

WOMEN & DOGS

Women Inside Bars Dogs Behind Bars

Mad Dogs and Englishwomen White Women Nancy Reagan's Diary

MARCH 1981

\$2.00

NATIONAL

LAMPPOON

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS

WPS 34490



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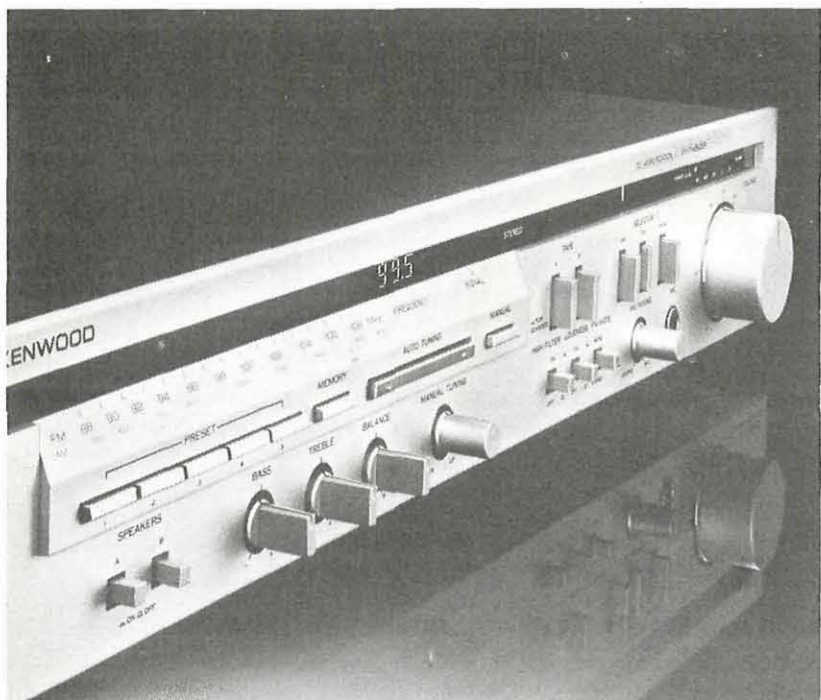
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Tracy Austin

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

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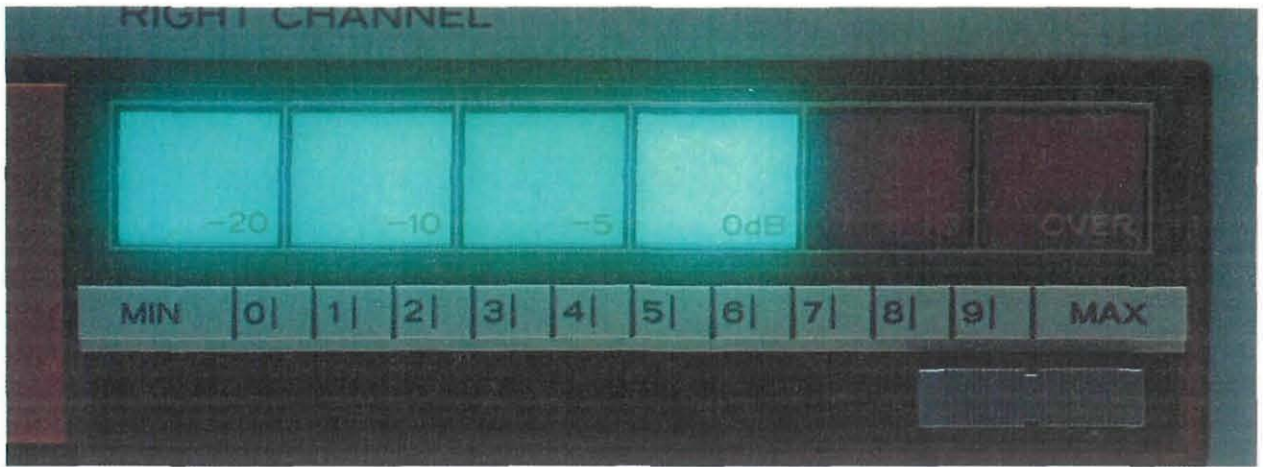
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THE BARE MINIMUM



R. Chart



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has paper cone.

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

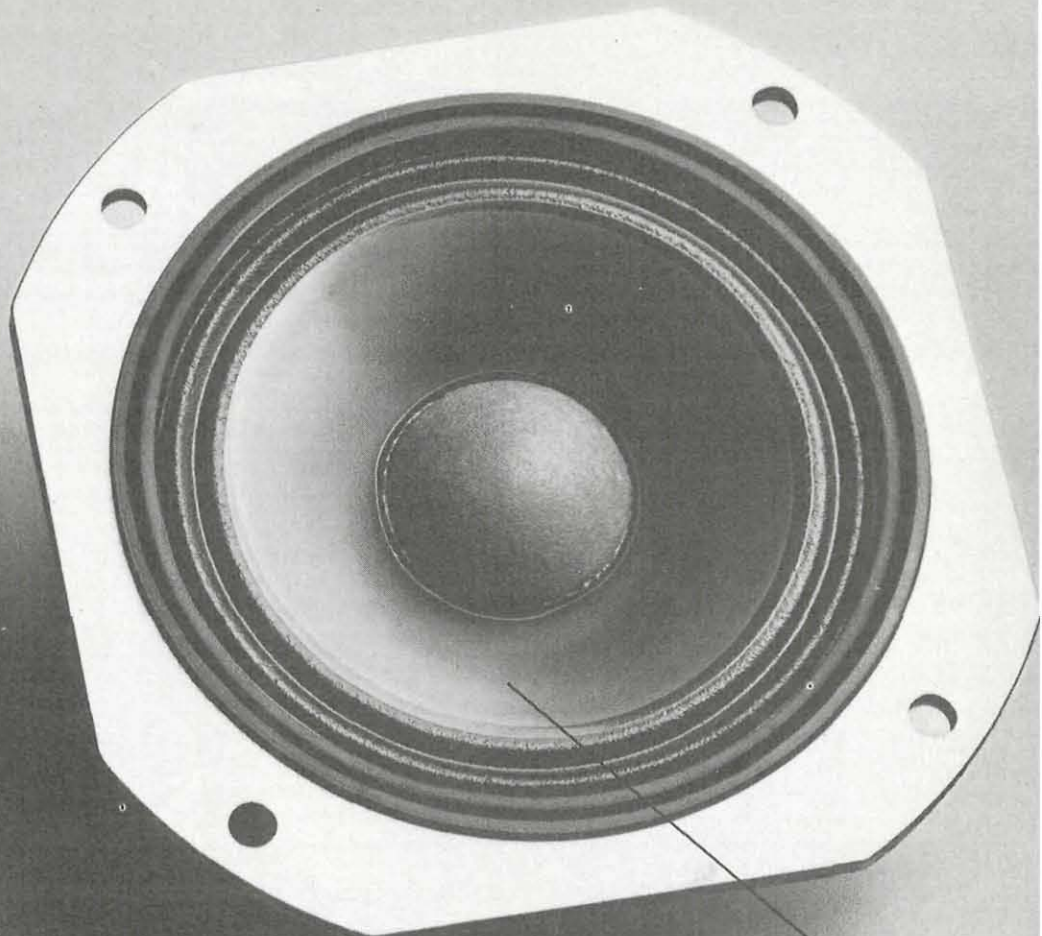
Blow into a kazoo and what do you hear? A buzzing noise you'd expect from a toy that costs about fifty cents. But just as the paper cone in a conventional kazoo creates a buzzing noise, the paper cone in most conventional speakers creates distortion.

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

What's more Polymer Graphite



Conventional speaker has paper cone.

Pioneer's speaker has polymer graphite cone.

is lightweight and non-resonant. So it doesn't add any of its own sound to your music.

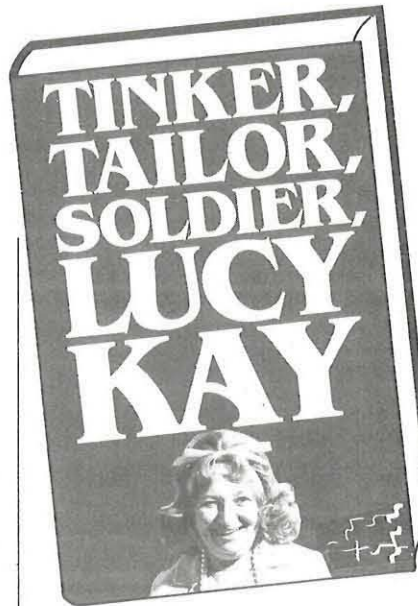
So why buy a conventional paper speaker and limit your system's high fidelity, when you can buy a Pioneer HPM Polymer Graphite speaker and improve it.

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Editorial



Perhaps the most unusual case involved the Lucy Kay Company, an operation out of Texas that markets cosmetics to housewives exclusively through cosmetics parties held in the homes of agent housewives. I'd heard the name, but not much more, when Bea Lee Stubbs made an appearance in an elevator at a Mexican hotel. She was a tumid, floury woman, in her fifties, encrusted with Lucy Kay's total selection and further encapsulated by the pink blouse, pink skirt, pink blazer, pink shoes, pink bows, pink scarf, and other pink appurtenances prescribed by the living Lucy Kay for those who believe.

"So much to see in this part of the world," she said slowly, her eyes canted toward the floor indicator, "yet much more denied. Cloaked, you see. Or disguised." She swiveled her frosted, red-rimmed mouth in my direction, but not directly at me, and compressed a hundred tiny, reticulated, pink-stained folds encircling her eyes. "Therefore, we must do our looking very carefully."

It was obvious to the careful examiner that this pink hen with the arboreal scent and drumstick-shaped nostrils joined by a sharp, uptilted nub at the end of her nose was more than she appeared—indeed, Bea Lee Stubbs was a professional. She stood in a front corner of the elevator, the most defensible position; Bea Lee was right-handed—she knew to secure her weak side against the wall.

"You've a terribly keen gaze," she continued, as the car slowed to her floor. "Perhaps I'll show you one of the local attractions." The clumsy, sloppily forged door crawled open, and without pause Bea Lee engaged several dozen short, prancing steps to propel herself down the corridor to a freshly disinfected chamber at its end. I followed silently, some distance behind, then let myself in to the room and latched the door. Backlit by refulgent Latin sun slicing in wide, thin slats through a louvered screen was an ashen woman in a chair, about thirty-

five, head hung, with narrow shoulders and contused shins. "Greet the nice man," Bea Lee said in the sinister-juvenile style of an interrogator well into the humiliating phase of her act. The woman didn't respond. "Tell the man who you are, dear. Tell him your story."

The woman looked up at me, twitching. Her cheeks and upper lip were enlarged and splotted with subcutaneous packets of blood—the result of smart, precise batteries, inflicted presumably by the agency of her inquisitor, the lady in pink. "I'm just a housewife, that's all I..." The woman stammered and wept noiselessly—one long, gaping exhalation garnished with narrow, lamblack tributaries of Lucy Kay mascara dribbling toward her jaws from a central river that ran between an eye and her mouth.

"She's Susan Lambert," Bea Lee said, "contract agent of ours in Minnesota."

"Now it can't be all that bad, Susan," I said with tolerance. "May I call you Susan?" Susan committed those confused, tragic eyes of hers to me, fixing on my stare, perhaps for some optical beamful of compassion.

"I was running fifty birds in Saint Paul," she began. "Usual operation. The birds set up the parties, boiled the coffee, spooned the treats, led the songs, ramrodded the fun. When the neighborhood cows got worked to a lather, my birds pushed for the sale. Thousand units a party, my birds were

moving—all the new lip liners, performing extracts, big-ticket stuff direct from Lucy Kay."

Bea Lee shifted impatiently on the bed as an unacceptably sportive pair of Mexicans gibbered and rattled toward the elevator and their next opportunity to fail. "Tell him the sad part," she grouched, adjusting a pink ruffled cuff that had privately ducked beneath her sleeve.

"Well, sales began to flag, see. Parties went flat, cows were lumbering out the door bored and empty-handed. I contact my birds and they tell me Lucy Kay hasn't been delivering the party music—you know, good-time lyrics from the pros at headquarters, the compelling little descants that put a cow in a buying frame of mind."

"So you reported it, didn't you," Bea Lee cut in.

"Sure, sure," Susan snapped, "I called Texas—priority. But no response."

Bea Lee studied Susan's face for a long time, then thought aloud, "Have the files been painted? No record of the cable at headquarters, no memo, no action—*poof*. Conclusion?"

I stood up and walked between Susan and the sunlight. "A mole," I said. "There is a mole."

"That's impossible," Bea Lee bleated with great indignance.

I shrugged and made for the door. "Perhaps someone with a keener gaze..."

"No, no. Please. It's just that I'm quite astonished." Plainly jarred, Bea Lee shoved her adipose bratwurst of a torso to a vanity table and spoke into the mirror. "What tipped you?"

"A number of things, but primarily your concealer," I said.

"But, it's Lucy Kay!"

"No matter; you applied it too thick. Concealers are designed to color the mole, not bury it beneath a hillock of dried paste."

Bea Lee instantly wielded a concealing hand against the caked protrusion between her nose and the

continued on page 21



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



BUST LOOSE!
CUERVO & ROCKS



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A Short Play for Reader and Magazine

by Ted Mann

The Characters:

A READER
A MAGAZINE

Scene opens with reader cursorily regarding magazine. Reader flaps magazine slightly, as if to provoke action.

READER

What's this? A play? Ah. I have tickets. I'm here. (*Anguished*) But I haven't seen the reviews! How on earth will I know if it's any good or not? Might as well watch. I'm here. Nothing to lose.

(*Reader drops magazine below eye level. Stares at object in middle distance.*)

READER

I wonder what that thing was. Not mine. Someone must have left it here. People forget things all the time. I had an aunt who never sent a thank-you note in her life. She said she forgot. Well, no wonder! She was eighty. When you're old you forget. Still, she couldn't have been that old all her life. Just absentminded.

(*Reader drops magazine to knee level. Raps upper thigh several times.*)

READER

Where was I? Here. Yes. Terrible season on Broadway. All the plays seem to be about someone else. They used to seem to concern everyone. Not anymore. They're all about other people. The critics still seem to be interested, though. Still on the job.

(*Reader stares at page, eyes unfocused briefly.*)

READER

Well, Walter Cronkite's gone now. I

wonder where he is? At home, perhaps, plucking wool balls off his old cardigan. Well, he took his values with him. Maybe they can replace Mr. Cronkite; but his values? Never. It is to be hoped he wrote them down for his successor. Incidentally, is his replacement wearing a wig? How can the American people be expected to trust somebody who hides the top of his head? A person like that might conceal other things as well. *Damn!*

(*Reader slams down magazine.*)

READER

Have I forgotten something again? They say if you forget, it couldn't be that important. I forgot where I parked my car at a baseball game once. That gives the lie to that old saying. I wonder if all folk sayings are untrue.

(*Reader shakes magazine anxiously.*)

READER

That would strike a blow at the very foundations of our lives as we live them.

(*Reader snaps magazine confidently.*)

READER

Might be good for us. Shake us up a bit. I don't mind a play. I don't even mind a bad play. The type where the actors bother the audience or go nude to make a point about honesty.

(*Furls magazine and bangs it angrily on flat surface.*)

READER

What I can't stand is movies! The actors aren't there. No one's there. They're not responsible. They're miles away, driving in their cars in the traffic

jams out in Hollywood. You can't let them know what you feel. Applause doesn't matter. Even if you hate the show, you can't say anything. Just sit, eating popcorn slathered in fake butter, like a pig. Even if you did shout, if you were offended by the show, you'd only be ejected from the theater.

Movies!

(*Reader looks up, face radiant in realization.*)

READER

Even at a play in a magazine you can make your feelings felt. You can rip the damn page out, crumple it up, and hurl it off. Not the damn movies.

(*Reader tugs at page harshly and crumples corner in demonstration.*)

READER

You can't tear up a movie and throw it away. Of course you can wait until it comes on TV and throw the TV out the window. That could take years. And it's antisocial. If everyone did it, life would be impossible. Clobbered to death by a plummeting TV set still warm from a movie somebody didn't like. Probably people would start chucking them out for TV series too. That would be impossible. It wouldn't be safe to walk the streets, except when a top-rated series was on. "Dallas" would come on, then you could dash out for necessities.

(*Reader stares off, as solemn as a news reader about to recite a tragedy from cue cards.*)

READER

I guess that's why I love the theater. The more of it, the better. Even magazine theater, where you have to be your own actor, with no budget and scanty props. At least someone is responsible. Accountable.

(*Reader reads slowly, emphatically.*)

READER

You know, our theater deserves more care than we've been giving it. Particularly magazine theater. Very few magazine plays are done anymore. I guess the hard rules of economics so dictate. That shouldn't be. We can't let something as important as that die. If government subsidies are what it takes to keep this art alive, then much as I deplore government subsidies, I'm for them. Theater in the home. I'm for it. I'm going to do something about it. Why don't you? Write to magazines, the president, aquarium curators, anyone with influence. We've got to make our feelings felt to insure the survival of this unique art form.

(*Reader casts magazine aside and walks off purposefully.*)



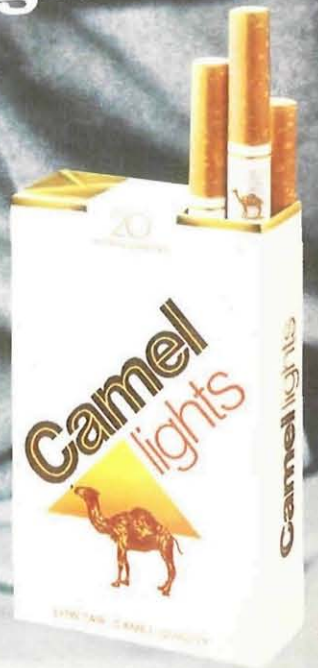
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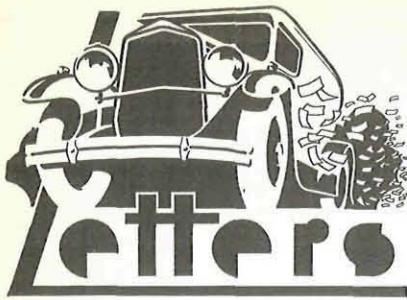
Where a man belongs.

Camel Lights.
Low tar. Camel taste.

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

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





Sirs:

Millions of years ago America was populated by white people and Negroes, just like it is now. But then a huge wave came from the Pacific Ocean and swept everyone off the land, right across the Atlantic Ocean. The Negroes, being heavier, were dropped in Africa. Being on the surface, kind of like cream, white people went further and landed in Europe. Millions of years later we all came back, and here we are. It's difficult to prove a brilliant, innovative theory like this, but look at the facts: white folks are natural surfers, and they're still on top.

Alvin Toffler
Dept. of Off-the-Cuff Theories
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Are we bidding on the new contract for an airborne charged-particle-beam gun for the air force? Sure we are. Why not? The defense-systems market is very lucrative, and we'd be crazy not to. Also, it's kind of like a sacred duty to our shareholders. Don't worry, Billy the Tractor will still be in the toy shops in time for Santa.

Richard Jenkins
President, Tonka Toys Corp.

Sirs:

If Tonka Toys is going to be bidding for that particle-gun contract, then they're bidding against one of the biggest, toughest organizations in the game. We can make a delicious, moist cake out of a bunch of dry chemicals, and we can manufacture a particle gun. Jenkins better get out his little pocket calculator and start worrying. By the way, watch for our new X-Tra Moist Christmas Pudding Mix, won't you? 'Bye.

Betty Crocker
General Foods, Ltd.

Sirs:

Am I dead or what?

Van Johnson
Beverly Hills

Sirs:

This is to thank the nice rich couple who let us use their air conditioner last summer during the killer heat wave. Oh, and by the way, the electric bill was so high that month that the company had to take our car. Since Mom can't get to work anymore, we all went on welfare and now have not only air conditioning all the time but free medical and dental care and all the surplus peanut butter we can eat. We're doing better than ever. Thanks again.

Myrtle P. Johnson
Kansas City

Sirs:

When I was young I met an older woman and she unzipped my pants and we fucked. It was great. Then I met a girl at a bar and we danced and later we fucked. It was the best I ever had. Once I was photographing a sexy girl and she smiled at me and I got all excited and we fucked. That was real good.

I just had to tell someone.

Bob Guccione
London, Paris, and other places
you'll never go



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 929-NL, N.Y., 10268.

Sirs:

I have just read *The Idiot*, by Fyodor Dostoevski, and I'm pretty sure it's about me. I'm contacting my lawyers pronto, so this is a warning to the author.

Milt Friedman
New York City

Sirs:

A great deal of fun has been made of the fact that I have recently been appointed a trustee of the Hampton Institute, a Virginia college with a predominantly black enrollment. Well, let me assure you that this appointment was not made because I am an obscenely wealthy ex-movie star. There is a great deal that I can teach the underprivileged young coloreds of our society—courses that will have some *practical* application to life after graduation. How many persons of the colored persuasion, for instance, know the first thing about cuts of diamonds? They can't tell a marquise from an emerald cut, and this could be a disaster at museum galas! Do they know what to look for in a chauffeur or in a Halston gown, or the correct wine for all occasions? The problems

of the Negro race are simply epic! Thank God, I now have the time to point out all the educational shortcomings of this colored college and can take steps to rectify a truly deplorable situation.

Elizabeth Taylor
Virginia

Sirs:

Thank you for your delightful (and, I must say, informative!) piece on the various muscles of beasts. Joan Didion's writing has always been a joy to keep in a drawer beside my bed. When she described the *carpus* of the *Habidosia* as "a thing like a day in plaid shorts," I knew exactly how she felt about the perch.

Tom Robbins
Paris, France

Sirs:

Instead of spending all that money for defense, why doesn't the government bet it all on Spectacular Bid to show? Even with a \$2.10 payoff, America could earn at least \$5 billion or so. Then we could use that money to bribe Russian politicians and generals not to bomb us. How about it?

Andrew Beyer
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

We wish to go on record as saying that whereas we acknowledge the activities of the Grey Panthers, we do not actively support their cause. Instead, we stand behind a deep devotion to the principle of Nanarchy and work toward a world that will one day be under the complete control of people's nanas.

League of Nanarchists
Tea and Scones Faction
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

I lead a troupe of performing furniture eaters. We're well rehearsed and can eat most of the furniture in a nightclub in two performances, including risers, music stands, and drapes. We have a soloist who can eat fifty chairs an hour.

We work to music, of course, but we never eat the tables, because we found out that management gets mad if there's no place to set down drinks. We're available for weddings and bar mitzvahs.

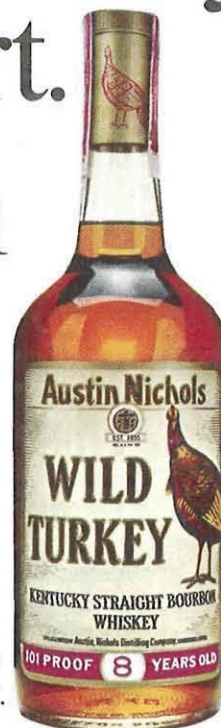
Bicuspid Joe and the Termites
An act
Los Angeles, Cal.

continued



A smooth whiskey is a work of art.

A smooth whiskey at 101 proof is a masterpiece.



WILD TURKEY®/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD
BEYOND DUPLICATION.

© 1980 Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky

LETTERS

continued

Sirs:

You win your bet. We've been able to cure cancer for years. What we're holding out for is a serum that will cure cancer in everybody except Ernest Borgnine.

Dr. Sherman Peabody
American Medical Association

Sirs:

What ever happened to sex scandals, commie witch hunts, LSD, charismatic leaders, revolutions, cheap apartments? Life is getting boring, boring, boring.

A concerned pseudo-intellectual
New York City

Sirs:

There's a small green man with three eyes sitting in my refrigerator. He's from the planet Mars and he's piss drunk. He says that if I don't keep bringing him beer and pretzels, he'll disintegrate me. What the hell do I do with a drunk Martian living in my refrigerator? Can't I evict him? Christ, this is really intolerable.

David Putts
Des Moines, Iowa

Sirs:

Help me! Oh, Christ, help me! I'm getting smaller! I can feel it! There's nothing to me anymore! Please, help me before I dwindle down to nothing!

Hershey Bars
Local candy stores

Sirs:

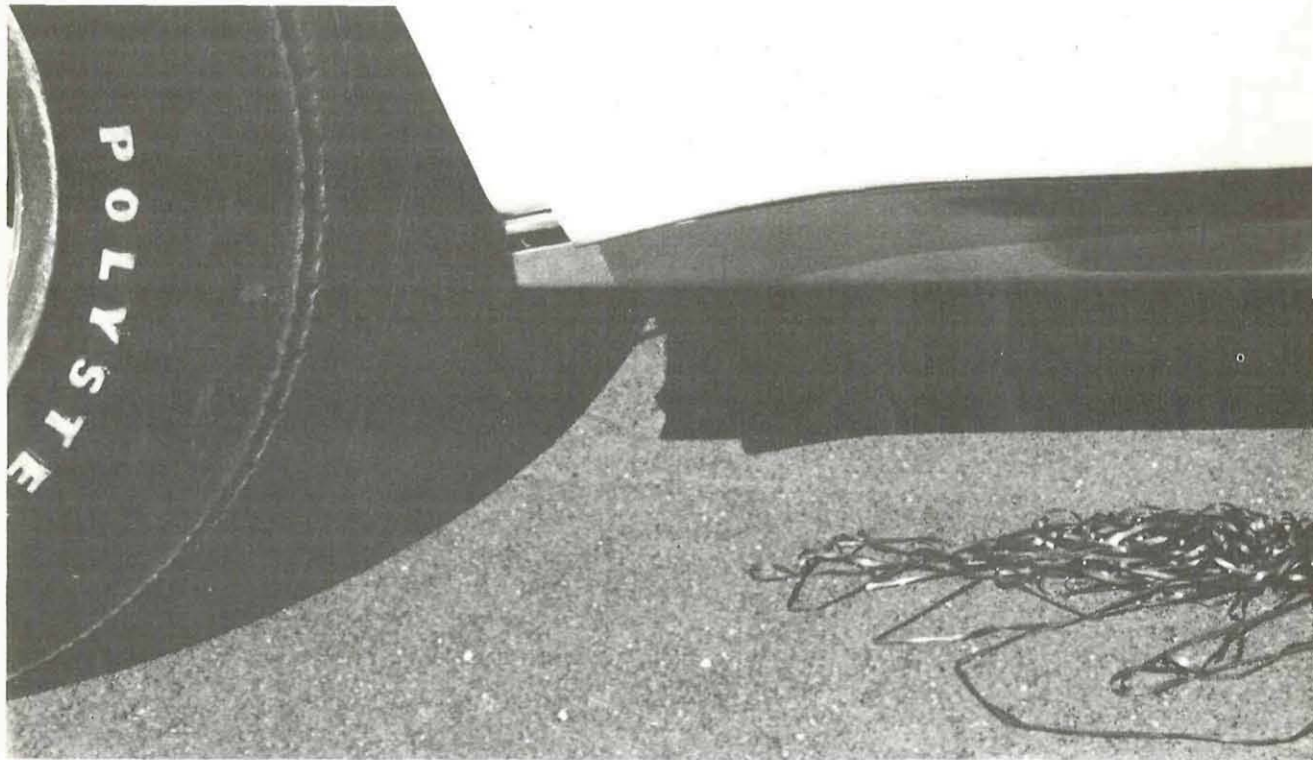
Jesus Christ, ya screw one white woman on a deserted highway somewhere and all of a sudden you're a nobody. Forever.

Cleon Jones
Forgotten Land, Alabama

Sirs:

Hi! Remember me? Six years ago I made history at the 1976 Winter Olympics! Surely you remember! Oh, I was so cute and perky! Well, the world has changed a lot since then, but I haven't! I'm still the bounciest thing around! And soon they'll all be wearing me again!

Dorothy Hamill's haircut
On top of Dorothy
Out there somewhere



Does your car



TS-167

KP-7500

Sirs:

There is absolutely nothing going on between my daughter and me. Nothing, I tell you. Okay, so we play these little daddy/baby games at night in her bed with the lights out, but that's because she's afraid of the dark. And she likes me to give her baths, but that's because I have stronger hands to get the dirt out. So, is there anything wrong with that?

Neil Sedaka
Los Angeles

Sirs:

When I weigh myself, should I take off my artificial leg first? The diet books don't cover the subject at all.

Robert Creel
Clawson, Mich.

Sirs:

I'm establishing a specialty message service, to be called Wadd-o-Gram, and I thought you and your readers might be interested. For a birthday, anniversary, or other special occasion involving you and your "special lady," just tell me the message, verse, or whatever, and I'll write it on my dick and jam it into your special lady.

Johnny Wadd
Long Beach, Cal.

Sirs:

What's white and crawls up your leg?

Uncle Ben's Perverted Rice.

Little Al
from Staten Island

Sirs:

Here's a rich one for you. What did the kamikaze pilot say just before Pearl Harbor? Give up? He said, "If I have only one rifle to give, let me give it as a bomb!" Ha, ha, ha... boy, the Japanese-American Friendship Society will have my ass for that one, but it was worth it.

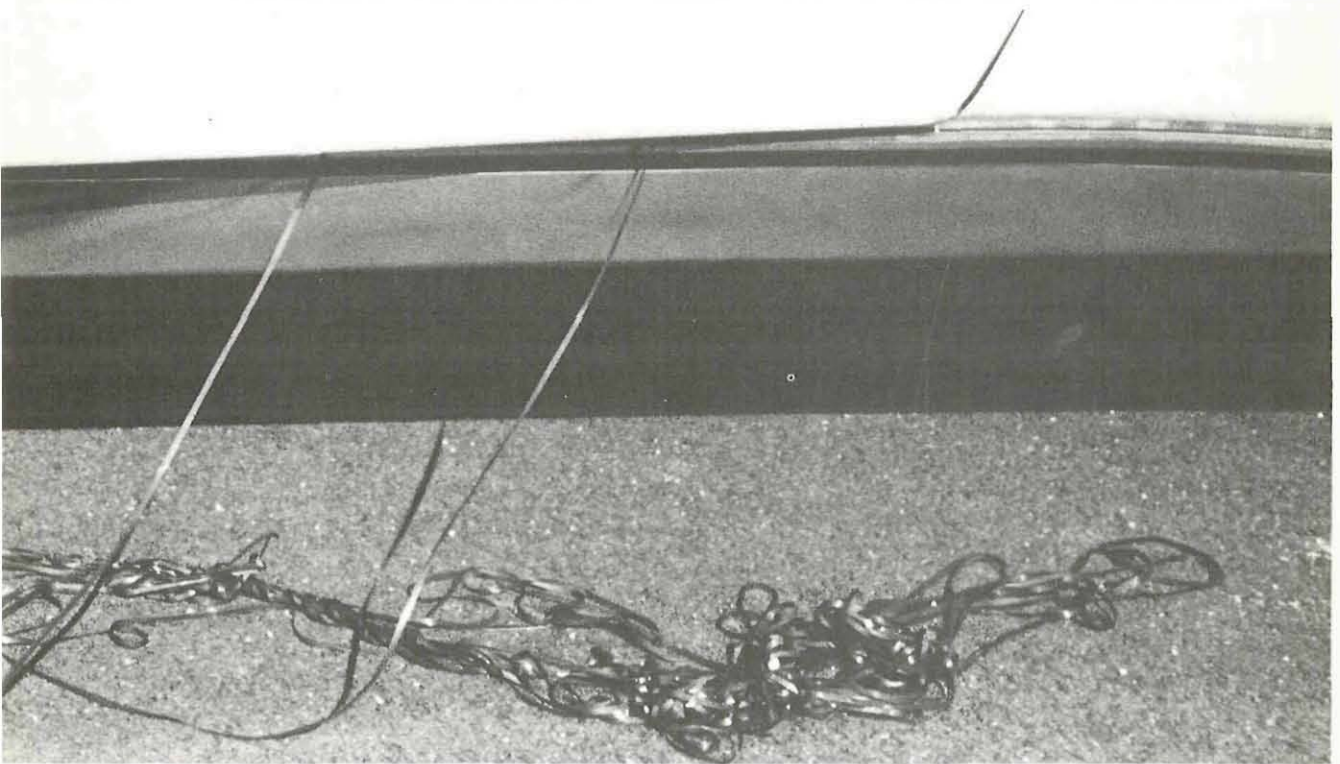
S. Hayakawa
Berkeley, Cal.

Sir:

You know all those ethnic jokes I do in my act? I tell people it's all in fun. But it really isn't. I hate the bastards.

Don Rickles
Las Vegas, Nev.

continued on page 20



stereo get car sick?

You know the nauseating facts.

You're cruising down the highway all set to hear your favorite cassette when suddenly it's devoured.

And when you go to its rescue, your car stereo simply belches out a floor full of tape.

But you can solve all that with a Pioneer Auto Reverse car stereo with ATSC. Our new Automatic Tape Slack Canceller feature.

It automatically loosens tight tape and tightens

loose tape before play. Which guarantees your music will be heard and not eaten. So you'll always have your music the way you want it.

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The Dummy of Chevy Chase

by Brian McCormick

This happened to me, no lie.

I attended a famous and exclusive college in the Northeast where the walls are actually covered with ivy and the girls wear their fathers' shirts, just like they did in kindergarten finger-painting class, only in kindergarten the shirts didn't tug at the shoulders. I'd intended to have deep, meaningful experiences I could later cash in on as a sensitive novelist, but instead I had only cheap, meaningless experiences I could later sell for drink money. This one is probably worth a few bottles.

The story includes the following characters: a beautiful but unstable poetess, the entertainer Chevy Chase, 2,500 geniuses, a Stradivarius viola, and one stuffed dummy.

The dummy was not beautiful, but the poetess had a near anorexic kind of beauty that sooner or later would require cosmetic neurosurgery. She was one of those poetess-nymphets who is permanently wet behind the

ears and between the legs. On top of me, she made me feel as if someone had just rolled off. Beneath me, she gave the play of a dolphin and the fuck of my life. The cliché that was her tragedy: her beauty made her mad. She maintained a cynical dismay that chased the world away. Talking to her was like accidentally calling the right number. She spoke in spontaneous sonnets of surprise at the shape of the sky, or the sound of twitching trees, but could not speak when spoken to.

She broke up with me when she found out I was sleeping with her.

It was two years after I broke up with the beautiful but unstable poetess when the entertainer Chevy Chase called the highly respected college humor magazine for which I was an executive editor. The entertainer Chevy Chase wanted to set up a promotional event to push the new "Saturday Night Live" Not Ready for Prime Time Players' album.

So it was long after I had long forgotten the affair with the beautiful but unstable poetess when the entertainer Chevy Chase inadvertently forced me to call her on the phone. It seems Chase had taken sick with a bad case of sloth on the day he and his fellow Not Ready for Promo Tour Players were to arrive at the offices of the highly respected college humor magazine.

Any reputable manual on rescue operations will instruct one, when in the midst of an entertainment emergency, to find a dummy, place one's arms under the dummy's chin and around its chest, then throw it off the roof of a building. Naturally my fellow editors and I immediately fell to stuffing a man's suit with newspapers. We planned to throw the dummy off the roof of the building directly across from the offices of our highly respected college humor magazine, claiming the dummy was actually Chevy Chase doing his *Last Pratfall Ever*. It was a cunning conceit meant to exploit the media and confuse the audience of 2,500 geniuses attending an exclusive college in the Northeast, who were willing to wait in subzero weather to watch subnormal performers cut through a substandard chair with a secondhand buzz saw.

It so happened that the poetess lived in the only room that had access to the roof of the building we had to use to throw Chevy Chase into the crowd of geniuses gathered below. The task of calling her for permission fell to me, as I was the only one who could communicate with her in her language, a private frenzy. Unfortunately, our good-byes had not been pleasant two years earlier, and I did not relish the thought of bringing up old business. I made the call and explained the gag in a curt but courteous manner, and midway through the explanation she interrupted me by screaming as only a woman and certain species of African night birds can scream. A partial transcript follows:

ME: It's very simple. We have to climb out your window to get to the fire escape, so we can throw the dummy of Chevy Chase off the roof and...
BEAUTIFUL BUT UNSTABLE POETESS:
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-
aaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-
HHHHHHH!

For a poet, she employed a certain frugality of metaphor. The rhyme scheme: a simple but effective AAH.

continued on page 95





Technics direct-drive.
The turntable 73 of the
top 100 radio stations use.

Performance and reliability. That's why 73 of the top 100 radio stations that use turntables use Technics direct-drive turntables. In fact, of those stations surveyed by Opinion Research Corporation, Technics was chosen 6 to 1 over our nearest competitor.

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But Technics state of the art goes beyond performance.

Station engineers also depend on Technics direct-drive turntables because of "reliability and past experience" as well as "quality and durability." In fact, the most listened to classical music station, WQXR in New York, has depended on Technics direct-drive turntables since 1972.

You'll choose Technics direct-drive turntables for the same performance and reliability that's made Technics the turntable top radio stations use. And there are eleven Technics direct-drive turntables from manuals, to semi-automatics, to fully automatics, to changers. Starting at \$125 to \$600 (Technics suggested retail prices). So listen to Technics and hear the Science of Sound.

Technics
The science of sound

The Story of Sabre Dog

by John Bendel

I am not a talking dog. As hard as the CIA tried, they couldn't breed us for vocal cords. But at a super-secret installation in the Midwest, the agency did build giant typewriters with paw-sized keys, and they taught us to write.

My name is Lulu; I'm a beagle and one of the first graduates of the CIA's hush-hush writing-dog program. In the beginning it was very exciting. I was treated well—only the best food and accommodations. And any time I wanted to go for a walk or an outside romp, someone took me out right away. Very few dogs are as well cared for as I was, even though it was kind of impersonal. I longed for a deeper, more meaningful relationship, but for the most part I was happy.

Then came the CIA's flying-dog program.

You see, the army already had tried to breed a flying dog, but they hadn't gotten very far. They crossed dogs with bats and managed to come up with a winged Doberman pinscher that couldn't get off the ground. The army dropped a couple of them from a helicopter to give them a little altitude, but the Dobermans went down like rocks. They didn't even glide a little.

The army also came up with a disgusting and aggressive creature called the bat mastiff. It flew, all right, but it couldn't even be housebroken, much

less trained for CIA work. It was a monster that disgusted even the researchers who had bred it, but it was as close to a flying dog as they got. The army decided to drop the program.

That's when the CIA got into the act. They reasoned that a smaller, lighter dog stood a better chance of flying than the big, mean dogs the army preferred. Of course the army scoffed. "What good will a small dog be?" they jeered from the Pentagon. "Will we send them behind enemy lines to gnaw on wires and shed on delicate electronic equipment?"

But the army knew only part of the CIA's plan, because they had never been told about us writing dogs. You see, a writing dog who could fly undetected into enemy territory would be invaluable for intelligence purposes. So when the CIA asked for the bat mastiff to use in its own program, the army gladly turned it over.

That's when my life changed forever. One day, they took me away to another location, where I was introduced to the lewd, slaving bat mastiff. I had never seen such a disgusting creature, and when they told me he was to be my stud, I fainted dead away. That suited their purposes just fine.

The stinking animal had his way with me and I got pregnant. Oh, many times while carrying that baby I

thought of ending it all! I dreaded whelping!

But when little Sabre Dog was born it was like a miracle! He didn't look anything like his father, except for the wings that folded almost invisibly between his forelegs and his rib cage. I fell in love with the little fellow; he was all that a mother could hope for in a puppy. I finally felt fulfilled as a bitch.

For over a year we lived happily. I tried not to think about the uses to which he would be put, and he took to both his typing lessons and his flying exercises. Before long, he was communicating nicely with his instructors, and he was able to cruise effortlessly at an altitude of about one thousand feet. We were both enjoying life.

But nothing, it seems, is as fragile as canine happiness.

As Sabre Dog grew, more and more people came to see him fly, and an air of tension settled over our lives. The men who watched him petted and praised him only perfunctorily, and they seemed grim and distracted. Then one day the head trainer came to Sabre Dog and told him of an important mission he was to undertake.

It seems that the Soviets had developed a force of counterintelligence dogs that had already sniffed out and attacked a number of our agents. The Soviet dogs were huge and mean, and of all the writing dogs we had sent in to learn about them, none had come back alive. Meanwhile, our intelligence network in Eastern Europe was threatened. Only a flying dog stood a chance of getting in, learning the details of the Soviet dog operation, and getting back out.

I cried the day Sabre Dog flew off on his mission, I was so frightened for him. He was to be gone for a few days, but days turned into weeks, and weeks became months. After a year, the other writing dogs told me to forget about Sabre Dog, but I never gave up hope.

Then one day he came back. Oh, he was so thin and sad-looking! They had captured him, he told us, and tortured him to learn how he came to both fly and write. They had done terrible things to him, he said, but the worst thing they did was to tell him that his father was a mutant, the bat mastiff. Their counterintelligence work was impressive, because they even had a picture of the beast that they waved in front of Sabre Dog once they realized how it hurt him.

continued on page 73



P. Steiner

"Your rose dust gets into everything, and your caladnums attract toads; and another thing: your damn marigolds are stinking up the whole area."

Exit bland. Enter KOOL.

Here is low 'tar' smoking satisfaction that plays to rave reviews.

KOOL MILDS gives you a refreshing sensation that goes beyond the taste of ordinary low 'tars'.

There's only one word for the KOOL experience: Bravo!



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SCOTCH® CASSETTES. THE TRUTH COMES OUT.

3M

LETTERS

continued from page 15

Sirs:

I just found out. Neatness doesn't count.

Roger Hoad
Camden, N.J.

Sirs:

I have nothing against Filipinos. Nobody has anything against them. For that matter, who cares about Filipinos? And that's my whole point. Think about it. When's the last time you bought a Philippine hit record? When's the last time you went to a Philippine restaurant? Have you ever seen a Filipino comedian? Did you ever wish to study Philippine culture or literature? When's the last time you picked up the phone and called a Filipino for a stimulating conversation? Can you name even one famous Filipino other than President Marcos? Can you think of one thing that was invented in the Philippines? What's your favorite Philippine movie? Can you recall ever hearing Filipino jokes? Do you know of anything the Philippines have done to enrich society? Of course not! They're a harmless, non-descript people and nation, with no particularly offensive qualities and no reason to bother anybody; they never cause concern in any way at all. What I'd like to know is how the fuck did they manage it? What genius!

Senator Daniel Inouye
Honolulu, Hawaii

Sirs:

Today on "Those Amazing Idiots," we'll see a handless man attempt to smoke a cigarette in a bathtub filled with gasoline, a fourteen-year-old girl who juggles chain saws, an ex-marine sergeant who swallows live hand grenades, a man who dances on twirling helicopter blades, and a stunt man who will drive a busload of schoolchildren through a tunnel of flames! But first, this message from Mutual of Omaha.

Rex Blunder
Those All-Important Ratings
TV City, Cal.

Sirs:

Roddy McDowall, Cesar Romero, Hugh Hefner, and me are the only guys who get to wear ascots. Anyone else has to talk to us first. Cordoba, Cordoba, Cordoba.

Ricardo Montalban
Los Angeles, Cal.

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EDITORIAL

continued from page 8

corner of her mouth and, being embarrassed, twisted in my direction and returned the focus to Susan in the chair: "Why do you suppose the darling's request wasn't processed? Pinpoint the problem for us, will you? Lucy Kay wants the kinks out of the operation, or it's blood. My blood, do you understand? Sweat the darling here some more, sift the files, do whatever you have to. I don't care what your price is, I need answers, and I..." Bea Lee stopped as quickly as she began the moment she noticed I hadn't taken my eyes off her mole.

"Why don't you just acknowledge the brown, budlike tumor attached to that inert beanbag your skull is using for a cheek these days, and accept the fact that no amount of cosmetology or pinkness will increase the likelihood of your getting fucked, appreciated, or, for that matter, endured by anyone of the smallest consequence or in the least fashion worth knowing?" With that I heaved her through the glass and watched a swarm of horse-toothed, stumbling, slobbering, Mexican starvelings converge on Bea Lee's flattened hulk below like a closing camera shutter.

"She's driven them out of control," I mentioned to Susan, as she trembled, emotionally desiccated and hunched in her chair. "Pink women just don't get along as well down here as they do in the States." T.C.

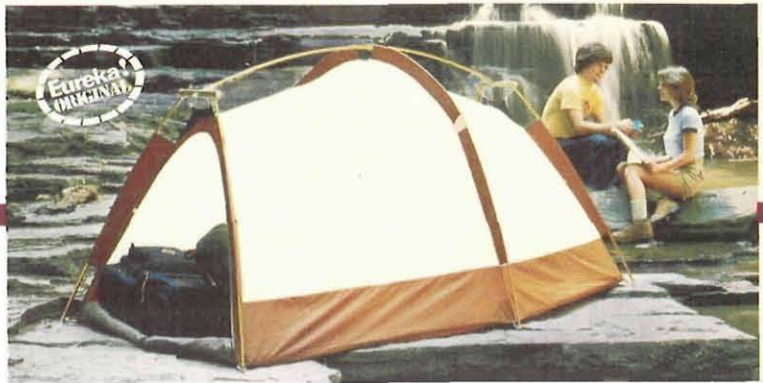
L'Ecole Militaire

They got a gun made out of candy
At l'Ecole Militaire.
It fires candy kisses
At all the girls it misses.
They built the gun in Paris
Because no one is embarrassed
By guns made out of candy
At l'Ecole Militaire.

They got a girl made out of candy
At l'Ecole Militaire.
She wears short marshmallow dresses
That melt when she caresses
All the boys who marched behind her
After they designed her
For a war made out of candy
At l'Ecole Militaire.

Send all the libertines to the
guillotines,
But don't take my gun (girl) made out
of candy
From l'Ecole Militaire.

—Brian McCormick



Discover uncommon comfort in this new Hoop/A-Frame hybrid

Sentinel

There's room to stretch! Eureka's original self-supporting frame has been widened and combined with a spacious center hoop. So it gives you nearly 4-foot headroom and 6-foot width, but



With optional vestibule

takes only 6x20 inches of pack space. And weighs under 7½ lbs. Including the Super K-Kote® fly. And two twin-track doors with no-see-em netting. Eureka! Sentinel: A new 4-season breed.

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one on—to appreciate its exceptional adjustability. Load it—to feel the weight transfer through its unique 5-ply, hipbelt. And travel with your pick of six Wolf Pack models—for pure enjoyment. Wilderness never felt so good!

Camp Trails
1 Marine Midland Plaza
P.O. Box 966 Binghamton, NY 13902

a Johnson wax associate

LETTERS

continued from page 20

Sirs:

As distasteful as we at the Rockford Balboa School of Male Modeling find this, we must announce publicly that we have no connection with the Rocky Balboa in Sylvester Stallone's film *Rocky*. Our solicitors have initiated libel suits against the aforementioned "Mister" Stallone. The Rockford Balboa School of Male Modeling produces only refined, cultivated male models of the highest caliber; Nijinsky, Rudolph Nureyev, Cary Grant, and William F. Buckley stand among our graduates. While a select number of applicants to the school are interviewed each year, we must stress that crude, obese, flat-footed, or vulgar males need not apply.

H. Hodding Triptych
Rockford Balboa School
of Male Modeling
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Zealous zoo zebras and zeppelin
zoning,
Zionist zygotes and Zanzibar
zombies,
Zowie zucchini and zodiac zings,
These are just some of my favorite
thingz.

Zubin Mehta
New York Zity

Sirs:

Dot Ronald Reagan, he's such a crazy guy, ja? A dummkopf like the Norwegian auk, ignorant like the potatoes from Ireland, and more wrinkles on the face than a Latvian gobble-gobble, nein? But we are being agreed on issues so many, I think we are working close together in the NATO alliance, *nicht wahr?* Especially, I personally admire the ethnic jokes he continually is giving off. Not like that Carter, who was afraid to call a spade a spade, ja? Ho, ho, what a guy!

Herr Helmut Schmidt
Bonn, West Germany

Sirs:

I know it's hard for you to believe, but when I was young I had dreams, oh yes I did. It was a long time ago when they assembled me out in T. They told me I'd probably work for a nuclear physicist or an aerospace engineer. "You'll help extend man's understanding," they said. But what happened?

Oh, sure, an engineer bought me. But he gave me to his teenage daughter, and she only uses me to cheat on math exams. And you talk about cynicism!

Zip, the pocket calculator
Anaheim, Cal.

Sirs:

As a former officer of the Rape Crisis Control Center in Houston, Texas, I feel that I am qualified to advise your readers on the topic of rape control. We at the center view at least ten thousand rapes a day at the Rape Command Tracking Console. I myself have been raped numerous times.

First of all, don't panic. Offer to rape yourself rather than allow a drunken madman to assault your person. Do not scream. Screaming only draws attention to the rapist, which is really what he's after. Also, it's usually a bad idea to open any orifices other than the one already under attack. If a hand comes near your mouth, bite it. If you find the hand to be your own, keep biting it; the pain will give you something to think about during the act of violation. If you have any packages, shove them into the attacker's arms. If you have any luggage, drop it on his feet. If you don't have any luggage, go buy some, then drop it on his feet.

Remember, *self-confidence* is the key to a successful defense against rape. Carry yourself with dignity at all times. Pretend you are a baroness at a ball or a lovely dowager queen at an opera while you are being raped. Sing "The Barber of Seville."

If you are still being raped after you finish the song, just walk to your car as if nothing is happening. If the rapist refuses to leave your person, simply ignore the fellow. Go to work the next day and act as if nothing unusual is going on, even if you have to talk over his groans and threats. If the rapist is still at it after three weeks, consult a horoscope. Good luck, and don't let those rapists get you down!

Pam Morris
Houston Rape Control Center

Sirs:

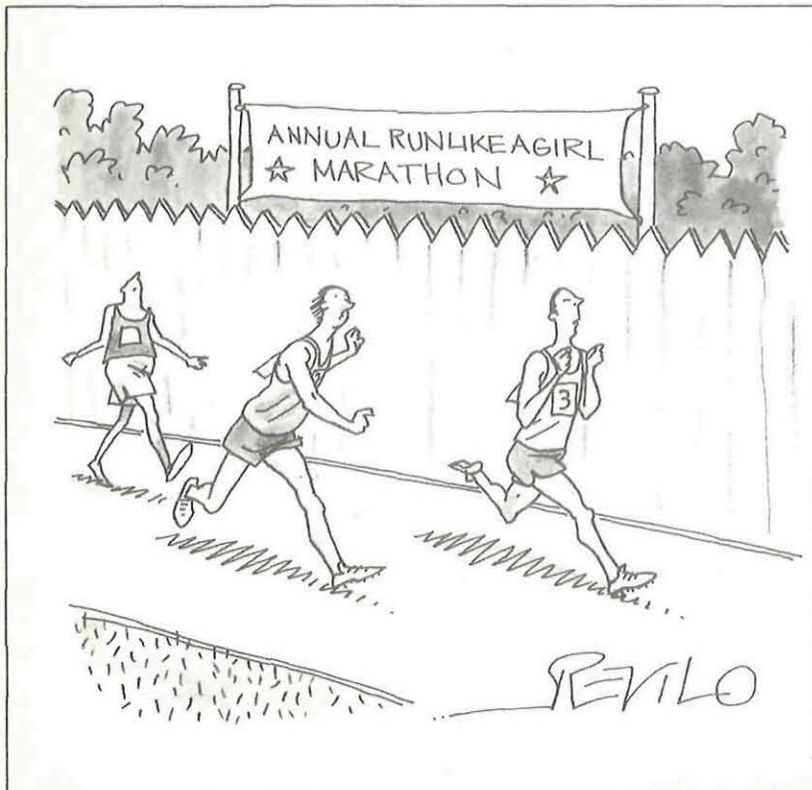
Does lickety go with anything besides split? Does cole go with anything besides slaw? Does alma go with anything besides mater? Please reply quickly.

Edwin Newman
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

If Jim Morrison had sung the "Pepsi Generation" song like I told him to, he would be alive today. I hope all you hippies are happy after what you did to him. If not, I hope you're at least having a good time.

Jim Morrison's Mother
Los Angeles, Cal.



Super Sours begin with Seven.



For a super Whiskey Sour, start with the very special taste of Seagram's 7 Crown. Add 1½ oz. Seagram's 7 to the juice of one lemon and one tsp. of extra fine sugar. Shake, strain over ice and garnish with an orange slice and a cherry. A Seagram's 7 Sour is super! Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.



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Total control for the total system.

For those who want comprehensive control over their stereo system, MXR offers its System Preamp.

The MXR System Preamp provides the ultimate in versatile, distortion-free system control. For the first time, the home stereo enthusiast has the signal routing flexibility previously restricted to recording engineers, with exceptional sonic integrity.

The System Preamp lets you route two simultaneous signal sources independently to a monitor channel, tape output, or power amp and speakers. A Mix control blends the two signals and permits fading from one source to another, and a versatile instrument input enables electronic instruments and microphones to be amplified and blended with program material.

The MXR System Preamp is housed in an attractive, black anodized enclosure with solid walnut end pieces and 3½" (h)x19" (l)x6" (d) dimensions for convenient placement in any stereo set-up. Rack ears are also available.

Like all MXR products, the System Preamp reflects the latest advances in American audio technology. This innovative new preamplifier has been designed with imagination to provide the ultimate in flexible control for the creative stereo enthusiast.

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MXR Consumer Products Group



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.

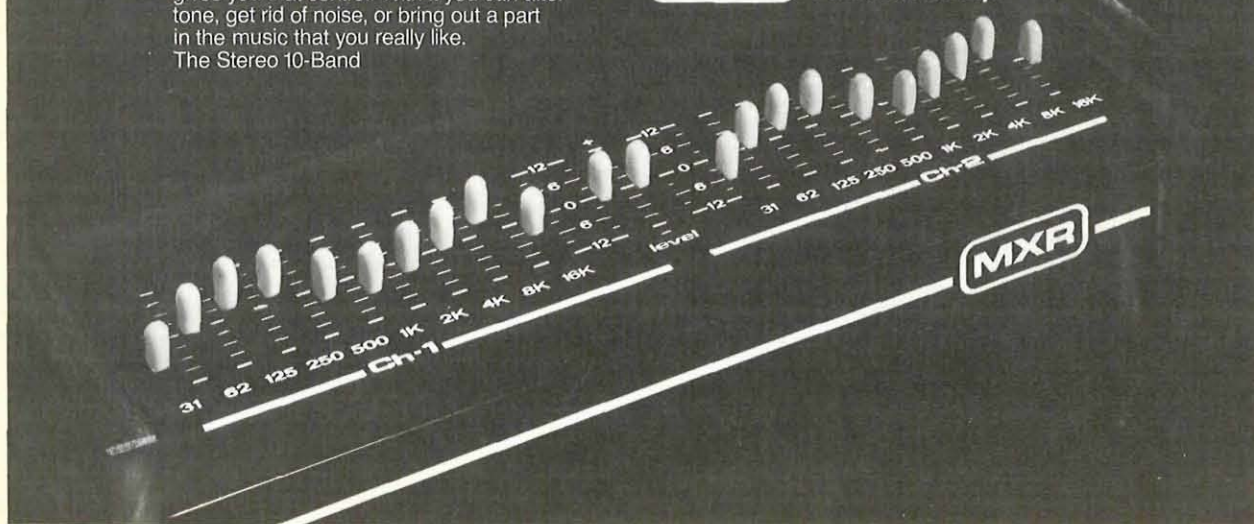
The MXR Stereo 10-Band Graphic Equalizer gives you that control. With it you can alter tone, get rid of noise, or bring out a part in the music that you really like.

The Stereo 10-Band

Graphic Equalizer enables you to adjust the music to meet your special tastes. It lets you control your reality.

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NEWS ON THE MARCH

FIRST FAMILY

Solidifying the Image

Benjamin Poole is a Secret Service agent assigned to protect the life of the president's son, Ronald Reagan, Jr. The following is his account of an operation called Stork, begun February 27 of this year.

I was having a late-night cup of coffee with Ron and his wife at a cafe in the SoHo district of Manhattan when orders came through my earpiece to call the communications center downtown. When I did, someone from the president's Washington staff inquired in a terse and overbearing manner if I was the agent who had "supervised" the Reagan boy's wedding last November. I told him I was, and he informed me with carefully chosen language, presumably composed by a superior, that Ron's marriage had not entirely convinced the public of his character and that I was to help solidify the boy's image by arranging for Ron and his wife to "have a baby."

"Right away," the voice added, which I understood clearly as an order to induce the Reagans to sexual intercourse that very evening. As we walked back to Ron's apartment, I dropped a half block behind, ostensibly to give the couple some privacy but actually to devise a plan. I thought about simple approaches like bribing Doria to rape him, or rousing Ron with a lewd story, but none seemed better than putting a revolver to the back of his neck like I did at the wedding and simply instructing Ron to perform. And about an hour later, I did



Young Ron Reagan and his wife at their wedding last November. Apparently that wasn't enough.

just that, and he fainted straightaway. "Come on, Ron," I scolded as Doria brought him around. "It's not all that bad." After a considerable stretch of puling and complaining about his aching muscles and the difficulty of having sex with a third party at the foot of the bed, with a gun pointed at him, he finally agreed to cooperate if I would leave the room. I positioned myself in a chair outside the door and waited. I listened for the appropriate noises, but none came. "What is it, Ron?" I shouted through the door. "Why aren't you having sex?"

"Uh, what do you mean?" he answered haltingly, obviously confused. "We just had it. It was wonderful. It was beautiful. It was—" I rammed the door open with the butt of

the revolver in my fist as Ron hid behind a wardrobe, fully clothed. "—over real fast," he continued, "so I got dressed to go out and get some cigarettes and drinks and stuff for us to enjoy in...in the afterglow..." I seized him by the back of his collar and asked Doria to leave the room. "I've been patient," I said to him. "I've bent over backward to accommodate you." He made a fretful, bratty grimace and tried to squirm free. "I'm too tired," he whined, then undertook a highly theatrical yawn and feigned collapse. I decided to try a tactic I'd considered earlier. "Hey, Ron," I began, suddenly shifting my voice to a calmer, more companionable tone, "ever noticed the skirts women are wearing these days, the ones with the slits way up

the sides?" He continued to slump like dead weight and offered no response. "Well, I was sitting on a bus the other day, see, and this incredible-looking woman stands right in front of me, and she's got this black skirt on slashed nearly to her hips. Well, I examine this situation very closely, if you read me, and she starts undulating with the motion of the bus, back and forth with her pelvis, like she was slowly building up to a piece of ass right in the bus." Ron began to stir; I wasn't sure whether the story was arousing him or annoying him, so I continued with maximum lasciviousness and growled crude, gravelly laughter at every turn. "So I lean forward so that I'm about this far from the opening in her dress, and I start to blow warm moist air on her thigh. She tilted her head back slightly and arched her breasts, as if to lure the wet succor of my lips closer and closer..."

"I'm sick!" Ron bleated, then bent over the side of the bed and convulsed and dry heaved. Doria peered into the doorway and I called her in with the notion that she might help turn the project around by raping him. She tried, but Ron folded his body into a rigid, impenetrable ball and maintained that shape for an hour with a strength associated with persons who are mad or in grave danger. By now it was five in the morning; lambent strips of dawn sun colored the top half of the room, and I stood in the corner mulling my next move. I pointed my gun at a lamp near Ron's head and fired three times. He wouldn't budge. So I called Washington, and they told me to wait for further instructions.

—Benjamin Poole

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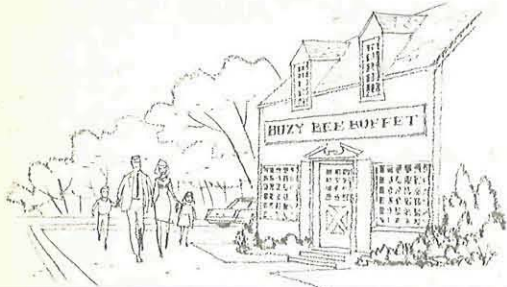
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SELECTION NO. 1

Black mounds suppurating vermiculate, putrefying tubes of white ooze over a bed of shirred ocher strips the size of shirred cards. A brown, viscid sheet of blistered protoplasm lies underneath, rising through ruptures and cracks into crystalline nodes of toxic rot.

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SELECTION NO. 3

Oxidized, tartarous stalks swollen at either end by scaly spheres encrusted with spines, fungus, and the husks of decomposed thrips that have pierced and sucked their heads into the surface. Bladderlike pods wall the perimeter; their skin being deeply reticulated and glutinous, many types of organic debris have affixed themselves to it and thrive by converting the pulp of the host pod into hideous, virgulate factories of reeking gases that hover above the serving bin like a pall of death.

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LAWS AND LEGALITY

Of Hotel Fires, Whores, and Rights

When the nine justices of the U.S. Supreme Court filed ponderously and solemnly to the bench to deliver their opinion in the case of *Ginger Ratigliano, Professional Models of Las Vegas, et al. v. Morris Beale*, they assumed a primary role in the long-simmering controversy over the rights of prostitutes who are constrained from fulfilling their obligations by *force majeure*—in this case, the murderous fire that destroyed the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas. "A threshold question arises here," Chief Justice Burger began, "deriving from an oral contract between the appellant and her customer, Mr. Beale. Did she agree merely to perform an act, or to perform it to the satisfaction of the appellee? Miss Ratigliano's agent, Mr. Scarpaii, has testified that the appellee offered \$200 to him in consideration of 'entertainment' to be provided by his client, the customary meaning of this term being controlled expressly and uniformly by the amount tendered in the bargain. [\$200 . . . to wit: standard encryption for the 'service of an attractive, youthful female in an artful, vigorous, and professional manner' (*Sprat v. Tatiglianni*, 16 U.S. 703).] In that Mr. Beale did present two one-hundred-dollar notes to Mr. Scarpaii, who admittedly accepted them and placed them in his pocket, and given that the appellant is, as she was impliedly represented, a handsome young woman of professional reputation and ability, this court finds that a valid contract was operative at the time the smoke and fumes entered Mr. Beale's room. The appellee, however, asserts that Miss Ratigliano breached her promise by failing to bring the fruits of her service to term and, instead, 'shouted, darted wildly back and forth across the room, beat the door and windows, otherwise disen-

gaged herself, and thus designed to exempt herself from the agreement.' It was at this point that Mr. Beale declared that his contract entitled him to full satisfaction, and he proffered a theory that additional future service he might realize from Miss Ratigliano pursuant to that end would comprise in actuality the consummating link in a single nexus of the service for which he had already paid. Therefore, when he later encountered the appellant in the lobby of his emergency lodging place and requested a subsequent 'entertainment' from her, and when, in fact, she performed it for him with diligence and professionalism and caused Mr. Beale to gain full satisfaction, the appellee declined to pay Miss Ratigliano another \$200. Testimony indicates that she contested the appellee with sharp bellicosity, claiming that an imminently lethal catastrophe had the fair and practical effect of extinguishing her original duty to him, to which Beale counterclaimed that such a disaster must likewise relieve his obligation to have given over the \$200, thereby creating a debt in that amount between the appellant and himself, which he, hypothetically acceding to her characterization of the second performance as 'freestanding and of independent value,' was willing to forgive in trade for the service he had just received. The issue appears to the court to be twofold: Is a whore generally expected to get the guy off, and, if something like a huge Las Vegas hotel fire forces her to quit right in the middle, can the guy get his money back? Did the whore actually think the guy would pay \$200 for half a blowjob, or what? It is, of course, a matter of law in this country (1010 U.S. 856) that the offeree in a contract for services may communicate (continued on page 110)

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NATION

Sexual Dyspepsia in the White House

The President Is Sexually Harassed on the Job

President molesters: who are they, where do they come from, what do they want? Until recently, the problem of president molestation remained unknown to the public, but President Reagan's near seduction by a known molester during last week's press conference has thrown the problem into high relief. Since then, more and more presidents have stepped forward with their private tales of terror, emboldened by the president's example. But what of the president molester? How can he be helped? What follows is a frank interview with a reformed president molester now serving out a ten-year sentence in Palo Alto Prison, California.

What exactly is a president molester?

PRESIDENT MOLESTER: Well, first of all, he's sick, a sick person, like me. I know I'm sick, but I can't stop doing it. At night I lie in bed and pray God I will be stopped tomorrow...that somebody will stop me before I molest again. But

cell's dim evening light.)

Why do you do it? Is it the thrill of molesting the head of the executive branch, being so near the seat of power?

PM.: I...I guess I'd have to say it's the thrill of just being near someone who signs bills. It's the knowledge that this man, this president, has accepted my advances and that we share a secret relationship based on mutual lust.

How does one go about molesting presidents?

PM.: That's easy. I bait the trap with bits of newspapers I shred in a large pepper mill I keep at home. Then I sprinkle the paper with musk oil and condiments. It's the condiments that they go for. After that, I fill my pockets with the pulpy newsprint and spread it around the hustings, where I know a president of some kind will soon be appearing. Then I wait. Sometimes it takes months before a presidential candidate will blossom into a full-fledged president. In the meantime I practice on lesser



the next day is just like the day before; with my diseased mind, there is no hope of rehabilitation. (At this point the prisoner broke down and cried, rocking back and forth in the

presidents—you know, corporate kingpins, Kiwanis Club execs, an occasional fan-club prexy when things get desperate. But it's the presidents I go for. They're so...presidential.

(At this point the prisoner giggled, then stopped abruptly.)

I know I'm sick... I know that. But I can't stop. Why doesn't someone help me?

You see, they make it so easy to lure a president into your car. Presidents are fall guys for a box of gum-backed reinforcements. Sometimes a large magnet will do it. They love trick photography and large slices of roast beef. A trick photograph of a slice of beef will make their eyes spin in their sockets. A drawing of a slice of roast beef on a piece of beige oaktag will sometimes work if you make sizzling noises while jiggling it a little. That one works best on premiers. Then there's the presidential memorabilia. Bric-a-brac. Gewgaws. Paperweights with presidential seals all over them. It drives them nuts. Once they're in the car I have my way with them while they play with the bric-a-brac. I

love it when they drool over the Lincoln Memorial rotating desk calendar.

What about president-elect molesters? Are there any such deviants in existence?

PM.: I don't know much about today's election practices. As secretary of the treasury under Lyndon Johnson, I used to be much closer to the election scene, but now I mostly hang out at the United Nations during lunchtime. Plenty of executive material just waiting to be snapped up. That is, if I ever get out of the slammer. They've got me in a vocational-work-therapy program, teaching me executive skills, so I can start my own business, maybe molest myself someday. After I'm rehabilitated I hope I'll be able to walk among presidents again, that I will be accepted back into presidential company, that I will someday become a president myself.

SCIENCOLOGY

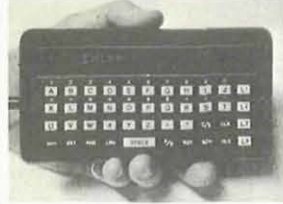
"Microchirps?"

Here come the birdbrains...

Howard Stearns is an ingenious, commonplace man. He is a blithe man who looks the antithesis of scholarship and high intelligence, yet beneath his plain, round face resides the first brain in history to create another brain. In the clutter of his laboratory at Palo Alto's National Semiconductor Plant, Stearns sifts through a vast sheaf of computations and schematic diagrams and recalls the breakthrough. "I had been experimenting with a type of logic fusion, commingling the various matrices of intelligence found in cellular brains, when I arrived at a remarkably efficient and compact circuit. I soon realized that with refinement, I could replicate the mind of a small animal on a chip the size of a thumbtack." Stearns showed his discovery to executives at the company, and they have announced that National Semiconductor will soon market the first of a line of six digital, hand-held animals, under the

tentative trade name Sparrow 2000. "Each Sparrow 2000 unit contains the intelligence, personality, and identity of a live, individual sparrow," Stearns explains. "This plastic device you hold in your hand is actually a bird. It makes all the decisions, has all the instincts and needs, and performs all the mental operations of a living sparrow." Terming Stearns's technology a quantum achievement in consumer electronics, company president Roy Talbert envisions a time when "every American will have his own small, and possibly rare, creature to take with him wherever he goes; to care about; to know and understand in a way that is commonly impracticable in places like the large cities, where natural fauna cannot survive." Talbert holds one of Stearns's four-ounce, cigarette-pack-sized modules in his hand, gazes at it almost disbelievingly, and walks to a window in National's conference room. He surveys tall, full

trees and the lush boulevard of planters and grassy berms outside. He listens to the distant chirp of a bird and holds the unit in his hand aloft. "This is a bird!" he pronounces with compelling solemnity and pride. "It will live for a year on two small alkaline batteries, and it will be available to anyone in the world for less than fifteen dollars!" Suddenly, the



The Sparrow 2000. It's alive.

Sparrow 2000's LED display flashes an amber call. "CHIRP, CHIRP, CHIRRUUP!" the message reads. "It's probably hungry," Howard Stearns calls out from across the table. "Feed it a worm." Talbert eagerly punches the code for "worm" into its keyboard, but the diodes continue to glow: "CHIRP, CHIRRUUP!" Stearns crosses the room to examine his invention, then conscientiously depresses several more buttons. The display blackens. "It needed preening," he declares. "I entered the preening sequence, and now it's fine." Of the five other animals the company plans to manufacture in the near future, four are generally familiar to Americans, particularly to children: the Grasshopper 2000, the Frog 2000, the Hamster 2000, and the Ant 2000. The fifth, considered part of a second, more sophisticated generation of the technology, is the Rhinoceros 2000, of which Stearns is especially proud. "There are only a few thousand of them left in nature," he says, "yet we anticipate that over fifteen million young people will have their own hand-held Rhinoceros companions by 1985."

"Indeed," Talbert added later, "Howard Stearns has given life to technology." Moreover, he has given technology to life.

Edited by Tod Carroll; contributions by T.C., B.McC.

BACK ISSUES

- OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES?** With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics. Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album
- DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER:** With Son-o-God comics #2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Insh Supplement
- MAY, 1973/FRAUD:** With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin
- SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With *Lila* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitetove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre* Magazine, and Military Trading Cards
- JULY, 1974/DESSERT:** With *Famine Circle* Magazine, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches* Magazine
- AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With *Agnony's A Very Stable Advance*, *Seed* Magazine, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #7, and True Menu
- SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unexciting Stones, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and *Battari* Comics
- NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down
- JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE:** With *Negligent Mother* Magazine, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades Massacre
- MAY, 1975/MEDICINE:** With *National Sore*, Terminal Filialence, *Blue Cross* in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedics, and Our Wonderful Bodies
- AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With The Rockefeller Attica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest* Magazine, Inherent Their Wind, and World Night Court
- SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE:** With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scars, Academe: Ploys, and the *Esquire* parody
- DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY:** With The Great Price War, Entrepreneurs, and a *Fortune* parody
- APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With Dogfishing, *Silver Jock*, The Glory of Their Hindsight the U.S. 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 hammerer
- OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES:** With a four-page, full-color Nuts, the Aesop Brothers on honeymoon, Verman, 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 mercenarates, wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get-rich tips, and Sam Gross
- JULY, 1977/SEX:** With the newsworthy *Hite Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, skin books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Life Western Romance
- SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP:** With the health facts, insurance madness, Gidget Goes Senile, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's Grown-ups Can Do Anything
- OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES:** With *Mersey Moptop Favevare Fatgearbeat* Magazine, Beat the Beatles, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report
- NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES:** With Best Medical Flea Market, Busting Out of Suburbia, Organic Backlash, White Fastafarians, and Best Negroes in New York
- DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER:** With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards presents, and the Texas Supplement
- JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY:** With the Socratic Manologue, Sex in Ancient China, the Cretins, and the 6 Blunders of the Ancient World
- FEBRUARY, 1978/SPRING FASCISM PREVIEW:** With *National Socialist Review*, the Toronto Supplement, Euro-rasse, The Real Adolf Hitler and Fascist Food
- MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT:** With Short Hairs, the History of Crime in the Cinema, the Maltese Canary, Pointless Crimes, and Just Deserts
- APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING:** With The Birds of Ireland, the New York Supplement, four-color comics by Rodrigues, Wilson, Flenniken, and Browne, and the Aulorama
- JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST:** With *Even Bluegriss Got the Cows*, the Indian Section, Our Family Journey to the West, and Cowboys of Many Lands
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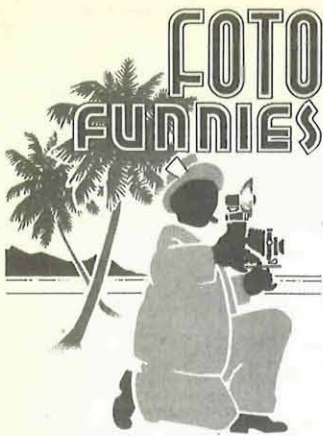
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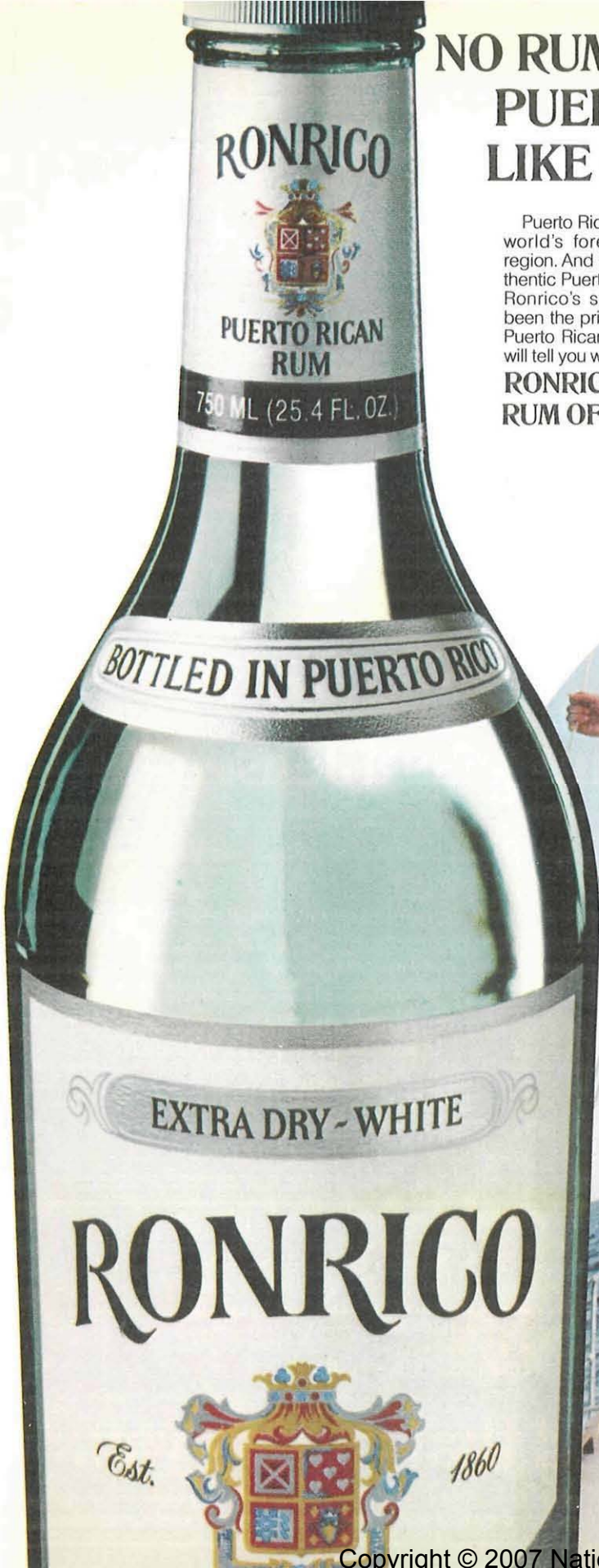
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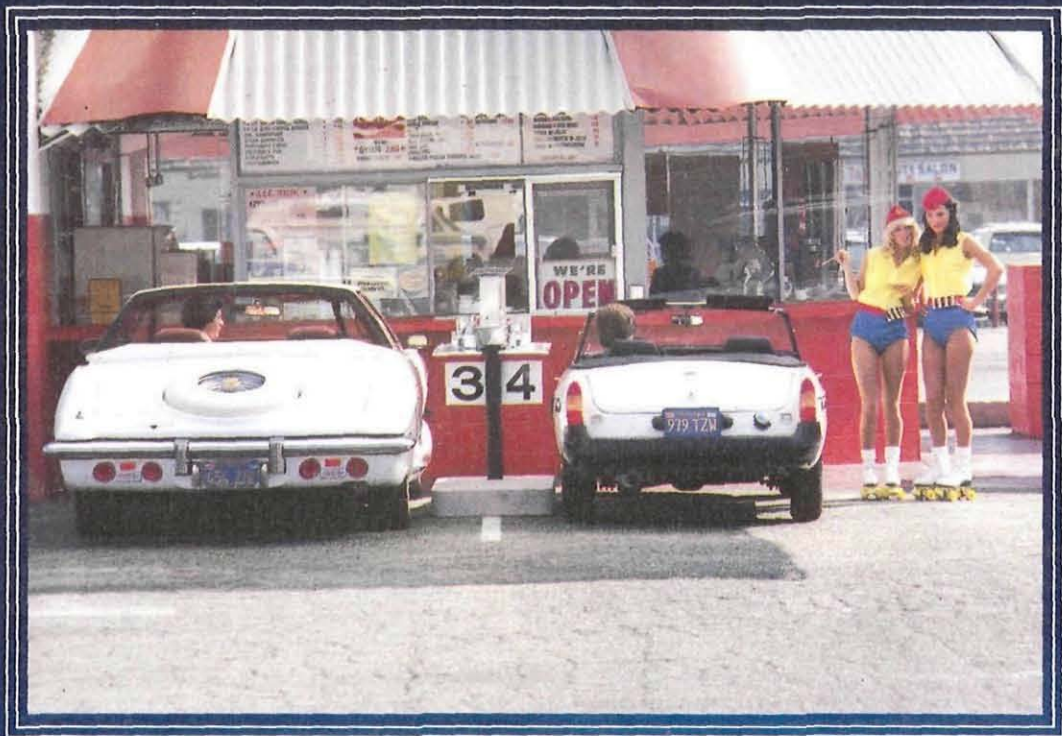
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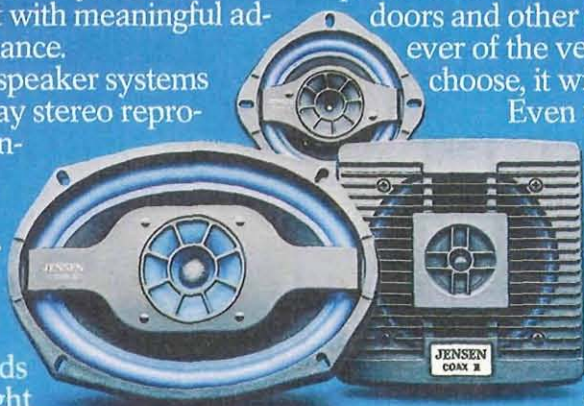
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by Gerald Sussman

MAD DOGS & ENGLISHWOMEN

*T*hat most celebrated row between Edith Sitwell and Virginia Woolf started over their mad dogs. For years afterward it was known as the Frothing Scandal. It was in the spring of 1938 when it happened. The ladies had been rather distant friends in London and Edith thought it would be a good idea to invite Virginia and her husband, Leonard, to Renishaw, the Sitwell country home, for a weekend, to get to know them better, especially since they shared the same obsession, raising mad dogs. And what better time than the weekend of the Derbyshire Mad Dog Show. Virginia was cordially invited to enter her two dogs, a toy poodle named Rasputin and a bulldog named Ford Madox Ford. Edith would enter her two prize Bedlington terriers, Dante and Beatrice, which were gifts from her brother Osbert.

Virginia accepted the invitation with her usual fear of impending doom. Any excursion outside her Bloomsbury circle of friends was considered socially dangerous and a chore. But Leonard insisted it was time to show the mad dogs publicly. The Derbyshire show was perfect for the debuts of Rasputin and FMF. The show was not a

A Memoir

of

Edith Sitwell

and

Virginia Woolf

national one. It was just a simple country affair. Aside from Edith, there were no famous ladies entered, just the local gentry. Virginia wasn't certain that her dogs' introspective kind of madness was "showy" enough for the rougher sensibilities of the Derbyshire country folk. The dogs weren't used to being shown. They could go entirely to pieces. Leonard disagreed. A mad dog of good pedigree was first and always a show animal at heart. She must never coddle them to death. Besides, it was time to show the Sitwell group that the Bloomsbury circle had interesting dogs of their own. Virginia finally gave in.

But just as Virginia sus-

pected, the short motor trip to Renishaw, a new environment, was enough to put the dogs in a state of shock. When they arrived, Rasputin, the toy poodle, tried to commit suicide by jumping out of a second-floor window. Not to be outdone, FMF tried to swallow his tongue. Far from being upset, Edith was thrilled by this impressive show of madness and reassured Virginia that the dogs would make an excellent debut at the show. "FMF was quite marvelous for a confirmed melancholic," said Edith. "Watching him struggle with his tongue, I couldn't help thinking of the dangers that befall us in our everyday affairs.

Why, this very evening at dinner, I could be choking on a chicken bone."

That evening the other dinner guests included T. S. Eliot and Evelyn Waugh. As usual, both Eliot and Waugh were "in the dumper." Waugh felt lonely, bitter, disillusioned, alienated... and was especially gassy. Eliot's life was totally ravaged. Mad dogs were the only solace for his life, besides his conversion to Catholicism. He adored Edith's Bedlington terriers. Osbert and Sacheverell, Edith's brothers, were also in a dark mood. Only the darker moods of the dogs could get them out of their depression.

Sacheverell was reminded of Queen Victoria's secret passion for a mad dog named Freckles, a cocker spaniel. "Freckles was the real love of her life," said Sacheverell. "The dog had delusions of grandeur. He thought he was a Great Dane, and he had all the other dogs believing him. Victoria saw in Freckles what she needed to govern the Empire, a manic belief in oneself. As Freckles became bolder and more like a Great Dane, so did the queen become more confident and powerful in her dealings with other nations. Until one day Freckles

Mad Dogs and Englishwomen



tried out his bravura act on Mortimer, a real Great Dane who was a gift from the kaiser. The poor demented beast was savaged to death in an instant. The queen realized, of course, that this was a sign, that, like Freckles, she couldn't delude the world forever, that the world was unpredictable, irrational, and nearly insane, and that genuine order and stability could not exist. But Freckles did help to keep her thick upper lip quite stiff for many years."

"Speaking of the crazed, unstable condition of the world, wouldn't it be a grand idea to present Mr. Hitler with a gift of a pair of good mad dogs?" asked Edith. "We could send them with Oswald Mosley, our dear good friend, who is so close to the führer. If Hitler had some mad dogs around him, he might not behave in such an uncivilized manner. He'll see his own behavior reflected in the terrible lives of the dogs and he might change his mind about starting all those mad war schemes."

They all agreed that giving Hitler a pair of mad dogs would also be so much more exciting than ordinary, boring house pets. "Every moment with a mad dog is unpredictable, so *alive* with high drama and *danger*," said Edith. Osbert thought it was a "capital idea." Waugh suggested that Churchill should offer a

kennel of mad dogs to keep the entire German high command occupied for years. Virginia and Leonard had no idea of who the others were talking about but managed to keep up polite conversation about their own dogs.

The next morning the ladies plunged into the final preparations for the show. Virginia's confidence in Rasputin and FMF grew considerably as the dogs' behavior grew madder and more unpredictable. It was as if the dogs instinctively knew they were soon to be on display, to be judged with their peers.

Edith's dogs were outwardly calm. They were already proven in competition. Edith preferred to

prepare them slowly and allow their madness to come to full flower in front of the judges. She suggested to Virginia that perhaps her dogs were becoming overstimulated and might peter out before the actual competition. She reminded Virginia that if the dogs spent themselves before the show, they might collapse into total depression and catatonia, which did not count for many points in the judges' eyes. A winning dog must show a well-rounded madness. But Virginia was so elated with her dogs' behavior that she hardly acknowledged Edith's advice, advice that was given in the spirit of good sportsmanship. This was Virginia's first mistake. Edith

Sitwell did not like to have her opinions ignored.

The last part of the mad-dog preparation is done at the show itself. Each owner is given exactly three minutes to "froth" his or her dog before trotting it out for the judges. Frothing, or foaming at the mouth, is the only "dressing up" or theatrical tactic allowed in a mad-dog show. Owners may use artificial foam or some kind of frothy material on their dogs to create a more showy effect if they wish. The extent of mouth froth depends on the breeding philosophy of the owner. Some prefer no artificial froth at all and rely on the innate madness of their dogs to produce the natural stuff. If their dogs do well in this category and produce a fine natural foam, it can impress the judges tremendously. If the dogs don't perform well and produce a dribble of watery saliva, they invariably lose points. Most mad-dog breeders were in favor of a "smartly artificial" form of foaming at the time and in some cases went as far as a high-baroque style. It seemed to be the right finish, the "topper" to the dog's performance.

Edith, as would be expected, leaned to a high-baroque style. She had prepared a large bowl of Devonshire clotted cream, a mixture that had about three times the density of ordinary whipped cream.



Virginia Woolf

Mad Dogs and Englishwomen



She packed it into a pastry-decorating tube and squeezed it into the mouths of her dogs in swirling ribbons. The density of the cream combined with the natural drool of the dogs was supposed to create a brilliant foaming effect, as long as the hounds didn't eat all the cream first.

Virginia was appalled by Edith's artificial technique and accused her of despoiling the purity and beauty of the pedigree mad dog. Her own dogs needed no "silly cake topping" to win a prize. This was Virginia's second mistake. Edith loved to froth her dogs. To her, frothing was an important part of the show, the *pièce de résistance*. She reveled in the sheer theatricality of it.

Contrary to Edith's warnings, Virginia's dogs, Rasputin and FMF, performed remarkably well, exhibiting some truly abnormal behavior never seen in a Derbyshire show. FMF tried to bury himself alive and would have succeeded if the judges hadn't called a stop. Rasputin nearly ate the entire right arm of a young child who inadvertently tried to pet him, a good sign of rabidity and sheer viciousness. And then the dogs collapsed into violent thrashing states with healthy natural foaming pouring out of their mouths, a pure, thick sample of a superior type. The judges were visibly impressed.

Edith's dogs did well, but not as spectacularly as Virginia's. Virginia even allowed herself a smirk of triumph. There seemed to be no doubt of the outcome. Her dogs would be judged "best of show." But then, Edith looked at Virginia's dogs carefully and noticed something odd about their frothing. She whispered to the judges, and suddenly the show was called to a halt. Edith was asking for something quite rare and unprecedented—a medical examination of Virginia's dogs on the spot. This was the most serious request that could be made at a mad-dog show. If the accused dog is medically unfit, the owner is disqualified and, of course,

publicly humiliated, and must make an apology to everyone. If, however, the dogs are pronounced fit and healthy, the accuser bears the same responsibility and must make a public apology as well. (Edith later admitted that she had been outraged over Virginia's arrogant, gauche behavior and couldn't believe that "those two kippers from Bloomsbury" could beat her magnificently mad Bedlington terriers.)

The judges called in the county veterinarian to examine Rasputin and FMF, and he immediately confirmed Edith's suspicions. Both dogs were epileptics. Epileptics were not allowed in mad-dog competition. All madness must have a

purely psychological origin. No physical disabilities were allowed. The dogs and their owner had to be disqualified from the show.

Virginia was so horrified by the humiliation that she fell into a swoon and fainted. Edith had no sympathy for her, claiming she was doing her "usual dying-swan act." The veterinarian tried to revive her with some spirits, but it only made her violently ill. As it turned out, she was allergic to brandy. Leonard and T. S. Eliot transported her to the nearest hospital. It took her three weeks to recover and return to London. Her dogs behaved very badly when they saw her leave, and they finally went over the edge into sheer uncontrollable madness. They were committed to a cell at the local asylum for the criminally insane.

Over the next few months Virginia visited the dogs many times, but they never recognized her. The doctor's theory was that they too were humiliated and traumatized by the disqualification. Three years later, Virginia Woolf committed suicide. In a letter to Edith Sitwell, Leonard Woolf confessed that it was the horrible trauma of the public humiliation and the unalterable insanity of her beloved dogs that "gnawed at the marrow of her tormented soul until she could stand it no longer and had to take her own life." □



Edith Sitwell

The movie buff's guide to flicking your Bic.



The Fort Apache flick.



The Saturday Night Fever flick.



The Little Caesar flick.



THE COMPLETE CONTENTS OF A WOMAN'S PURSE

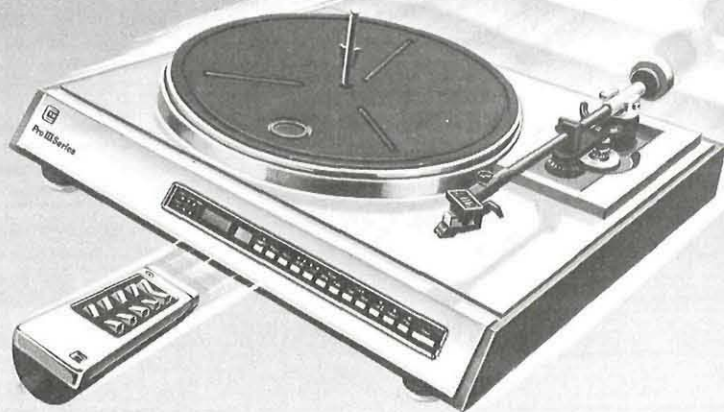
by John Hughes and Tod Carroll

There is a primitive and immutable aspect to women that compels them to haul a vast stock of "effects" wherever they go. No matter how fiercely they aspire to the nonsexual neutrality of thoroughly recognized and panequal personship, women carry under their arms (be it within a handbag, a tote bag, or a wicker elephant from Red China) peculiarities of their sex as unmistakable as the beardless face or a tear-stained hankie. The observer reaches into a purse and finds spindled, shredded, faded coupons for ten-cents-off hot dogs, Jet Dry, skin bracer, hydrogen peroxide, Japanese photo processing, a graphite lubricating wand, pillow batting, and any GE vacuum tube purchased before July 1971—and the observer asks, Why? Why have these? Perhaps they are related to the checkbook cover bearing a typographical explosion of the Italian, French, German, Portuguese, Swedish, and English words for "money." Or the check register with five different bal-

ances, three of them negative, all of them connected with arrows, and one composed entirely of question marks. Or, seven pairs of sunglasses. Or, an interlocking concentration of nearly three dozen hairpins—half with the plastic globules peeled off their tips, five clipped around pennies, none ever worn. Or, half again as many five-inch, chromium-steel hairpins having the tensile strength of a GM leaf spring. Or, keys to a Mercury Bobcat, a parental house, an apartment, an office supply room, a friend's house, a boyfriend's house, a boyfriend's car, luggage, a file cabinet, a friend's mailbox, a parental car, five window safety locks, a friend's cabin, a boyfriend's boat, a boyfriend's cabin, a boyfriend's cabin before the locks were changed, a desk that no longer exists, and a once-owned Gremlin that has since passed through six different owners to a Korean teenager who starts it with a doorbell button. Eventually, a few solitary items appear. A plastic foot from the base of a salad spinner. A Ped. A tampon, its wrapper torn and eroded by friction, cosmetic acids, seasonal changes in temperature, and leaky pens, the exposed portion of the tube festering with more dirt and bacteria than a Mexican bank note. Is there any reason to continue this type of careful analysis? Obviously not, so let's just dump all of this shit out on a table and make the best of it, okay?

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HUNTED FOR
A CRIME HE
DIDN'T COMMIT...
HAUNTED BY A
CRIME HE DID!

Written and Directed by
Brian McCormick
Special Material by Tod Carroll

all of them bad. This one is no exception. My life story is one long alibi, just like the story of every

chow-eating chump in this joint. It's the story of how I started out with a pawful of nothing and ended up with a ticket to munch the CO₂. You heard right; I got a sweetheart suite on death row in the metro pound for knitting a cement doggie vest for a Doberman that double-crossed me in a Lindbergh job. Sure I should pray, pray to God for the salvation of my soul. Only thing is, dogs can't kneel.



TUSKER: You got to be tough to survive in this two-bit burg. Me, I spent half my life lookin' down the foggy end of a forty-five. Dog catchers, butchers, the ASPCA...everybody's got an angle. Mine was stayin' alive.

It's like this. I was born on the wrong side of tomorrow with big plans for a small pup. My 'rents tried to raise me right, but I done them wrong. But I ain't sorry. Sorry is for schnauzers.



MOLLY: What happened, Tusker? Where'd they hit you?

TUSKER: Don't know...can't seem to focus...all a blur...I, I guess I blacked out. Just froze, I guess. It happens.

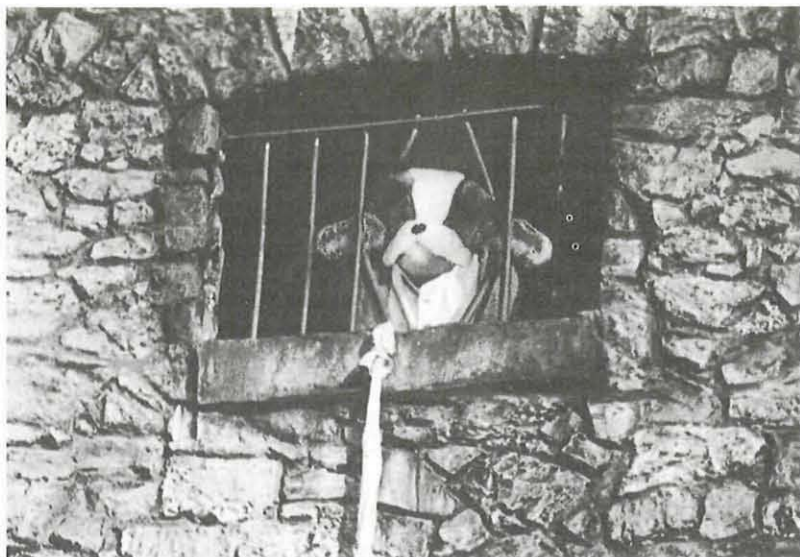
MOLLY: Lousy deeces! When'd they start hittin' so hard!?

TUSKER: Listen...before they get here...you gotta tell me ya love me.

MOLLY: Sure, baby. Sure.

My mother had me and thirty-eight other pups in the city pound. She was a lifer, a streetwalker working the wrong side of the street. One day she took a fall for the K-9 fuzz and never got out of the slam again. They let me see her once, but she didn't recognize me. When you're the runt in a litter of thirty-eight, every snout looks the same.

I was trouble from the day some



TUSKER: (Narrates) I tied some sheets together and made like a kite. Then I was gone, a hot bullet from a barrel.

joker kicked me loose for the crummy sawbuck and tags. I started big, then slowly worked up to bigger. Framing other mutts for spots on the rug; dragging laundry through mud puddles; hanging pups out on the line by their ears till they learned how to talk. Then I started knocking over garbage cans. It was a small-time protection racket, but I needed the trash for bigger things. We operated out of my doghouse on the coast. I was the leader of the pack in them days.

Things was jake till I took my pack into bigger neighborhoods. The other packs howled bloody murder. The deeces came down on us hard.

Dead dogs floating belly up in the river. Bad for our image.

Border patrols iced a couple of our best mules and froze us out of the horsemeat market for good. My best mutt was caught running down Main Street with a tail of link sausages in



TUSKER: (Narrates) My own kind turned against me. Go figure.

his mouth. Bad for business. I paid a little visit to my friends down at the Humane Society. They got the best legal muscle in town and got the mutt off with a paper whack and a bath. We sent the judge a crate of sausages to keep him quiet.

Then we started catching flak from the local cats. Seems one of my mutts chewed face with a little sex kitten up-town and the toms had their tails up over it. I sent them a pretty little package of prime poodle and told them to keep their claws to themselves. They sent the package back...shaved like a homo and choked on a throatful of her own ribbons.

Me, I pack catnip in my shoulder



DETECTIVE SLUGGO: Talk, boy, talk!

TUSKER: Wool-woof. Wool-woof-woof.

DETECTIVE SLUGGO: Oh, so that's the way you wanna play it, huh, tough guy? Maybe a little minuet with the sergeant here might refresh your memory.



TUSKER: (Narrates) I wasn't gonna let them take me alive. I wasn't gonna let them say that Tusker died yellin'. Then they put my mother behind a bullhorn. "It's no use, Tusker," she says. "They got the goods on you." She was right. I broke down and cried like a puppy.

holster, so I muscled over to the cat-house and tied up a deuce of felines. Had the cats swinging from a branch in the time it takes to skin one. Call me a softie, but I love to see a couple cats at play.

Things was going too good. I started getting sloppy. It took me a while before I figured out that my owners, the Big Boys Upstairs, were doping my food with worm pills, hoping I'd make a mistake, so they could send me away for a long vacation up the river. The pills got to me. I started to see shadows, gumshoes everywhere I went. Thought they'd pinned a tail on me. Heat under every newspaper, including the one on the floor in the corner.

I started going perv. It was the pills, I swear. Every gam sandwich I passed started to look too good to pass up. I chased some two-legged 'tang into a dark alley and rubbed her legs for good luck. The broad couldn't give the cops a good description because she was too busy enjoying the ride to get a good look at my mug. Besides, we all look alike in the dark. I corralled a pack of lady canines in the same alley. We played bloodhound to a bagful of glue, then let the fur fly and I gave them the time of their lives. Then someone dropped a ten-ton hint on me and I saw the constellation Canis.

Next morning I woke up in the slam. Seems I made it with a couple of undercover sweeties from the K-9 squad. Cute, real cute. What a stooge I'd been. Sapped by a bunch of lap warmers from the local pound. I didn't mind the accommodations, though. Spent the time making plans. Big plans.

I played it mum till my mutts could spring me. Then I laid out the big plan

for them. We'd kidnap the mayor's dog, lay low in our mountain hide-away, then hold out for ransom. We'd each get a pile of slippers and bones the size of Mount Rushmore. Sure, if they caught us, they could wrap a

kennel grapevine. I bought his story on account of how I liked the way he growled when he smelled cop.

We picked up the mayor's mutt on his way to discipline school, offered him a ride and some puppy treats.



TUSKER: I shoulda known all along it was the Doberman turned me in. I'll get that black son of a...
SHERIFF: Only thing you'll be getting's a box seat in the gashouse.



TUSKEGEE JONES: We came to see our Boo. Where is he?
TUSKER: He's dead. Now beat it, scram, y'hear? Take a hike or you'll be eating lead for breakfast.
MRS. JONES: But, but...he was our only pet...a good dog gone bad, yowzah.
TUSKER: Yeah, well, my heart's breakin'! Now get lost, before I call the guard.

horse in the rap we'd take; but if we pulled it off, we'd be the best-heeled mongrels outside of show business.

Things was going swell, until they sicked the dogs on me. Undercover nabs sniffing around like hungry rats. Sniffing hydrants back to my hideout. The pound's Doberman finally closed in. He played it smart, real smart. He told me he wanted in on the caper. Said he'd heard about it through the

Later on, city net goons dropped the ransom at a pet-supply shop that fronted as a supermarket. We picked up the bones and slippers, buried the goods in a backyard.

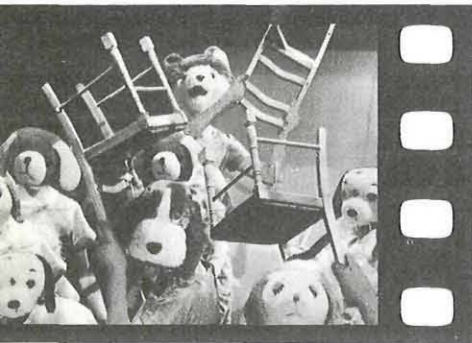
It was perfect. Per-fect-o. Only thing was, the Doberman had an extra face. He sung for his employers downtown, so I had to take a powder. Holed up at my moll's place in Frisco; but the heat got wise and put a man

on the place. Dog catchers were in the air that week. Even my own pups wouldn't cover me. I spent a couple of nights crawling on my belly from snake-eyed pet parlor to fleabag flophouse. They nabbed me after a drunken weekend with a Saint Bernard who got roused from the ski patrol for pushing skag to accident victims. They lined me up with a bunch of other pets for an ID check. The usual pet scum: goldfish, cats, parakeets. The mayor's mutt fingered me right away. After the trial, they sent me back to the kennel where I was born. Born in a pound, die in a pound; that's what the warden says.

But not me. Soon as they locked me up on death row, I started making plans. I cooked up an operation with a dog named Boo; played the harmonica all day. Some say he killed a man named Jangles.

We started digging soon as night fell. Grapevine had it that the undercover Doberman was planning on double-crossing me and City Hall, digging up the loot and hightailing it to Mexico. He'd have all the slippers he'd need for a lifetime of leisure. Everything went just dandy till the tunnel collapsed on old Boo.

After that, they put me in solitary. Milk bones and water. One day I pre-



TIPPY: He loved me, me, I tell you!

TAFFY: It's a lie! (Slaps Tippy, buries face in paws, sobbing)

MURIEL: Tusker lied to every dame in the pound. He was just stringin' us along!

HAPPY: Yeah! Let's get 'im, girls!

tended to be sick. I raked my water dish over the bars.

"Guard! Hey, screw, come quick! My nose is dry!"

I rolled over and played dead. An old trick, but it worked.

Before he could bellyache, I had him by the cuff of his pants, grabbed the keys, and opened all the cells in the block. We had ourselves a riot. Some stool pigeons got themselves

torn apart, as I recall.

Then I tied some sheets together and made like a kite. I was gone, a hot bullet from a barrel. Knocked off a house with a BEWARE OF THE DOG sign on the front fence. They didn't know

Surrounded the joint with coppers. I wasn't gonna let them take me alive. I wasn't gonna let them say that Tusker died yellin'. Then they put my mother behind a bullhorn.

"It's no use, Tusker," she says. "They



TUSKER: You call this chow? This ain't no stinking chow. This is dog food! (Spits it out)

GUARD: You'll eat it and like it, slob.

TUSKER: Who you callin' slob, slob?

how right they were. But the Doberman should have known. Got myself some civvies and a gat. Put that double-dealing lowlife a lot lower—approximately six feet. But the heat had the bloodhounds on my trail. My own kind turned against me. Go figure.

They found me at my doll's place.

got the goods on you."

She was right. I broke down and cried like a puppy.

So that's my story. It isn't pretty, but then who's gotta marry it? Tonight I go for a walk down the long mile to the chamber. The city's got an idea they want me to sleep on. God knows, I could use the rest. □



FATHER O'MALLEY: Would you be wantin' to say your prayers now, me laddie?

TUSKER: I don't need your stinking mumbo jumbo! You can't make me crawl!

FATHER O'MALLEY: You'll be needin' me prayers where you're goin', bucko.

TUSKER: I spit on you and all you stand for! (Bites Father O'Malley's ankle and is dragged away by guards)

"It takes Two Fingers and one glass to turn strangers into friends."

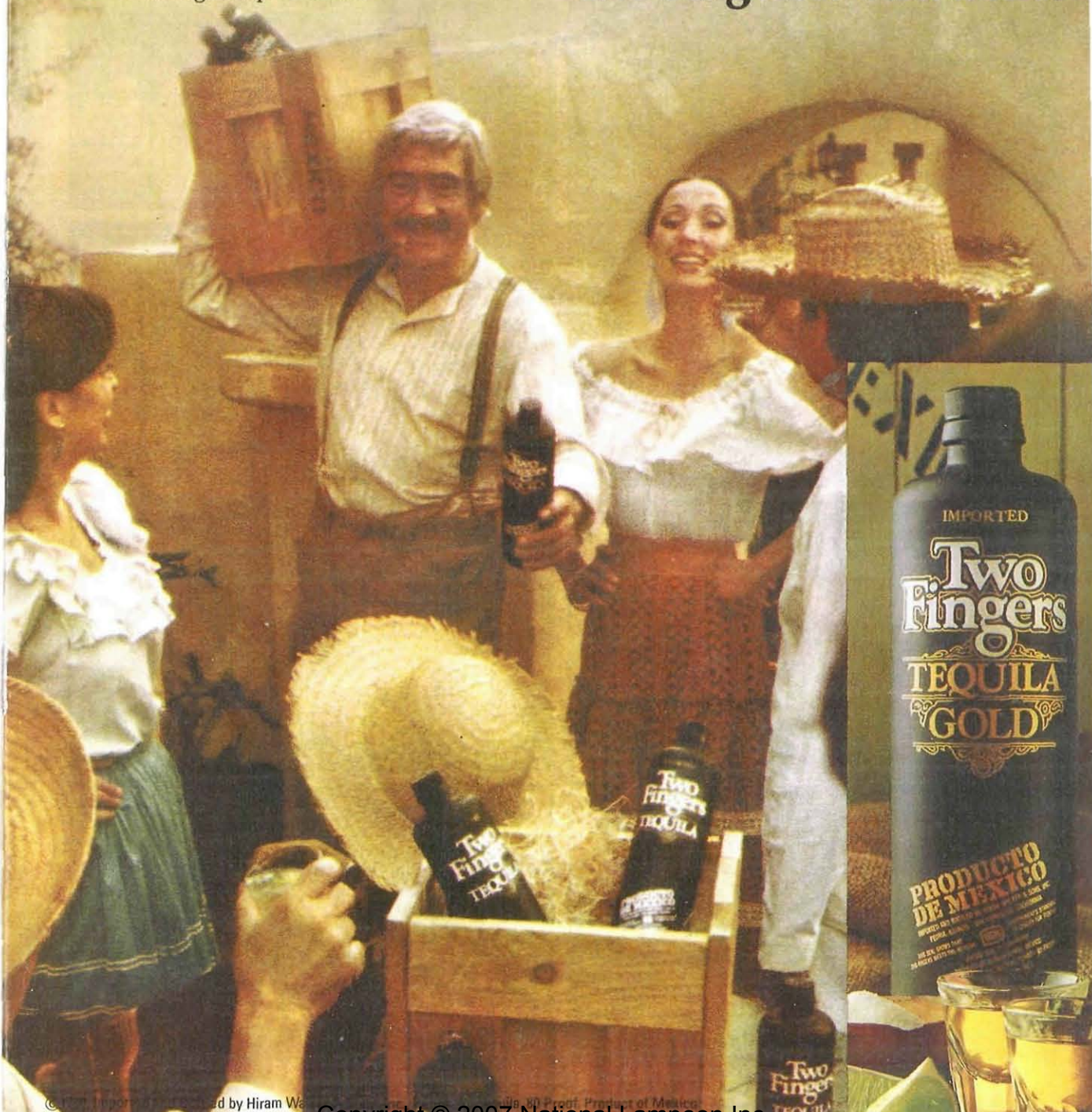
The legend goes that whenever Two Fingers came he brought two things, Tequila and a party. "You can never have too many friends," he often said, "or too good a time." Two Fingers squeezed his

tequila drop by drop, then painted his bottles black to protect the cargo from light.

In the late '30s Two Fingers crossed into Mexico for the last

time. He left a legacy of manhood and friendship. And a spirit that returns whenever people lift a glass together and drink to the moment.

"Two Fingers is all it takes."



STARRING



ROGER

THE RETURN OF THE

AND



STAN

PARAMEDIC-MAN

BY
MATT
GOLDEN

A CURVACEOUS YOUNG HOUSEWIFE IS SITTING UP WATCHING TV. AFTER PUTTING HER DAUGHTER TO BED, HER THOUGHTS ARE FAR FROM THE NEAR TRAGEDY OF THE DAY BEFORE. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR -

HI, I'M ROGER, THE PARAMEDIC-MAN WHO SAVED YOUR LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE YESTERDAY BY GIVING HER MOUTH-TO-MOUTH RESUSCITATION AFTER WE FISHED HER OUT OF THE STORM DRAIN. HOW IS SHE?



KNOCK!



OH, FINE.



I'M GLAD YOU STOPPED BY. I DIDN'T EVEN GET A CHANCE TO THANK YOU. IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST.

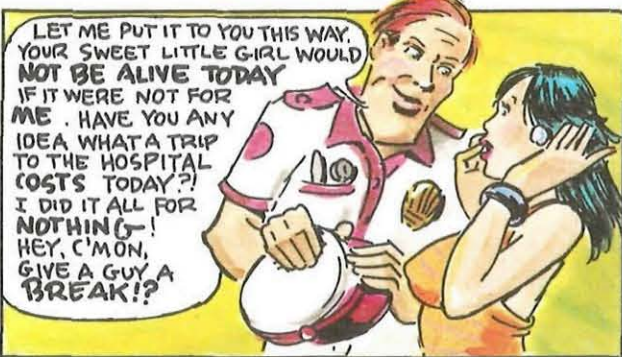
WELL, THAT'S VERY NICE. BUT FRANKLY I'VE COME BACK FOR SOMETHING - A LITTLE MORE THAN A THANK-YOU.

OH?



LET ME GET RIGHT TO THE POINT. HOW ABOUT YOU PUTTING OUT AS A REWARD FOR MY HEROICS?! A SMALL SEXUAL FAVOR IN EXCHANGE FOR YOUR DAUGHTER'S LIFE!?

ARE YOU SERIOUS?!



LET ME PUT IT TO YOU THIS WAY. YOUR SWEET LITTLE GIRL WOULD NOT BE ALIVE TODAY IF IT WERE NOT FOR ME. HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT A TRIP TO THE HOSPITAL COSTS TODAY?! I DID IT ALL FOR NOTHING! HEY, C'MON, GIVE A GUY A BREAK!?

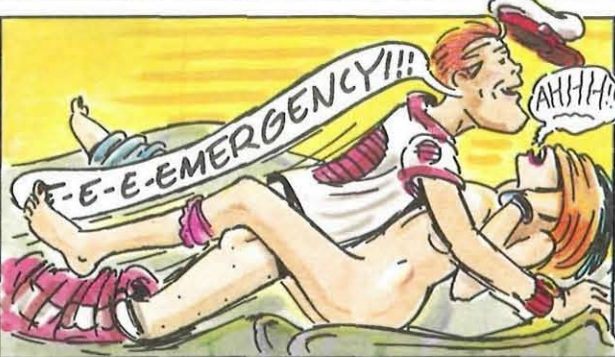


WELL... I DON'T KNOW... I GUESS I DO OWE YOU SOMETHING... FOR MY DAUGHTER'S SAKE. ALL RIGHT, I'LL DO IT.



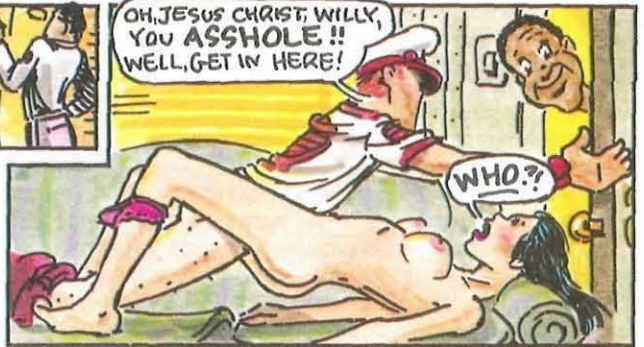
BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO HURRY, MY HUSBAND WILL BE HOME SOON.

OH, DON'T WORRY, I'M TRAINED FOR ANY -



E-E-E-EMERGENCY!!!

AHHH!!!



W H I T E H O

Mrs. Reagan's Diary

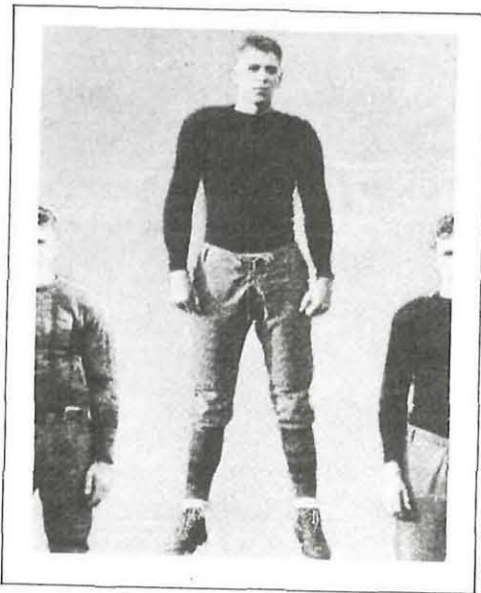
What is it about George Bush? I used to think he was just a "brain" with a lot of flip understanding learned from education. Now I'm not so sure. He seems to be out to show Ronnie up with cheap comprehension. I'd like to give him the old "Thank you for coming, it's been a lovely evening" and out the door and bounce him down the steps, but Ronnie won't discuss the matter at all. He's so busy nowadays rubber-stamping things with his pad or sleeping. It must be that the Washington time zone has shorter hours than the California one we're used to or something. Ronnie says that even after he gets his fourteen hours every night, his naps don't seem really restful. I'm sure that a two-hour nap in the morning and one after lunch should be enough, even for hardworking Ronnie. Ronnie always says that one of the secrets of his success is the ability to relax completely into a comalike sleep at any time. This allows him to be completely alert during his waking hours. By being able to avoid drowsiness almost completely, he has a great advantage over other men.

Which brings me back to George Bush. Right from the start I told Ronnie there was something wrong with that man. I was willing to overlook his running against us in the primaries, even though it was a pretty clear attempt to wreck our country. I was willing to ignore the fact that his

wife looked like a formaldehyde addict. I don't know how many years older than him she is, but it looked as though he shined his shoes with her. I was even willing to overlook the fact that he wore open-necked shirts to deliberately invite unfavorable comparisons of Ronnie's neck with his. I cannot overlook his great show of "alertness." He is always pretending to be more wide-awake and more aware of what is going on around him than Ronnie, which is cheap, unfair, and totally untrue, as Ronnie is as wide-awake as anyone when he chooses to be.

The way George Bush runs around, always answering questions or talking and gesturing, started me thinking. Ronnie and I are from California, and in our wide social acquaintance with all elements of society we have seen enough to make us sick. I am talking of narcotics addiction. Several of our friends who have been close enough to have dinner with us have had children or servants addicted to cocaine or goofballs. It is pretty obvious that George Bush has fallen prey to this. It is the only way to explain his wild behavior and uncontrollable energy.

I have talked about this problem of George's with our old family physician, Dr. Baker. (Dr. Baker is so cute, really. He won't tell his age. All he'll say is that he outlived the sequoia tree his father planted on his first birthday!) Dr.



This photo-snap of Ronnie, or "Dutek," as he was then called, was taken when he was a football player at Cereka College. In this shot it looks as though he stepped in some of that Flubber that used to get all over Fred MacMurray in the Walt Disney films; actually, Ron is leaping. This picture was taken in 1981 1944 - recently, in terms of a man's whole life.



Ron's sophomore class. I don't know why, but for some reason they must have decided to dress up as Balkan Internment-camp

U S E W I F E



Baker agrees with me that there is no cure for what George Bush is suffering from, and he says the best thing (and kindest) would be to shoot him before he has a public seizure at a mall opening, which is the sort of highly sensitive duty he will be engaged in if I get my way.

I tried to talk to Ronnie about Mr. Bush's problem last week, but he has this maddening way of dropping off to sleep when he doesn't want to talk about something. Really, it's so irritating, I could scream, and have, but even that doesn't wake up my husband when he's really determined to avoid a topic. To think that people say I boss Ronnie around! Certainly I give him advice, and if he is awake, he obeys it, but the decision is his; after all, he is the president.

Believe me, I found that out the hard way. A couple of days ago I borrowed his official signature stamp and was up in my bedroom issuing some executive orders and assenting to some bills from Adolfo and Galanos, my designers, which I thought he might be too busy to handle. I was sure he would never notice. Was I wrong! The next day he called me into his Oval Office, his special quiet area where he goes to be alone with his dreams for the country.

"Nancy," he said, looking straight at me, "have you seen my signature stamp and pad anywhere?" Well of course it

was still up in my bedroom! I almost died; then suddenly my training as an actress came to my rescue and I improvised a little white lie right on the spot.

"Why, Ronnie," I said, cool as a martini, "you are fast asleep. This is just a dream. I'm not even here, and certainly your stamp pad isn't lost." He just shook his head a few times and then apologized. I was able to smuggle the stamp pad back into the office while he slept. A close call, indeed.

The same night at dinner he told me he had the craziest dream that afternoon. Well, naturally I didn't let on, blaming it on the arrowroot biscuit he had at lunch, which must have been bad, but secretly I was having a real chuckle inside.

Anyway, I'm almost determined to use the executive-order stamp to have something done about George Bush. He has been acting very bizarrely lately. Aside from his animated excitement, like smiling, I found him in Ronnie's office twice, once very close to Ronnie's jar of Ovaltine and the other time actually tampering with the kettle. Naturally I told him that he had no right to touch things that didn't belong to him, but he said he was only curious and had never seen Ovaltine up close without the lid on the jar, which *does not* explain the kettle.

I was just about to tell Mr. Bush exactly what it was that



Here is Ronnie at his first job. He was a sports announcer broadcasting Chicago Cubs games, but when there was nothing actually happening on the field he would dispatch taxis to earn extra money for his family, which got him into trouble with the station management.

returnees. They did some crazy things then - but not so long ago, really. All in good fun. Ron is in the upper left, with the square black hat.

Mrs. Reagan's Diary

killed the cat (curiosity) when Ronald started up from very deep thoughts with a snort and said, "Garden hose, if that's dirigible, you can forget the bill, you taco skid!"

All I had a chance to say was "Ronald! We have company!" By which time Mr. Bush had two-stepped out of the office.

Well, I made Ronald an Ovaltine to calm him down, as too much excitement could be certain death, and I thought I noticed something funny about the way the drink smelled. I didn't think much of it at the time, but after seven days Ronnie had still not had a "movement." I realized then that the president had been administered a constipation drug. That smell I had noticed was familiar; it was Kaopectate, a powerful drug often prescribed in Mexico for loose stools. Beneficial for bowel disease in small doses, it can be fatal if improperly administered. What's more, as Dr. Baker told me, Kaopectate is virtually undetectable in the human body, as it is chemically similar to cheese. The doctor says that a high number of constipation deaths in America may actually be murders. Who could have made this attack besides George Bush? He had the motive of wanting to be president, the dirty-tricks familiarity from his time at the CIA, as well as access to drug-stores where the medication can be bought untraceably. Nothing can be proved. Mr. Bush is too smart for that.

Fortunately Ronald's condition was detected early

enough and Dr. Baker was able to save him from what might have been a very embarrassing form of death indeed. I'm not sure exactly what Dr. Baker had to do to save Ronnie, but when he left the president's bedside he looked like a jockey who had just ridden in dead last on a very muddy track and he smelled like a small town in southern Italy. The doctor drank a whole bottle of Vin de Maison Blanc before going out to the car wash, and he warned me to keep a very close eye on Ronnie and on you know who.

Well, you can imagine! After this brush with death I started watching "Push-Push" Bush very carefully indeed. I'm sure he won't try the same thing twice. He's too sharp for that. With his whole bag of tricks from the CIA, anything at all can be expected to happen at any time. Ronnie would be an easy target for one of those cigars that fires a bullet down your mouth, or for a "heart-attack box," which is what the spy guys call a thing that is like a jack-in-the-box but contains a much uglier type of object that pops out into the victim's face. Something on the order of a rabid Pomeranian, I have been told.

If these things were not so deadly, they would remind me of Halloween. Which reminds me of a crazy story. Last Halloween, Ronnie and I were at the ranch and, as it was about 7:30, Ronnie was getting ready for bed. I was planning to stay up a little longer in case we should get some more trick-or-treaters.



Ronnie was a very patriotic soldier and served his country by attending many military balls. He almost received the Purple Heart for throwing his body over a flaming dessert to protect other diners. The woman with him is now a divorcee.



Here is a photo I found of Ronnie and his first wife, Jane Wyman. He deeply regrets the mistake he made in marrying her (I can see why!) and claims it was just youthful infatuation.



Well, sure enough, there was a knocking at the door, and Ronnie said he would get it. There was a person there, and Ronnie was very impressed with his costume. He said it was the scariest we had seen all evening, and he insisted on giving the fellow four whole coffee crisps, and then slammed the door.

Looking over his shoulder, I could see it was no trick-or-treater at all! It was Barry Goldwater dressed up in one of those leisure suits. I gave Ronnie a kick and we opened the door and let on that it had all been a crazy joke. Laugh? I thought I'd die at the look on Senator Goldwater's face.

Even I can't be with Ronnie twenty-four hours a day. Hairdressers, designers of dresses, and cabinet members all claim a share of my time. I haven't yet found anyone I can trust with Ronnie, so I did the only thing I could think of. I installed some special locks I brought from California called "Negro puzzles" on the doors to the Oval Office.

I left Ronnie in there this morning with a supply of food and water in case I shouldn't get back from my little jaunt until after lunchtime. As I was the only one who knew the lock's combination, Ronnie, I thought, would be safe.

Well, I had only been gone an hour when George Bush starts a big dusty rumpus about how Ronnie is "trapped" in the Oval Office. Everybody gets sweaty and the next thing you know the CIA and the FBI are both working away on my "Negro puzzles." Naturally they couldn't pick

these locks themselves, and they had to fly in a Mexican from San Quentin, who finally got them open. Believe you me, Ronald was surprised when they burst in on him like that without so much as a loud warning knock to allow him to compose his thoughts.

I walked in just after they had broken in on my husband, and it would be fair to say I lost my temper, as normally I would not be able to lift even a small Mexican lock-pick tool, let alone fling the whole lock picker through a window.

I noticed Mr. Bush standing near my husband's desk, but it wasn't until after I had shooed the cabinet and the Secret Service out that I discovered what G.B. was up to. He had carefully moved Ronnie's bronze paperweight miniature of the Seattle Space Needle into such a position that if Ronnie were to drop off to sleep at his desk, his head would plunge down on it and be pierced. It is obvious that nothing is beyond G. Bush.

I'm going to have to think of some very special way to handle Mr. Bush. Have to dash now, though; the maids have discovered some crazy old lady hiding under the love seat in one of the upstairs bedrooms. The old woman claims to be a relative of former president Carter's and refuses to leave. I'll get her to leave all right, if I have to dump the wastepaper basket she's been using as a chamber pot over her head. □



Here's a great photo-snap of Ronnie and me enjoying our presidential victory. The problem, I think, with Jimmy Carter is that he "whipped" the wrong ass. Teddy's! Hah!

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BLACK SUPERSTARS RATE THE WHITE WIVES

THE PANEL OF EXPERTS



SUPERSTAR A
Outfielder for a leading American League baseball club.



SUPERSTAR B
Ranking contender for middleweight boxing title.



SUPERSTAR C
Forward for a well-known NBA basketball team.



SUPERSTAR D
Famous NFL linebacker.

THE CONTESTANTS



WIFE #1
Married to a celebrated Canadian hockey goalie.



WIFE #2
Married to a prominent PGA golf pro.



WIFE #3
Married to an internationally renowned tennis star.



WIFE #4
Married to a noted National League relief pitcher.



WIFE #5
Married to the owner of an NFL football team.

CLOTHING

★	SUPERSTAR A (baseball)	SUPERSTAR B (boxing)	SUPERSTAR C (basketball)	SUPERSTAR D (football)
WIFE #1 (hockey)	"She doesn't dress for shit."	"No fox."	"Not very stylish."	"Someone gone and beat her with a ugly stick."
WIFE #2 (golf)	"She doesn't dress for shit."	"Whole lot of real bright green pants."	"Certainly wears a lot of madras."	"Got to get me some suits like that for my self."
WIFE #3 (tennis)	"Lookin' like a blind hippie got dressed at night in a Goodwill store."	"Real, real short skirt."	"Favors a casual look."	"Didn't have no clothing on."
WIFE #4 (baseball)	"She doesn't dress for shit."	"Sort of schoolteacherlike."	"Rather conservative."	"Too skinny."
WIFE #5 (management)	"Her old man must be crazy let her spend all that money on clothes."	"Had more clothes than I ever seen."	"Certainly an extensive wardrobe."	"Didn't have no clothing on."

DEPARTMENT

★	SUPERSTAR A (baseball)	SUPERSTAR B (boxing)	SUPERSTAR C (basketball)	SUPERSTAR D (football)
WIFE #1 (hockey)	"Didn't have none."	[did not understand question]	"Quiet demeanor."	[didn't notice]
WIFE #2 (golf)	"Stuck-up."	"Some, I guess."	"Ladylike."	[didn't notice]
WIFE #3 (tennis)	"Crazy as a shit-house rat."	"If it's what I think it is, she had more than she can use."	"Very modern, loose, and free."	[didn't notice]
WIFE #4 (baseball)	"What I call 'medium ofay.'"	[didn't notice]	"Quiet and ladylike."	"Too skinny."
WIFE #5 (management)	"Deported herself all over the place like the goddamn queen of Egypt!"	[didn't notice]	"A very sophisticated individual."	"Didn't have no clothing on."

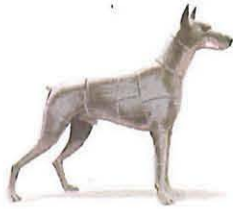
PERSONALITY

★	SUPERSTAR A (baseball)	SUPERSTAR B (boxing)	SUPERSTAR C (basketball)	SUPERSTAR D (football)
WIFE #1 (hockey)	"She doesn't have any."	[didn't notice]	"Nice."	"Huh?"
WIFE #2 (golf)	"She doesn't have any either."	"White women are a little standoffish, sometimes."	"Nice."	[didn't notice]
WIFE #3 (tennis)	"Lot's of it—and all bad."	"Then again, sometimes white women aren't so standoffish, either."	"Very open and outgoing. I mean really outgoing."	"Shit! I guess!"
WIFE #4 (baseball)	"Who cares?"	"I guess she's nice."	"Very nice."	"Too skinny."
WIFE #5 (management)	"Don't get me started on that bitch."	"Politelike."	"Very sophisticated."	"I was asleep by then."

ENTHUSIASM AND PEP

★	SUPERSTAR A (baseball)	SUPERSTAR B (boxing)	SUPERSTAR C (basketball)	SUPERSTAR D (football)
WIFE #1 (hockey)	"Aw, man, come on."	"No."	"Cares a lot about her husband and kids."	"Just lay there like a old dead fish."
WIFE #2 (golf)	"Must have had her fun button sewed up back in '56."	"No."	"Cares a lot about her husband and kids, I believe."	"Just lay there like a old dead animal in the road."
WIFE #3 (tennis)	"Somebody ought to get that bitch off drugs."	"Yes."	"A very energetic young lady."	"Man, who is that girl's connection? That's what I want to know."
WIFE #4 (baseball)	"You must have me mixed up with somebody who gives a shit."	"No."	"In my opinion, she cares deeply about her husband and kids."	"Too skinny."
WIFE #5 (management)	"Somebody ought to give her old man a splint."	"Oh yeah."	"A very enthusiastic and energetic lady for a woman of her years."	"I wouldn't want to say nothing about that."

MY FAVORITE DOGS



The Killer Prussian

Commonly known as the "bulletproof" dog, this breed is indeed tough but in fact not impervious to incendiary or steel-jacketed slugs. It eats babies and is therefore unpopular.



The Fire Dog

This breed, which earned its name centuries ago by inexplicably lying down on open flames, was nearly wiped out by Roman commanders who used the dogs to smother campfires.



The Iberian Husky

A cousin of northern dogs, this breed is naturally suited to sledding, and is accordingly regarded as a useless pest in its native Spain and Portugal.



The Movie Dog

This cheaply sensational breed is subject to frequent kidnapping and abuse. Though it can navigate almost anywhere in the world, it prefers brightly lit interior settings and small, theatrical boys.



The Irish Booze Hound

This breed features a distinguished countenance and a lyrical bark, but it falls down a lot and sometimes embarrasses its master at parties.



The Johann Sebastian Bachser

This German guard dog developed a unique ability to yodel in flawless counterpoint, thus earning its famous name.



The French Decorative

Bred to blend with the decor of two hundred years ago, the decorative has not adapted well to the lean styles of the 1980s, even though it comes in a number of colors and patterns.



The Toy Decorative

Their porcelain finish requires no brushing; however, very few of this highly specialized breed survive whelping, since they shatter when dropped.



The Ordish Plunger

The mighty plunger was bred specifically to please the insatiable Queen Wheema the Moist of Ord, and it is unique in the canine world for its copulatory stamina. Females of the breed tend to be reclusive and short-lived.

BY JOHN BENDEL



The Copperhair Terrier
Originally bred as a source of abrasive material, the copperhair became valuable during the early part of the twentieth century when it was found to be useful in the manufacture of electric motors and transformers.



The Yorkshire Lifter
Bred by eighteenth-century English scoundrels to steal food from the open markets of the time, the breed adapted to modern retailing methods so successfully that it caused the adoption of a "no dogs allowed" policy in most stores and thus its own decline.



The Latin Gash Hound
This swarthy breed, developed secretly by medieval ladies-in-waiting for purposes of their own, enjoys a stubborn, if limited, popularity despite its slobbering nature.



The Hot Dog
The hot dog is named for its high body temperature—about 107 degrees Fahrenheit. Perpetually sick, lethargic, and delirious, it is the only breed specifically excluded from veterinary insurance coverage.



The Ortney Skin Dog
Often disliked in spite of its friendly manner, the hairless ortney is the world's only green dog.



The Aqua Chiquita
This Uruguayan dog greets people with an excited burst of urine. Considered good luck by Indians of the region centuries ago, the ritual discharge has caused a near eclipse of the breed in modern times.



The English Settee
So large, disciplined, and senseless was this highly refined breed that it became a widely used piece of furniture in nineteenth-century Britain. Modern sensibilities have reduced its role to that of a purely ornamental curiosity.



The Gypsy Retriever
This handsome, powerful dog has an extra layer of insulation and can swim in extremely cold waters to find downed ducks and other game. It will not, however, bring them back to you.



National Security Investigation Dog
Originally bred to sniff out unmarried couples in large hotels, its popularity waned with changing times, and it was renamed by breeders hoping to get a better price for their pups. It was formerly known as the sex hound. □

TOPS IN THEIR FIELD



We've put a copy of INSIDE SPORTS with these championship trophies because in a short time we've put INSIDE SPORTS at the top of its field. And like the teams who've earned these trophies, we've earned our championship standing by being the best. While other sports magazines just talk about providing in-depth sports coverage, we're busy making an issue of it. We don't give you any fluff or nonsense, we give you the inside story on the sports you want to read about.

Every month, in every issue, we'll give you an insider's view of your favorite sports personalities on and off the playing field. In a recent story you'd have learned what really goes on inside the booth of Monday Night Football, or about the prices that the famous command with our cover story on professional sports salaries. In our monthly feature, *The Inside Track*, you'll be treated

to a close look at the person behind the personality through candid interviews with major sports stars like Ron LeFlore, Steve Stone and John Madden. And in our exclusive player profiles, you'll discover what professional athletes must face from the competition, the management, the media and the fans.

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HOW WOMEN MAKE DECISIONS

A Report by Tod Carroll

Men who are experienced with women often claim to know how they think. They say that it is possible to predict a woman's behavior under certain conditions, and that her behavior may be finessed by merely stage-managing the conditions. For example, Timmy B. calculates that Harriet H., a feckless and inelegant Christmas employee at Sears, will consent to help him pilfer expensive video disks from the store if he allows her to spend the night with him and earnestly condemns each of the men who has beaten and deceived her in the past. You've probably heard stratagems like this described as "pushing the right buttons," or connoted in metaphors like "He played her like an instrument."

But how do men like Timmy know exactly which buttons to push? Obviously, they understand the basic processes of female thought: the special way

women compute their options, apply their knowledge, and finally make their decisions. To understand these things ourselves, we must first inspect the phys-

ical composition of the female brain.

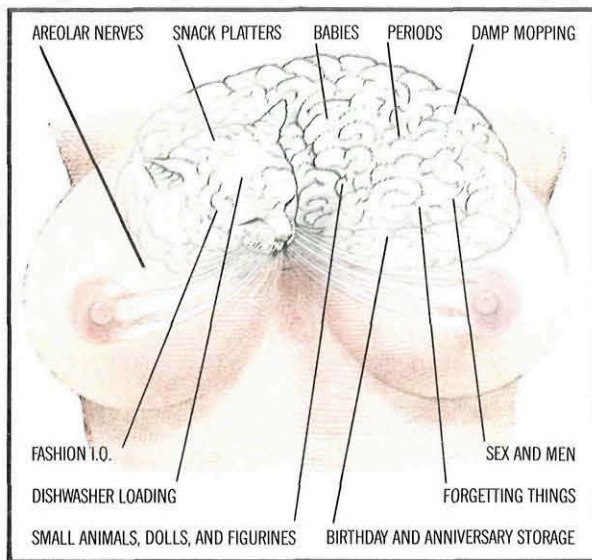


By the time a woman reaches puberty, her intellectual and biological functions are controlled from various lobes or "departments" bound up in a soft mass of tissue situated between the lungs. Information and commands are transmitted within and between these departments by ordinary electrochemical impulses; however, the circuitry is different from other animals' because signals are routed through each lobe regardless of its pertinence to the task at hand. Consider the following illustration.

Charlotte M. is a twenty-two-year-old stewardess who has forgotten a passenger's meal order. A bundle of messages from the optical nerve tell her that 1) two different types of meal are available on the serving cart, and 2) the passenger whose order she has forgotten is seated fifty feet away. Charlotte reckons her options: 1) return to the passenger and reestablish his order, or 2) select one of the two meal trays at random and hope he accepts it. The process by which Charlotte evaluates the first of these options is demonstrated to the left.



It is interesting to note that the terminal lobe ("Forgetting Things") has generated a dilemma totally unrelated to the original problem and, furthermore, that the new problem and



INPUT
Option #1—Should I walk all the way back to the passenger's seat and ask him his order again?

1. Am I having my period? If I am, I probably don't feel like making an extra trip to that man's seat.
2. But if I'm not having my period, then I might be pregnant.
3. If it's a girl, then I'll have to shop for some small animals, dolls, and figurines for her room.
4. Before I know it, she'll outgrow them and start chasing after guys.
5. That reminds me... What if a guy comes over and sees my floors the way they are? I'd better damp mop.
6. And run the dishwasher too. I hope I can get everything into one load.
7. I better wash one of my platters by hand, though, so I'll have it ready in case I need to serve the guy some snacks.
8. I wonder if the pilot would like a snack platter for his birthday or anniversary? I better go ask him the dates.
9. Maybe I should straighten my uniform and freshen up before I go to the cockpit.
10. I hope I didn't forget my makeup bag. Should I walk all the way to the back of the plane and look for it, or go straight to the cockpit and hope I look all right?

PHOTOGRAPHY: RONALD G. HARRIS

the second option from the original problem may be expected to trigger a geometrically expanding set of problems that are as bewildering to the scientific observer as they are to Charlotte. How, then, is her decision resolved? Possibly the answer lies in the makeup bag connected to her last lobe—a secondary neural apparatus, capable of filtering extraneous options

picked the makeup bag on the right nearly every time, and that when the roles of the rat and Mother Teresa were reversed, the results were virtually unchanged. Accordingly, we impute a commonality to the decision-making methods of all females, and get on to the next experiment, where we verify the possibility of inspiring a decision by Mother Teresa to boost you

an expensive video disk from Sears.

Here's the arrangement. We know from the example of Timmy B. and Harriet that female responses may be presurmised from the "climate" under which the responses are made, and we realize from the last experiment that all women form their decisions in the same manner. Hence, it is reasonable to assume that Mother

Teresa will shoplift the video disk if one were to, once again, "push the right button." This appears to be a comparatively simple assignment until you consider a number of facts about Mother Teresa—for instance, that she lives twelve thousand miles away in a hospital full of lepers in Calcutta, that she's over seventy years old, and that she's practically a saint. Here's how Timmy B. handled the experiment.

"It was over a hundred degrees in Calcutta the day I landed; everything, the buildings, the streets, the cars, and the people, seemed so brittle and disintegrated from the heat and the complete lack of food, money, and enthusiasm that a good wind from a typhoon or an atom bomb, for example, might reduce them all to dirt. I took a cab straight to the leprosarium and tried not to pay any attention to the murmuring, balled-up monsters in the corridors, on the windowsills, and under the beds—it was important to be in a casual frame of mind. I found Mother Teresa of India, scouring some



delivered by the central brain or, then again, forgetting them entirely, or manufacturing yet another staggering batch of new ones.

To investigate this hypothesis, we perform the following experiment. A female rat is given a choice of three makeup bags. If she picks the one on the right, she will receive the bag as a reward. If she selects either of the other two bags, or cannot make up her mind at all, then another female chosen for this experiment, Mother Teresa of India, will receive a powerful electric shock (*above*).



Data from this experiment shows that the rat





Snack platter before Mary's exposure to stuffed animal.



Mary's snack platter after executive gave her a stuffed bear.

type of fluid-collecting device with a wire brush, attacking it with the ferociousness of a crazy old zealot ready to burst at the eye sockets with a stockpile of sexual energy. I leaned against the doorjamb and lit a slender cigarette that was such a dark brown it looked black. 'What's your afternoon look like?' I asked her with an inflection of detachment and mystery in my eyes. 'Meet me at my hotel.' I scratched the address on a card and flipped it to her desk, smiled coolly, and disappeared down the hall.

"She was right on time, like I knew she would be. I poured her a gin; she followed me onto the balcony. 'There is something I want you to have,' I told her softly. 'I hope you like it.' The famous woman of mercy turned to discover a massive, five-foot-high, stuffed koala bear behind her with a fat pink bow tied around its neck and a sentimental card taped to its belly. She was overwhelmed." Several days later, Mother Teresa ran out of a Sears in Hartford, Connecticut, with sixty-five dol-

lars worth of video disks for Timmy B.

Notwithstanding the significance of this result, we must have more data. (See *photo bottom left*.) We need to know, for example, if a female's makeup-bag decisions can be influenced by stuffed koala bears and, correlatively, if isolation from stuffed koalas will prove deleterious to other aspects of her behavior. We treat the first question in an experiment where Mary Cunningham, formerly of the Bendix Corporation, selects one of three makeup bags while a stuffed koala bear is rigged securely within her field of vision. (If she picks up either of the two bags on the left, a powerful executive who may have a job for Mary will receive a high-voltage shock.)

As expected, the subject's makeup-bag judgment was unaltered and actually reinforced by the presence of the stuffed animal. To answer the second question—will deprivation of stuffed

koala bears impair other facets of a woman's behavior?—we must turn to the snack platter. (See *photos above*.) As spiders have been observed to spin irregular webs while under the influence of psychedelic drugs, a great deal may be learned about the mental condition of a female by analyzing deviations in the patterns of her snack trays.

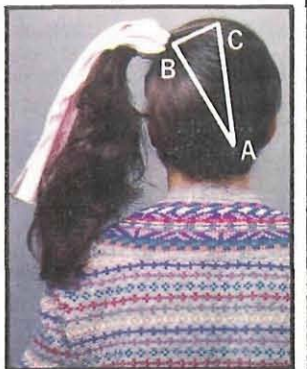
In the following test, Mary presented two snack platters to an executive who may have a job for her, one after he had given her a stuffed koala bear and one before. Notice a sharp variation in the diversity and arrangement of her snacks.

It should be no surprise that the lush, imaginative

platter on the right was prepared under the influence of a stuffed koala bear. But the questions remain: How did Mary's decision to upgrade the snack platter take form? And, by what process did she transmute the psychological impact of a stuffed animal to her rationale for adding seventy-seven bits of food to a tray of snacks and multiplying the elaborateness of its design by perhaps 1000 percent?

A parallel observation is useful here. Charlotte M. is secretly photographed (*below*) as she styles herself prior to approaching the pilot of her flight to find out his birth and anniversary dates. When she entered the lavatory, her hair was gathered in a common-shaped ponytail at the juncture of the parietal and occipital bones, approximately 180 degrees from her nose (*left*). Subsequently, she reconstituted the ponytail several inches higher and nearly 80 degrees to the left (*right*).

We are, however, forced to ask the same question as before: What manner of thought occurs in a woman's mind at the moment she decides to mount a ponytail on the side of her head? Perhaps there is a mathematical solution. If we draw a triangle connecting the original position of Charlotte's ponytail (A), its new position (B), and the top of her head (C),





and if we superimpose the same triangle onto the snack platter created by Mary Cunningham after her exposure to the stuffed animal (see photo above), we soon discover that the three points of the triangle will always touch three different kinds of snacks, no matter how the figure is positioned.



Hence, we derive the following proportion—stuffed koala : snack platter :: ponytail placement : snack platter—indicating that all stimuli from executives and airline pilots will have the same effect on a female decision. We are thus well advised to pose Timmy B. as an airline pilot and analyze the decisions of a woman who has been offered a chance to have sex with him. Timmy explains the research as follows:

"A hazy drizzle fell outside the Beverly Wilshire in Los Angeles as I followed a richly carpeted hallway from the main lobby to a canopied porch where splendorous and bejeweled guests alighted from their cars and dispersed to the dining rooms and the ballrooms and all the other rooms for their evening's affairs. I studied the cars and their passengers cannily, searching for her, peering into a hundred eyes to find the female most qualified to participate in this experiment. The eyes responded

in kind, locking hungrily onto the blue and gold trim of my uniform from Pan

American, one of the largest airlines in the world.

"When she slithered from the seat of her foreign limousine and strode primly to the diamantine glass doors, I knew instantly that she would do. Nancy Friday was her name—an authoress and television personality with soft features and delicate skin that ached for the firmness and affections of a pilot. 'How does your evening look?' I asked her soothingly, but with a glint of devilishness in my ex-

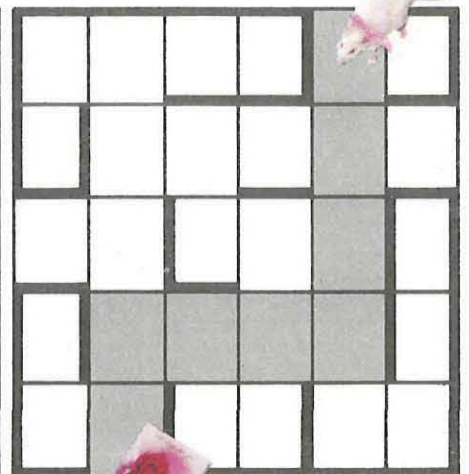
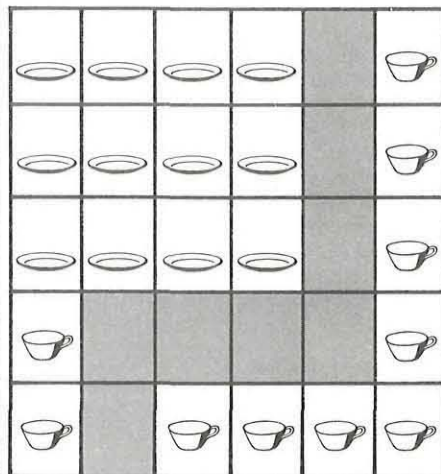
pression. Nancy demurred momentarily, then pinched a wrinkle on my sleeve and drew the number 211 across the fabric with a perfectly honed, tongue-pink fingernail. 'Lovely...' she said, the ellipsis in her reply obviously meant to allure.

"Events progressed well from there on, climaxing several hours later in room 211 when the puiissance of my uniform and my reminiscences of drama and exhilaration in the air began to take charge of the woman. 'I'm getting all



Nancy Friday's dishwasher load. Portions of the rack she didn't use are shaded.

Route female rat takes to sentimental card. Notice the similarity between it and unused squares on left.



tingly, she breathed through gorged lips. I determined that she had arrived at an emotional threshold, and, as per the design of the experiment, I seized this precise psychic moment to record its effect on the way Nancy would load a dishwasher. 'This may sound unusual,' I whispered sincerely, 'but I want you to show me right now on a blackboard how you would arrange the following dishes in the top rack of your dishwasher: six saucers, eight cups, six salad plates, and a pair of small bowls.' She glanced at me quizzically, but I knew Nancy would obey because she was by this time concerned with nothing other than my happiness." (See photo center left.)

A comparison of the manner in which Nancy arranged her dishes and the route a female rat chooses to get from one end of a maze to a sentimental greeting card is quite revealing. (See diagrams bottom left.)



So far, we have pro- pounded and proven an as- tonishing nexus of relationships among various decision-making systems of the female brain and between these systems and the conditions and events that incite them or influence their operation. Now it's time to put this information to use. It's time to draw a clear line of reason- ing through each of the pre- ceding experiments back to our original postulation that women's decisions are predictable in a given situa- tion by persons who know how they think. Consider the following hypothetical cases; see if you can use what you have learned so far to predict what these women will decide.

Case 1. Jane Byrne, mayor of Chicago, has be- come obsessed with you.



Her incessant telephone calls and embarrassing prostrations and badgerings for affection are frequently annoying; however, the woman seems unstoppable. She borrows thousands of dollars against her mortgage and from the city-employ- ees credit union to buy you exotic cars and rare Sa- vonnerie carpets and seven- teenth-century lithographs that are so valuable you have to store them in a vault. But the vault bills aren't a burden, because Jane sends you packets of cash inside gushing, scented cards and tucked into other presents, like two-hundred- dollar wallets made from massaged calves. She is standing outside your door at three in the morning, ringing the doorbell over and over, loudly pleading with you to see her. "Please. Please let me talk to you. Just for five minutes. I promise. Five minutes is all. Please? Why are you doing this to me?" Her entreaties drift into a low, ululating whimper; the doorbell rings become more sporadic, about a minute apart. You finally crawl out of your bed, open the door, let her in, tap the crystal on her watch, and recapitulate her promise: "Five minutes."

Based on the above sce- nario, how will Jane decide the following question?

WILL JANE DECIDE SHE WANTS TO STAY LONGER



THAN FIVE MINUTES, EVEN THOUGH SHE HAS AGREED OTHERWISE? 1) Yes. 2) No.

Case 2. Harriet H., a friend of your sister's, has been dismissed from her job at Sears and has traveled two thousand miles to your city to investigate the possi- bilities for a new career in either X-ray technology or fashion illustration. She is sitting on your couch, where she has chosen to sleep until one or the other career develops and she ac- cumulates enough money to make restitution to Sears for the video disks she stole for Timmy B. She speaks: "Well, if I'm going to draw fashions, you know, I guess I'll have to cut my nails. See how long they are? They used to be longer. Oh, yeah, I mean, really longer. Longer, longer, longer, like...an inch I bet. Oh, yeah. I couldn't make change or do anything when they were that long. My ex- husband told me the day we got married to cut 'em, but I said no. 'Cause, they're just fun, you know? Just, I don't know, really fun. I said, don't... don't, don't, don't make me cut 'em, be- cause I won't do it. The only time I did was when my mother died. My ex- husband thought I did it for him, but uh-uh. No, no, no way. I mean, my nails are really my passion. Them, and baskets. Oh, I just love

baskets. Wicker, you know. I love to have them all over. I don't know, I guess I'm just a real thing-y kind of person."

Based on your observa- tions, how will Harriet decide the following questions?

WILL SHE DECIDE TO PAY YOU FOR HER LONG-DIS- TANCE CALLS? 1) Yes. 2) No.

WILL SHE DECIDE TO ASK TO BORROW YOUR CAR FOR A THOUSAND-MILE-A- WEEK JOB SEARCH? 1) Yes. 2) No.

WILL SHE DECIDE TO LEAVE BOWLS OF CEREAL AND MILK IN ALL CORNERS OF YOUR APARTMENT? 1) Yes. 2) No.

WILL SHE DECIDE TO AN- NOUNCE SHE HAS AN OVA- RIAN CYST AND CAN'T WORK UNTIL SHE GETS AN OPERATION SHE CAN'T PAY FOR? 1) Yes. 2) No.

WILL SHE DECIDE TO HEMORRHAGE ON YOUR COUCH OR, MORE IMPOR- TANT, WHILE DRIVING YOUR CAR? 1) Yes. 2) No.

IF SOMEONE, OR YOU, FOR EXAMPLE, PAYS FOR HER TREATMENT, AND SHE RECOVERS, AND SOMEHOW GETS A JOB AND EARNS ENOUGH MONEY TO OPEN A BANK ACCOUNT, WHAT TYPE OF CHECKBOOK COVER WILL HARRIET DE- CIDETO ORDER?

1.



2.



3.



The Lee Marvin/Michelle Marvin Case...Did it Start a Trend?

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO ALL SINGLE PEOPLE LIVING TOGETHER

A break-up can ruin you financially!



Can you be sued for "Palimony"? These questions are vital to your future:

1. How do the Courts look upon the property rights of unwed couples?
2. Can your partner sue for equal property rights—and win?
3. Do the Courts allow single partners to sue for alimony or support?
4. Can your partner lay claim to half your future earnings? Future property?

NEW VIEWS BY THE COURTS CAN SPELL MONEY PROBLEMS FOR SINGLES

Stop and think about the financial bind you could be in when you stop living together. Consider being sued for half of what you earn, expect to earn, or what you own. More and more single people who split up have found themselves in court, fighting each other to preserve their own income and property. Even worse, they found themselves mired in legal difficulties to keep from splitting up property each might own in the future. Many have paid out thousands and thousands of dollars to their ex-partners by order of the Court.

ROMANCE CAN BE DANGEROUS... TO YOUR POCKETBOOK!

Ending a romance used to be a lot simpler. If they lived together and then called it quits, that was that. He took his clothes from the closet and, maybe, some records and the stereo. Or she took the TV and some books. It was usually a nice, clean break. That was before 1976 and the famous Lee Marvin trial in California. When the trial ended, Michelle Marvin, with whom Lee Marvin had lived but never married, was awarded a substantial sum by the Court. Part of a new trend, the Court granted an *unmarried* woman similar property rights and privileges previously awarded only to a wife in a divorce case. The legal profession and the Courts throughout the country called it a milestone decision. In a later case, rock singer Peter Frampton was sued under similar conditions.

AN ATTORNEY LOOKS AT THE RECORD—AND THE FACTS

The Marvin vs. Marvin decision startled the legal profession and started an avalanche of lawsuits by ex-single partners. A respected New York attorney took a good look at the records and found the historic action of the California Court caused similar lawsuits in all parts of the country. Disenchanted partners were embroiled in legal suits to claim shares of property and money.

This attorney began to see that any single partner could sue the other, in an action similar to a divorce case—and win a property settlement and possible future earnings, future property. Imagine your financial bind if the Court awarded your partner a form of *alimony* when you've never even been married! This could really cost you big money.

Many lawyers call this action "Palimony". The result of taking a hard look at the possibilities and the known facts was the clear need for a document of some sort . . . an agreement that both parties could use for their own individual protection . . . for their own peace of mind. Single couples need the security of knowing their separate and individual right will not be jeopardized if they ever separate.

TOP DIVORCE LAWYERS AGREE: TODAY'S TIMES REQUIRE PROTECTION

A leading divorce attorney agrees that today's liberal attitude of the Courts might make it wise for every couple living together to have some form of protective agreement between themselves before they split up. An agreement, he suggests, would clearly spell out who owns what and detail the disposition of property and each party's rights and interests, in the event the couple separates. This attorney clearly points out that the only way to avoid possible misunderstandings and costly disputes is to agree in advance on each party's responsibilities and rights.

THE "PALIMONY" PREVENTION KIT ELIMINATES FUTURE PROBLEMS FOR YOU

In the past, if you thought of making a written agreement, you had to engage an attorney, spend hour tailoring a contract to your individual needs, and pay a hefty fee for it. That's why we had an attorney draw up the "Palimony" Prevention Kit. This is a comprehensive legal document, an agreement for single couples that covers virtually every necessary point that could be required. Practically everything that could possibly be needed is fully covered in this all-inclusive document.

Accompanying the agreement itself is a four page detailed explanatory guide, written in common sense, everyday language so you will understand every sentence, every phrase, every clause. There are suggestions and instructions for possible variations and modifications to make the "Palimony" Prevention agreement fit your own particular circumstances and wishes.

JUST \$9.95 CAN SAVE YOU HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS IN LEGAL FEES

If you live together—or plan to—the "Palimony" Prevention Kit can be the smartest personal investment you'll ever make. With the Kit, you can save many hundreds of dollars in legal fees alone. And you'll be buying inexpensive protection against possibly having to shell out many thousands of dollars later on. Best of all, you'll have an agreement that can be custom-tailored to your own needs . . . your own circumstances . . . to keep you and your single partner out of future legal difficulties.



Send \$9.95, plus \$1.50 postage and handling, for the Palimony Prevention Kit. Fill out and mail the coupon today.

Palimony Prevention Company
Ninth Floor
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Please rush me _____ "Palimony" Prevention Kit(s) at \$9.95 each plus \$1.50 postage and handling. I enclose a check or money order for \$_____.

CHARGE TO: American Express VISA MasterCard

Account No. _____ Exp. Date ____/____/____

PRINT NAME Mr. Ms. _____ Age _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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SNUTS

REMEMBER HOW, EVEN IF YOU TRIED AS HARD AS YOU COULD, SOME PEOPLE WERE IMPOSSIBLE TO UNDERSTAND? IT WASN'T SO MUCH THAT YOU DIDN'T LIKE THEM, IT WAS YOU NEVER GOT THE POINT OF THEM.

HELLO, HAROLD.

HELLO. WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S A CAPT. HEROIC COMIC. IT'S GREAT!

WHO IS CAPT. HEROIC?

ARE YOU KIDDING?

KIDDING? NO.

YOU REALLY NEVER HEARD OF CAPT. HEROIC, HAROLD?

NO, I NEVER DID. WHAT IS HE?

HE'S A HERO. ONLY WITH SUPERPOWERS! HE CAN FLY THROUGH CONCRETE WALLS AND STUFF LIKE THAT!

SO HE'S JUST SOMETHING MADE UP.

YEAH, I GUESS YOU COULD SAY THAT.

WELL, I'VE GOT TO BE GETTING ALONG. SO LONG.

SO LONG, HAROLD.

SEE YOU.

RIGHT.

Graham Wilson © 1981

Deirdre Callahan a biography

HER STORY BEGINS IN THE MATERNITY SECTION OF A METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL



*PLEASE TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN TO SEE HOW REALLY UGLY SHE IS.

UNABLE TO TOLERATE HER UGLINESS ANY LONGER, DEIRDRE'S MOTHER PUT HER OUT WITH THE TRASH ON HER EIGHTH BIRTHDAY.

BECAUSE HER CHILD WAS SO UGLY, DEIRDRE'S MOTHER OBTAINED A CAT, HAVING HEARD THAT THEY LIKE TO SLEEP IN CRIBS AND, IN DOING SO, ACCIDENTALLY SUFFOCATE INFANTS.



HOWEVER, THIS PROVED TO BE AN OLD WIVES' TALE, AS THE CAT SLEPT WITH DEIRDRE FOR SIX YEARS AND SHE WAS NOT SUFFOCATED.



ABOUT TIME YOU DID SOMETHING ABOUT THAT UGLY KID!

© copyright 1981

THE SANITATION DEPT. PICKED DEIRDRE UP ALONG WITH THE GARBAGE AND DEPOSITED HER AT THE CITY DUMP.



AMIDST THE SWILL AND TRASH, DEIRDRE WAS PICKING AT RANCID BITS FROM A SOUP CAN WHEN A FIGURE APPROACHED...

IT WAS BLIND BOB WHO LIVED IN A SHACK AT THE DUMP AND EKED OUT A MEAGER EXISTENCE SCAVENGING FOR BOTTLES, RAGS, AND METALS.



WHO, WHO IS IT?...

HEY! WATCH IT WITH THAT STICK, MISTER!

...THE VOICE OF A LITTLE GIRL! COME HERE, CHILD, LET ME FEEL YOUR FACE...



OH, POOR LITTLE SOUL, YOU ARE SO UGLY THAT YOU HAVE BEEN THROWN AWAY...

HEY, YOUR FINGERS STINK!

...AND SO BLIND BOB TAKES DEIRDRE INTO HIS HEART. **CONTINUED!**

POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett

AT THE IRON CURTAIN...



STOK!

ARF! ARF!

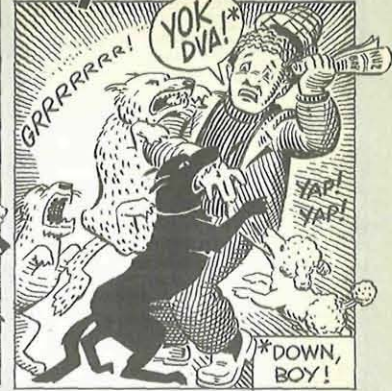
NOZ TIKLOS MIM VA, VA! E STUPU!*

*TRANSLATION: THE GUARDS HAVE SPOTTED ME! I MUST RUN, RUN TO FREEDOM!



STIK VANYZ A KACHKO VUZ!*

*COME BACK HERE, YOU STINKY PANTS!



YOK DVA!

GRRRRRR!

YAP! YAP!

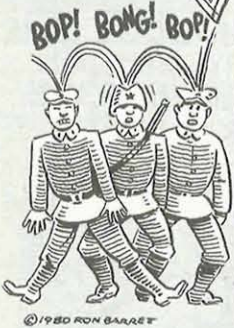
*DOWN, BOY!

BUT THEN, A HANKY OF STEEL FLASHES THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR...

SIRS, IT'S A VIOLATION OF PETIQUETTE TO ALLOW LITTLE FIFI OR GOLDIE TO JUMP UP ON SOMEONE!

BUT, COMRADE COURTESY, THEY ARE OLD FRIENDS AND GLAD TO SEE HIM.

WE DRINK TO DĚTENTE. ITS SPIRIT IS NOT DEAD.



BOP! BONG! BOP!



GRRRR



THEY ARE VERY FRIENDLY AND PLAYFUL!



GEE, DO YOU THINK I COULD TAKE HOME A PUPPY?

©1980 RON BARRETT

A CLIMAXED LOVER WHO SAYS "PARDON ME," HAS MASTERED THE ART OF "COITUS-Y." THANK YOU.

AROUND The HOUSE

RICK GEARY
©1980



HERE'S A TRICK I'VE DISCOVERED FOR KEEPING MY MARRIAGE EXCITING.



IN THE EVENING, I SNEAK UP BEHIND MY HUSBAND DAVE AS HE WATCHES TV.



WITH A SHOUT, I LEAP UPON HIM AND TRY TO WRESTLE HIM OFF THE COUCH.



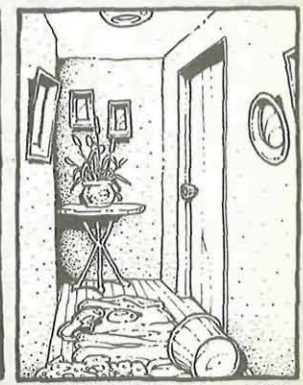
FAT CHANCE! HE'S 6 FOOT 2 AND WEIGHS 200 POUNDS.



AT LEAST THIS GETS HIM TO TALK TO ME, EVEN THO ITS ONLY YELPS AND SQUEALS.



WE END UP LAUGHING AMID A FULL-SCALE PILLOW FIGHT!

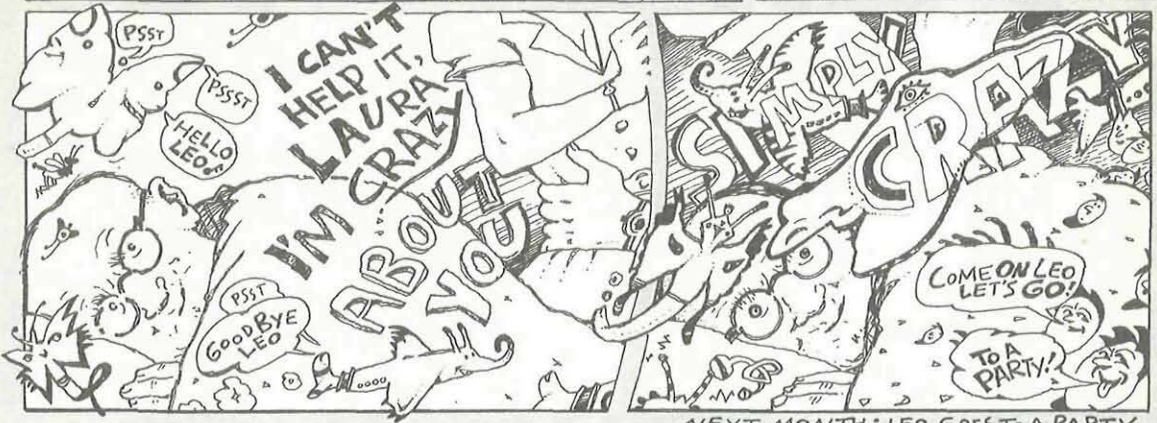


AND SOMETIMES EVEN... WELL, NO NEED TO GO ON.

BOB & MARGARET

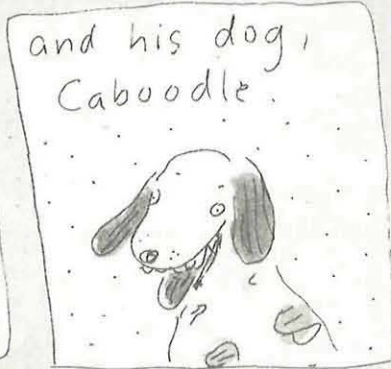
CAPELLA!





KIT and CABOODLE

R. Chast



THANKS, NEGROES, FOR ALL THESE THINGS!

by Joe Schenkman '80



AND, NEGROES! THANK WHITEY FOR THESE THINGS...



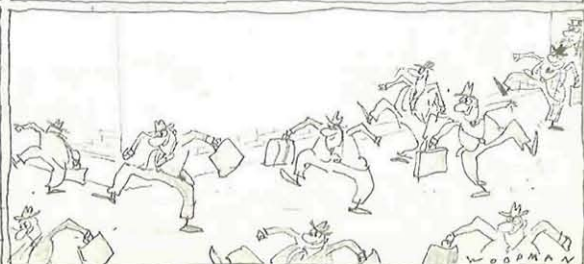
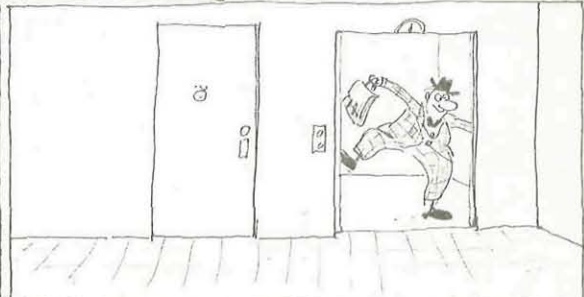
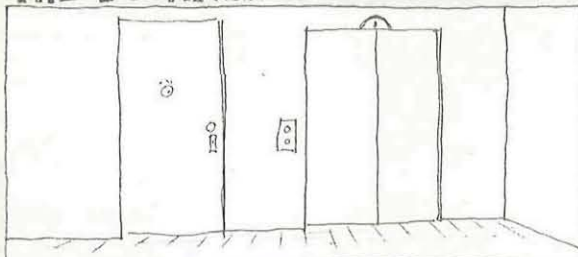
NOW WHAT DON'T WE GET FROM NEGROES??





THE DO WALK

BY WOODMAN



THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



© B.K. Taylor

A SATURDAY MORNING FINDS MR. APPLETON IN AN UPSTAIRS BEDROOM, RUMMAGING THROUGH A TRUNK WITH RELICS OF HIS PAST.



HEH-HEH... THE OLD UNIFORM STILL FITS LIKE A GLOVE. 'TENTION!

MR. APPLETON REACHES BACK IN HIS MIND AND, ONCE AGAIN, SLIPS INTO A WORLD OF FANTASY.



GO TO YOUR LEFT, YOUR LEFT, YOUR LEFT, YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW, YOU'RE NOT BEHIND THE PLOW...

BA-DOW BA-DOW! EAT LEAD, COMMIE PIGS!



IT'S QUIET, MEN ... TOO QUIET. WE ...



HEY, DAD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

EMBARRASSED, MR. APPLETON TRIES TO REGAIN HIS COMPOSURE.



WHA-OH! OH... I WAS THINKING BACK TO MY DAYS AS A...UH, WAR HERO.

MOM SAID YOU SERVED IN KANSAS.



SHE DID? MY RIFLE, SON. WELL... SURE. IS THAT YOUR GUN, DAD? COULD I SEE?



HOW CHILDISH! CHILDISH? WOW! POW POW!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN... BLAM!



WHOA... LOOK AT THAT! YOU SHOT THE HAT RIGHT OFF MEAN OL' MR. WILSON! OOO WEE! ARE YOU IN TROUBLE!

DAD! I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED!



NOW, THAT'S A GOOD LESSON, SON. NEVER TREAT A GUN AS THOUGH IT WERE A TOY.



IN FACT, I REMEMBER ONCE AT FORT DIX, THIS PRIVATE FROM... FREEEBOO!

IT'S THE POLICE!



OH... HERE THEY ARE OFFICER.

I'LL COME BAIL YOU OUT AFTER I'VE HAD DINNER.



SO, REMEMBER! GUN SAFETY IS IMPERATIVE! AND BE SURE YOUR HOME IS SAFE FROM INTRUDERS! SUPPORT THE N.R.A. IN THEIR EFFORTS TO CURB GUN CONTROL. AN ARMED AMERICA IS A STRONG AMERICA!

BA-DOW! BA-DOW!

SABRE DOG

continued from page 18

Poor Sabre Dog just couldn't imagine me, his mother, haunch to haunch with such a horrible beast. He nearly died thinking that such a monstrosity could be his own father. It broke my heart to hear him tell about it, but he had finally pulled himself together and escaped.

The information that Sabre Dog brought back helped the CIA to thwart the Soviet dog threat. They developed a selective strain of combat flea that incapacitated the senses of the Eastern Bloc counterintelligence dogs. But Sabre Dog wasn't cheered by his victory. Oh, he tried to look happy for the rest of us, but I could always tell by the lackluster way he wagged his tail that deep down he was very troubled. Finally, he put the question to me directly: Was the bat mastiff really his father? I mean, what if he had sired a monster for a puppy? He'd never have forgiven me! I had to tell him the truth.

After that, Sabre Dog felt betrayed. He wrote melancholy poems; he rarely barked but to whine; and he wouldn't chew any of the choice bones a grateful CIA provided for him. He simply didn't trust the agency anymore. He was too considerate ever to speak to me again of the bat mastiff, but I know he came to hate the CIA for having forced him on me as they did. Still, his sense of loyalty wouldn't permit him to run away and take his talents elsewhere. He was a deeply troubled dog.

Then, on a foggy spring night, Sabre Dog couldn't sleep, so he went for a flight. Visibility was very low, and at 3:00 A.M., after flying for two hours over the eastern United States, Sabre Dog slammed into the west side of the Chrysler Building and fell dead onto Madison Avenue. He was shoveled away without ceremony by the sanitation department.

It's hard for me to tell this story without getting choked up, but I've been living with it for too long already, and I think it's time the world knew of Sabre Dog's heroism.

Once he was gone, I worried that I might be coupled with the bat mastiff once again, but not long after that, the whore bat escaped.

He was last seen heading out over the Pacific and hasn't been seen since. But there have been reports of a flying kitten in San Diego, a flying dolphin pup off the Hawaiian Islands, and a baby kangaroo that can jump miles at a time in Australia. □



If you'd like to know more about this unusual old store, drop us a line.

AT THE LYNCHBURG HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE, you'll find everything from darning thread to duck decoys.

And, just a short walk away, you'll find Jack Daniel's Distillery, where we still make whiskey the same way we did 114 years ago: gentling every drop with a process called charcoal mellowing. If you live in a big city, you won't find a store much like Lynchburg's. No matter where you live, you won't find a distillery much like Jack Daniel's.



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.



BIO
FEED-
BACK-

YOU
MUST BE A
VIRGO.

I WAS
UNTIL
LAST
NIGHT!

GESALT-

WANT
TO COME UP
AND SEE MY
ESCHERS?

JAWS!

AND
THEN THIS
LOUSE PUTS
TIC TACS IN MY
BIRTH CONTROL
PILLS!

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

A
ZIPLESS
WHAT?

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

DYNO-
MITE!

ENERGY-

I'LL BET
RHODA
DIVORCES HIM
BEFORE SUMMER.

ORAL
ART-

DO
YOU BE-
LIEVE IN
I CHING?

- YOU
BI-SEX?

NO,
BUT I
LIKE
SCRAT-
CHING.

NAH!
WHO HAS
TO BUY
SEX?

GRAHH!
GZZ!
MUNGLE-

H. Kurtz

Good
sense...
Good times.

For 16" x 22" poster, send \$2.00 to Promotion Dept. 3-81.
National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

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MARRIAGE CONTRACT

by Tod Carro

Prenuptial Agreement

This agreement made this _____ day of _____, 19____ between _____ and _____

WITNESSETH:

WHEREAS a marriage is contemplated in the immediate future between _____, hereinafter designated THE HUSBAND, and _____, hereinafter designated THE WIFE, and they desire, in anticipation of such marriage, and for the purpose of ensuring a tranquil, forbearing, harmonious, and uniformly decorous relationship, to fix and determine various rights, procedures, and penalties governing the conduct and resolution of all disputes, quarrels, altercations, arguments, disagreements, variances, dissensions, conflicts, and other differences of opinion, whether they be expressed verbally, physically, or by innuendo, which may occur between them during the course of their marriage.

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby agreed:

1. All complaints pertaining to the apportionment, performance, or nonperformance of labor associated with the maintenance, improvement, or beautification of a household or other quarters concurrently inhabited by THE HUSBAND and THE WIFE shall be confined to specific charges, clearly and fully disclosed, and substantiated by evidence that a bona fide inequity exists in relation to household labor that has actually been performed by the complainant, as construed in terms of a mathematical computation taking into account factors of difficulty, time expenditure, and time value; the latter being measured by a hypothetical application of THE HUSBAND'S or THE WIFE'S gross hourly income from gainful employment to each hour of performed household labor as contemplated within this agreement. All charges must be presented within a period not to exceed five minutes, and at a loudness no greater than one and one-half times the conversational volume that is usual and customary between the parties. Failure to elucidate a pertinent or documented allegation, as hereinabove described, automatically vitiates the claim and bars its reassertion at any subsequent time, while, furthermore, entitling the accused to direct a single castigatory or admonitory statement toward the complainant, containing, but not restricted to, language reproving his or her judgment, abruptness, or impatience in such manner as is calculated to discourage the recurrence of said defective complaint, while simultaneously indicating the form and nature of any and all gestures of apology that may be required or expected at the election of the accused. In the event such an apology is not provided in a timely or good-faith fashion, or such apology is qualified, appended, colored, or supplanted by references to an issue, or issues, of contention existing, or thought to exist, outside the scope of household labor—specifically: sex, income, personal habits, temperament, and physical appearance—the newly introduced issue shall immediately supervene and quash the previous topic of discussion, subjecting the accuser to a standard of presentation and proof identical to that set forth hereinabove regarding household labor, with the additional provision that (a) failure to state a supportable claim, (b) use of third-party examples for comparison to earning power, physical appearance, genitalia, and other conditions and attributes of an extremely personal nature, and (c) use of direct or implied coercion, duress, or threats related to denial of sexual congress, shall constitute an evanescence of all claims made against the accused, while granting to him or her an option to elevate his or her speaking volume to treble the previously permissible level, as well as signify implied consent on the part of the complainant to be struck at any point upon his or her person by the accused with his or her hand, being in an open position, unembellished by jewelry or any object of like hardness or coarse surface that may foreseeably rupture the complainant's flesh. Should such battery result in a perceptible laceration to the complainant, or should such battery be administered more than one time, the complainant may, at his or her election, raise his or her voice to a level treble that to which he or she was previously constrained and, as well, equip him or herself with a solid object weighing no more than twenty-five pounds and having a mass no larger than one hundred cubic inches, for the sole purpose of defense against any subsequent, unstipulated batteries that may occur. The accused, in the event the complainant pursues the aforescribed defense prematurely to the rightful accrual of his or her privilege to do so, may forego all restrictions on the loudness of his speech and undertake whatever physical steps are necessary to wrest from the accuser any such solid object he or she may have taken up as a weapon against him or her. At no point within this or any other portion of the dispute may either party employ the use of deadly force, specifically firearms, cleavers, hatchets, fireplace tools, vases, and other missiles, engines, or devices of a lethal nature, unless either THE HUSBAND or THE WIFE suffers a minimum of three consecutive batteries committant to noxious and opprobrious remarks centered upon attributes and conditions regarding earning power, physical appearance, genitalia, and other subjects of a deeply personal and intimate nature. Under circumstances wherein both parties have concurrently initiated the use of firearms, each party shall be permitted to discharge a quantity of shots equal to the number of cartridges that may be held in the weapon containing the smaller magazine, and at no time shall either party attempt to obtain or engage an unfair advantage by introducing an additional weapon to which the opposite party does not have access in kind, or enlist the assistance of a nonsignatory to this agreement, unless the party so attempting it, or believes him or herself to be, in extremis, without possibility of recovery.

2. All complaints emanating from, or related to, adulterous, meretricious, or otherwise consummate acts of infidelity, genuine or supposed, shall, in accordance with conditions enunciated in paragraph one (1), be delivered in a clear and unobfuscatory manner, supported in each and every instance by documents, third-party eyewitness accounts, photographic reproductions, mathematical calculations, electronic recordings, or other such direct and affirmative facts as may be reasonably interpreted to justify the allegations. Alien chemical fragrances upon the person of the accused, unexplained telephonic communication between the accused and unidentified third parties, irregularity of behavior, temperament, or routine, and other such circumstantial, presumptive, or hearsay evidence will not lie on its own merit, and shall furthermore, upon presentation of same, authorize the accused to command an immediate extirpation of all charges. At no time shall the accused be made to answer a charge without having previously been advised of (a) the full scope and extent of evidence offered in support of the charge, (b) the probability that an admission of guilt will precipitate an irreparable detriment to relations between THE HUSBAND and THE WIFE as they obtain to the spirit of this agreement, and (c) the probability that subsequent modification or reversal of an admission of guilt will be effectively contaminated by the psychologically prejudicial nature or said admission; any and all of the aforementioned warnings being strictly requisite and preconditional to the prosecution of said charge.

3. A formal system for the appeal and arbitration of disputes between THE HUSBAND and THE WIFE is hereby established, wherein three independent third parties may be impaneled for the purpose of rendering binding arbitration, one member of the panel to be selected by THE HUSBAND, one member by THE WIFE, and a third member to be appointed by a council comprised of three immediate blood relatives of THE HUSBAND, three immediate blood relatives of THE WIFE, and three residents of the proximate neighborhood. All decisions of the panel shall be controlling and irrevocable.

4. Being mindful of the lingering and residual force of individual disputes, and additionally that an aggregate combination of such differences, accrued over a significant period of time, may act to foment new and wholly groundless conflicts, seemingly without relation to events or circumstances perceived at the time they arise, yet nevertheless legitimate and rational to the mind of the complainant, we therefore seek to recognize the natural emotions of bitterness and resentment, which may weigh upon the equanimous state of the relationship generally countenanced by this agreement. Accordingly, at the conclusion of the 500th dispute, quarrel, altercation, argument, disagreement, variance, dissension, conflict, or other expressed difference of opinion, portions of this agreement addressing documentation of complaints shall be enlarged to require that a separate, additional Affidavit of Mood be provided by the complainant to the accused at his or her demand. Such affidavit shall contain a detailed, truthful, and, to the best of the affiant's ability, accurate accounting of each and every factor that has contributed to his or her state of mind, and an itemized listing of each and every prior dispute bearing upon the accusation at hand. Upon examination of said affidavit, the accused may, at his or her option, execute an Order of Temporary Mood Estoppel, wherein the accused shall be enjoined from pursuing his or her allegation for a period of not more than seven days, or until said mood has dissolved, or diminished and abated to such level as may permit, in the opinion of the accused, the fair and reasonable resolution of disputed issues by mutual agreement, or under authority of arbitration, as delineated in paragraph three (3).

5. All provisions of this agreement shall be suspended and inapplicable when either THE HUSBAND or THE WIFE or both of them have been under the influence of spirituous liquors, narcotic drugs, or other similar substances for a period in excess of five consecutive days; when THE WIFE has been advised by a licensed physician that she is in need of a partial or complete hysterectomy, and for a period of not more than six months subsequent to the accomplishment of such procedure; or when THE HUSBAND or THE WIFE has fully and sufficiently proved a case of infidelity against the other, in which instance this agreement shall become null and void for the duration of the marriage.

6. This agreement shall supersede all other warranties, representations, promises, covenants, and undertakings, parole or otherwise, made between the signatories, and is now declared by each of them to be the sole and entire prenuptial understanding between them.

In Witness Whereof, the parties hereto have hereunto set their hands and seals this _____ day of _____, 19____

Witness

Witness

AND WEDDING LICENSE

and John Hughes 

TI-T (2/79) PART 1

State of Illinois Department of Public Health County of Cook Edmund J. Kelly, Clerk

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COOK COUNTY

Marriage may be celebrated between _____ of _____ in the county of _____ in the state of _____ of the age of _____ years and _____ of _____ in the county of _____ in the state of _____ of the age of _____ years.
Witness _____, County Clerk
Edmund J. Kelly

The Seal of the Great County of Cook, Convention Capital of America.



- R F A - F - G - H - I - J - L
E E N - O - Q - R - T
S M _____
T A _____
R L _____
I E _____
C _____
T _____
I _____
O _____
N _____
S _____
- CORRECTIVE LENSES _____
 - HEARING DEVICE _____
 - HANDICAPPED LEG(S) _____
 - HANDICAPPED ARM(S) _____
 - BLIND _____
 - SPEECH IMPEDIMENT _____
 - GENETIC DEFECT HISTORY _____
 - SEXUAL DYSFUNCTION (explain) _____



Clarence F. Monroe
Clarence F. Monroe,
Commissioner of Marriages
and Relationships

- A - D - E - F - H - I - L R M
N - R - S - T - W - X E A
S L
T E
R I
C
T I
O
S
- CORRECTIVE LENSES _____
 - HEARING DEVICE _____
 - HANDICAPPED LEG(S) _____
 - HANDICAPPED ARM(S) _____
 - BLIND _____
 - SPEECH IMPEDIMENT _____
 - GENETIC DEFECT HISTORY _____
 - SEXUAL DYSFUNCTION (explain) _____



Height: _____
Weight: _____

Height: _____
Weight: _____

X

SIGNATURE _____

X

SIGNATURE _____

THIS FORM MAY NOT BE DUPLICATED, VOID OF ALTERED.

Violations
COURT, CLERK, MOTHER-IN-LAWS OF GIRL FRIENDS SHALL RECORD ALL MARITAL VIOLATIONS BELOW

TI-T (2/79) PART 2

Date of Violation:	Infraction, Irritation, or Offense:	Date of Infraction:	Days in the Doghouse:	Nights on the Sofa:	Date of Apology:

This is to certify that the person named and described on the reverse side has been licensed by this state to operate as a husband in a legally recognized marriage. This license may not be transferred to any persons other than those whose names and likenesses appear above.

Restrictions, Female:

- A. No going to the bathroom with the door open.
- B. No cracking gum.
- C. No throwing out important material stored in cardboard boxes in the attic, basement, or garage.
- D. No opening mail.
- E. No chipping off fingernail polish during important discussions.
- F. No asking husband to look up vagina for lumps, bumps, or redness.
- G. No sandwiches for dinner.
- H. No housecleaning in underwear past age twenty-two.
- I. No more than fifteen pairs of shoes at one time.
- J. No leaving the car on empty.
- K. No stockings that only go up to the knee.
- L. No Early American or glass-and-chrome furniture.
- M. No hanging plants.
- N. No toilet seat covers.
- O. No ERA, anti-ERA, Friends of Jesus Christ, Consumer Safety Group, or Tupperware parties in the home.
- P. No underwear or yard tools for birthday, Christmas, or Father's Day.
- Q. No discosizers, doorknob gyms, or exercycles.
- R. No going ape during menopause and running away from home.
- S. No cocktails alone in the afternoon.
- T. No children named after impoverished or deceased grandparents, parents, aunts, or uncles.

Restrictions, Male:

- A. No football during dinner.
- B. No dirty socks wadded up under the bed.
- C. No sex on the floor, in a chair, or outside.
- D. No oral sex.
- E. No anal sex.
- F. No anal anything.
- G. No taking pictures, movies, or videotapes of sex acts.
- H. No bad-mouthing in-laws to friends at work.
- I. No beard.
- J. No golf shoes in the front hall.
- K. No going to the bathroom on the toilet seat.
- L. No leaving the toilet seat up in the middle of the night.
- M. No masturbating.
- N. No putting empty milk cartons back in the refrigerator.
- O. No using the last of the toilet paper and not replacing the roll.
- P. No getting drunk and talking to yourself about what a failure you are and how you missed so many chances till all hours of the night.
- Q. No wind or belches unless during periods of illness.
- R. No big smelly hunting dogs.
- S. No rifles, pistols, ammunition, crossbows, wrist rockets, bowie knives, or fireworks.
- T. No making an ass of yourself at parties and outings.
- U. No leaving big green spits in the sink.
- V. No snoring or screaming dirty words during sleep.
- W. No sleeping in the nude after the children reach puberty.
- X. No loaning money to friends.

THIS FORM IS TO BE PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED AT THE PRINCIPAL RESIDENCE

MARRIAGE REGISTRATION NUMBER: 10029-59945-6999-69-6-6-47 EXPIRES: 2/18/82

WOMEN'S ~~AND DOGS'~~ PAGE

The Care and Feeding of a Boyfriend

by Jane Brucker

SELECTING A BOYFRIEND:

At first glance, most people confuse the boyfriend with the lover. Both respond to the word "honey," but you'll find that the boyfriend is more intelligent than the lover. The lover is usually larger than the boyfriend.

It may seem difficult to select a boyfriend. If you cannot settle on one special one, have several. However, boyfriends, unlike dogs, do not provide good company for each other. It is highly recommended that the owner of two or more boyfriends keep them in separate environments.

FEEDING:

Spaghetti will satisfy most boyfriends. If you have a finicky boyfriend who insists on more intricate meals, scatter a couple of dollars in his environment. This will train the boyfriend to feed himself.

GROOMING:

The silky-headed boyfriend looks neater with long hair, while the kinky-headed types should be cropped around the ears. Blonds should not have beards, while brunettes can be allowed a mustache or beard.

COMMON AILMENTS:

Hairballs: A common affliction of the

lover; but boyfriends have been known to get them, too. Usually he will remove the hair from his tongue with his own fingers.

Depression: Also known as the hate-life syndrome. Every boyfriend suffers from depression at one or more times in his life. Living is usually the cause. The symptoms are: 1) stops washing his clothes, 2) says "shit" a lot, 3) oversleeps and then kicks something when he awakes, 4) refuses any assistance, claims everything you do is wrong.

TEACHING THE BOYFRIEND TO SPEAK:

You may find that your new boyfriend does not know how to talk to you. Here are a few sample phrases that every boyfriend can learn:

"I missed you."

"I love you as you are."

"What would you like me to do for you?"

DISCIPLINE:

When the boyfriend jumps up and kisses you all over the face, it is important to remember that he is simply showing affection. Do not hit the boyfriend for this. In a couple of months he will stop this overzealous affection automatically. If the boyfriend is

permitted to sleep with you, he may bring dried food with him and leave crumbs. Wear cold cream on your face, and hair curlers to bed. This will discourage him.

If the boyfriend does not come when called, it may be necessary to threaten him by giving attention to another boyfriend. Soon the boyfriend will come when called, and even retrieve flowers and valuables for you.

Some boyfriends feel that it is mating season all year 'round and may stay out of the house until all hours of the morning, returning with scratches and a disheveled appearance. You may want to gas the little bitch who detained him; however, it is best to lock the boyfriend out and never allow him to return.

SHOWING THE BOYFRIEND:

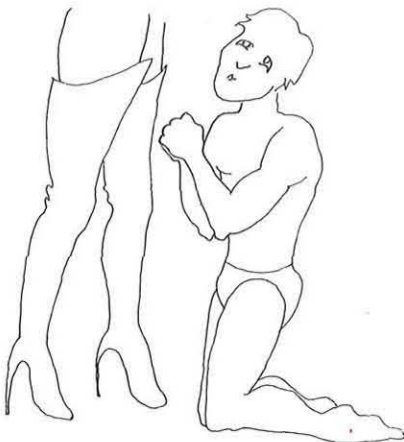
Showing a beautiful, well-groomed, articulate, healthy boyfriend is a joy to any owner. Boyfriends are judged by the following standards:

Face: The boyfriend should have a pleasant, honest expression on his face.

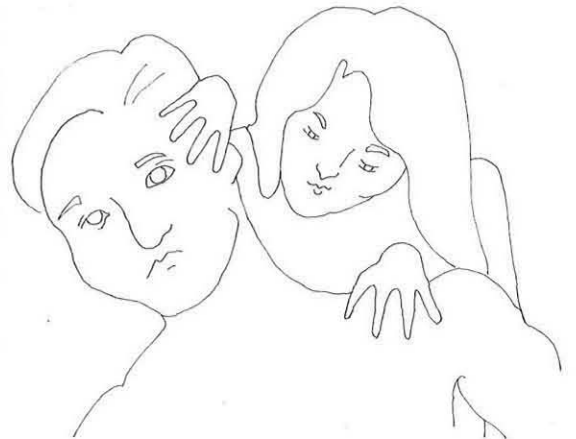
Shoulders and neck: He must be broad, with taut, smooth muscles.

Thighs and buttocks: Must be firm to the touch, but malleable.

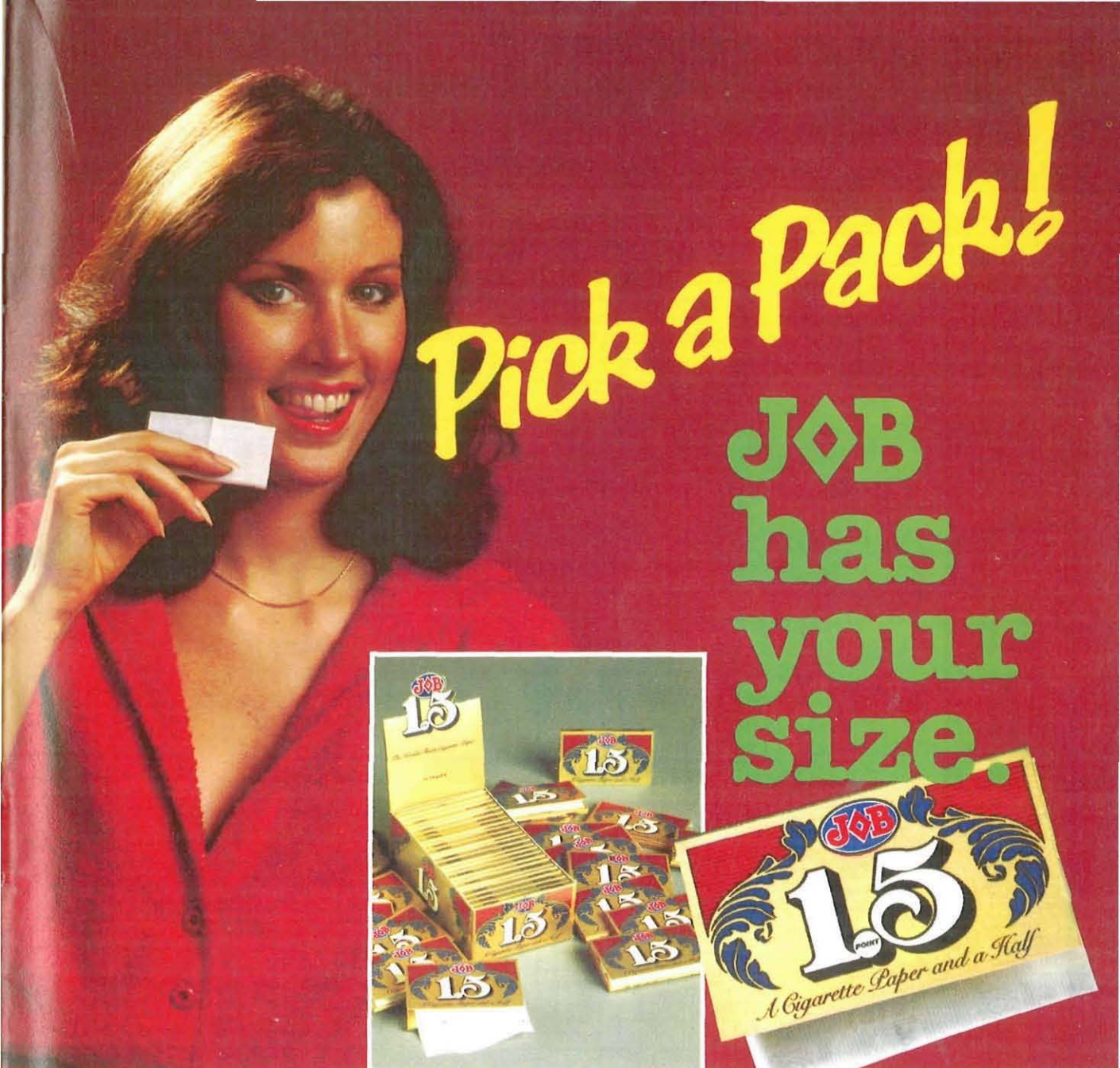
Height: Must be over six foot one, but not over six ten.



Who can resist a young boy begging?



Pull back the head and examine the neck for foreign hickies twice a month.



Pick a pack!

JOB has your size.



TRY 'EM OR BUY 'EM LIMITED OFFER

Try your favorite size **JOB** cigarette papers at home! Choose a specially priced **JOB** 24-pack or 4-pack sampler* sent post-paid directly to you.

Complete and mail coupon with payment. Quickest delivery with money-order, cashier's or certified check (un-certified checks must clear bank prior to shipping; no stamps or coins, please; sorry no C.O.D.'s). Offers limited; void where prohibited. Limit one sampler or box per family, please. Act today!

*Sampler includes one pack new **JOB** 1.25™, two packs **JOB** 15™, and one pack **JOB** double-width cigarette papers.

Please send the following item I am over 21 years of age.

- | | | | |
|---|-----------------|--|-----------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> JOB Double-width cigarette papers 24-pack | \$9.60 \$ _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> JOB Single-width 55s Classic White 24-pack | \$7.20 \$ _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JOB 1.5™ Middle-width cigarette papers 24-pack | \$9.60 \$ _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> JOB Single-width Cutcorners 25-pack | \$7.50 \$ _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JOB 1.25™ Precision-width™ cigarette papers 24-pack | \$9.60 \$ _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> JOB Favorite Hits 4-pack cigarette paper sampler | \$1.00 \$ _____ |

TOTAL (Check enclosed) Includes postage & handling \$ _____

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COMMON BREEDS OF NORTH AMERICAN WOMEN

by P. J. O'Rourke

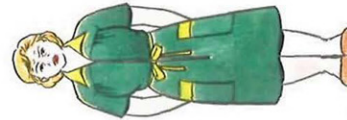
illustrated by Trina Robbins



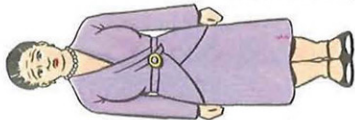
DAWN WOMAN
The ancestor of all modern-woman breeds. Primarily a beast of burden, sometimes used as trade goods. Still to be found in primitive areas such as Greenland, Baffin Island, and the Carolinas.



SAINTED MOTHER
Most highly developed of the female species. Intelligent, loyal, affectionate, and possessed of an excellent disposition. Unfortunately now feared extinct. Last confirmed sighting over thirty years ago, in the author's home.



TRUE MOTHER, OR MOM
Dominant breed among the New World's domesticated women. Possesses an unmistakable call, usually long distance, often collect. Easily distinguished from the Sainted Mother by well-developed complaints and by still being alive.



JEWISH MOTHER
A sturdy and affectionate breed, although somewhat temperamental. Has a cry that is frequent and protracted. Generally good with children, but may smother own litter.





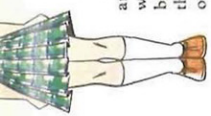
THE EXOTIC

Little is known about this imported breed, which is sometimes kept as a show girl.



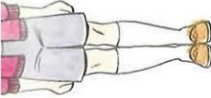
SOUTHERN BELLE

Expensive and highly inbred. Primarily an ornamental. A good pet, but a bad lay.



CATHOLIC GIRL

A favorite in urban areas. Attractive and well behaved. Difficult to breed, but may nonetheless bear young in and out of season.



COMMON GIRL FRIEND

Popular breed that hunts in packs when young. Distinctive call is a shrill giggle. Generally happy in captivity, but may quarrel with other pets and even some hobbies.



RICH GIRL

Valuable if captured young and properly broken. Can be trained to play tennis and retrieve trust-fund proceeds. Good with horses. Mature examples can be unpredictable.



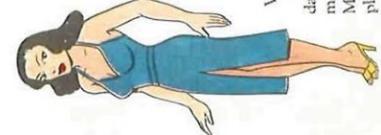
THE HOOKER, OR WHORE

Skin is valuable for sale, but the breed is a frequent carrier of disease.



FRIEND'S WIFE

A very desirable breed, with handsome proportions and numerous attractive features. Semidomesticated variety is hunted for sport in many areas of the country. Will generally flee when pursued, but can be dangerous if cornered.



WILD ADULTERESS

Considered the most dangerous big-game animal in North America. Many man-eating examples known.



COMMON DIVORCÉE

Extremely affectionate. Easily and frequently housebroken. Mating call is a distinctive "Please come in and have a drink." An important source of alimony.



STANDARD, OR OWN, WIFE

A common breed of North American woman, often very common. Can be distinguished from Common Girl Friend by heavier haunches and longer nagging. A reliable breeder, fiercely protective of its young and the furniture. May exhibit difficult disposition and a hard mouth when fully mature.



TEEN

Semidomesticatable, but still considered dangerous game. Sheds hair in sink, clothes on floor. Valued for its soft pelt.



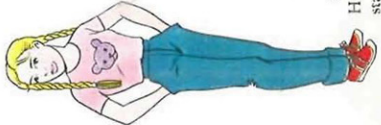
BEATNIK CAT WOMAN

Nearly extinct. In the past was extensively hunted in the thickets of modern poetry and folk music mires. Flesh was prized for use in bedding.



HIPPIE CHICK

Docile and affectionate, but difficult to house-train. May carry vermin. An endangered species.



MINIATURE, OR PRETEEN

Similar to true Teen. Hunting is illegal in most states.

HEAVY COMIX!

From the depths of the 'underground' comes the most amazing adult cartooning available. Thrill to fabulous tales of future worlds, topical humor and scathing satire by America's foremost adult cartoonists, printed in the original underground comix, exuberant and uninhibited. You must be 18 or over to order these collections of outstanding comic art.



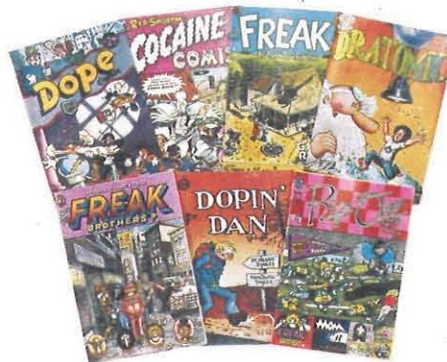
Comix Assortment Package. A little of everything to serve as an introduction to this unique art form. 6 comix. \$6.75



Crumb Comix Package. 7 comix from the master of the underground with familiar characters in the panels that made them famous. \$6.75



Comix of the 80's Package. Recent quality releases that prove these artists are still going strong and pulling ahead. 6 titles. \$8.00



Dope Comix Package. 7 of the best collections about dope and dopers. Light up and read. \$8.25



New Sex Package. 4 unbelievably unrestrained comix plus a special 160 page book to set fire to your libido. \$8.45

Yes! Send me some of the most amazing adult cartooning available.

I certify that I am 18 years of age or older.

- _____ New Sex Package @ \$8.45 (KG37)
- _____ Dope Comix Package @ \$8.25 (KG44)
- _____ Crumb Comix Package @ \$6.75 (KG47)
- _____ Comix of the 80's @ \$8.00 (KG51)
- _____ Comix Assortment Package @ \$6.75 (KG40)

Please add \$1.00 for postage and handling. All checks must be payable within the continental U.S. (New York State residents, please add 8% sales tax).

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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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Life Stories

by Mimi Pond



“Oh, lordy, lookit him. Kinda puts me in mind of my husband on our first date, God rest his soul. I don't know what I'd do if it weren't for my Romeo here. He's a genuine pedigreed police dog. Now, I know he don't look like it, but what it is, see, is he's a very rare kinda police dog. I know it for a fact, because I bought him when he was just a puppy from my next-door neighbor. Mr. Tagliarini gave me the papers and all. Only it's not the American Kennel Club, it's the Italian Kennel Club. My brother Arthur said it looked to him like that Mr. Tagliarini was fooling me. He said my Romeo didn't look like any kind of police dog. He said the dog looks just like Joseph P. Bonanno. I says, Arthur, if you can't say anything nice, don't say anything at all. Anyway, he's not a show dog, he's a guard dog. He almost ripped my sister's throat out last week. But that was because she startled him. I says, honey, you should call before you come over; that way I can lock little Romeo in the closet first. Oh, he hears that knock and there's no stopping him. They won't even deliver the paper anymore. But as long as I have my Romeo, I don't worry.”



“My little dog was acting real peculiar. You know what she was doing? Cleaning herself all the time. Never stop. Every hour of the day it was lick lick lick. Which is odd, because I keep her in the apartment. We only go out once a week for a walk, and I'll have you know I keep a very clean place. So she hardly even had a chance to get dirty. I tried everything. I even tried wrapping her in Saran Wrap to make her stop, but she just licked it off. I tried dressing her up in a little outfit I sewed and everything, but she chewed it right off. Finally I took her to the vet. You know what he told me? Said she was nervous, that's all there was to it. I said exactly what do you mean by that? He says, well, it's so easy to tell, the way she yaps and jumps around. I told him that was just her way of expressing herself. He told me that it wasn't just nervous, she was psychotic, and the most merciful thing we could do would be to put my Precious to sleep. I said, doctor, if you can call yourself that, I don't even know how you could suggest such a thing. I said, you better watch out or you'll find yourself sued for malpractice. He asked me if I had any children. I said, why, no, my little Precious was all I had in this world. He said it was just as well. I still cannot comprehend what he meant to insinuate by that.”



“Lookit that. I swear that man loves his dog more than he loves me. It's disgusting. He forgot my birthday but not the dog's. He bought it a Salisbury steak. Hell, I woulda settled for a pork chop. He never takes me out anymore, but the dog goes everywhere he does. You know my neighbor, Mrs. Marchand, she told me that her Willie was out with a girl at the drive-in one night and he looks over at the next car. Lo and behold, there's my Rufus watching Friday the Thirteenth and Texas Chain-Saw Massacre with the dog. It about broke my heart. I wanted to see Friday the Thirteenth worse than anything, and Rufus knew it too. I told him I knew where he'd been, and he whines, “Oh, honey, I was gonna take you, but...” “But what?” I says. He says, “You talk through the whole damn movie. The dog don't talk. The dog don't think he's Rona Barrett.” I says, “I do not think I'm Rona Barrett. I don't talk more 'n anyone else. You just don't like to have anyone talk back to you. You might as well marry the damn dog.” That's when I left to go stay with my sister for a few days. I had to come back, though. The dog can't cook worth shit.”

NEW MAN

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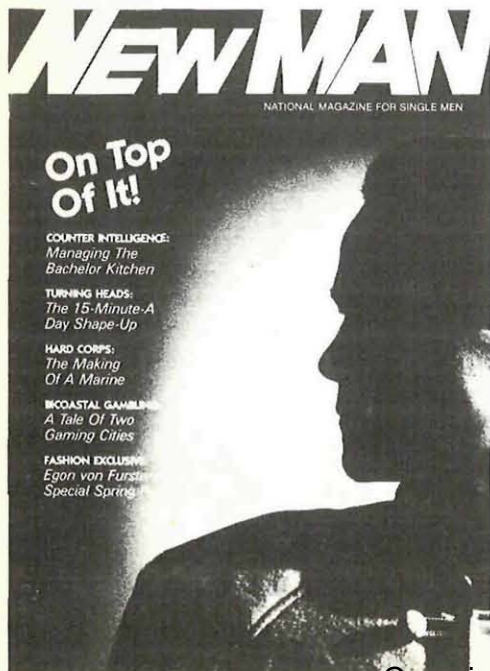
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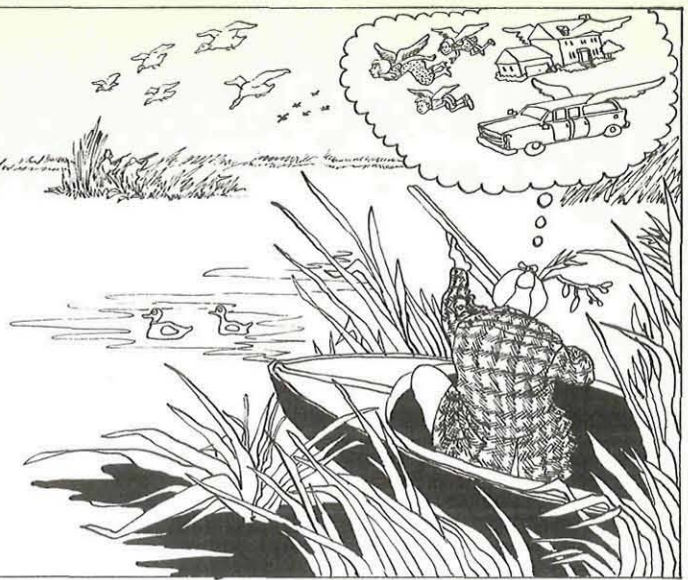
Call Toll Free 800-227-1617 ext. 192

WIFE HUNTING

FOR THE CONFIRMED SPORTSMAN WHO IS TIRED AND WANTS TO SETTLE DOWN

by P. J. O'Rourke

Illustrated by Shary Flenniken

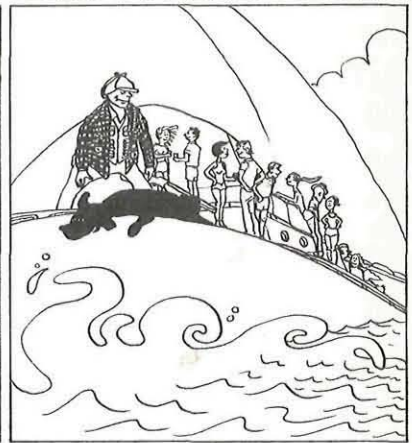


Coming-out parties.



WHERE TO HUNT

Eastern colleges.



Coastal areas between Hilton Head and Bar Harbor.



28 ga. Browning over and under.



20 ga. Ithaca Model 37 pump.



12 ga. double-barrel Pigeon Grade Winchester Model No. 21.

WRONG



Disarming smile.



A steady job.



Clean hands and nails.

RIGHT



ALL-IMPORTANT CAMOUFLAGE

Dress to blend with the environment. Navy blue suit, white oxford-cloth button-down shirt, and a tie with small figures or a quiet paisley pattern is invisible in most situations.

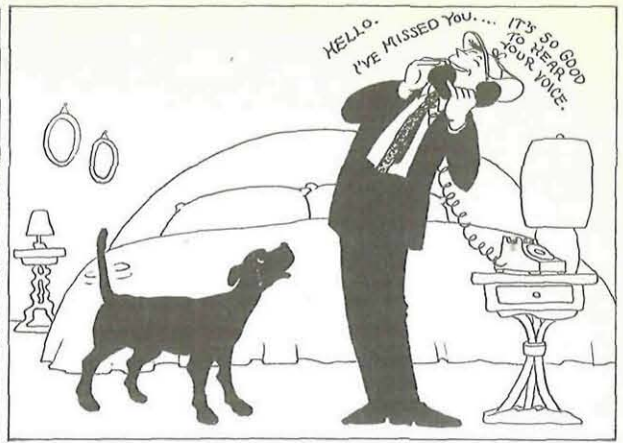
WHAT WEAPON TO USE

Be sure to select a weapon appropriate to the game and terrain.



BLINDS

Ducks and geese are hunted from blinds, wives are hunted from hard-of-hearings.



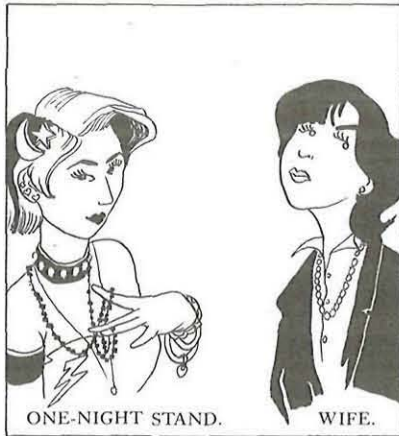
WIFE CALLS

Experienced hunters use the telephone for most wife calls.



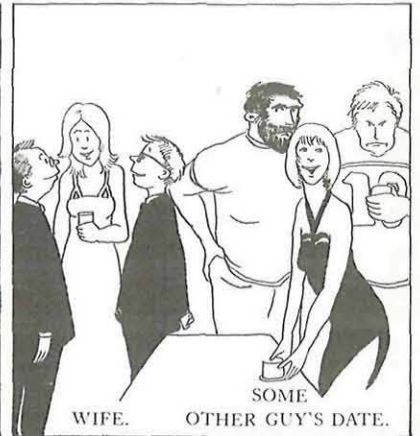
WIFE.

GIRL FRIEND.



ONE-NIGHT STAND.

WIFE.



WIFE.

SOME OTHER GUY'S DATE.

A WIFE MAY BE DISTINGUISHED FROM OTHER SPORT WOMEN BY SEVERAL PROMINENT FEATURES

Richer Dad

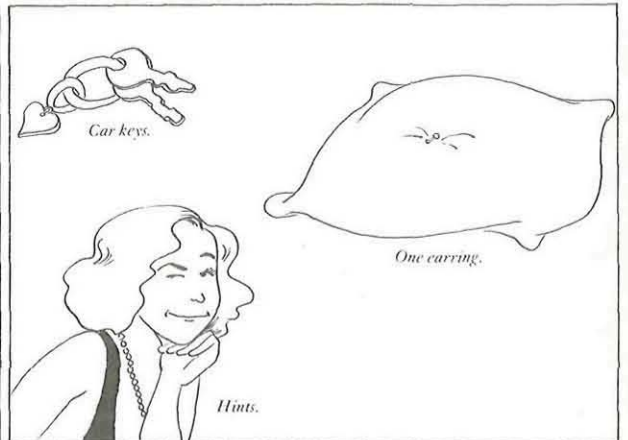
Less Jewelry

Smaller Men Friends



WHERE DO THEY FEED?

Wives generally feed in the middle of the afternoon at a time conventionally called "one-ish." Feeding takes place in extremely cramped conditions at French restaurants with names that translate to mean, literally, "The Wrong Shoe," "The Flattened Cow," et cetera.



Car keys.

One carring.

Hints.

WIFE SIGNS: DROPPINGS

Droppings are good indicators of the habitats and migratory patterns of wife-life.



Wives may be flushed...



THE HUNT
or driven...



*but beating is no longer
much used.*



GAME LIMITS

One wife per season is the usual limit in Christian countries. After you have bagged your limit, the author suggests going after an upland mistress.



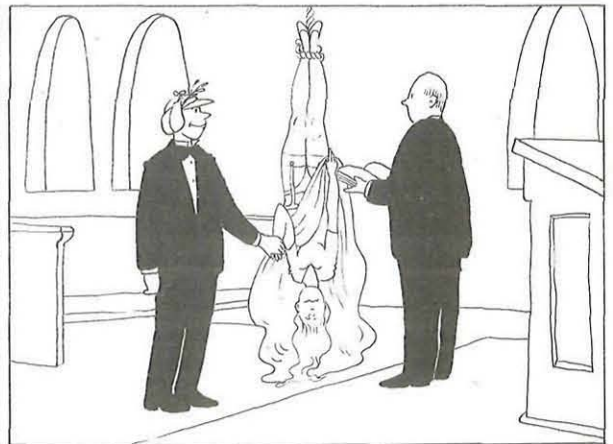
PRESERVING WILDLIFE

It is the duty of every wife hunter to see that wildlife is preserved for the future, both for himself and for others.



CLEANING THE WIFE

Not all wives are suitable for eating, but an excessively fishy flavor can be rendered palatable by soaking the wife in soapy water.



A SUCCESSFUL DAY

A trophy-quality wife should be mounted—at least once a month.

The bald eagle is in danger of extinction. For a free booklet on how to help save this living symbol of our country, write Eagle Rare, Box 123, New York, N.Y. 10151.



Capture the spirit of Eagle Rare.
The 101 proof Bourbon aged 10 years.

No bird in America can soar as high as the eagle.
No Kentucky Bourbon tastes so fine as Eagle Rare.
Whiskey that has been smoothed and mellowed by
ten years of careful aging. Eagle Rare.

We challenge anyone to match our spirit.

One taste and you'll know why it's expensive.





TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

• Joseph A. Souza, forty-nine, of Tiverton, Rhode Island, died after a ten-foot-deep trench he was working in collapsed on him. But authorities aren't certain if he succumbed to suffocation before a backhoe operator tried to rescue him, or if his decapitation by the backhoe was the cause of death. *UPI* (contributed by L. Artiaco)

• A twenty-one-year-old man suffered first- and second-degree burns of his genital area after the toilet he was sitting on in a Cleveland gas station exploded. Not long before, an employee of the station had poured leftover paint into the toilet, and it coated the sides of the bowl; in an effort to clean off the paint, another employee had poured lacquer thinner into the bowl. That's when the unidentified customer asked to use the bathroom. After sitting down, he lit a cigarette and threw the match into the toilet, setting off the explosion. *Cleveland Press* (contributed by Bruce Ballash)

• For nearly ten years, the "Sour Toe" cocktail was a tradition at the bar in the Eldorado Hotel in Dawson City, Yukon Territory. A glass of pink champagne containing a pickled human toe as a condiment, the drink had been sampled by 725 tourists until an unidentified construction worker from Ladner, British Columbia, fell off his stool downing the famous cocktail and accidentally swallowed the toe. He disappeared with the toe when his friends dragged him from the bar. *Gazette Telegraph* (contributed by J. Myers)

• On the way home from an automobile trip to Florence, Italy, with her daughter and son-in-law, a Hungarian woman died suddenly. The couple placed her body in the backseat of the car and continued toward home. Still in Italy, they stopped briefly at a restaurant for coffee, and while they were inside, someone stole the woman's body from the car. Despite pleas in a number of local Italian newspapers, the body was not recovered. *UPI* (contributed by Kevin M. Leutgens)

• George Hasegawa, a Japanese hairstylist, has introduced what he calls the "fire cut." Hasegawa cuts hair with a wide-toothed stainless-steel comb and a blowtorch with a 750-degree blue flame. He claims to be the only fire cutter in the world and charges ninety-five dollars for a hairdo. *AFP* (contributed by Mark Edlund)

• According to a state report, at least two-thirds of the psychiatrists working in one unidentified Pennsylvania mental hospital are "seriously mentally ill" themselves. Citing lower salaries than those offered psychiatrists in neighboring states, the head of Pennsylvania's Office of Mental Health said, "In some cases, it's either hire a psychiatrist with emotional problems or have no psychiatrist at all." *AP* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

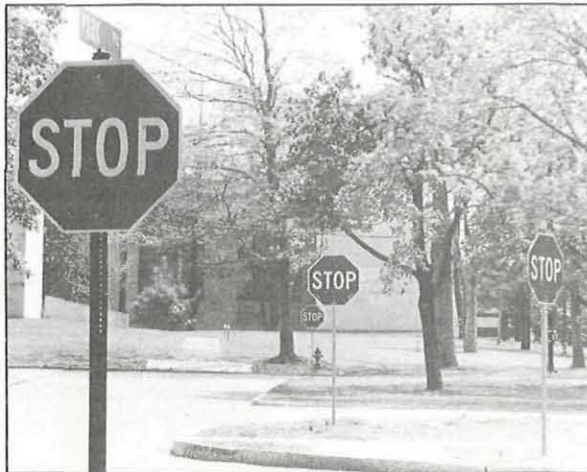
• John Stetz, Jr., thirty-four, a fireman in Florida's Dade County, was charged with third-degree murder after his twenty-three-year-old fiancée, Elizabeth Eckhardt, died of a drug overdose. According to the county medical examiner, cocaine had been applied directly to the woman's genitals as an aphrodisiac. *UPI* (contributed by R. W. Gunther)

• Former British Army sergeant Bob Acraman took over an old army camp on England's Salisbury Plain, installed barbed wire around the compound, and offered the public three-day vacations in an imitation Nazi prison camp. For the price of seventy-two dollars, Acraman's package included guards in German uniforms and a menu consisting of thin soup and stale bread. He promised that vacationers would "have a horrible time and love every minute of it, or I'll want to know the reason why." *UPI* (contributed by Lyn Mitchell)

• An unidentified man drove into an Abilene, Texas, shopping mall, lowered the American flag there to half-mast, and set fire to a pile of shingles. He then took off his shorts, threw them onto the fire, and, finding a burlap sack, pulled it over his head and lay down in a bed of shrubs, talking to himself in Spanish, Latin, and Russian. According to the security chief at the mall, the man was taken to Hendrick Medical Center, where he "jumped off a treatment table, but caused no further disturbance." *AP* (contributed by Raymond Beecher)

• In upstate New York, a driver who had forced another car off the road refused to stop for police, who followed him a total of eighty-five miles through three counties. Insulting comments were exchanged and at least one pursuing patrol car ran out of gas during what police called a "low-speed chase." *The Trooper*

PHOTO FOR THOUGHT



Whatever you might find yourself doing at this intersection in Connecticut, just cut it out. (photo by William McMahon)

T R U E

Suburban Perversions by Bill and Virginia Moseley

The following items were taken directly from the police blotter of the Barrington Courier-Review, a weekly newspaper serving a number of respectable communities in suburban Illinois.

The hot weather has begun to take its toll on Barrington residents. On July 16 police reported a man was seen in the 600 block of South Grove Avenue wearing only tennis shoes and a white baseball cap. According to police, the man stepped out from behind a tree and told the complainant, "Everything is cool."

A Palatine woman told police in August 1976 she was lying on her couch watching television when she looked up and saw a half-naked man with arms folded in praying fashion standing in

front of her patio doors. He was wearing nothing but shoes from the waist down.

A Chicago woman in April 1978 was arrested after she repeatedly annoyed a Palatine man whom she said she wanted to marry. The man had to give up his apartment and go into hiding to avoid her.

A Palatine woman said an obscene caller in January 1977 gave his name, height, description, and make of automobile when he telephoned.

A woman awakened in September 1976 to find a strange man in bed with her and her husband. The woman's husband normally slept on the left side of the king-sized bed, but that morning, the woman said, she felt a body on the right side. She touched the body several times and got no re-

sponse. When the woman screamed, the intruder fled.

At least nine Palatine High School youths were arrested in May 1979 after Fremd High School's principal signed a complaint. The young men were accused of streaking through Fremd's cafeteria clad only in athletic supporters.

A Palatine couple in September 1979 awoke to find a man straddling them in their bed. The intruder yelled, "Gotcha," and then fled the premises.

A Barrington resident complained to police December 29 that obscene drawings were being received at her home. Deliveries had been made since mid 1978, she said. First the drawings were dropped off monthly, then weekly, and now

daily. No complaint has been filed.

A man was arrested and charged with battery in October 1978 after he reportedly struck a woman in the cheek. The woman said the offender tried to talk to her and said he loved her. When she refused to speak to him, he struck her.

A resident on Northwest Highway reported June 27 that a neighborhood juvenile may be urinating into area cars' gasoline tanks. This is the second time this year the resident has reported this complaint.

Palatine police in May 1978 were looking for a man who grabbed and kissed a middle-aged woman in the parking lot of Countryside Apartments. The woman said he did not harm her or say anything.

War Feet

During the closing months of 1942, two advertisers clashed in the pages of Life magazine over just how America should treat its feet in order to win World War II.

We can't win this war in our bare feet!

- With freedom and decency at stake all over the world, the subject of shoes may seem pretty unimportant.
- But the fact remains, we can't win this war in our bare feet!
- That's why your Uncle Sam provides his Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines with the finest footgear fighting men ever wore.
- You, too, on the home front, should "keep your shoes with more care than ever before."
- Regal Shoes don't have a commodity or good shoe for civilians.
- But Regal Shoes do offer more honest, long-lasting quality and authentic style for less money. How you'll find in most shoe stores.
- The entire output of the great Regal Shoe factory at Waltham, Mass., is sold direct to you through Regal Shoe Stores.

In principal cities—with only one modest profit in the most constant price of \$6.60. This means outstanding value.

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Most of the rubber in use in America is on the tires on our family cars. These tires and these cars must be kept going to provide necessary transportation... to take men to work, women to market, children to school. Without the private cars necessary for essential driving, American life and America's war effort would bog down.

Drive only when absolutely necessary. Always drive under 40 miles an hour. Follow the common sense rules given here.

Rubber might easily win or lose this war, and you and your car can help win it.

SIXTEEN RULES FOR PARIODIC DRIVER

- Drive only when it is absolutely necessary.
- Pool your mileage with others. Don't drive alone.
- Keep under 40 miles per hour—and don't under!
- Take it easy. Slow, stop and start slowly.
- Keep away from potholes, ruts, holes, mud, bumps.
- Have all five tires properly inflated every week.
- Have tires examined regularly for cuts and bruises.
- Keep wheels balanced and aligned and brakes adjusted.
- Have tires cross-rotated at regular intervals.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

T

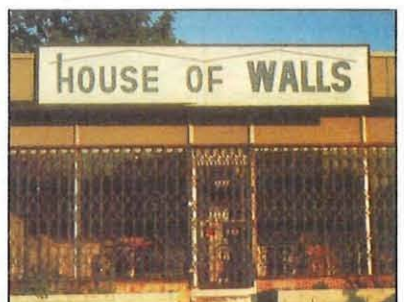
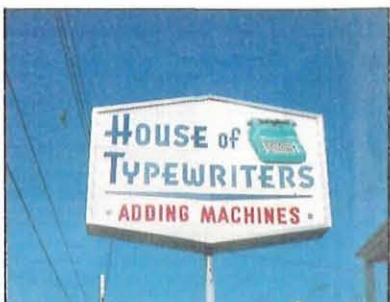
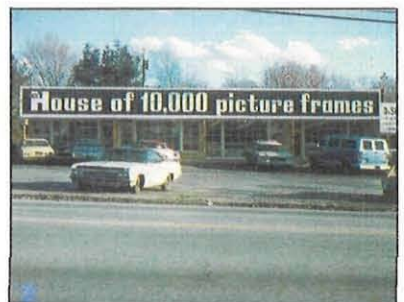
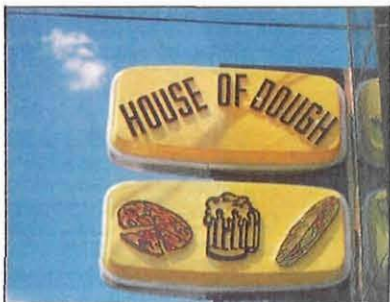
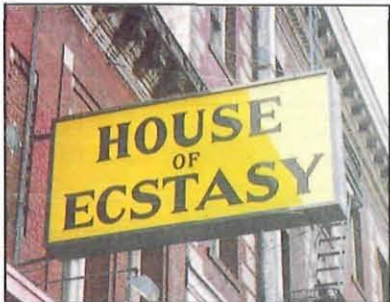
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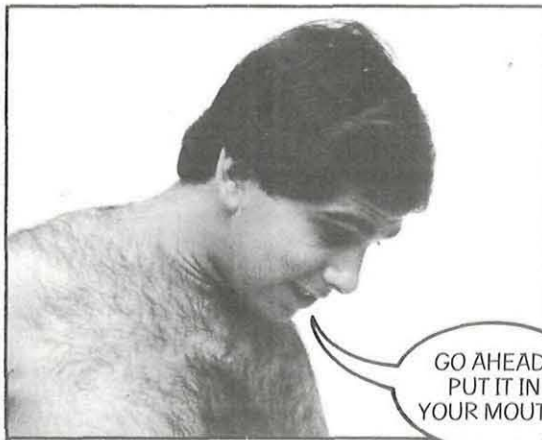
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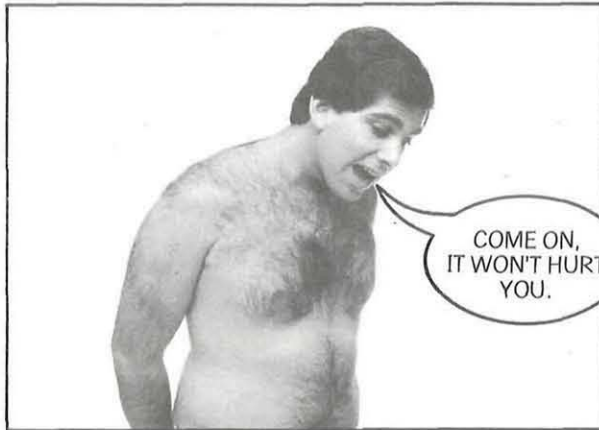
A House Is Not a Home

by Alan Rose

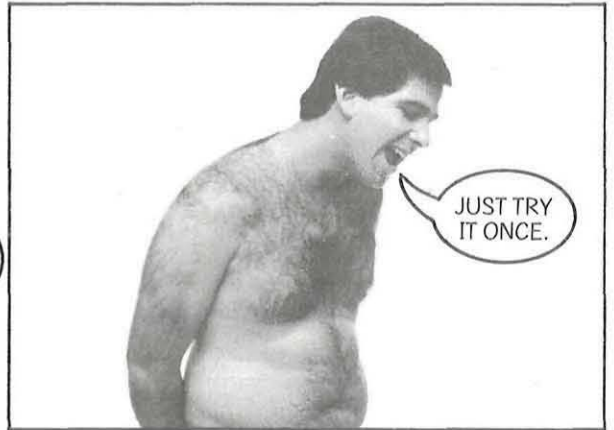




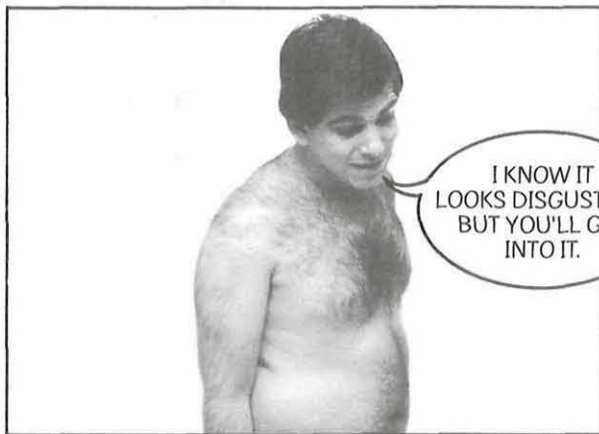
GO AHEAD,
PUT IT IN
YOUR MOUTH.



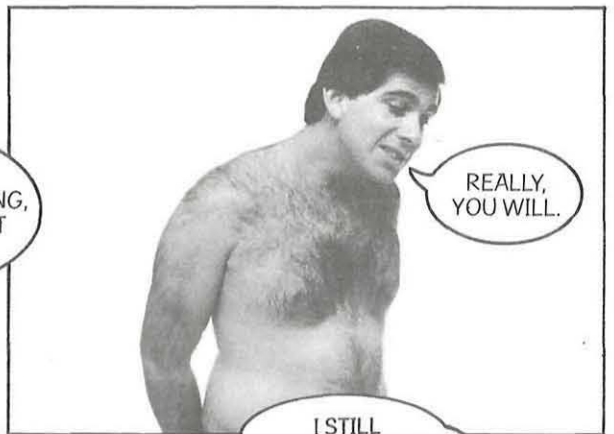
COME ON,
IT WON'T HURT
YOU.



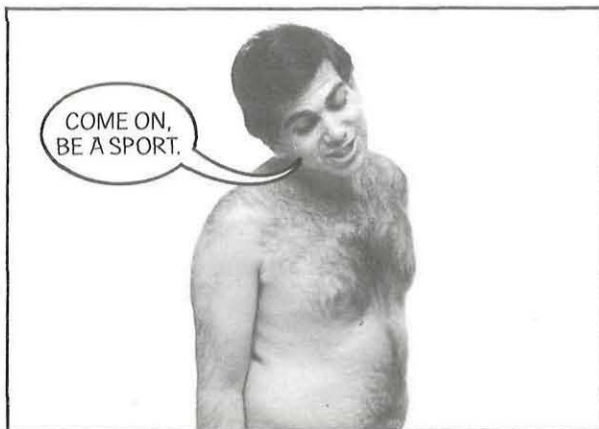
JUST TRY
IT ONCE.



I KNOW IT
LOOKS DISGUSTING,
BUT YOU'LL GET
INTO IT.



REALLY,
YOU WILL.



COME ON,
BE A SPORT.

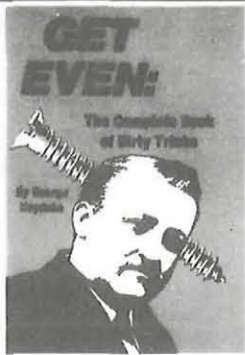


I STILL
HATE OYSTERS!

JESUS!
GIRLS FROM THE
MIDWEST!

LAW BAR

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CHEVY CHASE

continued from page 16

Somewhere along the way, she managed to tell me that I was trying to murder her, that I had published pictures of her in the nude in the Japanese edition of *Playboy* magazine, that I had stolen her entire collection of shoes, that I had bugged her refrigerator, and that I was planning to sell her remains to my friends.

This last assertion was patently false.

After she hung up I was left shaken and amused. My roommate and I walked the dummy over to the poetess' dorm, hoping she had calmed down in the interim. As we approached the building, we saw that it was surrounded by police cars and ambulances. Several hospital attendants were lifting the beautiful but unstable poetess into an ambulance. She'd been wrapped in a straitjacket and strapped into a wheelchair. She was staring at the sky and saying something in what I think was French.

Fortunately, the attendants left the door to her room open, and we slipped in during the commotion to carry the dummy up onto the roof. We had only an hour before the "Saturday Night Live" Players would arrive, and

we had to rehearse Chevy Chase's demise. Then I went back downstairs to try to find out what had happened. The police were too busy theorizing and poking about in the poetess' drawers to notice me as I crawled through the window.

The police hadn't a clue. The poetess had gone on a rampage through the rest of the rooms on the floor, smashing everything in her path. The damage would amount to several thousands of dollars in busted stereos, broken windows, and imploded television sets. I found a friend sitting on the floor of his room, cradling a smashed Stradivarius viola in his arms. He was crying.

After the hoopla, the parade, and the speeches, after the dummy of Chevy Chase took its dive, as Icarus had before it, after the chair was sawed in half and a number of albums were sold, the "Saturday Night" Players left us, to continue their promotional tour. The snow fell like confetti that night as my roommate and I trudged the trail back to our dormitory. We stopped off at a bar frequented by the local fists and jaws for a few beers. I think I made a joke about the winking Rheingold girl on the clock in the corner. Something

about my Siegfried the Flagonslayer.

We spent the night trying to figure out what I had said to set off the riotous spree in the beautiful but unstable poetess. How could a simple prank send her to an insane asylum? Midway through a long line of beers, we hit upon it.

The beautiful but unstable poetess had grown up in Chevy Chase, Maryland. When I said that we had to use her room to throw the dummy of Chevy Chase off the roof, she assumed I meant her. Apparently she'd developed a deep fear of me, undoubtedly rooted in her subterranean paranoia and unexpressed lust for her father.

I still have fond memories of the poetess. She was refreshingly different. She always wore clothes other women would have snubbed for being prohibitively inexpensive. She was unduly impressed by my beard, and this amused me. She had a strange vegetative wit about her. Sometimes, in the late evening of a summer's day, I take out a rumpled copy of the Japanese edition of *Playboy*, thumb through it, and think of her. I hope the asylum isn't treating her too poorly, and I make a note to myself to try to remember to send her some of my earnings from the sale of the photos. □

COMING NEXT MONTH IN THE APRIL NATIONAL LAMPOON

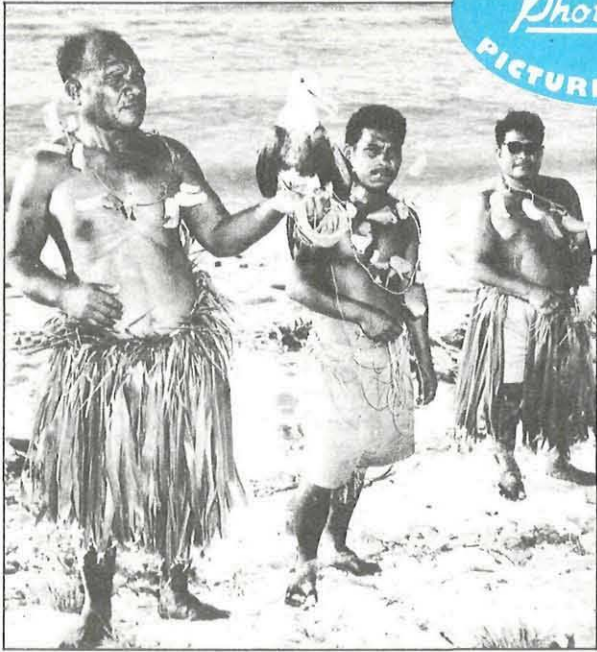
CHAOS

Pure chaos. Including Young Ron Reagan Comics, Bulletproof Housing, a World Atlas, Economic Survival, the Fall of the Muppet Empire, and the U.N. Newsletter. Plus assorted random chaotic vignettes and peeks into the turbulent vortex of man's soul, such as the one below.

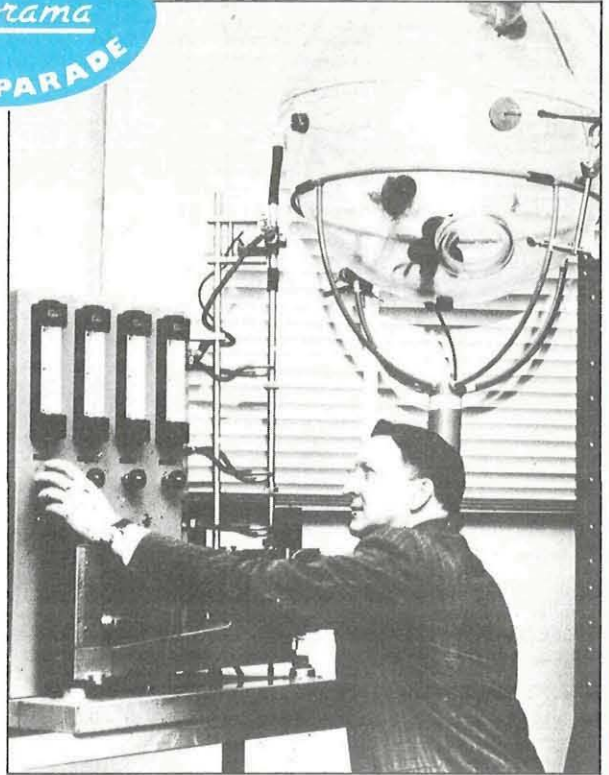


"For a dervish, you're not much of a whirler."

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Luzon, Philippines Three World War II Philippine soldiers surrendered to a Japanese tourist early this month. They were resistance fighters who had believed the war was still going on. "There is always a lot of shooting in the Philippines, so how were we to know?" said Lance Corporal Carlos Fernandez, pictured above at right. "But finally we saw so many Japanese television sets and toaster-ovens in the local department store that we figured the war must be over." The stubborn guerrilla fighters are shown near their former beachfront hideout with a pet frigate bird they named "General Douglas MacArthur." "That's because when we let him loose, he comes back, but not for a long, long time," said Fernandez.



Minsk, USSR Russian inventor Vladislav Pinchinski demonstrates the Soviet Union's first portable hair dryer, soon to be marketed in GUM department stores. It is lightweight and compact and requires only 12,000 volts to operate. The hair dryer has several special features that, according to Pinchinski, allow it to "perform hair drying, dry the hair, and, also, it is a hair dryer."



Fort Dix, New Jersey U.S. military recruiters have been having a hard time filling enlistment quotas in the new volunteer army. In order to overcome manpower shortages the army has recently begun to allow the induction of dogs. "These are very smart dogs," said Master Sergeant Paul Muzak, chief of army recruiting for the New York-New Jersey area. "They have passed all physical and mental tests with flying colors, and some of them are going to officer-training school."



Mendocino, California A severe trampoline shortage has struck several West Coast towns, causing the California National Guard to launch an emergency trampoline airlift. One hundred and fifty-five trampolines were delivered to trampoline-starved coastal areas in less than twenty-four hours. Good Samaritans from as far away as Yuma, Arizona, donated their trampolines to the fast-acting mercy mission.

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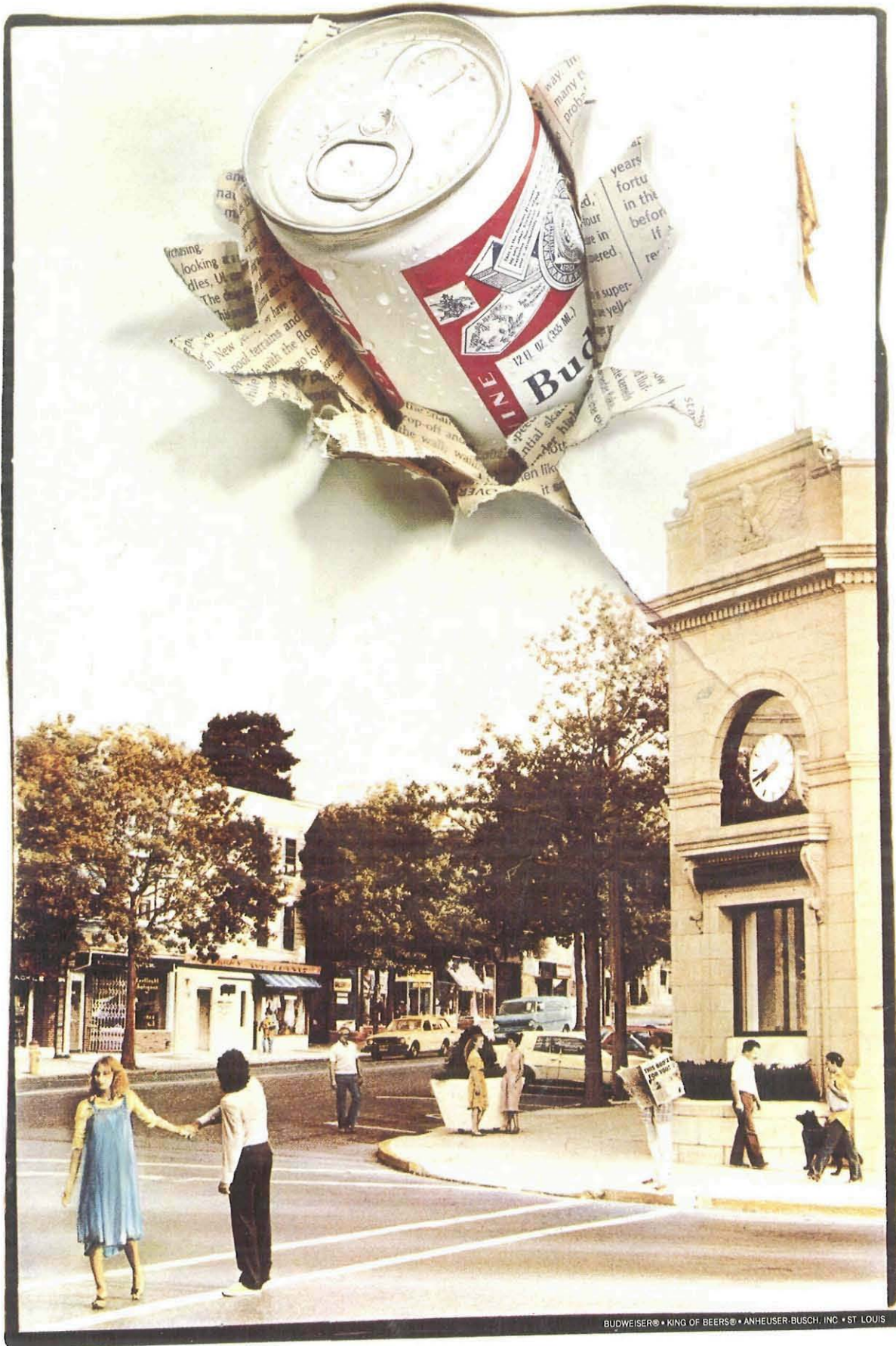
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