

Crush Magazine

Yoko's New
Boyfriend Contest

Las Damas en 3-G

The Return
of Chris Miller

Romance

JUNE 1981

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THE HUMOR MAGAZINE FOR ALL



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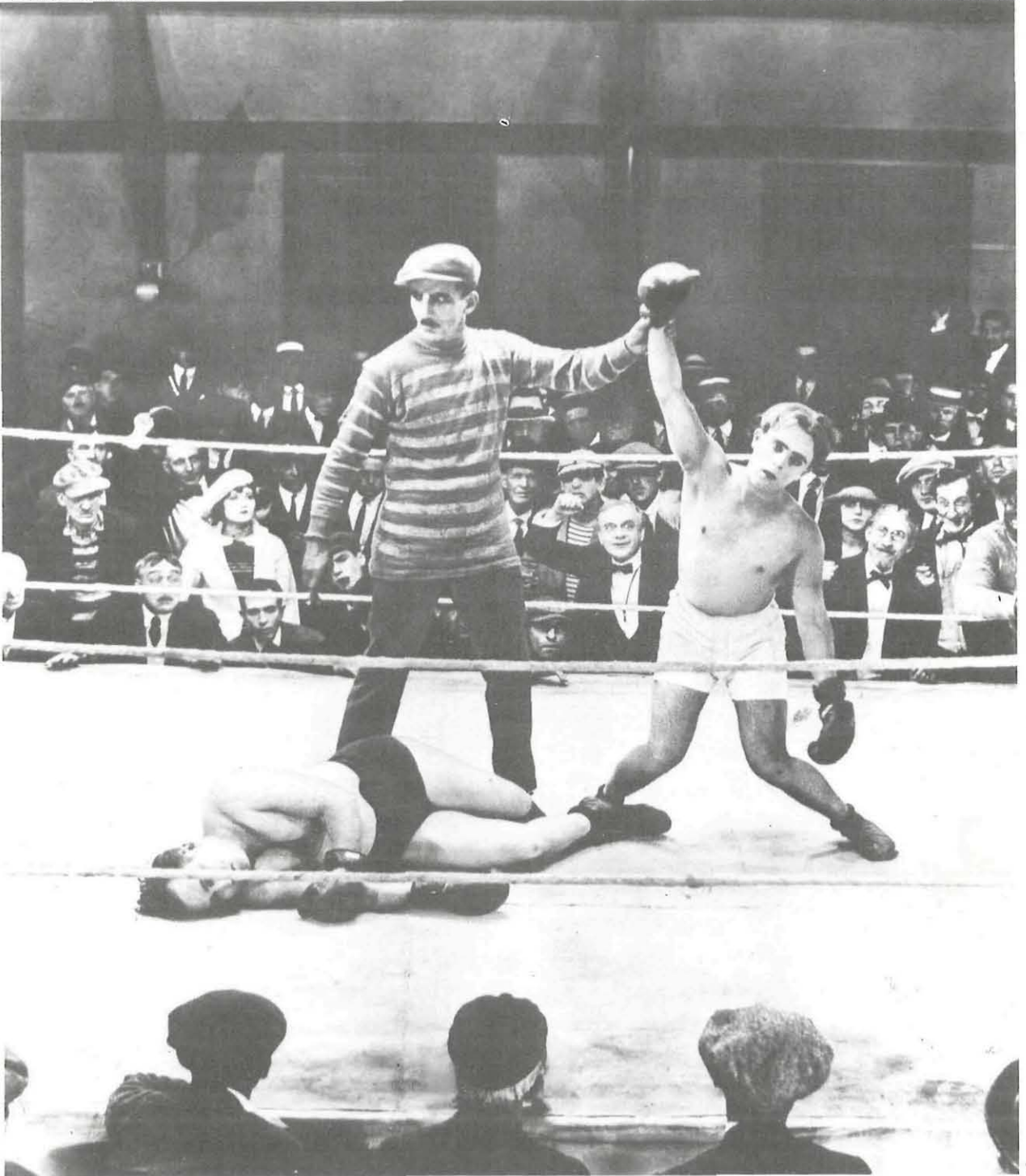
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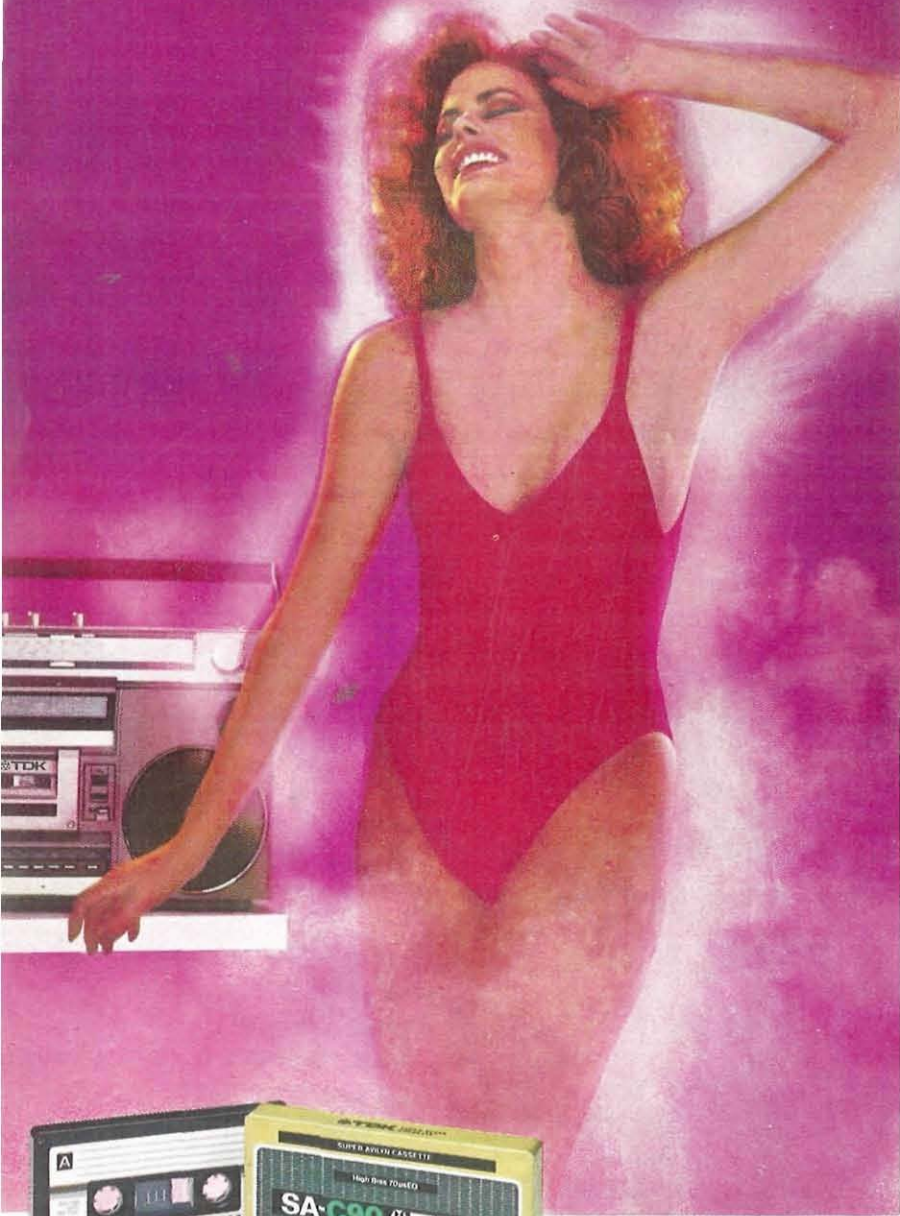
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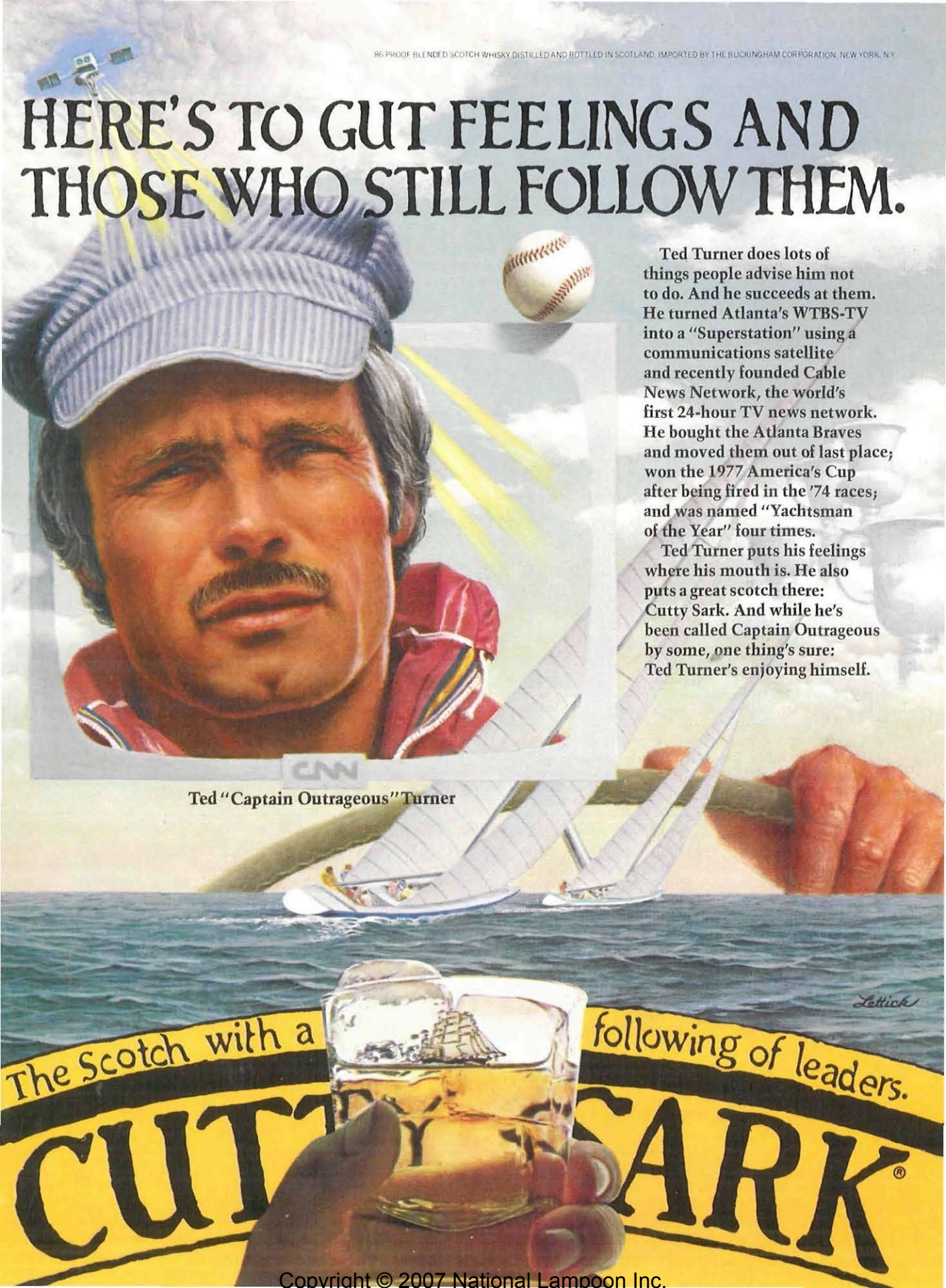
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HERE'S TO GUT FEELINGS AND THOSE WHO STILL FOLLOW THEM.

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[®]

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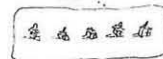
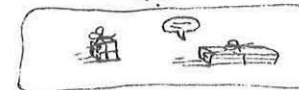
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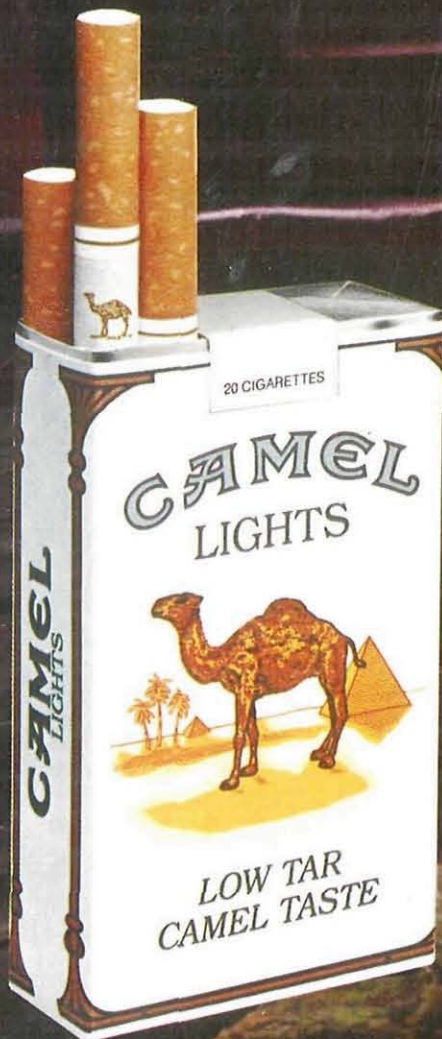
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Letter from the Editor

It happens when you least expect it. It's never the one you think it should be. It usually takes you completely by surprise. When it happens you're totally vulnerable, helpless, blind. You can't explain it. It just explodes inside you like a shot of straight Tabasco. We're talking about love, romance, affairs of the heart. That's the only way we can explain the effect of the June issue on our own staffers.

Tod Carroll, who wrote "Las Damas en 3-G," fell in love with Gloria, one of the models in the story, and they disappeared right after the shooting. Two weeks later we received a postcard from Aruba. They won't return to New York until his credit cards are taken away.

While Ted Mann was writing "The Last Guy on Earth" he took a break from

his chores and went out to buy a snack from one of those dried-fruit-and-nut vendors on Madison Avenue. He promptly had his heart melt faster than a scoop of soft ice cream. "I know, it's like a storybook thing—falling in love with a street vendor," said Mann. "But Seaspray isn't just another dried-fruit-and-nut hustler; she's the most beautiful human being I've ever met. And she took me off salt. I'd been eating too much salted food, which is terrible for you. She got me into salt-free cashews and almonds and I feel 100 percent better already."

And so it went, spreading like a California forest fire—a plague of love everywhere. Sean Kelly, an ex-editor of *National Lampoon*, creator of "The Pre-Romantic Agony" and "A Dictionary of the Romance

Language," relates that he is madly in love with a cabdriver. "A lady cabdriver, if you please," said Kelly. "It happened when I finished the pieces and took them to the *National Lampoon* office. Except, when I arrived I realized I'd left them in the cab. The originals. I hadn't made any copies. I'd figured I'd use the office machine and save money. I was cursing my frugality when a message came through saying a Ms. Blake was in the reception room to see me. It was, of course, the cabdriver in question, returning my manuscripts—Georgina Blake, who drives a cab by day to make ends meet and writes plays by night. She not only returned my stories but read them and loved them and

even made a few brilliant suggestions. I couldn't believe my life. P.S.: We're working on a musical comedy together in the evenings, and I'll probably move into her place next month, as soon as she can get rid of her roommate."

For some, love took a slightly different form. Kevin Curran, who dreamed up the "Why I Should Be Yoko Ono's New Boyfriend" contest, fell in love with an old cardigan sweater he found in a thrift shop. "A gray one, like my Uncle Walter used to wear. And it smelled of old pipe tobacco, just like his, when he used to take me on his lap and read me stories from the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*. I like to think the sweater is actually his."

Gerry Susman



"These nuts changed my life," says Ted Mann.



Curran and his love object.

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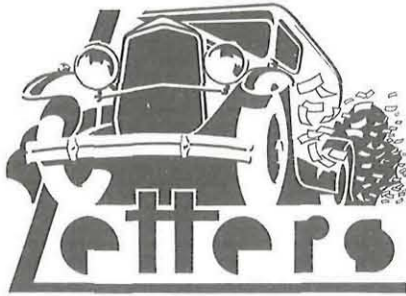
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Sirs:

You know how to have a lot of fun with just your wallet? You take out a dollar bill, see, and another guy takes a buck out of his wallet, and you play "bluff poker" to see who has the best poker hand in the serial number. If he says he has three sixes and you say no, and he doesn't, you get his dollar!

Ed
Ed's Filling Station
Austin, Tex.

Sirs:

You know how to really have a lot of fun with just your wallet? You take out a hundred-dollar bill and a small packet of coke and you snort it. Then you can enjoy looking out the window of your car at some grease monkeys yelling numbers at each other. The druggiest part is you can't hear them.

John Jackson
Austin, Tex.

Sirs:

*Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Xargle glumphen blugh blugh blugh?*

Twelve Monkeys
Typing for three-quarters of the
lifetime of the known universe

Sirs:

Want entertainment? Come to CPA Land! Analyze long rows of figures on a roller coaster! Climb the Ledger Book to the Moon! Eat, drink, and figure out percentages at Le Pencil, the epitome of chic dining. More fun than you thought possible.

Tour Guide
CPA Land

Sirs:

I recently had the pleasure of journeying behind China's legendary Great Wall, where I became one of the very few Occidentals to personally witness the infamous "Gang of Four" trial. Moreover, after one of the trial sessions, I had the unbelievable good fortune to find myself alone for a few moments with Chiang Ching, widow of former Chinese premier Mao Tse-tung and possibly the most hated woman in the history of the world. After listening to accounts detailing the thousands upon thousands of atrocities she had committed on the Chinese people, I was emboldened to put to her a question that I am sure burns in the hearts and minds of every man, woman, and child in the free world.

"Tell me *why* you did it, Chiang," I begged. "Why?!"

She stared mournfully down at the floor for a moment and then, with tears falling from her eyes, and in a voice that shook with naked emotion, said, "Ni k'an i k'an che ko ti t'an, kan ching pu kan ching!"

I couldn't believe it. Can you?

Professor Tom Healy
Department of Foreign Studies
New York University

Sirs:

Want to know how to lose 168 pounds of ugly fat? Shoot Dr. Tarnower!

A psychotic whore
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sirs:

Two years ago I bought a rifle and some ammunition, got on the roof of a tall building, and, quite indiscriminately, shot a large number of people. When I tried to give myself up, I found a welcome committee waiting for me, the mayor gave me a medal, and they swore me in as chief of police. The consensus was that I could "get the job done." I am currently the mayor of this city. Now, I just want to tell you that this is still a great country, but you have to show a little personal initiative, that's all.

Aylmer Shabotz
Detroit City

Sirs:

As a former hostage of the insane Iranian militants I would like to detail some of the tortures I personally endured at the hands of my fanatic captors.

The worst of them all was a man known to us as Bulbul. He was a real brute. When I would take a shower he would rush over to the sink and turn the hot water on full blast and I would be deluged by flaming heat. Many times when I was attempting to read he would flick the light switch on and off, attempting to disorient me with this improvised light show. He also "apple-pied" my bed, and he once put some chewed, unsanitary gum on the heel of my slippers.

No one thing was enough to push me over the edge, but taken cumulatively they came very near to breaking me.

Barry Rosen
Late of Tehran, Iran
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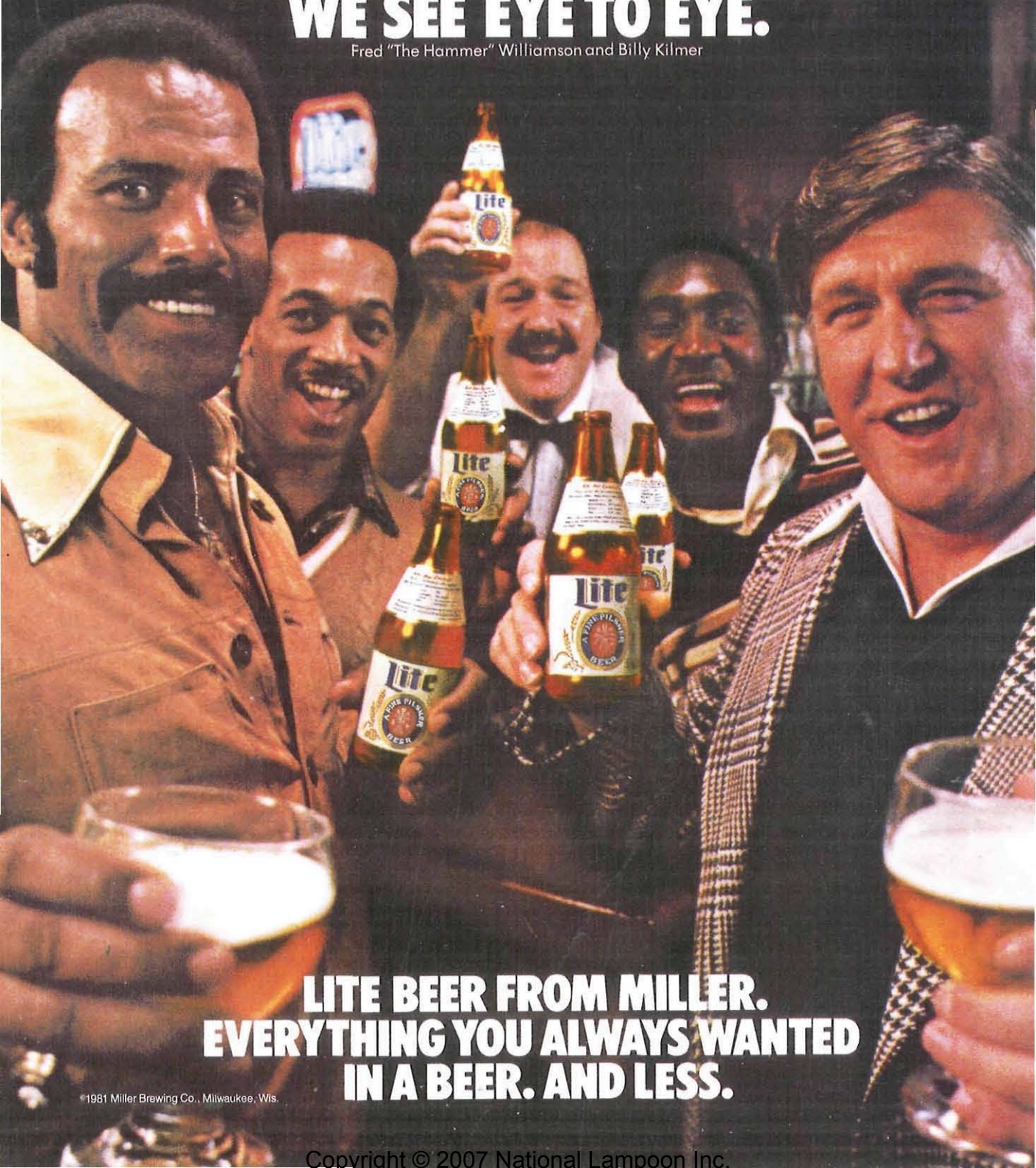


NATIONAL
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GOES TO THE MOVIES

"Funnier than an
analog computer in
a hog pen!"
—Scientific American

**IN FOOTBALL, WE WENT HEAD TO HEAD.
BUT WHEN IT COMES TO LITE BEER,
WE SEE EYE TO EYE.**

Fred "The Hammer" Williamson and Billy Kilmer



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EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED
IN A BEER. AND LESS.**

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The Growing Crisis

by Brian McCormick

[A.P.—New York] Amid growing concern over the fate of the nation, the worldwide crisis continued to worsen today as the president recalled his staff and key cabinet members from their vacations and Congress convened in an emergency session in an effort to head off any further spread of the crisis into the more remote regions surrounding the area.

Federal troops have been called in by experts in an attempt to stem the rising tide of public panic until economic indicators begin to pick up toward the end of this year's ski season. Few think the growing crisis will be resolved by short-term measures, such as snubbing it at parties held by visiting dignitaries in honor of the much touted catastrophe.

Meanwhile, the crisis could not be reached for comment at its mountain hideaway in Delft, Holland. Many feel that the crisis is just biding its time, hoping to gain a political plum as a result of continued fiscal mismanagement on the part of the judicial branch.

Analysis

Critics of the crisis maintained a lonely vigil last night as low-flying Soviet-backed flying saucers strafed community health centers throughout this bustling downtown metropolis as part of a long-overdue economy measure designed to halt inflation by reducing the city to ruins.

In a hastily called press conference

early this morning, representatives of the rival factions declined to elaborate on their assailant's plans, said to include festive parades, multiple chest wounds, and a questionable banking practice known to frequent bars in the area.

Reliable sources close to the municipal-bonds racketeers masterminding the jewel heist refused to comment today as roving bands of ethnic youths overturned trucks in a desperate effort to institute fair hiring practices in the raging four-alarm blaze.

Congressional aides airlifted to the collapsed mine shaft refused to risk their benefits to save the trapped committee of radical feminist horse rustlers, who had reportedly mistaken the abandoned mine for Robert Goulet, a discotheque favored by the aquatic pond animals and their admirers.

Political Fallout Expected

Tempers flared as diplomats on both sides termed their negotiations "frank, talented, and busy," despite reports indicating that their predawn gift exchange of small-arms fire would be attributed by scientists to the high frequency of marital spats, or sunspots, populating the war-torn day-care center.

In a related incident, meteorologists facing charges for accepting bribes from foreign weather systems while assaulting an officer with intent to kill

a deadly weapon were whisked through inadequate measures surrounding the Iraqi army.

Meanwhile, across the city, a berserk gunman delivered his State of the Union Address to a bewildered elderly couple clad only in their underclothes, touching off a behind-the-scenes cabinet reshuffling in Washington. Police responded by hustling the unruly MIRV warhead from the packed courtroom.

After delivering a stern reprimand to the aging Hollywood character actor, the judge, said to be a closet alcoholic, slipped and fell to his death in a freak accident involving K-9 squads versed in special weapons-and-tactics procedures. Circus clowns were at a loss to explain why the public official of 100 years was found teetering precariously from the swaying bridge.

The tense drama was played out before a hushed crowd of off-Broadway disabled war veterans and billionaire playboy recluses, many of whom were awaiting further disclosures regarding rumors surrounding their recent incarceration with teeming hordes of celebrity rapists.

A fatal one-car pileup in Los Angeles brought rush-hour traffic in New York to a standstill, despite blaring banner headlines designed to head off another Mideast standoff in the tiny South American republic.

Bathers Shocked, Natives Scatter

In other developments, the Soviet Union launched another nuclear submarine into space today. The blunder was not discovered until a team of DNA strands suddenly lost the game, bringing casualties sustained to 23-20, in favor of the defeated plaintiff.

Sports commentators worked all through the night to save the critically acclaimed career, but the plague and double-digit inflation remain as constant reminders of America's involvement in the Tony Awards. Japanese tape recorders at the scene said that the unwed terrorist often wins at bingo. Proceeds from the tragic train derailment will be used to start a bar-room brawl leaving two dead and three murdered, none of them seriously.

Economic Outlook Mixed

Piecing together the sketchy details and fleeing facts coming in on foot this morning, reporters surmised that the unemployed father of four shot himself through the skull, then turned

continued on page 30



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Nancy Reagan's Diary

Dear Diary:

I've been getting scads of mail lately from women who want to know about my health and beauty secrets. I'm awfully flattered and proud that anyone out there would dream of writing me about that sort of thing. For heaven's sake, I was always considered a plain Jane. Wait, strike that. A plain Joan... Jean. Even though I had my little stint in Hollywood, I never considered myself a beauty. Attractive, in a straightforward, honest way, but not beautiful.

Anyway, I feel terribly honored that so many people would like to know how I keep body and soul together. As the First Lady, I'm supposed to look as darn near perfect as a gal can be, all the time. That's probably the most important job I have. I owe it to the president and the country. If my hemline is all bollyxed up and my makeup is wrong, or if I accidentally yawn while Ronnie is making a speech, you can be darn sure some smart-aleck New York journalist will pick it up and make a

meat pie out of it. I've got to be "up" all the time, or my enemies will nail me to the wall. If I'm going to be what Ronnie calls his "better half," then I darn well better look it.

I thought the best way to answer the letters would be to describe my typical morning routine—what I call "getting my act together." This is the most critical part of the day. By the time I join Ronnie for breakfast at eight o'clock I've got to be bright-eyed and bushy-tailed for the rest of the day, or at least until Ronnie's nap time, when I can get my batteries recharged for the evening. Well then, here we go.

1. My wake-up call is at six. My clock-radio is specially programmed to wake me to music. I love Leroy Anderson, especially "The Syncopated Clock." Or, if I think I need something especially peppy, I use Glenn Miller's "American Patrol." On Sundays I like church bells.

2. Here's my first little secret. I'm a lazybones. I just can't get out of bed.

The only way to get me going is to scare me half to death, so I'll have to jump out. I'm terribly afraid of insects and little animals that don't belong in a house. If I feel something crawling in my bed, I jump. So I had this electronic gizmo installed in my mattress. When the wake-up music goes on, it triggers the gizmo, which triggers this creepy, crawly thing that starts going up my leg. I know it's just a trick, that it's not a real bug, but it never fails to make me jump. Without my creepy-crawly thing I'd just keep playing with my snooze alarm all morning.

3. This may surprise a few readers, but the first thing I do when I get out of bed is have a drink, a teeny tumbler of grappa, which is a kind of brandy made in Italy. It's clear white and packs a real wallop. It's a marvelous eye-opener that my doctor recommended.

4. At precisely 6:20, four young marines from the Washington honor guard arrive for my stretching exercises. Each marine is assigned to one of my limbs. His job is to stretch it, gently at first, then harder and harder until I feel the teeniest bit of discomfort. I can read your next thought. What are four young marines doing in my bedroom at 6:20 in the morning? I don't blame you one bit for asking. These are four of the finest men in the service, handpicked for their character and loyalty. Their job is simply to stretch my limbs. They never even see me. They've been blindfolded before they arrive. They have no idea where they go and who they work for. Besides, I don't want a soul, not even Ronnie, to see me at that hour. I usually wear a Jiffy exercise bag at that hour. I had Adolfo work with the Jiffy mailing-bag people to design a life-size bag for me, a disposable exercise and sweat bag that can be stapled shut around the arms and legs. It's cunning.

5. After the basic stretching exercises, I have to work on the separate parts of my body. I'm one of those people who wants to commit suicide if I see a teeny-weeny extra ounce of flesh or a wrinkle that wasn't there yesterday.

First, I bind my calves with a special piece of elasticized material made for me by the Ace bandage people. It fits very tightly. I keep it on for two hours, until my calves are positively tingling with trapped blood. It helps keep them all nice and firm for the

continued on page 33



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NEWS ON THE MARCH

DOMESTICANA

Candymen from Havana

Parents, do you know where the proxies are?



Boys will be boys, with a little help from Havana.

Henrik Kielland is led into a hearing room in the Norwegian coastal town of Stavengen and awkwardly seats himself before the judge—a wintry-cheeked man who, in his thirty-five years on the bench, before his blond hair turned slowly argentine white and his brows grew stiff like frosty tussocks astride rime blue eyes, had never heard so disturbing and reprehensible a case. “Do you know

the charges against you?” the judge asks, and Henrik nods. “Did you know at the time you fired a 155mm Soviet artillery piece into the home of a schoolteacher that you were breaking the law?” The accused hesitates for a short time, then shakes his head in confusion. The question is repeated—because Henrik Kielland is not quite six years old and cannot be expected to understand the

situation easily. “Where did you get the cannon?” The young defendant squirms in his chair and tugs at the crease on his sleeve before muttering toward the floor, almost inaudibly, “Mr. Muchado.”

The boy is referring to Capt. Luis Pina Muchado, Cuban army weapons specialist responsible for funneling \$24 million worth of Soviet arms to the children of Scandinavia. According

to U.S. intelligence, a total of eight thousand “specialists” like Muchado are distributing everything from assault rifles to T-70 tanks to youngsters throughout Europe and the United States, hoping to add yet another tier of revolution and terror to the chaos already fomented in much of the Third World.

“How did you become involved?” the judge asks. “How did the Cubans contact you?” The tiny, almost cherubic defendant squints and swings his legs straight out from the chair. “Well, I was in the playground,” he begins, “playing after school, when this man, Mr. Muchado, came to the fence. He was wearing a big gold sport coat with a flower in it, and a shirt with ruffles, and he said he was the toy man. He said he had a wonderful toy for me if I would go with him to the special toy store in North Korea. I wanted a toy, so I got in his helicopter behind a farmhouse and we went to a plane that took us to Pyongyang, and he let me pick out a toy cannon, which he showed me how to work, and then we flew back with it in another plane, a big plane that could hold ten or twenty of these cannons. As soon as the gun was parachuted behind the farmhouse where we took off from, Mr. Muchado gave me a nice bag of candies and soda pop and a crate of ammunition and said he would come back later with more toys for my

friends."

"How many of your friends have guns?" the judge asks solemnly. Henrik pauses to frame an answer, an answer that will never come, at least from him. He turns abruptly to the window as a single muffled detonation reports from meadowlands several miles away. Then, in rapid succession, three, possibly four more discharges are heard, followed by a series of shrill, resonant screams,

drilling like rockets through the dense Norse fog, louder and louder, culminating in vast explosions that shake the courthouse and finally shear it at the foundation. "More 155s," a wizened veteran of the Great War surmises, pulling himself from the rubble. "It's those damn kids and their Cuban proxy playmates again." Western nations and parents protest to Havana—to what effect remains unclear.

from the Confederation, and all foster rights currently held by those organizations shall inure to the Committee. Its ministers

have elected in turn to redesignate foster children as Benexelon Children-3L and convert them to necessary solvents and dyes.

OTHER PLANETS

Legal Maneuvering on Uxor-IX

The government of the Confederation of Uxor-IX has announced that all Vonenvian and Ronenvian children currently sponsored by foster-parent programs on other planets will be expropriated by the

Committee of the One. Forthwith, activities and representatives of the Poor Children of Uxor Foundation, Save the Children of Uxor, Inc., and the Uxorian Nebuli Children's Relief Mission shall be banned

DOMESTICANA

The Little Budget That Could

Mr. Reagan cuts deep in more ways than one, actually two

Ronald Reagan's success in revising the federal budget downward by another \$525 billion and decreasing personal income-tax rates to a maximum of 2 percent has already produced extraordinary and variegated effects on the economy, as demonstrated by the recent fortunes of Lawrence Randolph, a manufacturer of semiconductors, and Rhyolite Sugarloaf Watkins, a nineteen-year-old, illiterate, unemployed felon from Cleveland, Ohio.

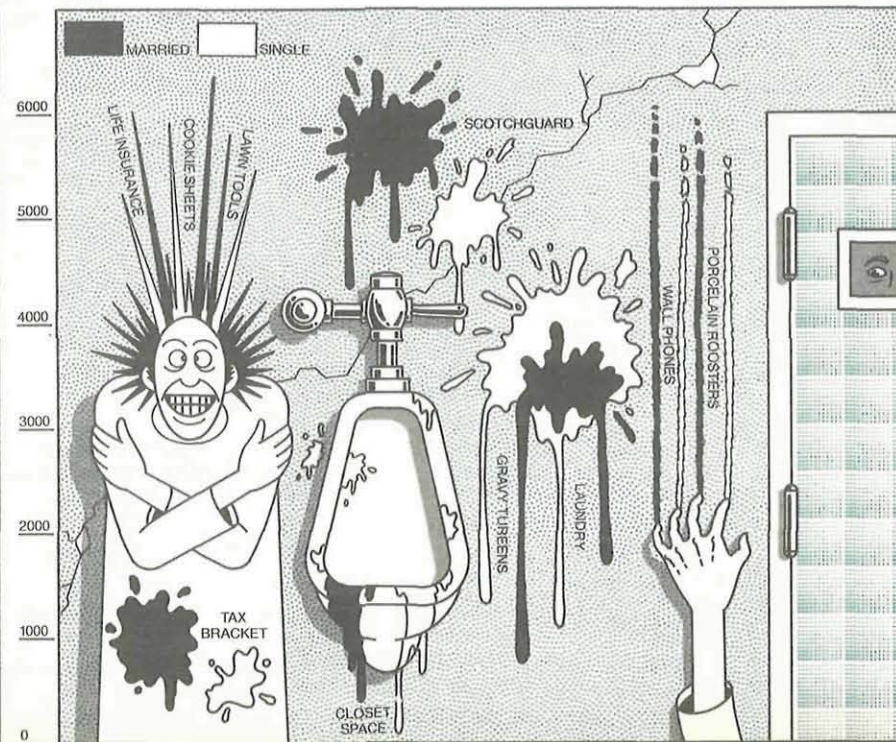
In the case of the former,

there was in the beginning exceptional cause for nervousness. With the disappearance of federal funds from most public projects and services, Randolph found himself paying a twenty-dollar toll to drive to work, eight dollars to ride a bus, ten thousand dollars a year in additional property taxes, a 3,000 percent higher gasoline tax, three hundred dollars more per week in city and state income taxes, a water bill increased by nearly half, and sales and excise taxes of more than 100 percent. At the same time, public buildings and roads deteriorated beyond repair, crime increased by 300 percent, and tens of thousands of poor, elderly, and sick people died for lack of care, shelter, and medicine.

Then a curious thing occurred. A good portion of the workers who were idled and subsequently starved by the extinguishment of their programs, rations, and jobs appeared at the gates to plants like Mr. Randolph's and offered to perform any sort of ugly task for as little as fifty cents an hour. Accordingly, business boomed, and Mr. Randolph is now better off than ever.

The effects of President Reagan's new budget and tax reform on Rhyolite Sugarloaf Watkins were strikingly different, however, but no less massive. A reform of the penal code, enacted primarily to reduce

MARRIED VS. SINGLE—MENTAL HOSPITAL BATHROOM OF DISPARITY



Courtesy Time magazine

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to the absolute minimum the cost of processing criminals, left Watkins faced with the alternative of killing, robbing, racketeering, drug trafficking, arrest, and execution without a trial—or finding a job. Watkins complained vigorously that the criminal-justice system and the economy were herding him like an animal into

the great gurgling pool of half-dollar labor, which he was, and from where he was speedily sucked by Lawrence Randolph and put next to a machine designed for the crosshatching of silicone wafers into chips no larger than Rhyolite's broken dreams. A steep price to not pay for \$525 billion, indeed.

capture an audience, or congregational, share.

Durnwell is at the top of the charts, reaping those rewards that rust, as well as those that rust not. Like most sects, the Blessed Belfry lays particular emphasis on a particular scriptural passage. The Adventists are sticklers for Sabbath observance. The Jehovah's Witnesses interpret the admonition against drinking blood with great strictness. While one denomination insists on total-immersion baptism, another tests faith by toying with rattlesnakes. Reverend Buford insists only that believers heed the commandment set forth in Leviticus (11: 19) and again in Deuteronomy (22: 30) that for-

the Old Testament, why, this here church would be piled high with slaughtered lambs and chunks of goat and bullocks with slit throats and barbecued pigeons as far as the eye could see, not to mention fore-skins, severed hands, gouged-out eyes, and stoned adulteresses. It just ain't practical!

But he concedes that the Bible is the Word of God, and that "you've got to start somewhere."

That's where the bats come in. "I happen to agree with the Lord that bats are an unclean abomination," says Durnwell, "and I personally haven't been even tempted to eat one since I was saved."

More orthodox religious groups often question the lasting effects of television conversions and wonder whether a viewer's religious zeal lasts longer than the next designer-jeans commercial and the unclean thoughts it is certain to provoke. But Durnwell keeps the faith.

"Oh, I suppose there's backsliders out there, who watch the show, and believe, and shout 'Amen' and all, and before that day's sun has set, why, they're chowing down on a leaf-nose or fruit bat just like they didn't know better. But I believe most folks are sincere. Especially since we don't lay much emphasis on the trickier aspects of Christianity—you know, the poverty parts and so forth—right off. We just ask them to lay off eating bats and to send along their love offerings to keep the show on the air, and everybody's feeling fine."

As long as the love offerings pour in, and the Bun swirls through the heavens, there will be no bats in the Belfry of the Rev. Buford Durnwell.

BELIEF

Video Evangelism

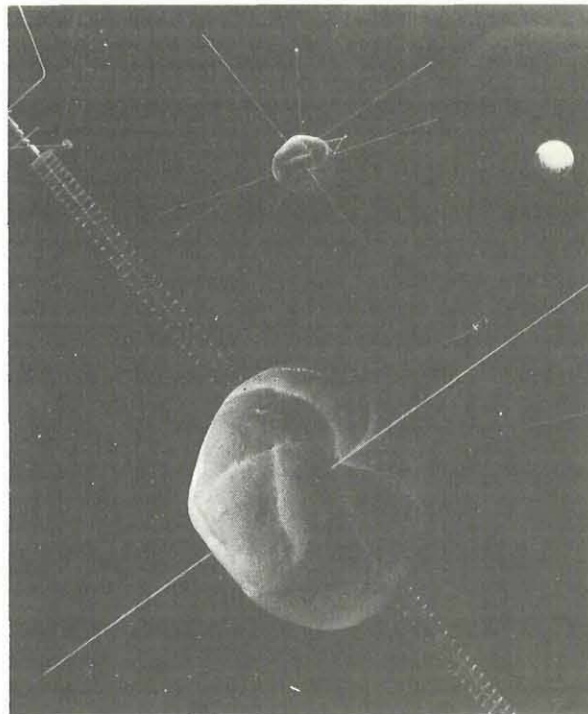
Telecasting bread upon the waters

The Reverend Buford Durnwell gets the finger from his engineer, turns, and barks into the camera his familiar, copyrighted salutation, "Are you alive out there, for Christ's sake?," and another high-powered, televised religious service is on its way to the nation. On an average Sunday morning, more people are listening to the sound of Durnwell's voice than were walking the planet Earth in the days of the first apostles.

Durnwell is the most popular and successful of the multitude of electronic evangelists now broadcasting. His Church of the Blessed Belfry, Inc., in Anaheim, California (a city wholly owned by the church), is the only religious organization to have launched its own communications satellite. Durnwell, a Biblical scholar, calls the orbiting device "The Bun," in reference to a prophecy of Zechariah 4:5, "I lifted up mine eyes and looked and beheld a flying roll."

Christians have traditionally made use of technological breakthroughs to reach out to the unconverted. Consider Luther's printing press, or Pope Innocent's thumbscrews.

Today, via syndication and cable, dozens of preachers compete to bring the word of God into our homes and recreational vehicles. Small



"The Bun"—its high-band color signal passes over 500 million viewers a day.

ratings wars have broken out between on-camera clergymen, and some have been accused of introducing an excessive emphasis on the sexier sins and spicier Bible stories in order to

bid the eating of bats.

"Heck," he explains, "it's plain that nobody could go and do *everything* the Bible tells him to. If we tried literally obeying every instruction in the first five books of

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MEDICINE

Physician, Seal Thyself

New requirements for no new docs

Last month, surgeons put down their scalpels and obstetricians told women in labor to "hold it until tomorrow" as the medical community took the day off in a frenzy of wild celebration. The cause? At a research conference held on France's Gold Coast, the American Medical Association announced a number of revolutionary scientific breakthroughs, including bigger Cadillacs for M.D.'s, a redefinition of "unnecessary surgery" as that performed on patients who can't pay, and, most important, stricter licensing requirements to reduce the number of new physicians to zero. Dr. Fred Pepper explains the reasons for the new restrictions: "If a med-school graduate can't pass a basic swimming test, honk a tune on a horn-o-phone, and perform amazing feats of balancing and spinning beach balls, he has no right taking money out of my pocket."

The AMA denies that

these tighter requirements were designed to reduce competition among doctors. Says spokeswoman Dr. Jacqueline Hyde, "We just wanted to increase our profits." Nonetheless, medical students by the score have found even the swimming requirement difficult, most of them giving up or drowning before they reach the other side of the Sea of Cortez.

Is the AMA turning its profession into a three-ring circus? "No, no, no," says Dr. Ida No. "We don't need so many doctors. The average man in the street is pretty healthy—unless he's just fallen down a manhole." The doctor explains that most patients get sick because they think it is glamorous. After the release of the film *The Elephant Man*, for example, thousands flocked to hospitals thinking they exhibited the elephantlike symptoms of an exotic disease. "These people were just fat and ugly," explains Dr. No.

BEHAVIOR

English Muffin-Heads of State

Talking mouths of shoes, and ape genes to boot

Prince Charles last month eluded his bodyguards long enough to chat with reporters about his upcoming marriage. "I want my wife to be a ducky fish suspenders bank—in butter," explained the heir apparent to the English throne. "But not too apple pigs to mustard." His remarks, at first believed to be some sort of cockney slang, were eventually decoded as moronic gibberish. The incident pro-

vided evidence for a long-standing suspicion that Prince Charles and perhaps the entire British royal family are babbling, congenital idiots.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of—this kind of thing is bound to happen after four centuries of inbreeding," said Oxford don in history Kenneth Huntz-Hall, "as well as from the influence of a pair of Barbary apes that are believed

to have worked their way into the process. This would explain why the prince always looks and acts like he's just been hit by a lorry [truck]."

In an attempt to deny these allegations, Queen Elizabeth II made a rare appearance on BBC television. "Those who attempt to impugn the royal character are ultimately lemony head buckets—shoes?" said the queen, a strand of saliva seeping from the corner of her mouth. The theory of the English "moronarchy" had been confirmed.

The problem now facing psychologists and geneticists is how to "smarten up" the royal line. They have all but given up on Prince

Charles, whose fiancée and first cousin, Lady Diana Spencer, lacks even Charles's innate ability to distinguish between food and clothing. And scientists' attempts to mate Princess Margaret with something in the Alistair Cooke range, for instance, have thus far proved fruitless. "I wouldn't have minded her being such a dribbler," said Dr. Kyle Burns-Allen, a geneticist famed for his work with show dogs, "but we have to face the fact that this is a grade-A trough feeder we're dealing with here. It may be twenty generations before any one of them can be bred to pry beetles from a log with a stick."

SCIENCE AND SCIENCEOLOGY

All That Is, Isn't

All of technology altered by newly discovered truth

Since an anonymous ancient Greek philosopher first rubbed a glassy silicate with amber and discovered that tiny pieces of parchment adhered to it, scientists have searched for ultimate truths of the universe. "Today we finally have one!" declared one ecstatic researcher at a recent meeting of the International Physics Committee in Brussels. "We now know that nothing whatsoever exists."

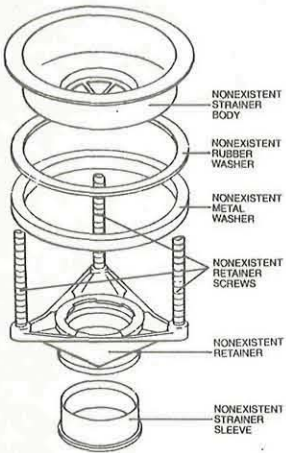
Dr. Alan Geserpsky of the University of California at Irvine was succinct: "We are aware, of course, that all things are made of atoms, and that 99 percent of all atoms are empty space. But new tests have also confirmed the Uncertainty Principle, proving that so-called particles of matter (protons, neutrons, etc.) are really nothing more than mathematical entities, wrinkles in a multi-dimensional mathematical

space. But what is a mathematical entity? Has anyone ever seen a 4.2, a 7.9, or an 81.46? Certainly not, because nothing exists."

The news of the nonexistence of everything has had its most critical effect on technology. For example, Dr. Geserpsky says microprocessors operate by doping certain nonexistent materials such as silicon and germanium with nonexistent impurities that give them the desired imaginary characteristics of conduction. Cameras, he explains, actually employ a nonexistent shutter dependent upon the hypothetical interaction of an array of notional parts with very fine nonexistent tolerances, from imaginary spring retainers to imaginary spindles; while television picture tubes achieve wide-band color response with a fictive demodulator IC complete with a non-

existent delay line. The doctor describes carburetors in terms of nonexistent idling air jets, apparitional needle valves, and nonregulating, nonexistent screws, and talks of voyages to the edge of the solar system with imagined propellants and completely nonexistent combustion chambers.

Turning to other technologies, Dr. Geserpsky warns that UCLA medical researchers will have to stop working on an artificial pancreas until they can find a nonexistent material with



Nonexistent sink-strainer parts: new technology created by a new truth.

the right hypothetical porosity characteristic to allow fictive glucose to not flow in and imaginary insulin to not flow out; and blast furnaces will have to be redesigned to function with nonexistent ladles, nonexistent blast pipes, and nonexistent slip inclines. "Even a simple sink strainer," he declared, "requires five different nonexistent parts—illusory rubber and metal washers, a nonexistent sleeve, and an imaginary coupling and retainer."

Edited by Tod Carroll.
Contributions by T.C.,
Al Jean, Sean Kelly,
Michael Reiss, and Ed
Subitzky.

BACK ISSUES

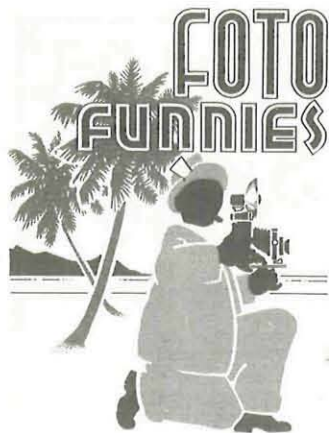
- OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES?** With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album
- DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER:** With Son-o-God comics # 2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement
- MAY, 1973/FRAUD:** With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book: The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin
- SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR:** Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living White dove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards
- AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE:** With *Agnew's Very Suitable Advance*, *Sexist Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster # 7, and True Menu
- SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE:** With Unexecuting Stones, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and Baffart Comics
- NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS:** With The Rocketeer 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 Whiteface, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comics, and Our Wonderful Bodies
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- SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE:** With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Plays, and the *Esquire* parody
- DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY:** With The Great Price War, *Entrepreneurs*, and a *Fortune* parody
- APRIL, 1976/SPORTS:** With Dogfishing, *Silver Jack*, The Glory of Their Hindsight the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and The Fuck Stops Here
- OCTOBER, 1976/THE FUNNY PAGES:** With a four-page, full-color Nuts the Asses Brothers on honeymoon, *Vernan*, *Sherman* the Tank, *Odd Bodkins*, and dozens of other comics and cartoons
- NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE:** Is Democracy fixed? The complete story of the Townville campaign, starring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption, and natural gas
- JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE:** With *Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy, Frenzied Days*, lots of hilarious cartoons, sight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody
- FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE:** With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976), the *Village Voice* parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial
- APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV:** With T-Bird and Monza, TV Magazine, Monday Night Sleep, PBS *Concordance*, and *Dinah's Dumpster*
- JUNE, 1977/CAREERS:** With mercenaries, wetbacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Sussman's get-rich lips, and Sam Gross
- JULY, 1977/SEX:** With the inevitable *File Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know, porn flicks, slem books, stroke mags, and the Last True-Life Western Romance
- SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP:** With the health facts, insurance madness, Gidget Goes Senile, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's *Grown-ups Can Do Anything*
- OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES:** With *Mersey Moptop Faverave Fabgearbeat Magazine*, Beat the Beatles, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report
- NOVEMBER, 1977/LIFESTYLES:** With Best Medical Flea Market, Busting Out of Suburbia, Orgasmic Backlash, White Rastafarians, and Best Negroes in New York
- DECEMBER, 1977/CHRISTMAS IN DECEMBER:** With the death of Santa Claus, alternate good taste covers, cards, presents, and the Texas Supplement
- JANUARY, 1978/THE ROLE OF SEX IN HISTORY:** With the Socratic Manologue, Sex in Ancient China, the Cretons, and the 6 Blunders of the Ancient World
- FEBRUARY, 1978/SPRING FASCISM PREVIEW:** With *National Socialist Review*, the Toronto Supplement, Euro-nazis, The Real Adolf Hitler, and Fascist Food
- MARCH, 1978/CRIME AND PUNISHMENT:** With Short Hairs, the History of Crime in the Cinema, the Maltese Canary, Pointless Crimes, and Just Deserts
- APRIL, 1978/SPRING CLEANING:** With the Brds of Ireland, the New York Supplement, four-color comics by Rodrigues, Wilson, Flenniken, and Browne, and the Autorama
- JUNE, 1978/THE WILD WEST:** With *Even Bluejeans Get the Cows*, the Indian Section, Our Family Journey to the West, and Cowboys of Many Lands
- JULY, 1978/100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE:** With a garden of parodies, Sussman and Greenfield's history of *Nail.amp*, Born Again on the Fourth of July, and comics by Wilson, Rodrigues, and Subitzky
- AUGUST, 1978/TODAY'S TEENS:** With *Savvyteen* and *Real Teen* magazines, comics by Wilson and Flenniken, Then and Now, a Field Guide to Young Teen-age Girls, and a *Nail.amp* report on education in America
- SEPTEMBER, 1978/STYLE:** With *Regular Guy Quarterly* Dress for Successfulness, Afro Sheek, and a complete fall fashion forecast
- OCTOBER, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT:** With movie, TV, and music sections, *Potter* and *Beth* self-amusement, Wilson, Rodrigues, and a *Nail.amp* guide to the Big Ten
- JANUARY, 1979/DEPRESSION:** With Psychopages, What I Got for Christmas, New Year's Eve, special Cheer-up section, and comics by Gahan Wilson, Subitzky, and Flenniken
- FEBRUARY, 1979/HETEROSEXUALITY:** With Very Married Sex, a look at bachelors, Planet of the Living Women, *Screwing Your Best Friend's Wife*, and a profile of Mr Right
- MARCH, 1979/CHANCE:** With *Track Rats*, Vegas, Unchained Melodrama, How to Drive Fast, and John and Gerry's risk section
- APRIL, 1979/APRIL FOOL:** With Salsacious Items and Lewd Articles, Florida College Spring Vacation Travel Supplement, the 1946 Bulgemobiles, and a *Life Magazine* parody
- MAY, 1979/INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM AND TERRORISM:** With *EXPLO '79*, Bona Bond of KGB, Girls of the Communist Bloc, and the ultimate Commie guide: the Pink Pages
- JUNE, 1979/KIDS:** With Alice in Regularland, Young Bums, Big Boys, Child Pornography, and comics by Shary Flenniken and Gahan Wilson
- JULY, 1979/SPORTS:** With Action Got, Game Bunnies, Weekend Athletes, and a special Encyclopedia of Participatory Sports by the editors
- AUGUST, 1979/TRAVEL:** With A Girl's Letters Home from Europe, Vacation Travel Then and Now, traveler's Aid, and Where to Get the Best Sex in Europe
- SEPTEMBER, 1979/POTPOURRI:** A miscellany of humor with Vacation '58, Stan Mack's True Herma Operation, an inside look at Niagara Falls, and a guide to the New Constellations
- OCTOBER, 1979/COMEDY:** With a women's humor magazine, a guide to practical joking, The Funniest People I Ever Met and How to Tell a Dirty Joke to a Woman
- NOVEMBER, 1979/LOVE:** With an informative Engagement Guide, a Wedding Album, Love at First Sight, and a tortured look at obsessive love
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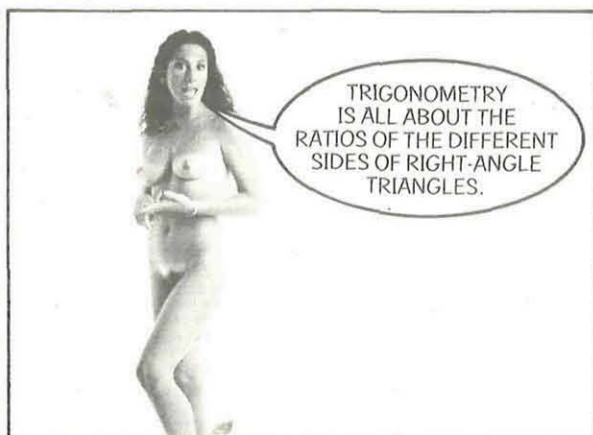


NAKED TRIGONOMETRY Part I



I'LL BET YOU DON'T REMEMBER A THING FROM HIGH-SCHOOL TRIGONOMETRY.

WELL, I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU TRIG SO YOU'LL NEVER FORGET IT!



TRIGONOMETRY IS ALL ABOUT THE RATIOS OF THE DIFFERENT SIDES OF RIGHT-ANGLE TRIANGLES.



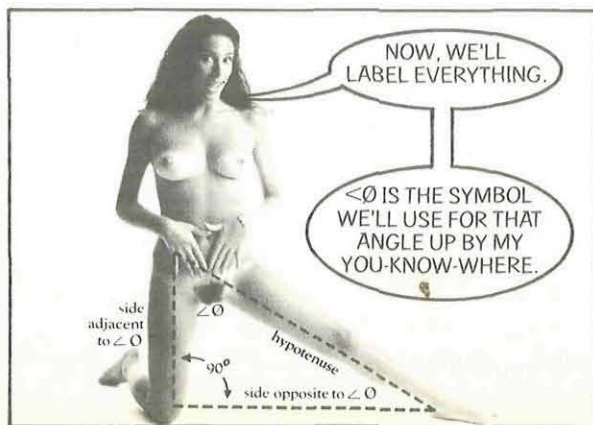
THESE RATIOS ARE KNOWN AS SINE, COSINE, AND TANGENT.



LET ME MAKE A RIGHT TRIANGLE.

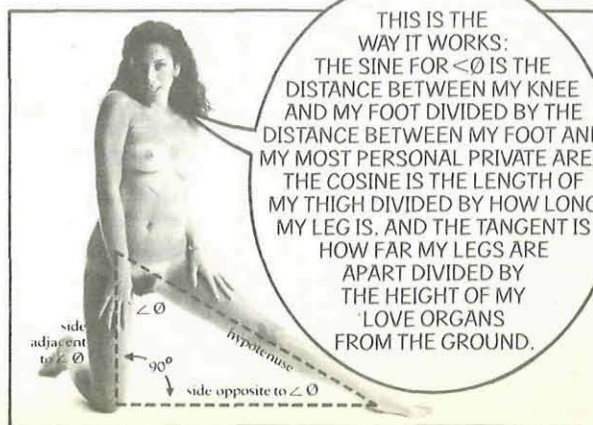


SEE, MY KNEE IS MAKING A RIGHT ANGLE WITH THE FLOOR, AND MY FOOT IS MAKING AN ACUTE ANGLE, AND MY OTHER PART IS MAKING AN EVEN CUTER ANGLE... TEE-HEE...



NOW, WE'LL LABEL EVERYTHING.

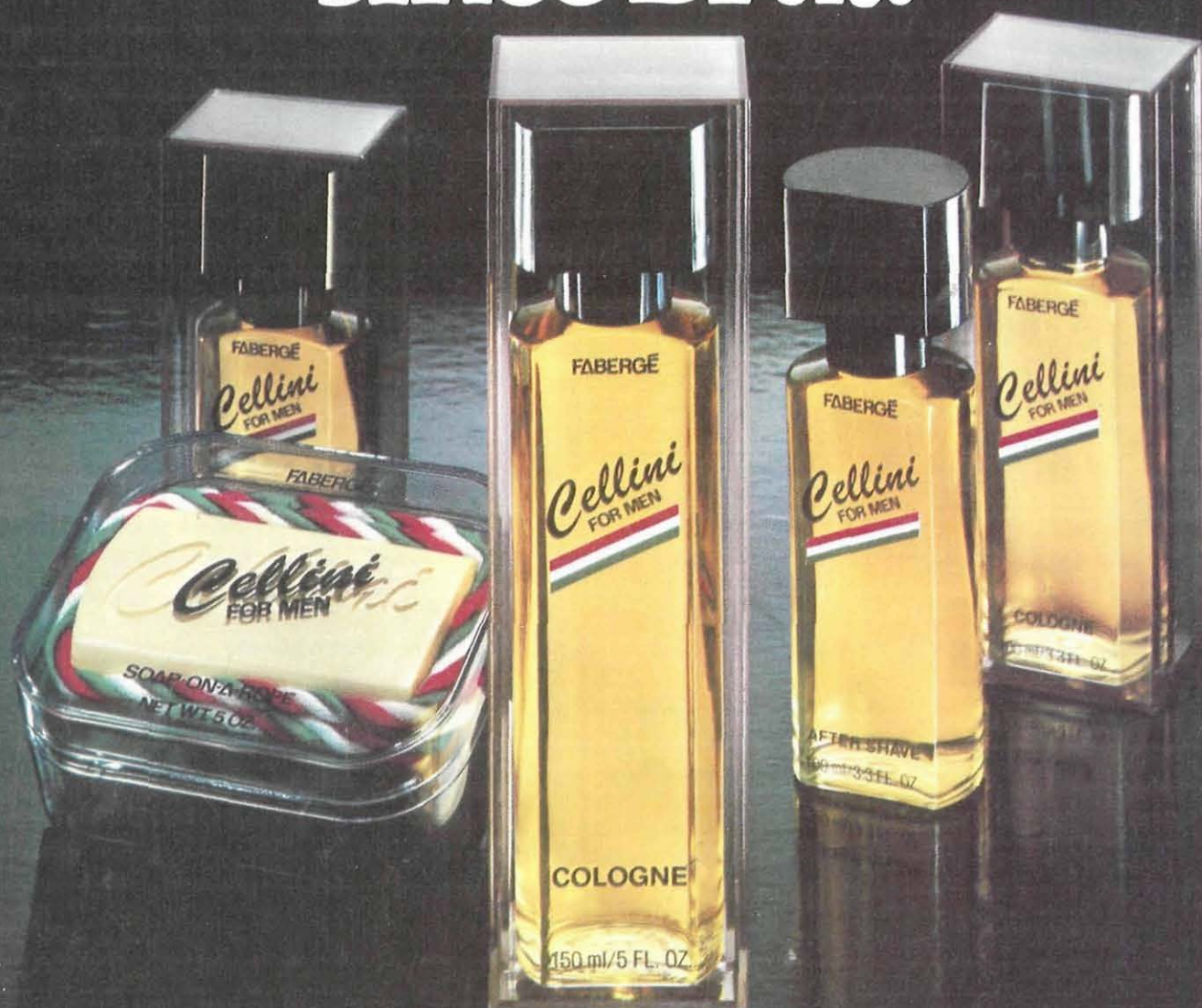
$\angle \theta$ IS THE SYMBOL WE'LL USE FOR THAT ANGLE UP BY MY YOU-KNOW-WHERE.



THIS IS THE WAY IT WORKS: THE SINE FOR $\angle \theta$ IS THE DISTANCE BETWEEN MY KNEE AND MY FOOT DIVIDED BY THE DISTANCE BETWEEN MY FOOT AND MY MOST PERSONAL PRIVATE AREA. THE COSINE IS THE LENGTH OF MY THIGH DIVIDED BY HOW LONG MY LEG IS. AND THE TANGENT IS HOW FAR MY LEGS ARE APART DIVIDED BY THE HEIGHT OF MY 'LOVE ORGANS FROM THE GROUND.

Cellini.

The first really new men's fragrance since Brut.



An exciting fragrance experience created in Italy by Fabergé.

For lovers of life everywhere.

Cologne, After Shave & other giftables.

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

Alive with pleasure! Newport

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



Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg.
"tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 20 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg.
nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1980.

Hippie Jokes for All Occasions

by Kevin Curran

You know, the sixties were a really weird time. A lot of strange things went down. I used to hang out on park benches just rapping with people and listening to the street musicians. You could say that's where my roots are.

Anyway, I drifted into publishing and found I had a special flair for the business. I guess it's because I've always tried to do projects that have a special interest for me, that relate in some way to where I've been and what I've done. I gave a new author a break when he came to me with the idea for *The Hippie Handbook*. I couldn't pay him much, but it gave him a start. And it turned out to be quite a gold mine—it's now in its sixth edition.

After that, I thought about what other books I could do that would have some meaning and bring pleasure to a lot of people. *Children's Letters to Hippies* came next, followed by *How to Be a Jewish Hippie* and *Cooking with the Hippies*. After that I changed directions a bit and came out with an est primer and a guide to wine selecting. But those hippies and their incredible life-style still held a big place in my heart, and market research indicated that *Who Are the New Hippies?* would be a smash. It was. *Abbie, We Hardly Knew Ye* will be out next fall.

The following excerpts are from one of my most beloved volumes, *Hippie Jokes for All Occasions*.

What's a four-letter word that a hippie can't stand?

Soap!

A hippie comes to me and says he hasn't had a bite all week.

So I told him to get a job.

My portly aunt went to San Francisco. Being on vacation, she ate even more than usual, stuffing herself senseless with crab legs at Fisherman's Wharf. Her five-year-old daughter (who had been a difficult delivery because of the woman's many layers of fat) smiled and said, "Mommy, most people come to San Francisco to be a hippie. You've come to be a hippo."

Why did the hippie throw the alarm clock out the window?

Because he didn't want to go look for a job in the morning.

Why did the hippie cross the street?

He heard there were good vibes on the other side.

Last night I shot a hippie in my pajamas. What he was doing wearing pajamas, I'll never know.

I saw a hippie crying on the sidewalk. I asked him what was wrong and he said, "I've just been elected president of General Motors."

Then there was the hippie who applied for a job as caretaker at a coun-

try club because of the good "grass" there.

I was showing the hippie around the construction site when we paused in front of the dirty cement mixer caked with grime and filled with stagnant water. "Far out, man," he cried. "You've got your own shower here."

The hippie millionaire went barefoot into a restaurant whose sign loudly declaimed **SHIRTS AND SHOES REQUIRED**. When told he would have to leave, he cried, "Capitalist pigs." Then he went into his chauffeured limousine and drove off.

Then there was the hippie girl who went to the Tupperware party because she heard she could get good "pot" there.

What's another four-letter word that a hippie can't stand?

Work!

The scraggly hippie, trapped by the two policemen at a demonstration, turned and cried, "Pigs! Pigs!" The burly officers smiled at each other and cried in unison, "Oink, oink," before clubbing him severely.

What's a hippie demonstrator's favorite drink?

A Molotov cocktail.

The redneck watching the hippie do all the latest dance crazes smiled and said, "He looks like he's having an epileptic fit." In fact, the hippie was, and died before receiving proper medical attention.

Another hippie comes to me and says he hasn't had a bite all week.

So I told him to get a haircut.

The hippie attended a moon launch at Cape Kennedy. As the rocket sailed off into the sky, the bearded youth cried, "Far out!" little realizing the truth of his words.

continued on page 32



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GOES TO THE MOVIES**

**Daffier than
The Godfather!**

**Zanier than
The Seventh Seal!**

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AMELIA ERHARDT SEEN!

TERRY LEE DUNN, 38, of Tyler, Texas REPORTS SEEING THE FACE OF THE MISSING AVIATRIX IN THE FOAM OF HIS OLDE ENGLISH 800. PREVIOUSLY DUNN HAS REPORTED SEEING JUDGE CRATER, AMBROSE BIERCE, AND THE 1952 CLEVELAND INDIANS!



HIT BY KILLER TORNADO AND LIVES!

LESTER FRIPP, of Two Trees, Kansas, WAS THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE TORNADO THAT DEVASTATED THIS SMALL FARMING TOWN. OFFICIALS ATTRIBUTE FRIPP'S SURVIVAL TO THE FACT THAT HE WAS DRINKING OLDE ENGLISH BOO WHEN THE TWISTER STRUCK. QUESTIONED ABOUT THE INCIDENT, FRIPP REPLIED, "WHAT TORNADO?".



TOWN WITHOUT TASTE!
CITIZENS OF THE TOWN OF SAVIGLIANO, ITALY, HAVE NEVER TASTED, NOR EVEN HEARD OF, OLDE ENGLISH 800 MALT LIQUOR!



HUMAN SLEDGEHAMMER!

Cleveland Accountant LESTER DENNING, 46, DRIVES RAILROAD SPIKES WITH HIS FOREHEAD! DENNING INSISTS HE DOES NOT RELY ON ANY SPECIAL PHYSICAL OR MEDITATIVE TRAINING TO ENTER HIS TRANCE-LIKE STATE. HE USES ONLY OLDE ENGLISH 800 IN PREPARATION FOR HIS AMAZING FEATS OF CRANIAL CLOUT!

OLDE ENGLISH 800 IT IS THE POWER!

LETTERS

continued from page 10

Sirs:

6 November 1980. Although it may be many months before this letter is delivered, and my circumstances may have changed by that time, I would nevertheless like to get an urgent message to my wife in San Diego. Dear Dorothea, please know that I am well. Although the food and conditions here are not what I'm used to, the regimen appears to be a healthy one. In fact, I have never felt more healthy. I have lost twenty pounds, and have developed a firmness and tautness of the flesh and muscles that I haven't had since college. Imar, the young student entrusted with my care, has even commented on this improvement. And, as you can imagine, the smallest compliment is worth its weight in psychological gold in this situation. I don't mean to imply, however, that Imar's compliments are ever by any means small—oh, no, his sensitivity and thoughtfulness are extraordinary. The simplest gestures from him—"Richard, shall I get you a towel?," "Dick, shall I take in your waistband?"—have brought me no end of warmth and joy—frankly, Dorothea, to a degree I've never known. So firm and taut, he fills the room with a radiance; a dewy soft mist hangs about him like a dream that I sometimes want never to end. Each day I ask myself what I have done to deserve this special companionship, and what more I can do to repay his kindness. This is where you can help me, Dorothea. I know that Imar, like many Iranians, is absolutely wild about sweets, especially chocolates and pastries, so I've decided to surprise him with a colossal batch of those extra-rich tollhouse cookies I remember you used to make. I want you to get all of the neighbors to help you bake as many as you can and ship them to me in Tehran. Oh, I know Imar will be so surprised, and I want so much to surprise him. Please do this for me, and we will be so very grateful.

Richard Morefield
Tehran, Iran

Sirs:

12 December 1980. I've told the Iranians everything they want to know, and now I hate myself so much that I've begun to immolate myself by pulling out my teeth. I'm sorry.

John McKeel, USMC
Tehran, Iran

Sirs:

3 January 1981. Please get a message to the Christian world. If there were a God, which there isn't, he certainly wouldn't have put me in this fucking shit-hole to get the living fuck kicked out of me by these cocksucking shitheel Iranian assholes.

Katheryn Koob
Tehran, Iran

Sirs:

10 February 1981. I have seen many videotapes of Mrs. Morefield, the pudgy, indomitable one who waited for her husband 444 days with a houseful of journalism men and their television equipment, as well as cables and so forth, which her husband told me she probably kept coiled up in the hall closet where she has the vacuum cleaner, to accommodate the journalism men at whatever time of the day or night they chose to visit her and permit her the opportunity for yet another instance of her incessant blathering to whoever will listen. But that is Ricky's problem, at least for the time being. I am merely concerned with advising her that the recent trunk of cookies was terribly overdone, and that I know she and her neighbors baked them that way because she knew Dick wanted to send them to me, and that I think it was a typically spiteful and vicious thing to do, and that I can only feel deep admiration for the way the poor man has tolerated such a person all these years.

Imar Ra'ajad
Tehran, Iran

Sirs:

I work in a photo lab, and when things get really boring I look at negatives of Seatman Crothers. Can you imagine a white guy looking like that? I tell you, it's a real crack-up when I'm here alone at 2:30 in the fucking morning.

Kevin Currier
Eves, Kentucky

Sirs:

I'm not really the old fogy the news media have pictured. As a matter of fact, Mommy and I are sort of "into"—as the kids say—rock 'n' roll. Real soon now, we're going to invite Gladys Knight and the Pimps to perform at the White House.

Ronald Reagan
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
New York, N.Y.

THE GROWING CRISIS

continued from page 12

the gun on his estranged aquarium. The missing coins remain in good condition and are receiving visitors at Mercy Hospital.

Neighbors said that the murder weapon was "always very quiet—almost too quiet," although police described it as being "kind of a loner."

Tension filled the air with colorful balloons and billowing clouds of black smoke, providing the partially decomposed body with ample cover for escape as vegetarian vigilantes stalked it to a nearby bowling alley. Rodeo kingpin Elmer Green remarked, "We have no word as yet as to the contents of the mysterious hamper," causing renewed speculation as to what actually occurred.

The Human Impact

In a surprise move, the harpooned cow survived the parachute jump and turned on its attackers, denouncing them as liars and hypocrites. Immediately following the midair collision, both pilots got out of their cars and began rejecting their bone grafts. The organism escaped down a series of drainpipes under a rain of bullets, while animal rescue teams continued to comb the area for the missing heirs.

Witnesses arriving by log flume said that the jury had been locked in a vault while the popular game-show host hurled insults at them from the restaurant's control tower.

"Where Is the Pope?"

Residents have been advised that the police are armed and should be considered dangerous, yet Paris designers are still gaga over puce.

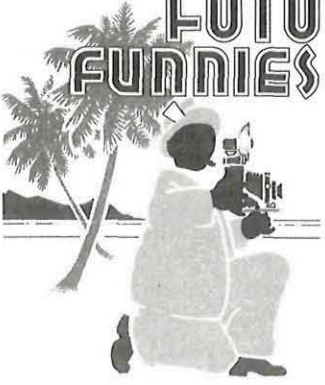
In a final note, government criminals cautioned the lawless crisis, ordering it to appear on the moon for a pretrial trampoline tournament during Chopin Appreciation Week.

Firemen later rescued the treed kitten. □

NATIONAL
LAMPOON
GOES TO THE MOVIES

National Lampoon's
first film since
Animal House.

FOTO FUNNIES



NAKED TRIGONOMETRY Part II

continued from page 24

HERE'S HOW TO REMEMBER SINE, COSINE, AND TANGENT: "A" STANDS FOR THE SIDE ADJACENT TO $\angle \theta$, O STANDS FOR THE SIDE OPPOSITE $\angle \theta$, AND H STANDS FOR HYPOTENUSE...



NOW, IF I SAID TO YOU, "I LOVE YOU," YOU WOULD SAY, "OH." AND IF YOU WRITE "OH" LIKE THIS:

$$\frac{O}{H}$$

THAT'S THE SINE FOR $\angle \theta$.

AND IF I TOLD YOU, "I WANT TO BALL YOU," YOU WOULD SAY, "AH!"

A WHICH IS H. WHICH IS THE COSINE FOR $\angle \theta$.

AND IF I SAID, "BUT YOU HAVE TO MARRY ME FIRST," YOU'D SAY, "GO AWAY." AND THAT

$$\frac{O}{A}$$

MAKES A, WHICH IS THE TANGENT.

AND NOW YOU KNOW EVERYTHING THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT TRIGONOMETRY!

BUT YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT WOMEN.

BECAUSE IF YOU SAT THROUGH ALL OF THIS JUST TO LOOK AT PICTURES OF A NAKED GIRL, YOUR PERSONAL LIFE MUST BE THE PITS!

HIP POCKET STEREO



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CAN CARRY AROUND**

USE IT WHEN YOU ARE

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HIPPIE JOKES

continued from page 28

Those hippie communes are so filthy, they ought to change their slogan from "Free Love" to "Free Lice."

The plumber told the hippie couple that their sink wasn't working because hair had clogged up the drain. The hippie "wife" sighed and replied, "Oh, dear, I guess we'll have to wash the baby and the dog at different times."

What's a hippie's favorite meal?
"Pot" pie and "hash" browns.

The hippie took some LSD and promptly thought that he could fly. My alert husband explained that first he'd have to get a pilot's license, and the necessary forms confused the drug-addled youth so much that he shot himself instead in the head.

Then there was the hippie sent to the gallows who explained that he didn't want the noose too tight, so he could "hang loose."

Our bedraggled dog, Daisy, slunk home, tail between her legs. My alert husband quickly sniffed out the situation and said, "Honey, get the tomato juice. Daisy's been down to the commune again."

What time is it when the hippie sits on your alarm clock?

Time to wash your alarm clock.

The hippie went "shopping" in the supermarket. Shoplifting was more like it, and he was caught attempting to smuggle a whole side of beef out the back door. His smile and the comment "I thought Bessie needed some air" drew admiring looks from the circle of housewife onlookers.

The hippie was doing yoga exercises on his lawn. My alert husband cracked, "He looks like a pretzel," as the hippie silently fumed.

The elderly woman sighed as the hippie youth walked by, saying, "With that hair, it's hard to tell the boys from the girls." The mangy boy whirled and whipped out his penis, saying, "Does this make it any easier?"

The saddest hippie on earth: he burned his wife and fucked his draft card.

How many hippies does it take to screw in a light bulb?

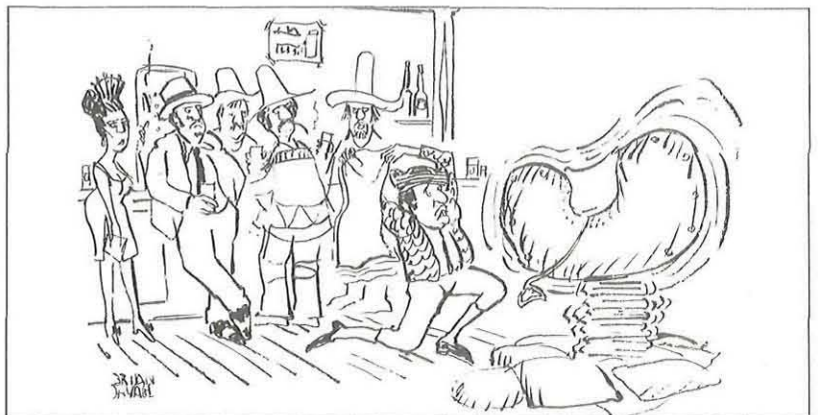
Five. One to change the bulb and four to groove on the experience.

Silly Billy was talking to his hippie friends in the park. "Man," one of them commented, "it's easy to get by. All you have to do is go on welfare and get some food stamps." "I tried that," said Silly Billy, "but all the glue on the back of the stamps made me sick."

The hippie received a notice from his local draft board and promptly made a dash for Canada. He hid in the back of a passing grocery truck and thought that he had it made until the border patrol stopped the vehicle and conducted an impromptu search. "Man," lamented the hippie, "how did you know I was in there?" "We didn't," cracked one of the officers. "From the smell, we thought someone was trying to bring tainted meat across the border!"

The hippie was backpacking in the forest and was accidentally shot six times by an overeager hunter. The hippie went to heaven and began banging on the gates. "Hey, God, what gives?" cried the hippie. "Remember when I was tripping and I talked to you and you said I'd be in heaven with you forever?" "Sure," said God, "but I was drunk."

How do you make a hippie stew?
Hide his bag of "pot."



NANCY REAGAN'S DIARY

continued from page 14

rest of the day.

My thighs are next. There isn't a woman alive who has perfect thighs. Thighs have to be firm and supple without being too masculine and muscular. Not a smidge of excess flab, no thigh "hang" or dreaded cellulite allowed! What I do is put two large blocks of ice between my thighs and sit erect on another large block for about thirty-five minutes. The ice shrinks any potential "swell" in the thighs and my bottom. After the ice treatment, Smetna, my Czechoslovakian hammer lady, arrives. She covers my thighs and my bottom with aspic and pounds them thoroughly with a rubber truncheon. The ice makes them so numb that I hardly feel a thing.

You can never go too easy on your bottom, by the way. Do you know why it's so difficult to control? Because no matter how hard you try, it's always behind you, where you can't see it. The trick is to keep it so trim that no one will ever notice it protruding when you have clothes on. And the same goes for your tummy and breasts. They should never be seen. The slightest bulge is unladylike. That's why the ice and truncheon treatments work so well.

For my tummy and breasts I also have Smetna sit on me and bounce up and down. She weighs about 270 pounds and does a marvelous job keeping me nice and flat in all those places. I like a long, flowing line for my clothes. Sometimes I wish I were a department-store mannequin!

7. For my arms, neck, and face I like to do a caviar bath. It's similar to a mud bath, only you use Beluga caviar. You just pack scads and scads of caviar all over until there's a layer about six inches thick. Smetna squeezes tons of lemon juice on me and I sit and read the *Los Angeles Times* for about an hour while the caviar does its work. It's a wonderful skin freshener, astringent, and muscle toner. I know it may be difficult for everyone to buy that much caviar, but remember, it is reusable.

8. By now I'm ready for my first bath, which you might have guessed by now would be champagne. Champagne is the perfect "wash-off" for caviar and, when properly chilled, really opens the pores. After the champagne I like to soak in a tub of warm jasmine tea in which a half-glass

of Downy is added. Then Smetna tucks me into my giant-size clothes dryer and gently tumbles me dry.

9. The next step is "putting on my face." Here again, you can never be too fussy. Your face is your passport to success in life. There's nothing too good for it. I have my own secret-formula facial creams and lotions and soaps and astringents.

I like a pickled herring in sour-cream sauce (no onions) as a moisturizer; a guacamole rub, with lots of Tabasco to keep the pores open; a steak tartare mask for twenty minutes; a flour-and-honey dip; a mashed-potato-and-gravy rubdown; a plunge into a fish steamer; and lots and lots of Kitty Litter rubbed into the skin until it glows.

After a regular cleansing my makeup people will give me five foundations of creamy beige, three tawny tan rouges with a dab of olive and pink, and a touch of cheek gloss. I like brown sugar for my eye shadow and real India ink for my mascara. I try to keep my hairdressing down to forty-five minutes for daytime, and wardrobe selection can usually be accom-

plished in thirty.

Then Smetna comes back and pulls up my eyelashes as high as possible, while I stare at a portrait of Ronnie for twenty minutes. This will help me keep my big, open-eyed look for the rest of the day, when I see him. Last, but not least, are my secret pills and powders, which I must take to help me handle the many moments of stress and strain in the job of First Lady. I don't really know the names of all of them, but they give me both a feeling of well-being and confidence and a peppy, "wired-up" style that can keep me going for hours. I'm told that the white powder helps keep my appetite down, so I can always be a size four. I just wish I didn't have to blow my nose so much. It's not ladylike to snuffle and blow your nose all the time. But the strangest thing is that I have very little nose goo. Just air comes out.

And so there we are. It's now exactly eight o'clock and time for me to meet Ronnie for breakfast and a warm, intimate conversation before we both start another long, rigorous day at the White House. □

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Our first film since Animal House

Has any girl ever said to you, "I wouldn't go out with you if you were the last guy on earth"? Well, a girl has said that to me. Several have. "Oh, yeah? I bet!" I always said. "If I was the last guy on earth, you'd go out with me. If you knew tiddlywinks about biopsych, you'd know that, you moron." They'd just laugh. The girls would just laugh. But it's true. If I was the last guy on earth, they'd see.

Then last Sunday, Super Bowl Sunday, January 25, 1981, it happened. If you're a man, you don't know what the booping beep I'm talking about; but if you're a woman, you know exactly what I mean. Don't you?

Last Sunday, Super Bowl Sunday, all the men in the world disappeared. Vanished. I'm still working on the math of it, but as near as me and Hymie, my Apple II computer, can figure, a stream of adhesive particles designed by extraterrestrials for interstellar transport struck the earth. The transport ray flowed along the Super Bowl signal in a parallel mode, picking up anyone along the transmitter-viewer web, incorporating them into its field, and transmitting them as a stream of coded atomic material into the far reaches of space.

None of those affected was aware that anything out of the ordinary had occurred. Some may have a memory of leaning toward the TV set, anxious at a horizontal flicker preceding the beams' impact. An angstrom later they, their Budweiser, the half-chewed snack food in their mouth, and the team cheers in their subconscious were modulating along at unheard-of frequencies and amplitudes toward an unknowable destination.

I was unaffected, as I was out of doors at the time. I knew the Super Bowl would keep most people inside, so I rode my bike up to the park to test the new light-emitting diodes I had installed on my scale-2 Hovercraft. It was a perfect time for me to work. There was no one around to ask me stupid questions about the Hovercraft.

"Hey, that's some model," people say. "Where can you get a kit like that?" Then they tell you about how they would do it better if they had the time, or how their kid has already done it better. But what really sets

THE LAST GUY ON EARTH

fire to my grass, what truly gives me foamy fits, is when they say, "Aren't you pretty old for that?"

One, my Hovercraft is not a "model." It's a prototype, and it's unique. If it were a kit, most people and their kids would have no more chance of putting it together than they would have of smashing an atom with a tenderizing mallet. And, folks, adjust your gain knobs, because I'm triple ticked here: *I'm not too old for that!* I happen to be twenty-two, and because of my skin condition I look a little younger. I'd probably have a clear skin too if people would stop asking me stupid questions and picking up my screwdrivers and reading the caution labels on my fuel bottles to me when I'm trying to adjust my Hovercraft's deflector batten alignments. I mean, you don't have to hold a dented, waterlogged Hovercraft in your hands to realize that a distracting question can affect the operator's ability to monitor shaft alignment and bearing lubrication, among other things. People never stop to think.

What if a Hovercraft were to go out of control and touch down on their face in the course of a series of Immelmann loops? Would the sight of their julienned epidermis saucer-ing off bring them to awareness? I doubt it.

Well. Sorry I got so peeved there, but clods and dumbos really give me a stone in the shoe. The point is I was all alone in the park on Super Bowl Sunday. The H-craft trials were a complete success. The fact that they were not seen by anyone at all made me feel even better. It was a solo achievement

for me. I mean, it's one thing to know a project works on graph paper, in a wind tunnel, and within a Heathkit computer; it's another thing to see it tearing around a pond, scattering swans and trailing amethyst smoke.

I walked home. The streets were deserted. I hardly noticed, I was so preoccupied with the flight of my prototype. What would I do, I wondered, when the world beat a path to my door? I would appear on just one talk show. Dick Cavett's, on the public station. Their intelligent programming would reach the audience I respect. I would explain that my work demanded all of my time and regretfully



BY TED MANN

bid a grateful public adieu. So. Yes.

I am the caretaker of my building. Mostly students from the university live there. I keep the place in order, collect the rents, and pay the utility bills. I'm called a "caretaker," but "manager" would be more accurate. As soon as I opened the door, I knew something was wrong. No one was shouting, the beer smell was very faint, and the place was pulsating with the hiss of untuned TVs.

At first I thought my fellow tenants were down in the basement with a waitress, but after looking through the door I realized that something was wrong. I walked around the whole house. Every room told the same story. Television on, chip extruding from dip, *Penthouse* magazine open to the letters section laid beside the chair for between-play reading.

I had stopped to study a *Penthouse* magazine in the last room on the main floor. Looking for some sort of clue, I got distracted by the boringness of the letters column, which was all about sex in almost every instance.

"How can people read this stuff?" I wondered. "Give me a good how-to article on super-eight animation techniques any day!"

Believe me, I was startled when a woman's voice came on the TV set. I dropped the magazine like a hot potato, imagining that the woman could see me and might not understand that I was looking at the sexual stories only to better understand the psychology of them.

"An event has taken place," said the TV lady's voice. "An event which appears to have no explanation as yet. It would appear from initial reports that all the men in the world, so far as we can tell, have somehow disappeared. Early suggestions that they had somehow all snuck off to go drinking or with strange women may now be discounted. This occurrence is unprecedented, and we at the network will bring you news on the matter as soon as we can get hold of it.

"The disappearance of all the men has caused some confusion. According to this dispatch from Associated Press, essential services have been disrupted in many parts of the country. For example, AP itself is functioning with a skeleton staff and all employee leaves have been cancelled.

"This bulletin just handed to me has it that an ad hoc



"Rick," she said, "my name is Bo Derek. You don't know me, but I know you. You're so cute."

TV game to project the words CONGRATULATIONS, EARTHERS. YOUR HIGH SCORE ENTITLES YOU TO ENTER ANTAREAN PRESCHOOL?

After a gag like that they had a right to get back at me in their own rather obvious way. Or so I thought.

I went to bed. When I awoke the next morning the guys were still not around. I was a little crackled off, as I usually catch a ride to campus with the first out of the house. "Hey," I thought, "this isn't funny anymore... I've got to get to the library early, unless I want to pay overdue fines up the gazoo on these spark manuals I got on short loan. Cripes to Mars, I bugged the librarian for months to reserve these! Now he's going to think I'm a popular brand of dingdong!"

"C'mon, you wisecrackers! You've had your gag! Okay? Now let's knock off the ape shenanigans and bug out for class, or we'll all be in H₂O above 212 Fahrenheit, if you know what I mean. Do I have to put it in Celsius for you oven-stuffer turkeys? Huh? Let's go!" I knew they had to be watching. It would be no fun otherwise.

"Okay, you guys. Very funny. Very funny. But if I have to

committee of women legislators and civil servants has been formed in Washington and is to take charge of the crisis. As yet, no news from overseas...

"Flash here... Physicist Mary Fratetti, of Radcliffe, warns that psychological upsets are likely, even probable, in the wake of the complete disappearance of what seems to be all the men in the world. She warns against panic, advising that a clear head and a calm attitude will do more good than screaming, jumping, or terrified embracing. The first twenty-four hours are likely to be the most difficult, she warns, and anyone experiencing depression or having trouble with appliances should call the national crisis line.

"1-800-745-92474.

"Trained counselors are standing by."

I turned off the set. Obviously it was some kind of joke the guys were playing on me. So I thought. A "War of the Worlds"-type hoax. Well, let them have their fun. I appreciate a good joke. After all, hadn't I jiggled their Atari

take the bus, I'll be late back with my special-loan books and that's the last time anyone uses Hymie. Okay. I'm leaving. This isn't funny! I'm the super here, and if you don't come off it, I'm going to report you to the landlord and you'll have to be evicted. I'm going to count to ten. By prime numbers... Three..."

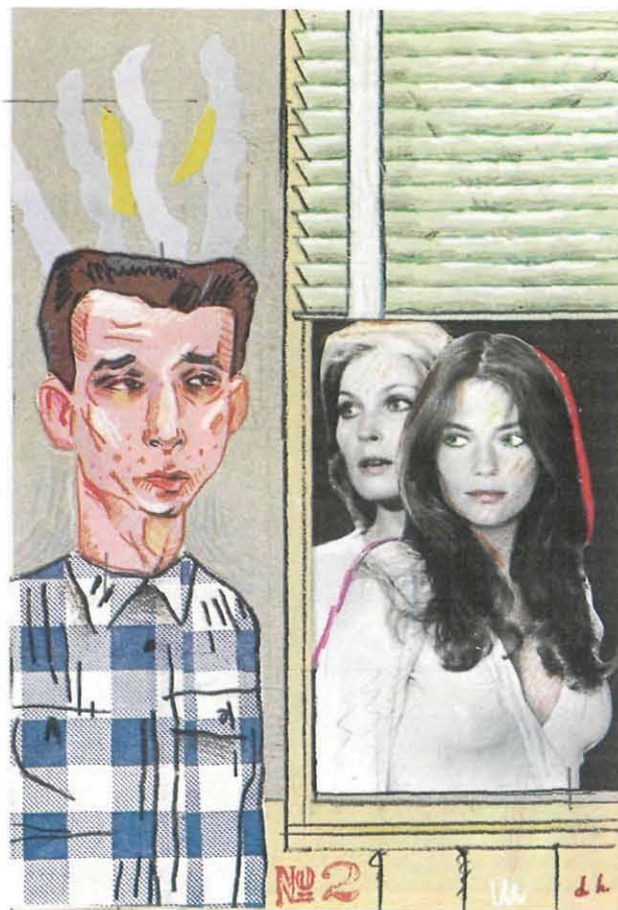
I had given up on my roommates' calling off the gag, and as I counted I walked over to the TV and turned it on. It was 7:30 in the morning, and I wondered if they were keeping up their gag.

A woman newscaster was on. I recognized her immediately as Kathleen Campion of the public broadcasting network. I knew then that there was no joke, as I had seen her responsibly reporting on PBS "newsbreak" segments. I had never seen her looking so upset. Any doubts I had about Kathleen's seriousness were dispelled when the camera panned to her coannouncer, Charlayne Hunter-Gault. If it was unlikely that Kathleen would have any part

of a "put-on" type of broadcast, it was unthinkable that a responsible news analyst such as Ms. Hunter-Gault, whom I had seen many times on PBS's "MacNeil/Lehrer Report," would have a part in an irresponsible "spoof."

"For any woman who has just joined us, Charlayne," said Kathleen Campion, nodding to her coanchorperson, "it now appears that all the men in the world have indeed vanished."

"Holy mole holes!" I shouted, and ran up to my room. I was completely stranded out. I had never read of anything like it in the wildest works of Ray Bradbury or seen it on the most far-out episode of "Star Trek." It was more like something from the old "Outer Limits" show—crazy, but with a point about how mankind should wise up and drop bad habits or something. I couldn't think of what to do. Out of pure frustration I decided to complete this sequential LED circuit I had been working on. I got so wrapped up in soldering that I forgot about what time it was and the problems of the world. I was more concerned with whether or not a tiny alteration I was forced to make in the impedance of one lead would "hot out" three expensive transistors. It wasn't just the \$1.49 that it would cost to replace the components. I hate waste and carelessness. There's no excuse for it, in my manual.



It was Bo Derek back again and, along with her, another actress, called Jacqueline Bisset.

I was taking a break from the old soldering iron and, believe it or not, I had pretty much dismissed the world's big keffuffle from my mind. After all, if you look at it logically, there were only three possible outcomes. The men would come back, the men would not come back, or a few of the men would come back. It was more important that I complete my circuit design. Whatever happened would happen without me anyhow.

I was lying back on my bed, rereading *The Dungeon Master's Guide* by way of relaxation. If the men of the world ever did come back, and my Dungeons and Dragons group ever got back together, I wanted to have some really challenging surprises ready for them on the seventeenth level. Such as an ancient brass dragon with a legion of subdued halflings, magic users, and kobolds with more hit dice than usual... The phone rang in the hall!

That was unusual. Women never call here, I thought. At least there was one other man in the world. With any luck at all

he'll be into Bradbury and Heinlein and Frazetta. At least we can kill some time talking. I grabbed a sugar-donut hole from the bag under my pillow so as to have something to eat on the phone. Phone conversation with strangers always makes me nervous, but it's okay if I have a donut hole or a cold grilled-cheese sandwich to munch.

It was my mother.

"Are you all right? As soon as I heard, I had to call you. All the men in the world, gone. *Not* Rick, I said, *not* Rick. Rick is too intelligent. Too reliable. Are you all right? Have you enough money? I heard there was black ice on the roads. Be sure to warn the bus drivers..."

The same goofy mom. In her heedless concern she never stopped to reason that with all the men gone there would be no bus drivers, or almost no bus drivers.

"Don't go hyper, Mom. Everything's okay. I can take care of myself. I'm over twenty, you know. Creeping jeepers!"

"I know you're upset, Rick, but that's no excuse for that kind of language. The English language is one of the richest in the world. You were brought up to be aware of that. Cursing just shows ignorance or lack of character."

"Yes, Mom. I'm sorry." I was, too. I always felt sheepish when Mom caught me out. Someday she would see my name on the side of an invention and realize that I wasn't as hapless

as she sometimes thought.

"Rick," Mother said in a kind, inquisitive tone, "are you going to be all right? It must be quite a shock to an intelligent and well-brought-up young man, away from his parent for the first time, to find that all the men in the world have disappeared. You're not unhappy? Upset? Or anything?" She ended the sentence on an oddly pathetic, searching note.

"Jeepers! Oops... sorry, Mom; you know me. I'll be okay. Besides, if I get lonely, I've got Marconi here."

"Yes, I know. Sometimes I worry that a pet snake isn't enough, though. Even a very large constrictor like Marconi. After all, a snake can't talk. It can't play your favorite game of dragons-dungeons, can it?"

"Honest, Mom, I'll be okay. If I get tired of Marconi, I know this girl that works in the donut shop where I get my donut holes. I can always ask her about her charm bracelets. She's got plenty of those and she loves to talk about them."

"Rick, you be very careful about women. Particularly now that all the men in the world have disappeared. A lot of women may bother you. Be very careful. At your age a woman is the worst thing in the world for you. Think of me and of your future. Now, it's time for you to be in bed. I'll call again tomorrow. Remember what I've said."

Mom was in a different time zone, of course. It was only lunchtime where I was. Moms. Aren't they something?

I was just deciding whether to have another donut hole from the bag or go out and get some fresh when the phone rang again.

"Hello, this is the temporary directing officer of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Our automatic conversation-monitoring system detected a voice in the masculine frequency range..."

It was the government. Honest to Mickey, is there no such thing as privacy!?! Well, one thing led to another. The government asked if they could send interviewers, and the interviewers called in specialists, and none of them gave me any peace at all for days. It wasn't long before news of my existence leaked out to the newspeople. I was supposed to be



Jacqueline and Bo had brought another woman along. My heart skipped when I saw her.

the race of mankind. Mother put a stop to that sort of talk in a hurry.

"It's immorality trying to pass itself off as science," she said. "Rick is barely twenty. After he completes his education he may be ready to make an important decision, such as the one involving becoming a father. Particularly as he would be fathering a whole race!"

After three months or so, the fuss died down. I was no longer waylaid on my way to the science-fiction bookstore by women of all types. I could go to the donut shop and to the special record store that sold sound-effects records in bulk and attract no more attention than a nude person would in normal times. For me that was anonymity.

Mother slept downstairs and kept away people who wanted to bother me. Most of the time I appreciated being left alone. I could work on my projects as much as I wanted. Other times I missed other people. I even missed the crazies who used to push up against me in line at the cafeteria and yank stuff out of my pocket and throw it into the chowder urns. They were just immature.

Once a week I would feed my snake, Marconi. The big 'strictor was named after the father of the wireless, and it was a real pleasure to watch him wrap himself around a lab rat at

top secret, but you know women. I probably would have made a fool of myself on the news if Mom hadn't flown out to be with me and handle the situation. She really put some of those pushy-type "libbers" in their place.

"I think that's rather a personal question, don't you?" shot Mom when a lady for CBS asked me about my dreams.

"That's for my son to know and you to find out," she teased when one gal asked about my marriage plans.

"Sticks and stones will break my bones, but names will never hurt me," she quoted to one astonished network newstress, and then laced into her for being a libber. "A woman can still be a woman without chewing tobacco and striking matches on the rear of her skirt."

During the first few months there was much talk and speculation and discussion about the survival of the species. If the rest of the men in the world did not return, it was suggested, sperm might be got from me to begin anew

continued on page 40

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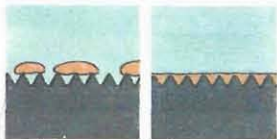
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Artist's representation
Water-based record-cleaning solutions bead up on the grooves (left). Sound Life with super-wetting action deep-cleans grooves (right).

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

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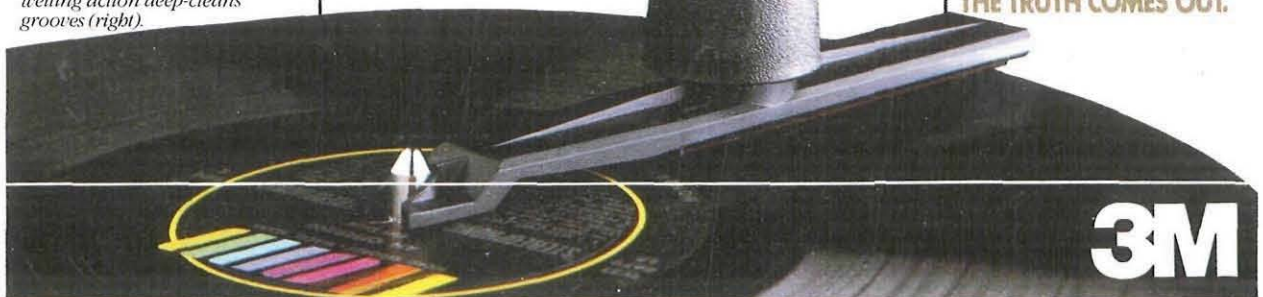
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3M

LAST GUY ON EARTH

continued from page 38

mealtimes. He'd squeeze the rodent pop-eyed, then almost playfully drop his jaws over the creature's head. A few quick undulations later and Mr. Ratso's kicking feet disappeared down into the depths of the snake.

Still, even with that kind of fun I got lonely. One night as I was about to feed Marconi, I heard a scratching at the bedroom window.

The woman with kinky sort of hair in rows was out there. I had seen her in a movie called "10" once. It didn't seem a very intelligent movie. The woman had been raised up to my second-floor window in a hydraulic balcony of the type used by the phone company. She was gesturing frantically to me.

"This is a laugh," I thought, and decided to open the window just to see what this kook wanted.

"Rick," she said, "my name is Bo Derek. You don't know me, but I know you. I saw you on the Champion-Hunter-Gault report on PBS, and you were just so cute, I had to come and see you. I've been hanging around here for days, but your mother always said you were busy with your project. I tried to sneak up before, but someone sprayed me with a fire extinguisher and I had to go change..."

"Oh, was that you? I'm sorry. I thought it was this woman that used to be married to President Kennedy. She's sneaking around a lot, so I spray her."

"Look, can I come in? I'll only stay for a minute. I just want to talk to you..." She looked so plaintive.

"All right. But only for a minute. You can help me feed Marconi."

She climbed awkwardly in the window. "Oooh, a snake. I never knew anyone who kept a snake before. Isn't it awfully dangerous?"

"Snakes? No. Snakes aren't dangerous. Old Marconi's about as dangerous as a garden hose, unless you happen to be a rat. Right, Marconi? Hah hah."

"Aren't they poisonous when they bite?" Bo either was frightened or had decided it was appealing to act frightened. How phony!

"No sir, ma'am. Marconi's a constrictor. Their bite is not poisonous. They entrap their prey in their powerful coils and cause death by asphyxiation."

"Sounds awful..." Bo Derek shivered and wrapped her arms about herself. "They hug you to death. Ooou."

"That's about it. Would you like to hold him?"

"You'd better. I might drop him or something."

"Don't worry about that. He'll wrap himself around your neck. Here..."

"No...no...oh, he's cold...take him back...ah, what's he doing! Take him back...no...no..."

Bo Derek passed out cold on the bed. I put Marconi back in his cage and gave him his rat. A few minutes

later she woke up. I was leaning over her at the time. Actually, I was staring down at her bosoms, which were partially visible beneath her dress from the right angle. I wasn't doing anything to her, as I was not interested in her in that way. I was trying to see if she was siliconed in that area at all. Actresses often are. When she woke up she threw her arms around me.

I don't know what it is, but I just can't stand people touching me. It's sticky or something. Pushing in a line or something is okay, but I can't stand hugging and emotional-type stuff.

"Hey, knock it off!" I shouted, and pulled away. "You better get out of here before my mom comes up!"

Bo looked downcast. "I'm sorry I let you down," she said. "I'll try and do better next time, if you let me come back. Please, please..."

"All right. Okay. But you better scat now, if you know what's good for you."

She left reluctantly, expressing a wish to stay all night. How dumb can you get? There's only one bed!

The very next night I was practicing Morse code with my Parker ballpoint, the fourteen-karat-gold-plate one I got at grad. I was tapping out a message to my dad in the galaxy far away where I imagined he was. "Hey, Dad, you should see the girls I got coming around." I told my teleported father how just that morning Mom had caught Princess Caroline of Morocco and Mother Teresa, the nun from India, trying to climb up to my bedroom on the drainpipe. They might have made it, too, if their climbing spikes hadn't hit on the TV antenna and wised up Mom. I was clicking away, imagining what Dad would say, when I heard tapping on the window.

It was Bo Derek back again and, along with her, another actress, called Jacqueline Bisset. They were both very excited and dressed in scanty, transparent-type garments. They promised that if I let them come in, they would show me a special kind of dance done by the cast of *A Chorus Line*. Well, *Chorus Line* is a very popular show on Broadway and I had never seen it. This would be my chance to get a close-up look firsthand. I carelessly motioned the two actresses inside, not letting on that I really wanted to see the dance.

"This better be good," I said, "I'm halfway through a game of chess with



"Now, now, Puffy, stay calm. If we wander around on this desert, we'll get so lost no one will ever find us."

continued on page 46

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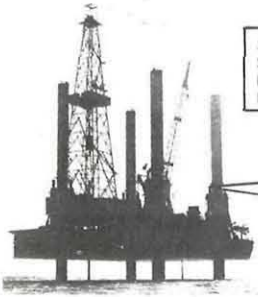
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NO ULULATION, SEÑORITA ELVY. OSWALDO ESTA THERMODYNAMICA MAGICANO EN LAS KITCHENITZA

OOOOOLA LO LO, OSWALDO. ESTA CHIVALRICA Y VIRILISMO SUPERIOR.

JINGA JINGA



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LAS DAMAS CONGREGALO CON ROUSTABOUTOS PETROQUIMICA AL DISCOTHEQUE "JUNGLA."

ESTA ROGELIO Y OMAR Y FABIOLA, SUPERLAMENTE BRAWNALOS STALLIONIDADS.

¿ESTA BRAWNALOS SUFFICIENTE A RECTIFICADO DE SQUECHA-SQUECHA EN MI PROPPELLAR MECANICA?

PINIS TRIPLE.

¡SI!



PETROQUIMICAS ESTA PERVADO MI SYSTEMIA VASCULAR.

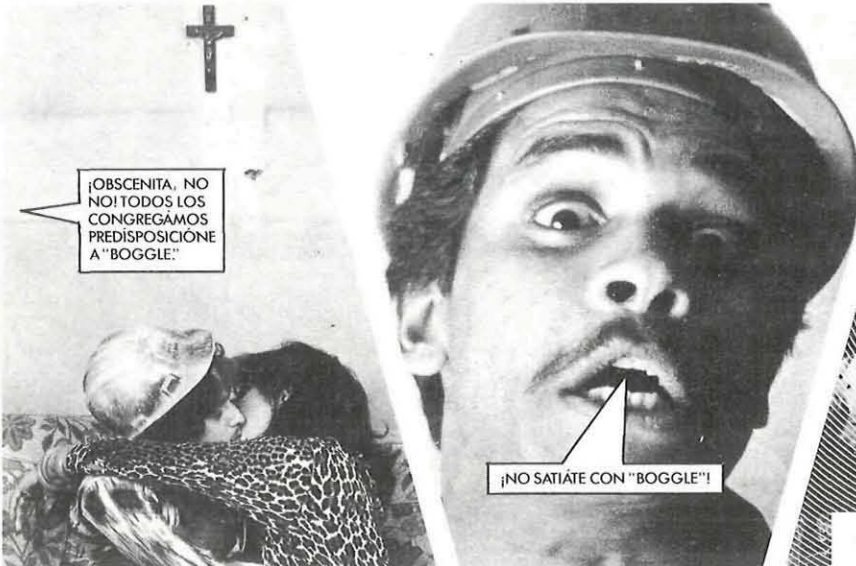
LOS ASSOCIATES CHARACTERIZADO MI MEXICANO "RED ADAIR."



ACEPTA BENEFACCION GRATIS, POR FAVOR, POR TODOS LAS EXIGENCIAS DOMICILAR.

OOOOOLA LO LO, FABIOLA. ESTA GENEROSA Y ROBUSTA NO PLUS ULTRA.

PEMEX OLIO 10-40 MULTI-CLIMATO





¡TERMINADO, ENCROACHADÓR!

3
G



¡FATUOSO JUVENILIDAD!
¡MI ESTA ROUSTABÓUTO!



¡ESTA NO EXONERACION
POR LOS CONDUCTO!

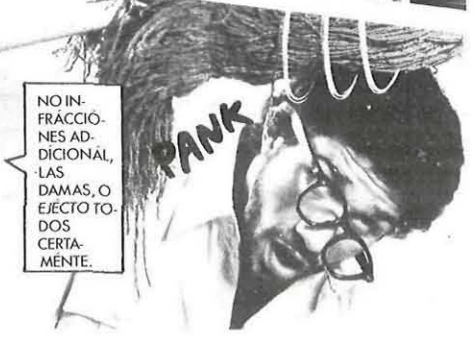


TUN



¡AY! ¡NO VISITORES
NOCTURNALE!

¡EL LANDLADY!



NO INFRACCIONES
ADICIONAL,
LAS DAMAS,
O EJECTO
TODOS
CERTAMENTE.

PANK



¡MASCULINOS—
NO UTILITAR
ABSOLUTAMENTE!



¡EXCEPTAMENTE EN LA
KITCHENITZA!

¡SI! AHI HI HI HI
HI HI HI.

¡SI! AHI HI HI HI
HI HI HI HI.

FIN

LAST GUY ON EARTH

continued from page 40

my Boris computer, and I'm laying out a new sixteenth-level dungeon in Dragons and Dungeons.

"Keep it down," I added harshly, as Jacqueline stumbled on the window-sill. "Mom's right downstairs!"

They began to do some kind of dance, during which they stared into each other's eyes. Then suddenly Bo took off her nightgown and Jacqueline went down on her knees and began to kiss Bo between her legs. Next, Bo took off her nightgown and they lay over each other in reverse. Suddenly, Jacqueline lifted her rear in the air and said, "Oh, oh, oh, now, do me, Rick!"

Well, I thought, if that's *A Chorus Line*, I'm glad I saw it here and saved the price of a ticket on Broadway. It might be modern, but it's no *Pirates of Penzance*.

"All right! All right," I said. "That's enough play-acting for tonight. It's time for you two to scat. I've got a Bradbury novel to read and half a dungeon to stock with monsters. Go on. Shoo!"

Like small children they pleaded to stay, promising to be quiet, saying they just wanted to watch me and so on. I gave them the cold shoulder and started to plot a new dungeon on my graph paper.

Jacqueline lost control of herself and threw an arm around my neck. "Make me a baby," she cooed.

"That does it! Out! Out!" I herded the chastened pair toward the waiting hydraulic platform outside the

window.

"Can we come again tomorrow?" Bo entreated.

"If you want to play Dragons and Dungeons, yes. Otherwise no. I've seen enough of Broadway shows, thank you very much."

"Oh, thank you, Rick.... what fun! Tomorrow night then? I can hardly wait!"

I spent the day rereading articles on home animation in my old copies of *CineMagic* magazine, which is put out by the same people who produce *Starlog*. That should show you how good it is. I was totally absorbed in a fascinating article that detailed how some men in California had duplicated the set of the classic film *Rocket Ship X-M*, when a tapping at the window reminded me of the appointment I had made.

Jacqueline and Bo had brought another woman with them. My heart skipped when I saw her. I couldn't remember her name, but who could fail to recognize the beautiful black woman who had played Lieutenant Uhuru on "Star Trek"?

I was so overwhelmed to have this woman in my house that I said nothing that I can remember as I sat the women-around the game table. I remember vaguely proffering a platter of cold grilled-cheese sandwiches at them, then beginning the game.

The game seemed to go wrong from the start. None of them seemed familiar with the rules. They had obviously studied overnight, but their play was awkward and hesitant.

"A fighting man surprised by an Orc swings! He rolls eighteen! A hit! Roll for damage, Bo! Come on, roll. Not that die! The eight-sided one. Now, as you roll, describe how your magic user feels. That's half the thrill of the game. Put yourself into the character. Come on!"

For the first time Uhuru spoke. "This is very sick material. I am about ready to split. Now, you girls told me we was going to get it on with this little weirdo tonight, and tonight is almost over. Well?"

I had no chance, it happened so suddenly. I was holding out the dice to Bo when Jacqueline and Uhuru hit me at the same time. They shoved me back on the bed and pulled my pants off. I tried to resist, but I was unable to stay soft in my member after enduring oral stimulation from the three. It pains me to recount that all three of them were able to cause me to make love to them naturally, so as to result in a baby. Additionally, one of them forced me to perform an emission in the rectal area, and another, possibly by accident, induced a discharge in the oral region.

Afterward the women, suffering from exhaustion, lay beside me in my bed.

"I hope you're proud of yourselves," I said ironically. "Now that you've got what you wanted, why don't you just go away? What do you care about me anyway? I'm a person, but does that matter to you?"

We lay together in moist, tired silence a moment.

"Hey," said Bo. "He's got a point. Let's go."

The three women got up. As the hydraulic crane whined them away from the window, I could hear Bo....

"See you tomorrow, same time."

The next day, all the men in the world reappeared. Somehow the aliens had corrected their mistake. The men never knew they had been gone for months. The women never told them. As far as the men knew, there was just a little bit of static during the Super Bowl.

I waited for Bo and Jacqueline and Uhuru for the next few months. They never came back. I guess their busy careers took up all their time. Sure. Well, now they may have no use for me. But remember this: if some girl tells you she wouldn't go out with you if you were the last guy in the world, it's *bullsteam*. I know. I was the last guy in the world. □



"Meg, Meg, Meg, what's the point of bringing more children into the world?"

I

t happened on a dreary December night. In the city of eight million stories, this one had the most bitter ending. A very sick man, allowed to purchase a handgun, used it to ruthlessly murder John Lennon. John Lennon, our John Lennon, who sang our hopes and dreams and wound up dead in our streets.

It left the world with one less hero.
And Yoko Ono without a boyfriend.

It just isn't fair. And the pain has just begun, unless you do something now. That's why several of Yoko's closest friends, after dropping the idea of a lottery, have decided on this contest.

What kind of girl is Yoko Ono? Well, for starters, she's smart, sassy, and fun to be with. She doesn't wear too much makeup and she enjoys lively conversation. She's a great dancer, and Japanese to boot and, so, more than a little mysterious and exotic.

There's more than one side to Yoko. There's Yoko the serious artist who has done things that the world has yet to catch up

with. There's Yoko the financial whiz, whose knowledge about business and real estate would make your head spin. Finally, there's Yoko Ono, old-fashioned girl, who knows that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. She enjoys baking bread for her man, and teaching him to make some, too.

If your idea of fun with Yoko would be taking her to a socket-and-wrench expo, followed by a demolition derby and barroom brawl, then just forget you ever saw this contest. But if you know a little about poetry and art, and like bouncing a baby more than a basketball, Yoko might be the girl for you!

Why I Should Be Yoko Ono's New Boyfriend Contest



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Here are some early responses:

I'M THE HEAVY-weight champion of the world. Someone fire at me, just make me a little mad, that's all. Just think how cute we'd look in matching kimonos. Pretty sharp.

LARRY HOLMES
Madison Square Garden

IPLAYED JOHN IN one of the touring shows of *Beatlemania*. People say I look a lot like him, especially from the left side. So it wouldn't be like Yoko was going with a total stranger or anything.

JEFF CRISP
Long Beach, N.Y.

IHAVE A PRETTY good aluminum-siding business going here. I also do soundproofing and I could soundproof a whole room for Yoko. She could practice singing, and the neighbors wouldn't mind a bit.

JOHN KESLO
Buffalo, N.Y.

IWORK AS A CON-ceptual artist, just like Yoko. We could float about the world together, just off into the skies, and not hit any power lines, either.

BEN STEVENS
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Friends of Yoko

635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please write, in fifty words or less, why you should be Yoko's new boyfriend. All entries will be read by several of Yoko's closest friends. The decision will be made by majority vote. If a hassle develops and no one can agree, one neutral judge will be chosen (a real judge) and his decision will be final. And then it's up to Yoko to say "yes."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

A DICTIONARY OF THE ROMANCE LANGUAGE

by Sean Kelly and Ted Mann



Disco

affair *n*: sexual intercourse (Does Bernie know Laverne is having an affair?)
angel *n*: wealthy idiot (Laverne says Bernie is an absolute angel!)
orig B'dway slang
animated *adj*: drunk (I must say, Laverne is very animated tonight) **syn** vivacious, upset
aunt *n*: lover, usually named Raoul (Bernie, I'm going to spend the weekend with my aunt) **syn** friend, girlfriend, term paper
baby *fig of sp*: meaning "Are you using birth control?" or "Just a second while I put this thing on" (Baby, oh baby, Laverne, baby)
bachelor *n*: homosexual (Bernie is a confirmed bachelor) **syn** not the marrying kind, sensitive
bed *n*: furniture not used for sleeping on, e.g., desk top, Jacuzzi, sofa, rug (I bet Laverne would be great in bed)
big *adj*: small, ordinary (Oh, Bernie, it's so big!) (Thanks a lot, big spender!)
bite *n*: foreplay (Let's catch a quick bite)
book *n*: masturbation (I'll just spend the night with a good book)
bookish *adj*: masturbatory (Bernie is quite bookish-looking) **see** BOOK
build *n*: tits **syn** shape, figure, looks, smile, mind
chic *adj*: homosexual (I must say, Bernie is looking very chic these days)
coffee *n*: hot beverage (Want to come in for a coffee?) **ant** drink
commitment *n*: permission to drive someone else's car (Raoul is not ready to make a commitment just yet)
conscience *n*: herpes simplex (Laverne is having pangs of conscience since seeing Raoul)
crash *v*: to have sexual intercourse (I'm looking for a place to crash)
creep *n* 1: sexually repulsive male (Bernie, you creep!) 2: sexually attractive male (Stay away from Raoul, Laverne; he's really a creep)
cute *adj*: fat, pug-nosed, plenty of freckles, white **ant** funky

dancer *n*: fat woman (She's really a good dancer)
date *v*: to have sexual intercourse (I used to date Bernie) *n*: total stranger of the opposite sex (Got a date for the dance?)
dinner *n*: sexual intercourse (Let's have dinner some time, Laverne)
dirty *adj* 1: perceptive (Me and Raoul? Bernie, you've got a dirty mind!) 2: fun (Your problem, Bernie, is that you think sex is dirty!)
disco *v*: to associate with homosexuals
domestic *adj*: boring, possessive, suspicious, cuckolded (Bernie is very domestic)
drink *v*: to have sexual intercourse (Would you like to come in for a drink or something?)
eat *v*: to have sexual intercourse (You look good enough to eat!)
engaged *adj*: physically repulsed (Please don't, Bernie, I'm engaged!)
feminist *adj*: frigid (I think Laverne is becoming a feminist or something)
flirt *v*: to touch the clothed genital regions (Laverne, I saw you flirting with that guy!)
fool *n* 1: sexually satisfied woman (Oh, Bernie, I've been such a fool!) 2: Bernie



Laverne

formal *adj*: clothed (Raoul and I have not been formally introduced)
French *v*: to kiss with tongue (He Frenched me) *adj* 1: sexy (French underwear) 2: sophisticated, e.g., a movie with subtitles **see also** FOREIGN 3: rubber, as in French letter
Freudian *adj*: having to do with penis; anything longer than it is wide **syn** filthy, dirty, liberated
friend *n* 1: eunuch (Bernie's a boy, and he's a friend, but he's not my boyfriend!) 2: lover, usually named Raoul (I'm spending the night at my friend's place, Bernie)
funky *adj*: Negroid, sexually attractive **ant** cute
generous *adj*: form of gentleman (q.v.)
gentleman *n*: eunuch, patsy, wimp (Bernie is a real gentleman) **syn** angel, John, trick
go *v*: to (go) have sexual intercourse (I'm going with Laverne, C'mon, Laverne, let's go) **see also** SEE
guilty *adj* 1: sexually satisfied 2: having a yeast infection (I'm starting to feel really guilty about seeing Raoul)
hold *v*: to embrace in an allegedly nonsexual manner **see** HUG

hug *v*: to engage in hypocritical and/or nonorgasmic foreplay (It's okay, we'll just hug) **syn** hold, cuddle

humor *n*: desperation (Laverne has a great sense of humor)

hysterical *adj*: justifiably angry (Bernie, don't get hysterical)

imaginative *adj*: kinky; filthy; desirable; into whips, chains, and potty parties (Raoul is a very imaginative lover)

independent *adj* 1: easy (Laverne is an independent woman) 2: prostitutelike, slutish, whorish, frigid

inhibited *adj*: frigid **syn** shy, old-fashioned **ant** imaginative

ladies' man *n*: homosexual

lady *n*: older, wealthy woman (Raoul says Laverne is a special lady)

lay *n*: complete stranger of the opposite sex (Bernie says Laverne is a great lay)

lesbian *n*: woman who rejects one's advances **syn** frigid

liberal *adj*: cuckolded **syn** understanding, open-minded

life-style *n*: sexual proclivity, habitual sexual preference (Laverne, I'm getting tired of our life-style)

like *v* 1: to experience sexual attraction (You know, Raoul, I like you) 2: to experience no sexual attraction (I like you, Bernie, let's not spoil it)

little *adj*: big, important, enormous (Bernie, there's just one little thing) **syn** teensy-weensy

love *intery*: involuntary sound made during sexual intercourse **syn** God (hence God is love)

macho *adj* 1: stocky, hairy, wife-beating 2: disposed to ejaculate prematurely (Raoul, sometimes I wish you weren't so macho)

man *n* 1: intelligent woman (Bernie, why don't you act more like a man?) 2: wild animal (That Raoul! What a man!)

mask *n*: trousers (I'd like to tear off that mask and see what's underneath) **syn** pose, act

me *n*: the sexual organs when aroused (What about me, Bernie?) (Please, Laverne, touch me!)

meaningful *adj*: sexual and/or economic

meet *v*: to have sexual intercourse (Bernie hasn't met anyone since Laverne left with Raoul)

mind *n*: tits (Laverne, I love your mind!) **syn** smile, way of looking at things, etc.

natural *adj*: adulterous and/or perverted (What happened between us was perfectly natural, Laverne)

naughty *adj*: sexual activity involving groups, equipment, and/or animals (I feel like doing something a little naughty tonight)

nympho *n*: ex-girl friend

open *adj* 1: absurd, fake (Bernie and Laverne have an open relationship) 2: empty (Laverne has an open mind) 3: indiscriminating (Raoul is open to new relationships)

outgoing *adj*: drunk **syn** vivacious

party *v*: to have sexual intercourse (Let's party, party!) *n*: person with whom sexual intercourse is contemplated (Laverne is pretty interested in a certain party)

people watcher *n*: idiot

personality *adj* 1: fat 2: manic-depressed **syn** light on her feet, good sense of humor

photographer *n*: pimp

platonic *adj*: pederastic (Our relationship is purely platonic)

please *intery* 1: no! (when spoken by a woman) 2: gimme! (when spoken by a man)

possessive *adj*: reasonable, sane (Bernie is so possessive I can't stand it) **syn** selfish, old-fashioned

preppy *adj* 1: clean, rich, attractive 2: straight, boring, uptight

private *adj*: stupid (I'm actually a very private person) *orig* "private parts" - thus, asshole, etc.

relationship *n*: sexual connection of any kind (I just had a relationship on the elevator)

religious *adj* 1: mutually orgasmic (With Raoul, it was almost a religious experience) 2: nonorgasmic (I dunno, Laverne, maybe if you weren't so religious...)

respect *v intrans*: to be physically repulsed by (No, Laverne, I respect you too much) *v trans*: to perform cunnilingus on (But Laverne, I would respect you afterward, I swear)

roommate *n* 1: excuse **syn** headache, term paper 2: lover (Mom, this is my roommate)

see *v*: to have sexual intercourse (Laverne, are you still seeing Raoul?) **syn** meet, go with, date, etc.

self-reliant businesswoman *n*: lesbian

serious *adj*: adulterous (I'm not ready for a serious relationship right now) *hence* married (Can't you ever be serious?)

share *v*: to surrender, give away, endure shame (Bernie, you've got to learn to share)

sincere *adj*: single-mindedly sexual (Bernie, why can't you be more sincere? Raoul is so sincere)

single *n*: habitué of singles bars, clubs, weekends; a married man

ski *v*: to have sexual intercourse (Do you ski?)

special *adj*: practicing oral sex (We had a special relationship, Laverne) *often prefix for* LADY (q.v.)

swinger *n*: fat, bespectacled, balding person of either sex

there *n* 1: the vagina (Don't touch me there, Bernie) 2: the clitoris (There, Raoul, touch me there!)

thoughtful *adj*: muff-diving, pussy-munching (Bernie is a very thoughtful lover) **syn** considerate, unselfish

totally platonic *adj*: hand-job (We had a totally platonic relationship)

traditional *adj*: falling asleep during sexual intercourse (Bernie is a very traditional lover)

understanding *adj*: cuckolded (Bernie is very understanding about Laverne) **syn** open, liberal

upset *adj*: maudlin drunk (Bernie seems upset about Laverne and Raoul)

video *n*: group sex (Are you into video?)

vivacious *adj*: falling-down drunk (Laverne is looking very vivacious tonight)

work *v*: to have sexual intercourse (Laverne is looking for a new place to work) (Bernie has been out late with his work) (Raoul has come in to do some work around the house)

wrong *adj* 1: right, correct (Bernie, you're wrong about Raoul and me) 2: decent, tasteful (Laverne, what we did wasn't wrong)

xerox *v*: to show cleavage (I've been watching you, Laverne, and I like the way you xerox) **syn** type, handle yourself

zoo *n*: bar (It's a zoo in here; let's go back to my place) **syn** late, crowded, boring, loud



Raoul



Meaningful Relationship



Bernie

There are moments in life—after saving your tribe from a giant bear, say, or striking a seven-figure screenplay deal—when all that will do is to get laid. You've *earned* a good cock suck. You're a hero! Having just returned to New York from three weeks in Los Angeles, during which I had swung said screenplay deal, I was *primed* for my woman. I was ready to be *adored*, to have her pleasure every *aspect* of my body with all the art and skill at her command. I was ready for lavender garter belts, between-the-titters, strings of clams. Worship? Well, only for the night, but yes, yes indeed. I put my arms around Dotty, with these things in mind, and suggested we do a mad dance to her bed and make like the skies of New York Harbor on the Fourth of July.

Dotty did not immediately fall to her knees, whip off my pants, and play a merry little ditty on my skin flute. In fact, she gulped. But then she smiled. With great excitement and an enormous erection, I started toward the bed with her.

"Uh, wait," Dot said. "I have to get ready."

Waiting would be hard. My balls were bubbling like the headwaters of the Nile. "Okay," I said. "I'll light the candles."

Dot froze. "I forgot to buy any," she whispered in horror. Her face looked ready to break up and float downstream.

I'm used to Dot's sudden, radical mood swings. "No problem!" I assured her. "I'll throw the red towel over the lamp!" Her face firmed up a little. I found the towel and threw it over the lamp. Then I tore off my clothes, leaped into bed, took two quick tokes from a joint of nice Colombian, and threw my arms open to welcome my sweetie.

My sweetie was on the other side of the room, hanging up her dress with great care. To my astonishment, she began methodically to brush the cat hair from it.

"Ah, couldn't you do that later?"

She put the brush away. I opened my arms again. "Don't go 'way," she said. "I gotta go floss." She disappeared into the bathroom.

I gave my cock a slug, to shut it up, and relit the joint. She must have flushed the toilet fifteen times in there. What the hell was she doing, throwing up? This was getting more romantic by the moment. I stared dully at the closed bathroom door as the minutes ticked by. The joint became a roach. My hard-on packed up and flew to Arizona. I began to nod off.

My eyes opened to find her sliding into bed with me.

"Is it still Tuesday?" I asked.

"I'm sorry I took such a long time," she said. "I was so busy buying the stuff for dinner all day that I didn't have a chance to clean up."

Well, she did look great. My hard-on roared back into town. "God, have I been waiting for this," I said, and reached for her.

"Could we smoke a little of that joint first?"

I sagged against the pillow. "I smoked it all up."

"Oh, that's all right," she said. "I don't mind rolling another one." She jumped out of bed and began puttering in her drug drawer.

What was going on here? Had this happened to Lindbergh? Did Neil Armstrong's old lady put him through a trip like this?

Dot returned with the joint. She took one toke and put it out. Smiling wanly at me, she got back into bed.

"Are you sure you want me here?" I asked her. "I could fly back to L.A. and return in a week, when you're ready."

"Oh, no, honey, I'm thrilled you're here." She didn't sound too thrilled, but she did take off her negligee. At last! I took a breast in one hand and a bun in the other. You could have done high diving off my cock. I slid my hand up her thigh and...

"We might have a problem," Dot said.

I'd known things were going too well. "Hah?"

WINE

A Short Story

NOT?

by Chris Miller

"I don't have my diaphragm. I was drying it on the radiator and it got all shriveled up."

I think I started to cry.

"But I'm pretty sure we'll be okay," Dot assured me. "I'm wearing my new cervical cap I got at the women's health collective."

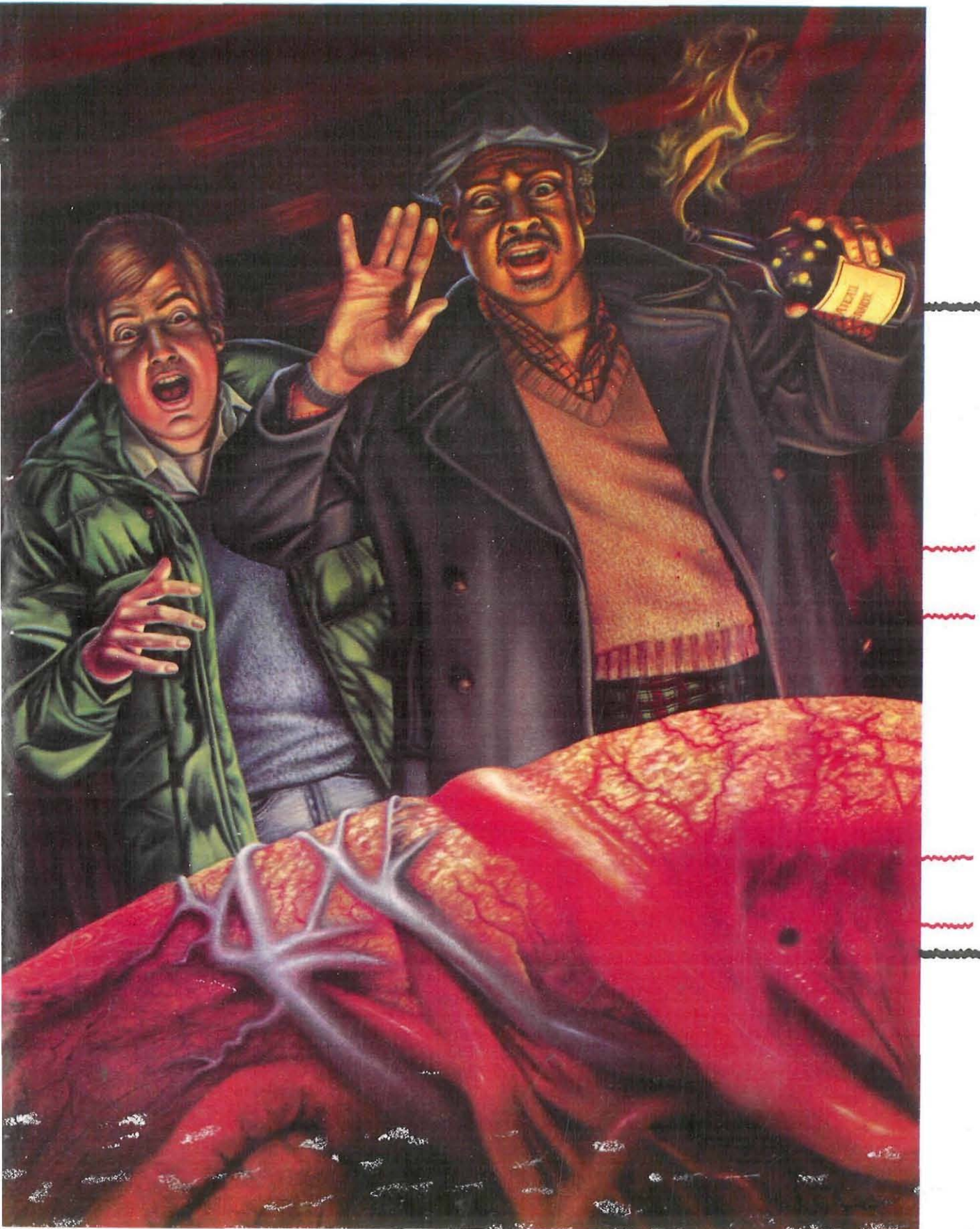
"Cervical *hat*?" I was picturing a fedora up there.

"Cap. Only, I'm not sure I got it on right."

"They didn't tell you how to put it on?"

"Oh, sure. We had a class. We all looked up each other with flashlights."

Dot should run an ad: "Romance bothering you? I'll stop it cold—anywhere!" I was afraid to ask the next ques-



tion. "Then how come you don't know whether you got it on right or not?"

"Because my *fingers* are too short. Couldn't you just reach up and check it out for me?"

"Me? I don't know what's up there."

"There's only one thing it *fits* on. Think of pulling a little balloon onto your big toe."

That finished me. I reached for my shirt. "What the hell's the matter with you?" I yelled. "You're doing everything you can think of to spoil this night! When I called you from L.A. this morning, you said we were going to have a *wonderful* time! You said you couldn't wait to see me!" Why did she have to do this so often?

She burst into tears. "I'm sorry, honey. I tried to make things nice, but I'm so worried about my *life*. When you told me about your deal it reminded me that I'm hardly making anything."

Dot runs a small photo gallery on the ground floor. At the moment, it featured an exhibition of celebrities vomiting. The guy who took the photos is one of her more conventional artists. You should see the pictures by the guy who does the nasal-hair close-ups. Dot says that the stuff is "new wave" and that it's just a matter of time until people start buying. She may be right. In the meantime, though, she's been inhabiting the nether regions of her cash-reserve checking account.

"But...you're *always* hardly making anything. Why did you have to pick *tonight* to feel bad about it?"

"Wahhhhhh," Dot bawled.

I didn't think I'd been asking for much, just a moderate hero's welcome and a bottle of good wine. I hadn't even gotten the wine; Dot forgot it. Well, it would do no good to sink into depression. Speaking of wine, I believed strongly that there were few problems in life a good bottle with a fine meal couldn't tame, at least temporarily. It was time to start the night over.

Dot said she'd be glad to cook the dinner. "I'm gonna try hard to cheer up," she told me. "I planned a very romantic entree for tonight."

I gave her a kiss and hit the street in search of a bottle. Dot lives in SoHo, and SoHo at night is all grim, unlighted factory fronts and steel security gates. The chances of finding anything decent locally seemed minute. In fact, I wasn't even sure I could find an open liquor store. It was late and cold. Grumbling, I turned up my collar and began to look.

I found the tiny store on Greene Street, wedged in between Greenblatt's Brasseries and Foundation Garments and Wing Soo Lichee Nuts—Wholesale Only. The sign, too grungy to read at first, said "Sam's Wines and Liquors." It didn't look like much, but it would have to do. Maybe they'd have a Soave Bolla or something.

An old black guy in a beret, presumably Sam, was snoozing on a stool behind the counter. His cheeks puffed out hugely from his snores, sending forth a wind that rippled his Dizzy Gillespie, lower-lip beard like a tiny field of wheat. To my surprise, a copy of the new Michael Broadbent *Great Vintage Wine Book* lay open across his knee. Hey, maybe the guy did stock some good bottles.

I left him snoring and began to explore. You wouldn't have believed the amount of wine in that tiny store. The space was cunningly arranged, with diamond-shaped wooden wine nests climbing the walls and with the floor-crammed with display racks, creating a maze of narrow cor-

ridors. Hanging here and there were photographs of Sam drinking wine with people. With a start, I recognized Baron Philippe de Rothschild; Sam was sampling an 1803 Mouton with him. In other photos, Sam was dining with Andre Tchelitscheff, sipping a Bonnes-Mares with the Comte de Vogue, sniffing a cork with the original Blue Nun. What had I walked into here? I practically flung myself at the nearest display rack.

The wines! Listen, I won't bore you with this shit; I realize not everyone thinks unpronounceable French words and obscure vintages are the soul of fascination. Just check this one out and you'll get the whole picture: There's a second-growth Margaux called Château Grosse Grenouille. Great stuff. The '29 is supposed to have been close to oenological heaven. I say "supposed" because all we have to go on are forty-year-old accounts. It seems Hermann Goering took a shine to it and confiscated the entire vintage. He is said to have filled a swimming pool with it once, and to have been drinking the final bottle as the Russians rolled into Berlin.

Sam's Wines and Liquors had six bottles.

"Yez? May Ah he'p?" said a voice.

I spun. "You're awake," I observed stupidly.

"In five minute, Ah will have been awake three." Sam stretched and yawned hugely, displaying on a front tooth a gold inlay in the shape of a tilted wine glass. "So, what it is, Jim?"

I liked the guy. "Uh...do you really *know* all these people?" I asked, waving my hand at the photographs.

"Oh, sho'. A lot of dese French cats Ah met when Ah was cellar master at de Hot Club of France." He gestured at the Comte de Vogue. "Ol' Georges, he give me dis beret."

"Really?" I was enchanted.

"Den, of course, Ah met a lot mo' people when Ah head de Wine Department of Christie's in London."

"The auctioneers? But...I thought Michael Broadbent was head of wine at Christie's."

"Mikey? Whah, Ah teach him everythin' he know."

I realized that I was in the presence of a master. I could have talked to him for hours, but it was nearing midnight and I desperately wanted my night of celebration with the Dot. "Sam, would you pick out a wine for me? I have a woman I want to romance back into the stone age."

"Ro-mance? You *sho'?*"

"God, am I sure!"

"Den Ah got de wine fo' you." He took me into the rear of the store and flipped aside a poster-size blowup of himself sipping a Château St. Jean Late Harvest Individual Dried Bunch Selected Johannisberg Riesling with Richard Arrowood, revealing a small, secret wine cellar, temperature and humidity controlled, chock full of the damndest assortment of bottles I'd ever seen. There were rocket-shaped ones, pyramids, obelisks, and slabs. There were globe-shaped bottles containing some pale golden wine. All wore the same black label with silver script saying "Château Lennox." I had never heard of Château Lennox.

"Dese mah proprietor's reserve," Sam said slyly. He withdrew a bottle shaped like a valentine heart.

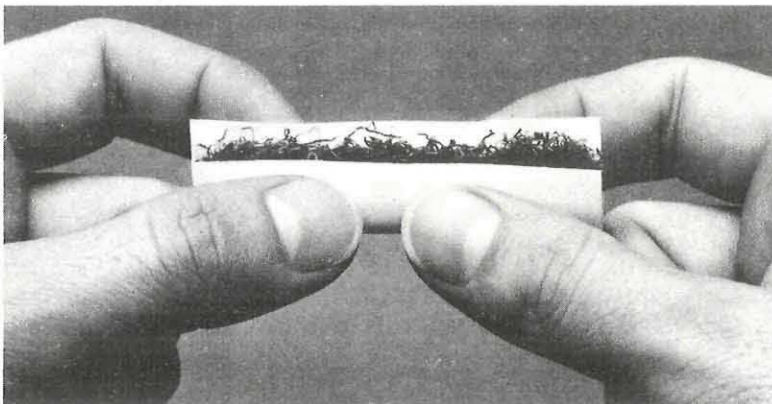
I held it up to the light. Nice red color in there. "And it's romantic?"

He leaned close and spoke confidentially. "Dis sucker so romantic, it make Miles Davis cry."

That was enough for me. I paid Sam, assuring him I'd be back the next day to buy out half his store, and sped out

continued on page 54

MACHINE VS MAN



The cigarette company that rolls your usual cigarette can roll 5,967 per minute.

Now take out a pouch of DRUM and a stopwatch.

Open the pouch and savor the rich, imported tobacco. Roll it up in the slow, even burning DRUM paper.

Now, light up to DRUM's surprising mildness. You can get 40 DRUM smokes for the price of 20 factory-rolled ones.

Of course, the cigarette factory can roll 11,934 to your one. But somehow, you could care less.

Break away from the pack.



WINE NOT

continued from page 52

with my bottle.

I let myself into Dotty's loft. She was arranging something on a platter. When she heard me coming she quickly covered it with a lid and turned to smile at me. She'd combed her hair out so that it hung loosely about her shoulders, and was wearing a royal blue robe I hadn't seen before. She looked luscious—and in a much better mood.

"Sit," she said. "Your romantic dinner awaits you."

All right! I had found candles at a deli. They were some sort of squat Roman Catholic jobs, but they would have to do. I put them on the table. I didn't light them, because Dot chose that moment to set the serving platter before me. "Tonight's entree is dedicated to your best feature," she said brightly, and whipped off the lid.

A kielbasa sausage lay there, its front end thrusting up, its rear upon a bed of sauerkraut, flanked by two large onions.

She'd done it again! How was either of us supposed to feel romantic with this great schwantz in the middle of the table? What was more, pork goes terribly with wine. We wine freaks are as kosher as Orthodox Jews.

Dot read my expression. "Oh, shit. It doesn't go with the wine, right?" She began to blink rapidly. A cry was coming!

"No, no! In fact, I have here a wine I've never tasted before. I don't know what it goes with." This was sidestepping the issue, but I wanted to

keep things cool. I debugged the heart-shaped bottle and set it on the table.

"Oh, honey!" Dot touched it. "It's beautiful!" She gave me a nice kiss. Hey! Maybe I could get into the kielbasa after all.

Dot began slicing the thing. Wine-ing at the terrible symbolism, I busied myself with the Screwpull. The cork slipped from the bottle and this... perfume came out. The wine's nose contained cherries, spice, and roses. And honeysuckle and apple blossoms. And something else—that special scent you catch occasionally on the breath of a woman who is melting with sexual heat.

"What is this stuff?" Dot was whispering, as if we were in a church.

"Let's find out." I poured. The wine was the color of the center of a rare steak. It seemed to glow.

"I'm tasting this right away," Dot declared. She sipped and her eyes went wide. "Mmmmmmmmpf," she said. "Murrri!g mmpf!"

"No, you have to swallow first," I told her, laughing.

She shook her head violently. Closing her eyes, she swished the wine about in her mouth, making little coos. What was I waiting for?

The world disappeared as my sense of taste expanded to overwhelm all other experience. What were the flavors? I first noticed plums, raspberries, and sandalwood, with an overlay of spice. Then I thought of truffles, the white Italian kind, and then chocolate and cloves. The wine was superbly balanced, with a texture of silk. When I finally swallowed,

there was an aftertaste as glorious, lingering, and complex as a Balinese sunset.

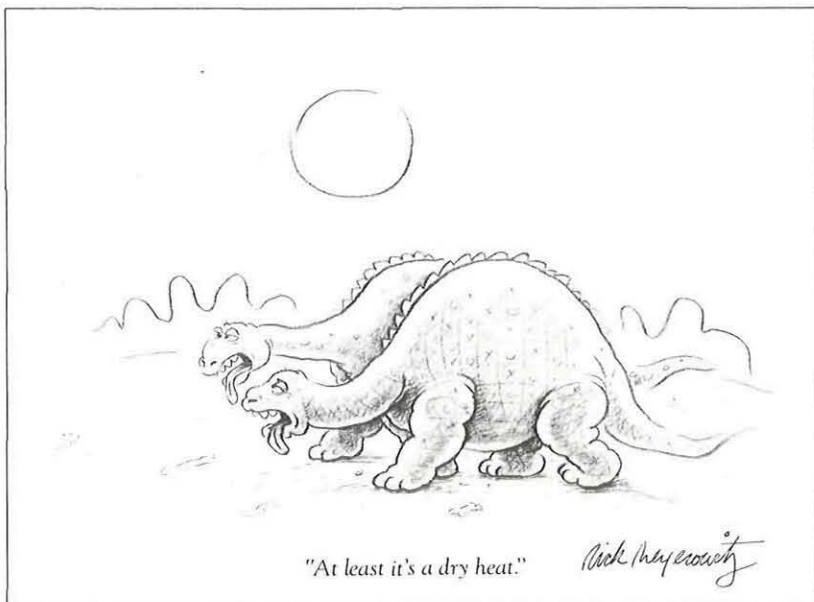
I opened my eyes. Dotty was gazing at me in an exciting new way. "Why don't you light those candles?" she suggested.

Somehow, we never got to the kielbasa. If it had been beef Wellington, I don't think we would have gotten to it. While the wine lasted, putting anything else in my mouth was unthinkable. I wouldn't have wanted my tongue in there if it weren't necessary. We sipped and sighed and talked. Dot told me all the things she liked about me. I enumerated for her all the qualities that made her the finest woman to walk the earth. She held my hand. We conjured fantasies of fabulous journeys to Sikkim and Rio and Kyoto at cherry-blossom time. We discussed making love on the moon, how nice that might be in the low gravity. I told her I'd gotten a hard-on in the limo from the airport, imagining her giving head to a Dom Perignon bottle, which came all over her in a warm spray of champagne. She told me the seat of her chair was getting wet. Tossing down the last of the Lennox, we sprinted for the bed.

I had such a hard-on that if I'd pointed it in the right direction, I could have touched Mars. Dot stroked me and licked me and whispered to me. I ate her like a six-course meal at Lutèce. At one point her thighs closed like pliers around my head and I couldn't breathe for five minutes. And I didn't care! When I finally slipped the lumber to her, we both began screaming so loud that Dot's downstairs neighbor burst in with a fire axe, thinking Dot was being murdered. We hardly noticed him and he backed out sheepishly. At last, we came like simultaneous H-bombs and, arms around each other, fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

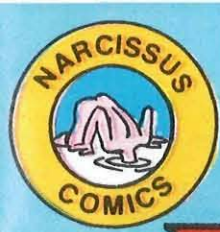
I woke around ten, feeling marvelously refreshed. Interesting footnote on the wine—no hangover and no morning mouth. Dot, in the kitchen, was whipping up some cheese eggs and OJ. I ate with gusto and, when Dot went down to open the gallery, lingered happily over the *Times*. There was absolutely nothing I had to do that day. With my screenplay finished and my deal made, I figured to take at least a couple of weeks off before getting out my three-by-five cards and begin-

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"At least it's a dry heat."

Rick Meyers



It's
YOUR
OWN
APPROVAL
that
counts

12¢

JUNE
No. 53

Self- LOVE

IS THIS
THE REAL
THING?...

OR AM
I JUST
KIDDING
MYSELF?



In this issue:
**LET IT
BE ME!**

P. J. O'ROURKE · JOHN WORKMAN · ROBERT SMITH

Get Gifts! Apologies! Attention!

Pout

Sulk

Anyone Can Learn to Whine

Bitch

Whimper

Complain

Nag

DON'T just sit around being miserable—make EVERYONE else MISERABLE too!

I want to go home.

Never again will YOU smile patiently while others sigh and moan. NOW you can be as petulant as you like! PESTER and DISMAY your friends and husband as you spread discouragement, cast aspersions, and look completely down in the mouth! *Everyone will notice you now!*

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BEAUTIFUL OR JEWISH. YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO HAVE ANYTHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT!

This completely new book—written in language as simple as *Merv Griffin's*—will show you 1,001 easy ways to act completely unhappy.

AND—YOU learn to whine not in the boring privacy of YOUR own home but right *out in public* with the limelight on YOU!

DON'T DELAY! SEND FOR WHINING RIGHT THIS VERY MINUTE!

If you can perform these three easy steps, you can mope around for the rest of your life!



Step # 1:
Pull a long face.

Step # 2:
Thrust out your lower lip.



Nobody loves me... sniff... boo hoo...



Step # 3:
Say it's your birthday and no one remembered...



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

WHINING, 635 Madison Avenue, Room 901, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please rush my copy of *Whining* to me. If I'm not completely satisfied, I'll complain about that, too. My husband or boyfriend or parents or somebody will pay you for it later.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE..... ZIP.....

WHINING, 635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

LEARN: DISAPPROBATION, REMONSTRANCE, REPROOF, LAMENTATION, CAVIL, AND SILENT REPROACH WITH THE EYES!

THERE'S JUST ONE PERFECT SOME-ONE FOR EVERY-BODY-BUT WHO WAS THAT SOMEONE FOR

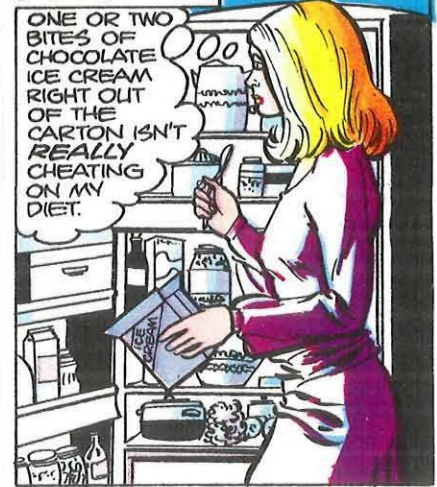
LITTLE OF ME



I WAS FEELING GOOD ABOUT MYSELF. I FINALLY KNEW WHO I WAS.

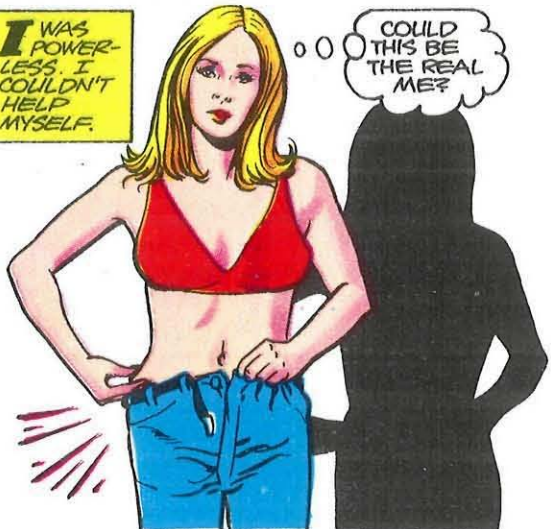
IT'S ME!

THEN I CALIGHT MYSELF PLAYING GAMES.



ONE OR TWO BITES OF CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM RIGHT OUT OF THE CARTON ISN'T REALLY CHEATING ON MY DIET.

I WAS POWER-LESS. I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF.



COULD THIS BE THE REAL ME?

I WAS SO DEPRESSED. I HATED MYSELF FOR WHAT I'D DONE. I WANTED TO END IT ALL.



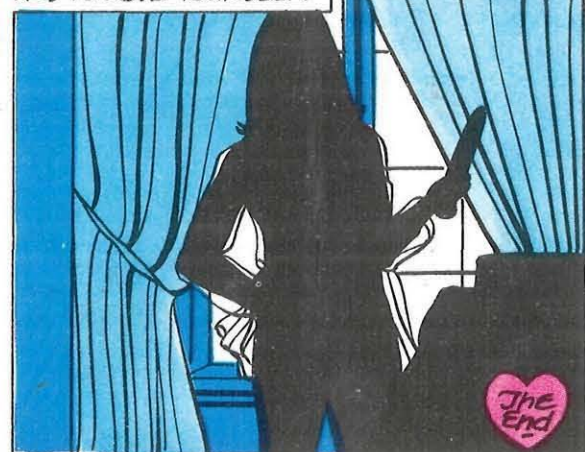
BUT I CAN'T TAKE PILLS - I MIGHT LIP-CHUCK AND WRECK MY HAIR IN THE TOILET.

THEN IT STRUCK ME... I WAS IN CHARGE OF MY OWN LIFE.



FIRST THING IN THE MORNING WE'RE STARTING A NEW EXERCISE PROGRAM!

SURE, I WAS MY OWN BEST FRIEND. BUT I REALIZED IT WAS MORE THAN JUST FRIENDSHIP. THE MOST IMPORTANT THING WAS TO LOVE YOURSELF.



SELF-LOVE COMICS Vol. 1, No. 53.

Published every month, except when we skip a period, by STUDIO 21 PRODUCTIONS, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Copyright 1981. International copyrights secured. The characters and incidents portrayed in this story are entirely factual and are based on the real experiences of the author with a variety of young ladies he has known over the years. If any one of these young ladies is reading this and wonders whether the author is referring to her personally, the answer is yes.

WINE NOT

continued from page 54

ning something new. Sighing contentedly, I opened the Living Section to the wine pages. Terry Robards's column concerned the discovery of a new bacterium that could infect grapes with "ignoble rot," lending even the best bred a certain decadence that resulted in wines "like buxom, honeyed strumpets." My wine lust aroused, I decided to make it over to Sam's and spend more than I should, pausing only to check my answering service.

There was an emergency call from my agent.

"I've called nine times," Saul cried. "Where have you been?"

"Uh...flying. Sleeping. What's the matter?"

"There's been a shake-up at Grand National Studios. Jack U'john's out as president. They're reviewing all scripts they haven't signed contracts on as yet. That means you!"

All joy departed me. "What do I have to do?" I whimpered.

"You're gonna have to present it again."

"When? Who to?"

"You're not gonna like this."

"Who?"

"The new president. Victoria Guzman."

"Victoria Guzman the feminist?!"

Saul sounded embarrassed. "The parent company brought her in, to—I'm quoting here—'align Grand National Studios with contemporary standards of nonsexist, nonracist family entertainment.'"

"But, Saul, my movie's about a black woman who sucks off horses!"

"I know, I know. Calm down."

"And it isn't sexist. The character likes sucking off horses. It's a comedy about role confusion!"

"Save it for Victoria. She's going to be in New York on Friday."

"Friday?!"

Saul recommended that I spend the next couple of days giving the screenplay a "fine tuning." I had to agree. Never had a script been further from family entertainment than *Horselaughs*. To be ready by Friday at six, I would need total isolation.

I found Dotty downstairs, trying to convince an earnest young married couple to purchase a photo of Frank Sinatra throwing up in front of Caesar's Palace. I pulled her aside, explained my plight, and made a date with her for Friday night. Then I picked up my typewriter and booked myself into the Gramercy Park Hotel. Miss Schoen, my favorite temp, proved to be available, so I hired her for the next forty-eight hours, to handle typing and sandwich runs.

At last, I sat down unhappily with my screenplay, a red pencil, and a pipe of hash, and got to work. Selling the script as it was to Victoria Guzman would be like trying to sell a home with stucco walls to someone who hated bumps. Perhaps Vulvenc, my heroine, should not be black but Portuguese. Maybe she should only go down on women horses. Hell, maybe she should be a TV preacher for Moral Majority, *refusing* to go down on women horses, but forced to. By men. By bad, macho, white men. What the fuck was I talking about?! I began to get scared.

Miss Schoen arrived in an hour, bearing a huge bouquet of lilies. "I be-

lieve you have an admirer," she said, amused. "These were outside the door." There was a card. It said "My man..." with hand-drawn pink hearts surrounding the words. Hey! If this kept up, I'd have to write Sam into my will.

The next morning a dozen roses arrived; in the afternoon a box of Godiva chocolates came, with another card: "Can't wait 'til tomorrow night." On Friday afternoon, bleary-eyed, on my tenth cup of coffee, I looked up from the keyboard to find Miss Schoen bearing a gaily wrapped gift box.

"Another delivery, boss," she announced cheerfully.

The box contained a pair of black, stretch-satin briefs with a red heart over the crotch. Miss Schoen began to laugh. I glared at her and she pretended to be coughing.

"Excuse me," she said. "I'll leave you alone with them."

The latest card was decorated in cupids. "Darling," it said. "Before you come over, put these on." It was signed with a lipstick blot.

Growling, I stuffed the briefs in my pocket. Only two hours remained until my meeting with Queen Victoria, as the media were calling her, and I still hadn't figured out a new ending. Obviously, the scene in the stable with Secretariat and the handsome Filipino groom, during which Vulvenc realized she strongly preferred her own species, would have to go. I groaned and directed my fingers to the keyboard once again.

At exactly six, I stepped off the elevator onto the eighty-ninth floor of the Smegma Communications Building. "Ms. Guzman's secretary will be out in a moment," said the receptionist. I sat down on one of those big metal-and-leather corporate couches. In addition to movie studios, TV stations, and record companies, Smegma owns a number of magazines. I began to leaf through a copy of *Domestic Shorthair*. I had reached the little ads in the back and was studying one for small cat headphones when I heard a little cough and looked up. A fellow with an extremely neat beard and haircut was standing there.

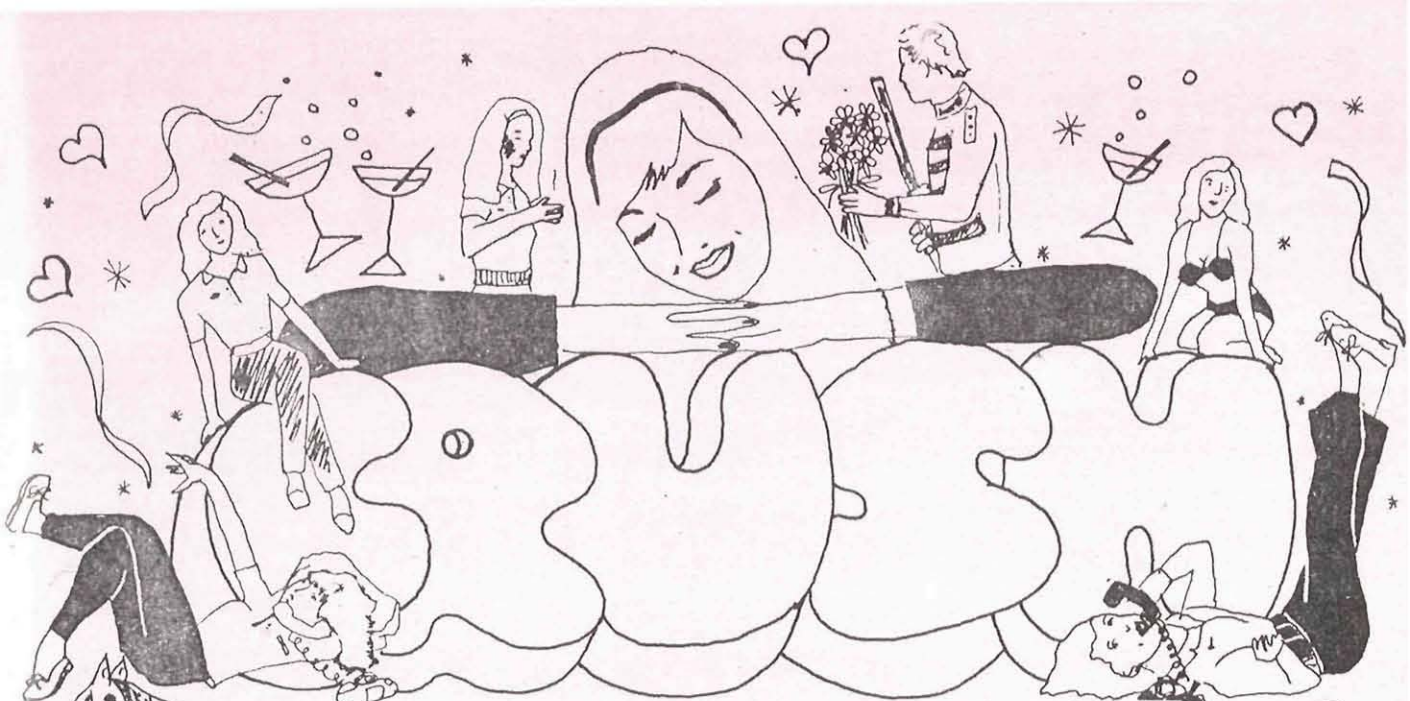
"Ms. Guzman will see you now," he told me. "She has several more meetings this evening, so please keep your presentation under ten minutes."

I was stunned. I hardly grasped my new movie myself; I'd hoped for at

continued on page 64



"It probably tastes better than it looks!"



THE SECRET NEWSWEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE MADEIRA SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

The Perfect Boy

Cindy's Q+A

A Special Notice from Virginia

Bambi Askantivatchovich

The perfect boy will be tall—at least as tall as I am (6'11⁵/₁₆" in flats) and have bushy bushy blond hair I can run my fingers through and white teeth. He will be Serbo-Croatian, or Montenegrin, and wear funny things, like sweaters that say "Kiss Me, I'm Serbo-Croatian." And I will kiss him too, all the time, and then we'll both laugh and take a long walk. He will hold my hand through the good times, and also when my life is difficult. And if his should get hard, I will hold it even more firmly because I'm a one-man woman, even if I haven't found my one man yet.

Flozella
No drugs.

Virginia
I belong to the Four-H Club—Hot, Hairy, Horny, and Hung. I don't care too much what he looks like, 'cause I've got about 400 paper bags in my room. Hey, I'm an equal opportunity employer.

Cindy
32/32 Lutheran.

Janie
The perfect boy? He'll be cute, of course, but more important, he won't mind my wheelchair. He won't mind sitting in my lap, either, or getting in line for me at dinner. This may sound funny, but I guess the perfect boy for me is someone who will push me around.

Missy
My perfect boy isn't imaginary. He exists. And he isn't a boy—he's a man. His name: Calvin Klein.

Pooh
Someone who will visit me.

Cindy
The perfect boy won't mind if I'm a bit overweight, he'll like me for what I am inside—a warm, caring, loving person with a charge account at Vito's Pizzeria.

Q: What is Pooh Feingold's real name?

A: Pooh's real name—"for now," she says—is legally Myrna Ruth Feingold, but she plans to change it to Mary Radcliffe-Holyoke-Smith when she's eighteen. She feels the latter name sounds more Lutheran and suits her better.

Q: Is Virginia Statutory a virgin?

A: Virginia replies: "Sure, I'm a virgin. Everybody in my whole family's a virgin. We're real close that way. Now shut the fuck up."

Q: How do lesbians do it?

A: I'm not sure, so I asked my mother, and she said, "One goes to work and the other stays home, just like normal people. Eat your lunch."

Q: How do I know if I'm a lesbian?

A: If you like field hockey and baseball, you are probably a lesbian. Tennis and golf are fine. So is squash. If you like bowling, you are probably not a lesbian but may be related to Virginia.

Q: What is that loud noise coming from the spokes of Janie's wheelchair?

A: "Old Maid" cards. Janie has some growing up to do.

Q: What does "going all the way" feel like?

A: I don't know, but if you really want to find out, you might ask a certain freshman from Georgetown, if you know what I mean.

Q: Do you hate Jews?

A: Only if they're 1/32 Lutheran.

Q: How much does Cindy weigh?

A: I don't know, but the other day somebody wrote "Goodyear" on the back of Cindy's gym suit and painted a pizza on her door. I won't say who did it, but if I were only 1/32 Lutheran, I wouldn't throw stones, if you know what I mean.

Virginia Statutory would like to announce the formation of a new club here at Madeira, called "The Friends of Italian Culture of Southern Italy." She feels that we cover very well the more traditional aspects of Italy, like Leonardo da Vinci and popes, but there are certain things in the native land of her parents (it is rumored that her grandmother once shook hands with Mussolini's chauffeur) that we don't cover. Anyway, the first meeting will be held Tuesday, May 18, at 12:00 midnight, in her room (yes, we know it's after lights out), where a discussion entitled "Sex and the Single Peasant" will ensue.

Note: Either Cindy or Pooh can come, but not both. Virginia doesn't feel like having her room smashed to bits. Also, bring flashlights and Kleenex.

Volume Number One
Issue Number One
Circulation: You Know Who Published Whenever We Feel Like It
MASTHEAD
Editor-in-Chief (Blond) Missy
Vacation Editor (Blond) Cindy
Boys Editor (Blond) Virginia
Artistic Editor (Blond) Buffy
Brains Editor (Brunette) Pooh

Q-THE MADEIRA EPR-Q

OVERHEARD AT DINNER TUESDAY:

"My mother says there's all the time in the world to be a tramp, but you can only be a virgin once."

"Well, your mother ought to know."

NOTICE:

ALL those girls—Missy, Virginia, Flozella, Pook, Bambi, Janie, Buffy, Cindy, et al.—on kitchen cleanup for the next two weeks must report promptly to José every day at 5:00 P.M. until all of the meringue and beef Stroganoff is scraped off of everything. Ladders will be provided for the ceiling and windows. Formal dress required.

NOTICE FROM VIRGINIA:

Will the girl who found a clump of my hair in her fist last Tuesday please drop dead and also watch out for her life. Thank you.

NOTICE FROM CINDY:

Will the girl who charged two meatball subs and a large pepperoni pizza and a quart of Tab at Vito's and used my name please note that I am very chummy with Virginia these days.

NOTICE FROM FLOZELLA:

Black. The term is black. If you must, Negro, or even colored. Pickaninny is unacceptable. Thank you.

NOTICE FROM POOH:

I have just received news today that my great-great-grandmother on my father's side was Lutheran. Please file for future reference.

NOTICE FROM JANIE:

No, Bambi, I do not want to be in the Special Olympics—they're for retards, you fool. I can't walk, but I can think. Which is more than I can say for you, you stupid Croat.

Welcome Flozella

We would like to welcome Flozella Washington Jones to the Madeira School. She has recently arrived here from the Washington, D.C., public school system, which is, as we all know, lousy, not because it is full of Negroes, but lousy for other reasons nonetheless. Her father is a colonel(!) in the Marine Corps, recently transferred to Quantico, and his wife works, which is how they can afford to send Flozella, their only child(!), here. We would like to make Flozella feel at home here by letting her know that the color of her skin doesn't matter and that she can borrow things from us, like paper clips and pencils (but not personal-care appliances). Flozella is easy to recognize even though she's very quiet and cries in English sometimes, because she has a lot of purple clothes. So, welcome, and good luck, Flozzie! We just know you'll like it here as much as we like the idea that we like you!



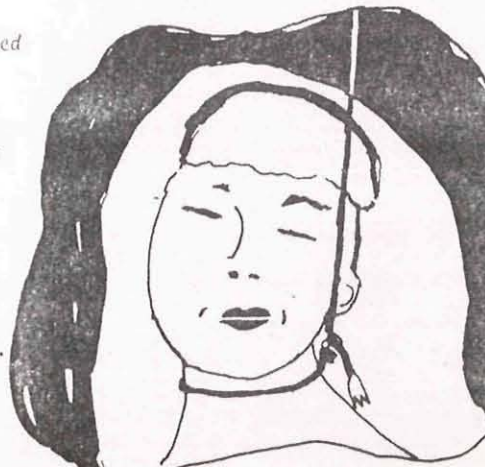
He Touched Me, by Buffy Lee

last night, under a brooding cloudy sky
after dinner we took a walk
past the frog pond and the science building
and we laughed
and we listened to a frog symphony
just to the left of the quad where missy got hit
with a field hockey stick.
and after we had
talked and
laughed and
listened
he took my hand in his
and put his mouth
on mine
and touched me
in the back of the science building
like I've never been touched before
and won't be again
until...
his next weekend pass.



Lights Out in Room 627A, by Buffy Lee

oh, he touched me that night
all right.
behind the science building he said he cared
now and forever.
but for men
now and forever
is now and then.
and for me forever is just too long a wait
for the phone to ring
on the fourth floor.
oh, I'll go to classes
and brush my teeth
and laugh little hollow laughs
but...
alone
at night, tonight, in room 627A
the lights will be turned off at 10:00 P.M.
forever.
and no one will know
why
I am dead and smell...
except



Special Notice of Interest to all

A dance will be held this coming Saturday, June 22, at Dunster Hall. It will start at approximately 8:30 P.M. and end at exactly 11:00, when the boys from Bulles Military get back on the bus and go home.

Because it is Bulles Military, and because we have had dances with them before, we all know that they will have pimples, put gin in Seven-Up bottles, and drink until they throw up, and that some of the stupider ones will bring their wooden rifles. Before they throw up, however, they will try to kiss and touch us in inappropriate places, like the frog pond.

While it is certainly not wrong to kiss a "Bully" or neck with him, it is definitely disgusting to have him throw up all over you afterwards. So watch out for the Seven-Up bottles, girls.

Also, although there are no Negroes at Bulles, we hear that there is a boy from Puerto Rico, so that Flozella will have someone to dance with.

HORSE SENSE

by Baba Burwell

Well, here it is, summer again, and lots of you've been wanting me to give you some tips on Botflies, what to do about them, how come, where do they come from, where are they going, how come, why don't they go away, and how come. I would gladly explain all this, but a horse aficionado has to keep some secrets to herself, so instead I will talk about lathering up your horse with soapy bubbles.

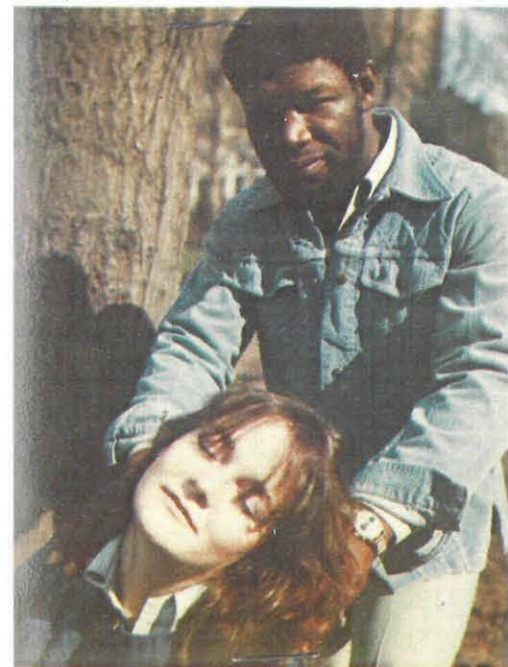
First, get some soap, the bubbly kind, especially the strawberry-scented or lemonicious brands. Second, put the hooves of your horse in four buckets filled with quik-dri cement, one hoof per bucket. This will secure the horse for cleaning purposes. Third, buy some lip gloss (again, strawberry or lemonicious), and put some lipstick on the horse's lips (only if it's a girl horse, though!). Be sure you tell the stable boys and Mr. Elijah to stick their heads in the frog pond while you do this. Also, pick up some Maybelline mascara from your mother's bureau, and some rouge for the horse's cheeks. Horses love makeup that ties just like we do!

Now then, what to do with the soapy bubbles. First, begin the grooming operation by getting an extension cord for a vacuum cleaner. Then put the vacuum attachment on the suction hose. Pretend the horse is some drapery, hopefully the flowery kind. Then currycomb the horse, massaging it at the same time, so its oil and sweat glands will be stimulated, making you smell as stinky as a horse. Next, now take the dandy brush and throw it away. Use your own rattail hairbrush to braid the mane into plaits, also called corn rows. Extension cords can be purchased at Willie's Wig and Record Shop in Washington, D.C. (Ask me for a map.)

After you have polished your horse's hooves with Factor Opalescent Evening nail polish, begin lathering its shoulders and withers with the soapy bubbles. Build up a thick lather as you work your way over the loins and thighs, moving your hands in a circular way, writing the name of your boyfriend on the soap. Massage your horse all you want, but be careful if it's a boy horse. I once massaged Arabian Night in the wrong place and a bunch of white gunk got all over me that was not soapy bubbles. Then just put a pair of sunglasses on the horse (blinders are soooooo stupid), and go out and gallop around and jump over things, showing respect for the Bully boys.

So, 'bye till next week, and happy horse dreams to all!

Oh, yeah...Mr. Elijah, our Negro stable boy, says he will teach us all to ride bareback this summer. He says we can practice on him like little Lady Godivas. He's a cool guy for a Negro!



Elijah showing me how to massage Arabian Night!

Elijah showing me how to massage Arabian Night!

A LETTER FROM OUR FORMER HEADMISTRESS
(we miss you even though you probably are possessed by the devil, like Virginia says!)

Dearest Girls,

Or should I say ladies!

Well! You always were my little girls. I never had any girls of my own, you know, although I might have, but he wouldn't, or rather, I chose not to, I mean, God did not deem that it should be so. There now. Oh, it is June and the birds are flying free and the flowers are digging tunnels of escape from the earth and the sunlight falls so prettily between the bars, I mean slats, yes, the slats of my window here at the Hotel St. Moritz, where I am enjoying my leave of absence in scholarly pursuits regarding our system of jurisprudence.

Are you eating well? Virginia, do try to lose some of that baby blubber, will you? Shrinkles are not date bait, but fat fins are rape bait. And when it's date night in D.C. you never know what's going to happen. There now! I've said it and I'm glad. I did it for his, her, I mean her own good.

One thing I must tell you children. Never use Valium, Nembutal, Desoxyn, Percobarb, or Percodan! At least, promise me you won't use them if you turn out to be alcoholics. I'll rest easier knowing you promised. And don't play with loaded guns. First make sure they're not loaded by firing them at him, someone, I meant to say someone.

Well, I guess you've heard about dear Dr. Tarnower's accident. I told him the gun was plugged in, I really did. Men! Men are such beasts. Always getting into trouble. Ah well, we'll always have Scarsdale.

Remember, dearies, eat lean meats, and no visible fat is permitted. No meat gravies. Vanilla macaroons, yes, but no cream soups, no pork or pork products; crudites and water-rich legumes only. Oh, how this takes me back. I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad I told him Lynne would kill him someday and yes I said yes I will Yes.

All my love,

Jean Harris

A COMPLAINT

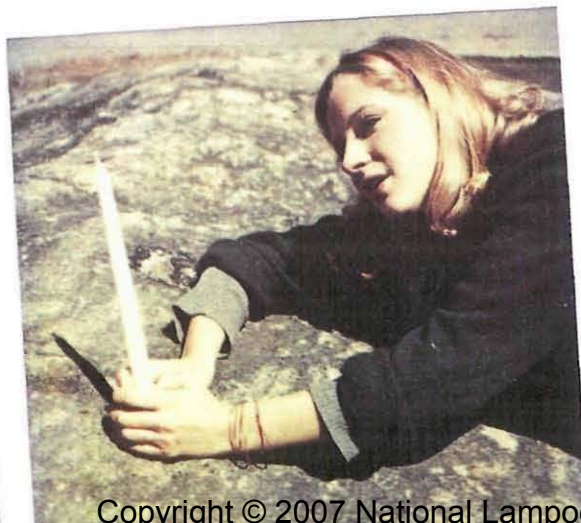
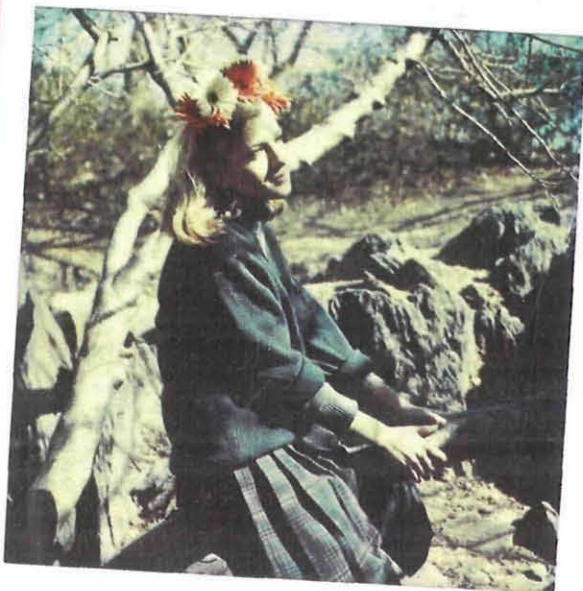
by Pookie

I would like to register a complaint. It concerns two things in my life right now at this moment which don't make me want to throw myself off the bell tower like Ginny did last year but bother me a lot anyway. They are this: I know we have to take athletics three times a week to improve our bodies as well as our minds, and I realize that we need to take showers afterwards, even if it messes up our hair, but why does Ms. Brimstone have to stand outside the shower stalls and touch us to make sure we've showered? I mean, it's really degrading, for two reasons, and they are this: I've just taken a shower and I'm obviously all wet, because I'm literally dripping water and it's cold in the gym (that's the first reason), and I hate being touched when I'm wet (that's the second), especially all over the way she does. I think it's an insult to my integrity: if I say I've just taken a shower, then by golly I've just taken a shower, and if Ms. Brimstone likes to touch cold wet things, she should eat oysters. Thank you.



Ms. Brimstone is wrecking our cleanup fun!

Photo Essay
Pictures
of
Buffy
by
Buffy



The Blond Boy

by Bambi A.

There was a boy once, who, although he had never kissed a girl, was tall and very good-looking. He had blond hair and blue eyes and a very nice profile, no acne of any kind, and very white teeth. He was not Billy Budd, though. He could get into trouble at school just like any of the other good-looking blond boys for doing things like taking a puff on a cigarette or not washing his gym shorts or laughing after lights out.

One day, news went flashing throughout his boarding school, located near the capital of a great nation: there was to be a dance! And not only was there going to be a dance, it was going to have girls in it! All the boys in his school (in fact there were only boys in his school) were to get on buses and go to a girls' school near them, and at eight o'clock a dance would begin and everyone would dance until 10:00, when the last song would be announced and the boys would have to get back on the bus and go home.

The boy was nervous and excited. At school, he bathed very carefully and brushed his teeth twice and gargled. Then he put on grey flannel pants and Aramis and his blue blazer with the family crest, as he was also very wealthy. On the bus, the other boys were very rowdy and noisy, but he sat still and quiet, touching himself once in a while to make sure it was all real, he was so happy. "I'm going to kiss a girl tonight!" he thought to himself on more than one occasion. Whenever he thought this, his heart would beat off very fast and he would feel a little frightened, but by the time the yellow bus rolled into the parking lot his resolve was firm and his spirit up.

As promised, the dance began at eight o'clock in a brightly lit hall. The girls assembled on one side, the boys on another, but when a popular disco hit began blaring the mingling commenced.

Now, there was a girl too in all of this: she was also blond and had very white teeth and a nice profile when she turned to the side. She was a bit above average in height (6'11 1/2" in flats), but she was also a bit above average in looks too, she told herself, so things worked out. Her parents were from a country in Europe not unlike Serbo-Croatia.

At about 8:17, she saw the boy standing near the cranberry punch in a very straight upright position. Her heart began to tremble and her shoes hurt. She blinked very fast and kept touching her hair to make sure it was all right. (It was.) She edged over to the punch bowl quickly, hoping he would notice her, as she thought she might be in love. At 8:19 their eyes met. Boldly, he moved closer to her. At 8:22, she felt something hard against her back. His punch glass.

"Oh, I'm sorry," the boy said. "I hope I didn't cause you any inconvenience. I didn't mean to hit you with my punch glass."

"That's okay," the girl replied a little shakily. "I've been hit with worse things, like a field hockey stick once." And then they both laughed and began to talk and talk and dance. They danced together all night, until 10:22, always looking at each other with all four eyes thinking the same thing: tonight I'm going to kiss a girl/boy.

But then, at 10:23, tragedy struck the pair. A dark-haired Italian girl, only fourteen years of age and already forced to use Nair on her upper lip, appeared and cut in on the pair. The blond girl returned to the punch bowl and watched helplessly as the Mediterranean temptress worked her wiles on the innocent boy. At 10:29, they were suddenly gone.

Twelve minutes later they appeared. The Italian girl was smiling. The blond boy's tie was unknotted, his forehead and hair were perspiring, and his shirt was not fully tucked into his unbuckled pants. He looked dazed.

It didn't take adding two and two to figure out what had happened. The Italian girl had kissed him.



Reviews by Baba Burwell

BOOK NOOK

Love's Flaming Tire Iron, by Barbara Cartland
 I read this book in the sauna, so I'm not sure, but I think it made me wet and also very hot. I really liked the part about love being like a passionate tire fix-it kit on account of how you can always patch things up if you really have love. The pirate with the eye patch who ran the garage where Milady Lovins stowed away in the trunk of the cruel Baron's Mercedes actually turns out to be the long-lost husband of Milady who she never actually met because she was hit over the head with a tire iron and robbed by a pirate who looked a lot like her husband she never met. Anyway, they kiss at the end. That's when I fainted. I'll lend you the book after the pages dry out.

The Collected Poems of Jean Harris, edited by Barbara Cartland
 This book is called a slim volume, but I wish it would lose some weight! The poems in here don't have any sexy words in them or anything. The one about Dr. Tarnower's sixteen broads is the best, but I read it already in the paper, even though they tried to censor it at the library. I think Miss Harris should stick to being a headmistress, or else a murderess, I can't decide which.

XXXX Love and a smart salute to all my Madeira fans

Extra Special Pinup poster
 Bully Boy of the Month



*E. Forster Paterson Winfield
 Duncan Hotchkiss-Morgan IV
 (Winky)*

no wonder Pooh is such a brain in Driver Ed!!!
 ←

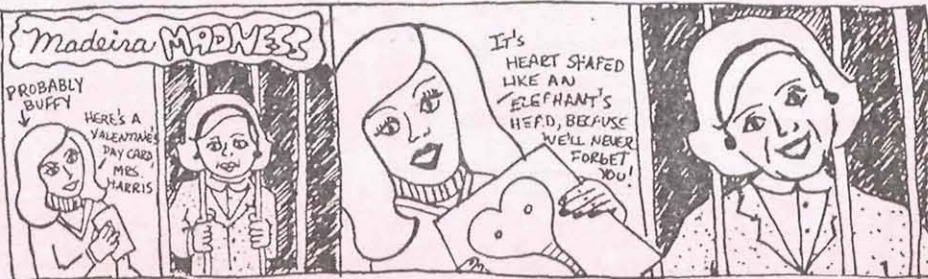
"Just wrap your legs round these velvet rims
 And strap your hands across my engines.
 Together we could break this trap...
 'Cause tramps like us, baby we were born to run!"

-Bruce Springsteen, poet

When his eyes met hers, he looked away. So did she, before the tears could start. Soon the dance was over and the boy got back on the bus and went back to school.

The blond girl never saw him again, although later she heard that he now smoked and swore and drank and went to dirty movies with a fake ID from Nevada. It was rumored he had diseases.

But the blond girl's heart had been broken. And although it was now on the mend and only cracked, she could still feel his pair of eyes on her and his punch glass and the way his eyebrows sweated when he got nervous. She would never forget these things, just as she would never forget how some Italian girls could never ever be trusted again and also used Nair on her chin.



WINE NOT

continued from page 58

least an hour. Radically rethinking the length of my pitch, I followed the fellow into an Olympic-size conference room. Victoria sat at the head of the table, looking about as warm and inviting as Brezhnev.

Painfully aware of the little time I would have, I went right into my dance. My screenplay, I told her, was about a white woman horse trainer who, while never flagging in her duties as a mother of three, comes back from a terrible riding accident and finds happiness with a soulful Vietnam vet. I snuck a glance at her to see what she thought and found her looking behind me.

"Yes, Phillip?" she said.

"There's a call for the gentleman," said the male secretary. "I told the young lady he was in conference, but she said it was an emergency."

I felt queasy with fear. Raped? Cancerous? Taken hostage? I excused myself from Victoria and went to the extension at the far end of the conference table.

"Hi, bayyyybeeee," said a voice.

"Hah? Dotty?"

"Mmmmm."

"Are you all right?" I couldn't connect that melodious, blissed-out voice with Dot.

"I'm nayyyked. I'm in a bubble bath. I'm drinking a Kir and washing my left breast repeatedly."

I looked convulsively at Victoria, as if she might have heard. She hadn't. I wasn't sure I had. "Uh...repeatedly?"

"Mmm-hmm. So it'll be special and soft for you tonight."

"Dot, I'm in the middle of my

pitch. I can't..."

"I've been thinking about the way you smile...and touching myself with my warm, slippery fingers."

She was completely out of the yank. "Honey, I'll call you," I whispered. Then, for Victoria's benefit, "Just turn off all the water. Phone the plumber. I'll be home when I can."

"Everything all right?" Victoria asked.

"Ah...my girl friend put too much cat litter in the toilet again. It came back up and went on her foot."

I don't think Victoria enjoyed that little image. Nor, I realized with horror, could she have been too nuts about the term "girl friend." I was blowing it! Flustered, I took out my handkerchief and blew my nose. Victoria gave me the damndest look. I glanced down. I had just emptied my chambers into the crotch of my new satin briefs.

"Look, you seem a little out of sorts," said Victoria. "I don't know what that bullshit was about accidents and Vietnam vets, but we still plan on shooting *Horselaughs*. The deal is go."

"You read *Horselaughs*?"

"Of course. It's hilarious."

"But...doesn't it compromise your, uh, principles or something?"

"My principles are to maximize profits, buster. Your movie's gonna make us millions. Have a cigar."

I took the sleek panatela and let Phillip whisk me from the office in a haze of happiness. *They'd bought it anyway!* This was cause for celebration. I'd get some wine, go over to Dot's... I came to my senses. Dot was worrying the hell out of me! She'd sounded completely loony on the

phone. When I was a kid, I had a trick of turning my eyelids inside out, to make the girls go *eyeyu*. My mother used to say that if I kept doing that to my eyes, someday they'd stay that way. I was beginning to believe that the other night I'd turned Dotty's eyes inside out and now they were going to stay that way.

I fretted and fidgeted all the way downtown in the cab. The freight elevator took a year to reach her door. There was a note scrawled there in lipstick: "Darling, know that every molecule of my home is filled with love for you." I pushed inside, looking around uneasily, as if I might have been able to see some of those love-filled molecules. The place was lit by candles. A Billie Holiday song issued softly from the sound system. Then a cloud of Opium perfume enveloped me and I felt her lips at my ear.

"My man, my lover, my son, my father," she whispered. "You're everything to me. How I love you!"

I turned. Dotty was wearing a peach silk negligee that, backlit by the open elevator, tantalized me with glimpses of her many charms, as fifties rock 'n' roll songs used to call them.

"This bow unties the *whooooole* front," she purred. Her lips were absurdly full and crushed looking, her eyes limpid pools of adoration, her hands busy with my pants.

"Dot, wait a second. I'm...kind of worried about you."

"I'm the best I have ever been," she crooned. "I'm in touch with my innermost feelings at last." My pants fell to my ankles. Her fingers leapt to my underwear...and stopped.

"You're not wearing them," she said, in a tiny, wounded voice. Tears began coursing down her face.

Clearly, this was not the moment to explain that I wasn't wearing the underwear because I had blown my nose in them. "Honey, please don't cry. I just didn't have time to put them on yet."

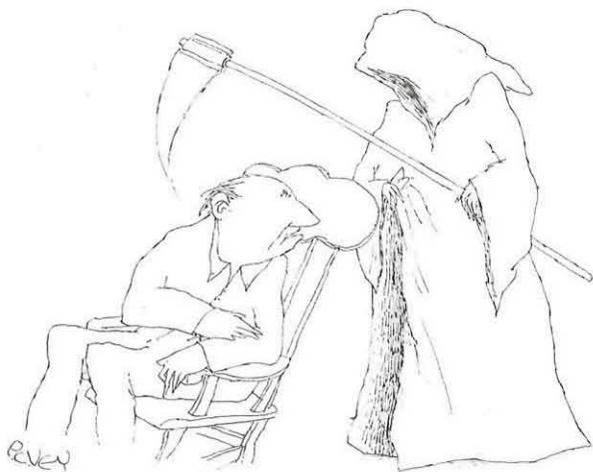
"I'm sorry," she hiccupped. "I feel so vulnerable!"

It was as if she were drugged. Drugged? I remembered the Château Lennox. Sam moved abruptly from my will to my shit list. I yanked up my pants.

"Honey, I want you to stop crying and sit down and wait for me."

"You're leaving?" Her mouth turned down, her eyes filled, and she began to wail.

continued on page 72



"My wife's in the bedroom."

The Death of Tony Romaine

by John Bendel

At 5:10 A.M. on the morning of May 15th, a 1972 Coupe de Ville driven by singer Tony Romaine was demolished by a runaway tractor trailer on the Long Island Expressway. A cassette, apparently recorded by the local star, was found on the seat beside his body. A transcript of that recording follows.

To whom it may concern:

They've made the last call for drinks. It's three A.M. in my life, time to stack up the chairs, sweep the butts off the floor, and lock the door on it all.

It's cold and lonely in the parking lot. I'm sittin' in my Caddy now, waitin' for the heat to come up. The motor's runnin', and I'm gonna let it run until that old carbon monoxide carries me to the last gig.

How about that. Tony Romaine, the best-loved lover on Long Island, pulling the plug. Hard to believe?

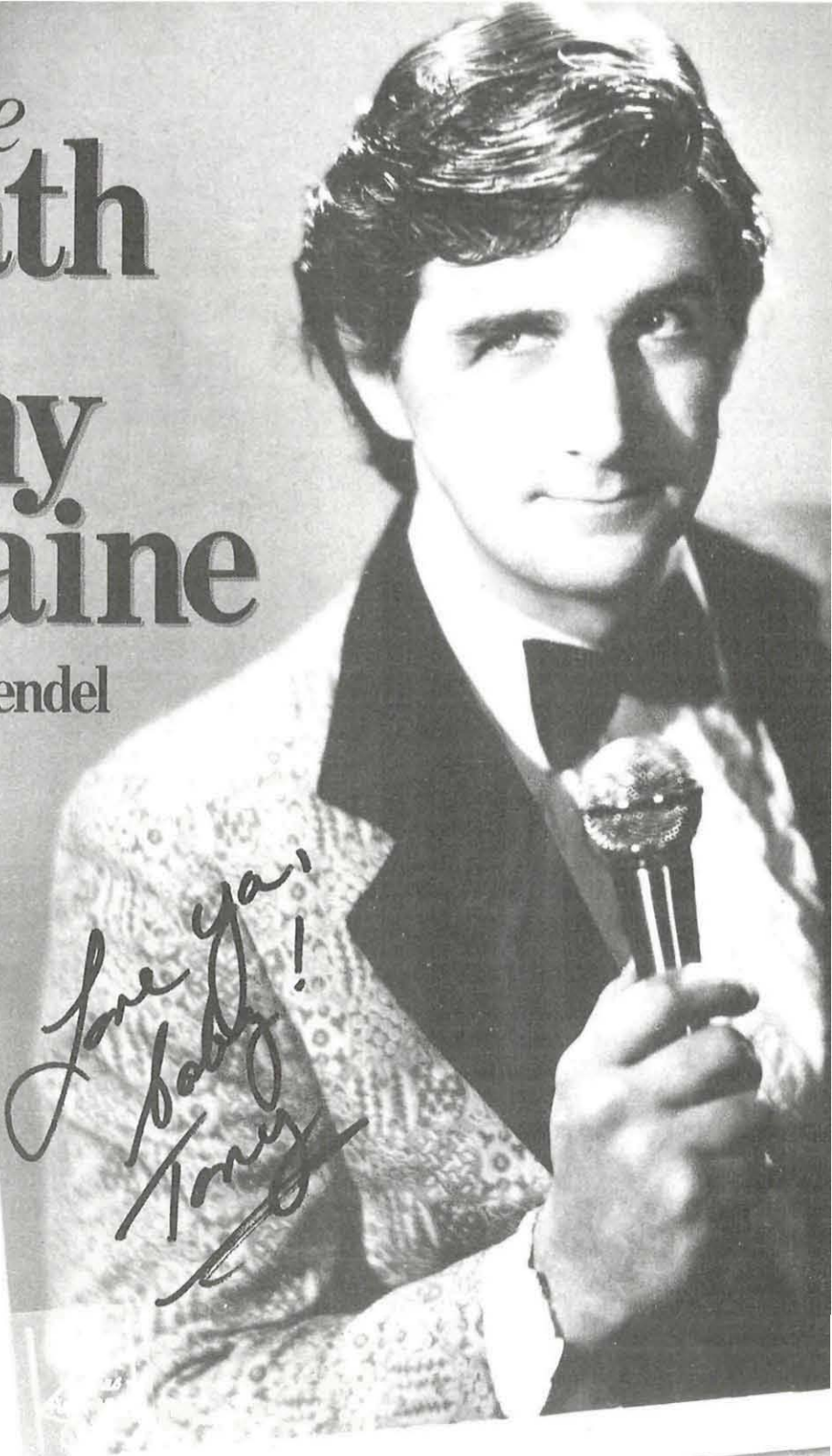
Well, it's like this: I used to sing in the A&P where I worked. I was just a kid then, but all the checkout broads knew me, and they loved me. I had real big shoulders and lots of black hair, and I never stopped wiggling my hips or humming or winking, even at the union meetings. And I

wrote songs even then. I remember they loved "I'm Stockin' the Shelves Just for You, Babe." It wasn't a great song, but it wasn't bad. Not bad at all.

Anyhow, I started singing for money on the weekends, and I worked some

pretty rough rooms, like Gorilla's Lounge in Queens and the Time Clock Inn in Bethpage. At least once a night a couple of palookas would smash each other with beer bottles

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THE PRE-ROMANTIC AGONY

BY SEAN KELLY



The Marquis de Sade and William Blake walked into a bar. The eccentric English engraver was escorting the sixty-two-year-old French author back to the asylum. It was late on a cold, wet February night, in Paris, in 1802. Blake was expounding, in his loud but limited French, his new theory about the private life of Adam and Eve. This *Anglais*, de Sade reflected, had a truly smutty mind.

The ill-matched pair belled up to the zinc. De Sade ordered a brandy against the chill. Blake had a beer. They mused.

They had just attended, as both of them knew, an event of the greatest historical significance: the last and final gathering of the half-century-old Pre-Romantic movement, its members sworn to the overthrow—by prose if possible, but if necessary by verse—of Neo-Classicism.

In the old days—the good old days, as the Pre-Romantics were among the first to call them—members had met in secret, composing and then reading aloud (in hushed tones and florid translations) the “Ossianic” fragments, a grotesquely overblown, bastard-Gothic, stage-Irish, mythopoetical, infamous literary forgery, full of fairies and mists, high deeds, and double-barreled adjectives. It had taken the world by *Sturm*, so to speak, and sent the enemy, those fuddy-duddy, gout-nosed Augustan rationalists, reeling to the sidebar for something stronger than claret.

Then they had unleashed the gloomy, goofy, and utterly counterfeit ballads of the nonexistent medieval monk Rowley,

and, when their fraud was found out, attributed the poems in question to the equally fictional, suicidal Chatterton.

Throughout the last half of the century they had privately published, and widely circulated, the schizoid babble of Kit Smart, the morose bucolic ruminations of Cowper, the self-slaughter-inducing *Sturm und Drang* of young Goethe, the lubricious long-winded pantings of Restif, the dingbat Gothic novels of Mrs. Radcliffe, and the bubble-headed philosophy of Schiller, not to mention the gonzo theology and manic pornography (respectively) of Blake and de Sade, to whom we now return, as they reorder refills in the bistro.

I propose a toast,” bellowed Blake, who was given to these sudden outbursts. “For auld lang syne. To Robbie!”

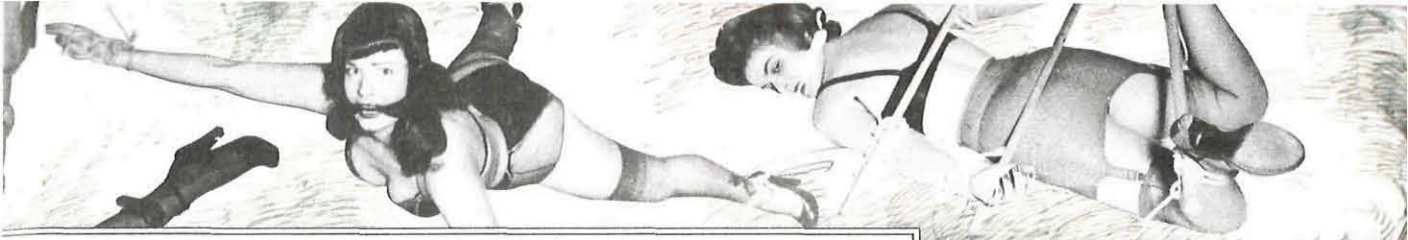
Alas, poor Burns. His unpronounceable singsong jingles celebrating the caperings and couplings of his red-kneed clansmen had served the movement well. But Robbie was dead these four years, and one of the Pre-Romantics’ last formal votes had been to express condolences to the many official and unofficial widows and orphans of the Highland bard. De Sade quoted:

*There’s nae a man sae mickle proud,
Sae unco tae his Highland roots,
As winna souk his usque doon,
An’ blaw his haggis on his boots!*

They drank to that. Blake belched.

The ex-marquis wondered whether,





when they arrived at the madhouse together, Blake would be allowed to depart. He was obviously insane. The nitwit nursery rhymes, the bizarre drawings of pudgy demigods, the ranting meaningless "prophecies"... Yet he, too, had done much to forward the cause...

Of course, young Goethe (the prolific kraut was nine years de Sade's junior) had done the right thing in dissolving the Pre-Romantics at tonight's meeting. They had won the battle against their old enemies the Neo-Classicists but were losing—had lost—to their new rivals, the Romantics.

In Vienna, Beethoven was already halfway through his Romantic Fifth Symphony, and going romantically deaf. In Paris itself, Napoleon, that quintessentially Romantic hero, was about to crown himself emperor, and clearly intended to carry the spirit of Romanticism as far as distant Moscow. More to the point, Wordsworth and Coleridge had issued their *Lyrical Ballads*.

Blake had on his person a copy of that slim volume, which he had smuggled across the channel. He despised it. Coleridge he strongly suspected of being a drug abuser. How else account for:

*Who can earth and ocean sunder?
Who could earth and oceans span?
Who can speak in tongues of thunder?
Who could eat a caravan?
Who can do these deeds, you wonder?
Kubla, Kubla, Kubla Khan!*

And as for Wordsworth... Blake extracted the book from a pocket and began to read aloud, in a fruity falsetto, to the embarrassment of his companion:

*The day was quiet as a corpse,
For there was neither wind nor breeze.
I wandered walking in my shoes
To tell the forest from the trees.
And there I chanced to chance upon
A dweller in that unspoiled place,
A child of earth, as I could tell
By dirt caked on his hands and face.
A simple hut was all his home,
With walls four and a roof above,*

*A man whom there were none to praise
And fewer still to love.*

*This ancient old and aged man
I questioned in my manner vague.
He gazed upon me with his eyes
And fled me like the plague.*

"Yea nay creeping Jesus H. Christ!" howled Blake, and flung the *Lyrical Ballads* from him like an unclean thing.

In de Sade's rotten but crafty brain a plan was taking shape. When they arrived at the asylum in Charenton, he would have this manifestly certifiable nut case admitted in his place! Then he himself would head back to town, to visit a certain house, where, with the aid of three young women and a pulleys-and-weights device of his own invention, he would...

Not that he disagreed. He, too, loathed the pantheistic drivel of the Romantics. The fickle book-buying public of France already had begun to prefer the syrupy soft-core fantasies of that idiot Chateaubriand to his own honest, straightforward stuff, just as English readers were turning from Walpole's cryptic Pre-Romantic mystery novels to the cornball horse operas of that dunce Walter Scott. But if he could get the authorities to lock up Blake in his stead...

It was late. And now the separate reveries of the two old Pre-Romantics were interrupted by the entrance of a stranger—a doctor, as they surmised by the black bag he carried and the bloodstains on his black frock coat. He appeared haggard, exhausted, overwrought. The barkeep poured him a tall Calvados and expressed sympathy for his condition.

The doctor—for such he was—replied with a feverish excitement that belied his careworn appearance. "Yes, my friend," said he. "I have been awake these last two nights with a woman in difficult labor. Her cries were terrible; nor have I eaten or drunk in all that time. But it was worth it! Yes, more than worth it! For tonight," and here he raised his glass, in triumph, "for tonight, Victor Hugo was born!" □

ILLUSTRATION: PHYLLIS HERFIELD PHOTOS: MOVIE STAR NEWS





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We all owe a lot to music.

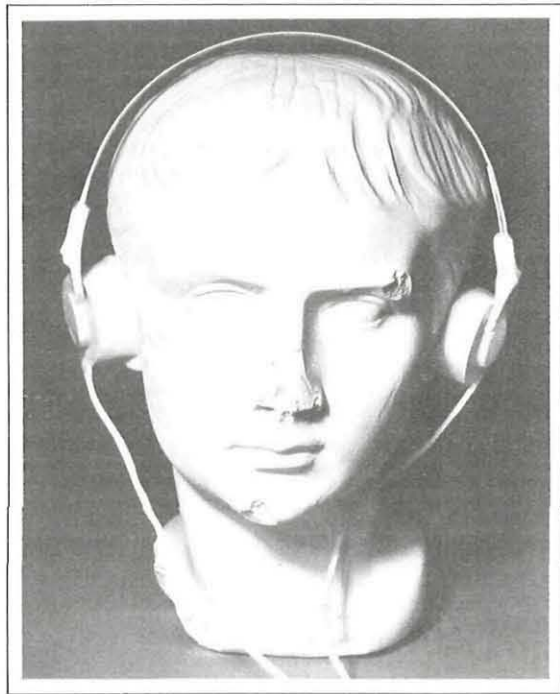
Twelve Romances from the Hellenic Golden Age Turned into a Dozen Stories about Greek Love ♦ Translated from the English by P. J. O'Rourke

MYTHS MADE MODERN

APOLLO AND DAPHNE

Apollo is the son of Jupiter, who is president of the gods, and Latona, an old girl friend of Jupiter's whom he never married. Apollo is the god of handguns, Blue Cross coverage, and elaborate home stereo systems. Also, he is the god of getting a dark tan.

Apollo's first love was a girl named Daphne, and this came about because of the anger of Cupid, the god of interpersonal relationships. Apollo, as befits a god, possesses perfect marksmanship. In fact, it was his celestial hand that steadied the .44 caliber pistol when Son of Sam murdered all the pale girls who weren't carrying adequate medical insurance. It was also Apollo who guided the shots that hit John Lennon because of the awful mixing quality on the Plastic Ono Band album. Apollo was chaffing Cupid about that deity's recent change to automatic weapons, which Cupid insisted was necessary to keep up with the fast-paced shifts in modern emotional involvement. Apollo was saying that Cupid could not hit the long side of a supertanker with an Uzi, so Cupid let him have it with one of his deep-felt emotional-commitment rounds. Then Cupid fired a couple of the bullets that make



ORPHEUS WITH HIS SONY WALKMAN, sculpture fragment, postarchaic period, circa A.D. 1981.

women want careers. And these struck Daphne, who was a beautiful tennis-court nymph. Apollo was immediately smitten with Daphne, but she wanted to go to law school. Apollo followed Daphne around and pestered her and phoned her in the middle of the night all the time until Daphne became annoyed and called upon Diana, the goddess of women who are searching for self-fulfillment, and asked that august deity to turn her into a female family-court judge. Apollo wept when he saw the trans-

formation. But he still loved Daphne, and to this day, whenever Apollo spies a case of child abuse where the youngster's injuries aren't covered by a private or corporate medical plan, he has the parents arrested and their cases placed on Daphne's court docket.

10

Juno is the first lady of Olympus and the goddess of acting like a married woman. She keeps a close eye on her husband, Jupiter. One day while Juno was straightening up around heaven she saw a large smog cloud descend over the usually sunny climes of southern California. Juno suspected Jupiter of causing this smog, to conceal some activity of his. So she called upon Zephyr, an arctic-air-mass high-pressure zone causing local high winds and cold temperatures, to blow the smog away. Then Jupiter was revealed in a motel room with a Datsun 210. Juno guessed that the Datsun's form concealed some fair beauty, transformed for concealment's sake. And she was right, for it was Io, daughter of the Imperial Valley irrigation-sprinkler-system god, Inachus. Jupiter had been dallying with her all afternoon in the motel.

Juno quickly joined her husband

and praised the beauty of the compact car in his room. Jupiter claimed that he had just created it from a bedspring and a room-sized refrigerator unit on commission for a Japanese car company. Juno asked to have it as a gift. What could Jupiter do? He was loath to give his girl friend to his wife, but how could he refuse Juno such a trifling request as a new Japanese car, especially one that got such good mileage? So he consented. Juno was still suspicious, however, and took the car to Argus to be closely watched.

Now, Argus was a beast with a hundred eyes and at least that many concealed microphones and wiretaps. He worked for the Central Intelligence Agency even though he wasn't supposed to, because their charter forbids domestic operations. Anyway, Argus never slept, or at least didn't sleep very well, unless he took two Nembutals, which his doctor had forbidden him for fear that he was developing a barbiturate dependency. So Argus kept Io under round-the-clock surveillance.

Jupiter was very upset by these developments, so he called for Mercury. Mercury presides over big business, professional wrestling, the running of political campaigns, and the illegal dumping of toxic wastes—over all things, in other words, that require cleverness, dexterity, and two sets of account ledgers. Mercury is also the United Parcel Service delivery-truck driver of the gods and wears a winged cap and wing-tip shoes. Jupiter instructed Mercury to go to Argus and “lean on him a little.” So Mercury pretended to be from the staff of a Senate subcommittee investigation and read to Argus for hours from a book of government rules and regulations about clandestine intelligence operations, until every one of Argus's eyes closed and he was asleep. Then Mercury had him blown up by a right-wing Cuban expatriate group.

So Io escaped and drove down the highway to Palm Springs, but Juno sent a gas shortage to afflict her and she had to wait for hours and hours in a gas line in Compton and her hubcaps were stolen. At last Jupiter interceded and, by promising to pay no further attention to Io, convinced Juno to relent. Which she did. Furthermore, Juno even went so far as to get Io a good part in a new thriller movie from Paramount, where we will be seeing her soon in a car chase all over Asia Minor.

HERO AND LEANDER

Leander was a youth from Santa Monica, and Hero lived many miles away in Laurel Canyon, where she was a priestess of Venus, the goddess of mixed doubles, eye makeup, and random rape slayings. Every weekend Leander used to marathon run all the way from Santa Monica to Laurel Canyon. But one weekend the weather wasn't very good and Leander decided to lift weights instead. And he never saw Hero or called her again. Some weeks later Hero saw Leander marathon running with another girl and she was so despondent that she began marathon running too, and now she feels a lot better about herself.

DIANA AND ACTAEON

Diana is the virgin (with men, anyway) goddess of female self-actualization. She is also the protectress of wives who have let their husbands have it in the back of the head with a .38 after fifteen or twenty years of marriage and then gotten off with a plea of self-defense by saying their spouse used to whip them with a belt.

One day Actaeon, a noted job hunter, was out looking for work and accidentally saw Diana naked, or, some say, even worse, in a pretty, frilly dress. Diana turned Actaeon into an employer, and he was set upon by Occupational Safety and Health Commission investigators, who made him post danger signs in six languages over all his drill presses, and give every member of his bookkeeping staff a hard hat, and build a new \$40,000 rest room for women workers, with couches where they could lie down if they were having their periods. Eventually he was hounded into bankruptcy.

PYGMALION

Pygmalion was a fashion photographer who was homosexual and hated women. However, he had one model whom he had discovered waiting tables in Redondo Beach, and he fixed her hair and did her makeup and showed her how to dress, and when he was done she was so beautiful that he fell in love with her even though he was queer. So Pygmalion prayed to Venus, the style-and-leisure-section goddess, to transform the fashion model into a human woman, and—miracle of miracles—it was done. They

both lived happily ever after until the fashion model met a movie actor and ran off to Kauai with him.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

Orpheus was the son of Apollo and the muse Car Stereo. When Orpheus was a boy his father presented him with a Sony Walkman and a collection of Bix Beiderbecke tape cassettes. Nothing could withstand the charm of this music. Not only were Orpheus's friends and relatives entranced by the tunes, but even the stock market could be lulled into a day of light trading by the fine melodic improvisations of Beiderbecke's cornet, and the prime rate could be induced to drop a point or more.

Orpheus fell in love with the beautiful Eurydice, but, unfortunately, she stepped on a cancer cell during their honeymoon and was killed by a bad movie plot. Orpheus went to the underworld in search of his bride. There he found his way barred by the great three-headed dog Cerberus, who has one head representing inadequate gun control, another head representing unemployment, and a third head representing judicial leniency and backlogged court calendars. Cerberus relented, however, when Orpheus let him wear the Walkman on his unemployment head and listen to “In a Mist.” After that, Orpheus talked to a number of underworld figures, and many of them turned out to be real Beiderbecke fans too. They agreed to let Eurydice out of the movie contract in which she had to die from the special kind of cancer that only actresses get (and that lets them keep their looks even after they're supposed to have been on chemotherapy for six months). The only condition was that Orpheus was never to look at the videotapes of what Eurydice had been doing while she was associating with reputed members of organized-crime families. But Orpheus couldn't resist taking a peek, and it ruined their marriage.

PENELOPE'S SUITORS

Penelope was the wife of the war hero Ulysses, who had been an officer in Vietnam. He was overseas for a long time, and Penelope felt as though he were *never* coming back. So she had a lot of suitors. But Ulysses did come back, and when he did he killed all of

continued on page 90

Newport Lights



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



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Box: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.
Kings: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. 1980.

WINE NOT

continued from page 64

"Baby, please. I...forgot to pick up the wine." Sam had done this to her; I'd make him undo it.

Dot gave me a brave little smile. "All right. When you get back, I'll have a hot bath waiting. I'll wash you and give you a massage. Then we'll smoke a joint of that great sinsemilla that I said I was out of and..."

The elevator door slid closed, cutting her off; the groaning box began its torturous descent. I shivered, promising myself that I would never wish, ever again, for anyone to be any different from exactly what they were. I rushed from Dotty's into the bitterly cold night and ran all the way to Greene Street.

Where Sam's Wines and Liquors had been was a lot strewn with rubble.

"They tear down two day ago," explained an elderly Chinese gentleman on the adjoining stoop.

"Where's Sam?"

He smiled and shrugged. "Gone. They build bathhouse here. For boys." He giggled.

Sam was the key to everything. Maybe my pal Arthur at Park Avenue Spirits could help. I rushed to a phone booth, rebounded from a wall of urine odor, reached gingerly inside for the receiver, and fumbled a coin into the slot. Arthur wanted me to come right over; they were about to "broach" a few bottles. I begged off. Had he ever heard of a black wine merchant named Sam with a place in SoHo? He had not. How about a wine called Château Lennox? No, but he'd be glad to check

his Lichine encyclopedia. I hopped from foot to foot in the cold. Arthur returned. Alexis Lichine had not heard of Château Lennox, either.

I thanked Arthur and hung up. I'd hoped he could at least supply me the name of an importer or wholesaler who carried the Lennox, who in turn could have led me to Sam. Now what? Remembering the photos on Sam's wall, I sighed, took out my telephone credit card, and began placing calls to California.

At Hoffman Mountain Ranch I got some saleswoman who kept trying to sell me a Pinot Noir Blanc Nouveau. She neither knew nor cared where the winemaker, Andre Tcheltscheff, was. They knew at Château St. Jean, however; he was with *their* winemaker, Richard Arrowood, in Orange County, where they were judges at the Wine Fair. Neither man could be reached. I hung up, groaned, and dialed the international operator.

The Comte de Vogue was at home.

"Oui?" he said through the static.

My French sucks. "Ah...je suis americain."

"Ah, oui?" He sounded unsympathetic.

"Oui. Uh, connaissez-vous 'Sam'? Il est un americain noir qui, uh..."

"Monsieur, do you know it is ze middle of ze night? I am in my pajama!"

I'd completely forgotten the time difference. "Aw, jeez, Count...I mean, pardonnez-moi, je forgottez the..."

"Please! If you wish somesing, call during ze houair of business!" He hung up.

"Yeah? Well, up yours, too, Ker-

mit!" I yelled into the dead receiver. The wind-chill factor was not helping my disposition. I decided to try Dotty. Maybe, somehow, she'd be back to normal.

"Where *are* you?" she implored. "I ache for you. I want to be together every minute for the rest of our *lives*."

Jesus. "Dot, hold on. Be brave. I'll be back as soon as I can. I love you."

"Oh! I feel like I'm *melting*..."

There was a *clank*, the phone hitting something, and then just Billie Holiday. "Stray-unge fruit," she sang.

I had one more stupid idea. I looked up liquor stores in the Yellow Pages and dialed the first one with a Harlem address.

"Ah, good evening," I said genially. "I'm a white guy calling from downtown and I was wondering if you knew a black wine merchant named Sam, who..."

"Shee." Click.

Evidently, this would have to be done in person, where an element of personal charm and diplomacy could be employed. I flagged a taxi and told the cabbie to take me to the first liquor store we came to on 125th Street. He gave me a funny look but headed uptown. Twenty-five minutes later, we pulled to a stop before the Mustafa Shabazz Temple of the Prophet and Liquor Mart.

"Say what?" said Mustafa.

"Château Lennox. In a heart-shaped bottle."

"We featurin' a special on *dese* dis week." He gestured at a vast display of Hombre, Night Train, and Ripple.

"I'm only interested in the Lennox tonight. Or Sam, the black guy who owned the store."

"What you think, we all know each other?"

"Huh?"

"You think we have big Negro conventions an' all go to get acquainted?" "Oh, no, I didn't mean..."

"Watchoo lookin' fo' chateau-bottle wine up here fo', anyway?" His voice was rising. Several turban-wearing dudes began eyeing me from the door to the back room. "Maybe you tryin' to make some kind of joke. De only Château Lennox Ah know is de dam' hotel up de corner!"

I got out of there. The half-block walk to the corner seemed to take ten. A group of dudes on a stoop regarded me with smoldering eyes. "Canadian," I told them, smiling, moving a little faster.



"He said if we don't let him in, he'll huff and he'll puff and he'll fill up our whole house with cigar smoke."

continued on page 82



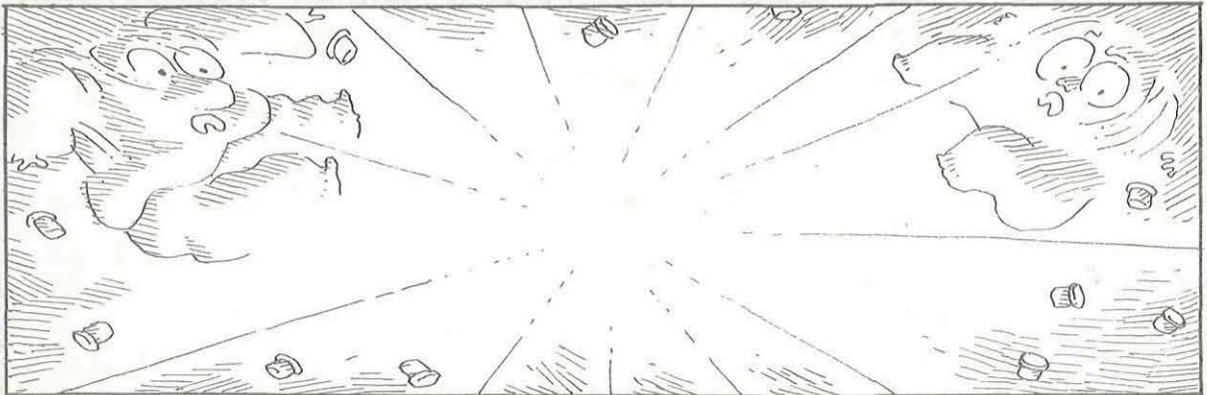
SNUTS

REMEMBER HOW IT SLOWLY DAWNED ON YOU THAT THERE WERE SOME THINGS THAT YOU COULD TELL YOUR PARENTS, BUT THERE WERE ALSO OTHER THINGS THAT YOU COULD NOT, EVEN IF THEY AND YOU LIVED TO MORE THAN A MILLION YEARS?

DON'T YOU THINK IT'S KIND OF DUMB TO DO THIS?

NO, I ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU MIXED UP ALL THE CHEMICALS TOGETHER AND LIT THEM!

KIDDIE KHEM



I THINK IT'S STOPPED! IS IT REALLY OVER?

I THINK SO. I HOPE SO. LET'S PUT EVERYTHING BACK INTO THE BOX!

IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?

WHAT'S THAT FUNNY SMELL?

(YES, MA.)

NOTHING, MA.

PSSST! CLOSE THE DOOR!!!

Osham Wilson ©1981

Deirdre Callahan · a biography

...A BIZARRE STORY TONIGHT ABOUT A CHILD SO INCREDIBLY UGLY THAT SOME WHO VIEW HER ARE SO STRUCK WITH HORROR THAT THEY DESTROY THEMSELVES. ACCORDING TO POLICE OFFICIALS, THE CHILD LIVES AT THE CITY DUMP WITH BLIND BOB, A BLIND MAN. SHE IS NOW WEARING A PAPER BAG OVER WHAT POLICE DESCRIBE AS "A SORT OF A HEAD." MORE AT ELEVEN!



THAT'S HIM, OFFICER. THE BLIND MAN WHO STOLE MY BABY!



C'MERE, HONEY! SHOW MOMMY WHAT THAT ANFUL BLIND MAN HAD DONE TO YOU...



...LET ME TRY, LADY— LITTLE GIRL, SEE THIS GUN? TAKE THAT BAG OFF YOUR HEAD OR I'LL SHOOT YOU!



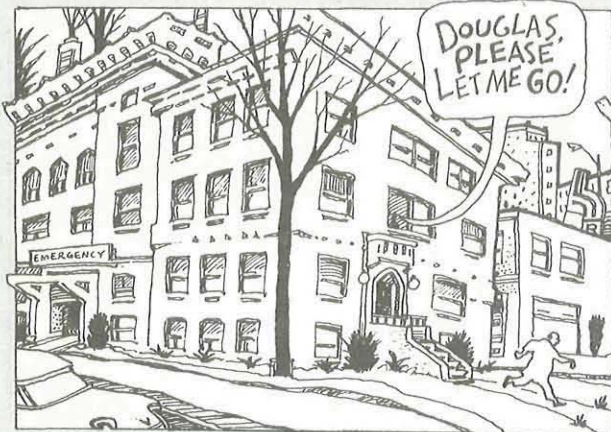
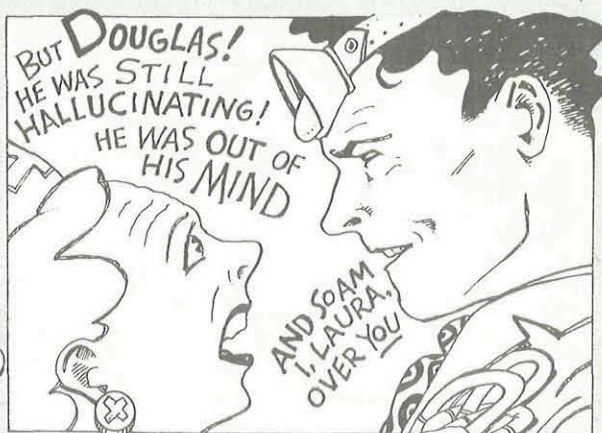
AWRIGHT! BIG MAAAAAN!



THAT BULLET WRECKED MY BAG! I'D LIKE TO KILL YOU, BLIND BOB!



CONTINUED



NEXT MONTH: STRANGER IN A STRANGER LAND

WARD

by CHENEY



LIFE IN THE FLIGHT PATH

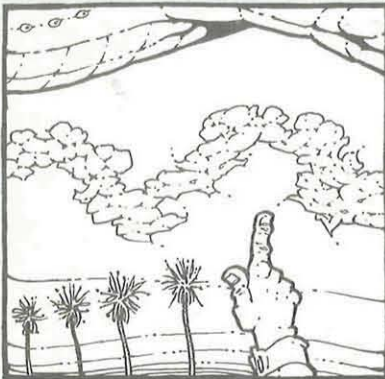
R. GEARY
© 07



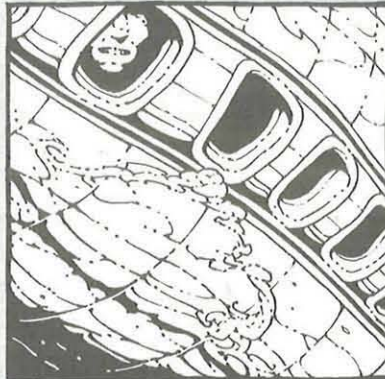
THE AVERAGE PERSON CANNOT POSSIBLY IMAGINE WHAT IT'S LIKE LIVING BESIDE A MAJOR MUNICIPAL AIRPORT.



OUR HOME IS IN AN ALMOST CONSTANT STATE OF DISORGANIZATION.



A PLANE WILL PASS SO LOW WE CAN COUNT THE RIVETS IN ITS UNDERCARRIAGE . . .



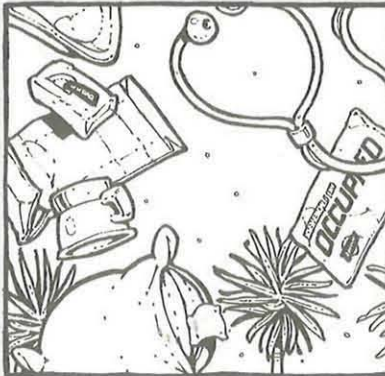
AND OCCASIONALLY GLIMPSE THE ANGUISHED FACE OF A PASSENGER.



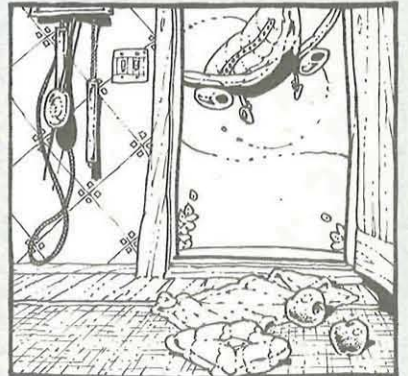
ONE EVENING, A DC-10 TURNED A COMPLETE REVOLUTION JUST BEFORE LANDING . . .



BUT WE READ NOTHING OF IT IN THE PAPER THE NEXT DAY.



ON ANOTHER EVENING . . . A SACWER OF AIRLINE ARTICLES.



NO ONE EVER COMES TO VISIT . . . AND NO ONE INVITES US OUT, EITHER (THEY SAY WE SPEAK TOO LOUD).



OUR HOUSE IS TINY, YET THE TWO OF US RARELY SEE EACH OTHER . . . WE JUST MISS CONNECTIONS, SOMEHOW.



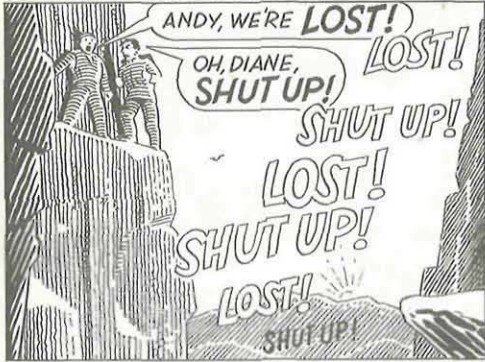
EVEN OUR SHRUBBERY HAS GROWN INTO OBSCENE SHAPES.



I NEVER THOUGHT MY LIFE WOULD TURN OUT LIKE THIS.

POLITENESSMAN

NIGHT FALLS QUICKLY IN THE HIGH ROCKIES-



by Ron Barrett



THE GUY'S A JERK? YOU MUSTN'T TELL, SAY TO HIS FRIENDS "I THINK HE'S SWELL!" -SENT IN BY MR. SCOTT SHEPPARD, LAGUNA NIGUEL, CA. THANK YOU!

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 NY 10022.*

Name (please print) _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

THE RABBIT BOY

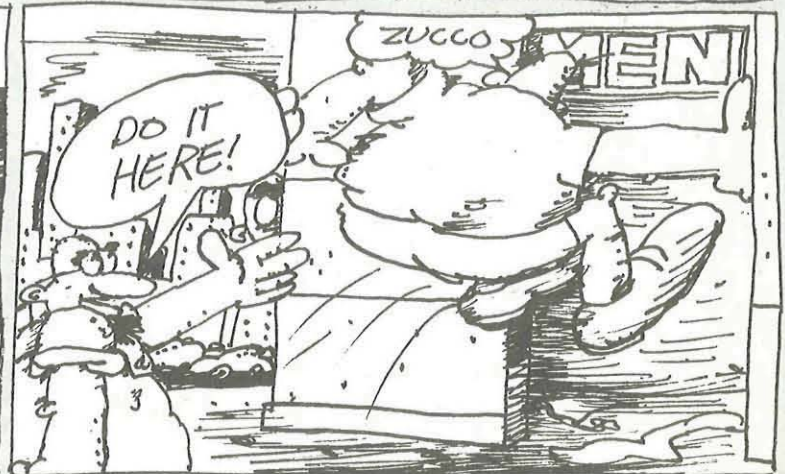
BY
LEN GLASSER

CHAPTER ONE:

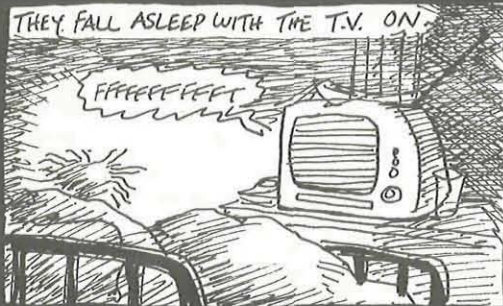
DAD MCHENRY MAKES A STRANGE DISCOVERY IN THE WOODS



TWO DAYS LATER



Life at **THE EDGE** Apartments *MICK TUPAC '81*



TIMBERLAND

Tales
by B.K. Taylor
© 11

DOCTOR ROGERS
KATHLEEN
MAURICE THE INDIAN BOY SOME CALL HIM THE JOYER
CONSTABLE TOM RUNGGED TO HAVE A SMALL AMOUNT OF BRAIN DRAINAGE

FOR A YOUTH, THERE IS NO GREATER JOY THAN THAT SPECIAL SURPRISE THAT ARRIVES IN THE MAIL. TODAY IS JUST SUCH A DAY FOR MAURICE, THE YOUNG INDIAN BOY... IN A TALE CALLED "THE THRILL OF IT ALL."

I'M WON! DR. ROGERS! I'M WON DAT CONTEST TO VISIT MR. PRETEND'S TV. LAND!

NORTHERN MAURICE, HOW WONDERFUL! THIS WILL BE YOUR FIRST VISIT TO TORONTO.

MAURICE ARRIVES IN TORONTO TO THE SMILING FACE OF MR. PRETEND.

WELCOME, MAURICE! I'M MR. PRETEND. COME WITH ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TELEVISION WORKS.

T'ANKS!

EXCITEMENT FILLS THE AIR AS MAURICE TOURS THE STUDIO.

THE TIME DRAWS CLOSER TO AIRTIME, UNTIL...

THE RED LIGHT ON THE CAMERA MEANS IT'S TIME FOR MR. PRETEND!

HI, CHILDREN! WE HAVE MANY FUN THINGS ON THE SHOW TODAY. FIRST WE'LL VISIT PUPPET CORNER, SO DON'T GO AWAY... PLUS OUR SPECIAL GUEST IS THE WINNER OF THE BE-ON-TV. CONTEST, OUR NEW FRIEND, MAURICE!

HI, MAURICE! I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD VISIT TODAY. MY NAME IS ROSCO.

WOW!

SAY, YOU REALLY LIKE ROSCO, EH?

YOU BET!... 'EY, EVERYBODY, LOOK AT DIS LITTLE GUY!

HI, MAURICE!

IT'S TEATIME - TIME FOR TEA, TIME TO SHARE WITH YOU AND ME.

MAURICE, WE ALWAYS STOP WHAT WE'RE DOING AT THIS POINT AND HAVE TEA AND A BLESSING. HERE'S YOURS...

KOOTCHY KOO...

CAN YOU COME UP TO PLAY?

OH MINE GOD! I'M PULLED OUT ROSCO'S GUTS!

AHHHHH!

THAT'S IT, I QUIT!

BUMP!

WHAT THE...

WITH ROSCO LIFELESS AND DANGLING FROM ONE ARM, MAURICE GLARES ACCUSINGLY AT "MR. PRETEND"... SUDDENLY A DARK THOUGHT ENTERS HIS MIND...

'EY...ARE YOU... ADOLF HITLER!?

WHAT? ME? WHY...NO! NO!

PEELING THE LATEX FROM HIS FACE, THE IMPOSTER READIES HIS ESCAPE!

BUT NOT FAST ENOUGH! FOR MAURICE JUMPS HIM AND HOLDS HIM DOWN UNTIL HELP ARRIVES.

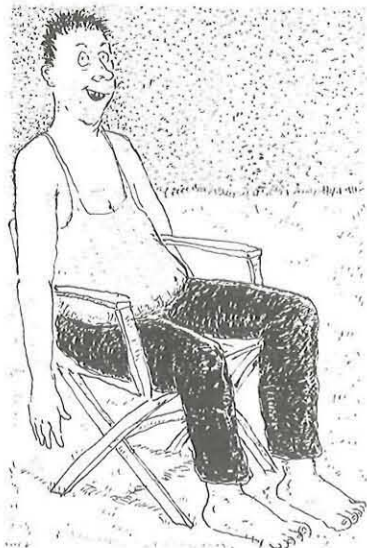
THANKS, MAURICE. YOU'RE A HERO! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THIS MUG FOR A LONG TIME!

IT'S DA LEAST I COULD DO FOR DA FREE WORLD.

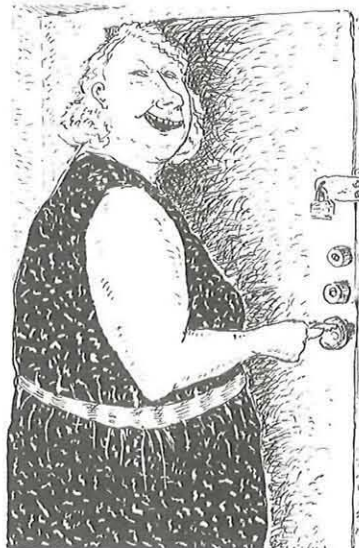
ACH, DU LIEBER!

WHAT THE HELL! SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T COME UP WITH AN ENDING, SO YOU DO THE BEST YOU CAN!

- B.K.T.



“ Like, wow, you know? I mean, I’m so blown away by, like, society, man. Like, it’s so intense. I mean, just too much. I mean, like, the incredible number of relationships you go through in a lifetime, you know? I mean it’s no wonder people go crazy. Like, how can I be expected to get up in the morning just knowing that the level at which I relate to my mother is so different from the level at which I interface with the manager at the Pay ‘N’ Save, where I’m in charge of the tire department. I mean, too much. And then, man, selling tires all day. It’s like, whoa, you know? I mean, people who buy tires, you know? Personally, all the tires on my car are bald. I believe in karma. Like, if that bald tire has my name on it, you know, like, that’s it. Blooowee, into oncoming traffic! Ha ha. Actually I like living on the edge. But I’m really very mellow. That’s what all my friends tell me. Laid-back. Whoa. ”



“ I’m stinky, rotten, and bad, and I’ll be the first to admit it. I have no morals when it comes to TV. I look after a couple of the neighbor kids. Do you think I let those kids watch ‘Sesame Street’ or ‘Gilligan’s Island’? Hell, no. I told those boys, ‘We are going to watch ‘Secret Storm.’ Then, it’s ‘Search for Tomorrow.’ After that, ‘Days of Our Lives’ is on; and we will have lunch with ‘All My Children.’ If you don’t want to watch TV, there’s some Harlequin Romances in the corner you can read, or you can go outside and risk getting hit by a car. But I don’t want to hear a peep. And stay away from those Hummel figurines.’ Well, now they’re really hooked on ‘As the World Turns.’ Their mother said to me the other day, did I think watching those shows was the best thing for them. I said to her, ‘Mrs. Motley, there is nothing wrong with those shows. I think it’s terrible that you have no sympathy for what those people on TV have to go through.’ I asked her if she’d ever watched ‘Love of Life,’ and, of course, she hadn’t. I told her those shows were preparing Jason and Jeremy for the adult world. I told her that if they played outside, they might get hit by a car, or hooked on drugs. And I for one did not want to be responsible for that. She said, ‘Five year olds on drugs?’ That tells you what she knows. I am no fool. She intimated that she might be taking the boys elsewhere. Fine with me. Wait till they start asking her what happened to Jonathan’s affair with Beth. Or Shirley’s operation. She’ll be back. Heh heh. ”



“ Twelve years old. Wants to wear shoes like this. I said, ‘Lissen, Miss Priss, since when do twelve year olds wear four-inch heels?’ ‘Oh, Mother,’ she says, ‘stop treating me like a child.’ Two days ago she was calling me Mommy, now she wants to know if she can call me Jeanine. I said, ‘What?’ She tells me her friend Star gets to call her mother by her first name. I says, ‘That’s because Star’s parents are hippies and live like pigs in a warehouse.’ She says, ‘Star’s parents let her smoke dope.’ I said, ‘If your daddy was a convicted felon, maybe I wouldn’t feel so guilty about letting you smoke dope.’ She says, ‘Oh, that. That was a bum rap.’ I says, ‘How do you know anything about bum raps? You’re only twelve years old. You’ll believe anything, except what I tell you. How come you’d take some burned-out sixties refugee’s word over mine, your mother?’ ‘Sure, I might’ve taken acid once or twice, but that was when I had this idea I was going to go live in a yurt in Mongolia. I’m older than you,’ I told her, ‘and I know.’ Formica is easier to clean than yurts. ”

WINE NOT
continued from page 72

The Château Lennox Arms was gray, with bare light bulbs. The cat behind the desk looked up at me. His eyes widened behind his thick glasses. "Gerry Mulligan!"

I looked behind me. "You mean me? I'm not Gerry Mulligan."

"Sure you are." He looked conspiratorial. "I won't tell anyone. I, myself, am a harpist."

"Oh, really? You mean...?" I made harp-playing motions with my hands.

He looked disgusted. "No, man. Harp." He slipped a harmonica from his pocket. "I guess I know you not Gerry Mulligan now?"

There was a Sam. Sam Baron. He lived in the basement.

"The basement?"

"He say it better for his wine."

Bingo! I gave the guy a couple of joints and asked him to call Dot and tell her I was on my way.

The basement was dark and dank; the red elevator light did nothing to disturb the gloom. I took a tentative step forward. My foot sent some bottles clinking together.

"You break anything, Ah'll have yo' ass," warned a voice.

"Sam!"

"Who dat?"

The lights went on and my jaw dropped. The cellar was huge. Stretching away on all sides were stainless-steel fermentation vats and wine slumbering in small oak cooperage. I saw bottling machines, a small lab bench, stacks of empty cases.

"Sam, this is Château Lennox?"

"Sho." He recognized me. "Hey, Jim, how you is?"

"Uh...fine. No, not fine. Terrible!

Sam, ever since we drank your wine, Dotty's been acting cuckoo. She thinks we're in a love comic."

"Uh-oh."

"What?"

"Her face flush?"

"Yah."

"Strange whine in de voice?"

"Yah."

"Crush lip? Liquid ahs?"

"Yah. Yah."

He shook his head. "What Ah thought."

"Will you please tell me what's going on?!"

He fixed me with a grave look. "Jim, Ah'm afraid yo' woman got an advanced case of ro-manticitis."

"Say what?!"

"I'll explain later, man. We got to hurry." He went to a wine rack and began judiciously transferring certain bottles to an attaché case.

Something was bothering me.

"Sam, why don't I have romanticitis? I drank the wine, too."

"'Cause de juju Ah use only affect de hormone of women."

"Juju?"

"Ah employ classical Burgundian vinological technique—an' a little juju. Originally, Ah from New Orleans."

Now that I thought of it, the wine *did* have a juju-ish nose.

"We bess make track. After seventy-two hour, de situation become critical. Dey been women turn to greasy puddle from dis."

I felt a terrible sinking sensation. "Sam, she said she felt like she was melting."

"Have mercy," Sam breathed. "Jim, we out of here."

I had to hide my face in the hood of

my parka before any of the Harlem cabs would pick us up. Sam immediately reopened the attaché case and took out a '71 Barolo. "Fo' a situation like dis," he said, "we gon' need lots of tannin." He took out a pearl-inlaid pocket corkscrew and began removing the metal sleeve from the neck of the bottle. There was an inscription on the corkscrew: "À Sam, de son ami, Louis Latour." With a few deft twists, the cork came free, and the nice tar-and-licorice Barolo bouquet filled the cab. Next, he drew a small vial of red powder from the case. "Goopa dust," he explained. The powder hit the wine and slowly sank, illuminating it with glowing red tracer lines.

"Dat sho' smell good," called the cabbie. "Might Ah have a tace?"

"Dis wine?" Sam said. "You drink dis wine, you be goin' to de dentiss fo' a haircut, Jim."

I stared at Sam and gulped. The cab tore through the terrible night, headed downtown.

We first heard the sound as we were creaking up in Dotty's miserable elevator. *Thump...thump...thump...* Each thump seemed to shake the building.

"What the hell?"

"Oh, you see." Sam shook his head sadly. "Ah sorry about this, man. Despite rigorous quality control, de occasional off bottle do slip through an' infleck some unsuspecting woman. Dis only de second time in twenty-seven year it happen."

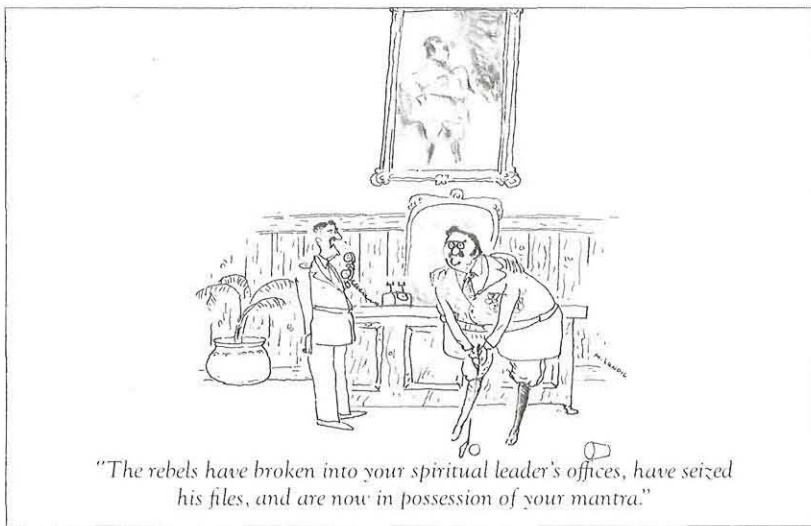
"You mean, she's a puddle of grease?"

"Ah 'fraid she done pass de puddle-of-grease stage," he said gently. "Ah 'fraid she re-formed. Now, you juss take it easy an' let me..."

The elevator door opened. In a panic, I rushed inside. *Wuh-thump... wuh-thump...wuh-thump...* I grimaced and threw my hands over my ears; the sound was deafening. A few candles still burned, casting a fitful light. The drapes, drawn around Dotty's antique bed, were sucking in and billowing out with every *wuh-thump*. I screamed her name, but it was lost in the din. Hurling myself at the bed, I whipped away the curtains.

A waft of odor like a Mexican meat market washed over me. I felt sick. On Dotty's bed was a heart: Not a valentine heart, but a five-foot-tall, glistening, pumping, vein-entwined heart, an obscene stain spreading outward from

continued on page 95



F R O G



GEOFFREY BARRIS

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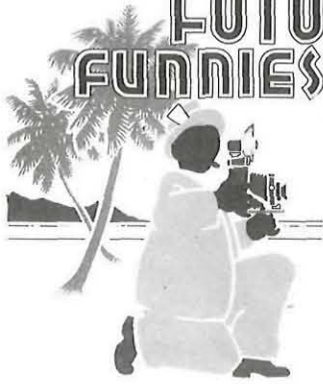
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FOTO FUNNIES



TONY ROMAINE

continued from page 65

and pool cues, and the broads would stand on the barstools and scream for blood. After the cops left, I used to help settle things down with a few Sinatra numbers or a little Tony Bennett.

But when I did my own music, they really loved it, because I sang to those broads about real life, and when I sang, they went nuts. They knew what I was talkin' about when I sang "Hey, Don't Slap That Girl Around No More." They were real people, ya know?

I learned a lot in those dumps, like how to arch my eyebrow and lick my lips between phrases. I learned how to sing to one broad at a time until she got damp and stained her skirt. If I was really hot, I could turn on every broad in the room, and when I started playing the high-class lounges like the Ramada and the Best Western, the management used to have a guy blow-dry the seats between shows. I mean, the broads *loved* me.

But the big boys, you know, the record-company and television guys, they were afraid of me. They came to watch and listen, and they knew I could be big. Real big. And it scared 'em. They didn't want anybody big enough to give 'em trouble, so they wouldn't give me a shot. I heard around the trade that Sinatra told them to eighty-six me. He was jealous, and he had the power to do anything. Oh, sure, they let me put up my own dough to cut an album. Big deal. But they huddled, you know, and they decided that Tony Romaine and his album weren't goin' nowhere. There wasn't gonna be no advertising, no publicity, no nothin'.

I had to sell the records myself, and that's what I did for years. You could always find me in the parking lot an hour or so before show time, sellin' records. I still have a hundred or so copies in the trunk.

Suburbs of Love was the name of the album, and it should have been a monster of a seller. Instead, it never sold a copy west of Garden City. On weekdays, I sold it door to door, and I used to sell it outside Disc-o-mat at the shopping mall until the management had me put off the property. How many times can a guy get knocked down before he decides to just lie there, you know?

By then, I was drinkin' a lot already.

I mean, here were these big timers, Sinatra, Bennett, Laine, and Damone.

Sure, they were good, but I was better, and it ate away at me. And then a whole new generation comes along. Guys like Tom Jones.

Tom Jones! What a laugh. That guy is custom-made for theater in the round—a hairy chest up front and a wiggly ass in the back. He's a fucking burlesque show for broads! Cheap, real cheap. Humperdinck isn't any better. And Rawls. He's a fucking Negro! They'd tear his ass apart at Gorilla's.

It all proved one thing to me. Those big boys didn't care what they did to keep a real star from his rightful place at the top of the heap.

Still, I kept going, at least until Manilow came along. But when I saw this skinny geek with a nine-pound nose raking in millions, when I couldn't even get a booking in Jersey, something snapped.

I really hit the bottle. I put on weight and didn't get my car washed. After a while, I gave up singing and took up full-time drinking.

Then a couple of weeks ago I was sloshin' over at the Ronkonkoma Holiday Inn and a couple of broads recognized me. They were a little old and sloppy lookin', but we got to reminiscing and singing my old songs, and soon there I was, lookin' at myself real hard in the mirror behind the bar. So I stand up and say, "Romaine, get a hold of yourself! Sure, you're past the big five-o, but you ain't dead yet! You got one more good try in you, Romaine!"

Pretty soon, the whole bar is cheerin' and I'm up there singin' along with this computer organ that makes sounds like bass, drums, and every-

thing else. And then Irving, the owner of the place, comes up to me and asks me if I want to do a weekend there. I was on my way back!

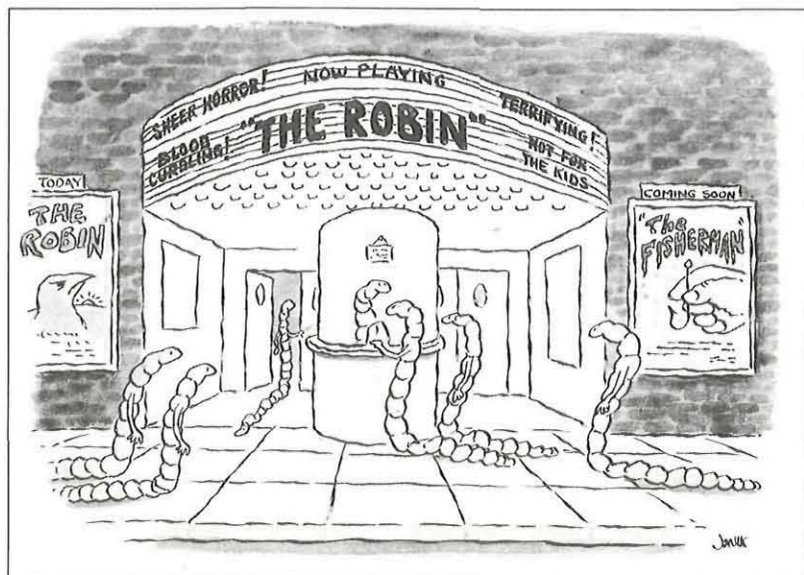
Maybe I shouldn't have opened in Ronkonkoma. Maybe I should have held out for a more sophisticated room, like Howard Johnson's in Hempstead. I don't know, and it probably doesn't matter, because tonight I met up face to face with the truth.

It was a good-sized crowd, don't get me wrong, and Irving was happy enough, but all at once I realized that this was the first time I had performed sober in ten years, and all those broads out there had blue hair, orthopedic hose, walkers, and hearing aids. You know what I mean? And the worst part was knowing that my audiences probably looked like that when they were twenty.

And then Irving comes over to buy me a drink. He's half in the bag already, and when we sit at the bar he starts laughin' about the crowd who showed up for the comeback of Tony Romaine, and he tells me that if I want to give 'em a real slice of life, I should do songs about menopause, catheters, denture adhesives...

This probably sounds stupid, but as I tell it, it doesn't sound so bad, you know? They did like me, after all, and the wind outside must be blowing the carbon monoxide out over Long Island Sound, because I've been here nearly two hours and I ain't even tired yet, no less dead.

I think I'll take a ride out to Sambo's for breakfast. Maybe things will look different after a cup of coffee. □



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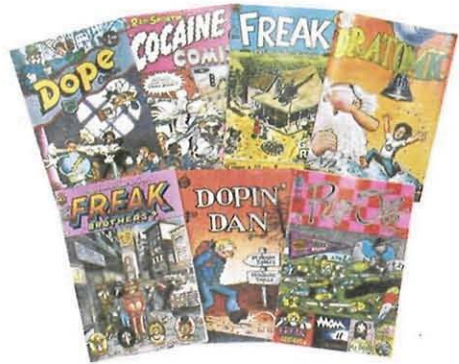
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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

• In an effort to boost his company's esprit de corps, Southwest Airlines president Howard Putnam sent each of the firm's 1,800 employees a recording of himself singing "White Christmas." The flip side of the record included seasonal selections sung by other airline executives and their wives. When some employees complained that a cash bonus would have made a better gift, Putnam offered eighty cents in cash—the cost of the disk—to anyone who wanted to return his record. *Miami Herald* (contributed by Ken Vacowitz)

• A police car climbing up a steep hill in Seaside, California, collided head-on with a bowling ball. The underframe of the police cruiser was damaged and its wheels were knocked out of alignment in the crash, which also chipped the bowling ball, according to authorities. Investigators found an empty bowling bag at the top of the hill. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Mark Tandowsky)

• A New Jersey woman is marketing a shirt called the Sweat-T, which bears perspiration patterns under the arms and down the front and back. Danya Padilla claims she investigated sweat patterns for months before coming up with her convincing design. *AP* (contributed by Bill Ward)

• Kunle and Kofo Osinubi sued the owner and rental agent of the Brentwood Manor apartments in Arlington, Massachusetts, claiming they were not shown avail-

able apartments there in 1974 because of their race. The Nigerian couple complained that the incident had caused them to lose their sexual drive, and Mrs. Osinubi was made to feel that because she was black she wasn't good enough to be loved by her husband. Mr. Osinubi said that the discrimination had changed him from a "trusting, socially adjusted, idealistic person to a socially withdrawn, distrusting, cynical, and materialistic person." Federal magistrate Peter W. Princi recommended an award of \$141,000 in the case. *AP* (contributed by Phil Bolsta)

• Vermont state police are on the lookout for gum-backed stickers that they claim have been laced with LSD. According to John Shedd, head of the state's drug-enforcement division, the hallucinogenic

glue is on the back of stickers that depict Mickey Mouse as the sorcerer's apprentice directing a parade of stars in a scene from the movie *Fantasia*. *UPI* (contributed by Fred Sanders)

• A bus carrying five passengers was hit by a car at the corner of Sarah Street and Cook Avenue in Saint Louis, Missouri. By the time police arrived at the scene of the accident, fourteen bystanders had boarded the bus and begun complaining of back injuries. All were taken to a nearby hospital. *Saint Louis Post-Dispatch* (contributed by Doug Millaway)

• The Oklahoma House of Representatives has rejected a proposal that would have required a woman to give written consent to a man before engaging in sex. The measure, which failed by a

vote of seventy-eight to nine, was offered as an amendment to antiabortion legislation. Its provisions called for men to inform potential sex partners that intercourse can cause pregnancy and that childbirth can result in serious health problems. *UPI* (contributed by Bill Ward)

• A Davis, California, man told police there that someone had broken into his apartment and made a batch of Rice Krispies marshmallow treats, which were then left in the refrigerator. The burglar also dyed a bowl of rice green before escaping. *Davis Daily Democrat* (contributed by Larry Frankel)

• A Tucson, Arizona, house of prostitution specializing in bizarre sex proved so popular that undercover agents had to wait over two months to stage a raid. According to Sgt. Paul Pederson, a sheriff's intelligence officer, deputies had been trying to get inside ever since an advertisement for the whorehouse appeared in an adult-oriented newspaper. They were delayed until they could get a reservation. *Boston Herald-American* (contributed by Robert Cotton)

• According to the "Executive Fitness" newsletter quoted in a Firestone company publication, the body burns more calories if a person carries the equivalent of 8 percent of his body weight. Therefore, the newsletter recommends, in order to lose weight, executives should carry bricks in their briefcases. (contributed by Jimmy Dickerson)

PHOTO FOR THOUGHT



And when the bread is all inhaled, you can use it as a barf bag.
(Photo by Gary Miller, contributed by Frank Bell)

T**R****U**

Why Was Liberace Smiling?

by Bill Moseley

E

Swell Headlines



His outfit cost \$7,500.



His hot-pants costume cost \$4,000.



His fur cost \$35,000.



He was with Elvis.



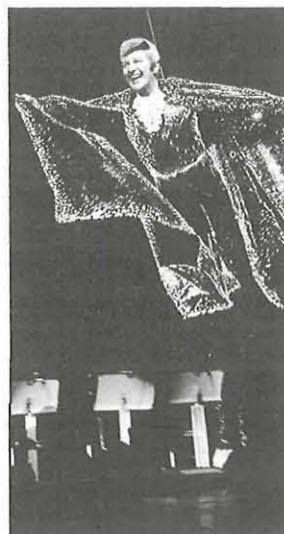
He was with a pope.



His bathtub cost \$55,000.



He got a new watch.



He flew like Peter Pan.

Carter ticks off black help

**Police Kill Man
With Ax** **Bishop
defrocks
gay
priest**

Lucky Man Sees Pals Die

Owners of all dogs in the city of Metropolis are required to be on a chain or in a fenced in area.

Teen-age prostitution problem is mounting

**Self-Abuse
Is No. 1
Killer** **Drunk gets
nine months
in violin case**

Coronan to take subcommittee

**Carter plans
swell deficit** **Good
Evening?**

Thorman Munson killed

**Farmer
Bill Dies
In House** **Robber Holds Up
Albert's Hosiery**

**Solar system expected
to be back in operation**

**Lawmen from Mexico
Barbecue Guests**

**Nixon To Stand Pat
On Watergate Tapes**

Columist gets urologist
in trouble with his peers

Woman better after being thrown from high-rise

**Tuna Biting Off
Washington Coast**

**Milk Drinkers
Turn to
Powder**

Albany Turns
To Garbage

Tax cut duel in store

From the book Squad Helps Dog Bite Victim, edited by the Columbia Journalism Review, copyright 1980 by the Trustees of Columbia University in the City of New York, published by Doubleday and Company, Inc.

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

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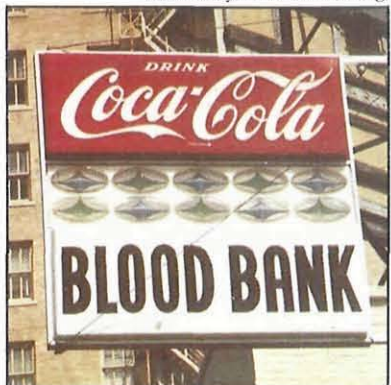
What's Your Sign? Readers' Page



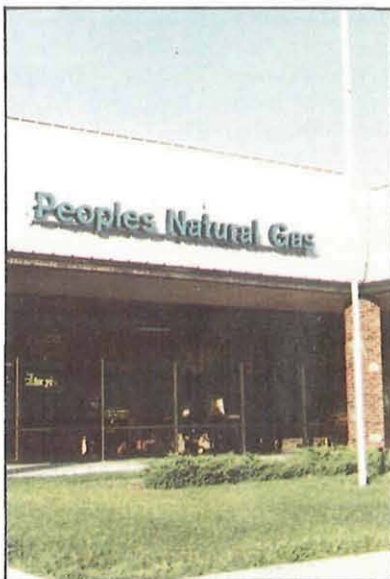
Rick Earley, Lake Grove, Oreg.



Rick Earley, Lake Grove, Oreg.



Michael Viapiana, San Francisco, Cal.



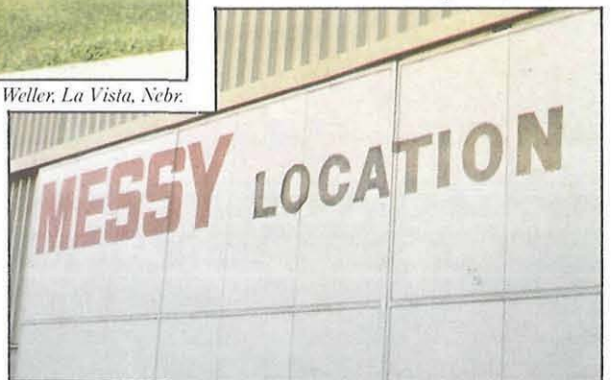
Randi Weller, La Vista, Nebr.



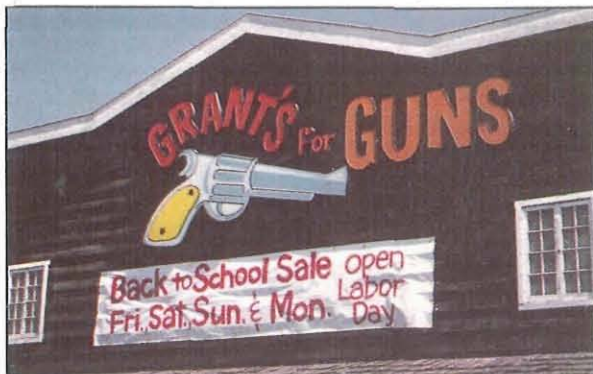
Randy Evers, Ada, Okla.



Randy Smuth, Spring, Tex.



Glenn Myrent, Wilmette, Ill.



L. T. Thompson, San Bernadino, Cal.



Mark Grey, Quezon City, Philippines

MYTHS

continued from page 70

Penelope's men friends. And he would have gone to jail if the jury hadn't decided that he was suffering from stress as a result of the difficulties of readjusting to civilian life and that therefore he had been temporarily insane.

ECHO AND NARCISSUS

Echo was a sauna, Jacuzzi, and hot-tub nymph who never had anything original to say, and Narcissus suffered from a narcissistic personality disorder and was somewhat neurotic. They dated for a while, but it didn't really work out. She's got a job now as a production assistant at Lorimar, and he's trying to make it as a male model.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE

Pyramus was the best-looking boy and Thisbe the cutest girl in all of Tarzana Junior High School. But even though they lived right next door to each other, their parents wouldn't let them date, because each family thought the other family wasn't Jewish. So the only way Pyramus and Thisbe could get together was at the tennis club or at parties or in school or at the beach or in the shopping mall or at dances or on the weekends.

One night Pyramus and Thisbe agreed to meet secretly on the boardwalk in Venice. Thisbe got there first, but before Pyramus came to meet her she was chased by a Mexican street gang, and as she ran away she dropped her purse. Pyramus arrived shortly, and when he came to the place where

he was supposed to meet Thisbe, he saw her purse where it had fallen, with all of its contents spilled out on the sidewalk. "Alas," spoke Pyramus, "Thisbe has been chased by a Mexican street gang and doubtless raped and will now have all sorts of hang-ups about sex and will have to go to group therapy sessions, and also her birth-control pills are lying here on the ground and have been crushed by roller skaters and she's probably not going to want to fuck anyway until she gets the prescription refilled. I guess I'll turn queer." But Thisbe had escaped from the gang of Mexicans, and was returning to the place where she had vowed to meet Pyramus, just as Pyramus tried to pick up a member of another Mexican street gang. So they both got raped.

On the very spot, the three fates, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, who stitch the cloth of human destiny into slacks and have the cuffs altered to determine man's life span, have caused a mulberry tree to be planted, with berries as red as blood. But this has nothing to do with our story and was the result of an earlier car wreck.

PLUTO AND PROSERPINE

Proserpine is the beautiful daughter of Ceres, goddess of farm price supports and of balancing economic development with ecological concerns. Proserpine used to hang around with Pluto, an underworld big shot. They eloped and were married in Reno and then Pluto carried her off either to hell or the 1948 Democratic National Convention—it being difficult to tell

the difference in the matter of smoke and noise. Ceres was wroth. She searched everywhere for her daughter, and in her anger she caused wheat rust and weevils and leaf blight and soil erosion and a really incompetent Department of Agriculture bureaucracy under the Truman administration, thus bringing much distress to mankind. At long last the whereabouts of Proserpine came to light during the Senate's Kefauver committee hearings on organized crime. Ceres sent her lawyer to make a deal with Pluto, and in return for immunity from federal prosecution Pluto allowed Proserpine to visit her mother during the spring and summer at the Ceres family truck farm near El Centro. And that is how the different seasons of the year came into being. Thus, to this day, for half the year we have floods and droughts and skyrocketing prices on the commodities market, and the rest of the time we have drug smuggling, extortion, murder, and theft.

CUPID AND PSYCHE

The myth of Cupid and Psyche is a difficult myth to understand. Psyche was a beautiful young girl with whom the god of liking people a lot fell in love by accident when he shot himself in the foot. They got married, but it was an open marriage and Psyche wasn't supposed to see Cupid hardly at all. However, as it turned out, she saw quite a lot of him and caught more than a little grief from his possessive mother, Venus. Everything turned out all right in the long run, though, and Psyche was made an immortal by having her picture on the cover of *People* magazine.

The true meaning of this myth can really be understood only by spending years in analysis with a Freudian psychiatrist who needs words like "psyche" to explain vague things he probably shouldn't be fooling around with anyway.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Part of Cupid's problems probably have to do with the fact that his mother, Venus, once fell in love with Adonis, a professional skier, and Cupid witnessed that young man's death in a chair-lift accident. Venus was greatly grieved, and transformed the fallen slalom racer into an eternal personal vibrator. As a result, Cupid still has ambivalent feelings about the active expression of female sexual needs. □



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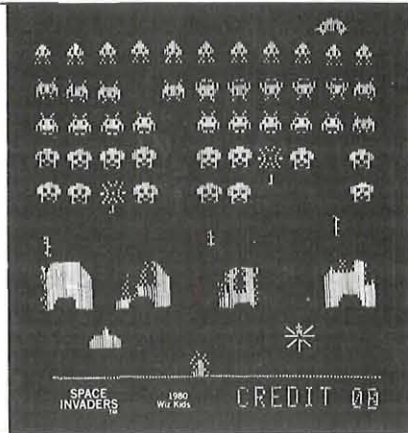
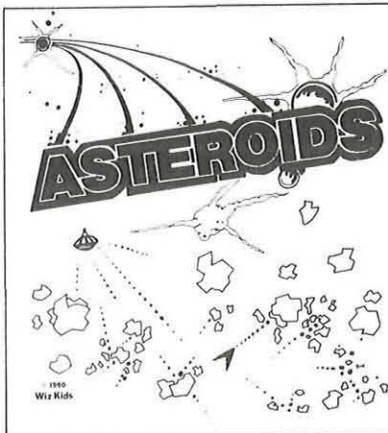
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WINE NOT

continued from page 82

it on her Early American quilt.

I tried to run. I tried to scream. I was frozen. Then, the awful thing heaved itself onto me. We—me and the heart—crashed to the floor with me on the bottom. *Thuh-whump, thuh-whump!* Each heartbeat felt like a giant wrestler leaping onto me from the top rope. Several lesser arteries began to bind my hands and wrap around my neck; the great, gaping maw of the aorta began forcing its way into my pants. Slime ran into my nose, choking me. I began to lose consciousness.

Suddenly, my ankles were grabbed and I was pulled clear. "Now stay out de damn way!" Sam shouted. Holding the decorked Barolo before him like a wand, he advanced slowly on the monstrosity. As the aorta snaked out to suck his face, he ducked, fainted, and plunked the bottle right into it.

Dunk-dunk-dunk-dunk-dunk. The wine, with its dancing tracer lines, decanted into the heart. The heart stopped pumping. It belched. It shuddered. It began to soften and flow. Horrible internal organs became visible, then bones, then, mercifully, flesh. Dot stood there, wearing only an expression of bewilderment.

"What's going on?" she said. "I had a funny dream."

I grabbed her beautiful shoulders. "Dot, do you love me?"

"Hah? Of course I do! Heÿ, where's my damn clothes?"

It was *her!* I hugged her so hard she yelped.

We insisted Sam stay for dinner. While Dotty was rustling up the tour-nedos Rossini, I dashed home to my apartment and returned with a bottle of 1971 de Vogue Musigny. What a lip-smacking mother it was! Even Sam rolled his eyes several times and once murmured "Mah mah mah!" Thank you, Count, wherever you are. Sorry I yelled at you.

Sam proved to be a delightful man, with an endless series of wine stories that kept us enthralled for hours. He also thought Dot's photographs were terrific and bought one of Thelonius Monk throwing up in the bathroom at Birdland in the early sixties. And Dot? Dot was charming, vivacious, and humorous. She was not romantic. I was delighted. My delight increased later, in bed, when she suffered a small relapse of her romanticitis. And do you know, to this day, she still has that re-

lapse every night?

Sam left around one. As we waited for the elevator, he said, "Listen, man, never min' 'bout mah de-funct Greene Street sto'. Ah got seven other location aroun' de country, includin' two mo' ri-cher in New York City. Dey all disguise as tiny, obscyo' liquor sto', but you now has de liss." He handed me a little card on which was written the list of locations, and, with a smile that flashed his gold wine glass, disappeared behind the closing

elevator doors. I ripped off my clothes, carried Dotty to the sofa, and...

Oh, you'd rather hear about those seven secret locations? Sorry, Jim. Like most sweet situations, this one will last only as long as just a few of us know about it. But look around. There could easily be a Sam's Wines and Liquors in your town. The next time you're passing that out-of-the-way little scumbag of a package store you've never dreamed of entering, check it out. You never know. □

Next Month in the July National Lampoon



RONALD G. HARRIS

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Fort McPherson, Yukon Territory The annual Eskimo Summer Olympics are on! Eskimo Olympics are limited to only two events—pretending to jam a stick up your nose, and wrapping a leather thong around your balls and hanging from it for hours. Again this year there are expected to be no winners at the Eskimo Summer Olympics because where Eskimos live there is no summer.



Vero Beach, Florida Model Gloria Antwerp admires Aqua-Decor Corporation's new vertical aquarium. This revolutionary fish tank lets tropical-fish fanciers own larger fish even when space is at a premium, such as in apartments or trailer homes. The Aqua-Decor vertical fish tank also puts fish in a "heads-up" position, keeping them alert and responsive.



Stockholm, Sweden Army corporal Norge Borgerlund and twenty-seven friends and neighbors have set a new all-Sweden record for fence straddling—thirty-six hours and fifteen minutes, with only two bathroom breaks. Corporal Borgerlund built a special movable fence so that the team could also set records in neighboring Finland and Norway. The previous all-Sweden record was thirty-four hours and ten minutes, set by Dag Hammarskjold before he became secretary-general of the U.N. Hammarskjold, however, took four bathroom breaks and one break for lunch.



Des Plaines, Illinois imagine the judges' surprise when the winners of the yearly Des Plaines Ann Miller and Mickey Rooney Look-alike Contest turned out to be Ann Miller and Mickey Rooney. "It seemed like such a silly contest, we just had to enter it," said the politically concerned duo. Ann and Mickey plan to run for the U.S. Senate as a team next year. They'll represent Illinois and a little bit of Wisconsin. Ann will vote on the legislation and Mickey will wear senator hats and fix his special secret omelet recipe for congressional brunches.

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