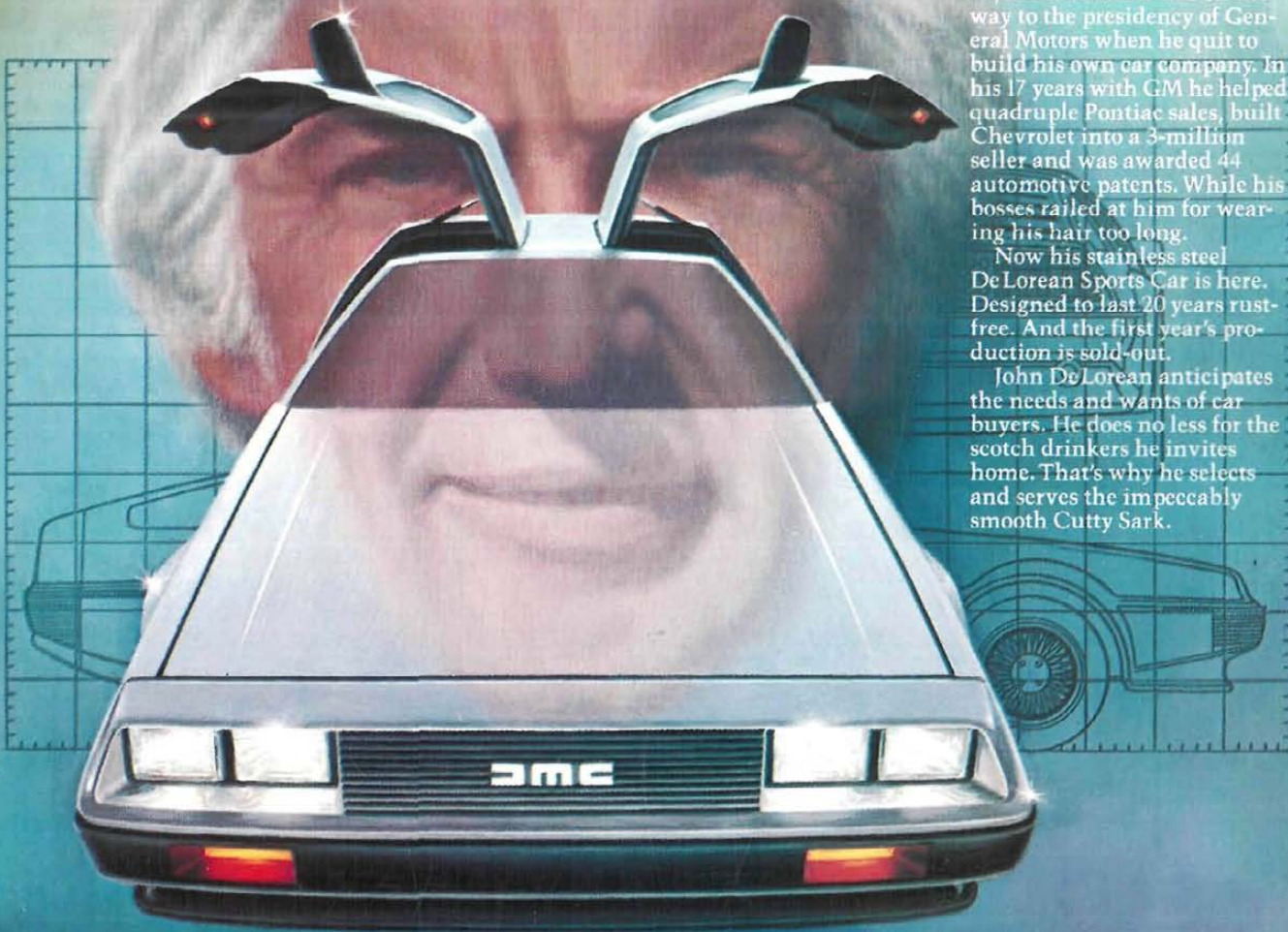


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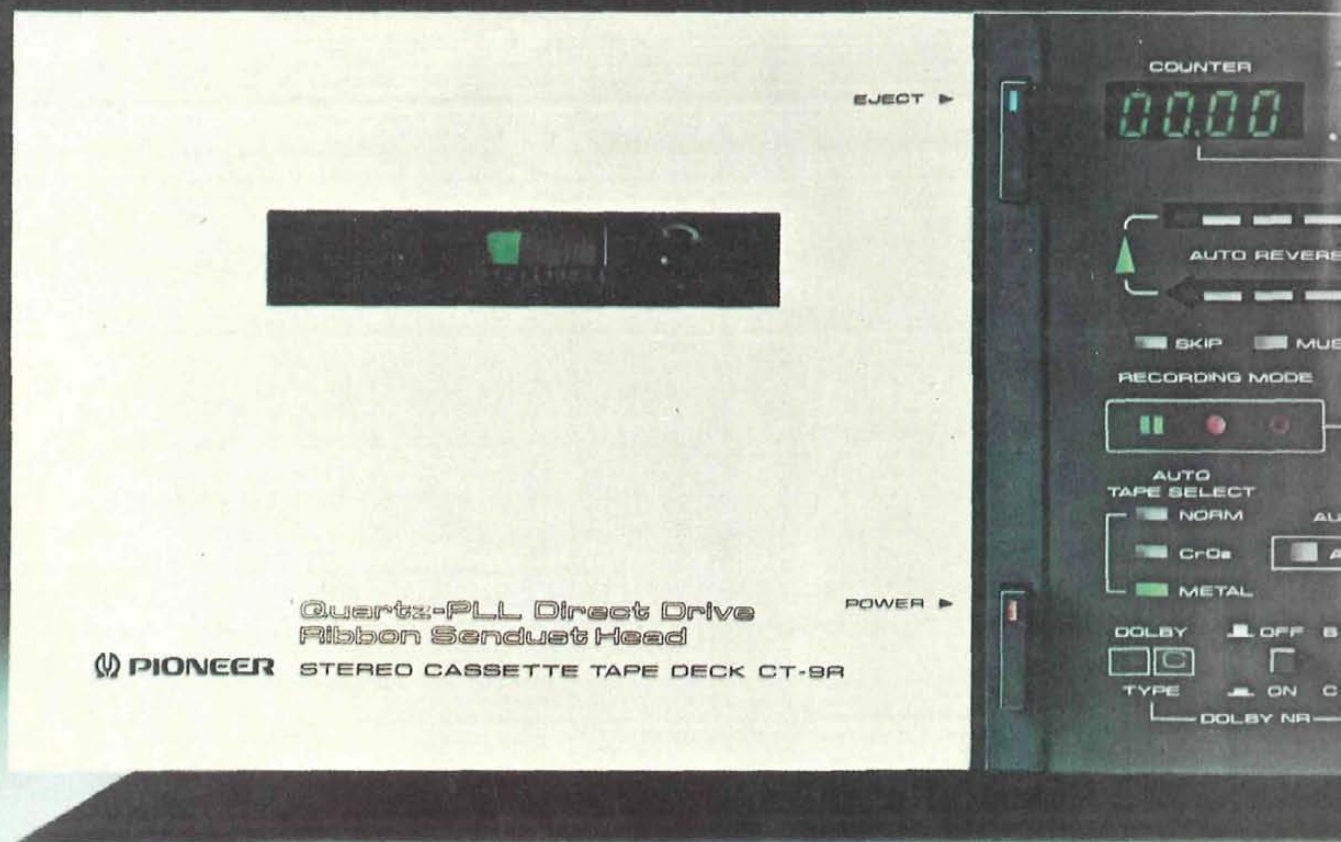
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NOW WHEN IT DOESN'T HAVE



Anyone who records on tape knows what a pain it is to run out of tape before running out of music.

Pioneer has relieved this pain. Along with quite a few others inherent in the designs of practically all components being built today.

We've done it through a concept we call *High Fidelity for Humans*. A design and engineering idea so far reaching, that for the first time components are as pleasant to live with as they are to listen to.

For example, our new CT-9R cassette deck shows you a digital readout of the precise amount of recording time left on a tape.

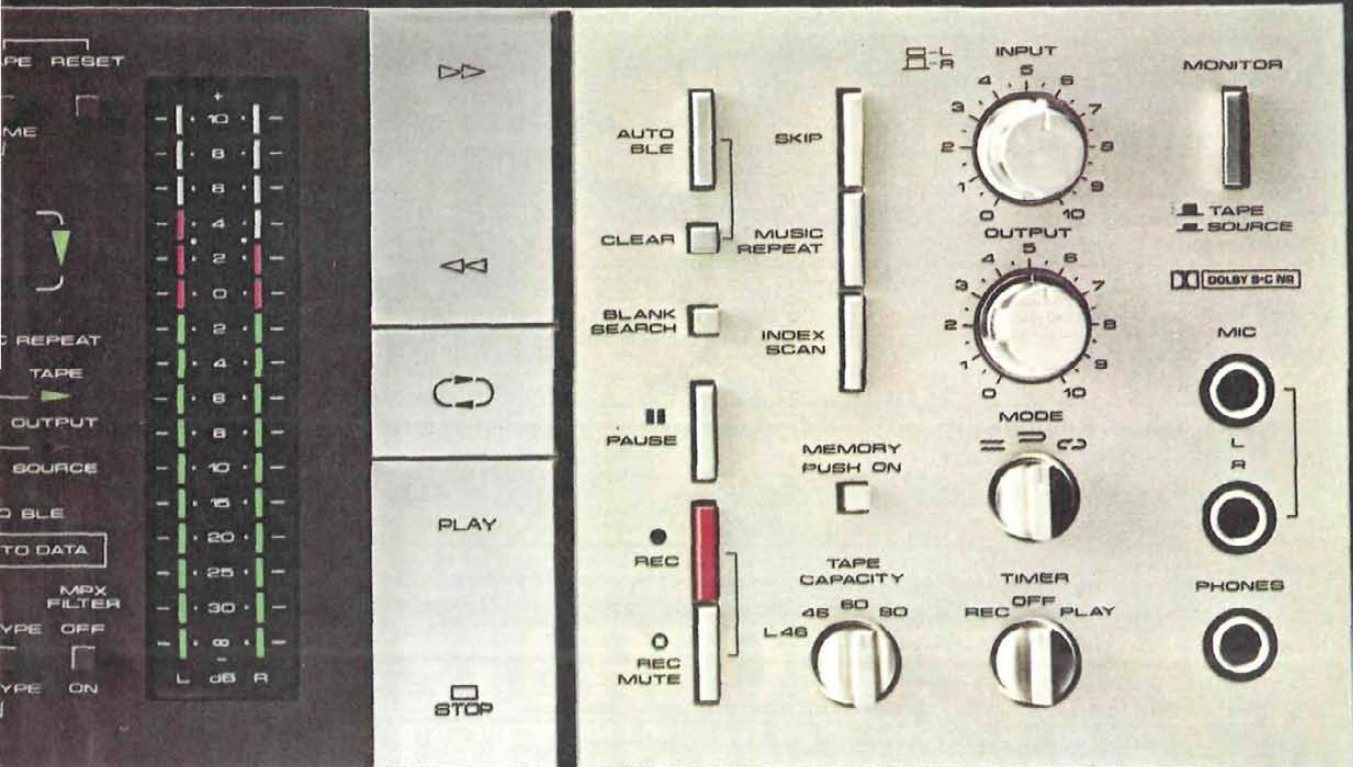
Touch a button and find your favorite song. Because the CT-9R Index Scan breezes through your tape, automatically stopping to play the first five seconds of each piece of music.

If you want to hear a song over, you don't press REVERSE. STOP. PLAY. REVERSE. STOP. PLAY, until you find the beginning. Instead, you simply press the Music Repeat button. The deck does the rest.

The CT-9R even plays both sides of a cassette, automatically.

But don't get the idea that we've produced a cassette deck that is just a lot of fun to play with. It's also a lot of

YOU RECORD, TO END LIKE THE



fun to listen to.

Our signal-to-noise ratio and high frequency response set a standard in state of the art electronics due to the creation of totally unique record and play heads. They're called RIBBON SENDUST heads and they're only on Pioneer cassette decks.

We've also attained extraordinary record and playback accuracy. Because we've seen to it that the drive capstan and both the take up and supply spindles are driven directly by their own motors. We call it our 3 Direct Drive motor transport and it, too, is exclusively Pioneer's. Plus, we have Dolby C. The latest in Dolby engineering,

designed to once and for all rid you and your tape of hiss.

If you're the least bit skeptical that a cassette deck could do so much so well, we suggest you visit your nearest Pioneer dealer.

You can see the CT-9R for yourself, as well as an entire line of new Pioneer cassette decks.

But be forewarned. After seeing these, you'll begin to see cassette decks that just play music for exactly what they are.

Somewhat less than adequate.

PIONEER
We bring it back alive.

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I CAME,



I SAW,



I SAT AROUND AND
READ MAGAZINES 'TIL
THE COWS CAME HOME.



p. Cheat

RONRICO RUM PRESENTS THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND SWEEPSTAKES.



WIN A STEREO SYSTEM ON WHEELS.*

*** GRAND PRIZE:** 1982 Pontiac Firebird Trans Am with T-roof, air-conditioning and a CRAIG® Road-Rated Component Stereo System with graphic equalizer, amplifier, and Road-Rated Speakers.
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OFFICIAL RULES

1. On an official entry form, or on a 3" x 5" piece of paper, print your name, address and zip code. Then answer the 2 Ronrico Rum questions with information found on the front and back labels of any bottle of Ronrico White or Gold Rum. If you don't own a bottle, visit your favorite restaurant or tavern or go to any participating liquor store and look for the Ronrico display. A facsimile of Ronrico Labels may be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to P.O. Box 82010, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182. No purchase required.

2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be properly completed, addressed and mailed in a separate envelope and received by December 31, 1981 to be eligible. Prize winners will be determined in a witnessed random drawing of entries by Siebel/Mohr, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final.

3. The Grand Prize winner will receive a 1982 Pontiac Firebird Trans Am with T-roof, air-conditioning and a top of the line Craig Road-Rated Component Stereo System, with graphic equalizer, amplifier and Road-Rated speakers. (Car shown is a 1981 Pontiac Trans Am.) The five first prize winners will each receive a Craig Road-Rated Car Stereo. The ten second prize winners will each receive a Craig Soundalong Portable Stereo Cassette Player. The 1000 third prize winners will

each receive a cassette of The Marshall Tucker Band's latest release, "Dedicated." Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable.

4. Only one prize per family or household. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All prizes will be awarded.

5. Trans Am winner agrees to assume responsibility for any additional optional equipment as defined by General Motors, as well as local, state and federal taxes, city and state licensing and registration fees. Trans Am will be made available for pickup as near as possible to grand prize winner's home address. Sweepstakes open to residents of the continental U.S.A., Alaska and Hawaii. Employees and their families of General Wine & Spirits Co., its affiliated and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, their advertising agencies and judging organizations are not eligible. Sweepstakes void where prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws apply.

6. Entrants must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home state.

7. A list of major prize winners may be acquired at the conclusion of the sweepstakes by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Ronrico Rum Marshall Tucker Band" Winners List, P.O. Box 82029, St. Paul, MN 55182.

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2. How many hearts appear in the upper right hand corner of the coat of arms on the Ronrico Rum Label? _____

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state.

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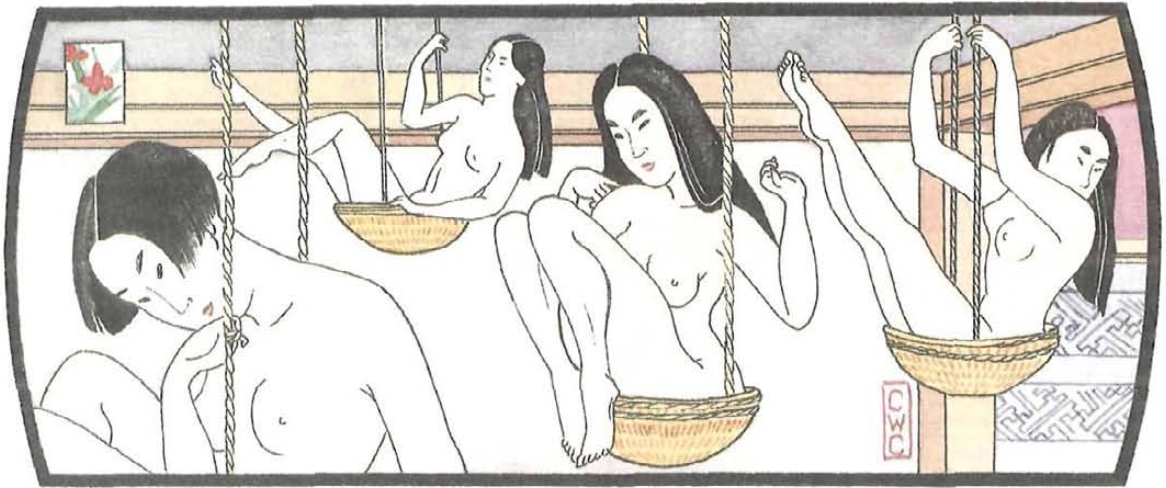
CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited or restricted by law.





Several months ago, the Editorial Committee began an investigation of our educational system and its capacity to equip young Americans with the skills they will need to compete in tomorrow's world. The committee asked itself two questions: What kind of shape are we in? How do we compare with other nations? The answers would be complex and elusive, many of them beyond reach without the full resources and utmost diligence of our entire staff. Within a few days, criteria were defined, working groups assembled, and specific assignments matched to individual backgrounds and expertise. It wasn't long before Ted Mann found himself interviewing schoolchildren in Japan, Gerald Sussman was roving through the Nigerian Ministry of Education, and Brian McCormick was proctoring scholastic-achievement tests here at home. I was on vacation.

[Mann, *Tsuyama, Japan, 7-29-81*] Today, I asked a second grader here to compute the solubility of potassium chloride in 100 milliliters of water at 80 degrees Centigrade, and his answer was 50 grams—exactly correct. He and his fellow pupils have also memorized all of *Robert's Rules of Order*, they can recite the optative form of five hundred Homeric Greek verbs, and each of them plays a symphonic instrument.

[McCormick, *Santa Monica High School, Santa Monica, California, 7-30-81*] I allowed a high-school sophomore five minutes to read the following paragraph: "It was a brisk fall day in the north woods of Vermont. Smoke rose from the potbellied stove of Warden Kearns as the sun dipped beyond the peaks of Whiteface Moun-

tain and a solitary gray thrush skimmed the treetops, then disappeared." When time had expired, I asked the student four questions: Where does the story take place? What was the season? What came out of Warden Kearns's stove? What happened to the thrush? The student's answers, respectively: Texas; daytime; a rose; and, it was thirsty.

[Sussman, *Kwali, Nigeria, 7-30-81*] Having departed from the capital several days ago, I am presently established in an Ibo settlement not far from the Gurara River. Conditions are not good here. The soil is dry and lifeless. Forlorn, depleted villagers stare through swollen eyes as I test their children for reading comprehension. "It was a brisk fall day in the north woods of Vermont," the first paragraph begins. I enunciate questions slowly and clearly; the answers are surprisingly prompt. "Vermont... fall... smoke... it disappeared," the youngsters call out. Remarkably, every answer is correct.

[McCormick, *Santa Monica, 8-1-81*] Noting recent Telexes from Japan and Nigeria, I begin to wonder if American students are learning as well and as much as they should be. Perhaps teachers are not communicating effectively; or it is possible that American children lack sufficient motivation to apply themselves. I devised an experiment. I gave two fifteen year olds a beaker of water and a kilogram of potassium chloride. They were given two alternatives—calculate the solubility of the potassium chloride, or die.

[Carroll, *Estes Park, Colorado, 8-1-81*] My vacation has been both restful and enjoyable; however, cabled information from McCormick compels me

to go immediately to Santa Monica.

[Mann, *Japan, 8-1-81*] An extraordinarily intelligent Japanese teenage girl with a master's degree in fluid mechanics is being lowered in a wicker basket, beneath which I am prostrate, tracking the approach of a small hole in the base of the basket.

[Carroll, *Estes Park, 8-1-81*] Further information dictates that I be rerouted from Santa Monica to Japan.

[Sussman, *Nigeria, 8-1-81*] I am departing for Japan at once.

[McCormick, *Santa Monica, 8-2-81*] The American students are at this moment no closer to the answer than they were thirty-six hours ago. Their methodology of pouring potassium into a beaker of water until the water has spilled all over themselves and the floor, leaving the beaker filled with a glutinous, lacteal blob, is obviously the work of unmotivated, poorly taught students, and I am going to kill them. I have the means—a .45-caliber antique Buntline Special that's been in my family for generations. Such indolent, prosimian ciphers will soon learn the consequences of their stupidity.

[Mann, *Carroll, Sussman, Japan, 8-7-81*] Several baskets full of impeccably educated, stunningly brilliant Japanese coeds are suspended above us. The room looks rather like a turn-of-the-century factory, what with all of the pulleys and ropes and other clever apparatus all around.

[McCormick, *Santa Monica, 8-7-81*] I have done it. The state of education in this country is hopeless. I'm going to Japan.

Enjoy the issue.

Ted Carroll

Bob Sharp

SATISFIED



As a professional racer, Bob Sharp knows what it means to depend on his equipment. To feel comfortable with his car. Or his camera. His camera is the Canon AE-1, the revolutionary camera that made fine photography simpler than ever before. It's a quality camera, combining the finest in optics and mechanical engineering with the most advanced electronics to assure sharp, clear, professional-looking pictures every time. Bob's had his Canon AE-1 more than three years now, and has added a power winder, a Canon

Speedlite and several lenses. To make himself an outfit that he carries everywhere. The AE-1 has made photography his favorite occupation. Next to racing.

Bob Sharp isn't alone. In the time since its introduction, more than one million Canon AE-1's have been bought in the United States alone and it's still going strong. Making it far and away the most successful camera of its type in history. A million satisfied customers must know something!

What they know is this. The Canon AE-1 was, and still is, unmatched for its combination of cost and performance. It has shutter-priority auto-

mation that's as simple as focus and click. Shutter priority automation is a long way of saying that you can get sharper pictures, because you select a shutter speed fast enough to prevent blur and the camera adjusts the lens for the light. You get great pictures automatically, but remain in control. You can shoot with full confidence that every shot will be as sharp and bright as the next.

Part of the satisfaction of owning a Canon AE-1 comes from knowing that it's the foundation for a whole system of photography. Like Bob Sharp, you can add lenses and accessories that will add to your enjoyment and broaden your creativity. Use a Canon zoom lens to bring sports action up close. Add a wide-angle for panoramas or a Fish Eye lens for special effects. There are over forty fine Canon lenses of all types and sizes which have been hailed by professionals as some of the best they've ever experienced.

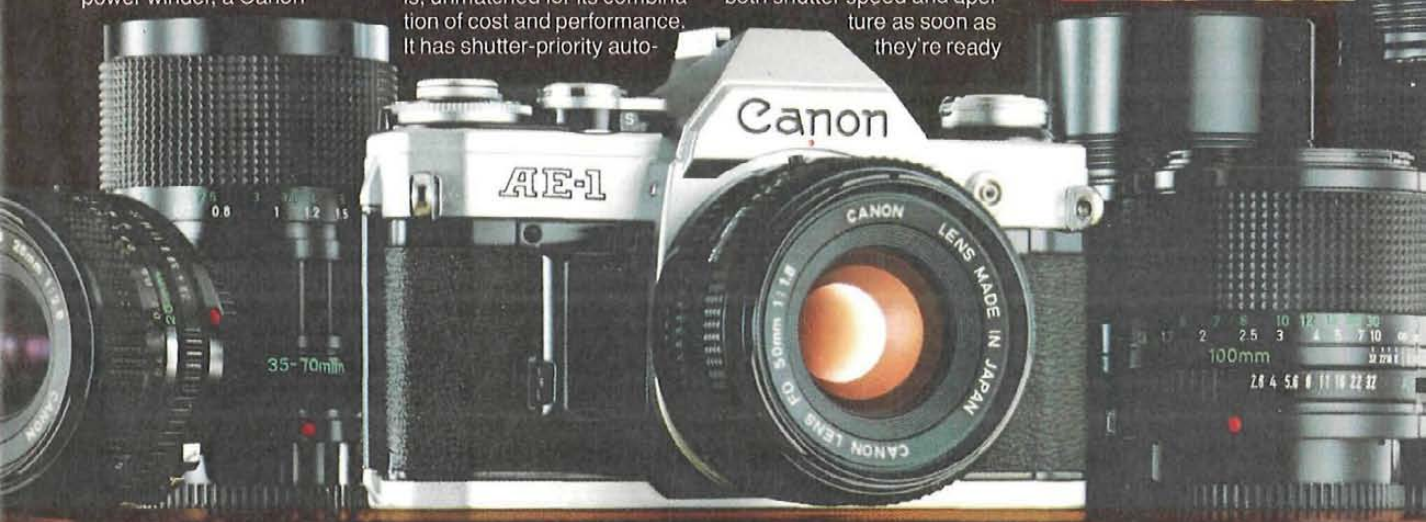
Indoors, a Canon Speedlite will give you automatic flash shots. There are several "A Series" speedlites that simply attach to the AE-1 and set both shutter speed and aperture as soon as they're ready

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

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Nancy Reagan's Diary

Dear Diary:

I'm writing this entry from a spa, a secret little place I go to when I've just got to unravel all my tiny tension wires. It mainly caters to presidents' wives and their best friends, and no one else knows about it. I'm staying here because I'm recovering—yes, recovering—from a nasty little episode that nearly cost me my life.

I'll start at the beginning. A few weeks ago Ronnie and I were preparing for bed. He was having a glass of warm milk with a prune in it and I was having my favorite nightcap, Ovaltine and crème de menthe. I had just taken off my evening face mask when he said, "You know, Barbara Bush is going on a secret mission for us to Bermuda. Actually, for George's Crisis Team." I didn't know. Ronnie sometimes forgets to tell me things. (Men are like that. Ronnie will say to me at the last minute, "Oh, by the way, I've got to go to Russia for a week.")

Well, it turned out that both the CIA and Alex Haig have discovered a great deal of unrest in Bermuda,

which they are sure is being caused by a group of international terrorists trained by the Russians. Alex wanted to invade the island and take it over before the Russians swarm in with their rockets and missiles. But someone convinced Ronnie that it would be more prudent to investigate the situation and send back an intelligence report first. And would you believe that George Bush volunteered his wife for the job? George explained that the family has been going to Bermuda for years, that everyone on the island knows Barbara and no one would suspect that she's on a spying mission. And of course that pushy little preppy had to remind everyone once again that he used to be the head of the CIA and knows all about intelligence work. And Ronnie bought the idea.

Well, I couldn't let this happen. This was too exciting a trip to miss. As the First Lady, I insisted that I had the first refusal rights on any special government assignment given to a woman. Barbara Bush was getting a bit too restless. She had to be put in her place. Besides, she'd make a terrible

spy with that white hair. People could see her a mile away in the dark. I loved the idea of going on a special mission for my country. No one would ever suspect the First Lady of being a spy. And I was dying for an excuse to get away from that nasty old ranch. So I put my little foot down (right on Ronnie's fountain pen) until he squealed and gave in. Barbara can go to Saint Barts. There might be some trouble down there someday. I was headed for the real danger spot, Bermuda.

My briefing with the CIA and the Crisis Team only took a few hours, so I had the rest of the week to pack and make arrangements for the trip. I was to make contact with our man in Bermuda. His name was Reginald Trowbridge. He ran a sportswear shop as a cover.

Well, Mr. Trowbridge turned out to be a very attractive mulatto who spoke English remarkably well. He was educated at Oxford and Heidelberg. He claimed to have a dueling scar from Heidelberg, but it was on an area of his body he could not show a lady. His dueling society was so exclusive that they fought in the nude. I must say, there was something about Trowbridge that stirred a feeling in me I never had before. I had a deep secret desire to see his scar and touch it, wherever it was—oh, God forgive me.

Reginald was very distressed about the damage already being done by the international terrorists. It seemed that their acts of sabotage and terror were happening all over the island, especially at the hotels. He took me to dinner at the Pirate Cove restaurant of the Royal Princess Hotel and Beach Club. "Order the fresh mussels," he said. "I don't like mussels," I replied. "Please order them. You do not have to eat them if you don't want to," he answered.

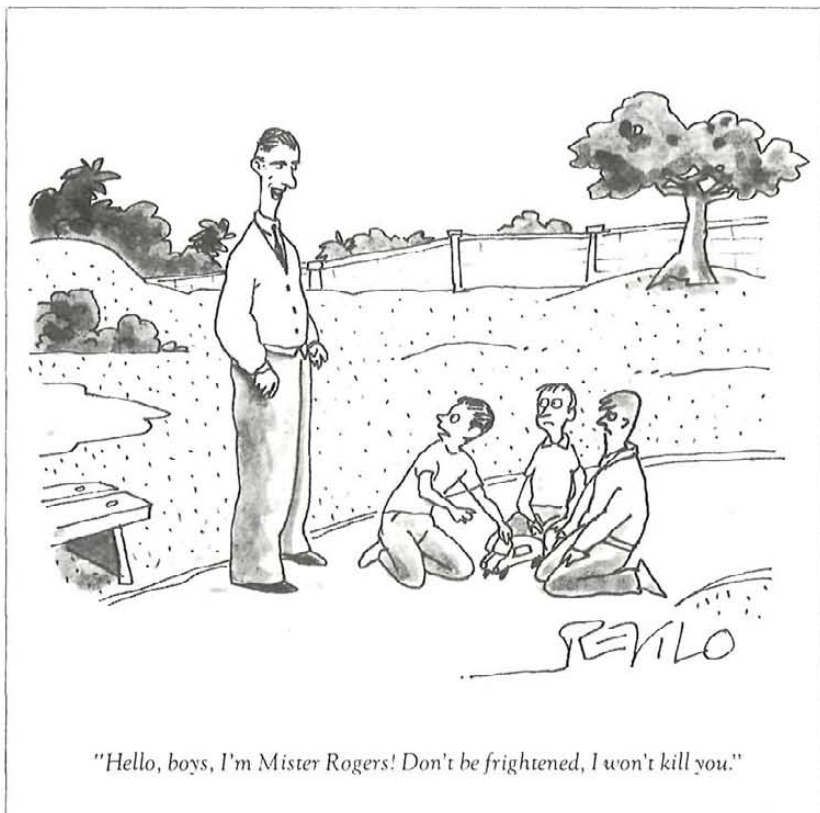
I ordered the mussels. They were sandy. "Do you see what I mean?" he said. "They are not meant to be eaten by civilized people. For savages, perhaps. Or for so-called revolutionaries who are merely dupes of the Russians. But not for decent, well-bred men and women." I certainly agreed.

"And look at your napkin. Notice something peculiar about it?"

"Why, it's paper. It's a paper napkin. At a luxury restaurant."

"The staff simply shrugs and says that they have not been able to launder their cloth napkins properly, that all their machines are broken. We

continued



"Hello, boys, I'm Mister Rogers! Don't be frightened, I won't kill you."

MOLSON



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NANCY REAGAN'S DIARY

continued

must make do with paper."

The next morning Reginald took me to the private beach of the Emerald Cove Bath and Tennis Club, another exclusive enclave on the island. I was appalled at how uncomfortable it was to walk on the sand, even though it wasn't terribly hot.

"The shells, my dear First Lady. Do you not notice the seashells?"

"Why, they are odd looking."

"Someone has turned over every single shell on the beach so that the sharp edge is sticking out instead of the round one. You can get a nasty nick on the soles of your feet, to be sure."

And then Reginald pointed to a group of vacationers sitting under their colorful beach umbrellas.

"I'm willing to wager that at least three umbrellas will fall over within the next half hour," he said. "If we take a small libation at the outdoor café overlooking the beach, we can see it for ourselves." Needless to say, that is exactly what happened. Except it was four umbrellas that fell over. And two did extensive damage to the poor people sitting under them. Both persons required medical attention. "It is the beach boys," said Reginald. "They

are not digging the umbrella poles deep enough into the sand. A slight wind can topple them. The boys know that. They are being trained to do this deliberately."

After lunch Reginald took me to the Coronado Club golf course, one of the most beautiful courses in the world. I noticed that many of the golfers were furious, but I couldn't figure out why. "Very simple," said Reginald. "If you look closely, you'll notice something missing." He took me for a ride in a golf cart so that I could examine the damage more closely. I saw what he meant. Most of the holes were missing. The flags were gone and the holes were plugged up. The caddies and the players were crawling around on their hands and knees trying to find where the holes once were.

"When we finally find the holes, we see that they were expertly covered up with Astroturf with a layer of real grass over it, so it is very difficult to play," said Reginald.

Before dinner Reginald took me to the Coral Sands Club, where many of the world's best tennis pros give lessons. A very nice young boy and his sister were being given a lesson by the club professional. Reginald asked me to watch for a moment. I wasn't sure what to look for.

"The boy's serve. He is not serving properly. He is throwing the ball much too low. He cannot get up and over the ball when he throws it that low. And do you notice how the pro compliments him on his serve, telling him how good he is doing it? And the girl's backhand. She is hitting the ball much too close to her body. Her hand is bent when it should be straight. Again, the pro is telling her how nicely she is hitting the ball. He is giving her the wrong instruction. That nice young brother and sister will grow up to be poor tennis players with very bad habits. Their parents will spend much money trying to change those habits. They will be scarred for life."

By that evening I had enough evidence to make a full report to Ronnie and the CIA. Of course there was much more. The room service was slow and bumbling. The drinks at various restaurants seemed to be flat and watery. Everywhere I looked I saw signs of unrest, uneasiness, and tension, as if the island were ready to explode.

That night, at dinner with Reginald, I was about to eat my main course when suddenly he slapped the food away from my mouth and sent it flying to the floor. I was startled. "I am terribly sorry, but I had to do it," he said. "It was your shrimp creole. I did not like the way it looked. It looked a bit tainted, even under the sauce. I could tell."

He took the shrimp into the kitchen and made the chef give it to a cat. The cat sniffed it, tentatively ate a small piece, and suddenly rolled over and whimpered.

"She'll be in a little pain. Food poisoning," said Reginald.

I had seen more than enough. I lost my appetite. I was shaken. I must have been trembling, because Reginald offered to take me to my room. This made me tremble even more. That scar. Where could it be? Oh, I supposed I would never find out. No, I insisted I could go to my room alone. I would see Reginald in the morning and finish my report with him. I needed some rest.

Back at my hotel I accidentally got lost for a moment on the grounds and found myself in a small garden. There were lots of people sitting about, listening to a man telling them about their "rights," about how they had to do something about their terrible conditions. I couldn't believe what I was

continued on page 31





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Technics
The science of sound



Sirs:

I have a complaint of a consumer nature to make. The other day I called a local plumbing contractor here in Glendale. The company's name was the FFFFF Plumbing Company. They were supposed to clear the gooseneck on my kitchen sink, which had become plugged. Well, they said they had to install a new gooseneck. This worked fine for a couple of days, then I began to notice a smell.

I looked under the sink and found that they had actually installed a *goose neck!* The feathers were all falling off and it was going rotten. I know that strictly speaking they were within the law, as they had told me they were going to install a gooseneck, but don't

you think it's the limit?

Let this be a warning to your readers to investigate a company very carefully before letting them perform work around the house.

Janine Beebble
Glendale, Cal.

Sirs:

I like to fuck a lot of other guys' wives, and then whip them with a leather strap. Considering what most other guys' wives are like, does that make me a masochist? Or does it make me a sadist? Or both? Also, I guess it means that most of these women are nymphomaniacs, doesn't it? Or is it that they're trying to hurt their husbands by fucking me (which would make them sadists, by the way)? You know, I believe that there are a great many sick people in this world, and most of them are women.

Stanley the Wife Fucker
St. Paul/Minneapolis

Sirs:

Allstate Insurance now offers an Astronaut Indemnity Policy, due to

the high incidence of astronaut-related accidents occurring recently. The problem is that these former space jockeys can't seem to remember that they're no longer in a zero-gravity situation. They go around setting down plates, cutlery, stew pots, drinks, and tire irons in midair and expect them to stay there. The result has been a terrific increase in claims for crushed hands, feet, and heads. Valuable property is being destroyed by former spacemen who absentmindedly exit from twentieth-floor boardroom meetings via the window. One unfortunate man, driving a convertible down Fifth Avenue, was killed outright by a plummeting astronaut. Needless to say, his auto was also destroyed. The victim had no astronaut coverage, and his grieving family has little chance of suing the former astronaut or his former employers, the U.S. government. This financial tragedy could have been averted had the deceased the foresight to protect his loved ones with an Astronaut Indemnity Policy. Unfortunately, we never consider these things until the worst happens, do we? And then it's



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A Public Service Announcement
from the Allstate Insurance Co.

Sirs:

To understand the monumental difficulties facing a poet in the late twentieth century, we need only recall the last words of that great, hard-drinking poet the late John Berryman before he plunged from the bridge into that ecstatic final icy meeting of poet and all-encompassing sea. "Hold the bottle, Allen," he said to me, "while I step over to the side here and see how far I can pee...." He was a great poet, a wonderful drunk, and a sensational distance pisser, but—and I say this although I was his friend—he could not swim worth beans. A poet cannot be all things.

Allen Ginsberg
New York

Sirs:

How do you stop ten black Americans from forcing a Caucasian woman to engage in sexual intercourse? *Call for police or other official assistance.*

How many police officers are required to arrest a black American?

One, optimally, though two are usually involved.

How can you tell how many Hispanic Americans there are in a town? *Census information is public domain and may be obtained through any branch of the U.S. Post Office.*

How can you tell who the wealthiest Hispanic American is? *This information would be included in the census reports.*

Why was the Hispanic American throwing bowling balls off a cliff? *Perhaps he was the victim of mental disorders brought about by poor diet and living conditions.*

I just wanted to show that we at the NAACP aren't all work and no play.

V. Jordan
Urban League

Sirs:

I'm writing about those people who get mauled by bears while picnicking. I'm a bear, and I say it's their own damn fault. They bring all that beer and wine and feed it to us and make us act like clowns. Our young bears stumble upon a few six-packs cooling in a river and don't know any better

than to drink it. Why, some people even take whiskey on picnics. Can you imagine? Whiskey on a picnic! That's when the real trouble starts. Some housewife from Sausalito gets a couple of the bruins all liquored up, and then she teases them with a lousy cheeseburger, and then *Pow!* A housewifeburger. You can't blame the bears. I took an ad executive's arm clean off the other day. I was so pissed that I couldn't tell it from the marzipan he was waving in my snout. That damn booze again. It just breaks my heart to see the old luses—burned out, red eyed, patchy furred—rooting around garbage dumps for a meal, and the young cubs well on their way. For heaven's sake, stop feeding booze to bears. Please. Or I'll rip your kid's head off.

Bobby Bruin
Yellowstone Park

Sirs:

Boo!

Were you scared?

Sure you were. Just call me the master of terror.

Stephen King
Owl's Dung, Maine

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NEWS ON THE MARCH

PLANET

61 Million More Masons Uncovered in Italy

All Italians except for four found on secret list



The list recovered from secret Masonic files: eight 100,000-foot rolls containing the names of everyone in Italy, except for four people.

If you look down the Via Franezi from the rear of the Italian Ministry of Justice, the street seems like an old photograph—slaty, somber, and strangely still. Nothing moves and there is no sound, until the dingy, carbon-streaked cab of a diesel truck heaves into an intersection several blocks away and slowly, grindingly rumbles toward anxious ministry guards. A lank, stiff-jointed man in a black suit suddenly appears in the courtyard as an immense tarpaulin shroud is peeled from the back of the truck to expose the single most

devastating piece of evidence yet presented to an Italian court. There, stacked in drab, brown-paper-wrapped rolls, is an eight-ton list containing the names of 61,535,800 Italians registered as members of the clandestine Masonic society known as P-2.

In that the figure represents virtually the entire population of Italy, except for four people, court officials are predicting that it may take years to resolve the scandal. "Of course," declared one magistrate, "every Italian will be expected to step down from

his or her job, and this in itself will place an unimaginable burden on the country. There will be, for example, over forty million resignation letters to process, exit interviews, insurance forms, tax forms—a huge undertaking that might easily overload even the most elaborate systems established to carry it out.

"The task is especially burdensome," the magistrate continued, "because the administrators and functionaries ordinarily responsible for processing employees will also have resigned, leaving the work perhaps to an outside group like the United Nations."

Indeed, the Italian gov-

ernment, before deposing itself, asked U.N. officials to declare a national state of disgrace and to impose comprehensive and abiding humiliation upon the Italian people. Under the plan, an international force of businessmen, community leaders, journalists, clerics, and society figures will be stationed throughout Italy, where they will continuously hound the population, reminding them of their dishonor, jeering at them, remonstrating them, excluding them from guest lists, halting conversations, and turning the other way when they enter a room. Many Italians have already begun forming civilian auxiliaries to assist U.N. personnel at a grass-roots level—particularly in very poor or isolated villages, where non-Italians might have difficulty functioning. "We would act as local eyes and ears," explained an organizer, "to assure that no one escapes his proper share of the national shame."

Four Italians Not Masons

Following a tabulation of the Masonic P-2 society's most recently discovered membership files, it appears that four sons of a former American serviceman and his Calabrian wife are the only Italians who didn't belong to the organization. Enrico, Geraldo, Muncio, and Enzo Mason of Messina, employed as, respectively, a cement mason,

a salesman for the Paul Masson wine company, a breeder of mason bees, and a wholesale distributor of Mason Mint candies, have issued a statement declaring that each of them refused to join the Masons because they had chosen to devote all of their time to the Mesons, a group dedicated to the recreational study of subatomic particles.

FASHION BUT NOT SCIENCE

Shaped Shawls Shake Fashion Shapers

Paris steps into its own

Functional swimwear has taken a backseat to *laminated de vivre* this fall season, venerated, of course, with the oblong shawl. A typical Parisian pile-on includes shawl over cape over jacket over vest over sweater over blouse over depilatory wax over cleansing cream over rouge over a *serious* cosmetic foundation over sebaceous secretions over seven—count them—seven layers of epidermal fun covering all of little, adorable you. And then we musn't forget Giorgio Ballentino's pants-over-pants experience—gray-flannel midcalf pants telescope over eleven

layers of multihued underpants—a striking counterbalance to the hands-encased-in-cages look of Pierre Noscinaire, a look inspired by the flight of songbirds and the whisper of wings slapping against tomorrow. The beauty of these hand cages is that they don't come off, *no matter what*, and, if we are to believe Pierre, they are a dieter's dream come true. Good-bye to pudgy fingers, hello to atrophied hand muscles slenderized by years of disuse, locked away for display purposes only, a zoo at the wearer's fingertips. And to this we say, *Olé!*

SCIENCE AND SCIENCEOLOGY

Cartificial Insemination

Woman gives birth to clutch plate

A woman in Highland Park, Michigan, near Detroit, has given birth to a healthy, fully developed, nine-pound clutch plate in what is being hailed as the world's first "technological clone" and a major step in helping the U.S. auto industry compete eco-

nomically with the Japanese.

"Actually, it wasn't all that complicated," explained Donald Learman, research V.P. at General Motors. "We just took a blueprint and reduced it down to microscopic size, then implanted it in her ovum and fed her a diet very high in minerals."

The gestation period for the plate was about twelve months, Learman said. "It has very close tolerances, much more exact than, say, a human baby, which can appear in almost any shape." The mother, Mrs. Edna Jarvis, twenty-seven years old, was selected because she had previously given birth to six unusually solid, osseous sons. According to Mrs. Jarvis, "The clutch plate wasn't much different. I could even feel it moving—the springs expand-



Cost cutting and clutch babies — U.S. auto makers bounce back.

ing and contracting, you know?"

As soon as the clutch was delivered, a team of mechanics thoroughly checked it out. "It was fully operative," said a beaming Learman, "although the friction surfaces required some alignment. Of course we let the mother do it, and I must say it was a very poignant moment for all of us, seeing that spanking new disk cradled in her arms while she gently held her allen wrench

forward and tweaked it."

What next? Learman grinned knowingly. "We've got another woman, who's already into her second month on a Bosch box. Someday we'll be doing all of the major parts of a car this way, at least all the parts up to about twenty pounds or so. It's an important edge for us, because I doubt that the Japanese women, with their small size, could carry even a five-pound water-pump housing."

GAMES AND SPORTSPLAY

No Mean Feet

There's a soccer fan born every minute

We call it soccer. The rest of the world calls it football, except the English, who call what we call football rugby and call soccer soccer, like us.

It's a game that mankind has been playing since the first Cro-Magnon dropped an enemy head back over to the other side of the fray. And since the fuel shortage put a crimp in the demo-derby craze, it's the fastest-growing athletic attraction in this great, spectator-sport-happy land of ours.

To the untrained eye, soccer is twenty-two guys running around a field chasing after an inflated pig's bladder; but then, to the untrained eye, American football is twenty-two guys standing around a field looking at an inflated pig's bladder. What the novice fails to notice, in the latter case, is the subtle strategy. In the former case, the novice is quite correct. That's all there is to it.

For fan and participant alike, soccer is every bit as soothing a pastime as baseball: for long periods, in any given part of the playing field, nothing goes on at all, giving spectator and player

ample opportunity to meditate, snooze, or go for a leak.

But on television, soccer exercises upon the viewer all the fascination of an endlessly rerun 'Pong game between narcoleptics. To appreciate the game, one really has to be there.

Most of one's seatmates in the stands are invariably of foreign extraction, as, for that matter, are all the players—those little figures way down there, see? So when lusty cheers erupt—when something happens down there, or, far more likely, when the possibility seems to have arisen that something *might* happen—cumulus clouds of Italian garlic breath commingle above the grandstand with the reek of Greek retsina exhalations and pungent Australian beer farts.

Although soccer is the most popular game in the world (several South American nations employ the *après-soccer* riot as their only means of population control), the sport was not, until recently, much favored in the U. S. of A. Sociologists have speculated that we North Americans would, traditionally, rather watch violence (hockey, My

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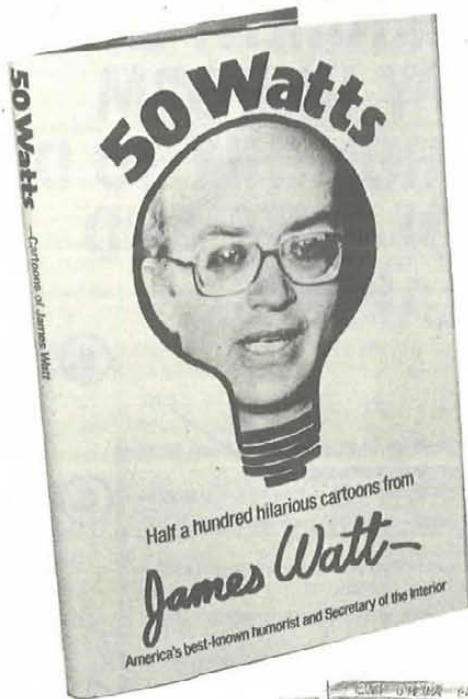
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Bloody Valentine, the Vietnam War) than participate in it.

Yet today the North American Soccer League is packing them in, and every schoolyard and cow pasture in the land throngs with lads in shorts booting the old ball about, in emulation of their professional idols, whose names they cannot pronounce. Why has this come to pass?

The owners, those public-spirited sportsmen who selflessly shoulder the financial burden of our national desire to watch other people play games—the men who pay the bread for our circuses, as it were—have grown weary of shelling out vast salaries to pampered homegrown gridiron gladiators, hoopsters, and the like. Soccer stars, bred in banana republics or war-torn Europe, will join up and run and kick their hearts out for the price of a temporary visa and the promise of a CARE package dispatched to the wife and kids back home every week or so.

The soccer-franchise owner's expenses are minimal—eleven T-shirts, eleven pairs of gym shorts, and one ball (if it goes into the stands, the chumps up there actually throw it back!). A couple of press passes slipped to the shabby hacks stringing for local ethnic weeklies is all the publicity you need to set them turnstiles spinning.

And so, ironically, this international game, which had failed so long to catch the fancy of stateside fans, serves as a shining example of the newfangled old-fashioned Reaganomics that are making this country great again:

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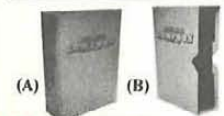
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LITEREMIA

Wealth and Poverty and Beaner Pan

Did an economist-mystic create Don Juan?

The similarities are striking: both men's works blend fact and fiction into a heady brew of quasi-religious invocation and mythical stories of adventure, courage, and apotheosis. Could it be that author George Gilder is actually the enigmatic Carlos Castaneda, creator of the *brujo* Don Juan and, many think, perpetrator of the most skillful literary hoax of the century?

"Capitalism is based on the idea that we live in a world of unfathomable complexity, ignorance, and peril and that we cannot possibly prevail over our difficulties without constant efforts of initiative, sympathy, discovery, and love," writes Gilder in the tedious, redundant, fantastical best-seller *Wealth and Poverty*. With an assertion like that, who could blame any reader for supposing that its author is also the crafty genius who gave us mescalito, Don Gennaro, and that terrific sequence in which Carlos (maybe) becomes a crow?

Who else could state, in tones of utmost seriousness, that a "war on wealth" is being waged by the lazy

progeny of the upper-middle class, who have given up profitable labor in exchange for a soft bureaucratic job with the government and who can't stand to see lower-class types pass them on the socioeconomic ladder?

Then again, *Wealth and Poverty* lacks the compelling style and seductive believability of the Castaneda books. Instead it goes on and on, condemning divorce and feminism, declaring that the rich need more and the poor need the rich (as an example to follow), and damning welfare, unemployment insurance, the OSHA, the FDA, etc. It ignores the actual behavior of corporations, the actual motives of capitalists, the actual conditions of the marketplace, and the actual relationships between government, business, and the political democracy that forms their context.

So, on second thought, it is clear that Gilder is not Castaneda. Only for Reaganite romantics and supply-side mystics is *Wealth and Poverty* a journey to Ixtlan. For the rest, it's a right-wing schlep to petit bourgeois never-never land.

MEDIA

'Tis the Season

The revenge of two horses

Though the announcement of fall schedules by the major networks is generally an event marked by time-honored traditions—the ritual opening of champagne bottles, the speedy

cancellation of half the new shows, and the summary firing of a dozen NBC programming executives, to name but a few—this year there were a few surprises. At a Waldorf-Astoria press

conference, for example, top-ranked CBS announced that it will attempt to move away from its typical jiggle-vision entries, such as this year's "Cold in My Chest (Please Find It)." Noting the success of such recent revivals of sixties sitcoms as "Revenge of the Munsters," one CBS programmer announced over caviar and ambrosia that his network would revive its artistically acclaimed series "Mister Ed." Unfortunately, the recent death of the world's

only talking horse introduced unforeseen complications to CBS plans to hire the original cast, and the first few episodes will consist mainly of Wilbur Post shouting, "Trot, you lazybones!" to a large form behind a dressing screen. Though the show's writers have confidence in the success of this premise, they admitted that they did run into a creative block after the fourth episode, in which Wilbur is put in a straitjacket after Mrs. Post

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absentmindedly donates the screen to a charity and Mister Ed is forced to live in the chimney.

Meanwhile, ABC is suffering heavily from disputes among live actors, such as the well-publicized refusal of Suzanne Somers's "Three's Company" costars to work in the same room with her. Though the producers were able to get around the problem by having Suzanne deliver all her lines in the guise of a talking horse, other ABC series were not so lucky.

ABC's problems, however, seem paltry in comparison with its rival NBC, where low ratings have exacted a heavy toll on the network's high quality and revenues. At a conference high atop the second floor of the Harmony House motel, NBC programmers revealed that their network intends to put all its money into a show not unlike CBS's smash "Dallas," featuring lookalikes of the original "Dallas" cast and airing at the same time that the real "Dallas" does. Appropriately enough, the new show will be titled "Dallas," in an attempt to confuse viewers into watching NBC's variant. Seeing that NBC plans to delay the premiere of its show, both CBS and ABC have changed their schedules to combat the new entry—CBS by airing an hour-long special entitled "The Revenge of Mister Ed," in which Suzanne Somers lives in a chimney, and ABC breaking out a curvy Mister Ed suit for the "Suzanne Somers Christmas Special." Viewers will no doubt be wondering which way to turn.

Edited by Tod Carroll. Contributions by T.C., Ellis Weiner, Al Jean, Brian McCormick, Ed Subitzky, and Sean Kelly.

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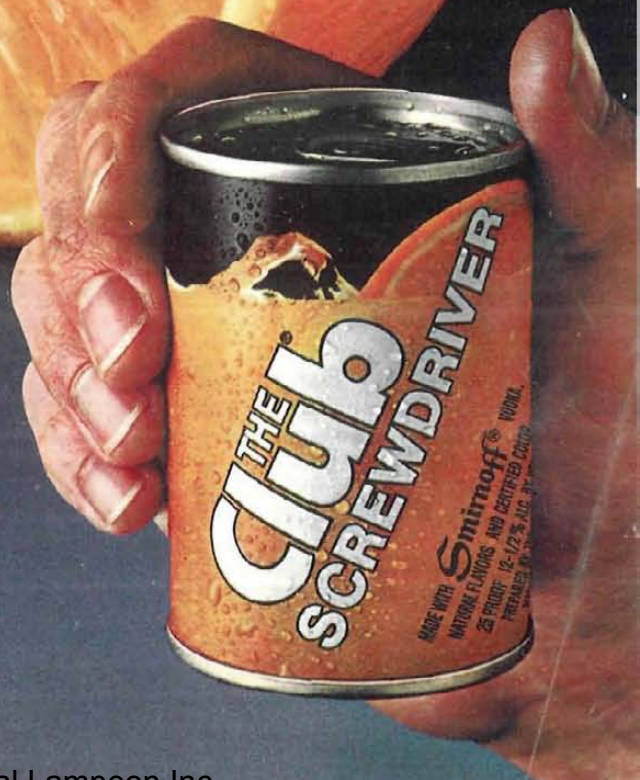


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Open Page America

**America's Only Magazine Talk Show.
With Your Host Wally Wing!**

by John Hughes

"Hello and welcome to 'Open Page America,' the world's only magazine talk show. Our mailbox is open right now and we'll be taking cards and letters in a moment. For those of you just tuning in, here's our address again: 635 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Address your questions to me, Wally Wing, c/o National Lampoon. All right, let's get to your questions. Detroit, hello!"

Uh, Wally?

"Go ahead."

Okay, I want to make a comment about gun control. I think that the problem is not with the guns but with the ammunition. Bullets kill people, not guns. If we're going to register anything, we ought to register bullets. Also, we should make a mandatory life sentence for anybody using bullets.

"What about knives?"

Same thing. If you shoot somebody with a knife, you get life.

"Thank you. New Orleans."

Wally?

"Go ahead."

Okay, Wally? I'm a hockey fan.

"Great. Ann Arbor, Michigan, you're on."

I have two comments. First, I really love the show.

"Thank you."

And second, I hate my wife. Her name is Edith Babbit and she's a cut—

"Okay, Ann Arbor, thank you. Saint Paul, Minnesota."

Wally, I'm a first-time guest here and I was wondering why you don't get an 800 number or something like that from the post office so we can write without having to pay eighteen cents to support something National Lampoon makes a profit on.

"National Lampoon doesn't make profits. Read your financial page. Chicago, hello."

I'd like to talk about the potential danger of racial violence breaking out in America.

"Good topic. Go ahead."

It's my personal opinion that racial violence stems from friction between the races and that if blacks and whites were all the same color, there wouldn't be any way to tell if someone was white or Negro or whatever.

"What do you propose, painting blacks white?"

Ah, just the other way around, Wally.

"Can I ask you something?"

Sure.

"Do you sell paint?"

Excuse me?

"Are you a paint salesman, do you own a paint company? Do you have anything to do with the marketing of paint?"

Uh, well...

"Yes or no?"

Yes.

"Thank you. Sarasota, Florida, you're on."

Wally?

"Go ahead."

Okay, Wally?

"What's your question?"

Okay, Wally? I was wondering how you stand on the issue of giving abortions to people who don't want them.

"Don't believe in it; it's unconstitutional."

Uh, what if they need one?

"Who's to decide who needs an abortion?"

The government.

"You want the government to tell you that you have to have an abortion?"

If I needed one.

"Who needs one?"

Well, the girl I'm living with needs one and...

"Okay, we know where you're coming from. Memphis, Tennessee, you're on 'Open Page America.'"

I'm an elderly person...

"Good for you. Denver, Colorado."

Wally? Love your show. Okay, I'm interested in tertiary recovery of oil.

"Okay, what's your question?"

No question. I'm just interested in it. It's an interesting thing.

"I agree. Calgary, way up in Canada, you're on with Wally Wing."

I'd like to comment about the elderly person you cut off.

"What's your comment?"

Well, I just think it was kind of rude of you to do that.

"Couldn't read her writing. Thank you. Boston, Mass., you're on."

What do you think of Alexander Haig?

"I think he climbed out from under a rock, was nursed by a Berkshire hog and raised by indigent Nazis, and gets his thrills slapping babies. What do you think?"

Well, I married him, and I disagree totally.

"You're entitled to your opinion. Roanoke, Virginia."

This is kind of an off-the-wall question, Wally, but what vegetable gives your urine the strongest scent?

"Asparagus. Honolulu, Hawaii."

Wally, the weather here is beautiful.

"What's your question?"

All right, my question is this: Who writes the sex letters that appear in men's magazines? I find it pretty hard to believe that real people send in those things.

"I can't say. I am a personal friend of Bob Guccione of *Penthouse* magazine, and he's been a guest on this program, but I never asked him. Maybe someone can write in with an answer to that. Gila Bend, Arizona."

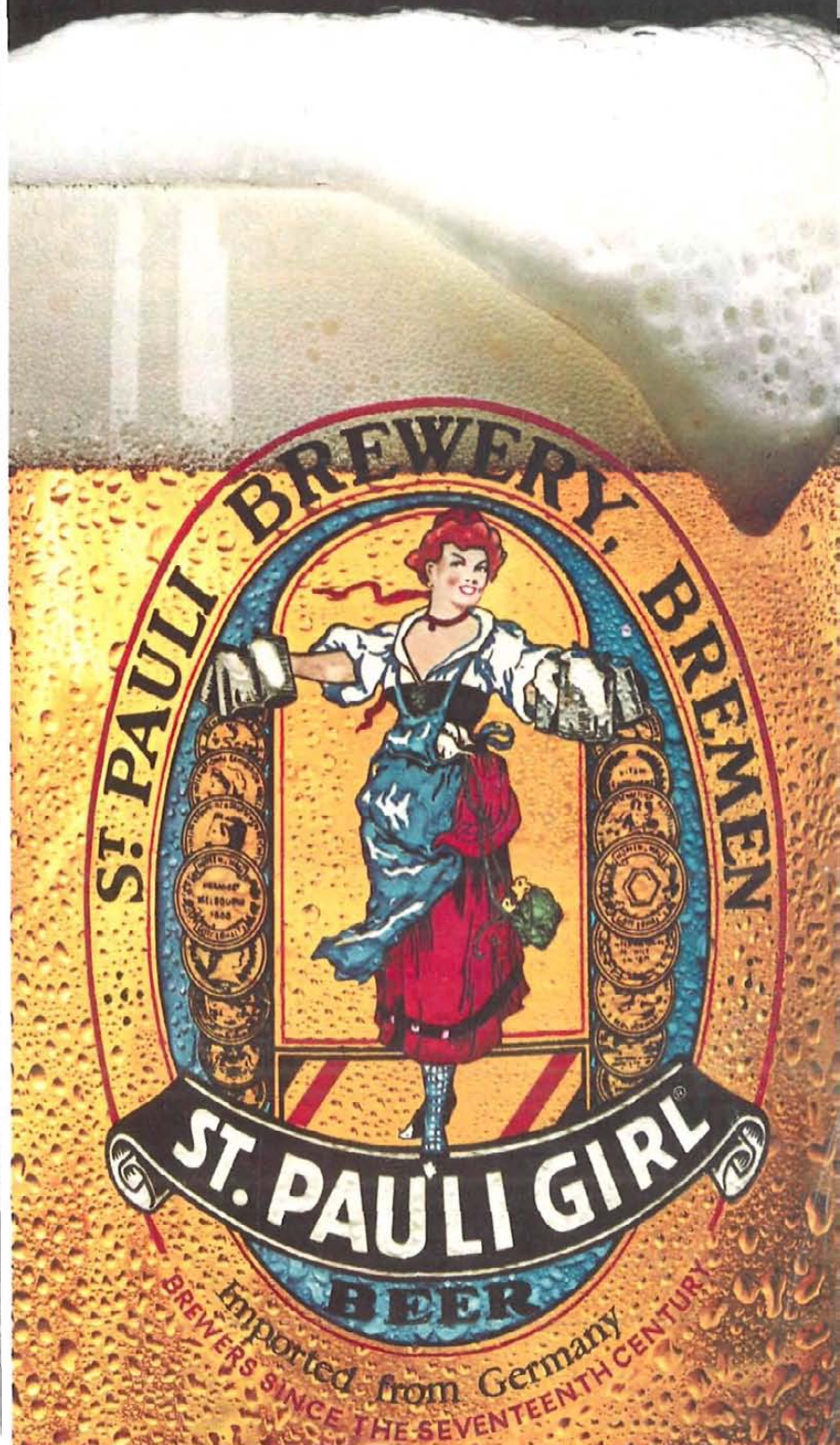
Wally? The weather here is also great.

"Never been to Gila Bend. What's it like?"

Hotter than hell and dry as a bone.

continued on page 57

You never forget your first Girl.



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BY
ELLIS
WEINER
**HUNGMAN
MAKES
HIS
MOVE**

I

The fall semester is barely a week old when I resolve to break off my hellish relationship with Joan Parker. Why? *Because enough is enough already with this meshuggeneh guilt! Enough is enough? Oy! It's more than enough! It's too much!* Why must a fully grown adult man who has published two well-received books on contemporary fiction and who contributes regularly to national periodicals have to imprison himself in a romantic entanglement from which all *desire* has bled away and all that remains is *ire*?

I wish to regain the intellectual calm and spiritual austerity that was mine before I met Joan. I wish to concentrate my energies entirely on the arranging of a symposium of authors, critics, and scholars to focus on the issue of "the novelist as political subversive." I wish to work closely with a prominent Yugoslav author whom I have persuaded to teach in the English department for this term. In addition, and in no way secondary to these aforementioned factors, I wish to *fuck and suck every fucking cunt* on this *fuckin' cunt-swarming campus*.

So *genug* already with Joan Parker, with her *hokking* and her *kvetching* and her *draying mein kopf*. This, by somebody, is "love"?

If it is, then, as yet another flock of freshmen scurry over campus with their painful mix of confidence, fear, and naivete, *I want to graduate*. I have fulfilled my requirements in the Joan Parker School of Advanced Ballbreaking; I have written my thesis ("Parker's Use of 'I've Made My Commitment, Sy' as a Psychological Weapon"). And now Associate Professor of English Seymour Hungman wants his

diploma, his handshake, and his freedom.

"Then why don't you leave her?" asks my psychiatrist, Dr. David Grosskopf, whose chalk-smudged suits and bulging belly I cannot look at without for some reason doubting his professional competence.

"I want to," I tell him. "But somehow every time I make up my mind to end it, she does something, or says something, and I find myself deciding to give it one more try."

"So give it one more try," he says.

"But I don't want to! I want out!"

"So out."

"But I can't!"

"So don't."

"But I'm not happy."

"So be happy."

"How?"

"We have to stop now."

This costs me sixty dollars. For the same amount I could buy a bottle of excellent Lafite-Rothschild, drink it, savor both its flavor and its mood-altering effects, and then slash my wrists with the broken glass. Now *that's* therapy.

II

But I shouldn't complain. I keep things from him. I haven't told the fat master of Jewish Zen who is my analyst—I haven't told anybody—about how, not two weeks previous, I seduced sophomore English major Caroline Harper, who had remained in town during the summer. Did I say "seduced"? Yes, *seduced!* What would you call it, Doctor—if I told you, but I haven't, I can't, at least not

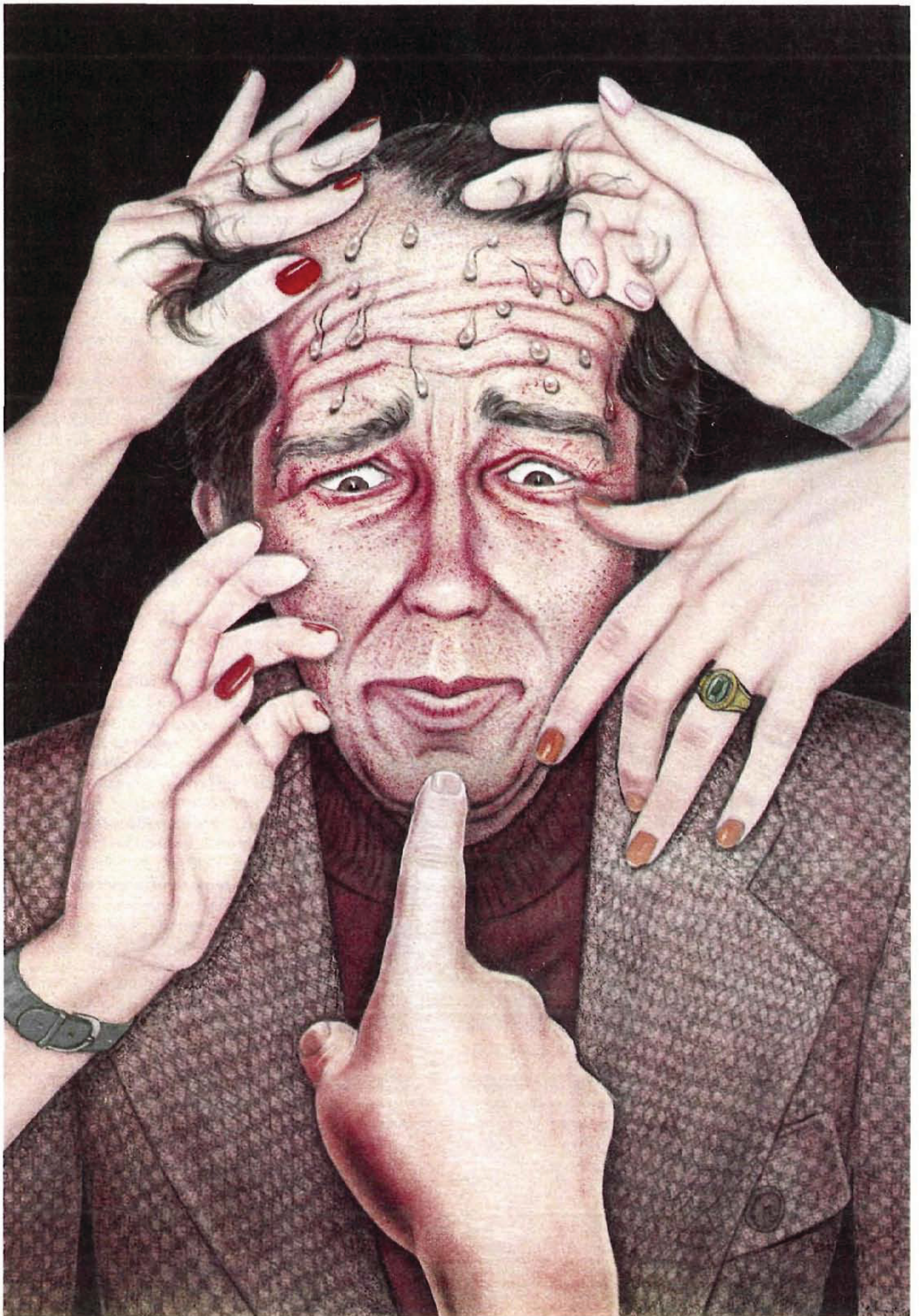


ILLUSTRATION ED SOYKA

yet—when a man invites a girl to his apartment “to discuss Pynchon,” urges upon her a glass (three, actually—but who’s counting?) of pinot chardonnay, baldly and with licentiousness in his heart intoxicates her with compliments and praise, and proceeds to attempt a launch of his V-2 into her V right there on the couch with Bach on the stereo?

“Profes— Stop that!”

“Sy.”

“Sy...don’t!...”

“Why?”

“Be-cause. I don’t want to do that.”

“Yes you do.”

“No, I— What are you doing?...”

“Nothing.”

Of course, she did want to do “that.” The secret of seduction, pupils—if one may still use without blushing a term rendered effectively obsolete by the sexual anarchy of the last twenty years—the secret, students, lies in knowing who, when all is said and done, does, in fact, want to do “that.” And, students, *they all do*.

But they don’t all want to with a man who, *not three minutes after “that,”* lurches upright like Frankenstein’s monster come to life, stares in horror at his watch, and leaps up and begins dressing. Why does he act thus? Lovers of literature, why else? He is to meet at the airport a world-renowned Yugoslav author coming to teach a semester at our hero’s very university—with our postcoital speed dresser as his host and sponsor!

“Where are you going?”

“To the airport. Get dressed. Shit! Maybe his plane’ll be late.”

“Whose?”

“Janos Holar.”

“Who?”

“*The Laughing Amnesiac and Other Stories.*”

Are there any questions? Could the scene be more ridiculous? Can you—as I could, did, still do—picture Holar—a quiet, precise, ironic man, whose novels and stories have made him not only a literary but a political hero in practically every European country with the inevitable and tragic exception of his own—picture this Nobel laureate (whom yours truly had had to charm, promise, beg, yes, *seduce* into leaving his exile in Paris for a further exile here in America), picture him debarking from the Air France flight, staggering through customs, and in his rumpled dark suit, standing, baffled, in the airport arrival area? An hour later a half-dressed maniac comes panting up to him, his trousers not entirely buckled, his shirt undone and flying. “Where have you been, Professor Hungman?” asks, reasonably, the travel-weary, confused author. “*Fressing* the tits of this *va-va-voom* sophomore and *shutting* her pussy to the *Brandenburg*,” I reply.

“Not bad,” he says, eyeing Caroline Harper’s fulsome breasts and slim legs; I introduce her as my “assistant—she’s doing the definitive study of Pynchon.” Holar nods appreciatively and adds, “If this is what is meant by your American ‘academic freedom,’ then hubba-hubba oh my!”

No, Janos Holar says nothing of the sort. But Sy Hungman would! What else is there to say? What else is there to do? What else is there to think about except the bodies of these young, healthy, glowing, expertly made up women, who turn me, with the arrival of *Janos Holar* not twenty minutes away, into a laughing, lusting amnesiac! Should I think about these temptresses’ *thoughts*? *Who cares!* I listen

to the Caroline Harpers of the world mouth idiocies like “But isn’t *Gravity’s Rainbow*, ultimately, significant?...” (as if she, or anyone else on earth, had actually read it) only in order to murmur, “Extremely. More wine?”

Why not! They look great! They smell great! They even *sound* great—even whining, nasal Louise Donnell, whose voice, when she pleaded, “But I deserved more than a D!” had all the aural appeal of a dentist’s drill, but when she laughed and said, in low, slightly incredulous tones, “*Blow* you? For a B?” (and then, “What does it take to get an A?”) sent shivers of illicit delight through my (ravaged! de-based!) central nervous system.

But, no, Dr. Grosskopf, I cannot tell you of half these exploits, because to tell you, or anyone, introduces the possibility of telling Joan. And she must never know. (But, you’re thinking, surely she does know.) *Does she?* But why *shouldn’t* she know? How can she not know about the time, last Easter, when she is visiting her family in Boston and I, ostensibly, am with mine for Passover? At the last minute I decide to remain on campus, and make use of this solitude to compose a respectful (fawning) letter to Holar. Fleeing my stuffy apartment for the library’s cool and quiet, I encounter buxom, agreeable Gail Cohen in, pardon, the stacks of the literature department. (Yes! Still more infidelity! And with Jewess and shiksa alike! Still more drooling pursuit of pussy! Still more lunging for the huge titties our Bony Joanic will never own! Do you see, students, how it would *kill* her if she knew—with her envy of “girls that have it,” and her incipient fear of aging and spinsterhood? *Vey is mir*, would it ever!)

For a second I breathe a silent prayer: *Somebody stop me!* I have an important letter to write! I’m chairman of the Visiting Scholars Committee! I don’t have time for “agreeable co-eds”!

But how “agreeable” is she, Joanie? Suffice to say (I hate myself) that she finds my clammy hand massaging her exposed thigh (short shorts, plus peasantry loose blouse, blatant cleavage) as stimulating as I. Suffice to say (it’s all so *adolescent*) that we run (*run!*) into an odd, concealed, and concealing cul-de-sac that leads to the emergency stairwell (dim lighting, deserted). Suffice to say that I remove from the dark-haired, large-lipped Sheba her touching, absurd upper garment, play giddily with her breasts for a while (I did say “buxom,” did I not, Doctor?—by which I understand *huge* fucking *mammoth jugs*), and then, as she squirms out of those awful peacock blue shorts and leans with a shiver against the smooth concrete wall, slip my throbbing *schvantz* up and in and hear her squeal, “Isn’t this neat?”

Neat?! *It’s positively meticulous!*

So “neat,” in fact, that the poor girl thinks it signals the commencement of an affair of lasting duration between her and me—an impression I quickly dispel by telling her (afterward) that I “shouldn’t have done that,” and can *not* see her again.

And the truth?

The truth, doctors and students, is that *I feel awful*. No sooner does my pecker shrink from a mighty kosher dill to a timid sweet gherkin than I think of Joan and *feel sorry* for what I have done. *To her!* I have been a *heel!* I have been a *cheat!* I am *guilty* as (no lesser term will do) *sin*.

Packing up my notebook, I return home and attempt to resume the letter to this giant of world literature whom I am attempting to reassure. But even as I write, “...can promise you, sir, not only a student body of ample intellectual and artistic ability but a faculty sincerely dedi-

continued on page 58

NANCY REAGAN'S DIARY

continued from page 12

hearing. I had stumbled on the terrorist leader brazenly conducting a meeting right here in my own hotel. The students, all international terrorists, were listening to the lecturer with rapt attention. Some were even applauding and cheering. I felt dizzy and faint. I had to escape before they saw me.

I wandered into the basement area and buzzed for the elevator. It took what seemed like eons to arrive. I asked the young black boy operating the elevator to take me to my floor, where I had a beachfront suite. The elevator started to move and in a few seconds suddenly stopped. It was stuck. I looked at the boy carefully. He shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and tried to bring the elevator back to life. But I knew he was only faking. This was the last part of their brilliant plan. They were going to hold me hostage in the elevator until they got their ransom. I told this filthy young terrorist that he could not brainwash me. He could not break my will, nor the will of the American people. We would not pay any ransom. If he didn't release me immediately, my husband would order a full-scale military operation to take over the entire island.

The boy was a good actor. But he didn't fool me for a moment. It seemed like hours went by in that elevator. I could smell the rank perspiration coming from his body. He was nervous, no doubt waiting for orders from his superiors. Suddenly the elevator started again with a lurch. The boy took me to my floor and almost pushed me out. I staggered to my room, locked the door, and fell asleep.

I don't know if you've ever been held hostage, but let me tell you that it's a terribly draining experience. Time simply stands still. Now I realized what our Iran hostages went through. I was exhausted emotionally and physically. I had to leave immediately. Ronnie sent a plane. I told Reginald about the terrorist-school meeting the night before. He said it was a labor organizer trying to form a hotel employees union, but he agreed with me that it was obviously a terrorist front. He offered to show me his scar, but I was too upset.

Ronnie will have my full report as soon as I get out of the spa. And then we'll deal with those horrible people. Meanwhile, I've got to unwind all those tension wires. □



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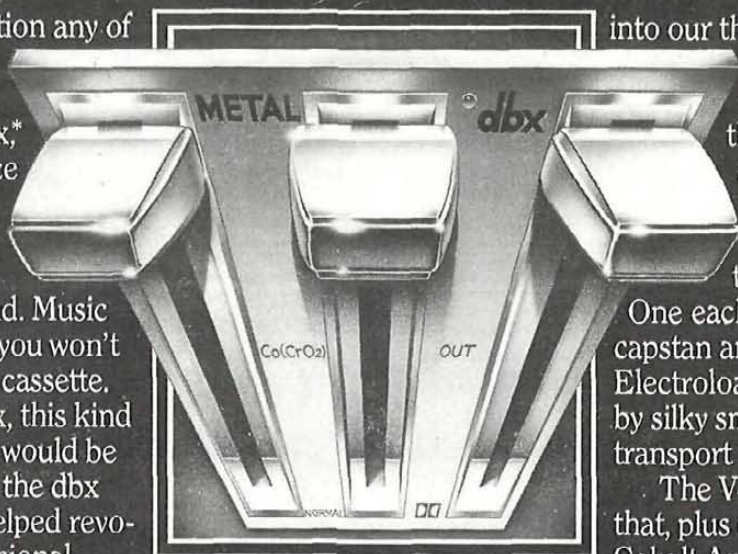
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In the C-3RX, you get three separate heads: erase, record and play. Plus double dbx circuitry for true off-the-tape monitoring.

Three new cassette decks from TEAC. Each with a distinctive complement of features. All with built-in dbx. For completely noise-free sound and the broadest musical range possible.



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What's Happening on Campus



compiled by
Brian McCormick, Kevin Curran,
Richard Rosomoff, Michael Reiss, and Al Jean

Try This

Those Boilermakers at Purdue have come up with a novel party game called "Fish and Fowl." Players tape parts of chicken or fish to their clothing, while other, blindfolded students try to guess which the part is by sniffing the person up and down. It's not as easy as it sounds!



The Coolest School

The coolest school in the country is located at a secret site near Aspen, Colorado. Chauffeured limousines take students back and forth to classes. There is a cocaine dispenser in the student union. Hollywood starlets are regularly choppered in for sex favors. The faculty is among the finest in the world, including half a dozen Nobel Prize winners and many scholars recognized as premier in their fields; they give everyone A's. There are four golf courses, midget-auto racing, an amusement park, a trout stream, eight movie theaters, and one tennis court for every three students. Meals are prepared by a renowned French chef and served in a faithful reconstruction of a thirteenth-century chateau. The meal is enhanced by the performances of rock stars such as David Bowie and the Who and of top Las Vegas headliners. You can earn a degree in skiing. The entire campus is climate controlled at seventy-two degrees and sealed off by a large dome. Crocodiles swim in the surrounding moat. A special preserve has been set aside where you can blow up as many things as you like, including animals on the endangered-species list. Upon graduation, each student receives \$100,000 and a new Alfa-Romeo. You have to be asked to attend this college, and selection is based on a secret process involving files kept on prospective candidates from age nine on. You really have no chance whatsoever.

The Dullest School

Students at Wichita State list these as their favorite activities:

- Making frog puppets out of socks and buttons
- Overtipping at the International House of Pancakes
- Giving strangers less than perfect directions
- Seeing who will be the first to pay student parking fees
- Opening envelopes hastily
- Breaking Saltines into soup
- Flushing toilets more frequently than is strictly necessary
- Swapping used book covers
- Not chewing sufficiently before swallowing
- Putting false appointments on their own calendars

What's What—Two Views

I think it's time people stopped putting down students for what they are doing. Most students in college are too busy studying to have time for such tomfoolery as telephone swallowing or the injection of Windex into the bloodstream. It's just the small minority who get all the attention, and frankly I'm sick of it.

JOHN JONES
Madison, Wisconsin

I like to take all my clothes off and drink beer.

SALLY HOWE
Boston, Massachusetts



"Two Views" is made possible by a grant from the Ford Foundation.

A Fun Party

It's about time we put the fun back in partygoing. Three enterprising young coeds at the University of Michigan have come up with a scheme to do just that. "We were sitting around trying to have fun at this party, see, and all of a sudden Cathy got this really great idea to pretend to have fun, to sort of, like, simulate it, but not really, see," says Gwen Insaniac, a sophomore in her second year at Michigan. "So we got the gang together—they're really crazy, see—and we said, 'Let's have a contest to see who can have fun first, and the first one who does loses, see?' And you know what? It worked! Before you knew it, one person was having fun and then some others were having fun and then everyone was, I think, unless they were only pretending to have fun, which is sort of like fun, if you think about it."



Puppet Cuisine

The fifties' puppet-cuisine scene is making a comeback in a big way. Campus culinators across the nation are turning to puppet-cooking seminars as a way of relieving tension. "Wow, like, this lovable baked Huckleberry Hound puppet sure makes a totally awesome hero filler," says a junior at Ole Miss., "especially when they're breaded. They can really make a blowout happen in a total way. And they're veggies, so it's cool and totally environmental and all."



What Ever Happened to the Class of '25?

Time magazine described the Coolidge College class of 1925 as being "as big, bright, and booming as the New York Stock Exchange itself." Young yesterday, these kids are not quite so young today. Let's take a look at who they were and just where they are now.

WHO THEY WERE



JACK LASSITER,
"Most Likely to Succeed"



KATIE DEMPSEY,
"Class Beauty"



FRANK BUCHNER,
"The Life of the Party"



BOOKER LISTS,
"Most Personable"

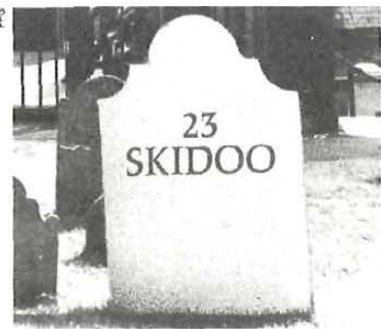
WHERE THEY ARE NOW



Dead.



Convalescing in Sarasota.



Dead.



Dead.

Champagne, Cocaine, and Wolfbane

Tummy-Tite parties. You've heard about them, you've seen them on TV, but what are they and what do they want from us? It all began when several sorority sisters at Smith College threw a "Tighten Up Your Tummy" flatware get-together. The girls wanted to exchange flatware and discuss slimnastic exercises for their abdomens. Before long the Tummy-Tite party theme had taken hold with a vengeance. The theme expanded to include champagne chugalugs, cocaine shoot-'em-ups, and, of all things, the rubbing of wolfbane across the gums. *Anything* to make those pounds melt away.



Aggressive Flower Arranging for the Eighties

It's a movement that sprang out of the Pomona Feminist Spring Poetry Offensive of 1980, and it's something that's bound to be with us for some time to come. It's aggressive flower arranging, and these women aren't ashamed to admit it. They're prepared to make their demands with as many floral arrangements as it takes to get their message across!



The Three Easiest College Courses in America

1. *Princeton University: Condiments I—Ketchup and Mustard.* Common nickname: "Ketchup and Mustard."

Princeton alumnus H. J. Heinz III donated \$50 million to the university to endow a course for the study of ketchup and mustard. Rather than pass up the money, the university has decided to let students earn a small amount of credit for eating hamburgers and hot dogs all day.

2. *Massachusetts Institute of Technology: Applied Mathematics 110—Theory of Data-Base Management.* Common nickname: "A's for Assholes."

This high-level, computer-run programming course has one of the most rigorous work loads in the school—yet students who refuse to lift a finger get honor grades. The reason? Due to a bug in the automatic grading program, the computer reports the first letter of a student's last name as his grade for the course. Consistently drawing about one-twenty-sixth of the MIT student body, A.M. 110 wins the acclaim of pupils ranging from Alice Aardwolf to Ayn Azzou.

3. *Wesleyan University: Anthropology 7a—Introduction to Screwing.* Common nickname: "Gut for Sluts."

Caught propositioning one of his female students, Professor Martin Wilson explained, "I was just developing a new course." Threatened with loss of tenure, Wilson created Anthro 7a and a companion seminar, Anthropology 7b—How People of Various Cultures Screw.

Macrotology Makes It Big

Macrotology, the study of big things, is the hottest new science to hit the campus in two decades. A sister science to microtology, macrotology involves the detailed analysis of buildings, American cars, Irish families, and many other big things too big to mention here. College students across the nation are flocking to hear lectures on the subject from Norman Mailer, Barry White, Orson Welles, Victor Buono, and others. It's a study that's as big as life itself, only bigger.

Campus Roundup

- At the **University of New Mexico**, poking the piñata as an exam break has the students in a frenzy. The colorful paper animals yield their traditional festive harvest of dog meat and old, yellowed newspapers.
- Students of the **University of Michigan** pioneered the craze of watching laundry tumble around in the dryer for hours. Now enterprising undergrads have come up with a special cable setup that permits watching thirty-six different dryer channels. It can pick up laundry as far away as Atlanta.
- Voodoo and Satanism are coming on strong at **Williams College**. When asked their ambitions for later lives, nearly half of the class of '82 listed "mating with the Prince of Darkness and bearing his hellish brood" as a first priority.
- Bookmarks are big at **Princeton**. "We use them to keep our place in the books," discloses one student. "They're really quite handy."
- The phrase "Up yours" is knocking them dead at **LSU**.
- Recreating the Civil War using goats and pigs as the Blue and Gray keeps them up late at night at **VMI**. "They're both good fighters and pretty evenly matched," vows one cadet. "It makes history come alive, and it's noisy as all hell."
- Watching reruns of "Mission: Impossible" while chugging a drink made of Bisquick and gin makes life fun at **Ohio State**.
- At **Texas A&M**, where farm accidents come quicker than boll weevils to King Cotton, students losing a toe or arm or finger or hand or foot toss them onto the "Mound of Extremities" at the center of campus.
- Regicide is what students at **Pepperdine** like. The problem? "There aren't any kings here."



That Old Black Magic

The Black Irish Brotherhood is the latest movement on campus, and it's catching on in a big way. Former Black Muslim Sean O'Hurlihy, né Abdul Mohammed, says, "Those Irish got it down. I like Mass, I like the whiskey, and I really get down on that poetry. In fact, I like everything 'cept those boiled potatoes." Other black



JULIE GORTON

students have been seen jiggin' and jivin' down the street to the tunes of such groups as the Clancy Brothers and the Irish Rovers. "I don't know what they got," said one, "but it sounds bad, real bad."

A small splinter group called the Blacknamaras is especially interested in Gaelic culture and lore. Chapters on campuses across the nation meet to discuss the works of such authors as W. B. Yeats, Sean O'Casey, and James Joyce and to socialize and brush up on their brogues while hoisting a few pints of lager or stout.

Back to Basics

Romance is making a comeback at the University of Indiana. So says our correspondent, who listed what's in and out on the love scene in Hoosier country.

In

- ♥ Woolen doodads
- ♥ Furry bed covers
- ♥ Sugar-coated cereals
- ♥ Warm, fuzzy sex toys
- ♥ Gaping at sunsets
- ♥ Going to physics lab in a frilly nightie
- ♥ Mutual foot bathing

Out

- ♥ Vacuum-cleaner attachments
- ♥ Old Cadillac drive trains
- ♥ Cereals with roughage
- ♥ Thirty-weight motor oil
- ♥ Throwing bean bags full of ball bearings at the girl
- ♥ Calling your lover "pud head" or "monkey vulva"
- ♥ Texas chain-saw massages
- ♥ Strychnine

Fads Fad

In a recent study by the American Fad Group in Princeton, New Jersey, sociologists predicted that the number of fads would grow in the upcoming decade. The upsurge in fad production stems from a growing fad known to insiders as "creating a fad." However, sociologists at the Faddish Study Center at Berkeley questioned the findings of the study and claimed that fads were only a passing fad and, therefore, unworthy of further study. The group has since disbanded, thereby starting a counterfad fad.

Minimalist Fads

Furniture renting: It's now, it's wow, it's the thrill of renting. It's the convenience of furniture plus the edge that comes with knowing that you have to give it back. Furniture renting is a young sport, but already thousands of students are leasing furniture and sitting in it until they have to give it back.

Wearing clothes that don't fit: People get a crazy kind of kick out of wearing these clothes, buying them, swapping them—it doesn't matter as long as they don't fit.

Fads to Come

- Cake juggling
- Nose gliding
- Bear baiting, and, eventually, horse baiting
- Owning and renting particles of dust
- Sobbing
- Writing suicide letters with a pastry squirter
- Sending "Say it with machine-gun fire" telegrams
- Chewable agglutinating hormones for children
- Wearing penis-nose skindiving masks

Sex and Such

Guess what's making a comeback at Ole Miss.? Here's a hint: What likes to be burped and diapered and regularly fed? If you guessed "baby," move to the head of the class!

"Undergraduates have gotten increasingly mature in their sexual attitudes," explains a blond sophomore, now six months

along. "We know it's not all fun and games. If you risk having a child, it makes you feel all the more grown-up. Sex becomes exciting again, knowing

that you can be creating a subatomic fetal time bomb in your body at any moment."

"They're cute as pups and a lot smarter," acknowledges one young mother, "and you can train them to do all kinds of neat stuff, like fetching

your book bag or holding a place in line. They make a lot of noise, but you can muffle it if you put a pillowcase over their heads. Not too tightly, of course."



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BACK TO COLLEGE

by Gerald Sussman

*our annual look at styles in fashion,
grooming, and stereo equipment*

Today's fashion-conscious college man is going back to the classics, reinventing them in a pure, simple manner to suit his own life-style. Emphasis is on comfort, with easy-to-live-with solid colors and easy-care fabrics. Oddly enough, the key word is not "conservative" but "radi-

cal." Today's campus attire is radically open and unaffected, going to the root of basic attire. Brassy colors and trendy designs are eschewed in favor of soft, neutral looks, with clothes that can feel at home on campuses from Maine to Arizona.



He's all booked up for the semester, but he's reaching for even higher learning wearing an all-acrylic T-shirt by Clinchfield, \$2.95; polyester/cotton burnt umber chinos by Blue Ball of California, \$13.95; athletic shoes by Zippy, \$17; and all-nylon socks by AM/PM, three for \$1.29.



Recharging the brain batteries with a quick snack finds our man wearing a cool, versatile, all-year-round half-sleeve shirt in Fortrel/cotton by Country Ditches, \$11. His blue jeans are by Lord Bob, about \$14.50; athletic shoes by Sport-Eze, \$15.95; acrylic one-size-fits-all socks by Onondaga Mills, \$89.

GROOMING AIDS AND GEAR THAT GET IT ALL TOGETHER

Although we're sure she's going to love you for the *real* you, the genuine, beautiful human being you really are, you still need a little help from your friends in the grooming and toiletries field, experts dedicated to making you look, smell, and feel even better than you think you do. Not all our suggestions are essential, but it's certainly a good idea to keep most of these fine grooming aids near at hand, so you don't have to borrow your roommate's at the last minute, only to discover that he is out of town and has left the bathroom bare.



1. Bath soap by any fine motel, free upon request. **2.** Medium-texture all-nylon toothbrush by Dr. Denfal, about \$1.29. **3.** Ultra-Klean's Peppymint-flavored toothpaste, \$1.50. **4.** Lightweight pocket comb with medium and fine teeth by Apex, \$.19. **5.** Two-ply King Cotton facial tissues, about \$.69. **6.** Disposable razor by Troc, \$.89. **7.** Apple-flavored aerosol shaving cream by Yankee Male, about \$1.39. **8.** Handy see-through Groom 'n' Gear bag by Yojo Originals, \$1.79.

PHOTOGRAPHY: RONALD G. HARRIS 4

A STAY-AT-HOME'S STEREO

On those nights when you'd rather just curl up with a good record or cassette, we recommend some of the latest titanium and quartz digital computerized stereo components that work through your

thought waves.

All your music is contained in the system's memory bank. You simply think of what you want to hear or what mood you're in, and the system does the rest.



From Bach to Bowie, you'll hear it like it is on the Multi-Phase II Quartz-Linear recording and playback system with microchip memory, eighty-six-channel mixer-equalizer, negative-feedback in-line pre-amplifiers, and sixteen power amplifiers, conservatively rated at 5,000 watts per channel.

Where you can buy the clothing, grooming aids, and stereo equipment featured on these pages: Acrylic T-shirt by Clinchfield available at Z-Mart stores, Cleveland; Tee-Town, Salt Lake City. Blue Ball chinos can be bought at all Slack Shack stores, Tucson, Phoenix, Arizona; San Diego, California. Zippy athletic shoes available at Norton-Richards, Miami, Florida. AM/PM socks are at Kronendales, New York; Bugstein's, Philadelphia. Country Ditches sport shirt from Spencer Bloom, Andover, Massachusetts; The Clothes Pin, Boulder, Colorado. Lord Bob jeans available at Scotty's Jeanatorium, Austin, Texas; D. D. Denim, Chicago. Sport-Eze athletic shoes are at Wide World of Shoes, Columbus, Ohio; Washington, D.C. Oranadaga socks at all U-Park stores.

Dr. Dental toothbrush available at Lerman Stores, New York, Boston, Hartford, and Baltimore. Ultra-Klean toothpaste and Apex comb at Pappageno Drug Outlets, Atlanta, Georgia; St. Paul, Minnesota; Madison, Wisconsin. Trac razor can be bought at all Zilco-Royale stores in Portland, Oregon; Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma, Washington. Yankee Male shaving cream and Groom 'n' Gear tote bag by Yojo Originals available at Lazy Crocodile Trading Company, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Providence, Rhode Island. Multi-Phase II stereo system can be bought at Ultimo Sound, Santa Monica, San Francisco, and Mill Valley, California. □

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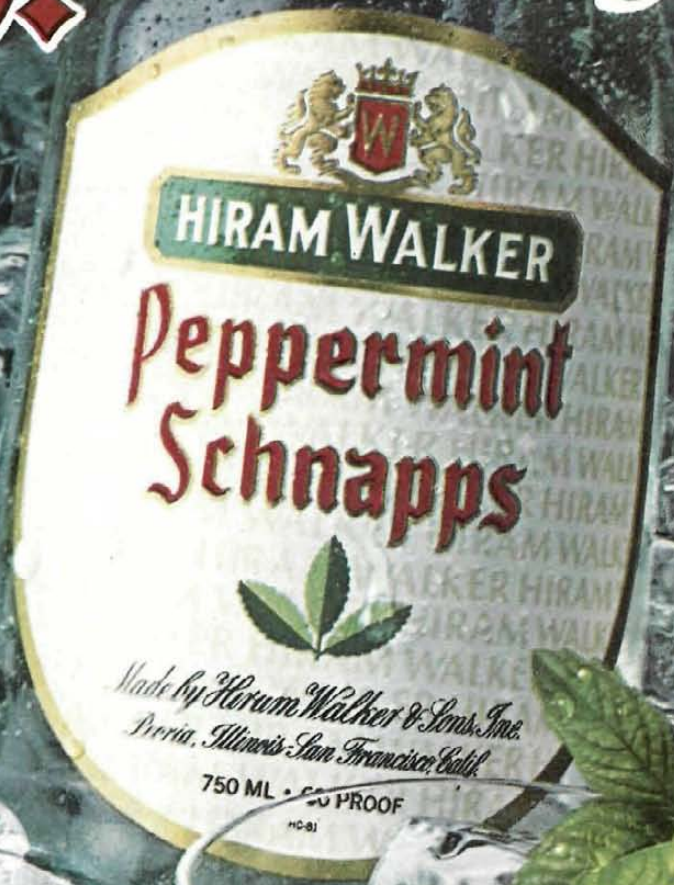
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GREEK LIKE ME

BY CHARLES EVANS SMITH

I'd been out of college nearly twenty years when my company approached me about an executive refresher course that was being offered at our state university. The course was designed to update working businessmen on new methods and new thinking, sharpen their skills, and prepare them for leadership in the future busi-

ness world. As strange as it would be to return to college after all those years, it was an important career move for me. The company was picking up the tab, giving me what amounted to a six-month furlough with full pay, and promising me a new position, a new salary, and an attractive benefits package upon completion of the course.

How in hell could I refuse an offer like that?

My wife, Jane, sewed labels in my underwear, bought me some clothes of a more youthful cut, and packed my blood-pressure pills. And my son, Steve, filled me in on who was who and what was what in the youth cul-



On my last day at the office, the guys gave me a beanie as a going-away present. My friend Frank LeMaster warned me about the "wild ways of modern youth." I told him that I was going back to college to "get a toehold on a better future." I didn't want anybody at the office speculating about what a guy my age might do away from home, work, and responsibility.

PHOTOGRAPHY: DAN NELKEN 10

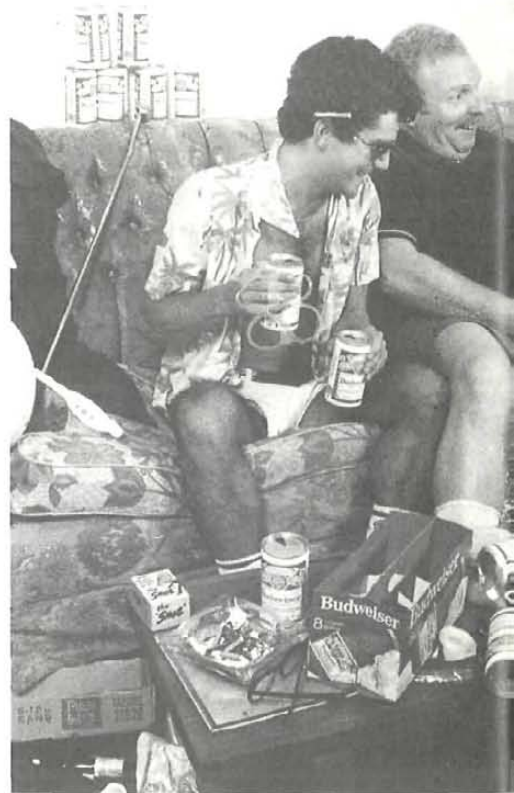


FREDERIC I. LEWIS / DAN NELKEN

It was harder than hell to think of myself as a college student. But it didn't take me long to figure out that dorm life wasn't for me.

I was a MU when I was back in college in the fifties. We sure had a good time. I wondered what the modern MU was like.

Judas Priest! I was doing stuff I hadn't done in twenty years. They didn't think I was a fool, and I'll tell you, it never occurred to me.



ture. "REO Speedwagon, the B-52s, Joe Jackson, and the Rolling Stones suck; this is a bong; white high-top Nikes are okay; trade in your stupid Oldsmobile but don't get a van" is a sample of what he said to his old man. Jane, cute as a button, told me to give myself wide berth when I passed those attractive coeds. "I'm forty-two years old, for gosh sakes," I said. All I had on my mind, as I told the guys at work, was to spend those six months cramming my head full of the latest that the business academia had to offer.

▶
The first week was a ballbuster. I

didn't know where anything was; I got lost every time I stepped outside. I felt as though every kid on campus was gawking at me, wondering, "What's an old fart like him doing here?" And those business courses were a bitch! I knew how to improve a bottom line in the real world, but I sure as hell didn't know how to do it on paper. Not only was the academic part of college hard, I had a real wonk for a roommate. The guy drove me bats with his chitchat, his snoring, and the stink of his vitamin pills. I lay in bed at night thinking: the work is tough, the dorm is terrible, no social life, no friends, no one to talk to. Where

was the fun?

▶
I met a hell of a nice kid in one of my business classes, Bob McNamara. As it turned out, he was a MU. I told him about my being a MU back in my college days. He invited me over to the house. I told him I was here at the college to do this refresher stuff and I'd feel like an old shoe going to a frat house. I just wouldn't feel right. He told me that I was full of shit, that I would have a great time. "No," I said. "I'm too old for the kind of jazz you guys go in for. I have a wife and kids, for Cripes' sake!" He twisted my arm, but not too hard, and I went.



I don't know if it was the pressure of my class load or general disorientation, but I wanted more than anything to renew my membership as a MU.

Was this a new party or just a continuation of the old one? The fun seemed to run together like the sweat and beer on the taproom floor.



Jane would have shit her panty hose if she saw me at the MU house. I had a few beers—a few six-packs, really. I'm not a big drinker and those beers looped me pretty good. Don't get me wrong, I had a hell of a good time. I even enjoyed the music, loud and incomprehensible as it was. Steve, my son, would have been proud to hear his old man join in on the chorus of "Wango Tango." I don't know if he'd be too proud of my relieving myself out a window, but let me tell you, his old man was "getting it on!"

Was I stupid? You tell me. I decided

to pledge the fraternity. I told them that I was forty-two and a married man, and they didn't seem to care. McNamara said, "It's the spirit that matters." I guess they figured I still had a little bit of the spirit in my tired old blood. I don't know if I was ready for that or not. I sure felt like a grade-A clown running across campus in my undershorts, waving my fanny in sorority-house windows, and swearing not to take a leak or a crap for a whole week. I'd had a little trouble with my bladder, and I had piles, but when I told them so, they only seemed to relish my torture more. I suppose the only reason I stayed out of the hospi-

tal was that I used the john at Merrill, Lynch when I went in for a daily check of my stock quotes.

Not only was I the oldest brother. I was the only one married, the only one losing his hair, the only one with high blood pressure, and the only one who admitted to having children. But despite the differences between me and the other guys, I was accepted, and at the time, that was the most important thing on my mind. As for my courses, well, frankly, I'd fallen a little behind. I was having so damn much fun, I even forgot to call home and tell them my new phone number.



I thought I was having a cerebral hemorrhage, but it was just a monster hang-over. Boy, oh, boy, did those college guys drink! I feared for my liver now that I was one of them.



The only bad influence I could see I was having on the other guys was turning them on to my blood-pressure pills. However, their influence on me was another matter.

There she was, two tons of refuse bound for the swimming pool. It cost a pretty penny to "borrow" that truck, but if I wanted to get off the MU shit list, that was the price I had to pay.

I thought my college days were pretty goddamn debauched, but these guys made Caligula look like Mr. Rogers. The drinking, the puking, the screwing, the noise, the destruction of body and soul. Was this what their parents paid tuition for? Was this what my company was paying all those bucks for? They'd shit a billion dollars worth of corporate bonds if they knew what I was doing every night of the week. Whenever I got around to thinking about life and work back home, I couldn't help but laugh. I wasn't learning squat about

modern business, but I sure as hell was learning a few things I wouldn't likely pick up at the weekly bridge party. How many frozen bratwursts does it take to humiliate a Mormon coed?

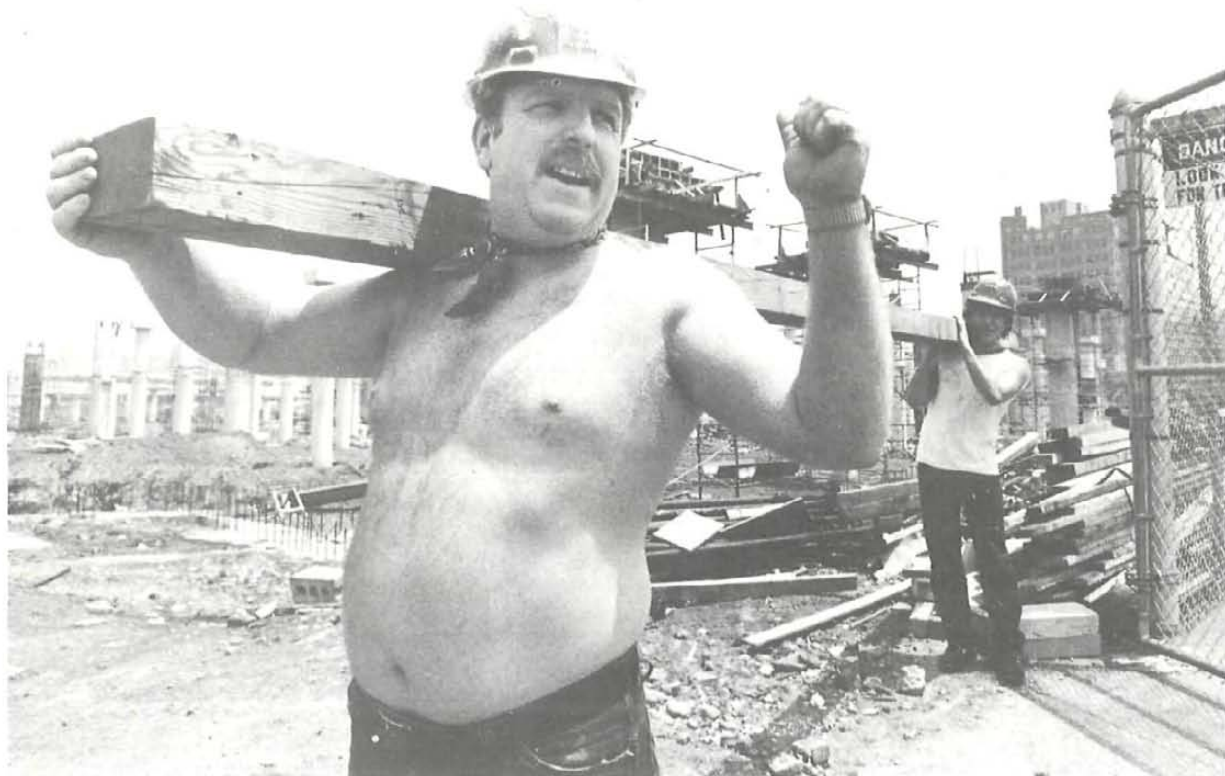
I leveled with the dean. I told him I had three kids and a job and a wife and a mortgage. If he was to throw me out, I'd have a hell of a time explaining to the wife and the boss. It would mean big trouble for me. It took every ounce of bad character in me to lie my way out of that jam. "I never touched that girl. I'm a good Christian man and I wouldn't even think of commit-

ting an act such as that!" A thousand bucks for the stadium renovation fund helped, I suppose. At any rate, I was out of trouble with the dean. But I was in big trouble with the brothers. They regarded my ass saving as high treason, and if I wanted to remain in good standing, I'd have to repent for my sins.

I pissed in my pants at the sight of all that shit floating in the pool. A few dozen beers and I pissed my pants again when I learned that there was a swim meet planned for the following morning. I impressed the hell out of



I made a subconscious choice somewhere along the line to either further my career or blast right through the midlife-crisis horseshit and prove that at age forty-two, I wasn't ready for the wheelchair. All that mattered was that I could still get it up. Damn, I felt good.



Making bucks and losing pounds. Even a call from my folks couldn't convince me that a desk job was anything but an invitation to a boring bullshit life.

the brothers. I was a fucking hero. I kid you not. As a token of the MU's appreciation for the big splashy headlines in the campus paper and on the local news, I got the pole position in the First Annual Good Friday Gang Bang. And let's just say I performed like a regular Mario Andretti. When I pulled into the pits to fuel up on Jim Beam and grape juice, I was one proud son of a bitch. It felt better than the day my first child was born.

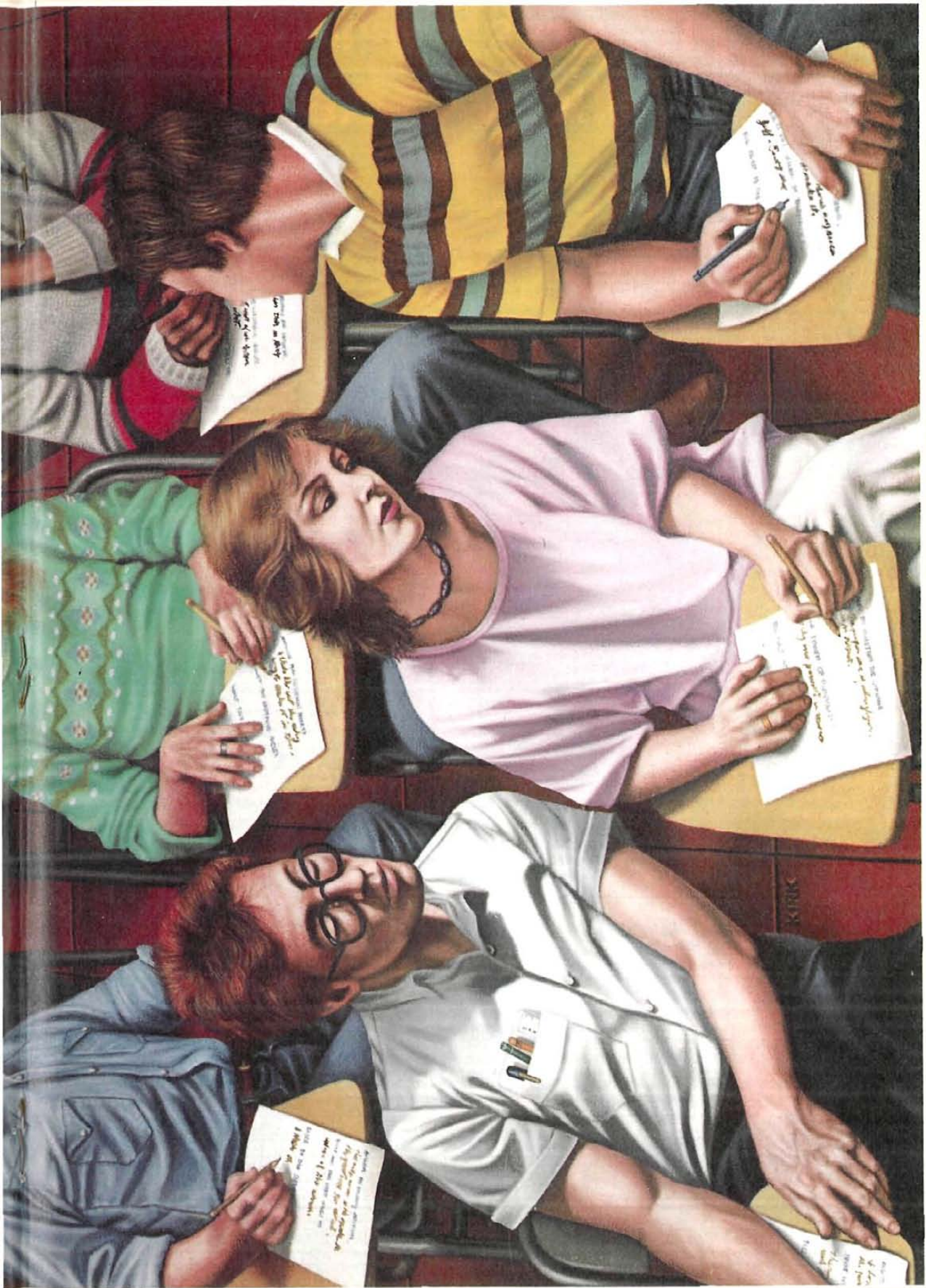
I flunked so fucking bad, it wasn't funny. The semester ended and my grade-point average stood at a solid

.00. Fuck it. I called Jane and apologized; I talked to Steve and told him I missed him. I talked to my daughter and wished her a happy birthday. Then when Jane got back on the wire, I don't know what came over me, but I put the phone to my rear end and signed off with a screaming depth charge. She called back and asked for a divorce. What a fuckin' break for me, huh?

I didn't go home for summer break. I'd have to be fucking nuts to go through the kind of shit that was waiting back there for me. I was sadis-

trically pleased and proud that the college had decided to eighty-six their executive refresher course. It was bullshit anyway. And I could care fucking less that I got fired. I worked construction that summer with a couple of guys from the house and I got enough money for beer and beef jerky. Jane had my assets. When they were gone, she could get a job. But like I told her, I was Greek now, I wasn't sure what I wanted to do with my life, I would get my head together soon enough, and if she didn't like it, well, I had a few dozen frozen bratwursts in the freezer. □





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SEMESTER ABROAD

O. C. AND STIGGS ROUND OUT THEIR EDUCATION AT THE BURIAL PLACE OF ERASMUS. BY O.C. OGLEVVY

ME AND STIGGS got into one of those programs where you go to school in Europe for a semester. Our parents figured it would be a good thing to send us away for a while, since we were fucking up so bad at our regular school and they thought a good blast of civilization from someplace like Switzerland would have a beneficial effect on our lives. So they enrolled us at this academy in Basel, Switzerland, which of course was a total joke, because the academy couldn't very easily get away with giving you a lot of shit or flunking you after your parents laid out fucking three thousand dollars in tuition. So, in other words, me and Stiggs had a better atmosphere for fucking off in Switzerland than we did at home.

So we get off the plane at the Basel airport and the scenery is pretty much the standard bullshit trees and some mountains and a shitload of brown wood houses with snow on the roofs, except in the city, where most all of the buildings are made out of rocks and seem to be about a thousand years old. Back home they would have torn the fuckers down and put up something more normal, except maybe in a couple cases where they wanted a landmark or something old and shitty to break up the monotony of having modern buildings everywhere. In that situation, though, real old and fucked-up



ME AND STIGGS RIGHT AFTER WE GOT OFF THE PLANE. WE WERE OUT OF OUR MINDS.

buildings seem like a big deal, because they're some kind of relic from history; but if every building in the entire city is a goddamn dirtball ancient relic, then what it seems like you got is a fucking ghetto, only without the coons and all the newspapers and broken bottles. No boogaloos is an instant thing you notice in Switzerland, which is how they probably got the buildings to last for a thousand years.

So I'm sitting on the patio part of a restaurant overlooking the Rhine River with Stiggs and ten or eleven other assholes in our class, most of them from France. They were spindly, peaked buggers with little tiny jackets and little tiny shirts with forty or fifty extra-tiny pockets all over them, including about a dozen up and down the fucking sleeves. One kid was from Libya or some shitpot Arab place, and another one, the only fuckable girl in the entire group, lived in Spain. Her name was Maté. She said she was a Basque from Bilbao, which made her reasonably white and nongreasy. I saw her writing this letter at her table to a girl friend back home, and noticed that the paper was crawling with thousands of miniature blossoms and adorable fantasy bugs and shit, and that when she finished writing she folded the letter up into some fucking elaborate shape that signified immediately that Maté's brain had not yet been ameliorated by the experience of a first fuck.

ILLUSTRATION: GUY AUGERI

ANYWAY, WE'RE at this outdoor restaurant and a five-foot dildo called Herr Strohl steps up to the railing and announces that he's the head guy. "This fucker's another Haggerty," Stiggs says, Haggerty being this substitute we used to get in English until the asshole got hit in the head with a desk and hobbled out of the room. Actually, it was only a little desk, about two feet high. Our class was being held in these rooms the school borrowed from a church while our regular classrooms were being rebuilt after they were burned down. The church used the rooms for Sunday school and shit, so there were hundreds of fucking toddler-sized desks against the wall with these boxes of God workbooks and God teaching tools that we started throwing all around the room one day in this amazing riot that we had with about twenty guys in the next classroom. We planned the whole thing at lunch. A bunch of us started banging on the wall while Haggerty had his back turned, covering the noise with these ridiculously loud coughs. Stiggs got to the point where he was propelling his desk backward like a rocket into the wall, and then coughing about a second later. It was real blatant shit. Haggerty finally caught on, but by then the guys in the next classroom had carried out the next phase of the plan, which was to march into our room to "investigate" the disturbance. We acted like we were real pissed off that they were accusing us of making noise and insulting our integrity and shit, which naturally was our excuse to start this ferocious brawl where we were fucking launching preschool God desks and all of the thousands of God workbooks everywhere in the room until the place looked like it had



**WE VISITED THIS
GIGANTIC CLOCK
ONE NIGHT. IT'S FOUR
HUNDRED YEARS OLD.**

been blown up and Haggerty's head was hammered to a pulp. He left the room whimpering with the same quality of thick lips and perfectly spherical head that Herr Strohl was using to welcome us to Switzerland.

It was comforting to see that the mealy, incompetent, dogshit caliber of person attracted to the education field is apparently a fucking uniform global standard. This was terrific for helping me and Stiggs adjust.

Anyway, Herr Strohl gives us this speech about great learning opportunities in the city of Paracelsus and Hans Holbein the Younger, like a couple thousand-year-old douchebags are going to be our fucking role models and inject our minds with some fucking mystical quest for knowledge that will completely turn us around from our usual pattern of problem behavior. When Strohl finally shut up, this woman stands up who's supposed to be our cultural guide and show us around the country when Paracelsus doesn't have us worked up into a learning frenzy at the school. Her name was Uta, and she appeared to be some kind of ultra-advanced Swiss fashion loon. She had a hemispherical cloth beanie on her head, with camouflage blotches all over it and a colored bead on the top. The rest of her costume was this ballooning metallic thing that bulged out at the legs like a fucking sultan. She was, however, serviceably fuckable once you used the maximum capacity of your imagination to work around the fashion.

So there were two people to fuck so far, Maté and Uta, but first me and Stiggs wanted to take a look around the city and see what the fuck the gay, rustic Basellers had to offer in the way of alcohol and something to do. It wasn't long before we ended up in this museum for kids where they had a fucking entire

mechanical village full of miniature wooden cobblers and clockmakers and shit jerking around in some kind of reproduction of life a couple hundred years ago. The museum guy tells us the whole thing is powered by water shooting through about a mile of little metal pipes, in the world's number-one fucking display of hydraulics or some equally pointless system that assholes blow their time on in countries where they don't have any wars or coons or anything else to bring them down to reality. Me and Stiggs are wound up on a bottle of wine, so we crawl behind the exhibit and fuck with the colossal network of pipes. I open this main valve all the way and Stiggs bends one of the tubes with his bare hands, so the fucker's totally crimped off. A few minutes later, while a couple dozen excited tots are pressed right up against the village, the water pressure blows a fucking nineteenth-century baker right through the roof of his miniature chocolate factory and lodges him in the ceiling. Then all of the tiny factory conveyor belts and gear chains and shit blast out into the kids' faces, which instantly causes a shrieking, breakneck stampede as the whole main street of the exhibit starts to erupt and shoot all over the room.

THE NEXT DAY, THE day before classes were supposed to start, Uta takes us on a train to the capitol in Berne. It was the usual shit for scenery—brown houses, snow, and some cows. I was in the same compartment with Maté, so I decided to lay some groundwork for porking her brains out. She said that her dad owned a steel mill and that she liked to meet all kinds of different people, making her the worst class of fuck target, because girls who insist on meeting a high-



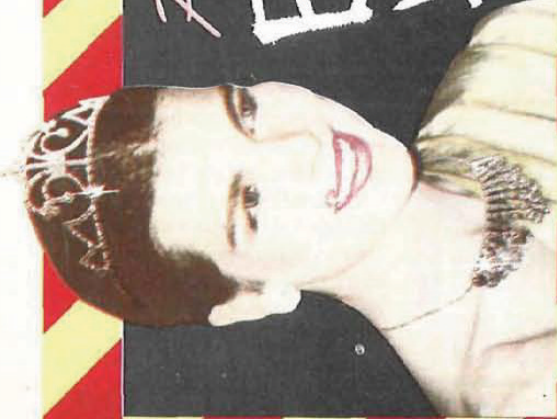
THIS ROCOCO BREAK-FRONT HELD OUT FOR ABOUT TWENTY MILES.

speed, nonstop flow of people are usually just trying to make sure that none of them stays around long enough to lay the groundwork for a fuck. So I told her that I generally despised people of all varieties and then went on to describe an autopsy that me and Stiggs saw when Stiggs's older brother, who knows the county coroner, got us permission to go down to the morgue and observe. I did my foremost rendition with piercing sound effects for the electric bone saw cutting through the skull and for the gurgling plastic vacuum hose they use to suck up the excess gunk from the carcass. Naturally Maté was pretty blue-lipped and sickened about halfway through the story, but I figured that if I showed her some sensitive, stunning act of kindness later on, the contrast might shock her into putting out.

Berne was another fucking Basel, except with bigger public clocks and more flags. They did have this great statue, though, a fucking heraldic bear in a full suit of armor that was supposed to symbolize the city. It looked like a fucking deep-sea diver wearing a plaster derby, but after we managed to pry the fucker loose from its base and push it over into the street, you could see that it wasn't actually a plaster derby after all, it was some kind of burgher hat that only looked like a derby to the average person who didn't give enough of a shit to pay close attention. Not that me and Stiggs gave a shit either, but it was something you couldn't help noticing when the fucking bear was spread out in a couple dozen pieces right at your feet.

Stiggs finally got around to fucking Uta about two months later in a luggage wagon in Zermatt. She was drunk and in a peculiar state of mind after three of the French kids and the turd

continued on page 72



Princess Caroline's

BACK-TO-SCHOOL HERPES GUIDE

1 Is it proper to say "no" to a boy just because he has herpes?

No. A young man needs acceptance and reinforcement if he is to develop a healthy attitude toward sex. Rejection, particularly for a disease over which the boy has no control, can only breed frustration and contempt. Such feelings churn inside a boy. They fester, hotter and stronger, until his entire view of women is warped beyond remedy. The boy lashes out with violent, sadistic fetishism and perversity. He rapes, he assaults, he sets terrible fires and masturbates to them, he ravishes small children, he submerges himself in a morass of homosexuality and self-destruction. Certainly no proper girl wants this to happen, and that's why you should never say "no" to a boy just because he has herpes.



5 What is a herpes shower, and who usually gives it?

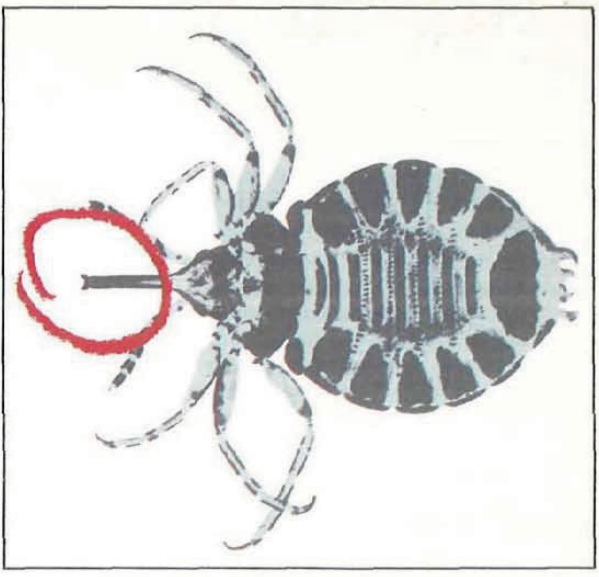
When a girl has announced her infection, friends often give a party for her, called a "shower." Traditional games are played, like *SoreGazer*, where the hostess dresses up in a tall, pointed sorcerer's hat and pretends to divine the fortune of her guests by "reading" their eruptions. "I see...I see...a disastrous pregnancy" is a typical tongue-in-cheek prediction from this popular game. Afterward, gifts are given to the newly infected girl, one of the most appropriate being...



Princess Caroline's secret bouquet calls to him. Softly, delicately, its subtle recedence whispers, "My herpes are in Bloom;" and at once your lover knows what you'd rather not mention out loud. Let it be your *communiqué privé*, your code, your aromatic "no." In Bloom Herpes Disclosing Fragrance, it says, "I'm infectious."

8 Are humans the only species who get herpes?

No. This female sucking louse has a serious herpes rash near its mouth cote. It will probably die.



© 1981, Radiotrope Laboratories, Inc.

2 Is it polite for a boy to ask a girl if she has herpes before they have sexual intercourse?

Always. Herpes is a highly communicable and incurable disease that can torment a young man until he dies. Hence, simple probative questions are not only correct, they are quite advisable. Remember that your answer should always be precise as well as thoughtful—for example, "Yes, Billy, I have several erumpent lesions on my inner thigh; I'll get out of the car if you want"; or, "I'm sorry, Dan, but I'm infected with herpes; please let me give you fifty dollars to make up for your disappointment."

3 Is herpes a new disease?

No. Early Roman chroniclers describe a treatment in which young women suffering from herpes were drilled with sharp stone rods wherever sores appeared. As a result, most of these girls died. By the Middle Ages, methods had changed. Adolescent females thought to have the disease were clubbed with an adz. They usually died.

Get her lips.



4 Is there a proper way to tell your schoolmates that you've contracted herpes?

It's customary in most parts of the country for the newly diseased girl to pass around the classroom a written announcement to friends. Your note should be composed neatly, on a full sheet of paper, and always in pen. Make it brief and informative; try to anticipate all of the questions your friends won't be able to ask until the bell rings. For instance, "Laura, Guess what? I've got herpes. When I turn around, look at my chin, ick, huh? I think I got it from Danny. See ya. Sue." Reminder: humorous or "off-color" drawings are never acceptable in a herpes announcement note. The basic rule is: don't hand a note to a girl friend that you wouldn't show to the boy who infected you.



This type of announcement is improper.

6 How is herpes treated?

Procedures vary from place to place. In the kingdom of Bhutan, Drukpa chieftains medicate herpes in young females with a combination of snake venoms, which in most cases causes instantaneous death. Maori Indians in New Zealand bury herpetic women beneath vast pyramids of rocks and fallen trees. Ordinarily, they die.

7 Are there any dos and don'ts for decorating herpes sores?

Almost anything goes in today's "do your own thing" type of world, within the bounds of taste, of course. Imagine what you could do with a little creativity and these eye-catching herpes accents from the Fleur de-lesion collection by Princess Caroline...



No. 206 Chirimites



No. 101 Skate



No. 215 Zulu



No. 350 Boron



No. 351 Cat

9 If a boy decides not to have sexual intercourse with a girl because of an ulcerous, suppurating herpes rash on her thighs, and she offers, quite properly, to apologize for her condition by giving the boy fifty dollars, should the money be presented in cash, at that moment, or should the young woman wait until circumstances are less awkward? Immediate cash is always preferable, because circumstances are not likely to become less awkward until the herpes infection goes away, which it will not, until death.

10 Is it normal for a girl to feel "left out" if her boyfriend has herpes and she doesn't?

Yes, and that's why Princess Caroline developed her line of His and Herpes' cosmetic sores—realistic, self-sticking nodules so lifelike not even he will know the difference...



11 If a young girl is at the felony trial of a teacher who is accused of having sexual intercourse with her and who infected her with herpes in the process, is it considered good manners to jump up and shout, "Liar, you lying bastard, you did it to me," when the defendant testifies that he is innocent and that the girl must have been infected by one of the other boys she "sleeps around with"?

No. It's never correct to blame a man for your disease.

College Slang in the Eighties

Regular readers of this column know (those readers requiring a laxative may not, *ha ha*) that each autumn (oh, happy fall!) we turn our attention to the latest undergraduate argot, or slang, on campus. (By the way, the plural form of campus is *campi*, after the former Dodgers catcher.) As is the case with most subcultures, undergraduates ("sub"—"under"—get it?) develop their own "in" lingo, but last term's stylish catch phrases are as out of fashion as last year's popular malt shop; and so we find that the class of '85 has come up with a whole new vocabulary of its own.

From the days of the tenth-century "wandering scholars" through the "flaming youth" of Scott Fitzgerald's time to today's boneheaded business majors, college students have spoken a secret language of their own, and *gaudeamus igitur* is today no more out of date than, say, "twenty-three skidoo" (a reference, by the way, to the Prohibition custom of smuggling gin down from Canada in primitive snowmobiles).

"Brews Brothers"

Indeed, drinking has re-emerged as the most universally practiced off-campus activity here in the early eighties (after that brief and regrettable period of drug taking and political activism). No less an authority than *Time* magazine has named as its "Man of the Year" the neotraditional student drunk, or (phrased in *Time*-ese) the "Alcoholigan." Beer is the college man's drink of choice, and

beer drinkers are called "brewsters," or "brews brothers" (named after the well-known educator Kingman Brewster, it would seem). The tavern or bar is termed, with sophomoric wit, the "draft board," and classmates smirk knowingly as a student explains his absence from a lecture with "Sorry, sir, I had to spend the day down at the draft board."

In the Midwest, a bar is also called a "puke hole," although puke hole also means "toilet" and "mouth" (so that, at Indiana State, at least, it is possible to get punched in the puke hole in the puke hole in the puke hole).

New expressions for the intoxicated state also (naturally) abound: premed students get "bombed" (short for "embalmed," I take it), while others get "upside down," "inside out," or "gooned," or "have their brains on a leash."

Cocktails (so named, by

the way, because bartenders originally mixed them by taking a penile dip-around in the grass) are regaining favor; most popular are the Purple Yow-Yow (equal parts vintage port and liquid drain opener), the Scum Bucket (a blend of nondairy creamer and ouzo), and, in the Ivy League, the so-called Beer Fart, a variation of the traditional boiler-maker or "depth charge," created by dropping a nitrous-oxide canister, or "whippet," into a glass of lager.

"Sausage Warmers"

On the subject of sex (a word taken from the Latin numeral VI, for some reason), today's allegedly liberated college students have a curiously poetic vocabulary. Desirable females are "bone addicts," "hose monsters," "sausage warmers," or "peaces" (this last no doubt a holdover from sixties slang, when an antiwar

demonstration was known to be where the action was, *poontangwise*).

Coeds no longer wish to date the BMOC (big man on campus) but NDBF (needle dick, the bug fucker). Athletic men are "sweat socks" (rhyming slang for jocks?); and men in general are "pigs," possibly a sly reference to the popular term for sexual intercourse "to pork."

As might be expected, medical students continue to create the most elaborate euphemisms for the sexual act. Consider "foaming beef probe" and "cervical sperm lavage," both deemed proper activities with any "electric pencil sharpener" who is not "herped up."

In Big Ten groves of academe, any four-letter word beginning with the letter *f* is considered synonymous with "fuck" ("fork," "frog," "foot," etc.), and many a prof is puzzled by the gales of laughter he elicits by using such common expressions as "fate worse than death," "fork in the road," "file card," or "the facts in the case."

Homosexual activity, long compulsory in the nation's private universities, is deplored at state colleges, where straight fraternity members often stage "pansy raids" against such gay frats as I Eta Dink. Hapless gays, once captured, are dragged back to the militantly hetero frat house and repeatedly sodomized, "to teach them a lesson."

Nor are women gays (classically termed "lesbians," after Marlo Thomas, the well-known Lebanese thespian) spared. They are now called "rug munchers,"

continued on page 94

This season, "skeet shooting" is "in"—a curious custom of placing thumb to nose and blowing a nose lunger onto the sweater of the unsuspecting person in front of you.



ILLUSTRATION: KIMBLE MEAD

OPEN PAGE AMERICA

continued from page 27

"What's your question?"

It's about crotchless panties.

"Okay, we'll set aside the problems of Poland and Afghanistan, inflation and the erosion of U.S. industrial strength, for a moment. What's your question?"

I enjoy wearing them...

"Wait a minute. Are you male or female?"

Wally, I'm a male.

"Cheyenne, Wyoming, you're on with Wally Wing."

Yeah, Wally, where do you stand on the UFO issue?

"Where is there to stand?"

Well, do you think we should try to make contact with the aliens inside, or should we not take any chances and just blow the heck out of them?

"First you have to determine if in fact they exist."

All right. I'll do that first and then get back to you. By the way, my family just

loves your show. Me too.

"Okay. He sounds stable, huh? Let's move on to... Long Island, New York."

I'd like to shove an oar up George Steinbrenner's asshole, Wally.

"Somebody beat you to it. Oklahoma City, go ahead."

You there, Wally? You there?

"Go ahead."

Wally?

"Yes."

Hello, Wally?

"Trenton, N.J."

I have an idea on how to free the hostages.

"They've been free for several months now."

Oh? I was going to suggest voting Ronald Reagan into office. That might scare the allyatollah fella into letting them go.

"It's already happened."

There you go. It worked. One more quick comment?

"Go ahead."

It's on the El Salvador business. I think we ought to get involved in that. Gee whiz, we can't let the Russians have the whole world. We wouldn't have to send troops, just advisers...

"We've sent advisers."

Interesting. Can I make a quick prediction? I say the Eagles are going to poop out in the Super Bowl, and I predict it will be one of the most boring Super Bowl games on record.

"Okay, thank you. We're running out of space, so we'll take one more quick question. Salt Lake City, Utah. Go ahead."

Wally? I enjoy your show very much.

"What's your question?"

Okay, real quick. How many angels can you fit on the head of a pin?

"I believe the number's six. Well, that wraps up another show. I want to thank you for opening up to us. We're going to be back next month with a couple of interesting guests and a lot of talk. So, until then, this is Wally Wing saying good night, and remember, talk is cheap."

Summer parties stir with Seven & Cola

Splash into summer with the sassy taste of Seagram's 7 & Cola. When it comes to summer parties, 7 & Cola is the coolest thing under the summer sun. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's



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

HUNGMAN

continued from page 30

cated to the pursuit of knowledge, truth—call it what you will. Our political-science department—"I am thinking: *Holar, stay in Paris! I am vile, Holar! I am scum! I bang undergraduates in the library! What next, O noble Nobel laureate? Pawing little boys on the quad? Necrophilic displays in the Faculty Senate?*"

"Professor Hungman, we are here to discuss the process of granting tenure—what are you doing?"

"Bugging this teenager's corpse, Dr. Bates."

"But isn't Dr. Parker your...what is the term?..."

"Girl friend, Dr. Bates."

"Your 'girl friend?'"

"Yes, she is, sir."

Is any act of depravity too abysmal for me, Holar? No, no, no! (Already I am secretly stirred by the thought of a spin up the dirt road with that fleshy, pliant Gail Cohen—this, in the midst of my remorse and guilt!) *Stay away! Hungman is filth! Shun him!*

Of course, I don't see Gail again—or rather, I do, but only (with vows of fidelity to Joan in my heart, if not in my hard-on) to tell her that our liaison ended with that night's research project in the stairwell behind the "special study carrels." And, of course, I "hope" she "understands."

She doesn't. There are outraged expressions of dismay and some unfounded accusations of betrayal, and the whole business gets far less "neat" a week later when, while strolling the campus with Joan, I watch in horror as Gail Cohen passes by and sneers, "Hello...*Seymour.*"

"One of your fans?" Joan asks coolly, oh so amused. "Or another ex-fan?"

"An embittered student with a beef about a paper," I explain in the lamest possible manner.

"And she calls you 'Seymour?'" the detective says. "Really, Sy?"

"She wanted to write about Upton Sinclair," I continue, "and—"

"And you wanted to fuck her. In fact, you probably did. That's when they feel abused."

"Oh, Jesus Christ, forget it. Just never mind."

"Suit yourself. *Seymour.*"

GUILTY AS CHARGED, Your Honor. But hold it. Here's a pertinent question. *Why do I stay with this woman who torments me? Why do I submit to this mean, est-ed, self-actualizing bitch who thinks*

pulling her own strings means hanging me by the neck until dead? Why do I continue with this castrating cunt, when I could be dancing from flower to flower in a frenzy of happy, healthy pollination? Why? Why why why? What the fuck for, students? (Even my father, most accepting of men, doesn't really like her. "So what's new with the Parker woman," he says without interest. We could be two bored caseworkers discussing a bothersome indigent. And as for my mother... Is that it? I stay with Joan because my mother hates and fears her? Is that the simple explanation? Adolescent rebellion?)

Whatever the explanation, I spend the entire summer sniping with Joan and leching after summer students. With the arrival of a new academic year, I allow the general atmosphere of fresh purpose and autumn resolve to inspire me. I feel I am approaching the point where I will be able to end it with the She-Wolf of the Soc. Dept.

III

What helps me decide to give Joan her walking papers (or to ask her for mine—anything, so long as one of us has papers, and walks) is the appearance in my English 312 class ("Modern American Fiction") of a young lady named Sheila Mammarsein. She is a peasant-plump, big-breasted girl of...what? Twenty? Twenty-one? It doesn't matter. She could be twenty-five, ninety-three, or six. One look at her smooth, open, lovely face; one listen to her soft, Disney-angel voice; one mental image of myself leaping, naked and giggling, into that bonanza of creamy, warm, yielding, nurturing flesh, and I have to excuse myself from class for a moment, run to the vacant classroom next door, and, banging my head against the blackboard, chant, "Gimme gimme gimme gimme, oh, gimme!"

After class—during which I cannot take my eyes off the curly-haired, ample Ms. Mammarsein—I run into lanky, smirking Joan in the hall, waiting for me, sharpening her knives, humming.

"How do you like that milkmaid in your 312?" she asks, no longer even bothering to cloak her jealous inquiries in the mantle of innocent curiosity. No, we are beyond that by now, my interrogator and I. Now we shuffle into the torture room, I lie down, and she proceeds, with grim efficiency, to glue on the electrodes, jab in the nee-

dles, and prepare the machine for tattooing on my back. S. HUNGMAN, PHILANDERING PRICK.

"You really are something," I tell her. "Any woman not thin, high-strung, and constitutionally hysterical like you is a 'milkmaid.'"

"Oh, come on, Sy," she says, one randy sailor to another. "You know you can't wait to get into her pants. Don't give me that outraged innocence crap. Not at this late date."

"You're terrific, Joan," I return. We could be rehearsing a Catskills comedy routine, so automatic is the exchange. "You assume this attitude of sneering cynicism, then wonder why I can't stand to be in your presence for more than three minutes at a time."

"You hypocrite."

"Honey, next to you, that telephone pole is a milkmaid."

"You're a weak, weak man," she says, shifting gears from nasty name-calling to philosophical character evaluation. "You lack even the backbone to admit you're tempted by another woman. My god, are you *that* afraid of me?"

"Afraid of you?" I say, knowing that she knows that I know she's perfectly correct. "No, Joan. The fact is, I feel sorry for you. For a supposedly intelligent, educated, worldly woman at your age—"

Bingo. "You son of a bitch—"

"—at your age, to get edgy and accusatory at the sight of an admittedly very attractive, rather buxom younger woman—"

"Oh, so—"

Two goals; I try for the hat trick. "—Well, Joan, considering how reborn and confident you supposedly were after that ridiculous est 'training'—" Got it. The goalie slumps in dismay, the crowd is on its feet and cheering. "—It all seems just a little pathetic."

I know I've scored because she's nodding her head in a cold, sardonic fury. "Oh, yeah? Oh, really? Well, fuck you, Hungman"

"Fuck you, too, Parker."

continued on page 65

To a Big Woman

Big eyes, big ears and mouth and nose, Big shoes corral enormous toes; These things with your big voice You all too often say; Don't you realize you're perfect From twenty feet away!

—SWG



HEAVY METAL

MUSIC FROM THE MOTION PICTURE

BLACK SABBATH
BLUE OYSTER CULT
CHEAP TRICK
DEVO
DONALD FAGER
DON FELDER
GRAND FUNK RAILROAD
SAMMY HAGAR
JOURNEY
NAZARETH
STEVIE NICKS
RIGGS
TRUST

Even our pet Edaphosaurid seems to like **HEAVY METAL**, music from the motion picture, he just won't let go of it. So buy this double album and rock together with a colossal lineup of established superstars and exciting new artists playing heavy, original songs. Why bother with the lightweights?

Go for the **HEAVY METAL!**

Featuring "Heavy Metal (Takin' A Ride)" by Don Felder.

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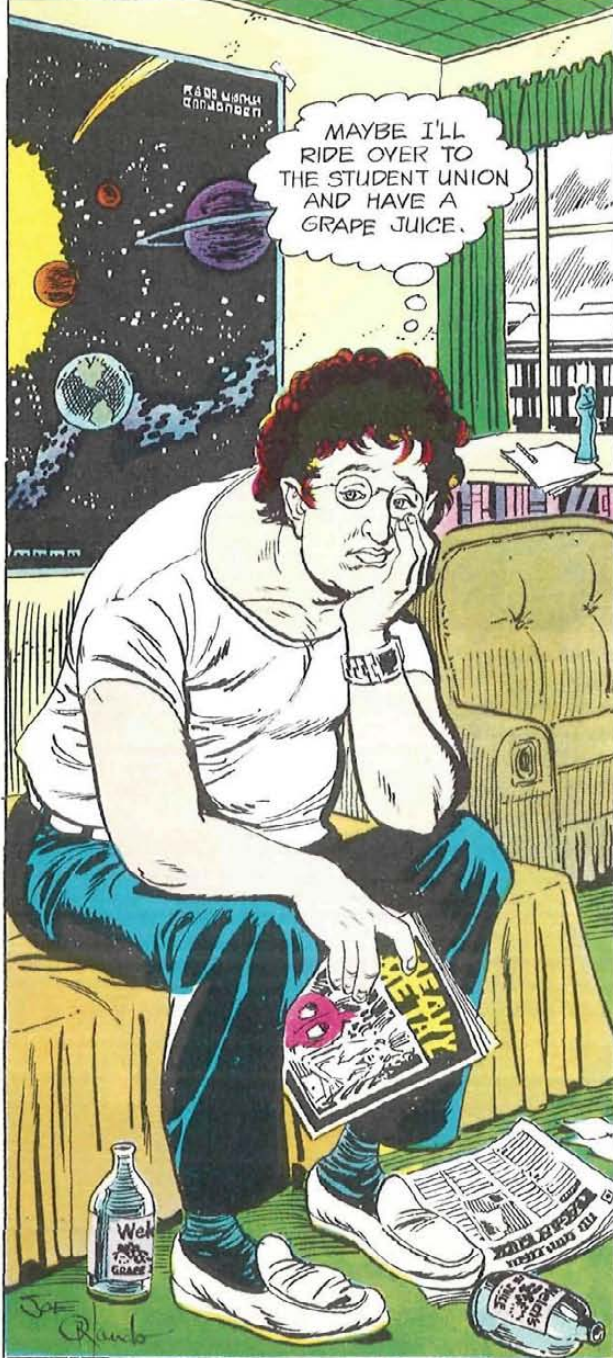
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DORM-DAY SATURDAY

by
TOD
CARROLL

GRAHAM HALL, UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA. RICHARD VAN AKEN IS ALONE. HIS ROOMMATE WENT HOME FOR THE WEEKEND.

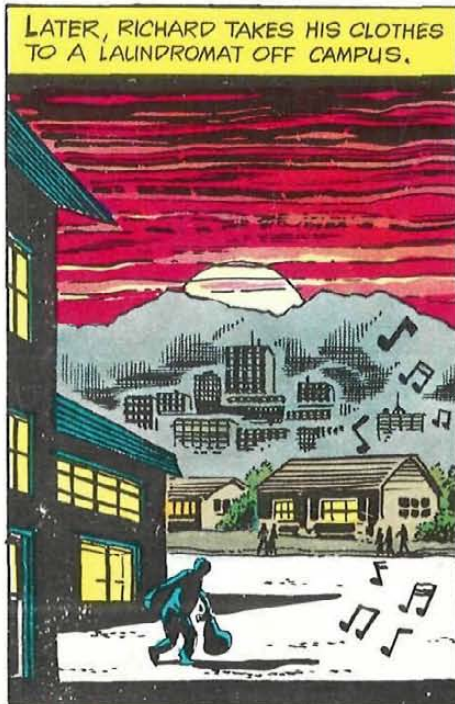
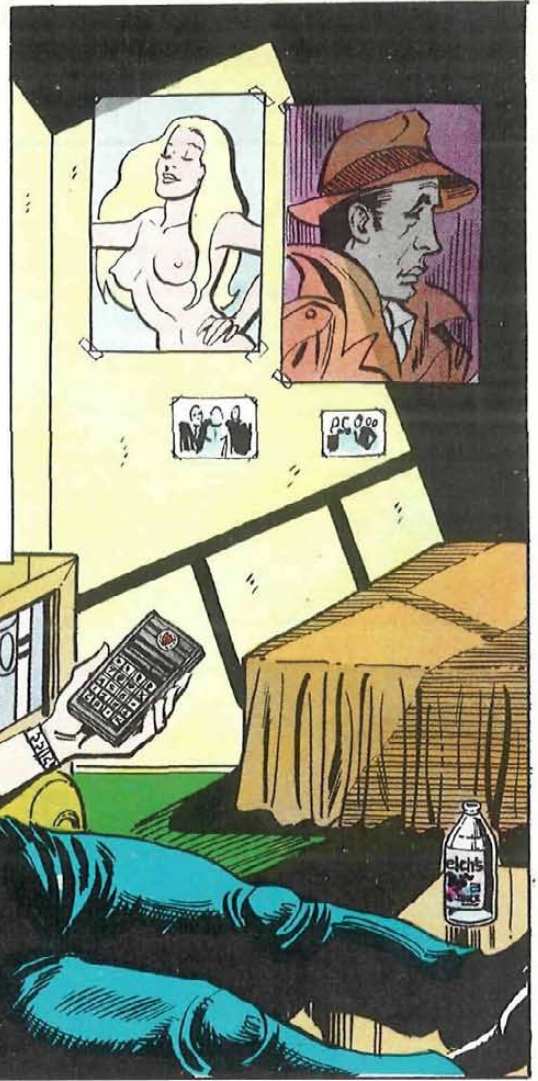


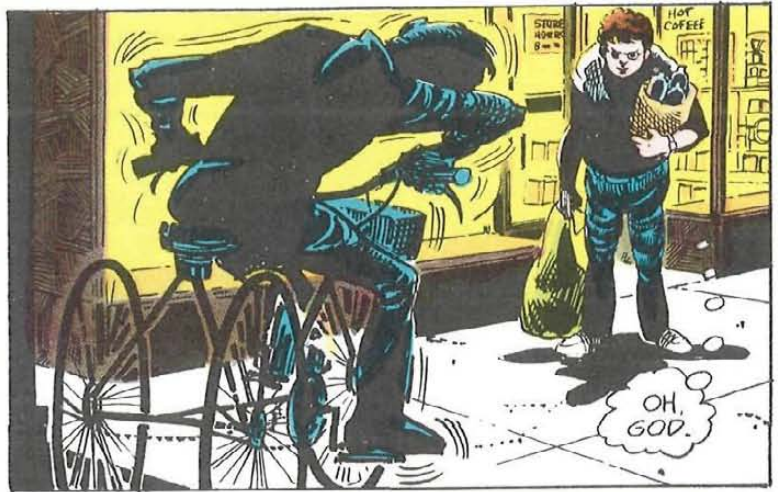
OH, GOD, THE SCLEROSIS GUY. HE'LL WANT TO SIT WITH ME AGAIN. MAYBE I'LL HIDE IN THE BOOKSTORE AND GET MY JUICE LATER.



THESE UNIVERSITY DECALS ARE PRETTY NEAT. I THINK I'LL GET SOME.







BACK IN THE DORM, VAN AKEN'S SCLEROTIC VISITOR ASKS ABOUT HIS GEOLOGY ROCKS.





I'M SORRY IF I CAN'T HEAR YOU, MOM. IT'S BECAUSE I'M RIGHT NEAR A FOOTBALL GAME... SO YOU'LL SEND ME THE BUS TICKET FOR THANKSGIVING?

HOW LONG IS THE RIDE? SIXTY-TWO HOURS? WELL, WE ONLY HAVE A FEW DAYS OFF... I GUESS I WON'T BE ABLE TO SPEND MUCH TIME THERE... OKAY. WHAT?... THEY'RE REALLY YELLING LOUD... I CAN'T HEAR...

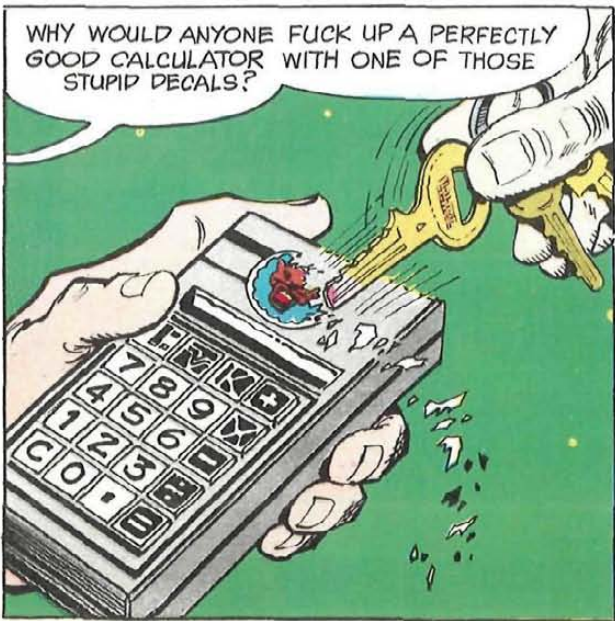


AGAIN, VAN AKEN RETURNS TO THE DORM.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS WHAT HE USED.



WHY WOULD ANYONE FUCK UP A PERFECTLY GOOD CALCULATOR WITH ONE OF THOSE STUPID DECALS?



I DON'T KNOW. THE SAME REASON HE WORE THOSE T-SHIRTS WITH THE BIG NECKS.

I WONDER HOW GOOD THIS THING WOULD BURN.

THE END

HUNGMAN

continued from page 58

"Prick."

"Cunt."

"Little momma's boy faggot."

"Castrating lesbian bitch."

"Asshole."

"Doody-head."

It's a spirited dialogue, and ends as usual: I announce that, somehow, I am better than all this, and simply turn and walk away.

Why? I demand of myself over and over. Why do I get into these degrading scenes with Joan Parker? How did I end up like this? I'm a good, decent person. "Good, decent"? I'm a *New York Review* Personals dream: "SJM, Eng. prof., sensitive, aware, sensual, reasonably attractive, likes books, food, wine, theater, sports. No smoking, pets."

But then what? "Seeks thin, flat, insecure, shrill, spiteful, neurotic Soc. prof. for evenings of calling each other 'asshole' and 'doody-head'?" No; better: "Seeks young, stacked, sweet, sincere, pliant Eng. student for evenings of my regressing into infantile abandon playing with yr. brsts."

Why not? I want that! I want it I want it I want it! And, after this latest storm of self-examination, self-recrimination, and (yes, Dr. G., I know) self-loathing, I resolve I'm going to get it.

IV

I am at home alone that night, reading Celine, when the telephone rings. I assume it is Joan, and stare at the thing, assuming my character in a psychologically comprehensive way that would have impressed Stanislavsky (if depressing Freud), when suddenly I find I've grabbed the phone.

"Hello?"

"Seymour?"

"Oh, Ma. It's you."

"You were expecting maybe Bo Dreck?"

"Derek?"

"Who?"

"It's Bo Derek, Ma."

"Derek, Schmerek. You're so smart. So how are you?"

"I'm fine."

"Herschel," she says to my father, obviously at her elbow, "he says he's fine. Ask him what's the matter."

My father takes the phone. "Sy? Your mother says something's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter, Dad. I'm

fine."

"Ruth, he says he's fine."

My mother takes the phone. "So, Mister Big Shot. You're fine. Did school start today?"

"You know it did, Ma. That's why you called."

"You know everything, excuse me."

To my father she sighs, "He knows everything..."

My father takes the phone. "So you're all right, Sy?"

"I'm fine, Dad."

"So what is your mother talking about, she says something's the matter?"

"I don't know. Ask her."

"Ruth—"

My mother takes the phone. "Listen, Seymour, tell me: Are you still seeing what's her name? The shiksa?"

"Ruth—" my father protests.

"Joan," I say. "Joan Parker."

"This is a nice girl, this 'Joan Parker'..." She makes it sound like an alias.

"She's very nice."

"Uh huh..." she says in a tone that communicates, wordlessly, "My son is insane, lives in a world of delusion, and nothing we do or say is able to

drag him back to reality."

My father takes the phone. "Sy, what is it—is there some kind of trouble with this Parker girl?"

"No, Dad, no trouble. Everything's fine."

"So everything's fine, then."

My mother takes the phone. "Listen, Seymour, I wanted to tell you: Aunt Mitzi and Uncle Bunky's son Stephen is getting married, Aunt Dotsy told Uncle Shecky and he told your cousin Jeffrey at *shul* last week, to that nice girl from Butsy Cravitz's law office, what's her name, Greenblattberg, Esther Greenblattberg, her mother is in the Mizrachi with Essie Persky and Hadassah with Tante Shirley, my cousin Pearl knows the father, Izzy—"

"Ma—"

"—said to me at the A&P last week, she was buying the herring for after Yom Kippur, 'Ruth, when is Seymour going to get married so we can all make a nice wedding and give you grandchildren?' I said, Pearl, I don't know, of course, because Seymour has always been his own person, he does what he wants to do! He's always been

continued

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HUNGMAN

continued

that way and he always will be. Pearl said to me, 'Ruthie, tell me something. Is he still running around with that what's her name, the sociology woman from college?' So of course I had to tell her the truth, that you are still seeing this Parker woman... unless you've found someone else, Seymour?"

"No, Ma. How are you?"

"Me? I'm fine. Your father is fine. Have you spoken to Michelle?"

"Not since last week."

"She is your sister, Seymour. You should speak to your sister."

"I do, Ma. I will!"

My father takes the phone. "So you're okay, Sy?"

"I'm fine, Dad. Thanks for calling."

"Yeah, sure. As long as everything's okay."

My mother takes the phone. "So when are you coming home for Rosh Hashanah, Seymour?"

"I can't, Ma. I have work to do here."

Dead silence. Then, "All right, have a nice day. Good-bye."

She does not hang up.

"Hello? Ma?"

"Happy New Year, son. Good-bye."

"The world does not shut down for Rosh Hashanah, Ma?"

"That's all right, spend Rosh Hashanah with your little girl friend. I understand."

"God damn it, Ma—"

"Please don't curse at me, Seymour."

I am still your mother."

My father takes the phone. "You're cursing at your mother?"

"Dad, I'm only trying to tell her—"

"Sy... you're sure nothing's the matter?"

"I'm fine, Dad. I just can't come home for Rosh Hashanah, that's all. I have two committee meetings that week and fifteen papers to grade. I'm sorry. Look, I'll try to make it home for Yom Kippur, all right?"

He turns to my mother. "He says he's busy for Rosh Hashanah but he'll be here for Yom Kippur."

My mother takes the phone. "Listen, Seymour... I don't want to tell you what to do... but I don't think it would be a good idea to bring this Parker woman home for Yom Kippur."

"I agree, Ma."

"You know how your father gets when he fasts all day."

"Ma—"

"Besides, you men will be in *shul*, so what is there to do for a shiksa sociology teacher here?"

"Ma, do you really think I want to bring my girl friend to your house for the Day of Atonement?"

"All right, you're very funny. We'll talk to you next week."

Finally they hang up, and I am left with that foul, sick, enraged, guilty feeling that invariably follows their

calls. Guilty? *Moi?* (*Nu?* I'm surprised?) I accuse myself of requiring their *permission* to see Joan—a point made incessantly, sneeringly, by Joan herself. Yet "Joan herself" is a woman I can't abide anymore and wish to break up with! So *who cares* what points she makes incessantly sneeringly? But the thought of breaking up with Joan triggers another onslaught of guilt. *Why?* Because I done her wrong? Because she's "better" than me? Or is it because in breaking up with her I am (oh, forgive me, Dr. Grosskopf! Dr. Freud! Dr. Spock!) *yielding to my mother?* And yet! The thought of reconciling with Joan makes me uneasy and afraid and gloomy and miserable. Because my mother disapproves of her? Or because I have come to feel that Joan is, in fact, a vicious harri-dan? Because I disapprove of her—no matter how much I sometimes disapprove of my mother?

In a flash I see that there is but one solution: I must fuck Sheila Mammarmstein.

V

Two days pass, a period during which Joan and I actively do not speak to each other, pointedly refrain from phoning each other, and somehow manage to navigate the campus without encountering each other. I cross the quad in a state of fear: it has escaped my memory that our last bitter exchange began with her unpleasant remark about the "milkmaid," and I now feel entirely responsible for this tension.

"But *she's* to blame!" I remind myself via the nods and grunts of Dr. Grosskopf. "I'm being reasonable and sane. That woman is a witch."

"Then leave her, if that's what you want," he says.

"I don't know what I want. I don't know *what* to want."

"Want what you want," he says, for sixty dollars.

Want what you want. If only it were that easy. But isn't it? It is when it comes to wanting to fuck Sheila Mammarmstein. But how dare I? I'm the teacher! She's the student! I'm the Grand Inquisitor! She's the supplicant! I am older, wiser, and looked to for guidance. She is younger, less wise, and looks to me for guidance!

How dare I? "How dare I?" *How can I resist?!*

I'll do it! No, I won't. Yes, I will! No,

continued on page 71



SECRETARIAL

SCHOOL

Reunion

BY PHYLLIS SNAPPER

Dear Maureen,

What a fun reunion! You wouldn't have thought that after just one year all the graduates of Mrs. Hilda's Secretarial School would have changed so much. They've even changed the name of the school to Mrs. Hilda's Business College.

I didn't tell anyone that you couldn't come because Vinnie beat you up again. I just let on that you had a painful yeast infection that made it impossible for you to get far from warm damp clothes. Incidentally, I don't suppose Vinnie has got a job or anything? I don't know about you, but I'm beginning to think that even if he really does have that bad lower back pain that he's always talking about, he could get a job where you lie down a lot—like changing oil or something.

I collected your door prize for you and will send it along later. It is a really cute sign for your desk that says "You don't have to be crazy to work here . . . but it helps!" I got one that says "When you're up to your a- in

alligators, it's hard to remember that the initial objective was to drain the swamp!"

Jeez-us! Mr. Davenport just came by and gave me a really dirty look. Just because I'm sitting here and typing this letter to you. It just so happens that it is my lunch hour and I can type anything that I want.

Well, back to the reunion. Wendy (you remember her? *Weasel Wendy!*) is working at a *glue company*. She says, "The pay is lousy, but at least you have the satisfaction of killing horses!" What a scream!

Sally, the girl who had only one leg and went to classes only on the first floor, is dead. According to the six-o'clock news, she shot herself in the

head, says Martine Lopez. Martine, who as you will remember did not graduate, says she has married an actor. He is, however, a short actor with a funny haircut and can be seen weekdays on "Sneak Through Life" on most TVs.

Huh! Davenport just walked by again. "You've got mustard smeared all over your face," he says to me. What right does he have to look at my face, anyway, as long as I do my job? I bet he'd like it if I called him Your Holiness and let him rip my clothes and buy 'ludes from me. Anyway...

Hey, some of the girls were telling me about these great new products they're coming out with. There is some kind of electron machine that

has the only key to the meter, I couldn't run my letter through, so I just stood around and talked with the guy who was fixing the Addressograph. He was real cute, and he let me wear his Sony Walkman, which was fantastic. The sound is just like being in a living room with a stereo. Judy from accounting came in while we were dancing, to get a long-arm stapler and some of last year's quarterlies. Luckily by that time we weren't doing anything but hugging behind the return files. She's so nosy. Anyway, it was my coffee break, or it should have been, because I missed my coffee break the day before, doing my invoicing for June.

"What are you two doing?" she says.

I'm about to tell her it's none of her business, when Jimmy, the Address-

Martine's TV actor seems pretty obviously attracted to me.

ograph repairman, says, "If you're that curious, why don't you stick around and find out; she was just leaving," and he shoves me to the door.

"Yeah, why don't you," I said, "if you really want to know..." Judy gave me a real dirty look, but I just walked out.

Where was I? Oh, yeah. So Laurie is back at the Telex, typing the codes I gave her, but she got all mixed up and used the area code for Lausanne to transmit to Tokyo. When I walk past, she's holding up an answer from Tokyo. It's hilarious if it wasn't so sad. The message she had sent read:

Herr Kogh
Lumpen Gesellkraft AG
Lausanne, Switz

Your payment to cover shipping and merchandise arrived Thursday the 3d. As agreed, the hoods and gaskets for the multineedle quilting machines are being shipped prepaid to Marseilles by Blue Star Freight. Invoice 345-987D. They will arrive on or about the 13th of this month. Best of luck and we hope to do business with you soon. Please do not hesitate to contact us in the event of any difficulties.

D.K. Stringbass
Sureswell Industries, Inc.

Hilarious, right?! Well, guess where

she sent it to?! Japan, that's all! Just Japan! Those crazy Japanese must not have known what the boom she was talking about! So guess what we get back from Japan. Just guess!

D.K. Stringbass
Sureswell Industries

Dear Sir:

Your Telex operator must have made a mistake, and a big one! Not only did we not order machine

It's so funny I just can't help laughing and laughing, and pretty soon a lot of people are gathered 'round and some of them are laughing and some of them are going, "So what?" as if it doesn't matter. Well, it just so happens that old Mr. Dickenson, the chairman of the firm, is coming out of his private washroom and sees the crowd. He's really got a bad temper, so everyone takes one look at him and goes back to work. Except me. I pretend to



parts, but we are a small radio station in Japan, located halfway 'round the world from Switzerland, where your message was properly destined! What a funny mistake! We have put it on our news and hope you don't mind, as it will lighten people's feelings.

Fongu Toyboat
KGB-I
Tokyo, Japan

be helping Laurie with her runny mascara, so I can see what's going to happen.

"What's going on?" he says to Laurie, who's really crying.

"She's really upset, sir. From being emotional, I guess." He glowered at me with his eyes. "She's going through her period, sir. I'm lending her Kleenex..." I said haltingly.

"What's wrong, young lady?" he demanded.

"Sir, I said I knew how to use a Telex TFK with a disk memory, and I really didn't, and I got mixed up, what with all the different codes for retrieval and answer backs and country codes and signatures, and I just..." She began to shake and sob huskily. "I just made a mistake and sent an order confirmation to Japan instead of Switzerland, and a radio station got it instead, and now it's a big joke to everyone in Japan..." She sobs again. "All I wanted to do was help out, so the company wouldn't have to hire a temp while Julie's out, and I've gone and made a great big mess. I wish I was dead..." It was so pathetic, I didn't know whether to laugh or throw up.

"Go back and play with your desk," says Old Man Dickenson to me, and I knew right then he'd fallen for that phony routine. The next day I hear she's been made his executive secretary, and do you think she even thanks me? If it wasn't for me, she would never have got an outside international on the Telex at all. Anyway, I've heard that when he orders coffee

in the morning, he orders two or three and he gives one to her. We all know what that means...

Do you remember Imogene Placenta? That older-type woman who never said much and had a tiny small little mustache that you could barely see? Well, she told me that being not too good-looking and fairly old was a real advantage in business. She says that good looks might get you promoted but bad looks will help you keep your job.

Do you remember Letitia Air, the one who was not too bright? Who could, uh, uh, uh, forget? She is working for a mail-order king. "I don't know why they are called mail-order kings," she says. "Most of them are Jewish, and they haven't had any kings since way back in the Bible, like Jesus, who is the king of the Jews." Letitia's boss's name is Mr. Garth Stealstein, and she says he is really nice, although his wife, Mrs. Stealstein, is a bitch and very suspicious and calls her a meat garage, which she considers an insult. She says that the worst part of the job is answering the phone, as many cus-

tomers of the mail-order business are so very vulgar... apparently they always give the first ten customers to complain their money back, regardless of whether they were cheated or not.

Well, I guess that's about all there is to say, Mo. I have enclosed a couple of photos of the reunion for you. I hope you like them. You can send the money for the prints to my office. Let's get together soon, okay?!

Yours,
Phyllis Snapper

P.S. Do you remember Maria Crass, the one who was a bit bull dikey and was always giving you those cutaway-crotch undergear? Well, it seems that although she is still a secretary in the daytime, she is becoming a creative writer—possibly for TV's "Saturday Night Live" show, if it is revived and is not sexist. Anyway, I bet I can write better than her. Look at this story I started, and tell me what you think... This is just a draft, of course. I'm thinking of sending it to *Mademoiselle* if I can get a better ending.

YOU'RE NOT THE BOSS OF ME (c) 1981

FICTION

BY DIANE RHEA

Every morning he walked in at five minutes past late. He swaggered like a drunk scarecrow, she thought. But what could she say? He was the chairman of the board and chief executive officer of a major American marketing company called Lever Brothers. Last year the company had grossed over 2.8 billion dollars. It galled Maria. She knew that it could have been more.

"Good morning, Maria," he said. "Are there any messages?"

He said it in his "Good morning, Maria" way. Messages?

"No," she said, burning with anger. You ask for messages? Why, she thought, if I were running this company, we would be grossing 3.9 billion dollars a year easily. Messages, she thought, yes, I have messages. Not for you, though, for the stockholders. Maybe even for the SEC. Her hand shook as she snapped open her compact. Why not the SEC? Dabbing the beige powder around her eyes, she curtly dismissed the thought. The SEC would never believe me. Why should they take my word against his? After all, I'm just a "secretary" and he is the president of the country's largest nonluxury consumer product manufacturing concern, not to mention being chairman of the board, as well as chief executive officer. If I went up against him, he could fire me tomorrow and I could lose my job. No, thought Maria, I will bide my time.

continued on page 94

I must not. I must not, but I will anyway! Yes, no, yes, no, I don't care. I want to!

Sheila Mammarrstein arrives, unbidden, at my office in the basement of the English building. I quickly usher her out of the glare of the fluorescent lights and the gloom of the concrete blocks that line the corridor, and into my pleasant, warm, book-lined chambers.

"How are you, Sheila?" I ask.

"I'm fine, Dr. Hungman." Her smile is genuine, her pleasantness unforced. Her breasts are, if possible, bigger than when I remember last seeing them. *Do you see these, Joan? Read 'em and weep!*

"It's a real pleasure to finally get to meet you," the teacher says, forcing a smile of his own. "You're...what? A senior?"

No such luck. "A junior."

"Ah. And your major?..."

"Sociology."

Score one for the enemy. "Oho. So, tell me, how do you like the class?"

"Well, there's a problem," she says, the dear, shifting in the chair and showing a flash of thigh. "Most of the other students seem to know a lot more than me about literature. But that's all right. I mean, they're almost all English majors."

Yes, but they don't almost all have cleavage I want to shout down to hear my own echo bouncing happily back. "Yes, they are," I say. Then, smoothly, "You know, Sheila, if you ever have any questions, or need any help, I'd be glad to be of service. I know how nasty a bunch of English majors can be."

What on earth do I mean by that? Is this *Lord of the Flies*? It doesn't matter. Nothing matters. The heat of her body reaches me across the three feet that separates us.

"In fact," I continue, shamelessly, "when I say I'd like to get to know you, I mean help you, I mean...well, in other ways than simply as a student."

"Dr. Hungman, I really—"

"Call me Sy. I know, I know: it's a little unusual. Of course, if it makes you uncomfortable... I just thought we might have dinner together some time. That's all." Now there is no stopping me. "When you've taught a number of classes over the years, you learn to recognize the kind of student who

continued on page 85



For a booklet on the history of our town and our hollow, just write us

MR. TOODLER BRANCH is the one and only landmark in Lynchburg, Tennessee, that the government doesn't know about.

Our courthouse on the town square dates back to 1885. Our jail pre-dates that. And our distillery, where smooth-sippin' whiskey has been made since Jack Daniel settled here in 1866, is registered as America's oldest. Recently, the United States Government named all these places National Historic Sites. And if they ever saw Toodler, we bet they'd name him one too.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROPS
BY DROP

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

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

O.C. AND STIGGS

continued from page 53

from Libya fell into a gorge and were carried off to a hospital. It was great how it happened. As you walk out of the town toward the Matterhorn you run into all these rivers and waterfalls that cut through solid formations of rock. Some of the gorges are about a hundred feet deep, and one has a catwalk for tourists that's nailed right into its side. So we pay a franc to walk on the fucker and we find out it's just these loose planks resting on metal brackets, like a fucking thousand-foot-long bookshelf. That made it real easy to move the end of one of the boards so that it's barely touching the supports, which we did, before going back to the group and telling them how much fucking exhilaration and excitement we got from the spectacular surging gray waters and angular stone cliffs that were easily worth risking death to see. The entire collection of assholes paid their franc; however, only four of them were on the board when it gave way. Stiggs said he supposed Uta had some kind of a mental setback after having to fuck

with getting the kids to the hospital and deal with the head office for about the fiftieth major catastrophe so far in the semester. So she got wasted at dinner in this fondue cellar near the train station, which is where Stiggs spotted her coming out the door and offered to walk her home. This was a first-rate example of my technique for jolting cracks with sudden, unexpected blasts of sensitivity that daze their minds just long enough to ram in the love-loaf and bolt, and it worked like a charm. After a half hour of sensitive strolling and conversation, Uta and Stiggs end up back near the train station, where Uta grabs his unit and the two of them slither into a horse-drawn baggage wagon and start humping like dogs. It was great. Stiggs said later that she was wearing some shiny kind of undergarment like a leotard that had a crotch you could unsnap for easy access. He figured the snaps were a special convenience designed for outdoor fucking, which is how I knew when I finally got Maté's clothes off about a week later, and saw that she didn't have any snaps, that she wasn't interested in the pork al fresco, and it

gave me an opportunity to totally dazzle her with my sensitive and chivalrous insistence on finding a proper place to slam it to her indoors. Cracks of all lands go crazy when they think you sense all their phobias and needs and shit, even Basque girls with an anti-fuck phobia the size of an elephant.

We were in Spiez when I actually put it to Maté—this bullshit little harbor village on Lake Thun. She had some type of emotional explosion carrier that day when Herr Strohl started blithering a twenty-minute declamation on Erasmus or some other tangential fucker in the middle of the German lesson, which Maté apparently resented because she happened to be one of those inconceivable zealots who insist on getting the absolute full measure out of their education. She told Strohl that his fucking silly wanderings and reveries were insufferable, and then stormed out of the room in an academic snit. I followed her to the train station and then on the train to Spiez, where I caught up with her near the quay and gave her this magnificent nugget of shit about facing problems rather than running away from them. I told her that the mind is like a treasure chest. Open, it can be filled with the brightest knowledge in the world; but when it's closed, the knowledge bounces off the top of the chest and rolls onto the dirt. I told her to open her chest of knowledge, and that I would help her. About an hour later, I separated her blouse in a grove of trees behind this tiny, white-steeped church and examined her tits and the nonoutdoor mien of her underpants prior to the three-block walk to the hotel and a pork-orama supreme.

I would like to have duplicated this on a regular, maybe two- or three-a-day schedule, but Stiggs sailed a desk into Herr Strohl's head the next day and suddenly the immunity of three thousand dollars in tuition squirted out of a three-inch gash in the guy's forehead and we were expelled. The trouble began when Strohl found out about the wagon fuck in Zermatt, and Stiggs figured his best defense was an appalled, affronted hurricane of denials and epithets and excoriations about honor among men, which he decided to punctuate with a knightly glove across the face, the glove naturally being a figure of speech for a fucking sixty-pound metal desk.

In the meantime, one of the dick-

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"Everything is spotless, Mr. McCourt. I'm giving you a clean bill of health."



SHUTS

REMEMBER HOW ALL KIDS LIKED TO BUILD THINGS UP WHENEVER POSSIBLE SO AS TO MAKE LIFE MORE EXCITING, SO IT SOMETIMES SLIPPED THEIR MIND THAT LIFE COULD BE PRETTY EXCITING ALL BY ITSELF?

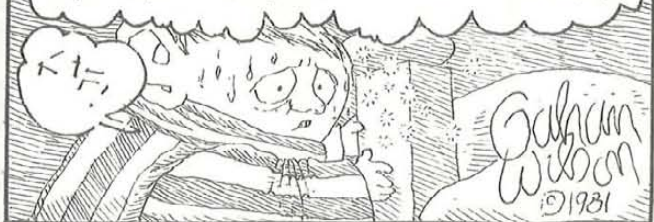
KAF! KAF! BOY-I REALLY FEEL ROTTEN! THIS IS GOING TO PUT ME IN BED FOR KAF! SURE! WHATA GREAT BREAK! THERE'S NO WAY I CAN GIVE THAT HISTORY REPORT FOR MISS SPATE TOMORROW!



IF YOU FELT THAT BAD YOU SHOULD HAVE ASKED FOR AN EXCUSE FROM THE NURSE AND COME HOME FROM SCHOOL!



WAIT A MINUTE--I DON'T LIKE THIS! I DAMN NEAR FELL ON THE FLOOR COMING FROM THE BATHROOM! I HOPE THIS ISN'T REALLY SOMETHING SERIOUS!



I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE A VERY SICK BOY HERE. VERY SICK. WE'LL HAVE TO CALL SMITH'S AMBULANCE SERVICE!



THAT'S OK, KID--JUST RELAX. GOT HIM ALL STRAPPED TO THE STRETCHER, ARNIE? BREATHE THROUGH THIS, KID.



Deirdre Callahan: a biography

OO-LA-LA (THE OCTOBER OVERT LIBERATION ARMY OF LOS ANGELES) IS THREATENING TO EXHIBIT DEIRDRE ON TELEVISION VIA A SECRET MICROWAVE TRANSMITTER! HER DEPRESSING UGLINESS WILL INDUCE 12 MILLION MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN TO COMMIT SUICIDE!

MAJOR ERNESTO OF OO-LA-LA IS ON THE TELEPHONE WITH A WHITE HOUSE AIDE...



ATTENTION, ATTENTION! THIS IS FIELD MARSHAL ERNESTO OF OO-LA-LA SPEAKING! LOOK AT THE SCREEN OF YOUR TV SET...



YOU ARE NOW SEEING A CHILD SO INCREDIBLY UGLY THAT MILLIONS OF YOU WILL BECOME SO DEPRESSED THAT YOU WILL DESTROY YOURSELVES! MILLIONS MORE WILL HAVE THE CORNEAS OF YOUR EYES BURNED OUT BY HER HIDEOUS IMAGE. I HAD HOPED TO AVOID THIS COURSE OF ACTION, BUT YOUR



THAT'S RIGHT! A CAMERA FUNCTIONS LIKE AN EYE AND IT TOO IS BURNING UP! OO-LA-LA'S EVIL PLAN IS FOILED THANKS TO STODDY WHO WRITES THIS EXCITING STORY. CONTINUED

Aunt Mary's KITCHEN

M.K. BROWN ©1981

OK. TODAY WE'RE MAKING BEARNAISE SAUCE

IF I CAN JUST GET THIS BUTTER UNWRAPPED

THE LAST THING I NEED TO BE MAKING TODAY IS BEARNAISE SAUCE

MELT 3/4 C. BUTTER IN A SAUCEPAN

MY BROTHER LEO HAS LEFT THE HOSPITAL - THE "DOCTORS" DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS...

PROBABLY ON HIS WAY HOME

I FIRST MADE THIS SAUCE IN MATTITUCK, LONG ISLAND

THERE WERE COWS THERE THEN AND LONG HOT SANDY BEACHES

BUT EVEN SO, I ALWAYS HAD A NICE TIME

SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR

NO THANK YOU - I ALREADY HAVE A RELIGION

WELL - NOW THE BUTTER IS BURNT - SO MUCH FOR BEARNAISE SAUCE TODAY!

I SHOULD HAVE TOLD THOSE PEOPLE TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR LEO ALONG THEIR WAY

NEXT MONTH: HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

POLITENESSMAN

3A.M. - THE STRIDENT RING OF HER TELEPHONE ROUSES A YOUNG LADY FROM SLUMBER...

STRIDENT RING!

OH, GOD! I HOPE IT'S NOT HIM AGAIN!

OH, BABY... PANT... PANT... PANT... PANT...

YOU LOUSY PERVERT!

BUT SUDDENLY, POLITENESSMAN'S STEEL HANKY FINDS ITS MARK!

BONG!

OH, BABY... PANT... PANT...

YOUNG LADY, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO DATE A FELLOW, BE SENSITIVE TO HIS FEELINGS... TELL HIM YOU'RE BUSY, BUT REMEMBER, IF YOU'RE WAITING FOR MISTER RIGHT TO CALL...

I... WANT... WANT... WANT...

YOU MAY SPEND A LOT OF TIME ALONE.

PANT... PANT... WANT... PANT... TO... COME!

NEXT EVENING -

GOSH, THIS IS FUN! I'M SURE GLAD WE FINALLY GOT TOGETHER!

CLUB PARITZ

LOOK, MOMMY! THAT MAN HAS HIS PEE-PEE OUT!

PANT... PANT...

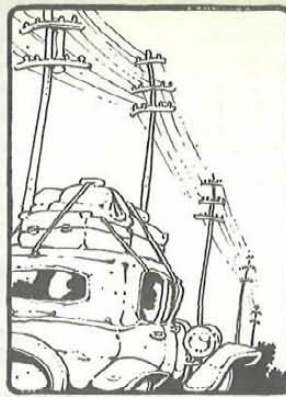
WHEN LEAVING A BUS, SHOW OLD FOLKS YOUR LOVE, BY HELPING THEM OFF, BUT NOT WITH A SHOVE! THANK YOU.

MY Transgression

RICK GEARY
©1981



HERE IS HOW I CAME TO BE
A MURDERESS:



LAST YEAR MY HUSBAND, BILL,
AND I PACKED UP EVERYTHING
AND MOVED OUT TO LONG ISLAND.



BILL, AT THAT TIME, WORKED IN
UPHOLSTERY. HE AND I HAD
LONG CEASED INTIMATE RELATIONS.



AT AN AMERICAN LEGION DANCE, WE
MET REX BAUGH AND HIS WIFE,
NEVA, AND BECAME FAST FRIENDS.



REX, AN IRRESISTIBLE RACONTEUR,
EXERTED A STRANGE POWER
OVER ME FROM THE FIRST MOMENT.



BEFORE LONG, THE FOUR OF US,
PLUS OUR CHILDREN, MOVED INTO
THIS HOUSE IN BALDWIN,



WITH JUST THREE ROOMS FOR NINE
FOLKS, QUARTERS WERE
CLOSE, TO SAY THE LEAST.



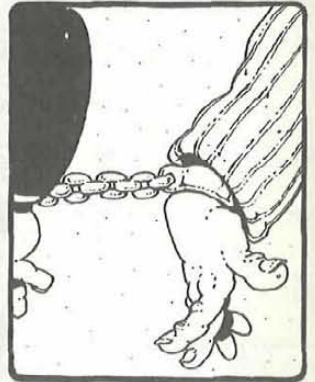
REX AND I OFTEN SHARED
SECRET ENCOUNTERS WHEN OUR
SPOUSES WERE OUT.



BUT NEVA WAS A SUSPICIOUS AND
HATEFUL WOMAN, AND SHE SPOKE
ILL OF US ALL OVER TOWN.



SO ONE NIGHT REX HAD ME
PUT SOME 'ROUGA-ON-RATS'
POWDER IN HER MILK.



UPON OUR ARREST, HE DECLARED
HIS INNOCENCE, CLAIMING I HAD
BEEN TOTALLY RESPONSIBLE.



OUR TRIAL WAS ATTENDED DAILY
BY THE PRESS FROM A FIVE-
STATE AREA.



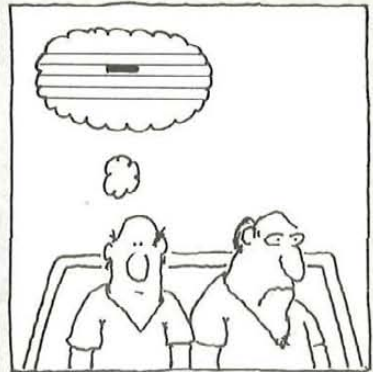
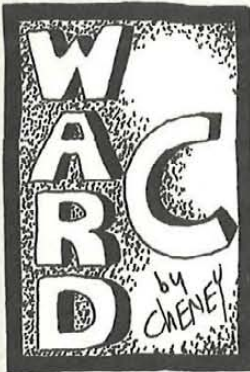
I TOLD MY TRUE STORY AS I KNEW
IT, BUT THE PROSECUTOR BECAME
HYSTERICAL AND TWISTED MY WORDS.



REX HAS CHANGED SO MUCH,
I FEEL NO MORE AFFECTION FOR
HIM WHATEVER.



IT HARDLY MATTERS NOW ANYWAY...



FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 2-D

DESERT ISLANDS

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!



LEARN TO DRAW DESERT ISLANDS BY STUDYING FIGS. 1 & 2 CAREFULLY.



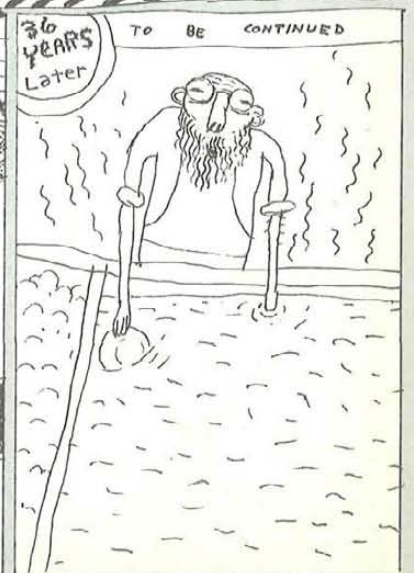
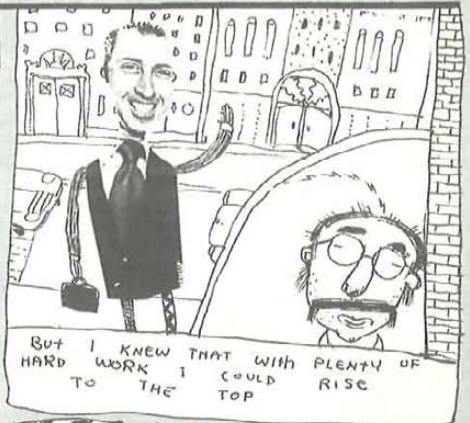
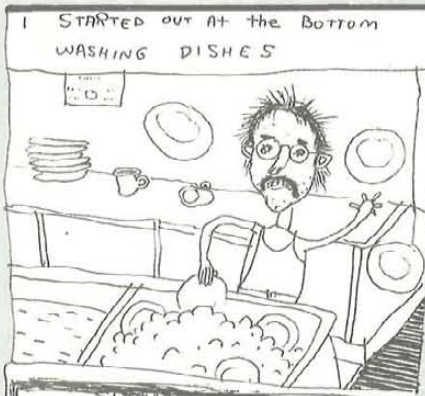
FIG. 1 RIGHT



FIG. 2 WRONG

NEW WAVE COMICS

MARK MARK



THE RABBIT BOY

By
Len Glasser
© 1981

CHAPTER FOUR: THE STUPIDER

BERT HAS BEEN "DISCOVERED" BY A BENEFACTOR WHILE BEING INCARCERATED AS A PATIENT IN A MENTAL HOSPITAL. MRS. STANFIELD, BELIEVING HER PROTEGE TO BE A GENIUS, HAS HIM RELEASED INTO HER CUSTODY. HER HOPES DIM AS "THE RABBIT BOY" SHOWS NONE OF THE BRILLIANCE AS A PAINTER AND PHILOSOPHER THAT SHE HAD ANTICIPATED. SHE SUMMONS HER PERSONAL PHYSICIAN TO EXAMINE THE BOY.



THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family

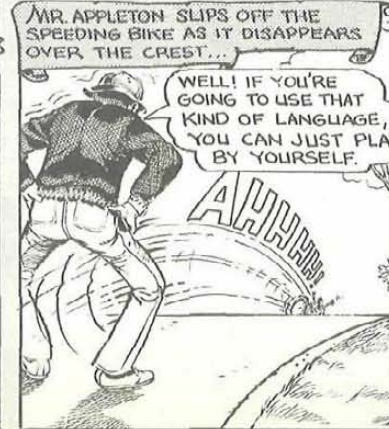
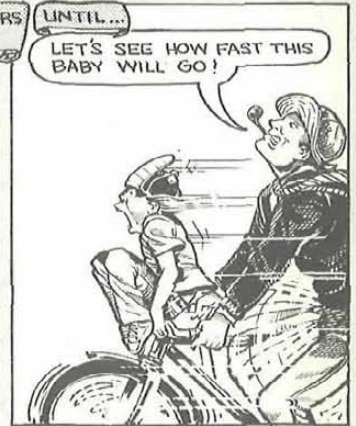
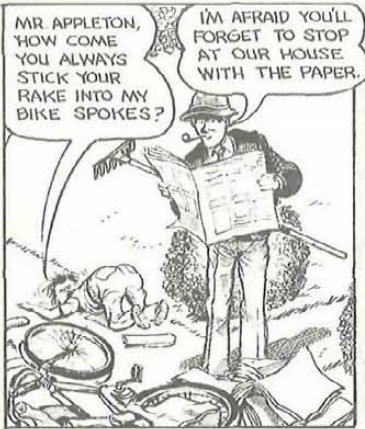


by B.K. Taylor

IT'S A BRIGHT AND SUNNY DAY IN GREENDALE, AS THE PAPER BOY APPROACHES THE APPLETON HOME.



WHEN...

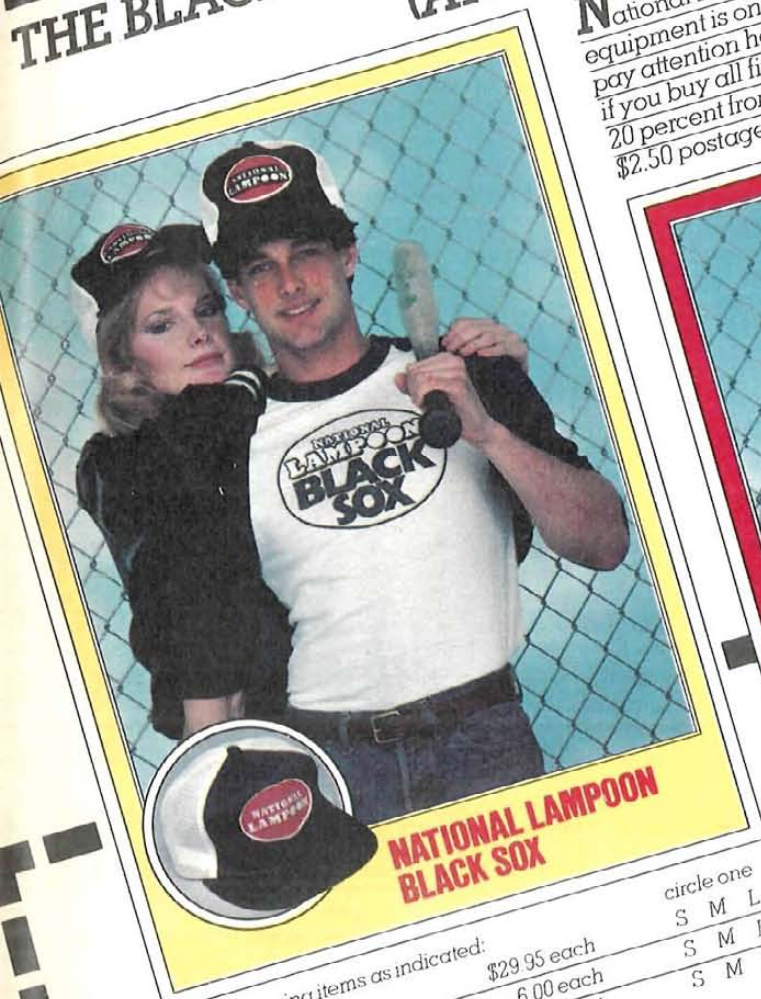


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S M L
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Color _____

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"Show Us Your Husband

The editors, judges, and chairman of the board of National Lampoon Inc. congratulate the winners and offer sincere thanks to the many hundreds of readers who so graciously mailed in photographs of their loved ones' naked rear ends. While we would like to honor every single participant, we are limited by economics and common decency to selecting the seven most outstanding examples. We regret that we cannot return any of the photographs, as we are saving them in the event that one of them may belong to a future political aspirant or nationally renowned cleric.



The men of the United States Antarctic Research Program, Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station, Antarctica. [From left to right] Randy, equipment operator; Rowdy, plumber foreman; Oz, power-plant mechanic; Joey, field assistant; Jimbo, plumber; Thumper, field assistant; Dennis, carpenter; Tom, carpenter; Dennis, electrician; Harold, carpenter foreman; Tony, electrician; Art, garage manager; Brian, field assistant. Submitted by Mary H. and Lorri E

Presents the Winners of the
and's Butt™ Contest



RUNNER-UP AND MAURICE "ROCKET" RICHARD JUDGES TROPHY WINNER

Moose is from New Orleans, and according to his girl friend, Allison K., "Moose is the only professional hockey player in Louisiana. He skates across the bayous wearing pontoons on his feet. Instead of a puck, he uses alligator eggs."



SECOND RUNNER-UP ANDY KAUFMAN CUP WINNER

Pat is a sign builder whose hobbies are carpentry and gardening. He lists as his interests homesteading, soft-tech, raising small livestock, and surviving the Reagan administration! His photo was taken by Sandy. Our second runner-up hails from Monroe, Oregon.



BEST BACKGROUND, BIGGEST CACTUS AWARD

Mickey is a stunt man, a male model, and a dancer. He enjoys chasing women and charming snakes. Mickey is from Lomita, California. We thank Kathy M. for her photo.



BEST FOREIGN FANNY, BRITISH COMMONWEALTH DIVISION

This is how they look Down Under. Ray is self-employed and enjoys modeling and photography. Bellingen, New South Wales, Australia, is home for Ray and his wife, Sally.



JACK WEBB JUDGES AWARD

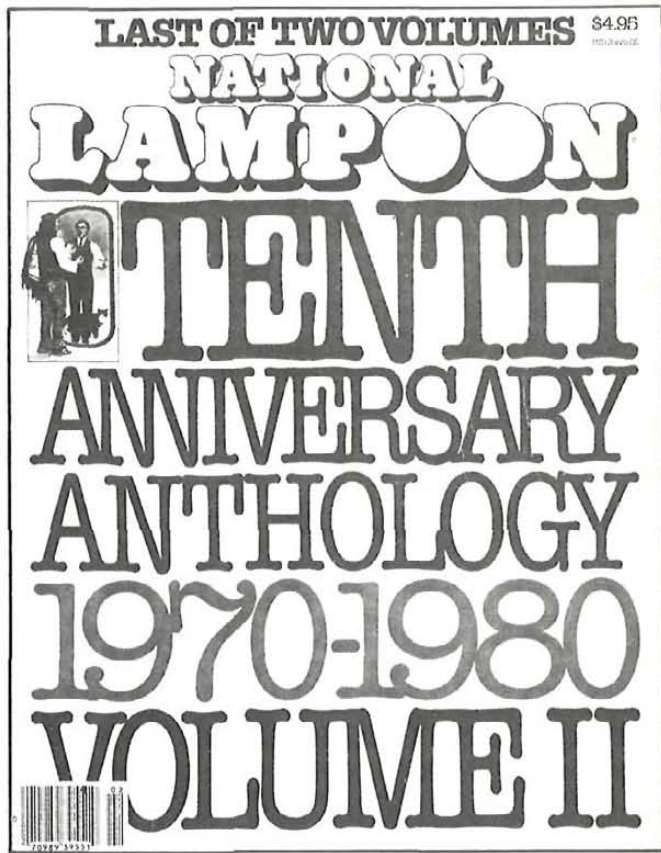
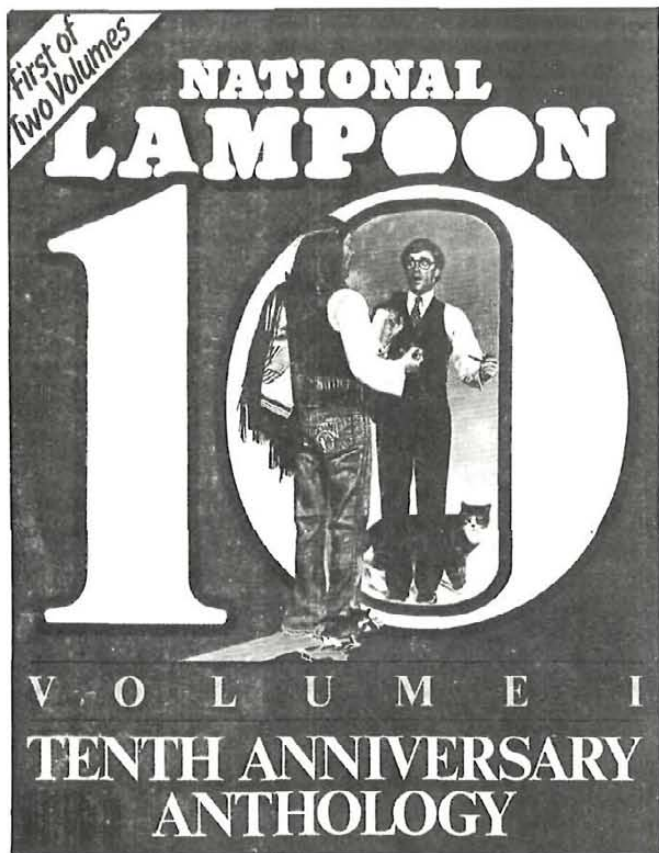
Richie is a member of the New York City police force. When he's not protecting the citizens and property of America's largest city, Richie enjoys cooking, furniture refinishing, parenting, and stained-glass crafting. The photo was submitted by Jan.



BEST SPORT, BEST SUIT, BIGGEST UNDERPANTS

Matt is an inspection and compliance engineer with the National Railroad Passenger Corporation in Philadelphia. He is proud of his remarkable dimples and hopes that his proctologist will recognize him by his winning photo, which was taken with great reluctance by Matt's wife.

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HUNGMAN

continued from page 71

is motivated more by a desire to learn than a desire to simply grab her degree and run. Especially these days, Sheila—you have to understand that we are witnessing a bizarre mutation of the American student these days. There's this dismaying and, frankly, sickening shift away from the humanities toward the professions—everybody's worried about jobs, I suppose you can't blame them—but we're now spewing forth out of our universities a race of aesthetically stunted grade grubbers and money maniacs. I was discussing it just the other day with my friend Janos Holar. So when another semester begins and I meet someone like you, who seems to genuinely appreciate literature, and the American—

"Dr. Hungman, that's why I came here."

I stop. I will not clap my hands. No, not yet. Let her deliver her lines in the fullness of time and with all the sublime and dramatic impact the occasion demands. I smile, and wait. It makes no logical sense, but I think: Pack your bags, Joan!

"You see..." And here she blushes! Blushes, Joan! "I think I'm going to have to drop your course..."

"Huh? What?" I have been punched in the stomach. "But... why?"

"See, Dr. Parker has invited me to join her 'Problems in Urban American Ghettos' seminar, and it's real important for my degree, for prelaw, and there's a schedule conflict."

"Dr. Who?"

"Dr. Parker."

"Ah." I smile as the world caves in around me. "Well, that's too bad. Still, about dinner—" I put my hand on her leg.

"Oh, I don't think it would be such a good idea. Besides," she says, innocently removing it, "Dr. Parker said I'm going to have a lot of work. I won't have time for any social life."

"How ironic," I murmur, the blood rising. "A sociology course will leave you no time for a 'social life.'"

She smiles weakly, and I dismiss her, watching as she apologetically, nervously exits. Not a minute later I am out, striding like a homicidal maniac across campus to the social sciences building in search of my nemesis.

VI

She is in her office. I enter and slam the door.

"Joan, I have known some petty, scheming, contemptible whores in my day—"

"What *are* you talking about?" she snaps.

"You know what I'm talking about. That little piece of sabotage you've

pulled with Sheila Mammstein."

"Who, the milkmaid?" She laughs. I require physical control to keep myself from strangling her. "Oh, Sy, you're too much. You found out she's in the seminar? Oh, that is funny!"

"I'm glad you think so," I say with exaggerated reserve. "Did you ask her to join it before or after you knew she was in my class?"

"After, of course." Somewhere inside me, I am impressed. She is a true killer. "She's also in my 'Statistical Analysis' class. I recognized her coming out of your room."

"You are entirely without shame—"

"Sy, shut up and listen to me." She is suddenly stern, but with effort. "She was not for you. You know that. She's a simple, unsophisticated little princess whose heart belongs to Daddy and her sorority. You'd have hated the whole affair, and ended up looking like an idiot." The murderous pause, followed by, "Again."

"How do you know," I counter feebly. "How can you possibly—"

"Because I know. I know her type. And, in case you've forgotten..." She grows gruffly sweet, a football coach straining for poetry. "I know you." She looks tearful. "I know about all of them, Sy. Just like you wanted me to."

I sit, defeated. I give up. She does know me—*gevalt*, does she know me! She plays me like an accordion. She says two words, and I'm "Lady of Spain." She manipulates my desires the way my mother manipulates my fears. (Aren't they analogous emotions, student doctors? One an adult's, the other a child's?) Suddenly, Dr. Grosskopf, I understand. When I feel guilty, I'm unhappy. When I'm not feeling guilty, I'm "happy." When I do something I know will displease Joan, I'm miserable with guilt. When I please her, I'm content, i.e., not guilty. Used, bullied, pushed, hounded, insulted, degraded, yes, certainly; but not guilty. This must be "happiness." With Joan I am a "happy" man. I have never been so "happy" in my "life." There is only one thing to do.

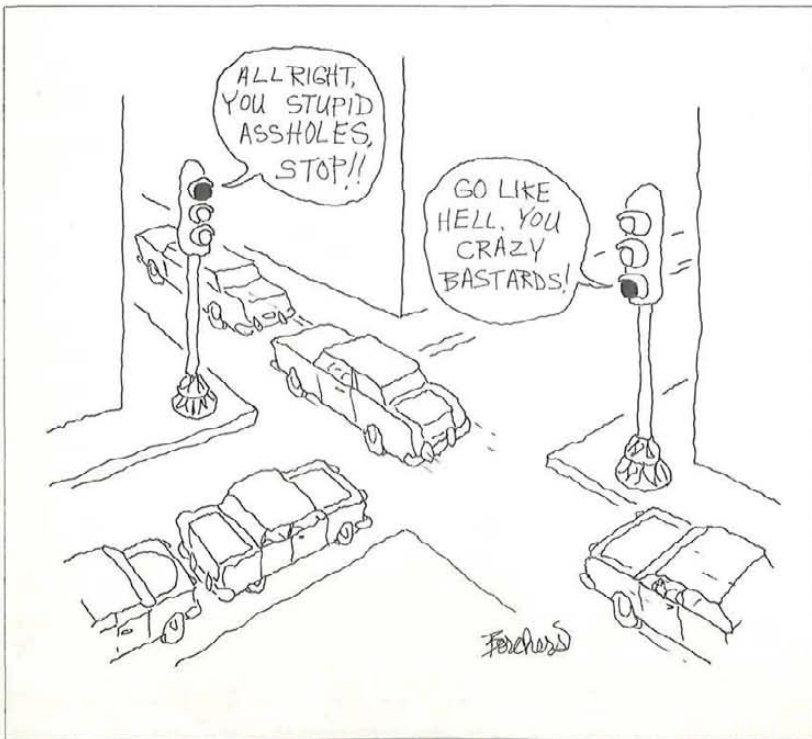
"Joan," I say, "let's get married!"

"Don't joke with me. Not now!"

"I mean it."

"Well...all right. Good."

But I do not even hear her answer. I am too busy planning how to tell my parents. I will take her home for Yom Kippur. I will tell them after they have atoned. And, especially, after they've eaten. □



Not even we could make up

TRUE FACTS

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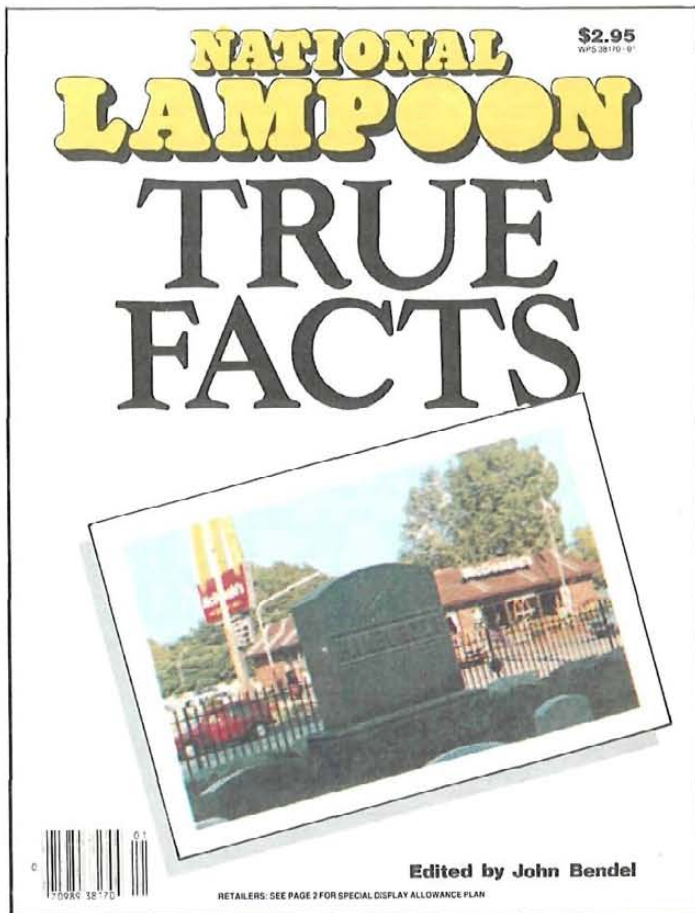
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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

• Nevada's lieutenant governor, Myron Leavitt, publicly spoke out against the gay rodeo held annually in Reno by the Comstock Gay Rodeo Association. "I'm strongly opposed to queers using public property," Leavitt told reporters, adding, "They call them queers because they've got a screw loose." The lieutenant governor suggested that the organization hold its event "somewhere like California."

His remarks came in response to a reporter's question about a statement attributed to Nevada state senator Lawrence Jacobsen, who had told a group of visiting Nigerian legislators that few blacks lived in Nevada because "it's too cold for them" there. Leavitt declined comment on Lawrence's remark but took the opportunity to speak out on the gay-rodeo issue. *AP* (contributed by Dan Moore)

• Betty Tudor, a pubkeeper from Exeter, England, finally gave up trying to get a driver's license. She had taken 273 driving lessons during the past nineteen years and ultimately had been barred from at least three driving schools. After she failed her most recent driving test, her examiner was admitted to a mental hospital, although the fifty-five-year-old woman told reporters, "I'm not sure I was totally to blame." *Toronto Globe and Mail* (contributed by James Duncan)

• Air-force cadet Raymond A. Francisco, twenty, told police in Manitou Springs, Colo-

rado, that he was on the dance floor of the Castaways Bar when someone stole his purse. According to the future military officer from the nearby Air Force Academy, the purse was worth forty-seven dollars and contained his room key and a Donald Duck key chain. *Colorado Springs Gazette Telegraph* (contributed by Terry Cole)

• At 3:00 A.M. on a Monday morning, police in Albany, Oregon, found twenty-six-year-old Steven Phillipi on a downtown street with his hand nailed to a telephone pole. When they tried to free him, Phillipi demanded to be left there. He kicked and bit officers, and told them that he had been nailed to the pole by someone with whom he had argued earlier. Finally, police shackled, gagged, and handcuffed Phillipi, so they could see through the six-

teen-penny nail to free him. Police claimed that Phillipi was an escapee from the Oregon Correctional Institute and had nailed himself to the pole.

Meanwhile, a group of on-lookers passed a jug of wine and watched the early-morning action. "They were just having a party," said a paramedic on the scene. *The Oregonian* (contributed by Phred)

• Two contractors from Whitefish, Montana, plan to market a new board game called SOB, short for Save Our Bureaucrats. SOB players will travel a Pentagon-shaped board with tokens resembling Susan B. Anthony dollars, losing money with each visit to a federal agency. The object of the game is to lose all one's money and qualify for welfare. Gary Tallman and Wayne Shanahan devel-

oped their idea with an \$85,000 loan from the Small Business Administration. *AP* (contributed by Milan Bonich)

• During a tour of India, England's Prince Charles and his party visited the Golden Temple of Amristar, where, according to tradition, they removed their shoes. Later, the group found that all but the prince's shoes and socks had disappeared. Then, on the group's way out, the belt of Scotland Yard's Chief Inspector John McLean snapped and his pants fell to the ground. Charles and his bodyguards had to surround the embarrassed policeman and move in a barefooted phalanx to their Rolls-Royce. *Parade* (contributed by Michael Goodwin)

• News photographs of a gay-activist march in Toronto, Canada, showed four plainclothes policemen leading the parade carrying a banner that read "Enough is enough. Stop police violence."

The four were among several policemen who were ordered to mingle with the crowd after an earlier protest had turned violent. A senior Metropolitan Toronto Police officer claimed that the men had been at the back of the crowd but that the march suddenly changed direction and the back "suddenly became the front of the parade."

Later news photos showed the same officers arresting demonstrators after fights broke out in the crowd. *Montreal Gazette* (contributed by Barbara Peck)

PHOTO FOR THOUGHT



Either someone dumped an old sign in a city lot or those riflemen sure know how to have a good time.

(contributed by Mike Ralston)

T

R

U

E

What's Your Sign? Readers' Page



Ed Szymanski, Dallas, Tex.



Michelle Foster, Des Moines, Iowa



John Hazelton, Huntington Station, N.Y.



Jay Anderson-Loper, Jackson, Miss.



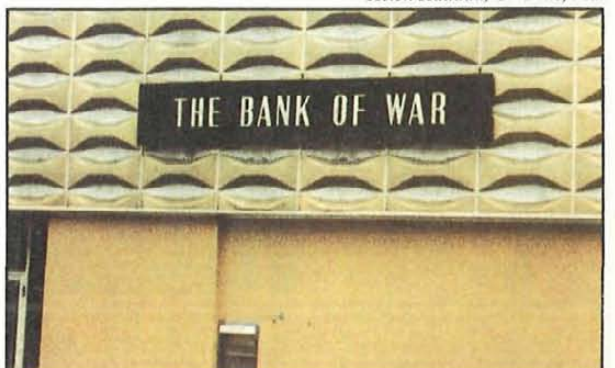
Sarah H. Weiner, Brooklyn, N.Y.



Helen Haddad, Orlando, Fla.



3Ds, New York, N.Y.



Greg Milster, Owasso, Okla.

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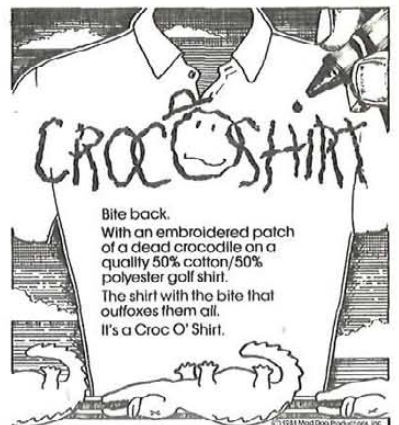
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VD is nothing to clap about.

—Wisconsin: Social Science

Physicists phuck phrogs!

—Iowa: Basic Science

College is a pop quiz.

Life is the final.

—Minnesota: Chemical Engineering

Graffiti In The Southwest Conference

Thrust and uplift are common in zones of orogeny.

—Rice: Geology

When puns are outlawed, only outlaws will have puns.

—Texas A&M: Francis Hall

Psychology — the study of the id by the odd.

—U. of Texas: Townes Law

Virginity is like a balloon; one prick and it's gone.

—Texas Tech: Library

Graffiti In The Pac 10

Just because you're paranoid, it doesn't mean they're not watching you.

—University of Washington: Architecture Tappa Kega Bud.

—Arizona State: Language & Literature

Question: What do clones do on Mother's Day?

Answer: Watch the tube.

—Stanford: Union

WSUcks

—Washington State: Johnson Hall

Graffiti In The Ivy League (And Thereabouts)

Question: Why did Freud cross the road?

Answer: When did you first notice this interest in roads?

—Princeton: Green Hall

Nuclear Power means cancer, mutations

and death!

(below)

But it has its drawbacks too. —Yale: Law

We are all Viet Cong.

(below)

Except my Mom.

(below)

Typical leftist individualism.

—Harvard: Emerson Hall

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TALKING OUT LOUD

continued from page 56

"aunteaters," and, most commonly, "Dutch boys" (possibly because of their hairstyle?).

This splendid return to traditional conservative values among the young is also evidenced by a glorious new spate of racist epithets found on campus. Blacks are called (behind their backs, to be sure) "negatives," "smears," "skid marks," and "powder burns." They return the compliment by openly referring to Caucasians as "junk," a slang term that seems to refer to the pale white color of both heroin and seminal emissions.

Consider the recently popular "moonng" and "streakng." This season, "skeet shooting" is "in"—a curious custom of placing thumb to nose and blowing a nose lunger onto the sweater or blazer of the unsuspecting person in front of you. The student returning to his dorm with the greatest number of "skeets" adhering to him is declared the "snot rag."

But the main concern of the college student remains, of course, his or her studies, or, to be more accurate, passing. Books are now called "slow TVs" and are used only by serious scholars, or "paperweights," or "marksman," as they are variously styled. And despite the increased number of easy courses, or "dead whores," many students must revert to the time-honored custom of purchasing essays at term's end from the "dollarshop" offices set up for that purpose by "Zer-ox," the Business Majors Association.

Academic disciplines and courses of study have themselves been renamed in many cases. History remains "stiffs on parade," and biology is still "frog slicing," but political science has been dubbed "double drivell," and law is "pop torts." Aggies are dubbed "pig stickers," premed profs arc invariably "Dr. Jackal and Mr. Formaldehyde," and accounting students go to "Jew school"; but psychology is still "nuts and bolts," and fine arts is, and shall remain, "farts."

Students are also concerned about tuition costs, or "rape," and with finding off-campus employment, a "scam," "dealings," or a "crib." At a time when the dollar is practically worthless, they know the value of a dollar. So, our advice, if you want to "hang with" the "brewsters" and "hose monsters" down at the "puke hole," is simple: Watch out for "skeet shooters"—and bring plenty of money. □

SECRETARIAL REUNION

continued from page 70

And she made another entry in her notebook. Finishing her entry in the book, she looked back over the past year's notes. Maria smiled.

DIARY (SECRET)

Day (a) (See code inside cover)
Comes in late (11:00). Orders me to get grapefruit juice by phone from restaurant. What does he think I am?! Makes personal phone calls to foreign country about vacation. If this were known?! Leaves for lunch at 12:10 P.M. Returns at 2:30. A joke!

"I have been to lunch with our French licensee," he says. From the way he says "licensee" I can tell he is drunk. All this at the company's expense. All this while our subsidiary company, called Bio-Vaccine, loses thousands of dollars a month trying to find a cure for disease. I know; I see the bill. Does he care? No. Wait. End.

Mr. Swipe, from the agency, calls up and wants to talk to the "big lad." Maria almost blurts out that the "big lad" is in the men's room with the second section of the *Wall Street Journal*, surrounded by invisible sulfurous cyclonic stenches. But secretarial training and a warning sensitivity hold her back.

"Where is he, taking a shit?" says Mr. Swipe, in the vulgar ad-agency way.

"What concern is that of yours if he is?" asks Maria primly, regretting her tone of voice almost at once. Swipe, she feels, could be an ally. Why offend him?

"Hey, you're a pretty polite girl. Protective, too. How'd you like to make double what you're making now? You'll do half the work...damn it, what am I saying?! You won't do any work at all, and make twice the money..."

Maria was not stunned. She considered her response. She had been expecting something like Swipe's offer. "Well..." she said.

"Okay. Triple the money and you don't have to come in to the office at all. We'll mail you your check. All you have to do is name us as your employer on your tax form once a year. Okay?"

Contemptuously Maria spat out her reply. "You must think very little of me if that is all you offer. You like me because I have a low voice on the phone and never sneeze much. What

about stock options? Pension? Expenses? Do you take me for a fool?"

Swipe was silent for a moment. "Hey!" he said at last. "You're some kind of greedy cunt, for sure. What do you want for staying home, anyway?"

"Perhaps more than you are willing to offer," replied Maria, and she meant it to sting. Swipe stammered helplessly. "Are you listening?"

Swipe had hung up. Maria had little time to dwell upon revenge. His corned-beef sandwich arrived and she found herself fumbling through her purse once again for the money he, or, more accurately, the company, gave her to pay for essential items.

DIARY (SECRET)

Day (a) (See code inside cover)
It's incredible! I'd tell, but who would believe me? He goes out to lunch! Okay? Gone from when till who knows when! Then! He comes back and he orders a corned-beef sandwich! From outside! After a lunchtime that long, he orders out a sandwich! I saved the receipt as evidence, but that alone is not enough. Cash-register receipts for corned-beef sandwiches can be forged, and delivery boys bribed to initial them. One receipt, yes. Two, even three. But several dozen...we'll see. I staple more and more evidence in the diary every day. Beware!

"Maria," he said mockingly, "you seem disturbed lately. I think you should see Dr. Foster." Dr. Foster was the company psychiatrist.

"So that's your game," thought Maria. She cocked her head slightly. "Is that a request or a suggestion?" she asked, a hint of menace in her voice.

"Let's just call it advice," he said. "Urgent advice."

Psychiatrists. Maria made her way slowly and angrily through the hall to Dr. Foster's office. Psychiatrists are just another way to discredit an opposing opinion. Would it work? We'll see, we'll see...

"Dr. Foster, Dave, this company could be making twice what it does. So could you. So could I. So could everybody else. All it takes is know-how and the gumption to stand up for what you believe in no matter how crazy it sounds at first." Maria stared at the psychiatrist with a passionate intensity. "Do you agree?" she pressed him.

"I'll tell you, if you swallow everything," said the doctor, his eyes rolling as he seized the back of her head and urged her lips toward his penis.

The beginning... □

O.C. AND STIGGS

continued from page 72

nosed pocket people from France fingers me for a hundred-and-eighty-dollar pair of shoes I ripped off during our tour of the Bally shoe factory. They were fucking outrageous. They had an entire network of gold chains batted across the tongue, and fucking soles that would stop a javelin. I'm talking about fucking radiation shields, I'm talking about thirty-pound, strategic-metal soles that would root a fucking executive to the floor like a goddamn bop bag. I planned to wear them dirt-bike racing, but the academy made me ride all the way to Schönenwerd and return the fuckers with a goddamn dehumanizing apology that was all for nothing because Strohl kicked me out of school anyway, the same day as Stiggs. It was a good thing Stiggs didn't hit the asshole with those Bally shoes, or the fucking Swiss would have had us on some goddamn unspeakable mutilation charge that would have fucked us up for good.

So they put us on a plane home, but naturally we got off when it stopped in Paris, because the kid who turned me

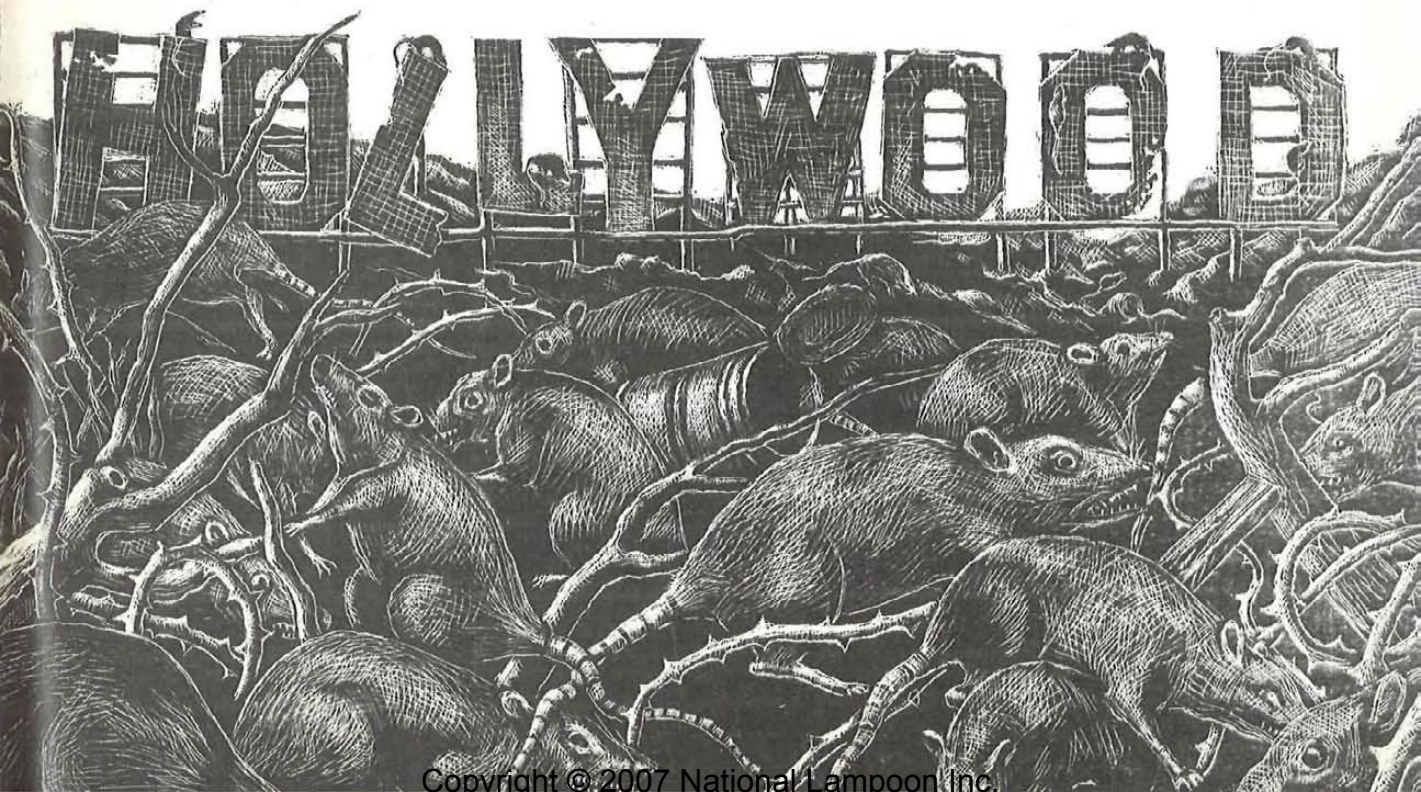
in mentioned once that he lives in Paris in some fucking château full of fat rococo armoires and shit that go for the price of a goddamn entire house in the States. We also got off in Paris because that's where I told Maté to meet us.

By the time she arrived, me and Stiggs had already rented a car and driven out to the kid's mansion and reduced a fucking eighteenth-century breakfront to shavings. It was great. Apparently the fucking aristocrats of Europe have a different idea about doors than most people, because half the time they don't lock them, so you can walk right in and drag out a gigantic, priceless breakfront and tie it to the back of your rental car on a long rope and keel-haul the fucker out the cobblestone driveway without any interruption whatsoever. We just walked right in the kid's goddamn château and took off while his parents were probably doddering in the fucking formal equestrian orchard or scrawling off some bullshit social correspondence in a rink-sized bed three hundred rooms and four storeys away. By the time we passed the front gate, the breakfront was in two main hunks

joined by several wads of gold filigree and a jagged lobe of marble that eventually spun out onto the paving stones and disintegrated when we got the car up to around fifty. By now the priceless rococo breakfront was bouncing up and down like a fucking impala. The entire road was littered with about ten years worth of some master fucking rococo craftsman's miniature gold leaves and dauphin heads and shit, as the unit finally slammed into a concrete median and blew apart.

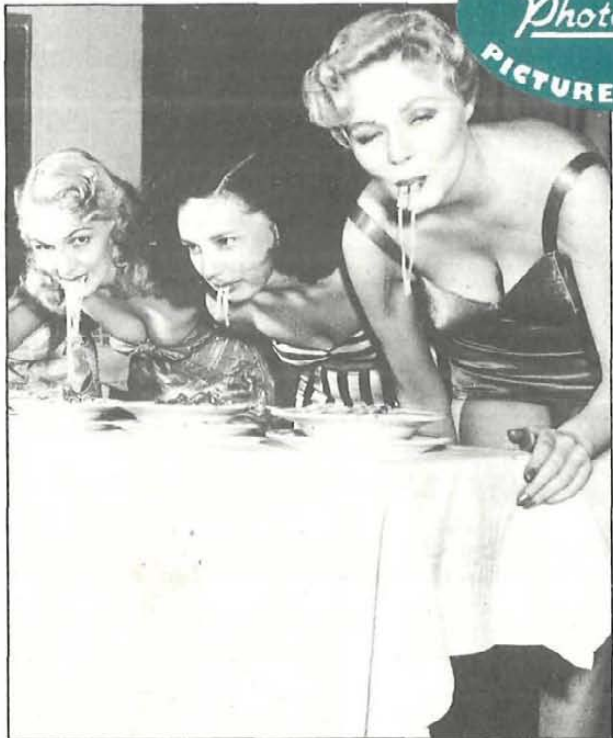
I spotted Maté later while me and Stiggs were in this bar at a hotel where we were supposed to rendezvous. Obviously, this was a massive fucking benchmark venture for her, running off from school for a piece of ass in Paris, the single most big deal of her life. So I got her to register and wait for me in the room, which naturally was a waste of her afternoon, because by the time me and Stiggs got around to finishing our bottle of cognac and talking to these whores at the bar, it was time to get back to the airport, and I'd forgotten about Maté anyway. I was sorry later on that I missed a good pork, but on the whole I thought the semester went pretty good. □

Next Month MOVIES

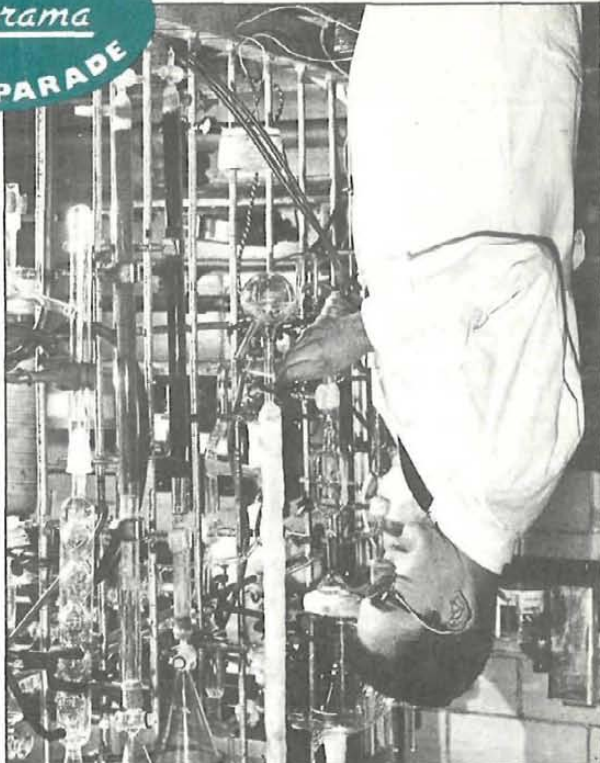


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PICTURE PARADE



Brussels, Belgium Food shortages in Cambodia, Somalia, and elsewhere have been well publicized, but few Americans are aware of the shortage of forks in Belgium. A combination of strikes and high silver prices has led to a severe scarcity of flatware in all the Benelux countries. Here a bevy of bathing beauties from the Antwerp Film Festival do their bit—helping to promote Forkless Tuesday. Belgian authorities say that if everyone in the world went without forks for one day a week, even Somalians would have plenty of eating utensils.



Moscow, USSR Russian scientists have conquered the force of gravity. The Soviet news agency Tass has released a photograph showing proof of this scientific breakthrough, which took place at a secret diesel laser laboratory somewhere in Siberia. The experiment was described as "to be making reversified atomically powerful G-beams able to turn Earth's magnet field upside-out." The Tass report went on to say that the Soviet Union will use gravity only for peaceful purposes.



Colfax, England Robert Nuddget has been voted World's Worst Gas Station Attendant by the members of the International Gas Station Society (IGSS). Nuddget won the award by inflating all four tires on a 1969 Land Rover to over 10,500 psi. He also lost the fuel cap, put gasoline in the radiator, and wiped the windshield with his butt. The IGSS is made up of gas-station buffs from twenty-seven countries. The society is devoted to "good fellowship, good citizenship, and putting big smudgy marks in the middle of gas-station wall maps."



Los Angeles, California Independent film producer Robert Evans gets a smack on the cheek from the new president of Orion Pictures, Marty Steinbris. Steinbris, formerly an executive at the William Morris talent agency, has been brought in to aid the ailing motion-picture company. Orion's latest release, *Bongo Holiday*, caused a number of movie distributors to murder people in the streets and use the dead bodies to fill theater seats.

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hooks up to any cassette recorder to store programs and synthesize music.

When you only need a scientific with 38 programs, the FX-3600P is the one to solve all your problems. And it still has 50 built-in functions and 18 pairs of parentheses to play with.

Other Casio programmables can make you a whiz at integrals, let you juggle 61 built-in functions, or give you 7 memories. And every one will last you through all

your graduations and promotions.

Of course, no matter how brainy you are, you probably won't be able to figure out how every one of these Casios can be made so smart and cost so little.

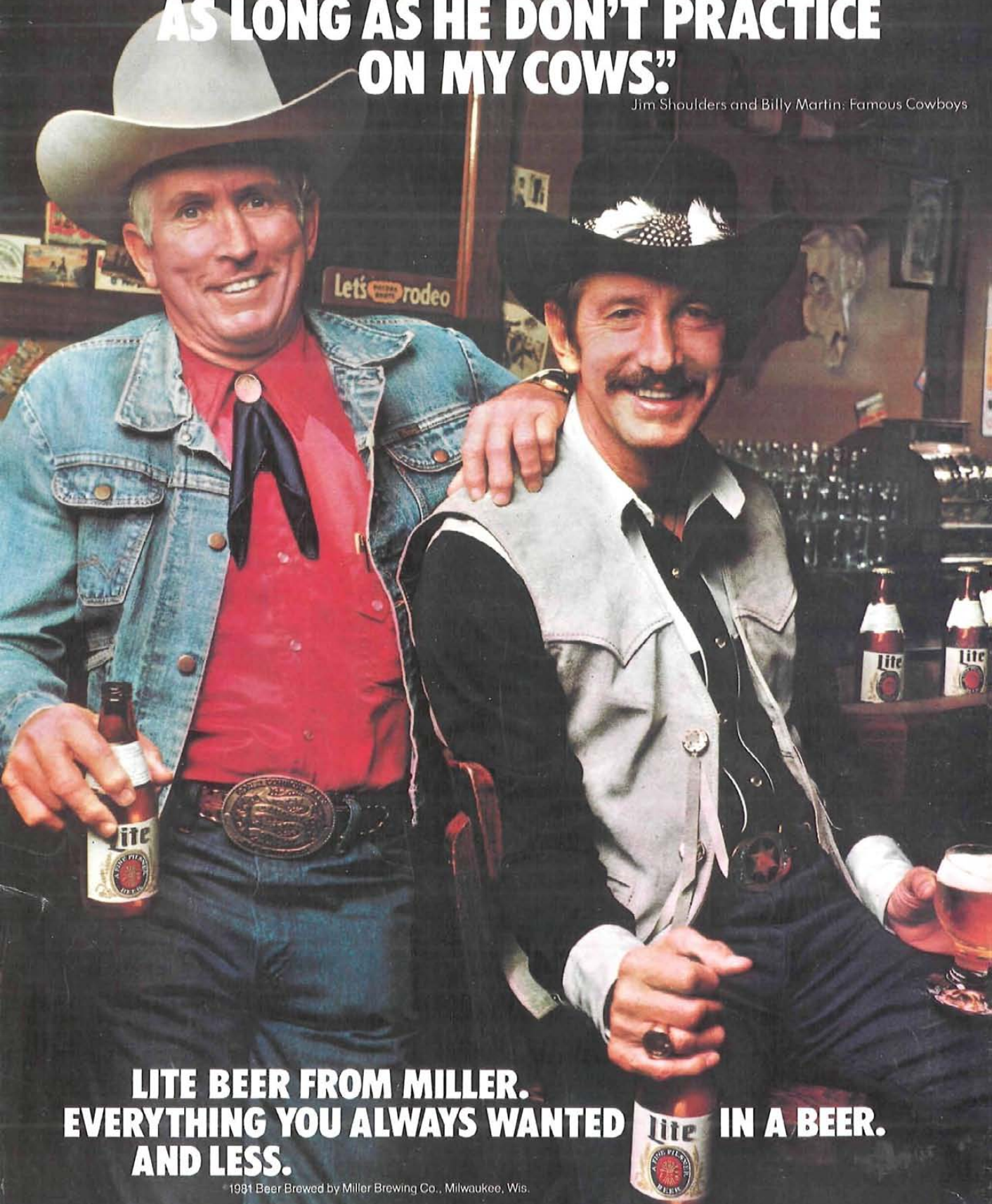
But since we've already done that, all you have to do is try one. After all, no two brains are alike.

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