone.

### Match the Tits with the Ass



Answers: A-1, B-4, C-2, D-3

If you failed to put C together with 2, then it's no wonder you're exhausted with looking at skin magazines. You've been looking at the wrong ones and should try *Blueboy* or *Playgirl*.

be freely reprinted in publications of that nature, and it will, we hope, satisfy the needs of their editors and the curiosity of their readers once and for all and thus allow them to be quit of the subject forever.

#### A Wholesome Discussion of Sexuality

by [Insert name of prominent osteopath here]

Q. I'm seventy-three and my husband is seventy-nine. When should we stop making love?  
—Mrs. R. S.

A. This minute. The very idea of your two withered and atrophied old carcasses slapping together in a burlesque of lust is repellent to any right-thinking person.

Q. Our teenage daughter wants to begin taking birth-control pills. I feel that she is too young and that a fifteen year old should not be using birth-control devices.  
—Mrs. W. T.

A. You're right. Tell her to blow her boyfriend.

Q. My husband desires to perform acts of oral love on me. We are both in our sixties and have always had a satisfying sex life, but this is something new and it makes me nervous.  
—Mrs. V. N.

A. What your husband wants to do is eat out old women. He is crazy.

(continued on page 290)

### HOW TO OPERATE A SUCCESSFUL PRIVATE SWINGERS CLUB

by Nanci Levine

(Reprinted in its entirety from *True Sex* magazine)

I am happy to say that I belong to one of the most successful swingers clubs in Chicago. But it wasn't always that way.

We made our share of mistakes. What we finally learned is that a swingers club is like anything else in



## SEXUAL EXCESS SECTION

life. If you want it to succeed, you have to work hard, you have to learn how to live with other people, and, most important, you have to apply sound business principles to the project.

Our club consists of four couples, all married—myself and my husband, Seth; Larry and Sue; Paul and Georgina; and Earl and Kathy. Larry and Sue have been our friends since high school. Paul and Georgina are our next-door neighbors. Earl and Kathy were friends of Paul's. We all live within a mile of each other in a lovely suburb outside of Chicago.

In order to avoid petty jealousies and hard feelings we all agreed that the first rule would be an equal sharing of all the partners. No one could monopolize another's mate. This made good sense, but little conflicts developed anyway. It turned out that Sue liked cunnilingus an awful lot, and when she went to bed with my husband, Seth, it was fine, because he liked to give head. But Larry and Earl didn't care much for it and Sue began to store up a

lot of resentment. Larry, Sue's husband, was having problems with premature ejaculation. He seemed to be almost *too* passionate. And he couldn't get it up once he was spent. So his partner had to spend the rest of the evening amusing herself or trying to help poor Larry. I myself have never been too fond of the women-on-top positions, but that's what Larry and Earl seemed to prefer. And there were other areas of discontent, but you get the idea.

My husband, Seth, who is a tax lawyer, came up with the idea of a point and quota system for various services, from handjobs all the way to elaborate costumery and bondage. Each partner had to give the other a certain amount of preferred services so that everyone would be basically satisfied. Anything given beyond the established minimum would be worth bonus points, so that partners could trade off at the end of the month and collect their extra goodies. For instance, I'm not too crazy about giving head, but if I blew a few more than my

normal quota, I would be entitled to cash in on one of my favorites, like getting my toes sucked. My husband, Seth, said it was the same kind of reward principle that operates in the business world.

The system seemed to work beautifully for a while, until we discovered that Earl wasn't making good on his normal quota. The trouble with Earl (as his wife, Kathy, freely admitted to us in private) was that he was not an imaginative lover. His only claim to fame was his big cock, and he was still a bit too arrogant about it, thinking it could compensate for any inadequacy in his sexual style. But we all agreed that once the novelty of his size wore off we needed more creativity from Earl and a little more desire to please the others as well as himself. This is when Larry introduced the record books.

Larry's idea was to keep a ledger book of everybody's services. I was made recording secretary, and at the end of each session the partners reported exactly what they did to each other. If multiple

orgasms were achieved, the partner received another set of bonus points. Also, extra points were given if one or both of the partners said they were particularly well serviced. The ledger book was a great success. Everyone wanted to earn bonus points and be highly regarded by the others. We began to look forward to every session with genuine excitement.

Then my husband, Seth, came up with another excellent suggestion. He said we should become a corporation, just like a regular business. He explained all the advantages we would have—the tax deductions, the depreciation, the business write-offs—all perfectly legal, of course. We called ourselves Excelsior Incorporated. We liked the dignity and image it conveyed (the word "incorporated" is actually abbreviated to "Inc.," which is even more businesslike). We elected officers, conducted meetings, discussed many new ideas, opened a corporate checking account, made a monthly budget, and handled other business.

The point I wish to emphasize about our club is how we managed to motivate our members to perform with pride and dedication, to understand the needs of others, and to channel their own desires in a positive, healthy manner. This is not to say that we are perfect. Earl still struts around thinking his big thing will keep him in good stead. Larry gets lazy about his cunnilingus requirements, and sometimes I have to work myself into the right mood before I can give good head (whereas Kathy, God bless her, could do it all night). But our sense of pride, our egos, if you will, make us want to excel. We simply borrowed a leaf from the American way of doing business and applied it to swinging. And take it from me, it works. □

### SOME GENUINE SEX TOYS THAT REALLY, TRULY TURN WOMEN ON

As an antidote to the plethora of spurious sexual aids and ridiculous things to put on your dick that has flooded the marketplaces of Middle America, we would like to present the reader with three ordinary items, obtainable anywhere in the country, that *actually* stimulate women, give them a *true* erotic thrill, and turn them into *passionate* raging animals.



A weekend in Paris.



A large pile of money.



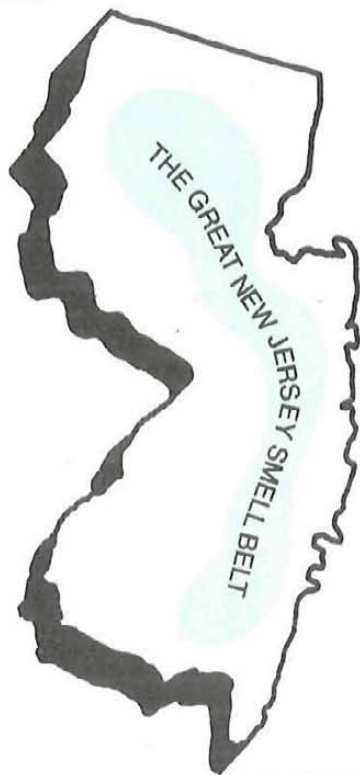
A six-carat diamond.



SMELL TOURS, INC.

PRESENTS...  
Adventures for the Nose!

# SMELL TOURS OF NEW JERSEY!



For further information, call the  
New Jersey Office of Olfactory Tourism at  
**800-555-3867**  
or Smell Tours, Inc., Cedar Lane, Teaneck, NJ, at  
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## A message from Governor Brendan Byrne:

*New Jersey is a great place to smell, and diversity is the key!*

*In New Jersey you can smell everything from dainty little perfumes to big, husky landfills!*

*New Jersey is for strong, tough noses! We've got industrial smells that can peel the paint off your camper and widen the bore of your sinuses for good. On the other hand, we've got subtle wafts for the most discerning olfactory sensor.*

*But New Jersey is more than industry! We've got hearty agricultural smells, too, and the finest beer-related flatulence in the whole world!*

*So forget about the eyes and ears you pamper all the time, and give your sense of smell a thrill for a change.*



## FOLLOW YOUR NOSE TO NEW JERSEY!

### THE GREAT SMELLS OF THE PULASKI SKYWAY **\$30** per person

INCLUDING THE LEGENDARY JERSEY MEADOWLANDS

Among the aromas you'll enjoy on this bargain tour:

- Ketones
- Ethylesters
- Xylene
- Benzene
- Toluene
- Methylmercaptan
- Sulfur dioxide
- and much, much more

TOUR 1

Tours leave downtown Teaneck bus depot at 9:00 A.M. and 1:00 P.M. daily.

### THE GREAT SMELLS OF THE CITIES **\$50** per person

INCLUDING NEWARK, PATERSON, TRENTON, CAMDEN, AND JERSEY CITY

Among the scents that will tickle your nose:

- Phenolics
- Aldehydes
- Alcohols
- Ammonia
- Halogenated solvents
- plus the chemical constituents of tomato paste, and much, much more!

TOUR 2

Tours leave Teaneck bus depot at 9:00 A.M. daily. Box lunch \$2 extra.

### SATURDAY SPECIAL! **\$10** extra per person

GREAT SMELLS OF THE CITIES WILL ALSO TAKE YOU TO THE ETHNIC GHETTOS OF LODI, BELLEVILLE, AND SEASIDE HEIGHTS!

You'll get to sniff:

- Lactic acid
- Ethyl lactate
- Skatol
- Dimethyl sulfide
- Diallyl sulfide
- and much, much more

TOUR 2-A

### THE GREAT SMELLS OF SUBURBIA **\$60** per person

PRINCETON, UNION, AND MORRISTOWN, AND THE FAMOUS NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE!

Luxuriate in these savory essences:

- Paracymene
- Coal tar
- Cineol
- Alpha pinene
- Pyroigneous acid
- plus the Methane, Urea, and Ketones of the turnpike, and much, much more!

TOUR 3

Tours leave Teaneck bus depot at 9:00 A.M. daily. Box lunch \$2 extra.

## A word about our buses...

Smell Tours buses are equipped with Scent-Scoop, a product of aerospace technology, to corral the essence of New Jersey and deliver it to you while you relax in modern highway comfort. Individual breath filters are available to those with aroma prescriptions, and knowledgeable tour guides will tutor beginners in the subtleties of nasal exploration.





# Introducing the third generation of turntables.



At one time, the multiplay turntable was considered the only way to play records. Then, as technology improved, the more demanding listeners insisted that only a single-play turntable could deliver all the sound a recording had to offer. Now, BSR proudly introduces its Pro III Series—combining the ease and versatility of a multiplay with the precision and accuracy of the finest single-play. At a price well within your reach.

For example, the BSR Pro III Series offers a staggering array of features, many never before offered on a multiplay turntable. They include a professional quality tonearm, equal to many others costing as much as the turntable itself... a unique two-motor power system featuring a quartz-locked direct response FG Belt Drive turntable motor and a completely independent

tonearm motor... digital readouts of most turntable functions... and a handsome low-profile look that truly enhances your room.

BSR Pro III Series turntables handle three records—for uninterrupted musical entertainment. And with the BSR Pro III Series 300, you can enjoy full-function remote control, allowing you to play your records from across the room... and even control the volume!

Whatever your needs—whatever your budget, there's bound to be a BSR Pro III Series turntable that's right for you. All of them are well worth a look... and a listen.

**BSR Pro III Series.**  
The Third Generation of Turntables.

BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, New York 10913. BSR (Canada) Ltd., Rexdale, Ontario.





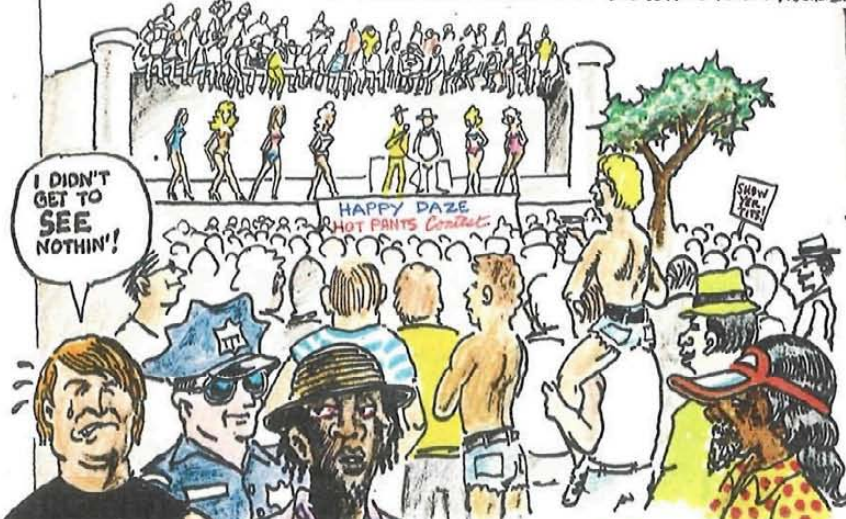


**OUTSIDE!**

CAN YOU SPOT THE SECRET SERVICEMAN AT THE YIPPIE RALLY? BLENDS RIGHT IN WITH THE TIE-DYED T-SHIRT, WHA?!



BUT THE DEMONSTRATIONS ABOVE HARDLY ATTRACTED MORE THAN A BEER FART FROM THE LOCAL YOKELS. HOWEVER, THE JOCKS JAMMED KENNEDY SQUARE TO THE RAFTERS IN SUPPORT OF THE 'HAPPY DAZE HOT PANTS CONTEST,' WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE NOTHING MORE THAN A PROMOTIONAL AFFAIR FOR MOTOWN'S FINEST HOOKERS.



AFTER THE SHOW, MANY HOSTESSES PASSED OUT FLIERS FOR THE MASSAGE PARLORS THEY REGULARLY WORKED.



**ALL AROUND THE TOWN!**

...THE BIG JOKE WAS ON THE MOTOWN MERCHANTS WHO STOCKED THEIR STORES IN PREPARATION FOR THE VISITING HORDES ONLY TO FIND THAT REPUBLICANS DON'T SPEND MONEY! THEY EVEN BROUGHT THEIR OWN PARTY, COMPLETE WITH BUTTONS AND BOOZE FROM HOME.

OKAY, \*hic ONE MORE \* TIME NOW...

~ CAL-IF-ORN-YA HERE I COME!... ~  
RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED FROM!



LONG, LACQUERED, CONKED PROCESSED HAIR IS STILL THE RAGE WITH NEGROES WHO HANG OUT IN THE LIQUOR LINE AT KINSELL'S ALL-NITE DRUG STORE. ... A BLAST FROM THE PAST, OR THE BEER-RINSED NEW WAVE OF THE FUTURE?

THE NATLAMP'S KUSTOM KAR KRASH KLUB TREASURER IS HAPPY TO REPORT THAT MIGHTY MID-SIXTIES MOPAR MUSCLE CARS STILL RULE DOWN MICHIGAN AVENUE IN MOTOWN - HOME OF HOLLEY CARS, HOT PANTS, AND HEMI CHALLENGERS...



**BOOM!** WEEEEE

... AND THE COPS STILL BLOW ENGINES TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH THESE CLOWNS.

DETROIT'S FASHIONS FOR THIS DECADE: SAME AS LAST DECADE. GUYS 'N' GALS WEAR MATCHING T-SHIRTS 'N' GUTOFFS. THOSE CORN-FED DETROIT GIRLS STILL WEAR THEIR HAIR LIKE FARAH FAWCETT MAJORS USED TO. NO SHIT.



OUR MOTEL WAS IN DEARBORN, WE HAD A LI'L ROOM THAT OVERLOOKED THE PARKING LOT OUT BACK, WHICH STAYED MOSTLY EMPTY EXCEPT FOR A COUPLE OF MAKE-OUT ARTISTS WHO PARKED THE SEX MACHINE UNDER THE WEEPING WILLOW TREE EVERY NIGHT.  
OUR RENT-A-CAR WAS THIS LI'L TOY-AUTO THAT COULD REALLY BURN RUBBER IF YOU TOOK IT UP TO ABOUT 40 M.P.H. IN REVERSE AND THEN THREW IT INTO DRIVE.



**SCREECH**



I GOTTA TORTURE-TEST THE AUTOMATIC TRANNY TO MAKE SURE SHE'S WORKIN' OKAY.

SCHENKMAN! YOU'RE GONNA GET US ALL KILLED!!



DETROIT'S REALLY AN ULTRA ULTRA PRETTY TOWN. THAT HUGE PHALIC CENTER SMOKE-GLASSED SKYSCRAPER WAS STOLEN OUT OF ATLANTA BY SOME SPADES WHO CAME NORTH TO WORK AT "DE FORD FACTORY."



I HAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT. I DREAMT JIMMY CARTER ACCUSED ME OF WANTING HIS JOB. "I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR JOB," I TOLD HIM. "I WANNA BE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!"

MOSTLY, THOUGH, IT WAS A PRETTY BORING GRIND. THE LAUGHING GAS WE BROUGHT ALONG MADE THE JOB A LOT EASIER TO SWALLOW.

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# WHERE THE LOSER CAME FROM

I sat paralyzed in silent horror as the balloons floated neatly from the ceiling. I had just realized that every one of the screaming Republicans in Joe Lewis Arena would rather see me dead with a coat hanger jammed in my uterus than allow me to have an abortion. If, in a fit of mad romantic lust, I had my rickety ten-year-old I.U.D. ripped out and became pregnant, those women wearing cowboy hats and "Smash the E.R.A." buttons would be eager to adopt my possibly part-Jewish, but almost all-white, child. They'd be happy to avoid ruining their figures or messing up their favorite flowered sheets in the process of creating their own children. And their men, the delegates in their new polyester packs-without-wrinkling sport suits, would be more than glad to assist in the process of secondhand procreation, singly or in caucus.

It was then that I began, in the spirit of the new decade, to divide up the world into the USES and the THEMs. Ultimately, this cost me my job and my boyfriend....There are very few USEs in New York City...and a lot of THEMs.

# DEMOCRAT CON '80 SHOTS

## CANDID BY SHARY FLENNIKEN

YOU KIDS CAN'T ACT UP AT THESE CONVENTIONS WHEN YOU'RE WEARING BIG NATIONAL LAMPOON NAME TAGS AROUND YOUR NECKS!

THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE YOUR CREDENTIALS AWAY!

THE MAGAZINE HIRED AN AGING POLITICAL PRANKSTER TO SHOW US THE ROPES.

CAN I TAKE YOUR PICTURE?

CAN I SLEEP WITH YOU?

HOOKERS FOR REAGAN

SCHENKMAN AND FLENNIKEN AT REPUBLICAN CON '80

DO WE HAVE TIME TO CUT YOUR HAIR?

THESE PANTS ITCH.

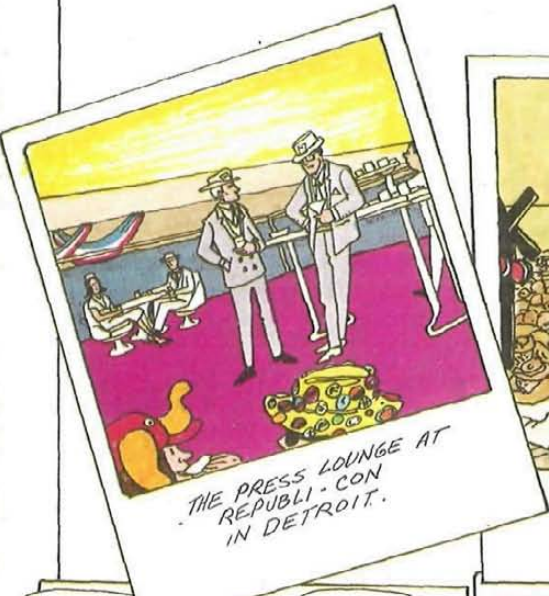
THEY FIT NICE IN THE BUNS.

WE WERE FORCED TO DRESS DOWN TO FIT IN WITH THE DEMOCRATS.

N.Y.C. 8/80



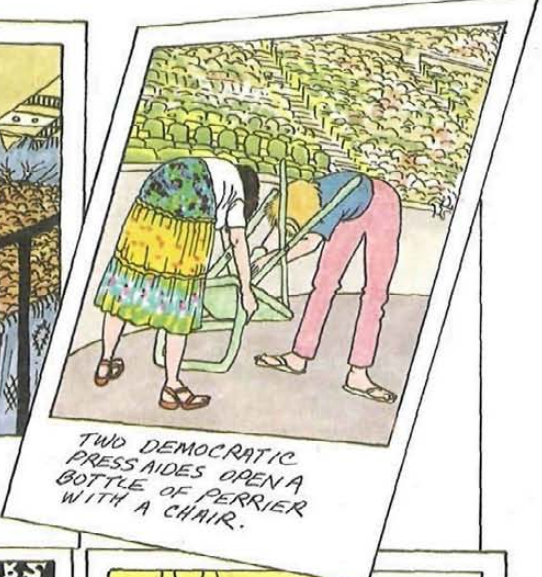
The press credentials for Demo-Con '80 were handled by the same people who were in charge at the Republi-Con... a power-crazed group that has the ability to put the working press in a very bad mood. In the balloons-work-perfectly, everybody-has-a-job, fantasy world of the Reagan for President Convention, reporters were tended with care. At the Carter Party in New York, print reporters were forced to spend a good part of their day squatting in line like refugees at the Periodical Press Credential Office waiting for permits to enter the great Garden. The reporters you saw on television did not have to do this. TV reporters can do anything they want, anytime.



THE PRESS LOUNGE AT THE REPUBLI-CON IN DETROIT.



THE DEMO-CON PRESS LOUNGE IN NEW YORK CITY

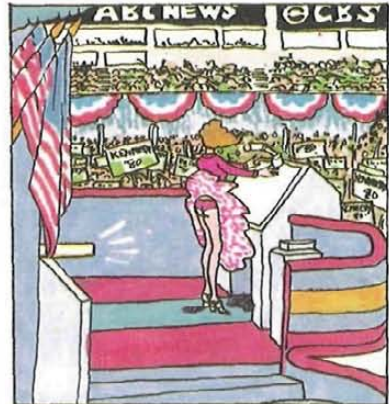


TWO DEMOCRATIC PRESS AIDES OPEN A BOTTLE OF PERRIER WITH A CHAIR.

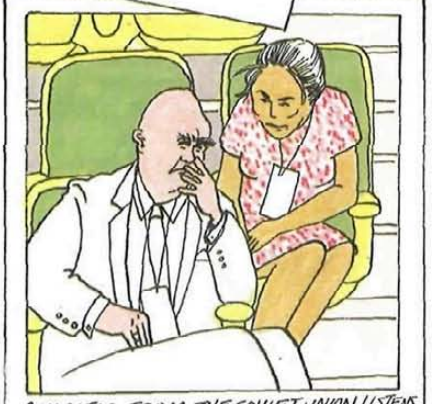


HOW MANY TEN-GALLON HATS DO YOU SEE DOWN THERE?...  
 NONE.  
 I'VE SEEN ENOUGH.  
 WE CAN GO HOME NOW.  
 YOUR HAT IS NOT COOL, SCHENKMAN.

MONDAY NIGHT 9:30 P.M.



THEY INSTALLED A LITTLE AIR JET ON THE PODIUM TO KEEP THE SPEAKERS COOL.



A VISITOR FROM THE SOVIET UNION LISTENS AS HIS NORTH VIETNAMESE INTERPRETER EXPLAINS A DEMOCRATIC SPEECH. HE'S WON EVERY MEDAL THE RUSSIAN ARMY HAS TO GIVE.

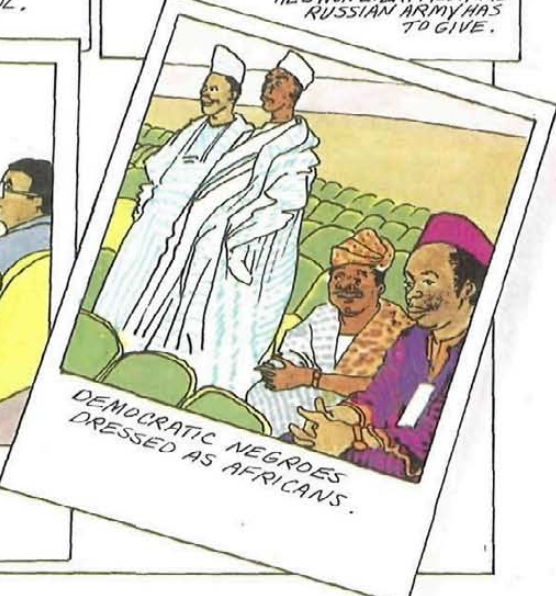


YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE ME, BITCH!...  
 I THINK I'LL TAKE YOU APART!

ONE NIGHT SCHENKMAN GOT MAD BECAUSE HE WASN'T ALLOWED TO DRESS LIKE A NEGRO.



NEGROES DRESSED AS DEMOCRATIC BUSINESSMEN.



DEMOCRATIC NEGROES DRESSED AS AFRICANS.



Mom sent me a clipping from the Seattle Times. My old school friend was beaten to death by her boyfriend. They found the bodies of Kathy and her baby lying in a puddle of blood. I once read that if you're feeling sort of doom, it's a good idea to find a loud and aggressive friend to use for camouflage. Did you hear about the Bomb Hole? Behind the guy on the podium was a hole with a velvet rope around it. It went down about thirty feet and it was surrounded by several thousand bags of sand. If somebody had lobbed a pineapple up onto the stage, nine guys from Yale would have leapt on it and thrown it into the hole.

HI!...I'M NOT HOME RIGHT NOW... SO LEAVE A MESSAGE WHEN YOU HEAR THE BEEP!

SCHENKMAN KICKED ME OUT OF MY APARTMENT, SO I HAD TO FIND A PLACE TO CRASH AT FIVE THIRTY IN THE MORNING.

I JUST SAW RAT DROPPINGS FALL FROM THE CEILING.

OH NO!... IT'S CORETTA KING AND SHE'S STILL GRIEVING!

HEY, FLENNIKEN... I'D LIKE TO SLEEP WITH THE GIRL SITTING NEXT TO YOU... SHE LOOKS LIKE AN ALIEN LIFE FORM.

MY FRIEND CHRIS

THAT'S WHAT JOHN CHANCELLOR WANTS TO LIVE IN WHEN HE RETIRES... WITH SIX CAMERAMEN ON THE ROOF WATCHING HIM GARDEN.

LOOK! IT TAKES FOUR UNION GUYS TO MOVE JOHN'S SETTEE.

CHRIS SELLS INSURANCE IN NEW JERSEY.

ARE ALL THE KENNEDYS HERE?

THAT'S MISS LILLIAN, IN THE BLUE.

JACKIE SHOULD BE HERE TONIGHT.

REPORTERS FROM THE LONDON DAILY MIRROR

ACID, AMNESTY, AND ABORTION... THE GREATEST HITS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

I'M LISTENING TO THE GRATEFUL DEAD.

THIS IS STUART. THE NEWSPAPER HE WORKS FOR DOESN'T EXIST YET.

CARTER HAS A LOT OF CONFLICTS AND A LOT OF PLANETS IN HIS TWELFTH HOUSE, WHICH WILL BE COMING INTO THE FOREFRONT AROUND ELECTION TIME... A LOT OF STUFF WILL BE MADE KNOWN THEN.

THE TWELFTH HOUSE IS DEATH, DARKNESS, AND DECEPTION.

BRIAN WRITES FOR MUSICIAN MAGAZINE.

KENNEDY AND CARTER! HOW CAN HE SAY THOSE TWO NAMES IN THE SAME SENTENCE ???

CARTER? THAT LITTLE WORM.

KENNEDY GIRLS

OH, GOOD! GET THIS ONE, SHARY! NOW!

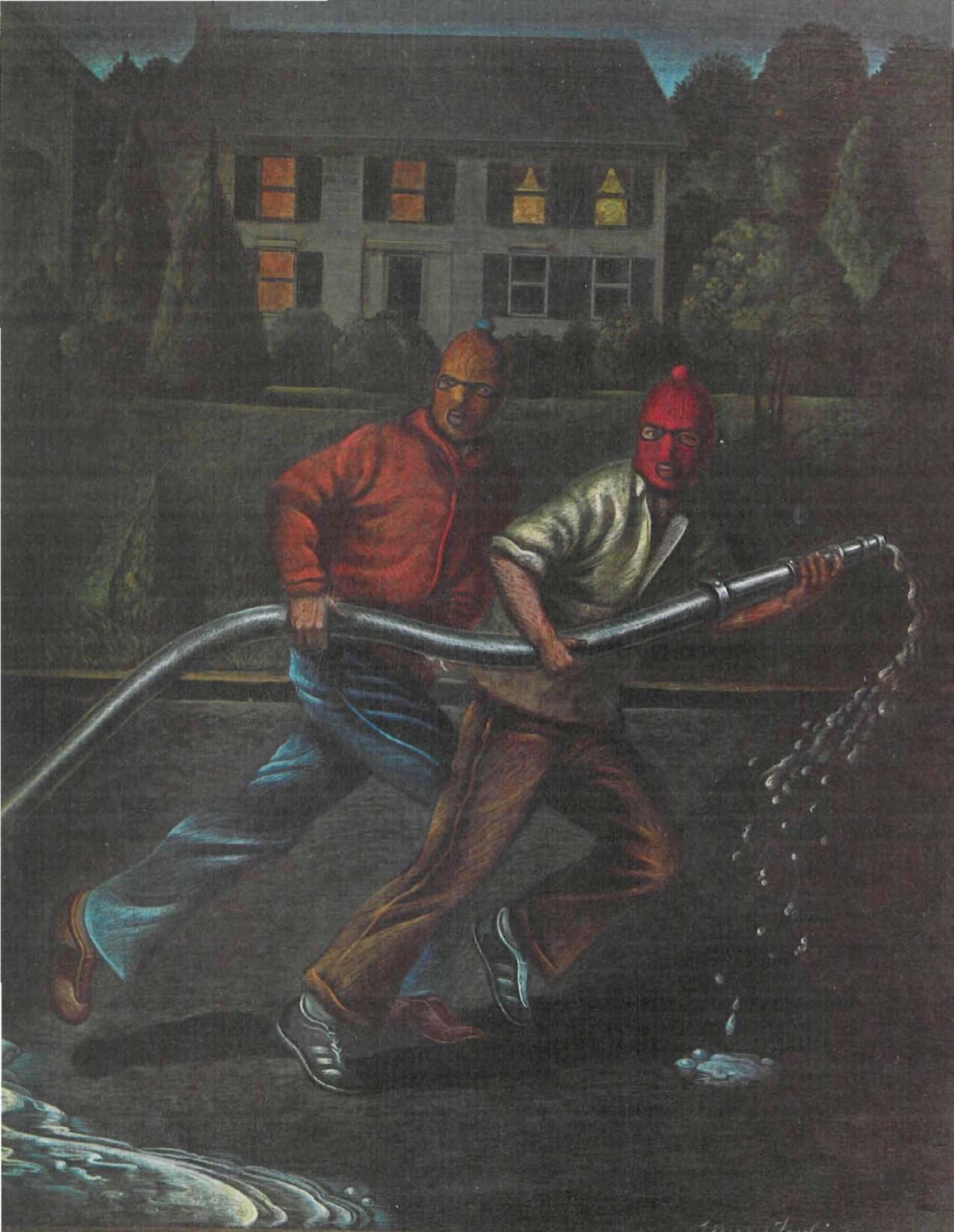
MY ASSISTANT, BETH, INSISTS THAT I TAKE ONE MORE SHOT OF A PEANUT HAT.

NO, SHARY. IT IS NOT GOING TO MAKE IT ANY MORE INTERESTING TO SAY YOU WERE BLOWING TED KENNEDY WHILE HE WAS GIVING HIS SPEECH.

THE EDITOR IN CHIEF GIVES ME A FEW POINTERS ON POLITICAL REPORTING.

SHARY FLENNIKEN





*Steven Fasolino*



# THE WATER FIGHT

by John Bendel

**T**he water fight began on the fifth of July in 1958 when Tom Cahill, an intense and successful lawyer in his early forties, unintentionally splashed a dozing lifeguard at the Crestmere Country Club swimming pool. The aquatic combat escalated from that small incident and continued for more than twenty years, even while Cahill's political fortunes soared. In fact, many of the most widely publicized episodes of the water fight occurred during Governor Cahill's years in the statehouse. These provided great copy, were a limitless source of speculation, and always managed to help rather than hurt the popular governor's image. He never seemed angry about them, rather accepting them good-naturedly and ascribing them to political pranksters to whose identity he claimed to have no clues.

In fact it wasn't until after the governor's untimely death that his part in the water fight emerged, as people whose services he had employed in its execution over the years came forward. But none of them could explain why the governor had involved himself in such an obsessive, childlike battle, so we'll probably never know.

The governor's adversary, though, is a different matter. His version of the water fight came to light in one of the most spectacular murder trials in the state's history, and it begins, as we said, on July 5th, 1958.



Ray Benson, then eighteen years old in the summer between high school and college, was dozing in the lifeguard's chair because he had only gotten three hours of sleep in the last twenty-four. The sun was warm, and it was simply too hard to keep his eyes open. And it was too easy to slip into reverie about the night before, when he had nearly gotten laid with Debbie Kiley.

Beautiful, blond, blue-eyed Debbie Kiley had driven Benson crazy since she came to Warner High School as a junior two years before. They had dated since then, and the more Benson saw her, the more obsessed he got over her, until it was hard for him to think of anything else.

Graduation two weeks before had been a big event for Benson. He and Debbie parked in his dad's Buick Roadmaster up at Warner Lookout; he had slipped his hand inside her panties for the first time and gently massaged her while she moaned an accompaniment to Johnny Mathis on the car radio. While she wasn't ready to go "all the way," as she told him over and over again, clearly she was weakening.

And last night had been even closer. Debbie's folks had gone out of town for the Fourth of July weekend and left Debbie home alone for the first time. Benson came over to watch television with her, and he managed

to get her out of everything but her white cotton panties. He even came once on the rug, but he couldn't get her into bed, and they finally fell asleep on the floor by the light of the test patterns on the television.

So today Benson was in no mood to rescue swimmers or holler at kids bent on self-destruction around the pool. He just wanted to stare straight ahead until his time was up or until he fell off the lifeguard's chair. But mostly he wanted to think about what Debbie had told him this morning as he pulled on his pants and gathered up his shoes and socks.

"Soon," she had whispered to him, kissing his face and pulling his hips to her. "I'll be ready soon, I promise."

Soon. Oh, God, how soon? It couldn't possibly be soon enough.

While Ray Benson was absorbed in his thoughts, Tom Cahill sat his little daughter on the bench next to the lifeguard's chair and walked to the diving boards to entertain her.

"Watch this one," he called to the little girl. "It's called the Preacher Seat!" Cahill pounced gracefully on the end of the diving board as though he would execute a perfect swan dive, but as the board launched him he pulled his legs up and, looking like he was sitting on an invisible chaise lounge, he hit the pool with a mighty splash, sending chilly water all over the distracted young lifeguard.

"Hey!" shouted Benson, suddenly brought back to the real world, and he reached for his whistle to let out a short blast of reproach as soon as the guilty kid broke the surface. Lifeguard splashing was a no-no at Crestmere Country Club.

But when Tom Cahill came up where he expected to see a club teenager, Benson dropped the whistle and did his best to smile, even with the ignominious drops of water forming on the end of his nose, chin, and earlobes. Another rule at Crestmere was that the summer help did not blow the whistle on members of the club board of directors, one of whom was Tom Cahill.

"Ha!" said Cahill, pulling himself up the ladder. "Looks like I gotcha, eh?"

Behind them, Cahill's daughter giggled at the sight of a doused lifeguard.

"Do it again, Daddy!" she called.

"Okay, sweetie," said Cahill, and even as Benson was falling back into his daydream, Tom Cahill showered him a second time while the little girl laughed and clapped her hands and other poolgoers smiled at the joke.



Now, Ray Benson was the kind of person who simply could not pass up a challenge, and that's how he regarded the dousing he had taken from Tom Cahill. Later that day, he saw a chance to splash Cahill, so he did, not knowing how it would be taken. But the lawyer just smiled and promised revenge in kind; and during Benson's next stint in the lifeguard's chair, Cahill sneaked up behind him and poured a cup of pool water down his back. However subtly, the escalation had begun, and Ray Benson, without really thinking it over consciously, opted for an escalation of his own.

On his next break, he walked up to the main club building and borrowed a pitcher of ice water from the kitchen, then returned to where Cahill was stretched out on a poolside lounge, sunbathing. When the half-gallon of frigid water rolled down Cahill's toasty back, he screamed so loudly that a golfer on the seventh hole of the rambling Crestmere course missed his putt.

And that's how the great water fight got started.

6 6 6

**T**he panel truck turned onto Locust Drive with a vengeance, not quite tipping on two wheels. It recovered stiffly, then roared past the neat rows of shrubs and metal fences, pulling up abruptly beside a fire hydrant in front of 240 Locust Drive.

Benson and two others piled out of the truck. One man reached under the front seat for a long wrench while Benson and the third man ran around to the back doors, opened them, and pulled out a coiled fire hose. Benson took off through the hedges with the nozzle, the canvas hose unwinding behind him, while one man fit the wrench over the hydrant valve nut and the other expertly threaded the female hose fitting over the male hydrant connection. With the hose hooked up, the free man ran through the hedges to join Benson at the nozzle. In less than one minute after the truck had stopped, a man was poised at Tom Cahill's front door with a fire-hose nozzle, another was waiting at the hydrant for the signal to open the valve, and Ray Benson was ringing Cahill's doorbell.

A light came on upstairs, and a face peered down into the dark yard. Finally someone came down the stairway, and through the sheer curtains that covered the narrow windows next to the door, Benson made out Cahill in pajama bottoms. He jumped from the porch and took his place holding the nozzle.

"Go!" Benson shouted as Cahill began unlocking the front door. The guy with the wrench gave a mighty shove on the valve nut, and the flat canvas hose snapped to life like a reptile as water surged from the hydrant.

This was Benson's moment, he thought, the last move in the water fight. Cahill was going to get his. Nobody bested Ray Benson, even a big deal like Cahill. Let him run for governor, thought Benson; tonight he's going to be one wet son of a bitch!

What's a little ice water anyway? It sure hadn't hurt Cahill that day at the pool, but the older man had jumped up and danced around screaming bloody murder. And when he saw Benson standing there with the empty pitcher, he just glared for a moment. Then he reached for a towel and said "Let's go" to his little daughter, whose eyes were welling with tears of sympathy for her soggy dad.

That same night, Benson was sleeping nude, as he usually did during the summer, with his bed pushed up close to the open window at the back of his parents'

house. Suddenly in his dream it was raining. Not simply raining, but pouring rain. It reminded him vaguely of bed-wetting dreams from long ago. There was something oddly conscious in the dream, something he knew even in his sleep that he would remember when he woke up.

Benson opened his eyes and realized it was raining onto his bed through the window, and as he reached for the sash, it occurred to him that it wasn't rain at all, but rather a steady stream of water. And there was someone laughing in the backyard. Benson couldn't see who was outside, but he didn't have to. Even if it wasn't Cahill himself, it was someone Cahill had sent. It had to be.

So Benson plotted a water-balloon attack at Cahill's downtown office building. He scouted out a hall window over the main entrance and dropped a barrage of seven water balloons he had carried into the building in an old attaché case. Cahill was coming out of the building at the time with Albert LaRouche, the crusty old boss of the state Democrats, and both of them got drenched.

Benson ran one floor up the stairs after dropping the water balloons, then he took the elevator to the lobby and calmly walked past the police and building security. He didn't even turn to look at Cahill, who was waiting for reporters to arrive. The politician was sitting on the front fender of a taxi, water dripping from his pin-striped suit.

Cahill and LaRouche had just come from a meeting in which they had decided that Cahill would go for the party's gubernatorial nomination. The water attack helped them get a little more coverage than they otherwise might have had.

Two days later, Benson and Debbie were parked at the lookout sharing a six-pack. Benson was retelling the story of the water-balloon attack for the fifth or sixth time, dwelling on the details, and rubbing Debbie's thigh. But somewhere during the narration Debbie reached for the bulge in Benson's chinos, and when he stopped talking to look at her she said, "I want you now!"

Benson felt a rush and his mind raced.

Here? In his father's Buick? He only had two dollars on him, not enough for a motel. Should he ask if she had money? No. Her tongue was already searching his mouth, and she had undone his belt and fly.

What about rubbers? It was too late. She had slipped out of her shorts and was trying to straddle him on the seat. There was no time to do anything more than wiggle out from behind the steering wheel and slide down in the seat so that the impossible could come true. And all at once, it did. He was inside her.

She pulled his face into her breasts. He reached up behind her and undid her halter. And even as his tongue found the first brown, erect nipple, he felt a tingling anticipation, like riding over a hilltop in a car. He was going to come too soon, he thought.

But he didn't come at all.

Debbie screamed when the water hit her, and began scrambling for her shorts on the floor of the Buick. Water balloons were coming through both sides of the car. Some were smashing against the half-open windows, but almost as many found their way through the openings. Debbie was crying now, and Benson's hard-on wilted ignominiously while voices in the darkness chattered in derision.

*continued on page 85*



# Two for the road.

Panasonic and *National Lampoon*  
join forces for the  
car stereo event of the year.



Yes, for a limited time only (how's that for behavioral motivation!) when you buy a Panasonic Supreme Series car stereo, you can get an Official

National Lampoon Car Stereo Test & Demonstration Kit... which means you'll be able to really appreciate how great our sound is.



At your participating Panasonic dealer.

**Panasonic**  
just slightly ahead of our time







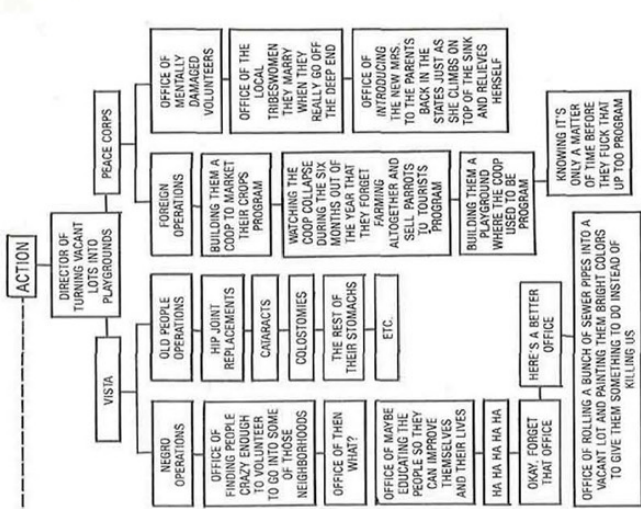




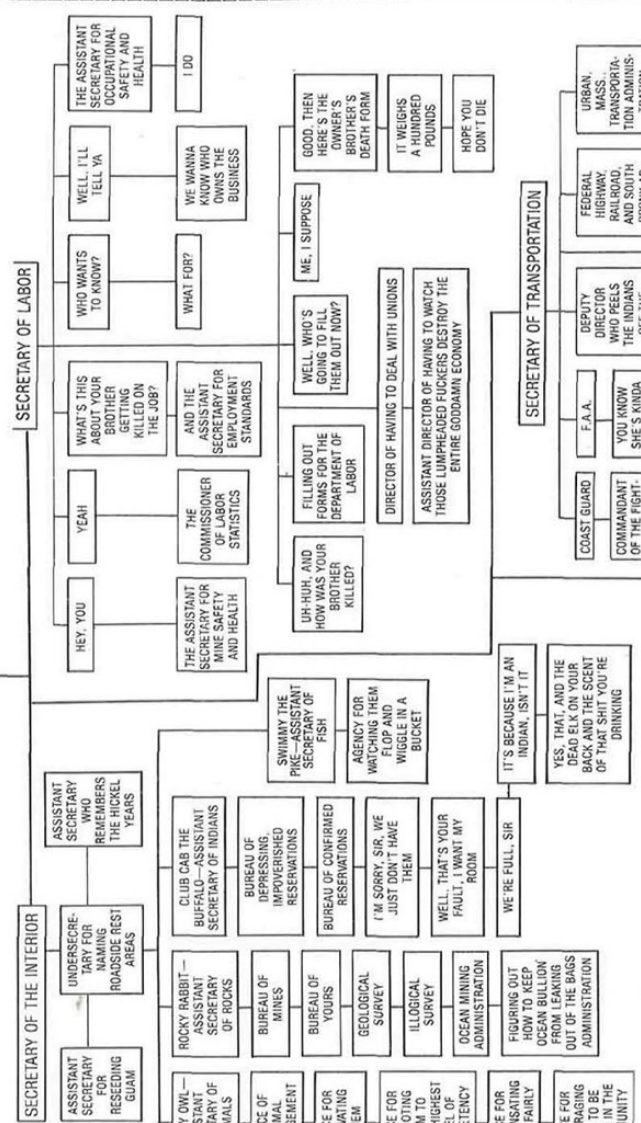




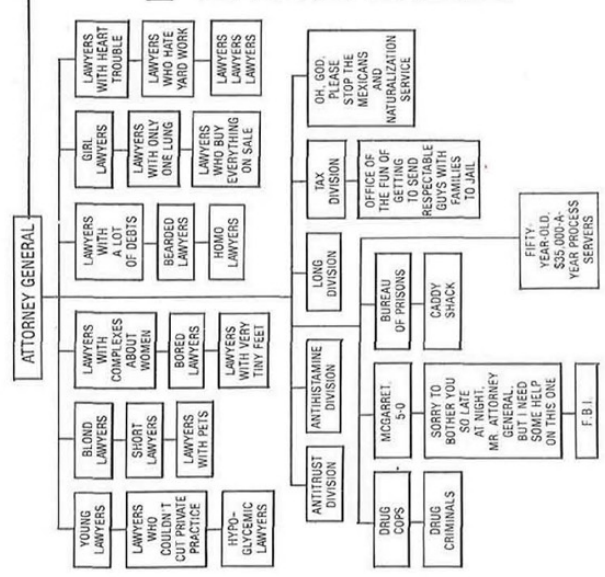
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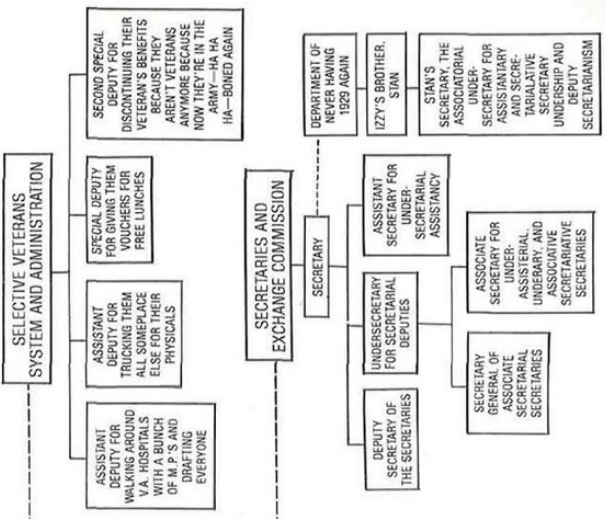
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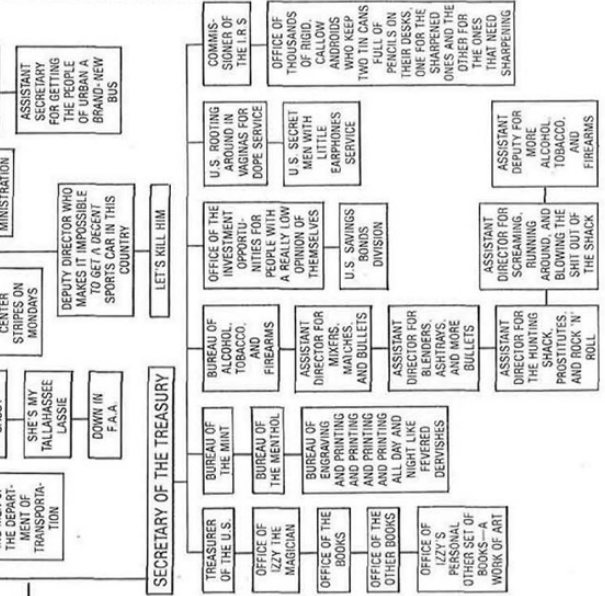
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SELECTIVE VETERANS SYSTEM AND ADMINISTRATION



SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY





# The New Millionaires *by John Hughes*

## ADELE & HAL DIRKENSON

*Net Worth:* \$1,803,330.55.

*Principal Source of Income:* Sale of Beverly Hills bungalow, purchased in 1927 for \$4,550, to television-game-show host for \$1,800,000.



*Fiscal Policy:* "We take advantage of coupons, and we registered for senior-citizens passes for the bus and for the movie house. We never throw out food, and we use our bathwater to water our lawn so that we keep our water bill down."

*Investment Strategy:* "We bought US Savings Bonds."

## MORRIS GLIBSTEIN

*Net Worth:* \$3,330,000.

*Principal Source of Income:* Invented Disco Panties—glow-in-the-dark, electrified female underpants.



*Fiscal Policy:* "Sell the shit out of my line, spending whatever I have to. Entertain, entertain, entertain. Buy lots of gifts for customers. Whatever I can't sell as one thing, I can always turn around and sell as a T-shirt."

*Investment Strategy:* "Gold. I bought half interest in a very hot gagsweatband/poster company. Also I'm looking at a cattle ranch up in Ohio. I'm a good father. I bought my kids an oil lease!"

## ANGELO BRANCLEONI

*Net Worth:* \$6,500,000 (estimated).

*Principal Source of Income:* Sold six designer dresses and a purse from his dress shop on Madison Avenue in New York City.

*Fiscal Policy:* "Please, go away. I am a citizen of the United States now and I have rights now. I don't wash lira for my friends in Italy. That is absurd! I sell shoes...dresses. I sell dresses."



*Investment Strategy:* "I don't make investment. I sell shoes...I mean dresses. I make lots of money selling...dresses. I don't need invest my money I make from...dresses selling. Go away before you hurt my dress-selling business. No, I cannot sell you a dress. My cash register is broken. Come back next week. Good-bye."

## LIZ BLAKEMORE

*Net Worth:* \$33,000,000.

*Principal Source of Income:* Personal-injury settlement after faulty hair dryer set fire to her face, head, and upper torso.

*Fiscal Policy:* "I don't care about that. I don't want the money."

*Investment Strategy:* "I want to buy a desert island and go there and die."



## CLEVESTER FORD

*Net Worth:* \$1,009,944.66 (not including unsecured \$223,000 loan to a friend).



*Principal Source of Income:* Operating three-card-monte game in midtown Manhattan area of NYC.

*Fiscal Policy:* "Don't never, never, ever let nobody win. Keeps away from cops, and don't never, ever carry more than ten thousand dollars on your person. And don't pay no tax!"

*Investment Strategy:* "I buy my mama a house for herself up in Queens and maybe buy me a McDonald's. Makes more cash money, and I eats free."

## JORGE ORTEZ LUIS APARICIO DIAZ

*Net Worth:* \$2,500,000.

*Principal Source of Income:* A five-year, no-cut, no-trade contract for baseball services to the Toronto Blue Jays major-league baseball club.



*Fiscal Policy:* "No to give away these fine money to my ex-wife. No to gamble so much, and no to buy too much cars."

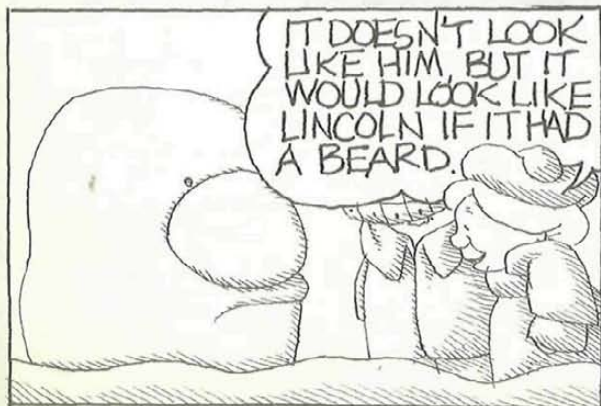
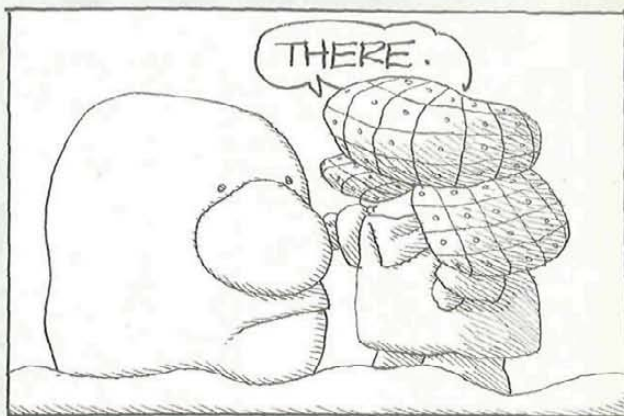
*Investment Strategy:* "My agent, he has invest my baseball money in his shopping mall in Texas, and he have the rest someplace else."





**NUTS**

REMEMBER REALIZING THAT THERE WERE TIMES IT WAS POSSIBLE TO WIN, BUT THERE WERE OTHER TIMES WHEN IT WASN'T, AND IT WOULD BE A DUMB WASTE OF EFFORT TO TRY?





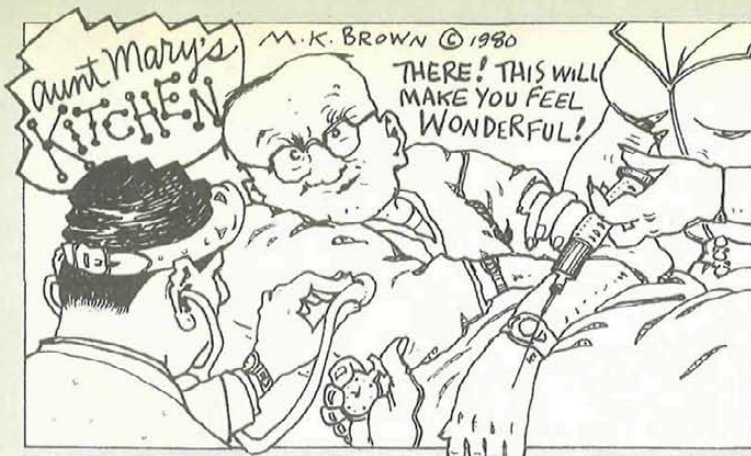
...THE AESOP BROTHERS, SIAMESE TWINS, ARE ABOUT TO ATTEMPT A COMEBACK...



THE AESOP BROTHERS • SIAMESE TWINS







M.K. BROWN © 1980

THE APPLIANCE WAS REMOVED.  
YOUR BROTHER IS SLEEPING.  
HE CAN LEAVE TOMORROW (BARRING  
COMPLICATIONS)  
SO GO AWAY NOW  
BECAUSE I HAVE  
MORE IMPORTANT  
THINGS TO DO,  
BEING A DOCTOR  
AS I AM

DOROTHY, DID YOU SEE THE WAY THAT DOCTOR LOOKED AT ME?  
... LIKE A ZOMBIE... I TELL YOU...  
MEDICAL SCHOOL DOES FUNNY THINGS TO A PERSON

SO! WHERE WERE WE?  
OH! YES!  
I AM IN LOVE WITH YOU, LAURA  
WILL YOU  
MARRY  
ME?

I'M ALREADY MARRIED!  
AND SO ARE YOU!  
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN?



NOW MARY--  
DON'T FORGET!  
I WENT TO  
MEDICAL SCHOOL  
TOO

YES, WELL

DOUGLAS!  
I CAN'T  
DON'T YOU  
SEE?!

OH-  
YES,  
I DID  
FORGET.  
NUTS

NEXT MONTH: COMPLICATIONS

# POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett

OUTSIDE CITY HALL AN ANGRY  
DEMONSTRATION IS TAKING PLACE -



TO THE MAYOR'S  
OFFICE!



PLEASE ALLOW  
ME TO HOLD THE  
DOOR FOR YOU!



BUT THEN,  
POLITENESSMAN'S  
STEEL HANKIE  
FINDS ITS MARK!



SIR, MALE HOMOSEXUALS ARE  
MEN! THERE'S NO NEED TO  
TIP YOUR HAT, HOLD DOORS  
OPEN, OR OFFER TO LIGHT  
CIGARETTES FOR THEM.



I GUESS I'M JUST  
AN OLD-FASHIONED  
GUY!

WERE  
NOT  
SISSIES

BY THE WAY, DO YOU  
GENTLEMEN HAVE AN  
APPOINTMENT?



WELL, WHAT  
WE'RE HAVING  
IS REALLY  
MORE LIKE  
A DATE!

NOW, HE'S  
WHAT I CALL  
A "PUBLIC  
SERVANT"!

THANK YOU FOR YOUR MANY CARD AND LETTER! YOU'RE WELCOME.



# WORKER WANT



STILL  
SLAVIN'  
AWAY  
FOR THE  
LI'L WOMAN,  
AREN'T CHA,  
PAL?

YOU  
WORKER  
ANTS  
ARE A  
BUNCHA  
SUCKERS,  
Y'KNOW  
THAT?!



HEY, HERE  
COMES  
FIFI!

GIMME A  
DOLLAR,  
ANT, AND I'LL  
SHOW YOU  
HOW A  
WASP  
LIVES!



WAHOO!  
HEY, HONEY,  
OVER HERE!



UP YOUR  
FLU, FIFI...  
HEH, HEH!



SOME FUN,  
EH, ANT?

JEEZ!



©  
LONDON 1980



# A LOVE STORY

1980 *COMIC!*

CLAUDE SAT IN THE PARK EVERY DAY AND FED THE PIGEONS.



CLAUDE HAD LOST AN EAR IN THE GREAT WAR. A FEW YEARS LATER IN A BIZARRE CASE OF SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION...



CLAUDE'S WIFE EXPLODED... LEAVING HIM CHILDLESS.



DESPITE A LIFE OF HARDSHIP AND SORROW CLAUDE'S HEART REMAINED A GENEROUS ONE.



ONE DAY A PIGEON WHISPERED IN CLAUDE'S EAR HOLE, "DO YOU WANT TO FLY WITH US TO THE LAND OF HAPPINESS?"



CLAUDE WAS DEAF IN THAT EAR, SO HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND.



BUT THE BIRDS LOVED CLAUDE, SO THEY DIDN'T WAIT FOR AN ANSWER. THEY JUST PLUCKED HIM UP AND INTO THE SKY.



CLAUDE BECAME CONFUSED. HE HAD NEVER FLOWN BEFORE... BUT HE LOVED AND TRUSTED THE BIRDS.



THAT WAS CLAUDE'S BIG MISTAKE... OF COURSE THE PIGEONS MEANT WELL.



BUT CLAUDE WAS JUST TOO HEAVY TO CARRY ALL THE WAY TO THE LAND OF HAPPINESS.



AND HE FELL OUT OF THEIR BEAKS AND DOWN THE GIANT CHIMNEY AT THE NYLON FACTORY.



BECAUSE OF THE GRISLY ACCIDENT THE WORKERS AT THE NYLON FACTORY GOT THE REST OF THE DAY OFF.



MANUEL FAZ HAD NEVER GOT OFF EARLY IN HIS LIFE. HE DECIDED HE WOULD SPEND HIS TIME IN THE PARK.



IF CLAUDE HADN'T FALLEN DOWN THE CHIMNEY, MANUEL NEVER WOULD HAVE MET MARIA, WHO VISITED THE PARK EVERY DAY AT THIS TIME ONLY.



THEY FELL IN LOVE IMMEDIATELY, NEITHER OF THEM KNOWING THAT IT WAS KIND CLAUDE'S MISFORTUNE THAT HAD BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER.



SO THEY DIDN'T GRASP THE MAGICAL SIGNIFICANCE WHEN LITTLE CARLOS WAS BORN WITH ONE EAR MISSING.



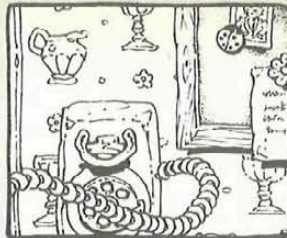


# THE DAY NOTHING WENT RIGHT

RICK GEARY  
© 1980



THE OTHER MORNING, MY HUSBAND STEVE AND I WERE SITTING AROUND WAITING FOR OUR FRIENDS GREG AND RANDI FROM ALHAMBRA.



THEY CALLED AT 10 TO SAY THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY AND WOULD ARRIVE WITHIN THE HOUR.



AT NOON, WE WERE STILL WAITING.



THEY FINALLY ARRIVED AT 1:30— WITH THEIR 5-YEAR-OLD JEREMY, AS WELL AS GREG'S BROTHER VERN AND VERN'S GIRLFRIEND, WHOSE NAME I FORGET.



STEVE AND I WERE READY TO EAT, BUT THE OTHERS HAD JUST HAD LUNCH AND WEREN'T HUNGRY.



SO WE ALL HAD DRINKS AND SAT AROUND THE LIVING ROOM TRYING TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO.



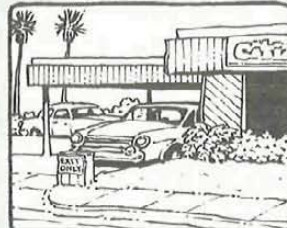
GREG'S BROTHER VERN WAS LOUD AND OPINIONATED (I COULD TELL STEVE HATED HIM ALREADY).



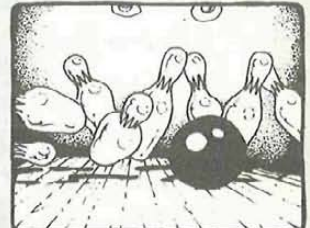
WE FINALLY DECIDED TO GO BOWL A FEW LINES. WE COULDN'T ALL FIT IN ONE CAR, SO THEY FOLLOWED US.



RIGHT OFF THEY GOT STUCK AT A LIGHT AND WE HAD TO WAIT FOR THEM.



THEN WE HAD TO DRIVE THROUGH CITIZEN'S WESTERN FOR STEVE TO CASH A CHECK.



WHEN WE GOT TO THE STARLIGHT LANES WE FOUND THEM OCCUPIED ENTIRELY BY INDUSTRIAL LEAGUES.



SO THE GALS KILLED TIME BY PLAYING SOME PINBALL.



WHILE THE GALS JUST SAT AND CHATTED (I SPILLED COFFEE ON MY NEW SLACKS).



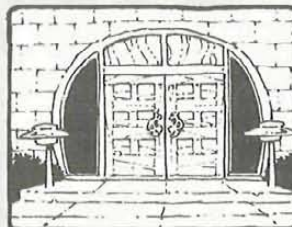
BY NOW EVERYONE WAS HUNGRY, BUT WE COULDN'T AGREE ON WHERE TO GO.



WE FINALLY VOTED TO TRY OUT A NEW ORIENTAL RESTAURANT IN NORWALK.



BUT FIRST GREG NEEDED GAS— WE HAD TO HUNT ALL OVER FOR A STATION THAT WOULD ACCEPT HIS CREDIT CARD.



WOULDN'T YOU KNOW— THE JADE DRAGON TURNED OUT TO BE CLOSED.



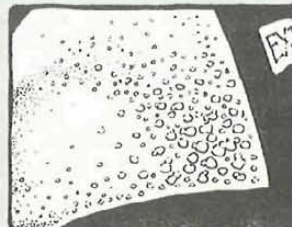
... SO WE JUST GRABBED A QUICK BITE AT THE SENIOR TACO ON BELLFLOWER BLVD, AND THEN DECIDED TO TAKE IN A MOVIE.



WHEN WE ARRIVED AT THE MINI-CINE 6, "THE BLUES BROTHERS" WAS SOLD OUT AND "THE BLUE LAGOON" HAD ALREADY STARTED.



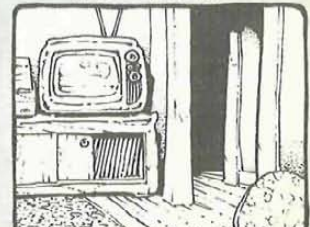
WE ENDED UP SEEING "ZULU DOWN," WHICH WE ALL HATED.



VERN'S GIRLFRIEND FORGOT HER GLASSES, SO WE HAD TO SIT WAY UP CLOSE.



I ARRIVED HOME WITH A HEADACHE AND IN A FOUL MOOD.

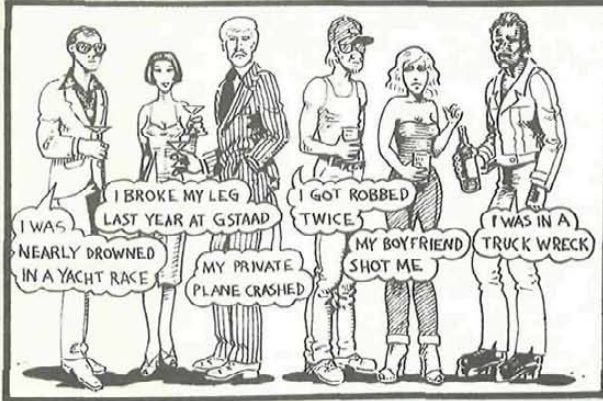
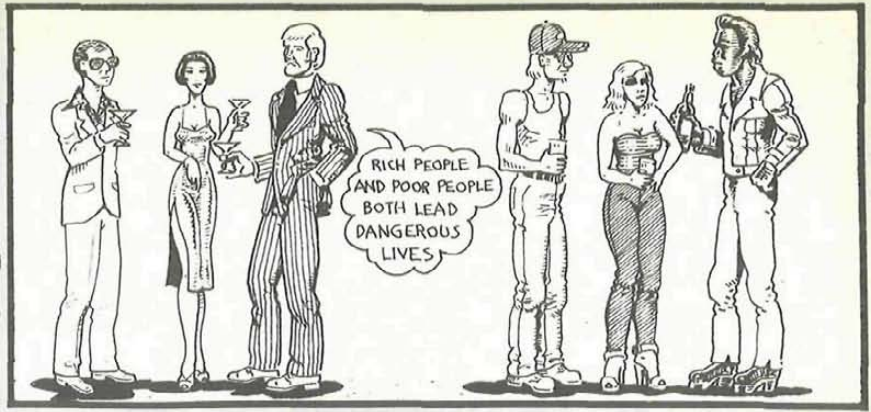


TO TOP IT ALL OFF, WE WERE TOO LATE FOR "GET SMART" RERUNS ON CHANNEL 9.



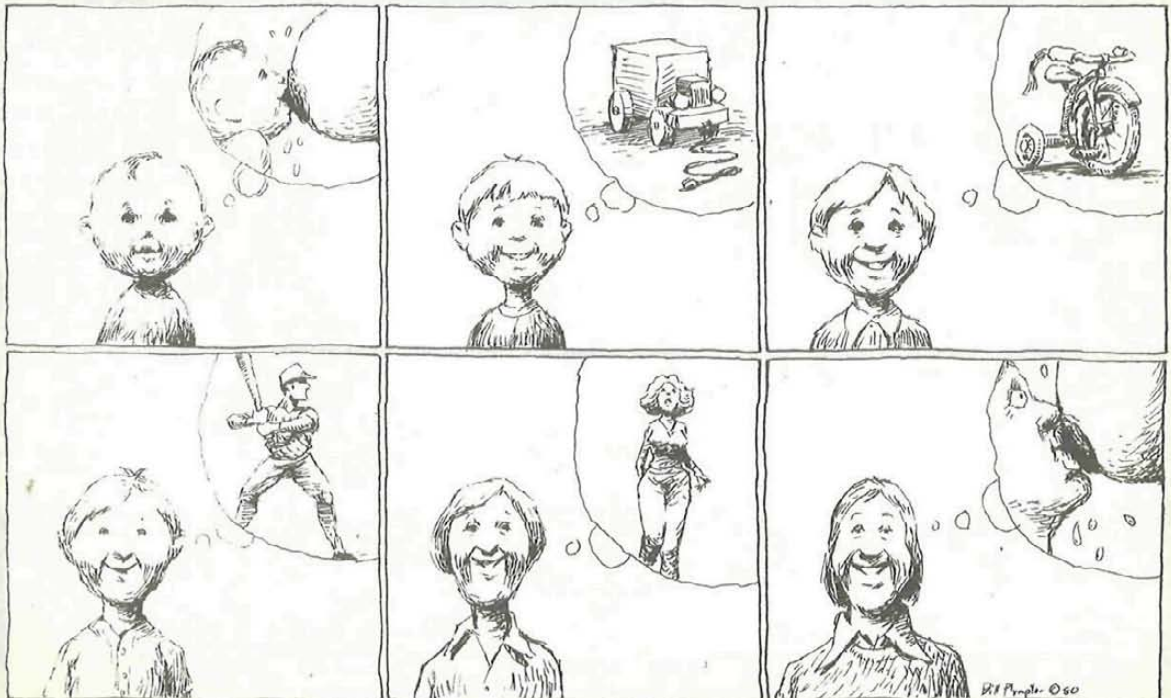
# RICH PEOPLE POOR PEOPLE

WRITTEN BY P.J. O'ROURKE  
DRAWN BY SPAIN



# GROWING UP

BY BILL PLYMPTON





# THE APPLETONS



A Saga of an American Family  
BY B.K. TAYLOR

WE LOOK IN ON MR. APPLETON'S BUSINESS TRIP AS HE CHECKS INTO HIS MOTEL ROOM AND PERFORMS HIS RITUAL OF TESTING THE BED AND COLOR T.V....



CALLING ROOM SERVICE...



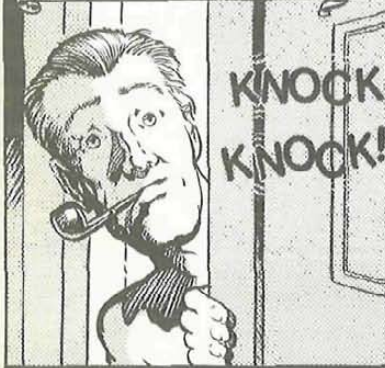
I'LL TAKE A WAITRESS WITH NOTHING ON... HEH HEH, YOU LIKED THAT ONE, EH?... IF I CAN BE SERIOUS FOR A MOMENT, I'D LIKE A SANKA AND APPLE PIE A LA MODE FOR ROOM 403...

NEXT, MR. APPLETON READIES FOR A SHOWER.



TARZAN STOPPED MOMENTARILY, BECAUSE OF A SOUND IN THE JUNGLE.

UPON ENTERING THE BATHROOM, MR. APPLETON HEARS...



KNOCK KNOCK!

THINKING HIS ORDER HAD ARRIVED, HE ANSWERS THE DOOR.



ROOM SERVICE?

YOU MIGHT SAY THAT, HANDSOME. AREN'T YO' GOING TO ASK A LADY IN?

STUNNED BY THE VISITOR, MR. APPLETON IS CAUGHT SPEECHLESS.



YOU GO AHEAD AND TAKE YO' SHOWER, DARLIN'. I'LL GET COMFORTABLE THEN WE'LL LEARN MORE ABOUT EACH OTHER.



I'LL BETCH YOU'RE THE KIND THAT LIKES TO PLAY AROUND, AREN'T...

BOOOOOOO  
OOOOOOOO

WHAT WAS THAT!?

THE ALIEN RETURNS

WHY THE HELL YOU...



OOOOOOOO

AHHH!

WHAT YOU DOING WIT THAT SHAVIN' CREAM ON YO' HEAD!?



THE ALIEN STRIKES BACK! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES—IT HAS A ZAP TOWEL!

WHAT YOU GONNA DO WIT DAT TOWEL? YOU SOME KIND OF...



ZAP! ...GO WITH THE FORCE.

...NUT!

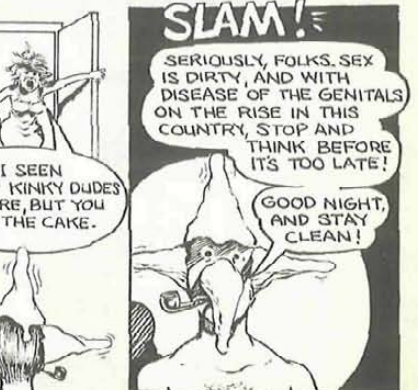
OW! STOP DAT, YOU CRAZY HONKY!



ZAP!

OW!

CRACK!

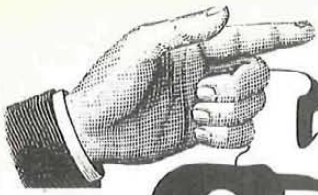


SLAM!

SERIOUSLY, FOLKS, SEX IS DIRTY, AND WITH DISEASE OF THE GENITALS ON THE RISE IN THIS COUNTRY, STOP AND THINK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

GOOD NIGHT, AND STAY CLEAN!





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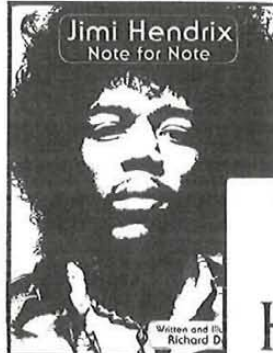


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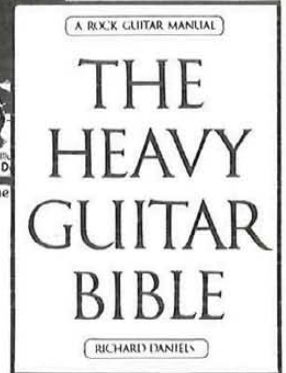
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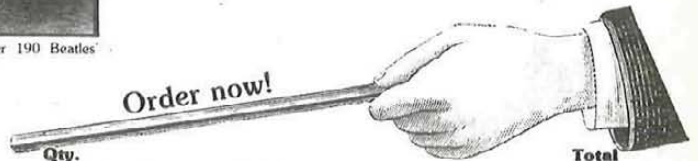
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Yes, send me my FREE National Lampoon Songbook

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Master Charge# \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. date \_\_\_\_\_  
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\*\*\*\*\*

# Cashing In On Captivity

by Joey Green

When the hostages are eventually released, America will be held captive again. This time, we'll all be captivated by a brilliant array of products that are attractive, useful, and patriotic. Items that will immortalize forever those how ever many days it finally turns out to be when Americans from every walk of life found themselves united in frustrated pique. Plus, the *objets d'art* will be valuable collector's items in less time than you can say "nuclear war." Here are just a few of the commemorative products you can expect to see.





**US Embassy in Tehran**

A symbol of America's presence in Iran, the US Embassy is not easily taken behind by terrorists.

Pure Sugar  
Hostage Cuisine, Inc.



**Limited Offer!**

Get a **FREE Burger Hut HOSTAGE GLASS** with the purchase of a regular-size soft drink.

**COLLECT ALL 52!**

Trade 'em or treasure 'em!



**AMERICA HELD HOSTAGE**



**JUST RELEASED**

As Played by the **Broadloom Strings**

**THE HOSTAGES!**

*Favorites*



FEATURING  
\* Howard Board  
\* Count 'em Days  
\* Ebran Sureset







BIO  
FEED-  
BACK-

YOU  
MUST BE A  
VIRGO.

I WAS  
UNTIL  
LAST  
NIGHT!

GESALT-

WANT  
TO COME UP  
AND SEE MY  
ESCHERS?

JAWS!

AND  
THEN THIS  
LOUSE PUTS  
PIC PICS IN MY  
BIRTH CONTROL  
PILLS!

I AM,  
BUT WE  
HAVE AN  
OPEN  
MARRIAGE,  
HONEY.

A  
ZIPLESS  
WHAT?

THE  
TROUBLE  
WITH ACU-  
PUNCTURE  
IS, YOU'RE  
HUNGRY  
A HALF  
HOUR  
LATER.

DYNO-  
MITE!

ENERGY-

I'LL BET  
RHODA  
DIVORCES HIM  
BEFORE SUMMER.

ORAL  
ART-

DO  
YOU BE-  
LIEVE IN  
I CHING?

- YOU  
BI-SEX?

NO,  
BUT I  
LIKE  
SCRAT-  
CHING.

NAH!  
WHO HAS  
TO BUY  
SEX?

GRAHH!  
GZZ!  
MUNGLE-

H. KORTZ

Good  
sense...  
Good times.

For 16" x 22" poster, send \$2.00 to Promotion Dept. 1-81.  
National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

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# MODERATION SECTION

## MODERATE SPORTS

This year in football, the Dallas Cowboys should come close to the semi-finals. They have held their own! In hockey, watch the once great Montreal Canadiens keep the best from falling and the worst from getting above their station. As this is written, baseball's middlers, the Boston Red Sox, seem likely to retain their position against a Yankees late-season drive in the American League East. The ordinary money is on the Chicago Cubs for the National League. Out west, it would be rash to presume. In women's golf this year, Amy Alcott should earn the middle money, and in the men's PGA, Italy's young challenger should do middling well if he sticks to form. In horse racing, Cyrano, who ran fourth in the Clochard Stakes at San Forise, should maintain the early mean he established. In other sports, remember, it is easy to upset the winner, but who ever heard of anyone upsetting the average?

## ANCIENT TEACHINGS OF THE MODERATES

*"The bird which rises at a sensible hour catches sufficient worms."*

*"A well-maintained wheel receives sufficient lubrication."*

*"A gift horse should be examined for contagious diseases."*

*"Prevailing interest rates determine whether it is better to give than receive."*

## A HAND, NOT A HANDOUT

Give them a hand, not a handout. Handouts destroy a beggar's self-respect, but a contract to buy all the gas chromatometers he can produce builds his self-respect.

## GREAT MODERATES



Marcus Aurelius



Lord Chesterfield



Matthew Arnold

They Would Approve...

## MODERATE SLOGANS

"Only a radical needs a slogan."

"Faced with a breakdown, a moderate calls a mechanic while a radical calls names."

"If you keep your opinion to yourself, it may be worth something someday."

## WASHINGTON WATCH

Opponents in Congress repeatedly characterized moderate desires as "requests." This kind of hyperbole can lead only to polarization; compromise, not solution, will result.

All moderates should, if possible, be perturbed by this.

Friends of moderation were active this year. Representative Dave Crosby introduced a bill to ban adjectives, adverbs, and descriptive parts of speech from Congress. This was narrowly defeated.

Senator Mike Davidson succeeded in proposing an amendment to the Constitution which if ratified by the state assemblies will guarantee the right of moderates to be heard. The complex bill to insure moderates' rights also confirms their presumptive right to equal schooling, cloakroom services, and a say in the popularity of situation comedies. It is expected to pass by a modest margin.

## MODERATE EYESIGHT

Optometrists declared recently that people with moderate eyesight had no trouble reading type of this size. Those who have difficulty doing so, or those who find it too easy, have no place here.

## THE MODERATE WOMAN'S SUPER-MARKET TABLOID

**THE COMMON DENOMINATOR** 654

**CURE FOR INFIDELITY**

**MIRACLE DIET THAT KEEPS YOUR WEIGHT THE SAME**

**Man Borrows Brother's Car—Returns It Late**

## MODERATE MUSIC ENJOYS MIDDLING SUCCESS

After being slightly in the shadows for several years, the moderate stylings of contemporary musicians are enjoying reasonable success. Their music, called "middle of the road" by industry execs, is once again holding its own. It was only a matter of time. "It's what we expected," say insiders.

### Middle Ten

- "All My Lovin'" (Lennon-McCartney) —Hollyridge Strings
- "Wichita Lineman" (Campbell-Sneezer) —Hollyridge Strings
- "Love, Love Me, Do" (Lennon-McCartney) —Hollyridge Strings
- "City of New Orleans" (Goodman) —Hollyridge Strings

The other songs on the middle ten are all performed by the Hollyridge Strings and written by the Beatles, and it's wonderful to see them back in the middle of the charts again.

## MODERATE POLITICS

This year moderates have again agreed to support whomever the American people should choose as a president.







I'VE GOT A SON AND A DAUGHTER. I KNOW THEY TAKE DRUGS.

SO WHAT? WHEN I WAS THEIR AGE I DRANK TILL IT RAN OUT MY EARS.



I TELL THEM, HEY, BRING SOME HOME AND LET YOUR OLD MAN TRY 'EM TOO!

SO THEY GAVE ME A MARIJUANA CIGARETTE. I DIDN'T LIKE IT THAT MUCH. MAKES YOU FEEL WEIRD ALL OVER.

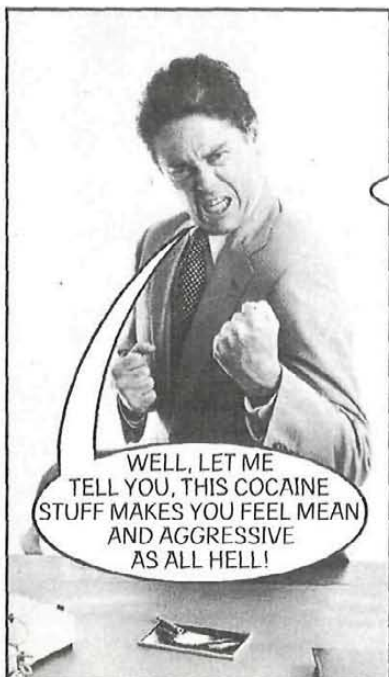


LATER, THEY GAVE ME SOME L. S. D. THAT WAS TERRIBLE. MAKES YOU SEE STUFF THAT'S NOT THERE.

AND I TOOK A QUAALUDE. BUT ALL THEY MAKE YOU DO IS FALL DOWN.



THEN THEY BROUGHT HOME SOME COCAINE.



WELL, LET ME TELL YOU, THIS COCAINE STUFF MAKES YOU FEEL MEAN AND AGGRESSIVE AS ALL HELL!



SNIFF SNIFF



I'M GLAD TO SEE THE KIDS ARE FINALLY GROWING UP.



# THE MOST INCREDIBLE BOOK OF ALL TIME



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## LETTERS

continued from page 10

Sirs:

This is a chain letter for beautiful people only. If you're poor, ugly, or a nobody, don't bother. Here's what you do: Copy this letter and add your own name to the bottom of the list. Then take a sterling-silver tablespoon and gouge out one of your eyeballs, right or left. Send it to the name ahead of you on the list and mail the copy to another beautiful person like yourself. In two days you should receive a replacement eyeball.

Moshe Dayan  
Sandy Duncan  
Sammy Davis Jr.  
Peter Falk  
David Bowie  
Karen Black

Sirs:

How many Blues Brothers does it take to make a funny movie?

*Apparently more than two.*

Bernie Brillstein  
Producer City, Cal.

Sirs:

I'm a bird, but I can't tell you what kind; our bird religion won't allow me to. Why does bird religion forbid stating one's affiliation out loud? Frankly, I don't know. But, last week, one bird told me he was a sparrow and he was swallowed by a jet engine that very day. So all I can tell you is that I'm brown with bright orange breast feathers and every spring I come "bob-bob-bobbin' along."

Red-Red the Bird  
Upstate New York, and Florida

Sirs:

I just came back from Acapulco, and, let me tell you, it's a great spot to go on vacation. The beaches are beautiful, the hotel rooms are great, and the food is wonderful. But the very best thing of all about the place is that they've got a deal there where you can pay Mexicans to throw themselves off the top of a cliff.

Dr. Merl Brottelle, DDS  
San Diego, Cal.

Sirs:

Hi! Guess you're surprised to hear from me after all these years. It's been a real bitch trying to keep in touch ever since my plane got downed back in '37. What a bummer! I guess most people gave me up for lost. Well, I didn't die, but believe you me, it was no picnic being stuck on some god-forsaken island all by myself for forty-three years. Things picked up for a while around Christmas of '44, when a famous bandleader and his trombone got washed up on shore. At least he was company, but after his ten-millionth rendition of "I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo," I gave Freddy Four-Eyes the old heave-ho right into the jaws of some grateful killer sharks.

The reason I'm writing is, now that I'm back, I'm going to need some of that old payola to start my life anew, know what I mean? So I'm holding this "Locate the Missing Aviatrix" contest. All you have to do to enter is send me five dollars and your guess as to where you think I am *right this minute*. (Hint: It is somewhere on this planet.) The entry who comes closest to the truth wins a miraculous Maya cross with the words "Made in Guatemala" lovingly inscribed on the back.

Enter as often as you like, but don't delay. Enter today. Send all checks and money orders to:

"Locate the Missing Aviatrix" Contest  
PO Box 747  
World, Earth

Sirs:

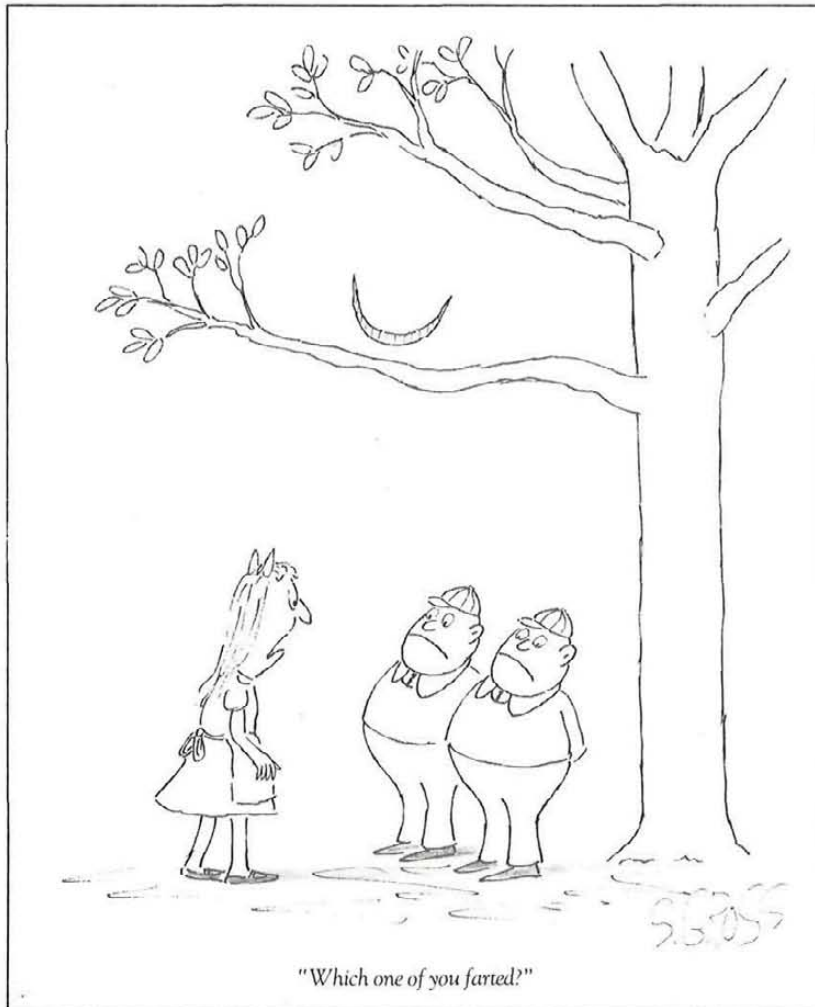
There's a right way to bunch up newspaper, just as there is a right way to feed fish to a bear. It is given some of us to know, while to others it will remain one of life's great mysteries. It cannot be taught, nor even passed from father to son through genetics. No, the ability belongs to those whom God himself has chosen—the men and women of the International Crystal and China Packers Union. Without them, all your glasses and plates would be just so many shards in the bottom of a box.

Arturo Banana  
President, ICCPU  
Elmira, NY

Sirs:

If a vagrant flags down your car on the freeway to bum a cigarette, don't stop. Just ignore him and keep going. This is a safety tip for your own good.

Ralph Nader  
Washington, DC  
continued on page 91







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## FIVE LITTLE SUICIDES

continued from page 38

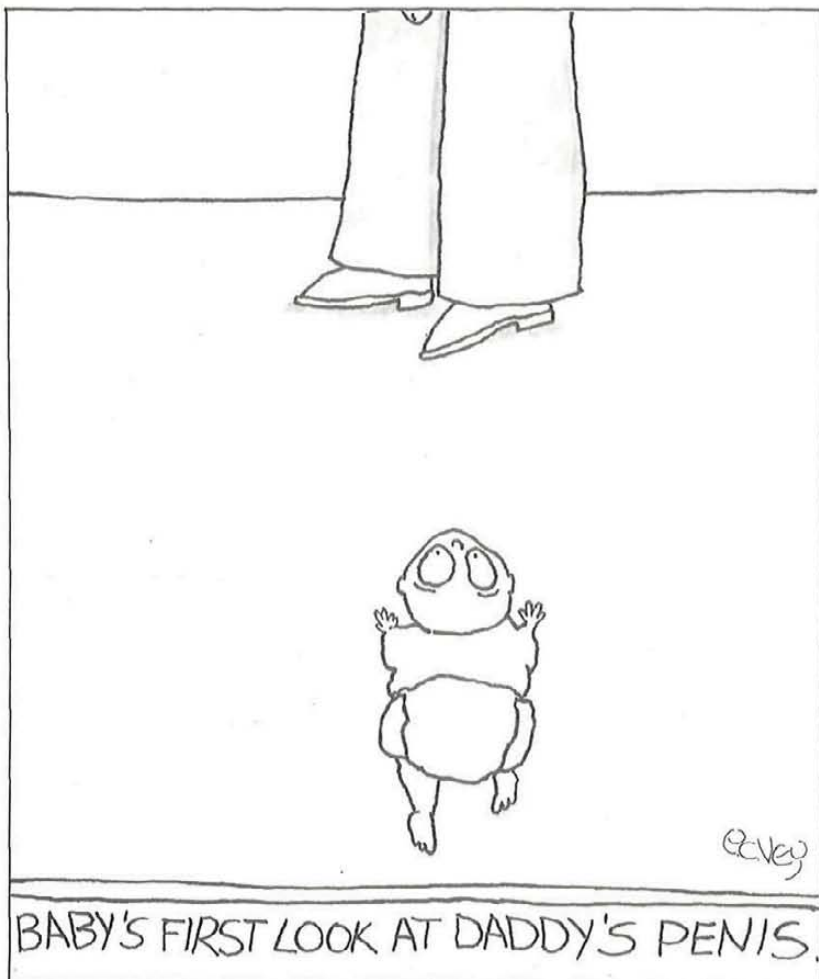
He'd say, "I'm a criminal." And that seemed, somehow, existential and daring at the time; and since, as I mentioned, he wasn't a very adept criminal, it was more amusing than not to have him around. He was always out on bail and had lots of intriguing arrest stories. He would steal a car and try to conceal the fact that it was stolen by driving it without the license plates. That never fooled the police. He would steal a purse and take the checkbook out and write checks to himself and then go to the bank the stolen checks were from and try to cash them. This didn't work either. And he was hired by a mendacious and overinsured landlord to commit arson on the shabby apartment building where he lived. So he went into the basement and lit a fire and then went upstairs and forgetfully went to bed in his own room. He would have burned to death if he hadn't made a phone call before going to sleep, calling the fire department to give the alarm himself and thus be less of a suspect. He

fell out of favor with my friends and me, finally, when he was arrested on a drug charge and questioned concerning his "narcotics connections." He named everyone he knew at the school. Fortunately he was so thorough an informant that the police investigation bogged down in useless detail and only a few of us were ever jailed. The last time I saw Pete was a thousand miles away in New York in the summer of 1969. I was walking down a street in the Lower East Side slums and he was walking toward me holding a garbage-can lid in one hand like a swordsman's buckler and with the other hand was brandishing what appeared to be a length of plasterer's lath. He was not, perhaps, the last person in the world I wanted to see, but he was on the final page of the list. It was too late, though. He walked up to me without surprise at the coincidence of our meeting, called me by name, and began a garbled monologue about how he had been doing so good. "I was doing so good," he said, "I was doing so good they couldn't fucking stand it. I was really doing good. They

couldn't fucking stand it I was doing so good." As he spoke, a crowd of some thirty Puerto Rican teenagers came running around the corner, waving chains and belts and screaming in Spanish, and evidently headed for Pete. I assume these were the people who couldn't fucking stand how good he was doing. Pete turned and charged at them, waving the strip of lathing and the garbage-can lid. I turned and walked the other way.

He returned to Ohio, and sometime about 1975 or '76 he put a bullet in his head. No one has any idea why. His life was no better or worse a mess than it had ever been. Maybe he wasn't really all bad. Maybe he possessed an inkling of shame at his own worthless ways but lacked the strength to change them and was finally driven to a desperate, hopeless act. Maybe, but I doubt it very much. Or maybe being bad makes difficult and finally unbearable demands upon the self. Maybe it's hard work—though it has never seemed so. Or maybe there was some deep personal sorrow that Pete could not articulate. But though his articulation was poor to the point of beastliness, I doubt his ability to feel deep personal sorrow outstripped it. No, volition without sufficient causation is one of the imponderables of free will. He just went and did it. And anyway it didn't work. He put a twenty-two-caliber pistol to his forehead, pulled the trigger, and it went off. The bullet glanced off his skull and traveled around to the back of his head under the skin. Pete woke up convinced he was in hell, but he really only had a very bad headache.

There's a footnote to that suicide attempt: Several years later Pete was living in Cincinnati and fooling around with somebody's fifty-year-old wife. One Sunday morning the wronged husband came to Pete's house with a shotgun, rang the bell, then stepped back into the bushes. Pete came out in his underwear and looked around, and as Pete stood at the top of the porch stairs the husband jumped out of concealment and leveled the gun at his stomach. Pete then did something as uncharacteristic as trying to kill himself had ever been. He thought quickly. He reached down and picked up the Sunday Cincinnati Enquirer that had been tossed on the porch steps earlier that day; and he was holding this out in front of him when the shotgun was fired. He had a lot of pellets dug in him, but if it had been a weekday, he would be dead.



BABY'S FIRST LOOK AT DADDY'S PENIS.



I suppose any life is worth having. I know one girl, though, who committed a really wonderful suicide. She had always appeared to be an extraordinary girl. Plenty of women are beautiful. No one's heart is necessarily broken. But certain women have something else about them, usually in their faces. We are so attuned to each other's faces. Every lump of flesh, string of muscle, or nub of cartilage seems so poignant to us. And there are faces that are more than beautiful—the angle, arrangement, size, and scale of the features seem to indicate not pleasing proportions only, but mystery, understanding, luxury beyond telling, or even goodness. Such stellar physiognomy usually occurs in early youth, when a face actually reveals nothing but twists in the DNA. Thus no real virtue is shown, but this girl's face showed every imaginary virtue conceivable. Men formed up in platoons and companies to fall in love with her. And she wasn't a bit nice about it. She was one of those pretty girls who are surfeited sick with attention, who have drunk deep of adulation and tend to vomit it up. When she was seventeen she called her date on New Year's Eve afternoon and said she'd sprained her ankle painfully and couldn't go out that night. He spent a week's after-school wages on flowers and a bottle of something actually from France and arrived at her parents' house to comfort her just as she rode out of the driveway in someone else's car. That was a nasty thing to do, and possibly a bloodthirsty thing also, considering how teenage boys drive when they're angry. When she was in college she swore to her total virginity and determination to retain same despite the fevered entreaties of a very decent and desperately infatuated young man. This was on Friday. On Saturday she ran off with a popular rock 'n' roll band, not any single member of the rock 'n' roll band but the whole band and, I understand, the soundmen, the road crew, and the promoter's wife besides. Later she summoned a dizzied lover to London. He scraped together every dollar he could find and bought an excursion ticket. Ten years ago such a ticket was the cheapest way to fly to Europe, but it required a two-month stay overseas before it was valid for return. The young man arrived to discover that the girl was leaving for the States the next morning, and he was stuck for eight weeks in England in the middle of the winter with no friends and less

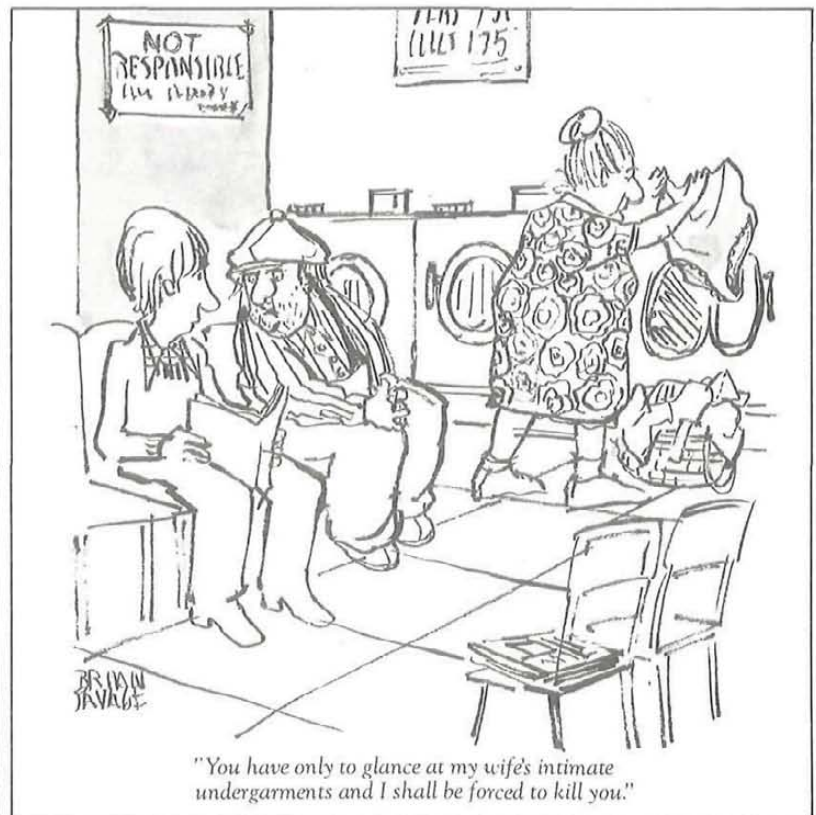
than a hundred dollars. The details of this last case were particularly painful because that young man was me. Anyway, she committed suicide. Face to the contrary, this act of self-destruction was the only extraordinary thing about the girl. It was perfect of its type, very elegant and graceful, without a single wasted motion. She took fifty barbiturate tablets and phoned her mother at the country club. Ambulances were summoned, police were called, fire departments were telephoned, Cadillacs were dented in the club parking lot, brothers were wrenched from tennis lessons, a father was dragged from a crucial business conference, and psychiatrists were hauled to the emergency room. The girl would have had to have her stomach pumped if she hadn't stuck a finger down her throat as soon as she got off the phone. She even had time to fix her makeup before she went to the hospital.

Five years ago she married an older man, a squat little guy who was losing his hair. He managed a very popular Las Vegas performer. Then the performer died in a car crash. They live in a two-bedroom house in Tonopah. He deals blackjack. She has three kids. I can't imagine why anyone would commit suicide. There are so many better ways to get the job done. □

## EDITORIAL

*continued from page 6*

it a Chicken Shot. It's like a Bull Shot, but you make it with vodka and Campbell's chicken-noodle soup. Just kidding. Me for a Bloody Mary. It's almost nine now and the sun's over the yardarm. Actually the sun is someplace over Queens, kind of over LaGuardia Airport, it looks like from here. In fact right over the short-term parking lot where, it has just occurred to me, I've had the car sitting for two weeks at about \$16.50 a day. Shit. Anyway, you get my drift. There's something sweet/sad about the end of an era. Little angelcakes has left for work. Think I'll just freshen this up. You look back and you think of all the things you could have done, the things you should have said and didn't, like, "Where the hell's breakfast, huh?" or, "Those guinea jeans make your thighs look like the Alaska pipeline." But what's the use of regretting the past? Let's look forward to what the next fifteen minutes will bring. Probably the mail. I hope not. My tab at Elaine's has cracked five K. Oh, God, it's the Spanish maintenance guy again. What do you mean, the water's off until Wednesday? Fuck. But it's important to get the big picture. Thirty minutes from now all this will seem like half an hour ago. P.J.







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## THE WATER FIGHT

continued from page 58

That was over two weeks ago, and Benson hadn't seen Debbie since. Without even saying good-bye, she had left for school in California. So Benson turned all of his attention during the waning days of summer to getting revenge on Tom Cahill. That's what brought him to Arnold Marino and Eddie Curtis, the two youngest volunteer firemen in town, who sometimes set fires so that the volunteers could have some fun. They both easily passed for twenty-one and routinely bought beer for Benson and other friends, and they both loved the idea of a commando-style water attack on Tom Cahill.

So they planned the raid and cased the big Colonial house Cahill lived in. They checked the hydrant out front and made sure that they borrowed the right fittings from the firehouse and that the hose would reach from the street to the front door. But Benson couldn't be sure that Cahill would be home, or that he would come to the door himself. Maybe he would just stay upstairs and call the cops if he sensed something was really wrong.

But now, Benson thought, it was all going perfectly. The porch light came on, and the white panel door with the ornate brass knocker was opening. And even as a bleary-eyed Cahill demanded to know who was on his lawn, Benson could sense the surge of water on its way, pushing like the orgasm stolen from him at the lookout. But this time, it wouldn't be stopped.

"This one's for Debbie!" he thought, as the brass nozzle jumped backward from the water pressure. Benson and Marino could barely hold on.

Tom Cahill never suggested Ray Benson's name to police investigating the fire-hose incident, so the unspoken rules of the water fight were maintained through a new escalation. Benson never had to use a cover story concocted as part of the fire-hose plan; and it slowly dawned on him that rather than the police, he had better start worrying about retaliation in kind.

During his first year at college, Benson found himself becoming more and more jumpy when he was anywhere near water. He insisted on knowing the location of all the water connections in or around his dormitory, and the following summer he refused to go swimming at all. This seemed like a strange turnabout for a

former lifeguard, and Benson's parents worried, but not too much. He did well during his first year in school, and despite his idiosyncrasies about water he seemed able to concentrate on his journalism studies.

But over the next three years, Benson began to forget the water fight. Tom Cahill had been elected governor, and governors simply didn't do that kind of thing. Benson dropped his guard entirely when he joined one of the better newspapers in the state as a reporter, a good job for a new graduate. The water fight was the last thing on his mind when he received a call at the newspaper one sultry September afternoon, four years to the day from the fire-hose incident.

"I can't talk to you on the phone," said a man whose voice he vaguely recognized but couldn't quite place. "But I've got the goods on LaRouche and the Democratic machine around here."

The name should have warned Benson, but he copied down the instructions for a promised meeting, to take place on the wooded banks of the Walton River just below the Grand Spoon Dam.

There was no one there to meet him that evening, but Benson waited, tossing stones idly into the quietly

flowing water. He didn't look up when he heard the muffled metallic sounds from inside the dam, but as water began gushing wildly from the concrete structure, he suddenly recalled the surge of water from the fire-hose nozzle. This was the retaliation! He looked around quickly, but there was nowhere to run on the low, wooded flat. So that's where the wall of water caught him. The flow swept him downstream and deposited him in the crook of a squat tree about a quarter of a mile away before subsiding without doing any further damage. The fight was on again.

For the next fifteen years, Ray Benson and Governor Cahill exchanged water attacks, and while the governor never took part in his own offensives, the level of the combat remained intense. It was very good for the newspaper business, and for the young reporter who always seemed to know when something was imminent. He never covered the water attacks himself, but he often made sure someone did. A photographer was on hand, for example, during a rather routine gubernatorial audience with supporters on the back lawn of the official residence. That was the day a low-flying Cessna passed over the lawn party, ex-

continued





## THE WATER FIGHT

continued

partly dropping over three hundred water balloons. The photos made the front page of the paper that day and scooped the competition.

Ray Benson moved up at the paper, becoming an editor, not just because he knew in advance of the strange water attacks, of course, but because he pursued his career with characteristic determination. He stayed single, preferring the intellectually nontaxing company of floozies to marriage, and he became known as a loner of sorts.

All of which suited his purposes quite well, because Ray Benson was a virtual slave to the water fight, thinking of himself as something like Superman, with one identity in the newsroom and another after hours. And though some of his unexpected encounters with large volumes of water were a matter of public record, everyone assumed he must be a victim of the same mad douser who attacked the governor. In fact, most of the incidents were known only to Benson himself, like the time he was lured to Florida by another anonymous tipster only to find himself in the path of a hurricane that failed to live up to forecasters' original expectations.

Benson came home without a story, but he realized who had sent him there and he began plotting the incident that ultimately led to his cele-

brated downfall.

Under an alias, Benson rented a small apartment on the bottom floor of a four-unit frame building on the south side of the state capitol. Working evenings, Benson gutted the flat. He took out all the fixtures and every interior wall, leaving only a single large room with a back door onto a small back porch, and a front door that opened onto a long hallway. Benson sealed the back door from the inside, then went about reinforcing the exterior support walls from inside the apartment. The neighbors noticed the noise, but it wasn't the kind of neighborhood where people asked many questions, and the few times anyone did, Benson told them he was working for the landlord.

After two weeks of structural work, Benson brought in plastic pool liners, which he attached to the walls, turning the apartment into an eight-foot-deep indoor pool with a front door. There remained only the problem of getting Cahill to open that door.

During his trial for the murder of Tom Cahill, Benson refused to divulge the means by which he had convinced Cahill to visit his booby-trapped apartment alone. But by then Cahill had served three successive terms as governor (the first and last person to do so, since governors thereafter were limited to two terms) and had retired. So there was none of the state-police

protection he had enjoyed during his years in power, nor the constantly pestering aides, reporters, legislative liaisons, or petitioning citizens. The governor could be alone, for a change, and people who followed the case closely theorized that he had been lured to the apartment with illicit promises of some kind, and that Benson wouldn't tell out of respect for his late adversary. This is probably true, though we'll never know for certain. We can only be sure that the governor did open the door to that apartment and that the force of the water spilling out knocked him back against the wall with such force that he suffered a concussion, from which he died.

If Ray Benson had been able to win a change of venue and the trial had been held elsewhere, his punishment might have been less severe. In another state, in fact, he might have gotten off altogether, since it seemed obvious to many observers that his intent was never to kill Tom Cahill.

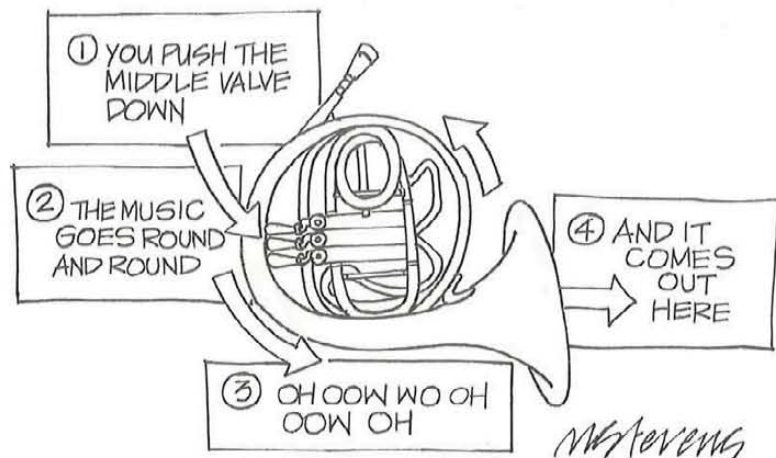
In this state, though, everyone knew Cahill, and many owed their positions to him, so Ray Benson was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to five years in prison. He got an extra year for contempt of court, a sentence imposed when he refused to tell the jury how he had lured the governor to the apartment.

But the water fight was not yet over.

At the age of forty, Ray Benson entered the state prison at Warner, and he was assigned to a cell in the newly constructed Tom Cahill Wing. The late governor had expanded the decrepit prison, but the new structure was built during the 1960s along what had once been a flood plain of the Walton River. The river hadn't left its banks in more than fifty years at that point, and didn't for another fifteen until the spring of 1980, shortly after the admission of Ray Benson. Then, spurred by torrential spring rains and an unusually heavy runoff of melting snow in the mountains, the Walton River jumped its banks, swamping a number of new buildings, including the Tom Cahill Wing of the state prison at Warner.

Ray Benson died by drowning that spring, but not before he heard from Debbie Kiley, who wrote from San Francisco after reading about his trial. Her two marriages had both been bombs, she told him, and she would very much like to meet him again, to take care of "unfinished business." But some things are simply not meant to be. □

### PLAYING THE FRENCH HORN:







# TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



## True Facts

• Left to guard his employer's house and pet monkey, John Mwambe of Lusaka, Zambia, killed then roasted the monkey. He fell asleep after dining on the pet, and while he napped, thieves broke into the house. "The monkey bit me, so I ate it," he later told authorities. "I didn't hear the thieves." *Ottawa Journal* (contributed by Michel Cl  roux)

• Police in a motorboat that was out of gas spotted a stolen boat coming through a Rideau Canal lock in Perth, Ontario. When the two juveniles in the stolen boat saw the sputtering police boat turn their way, they began to jettison heavy items to make a run for it. Among the items they tossed overboard was an auxiliary gas tank. The cops fished it from the water, then used the fuel to run down the fleeing craft. *Toronto Sun* (contributed by Jim Pachereva)

• According to police in Blackfoot, Idaho, Paul Galegos was admitted to a hospital for snakebite treatment after he tried to get a rattle-snake to drink from a beer can. The snake belonged to a friend of Galegos's and had been released in the back of a pickup truck. There, Galegos had tapped the snake on the head with one hand while he held the can of beer in front of it with the other. Then, police say, he tried to pour the beer down the snake's throat. That's when the rattler bit him on the thumb. *UPI* (contributed by Joe Schenkman)

• The two-year-old daughter of Bapusaheb Kukulwar of Yavatmal, India, was playing in the courtyard of her house

when she spotted a black cobra close by. Her parents were watching when the little girl grabbed the snake and instinctively put it in her mouth. They rushed to take the deadly snake from her, but the girl had already bitten the reptile to death. *Hindustan Times*

• On the Danish island of Fyn, an oven wall was blown out and a worker suffered shock when the pacemaker in a dead woman's body exploded during cremation. *UPI* (contributed by James Streit)

• A bank robber in Stockton, California, was leaving the Wells Fargo Bank with his loot when he stopped in the lobby to call a taxi. When police arrived in response to a silent alarm, the robber was sitting quietly in the bank lobby waiting for his cab. *Newsprint* (contributed by Louis Vockell)

• A Toronto gas-station cashier had no trouble identifying a robber for police even though the holdup man had worn a pair of women's shorts over his head as a disguise. The thief, who later admitted that his mind was "clouded" by intoxicants, had stuck his face through one of the leg holes so he could see. *Toronto Star* (contributed by Vicki McCuaig)

• A two-hundred-pound woman dressed as a tree was arrested for brandishing a knife at a bank teller in Nashville, Tennessee. According to police, the woman wore a sheer dress with cutoff tree limbs tied around her. She was carrying three kitchen knives and rocks in her pockets. *Nashville Banner* (contributed by Bill Barnes)

• Spurred by a Department of Health, Education, and Welfare investigation, the town of Pekin, Illinois, has

changed the name of its various athletic teams from the Chinks to the Dragons. *UPI* (contributed by Harry Dutcher)

• A delegation from the Yungnara tribe of Australian aborigines has petitioned the United Nations Human Rights Commission to prevent oil drilling around Pea Hill in western Australia. They claim that site is the home of the Great Goanna, their lizard god. If Goanna is disturbed, they say, he will tell the native monitor lizards not to mate, and that could cause a lizard shortage. Lizards are a major food source for the Yungnaras. *Detroit News* (contributed by Greg Gwisdalla)

• Aniceto Villarta, thirty-five, was fishing with friends off of Cebu, one of the Philippine Islands, when he brought in a fish and clasped it between his teeth to remove the hook. But the fish was still alive, and it wiggled into his throat. Despite the efforts of his friends to dislodge the fish, Villarta was suffocated by his catch. *UPI* (contributed by H. M. Lau)

• A US Navy honor guard on hand for a sea burial aboard the guided-missile destroyer *Farragut* was ordered to fire at the coffin, which floated rather than sank when it was dropped into the ocean. The three riflemen fired over 200 shots, finally blowing out the bottom of the coffin and sinking it. According to a navy spokesman, no violations of regulations were involved in the incident because there are no written instructions on what to do in such circumstances. *AP* (contributed by John Higgs)

## HAPPY LANDINGS DEPARTMENT



*Our Lady of Fatima prays and Father Patrick Moore gazes out a window during a flight to Port of Spain, Trinidad, one leg of Father Moore's twentieth around-the-world trip in thirty-two years of travel. Accompanying the priest until 1982 as a symbol of peace, Our Lady of Fatima is a statue, which explains why she gets to stand in her seat. (contributed by John Hillenbrand)*



## From the Slush Pile

*The following excerpts have been culled from unsolicited manuscripts sent to a prominent editor of (serious) fiction who wishes, understandably, to remain anonymous.*

The bookcase was made of solid walnuts and polished to a high shine.

The nurse peeped into my bedpan and put it on the floor, whispering *sh*.

Her large gray eyes were the window of an unhappy soul which dwelled deep inside her.

His eyes fell instantly on Trudy's black nightgown, which she was occupying.

It seemed like an hour had flown by before he spoke.

Mr. Phillips cleared his throat to make his presents felt.

Finally the big day came and he was assigned a role—that of the butler in "The Man Who Came to Dinner"!

Murphy let his features slip and he laughed heartily. "Well, you know what they say—all's fair in show business."

The dishes done, Ruth sat down with a book of cross words.

Francis had hazel eyes and auburn hair with a smooth, creamy complexion—and besides, she had a good head on her shoulders.

Who was she, this wife, this mother of his children, this "Mary" to his "John"?

Jim felt guilty eaves dropping on Dean.

"Are you terribly well read?" she asked.

He screeched around a curve.

He'd always hated being bound and gagged.

Her beautiful negligee never failed to bring out the man she loved.

This particular group of coal minors was the lowest of the low.

Secure in the knowledge that no one could ever spot him as the murderer, Saul acted with all sincerity the part of the grief-stricken friend of the deceased.

He peeled his eyes from the boy's face.

Nick had been dead these last eleven years, leaving his wife in complete control.

Her neatly coiffed hair, her clothes, and her well modulated voice denied the wiry person she really was.

The convict sneered at Bobby as he hugged his pet skunk to his thin chest. "Shut up, squirt," he snarled.

She tried desperately to be fair, weighting the question almost as a butcher would a side of beef on a large set of scales.

If Darcy wanted to invite her to the prom she would be thrilled to say the most.

Being of sound mind and as of yet sound limb, I hereby write this story in the fondest of hopes that someone will read it.

"You've got to find my little boy, officer," she cried, wringing her hands, "I've been keeping his dinner warm for hours!"

The playboy slammed the wardrobe door shut and eyed the girl. "I'd like to know where Kevin fits in all this," he demanded.

The man wore a charcoal-grey three-piece suit and sported a diamond ring on his pinky that Sergeant Miller exaggerated to himself as being the size of a hamburger.

Looking around, the ghost thought, This is the neighborhood where I lived—the Gramercy Park section of New York. He knew he wasn't supposed to enter without a key, but he walked through the closed gate anyway.

She sank to the floor murmuring, "All for a few lays and some orgasms!" She started to beat her head against the floor.

"We'd better go," said her husband. "There's nothing either of us can do here."

"One more thing," Dennis suggested. "How about the children?"

Burt didn't wake Lana when he got home and when she woke in the morning his side of the bed wasn't soiled.

Her name was Bonnie and she was of female coccasion.

### CANADIAN SAFETY DEPT.

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Saskatchewan Motor Vehicle Dept. (contributed by Byron Powell)

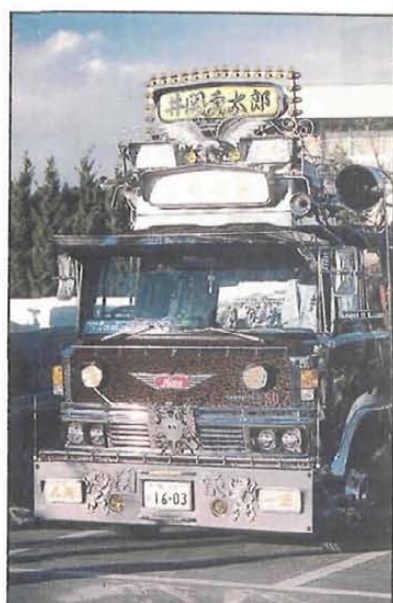
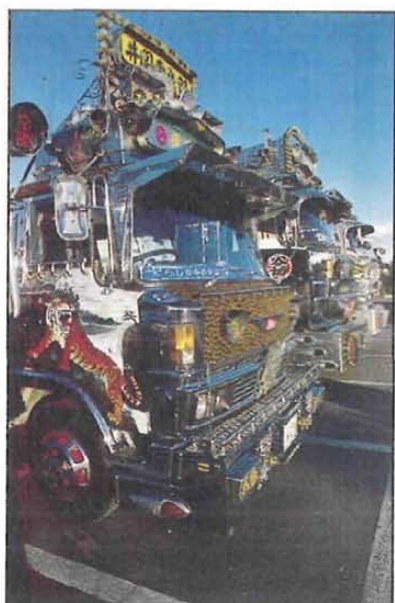
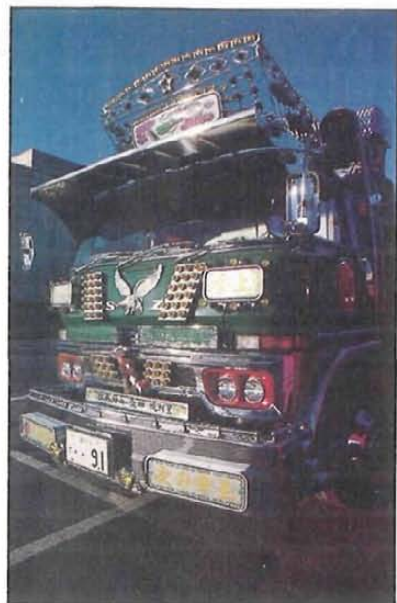
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*Editor's note:* All items appearing in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.



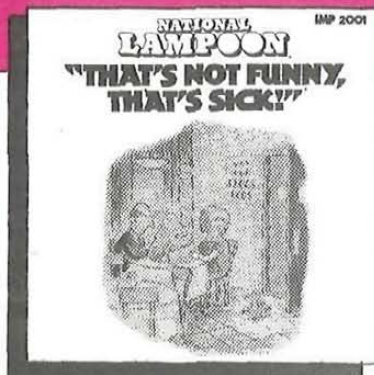
# T R U C K S

## Trucks of Japan by Milt and Joan Mann

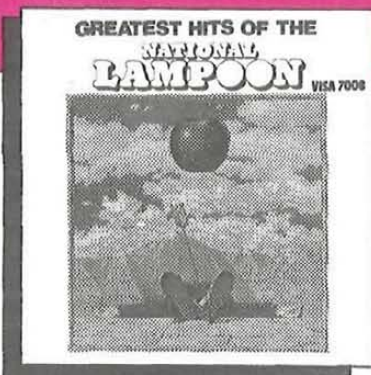




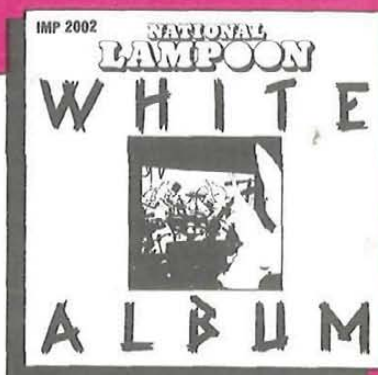
# NATIONAL LAMPOON THE BEST OF



The classic NATIONAL LAMPOON album featuring the smash "Mr. Roberts." Starring Brian Doyle-Murray, Bill Murray, Christopher Guest and many more.

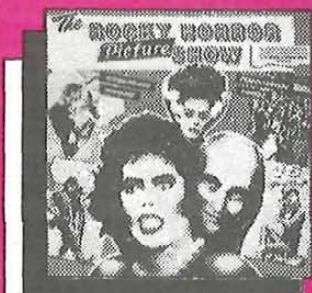


The funniest album on record. A compilation of the NATIONAL LAMPOON'S zaniest recordings featuring John Belushi, Chevy Chase, Gilda Radner, and many others.



An album for playing. The newest from NATIONAL LAMPOON, including the single "Perrier Junkie." Featuring Alice Payten, Michael Simmons, Rodger Bumpass, and others.

## ROCKY HORROR

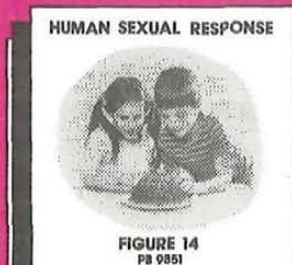


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The Original Roxy Cast Recording. Starring Tim Curry.

## SOUNDS FOR THE NEW EAR



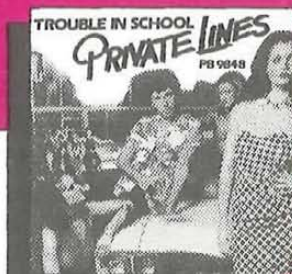
The debut album from Boston's HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE features their unique blend of vocal harmonies that is not to be missed... irreverent rock from some Masters without Johnson.



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There's gonna be "Trouble in School" for sure, now that PRIVATE LINES is here. Their debut album is filled with irresistible-hard edged rock, featuring "Young and Sexy" and "Bat an Eye".

All on Passport Records and Tapes.



PASSPORT RECORDS \* ODE SOUNDS AND VISUALS \* LABEL 21  
Marketed Exclusively by JEM Records, Inc.



## LETTERS

continued from page 80

Sirs:

I never used to believe the letters in *National Lampoon*, but then I had this really terrific scene go down at work, and I just have to write you and tell you about it, because the whole thing was so really cool. You see, I'm a good-looking guy in my early twenties, and girls tell me I'm pretty well hung. Anyway, I work in this shoe store, and one of the other clerks is this really foxy chick that I've been hot for ever since I laid eyes on her. One day she comes to work wearing this really tight tube top that you could see her nipples through and everything and I just couldn't stop looking at her. Finally, that afternoon, we're both alone in the storeroom and I'm really checking her out, and she can see I'm getting a bulge in my pants that just won't quit. Then she looks right at me and says, "Do you know what's the smartest invention that's ever been made?" I said I didn't, and she said, "It's the thermos bottle. Because how does it know when to keep things hot and when to keep things cold?" I couldn't fucking believe it.

Eddie Duffle  
Fort Myers, Fla.

Sirs:

We'd like to put in an order for seventeen Cuban refugees. They must be clean, docile, slim, and youngish, and provide their own waiter's jackets. The dinner is on the 19th, but we'd like to have them here by the 17th so we can acquaint them with the menu and their areas and weed out any defects.

Sara Wesley  
Chairperson  
Vassar Alumni Dinner, 1980

Sirs:

Are you doing a *Jaws* movie parody? That sounds good. I think we're doing a *Jaws* movie parody, too. Only about three years after you.

Mad Magazine  
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

I'm planning on shooting about a hundred 'ludehead chicks on Fire Island soon, so if any of you editors there at the magazine are interested in fucking them, lemme know before I blow their empty brains out all over the beach.

Brother of Sam  
Ocean Beach  
Fire Island, NY

Sirs:

You know how you hear about people who have a fairy or a leprechaun or something appear to them and give them three wishes? Well, it happened to me for real. The only catch was I was too goddamned young. I was six. What I wanted was all the Tootsie Roll Pops in the world, my own pony, and a chance to meet the Lone Ranger. So here I am, a grown man, with no teeth, Clayton Moore's autograph, and a twenty-eight-year-old Sherland in the backyard. Fuck.

Leon Cobble  
Waseon, Mich.

Sirs:

I had a very hectic week last week canning pickles, and I just realized today that I haven't seen my dog since. I'm afraid I must have canned him, but I can't go opening all the jars looking for the little rascal, because once you break the seal the pickles won't keep. On the other hand, I can't just mail them to my relatives without knowing, since some of them are vegetarians.

What's a mother to do?

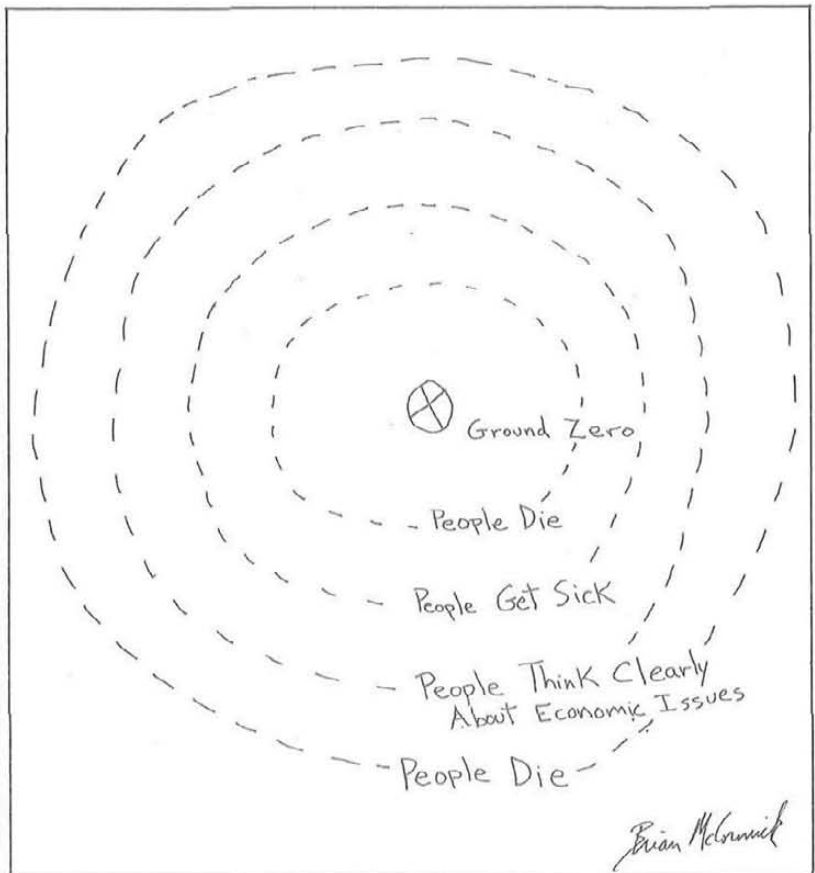
Granny Tintermeyer  
Houndsville, North Carolina

Sirs:

I am Harriet, Prophetess and Spiritual Primate of 12,700 airport gift shop employees in the United States, and I am writing to tell you about our faith so you will understand us better. The chains clipped to our glasses and which hang around our necks are called *shasfi*, meaning literally "tether to the neck." This instrumentality is used in our ritual of *Aephonae*, wherein the anointed Elder Ones examine the price tags at the shelves. Such priestesses attain their status only after having abstained from skilled labors or spousal support for many years. They wear vestments of varied colors, patterns, and fiber blends: brilliant yellow zinnias, for example, symbolizing the afterworld, and sixty-forty cotton-rayon blends, representing the blessings of earthly life. If you are interested in learning more about us, please feel free to ask next time you come in for a gift. Praise be upon you.

Harriet  
Holy Church of the  
Airport Gift Shop Employees  
Lindbergh Field  
San Diego, Cal.

continued on page 94







**SEX COMICS**—At last, the famous sex comics of bygone years have been compiled into three great editions. See your most memorable cartoon characters — Dagwood & Blondie, Orphan Annie, Popeye, Steve Canyon, and Lil Abner (and more!) — as they perform some of the wildest bawdiest most outrageously funny sex scenes ever. All three editions contain over 75

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As part of an advertising test we will send a solid 14K gold floating heart pendant charm to every reader of National Lampoon who reads and responds to this printed notice before Midnight, Feb. 26, for the sum of \$5 plus \$1 shipping, handling and insurance. There is no further monetary obligation. [Each heart is composed entirely of solid 14K gold and will be accompanied by our Certificate of Authenticity to that effect.] This advertising test is being placed simultaneously in other publications. If you see it in more than one publication, please let us know, as this information is helpful to us. Should you wish to return your heart you

may do so to the address below and receive a full refund. There is a limit of one (1) heart per address, but if your request is made before Feb. 15, you may request a second heart by enclosing an additional \$5 plus \$1 shipping, handling and insurance. No request will be accepted past the dates noted above; your uncashed check will be returned if postmarked later than those dates. Please enclose this original notice with your request; photocopies will not be accepted. Send appropriate sum together with your name and address to: **ABERNATHY & CLOSTER, LTD., Gold Advertising Test, Dept. 702-2, Box 200, Carle Place, New York 11514.**(A82490)

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  - Life is like a shit sandwich. The more bread you have the less shit you have to eat.
  - I don't know I don't care. And it doesn't make any difference
  - Those of you who think you know everything are very annoying to those of us who do
  - Sounds Like **BRASHIE** To Me
  - QUESTION AUTHORITY
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Sirs:  
Oh, we'll all go to see her when she comes  
Yes, we'll all go to see her when she comes  
We'll all go to see her  
We'll all go to see her  
Oh, we'll all go to see her when she comes!

And do you know why? Because she'll be coming around the fucking mountain on six white horses, and this we've got to see!

The Fourth Grade Chorus  
Culpepper, Va.

Sirs:  
I'd just like to take a moment to apologize for turning out to be exactly the kind of dingle-lobed addle noggin that your parents always thought I was.

Bob Dylan  
Southern California

Sirs:  
C.S. Lewis was right. This bloody well smells like the loo at Charing Cross Station just after a family of Pakistanis has used it.

C.P. Snow  
The Little Don's Room, Hell

Sirs:  
I'd like to address myself to our millions of idle youngsters who, while lacking any particular skill or aptitude, feel that they are worth a few hundred thousand dollars a year. Consider this: Every day, millions of household pets give birth to millions of other household pets, and not one of those suffering millions benefits from any form of trained medical attention. The time has never been better to join the ever growing ranks of pet paragnecologists. So, if you've got nimble fingers and a cheerful nestside or basketside or fishbowlside manner, send me \$5.00 for my easy-to-read pamphlet *10 Steps to Pet Gynecology*.

"Dr." W.D. Stern  
Sea Girt, NJ

Sirs:  
I'd be delighted to be the celebrity chairman for the fight against a big-name disease, but, frankly, all the real good ones are taken. The only one left is the discomfort you get at the roof of your mouth whenever you eat too much Cap'n Crunch cereal. And I read in the trades that Leslie Nielsen and Ferrante and Teicher are fighting like rabid bats over it already.

Sonny Bono  
Still waiting in the lobby

Sirs:  
I want to use your magazine as a forum from which to express my dissatisfaction to the movie theater owners of America. I've had just about enough of the prices at the concession stands. I had to take out a loan on the Subaru in order to make the price of a Coke and a crummy box of Jujubes. Fortunately this particular theater maintains a cosigner on the premises. Upon finding a seat, I opened my box of Jujubes and half of them were licorice! It's enough to drive you to pay TV.

An overweight moviegoer  
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:  
I spent the night locked in a revolving door! Ten hours and twenty-five minutes down at the Burger King! Oh, shit, I thought you were the Guinness *Book of World Records*. Forget it.

Ray Starch  
Pesquonk, Conn.

Sirs:  
You know that hit song the Bee Gees used to sing, "Bald-headed woman, bald-headed woman to me..."? Well, now it can be told. That woman is...no, I can't do it. I just can't do it.

Gloria Vanderbilt  
New York, NY

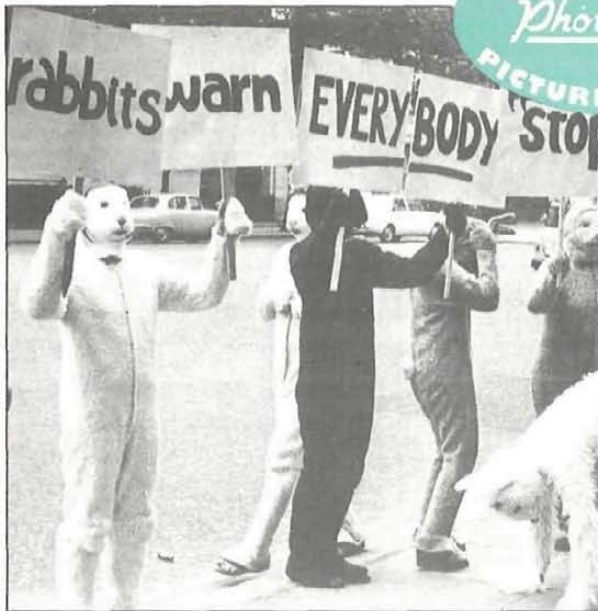
## COMING NEXT MONTH IN THE FEBRUARY NATIONAL LAMPOON



# SIN

I hope you aren't looking forward to a lot of cute kitty jokes and nice stories about whimsical people doing silly things in next month's *National Lampoon*. The February Sin issue is going to be very *bad*, and it's not sorry a bit.





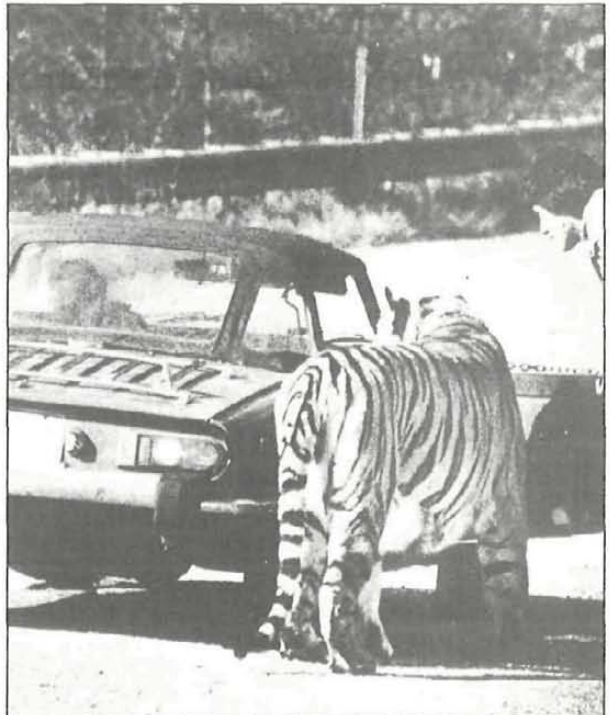
**London, England** Members of the International People-Who-Wear-Rabbit-Suits Union, Local 304, demonstrate near Regents Park. Union members were calling for a general strike of people who wear rabbit suits, to begin at two that afternoon. British rabbit-suit wearers are demanding higher wages, more vacation time, and "better-fitted rabbit suits that are more comfortable and not so silly," and are threatening to picket places where rabbit suits are worn, and people who make other people wear them, until their conditions are met.



**Lincoln, Nebraska** A unique underwater parking service is offered to car owners by this all-day parking lot in downtown Lincoln. According to manager Jim Hobart, underwater parking provides several advantages: it prevents bird droppings and tree sap from accumulating on car finishes, lessens the likelihood of car theft, and helps beautify the downtown area by replacing unsightly conventional parking lots with attractive pools of water.



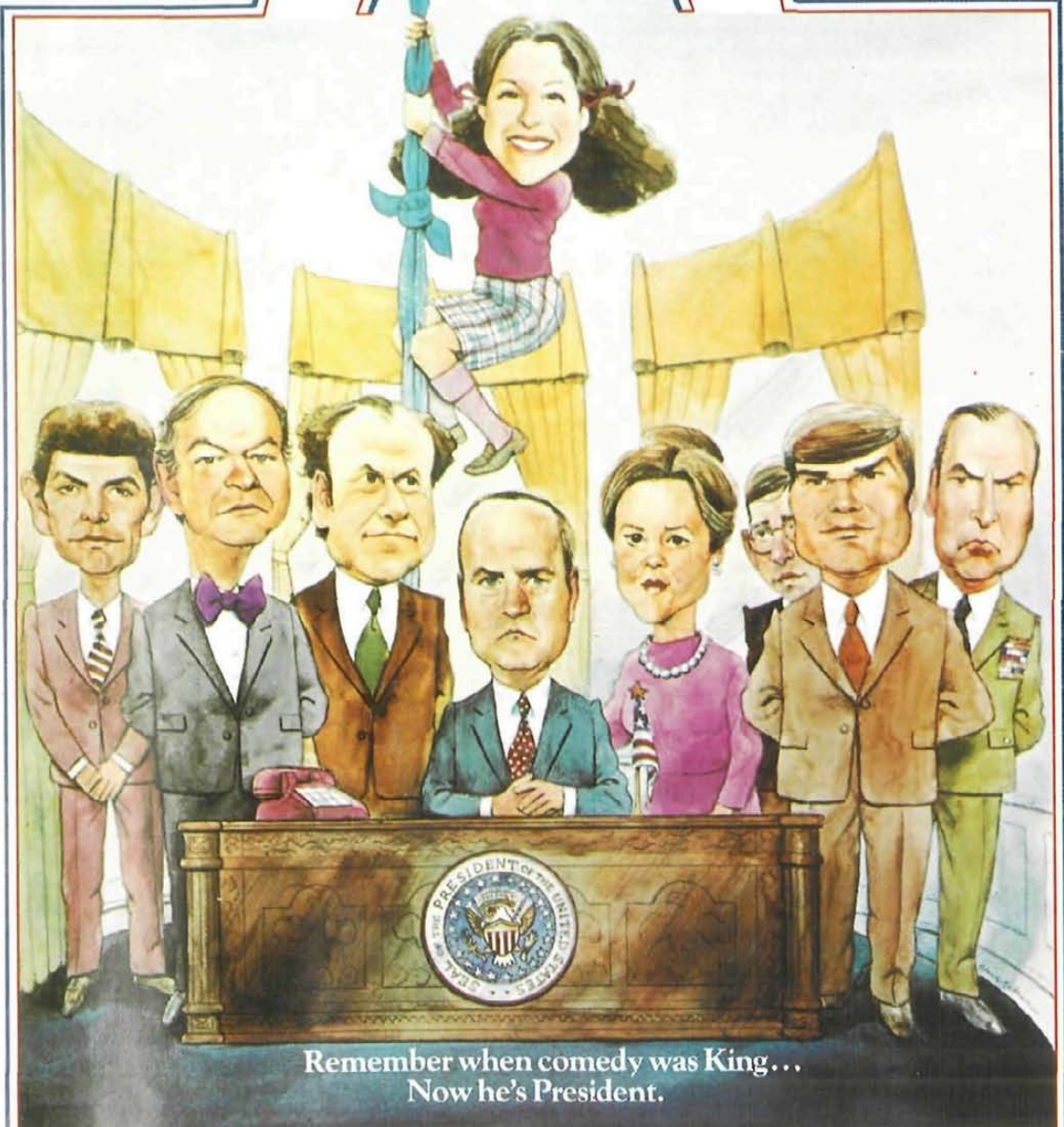
**Norumbega Park, Maryland** America's first new streetcar trolley line in over fifty years will begin service in this Washington suburb next month. The trolley line will allow residents to commute to work without using their cars and will run right through everyone's bedroom, with two additional stops, for toilet and shower. The Norumbega Park trolley was funded by a grant from the Department of Transportation, which will use the system in a pilot study to find out how people feel about being watched while they go to the bathroom.



**Windsor, Ontario** Police in this border city are using a new weapon to combat drug smuggling—Bengal tigers trained to sniff out narcotics contraband. Special training consists of letting the tigers go for three weeks without food. "They don't actually have a very good nose for drugs," said a police spokesman, "but they're terribly vicious, and whenever we see the kind of people who might smuggle drugs, we turn the tigers loose on them and they are mauled and eaten, and those people will never smuggle drugs into Canada after that, I can assure you!"



# FIRST FAMILY



Remember when comedy was King...  
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