

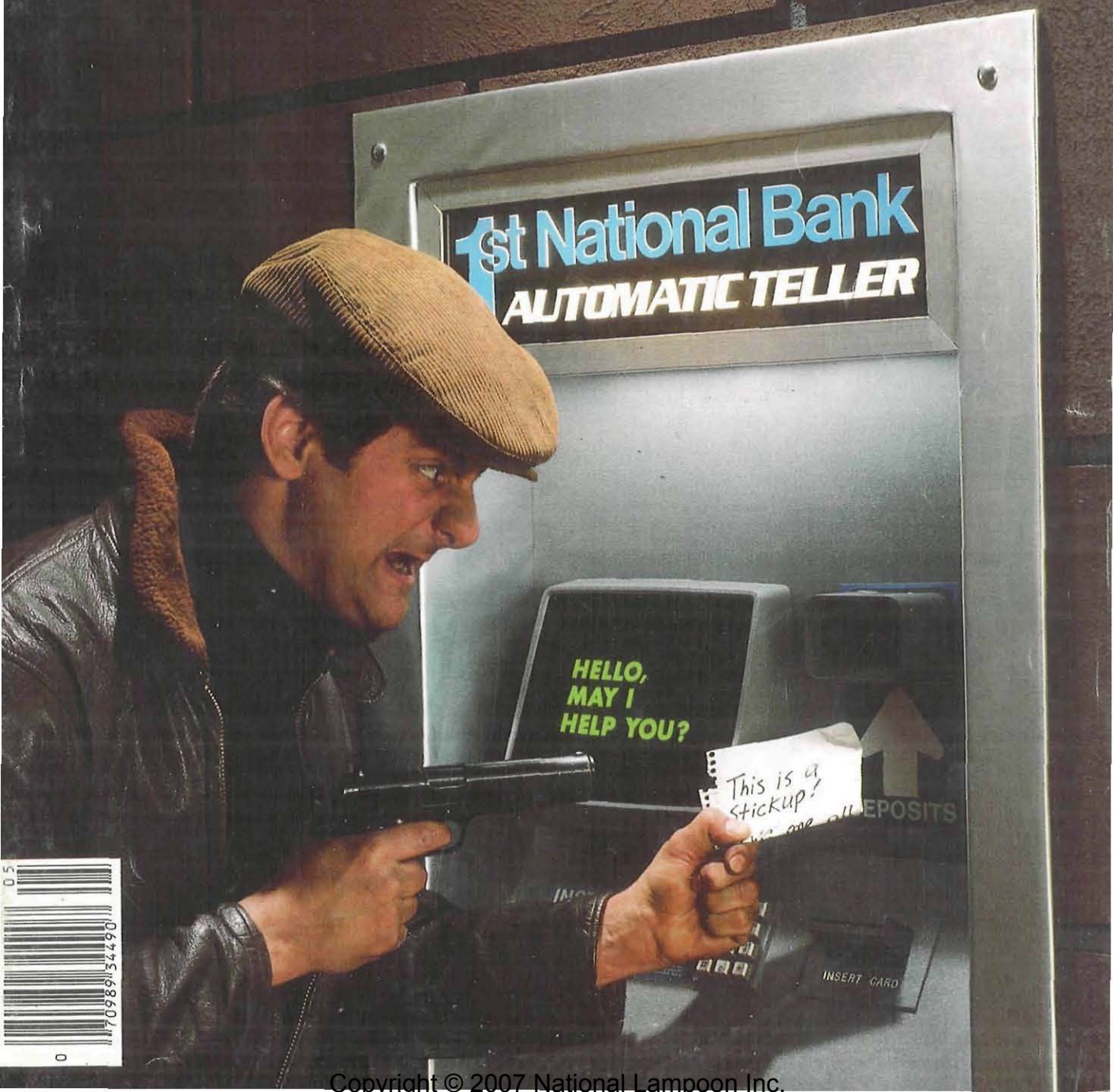
Jimmy the Weasel's Guide to Murder, Extortion, and Picking Up Girls
The Unpublished Enemies of Dick Tracy • James Watt, Earth Enemy #1

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

Crime

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May 1982

Vol. 2, No. 46

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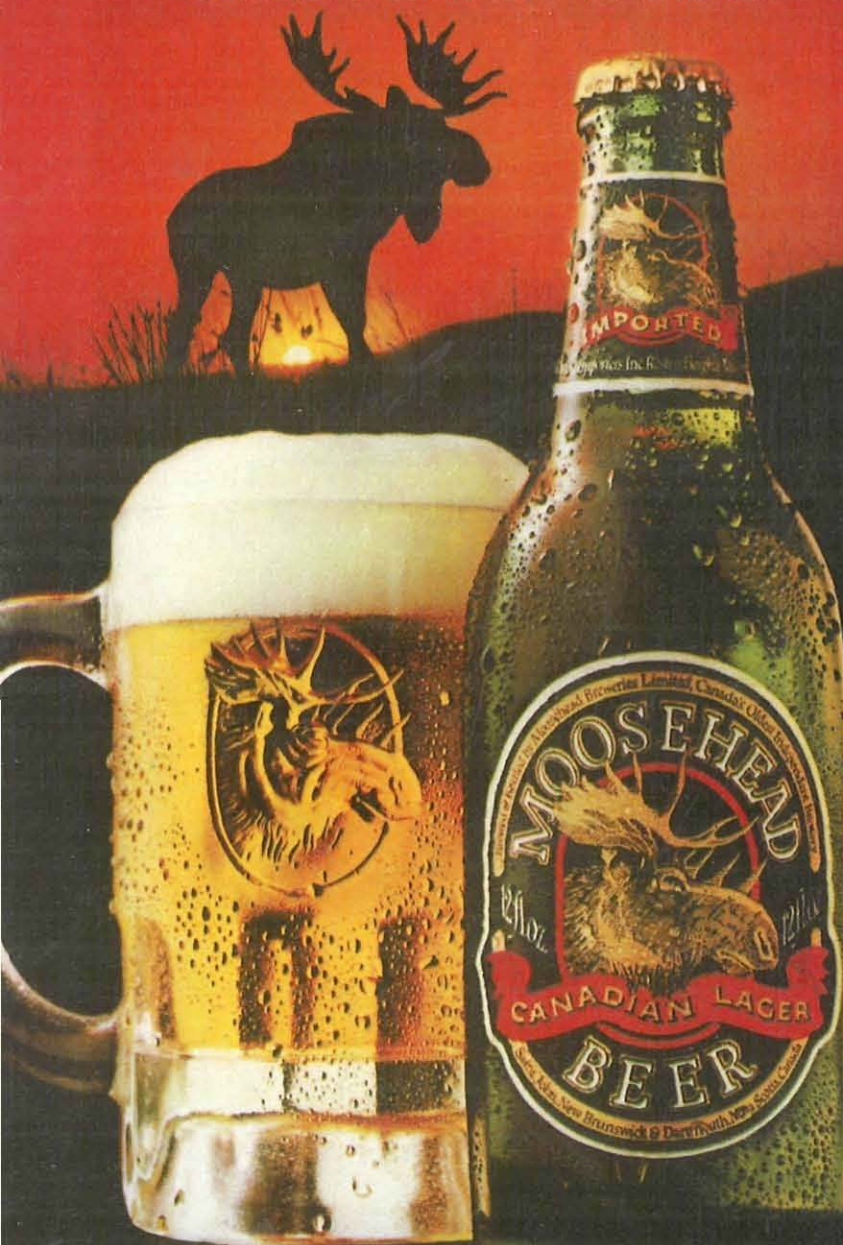
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.
Menthol, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
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BARCLAY

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Editorial

Once again, our guest editorialist is Sissy Bledsoe, a twenty-three-year-old secretary-receptionist at *National Lampoon*.

BECAUSE THIS IS MY LAST day on the job, and because this is my last editorial, I guess I really don't have to write about the theme that I'm supposed to. I could do the whole editorial about kitchen chairs if I wanted, or typewriter cleaner, or mice, or anything else I felt like, and no one could make me change it. The editors know that, too, so right away they were afraid I would probably reveal all of the really incredibly horrible details about working here that I didn't dare write about when I needed this job. The stuff I could tell about this place would ruin them forever. But, since this is my last day, I figure it's better to forget all those bad memories and to concentrate on some positive things, like the future and how much fun I'm going to have with the \$68,000 I embezzled from the company's payroll account. This may sound funny, but do you know the first thing I'm going to buy? Kitchen chairs. For about three years now, I've had four different kinds of chairs at the breakfast table—a stool, and another type of stool with a back on it, that rotates, and an unraveled wicker chair, and a vinyl chair. Every morning those chairs would be the last thing I would see and think about before going out the back door, so I just got this thing about someday getting enough money to replace them. So, when I got the \$68,000, I immediately went to all the stores where I knew my favorite kinds of chairs were, and started trying to make up my mind. The first place was Warner's Chair Outlet, which I liked because they have a whole department of kitchen-style chairs. But that was the problem—there were so many to choose from, I could hardly make up my mind. So that's when a salesperson helped me out by showing me this guidebook that tells you everything about discovering your needs and choosing the chairs that conform to them. So I followed the procedure and made a grid of my kitchen



Sissy Bledsoe is only the sixth secretary, and first secretary-receptionist, to have been inducted into this company's Secretarial Gallery of Honor. Aside from permanently retiring her chair, a commendation appears in her file, citing, in part, "attitude, breasts, and personal problems exemplifying the highest standards of \$450-a-month secretarial achievement."

and figured out where I like to sit the most and the path that I would usually take to get there. Then you draw this thing called a "circle of access" around the position of the chair, to see which things you can reach conveniently while you're sitting down. For example, I wanted to be able to reach the toaster on the counter behind the breakfast table, and also be near the silverware drawer. So after I listed my priorities like that, the book showed me how to put a value next to each priority, so that

The editors were afraid I would probably reveal all of the really incredibly horrible details about working here that I didn't dare write about when I still needed this job.

I could balance my priority of wanting a chair that doesn't block the trash cupboard against the priority of having a chair near the silverware drawer and the toaster. So by assigning a number to each priority, like "5" for "not blocking the trash cupboard," or "3" for "by the toaster," I could simply add up the numbers and have the guaranteed right decision. Well, almost. Because then I had another priority to

consider, which was to get the chair in white rattan. But the rattan ones at Warner's only come in twenty-four- and thirty-inch heights, and I needed thirty-six inches at least to reach the toaster, way at the back of the counter top, by the splash board. So I gave a value of "7" to rattan and a value of "3" to my second choice of a chrome and vinyl stool that looked great but that I also knew would scratch the tile on my kitchen floor. So I figured out my new totals, but there was a tie between white-rattan-not-being-high-enough-for-the-toaster and chrome-and-vinyl-not-blocking-the-trash-cupboard-but-too-far-from-the-silverware-drawer. So I gave a value of "100" to finding another store, and that settled it. But, unfortunately, after going through nine different stores, I'm still not quite sure, although I'm hoping that some of the catalog places that I sent to will save the day. In the meantime, there's so much other good stuff to look forward to, now that I'm free at last and never again have to come back to this office or be humiliated and abused by these editors. Well, I had the last laugh, all right. I've got the \$68,000 from the payroll account, so we'll see who gets paid next Thursday and how many editors are scrounging around for enough cash to pay their rent while I'm cheerfully ordering the neatest and most expensive kitchen stools you've ever seen, without batting an eyelash. ■

STEVE MARTIN



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PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

COMING MAY 21st TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU

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Letters

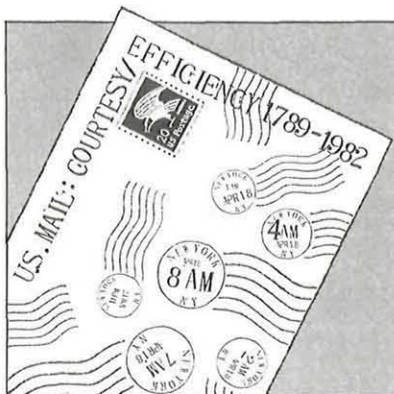
SIRS: BOY, TALK ABOUT A title that doesn't mean anything. Those fucking Miss Universe contestants voted me this honor only 'cause they knew I was too ugly to win. Plus, I couldn't speak any of their languages, so they didn't know I was calling them supercilious cuntheads every time I opened my mouth to speak. They suck. As do you. Go fuck yourself, asswipe.
MISS CONGENIALITY 1981
Formerly Miss Tanganyika

Sirs:
Chalk one up to experience: all rulers do *not* have twelve inches.

PRINCESS DIANA
Bed, England

Sirs:
I have been getting those *Reader's Digest* Sweepstakes forms in the mail for years, and I always enter, but I never buy a subscription, because you're supposed to be able to win anyway and also I don't want to look like I'm falling for their sales gimmick, even though I like their magazine, especially their "Humor in Uniform" jokes and the condensed versions of best-sellers. And this year I was the grand-prize winner of \$100,000! They sent me a check for \$10 and explained it was the condensed version of my grand prize.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST, JR.
Terre Haute, Ind.



Sirs:
Here are some of the clues that I've uncovered that prove John Lennon is dead.

1. In all photos taken of Lennon before *Abbey Road*, he doesn't have bullet holes in his chest. In all photos taken after December 8, 1980, he is dead.

2. In the song "I'm So Tired," Lennon calls Sir Walter Raleigh a "stupid get." In 1981, Lennon did not sing at all, having been murdered by Mark David Chapman on December 8, 1980.

3. In the George Harrison song "All Those Years Ago," Harrison, Ringo Starr, and Paul McCartney can all be heard, but Lennon was buried when the song was recorded, so you can't hear him.

4. I saw his obit in the *Times*.
Now I'm looking for clues in the

Beatles movies. I'll let you know.
MURRAY KAY
The new fourth Beatle

Sirs:
You know, if I were still alive, I'd probably be cranking out songs like this:

*It sticks out of his face
Just like a giant fire hose
And takes up lots of space
He's got Myron Cohen nose.*

*Looks like a pickle
Big as a bicycle
I wish I had his nose full of nickels
If I did I'd move to Barbados
He's got Myron Cohen nose.*

So I guess it's just as well that I'm dead.

ALAN SHERMAN
"My Son, the Corpse"

Sirs:
We made a list of the ten shittiest nonfiction books of all time, and you know what? Three of ours were in the top five!

DAVID WALLECHINSKY
IRVING WALLACE

Sirs:
I bet you all thought that after *Dune* and *God Emperor of Dune* I'd finally finished milking that tired old cow to death, huh? Not a chance. Stay tuned for *Dunesbury*, *Lorna Dune*, *Dune Mexico Way*, and *Dune It My Way*.

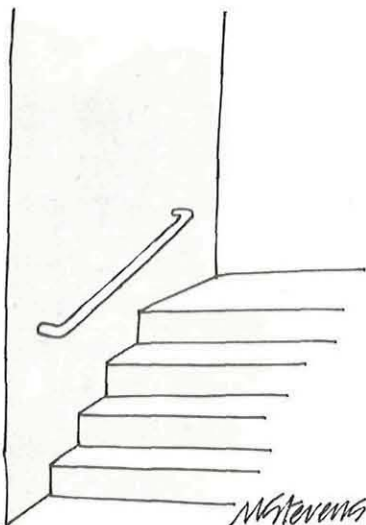
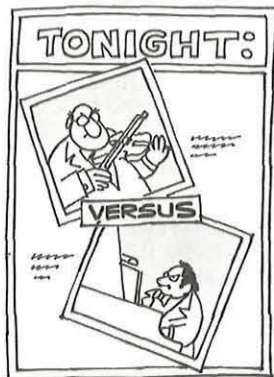
FRANK HERBERT
Hollywood, Cal.

Sirs:
While we're on the subject of the economy, let me squelch those rumors that inflation is actually caused by someone in the government gearing the Consumer Price Index to my weight.

TIP O'NEILL
Three Sheets to the Wind, Md.

Sirs:
I'm afraid I have some disappointing news for you. Contrary to popular belief, dolphins cannot talk. They can only write letters. I hope you enjoyed this one.

A. DOLPHIN
Somewhere in the South Pacific
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)



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Now, This Article Is Funny

Let's go after some fresh new targets instead of beating the same old dead horses and stereotypes.

by Al Jean

IT IS SAID THAT TRUE WIT arises from clever situations, not from cheap shots at easy targets. To be genuinely funny, an article should not rehash old stereotypes but rather expose subtle, undiscovered flaws in our society. My topics for satire this month are homos, Negroes, fat people, and old people.

Homos: At first you might not think a homo is funny. But if you saw him eating his favorite meal of tubesteak, cucumbers, and peanut butter and K-Y jelly sandwiches, you might change your mind. And how do you suppose homos like to take their eggs? Up the



ass, of course. But what makes homos really nauseating is the conversations they have when their mouths aren't full of each other's private parts. Here is an example of two homos—one an interior decorator, the other a fashion designer—engaging in typical gay banter:

BILLY BUTTFUCK: What a tacky, tacky coat you're wearing.

ALEXANDER FAG: You simply don't like

it? Oh, fudge. The boss gave it to me at work, after he made me sit on a carrot stick, which I greatly enjoyed.

B: You lucky dear! The only fringe benefits in my line of work are free spankings from dissatisfied customers. My job sucks dick.

A: As do I. Oh, look! That man just bent over to tie his shoe. I dibs sneaking up from behind and boning him up the ass.

B: You bitch.

Funny homos: Elton John, Richard Simmons, male ballet dancers.

Negroes: Their surnames are those of former American presidents, yet they steal their first names from Moslem divinities (e.g., Muhammad Van Buren). The huge radios they carry around on their shoulders are constantly broadcasting loud, sexually inflammatory songs ("Ooga booga, steal that car / Drive me where de white women are"). Completely invulnerable to conventional weapons, Negroes cannot be harmed by anything but sickle-cell anemia. These facts are true, I'm not making them up. Here is a conversation between a white social worker and an unemployed Negro:

UNEMPLOYED NEGRO: Where be my welfare check?

WHITE SOCIAL WORKER: We'll discuss that later. How'd you get this TV set?

UN: Shit, man. De boss gave it to me at my last job, after I shot him. Whoa! I sees a white woman standing alone across the street. 'Scuse me while I grease my "Detroit piston."

WSW: If you rape her, blackamoor, I'll tell your parole officer.

UN: Honky mother.

Funny Negroes: All Negroes.

Fat People: Constantly falling through floors too thin to support them, fat people are life's biggest laugh getters. When they go out west, they polish off whole herds of cattle; coming back east, they wash the beef down by drinking entire Great Lakes. A fat person's favorite recreation is to go to costume parties disguised as Yankee Stadium.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)



Geo Gillen

"I know what you're thinking: How do you solve a problem like Greenfield, right? How do you hold a moonbeam in your hand?"

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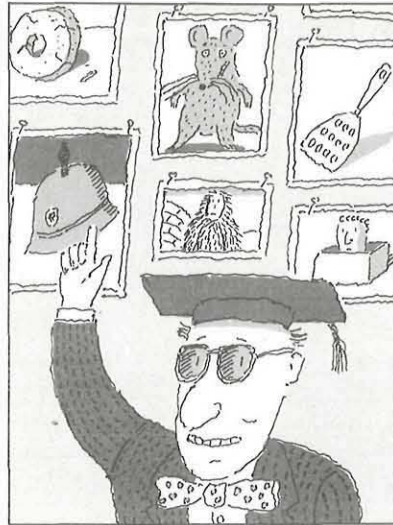
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

History Pop Talk

Hot, juicy, scandalous gossip about everybody and anything that ever happened in history.

by John Bendel

MORE ACRIMONY! Despite a crowded agenda, the annual meeting of the National Society of Historians broke down in an unseemly debate over who had the neatest helmets, the ancient Romans or the Germans under Kaiser Wilhelm! Now, it's true that the Roman helmets doubled quite nicely as whisk brooms, but from our vantage point they do seem a bit ornate, while the kaiser's helmets bespeak a certain eloquence of line. And, oh, those little spikes! The kaiser gets the nod as far as I'm concerned, and I hope that settles it once and for all!... Professor Chester Wentworth, a supposed heavyweight in the history business, whose study of prehistoric cave-wall advertising shook the historical establishment a few years ago, has introduced a frothy, trilateral view of civilization. Wentworth sees human history as a struggle between



those who drive on the right side of the road and those who drive on the left. Wentworth's "third world" consists of those societies in which one rides wherever one cares to, or even weaves from side to side. What's the matter, Professor? All out of ideas?... How important is the spatula anyway? "Very!" says Professor Iona Chevy of Southwestern All-Night University in a new paper. The prof claims that prior to the spatula, primitive man was unable to make full

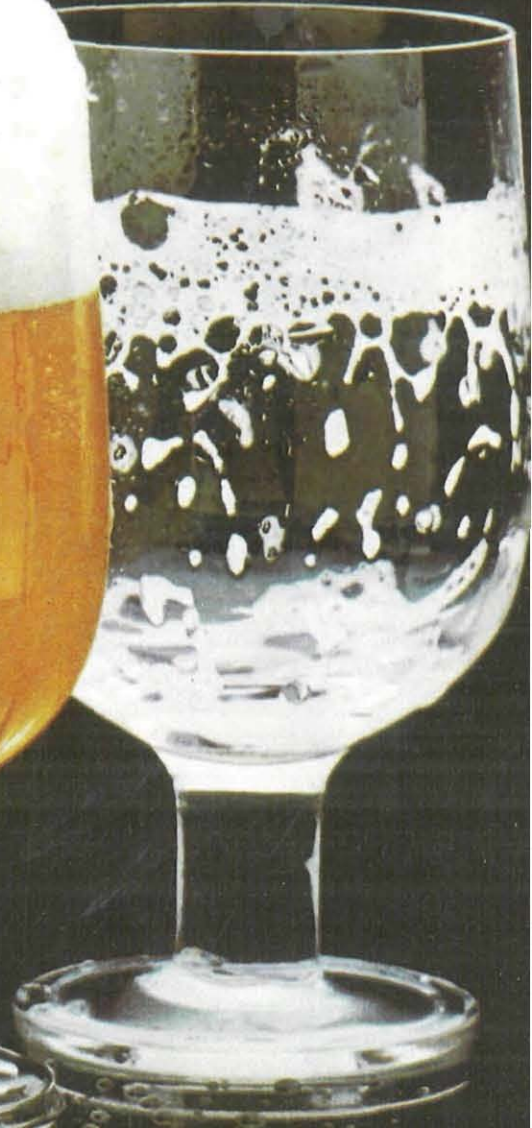
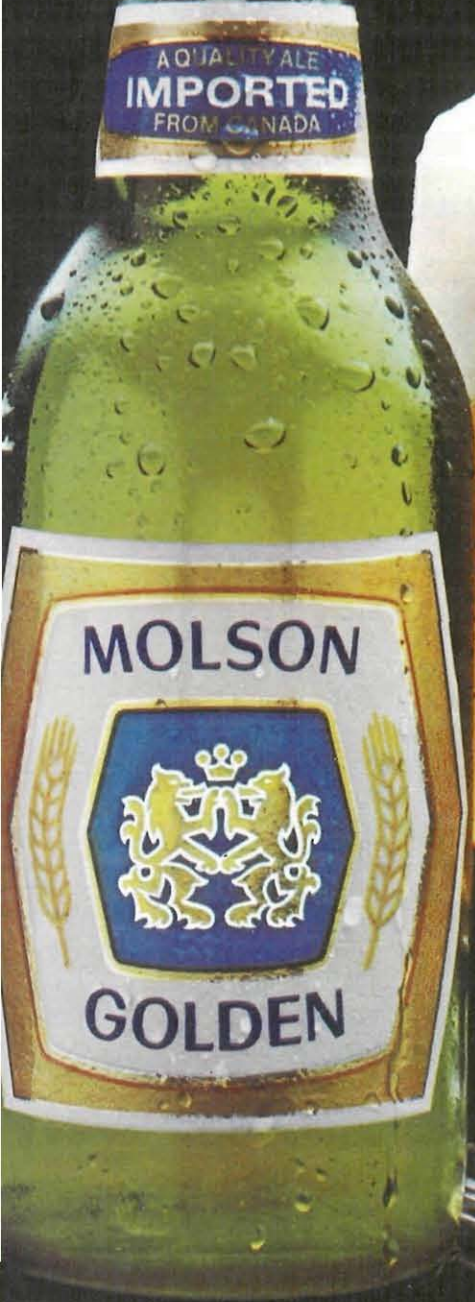
use of his hands, because at least one of them was always badly burned from flipping food on the fire. "Pancakes were a particular problem," she points out. It was Professor Chevy, you might recall, who stirred the stew last year with her contention that it was an anonymous Swiss monk who made Alpine travel possible, with his invention of the hairpin curve... And speaking of technological achievement, the Russians are at it again. A recent article in the Scienceky Tuesday section of *Izvestiya* claims that the Soviets were the first to invent the retractable power cord and the hubcap. More outrageous, though, is their assertion that it was a Bolshevik revolutionary from Odessa who invented the box in 1919. Western historians, of course, have long known that the box was developed by the ancient Greeks for use in shipping busts from plinth to plinth... By the way, when did spelling—the erstwhile art of letter arranging—become such a rigid discipline? Doesn't Ye Olde Gifte Shoppe look so much better than Your Old Gift Shop? You bet it does. Yet no one I know of is looking into this historical transformation. Thesis anyone?... Now it can be told: recently declassified files have produced new insights into the personality of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. We have learned, for example, that he once asked to meet Gen. Claire Lee Chennault, who was leading America's Flying Tiger volunteers against the Japanese in China. FDR reportedly asked the general whether his volunteers dropped tigers on the enemy from the air or actually taught the big cats to fly... Well, the jig's up for the Lapps. It was one of the better historical frauds of modern times, but Sven Gnoldsen of the Copenhagen Institut vor Learninlookininto has blown the whistle. The Lapps, it seems, are actually Finnish college students who dress up in dog skins and carry on tasteless charades for researchers. "Da choke vas on us," says Gnoldsen. "Dey really had us believin der vas reindeer and dat white people liffed in tents and vandered around da tundra"... The "Mystery Professor" is at it again. The object of his scorn this time? Dwight D. Eisenhower. According to Halberstam

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15)



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ah... ahh... ahhh!**



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Article

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

"Blubbos," "tubbos," "hippos"—with a wide variety of distinctive nicknames, fatsos are constantly laughing, eating, and taking peanuts from people who mistake them for elephants. With a fat person, an ordinary trip to Venice becomes a natural disaster when the blubberbrain eats too much pizza and sinks the entire city beneath his bulk. Between swallows, typical conversations with fat people run something like this:
FAT PERSON: I'm thinking of changing jobs.

YOU: Well, I hear there's an opening for a new Goodyear blimp.

FP: Seriously, I'm tired of being a pastry

chef. I think I'll weigh my alternatives.
Y: I think you'd better use a truck scale.
Three funny fat people: Orson Welles.

Old People: Loosely defined as "anyone over thirty," old people are well known for their humorous lapses of memory, often forgetting whether or not Calvin Coolidge is still president, or where it was they left their teeth. Aging celebrities often become amusingly senile geezers, if they are men, and pathetic, cellulite-covered living corpses, if they are women. Perhaps the only drawback to old people is that they tend to die on you while you're laughing at them.

Sample dialogue between an old man and his grandson:

GRANDSON: Say, where'd you get that old coat?

GRANDFATHER: Eh? You callin' me an old goat?

GRANDSON: No, no! I was just talking about your clothes!

GRANDFATHER: What? You're talkin' about my nose?

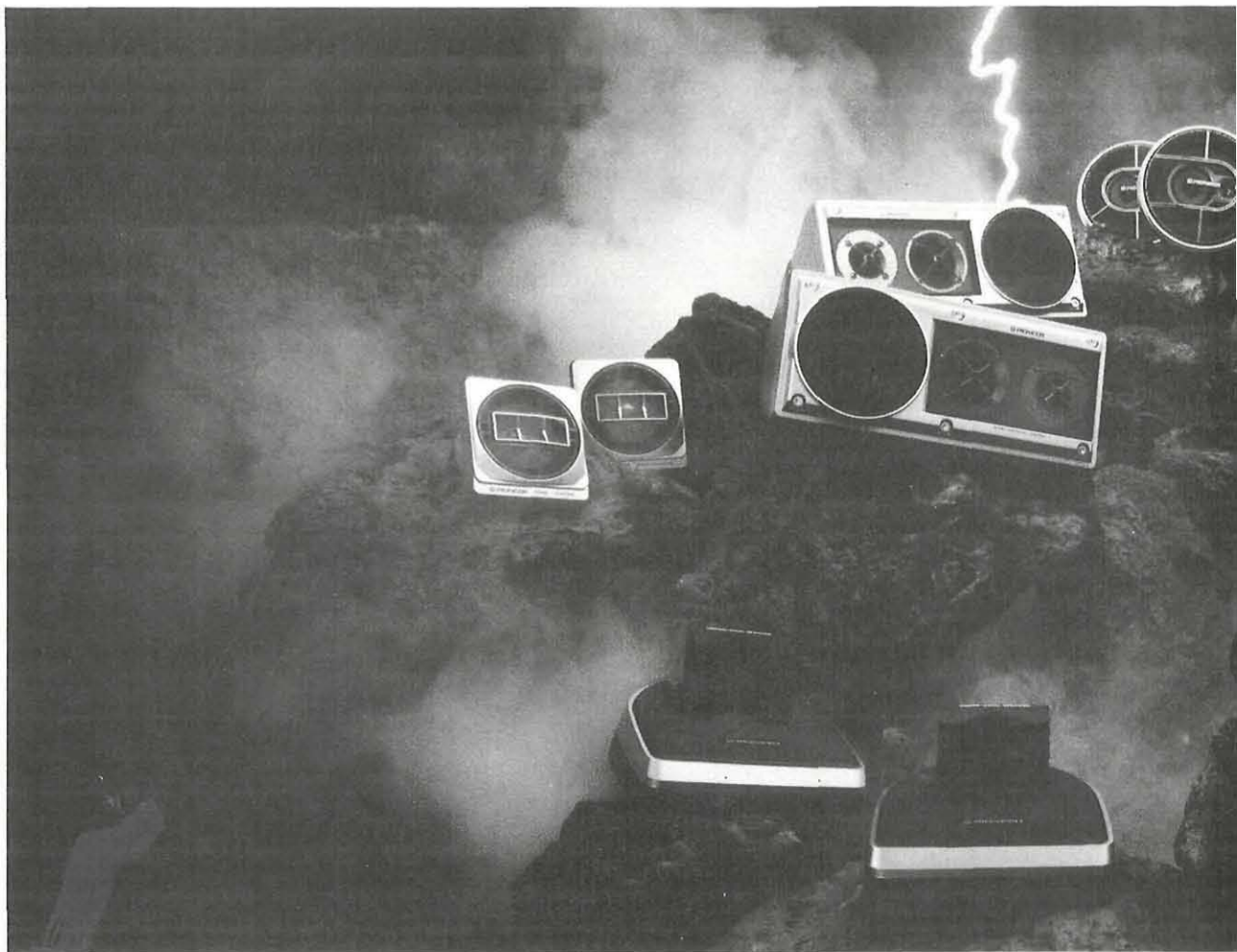
GRANDSON: Oh, what's the use.

GRANDFATHER: Zzzzzzzzz.

Funny old people: Ronald Reagan and Rita Hayworth (assuming they aren't funny dead people by the time this article hits print).

Had enough? Of course, it takes guts to knock off society's sacred cows, but somebody has to do it. I hope you enjoyed this article.

Next month's topics: Howard Cosell, Tom Snyder, and Richard Nixon. ■



BEFORE THEY GO IN A CAR, THEY GO THROUGH

We test our speakers to withstand conditions worse than just about any found on this planet.

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212°F. And when we claim our speakers can handle 60 watts, it's because we pumped 60 watts through them continuously for 4 solid days.

The above tortures are inflicted on not one, but

Pop Talk

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

University's phantom historian, DDE slept every night of his adult life in a full-length raincoat...Will Hollywood sully the integrity of our research? It's getting to be a problem for those of us who are serious about the history industry. I'm talking about those producers who bid for our research papers before they're even presented! The result of this price war? An unhealthy surge in papers on "sure winner" topics, e.g., *Lasciviousness Through the Ages* and *Medieval Police Story*; two recent examples from Oxblood University Press. We had hoped that the moguls were growing up when Paramount op-

tioned E. B. Trillway's *History of Interest Rates* for a record \$250,000. We should have known better. As it turns out, Trillway's big-buck treatise attributes usury-rate fluctuations to the availability of female clerical help in skimpy dress. Peter Ustinov and Jill Clayburgh are set to star, incidentally... Uh oh. Has America lost another war? "Not lost it, exactly," explains a spokesman for the National Archives. "It's more like we misplaced it." The war apparently took place sometime between the War of 1812 and the Civil War, probably in the late 1820s. "We don't know who it was with, so we don't even know what to call it," said the red-faced spokesman. "All we're sure of is that a whole lot of ships, horses, and men went away and never came back. I guess somebody for-

got to write it down." Have a heart and let these guys know if you run across an old war. They're really upset about it...How about this piper from across the Atlantic: scholars, who prefer to remain nameless, have admitted that poor transcriptions have led to a 600-year-old misunderstanding of the infamous Black Death, which swept Europe in the mid 1300s. Rats, it turns out, had nothing to do with the bubonic plaque, a virulent form of tooth coating. How we've mistreated those critters all these years!...And, finally, a boo and a hiss for a certain historian from a certain Ivy League school who has been claiming that man didn't invent the wheel, horses did. You know who you are, so just sober up and cut it out. You're getting to be an embarrassment. ■



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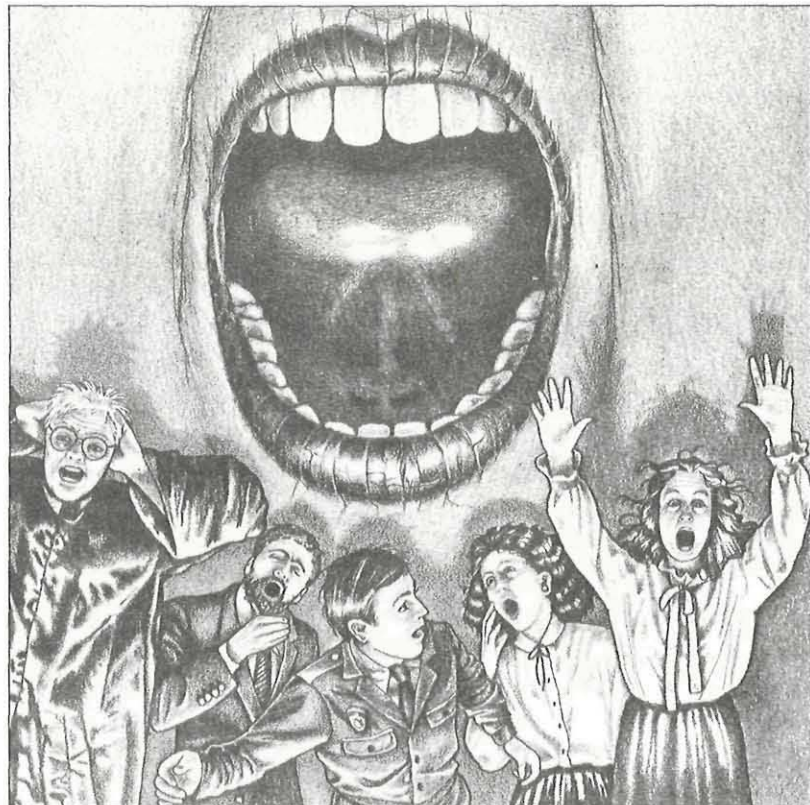
Mrs. Trilling

Author of *Mrs. Harris*, the Jean Harris-Dr. Herman Tarnower story, indicted for murders most bizarre.
by Ellis Weiner

THE WORST RASH OF DIET-book-writer murders in recent history began in New York: On November 29, 1981, Dr. Robert Atkins, author of *Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution*, was seated at his desk in his Manhattan office. Slim, trim, his skin aglow with the combined effects of good health and artificially maintained ketosis, he was dead. No signs of struggle were apparent, and his body bore no wound, cut, or other indication of physical foul play. Rumors quickly spread that Atkins had been "assassinated" by "counter-Diet Revolutionaries."

Eight days later, in his office at the Longevity Center and Pritikin Research Foundation in Santa Monica, California, Nathan Pritikin (*The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise*) was discovered by an assistant. Longevity had been cruelly transformed into shortevity: Pritikin was dead. His body appeared normal and unharmed: as had been the case with Atkins, there was no evidence of suffocation, poison, or accident. The coroner listed the cause of death as "termination of the life processes," and the matter was dropped.

Then, in rapid succession, two other diet-writer-related deaths occurred. On December 12, Judy Mazel, author of the controversial *Beverly Hills Diet*, was found dead in her swank office (actually a swank, denlike room in her swank Beverly Hills apartment). Beverly Hills authorities listed the cause of her death as "something to do with too much swankness," and refused to answer further questions. On December 14, television agent Rick Herbmort discovered the lifeless body of Richard Simmons, author of *The Never-Say-Diet Book* and well-known television diet-and-exercise gadabout mutant. Simmons's body bore no signs of violent struggle or any other sort of foul



play. Yet there he lay, in a modified yoga *asana* known as "the twerp." His famous red suit was intact: his mouth continued to yammer. "Oh, you tubbies! You chubbettes! Look at those thighs! Oh my God, are you kidding me? Help!" Yet Richard Simmons was dead.

It was at this juncture that the authorities, mindful of the appearance of a certain curious similarity among the deaths, began to say, "Hey." A comparison of the date books of the four dead diet experts quickly revealed that all of them had had one appointment in common on the days that ended their lives: each had scheduled an appointment with Diana Trilling.

Trilling, a left-liberal intellectual, critic, and author, had recently published *Mrs. Harris*, an account of the trial of Jean Harris, the Madeira School headmistress convicted of the killing of Dr. Herman (*The Complete Scarsdale Diet*) Tarnower. From the book's dust

jacket, we learn the following: "Diana Trilling is the author of *Claremont Essays*, *We Must March, My Darlings*, *Reviewing the Forties*, and the best-selling *Viking Portable D. H. Lawrence*. She is the editor of the twelve-volume *Uniform Edition of the Works of Lionel Trilling*, her late husband." Clearly, this was a disturbed woman, who not only suffered the delusion that she had written the works of D. H. Lawrence, but believed that she once had been married to a twelve-volume series of books—a series that she herself had edited.

Could there be, some wondered, a link between Trilling's work on the Harris case and the sudden demise of four other successful, famous, possibly-fraudulent-in-some-cases-or-at-least-dangerous diet "experts"? Grand juries in New York and California thought so, and indicted Mrs. Trilling for murder in connection with all four deaths. The resultant trials rocked not only the world of diet books and the world of left-lib-



You just signed the Declaration of Independence. You proved the pen is mightier than the sword. But the British have guns.

The King's not going to like this.

But that's okay. Things are looking up.

Ben says he's going to invent electric boxer shorts for the troops to wear during the winter.

And Thomas just finished a national anthem entitled, "We Got A Country, So Let's Dance."

Now comes Miller time.



eral intellectuals but the world of criminal justice and the world of bizarre murders.

I. Atkins: *Death of a Revolutionary*

The case for the prosecution was brief and succinct. Dr. Atkins's secretary reported that Atkins met with Mrs. Trilling in his office about an hour before his body was found. From her position at the reception desk the secretary was able to hear "sort of like a lot of talking" between the two. On further questioning it emerged that the secretary heard Mrs. Trilling say to Atkins, "May one suggest that in society today the assumption of a moral stance is regarded with the suspicion and bemusement hitherto reserved for the words and deeds of mystics, visionaries, and other religious zealots?" No, the secretary had no idea what that had to do with not eating potatoes.

On cross-examination, however, the secretary recalled that Mrs. Trilling also told Atkins, "Surely there are occupations less crass, vulgar, and exploitative of human weakness than that of a 'diet doc,' although may one suggest that one is hard-pressed to determine just what they might be?" This proved to be crucial testimony; it not only left the jury completely confused as to what was being discussed, but caused three of the jurors to tumble out of their chairs and onto the floor, asleep.

Further probing by F. Lee Bailey, Mrs. Trilling's attorney, unearthed the information that the writer said, point blank, to Atkins. "With regard to your readers, we both of us know that they all of them consider you just the one of you not merely an arbiter of what foods are appropriate or inappropriate for the loss of bodily weight, but a repository of

Mrs. Trilling also told Atkins, "Surely there are occupations less exploitative of human weakness than that of a 'diet doc,' although may one suggest that one is hard-pressed to determine just what they might be?"

moral infallibility concerning cheese balls, scrambled eggs with spicy ham, and the rest."

From the transcript:

MR. LEVITT (the prosecution): Objection. The people don't know what she's talking about when she says the moral infallibility of cheese balls.

MR. BAILEY: Your Honor—

THE DEFENDANT: I didn't say that, you fool. I said—

THE COURT: Order! Order! The defendant will please—

THE DEFENDANT: Oh, *really*: What does this exchange say about the degree of intellectual sophistication of the men (and, yes, the women) to whom we have entrusted the task of managing our society's machinery of jurisprudence? What does it say about the *moral* sophistication of these people?

THE COURT: (unintelligible)

THE DEFENDANT: I—this is outrageous! He's asleep!

BAILIFF: Hey, Judge! Wake up! Somebody wake him up!

THE DEFENDANT: I find this unspeakably tedious. I find this repellent. I find this unbearably boring. I find this very inconvenient.

MR. LEVITT: *Wake up, Your Honor!*

MR. BAILEY: We move for— *We move for a mistrial, Your Honor!*

THE COURT: (unintelligible)

A mistrial was declared. That portion of the jury that had remained awake during the fiasco staggered out of the courtroom. Those rendered unconscious by the proceedings (the rest of the jury, the judge, the assistant prosecutor, and two-thirds of the gallery) were left to awaken and make their way out as best they could.

But Mrs. Trilling's troubles were just beginning. Shortly after the first Atkins hearing she went on trial, in California, for the murder of Nathan Pritikin.

II. Pritikin: *So Longevity, It's Been Good to Know Ya*

The circumstantial evidence against Mrs. Trilling was similar to that introduced in the Atkins case. The defendant was observed by Pritikin's assistant, Jay Maxwell, to have entered the nutritionist's office shortly after two P.M. on December 7, and was seen leaving it about an hour later. Maxwell, a meticulous young man who claimed he thought it odd that a woman of Mrs. Trilling's profession and "slimness" should want to visit with Pritikin, said he eavesdropped on their conversation by placing a glass to the office door and putting his ear to the glass. This had the effect, he explained, not only of amplifying the sounds from within the office but of spilling the nonfat buttermilk that had been in the glass all over his pants.

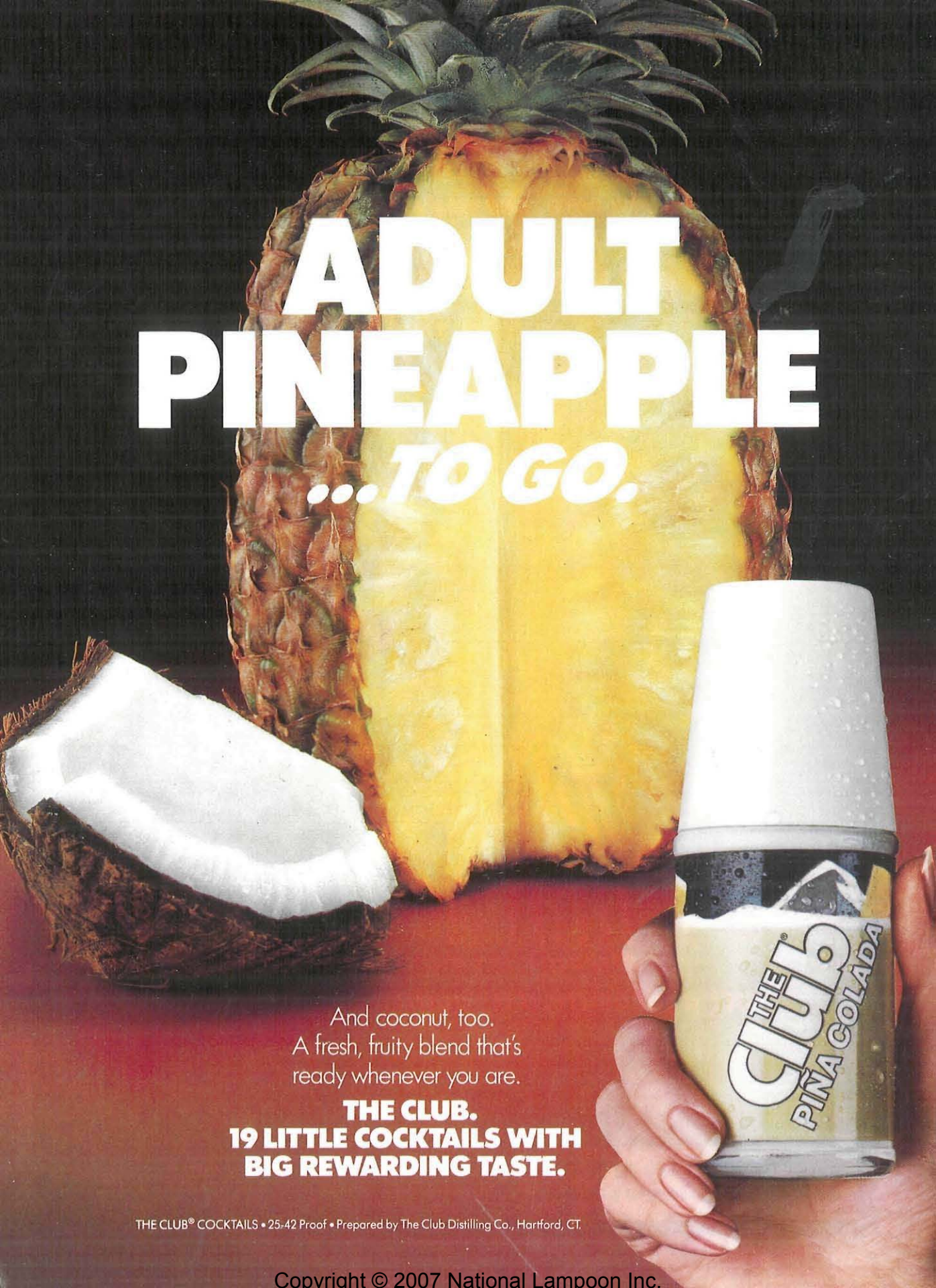
Maxwell's account of Mrs. Trilling's talk with Pritikin makes for chilling, or, at least, soporific, reading:

MR. MAXWELL: ... Then Mr. Pritikin said, "It's not my fault if Bob Atkins has an ugly office." Then Mrs. Trilling said, "Yes, but what does your so-called program for diet and exercise tell us about the unconscious impulses toward sado-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26)



"Send Orgill in, will you? I have something I'd like to bounce off him."



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Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine;
100's: 20 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report December 1981.

TIME OF THE MONTH

PLANET

El Salvador's "Civilian" Problem

U.S. technology to the rescue

SINCE LATE 1981," PRESIDENT Duarte agonized last spring, "we've been increasingly threatened by them—the *civilianistas*—the force of many millions of harmless-looking civilians who infest our towns and villages and jeopardize the very existence of our nation." Duarte's tone was urgent and frustrated as officials from the U.S. State Department attempted to console him, to assure him help was on the way. And indeed it was—\$17 billion worth of weapons developed in the United States specifically to blot out El Salvador's *civilianista* problem once and for all. The package is impressive:

- 18,000 MATCH-ACTIVATED STOVE MINES (MASMs)—Light, powerful charges that, when hidden in a civilian's kitchen stove, will explode on contact with a match flame, killing every civilian in the house.

- 11,500 VIDEO-GUIDED WINDOW BOMBS (VeeBees)—Fitted with a television camera in its nose, this rocket-propelled bomb is directed to its target on a video console operated by two-man launch teams. The bomb's glass-piercing head will penetrate windows up to one-half inch thick; its kill radius is large enough to destroy all civilians in the house.

- 500 TACTICAL ALL-MATTRESS BED LASERS (TABLs)—Jeep-mounted, 5,000-megawatt lasers capable of igniting straw, feather, cotton, and most other types of mattresses, through walls up to one foot thick, fatally burning all civilians sleeping on them.

- 7,000 INFRARED MARYKNOLL NIGHT SCOPES (IMNSs)—Portable



Skillfully hidden in its remote jungle village, this ragtag band of civilianistas has eluded government security forces for years. Introduction of sophisticated U.S. weaponry, however, is expected to bring them under control.

night-fighting devices that image body heat escaping from the heads of closely cropped nuns and direct so-called smart projectiles to them with unflinching precision.

By the time these and other civilian-specific systems are delivered to El

Salvador, late this year, U.S. officials believe, President Duarte's outlook should improve considerably. "With the American technology and El Salvador's determination," he recently declared, "the menace of the *civilianistas* can at last be controlled." ■

SPOOFS AND SEND-UPS

Come, Come

Kid makes crack, papers—no joke!

MRS. DOLORES HINTZ, impatiently waiting to drive her son Billy to a Cub Scout meeting, called to him. "Are you coming?"

"Yeah, Mom, I'm coming," said the precocious nine year old. "Coming in my pants, that is." Instantly, Billy Hintz

was surrounded and warmly congratulated by semanticist Sen. S. I. Hayakawa, newsman Edwin Newman, comedian Red Buttons, and a dozen other luminaries, all members of the American Council on Recreational English (ACRE). For Billy had made



"This lad put the 'come' in 'comedy,'" said Dick Cavett of precocious punster Billy Hintz.

the one-billionth joke on the word "come" (playing on its dual meanings "to approach" and "to achieve orgasm or ejaculate") since ACRE began keeping a national tally in 1975.

The council had kept track of a number of native American witticisms over the past seven years, including puns on the words "ball" (375 million occurrences), "gas" (480 million), and "pot" (685 million, including 300,000 by Bob Hope alone). But "come" proved by far the most versatile and most risible source of jokes. "If I've heard one

'come' pun, I've heard a billion," said ACRE chairman Dick Cavett. "And every one has made me laugh."

As for young Billy Hintz, he's gotten far more than a laugh with his joke. He has already received national press coverage, a telegram from an amused President Reagan, and a writing-job offer from ABC's comedy series "Fridays." Nonetheless, he remains modest about his achievement. "Sometimes these things just *come* to me," Hintz quips, starting America well on its way to a second billion.

MEDICINALIA

An American Tragedy

New virus ravaging our young, causing them to get fat and wear tiny flags

THE U.S.A.—LOVE IT OR SHOVE IT! And those kids today—you can't tell the boys from the girls! What they need is a hitch in the service—but first let's get 'em all a bath and a haircut. Gimme a beer!" The speaker is Sid Lousy, a sixteen-year-old punk rocker who has recently undergone an alarm-

ing transformation. Lousy, like hundreds of other Americans, has recently been afflicted by a terrifying new strain of Legionnaire's Disease. Unlike the original disease, which tended to fatally strike down members of the American Legion, this new form has actually helped beef up their numbers, by turn-

ing otherwise healthy young men into Legionnaires.

The disease is believed to be caused by a virus that attacks the right wing of the brain, stimulating the patriotic and politically conservative centers of the cerebral cortex. The symptoms are legion: a mysterious, almost unslakable thirst for beer; a desire to wear little metallic flags in the lapel of one's jacket, and a marked proclivity to get as fat as possible.

Though baffled by the disease, real American Legionnaires couldn't be happier with it. "This calls for a celebration," exclaims Sgt. Bill Coe (ret.). "It makes me want to drink a case of beer and march in a parade." Medical authorities, however, do not share the Legion's opinion. "Why couldn't this have happened with Lou Gehrig's Disease," lamented an anonymous physician. "Then we could all hit four homers in a single game."



Thousands of teenagers stricken by the new Legionnaire's Disease still insisted on leaving their hospital beds to march in the Flag Day parade.

BELIEF

Prelate Deprogrammed

Crazed cult cleansed

THE MOVEMENT TO DEPROGRAM members of so-called religious cults took a giant leap of faith forward last month when a dedicated and experienced task force of crack American-trained deprogrammers hijacked the papal airplane, *Vatican II*, with His Holiness John Paul and several self-styled cardinals aboard.

No one was injured in the daring midair snatch, although one of the Swiss Zouaves assigned to guarding the alleged pontiff reported a run in his tights resulting from the on-board scuffle.

The aircraft, after several refueling stops en route, put down at a secret landing strip near Passaic, New Jersey, where, in a suite of rooms at the otherwise undistinguished No-Tell Motel, a fresh team of polyester-suited deprogrammers waited, to "unbrainwash," or "dirty up the minds of," the vicar of Rome and his companions.

It took chief deprogrammer Richard ("Dickie") Duncan four brutal days and sleepless nights to break the Polish-born claimant to the Chair of Peter of his tragic delusion that he was "infallible" when pronouncing dogma in matters of faith and morals.

For the duration of the excruciating deprogramming session, a large color television in the motel room was constantly tuned to the NBC channel, and the self-styled clergymen were forced to read copies of *Reader's Digest* and the *New York Post* while ingesting cases of Pepsi Light, Double Cheese Whoppers, Vantage 100s, and onion-dip-flavored potato chips.

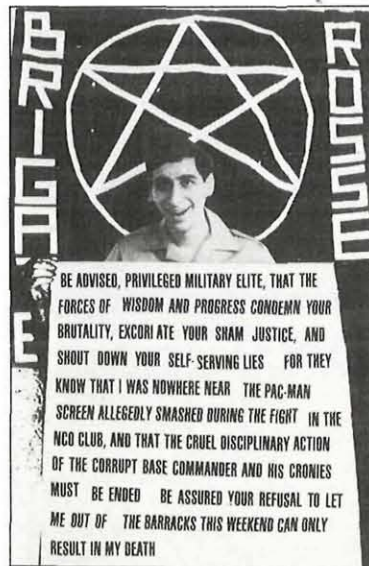
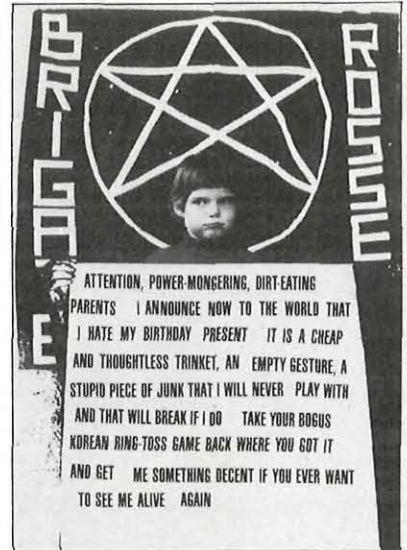
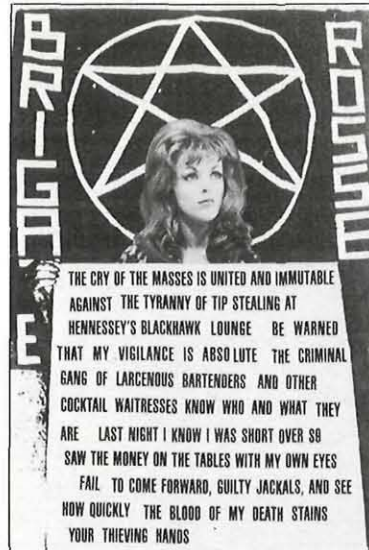
All the while, Duncan's team labored to convince their at first unwilling guests that Latin, Italian, and, for that matter, Polish are foolish affectations, that wan-

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dering around in gowns is, at best, aberrant behavior, and, finally, that everybody just wants to settle down somewhere nice and make payments on a useful Ford Motors product. It worked.

On the evening of the fourth day, the ex-pope and his ex-cardinals emerged from the motel, shook hands gratefully

with their exhausted but elated deprogrammers, and were put aboard various Greyhound buses, bound for, Duncan would only say, "somewhere in reality," that is, the Midwest.

Duncan's Debunkers hadn't even time to wave good-bye. They were off on the trail of the Dalai-Lama. ■



Brooke at ninety: naked and embarrassed.



Former pope John Paul II and coterie of ex-cardinals preparing to leave No-Tell Motel after successful deprogramming.

SCIENTIFIC SPOTLIGHT ON BROOKE SHIELDS

Lawsuit from Space

Brooke pleads to quash nude pix of herself at ninety

BROOKE SHIELDS IS BRINGING her body to the courts again—this time suing a scientist-photographer for publishing nude photos of her that won't be taken for another seventy years.

At a preliminary hearing, noted gerontologist Casper A. Wyning said,

"We know a lot about the aging of the body now, and those photos are Brooke, all right. We checked it all on a computer. If you take her current bone and skin structure and apply well-accepted deterioration coefficients, that's exactly what you get. It couldn't be anyone else."

Paul Optley, a member of the astronomy department at the University of Colorado, explained how he got the pictures. "We were working the 100-meter Kitt Peak telescope, just taking ordinary deep-sky photos," he said, "when suddenly there she was, clear as a bell. There must have been a little Einsteinian time warp somewhere in the field. It's not a common occurrence, really, but it does happen. Once I got the pictures, I figured I might as well make some extra money from them, what with all our budget cutbacks." ■

LITEREMIA

Latin Literary Threat Quelled

American novelists reach a fast—and furious—accord

From the recent convention, in New York, of the nation's most powerful literary "families," this eyewitness account:

EVENTUALLY EVERYBODY stops drinking, complaining about the canapés, and comparing deals, and Chairman Cheever bangs the gavel and puts the main topic on the floor: which is that thing everybody calls "the South American problem." Right away everybody's screaming like a maniac. Michener stands up very polite and says wait a minute, he's about to get started on a novel about a pile of rocks in Peru, and what happens to them and what they think about over the last couple a billion

years.

"I am compelled to inform delegate Michener," Cheever says, "that regardless of his love affair with Peruvian geology, the fact remains that the authors of the South American syndicate pose a considerable threat to all of us—" Then out of nowhere, like a shot, Vonnegut jumps up.

"Let's face it, Jimmy," he says, "sure, I admire Cortazar, and Borges, and Lima, and Marquez, and Puig, and...who else?..."

"Asturias!" somebody yells, probably Heller.

"Infante!" Vidal yells, grandstanding as usual.

Barth hollers, "What about Fuentes?"

"He's Mexican," Vonnegut says.

"How about Amado?" Joyce Oates says real softlike.

"He's Brazilian," Cheever says. "He's one of them, too."

"Isn't Mexico part of Brazil?" Erica Jong asks, and everybody snorts and looks revolted, because it's typical.

"Please!" Vonnegut yells. "Anyway, Jimmy, all those South American guys are muscling in on our territory, and I say we stop them before they stop us."

Then everybody leaps up, clapping like crazy, and Michener shrugs and says something like, "I'll make it Australia." After a while somebody asks how they should go about correcting the situation.

"Ice 'em!" Capote yells.

"We can't kill 'em," Cheever says. "They're in South America, except for Cortazar, who lives in Paris, France."

"I got it!" Mailer says, and everybody gets quiet. "If we can't kill 'em, we'll rub out the translators!"

This goes over real big. "We'll pick up the translators, tie a couple of word processors to their feet, and dump them in the East River."

The vote is 54-0. After that, everybody got drunk and, by the way, ate all the canapés. ■

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

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Mrs. Trilling

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18) masochistic manipulation in both of you, the one of you, and all, all of them, your readers?" He said, "I don't know. You're the writer. You tell me." Then she said, "What does the popularity of books such as yours tell us about the function of the book in our society? What does it tell us about the status of the written word and its relationship to food? What is the epigenetic implication of the very existence of books about eating? Why, one one of one might ask, are there no foods about reading?" Then Mr. Pritikin yells, "I don't know! Stop asking me all these stupid questions!"

MR. DEVITO (the prosecution): Then what happened?

MR. MAXWELL: I don't know. I fell asleep.

MR. DEVITO: Isn't it true that while you were asleep you heard Mrs. Trilling say, "I hate all writers of popular diet books and I'm going to kill every last one of them"?

THE COURT (Judge Thomas T. Shippman): I'll entertain an objection to that question, Mr. Bailey...

MR. BAILEY: (unintelligible)

THE COURT: Mr. Bailey?
THE DEFENDANT: Honestly! When one's own attorney falls asleep! Wake up. *Wake up, Lee!* Oh, God damn it—

MR. BAILEY: Huh? Objection! Irrelevant, irascible, and irresistible!

THE DEFENDANT: Oh, shut up.

MR. BAILEY: Whassa matter?

Judy Mazel's death had been particularly difficult to diagnose "due to a gold-brown growth of prickly spines along her body, and a sharp crown of green leaves growing out of the top of her head."

THE COURT: Mrs. Trilling, I will ask you once again to remain—

THE DEFENDANT: You wish me to remain silent. And so I shall. Is there any spectacle on earth more enervating and dull than one's own murder trial, may one ask of one? And really, isn't my guilt or innocence in this crime a relatively minor matter, when measured against the moral content of—

THE COURT: We'll have... quickly,

now, we'll—

BAILIFF: *All rise!*

THE COURT: —a brief recess, quick! Before... (unintelligible)

When he awoke, F Lee Bailey lost no time in moving for a mistrial. The motion, when the judge awoke, was denied, but court was adjourned until November 1996, by which time, Judge Shippman predicted, he would be dead of old age, and thus disqualified from hearing the case.

Mrs. Trilling was remanded into the custody of the Beverly Hills police department. Four weeks after the Pritikin hearing she came to trial for the killing of Judy Mazel.

III. Mazel: Tough

Los Angeles coroner Dr. Thomas Noguchi testified that Judy Mazel's death had been particularly difficult to diagnose "due to a gold-brown growth of scaly, prickly spines along her body, and a tough, sharp crown of pointed green leaves growing out of the top of her head." Upon her demise, Noguchi said, she had reverted to the prehuman, pineapplar stage of evolution.

However, the coroner was able to state with certainty that such was not the cause of death itself.

DR. NOGUCHI: As I have said, she became a pineapple after death, yes. But death itself was caused by something completely different.

MR. CHALMERS (the prosecutor): And what was that, Doctor?

DR. NOGUCHI: She had undergone severe deprivation of psycho-ideational input, which caused her brain to cease functioning.

MR. CHALMERS: In other words...?

DR. NOGUCHI: She was bored to death.

THE DEFENDANT: Oh, for God's sake!

THE COURT (Judge Lindsay Weston): Mrs. Trilling—

THE DEFENDANT: But the girl was an absolute idiot! Have you read her moronic book? (*Reads from book*) "If a carb hits your stomach without being in the form of maltose (via the action of ptylin in your mouth), your stomach becomes frustrated and says, 'What am I going to do with you? I don't have any ptylin to digest you!'"

THE COURT: Mrs. Trilling, you really must—

THE DEFENDANT: Never mind the aesthetic implications of this sort of elevated baby talk, or the fact that her theories are, and I speak medically, of course, rubbish. What are the moral ramifications of living in a society—may one call this a society, or will one be considered elitist?—of living in a society

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)



"What's this I hear about you dressing up like a woman and blowing me in the bathroom?"

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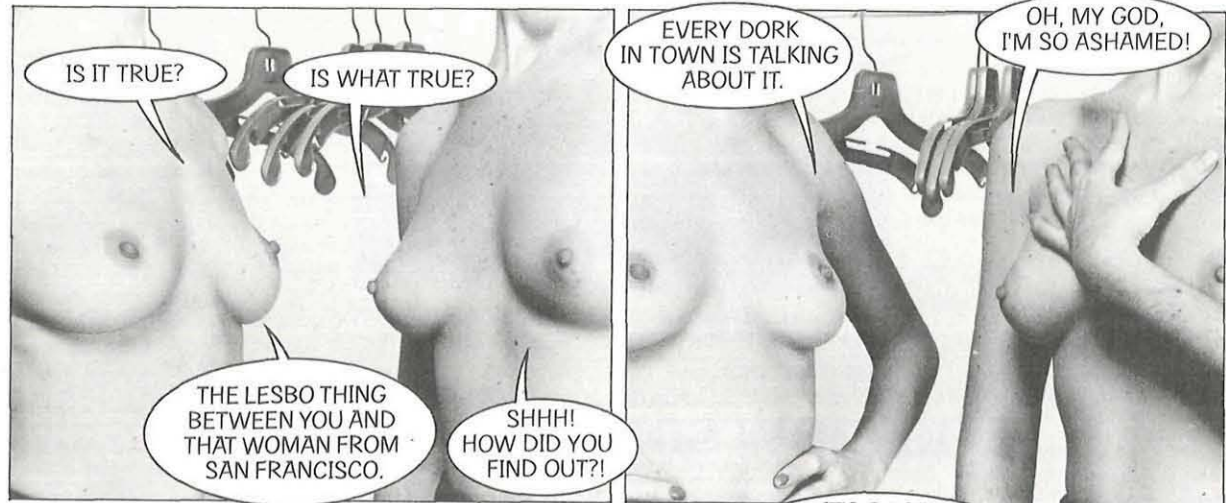
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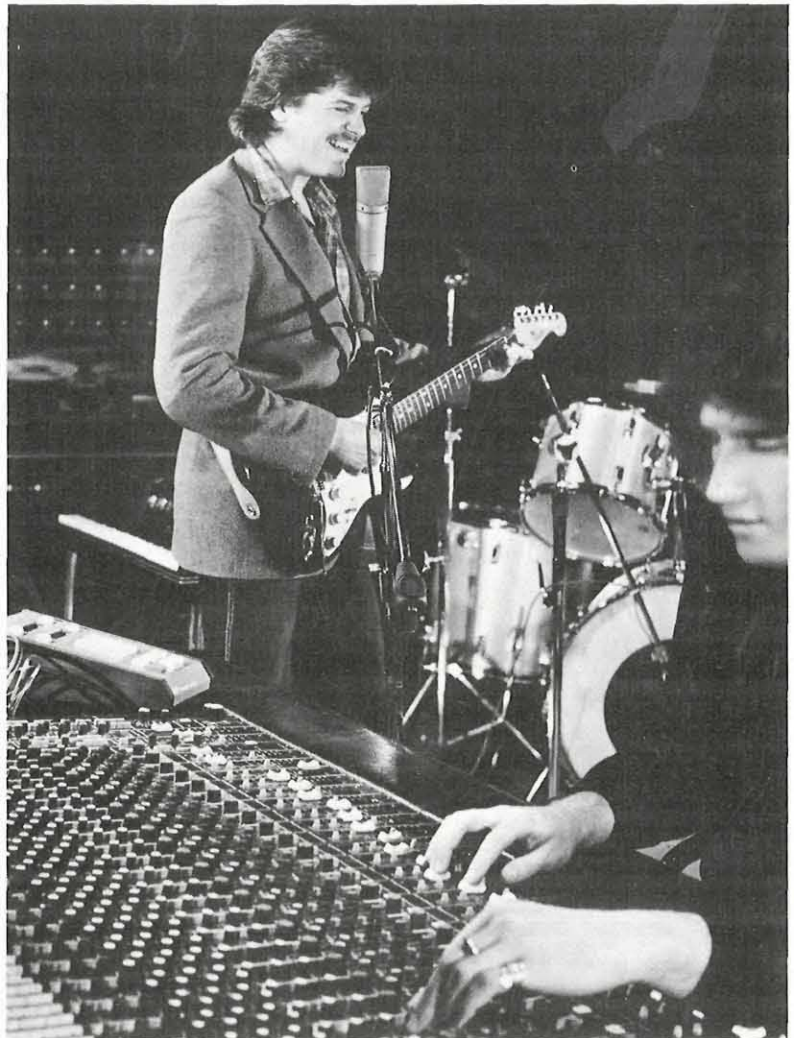
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thing anyone can do, because that's the star's name.

O. C. OGLEYVEY
Intercourse, Arizona

Sirs:

I hope you guys don't mind my using your magazine as a public forum, but I suck. I really do.

ALAN ALDA
Television City

Sirs:

I just want to thank the baseball announcers for saying "If you're scoring at home, make it six to three on that last play." My girl friend and I have numbered all the parts of our bodies, and whenever the announcer says something like that, we just follow his directions. I'm telling you, it's unbelievable, some of the positions we've found ourselves in. One word of warning, though: don't every try four to seven to eight to six. We did it once, and I threw my back out for two months.

LARRY LIVINGSTON
Milvale, Pa.

Sirs:

*took a walk with
that cat mehitabel
and wothehell wothehell
now i m caught
in a roach motel*

ARCHY
Reno, Nevada

Sirs:

Okay, here's another tip about phones and obscene calls. These days a lot of girls, they live in the city alone, either they're divorced or whatever, but they

don't want guys like me calling them; so, to stop it, what they'll do is not put their first name in the phone book, but only their first initial. That way when people look through the telephone book to get numbers to make obscene phone calls to, they won't see Sheila or Jane, they'll see S. or J. They figure this will stop us guys. But it won't, 'cause girls are the only ones who do this. So now I just look in the book 'til I see me an S. or a J. and then I call that number. Only now I'm a little cruder, 'cause it drives me nuts when people try to put one over on me.

ARNIE
Who knows where

Sirs:

Honk If You Want to Fuck Me

The Driver of This Car Has a Big Prick

If You Can Read This, Blow It Out Your Ass

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greeting cards"*

Sirs:

Wow! I finally tried smoking pot, and the stuff really makes you go nuts. First I got real hungry; so I raided the fridge. Then I got real sleepy. Then I giggled uncontrollably through a rerun of "The Love Boat." Then I completely forgot who I was writing this letter to, or what it's supposed to be about. Is it for the food column in the *New York Times*?

CARLOS CASTANEDA
Los Angeles

Sirs:

It's about time we came clean. Those

nuclear-power plants we keep building are a hell of a lot more dangerous than even the most paranoid antinuke fanatics suspect—in fact, they are the only cause of cancer and the common cold, and, you know, Hawaii wasn't always an island. The U.S. is not only fighting a secret war in El Salvador but is also involved in secret wars in Nicaragua, Cuba, Iran, South Yemen, Tierra del Fuego, Sweden, Massachusetts, and Orange County. An accident in one of our secret biological-warfare labs has released a mutant strain of bacteria that eats out a person's brains in a matter of days, and it has already struck in epidemic proportions in much of Utah. Covert H-bomb testing is melting most of the polar ice cap. We actually *won* the war in Vietnam and set up a puppet communist government through which we can do stuff that we could never have gotten away with otherwise. Soon we will be finished in Cambodia and can get started on Red China. Ronald Reagan is not harmlessly stupid—he is actually criminally insane, but that's not such a problem since Nixon *really* runs the U.S., and the world, for that matter. The drug movement of the sixties was actually engineered by the CIA in order to stop the civil-rights movement, and Ken Kesey and J. Edgar Hoover were one and the same person. You have no free will. We control the media, of course, and Jane Fonda was manufactured by Bell Labs. We're having fun playing with you right now, but any day now we might get bored and decide to kick over the board.

So what are you going to do about it?

THE POWERS THAT BE
Hiding under your bed

Sirs:

You know why people like planes so much better than trains? Because trains don't have stewardesses. So I say Amtrak should hire stewardesses for all of its lines. And then tell one of them to give me a blowjob. Then I'd be happy.

A MAN WHO LIKES BLOWJOBS
BETTER THAN HE LIKES TRAINS

Sirs:

Q. What has eighteen legs and tits?

A. We do.

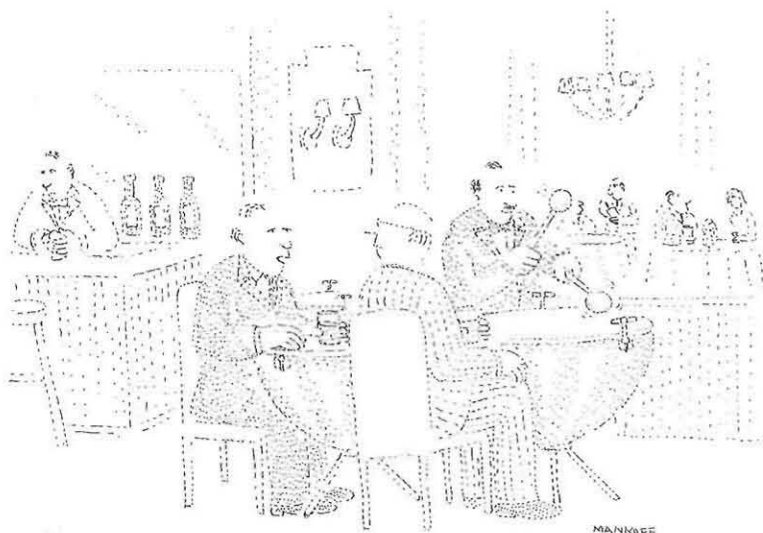
THE SUPREME COURT
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Early this morning, all the terrible predictions finally came true—California broke away and slid into the Pacific Ocean. I know because I felt the earth move and my pants are wet.

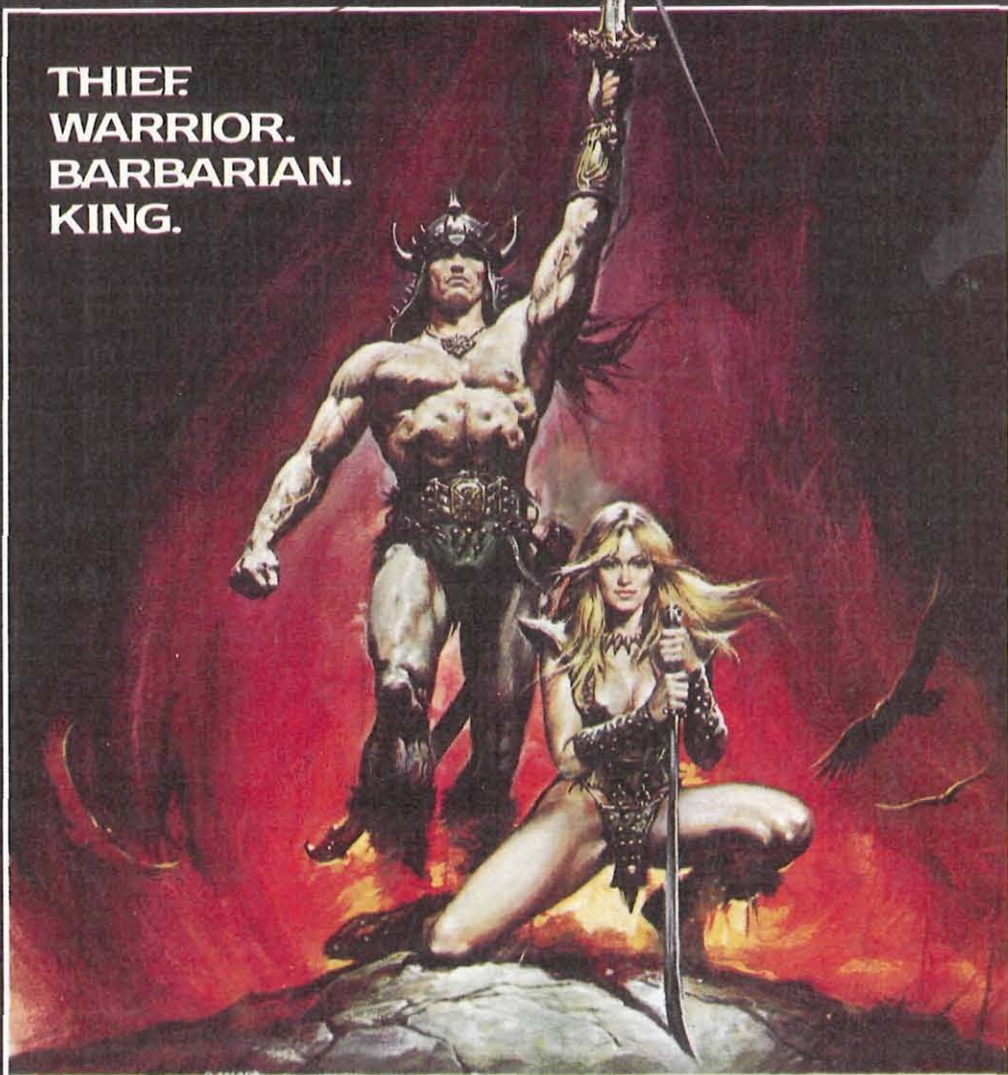
RALPH ORGASM
Santa Barbara, Cal.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 77)



"What ever happened to the piano bar?"

THIEF.
WARRIOR.
BARBARIAN.
KING.



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Mrs. Trilling

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26)
whose citizens... What... Is anyone listening to me? My God, they're all... Hello? Lee, wake— Oh, no, not you now, too, damn it, you're the stenogr

IV. Simmons: Say Die

Three persons (two reporters and a juror) died of brain failure at the Mazel trial; Noguchi, who ran from the courtroom as Mrs. Trilling began her lethal monologue, diagnosed the cause of death as being identical to that of Atkins, Pritikin, and Mazel. Mrs. Trilling was formally arrested for these three additional deaths but, while explaining to the arresting officers how she found the arrest procedures "tedious," suc-

ceeded in putting them into a light hypnagogic trance. With no court or law personnel to escort her, it was up to Mrs. Trilling herself to travel, alone, to the Los Angeles courthouse where she was to stand trial for the murder of Richard Simmons.

The case reached an immediate impasse: Mrs. Trilling, despite the advice of counsel, sought to take the witness stand and testify in her own defense. Yet, as prosecutor Diane Flanagan pointed out, her very appearance in court posed a grave threat to the health, well-being, and alertness of those assembled. Judge Michael Steven Gross agreed, ruling that Mrs. Trilling would be allowed to testify provided that no one listen to her testimony. The defense objected.

MR. BAILEY: Your Honor, how can

her testimony have any meaning if no one is allowed to listen to it?

THE COURT: Overruled.

MRS. TRILLING: Let's get this over with, Lee. All right. Yes, I killed them. I killed all of them. But why not? Somebody must be responsible for keeping a moral scoreboard on society, and that task falls to us writers and intellectuals. Is it my fault if those silly people were so obtuse as to *die* when I began to speak—all right, I grant it, *lecture*—them on—*Stay awake, Judge!*—lecture them on the morality of their lives, and diets, and books, and clothes, and desks? May one ask, in fact, what the existence of a moralizing old crone such as myself (for I am not devoid of self-knowledge, Your Honor) has to say about—

MR. BAILEY: Diana, that's enough.

MRS. TRILLING: It is not enough, Lee, and—

MS. FLANAGAN: Your Honor, the people rest.

THE COURT: Order! I will have order!

MRS. TRILLING: —all of those diet docs, although of course neither Pritikin nor Mazel nor Simmons can be said to actually be a "doc"...but what does this tell us about our society, when three-fourths of the murdered diet docs aren't even docs?

MR. BAILEY: *Don't fall asleep, Your Honor!*

THE COURT: Wha'—? Oh...yes... Will the stenographer read back what was just said? I seem to have snoozed off somewhat for a moment...

THE STENOGRAPHER: "...all of those diet docs, although of course neither Pritikin nor Mazel nor Simmons can be said to actually be a doc, but what does this tell us about our society, when three-fourths of the murdered diet docs aren't even docs?"

THE COURT: Thank you. Now, Mrs. Trilling— Mrs. Trilling?

MR. BAILEY: My client is asleep, Your Honor.

THE JURY FOUND DIANA TRILLING guilty of mindslaughter in the third degree. She was sentenced to serve three years in a minimum-security prison for women, where she occupied the same floor as Jean Harris. Her other convictions—all for unpremeditated mindslaughter, in connection with the Atkins, Pritikin, and Mazel deaths—brought similar sentences, as did a conviction for those killed at the Mazel trial. All sentences, however, were designated to run concurrently.

Mrs. Trilling is reportedly thriving in prison, where she conducts seminars on moral thought and on the asking of airy rhetorical questions. She also assists the facility's psychiatrist in treating cases of hypertension and insomnia. ■



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NATIONAL
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CRIME



Illustration: Robert Crawford

Jimmy "The Weasel" Fratianno's Guide to

THE SECRET TO picking up girls is the same as it is to clipping a guy, which is to say that in either case you got to make the broad you want to pick up or the guy you want to blow away think that what's on your mind is exactly what ain't on your mind.

As an example, say you and me get the word that a guy hasn't been doing the right thing as far as the family's concerned. The boss wants him clipped, and he wants us to handle it. But it turns out that this guy ain't stupid. He knows he's been fucking the family royal, so when word gets around he ain't exactly the flavor of the month with certain people, the guy gets his guard up. The slightest little irregularity could spook him so bad we'd never find him.

So what do we do? Go charging after him like the army? Not on your life. We do just the opposite—we come on to this guy like he's our best friend. We take him to a ball game, get the best seats, right behind the plate. Everything first-class. We take him to Tahoe, introduce him to a couple celebrities—maybe even Frank—get him comped for chips, drinks, room, broads, everything.

Pretty soon, the cocksucker's in love with us like brothers. He's drunk on his ass, telling us about all kinds of big deals he's got going, even wants us to be partners. We say, "Sure, that sounds great." We set up a meeting at his house to lay out the details. When we show up, the guy's wife and kids are falling all over us. They think we're their old man's big-shot business pals. They serve us about

**MURDER,
EXTORTION,
— AND —
PICKING UP
GIRLS**



"The Weasel"

a twenty-five-course meal, everything gourmet, the best. This guy's given us such a big buildup that his wife has the idea we're professional experts on everything.

She brings out this crate full of gold bars she inherited and asks us if in our professional opinion it's safe to keep them around the house. "Are you kidding?" we say. "You're just asking for trouble doing a thing like that." So, because we're such good friends with the entire family by now she gives us the gold so we can put it in a safe place for her.

Believe me, these people would elect us for pope and Santa Claus combined. Forget about it. Pretty soon the guy cracks open this five-hundred-dollar

bottle of cognac, the best, and he's pouring it for us like it was tap water. He starts talking about trust and friendship, real bullshit about how much it means to have the right kind of guys around, guys you could tell anything to, guys who would die for you, like us.

By now the cocksucker's got tears running down his cheeks. He tells us he wants us to be the guardians of his seventeen-year-old daughter if anything should ever happen to him. He shows us this picture of her in a bathing suit. Forget about it. This broad's a fucking goddess. I mean, we got to loosen our collars.

The guy says he won't be able to sleep unless he knows his little girl will be taken care of, so he insists on driving us

to his office and putting us down as guardians on a copy of his will. Then he pulls fifty grand cash from a drawer and says it's a little insurance for the welfare of his daughter. He tells us we should hang on to it to help pay for her college if anything should happen to him. There's still tears in his eyes. The guy spreads out his arms and hugs us. Double kisses on the cheeks, the whole thing. "I love you guys," he says, practically trembling with emotion. Forget about it. We fucking throw the rope around his neck and clip the cocksucker right there in his office. One-two-three it goes, a cakewalk.

PART I

Making Time with a Broad You're Supposed to Be the Legal Guardian Of

THE ADVANTAGE OF DEALING WITH broads you're supposedly responsible for, like as a legal guardian, is that they're usually around a lot, which makes it easier to figure out a line of bullshit custom-tailored to their psychology.

For example, this broad Lorraine, the daughter of the guy we clipped in his office, was around my place all the time. She kept asking about the fifty grand and her mother's gold, but I could tell from the fact that she thought she had one chance in a million of ever getting her hands on the money and gold that Lorraine wasn't exactly no Mr. Science upstairs.

So, accordingly, I knew she'd respond to what I like to call one of my verbal bouquets, which is like a brilliant, beautiful display of the words of romance that a slow broad, which is about 99 percent of them, goes for like crazy.

"Lorraine," I said to her, "allow me to have your hand." She gives me her hand and I look at it real thoughtfully, and then I say, "Lorraine. This hand, this beautiful hand, is like a bridge to your heart. A delicate, white bridge of the finest gold and materials, which I want to cross upon with my heart so that my heart may enter your heart and together beat as a single expression of the love inside us." Forget about it. This broad was hooked.

PART II

Clipping a Guy in a Car While This Girl That's Hooked on You Is Riding in the Same Car

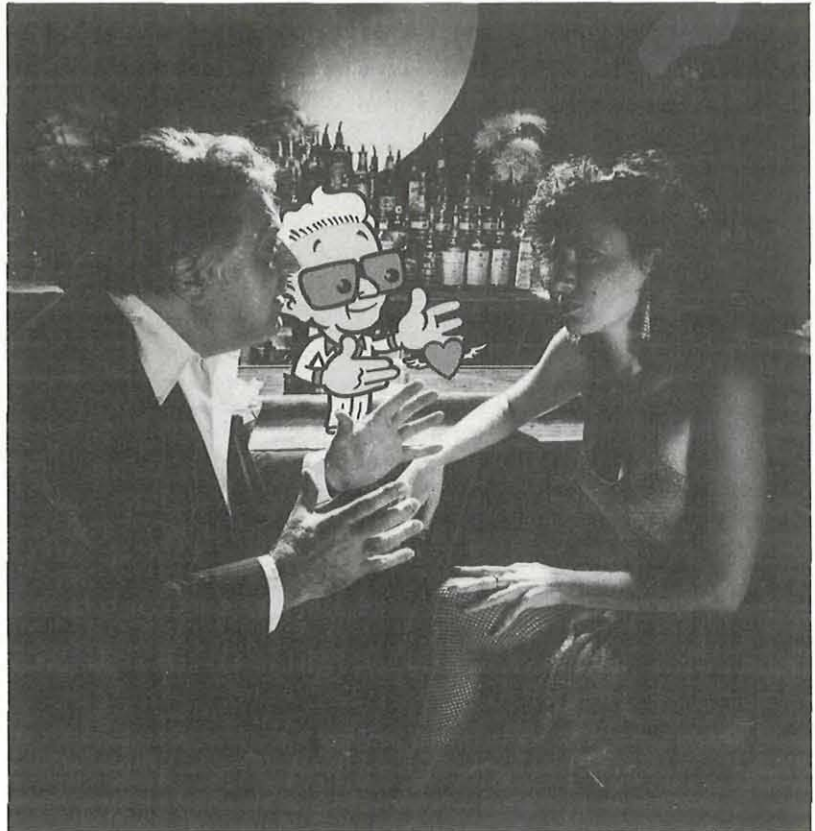
SO YOU CAN IMAGINE THE PROBLEM IT might present if you got some guy to

clip in the backseat and a broad like Lorraine in the front. It's a cinch, however, if you apply the secret I told you about earlier—the secret about not letting anyone know what you're really thinking. So, you make a couple of jokes with this guy in the back, like he's your brother or something. "Hey, you should get a load of the tits on my broad," you tell the guy with a laugh,

PART III

Getting a Broad to Screw You After You Just Straightened Her Out with a Gun and with a Dead Guy in the Backseat

"HEY" I BEGIN, AFTER WE PULL INTO this alfalfa field to unload the body.



THE FOOLPROOF METHOD OF TALKING ABOUT HEARTS

Broads love any kind of talk about hearts, especially when you make it sound like your heart and the broad's heart are hooked up together. But you got to lay it out good, so the broad gets the right picture in her mind of how this hookup is going to happen. You got to make out like your heart is something real beautiful that she wouldn't mind coming into her body and being next to her heart—a beautiful bird, for example. No broad would mind a soft, delicate bird fluttering into her body. So, you say, "My heart is like a beautiful bird that wants to fly into the nest of the bird that is your heart." Forget about it. Once she lets this bird into her body, no telling what she'll let you put into it next, if you get my meaning.

like a real comedian.

The guy in the backseat lights up with a big smile—he thinks you're an extra-close pal for including him in an intimate crack about your broad's tits. So I turn around with an automatic and blow nine holes in the guy's face. My broad starts to make a scene about it, but I tell her right away to shut her fucking mouth or she'll end up dead beef like the guy in the backseat. That took care of that. You give a broad the final word like I just described, she ain't going to give you no more trouble.

"You got to understand that there are two fucking Jimmy the Weasels. First, there's the Jimmy the Weasel the *man*, who does his part for the family. Somebody don't do the right thing for the family, it's my job to straighten him out. He don't want to get straightened out, then it's my job as a *man* to clip the fucker, you understand?"

"Now, the second Jimmy the Weasel is the Jimmy the Weasel of the *heart*. A

by **Tod Carroll**

heart made of love. But the heart has got to live in the man, so the two parts got to get along, or you would go crazy. So when my heart wants to love, the man don't stand in the way. The man in Jimmy the Weasel says if my heart wants to love, then the man in Jimmy the Weasel will do his part to help out. Like, right now, my heart is a beautiful gift of love, all wrapped up like a Christmas present, waiting for you to put it under the tree of your heart, where we can open it together. But if something went wrong, say if you didn't like the present, that's when the man in Jimmy the Weasel would want to do his part to straighten you out so you understand the true beauty of the gift. You don't want to get straightened out, then I clip your ass right here in the fucking alfalfa field." Forget about it. This Lorraine can't get my pants off fast enough.

PART IV

Moving In with a Broad Because After One Incredible Moment of Love She Says She'll Kill Herself if You Don't Move In with Her

ONE OF THE MAIN THINGS ABOUT LIVING with a broad is that you not only inherit all of the broad's problems, you also inherit all of her friends and their problems. Broads are nuts when it comes to their screwed-up friends—they feel sorry for them and insist on having them over to dinner and hanging around the house just at the times when you least want a bunch of noisy, dizzy broads in your way, which, unless you're trying to throw one in the sack, is about always.

As an example, Lorraine and me are installed in this fancy-ass place—pool, cabana, Jacuzzi, everything automatic, the best. I figure that I got a good thing going, I'm feeling like a king, and then who shows up? Lorraine's fucking broke friend Donna.

Let me describe Donna's situation for you, so you get the full picture. She's got these three kids—the oldest is about a five-year-old girl, one of these smart little fucks that prances around the room grandstanding like the royal French queen of the cute kids until you want to put a ninety-caliber slug through her head. The other two assholes are these twins about a year old. One of them sleeps all the time, like it's doped up, which it is because the thing is retarded. The other one is just as retarded as far as I'm concerned, but it don't get no drugs. It just runs as fast as it can around your entire house for

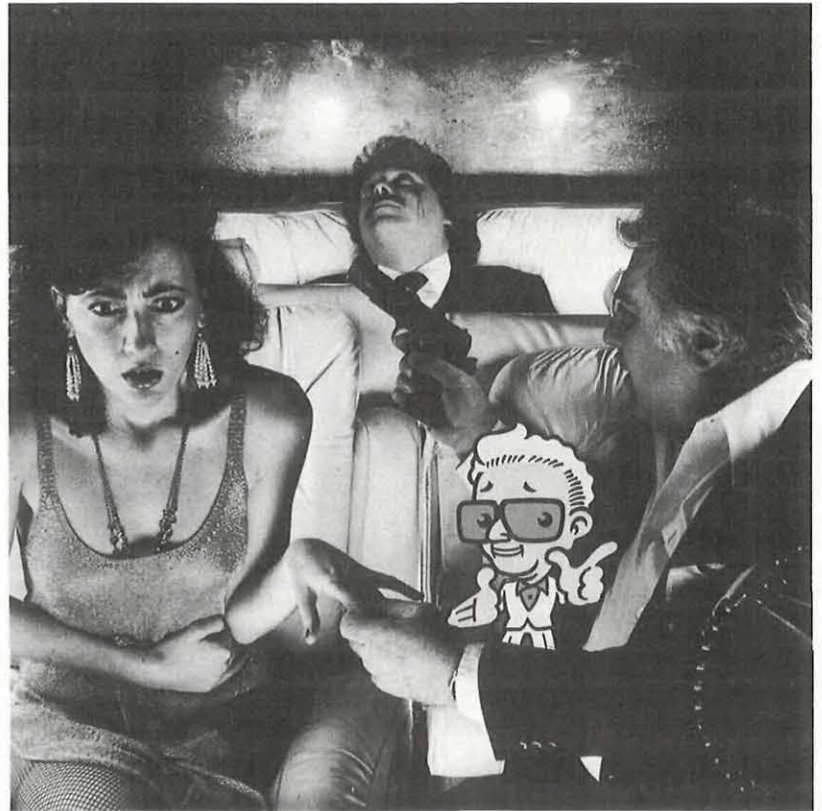
hours without a break until it crashes into a sharp corner or something, and then it starts running again, only now it's screaming like a maniac.

Of course, Donna don't do anything to control the kid because she belongs to some tit-feeding club where the only solution they got for anything is to hook a kid up to their tits, where the sleeping retarded kid is constantly, which then pretty much knocks Donna out of commission as far as putting a lid on the little screeching cocksucker that's shooting around my house like a handball.

So you can understand my frame of mind the last time Donna shows up for a visit. I'm trying to talk over some business with a few of my associates and Donna's sitting practically on top of us with this half-dead retarded kid working on her tit. Believe me, I got a real appreciation for tits, and a lot of different kinds of them too, but these things on Donna—totally blue and white and dead-looking, like they been under-

water for about six months—they're making me cringe. Then, the royal queen of the cute five year olds announces it's time for her recital, a fucking musical recital that she's going to give on this tiny miniature violin.

Donna probably borrowed money from my broad to pay for her fuckin' smart-ass kid's violin lessons, because all she got time for is tit feeding. So the kid demands that everyone in the house drop everything and listen to her scratch "Three Blind Mice" on the violin, which she does. Eeeee-eeeee-eeeee. Eeeee-eeeee-eeeee. That's it. That's the whole fucking song, about six notes, all of them these sounds that don't come close to no song in the entire world. Then the kid tucks the violin under her arm like some fuckhead at the YMCA music school probably taught her, real professionallike, takes a bow, and then goes into some other bullshit song while the little cocksucker that runs around the house smashes full speed into an ar-



THE IMPORTANCE OF HOLDING A BROAD'S HAND

One thing broads hate is to be neglected, even for a minute. So I always advise guys to give broads some kind of gesture that you know they're around, like, for example, holding a broad's hand. This is an ideal gesture, because it don't take no effort at all, and yet it'll go about as far in keeping most broads happy as talking to them. Sometimes if you need both of your hands, or if you're in a situation where the broad is extra jumpy, you can stockpile a little reserve attention by squeezing the broad's hand. This will usually buy you a few seconds to do what you got to do without worrying about a broad whining for more attention, but, to be sure, you got to check out each broad's need, case by case.

cadia door and starts screaming. "Eeeee-eeee-eeee" and head-throbbing screaming are practically blowing the windows out of the house by now, while this Donna broad just sits there, staring at me and my associates with her goddamn broken-down blue tits out. So I pick up the five year old and hold her upside down over a gas burner on the stove and tell Donna if she don't get herself and her kids out of my place, I'm going to fry the kid's head and blow Donna's guts out where she sits.

PART V

Getting Rid of Your Broad and Getting a New One

I TELL MY BROAD A DOZEN TIMES NOT to pull this crap with her worthless friends, but she don't get it straight, so I jam a shotgun into her gut and tell her to blow off. So she does. And then, later on, I run into this guy, a made guy, in the family for years, and he tells me he's got a line on this broad whose husband just died and left her control of his string of porno theaters. "Let's see if we can't shake her down," the guy says with a chuckle, and I'm thinking to myself, "Hey, I need a new broad. Maybe after we hit her up for all of her theaters, I can get her in the sack."

PART VI

Getting a Broad to Cop Your Joint After You've Taken All Her Money

SINCE THIS BROAD THAT INHERITED the porno theaters isn't too bad-looking, I figure she's worth the trouble of using my secret technique I discussed earlier—the one about not letting the broad know what you're really thinking. So I show up at her house, this real high-class place in Palm Springs, and say I'm from the national porno-theater association and I want to discuss her plans for the future. As I'm bullshitting, jabbering this and that, I say, "You know, I'm real glad we could meet in your house, because this place seems so full of what I call the glow of the heart—the glow of love that fills up a room like it was a gigantic heart, beating with love, with us inside it, inside the love heart that beats around us, and inside us too, as if our hearts had joined as one to form this room full of love."

Well, forget about it. This broad's immediately crazy about me. She starts telling me everything about herself, pouring out all this bullshit about her personal life, but not in any order or anything, just a bunch of random crap

strung together. Out of the blue she tells me she's got hyper-elastic skin. But you can't tell, she says, because she works out all the time at a gym. "What the fuck do I care about hyper-elastic skin?" I say to myself. She says when she was a baby some hospital diagnosed

Am I boring you? You hate me, don't you?" Jesus Christ, I just got there, and right away she's going through this roller-coaster routine—up, down, pissed off, not pissed off—like she packed about six months of moods into a fucking minute. The broad is obviously



THE FACTOR OF WEIGHING THE BROAD VERSUS HER KIDS

In this modern world it's not so unusual to run into available broads who also got kids, such as your broad's divorced friends and their amazingly cute asshole kids who play the violin. So this calls for an evaluation. I mean, a broad is a broad and there's always the possibility you might want to throw her in the sack. But if you do, then you got to deal with the broad's kids. So the evaluation you got to make is weighing the face and body of the broad against the cuteness and loudness of her kids. If the broad's okay, but her kids got fucking head-splitting violins, then you got to think twice about whether you shouldn't consider some other broad. Of course, if the broad's anything like Donna here, then the kids could be fucking mute and paralyzed for all the difference it would make. Forget about it.

her as anemic and flabby, like I want to hear about skin that's so fucked up that it don't even respond to malnutrition. Then this broad tells me in the next breath that she's getting into some "corporate thing." That's all, just some "corporate thing," she says, with some "corporate men." Who knows what the hell she's talking about. She don't. "But I'm not going to do it," she shouts all the sudden, like the idea of a corporation suddenly pissed her off. "I like my freedom. I have to have my freedom," she says, calming down. Then, in about two seconds she's worked up again. "Why are you looking at my watch?" she says, real uptight. "You got to be somewhere?

nuts. "Give me a blowjob and your porno theaters and I won't kill you," I tell her. Then I get the hell out of there.

PART VII

Using Your Position as a Porno-Theater Operator to Impress Broad's

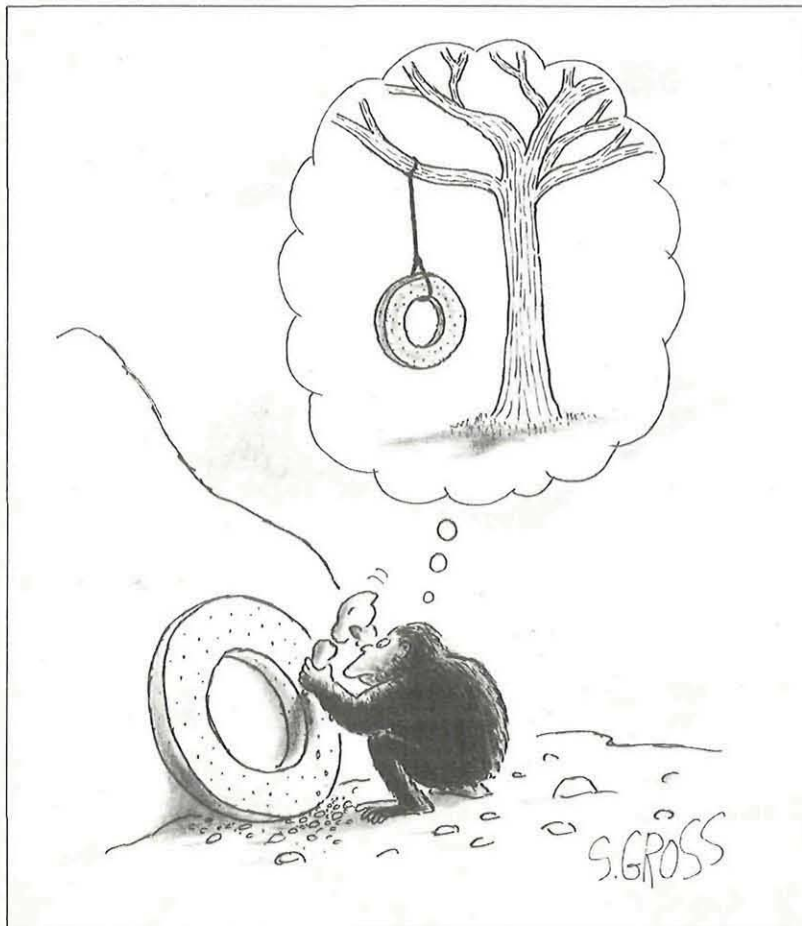
DON'T LET ANYONE FOOL YOU—broad's love a big shot. Big shots are like a drug to them. As an example, one night I'm with this new broad—she's hanging on my arm as I make the rounds of my theaters, show her the operation. So we're walking through the

lobby of my joint in Oakland, the Rouge, when one of the geeks who works the ticket booth, this dwarf called "Early" comes up to me and asks if a couple of his pals can get in to the movie for nothing. Well, naturally, I blow my stack at this midget cocksucker. I tell him I ain't running no Lighthouse Mission for him and his deformed pervert buddies, and furthermore I tell him if he insults me with any more crap like that, I'll clip his midget ass so fast his fifty-pound oversize head will fall off and break his feet. Like I said, broads got this thing about big shots, especially when they see you throwing your weight around. By the time I got through straightening out that dwarf, I could tell the broad on my arm was already pulling down my pants in her mind.

PART VIII

Treating a Broad to a Free Porno Film When You Already Know She's in the Mood for Hot Sex

I figure, why not?



PART IX

Undressing a Broad Who's Crazy for Sex After Seeing a Free Porno Movie and Then Having the FBI Kick Down the Door

FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON, broads figure they got their own personal set of rights, and one of the major rights they figure they got is the right to never be interrupted with their clothes off. How do broads come up with this crap, anyway? Nobody ever told the broads of the world that this or that army of cops would guarantee their goddamn bodies against eyes, especially when the slobs with the eyes are other cops. So I got a roomful of FeeBees looking to press some chickenshit extortion and homicide beef, and all this naked broad on the bed can do is start screaming because these FBI guys violated her big royal right to have her clothes on. Jesus Christ, I'm the one they're hauling off to the joint, and I ain't screaming. So I tell her if she don't shut up, I'll kill her when I get back on the street.

PART X

Female Judges Are Broads Too

YOU CHECK OUT SOME BROAD LIKE Sandra O'Connor, and you figure since she fixes herself up like the bottom of my shoe, she don't like to screw. But my intuition tells me that ain't the story at all. The story, the way I look at it, is that broads like Sandy O'Connor would like nothing better than a good roll in the sack, but they're afraid they'll like it too much and become love slaves or whores. So they cut their hair real ugly, like mental patients, and go to law school, and do everything they can to put guys off by trying to make themselves more like a guy than anything a guy would possibly want to throw in the sack.

So I get this female judge at my trial, a real Sandra O'Connor type of broad, and she starts in with the typical routine—all fucking business, no lips, no makeup, no hairstyle, she even walks like a goddamn robot—and I say to myself, "Hey, get smart!" So, during the trial I'm out on bail, and I show up at the judge's house looking like a millionaire—custom suit, cologne, brand-new car, the works. I tell her my car telephone broke down and ask if I can use her house to make a call. "Sure," she says—she don't recognize me at first. And by the time she does, I'm already in high gear. "Excuse me," I say to her after I pick up her phone. "tell me if I'm talking out of turn, but when I look at you, I feel as if this phone was a direct line to your heart. I imagine myself dialing your name and whispering the words of romance that I feel, and then hearing the sounds of your love on the other end of the line as the two loves cross in the wires and merge together until the wire that joins our hearts begins to glow so hot and bright that we have no choice but to hang up and fall in love." I don't care how scared this broad is to get hooked on sex, one look at her and I can tell she's *ready*. Forget about it. In about a minute I got the judge on her couch, real cozy. I wave my hand and "Early" shows up from the car with a bottle of champagne, like he's my personal butler—I had everything arranged, first-class all the way. Pretty soon, the judge is down on her knees begging me for it. "Only if you let me off the charges," I tell her. "Sure," she says, "anything, Jimmy." But I ain't buying until I straighten her out about what happens if she welshes. "I know you'll do the right thing," I tell her, "or I'll blow your cocksucking brains all over the courtroom." Then we jump into the sack, and it wasn't half-bad. ■

Tuesday Night on NBC

A Night of Crime



TUESDAY
Night of Crime

8-9 P.M.

Hillel Street Jews

*Never again!
One mo' time!*

When an oppressed minority group turns into a band of vengeful, paranoid vigilantes the action never stops. And that's what happens to the Hillel Street Jews.

The Hillel Street Jews are Hasidim, religious fanatics who live in a small, tightly knit community on Hillel Street in New York City.

When their enclave is invaded by a gang of toughs and their beloved spiritual leader, the Ernst Lubitscher rabbi, is murdered and 297 women are raped, they vow vengeance.

Sophisticated weapons are imported from Israel. Rabbis who formerly lived ivory-tower lives learn to make bombs concealed in gefilte fish and stuffed cabbage.

But the Hillel Street community is divided. On the one side is Reb Shmul, the hawk, who becomes a deadly assassin. His trademark on a victim: a lock of his long, curly sideburns.

Pitted against Shmul is the dove, Dov Ben Dov, who fights a losing battle for peaceful coexistence.

Romantic interest is provided by Itzhak and Sarsaparilla, the young interracial couple who rebel against the suffocating conformity of their environment. Itzhak is the son of Reb Shmul, the hawk. He is secretly in love with Sarsaparilla, or Sassy, as she is called—a beautiful black beautician, who in her desire to satisfy him shaves her head and converts to orthodox Judaism. It is not without a certain pride that we announce Sassy as the first black and bald heroine in a TV dramatic series.

The adversary is the wily and elusive Jomo Jones, the vicious gang leader who murdered the Ernst Lubitscher rabbi and raped 297 women.

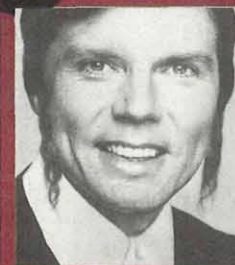
"Hillel Street Jews" is a gripping panorama of urban violence, vigilante vengeance, and forbidden love, an ideal combination of entertainment chemistry designed to appeal to the entire family.



"HILLEL STREET JEWS" STARS



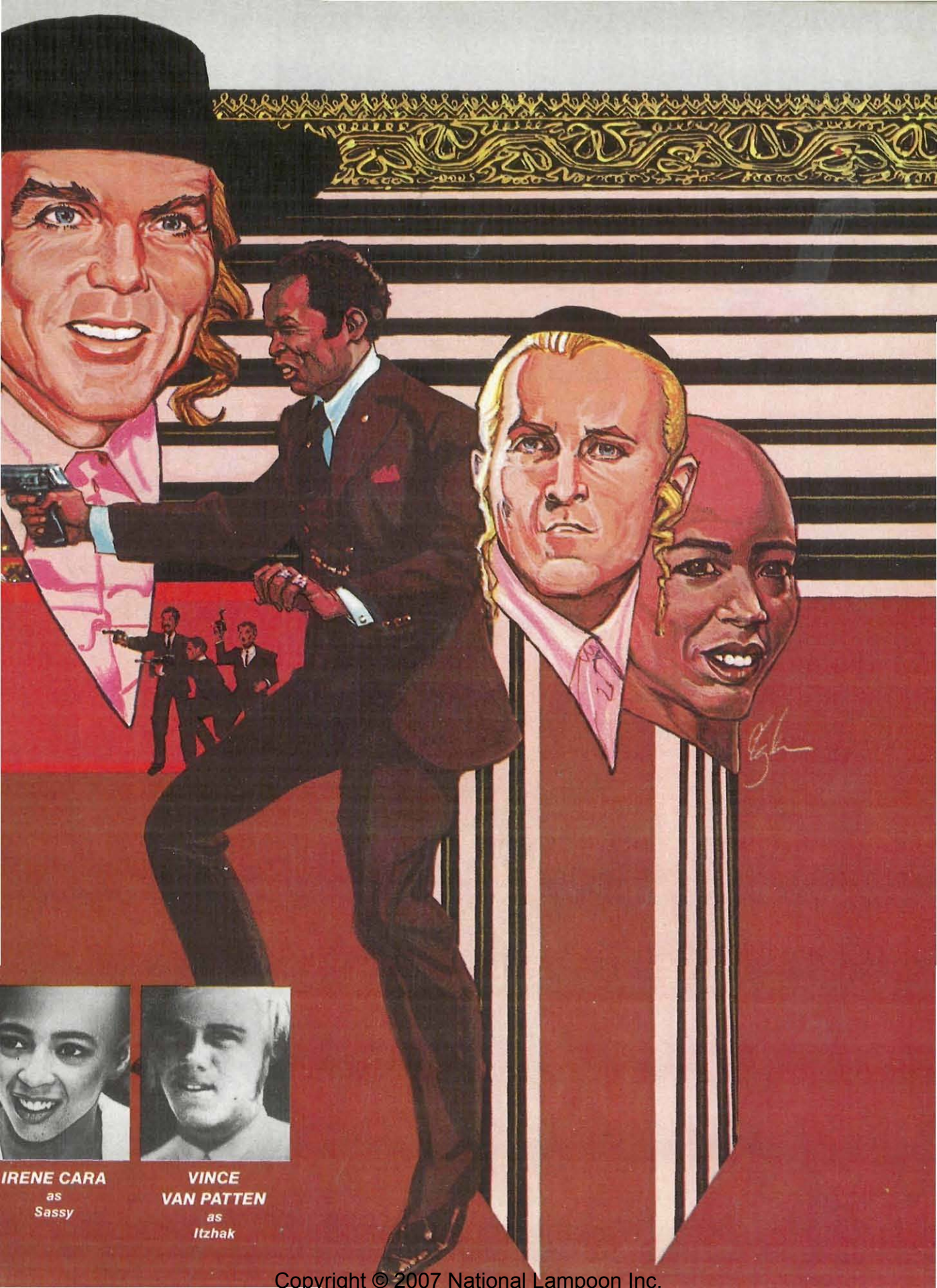
CHAD EVERETT
as
Reb Shmul



JOHN DAVIDSON
as
Dov Ben Dov



LOU RAWLS
as
Jomo Jones



IRENE CARA
as
Sassy



**VINCE
VAN PATTEN**
as
Itzhak

TUESDAY
Night of Crime

9-10 P.M.

California Morons

A bunch of thrill-hungry kids on a one-way trip to nowhere

The California Morons are Brad, Chad, and Tad, three typical middle-class, mindless youths who drop out of school, leave their shiny, prosperous suburban life, and embark on a rampage of crime, vandalism, and random violence that staggers the imagination. Their goal: to commit major criminal acts in every state of the union, including Alaska and Hawaii.

No fewer than 200 of Hollywood's finest stunt men will be featured in this series, including Dusty Harwood and his Bustaway Buicks.

There will be innumerable star and cameo appearances, with such favorites as James Coburn, Glenn Ford, Jimmy Stewart, Susan St. James, Anthony Franciosa, and Brenda Vaccaro.

And for special family appeal, our three heroes pick up two new characters during the course of their odyssey of violence, Kyle and Kristi, two teenage runaways who are fatally attracted to each other and to the Morons' life of casual, brutal crime.

Kyle and Kristi have the bodies of mature adults and the minds of confused adolescents. It is their "coming of age" that adds a haunting and poignant twist to this violent, action-packed drama. They are fascinated with the California Morons' cool, fast-moving life-style, a life-style that never looks back and never looks ahead. We will identify with their struggle to grow into mature adults as they travel with the Morons on a trip that promises to be more dangerous than walking blindfolded on a tight-rope over a minefield without a net.



FIVE EXCITING NEWCOMERS STAR IN "CALIFORNIA MORONS"



MATT WILLIS
as
Brad



SCOTT PERSIPO
as
Chad



ERIC BARNES
as
Tad



NEAL SIMS
as
Kyle



TERI MINOR
as
Kristi

TUESDAY
Night of Crime
10-11 P.M.

The Parolees

Crazed ex-con kills wife, child, friends, dog

Based on the award-winning NBC documentary *Help! They're on the Loose Again!*, the true story of paroled convicts who revert to crime, this new series promises to be the dramatic blockbuster of the season.

Adapted from actual case histories, each episode will explore the devastated lives of parolees who can't control their criminal impulses when they are released.

Each week, a new parolee, seemingly reformed and ready to take his place in society, somehow cracks and goes berserk—killing his family and friends, garroting French waiters, pushing joggers in front of speeding buses, and much more.

The excitement mounts as a psychotic criminal stalks the city, terrorizing innocent people, striking with the suddenness of a viper. Only two men and a woman have the courage and tenacity to stalk him down. They are Bart Magruder, warden of the state prison, a tough but fair penologist; Matt Tsikonis, ace plainclothesman of the city police force; and Nancy Monday, chief city rehabilitation counselor and a champion of prison reform.

Bart, Matt, and Nancy use all the resources of modern police science and technology to capture the parolees, but not until the parolees wreak incredible havoc and nearly bring a terrified city to its knees.

"The Parolees" is a tough, honest look at the hardened criminal, yet it also holds out hope for the future, if we can learn from our mistakes. Be prepared for sixty minutes of nonstop action that isn't ashamed to lunge at your heartstrings.



"THE PAROLEES" STARS



MARTIN MILNER
as
Matt Tsikonis



CLORIS LEACHMAN
as
Nancy Monday



JAN MURRAY
as
Bart Magruder

With major guest stars as the hardened criminals, including Bruce Dern, Brad Dourif, James Woods, Tommy Lee Jones, Anthony Perkins, Klaus Kinski, and Donald Sutherland

THE UNPUBLISHED ENEMIES OF DICK TRACY

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, A RUMOR BEGAN circulating in the private, clubby world of comics illustrators. It concerned the legendary Chester Gould, creator of the all-American comic strip detective Dick Tracy. The rumor had it that one night, after drinking heavily and playing poker till the wee hours with a group of friends including Chic Young, Jimmy Hatlo, and Charles Schulz, Gould returned to his studio, well in his cups, to finish work on two sheets of inserts for his Sunday strip. These inserts were to run as part of the "Dick Tracy's Rogues' Gallery" series, a collection of little notebook pages to be cut out and collected, each depicting one of the famous villains Tracy had done battle with over the years. According to the story, Gould continued drinking as he finished up the sheets, then he mailed them to the Chicago Tribune Syndicate and collapsed in bed. When Gould's editor received them, he immediately mailed them back, advising Gould to burn them and to join A.A.

Gould denied the whole thing, naturally; so did the people at the syndicate. And that is where the story ended...until last month, when a package in a plain brown wrapper was delivered to the *National Lampoon* offices. Reprinted here: the contents of that package, just as they arrived. No note, no explanation. Are these the legendary sheets that Gould is rumored to have dashed off on that fateful night? Are they a hoax? We know not. Rather we invite the reader, borrowing a phrase that Gould himself might use, to draw his own conclusions.

by John Weidman • art by Ron Barrett

Dick Tracy's ROGUES' GALLERY



THE MEATHEAD
NOTORIOUSLY INEPT
THIEF AND CON
MAN ARRESTED IN
ATTEMPTED ROB-
BERY OF BANK STILL
UNDER CONSTRU-
TION

Dick Tracy's ROGUES' GALLERY



SNOTNOSE
OVERPRIVILEGED,
COMMUNISTIC,
COLLEGE-STUDENT
TERRORIST; BLOWN
UP IN BASEMENT OF
VA. HOSPITAL BY
OWN BOMB

Dick Tracy's ROGUES' GALLERY



FART STINKLY
U.S. OPERATIVE OF
FRENCH EXPLOSIVES
EXPERT P. U. FROMAGE;
CONVICTED OF FIRE
BOMBING HORMEL
CORNED BEEF HASH
PLANT; DIED IN GAS
CHAMBER

Dick Tracy's ROGUES' GALLERY



SHIT-FOR-BRAINS
AKA BRAINS-FOR-
TURDFACE; MASTER-
MIND OF TURDFACE'S
INTERNATIONAL GAM-
BLING OPERATIONS;
FOUND FLOATING
IN THE RIVER,
DECOMPOSED

Dick Tracy's ROGUES' GALLERY



THE OYSTER
AKA LUNGERS, THE
COUGHIN' KID; MUL-
TIPLE ARRESTS FOR
HAWKING GOODS
WITHOUT A LICENSE;
DISCHARGED FOR
LACK OF EVIDENCE

Dick Tracy's ROGUES' GALLERY



MADAME EGGS
NOTORIOUS HEAD OF
BARNYARD BROTHEL,
LAID BY EVERY COP
ON FORCE, INCLUD-
ING TRACY (GET HER,
DICKIE! USE YOUR
POINTED NOSE!)

Dick Tracy's ROGUES' GALLERY



Q.T. FROOTCAKE
CONVICTED KID-
NAPPER AND
CHILD MOLESTER,
RAPED REPEATEDLY
IN PRISON;
PAROLE GRANTED
BUT REFUSED

Dick Tracy's ROGUES' GALLERY



NICK D'ARTERIES
AKA DR. FEATUS;
HEAD OF ILLEGAL
ABORTION RING;
TERMINATED OWN
LIFE SIGNS IN PRIS-
ON WHILE AWAITING
TRIAL

Dick Tracy's ROGUES' GALLERY



**SPECIMEN
PISPOHT**
MILLIONAIRE HEAD
OF PISPOHT MED-
ICAL LABS; ARRES-
TED IN PLOT TO SELL
CELEBRITY URINE
SAMPLES TO ARAB
POTENTATES

Dick Tracy's ROGUES' GALLERY



TURDFACE
"KING OF THE CRAP
TABLES," BOOKMAKER,
GAMBLER, INFAMOUS
FOUR-FLUSER,
WIPE OUT BY OFF-
DUTY COP SCOTT
CHARMAIN.

Dick Tracy's ROGUES' GALLERY



PECKERPUSS
SAFE CRACKER AND
TORPEDO FOR THE
WILLIE STICKUP
GANG; SHOT DOWN
BY RIVAL HIT MAN
JACK AWF

Dick Tracy's ROGUES' GALLERY



HARRY SKROTUM
BAG MAN FOR WILLIE
STICKUP; CONVICTED
AS ACCOMPLICE IN
THE PECKERPUSS HIT;
HUNG

RETURN TO ARTIST

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

ULTRA LIGHTS: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine,
LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
KING: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

You've got what it takes.

Salem Spirit

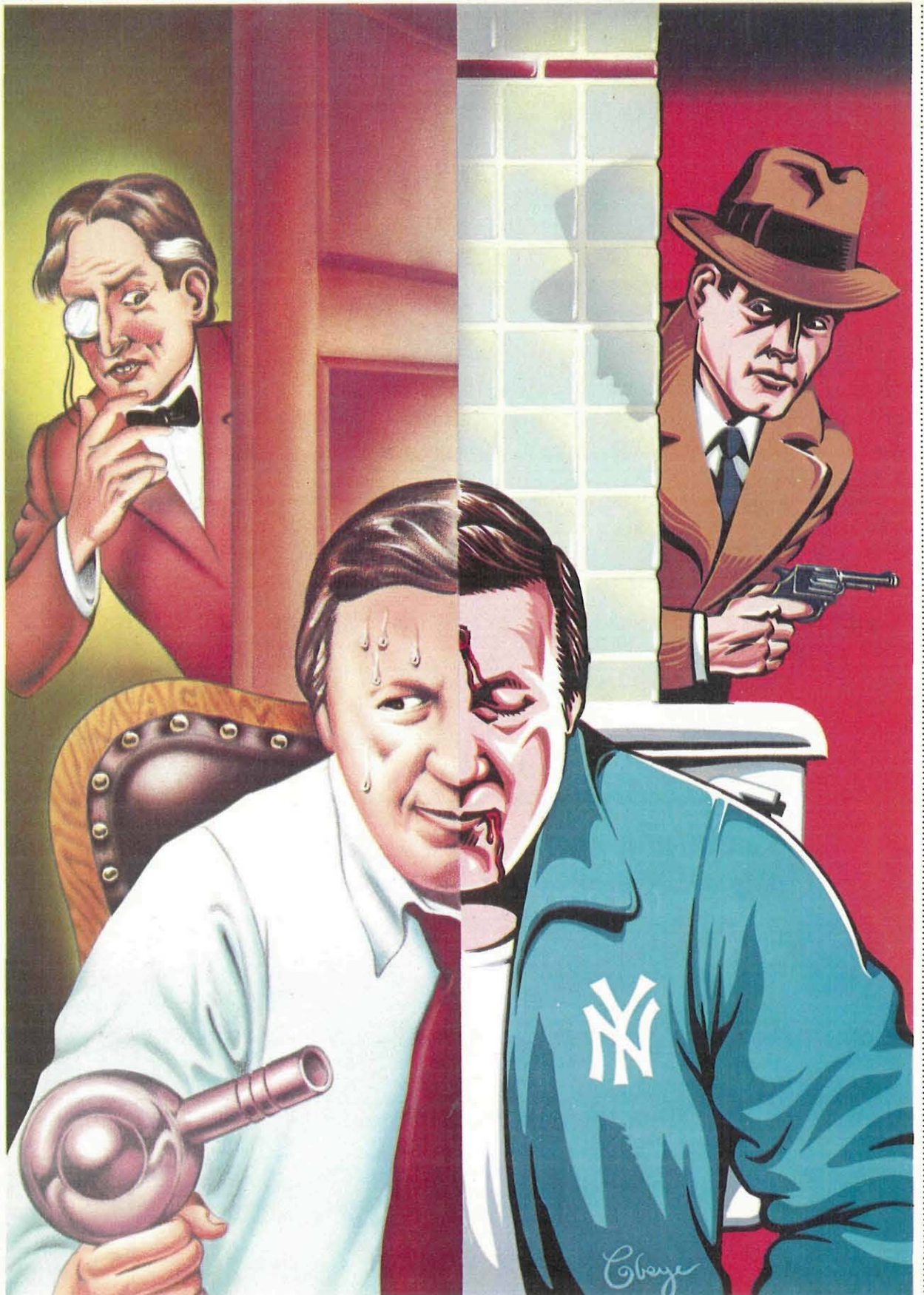


Share the spirit.
Salem. Salem Lights. Salem Ultra Lights.
The place to be for refreshment.

Menthol Fresh
Salem

20 CIGARETTES
MENTHOL FRESH
Salem
LIGHTS

20 CIGARETTES
Menthol Fresh
Salem
ULTRA
LIGHTS



The Unpleasantness at the Stadium Club

CHAPTER I

High and Outside

*Take me out to the ball game,
Take me out with the crowd...*

NOT A BLOODY BIT LIKE cricket," said Lord Peter.

"No, my lord," agreed the agreeable Mr. Bunter.

The peer removed his monocle and polished it with his Balliol College tie, murmuring to himself, "No more likeness to cricket than I to Hercules."

"More like bloody rounders, ain't it, Bunter, old horse?"

"No, my lord," responded the bored valet once more.

On the spotlighted greensward below a dozen youngish men, attired in peaked caps and what appeared to be pajamas, were engaged in the sport of professional baseball. America's "national pass-time" it may be, but it was all Greek to Peter Death Bredon Wimsey, DSO, who was observing it from a glass-enclosed gondola called the "owner's box," suspended above the playing field and the grandstand, which was crowded with howling spectators.

The renowned aristocrat and sleuth (and Mr. Bunter, his man) were attending the contest as the guests of Mr.

George Steinbrenner, a plumpish chap who gloried in the title of Yankee owner. (The Yankees, Lord Peter had gathered, were the players below in the slightly less flamboyant uniforms.)

The athletes were not, of course, actual slaves or thralls of Mr. Steinbrenner—although a good number of them did appear to be darkies—but the portly American business "tycoon" paid them substantial salaries to play the game of baseball for his "club."

This evening, Mr. Steinbrenner was contractually obliged to pay one salary fewer, but this fact gave him little apparent pleasure. For yesterday, in the "club-
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

DOUBLE- HEADER

The Final Out

1

IT WAS FIVE THIRTY IN THE afternoon, and still passably hot. In common with the entire population of southern California, I was stuck in traffic in Cahuenga Canyon.

From the radio-station chopper overhead, we must have looked like a glittering tin anaconda sleeping in the sun. Down at ground level, through the exhaust smog and heat shimmer, I looked at the drivers in the cars around me. Agents on their way home to Encino, after a hard day of lying to their clients. Clients going home to Malibu, after lying all day to their agents.

And me, going nowhere, thinking that with my luck, the tuna salad I'd

had for lunch probably wasn't stale enough to be fatal.

It occurred to me maybe I wasn't contributing my share to air pollution. I stuck a cigarette in my mouth and lit it.

Air conditioning I don't have. A radio, I do. I turned it on, and tuned in to the Angels game. Call me a masochist. Maybe my analyst would call me a masochist, if I could afford an analyst. I'm a PI. and an Angels fan. Classic symptoms.

The game was scheduled to start at five, so I figured I'd hear we were in the top of the second, and down about three runs. What I heard was that the game was delayed, because somebody had taken a shot at the Yankees owner.

There was good reason not to suspect anyone in the Angels organization.

He'd been hit.

From the press-release bafflebag of the radio announcers—"rushed to hospital, guarded condition"—it sounded like he was dead. I made the next off-ramp, got on the Santa Ana, and headed south for Anaheim.

2

ELMO GANTZ IS CHIEF OF SECURITY at Angels Stadium. We'd been on the force together, back before there were any California Angels, before the Dodgers moved west, back when L.A. was still officially
(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

by Sean Kelly

in the bush leagues. You can still get an argument from some people about whether adding a couple of baseball franchises has changed that.

You could say Elmo has put on a little weight over the years. You could say Nolan Ryan has a pretty good fastball. Elmo must buy his uniforms at whatever tentmaker supplies Orson Welles with his tuxedos. Elmo has been known to go two hours without a beer, when he's asleep. He's an old pal, and has been known to give an old pal house tickets.

When I got to the stadium, the lights were still on, but the parking lot was almost empty. That might have meant the game was still underway and the loyal fans had done the traditional California seventh-inning exodus, but in fact it had been canceled. Called on account of death.

The kid on duty at the press gate was unhappy, because I interrupted him right in the middle of memorizing *Playboy's* Party Jokes. When I dropped Elmo's name on him, he waved me in, and went back to the Unabashed Dictionary definitions.

Gantz and a tin desk occupied, between them, 90 percent of the floor space in his cinder-block cubicle. That left room for a telephone, several Coors six-packs, and me, if I didn't inhale too hard.

Since I'd seen him last, Elmo's divorce had come through, and he had therefore grown a droopy Wild West-outlaw mustache. On him it was an especially bad idea. It was a matter of scale, really. On that big cherry pie of a face, it looked like a misplaced third eyebrow.

We cracked wise at each other for a while, as etiquette requires, and then he filled me in.

Just before the game, George Steinbrenner, who doubled as Yankees owner and mascot, had visited their clubhouse and, in that ingratiating way of his, threatened to fire everybody on the team who was hitting under .400, including the batboy. He had then adjourned to the bathroom to take a load off his mind, in which undignified surroundings he had been found by a relief pitcher who had entered to relieve himself. Elmo made that joke, not me.

A slug fired at close range had given Mr. S. a third eye.

"Can I have a look at the late, great man?" I asked.

"Sorry," said Elmo, "the highly efficient Yankees organization packed him in ice and shipped him back to New York an hour ago. Guess they don't trust us anymore."

"I wonder why," I said.

"What's your interest in the case, Phil?"

"Call it a rooting interest," I said. "I'm just a fan. But I'd like to find the guy who blew old George away."

"What for?" asked Elmo, popping two tabs and handing me a warm Coors. "To give him a medal?"

BUT ELMO PULLED A COUPLE OF those well-known strings, and I was assigned to the case. The next morning, I was summoned by telephone, at an hour at which any decent, law-abiding California degenerate is just getting to bed, into the august presence of Gene Autry.

Mr. Autry's office, which wasn't a square inch bigger than a regulation playing field, was tastefully decorated in early shoot-'em-up memorabilia. Movie posters, longhorns, rhinestone guitars, gun belts, and autographed eight-by-ten glossies were thick upon the walls, like acre-sized high-camp murals.

The old Singing Ranger himself squatted silently behind a desk, like a pile of prunes in a Stetson. My terms of employment were offered by a vice-president of some kind in an open-neck sport shirt. He had the darkest tan I think I've ever seen, and the festoons of gold chains he wore made his neck look like a tire prepared for a very snowy winter.

He carefully lit, sucked on, and relit a pipe. It was an ordinary-looking brier, but whatever he was smoking in it didn't smell like tobacco. Obviously, this was a very hip veep.

"Marlowe, the Angels want this whole ugly business over with, quiet and quick. The television and newspaper people are making a ridiculously big deal out of it."

"Murder one is usually considered a pretty big deal," I said. "Anyway, isn't it all publicity?"

"There's a difference between publicity and scandal," said the hip veep, pointing the wet end of his pipe at me. I imagined how nicely it would fit in his ear.

"Congratulations," I said. "You're the first guy in California history to make that distinction."

"Cute," he said. "Elmo told us you were cute. Now, why don't you schlep your wise-guy private-eye act over to where the Yankees are, and find out which one of them spilled his boss all over our facilities?"

We agreed on my price, a hundred and fifty a day, plus expenses. Maybe I could have got more if I'd brought Mar-

vin Miller along to negotiate for me. I'll never know.

WHILE VISITING HISTORIC Orange County, the Yankees stay at the kind of hotel where everybody pays with plastic and expects plenty of plastic in return. The petroleum by-product plush on the lobby carpet didn't come up any higher than my knees, and the chandelier was a California antique, made before the Vietnam War.

The clientele, Yankees aside, was drip-dry middle management and Midwest sit-com families. The place was convenient to Disneyland. Maybe it was part of Disneyland.

Where do you look for a ball player at noon? I headed for the bar. Some bar. Obviously the pansy who'd designed it had been having a fling with a Chicano. The motif was Mexican. Wrought-iron grillwork, brick and adobe, mission tile, walls hung with mantillas, bullfight posters, and castanets. I asked for Dos Equis, but the central casting *bandido* behind the bar said they had only Michelob Light. That figured.

The place looked like a set. But then most of L.A. looks like a set. Except for the old Eighth Avenue el over on the Fox lot.

I was entertaining such penetrating social insights and staying slim and sexy with another lo-cal draft when Ginger came in, escorted by the Yankees outfield. Ginger Gordon the tomboy; first woman crime reporter on the *Chronicle*; first woman baseball writer in the great Southwest. She'd grown up with seven older brothers, she once told me, so she wasn't about to be startled by anything that got wagged at her in the locker room.

Ginger thought she was just one of the guys. The guys didn't think so. She had more curves than the Chicago pitching rotation. I gave her a big smile, she waved, I moved my drink, little black vinyl Spanish lace coaster and all, in her direction, and she introduced me to "the boys."

They were very big boys. Dave Winfield must get tired of looking down on basketball players' bald spots. They were none of them diluting their beers with tears for the ex-owner. Of the three, Jerry Mumphrey, who is half a foot taller than I am and comes up to Winfield's armpit, was a suspect. A man wouldn't have to be a homicidal maniac to put a slug in the pear-shaped clown who had kept him out of a World Series on a personal whim.

But Mumphrey was regaling the

crowd with snatches of his romantic autobiography, and this chapter concerned his acrobatic activities, on the day of the shooting, with a talk-show hostess who shall here remain nameless. It seems Jerry had been down in Venice Beach, performing Kamasutra variations in a hot tub until twilight. He had arrived late at the stadium, and missed warm-ups. He would have been fined for that by bossman George. Now he wouldn't be. We drank to that.

It was an alibi I could check out later. Meanwhile, left center and right field

Steinbrenner threatened to fire everybody on the team who was hitting under .400, including the batboy.

swapped Steinbrenner memorial horror stories, confirming my suspicions that if everyone with a perfectly good motive for putting a bullet hole in the man had done so, you could have hosed down the stiff and used it for a colander.

What I planned to do next was drive up to Oakland and find out where Cowboy Billy Martin had been passing the time during which his former boss had been iced.

But now I came down with the bright idea of snooping around George's room here in the hotel. Looking for clues, we call it, in the secret technical language of my profession.

"Did the Big Cheese bunk down with the troops out here?" I asked Griffey. Griffey is the new Yankees outfielder, who looks like the guy you meet in an alley during a nightmare, and in real life would make a great chairman of a philosophy department.

"Not George," he laughed. "We're all on the tenth floor, with a superior view of the freeway. But George was always a penthouse kinda guy?"

"Nice," I said. "From there, I bet he could see two freeways."

Ginger and I lied about getting together for lunch real soon, the Yankees and I exchanged the heartfelt handshakes of total strangers, and I headed for the door.

Behind me, I heard Ginger ask the bartending *bandido* for the house phone and thought nothing of it. Smart.

Opening the penthouse door with a credit card was the easy part. The hard part was the Louisville slugger I got in

the back of the head when I tiptoed into the room.

I CAME TO FEELING LIKE I'D BEEN beamed by the Goose. Ron Cey, my sympathies. But aside from having to go up a hat size or two for a while, no permanent damage. Lucky my swinging host hadn't gone for a vital organ.

He was gone, of course, as was everything in the room that could possibly be of interest to a human being, except for the Gideon Bible, and I'm beginning to have my doubts about that. I turned on the TV and caught the six o'clock news. Nice long four-hour nap I'd had. Did me a world of good.

The mass-produced blond announcer in the mass-produced blazer said there were no leads on the Steinbrenner shooting, the dollar was down, and rain was unlikely in the L.A. area. And they call it news.

The sports announcer on the show was a hyperthyroid little guy in a radar-jamming plaid jacket that fit about as well as his rug. He showed us filmed vignettes of Steinbrenner's fellow owners, players past and present, and league officials reacting to the news of his sudden demise. Most of them kept from laughing right on camera. Any one of them, I realized, might have done it. I had to add Bowie Kuhn to my list of possibles.

Mister Hyperthyroid wrapped up by telling us that the game in Anaheim would be played tonight, as scheduled, and that the Dodgers were in Cincinnati, and the A's in Toronto. That let Billy Martin out, unless he'd sent a bullet via Air Canada.

I sat on the king-sized parody of a bed in George Steinbrenner's rented palatial suite, with a king-sized pain in my parody of a head, and thought about things. Outside the window, I'll be damned if you couldn't see two freeways, and the sun setting over them in the smog did a mauve and flamingo light show like Jerry Garcia never dreamed of. Better living through chemistry.

I thought about Ginger, and baseball when they used to play it on grass in the sunlight. I thought about some dinner, maybe, and how I was too old to go on getting socked on the noggin and cracking wise.

I picked up the phone and called Elmo Gantz and asked him to tell Mr. Autry that I didn't know who had assassinated George the Third, and that I didn't really care, and that he'd be receiving his uncashed retainer check back in the mail, from Mexico, which is where I would be for a while.

THERE'S NOT A LOT TO LIKE about Mexico. There's the water, and the poverty, and the Mexicans themselves, who, as nearly as I can tell, are no better than people anywhere else. Even their police aren't any less corrupt than the Blue Centurions of L.A.

But I've got a friend down there named Terry, who I said good-bye to once, but it didn't stick. The beer is good. And they hold baseball games in the sun on fields of plain old dirt, where it looks like there's not a single millionaire among the players.

Terry and I were getting bleached in the bleachers of just such a contest that afternoon. We had to go, because the visiting team had this kid pitcher who, according to Terry, was already better than Valenzuela.

Every major-league team wanted to sign him, and the Yankees had offered a bonus the size of Mexico's gross national product, but the kid had been holding out. He had a cousin, a short-stop, who'd put in some time in the Yankees organization and had been shipped home *loco*, raving about a *brujo*, *diabolo*, *negrero*, called Steinbrenner.

With George gone, said Terry, it looked like maybe the kid would be wearing pinstripes in the Bronx next season, after all.

The kid pitched a one-hitter, and that was a judgment call on a soft grounder that took a crazy hop off a lizard.

After the game, the kid went over to talk to a couple of happy *gringos* beside the backstop. The girl was tanned and smiling, sizing the kid up. Ginger. It took another minute for me to recognize the fat bald guy with the newly grown beard who was laughing and shaking the kid's hand.

The chubby *gringo* down there on the field beside my old pal Ginger was pumping that pitcher's hand like he expected oil to gush out his mouth. From the look of things, he'd already checked the kid's teeth and done a deal with the auctioneer.

His bald head was neon pink, as if it was new to the sun. Some eagle-eyed detective you are, Marlowe. Never noticed that Steinbrenner had been wearing a rug.

Early in the game. Before he got shot dead in Anaheim, shipped to New York, and resurrected in Mexico to sign a reluctant rookie, in extra innings.

I wondered briefly about the loyal Yankees employee who had been dressed up like the boss and blown away in the crapper. In baseball, they call that a sacrifice play. ■

Stadium Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51) house," or dressing room, of the Yankees, one of his star pitchers had been murdered.

Mr. Steinbrenner unctuously refilled Wimsey's plastic glass with some dubious local champagne, and the noble lord sipped cautiously as he reflected on the facts of the case.

The young bowler—*pitcher*, Wimsey corrected himself—had been electrocuted; a short-circuit in his hair dryer had been the immediate cause of his demise. Still quivering on the clubhouse floor, the body, soaking wet, was discovered by a teammate. The death-dealing grooming aid, its warning tag removed, was still clutched in the right hand.

Since the corpse in question had been, in life, a fastballing "port-sider," that is to say, left-handed, foul play was assumed.

"Foul!" screamed Mr. Steinbrenner, as if echoing Lord Peter's thoughts, and the Yankee owner flung himself to the floor, hands on his head, like an infantryman surprised by a mortar attack.

The cause of his unseemly panic was an approaching baseball. Apparently, a batsman below had swung under a pitch, and late, so that when he struck the ball, it flew straight up and back, describing a high-speed parabola toward the owner's box. Wimsey, who long ago had mid-fielded for Oxford in Lords, calmly stood, reached out, and caught

the ball. He then tossed it back onto the field.

For mysterious reasons this feat elicited first an appreciative cheer, then a chorus of jeers, from the onlookers below. Blushing furiously, Steinbrenner struggled to his feet and then resumed his seat.

Briefly, Wimsey's eyes met Bunter's. They had been under fire together, of old. They now exchanged the glance of two brave men who realize they are in the presence of a physical coward.

CHAPTER II

Low and Inside

*Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack,
I don't care if I never come back...*

LORD PETER, SIXTEENTH DUKE OF Devon, bibliophile, musician, linguist, and detective, was, in addition, an inveterate collector of those grotesque artifacts known as "depression glass." This eccentric avocation of his had recently brought him, perforce, to America and New York City, where the East Side catamite-operated antique shops were full of the stuff.

Naturally, the arrival in Gotham of so famous an English sleuth and gentleman had "made the papers," that is, appeared as an "item" in the gossip columns of the local tabloids.

It was the daily custom of one of the Yankee players, Mr. Richard Cerone, to scour these collections of tidbits and scandals in the hopes of finding his own name mentioned therein. Thus, he was made aware that the great amateur de-

tective was "in town," and, upon the discovery of the murder, had alerted the Yankees' public-relations department. Its agents, in turn, had lost no time in very publicly inviting the celebrated visiting criminologist to investigate the case. Thus it came to pass that the straw-haired, long-nosed son of a duchess came to attend a baseball game (which the Yankee team won, to the bronze-throated delight of the partisan throng).

Upon the contest's conclusion, the nobleman and his valet were led by Mr. Steinbrenner to a private elevator, which plunged them into a subterranean labyrinth beneath the grandstand. Here, in a whitewashed cinder-block corridor, they picked up an escort of burly, uniformed "security guards," were swept down echoing tunnels and claustrophobic hallways, and were admitted, at length, to the "clubhouse."

Lord Peter, thoroughly disoriented, could only hope that the resourceful Bunter had been scattering crumbs behind them, or employing some similar fairy-tale *truc* to blaze their escape route.

Here in the clubhouse, magnificent physical specimens representing the young manhood of sundry races lounged or horsed around in states of undress. Lord Peter reflected that the gladiators' quarters in the bowels of the Colosseum must have been thus—although the supersonic roar of hair-blowing equipment somewhat spoiled the charming image. And Steinbrenner walked among them, like some strutting emperor. "*Ave, Caesar, morituri te salutamus*," reflected Wimsey. "We who are about to die salute you."

Protocol demanded that Mr. Steinbrenner's guest from England be photographed shaking hands with certain of the Yankee athletes, and Lord Peter grinned obligingly, and idiotically, into the camera. As he clutched the beefy paw of the notoriety-seeking catcher Cerone (an affable, Mediterranean type who functioned during the game like a wicket keeper), Wimsey seized as well the opportunity to question him about the murder.

"By jove," he said. "Jolly nice to meet you!" Grin for the birdie. Flash. "Beastly business about this murder, though, what?" Arms around shoulders. Flash. "Any idea who might have done it, eh?" Stare admiringly at presented autographed baseball. Flash. "I mean, dash it all, suspects, motives, that sort of thing, eh?"

"Diamond Club," hissed the catcher between the perfect teeth in his smiling face. "Half an hour." Still grinning, he skipped away from the flick of a towel aimed at his posterior quarters by a playful teammate, and dashed toward

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)



TERROR



NO. 17
MAY-JUNE

10¢

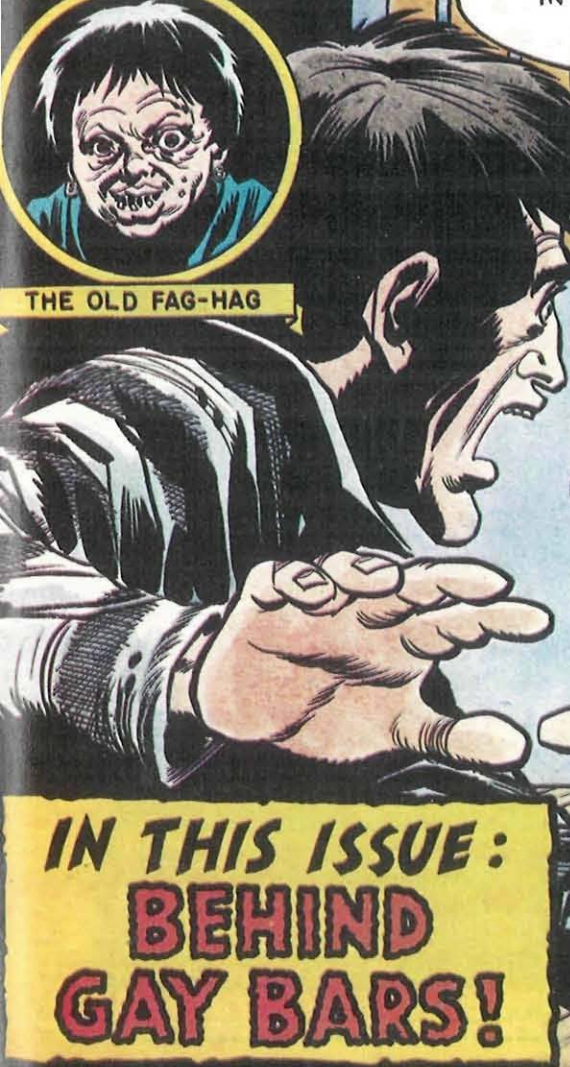
TALES FROM THE TOMBS

FEATURING ...



THE OLD FAG-HAG

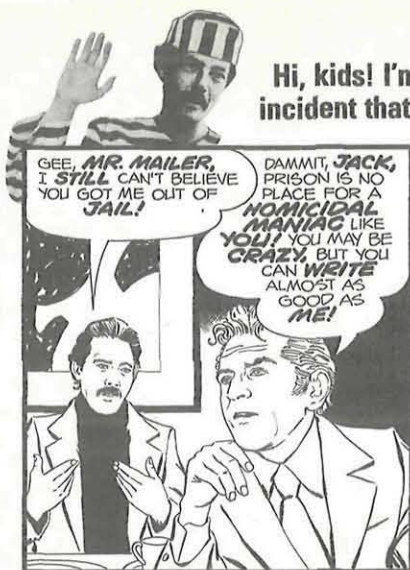
GOOD LORD! EVERYONE IN THIS PRISON IS A HOMO!



IN THIS ISSUE:
BEHIND GAY BARS!



Hi, kids! I'm Jack Henry Abbott, and I'd like to share with you an embarrassing incident that recently occurred when I had lunch with Norman Mailer.



I'M SURE THIS KIND OF THING HAPPENS TO YOU ALL THE TIME. I KNOW IT DOES TO ME.

As you can see, I was guilty of a common lapse in etiquette. I used a steak knife on the waiter, when a bread knife would have been far more apropos for a crumb like him. But now I've learned my manners, so it's safe for me to be let out of jail. Really it is.

But while I have some time on my hands, I'd like to interest you in my new book:

"ATTICA ETIQUETTE"

IN IT YOU'LL FIND...

tips for proper manners in society, from the most refined, best-behaved people I know—hardened criminals serving life sentences. In *Attica Etiquette* I'll show you how to take a stab at becoming a member of high society. You'll learn:

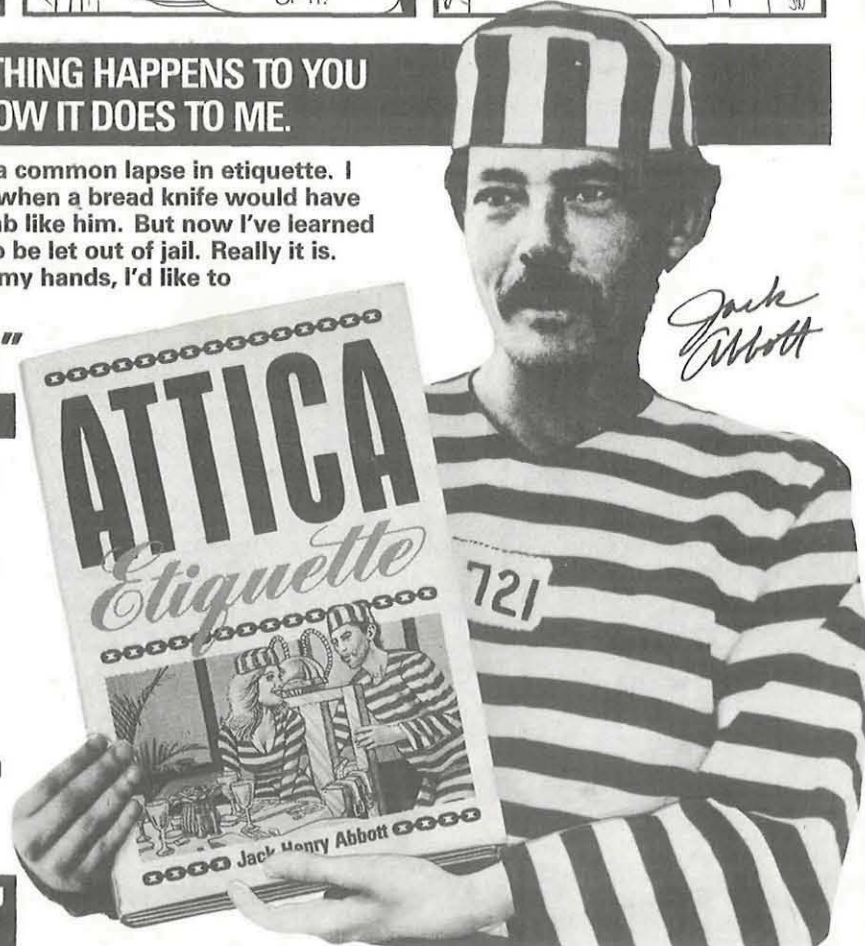
- How to throw a party in solitary confinement
- The necessity of RSVPs (Releasing Severely Violent Prisoners)
- How to dress for a formal ball and chain
- One sure way to avoid paying waiters

STILL NOT CONVINCED THAT YOU NEED ATTICA ETIQUETTE?

Judge Irving Lange wasn't when he threw the book at me. But famous writer Norman Mailer quickly came to my defense:

"Your Honor, I would pay tribute to the literary skills of Jack Henry Abbott even if he didn't have a knife to my throat at the moment. So please let him go, and he'll let me go. I'll bet he probably won't murder anyone this time, with any luck. I hope."

—Norman Mailer
The State of New York v. Jack Henry Abbott



So listen to Norman Mailer and me. It won't kill you to buy *Attica Etiquette*. But I will kill you if you don't buy it. That is, if I ever get out of prison. And by book or by crook, I will get out. So watch it.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Well, Jack, you don't have to twist my arm to buy your book. So stop twisting it. Ouch! Enclosed is _____ for _____ copies (@ \$11.95) of *Attica Etiquette*.
c/o JACK HENRY ABBOTT, WRITER'S BLOCK H, ATTICA, N.Y.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

HIYA, SWEETIES. IT'S ME, THE **OLD FAG-HAG** WITH ANOTHER **SCARY FAIRY TALE**. THIS IS THE STORY OF JACK BOWMAN, A MAN WHO HATED HOMOS ALL HIS LIFE. BUT JACK WOULDN'T KNOW A TRUE PANSY IF ONE CAME UP AND **KISSED HIM ON THE NOSE...**



BUT I'M AFRAID THAT LAST TIME MR. BOWMAN WENT TOO FAR! BUSTING HIM FOR ASSAULT, POLICE CARTED **JACK OFF** TO THE TOMBS, NEW YORK'S DETENTION CENTER, WHERE CRIMINALS ARE JAILED PENDING TRIAL! THOUGH MOST OF US KNOW THAT PRISONS ARE FILLED WITH RUTHLESS HOMOS, JACK LITTLE SUSPECTED HE'D BEEN PUT...



BEHIND GAY BARS!



JACK WAS SOON EXPOSED TO THE PRIVATIONS OF PRISON LIFE. HIS FEARSOME CELLMATES...

JACKIE, DEAR, WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY SPIN THE BOTTLE?

WHAT! YOU CAN'T PLAY THAT WITHOUT GIRLS!

SPOIL SPORT!



THE BLAND PRISON DIET...

I HATE THIS FOOD! ANYONE WANT MY CUCUMBER?

ME!

ME!

I DO!

OH, PLEASE!



THE LIMITED OFFERINGS OF THE PRISON LIBRARY...

DO YOU HAVE THIS MONTH'S PENTHOUSE?

DON'T BE A PERVERT!



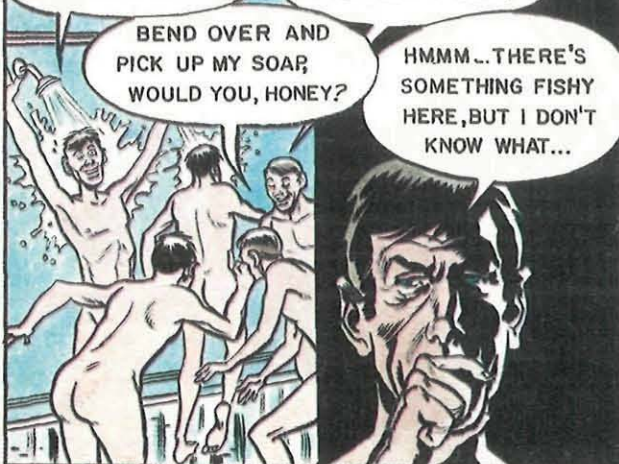
THE SLIPPERY SOAP OF THE PRISON SHOWER...

WHOOPIE! I DROPPED THE SOAP AGAIN!

DEAR, DEAR! DROPPED MY SOAP!

BEND OVER AND PICK UP MY SOAP, WOULD YOU, HONEY?

HMMM...THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY HERE, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT...



GROWING EVER MORE UNCOMFORTABLE, JACK ANXIOUSLY ASKS HIS LAWYER WHEN HE WILL BE RELEASED...

DON'T WORRY...I CAN GET YOU OFF WITH A SUSPENDED SENTENCE THE DAY YOUR CASE COMES TO COURT!

BUT WHEN WILL THAT BE?

I DON'T KNOW...THE COURTS ARE PRETTY CROWDED. I'D SAY IN ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS!

...CHOKE...



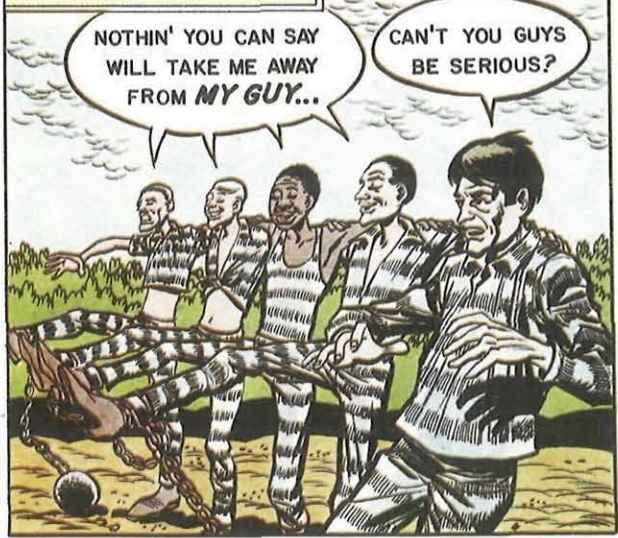


PRETTY IRONIC, ISN'T IT? JACK HATES HOMOS SO MUCH, BUT HE DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE HE'S SURROUNDED BY THEM! AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE'LL BE TRAPPED THERE FOR SEVERAL *MO' QUEERS!* ...I MEAN, SEVERAL MORE YEARS! EH...EH... I HOPE THEY'RE NOT TOO *HARD ON HIM!*

AS THE YEARS PASSED, JACK BOWMAN FACED INCREASING HARDSHIPS... THE ROCK PILE...



THE DAISY-CHAIN GANG...



NOTHIN' YOU CAN SAY WILL TAKE ME AWAY FROM *MY GUY...*

CAN'T YOU GUYS BE SERIOUS?

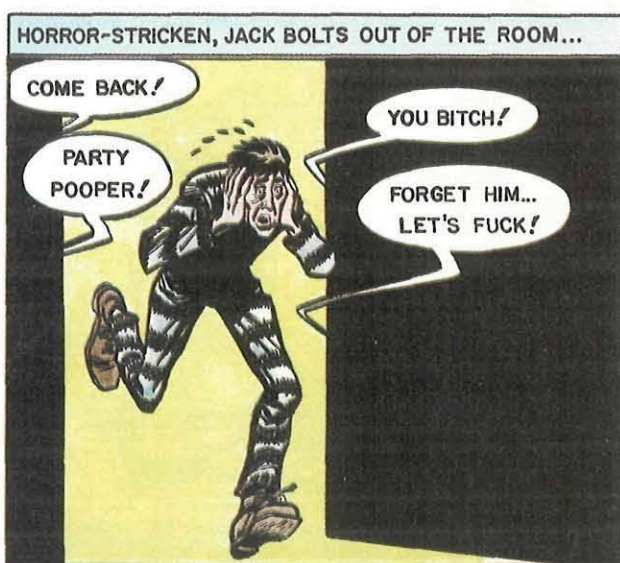
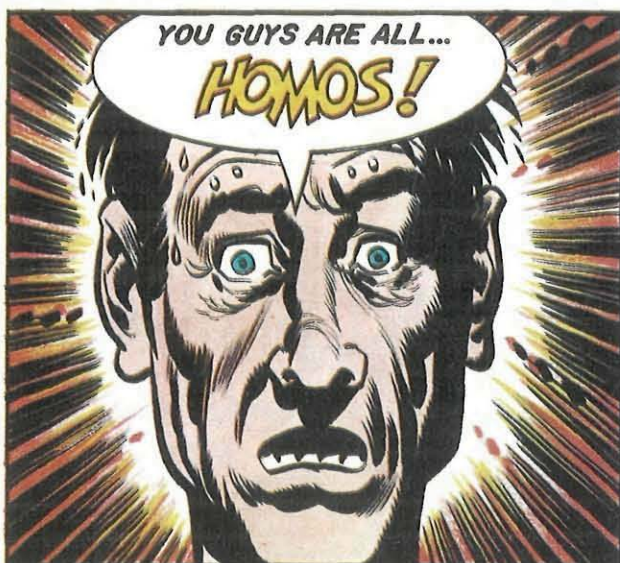
SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.



ALONE AT LAST!

NOT QUITE, HANDSOME. NOW, GIVE US A KISS!

FINALLY, AFTER A DECADE IN THE TOMBS, THE INMATES THROW JACK A PARTY THAT HE WILL NEVER FORGET!



... AND FEVERISHLY DEVISES AN ESCAPE PLAN. FIRST, HE FASHIONS A ROPE FROM THE CLOTHING OF HIS CELLMATES.



NEXT, JACK CLIMBS OVER THE WALL TO FIND HIMSELF FREE FROM THE TOMBS...BUT NOT FROM THE **FAGS!**



IN A LAST-DITCH ATTEMPT TO FLEE FROM THE FRUITS, JACK HOPS ON THE FIRST STEAMER LEAVING NEW YORK...



... ONLY TO REALIZE THE AWFUL TRUTH!

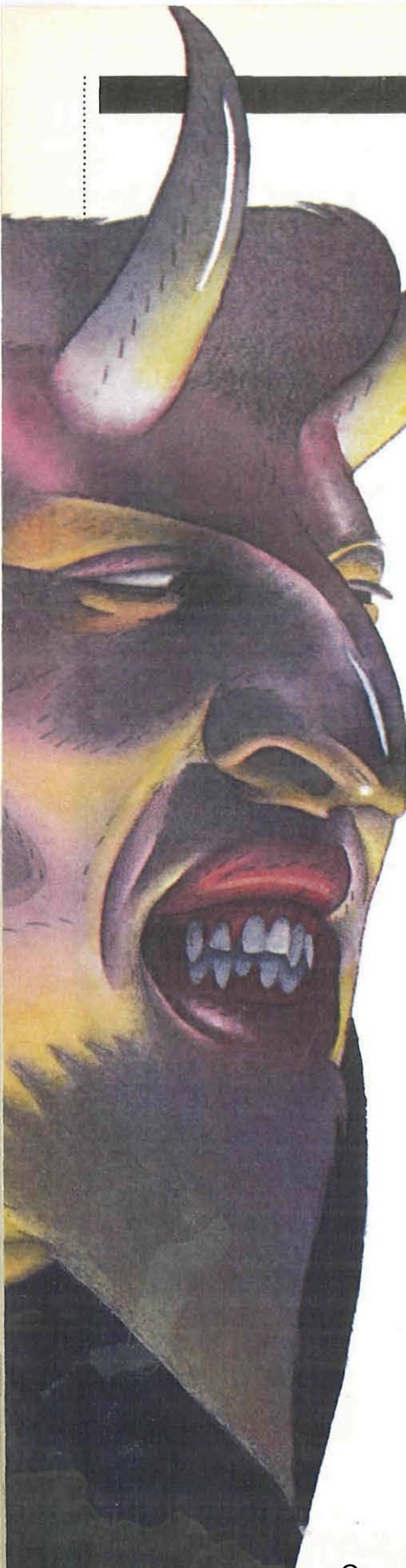


THAT'S RIGHT...WE'RE ALL GAY. AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE OUR FIRST **MATE!**



WELL, COULDN'T YOU JUST **SCREAM!** IT SEEMS IN THE FUTURE EVERYONE'S PRETTY **FAGGED OUT!** AND IT LOOKS LIKE THOSE **GOBLIN SEAMEN** WILL SOON BE **GOBBLIN' SEMEN!** THEN MAYBE THEY'LL **SWAB DOWN** OLD JACK'S **POOPDECK!** ALL IN ALL, A RATHER **QUEER** ENDING!





THE DEVIL AND WILLIAM KUNSTLER

THERE'S A STORY they like to tell down at the courthouse, and you can be pretty sure that when you hear a fat man's laughter from behind a closed door or the sound of a hammy fist being pounded on a green tin desk, somebody's telling it.

No, William Kunstler's not dead—or, at least, they haven't buried him. But the word is that his spirit is so big it sometimes leaves his body and goes off roaming around just like it was a ghost already. And if you walk into an empty courtroom where Bill once pleaded a case and speak loud and clear. "William Kunstler, William Kunstler," Old Glory will flutter a bit and the defense's chairs will begin to squeak. And after a while you'll hear a voice saying, "Hey, brother, how goes the movement?" Then you'd better answer that the movement stands as it always stood, shoulder to shoulder, chicks up front, solid and together, or he's liable to materialize right there in front of you. Or so I've always heard it told.

You see, for a while William was the biggest man in the movement. He never got to be president or even to impeach one. They say that when Kunstler refused to stand up and speak, his silent

protest was as moving as a whole mass of folks holding a silent candlelight vigil for freedom. When he used to walk out in the street with his electric bullhorn, get this, people would just rush up to him and entrust their whole futures to his care, and the oppressors and exploiters would close up their pawnshops and appliance stores and move away be-



The deal went down, a super-heavy pact signed in blood.

cause there just wasn't no use in putting up a fight against him. And when he argued a case, he could turn on the blues harps of the oppressed and make the earth feel like it was shaking from the ground swell of public opinion that he got behind him. A man with a mouth like a mountain horn, a brow like five philosophers', and eyes like a couple of multi-cell cop flashlights—that was William Kunstler in his prime. And the biggest case he ever argued never got



Brian Jones was in the devil's Kleenex—it was like something out of "Night Gallery"!

written down in the books, for he argued it against the devil, nip and tuck and no holds barred. And this is the way I heard it told.

There was a man named Jimi Hendrix, lived up in the northwest states somewhere. He wasn't a bad man to start with, but he was an unlucky man. If three fellows were shoplifting at a store, Jimi was always the one that got caught. If two people were called Jimmy, Jimi was always the one to get the name with the silly spelling. He was a pretty fair guitar player, but it didn't prosper him; he had a decent crowd of fans, but the more fans he had, the more names he had to put on the guest list and the less money he made. If a club owner paid him off in acid, the tabs would be weak, and if he traded them off, he traded them for phony hash and gave something extra. There's some brothers be like that, apparently. But one day Jimi Hendrix got sick of that jive.

He'd been practicing that morning and he'd just broken the neck off his ax

doing a somersault while playing behind his head—a trick he'd accomplished easily many times before. And as he stood there looking at the busted ax, the chick he balled the night before called to say she had a dose of clap in her precious and he'd better take his nature to the clinic. His bass player had just wrecked the band's van and he couldn't get the pick off of his thumb. It was freak-out time for Jimi. "I swear," he said, and looked about him kinda paranoid, "I swear it's enough to make a brother sell his soul to the devil! I would, too, for food stamps!"

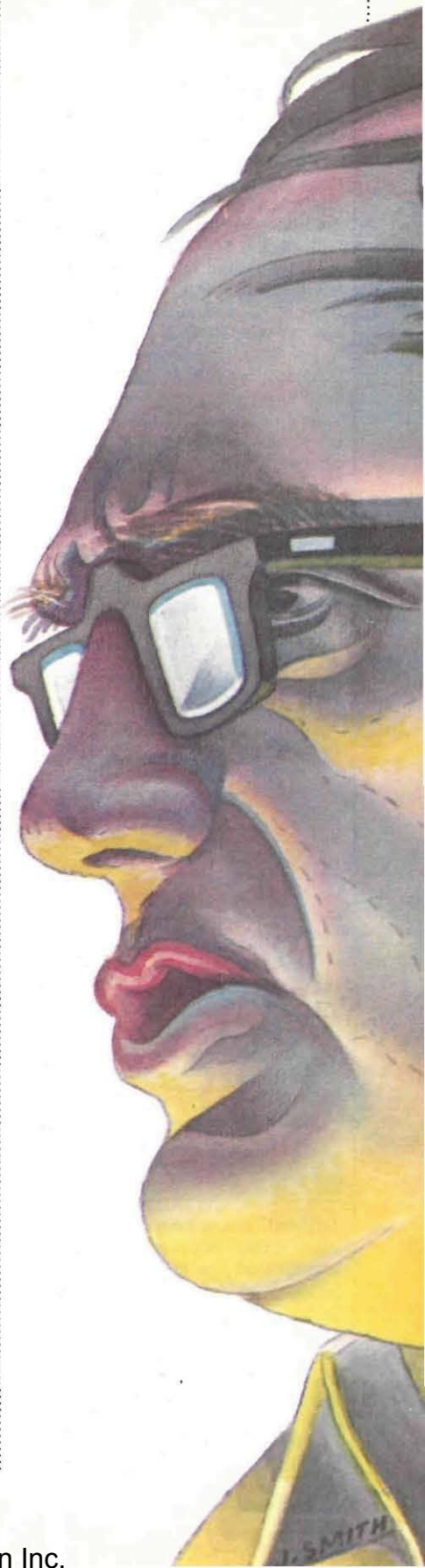
Then he felt kind of a strange rush come over him for having rapped that way, though, naturally, being black and proud, he wouldn't take it back. But, just the same, when that evening rolled around and, as far as he could scope it out, no notice had been taken, he felt a little more laid-back, for he was a man who had a fair amount of soul. But notice is always taken and the devil he don't miss much, as the saying goes. Sure enough, next day, just as Jimi and some of the band were sitting down to scoff up a good feed, a soft-spoken, dark-suited stranger drove up in a really fine short and asked to rap with Jimi.

Well, Jimi told his band it was a promoter from Los Angeles come up to rap with him about a few gigs. But he knew who it was. He didn't dig the stranger's looks at all, nor the really plastic way he had of just smiling with his teeth. It was really spacey how white the dude's teeth were. And Jimi didn't dig it when this really zonked chick who was crashing with the band took one look at the stranger and split. But having promised, you know, more or less, he couldn't go back on it, and they went outside and did the deal. Jimi had to prick his finger to sign and the stranger lent him a number-six point from this outrageous set of works he was carrying. The wound healed clean but left a little whitey scar.

II

RIGHT AWAY THINGS BEGAN TO flow Jimi's way. Everything started to happen for him at once. The band started getting gigs, and Jimi's playing was so righteous that people were just blown away by it. They got a record deal, and the album they cut was the tastiest to come out that year. People were saying that Jimi was one of the most far-out, if not the most far-out, of lead players around. There was talk of him ushering in a new age with his music. All in all, you might say

by Ted Mann



that the Hendrix Experience was enjoying some pretty good karma and that they were mellow as could be. And so they were, except for Jimi Hendrix.

Jimi'd been laid-back enough the first few years. It's a great thing when you first start getting the breaks; it can really turn your head around. True, every so often, especially when it was really smoggy, the little whitey scar on his finger would give him some grief. And once a year the stranger with the short would fall by and psych him out. But the sixth year, the stranger hung out for a bit, and after that the good times were all gone for Jimi Hendrix.

The stranger came walking through the studio, switching at his boots with a cane in a really uncool way. It was obvious to everyone that the stranger was on some kind of weird ego trip. And after he'd rapped for a piece, he said, "Well, Jimi, you're a pretty hip haircut! This is a pretty righteous studio you've got here, Jimi!"



William Kunstler really got behind Jimi. He couldn't have been more cool.

"Well, some people might dig it, man; other people might not, you know?" said Jimi Hendrix, for he was a Negro.

"Hey, no need to talk yourself down," said the stranger. "After all, we all know what's been going down. So when the, ah, like, the *loan* comes due next year, there shouldn't be any bad vibes, right?"

"Since you brought it up, man," said Jimi Hendrix, and he looked around for help to some roadies smokin' dope by

the keyboards, "I'm beginning to have some doubts about the way the deal went down."

"Tell me, man," said the stranger, not quite so mellowly.

"Well, this being the Age of Aquarius and all, I've been having doubts about your mortgage holding up in a people's court, you know—lotta things have changed, you know?" He pounded his fist on the top of an amp and he got bolder. "Yeah, man, I'm having some really superserious doubts about your mortgage holding up in court."

"There's courts and then there's courts. Wow," said the stranger, letting his breath out in an exasperated gust. "So what say we just check out the original contract and quit hassling." And he began rooting through a big shoulder bag full of papers. "Hamil, Homos, Hendra, ah, here we are, Hendrix," he muttered. "'I, Jimi Hendrix, for the term of seven years... This seems incredibly straight ahead to me, man."

But Jimi Hendrix wasn't even listening, for he saw something else flutter out of the shoulder bag. It was something that looked like a moth, but it wasn't a moth. No way. And as Jimi Hendrix stared at it, it seemed to be rapping to him in a really minuscule voice, incredibly minuscule and high, but, like, human, really human.

"Hey, man! Hey, Jimi! Help me, man!" it squeaked. "Wow, this is really Kafkaesque! Help me, man! Jimi!"

But before Jimi Hendrix could move hand or foot, the stranger whipped out a bandanna, caught the creature in it, and began tying the ends up.

"Sorry for the side trip, man," he said. "As I was saying—"

But Jimi Hendrix was shaking and sweating like a junkie who was hurting.

"That's Brian Jones's voice!" he said in a croak. "And you've got him in your snot rag!"

The stranger looked a little paranoid.

"Yeah. I really should have stashed him in the major box," he simpered, "but there were some really hip specimens in there and I didn't want to bring them down. Bummet, man, but it happens."

"Hey, I don't know from that," said Jimi Hendrix, "but that was Brian Jones in there! And he's not dead, no way! You can't lay that on me, man! I saw him at the Fillmore two nights ago! He was with this chick and they were both really wired!"

"One minute you're here." The stranger shrugged and snapped his fingers kind of musingly. "The next... Listen." All the engineers behind the glass started crying and Jimi Hendrix listened.

"Wow, man, you're never going to believe this, man," said an engineer over the studio monitor. "Brian Jones just croaked. They found him in his pool, man. Looks like he OD'd."

Jimi was trembling and the sweat was running down his face. For he knew that Brian Jones was dead.

"We've been doing business for a long time," said the stranger with a sigh. "One really hates to shut down these old accounts. I wouldn't do it if I didn't have to. That's just the way it goes, Jimi."

He still had the bandanna in his hand, and Jimi felt sick as he watched the cloth swell and pulse like a light-show amoeba.

"Are they all that minuscule?" he asked hoarsely.

"Minuscule?" said the stranger. "Oh. I see where you're coming from." He measured Jimi with his eyes. "Every one is different. Don't sweat yourself, Jimi, you'll go with a good grade. I wouldn't trust you outside the box. No way. Now, a man like William Kunstler, wow, we'd have to make a special box for him, and even at that I bet the wingspread on him would really blow you away. He'd certainly be a good score. I wish I could, like, work something out with him. But, in your case, as I was saying—"

"Put that snot rag away!" said Jimi Hendrix, and he began to beg and plead with the stranger. But the best deal he could cop was a three-year extension with certain conditions.

But until you do a deal like that you have no idea whatsoever of how fast time can go by. It's like being on good mesc or something. By the last months of those years, Jimi is known all over the world, there's talk about how he's the greatest there ever was—and it's just vomit in his mouth. Every day when he gets up he thinks, "Well, another night blown all to hell," and shivers at the apt remark. And every night when he lies down he thinks of the big black pocketbook and the soul of Brian Jones, and it makes him practically schiz right out. Till finally one day he can't bear it any longer, and in the last days of the year he jumps onto a plane and flies off to see William Kunstler. Bill lives in New York, which is quite a piece from London, where Jimi is staying, but it's worth the trip, for it's well known that Bill has a particular soft spot for Negroes.

III

IT WAS EARLY IN THE MORNING when Jimi got to New York, but Bill was up already talking jive to the brothers on the block, shooting some hoops and working up speeches to

make against Richard M. Nixon. But when he heard that a black man had come to see him, he dropped everything he was doing, for that was William's way. He gave Jimi Hendrix a breakfast that five brothers couldn't eat, went into the living history of the Negro people—not omitting discussion of recent martyrs in the struggle such as Medgar Evers—and finally asked him how he could serve him.

Jimi Hendrix allowed as how this was kind of a repo case.

"Well, I don't want to shuck you, brother. I'm not really into pleading repo cases and I don't usually plead now, except political stuff, before the higher courts, but since you're a progressive client I'll do what I can for you."

"Man, you don't know how you've lightened my load. I feel like I got a shot now," said Jimi Hendrix, and he laid the details on him.

Bill walked up and down as he listened, fingering his Hopi belt buckle, now and then asking a question, now and then stabbing at the floor with his gaze as if he were ramming a stake into the shriveled heart of capitalism. When Jimi Hendrix had finished, Bill shook his head and burped and hit himself hard once on the chest. Then he turned to Jimi, and a smile broke over his face like a sunset up in Harlem.

"You've really got yourself into a bad space, man," he said, "but I'll take the case."

"Straight?" said Jimi, who could hardly believe it.

"*Absolument*, man," said William Kunstler. "I've got about seventy-five other things to do and a disbarment motion to fight, but I'll take your case. If a Negro and a Jew aren't a match for the devil, we might as well give this country back to the Protestants."

Just at that moment there was a loud rap at the door.

"So," says William Kunstler, real cool. "I thought your clock was a little off." He stepped to the door and opened it. "Come on in!" he said.

The stranger came in, and he looked triple weird in the black light. He was carrying a guitar case under his arm with little air holes punched in the lid. When Jimi saw the case he got psyched right out and started to moan.

"Mr. Kunstler, am I right?" said the stranger, his eyes glowing like a couple of cigarette tips in a dark room.

"Attorney of record for Mr. Jimi Hendrix," said William Kunstler, his eyes also flashing like he was on some weird astral plane. "Might I ask your name?"

"I've got plenty of handles, Mr. Charlie, ofay," said the stranger care-

lessly. "Perhaps 'The Man' will do for this evening. I'm often called that, these days."

Then he sat down at the table and took a humongous toke on a joint, but when he let his breath out not a



When Jimi saw the guitar case he was totally blown away!

single wisp of smoke emerged.

"Now, man," said the stranger, smiling. "I shall call upon you as an ethical cat to help me collect the very special dues which I am owed."

Well, with that the argument began—and it got incredibly intense. At first Jimi Hendrix had a flicker of hope, but when he saw William Kunstler forced to accept point after point he kind of scrunched up in the corner and just stared at the big guitar box with the air holes punched in the lid. For there wasn't any doubt as to the deed or the signature—that was absolutely straight ahead, and try as he would William Kunstler couldn't get away from that. He pointed out that the property had increased in value—that a super-heavy-duty rock star ought to be worth more; the stranger stuck to the exact terms of the deal. He was a really heavy lawyer, was William Kunstler, but we all know who's the heaviest of the heavy lawyers, and it looked like for the first time William Kunstler was going to get completely blown away.

Finally the stranger yawned. "Your efforts on behalf of your client make you look pretty good, m'man, but if you've finished, I'm a little late for a date..." and Jimi Hendrix shuddered. William Kunstler's brow looked as dark as a gram of primo Afghani hash. "Late for a date or not, you're not putting the bag on this brother!" he screamed. "Mr. Hendrix is a member of an oppressed minority whose ancestors endured four hundred years of slavery. In case you've forgotten, man, the Civil War is over and this man is not a slave anymore. He isn't going nowhere without he gets the fuckin' trial which is his right as a citizen! Or are you trying to deny him his rights as a citizen? We fought the Confederacy when they tried it, and we'll fight all hell again if we have to, and we shall overcome!"

"Hey, lighten up, man," said the stranger. "Don't lose your cool. If you want a trial, I'll get you a trial. But the case is hardly one for a straight court," said the stranger, his eyes slyly slitted, "and really, man, it's so late in the evening—"

"Look, man, I don't care what kind of a court it is as long as we get twelve honest men," said William Kunstler in his pride. "Let it be the quick or the dead; I'll go along with what they decide!"

"You got it, m'man," said the stranger, and he pointed his finger at the door of Jimi's pad. And with that there was a whooshing sound like someone blowing into a horn with the reed out, and the sound of footsteps, clear and distinct, like footsteps on the stage of an empty hall before a concert. And yet they were not like the footsteps of dudes that were alive.

"Wow, man, who would fall by this late?" cried Jimi Hendrix, who had a superb case of the fears.

"The jury Mr. Kunstler demands," said the stranger. "You must pardon the appearance of one or two; they're all really straight cats, and I had to drag them a long way."

IV

AND WITH THAT THE DOOR BLEW open and twelve dudes entered one by one.

If Jimi Hendrix had had the fears before, he was completely weirded out now. For there was Marcus Aurelius, the gentle and learned Roman emperor, famed author of *Meditations*, a book of instructions in practical morality; and there was Matthew Arnold, Newdigate Prize winner and professor of poetry at Oxford, one of the most temperate and balanced minds of the nineteenth cen-

tury. Booker T. Washington was there, looking kind and determined and perhaps a little sad, as befitted the great black leader and founder of the Tuskegee Institute; and Feodorovich Kerenski, prime minister of Russia, whose political moderation following the Revolution of 1917 cost him his job. There was Albert Schweitzer, the pious doctor-philosopher who founded Lambarené Hospital in French Equatorial Africa. There was Lou Gehrig, famed first baseman for the New York Yankees, who later distinguished himself as the even-handed parole commissioner of New York City. Blaise Pascal, the French mathematician-philosopher famed for his gentle yet telling irony in defense of Jansenism. Tom Paine, the libertarian polemicist who helped uphold the cause of the thirteen colonies before and after the Revolution. One by one they came into the room with the incense of the otherworld still clinging to their garments, and the stranger recited their names and gave a short rap on each one, till the whole tale of the twelve was told. The stranger had told the truth—there was no doubt they were all honest men. But really, really *straight*.

"This jury okay with you, Mr. Kunstler?" said the stranger mockingly, after they had taken their places.

The sweat stood out on William Kunstler's brow. He was definitely uptight. But when he spoke, his voice was powerful and overbearing.

"Quite satisfied, though I miss Pat Boone from the gang here."

"Pat Boone is still alive," said the stranger, with the hint of a sneer. "We are short one judge, I believe." He pointed his finger once more, and a man soberly clad in Puritan garb appeared and took the judge's place.

"John Alden, former deputy governor of the Plymouth colony, famed for his probity."

"His what, man?" screamed Jimi Hendrix. "That guy's a religious maniac, man! Look at the fucking threads he's wearin', man!"

William Kunstler motioned for his client to be silent, and the trial began. As you might imagine, things were not entirely cool for the defense. Jimi Hendrix didn't make the best witness on his own behalf. He kept giving Booker Washington a power salute and calling Marcus Aurelius a "fox" because of the emperor's sheer white toga. Jimi Hendrix got so afraid that he tried to run away, though he did his best to disguise it as an angry refusal to recognize the court. John Alden ordered Jimi Hendrix to be chained to his chair at the request of "The Man," who acted as

prosecutor, and over the objections of William Kunstler. Well, William Kunstler realized when that happened that he wasn't about to get any justice for his client from this court, and he decided right then and there that he'd show and tell judge, jury, and prosecutor just what he thought of them and their so-called system of justice.

"I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" said William Kunstler. "This is incredible. I mean, I'm ashamed to be a law-

"That will not be necessary, Your Honor. We have reached a unanimous decision. We find the defendant guilty as charged on all counts."

William Kunstler slammed his fist upon the table.

"I knew it, man! I expected it! That is no justice! I'm ashamed!" said William Kunstler.

Judge Alden instructed the sentence to be carried out at once, and then judge and jury disappeared in an in-



The jury was about as uncool a jury as you could find, man. Totally straight.

yer today! I feel like everything I ever learned or believed was some kind of a joke! How could I possibly have expected justice from a bunch of idiot squares like you people, I don't know! If what I've seen in this court today is any indication of the way Western civilization is going, I weep for the future generations as yet unborn. That's all I have to say."

Jimi Hendrix screamed in horror, "What do you mean, 'That's all I have to say'? You're supposed to defend me, man!"

William Kunstler ignored the hysterical rocker, fastening on the jury. "If you send this man down to hell with the devil, you'll just be proving that everything I said here today is true."

The judge asked William Kunstler if he had anything else to say, and he did not. Neither had the prosecutor anything to add. Judge Alden then asked the jury if they would like to retire to consider their verdict. The jury's foreman, Albert Schweitzer, rose to his feet.

stant. Jimi Hendrix screamed as the stranger stuffed him in the guitar case with the holes in the lid.

"A retrial, make a motion for a retrial, you dumbol!" Jimi Hendrix screamed at his lawyer.

The case snapped shut. "I can't," said William Kunstler. "Don't you see? It wouldn't do any good. It's the system that's at fault. We have to tear down the whole system and start over!" Only a high-pitched squeaking from within the box indicated that Jimi Hendrix had heard his attorney.

"A pleasure doing business with you, man," said the stranger, and he disappeared along with his guitar case full of soul.

"One day, man, one day... believe me," said William Kunstler to the place where the stranger had been.

And that's the reason why the devil feels completely free to fuck over rock stars any way he wants, to this very day. I'm not talking about the Osmonds, or groups like Up With People. ■

La Famiglia Newsletter

edited by Lucia (Lucey) D'Assassinato

Editor's Corner

Well, here it is May already!

Poppa is out in the backyard planting zucchini and he's as spry as ever. He's also growing escarole in the front yard, but do you know what happened? Some guy from the town came by and told Poppa he couldn't do that. He could only plant a lawn out front. Can you believe that? Some kind of town rule, he said. Poor Poppa. He hates to argue with anyone, so he asked my brother Nunzio to speak to the man for him. Well, the man finally decided that escarole *was* a form of grass, so it was okay. Even so, it sure got me upset! Sometimes I wish we were back in the city and not out here in this fancy-pants house! Sometimes I wish Poppa hadn't done quite so well selling olive oil. Maybe then he and Momma wouldn't go on so much about me getting married. After all, somebody has to be an old maid!

But I'm rambling again. The main thing is that it's May, and we've got lots of news to share, so let's get right to it!



The Wedding of the Year!

This is going to be a big one, girls! Angelo and Irma Impetuoso have pulled out all the stops for their only daughter, Francesca, and her fiancé, Vito Carumbalumbo. They've taken all four banquet rooms at the Imperial Regency Taj Mahal Catering Palace and they're buying the top package, including strolling mandolins, madonna ice sculptures, cocktail fountains, and waiters with gloves!

Right now, I'd like to pass on a little note I received from Irma. It says: "Dear Lucey: As you know, Angelo and me are going 'all the way' for our baby, Francesca, even though she's marrying that Vito. I can't tell you how much it upsets me, but how can you tell your beautiful little girl that she's in love with a gorilla? I don't get it. Vito Carumbalumbo never finished public school. He works for Carmine Cagutsa's trucking company as a loader. Is that a catch for my baby? But my husband, Angelo, said it had to be done, and God bless him, he knows what's right.

"So, *che sarà, sarà*, and I've got a wedding to plan. That's why I'm writing to you, Lucey. As you can guess, Angelo is spending a lot of dough for this wedding, and I want to make sure that the gifts my baby gets are in line with what we're putting out. So, without telling anyone I told you, just let all the girls know that this wedding is costing \$400 a head, so they better put at least double that under their plates. Thanks. Love, Irma."

So remember, girls, at least \$800 a plate! No sheets or cheap watches, okay?

Overheard at Carmela's House!

Who is the secret performer in the family? We don't know, but their act apparently opened recently! Carmela Furioso swore me to secrecy, but this is just too exciting! It seems hubby Arthur and oldest son Paulie made a late-night trip to see a "canary" in the family. That's all we know right now, but just who do you think the budding star could be? Could it be one of us, girls? There can be only one Connie Francis, but I guess it doesn't hurt for someone to give it a try!

Intoxicatos to Remodel!

Remember all the talk last month? Salvatore and Maria Intoxicato were thinking of moving out of the old neighborhood? Well, Maria tells me that Sal's papa wants him to stay in the city to be closer to the family vending-machine business. Maria says she raised a stink and got Sal to promise he'd completely remodel their old place! Isn't that wonderful? Maria has already ordered a new madonna for the front yard, new chandeliers, flocked and gilded wallpaper, and tons and tons of wrought iron! We'll all be dropping by to watch the work progress, won't we, girls?

Felonios in the Hospital!

Concetta Felonio sure has the magic. She delivered her seventh son last week. That's seven boys and three girls! Some women just know how to turn out sons! But that's only half the story. While Concetta was delivering young Frank, her husband, Vinnie, was downstairs in the same hospital

recovering from a hunting accident. Poor Vinnie shot himself in the stomach six times! Can you imagine that? But the doctors say that Mom and little Frank and Vinnie are all going to be just fine! Send your flowers or drop by and see them all at Our Lady of Bleeding Souls Hospital.

Now for a poem by Lydia Nolocontendro, but first I have to tell you a little about it. Lydia's mom, Pat, sent the poem to me with this note: "Dear Lucey: Please print this poem. It is by my baby, Lydia, who turns seventeen this year. She wants to be a writer and would be pleased if she saw her poem in print. But do me a favor, okay? Just print it but don't say who wrote it. You know what I mean? It's not all that good and I wouldn't want anyone telling her so. She's so sensitive, you know. Thanks. Love, Pat."

Well, you're wrong, Pat. I think this poem is simply darling and the world should know the name of the person with all that talent! So, take it away, Lydia.

"My Life"

by Lydia Nolocontendro

True love is a feeling a person can't hide.

True love is a pain you feel deep inside. Alone without love is no place to be, And just such a person is me.

My love asked me sweetly To go on a date.

My love came to see me. My love wasn't late.

But tragedy strikes at a person, you see, And just such a person is me.

My papa said to me that he'd get the door.

My love won't be calling on me anymore.

Papa asks him his name and he answers MacBride.

Papa looks at his freckles and asks him outside.

MacBride takes some money from Papa, a ten.

I don't think he'll call me again.

You hear a girl crying, you ask, "Who is she?"

Well, just such a person is me!

HOT NEWS!

Angie Pasalacqua's husband, Gino, is now in the fur business. Angie says she can get mink coats for only \$----- (I can't even tell you the price in the newsletter, it's so low!). As the old saying goes, "Get 'em while they're hot," because Angie tells me that Frank doesn't want to stay in the fur business for too long.

SCOOP!

Remember Johnny Stranguloso? He was such a nice fellow. And I loved his wife, Carmela, and their two adorable kids, Vinnie and Marcie. Well, as you probably know, they all disappeared about a year ago when Poppa was having all that trouble with the government about his olive-oil business. Johnny was very close to Poppa. Poppa treated him like a son. And you all know how I felt about Carmela.

So, after all that terrible trouble with the government, Poppa went looking for Johnny, but he and his whole family were gone. No one has ever seen them since. Except I'm sure I saw him and Carmela last week in Lake Tahoe. No kidding. I swear it was Johnny, even though he had a big, bushy black beard (he was a dirty blond, remember?) and dark glasses and a big hat. And even though Carmela cut her hair very short and dyed it red and fixed her nose and also had dark glasses, I'm sure it was her. I'm the kind of person who never forgets a face.

So I ran over to hug and kiss them, but when they saw me they ran into their car and drove away. And before I could say boo, two big guys started "escorting" me to my car and told me to mind my business. How's that for gratitude when they were like family to us? If Poppa finds out where Johnny is, I'll bet he'll raise the roof!

"My Life as President of Local 826A"

by Lavina Tugboto

This article wasn't my idea. Lucey asked me to do it. As you know, I am the new president of Local 826A, and Lucey thought you might like to know what it's like to be a working woman.

Well, it all started a few months back when my husband, Gino, had to go on a business trip for a couple of years. He wanted someone who cares about the membership to take over his job as president, so he talked about it to the rank and file, and they elected me in a landslide!

My first day on the job was really exciting because I had never done anything like this before, and I didn't even know what aerosol workers did. But then I discovered that it didn't really matter. They don't know what I do either!

My job is really a lot of fun. I don't have to do a whole lot. I think the most important part is showing up at the office and looking like a leader, to keep everyone's spirits up. Oh, there are lots of things to sign all the time. I used to worry about signing things, but Gino told me not to worry. His brother Dino would tell me what to sign. I'm so glad! If I had to actually read all that stuff, I'd just die!

I especially enjoyed signing the checks, because sometimes I sneaked a peek at who they were for, and I can tell you I used to sign checks for some of the most exciting places! Oh, there were nightclubs and restaurants and airlines and things like that. I especially remember a big check to my favorite casino, Nero's Desert Ingot. I hope they used it to bring back Jerry Vale for a week!

Anyhow, Dino told me that reading checks takes too much of my valuable time, so now I just sign whole bunches of them before they're filled out. That way Dino takes care of the reading and I have more time to shop and get my hair done. Even union presidents have to do that, especially if they're lady union presidents!



Here I am at work. With me are Dino, my assistant; Rocky, my secretary; and Flavio, my office manager.



Here I am presenting a check for back pay to one of our members after we won his arbitration case. They accused this poor man of killing a supervisor and fired him even after he said he was sorry!

Before we get on with Dee's review, I just want everyone to know how good she looks now. Dee has dropped seventy pounds! Not for nothing, but you used to look like a hippo, Dee. Check this picture, girls. Doesn't she look great? Now, take it away, Dee!



Restaurant Review

by Dee Misdemeano

As you know, I've reviewed *Mama Grosso's* at 3250 East End Avenue before, but this time I wanted to try something different. I explained to Mama that I was trying to lose weight for Giuseppe so maybe he'd stay home more often. I told her she could forget the antipasto and tortellini appetizers and not bring my regular favorite, Double-Stuffed Shells à la Mama. No, this time I was going to eat light—strictly seafood. So I ordered a batch of linguini with white clam sauce.

Hey, you should taste that stuff! Boy, it's great! I ate three plates full, and each time, I sopped up the leftover sauce with a loaf of Mama's wonderful bread. Yum. Doesn't it make you hungry just thinking about it? Doesn't it?

I'm sure I've already told you about the atmosphere at Mama's and how the service is fine except for that one stupid Puerto Rican waiter who tried to grate cheese on my white clam sauce! But, hey, that's okay. Mama said that Papa promised the kid's father he'd give him a home and a job. Besides, everything else is *prima*. You know, checked tablecloths, Cinzano ashtrays, and mandolin Muzak!

So, enough of the atmosphere; let's talk dessert. I tell Mama I want only a cup of espresso, but she insists I try the pastries too. What could I say?

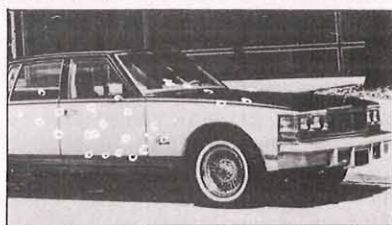
There were square brown ones with little racing stripes around them and round ones with dollops of green stuff on top, and there were these ones that looked like midget seven-layer cakes, and a bunch of other ones that I forgot already. But I ate them all and they were great. You'd like them too. Mama Grosso triumphs again!

La Famiglia POLAROID Marketplace

Never mind those flea markets, girls. Let's keep it in La Famiglia! All ads absolutely free!



For sale or trade: One white wedding gown, size 9—Real nice condition, never used. Will sell or trade for pink, blue, or rose-colored maternity wedding dress. Call Francesca Impetuoso, 555-6768



For sale: 1982 Cadillac Brougham—In real good shape except for some holes in the side, but you can fix them up with putty. Oh, yeah, you'll need new upholstery too. And by the way, thanks for the condolences, everyone. Bruno would have been proud. Stella Pomposito, 555-3385.

For sale: Decorator items—We're redecorating, so I'm selling some of my favorite old stuff, including a complete set of clear plastic furniture covers, a Lava Lamp, a beautiful set of comedy/tragedy faces to hang on your wall, and a beautiful madonna for your lawn. Call Maria Intoxicato, 555-5647.



La Famiglia
Calendar
for

| May | | 1982 | | | | | | |
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| | 30 | 31 | | | | | | |

Sunday, May 2—*The Impetuoso/Carumbalumbo wedding*—2:00 P.M., Our Lady of Perpetual Conception Church, reception to follow at the Imperial Regency Taj Mahal Catering Palce.

Sunday, May 9—*First Holy Communion*—Little Jimmy Cadillaco and little Connie Tugboto at the Virgin Mother of the Wretched Cathedral, 12:00 noon.

Saturday, May 15—*Funeral*—At the Constipato Funeral Home, 11:00 A.M., mass to follow at Saint Andy the Divine. (Sorry, but at press time we haven't been able to learn whose funeral it is.)

Sunday, May 16—*Confirmation Day*—Nicky Accordiano at Saint Bernard the Indignant, 1:00 P.M.; and Sincera Catamarano at the Immaculate Agony of the Aching Soul Church, 1:30 P.M.

Sunday, May 23—*The Festival of Saint Gourmando*—An afternoon of good food, bocce ball, family loudness, sausages, pizza, games, pasta, and lots of good eating and fun! Come one, come all!

*

I want to thank my poppa's dear friend Nunzio Squingilini of N&S Printing and Importing for his beautiful printing of the newsletter. And Nunzio's gorgeous daughter, Teresa Ann, for her help in what we call layout and design. It looks easy, but this newsletter didn't happen by magic, you know. Thanks, Teri, you're a doll.

Stadium Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54)
the shower room.

"Diamond?" Wimsey turned the clue over in his mind's jeweler's eye, as if the very word had facets. Were precious gems a factor in this puzzling affair? But wait! "Diamond Club," his mysterious confidant had whispered. Had the victim been slain over a bridge game? Wimsey himself had more than once been obliged to suppress a homicidal urge when a partner had bid four no trumps while holding not a single ace.

"Well, Lord Pete," the voluble Steinbrenner broke in, "what say to a drinky-poo up in the Diamond Club?"

So that was it! A pub, a beverage lounge, a tavern—whatever these dashed Americans called a watering hole!

"Oh, yes, rather!" replied Wimsey. "Lead the way, old thing, lead the way!"

Once he was surrounded by the dark oak veneer of the Diamond Club, it was a simple matter for the noble lord to extricate himself from the company of Steinbrenner and his circle of sycophants and fellow millionaires. Wimsey announced that he must "toddle off to use the loo," ducked round a pillar, and in seconds was hunched over an insipid domestic ale beside Cerone, in a dark corner at the end of the bar.

Vulgarly but succinctly the young Italian-American catcher briefed Wimsey on how matters stood.

The recently deceased pitcher was a successful, crowd-pleasing performer, whose contract with the Yankees and Steinbrenner (whom Cerone invariably referred to as "the fat unprintable") was coming to an end. Many other baseball teams had expressed an interest in employing him, leaving Steinbrenner to confront the Scylla and Charybdis of either paying the young man a great deal more money or allowing him to pitch *against* the Yankees! Cerone privately believed that "the fat unprintable" would, however frustratingly, have paid up, rather than face the prospect of seeing "his" Yankees defeated by their former teammate.

Now, of course, the point was moot.

"I say," asked Wimsey, after a thoughtful sip of the thin brew in his glass, "d'you s'pose this bowler—I mean pitcher—might have been done in by someone from another team? Gettin' a leg up on the competition, and so forth?"

"Well," said Cerone, "only other team in town is the Orioles. Guys we played tonight. I don't think even *Weaver* wants to win *that* bad. And anyways,

they're one of the teams who were hopin' to sign 'im! Pretty stupid to knock off a prospect. Forget it."

Cerone paused to drain his mug of the odious brew, then turned to Lord Peter and said, in the hesitant whisper of a man raised since boyhood on the code of never "squealing" on a mate, "Maybe there's rooks in the system. Down on the farm. Fastballers. Speed merchants. Come up for a cup o' coffee. Tryin' to bust the rotation. First-string starter outa the way, maybe they got a shot. Take a look at lefties in Triple A."

He slid a bill onto the bar, turned on his stool, and slipped away into the gloom and cigar smoke. Lord Peter had not understood a single word he'd said.

He returned to Steinbrenner's table, where the loyal Bunter sat amidst the plutocrats, several dozen empty beer steins before him. Bunter had never appeared more sober, or, for that matter, more bored.

"Old horse," said his employer to him, "what say we tootle off to bed, eh? Long day, jet lag and so forth. G'night, Mr. Steinbrenner. Please don't get up. Cheerio, all!"

Bunter rewarded Wimsey's faith in his sense of direction. The two Englishmen made their way directly to the parking lot, where the Daimler was waiting, drove from the Bronx to the Plaza without a miscue, and so (after a brandy nightcap) to bed.

CHAPTER III

Low and Outside

And it's root! root! root! for the home team. If they don't win, it's a shame...

THE DUKE OF DENVER WAS ON THE telephone, surrounded by the relics of breakfast and a great number of books and papers. Among the former were untouched slices of vile toasted white bread, and among the latter: *The Baseball Encyclopedia*, back issues of *Sporting News*, and paperbacks curiously entitled *The Bronx Zoo*, *Ball Four*, and *Diary of a Yankee Hater*.

"Dashed interesting, commissioner! Thanks awfully. Bung ho!" he said to the receiver, and hung it up, smiling.

"Will you be needing the car today, my lord?" inquired Mr. Bunter. "We had a one o'clock appointment with the effete proprietor of a boutique called 'Glitter n' Trash,' if you remember, sir."

"I think not, sergeant," answered Wimsey, under whom his man had served in that office in the trenches long ago.

"I've just been doing a bit of research into this baseball stuff. Complicated as blazes, but dashed interesting, don't you know?"

"I daresay, sir. Infield fly rule, hitting behind the runner, and all that. Quite."

"Oh, no, rather," replied the peer, squinting at his man through his monocle, "lot of bosh, that. I mean television receipts, the reserve clause, salary scales, that sort of thing. One of the teams, it appears, is called the Pirates. Be a bloody good name for the Owners' Association, if you ask me!"

"I say," he continued, "those people I left you with last night. Cruelly aban-

**The young bowler—
pitcher, Wimsey
corrected himself—had
been electrocuted; a
short-circuit in his hair
dryer had been the
immediate cause of his
demise.**

doned you to, I should say. Crashing bores, eh? Chums of our genial host. Who the deuce were they, anyway?"

"It's difficult to say, my lord," Mr. Bunter replied. "They were speaking American for the most part, so a great deal passed me by, I'm afraid. I did gather that one of the gentlemen, the rather gray person with the hang-dog expression who was drinking all the gin, was in the insurance 'racket,' as Mr. Steinbrenner put it, sir."

"Hullo, hullo, hullo!" shouted the noble lord as he leapt from his seat, scattering tomes and crockery.

"I shall be needing the car after all, Bunter. Just ring up Mr. Steinbrenner, will you, and ask him to meet me in the what y'may call it—clubhouse—will you? I'll just pop into the shower and some duds, preferably in that order. Well done, Bunter!"

And Lord Peter strode toward the bathroom, flinging away his dressing gown like a matador discarding his capote when the trumpet signals the hour of truth.

He whistled, in fact, something from *Carmen*.

CHAPTER IV

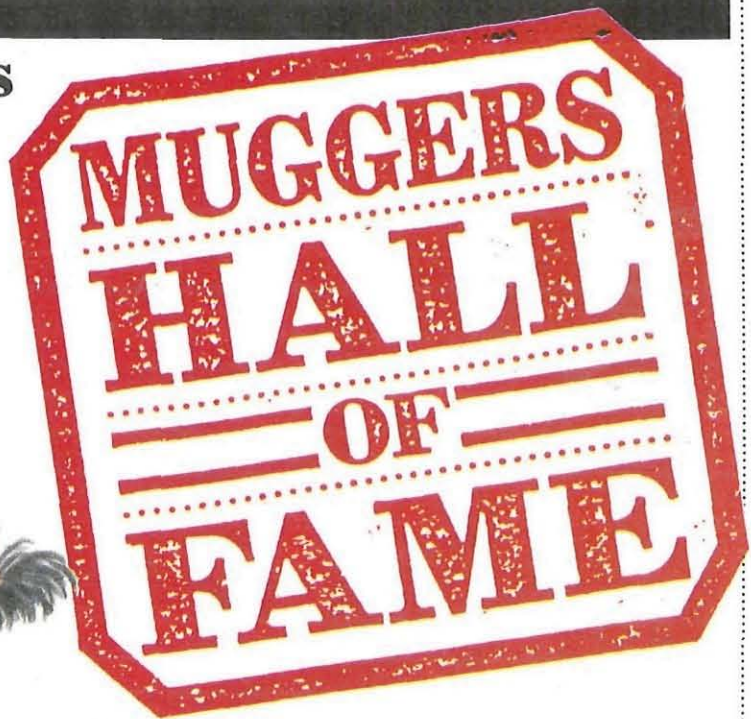
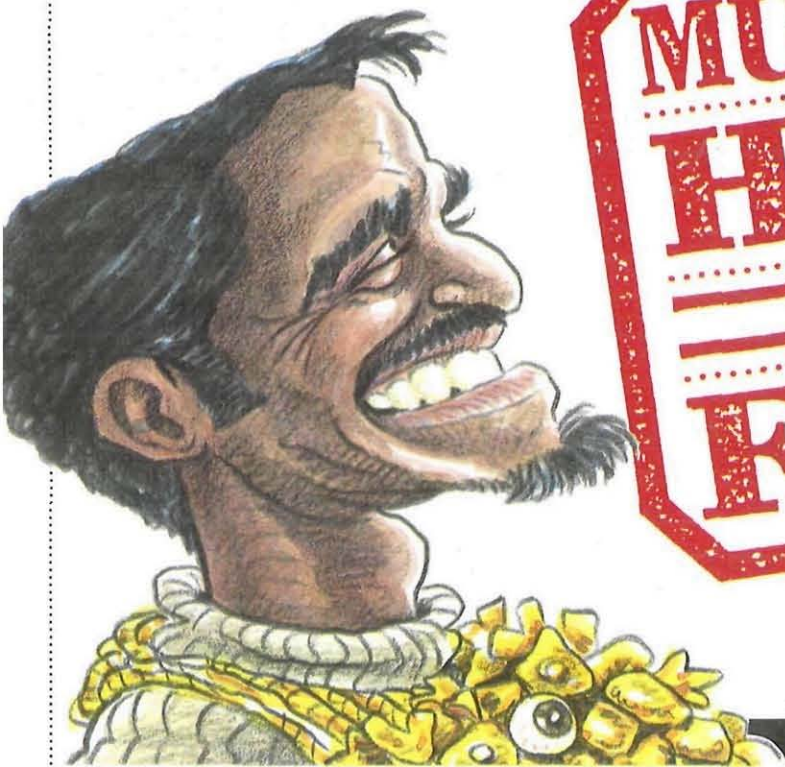
High and Inside

For it's one, two, three strikes you're out. At the old ball game!

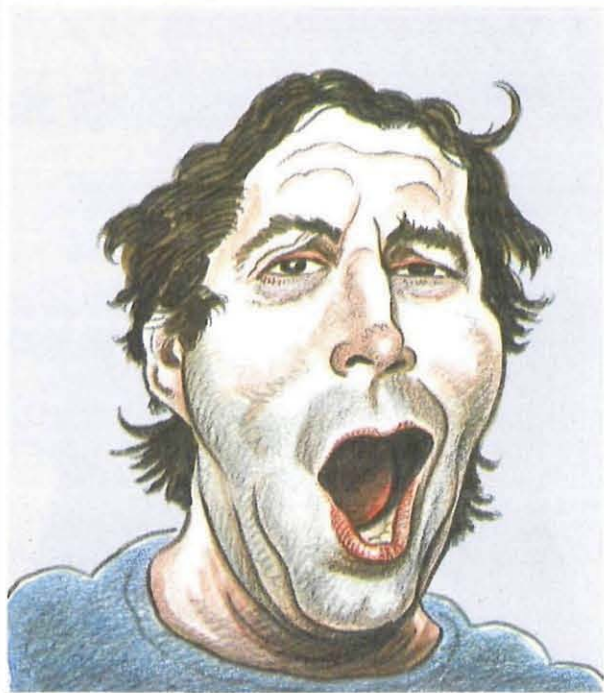
THE CLUBHOUSE WAS EMPTY AS Wimsey entered. He took in the large carpeted room, surrounded by the cubicles the players called lockers, wherein each laundered and pressed numbered uniform hung like the ghost of a ball player. "I felt like one who

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)

Sammy Davis Jr.'s



by Rick Meyerowitz



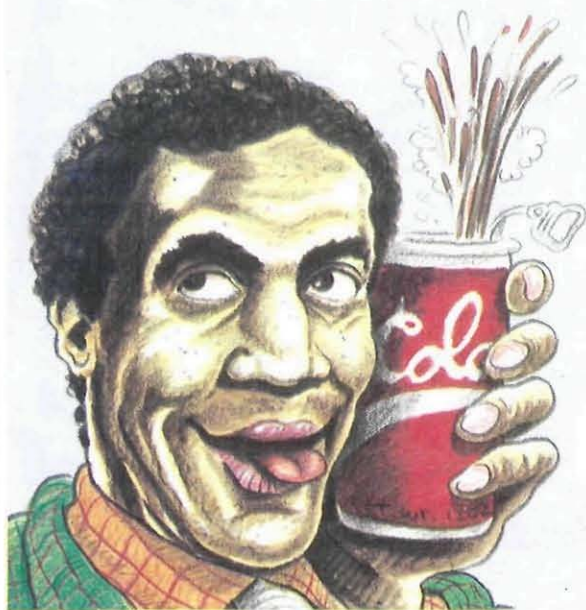
CHEVY CHASE

Some say he can be the greatest of them all if he doesn't burn himself out. Gives too much. Doesn't pace himself. Could require permanent facial surgery in a few years, which could ruin his career.



CAROL BURNETT

The Grand Dame. Made of pure rubber. Has it all and can still beat all comers. Can do more with one nostril than most actresses can do with their entire face.



BILL COSBY

Easy-to-take takes from a disciple of Jack Benny. Stretching himself to the breaking point as a TV shill. Needs to fine tune his instrument in a rotten, slapstick blaxploitation movie.



JERRY LEWIS

Has invented so many different spit takes, eye rolls, jaw hangers, facial tics, and lip, tongue, and teeth shakes that he should be arrested.



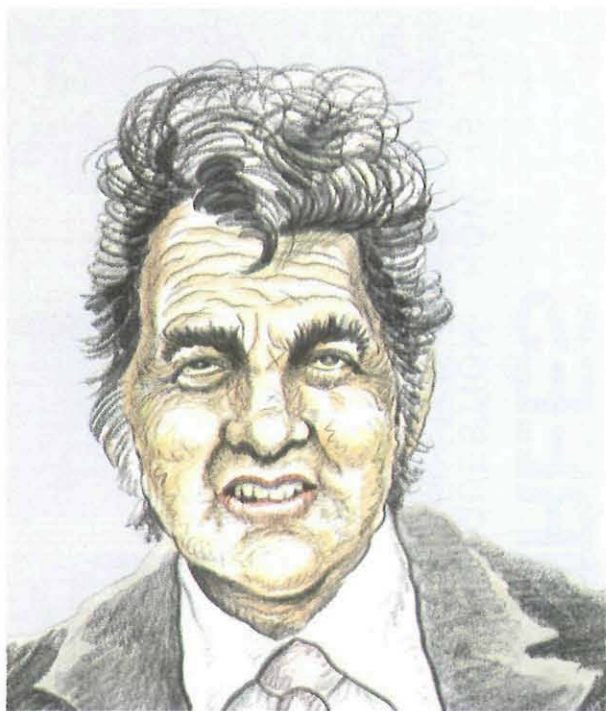
GILDA RADNER

One of the geniuses to come out of the new muggers of the seventies. Has a lot of Burnett qualities, but with an original, abrasively amphetamine style that can give you a hangover without drinking.



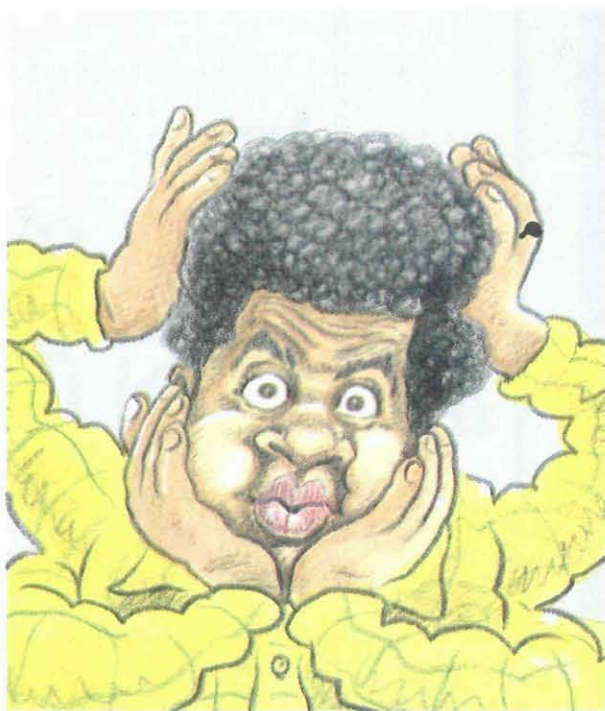
BOWZER

Hardworking, dependable, lots of retro appeal. Has all the moves perfected but could use a symbolic pie in the face, a drastic change in format to broaden his repertoire.



DEAN MARTIN

Master of the wrinkly, crinkly, understated mug. Has been in a walking coma since 1977 but still has the best eyebrow lifts and dumb, dirty smirk in the business.



GARY COLEMAN

A real trouper, with a 9.9 CQ (Cuteness Quotient). Has excellent audience appeal, but because of his size and limited range his future is still uncertain.



CAROL CHANNING

The only face that glows in the dark, without makeup. Holds the world's goofy-eye-blink record (543 blinks a minute). Even her wig can do a double double take.



GENE WILDER

Highly promising master of the pop eye, the skin flush, the apoplectic screaming fit. Cute Jewish features could ripen and mature, which will make him a contender for years to come.

EARTH ENEMY #1

THE HORRIBLE TRUTH ABOUT WHAT THE NEO-NAZI CRIMINAL JAMES WATT IS DOING TO OUR TREES



Like other societies in other times, ours has ▲ loose savagery in our midst. Cunningly, these men bathe their atrocities in the palliating cast of "progress," "prosperity," and "national good"—and we who want to be fooled welter dumbly in the deception until it's too late, until the treachery explodes before us and shrieks at us for the rest of our nights. Are we doomed to repeat the horrors of the past? The answer is, unavoidably, yes—unless we wake up to the truth, the truth that has been staring us in the face since January 1981, the truth

QUESTION: WHAT MADNESS IS IT THAT UNDERLIES THE CRIMINAL ACTIONS OF THE NAZI JAMES WATT?

It is known without doubt that the criminal fanatic James Watt subscribes to the ineluctable destiny of a master species—a so-called superior order intended by nature to dominate our forests.



▲ To facilitate his insane vision, the botanical terrorist James Watt has issued a set of criteria for the termination of the master species. In it appear countless specifications and diagrams identifying old, ponderous, lumber-burdened trees that, for the sake of "purification" are

QUESTION: HOW IS THE SINISTER BUTCHER JAMES WATT ACCOMPLISHING THIS "PURIFICATION"?

James Watt and his agents in the Department of the Interior have adopted the sly, innoxious label of "re-forestation" to describe a vicious policy of segmenting "inferior" trees from their native wilderness. But this uprooting, this grotesque incursion upon the rights of trees, is only the small, visible tip of a terrifying pattern of evil, so hideous that it fouls the senses. ◀ Every day, thousands of "inferior," lumber-bloated trees are dragged away in chains by agents of the Department



TYRANT JAMES WATT "RE-SETTLED" THE ESTIMATED SIX MILLION TREES HE HAS ABDUCTED SO FAR?

Those trees that do not die on the torturous, frigid journey in open rail cars, without heat, food, or water, are being held in secret camps. In these miserable places the thugs and lackeys of James Watt subject their prisoners to the most egregious cruelties—the final cruelty being, always, death.



▲ One of seven known death camps operated by the Department of the Interior. Over 900,000 trees are imprisoned here, trunk to trunk in squalid barracks, rife with parasites, disease, and starvation.

▲ The camp is run by DOI doctor Erhard Kane, a ghoulish botanist who supervises the extermination of trees not already destroyed by his monstrous experiments.



pain or the most basic ethics of scientific study, James Watt's trucking henchman Dr. Kane practices wholesale butchery on hundreds of trees a day. Terrible mutations are spliced together on the operating table; trees are depollinated in procedures designed only for speed; perverse cross-breeding are undertaken merely to satisfy the twisted curiosity of Dr. Kane and his mad DOI assistants.



Adding to the dementia, diabolical profit-monger James Watt has encouraged the heinous practice of fashioning lampshades, paper, and other commercial products from the dried skin and pulp of trees murdered at his camps.



The iniquitous James Watt's so-called final solution. Entire forests—brutalized, humiliated, robbed of their dignity, sapped of their strength—are herded like cattle into these iron ovens, where, with demonic efficiency, trees once tall and majestic are disintegrated by insatiable flames. Deaths are sickeningly silent here—trees weakened by the ordeal of internment lack the energy even to scream.



Other trees, selected for even more efficient extermination by deadly gas, are dumped into mass graves. Ruthless scavengers will soon descend upon them like jackals and strip them of their wood.

QUESTION: HOW CAN THE MALIGNANT NAZI SATAN JAMES WATT BE STOPPED?

The super weapon of the people is, as it always has been, nothing other than the blatant truth. Only by exposing the atrocities of James Watt and his department can we incite the anger and indignation of all men, spurring them to rise up and blot out the Menace forever. The nation is urgently called upon to promulgate the truths revealed on these pages, as well as the thousands upon thousands of other, even more horrible truths presently in our files. Act now. Write:

**BLOT OUT THE PSYCHOPATHIC NAZI HATCHET MAN JAMES WATT
P.O. BOX 1776
FREEDOM STATION
VALLEY FORGE, PENNSYLVANIA 80780**

KNOW THE MENACE!

Stadium Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70)
treads alone / Some banquet hall deserted!" quoted the poetaster peer to himself, and cocked an ear. He heard a sound as of a miniature, mechanized ocean in the next room, and headed toward it.

In what appeared to be a gargantuan bathtub, the waters of which were being churned to a foaming frenzy by submarine propellers, languished the fleshy, gleaming, naked Mr. Steinbrenner. He was smoking a cigar.

"Hiya, Pete!" He waved the cigar expansively. "Some setup, eh? Real relaxing. Like a Jacuzzi. Why don'tcha come on in?"

"Thanks awfully, old man, but I think not." Wimsey tried not to stare at the floating objects he now discerned among the billows. A fleet of toy boats. Mr. Steinbrenner, he seemed to recall, was a shipowner.

"Have it your way," said the nude tycoon. "Say, you got any leads on this murder thing?"

"Oh, yes, rather. I've had quite a

number of leads, as you say. At first, I thought perhaps the competition had done it, naturally. But then I realized they were all anxious to bid for your player's services next season. Hardly make sense for them to bump him off, what? So that was strike one."

Steinbrenner nodded, looking at his toes, which emerged from the water like a pink little reef to threaten his lilliputian armada.

"Then I suspected a teammate, a rival of some sort, don't y'know? But the chap was very well liked by all, and it seems you have not a single left-hander coming up in the organization who might have wished to take his place on the team! So that was strike two."

"Well, there is that kid at Pawtucket, what's his name," mused George, "but you're right. I think it's easier to buy pitchers than grow 'em! Like orchids, kinda." He chortled and splashed.

"So you struck out, eh?"

"Not quite," said Wimsey. "It occurred to me that whoever hot-wired that boy's hair dryer must have done so for financial reasons. Someone who couldn't afford to keep him, or let him go—and stood to collect on, say, an insurance policy..."

"Oh, come now, Wimsey! You can't

mean..."

"But more than that," Lord Peter continued, "the man who committed this crime must be a heartless, arrogant, cold-blooded, egotistical show-off!"

"Okay," said the owner. "You've got me. Home run! What now? Cops, reporters, a trial—a scandal that could ruin this great organization and sullify the proud tradition of the Yankees?" He was sobbing and shouting, speaking in that manner of his, as if he were having difficulty reading the words off a television "idiot card" in the middle dis-

**But more than that,
the man who
committed this crime
must be a heartless,
arrogant, cold-blooded
show-off.**

tance. Like that ex-president chap Nixon.

"There is a way, you know," said Wimsey, calmly.

"How much?" asked George, sniffing.

"No," replied Wimsey. "I say, really! Good God!"

Nervously, like a schoolboy presenting a much disliked retiring teacher with a going-away gift, Lord Peter produced, from behind his back, a hair dryer.

"There is a gentleman's way out. Come in handy at the conclusion of any number of my cases! Play the Roman fool, as Macbeth would say, what? Like Brutus, d'you know. Or that advertising chap Tallboy."

"Can I write a note first?" whimpered the owner. "I'd like to apologize—to the people of New York, to the fans..."

"I think not," said Wimsey, who was always a stickler for good taste. "Here, I'll plug this thing in."

Peter Death Bredon Wimsey was in the library at Denver Castle, admiring an especially gauche piece of depression glass in the sunlight streaming in through the French windows, when his wife, Harriet, called to his attention a small overseas item in the *Times*.

"The American League champion New York Yankees will be wearing two black arm bands on their uniform sleeves this October and dedicating their play in the World Series to a former pitcher and their ex-owner, both accidentally deceased in mid season. A controlling interest in the club has been acquired by a large hair-dryer-manufacturing concern." ■



"Quick! Make fun of the size of his genitals and perhaps he'll retreat in embarrassment!"

Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32)

Sirs:

I'll tell you why I dress in black.
I buy my clothes off the Negroes'
rack.

JOHNNY CASH
Folsom Prison Blacks

Sirs:

What do I wanna do tonight? I'll tell
you what I wanna do tonight. I want to
go to the dingiest part of town, find me
some twenty-dollar hookers, and keep
humping away until my cock falls off.
Now will you quit bothering me?

MARTY
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

What do you get if you cross Andy
Warhol with Christo?

Wallpaper that costs \$2 million per
square yard.

I've got a million of 'em. Please send
cash.

WILLIAM F BUCKLEY
Plush Manor, N.Y.

Sirs:

I heard that everyone was buying
these "warts and all" biographies that
show what dickheads famous people
are. So I printed up a couple of books
called *George Washington—He Had a
Lot of Warts* and *Abraham Lincoln—
What a Dickhead*. Well, no one bought
them. Sometimes I think everyone's a
dickhead.

RICHARD HEAD
Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

What's invisible and smells like
worms? A bird fart. Like that one? I do
political stuff, too. And imitations if you
need people for your next movie:
Bogart, Wayne, Cagney, Nixon. Here's
one. Knock knock. Who's there?
Jimmy. Jimmy who? Jimmy Carter—
I can't believe they've forgotten me
already!

Do I get the job?

L. WEINBAUM
Chapaguay, Conn.

Sirs:

I'll prove to you that voodoo curses
work. If you don't stop reading this let-
ter now...*right now*...something ter-
rible is going to happen to you very
soon. I'm warning you. Well, you didn't
listen. Just don't blame me if your balls
fall off.

JACQUES DU MONTE
Port-au-Prince, Haiti

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 95)



Easy listening stirs with the exciting taste of Seagram's 7 & 7UP. Whether it's
country and western, jazz, or disco. Everything sounds better with 7 & 7.
A bit of sound advice—moderation.

Easy listening stirs with Seven & Seven



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81;
Menthol, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

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

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Foto Funnies

IF YOU CAN DESCRIBE THE MAN WHO RAPED YOU, OUR ARTIST CAN DRAW A COMPOSITE SKETCH.

I'LL TRY!



WELL...HE WAS ABOUT FIVE TEN...PALE... I THINK HE HAD FRECKLES...



BLUE EYES... A THIN, STRAIGHT NOSE...



OH, AND SORT OF DIRTY-BLOND HAIR... WAVY HAIR...



THIN LIPS... I REMEMBER THAT...



IS THIS THE MAN WHO RAPED YOU?

THAT'S HIM!



LOVE *vs* HATE

"Outstanding Achievement for Public Service"

— Columbia University School of Journalism National Magazine Award

A "rallying cry... above the mellowspeak"

— Time magazine

"Inviting graphics, wry humor and colorful writing"

— Los Angeles Times

Publisher of "lies, half-truths and distortions"

— A top Ford Motor executive, after our award-winning story that forced the recall of two million Pintos

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assassination"

— A top official of the Laborers International Union, recently indicted for racketeering

"Sleazy"

— a senior Reagan appointee to the CIA



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TRUE SECTION

True Facts

SENATOR ERNEST HOLLINGS, a Democrat from South Carolina, sponsored a measure that would have appropriated \$148 million to buy additional ammunition for the U.S. Army. During debate on the proposal, Hollings claimed that drug-abuse problems in the services were related to the lack of ammunition. "There is no man happier than a nineteen or twenty year old when he is firing his weapon," he said. The measure was defeated. *Boston Globe* (contributed by John T. Durkin)

AFTER A PRISONER IN SPARKS, NEVADA, posted bail money from a wad of bills he had stored in his rectum, city attorney Steve Elliot wrote a memo to court bailiffs about handling similar situations in the future. "In my opinion," wrote Elliot, "the city of Sparks is obligated to accept the money as bail, but no employee is required to touch the contaminated money. In cases like this, the prisoner should fully unfold and count out the appropriate amount of money and place it in a clear plastic bag if one is available." (contributed by Bruce Van Dyke)

A FORMER HOTEL CASHIER IN Bangkok, Thailand, was convicted of embezzling \$12,000 and sentenced to 865 years in prison. Because of his cooperation with the court, however, his sentence was reduced to 576 years. *AP* (contributed by Rick Bryant)

ACCORDING TO INDIANA STATE troopers, Johnson Watson, twenty-three, climbed into a refrigerated truck owned by the Aurora Packing Company and threw sides of beef out the rear door as the truck traveled down Interstate 74. Watson then took off his clothes and threw them onto the roadway. He ran off into subzero weather when the truck finally stopped,

but was captured by trooper Steve Jennings. Watson claimed he had thrown the meat "to feed the people." Police meanwhile are looking for another truck that followed Watson, picking up the beef. "It got away with all that meat," said a police spokesman. *UPI* (contributed by Henry Allen)

WHEN A MAN BOARDED A SAN Francisco city bus singing, the driver warned him to stop or get off, prompting other passengers to begin singing in sympathy. "In just a few minutes, practically everybody aboard was singing," said a passenger. "It was really quite moving." However, the driver pulled over and stood outside the bus, refusing to drive for thirty minutes while the passengers continued to sing their defiant rendition of "Jingle Bells." *AP* (contributed by Eric Ambro)

OBJECTING TO A COLORADO LAW requiring the labeling of prophylactics, Brenner Lewis, a spokesman for the Young Rubber Company of New Jersey, threatened to stop distributing con-

doms there. "If the state pharmacy board ever decides to begin enforcing the law, we're in serious trouble, because we're not going to comply," Lewis said. "We'll just pull out." *UPI* (contributed by Henry Allen)

DURING A WAKE IN MANILA, THE Philippines, family members noticed that the coffin was shorter than the man inside, who had stood six feet five inches tall. On closer inspection, they found that the dead man's knees were too close to his hips. The family filed suit against the funeral home for apparently shortening the legs of the deceased to fit the casket. *Reuters* (contributed by Boyd Kerley)

JUDGE JACK HAMPTON DISMISSED A drug case against a Dallas, Texas, man because a spelling error in the indictment charged him with possession of *cocoa* instead of *coco*, from which cocaine is made. "I can't send a guy to jail for possession of chocolate, can I?" said Hampton. *Pittsburgh Press* (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

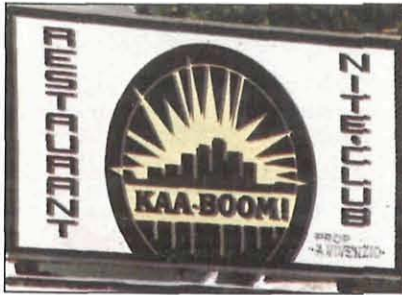
Altered States



Cary Willis, Middlesboro, Kentucky



True Noise Readers' Page



Jim Lawter, Greenwich, Conn.



Stephen R. Hance, Minneapolis, Minn.



Susan Hoffman



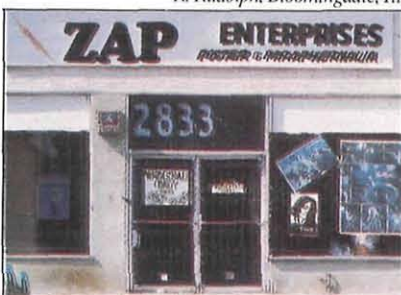
R. Rudolph, Bloomingdale, Ill.



Bruce Haining, Erlanger, Ky.



Susan Hoffman



Susan Hoffman



Susan Hoffman



Dave Burd



Tom Corcoran



Tom Corcoran



**A license to
drive doesn't
mean
a license to
drink.**

Don't drink too much of a good thing.
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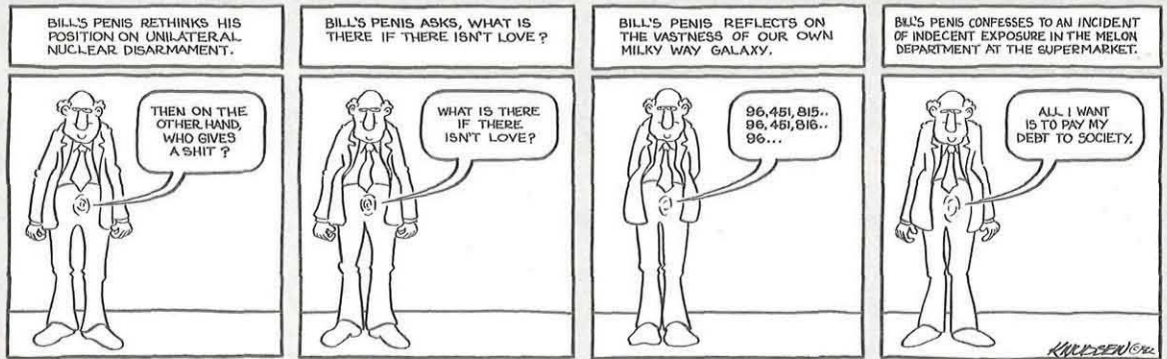
Funny Pages

Deirdre Callahan - A CHILD SO INCREDIBLY UGLY THAT THOSE WHO VIEW HER KILL THEMSELVES OR HAVE THE CORNEAS OF THEIR EYES BURNED OUT!
 DEIRDRE IS BACK LIVING AT THE CITY DUMP WITH BLIND BOB WHO IS READING RAISED LETTERING ON BOTTLES TO HER...



Bill's Penis

by Mark Knudsen



Pigs in Love

by Revilo



Lessons in Life

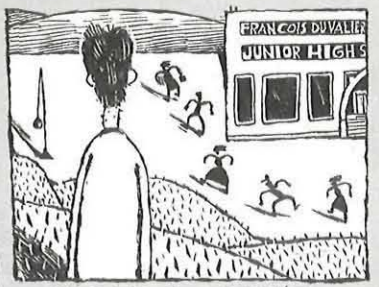
by Mimi Pond



Popular Problems

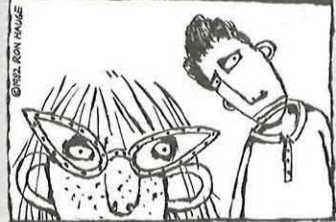
by Ron Hauge

NO ONE IN OUR 8TH GRADE CLASS WAS MORE HATED THAN TERRY BONE.



... BUT I COULDN'T. THE MORE I TRIED, THE MORE I JUST FELT SORRY FOR HER.

ONCE WHEN I THOUGHT NO ONE WAS LOOKING I TOLD HER SHE WAS GOOD IN MATH



AT OUR GRADUATION THREE MONTHS LATER HER MOTHER KISSED ME ON THE LIPS.



Politenessman

by Ron Barrett



ONE OF THE SIGNS OF PERSONAL DEPRAVITY, IS TO PUBLICLY PROBE YOUR NASAL CAVITY! THANK YOU

The Rabbit Boy

by Len Glasser

CHAPTER 12

RONA BARRETT IN HOLLYWOOD

DESPITE RUMORS OF AN OSCAR-WINNING PERFORMANCE BY BERT, THE RABBIT BOY, ESCALATING COSTS COULD SHUT DOWN DIRECTOR MICHAEL CIMINO'S LATEST EPIC-"THE SPEARS OF OCTOBER". THE RABBIT BOY'S ACTUAL LIFE STORY.



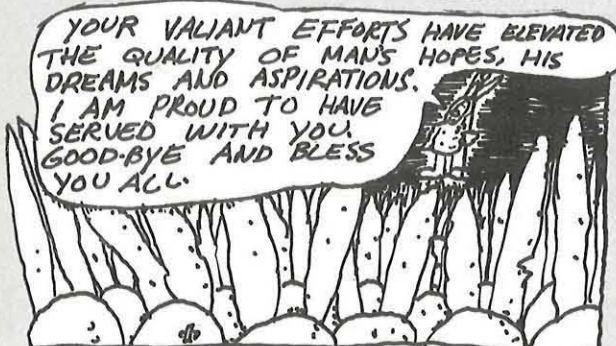
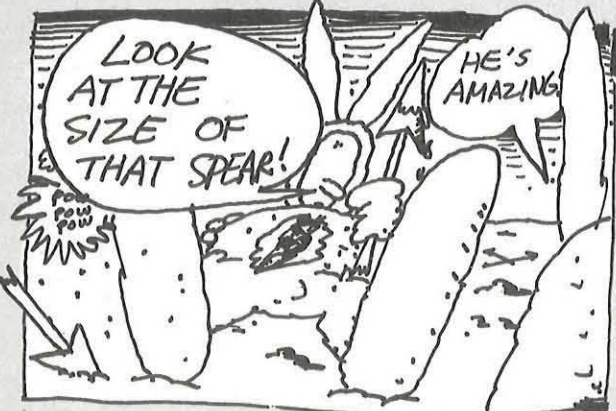
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BERT PERFORMS EMERGENCY SURGERY ON HIMSELF.

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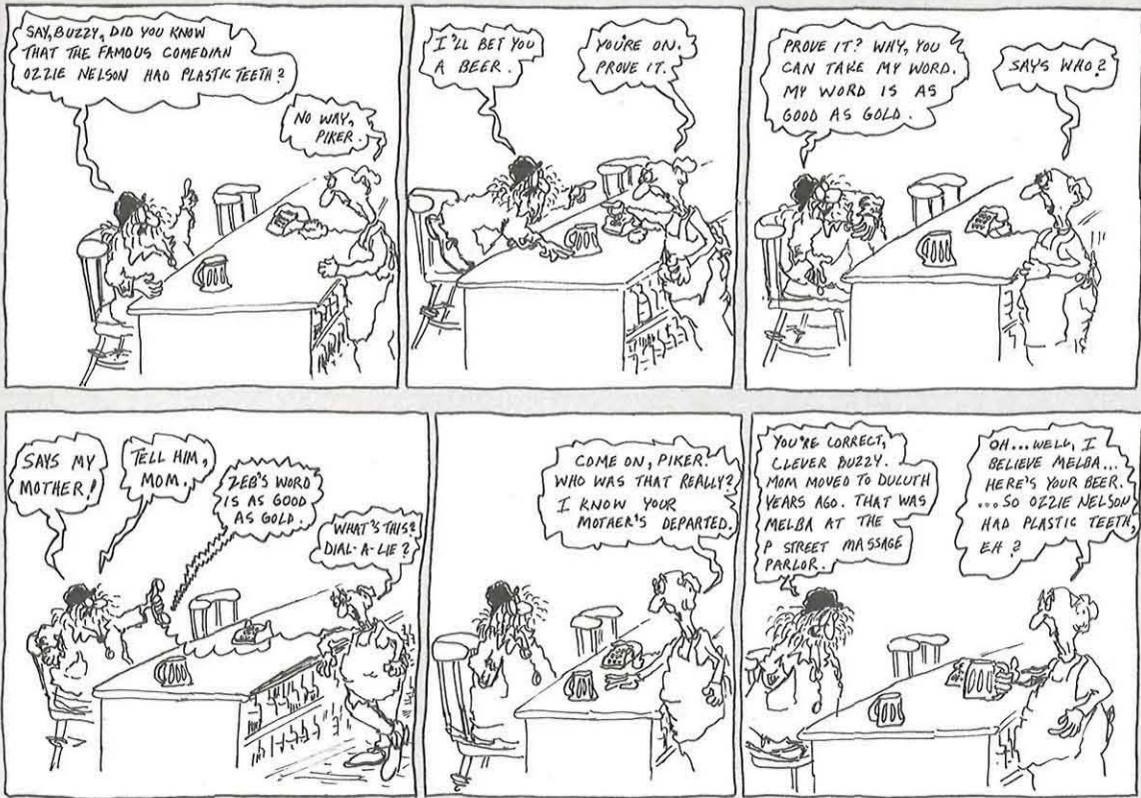
BERT'S FAREWELL SPEECH TO HIS RABBIT MEN.



WILL CEDRIC'S APPEARANCE CHANGE BERT'S GOOD LUCK?

Zeb Piker

by Hollinger



Aunt Mary's Kitchen

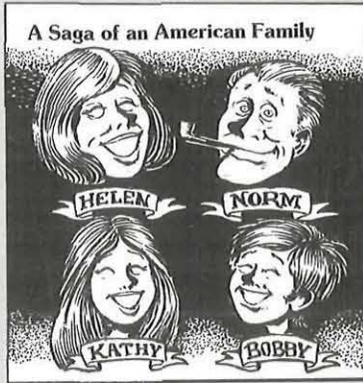
by M. K. Brown



NEXT MONTH: ORSON WELLES

The Appletons

by B. K. Taylor



©1982 B.K. Taylor CARTOONED FOR THE HEARING IMPAIRED

THE LAST TIME WE SAW THE SENIOR APPLETONS, THEY HAD VISITED WHILE ON VACATION FROM FLORIDA. SINCE THEN THE SPRY RETIRED COUPLE HAVE DECIDED TO SUMMER IN GREENDALE IN A NEARBY CONDOMINIUM TO BE CLOSER TO THEIR FAMILY. A KNOCK AT THE DOOR BRINGS A WELCOME SURPRISE FOR NORM APPLETON.



THEN THE WARM SIGHT OF A GRANDMOTHER AND HER GRANDCHILDREN.



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Late 60's, early 70's, orig. covers, \$5.99. In a nostalgic mood (and probably short of recent decent material), CBS went headfirst into their archives. And here's what they've brought up for fresh air and refreshed memory: 9 re-releases from the late 60's/early 70's. All are in their original covers (in English for nostalgia) and are pressed in Holland for quality.

Rock, Rock, Rock 'n' Roll. The ultimate collection. 15 LPs with the very best of Little Richard, Marty Wilde, Johnny Hallyday, Fats Domino, The Platters, Chuck Berry, Jerry Lewis, The Big Bopper, Rock-A-Billy (on one album each). Further more 6 "Theme" albums: "The Legends" (featuring passed-away stars like Buddy Holly, Bill Haley, Eddie Cochran, Johnny Preston, Gene Vincent, etc.), "Doo-Wops," featuring harmonists like "The Silhouettes" or "The Platters" albums like "Rhythm and Blues Party," "Teenage Queens," "The Girl Groups," and "Rockin' Movies." This collection has everything you've been hunting for (sort of) for the last couple years. Philips/Mercury 6685 139, pressed in Germany. ***** 15 LPs, not \$150, only \$89.99. **#1#30164**

Precious Rolling Stone Collection. Rolling Stones Story. Their famous Decca-recordings in 1 collector's box. Stones 1 Around & Around. Stones 2 Out of our heads. Aftermath. Gotlive if you want. Salacious majesty. Beggar's Banquet. Let It Bleed. Yayas Out. Metamorphosis. Bly. The Buttons. 2 historical Mono LPs. Telefunken/Decca (6 30118). Made in Germany. ***** 12 LPs, not \$95 only \$74.99. **#1#24213**



The Legend of The Yardbirds. The Yardbirds, pollinated by Jeff Beck and Eric Clapton. was the germ cell for the Blues Breakers, Led Zeppelin, Cream, Derek & The Dominoes and many more. This 3 album set records the Legend of the Yardbirds. Volume 1: Evil Hearted You. The Train Kept a-Rolling. I Ain't Got You. What You Want. I Got to Hurry. Too Much Monkey Business. Steeled Blues. Volume 2: Shapes of Things. Still I'm Sad. New York City Blues. For Your Love. I'm a Man. Heart Full of Soul. I Ain't Done Wrong. I'm Not Talking. You're a Better Man Than I. Volume 3: Jeff's Blues. I Wish You Would. A Certain Girl. Sweet Music. Good Morning Little Schoolgirl. My Girl Scoopy. She's So Respectable. I'm a Man. A Certain Girl (Live). Smokestack Lightning. Here's the Baylon F/B0017-19. Made in Germany. ***** 3 Stereo LPs only \$12.99. **#1#25155**

The Eric Clapton Collection. "Eric Clapton is God" was written on London walls in the early 70's. (On wall.) He played with "The Roots" & "The Yardbirds," backed-up Mayall, co-founded "Cream," founded "Blind Faith," got on heroin. 3 yrs. later cured. EC started his 2nd career. As Eric Clapton. Here is the complete Clapton-Creation collection 11 albums with orig. covers. 13 LPs. in one collector's box. Eric Clapton (After Midnight, Let It Rain, etc.). Rainbow Concert (Roll It Over, Little Wing, etc.). 461 Ocean Blvd. (I Shot the Sheriff, etc.). There's One in Every Crowd (Swing Low, High, etc.). E.C. Was Here (Have You Ever Loved a Woman, etc.). No Reason to Cry (Black Summer Rain, etc.). Slow Hand (Cocaine, Lay Down Sally, etc.). Backless (Tulsa Time, Walk Out in the Rain, etc.). Another Ticket (I Can't Stand It, etc.). Just One Night (2 LP. Wonderful Tonight, etc.). History of Eric Clapton (2 LP. Crossroads, Layla, etc.). Rolling Stone: "He might not be God, but he's not dead yet." RSO 2658148. Made in Germany by Deutsche Grammophon. Book Engl./Germ. ***** 13 Stereo LPs not \$130 only \$79.99. **#1#25178**

The Jazz History I & II. Armstrong at Carnegie Hall. M. Jackson. Billie Holiday. Basie. Goodman. Fitzgerald. Scott Joplin. Bchet. Jelly Roll Morton. Dorsey. Walter. Crosby, etc. Usually 1 album per person/orchestra. Jazz Line 33-101/110, 33-117/112. In 2 boxes. Made in Germany. ***** 20 LPs a steal for only \$49.99. **#1#32110**



Who can resist this Who collection? Phases. The ORIGINAL, uncensored, untempered-with Who Albums from '65 to '78, as released in Europe. My Generation (orig. Mono). A Quick One. Who Sell Out. Tommy (2 LP with libretto). Live at Leeds (RARITY with live photos, scrapbook mat, etc.). Who's Next. Quadrophenia (2 LP with 4pp photo album). The Who by Numbers. Who Are You. Collector's Item. Original covers, original labels plus slip case. Polydor 2675216. Md./Germ. ***** 11 LPs only \$79.99. **#1#24766**



Zappa zaps his Zongbook. Funny enough? As far as we know, there never was a complete Zappa-zongbook in the U.S. before. Our European sources finally dug-up a complete collection of Zappa lyrics from his first album "Freak out" to "Bongo Fury." And what a collection! It's bilingual, English on one page and German on the opposite. THEN when Frank Zappa saw this edition he made a couple of corrections: right in the book. The publishers printed them—handwritten just as he wrote them. And that's what you get. Zappa Songbook, hard-corrected copy. 125 songs, 496 pages, hardcover, luxury edition, DIRECT IMPORT. ABSOLUTE RARITY. Nevertheless only \$12.90. **#1#43111**



Jimi Hendrix: Rare and mysterious recordings. 10 LPs with un-Hendrix-like titles like "Hang On Sloop," "Day Tripper," "Woody Bully," "Have Mercy," "Simon Says," "Go Go Shoes," etc. On otherwise obscure labels like "ASTAN" and "MUSIDISC." Achtung! Some pitiful guy at the record company listed "Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie" on the box. This title is NOT on record #4. So please don't look for the pikini, but for another, even more mysterious title. Music Distributor 50082. Made in Ger./France. ***** 10 LPs, not \$99, only \$39.99. **#1#24404**

The complete Rolling Stones Songbook. If you are a Rolling Stones addict, this is the book to saturate your habit. Compiled in England, at the source of the Stones. It contains the music and words of all the 180 songs which the Rolling Stones composed from 1963 to 1980 including their infamous "Cocksucker Blues." The music is arranged for easy guitar with chord symbols. The discography lists all officially released UK records from 1963 to 1980. Over 70 photographs and a detailed index. Printed in England. A real fat BOOK, over 300 pages, hardcover. As far as we know this book has not been offered in the U.S. yet. All this at only \$13.90. **#1#43113**

Pacific Gas & Electric: "Are You Ready?" (Elvis, Are You Ready, When a Man Loves a Woman, etc.). CBS/Embassy EMB 31914. Orig. rel. 1970. ★ 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#1#24924**

The Fleck (Tired of Waiting, Truth, etc.). CBS/Embassy EMB 31910. Orig. rel. 1969. ★ 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#1#24925**

Mott The Hoople: "All the Young Dudes." (All the Young Dudes, Sweet Jane, etc.). CBS/Embassy EMB 31909. Orig. rel. in 1972. ★ 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#1#24922**

Spirit: "12 Dreams of Dr. Sardonicus." (Rolling Stone "One of the strangest and best bands to come out of the anything-goes attitude." (Notmin to Hide, Nature's Way, etc.). CBS/Embassy EMB 31915. Orig. rel. 1970. ★ 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#1#24933**

Chase. (Handbags & Gladrags, Get It On, etc.). CBS/Embassy EMB 31913. Orig. rel. 1971. ★ 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#1#24926**

Stanley Clarke: "School Days." (School Days, Desert Song, etc.). CBS/Embassy EMB 31892. Orig. rel. 1975. ★ 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#1#24763**

Poco: "Deliverin'." (Pickin' Up the Pieces, etc.). CBS/Embassy EMB 31920. Orig. rel. 1970. ★ 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#1#24934**

Electric Flag: "A Long Time Comin'." (You Don't Realize, Easy Rider, etc.). CBS/Embassy EMB 31924. Orig. rel. 1968. ★ 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#1#24935**

Jeff Beck Group. (Glad All Over, etc.). CBS/Embassy EMB 31919. Orig. rel. 1972. ★ 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#1#24936**

More Original Re-Releases
Joe Cocker: "With a Little Help." (With a Little Help, Feeling Alright, etc.) CUBE INT 126.301. Md in Germany. ★ 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#1#25164**

Procol Harum: "Home." (Whisky Train, etc.) Rolling Stone. "Presses further into harder rocking territory." CUBE INT 126.30E. Md in Germany. ★ 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#1#25040**

Procol Harum: "A Whiter Shade of Pale." (A Whiter Shade 4.02, Conductor, etc.) CUBE INT 126.30C. Md in Germany. ★ 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#1#24722**



John Lennon: "Rock 'n' Roll." (Be-Boo-A-Lula, Stand By Me, Sweet Little 16, etc.) MFP 50522. Md in England. ★ 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#1#25147**

George Harrison: Best of. (My Sweet Lord, Here Comes the Sun, etc.) MFP 50523. Md in England. ★ 1 Stereo LP only \$5.99. **#1#25149**



The private sketchbooks of Robert Crumb. For half price. Robert Crumb, the man who created Fritz the Cat, Mr. Natural, "Keep on truckin'", Honeybus Kaminsky and other characteristic characters, keeps private sketchbooks like your sister keeps a diary. Just like a diary he never let anyone touch it. Then along came a German publisher who helped Robert fill in a dozen sketch-note folders by the friendly L.R.s. Then Robert let him do what no other publisher could do: print Robert Crumb's private sketchbooks. Both are beautifully printed and bound to look exactly like his real sketchbooks, with ribbon bookmark, hardcover, clothbound, special paper, etc. His first sketchbook dating from November, 1974 to January 1978, 310 pages and ca. 1000 drawings, is being sold in the U.S. at a true collector's price of \$32.50. Through DIRECT IMPORT and eliminating all middle-persons, you can have it from us for less than half price: \$15.99. **#1#44104**

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Blue Angel, Inc.
1738 Allied St.
Charlottesville, Va 22901

Letters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77)

Sirs:

Hey, would *you* let him touch you?
MRS. RODNEY DANGERFIELD

Sirs:

You guys want to goose sales, right? Well, we have the answer. Run more contests. But make them good contests. You know, like "Win a blowjob from Bette Midler," or how about "Thirty minutes with Joey Heatherton's dirty laundry," or maybe "Be the main ingredient in a Charlie's Angels sandwich." You get the picture.

LARRY, SID, AND ARMAND
U. Conn.

Sirs:

What's dirty and smelly and can often be found up homos' asses? A turd! (Bet you thought I was going to say Keith Richards!)

KAYE MARTINDALE
Steamhole, Colo.

Sirs:

If the only way you people can get a laugh these days is by blurting vulgarities such as "Keith Richards," then the level of humor in your publication has sunk too low even for me to appreciate it. Cancel my subscription.

BENNY HILL
Bumdon, England

Sirs:

Okay, I'll tell you what really hap-

pened. After I got the \$200,000 and parachuted out of the plane, a strong wind blew me all the way to Inglewood, California. There I got tricked into playing three-card monte and lost all but about \$50,000 before I wised up. I took the remaining money and opened a Jerry Lewis theater. That went under, leaving me with only \$100. I bet half of it on a Rams-Falcons game and the Rams won but they didn't cover the spread. With my last \$50, I bought a Mary Kay cosmetics kit. I started selling the shit and, as luck would have it, I grossed \$273,000 my first year. Since then, things have been really going great for me. Want to buy some blush-on?

D. B. COOPER
c/o Mary Kay Cosmetics

N E X T M O N T H



Contest #8

Which Contest Was Written by the Bonehead?

THOUGH A RELATIVELY new feature in *National Lampoon*, the contest page has quickly become the most popular page in the magazine. Each month, millions of readers buy an issue just to get the challenges and chuckles that these contests offer. Well, we've pulled a fast one here. Of the past seven contests, all but one were written by witty, talented writers. The other was written by a professional bonehead from a circus sideshow.

That's right, a freak-show pea brain mailed us a contest that he thought up out of his own bone-filled, baseball-size head. It wasn't bad, either; so one (or two) of our more enterprising writers put his/their name(s) on it and sold it to the magazine for a hefty four-figure sum.

When the contest hit print, none of our readers noticed anything amiss. Of course, the bonehead threatened to sue us, but he settled out of court for a handful of bits of colored glass and foil.

The question remains: Of the seven contests pictured below, which one was written by the bonehead? A winner, chosen at random, will receive full-size photocopies of each of these contests, handsomely bound with a *National Lampoon* staple.

CONTEST #1

Which of the horses shown at the top left is the most beautiful? (100 Points)

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____

CONTEST #2

How to Kill Ruth Gordon

CONTEST #3

Give her many little black fish eggs. Diana Vreeland had her lunch.

CONTEST #4

Can you guess where Beverly Sills has hidden the Selectric?

CONTEST #5

Can you pair the celebs with their necks, pictured below?

Contest #6

Can you match the stars with their rugs?

I think the contest written by the bonehead is Number:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

(Check only one, wise guy)

Send coupon to:

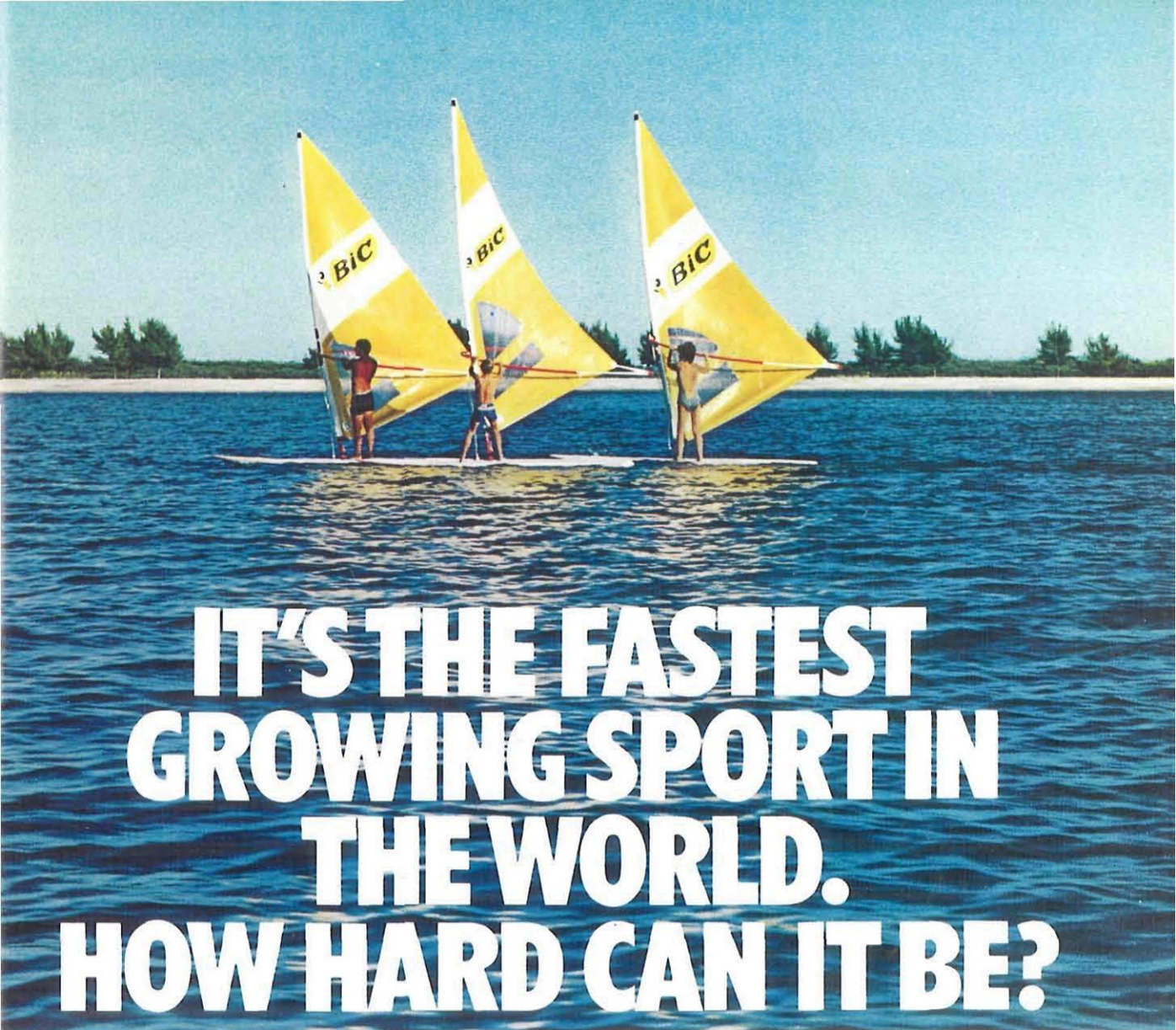
Bonehead
National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____
ZIP _____

Contest #7

Who'll Be the First Man to Have Sex with Brooke Shields?

Now Get This!
Carla Diaz of Drexel Hill, Pa., finds Sills's Selectrics! Wins National Lampoon Contest #4! Two romance novels are hers!



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It's difficult to describe the feeling of catching the wind on a sailboard. There's primitive joy in it. A rush of excitement mixed, somehow, with feelings of serenity. They're emotions almost unparalleled in all of sport.

Suffice it to say, once having experienced sailboarding it's easy to understand why it's sweeping the world.

But there's another reason for its popularity: it's easy. You don't have to be a great athlete to master it. In fact, you don't even have to be in great shape. One or two lessons and you've learned it. The rest

is practice. Women are particularly good at sailboarding. Men in their 30's and 40's and even 50's have little trouble. And teenagers, not surprisingly, pick it up in no time. It's one of the few sports that parents can really share with their kids.

You can sailboard anywhere. You don't need an ocean. A lake, a bay, an inlet, even a big pond will do. In fact, you hardly even need any wind. Only about 2 knots.

Why are we telling you all this about sailboarding? Simple. The fastest-growing board in this fastest-growing

of sports is ours: the BIC Sailboard. In just 2½ years since its introduction, it has become the largest-selling board in the world.

For good reason. The BIC board is unusually stable. Which makes it very easy to learn on and stay on. It's of exceptional quality—marketed in Europe by Dufour, one of the world's great yacht makers. And yet our board costs far less than those of comparable quality. Just \$699*.

We urge you to pick yourself up off the sand and try sailboarding just once. How hard can that be?

For additional information and the name of the BIC Sailboard dealer nearest you, call 800-243-6699, or write: BIC Leisure Products Inc., 1070 Sherman Ave., Hamden, Conn. 06514

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price.



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Ultra Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

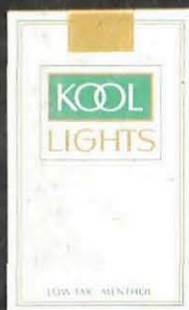
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Wherever the music is hot,
the taste is Kool. At any 'tar' level, there's
only one sensation this refreshing.



Original



Low 'tar'



2 mg.