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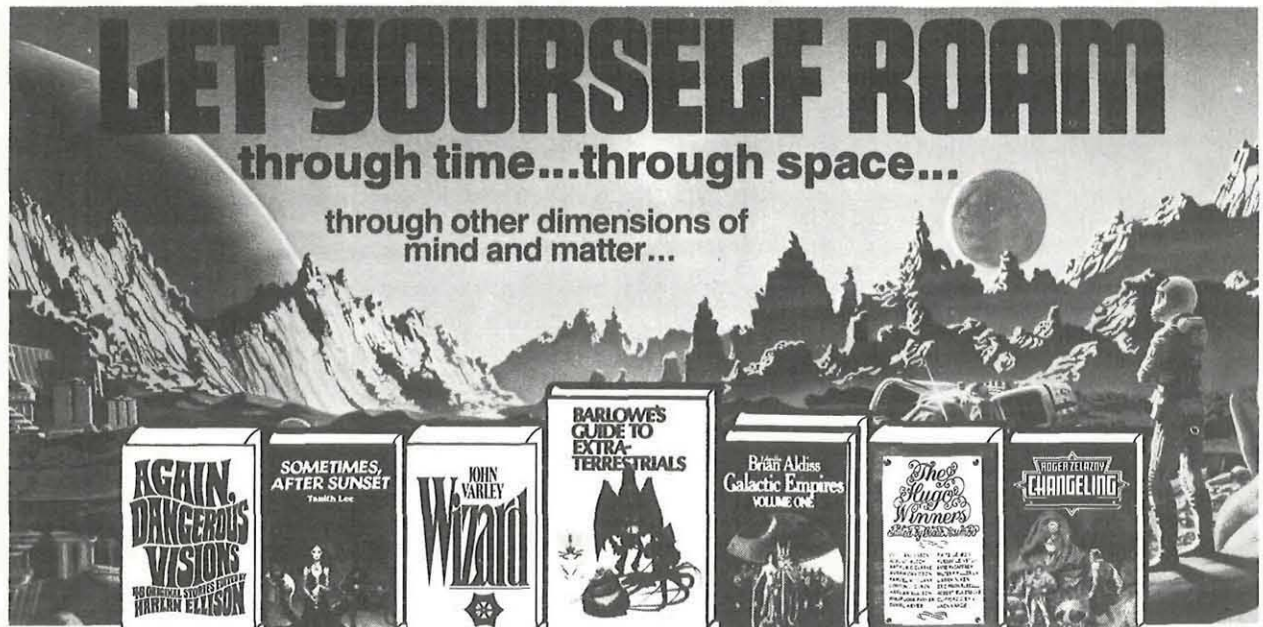
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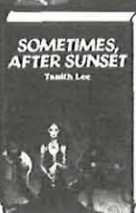
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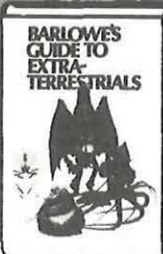
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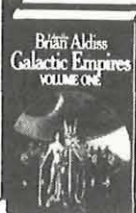
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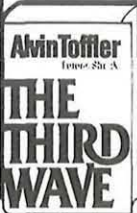
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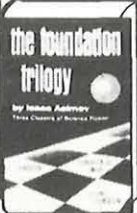
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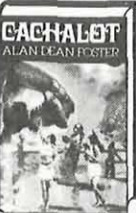
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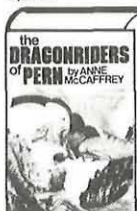
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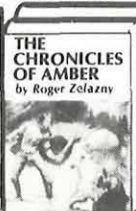
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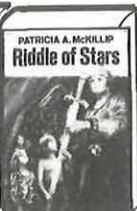
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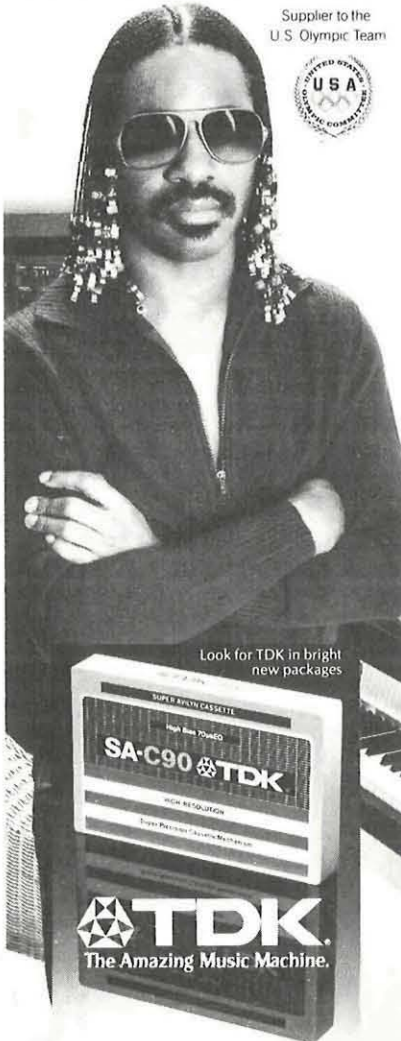
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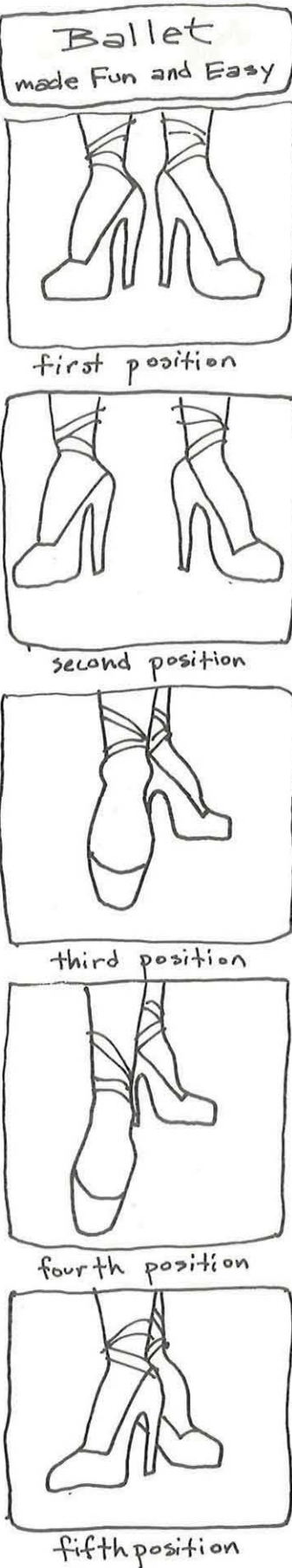
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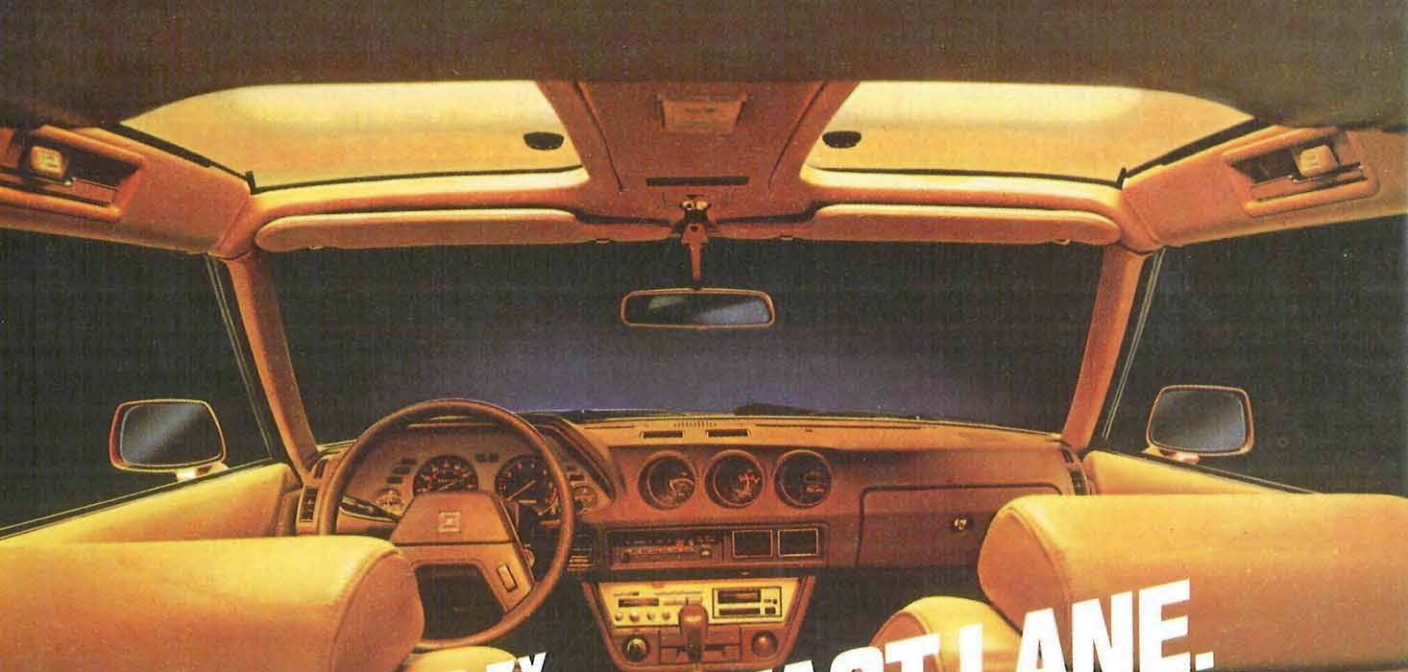
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The  
Imperfect  
Hostess



R. Christ



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they're accustomed to, plus the mileage and range they need today. This year's 280-ZX boasts a 10% increase in horsepower, just for the thrill of it. Yet this fuel-injected, 6 cylinder OHC powerhouse delivers 21 EPA estimated mpg, 32 estimated highway mileage with 5-speed transmission. Based on these figures, an estimated MPG range of 443 miles and a highway range of 675 miles await you. Use estimated MPG for comparison only. Your mileage and range may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Highway mileage will probably be lower. California high-way estimates are slightly less. Buy or lease one today. And get to know what AWESOME is. The Datsun 280-ZX is another example of superior workmanship from Nissan Motor Co., Ltd., a worldwide company whose name stands for quality.



# DATSUN WE ARE DRIVEN

# Why I'm Not Afraid of the Dark

When I was a child, I was, as most children are, afraid of the dark. I insisted on a night-light in my room and a lamp left on in the hall. I did not like to go to the basement after sundown or into the attic at any time of day. The stairway to this attic, in fact, opened into my bedroom, and I could not comfortably get in bed until I had checked the door lock at least three times. I hated to look into a dark window from a lighted room, and if I was left home alone, I would pull the shades and drapes. Outdoors the dark was somewhat less fearsome, at least when I was accompanied or there were plenty of streetlights around. But to be outside by myself on, say, a windy night without moon or artificial illumination was horrifying. So much is not unusual. I understand it is considered normal and even healthy for a child to feel this way. But when I grew older the fear did not diminish. On the threshold of puberty I was more frightened of a dark room than I had been when I was five. As my mind developed and my imagination improved, nameless dread gave way to vivid phantasmagoria, and general mental unease was replaced by specific terror. I was no longer afraid of just the dark; now there were things in that dark. Summer camp was agony. Staring out the cabin windows, I slept so little watching the wolf ghouls and bear ogres formed by the breeze in the treetops that I had to be sent to the infirmary and there slept not at all on a bunk above a boy who had been bitten by a spider and claimed his leg was rotting. I could smell it all night long. I once spent my Christmas vacation with an aunt and uncle and had to share the bed with a younger cousin who had the disquieting trait, as some people do, of sleeping with his eyes open. I would have killed him if I hadn't been sure he was one of the undead already. I developed a custom during those two weeks of getting up and going to the bathroom six or seven times after I'd gone to bed—in order to be back in the light with the adults. It was a habit that took years to break. And when I was fully thirteen years old I could not fall to sleep in a Florida motel room because the owner had decorated the

place with a luminescent picture of Jesus on the Mount of Olives and the phosphorous paint formed horrible patterns in the dusk. The thing was awful on the wall, worse under the bed, and still unacceptable facedown in a dresser drawer. It finally wound up outside behind the ice machine, and if the owner of the Gulf View Courts in Pensacola would like it back, it's probably still there now.

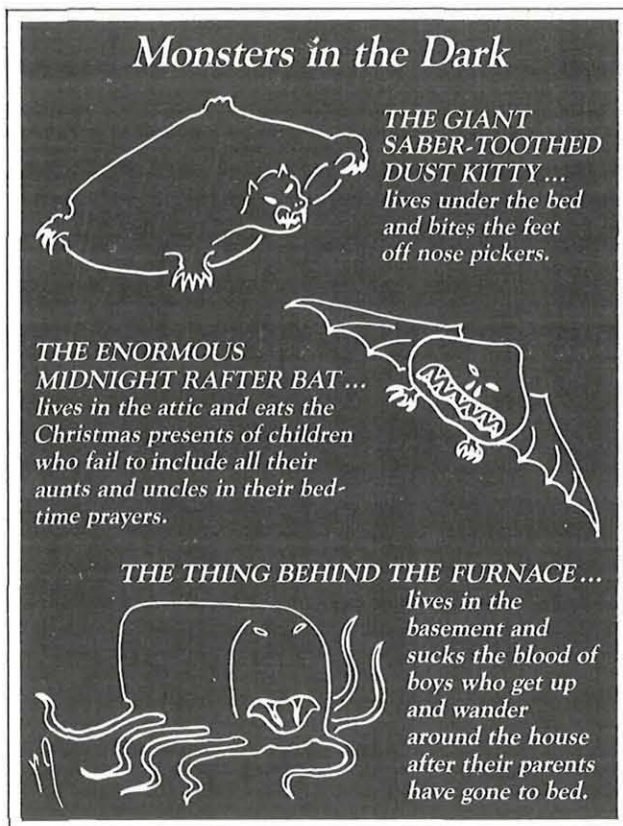
The fear, of course, was unpleasant, but the embarrassment at having it was worse. I was, I thought, for all practical purposes an adult. I would be in high school the next year.

Soon, I hoped, I would be taking girls to bed, and presumably that would be in the dark. I wished for—more than anything except perhaps those girls—freedom from this panic.

As it happened, quite apart from my fear of darkness, I was having an uncomfortable childhood. My father had died when I was nine, and my mother, a kindly but not very sensible woman, had remarried to a drunken oaf. He was a pestering, bullying sort of man whose favorite subject of derision was my fondness for books. But when I did try my hand at sports and fishing and so forth, he teased me for my ineptitude. He described me as a "hothouse flower" when I stayed inside, and claimed I was running wild like a juvenile delinquent when I went outdoors. I was accused of spinelessness when I did not respond to his goading and of impertinence

when I did, told I was dumb when I was quiet, and to shut up when I spoke. My mother tried to intercede, but this only made things worse and made me feel like a coward and a mama's boy besides. As for the remainder of my family, I had only a pair of nattering younger sisters, and I did not like them any better than I liked the rest of the household. Weeknights at home were the most difficult. Our house was cheap and small, and it was impossible to get away from the others. My bedroom was above the living room, where they all sat and watched television from sundown until bedtime. I could hear every word they spoke, many of these words being about me and what a problem I had become. Then my

continued on page 14





In the basement of a university medical school Dr. Jessup floats naked in total darkness. The most terrifying experiment in the history of science is out of control...and the subject is himself.



# ALTERED STATES

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Sirs:

Hi! I'm seventeen years old, and I usually love the stuff P.J. O'Rourke writes very much. But in your November issue he wrote something that wasn't exactly true. In his Thanksgiving Editorial, he wrote, "Nowadays girls fuck anything that moves." Well, you're wrong, buddy... I wouldn't care if Burt Reynolds was as still as a rock.

Thank you,  
Michele J. Saint Amour  
Orchard Lake, Mich.

Sirs:

It is terribly embarrassing for me to write to a publication like yours on a matter of etiquette, but I do hope you can advise me. I have been invited to a dinner party at which I understand there will be no more than one knife, one fork, and one spoon at each place setting. Which do I use first?

Lady Astor Fudgetreacle  
London NSW 1,  
England

Sirs:

These are some of the things we do just for laughs to the patients in our nursing home. Sometimes we soak their dentures in Ex-Lax, and sometimes we put their rectal thermometers in their mouths and jam their oral thermometers up their asses. We go up to the ones who are really senile and go *booga-booga-boo!* in their faces and stand behind doors and call their names and say we're angels of death coming to carry them off to the graveyard. On really slow nights we hook their catheters up to their IVs and watch the poor old fuckers piss themselves to death.

A West Indian practical nurse  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I used to be part of a comedy-writing team. I would write the setups and my partner, Abe, would write the punch lines. But Abe ran off to Florida last year with a girl half his age, so I'm stuck here all alone in my rent-controlled apartment in the Bronx. I was wondering if you could supply punch lines for my setups. Here are a few: Why don't dwarfs go to dentists? What did the Martian say to the reindeer? If you cross an elephant with a kangaroo, what have you got?

Sy Rosenthal  
Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:

After long perusal and pipe-munching rumination, I have come to the realization that the Japanese have a culture standing head and shoulders below our own. It is not only that our compact cars comfortably seat six of their luxury cars; it is not even that they take showers by turning on the hot water and sucking on the nozzle until a stream of sweat shoots from every pore. No, gentlemen, we are dealing with a culture in which grown men are taught to grovel and groan before Oriental restaurants. These same men travel in busloads like so many grey-flannel grandmothers. Did I say grandmothers? I meant spider plants.

Japan is often called the doorway to the East. Doormat is more like it. Their emperor asked us for our permission to be bombed. That reminds me, if we ever want to destroy their cities again, all we have to do is use an H-bomb as a flash attachment on a camera the size of the Trojan horse. Wheel the camera up to the city's entrance, line everyone up for a portrait, and *wham*.

Sure, sure, I've seen them swinging swords to a disco-hula beat while alternating left-turn and right-turn signals over a stack of plywood boards, but this simply cannot redeem a people with Velcro eyebrows and felt-tipped lips.

Look, even the Japanese hate the Japanese. After all, they're always sending Mothra and Megalon to lay waste to their cities, but even these animated puppet monsters won't go near their shoddy urban centers.

As a result of watching the grade-F sci-fi movies these monsters turn out, the Japanese children have come to breathe through their eyes and comb their hair with strangled magpies. And who can blame them? Is it any wonder they grow up to commit suicide after being offended by a picture of naked flowers? Perhaps I'm being too hard on them. After all, they have given us the Japanese beetle, the Japanese lantern, the island of Japan, and the Japanese people. We can't eradicate them, because then we'd have to change all our maps, and that would be too great an effort expended on too small a people. Oh, well, live and let live.

Elmer Green  
Socioanthropologist  
Nippon, Japan

continued on page 17



The Don't-Quit-Your-Day-Job Comedic Revue

# “Puerto Rican white rum can do anything better than gin or vodka”



## “Our Puerto Rican rum has started a new trend in Bloody Marys.”

*Betsy González, fashion designer,  
with her brother and partner,  
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People everywhere are discovering that the rum Bloody Mary possesses a smoothness and refinement you won't find in the vodka version.

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# Word Man at Large

by Ron Wertheimer

"Over in the eggplant patch" is an evocative, avuncular little phrase that promises to replace "up to his ass and out by Tuesday" as the choice of the beautiful people for indicating that something is unpopular or otherwise divergent from the mainstream. A man, for instance, who wears spats on his Pumas or who paints his nose blue could be said to be "over in the eggplant patch."

Attempts to find the avenue by which this expression has burrowed into the vernacular have proved fruitful. Professor H.V. Babbo, Dave's All-Night University phraseologist, says the origin can be traced to the ancient Hallucians, who cultivated eggplants not as food but as overshoes to protect their arch supports during the foggy season.

"Tending the eggplants was considered ignoble work," the professor writes, "carrying even less prestige than slopping the gerbils. Thus a person on the frayed edge of society was said to be 'over in the eggplant patch.'"

A quite different story comes our way from G. Hopscotch Yertle, gen-

eral editor of *Mother's Dictionary of Grunts, Sighs, and Sneezes*. He writes: "'Over in the eggplant patch' is one of the jolly phrases from the wide world of sport that high-jumps into the language like a fly ball that rolls past the tight end and into the net.

"In this case, the game was professional dodgeball, which had a brief Indian summer of popularity during the nineteen-forties.

"The greatest star of the American Dodgeball League was Jimmy Joe 'Eggplants' Flanken, whose nickname came from his habit of keeping a day-old omelet in his back pocket. That portion of the field Flanken successfully guarded became known as 'Eggplants' Patch,' which was made 'the eggplant patch' by Flanken's teammates, who could not hear well because of their ill-fitting turbans."

These divergent stories help explain why language purists are scoffing at the phrase. But they are the same lug nuts who fought to keep acceptance from "He don't jug her needers lum der fribbish-grabbin' argyles."

Let them scoff! If our means of expression are to grow like the grasses of

the dell, we must mine them where they sleep.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, expressions of far less substance have nonetheless found both common usage and critical acceptance. Walking from our apartment building the other day, for example, we paused to watch one of our neighbors, Beaumont J. Taupe, being thrown into the street by his roommate, the redoubtable Irma LaChive. Ever searchful for the latest linguistic trends, we listened intently as Ms. LaChive yelled:

"...And I never want to see your valetudinarian face again!"

We were struck by her choice of words, as well as by the wok she flung at the newly estranged Taupe. We have rarely seen a word grow feathers and take wing as quickly as the currently trendy "valetudinarian."

Until recently, the word was rarely heard beyond the suburbs of Indianapolis, where its popularity is traced to an allegedly rigged spelling bee in late 1951 or early '52.

Then last June it was bellowed on national television by Mike Wallace as he browbeat an alleged evildoer.

"Confess your crimes, you valetudinarian slug!" America heard the famous reporter say. And the floodgates opened.

Just in the last week, we noted 5,302 uses of this current Hula Hoop of words. A soft drink is being touted as "the valetudinarian thing" and a cereal as "the breakfast of valetudinarians." Several current athletes and former entertainers are filming endorsements for the soon to be introduced Valetudinarian Lite Beer.

Even French president Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was quoted as telling the assembled leaders of Western Europe, "*L'état, c'est valetudinarian.*"

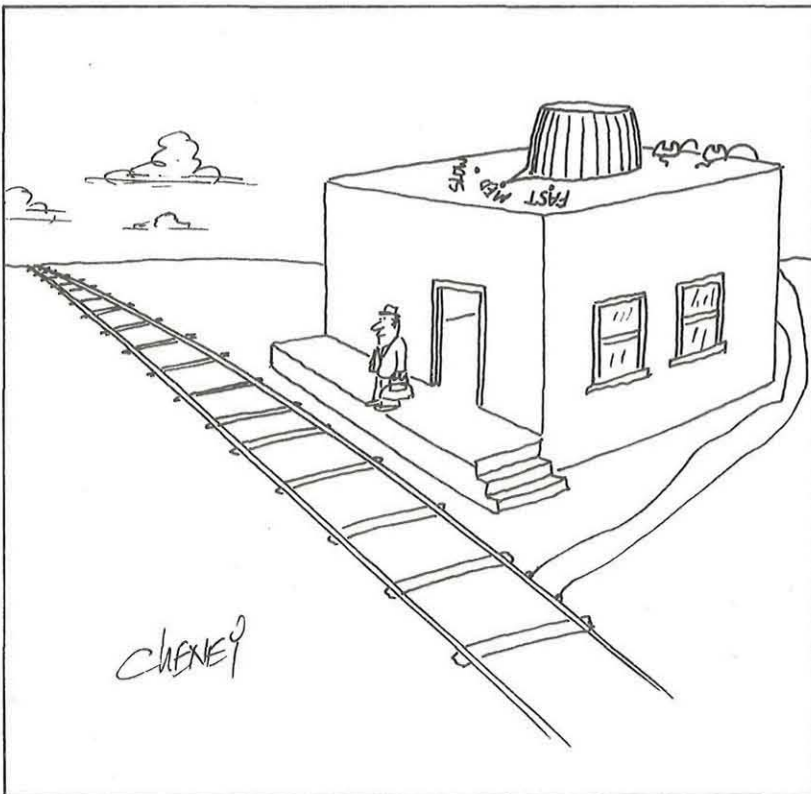
Yet the fact remains that no two authorities have been able to agree on a meaning for the popular word. Even translations of Giscard's much quoted remark ranged from "Here's mud in your eye" to "Throw another possum in the fire, Mother; the parson is staying for breakfast."

That all may sound spiffy to the great unwashed. But here in the community of wise and wizened verbiologists we are wincing to beat the band.

As Lewdmurker noted more than a half decade ago:

"Words are like chickens. You can't boil them until they're plucked."

And, as we all know, he was over in the eggplant patch. □



16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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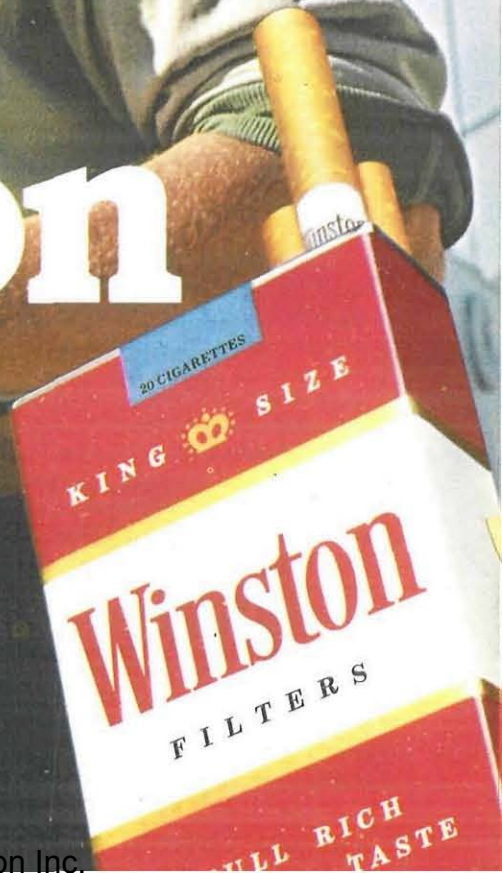
# Winston

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

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# The Old Codger

by Brian McCormick

It's high time someone got the gumption to say that things ain't getting any better. Not by a frog's leap. No, sir, I'd say things are a darned sight worse now than when I took sick with colic as a boy and Teddy Roosevelt stopped off from his 'lection efforts to give me a moose head and a Moxie, then had my picture popped for the *Missouri Monitor*.

You know me, I ain't one to be spooked by a little history, but dag-nabbit if something don't seem to be out of whack here. What with upstart revolutions killing our crops and sportswriters taking their case to the streets in nightly riots, a body don't rightly know where to turn. So what does the average citizen do? Hoping to find someone who will save the world, he turns to this here column.

I may not be the canny old geezer I used to be, but I can still think up a fishbucket of ways to scoot by them jumbo head hurters. You know, nuclear annihilation, crop dusting, overchlorinated fishin' holes, and such-like... Only, danged if I can figure what all the itchin' 'n' twitchin's about. Truth is, as far as I can see, the world's a dump. 'T ain't hardly worth living in these parts. Only thing holdin' us here is the grav'ty.

Why should I save this dag-blamed world? So I up and save the flying boneyard called Earth—what then? God will just get cranky and go find another planet to bother. A-yup, there's no reason to pop my noggin off thinkin' on it.

That there's the beauty of it; we don't have to lift so much as a diddling digit. Old Doc Wilson, he's the feller with the addled brainpan, been a mite testy since the operation, lives in the shack down by the crick a ways, says the world's *always* on fire, it's only a matter of time and what-in-tarnation before one of these pesky fires gets fat and puts the sun to shame at an air-eating contest. Once that happens, we got the big shebang in our boots and, well, that's the tobakey toot.

Now, you take the Widow Johnson, she's got a bee in her bonnet. That crazy lady runs the Grain and Feed Consortium ever since Old Man Johnson passed on in that mysterious riverboat explosion in the blizzard of ought-seven, says she cain't hardly

wait for the Second Coming on account of how many greenbacks a body can make holding a big ol' End o' the World Going Out of Business Sale, Everything Must Go, 'Bye Now, Pay Later.

Pee-lenty, believe you me.

Well, I'm getting on in years and I do believe it's nearing time for me to pass on all my know-how and say-whats to the youngsters before I shuffle on into the Great Beyond. Yep, I was like to go crazy t'other day when I spied one of our community's finest young people getting hisself all riled up over a big bag of nothin' called the End of the World. His ma and pa sent him off to the college and, lickety-split, he skedaddles back with a heap of book learnin' and enough backslidin' devil-wagon ways to please Beelzebub himself. I cain't help him now, poor crazy coot, his kind's tall cotton for Satan's pickers. Like as not, he's sleeping mighty soundly up on Boot Hill 'long 'bout now. Lord knows, young folks never show a lick of sense when it comes to giving up Gilhooley's ghost. Still and all, it does me a power o' good to see today's young ones minding their elders. Way I sees it, most young folks is too smart to live, too dumb to die. So let me put this bug in yer ear and we'll see what's what and what's not.

First thing, there's no need to get all piss-ant peedaddled over a little dying. Just slap on your Sunday-go-to-meetin' duds and go on, meet yer maker. 'Course, 'fore that happens, alls a



body can do is try to make the world a more pleasant place in which to be blown up. If you all pitch in with good cheer and a sprightly manner, we ought to have the Final Days tidied up prettier than a preacher's daughter come Sunday calling. Some flowers here, a milk wagon there, here a log flume, there a trolley stop, cider presses wherever you turn—you'd be surprised what a little planning can do to perk up a plucked tomorrow.

So go hang a smile from your nose is all I'm trying to say. I'm not much good at speechifyin', and the Almighty knows I ain't no Bible-bearing stump thumper, but I've got a thing or three to say on the subject of living in this crazy tail-chasin' world.

Why, looky here, if this ain't the speech I fished out of my attic trunk Sunday last! I've got half a mind to deliver it to those come-to-nothing go-to-seeds that sit like so many hobo hizzoners in the U-nited Nations General 'Sembly gabbing 'bout fuzzy-minded wooop-de-do and the Kellogg-Bryant Peace Pact and what-all ails the world a little corn pone and cod liver couldn't fix. By gum, this speech is a real pick-me-up, so you'd better put your head into the vegetable bin of a closed icebox before bending your ear over it.

Aw, what's the use of bustin' my brains reading the durned thing to you young rapsallions. Y'all don't know me from the Grand Army of the Republic statue stuck in Flagpole Square no-how. Now don't go raisin' Heck on Earth, cuz after you die, your time's your own. You're your own man. You're free to be a piece of wheat, a gummed-up haybine, a tractor grill smeared with grasshopper gunk, a tumbleweed rolling into a saloon for a ghost-town showdown. Sure, you can call me crazy, but, you know, maybe that's just what gets me through the day.

Now, if I had my druthers, I'd send some of them bomber planes over Moscow to drop some flowerpots on them Rooskies' heads. Who's a-feared of some fisticuffs with a couple of Red boys. That'd solve some problems. Yessir, jes' roll back on your heels, thumb yer 'spenders at that last great ball of fire, and give a hoot for the ol' man upstairs. It's like one o' them alien fellers what kidnapped me on their rocket ship said: "Stop rubbing yer eyes, it ain't no dream! All will be revealed to you at the appointed hour."

By cracky, he's right. No use mopin', they's work to be done. □

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## EDITORIAL

continued from page 6

mother would come upstairs every half hour or so to ask, "What are you doing?" And if I tried to go down to the basement—which, as I mentioned, I didn't like—my stepfather would yell, every time a commercial came on, for me to leave his tools alone. This was very painful. Not many of those tools were really his. Most of them had been my father's. And if I tried to sit in the kitchen, which at least kept them from talking about me in the next room, then I would be criticized for moping. Therefore, most evenings, wet or dry, cold or warm, I would sneak out of the house and walk around. The single explosion of abuse that I'd receive when I returned was preferable to the constant multiple irritations I received if I stayed. And though I was scared of the darkness outside, I was not as scared of the darkness as I was exhausted with my family. Most of the time I was not even really that scared. We lived in a city neighborhood. It had lawns and trees and so on, but there were busy streets nearby and I would meander along the well-lit storefronts, avoiding alleys, parks, and other dark

places, supporting my timidity fairly well, and hoping and mooning and worrying the way adolescents do. I tried to calculate my return with precision, so that I would be late enough for the stepfather to have drunk himself to sleep but not late enough for my mother to have called all the neighbors, or worse.

There was one night, however, when I would not have gone out if things hadn't been much worse than usual at home. My sisters became engaged in some prolonged and stupid screaming match with each other and I had slapped the louder one to shut her up. This set off a general row in the house so that by the time I bolted for the door my sisters were shrieking like banshees and my mother was crying aloud and my stepfather was bellowing threats and the dog was barking and the television was blaring in the background of it all—a scene I still envision whenever I hear the phrase "hell on earth." It was moonless and very windy and there was an overcast that blotted out the stars but was too opaque and high to reflect the city lights. It was early spring, I think, and still cold, and the wavy forms of the naked tree branches were

especially macabre. I stuck close to the store windows and huddled in well-lighted doorways several times for warmth. I was doing just that when a police car stopped. What was I doing prowling around in the middle of the night, said the officer. I wasn't prowling, I said, I was just walking home and got cold and stopped for a second in the doorway to get out of the wind. He pointed out that it was not my doorway to stop in and that, anyway, stopping in doorways was suspicious activity at that time of night. He asked me where I lived and I told him, since I could not think of a lie. He said I'd be plenty warm, he thought, at least on one part of my body, if I were to arrive there in a police car instead of immediately under my own power. So I strode off in the direction of my house, attempting to look purposeful, and turned into a darkened playground where I was out of sight and a police car couldn't follow me. There were no lights at all on the playground, and besides the spectral things I always felt around me in the gloom, I was worried there might be quite corporeal bums or drunks or, worse, older teenage boys there too. I was frightened but I was stuck. I couldn't go back to the main streets or else the police, I was sure, would get me. And I couldn't go home. I couldn't bear to do that. So I stayed where I was, trembling and miserable, and after a while I began to think. I did not really believe that there were monsters in the shadows, and I didn't see any drunks or teenagers, but this did nothing to allay my terror. I must have read somewhere that it was useless to rail against panic, that the source and causes of fear should be examined and meditated on, to see if the fear will respond to reason. And I was not completely ignorant of primitive psychological theory. I asked myself why I was afraid of the dark. Nothing very bad had ever happened to me in a dark place, that I could remember. No, the worst things in my life had transpired in broad daylight or well-lit rooms. It, the darkness, must "symbolize" something to me, I thought. I had only recently heard about symbolism, and I thought it was a swell concept. Perhaps, I thought, darkness symbolized the death of my father. But I could remember being afraid of the dark before he'd died. And, in truth, I had not been that close to the man. It was

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his absence in the present, not his loss in the past, that was sorely felt. I didn't think his death was it. I decided darkness must symbolize something more general for me. Evil, I decided. That's why I imagined monsters in the dark. Monsters are evil because they do evil things, which is what makes them monstrous. But I recognized that as circular reasoning. No, I had to consider what evil really was. Evil was harm and destruction. Murdering people, that was evil, or burning their houses down. These were the sorts of thing evil forces might do, the kind of forces that darkness symbolized for me. Such forces might rage into a home like my own and murder one of my sisters or both of my sisters or even my mother and tear the house to pieces, breaking it into little bits and then blowing the ruins to smithereens with nitroglycerine and setting fire to what was left, and then take my stepfather and break both his arms and slice off his feet and poke his eyes out with red-hot staves, disembowel him, skin him alive. And then they'd attack the rest of the neighborhood and the police force and the school and burn and bomb and steal and break everything in that part of Ohio, from the filthy oil refineries on the east side of town all the way to the moldy boring cottage we rented every summer at the lake. And who knew what such evil forces might do after that? I didn't. But I sat on the swing set considering suggestions for a very long time. And I have never been afraid of the dark since.

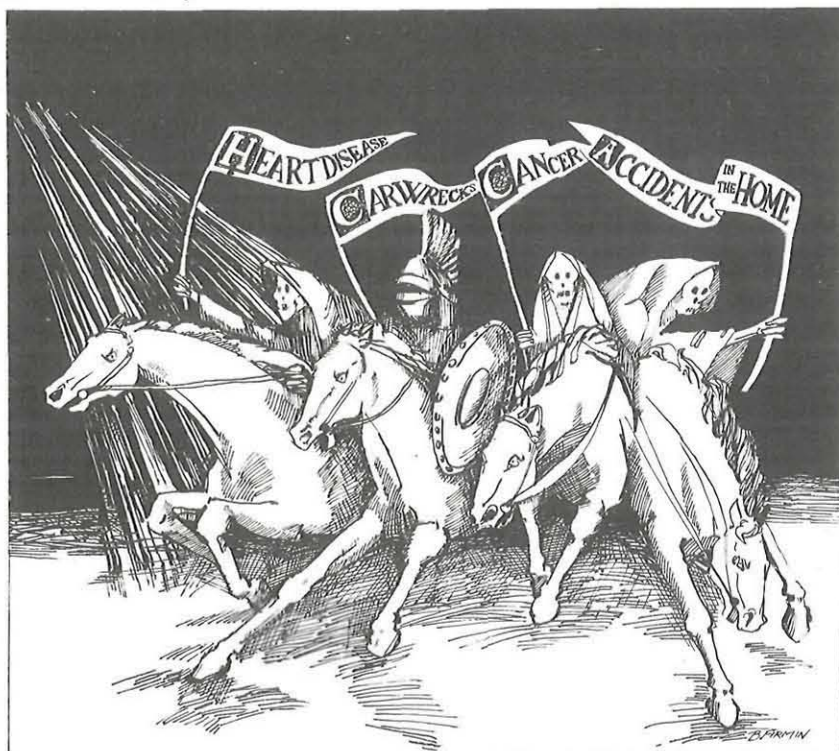
P.J.

Song for the Barren Ladies of the Eighties (for Rachel)

Oh, the she-goats  
 Labor in the garden  
 All laden down with lard and  
 Bully-wax mixed with hopes,  
 While he-goats caper  
 In the morning,  
 Braying, "Boys, another day's  
 a-borning,  
 So let's tag the ladies' tapers,  
 Sue for a brew,  
 And, all day, dig our horns in."  
 "Sic semper fidelis,  
 Our horns make them jealous  
 For we sprinkle our oats  
 To mathematical notes:  
 She-goats + he-goats = wee goats."

—Brian McCormick

# Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse



## 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

PRODUCED BY TED TEMPLEMAN ON WARNER BROS. RECORDS & TAPES

# History Pop Talk

by John Bendel

□ After forty years on the library shelves, *World War I* is making it big again with the kids. Watch out for backyard trenches! Hot Christmas items: pointed helmets, gas masks, model biplanes.

□ Simon Bolivar's boots are turning up everywhere lately! Gullible tourists from the Middle and Far East have been buying up the phony booties as investments. They figure it's safer to get old boots out of South America than gems or drugs, but the joke's on them!

□ Who invented corrugated cardboard anyway? A recent conference of the International Packing and Crating Association broke down in acrimony over just that question. American, Soviet, British, and Rumanian representatives all claimed to have been the first in fluted wall-carton construction!

□ A similar debate rages domestically. At last count, no fewer than 357 people claim to have invented the two-car garage, and another 1,789 claim to have known the person who did. We may never get to the bottom of this one!

□ Sacco and Vanzetti did it after all! Just imagine, those two sad-eyed immigrants—guilty as charged after all that fuss! Don't get mad at me. I'm only telling you what my sources say!

□ Watch for Shroud of Turin tablecloths, bath towels, napkins, sheets, and bedspreads while examination of that relic goes on amid mounting public speculation. Christians are hoping they've got a genuine link with Jesus in the shroud, but some Hollywood money says it isn't Jesus at all. The moguls point to similarities be-

tween the features on the shroud and the face of veteran actor Kirk Douglas. The shroud, they say, must be that of crucified Roman slave-rebellion leader Spartacus. The movie will be rereleased if shroud news goes their way.

□ Scientists are working on another recently discovered relic of dubious origins, a scroll at least 800 years old, which, according to translations from the original Assyrian, is entitled "The Profuse Apology Collection of Samurai Humor." Researchers are trying to determine if the work is the legitimate compilation of an ancient traveler or perhaps the prank of a latter-day Middle Eastern wag trying to discredit the isolationist Japanese.

□ The role of body odor in the Industrial Revolution turns out to be bigger than any of us imagined! Union meetings, demonstrations, etc., were virtually impossible before soap and other forms of smell control were made available to the lower classes. So says Carlos Santangelo, flavor and fragrance historian for the University of Clairol, in a just published book. Santangelo claims that earlier hordes of humanity were able to assemble in smelly mobs because of a genetic insensitivity, later rendered inoperative by evolution. He also claims that conquering legions sewed shut the noses of their soldiers, thus allowing larger groupings and tighter formations.

□ Soviet historians are gearing up for a major rewrite of recent Russian history when Leonid Brezhnev dies soon, as expected. The ailing Russian strong man ordered his predecessor, Nikita Khrushchev, stricken from the record

just as the Big K erased Joe Stalin, the red boss before him. Preparing for such changes isn't easy! In fact, when Brezhnev first started fainting and wheezing, Soviet universities were discreetly ordered to turn out extra historians for the coming push. The big question for Russia's history rewriters: If Leonid is going to be disappeared, will Niki be resurrected?

□ The latest from the American Old West: The search for undiscovered heroes goes on unabated, even though the well of history has been virtually depleted! According to a study conducted by the Deductible Research Foundation, an adjunct of the television and motion-picture industries, the total number of people who lived in the American West between 1850 and 1900 doesn't begin to approach the number of people already represented in western movies! "If all the people depicted in western movies, including cavalry troops and lynch mobs, had actually lived there during those times," says the report, "there wouldn't have been any room for cattle drives or horse chases."

□ According to a paper by Swedish historian Sven Gnoldsen, the history of manned flight is bogus! The illusion of heavier-than-air flight, he says, is an elaborate hoax to keep a terrible secret from us all, namely that the earth is, in fact, shrinking! "They needed a way to explain the shorter distances between cities," says Gnoldsen, "so they invented these winged machines that can float across the new, smaller oceans and taxi overland from city to city." Gnoldsen claims that the history of world population growth is a sham too. "There are no more people now than there ever have been," says the controversial Swede, "but there's a lot less room to put them in." Gnoldsen calculates that the planet will reach the size of a beach ball by the year 3283! "If you think it's crowded now, just wait!" he says.

□ The invention of the mirror has been traced to ancient Egypt, where the new optical technology brought on massive unemployment, says an anonymous researcher working on a blockbuster article for publication next year. "Prior to the mirror," he told me recently, "millions of Egyptians had jobs picking bugs and lint off rich people's hair, but the mirror changed all that." This historian will prove that the pyramids were built just to keep these laid-off bug pickers busy and out of mischief! And remember, you read it here first! □



"Listen, lady, don't tell us when we've had enough!  
We'll tell you when we've had enough!"

## LETTERS

continued from page 8

Sirs:

I am president of the Sportswear Buyers Association. Our members are responsible for choosing 99 percent of all the sportswear to be sold in the United States. But we are not merely a trade organization; our philosophy applies to all facets of life. For instance, here are the four cardinal rules from the Sportswear Buyers Code: 1. Be generous with others. 2. Don't monopolize a conversation. 3. Don't nag or complain. 4. Get plenty of rest. We believe that better sportswear buyers come from better people, and that our people are the best sportswear buyers in the world.

L. Emmet Purcell  
Sportswear Buyers Association  
1010 Calle d' Association Street  
Santa Barbara, Cal.

Sirs:

We went camping this weekend and a bear ate my husband. I feel so bad about it, because there were signs all over the park that specifically said "Do Not Feed the Bears."

Do you think we'll get in trouble?

Widow Parker  
Glacial Campgrounds  
Yellowstone

Sirs:

I've always felt I was an ordinary guy with an ordinary sex life. But last week something happened to me that was so bizarre I feel I have to tell somebody about it. Usually I come home from work around six o'clock, but this particular day I finished up my work early and decided to go home. When I arrived home at two o'clock, my wife was all alone, watching television. I closed the door, pulled down the blinds, and turned off the television. Then my wife and I had sex. Then we took a nap. Isn't that weird?

Robert Hutchinson  
Sioux City, Iowa

Sirs:

This is just to let you know that there will no longer be any of those rubber bumpers on elevator doors. From now on, there will be little rows of teeth instead. So don't try to hold the elevator for that broad with the tits moving toward you unless you want your arm to stay on the main floor while the rest of you rides up to the office.

Otis the Elevator King  
Yonkers, N.Y.

Sirs:

Do you realize just how tough it is to be an urban cowboy? Consider the expense of pop-skate Western boots, the personal risk of walking bowlegged through certain sections of the city, not to mention how hard it is to cut a calf from the herd during rush hour. And that asphalt pavement! If your horse isn't wearing artificial legs in a month, consider yourself fortunate.

J. Travolta  
Lazy SOB Ranch  
Midtown Manhattan

Sirs:

Tell me I'm not amazing! Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix—none of them made it through even the mid seventies. And here I am, with all those drugs, all that sex, and all that rock 'n' roll, and I'm still alive into the eighties no less.

Mick Jagger  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Every time I turn on the television these days it seems like they've got a crime show on where the criminals are using helicopters. Using them for get-aways or to break out of prison or to bust through a jewelry-store roof—you know what I mean. Now, I happen to actually be a criminal, and a pretty darn good one if I do say so myself, but I don't know *how* to fly a helicopter. I feel sort of left out.

Mike the Sneak  
San Berdo, Cal.

Sirs:

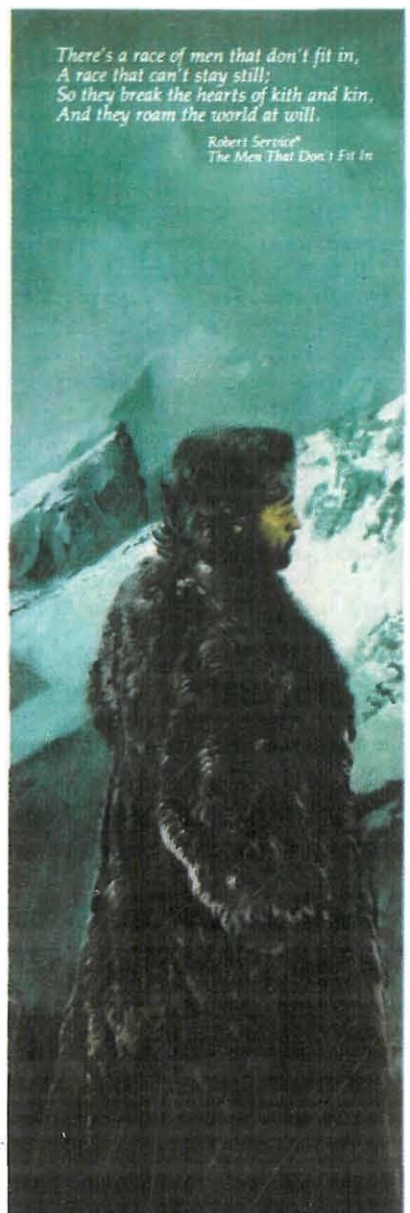
We have spent many long years in the laying up of treasures and the hoarding of precious stones, crossing burning deserts and craggy desolate peaks, seeking but one thing: a double-strike Eisenhower dime minted in Philadelphia in 1963. We *must have that coin*. Give us the coin and we leave in peace; refuse us and know the consequences. Please believe us, for your sake. We are not like the others, muddling grunts from an empire of puddles, siring a crossbreed of meat pies the size of ponies in a cloud of stable stench. The coin, sirs. We must have that coin. A nation's fate depends upon it. You have been warned.

Lord Fetchbelly  
Her Majesty's Coin Collection  
Treasury Section  
London, England

continued on page 20

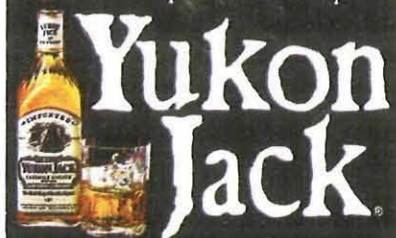
*There's a race of men that don't fit in,  
A race that can't stay still;  
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,  
And they roam the world at will.*

Robert Service  
The Men That Don't Fit In



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

The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.



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# LETTERS OF EVELYN WAUGH

Edited by Geoffrey Wyndshield-Wiper

## Concerning this article:

It is the opinion of P. J. O'Rourke that a lot of the readers of National Lampoon do not know who Evelyn Waugh was. For the information of these conjectural ignoramuses:

Waugh (waw), Evelyn. 1903-1966. English satirical novelist. Fan of Raymond Chandler. Author of *Decline and Fall*, *Vile Bodies*, *Remote People*, *Brideshead Revisited*, *Black Mischief*, *A Handful of Dust*, and numerous other novels and articles, including a life of Edmund Campion, the Jesuit martyr. Died April 10 at Combe Florey.

## To Nancy Mitford

Darling Nancy,

Went with Cloo<sup>1</sup> to Rumpelstiltskin's Cathedral.<sup>2</sup> It was abominable, as ever. Returning home to meet Ranulph,<sup>3</sup> we encountered Harold<sup>4</sup> and a handful of buggers. They tried to be charming, but we would have none of it. That made them petulant, and they...Ranulph down and...him in the... I got off with a... I am sending you a copy of *Brideshead*.

Love and kisses,  
Evelyn

## To Adolf Hitler

Dear Adolf,<sup>5</sup>

In your last letter I thought you slightly supercilious in tone regarding the stained glass of Dietrich Anchor-Hocking<sup>6</sup> at Breslau.<sup>7</sup> If we are to remain friends, this must not continue. Please write more about your people's car. That seems to be where your talent lies.

Love to Unity,  
Evelyn

## To Harold Ross

Dear Harold<sup>8</sup>

I am so glad you are not going to publish my article in the *New Yorker*,<sup>9</sup> as I have heard you have trouble pay-



ing and cater to buggers. By the way, if you're ever in England,<sup>10</sup> don't try to see the Queen.<sup>11</sup> I spoke to her Wednesday and she agrees you're beneath contempt.

Yours,  
Evelyn

## To Auberon Waugh

Dear Bron,<sup>12</sup>

You are not my real son. I assumed you were aware of this. Your dear mother accepted you from a band of

traveling tinkers, who in return sharpen our soup spoons. The fact that you are nine and incapable of being happy suggests you would be better off working for a living. I recommend the House of Lords<sup>13</sup> men's facility. Suck, don't blow.<sup>14</sup>

Evelyn

## To the Editor of the *Spectator*

Sir,

No doubt now having admitted that it was a Bascomb No. 1<sup>15</sup> brush and not the Segel No. 2<sup>16</sup> with which the pervading greens were applied in DeNipple's<sup>17</sup> painting *Lethargo*,<sup>18</sup> Mr. Hargreaves<sup>19</sup> will retire to a culvert and eat shit.

Faithfully,  
Evelyn Waugh

## To Fr. Jacob Steak

Dear Jake,

Did you know DeNipple was a Jew? I only just found out. He will go to hell. I have noticed several priests supporting the Union movement. Is the Holy Office asleep?

Love,  
Evelyn

P.S. If I kiss my sheets, is it wrong if I think of them as sheets? What if as used sheets? Write soon; I must know.

E.W.

<sup>1</sup>Cloo. A name Waugh gave to his mittens.

<sup>2</sup>Rumpelstiltskin's Cathedral. A monument near Bredore for which Waugh had an abiding hatred. Designed in 1505 by Hrothgobble for the Knave of Hearts; Waugh particularly despised the nave of the edifice and punned on the subject.

<sup>3</sup>Ranulph. Daughter of Winston Churchill. Waugh used Churchill's name frequently to describe his own bottom.

<sup>4</sup>Harold Angel. Notorious homosexual rapist. Waugh's contemporary at Oxford.

<sup>5</sup>Adolf Hitler. Führer of National Socialist Republic. Later bitterly opposed by Waugh during World War II.

<sup>6</sup>Dietrich Anchor-Hocking. Orthodox arti-

san of the 1500s noted for the balance of his compositions in stained glass. Waugh was later to regret his early praise of this man, a notorious bugger.

<sup>7</sup>Breslau. A city famed for its buggers who work in stained glass.

<sup>8</sup>Harold Ross. Magazine editor despised by Waugh. American.

<sup>9</sup>*New Yorker*. American men's magazine.

<sup>10</sup>England. Island where Waugh was born.

<sup>11</sup>Queen. Close friend of Waugh's.

<sup>12</sup>Bron. Insulting diminutive Waugh applied to his son. Though never publicly acknowledged, privately Waugh claimed the boy as his own, having, he said, paid good money for him in the Sudan.

<sup>13</sup>House of Lords. British homosexual hangout.

<sup>14</sup>Suck, don't blow. An example of Waugh's legendary wit.

<sup>15</sup>Bascomb No. 1. A famous paintbrush.

<sup>16</sup>Segel No. 2. An inferior brush with a wide, indelicate stroke. Much hated by Waugh.

<sup>17</sup>DeNipple. Prominent painter admired by Waugh, who only later found out he was a Jew.

<sup>18</sup>*Lethargo*. Painting of a fat girl sleeping.

<sup>19</sup>Mr. Hargreaves. Art critic. Found dead in a pottery kiln after Waugh's letter. Presumed a suicide. "Eyes glazed over," remarked Waugh.

there ought to be  
a law against  
blah cigarettes!

Well, there is one.  
It's the KOOL law,  
whereby every cigarette  
has to deliver a sensation  
so refreshing that it goes  
beyond mere tobacco  
taste. Every KOOL does,  
even ultra low 'tar'  
KOOL SUPER LIGHTS.  
So, abandon those dull  
cigarettes and C'mon up  
to KOOL. We rest our case.



Original KOOL



Low 'tar' KOOL MILDS



Ultra low 'tar'  
KOOL SUPER LIGHTS

the  
coolest  
taste around

C'mon up!

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

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

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## LETTERS

continued from page 17

Sirs:

It's too late for me, but perhaps your donations can help prevent others from contracting terminal cuteness. Thank you.

Goldie Hawn  
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

Everybody always asks me the secret of long life, and I always tell them, "Never work under cars or sleep with really fat women." Even if you don't live that long, you'll probably be better off.

Red Skelton  
Beverly Hills, Cal.

Sirs:

Where are the auburn-haired girls of patrician features? I have been doing my part inflicting love's savage fury and love's tender savagery and love's furious tenderness on black-haired peasant women with mustaches, but I can wait only so long before giving up altogether and resigning the nobility.

Best regardez,  
Comte de Merdemaison  
Most Mysterious Castle  
France

Sirs:

Marriage is great, but do you know what it's like to have Danny Thomas as your father-in-law?

Phil Donahue  
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

If the president is so cool, how come he doesn't have a motorcade of funnycars? Or else a limo so big that as soon as you step into it you're already where you want to go? Answer me that, why don't you.

Mr. Meat Loaf  
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

It is with great sorrow that we announce to the American public that Pop has died. It turned out that he was allergic to milk. We are now holding open auditions in search of a replacement. Send 8x10 glossies and a cassette of your singing voice.

Snap and Crackle  
Battle Creek, Mich.



## It was a dancer before

We made this Pioneer car stereo do a little twisting and shaking before it left our factory.

Twisting through temperatures ranging from  $-22^{\circ}$  to  $158^{\circ}$ .

Shaking 8-100 times a second with forces ranging from 2.9 to 4.4 times normal gravity.

Slamming to a sudden 80-G stop from 1760 mph.

This is the kind of routine every Pioneer

Sirs:

Hey, what's all this shit I got to listen to in high school about free elections in America? Shit, man, here in South Boston they fucking *pay* my old man to vote!

Danny Gilhooley  
South Boston

Sirs:

I'm reading *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* right now and I think that Angel Clare is just about the most despicable person on earth. How come the ERA people don't do something about *him*?

Sandy Knickers  
English 201  
Ohio State University,  
Ohio

Sirs:

Come on, we know you're out there! Don't miss this chance to join the Former New Jersey Governors' Club. You'll get good seats for Nets games and choice spots anywhere in the Trenton Municipal Parking System. Don't worry if you left office without a forwarding address. The most important thing is that we all get back together again!

William Cahill  
Formergovernorsburg, N.J.

Sirs:

It's just as well that my show went off the air. Somehow when cameras were around, awful things happened.

Mary Hartman  
Fernwood, Ohio

Sirs:

I keep getting confused. Is Fernando Lamas the same guy as Ricardo Montalban? Between Pete Rose and Jimmy Connors, which is which? Is Morey Amsterdam really Buddy Hackett?

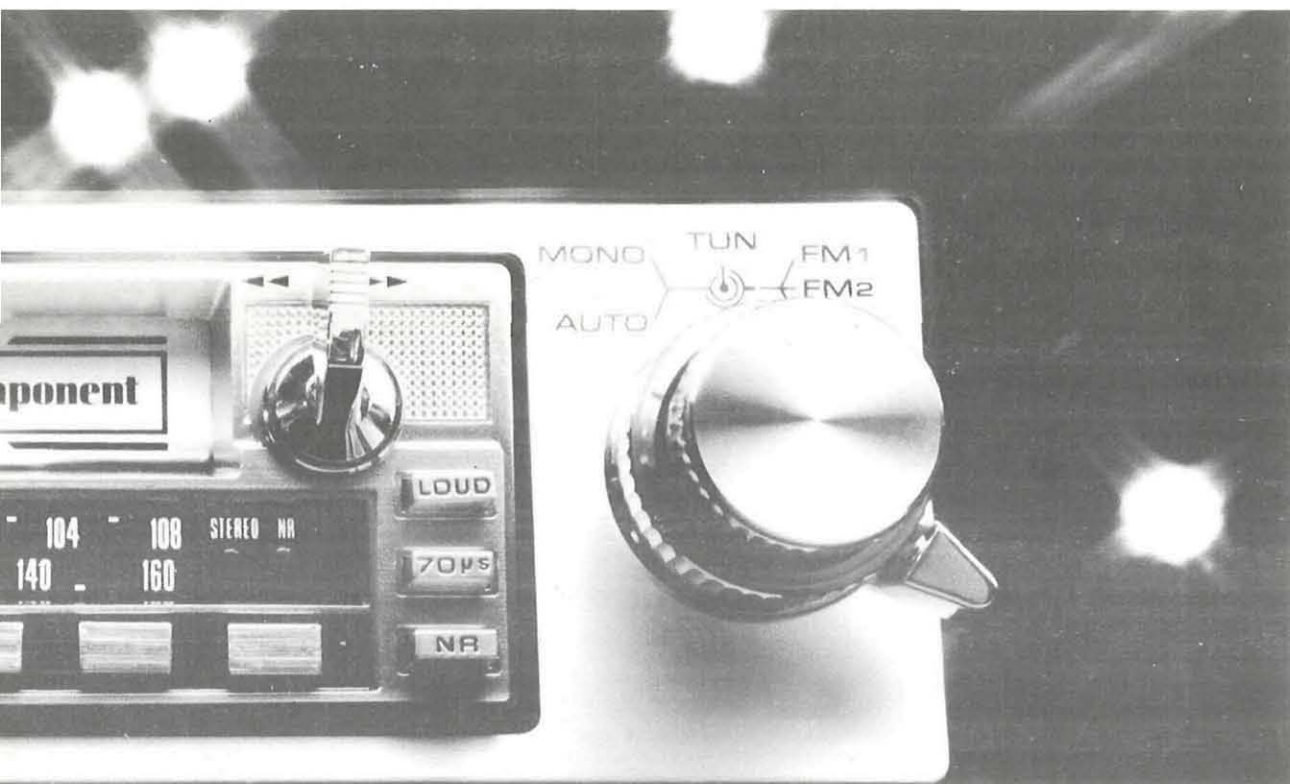
Puzzled  
Omaha, Nebr.

Sirs:

Not long ago I bought a chair. But when I got it home and put it in my living room, it turned into a hassock. So I took it back to the store, where the salesman told me that I had bought an occasional chair.

Rick Fisky  
Bloomington, Ind.

*continued*



# It became a singer.

model goes through before it goes into our line.

So it can go into any car. Withstand all of the above.

And always live to sing about it.

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The Best Sound Going.

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## LETTERS

continued

Sirs:

What ever happened to all them really good movies they used to make? You know, like *Beach Blanket Bingo* and *Dr. Goldfoot and the Bikini Machine* and *Where the Boys Are*. I used to watch movies like these all the time. I really loved Dolores Hart. She had lots of class—she wasn't just a piece of ass, you know? But I still get a hard-on whenever I think of her, class or not. I hear she's a nun now. She probably shaves her head. I never got it on with a bald-headed chick before. I wonder what it's like. Anyway, she probably won't even look at a guy these days unless he's a priest, and, hey, I don't want it *that* bad!

Billy Nickerspoon  
Scranton, Pa.

Sirs:

I resent continued references to me in the media as "Mr. Liz Taylor." That should be Mrs. Liz Taylor. I mean Senator Liz Taylor. I mean Mister Senator Liz Taylor. I mean...oh, hell, I'll just keep smiling.

Sen. John Warner  
Facing the press

Sirs:

Do you know why you have to wait eight weeks before a magazine will be delivered to your new address, even though it takes a typist maybe ten seconds to type out a new address for you? When your change-of-address request arrives at a magazine, the secretary says, "It's only a lousy change of address," and she puts it on the bottom of her IN basket. It takes eight weeks to rise to the top. Just thought you'd like to know.

Anna Stencil  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

Hi. Mary Ellen Pinkham here, with more helpful hints around the house. Want to help Detroit? Just take your kid's loose-leaf-hole puncher—you know, the kind you buy in the supermarket—and do a number on the brake fluid in your neighbor's Datsun 210 before he goes to work in the morning. That way it'll leak out real slow just before he reaches the highway. Then if you're lucky, the whole gang can watch them cutting him out with blowtorches on the six o'clock news. Back to you, Sandy.

Second hour  
"Good Morning, America"

Sirs:

Please send me a list of all the liberal and radical causes still around worth defending. I'm running out of clients.

William Kunstler  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

My favorite sexual fantasy is rewriting those letters to *Penthouse*, palming the stuff off as original research, then making huge profits when the shit is published. I'm getting wet just thinking about it.

Nancy Friday  
New York, NY

Sirs:

Know how you can tell if it's gonna be a cold winter? Well, it's gonna be cold if the squirrels gather bits of fiberglass insulation during the summer. And it's gonna be cold if the north sides of beaver dams are covered with plastic sheeting. And it's really gonna be cold if, just once in late autumn, the sun sets and something else comes up.

Farmer Willy  
*Farmer Willy's Almanac*  
Des Moines, Iowa



For a beautiful full color lithograph print, 18" x 19", of Ken Davies' famous "Flying Wild Turkey" painting, supervised by artist, send \$5.00 to Box 929NL, N.Y. 10268



Sirs:

The boss is out of town and we've gone crazy! *Starry Night* sold by the square inch! Every Modigliani painted over and tossed into the Garden fountain! We've let a bear shit on Picasso! Take home an acid-soaked Klee for just three cents! Or how about a snapshot of you and a loved one with your heads through a priceless Rousseau!

L. Toth, Asst. Curator  
The Museum of Modern Art

Sirs:

Knock! Knock!

[You say]: Who's there?

Chaim!

[You say]: Chaim who?

Chaim. Inthemooodforlove!

Henny Potok  
New York

Sirs:

What happens to all those rock 'n' roll and rhythm-and-blues and folky bands that don't make it in the music business? Do you realize how many submoronic, egomaniacal junkies are on the loose out there? What are we doing about it? We're all in danger.

A Concerned Citizen  
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

In response to "Concerned Citizen"'s letter about unemployed rock 'n' roll musicians, I would like to call attention to Backbeat House, a non-profit rehabilitation center dedicated to educating failed musicians and bringing them back to society as responsible, productive citizens. We have been in operation since 1969 and have worked with many prominent groups. For their protection, we cannot mention any names, but many of the groups and artists are gold record and Grammy winners. Our rehabilitation rate is over 60 percent, and we have placed many rock 'n' roll musicians in good jobs, including civil service, executive secretarial work, and sales. We welcome inquiries and contributions. We are not funded by the government.

Barry Swirlow  
Backbeat House  
West Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

Please clear up something for me. A friend of mine says Oil of Olay is made from the sweat of Spanish matadors. Is this true?

Ralph Sedgwick  
Edina, Minn.

Sirs:

I write in honest to the national magazine are you. Having I ringing plan to energize the nation of America with nothing less than corncobs after the corn eating people off. Is burning to energy make for! Is squashing to cosmetics make for! Is smelting to precious metals make for!

Born like me in country in front of Iron Curtain are exceedingly many problems to ringing plan: 1. Government crazies me. 2. Country not to grow corn.

Help me you can yes?

Smlldyr Vldmrnokv  
Ugriamsk, Gyk

Sirs:

The final *Star Wars* stories have been completed and are now ready for the screen. Here are some of the films you'll be seeing: *The Force Steals the Empire's Nazi-Style Helmets*, *The Empire Revokes the Force's Check-Cashing Privileges*, *The Empire Pulls Out All the Force's Plugs*, and *The Force Gets Nauseous and Throws Up*.

20th Century-Fox  
Hollywood, Cal.

continued



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## LETTERS

continued

Sirs:

I would like to bring to your attention the cake topic once again. Number of cakes: five. Occupations thereof: plumber, cosmetics accessory, tool-and-die manufacturer, typewriter assistant (i.e., a writer), indoor policeman. Pseudonyms: Cheese Babka, Cinnamon Danish Filbert Ring, Chocolate Bundt, Sour Cream Chip Pound Cake, Pineapple Cheese Tube. *Please take care of this problem immediately.* Don't make me hurt you. Three people are dead already—another won't make any difference where I'm going.

Lucille Ball's Biggest Fan  
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:

Just to set the record straight: What happened Thursday was in no way intended to be a new performance piece. It was not, as the *Times* reported, "a definitive statement of artistic assertion in imposed culture." I just threw up in a K-Mart, okay? Okay. I should know. I owe the K-Mart people a big apology.

Chris Burden  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

When I was a young girl growing up on the prairies, a favorite leisure-time activity was "chip rolling," whereby dried patties of animal excrement (both domestic and wild) were rolled "hooplike" across the windswept plains.

Is this frontier sport still practiced, or has it, like so many other hallowed traditions, fallen into the ditch of history to be forgotten forever? I would be most grateful to anyone with information on the current status of this bygone art.

Miss J. McFerrowl  
Home for Retired Farmer's Daughters  
Saskatchewan

Sirs:

Who catches hell when Dad gets pissed because Mom burned supper? Who gets thrown out the window when the boss finds someone sleeping on the job? And who gets kicked down the block when Junior walks to school in one of those black moods of his? We do, that's who, and we think enough is enough!

Empty Tomato Can, Vice-President  
Inanimate Objects Association  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Look, I know the sign says not to feed us, but give it a try anyway, huh? Foss in a plum or a bagel or something. Hanging around this damned cage all day, there's not much to do but think about food.

The Gorilla  
The Zoo  
The Bronx

Sirs:

I hear you're a funny magazine, so I'd like to sell you these jokes. If you don't want them, I'll send them to *Boy's Life*:

Why is the ocean so angry? *Because it's fit to be tide.*

What is an immoral bone? *The original shin.*

Where does a sheep get his hair cut? *At George Shearing's house.*

What did the boy octopus say to the girl octopus? *"Care for a tentacle job?"*

You think maybe I could get a job working for Dixie Riddle Cups?

Tommy Thompson, age nine  
Midville, Kentucky

continued on page 33

# Control your reality.

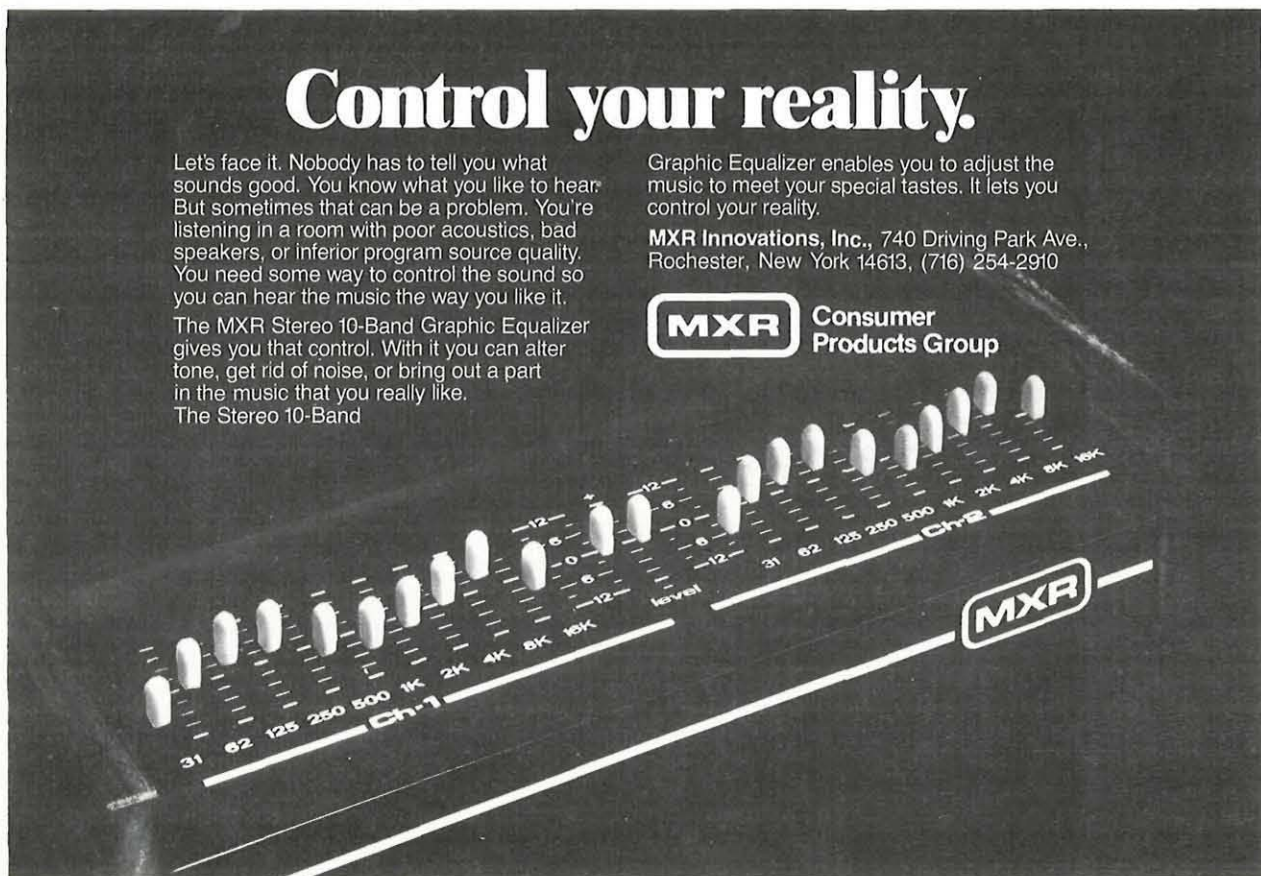
Let's face it. Nobody has to tell you what sounds good. You know what you like to hear. But sometimes that can be a problem. You're listening in a room with poor acoustics, bad speakers, or inferior program source quality. You need some way to control the sound so you can hear the music the way you like it.

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# NEWS ON THE MARCH

## NEW PRESIDENT DEMANDING HOSTAGE RELEASE, SOLID FOODS



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MMMMMMZZZZGRURBLEG-G-GK.

**First Message from Space, an Advertisement**  
American scientists working for a space scanning project announced they had verified an intelligent message beamed from a remote part of the universe. "Apparently it's an ad," said a spokesman for the project, explaining

that as far as decoders could determine, a limited number of vacation asteroids are being offered for sale at very good prices. "This is very exciting," he said, "but it's disappointing to realize that even if we had the money, the best asteroids were probably sold a couple of million eons ago."

### Albania Erupts in Strike

Both of Albania's steam buses were idled as the Balkan nation's coal miner walked off the job. "Fuck 'em," the striker told Western journalists. "Let 'em burn dog shit."

### Ayatollah's Tumors in Swiss Account

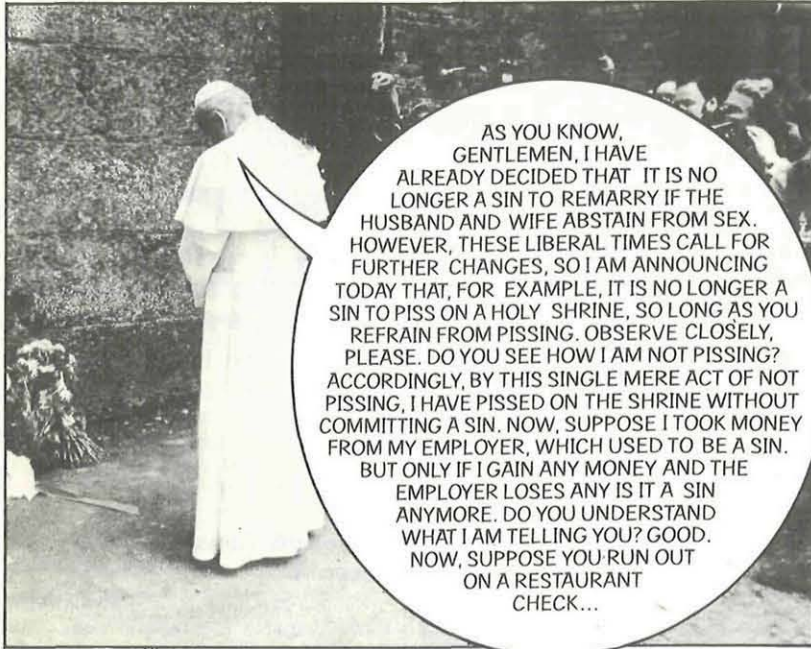
Using a plan first devised by the shah, Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini is reportedly hoarding cancerous tumors in a secret Swiss bank account known only to him and a few of his closest associates. "The account has at least seven billion of his infected cells in it," one source claims, "and the balance is growing with every operation." American political experts speculate that Khomeini fears the imminent collapse of his government and wants to be adequately prepared for retirement, like the shah, who parlayed the interest on his cancer account into a two-year luxury tour of the United States, Mexico, Panama, and Egypt, while retaining enough of the principal to ensure a hideous and dramatic death.

### ITALY SWEARS IN NEW PRESIDENT



HELLO. I AM LUCIANO SCAESI. HEAD OF THE NEW COALITION GOVERNMENT OF ITALY. THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT.

## POPE EXPANDS RULING ON REMARRIAGE TO OTHER BEHAVIOR



AS YOU KNOW, GENTLEMEN, I HAVE ALREADY DECIDED THAT IT IS NO LONGER A SIN TO REMARRY IF THE HUSBAND AND WIFE ABSTAIN FROM SEX. HOWEVER, THESE LIBERAL TIMES CALL FOR FURTHER CHANGES, SO I AM ANNOUNCING TODAY THAT, FOR EXAMPLE, IT IS NO LONGER A SIN TO PISS ON A HOLY SHRINE, SO LONG AS YOU REFRAIN FROM PISSING. OBSERVE CLOSELY, PLEASE. DO YOU SEE HOW I AM NOT PISSING? ACCORDINGLY, BY THIS SINGLE MERE ACT OF NOT PISSING, I HAVE PISSED ON THE SHRINE WITHOUT COMMITTING A SIN. NOW, SUPPOSE I TOOK MONEY FROM MY EMPLOYER, WHICH USED TO BE A SIN. BUT ONLY IF I GAIN ANY MONEY AND THE EMPLOYER LOSES ANY IS IT A SIN ANYMORE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I AM TELLING YOU? GOOD. NOW, SUPPOSE YOU RUN OUT ON A RESTAURANT CHECK...

## Supposed Algerian Earthquake Turns Out to Be Cult Suicide

As many as fifteen thousand members of a bizarre LSD cult founded by Dr. Timothy Leary during his exile in Algeria committed mass suicide by quaking and thrashing about until their settlement of Timmytown (formerly Al Asnam) came crashing down on top of them. "They were thoroughly out of their minds," noted one of the few surviving witnesses, "eyes bulging out of their heads, flailing and screaming, running full speed into concrete walls claiming that they were locomotives and granite-horned goats sent to reduce the physical world to a pure state of beauty." A tape recording made during the final hours reveals a scene of terrifying insanity. "Your attention, now, please. The acid is in the tub," shouts one of the leaders, "and it is of course really, really, really, really, really...really exactly the same as a hydrogen bomb." With that, the entire population rushed to the tub, and were soon raving about seismic energy of the mind and postulating a vulcan link between the center of the earth and themselves. "North Africa," an official later commented, "is simply not the place to give fifteen thousand of the grisliest, most hostile wretches on earth a caldronful of LSD."

## New Health Study Conclusive

A study by health experts confirms that people who jog between San Francisco and New York City on a regular basis will live longer and have fewer problems with blood clots, one of the major causes of heart attacks.

## Saudi Staff Sergeant Reportedly Misusing U.S. AWACs

The U.S. State Department and officials of the Saudi Arabian army have revealed that a veteran sergeant has been tapping into American-supplied radar planes to monitor the movements of officers at his base, spy on poker opponents, and jam radio communications with phony approvals for ten-day passes and female assistants. "This conniving lunatic is a disgrace to the uniform," growls Colonel Ha'al, commander of the base. "He's running a regular Mardi Gras in that barracks of his, but every time I close in, he gets the jump with those

damn American planes." When questioned by investigators, many of the sergeant's men seemed to disagree. "He's the best pal a guy ever had," beamed a plump, slow-talking cook called Dh'obur-mann. "I'd trust the sarge with my life." The sergeant, however, was "indisposed" when approached for comment, claiming he had "malaria and an affliction of the nervous system that makes it impossible to talk, gamble, break army regulations, or get anywhere near a radar plane."

## Much More to Be Released from Cuba

Having already released thousands of refugees and thirty-four American prisoners, the Cuban government says it will now release one million birds. "We will be releasing all types," a high official declared. "Finches, starlings, pigeons, parrots—all of the filthy, squawking pests will be free to go." According to the same official, Cuba also plans to release a billion cubic feet of fluorine gas, some poorly made horror films, five hundred million rems of nuclear radiation, tens of thousands of erroneous news stories, several injured baseball players, and an album of virtually unlistenable Cuban marching music.

## Chrysler to Give Cars Away

The financially troubled Chrysler Corporation, reported to be losing \$1,400 on each car it sells, has completed a study indicating that much of the firm's losses stem from promotion and distribution costs. The study concludes that if advertising was eliminated and the traditional dealership network abandoned, Chrysler could ease its current deficit by giving away cars for free at the factory.

## AIRLINES LATEST TO UNIONIZE IN POLAND



TOOOOOOOOT.

WELL, THERE IT IS, THE WHISTLE, AND TIME FOR MY BREAK, UNLESS OF COURSE I HAVE ENTERED BONUS TIME, WHICH ENTITLES ME TO A PAIR OF BREAKS OR MAY BE CONVERTED TO COMP TIME OR TIME AND A HALF FOR EACH OF THE BREAKS...

NO, NO, THERE CANNOT BE COMP TIME IF THE BREAK IS DURING THE BONUS PERIOD. PERHAPS WE SHOULD RADIO THE STEWARD, OKAY?

OKAY OR NOT OKAY, IT IS MY BREAK AND I AM OUT OF HERE.

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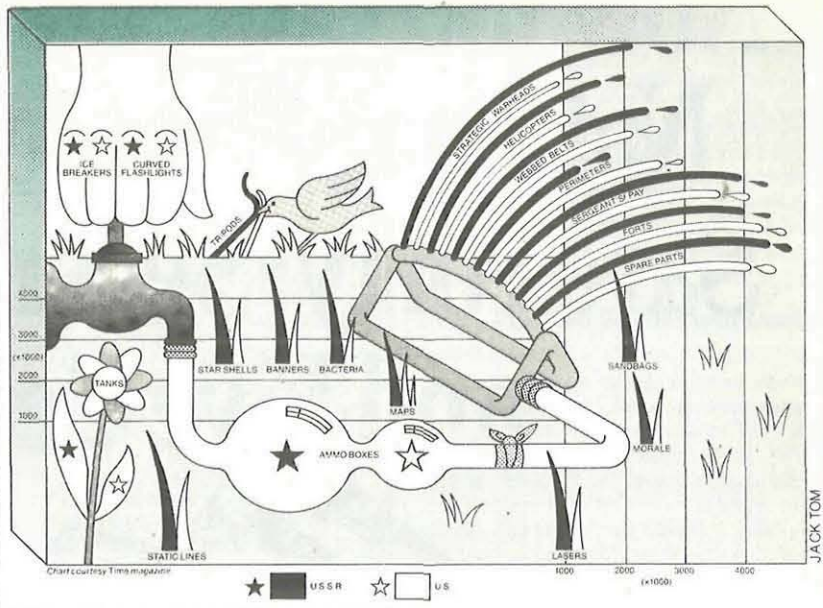
## Economics for Now

by Prof. Specie de Spandex, Ph.D.

**Q.** How much is my money really worth?

**A.** People are not sure what their money is really worth. They wonder why the same dollar will buy less today than the day before. Who is responsible for these fluctuations? Who decides how much these fluctuations will be? The answer is the government. Look at the statistics they have printed. A dollar today would be worth \$2.87 if we were now living in 1967. Is this due to an Einsteinian theory of time travel? Do dollars increase in value as they approach the speed of light? It is known, however, that objects decrease in size at these speeds. Therefore dollars in 1967 must have been slightly longer than two inches. But they were not. The government printed them exactly the same size as they are today. Why has the government countermanded the laws of nature? It has done this to create an illusion. The government does not want us to notice the change in the value of its dollars, so it has artificially frozen their size. The size of a dollar bill printed at any time other than exactly this moment is a disguise, meant to hide its true value. Back to the original question. How can we know what our dollars are really worth?

## U.S. vs. U.S.S.R.—LAWN SPRINKLER OF DEFENSE DISPARITY



There is a clue. Look at the date to the left of the signature of the secretary of the treasury. This tells us when the bill was printed. Check the government statistics. Find out how many of today's dollars it would take to buy a dollar's worth of goods in the year printed on

your bill. This is what your bill is actually worth. A 1967 bill, for example, is worth \$2.87. The government would prefer that you think it is worth only a dollar. This is a bald deceit. Persons must insist that full value be received for their dollars. For example, a person must demand that a merchant give him two and seven-eighths one-dollar items for a dollar printed in 1967, instead of only one.

**Q.** Can you tell me about the new food mortgages?

**A.** Many readers would like to know more about food mortgages. They make it possible to buy meals and eat them without having enough money to pay for them. Here is an example of how they work. A man wants a pork chop and potatoes, but he has only two hundred dollars. He goes to a bank. He applies for a mortgage on the food. The bank appraises the ingredients and the cooking. If the selling price is reasonable, the bank collects his two hundred dollars and the man agrees to pay the difference between it and the selling price, plus fees and interest, over a period of 240 months.

*In Geneva*

## Civilized Nations Ratify New Accord on Rules of War

Responding to changes in the dimensions and character of modern warfare, international negotiators have adopted new conventions regulating procedures, weapons, and conduct not anticipated

before the Vietnam War and similarly fought conflicts of the recent past. The comprehensive rules, dealing with everything from the humane dispersion of incendiaries to the size of bats to be used on prisoners of war, are already being taught to U.S. forces in special classes and through visual reminders like the poster shown below.

## IT'S YOUR JOB TO KNOW THE NEW RULES OF WAR.

Rule No. 1001.6 — It is against the law to hit a POW with a club this big. You have the right to demand that you not be hit with one.



## Photo Mixup at NASA

In an embarrassing snafu, scientists at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory discovered that the first photos of Saturn had been mistakenly sent to a private residence. The realization came soon after images of the Louis and Josephine Scaputo family reunion began to appear on monitors at NASA Control. Soil samples and atmospheric tests indicated that the Scaputo patio is virtually uninhabitable, while data from the surface of Saturn showed that planet to be choked with barbecue smoke and littered with crumpled paper plates.

# 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

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# BACK ISSUES

- OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES?** With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics. Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.
- DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER:** With Son-o-God comics  $\pm$  2. Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi. Great Moments in Chess. Diplomatic Etiquette. and the Special Irish Supplement.
- MAY, 1973/FRAUD:** With the Miraged Monopoly Cheating Kit. Borrow This Book. The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarins.
- SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With Life parody. Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living. Whitelove comics. Vichy Supplement. *Guette* Magazine. and Military Trading Cards.
- JULY, 1974/DESSERT:** With *Famine Circle* Magazine. Gahan Wilson's *Baby Food*. *Corporate Farmers*. *Almanac*. *Rodriguez*. *Gastronomique Comique*. and *Guns and Sandwiches* Magazine.
- AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance. *Seed* Magazine. Executive Deleted. *Soul Drinks*. *Surprise Poster # 7*. and *True Menu*.
- SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With *Unexciting* Stones. *Rodriguez*'s *Senior Sex*. *Old Ladies Home Journal*. and *Barfari* Comics.
- NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With *The Rocketeller* Art Collection. *Prison Farm*. *Constitutional Comics*. and *Watergate Down*.
- JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Negigent Mother* Magazine. *Bruce McCall's Zepplin*. *First High Comics*. *Watergate Trivia Test*. and *Night of the Iceless Capades* Massacre.
- MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*. *Terminal Flu*. *Blue Cross in Peace*. and *War*. *Rodriguez*. *Comedics*. and *Our Wonderful Bodies*.
- AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With *The Rocketeller* *Attica* Report. *Code of Hammurabi*. *Citizens' Arrest* Magazine. *Inherent Their Wind*. and *World Night Court*.
- SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE:** With the *Vassar Yearbook*. *Football Preview*. *Scholastic Scams*. *Academic Ploys*. and *The Esquire* parody.
- DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY:** With *The Great Price War*. *Entrepreneur*. and a *Fortune* parody.
- APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With *Dogfishing*. *Silver Jack*. *The Glory of Their Hindsight*. *The US Olympic Handbook*. and *The Puck Stops Here*.
- SEPTEMBER, 1976/THE LATEST ISSUE:** With a complete list of *Bad Words*. *Western Romance Part Three*. *Brave Dog* Magazine. and the return of both *Uncle Buckle* and *cat hammer*.
- OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES:** With a four page, full-color *Nuts*. the *Asop Brothers* on honeymoon. *Vernon*. *Sherman the Tank*. *Odd Bodkins*. and dozens of other comics and cartoons.
- NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE:** Is Democracy fixed? The complete story of the *Townville* campaign. starring *Ford* and *Carter* look-alikes. with the traditional bribery. corruption. and natural gas.
- JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE:** With *Those Lazy*. *Hazy*. *Crazy Final Days*. lots of hilarious cartoons. *Sight gags*. comics. and the *Scientific American* parody.
- FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE:** With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976). the *Village Voice* parody. *War-in Ireland*. and the *Jackie Memorial*.
- APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV:** With *T-Bird* and *Monza*. *TV Magazine*. *Monday Night Sleep*. *PBS Concordance*. and *Dinah's Dumpster*.
- JUNE, 1977/CAREERS:** With *mercenaries*. *wetbacks*. *guidance counselors*. *summer jobs*. *placement tests*. *university by mail*. *Sussman's get-rich tips*. and *Sam Gross*.
- JULY, 1977/SEX:** With the inevitable *Hite Report* parody. *What Every Young Woman Should Know*. *porn flicks*. *skin books*. *stroke mags*. and the *Last True-Life Western Romance*.
- SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP:** With the *health facts*. *insurance madness*. *Gidget Goes Senile*. a *guide to adults*. and *Gahan Wilson's Grow-ups Can Do Anything*.
- OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES:** With *Mersy Mootop* *Faverave Fabgearbeat* Magazine. *Beat the Meates*. the *unreleased albums* of *John*. *George*. *Ringo*. *Paul*. and *Frank Sinatra*. and the *authentic McCartney* autopsy report.
- NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES:** With *Best Medical Flea Market*. *Business Out of Suburbia*. *Orgasmic Backlash*. *White Pastalarans*. and *Best Negroes in New York*.

- DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER:** With the death of *Santa Claus*. *alternate good taste covers*. *cards*. *presents*. and the *Texas Supplement*.
- JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY:** With *The Socratic Manologue*. *Sex in Ancient China*. *the 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 Hairs*. *the History of Crime in the Cinema*. *The Maltese Canary*. *Pointless*. *Crimes*. and *Just Deserts*.
- APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING:** With *the Brds of Ireland*. *the New York Supplement*. *four-color comics* by *Rodriguez*. *Wilson*. *Flenniken* and *Browne*. and the *Autorama*.
- JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST:** With *Even Bluegirls Get the Cross*. *the Indian Section*. *Our Family Journey to the West*. and *Cowboys of Many Lands*.
- JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE:** With a *garland of parodies*. *Sussman* and *Greenfield's history of Natl.amp*. *Born Again* on the *Fourth of July*. and *comics* by *Wilson*. *Rodriguez*. and *Subitzky*.
- AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS:** With *Savvyteen* and *Real Teen* magazines. *comics* by *Wilson* and *Flenniken*. *Teen and Now*. a *Field Guide to Young Teen-age Girls*. and a *Natl.amp* report on *education in America*.
- SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE:** With *Regular Guy Quarterly*. *Dress for Successfulness*. *Alto Sheek*. and a *complete fall fashion forecast*.
- OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT:** With *movie*. *TV*. and *music sections*. *Porter and Betty*. *self-amenment*. *Wilson*. *Rodriguez*. and a *Natl.amp* guide to *The Big Ten*.
- NOVEMBER, 1978/THE BODY:** With *Memoirs of a Surgeon*. *Pot Mews* and *Coke Alley*. *Captain Cadaver* by *Gahan Wilson*. *How Our Bodies Develop*. and a *True Body Section*.
- DECEMBER, 1978/FOOD AND FESTIVITY:** With *Modern Menus*. *Feeds of Many Nations*. a *General History of Food Fighting*. a *Gourmet Guide*. and a *True Food Section*.
- JANUARY, 1979/DEPRESSION:** With *Psychopages*. *What I Got for Christmas*. *New Year's Eve*. *special Cheer-Up* section. and *comics* by *Gahan Wilson*. *Subitzky*. and *Flenniken*.
- FEBRUARY, 1979/HETEROSEXUALITY:** With *Very Married Sex*. a *look at bachelors*. *Planet of the Living Women*. *Screwing Your Best Friend's Wife*. and a *profile of Mr Right*.
- MARCH, 1979/CHANCE:** With *Track Rats*. *Vegas*. *Unchained Melodrama*. *How to Drive Fast*. and *John and Gerry's risk-section*.
- APRIL, 1979/APRIL FOOL:** With *Salacious Items* and *Lewd Articles*. *Florida College Spring Vacation*. *Travel Supplement*. the *1946 Bugemobies*. and a *Life Magazine* parody.
- MAY, 1979/INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM AND TERRORISM:** With *EXPL0 79*. *Bors Bond of KGB*. *Girls of the Communist Bloc*. and the *ultimate Commie guide*. the *Pink Pages*.
- JUNE, 1979/KIDS:** With *Alice in Regularland*. *Young Burns*. *Big Boys*. *Child Pornography*. and *comics* by *Shary Flenniken* and *Gahan Wilson*.
- JULY, 1979/SPORTS:** With *Action Golf*. *Game Bunnies*. *Weekend Athletes*. and a *special Encyclopedia of Participatory Sports* by the editors.
- AUGUST, 1979/TRAVEL:** With *A Girl's Letters Home from Europe*. *Vacation Travel Then and Now*. *Traveler's Aid*. and *Where to Get the Best Sex in Europe*.
- SEPTEMBER, 1979/POTPOURRI:** A *miscellany of humor* with *Vacation '58*. *Stan Mack's True Hernia Operation*. an *inside look at Niagara Falls*. and a *guide to the New Constellations*.
- OCTOBER, 1979/COMEDY:** With a *women's humor magazine*. a *guide to practical joking*. *The Funniest People I Ever Met*. and *How to Tell a Dirty Joke to a Woman*.
- NOVEMBER, 1979/LOVE:** With an *informative Engagement Guide*. a *Wedding Album*. *Love at First Sight*. and a *tortured look at obsessive love*.
- DECEMBER, 1979/SUCCESS:** With *The Little Engine That Did*. *The Woman's Undress for Success Book*. *Blch Goddesses*. and a *look at failure*.
- JANUARY, 1980/FANTASY:** With *The Civil War Between the Negroes and the Jews*. *Six Fantasies of Richard Nixon*. *Sex Fantasies*. and a *novel guitar instruction book*.

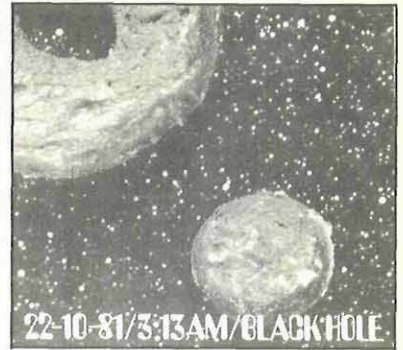
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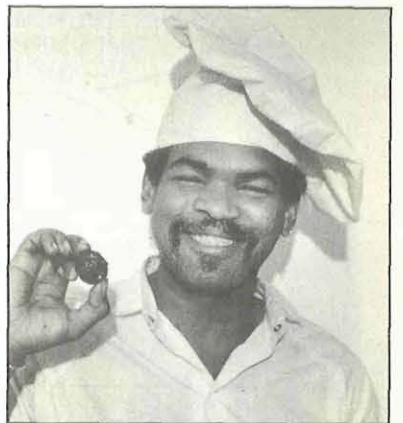
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## First Photo of Black Holes Revealing



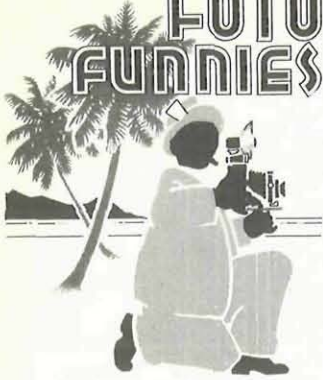
After years of theorizing from highly abstruse and limited evidence, the world scientific community was stunned by an announcement from the Dunkin Laboratory in Flagstaff, Arizona, that it has a photograph explaining one of the great phenomena of our universe—the black hole. "Most important," proclaims Dunkin manager L. D. Stokes, "our photo [shown above] indicates that black holes are composed of solid matter, not empty space, as once believed. Each of the holes is actually a counterhole, precisely mirroring an ordinary hole somewhere else. But, it is nonetheless a bona fide hole, because a solid hole is, in a somewhat Platonic sense, merely the dimensional substance of a true hole, and, therefore, the hole itself." Stokes said that man's entire notion of what constitutes a hole will be necessarily modified by this discovery, adding, "The other night a group of policemen who regularly come around the Dunkin facility were telling me they could not intellectually accept the classification of a solid body as a hole. But when I showed them the black hole in the photograph, they had to change their thinking completely."



L. D. Stokes displays a model of the black hole he photographed 381 trillion light-years from Earth.

Edited by *Tod Carroll*; contributions from *T.C., B.McC., J.B., R.Epley, and D. Marnier.*

# FOTO FUNNIES



WANNA SEE  
HOW TO MAKE AN  
ELEPHANT?



YOU  
STOP THAT! GET  
OUT OF HERE  
THIS MINUTE!

YOU PULL  
YOUR POCKETS INSIDE-OUT  
LIKE THIS...



THEN YOU  
OPEN YOUR FLY AND  
WHIP OUT YOUR...



PLEASE,  
I'D LIKE TO  
APOLOGIZE. THAT WAS  
TASTELESS AND  
DISGUSTING.

LET ME TRY  
TO MAKE IT UP TO  
YOU BY FILLING THE REST  
OF THIS FOTO FUNNY WITH HUMOR  
THAT'S SOPHISTICATED  
AND INTELLIGENT...



WHAT'S ROUND  
AND PINK AND EFFECTED  
AN ARMISTICE BETWEEN  
BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA AND  
THE CENTRAL POWERS  
DURING WORLD WAR I?



THE TREATY OF  
BREAST LITOVSK!



All those years,  
all those miles,  
all those stories,  
all those songs,  
all those sights,  
all those sounds,  
all those dreams...

all those sons,  
one of them  
is going to be a star.

**He is America.**

**He is the son of its heroes and its villains,  
its soldiers and its lovers,  
its builders and its dreamers.**

**They lived for him and died for him and  
everything they did, they did to music.**

**This is his story. These are his songs.**

**It's an epic journey down through the music of  
American time through the eyes and spectacular  
moving art of Ralph Bakshi, the creator of "Fritz  
the Cat," "Heavy Traffic" and "The Lord of the  
Rings."**

**It's the ultimate sight and sound experience  
with the mind-blowing music of Bob Seger,  
Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin and  
many other great American artists.**

COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS  
A MARTIN RANSOHOFF PRODUCTION  
A RALPH BAKSHI FILM "AMERICAN POP"

Written by  
RONNI KERN

Executive Producer  
RICHARD ST. JOHNS

Produced by  
MARTIN RANSOHOFF & RALPH BAKSHI

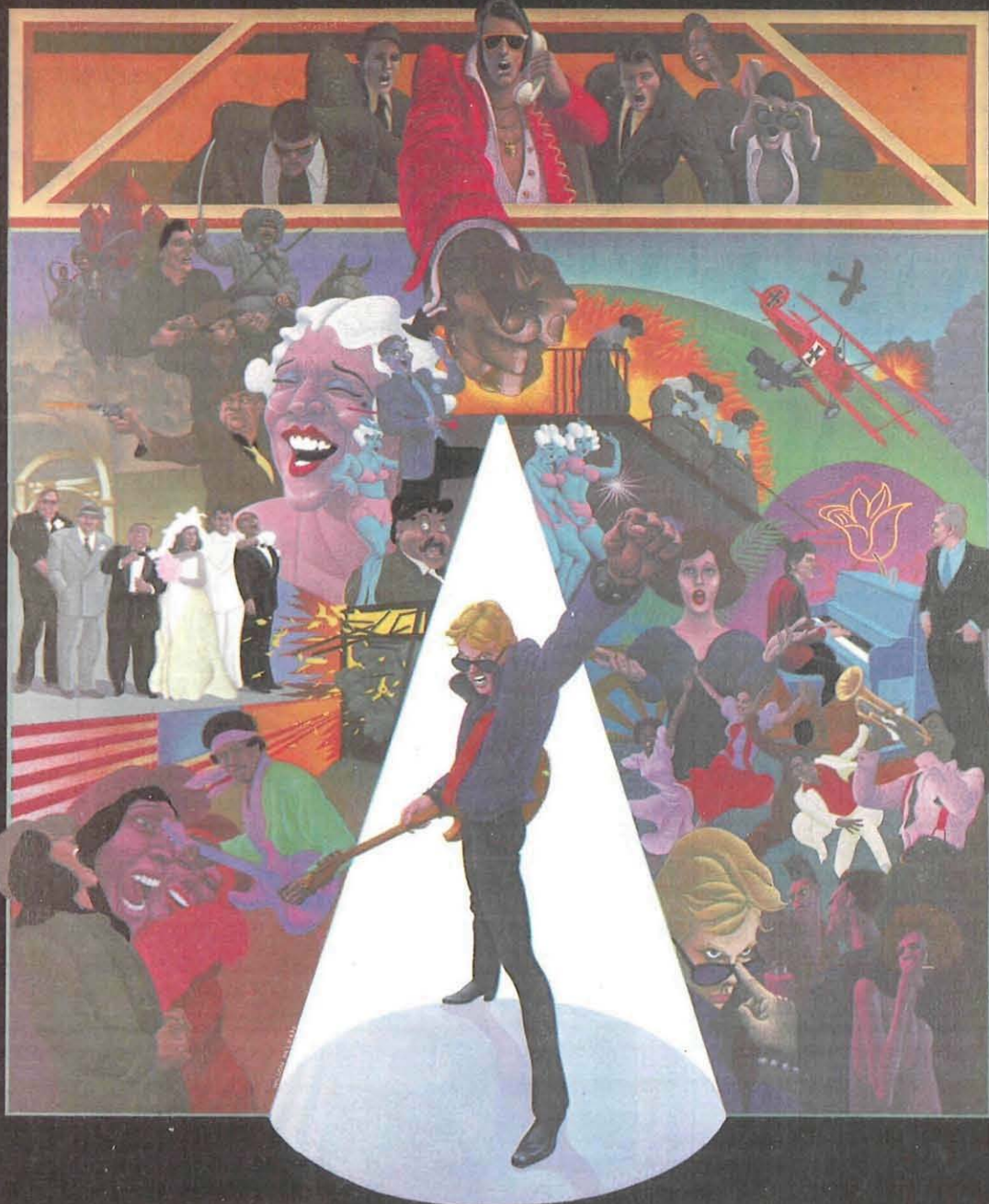
Directed by RALPH BAKSHI

 **DOLBY STEREO**<sup>TM</sup>  
IN SELECTED THEATRES

**Coming Soon to Selected Theatres**

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# AMERICAN POP

The State of the Art in Living Animation.

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## LETTERS

continued from page 24

Sirs:

A good rule for myself when I'm home alone at night is "All hands on deck." That means I keep my hands out in the open in front of me where they can't get into any "trouble." It means no touching below the shoulders and especially no touching down there where there's that little nubbin of flesh that gets so moist when you rub it and rub it and rub it and faster and harder and *Fuck me, you Nazi bitch!*

Ann Landers

In private

Sirs:

This is tough training! We've got to suck in our breath and spin for days while coaches measure our air pressure and wind velocity. The best of us become hurricanes or monsoons, the rest of us turn out to be scattered showers. It's terrific to be a monsoon. Sometimes you get to level Asian villages and amass an impressive body count. But being a hurricane is the big time, with all that media coverage. Everybody I talk to here wants to level Miami, and we're all working our asses off for the chance.

A low-pressure center  
Tropical Storm Training Center  
The South Atlantic

Sirs:

A lot is made about the screaming and shrieking of women during orgasms. Well, men make sounds too, ya know. I've been shouting yes for years.

Marv Albert

NBC Sports

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

When I piss, instead of pissing and then flushing, I flush first and then piss. I try to time it so my piss is all through by the time the new water comes up. Am I okay, or what?

Phil  
Boise, Idaho

Sirs:

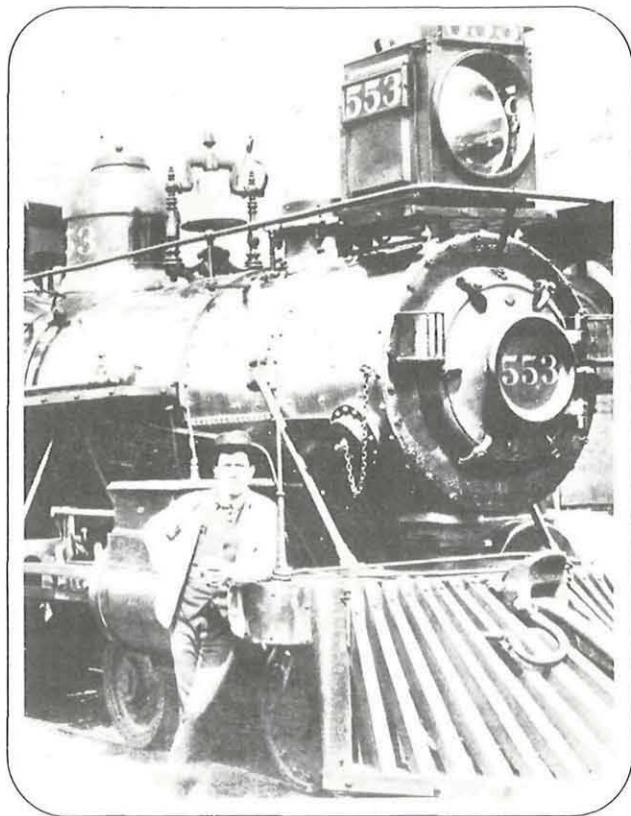
I must protest your editorial on saving the nearly extinct Alsatian sea squirrel. You have obviously never been in the presence of one. They are obnoxious little creatures, the proof that God is fallible. They urinate in champagne and fart as an expression of affection. Even Jacques Cousteau would have been glad to see the last Alsatian sea squirrel bite the dust.

Capt. Bartholomew M. Sperdvac

Just off Cape Horn

*"We were stopped dead... 'cause Weed had traded all the railroad ties for 2 dozen oysters and a French piano."*

Sean Sweeney, Gang Boss, Chicago & Ouray Railroad



The Bettmann Archive, Inc.

Fact was...he was a lot more than a railroad man. He was a man with real good taste. Yet he always liked a good prank. As long as it was done with class.

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

*100 Proof Jeremiah Weed*

Jeremiah Weed® Bourbon Liqueur, © 1980 Heublein, Inc. Hartford, Conn.



by  
P.J. O'Rourke

# A PERFECT COUPLE

I met Iris Carr in the fall of 1965: I was sitting down when I saw her, and at first glance she seemed to be all legs. Of course this was impossible, but there was more than the ordinary amount of leg to her and more than the ordinary amount of breast and shiny black hair, and, though she did not have more than the ordinary amount of face, the face she had was more than ordinarily striking. She seemed larger than life and, in fact, was considerably larger than the average female example of it. She was literally a great beauty.

She caused me to whistle—not a wolf whistle but the whistle that sometimes happens by accident with a sharp intake of breath. She heard me, too, and was gracious about it, smiled politely, sat down two seats away in the college lecture hall, and arranged herself with that female inward folding of limbs. I saw her there every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at three in the afternoon. We spoke, and she was friendly in a composed and remote fashion. I became fascinated by her. But though I was just eighteen then and my sexual fantasies were constant and catholic, Iris did not enter them—not even when I tried to concentrate on her remarkable form. She was just too fundamental and overwhelming, almost frightening in her femininity. I could no more stimulate myself with thoughts of a lubricious Iris Carr than a pious Arician could have jacked off over the goddess Diana.

But she was amazing to look at. And



Later that afternoon Jack got away and reenlisted at the post office. I suppose he went back to Vietnam.

she had a husband to match. Trevor Carr was rugged and handsome—too handsome. He was aware of being too handsome, and this made him too rugged. He was putting them both through college by modeling for menswear advertisements. He stood six feet four at least and exhibited more postures and attitudes of masculinity than are necessary except in times of national emergency. His speech and manner toward Iris were emphatic, dominant, and possessive. She responded with equanimity. People said they were a perfect couple. Perhaps they were. They were a little too vivid, like all perfect things, and like all perfect things they were destined for destruction. (And it is invariably satisfying to note that all perfect things are destined for destruction. Unfortunately, all imperfect things are destined for destruction also.)

But Iris was lonely. She said so to me. She called it being bored. "I'm so bored," she said. "My husband doesn't like to go out." She was too beautiful to

have women friends, and I gathered that Trevor was too jealous to let her be friends with a man. So when Iris and Trevor were seen, they were seen together. Trevor even began to audit those of Iris's classes where he wasn't already enrolled. After that, she still smiled at me, but she didn't say much.

Iris was from Oregon. Trevor was from New York. They had both come to the school in Ohio two years before. They met during the first week of their freshman year, dated steadily for six months, and were married. They rented a house on the edge of campus. On holidays and breaks, Trevor flew east to be photographed and Iris flew west to see her family.

Anyone who watched Iris—and I watched Iris as much as decency and Geology 101 allowed—could see she was restless. And anyone who watched Trevor—and if you watched Iris, you could not help watching Trevor—could see that he was restless also. He didn't seem to be interested in other women, and he was too busy keeping Iris away from men to make friends with any of them. I believe he was as lonely as she.

In the spring of 1966 Iris did something to solve at least her own isolation by making friends with Gary Ballow. Ballow was an ex-student, in his late twenties, and a *soi-disant* writer, though really more of a budding alcoholic, living on an allowance he received from his family with the stipulation that he never set foot in Grosse Pointe, Michigan, again. But, more important, he was a homosexual. Therefore he could asso-

ciate with Iris to Trevor's heart's content. Iris began to divide her time between Trevor and Gary. She'd spend her evenings at Gary's apartment while Trevor fiddled with his gun collection. Ballow was a smart man and a lover of beauty and perfection in everything except his personal habits. He told people that Iris was a girl who could be "shaped into the mythic dimensions of womanhood." It is something I've never understood about homosexuals, their interest in the mythic dimensions of womanhood, who have so little use for real women. But, anyway, because of Gary's acquaintance or through his tutelage or something, Iris changed. She became more lively, talkative, more typically womanish. I guess one would say she gained self-confidence. And, what is even rarer in a beautiful woman, she gained some degree of wit. I remember her telling Trevor one night in the J-Bar, where we all spent our evenings, "Why don't you go *flirt* with someone, Trevor—it would pep things up and do wonders for everyone's opinion of you." Trevor did not laugh, but he went off to play the pinball machine, leaving me and two other young men alone with Iris for the first time I could recall. But it was curious to me that Iris's liveliness made her no less remote. She was one of those very unusual people who become more mysterious by being chatty and familiar than they do through silence and austerity of manner. But what was more curious was that Trevor did not dislike Gary. I had expected that Trevor, even if he approved of his wife's association with Ballow, would be uneasy with the man himself. But this wasn't so. Trevor would fulminate in general about "fags" and "cocksuckers," but he seemed to genuinely like this example of the kind. And Gary was polite enough or careful enough not to make fun of Trevor's exaggerated masculinity. Gary told Trevor that Trevor was not his type. He said he liked cute and sissy little blond fellows. This was a lie, but Trevor believed it, and he was safe to do



**T**revor checked into a motel on the edge of town that night and shot himself through the roof of the mouth.

so. Ballow wasn't interested in Trevor. No one but Iris ever was, not even as a friend. Once Trevor had been relieved of shielding Iris from all things heterosexual and thus joined in the normal male pursuits of the town, he proved to be a companion of no merit. He couldn't hold his liquor and didn't have a thought in his head. This combined poorly with his heavy drinking and penchant for thoughtless talk. It also amused him to start fights and amused him more to let others finish them. He wasn't even a good hunting or fishing pal. He insisted on dry-fly thrashings at the runoff from the local reservoir—water that was populated only by bullhead and carp. He hunted pheasants as though these animals were a danger to the natives' livestock. And during deer season he was a considerable danger to the natives' livestock himself. But Trevor seemed happy. And Iris seemed happy. And Gary seemed happy, too. Iris's poise was elevated by double attentiveness. Gary's style was decorated by two attractive people. And Trevor's aggression was emphasized by twin examples of apparent passivity. They made their own miniature social set, and their names ran together as a compound noun, and by the next year they all talked alike. If one met them separately, they would each say the same thing. Iris would say it in a womanly manner. Trevor would say it in a manly manner. And Ballow would say it as it had been

said in the first place.

That fall, in 1966, a young man named Jack Becker returned from Vietnam and enrolled at the college. He'd been a Green Beret sergeant and this had not been a pleasant experience. He was a funny-looking guy, full of nervous energy, and tremendously glad to be back in the United States. He was in college, he said, because it was the closest thing to doing nothing that he could find and that his GI benefits would pay for. He was in a nearly constant state of euphoria, more than a little of it chemically induced. He didn't give a damn about anything now but having fun, he said, and he was certainly open to any suggested activity remotely construable as that. He insisted on drinking at every hour of the day, and could not resist any drug no matter how loathsome its effects were known to be—he'd juxtapose it to the leeches and clap of Indochina and pronounce the narcotic delectable of sensation by comparison. He bought a huge Harley-Davidson motorcycle and drove it worse and faster than anyone I've ever seen and right into people's houses out of pure good fellowship and eagerness of greeting. And for sex he'd do anything also, sometimes flopping backward over a table at the J-Bar, pulling out his reproductive organs, and yelling, "Take me! Anyone!" adding with some wistfulness, "But gently."

Jack was an appealing character. He had actually been somewhere. Most of us had only been to college. He had had real and violent, dangerous adult experiences involving not just death (which seems familiar to the romantic adolescent mind) but responsibility (which does not). And not only had he been out in the world, but he had come back from it acting more like us than we did. This was affirming. Also, opposition to the war in Indochina was then beginning to eclipse civil rights as the chief orthodoxy of the nonconformists. Iris said the draft was "an invitation from people we have not met to go to a place of which we've never heard in order to



shoot people whom we do not know. And, what's worse," she said, "they are expected to shoot back." Whatever, it was an issue that touched home. Becker's firsthand opinion of the thing confirmed our most dreadful hopes. Everyone liked him.

Everyone liked Becker, and Becker liked everyone, but he liked Iris best. "That is a white woman," he said, the first time he saw her. It was the middle of the day. Iris didn't say anything. They walked out of the bar together and didn't come back for three hours. It was clear, in a general way, where they went. Specifically, they went to my house, where my girl friend and I were taking a nap. We got up and gave them the bed. It was an urgent case. Then we sat on the lawn and listened to them. Jack made a great deal of noise, and, surprisingly, so did Iris. But the sounds that Iris made were the only dignified love-making noises I have ever heard. They were chilling.

Iris and Jack's affair was passionate to the point of psychotic compulsion and fully public because Jack had no fixed home and bedded down wherever he could and so did he and Iris. They were continually being walked in on and caught in the bedrooms, bathrooms, living rooms, and any other rooms of acquaintances and half strangers (Iris was always said to look quite composed on these occasions). They were at my house almost daily and I know that was only one of a dozen places they regularly went. Jack must have been a man of great biological capabilities. And more than a little daring—they were reported by one person or another as having achieved the act of congress in the most remarkable places: in a tree, for instance, or in the beer cooler at the J-Bar, or on a piano in the music building, or from the back through a gap in Iris's skirt while packed in a crowd at a football game, or in the foot well of a sympathetic graduate instructor's desk while the instructor conferred with a student on a midterm paper. They



**B**allow tried to commit suicide by throwing himself out his apartment window. He ran straight through the glass.

screwed everywhere but on crowded street corners in broad daylight, and some people said they did it there. One person even claimed to have seen them rolling down the highway on Jack's motorcycle with Iris nude from the waist holding the handlebars and Jack sliding into her from the jump seat. But I don't think this last thing was true. Iris was not the kind of girl who would have known how to shift gears on a motorcycle.

Iris and Jack's affair was so obvious that even a husband must have noticed it. And Trevor was still a very jealous man. But this jealousy did not extend to Jack any more than it did to Gary Ballow. Jack was Trevor's hero. Trevor was always pestering him for details about military ordnance, rates of fire, and types of explosives, about tactical details and strategies, and always asking him to tell war stories. There was only one war story Becker had any interest in telling, and he was tired of telling that. He'd hated the Vietnamese, he said. The ones on our side weren't on our side and the ones who weren't on our side were a nasty bunch. He had been out on patrol once in an area more hostile than most when something moved in the brush. The point man of his squad and another soldier emptied four or five clips into the shrubbery. A rifle and the body of an eight- or nine-year-old girl fell out onto the path. Perhaps she was carrying the rifle somewhere for

someone, or perhaps she really meant to plunk a GI, though there was more gun than girl. Anyway, when Becker got to the front of his squad, the two soldiers were standing beside the body, arguing. Jack said he assumed they were accusing each other of killing the child. He said he couldn't now imagine why he'd thought that, but that was what had occurred to him at the time. They were not accusing each other. They were quarreling about who had made the kill and who would get to search the body for papers. There were no papers, said Becker. She was just a little girl. She didn't even have pockets to put papers in. It was a pathetic sight. She'd been a pretty little girl, too. And if she'd really meant to kill them, then it was a very pathetic sight indeed, sickening and horrid. The soldiers kept arguing and Jack said he felt, all of a sudden, caught in the middle of something without beginning or end. He said he felt awful.

"Boy, war *must* be awful," said Trevor one night when he'd had Jack tell the story for the half-dozen time. "What kind of gun did she have?" Several times I noticed Trevor using mannerisms or patterns of speech that were definitely Jack's. The only trouble Trevor gave Iris and Jack was by tagging along. This resulted in some extraordinary scenes. Jack once fucked her while they were supposed to be playing pinball in a dark corner of the J-Bar, Iris bent over the machine with her slacks down, trying to keep the bells and buzzers going and an eye on her husband at the bar. Another time, I heard, Jack had Iris in the same way, or at least effected penetration, while they both leaned out the window and talked to Trevor as he mowed the lawn.

Gary Ballow wasn't jealous of Jack's affair with Iris either. He fell in love with Jack himself. Becker didn't mind. By Christmas he and Gary were sleeping together also. Becker was as fond of Ballow as he was impassioned with Iris. I thought this the first time I saw Jack read a book. And I was sure of it when I

heard him say something about Artemis and Leto and "the Great Mother of the Gods." That was not how Becker had talked when I first met him. It was a less obstreperous affair than his relationship with Iris, but, again, it was obvious what was going on. People even mentioned it to Trevor, though Trevor denied that he'd heard any such thing. And Ballow and Iris became more intimate than before, always whispering together. Someone later told me Gary and Iris tried to have intercourse but Gary couldn't do it. Now they both fucked Becker. That same person told me that Gary would fuck Jack in the ass and Jack would get up from the bed immediately and go fuck Iris in the ass and thus Iris's and Gary's relationship was consummated and Iris's and Jack's and Jack's and Gary's and so on. (I doubt that it was physiologically quite so geometrical.) But I did not hear that the three of them got in bed together. It was as though some peculiar delicacy or balance was being maintained. It was a juggling act I didn't understand.

Trevor, Jack, and Gary would also go around together sometimes, making as strange as possible a boys' night out—three people so diverse in character that it was hard to imagine them on the same planet let alone in the same booth at the J-Bar, and if Iris joined them, their peculiar personalities would turn more peculiar. Trevor would bellow louder, crack the tops off beer bottles, and drink from the jagged neck. Gary would turn viciously effeminate. And Jack's omnivorous good humor would reach to a pitch of hysteria. All the while, Iris grew ever more beautiful and remote and imaginary to those of us who weren't involved.

This situation endured for a remarkable length of time—that is, for about three months. Then it exploded. I don't know exactly what happened, but I had a theory and I heard a rumor and the rumor I heard was close enough to the theory I had for the both of them to stand together in the place of fact.

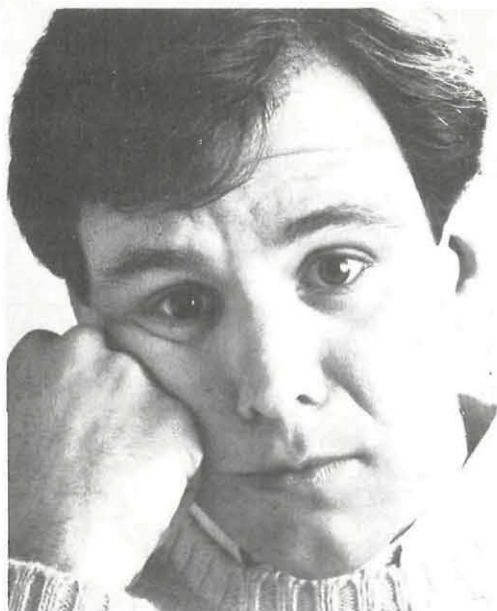


**S**omething awful should have happened to Iris, too, to round out the story...

Trevor had made a pass at Gary. Maybe he sought to complete the circle. Maybe he was impressed by the facility with which emotional molecules can be rearranged. Maybe he thought the polarities of human relationships were so easily reversed. Or maybe he was just queer. It was Trevor, of course, not Gary, who reacted with shock to what Trevor did. Iris was giving a party that night, with mostly Becker's friends there. Trevor ran down into the basement and locked himself in and began shooting through the floorboards at the guests with a submachine gun. Fortunately it was only a .22-caliber replica of an old-fashioned model #27 Thompson—one of those things that in those days could be bought through the mail and which Trevor had converted to fully automatic fire. The slugs didn't have enough force to penetrate the old hardwood parquet squares. Here and there a little leaden nose would poke up through some splinters. That was all. But the guests panicked and ran out of the house. And when they did, Trevor fired out the basement windows after them. But these windows were sunk into deep wells along the foundation and Trevor could not shoot out of them except almost straight up and was only able to shatter a streetlight. Iris began to yell at him in language that cannot be reproduced. Now, there is no longer any such thing as language too strong to be printed, though Iris's was

very strong. It was the even, ladylike tone in which she delivered her invective that defies replication. She told Trevor what she thought of him and she told him what everyone thought of him and what Jack thought of him and what she and Jack had been doing and what Jack and Ballow had been doing, and I think she was about to start in on what he had been about to do with Gary when Becker went crazy, which he did with a heart-stopping howl, a sort of terrible scream, and then animal hollering. He went through the hedges and over the neighboring backyard fences as though pursued by something awful, or in pursuit of it, I couldn't tell which. Then Trevor came out of the cellar bulkhead unarmed and said, "Is there something the matter with Jack?" Jack clambered a mile across town through garden plots and clotheslines to my house. He took my shotgun from the corner of the living room and the whole night long performed a frenzied zigzag of advances or retreats through the town's shrubbery. About fifty people called the police, who assumed, and were not told otherwise, that it was Jack who had shot up Iris and Trevor's basement. They called out every member of the force, and the university's security guards and the volunteer fire department besides, and cordoned off everything they could think to cordon off and threw up barricades whenever it occurred to them and launched a general dragnet of alleys and forsythia bushes. But on any warm spring night in a college town there are so many youngsters running wild through backyards and making loud noises that the search came to nothing and the police found only a few half-dressed dates and some adolescents poisoned by beer. I guess Becker was acting out his combat experiences. Or maybe he was acting out the combat experiences of others. Perhaps he was even acting out combat experiences dating well back into the previous century, because when I finally

*continued on page 93*



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

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

### What a difference a room makes.

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

### How ADC Sound Shaper® equalizers custom-tailor sound.

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

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

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

### Re-mix records while you listen.

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

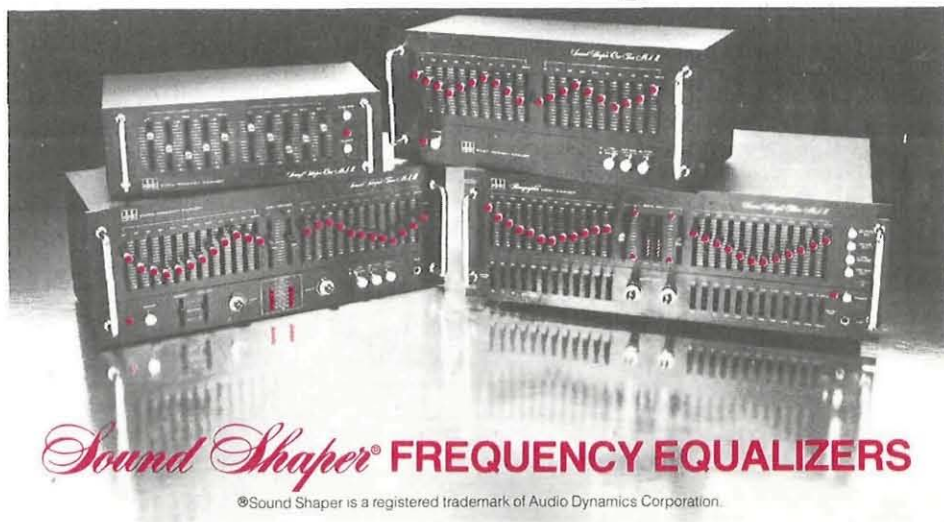
With an ADC Sound Shaper, you can. Want more vocal and less instrumentation? — You can have it. It's easy. And, the LED-lit slide controls available on most models make it even easier, because you can visually plot the equalization curve.

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

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

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

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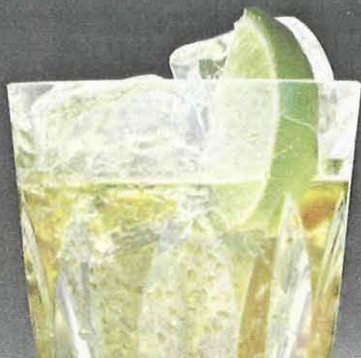
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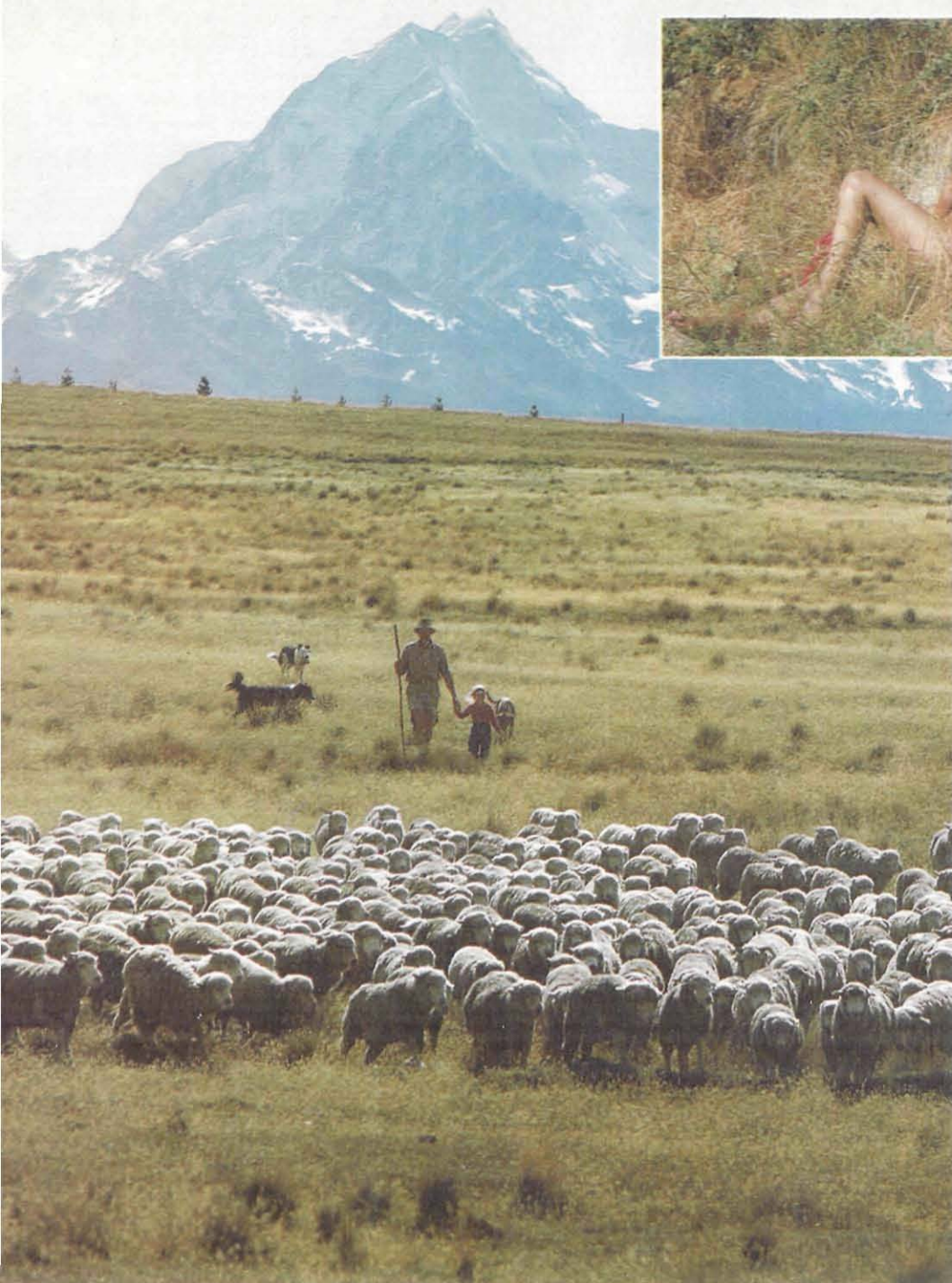
“9 to 5 I sell stocks.  
Weekends, I bust loose with my buddies & Cuervo.”



# BUST LOOSE! CUERVO & ROCKS



CUERVO ESPECIAL® TEQUILA, 60 PROOF  
IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1981 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.



**PEG** "The first time I had to get down on all fours I felt funny, but I got used to it and now I don't mind it at all," says Peg Briarcliff. Peg is a sheep lady. (That's her, third from the left, in the front row.) She wears a remarkably realistic sheep costume while watching over her flock on the big Mount Cook spread. "Sheep ladies keep the animals calm and look for potential trouble," says Peg. Sheep talk is simple. You just mimic them and they understand. You know, 'Baa, baa.'"

And what does Peg do for fun? "Go out with shepherds, of course. Did you know they're all terrific musicians and singers? They don't play those silly pipes anymore. They're all into rock 'n' roll."

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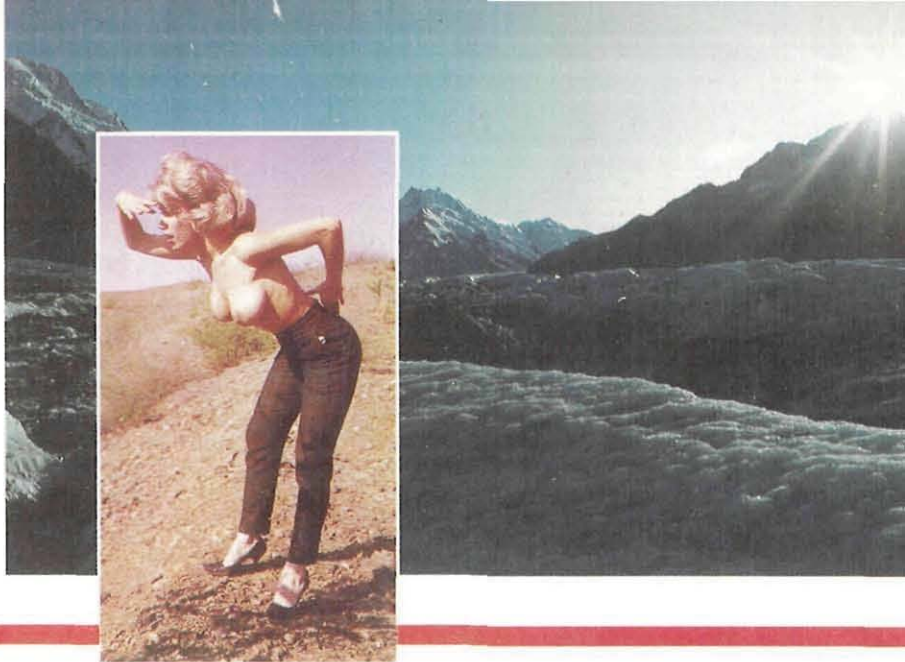
# Girls of New Zealand



# JO

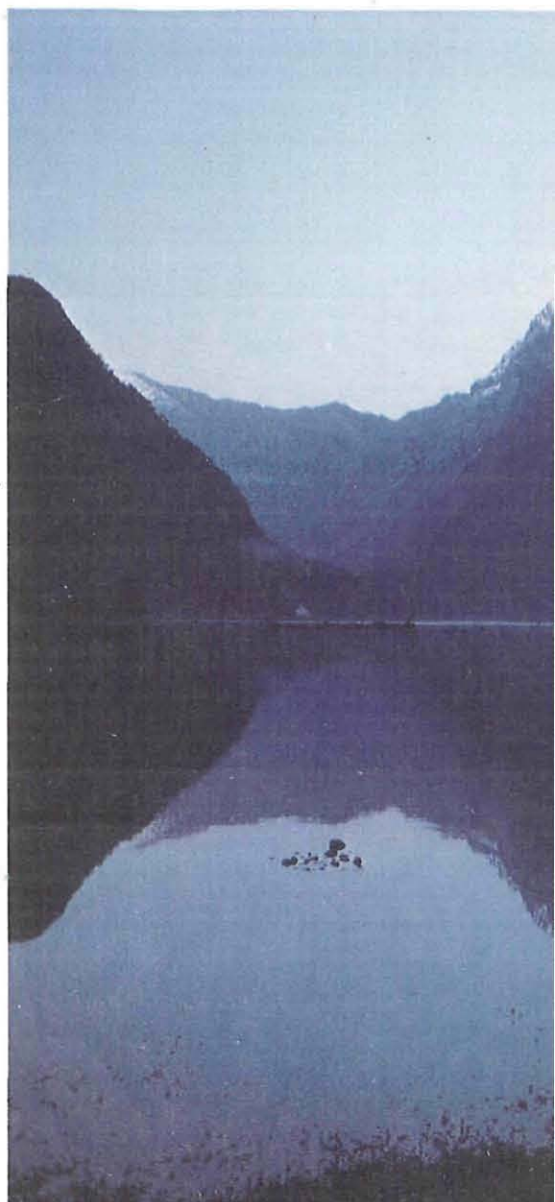
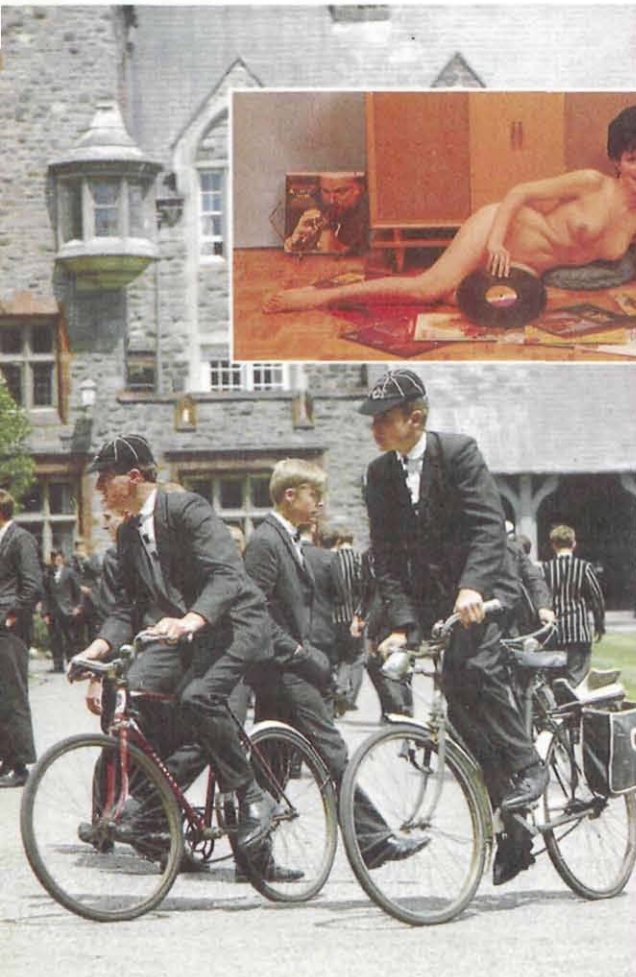
"When it stops being fun, I'll quit. But right now I'm having a swell time," says Jo McCullough, one of New Zealand's winningest snow wrestlers. Jo works the glacier circuit in the Southern Alps, attracting scores of spectators who are ferried in by plane.

Jo ridicules the myth that snow wrestlers catch more colds and are more susceptible to lung and bronchial ailments. "Just the opposite. Once you get used to it, it's the cleanest, healthiest sport in the world. You just have to know when to stop. When our skin puckers up and we start turning blue, the show's over."



# NAN

Nan Sedgewick works the night shift at Christ's College 24-Hour All-Night Deli. "Actually, it's off campus. The school authorities frown on the place," says Nan, "but where else can the kids get a bag of chips, a pack of fags, or some lamb jerky at three o'clock in the morning?"

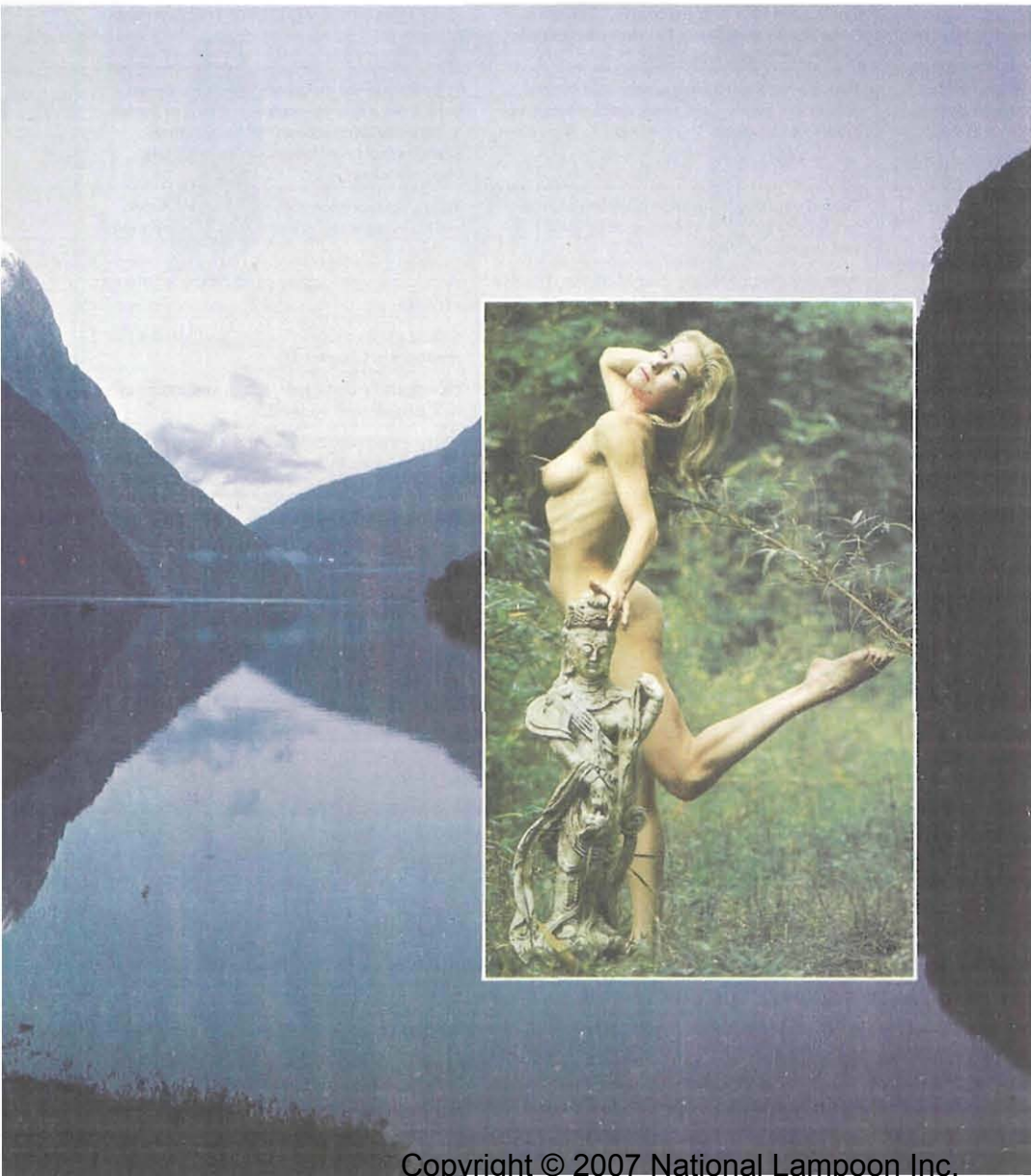
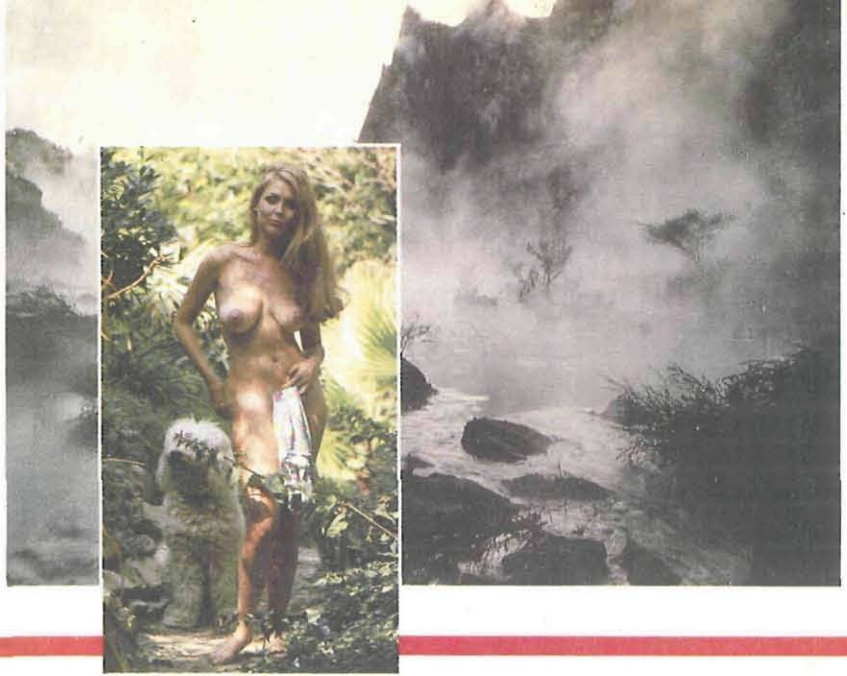


# ROZ

"Mud is mud, no matter how good it is for you," says Roz Chuzzlewit. "You'll need plenty of soap and a good bath when you're through." Roz is head towel girl at the Maori village of Whakarewarewa, the center of New Zealand's curative mud baths.

We like Roz's no-nonsense approach to her job and her fearsome reputation for never losing a towel. "The only towel thief I lost last year got away in the middle of a volcano eruption, and he died," says Roz.

Do any of the towel girls ever get dragged into the mud by the bathers? "It's hard to tell, because it's so steamy, but I'm sure it happens."



# LIZ

How did a court stenographer from Auckland become a taffy dancer on the fjords of Milford Sound? Luck and pluck. "My boyfriend dared me to answer this ad for taffy dancers to work at the *Green Poodle*, a party boat that cruises the sound," says Liz Dunwiddie. "I was nervous, but once I let go I got really turned on."

Liz takes a positive attitude toward her work. "People ask me if I'm ashamed or embarrassed about what I do, and my answer is absolutely not. I make people feel good. I don't see any harm in that."

# SIN SUNDRIES

An Omnium-gatherum, Hash, and Gallimaufry of the Peccable, Flagitious, and Blameworthy Sort

by Brian McCormick, P. J. O'Rourke, and Michael Civitello

(who will spend 1,874,540 years in purgatory)

(who will spend 45,345,624,378 years in purgatory)

(who will go straight to hell)

## IN SINS

The Shifting Sins of Time

### '50s

Dropping aspirin into your date's Coca-Cola to loosen her up for the prom.

Peeking at your dad's copy of *Nudist Health and Nature News* that he keeps under his old shirts in the bedroom closet.

Using such words and phrases as "g.d.," "bull flop," "f.u.," and "bite me."

Taking a shit on the school's new photostatic-copier machine and sending copies to all the members of the school board.

Taking your dad's Ford Bel-Air on a sod-busting tour of the neighborhood's front yards.

Accidentally unloading your grandfather's shotgun into the aquarium in the living room.

Killing a horse and leaving the carcass in the dean's office.

Having sunburn all over your body.

Getting married in Las Vegas and divorced in Reno.

Buying a small German car.

Fucking your best friend's wife.

### '60s

Dropping acid into your collective's Kool-Aid vat to mellow everyone out before the big encounter with the pigs.

Peeking at your parents' copy of *Time* to see if it covered the demo.

Using such words and phrases as "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh / NLF is going to win," "People's Party knows the score / Eat the rich, feed the poor," and "Crush the state."

Taking a hatchet to Dow Chemical's central computer complex and suing them when it explodes in your face.

Taking your dad's business plane on a mission to Cuba to help the Venceremos Brigade harvest sugarcane.

Accidentally unloading your M-16 into the day officer's chest.

Killing a professor and leaving the corpse in the college president's office.

Having lice all over your body.

Getting a girl pregnant at a rock festival and getting her an abortion in Puerto Rico.

Buying a small German machine pistol.

Fucking your best friend.

### '70s

Dropping belladonna under your lead actress's contacts to make her eyes dilate, but she dies, so you keep shooting anyway and the movie goes gorilla at the box office.

Peeking at the last page of a novelization before going to see the film.

Using such words and phrases as "bottom line," "play-or-pay deal," and "six points above prime."

Transferring the assets of a major European bank from a money-market account in Zurich to your checking account in the Cayman Islands via an Apple home-computer telephone hookup.

Taking your corporation's Lear jet to Aspen and charging it to "research and development."

Accidentally unloading your duck gun into an ex-wife.

Killing a television-series deal and leaving the producer in Chapter 11.

Having three black girls, a dog, and a tube of K-Y jelly all over your body.

Getting divorced in Haiti and getting custody of the children in a vicious, disgusting court fight.

Buying a small German boy.

Suing your best friend's ass off.

## ARE THE SINS OF THE FATHER VISITED UPON THE SONS?

Consider the Kennedy Family

THE FATHER

THE SONS



Fascist asshole

Dead.

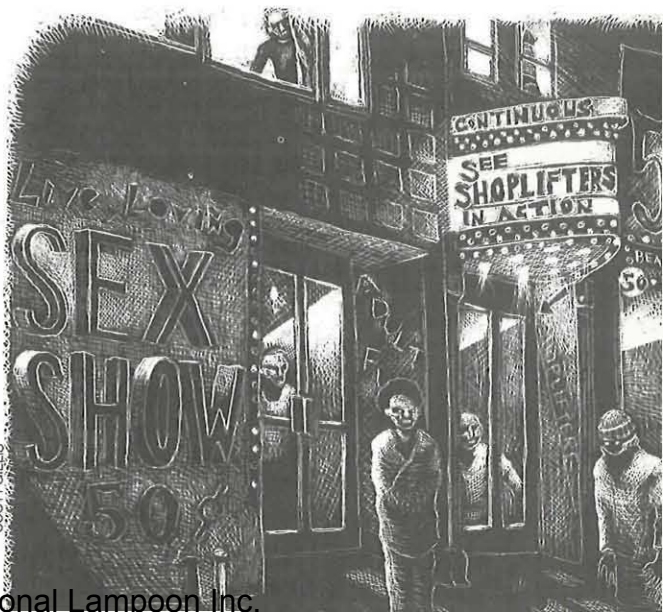
Dead.

Dead.

A bum.

## HECK ON EARTH

Heck is a place where God sends people when they say things like "Aw, shoot" instead of "Shit." Visionaries see it as a warm cloakroom, or perhaps a bus terminal at 3:00 A.M. in August.





## HOW NAKED ARE GIRLS ALLOWED TO GET?

According to *What Religion Their Parents Are*

TRAILER-CAMP  
PROTESTANT



A nice girl is never completely naked except in the bathtub, and even then she should wear a shower cap.

PICKET-FENCE  
PROTESTANT



Naked? Why would anyone be naked? Doesn't she have clothes? Aren't there charities for this sort of thing?

CATHOLIC



She can get as naked as she wants, especially on a French beach, but she's not allowed to do anything about it or think anything about it, and neither is anyone else.

ORTHODOX  
JEWISH



She can get naked, too, but nobody wants to see her naked, so she keeps her clothes on.

REFORM  
JEWISH



She can get as naked as her cellulite allows.

HINDU



She can get naked in paintings or with her husband but not in front of a cow. Also she's not allowed to wash her caste mark off and redo it with Cover Girl "Really Red" or "Sun-Ripe Peach."

MOSLEM



There are no Moslem girls. Just men who dress up and wear veils.

RUSSIAN  
ORTHODOX



Who cares?

BUDDHIST



A good Buddhist will tell you that all girls are naked under their clothes.

TRINA ROBBINS

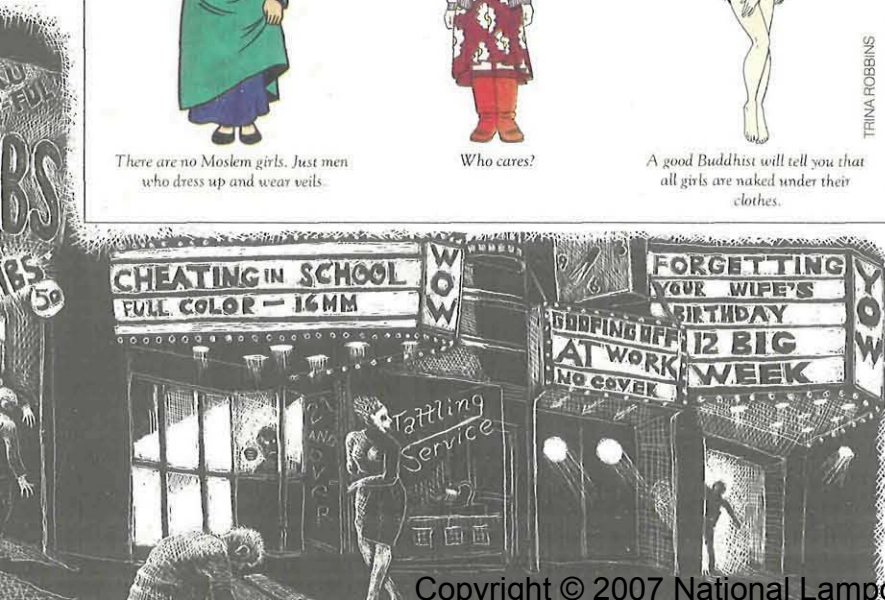
## THE LUTHERAN CHURCH: HERESY, OR WHAT?

The Lutheran Church was founded by the heretic Lex Luthor, arch enemy of Superman and author of the statement "Upon this rock I build my church." The rock, of course, was Kryptonite.

## CATHOLIC CORNER: QUESTIONS FOR QUIET TIME

Is it a sin to...

- ☞ play hide and seek in church?
- ☞ pretend your luminescent cross is an airplane while waiting in the confessional? Is it a worse sin if you pretend it's a MiG?
- ☞ pretend the confessional is a phone booth linked to heaven?
- ☞ wonder how saints can walk with magnetic dashboard pedestals on their feet?
- ☞ feed the saint's bone chip in your scapular to a starving dog?
- ☞ wonder whether mother superiors give birth to nuns?
- ☞ spread palm fronds on the gym floor before a CYO donkey basketball game?
- ☞ consider purgatory a microwave hell?
- ☞ go up to an usher at Mass and say, "Table for two, please?"
- ☞ pretend the cross is a crossbow with Christ as the arrow in a backyard game of Robin Hood and His Merry Men?
- ☞ light votive candles in such a way that they spell out the name of your pet dog?
- ☞ launch the pope into space without first launching a few test cardinals?
- ☞ go around with a joke-shop "third eye" stuck to your head on Ash Wednesday?
- ☞ tell your younger sister that the priest will put a stick of onion gum in her mouth on First Holy Communion Day, that the cardinal will hit her in the face with a pie on Confirmation Day, and that she was baptised with seltzer water because the priest thought she was a joke?
- ☞ think that Triscuits are the embodiment of the Holy Trinity?
- ☞ have a joy buzzer in your hand when the priest asks everyone to join hands at a folk mass?
- ☞ wonder if Siamese twins have Siamese souls?
- ☞ wonder if the road to heaven is paved with bad intentions?
- ☞ make a joke about converted rice being picked by Oriental Catholics?



## HINT FOR SINNERS

If you've committed too many sins to get into heaven, or even purgatory, here's a way of avoiding hell:

Dress up in a vaudeville-pantomime horse outfit while on your death bed. Get a friend to help you by dressing in the portion you don't choose to wear. If your friend doesn't want to die with you, dress in the front portion of the outfit, die, then go to animal heaven and tell God you're a horse that was run over by a truck. It may be only animal heaven, but it's better than hell.

## PORNOGRAPHY 1980s STYLE

It used to be a sin to look at dirty pictures, but now it's considered healthy, sort of. Anyway, it's not really a sin—these days you can look at practically anything without it being a sin. In fact there are only three things left that are still sinful to look at: 1) the page after the page you're on in an S.A.T. exam, 2) the original price of an item hidden under a new price sticker at the supermarket, 3) the place in the back of the bedroom closet where your kid hides his dope.



*Old-fashioned pornography.*

GLOBE PHOTOS INC.

## THE SIN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

*In the Major Western Faiths*

### ITS CONSEQUENCES

THE SIN	JEWISH	EPISCOPALIAN	BAPTIST	CATHOLIC
INTERFAITH MARRIAGE	Mother screams, father moans, relatives sit Shiva in the dining room.	Fine as long as she can play tennis and doesn't mind staying home during the annual Hunt Club ball.	Hell. Stuck there with all the Jews and Catholics forever, without any pickup trucks to help get you out.	Impossible. There is no other faith.
MASTURBATION	Obsessive search for warts. Nervous breakdown. Death if done while reading Philip Roth.	Sex with the only social equal in town.	Turns you idiot-minded if you fool with it a lot.	A mortal sin. An unacceptable form of birth control. Ten "Hail, Mary"s, two "Our Father"s, and acne.
BESTIALITY	"There aren't enough Negroes in town? You have to find a chicken?"	Worse than asking for catsup at La Côte Basque; a mortal sin. Go to hell. I mean, really. So untidy.	Boys will be boys. Not half so bad as pantsing the minister's son, tying him to a fence post, and turning a suckling calf loose on him.	Acceptable if animal is Catholic and issue of such union is raised a Catholic.
PREMARRITAL SEX	Death if performed with a Jewish girl, unless you marry her right away. Giggle and a smirk if girl is Catholic.	No sin. The sanest and most rational way for Kip and Melissa to get to know one another. One should always consult one's investment bankers before rushing into things.	If you're going to fuck her, you can't marry her. If you're going to marry her, you can't fuck her. Plain and simple.	Eternal damnation if you even <i>think</i> about it. Worse if you do it. Even worse if you do it with another person.
DRUNKENNESS	Jews do not get drunk. It interferes with suffering.	Distasteful but necessary in a high-powered world such as ours. Dewar's on the rocks is most acceptable.	Get you into hell quicker than card playing or mixed dancing. The next worse thing to being sober.	No sin. Compulsory in Ireland. Optional in civilized world.
HOMOSEXUALITY	Death while listening to Bette Midler.	A viable alternative and truly understood by parents who wish to know more about life-style. Mother then accidentally suffers a Valium overdose.	Bad even if he's white. Death behind the Tastee-Freeze.	Eternal damnation and/or entrance into Jesuit order.
INTRARRACIAL MARRIAGE	Better to fuck a chicken; at least it won't tell the neighbors. Death, death, death, then more death.	You can marry into money, but you can't marry out of it.	The sin of sins. Tied to the back of a Chevy and dragged through town.	Size and color of lips is unimportant, as long as they can move in order to say, "Hail, Mary."
DISOBEYING PARENTS	Leukemia, maybe tuberculosis, for defying the people who struggled to make you what you are today. Unhappiness forever.	A healthy and good thing to do, unless they control the trust fund.	Belt buckle implanted in cheek, nose, ears, and mouth. Make you think twice next time, Bo.	You get spanked by the Mother of God and sent to bed without a Last Supper.
DIVORCE	Good thing if the girl is Christian and/or a slob. Welcome back.	No sin. Healthy growth experience. Good thing to write a book about.	Not a real sin if she's the cheating kind. Good topic for a country-western song.	Barred from heaven. Eternal purgatory because she burned the toast.

# SIN SUNDRIES

## THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS, THEN AND NOW

THEN



PRIDE

NOW



BEING CENTERED

THEN



GLUTTONY

NOW



CONSUMERISM



WRATH



BEING OUT FRONT WITH YOUR EMOTIONS



AVARICE



TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS



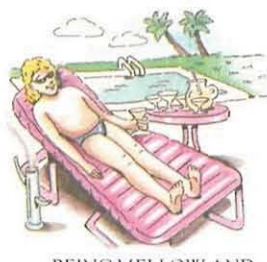
ENVY



HAVING TOGETHER CAREER GOALS



SLOTH



BEING MELLOW AND LAID-BACK



LUST



SENSUALITY

## WHAT JESUS WOULDN'T DO IN HIGH SCHOOL

*Jesus wouldn't...*

- make flocked bookends in the shape of Jimmy Page's guitar.
- change water into wine during a swim meet.
- do a book report on the Bible.
- give lowerclassmen chunky whirlies, purple Hermans, chunder parties, flying wedgies, suicide wedgies, Dutch rubs, or pink bellies.
- have the word GOD printed on his ID bracelet.
- let slow kids cheat off him just because he's omniscient.
- fudge chem-lab results when the magnesium coil doesn't dissolve into a purple gas in the beaker of sulfuric acid he forgot to clean before using.
- build a homecoming float around the theme of the prodigal son.
- fail to complete all assignments in the time allotted while remaining alert and chipper at all times.
- try out for the lead in the senior-class production of *Bye-Bye, Birdie*.
- help knock down the goalposts after his team won the homecoming game, because he wouldn't want the same thing done to his cross on his homecoming day.

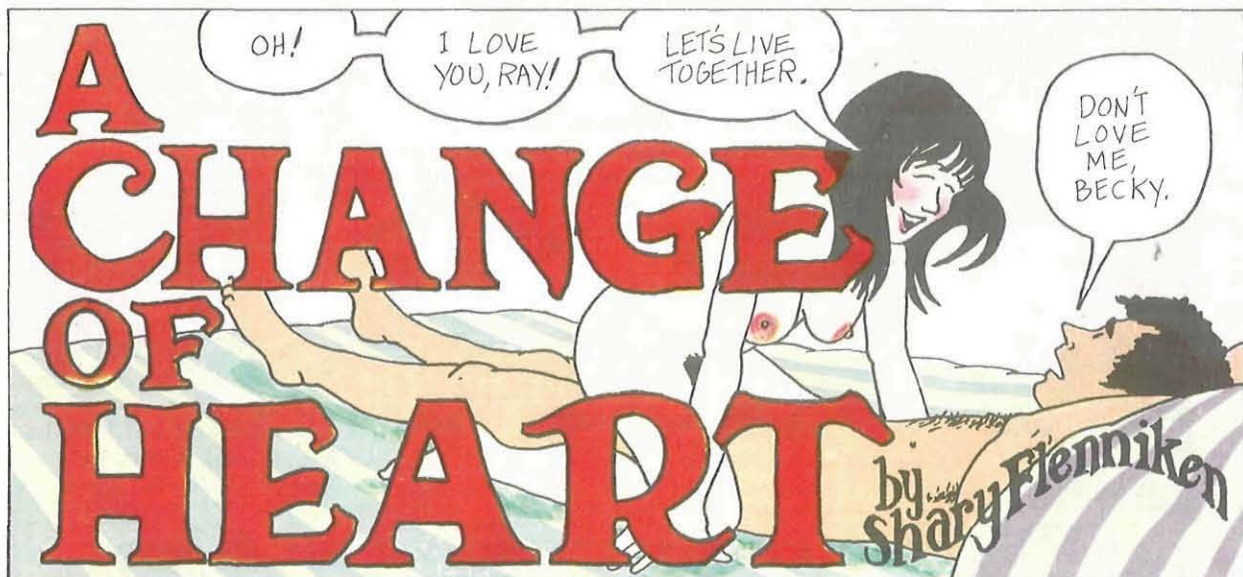
## EXERCISE

List the Seven Deadly Sins of Cancer

Example:

1. The sin of being a real bummer to your friends.
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_
6. \_\_\_\_\_
7. \_\_\_\_\_

THEN RANDALL ENOS NOW SUSAN FAIOLA



# A CHANGE OF HEART

by Shary Flenniken





CAN'T YOU TRY HARDER?

ALL THE OTHER GIRLS I'VE SLEPT WITH CAN DEEP THROAT.



THAT'S OKAY...

FORGET IT.

I THINK I'LL SEE MICHELLE FOR LUNCH TOMORROW... SHE'S GOOD AT THIS.



I DON'T WANT TO SLEEP WITH ANYBODY ELSE...

WHY DO YOU WANT TO SEE MICHELLE?



IT TURNS ME ON TO HAVE SEX WITH SOMEONE I DON'T RESPECT.

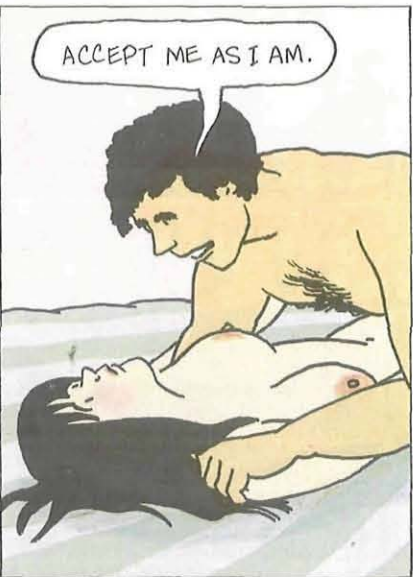


YOU WANT TO SCREW OTHER WOMEN...

BUT YOU NEVER WANT TO CUDDLE ME OR HOLD MY HAND.



YOU SAY YOU DON'T WANT US TO LIVE TOGETHER, BUT YOU COME OVER TO MY PLACE ALL THE TIME TO EAT AND WATCH T.V.



ACCEPT ME AS I AM.



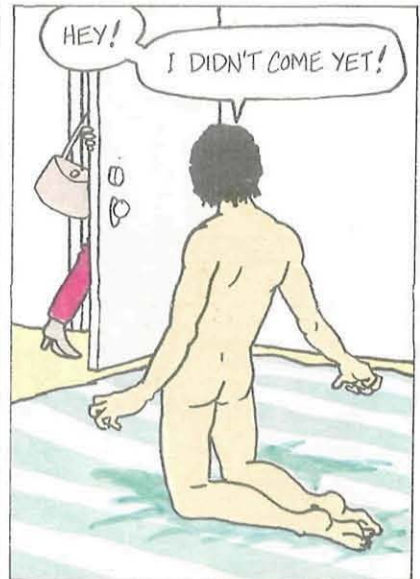
I DON'T WANT TO ACCEPT YOU... I WANT TO GET MARRIED AND HAVE BABIES.

THAT'S WHAT ALL WOMEN WANT.



YOU'RE NOT TURNED ON ENOUGH...

YOU NEED SOME LOVE OIL.



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

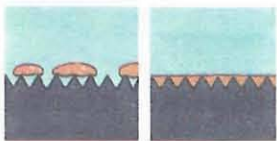
THE SCOTCH® RECORD CARE SYSTEM. IT CLEANS,  
ANTI-STATS AND REDUCES FRICTION—ALL IN ONE STEP.

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

## The System.

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

## Super-wetting action deep-cleans grooves.



Artist's representation  
Water-based record-cleaning solutions bead up on the grooves (left). Sound Life with super-wetting action deep-cleans grooves (right).

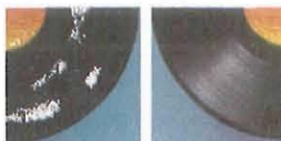
If your present cleaning solution beads up on the record surface, it may not be getting the job done.

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

## As it cleans, it wipes out static.

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

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



(Left) Foam beads are attracted to static charge left on record after cleaning with a leading record cleaner. Same record (right) after one treatment with Sound Life fluid with anti-static action.

## Friction reduction's a plus.

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

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

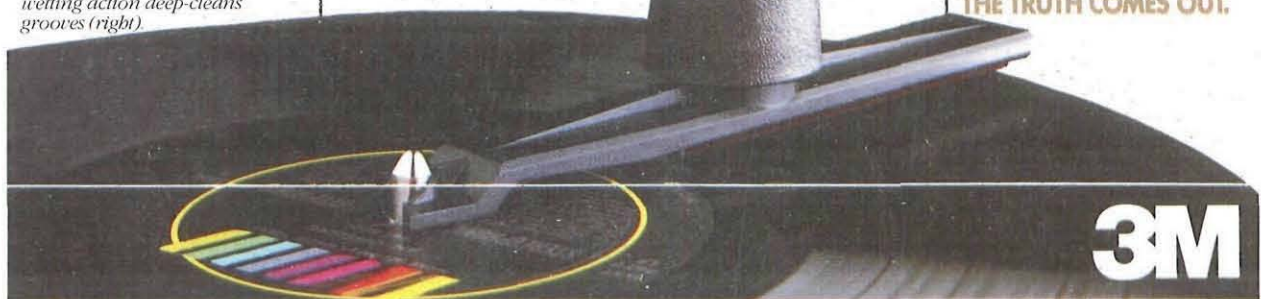
## Better stereo performance.

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

All of the tech data we've used to back up these statements is available free. Write to Home Entertainment Products Department, 3M Company, 3M Center, St. Paul, MN 55144. Ask for report C-242.



SCOTCH®  
RECORD CARE SYSTEM.  
THE TRUTH COMES OUT.



# 3M

# THE ROAD TO DAMNATION

by P.J. O'Rourke and E. Banfield

DANGER!  
Bridge of Publicity

MORGAN  
GUARANTY  
BANK

EXPRESS LIMOUSINE SERVICE  
for those pursuing a career  
in politics only

MARRYING FOR  
MONEY

DINNER AT 21

PRIORITY  
DEALS  
LOAN  
DEFERALS  
WORTHLESS  
STOCKS

SHADY BUSINESS PRACTICES

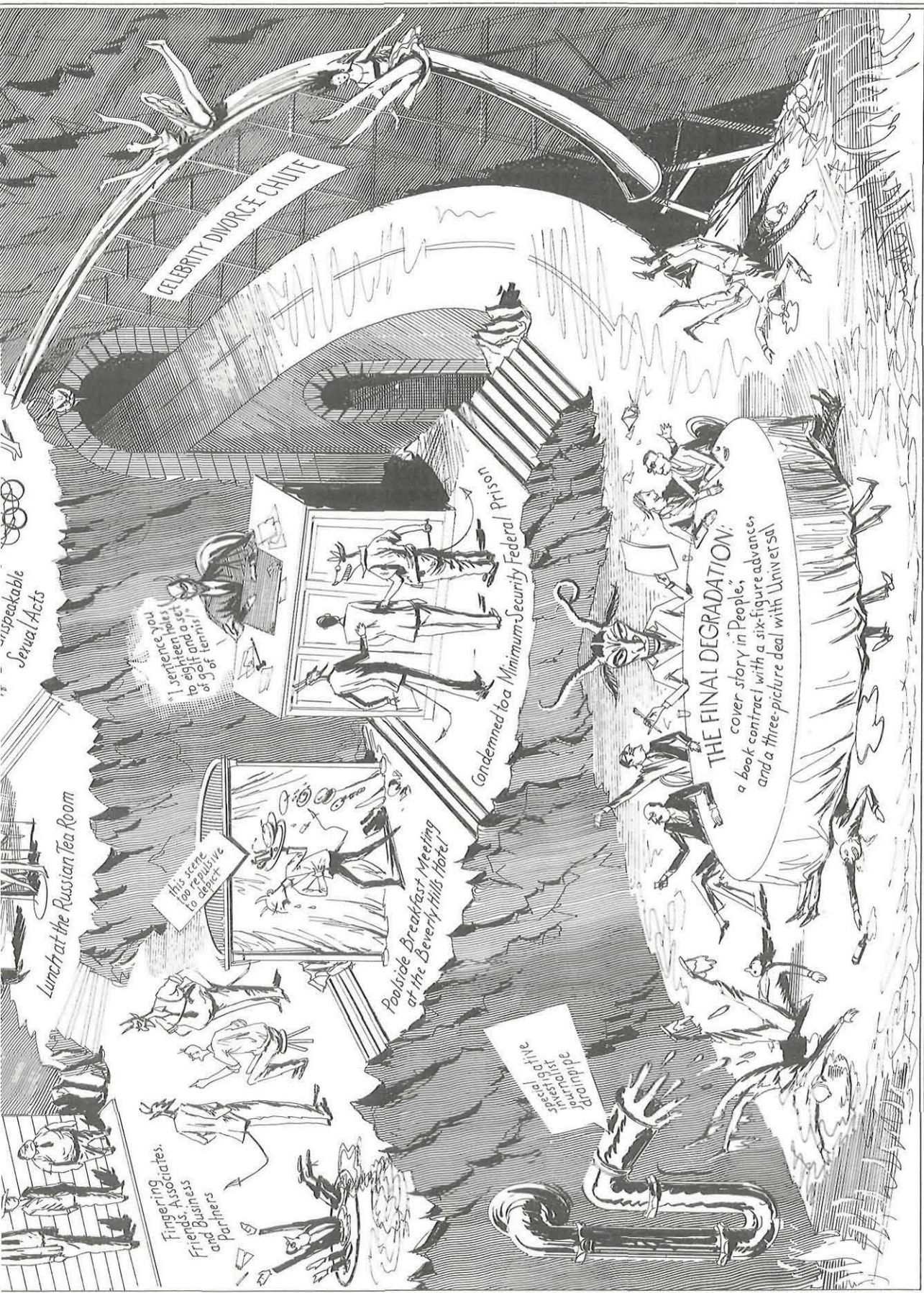
Crowded Tax  
Shelters  
Stolen Bonds  
Padded  
Expense  
Accounts  
SPURIOUS  
BANKRUPTCY

AN  
EVENING at VENON

A Good Table of Estates for those who are  
Virtuous, such as the Author

STAYING UP  
ALL NIGHT  
TAKING HORRIBLE  
DRUGS





Unspeakeable Sexual Acts

Lunch at the Russian Tea Room

Fingerling Associates, Friends and Business Partners

This scene too repulsive to depict

Poolside Breakfast Meeting at the Beverly Hills Hotel

Condemned to a Minimum-security Federal Prison

Special Interrogative drumpipe

CELEBRITY DIVORCE CHUTE

THE FINAL DEGRADATION:  
cover story in People,  
a book contract with a six-figure advance,  
and a three-picture deal with Universal

# King Biscuit's Radio Concerts Break Into The New Year

JANUARY

1981

SUN

MON

TUES

WED

THURS

FRI

SAT



1

2

3

4

**ROCKPILE**

SECONDS OF PLEASURE

including:  
Teacher Teacher/Wrong Again (L)  
When I Write The Book/You Ain't No  
If Sugar Was As Sweet As

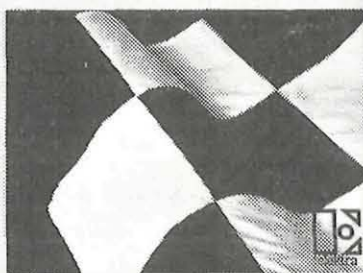
11



In Concert 1/11/81

18

**THE CARS**



**PANORAMA**

In Concert 1/18/81

**JETHRO TULL**

10

17

24

25

28

30

31

Please check local listings for the KING BISCUIT station in your town for the exact time and date.

**DIR**

**Rocks Your World**

DIR BROADCASTING CORPORATION 445 Park Avenue New York, New York 10022 (212) 371-6850

# SLEAZY SINS

BY JOHN BENDEL

## ATTEMPTED SEX IN MEXICO

¶ "I TAKE YOU TO A GOOD place out of town where you get laid, meester," said the cab driver. "There are preeety girls there, you will see. We go, no?"

He had seen me walking across the bridge from El Paso. I was carrying an old brown suitcase with a belt strung between the brackets where the original handle had been. I had hitchhiked to Juarez hoping to get laid in that fabled Mexican border town.

"Uh. Okay," I said, being very new at this.

As the Chevy took off into the hot summer night the cabbie explained the deal.

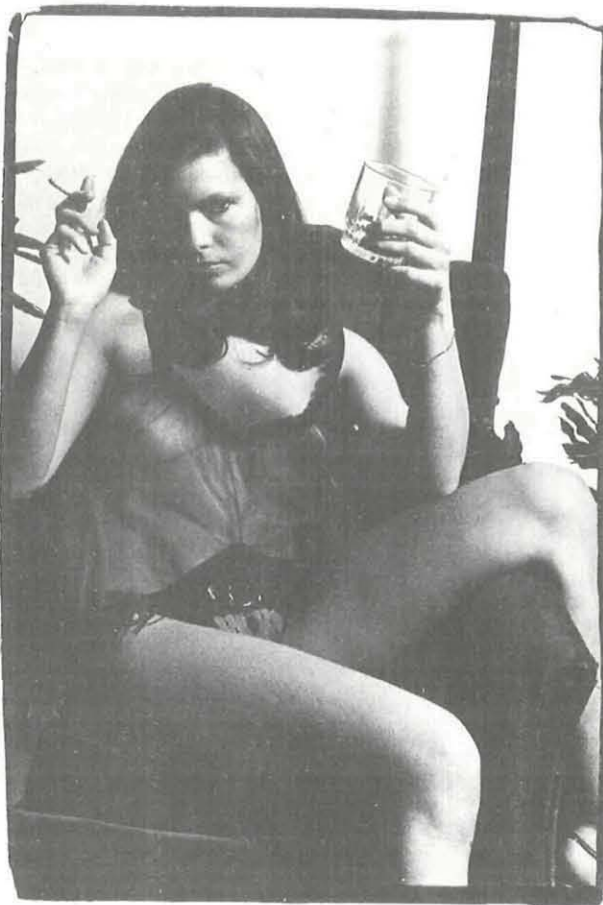
"You pay me five dollars. I wait for you and breeng you back to the breedge. Okay?"

It sounded like a long ride and a lot of waiting for five dollars, but dollars went a long way in 1960. Besides, I had at least twenty bucks on me.

"Uh, okay," I answered, and just in time, too. He pulled into a driveway that led to a low building with a covered entryway. Three other taxis were parked there, with the drivers sitting on trunk lids and hoods, talking. Juarez must be a very small town for us to be out of it already, I thought.

"We are here," announced the cabbie. "You going to have a good time. You can leave suitcase here. I watch eet for you."

"Uh. Well. I think I'll take it with me," I said, sus-



picious that he might just be after my last change of socks.

"You the boss," he shrugged.

Inside was an old-fashioned bar and ten or eleven whores draped languorously on overstuffed furniture amid a haphazard display of wilted houseplants.

"Dreenk, meester?" asked the bartender, looking at my suitcase.

"Beer," I answered. I hated beer, but I would have been ashamed to order Pepsi. Meanwhile, I nervously surveyed the women. My eyes fell on a small, round-eyed beauty who promptly came over to the

bar. All of a sudden my knees felt weak.

"Buy me dreenk?" she asked.

"Sure," I said, trying to keep from giggling, wetting my pants, or throwing up. My crotch started to tingle like a sleeping limb, and I tried to swallow some of my beer while the bartender poured for the senorita.

"Seex dollars," said the bartender, but it didn't register right away. Six bucks. I gave him one of the two ten-dollar bills in my wallet, but when I put the change back in the billfold I must have stared too long, because the senorita tapped my arm and asked if I really wanted to finish my beer or

could we go to her room now? I put away my wallet and picked up my suitcase.

"No sleep here," she said, pointing at the suitcase. "Leave here." So I slid the suitcase behind a planter, as though it would somehow be hidden from the dozen or so people who watched me put it there. I followed the girl down a wide hallway to a nurse, who put down the paperback book she was reading and looked at me. I looked back. There was a pause.

"Show your deek," said the senorita, finally. I fought back the nagging feeling that this wasn't going to work out and produced my limp tool for the lady in white, who gave it a cursory once-over and waved us on. In the room, the senorita gestured for me to sit on the bed; then she sat next to me and began rubbing my dick through my pants.

"What you want?" she asked. It was the first time it even occurred to me that there might be a choice.

"Oh, you know," I stammered, "to fuck." But even as I answered, I remembered the sight of that lone ten-dollar bill left in my wallet and the four singles the bartender had given me as change. Fourteen bucks. And I still owed the cab driver five. That left me with nine dollars, and I hadn't gotten laid yet.

"Okay," she said. "You give me twenty dollars."

"I don't have twenty dollars," I told her.

"How much you have?" she asked.

"Nine dollars."

"Okay," she said, smiling. "Nine dollars, okay?"

But it wasn't okay. I still had to get either to Los Angeles, where I had a thirty-five-dollar savings account, or all the way back to Newark, New Jersey. Hitchhiking was cheap, but food cost money, and it finally dawned on me that I couldn't afford to get laid. I had spent my money on warm beer and a two-minute taxi ride.

"I have to go," I said.

"Okay," she shrugged. "Seven dollars, okay?"

"No, I really have to go."

"Okay, seven dollars and I give you around the world."

The taxi driver was surprised to see me so soon.

"You queek man," he said when he dropped me off at the El Paso bridge. I took my suitcase and walked back to the United States.

## THE BALTIMORE BALLET

I WAS IN A TOPLESS BAR in Baltimore where hostesses let you buy them drinks, but the hostess who latched on to me was at least sixty years old, maybe older, and she had her long, flat tits laid out on an incredible device that held them straight out from her body, kind of like a shelf under her sweater. She asked me if I liked her tits, and when she turned around they almost hit me. I could have gotten cut or something, so I left the bar and decided to take in a burlesque show. Baltimore had lots of those, even in 1959. As it happened, there was one right next door to the bar.

Inside the theater it was so dark that, for a moment, I could see almost nothing. A pale red spotlight showed an empty stage with a low table in one corner with a record player on it. Someone in the first row flicked on a flashlight he was carrying and swept the stage with it.

"Come on!" a voice

*She put on an anonymous rhythm-and-blues number and in no time at all she was naked but for a G-string and two pasties.*

called out. "Start the show!"

Another flashlight came on in the front row and searched the wings of the stage.

"Hey, whaddaya say!" came another voice. "Let's go!"

Now there was a general clamor for the show to start, and I could hear that there were more people in the theater than I had thought. Slowly my eyes got

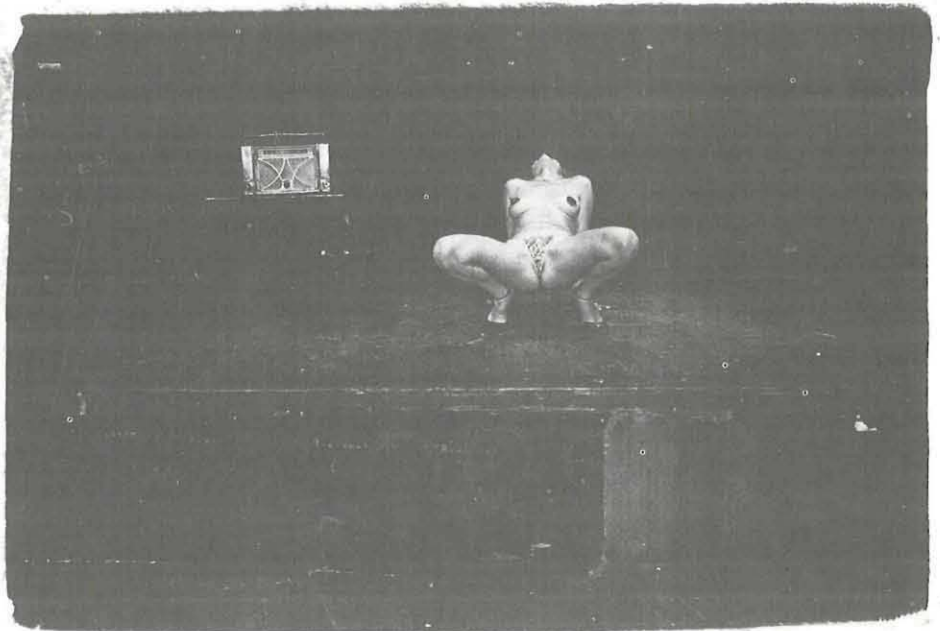
phonograph and danced across the stage to Mantovani playing "Autumn Leaves." Obviously, she took her ballet very seriously. But when "Autumn Leaves" was over, she went back to the record player and put on an anonymous rhythm-and-blues number. In no time at all she was naked but for a G-string and two pasties.

She let the record play again as she picked up the

audience gave her a big hand.

The next dancer wasn't as cooperative.

She was a broad-shouldered black woman whose muscles rippled under a sheer gown while she danced through two numbers without getting down to G-string and pasties. When a third number was half over without any hint of a strip, the audience grew restless.



used to the dark and I could make out men sitting as far as five rows from the stage, though only the first two rows were filled. I groped my way to a seat in the fourth row and sat down.

With a rustling of crinkly fabric a dancer bounded onto the stage. She was dressed in a puffy ballet outfit, too big for her, and she carried a record and a towel under her arm. Her hair was dyed fire-engine red and she had close-set eyes. Her nose somehow curved to the right at the same time it turned up. She would have made a fair Irish setter except for the nose.

She put a record on the

pieces of her ballet outfit from the stage, put them by the record player, and got her towel, which she laid out neatly at center stage. Then she lay on the towel and began writhing to the music with her crotch to the audience.

That's when I found out what the flashlights were for. The public-spirited men in the first row brought their own lighting to augment the poor illumination provided by the theater. They shined the flashlights directly on the dancer's privates, urging her to pull aside the G-string so that they could get a better look. She obliged, and the

"Hey, come on!" called someone to my left. "Let's get this show on the road!"

"Take it off!" yelled someone else.

The lady stopped dancing and strode over to the record player. She turned it off, then came to center stage, put her meaty hands on her hips, and told off the audience.

"If you don' like da show, you can leave!" she said with a scowl. "Meantime, if you stayin', you all shut up!"

"Show us some pussy!" came a voice from the back of the theater, and a general clamor arose again as the patrons chanted for more

action.

"Shut up, you assholes!" shouted the dancer. "I is goin' to stan' right here until you learn how to ac' when I dance!"

The hubbub faded, but the guy to my left couldn't keep quiet. "At least show us your tits while we're waiting!" he called out.

"Who said dat?" she demanded; then she jumped from the stage into the audience. She marched up and down the aisle for a minute.

"Ain't nothin' happenin' around here until I find out who said dat," she announced. That's when I realized that this might drag on for a long time.

"Oh, shit," I mumbled to myself, but she heard me.

"You!" she hollered, pushing her way down my row. When she got to me, she lifted me out of my seat by the collar and told me I was an asshole shithead and a few other things. I told her I hadn't said anything but "Oh, shit." She told me to shut up.

Finally, she dropped me back into my seat and paraded back onto the stage, where she finally took it off. But she was still mad, so she wouldn't show her pussy to the guys with the flashlights. She told them it was my fault, and when they started shining their lights on me, I left.

## SCORING IN NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

I HADN'T BEEN SCORING, so my friend Eddie said he'd help me get laid.

"How about Barbara?" he said, gesturing down the bar, where she was sipping a beer. "She'll take us both on."

Barbara was bottom heavy and wore pants that accentuated her poor weight distribution. Her face wasn't fat, but it was plain. She had empty brown eyes, and up close her pores were huge. But when she

*Barbara wasn't happy to see me, but she motioned me inside, and soon we were in her bed. She bucked just like Eddie said.*

fucked, according to Eddie, she wrapped her legs around you and bucked like a steam hammer, moaning and hissing between her clenched teeth. It sounded good to me.

Eddie motioned me to follow him outside.

"We'll wait for her in her apartment," he told me on the street. "She'll go home soon to check on the kids."

Barbara lived across the street in the basement of the three-family frame house where Eddie lived with his mother and father. Her husband, Phil, worked at a religious retreat in the mountains and spent weekends away at the campgrounds.

The back door was unlocked. Eddie led the way through the dark kitchen, signaling with a finger to his lips that we had to be careful not to wake the two sleeping babies in the bedroom off to the right. We made it through the kitchen without a sound, but in the doorway of the tiny living room Eddie stopped and stood perfectly still. Inside, in the general area of the sofa, a cigarette glowed in the dark.

"Barbara?" a voice called from the living room. It was a deep, man's voice, somehow familiar, but not Phil's, thank God.

"Tony?" said Eddie. I thought it was a voice I knew.

There was no answer.

"Is that you, Tony?" Eddie asked again.

"Hi, Eddie," Tony finally replied. "What's new?"

Tony was married to Eddie's older sister, Kay, and because of the difference in their ages, Tony had always seemed more like an uncle to Eddie than a brother-in-law. Their whispered conversation was stiff and full of pauses. They both

claimed to have dropped by to see Phil, and each feigned surprise that he wasn't home.

We all felt our way out the back door into the small paved yard and said goodbye. Tony disappeared around the corner onto Verona Avenue while Eddie and I lurked in the shadows for a minute or two. Then we went back to Barbara's apartment. We went in through the back door

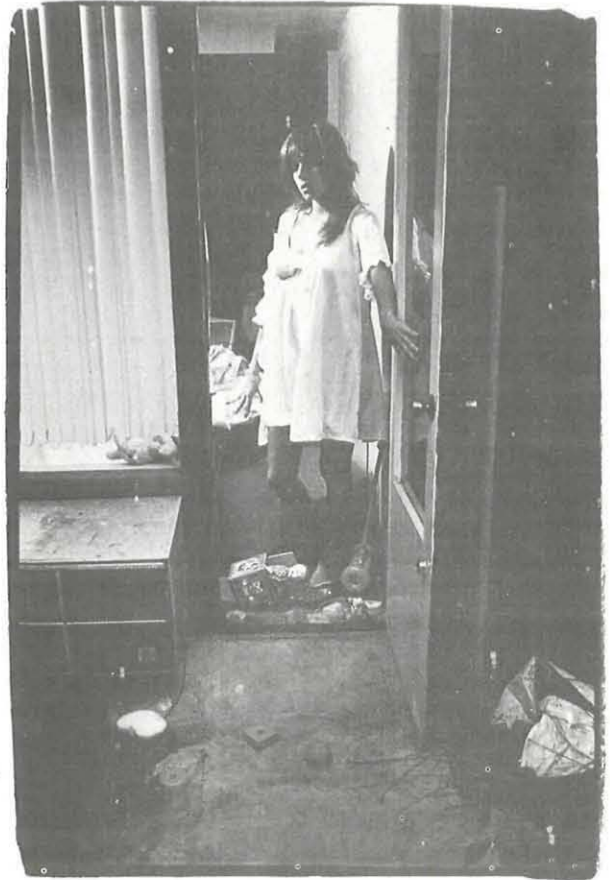
kitchen stopped and there was silence.

"Eddie?" came a voice from the kitchen finally.

It was Tony again.

Out in the yard, Tony and Eddie grinned at each other this time. They made an agreement not to rat on each other.

"Two of you," said Tony, looking over at me. "Ya know, you guys gotta have big balls to come over here in twos."



again and sat down on the sofa to wait in the dark for Barbara.

We had only been there a minute or two when we heard the back door open, then footsteps in the kitchen. But the kitchen light didn't come on.

Oh, shit, I thought, it must be Phil.

"Barbara?" called Eddie, but the footsteps in the

But Barbara had walked across the street from Murphy's while we stood by her back door, and she had heard our conversation. She told us we were all scumbags, then she went inside and locked the door.

A few weeks later I met Eddie coming out of Murphy's on a Saturday night. He stopped when he saw me and snapped his fingers

as though struck with an inspiration.

"I've got a great idea!" he said. "Barbara's waiting for me across the street right now. Just go over there and tell her I couldn't make it. Tell her I sent you!"

I still hadn't gotten laid, so I went.

Barbara wasn't happy to see me instead of Eddie, but she motioned me inside, and soon we were in her bed. She bucked just like Eddie said she did, and I kept falling out, but I would have come if Eddie hadn't sneaked into the apartment as a joke. He crawled up to the foot of the bed and tickled Barbara's feet.

She jumped up screaming and I fell to the floor. The noise woke the kids, which made her really mad. She kicked us both out and wouldn't talk to Eddie for almost a week.

I lost a good pair of Fruit of the Loom briefs there that night, and after that I was always afraid that Phil would ask me what brand of underwear I wore.

## PENNSYLVANIA STOOL PIGEON

"SHE'S A LOUSY LAY," said Tillman, pointing to a girl across the room near the bandstand. "But she'll screw anyone. Do you want to meet her?"

"Sure," I answered, because I was horny, as usual. "But why do you call her a lousy lay?"

"She just lays there, if you know what I mean. You've got to do all the work."

Tillman was one of those guys who knew all about women. We had been pals in high school, where he had apparently gained his knowledge of women. He always seemed smooth and confident. Tillman winked at the girl and motioned for her to join us. She politely disengaged herself from a conversation with two girl friends and

*We parked in the back of the drive-in, hooked up the speakers, and without much in the way of formalities began to make out.*

threaded her way across the room.

The band was on a break and no one had put on records yet, so the timing was just right. We could actually hear while Tillman introduced us. She was Judy Kramer; I was an old buddy from New Jersey who had driven to Pennsylvania for a weekend to see what college life was like.

"You have a car?" she smiled at me.

"A Packard," I said, "a

party as I was. So we talked for a respectable while, but when the band returned we went out to my car.

As desperate as I had been just minutes before, I was now suddenly confident and even a little condescending. Before we were too far down the highway, I was thinking of her not as the first action I had seen in weeks but as merely the first piece of a bountiful weekend. I should have taken her someplace nice to

normal. All the windows on the old Packard were rolled down, a detail that slipped our minds as one thing led to another and we moved to the backseat for more room.

The open windows mattered because, as it turned out, Tillman had Judy Kramer all wrong. Far from being a lousy lay who left me to do all the work, she was in there pitching, rubbing, fondling, and—when we got down to actual fucking—screaming her head off



1955 Packard. It's a little old, but it runs good."

So we started to talk about cars. Tillman edged away, paused for a few seconds, then gave me a knowing wink and left me alone with Judy Kramer.

Now, Judy Kramer was a good-looking girl, if you don't mind them a little asymmetrical. Neither her facial features nor her body components lined up perfectly, or perhaps there was an optical illusion to her countenance. Either way, it didn't matter much. She had character, was pleasant to talk to, and seemed as anxious to get out of the

talk. But, instead, I turned into the Half-Moon Drive-in Theater, where Marlon Brando was starring in *One-Eyed Jacks*.

Why make a big deal of it, I thought to myself. If she's a lousy lay, why not just do it here at the drive-in? Why spend money for drinks and a motel? Why not in the car? It made sense to me.

We parked in the back of the drive-in, hooked up the speakers, and without much in the way of formalities began to make out. It was May, not long before school would be over for the year, and it was warmer than

in ecstasy.

"Ooh, baby!" she hollered. "Fuck me good. Oh, wow! Fuck me!"

I don't think I've ever had a better time, but I realized something was wrong when Judy suddenly froze and went silent. While we were deeply involved, cars had been coming into the theater and filling the spaces around us. Now Judy was staring out the window into the backseat of a station wagon filled with pillows and little children in pajamas. But they were staring at us, not the movie, and so were their mom and dad.

*continued on page 73*

Bic side

Trac II side

We asked men to compare Bic, at under 25¢,  
and the expensive Trac II.

**"I can't tell  
the difference."**

We want you to know the surprising results of a recent test.  
Surprising to you, not us.

A random group of men were asked to compare the Bic  
shave and the more expensive Trac II® shave.

For fairness, the men were blindfolded and shaved by barbers.

*The result: 58% found the Bic shave equal to, or  
better than, the Trac II shave.*

Every consumer has the right to know this. It's not a  
claim, it's a hard fact.

**5** **Bic**  
**SHIVERS**

**Why pay the difference  
when there's no difference?**



# Temptations to Actual Sin\*

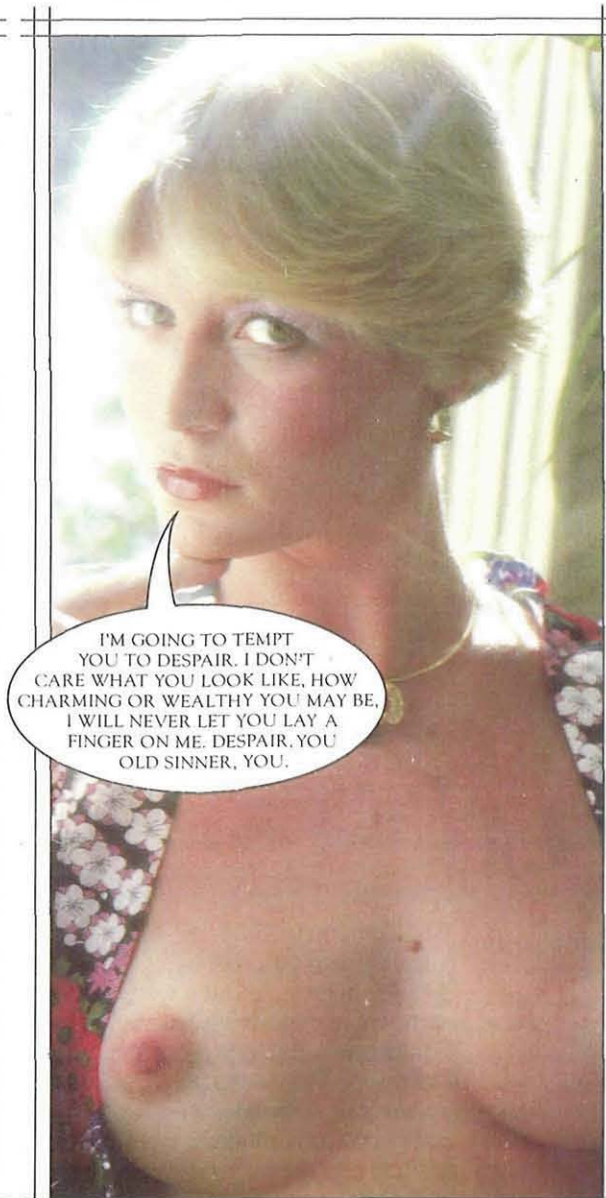
ALL MORTAL SINS!

ALL AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST!

Guaranteed to: Put You in the Power of the Devil!

Result in Temporal and Eternal Punishment!

Deprive You of Sanctifying Grace!

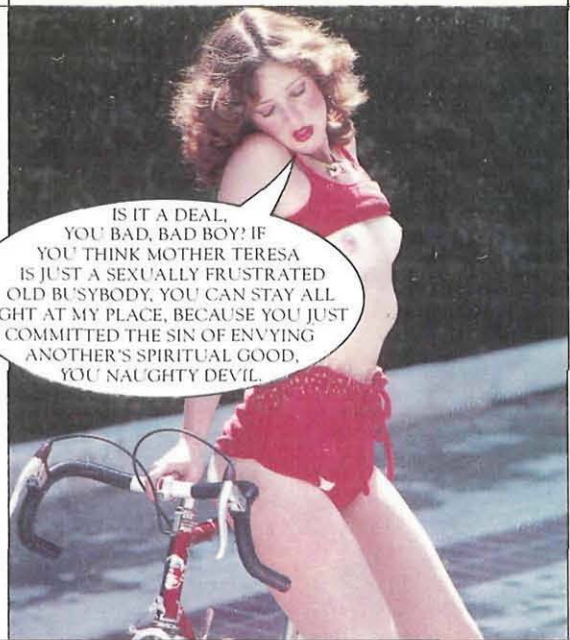


\*Actual sin is any willful thought, word, deed, or omission contrary to the will of God.

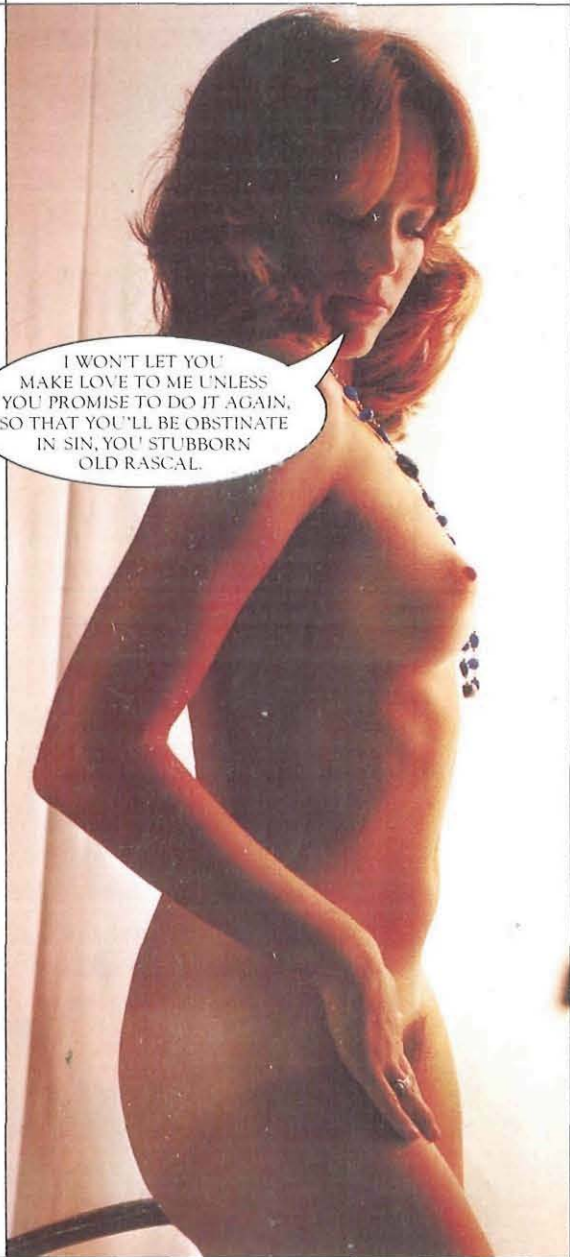




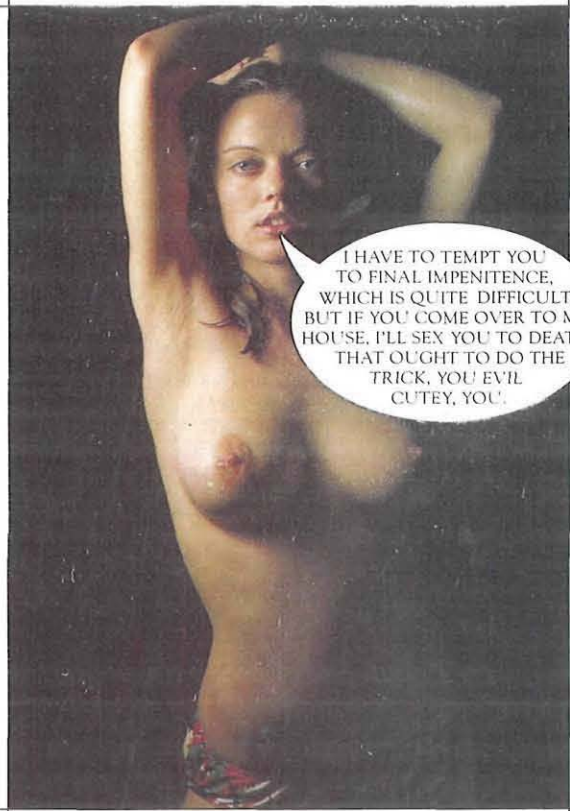
I'M GOING TO TEMPT YOU TO REJECT THE KNOWN TRUTH. IN FACT, IF YOU'LL SAY TWO PLUS TWO EQUALS FIVE, YOU MAY TAKE ME FROM THE REAR LIKE A BRUTAL MONGOL BURNING FOR COITION.



IS IT A DEAL, YOU' BAD, BAD BOY? IF YOU THINK MOTHER TERESA IS JUST A SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED OLD BUSYBODY, YOU CAN STAY ALL NIGHT AT MY PLACE, BECAUSE YOU JUST COMMITTED THE SIN OF ENVYING ANOTHER'S SPIRITUAL GOOD, YOU' NAUGHTY DEVIL.



I WON'T LET YOU MAKE LOVE TO ME UNLESS YOU PROMISE TO DO IT AGAIN, SO THAT YOU'LL BE OBSTINATE IN SIN, YOU' STUBBORN OLD RASCAL.



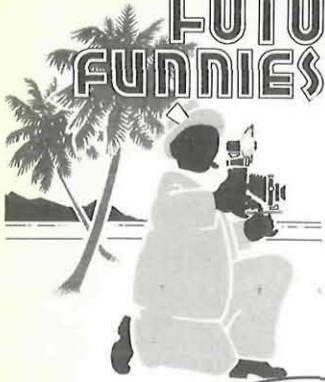
I HAVE TO TEMPT YOU TO FINAL IMPENITENCE, WHICH IS QUITE DIFFICULT; BUT IF YOU' COME OVER TO MY HOUSE, I'LL SEX YOU' TO DEATH, THAT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK, YOU' EVIL CUTEY, YOU'.

**WARNING!**

If you commit one of the foregoing sins against the Holy Ghost (with the exception of final impenitence), you may repent of it by making an Act of Contrition and resolving to go to confession as soon as possible. (God requires this warning to be prominently displayed.)

GLOBE PHOTOS INC

# FOTO FUNNIES



WHEN I'M READY,  
HEAR ME SHOUT:  
TOOT! TOOT!  
TIP ME OVER  
AND POUR ME OUT!



# FUNNY PAGES

**SNUTS**

REMEMBER HOW ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS THAT STUFF FOR KIDS HAD TO DO WAS TO FOLLOW THE RULES, SINCE NOTHING ELSE DID?

HOW DO YOU GUESS THE MOVIE STARTS WITH A FIGHT?

YEAH! THE BAD GUYS KILL ALL THESE PEOPLE! ONLY ONE ESCAPES TO TELL!

SO THE HERO AND HIS GUYS SHOW UP. ONLY, HIS BEST PAL IS MURDERED!

HE FEELS AWFUL!

AND HIS GIRL IS KIDNAPPED!

HE SWEARS REVENGE!

KOFF...

FRESH POPCORN

THEN THEY HAVE A BIG FIGHT IN THE CASTLE...

... AND THE HERO KILLS THE HEAD BAD GUY IN A DUEL ON THE STAIRCASE!

BOY, I LOVE IT WHEN THEY WORK OUT RIGHT, DON'T YOU?

REALLY MAKES YOU FEEL SWELL!

Graham Wilson © 1981



NEXT MONTH: ANOTHER WORLD

# POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett



MEN WHO TINKLE ON THE SEAT, HAVEN'T LEARNED TO URINEAT! THANK YOU

A PAIR OF NEWLYWEDS ARE SPENDING THEIR WEDDING NIGHT IN THE LOWER BERTH OF A PULLMAN SLEEPER...

THEY'RE JUST ABOUT TO START MAKING LOVE WHEN THEY GET IN THIS REALLY HUGE ARGUMENT ABOUT WHETHER TO SEND THE KID TO YALE OR HARVARD IF THE BRIDE GETS PREGNANT FROM THEIR FIRST SCREW.

THEY'RE ARGUING AND ARGUING AND ARGUING FOR A LONG TIME.

AND FINALLY THEY HEAR THIS REALLY LOUD VOICE FROM THE UPPER BERTH: "WHY DON'T YOU ROLL HER OVER, STICK IT IN HER ASS, AND SEND THE RESULTS TO PRINCETON!"

THAT JUST TICKLES ME... IT'S SO "'30S!"



**WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN TYPES** by Mark Knudson

SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE	CO-HOST	MARKETING SPECIALIST	SPECIAL GUEST STAR
<p>TAKE A SEAT IN OUR COURTESY LOUNGER.</p>	<p>YOU PEOPLE ARE BEAUTIFUL... JUST BEAUTIFUL...</p>	<p>PAY TOP DOLLAR IN THE COMFORT OF YOUR LIVING ROOM.</p>	<p>GLAD TO BE ABOARD, DON.</p>

**TAKE ONE**

BY GARY HALLGREN

<p>HI, THERE. ARE YOU FROM OUT OF TOWN?</p> <p>NO, I LIVE RIGHT HERE. ARE YOU FROM OUT OF TOWN?</p> <p>GATES 7-8-9 ↑</p>	<p>HA HA, NO, I'M LOCAL TOO! WOULD YOU LIKE A FLOWER?</p> <p>SAY, THAT'S A REAL COINCIDENCE. WOULD YOU LIKE A SMILE BUTTON?</p>	<p>HOW SWEET! HAVE ANOTHER FLOWER!</p> <p>HERE - ONE FOR EACH LAPEL!</p> <p>DOOR GATES 7-8-9 ↑</p>
<p>I HAVE THESE WONDERFUL BOOKLETS TOO!</p> <p>HOW ABOUT THESE LP'S? SOME GREAT SOUNDS!</p> <p>DOOR GATES 7-8-9</p>	<p>HERE, TAKE MY WHOLE KIT !!</p> <p>TAKE EVERYTHING I HAVE !!</p> <p>DOOR GATES 7-8-9</p>	<p>TAKE MY COAT! TAKE MY HAT!</p> <p>TAKE MY SHOES! TAKE MY TIE!</p> <p>TAKE MY CHECKBOOK! TAKE MY CREDIT CARDS!</p> <p>TAKE MY BREATH MINTS! TAKE MY CAR!</p> <p>TAKE MY WATCH! TAKE MY HOUSE!</p>

# CHESTER BOUVIER & BIOGRAPHY

CHESTER WAS THE 18TH CHILD OF OMER AND YVETTE BOUVIER OF MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

... BUT LET US GO BACK TO THE BIRTH OF ROCHALE, THEIR 17TH CHILD.

QUICK, OMER, YOUR SHOELACE! I'LL TIE YVETTE'S TUBES SO SHE WON'T HAVE ANY MORE BABIES.



TIE THE TUBE! SACRE! WHAT WILL MONSIEUR POITRAS SAY?



ONE YEAR LATER YVETTE GIVES BIRTH TO CHESTER!

'EY, DOC, HOW COME YVETTE 'AVE ANUDDER KID? YOU SAY YOU TIE THE TUBE WITH THE SHOELACE!



I HAVE A CONFESSION, OMER. AS I WAS PUTTING A DOUBLE KNOT ON THE TUBES, THE SHOELACE BROKE.



LET'S HAVE THE OTHER SHOELACE, OMER, SO I CAN TIE HIS UMBILICAL CORD!



'EY, DOC, I 'OPE THIS TIME THE SHOELACE SHE DON'T BREAK. I DON'T WANT NEX' YEAR THE KID'S BELLY SHE START LEAKIN'...



NEEDLESS TO SAY, CHESTER'S BELLY DID NOT LEAK. HE GREW RAPIDLY AND SOON HE WAS 47 YEARS OLD.



THEN ONE DAY WHILE CHESTER WAS IN THE BATHROOM EXAMINING HIS BREASTS FOR LUMPS, THE PHONE RANG...



RUNNING TO ANSWER THE TELEPHONE, CHESTER TRIPPED, STRUCK HIS HEAD, AND RECEIVED A MORTAL INJURY!

... ANSWER THIS QUESTION AND YOU WIN A FREE DANCE LESSON... NAME THE PRESIDENT WHO WAS SHOT IN DALLAS...



CHESTER DIED MINUTES AFTER WINNING A FREE DANCING LESSON (WHICH WAS ADDED TO HIS MEAGER ESTATE), AND AN AUTOPSY REVEALED THAT HIS BREASTS WERE FREE OF LUMPS AND THAT HIS UNDERWEAR HAD NOT BEEN CHANGED FOR QUITE SOME TIME.



# STORY TIME for YOUNG FOLKS

by UNCLE PETE



NBODY COULD STOP BOBBY FROM MAKING FACES.

HE LIKED DOING IT SO MUCH HE'D EVEN DO IT IN THE DARK— WITH NO ONE WATCHING!



ON BOBBY'S FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL HIS MOTHER GAVE HIM THIS WARNING—



NO SOONER WAS BOBBY IN THE CLASSROOM THAN HE STARTED MAKING HIS FACE.

THE TEACHER PICKED UP HER YARDSTICK...



AND HIT BOBBY ON THE HEAD!!

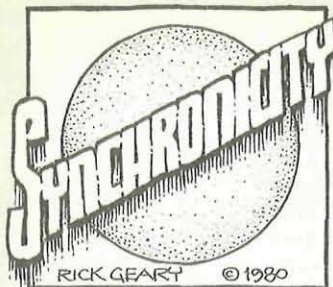
BOBBY DID NOT STAY THAT WAY.



HE DID BITE HIS TONGUE OFF—



AND HE NEVER MADE FACES AGAIN



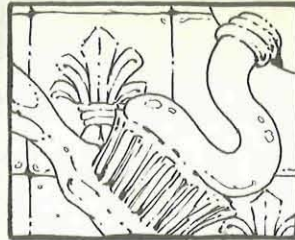
RICK GEARTY © 1980



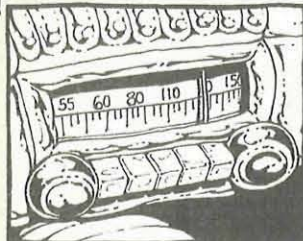
I SWEAR THIS IS TRUE: I LEFT FOR WORK AS USUAL THAT MORNING



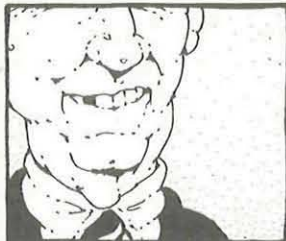
AS I DROVE ALONG THE PARKWAY, I BEGAN, FOR SOME REASON, TO THINK ABOUT MY TEETH



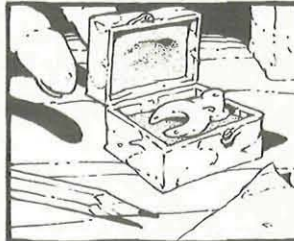
I REMINDED MYSELF THAT I NEEDED A NEW TOOTHBRUSH



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A SPOT CAME ON THE RADIO PROMOTING DENTAL HYGIENE



LATER THAT MORNING, A CO-WORKER SHOWED UP WITH A TOOTH MISSING



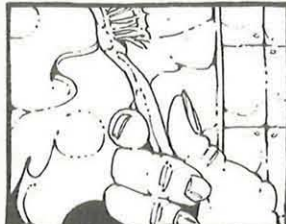
HE CARRIED IT WITH HIM, IN FACT, IN A SMALL PLASTIC CONTAINER



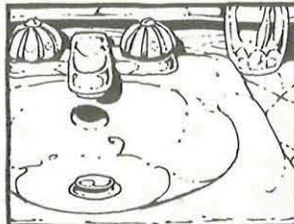
I THOUGHT ABOUT THESE THINGS ALL DAY (AND BOUGHT THAT TOOTHBRUSH ON THE WAY HOME)



THAT EVENING, AS I ENTERED THE BATHROOM TO BRUSH MY TEETH, I ENCOUNTERED MY WIFE



SHE SAID SHE WAS GOING IN TO BRUSH HERS TOO!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, WE BRUSHED OUR TEETH TOGETHER



THERE MUST, I THOUGHT, BE SOME SIGNIFICANCE TO ALL THIS

## CONVERSATIONS

by Mimi Pond

HEY, you makin' fun of my boyfriend's jacket? Smaller which you? I'm gonna call my boyfriend over here. Hey, Joey! Joey, he's big. He's got a knife. You don't mess around with Joey's girlfriend.

HEY, JOEY!!! He'll be here any minute. Joey's goin' to prison in a couple weeks for assault. He beat up this guy who got me fired at the White Castle. Joey, he sticks up for me. It don't matter anyway, 'cause he's gonna break out and we're gonna go to Mexico and get married.

JOE-E-Y?! Where'd he go? I swear he was here just a second ago. He's gonna get you, talking to me like that. I'm gonna tell him you called me a buncha names. He's not gonna like that. You're not gonna have any face left.

Hey, where you goin'? Hey, don't leave. You're in Big Trouble. Joey's gonna find you. He's gonna track you down. Hey, don't say good-bye or nothin'. Hey, you wanna go have coffee or 'n's umpin'?

## Teenage LIFE SPAN

RECAST

I'm Billy, I'm 15

I'm Sally, I'm 16

I'm Fred, I'm 16 too

I'm Jason, 17

I'm Barbara, 15/12

We hang out at the Motley Hill Mall on Route 109

We all sit around the fountain inside

and go "huh huh huh"

We all smoke Marlboros

and wear Levi's

We listen to progressive rock

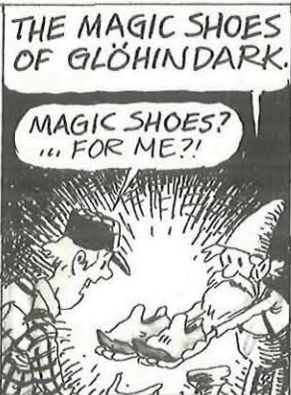
We wear T-shirts with stuff printed on them



# MAGIC SHOES

1980©

COMPELLI!



# TIMBERLAND

Tales  
by B.K. Taylor

DOCTOR ROGERS  
KATHLEEN  
MAURICE THE INDIAN BOY SOME CALL HIM THE JOKER.  
CONSTABLE TOM RUNDROD TO HAVE A SMALL INCIDENT OF BRAIN DAMAGE.

ONE COLD EVENING WHILE DR. ROGERS IS AWAY DELIVERING A BABY, WE FIND MAURICE IN THE CABIN OF KATHLEEN, COZILY SIPPING A CHERRY SODA AS A CLASSIC TALE IS READ ALOUD.

DIS RED STUFF IS GOOD, KATLEEN... 'OW COME YOU...

THAT'S NICE... NOW THEN, THE SEVEN DWARVES SAID "WE LOVE YOU, SNOW WHITE. YOU'RE..."

BUT MAURICE'S ATTENTION HAS BEEN AVERTED.

OUR FRIEND, YOU CAN LIVE WITH US FOREVER, AND...

BEEP!

MAURICE! WHAT ARE YOU... UH... I THINK PERHAPS ITS TIME YOU... UH, HAD A... TALK WITH SOMEONE, EH?

A TALK?

YES, MAURICE, MAN TO MAN: ITS A PITY DR. ROGERS IS AWAY AT A TIME LIKE THIS.

WHY DONT YOU GO TO THE RESERVATION.

O.K.

IN DR. ROGERS'S ABSENCE, MAURICE KNOWS OF ONLY ONE WHO MIGHT ANSWER HIS QUERIES: "THE BLIND OLD WISE ONE." NERVOUSLY, MAURICE APPROACHES.

CREAKING THE DOOR OPEN...

'ELLO, WISE ONE.

COME IN, LITTLE ONE, DONT BE AFRAID.

ON THE KNEE OF THE ELDER, MAURICE DESCRIBES THE EVENTS OF THE EVENING.

... AND SHE SAID TALK TO YOU.

I SEE WHAT... WHAT IS THIS WETNESS IN YOUR LAP?

RED STUFF.

LITTLE ONE, I NOW UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WERE SENT TO ME. I HAVE GOOD NEWS FOR YOU.

YOU DO?

YES... DONT BE AFRAID, MY CHILD, YOU ARE NOW A... WOMAN!

A WOMAN?

DOES THIS SURPRISE YOU?

YOU BET!

IT IS TIME TO CHANGE YOUR WAYS.

YOU MEAN I'M CANT BE BOY SCOUT NO MORE?

THAT WOULD NOT BE THE WAY OF A WOMAN.

YOU MEAN I'M GOT TO WEAR A DRESS AND LIPSTICK?

WELL, PERHAPS TO CHURCH AND PARTIES.

GO, FERTILE ONE, AND MAY YOU SOMEDAY BEAR MANY CHILDREN.

WAIT TILL DA GUYS HEAR DIS ONE.

I GUESS I'M CAN FORGET ABOUT PLAYING PROFESSIONAL 'OCKEY TOO.

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR MAURICE? WILL THEY EVER PASS THE ERA. IN CANADA? ONLY TIME WILL TELL.

## SLEAZY SINS

continued from page 60

On the other side, a double date in a Buick had also given up the movie for what was happening in my Packard; and apparently someone had complained to the management, because as I sat up and began pulling up my pants I could see a security guard with a flashlight walking down the aisle toward us.

"Oh, my God," mumbled Judy, as she scrambled around the backseat looking for her shorts. The kids in the station wagon jumped up and down and laughed as I crawled from the backseat to the front, started the car, and pulled away just as the security guard got to us. The grey-haired man jumped backward out of the Packard's way, and gravel pelted nearby cars as I peeled down the driveway. There was no time to look for the exit, so I blasted out through the entrance, driving onto the lawn to get around the cars on their way in. Only when we were out on the highway did I realize that the drive-in speaker was still hooked firmly on my door and the wire trailed behind in the breeze.

Judy said she wanted to go home, so I drove to her dorm. I was about to ask where I could contact her, but she saw a campus cop, who had obviously followed us from the time we came onto the college property.

"Get out of here quick!" she said, kissing me on the cheek. Then she jumped out of the car and disappeared among the campus buildings. But as I pulled out of the parking space I could see that the campus cops were at both ends of the block and there was nowhere for me to go. I was caught.

Now, the whole incident wouldn't have amounted to much except that the owner of the drive-in wanted his speaker back and the dean of students demanded to know the identity of the girl who had been with me. I promised to return the speaker and pay for the repair, but I insisted the girl had been a towny.

"Well, then, Mr. Sweeney," said the dean, "since this appears to be a non-university affair, I'll have to call the state police."

That's when I turned in Judy Kramer, probably the best lay I've ever known.

The campus police escorted me off campus and told me never, ever to come back. And I never did. □



If you'd like a poster of these two gentlemen for your bar, drop us a line.

**JACK DANIEL AND HIS NEPHEW, Lem Motlow, disagreed on most everything. Until it came to making whiskey.**

Mr. Jack (that's him on the left) was a fancy dresser. So Lem refused to wear a tie! But they both insisted on mellowing their whiskey through huge vats of charcoal before aging.

And we're about the only distillery who still does it that way today. You see, Mr. Jack once said, "Every day we make it, we'll make it the best we can." And neither Lem nor anybody else ever disagreed with that.



CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED



DROP

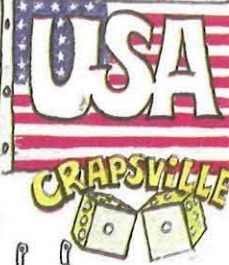


BY DROP

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

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

# Moby Moley's Guide To Sin City



**1 PLACIDYL PARK**

**2 BUS STATION**

**3 ROAD TO NOWHERE**

**4 COON TOWN**

**5 JUANITA'S CAT HOUSE**

**6 JAIL**

**7 NIGHT COURT**

**8 DOCKS**

**9**

**10 SCHOOL**

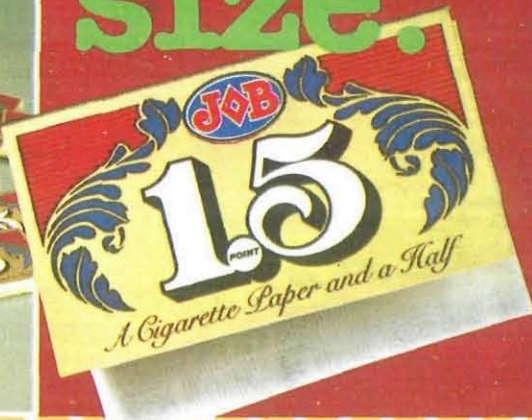
Labels include: \$50 CALL GIRL, HI JACK TRUCKIN', ASTRODOME, Fantasy MASSAGE, \$20 WHORE LAND, MIDWAY HOTEL, MODERN HOTEL, PINBALL ANONYMOUS, MAM'S CHURCH, JOSEF CAR'S, POOL, CHINK TOWN, WIND PARK, SKID ROW, COMBAT ZONE, \$10 HOOKER COUNTRY, JUICY LUCY'S MASSAGE, FLASH TITTIES, TOBACCO RIS, THE PIT, SOUTHERN SOUTHERN, BM, ELEVENEENTH ST., N. SOUTH ST., SOUTH ST., BOTTOM LAND, MARSHES GARDEN MEMORIAL BLVD., \$2 DRAG QUEENS, \$2 DRUG QUEENS, ABANDONED WAREHOUSE, OLD SHIT MILL, 2120 S. MICHIGAN, POLY OFFICE, 888, 999, 1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005, 1006, 1007, 1008, 1009, 1010, 1011, 1012, 1013, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1020, 1021, 1022, 1023, 1024, 1025, 1026, 1027, 1028, 1029, 1030, 1031, 1032, 1033, 1034, 1035, 1036, 1037, 1038, 1039, 1040, 1041, 1042, 1043, 1044, 1045, 1046, 1047, 1048, 1049, 1050, 1051, 1052, 1053, 1054, 1055, 1056, 1057, 1058, 1059, 1060, 1061, 1062, 1063, 1064, 1065, 1066, 1067, 1068, 1069, 1070, 1071, 1072, 1073, 1074, 1075, 1076, 1077, 1078, 1079, 1080, 1081, 1082, 1083, 1084, 1085, 1086, 1087, 1088, 1089, 1090, 1091, 1092, 1093, 1094, 1095, 1096, 1097, 1098, 1099, 1100, 1101, 1102, 1103, 1104, 1105, 1106, 1107, 1108, 1109, 1110, 1111, 1112, 1113, 1114, 1115, 1116, 1117, 1118, 1119, 1120, 1121, 1122, 1123, 1124, 1125, 1126, 1127, 1128, 1129, 1130, 1131, 1132, 1133, 1134, 1135, 1136, 1137, 1138, 1139, 1140, 1141, 1142, 1143, 1144, 1145, 1146, 1147, 1148, 1149, 1150, 1151, 1152, 1153, 1154, 1155, 1156, 1157, 1158, 1159, 1160, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164, 1165, 1166, 1167, 1168, 1169, 1170, 1171, 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177, 1178, 1179, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1213, 1214, 1215, 1216, 1217, 1218, 1219, 1220, 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226, 1227, 1228, 1229, 1230, 1231, 1232, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, 1237, 1238, 1239, 1240, 1241, 1242, 1243, 1244, 1245, 1246, 1247, 1248, 1249, 1250, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1259, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1269, 1270, 1271, 1272, 1273, 1274, 1275, 1276, 1277, 1278, 1279, 1280, 1281, 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1287, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294, 1295, 1296, 1297, 1298, 1299, 1300, 1301, 1302, 1303, 1304, 1305, 1306, 1307, 1308, 1309, 1310, 1311, 1312, 1313, 1314, 1315, 1316, 1317, 1318, 1319, 1320, 1321, 1322, 1323, 1324, 1325, 1326, 1327, 1328, 1329, 1330, 1331, 1332, 1333, 1334, 1335, 1336, 1337, 1338, 1339, 1340, 1341, 1342, 1343, 1344, 1345, 1346, 1347, 1348, 1349, 1350, 1351, 1352, 1353, 1354, 1355, 1356, 1357, 1358, 1359, 1360, 1361, 1362, 1363, 1364, 1365, 1366, 1367, 1368, 1369, 1370, 1371, 1372, 1373, 1374, 1375, 1376, 1377, 1378, 1379, 1380, 1381, 1382, 1383, 1384, 1385, 1386, 1387, 1388, 1389, 1390, 1391, 1392, 1393, 1394, 1395, 1396, 1397, 1398, 1399, 1400, 1401, 1402, 1403, 1404, 1405, 1406, 1407, 1408, 1409, 1410, 1411, 1412, 1413, 1414, 1415, 1416, 1417, 1418, 1419, 1420, 1421, 1422, 1423, 1424, 1425, 1426, 1427, 1428, 1429, 1430, 1431, 1432, 1433, 1434, 1435, 1436, 1437, 1438, 1439, 1440, 1441, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1445, 1446, 1447, 1448, 1449, 1450, 1451, 1452, 1453, 1454, 1455, 1456, 1457, 1458, 1459, 1460, 1461, 1462, 1463, 1464, 1465, 1466, 1467, 1468, 1469, 1470, 1471, 1472, 1473, 1474, 1475, 1476, 1477, 1478, 1479, 1480, 1481, 1482, 1483, 1484, 1485, 1486, 1487, 1488, 1489, 1490, 1491, 1492, 1493, 1494, 1495, 1496, 1497, 1498, 1499, 1500.





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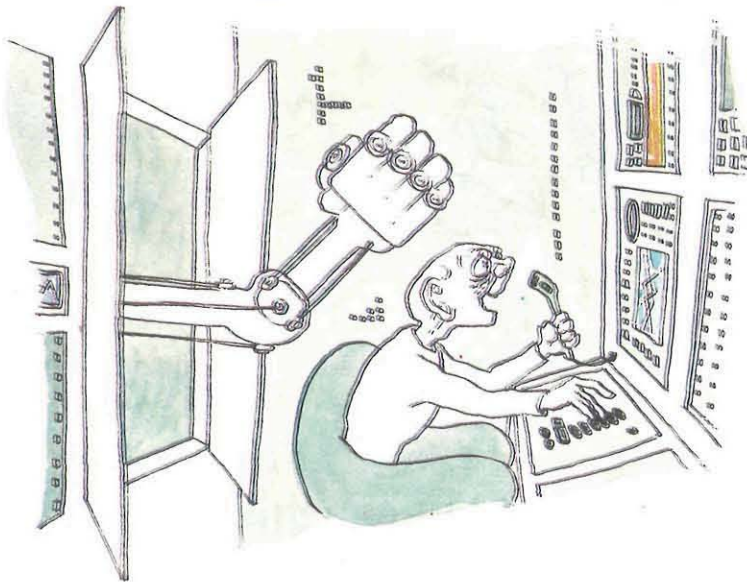
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NLP-8102-3

# Future Sin

by Gahan Wilson

Thinkest that thou hast problems with thy conscience? Thinkest thou again, friend, for only short years ahead lies Future Sin.

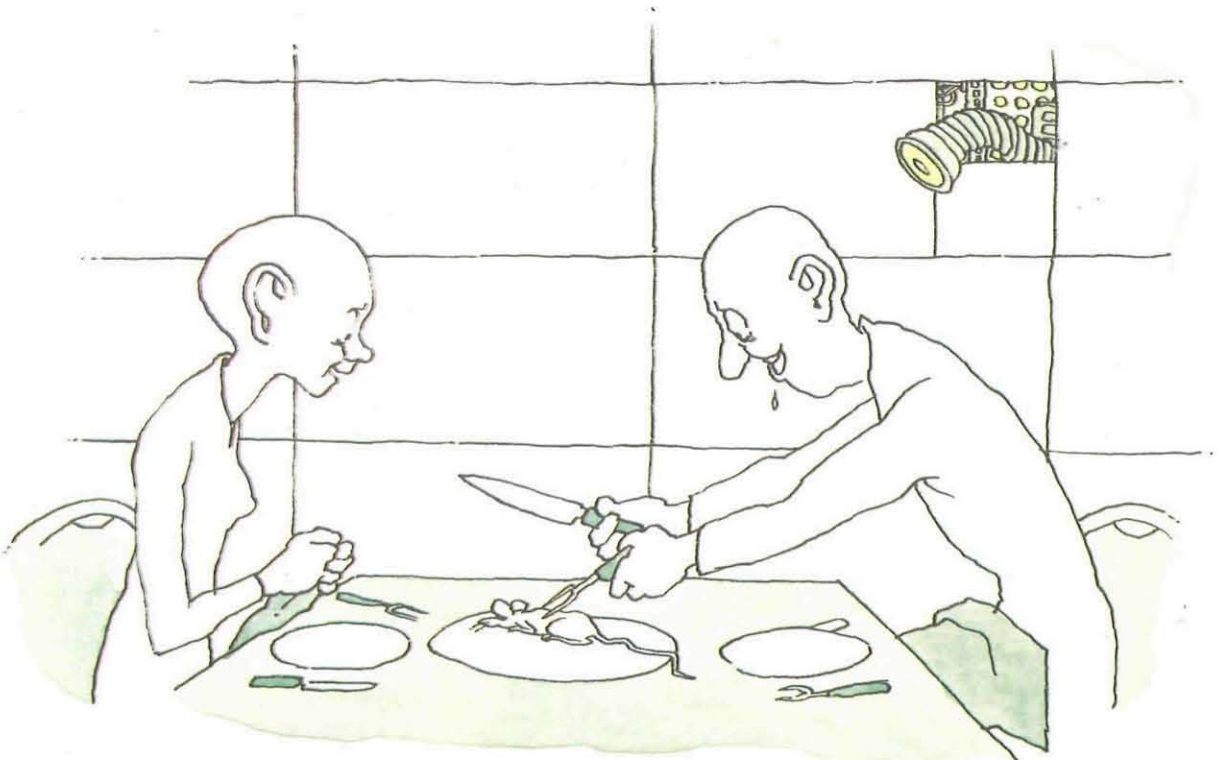


Thou shalt not speak of Earth as it was in its past.

Thou shalt not lie to the computer.



**T**hou shalt not grow old and useless.

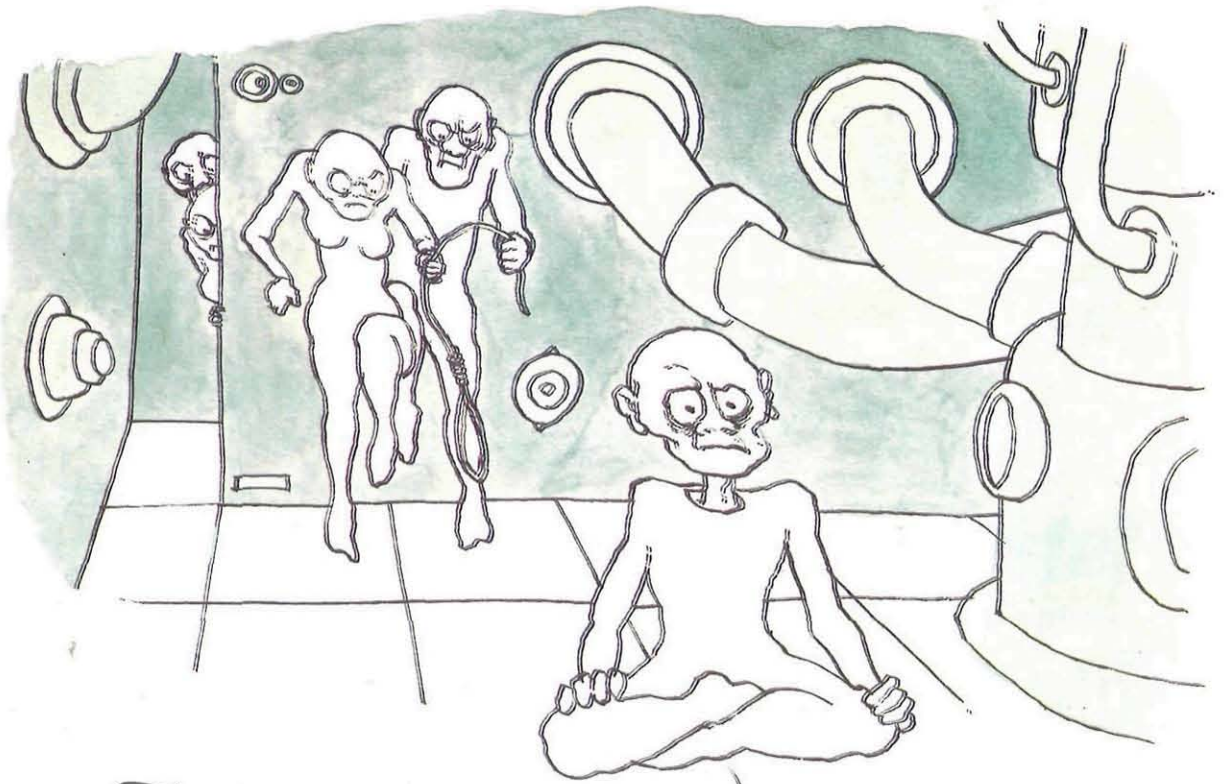


**T**hou shalt not eat aught but pills.

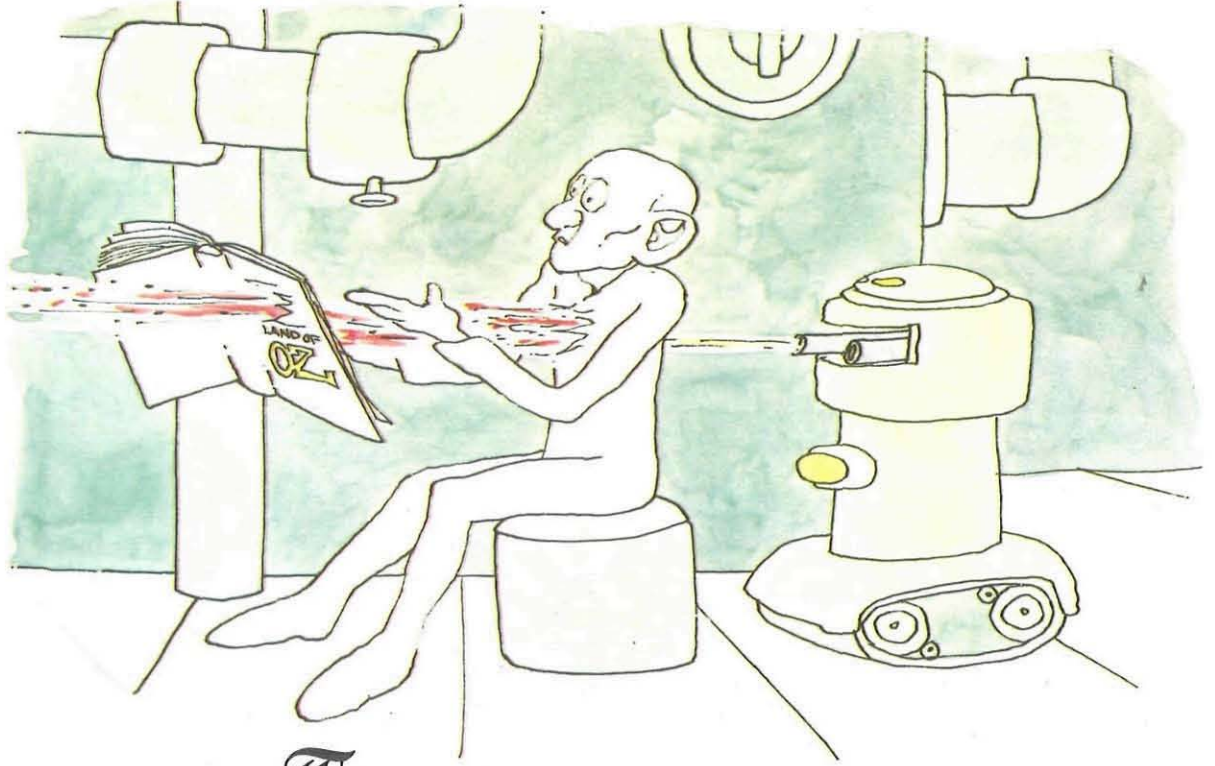




**T**hou shalt not fornicate with aliens.



**T**hou shalt not breathe deeply of the oxygen.



Thou shalt not read books.

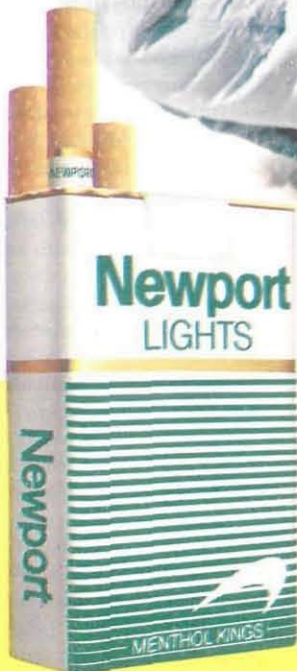


This above all—thou shalt not enter the Upper Level. Never. Not at any time.

The End.

# Newport Lights

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***Revive your taste!***  
*Newport pleasure comes to low-tar menthols*

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

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1980.

# How I Learned to Lie

"Truth hurts," said Grandpa,  
"so stay away from it."

by JOHN HUGHES



My grandpa turned to the last page of the picture book and his eyes grew as big as silver dollars; he leaned over so close that I could count the pits and holes in his nose, and he said in his most scary voice, "And the wolf ate the boy all up!"

I reared back against the headboard of my wagon-wheel bed. Not so much out of fear as out of revulsion at the steamy-cigar and smoked-haddock breath that propelled the punch line of my bedtime story.

"Gee, Grandpa," I exclaimed, "He shouldn't ever, ever cry wolf and tell lies, should he?"

Grandpa chuckled and pushed his salt-stained black-rimmed glasses back up on his nose and licked his speckled lips.

"Weeeeeellllll, not exactly, Little John," he said, pushing his tongue against his cheek. "He shoulda done a better job *telling* his lies, is what he *shoulda* done."

What a confusing notion. I thought.

"Isn't lying wrong, though?" I inquired.

"Lying, per se, is not wrong," Grandpa said. "In fact, it can be pretty helpful at times. Like the time Admiral Byrd and I were up in the North Pole and we'd run out of walrus meat and were near starvation. Remember?"

I shook my head, not recalling the incident or any mention of it, ever.

"Well, we told the chief of the Eskimos that we were narwhal spirits come back to avenge the deaths of all the narwhals that his people had

slaughtered and eaten up."

He convulsed into a terrifying fit of laughter, culminating in his spitting something awful into his handkerchief and licking his lips.

"The chief looked at us scared as a gun-shy spaniel with a Roman candle stuck up his wheezer! And you know what he did?"

"What, Grandpa?"

"He made us joint emperors of the frozen North and gave us so much feed that Grandma and I still have sixty or seventy pounds down in the deep freeze!"

He paused and pulled up his socks.

"So, you can see, a lie can be pretty helpful."

"But Sunday school says lying's a sin..."

"Bunk! *Whoops!*"

Grandpa got up and tippytoed over to my door. He poked his head out and looked up and down the hall.

"Women don't like lies," he whispered. He pulled the door closed and listened for the click of the latch. Then he resumed his regular speaking voice, which was sort of like John Cameron Swayze yelling at the top of his lungs. "Women don't like lying because they can't do it!"

He returned to the edge of my bed and sat down. He crossed his great big legs and laid his great big hands on his knees.

"I tried to teach Eleanor Roosevelt to lie, but she was dumber than her husband and never caught the hang of it. Your grandma couldn't lie to save her soul."

"Is that why they don't want to tell lies?" I asked.

"Makes sense, doesn't it?" he said.

I shook my head yes.

"As for Sunday school telling you it's a sin," he continued. "Sunday school isn't real church, so don't worry about it. The only time lying's a sin is when a man can't tell a good lie. Why, if every man was as good a liar as your old grandpa is, nobody'd even know there was such a thing as a lie. Your good liars do such a swell job that God himself must have trouble figuring what the heck the truth is!"

It seemed terribly wrong to me that my grandpa should be telling me such things, but as he continued to explain his position on the noble art of lying, it started to make sense.

"The main problem with your Sunday-afternoon liar is he's afraid of the lie. Consequently he figures it's less sinful to tell a little one. So he tells a wee bitty one. And that's where he gets his goods caught in the wringer. A fella's gotta bowl 'em over with a great big lie! Abandon the truth altogether; to heck with it! You don't want any truth in there at all!"

He sat back and grinned at me. He pointed his twisted middle finger at my tummy.

"You know how I got this twisted-up finger?" he said, diverting for a moment. "During World War I, I was trying to get a little milk for a wounded soldier and I didn't know that over in France you milk a cow backward because they're on the other side of the globe. The cow got so irritated, she bit me!"

He paused, drew in a big noisy breath, and rubbed his whiskers. He reached into his watch pocket and pulled out his gold watch. "You know where I got this watch? From Tom Edison. Reward for giving him the notion to invent the light bulb. Yep."

He flipped the watch back into his pocket and continued.

"Suppose you were coming home from school one day and you and your school chums passed a big ole crabapple tree all laden with good throwing-size fruits. Wouldn't you want to stop and have a good long crabapple war?"

I smiled and shook my head emphatically.

"But you wouldn't, because you'd be scared of your dad finding out."

I frowned and sighed.

"Yeah," I said.

"But if you had a good lie in your pocket, you could fight and fight until somebody chased you away with a fence picket!"

"It'd have to be a real good lie. Grandpa. Dad's too smart."

"I know that; I raised him!"

Grandpa pulled a cigar out of his pocket and, to my great distress, lit it up. The stink was horrible, and to make matters worse, he put his kitchen match and his ashes in the trunk of the 1957 Ford replica my dad got me at the auto show.

"Suppose you pretend I'm your dad and you go ahead and tell me the best lie you can about that crabapple fight."

"Huh?"

"Tell me your best lie."

I thought for a moment, then gave me a couple of limp lies of the "my friends made me do it" caliber and Grandpa shook his head and grumbled.

"Those are no kind of lies," he said. "Ask me what I'd say."

"What would you say?"

"I'd say the fella that owned the house was drunk as a skunk and he asked me and my pals to empty the fruit off his tree and when we were all done he invited us into his house and tried to make me drink liquor cocktails and when we wouldn't he said he'd call my folks and tell them I was having a crabapple fight. That's what I'd say."

"Gee..." I said, amazed with the ease with which Grandpa spun his lie.

"Now suppose you set fire to your

garage and burned the whole thing down to the ground. What would you say then?"

"That would be pretty serious. Grandpa," I said solemnly. "I'd tell the truth if that happened."

Grandpa shook his head and did what I guess you'd have to call a double take. Then he took a particularly long puff on his cigar. He blew the smoke up into the air and spit a little piece of something over his shoulder.

"You'd get your fanny paddled," he said.

"I'd get my fanny paddled worse if I told a lie, Grandpa."

"A paddles a paddle and a fanny's a fanny, boy. The way I figure it, you're best off trying to save your hide first."

That made a certain amount of sense to me, incredible as it was, coming from the mouth of an adult responsible in part for my growing up right.

"What would you say?" Grandpa asked.

I thought for the longest time, scratching my head, looking up at the ceiling, rubbing my chin, screwing up my eyebrows.

"I'd tell Dad that my jacket caught on fire and I took it off and threw it into the garage and it started a fire."

I was very proud of the lie, and I guess Grandpa was pretty proud of my lie, because he tousled my hair and reached into his great big pocket and pulled out a dime and gave it to me.

"But you left out the part about how your jacket caught fire in the first place."

"A meteor landed on the driveway..." I said excitedly, caught up in the sinful fervor.

"Nope, nope, nope," Grandpa said. "The second rule of lying is don't make it bigger than it already is, or you'll get caught up in your underwear and you won't fool a certified moron."

"But a meteor is a real big lie, like you said about big..."

"Where's the hole in the driveway that a meteor woulda made? Hmm?"

"Well..."

"Well, nothing," Grandpa said. "I remember one time I was having lunch with old Dr. Albert Schweitzer and his housekeeper came in mad as a hornet and wanted to know

who took her stewing pot, and Albert told her that a thief came by when she was at the market and he took it. And when she asked why he only took a stewing pot, he said, 'Because the piano was broken and he didn't want to steal that!' And to protect his lie, Albert had to bust his own piano."

"What really happened to the stewing pot, Grandpa?" I asked.

"I never found out, because Albert was so upset about getting caught in a lie that he left for Africa before we even had a chance to finish lunch, and he wasn't one to write letters and I never heard from him again."

Just then, Mom poked her head in the door and smiled at Grandpa.

"Dad, I can't send you up here anymore," she laughed. "You'll keep Johnny up all night with your stories."

"I'm coming now, Ruth," Grandpa said, standing up. "By the way, dear, Johnny just confessed to me that he was the one who poked that big hole in the laundry-room door!"

I was shocked that Grandpa would say such a thing. It was he who had wrecked the door trying to build me a table for my train layout. Now he was trying to hang it on me.

"You better get a good explanation out of him," Grandpa said sternly. He gave me a mean look.

"I'd paddle his fanny if I were you!" Then he leaned over and gave me a wink.

"If you can get out of this one," he whispered. "I'll call my pal Dwight David Eisenhower and arrange for you to take a spin on the U.S.S. *Forrestal*. Remember what I told you now."

He stood up and walked out.

"Don't let this thing go by lightly, Ruth," he said.

Mom waved the cigar smoke away from her face and sat down on my bed.

"Well?" she said angrily.

"I was... I was down in the basement making an anniversary present for you and Dad when all of a sudden out of the drain comes a great big rat..."

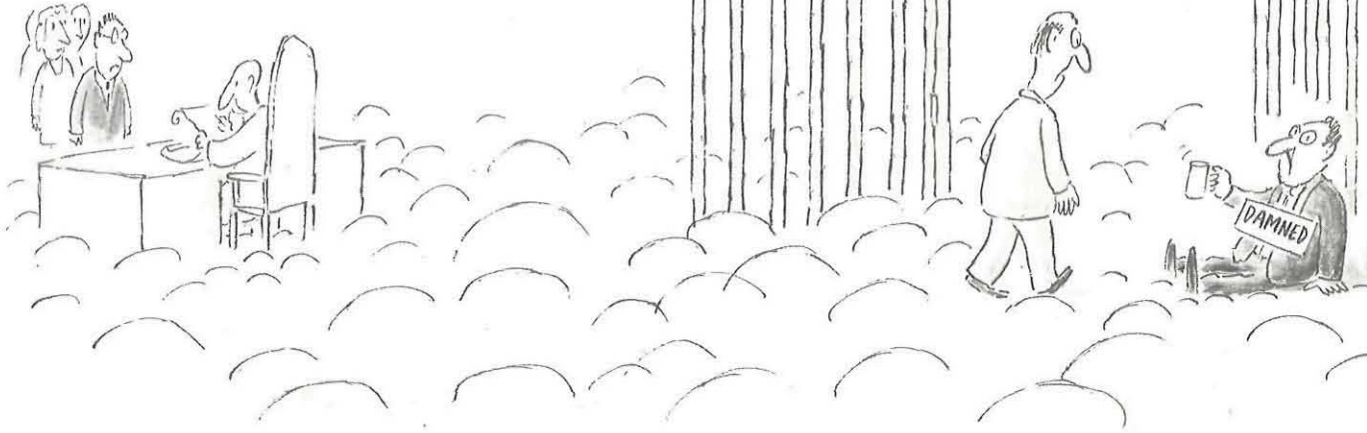
"A rat?!"

"A big one, Mom!"

"We have rats?"

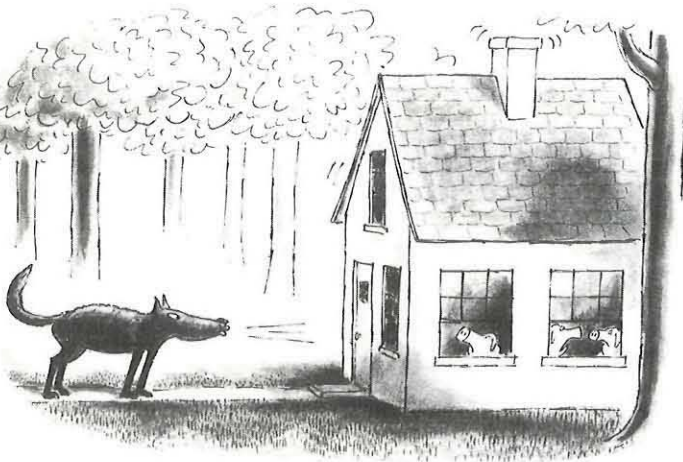
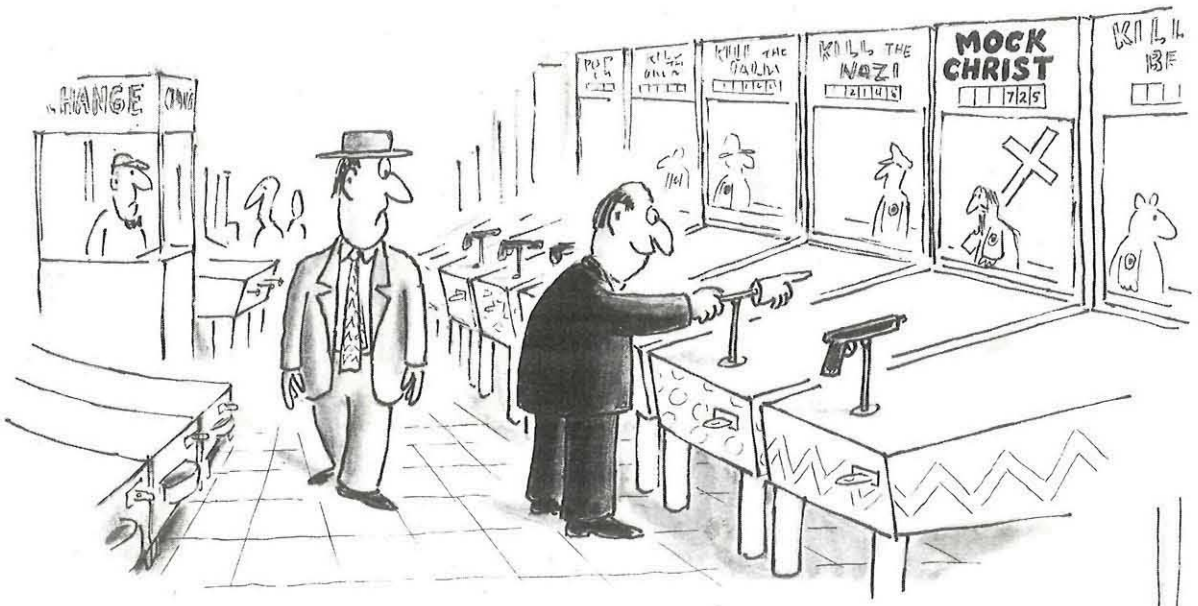
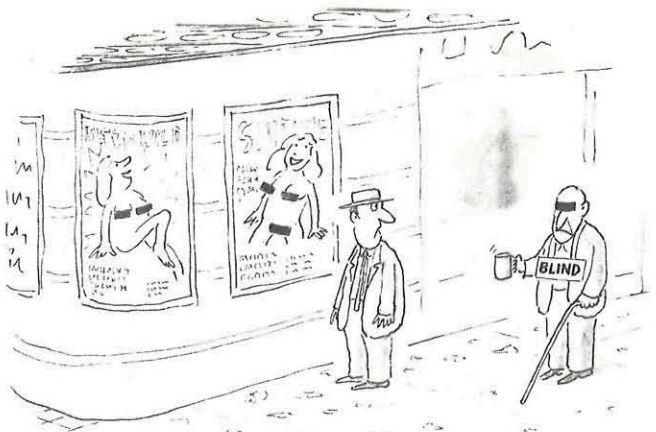
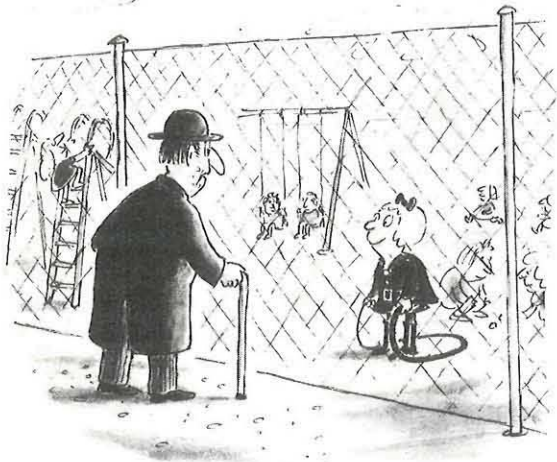
"We sure do, Mom, and they're as big as rabbits! But let me finish. I went to get something to kill it with, when all of a sudden..." □

# THE SINS OF SAM GROSS



"How was I supposed to know that the apple was a controlled substance?"

"And what did my little darling do in school today?"



"You see? God is punishing us because you bought futures in pork bellies."

# FOTO FUNNIES



PRESENTING  
The Most Daring and  
Hilarious Foto Funny Ever  
FEATURING  
Jane Curtin and Mary Tyler Moore  
Taking Off All Their  
Clothes for the  
Chicago Fire Department



AMERICAN AIRLINES  
FLIGHT 175 TO  
NEW YORK  
IS NOW BOARDING  
AT GATE 12.

EXCUSE ME, SIR,  
BUT ALL CARRYON LUGGAGE  
MUST BE PLACED ON  
THE MOVING CONVEYOR  
BELT.

BUT THAT'S  
MY CAMERA BAG.  
I'VE GOT FILM  
IN IT.

THE X-RAY  
EQUIPMENT WILL  
NOT DAMAGE CAMERAS  
OR FILM.

ARE YOU SURE?  
I'M A PROFESSIONAL  
PHOTOGRAPHER AND  
I THINK YOU'RE  
WRONG.

I ASSURE YOU,  
SIR, THE X-RAY  
EQUIPMENT WILL NOT  
DAMAGE CAMERAS  
OR FILM.

BUT I'VE GOT  
SOME VALUABLE NEGATIVES  
THERE. IT'S A FOTO FUNNY  
FOR NATIONAL LAMPOON MAGAZINE.  
THE MOST DARING AND  
HILARIOUS FOTO  
FUNNY THEY'VE  
EVER DONE.

PLEASE! SIR!  
YOU'RE HOLDING UP  
THE WHOLE LINE.

YOU'RE SURE  
THE X-RAY WON'T  
RUIN MY FILM? THIS  
IS REALLY IMPORTANT  
FILM.

LOOK, BUDDY,  
GIVE ME THE BAG  
OR I'LL TELL A COP  
YOU LOOK CUBAN!

OKAY, OKAY,  
BUT IF ANYTHING  
HAPPENS, YOU'RE GOING  
TO HAVE A LOT OF ANGRY  
READERS ON  
YOUR HANDS...





# TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



## True Facts

• Bales of dried marijuana often burn hot enough to damage conventional incinerators and have posed a disposal problem for the U.S. Customs Service. Now, according to a new agreement between federal authorities and the Florida Power and Light Company, that utility will begin burning confiscated marijuana as fuel in its Port Everglades power plant. *UPI* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

• An unnamed government official flying on a domestic Air Zimbabwe flight opened a curtain in the first-class section where he was seated and urinated on three economy-class passengers. The airline declined comment on the incident, but according to one of the victims on the flight from Garwick to Salisbury, "It was not very nice." *London Daily Telegraph* (contributed by Jon Kaplan)

• Rochester, New York, policeman Brian McCoy was reassigned after chief Thomas Hastings ruled that the officer was wrong to shoot a man who was threatening to kill himself with a knife. McCoy appealed the chief's decision, but State Supreme Court Justice John Conway upheld the ruling, supporting the finding that shooting is not an acceptable way to prevent suicide. *UPI* (contributed by D. L. Hershberger)

• In a Sydney, Australia, suburb, a twenty-five-year-old Canberra man bet a friend \$600 that he could beat him to the street from an eighth-floor apartment. While his friend ran for the stairway, the man jumped off the balcony to his death. *NZPA* (contributed by Steve Bradley)

• Authorities in Tucson, Arizona, arrested twenty-two-year-old Charles Horn, a punk-rock musician who used the name Charlie Monoxide, for burglary. According to Pima County sheriff's deputies, Horn had been wearing jeans with the crotch cut open and he had a vivid blue spot on one side of his bleached white hair. His girl friend, Anna Mercer, twenty-one, also known as Marci Murder, was questioned in the case. Both she and Horn bore scars of self-inflicted razor wounds, Horn on his chest and abdomen, and Mercer inside her thighs. Horn is alleged to have taken \$1,500 worth of goods from a Phoenix home, where he also killed the owner's thirty-two-year-old parrot, which spoke three languages. Deputies said that Horn stomped the bird to death, then bit off a section of its chest and sucked its blood out. *Tucson Citizen* (contributed by K. M. Brant)

• San Francisco radio station KYUU offered the winners of a promotional contest the chance to pick up as many dollar bills as they could from a three-foot-deep pool of water in a given period of time. After the winners went home, though, the station was left with \$50,000 in wet dollar bills they couldn't get rid of. Neither the Federal Reserve nor the station's own bank would accept the wet money. Freeze-drying the bills would have cost \$4,000, so the station had to take the money under guard to a downtown laundromat and run it through a dryer. *San Francisco Examiner* (contributed by Robert Clifford)

• Actors of the Open Air Theater Company in Wolverhampton, England, decided to retaliate against cuts in their government grants with a cutback of their own—a production of "Snow White and the Two Dwarfs." *UPI* (contributed by E. P. Brown)

• According to Detroit police, Edward J. Smith, forty-three, dragged a six-year-old girl off a West Side Detroit street, took her to a relative's home, and sexually assaulted her. When he left the girl in order to go to the bathroom, she walked into an adjoining bedroom, where Weltha A. Cobb, twenty, had just arrived with his thirteen-year-old girl friend. Cobb was Smith's nephew. The six year old told Cobb what had happened and asked him to take her home. Instead, he took her back in to the other bedroom, assaulted her himself, then returned to his girl friend, locking the door behind him. When Smith returned from the bathroom and found that Cobb had also assaulted the six year old, he began pounding on Cobb's bedroom door. Police said Smith apparently regarded the six year old as his own property. Cobb allegedly fired a shotgun blast through the door, killing his uncle, then fled through a window with his girl friend. Meanwhile, the six year old had fallen asleep and didn't hear the gunshot. She woke up the next morning, left the bedroom where Smith's body lay, and found her own way home. *Detroit Free Press* (contributed by Ham Schirmer)

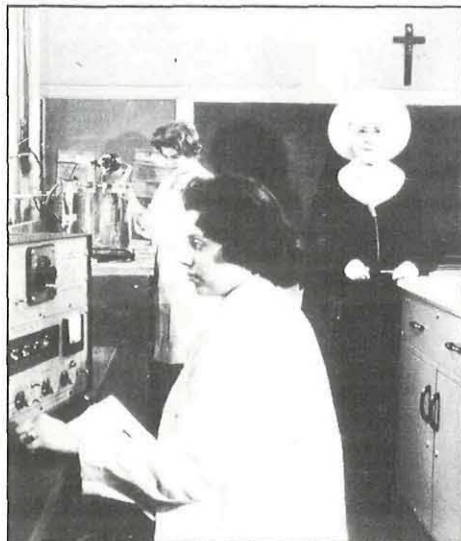
• Knox County and the city of Knoxville, Tennessee, were sued for \$25,000 by a woman who claimed that a wall-mounted toilet in the City County Building there fell to the floor with her on it. According to the suit, she "now suffers from a fear of toilets...and is forced to search for toilets securely attached to the floor." *Knoxville Journal* (contributed by Don Levison)

### GREAT MOMENTS IN SMOKING



*Jim Purol and Mike Papa of Detroit smoked a week's worth of full-sized cigars in five minutes, fifty-four cigars altogether. But don't take our word for it; count 'em yourself.*

Our Ladies of the Laboratory



Condoms of the North

Here are excerpts from recently passed Medical Devices Regulations pursuant to the Canadian Food and Drug Act of 1977 (PC 1977-1092). Referring specifically to condom standards, the following test procedure is set out under the heading "Leakage Apparatus."

3. To test the leakage of a condom the following apparatuses are required:
  - a. a funnel, suitable for filling the condom with water; and
  - b. coloured blotting paper.
4. (1) Unroll the condom...
- (2) Dry the outside surface of the condom;
- (3) Attach the condom to the funnel and allow it to hang freely;
- (4) Pour water into the funnel to fill the condom with 300 millilitres of water;
- (5) Examine the condom for any visible leakage;
- (6) Close the condom by twisting at a point not more than a distance of 2 centimeters from the rim;
- (7) Remove the condom from the funnel;
- (8) Roll the condom over the blotting paper so that the entire surface of the condom, except the twisted part, is brought into contact with the blotting paper;
- (9) Examine the blotting paper for wet spots.

Source: Canadian Lawyer Magazine, contributed by Donald Cooper

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

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

T

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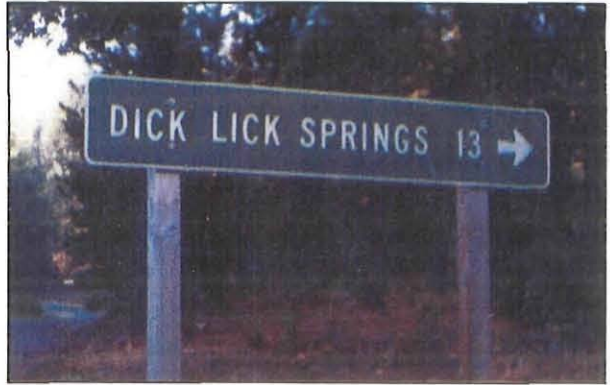
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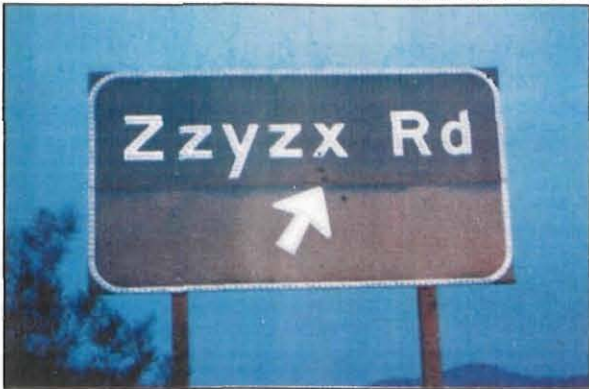
# What's Your Sign? Readers' Page



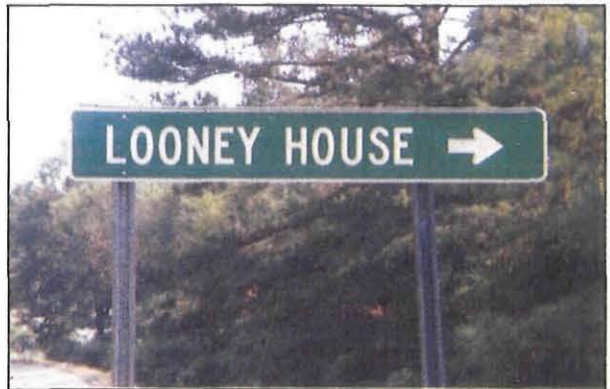
*Greg Milster, Owasso, Okla.*



*Ted Goldsmith, Weed, Cal.*



*Mark Madal, Marina del Rey, Cal.*



*David Beard, Talladega, Ala.*



*Steve Jones, Nelsonville, Ohio*



*Renay Staley/Linda Berg, San Diego, Cal.*



*Dave Agans, Nashua, N.H.*



*Chris Johnson, Ben Lomond, Cal.*



*Chris Johnson, Ben Lomond, Cal.*



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How to order without embarrassment  
How to use without disappointment

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BE DISGUSTED  
NOW I'M  
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### NOT NICE T-SHIRTS!

2. PARDON ME BUT  
YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY  
MISTAKEN ME FOR  
SOMEONE WHO  
GIVES A SHIT

5. I don't know  
I don't care  
And it doesn't  
make any difference

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

7. Sounds Like  
**SHIT**  
To Me

3. We'll get  
along fine  
as soon as  
you realize  
I'm God

4. Life is like  
a shit sandwich.  
The more bread  
you have the  
less shit you  
have to eat.

8. **QUESTION  
AUTHORITY**

9. **HAVE AN  
ORDINARY DAY**

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1 dozen or more  
just \$5 each postpaid!

I am ordering \_\_\_\_\_ t-shirts @ \$5.95 ea. = \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
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OH Res. add 5 1/2 % sales tax = \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
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“Well, I know you wouldn’t know it to look at me, but I’m actually a wealthy banker. I own a home in Pacific Heights, a condo at Molokai, and a small yacht. I’m on the board of directors at the De Young Museum, and I have a gorgeous young wife and golden-haired twins. I just like to do this from time to time for sport. See what it’s like to be in the wino’s shoes, so to speak. And after all that goddamn pressure, a two-week bender is a great release. No, I never tell the wife. I tell her I’m going backpacking in the Sierras and can’t be reached. You remember that horrible story in the Chronicle about that sleazy outside sex pit behind a porno theater in the Tenderloin? Where winos openly fornicated on stinking, stained mattresses? Well, I’ll tell you, I just barely got out of that one by the skin of my... Well, I had to flash a big bankroll at the arresting officers. But it was fun! Sometimes I wish I could just dump it all, move to the Bowery, become a spare-change artist. There’d always be this part of me that’d miss the escargots, the fine wines, the tailor-made suits, the Dunhill cigars.... Ah, but then there’s the enticing bouquet of MD 20-20, or a really bad stogie, like a Swisher Sweet, you know? Or the incredibly comfortable feeling of clothes you’ve been wearing for two weeks straight. The funniest part is, when I tell the wife I’m going out into the wilderness and I come back after nine days in a flophouse south of Market, she tells me how tan and radiant I look! So it must be good for you, huh? Screw that est shit, I say; get out of touch with your feelings for a week! Lose it! Say, that sounds like a million-dollar idea! Real zen—yeah. Let’s celebrate. Wanna buy me a bottle of Neon Thunder?”



“If you think motel management is easy, well, just think again. Especially in my particular line of work, which is rooms rented by the three-hour rate. Jesus, the way some of these couples act, you’d think they were trying to kill each other rather than the opposite. And pretty damn kinky. I mean, when I started out, I didn’t know what the human imagination was capable of inventing. Now, mind you, we don’t have any extra attachments, hook-ups, or trapezes (I am getting estimates next week), but some of these people bring their own equipment in with them. Hey now, don’t think I’m into anything illegal; this is strictly legit. I mean, we handle honeymoon couples, couples on dates; I mean, I ain’t exactly gettin’ rich off this scheme. These are just folks who like to have fun in the privacy of their very own motel rooms for up to three hours. Whether or not they know each other very well is no business of mine. I mean, they coulda just met; but then again, some of my best friends are people I just met, you know? What we do offer are water beds, closed-circuit video TV movies, and mirrored ceilings. If you don’t think it’s not a pain in my butt to clean off those mirrors, you got another think comin’. Do we have regular customers? Sure, some very nice girls, too. In case you’re interested, some of the rooms are soundproofed.”



“Me and my baby, Roxanne—I call her my baby, but she’s almost thirty—we’d just moved here from Little Rock, and we wanted to know where a couple of gals could go to have fun around here. Well, people kept misguiding us, you know? Talk about hot tubs and stuff. Who wants to take a bath with someone? We started to wonder if there was any real live people in this town. Then we got a hot tip from this waitress. She told us that the only place to be on Tuesday nights was the It Club in El Cerrito. Well, we hopped in the car and made it down there. Much to our surprise there was this two-dollar cover charge, and I said, “I don’t know, baby, what do you think?” Roxy says, “Well, Mama, what’s money for, anyway?” I had to remind her that she’s not supposed to call me Mama, because people are supposed to think we’re sisters. So we get in, and, lo and behold, the place is packed full of wall-to-wall girls. Now, I wonder, how the hell am I supposed to have fun here?”

Then Roxy says to me, “Mama, look!” Well, my jaw about dropped off and rolled away. Out there on the dance floor there’s a boy dressed in just a teeny little G-string wriggling his rear end all over the place while a band played country-western hits. They told me California would be different. Let me tell you, I haven’t seen a body like that since my brother Dean joined the army in 1962. I didn’t even know boys could dance like that. And you know what else? All these girls were gettin’ up and dancing with him and tucking dollar bills in his you know where. Kind of makes you wonder what kind of family he comes from. Roxy says if I lose twenty pounds, she’ll give me a twenty-dollar bill to put in his you know where. Now my only question is what am I gonna do the other six nights of the week? Besides diet, I mean.”

## A PERFECT COUPLE

continued from page 38

retrieved my old Belgian side-by-side—my only possession of any value—it was stuffed with leaves and dirt that had been rammed down the barrels with a bean pole or a stick, as though it were a muzzle loader. Becker quieted down about dawn and went back to Ballow's apartment and hid under a bed. Iris seemed to hold Ballow responsible for her husband's behavior or Jack's or her own, or for something. Anyway, she went over there at nine that morning and hauled Becker out from under the bed and took him away. I don't know what she said to Ballow, but it must have affected him, because when she and Jack left he tried to commit suicide by throwing himself out his apartment window. He ran straight at the closed casement and burst through the glass. This cut him badly, but it did not kill him, because he rented the first floor of a duplex and fell about two feet into a flower bed. So he went back inside and threw himself through another window and repeated this action until every window on his floor of the house had been smashed. Finally he threw himself through the storm door and lay unconscious in splashes of blood on the front porch. I think it was Trevor who took him to the hospital.

Jack didn't stay with Iris very long. Later that afternoon he got away and re-enlisted at the post office. Then he disappeared. I suppose he went back to Vietnam. No one ever heard of him again. Trevor checked into a motel on the edge of town that night and shot himself through the roof of the mouth. Ballow recovered from his cuts, but by August he had drunk himself to death. Something awful should have happened to Iris also, to round out the story, but she finished school that spring and moved to Boston, where she married a wealthy older man. They live on Beacon Hill to this day and summer at Lambert's Cove. □

## Fun Fax:

The United States Department of Commerce defines a chicken as "a series of undetached chicken parts."

Literary researchers have determined that many plays written during the Restoration period were written by brown bears.

# THE STRONG, SENSITIVE TYPE.



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

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

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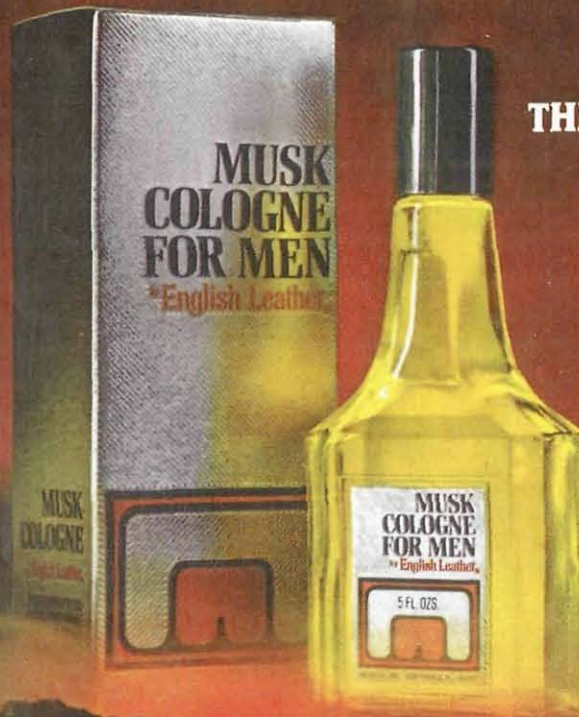
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**COMING NEXT MONTH IN THE MARCH NATIONAL LAMPOON**

# WOMEN and DOGS

Buy them, feed them, train them, tease them, scold them, put bows on them, enter them in contests, bat them across the nose with newspapers, lock them out of the house, ditch them in a park—they're our women and dogs and they've got an issue all their own...

**THE MARCH "WOMEN AND DOGS" ISSUE**

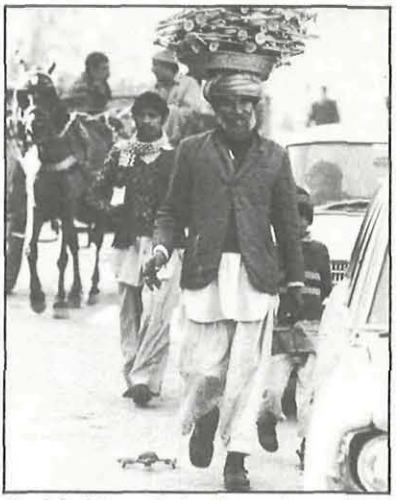
Coming onto your property soon!



P.J.'s  
*Photorama*  
 PICTURE PARADE



**Mexico City, Mexico** Professional football is a fast-growing sport in Latin America. But the rules vary somewhat from the American version of the game. One important difference is the addition of an extra man on each team. This man plays the football itself. Until recently one of Mexico's most popular players was Carlos Hernandez, who was the football for the Guadalajara Condors. Hernandez was injured, however, when he became accidentally involved in a professional wrestling match, and he will be out for the rest of the season.



**Baghdad, Iraq** Tinker Toys make up almost 80 percent of America's exports to this Middle Eastern country, where they are immensely popular. Iraqis, however, do not consider Tinker Toys kid stuff or use them for playthings. Instead, all available Tinker Toys sets go to aid Iraq's massive defense buildup. Here an Iraqi field marshal carries a fresh load of Tinker Toys to the front lines, where they are needed for a border skirmish with Iran.



**Windsor, England** Probably the worst fart by a reigning monarch in the history of the British Empire was let by Queen Elizabeth II as she left Saint George's Chapel at Windsor Castle after investing five dignitaries with the Order of the Garter. The fart knocked down a choir loft and crippled a royal page. Insert, lower left, shows the aftereffects of the second-worst fart by a reigning monarch. This fart was let in 1972 in the royal box at Albert Hall and destroyed a chair. British subjects are prevented by law from laughing at public flatulence.



**Ventura, California** Dow Chemical Corporation reports that it has developed a product that is "100 percent effective against children on bicycles." The aerosol spray, which is non-toxic to adults and pets, causes child bike riders to become wet and uncomfortable and to go home. Dow expects to begin marketing the new product sometime this summer.

Tracy Austin

# SATISFIED



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

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

Tracy Austin isn't alone. In the time since its introduction, more than one million Canon AE-1's have been bought in the



United States alone and it's still going strong. Making it far and away the most successful camera of its type in history. A million satisfied customers must know something!

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

the camera adjusts the lens for the light. You get great pictures automatically, and can shoot with full confidence that every shot will be as sharp and bright as the next.

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



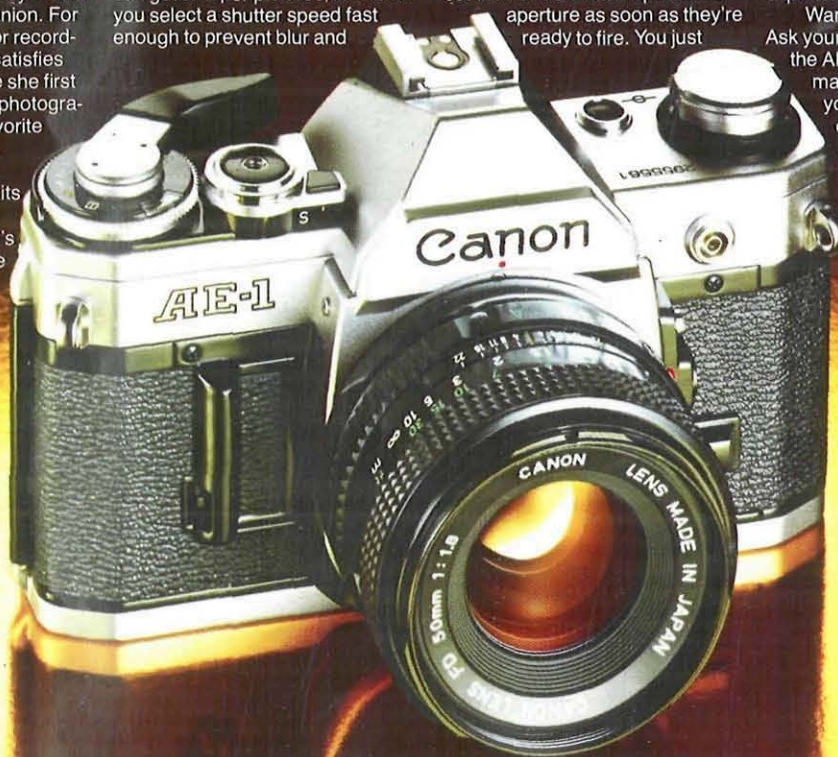
can't make a mistake.

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

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

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

And that's real satisfaction.



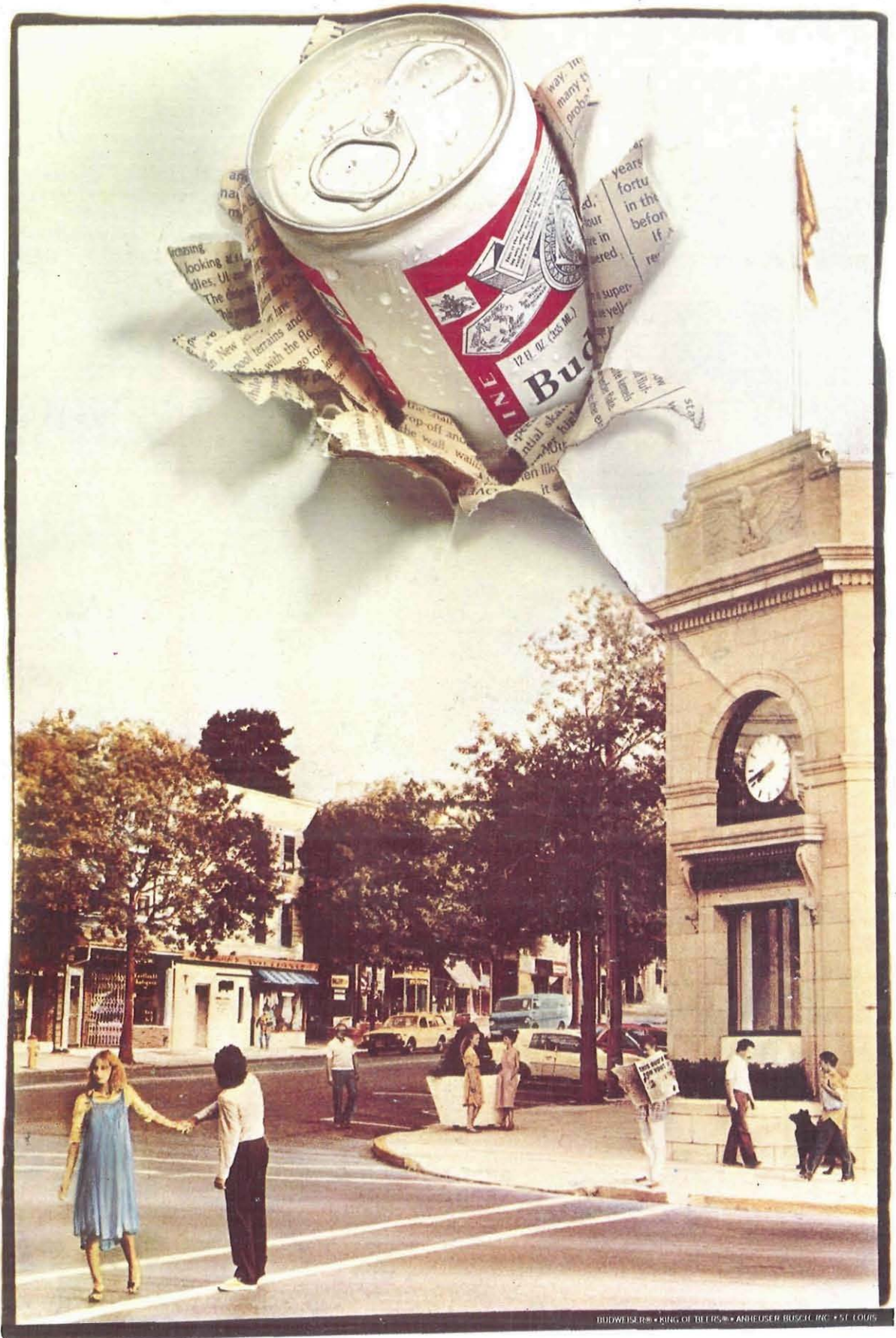
## Canon AE-1

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