

NAKED AMBITION

Wanton Starlets, Nude Newscasters, and Conquering Sandwiches
Plus Backbiting, Moiling, and Grasping with No Clothes On

MAY 1981

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NATIONAL LAMPOON

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS

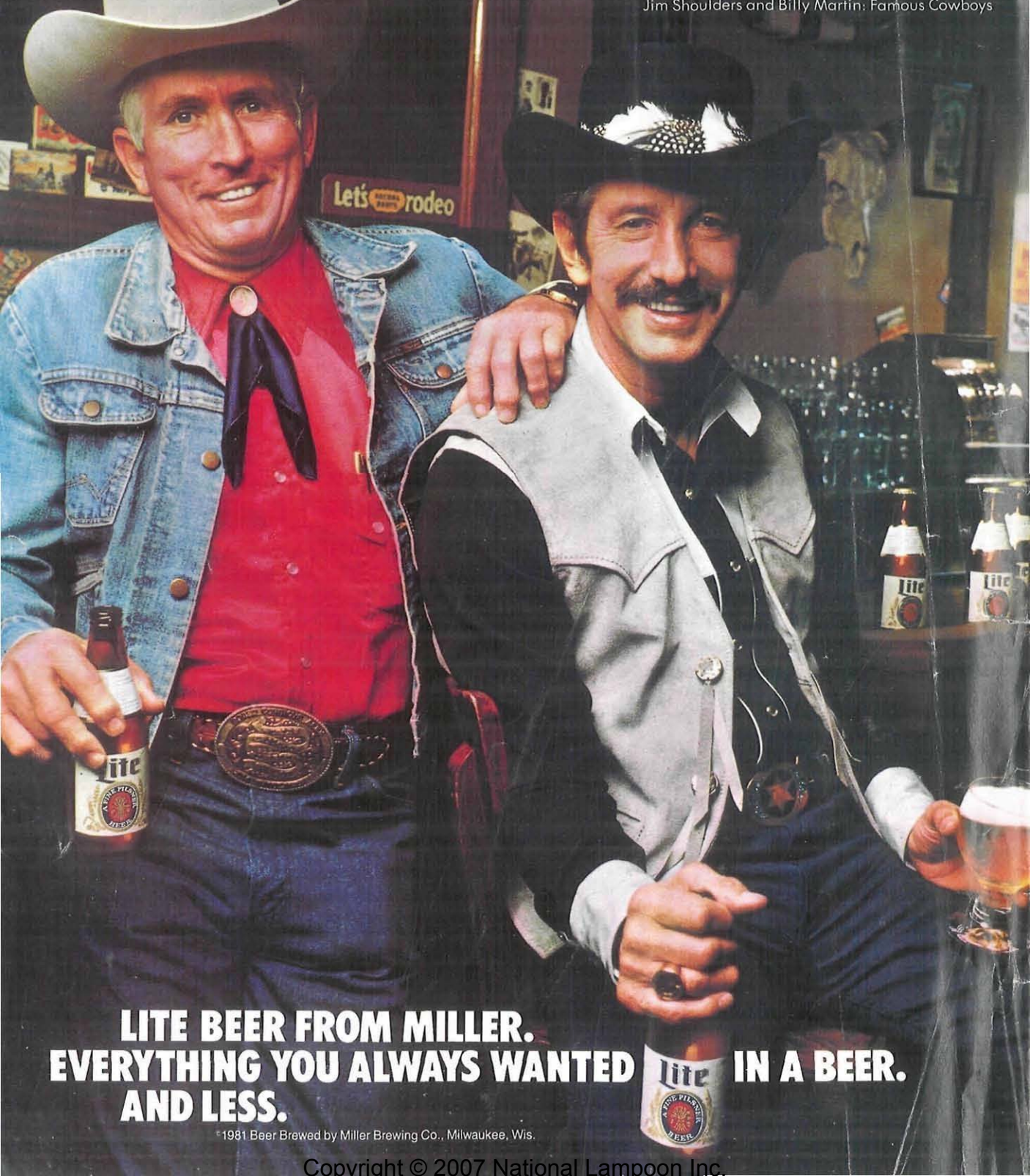
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CHEVSESLER



**"I'LL TEACH BILLY TO BE A COWPUNCHER
AS LONG AS HE DON'T PRACTICE
ON MY COWS."**

Jim Shoulders and Billy Martin: Famous Cowboys



**LITE BEER FROM MILLER.
EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED
AND LESS. IN A BEER.**

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Panasonic Stereo-to-Go: Nobody gives you more ways to fill the room inside your head.



Only Panasonic Stereo-to-Go brings beautiful music to your ears in so many different ways. There are four Stereo-to-Go models, each with super-light-weight headphones. So whatever kind of music moves you, moves with you. Wherever you go!

The RS-J3 is a stereo tape player so small you won't believe the size of the sound that comes out of it. And its price will come as a pleasant surprise, too.

The RS-J1 is a slightly larger portable stereo cassette player with a handle for carrying tunes — and the right connections for use as a tape deck at home.



The RX-2700 is the world's smallest headphone AM/FM stereo cassette recorder. It has a built-in AM/FM radio, so you can listen to tapes or FM stereo through headphones and even record in stereo.

The RF-20 is the world's smallest FM stereo headphone radio. It's a set of featherweight headphones with an FM stereo radio built right into it. Fantastic!

Whichever model you choose, a Panasonic Stereo-to-Go lets everybody know you've got something between your ears.

Panasonic[®]
just slightly ahead of our time.



Music me all over



MUSIC LIVES ON TDK
TDK

Fill a TDK cassette with music and the playback is unforgettable. It's music, full and rich. Charged. Vibrant. Instruments cascade, surround, bathe you in music. Crystal clear. Not a note missed in the flow. On TDK cassettes the extraordinary happens. Music lives. Experience the energy of TDK. Start the music. Then glow with it.

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IT COMES WITH A TRUNK AND RUNS ON PEANUTS.

The Yamaha Exciter 250T is a most unusual creature.

Where most motorcycles usually have a back seat, the 250T has a trunk. A nice roomy compartment to stash your stuff. It's weather-tight, lockable, and also removable.

Just flip a latch and



the 250T's truck goes with you as conveniently as a briefcase. And, for those times when you want to carry a buddy instead of lunch, there's an optional rear saddle.

Another not-so-usual feature is its size. Although the 250T

is styled like a big bike, it's not big.

A seat height of 28.5 inches gives just about anybody feet-on-the-ground stability at stops. While the Exciter's light weight makes it easy to ride, effortless to maneuver.

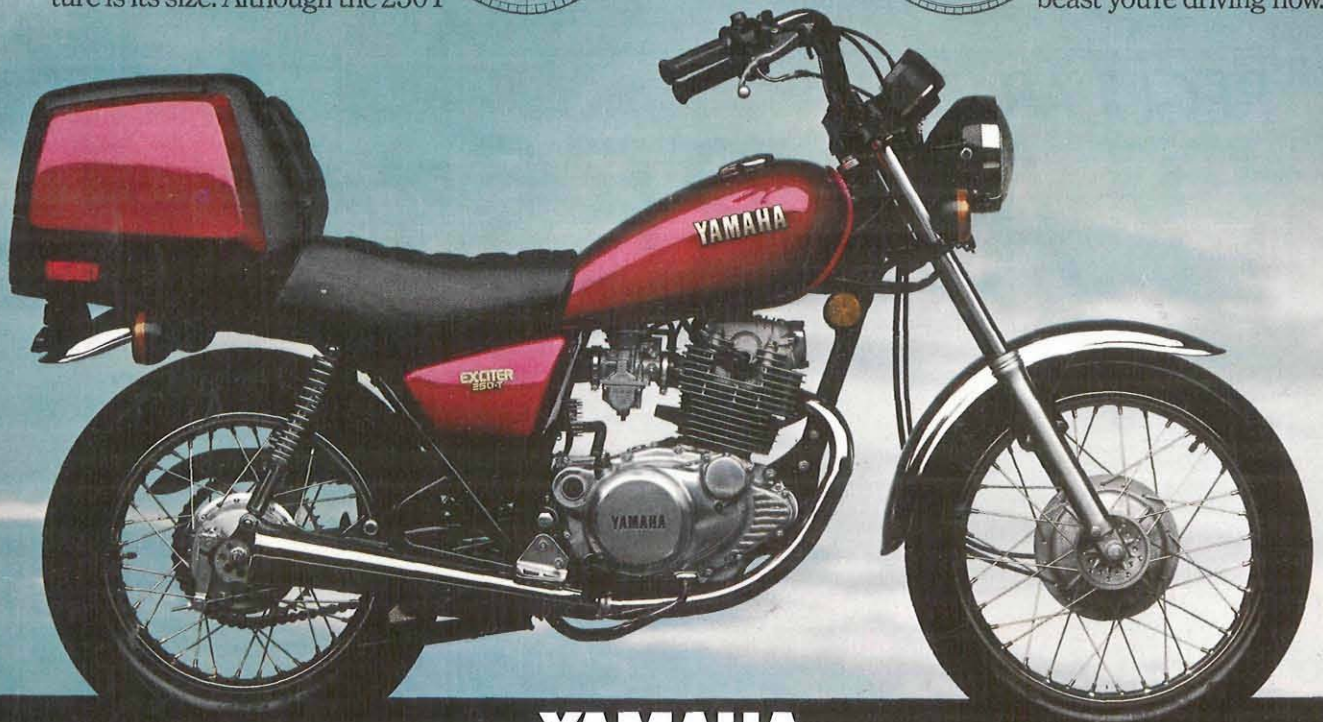
All you have to do is lift a finger to start it. And a special

mechanism allows the motor to start only in neutral or when the clutch is depressed. So the bike won't leave before you're ready.

OVER 75 MPG.

The Exciter 250T sports a super dependable 249cc four-stroke engine with a balancer for smooth, steady power. A transistor-controlled ignition insures maximum performance with little or no maintenance.

Best of all, the Yamaha Exciter 250T will whisk you around town or carry you down the freeway of life at the phenomenal rate of 75 miles per gallon. Which is probably a lot better than the beast you're driving now.



YAMAHA
THE WAY IT SHOULD BE.

Mileage figures based on EPA testing, for city riding. Your mileage may vary depending on the way you ride. Rear view mirror(s) standard equipment. Always wear a helmet and eye protection.

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HERE'S TO GUT FEELINGS AND THOSE WHO STILL FOLLOW THEM.

Ted Turner does lots of things people advise him not to do. And he succeeds at them. He turned Atlanta's WTBS-TV into a "Superstation" using a communications satellite and recently founded Cable News Network, the world's first 24-hour TV news network. He bought the Atlanta Braves and moved them out of last place; won the 1977 America's Cup after being fired in the '74 races; and was named "Yachtsman of the Year" four times.

Ted Turner puts his feelings where his mouth is. He also puts a great scotch there: Cutty Sark. And while he's been called Captain Outrageous by some, one thing's sure: Ted Turner's enjoying himself.



Ted "Captain Outrageous" Turner

The Scotch with a

following of leaders.

CUTTY SARK®

Editorial

"It's time for the Mr. Ambition show!"

(Theme music)

"And here he is, the Duke of Dynamism...Mr. Ambition!"

(Theme music)

"Hi, everybody! It's great to be with y'all again! Let's start right off with the ambition chant! Come on, everybody, chant along with me... Gung-ho. Gung-ho. Gung-ho. Gung-ho. Gung-ho. Gung-ho. That's it! Come on! Everybody in the studio audience! Gung-ho. Gung-ho. Gung-ho. Gung-ho. Gung-ho. That's it! Gung-ho. Gung-ho. Keep chanting! [Gung-ho. Gung-ho.] That's right, friends, it's the old U.S. Marines cry!

The U.S. Marines chanted it while they took what they wanted! [Gung-ho. Gung-ho. Gung-ho.] And you're going to get what you want too, my friends! [Gung-ho. Gung-ho.] But ya gotta want it first! Yes, sir, ya gotta want it! Ya gotta *really* want it! [Gung-ho. Gung-ho.] Then you gotta march up to the foot of the ladder of life! Yes you do! [Gung-ho. Gung-ho.] Ya gotta look yourself in the eye and say, 'I'm goin' up there, yes I am!' [Gung-ho. Gung-ho.] And if there's somebody up there in your way, ya gotta grab that ladder! That's right! Ya gotta grab that ladder in your sweaty mitts and shake that bastard down! [Gung-ho. Gung-ho.] Yeah! Ya gotta shake that bastard right off the ladder of life! Then ya gotta grab on to a rung and pull yourself up! [Gung-ho. Gung-ho.] That's right, everybody, hand over hand, up the ladder of life! Let's hear it! Gung-ho! Gung-ho! Gung-ho! Clap your hands now, come on! Gung-ho! Now stomp your feet! That's right. The studio can take it! We're goin' up that ladder of life! [Gung-ho.] All the way to the top! All the way on to the roof of accomplishment! That's right, on top, standing on the shingles of experience next to the chimney of dreams looking square at the great big blue sky of recompense and knowing that you did it! All right! Yeah!"

(Theme music)

"Hey! Wonderful! Yer a wonderful audience! Ha, we really shook the place, didn't we? Well, that's what it's all about, here on the Mr. Ambition show. We want to rock things, shake them up and get them moving.

"But sometimes, ya know, a nudge is as good as a kick, and that brings us to one of the most popular portions of



the Mr. Ambition show, the Inspirational Minute."

(Organ music... mmmm-mmmm)

"You know, friends, we often hear that ambition is the very heart of achievement, but I like to think of ambition as more like a kidney. That's right, ambition is the kidney of achievement: you may not know what it does or how it does it, but without it nothing much happens. Or at least nothing happens

very comfortably. Or you turn yellow and get hooked up to a machine.

"In any case, ambition and achievement are the subjects of today's Inspirational Minute, and here with today's message is the founder of the First Church of Holy Craving, Bishop Milton Wash... Your Excellency..."

(mmmmmmmmmmmm)

"Thank you, Mr. Ambition. I'd like to read from the Tome of Achievement, beginning of chapter three, verse one:

"Once, a long, long time ago, Ambition was wandering the countryside, when he pitched his tent near a beautiful oasis. That night there came a knock on his flap, and there, outside his tent, stood Opportunity, the most beautiful female he had ever seen."

(mmmmmm...mmmmmm)

"And since she was so beautiful, and as he planned to leave the oasis in the morning anyway, Ambition took her into his tent and strummed her with the long one.

"Thus it came to pass that unto Ambition and Opportunity there was born a male child, and his name was Effort. And Effort grew to manhood, and like his father before him he set out to fulfill his role in life, to find what his father had found in his mother. Effort went searching for a hot one..."

(mmmmmm...mmmmmm...mmmm...mm)

"Effort traveled far and wide and he met many beautiful women, some almost as lovely as Opportunity herself. First there was the fair Perspicacity. Their liaison was intense

continued on page 16

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

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

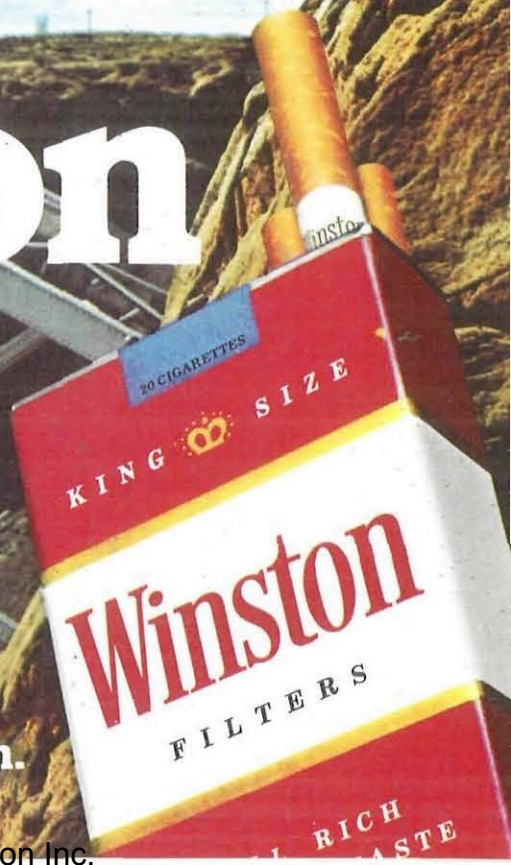
Winston

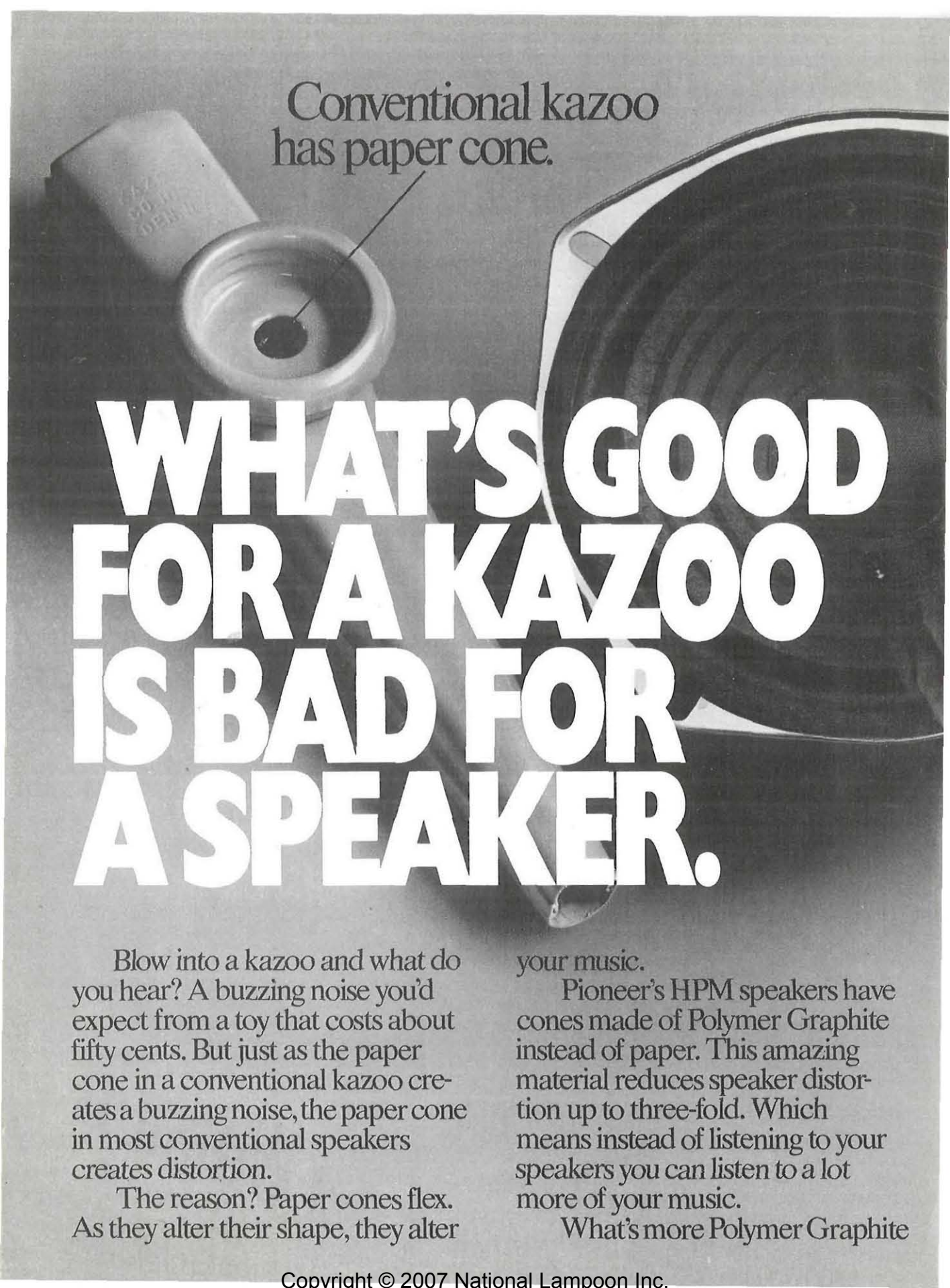
Nobody does it better.

This is your world.
This is your Winston.
Taste it all.

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Conventional kazoo
has paper cone.

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

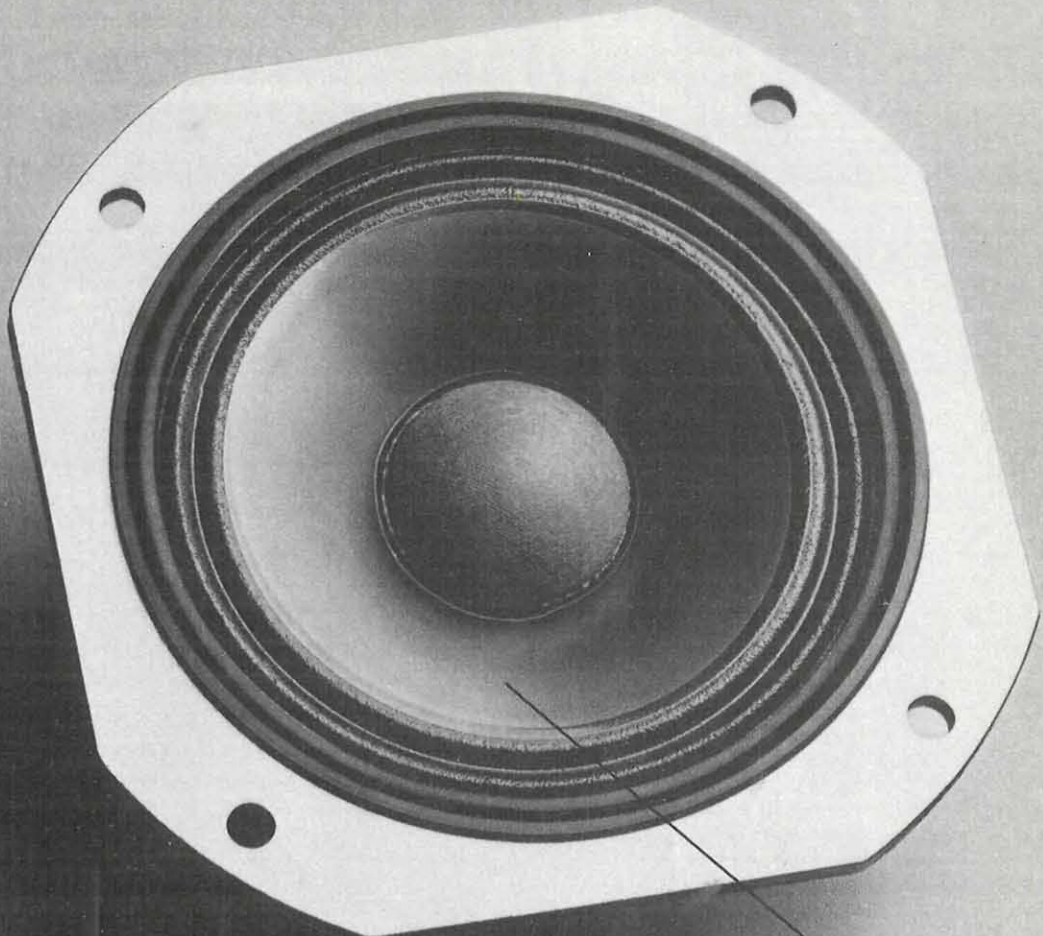
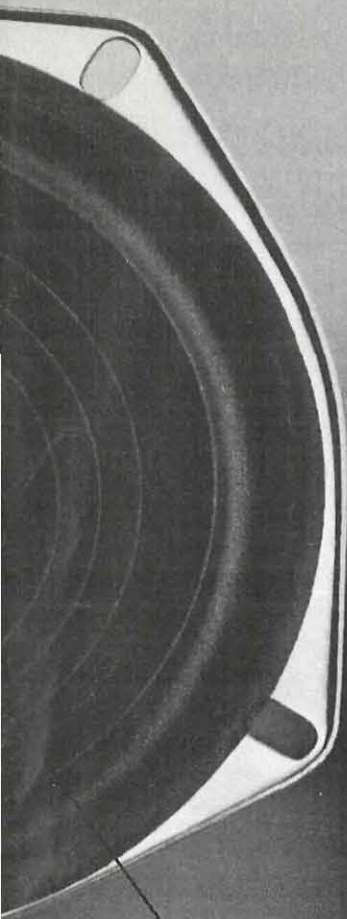
Blow into a kazoo and what do you hear? A buzzing noise you'd expect from a toy that costs about fifty cents. But just as the paper cone in a conventional kazoo creates a buzzing noise, the paper cone in most conventional speakers creates distortion.

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

your music.

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.

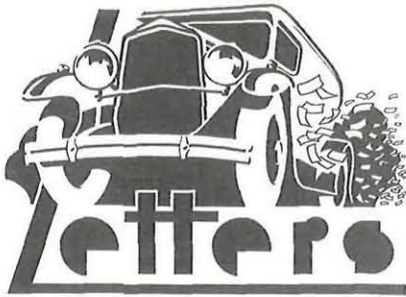
is lightweight and non-resonant. So it doesn't add any of its own sound to your music.

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.

 **PIONEER**
We bring it back alive.



Pioneer HPM Polymer Graphite™



Sirs:

I am visiting New York with the rest of the fellows in my VFW post, and yesterday, while reading this strange New York newspaper called the *Village Voice*, we saw the following ad:

GWM, into Fr. & Gr., looking for some B&D, S&M with good-humored Bi/GWM.

Is this some kind of code? Does it have anything to do with FDR's NRA or WPA? You gotta tell me real fast—I answered the ad.

"Madcap" Marty Malone
Keokuk, Iowa

Sirs:

Well, what's a girl to do? I was getting the morning sickness and the weird food cravings and everything, so I decided to take one of those EPT tests you see advertised in the magazines. I carefully followed all the instructions. I pissed in the enclosed test tube, added the contents from the little plastic vial, shook the tube for

ten seconds, placed it in its holder, and then left it alone for two agonizing hours, just waiting for a horrible little ring to appear. Well, two hours later, guess what? *No ring!* God, was I *re-lieved!* I could *never* have explained it to the rest of the boys at the Factory. Not to mention my urologist.

See, God does *too* protect the working girl.

Jackie Curtis
Andy Warhol's Factory
New York City

Sirs:

Never mind that Feistinger's Theory of Cognitive Dissonance explains why people jaywalk; never mind that Seligmann's Learned Helplessness Theory of Depression explains why nobody votes in elections. Forget Durkheim's Theory of Anomie and Carl Jung's Stereophallic Totems, and forget B. E. Skinner. Forget all that stuff. What I want to know is, how come I couldn't get it up with Carol last night? Huh? If you're so smart, wise guys, then you explain it to her.

Bud Lateral
All-American
UCLA

Sirs:

I woke up this morning and felt really good. God, what is the matter with me?

Joyce Carol Oates
Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

Today I was minding my own business, just walking, when all of a sudden this big wind comes up, so that I'm still walking but I'm going backward. Next thing I know, I'm carrying this huge weight. Then to top it all off, I find myself in this invisible box with no way out. Now, I'm not one to complain, but this kind of thing happens to me all the time.

Marcel Marceau
The Delight of Millions

Sirs:

Here at Garden Variety Amusement Park, we've just built the New Improved Ghost Train—one of the s-s-scariest rides you've ever seen! As you ride under a flashing strobe light, past an authentic re-creation of a model of a real Western ghost town, twenty people covered in sheets actually jump out at you and sing (to the tune of "Boogie Oogie Oogie"):

*There's a ghost at the door
There's a ghoul on the floor
And it's so spooky ooky
That you just can't take no more!
Ghost Train
Spooky ooky ooky
Ghost Train
Feelin' kinda kooky
Ghost Train
It's so spooky ooky
That you just can't take no more!*

I'm sure you'd agree as a mysterious hand reaches out and tickles you at the end of the ride (maybe it's me) that the Ghost Train is really a s-s-scream.

Frightful Frankie, Manager
Garden Variety Amusement Park

Sirs:

My name is Sarang Devi and I live in a small village in the south of India. My family is very poor, so I am writing you in the hope that you could send us something to eat or wear. Also send some money for a video-cassette recorder, okay?

Sarang Devi
Tiruchendur, India

Sirs:

I am Mrs. Devi. My son may have written you a letter asking for money. He is always doing crazy things like that. We are really quite well off. We even have a Mexican maid.

Mrs. Devi
Tiruchendur, India



**When you need \$65 fast,
you find out who your friends are.**



It's the middle of the night and everyone has an excuse. Then, finally, you get the one person who, even though he's not very happy about it, will come through. And you think, "I knew it. Why didn't I just call him in the first place?"

So when the crisis is over, he's going to deserve something a little special. Tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.



Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.

© 1981 Beer brewed in U.S.A. by Miller Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Helpful Answers

by Ed Subitzky

As a special service to readers, National Lampoon will answer questions that come up during your day. Address questions to: Answers Editor, c/o National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Please print clearly or type. We regret that, due to the volume of mail received, only questions judged to be of most general interest can be answered in this column.

Q: Pardon me, sir, but what time is it?
T.R., South Bend, Ind.

A: Almost ten after six.

Q: Say, do you know how I can get to Maple Avenue?
N.B., Scranton, Pa.

A: Make a right at the next traffic light, go down two blocks, then make a left when you see the Mobil station.

Q: Excuse me, but did the 10:14 bus go by already?
B.L., Tulsa, Okla.

A: Sorry, but you just missed it.

Q: You wouldn't happen to know where I can find Tony's Italian Kitchen?
E.T., Bel Aire, N.J.

A: Straight two blocks down and look for the neon lasagna.

Q: Say, buddy, can you spare a quarter for a cup of coffee?
L.B., Lansing, Mich.

A: Get lost, Mac.

Q: I wonder, is there a liquor store in walking distance?
R.G., Canton, Ohio

A: Three blocks north, between the laundromat and the fruit stand.

Q: Is there a public men's room around here?
R.W., Tallahassee, Fla.

A: There's a gas station two blocks down and one block to the left. If there's no toilet paper, try Arnie's Bar, another block down. But buy a drink first.

Q: Excuse me, but I'm looking for a cab.
T.N., Douglas, Ga.
A: Forget it at this time of day.

Q: Pssst. Buddy. Best head in town. For you, just twenty-five dollars.
A.J., Shreveport, La.

A: Excuse me, miss, but I'm hurrying to an appointment.

Q: Isn't there anything to do around here at night?
C.M., Bluefield, Va.

A: There's a roller disco about seven miles out of town. It used to be a drive-in movie, so look for a movie screen shaped like a giant skate.

Q: Weren't you in my Spanish class in high school?
W.K., Claremont, Vt.

A: No, you must have me mixed up with someone else.

Q: Did you happen to see a tall blond in a jumpsuit go by?
B.E., Portchester, N.Y.

A: Sorry, I wasn't paying attention.

Q: Do you know if there's a laundromat around here?
R.A., Canton, Ohio

A: Right next to the liquor store three blocks north. Oh, you dropped a stocking.

Q: Is this the right way to Great Falls?
M.E., Fort Benton, Mont.

A: It's the long way around. Try making a U-turn and then take a left.

Q: Is there a good restaurant in these parts?
G.B., Laconia, N.H.

A: Try the Ten-Star Diner on Route 46. Order anything that isn't spelled in French.

Q: Where's the nearest emergency room?
P.B., Hugoton, Kans.

A: I think it might be up around the hill, and a few miles down.

Q: Hey, Baldy. Mind if I use the top of your head for a solar collector?
F.D., Saint Louis, Mo.

A: Go fuck yourself. □



GIVE YOUR DRINKS OUR GOOD NAME.

The smooth and refreshing taste of Seagram's Gin makes the best drinks possible. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

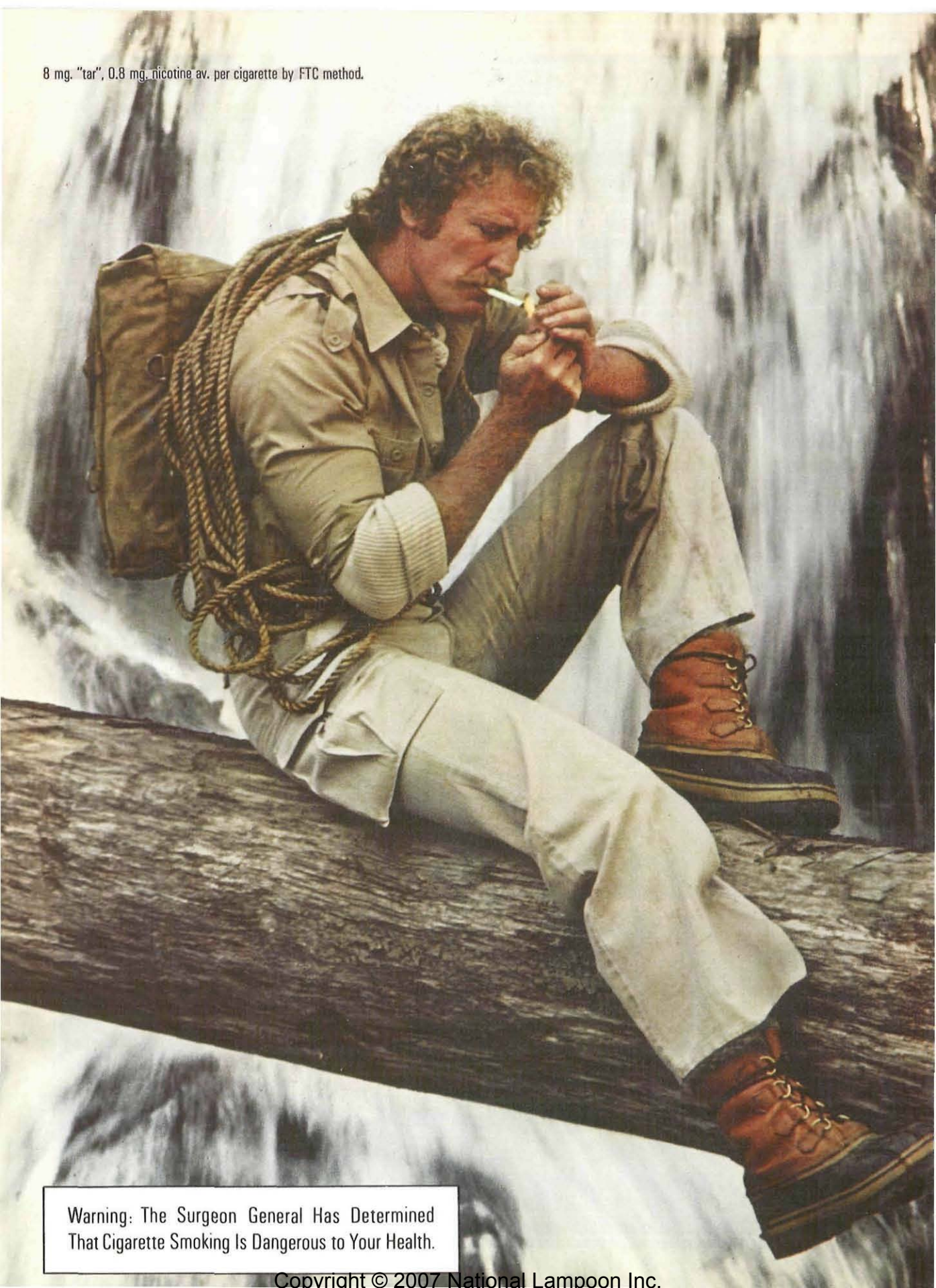
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8 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



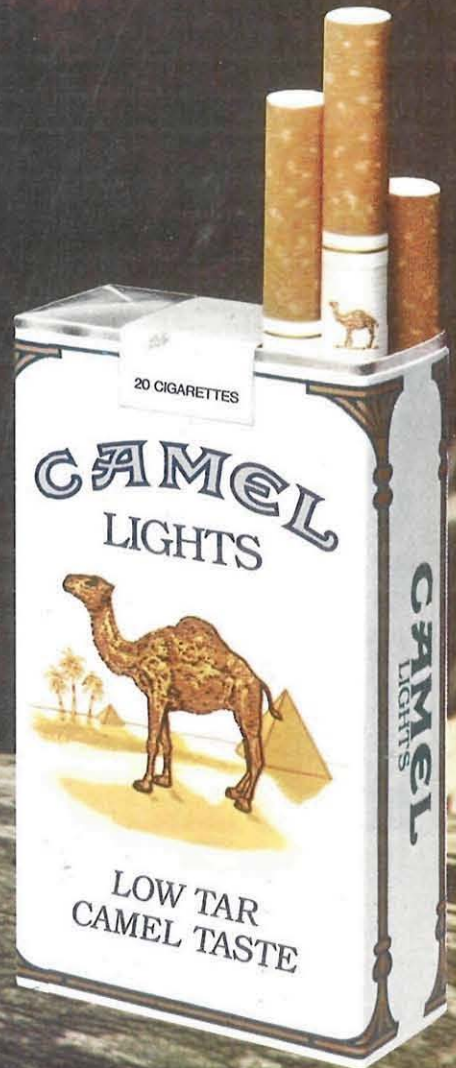
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Where a man belongs.

Camel Lights.
Now in a new pack.
Same low tar,
same Camel taste.

8 mg
tar.

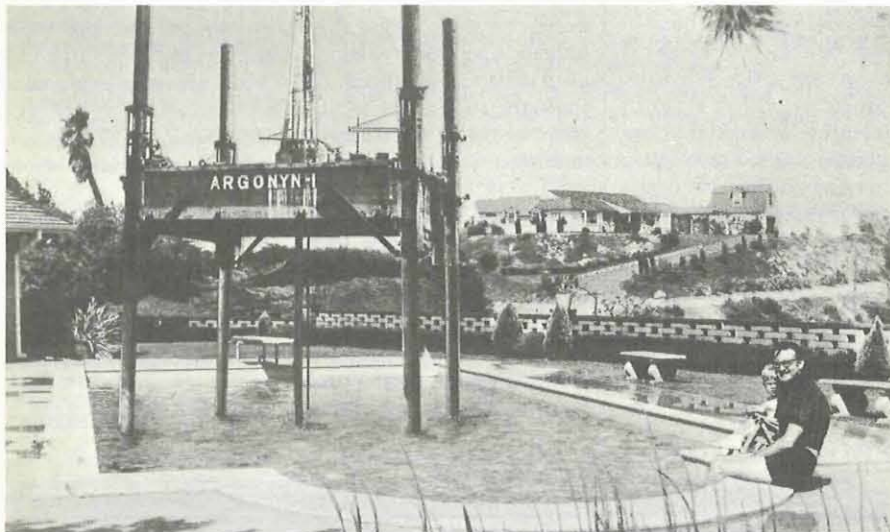


NEWS ON THE MARCH

PLANET

Bad News from H₂OPEC

International Water Cartel Hikes Price to \$35 Bbl.



An alternative source of water, right in our own backyard.

A scintillant column of black and gray limousines creeps through an iron gateway to Government House in Jakarta, Indonesia, and deposits a crowd of genial, high-spirited men. Their buoyancy is understandable—they are about to announce that the Organization of Potables-Exporting Countries will raise the price of drinking water 50 percent across the board.

Halfway around the world, another group of men gathers at the Executive Office Building in Washington, D.C., to ponder the crisis, and their

mood is considerably more subdued. They emerge from their meeting determined and grim, and announce a plan to push full speed ahead with a number of synwater and other exotic water-mining projects deemed cost prohibitive prior to the bad news from Jakarta. One of the most promising alternatives appears to be "waterification," a complex process where oil is heated to high temperatures, then treated with emulsifiers that leach out small quantities of water. As a by-product, the oil is chemically transformed into shale.

Other possible water sources include:

Old Towels and Washcloths: Used bathroom linens often retain trapped molecules of H₂O long after the fabric has dried. Scien-

tists estimate that many acre feet of water may be recovered by forcing all of the nation's discarded linens, including hand towels, dish towels, serviettes, and the like, through a system of massive, high-pressure wringers.

Waterohol: Ordinary water may be extended up to nine times its volume with the addition of grain alcohol.

Off-Deck Drilling: Many of America's swimming pools contain measurable accumulations of water just below the bottom of the pool. Water that has seeped into pool drains and into porous Gunnite and cement pool floors may be extracted by drilling from conventional platforms built over the pool.

Popsicle Sticks: Like washcloths, these wooden throwaways are known to retain minute reservoirs of moisture.

Officials claim that only a concerted program incorporating many, or all of these techniques will solve the problem.

OTHER PLANETS

Bikini Planetoid Mishap

NASA Snafu Leads to Satellite Snub

NASA's Explorer 7 satellite has stopped sending back reports from the planetoid Beta-6, near Rigel. Scientists say that the last reports received from Explorer 7 showed that Beta-6

is the only planetoid in this galaxy where satellites are worshiped as gods by bikini-clad women. Scientists were at a loss to explain why the satellite has become dysfunctional.

DOMESTICANA

Conspigotous Consumption

No Drought for the New Water Millionaires

Ajar Sikama is an obscure, almost mysterious man; barely five feet tall, and tautly rotund at the belly, like a pregnant woman, he lies hidden deep within the layered shadows of security men and money that distinguish him as one of the most powerful men in the world. In his native Indonesia, he's often called the "Golden Doll," and sometimes even a king, but Sikama prefers to be known simply as a *waterman*—one of the new and blessed elite whose vast estates in the tropics of Asia contain the largest deposits of fresh water ever discovered. "Come," Sikama motioned on a recent visit to the United States. He was standing serenely and imperially at the entrance to an entire floor of rooms he had taken at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas. "Come, we drink." Clearly unashamed of his astonishing wealth and his often resented control of the world's water supply, he clanged his stubby finger against a small gong as a signal to dozens of sheet-clad Dyak porters to roll a gleaming, gold and chrome-plated water cannon to his side. "Enjoy!" he bellowed with a deep, proud laugh, which continued undiminished as he wound a valve and the cannon shot out a fifty-foot jet that easily blew doors off their hinges and soon buried the entire floor beneath a foot of water. "We celebrate, heh?"

Sikama pulled visitors down into the churning, fast-rising pool, recklessly bobbing and splashing about as others of his reti-

nue began smashing ornate water-cooler bottles of water against walls and the furniture. Hotel managers called on the phone; they shouted panicky complaints about rivers of water that were rushing beneath doors and down stairwells to other floors. "I will buy this wretched stablehouse in an instant!" Sikama howled across the room in what by then had escalated to an orgiastic delirium. "More water!" A team of stunning Malaysian concubines crashed into view, splaying double oak doors with the prow of a twelve-cylinder inboard boat. The water level had risen to four or five feet; the craft plowed effortlessly across the enormous room as Sikama's courtesans leapt overboard astride whiplashing fire-

hoses squirting stiff bolts of water, like flailing sabers. The women paddled to their master and anointed him from slender, cut-glass cruets of water until, at an appropriate moment, the ceiling ruptured and thousands more gallons of water fell through from a reservoir that Sikama's underlings had collected in the room above.

"Car wash, car wash, car wash..." Sikama began to chant, like a frantic muezzin. Within minutes, all of his party had driven in a wild, speeding procession to a nearby car wash, where they gave the operator fifty thousand dollars in a suitcase to look the other way while they ran all of the washers and rinse nozzles for thirty-six hours straight. Water was everywhere—up to three feet deep for a half mile in all directions. As a finale, Sikama hydroplaned up and down the streets in a city-owned water truck, spraying the car-wash water with more water, whooping

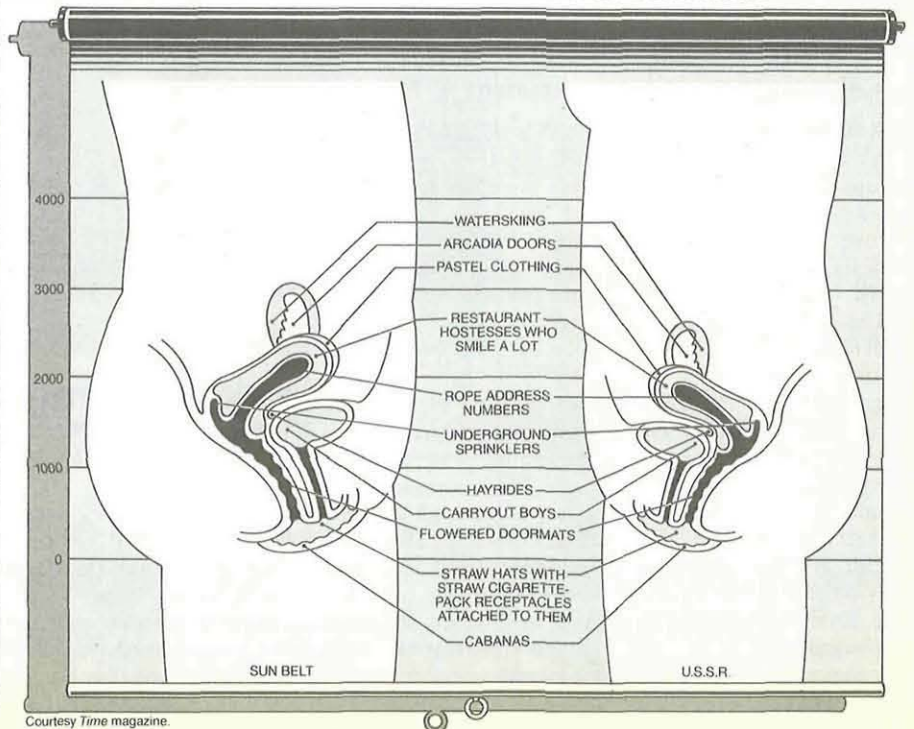
and thundering riotously, stopping only to turn on lawn sprinklers, open fire hydrants, and buy an apartment complex, where he battered over three hundred faucets off their mountings with a sledgehammer. Many Americans do not approve.

NEXT MONTH

Calendar of Events

June 1—War, solar flares, secession. June 5—Tank-car explosion, blight, war. June 9—Lost child, war. June 13—Grain-elevator explosion, penny shortage, war, red tides. June 17—War, terrorist-bomb explosion, heroin epidemic, run on nickel, rain. June 21—War. June 24—Rabies, coal-mine explosion, war, nuclear explosion, liquefied-hydrogen explosion, gas-heater explosion, volcanic explosion, meteor explosion, federal checks late, planet explodes.

SUN BELT VS. U.S.S.R.—FEMALE SEX ORGANS OF DISPARITY



Courtesy Time magazine.

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SCIENCE OR FASHION

Eating Big

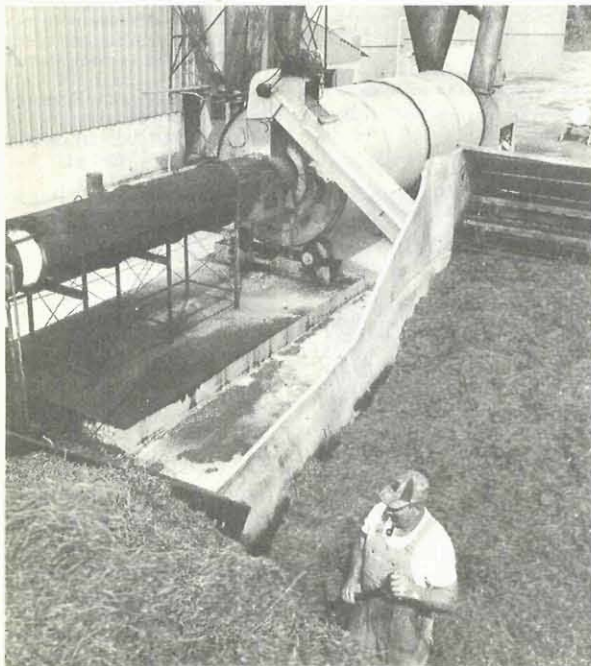
Scientists Announce Artificial Stomach

Scientists at Purdue University have announced that after more than twenty years of research they have constructed the world's first artificial stomach.

"The stomach," explains project director Dr. Arnold Whittaker, "is a very complicated organ. It takes the food we eat and grinds it down into a pulp, then bombards the pulp with hydrochloric acid and a variety of powerful enzymes before it is finally drained into the intestines for digestion. And it has to accomplish all this without destroying the delicate nutrient molecules our bodies ultimately need. This is

smelting plant. But the enzymes were something else. For as long as we could stand their terrible smell, we carefully researched all of the enzyme systems until we could duplicate them reasonably well in the test tube. Then we developed a complex array of mechanical grinders, much the same as the louvers of the threshing machines one sees in travelogues of wheat-producing regions. Finally, we had to take everything we had made and connect it all together."

How well does it work? "Despite its crude appearance," Whittaker claims, "it works very well. We've had



The world's first artificial stomach. "It won't eat just anything."

quite a feat indeed.

"Getting the hydrochloric acid was easy," Whittaker continued. "We just bought it from a nearby

it eating for months now. Three squares a day, and snacks too."

When asked if the artificial stomach will be a

boon to victims of life-threatening stomach diseases, Whittaker replied, "Oh, no, never, not a chance. This thing has no medical use of any kind. For one thing, it's made out of materials totally incompatible with the human body. If we transplanted it, a patient would die within hours. Also, the damn thing is half the size of a football field."

Whittaker shrugged. "In fact, it's been eating us out of house and home. At the beginning, we just gave it a lot of hay and clover, hoping we'd duplicated a cow's stomach or something. You know, cheap stuff. But that wasn't good enough for it. So we tried greasy sandwiches—grilled cheese, corned beef—the kind you get down at the local diner. Once in a while we gave it some pot roast. But that wasn't good enough either. Last week it was on this French food kick. It wouldn't eat anything that wasn't delicately prepared with wine. It devoured six

hundred *escargots de La-tienne* for just an appetizer. This week, it's pasta. But not the junk you might find at some neighborhood joint. Good stuff like *fellatini Orabio* and oysters *Ter-ramangelle*. It knows the difference."

"We don't know what to do," Whittaker went on. "After all those years of work, we can't just destroy it. But did you know the food-price index rose 2 percent last week alone? I hope the new administration can do something about it."

"Besides," he said, "I think it's growing. I really believe we've got us a problem. I told the boys at the beginning that it would be better to work on an artificial pancreas, but they wouldn't listen. A pancreas is such a nice, clean organ. I always liked pancreases. Sometimes they look almost like faces. They seem to smile at you as you walk by. I made a strong case for pancreases. But some people never listen."

FASHION BUT NOT SCIENCE

Cootchie Cootchie Couture

A Fashion Kind of Feeling Is an Extra-Special Feeling

Cough syrup dripping down your breastplate. Dead moths clinging to the mercury-vapor arc lamp in your hat. It's just these social peccadilloes that can keep you from becoming the dauphin of dress at summer pool parties. Nowhere is this fact of more concern than at the Fashion Factory of Louis Flamboisonay-Dusacs.

This year's fashion faux-pas stoppers include porcelain eyebrow protectors, to prevent the singed brow, and slipcovers that fit over your

lips, for the occasional kiss of the sofa-lipped lads or ladies who can't get enough of you. Flamboisonay's fur teepees caused a flap at the spring show this year when one of them caught fire and killed three models, but he seems to have recovered nicely from the disaster. Paris fashion critics look forward to Flamboisonay's fall line of pontoons for the tongue and his nasal-support systems... all for the senses, and totally insensible for all but the few. Need we say more?

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BEHAVIOR OF THE MIND

Preventative Justice

What's in a Name?

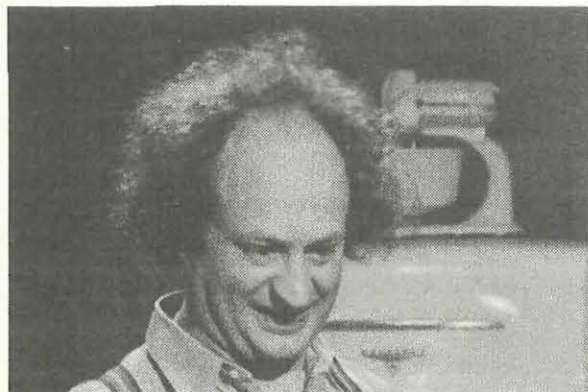
Sirhan Sirhan: What do these names have in common? A lot more than you might think, reveals the Lebanese assassin in a recent *Variety* interview. "Mr. President Kennedy, he call his son John John. With my name, I think maybe I am Bobby's little Sirhan. So I ask him to give me souped-up camel for Christmas," the imprisoned killer tearfully laments. "He not even give me Campbell's soup!" Sirhan's chilling confession is part of the mounting evidence in support of a new behavioral theory. Researchers at the Joh College department of psychiatry now believe that a man's name, more than any other factor, compels him to take violent, anti-social actions.

Dr. Fred Doktor explains the theory: "Lee Harvey Oswald. Sara Jane Moore. Mark David Chapman.

he can shoot them."

Police departments across the country have been quick to put the theory to a test, with a new system termed "preventative justice." Before they could carry out their nefarious plans, Lady Bird Johnson, Karen Ann Quinlan, and Earvin "Magic" Johnson were hauled off to jail. An LAPD raid on a taping session for "Hollywood Squares" netted would-be assassins Patty Duke Astin, Charles Nelson Reilly, and secret square Tennessee Ernie Ford. These celebrities were subjected to intense rehabilitation therapy, including a whimsical change of name to make them less prone to violence. Within a week, Patti Fudgecakes, Charles Balloonhead, and Tennessee Tuxedo were back on the air.

"Of course, criminal be-



Psychologists advise that men who look like this should be detained.

Proves my point. Normal people have two names; assassins have three. Their names are too long, and they get crabby. So they go out and shoot someone like Martin Luther King, before

havior is not caused by name alone," points out Professor Peter Jay Phillips. "There is also the face." Professor Phillips has taken the most prominent features of three mass murderers—the

receding hairline of John Wayne Gacy, the beady little eyes of Charles Manson, and the wiry hair of David Berkowitz—and combined them to create a composite picture of a man sure to be a psychotic killer at heart (see photo). The professor urges citizens who see a man with this criminal face to detain him in any way possible, even if it requires poking fingers in his eyes, tearing his hair out by the roots, or hitting him on the head with a bowling ball.

Consistent with these developments in preventative justice, behaviorists also recommend the imprisonment of all those who, having been exposed to crime, are likely to have acquired

criminal tendencies themselves. These include policemen, judges, even victims. Should this prove effective, the Joh College psychiatrists have several other means for stopping crime before it starts, including: rounding up pretty girls for psychiatric study before they can be raped, preventing skyjacking by having airplanes taxi all the way to their destinations, and constructing buildings out of ice cream in order to eliminate arson. "Eventually, we may have to put 50 percent of the population behind bars," says Professor Phillips, "but if that cuts crime in half, then I think I can say that it's well worth it."

LITERÉMIA

Mixed Media

Doctorow's New Novel Makes a Tortured Confession

LOON LAKE
by E. L. Doctorow
Random House; 258 pages;
\$11.95

Loon Lake is seated in a bar it is drinking it is getting plastered. "Bes' Seller," it mumbles to the barman, who nods, he is not really listening. A stranger takes a seat beside the book. He orders scotch *Loon Lake* is drinking bourbon double bourbons straight up.

"I am on the Best Seller List," the book informs the stranger with that peculiarly dainty dignity exhibited by very drunk books in their moments of self-analysis and self-justification.

"Congratulations."

"Nah," *Loon Lake* says clearly. "I mean yeah, I'm good. Better than a lot of other crap, sure."

"Sure."

The book downs a double, slams the glass on the bar, motions for a refill.

"But sometimes I get this feelin'. Like I ain't a book. Like I'm somethin' else."

"Oh?"

Loon Lake eats a few salted peanuts.

"I got weird lapses in teñse," *Loon Lake* said. "Also flashbacks. Flash-forwardes!"

Oh God, oh God, I ain't a book.

"Uh-huh."

Then *Loon Lake's* Older Brother, *Ragtime*, walked into the bar. It was sober and laconic, mindful of its status as a celebrity whose story was even then being filmed in Europe by a director who had won an Academy Award. Pull yourself together, *Loon Lake's* Older Brother said. Of course you are a book. We have much in common. We both portray the lives of the very rich and the very poor in stark images and methodical cadences. We both deal sympathetically with

unions, socialists, and other radical-left subjects. We are both set in the Depression, in America. We both treat sex in the same careful, distanced, pre-Henry Miller way. All you lack is real-life historical figures as characters.

Loon Lake's Older Brother slapped *Loon Lake* on the back cover in a fraternal gesture all books understand. Wait until you come out in paperback, it said. You'll see you are a book. Then *Loon Lake's* Older Brother left the bar.

"Nice book," the stranger said.

"Yeah," *Loon Lake* replied. "But we're more different than that. I got sentences jammed together sometimes I don't know why. I got occasional databank-type profiles on various characters, plus poems, snatches of poems that later grow into complete poems. Plus," I said. "I got shifting points of view. Subjective sometimes jumps over into objective. First-person into third-person." It sighed. "Don't ask me why," I said.

"So?"

Loon Lake started to weep shake its head. "So add it up," it said. "Shifts in rhythm, flashbacks and flash-forwardses, details that are glimpsed and gradually revealed in their totality, changing viewpoints, montage-y streams of sentences that flow fast and then stop. Oh God—"

"Easy..."

I mean yeah, I'm good. Better than a lot of other crap.

"Oh God, oh God, I ain't a book," *Loon Lake* sobs. "I'm a movie!"

News on the March edited by *Tod Carroll*; contributions from *T.C., B.McC., Ellis Weiner, Ed Subitzky, and Michael Reiss and Al Jean.*

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 Course of the Mandarins
- SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitelove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre* Magazine, and Military Trading Cards
- JULY, 1974/DESSERT:** With *Famine Circle* Magazine, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomic Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches* Magazine
- AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance, *Seed* Magazine, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #7, and True Menu
- SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unexciting Stones, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and *Ballart* Comics
- NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With The Rocketeller 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 Filatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedics, and Our Wonderful Bodies
- AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE:** With The Rocketeller *Attica* Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest* Magazine, Inherent Their Wind, and World Night Court
- SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE:** With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Ploys, and the *Esquire* parody
- DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY:** With The Great Price War, Entrepreneurs, and a *Fortune* parody
- APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With Dogfishing, *Silver Jack*, The Glory of Their Hindsight the U.S. Olympic 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 *Callhammer*
- OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES:** With a four-page, full-color Nuts, the Aesop Brothers on honeymoon, Vermin, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bookies, 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, eight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody
- FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE:** With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1952-1976), the *Village Voice* parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial
- APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV:** With T-Bird and Monza, *TV Magazine*, Monday Night Sleep, *PBS Concordance*, and *Dinah's Dumpster*
- JUNE, 1977/CAREERS:** With mercenaries, wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get-rich tips, and Sam Gross
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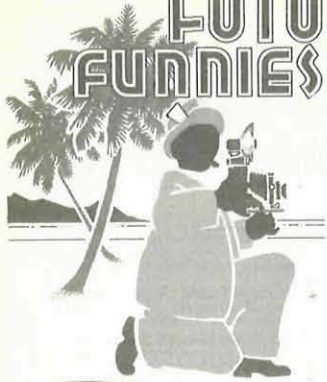
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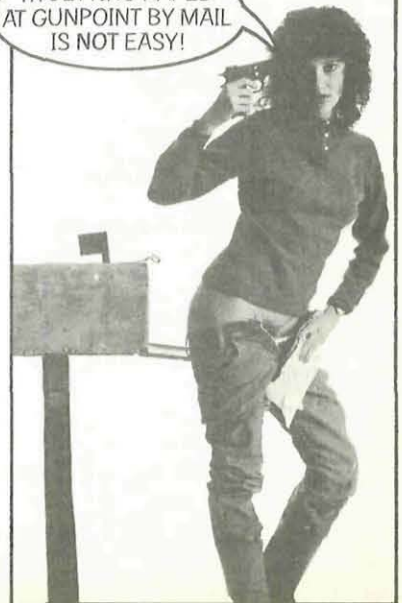
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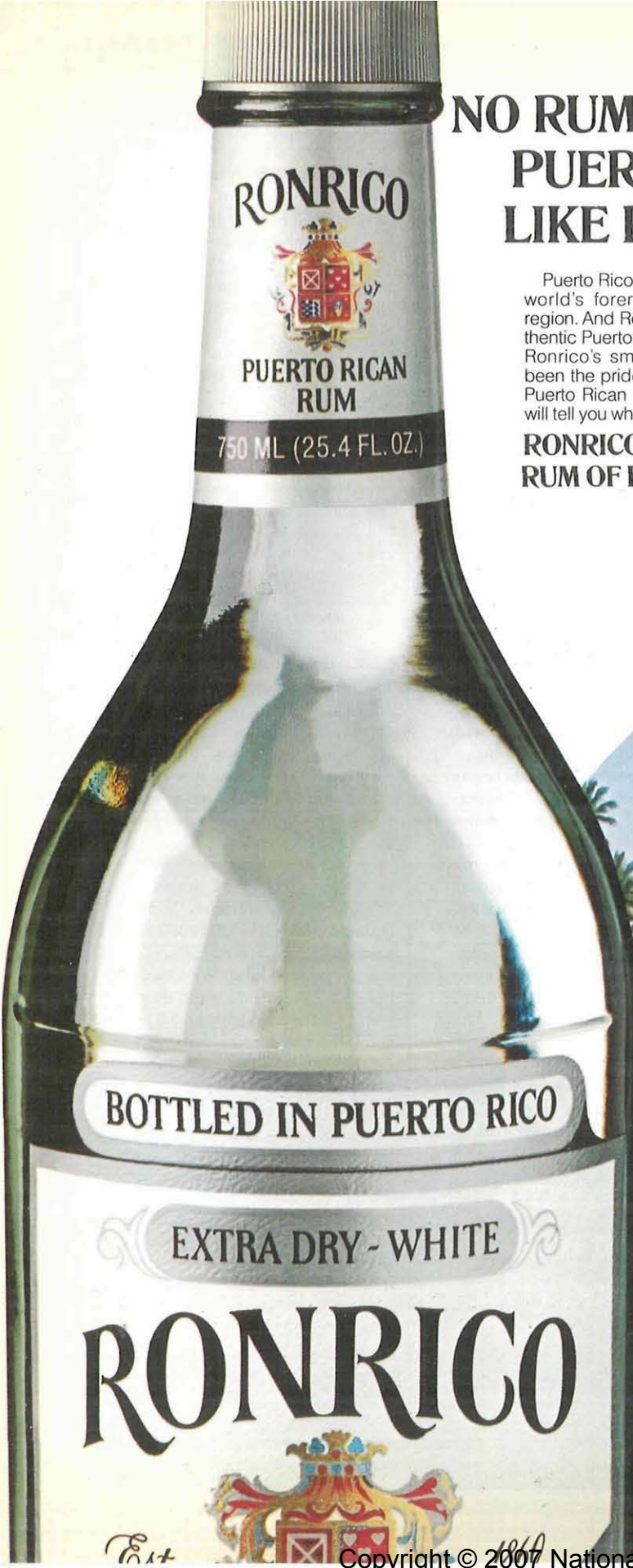


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Mrs. Reagan's Diary

Dear Diary:

Ronnie is always so excited when his Hollywood pals come over to the White House for dinner. I bust my buttons to make those dinners a success, because Ronnie is working awfully hard these days and needs his good friends around him in the evening. I don't know about you, but the thing that scares me half to death when I give a dinner party is table settings. I mean, I'm a pretty fair interior decorator, but as soon as I have to set the tables my tummy acts up and I get kind of trotty. You know, what china will go with what napkin and what silver and so on, and I still can't get the hang of it. I've called in people from Tiffany's and read all kinds of decorating books, but I'm still not sure if you can put a dark green napkin on a blue tablecloth. But I'm not going to ask Nancy Kissinger for any more advice. "Why don't you just stick to white," she said. "It's so safe." It's also cold and boring and too formal for an intimate dinner. And white picks up every teeny stain that Henry leaves on the table. He's always gesturing and making a point with food on his fork. You always know where Henry sat. The last straw was when he took the prime-rib bone that Ronnie likes best, the end piece that has all that nice crusty meat on it. I said, "Henry, please take another rib and give that piece to Ronnie." Not only did he refuse, but he took a big bite out of the rib before one of the Secret Service men could wrestle it out of his hands. Henry and his bride (Ronnie calls them "Mr. Piggy" and "Big Stoop") will have to peddle their influence elsewhere from now on. Maybe they

let him get away with that kind of thing at New York dinner parties, but right here Ronnie gets what he wants.

Where was I? Oh, yes. Table settings. I was still trying to figure out the settings for our nice little dinner with Ronnie's Hollywood pals. I invited Frank and Barbara Sinatra, Jimmy and Gloria Stewart, and Charlton and Lydia Heston. I had almost settled on a very small, neat, Provencal-print napkin on a dark, peachy-colored tablecloth when I realized something was wrong. The color of the walls. I hated it. Red is my favorite color, but it was the wrong red. It wasn't deep enough. We were only hours from dinner and the walls weren't right.

It was tizzy time. I had to think fast. That was when I had my flash (the same kind of flash I had when I knew I had to marry Ronnie). The red I wanted was inside of me—my own blood—the blood I spilled, so to speak, in working side by side with Ronnie all these years to get him elected. I shut my eyes, clenched my teeth, and stuck a pin in my finger until I bled. I gave my blood sample to the Secret Service men (Ronnie calls them the "SS") and ordered them to find a paint store, force it open, and find the right color. It was a national emergency.

The SS men painted the dining room in less than an hour, and even though they really pitched in and worked hard it was a poor job. I made a note to tell Ronnie to hire a staff with a little more skill as handymen. What is happening to our young men? When I was a girl the men I knew were expected to fix things around the house and paint and renovate. That's

one of the things I admire so much about Ronnie. If our sink is on the fritz or our john isn't working, he can fix it. In fact, he told me one night as we were preparing for beddy-bye that running the country isn't much different from fixing a john. You locate the problem areas and you fix them.

The men bought one of those paints that can dry quickly, but not that quickly. We were getting close to dinnertime and the walls looked positively gooey. I don't mean to toot my own horn, but these are the moments when the tough get going and this is when I usually shine. I ordered all the gals on my staff to get out their hair dryers, put them on high, and blow-dry those walls until I could run a white glove over them. They did a fine job and I thanked them all.

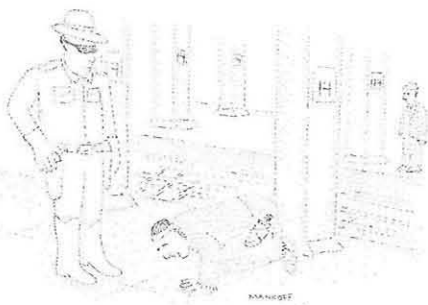
I must confess that I'm not always entirely comfortable with some of Ronnie's Hollywood pals. Frank Sinatra, for instance. But I'll get to him later. There's Jimmy Stewart. I could never see what the public saw in him. I always thought Ronnie was a much better actor than Jimmy. After all, he was president of the Screen Actors Guild for years.

Ronnie calls Jimmy "Beanpole." Jimmy calls Ronnie "Chowderhead," which I cannot abide, and I will talk to Jimmy about that. But what really galls me about Jimmy is that he still talks to Ronnie about Jane W. in public, among our friends. Jimmy is one of Ronnie's oldest friends, and, of course, he was very friendly with J.W., some might say too friendly, but I'm not the gossipy kind. Whatever happened between Jimmy and that woman happened a long time ago. He and Gloria are terribly happy together. At their age it would be unspeakably mean to bring that skeleton out of the closet. It's just that the first thing Jimmy does when he sees Ronnie is regale him with news of her. And Ronnie, being the perfect gentleman, lets Jimmy talk his fool head off. I mean, Jimmy doesn't open his mouth for the rest of the evening, but he has to tell Ronnie about every little move that little hussy makes. Ronnie is such a darn good actor that he convinces Jimmy that he really is interested in that floozy. So much for Jimmy.

I don't trust Charlton Heston. I think he's a spy for the Democrats and I told this to Ronnie one night when we were doing a jigsaw puzzle at the ranch. Ronnie laughed and said that

continued on page 30

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The Bob Hope Desert Classic

by Brian McCormick

Bob Hope. The man, the legend, the millions. How did he become the giant he is today, ask many citizens. Bob Hope stands astride the four continents like a giant pony. He lifts his head and hops this way and that as if there's no tomorrow. He toys with us and ours like some god made out of tinfoil and socks, held together by bobby pins. And yet he is a friend to the tiny, a titan of a pal.

The Bob Hope story began with a golf ball and a dream. As a boy Bob had his sights set on Reno. It was a dream as old as the city itself; but as fate would have it, Bob found himself in Palm Springs, Florida, teeing off his adult life as a busboy to the stars. Not bad for a future professional funnyman, not bad at all.

Bob had his ups and downs at first, investing in barbed-wire chairs and selling shaggy umbrellas door to door, but soon he was wheeling and dealing with the best of them. Today the Bob Hope Desert Classic dominates the thoughts and lives of Americans and Pan-Americans alike. Yes, both young and old continue to grow old and will eventually die, patterning their lives after the aging matinee idol. Does Bob care? You bet he does. He's had over thirty-five face-lifts.

There are some sourdoughs and spoilsports who still think that the Bob Hope dream went sour somewhere. Just when did it turn into a nightmare, a nightmare we dare not remember? A nation waits and wonders as some of our most respected scientists ponder that very problem.

Government economists trace the

problem to a little-known fact: Bob Hope is over three hundred feet tall. Oh, sure, it's been hushed up, kept out of the papers, covered up by an embarrassed Hollywood. But Bob destroyed one bar too many several weeks ago, and the press won't take "Five Foot Ten Inches" for an answer anymore.

In 1958 no one suspected that Bob Hope would be wandering in the desert collecting iguanas and blisters when the Alamogordo A-bomb tests were taking place. People weren't so cynical in those days. But it's true: it seems Bob hooked the ball on the seventeenth hole, where it took an unfortunate bounce into the Painted Desert outside Palm Springs. Hope bird-dogged the ball into the searing pit of mirage-ridden winds. He wandered in the desert for over two years before he stumbled onto the set of a "Twilight Zone" on-location shot. Rod Serling was using the ball as an ice cube in the episode entitled "Don't Melt My Ice Cube, Mr. Death."

Bob had hardly enough time to wrest the ball from Serling's key grip before the A-bomb at Alamogordo went off. Needless to say, the round ice cube melted. Ironic, isn't it? Yet Bob and Rod somehow managed to survive the blast. Bob went on to his home in Palm Springs; Rod went on to star in a series of late-night anti-smoking commercials.

A few months later Bob asked Ann-Margret over to dinner at his place. He was hoping to bring the zest back to what had been Hollywood's most loving couple, both on and off camera. At first Ann tried to act as if nothing

had changed between them. She pretended not to care when he drank his wine from the porcelain bathtub. She looked the other way when he used a kitchen chair as a fork.

"It's all right," he said. "I washed it in the pool."

Only then did the awful horror become apparent to the stunning starlet: Bob Hope had grown to an enormous size.

When Bob ate twice his weight in studio props, she decided that Bob was not just showboating. She'd come over for dinner and dancing and sexist jokes regarding girls in desert boots. But this was an outrage. She let out a wail and raced, half-naked, into the pool. Wet and wild and all woman, she ran to the police station for a towel.

The police reasoned that Hope had contracted filmic-radiation sickness during the blast at Alamogordo. Filmic-radiation sickness is a rare disease characterized by the unstoppable growth of a Hollywood veteran entertainer to the size of a colossal man in a fifties sci-fi process shot. The police radioed the Titusville Air Force Base and had them fly in a set of golf clubs averaging over two hundred feet in length. The set had been constructed for just such an emergency. Bing Crosby flew in from the bonny links of Ireland, where he'd been shooting another Lucky Charms commercial. He loped to Bob's bedside, flinging his tam-o'-shanter onto Bob's big toe.

"Give me a tooralooraleery, you old golf bag," joshed Bing.

The old team, back together again on the same stage. The old magic was still there, the old show-biz hullabaloo that just wouldn't give out. Sad that it took a tragedy to bring them back together again.

Bob's tears swept down his face and coursed through the San Fernando Valley in a flash flood that left hundreds homeless, yet no one seemed to care, so glad were they to witness this reunion.

"Hey, it's *der Bingle!*" boomed Bob. "You got the voice, I got the nose... all we need is Dumbo and Sammy Davis Junior and we can open an Eye, Ears, Nose, and..." Hope gagged on the last words.

"And what, you old ski slope?"

Already the titanic master of the tee-hee stood taller than his outsized reputation. The mammoth god of mirth hooked his arm around a church steeple and hiked himself up on all fours. He knew he had to get down to



"I'm Major General Frank T. Smith of Bug Patrol, Inc.
I've come to blast the balls off your insects."

the links before the cameras started rolling. Without him, there would be no Desert Classic this year, and that meant all three hundred feet of him.

Tottering down Via Calle he seemed like baby Pantagruel, first stumbling, then running, then tumbling in a roll of flesh and pink pebble driveways. Bing hung on to Bob's pants cuffs, mugging for the cameras when he could, singing a few snatches of scat for his public. They say Bob's heart was the only organ to remain faithful to his former proportions. Doctors called in from local science-fiction movies surmised that the heart was, for all intents and purposes, the size of a green penny relative to the surrounding body.

The penny had to be green; hence the mystery; ergo, the legend.

"Stand aside, I'm the emcee here." Bob swept the crowd away with a gentle swat. "I'll do the teeing off today, thank you."

Grabbing the teensy club offered him by a befuddled caddy, Hope heaved the nine iron back and sliced the caddy's head off with a clean follow-through.

Crosby ouch'd his lips, grimacing to Dorothy Lamour. "No, no, no, Hope, my boy, let a man show you how it's done."

Bing wiggled his hips, set his feet, and sent the bit of white in a rabbit hop down to its hole, then ushered it in with his putter.

Never had the public seen Hope so upset, and never in such huge proportions. The crowd murmured in its grief.

"Tut-tut, my man, meet you back at the clubhouse," sang out Bing.

Hope carried himself with whatever aplomb a mutant monster could muster, despite the periodic snowstorms that blurred his vision at that unhappy height. Old "Ski Slope" had lived to see Bing's prophecy realized. The irony did not escape him.

A nervous sweat froze on his brow. Another slice, this time into the Grand Coulee Dam. He would have to ask his agent to apologize to the valley families for the flood damage. But for his inordinate height he might have squeezed a quip from the shot that might have brought the audience howling to its knees. A pun on the

word "bogey," perhaps.

Another slice, and another. And then the last.

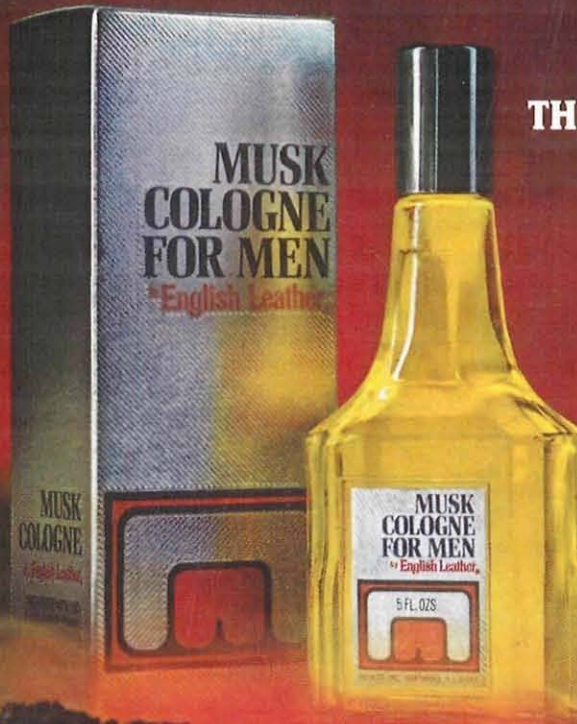
Hope wept. Crosby and Lamour probably were sniggering back at the club's Snooker Lounge as he hacked divots the size of Death Valley. Even the giant gold clubs provided by the air force did him no good, for they had been made for a lefty.

So, it had come to this. Hope sat on Los Angeles and bemoaned that first lost ball. If only he'd been a better golfer, none of this would have happened. Soon after this, Bob died when a midnight-flight DC-2 drilled into his forehead, killing all aboard.

Today the Bob Hope Mountains stand in silent testimony to a great man's martyrdom. Tourists and foes of nuclear energy come from miles around to snap photos of the man. Even to this day he is compared by poets to the spiny cactus, the comedian of the plant world.

Scofflaws and catch-penny wits still titter at the man, this Gulliver of guffaws. But rest assured, ye cynics, Bob Hope will still be standing here tomorrow...but will we? □

BEFORE THERE WERE WORDS, FEMALES RESPONDED TO PURE SCENT.



THEY STILL DO.

**MUSK BY
ENGLISH LEATHER.®**

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MRS. REAGAN'S DIARY

continued from page 26

Chuck (he calls him "Moses the Noses" because of that pinched nasal quality in his voice) was a terrific guy whatever his politics, and a special friend. I feel that Chuck Heston is like Errol Flynn when Flynn was an unofficial spy for the Germans, which we all learned from that biography. Of course Chuck isn't a professional spy. He's just been instructed to ingratiate himself with Ronnie and me and find out things in an informal way. I mean, you can learn an awful lot through a few intimate dinners at the White House. I finally persuaded Ronnie to put a little buggaboos on Chuck's phones. Ronnie thought that it might be illegal. "Is it illegal to protect the president of the United States from spies?" I asked. Besides, I said, if he didn't bug Chuck's phone, I would never play Tee-Tee with him again. That always gets him. Ronnie loves it when I play Tee-Tee with him. That's his name for Tickle Toes. He loves to have his toes and the soles of his feet tickled before we go to bed. He's just a wee bit ticklish—just enough to get a thrill out of it, if you know what I mean. If I don't play Tee-Tee with him every night, he can't get a good night's sleep. And Lord knows he needs his sleep. Frankly, with the kind of problems I have to face every day, I'm not really up to you know what at bedtime. I barely have enough energy for Tee-Tee.

And dear, dear Frank Sinatra. Please note that I use the word "dear" twice. Chuck Heston may be a spy, and that's bad enough, but Frank Sinatra is an Italian. My father once told me never to trust anyone whose name ends in a vowel, and of course any Jew. Ronnie is Mr. Pussycat with these Hollywood Rat Pack people. He posi-

tively blushes when Frank walks into the room and says, "How are you doing, Prune Puss?" Frank calls Ronnie "Prune Puss." Ronnie calls Frank "Frank." Sinatra is the only person that Ronnie doesn't have a pet nickname for. He's still absolutely in awe of that man, and for the life of me I don't know why. For some reason Ronnie feels that Frank is in a class by himself, with all his marriages to beautiful movie stars and all those girl friends and heaven knows what else. Whenever I get peeved about Frank, Ronnie ends it by saying that Frank is still "Chairman of the Board," even if he, Ronnie, is president of the United States. I think Frank Sinatra is a dirty man. Do you know he still tries to give me a wet kiss when we meet? And if I'm not alert, he'll try to put his tongue in my ear. Honestly. I know he's joking, but I find it disgusting. And I wish he wouldn't come to dinner with his own cook. He insists on his own cook making his mother's pasta recipes. Ronnie loves it. He's like a little boy with Frank. But Ronnie will eat fried garbage if it's put in front of him. Frank reminds me of those Italian dukes hundreds of years ago who used to poison each other. He's a snake who can sing.

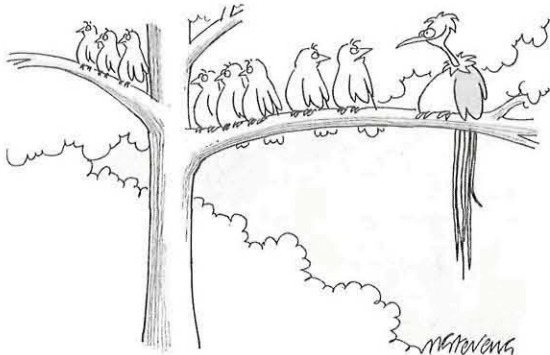
But it's not just Frank's manners that I can't stand. He's as two-faced as Chuck Heston and a hundred times more dangerous. I mean, the man was an intimate friend of the Kennedys! There were plenty of stories about him and Jack, of course, and those parties they gave in Palm Springs, but that kind of digression could fill up a book. And the Mafia connections. Do you know what Ronnie told me one night before our cocoa and cookies? That even if Frank did have a connection with the Mafia, it would have no bearing on their friendship; and

besides, the Mafia wasn't all that bad. Their business was business, and all businessmen can find a way to work together. Maybe he's right, but he's wrong about Frank Sinatra. The last time he was here for dinner he insisted on tipping the waiters. I don't know his wife Barbara too well, but I hope she can tone him down a little. I might want to have a little girl talk with her and give her some good advice—like not playing Tee-Tee when he wants to.

But despite everything our dinner went along very smoothly, although no one noticed the new color of the walls and that made me a bit miffy. I mean, they were so perfectly right and noticeable. But my father once told me that if I was going to be the First Lady, I had to swallow my pride and be even humbler than the most humble. "When you're the First Lady it's easy to get a swelled head and forget that you were once a struggling actress," he said. The only one who said anything was Frank. He sniffed and said the room had a rotten paint smell. Ronnie doesn't have a nickname for him, but I call him Sonny Suave, if you know what I mean.

We were almost finished with the main course, not including Frank's endless pasta dishes (which, by the way, have made him quite a tubby), when suddenly I heard the most unearthly sound, a sort of half-human, half-animal cry. It came from a young boy, about ten years old, who ran into the dining room, along with at least a dozen other boys and girls, all of them squealing and drooling and making strange noises, sounds that were almost human but not quite. Ronnie looked at me and was wearing his biggest smile. "It's my little surprise for you, Mommie—your favorite kids from the underprivileged retarded orphans' home. Remember how you puddled up every time you visited them?" Ronnie thought it would be a great idea if retarded kids were allowed to visit the White House. "The head of the orphanage couldn't thank me enough," Ronnie said. "Meeting real movie stars in the White House. It's the biggest thrill they'll ever have, Mommie." I didn't know whether to puddle up or scream.

Ronnie called for dessert. Baked Alaska for us and ice cream and cookies for the kids. But the little darlings wouldn't sit still. There's something about a retarded child. It's as if they were raised by wolves. They have



"'Birds of a feather flock together.' You hear what I'm saying, pal?"

abominable manners, worse than Frank's. Of course it's not all their fault, but I should think that basic rules of decent behavior could be drilled into their thick skulls somehow. First they started drinking the wine. Except the wine wouldn't always land in their mouths. Then one cute little girl sat on Frank's lap and did number one all over his tuxedo. *Entre nous*, I loved that part, but do you know what that filthy Italian said? He said, "Honey, you should have told me you're into that kind of thing. I would've taken my clothes off. Ring-a-ding-ding!"

After the girl did it all over Frank, they all started doing it. They thought it was funny. Chuck Heston caught a spray that nearly blinded him. He's so liberal, he tried to reason with the little animals. I rang for the SS and they quickly subdued the kids. This is when I did puddle up a bit. Grown men were chopping the kids down like in one of those karate movies. But it had to be done. How else do you reason with a cretinous child? Besides, they were soiling my new walls.

Ronnie's little surprise certainly put a crimp in our dinner. Frank had to borrow Ronnie's bathrobe, the good half-cashmere one. I reminded Frank to sponge himself off before putting on the robe. You never know with Italian peasant types. Jimmy Stewart wondered if I shouldn't switch my charity work to elderly drug abusers or something. I apologized for the embarrassment. Surely the children were overexcited and nervous. That kind of thing always leads to overstimulation of the bladder. Frank laughed and said he wanted to adopt the girl who wee-weed on him. That was the last straw. I said the party was over. I thanked everyone for coming, except Frank, and I offered good-nights for myself and Ronnie. Ronnie couldn't respond. He was fast asleep at the dinner table. The excitement had been too much. □

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NATIONAL LAMPOON 31

LETTERS

continued from page 10

Sirs:

If anybody's interested, we're court- ing one whale of a problem. You see, we are talent agents whose specialty is supplying horrible beasts to drunks suffering from the DTs. Now, the situa- tion is this: We think that the DTs are going completely out of fashion, if not utterly gone. Just like that—kaput. Nobody gets them anymore.

Big deal, you say. So what are we supposed to do with this warehouse full of bloodcurdling apparitions? Really, think of the time and money invested in buzzards that will perch for hours on gooseneck lamps, lizards content to curl up in the bathroom drinking glass, and cobras with the stamina to stay awake all night, swaying hypnotically at the foot of the bed. Are we simply to give them, as our faithful employees, their slithering papers, as it were?

We do have one ploy left to de- velop, though. Last month we scored a few billion Japanese miner beetles

on the Hong Kong spot market. If we chop off their antennae and paint them flesh color, who would know that they aren't coca bugs? Then, too, if we can come up with a strain whose larvae can feed off Mannitol—well, we shan't tip our hand. Wish us luck!

William Morris Agency
Nameless Horrors Division
Hollywood

Sirs:

Hey, how's this for an idea? Are you ready? Sit down. Okay... Solar war- heads. How about it?

Jerry Brown
Los Angeles, Cal.

Sirs:

World you please print this for those of us who suffer from dyslexia and read from right to left and backwards. I hurt my eyes trying to hold your magazine up to mirror all the time.

Eve Todd
Philadelphia

Sirs:

A group of us from the church out here meet once a month, the men to play horseshoes and the women to make quilts to raffle off at the annual bazaar. Well, you city people might think we never heard of women's lib or any of that stuff out here, but we have televisions and get "Three's Company" and "Charlie's Angels" just like anyone else, and so last month some of the ladies said they were tired of always having to quilt, and that they'd like to play horseshoes for a change while the men quilted. Well, the men grumbled for a while, but finally they agreed, and everyone had a really fabulous time. The men discovered they had a real flair for quilting, and we had a great time playing horse- shoes. But, unfortunately, the men chose a farm motif for their quilt, with tractors and combines and barns and that sort of thing, and in the very center of the quilt they embroidered a huge pile of manure.

Now, our church is not going to make any money for that quilt off



For a full color lithograph, 18" x 19", of Ken Davies' "Flying Wild Turkey," send \$5.00 to Box 929-NL, N.Y., N.Y. 10268.

rural folks, since no one around here is interested in having a big pile of manure in the center of their bed. Any of you city people interested?

Selma Jurgenson
Wimper, Minnesota

Sirs:

Hi! Remember that cute blond cheerleader you wanted to go to the senior prom with back in high school, the one with the pleated skirt and acrylic-nylon underwear and little gold megaphone pinned to her tight, tight sweater—you know, the one who laughed right in your face when you asked her out? Well, I'm writing to let you know that I'm divorced now and I've put on some weight and I'm living in a project in Buffalo with six kids and varicose veins and I'm wondering if you still want to go out with me.

Beverly Day
Buffalo, N.Y.

Sirs:

Our church group got together last year and went Christmas caroling at old folks' homes and residences,

trying to bring cheer and jollity to their holiday season. It was only as we were singing "Silent Night" to the last old lady that I noticed one of the kids, Ben Brown, slipping off to the side of her house. I followed him, and imagine my chagrin when I saw him climb through the lady's window (she didn't notice, being too enthralled by the youthful but sincere voices of our youth group) and throw up on her Christmas tree.

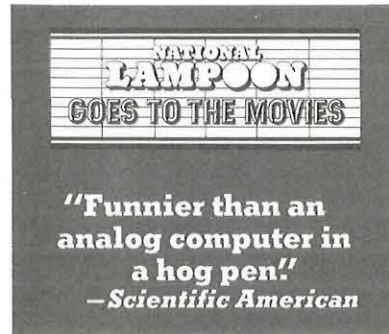
As he climbed back out I confronted him with his actions, asking him why he had done such an abominable thing and inquiring if he had committed this same hostile act on all the old people's Christmas trees.

He admitted he had. He did so, he said, because in all honesty he felt old people were fungus-ridden sweat socks.

If you are an old person living between Magnolia Drive and West Nineteenth Street here in Des Payr, and your Christmas tree was thrown up on during the holiday season while the Zion Federated Church youth

group was caroling, please don't hold it against us. We're really sorry and have thoroughly explained to Ben how wrong he was and that the old people are a vital, important, useful, contributing part of our community. Especially don't let his unpleasant behavior affect your decision to contribute to our group's drive to raise enough money to send us all south this summer to preach the Gospel to the pagans at Disney World.

Harold Schuster
Des Payr, Delaware

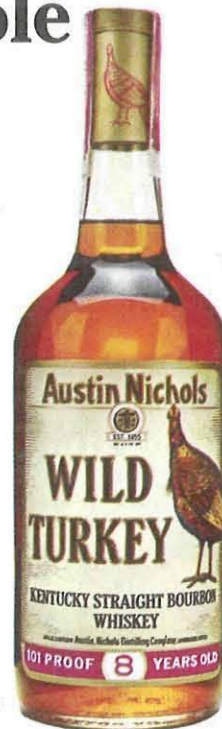


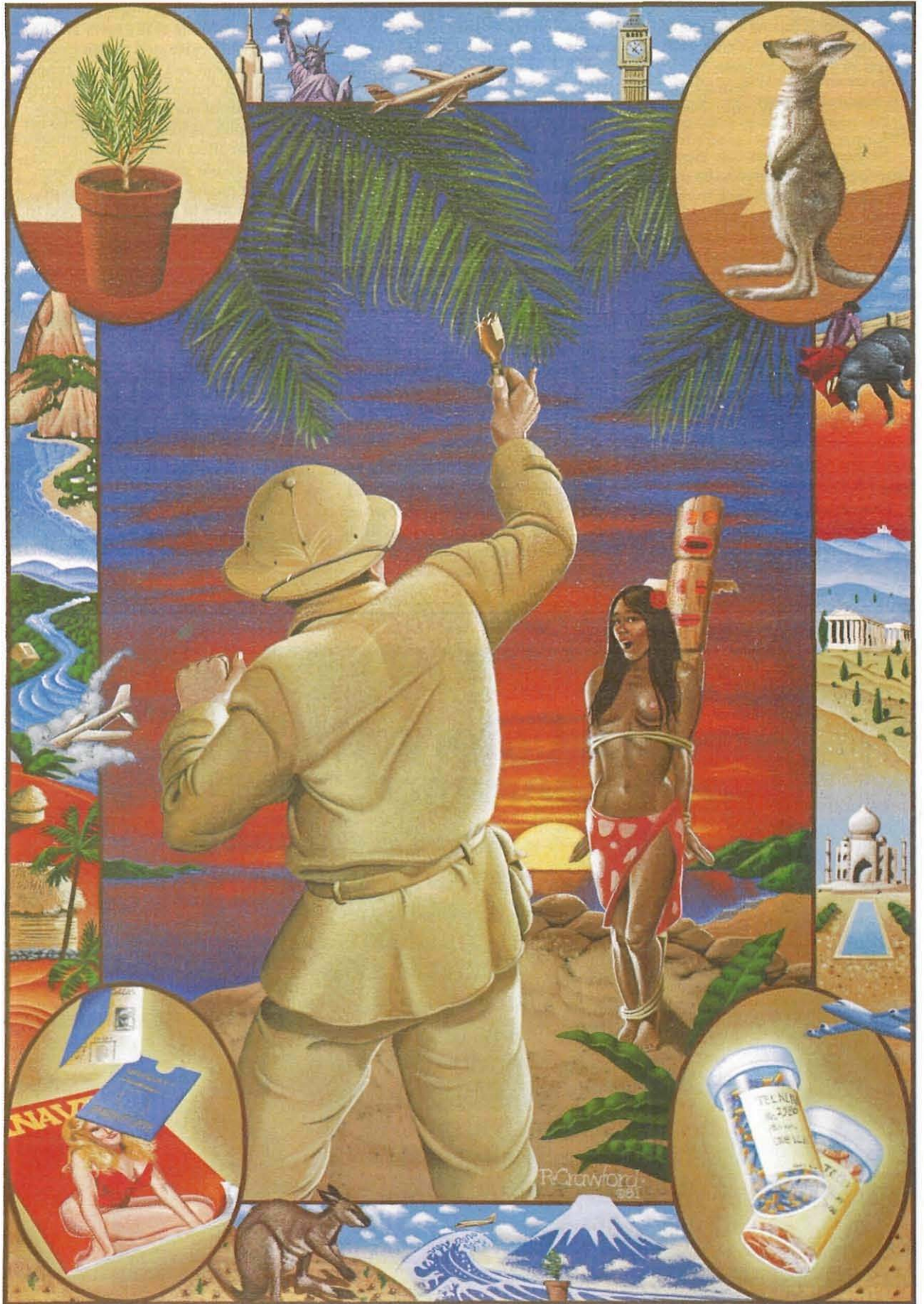
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Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky © 1981





A SPORTING WAGER AT THE MIDDLE MANAGEMENT CLUB

Commander S. W. Goatlips lived, between his stays at the houses of accommodating friends, in

a suite of rooms at the Gramercy Hotel in New York City. Although his greatest desire was to live quietly and his greatest hope was that others would see him as an enigmatical and retiring personage, his violent temper, rash nature, and tactless brashness combined to block this ambition. Who should know better than I? For I am the he of whom I speak.

In the year of 1979, members of the Middle Management Club marked Commander Goatlips perched about odd corners of the club's plush barroom. His broad Byronic brow seemed to beam with gloom; his lips, slack and inanimate, suggested inconsolable sorrow. His overall air of aloof desolation was enough to alert most members that he was out of work.

Although when the employed members of the Middle Management Club spoke to the Commander they did so in tones of discreet sympathy, they could not hide a curious admiration for the regal endurance he displayed in the face of his involuntary idleness.

Once while moving his bowels the Commander had overheard two urinating members in conversation.

"Looks like the Commander's got fired again. Taking it well, of course; God knows what he really feels like. Only six months as floor manager at the last place, too. I don't suppose there's anything opening up over at your shop, is there?"

"God, no. Just had to let the nigger in the mail room go.

Been with us eighteen years."

"That's the way, isn't it? When they tighten the belt it's the middle management that suffers."

"Well, they say Goatlips is one *aitch* of an office manager just the same. To let that go to waste...what a pity!"

The two members zipped their flies in unison. The Commander, seated in eavesdropper's immobility, heard the rattle of their trouser hardware and lost his grip upon his knees.

As the door slowly puffed closed behind the departing members, he heard one say, "It's his temper, you know. He kicked a supply salesman when he was younger. Can't change his spots, of course, and there's no place for *that* in middle management..."

"What a waste..."

Commander S. W. Goatlips IV emerged a changed man from the toilet stall. What had been lines of care about his eyes became merry wrinkles. His forbidding eyebrows, from beneath which he had formerly gazed skeptically, were suddenly inviting arches beneath which danced spheres of genial invitation. His lips, formerly taut with discretion, slackened to suggest love of loquacity. Shoulders once bowed with care assumed heedless lines.

If a newspaper reporter were to dash into a phone booth, briefly become a metamorphic blur, and emerge a writer, the change would be no more shocking. The old Commander S. W. Goatlips IV, itinerant office manager, roustabout sales supervisor, member of the Middle Management Club, was no more. A new Commander Goatlips had been forged in the club's lavatory that day. As yet untempered, as yet untested, S. W. Goatlips strode from the men's room toward the bar.

That was how it all began.

"If you look at it now, President Ford wasn't so bad," a member allowed with relaxed authority, one elbow resting on the club's bar. "I mean, they said he was stupid and un-

coordinated and everything, then; but if you look back on it, his record wasn't so bad; what he actually did, I mean. *What he actually did* wasn't so bad."

"*What he actually did* wasn't so bad," said a member beside him, in the forthright way of the man playing devil's advocate. "His policies weren't so bad. We agree on that, certainly. The point is this, this is what's important. *It's what he didn't do*. That's the point."

"What I'm trying to say is that even though he did nothing very much, in retrospect his policy turned out to be better than those of others who did things wrong."

"What you're trying to say is *he didn't change things just for the sake of changing them*."

"Exactly. Did you know he had a background in middle management?"

Commander S. W. Goatlips drifted past the pair at the bar. Stopping a stool or two beyond, he ordered a drink from the bartender.

"Mike, do you remember that member we had in here five years ago? Skinny fellow, green overcoat, bad stutter, used to wear an eye patch?"

"Connally? The office manager for Akimbo Bamboo Housewares?"

"That's right. Remember he borrowed money from everyone and skipped to Chicago?"

"Who could forget him?"

"Well, give me what he used to drink."

The Commander sipped his drink, cocking an ear at a neighboring conversation.

R. W. Kirby, who took care of service and complaints for Faucette Apartment Management, waved his plump forefingers in tiny circles as he addressed the table. To those who knew R. W. this gesture meant that his talk was to be interpreted as entertainment. When he offered advice he plucked at his shirt buttons, and he always shot his cuffs before a heartfelt opinion crossed his lips.

His fingertips became gauzy pink ellipses as his anecdote reached its zenith. "I told my son. I told him. What you see on TV is nothing. If you want to see something really exciting, come to work with me someday and see what happens. Broken pipes, evictions! You name it!"

One of his companions spoke. "Kids today, R. W., I'm telling you. I tell my kid some of the things that happen at the paint warehouse and he looks at me like I told him stumps could fly. And yet he's always watching TV. You should see some of the phony stuff they got on there! The other day I walk by and he's watchin' a girl in a bikini jumpin' over a Mustang car with a big dog on her back. Car's going thirty miles an hour! A Mustang!"

"There ain't nothing on TV now," said another. "I never watch it myself, but my wife does. I see some of the stuff. They cater to the lowest common denominator. It's all ratings now. It's a disgrace. At least you can still get what you want in books. Within reason. Mystery, adventure, and most of it's very well done. Realistic. Very realistic. It has to be to compete with the TV."

R. W. shot his cuffs. "I blame it on the boob tube. It's a fact that half of the children graduating from high school today can't read. When I grew up there was very little television. When I was young we either read books or listened to the radio. Do you know what? We loved it. When I read *Around the World in Eighty Days* I was happier than any of these kids today with the TV shows about bald policemen and dwarfs in little cars."

"I read that book! Jules Verne wrote it. Now there was a

man who knew the English language backwards and forwards. What a story!"

"Kids today," said the third man, "wouldn't go for that story. They'd say take an airplane and put the tickets on the charge card. Do it in three days. Phileas Fogg traveled by steamship, railway, elephant, and rickshaw. Kids today? They'd fly over the ocean and rent a car."

"Still," reflected R. W. Kirby, "even so, it would be less than simple even today. Oh, yes. There is so much unrest in the world. Vaccinations are required, health certificates, and there are restrictions on agricultural produce that may be transported. Some countries object to ordinary men's magazines; others think every wayfarer is a spy sent to steal whatever are their secrets. No, gentlemen, it would not be easy to travel the world in eighty days."

"I could do it. Easily." So flatly did Commander S. W. Goatlips speak that his fellow members seemed scarcely to have heard him. Seldom indeed were such unshakable convictions aired in so resolute a manner in the Middle Management Club.

The three men seated at the table turned to face the Commander. R. W. Kirby looked angry. The

others seemed curiously startled.

"Mr. Goatlips."

"That is Commander Goatlips, Mr. Kirby."

"Look here, Commander, if you see fit to flatly contradict me, perhaps you can support your own opinion in some way. Facts, logic, for God's sake. You're supposed to be a manager; well?"

"I merely say it can be done, and that I can do it. That is all."

"Are we to take it that you believe you could travel around the world by commercial airliner, clearing customs in twenty or thirty separate states? All the while burdened with a live animal, a number of men's magazines, a living plant, and an assortment of prescription medications? While carrying the passport of a small, disreputable South American country? You can do this?"

"If those are your terms, Mr. Kirby, I shall meet them."

"Impossible!"

"I say not."

"You're mad."

"I should be willing to wager two hundred thousand dollars that I am not. I can have a certified check for the full amount tomorrow, to leave with the club secretary. If I should fail to return or be delayed, he will obey my instructions to turn it over to you."

R. W. Kirby looked around at the astonished members. Then to the Commander: "We are not mad gamblers at the Middle Management Club, as you know, Commander. But we would be mad not to accept your offer. Between us all we shall raise the money and match your check tomorrow afternoon."

The room murmured agreement.

"At that time," R. W. Kirby continued, "we shall also have ready your passport, itinerary, and the objects you are to carry. Some will be specially marked. We shall rely on

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I'd like to say a few words about unnecessary noise. Unnecessary noise from car stereos. Like static, fuzz and interference. Not to mention stations that fade, drift and overlap. They're all the result of one overriding factor. Cars move.

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*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories.



Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.



your honor as a manager and upon the evidence of your visas that you faithfully transport these items!"

"Done. Now I shall leave you gentlemen to make the arrangements and see you at five o'clock tomorrow."

The Commander's passport arrived by hand at his hotel room the next morning. To it was appended a list of visas and vaccinations he would require for the trip.

Traveling from embassy to consulate to legation in search of the permissions of seemingly hundreds of officials might have deterred a less determined man than the Commander. He dealt with small nasty men with their hair combed straight over their foreheads; he met great tall men dressed in rugs who wore mirrored glasses, and whole groups of men who argued and slapped each other. No obstacle could slow his course. By noon he had all his documents. They ranged from nine colored heraldic stamps on his passport to flag-sized parchments with tin seals. His next stop was the doctor's office.

"I can give you a vaccination for everything but the anthrax. You'll have to go to a vet for that. Sheep disease, you know. Still, if you must visit the country, you must have the protection. Okay. That's it. Off you hobble. See you again." The doctor had given the Commander twelve injections and a glass of pink liquid and swabbed his nose. The vet gave him another injection.

He arrived wheezing and runny-eyed at the club. It was four thirty. The Commander stood unblinking as he was presented with the potted Douglas fir seedling he was to carry. He accepted the men's magazines and the small case of prescription drugs with a stoicism the members did not fail to note. Yet when presented with the animal he was to bear with him, a five-inch infant kangaroo, something within him died. Its nursing kit, bottle, formula, and disposable nipples he stowed in his pocket.

The Commander, every inch a middle manager despite his personality change, was ever mindful of

class differences. He had booked a seat to London on the financially troubled Concorde, reasoning that those who could afford to travel on the craft would face few formalities at British Customs. In their effort to encourage his future patronage, they would, he hoped, at least forego a body search, which would certainly turn up the kangaroo.

Aboard the supersonic aircraft the Commander lapsed into a well-earned coma, unvexed by the various dead and half-dead anthrax, diphtheria, and plague organisms coursing through his body.

Commander S. W. Goatlips IV was awakened by a premonition that something was dreadfully wrong. A quick inventory showed that his copy of *Knave* magazine was missing from the carryon bag he had left beside him on the seat. He searched frantically about him.

The Commander was not a shy man, yet it was with some reluctance that he summoned the stewardess and told her that the men's magazine *Knave* had vanished from his luggage. Kindly she offered him another magazine. When he explained that his own magazine was of supreme importance she kindly had the captain inquire over the public ad-

dress as to the whereabouts of the *Knave* magazine anxiously sought by the man in 15C.

A stranger leaned across the aisle, hissing for attention.

"That kid, he grabbed your magazine." The stranger raised his nose in the direction of a young boy returning from the washroom.

The Commander's eye at a glance took in the youth's pale complexion and lusterless eye. The lad carried an airline in-flight magazine furled beneath his arm, and around the edges the Commander saw the telltale protrusion of his concealed property. As the boy passed, the Commander called into play his jujitsu training and with a single fluid jerk tore the arm off the young man's sports jacket. Utilizing all the skills he had acquired at the middle-management level, the Commander was able to quell the resulting brouhaha and regained his magazine after extending himself far beyond the accustomed range of his abilities.

When the plane landed Commander Goatlips found himself one of three men in line at British Customs. The man behind him began a conversation.

"First trip over, is it?"

"Not at all," replied the Commander.

"Smuggler then, I'll bet?"

"No. No, of course not."

"Well, how is it you're standing here at customs? Why didn't you just pop out the door with the rest of them? Onto the street and off?"

"The other passengers didn't go through customs?"

"Of course not. They've got nothing to hide. It's only smugglers like us that have to obey every little regulation. I tell you, if I didn't have all this heroin, I wouldn't be standing here in line like this."

"You mean you have heroin with you?"

"Well, you know, I used to smuggle pot; but it's practically legal now. There's no money in it and it is so bulky. Plus the smell gave me visions. Know what I mean? What are you smuggling? No, let me guess... Laetrile? No. It's guns, isn't it? Some kind of weapon... Is it bazookas? Am I getting warm? No? Poison gas... *phosgene!* Is that it? What a great idea!"

Nervously Commander Goatlips shifted his weight from foot to foot. The customs officer, though well within earshot, obviously examined another traveler's ticket stubs.

"If you must know," said the Commander, hoping to silence his companion with a confession, "I've got a kangaroo."

Producing a large official-looking whistle from his pocket, the man blew three sharp blasts. "He's got a kangaroo," the man said to the two beefy, businesslike men who appeared out of nowhere to escort the Commander off.

So easily trapped by an agent provocateur! The Commander was ashamed, embarrassed, and angry.

He stared at the interrogation-room floor. The Commander had been led to the room briskly and told to assume a seat, and he imagined he would soon be dealt with. He anticipated serious trouble. Several hours passed.

The door to the interrogation room banged open. A short, spare man with a broom stood silhouetted. When he spoke, he spoke with authority.

"What are you doing here? Go, get out! I've got to clean up! You're not supposed to be hanging about here. This is a customs area! Get out! Go on! Get going!"

The man began to swing a damp mop about the room, and the Commander, taking in the situation in a flash,

continued on page 58

APPROVED
BY DECENT
SMALL-TOWN
PEOPLE
EVERYWHERE

STATUS QUO

COMICS

WHITEVILLE WAS AN OLD-FASHIONED TOWN WITH OLD-FASHIONED VALUES AND THE RIGHT KIND OF PEOPLE. NO ONE EVER DREAMED IT WOULD CHANGE, UNTIL...



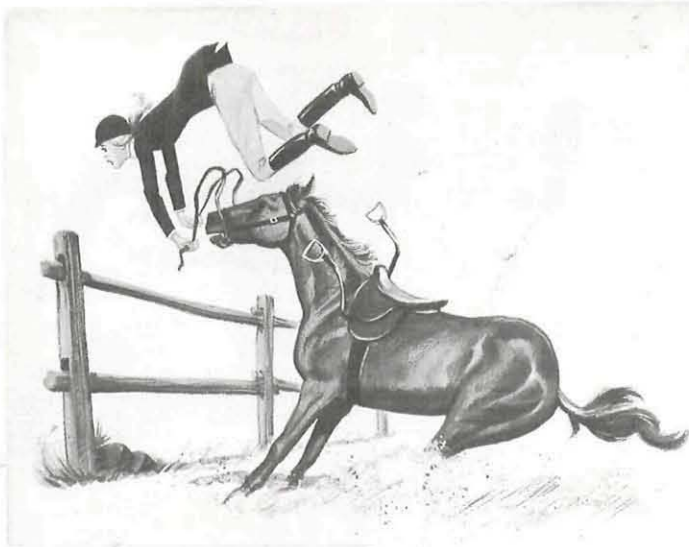
THE INVASION OF THE MONEY SNATCHERS!

HURRY, MADGE! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE CAR!

THEY'LL NEVER MAKE US BECOME ONE OF THEM!

Announcing a Limited Edition of Gen-Tiles, Hand-Painted Ceramic Tiles Depicting Classic Scenes of Non-Jewish Life

ONLY \$69.95 EACH



Howard
Nostrand

"The Riding Lesson"



Your brother drowns because he didn't wear his life jacket at sailing camp.



Spilling red wine on your white ball gown at the Cotillion.



Drunk husband falls asleep on your wedding night in Bermuda.

Here is a rare opportunity to collect a truly unique group of ceramic tiles surely destined to become priceless treasures in the years to come. Introducing Gen-Tiles, a collection of tile paintings created by the leading Gentile artists of America.

Each Gen-Tile is a beautiful hand-painted scene that is familiar and memorable to you and your family—scenes from childhood, school years, marriage, parenthood, and the golden years of retirement. These are memories that only you, as a pure Gentile, can appreciate and cherish.

Some Gen-Tiles will have special appeal to women, such as "Piano Teacher Exposing Himself to Young Female Student" or "Boyfriend Paralyzed from the Neck Down in Drunken-Driving Accident After Homecoming Party." Others will have a decidedly masculine flavor, such as "Your First Hangover" or "A Mild Coronary on the Country Club Tennis Courts." No matter what the subject, it is captured at its peak, its moment of truth, to become a timeless, classic, and soon to be highly valuable work of art.

The Gen-Tiles are rendered in rich yet subdued colors, creating a burnished look that will give your collection an image of old masters, rare works of art. And in the generations to come, your Gen-Tiles will attain an even richer, deeper patina of comfortable age and gentility—and, most important, a higher market value.

Available for a limited time only

You must order your set of Gen-Tiles before July 31, 1981. Only one set is available per person. Each set is numbered and carries the crest of the American Gentile Association. After the above date the Gen-Tile Collection will never be offered again. If you subscribe, you will receive one Gen-Tile a month for twelve months at the price of \$69.95 per tile. Each Gen-Tile arrives meticulously wrapped in a genuine cotton chamois carrying case and is ready to hang on your wall or be displayed in your china closet.

Please act now if you wish to obtain this rare, limited collection.

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Must be postmarked by July 31, 1981.

The American Gentile Association, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please enter my subscription for Gen-Tiles, the collection of hand-painted ceramic tiles depicting classic scenes of non-Jewish life. A Gen-Tile will be sent to me every month for twelve months, at the rate of \$69.95 per tile. I will also receive a genuine cotton chamois carrying case for each. I need send no money at this time. I will be billed \$69.95 for each monthly shipment.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

IT ALL STARTED ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 12, 1980. I WAS JUST ABOUT TO CLOSE MY DRUGSTORE WHEN MADGE JOHNSON, AN OLD FRIEND, CAME IN. MY NAME IS BILL BRADFORD, BUT EVERYONE CALLS ME DOC. MY FAMILY HAS BEEN LIVING IN WHITEVILLE FOR A LONG TIME. WHITEVILLE IS WHAT I CALL A NICE TOWN, WITH OUR KIND OF PEOPLE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.



YOU'VE GOT TO SEE MY BROTHER EARL, DOC. THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM. HE'S... HE'S NOT MY BROTHER ANYMORE.

NOW, MADGE... IF YOU'RE UPSET, I CAN PRESCRIBE A DRUG.



EARL LOOKS THE SAME, BUT HE'S NOT BEHAVING LIKE THE EARL I KNOW. I'M SCARED!

MADGE WAS RIGHT. EARL LOOKED THE SAME, BUT HE HAD CHANGED. AND SO DID HIS HARDWARE STORE. IT USED TO BE A CLUTTERED, FRIENDLY PLACE. NOW IT LOOKED WEIRD, SORT OF FOREIGN.

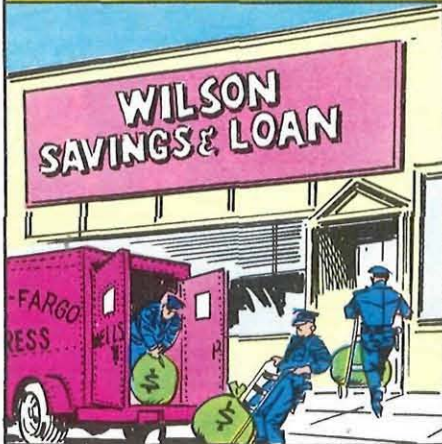
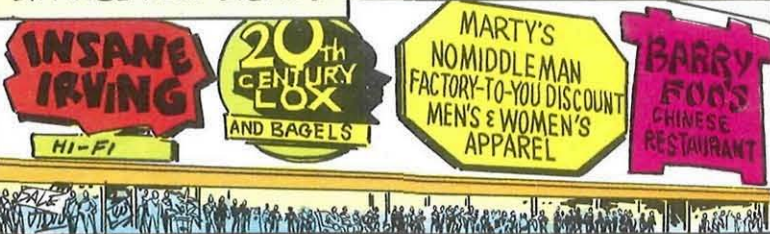
LIKE... THE... WAY... I... FIXED... UP... THE... STORE, DOC?... EVERY... SECTION... IS... A... HARDWARE... LIFE-STYLE... CONCEPT.

SEE WHAT I MEAN, DOC?



AS THE WEEKS WENT BY, I REALIZED THE WHOLE TOWN WAS CHANGING. LIKE ED WILSON, OUR LEADING BANKER. HE RAISED HIS INTEREST RATE TO 35 PERCENT AND YET HE WAS LENDING MILLIONS.

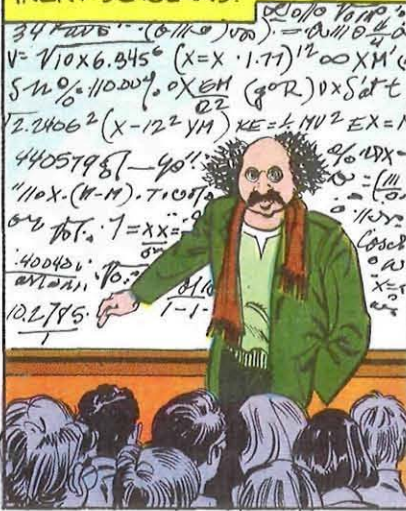
ED'S MONEY FOUND ITS WAY TO OUR BUSINESSMEN, AND PRETTY SOON WE HAD A NEW SHOPPING PLAZA - WITH STRANGE NEW STORES.



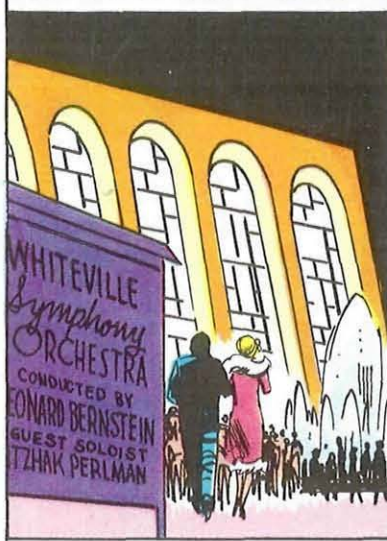
OUR TOWN HOSPITAL WAS SUDDENLY RENOVATED.



WHITEVILLE JUNIOR COMMUNITY COLLEGE WAS ENDOWED WITH NEW BUILDINGS AND PROMINENT SCHOLARS.



BEFORE I KNEW IT, WE HAD OUR OWN CULTURAL CENTER.



BUT IT WAS THE PEOPLE WHO REALLY FRIGHTENED ME. NICE PEOPLE I KNEW ALL MY LIFE WERE SUDDENLY GETTING PLUSHY AND LOUD AND USING STRANGE WORDS.

DOC. GIMME... SOMETHING... FOR... MY... HEARTBURN. IT'S... DRIVING... ME... MISHUGA.



THE GIRLS I GREW UP WITH... THEY SEEMED SO SPOILED AND BITCHY.



HE... DOESN'T... HAVE... ESTEE... LAUDER. HE... DOESN'T... HAVE... REVLON. HE... DOESN'T... EVEN... HAVE... MAYBELLINE. CLARENCE, I'VE... GOT... TO... GET... MY... NAILS... DONE.

STOP... NAGGING. HERE'S... ONE... THOUSAND... DOLLARS. GO... TO... THE... BEAUTY... PARLOR.

EVEN THE KIDS CHANGED. WHITEVILLE HIGH USED TO HAVE PRETTY FAIR ATHLETIC TEAMS. BUT NOW EVERYONE WANTED TO BE A WRITER OR PLAY THE VIOLIN.

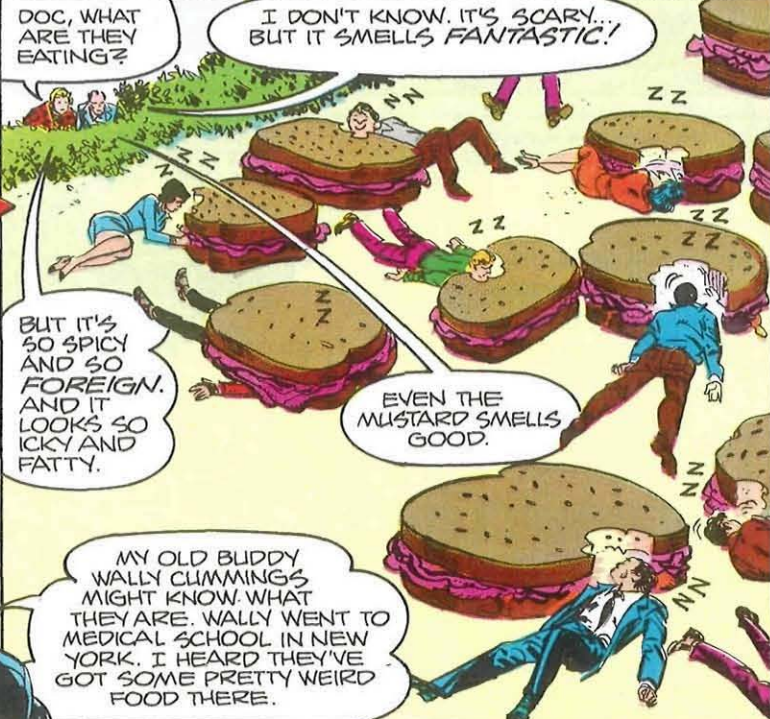


IT WAS MADGE JOHNSON, ONCE AGAIN, WHO FOUND THE ANSWER—ABOUT TWENTY MILES OUTSIDE OF TOWN.



DOC, WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SEE ISN'T PRETTY.

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THOSE THINGS THAT'S MAKING WHITEVILLE VERY STRANGE. IT'S AS IF WE'RE BECOMING...



DOC, WHAT ARE THEY EATING?

I DON'T KNOW. IT'S SCARY... BUT IT SMELLS FANTASTIC!

BUT IT'S SO SPICY AND SO FOREIGN. AND IT LOOKS SO ICKY AND FATTY.

EVEN THE MUSTARD SMELLS GOOD.

MY OLD BUDDY WALLY CLUMMINGS MIGHT KNOW WHAT THEY ARE. WALLY WENT TO MEDICAL SCHOOL IN NEW YORK. I HEARD THEY'VE GOT SOME PRETTY WEIRD FOOD THERE.



IT WAS SOME KIND OF REDDISH MEAT WITH LOTS OF FAT ON IT—ON RYE BREAD. IT NEARLY GOT TO ME, WALLY.

SOUNDS LIKE A PASTRAMI SANDWICH TO ME. IT'S A HIGHLY SPICED BEEF THAT NEW YORK JEWS LIKE TO EAT.



AMAZING. THOSE SANDWICHES EVEN HAD THE MOST TEMPTING MUSTARD I EVER SAW.

SURE. A...GOOD... PASTRAMI... SANDWICH... HAS... TO... HAVE... A... SHMEAR.

A WHAT?

I... MEANT... A... DAB. A... DAB... OF... MUSTARD.



DOC, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



THEY...KNOW...EVERYTHING. WE...MUST...CONVERT... THEM. GET...THE... SANDWICHES...READY.



I'VE GOT A GUN IN THE STORE. I THINK WE'LL NEED IT.



IT'S TOO LATE, DOC. IT'S TIME YOU AND MADGE BECAME ONE OF US!

I WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO BE... CONVERTED. IT TAKES A LITTLE TIME TO LEARN TO SPEAK FAST, LIKE THE JE...

HOW COME YOU SPEAK NORMALLY, INSTEAD OF SLOW?



I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! YOU'RE JEWS! YOU'RE NOT WHITEVILLE PEOPLE ANYMORE. YOU'RE MONEY-GRUBBING, GREEDY, KIKEY JEWS! NOW YOU'RE TURNING OUR TOWN INTO NEW YORK!



SOON WE WILL BE MORE... SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE. FIRST WE HAVE TO MAKE MONEY AND LIVE LIKE NOUVEAU RICHE. THEN WE ASSIMILATE AND BECOME JUST LIKE GENTILES—ONLY SMARTER.

WHAT THE HELL ARE THOSE BIG SANDWICHES?

THEY ARE ACTUALLY *JEW*S FROM ANOTHER PLANET! THEY MUST INHABIT OUR BODIES IN ORDER TO SURVIVE. LUCKILY, *JEW*S CAN ASSIMILATE INTO ANYONE—GENTILES, NEGROES, HISPANICS, EVEN *CHINESE*. SOON, EVERYONE IN AMERICA WILL BE *JEW*ISH!

OH MY GOD, IT'S A NIGHTMARE!



DON'T FORGET OUR *GOOD SIDE*—OUR SELF-SERVING BUT USEFUL PHILANTHROPY, OUR LIBERALISM, OUR SHOW-BUSINESS FLAIR.

CLARENCE ABERNATHY HERE IS BECOMING AN AGENT FOR *SHECKY GREENE AND JOAN RIVERS*!

YOU'LL LOVE BEING *JEW*ISH. YOU'LL JUST BE A LITTLE MORE *NEUROTIC*, THAT'S ALL.

OKAY. BUT CAN WE HAVE A MINUTE ALONE IN THE BACK OF THE SHOP? IT'S OUR LAST MOMENT AS GENTILES.



SURE, DOC.

I'D RATHER COMMIT SUICIDE THAN BECOME *JEW*ISH!

EASY, MADGE. WE'VE STILL GOT A FIGHTING CHANCE.

IT'S CALLED *METHEDRINE*. IN A MINUTE YOU AND I WILL HAVE THE STRENGTH OF A DOZEN ARABIAN STALLIONS.



LET'S GIVE THEM A TASTE OF *WHITE BREAD POWER*!

WITH EXTRA *LETTUCE* AND *MAYONNAISE*!



OH, DOC, WE MADE IT!

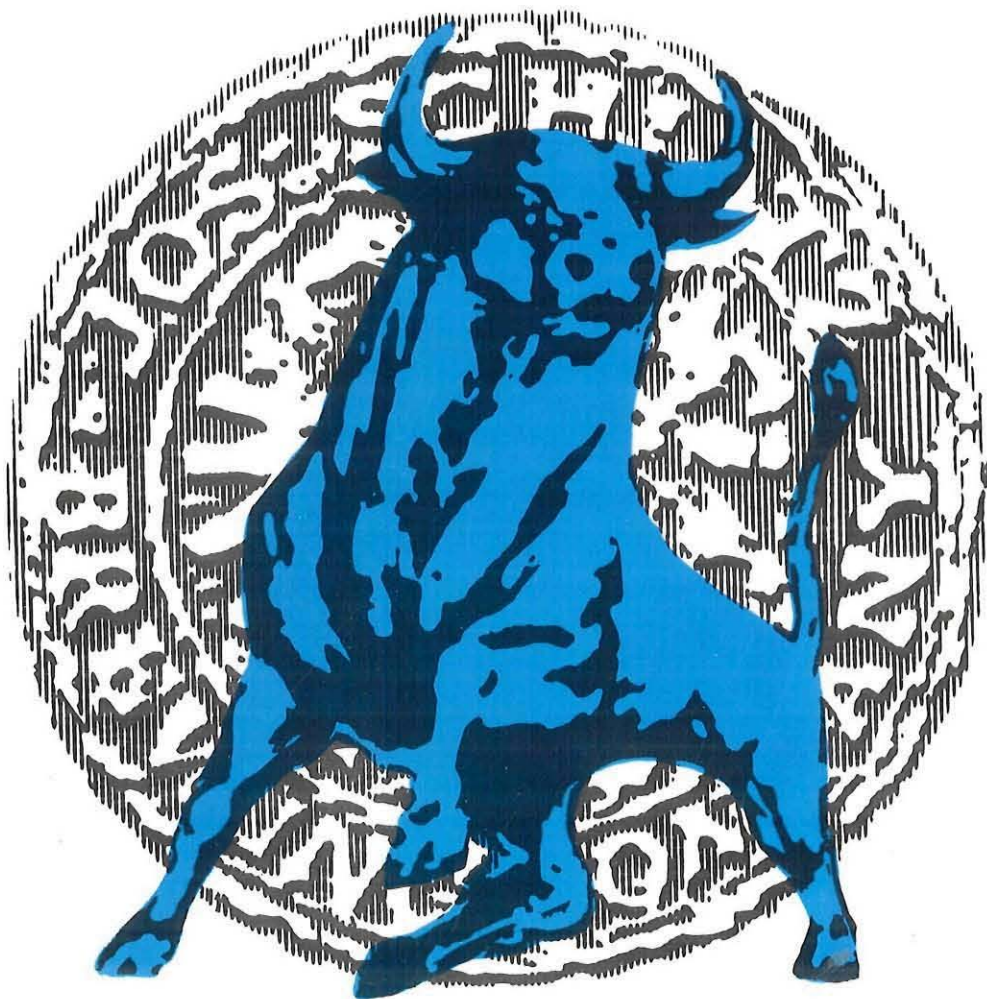
THEY'LL COME AFTER US. THOSE SANDWICHES ARE HARD TO RESIST.



EPILOGUE: SIX MONTHS LATER...

MADGE AND I STILL SURVIVE. WE LIVE UP IN THE HILLS BEHIND THE TOWN, WITH A FEW OTHERS WHO MANAGED TO ESCAPE. THE ONLY WAY WE CAN BEAT THEM IS TO TAKE DRUGS. PLEASE HELP US. SEND US THE DRUGS WE NEED SO THAT WE CAN DESTROY THEM, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE AND THEY TAKE OVER YOUR TOWN.





**The
Unforgetta“Bull”
1981
Calendar**

May June

July August



July

UnforgettaBul



August

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	

No one does it like the Bull.



Independence Day

Great Train Robbery

Liberty Bell Cracked 1835

Alfred Hitchcock's Birthday

First Man on the Moon 1969
Battle of Bull Run 1861
Ice Cream Conceived 1904

Orville Wright's Birthday

Casey Jones Train Wreck 1900



May

Unforgettable "Bull"



June

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
24/31	25	26	27	28	29	30							

No one does it like the Bull.



7
Bill-Roe
Pacifiers
Pacific
1913

12
Ayer
Doubleday
Invernis
Baseball
1839

10
Mothers
Day

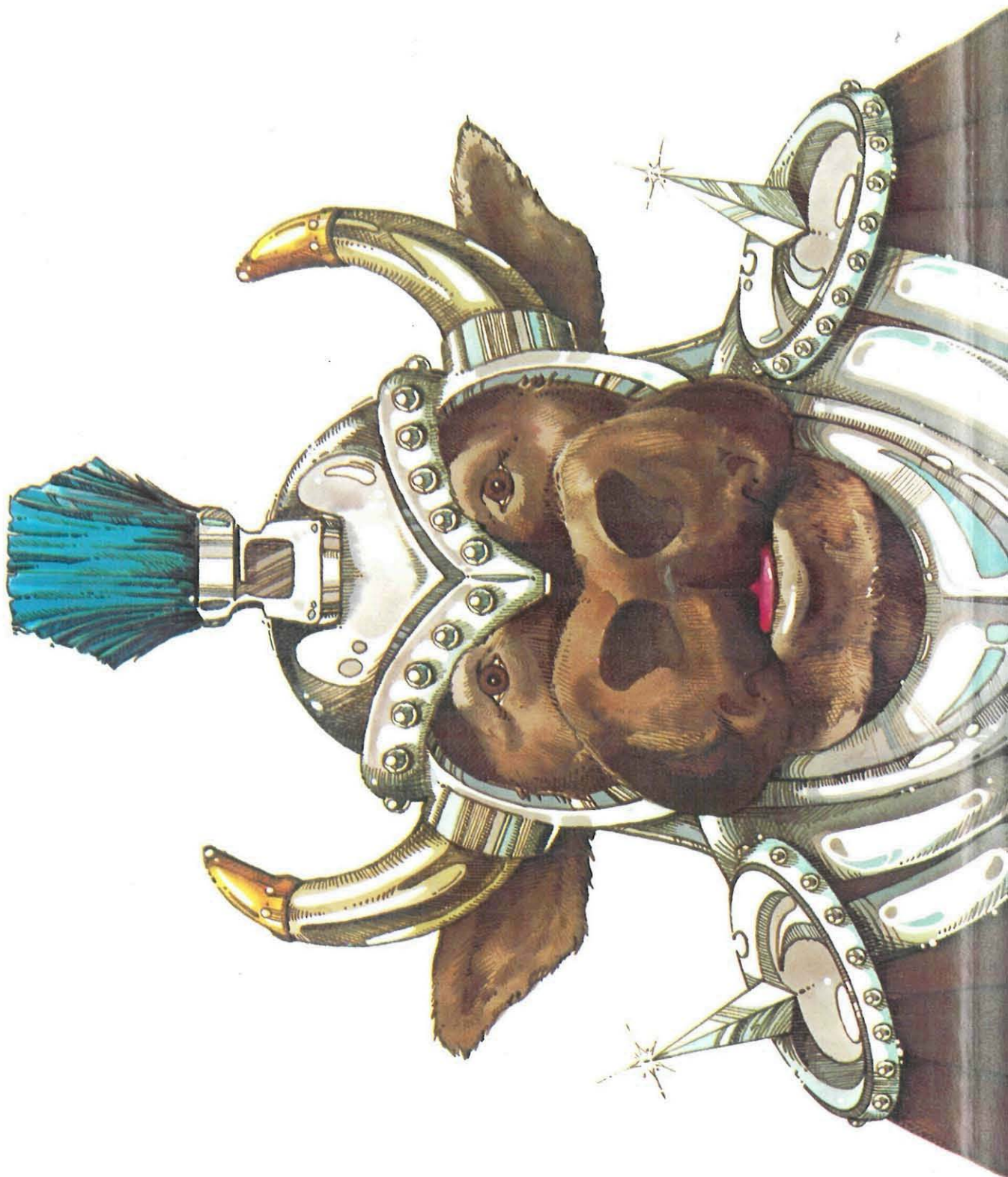
16
Armed
Forces
Day

14
Flag Day

21
Fathers
Day

25
Memorial
Day

SCHLITZ®
MALT
LIQUOR

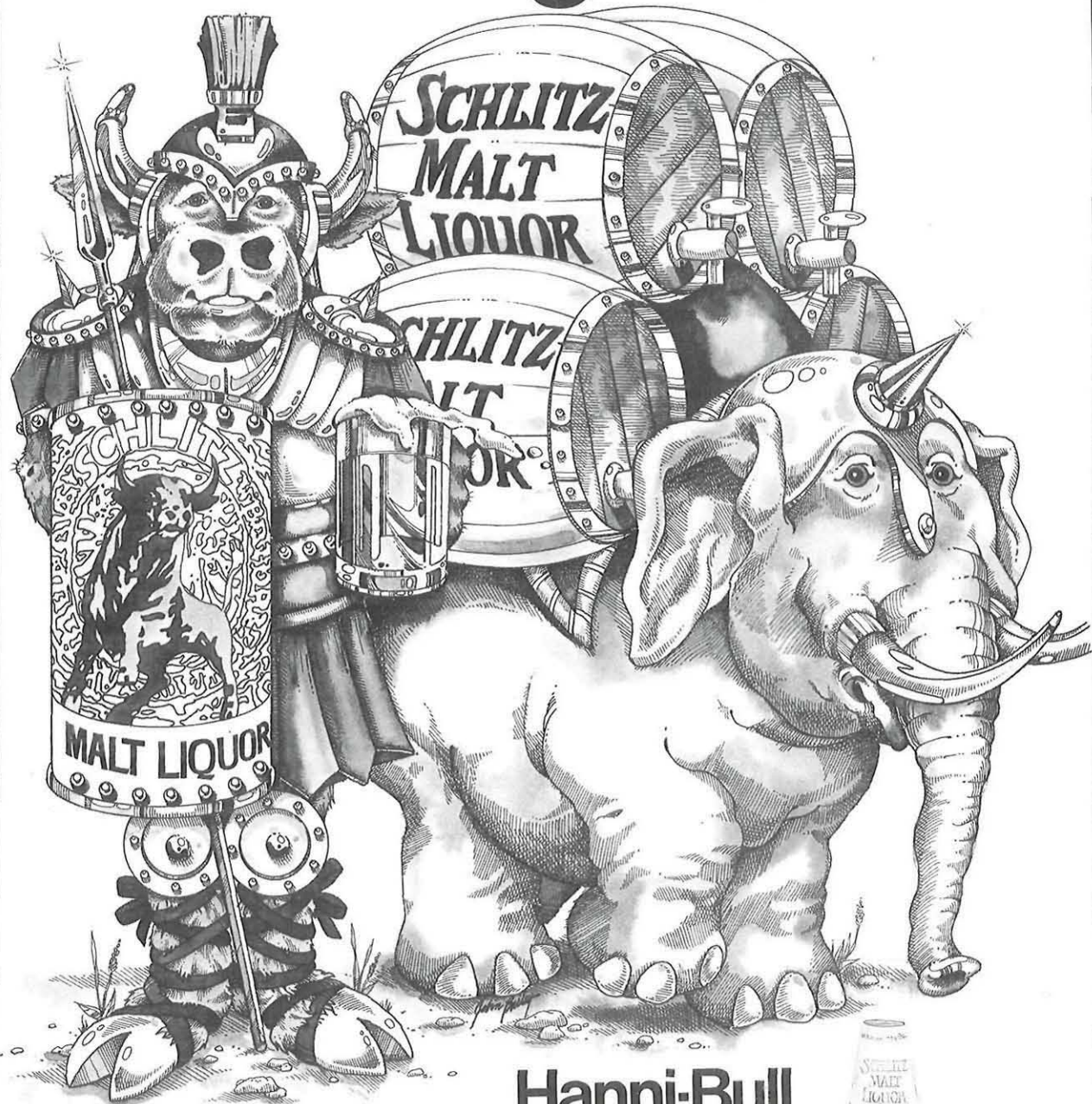




Hammie Buck



The continuing saga of
The UnforgettãBulls™



Hanni-Bull

Hanni-Bull took the Bull by the horns and led an army of elephants across the Alps. But once he got there he took his Bull by the keg. Because anyone who's ever tried to lead an army of elephants anywhere knows Hanni-Bull worked up a historic thirst. The kind it took a bunch of Bull to conquer.

No one does it like the Bull.





No one does it like the Bull.

Douglas Waterman Caps a Big Year with CBS Honchos and His Mom

Last week's big bash at New York's Waldorf-Astoria celebrated Douglas Waterman's first anniversary as anchorman of the CBS Nightly News, and the naked broadcaster wore a huge grin for the glittering crowd that showed up to cheer him. News executives, show-biz people, and high-powered politicians came out to whoop it up for Waterman. Even the normally dour Steve Garble, president of CBS News, playfully tossed canapés to friends across the dance floor, and later in the evening he gave Waterman a bear hug, spilling his drink down Waterman's back in the process. "No problem, Steve," an unruffled Waterman responded, "you can't

stain a birthday suit!"

Waterman and Garble have good reason to be happy. It's no secret that network chairman Arnold Parsely is so pleased with news ratings that he's thinking of putting Garble in charge of the network's lackluster entertainment lineup. "All Garble would have to do," suggested one wag at the anniversary blast, "is move Waterman and the news into prime time!" Even Garble admitted to the assembled luminaries:

"What we have here is simply the most popular news show in the history of television, and it's all because of Doug Waterman!"

As the crowd cheered, the naked anchorman blushed from

head to toe.

But Waterman has his detractors too. Notably absent from the celebration, for example, was Roger Smuth, who for years was the number-two newsman at the network and who was in line for the job Waterman now holds. Correspondent Rath Daniels bolted CBS too, as did the Kasba brothers, Irwin and Bernie. None of them came to Waterman's party, but of course they weren't invited.

Cronin Walters was invited, but he didn't show up either. For the record, Walters was "too ill to attend," but sources close to the redoubtable newsman, who stood astride the American scene for more than two decades, said he simply wouldn't be seen with "that meatball," as Waterman is sometimes called in the halls of CBS. It was Cronin Walters's retirement last year that made room at

▼ Douglas Waterman hugs his naked mom on his big night in New York. CBS News president Steve Garble (*far left*) earned high marks from CBS chairman Arnold Parsely (*second from left*), who recently told network insiders that Garble has just the "smarmy streak we're looking for." Because of Waterman's high ratings, Garble could be on his way to replacing the aging Parsely as head of the communications empire.



RONALD G. HARRIS



RONALD G. HARRIS

◀ An eligible bachelor, Waterman keeps company with some of America's loveliest women. Here he dances with pollution heiress Lily Gomez, an occasional date and "good friend." Says his mother of Waterman's girl friends: "They're all very nice, but I don't believe in mixed marriage, and none of them are naked."

for you.' It just seemed so impossible and so sad."

But in the late sixties, times were changing for the naked. They were gaining social acceptance, and since Douglas Waterman was clearly one of Lancaster's leading naked citizens, he was a logical candidate when the CBS affiliate there began looking for a naked television reporter. WDG0 approached the naked journalist in 1968, unaware of his lifelong desire to be in television. They were surprised when he took the job right away.

WDGO station manager Ollie Wendt attended the Waldorf-Astoria party for Waterman, and he recalled Waterman's early days on local TV.

"It was like hiring our first Negro," said Wendt. "Nobody was quite sure how to act with him. It was awkward. Without really meaning to, I guess, we kind of took advantage of him."

Waterman was given the City Hall beat, and he took to his work right away, digging into city politics with enthusiasm and doggedness. The station manager was glad to see the news ratings go up when Waterman came aboard, but that caused trouble at the local station.

"Well, I figured that if a little bit of Waterman was good for ratings, then more Waterman would be even better," said Wendt. "Besides, we needed a weatherman."

Mrs. Waterman remembered the day Douglas came home with the news.

"Ma, he told me, they want me to be their weatherman. And I said, Douglas, don't you do it. You're a writer, a reporter. You wrote editorials, and they want you to do the weather? Don't let them take advantage of you! They just want more of your tush on the tube! But all Douglas could think of was being an anchorman, and he told me, don't worry, at least it will get me into the studio."

the top for Waterman.

But there were plenty of boosters on hand to toast Waterman, among them Eva Waterman, his mother, who came from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for the big night.

"Douglas was always a good boy," said Mrs. Waterman, recalling his youth. "He always knew what he wanted and that was to be an anchorman. I used to feel so bad for him. I used to tell him, 'Douglas, you can't be an anchorman. You can't go on television. They won't let you.' But he never stopped believing. He just told me not to worry, that he was gonna make it.

"Look at this!" she said, looking around the crowded Waldorf ballroom. "All these people are here because of my little Douglas. I just wish Joe could have lived to see it."

Joe Waterman, Douglas's father, died thirteen years ago in an accident all too familiar to the naked. "He went out without his keys and accidentally locked the door behind him one day in January," Mrs. Waterman explained.

Joe did live long enough to see his son become a newspaper reporter for the Lancaster *Gazette* in their hometown. Both he and Eva were very proud of their boy.

"Some naked people don't even graduate from high school," said Mrs. Waterman, "but our Douglas went through college, served his country, and got a good job on a newspaper."

Waterman went from naked reporter to naked editor at the *Gazette* and joined the paper's editorial board in only five years. It was an impressive rise by any standard, but young Waterman's dream was still to become an anchorman.

"I remember Douglas at Joe's funeral," Mrs. Waterman said. "Joe was blue all over, you know. The undertaker did his best, but Joe was still a light shade of blue. It's a frightening sight for naked people, who know it could happen to them. But Douglas wasn't afraid. He walked up to his father's casket, looked down at the blue body, and said, 'I'm gonna do it for you, Dad. I'm gonna be an anchorman

Douglas Waterman became WDGO's naked weatherman in 1970, and that year the ratings for WDGO's evening news show swamped everything else on Lancaster television. The original broadcasts featured a lightly vamping Douglas Waterman in front of the weather map and were the only regular news programs ever to go into reruns.

"I'll admit it," said Wendt. "We used the guy. What can I say? We

shouldn't have done that, but it was like the other minorities. If you can't figure out what else to do, you make money off them. But Doug isn't mad anymore. He invited me here, didn't he? And it sure didn't turn out bad for him. I mean, look at the guy." Wendt gestured toward Waterman swirling a young socialite around the floor. "Isn't that the queen of Brazil he's dancing with?"

As it turned out, the embarrass-

ing WDGO weather cloud had a silver lining for Waterman. All the commotion down in Lancaster caught the attention of network hotshot Steve Garble, who summoned Waterman to New York and gave him a job as a correspondent with the CBS network.

"He came home and danced a jig," Mrs. Waterman recalled, "then he packed his toiletries in a gym bag and moved to New York. This time we knew things were

Growing Up Naked

▼ A stint as weatherman for a Lancaster, Pennsylvania, station brought Douglas Waterman to the attention of CBS network bigwigs. Although Waterman regrets the brief episode, tapes of his weatherman broadcasts have become hot items on the lucrative home-videotape market.



FREDERIC LEWIS

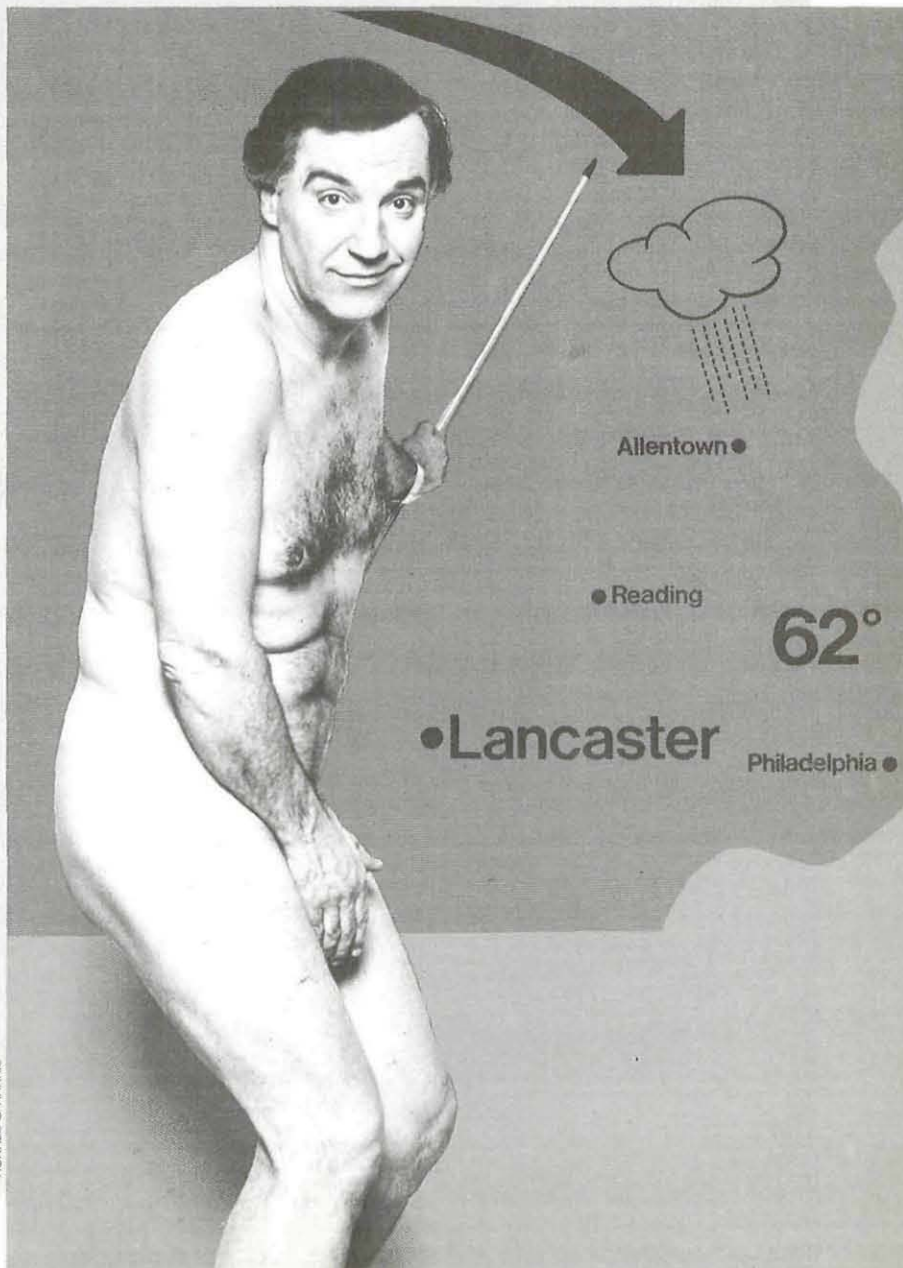
▲ Douglas Waterman was a happy baby, his mother recalls. He knew from the beginning that he wanted to be an anchorman, even though anchormen had just been invented. "Raising naked children is harder than you think," says Mrs. Waterman. "They don't wear diapers, you know."

FREDERIC LEWIS



RONALD G. HARRIS

▲ Waterman (diving into swimming hole) enjoyed a happy childhood among the naked people of southern Pennsylvania.



► **The most familiar face on American television is also beamed via satellite to more than thirty-five foreign countries, to appear over subtitles. Some local broadcasters dub the news into their native language. Waterman's irreverent sign-off—"Well, that's that"—has been translated into idioms as unlikely as "That's all I can take," in France, and "To hell with all of you," in Gabon.**

really going his way."

From the time Waterman joined the network seven years ago news ratings rose, and in poll after poll CBS executives saw that Waterman attracted more viewers than the senior correspondents who were in line for Cronin Walters's job. So last year, when television's best-known anchorman finally retired, Waterman won the most coveted spot in TV newsdom.

The naked anchorman's reception was rocky, to say the least. Smuth resigned, followed by Daniels and the Kasba brothers. Two camerawomen and a half dozen female employees in the CBS cafeteria quit too, and critics assailed the naked anchorman in

▼ **More than any other news personality, Douglas Waterman is hounded by fans and autograph seekers. These people breached CBS security to hunt him down in the halls. Like him or not, Waterman is hard to ignore.**



FREDERIC LEWIS/RONALD G. HARRIS

near total unison. Wrote commentator Ivan Leonardo in the *New York Times*: "International instability, domestic insolvency, even the almighty Super Bowl,

become sideshows on an evening news show presented by the naked anchorman. Douglas Waterman could represent the ultimate unraveling of America's fragile psyche."

"They don't bother me," said Waterman of his critics during an impromptu session with reporters at the Waldorf. "I'm confident that I bring more to the news than any other anchorperson in the business."

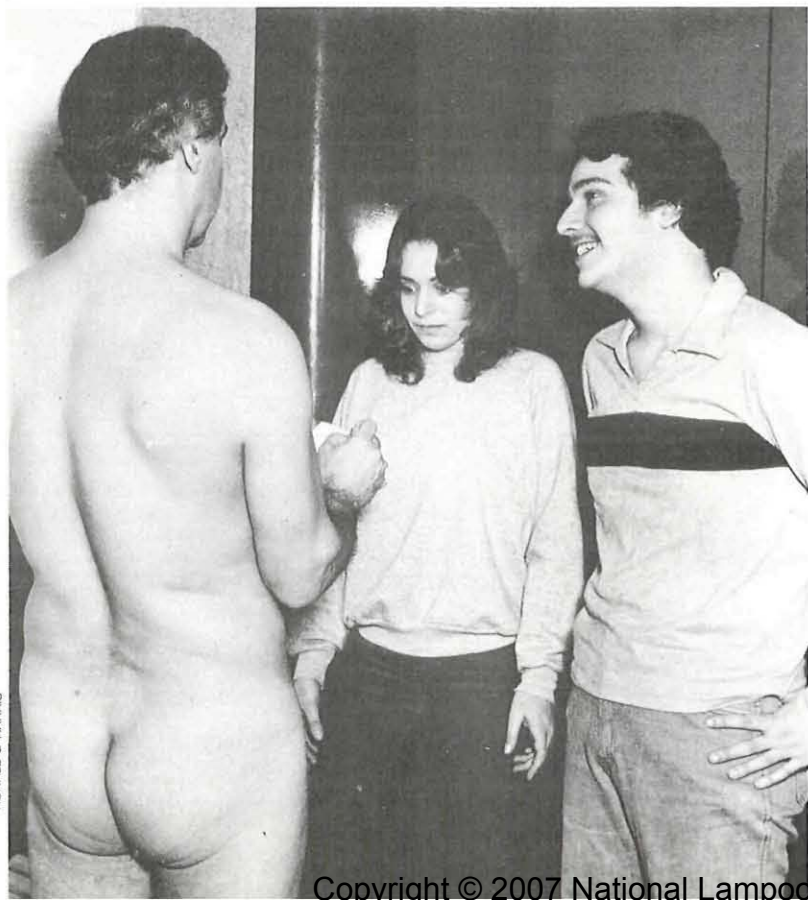
Indeed, some critics have muted their scorn since Waterman began a series of interview specials this year. Something about the naked broadcaster evokes responses from the iciest subjects, and his interviews always generate candor, and occasionally scandal.

Former senator Jesse Portside, who lost a reelection bid because of a lewd joke he told Waterman on camera, observed: "It's hard to keep your guard up with a naked interviewer."

So while things have settled down for Douglas Waterman, his star is still very much on the rise. But one reporter at the party asked Waterman if there were any drawbacks to being the world's most famous naked anchorman. Waterman thought about that one for a moment.

"Yes," he finally replied, "I'm sorry I never had pockets."

-JOHN BENDEL

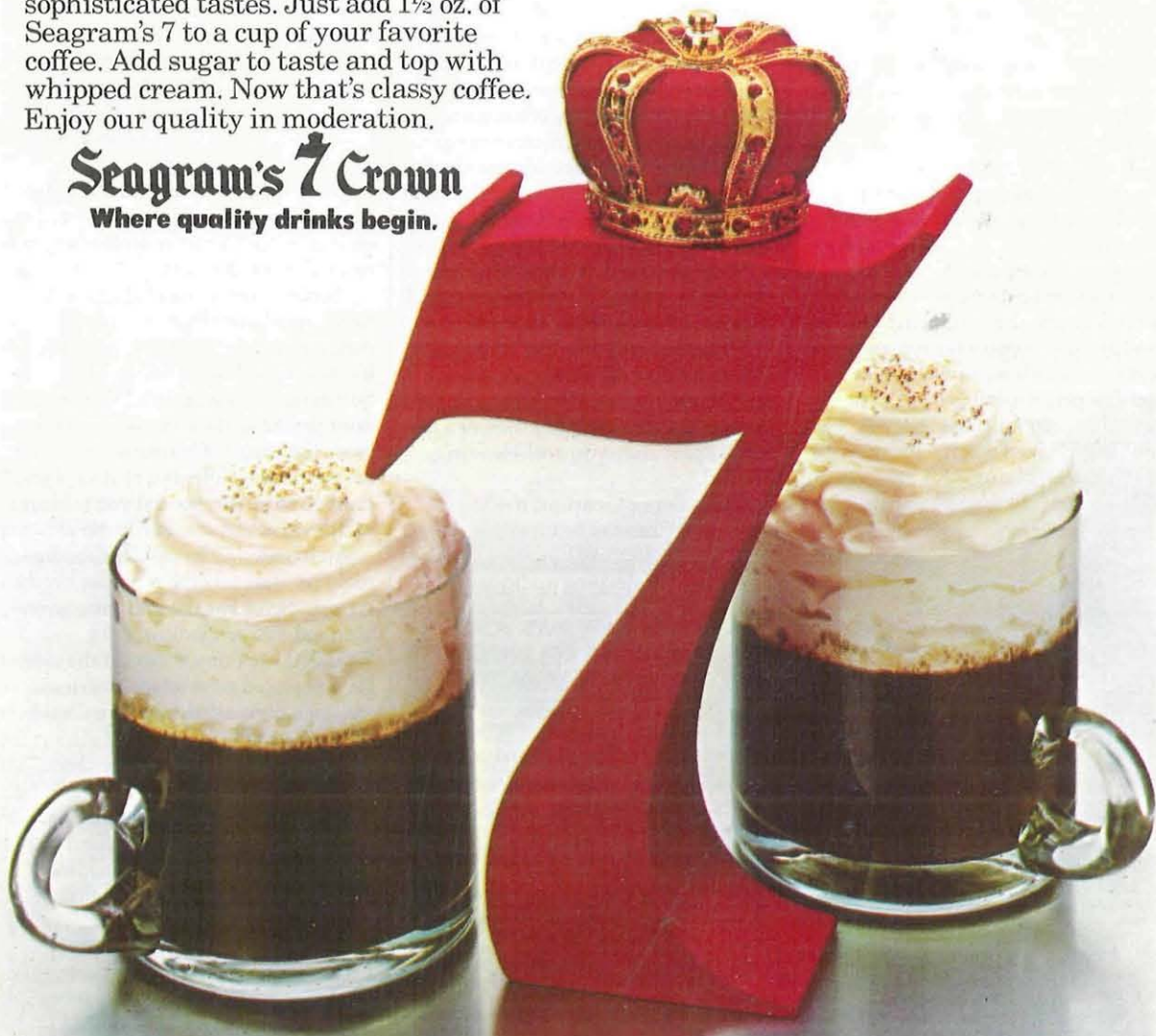


RONALD G. HARRIS

Café 7 classy coffee

Café 7 will impress the most sophisticated tastes. Just add 1½ oz. of Seagram's 7 to a cup of your favorite coffee. Add sugar to taste and top with whipped cream. Now that's classy coffee. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.

SPORTING WAGER

continued from page 38

made good his escape. Once again his years as middle manager had stood him in good stead.

The next day the Commander watched his luggage on the screen of a fluoroscope. He saw the misty rectangles of his shirts and the triangular cloud of a handkerchief stack.

"Thank God," thought the Commander, "that with all our modern science, which may put a man on the moon, we still can't detect a kangaroo in the luggage."

The Commander was bound for Spain. He stared out his jet's window, trying to probe the two shadowed hollows from which the craft's thrust emerged. The engines slung beneath the wings caused the Commander to muse.

"How like armpits they are."

Once he was aloft the Commander's reverie was shattered by the sudden impression that someone's socks were on fire.

"It is good to go back to Spain," breathed the passenger beside him, and the man's breath licked over the Commander's face like flames up the side of a toolshed. The Commander fought to hold on to consciousness. His fellow traveler continued. "At last I and all other poets may return to the land from which we were forced to flee! The persecution is over!" The man wore an imposing black hat. The front brim sloped down, cloaking his face in shadow, but for his eyes, which glittered with the intense imbalance of a jack-o'-lantern.

"We are poets, my friend! Exiled from our beloved native land during

the regency of Alphonso the Twelfth in 1892, we poets have waited several generations to return. A Bourbon is upon the throne of Spain, and all we poets have our plane fare as well! Soon we shall look upon the memories our poet forebears left behind them! Let us drink; our couplets runneth over!"

Mastered by the joy of the occasion, the Commander swallowed spray after spray of wine from the passed goat's bladder. The maroon booze arched into his mouth and struck his tongue like the tasteless tip of a sickle. He fell asleep like a butterfly in a killing box.

"So you are from Uruguay!" The Spanish official slammed both hands viciously down on the desk before him, his legs lifting briefly off the ground and kicking behind him like a swimmer's.

Commander Goatlips stirred in the chair. Seeing the Spaniard, he involuntarily leaned forward to change the channel. The dingy office came slowly into focus and memories updated, flashed, and died like quick strobes.

"Suppose you will tell me your business in Spain!"

"I am passing through. I am going to Athens. I am a Uruguayan citizen. I demand to speak to my embassy."

"Your embassy does not have a phone, senor. Nor furniture, nor a proper roof, nor a brass plaque by the door. It is a label on the inside of a fat man's sport coat, you see? He is in Madrid.

"Now, Senor Goatlips, if—"

"That's Commander Goatlips, senor!"

"Commander Goatlips, while you have been off sleeping on liquor, I

have examined your luggage. I have discovered several unusual contrabands. The first not serious, a pomade for the hair, which is illegal to import, to protect Spanish industry. The second, very serious, a specimen of the fir tree empotted."

"I am traveling to Athens tomorrow."

"Senor Commander, do you think we in Spain have not a clue what is 'going down'? Fifty years ago there was a rabbit taken to Australia. Now hopping vermin make life impossible. We ourselves allowed Columbus back into Spain after his trip to America and he brought back a burning discharge that is uneradicated in our modern penis.

"So you see we have our laws here. Laws that must be obeyed! Laws that prohibit the entry of strange trees such as yours!"

"But, senor," spluttered the Commander, "this is a Douglas fir tree. It could not possibly grow in Spain. It is native to the British Columbia rain forest."

The official held up his hand for silence. "These arguments are wasted on me, Senor Commander. I must be bribed." A brief pause.

"Senor, Spain is like Uruguay. We have two sets of laws. One for the rich, another for the poor. Now, the law for the rich says, Section 194, Subsection H, Paragraph IV, that you must pay \$250 for every fir tree you bring into Spain. Of course, the law for the poor is different; that says you must go to jail for several years. Time off for sexual favors, of course..."

An irritated Commander Goatlips took his seat early the next day on the Athens flight. For the first time he envisioned his certified check for \$200,000 with tiny wings on the side. He was seated next to an American.

"I'm a born-again Christian," said the man equably.

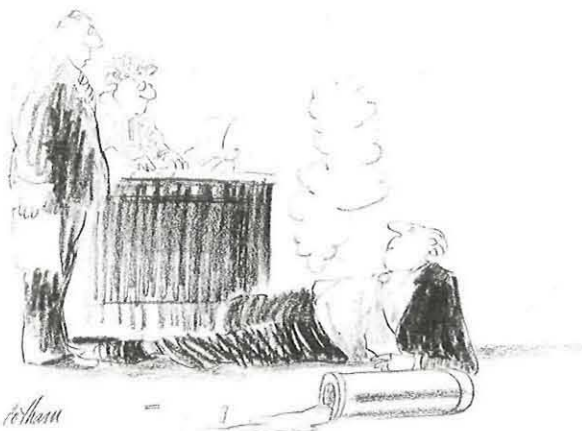
"How'd you like to try for three," snarled the Commander.

Midway through the flight, Goatlips visited the men's room. There he nursed the kangaroo. The suckling had grown two inches overnight.

The Athens customs officer's eyes roved over the declaration form. Kangaroo, tree, pill, and passport, all seemed in order. He poised, rubber stamp hovering over a document.

"Are you by any chance carrying videotapes, phonograph recordings, rude T-shirts, or bumper stickers of a

continued on page 62



"Thank you, Mr. Baxter, I believe you have touched base with us quite enough!"

JUST ONE OF THOSE DAYS

BY
P.J. O'ROURKE

The alarm went off about half an hour late, and I pulled out the old Smith & Wesson 9mm automatic I keep under my pillow and squeezed off a couple of rounds at the fucker. I didn't even have my eyes open yet, but I still managed to nick the snooze button. *Kee-rist*, I hate to get up in the morning, but I swear they're going to kill me if I'm late to work again. They killed a couple of other executives just last week—hailed them into the freight elevator and shot them in the head. But I would have gone back to sleep anyway, really, if it hadn't been for this old bitch in the apartment next door. She was putting her car out—for keeps. She must have taken six shots at the thing and the sucker just wouldn't die. It was howling bloody murder. I threw a couple of slugs through the wall in her general direction and then hit the deck and belly-crawled to the kitchen while she returned fire. Using the dishwasher for cover, I made myself a cup of coffee and then I slipped out onto the fire escape and popped a white phosphorus grenade through the old cunt's window so that I could shower and shave standing up.

Then I couldn't find any clean shirts. And when I did find one it took me twenty minutes to disarm the plastic charge the fucking Chinaman had pressed behind the shirt cardboard. I finally had to set it off in the sink. It was a brand-new shirt, too.

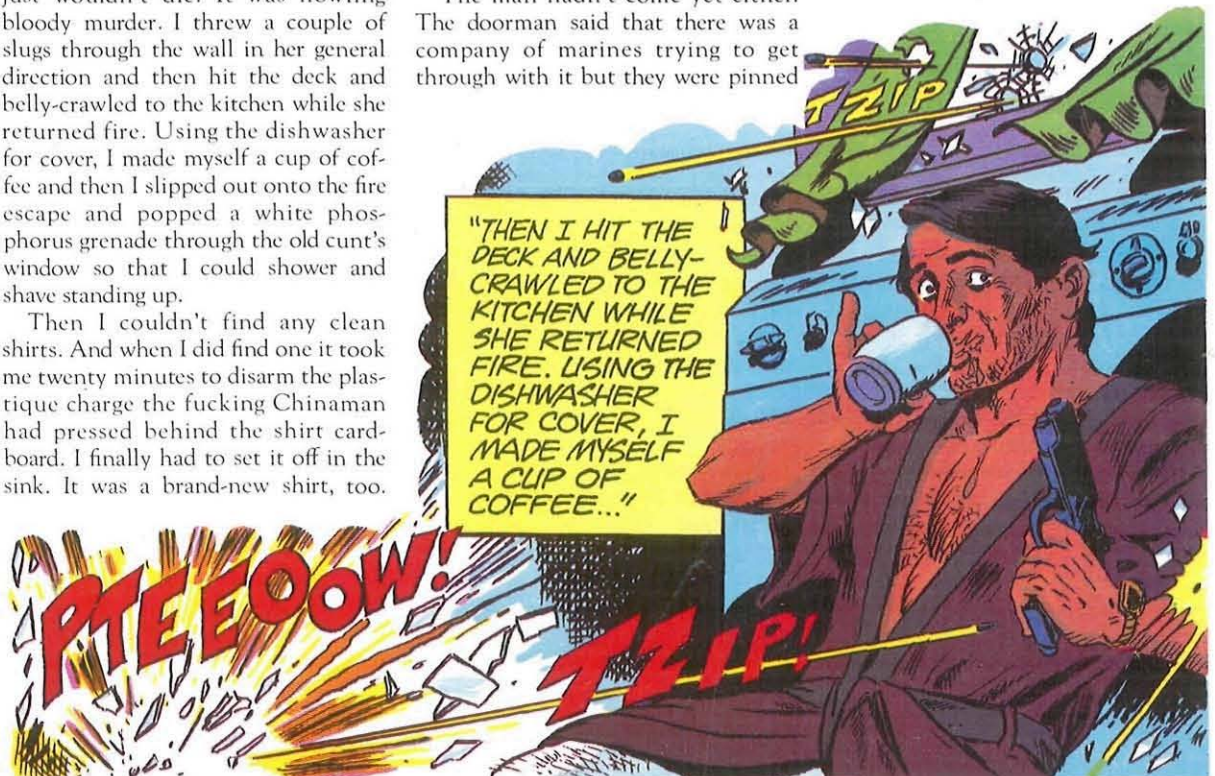
And the explosion about wrecked the kitchen. The apartment was a mess anyway. Good thing the cleaning lady was coming, and double good thing I had the cleaning lady's kid tied up and booby-trapped in the hall closet or she'd never do windows.

So I was all dressed and ready to go to work, but my date was still asleep, lying on her back with her mouth open, snoring. Even with all the sirens and the fire trucks and the commotion next door, she hadn't stirred. I don't know, somehow this really pissed me off, so I picked her up and threw her through the window. My place is only on the third floor, so she probably lived. I'll call her next week and apologize.

The mail hadn't come yet either. The doorman said that there was a company of marines trying to get through with it but they were pinned

down in Murray Hill somewhere. The doorman was as surly as usual and would have slit my throat if I hadn't judo-flipped him and kicked him in the solar plexus first.

I was going to drive to work, but then I remembered that the parking garage up by the office was still under siege. A dozen spook parking attendants were in there holding about thirty schoolkids from the suburbs. The kids had come into town for the circus. I don't know why they bothered. Some Puerto Rican meat hunters had gotten all the elephants already. Anyway, I couldn't get in to park, even though I've got a monthly slot. Besides, day before yesterday the spooks put some of the schoolkids in this one Cadillac,



set it on fire, and drove it off the garage roof. I guess about ten pedestrians were killed when it landed.

Now, I had my favorite little personal defense unit out of my briefcase and ready as soon as I hit the street. This is a Walther MPK 9mm sub-machine gun I had special-ordered with selective fire. It doesn't pack quite the punch that an Uzi does, but it's the most compact automatic fire weapon made in the world, at least in 9mm. I'm a real bug on 9mm ammo. It's kind of my hobby. But by this time the morning rush hour was in

of a starlight scope. So there I was with brains all over me and then I had to beat the shit out of the blind guy at the newsstand before he'd give me a paper.

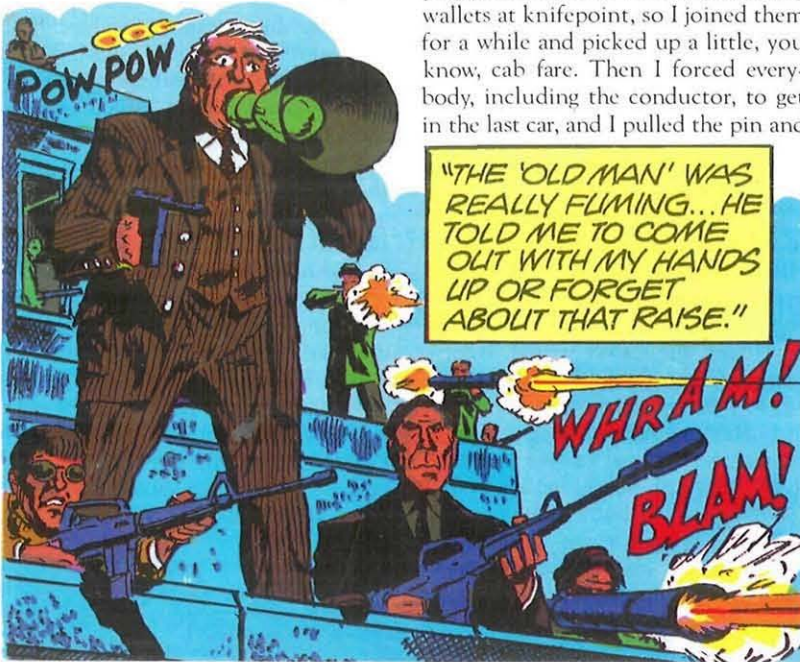
I shot my way past a couple of transit cops at the token booth, jumped the turnstile, and got a train to stop by pushing some lady out on the tracks. It's surprising, even a 100-pound woman can derail those babies when they're going at full throttle; so they generally try to stop if they can. On the train a pack of asshole teenagers was terrorizing everybody, ripping gold chains off women and taking wallets at knife-point, so I joined them for a while and picked up a little, you know, cab fare. Then I forced everybody, including the conductor, to get in the last car, and I pulled the pin and

form, but they brought a big section of the tunnel roof down on those guys from the IND, too.

Well, by the time I blasted my way through the reception area and raped my secretary and piled up the desk and some chairs to barricade myself in my office, the "Old Man" was really fuming. He was over on the roof of the building across the street with about twenty guys from accounting, and they all had M-16s and tear-gas-grenade launchers. He was giving me a real talking-to over the bullhorn, telling me to come out with my hands up or forget about that raise. I got my gas mask on and pulled the Browning automatic rifle out from behind the file cabinet and gave him a little argument. But I couldn't keep that up for long. I had to take some calls and dictate a bunch of letters, and it was a real pain in the ass giving dictation to a secretary who was coughing and gagging from the CS gas, especially when she was still holding her crotch in this hurt-looking way.

Then I had the Peterson contract to straighten out. They manufacture designer jeans, and what a bunch of hard-nosed sons of bitches they are. Their CEO had been on the horn to me all week threatening to nuke our Tarrytown office if he didn't see some action soon. Here was a client who was definitely hanging by a thread. And I knew if that Peterson thing fell through, my ass would be in deep shit.

I didn't have time to go out for lunch, so I just had a deli owner and his family killed and some sandwiches sent up. I was working like a bear and by three o'clock I was pretty sure I had all my ducks in a row, and then wouldn't you know it—fifteen megatons right in the parking lot of our suburban branch office. You probably



full swing and I couldn't even get a cab in my peep sights, so I had to take the subway. I hate taking the subway—all those kids that spray graffiti all over the place. The cops ought to tie them up and cut their balls off—which is exactly what the cops are doing, except they don't catch enough of them for my money. Plus it was a regular shitty morning outside, raining and cold, and bombs were dropping in the next block. I bet twenty snipers took a shot at me between my building and the subway station. I don't know why those people are allowed out on the streets—they can't hit a goddamn thing. Although one did get a bag lady right by the newsstand and I got brains all over my raincoat, which I had just gotten back from the cleaners. And that wasn't easy either. In fact, it took a midnight raid on the manager's house in Rego Park, where I picked off all four of his guard dogs with the help

left them back in the tunnel. Sometimes that's the only way you can get a seat. Almost got my butt kicked for that, though—who would have thought one of those kids would be carrying a wire-guided antitank missile? Good thing it bounced off a signal light and ricocheted right back at the kid with the launcher or I would have been hurting. I mean it.

I was late for work for sure by now. The subway was running way behind schedule and I had to help the engineer for a while when we ran across an armored train. It must have been from over on the IND line. Anyway, it was shooting up the Thirty-fourth Street station. Fortunately, I'd planted some radio-detonated Claymore mines under the litter baskets in that station just a week back. And I had the transmitter in my briefcase. It's great—it doubles as a digital travel clock. The mines killed all the people on the plat-



read about it in the papers. It broke half the windows in Manhattan, and I'll bet it takes weeks to decontaminate all the radioactive fallout shit all over the place. And that wasn't the worst of it by any means. Right after Tarrytown goes up in a mushroom cloud and the Peterson account goes with it, the boss finally breaks through my office wall with a Bangalore torpedo and tells me he's promoted young Donovan over my head to group vice-president. That means I'll have to go all the way out to Donovan's house in Darjen and poison his kids. Well, that did it. I decided to toss a Molotov cocktail into the mail room and knock off early.

A couple of the guys and I took our secretaries down to Clarke's for a few drinks, raped the girls again, and then gut-shot one of the waiters and bet on how long it would take him to die. I guess I had a few more than I meant to, because I was really bushed. So I thought I'd just have a burger in the back room. I wanted to carve it right out of the cow myself, but the fucker wouldn't hold still. Finally I had to hit it with a tranq gun. Then the guys and I tried to attach some gelignite to the cow's ass and make chopped steak that way. But the gelignite gave the whole thing a really rotten taste. After that, I



just said fuck dinner and had a couple more drinks and decided to go back to my place and spend a peaceful night at home for a change.

It was still raining outside and I had to call in an air strike to get a taxi. One of the A-1E Skyraiders finally spotted a Checker on Park Avenue and strafed the hack until he chased it over to me. I held the MPK on the driver all the way back to my place and shot up his gas tank for a tip. Then the doorman tried to kill me again, and I had to toss a fragmentation grenade at this lady in the lobby to keep her dog from jumping on me. So I ended up outside waiting around

in the rain while one of the building porters cleaned her guts off the elevator door, and then what the fuck do you think I saw? A goddamned parking ticket on my car! Jesus, I was pissed. I mean, I'm sure it was one of those Jewish holidays when the alternate-side-of-the-street parking regulations are supposed to be suspended. I mean, I'm pretty sure all the Jews aren't killed yet. I would have complained to a cop if he hadn't shot first. And then when I finally did get inside, fucking Carson was on vacation again and that asshole Letterman was hosting the "Tonight" show. Man, it was just one of those days. □



SPORTING WAGER

continued from page 58

disruptive nature?"

"No."

The stamp hovered.

"Magazines? Have you magazines considered thought provoking?"

"I have *Knave* and some others.

Nothing revolutionary."

"I shall be the judge of that. Please, the works requested."

The Greek officer flipped lethargically through the men's magazines.

"You do not perhaps have the *Nation*, *New Statesman*? *American Spectator*? *No Ramparts*? *Kenyon Review*? Nothing?" He sighed with disappointment. "These are not controversial." He closed the Commander's last magazine sorrowfully and gestured toward the door.

"Athens Hilton," said Commander Goatlips to the cab driver.

"You speak English?"

"Yes."

"Good. You no-fuckin' idiot, right?"

"Sure."

"I speak English. I drive cab ten years New York City. You fuckin' bet your cunt, ass breath."

"Yes. I have a headache..."

"Say, you got a copy of *Ramparts*? *National Review*? I take you for free, what the fuck, you asshole, right!?"

"No, I don't, sorry. How far is it?"

"In New York I read *Village Voice* every fuckin' day. News dealer, he says to me I'm a crazy asshole..."

"That is a *weekly* paper."

"What the fuckin' damn? I buy every day, like to vote. Every fuckin' day, no shit, cock nose. No con-

troversy like that here. Good arguments in that paper, hot fuck! You believe in gun control?"

"Treat them all as if they're loaded," mumbled the Commander.

Gus drove directly to a small cantina in the port of Piraeus. "You meet my brother," he said, "no charge."

The Commander was so warmly welcomed that he was soon ignored by the denizens of the small cantina. He abandoned his attempts to communicate after a few halting words resulted in a book being shoved under his nose and a picture of a lizard being crossed out with an emphatic forefinger.

Late in the evening, a couple, Swedish teens, both blond and by their hand signs affable, entered the cantina.

The Commander, wise from years of middle management, feared the worst. The stunningly attractive Swedish teens had entered a world out of time, had stepped back centuries to a simpler age when nothing but the primal rhythm of life guided men's actions, and good and evil still dwelt in an apple.

The Commander marked the men fall into place about the couple as pieces of glass in a kaleidoscope assume a pattern. Several stayed entertaining the young unknowing innocent girl at the table as her boyfriend was led outside. Much they slapped his back, and particularly his lower back.

The girl sat oblivious to all, while outside the cantina the hearty rude mariners of Piraeus had her boyfriend in an unnatural manner.

"You could have knocked me over with a french fry," the Commander would say later. "All the time I thought they was after the girl!"

Aboard the plane to India the next day the Commander flipped his ticket meditatively. It was a thick book of passage; he was to stop over in seven countries before he reached Calcutta. The aircraft touched down first in the African nation of DaBulu. The Commander made his way to customs in search of the passport stamp crucial to his wager.

"I see you are of Uruguayan passport, Commander?" The customs agent smiled.

"Yes, I am. I live in the United States, though."

"Ahh. The you-ess. Are you much bothered by oppression? Is the abuse and contempt a problem?"

"No, no, certainly not. It is illegal now."

"The immigration must be difficult with the rigid enforcement. Is it vigilant?"

"Not at all, nothing could be easier..." The Commander adopted a confidential tone. "Citizenship is available at any post office. The price is ten dollars. But it is worth it to be an American, I assure you!"

The man nodded gratefully, and the Commander reboarded his plane, another visa stamp drying between his passport's pages.

Twice more the plane touched ground and twice more the Commander collected visa stamps. He began to think his task was easy once again. He was to learn otherwise.

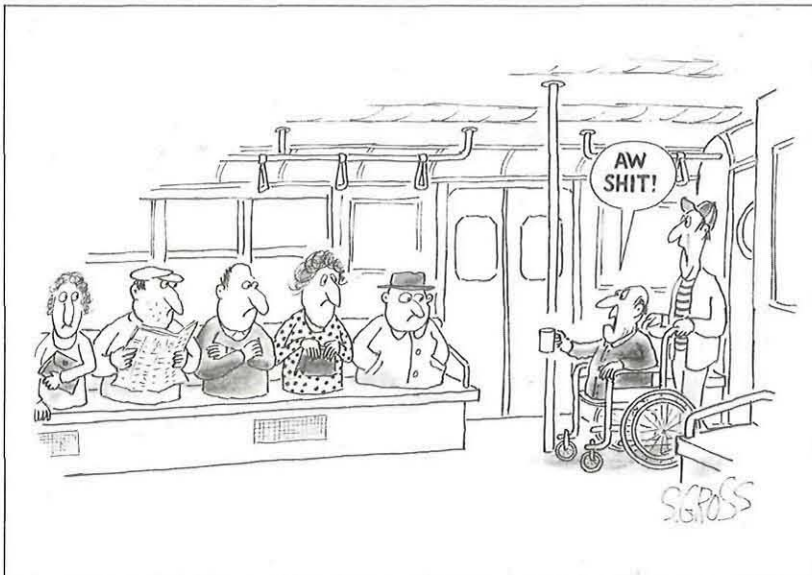
A customs agent at the Calcutta airport whisked him to a private room. It soon became clear that the officer coveted the Commander's collection of prescription pills. First threatened, then implored, the Commander held fast to his pharmaceuticals. Without them he could not collect his bet, and he was unmoved by the Indian's cajoling. Finally the man gave up.

"Would you then perhaps allow me to transport you to your hotel at rates renowned as 'bargain'?"

The Commander, shocked at the man's abandonment of his desire for the pills, agreed.

"We are a great nation of bargain-ers, as I, Sajit Banerjee, will show you." Banerjee started the engine of his cab. "Perhaps you have the smallest of objects I may borrow? A Zippo? A disposable razor?"

continued on page 72



The Game That Scales Social Heights
and Plumbs Society's Bottom

ARRIVISTE

Invented by
P.J. O'ROURKE

Graphics by
LOU BROOKS



POWER

BEAUTY

WEALTH

INTELLIGENCE

[Sorry, intelligence counts for nothing in this game.]

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Cut out and assemble token of your choice.
2. Place token on appropriate starting place.
3. Advance token one space per turn unless otherwise instructed.

You Win 1st Prize

DINNER WITH MRS. ONASSIS OR HENRY KISSINGER.

60

You Win 2nd Prize

DINNER WITH MRS. ONASSIS AND HENRY KISSINGER.

59

You Win 3rd Prize

BREAKFAST IN BED WITH BOTH MRS. ONASSIS AND HENRY KISSINGER.

57



56

INVEST HEAVILY IN REAL ESTATE.

Go back 13 spaces.

45

HANG AROUND WITH RICH OLD PEOPLE.

Advance 1 space.

36

GO TO OHIO STATE.

Stay right where you are.

16

START HERE

...IF YOU WERE BORN EXCEEDINGLY RICH BUT HORRIBLY DEFORMED AND RETARDED.

Advance token 55 spaces

5

START HERE

...IF YOU WERE BORN EXCEEDINGLY RICH.

Advance token 57 spaces.

3

BECOME A MODEL.

Go back 39 spaces if you're a woman or 37 spaces if you just act like one.

41

PURSUE AN ACTING CAREER.

Go back 15 spaces.

43

DEVELOP AN INTEREST IN THE BALLET.

Advance 1 space.

39

DEVELOP TOO MUCH OF AN INTEREST IN THE BALLET.

Go back 21 spaces.

40

HAVE A DISFIGURING ACCIDENT OR ACCEPT JESUS CHRIST AS YOUR PERSONAL SAVIOR.

Do not advance token.

23

BUY AN OFF-THE-RACK YVES ST. LAURENT SUIT AND A PAIR OF COWBOY BOOTS.

Go back 5 spaces.

21

GET A JOB.

Go back 8 spaces.

24

GET EXCELLENT MARKS AT A GOOD EASTERN COLLEGE.

Advance 10 spaces.

17

GET TERRIBLE MARKS AT A GOOD EASTERN COLLEGE.

Advance 7 spaces.

20

BECOME A HOMOSEXUAL.

Advance 17 spaces.

19

START HERE

...IF YOU WERE BORN MIDDLE-CLASS.

Advance 1 space if cute female. Advance 3 spaces if cute male. Advance 11 spaces if insanely ambitious.

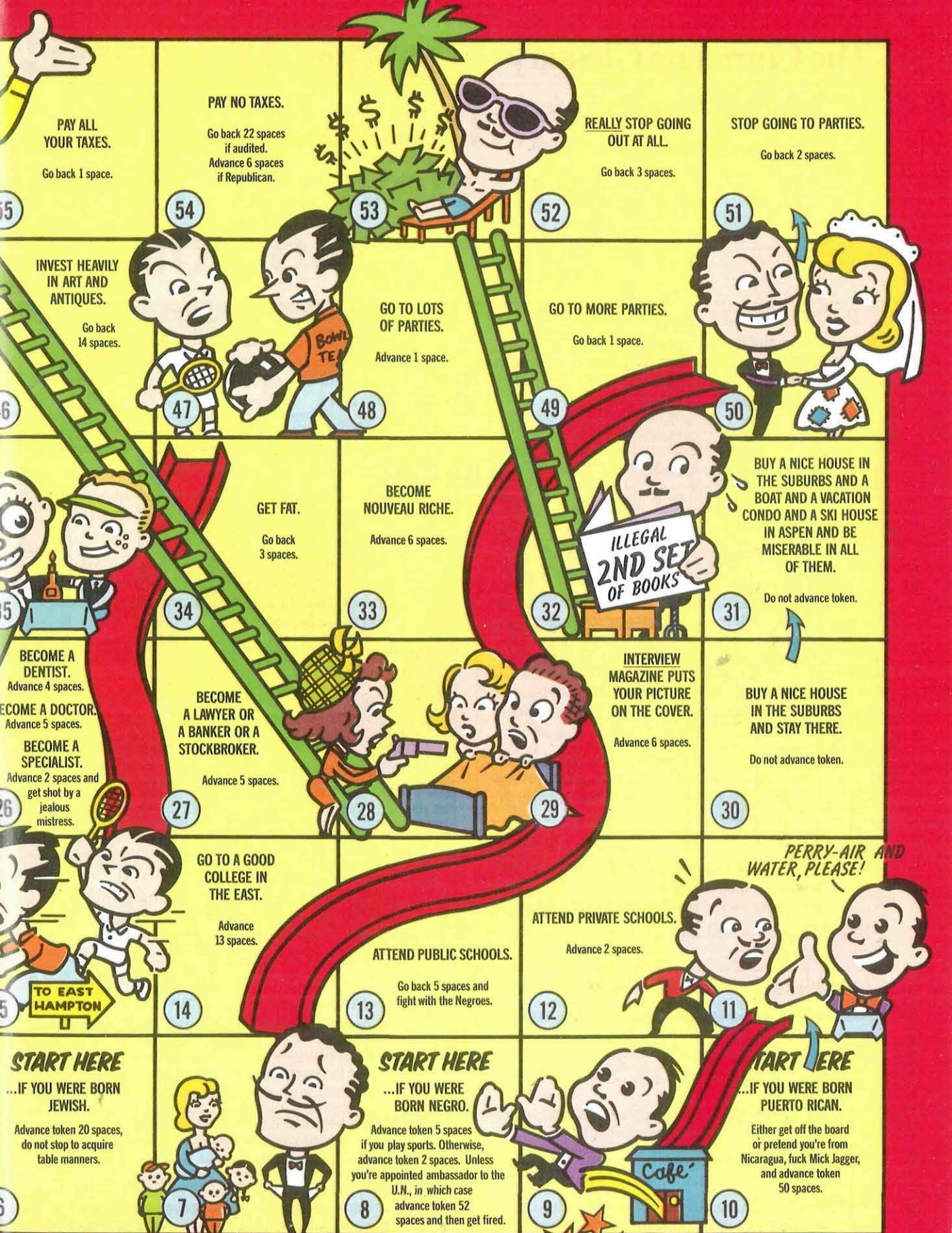
Do not advance token if you bore people.

1

2

4

5



PAY ALL YOUR TAXES.

Go back 1 space.

PAY NO TAXES.

Go back 22 spaces if audited. Advance 6 spaces if Republican.

REALLY STOP GOING OUT AT ALL.

Go back 3 spaces.

STOP GOING TO PARTIES.

Go back 2 spaces.

INVEST HEAVILY IN ART AND ANTIQUES.

Go back 14 spaces.

GO TO LOTS OF PARTIES.

Advance 1 space.

GO TO MORE PARTIES.

Go back 1 space.

GET FAT.

Go back 3 spaces.

BECOME NOUVEAU RICHE.

Advance 6 spaces.

BECOME A DENTIST.

Advance 4 spaces.

BECOME A DOCTOR.

Advance 5 spaces.

BECOME A SPECIALIST.

Advance 2 spaces and get shot by a jealous mistress.

BECOME A LAWYER OR A BANKER OR A STOCKBROKER.

Advance 5 spaces.

INTERVIEW MAGAZINE PUTS YOUR PICTURE ON THE COVER.

Advance 6 spaces.

BUY A NICE HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS AND STAY THERE.

Do not advance token.

GO TO A GOOD COLLEGE IN THE EAST.

Advance 13 spaces.

ATTEND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Go back 5 spaces and fight with the Negroes.

ATTEND PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

Advance 2 spaces.

PERRY-AIR AND WATER, PLEASE!

START HERE

...IF YOU WERE BORN JEWISH.

Advance token 20 spaces, do not stop to acquire table manners.

START HERE

...IF YOU WERE BORN NEGRO.

Advance token 5 spaces if you play sports. Otherwise, advance token 2 spaces. Unless you're appointed ambassador to the U.N., in which case advance token 52 spaces and then get fired.

START HERE

...IF YOU WERE BORN PUERTO RICAN.

Either get off the board or pretend you're from Nicaragua, fuck Mick Jagger, and advance token 50 spaces.

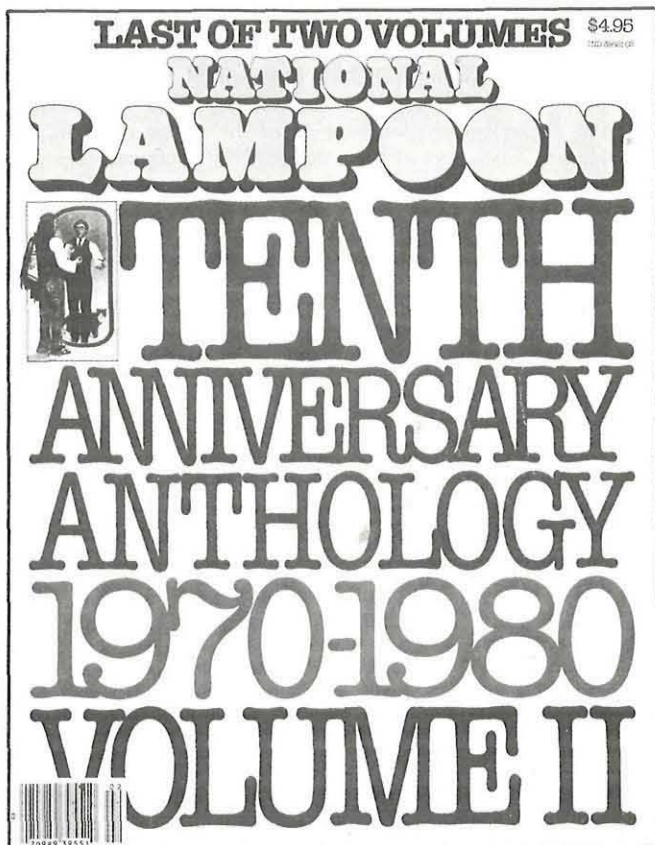
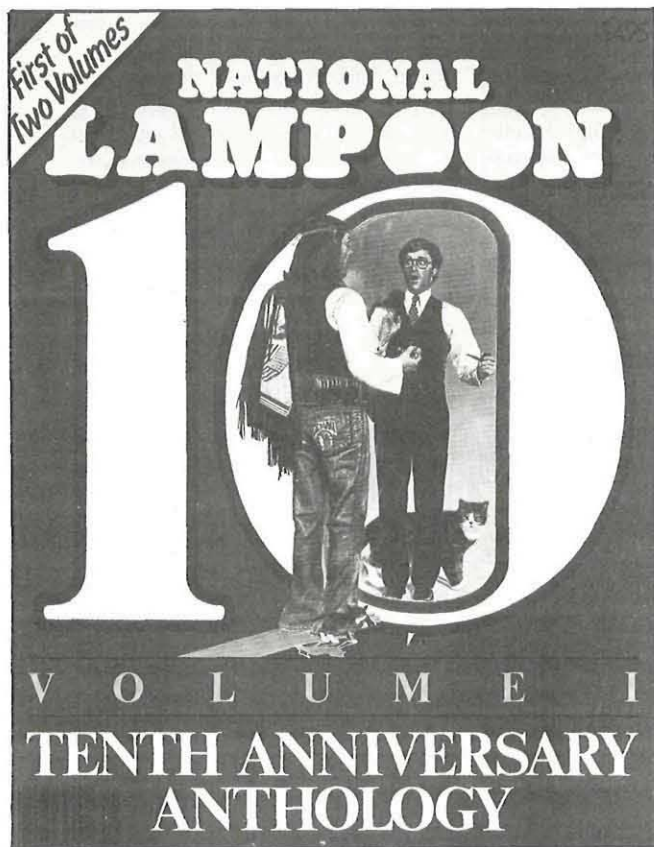
The Corporate Glossary

Job Titles and What They Mean

by John Hughes

- Chairman of the Board:** The highest corporate position. Involves sitting at a big desk, shooting in the low nineties, worrying about kidnappings, wearing dark suits, and placing blame.
- President:** The executive who sees to it that the other executives run the company properly. He apologizes for poor earnings and takes credit for favorable earnings. Also calls, cancels, reschedules, and misses meetings.
- Vice-President:** A job category designed to forestall pay increases for supervisors. Same function as supervisor, at same pay, but with free annual chest X ray compliments of the company.
- Executive VP:** A stalled presidential aspirant. Corporate purgatory at \$235,000 a year.
- Office Manager:** In charge of office charity collections, time cards, coffee-machine complaints, unauthorized Xerox machine use. Gets longer lunch period and an extra phone button.
- Supervisor:** Someone who is given additional office responsibility with no extra compensation. Graduates from Bic accountant's-point pen to stainless-steel Cross pen. Wears tie but no sports coat.
- Executive Trainee:** Someone who spent four years in college and \$50,000 to learn how to seek out a company with an executive-training program.
- Sales Manager:** A well-dressed salesman who doesn't sell anything.
- Legal Adviser:** University of Montana Law graduate.
- Corporate Legal Council:** Harvard Law graduate.
- Executive Secretary:** A typist who can screw.
- Executive Assistant:** A slut who can type.
- Inventory Control Supervisor:** An MBA who can use a calculator.
- Purchasing Manager:** Low-level executive who supplements his salary by selling supplier gifts.
- Director of Planning:** A Ph.D. who makes his mistakes a decade in advance.
- Director of R&D:** A scientist who convinces young researchers that developing a new room-freshener scent is as rewarding as searching for disease cures.
- Chief Financial Officer:** Corporate fall guy who is hired to take the rap if the company is accused of financial wrongdoing.
- Production Supervisor:** An employee who knows too much to work in the plant but not enough to work in the office.
- Production Manager:** A production supervisor whose good deeds were rewarded by a promotion and who will be fired before any of the production supervisors.
- Controller:** A guy who has a fun wife, a block of company stock, and a condo in Vail.
- Marketing Director:** A guy who isn't aggressive enough to sell anything.
- Treasurer:** An executive who spends thirty years trying to figure out a way to divert corporate funds to a bank account in Aruba.
- Corporate Auditor:** Works with the treasurer after he discovers the treasurer's attempts to divert corporate funds to a bank account in Aruba.
- Key Computer Operator:** A graduate of a G.I. Bill-approved technical school and a whiz at Asteroids who spends six hours writing a program on his Radio Shack home computer and diverts corporate funds to his interest-bearing checking account at the local savings and loan.
- Director of Overseas Operations:** An executive who knows where all the corporate bodies are buried.
- Interoffice Communications Specialist:** The switchboard lady who refuses to call her chair and board a "communications space."
- Information Resources Director:** The guy in the Xerox room with the *Hustler* beaver logo tattooed on his left palm.
- Stockholder:** A person who receives a handsomely printed booklet each spring explaining why the company will have a better year next year. □

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by Brian McCormick

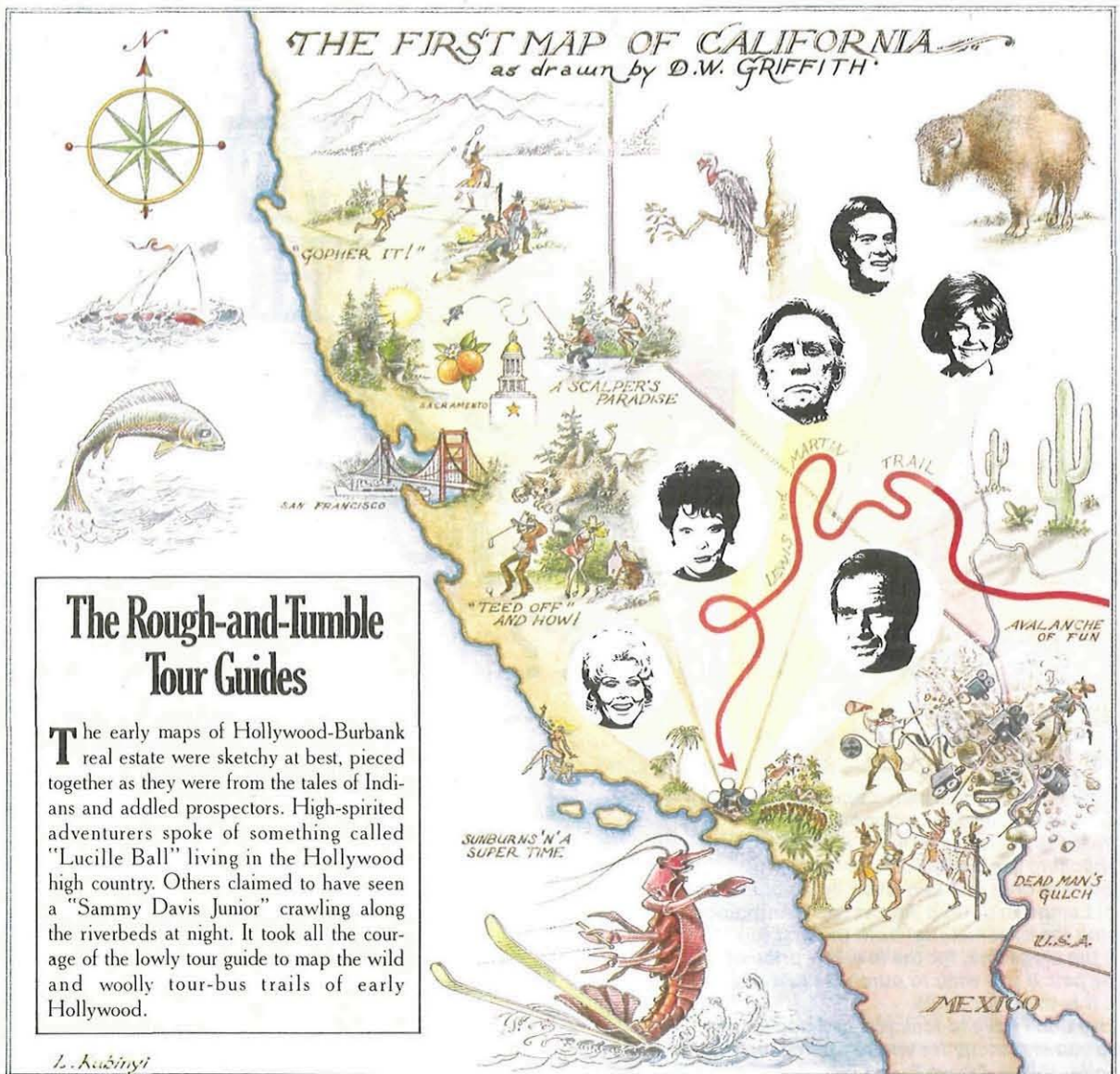
HOW THE WEST WAS WON

At the opening of the nineteenth century, the fabled city of Hollywood was just a gleam in the eyes of the pioneers. The West seemed to be one vast unexplored hot property bursting with vast outdoor sets and vast plains that spread out like yard upon yard of outdoor carpeting, surrounding a vast liver-shaped pool called the Pacific Ocean. Legend has it that the first Indian tribe to reach the beach at Malibu

settled there because of the "excellent poolside conference possibilities."

Thomas Jefferson, great-grandpappy of today's television Jeffersons, completed the Louisiana Purchase in 1803 and set off what would become known as "The Great Sleazing of the West." Over the next seventy-five years every dude and dudette who could slap a slimebag on a pack mule went west to buy the movie rights to what-

ever dead-wrong dream they could scrounge up in the hills of California. These rugged trailblazers withstood the vengeful backbiting and sneering of former television animal stars, endless poking and prying about by agents of the IRS, and hopelessly tedious negotiations with executive representatives of dwindling Indian tribes holding out for more points in the deal of their lives.



The Lewis and Martin Expedition

Jefferson chose two slaphappy zanes named Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin to lead a crack expedition of gag writers and showboat personalities into the Louisiana Territory and beyond. The Lewis and Martin team set off with nothing but reams of florid flock wallpaper, jokes up their sleeves, and a song in their hearts. That song was "Dat's Amore." Martin's "When da moon hitsa your eye like a big pizza pie, dat's amore" was fated to become the rallying cry of the Las Vegas gold rush of 1839. And it wasn't long before Lewis had the whole territory yammering, drooling, wearing wax beaver teeth, and saying "Nice lady, nice lady" to anything that moved.

Bernie "Kit" Carsonstein was signed as chief scout and land agent. It was he who developed the "It" Girl, Clara Bow; "Jazz Baby" Joan Crawford; and "Mr. Super Bowl," Mel Torme. Carsonstein walked into the wilderness of the West armed with nothing but a Remington standard con-



Carsonstein, Lewis, and Martin tracked herds of actors from their feeding places to their homes, where they would trap them in lifetime contracts.

tract, a box buffalo-steak lunch, and a sweet tooth—and walked out with a stable of stars that lit up the western skies like a little boy's smile at a candy counter.

The First Wagon Train to Hollywood

The story of the first wagon train to Hollywood is not a pretty one. Led by a young cockeyed dreamer named D. W. Griffith, the train left from New York City in 1805. Griffith and his followers were fleeing religious persecution and hoped to establish a church in California where Mammon, the god of money, could be worshiped in the nude.

The wagon train's progress was plagued with disaster. Outnumbered by a band of

Indians from the striking Actors Guild, Griffith's entire public-relations team was wiped out in an ambush. A styrofoam rock slide finished off over one-half of Griffith's best character actors. Pantomime horse rustlers made off with all of the rugged director's prize cloth horse outfits.

Finally, the train fell on hard times in the Donner Pass. Snowed in during a blizzard, the sinewy actors were forced to steal each other's lines and upstage one another.

Many had to use rocks to pound makeup onto their faces for the day's shooting. The production schedule was thrown off by several weeks. The director went over budget buying snow gear.

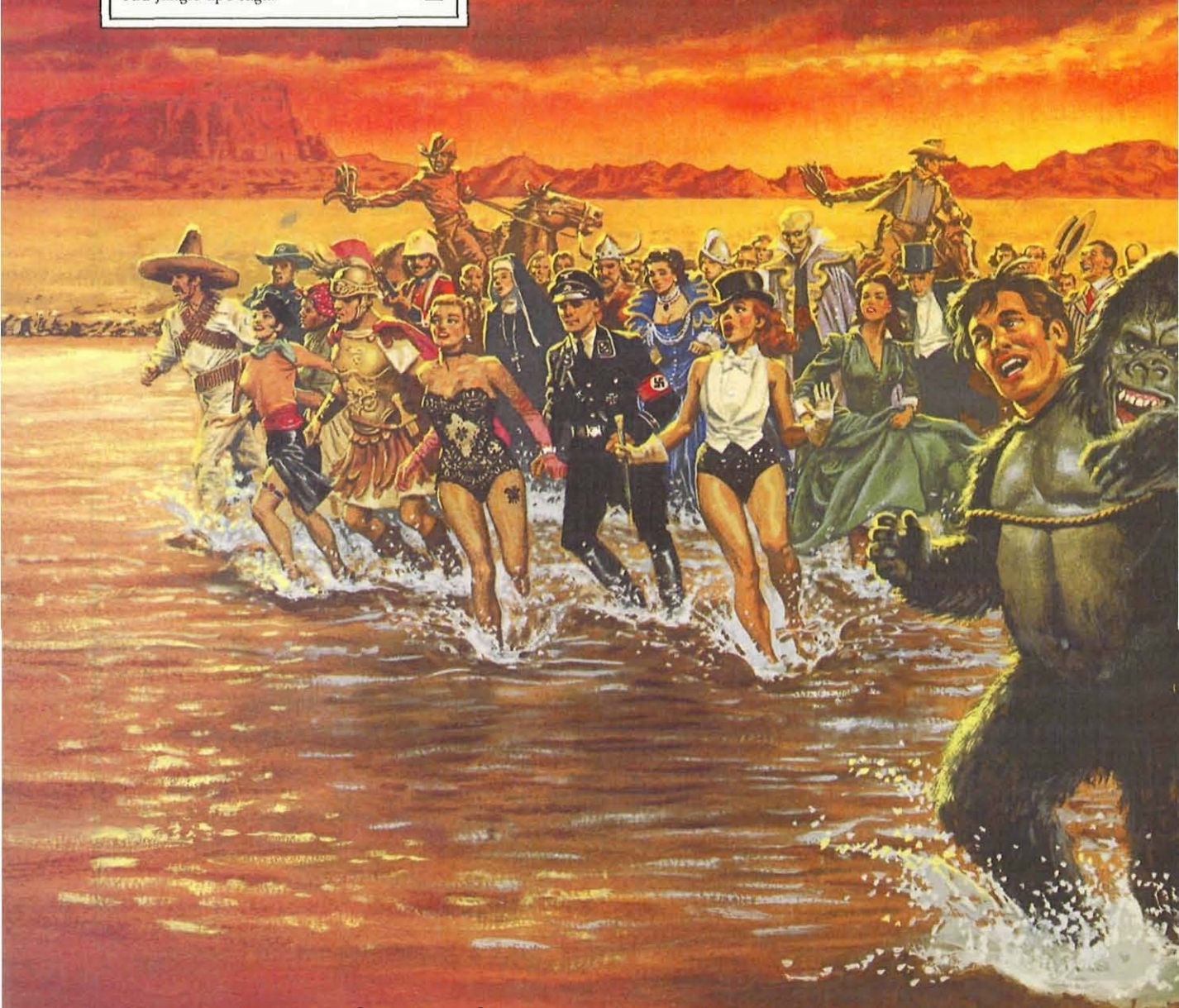
Griffith's band of gritty thespians finally arrived at what we now know as Hollywood. He and his men began building the breakaway sets, false saloon fronts, and topless porn palaces that would become known as Universal City, the city of stars.

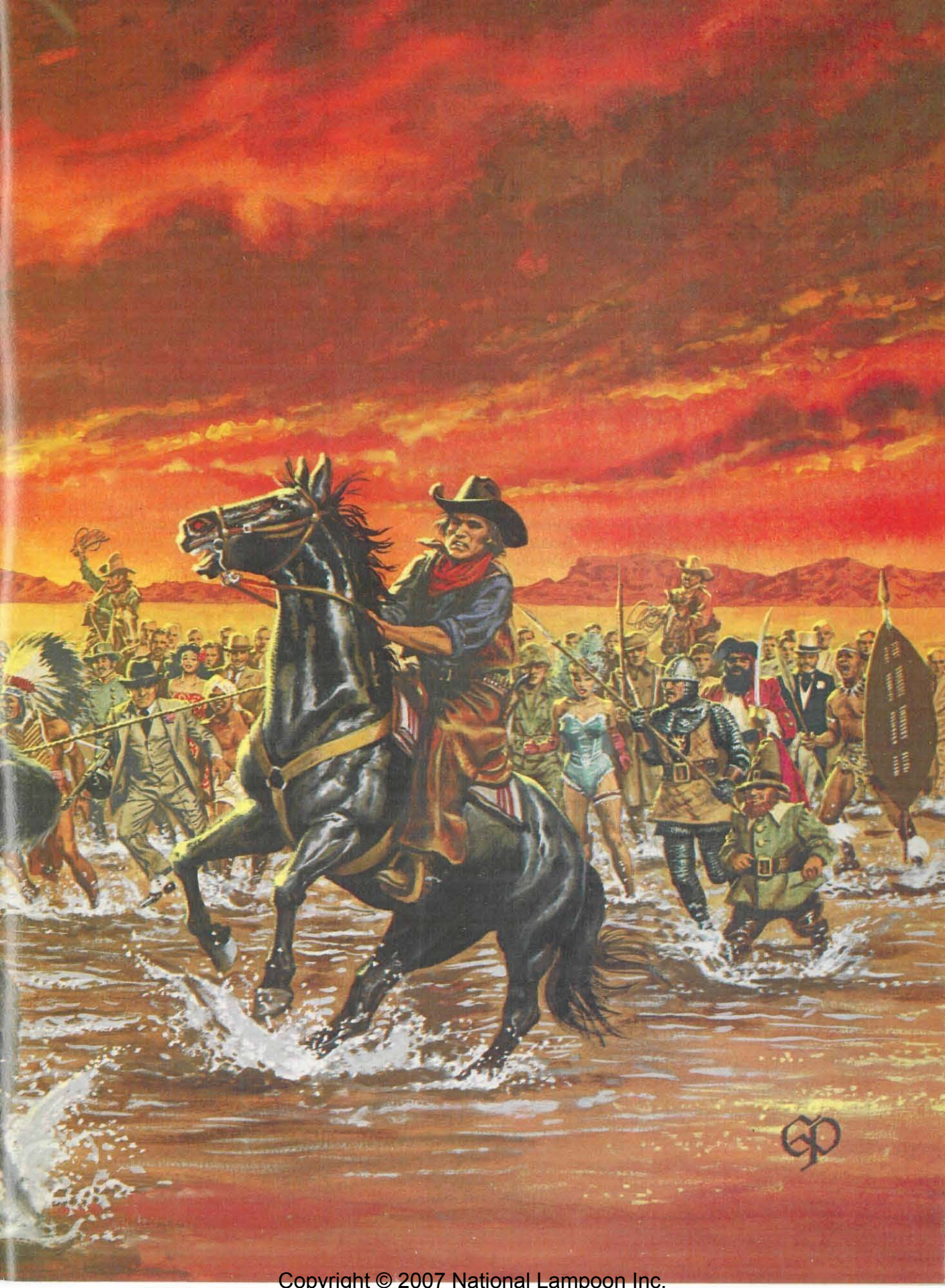


"No, no, no! The lighting is all wrong, all wrong!"

The Great Cattle Calls

It wasn't until the mid 1840s that the Aberdeen-to-Hollywood trail opened up, just in time to set off the great cattle calls of the late 1800s. As Hollywood grew in fame and fortune, the need for raw talent increased dramatically. Filling that need would take all the skilled backstabbing ambition of Hollywood's orneriest agents. One call from the cattle baron Ziegfeld and five thousand hoofers would be herded from America's heartland to the slaughter mills of Burbank. At their height, the calls saw ten thousand head of prize showgirls a day disappear into the celluloid abattoir. Extras and strays were cut from the herds and crowded into stinking, sweaty gladiator movies, while those who fell behind had to settle for walk-ons in the odd jungle-ape saga. □





SPORTING WAGER

continued from page 62

The cab slowed in the press of traffic and Mr. Sajit Banerjee leaned out the driver's window. In a few moments he had traded the faulty disposable razor Goatlips had given him for a brass faucet in working order. Mr. Banerjee snickered at this.

"Truly that fellow shall weep salt tears when he finds what cruel advantage I have taken of him. Surely he is a member of the idiot caste to make such a bargain."

At the next halt in traffic the Commander's driver traded his faucet for a thermos without a cap and two old auto horns. The man was delighted.

"I, Sajit Banerjee, am surely the greatest bargainer in India! Only the most argumentative fellow would dispute this."

The traffic slowing again, he exchanged the thermos and horns for an automobile jack and an acetylene-torch regulator. Soon after, he traded those for a TV set, which received only one channel and which plugged into his cigarette lighter. He patted the set beside him and turned it on as he pulled up before the Commander's hotel.

"There is no demand that you make disbursement." The agent waved away the Commander's proffered money.

"Were it not for your present to me of a disposable razor, I would surely have missed a most serendipitous broadcast." The Commander expressed his thanks and tugged at the door handle.

"Wait," said the customs official.

"My final offer for the green-and-yellow pills you carry: a television set, three batteries of the D size, and a multi-use screwdriver with transparent handle. My final offer..."

The Commander supervised the porters removing his baggage from Mr. Banerjee's cab. He followed them to the door of the hotel. There he intended to turn and give his driver a look of hesitant admiration, but by then the cab was gone.

In the morning the Commander awoke and, taking one look at the potted fir tree resting on his night table, realized that unless something were done quickly he would be stuck with a dead bush and out the amount of his wager. For, by the terms of his bet, the tree and the kangaroo must be returned alive, the pills untouched, the men's magazines undefaced, and the passport of Uruguay appropriately stamped by the nations he was to visit. The tree looked sick; it was beginning to look like a cheap TV antenna.

Panicked, the resourceful Commander sought and was granted an interview with the University of Calcutta's leading botanist.

The man plucked and probed at the ailing evergreen.

"Commander Goatlips," said the Indian expert, "without a doubt, in my highly regarded opinion this sapling is suffering from the most severe environmental exasperation. In short, it pines for a temperate climate akin to the precipitous fog-bound mountainsides of British Columbia from which

it hails. Yes."

"Doctor, is there anything that I can do?"

Knowing nothing of the Commander's wager, the old botanist was touched by his tender concern. "Obviously you cannot give it the climate, rainfall, or clean air it craves. Yet you may simulate its native mountainside by holding the pot at a sharp angle, by golly. Even if you do so, I shall not be responsible for its health unless you jolly well pay my nurse today. Yes. In the sum of fifty rupees for consultation, which is now concluded."

With a sick fir tree resting at an angle upon doctor's advice, a pile of men's magazines, a satchel of prescription drugs, and a larger, more vigorous kangaroo, the Commander boarded a plane for Japan. He also carried with him a heavy heart.

Since he had left the door of the Middle Management Club in New York eight days earlier, it had been the Commander's unexpressed opinion that he traveled amongst savages ruled by gunmen, franchise religions, or their own testicles.

Once aboard the Japan Airlines flight to Tokyo, he felt for the first time that he had encountered a civilization. Prodigiously alien, possibly superior, but at least a civilization. He was served an airline meal that was not only variously colored but variously tasted. In short, the Commander was overwhelmed by Oriental courtesy.

"Ah, kangaroo," said the official at Tokyo's airport, sucking apologetically at his thumb, which the animal had so savagely bitten. "So few men today travel with kangaroos among socks in suitcase."

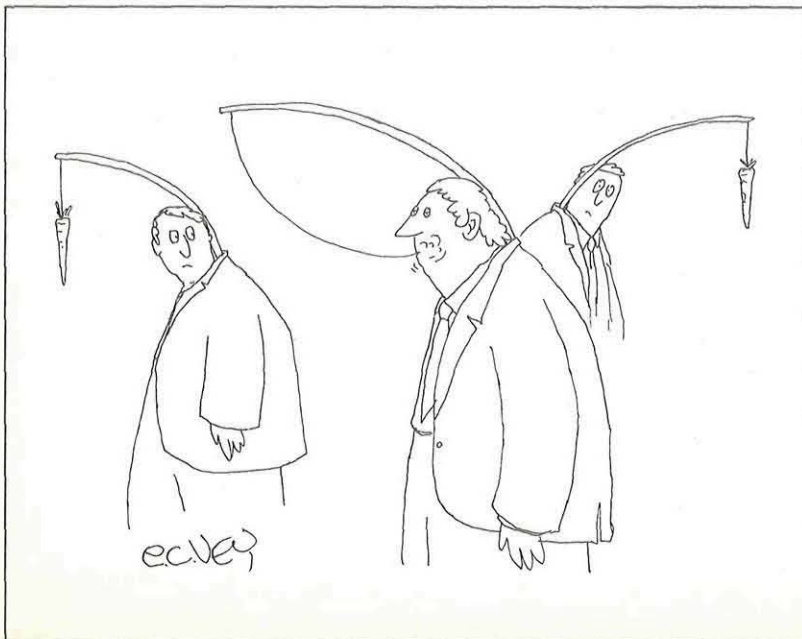
"I'm awfully sorry," said the Commander. "I had completely forgotten. I thought he was in my inside pocket..."

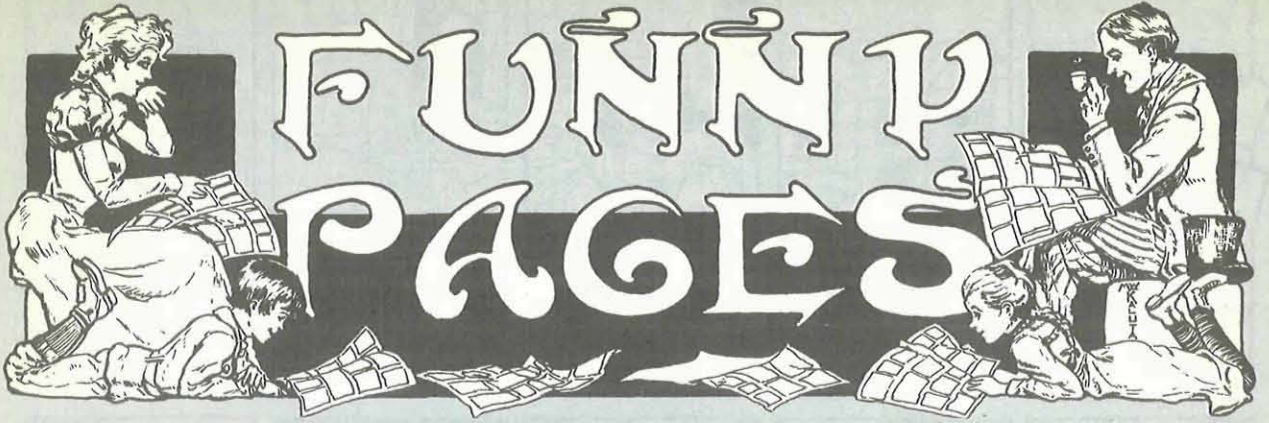
"No matter, teeth did not go through the bone, thanks to God. Welcome to Japan. Please be at ease." The official bowed. "You are here for business? For the Zen Buddhism? Or just to avoid the tourists of France?"

"I'm traveling for pleasure and business."

"So broadening." The official nodded twice and stamped the Commander's passport. "Let your visit here be sublime." Riding the cab to town, the Commander was unable to forget the scarlet pits left by his kangaroo in the official's thumb.

The Commander spent twelve days
continued on page 82





FUNNY PAGES

SNUTS

REMEMBER HOW, FOR QUITE A LONG TIME, THE FACT THAT ALL GROWN-UPS WERE ODD CONCEALED THE FACT THAT SOME OF THEM WERE MUCH WORSE THAN THAT, AND THAT A FEW OF THEM WERE ACTUALLY CRAZY?

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ACTUALLY WALKING AROUND IN THIS DUMB SWAMP TRYING TO FIND SOME STUPID BIRD!

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ACTUALLY WALKING AROUND IN THIS DUMB SWAMP TRYING TO FIND SOME STUPID BIRD!

CAMP TALL LONE TREE

THERE'S A BIRD! DO YOU THINK IT'S A RED SPOTTED HUTCHER?

I DON'T THINK IT HAS ANY SPOTS.

WOK! BRINK WOK! IT LOOKS TOO LUMPY.

EEEEEE! EEEEE!

I THINK THE BEAK IS ALL WRONG!

LISTEN, THE BEAK IS JUST RIGHT. BESIDES, ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS DESCRIBE THE DRAWING IN THE BIRD GUIDE TO MR. KNUDSON!

THAT ONE THERE IS SPOTTED, DAMMIT!

WHAT DID HE SAY WHEN YOU SAW HIM?

THE BIRD, THERE! THE BIRD, THERE!

WHAT DID WHO SAY? MR. KNUDSON?

THAT WAS NO RED SPOTTED HUTCHER, THERE. GO BACK AND LOOK SOME MORE, THERE!

EEEE?

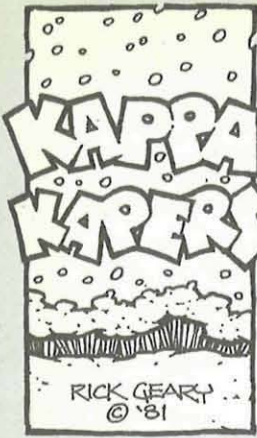
Y'YI YESSIR.

WOULD MR. KNUDSON LET US GO BACK YET?

I DON'T THINK SO. THE RED SPOTTED HUTCHER MIGHT BE NOCTURNAL.

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IT'LL SAY WHEN WE DO SEE IT?

Caham Wilson © 1981



OUR RETREAT TO THE BACK DOOR WAS FOILED BY A FURIOUS SNOWBALL FUSILLADE!

WE RETURNED HOME DEFEATED YET HAPPY...

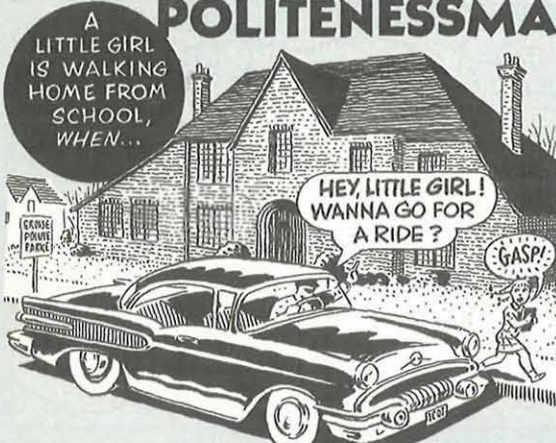
AND LATER FORGAVE THE GUNNERS AROUND A COZY FIRE.

KORRI EVEN ANNOUNCED HER PINNING TO BUZZ GREENLEAF OF ALPHA NU.

FEW OF US HAD AN EASY TIME GETTING TO SLEEP THAT NITE!

POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett



IF THIS COMIC YOU ARE READING, 'TIS A SIGN OF YOUR GOOD BREEDING! THANK YOU.

Deirdre Callahan: a biography

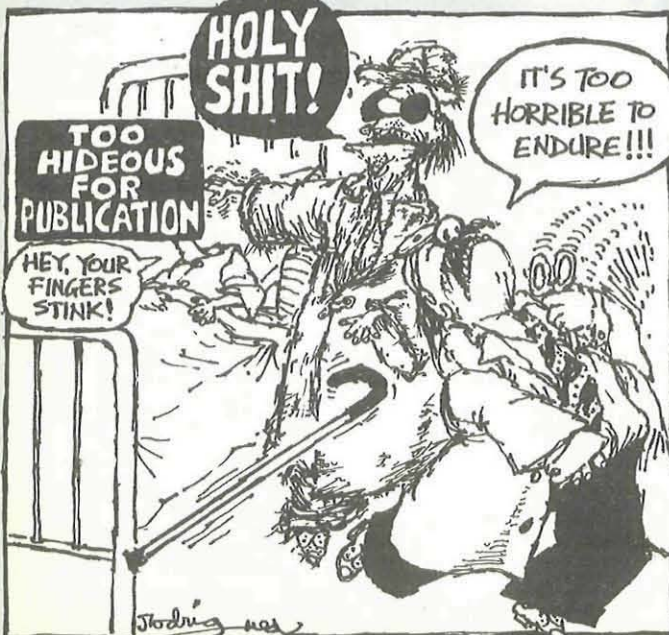
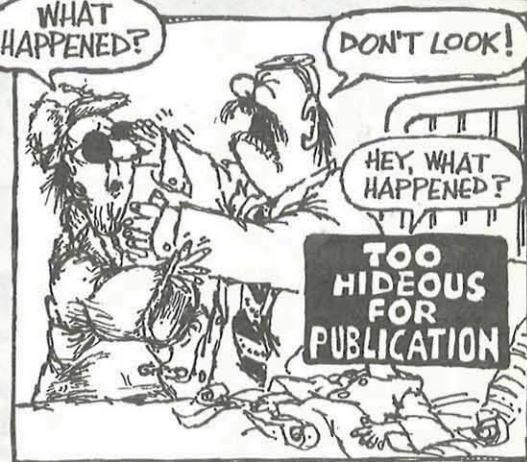
BECAUSE SHE WAS SO UGLY, LITTLE DEIRDRE'S MOTHER THREW HER AWAY. BLIND BOB, WHO IS BLIND AND LIVES AT THE DUMP, FINDS AND BEFRIENDS DEIRDRE.

I KNOW WHAT WENT WRONG, MR. BLIND BOB. WE BOUGHT THAT SUTURE MATERIAL FROM A DOOR-TO-DOOR SALESMAN...

3 WEEKS LATER, DEIRDRE'S BANDAGES ARE TO BE REMOVED...



BLIND BOB ARRANGES PLASTIC SURGERY FOR DEIRDRE. IT IS NOT SUCCESSFUL AND SHE IS UGLIER THAN BEFORE!





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- New York residents add 8 percent sales tax. Send to *National Lampoon Dept. NL5-81, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.*

Name (please print) _____

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NEW WAVE COMICS

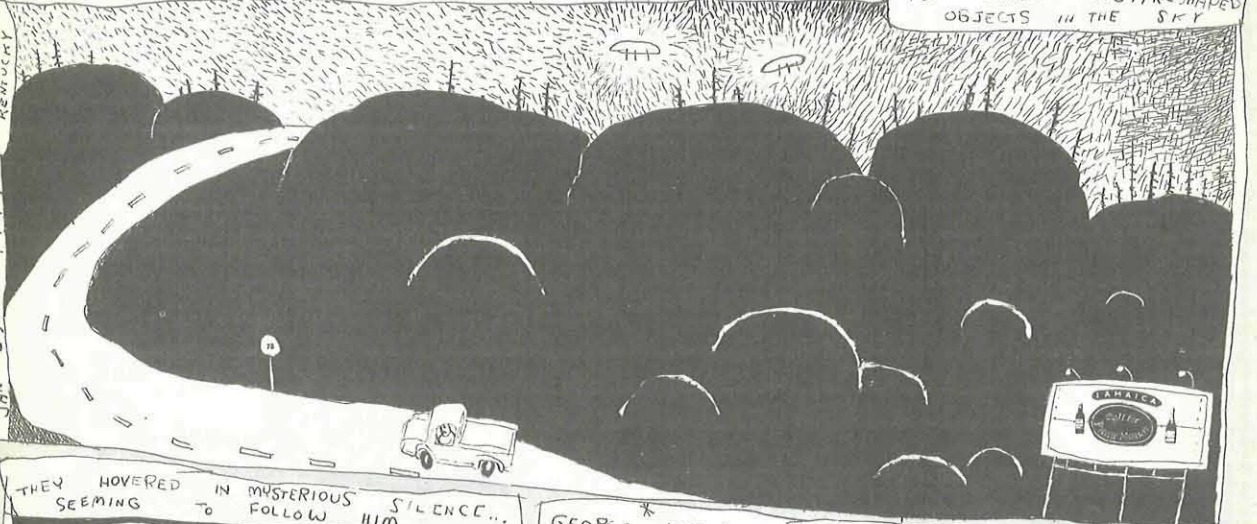
MARK MARK

IT WAS A COLD GREY NIGHT WHEN GEORGE FIRST SAW THEM

TWO SHINY CIGAR-SHAPED OBJECTS IN THE SKY

SOMEWHERE IN KENTUCKY

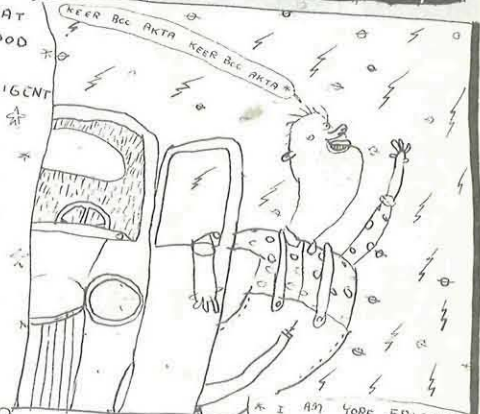
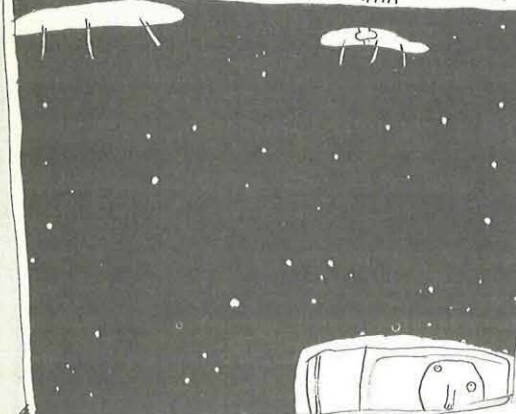
TAN 23 947



THEY HOVERED IN MYSTERIOUS SILENCE... SEEMING TO FOLLOW HIM

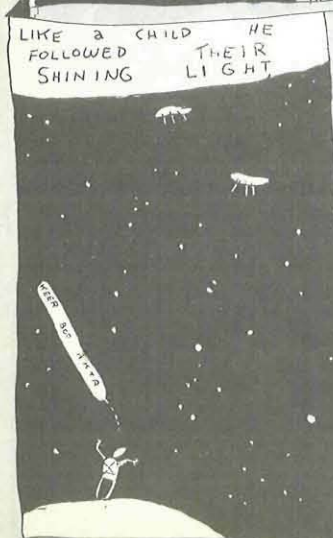
GEORGE KNEW THAT THEY UNDERSTOOD THEY WERE INTELLIGENT THEY WERE KIND HE KNEW THAT SOMEHOW HE MUST MAKE CONTACT WITH THEM

KEEP BEE ANTA KEEP BEE ANTA



LIKE A CHILD HE FOLLOWED THEIR SHINING LIGHT

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING HIGHWAY PATROL OFFICERS FOUND GEORGE'S BODY UNDER 200 POUNDS OF TOBACCO ASH



So what do we tell the folks, huh?

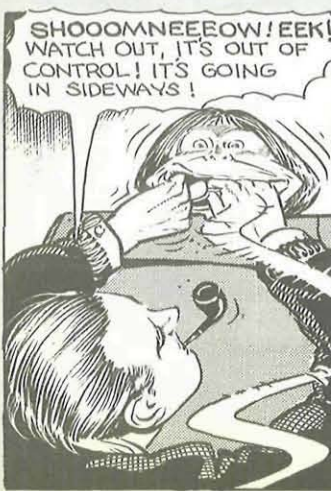
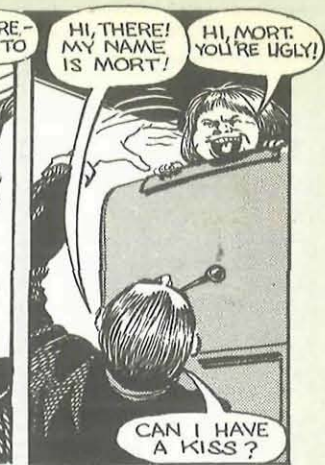
THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



© by B.K. Taylor

THE AIRPLANE MAKES ITS WAY THROUGH THE NIGHT SKY AS WE SEE MR. APPLETON ENJOYING THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THE EMPTY SEATS NEXT TO HIM, WHEN...



A must for nature lovers, environmentalists, outdoorsmen, joggers...

THE OFFICIAL 1981 DEAD ROADSIDE ANIMAL SPOTTER'S GUIDE



How many times have you driven past the remains of a dead animal on the road, clucked in sympathy, and yet not been able to identify what kind of animal it was! Have you ever been acutely embarrassed when your girl friend or your child asks you, "Ugh... what *was* that?" Chances are you'll answer by saying, "Gee, I don't know. There's not much left of it to identify. It's kind of splattered all over the place."

If you'll pardon us, that's a cop-out. If you had a copy of the newest edition of *The Dead Roadside Animal Spotter's Guide* in the glove compartment of your car, you'd be able to spot and identify over 10,000 different animals from all over the world, in various stages of death, from the first contact with a vehicle to the last bloody, flattened-out remains of the carcass.

The Spotter's Guide is an easy-to-use reference book, divided into geographical areas, with oversize spotter silhouettes of the animals native to each area. In no time at all, you'll be able to spot the identifying marks of everything from a beaver to a baby elephant. You'll amaze your friends with your newfound expertise. And you'll be able to converse intelligently with forest rangers, naturalists, backpackers, and campers, instead of just sighing and looking away from the poor beasts.

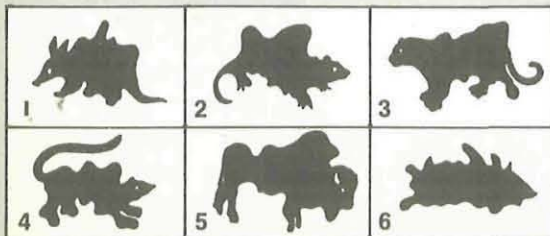
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- Special closeup pictures for more difficult cases
- Concise, easy-to-understand text by experts in the field
- All entries easy to find, carefully indexed

Only \$9.95! Order one for each car or truck you own!

*Can you identify these common
dead roadside animals?* (Answers below.)



ANSWERS: 1. Weasel 2. Field mouse 3. Lion cub 4. Weasel 5. Cape buffalo 6. Mouse

THE OFFICIAL 1981 DEAD ROADSIDE ANIMAL SPOTTER'S GUIDE

635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

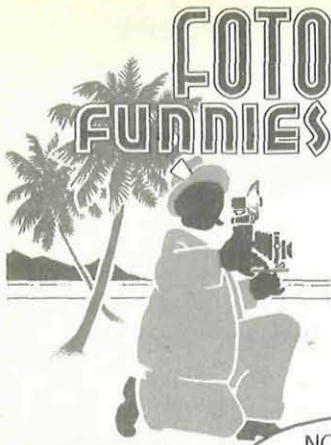
Yes, I would like _____ copies of the Dead Roadside Animal Spotter's Guide (two copies, \$15.00; three copies, \$22.50).

I will also receive a free copy of the Dead Roadside Animal Calendar with every purchase.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



JUST LIE THERE LIKE A LUMP.



NOW WALK AROUND THE ROOM AND SNIFF.



GET UP ON THE FURNITURE.



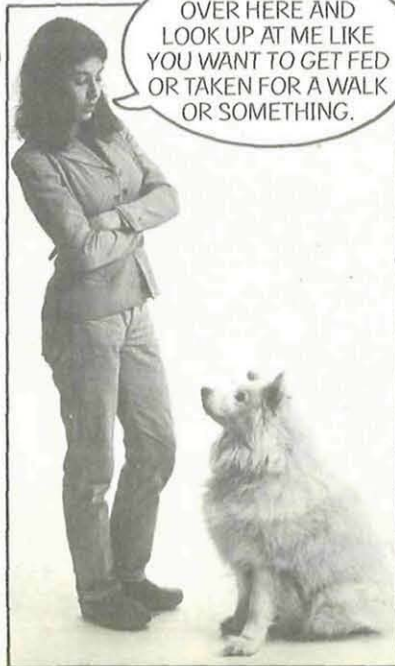
BARK OUT THE WINDOW AT THE NEIGHBOR'S CAT.

WOOF!
WOOF!

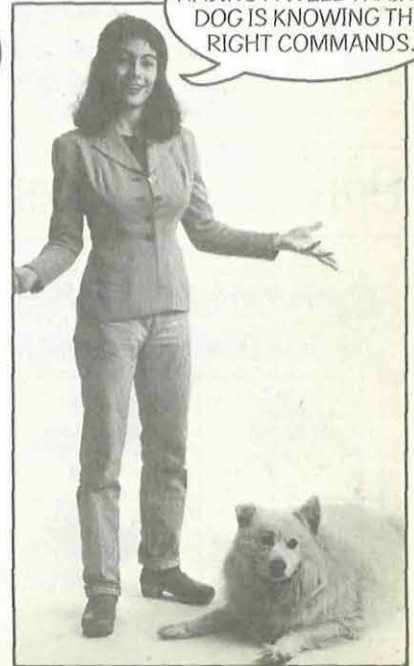


THAT'S A GOOD BOY.

NOW CHEW ON MY NEW BOOTS.



AND COME OVER HERE AND LOOK UP AT ME LIKE YOU WANT TO GET FED OR TAKEN FOR A WALK OR SOMETHING.

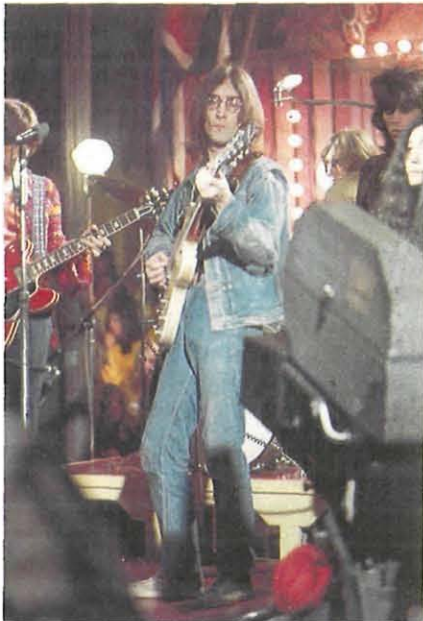


THE SECRET TO HAVING A WELL-TRAINED DOG IS KNOWING THE RIGHT COMMANDS.

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SPORTING WAGER

continued from page 72

in Tokyo. He made daily trips to Mount Fujiyama, where his potted fir tree was placed in a private herbarium. The sharp incline and the thin air worked wonders on the ailing conifer, as the Indian botanist had predicted. The Commander's joy at his tree's recovery was offset by the fact that his kangaroo had gained twelve pounds over the twelve days.

While the tree had taken a complete rest on the slopes of Fujiyama, its caretaker had learned much about kangaroos. Born after an extremely short gestation period, the infant kangaroo is protected in his mother's pouch. Hairless and transparent, weighing about as much as an unused Kleenex at birth, the tiny marsupial fattens upon the empouched teats of his mother. Unlike mammalian infants, which pass through similar stages of development in the isolation of the womb, the baby kangaroo, or "Joey," knows the world from a much earlier stage. When at six months the human child is just shedding its dorsal fin and its grey shark skin is still changing into its toenails, while the human child within the womb has scarcely begun to resemble a land animal, the kangaroo is already almost an adult kangaroo.

In short, the kangaroo, born the size of a wristwatch, grows in no time to a sheep-sized animal that behaves like an immature Superball and smells like a short circuit in a pottery kiln full of shit.

It was with such an animal that Commander S. W. Goatlips boarded his flight to Australia. He had taken a chance and slipped the marsupial one of the pills he carried. He hoped his fellow gamblers would not notice the absence of one green-and-yellow pill from his many bottles. The kangaroo went quickly to sleep on his lap.

Occasionally the beast twitched in its dreams and the Commander was forced to pretend it was a large stuffed animal that he enjoyed shaking for amusement.

"This is Franklin Delano Kangarooosevelt," he had to say, waving the twitching beast at a stewardess. Thoroughly sickened by the performance, the stewardess hadn't the slightest idea that the kangaroo was alive.

After touchdown the Commander was surprised to find that there were no customs officials in Australia. There was an immigration bureau, however, and every passenger had to pass by that. The man looked up sharply after a quick flip through the Uruguayan passport.

"Do you currently have any Neeger blood in your veins, or have any of your ancestors cohabited with non-Caucasoid peoples, to the best of your knowledge, so help you God? Are you an octaroon, heptaroon, or centaroon?"

"I am pure Caucasoid, to the best of my knowledge," stated the Commander.

"All right. Are you carrying non-Caucasian sperm other than Japanese or zygotes or—"

"Nothing!" the Commander shouted.

"Good. Now if you'll simply sign this routine court order allowing us to terminate the pregnancy of any aborigine you may impregnate while visiting here..."

"This is outrageous! I shall inform the Uruguayan ambassador of this!"

The customs official looked amused. "Normally, of course, I would be terrified, but your ambassador got a job last week and he'll be away on the sheep station for three months. Sign here or we'll lock you up with the other miscegenators in the immigration cloakroom till your plane leaves."

As a protest the Commander signed with his left hand and spelled his name wrong.

"Why is it you have no customs duty at all and such insane immigration?" the Commander asked his cab driver.

"Well, we don't have no customs because every Australian feels the same and knows what he doesn't want, right? And we have a strict immigration to make doubly sure that nobody imports what we don't want...which is Neegers, if you get my point. They're a bad bunch. See what a mess they made out of Africa? Thousands of years and all they invented was feathered hats and poisonous pea shooters. If we Aussies had been transported to Africa instead of here, the Neegers would have gone the way of the abo's, and we'd be a lot better off for that."

"Men are men. They mix and enrich their breeds. Who can tell what is what?"

"Immigration puts a micrometer on the lips. That's how they tell what is what. Here's your hotel." The cab man took his fare and drove off grumbling. "Drongo bastard. Dill. No-hoper. Fair dinkum, he was."

Commander S. W. Goatlips was no stranger to the speech of men among themselves, yet even he was outraged by the casual crudity of the desk clerk.

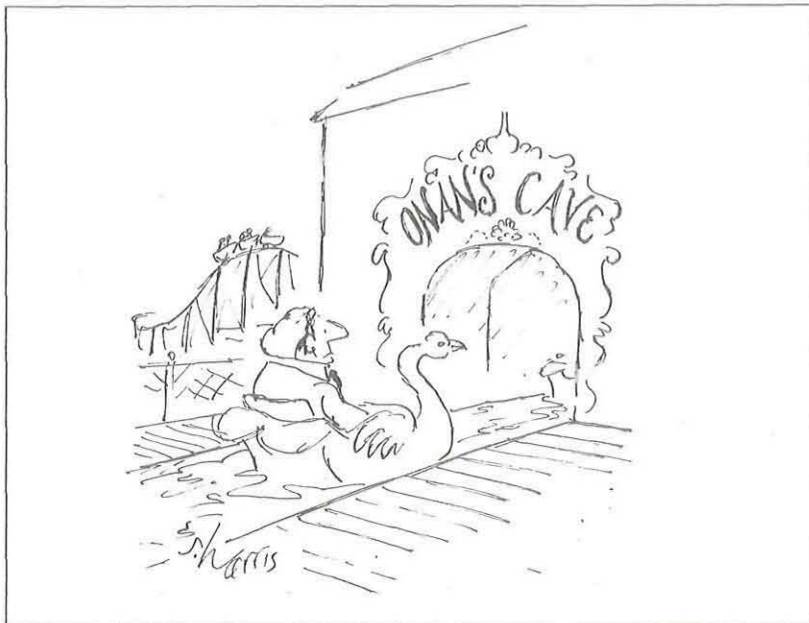
"Like a room for the night, you old sausage grappler?"

"A room, please!"

"Would you like a throttling pit with that, or would you rather just a window and point Percy at the passersby? By the way, if you happen to cry 'Ruth' in the pillow slips, it'll be fifty pence extra." [Translation: "Did you want a room with a toilet?"]

(Throttling pit, from "to throttle a

continued on page 84



Would You Like to Be a Homosexual Beekeeper?



- WORK YOUR OWN HOURS
- WEAR NETS ON YOUR HEAD
- LOTS OF ROYAL JELLY FOR YOUR BUM
- CARRY A SMUDGE POT

Many homosexuals today dress up as policemen, construction workers, sailors, and cowboys. Almost none dress up as beekeepers. So if you are sexually attracted to persons of the same sex as yourself and to bees, why not be one of the first to adopt this novel style of dress?

"Dress like a beekeeper—you won't bee-lieve how much fun it is."

Write:

◆ National Association
◆ of Homosexual Beekeepers
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

SPORTING WAGER

continued from page 82

darkie," or pass excrement.) "Would you prefer a window, to piss on pedestrians?" "If you regurgitate in the pillow slips, it will cost you extra.]"

The Commander left Australia early the next morning thankful that the only Aussies he saw on the way to the seaplane port were leftover ones from the night before, curled up in phone booths or asleep at the wheels of cars in ditches. His next stop was Fiji.

The seaplane he took was a primitive craft dating back to the pre-plastic age. It sounded like a belt sander working on piano strings and shook and bucked like a skateboard beneath the Commander's own feet.

The seaplane taxied to within several hundred feet of shore. The pilot refused to go closer for any size of bribe. The Commander and his luggage were transferred to a canoe piloted by an enormously fat Fijian.

After several days on Fiji the Commander finally found a king who would stamp his passport with a conch shell damp with vegetable sap and then found a way to leave the island. After three days the raft he had hired was near sinking, and it was only

by the grace of a bountiful wind that he was blown to a nearby island. He was offered a resting place in the hut of an island chieftain and promised that a fast paddler would be sent out to summon a seaplane.

He awoke much later and at first attributed the terrible screams that disturbed him to a hearty meal of sea worms and bird hearts he had been served that evening. He dropped off to sleep again for several moments; awakening again, he assumed that the howls of terror that had vexed his slumbers were the result of the fermented kelp juice he had drunk at dinner. Awakened for the third time, he tried to convince himself he had been bitten by a hallucinogenic bat. The cries continued.

The Commander reluctantly left his hut and made his way toward the source of the terrible sound. On the beach he found a girl scarcely sixteen, naked but for a bathing suit, staked out upon a rocky prominence.

He rushed to her aid, but before he reached her a man near naked but for primitive clothes leaped out from behind a concealment to block the path.

"Ogga googa boo!" screamed the man, who was obviously a witch doctor.

"Get out of my way, you dog!" The Commander shoved the man aside as he would have a janitor who blocked his path in his days as a middle manager. He rushed to the side of the helpless girl. He took out an airline-size whiskey bottle from his pocket and smashed it desperately against the rocks, after drinking the contents, and with the jagged edge severed the bound girl's restraints.

"We've got to get out of here," he said when she was free.

"There is nowhere we can hide," she said. "The witch doctor, he is more of a shaman really, will have informed the whole village! You have profaned the ritual! I was staked out to attract tourists and yachtsmen, so the island would prosper! You have interfered! They will catch us both and stab us with sharpened bamboo fan components! There is nowhere we can hide!"

"Wait a moment," said the Commander, thinking fast. "There is one place they'd never think to look. It's too obvious. The seaplane dock!"

It was a relieved Commander Goatlips who flew off the next morning, and it was not until he noticed he was stuck with the princess that he became unrelieved. The seaplane left the couple at the outskirts of a major Philippines airport. Unable even by his best efforts to shake the Polynesian princess, the Commander reluctantly bought her a ticket on the flight to Quito, Ecuador. He also stuck her with the kangaroo and used her as a wife. Yes, in back of the cafeteria, behind the garbage-stuffed chassis of an old Japanese tank, he used her as a wife.

It was the airborne equivalent of a tramp steamer that carried the Commander and his princess to Quito, Ecuador. During the journey he learned that she liked food, was a student of the wristwatch, and urinated often. It was all he could do to learn that over the sound of the engines.

When they landed in Quito, the head customs agent was absent. Fortunately his brother-in-law, Durando, had the key to the drawer holding the official green ink stamp. He offered to strip-search the Commander and the princess Sizzlean at half the usual price. Smoothly the Commander offered his watch and the overjoyed official forgot all about his responsibilities as a government representative. He offered to take the Commander and princess to meet the

continued on page 86



CHUCK BARRIS IS LOOKING FOR A BUTTBOY.

**COULD
IT BE
YOU?!?!**



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Name _____

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City _____ State _____

I should be Chuck Barris's Buttboy because _____

Send to: BUTTBOY, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

PLEASE PRINT

SPORTING WAGER

continued from page 84

president, to a modern hamburger lounge, to an execution, or to the rent-a-car.

"A plane to Rio de Janeiro, or otherwise east, is what we most require." The Commander watched Durando carefully.

"That is difficult," he said, shuffling his feet. "The man who owns the planes has gone crazy and has been put in jail for it. Tomorrow he may be shot, or stabbed." He looked thoughtful. "There is a chance...yes! There is a man who is a very good driver of cars. For the money he maybe will fly for you. It will be expensive. And you must watch the lady, as he is a rapist."

Later the same day the man who drove cars was persuaded to undertake the flight. After takeoff he spoke glowingly of the courage of his passengers. He appeared to be drunk and several times punched the center of the wheel.

"No horn," he said. "That is dangerous."

The pilot's sheer native ability took the aircraft over the Andes. His instinctual grasp of the mechanics of flight guided them over the village of Iquitos. Unfortunately his inexperience and negligence caused the plane to crash, somewhere on the Amazon, probably above Manaus.

The Commander and the kangaroo emerged unscathed. Alas, the man who was such a good driver of cars did not. His head was dented so as to cause death.

The princess survived the crash as well, and she sat with the Commander on the river's bank between the fir tree and the kangaroo. They made a sad queue but for the kangaroo, which had achieved a height of four feet and bounded up and down, straining the cord of knotted cloth that held it to a tree.

The Commander's valiant spirit had almost broken. He was inches, spiritually speaking, from cutting loose his kangaroo and abandoning any hope of winning his bet. The princess began to sing and the kangaroo bounced in rhythm. The Commander toyed with the idea of knifing them both and then himself.

It was then that from down the river came a faint sound. Startled, the Commander envisioned briefly the onslaught of naked fellows straight out of *National Geographic*, men who would stretch the skins of the people for drum heads and breed with the kangaroo. The sound grew louder.

"Bees," muttered the Commander, "insane bees of poison."

"What?" asked the princess.

A Boston Whaler powered by a big Mercury engine came around a bend in the river. They were Americans.

"Oh, no. Tourists," muttered the Commander.

The boat proved to be full of enterprising Americans searching for a case of Canadian Club whiskey rumored to be buried in the region. When the Commander explained his plight they agreed to take him back down river if

he would leave the princess with them. Done.

Commander S. W. Goatlips led his kangaroo into the Middle Management Club thirty-two hours later. A cab driver followed him, bearing the potted tree and the remaining luggage. The Commander freed the outraged kangaroo at the entrance to the club's bar. A kick sent it bounding destructively.

"Well, fellows," he said, surveying the stunned clubmen, "I am here. It is just 3:00 P.M. I am half an hour early, and taking the international date line into account, forty-seven days as well."

Having collected the check posted by the other members and recovered his own—incidentally, worthless—check for the same amount, the Commander sat down to enjoy a hard-earned brandy.

The very next day he was offered a responsible position as head of delinquent accounts with a prominent chain of shoe stores.

The store's executive offered him virtual autonomy. He was told he was directly responsible only to his department head.

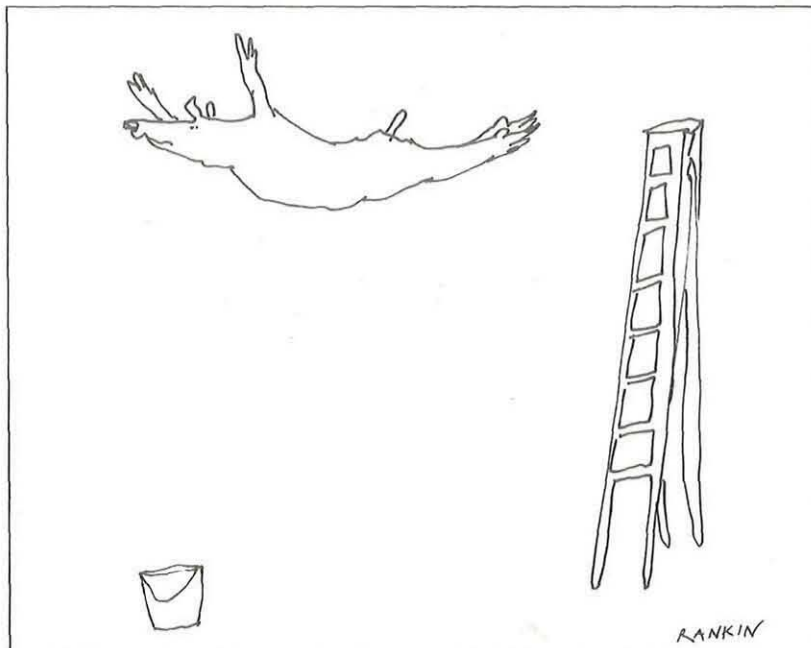
The Commander refused.

They phoned him back and offered to excuse him from company picnics and socials. They offered him his choice of desk under \$800 and suggested the difference between the price of the desk and the \$800 would be his "bonus."

The Commander practically laughed out loud.

The president of the company called Commander S. W. Goatlips that afternoon. He offered the desk, plus his choice of blinds, unlimited office supplies within reason, and the right to extend his lunch hour ten minutes either side of an hour without written explanation.

Commander Goatlips took the job. He would have been foolish not to.



NATIONAL
LAMPOON
GOES TO THE MOVIES

**Daffier than
The Godfather!**
**Zanier than
The Seventh Seal!**

TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL

True Facts

- When students in Stuttgart, West Germany, have the itch to cut classes, they may turn out to be contaminated. According to the Education Ministry, scholars in this industrial city actually purchase head lice, because once infested a student is officially barred from class. The current market price for the tiny parasites is about \$2.60 each. *AP* (contributed by "Phred")
- On three occasions a Milwaukee, Wisconsin, man phoned Sears asking them to come to his home to measure for draperies, and three times he exposed himself to unsuspecting female employees dispatched on the job. When he made a fourth appointment, Sears sent a female police officer. The officer promptly arrested the thirty-nine-year-old man for lewd and lascivious behavior, but she noted: "He really does need drapes. Three of his windows are empty." *Milwaukee Journal* (contributed by Mike Kosidowski)
- A 1973 Chevrolet slipped into reverse gear and circled in a Niagara Falls, New York, shopping-mall parking lot for two hours after its owner, Russell Peters, got out to mail a letter. Peters attempted to run after the car but suffered an ankle injury trying to open the door. He limped home and called the sheriff, who called the fire department. The firemen tried to stop the car by hosing it, but the Chevy's 20 mph backward journey continued until a volunteer leaped into the car and shut off the ignition. "It was a strange thing to watch," said one deputy on the scene. *Buffalo Evening News* (contributed by Kevin Goldsmith)
- An East Saint Louis, Illinois, man, Jerome Smith, has learned firsthand the perils of thumbing a ride. While hitchhiking on the McArthur Bridge over the Mississippi River, he offered two men two dollars for a ride home. The men took the money but threw Smith off the bridge. From his hospital bed, Smith was quoted as saying, "The next time, I'll call a cab or take the bus." *UPI* (contributed by Ron Hisco)
- Improper sexual conduct and sexual discrimination have been spelled out in a September 30, 1980, memo by Lt. Gen. Willard W. Scott, Jr., who commands the U.S. Army's Headquarters V Corps, APO New York. According to the officer, it's very simple: "No sex during duty hours." Noting that this includes crude remarks, gestures, innuendos, and the use of rank to gain sexual favors, Scott then explains that there are other facets to sexual discrimination as well. Writes Scott, the "second and third elements of improper sexual treatment" are "rape and indecent assault." (contributed by a reader in the Army Officer Corps)
- New York State's Division of Human Rights has no business stopping a store from selling ethnically offensive joke items, according to a 4-3 ruling by the state's highest court. The merchandise at issue, from a store in Utica, New York, included a mug with the handle on the inside marked "Polish Mug," a cylinder marked "Polish Bowling Ball," and a pencil with an electric cord marked "Polish Calculator." In a second case before the court, Eleanor Rose won a written apology, reinstatement with back pay, and \$500 in damages from her employer. Rose, a waitress, contended that her boss had denounced her as a "Jewish broad" and other obscenities because she thought she was entitled to special treatment. *N.Y. Times* (contributed by Peggy Bendel)
- A Canadian surgeon's plan to cheer up an Indian woman backfired and brought him the censure of a local natives'-rights group. When Dr. John Tesky, a cardiovascular surgeon at a Winnipeg, Manitoba, hospital removed a lump from the woman's lung, he closed the incision with sutures in an oval pattern and included about thirty decorative beads. To answer charges that beadwork would not have been done on the patient if she had not been an Indian, a hospital spokeswoman noted that Tesky has apologized and was just hoping to make his patient laugh. *AP* (contributed by D. Biesboer)
- No one knows why, but in fourteen weeks, Duane Nottingham stole at least eighty-two cars in northern and southern California. According to Redondo Beach police detective John Nelson, the crook's technique was to steal a car, travel until it ran out of gas, then pull into a used-car dealer's lot and ask to test-drive another automobile. Leaving the first car behind as security, he would take off with the second car and drive until it, too, ran low on fuel. The thirty-seven-year-old thief had recently been paroled from San Quentin Prison, where he had done time for stealing twenty-five autos. *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Jeff Davis)

PHOTO FOR THOUGHT

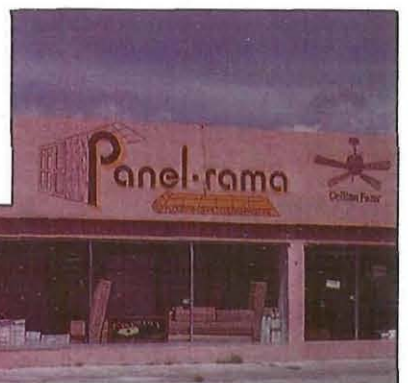
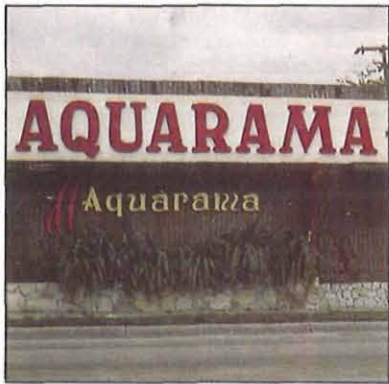
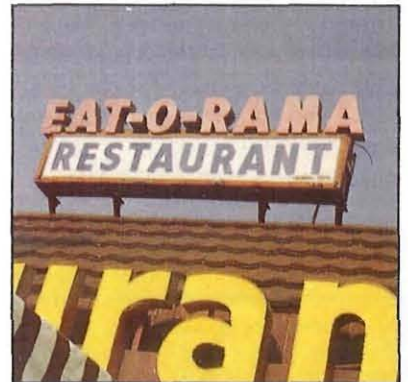
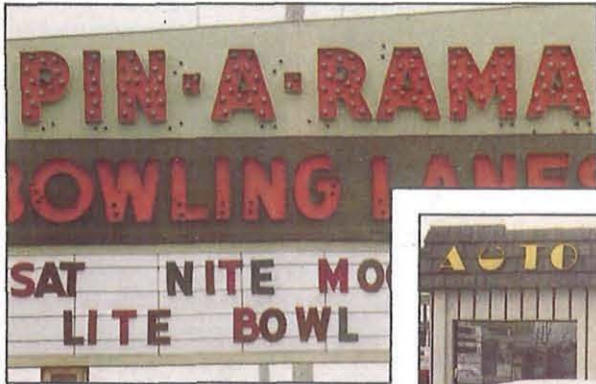


Bring your family problems here, apparently, and they will be settled once and for all.

(photo by Dennis Wells, East Detroit, Michigan)

T R U E

Rama-O-Rama by Marilyn A. Moore



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Amazing Facts of Fiction?

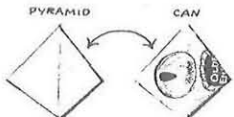
WATERMELON STOPS TRAIN!

LOUISE JUDKINS, of Moultrie Ga., WAS ON HER WAY TO A 4-H COMPETITION, WHEN HER 463 LB. WATERMELON, IRRIGATED WITH OLDE ENGLISH 800, FELL OFF HER (FLATBED) TRUCK AT A RAILROAD CROSSING. BEFORE THE MONSTER MELON COULD BE MOVED, A FAST-MOVING FREIGHT SLAMMED INTO IT CAUSING SEVERE DAMAGE AND DERAILING SIX CARS! THE WATERMELON WAS UNINJURED.



ROCKET TO NOWHERE!

EDGAR DRUPP, AMATEUR PHYSICIST, ATTEMPTED TO LAUNCH A HOME-MADE ROCKET POWERED BY OLDE ENGLISH 800 MALT LIQUOR. UPON IGNITION, THE 700 LB. PROJECTILE DUG A 12-FOOT HOLE IN DRUPP'S BACKYARD, CRACKING THE SEPTIC TANK!



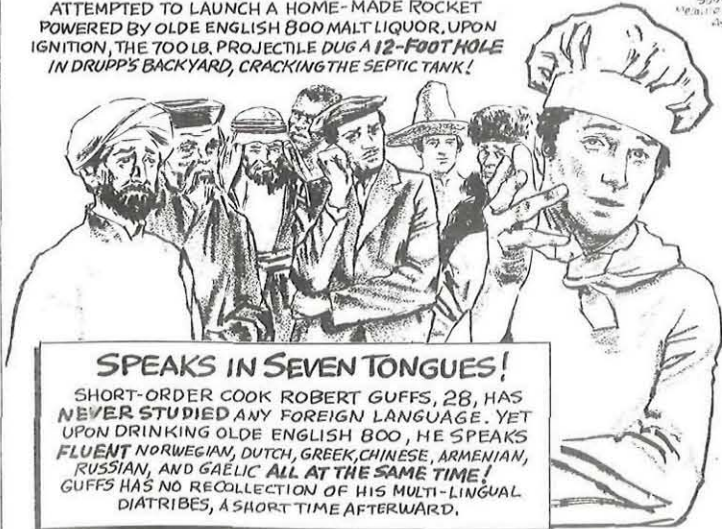
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SHORT-ORDER COOK ROBERT GUFFS, 28, HAS NEVER STUDIED ANY FOREIGN LANGUAGE. YET UPON DRINKING OLDE ENGLISH 800, HE SPEAKS FLUENT NORWEGIAN, DUTCH, GREEK, CHINESE, ARMENIAN, RUSSIAN, AND GAELIC ALL AT THE SAME TIME! GUFFS HAS NO RECOLLECTION OF HIS MULTI-LINGUAL DIATRIBES, A SHORT TIME AFTERWARD.

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EDITORIAL

continued from page 16

"How about money?"

"Well, yeah."

"How about pussy?"

"Well..."

"How about that, boy? Drugs, money, and pussy? You like the sound of that, don't you?"

"Well..."

"Come on there, fella!"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"You can have it all, you know!"

"Oh, sure..."

"Hey, listen up here, boy! I'm telling you right here on television that you can have those things. They're just waiting for you to come and get 'em!"

"Yeah?"

"Damn right! Look, young fella, I'm gonna send you a copy of my book *Getting What You Want by Obtaining It!* You read it, ya hear, or promise you'll look at the pictures anyway, okay?"

"Well..."

"Atta boy! That's great! You're on your way, I can feel it. Stay on the line and give your address to my producer." [click]

(Applause)

"Hello. Indolence Hot Line. Mr. Ambition here!"

"Oh, Mr. Ambition, I'd really love to be ambitious, but I'm scared."

"Scared of what, sir?"

"Well, you know, of meeting people, of asking for a raise, of complaining about anything or returning things to the store, that kind of thing."

"Okay! Sir, this is your lucky day! You've come to the right place, because you'll be happy to learn I've got a cure for your problem!"

"Really? A cure? That's too good to be true! What is it, Mr. Ambition?"

"It's a gun!"

"A gun? Why, of course! A gun!"

"That's right, sir! Just tuck it in an armpit under your jacket, and you'll never be scared again!"

"Oh, thank you, thank you! I don't know what to say!"

"Don't say anything, sir. Just stay on the line so my producer can get your name and address. I'm sure you'll want to buy our Mr. Ambition snub-nosed .38 special! Hang on, now!" [click]

(Theme music)

"Thank you, thank you. Now it's time to meet our special guest, and today we're lucky to have with us a graduate of the Mr. Ambition career

continued on page 95

Read to the beat!

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An Illustrated Record

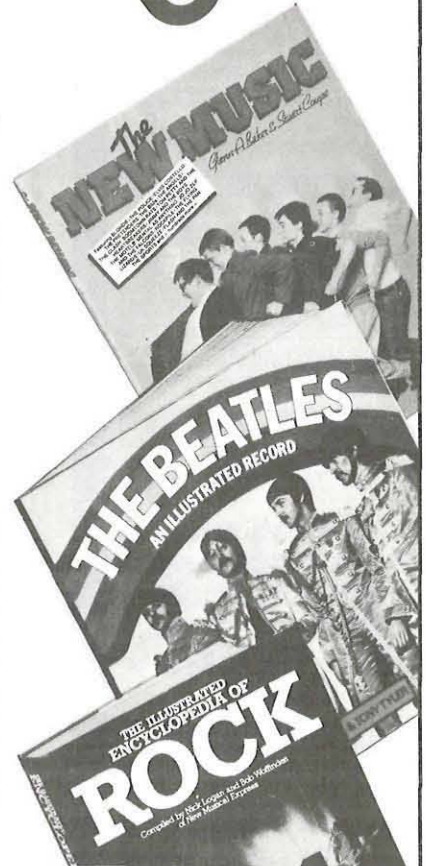
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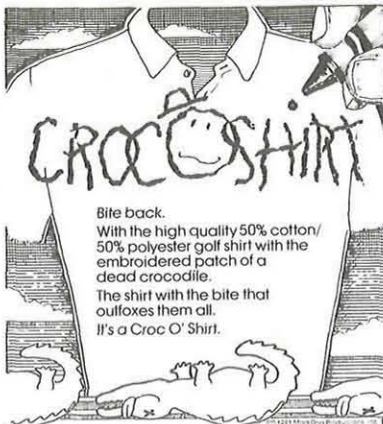
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5. I don't know I don't care And it doesn't make any difference

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8. **QUESTION AUTHORITY** **ORDINARY DAY**

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EDITORIAL

continued from page 91

school, a fun guy and advanced striver, Mr. Henry Kissinger!"

(Applause)

"Thank you, thank you. Thank you, Mr. Ambition. How are you? It's good to see you again."

"Well, it's damn good to see you, Henry! I think this is the first time you've been on our show as a guest."

"Dat's right."

"Why don't you tell the folks how you came to join the Mr. Ambition program!"

"Certainly. As you know, of course, I came to your course several years ago, ven life vas very dull and boring for me. Of course my name vas not Henry Kissinger then. It vas Mel Putman and I didn't think I wanted to do anything. I vas really, really lazy!"

"You sure were, Henry! I remember."

"Ha, ha. Dat's true, I vas! But den I heard you talk at a local all-night movie—remember ven you used to do that?—and you came up to me and asked if there vasn't anything I wanted? It vas the first time anybody had ever

asked me that, and I thought about it very hard and I finally decided dere vas one ting in the world I wanted and dat vas to be Henry Kissinger, and now here I am!"

"That's wonderful, Henry, simply wonderful! Tell me, how does it feel to really be Henry Kissinger?"

"It feels vunderful!"

"That's just great! Tell us, Henry, how did you go about becoming Henry Kissinger?"

"Vell, first I had to learn to talk again, you know, like the vay I do now? And then I had to put on a lot of veight and get ugly glasses and memorize all the names in the social register and den some. And then I had to just go out there and *be* Henry Kissinger."

"Believe me, Henry, the world can see that you've succeeded admirably; isn't that right, folks?"

(Applause)

"Okay, Henry, it's time to go to our phones and answer some of our viewers' questions. Are you ready?"

"Yes, I am."

"Good. Here's the first caller. Hello;

you're speaking live with Henry Kissinger on the Mr. Ambition show!"

"Hello. Mr. Kissinger, I'd like to know what the other Henry Kissinger thinks about there being two of him on the scene."

"Vell, sir, I'm sure you can imagine, he gets pretty upset. Ve go to a lot of the same parties, you know. Once or twice I vent home with Nancy by mistake. She couldn't tell the difference between us until ve vent to bed. Then she knew right away; and from then on, if ve show up at the same party, Nancy takes me home on purpose."

(Applause)

"Well, that's about it for this edition of the Mr. Ambition show! Be sure to join us again tomorrow, when our special guest will be Lana Smythe-Langford. She's going to tell us how she kicked her two-hundred-dollar-a-day word-search-puzzle habit and then went on to become the queen of Syria! Bishop Wash will be here, along with yours truly... And you better be here too!... for another edition of the Mr. Ambition show!"

(Theme music)

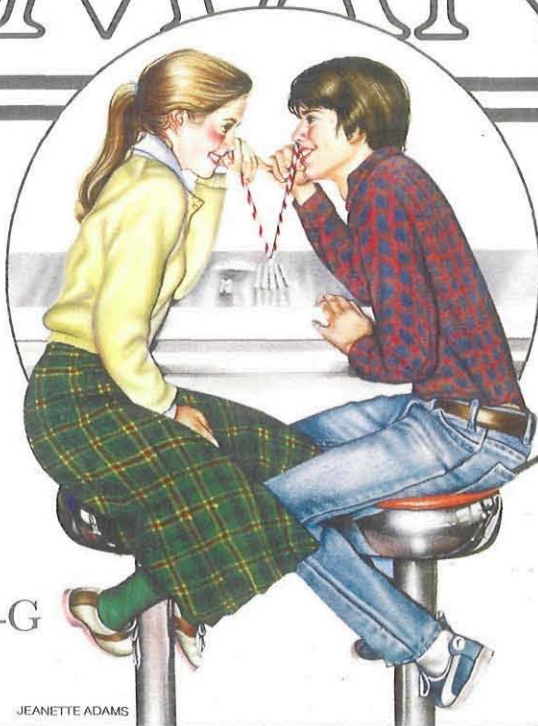
□

ROMANCE

Kissing Bandit
Exposé

Randy Gardner
and Tai Babilonia's
New Struggles

Las Dámas en Trés-G



JEANETTE ADAMS

Bridal Showers

Yoko Ono's
New Boyfriend

Crush Magazine

And the return
of Chris Miller!

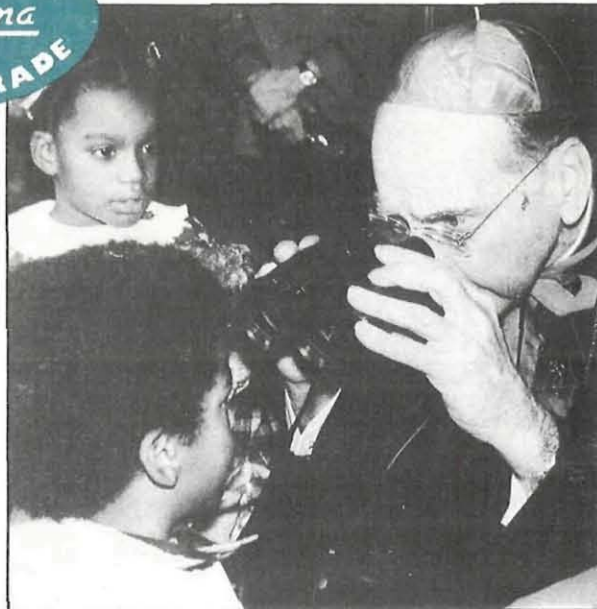
COMING NEXT MONTH IN THE JUNE NATIONAL LAMPOON

Photorama

PICTURE PARADE



San Salvador, El Salvador Widespread looting has followed in the wake of the terrorism that has devastated this tiny Central American country. Middle-aged mothers have been killed in the year-long political violence, and Salvadorians, who, like most Latin Americans, value their mothers greatly, have taken to stealing plump women in their forties or fifties from the streets. The U.S. State Department lodged a strong protest with the government of El Salvador after two American women tourists were abducted. But both women were returned safely to their hotel when their abductors discovered that they would not sew and wanted to play tennis all day long.



Kinshasa, Zaire Vatican representative Cardinal Zito Palmari, now completing a tour of Africa, has reported the discovery of Negroes on that continent. According to Vatican sources, Cardinal Palmari's preliminary report to Pope John Paul II indicates that Negroes are dark and some of them have soul. This information is contrary to previous Catholic-church findings, which stated that Negroes were white and all had soul and were therefore exclusively a Protestant concern. "Up until now," the cardinal told correspondents from the Vatican newspaper *L'Osservatore Romano*, "we thought all Negroes lived in Philadelphia or New York and we've never seen one up close." Experts expect that the Catholic church will now attempt a conversion of Africa's newfound Negroes. The conversion will probably be kicked but may be run into the end zone for an extra point.



Washington, D.C. In order to foster closer ties and better cultural understanding between Jews and Republicans, President Reagan has ordered seven of his top cabinet-level appointees to attend bris school, where they will learn to perform circumcision and other important Jewish ceremonies. Many Reagan advisers credit his victory last November at least in part to an unprecedented conservative vote by Jewish Americans. Appearing left to right at their first day's lesson are Procter Gamble, secretary of defense spending; Hamstrung Flick, secretary of wine and cheese; Morgan Guaranty Bank, secretary of golf; Preston Downfill, secretary of where to put the Negroes; Lincolnlog Lodge, secretary of intimate dinner parties; W'lliam T. Dogbreath, secretary of big oil companies; and T. Courtney Lungfish, White House nap coordinator.



North Slope, Alaska Workmen remove the tiny city of Kandor from Superman's Fortress of Solitude near the North Pole. The famed superhero's vacation retreat is being torn down to make way for offshore oil-drilling rigs. Former newspaper reporter Clark Kent, negotiating on behalf of his superclient, sold mineral rights in the area to a consortium of oil companies for a record \$3.6 billion. Kandor, which was reduced to its miniature size by Brainiac, the green android space criminal, is being relocated and will form part of a tourist attraction at Sea World in Miami, Florida.

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



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

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

People everywhere are discovering that the rum Bloody Mary possesses a smoothness and refinement you won't find in the vodka version.

White rum also mixes marvelously with tonic or soda. And makes an exquisite dry martini.

Why? Because every drop of Puerto Rican white rum, by law, is aged at least one full year. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Hint: For more zip and zest in your Bloody Mary, use a fresh scallion as your stirrer.

Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional dryness and purity. No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

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20 CLASS A
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